FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 290. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. JANUARY 6, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Don't Fail

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And inspect my large and carefully selected stock of very fine Goods, at real reasonable prices. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, etc. Latest Styles, Newest designs. Ladies' Gold Watches and Queen Chains, Gent's filled Gold and Coin Silver. Have added to my stock, the famous "Columbus" Watches—direct from the Factory. Everybody welcome, whether you buy or not.

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Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Personal.

Mr. John Nixon, of Chinguacousy Township, was in Flesherton on Friday last.

Mr. Carson, of Lockfort, N. Y., and Mr. Colwell, of Barrie—relatives of Mr. Colwell Carson, Artemesia—gave us a call on Thursday last.

Mrs. Richard Green, of Collingwood Township, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph LeGard, Artemesia.

Mr. Chas. Lindsay, of Shelburne, and Mr. Neelands, of same place, gave us a pleasant call on Monday last.

Master Newton Henderson and Miss Bellamy, of Toronto, are spending the holidays with friends in Flesherton.

Master Willie Rutledge, of Euphrasia, was visiting at Mr. Robt. Fawcett's here last week.

Messrs. Joseph Field and J. W. Davis, of the Flesherton volunteer company, left for Toronto on Monday last to take a course in the "C. School of Infantry" there. They will return about the 1st of April.

Having secured the services of a good Cabinet Maker, repairing and ordered work will receive prompt attention.—J. W. Bates.

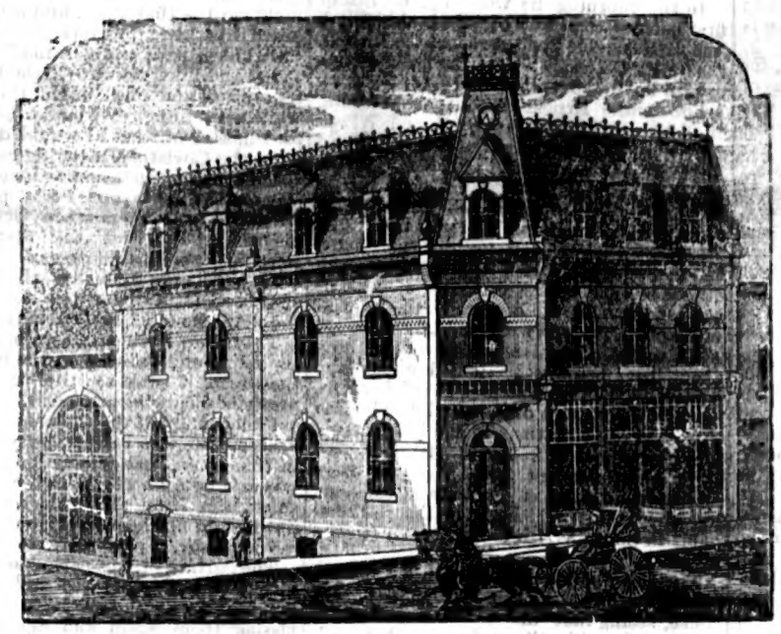

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FLESHERTON.

Mr. Wm. Hewgill, Jr., of Collingwood Township, gave us a call yesterday.

The Agricultural Editor will furnish spicy reports of the doings of Artemesia Council in future in these columns. Subscribe now; no ratepayer should be without The Advance.

We regret to learn of the illness of our genial young mail driver, Master Wm. Whelan. He has been unable to attend to his various duties for some time. We hope soon to see him around again.

Our good friend, Mr. Woodburn—of Glenfield Villa, Eugenia—sold a four month old pig to Mr. Munshaw this week, which weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. 'Rah for Artemesia again!

Correction.

In publishing the names of the officers of Eugenia L.O L. last week, the name of Mr. Henry Meldrum appeared as W. M. instead of Henry Williams, and the number of members was placed at 35 instead of 38. One of our compositors accidentally made these mistakes in putting the manuscript into type.

Holland Municipal Election.

Mr. John Cameron was defeated in the contest for the Reeveship in this Township, and Dr. Oldham, of Chatsworth elected. Mr. Cameron was one of the most popular municipal men in the County and filled the position of Warden a few years ago. His defeat, therefore, by a young man like Dr. Oldenham, would seem to shew that the latter is a very popular and rising public man.

A New Feature.

As the Agricultural Editor purposes attending each meeting of Artemesia Township Council during the year 1887, full reports of the proceedings and deliberations of that body will be published in The Advance. This makes a new and interesting feature in our paper, and every ratepayer in the Township should subscribe now and get the full benefit.

A Political Division Court Clerk.

If the worthy Fifth Division Court Clerk were a politician, we know people who would raise a most tremendous howl. What then should be said about the Chatsworth Division Court Clerk, John McDonald, Esq., who recently stumped Centre Grey in the interest of Mr. Brown? Mr. McDonald was very anxious about two things, viz., that Neil McColman should keep in the field, and (2) that the said McColman should take a sufficient number of Tory votes from Capt. Rorke to let Mr. Brown sail in with flying colors at the head of the polls. He was disappointed in both cases, but that did not prevent him crowing long and loudly in the Owen Sound *Advertiser* about the Reform majority in Chatsworth and the Township of Holland generally. Wonder if John will crow as much over the defeat of Mr. John Cameron in the recent municipal election in Holland? Guess not.

At the Great Northern.

Mr. James T. Wilson's horse, "Young Climax," was awarded 1st prize in 3 year old Roadster class, and 2nd in Roadster, at the Great Northern Exhibition held in Collingwood last fall. Through an oversight this fact was not published before.

Obituary.

Mr. George C. Hind' nephew of Miss T. Hind of this village, died at Detroit on the 23rd inst. He was well known in this place, as he was reared on the old homestead near the village, and, after leaving school, spent three years in the employ of Mr. R. J. Sproule, as clerk in his store. He was married and lived in Detroit. He leaves a young wife and two children, who have the warm sympathy of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

A Station Yarn.

Wm. Walker and family have left Flesherton Station. This is the gentleman who was imported to the Station about the time of the School arbitration in the Town Hall here, and whose family helped to swell the number of school children in the surburban retreat. William, however, knew a thing of two, and the other day it became known that he was about to leave the depot for good. But William could not depart without leaving some remarkable "footprints in the sands of time." Accordingly the C.P.R. baggage man whispered something in William's ears and soon the whole neighborhood knew the purport of Jimmy's whisper. Of course William added considerably to Jimmy's yarn, so that by the time it reached our sanctum it was that outrageously incorrect we could not forbear a gentle snicker—although, be it remembered, the yarn was deliberately calculated to injure us. The whole yarn originated from a statement by the C.P.R. baggageman, that we had told him one story and the station agent another, about some freight on a Gordon press shipped to us last winter; while, at the same time, we could most solemnly and reverently take our affidavit, that we have *no recollection whatever*, of having so forgotten the position of our worthy friend, the station agent, as to speak to this insolent baggageman about matters which concerned simply the agent and ourself. And even if we had, the whole yarn is scarcely worthy the attention of a gossipy old grandmother, let alone the presumptuous and cocky baggageman, who has, on more than one occasion, exceeded his duties. William and Jimmy are fit companions truly, and ought forthwith to resolve themselves into a "Chestnut Combination" and make a tour of the Dominion.

Still Leading the Trade!

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New Goods arriving every weeek. Our Winter Stock of Silverware, Violins and Fancy Goods have arrived, and are selling fast at the Low Prices. Any one in need of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all Kinds, Spectacles, Silverware, Fancy Goods, Violins, Pipes, Purses, Razors, &c., will do well to call at RUSSELL'S, Flesherton.

All Watches warranted from 2½ to 5 years; Clocks from 1 to 3 years. Watch Repairing a Specialty, and a perfect job guaranteed every time, at

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Flesherton.

The Auditors' Report.

Mr. Meldrum is quite correct in what he says about the Auditors' Reports for 1886. The copy furnished was made in *double* cash columns, but through some inadvertence the first two pages were run off on the press in *single* cash column; when, in order to have the whole pamphlet uniform, we continued the single columns throughout. This, it seems, has caused some confusion, and provoked a critical analysis of the pamphlet at the hands of Mr. A. Elliott on Nomination day. As Mr. Meldrum truly observes, "a little thought and a short exercise in simple addition is all that is necessary to satisfy any one that the report, even as printed, is quite correct." But the average critic is usually very slow to acknowledge himself in error, although his criticisms may have been the means of causing widespread misinterpretation.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO MISS HOPKINS.

A young lady from Oakville has been engaged as Teacher in the junior department of the Flesherton Public Schools, and entered upon her duties last Monday. Through some misunderstanding with the Trustees, Miss Hopkins—the late efficient and popular Teacher of that department—was not re-engaged. Last evening there was quite a gathering at the residence of Mr. Geo. Keefer here, when a suitable present, accompanied by an address, was presented to Miss Hopkins on behalf of members of the Methodist church, Sabbath School, and the various Temperance organizations in the town—with all of which the talented young lady was prominently identified. The following is the address, which was read by A. R. Fawcett, of The Advance, the presentation being by Mrs. Gjerdrum:—

To Miss S. J. Hopkins:—Dear Madame,—On behalf of members of the various Temperance organizations in Flesherton, viz., Women's Christian Temperance Union, Royal Templars of Temperance, and Sons of Temperance, allow us to present you with this Watch as a slight token of the high esteem and respect in which you are held by us, individually and collectively. During your residence amongst us, we have learned to esteem and respect you for those estimable qualities of mind and heart which are only to be found in true womanhood. Your zealous, earnest, and persevering efforts in connection with the cause of Temperance have been recognized and appreciated at their true value; while your labors in those greater spheres of usefulness, the Church and the Sabbath School, have been, and are, deserving of the highest encomiums of all true disciples of the greatest of all Teachers—Jesus Christ.

We trust and believe, that in all your future life the slightest shadow or the darkest cloud will not deter you from following the noble, womanly line of action you have thus far so successfully pursued. Wishing you a bright, prosperous and happy new year, and assuring you of our best wishes for your future welfare.

Miss Hopkins made a brief but very happy reply, in which she thanked those who had thus remembered her most heartily and assured them that she would always have warm and pleasant recollections of her many friends in Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Irwin, Principal of our Public Schools, while expressing his regret at the departure of Miss Hopkins from Flesherton, extended a cordial welcome to her successor, Miss Ganton. Mr. C. J. Sproule, spoke in a similar strain, after which the new teacher, Miss Ganton, was introduced to those present by Miss Hopkins.

Church Bells at Christmas.

"Wake me to-night, my mother, dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas bells, so soft and clear,
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done;
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb formed the Babe so sweet,
In power and glory came the birth to aid and greet.

"Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas-tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide.
The Christmas Carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing.
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Insuring happy months and hallowing common ways.

"Wake me again, my mother, dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O'i, well I love the step of time
Should move to that familiar chime;
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in,
With hopes to sweet, sad memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence, ear, heart, conscience win!"

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

The row was this. Among the Boers assembled for the "nachtmaal" festival was a well-known giant named Van Zyl. This man's strength was a matter of public notoriety all over the country, and many were the feats which were told of him. Among others it was said that he could bear the weight of the after part of an African buck-waggon on his shoulders, with a load of three thousand pounds of corn upon it, while the wheels were greased. He stood about six foot seven high, weighed eighteen stone and a half, and had a double row of teeth. On the evening in question this remarkable specimen of humanity was sitting on his waggon-box with a pipe, of which the size was proportionate to his own, clinched firmly between his double row of teeth. About ten paces from him stood a young Englishman, also of large size, though he looked quite small beside the giant who was contemplating the phenomenon on the waggon-box, and wondering how much he measured round the chest. That young Englishman had just got off a newly-arrived waggon, and his name was Jeremy Jones.

To these advance a cringing Hottentot boy of small size. The Hottentot is evidently the servant or slave of the giant, and a man standing by Jeremy, who understands Dutch, informs him that he is telling his master that an ox has strayed. Slowly the giant rouses himself, and descending from the waggon-box seizes the trembling Tottie with one hand, and, taking a rim of buffalo-hide, lashes himself to the waggon-wheel.

"Now," remarked Jeremy's acquaintance, "you will see how a Boer deals with a nigger."

"You don't mean to say that great brute is going to beat that poor little devil?"

Just then a small fat woman put her head out of a tent pitched by the waggon, and inquired what the matter was. She was the giant's wife. On being informed of the straying of the ox, her wrath knew no bounds.

"Slaat em! slaat de swartsel!" (Thrash him! thrash the black creature), she cried out in a shrill voice, running to the waggon, and with her own fair hands drawing out a huge "sjambock," that is, a strip of prepared hippopotamus-hide, used to drive the after-oxen with, and giving it to her spouse, "Cut the liver out of the black devil!" she went on, "but mind you don't hit his head, or he won't be able to go to work afterward. Never mind about making the blood come; I have got lots of salt to rub in."

Her harangue, and the sight of the Hottentot tied to the wheel, had by this time attracted quite a crowd of Boers and Englishmen who were idling about the market-square.

"Softly, Vrouw, softly, I will thrash enough to satisfy even you, and we all know that must be very hard where a black creature is in question."

A roar of laughter from the Dutch people round greeted this sally of wit, and the giant, taking the sjambock with a good-humored smile, for he was, like most giants, easy-tempered by nature, lifted it, whirled his great arm, as thick as the leg of an average man, round his head, and brought it down on the back of the miserable Hottentot. The poor wretch yelled with pain, and no wonder, for the greasy old shirt he wore was divided clean in two, together with the skin beneath it, and the blood was pouring from the gash.

"Aliamachter! dat is een neker shaat!" (Almighty! that was a nice one), said the old woman, at which the crowd laughed again.

But there was one man who did not laugh, and that man was Jeremy. On the contrary, his clear eyes flashed, and his brown cheek burned with indignation. Nor did he stop at that. Stepping forward he placed himself between the giant and the howling Hottentot, and said to the former in the most nervous English, "You are a coward!"

The Boer stared at him and smiled, and then asked what the "English fellow" was saying. Somebody translated Jeremy's remark, whereupon the Boer, who was not a bad-natured fellow, smiled again, and remarked that Jeremy must be madder than the majority of "accursed Englishmen." Then he turned to continue thrashing the Hottentot, but o! the mad Englishman was still there. This put him out.

"Footsack, carl; ik is Van Zyl!" (Get out, fellow, I am Van Zyl!) This was interpreted to Jeremy by the bystanders.

"All right, and tell him that I am Jones, a name he may have heard before," was the reply.

"What does this brain-sick fellow want?" shouted the giant.

Jeremy explained that he wanted him to stop his brutality.

"And what will the little man do if I refuse?"

"I shall try to make you," was the answer.

This remark was received with a shout of laughter from the crowd which had now collected, in which the giant joined very heartily when it was interpreted to him.

Giving Jeremy a shove to one side, he again lifted the great sjambock, for the purpose of bringing it down on the Hottentot. Another second and Jeremy had snatched the whip from his hand, and sent it flying fifty yards away. Then realizing that his antagonist was really in earnest, the great Dutchman solemnly set himself to crush him. Doubling a fist which was the size of a Welsh leg of mutton, he struck with all his strength straight at the Englishman's head. Had the blow caught Jeremy, it would in all probability have killed him; but he was a practised boxer, and without moving his body, he swung his head to one side. The Boer's fist passed him harmlessly, and striking the panel of the waggon, went clean through it. Next instant several of the giant's double row of teeth were rolling loose in his mouth. Jeremy had returned the stroke by a right-hander, into which he put all his power, and which would have knocked any other man backward.

A great shout from the assembled Englishmen followed this blow, and a counter-shout from the crowd of Dutchmen, who pointed triumphantly to the hole in the stout yellow-wood panel made by their champion's fist, and asked who the madman was who dared to stand against him.

The Boer turned and spat out some of his superfluous teeth, and at the same instant a young Englishman came and caught hold of Jeremy by the arm.

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, be careful! That man will kill you; he is the strongest man in the Transvaal. You are a fellow to be proud of, though."

"He may try," said Jeremy, laconically, stripping off his coat and waistcoat. "Will you hold these for me?"

"Hold them!" answered the young fellow, who was a good sort; "ay, that I will, and I would give half I have to see you lick him. Dodge him; don't let him strike you or he will kill you. I saw him stun an ox once with a blow of his fist."

Jeremy smiled.

"Stop," he said. "Ask that coward if I best him, if he will let off that miserable beggar?" and he pointed to the trembling Hottentot.

The question was put and the great man answered "Yah, yah!" ironically, and then expressed his intention of knocking Jeremy into small pieces in the course of the next two minutes.

Then they faced one another. The giant was a trifle over six foot seven high; Jeremy was a trifle under six foot two and a half, and looked short beside him. But one or two critical observers, looking at the latter now that he was stripped for the encounter, shrewdly guessed that the Dutchman would have his work cut out. Jeremy did not, it is true, scale more than fourteen stone six, but his proportions were perfect. The great deep chest, the brawny arms, not very large, but a mass of muscle, the short strong neck, the quick eye and massive leg, all bespoke the strength of a young Hercules. It was evident too that though he was so young, and not yet come to his full power, he was in the most perfect training. The Boer, on the other hand, was enormous, but his flesh was somewhat soft. Still, knowing his feats, the Englishmen present sighed for their champion, feeling that he had no chance.

For a moment they stood facing each other, then Jeremy made a feint, and, getting in, planted a heavy blow with his left hand on his adversary's chest. But he was to pay for it, for next second the Dutchman got in his right hand, and Jeremy was lifted clean off his feet, and sent flying backward among the crowd.

The Boers cheered, the giant smiled and the Englishmen looked sad. They knew how it would be.

But Jeremy picked himself up little the worse. The stroke had struck the muscles of his chest, and had not hurt him greatly. As he advanced the gradually-increasing crowd of Englishmen cheered him warmly, and he swore in his heart that he would justify those cheers or die for it.

It was at this juncture that Ernest and Mr. Alston came up.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the former, "it is Jeremy."

Mr. Alston took in the situation at a glance.

"Don't let him see you, you will put him off," he said. "Get behind me."

Ernest obeyed, overwhelmed. Mr. Alston shook his head. He recognized that Jeremy had a poor chance, but he did not say so to Ernest.

Meanwhile Jeremy came up and faced the Dutchman. Encouraged by his late success, presently his adversary struck a tremendous blow at him. Jeremy dodged, and next instant succeeded in landing such a fearful right and left full on the giant's face that the latter went reeling backward.

A yell of frantic excitement arose from the English portion of the crowd. This was indeed a David.

The Dutchman soon recovered, and in his turn, rendered more cautious, kept out of Jeremy's reach, trying to strike him down from a distance. For a round or two no important blow was struck, till at last a brilliant idea took possession of the young fellow who had charge of Jeremy's coat.

"Hit him about the body," he whispered; "he's soft."

Jeremy took the advice, and next round succeeded in getting in two or three blows straight from the shoulder, and every one of them bruised the huge body sadly, and made it rather short of wind.

Next round he repeated the same tactics, receiving himself a stroke on the shoulder that for a moment rendered his left arm helpless. Before another second was over however, he had his revenge, and the blood was pouring from his adversary's lips.

And now did the popular excitement on both sides grow intense, for to the interest attaching to the encounter was added that of national feeling, which was then at a high state of tension. Englishmen, Dutchmen, and a mob of Kafirs yelled and shouted, and each of the former two felt that the honor of his people was on the issue. And yet it was an unequal fight.

"I believe that your friend will be a match for Van Zyl," said Mr. Alston, coolly, but the flash of his eye belied his coolness; "and I tell you what, he's a devilish fine fellow too."

At that moment, however, an untoward thing happened. The giant struck out his strongest, and Jeremy could not succeed in entirely warding off the blow, though he broke its force. Crashing through his guard, it struck him on the forehead, and for a moment he dropped senseless. His second rushed up and dashed some water over him, and in another instant he was on his legs again; but for the rest of that round he contented himself with dodging his adversary's attack, at which the Dutchmen cheered, thinking that his iron strength was broken.

But presently, when for the sixth time Jeremy came up with the same quiet look of determination in his eyes, and, except that the gaping of the nostrils and the twitching of the lip showed a certain measure of distress, looking but little the worse, they turned with anxiety to examine the condition of the giant. It was not very promising. He was perspiring profusely, and his enormous chest was rising and falling irregularly. Wherever Jeremy's strokes had fallen, too, a great blue bruise had risen. It was evident that his condition was the worst of the two, but still the Boers had little doubt of the issue. It could not be that the man who had once for a bet quelled the struggles of a wild ox, holding it for the space of five minutes by the horn, could be worsted by an English lad. So they called on him to stop playing with the boy and crush him.

Thus encouraged, the giant came on, striking out with fearful force but wildly, for he could not box. For thirty seconds or more Jeremy contented himself with avoiding the blows; then, seeing an opportunity, he planted a heavy one on his adversary's chest. This staggered him and threw him off his guard, and, taking the offensive, Jeremy dodged in right under the huge fists, and hit upward with all his power. "Thud, thud!" The sound of the blows could be heard fifty yards off. Nor were they without their effect. The giant staggered, and, amidst fearful shouts and groans, fell like an oxe struck with a pole-axe. But it was not over yet. In another moment he was on his legs again, and, spitting out blood and teeth, came reeling straight at Jeremy, a fearful and alarming spectacle. As he came, Jeremy again hit him in the face, but it did not stop him, and in another second the huge arms had closed round him and held him like a vice.

"Not fair! no holding!" shouted the Englishmen, but the Boer held on. Indeed, he did more. Putting all his vast strength into the effort, he strained and tugged, meaning to lift Jeremy up and dash him on the ground. But lo! amid frantic shouts from the crowd, Jeremy stood firm, moving not an inch. Whereupon the Boers called out, saying that he was not a mortal, but a man possessed with a devil. Again the Dutchman gripped him, and this time succeeded in lifting him a few feet from the ground.

"By George, he will throw him next time," said Mr. Alston to Ernest, who was shaking like a leaf with the excitement; "look! he is turning white; the grip is choking him."

And, indeed, Jeremy was in evil case, for his senses were fast being crushed out of him in that fearful embrace, and he was thinking with bitter sorrow that he must fail after all, for an Englishman does not like to be beat even when he has fought his best. Just then it was, when things were beginning to swim around him, that a voice he loved, and which he had been listening for this many months, rang in his ears; whether it was fancy or whether he really heard it he knew not.

"Remember 'Marsh Joe,' Jeremy and lift him. Don't be beat. For God's sake, lift him!"

Now there was a trick, which I will not tell you, my reader, but which a famous Eastern counties wrestler, known as Marsh Joe, had taught to Jeremy. So well had he taught him, indeed, that at the age of 17, Jeremy had hoisted his teacher with his own trick.

Just at the moment that Jeremy heard the voice, the giant shifted his hold a little, preparatory to making a fresh effort, and thus enabled his antagonist to fill his lungs with air. Ernest saw the broad white chest heave with relief (for by this time most of the upper clothing of the combatants had been wrenched away), and the darkening eye grow bright again, and he knew that Jeremy had heard him, and that he would conquer or die where he was.

And then, lo and behold! Just as the Boer, leisurely enough—feeling that he was master of the situation—prepared himself for the final struggle, suddenly the Englishman advanced his right leg a few inches, and with the rapidity of lightning entirely shifted his grip; and then he gathered himself for the effort. What mighty reserve of strength he drew on, who can say? but Ernest's voice had excited it, and it came at his call; and he did a thing that few living men could have done, and the fame whereof will go down in South Africa from generation to generation. For the lithe arms tightened and gripped till they sunk in almost level with the flesh of his mighty foe, and then slowly he began to gather purchase swaying backward and forward.

"Make an end of him! Make an end of him!" shouted the Boers; but behold! their champion's eyes are starting from his blackened face; he cannot stir.

To and fro sways Jeremy, and now the giant's feet are lifted from the ground. And then one mighty effort—O gallant Jeremy! up, still up above the gasping of the wonder-stricken crowd, up to his shoulder—by Heaven, over it!

Crash! Van Zyl fell, to be carried away by six strong men, a cripple for life.

CHAPTER XXV.

ERNEST'S LOVE-LETTER.

Cheer after cheer arose from the Englishmen around, and angry curses from the Dutchmen, as Jeremy turned to look at the senseless carcass of the giant. But, even as he turned, exhausted Nature gave out, and he fell fainting into Ernest's arms.

Then did selected individuals of his fellow-countrymen come forward and bear him reverently to a restaurant called the "European," where the proprietor—himself an old Eton fellow—met him, and washed and clothed and restored him, and vowed with tears in his eyes that he, Jeremy, should live at his expense for as long as he liked—ay, even if he chose to drink nothing meaner than champagne all day long; for thus it is that Englishmen greet one who ministers to that deepest rooted of all their feelings—national pride. And then, when at length he had been brought-to, and refreshed with a tumbler-full of dry Monopole, and wonderingly shaken Ernest by the hand, the enthusiasm of the crowd outside burst its bounds, and poured into the restaurant, and, seizing Jeremy and the chair whereon he sat, they bore him in triumph round the market-square to the tune of "God Save the Queen," a proceeding that would have ended in provoking a riot had not an aide-de-camp from His Excellency the Special Commissioner, who sent a message begging that they would desist, succeeded in persuading them to return to the restaurant. And here they all dined, and forced Jeremy to drink a great deal more dry Monopole than was good for him, with the result that for the first and last time in his life he was persuaded into making an after-dinner speech. As far as it was reported it ran something like this:

"Dear friends (cheers) and Englishmen" (renewed cheers) pause—"all making great fuss about nothing (cheers, and shouts of 'No, no!'). Fight the Dutchman again to-morrow—very big, but soft as putty—anybody fight him (frantic cheering). Glad I wasn't thrashed, as you all seem so pleased. Don't know why you are pleased; 'spose you didn't like the Dutchman. 'Fraid he hurt himself over my shoulder. Wonder what he did it for? Sit down, now. Dear friends, dear old Ernest, been looking for you for long while," and he turned his glassy eye on to Ernest, who cheered frantically, under the impression that Jeremy had just said something very much to the point. "Sit down, now ('No, no; go on'). Can't go on, quite pumped—very thirsty, too ('Give him some more champagne; open a fresh case'). Wish Eva and Doll were here, don't you, (loud cheers)? Gemman (cheers), no, not gemman, friends (louder cheers)—no, not gemman, friends—English brothers (yet louder cheers), I give you a toast. Eva and Doll, you all know 'em and love 'em, or if you don't you would, you see; if you did, you know." Frantic outburst of cheering, during which Jeremy tries to resume his seat, but gracefully drops on to the floor, and begins singing "Auld Lang Syne" under the table, whereupon the whole company rises, and, with the exception of Ernest and a jovial member of the Special Commissioner's staff, who get upon the table to lead the chorus, join hands and sing that beautiful old song with all the solemnity of intoxication, after which they drink more champagne and jointly and severally swear eternal friendship, especially Ernest and the member of His Excellency's staff, who shake hands and bless each other, till the warmth of their emotions proves too much for them, and they weep in chorus there upon the table.

For the rest, Ernest had some vague recollections of helping to drive his newly-found friend home in a wheelbarrow that would persist in upsetting in every sluice or ditch, especially if it had running water in it; and that was about all he did remember.

In the morning he woke up, or rather first became conscious of pain in his head, in a little double-bedded room attached to the hotel. On the pillow of the bed opposite to him lay Jeremy's battered face.

For awhile Ernest could make nothing of all this. Why was Jeremy there? Where were they? Everything turned round and seemed phantasmagorial; the only real, substantial thing was that awful pain in the head. But presently things began to come back to him, and the sight of Jeremy's bruised face recalled the fight, and the fight recalled the dinner, and the dinner brought back a vague recollection of Jeremy's speech and of something he had said about Eva. What could it have been? Ah, Eva! Perhaps Jeremy knew something about her; perhaps he had brought the letter that had been so long in coming. Oh, how his heart went out toward her! But how came Jeremy there in bed before him; how came he to be in South Africa at all?

At that moment his reflections were interrupted by the entry of Mazooku, bearing the coffee which it is the national habit in South Africa to drink early in the morning.

The martial-looking Zulu, who seemed curiously out of place carrying cups of coffee, seeing that his master was awake, saluted him with the customary "Koos," lifting one of the cups of coffee to give emphasis to the word, and nearly upsetting it in the effort.

"Mazooku," said Ernest, severely, "how did we get here?"

The substance of the retainer's explanation was as follows: When the moon was getting low, vanishing, indeed, behind the "horned house" yonder (the Dutch Church with pinnacles on it), it occurred to him, waiting on the verandah, that his master must be weary; and as most had departed from the "dance" in the "tin house" (restaurant), evidently made happy by the "twala" (drink), he entered into the tin house to look for him, and found him overcome by sleep under the table, lying next to the "Lion-who-threw-oxen-over-his-shoulder" (i.e. Jeremy), so overcome by sleep, indeed, that it was quite impossible to conduct him to the waggon. This being so, he (Mazooku) considered what was his duty under the circumstances, and came to the accurate conclusion that the best thing to do was to put them into the white man's bed, since he knew that his master did not love the floor to lie on. Accordingly, having discovered that this was a room of beds, he and another Zulu entered, but were perplexed to find the beds already occupied by two white men, who had lain down to rest with their clothes on. But, under all these circumstances, he and the other Zulu, considering that their first thought should be toward their own master, had taken the liberty of lifting up the two white men, who were slumbering profoundly after the "dance," by the head and by the heels, and putting them out in the sweet cool air of the night. Having thus "made a place," they then conveyed first Ernest, and having removed his clothes, put him into one bed, and next, in consideration of his undoubted greatness, they ventured to take the "Lion-who, etc.," himself and put him in the other. He was a very great man, the "Lion," and his art of throwing greater men over his shoulder could only be attributed to witchcraft. He, himself (Mazooku), had tried it on that morning with a Basutu, with whom he had a slight difference of opinion, but the result had not been all that could be desired, inasmuch as the Basutu had kicked him in the stomach, and forced him to drop him.

Ernest laughed as heartily as his headache would allow at this story, and in doing so woke up Jeremy, who at once clasped his hands to his head and looked round, whereupon Mazooku, having saluted the awakened "Lion" with much fervor, and spilled a considerable quantity of hot coffee over him in doing so, took his departure abashed, and at length the two friends were left alone. Thereupon, rising from their respective pallets, they took a step in all the glory of their undress uniform into the middle of the little room, and, after the manner of Englishmen shook hands and called each other "old fellow." They then went back to bed and began to converse.

"I say, old fellow, what on earth brought you out here?"

"Well, you see, I came out to look you up. You did not write any letters, and they began to get anxious about you at home, so I packed up my duds and started. Your uncle stands unlimited tin, so I am travelling like a prince in a waggon of my own. I heard of you down in Maritzburg, and guessed that I had best make for Pretoria, and here I am and there you are, and I am terribly glad to see you again, old chap. By Jove, what a head I have! But, I say, why didn't you write? Doll half broke her heart about it, and so did your uncle, only he would not say so."

"I did write. I wrote from Sikukini's country, but I suppose the letter did not fetch," answered Ernest, feeling very guilty. "The fact is, old fellow, I had not the heart to write much, I have been so confoundedly down on my luck ever since that duel business."

(To be continued.)

A Lonely Christmas.

(Detroit Free Press.)

There was a pair of stockings to hang up at our house last Christmas, a pair of stockings with a hole worn in one little foot and the heel worn thin in the other. This year there are none to hang up.

Last year we haunted toy stores and confectioners for the newest and nicest things for our boy. This year we passed the gay windows with bowed heads and aching hearts. I see tears in my wife's eye as we pass some happy mother with a blue or white mittened little hand held tightly in her own, while the merry little lad by her side looks laughingly up in her face.

I cannot keep my own lips from trembling, or my tear-dimmed eyes from gazing wistfully at that dear little fellow with the blue eyes and golden curls, perched high on his father's shoulder so that he can look over the heads of the crowd standing in front of the gay toy store. I held my own boy so last year. He walked these same gay streets with his little hand held in his mother's.

He rode home on my lap in the horse cars that day before Christmas. He climbed up and put his arms around my neck to whisper to me a wonderful "seekit." This secret whisper always was:

"I lub you, papa."

And after we had coaxed him into his night clothes that night, and after we had heard his little prayers with the final "God bless papa and mamma," we put him to bed and filled the two little blue stockings so full and piled high the chair on which they hung. We could hardly sleep for thinking of what he would do and say when the Christmas morning came.

This year we rode home alone in the car. We sat silently in our little parlor. My wife tried to read a new copy of her favorite magazine, but I could see that her eyes were closed behind its pages.

I said I would go out on the porch and smoke. But my cigar was not lighted in the whole hour I remained without.

They were having a Christmas tree for my neighbor's little boy in the house across the street. I could see the tree with the pretty boy dancing around it.

I knew and felt that he was safe in the arms of One who carries the young lambs in His bosom, that greater love than mine was around him, a love that could forever shield him from all trials and sorrows; but I could not help crying out:

"My baby, my boy, I want you myself."

The curtain of our parlor was up a few inches, and I could see my wife on her knees, and what did she have in her hands, kissing them again and again, with sobs and tears? The little stockings we hung up last Christmas eve.

Perhaps we will, as the neighbors say, "outgrow it" by and bye, or "get used to it;" but this is the first Christmas we have had to live through since the baby died.

My wife carries this little verse in her pocket-book:

We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,
And dwell on its crystal tide,
And one of the joys of our Heaven will be
The little boy that died.

A Key to His Habits.

Mr. Winks—I wish, Mrs. Winks, you would read this article on the duties of wives.

Mrs. Winks—I haven't time now. What does it say?

"Well, it says, for one thing, that it is the duty of a wife to cultivate assimilation, and, so far as possible, have the same tastes as her husband."

"I never thought of that."

"I suppose not."

"No, but if you'll bring a bottle of whiskey home with you, I'll try."

The French press has been warned not to publish any military news that would be of use abroad.

It is stated that the Russian reserves have been called out. Marked movements of troops have been noticed in Bessarabia.

On Saturday night a safe belonging to George J. Bradley, of Port Hope, was opened and an iron box containing a lot of deeds, policies and other papers abstracted.

Mr. Percy Sherwood, Chief of the Dominion Police Force, has secured a couple of counterfeit $2 Dominion bills of the recent issue. The work is so cleverly done that it is difficult to detect the counterfeit. The signature of Mr. Nash, of the Finance Department, is so well executed that he says himself it would be hard to swear that it was not his own handwriting.

About half-past 9 o'clock last evening parties in Nordheimer's Restaurant, which is situated next door to the recently burned Nordheimer Hall, Montreal, heard a sudden rumble, and almost before they had time to leave the dining room the gable of Nordheimer's fell smash through the roof, carrying everything with it. The parties inside barely escaped with their lives. The damage is estimated at $5,000, on which fire insurance is not available.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The Montreal City Passenger Railway Company has declared a half-yearly dividend of 5 per cent.

Notice has been received by the Dominion Government that the Fisheries Bill of last session, which was reserved for the sanction of the Imperial authorities, has received Her Majesty's sanction.

A strange proceeding is reported from Montreal, the stock of a dry goods firm having been seized at the instance of a firm in Winnipeg to satisfy the debt of an employee of the Montreal house.

The funeral of the late Mr. Justice Ramsay will take place to-day in Montreal. The Practice Court in Montreal was adjourned yesterday morning till Monday next, out of respect for the memory of the late Judge.

A meeting of college professors and others interested in the proposed College of Preceptors for Ontario was held in Toronto yesterday, when, after discussion, the scheme was unanimously adopted with some slight amendments.

Lieut.-Col. Jackson has finished all the business connected with the transport service of the Northwest rebellion, and made his final report to the Minister of Militia. He left the capital yesterday for London to resume his duties as Deputy Adjutant-General of No. 1 military district.

The Governor-General, accompanied by Lady Lansdowne and their respective suites, will make a prolonged visit to Montreal during the carnival. Capt. Streatfield is now in Montreal to hire a residence for the vice-regal party, whose visit will last about eight weeks, during which an elaborate round of festivities will be held.

The Ottawa Board of Trade yesterday discussed the question of discrimination in freight rates against that city, and decided to co-operate with the Kingston Board of Trade in appealing to the steamship companies at Liverpool for redress, the railway companies in Canada having stated that through freight rates were fixed by the steamship companies.

A farmer named Tinney undertook to cross the track with a team yesterday morning in the station yard at Bothwell while the west-bound mixed was shunting. The train, which was backing up at the time, struck his sleigh, knocking a boy about 10 years of age, son of James Fleming, shoemaker, of Bothwell, off the sleigh on the track, the wheels of the car passing over both arms, crushing them to a jelly. No hopes are entertained of his recovery.

In the trial of the cadets and officers of the Bulgarian army for conspiracy against the regency evidence has been adduced showing that the defendants were in communion with the Russian Consul.

The *Journal des Debats* renews its attack on England, which it accuses of being the only power whose conduct has aggravated the trouble which has culminated in the present crisis in Southeastern Europe, and declares that she has sought to embroil Austria and Russia in the dispute.

The Pope, in receiving Christmas congratulations from the College of Cardinals, spoke at some length of the position of the Church in Italy. He protested against the anti-clerical movement which is being carried on in the country, and said the Holy See was now despoiled of the last remnant of its patrimony. The only liberty left to him was that held by the Roman pontiffs in the earliest ages. The Italian Government, he declared, assisted the laity in unduly interfering with the administration of the Church. It had expelled religious bodies and had tolerated an organized hostility against the Vatican. As the head of the Church, he must continue to protest against the position in which he is placed.

Mr. Blaine is confined to his room at Augusta, Me., with a severe attack of rheumatic gout.

Mr. Bradford Dunham, General Manager of the Baltimore & Ohio system, yesterday tendered his resignation to President Garrett, who accepted it.

Cards have been issued announcing the marriage of Miss Mary N. Sherman, of Norwalk, Ohio, and Burchard Austin Hayes, eldest son of ex-President Hayes. The wedding takes place December 30th.

A claim has been filed with the Interior Department for a strip of public land lying along the lake front in Chicago, comprising about 90 acres, and valued at $15,000,000. The Secretary has taken the papers, and will consider the matter, argument upon which will shortly begin.

Wm. Warner, well known in Bridgeport, has been quite intimate with Mrs. Mary Lynch, a young married woman. A few weeks ago Mrs. Lynch went to her mother, who lives near Newtown. On Wednesday evening Warner called to see her, and during a quarrel Warner shot Mrs. Lynch through the heart. He then left the house. About 8 o'clock yesterday morning he returned to the house and shot himself. His body was found lying across that of his victim. He left a note in which he gave the cause of the murder as jealousy.

Filmore Jamieson, a prominent resident and business man of Ridgeway, N.Y., was instantly killed there on Monday by a train on the New Jersey Southern Railway. While driving across the track one of his horses balked. The train struck his team and waggon with terrific force, killing Mr. Jamieson and one horse and knocking the waggon to pieces. Mr. Jamieson's house was at the side of the track only a few feet from the crossing. The locomotive cut off Mr. Jamieson's head and hurled it down the embankment, nearly to the feet of his wife, who was a witness of his horrible death. She is insane from grief and horror.

The total strength of the Northwest Mounted Police is now one thousand men and nine hundred horses.

The remains of the late Mr. Justice Ramsay were interred yesterday in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal, in the presence of a large assemblage of members of the Bench and Bar and prominent citizens.

Hoke, the bank defaulter of Peoria, Ill., who was committed for extradition a few days ago by the Montreal police magistrate, will be handed over to the United States authorities on the 2nd of January.

Messrs. Bickerdike and Delorme have made an offer to the Montreal City Council to take over the cattle markets and battoirs on a twenty years' lease, paying therefor $10,000 a year and all the annual charges in addition.

The St. Lawrence is still rising at Montreal, and the citizens living along the water front are removing their effects from the lower flats to places of safety, as a flood seems imminent.

The residence of the late Sir Francis Hincks, on St. Antoine street, Montreal, was sold to the Trust & Loan Company yesterday for $10,150. The property originally cost $32,000.

Dr. Henry Andrews, of Brooklyn, committed suicide by shooting himself yesterday while in a fit of despondency.

The family of Joseph Seidlote, a carpenter, of Cincinnati, consisting of himself, wife and 6-year-old son, were poisoned yesterday by eating canned green peas. Seidlote died last night, but his wife and child may recover.

Seven bars of silver were put into the Pacific Express Company's car on a Missouri Pacific train at a suburban station in St. Louis on Friday evening. On the train arriving at St. Louis it was found that two of the bars, valued at $2,000, had mysteriously disappeared.

Charles Burger, a farmer, living ten miles south of Bushville, Neb., returned home from town on Christmas evening and found his wife and three children dead in the house. His wife had been subject to temporary fits of insanity, and it is supposed that while out of her head she killed the three children and then cut her own throat with a razor.

Word has been received from the Rocky Mountains that two cars of a passenger train broke away on a steep grade. They ran back three miles with tremendous velocity, when they jumped the track, and running against the stumps were badly smashed. McNally, the express messenger, was killed and also a passenger whose name is not known. Twenty passengers in one of the cars were badly shaken up.

Mark Haddix, a well-to-do farmer, living near Osborne, while intoxicated Thursday night, jumped aboard a Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad engine which stood at the station at Dayton, Ohio, pulled the throttle open and started down the main track. A train of freight cars were coming in, and the engine collided with them. Three cars were wrecked, and the engine was derailed. Haddix was arrested and held on a charge of grand larceny in stealing a locomotive valued at $8,000.

The Swiss Bundesrath has passed a resolution ordering the frontier guards not to permit the exportation of Swiss horses.

A number of Buddhist priests have visited General Roberts and offered their assistance in the pacification of the country

Serious differences exist between the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin, and Herr von Tisza and Count Kalnoky will insist that the situation be cleared up, and that Prince Bismarck be asked to declare whether Germany is an ally of Russia or Austria-Hungaria.

The Paris *Temps* says the owner of a French fishing smack at St. Briteux is suing the English Government for indemnity for losses which he claims to have suffered by the action of the Newfoundland people, who prevented him from fishing off the north coast of that Island.

The *Daily Telegraph* says Gen. Willoughby, the Malagassy agent in Europe, has been instructed to stop negotiations in Paris for a loan for the Hova Government.

Although the railway service in Germany was restored yesterday morning, traffic is still seriously blocked, especially in connection with Christmas deliveries. However the snowstorm was a God-send to the unemployed, as thousands of men are employed in clearing the streets of Berlin, for which work they receive 3½ marks per day.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says Austrian statesmen declare that the maintenance of peace is entirely dependent upon the action of the Czar, and, as he drinks, delirium tremens may at any moment cause him to commit an act of folly which would precipitate a war. Austria must be ready for such a contingency. The *Pester Lloyd* says the Czar's fear of the Nihilists is excessive. He is suspicious of everybody with whom he comes in contact, including even his wife and children.

The Rocky Mountain Telegraph Company's new wire is completed from Medicine Hat, on the Canada Pacific, to Fort Assiniboine, which is connected with Helena. The electric circuit is now completed in the Northwest, east and west from the United States via the Canadian Pacific.

Facts in Small Space.

Cents are so scarce in New York that a dollar is being paid for ninety-two of them.

Our country is bigger than China. We have 3,002,000 square miles, and China has only 2,000,000.

Of the 537 students at the University of Berlin, Germany, 149 are American, a larger number than ever before.

The Mexican army, when on a war footing, has 160,963 men, divided as follows: Infantry, 131,522; cavalry, 25,790, and artillery, 3,600.

Russia's public debt increases about $200,000,000 yearly, and is now something over $4,000,000,000. About one-half of it is held in Germany.

A change of 8 mills per ton a mile in the freight rates current on the Michigan Central means to that road a gain in gross earnings of $1,000,000 a year.

A Sure Sign of Age.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" kindly asked a lady of her friend.

"Oh, I feel I'm beginning to look quite old," was the mournful reply.

"Nonsense! Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Because," was the reply, "I notice that whenever I cross Broadway the policemen never take my arm as they used to do."—*Judge*.

Equal to the Emergency.

An irate female seeks admittance to the editor's sanctum.

"But I tell you, madam," protests the attendant; "that the editor is too ill to talk to any one to-day.

"Never mind, you let me in. I'll do the talking."—*Puck*.

Thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine immigrants arrived in the United States during November, against 20,070 on November last year.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It may not be generally remembered that next year is not only the Royal Jubilee, but is also the jubilee of the electric telegraph in England. The first practical telegraph was worked between Euston Station and Camden Town on July 25th, 1837.

At the recent unveiling of the statue of Richard Cobden, in St. Peter's Gate, Stockport, England, one of the most significant inscriptions displayed by the people gathered in honor of the event was one which read: "Thanks to Richard Cobden, we get as much bread for 8d as our forefathers got for a shilling."

Mr. P. B. Kent, a civil engineer, who has been in China for seven years, has come to the United States to spend a few weeks with his relatives. He has been engaged in railroad work in Formosa for the Chinese Government, and says that upon the accession of the young Prince to the throne China will adopt the European railroad almost universally.

We learn from *L'Electricien* that a M. H. Dunville pledges his scientific reputation to the accuracy of the following observation: If two glasses of water be placed, one upon the north pole of a powerful magnet and the other upon the south pole, in four or five minutes the former acquires a slight alkaline reaction, while that on the south pole becomes slightly acid.

The ex-Empress Eugenie recently paid a private visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle before leaving for the continent. The ex-Empress only stopped in Paris to dine and then went on direct to Turin. The Empress, who is in poor health, will remain in Rome till after Christmas, and will probably pass the winter in Naples and Palermo.

Mr. John M. Laflin, a man of prodigious physique and an enthusiast about gymnastics, says of the cigarette-smoking youth of to-day: "Why, an army of the young men of to-day would be utterly useless; a regiment of Roman mothers would lick the whole of them hand to hand. If this craze goes on the next generation of Americans will be as puny as Bushmen."

An interesting discovery was made the other day by M. Quentin-Bauchart, of Chalons-sur-Marne, on a bookstall of that town. This is the "Office de la Divine Providence," the sole comfort of Marie Antoinette in her weary captivity at the prisons of the Temple and Conciergerie. The book, the binding of which is much worn, contains on a fly leaf the following inscription, dated October 16th, 4.30 a.m.: "Lord, have pity on me! I can no longer weep save in spirit for you, O my children! Farewell, farewell!—Marie Antoinette."

Bridget Dunn, of New York, has no faith in wills and Surrogate Courts. So, believing herself to be dying, she transferred her savings bank account to her niece, Alice McCarthy. But Bridget recovered, and now Alice refuses to return the money, and the bank sustains her. Moral: Make sure you are actually dying before you transfer your worldly goods. If you recover your health you may not recover your property.

A national demonstration in favor of Home Rule will be held at Edinburgh on January 12th. Resolutions will be proposed to the effect that the time has arrived when National Legislatures should be granted to the respective nationalities forming the United Kingdom, and the national business of Scotland should be managed by a Legislature meeting in Scotland, with free control over all purely local and private Bills, and with an Executive responsible to it and the Crown.

The largest corporation engaged under the British flag at this time is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Exclusive of vessels now under construction, the company's fleet amounts to 200,000 tons, costing nearly £6,000,000 sterling. During the mail contract of the last seven years they have laid down 82,000 tons, at a cost of £2,260,000, and expended in renewals between £500,000 and £600,000. Altogether, in the seven years they had expended in new ships and improvements in old ones £2,800,000, or about £400,000 per annum. At the recent annual meeting, it was stated that the business of the company had increased so far as the increased number of the passengers carried: but the receipts therefrom had been less because of the large number of return tickets. The company had suffered to the extent of £18,000 by the great fall in exchange during the past twelve months.

J. G. Batterson, in whose granite quarries at Westerly, R. I., a profit-sharing system was adopted last January, says there has been no trouble this year with the employees, who, as far as he knows, are satisfied with the arrangement as well as is the company. If when the time of settlement comes next month the workmen are satisfied, the arrangement will be continued on substantially the same basis. The Westerly plan provided that after the expenses have been paid and a dividend of 6 per cent. on the capital invested, one-third of the remaining profits shall be divided among the workmen proportionately to their wages. The number of men employed in the quarries is 550.

It is safe to say that the marriageable girls in Bolivia will not serenade the members of the present Assembly. It is not even likely that the distinguished legislators of that Republic will find many partners inclined to dance with them. They have just passed the following law: "No officer from the rank of sub-lieutenant to captain will be allowed to marry unless he can prove that the lady with whom he wishes to marry possesses a dowry of $4,000." This throws the onus of the support of the officers on the weaker sex. Fortune-hunters are despised in most countries, but especially in South America. The Spanish-American press vehemently protests against a law that makes the women support the warriors, as being dishonorable towards the former and unjust towards the latter.

The latest method of identifying prisoners, which has been introduced into France by M. Alphonse Bertillon, and which is now successfully practised not only in the chief French prisons, but in Russia and Japan as well, is the exact measurement of the prisoner on his arrival at the jail. His waist, the length and width of his head, the left middle finger, the left foot, the outstretched arms, the three other fingers of the left hand, the left arm from the elbow to the wrist, and the length and width of the ear are measured, and the color of the eyes and any particularities are noted down. A photograph is also immediately taken, and by these means the many mistakes which have been made by trusting to a photographer only are avoided. The fact that during the two years since this mode has been in operation 826 habitual criminals who presented themselves under an assumed name have been identified in France shows that M. Bertillon's method is superior to any other.

A grand soiree has just been given in London by a society of French hairdressers, entitled the Societe du Progres de la Coiffure, when gold, silver and bronze medals were competed for, which created a great flutter among the fashionable fair. There were sixteen artist competitors who brought their models, and twelve judges, artists of mature age. The scene of the tournament was Mme. Tussaud's gallery, where at a long table sat sixteen lovely girls, with looking-glasses, etc., before them. A signal was given, forty-five minutes allowed and away went the scissors, the operators twisting, plaiting, frizzing, adding a switch of hair here and a frizette there to build up the pile. To pass to what is most interesting to ladies here, the present style as laid down for the coming season (we give it as translated from the French) is the demi-lugue or medium, neither the catogan drooping on the shoulders or all the hair drawn up towards the face. The front is frizzed a little and goes across in almost a straight line without coming down at the side of the face. The remainder of the hair, with such additions as may be deemed advisable, is arranged in a cluster of rolls, plaits, curls and bows, and at one side an aigrette, rosette, plumes or bunch of ribbons. As to combs, the greatest liberty is allowed in their use—diamond, pearl, garnet, etc., as well as pins put in here and there in an informal arrangement. In fact, a woman may wear two or three combs if she happens to have them and stick them where she pleases. Diamond aigrettes with espreys are in fashion, also bows of gold, pink or blue ribbons, with the espreys in the centre. One of the most beautiful heads at the soiree had as ornament a bunch of frosted silver dandelion clocks, which were beautifully light and elegant.

A Child's Christmas Story.

The following story, published in the Chicago *News*, though bearing many indications of the handiwork of Eugene Field, of that journal, is attributed to a girl of 11 years:

It was a sad sight to see Mrs. Jamison and her little family gathered about the fire one Christmas eve, for she had been a widow for twenty years. Yes, twenty years before had Mr. Jamison, her husband, set sail on a ship for a foreign land and nevermore had been heard of. The snow was falling fast and the wind was howling without.

"Alas," Mrs. Jamison said, as she pressed her hungry babe to her bosom, "I fear we shall have no turkey to-morow."

"Why not, mother?" asked Robin, a bright lad of 14.

"Listen," said Mrs. Jamison. "I have only thirty cents left. To-day I pawned my jewels, and thus we are cast upon the mercy of the cold world."

Mrs. Jamison wept bitterly and so did the children.

"Oh, if Henry were only here," moaned Mrs. Jamison. Henry was Mr. Jamison's name before he was lost at sea, never, never to return. By and bye Mrs. Jamison said: "Put on your fur cape, Lucy, and take this thirty cents and go down to the grocery store and buy one dozen eggs. It is all the money I have, but the eggs will allay our hunger, and keep the wolf from the door another day."

So Lucy, who was a beautiful girl of 15, put on her fur cape and Robin went with her. Having bought the eggs, each of them took an apple, when Mr. Sinclair, the kind-hearted grocer, was not looking, and with joyous hearts they rode home in a street car. While Lucy was eating her apple she put the bag of eggs on the seat, and suddenly a big man entered the car and sat down on the bag. Then Lucy began to cry and Robin, too.

"Children," said the big man, in kind tones, "why do you weep?"

"Alas!" said Lucy, "you have sat on our bag of eggs."

"Never mind the eggs," said the man; "but tell me, have I not heard that voice before, and have I not seen those features? Is your name Lucy Jamison?"

"Yes, sir," said Lucy.

"Then look upon me, child," cried the man, "and tell me if you do not know me. Has time and sorrow changed me so that my children do not know me?"

"Father, father!" cried Lucy, throwing herself into her father's arms.

It was indeed Mr. Jamison. He had been wrecked on a lone island for twenty years, but a passing ship picked him up and brought him home. He was very rich, and oh! what a happy meeting it was for Mrs. Jamison and the children. They had turkey for dinner and cranberries, and lived in peace all the rest of their lives.

A Cure for Chilblains.

Prevention is better than cure for chilblains as for everything else. A very hot foot-bath every night for a month, followed by the most vigorous rubbing, will usually cure cold feet and set the blood in good circulation in the extremities. But if the chilblains come they may be successfuly treated in several days. A good ointment is made of castile soap melted in a little rum. If from rubbing the skin be broken the rose salve is very healing. Camphor ice cures some chilblains and the various cerates are suited to those of other people. Peppermint essence, cologne and alcohol are reccommended to allay the stinging and burning of a frost-bitten heel.—*Boston Record*.

At the session of the County Council of Grey held last week, Mr. N. G. Campbell, of Whitby, was appointed to the vacant inspectorship of South Grey in place of Mr. William Ferguson, who recently resigned the position.

Ye Unskilful Tobogganer.

(He calleth for his Lady Love.)

The lanterns are shining, my love, my dove
Away to the slide let's be jogging;
For a ride I am pining, my dove, my love,
And I've brought out my little toboggan;
So put on your blanket coat quick as may be,
And come to the slide and toboggan with me,
Come ride on my little toboggan.

The north wind is blowing, my love, my dove,
It is splendid tobogganing weather;
So let us be going, my dove, my love,
And slide and toboggan together.
Oh! hasten my peerless one, off let us jog,
And dash down the slide on my little tobog,
Dash down on my little toboggan.

(They sally forth and reach the slide.)

At last off we're whizzing, my love, my dove,
And down the steep slide we are dashing;
Hear the air pass us fizzing, my love, my dove,
And on we go slashing and crashing.
We're nearing the bottom, aha! we are there—!!

* * * * *

But where's my toboggan, and where are you, dear?
Where's my love and my little toboggan?
(Emerges from snow heap and gazes wildly around.)

What can have occurred, my love, my dove?
With something I must have collided
I must have been flurried, my dove, my love,
And must have unskilfully guided
My vehicle, made from the bark of a log,
My little toboggan, my little tobog—
But where the deuce is my toboggan?

Ah! now I espy you, my love, my dove,
But who in the mischief's that feller
Who walks so close by you, my dove, my love,
It's that brute of a clerk—that teller.
Ah! woe me unhappy! now homeward I'll jog,
For my love I have lost, and my little tobog;
Yes, all smashed is my little toboggan.

MORAL.

Young fellows, give ear; ere you go to the slide
With your girl, learn to steer, for a duffer
No lady can care for, and if you can't guide
Your toboggan you'll certainly suffer,
As my hero above, whose unskilfulness cost
Him the loss of his girl, and besides her he lost—
He lost his little toboggan.

LATE SPORTING NOTES.

Turf.

Mr. W. H. Wilson, of Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, has purchased of his partner, Mr. P. S. Talbert, his half interest in the noted trotting sire, Sultan, by the Moor, dam Sultana, by Delmonico, paying therefor $10,000. They paid L. J. Rose, of San Gabriel, Cal., $15,000 for Sultan last summer. The horse has a record of 2.24.

Mr. Dan Swigert's ill luck with his stallions seems to have no end. First Virgil died and was followed soon after by Prince Charlie. To replace them Mr. Swigert sent to England and bought Kingcraft and Rotherhill, two horses of fame and great promise. Yesterday the steamship Lake Superior, sailed from Liverpool on Dec. 11th with a number of passengers and a valuable cargo, including twenty-two horses and twelve ponies, among them Kingcraft, who was somewhat amiss when shipped, died on the sixth day out and was thrown overboard. The weather from the start was very bad, with heavy seas. The price paid for Kingcraft was not made public in any of the English papers, but on this side of the Atlantic many persons interested thought that Mr. Swigert made a somewhat unwise purchase from the standpoint of age alone, as Kingcraft would have been 19 years old had he reached Kentucky safe.

The stud fees for British stallions continue enormous. First of all comes Hermit at $1,250. Then come Petrarch and Galopin at $750, Robert the Devil and St. Simon at $500, George Frederick, Master Kildare, Melton, Springfield, Touchet and Uncas at $250; Beauclerc and The Miser at $200, Chippenvale and Zelot at $150, and an endless number from that down.

Miscellaneous.

In the bicycle race in Minneapolis at the end of the forty-fifth hour the score stood: Morgan, 524 miles; Shock, 524 miles; Armaindo, 400 miles.

Of the seven contestants to-day in the 72 hour walking match Guerrero, who was in the lead Wednesday, is quite lame, and Hegelman is doing the great work of the day. Strokel is also going fast. The score at 2 p. m. was: Strokel, 217 miles; Hughes, 216; Guerrero, 215; Hegelman, 209 miles 7 laps; Vint, 209 miles 2 laps; Golden, 198 miles; Elson, 196 miles.

Why She Pointed.

A school teacher from "out west" tells the following laughable little incident: "On Christmas day I was invited to dinner at the home of a farmer in the neighborhood. He had a large family of children, and I was not the only guest, several families in the neighborhood having been invited.

"Just before we went out to dinner, a 10-year-old daughter of the family, a favorite pupil of mine, came into the room and began silently counting the guests, pointing her fingers at each person as she counted.

"As she stood near me, I thought to give her a little lesson in etiquette, and whispered:

"'Don't point, Milly; it is not polite.'

"To my amusement and the chagrin of her mother, she instantly replied:

"Well, I guess ma told me to, 'cause she's afraid there ain't mince pie enough to go round, and she hopes nobody won't take two pieces.'"

Personal Points.

Hon. Mr. Fraser is improving in health.

Washington Irving Bishop, the mind reader, says that he is in delicate health.

Hon. Mr. Mowat is greatly improved, and after a little rest he will be completely restored.

Mr. Gladstone, according to Mr. Labouchere, is at present engaged on a work connected with the Olympian religion.

A Bad Husband's Present.

Bogley—What are you going to give your wife for Christmas, Scrooge?

Scrooge—Something useful. A ton of coal, a ham and a pair of slippers about seven sizes too big.

Bogley—What good will that do her?

Scrooge—She will have the satisfaction of presenting them to me.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Judge Jennison.—Please call at my house. It has no number, but they call it the county jail." So wrote Harry McKillop (formerly of Hamilton), to the presiding judge of the Wayne Circuit Court yesterday. His Honor did not go to McKillop's "house."—*Detroit News*. It is likely the case against McKillop—that of taking away furniture which did not belong to him from a house which he rented—will be dropped.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1887.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"When the hurly-burly's done
When the battle's lost and won."
—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a nice little three cornered contest in Centre Grey. Two Tories and one Reformer running. Now is your time ye Liberals of Centre Grey. —*Grey Review of 23rd Dec.*

It was truly a nice little arrangement all through, but it did not work quite as well as the *Review* and many others wished, and, indeed, anticipated. The Owen Sound *Advertiser* was also quite sanguine and jubilant. They can now console one another with the fact that, on the whole, Mowat has been sustained—on the strength of his gerrymandering and the Catholic vote.

***

The laggard way Centre Grey election returns came in, might lead some people to imagine that we lived up in the neighborhood of the North Pole. The night of polling day, full returns from constituencies all over the Province came pouring in; North and South Grey being heard from among the rest. But Centre Grey gave forth uncertain sounds, and it was not until *two* days after the election that we heard anything definite; and even then we had to send a private despatch to Owen Sound to ascertain the fact—so wild and indefinite were the reports in circulation.

***

Mr. Brown, the Reform candidate got a majority of 38 votes in Collingwood Township. Thus, through the defection of McColman, the Conservative majority of 189 in Collingwood Twp. was reversed in favor of the Reformers to 38. The misrepresentation and falsehoods of the *News* had undoubtedly something to do with this. What did the year old hireling care about the Liberal Conservative party in Centre Grey, when it did its level best—in conjunction with Neil McColman and others—to play into the hands of Mr. Brown and the Reform party? Bounce the *splitters!*

***

Mr. Thos. Andrews, of Thornbury, is the gentleman who, at the second convention, shouted out that himself and the other delegates would make Mr. McColman keep his pledge to abide by the decision of that convention. And yet, in face of all this, Mr. Andrews went straight from that convention on an electioneering tour for Mr. McColman, and against the very man he had, on his word of honor, pledged himself to support! What does Mr. Thos. Andrews' word of honor amount to anyway? It is politicians of this stripe who reflect discredit upon the party to which they profess allegiance.

***

And Mr. Wm. Walters, of Collingwood Township, is the man who so savagely attacked us from the public platform on Nomination day, anent an editorial in THE ADVANCE, headed, "The Traitors." Amongst other things, he said we were a "boy who published a newspaper," appending a very strong epithet to the statement. Boy though we may be, we are prepared at all times—on the platform or through the press—to successfully defend ourself against the attacks of all the political tricksters that have ever fumed and raged at us on any public platform in Centre Grey. Why did not Mr. McColman's organ, the *News*, reply to our editorial in its columns, prior to the election, when ample time and opportunity was afforded it to do so? Why did it keep back the fact that Mr. McColman pledged himself to abide by the decision of the second convention as well as the first? Why did Mr. McColman pledge himself to abide by that second convention's decision, if he had no intention of keeping his pledge, made in the presence of 103 representative Conservative electors from all parts of the riding? Let us have "the truth, the *whole* truth, and nothing but *the* truth" in this matter. If we have wronged Mr. McColman, or "Mr. anybody else," convince us of the fact, and we will make the *amende honorable*. But we haven't, and there's where the rub comes in.

ARTEMESIA COUNCIL, 1887.

Following are the members of our Township Council for the year 1887:—

Dr. Christoe, Reeve.

COUNCILLORS.

J. McArthur, Ward No. 1.
J. Boland, Ward No. 2.
Wm. Sharpe, Ward No. 3.
H. Cairns, Ward No. 4.

Now, gentlemen, the ratepayers expect that every man of you will do his duty; and as the editor of this paper purposes reporting the proceedings at each meeting of Council in future, your course will be watched with interest. While we want you to be as economical as possible, we certainly do not desire to see you *niggardly* in the expenditure of our money. Don't let our magnificent gravel roads fall into disrepair. Don't let pathmasters put dirt and mud on the roads where gravel should be. Don't be penny wise and pound foolish in letting jobs. Better far to pay a good price and have the job done in a substantial manner, than to give starvation prices, thereby encouraging slip-shod work and costly law suits, for broken limbs, &c. Lay out the Township funds on those roads and bridges, &c., where it is most necessary. See to it that the assessment of all kinds of property in the Township is made on an equitable and just basis. Don't trust to hearsay, but examine for yourselves. The past record has been a good one; let the future be still better. The Editor has concluded to keep the Township Fathers company during the coming year, and give the result of their deliberations to the public.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

PROVE IT.

It is amusing to hear of the Thornbury *News* claiming the largest circulation of any paper in East Grey. Bald assertion is not proof. Why the *News* hasn't the slightest shadow of proof to produce, as it knows about as little anent the circulation of its county contemporaries as they do about it, which is saying very little. Why not make an affidavit of its circulation and challenge the other papers to do likewise? Just put up or shut up, Bro. Starrett.

FLESHERTON STATION.

Interesting and reliable information comes to us from the depot, that the gentleman who told us once, that "the constant dropping of water will wear a stone," is making himself very conspicuous by exhorting people not to subscribe for the ADVANCE. What better could be expected from a man whose insolence to his employer's patrons is so well known? And what better evidence of the fearlessness and honesty of the course pursued by the ADVANCE than the opposition of such persons?

ITS "INTRINSIC" VALUE.

We try to give the people a paper they can read for its intrinsic value. —*Thornbury News.*

In the light of the recent political contest in Centre Grey, subscribers should get the *News* for about 5 cents per annum. As a prophet, its editor is a most lamentable failure, and as a gatherer of news, he is, in many cases, very unreliable. THE ADVANCE stuck by the nominee of the convention from first to last. Had it followed the unpatriotic course of the *News*, Mr. Brown, the Reform Candidate, would in all probability have been elected. THE ADVANCE is always loyal to its own party, and impartial and just in its dealings with opponents. This cannot be contradicted.

Grievance Relating to Public Matters at Maxwell.

Will Mr. James Buckingham, of this place, please explain in detail his grievance in regard to the expenditure of the public money in this School Section. At the late annual meeting the Trustees and Auditors report was submitted and adopted without any objection. Mr. Buckingham being present, and after the close of the meeting, he went around the ratepayers telling them in an under tone, that the Trustees Board was a nest of rotten eggs, full of corruption and must be broken, also that the peopies money was improperly used. The ratepayers oppressed by taxes &c.

For the benefit of the School Section and reputation of the Trustees surely Mr. B. will make matters more public, and as he sets himself up as a model man and a christian, who would do unto others as he would wish others to do to him, an explanation is demanded, as the Trustees do not feel inclined to have their reputation tampered with, in any such underhand manner.

WESLEY LONG,
School Trustee, Maxwell.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The annual school meeting was held here on Wednesday of last week and there was quite a large attendance. Mr. E. McCallum, was elected Trustee, Mr. D. K. Preston, retiring, Mr. D.D. McFarlane, elected as auditor.

Mr. C. A Drummond, the new Teacher, commenced his duties on Monday and we hope he may prove as successful in his management of the school as his predecessor.

The municipal election on Monday, passed off in the usual quiet manner. But there was one new feature noticed in seeing some of the Lady voters coming out to record their vote for the best men. At present it is reported that the old Reeve and Council are elected.

The young men who left here some time ago for Michigan report times good. Wages from 17 to 22 dollars a month.

We are pleased to see our old friend, Rev. J. W. H. Milne, home on a visit. He preached in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening last and was listened to with much attention.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. —Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain. —William L. Page, Richmond Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 25 to	2 25
Fall Wheat	$0 72 to	0 75
Spring Wheat	0 72	0 75
Barley	0 30	0 50
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 49	0 50
Butter	0 14	0 1
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 25	5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 07	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

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Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

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Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

HARNESS HARNESS.

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R. J. WATSON,
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PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

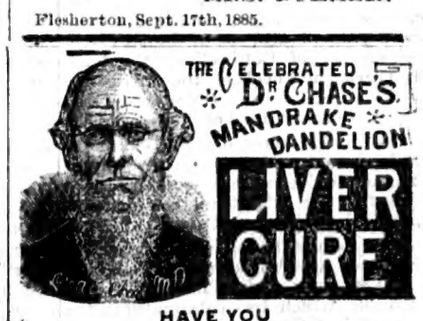

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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

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In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Wommens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

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E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

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THE PILLS

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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New Butcher Shop in Flesherton!

Petch & Mitchell,

PROPRIETORS.

THE undersigned respectfully take this opportunity to announce to the people of Flesherton and surrounding country, that they have started a Butcher Shop in the stand next door to the Marble Works, FLESHERTON, where they will be pleased to meet with all who favor them with their patronage. Fresh Meats of all kinds, and Fish, &c. in their seasons.

Respectfully yours,

PETCH & MITCHELL.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. - THORNBURY.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

From M. Reiley.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir:—I notice in the columns of your valuable paper of Dec. 23rd, a letter from W. L. Dixon, on the eve of his departure from Priceville as an answer to my letter of Dec. 2nd.

Mr. Dixon says that the reason I opposed his re-engagement was that my son failed to pass the Entrance Exam. Now, Mr. Dixon knows that he was stating an untruth, as I did not oppose him on those grounds at all, but on the fact that the majority of the ratepayers of the section, were dissatisfied. I am surprised that a man of Mr. Dixon's standing, would stoop so low as to compare some of the children under his care, to that ferocious animal the Lion and that he would refer to them as being educated the same way, that is, teach them to allow their keeper to put his head into their mouth. Now I do not believe that even a lion would be willing to allow Mr. D's. head into its mouth much less his scholars.

Mr. D. says that he has been very attentive to his duties and that he has never been once late in three years. Now Mr. Editor we did not engage Mr. Dixon to be late. We expected him to fulfil his duties according to his agreement.

Mr. Dixon alleges in his letter that I made a false statement about the marks obtained by my boy, at the last Exam, and that he showed them to me on the 11th Nov. Now sir, it is a long time from the first week in July until the 11th Nov., and I suppose he did not send for those marks until the last moment when he heard that I was reflecting on him not doing so.

In regard to the petition for their removal I candidly state that I am informed that it was read to every person that signed it and that there was no misrepresentation made in regard to it. There must be a great change in the Section since the annual meeting of 1885 if said petition as M. D. said was to remove me out of office, as at that meeting out of five candidates I was elected by a large majority. Mr. Dixon's statements in regard to the children of families in the outskirts of the section, attending adjoining schools as a matter of convenience is false as the party lives much nearer to Priceville, than the other section and certainly they must have a choice of teacher. We as Trustees, object to no party sending their children to our school, as long as our school is not crowded, as, a matter of convenience for them. But the parties coming three miles, he can make no capital out of them, as they attended our school previous to his engagement as our Teacher. The average he claims, Mr. Editor, is 110, of this average he can only claim 20% and his assistant, the remainder. Referring to the matter of the Storekeepers of our village. It is customary with business men to find out the hard cases they have to deal with, and ask the prices to suit. I consider you can buy from the merchants of Priceville, as cheap as in any other place in Canada to-day. If Mr. D. refers to me as the Cliques servant, I must say he is very complimentary in regard to the people of this vicinity. We are a friendly class of people here in Priceville, but Mr. Dixon has never attended any of our meetings here, during his three years stay and I believe the reason he kept away was, that he was afraid it would cost him 25 cents. With regard to the petition, impairing his usefulness, I may state that there was a much larger one in circulation against him on his first engagement, and then he should have picked up the courage to resign. But I suppose money was the object and he would not do so until he had taken twelve hundred and sixty dollars off this section. Being an old soldier, I have learned ball practice and I do not believe in shooting at the tree, when the bird has flown. If he were here to face the music, I would give him more of it.

M. REILEY.

Lost!

On Christmas day, from Flesherton, a black and white Hound Bitch, name "Bessie." Any person leaving same at Munshaw's, Flesherton, will be suitably rewarded; and any one retaining her after this date will be prosecuted.

W. H. CAMPAIGNE.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

Dominion Elections.

It is now rumored that the Dominion Elections will be brought on in a short time. All the better. The County of Grey is ripe for action, and will send Dr. Jamison, Dr. Sproule and Mr. Masson, Q. C., to Ottawa as its representatives in the Commons. The battle here will be sharp but decisive: and just as surely as Centre, South and North Grey are now in line in the Local House, just so surely will they be in line in the Dominion House at the forthcoming elections.

That Ungentlemanly "Reply" by W. H. Thurston.

To the Editor of The Advance.

When a person is publicly attacked through the press, it is sometimes necessary to use the same medium for defence, especially when a public "hearing" cannot be obtained in any other way. This being the case now, will you please publish the following, viz.

The above named person undertook to, in a former issue of the ADVANCE, "set at naught," statements made in my 'parody' concerning a Southern climate which was a truthful account not only based on my own experience, that of my family and other Canadians of various ages, temperaments, complexions and constitutions, but also, upon the effects produced on natives of the South, all of which this ungenerous writer intimates as being "magnified" and afterwards says, "'Tis plainly a biased account," surely, having known me all his life, (and about twice his years,) as a truth telling man, not even given to exaggeration. It does not become him who never even saw the South, to use such strong, unfair expressions; to refer to others better authority &c. How does *he know* but *they* are "biased" in *favour* of the Southern States?

More than once in his "reply" he berates his own country, (Canada), conveying to foreigners at least, the idea that it is a cold, inhospitable climate. To shew you how incompetent to "reply," or defend the South, I may remark that he closes by intimating that it is a country of "earthquakes" to which he "owns, (he is) "afraid to go."

Now this is *worse* than anything I wrote, but, nothing more than what may be expected from a person undertaking what they are unqualified for. I wrote that 'parody' for the good of my fellow-countrymen, hoping thereby to save them loss of time, money, and health in trying to find a better country than CANADA which is an impossibility.

I again remark that those Southerners are a kind, hospitable people, may providence ever bless and prosper them, and Northerners also. In conclusion I would advise W. H. T. to use, and not abuse his poetical talent, which I have ever maintained is of no inferior order.

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, Dec. 4th, 1886.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

The festive season has come and gone—the time, I mean—when the ponderous Xmas turkey and the fat New Year's goose is the prominent bill of fare at the festive board. Many a happy smile, ringing laugh, and side-splitting joke has been seen, heard and enjoyed by the circles of friends, that the Christmastide has brought together—once in the year. And the children—God bless them!—how their bright eyes sparkle! what screams of delight as Santa Claus drops his presents in their midst.

How mens minds surge with wild excitement when election times pass round. The past few days have been full of anxious care as to the result of the vote given for parliamentary and municipal legislatures. Eugenians in general believe that the right men have been sent to do duty at the front. With what eager eyes will their work be scanned by the awaiting multitudes at home; and justly, too, when one contemplates the tremendous issues that lie beneath and beyond their actions—fraught with weal or woe. Now, gentlemen—Rorke, Cairns—forward march! prove the metal your made of and the wise choice of those who gave you such sacred trusts.

School started yesterday in Eugenia. Now the noisy bairns will oot o' the hoose again. We anticipate grand results from the new teacher.

A colt belonging to Mr. John Linton got its leg broken one day recently. The veterinary set it, and the result will be watched with interest.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold at Medical Hall.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1885.

Going North.

STATIONS.	Mail	Exp.	Mixed
Toronto.....Leave	7 45am	4 50pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Cardwell Junction.....	0 25 "	6 30 "	
Charleston.....	9 43 "	6 45 "	
Orangeville. Arrive	10 05 "	7 03 "	
Orangeville. Leave	10 20 "	7 22 "	
Orangeville Junction.....	10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne.....	10 58 "	8 04 "	
Dundalk.....	11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON.....	11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale.....	12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford.....	12 23pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth.....	12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound.....Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Going South.

STATIONS.	Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound.....Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Chatsworth.....	6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford.....	6 25 "	3 30 "	
Markdale.....	6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON.....	7 02 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk.....	7 26 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne.....	7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction.....	8 22 "	5 23 "	
Orangeville. Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
Orangeville. Leave	8 45 "	5 55 "	
Charleston.....	9 05 "	6 13 "	
Cardwell Junction.....	9 25 "	6 30 "	
Toronto.....Arrive	10 55 "	8 10 "	

W. WHYTE, GEN'L SUP'T. D. McNICOLL, GEN'L PASS. AGT.

J. B. SLOAN,

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Cheap for Cash.

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FLESHERTON.

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Dentistry.

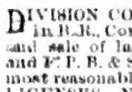

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

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A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

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For terms and particulars, apply to the proprietor. ROBERT CLARK,

July 28th, 1886. 267 tf Flesherton.

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RANDY'S RESIGNATION.

Efforts to Get Lord Hartington Into the Tory Cabinet.

THE IRISH JUBILANT.

Chamberlain Anxious to Get the Liberals United Again.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: It is said that Lord Hartington will be asked to assume the office of Prime Minister. On the other hand, it is reported that he will be pressed to take Lord Randolph Churchill's place as leader of the Government party in the House of Commons. Lord Hartington is at present in Rome.

The *St. James' Gazette* says that if financial reasons explain Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation from the Cabinet there is nothing to be said except that there is not much to be deplored, but if the Local Government Bill was the cause, then the Government has grievously erred.

The *Echo* says it believes that Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation was due to an essential divergence of opinion with the rest of the Cabinet.

The *Evening News* says patriots are pained and surprised. It asks Lord Randolph Churchill to justify his course, warning him that if he does not his name will never be heard without exciting exasperation.

The *Globe* says it would be difficult for the warmest admirers of Lord Randolph Churchill to vindicate his step.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that it will be impossible for Lord Salisbury to govern unless Lord Hartington steps into the breach. It says it is impossible to conceive of any hypothesis upon which Lord Hartington could defend, morally or politically, a refusal to accept the post which Lord Randolph Churchill has vacated.

The Queen sent her private secretary o London to-day with a message for Lord Salisbury.

The resignation of Lord Churchill was proclaimed through the streets of Dublin this morning by a bell-man. The populace showed enthusiasm over the news.

The Carlton Club (Conservative) received the announcement of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation with surprise and regret.

Lord Hartington will return to London immediately, and until he arrives the Marquis of Salisbury will remain quiescent. It is thought improbable that Lord Hartington will accept office, as Mr. Chamberlain and a majority of the Unionist leaders object to his so doing. On the other hand, it is learned from a reliable source that the Queen will use the utmost pressure to induce him to join the Ministry and become Conservative leader in the House of Commons, believing that he alone can neutralize the effect of Lord Randolph Churchill's course. If Lord Hartington refuses to take office the Conservatives favor Sir Michael Hicks-Beach resuming the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the appointment of the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, the present Colonial Secretary, to the Irish Chief Secretaryship. Lord Salisbury had a long conference to-day with the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Secretary of State for War, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby. The Prime Minister returned to Hatfield House this evening. The Queen summoned Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, to Windsor on Tuesday. Failing to reconcile Lord Randolph to the Cabinet's views, the Queen gave him time to consider the points at issue. Lord Salisbury was aware of Lord Randolph's decision yesterday morning, and the matter was whispered at a ball given at Hatfield House last evening. Lord Randolph's premature divulgence of his decision to the *Times* is considered a breach of faith. Mr. Matthews, Home Secretary, is the only member of the Cabinet whose resignation is considered probable, and the Right Hon. C. R. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, and Mr. W. T. Jackson, Financial Secretary of the Treasury, who share Lord Randolph's views, may possibly retire. Lord Randolph, in an interview to-day, said his health was better than it had been for months past. His decision to retire, he said, was the result of due deliberation, and arose from no ill-temper or weariness of office. Lord Randolph has abandoned his contemplated visit to Ireland.

The Mayor of Limerick, presiding at a meeting of the Irish National League to-night, said the resignation of Churchill would lead to the return of the Liberals to power and Home Rule for Ireland.

The Cabinet will not meet until next Wednesday. All the Ministers will pass Christmas at their country seats. Lord Randolph Churchill authorizes the statement that he will continue to give a general support to the Government, and on disputed questions in Parliament will hold aloof rather than oppose the Government, avoiding everything that might tend to jeopardize the *entente* between Tories and Liberals of Unionist principles. It is reported that Lord Salisbury has renewed his offer of the Premiership to Lord Hartington, he, himself, proposing to take the Foreign Office, and Lord Hartington to have the right to select a portion of the Cabinet. The Carlton and other Conservative clubs are almost deserted owing to the holidays, but the few members remaining give unlimited expression to their fury against Lord Randolph Churchill, stigmatizing him as a traitor who will be forever unworthy of the party confidence.

The Conservative Association in Lord Randolph's constituency is arranging for the appointment of a committee to call upon Lord Randolph and demand of him an explanation of his conduct.

An informal meeting of Gladstonians was held at the National Liberal Club to-night. There was much rejoicing over the prospective breaking up of the Conservative-Unionists coalition, and the hope was expressed that the gradual reapproachment of the Churchill-Chamberlain alliance to the Gladstonians will result, in the course of the coming session of Parliament, in the return of Mr. Gladstone to office.

Mr. Chamberlain made a speech at a private meeting of the Birmingham Liberal Council last evening. He said the political situation was an extraordinary and critical one. It had totally changed within twenty-four hours. "Although," he continued, "I have often differed from Lord Randolph Churchill I have never failed to do justice to his great ability and quick appreciation of public sentiment. Though reared in old Toryism, he has repeatedly risen superior to it, and his position in the present Government was a guarantee to me that they would not pursue a reactionary policy. Churchill's recent speeches displayed Liberal principles on the most important questions. His resignation is a very significant one. It seems old Tory influence has gained the upper hand. The keynote of Churchill's policy was to maintain the alliance with the Unionists. I thought that perhaps the Tories had grown wise by experience, and were prepared to govern in a liberal spirit. If they have abandoned that intention Lord Salisbury must be prepared to face the consequences. Now, gentlemen, in view of this startling change, I ask myself what are the Gladstonians going to do? It seems to me they have a great, and perhaps a final opportunity. We Liberals agree upon ninety-nine points and disagree upon only one point. Even upon Irish matters, when I look into the thing, I am more surprised at the number of points whereon we are agreed than at the remainder upon which for the present we must be content to differ. My opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Bill has been grossly misrepresented. I never said I was opposed to the great land scheme. I opposed the Gladstone Bill mainly upon two grounds. First, I believed it would involve a loss which the British taxpayer ought not to bear. Second, I was not prepared to do anything precluding an arrangement to make Ireland practically independent. It is one thing to use all the resources of the State to benefit your fellow citizens; it is a different thing altogether to undertake a risk for those about to drift from you, but I never doubted that it was possible to devise a plan for the settlement of the land question. I am convinced that any of the three Liberal leaders can soon arrange a scheme which, without the growing and unfair risk on the British taxpayer, will in a short time make the Irish tenant owner of the land he cultivates. We have all agreed on a scheme for England and Scotland and we are prepared to apply it, with the necessary change of details, to Ireland. Are we to remain disjointed, fighting, and in internecine strife for the benefit of our opponents, or are we to make this honest attempt? If we do not agree on every point, at least we can agree to carry these important reforms on which there is no difference of opinion between us, and leave it to time and a frank discussion of the subject to say whether, when we have accomplished these reforms, we may not go a step further in the direction of the views of those who are now unfortunately our opponents. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Chamberlain, writing to the leaders of the Crofter party, expresses his willingness to take charge in Parliament of needful amendments to the Crofters Act.

A London cable says: The *Times* says there is reason to believe that the Marquis of Salisbury is ready to serve under Lord Hartington, and will offer him the leadership in the House or allow him to form a strictly Liberal Unionist Government.

The *Standard* announces that Lord Randolph Churchill, in his letter of resignation to Lord Salisbury, gave as his sole reason for resigning his unwillingness to accept the naval and military estimates. "With the exception of Lord Randolph Churchill," says the *Standard*, "the Cabinet is in harmony on the subject of the estimates, feeling that while the whole Continent is trembling with the apprehension of war, England's first duty is to look to her defences. Lord Randolph Churchill was all for a popular, economic budget at any price; the country will know how to appreciate such services." Lord Randolph's resignation has produced the greatest sensation in European capitals.

In consequence of Lord Salisbury's request Lord Hartington will remain in Rome until Sunday to await letters from Lord Salisbury. Lord Hartington has not received an invitation to enter the Cabinet. It is improbable that an invitation would be sent by telegraph, as he has no cypher that would enable him to translate a Government despatch. He will not come to a decision until he has received Lord Salisbury's letters. Lord Hartington thinks that virtually there has been no change in the situation since last autumn. He reserves his opinion as to the future. The opinion grows that Lord Hartington will not enter the Cabinet.

It has been virtually decided to further prorogue Parliament until the second week in February. Lord Randolph Churchill alone insists upon an early meeting. A Cabinet Council has been summoned for next week. Lord Randolph Churchill is irritated and astounded at the unanimity of the denunciations of his course by Conservatives. The supporters of Lord Randolph declare that when he is able to tell the true reason of his resignation the disclosure will cause a sensation throughout the country and result in his triumphant vindication. They say it will be shown that he did not oppose the grants for the necessary defence of the Empire, but that he refused to sanction an increase of the estimates unless it was accompanied by a reformed administration of the War and Admiralty Departments. Lord Randolph discovered while in office, say his friends, that the Government had no control over the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds which we yearly voted for the War Office for material that has never been provided, and that similar abuses exist in the Admiralty.

It is expected that Parliament will be prorogued until the 3rd of February, in order to allow of the formation of a new Ministry.

The *News*, referring to Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham yesterday, says his conciliatory temper will be reciprocated, and that his speech will bear fruit.

The *Times* says Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation will do more for economic reform in one year than his administration would have been able to do in a dozen years.

Lord Hartington, accompanied by Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, attended Christmas services at St. Peter's and Santa Maria Maggoire Cathedrals, in Rome. Lord Hartington will go to Monte Carlo on Monday. He will not reach London until January 10th.

The divisions in the Cabinet that led to Lord Churchill's resignation embraced questions of wide interest. Lord Randolph's disagreement with the chief spending departments commenced with a proposal to reform the entire Civil Service, including an investigation of the votes asked in the coming financial year. Lord Hamilton and Right Hon. Mr. Smith, heads respectively of the Admiralty and War Offices, while willing to consider a general scheme for future departmental investigations, declined to discuss the estimates now under preparation, and were supported by a majority of the Cabinet. On the County Government Board Bill Lord Churchill was defeated by a majority of one. On the question of the withdrawal of the army from Egypt he was supported by only four of his colleagues. On the proposed cloture rules and coercive measures in Ireland he failed to carry with him one-third of the Cabinet. But an issue of far more importance to him as a leader of the Tory Democracy was that of perpetual pensions. His position on this question rallied against him the entire body of permanent heads of departments, supported by every member of the Cabinet except Lord Churchill's personal appointees.

There has been a Churchill faction in the Cabinet from the start. It is well known that Sir Stafford Northcote was shot into the Peers at Lord Randolph's aim, who wanted to get rid of Sir Stafford from the House of Commons. But the latter in the Cabinet soon began to pay back his young tormentor.

Lord Iddesleigh is a Bourbon politician who opposes all progress and lives in the year 1847, while Lord Churchill, a radical Tory, wishes to keep abreast of the times. With Lord Iddesleigh as fellow-Bourbons in the Cabinet are Lord John Manners and Viscount Cranbrooke, about 70 years old each; also Messrs. Cross and Smith, who are over 60.

Lord George Hamilton is a young Bourbon, only 41 years old, but the son of a Tory duke, and whose mother is the daughter of another Tory duke, and who is jealous of Lord Churchill's leadership. The latter really had only Mr. Matthews, in the Home Office, as an intimate sympathizing colleague, and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour as apparent friends.

Lord Randolph is a reformer, agitator and economist. He is for letting continental politics generally take care of themselves. He especially wished diminished taxation on the masses. Those old Bourbon colleagues were John Bulls, on whom Lord Churchill acted as a red rag. Several of them, at first, thought Lord Churchill would fail as leader of the House, whereas he made a decided mark. The first friction in the Cabinet was Lord Churchill's proposal to adopt Parliamentary changes—such as the previous question and divisional legislation by working committees. They twitted Lord Churchill with his intimacy with Mr. Chamberlain, who was another red rag to Lord Iddesleigh. Next, Lord Churchill believed in a real, local democratic, electoral county government, not in any half-way measures by letting the Home Government and what he called "the squirearchy" appoint some local officials. Soon the London city Tories were horrified to see Lord Churchill oppose their taxation of the rest of London a shilling per ton for coal, also Lords Iddesleigh and Manners, who pointed out that this tax was as old as the time of James II.

Lord Churchill did not believe in extreme Irish coercion and protecting landlordism, but when young Lord Hamilton wanted £800,000 for the navy and old Mr. Smith £500,000 for the army, and Lord Salisbury backed these, they were the last straws on the back of the budget, and Lord Churchill resigned.

The *Telegraph* rather defends Lord Churchill's step, and says frankly that "Conservatism, to live, must be democratic." The *Chronicle* writes similarly, and says: "On the question of economy being slighted by Lord Churchill's colleagues, they, and not he, have thrown away their future in politics." The *Post* climbs the fence on the event, but, on the whole, thinks Lord Churchill took the honorable and patriotic course.

The other Government organ, the *Standard*, inveighs against Lord Churchill's patriotism, and devotes two distinct editorials to show him up as a Tory traitor. The *Standard* is the devotee of Lord Iddesleigh.

LATEST NORTHWEST NEWS.

Protestant School Population of Winnipeg—Prince Albert Shrievalty—Mr. Cosgrave's House Burned—Dominion and Provincial Politics.

The census enumeration shows the Protestant school population of Winnipeg to be 3,683.

The Provincial Government has decided to close the Provincial emigration office for the winter months.

It is stated that Mr. O. E. Hughes, of Prince Plbert, will be appointed to the shrievalty of that district.

Application has been formally made for a recount in the Winnipeg mayoralty.

The returning-officer for Rockwood has made a special return of the facts of the election in the constituency without making any declaration as to the member elected, leaving the choice with the Legislature.

Mr. Geo. Rainboth, D.L.S., who has just returned to Ottawa from a trip to the North Saskatchewan, reports quite a boom in the gold district there. He surveyed a claim for Judge Rouleau previous to leaving. An assay from the lode proves that the quartz will run about $48 to a ton. If the average is proportionate to that of the specimen tested, Judge Rouleau would not dispose of his interest for $100,000.

A sharp fire occurred at Winnipeg on Wednesday afternoon which totally destroyed the residence of John Cosgrave, brewer, near the Fort Osborne Bridge. A small portion of the furniture only was saved. The fire commenced in the vicinity of the furnace. Total loss probably $9,000 to $10,000. Insurance, $6,000.

The stock in a wholesale dry goods store in Montreal was damaged between seven and eight thousand dollars by fire and water on Saturday morning.

Yesterday morning the new Kingston Salvation Army barracks, which cost about $6,000, were opened. At all the services there were large congregations.

An old lady named Bedgood, living in the eastern part of London, committed suicide last evening by hanging herself while laboring under mental aberration.

GEN. GORDON'S LIEUTENANT.

Another Expedition Talked of to Equatorial Africa.

EMIN PACHA'S DANGER.

A London cable says: The apathy that has long prevailed regarding Emin Pacha is quickly changing into an earnest desire to send him help before it is too late. In 1878 Dr. Emin Bey was sent by Gen. Gordon to the Equatorial Province of Africa as Governor. When he took the post there was an annual deficit of £39,000; in 1881 he sent down £8,000 surplus revenue. In 1882 he was in Khartoum and offered to the authorities to try and make peace with the Mahdi. They refused his help, and told him to go back to his Province, develop it and protect its frontiers. From that day to this he never had news or orders from the Egyptian Government nor supplies.

The last letters received from him at that time were dated March, 1883. From that day till a few weeks ago no news was heard, though there were many rumors that he was dead. Then there came a letter from him dated December, 1885, and another, the latest received, dated July, 1886, from Wandelai. The last arrived three weeks ago, after an extraordinarily rapid journey of four and a half months. These letters were published, and the Anti-Slavery Society of London immediately petitioned the British Government to send an expedition for his relief. This was followed by a petition from the council of the Scottish Geographical Society asking the Government to send a pacific relief expedition. About the same time Stanley wrote to some friends in this country, offering to lead a Government expedition for the relief of Emin. His services were offered gratuitously, and he also said that should another leader be chosen he would give £500 to the expedition.

The British Government considered the different memorials and were forced to take action by events at Cairo. Unknown to them, Dr. Schweinfurth, the African traveller and a friend of Emin, brought great pressure to bear upon the Egyptian Government. They raised Emin Bey to the rank of Pacha, so that he is now Emin Pacha, thus recognizing his position and their responsibility. They also voted £10,000 to any expedition for his relief. Their action altered the matter considerably. The British Government had considered that Emin had been recalled and was holding out against orders. This, however, is not the fact, for, on the testimony of English missionaries at Uganda, the letters of recall sent, via Zanzibar, to Emin, were opened by King Mwanga and destroyed.

The British Government then accepted the offer of certain private individuals to equip a relief expedition with Stanley as the leader, the Egyptian grant to be given to that expedition.

Whatever expedition goes should carry relief at the earliest possible moment. Already the Government delay, and nothing is to be done till Junker arrives in London. He has been in Zanzibar a fortnight, and could have been telegraphed to. He leaves Zanzibar to-day and will be here in three weeks, a loss of five precious weeks. Very probably this will be the Gordon history over again—"too late."

Emin Bey, it is said, had ammunition enough to last him to the end of the year, provided he is not attacked. If he falls the result will be to hand over to the slave dealers a population of six millions, Emin Pacha having retained a province which is nearly as large as Europe intact from slavery. Both domestic slavery and slave dealing have been entirely abolished there since 1880, while the people have been taught the arts of weaving and cultivation, and roads have been made. The people themselves have most valiantly defended their liberty and prosperity against outside aggression, but it may be too late.

IMPORTANT SCOTT ACT DECISION.

Chief Justice Palmer Declares Its Enforcement a Matter of Dominion Concern.

An Ottawa telegram says: Advices from Prince Edward Island show that Chief Justice Palmer, of the Supreme Court of that Province, has rendered a decision which, if sustained, will make the Scott Act a dead letter. The Chief Justice has ordered the discharge of a party convicted of violating the Scott Act, on the ground that the Stipendiary Magistrate who tried the case had no jurisdiction, as he was appointed by the Provincial and not by the Dominion Government. This is in effect a declaration that the Scott Act, being a Dominion revenue act, must be enforced by Dominion officers. A writ of prohibition has been served upon the Stipendiary Magistrate at Charlottetown, restraining him from hearing Scott Act cases.

Chief Justice Palmer's decision goes much further than Mr. Mowat's statement that the Provincial Governments have nothing to do with the enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act, and only undertake to aid in carrying out the provisions as a matter of good will.

A Strange Case of Seizure.

A Montreal despatch says: Jeffords & Co., importers of woollens and dry goods, have had a surprise from Ernest Friend, an employee they once had. A few days ago the firm of McKeand, Turner & Co., of Winnipeg, who held a claim against Friend, communicated with Messrs. Atwater & Co., of this city. The result was that the entire stock of Jeffods & Co. was seized last night on the ground that Friend was the sole member of the firm. It being late, a guardian was not found, and the store was closed this morning. Messrs. Greenshields, on behalf of Messrs. Jeffords & Co., made a deposit of $500, and asked that the seizure be set aside, as Friend was not connected with the firm. Judge Mathieu granted the application.

Sir Lyon Playfair says it costs 50 cents to $1 to put a pound of flesh upon an animal or man from a beef, mutton, or ham diet; 38 cents on wheat bread diet; 15 cents for a pound of flesh on an oatmeal diet, and 2½ cents for a pound on a potato diet.

The President has been confined to his room since Friday with another attack of rheumatism in his knee, the result of overdoing before he had completely recovered from his recent illness. He was better last night.

A TALK WITH PARNELL.

He Discourses on His Illness, the Political Crisis and the Plan of Campaign.

A London cable says: A reporter called on Mr. Parnell at the Euston Square Hotel this evening. He presented his card and was promptly admitted to Mr. Parnell's apartments. Mr. Parnell looks much paler and thinner than at the end of the last session, but he is evidently making good progress. He said that his physician believed that he will be stronger than for many years. Mr. Parnell explained that he had not yet granted personal interviews on political subjects, as the fatigue and excitement would be too much for him, but he was willing to make an exception when information was sought for the American public. He said that his illness became acute about the end of October, but for several months previously he had been losing flesh, appetite and strength, until in the autumn session he felt almost entirely unable to do any work. Continuing, he said: "After my malady had become fully developed, I was unable to read or write anything or attend to any kind of business for several weeks, and it is only within the last three weeks that I have permitted myself even to think of political affairs, while even now the excitement and fatigue of the last few days have distinctly thrown me back and made me feel worse." Mr. Parnell then turned to the political situation. He remarked that the Government, now that Lord Randolph Churchill had resigned, would have something else to think of than coercing Ireland. It would have to struggle for existence. The Government, he continued, would have been unlikely to apply coercive powers in any case, because the marked absence of crime, the general moderation with which the campaign had been conducted, and the fact that the object of the Government and of the campaign promoters was the same, namely, that of obtaining a fair rent abatement from unyielding landlords, had taken away many of the usual excuses for coercion. Regarding the legality of the campaign, Mr. Parnell said, he was unwilling to take the law from either Justice O'Brien or Justice Johnston, both of whom were strong political partisans, who had received their offices in reward for political services, and who were notoriously lawyers of mediocre ability. There was confusion in the judgment itself as well as in the proclamation. "In any case," continued Mr. Parnell, "if it should be finally and clearly decided by high legal opinion of recognized authority that the campaign is illegal, you must remember it will be only technically illegal, and only so because the same right of combination which the Legislature, after much agitation, legalized for British workmen under the name of Trades' Unionism had not yet been extended to Irish tenant farmers."

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL ON GENERAL BUTLER

The conduct of Gen. Butler, in refusing to testify in the Campbell divorce case, is still a fruitful topic of conversation. Gen. Butler is in France and his solicitor, Mr. George Lewis, made every effort to induce him to return, but without success. Lady Campbell wrote to him as follows:

"DEAR GENERAL BUTLER,—You will remember that Mr. Lewis, in my presence and at his office, proposed for your own convenience that you should be examined in regard to the case now pending. You said it would be unnecessary as you intended to return to England and appear in person at the trial. This was so obviously desirable in the interest of your own character that nothing further could then have been urged upon you; and it is, therefore, with profound amazement that I now learn you have changed this intention. You must know that your failure to appear at the trial will inflict a monstrous injustice upon me and put me to cruel and unnecessary trouble in the vindication of my character from the unfounded inferences drawn by my enemies and yours from the single fact of your having called upon me in Lord Colin's house. These inferences can be instantly dissipated by a single, straightforward and manly denial on your part, and this denial I have the right to expect from you as a friend, a gentleman and a soldier. Hoping soon to learn that you have resumed your original intention to appear in person, I remain, yours truly ————."

The following curt reply was received:

"DEAR LADY CAMPBELL,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 15th of November, and in reply I can only repeat that my resolution of not appearing in evidence at the forthcoming trial remains unchanged."

Lady Campbell made a strong appeal to Lady Butler, who is the celebrated artist, and received the following answer:

"DEAR LADY COLIN CAMPBELL,—I beg to say I am fully aware of all the efforts you have made and have caused to be made to induce my husband to appear and give evidence on oath at your trial. Your appeal to me touched me deeply. I would I could help you, but I believe the case to have passed out of our hands and to have gone before a tribunal where human aid is impossible.—I remain, sincerely yours,

"ELIZABETH BUTLER."

A Pure Woman's Worth.

Dr. Elizabeth H. Bradley, of London, a leader in the social movement, who lately addressed a Chicago audience under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., says to mothers: "Don't let your daughter marry a man to save him." This is not Christian sentimentality, it is better—it is Christian expediency. A pure woman is worth a legion of corrupted men."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

An old woman named Doran, while being taken by her friends to the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, died suddenly.

The convicts in the Kingston penitentiary did not enjoy poultry for their Christmas dinner this year. They had plum pudding and pork and beans.

Ex-Alderman Charles B. Waite, the New York boodle informer, was released from the House of Detention yesterday afternoon.

Augustus Johnson, a dude coachman who has a penchant for millionaire daughters, and who was arrested some time ago for annoying the daughter of Mr. Stevens, the Hoboken millionaire, but was afterwards released, was arrested again at New York yesterday for annoying ladies in the streets. Unless he gives bonds for his good behavior he will go to prison for three months.

STONEY CREEK.

Reminiscences of the Battle in 1813.

To the Editor of the TIMES:

SIR,—If you will favor me with the use of your valuable paper for a few reminiscences of one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and 1813, who took an active part in the battle of Stoney Creek, I will be grateful to you. I have read with interest the war stories in your paper of your correspondent Hans B. B. E. He has told you and your many readers how the British got possession of the American countersign on the eve of the battle of Stoney Creek, the 5th of June, 1813; how Isaac Corman got it from one of the American officers while he was a prisoner in charge of the Americans; how on his way home after his release from imprisonment he met the gallant young scout, William Green, to whom Mr. Corman communicated the American countersign. Let us now follow this gallant young hero, who had not yet reached his 18th year of age, as he dashes away with the fleetness of an Indian through the woods to his home at Stoney Creek, where he procures a horse, mounts it, and rides with all possible haste to General Vincent's headquarters at Burlington Heights. General Vincent's position on Burlington Heights was a most critical one. York on one side and Fort George on the other had both fallen; his ammunition, which he was obliged to abandon or destroy before evacuating Fort George, was now reduced to ninety rounds of ball cartridge for each man, and were he forced to continue his retreat, unless the British fleet, under Sir James Yeo, could reach the anchorage near the Brant House, four miles from his position and carry off his small force, he would have to continue it by way of York (Toronto), thence to Kingston over 200 miles of hard country roads—not such roads as we have at the present day. The reader will remember that York was then at the mercy of the American fleet. Vincent's position, as we said before, was a most critical one, having a comparatively powerful army in full pursuit, seven miles distant (at Stoney Creek), following closely on his tracks, he had to choose between making a most desperate stand there or to abandon his post with all its stores, etc., and continue his retreat to Kingston. Such of our readers as have travelled over the line of Vincent's retreat from Fort George to Burlington Heights will remember and call to mind that narrow neck of land between the Barton Heights and the head waters of Burlington Bay, on which the British force stood that Saturday night, the 5th of June, 1813. There were many young Canadians serving in that little British force—plucky boys, whose names will ever live, cherished as "household words" in many a Canadian home. Some of them afterwards rose high at the Bar, on the Bench, in the legislative halls, or as colonels of the Upper Canada militia. We may here note that at a "Queenston Heights Annual Dinner," over thirty years ago, Sir Allan MacNab gave as a toast, "The Fighting Judges of Upper Canada." There were at that time five of those judges still living who had served through the whole war. The young Canadian reader may thus form his estimate of the men who stood in the ranks of our Niagara frontier army in 1812-13, doing battle for their king and country. We will now return to that ever-memorable day, Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813. The advance guard, or rather rear guard, of the British that afternoon was stationed two miles in rear of the entrenched camp, near the present Court House and square in the city of Hamilton. Hamilton was then nowhere—not even a village. On that spot, half an hour before midnight, the attacking party of 704 men was formed and took up its line of march on Stoney Creek, under Colonel Harvey. During the day—Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813—Colonel Harvey (afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick,) had acquainted himself with the American position. Some say that he had visited their camp at Stoney Creek during the day disguised as a farmer on his way to his work. Be this as it may, Harvey made himself thoroughly acquainted with the American position, and, having got possession of the American countersign from the heroic young William Green, he proposed a night attack, which General Vincent approved of. Let us now follow this brave little army, with their 704 unloaded muskets and flintless locks, on their mission into the jaws of death. Before starting, command was given for every flint to be taken out of their muskets and not to even whisper, so as to prevent the possibility of an accidental alarm. Every man, however, had his well filled cartouche box, containing sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and his trusty bayonet by his side. The fate of Upper Canada depended upon the success or failure of this night surprise. Silently they moved, not a whisper was heard; there was silence deep as death in the ranks during that midnight march of seven miles. On and on they tread through that dense forest in the solemn hours of the night. So silently did they move that not a sound was heard, not a sound to quell the dreadful silence that prevailed, save now and then the cracking of a stray dry branch under foot, an occasional splash of some unfortunate fellow who makes a misstep into some mud hole, the howl of the wolf or the hoot of the night owl, or a whispered word of command. Have you ever, reader, walked at night along a country road of Upper Canada in the old time, the road often times only a narrow trail and so dark that you could not see your hand before you, with great towering trees of oak, elm, walnut, pine, etc., overhanging, adding to the darkness? If you have you can picture the road over which this forlorn hope had to travel. Thence, emerging from the thick darkness of their midnight tramp, they had to face an enemy's camp having six to one to greet their early, unexpected Sunday morning visit. "Hush," said Harvey to a young man, the late Judge Jarvis, "Hush, we are on them!" In an instant the bayonets of two of the leading men pierced the first sentry—the second shared a like fate. One of them was standing leaning against a large oak tree, quietly sleeping with his arms folded around his musket. William Green, the scout, who was in the advance close by Harvey in the beginning of the battle, related to me that with his sword he silenced one sentry at Lewis' Lane, who was in the act of bayoneting him. The fourth escaped, discharging his gun and alarming the camp. "Bayonets to the front" were the words passed quietly and quickly through the ranks, and our leading files were soon in front of the camp fires, bayoneting many of the sleeping enemy. A detachment of the small army, under Harvey, who was guided to the chapel door, or as it is better known as "the old Methodist meeting house," by the young scout William Green. I have already stated that the fourth sentry, who was standing near the door of the church, raised the alarm by discharging his musket, but the poor fellow had to pay the penalty for that act by having a bayonet thrust through his body, who, as the scout related, had only time to say, "O, Lord God!" and threw up his hands and fell backwards dead. The coast being clear they surrounded the church, and captured thirty Americans, who were bivouacked in the church fast asleep. The main body at "the double" pressed on into the valley under a cloud of fire bursting from an unseen enemy. The men then prepared to adjust their flints. It was first, "handle cartridge, prime, load, draw ramrods, ram down cartridge, return ramrods (all this had to be done with the old musket), then ready—fire!" Volley after volley followed, but with little execution, as they fired into the darkness, not seeing the enemy. During this operation a heavy volley from the enemy cut down a number of our men, but fortunately they were on low ground and the level fire of the enemy passed over them. Harvey ordered two companies of the gallant 49th Regiment to the right to attack, or rather to throw into confusion, the left and centre of the enemy. Those flank movements of the 49th threw the enemy into terrible confusion. Three of their guns posted in the centre on the main road were captured; scarcely a gunner escaped. The late Col. Fraser, of Perth, Ont., then serving as a sergeant in the 49th, having twelve men with him, was one of the first among the guns, bayoneting seven of the gunners with his own hands. He was present at the capture of the two American Generals, Chandler and Winder, near the guns. The young Canadian militia being so familiar with the Indians that they could imitate their warwhoop to perfection, they knew that the Americans dreaded the Indians more than the whites. There was fearful confusion in the American camp. Being ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, they fell back in great disorder. Hundreds of them scrambled to the heights on their left. Colonel Burns, on whom the command of the Americans now devolved, was among the first to mount his horse and start eastward with his 250 brave cavalry, reaching the Forty-mile Creek in a few hours, on their way to Fort George. It is not our intention to particularize or chronicle the many daring feats and hand-to-hand encounters during the darkness of that ever-memorable Sunday morning, the 6th of June, 1813. Suffice it to say that Harvey's surprise was most successful and complete, causing the breaking up of the American camp and their subsequent retreat. Sunday morning before break of day the now scattered parties of this forlorn hope fell back, to return by the road over which they had advanced. They had suffered fearfully. They were not now the "seven hundred and four" of the previous night! Over one hundred and fifty of them, between killed, wounded and missing, did not answer the roll call that morning. Let us take a peep at the shattered remnant of this forlorn hope as they muster and reform for their return march to Burlington Heights. They are gathering and coming in from all parts of the field, some in small squads, some in twos, some in threes, others singly, some bearing and carrying off wounded comrades. Over one hundred and fifty of them are missing; but they have swelling their ranks two American Generals, Chandler and Winder; seven officers and one hundred and sixteen men, prisoners, with their guns as trophies of war—gracing their blood-stained bayonets, thus rendering Stoney Creek the most gallant affair for the British arms during the war of 1812. There was only one mistake made that night—a fatal one—that of our men placing themselves in front of the camp fires as living targets for the bullets of the unerring American rifle.

This ends our sketch of the battle of Stoney Creek.

And now as nearly all of those gallant men who fought and bled to maintain our rights and liberties as well as theirs have passed away, the best thing we of the present can do to commemorate that victory, will be to erect a suitable monument on that old battle-field near Stoney Creek.

JOHN W. GREEN, Stoney Creek.

The Little Boy's Gift.

I have a true story which is well worth the telling. Last Sunday a young clergyman from a young congregation preached, by exchange, to a congregation which is one of the serene, old-fashioned, undisturbed sort, where the rising generation's undoubted human nature is allowed for in a quiet and sensible way. The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday School, and after the exercises were about half finished he rose to make a little speech. "I know that you are an enterprising Sunday School," he said, "because I see you have so many new books. I know that you are a happy Sunday School, because I see so many smiling faces around me. And I know that you are a generous Sunday School, because that little boy over there by the long pew door offered me a peanut as I came in." The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncontrolably to himself. "Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're not sorry you offered me the peanut are you?" "Did you th-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the little boy, still snickering violently. "Why, yes; wasn't it?" "No-o-o! 'twas only a shell!"—*Boston Post.*

—Despite the pride of museum "freaks" in their own peculiarities, the living skeleton looks enviously upon the fat women when it comes to a matter of hanging up the Christmas stockings.

The Oregon, from Liverpool, with the weekly mails and nine cabin, three intermediate and thirty-five steerage passengers, arrived at Halifax at 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Charles Harrison was arrested in Ottawa on Saturday for passing Confederate bills. He is known to have disposed of a quantity, and several were found in his trunk. He is said to have been supplied by an American dealer in these goods, who has sent quite a stock to Canada.

CHRISTMAS BON-BONS.

Little Paragraphs About the Holiday Season--Poetry and Pastery.

The Christmas feast beyond all question
Would test an ostrich's digestion.

Buy wooden toys for your children. When they are broken next week they won't be entirely useless. They can at least be used as firewood.

Christmas comes but once a year, and it is very lucky for the man with a large family that he has fifty-two weeks to catch up before the next one arrives.

Young men who have pawned their overcoats to make a raise for Christmas will take notice that the new Eastern weather prophet declares that "it will be very cold in January."

Now Christmas comes with much good cheer:
With some 'twill be a day of beer;
Next day, with heads both dull and sore,
They'll swear that Christmas was a bore.

The laziest boy on record is one who wouldn't hang up his stocking on Christmas. His mother had to hang it up for him and make the present also. She will always have that boy to support.

Girls, if you want to discover your future husband, place the wish bone of the turkey above the door. If you have no turkey an old buckle will do just as well. Grab the first man who enters and jump heavily on his toes. If he swears, you haven't hold of the right man.

The sweetest day in all the year
Is Christmas day, so jolly,
When loved ones come from far and near
To dance beneath the holly.

Are you mad at your neighbor? Well, don't kill his chickens nor stone his cat, because that's silly and childish. Just make his boy a Christmas present of an accordeon and you have heaped coals of fire on his head which will soothe and singe his devoted scalp till the last inharmonious discord has been yanked out of the old machine.

A New Train Game.

A drummer fresh from a southern trip sat in a Boston liquor dispensary the other day and said: "Boys, I've struck a new game since I saw you last, and it is going to be popular sure enough. Cards are all right in a smoking car with the boys, and what a fellow wants is something that will keep his mind off from the fatigue of travelling, and at the same time give him some amusement. Well, when we left Atlanta I ran up against another drummer who knew all about this new game, and we hadn't been at it more than an hour before the whole train, men, women and children, were playing at it. Now, the *modus operandi* was something like this: The game is to count 1,000 points. My friend sat on one side of the car and I on the other. A boy, dog, cow, sheep or horse counted 10 each, a man 15, a woman 20, a girl 25 and a cat 30. A red headed girl counted 100. We watched the car window until we reached Alexandria, Va. His score was 875, and I saw that in ten minutes he was likely to make the 1,000. I had 730 and I felt pretty certain that I would have to pay for that box of cigars. Well, the train drew into Alexandria and there were three red-headed girls standing on the platform, and I ran the game out on him there."

Perhaps There are Chips and—Chips.

"I used to think that men had an awfully easy time," said Mrs. Franks, "but I've changed my mind, and hereafter I'm going to take all the care off Charles I possibly can. You see the other morning I told Charles we wanted some wood and to be sure and order some. Well, I waited all day, and that wood didn't come, and I was almost angry, for, said I, 'he has forgotten it, as usual.' Charles didn't come home until late, long after I had retired. He had to go to his club, and it seems he was detained until after midnight. He was awfully restless, and kept talking in his sleep, saying every once in a while, 'Give me another dollar's worth of chips.' So you see I knew that his mind was troubled about that wood. How much it must have worried him, to thus disturb his rest! Hereafter I'm going to attend to all house matters myself. Poor man! he has enough to bother him without doing home errand."—*Boston Transcript.*

Female Horse Thief.

Rosetta Phelps, a young woman from Gainsboro', aged 23, recently pleaded guilty before Judge Baxter to the charge of stealing a horse from David H. Sensabaugh, near Attercliffe, and was sentenced to six months in the Andrew Mercer Reformatory. She claims that a man named Bechan, with whom she had lived at one time, had forced her to go with him and steal the horse; that he went with her to Port Colborne, and that she drove alone from that place to Willoughby, where she sold the horse to Mr. Thomas Well. for $85, that she returned to Port Colborne and gave Buchan $60, keeping the balance. She says Buchan threatened to shoot her if she did not go with him to steal.

His Little Joke.

"I've become quite interested in that poor man," said a philanthropic old lady to the sheriff, as she pointed to one of the prisoners. "He tells me I would be surprised if I knew all he went through."

"I guess you would, mum," said the sheriff; "that fellow is the most expert pickpocket in the country."—*The Judge.*

John H. Craig, whose home is in Indiana, near Indianapolis, is six feet four and a half inches in height, and weighs 836 pounds. He measures eight feet two inches around the hips and eighteen inches around the ankle. He was born thirty years ago, and then weighed but eleven pounds. Two years later he took a prize at one of Barnum' baby shows because he weighed 206 pounds. Apparently he has been growing ever since.

From the official reports just published on the cost of vaccination in London, it appears that the whole expense is not less than $600,000 a year. In 1885 the fees and attendant expenses reached $450,000. The cost of a calf-lymph factory alone is over $15,000 per annum. The inspectors and other officers fill out the $600,000.

The towns of Liege and Namur, Belgium, have sent a petition to the Government asking that the ancient citadels at these places be demolished. The petitioners say that in the event of an invasion these citadels would furnish a pretext for a bombardment while they would be useless for defence.

A PLAGUE OF EELS.

Too Much Fish in London Water Pipes—Where Did They Come From?

The inhabitants of the east end of London are now suffering from a plague of eels, which come to them in their water supply, says the London *Post*. The fish which the East London Company are distributing to their customers are easily visible to the naked eye, for some have been found no less than eighteen inches long; and the main abounds with them to such an extent that the Local Board of Westham has complained to the Local Government Department with the view of having some remedy applied. Eels are, it is true, a toothsome dainty, whether spatchcocked, stewed, fried or in the form known to diners at Greenwich as *anguilles a la Toulouse*; but those in East London, instead of fulfilling their destiny by being legitimately caught, skinned and cooked, have a fashion of committing suicide in stop-cocks and taps. There they decompose, with the result, as illustrated lately, of causing the water to become horribly putrid, and of giving something very like typhoid fever to the unlucky consumers. A whole family has just been laid prostrate in this way, and one or two of its members are still seriously ill. The company have been appealed to with little result. They say that three years ago some of their filter beds burst and that the unfiltered water on that occasion made its way into the mains, carrying with it a number of minute eels and other fish, which have since spawned and multiplied in the pipes. The mains have been repeatedly flushed with the object of getting rid of the intruders, but without success, and the company's engineer is only able to tell the sanitary authority that he does not consider that the water is injured by the eels as long as they are alive, though he admits that a dangerous nuisance may arise from them when dead. There is one consideration which does not seem to have occurred either to the Local Board or to the company, and that is whether water that can, under the conditions of its distribution here, support the life of fish, is fit for human consumption. On what do the eels feed? Clearly not on weeds or other vegetable substances, for the water is confined in iron mains. If, however, they find enough animalculæ in the water to enable them to live and grow to a considerable size, is it certain that what is eel's food may be man's poison; and how is it that the official analysts and microscopists are periodically certifying that the water is ree from any impurity of the kind?

A Chance for Married Women.

In 1872 an Act was passed which greatly extended the rights of property of married women. It placed under the control of a woman after marriage any real estate owned by her at the time of marriage or acquired afterward, and made her liable on any contract respecting real estate. It placed under a married woman's own control not merely all her personal earnings prior to marriage, but "all proceeds and profits from any trade or occupation which she carries on separately from her husband, or derived from her literary, artistic or scientific skill," and freed her personal property, even when in her husband's possession, from liability for her husband's debts. It authorized her to insure her own or her husband's life for her benefit or that of her children, to become a shareholder in any financial company, to deposit money in bank and withdraw it by her own cheque, and to institute either civil or criminal proceedings in courts of law for the protection of her property. And, lastly, it freed her husband from all liability for debts contracted by his wife before marriage, as well as for debts contracted after marriage "in respect of any employment or business in which she is engaged on her own behalf or in respect of any of her own contracts."

The Occupations of Great Men.

The *Medical Age* has been investigating this subject, and says that the father of Demosthenes was a blacksmith; of Euripides, a dealer in vegetables; of Socrates, a mediocre sculptor; of Epicurus, a shepherd; of Virgil, an innkeeper, Columbus was the son of a wool carder; Shakspeare, of a butcher; Luther, of a miner; Cromwell, of a brewer; Sixtus V., of a swineherd; Linnæus, of a poor country minister; Franklin, of a soap boiler; Rousseau, of a watchmaker, and Murat, of an innkeeper. The writer concludes that the mothers of these men may have been the source from which their genius was derived, and, indeed, it is known that some of them were women of more than ordinary excellence.

Not the Happiest Way of Putting It.

Uncle Jack (from whom Bob has expectations)—Very enjoyable, Bob. Wish I didn't live so far away, so that I could have the pleasure of dropping in to have a snack with you and Mary oftener.

Bob—Quite so. But then, my dear uncle, the less frequent your visits are the more we enjoy them.

Civilizing Influences.

Little Dot—"Dick, why don't your mamma give you a doll?"

Little Dick—"I don't want a doll."

"No matter, she ought to give you one all same, an' I guess I'll tell her to."

"What for?"

"Cause I think if you had the 'sponsibility of childrens like I have, you'd be a better boy."—*Boston Transcript.*

The French Government costs 463,000 francs, or about $90,000, an hour.

It is said that sixty-five varieties of lettuce are known to horticulturists.

When the firemen had secured such control of the flames at the fire in Liverpool yesterday at Lewis & Co.'s stores and menagerie as to be able to confine them to the burning premises, it was noticed that the large polar bear in the menagerie was still alive and comparatively unhurt, although surrounded by flames. A determined effort was at once made to rescue the fine brute. A powerful stream of water was kept in full play on the cage, and a number of daring men made their way under the current to the cage. This they wrenched from its fastenings, and grappling it with chains and bars managed, the bear desperately flying at them all the while, to drag the cage from the fire just before the walls of the burning buildings fell in with a crash. The rescue of the bear was witnessed by thousands of people and greeted with great cheering.

DROWNING HIS CHILDREN.

Dreadful Story Told by Mr. James Heekin.

They tell a good story on James H. Heekin.

A friend met him one day at the Little Miami Railroad, just as he was returning from his suburban home in Linwood.

"Where've you been?" was the natural inquiry.

"Been out home drowning four of my children."

"What!—" in a half shriek.

"Been out home drowning four of my children."

"For heaven's sake explain what you mean."

"Well, it is just this. Yesterday I sent up to Levi Goodale at Bradstreet's to get the commercial standing of a New York merchant. This morning I got the report. It said that the man was honest, his business was flourishing, and that his credit was A1. However, it wound up with the suggestive remark, 'But he has a large family of children.' I thought that over, and saw that the inference was that the large family of children was draining his pocket-book, and that it might be held up against him. Now, I have about ten children myself, and as I didn't want my business standing questioned I at once went home and drowned four of them. Good-bye."

Mr. Heekin, it may be remarked, is still at large.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Ideal Boot for Women.

The Christmas shopping is fairly under way, and scores of shoppers are plodding through the deep slush and snow of the streets with what patience they can muster. Women can't legislate on the cleaning of the streets, indignation is of little use, and only one thing can be done in the way of self-defence, and that is to wear rubber boots. "But rubber boots are such ungainly things," urges the prejudiced person. Granted; rubber boots are ugly, and all of womankind are waiting eagerly for the promised beautiful boot which is to fit the foot, to lace up over a rubber, and be generally good to look at, as well as good to keep the feet dry and warm. The ideal boot has not yet appeared in the market, but when it does come, if it is to come, if it be not a chimera, it will be welcomed warmly.—*Boston Record.*

Will You Try Nerviline

For all kinds of pain? Polson's NERVILINE is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy. Large bottles 25 cents.

Of the Ministry, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Alexander Campbell, and Messrs. Pope, White, McLelan Foster and Costigan will spend Christmas in Ottawa, Sir Adolphe Caron at Quebec, Mr. Chapleau at Sherbrooke, Mr. Carling at London, Mr. Thompson in Nova Scotia, and Mr. Bowell in Belleville

How to Save Money.

Wherever you live you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workingmen.

The German newspapers publish a list of German merchants engaged in trade in Bordeaux whom the *Reveille*, of that city, demands shall be rigidly boycotted and driven out of France.

Lord Colin Campbell's solicitors have applied for a new trial of his counter-suit for divorce against his wife, on the ground that the verdict of the jury was against the weight of the evidence.

Later intelligence concerning the collision between the British ironclad Sultan and the steamer Ville de Victoria shows that most of the crew and passengers of the latter were drowned. It is also learned that both vessels were at anchor at the time of the collision. The Sultan dragged her anchors and drifted against the Ville de Victoria.

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Best Watch in America for the Price.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

D C N L. 1. 87.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Methodist Anniversary.

Superintendent Armstrong of the Flesherton Methodist Sabbath School is to be most heartily and unreservedly congratulated for the magnificent manner in which the vast audience were entertained by the children of his school on New Year's evening. It was certainly the greatest treat, in the way of Sabbath School anniversaries, we ever had. How those choruses rang out like a myriad of cheerful, merry, musical silver bells on the frosty night air! How sweetly, how touchingly, how charmingly rendered was that delightful solo and chorus, "Tell it Again." One could almost fancy they stood in the tent and gazed on the dying gipsy boy, as they noted how vividly—in voice so sweet and gesture so natural—the scene was presented to the imagination by the soloist, Nellie Smith, And the recitations by the children—Ada Symons, Ernest Symons, Bert Field, James Field, Edwin Large, Walter Blakely, Fred LeGard, Lizzie Field, Robt. Smith, Fred. Sproule, Robbie Thompson, Wesley Smith, Willie Barnhouse, Philip Barnhouse, Violet Perkins, Bert Armstrong, Susan Taylor, Charlie Munshaw,—weren't they just splendid? The recitations alone were worth more than the price of admission. Not only were the pieces well recited, but remarkably good taste was shown in their selection—all containing well pointed morals. The dialogues were capitally rendered, and their tone in perfect keeping with the rest of the program. Among those who took part in them were, Robt. Keefer, Fred. Ayers, Wm. Bellamy, Geo. Pickell, Wm. Sullivan, Ed. Strain, Lou. Armstrong, Gertia Bulmer, Mina Bunt, Edie Bellamy, A. White, Ida LeGard, Minnie LeGard, James Field, Newton Large, Lena Large, Violet Perkins, Ettie Ayers, Martha Bradley, Ettie Varty, Flora Powell, Ada Symons, Laura Wilson, Hattie Sullivan, Flora Richardson, Lizzie Field, and Maggie White. The dialogue which (naturally enough) struck us most forcibly was that one in which Robt. Keefer personated the editor of the Smokingtown *Spread Eagle*, and Geo. Pickell an author in search of a publisher. It fairly brought down the house, so excellently was it rendered. The two little daughters of Mr. W. W. Trimble sang "Whem he cometh" in a most delightful manner. A quartette by Miss Ayers, Miss Damude, and Messrs. Sproule and Barnhouse, proved very chaste and acceptable. The cantata—especially the choruses—was surprisingly well rendered when we consider that the practice of it was commenced little over a week prior to the anniversary. Mr. C. J. Sproule certainly is deserving of credit in this connection. He is a most patient and persevering musical instructor. As a S. S. anniversary chairman, Rev. Mr. Ayers is assuredly a success—no long-winded speeches or anything of that sort to mar the program. Some of the brethren of the cloth might profitably take a note from Rev. Ayer's book. Miss Christoe presided at the organ in her usual happy manner.

One of the features of the anniversary was the presentation to Master Edwin Large of a handsomely bound bible, for not having been absent a single Sunday in the year from the Sabbath School. Miss Elize Cullens was presented with a well bound edition of Methodist hymns for committing to memory the most verses during the year. Another interesting feature was Secretary Thos. Clayton's report, which showed the healthy, state of the school's finances, the number of verses recited, number of books added to the library, attendance, number on roll, and other important particulars, showing the wonderful progress made by the school during the year 1886. The officers of the school are Squire Armstrong, Superintendent; Mr. Sept. Good, Assistant Superintendent; Messrs. Wm. Clayton and Wm. Barnhouse, Librarians; Mr. Thos Clayton, Secretary; and Mr. Josias Strain, Assistant Secretary. These are assisted by a large and efficient staff of Teachers to discharge their onerous duties. There are over 200 pupil's names on the register, and the verses recited during the past year was over 11,000. The average attendance is something like 130, which is an excellant showing.

Health is impossible when the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or when it is thin and impoverished. Such conditions give rise to boils, pimples, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and other disorders. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies, invigorates, and vitalizes the blood.

☞Subscribe for THE ADVANCE now. Only $1 per annum.

Municipal Elections.

THE VOTE IN ARTEMESIA.

For Reeve.

	Christoe.	Elliott.
Ward 1	73	51
Ward 2	72	115
Ward 3	239	36
Ward 4	111	47
	495	249

Majority for Dr. Christoe.....246

For Councillors.

Ward No. 1, McArthur, by acclammation.
Ward " 2, Boland 119, McLaughry 71.
Majority for Boland.....48.
Ward No. 3, Pickell 134, Sharpe 142.
Majority for Sharpe.....8.
Ward No. 4, Cairns 84, McKee 80.
Majority for Cairns.....4.

ELSEWHERE.

OSPREY.—Old Council re-elected. McGirr, Reeve; McIntyre, Deputy Reeve; Speers, Taylor and Hudson.

COLLINGWOOD TP.—T. McKenny, Reeve; Wm. Kerr, 1st Deputy Reeve; Wm. Hewgill, 2nd Deputy Reeve; and Messrs. Smelser and Lunan, Councillors.

EUPHRASIA.—Thos. Gilray, Reeve, by acclamation; Wm. Fawcett, Deputy Reeve, by acclamation. Councillors, Messrs. Hurd, Boyd, Erskine.

DUNDALK.—Peter McGregor, Reeve.

OWEN SOUND.—Morrison, Mayor; Chisholm, Reeve.

Munificent Christmas Gifts.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Times.

Mr. Henry B. Bunting, of No. 910 North Broad street, Philadelphia, has given $5,000 for the maintenance in perpetuity of a free bed in Wills' Hospital, and a similar sum for a similar purpose to the Pennsylvania Hospital, both in the name of his deceased wife, Mary A. Bunting. In addition to the above, Mr. Bunting has donated $3,000 for the memorial rooms for the Old Ladies' Home for Presbyterians, on Darby road.

The above named Mrs. Bunting, now deceased, was sister to Mrs. Wm. Strain, of Flesherton, and these generous gifts of her husband, in the name of his deceased wife, are a grand tribute of love and respect for the memory of a noble, virtuous woman, and, at the same time, stamp him as a man of wise judgement, warm affections, and noble, generous impulses.

Mr. H. Meldrum Explains.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—On Nomination day, Mr. Elliott stated, that there was an error in the printed statement of last audit of Township accounts. Not having seen a printed copy, I could not then speak definitely as to the statement made, but having since then seen an Auditors' Report, can state positively that there is no error. The written report, attested by the Auditors as correct, was made out with *double* cash columns; the printed report is made in *single* cash columns, and, to the unpracticed eye, may *seem* somewhat incorrect, but a little thought and a short exercise in simple addition is all that is necessary to satisfy any one that the report even as printed is quite correct. Of course had the accounts been printed exactly as made out by the Auditors, everything would have been quite clear and more satisfactory.

As to our Treasurer, Mr. Armstrong, I feel it a duty to state that his books are kept in first-class order, and everything so correct that it is a pleasure to audit them. Yours truly,

HENRY MELDRUM,
Eugenia, Jan. 4, 1887. *Auditor.*

Artemesia Grange No. 259.

The following is a list of the officers of the above Grange for the year 1887.

John Boland, W. M.
Thos. Kells, Overseer.
Jas. Brodie, Sec.
Robert Buchanan, Treas.
John Graham, Lect.
James Hanson, Chap.
Jos. Buchanan, Stewart.
David Thompson, A. S.
Wm. Hoath G. K.
Mrs. J. Boland, Ceres.
Mrs. J. Warling, Pomona.
Miss E. L. Brodia Lady A. S.

This Grange meets on the Friday on or before the full of the moon, in each month.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is recommended by eminent physicians, on both sides of the Atlantic, as the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary disorders. Inquire of your druggist for Ayer's Almanac.

Married.

CHARD—SYMONS.—On the 21st Dec., 1886, by the Rev. A. Wilson, Mr. Frank Chard to Miss Harriet Symons, both of Artemesia.

Centre Grey Election.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.

	Brown.	McColman.	Rorke.
Artemesia	233	26	347
Collingwood	311	273	184
Euphrasia	134	97	259
Holland	260	21	244
Osprey	203	56	162
Sullivan	232	22	289
	1373	495	1485

Majority for Rorke.....112

The above figures shew conclusively how nearly Centre Grey was lost to the Liberal Conservative party through the split caused by Mr. McColman. Had the latter taken *sixty* more Conservative votes from the party nominee, Mr. Brown would have been elected by a majority of eight. It was truly "a nice little three cornered" affair. It was well managed by our Reform friends, and but for the extreme unpopularity of McColman might have resulted in a victory for them. McColman's unpopularity and the weakness of his cause is shown in the fact that Capt. Rorke took NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY more votes than the former, and at the same time succeeded in beating his Reform opponent, Mr. Brown, by the really handsome majority—under the circumstances—of one hundred and twelve.

Our native Township of Euphrasia did right nobly by giving Capt. Rorke a majority of 125; Artemesia followed with 112; then Sullivan with 57—the rest of the Townships, viz., Collingwood, Holland and Osprey giving Reform majorities. So that in not a solitary Township in the riding did Mr. McColman get a majority—after all the puffing and blowing of the profound journalistic authority on "wisdom teeth" and "conventions."

Anniversary Sermons.

The anniversary sermons in connection with the Methodist Sabbath School, Flesherton, were preached last Sunday according to announcement in these columns. Rev. Mr. Ayers, occupied the pulpit in the morning, his subject being "Seed Sowing." Rev. Mr. Cornish, of Markdale, preached in the evening. His subject being "Early Conversion." Both sermons were appreciated. At both services, Sabbath School children occupied seats behind the pulpit and sang several of their anniversary pieces very nicely.

Mr. Clayton is selling off boots and shoes at cost now. See his announcement elsewhere.

"Bell" Organs at the Colonial.

PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY.

In musical instruments, certainly Messrs. W. Bell & Co., of Guelph, Ont., have reason to be proud of their success, and it is universally conceded that their display was about the most prominent in their line.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, personally congratulated them on having the most handsome exhibit; the stand itself, a work of art in design and fitting, having been erected at a cost, it is said, of £600. The wood-work is in enamelled white, and real gold, handsomely carved, and the drapery is in silk plush and Indian muslin.

The Marquis of Lorne, and H.R.H. the Princess Louisie, after thoroughly testing the instruments made and exhibited by the different manufacturers, decided to buy one of the illuminated pipetop "Bell" organs. This sale was followed by others to the R't Hon. Sir Robert Bourke, Governor of Madras, India, and Sir Robert Affleck, each of whom purchased one of their large and handsome organs.

The popularity of this instrument is growing more extensively every year in the British Isles, and on the continent, confirming the critical judgment of experts, who have pronounced them superior to all others for purity of tone and pleasing design.

In the Citadel at Quebec, a "Bell" organ graces its drawing-rooms for the use of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and in far distant Victoria, B. C., Lady Douglass selected a "Bell" organ for her use.

Perfection in these instruments has only been attained after years of experience and study, by using the best material and employing none but skilled and practical workmen, Messrs. Bell & Co., have produced an organ without an equal.

Prominent English organists, who have tried them at the Exhibition, have been delighted with them. The Invention, a journal published in London, says:—The excellence of workmanship, and quality of the "Bell" organs, leave only one verdict possible to any expert who cares to personally inspect them, as we have done for ourselves, and we have pleasure in expressing ourselves as greatly pleased with the genuine organ tone brought out in their instruments.

The Music Trades' Journal, says,—"That Messrs. Bell & Co., are now doing a very flourshing business, which ought certainly to be much extended as a result of their handsome exhibit at the Colinderies, and it is gratifying to note that the judges at the Exhibition have endorsed our opinion as to the excellence of their instruments."

We understand that Messrs. Bell & Co., have received the Gold Medal at the Liverpool Exhibition, which has just closed.

☞The best, cheapest and most durable Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Sewing Machine Needles, and Supplies, for sale at C. Treadgold's, next house to Mr. Wm. Strain's, Flesherton. 3m

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

A LIVER CURE.—One single trial of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Recipe Book $1.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

For lame, back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure Sold at Medical Hall.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold at Medical Hall.

A LIVING QUESTION.—Question—"Is this life worth living?" Answer—"It all depends upon the liver?" If torpid or inactive it causes a dull, tough, languid feeling. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure gives health and buoyancy. Sold by Dr. Christoe.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold at Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed a night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold at Medical Hall.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Owen Sound COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

WILL open on MONDAY, 10TH JANUARY, 1887. Excellent Staff of Teachers. Inspector officially reports it the Best Equipped School in the Province. Classes for First, Second and Third Class Certificate, Junior and Senior Matriculation with honors, and Law and Medical Examinations. At the Teachers' Examination, in July last, all the First Class Candidates and a large percentage of Second and Third Class were successful. Fees, $3.00 for the Term—payable at entrance. Apply to

F. W. MERCHANT, M. A., Principal,
or D. R. DOBIE, Sec Board of Education.
Owen Sound, Dec. 15, 1886.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

SECTION—GRAND NARROWS TO SYDNEY.

TENDER FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Cape Breton Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Wednesday the 12th day of January, 1887, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Cape Breton Railway at Port Hawkesbury, C. B., on and after the 27th day of December, 1886, when the general specifications and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 15th December, 1886.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

VALUABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY.

In pursuance of Power of Sale contained in two certain Mortgages to the Vendor which Mortgages will be produced at the time of sale. There will be sold by

D. McCORMICK, Esq., AUCTIONEER,
By Public Auction at
Atkinson's Hotel, in the Village of Priceville,
—ON—

Thursday, January 20th, 1887.

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon the following lands and premises in the

Village of Priceville,

In the County of Grey being composed of Lot Number Three on a plan of sub-division of Lot Number Fifty Four, in the first Concession South of the Durham Road in the Township of Glenelg, in the County of Grey, made by Thomas B. Gilliland, Provincial Land Surveyor, for John Ferguson and is filed in the Registry Office for the said County of Grey, which said Lot Three contains thirteen acres, be the same more or less.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. $100 is to be paid at the time of sale. $100 in three months and the balance may remain on mortgage for three years at eight per cent. interest.

For further particulars apply to D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer, FRANCIS WAITE, Priceville, or to the undersigned.

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated Dec. 20th 1886.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more on Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained customary strength and vigor.—John Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

Thorough-Bred
BERKSHIRE BOAR!

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.
(283-335) JACOB A. LEVER.

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 291. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. JANUARY 13, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Don't Fail

—TO CALL—

And inspect my large and carefully selected stock of very Fine Goods, at real reasonable prices. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, etc. Latest Styles, Newest designs. Ladies' Gold Watches and Queen Chains, Gent's filled Gold and Coin Silver. Have added to my stock, the famous "Columbus" Watches—direct from the Factory. Everybody welcome, whether you buy or not.

SPECIALTIES.

Fitting Specks optically, difficult Watch Repairing Goods and Work warranted.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Division Court next week,

For all kinds of CROSS CUT SAWS, and AXES, go to M. Richardson & Co.

Miss Effie Philp, of Toronto—formerly of Flesherton—is the guest of M. Richardson, Esq., of this place.

Geo. Keefer keeps a fine stock of Flour and Feed at Wright's warehouse, Flesherton. Give him a call.

The watch presented to Miss Hopkins last week, was purchased at Russell's jewellry store here.

Having secured the services of a good Cabinet Maker, repairing and ordered work will receive prompt attention.

J. W. BATES.

The energetic Inspector of the North of Scotland M. Co., Toronto, was in this town and neighborhood last week on business connected with his company.

No sufferer from any scrofulous disease, who will fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need despair of a cure. This remedy purges the blood of all impurities, destroys the germs of scrofula, and infuses new life and viger throughout the physical organization.

WINTER

STOCK!

—IS—

NOW COMPLETE!

We Invite Everybody to See it. Incomparably the Finest Variety and Best Value Ever Offered Here.

M. Richardson & Co.

FLESHERTON.

For PURE RAW SUGARS, go to M. Richardson & Co.

Mr. Quinn, of Kincardine, paid a brief visit to Mr. C. Treadgold, Flesherton, this week.

Get your sale bills printed at the ADVANCE office—cheaper, better and more promptly than anywhere else.

We got a handsome New Year's card from Mr. W. F. Doll, wholesale jeweller, Winnipeg, the other day.

See M. Richardson & Co's splendid assortment of New Wall Papers and Borderings.

A beautiful silver communion service has been purchased at Russell's jewelry store here by the Ladies Aid, to be used in the Presbyterian church, Flesherton.

We regret to learn of the illness of our esteemed citizens, Messrs. John Whitten, John Gordon, and Mrs. John Dinwoody, but hope soon to hear of their complete restoration to health.

"I am willing to give a young man a start in life," said old Hunks as he kicked Jones out of the door, "but I don't consider my daughter a chromo to be thrown into the bargain."

"Ah" said the conceited young parson, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses." "Was that the reason you called them beloved brethren?" inquired a strong-minded lady.

The roads are pretty badly drifted in the direction of Markdale. The Valley Road would be a great boon at this season of year if it were opened—it is so well sheltered from the "blasts of winter."

Bargains in *Millinery* and *Fur Goods* at M. Richardson & Co's. See them.

Artemesia Council meets for the despatch of business in the Town Hall here, on Monday next, 17th inst. The Agricultural Editor will be there. Subscribe for the ADVANCE now if you havent yet done so.

Master George Treadgold—late of this office—goes to Beeton in a few days in order to take a position as compositor on the *World*. In time George is likely to become a very rapid and good compositor. We wish him unbounded success and commend him to the Christihn fellowship of the immortal "Clawde," who drives the quill of the *World* with such brilliant success and commendable zeal.

WALL PAPER.—Just in at M. Richardson & Co's, a large stock in the newest and prettiest designs, very cheap.

Auction Sales.

Farm stock and implements, at Lot 24, Con 5 N.D.R., Glenelg, commencing at 12 o'clock, noon, on Monday, Jan. 24th. Neil McKechnie, proprietor. Dugald McCormick, auctioneer.

It Didn't Rain.

Two prominent Fleshertonians had a bet on Tuesday. One bet that it would rain in twenty-four hours and the other bet it wouldn't. The "other" won, although it came within about an inch of raining.

Local.

THE METHODIST OBSERVER, the new religious weekly, published at Bowmanville, Ont., at $1.00 a year, comes to hand this week enlarged to eight pages and is well filled with church news, editorials and choice miscellany. Clubbed with this journal at $1.75. Methodists, send for a free sample copy, or call at this office and see one. M. A. James is the publisher.

North Grey.

Political matters are not yet settled in this riding, as a recount of the ballots is now being made by the County Judge. Application for the recount was made on Tuesday last. It is difficult to say what the result may be, but many are of the opinion that no material change will be made in the figures as announced by the Returning Officer Mr. Jas. Stewart.—*Meaford Mirror*,

The Valley Road.

It was thought possible that the Valley Road would have been opened for winter travel about this time, but another year will likely pass away before that important highway will be ready for operation.

Mr. Thos. Andrews.

A prominent Conservative elector in the eastern part of this constituency assures us that Mr. Thos. Andrews loyally supported the nominee of the party after the second convention. We make known this circumstance with pleasure, but think a letter of explanation from Mr. Andrews would possess more force.

One of the hardest things in life for a youth to believe is that a man older than himself understands anything, but he gets their some day.

"Only to-day I saw a coat which had no buttons at all." "What! not even down the front?" "Not a button." "Wasn't it finished? "Yes, finished and in use." "What kind of a coat was it?" "A coat of paint."

A single sheet of paper 72 inches wide and 7¾ miles long, was made without a break in a paper mill at Watertown, N. Y., a few days ago. The sheet weighed 2,207 pounds.

Still Leading the Trade!

RUSSELL!

The Noted Jewelry Man, Flesherton, is Still Leading the Trade

IN FINE GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

New Goods arriving every weeek. Our Winter Stock of Silverware, Violins and Fancy Goods have arrived, and are selling fast at the Low Prices. Any one in need of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all Kinds, Spectacles, Silverware, Fancy Goods, Violins, Pipes, Purses, Razors, &c., will do well to call at RUSSELL'S, Flesherton.

All Watches warranted from 2½ to 5 years; Clocks from 1 to 3 years. Watch Repairing a Specialty, and a perfect job guaranteed every time, at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,
Flesherton.

Sons of Temperance.

The following are the officers of Flesherton Division Sons of Temperance for the current quarter;—

Bro. J. E. Moore, W. P.
Sister E. Armstrong, W. A.
Bro. Wm. Irwin, Rec. Scribe.
Sister Brown, Asst. Rec. Scribe.
Bro. Christoe, Treasurer.
Sister Christoe, Financier.
Bro. Jeremiah Thompson, Chap.
Bro. James Mosier, Con.
Sister E. Fawcett, Asst. Con.
Bro. T. Watson, Inside Sent.
Sister Aggie Leitch, O. Sent.
Bro. A. R. Fawcett, P. W. P.

The following are representatives to the Grand Lodge of the order, which meets in Brampton on Tuesday next, 18th inst., viz., Bros. Christoe, Sproule, Irwin and Fawcett.

On Tuesday evening last some fifteen or twenty members visited the Priceville Division, where they were entertained in a most royal manner.

Station School.

We are pleased to notice, that Miss Hopkins has been engaged as Teacher of the new Flesherton Station school. The Trustees of the new section deserve credit for the wise choice they have made, and the Ratepayers out there are fortunate in having Miss Hopkins as their children's instructor.

Annual meeting.

The annual meeting of East Grey Agricultural Society will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Wednesday next, 19th inst., at one o'clock p. m. The business will be to receive reports, elect officers, and general business of the society. It is to be hoped there will be a full attendance.

Publisher's Notice.

All subscribers in arrears are urgently and respectfully asked to pay up during this month. Don't disappoint us for we are depending upon you to help us to meet obligations now maturing.

Toronto.

We are pleased to know that our energetic young friend and former townsman, Mr. Will. Vokes, has secured a good position in Rennie's wholesale seed store, Toronto. What we want to hear next is that Will. is distinguishing himself as a member of some crack base ball club in the Queen City. He's an Irishman and a Fleshertonian, and with these superior characteristics ought to "get there with both feet." Success to you, anyway.

Obituary.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. George Teed, an old and very much respected farmer of Euphrasia Township. He was deeply respected by all who knew him, and was a kind, generous, and warm-hearted gentleman. He leaves a wife and grown up family to mourn their loss. His friends have the deepest sympathy of the whole neighborhood, in their sad bereavement.

Narrow Escape from Fire.

Sunday morning while Mr. Wm. Rutledge, sr., was attending services in the Methodist church here, in connection with his class, his house, near the depot, caught fire, and but for the timely intervention of his daughter, Mrs. N. Lawrence, Messrs. H. Piper, Jas. McMullen, Wilson McMullen, Arch. McMullen, John Whittaker and others, would have been destroyed. As it was, a large portion of the roof was consumed, rendering the building uninhabitable. What made the affair the more painful was the fact that that venerable Christian woman, Mrs. Rutledge, sr., was lying dangerously ill in the house at the time. With amazing fortitude and calmness, the old lady watched the progress of the flames, alone while her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence, was absent securing assistance. Since the fire we are glad to learn that the heroic invalid has been safely removed to the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. N. Lawrence, in this town.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

The Terrible Husband Murder at Herkimer, N.Y., Revived.

A RESPITE FOR THE MURDERESS.

An Albany despatch says: Governor Hill has granted a reprieve in the case of Mrs. Druse until February 28th, 1887, to enable the Legislature to deal with the matter of capital punishment as applied to women. Should the Legislature not interfere, the law will take its course. Following is the Governor's decision:

The defendant, Roxalana Druse, was convicted of murdering her husband, William Druse, in the town of Warren, in the county of Herkimer, in this State. The verdict was murder in the first degree, and she has been sentenced to the only punishment prescribed by law for that crime, to wit: execution by hanging, to take place on the 29th of this month. The evidence shows that the killing was most brutal and atrocious in its character. Briefly stated, the facts satisfactorily established are as follows: The family consisted of the deceased and Mrs. Druse, the daughter Mary (aged 19 years), the son George (aged 10 years), and a nephew, Frank Gates (aged 14 years). A quarrel had occurred on the morning of the homicide between the deceased and the defendant at the breakfast table. The deceased was still at the table, and during the quarrel of words the defendant went into another room and took a loaded revolver which was there, and putting it under her apron, returned and whispered to the boys to go out of doors, which they did, leaving herself, the daughter Mary and the deceased in the room. Mary then placed a rope around her father's neck while he was at the table, and the defendant fired the revolver once or twice at him, wounding him, and he fell over sidewise in his chair, while the defendant, being unable to make the revolver go off again, called to the nephew Frank, who came in the house, together with the boy George, and whereupon the prisoner gave the revolver to the nephew, and, under a threat of killing him, compelled him to fire it off two or three times, and the deceased, being hit by the shots, rolled off the chair upon the floor, and then she seized an axe and hit her husband on the head with it, he exclaiming: "Oh, Roxy, don't," and she continued hitting him on the neck until she chopped his head off—severing it completely from his body. She then caused the head, as well as the body, to be taken into the parlor, and during that day and evening the body was cut up with an axe and was burned in the stove. She threatened to kill the boys if they told what had occurred, burned all her husband's clothes and made every possible effort to conceal the crime, causing the ashes in the stove where the body had been burned to be taken up and thrown in a swamp, and the revolver and axe to be thrown in a pond, and had telegrams sent to friends in other places making false and misleading inquiries as to her husband, and compelled the boys to tell every one that her husband had gone away from home, she herself telling her neighbors falsehoods of every description as to her husband's whereabouts. During the evening, while Mrs. Druse and Mary were burning the body in the parlor, the two boys were amusing themselves by playing checkers in the adjoining room, where the murder had been committed, thus showing the unconcern and utter lack of feeling of the whole family. Mrs. Druse had previously made threats against the deceased, and boasted that she would be rid of him some day. The revolver had been procured and brought into the house under peculiar and suspicious circumstances, indicating felonious purposes. These and other facts, almost too horrible for description, mark the case as a plain one of deliberate and premeditated murder. There seems to be scarcely a single mitigating circumstance surrounding it. The daughter, Mary, aided and assisted her mother in the murder, and after the conviction of her mother she pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, which plea, on account of her youth, the fact that she was probably acting under the influence of her mother, and other circumstances, was accepted by the District Attorney, and she was sentenced to State Prison for life.

THE DAUGHTER'S NEW YEAR IN THE PENITENTIARY.

(From the Syracuse Standar

Mary Druse's cell in the penitentiary was embellished yesterday with a crayon portrait of her mother, which Mary received on Saturday. The picture, which was taken from life in the Herkimer jail, represents a slight, middle-aged woman, with a fairly intelligent face, wearing a high-necked black dress and a lace collar that reaches nearly to the chin. There is a pained and hunted expression about the eyes. To a reporter Mary said the likeness was a good one. "But when I saw that mother's hair was turning gray," she continued, "I nearly cried. Her hair was black when I saw her last. Gov. Hill's decision was read to me and I felt rather discouraged over it, though I haven't given up hope. I am afraid mother feels discouraged herself, though she doesn't say so in her letters to me for fear it would make me feel worse. I don't know anything about the Legislature, but I'm afraid it won't take any action."

Mary showed to the reporter a letter which she consented to have printed, barring a few sentences of a strictly personal nature. She said her mother must have been very nervous when she wrote it, as it is somewhat disconnected. The letter runs:

HERKIMER, 24.

DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I thought you would everything about the decision but the truth. Wherefore thought i would write you a line. Governor Hill has given me a stay until the 28th of february. Judge Prescott came in this morning also Mr. Luce this afternoon and assured me they should still fight for me & kind Mr. Cook came in and said the paper was served on him this morning to stay the execution intil the 28th of february as I have above stated Georgie has been her to day I bought him a pair of scates for a Christmas present. Mr. Sheriff Brown was here to see me yesterday i was glad to see him he gave me still great encouragement. The governor seems to be in my favor still does not want to take the whol responsibility upon him self it seems however there is no use to give we must keep up good courage and hope for the best for the prospects are as favorable as ever only we must watch and wait and pray. * * * I suppose my picture is on the road for I gave them the money to send it by express, if not it will be I am to tired to write more. I received a good letter from Juliar Northrup saying she would take care or keep anything I wanted her. She wrot a letter to the governor besides the piece in the paper she is a friend in need Mr. Powell was in to see me last night. from your mother in life or death,

MRS. DRUSE.

Mary's hope is that her mother's sentence will be commuted to imprisonment for life in the Onondaga Penitentiary. Mary is now 20 years old and her brother "Georgie" mentioned in the letter is 12. The girl is quiet and industrious and when not working is an omniverous reader. She told the reporter that she cried at the sight of the *Christian at Work*, which somebody gave her recently. She said her parents used to take that journal regularly and she had not seen a copy since her arrest.

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

The Explorer's Coming Search for Emin Bey—A Typical Arab.

A London cable says: Mr. Henry M. Stanley has completed his arrangements for starting on his expedition for the rescue of Emin Bey. Mr. Stanley is in remarkably good health and is very confident of the success of his mission. He evidently means to keep his plans to himself until fairly started. "The only thing that is certain is that I go to Africa," he says. The telegram that he had made arrangements with Tippoo Tip to accompany him is premature. The idea is, however, so daring a masterstroke, and so much in keeping with Stanley's past, that one may well believe there is something in the telegram.

Tippoo Tip, an Arab ivory and slave hunter, is at this moment probably the most powerful man in all Central Africa. In men and means his resources are practically unlimited. His agents and his raiders will be found in all directions from Kasonge as his centre. It is doubtless his Arabs that have wrecked Stanley Falls station—a catastrophe which might have occurred at any time in the past had it not been for Tippoo's friendship for the white chiefs of the station, for even he, slaver as he is, has his own sense of honor. One must remember that in his eyes slave raiding is as legitimate as elephant hunting.

Mr. Stanley thinks if Tippoo Tip adhered to his intention six months ago of proceeding to Zanzibar he will doubtless be there by this time, ready to meet Stanley on his arrival. Dr. Junker is expected in Egypt next month, and, if considered advisable, no doubt a meeting could be arranged between him and Stanley. The latter has been overwhelmed with offers of companionship from all quarters, none of them, probably, at all likely to be accepted.

TWO DEATHS FROM FRIGHT.

One Results from Another Boy's Fall, the Other from a Practical Joke.

A Detroit despatch says: Willie Stiebling, aged 14, was buried to-day, death having been brought on by fright. For several years he has been a bell-boy at one of the hotels. Last Wednesday Robert McHale, another bell-boy, was sliding down the banister of the main stairway when he tipped backward and fell from the second to the first floor. The injured boy was bathed in blood, his face having been badly cut and his right thigh broken. The sickening sight seemed to daze young Stiebling. He went about his work for a time, when he was suddenly taken with convulsions. He rallied on Friday, but soon became delirious and died on Sunday. During his delirium he complained of something in his head and asked that it be opened for examination. In accordance with this request a post-mortem was held, which developed the fact that blood had coagulated in the brain.

From Reading, Pa.: Franklin B. Goodhart, the gambler, who was the victim of a practical joke about two weeks ago, as stated in the TIMES at the time, and became insane in consequence, died last night of nervous prostration. Some acquaintances, knowing that he was timid, got up a mock murder in his presence.

A Masculine Evangelist in Petticoats.

A Halifax, N.S., despatch says: A man dressed in woman's clothing and calling himself Miss Foster has been holding evangelistic services in some of the districts along the north shore of New Brunswick. He held meetings in Blackville, where his methods and his religious fervor were so feminine that he was not detected. At the Travers school-house, on the Little Southwest, a few days ago he started a series of meetings, but his enthusiasm and skirts could never cover up his masculinity from the penetration of the Little So'westers. He was exposed at a meeting and forced to decamp without explaining his reasons for adopting petticoats.

The Fate of the Editors.

The editors who secured election in the recent contest were J. R. Stratton of the Peterboro' *Examiner*; Gaspard Pacaud, of *Le Progres*, Windsor; E. F. Clarke, of the *Orange Sentinel*; D. Creighton, of the Owen Sound *Times*; W. D. Balfour, of the Amherstburg *Echo*; and W. M. Dack, of the Bruce *Reporter*. The defeated editors were John Carnegie, of the Peterboro' *Review*; J. S. Larke, of the Oshawa *Vindicator*; J. H. Schmidt, of the Stratford *Kolonist*; and T. M. Campbell, of the Brampton *Conservator*. Four Liberal and two Tory editors elected. One Liberal and three Tory editors defeated.

The greatest reformer of the age was the inventor of the bustle, which has reformed nearly every woman.

So "time softens al things," does it? Not much. How about summer boarding-house steak?

—White furniture is the rage. It is a reaction to have been expected after the dark sombre trappings of our æsthetic houses, and it won't do to criticise the decorative powers. But a drawing room furnished in ivory and gold, with white plush draperies, white leather chairs and sofas and white fur rugs is a little too virginal to be comfortable. How the dickens is a man going to make himself at home in such a snowdrift as that?

THE ELECTION RETURNS.

Some of the Candidates' Corrected Majorities.

Liberal.

		Maj.
Algoma, E	Lyon	Holds over
Algoma, W	Conmee	Holds over
Brant, N	Wood	440
Brant, S	Hardy	400
Bruce, S	O'Connor	362
Bruce, C	Dack	21
Brockville	Fraser	285
Dundas	Chamberlain	36
Durham, W	McLaughlin	3
Essex, N	Pacaud	66
Essex, S	Balfour	200
Elgin, E	Nairn	100
Glengarry	Rayside	31
Haldimand	Baxter	263
Hamilton	Gibson	447
Huron, E	Gibson	443
Huron, W	Ross	300
Huron, S	Bishop	447
Kent, E	Ferguson	620
Lincoln	Garson (L)	15
Lambton, E	Graham	100
Lambton, W	Pardee	300
Lanark, N	Hilliard	57
Middlesex, W	Ross	202
Middlesex, N	Waters	75
Monk	Harcourt	100
Norfolk, N	Freeman	401
Northumberla'd, W	Field	35
Ontario, S	Dryden	322
Ontario, N	Gould	283
Oxford, N	Mowat	665
Oxford, S	McKay	452
Ottawa	Bronson	277
Parry Sound	Armstrong	231
Peel	Chisholm	200
Peterboro', W	Stratton	60
Peterboro', E	Blezard	321
Perth, S	Ballantyne	446
Prescott	Evanturel	70
Prince Edward	Sprague	75
Renfrew, N	Murray	92
Renfrew, S	Dowling	81
Russell	Robillard	265
Simcoe, E	Drury	210
Simcoe, C	Phelps	163
Stormont	Mack	361
Toronto	Leys	—
Waterloo, N	Snider	acc.
Wellington, E	Clarke	acc.
Waterloo, S	Masters	445
Welland	Morin	300
Wellington, W	Allan	327
Wellington, S	Guthrie	400
Wentworth, N	Macmahon	495
Wentworth, S	Awrey	106
York, W	Gilmour	181
York, E	Smith	800
York, N	Widdifield	900

Tory.

		Maj
Addington	Miller	300
Bruce, N	Biggar	elected
Carleton	Monk	773
Cardwell	Hammill	603
Dufferin	Stewart	acc.
Durham, E	Craig	275
Elgin, W	Ingram	20
Frontenac	Wilmot	403
Grey, S	Blythe	300
Grey, N	Creighton	7
Grey, C	Rorke	159
Grenville	French	109
Hastings, E	Hudson	96
Hastings, N	Wood	463
Hastings, W	Ostrom	125
Halton	Kerns	122
Kent, W	Clancy	16
Kingston	Metcalfe	224
Lanark, S	Lees	400
Leeds	Preston	115
London	Meredith	202
Lennox	Meacham	105
Middlesex, E	Tooley	102
Muskoka	Marter	312
Norfolk, S	Morgan	100
Northumberland, E	Willoughby	60
Perth, N	Hess	16
Simcoe, W	Wylie	341
Toronto,	Clarke, E. F. / Clarke, H. E.	
Victoria, E	Fells	76
Victoria, W	Cruess	6

GLADSTONE'S BIRTHDAY.

How the Grand Old Man Spent It—Liberal Banquets—A Notable Letter.

A London cable says: Yesterday was the 77th anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birth. He attended early service at the Hawarden Church, and during the day was fairly deluged with telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the world. He was also the recipient of innumerable presents.

Banquets were given by the Liberals throughout the country last night in honor of Mr. Gladstone's birthday. Mr. Gladstone returns thanks through the press for the many congratulations which he has received, to which, he says, it is impossible for him to reply personally.

Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows to the chairman of a banquet given at Chester in honor of his birthday: "The strain of last year has been considerable, but never during my path of duty have I more clearly seen that I was at work in behalf of my countrymen in all parts of the three kingdoms, and in behalf of the true union and greatness of the Empire, which in this year of Her Majesty's jubilee we ought to cherish more warmly and loyally than ever. In this conviction the recent progress of events confirms me daily."

Sees Clearly With Her Eyes Closed.

A South Londonderry, Vt., despatch says: Miss Alice Walker, aged 17, has not opened her eyes since December 21st. She is conscious at times and then knows those who are about her, can tell the style and color of her visitors' dresses and converses freely with them. She could move freely about the house a few days ago, and even went out to the barn one day. Her appetite is good, and there seems to be no other symptoms of disease. She has had these spells before, and at one time, while seemingly unconscious of everything else, hemmed two yards of muslin with stitches so fine that they could hardly be seen, her eyes being closed all the time. An injury to the spine, which happened to her several months ago, may have had something to do with her disease. She was formerly a school teacher.

An Insane Hermit Living in a Tree.

A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: Dr. C. B. Adams, agent of the Connecticut Humane Society, has been investigating the very familiar case of Isaac Pardee, of East Haven, who, ten years ago, was one of the most promising and prominent young men in that town. Suddenly he became demented and took up his abode in the woods. Of late years he has been living in the hollowed-out trunk of an old tree. Dr. Adams will see that he is sent to an insane asylum as soon as possible. It is said to be a case of unrequited love.

The papers are abusing Tennyson's latest poem. The truth is, American editors read so much unseasonable poetry that they don't know the genuine stuff when they see it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It is wise to provide against emergencies which are liable to arise in every family. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will prove a never failing remedy.

IRISH RENT STRUGGLE.

The Extraordinary Speech by Mr. John Dillon, M. P.

"PLAN OF CAMPAIGN" DEFENDED.

The following is a full report of Mr. Dillon's speech at the public meeting held in Loughrea, Ireland, on Thursday immediately before the "rent offices" were opened under the "Plan of Campaign," which has now been declared illegal:

Mr. Dillon said—A fortnight ago the Government struck a blow at me. (Groans.)

A Voice—And they struck a blow at us. (Groans.)

Mr. Dillon—They summoned me to appear before the Judges of the Queen's Bench in Dublin in order that I should be held to bail for good behavior. (Groans and laughter.) I ventured to say that although I meant to appear in the Court of Queen's Bench I would appear afterwards in Galway, and finish with Lord Clanricarde—(loud and prolonged cheers)—and I say here to-day, in spite of the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin, and in spite of all the judges in Dublin, that you will win in this struggle. (Cheers.)

A Voice—God spare you to us!

Mr. Dillon—I stood in the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday, and I heard the conduct which I had practised in this country and the programme which I had advised denounced as criminal. (Groans.) I was told by the Judges at that Court that I was engaged in a criminal conspiracy. (Laughter.) But I ask you here to-day, men of Galway, to look back over the story of your country, and recall to your memories this fact, that every man who has ever tried to raise his voice in this country on behalf of the poor and oppressed against their oppressors—every single man whose name is dear to the memory of Irishmen—has stood in the dock before Irish Judges—(cheers)—and if I stood on last Tuesday before a Court of Irish Judges to be told that I was engaged in a criminal conspiracy I stood where your fathers had stood before me, and where every man who had the courage of a man in the past history of Ireland had stood. (Cheers.) I stood where O'Connell stood—(cheers)—and where every Irish leader who has the first trust and love of the Irish people stood before. (Cheers.) We are told to-day that we are engaged in a criminal conspiracy, and, forsooth, that if we do not desist we may come into collision with the law! (Groans and laughter.) Well, I have been for six years engaged in that conspiracy—(cheers)—and four times I have come into collision with the law, and three times I have beaten them. (Prolonged cheering.)

A Voice—And will again, please God. (Cheers.)

Mr. Dillon—This is not the first time I have come into collision with the law, and with Irish Judges, and I leave it to you to judge whether to-day the class of men, the Irish landlords, who three times have had me up as a criminal—(laughter)—are better for it to-day? All I can say is, if they like the results that have followed from putting me in prison I am satisfied. (Cheers.) But this I will say also, that they have not got me in yet. (Cheers.) I do not think they will either. (Cheers.) I have said that on last Tuesday I was told by the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench that I was engaged in a criminal conspiracy—(groans)—and when they were delivering that opinion they quoted words which I remember well, and these were the words delivered by Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—(groans)—when he was trying the leaders of the Land League, and Mr. Parnell at their head, and I recollect distinctly in that charge, which was quoted on last Tuesday, he warned us then to give up the criminal courses which we were then said to be engaged in—that is to say, the agitation of the Land League; and I put it to you to-day, if we had obeyed his words and turned our backs on the Irish people and on the cause of the poor men in Ireland, where would you be to-day?

A Voice—Dead or in the workhouse.

Mr. Dillon—If, in 1880, we had listened to the warnings of the Irish Judge who then sat in judgment on us, would there have been a land bill passed for Ireland? (Cries of "No.") And if we had listened to these warnings, thousands of Irish families would have been wandering absolutely homeless or pining in the workhouse. The terror of the name of the Land League, and the might of that agitation, have borne their good fruits, and those people who engaged in it are struggling still for their rights, and are still in possession of their homes. (Cheers.) And, just as in 1880 we thought that our judgment on Irish politics was better than the judgment of Judge Fitzgerald, I am of opinion that I know more to-day about the interests of the Irish farmers—aye, and care more, too, than Mr. Justice O'Brien; and, whatever may be his opinion as to the legality of my action, I repeat here to-day the challenge which I gave the Attorney-General in the courts on Tuesday—(cheers)—and I defy him, and I defy the Executive in Dublin, to put me into jail until they give me a fair trial. I will never shirk a fair trial; and if I am guilty of a crime, let them try me. But they know right well that they dare not try me; they know we are guilty of no criminal conspiracy; they know that we engaged in this movement are engaged in a movement as great, as noble, and more successful than any movement started in Ireland before our time. I recollect perfectly well when I was young the old people talking of past times, and it used to be said among the people that after all they did not know whether it was not a mistake to begin the national struggle by obtaining the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, or they said what good did it do us except to enable certain judges to get places. I must say I think they did begin at the wrong end, and I think that the first duty that ought to have suggested itself to the Irish people was to have protected the laboring classes of this country from ruin and destruction, and then when they were free men—when their homes could not be levelled by their tyrants and oppressors—we could have won all the other rights. (Cheers.) But since it has been so, the old saying comes in, "Better late than never," and as it was not done by our fathers, we had better get to work ourselves. We are engaged in no criminal conspiracy. We are engaged in an open public movement—to do what? To overturn, I venture to say, the most horrible and crime-stained institution that ever existed in any civilized land. To overturn it, in a public organization; to emancipate the people of this country from a system which has exterminated in the past more human beings than half a dozen insurrections. We are engaged in a public and open attempt—no conspiracy at all—to overthrow a system which, so long as it has existed, has caused Ireland to be known throughout the length and breadth of the world as "poor Ireland." What was it that made this country, which came from the hand of God as rich as any country in Europe or America—who was it turned it into a country to be called "poor Ireland?" It was the landlords, and no one else; and the attempt we are engaged in now is an attempt dear to the heart of every one who loves Ireland and cares for her prosperity—an attempt in which your fathers before you suffered—an attempt which, with the help of God, and with the help of the "Plan of Campaign"—(cheers)—will be carried in our day to a glorious victory. (Loud cheers.)

A BALLOT BOX JOURNEY.

Terrible Sufferings from Cold and Exposure.

A Colchester despatch says: On Sunday morning last a party of four started from here across the lake on the ice to Pelee Island, a distance of twenty-five miles, to convey the ballot-box for the recent election, and arrived safe about 2 p. m. the same day. On Sunday morning they started back and had proceeded some distance when they encountered an opening in the ice about a mile in width. Two of them crossed over in a small boat they had taken with them, intending to return for the others, but found it impossible to work the boat back through the new made ice. Consequently they had to leave their companions and started for the shore while those left behind went back to the island. Those in the boat got within two miles of the shore when night overtook them, and they were obliged to remain all night on the ice, suffering terribly from the severe cold, and reached shore on Monday morning well nigh exhausted. The other two started back on Monday and encountered the same difficulty, and had to remain all night on the ice, reaching the shore on Tuesday morning badly frozen. A young man named Staff Bottoms, who was acting as guide, will lose one of his feet.

Bill Nye's Mince Pie Story.

"I am the engineer of the 102, and I'm givin' it to you straight. No man ever stood by the company's interest, or saved more money for the Old Back Up & Toot Road, than I have. Many's the time I've got off the 102 to drive off a 2-year-old steer instead of squashing him and then allowing the Back Up & Toot Road to pay for him. I could pull the pay-car or yank No. 7, loaded with Mormon emigrants, it made no odds to me. I always allowed to obey orders, whether it was to back up four feet or slack ahead half a car.

"I never was a man that would drink while I was on duty, but sometimes I would take in the town with the boys and give it a coat of red paint when there was no danger of bein' called out on an extra or asked to double back with a 102. Still I wasn't a drinking man at all, and didn't care two cents for the taste of liquor or the effect of it. I just wanted to be sociable.

"Well, one afternoon I was west bound, pulling three day coaches and two sleepers, besides baggage, mail and express. We stopped twenty minutes for dyspepsia at the regular supper station, and there I met a lady I used to be acquainted with in the States. She was in the rear sleeper and had a lunch along with her. It's all like a dream, but it's burned into my memory still. She asked me to eat lunch or tea, or whatever you might call it, with her, and I did. It seems like yesterday.

"She had an old-fashioned mince pie with her. I can taste it yet. She held a piece of it toward me with her beautiful round wrist and white, dimpled knuckles like a baby's. I said, 'No, thank you; I never drink.' But she laughed and socked it into my mouth. I knew it was flavored with brandy and yet I took it and ate it greedily. She chatted on gaily while I put that home-made demon pie into my mouth to steal away my brains.

"Finally the passengers came out of the dining-room picking their teeth as if they'd had a square meal, and the conductor hollered 'all aboard.' I felt as if I ought to go and tell the conductor that I was unfit to run the engine, and that I would be a murderer, for my brain was already on fire with pie. But I clome into the cab, took a chew of fine-cut and pulled out.

"Somehow the face of my little daughter kept coming before my eyes. I couldn't keep her out of my mind as she looked when I left her in her blue and white gingham dress and sunbonnet. She haunted me and whirled through my pie-soaked brain. In an hour we'd be at my home and I would have her in my arms. My own little Mary Ann! It grew dark fast and the headlight flashed along the track, but I was in a dream. I fretted because old Hundred and Two didn't get up and hump herself as she ort. The telegraph poles looked like a corduroy bridge, and still I wasn't happy. I was a madman for the time, dragging my load of human freight to certain death.

"As we rounded the curve a mile out of the home station, the headlight showed me lying across the rail the gingham dress and sun bonnet of Mary Ann! I saw it too late! It was like a flash, then a dull sound came up from the murderous wheels and the checked sun bonnet lay outside the track and the gingham dress was under the train! The drunken engineer had murdered his only child. My fireman stopped old Hundred and Two, and I reeled to the rear of the train, where Mary Ann lay in the darkness, still forever and ever!

* * * *

"I made a plunge toward the little mangled mass and caught it in my arms. It was, indeed, Mary Ann's little gingham dress, but it was stuffed with straw.

* * * *

"Then I heard childish laughter under the culvert, and I knew Mary Ann had put up a job on me. But it was a close call. They call me the mince pie maniac now, for I never touch it, no matter how fair the siren that seeks to feed it to me. We never know when the pie is loaded. Let us shun it as we would the deadly upas tree."

Smith (with effusion)—"Hello, Brown, is that you? I heard you were drowned." Brown (with sadness)—"No, it was my brother." Smith (thoughtlessly)—"What a pity."

"THE NATION'S CURSE."

By Archdeacon Farrar.

The Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., preached in Westminster Abbey last month in connection with the 21st anniversary of the Church of England Temperance Society. He took for his text—"Behold I set before you a blessing and a curse."—Deuteronomy xi. 26.

The preacher said: "It is with deliberate purpose that I mean the sermon this evening to be almost exclusively a plain statement of plain facts. I wish it to be an appeal, not to the imagination, not to the emotions, but to reason, to the sense of duty, to the conscience of Christians in a Christian land. If I say one word that is not true, I am guilty; if I consciously exaggerate a single argument, I am morally responsible; if I do so from ignorance, or mistaken evidence, I hail any possible refutation of what I urge as a service to the sacred cause of truth. But if the facts be facts, indisputable, and for the most part even undisputed, and then if they do not speak to you for themselves, I know nothing else that can or will. If they do not carry with them their own fire; if they do not plead with you, clear as a voice from Sinai, in their barest and briefest reality, and spur you to seek redress—

If not the face of men,
The suffrage of our soul's, and time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man home to his idle bed.

Those who plead for temperance reform are daily charged with exaggeration. Exaggeration is never right, never wise, even when moral indignation renders it excusable; but before you repeat that hackneyed and irrelevant charge, remember that there never was prophet or reformer yet, since time began, against whom the same charge has not been made. We have no need to exaggerate; our cause is overwhelmingly strong in its moral appeal to unvarnished realities, and we have nothing to do but to set forth things as they are, till not only the serious and the earnest, but even the comfortable, even the callous, yes, even the careless and the selfish, unless they are content to forego altogether the name of patriot and the name of Christ, shall be compelled to note them for very shame."

The Archdeacon then quoted statistics, proving the criminal waste of the nation's resources involved in the drink traffic. He eloquently dealt with the physical and moral degradation which was the direct result of the traffic, and continued:

"Nor is this all. The curse does not stay with him who caused it. It spreads in concentric circles of ruin. The drunkard almost invariably drags down his wife and family into the lurid whirlpool of his own retribution. Go to some public house on Saturday night, between 10 and 12, when the miserable workingman is pouring into the till of the publican and the purse of the gin distiller the money which should clothe and feed his wife and little ones; see when the gin palaces in our most pauperized districts are cleared at night a scene which for vileness cannot be paralleled in any region of the world. Then follow the drunken man or drunken woman into the lair which they call their home. Home? it is a Dantean hell of brutality and squalor, of which the very air reeks with abomination! 'In former times the wife was usually the victim of her husband's brutishness; now she becomes in innumerable cases the partner in his sin. In either case, be she victim or associate, no creature on earth so demands our pity.' While threats and blows resound in that curse-laden air the children—the ragged, miserable, half-starved, degraded children—the children who will grow up hereafter to recruit the ranks of the felon and the harlot, huddle together in mute terror. 'They do not cry; such children seldom do shed tears. Nature could never furnish a fountain to meet such demands.' Often they make their escape into cellar or chimney, or hide themselves under the rotting heap of rags or straw, and do not venture to creep out, half suffocated, till the drink-maddened fiend whom they call 'father,' is away, or till he has slept off for a time the vitriol madness. And in most of our large towns there are whole streets and alleys and districts of such drundards' homes—infamous streets which hide hundreds of blighted families, the disgrace of our civilization, and the disgrace of our Christianity; the only things which flourish there are public-houses, which, confronting the minimum of virtue with the maximum of temptation, drain from the wretched neighborhood its last life, and, like the fungus on the decaying tree, feed on the ruin which is their boon. We have heard much in these few days of 'Horrible London,' and of the bitter cry of its abject. What makes these slums so horrible?" I answer, with the certainty and the confidence of one who knows, Drink! And what is the remedy? I tell you that every remedy you attempt will be a miserable failure; I tell the nation, with the conviction founded on experience, that there will be no remedy till you save these outcasts from the temptations of drink. Leave the drink, and you might build palaces for them in vain. Leave the drink, and before a year was over your palaces would still reek with dirt and squalor, with infamy and crime. Of the trade in general which ministers to this temptation I will say nothing; but at least in such vile streets as these whence, day and night, this bitter cry of abject cities rings in the ears of the Lord God of Sabbaoth, I should have thought that any man who believes in God, that any man who calls himself a Christian, would have been not ashamed only but afraid to swell those geysers of curse and ruin. In such districts, at any rate, I know not how they can be blind to the evils which spring from what they sell, or how they can fail to hear the stern words ringing in their ears:

Fye, sirrah
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live!

They who will not see this must be left to their own conscience, in that hour when she speaks and we can be dead no longer to her voice; but I ask every man concerned in such evils, which is best? which will they think best when, a few years hence, they face the hour of death and the day of judgment, to forego such tainted gains, or to go on contributing—inevitably contributing—to the wholesale manufacture of infancy that knows no innocence; of youth, without modesty or shame; of maturity that is mature in nothing but guilt and suffering; of blasted old age which is a scandal on the name we bear?"

After quoting the opinions of various judges, and referring to the terrible record of murders and misdemeanors appearing in the newspapers, and known to be the direct result of the traffic, the Archdeacon, in conclusion, said:

"Englishmen and Christians, if such facts do not cheer you up, I ask, could they do so even were they in the thunder's mouth? It is not in the thunder, it is by the still small voice of history and of experience that God speaks to the reason and to the conscience. It is not by the lightning-flash that He would have us read His will, but by the quiet light that shows all things in the slow history of their ripening. When He speaks in the thunder and the lightning, by the tornado and the earthquake, He speaks in retribution then. And what is retribution but the eternal law of consequences? If you cannot see God's warnings against drink, if you cannot read in the existing condition of things His displeasure and our shame, if you cannot see it in the marriage-tie broken and dishonored, in sons and daughters ruined, in the peace of families laid waste, in the work of the Church hindered, in whole districts blighted, in thousands and tens of thousands of souls destroyed, if you cannot see it in the records of crime, and murder, and outrage, and madness, and suicide; in the fathers who in their very mouths, through drink, have slain their sons; and the sons who, through drink, have slain their fathers; and the mothers who, for drink, have sacrificed the lives of their little ones upon the breast—men of England, if these things do not wring your heart and fire your zeal, what do you expect? Can the letters glare more plainly on the palace wall of your power? Are you waiting till there falls on England the same fate which, for their sins, has fallen in turn on Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, and Carthage, and Jerusalem, and Tyre? They perished; sooner or later all guilty nations perish by sudden catastrophe, or by slow decay.

The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger;

but when it does smite, it is apt to smite once and smite no more. Will you be so complacent over your epigrams, and your vested interests and your Biblical criticism when vengeance leaps at last upon the stage and strikes sore strokes, and pity shall no longer avert the blow? You are Christians; yes, but see that you have not been admitted into a holier sanctuary only to commit a deeper sacrilege! Why, had you been Pagans, these very same arguments ought to be irresistible to you! To millions of Pagans they have been so. The sobriety of China was due to Confucius. The sobriety of India and of Burmah are due to Buddha. I am horrified to read that in contact with us in the last threee years the sale of drink in India has increased 36 per cent, in Burmah 74 per cent. The sobriety of vast regions of Asia and Africa was due to Mahomet. In the day of judgment, shall not Confucians, shall not Buddhists, shall not Mohammedans, rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, for they abstained from strong drink at the bidding of Confucius, Budda and Mahomet, and behold a Greater than these is here? Ah, if the voice of all these tempted, suffering, perishing, miserable souls be nothing to you—if the voice of your country be nothing to you—yet, if you be Christians, listen to the voice of Christ, pleading with you in the pathetic accents of myriads of the little ones that it is not His will, that it is utterly against His will that His cross and passion be thus rendered of none effect for multitudes, for the very least of whom Christ died. 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those who are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we know it not (when, now, at any rate, you have no excuse for not knowing it), doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? And shall not he render to every man according to his work?'"

The Tell-Tale Telephone.

"Charlie, you were kept late at the office last night, weren't you?" "Yes, darling." "Just as you were on Thursday and Friday evenings?" "Yes, dear." "You were in the office all the time?" "Yes, dear." "You were in the office all the time?" "And very busy." "Charlie, is your telephone in order?" "Yes, love." "Well, it is queer, don't you think? I went to the telephone in the drug store next door these last three evenings and tried to ring you up every half hour. The druggist said you couldn't have been in your office."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Whistler and Wilde.

A Boston artist tells this story of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, who has the reputation of borrowing Whistler's bright speeches. Having heard the artist say an unusally good thing, Oscar exclaimed, deploringly, "I wish I could have said that." "Oh," replied Whistler, derisively, "but you know you will say it."

The Benefits of Travel.

A Nashville astronomer has discovered a comet with three tails. We remember Nashville as a place where even the newspaper fellows each had a demijohn of whiskey by the side of his desk.—*Lowell Citizen.*

His Pocketbook Feels That Way.

Many an ardent lover who said proudly at the alter, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," thinks he has done it when he has paid his young bride's first millinery bill.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

A man will bear the gout, and yet he won't allow a fly to tickle his nose.

The need of money causes some people to throw propriety and gentility to the winds.

—Mistress—"Good gracious! Why, Babette, what have you been doing with this chair?" Servant maid—"You see, ma'am, the cat kept going on it and tearing the plush; so I spread some mustard on the seat, and now she lets it a-be."

Miss Bertha Weymouth, Saco, Me. filled a big jug with water, corked it, an put it on the stove to heat before taking i to bed. When it was hot enough she started up stairs, and then, with a big bang, the cork flew out, and the hot water spurted into her face, scalding her badly. She now knows more about the power of steam than she did.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

The other night when Mr. Bowser came home to supper I was lying down with a dreadful headache. I have headaches occasionally. I wouldn't have them if I could help it, but I can't. Once in a while I have a chill, but it's nothing I'm to blame for.

"Sick, eh?" growled Mr. Bowser as he entered the bed-room.

"Got a headache."

"That's always the way of it! I wish I could remember one single well day which has passed over your head since we were married!"

"I'm always well."

"Oh, you are! Well, I must be bl d not to have discovered the fact! I wan d you to go to the theatre to-night."

"I—I guess I can go."

"Well, I guess you can't! Mrs. Bowser, it does seem queer that whenever I have any special entertainment mapped out you invariably bust it with a headache, palpitation of the heart, torpid liver or some other ailment. It must be the grossest carelessness on your part. Have you had a doctor to-day?"

"Why, no!"

"Well, we'll have one! I'm going to know what ails you, if I have to call half the doctors in town! I want to know whether I've married a woman or a bundle of drugs."

"You may be ill some day, Mr. Bowser."

"Bosh! I've got the strength of mind to throw off even a case of smallpox. The Bowser family never made fools of themselves by being upset at every change of the weather."

The doctor came up and prescribed a dover's powder, and he thought I needed a tonic of some sort. Bowser was grouty all the evening, and when he went to bed he sniffed and snuffed and muttered:

"Oh, excuse me! I thought for a moment that I was in Harper's Hospital!"

Two mornings after that Bowser woke me up an hour earlier than usual. His face was very pale, his teeth chattered, and I saw at once that he had a chill. He had been looking yellow around the eyes for three or four days, and it was evident that his liver was out of order.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I believe I'm going to have a c-chill!"

"Oh, pshaw! Just exercise your will-power and throw it off."

"Mrs. Bowser, I want you to telephone for a doctor—two—three doctors, without delay! I'm an awful sick man, without one chance in twenty of getting well!"

"Pooh! Mr. Bowser, I had all arrangements made to go over to the toboggan slide to-day, and to have a progressive euchre party here to-night. It seems funny that you should fall sick and spoil all my pleasure!"

"All right—go ahead and abuse me all you want to. When I am under the sod you'll think of these things."

The family doctor came up after breakfast and prescribed quinine and some other simple remedy, and advised Bowser to lie in bed through the day. The following was the programme of the forenoon:

1. I soak Mr. Bowser's feet.
2. I prepare him three different kinds of gruels.
3. I send the baby over to mother's, because its cooing disturbs him.
4. I stop all the clamor in the house at his request.
5. I drive all the boys out of the neighborhood to soothe Mr. Bowser's nerves.
6. I shut the dog in the barn and drive the cat to the attic.
7. I make a list of his debtors and creditors, and look up the insurance papers.

At noon Mr. Bowser resolved to get out of bed, and the amount of dinner he ate was positively astonishing. After dinner he put on his slippers and dressing gown and asked:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose a cigar would hurt me?"

"Pooh!"

"There you go! You don't seem to understand that I have been dangerously ill, and that a relapse would cause my death! Mrs. Bowser, I believe you secretly wished during the forenoon that I might die!"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, your conduct is very suspicious, to say the least. In case of my death I believe you'd marry again!"

"I might."

"You would, eh? That's the kind of a person you are, is it?"

"But, Mr. Bowser, you've been sick so much, you know, and you've turned the house into a hospital so often——"

"Who's sick?"

"You are. I'd just like to remember the time when you had a well day. Mr. Bowser, it's an awful thing to chain a woman to an invalid husband."

Then Bowser began to cry, and I had to tuck him up in bed and put a hot flatiron to his feet, and tie a rag around his head and make him some sage tea. He was all right next morning, and when I asked him if it was safe for me to invite company for Friday night he roared out:

"Safe! Why not?"

"You may be ill, you know!"

"And I may not, you know! Mrs. Bowser, I want you to understand that the Bowser family—the line I am descended from—never give up until the very last."

"But they recover wonderfully quick."

"They do, eh? And that's because of their strong will power. Mrs. Bowser, I'm satisfied that I was snatched from the grave yesterday, and that by no help of yours. If I do not return home for the next three days you have only yourself to blame."

But he was back at noon, and he hasn't had another word to say about my headaches.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Bagley—"Susan, did you notice that item about the man who killed himself because his wife never gave him a present?" Mrs. B.—"Yes, I noticed it. Well?" "Oh, nothing," "Oh, I see! Well, just pass over $10, and you shall have the best box of cigars that $2 can buy."

—They had been sitting for a long time in silence. Suddenly she woke up from a reverie and said: "It is an age of progress after all, George." "Yaas," he replied, after drawing the head of his cane out of his mouth; "but what led you to make the remark?" "Well, not much," she gurgled; "but I saw in this evening's paper that you can buy wedding-rings on instalments."

CURRENT TOPICS.

According to all accounts Port Hamilton, the most recent acquisition of the British in the China Seas, must be a somewh. t breezy sort of a place. The huts of the marines stationed there have to be secured by heavy chain cables passed right over the roof and fastened to the ground in order to prevent their being blown away.

The new Lord Mayor of London has the reputation of being one of the most cheery and genial magistrates in the metropolis. The other day, after he had given judgment in the criminal libel case which had been brought against the editor of *Punch* by a well-known member of Parliament, he entertained all the parties concerned in the case, counsel, prosecutor and defendant, at a friendly luncheon at the Mansion House

It is currently believed that a Dakota blizzard has no redeeming qualities. This is a mistake. "It is an ill wind which blows good to nobody." A young man of Emmons County, Dak., recently called on a young woman, and a blizzard compelled him to stay three days. The girl's father sent for a minister and a wedding was the outcome. Dakota blizzards will hereafter have warm friends among the old maids of that unique Territory.

Boston *Herald:* The operatives in the woollen and cotton mills of this country, who are paid by piece work as most of them are, are paid less per cut or per yard, per pound, or whatever the terms of the payment may be, than the operatives who are employed in English mills. Instead of bringing in to them higher wages, the tariff secures to them, if anything, lower wages than they are paid in England. That they receive more at the end of a week is due to the performance by them of a larger quantity of work.

The almanac for 1887 gives a few items of general interest: New Year's Day comes on Saturday, St. Valentine's Day on Monday, April Fool Day on Friday, First of July on Friday, Christmas on Sunday. Easter Sunday will be on the 10th of April; Lent begins March 2nd. There will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon. One, February 8th, visible as a partial eclipse in Canada. The others that occur, as follows, are not visible in Canada: The annular eclipse of the sun, February 23rd; August 19th, of the sun.

An ingenious doctor, named Garre, living in Basle, Switzerland, has acquired much notoriety by collecting old boots and shoes to study human character from the way in which they have been worn. Carlyle showed the philosophy that could be extracted from old clothes, but Dr. Garre confines himself to old boots. He calls his discovery "Scarpology," a word hitherto unknown to lexicographers. He furnishes an alphabet illustrating the characters of the wearers of the boots or shoes. Boots whereof the outside edges and toe-caps are worn away prove the wearer capable of murder. Girls who wear a "four" shoe on a "six" foot should be avoided by matrimonially inclined young men as a plague.

Horatio Ross, the famous old Scottish sportsman who died the other day, was Nelson's god-son, his father, Hercules Ross, having been an old West Indian friend and frequent correspondent of Nelson. On the 9th of June, 1801, Nelson, then in Kioge Bay, wrote to Mr. Hercules Ross: "You do me a great deal of honor in wishing me to stand god-father for your next child. I accept the duty with much pleasure, and hope that the future Horatio or *a* will be an addition of happiness to you and Mrs. Ross;" and on the 12th of September, 1801, he wrote from the Amazon, in the Downs: "I congratulate you most sincerely on the birth of a son and heir; and from my heart I wish all the wealth and happiness you possess, and all the honors which have fallen to my lot, may be the young Horatio's."

Lord Salisbury appears to be having a good deal of trouble with his colonial Governors. Only a few weeks ago the Legislature and principal inhabitants of Natal addressed a petition to the Queen demanding the recall of Sir Henry Havelock, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the dependency, on the ground that he is an altogether unfit person to hold so important an office. It is now announced that the British Government has been obliged to suspend from his function Sir John Pope Hennessy, Governor of the important colony of the Mauritius, who by his quarrels with his Lieutenant-Governor, the notorious ex-Irish magistrate, Clifford Lloyd, almost caused a revolution in that lovely island. The reasons which have induced Lord Salisbury to take so unusual a step as to suspend a Governor previous to his recall must be of exceptional gravity.

A snow storm in Paris is anything but as pleasant as one of our home zephyrs, so far as horseflesh is concerned. A despatch to the London *Daily News* says. "Saturday evening, at about 5 o'clock, the snow began falling, and in a short time the streets and housetops were covered over with the flakes. In one moment the thoroughfares became so slippery that traffic was stopped, such horses as were abroad only being able to advance with cautious steps, and for the first time this year people were able to cross the Place de l'Opera without serious risk of being run over. The city street sweepers spent the night strewing sand and chiefly salt over the main streets, and fourteen cartloads were thrown over the avenues leading up to the Arch of Triumph." The trouble is that the asphalt in Paris is very slippery, composed as it is of a burned stone that has no catch for a horse's foot, and must be reinforced with sand whenever snow or rain assails the city.

The Danes have a society quite peculiar to themselves. It is known as "The Maiden Assurance Society." It aims to provide for a class—single women of well-to-do families. It shelters and cares for them, and furnishes them with "pin-money." Its methods are thus described: As soon as the girl-child is born to him the father enrolls her name in a certain association, and pays a certain sum, and thereafter a fixed sum, to the society. When she has reached the age of, we believe, 21, and is not married, she becomes entitled to a fixed income and a suite of apartments in a large building of the association, with gardens and park about it, inhabited by other young or older ladies who have thus become members. If her father dies in her youth, and she desires it, she has shelter in this building, and at a fixed time her own income. When she dies or marries all this right to income lapses, and the money paid in swells the endowment of the association.

What Britain Does for Egypt.

An important and interesting White Book has just been issued containing the German Foreign Office correspondence respecting the affairs of Egypt for the year 1886, up to June last. The information is valuable, especially now when people are beginning to be anxious to know a little about what has been going on in Egypt for the past six months. By far the most vital point to be considered is what good the natives of Egypt have derived and do derive from British occupation. The answer is given by a memorandum of conversation with two native gentlemen, one a Moslem of good standing, whose opinions are much respected by those who know him; the other, a country squire who owns an estate not far from Cairo. The evidence of these persons comes to this: Since the days of the Caliph Omar Egypt has never seen such security as that enjoyed by the masses. They are no longer exposed to arbitrary taxation, mulct and intimidation by those in authority. A peasant does not now live in constant dread of arrest and exile simply because he is well-to-do and has excited the envy or cupidity of some court favorite. Personal security for the ordinary Egyptian is now at least a historical fact, and not a matter of opinion. The people hardly believe their senses in this respect, and only fear that the present state of affairs is too good to last. There is less robbery and brigandage now than there was twelve years ago. A cadi, or native judge, is quoted as giving an opinion that Egyptian peasants nowadays suffer less ill-treatment and enjoy more freedom and security of person than has ever before been known. The more intelligent of the population have begun to appreciate those advantages, and the expression of their opinions at the present moment may no doubt be attributed to a dread of an eventual relapse into the old system of administration.

In Great Haste.

Old Gentleman (to messenger boy, who is running at the top of his speed)—Great heavens, lad, what is the trouble?

Messenger Boy (breathlessly)—Don't stop me, sir, don't stop me. I'm going to me dinner.

How the Dear Creatures Talk.

"Oh, Clara, that cloak you are wearing is a perfect fright! You ought to get a new one. Have you seen my new muff?"

"Yes, Kate, I saw you at church with him Sunday night."—*Boston Independent.*

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over $50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

The toboggan slide in Fond d u Lac, Wis. descends between an undertaker's shop and a marble cutter's yard.

An Extended Experience,

Writes a well known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

The Tichborne claimant is exhibiting in western dime museums, and the pot-metal advertisements in the newspapers present various scenes in his real or imaginary career. One cut shows him tending sheep in Australia and represents him sitting on a rock with a long crook in his hand, a veritable cross between the Prodigal Son and little Bopeep.

A St. Louis syndicate has just acquired a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of land in Mexico, on the Rio Grande, 160 miles long and six miles wide. It will be used for a cattle pasture.

One of the finest and biggest nuggets of gold ever found in California is on exhibition in San Francisco. It is as large as an ordinary Derby hat, and weighs thirty-five pounds troy. It is worth $20 a pound, and is almost pure gold.

—"Papa, we girls have organized a cooking society," said a travelling man's daughter. "Have you? What do you call it?" "That's what I want to ask you. Can you suggest a good name for it?" "Call it the Browning club," said her papa, looking over his glasses. Then she went over in the corner and figured it out.

Dom Pedro, the elephant who died of rheumatism in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens the other day, was a mean beast, and as cunning as mean. During his latter days it was very difficult to give him medicine. So the ruse was adopted of filling a scooped-out apple with the remedies and feeding it with a dozen or more sound ones. The dodge worked for a while, but Dom soon found it out, and after that each apple was carefully examined, and the deceptive one always thrown ou

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P.O. address.

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D C N L. 2. 87.

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A. R. FAWCETT
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JAN. 13, 1887.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

The Thornbury *News* eats the leek with the most ridiculous grimaces, and makes the backward somersault with the agility of an adult elephant. Like "ancient Pistol" the *News* man occupies a most humiliating position; but he has to eat the leek all the same, "Got pless you!"

The "comparative popularity" of Rorke and McColman can be seen in the fact, that the former took *nine hundred and ninety more votes than the latter.* The *News* man will please communicate this *fact* to its readers. Don't keep back anything, but "eat the leek, Got pless you," like a man.

Somebody says Mr. McColman should be recompensed "for at least the loss of one session to which he was entitled." What! Recompense the man who so nearly lost the riding to his own party! Recompense the man who went into the field against the wishes of three-fourths of the Conservative electorate? Recompense the man who would not abide by the decision of his party's convention, after promising to do so? Surely not.

Somebody else said Mr. McColman would have been elected had he not attended that second convention. Nonsense. It may be true that it bettered Capt. Rorks's chances—the second convention, we mean—but Mr. McColman's absence or presence mattered nothing, so far as the result of the polling was concerned. The contest would still have been between Rorke and Brown, with the same danger that McColman might just take enough votes to allow the Reform candidate to head the polls. With McColman out of the contest, Mr. Brown's would have been an utterly hopeless struggle. His only chance for success lay in Mr. McColman's keeping in the field, and the inference is quite natural that gentlemen in the Reform ranks would likely be quite friendly with Mr. McColman; and, perchance, might urge him to keep in the field. In fact they did considerable in both directions.

The officers of the Association deserve the thanks of every true Liberal Conservative for their energetic and well directed efforts during the contest. Mr. Kells worked like a beaver from first to last, loyally, honorably, and right nobly, supporting the nominee of the party; while the other officers were to the fore in good shape.

A word to the authority on "wisdom teeth:" When you crawl out of that knot hole you got into on the 28th ult., be careful that you get your political pointers from the ADVANCE. Otherwise you may have to try to squeeze yourself into a much smaller crevice than you did.

EXPLANATORY.

In answer to enquiries why our late popular teacher, Miss Hopkins, was not engaged for this year, the following will explain:—Miss H's. certificate lapsed some eighteen months ago, but by petition to Minister of Education was extended or renewed for two years. Thus she had not the necessary legal qualification to teach another full year. The Trustee Board offered to engage her for the first half of the year, and waited from the 12th of November to the 23rd of December, up to which date they had received no definite reply to their proposition. On this date they advertised for a teacher, receiving a large number of applications at salaries fifteen to twenty per cent. less than had been offered to Miss Hopkins. The young lady engaged, Miss Ganton, comes with excellent testimonials, and we trust she will not be less successful than her predecessor.

Stop that cough, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the best specific for all throat and lung diseases. It will allay inflamation, aid respiration, and strengthen the vocal organs. Ayer's almanacs are free to all. Ask for one.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Mayor Howland's election in Toronto by such a splendid majoity (nearly 2200) must be regarded as one of the signs of the times. It is significant of a great change in public sentiment as regards the liquor question, for the contest was fought out squarely on that issue. It means far more than appears on the surface, and cannot but be regarded as a great moral victory as well as the forerunner of great events yet to transpire in the history of the cause of Temperance in Canada. Let every Temperance banner be unfurled—"For God, for Home and for Country"—and keep your armor bright.

HENRY GEORGE'S PAPER.

We have just received the initial number of the new paper published in New York city by the great labor reformer, Henry George. It is called *The Standard*, and contains some powerful and brilliant articles from the pen of the distinguished publisher It is issued at the rate of $2.50 per year, and considering that it is edited by one of the most profound reasoners of the age, ought soon to have an immense circulation. We confess ourself deeply interested in the great work Mr. George has undertaken to perform.

"THE PROPHET."

The above is the name of a publication printed in the Beeton *World* office, and published by somebody, whose address is Box 56, Bradford, on the first of every third month, at the rate of 25 cents per annum. Although the weather claims chief attention at the hands of *The Prophet*, other important matters are not forgotten. In the January number before us we are told amongst other things, (1) that Toronto will get the base ball pennant this year; (2) that St. Louis will be the champions of the National League; (3) a re-arrangement of the counties may be looked for at an early date; (4) there will be a boom in real estate throughout Ontario during the coming summer; (5) the Scott Act will be repealed at the first session of the Dominion parliment or amended in such a way as to be enforced; (6) mad dogs will be unusually common this year; (7) A. Pasteur, physician, will commence practicing in Lloydtown; (8) the Government may give Dr. Chase a gratuity for his success in alleviating pain; (9) Prohibition is John A's next platform; (10) the Federal election will come on early in February; &c., &c. *ad infinitum.* *The Prophet* has a great head, but we think the Government will need to give it an immense gratuity—not for "alleviating pain," but to induce it to suspend publication and give people a rest in the prophetic business, which has been done to death by Vennor, Moses Oats, Wiggins, and others. If *The Prophet* isn't extinguished soon we shall hear of a great many more *mad men* than "mad dogs" this year.

Letter from Mr. W. G. Duncan.

We have received quite a lengthy letter from Mr. W. G. Duncan, denying the truthfulness of the statements made by Mr. Sample relative to Mr. Thos. Moore, himself, and Washington Territory. He scouts the idea of Mr. Moore or anybody else banking $1,000 a year, and repudiates with equal scorn, the statement that Mr. Moore was losing that amount in W. T. He says that Mr. M. is a shrewd, careful calculator and not given to speculation. In reference to the country generally, Mr Duncan says Mr. Sample cannot speak with authority as he saw but very little of it. In Mr. D's own words, "put a greyhound after a jack rabbit and they will soon take in all of the land seen by Mr. S."

Mr. Duncan says he is perfectly satisfied with his home and highly delighted with the prospects.

Our Table.

Rural Canadian.—This splendid Farmer's magazine is rapidly becoming one of the most popular, interesting and instructive journals in Canada. The January number before us contains a vast amount of particularly interesting matter to members of the Grange fraternity and the farming community generally. Published by C. Blackett Robinson, Toronto' at the low price of $1 per annum.

Farmers Advocate.—This excellent farmer's magazine, which is now in its twenty-second year, has a large circulation, The January number before us, contains, amongst a large amount of other well selected and original matter, a prize essay by Mr. Frank Howell, of St. George, Ont., entitled, "Is Our Future Husbandry to be Special or Mixed?" which alone is worth more than the subscription price. Published by Wm. Weld, London, Ont., at the rate of $1 per annum in advance.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE McKENZIE.

(Specially Contributed for The Advance.)

George McKenzie of Orange Valley, Artemesia, passed away to rest on December 14th at the ripe old age of 76 years. Deceased was born in Rossshire Scotland and when young moved with his parents to the City of Aberdeen where he received his education. When quite a youth or about the age of 16, he took charge of a Linen manufactoring business. After some years employ there, he was sent to Spain. There he took charge of a factory in the same line. After about four years engagement there he took a position as engineer on a Spanish Man of War. Disatisfied with that life he againreturned to the land of his birth.

Being than able to speak and write the Spanish language and having some knowledge of French, he was again engaged by a Linen firm in Aberdeen to represent them in their various lines on the Continent.

In that connection he visited nearly every town and city in France, Spain and Portugal. After some years of experience in that life he decided on seeking his fortune in the far off land of America.

In 1856 he arrived in Canada locating in the city of Hamilton. After about one years residence there he moved into this Township taking up land he launched out into what was to him a new experience, Farming. For the first three years of residence in the Township, he taught School in the Section adjoining this village and was first and for a number of years Superintendent of the Valley Union Sabbath School. In early life he gave his heart to God and united with the Presbyterian Church of which he remained a consistent member until the Master called him home.

About ten years ago, he was elected and ordained an Elder in Chalmer's Church here. He took an active interest in the work of the church giving liberally of his time and means for the advancement of the church of God. Every one had confidence in his piety, he stood spotless and unrebukable before the world. His death was calm and triumphant, he spoke of it as going home. He leaves an aged partner and family who mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father, but for him to live was Christ and to die was gain.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store

SALT RHEUM CURED—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

For lame, back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Mendville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 25 to	2 25
Fall Wheat	$0 72 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 72	0 80
Barley	0 35	0 50
Oats	0 26	0 27
Peas	0 50	0 50
Butter	0 14	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 25	5 50
Hay, per ton	9 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 07	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

R. J. SPROULE.

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

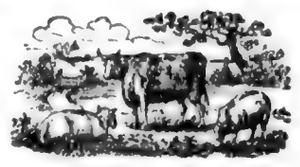

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, herbs and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Recommend'd by Dr. Christoe

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

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FLESHERTON.

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AGENCY.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT 6 AND 6½ PER CENT.

Insurance effected on Farm and Village Buildings and contents. Insurance against Lightning a specialty.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Wills, &c., carefully prepared and properly executed. Office,—Toronto street, near Town Hall.

W. J. BELLAMY, *Agent.*

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1885.

Going North.

STATIONS.		Mail	Exp.	Mixed.
Toronto	Leave	7 45am	4 50pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Cardwell Junction		9 25 "	6 30 "	
Charleston		9 43 "	6 45 "	
Orangeville	Arrive	10 05 "	7 05 "	
	Leave	10 20 "	7 22 "	
Orangeville Junction		10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne		10 58 "	8 04 "	
Dundalk		11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON		11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale		12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford		12 24pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth		12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound	Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Going South.

STATIONS.		Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound	Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Chatsworth		6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford		6 25 "	3 30 "	
Markdale		6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON		7 02 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk		7 26 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne		7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction		8 29 "	5 23 "	
Orangeville	Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
	Leave	8 45 "	5 55 "	
Charleston		9 05 "	6 18 "	
Cardwell Junction		9 25 "	6 30 "	
Toronto	Arrive	10 [illegible] "	8 10 "	

W. WHYTE, Gen'l Sup't. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agt

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER, — THORNBURY.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

Blacksmith Shop, Stable & Premises

IN FLESHERTON,

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

The undersigned offers for sale his Blacksmith Shop, Stable and Premises adjoining, at a reasonable price; or will lease the same to a good man at a fair rental. This property is well situated on Collingwood street, Flesherton, near the planing factory.

For terms and particulars apply to the proprietor. ROBERT CLARK,

July 28th, 1886. 257 tf Flesherton.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices,

Two Fairmount Post-Offices.

Editor Advance:—Is there more than one *Fairmount* Post-Office?

EUPHRASIA.

[Yes; one in your own Township, kept by Mr. Robt. Orr, and one in Marquette, Manitoba, kept by Mr. Edward McGill. —ED. ADVANCE.]

Thermometers Differ.

Editor Advance: Sir,—Do all thermometers indicate the weather alike in the same neighborhood?

WEATHER WISE.

[They don't; and to prove this, the Agricultural Editor will mention a circumstance which occurred in this town on Sunday afternoon, 2nd inst. The weather was intensely cold that day, and in order to get the exact temperature the A. E. consulted a thermometer hung up on the outside of Mr. R. Trimble's store. It indicated ten degrees *above* zero. From curiosity we went straight to Richardson's drug store and examined the thermometer hung out there. To our astonishment we discovered that the mercury in the latter was down no less than five degrees *below* zero!—ED. ADVANCE.]

Barney O'Hare.

We have just received the following epistle from our old friend, Barney O'Hare:

Doer Sor,—If its no inconvanience an' doesn't put ye' til any throuble an' ye' hev no objections yerself, I'd loike til ax ye' if ye' wud publish a letther I've writ on Home Rule. Plase anser by return mail—payin' poshtage and puttin' the sthamp on so's it'll not sthray aff till the undhertaker's posht affis at Ottaway—an' I'll sind ye' the letther in toime for next wake's paper af it doesn't go asthray.

Obadiently Yours,

BARNEY O'HARE.

P. S.—Don't forgit til pay the poshtage an' put the sthamp on so's it'll sthick good an' sthrong.—B, O'H.

P. S. No. 2.—Sale the letther wid salin' wax an' sthamp the same wid yer coat av arrums for fear av mistakes. —B. O'H.

Rare Coin.

Mr. W. L. B. Hamlin yesterday showed us a very rare specimen of the Prussian thaler—a coin valued at 80 cents and fifty-eight hundredths of a cent. A large percentage of the coin is composed of the purest silver.

To Correspondents.

We would like to hear from our Kimberley, Meaford Road and other correspondents as often as possible. At the same time we take pleasure in thanking all our contributers for past efforts.

Subscribe for the ADVANCE—best local paper in Grey.

General News Items.

There is talk of forming a Humane Society in Hamilton.

Spearing is said to be excellent in Hamilton Bay, pike being plentiful.

The winter scene at the Falls now is said to be the most gorgeous in years.

The rumor is again revived that Mr. Dewdney will be succeeded in the Northwest Governorship by Hon. Joseph Royal.

Feir's saw and shingle mill at Omemee, with a lot of shingles and lumber, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night.

John Macdonald of Glengarry, father of John J, Macdonald, the well-known contractor, died at Ottawa on Sunday at the age of 86.

Work on the ice palace at Montreal is being pushed forward rapidly, and it is expected that when completed it will far surpass that of last year.

Miss Finkle of Woodstock, daughter of Judge Finkle, was severely injured in a runaway accident on Monday, sustaining a broken leg and other injuries.

A meeting of capitalists has been held in Montreal for the purpose of organizing a new rubber company, with a capital of $200,000. The work of organizing has been partially completed.

The proposal to erect a Young Men's Christian Association building in connection with McGill University has received the approval of the Board of Governors.

W. H. Cousins, the railway mail clerk of London, whose foot was crushed on the Grand Trunk Railway a few days ago, has been compelled to suffer amputation.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold at Medical Hall.

"Thornbury Standard."

Our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Farewell, did perhaps the most effective work of any journalist in the riding during the recent parlimentary election in Centre Grey. He loyally, forcibly and logically supported the Liberal Conservative nominee from first to last, and this fact should not be forgotton by the patriotic members of the party. All honor to the *Union Standard*.

Last week the *Standard*—which is now in its fourteenth year—came out with a new heading and otherwise much improved. Go on and prosper, old friend; whatever your critics may say to the contrary, we know your heart is sound and loyal to the core.

Don't Lend Your Paper!

In every community there are people who are either too mean or too stingy to take a local paper. They borrow their neighbors, however, and thus keep posted on current events at other people's expense. If asked to subscribe, they tell the editor it is unnecessary, as neighbor B. lets him have the paper as soon as he is through with it himself—sometimes he gobbles it before Mr. B. has a chance to look at it, all the same. Now, reader, if you are like neighbor B. just make up your mind that your stingy, borrowing friend will have to pay for his own reading in future. Don't lend your paper, except to those who are really too poor to take it.

C. P. R.

Mr LUCIUS TUTTLE is appointed Passenger Traffic Manager of all the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and will have general charge of all passenger traffic, with office at Montreal. General Passenger Agents of Divisions will report to him.

☞The best, cheapest and most durable Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Sewing Machine Needles, and Supplies, for sale at C. Treadgold's, next house to Mr. Wm. Strain's, Flesherton. 3m

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

A LIVER CURE.—One single trial of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Recipe Book $1.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure Sold at Medical Hall.

A LIVING QUESTION.—Question—"Is this life worth living?" Answer—"It all depends upon the liver?" If torpid or inactive it causes a dull tough, languid feeling. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure gives health and buoyancy. Sold by Dr. Christoe.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold at Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed a night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

VALUABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY.

In pursuance of Power of Sale contained in two certain Mortgages to the Vendor which Mortgages will be produced at the time of sale. There will be sold by

D. McCORMICK, Esq., AUCTIONEER,

By Public Auction at

Atkinson's Hotel, in the Village of Priceville,

—ON—

Thursday, January 20th, 1887.

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon the following lands and premises in the

Village of Priceville,

In the County of Grey being composed of Lot Number Three on a plan of sub-division of Lot Number Fifty Four, in the first Concession South of the Durham Road in the Township of Glenelg, in the County of Grey, made by Thomas B. Gilliland, Provincial Land Surveyor, for John Ferguson and is filed in the Registry Office for the said County of Grey, which said Lot Three contains thirteen acres, be the same more or less.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. $100 is to be paid at the time of sale. $100 in three months and the balance may remain on mortgage for three years at eight per cent. interest.

For further particulars apply to D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer, FRANCIS WAITE, Priceville, or to the undersigned,

J. W. FROST,

Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated Dec. 20th 1886.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold at Medical Hall.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. Sold at Medical Hall

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold at Medical Hall.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold at Medical Hall.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
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The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
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Hamilton's Combination Plow.
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Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
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A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

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BERKSHIRE BOAR!

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.

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You will find an assortment of

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Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

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94 acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

A Girl's Protest.

We're getting very tired of the silly things men say
About the "good old-fashioned girl," and her superior way.
The highest point of nonsense they have fairly overtopped,
And we—"the girls"—decide that it is really time they stopped!

Our dear old grandmas—bless them!—never mean to lead astray
Young Ned or Tom, when, with a loving smile at us, they say,
"Ah, boys, the girls are different from what they used to be!"
But we think they've forgotten all the fun they had, you see!

They remember all the spinning, but the dancing they forgot;
They can recollect the baking—not the way they used to fret
When they had to stay at home sometimes, to dust the parlor clean,
When lots of other girls and boys were "dancing on the green!"

Why should a girl sit down and spin from morning until night,
With so much big machinery—do you think it would be right?
And modern girls can make good pies, and fancy dishes, too,
And just as well, we'll wager, as the old ones used to do.

But for an instant we'll assume the girls were better then,
Were more sedate, industrious—but how about the men?
We think our grandpa just too nice when sometimes he will say,
"Oh, girls, the boys are not so fine as in my old-time day!"

But, seriously, we should think that older folks would know
That times are very different from fifty years ago!
"The girls" must follow with the world, which surely has advanced—
* * * * *
One day grandma forgot and we were perfectly entranced
When she said that she was noted once for a minuet she danced.

The Bald-Headed Tyrant.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days flew by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there;
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land,

O, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
And our hearts stood still when we heard him cry,
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak,
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's-land."

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture they'd rend me there;
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This restless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim;
"I'll take the tyrant under my care,
Watch what my hour-glass does to him;
The veriest humbug that ever was planned
Is the same bald-head from No-man's land."

Old Time is doing his work full well,
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But Ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled hand,
I would keep bald the head from No-man's-land.

For the loss of peace I have cease' to care;
Like other vassals I have learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth.
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Mary E. Vandyne.

Earth's Fleecy Mantle.

The beautiful snow comes fluttering down,
And lovingly nestles on country and town.

I watch from my window its feathery fall,
And see how it spreads out its soft, fleecy pall.

Tossed lightly and whirled by the frolicsome wind,
The white, star-shaped flakes their resting-place find.

Heaped softly together they hide all the ground
And cover the earth in a white, shining mound.

* * * * *

The storm in its beauty I watch all the day,
Till night comes at last and the clouds break away.

Then I take the snow-shovel and out doors I go
To clean out a path through the beautiful snow

"Light!" "Fleecy!" Who said so? I say to his face,
That for once in his life he was 'way off his base,

My back aches before I have hardly begun!
"Light!" "Fleecy!" Each shovelful weighs a full ton!

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"Ah!" interposed Jeremy, "that shot was a credit to you. I didn't think you could have done it."

"A credit! I'll tell you what, it is an awful thing to kill a man like that. I often see his face as he fell, at night in my sleep."

"I was merely looking at it as a shot," replied Jeremy, innocently; "and considered as a shot at twenty paces and under trying circumstances, it was a credit to you."

"And then, you see, Jeremy, there was another thing, you know—about—about Eva. Well, I wrote to her, and she has never answered my letter, unless," with a gleam of hope, "you have brought an answer."

Jeremy shook his aching head.

"Ah, no such luck. Well, it put me off, and that's the fact. Since she has chucked me up, I don't care twopence about anything. I don't say but what she is right; I dare say that I am not worth sticking to. She can do much better elsewhere;" and Ernest groaned and realized that his head was very bad indeed; but there it is. "I hadn't the heart to write any more letters, and I was too proud to write again to her. Confound her! let her go. I am not going to grovel to any woman under heaven, no, not even to her!" and he kicked the bedclothes viciously.

"I haven't learned much Zulu, yet," replied Jeremy sententiously; "but I know two words—'hamba gachle' (go softly.")

"Well, what of them?" said Ernest, testily.

"They mean, I am told, 'take it easy,' or 'look before you leap,' or 'never jump to conclusions,' or 'don't be in a confounded hurry'; very fine mottoes, I think."

"Of course they do; but what have they got to do with Eva?"

"Well, just this. I said I had got no letter. I never said—"

"What?" shouted Ernest.

"Hamba gachle," replied Jeremy, the imperturbable, gazing at Ernest out of his blackened eyes. "I never said that I had not got a message."

Ernest sprang clean out of the little truckle bed, shaking with excitement.

"What is it, man?"

"Just this. She told me to tell you that 'she loved you dearly.'"

Slowly Ernest sat down on the bed again, and, throwing a blanket over his head and shoulders, remarked in a tone befitting a sheeted ghost:

"Did she! Why couldn't you say so before?"

Then he got up again and commenced walking, blanket and all, up and down the little room with long strides, and knocking over the water jug in his excitement.

"Hamba gachle," again remarked Jeremy, rising and picking up the water jug. "How are we going to get more water? I'll tell you all about it."

And he did, including the story of Mr. Plowden's shaking, at which Ernest chuckled fiercely.

"I wish I had been there to *kick* him," he remarked parenthetically.

"I did that too, I kicked him hard," put in Jeremy; at which Ernest chuckled again.

"I can't make it all out," said Ernest at length, "but I will go home at once."

"You can't do that, old fellow. Your respected uncle, Sir Hugh, will have you run in."

"Ah! I forgot. Well, I will write to her to-day."

"That's better; and now let's dress. My head is better. By George, though, I am stiff. It is no joke fighting a giant."

But Ernest answered not a word. He was already, after his quick-brained fashion, employed in concocting his letter to Eva.

In the course of the morning he drafted it. It, or rather that part of it with which we need concern ourselves, ran thus:

"Such then, my dearest Eva, was the state of my mind toward you. I thought—God forgive me for the treason!—that perhaps you were, as so many women are, a fair-weather lover, and that now that I am in trouble you wished to slip the cable. If that was so, I felt that it was not for me to remonstrate. I wrote to you, and I knew that the letter came safely to your hands. You did not answer it, and I could only come to one conclusion. Hence my own silence. And in truth I do not at this moment quite understand why you have never written. But Jeremy has brought me your dear message, and with that I am content, for no doubt you have reasons which are satisfactory to yourself, and if that is so, no doubt, too, they would be equally satisfactory to me if only I knew them. You see, my heart's love, the fact is that I trust and believe in you utterly and entirely. What is right and true, what is loyal and sincere to me and to yourself—those are the things that you will do. Jeremy tells me a rather amusing story about the new clergyman who has come to Kesterwick, and who is, it appears, an aspirant for your hand. Well, Eva, I am sufficiently conceited not to be jealous; although I am in the unlucky position of an absent man, and worse still, an absent man under a cloud, I do not believe that he will cut me out. But on the day that you can put your hand upon your heart, and look me straight in the eyes (ah! Eva, I can see your eyes now), and tell me, on your honor as a lady, that you love this or any other man better than you do me, on that day I shall be ready to resign you to him. But till that day comes—and there is something in my heart which tells me that it is as impossible for it to come as for the mountain-range I look on as I write to move toward the town and bury it—I am free from jealousy, for I know that it is also impossible that you should be faithless to your love.

"Oh, my sweet, the troth we plighted was not for days, or years, or times—it was forever. Nothing can dissolve it; Death himself will be powerless against it. With each new and progressive existence it will re-arise as surely as the flowers in spring, only, unlike them, more fragrant and beautiful than before. Sometimes I think that it has already existed through countless ages. Strange thoughts come into a man's mind out there on the great veldt, riding alone hour after hour, and day after day, through sunlight and through moonlight, till the spirit of nature broods upon him, and he begins to learn the rudiments of truth. Some day I shall tell them all to you. Not that I have ever been quite alone, for I can say honestly that you have always been at my side since I left you; there has been no hour of the day or night when you have not been in my thoughts, and I believe that till death for a period blots out my senses no such hour will ever come.

"Day by day, too, my love has grown stronger even in its despair. Day by day it has taken shape and form and color, and become more and more a living thing, more and more an entity, as distinct as soul and body, and yet as inextricably blended and woven into the substance of each. If ever a woman was beloved, you are that woman, Eva Ceswick; if ever a man's life, present and to come, lay in a woman's hands, my life lies in yours. It is a germ which you can cast away or destroy, or which you can nourish till it bursts into bloom, and bears fruit beautiful beyond imagining. You are my fate, my other part. With you my destiny is intertwined, and you can mold it as you will. There is no height to which I cannot rise by your side; there is no depth to which I may not sink without you.

"And now, what does all this lead up to? Will you make a sacrifice for me, who am ready to give all my life to you—no, who have already given it? That sacrifice is this: I want you to come out here and marry me; as you know, circumstances prevent me from returning to you. If you will come, I will meet you at the Cape and marry you there. Ah! surely you will come! As for money, I have plenty from home, and can make as much more as we shall want here, so that need be no obstacle. It is long to wait for your answer—three months—but I hope that the faith that will, as the Bible tells us, enable people to move mountains—and my faith in you is as great as that—will also enable me to bear the suspense, and in the end prove its own reward. Oh, how life has changed for me since yesterday!"

Ernest read selected portions of this composition to Mr. Alston and Jeremy. Both listened in solemn silence, and at the conclusion Jeremy scratched his head and remarked that it was deep enough to "fetch" any girl, though for his part he did not understand it. Mr. Alston relit his pipe, and for a while said nothing; but to himself he thought that it was a remarkable letter for so young a man to have written, and revealed a curious turn of mind. One remark he did make, however, and that was rather a rude one:

"The girl won't understand what you are driving at, Master Ernest; she will think that you have gone off your head in these savage parts. All you say may or may not be true; on that point I express no opinion—but to write such things to a woman is to throw your pearls before swine. You should ask her about her bonnets, my boy, and tell her what sort of dresses she should bring out, and that the air is good for the complexion. She would come then."

Here Ernest fired up.

"You are beastly cynical, Alston, and you should not speak of Miss Ceswick like that to me. Bonnets indeed!"

"All right, my lad—all right. Time will show. Ah, you boys! you go building up your ideals of ivory and gold and fine linen, only to find them one day turned into the commonest of clay, draped in the dirtiest of rags. Well, well, it is the way of the world; but you take my advice, Ernest; burn that letter, and go in for an Intombi (Kafir girl). It is not too late yet, and there is no mistake about the sort of clay she is made of."

Here Ernest stamped out of the room in a passion.

"Too cock-sure, wanted cooling down a little," remarked Mr. Alston to Jeremy; "should never be cock-sure where a woman is concerned; women are fond of playing dirty tricks, and saying they could not help it. I know them. Come on; let us go and find him, and go for a walk."

They found Ernest sitting on the box of the waggon, which was out-spanned together with Jeremy's, just outside the town, and looking rather sulky.

"Come on, Ernest," said Mr. Alston apologetically; "I will throw no more mud at your ideal. In the course of the last thirty years I have seen so many fall to pieces of their own accord that I could not help warning you. But perhaps they make them of better stuff in England than we do in those parts."

Ernest descended, and soon forgot his pique. It was but rarely that he bore malice for more than half an hour. As they walked along one of the by-streets they met the young fellow who had acted as second to Jeremy in the big fight of the previous day. He informed them that he had just been to inquire how the giant was. It appeared that he had received an injury to the spine, the effect of Jeremy's "lift," from which there was little hope of his recovery. He was not, however, in much pain. This intelligence distressed Jeremy not a little. He had earnestly desired to thrash the giant, but he had had no wish to injure him. With his usual promptitude he announced his intention of going to see his fallen enemy.

"You are likely to meet with a warm reception if you do," said Mr. Alston.

"I'll risk it. I should like to tell him that I am sorry."

"Very good; come along—that is the house."

The injured man had been carried to the house of a relative just outside the town, a white thatched building that had been built five-and-thirty years before, when the site of Pretoria was a plain inhabited only by quaggas, eland and wilderbeeste. In front of the door was a grove of orange trees, which smelled sweet and looked golden with hanging fruit.

The house itself was a small, white building, with a double-swinging door like those used in stables in this country. The top half of the door was open, and over the lower portion of it leaned a Boer, a rough-looking customer, smoking a huge pipe.

"'Dagh, Oom'" (good-day, uncle), said Mr. Alston, stretching out his hand.

The other looked at him suspiciously, and then held out a damp paw to each in turn, at the same time opening the door. As Ernest passed the threshold he noticed that the clay flooring was studded with peach stones well trodden into its substance to prevent wear and tear of passing feet. The door opened into a fair-sized room with whitewashed walls called the "sit-kame" (sitting-room), and furnished with a settee, a table, and several chairs seated with "rimpi" or strips of hide. On the biggest of these chairs sat a woman of large size, the mother of the family. She did not rise on their entry, but without speaking held out a limp hand, which Mr. Alston and the others shook, addressing her affectionately as "tanta" (aunt). Then they shook hands with six or seven girls and young men, the latter sitting about in an aimless sort of way, the former clearing off the remains of the family meal, which had consisted of huge bones of boiled fresh beef. So fresh was it, indeed, that on the floor by the side of the table lay the gory head and skin of a newly-killed ox, from which the beef had been cut. Ernest, noticing this, wondered at the superhuman strength of stomach that could take its food under such circumstances.

The preliminary ceremony of hand-shaking having got through, Mr. Alston, who spoke Dutch perfectly, explained the object of their visit. The faces of the Dutchmen darkened as he did so, and the men scowled at Jeremy with hatred not unmingled with terror. When he had done, the oldest man said that he would ask his cousin if he would see them, adding, however, that he was so ill that he did not think it likely. Raising a curtain, which served as a door, he passed from the sitting-room into the bedroom ("slaap kame"). Presently he returned, and beckoned to the Englishmen to enter. They passed into a small chamber about ten feet square, which was, after the fashion of these people in cases of any illness, hermetically sealed from air. On a large bed that blocked up most of the room, and on which it was the usual habit of the master of the house and his wife to sleep in their clothes, lay the fallen giant. So much as could be seen of his face was a mass of hideous bruises, and one of his hands, which lay on the bed, was in splints; the chief injury, however, was to his back, and from this he could never expect to recover. By his side sat his little wife, who had on the previous day urged the thrashing of the Hottentot. She glared fiercely at Jeremy, but said nothing. On catching sight of his victor, the giant turned his face to the wall, and asked what he wanted.

"I have come," said Jeremy, Mr. Alston interpreting for him, "to say that I am sorry that you are injured so much, that I wanted to beat you, but had no idea that I should hurt you so. I know that the trick of throwing a man as I threw you is very dangerous, and I only used it as a last resource, and because you would have killed me if I had not."

The Boer muttered something in reply about its being very bitter to be beaten by such a little man.

It was evident to Ernest that the man's pride was utterly broken. He had believed himself to be the strongest man, white or black, in Africa, and now an English lad had thrown him over his shoulder like a plaything.

Jeremy next said he hoped he bore no malice, and would shake hands.

The giant hesitated a little, and then stretched out his uninjured hand, which Jeremy took.

"Englishman," he said, "you are a wonderful man and you will grow stronger yet. You have made a baby of me for life, and turned my heart to a baby's too. Perhaps one day some man will do the same for you. Till then you can never know what I feel. They will give you the Hottentot outside. No, you must take him; you won him in fair fight. He is a good driver, though he is so small. Now go."

The sight was a painful one, and they were not sorry to get away from it. Outside they found one of the young Boers waiting with the Hottentot boy, whom he insisted on handing over to Jeremy.

Any scruples the latter had about accepting him were overcome by the look of intense satisfaction on the features of the poor wretch himself.

His name was "Aasvogel" (vulture), and he made Jeremy an excellent and most faithful servant.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

When Mr. Alston, Jeremy and Ernest emerged from the back street in which was the house they had visited into one of the principal thoroughfares of Pretoria, they came upon a curious sight. In the middle of the street stood, or rather danced, a wiry Zulu, dressed in an old military great-coat, and the ordinary native "moocha," or scanty kilt, and having a red worsted comforter tied round one arm. He was shouting out something at the top of his voice and surrounded by a crowd of other natives, who at intervals expressed their approval of what he was saying in deep, guttural exclamations.

"What is that lunatic after?" asked Jeremy.

Mr. Alston listened for a minute, and answered:

"I know the man well. His name is Goza. He is the fleetest runner in Natal, and can go as fast as a horse; indeed, there are few horses that he can not tire out. By profession he is a 'praiser.' He is now singing the praises of the Special Commissioner, 'bongering' they call it. I will translate what he is saying:

"Listen to the foot of the great elephant Somptseu. Feel how the earth shakes beneath the tread of the white t'Chaka, father of the Zulus, foremost among the great white people. Ou! he is here; ou! he is coming. See how the faces of the "Amabooma" (the Boers) turn pale before him. He will eat them up; he will swallow them, the huge vulture, who sits still till the ox is dead, who fights the fight of "sit down." Oh, he is great, the lion; where he turns his eye the people melt away, their hearts turn to fat. Where is their one like Somptseu, the man who is not afraid of Death; who looks at Death and it runs from him; who has the tongue of honey; who reigns like the first star at night; who is beloved and honored of the great white mother (the Queen): who loves his children, the Amazulu, and shelters them under his wide wing; who lifted Cetawayo out of the dirt, and can put him back in the dirt again? Abase yourselves, you low people, doctor yourselves with medicine, lest his fierce eyes should burn you up. Oh, hark! he comes, the father of kings, the Chaka; oh! be still; oh, be silent: oh! shake in your knees. He is here, the elephant, the lion, the fierce one, the patient one, the strong one. See, he deigns to talk to little children; he teaches them wisdom; he gives them light like the sun—he is the sun—he is t'Somptseu.'"

At this juncture a quiet-looking, oldish gentleman, entirely unlike either an elephant, a lion, or a vulture, of medium height, with gray whiskers, a black coat, and a neat black tie, fastened in a bow came round the corner leading a little girl by the hand. As he came the praiser lifted up his right hand, and in the most stentorian tones gave the royal salute, "Bayette," which was re-echoed by all the other natives.

The oldish gentleman, who was none other than the Special Commissioner himself turned upon his extoller with a look of intense annoyance, and addressed him very sharply in Zulu:

"Be still," he said. "Why do you always annoy me with your noise? Be still, I say, you loud-tongued dog, or I will send you back to Natal. My head aches with your empty words."

"O elephant! I am silent as the dead. Bayette. O Somptseu! I am quiet, 'Bayette'"

"Go! Begone!"

With a final shout of Bayette the Zulu turned and fled down the street with the swiftness of the wind, shouting his praises as he went.

"How do you do, sir?" said Mr. Alston, advancing. "I was just coming to call upon you."

"Ah, Alston, I am delighted to see you. I heard that you were gone on a hunting trip. Given up work and taken to hunting, eh? Well, I should like to do the same. If I could have found you when I came up here, I should have been tempted to ask you to come with us."

At this point Mr. Alston introduced Ernest and Jeremy. The Special Commissioner shook hands with them,

"I have heard of you," he said to Jeremy; "but I must ask you not to fight any more giants here just at present, the tension between Boer and Englishman is too great to allow of its being stretched any more. Do you know you nearly provoked an outbreak last night with your fighting? I trust that you will not do it again."

He spoke rather severely, and Jeremy colored. Presently, however, he made amends by asking them all to dinner.

On the following morning Ernest sent off his letter to Eva. He also wrote to his uncle and to Dorothy, explaining his long silence as best he could. The latter, too, he for the first time took into his confidence about Eva. At a distance he no longer felt the same shyness in speaking to her about another woman that had always overpowered him when he was by her side.

Now that he had been away from England for a year or so, many things connected with his home life had grown rather faint amid the daily change and activity of his new life. The rush of fresh impressions had to a great extent overlaid the old ones, and Dorothy, and Mr. Cardus, and all the old Kesterwick existence and surroundings seemed faint and far away. They were indeed rapidly assuming that unreality that in time the wanderer finds will grow round his old associations. He feels that they know him no more, very likely he imagines that they have forgotten him, and so they become like shades of the dead.

Already Ernest began to find it something of a labor to indite epistles to people in England, and yet he had the pen of a ready writer. The links that bound them together were fast breaking loose. Eva, and Eva alone, remained clear to the vision of his mind. She was always with him, and to her, at any period of his life, he never found difficulty in writing. For in truth their very natures were interwoven, and the rapport between them was not produced merely by the pressure of external circumstances, or by the fact of continual contact and mutual attraction arising from physical causes, such as the natural leaning of youth to youth and beauty to beauty.

These causes no doubt had to do with its production, and perhaps were necessary to its mundane birth, as the battery is necessary to the creation of the electric spark. Thus, had Eva been old instead of a young and lovely girl the rapport would perhaps never have come into being here. In short, they formed the cable along which the occult communication could pass, but there their function ended. Having once established that communication, and provided a means by which the fusion of spirit could be effected, youth and beauty and the natural attraction of sex to sex had done their part. The great dividing river that rolls so fast and wide between our souls in their human shape had been safely passed, and the two fortunate travellers had been allowed before their time to reap advantages—the measureless advantage of real love, so rare on earth, and at its best so stained by passion; the divine privilege of suffering for that love's sake that will bring such endless blessings in its train, which will only come to most of us, and then perhaps imperfectly, in a different world to this.

Yes, the bridge might now be broken down, it had served its purpose. Come age, or loss of physical attraction, or separation and icy silence, or the change called death itself, and the souls thus subtly blended can and will and do defy them. For the real life is not here; here only is the blind beginning of things, maybe the premature beginning.

(To be continued.)

How Death May Come.

As the great physiologist Bichat observed many years ago, death may come at last in any one of three different ways: By failure of the heart, the lungs or the brain. The first named is, in fact, the one that always shows that life is extinct. So long as the heart keeps going, the circulation is kept up, and all parts are nourished. When breathing ceases no more oxygen can reach the blood, and the latter no longer nourishes any part as it should; the brain no longer sends its influence to the heart, and it has no further incentive to keep on working. If injury to the brain should happen, or some poison interfere with the outflow of nerve force, then the lungs no longer take in fresh air, and the heart ceases its work. So, finally, all modes of death result in the cessation of the heart beats, and the life of the body stops within two or three minutes after complete failure of this great force-pump to continue its action.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Personal Points.

Laura Bridgman, the wonderful blind deaf mute, after an extended absence, has returned to the Institute for the Blind at South Boston. She is now nearly 57 years of age.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Sir Robert George Crookshank Hamilton, K. C. B., to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of Tasmania and its dependencies.

Senator Ogilvie, of Montreal, is confined to his residence, undergoing treatment for abscess. It will be some days, it is understood, before the hon. gentleman will be sufficiently recovered to resume his usual avocations.

Something Like a Saleswoman.

Here's a treasure for some enterprising Canadian trader:

"A young lady desires a situation as sales lady—three years' experience; first-class recommendations; can sell whether customers want to buy or not. Address box 240, Aylmer, Ont."—*Daily Paper.*

Let us hope that ere this she is plying her persuasive arts for a monetary consideration, which shall soon afford her, in the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, "a potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."—*Monetary Times.*

Political Ambition in Mexico.

Said a man yesterday who was just from Mexico: "They have a fine way of disposing of surplus candidates down there."

"How so?"

"Why, they shoot 'em. There were three candidates who were against the Diaz interests. One has been shot, another has been run out of the country and another has been put in jail. It is not nice to be a candidate for the presidency of Mexico."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"How can a man get rich at poker?" asks a correspondent. We know of but one absolutely sure way. Don't poke.

The fur boa is in high favor this winter, and other new shoulder protectors have the neck formed somewhat similar to the old-fashioned victorine, with long stole front, the cape portion, however, being much shorter.

HENNESSY'S SUSPENSION.

Why the Governor of the Mauritius was Withdrawn — A Disagreeable Individual.

A London cable says: The suspension of Sir John Hennessy, Governor of the Mauritius, has caused a sensation in diplomatic circles, though it is generally admitted that Lord Salisbury is fully justified in inflicting this unusual and very severe disgrace by the conduct of the Governor.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, K. C. M. G., has the unfortunate reputation of causing disturbances wherever he is sent. A thorough Irishman, he was born in Kerry and educated in Cork, where he evidently imbibed some of the fighting qualities for which he is famed. From 1859-65 he represented King's County, Ireland, in Parliament, as a Nationalist, and made himself so intensely disagreeable to the Government that, with a view of getting him far away from the House of Commons, he was appointed Governor of Labuan, and subsequently of the West African colonies. Contrary to the general expectations the deadly climate of the latter failed to affect his health in any way. In fact he appeared positively to thrive on the fevers of the place.

In due course he was promoted to the Bahamas and the Windward Islands, where he almost caused a revolution and created such a disturbance that it was found necessary to transfer him to Hong Kong. Here he became the bosom friend of the heathen Chinee and the sworn enemy of every white man on the whole coast of the Celestial Empire. When he at length left to assume the Governorship of Mauritius, not a single European member of the colony was present to bid him farewell, his name being execrated by the whites on the ground of his doctrine that a Chinaman was in every way equal to a European.

Since he has been in the Mauritius the whole of that usually tranquil dependency has been kept in one constant state of ferment by his quarrels with his Deputy-Governor, Mr. Clifford Lloyd. The latter, who is remembered in Ireland as the most harsh of all resident magistrates and as the bitter enemy of the Land League, is equally notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and the person who proposed cooping up two such men as John Hennessy and Clifford Lloyd on the Island of Mauritius must have had the deviltry in question suggested by some remembrance of two Kilkenny cats fastened over a clothes line.

Matters at length got to such a pitch that one-half of the population of the colony refused to speak to the other half, and Mr. Clifford Lloyd, after a frantic scene with his chief, left for London to report matters to the Government. The latter found the matters to be sufficiently grave to despatch the Queen's High Commissioner in South Africa on a special mission to the island in order to inquire into the state of affairs. It is on the strength of the latter's report that the Cabinet has taken the very unusual and grave step of suspending Sir John Hennessy from his functions of Governor before either recalling him or giving him an opportunity to resign.

DEGRADED AND CONDEMNED.

Failure of Efforts to Obtain the Reprieve of the Murderer of Mgr. Isquierdo.

A Madrid cable says: With the refusal of the Supreme Tribunal to commute the death sentence of Father Galeote, the murderer of Mgr. Isquierdo, all hopes of saving the priest from the garrotte have vanished. Strong efforts were made for a commutation rather for the purpose of saving the priesthood from the blot of the execution of a cleric than from any love for the dissolute Galeote, whose conduct was long a reproach to the Church. Father Galeote is the priest who, in order to revenge himself for an order of suspension inflicted upon him for immoral conduct by the Bishop of Madrid, shot the latter with a revolver at the doors of the Pro-Cathedral on Palm Sunday last. Before being executed by means of the garrotte on the plain outside Madrid, Father Galeote will be solemnly and publicly degraded from the priesthood. One by one his ecclesiastical vestments will be removed from him, and after his head has been shaved to obliterate all traces of the tonsure, his hands and the crown of his head will be scraped with blades of steel in order to erase all traces of the sacred oil with which he was anointed on entering the priesthood. During these proceedings a dirge is chanted by the "freres de misericorde," the cowls of whose monkish garments are drawn down over their faces, leaving only two little holes for the eyes. On the conclusion of the ceremony the criminal will be seated on a chair with his back against an upright post fixed into the scaffold. A steel collar, the ends of which are passed through the post, is fastened round his neck, and as soon as the yellow bag has been drawn down over his face, the executioner gives a turn to the windlass, which causes the steel collar to tighten, and at the same time forces the point of a screw against the spinal column, which it breaks. The body is then left during the whole day exposed to the public gaze on the scaffold, and is only removed for burial at nightfall.

BURNED AFLOAT.

Destruction of a Small Steamer—One of the Crew Drowned—The Captain and Four Men Badly Burned.

A St. John (N.B.) despatch says: The small steamer Sir John left this port last night about 11 o'clock for Shulee, N.S., with a general cargo. When near Black Point, a short time after leaving port, fire broke out in the galley of the steamer, and rapidly spread over the vessel. The only boat was soon launched, but it upset and drifted away. As their only chance, Capt. Purdy then took the helm and steered for the shore, two miles distant. After much suffering from smoke and fire they ran the vessel on the rocks, when the captain jumped overboard and reached the land. The next man to jump, John Sinclair, failed to reach the shore and was drowned. The remainder of the crew, four men, then got ashore by a rope secured by the captain from the vessel. All of the survivors are more or less burnt. They had to remain on the beach in the cold till daylight. The captain reached here this afternoon. The steamer was built last summer, was valued at $10,000 and was insured for $5,000. She was owned by Capt. Purdy and his brother, of Sackville, N.B.

HER DREAM.

This story being true, in order not to wound the susceptibilities of any one now living, I suppress proper names as well as a few of the least important details. As to the improbability, that is a matter of no concern, because it is simply true. As to its impossibility, I leave that to be discussed by the incredulous, who are so wise when they know nothing about a matter.

About ten years ago Lady Dash was staying at a large hotel in a fashionable watering place on the western coast of France. We will call the hotel the Lion d'Or, although that was not its name; the Lady Dash's daughter Blanche, as it is more convenient to have a real Christian name than to subsist on continual initials. The Dashes had just arrived with courier and maid and an immense pile of luggage, intending to stay till Easter, when they were due at Rome. After a rather early dinner they spent the evening in the gardens and listened to an excellent band while chatting with some friends who had just turned up. Lady Dash at last said it was delightful, but it was time to go to bed. She led the way in her handsome black draperies, a lace veil thrown over her white hair. Blanche followed slowly, loath to leave the moonlight on the sea, the pregnant shadows in the garden, the scent of flowers and cigarettes, all the brightness and the beauty outside under the stars, and shut herself within four walls with a candle instead of a glowworm. Her mother glanced over her shoulder to see if she were following, and then disappeared inside the wide open doors which led into a brilliantly lighted hall. Although the hotel was already crowded, there were a few fresh arrivals standing by the bureau. Blanche looked round with idle curiosity at the same time as a man turned away from the sort of pigeon-hole, with the number of his room in his hand, and came quickly across the tesselated pavement. He was rather under the average height, with broad shoulders, short neck and long arms. The light of the chandelier fell full on a pair of restless eyes, a pale, ordinary face, a short, dark beard, such as nine Frenchmen out of ten affect, and a scar on the left cheek. Blanche stood quite still, every scrap of color leaving her face, and then ran upstairs as fast as she could, panting and terror-stricken, to find her mother.

Lady Dash was quietly taking off her veil when her daughter burst into the room. She closed the door behind her and then said excitedly: "We must leave this place at once. I wouldn't sleep here another night if you promised me thousands of pounds."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? We've just come."

"Never mind, we must go at once. Where's Mary?"

"Eating her supper, I suppose. You must be mad to talk of starting off at this time of night. Nothing would induce me," taking a seat on a small sofa and looking very determined.

"But, mother dear"—and Blanche knelt down by her and seized her hand.

"Why, child, you are cold as stone! What is it?" rubbing her fingers gently and looking down with growing alarm into her agitated face.

"You know my horrid dream last night," her lips quivering—"how I thought I was being murdered. Just now, in the hall, I saw him."

"You saw whom? I don't understand."

"The man who murdered me," shaking from head to foot. "I should know him anywhere. He has a scar on his left cheek."

"But, my dear, this is childish nonsense. Who pays attention to dreams. I dreamed most vividly one night that I was shipwrecked. Am I never to go into a boat again?"

"But that's different. Oh, mother, do you want to see my throat cut?"

"Don't ask such horrible questions. You must be reasonable. We can't leave at this time of night. It would create quite an *esclandre*. You shall have Mary to sleep on the sofa."

"Mary, who goes into hysterics at a spider!"

"Then I will stay with you myself," magnanimously. "Anything to satisfy you."

Blanche assented to this with a deep-drawn sigh. She could not help seeing the difficulties in the way of an immediate departure, but, as far as she herself was concerned, she would rather have slept in a cow house than under the roof of the Lion d'Or. Lady Dash could not be expected to consent to the cow-house, so she reluctantly gave way.

The two ladies having ascertained that they had a sufficient stock of light and literature, and having securely locked the door, established themselves in Blanche's bed-room and prepared for a wakeful night. Lady Dash's nerves were on the alert, although she pooh-poohed the whole affair, and she started uncomfortably when an old gentleman sneezed on the stairs or a waiter dropped a pair of boots. By and by the hotel became quiet, the doors ceased to bang, and the last scrap of conversation was silenced. Lady Dash, after reading, or pretending to read, for some time, began to grow drowsy

About a yard from the bed was the door, of which Blanche had a distinct view as she sat at a little ornamental table placed at the end of the bed. Lady Dash, when her eyes were open, could also see the door across the corner of the bed, but she did not think it necessary to watch it as her daughter did. There was a looking-glass draped with coarse lace, into which Blanche felt compelled to look every now and then, as it stood on her right hand. As the night wore on she had an uneasy feeling that there was somebody standing behind her, and at the next glance she would see him reflected in the mirror. This terror grew on her till she was afraid to look over her shoulder. Her mother was fast asleep and she felt as if she were no protection to her. She longed to wake her, but knew it would be cruel. Suddenly there was a sound; every hair on her head stood erect and cold water ran down her spine. Her heart beat so loud that she could scarcely hear anything else. Lady Dash had awakened and was staring hard at the door Again there was a sound—an unmistakable cautious footstep. They did not look at each other, but kept their eyes fixed in the same direction. Breathlessly they watched and saw the handle of the door turn. Their hearts seemed ready to burst in the pause that followed. Again it was tried, but the lock resisted; then there was silence. Every sense seemed merged in listening. They waited with white faces and clammy hands, their nerves strung to the utmost point of tension; but the murderer, if murderer he were—was balked, and did not come again. * * *

Lady Dash was never more delighted to see the sun than on the bright morning that succeeded that endless night. She felt utterly worn out, but she quite agreed with Blanche that a move to Pau was advisable if that man were still in the hotel. Mary, having been told of the wretched night her mistress had passed, urged her to go to bed now in the broad daylight and get a good rest; but Lady Dash stoutly refused, confessing to herself, though not to the maid, that rest would be impossible. After a hurried breakfast she sent for M. Paul, the proprietor, who was dismayed to hear that the apartment, which had been engaged for a fortnight, was to be thrown on his hands at an hour's notice. He demanded the reason so pathetically that Lady Dash was at last induced to tell him the real facts of the case. Then his face cleared and he begged Madame to dismiss all uneasiness from her mind. As to the Monsieur with the scar he had left the Lion d'Or before dawn, but the police were already on his track. The bon Diu had mercifully preserved the English ladies by means of a dream, but others had received no such warning, and had suffered in different ways. M. le Baron had lost his silver cigar-case, Mme. la Comtesse her necklace of pearls, M. le Prince a porte monnaie containing bank notes to the amount of £6,000, Mme. S— a gold watch, Mlle. C— a handsome bracelet, etc., etc.

"But all these ladies and gentlemen, did they sleep with their doors unlocked?" inquired Lady Dash, feeling that they had brought their misfortunes on themselves by their own imprudence.

"Not at all, madame; but the vaurien had an easy contrivance by which he could turn a key in a lock, and so open the door."

"Then why didn't he open ours?"

"It must have been the light that protected you, madame. He saw it, and guessed that you were sitting up."

Lady Dash shivered at the danger they had run, but allowed herself to be persuaded to stay. Common sense told Blanche that the Lion D'Or was the last place to which "the man with the scar" would return, unless brought there involuntarily in the hands of the police. So she allowed herself to go to sleep at night without listening for his footsteps. It was a relief to her mind when the thief was caught and finally sentenced to a considerable term of *travaux forces*. This happened ten years ago. The term of imprisonment is probably over, consequently Blanche lives with the sword of Damocles hanging over her head; for until the man with the scar is known to be dead she knows there is a possibility that the dream may yet be fulfilled. *Absit omen.*

REJOICING WITH EMPEROR WILLIAM

Taffy from Son to Father and from Father to Grandfather.

A Berlin cable says: Emperor William on Saturday celebrated the 80th anniversary of his entrance into the Prussian army by receiving all his commanding generals, headed by Crown Prince Frederick William. The Crown Prince addressed the Emperor as follows: "The army celebrates with Your Majesty the day upon which, eighty years ago, you entered the army. On several occasions we have been fortunate in coming before our chief in war, to thank him for leading us through severe struggles to glorious victories. To-day, however, Your Majesty can look back upon sixteen years which have been richly blessed by peace—years, above all, dedicated to the undisturbed development and strengthening of the Empire, which was only established after long waiting and struggling. This work of peace succeeded because Your Majesty's competent and active leadership raised the capability of the army to that state of perfection of which every German soldier is justly proud. The Prussian principle, that no difference exists between the people and the army, because both are always ready to defend their country, has by Your Majesty's care become the property of the whole German nation. In this natural capability lies our greatest security for the maintenance of peace. May I then again tell Your Majesty that our strong and united nation, in grateful love and faithfulness, always ready for sacrifices, trusts in its Emperor and leader in war; looks with joyful confidence upon him as the preserver of the peace, and cherishes the wish that God's blessing in fulness may dwell upon him."

The Emperor, replying, referred to his father, who, he said, allowed him to enter the army in the hope that he would experience better times than Prussia had endured. Providence had permitted him to see such happy times in the fullest measure. These better days were especially due to the successes of the army. Here the Emperor, much moved, embraced the Crown Prince and afterward General Von Moltke, to whom he spoke in an earnest manner, thanking him for his unparalleled services. Finally, turning to the other officers present, he said he hoped to meet them again on the 1st of January, 1888.

The city was gaily decked with flags last night and the whole city was brilliantly illuminated. The Emperor attended a special service in the Cathedral, driving there in a carriage. Crowds lined the streets through which he passed and unceasingly manifested their enthusiasm. A military banquet was held, at which eighteen commanding generals and 364 colonels and staff officers were present.

Mr. T. H. Cox, a member of the firm of Cox Brothers, manufacturers, Lochee, has intimated his intention of giving £12,000 for endowing a chair of anatomy in the University College, Dundee. This donation is another of the fruits of the approaching "jubilee year."

—Unreasonable Old Man (to bruised and maimed son)—"There you are, with one eye gouged out, both ears gone, a dislocated shoulder-blade, broken arm and fractured leg, with whiskey enough in you to start a liquor store, and all for a college game of football. It's outrageous, disgraceful." Bruised and Maimed Son (reproachfully)—

The orange crop of Louisiana is less than one-tenth of the average crop. There will be none for shipment north.

THE LAND OF FROSTBITES.

Travelling in the Snow With the Temperature at 50 Degrees Below Zero.

The vapor of the breath will at once condense on the beard in the shape of ice that will keep accumulating indefinitely if not removed, says Lieut. Schwatka, writing in the *Youth's Companion* of his Arctic experiences. Of course we tried to keep our beards as short as possible, but living as Esquimaux, shaving was completely out of the question unless we lathered ourselves with a snowball and shaved with an icicle. So all our efforts were confined to what we could do with a pair of scissors, and even then the ice would manage to get at this slim hold and build itself up into a ball of varying proportions. Our method of removing it was peculiar. When we stopped to rest we would bury our mouths in the palms of our open hands and breathe with deep inspirations for a minute or two. This would always make the icy mass drop off, especially if the beard was kept short. If the reindeer hood comes too close up around the chin it also will accumulate ice in the same way, and in keeping it far enough away to avoid this the full chin is generally exposed. The chin, the nose, the eyes and parts of the cheeks are the only portions of the face exposed, for the hood comes down closely to the eyebrows. These exposed parts of the face are subject to frequent nips of frost, which during a very disagreeable day of wind and low temperature may exceed half a dozen an hour. The cure is to take the warm hand out of the reindeer mitten and apply it directly to the place until the little white spot which attracted the attention of some companion walking by your side disappears, for so complete a local anæsthetic is frost that you would never have known it yourself. This is especially true of the protuberant parts of the chin and cheeks, but some times upon the nose, just at the instant of freezing, is felt a hornet-like sting that makes a person feel like jumping twenty feet into the air. I have often been asked if such bitter cold air would not freeze the tongue in the mouth while breathing, and I have noticed this sensation apparently once or twice when the thermometer stood at about 70 degrees minus, but could at once get rid of the feeling by breathing through the nostrils and closing the mouth for a short time. The question naturally arises: Why not breathe through the nostrils all the while; but doing so continuously always results in such a persistent catarrh that it does not take one long to return to the usual method of breathing through the mouth, as by far less disagreeable. Every one has heard about the drowsiness that accompanies extreme cold, and supposed by many to be caused by breathing intensely cold air. None of my party experienced it in the least in all our winter's trip of almost constant travel in not only the greatest cold, but the longest continued cold endured by white men, showing that, living as the Esquimaux do, no such discomfort or danger need be feared. I have said that this intensely cold weather was usually accompanied by calms which made it quite bearable. I remember one quite noteworthy exception. One morning the thermometer at 8 o'clock showed us that it was 68 degrees below zero, but as it was calm and quiet we loaded our sledges for a short day's journey to the igloo of an Esquimau, where we could buy reindeer meat for our dogs. We were just ready to start when a wind sprang up that felt like facing razor blades. Had it come ten minutes sooner we should not have thought of going, but being loaded we started. The dogs trotted, and we ran along the whole way, except for one short rest, until we reached the welcome snowhouse. Both the white men and the Esquimaux were frozen in unexpected places.

At the end of the journey the thermometer showed 55 degrees minus—that is, it was warmer by 13 degrees. I told this to the Esquimaux with me, but I think from the incredulous glances they took at each other that they voted the thermometer to be the most accomplished Ananias they ever met, and wondered how we could allow ourselves to be duped by it.

Freaks of Convicts and Unruly Tramps.

A squad of six convicts working on the Augusta & Chattanooga Railway, near Augusta, Ga., overpowered and disarmed their guard yesterday, imprisoned two trustys in a hole just dug, and with picks and shovels triumphantly marched into the adjoining woods and escaped.

A telegram from Philadelphia says: The tramps in the Lancaster County (Pa.) workhouse, who recently struck for roast beef and were put in irons as a result, are a villainous set. On Saturday night at midnight the Irish tramps, aided by a few English and American brothers, began a terrible attack on their German associates, some of whom were severely punished. Nightwatchman Shaub ran in among them and discharged a number of shots from his pistol before the attacking party retreated to the old building in the workhouse yard, which they call their fort. Officer Shaub was considerably cut and bruised about the face and head. The tramps are quiet to-day, but there is no certainty as to how long they will remain so.

Manitoba Weather and Wheat.

A wheat buyer just in from a trip throughout the Province says that the country is as badly off as Winnipeg and its vicinity for snow. Sometimes by leaving the beaten track a little sleighing can be obtained; but generally speaking the country roads afford neither decent sleighing nor waggoning. This greatly affected the grain market. Asked whether the output this year would equal last, he said it was a question on which the buyers themselves could not agree. Two of the leading buyers of the city have a wager up, the one that the amount exported this year will surpass that of last yer, which amounted to about 3,500,000 bushels, the other that it will not equal it. It is estimated that so far about two-thirds of the grain has been marketed. —*Winnipeg Free Press.*

Not long ago a lot of chests of tea were seized in San Francisco on their arrival from China, and in the chests were found 3,003 five-tael boxes of opium and 456 pounds of partially prepared opium. This was sold at auction a week ago and fetched over $25,000.

A fresh detachment of the Salvation Army, consisting of two men and two women, arrived at Quebec Saturday and commenced services on Sunday.

CURIOUS FIGURES.

Republican and Royal Rulers in Octaves.

The following numerical collection of those who have been Presidents and Vice-presidents of the United States is quoted from "Bayne's Chronology:"

1. Washington-Adams.	1. Van Buren-R M. Johnson.
2. Adams-Jefferson.	2. Harrison-Tyler.
3 Jefferson-Burr-Clinton.	3. Polk-Dallas.
4. Madison-Clinton-Gerry	4. Pierce-King.
5. Monroe-Tompkins	5. Pierce-King.
6. J. Q. Adams-Calhoun.	6. Buchanan-Breckinridge.
7. Jackson-Calhoun-Van Buren.	7. Lincoln-Hamlin-Johnson.
	1. Grant-Colfax-Wilson.
	2. Hayes-Wheeler.
	3. Garfield-Arthur.
	4. Cleveland-Hendricks.

This arrangement makes each series of seven a chapter by itself, with the critical points on the odd numbers. If this is in accordance with musical rules, it would follow that every seven should indicate a similar harmony. For example: John Adams to Van Buren; John Q. Adams to Pierce; and, as an octave, Cleveland would follow Fillmore—in which event it is rather singular that both should hail from the city of Buffalo, N.Y.

Of course it may be a mere coincidence without another illustration. Yet, admitting the musical rule, there may be good reason to believe that one administration does reflect another, both as to men and measures. The transition from Mr. Lincoln to Gen. Hayes, and from the latter to Mr. Cleveland, was evidently a natural continuation. On the other hand, Buchanan led the way to Grant, and the latter to Garfield. Harrison-Tyler presupposed Taylor-Filmore, and with a like fatality, extending even to Cleveland-Hendricks.

The tendency to return to the original starting point has been demonstrated over and over again in the history of every nation, in process of which the original class of men reappear and often from the old localities. Thus, it would be no surprise to find the octave to Franklin Pierce in New Hampshire—a man, perhaps his opposite—a man, instead of catering to old prejudices, may seek to educate the Southern mind out of them. But should the Vice-President be taken from Alabama, as Mr. King was, it might be well to consider the probabilities in his case, for while nothing is more certain than death and taxation, yet a man intended for high position should be strong enough to bear the strain of it.

The same peculiarity is seen in the order of the British monarchy. The Stuart dynasty came to grief on the seventh James (James II. of England). But lest that should be regarded as an old superstition, let us go backward from Queen Victoria, thus:

1. Victoria.	William III and Mary	Mary.
2. William IV.	James II.	Edward VI.
3. George IV.	Charles II.	Henry VIII.
4. George III.	Cromwell.	Henry VII. (Tudor)
5. George II.	Charles I.	Richard III.
6. George I.	James I.	Edward V.
7 Queen Anne.	Elizabeth.	Edward IV.

This is not regular historical division, for it is plain that Cromwell was the octave of Henry VIII. Nevertheless, there are other octaves not less definite. For example, from Bloody Mary to William and Mary, and from the latter to Victoria, who has thus the misfortune to inherit the bitterness of the conquest of Ireland under William of Orange, as well as the pledge of a Protestant succession consequent upon the revolution of 1688. It would follow that another revolution is at hand, or has actually occurred, and this would be a remarkable commentary upon the law of musical harmony were it not an actual and active force in nature, subduing all things unto itself.—*Boston Transcript.*

About Rats.

My wife tells me that the hired girl tells her that she saw a rat stick his tail in a bottle of California cherries preserved in heavy syrup. After the tail came out several rats licked it. The Kalamazoo story goes that the rats got the eggs up a long pair of stairs in the following way: A small rat hugged the egg with all fours. The expedition then took hold of his tail and he was pulled up the staircase. The Chicago fall and winter fashion is to suck the egg downstairs and wear the shell up to bed for a nightcap. Will any one tell me why a rat that could get into my house through an inch auger-hole will bite off from the side of my house a hole the size of a wash-boiler? I tried tar the other day. I heard, some ten years ago, that tar was good for the scalp. Next I heard it was good for rats. It is. It appears to make them happier. They will not enter a wooden trap. As the store clerk would say, the wooden trap was not popular with them. But the wire "fixing" that goes through their gills as they come through the hole seems to be an invention of considerable danger to rats. The real way to catch them, though, is in the cage. I have seen seven in one cage, all caught between midnight and morning. Nine years ago I poisoned all the rats in my block. They died under my back parlor floor. This regrettable episode has caused me to join the Cruelty to Animals Society, and I take a far more merciful view of the rat question. The life of a rat is a sacred thing to me, so far as poison is concerned —*Chicago Evening Journal.*

The Storm in England.

A London cable says: The British telegraph service, which suffered so severely from the storm of Saturday, the 26th ult., has not yet been completely restored to working order The destruction of wires was the most serious that has occurred since the Government acquired the service sixteen years ago. The strongest poles were in many cases dragged out of the ground and hurled over hedges into adjacent fields. The Great Western Railway Company is among the heaviest sufferers; the interruption to the wires along its line is general.

Over 300 Royal Engineers are assisting the post office authorities and the railway companies in the restoration of the system. The lines are now open to Beachyhead and Lowestoft, by which communication has been resumed with France, Germany, Holland and Belgium, and the Submarine Company's wires have been improved. The total damage is unknown; but it must amount to many thousand pounds.

Father, you seem to forget that you were a young gentleman yourself once."

MONTREAL'S population is now said to be over 190,000.

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

Canadian Mort. Company,

(LIMITED.)

HEAD OFFICE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND CHAMBERS!

18 King Street West, Toronto.

Money to Lend

ON THE

Straight Loan System, Lowest rate of Interest, Moderate Expenses, No Fines.

MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED!

BORROWERS can arrange to have their payments become due the first of any month in the year, pay their principal yearly if they choose. Interest only charged on unpaid principal. If you borrow $1000 and pay the Company $100 of principal back the next year, you only pay interest on $900---All other amounts on same basis.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is directed to parties having Mortgages now with this Company and becoming due, that they will find it to their advantage to consult our valuators or wrlte the Company before renewing elsewhere. Our rates of Interest will always be found as low as any other Company in Canada, besides the costs of a renewal is only a small item compared with removing your loan into a New Company.

OUR MOTTO.—Do business on business principals. Lend on good Security at Current rates. Arrange terms to suit our borrowers.

J. W. Henderson, INSPECTOR.

Osler & Hammond, MANAGERS.

For Loans or further particulars write the Company, at Toronto, or see any of the undermentioned Valuators.

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	-	Flesherton	J. HENDERSON, Esq.,	-	Feversham
WM. LUCAS, "	-	Markdale	C. C. JAMES, "	-	Priceville
D. JACKSON, "	-	Durham	G. RUTHERFORD, "	-	Shelburne
WM. MILNE, "	-	Maxwell	JOHN STINSON, "	-	Singhampton

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 292. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. JANUARY 20, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inepect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

T:t-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Collingwood has a mock parliament.

CARPET WEAVING DONE BY N. CAMPBELL, FLESHERTON.

Mr. Peter Munshaw, of this town, lost a valuable horse week before last.

The *Grey Review* has passed another milestone in its existence.

I get my flour and feed from G. Keefer, Flesherton. It pays me.

BOOTS & SHOES SELLING OFF CHEAP AT W. CLAYTON'S.

The recount in North Grey gave Mr. Creighton a majority of 18. Good. Suppose they have another.

Our popular young friend, Mr. Thos. Clayton, is now travelling for a well known Toronto house.

The Markdale *Standard* is now in its seventh year. Its proprietor is a gentleman and has our best wishes.

FOR SALE.—Team of first-class young Mares for sale. Apply Samuel Wauchob, Proton Station P.O.

One thousand tons of honey, valued at $250,000 is the product of the beehives of Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. W. A. Brown, Jeweller, Markdale, has a new advertisement in this week's paper.

Rev. Mr. Corcoran, Methodist minister, Eugenia, was recently elected District Orange Master of Artemesia.

Great clearing sale at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale, commencing Jan. 22nd, and continuing for 80 days.

The Flesherton Medical Hall is to the front again with an interesting column announcement. Read it.

And now Flesherton is said to have a hankering after incorporation. Dundalk has set an awful bad example!

On Monday evening next Prof. Morgan and Fairy will give a grand concert in the Town Hall, Flesherton, for purpose of organizing singing class. Silver collection

WANTED.—Boss Shoemaker, to take charge of Country Shop. Married man preferred. Apply at once to

R. P. LEGATE, Flesherton, Ont.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It prevents the accumulation of dandruff, cleanses the scalp, and restores a natural color to gray hair. Have you received Ayer's Almanac for the new year?

Where were those handsome Photographs taken? At Bulmer's photograph gallery, Flesherton to be sure—where else could you get such beauties.

The editor of the Dundalk *Herald* has got the mumps. He's inflated because Dundalk has got a Council of its own now. N.B.—Positively no joke.

Mr. Damude's "Money to Loan" advt. did not appear in last week's paper, but it was the printer's fault. Mr. D. is lending money cheaper than ever.

"I do the trade." Oct., Nov., Dec. '86, sold 18 spring weight Clocks and 12 gold and silver Watches. Prices draw trade. W. A. Brown, Markdale.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Duncan Heron, of Maxwell. Deceased was widely known and universally respected.

Don't forget to go to J. G. Anderson's great clearing sale, Markdale, and secure some of the great bargains now offered.

A. McGirr, Esq., of Feversham—Reeve of Osprey—is an issuer of Marriage Licenses. See card advt elsewhere.

The Collegiate Institute opened on Monday with the largest attendance that it ever had at the beginning of any term.—Collingwood *Bulletin*.

Mr. J. G. Keefer, of Forest—formerly of the ADVANCE office—is a delegate to the Grand Council, R. T. of T., which meets in St. Thomas on the 8th February next.

"My dear, said a testy wife to her husband, "I never stand upon cermony." "It would be bad for ceremony if you did," said hubby, glancing furtively at her No. 5's.

Mr. Wm. Wilson possesses a fine specimen of the English linnet, which he brought from the old country some few months ago. He is also the possessor of a dog which can smoke.

"Does hanging prevent murder?', is a question which agitates an English state. You bet it does. Cases are very rare where a man commits murder after he has been hanged once or twice.

Mr. J. R. Keefer, third son of Mr. Geo. Keefer, Flesherton, has secured a good position as operator on the C.P.R. at Gravel River. We wish friend Jim all success.

The business man who wishes to see his shop or store thronged with good customers will wisely advertise in THE ADVANCE, and thereby reach the better class of customers.

The village fathers this year are Messrs. A. McGill, Richard Green and John McDonald. They are all big men and big things are expected of them.—*Chatsworth News.*

"I am so well known," said Arthuh Smallhead, "that I always sign my notes, aw, A. S." "Yes," said Sobersides Simpkins, "that's two-thirds of you anyway."

The Owen Sound *Advertiser* has entered its twenty-fifth year, and has the appearance of a prosperous, well-fed and smart youth. The only thing wrong about it is its politics—too extreme.

Quite a number of Fleshertonians took in the Priceville skating carnival on Friday night last. James Mosier, of this town, won the three mile race in brilliant style and carried off the handsome gold cuff buttons.

Those desiring to purchase extra copies of THE ADVANCE at any time will do well to come to the office on Thursday, or drop us a post card before day of issue, as the extra papers issued by us every week sell very rapidly.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold at Medical Hall.

Bring a cord and a quarter of good green hard-wood and get THE ADVANCE for one year. No other paper in the county has so much local and general news as is to be found in this issue of THE ADVANCE.

Mr. Will Henrick, late with M. Richardson & Co. here, has secured a good situation in a Toronto wholesale house. Mr. Henrick was one of our most popular young men, and carries the best wishes of the community with him.

Mr. Jas. G. Russell attempted to drive to Inistioge last Friday. Three or four upsets induced Mr. R. to postpone the intended trip indefinitely. No use trying to argue with snow-drifts—unless you've got wings and can fly over them!

Members of the Methodist choir were feasted in grand style last Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clayton, of this town. Once every year the members of that organization spend an evening with the esteemed lady and gentleman just named.

The following gentlemen will be elected to represent the county of Grey in the House of Commons on the 22nd February, viz., Dr. Jamison, South Grey; Dr. Sproule, East Grey; Jas. Masson, Esq. Q. C., North Grey. The Thornbury "Spoopendyke" is asked to cut this paragraph out and paste it in his knot hole for reference.

When the eyes become weak or the lids inflamed and sore, a disordered system or a scrofulous condition of the blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy. It invigorates and vitalizes the blood and expels all humors.

"Mr. Geo. J. Bennett, news editor of the Toronto "Evening Telegram," who is also Grand Registrar of the Grand Lodge of Canada, A.F. & A.M., has just issued "The Freemason's Pocket Book, Diary and Calendar for 1887." It is a comprehensive guide to the Grand and Subordinate Lodges of the Dominion and may be correctly termed the Masonic "Enquire Within." No Mason should be without it. The book comprizes nearly 300 pages of useful matter elegantly encased in leather, gilt edges and costs but 75 cents."

Special Religious Services.

Special religious services are being held in the Methodist church here every night in the week except Saturday. On Sunday evening last Rev. Mr. Ayers preached a stirring sermon, his remarks being based upon the cleansing of the leprosy of the distinguished Syrian commander, Naaman. At the close five persons stood up in the congregation for prayer. A rousing and very interesting prayer meeting followed. The special services will be continued all this week and perhaps longer.

Entrance Examination.

Three pupils from the Flesherton Public Schools passed the recent Entrance Examinations, viz., Miss Annie Richardson, Miss Lizzie Richardson and Miss Lizzie Swanton. No less than 15 pupils from Artemesia were successful—the best showing of any Township in the County.

Elected Reeve 41 Times.

Mr. Charles Girvin was on January 3rd elected Reeve of West Wawanosh, Huron county, for the forty-first time. Among those who voted for him were two men who voted for him forty years ago.

Note a few of the bargains to be offered at J. G. Anderson's clearing sale:

1 case Ladies' Button Boots	at	$1.00.	
1 " Women's lace	"	95.	
1 " Mens long	"	1.50.	
Mens Tweed Suits from	$4.75	up.	
" " Overcoats "	4.00	"	
" Black Worsted Suits from	6.75	"	

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold at Medical Hall.

SUDDEN DEATH!

The Sad and Sudden Demise of Mr. Archibald Elliott.

Rarely have we taken up the pen with feelings of more profound sorrow than at this moment, when it is our sad lot to chronicle the death of one of the most gifted of our county agriculturists—Mr. Archibald Elliott, of Artemesia. The news of his untimely and sudden demise was brought to Flesherton on Saturday morning last, and we are safe in saying that it is many months since our townspeople have received such a severe shock. A great many could scarcely bring themselves to believe the report was correct, until the sad tidings were at length confirmed beyond the shadow of doubt, when the expressions of sorrow and sympathy were universal.

As nearly as can be learned at time of writing, the facts in connection with the demise of Mr. Elliott are as follows:—He was in Markdale on Thursday. He appeared to be in his usual good health. Suddenly, some time in the afternoon, he fell in a deathlike swoon or faint being restored to consciousness, sympathising acquaintances tenderly placed him in a vehicle for the purpose of bringing him to the earthly home he was destined nevermore to see in this life. But a short space of the distance between the village and his home had been travelled when Mr. Elliott again became unconscious. Not deeming it prudent to continue the journey under such distressing circumstances, the dying man was carefully brought to the residence of his brother in-law, Mr. Walker, on the outskirts of the village. Dr. Sproule was then hastily summoned, and, arriving shortly afterwards, made an examination, when he informed the patient that if he had any affairs to settle they should be attended to as soon as possible, for he had only a short time to live. The dying man then summoned the members of his household to his bedside, and about midnight on Friday, Jan. 14th,—some thirty hours after the first severe attack of illness—he passed quietly away to his eternal rest. On Sunday afternoon last the remains of deceased were borne to the church of England cemetery, Markdale, and lowered to their last resting place. The obsequies were conducted by the Orange brotherhood—of which deceased was a very highly esteemed member—Rev. Mr. Ward officiating. Over one hundred Orangemen were present. The funeral *cortege* was the largest ever seen in this section of the country, and was proceeded by the Flesherton Band, which played the "Dead March in Saul."

The late Mr. Elliott was for many years a most energetic and intelligent representative of Ward No. 2 at Artemesia County Council Board. As a public speaker he had few equals in the county—indeed we have known M. P. P's. who were not to be compared with him for an instant in real oratorical abilities. He was neither wordy or violent in declamation; but presented his thoughts on the various topics briefly and clearly: and although uttered in calm, almost measured, tones, they possessed much force. Although we had not a close acquaintance with him, we believe deceased was a gentlemen of generous impulses and fired with a laudable ambition to benefit his follow-men wherever and whenever possible. We also believe that he was a sincere and earnest Christian—one of those kind of men who believe—and live up to their belief—that

"Religion is the life: and
The life of religion is to do good."

He died in the prime of life. From all appearances, the ordinary observer would have said his chances to attain unto a ripe old age were good. On Thursday he seemed to be in good health. On Friday he was dead. As he was treated for heart disease many years ago, it is probable this was the cause of his lamentably early and sudden death. Truly "in the midst of life we are in death."

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold at Medical Hall.

Still Leading the Trade!

RUSSELL!

The Noted Jewelry Man, Flesherton, is Still Leading the Trade

IN FINE GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

New Goods arriving every weeek. Our Winter Stock of Silverware, Violins and Fancy Goods have arrived, and are selling fast at the Low Prices. Any one in need of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of all Kinds, Spectacles, Silverware, Fancy Goods, Violins, Pipes, Purses, Razors, &c., will do well to call at RUSSELL'S, Flesherton.

All Watches warranted from 2½ to 5 years; Clocks from 1 to 3 years. Watch Repairing a Specialty, and a perfect job guaranteed every time, at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

Flesherton.

A BLASPHEMER'S WISH.

A Man Curses His Creator and Hopes that God Will Paralyze Him, When His Desire is at Once Gratified.

A Douglas, Ga., despatch says: "I hope that God may paralyze me," were the words spoken by William Burklett. At once his hands dropped to his side, his legs refused to move, and his eyes rolled wildly around. His prayer was answered, and he stood paralyzed on the spot where, but a few moments before, he was a magnificent type of physical manhood. He tried to speak, but his tongue would not move. Half a dozen men who were present were rendered motionless by the evident visitation of the hand of God. When they recovered self-possession they tenderly moved the afflicted man to his residence, a half mile distant. When Miss Rhody Burklett saw the plight in which her father was brought home she screamed and fainted, and died a few days after. For many years Mr. Burklett had been the ferryman at the Hankinsville road crossing of the Ocmulgee river. He was of giant physique, with long gray locks, and became especially noted because of the brace of revolvers which he kept strapped to his waist. He was a great hunter and, the ferry being in the midst of a swamp, he was convenient to an abundance of game. From those who lived around him it is learned that he was very profane whenever he sighted game and was called away from it by alarm from the ferry. He would pour out such a volley of oaths as would make the flesh of ordinary men crawl. It was in one of these profane spells that he cursed his Creator and wound up with the expression above quoted. The news soon spread through the county, and scores of people called to see the victim. He was at first completely prostrated, but subsequently was enabled to take a few steps, when he would fall. When spoken to he replies in an inarticulate mumble, and acts in a most idiotic manner. The physicians can ascribe no natural cause for his affliction, but admit it is a visitation of God. The preachers in the neighborhood have used the incident in their sermons with great effect.

DID HE "DIE" FOR THE INSURANCE?

An Interesting Case for Members of Friendly Societies.

(Toronto World.)

Probably the most interesting case to be tried at the forthcoming York Assizes is that of the heirs-at-law of Samuel Dunseath against the Ancient Order of United Workmen. Dunseath was a member of the Order, living in the neighborhood of Orangeville. Early in January, 1886, he left home, ostensibly for Dakota, having previously insured his life for $20,000, distributed among several companies. On January 15th Dunseath, with two companions, boarded the ferry steamer Victoria at Windsor and crossed to Detroit. When the boat reached its dock the men did not land with the other passengers, and a minute after the crowd was ashore Dunseath's companions raised the alarm that he had fallen overboard. They say that he was sick and while retching fell over the rail. Dunseath's friends gave their names as James Carson and Gallagher. They did not seem to be very anxious about recovering the body, and after crossing to Windsor the two disappeared. The Detroit police and ferry authorities looked the case up and satisfied themselves that it was a hoax. Nothing has since been seen of Dunseath's body, although diligent search was made for it. The A.O.U.W. Order now resist payment of the $2,000 due to the heirs of deceased members on the ground that Dunseath is not really dead, but that his disappearance is part of a scheme to obtain the money under false pretences. The insurance companies will also contest the claims of the heirs-at-law. Witnesses will be brought from Windsor and Detroit.

A CHEAP WIFE.

Inquiries Into a Murder Case Disclose a Business Transaction.

A Hartford, Conn., despatch says: Letters written by Mrs. Julia Lynch to William Warner, who shot her in cold blood at her mother's house in Newton on Thursday, December 23rd, have been made public. They show that Warner and Mrs. Lynch used to meet at Mrs. Fred. Lovejoy's in Bridgeport, where the plan for separating from her husband so as to marry Warner was matured. She seems to have been very jealous of his attentions to other women and reproves him for his conduct in this particular. She also dwells on the alms she received from her husband, and says his ill-usage caused her to hate him. This was found among Warner's papers:

"Dec. 30, 1885.

"This is to certify that I sell my wife, Ella Lynch, with my free will to Wm. H. Rowell, jun., for the sum of 10 cents.

"JAMES LYNCH.

"Witness, George W. Peet, Stepheny, Conn."

Lynch is the husband of the woman whom Warner murdered.

Death of the Living Skeleton.

A Chicago despatch says: Isaac Sprague, the "Living Skeleton," died here yesterday. He was born in Bridgewater, Mass., and was quite healthy until his twelfth year, when he caught a cramp while swimming, fell sick, and lost flesh, until he weighed only forty-six pounds. Barnum took him all over the United States, Canada and England. He was married and the father of three robust children.

Praying for Her Recovery.

A Chicago, Ill., telegram says: Farwell Hall was crowded to-day by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who, led by Miss Frances E. Willard, prayed earnestly for the recovery of Mrs. Carse, the President of the Union, who is lying dangerously ill at her home on the West Side.

One of the leading questions in New York city now is whether people who reside in rented houses should be considered as "of society."

Abigail C. Garrett, who has just been granted a divorce from her husband in Cincinnati, is but 21 years old now, yet she has four children, and has been married seven years. Her husband was 35 when he induced the child to marry him.

A DREADFUL CONFESSION.

How One Young Man Murdered and Chopped up the Body of Another Young Man.

A last (Thursday) night's Boston despatch says: Edward Newlin, arrested in Boston in connection with the Lexington murder, yesterday morning made a full confession. Newlin killed young Codman at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning by stabbing him in the back of the neck with a carving knife. The deed was done in Codman's own stable. Later in the day he cut the clothes off the body, chopping off the left leg and right arm, and started with the corpse in his pung for the country. At the spot in Lexington where the head and arm were found he dropped the head in the middle of the road and threw the arm out. He returned to Somerville at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning. Newlin states that after driving a while he began to realize the enormity of his crime and became frightened. His fears worked so much upon him that when he came to a lonely part of the road and was free from observation he took the body out of the pung, and, half frenzied by fear, seized his axe, chopped the head off, and mashed the face of the dead man until he thought it was unrecognizable. He then threw the head and arm over the wall, returned to the road, lifted the body into the pung and started again. After driving about a mile and a half he again alighted, and taking the body threw it in the shrubbery where it was found. Evidences of the crime were found when the police searched the stable. Behind a closet was found a box containing a bloody mass of flesh and gore. The murderer, James Edward Newlin, is a handsome young fellow, a little over 17 years old, and is very intelligent looking. He is one of four brothers who reside in Somerville. While nothing really bad is known of the boys, they have the reputation of being hot-blooded and wild, the father of the family, it is stated, being himself in a penitentiary in the provinces.

DEATH WAS HER BRIDEGROOM.

Sudden Demise of a Bride Elect who Saw Her Dead Body in a Dream.

A Pittsburgh, Pa., despatch says: The sudden death of Miss Fannie Barckley, of Bedford avenue, after a brief illness, and while preparations were going rapidly forward for her approaching marriage to a well known young business man of this city, presents a case in which death was foreshadowed or caused by a dream. About six weeks ago Miss Barckley had a dream, in which she saw her dead body laid out in a beautiful casket, amid flowers, and surrounded by her sorrowing friends. This dream she solemnly narrated to her father and mother, and said that it was a warning that she would soon die. At the time she was in the best of health and looking forward with happy anticipations to her wedding day, which was not far distant. The belief inspired by the dream seemed to grow upon her, and, notwithstanding the efforts of friends, she seemed unable to shake it off. About a week ago she was taken ill, and then declared that it was her last sickness, although it was not known that her illness was of a serious character. Whether it was brain fever or typhoid fever which caused her death seems to be a question of doubt, but during all her illness she refused to be encouraged and said that she would surely die. She died on Tuesday, and to-day her remains were laid away in Allegheny Cemetery.

TERRIBLE MUTILATION OF A BODY.

Discovery of the Remains of a Murdered Man Scattered on a Farm.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: A bundle of bloody clothing was found on Tuesday in Lexington. Yesterday farmer Brooks discovered near the place the head of a man which had been severed from the body, and near it other portions of a body covered by snow. The head was gashed and distorted by terrible wounds. It had evidently been chopped from the body with a dull axe. About a mile from where the head and arm were found the investigators discovered in a deep gully a mutilated trunk. It was naked, and deep cuts on the hip and leg indicated the intention of the murderers to sever the left limb as they had the right, which had been rudely chopped off at the thigh. The features were those of a hard-working man. The Somerville Police have received information which indicates that the disfigured remains are those of George A. Codman. Codman was a young unmarried man, and carried on a milk business in Somerville. There is little doubt that the victim was killed by a terrible blow on the back of the neck with an axe and then chopped to pieces as found. The right leg, which was hacked off, has not yet been discovered.

The Winnipeg Mayoralty.

A Winnipeg telegram says: The official declaration of the mayoralty re-count was made to-day, giving Jones the seat with a majority of five. There is a good deal of trouble here over the settlement of disputes arising out of bets on the contest. Many bets were paid on the returning-officer's decision, which was in favor of Mr. Pearson, but now that the County Judge has counted Mr. Jones in the supporters of the latter are demanding the money. The Pearson men say that so far as bets are concerned the declaration of the returning-officer is final.

A Prairie Snow Boat.

A Grand Forks, Dak., despatch says: A party of pleasure seekers left the city for a trip over the prairie in a snow boat, invented by Dr. H. W. Wheeler. The boat will accommodate twenty persons, and is comfortably fitted out and wonderfully constructed. They started out from North Third street, and in less than one hour had reached a village twenty-one miles out. They claim that in a good wind it will make thirty miles per hour.

In New York city there is said to be 8,600 families who receive help from charitable associations and the city.

The Rutland *Herald* tells of a young man that went into a drug store in that town, and asked for some rock and rye without any rock.

Court B. Cunley is one of the most popular tobacconists in Poughkeepsie, because he displays this sign and lives by it: "No Cigarettes Sold to Boys."

ANOINTING WITH OIL,

Public Faith Healing Convention Giving Practical Demonstrations of the Work.

A Reading, Pa., despatch says: Very odd and novel scenes were witnessed here to-night at a public healing meeting held by the Union Christian Convention in Faith Chapel of the Mennonite Brethren. Rev. Dr. Thomas Anderson, during the day, publicly announced that all the sick in Reading, who could possibly venture out through the snow storm, should come and be publicly healed by faith. In answer to this a large number of believers filled the chapel. Dr. Anderson emphatically proclaimed that when the Lord said anything He meant it, and he quoted the Scriptural passage: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

Rev. F. L. Haas, of Philadelphia, conducted the faith cure meeting. He said: "We place the hand on the head in this way and anoint the person with oil in the name of the Lord and pray over him. We can quote many passages of Scripture to show faith cures, and we can also point to living examples. Last week a person in Wilmington was cured of an abscess of the heart. A woman in Philadelphia who had a complication of diseases nine years, and was treated by nine doctors without any benefit, was cured instantaneously four years ago, and she is now as stout and hearty as any woman living. We prayed over her an hour and ten minutes, when the power came down and struck her on the head, and passed through her body and all her limbs and healed her immediately."

Quite a number were publicly anointed with oil to-night and were prayed over, and the clergymen say the meeting was very successful.

A PERILOUS CRUISE

Twenty-Three Miles Down the Ohio on a Cake of Ice.

A Louisville, Ky., telegram says: John Grigsby, the 19-year-old son of E. H. Grigsby, went skating last evening with a party of friends on the Ohio River at Westport, a town about twenty-five miles up the river from here. He ventured too near the outer edge of the ice, when a great cracking was heard, and the portion upon which he was standing broke loose and floated away. It was impossible for a skiff to be pushed into the great, grinding cakes. His companions ran and informed Mr. Grigsby of his perilous position. The latter immediately saddled a horse and overtook the young man about three miles down the river. The cake was only about one hundred yards from the shore. Mr. Grigsby followed it down to within two miles of this city, a distance of twenty-three miles, when he gave two fishermen $10 each to go out in a skiff and rescue the boy. With much difficulty they did so and brought the young man safe to shore. He was almost frozen and nearly scared to death.

Latest from the Northwest.

Since the winter set in there has not been one hour's delay on the Western Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway caused by snow. Splendid warm weather is reported from the C. P. R. west to the Rockies.

It is rumored that Mr. Hughes, of Brandon, will be appointed Chief of the Provincial Police, *vice* Constantine.

The Half-breed Commission will hold sittings at several points in Westbourne County this month.

The mayoralty re-count was commenced to-day before Judge Ardagh, but was not finished. Mr. Pearson's majority of six has been reduced to three so far.

The recount of the votes cast in the Mayoralty contest closed this morning. The result converts Ald. Pearson's supposed majority of six into a minority of five. Judge Ardagh declared Ald. Jones elected, and there is great rejoicing among the friends of the latter. The case may still go to a higher court.

Turned Out of Doors in Midwinter.

A Westerly, R. I., despatch says: Many of the strikers at the Moss Manufacturing Company's works are being turned out of the tenements owned by the company. W. C. King, a weaver, who did not strike, has also been turned out of his tenement because, according to his story, he refused to turn his boy, who is a Knight of Labor, out of his home. He says he has spent much money and time beautifying the house, and has always been faithful to the interests of the company. There is a great deal of suffering among the evicted tenants. The Whipple family was turned out in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, and old Mr. Whipple, who is dying with consumption, was carried out to the waggon in a blanket. Public sentiment does not justify the company's treatment of its striking workmen.

Competition in Wheat.

A Paris cable says: M. Lockroy, Minister of Commerce, announces that wheat of excellent quality and superior weight has been exported for the first time by Russia from the Caucusus. Large cargoes of this wheat, M. Lockroy says, have been sent to Odessa across the Black Sea from the ports of Potia and Batoum, destined for the Adriatic and the English Channel.

A Melbourne cable says: The wheat harvest in Victoria is 12,000,000 bushels, an average of 12 bushels per acre. The exportable excess is 150,000 tons, or 60,000 tons over that of the preceding year.

Afraid of Her Pastor.

"However did you get the heels all scraped off your shoes?" asked Cora.

"I was at a tobogganing party last night," replied Mamie.

"And didn't you know what to do with your feet?"

"Why, of course I did," was the scornful response; "but the gentleman in front of me was a minister, and I thought he might be offended if I put them in his lap."

Richmond, Va., has sent a deputation to Baltimore, Md., to be taught how to execute a criminal.

A Mexican girl becomes a mere piece of household property when she marries. When an American girl marries a Mexican, however, it is different. The husband is then classed as furniture.

BATTLING WITH THE WAVES.

Twenty-Seven of a Crew and Their Would be Rescuers Engulphed in the Angry Billows—Thrilling Scene at a Shipwreck.

A last Saturday night's Norfolk, Va., despatch says: A ship was driven on the Virginia coast at 2 o'clock this morning near the Little Island Life-Saving Station, fourteen miles south of Cape Henry. Not less than twenty, and probably more, lives were lost, among them five life-saving men, who, in the discharge of their duty, were drowned. The morning was bitterly cold and a blinding snowstorm prevailed, with the wind blowing a gale from the northeast. During a lull in the storm the life-saving patrol from Little Island Life-Saving Station sighted a large ship stranded on the bar about eight hundred yards from the shore. In a little while crews from the Little Island and Dam Neck Stations, with life-boats and apparatus, were abreast of the wreck, and the boom of a mortar announced that a line had been shot out to the ill-fated vessel. The shot was unsuccessful, and a second one fired with like results. After firing six unsuccessful shots the life-saving men determined to brave the furious sea and the death which seemed certain to await their venture. The men gave way with a will, and in a moment both boats were breasting the furious waves. They reached the ship in safety, and five of the ship's crew were taken in a lifeboat and ten in a ship's boat which was launched for the purpose. The boats were headed for the shore and not a word was spoken, for each man realized the awful peril which surrounded them. With a steady pull the two boats were making good headway for shore, when a wave of great power struck both boats, capsizing them instantly and pitching their twenty-two occupants into the boiling sea. Then began a desperate struggle for life, and with many of the men it was a prolonged one The horrified life-savers on the beach were powerless to assist their drowning comrades or the unfortunate strangers. The drowning men were carried southward by the seas, and some of them were washed ashore. As they came within reach they were picked up, and endeavors were made to revive them, which in two instances were successful, although one of the two is badly injured. The vessel is the German ship Elizabeth, Capt. Halberstadt, from Hamburg to Baltimor , and not one of her crew survives her wreck. Her cargo is unknown, as the high seas have thus far prevented any attempt to reach her. It is thought she is leaking badly, and at sunset her masts were thought to be giving way. Of the life-saving crew the following were lost: Able Belanza, captain of No. 4, known as Little Island; J. W. Land, same station; Geo. W. Stone, same; J. A. Belanza, of Dam Neck Station, and the brother of Abel; Joseph Spartley, of Dam Neck. John Etheridge and Frank Belfore, of No. 4 Station, were washed ashore and resuscitated, but Etheridge is so badly injured that it is thought he cannot survive.

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. — Latest particulars from the wreck of the ship Elizabeth put the number of the crew at 22 instead of 15, not a man of whom was saved. This fact is learned from the two men of the life-saving crew who survive, and who recovered consciousness to-day. The bodies of the five men of the life-saving crew and four of the ship's crew, which were recovered yesterday, were in life-preservers, and three more of the ship's crew without life-preservers were picked up lower down the coast this morning. A body, which has been identified as that of the captain, is among those recovered. This evening the masts of the ship were still standing, though the sea was breaking over her violently.

A Great Night at Sandringham.

A King's Lynn, Norfolk, cablegram says: The Prince of Wales' great dramatic fete has just ended. It presented a fair turn of the tables. His Royal Highness often visited the Criterion Theatre to see Charles Wyndham. Now Charles Wyndham has visited Sandringham with his whole company, working staff and scenery and performed in the play of "David Garrick." The great hall of the Prince's country seat, which has been so often described as overlooking three hundred acres of park, had been transformed by Mr. Wyndham into a theatre, with stall chairs and a stage three feet high. The Criterion orchestra was in an adjoining corridor. In an extemporized private box sat the royalties. The Prince had been entertaining a large company of celebrities for the whole week. Many had been specially invited for the evening, the auditors numbering about two hundred. When the curtain rose at the appointed time—two hours before midnight—the scene of magnificent toilets in the audience of celebrities must have to the performers outdazzled the brilliancy of the scenery surrounding them. The royal box was distinguished by crimson velvet chairs. Then came rows of chairs upholstered in blue. Next were long rows of fauteuils. The audience was generally seated when General Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller of the Household, entered as herald, followed by members of the royal family. The Princess of Wales walked in in a stately manner, dressed in a ruby velvet robe and wearing a diamond tiara. With her was the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), who wore white satin and pearls. The two young Princesses, daughters of the host and hostess, followed, both wearing pale blue silk. At the rear of the hall stood many of the servants, presenting a background of little white muslin caps worn by the women, alternating with the scarlet livery of the men retainers. All the guests stood until the Prince was seated. He wore the usual evening dress, but sported decorations.

After the close of the play, the orchestra having given the national anthem, Wyndham and the principal performers mingled with the audience, receiving the congratulations of the Prince and his guests. Then came cold drives through snow a foot deep to the Globe Hotel in this village—Lynn-Regis—where once Eugene Aram walked to his doom.

Two young men were hunting in Shade Township, Pa., when a deer jumped up in front of them and made for a narrow opening in a ledge of rocks. Here it paused long enough for one of the boys to grab it by the hind legs and then the other came up and killed it.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SECT.

How Many Persons Were Duped into Supporting a Couple of Adventurers.

A London cablegram says: A serious dispute took place this week among a remarkable sect of religious fanatics who have their headquarters at Rochester, a city midway between Canterbury and London, which is famed for its cathedral and ruined castle. It was at Rochester, by the bye, where Henry VIII., of polygamous memory, met his fourth bride, the unloved Ann of Cleves, and it was at Rochester, also, that the immortal Mr. Pickwick fought his memorable duel. The sect above mentioned call themselves the new and latter "House of Israel," and they claim to be the remnant of the people of Israel, the 14,400 spoken of in the book of Revelation. The doctrine which they teach is that the members of the sect never die in the ordinary sense of the term, but that the body is preserved alive, and after being ultimately cleansed of blood, passes into the enjoyment of a first resurrection. They have had large additions to their membership, and have organized a considerable fund for the building of an immense temple on Chatham Hill. The final cost of this was to amount to $250,000, and $80,000 of this has already been raised and spent on the building. Contributions to the fund have been coming in at the rate of $50,000 per annum, and the congregation was in a highly prosperous condition. The leader was one Jezreel, who, strange to relate, died the other day in the ordinary fashion. This naturally upset a good many of his followers, and though his wife, upon whom the mantle of her husband fell, attempted various explanations of his sudden and unexpected departure for another world, there was a large contingent who could not be convinced that there was a mistake somewhere. Mme. Jezreel then proceeded to expel these heretics from the sect on the ground that they were not pillars of the Church. The quarrel thus made public has revealed much misery in many families at Rochester, where fathers, mothers and children had been misled and led astray by this most ridiculous of absurdities. One man of some prominence in the community deserted his wife and children and threw up a good position to join the sect, in connection with which he submitted himself to all sorts of humiliating offices. Jezreel appears to have been a sort of Brigham Young, except in the matter of marriage, and as he had the handling of all the moneys paid in, he and his wife looked upon it as a lucky venture. It is almost beyond belief that such a considerable number of men and women could be found in England, outside of lunatic asylums, to be thus duped.

THE INFANTA LANDS IN A DITCH,

And all Spain Grows Hysterical Over the Event.

A Madrid cable says: For several hours on Saturday night the city was excited over sensational reports that the Infanta Isabella, sister of the late King Alfonso, had been kidnapped and killed. The infanta had gone out in a carriage to follow the royal huntsmen in the Grado. She occupied her carriage alone, and was escorted by three aides. In a remote part of the great park the carriage broke down, throwing the infanta into a ditch. She was not hurt, although it was feared she was. It was deemed prudent for her to remain at the scene of the accident until assistance could be procured, and for this a lackey was despatched. Much time was lost. In the meantime the huntsmen had gone on a great distance before they missed their royal mistress, and when they discovered she was no longer with them they became greatly frightened and started a general alarm and began a noisy search. The prolonged absence of the infanta from the castle caused uneasiness there, and finally the police and troops were sent out in search of her. They heard the report which had been scattered by the frightened huntsmen and the whole country was subjected to a scouring, alarming the people and producing the most sensational stories. The lackey sent for assistance was slow and it was 10 o'clock at night before the royal carriage was found and the truth heralded about town. What added to the general consternation during the search for the infanta was the recollection of the recent conspiracy attributed to stock gamblers for stealing the royal babe and leaving the throne without an heir.

FOR THE GOVERNOR.

Alleged Negotiations to Provide His Excellency With a Montreal Residence.

A Montreal despatch says: At a meeting of the City Council this afternoon Ald. White moved that a committee be appointed to consider the advisability of procuring a permanent residence for the Governor-General and hoped that His Excellency would be induced to spend two or three months of the year here. The Chairman of the Finance Committee said that all the city could do would be to give the site on the mountain brow near the mansion of Sir H. Allan and let the citizens or the Government erect the mansion. It was found that an offer had been made for the residence of Mr. Alex. Buntin on Sherbrooke street. Upon that gentleman being questioned by a reporter he admitted that he had been approached by parties who he believed represented the Government and who had made an offer for his house. They want it furnished, he said, and they can get it, provided they give my price, which is in the vicinity of $80,000. It has been rumored that His Excellency had been offered and accepted the residence of H. M. Allan, but Mr. Allan states there is no truth in the story.

Lecturers consider Ohio to be the best State in the Union for their business.

A Maltese cat in Cheyenne, W. T., drives the cows to and from the pasture as good as a cowboy can.

Ferdinand Chovosanbergenstein is the name of a New York anarchist who was fined $10 last week for riotous behavior.

Macaulay objected to dogs as a check to conversation, but some people wouldn't have anything left to talk about if their dogs were taken away.

A Massachusetts woman has just completed a book entitled "How to Manage a Husband." But what concerns the great majority of Massachusetts women is how to get a husband.

We Owe No Man a Dollar.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife,
The wealth of our next door neighbor,
But bid me still be stout of heart,
And cheerfully follow my labor.
You must know, the last of those little debts
That have been our lingering sorrow
Is paid this night! So we'll both go forth
And shake hands with the world to-morrow!
Oh, the debtor is but a shame faced dog,
With the creditor's name on his collar;
While I am a king and you a queen,
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,
With his wife and his flaunting daughter,
While we sat down, at our coverless board,
To a crust and a cup of water.
I saw that the tear drop stood in your eye,
Though you tried your best to conceal it;
I know that the contrast reached your heart,
And I could not help but feel it;
But knowing now, that our scanty fare
Has freed my neck from the collar,
You'll join in my laugh, and help me shout
That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes,
In fact, is a wretched debtor;
I pity him oft, from my very heart,
And I wish that his lot were better.
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive,
For his dashing wife and daughter
Will live in style, though ruin should come,
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter.
But he feels it the tighter every day,
That terrible debtor's collar;
Oh, what would he give could he say with us
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more,
Within two hours I met him
Sneaking along with a frightened air,
As if a fiend had beset him.
Yet he fled from a very worthy man,
Whom I met with the grandest pleasure;
Whom I called by name and forced to stop,
Though he said he was not at leisure.
He held my last note, so I held him fast,
Till he freed my neck from the collar,
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said:
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force
Of the truths I've been repeating;
I knew that a downright honest heart
In that gentle breast was beating!
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength
To follow my daily labor;
But ere we sleep let us humbly pray
For our wretched next door neighbor;
And we pray for the time when all shall be free
From the weight of the debtor's collar;
When the poorest will lift his voice and cry:
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Kissing in Church.

Worshippers at the German Baptist Church on Fourteenth street, between First and Second avenues, were treated to a sensation yesterday morning. In the middle of the service a tall, slender, sallow-faced man of about 30 years rose in a pew in the centre aisle, clasped a young lady who sat next him by the waist, drew her face to his, and frantically embraced her. They were the only occupants of that pew. Other members of the congregation looked on amazed and inactive. The young lady screamed, but the man, not relaxing his grasp in the least, sent forth a succession of earsplitting shouts. The pastor, Rev. G. A. Schulte, who had suspended his sermon at the first outcry, left the pulpit and came down the aisle. When he tried to take the young man out of the pew he found he had a big contract on his hands. Others came to his assistance, and the lady was released. She immediately fainted from excitement and terror.

The pastor walked the young man up and down the aisle, exhorting him in soothing tones to calm himself. This treatment was unsuccessful, the man becoming more violent each moment. He was taken to the Seventeenth precinct station house on a stretcher, but when he got there it took several policemen to hold him down. He was evidently dangerously insane, and was sent to Bellevue hospital, where the surgeons consigned him to a padded cell.

Dr. Schulte, pastor of the church, says the young man has been a regular attendant there for several years. He is Cornelius Hendrickson, a clerk out of employment, living with a relative at No. 138 Essex street. His mind has been affected for a number of years, softening of the brain having resulted from an old sickness. He was hitherto mild and harmless in his demeanor. He was from home all Christmas Day and attended the Christmas night service at the church. Nothing out of the way was then observable in his conduct.—*New York Star.*

After They Found Out.

A Detroiter who was driving out on the Holden road the other day came to a spot where the snow was badly drifted on each side of the track just as a woman driving a horse and "pung" entered the other end of the cut. As they both held to the road their horses soon came head on and stopped.

"Why didn't you turn out?" shouted the man.

"Why didn't you?" replied the woman.

"I've got seven miles to drive, but I'll stay here all winter before I'll turn out!"

"And I've got five dozen eggs here, and I'll let them freeze as hard as rocks before I'll give an inch!"

The man dropped the lines, lighted a cigar and leaned back on his seat. The woman dropped her lines, lighted her pipe and wrapped the old buffalo robe around her feet. Thus they sat for eight minutes, when the man grew impatient and called:

"What's the price of hogs out your way?"

"Oh, you've got all the pork you want in your sleigh," she replied.

"I'm glad I'm a widower!"

"And I'm glad I'm a widder!"

"Eh? Are you a widow?"

"Sartin, and I own 225 acres of the best land in Greenfield. So you are a widower?"

"Yes'm. Madam, pray excuse me. I'll cheerfully turn out."

"Oh, don't mention it. I'm perfectly willing to haul into the snowbank."

"Ah! madam, allow me to hope that you will overlook my——"

"Oh, certainly. Fine weather ut rather cold. Good-bye."

"Good-bye madam. Wish you a safe journey."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Peaches and Persimmons.

In the New York market peaches are quoted at "$2 a dozen and very scarce." Among persons of moderate means peaches at that rate are always scarce. There is more solid comfort in a quart of persimmons at 25 cents a quart than in a peck of $2-a-dozen peaches.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Miss Mabel Wright is the latest discovered professional beauty in New York. She is described as the fairest blonde imaginable, with light hair, blue eyes, and exquisite color.

CURRENT TOPICS.

GEN. BOULANGER, French Minister of War, though his popularity is more civil than military, is a cause of uneasiness to Germany. He has taken no step to alarm any one so far. But as he says nothing, while devoting all his energies to the reorganization of the armies of France, his very silence is suspicious and makes his enemies uneasy.

EDITORIAL writers in various parts of the country are making the mistake of calling the recent Chancellor of the English Exchequer Lord Churchill. There is a Lord Churchill in the English peerage, but Lord Randolph Churchill is an entirely different person. Lord Churchill is only 22 and has never held a higher office than a page of honor to the Queen.

TAKE a back seat, all you Hamilton toboggan slides, please. Tuxedo has just put into operation the longest slide in America. The much-vaunted Montreal slide is 1,600 feet long, the one at Saratoga 1,600 feet, while the Tuxedo slide is over 4,000 feet from top to bottom, and the tobogganers go down the mile in half a minute. One man has broken his leg on it, too.

THE difficulty of sighting rifles in the dark in warfare has been ingeniously overcome by the use of luminous paint. A small luminous bead is clipped on to the rifle over the fore sight and another over the rear sight when used at night in reply to an enemy's fire, forming two luminous sights. The English War Office authorities have had some of these sights under trial for the past six months, and have now given their first order for some.

NOT many years ago the seeds of the cotton boll were thrown away. Now olive oil is made of it that the chemists cannot tell from the best Italian product, save by the freezing test. Oil cake is made from the refuse, and the husk is employed as fuel in the above processes. Even the ashes are made into the finest quality of toilet soap. If cotton isn't king, it is royally connected.

IT is high time to settle the year's outstanding accounts. He is a wise man who opens the new year free of debt. The wisdom of Micawber—not his folly—is most pertinent at present: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, nought and six; result, misery." If men would live within their incomes the United States and the prisons would see fewer of despairing faces.

THE usefulness of asphalt paper appears to be demonstrated by its constantly multiplying applications. In thin sheets it is found admirably adapted for wrapping silks or other fabrics that need protection from moisture, also for lining cases, packing boxes for pianos, etc., and, rolled up into pipes, for conveying water. Asphalt tubes are but one-fifth the weight of iron, will not rust, and are quite tough and strong; they are simply sheets of paper of a peculiar quality dipped in melted asphalt and then rolled upon a cylinder.

MADAGASCAR, until quite recently a barbarous country, whose dusky inhabitants displayed a taste for cannibalism and human sacrifices, is progressing with giant strides in the acquisition of what we are pleased to term civilization. Queen Ranavalo, having been given to understand that every respectable nation possesses a national debt, has just caused a Malagese loan of $3,000,000 to be floated at Paris, mortgaging the Customs revenue of six of her principal ports as security for the payment of the interest. The French are clever people, for it appears that of the $3,000,000, $2,000,000 are to be handed over to M. Grevy's Government in payment of the war indemnity; another half a million will probably be retained by the Paris financiers as commission and expenses incidental to the issue of the loan, and the National Treasury of Madagascar will obtain the balance—that is, if any remains.

AN interesting account is given by Mr. Richards, superintendent of the motive power of the Boston & Providence Railroad, of a visit made by him to the famous Krupp steel works at Essen. He saw a 10-ton crucible steel casting being poured, and an enormous 70-ton steel casting being very gradually cooled, the outside being warmed with coke fires until the inside has partly solidified, when the block is hammered into shape to form the main piece of an immense gun. The enormous array of furnaces in which the crucibles are heated and the perfect manner in which such a large number of men—in some cases as many as 800—all lift their 80-pound crucibles out of the furnaces and pour them into the mould in rapid succession is described as a wonderful sight. The scrupulous care bestowed upon the minutest detail was a noticeable feature about their manipulation of steel. If, after extended trials, a certain practice or proportion of ingredients has been found to give the best results, that practice is absolutely and exactly adhered to, nothing in the whole range of the vast operations of the establishment being left to mere possibilities.

MATTERS have been so arranged in connection with the restoration of the Scottish Parliament Hall, Edinburgh Castle—the cost of which is to be born by Mr. William Nelson—that the work will now be proceeded with. The building is a work of the fifteenth century—an entry in the Exchequer Rolls giving the date of construction as 1434—and is the same in which kings and nobles deliberated throughout the reigns of the Scottish Jameses and their successors, on to the time when in 1648 Cromwell was entertained there by the Earl of Leven. The works will comprise the cleaning and completion of the handsome hardwood roof, which is almost entire, the removal of the modern "garderobe" excresence on the south front, and the opening out and completion of the large windows on that elevation, where the original rybats are still visible. The private stair leading from the Hall to the kitchen on the lower floor, recently discovered by Major Gore Booth, constructed in the thickness of the west gable, will also be repaired; and it is understood that it is Mr. Nelson's intention to complete the Hall and fit it internally in a manner resembling what its original appearance must have been, so that when finished it will doubtless add much to the attractions of the venerable castle. The Hall, as is known, is at present occupied as a military hospital; but it is understood that an arrangement has been come to, under War Office sanction, whereby military patients from the castle—of whom at present there are only about a dozen—will be received into the Edinburgh Royal Asylum.

Clothes for Princess Beatrice's Baby.

For the exclusive benefit of lady readers, I publish the following details of the layette supplied for the infant prince. The bassinet is wicker, with the usual arched top, much the same as the one used for the Queen herself and her own children. It is covered with white satin, and over this is the finest book muslin, edged with a frilling of the same, bordered with Scotch embroidery worked on the muslin itself, with dots exquisitely embroidered in the centre of each. The under blankets are of the finest thick downy flannel, stitched all round and worked with a monogram that appears on everything, "R. N." (royal nursery), and the crown. The pillows and sheets are bordered with fluted muslin, edged with lace, and crisp bows of thick white satin ribbon are introduced on the bassinet here and there. The basket is of the new three-tier kind, most convenient for use, trimmed exactly to match, with satin and muslin and embroidered frilling. The tiny ivory brushes bear the "R. N." monogram and crown on black lettering on the back; the sponge bags are of white india-rubber cloth, drawn on white satin ribbon, the cushions trimmed with fine embroidery and lace. The bibs tied up in dozens with white satin ribbon, are of muslin completely covered with embroidery and edged with Valenciennes lace, and have the same monogram and crown finely wrought. There is not a space where a pin's point could be inserted that is not covered with embroidery. The lace veils are all of Honiton lace, of large size. The dresses made low, with long skirts, are of the finest muslin, with row upon row, reaching almost to the waist, of lace and work insertion, edged with Valenciennes, with robings down the front, just the same in form as the christening robe in which Her Majesty, as well as many of her own children, were christened. —*London Figaro.*

A Good Story Revamped.

"A country parson," in encountering a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the following:

A clergyman was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm and led him down to the forecastle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing you may know there is no danger."

He went back feeling better; but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted, he managed to stagger to the forecastle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as ever. "Mary," he said, as he crawled into his berth, to his sympathetic wife, after tacking across a wet deck, "Mary, *thank God they're swearing yet.*"—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

Wanted Them at the Old Price.

A very aged man from the southern portion of the county stepped into the county clerk's office on Saturday for the purpose of getting a license to marry for the sixth time in his checkered career.

"What's marriage license worth, Billy?" he asked of Clerk Hill.

"A dollar and a half," replied Mr. Hill.

"That's mighty steep. This is the sixth time I have had occasion to ask this question here, and I have always heretofore got license for $1, and I don't think you ought to raise the price on me in my old age."

"If a man would take six marriage licenses at one time he could get them at reduced rates, but when he takes them at long intervals, like you do, it only amounts to a retail business, and I have to charge retail rates."

Without saying more the old gentleman produced $1.50, and was served with a license with a red seal and blue ribbon.—*Dallas News.*

He Understood.

"But, father," she protested as the old man ceased speaking, "you do not seem to understand the case."

"Oh, but I do. Yor shall never marry William, even if he is my confidential clerk."

"Father, you——"

"That is all, Helen—say no more."

Four days later she wrote him from Toronto, saying: "Will and I arrived here safely, and were married at once. We have $60,000 of your money. Is all forgiven, or shall we settle down here?"

He telegraphed his forgiveness.—*N. Y. Wall Street News.*

Precocious Wisdom.

From the earliest age the children of the poor are initiated into the mysteries of pawning, and they look upon it as a recognized feature of every day life, says a London *News* correspondent. In an infant school in South London the other day the teacher was explaining to the children the parable of the prodigal son.

Said the teacher—And now all the prodigal son's clothes are gone and he has no food. What must he do?

To which a little girl, 3½ years old, immediately responded: "Why, pawn his little gal's boots and fings."

For a Returning Sinner.

Husband—My dear, that is a long motto you are working.

Wife—Yes, John.

He reads on it:

'While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.'

"Is it to be hung in the vestibule of the church, my dear?"

"No, John; I'll hang it on the chandelier in the hall."—*Harper's Bazar.*

While Patti was in Kansas City she visited the "points of interest." These consisted, commented the organ of a rival city, of three rendering establishments and a soap factory.

FASTER THAN THE WIND.

A Runaway Train on a Down Grade—Two Miles Per Minute.

Wm. Tillie, one of the men who were on board the train which met with the recent thrilling accident on the Canadian Pacific Railway, gives a graphic account of the disaster. Station Fields is at the bottom of Kicking Horse Pass grade. The track here ascends the mountain in a grade of four and one-half feet to the hundred for eight miles. Hector Station is at the top of the grade. The steepest part of the grade is about two miles from the top, where it is an inch to a foot. Each train has two engines, a small one going before and a large one behind. The large engine behind prevents any car becoming detached and rushing down the mountain side. As a further precaution there are, in the steepest part of the road, two miles apart, safety switches, which are left open, so that should any cars break loose they run off on to the switch, which slopes gradually up in the opposite direction. It was found necessary to divide the train, and the second section, composed of the second-class car and the baggage car, was being hauled to the top of the mountain when the coupling broke. There was no engine behind them and they went tearing down the mountain side at a fearful speed that was constantly increasing. It was very early in the morning and not yet daylight. There were about twenty passengers in the car. "It went through us like an electric shock," said Mr. Tillie, "when we felt that the train was detached, and every person on board supposed that his end had come. The conductor and brakemen in a second were at the brakes, but unfortunately for us the air-brakes were frozen stiff and the other brakes would not catch. It is impossible to describe the scene. There was hardly time to realize the awfulness of the danger which threatened us. Fear seemed to freeze every pulse. There was not a single cry or shout or any expression of emotion. The pace was terrific. It was like a flash of lightning. I can compare it to nothing else. One or two tried to rise, but the speed was so great that they could not stir off their seats. They seemed drawn to the seats, as a piece of steel to a huge magnet. Only one voice was heard to whisper, in a tone of absolute despair, "hang on," and each clung to his seat as a drowning man clings to a straw. The cars were swaying from side to side with a motion that felt like that of a cradle. It seemed an age, but it was in reality not a minute, from the time that the cars broke loose till they reached the switch upon which we had lain all night. Two miles in one minute! When we reached the switch it was half closed by the snow. Our car ran off on the switch, but the baggage car kept right on the main line. There was a 'crack!' we felt ourselves in mid-air, and then we were lying stunned and wounded in a mass of *debris* at the bottom of the hill among the rocks and stumps. It was not yet daylight, and darkness added to the horrors of our condition. The car was smashed to atoms."

Every person on board was more or less hurt, but only two died as a result of their injuries.

The Carpet Worm.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: "Last year I noticed inquiries innumerable for protection against the buffalo moth or carpet worm. Although my neighbors have suffered from its invasion to the extent of ruined carpets, clothing, etc., I have never, during my twenty years of house-keeping, had a moth of any description, and attribute my immunity entirely to the use of turpentine. After each of my carpets is well swept, it is at once gone over with the following mixture: To three quarts of pure, cold water, add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine. In this thoroughly saturate a sponge, squeeze about two-thirds dry, and go over each breadth separately and in all the corners. As soon as the water becomes soiled take a fresh supply. You will be surprised to see how beautifully it will clean your carpets, besides being one of the best disinfectants. My father, an eminent physician, had this always practiced in his family, and we were never troubled with fevers any more than with moths."

A Cautious Daughter.

Mrs. Peterby—Why did you cut an item out of the paper?

Miss Peterby—Because I want pa and the boys to swear off on New Year's.

Mrs. P—What's the item got to do with it?

Miss P—Its got a great deal to do with it. If they read that whisky is a sure remedy for the cholera they will never draw another sober breath.

Different.

Father (to rapid son)—My father never gave me money to spend for fast horses, opera tickets, late dinners, and the like.

Rapid Son—Oh, yes, but you forget that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—*Life.*

A train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, in charge of a new engineer and a new conductor, came to a place near Fulton, Ill., where several short tracks branched off from the main line. They wanted to go to Fulton, and did not know which track to take, so they hunted up a farmer and inquired.

The Duke of Westminster has sent £500 to a charitable institution in London. As the Duke receives over a million dollars a year in rents, and as the contribution was made up from the proceeds of the shilling entrance fees paid at Eaton Hall by strangers for the privilege of inspecting that new hall, the "Dook" is entitled to great credit for his generosity.

"Is it true that her father is so very wealthy?" said De Jones, referring to the daughter of a Wall street magnate. "I'm not sure, but I guess he must be," replied De Smithe, "for he has already failed three times."

Age cannot stale nor custom wither the infinite variety of Oliver Wendell Holmes' manner of handling the language of compliment. A Boston lady who sent him a bouquet of roses on Christmas received in return the following note: "Many thanks, dear Mrs. P——, for the beautiful roses; and if the gardens were as full of flowers as your heart is of kind feelings they would leave no room for sidewalks."

DIGESTION.

Is It Assisted by Chewing Gum and Sleeping After Meals?

The physiology of digestion, says a writer in "Science," has been so thoroughly investigated of late years that it would seem that there could be very little opportunity for difference of opinion on most of its leading principles, and yet we find that authorities are on some points very much at variance. We are told that nothing can be more prejudicial than the habit of chewing gum, supposed to be so common among school children. The salivary glands are unnaturally excited, and pour forth so much saliva in the act that when food is masticated they are not able to respond as fully as is necessary for the proper insalivation of the food. We are also informed that food should not be eaten just before retiring; that thoroughly refreshing sleep requires perfect repose of all the organs, and that, if we go to sleep with a more or less full stomach, sleep will be disturbed and unsatisfactory. The authorities of Amherst College evidently do not agree with these views. In the instructions which they give to their students to guide them in their gymnastic exercises, after specifying the kind and amount of physical exercise, they recommend sleeping for half an hour after dinner and supper, if possible, and if sleepless at night from brain work to eat a few graham crackers before retiring, to draw the excess of blood from the brain to the stomach. In reference to the practice of chewing gum, this statement is made: Chewing gum daily before eating and between meals increases the flow of saliva, and so aids the digestion of fat making foods. It also directly stimulates the secretion of the digestive juices of the stomach.

It Wasn't Tooth Powder.

I was told yesterday a rather amusing story at the expense of Mark Twain—and the same story is already a standing joke in society. Not long ago the humorist was travelling in the country, and stopped one evening at a house presided over by an elderly woman. He was shown to a room somewhat bare of ornament and furniture, yet slept until morning. When morning came and he rose he became mindful of the fact that, although he had provided himself with a tooth brush, he had forgotten his tooth powder. He consoled himself with the thought that there must be tooth powder lying somewhere about. After a brief search he discovered something in a small box on the mantel which certainly resembled tooth powder. At any rate he used it vigorously on his teeth, and found it satisfactory. When he got down stairs he apologized to this hostess for using her tooth powder. She appeared surprised. "What tooth powder?" she inquired, blandly. "It was on the mantel," Mark replied. "On the mantel?" she repeated. "Yes, in a small box. It was excellent," he declared. "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, "that wasn't tooth powder!" "What was it?" asked Mark, now slightly alarmed. "Why, that was auntie!" said she. It seems that "auntie" had been cremated.—*Rochester Post.*

Money Saved.

Mrs. Muggins—And so your daughter has married one of your boarders?

Mrs. Muggins—Yes; he was the most expensive boarder I've had since I came to Omaha—always in the house, keeping the fires blazing and the gas burning; why, he was like to ruin me.

"But your daughter married him——"

"Yes; he spends his evenings at the club now."—*Omaha World.*

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduring remedies known, Nerviline connot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline Large bottles 25 cents; trial bottles only 10 cents.

Nicholas Spear, of Hartland, Mich., went home for a week's spree one day last week, and the next morning put Paris green in the waterpail used by the family. Then he forgot all about it and drank of the water himself and died. His wife discovered the poison in the dipper before any other person drank of it.

A Ghost

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning, free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

Fourteen women left widows and 35 children fatherless, is the sad story that closes the chapter of the last unprofitable and disastrous season of the hardy fishermen of Gloucester, Mass. But men must work and women must weep.

The cost of introducing a girl into society in New York and carrying her successfully through one season is estimated at $1,698, of which all but $250 is for wearing apparel.

The following verdict was recently rendered in Woodland: "We, the jury, find the defendants not guilty, with the recommendation that they leave the town within 48 hours."—*San Francisco Call.*

CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

D C N L. 3. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1887.

DR. JAMISON.

Before the present year has closed the gentleman, whose name is at the head of this article, will have had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the good people of Artemesia than he is now. In the meantime it might not be out of place for us to tell our readers what we personally know of the worthy Doctor.

Dr. Jamison lives at Durham, and, although we cannot furnish our readers with his photograph, we can assure them that it is worthy to be placed side by side with those of the truest and best public men in the county of Grey. He is a conservative in politics, but right here let us say that he is a politician of the most liberal and advanced type—advocating what he believes to be in the interests of all, regardless of political complexion, creed or nationality. This was precisely the ground taken by him when one of the most enthusiastic conventions ever assembled in South Grey, unanimously selected him as their standard-bearer for the House of Commons. None could but admire his honest and manly conduct on that occasion; and when he goes to parliament as our representative, it will be with the full consciousness that he is not bound by cast-iron pledges to vote for measures contrary to his honest convictions, simply because they may happen to emanate from the party of his adoption. This is the kind of a representative we want in South Grey; and, alas! that there are not more such men within the borders of our great Dominion.

Dr. Jamison is a gentleman of broad and liberal views, and can speak with intelligence and force on the great and vital public questions of the day. He is young, possesses a large amount of sound vital energy, is well versed in politics, and gives expression to his views in that calm, logical manner, which carries weight with intelligent minds and commands the respect of friend and opponent. In every sense we consider him a man of the people, and one who will use all honest endeavors to promote their best and truest interests, without fear or favor. While he is courteous, kindly and warm in demeanor, he yet preserves that dignity which we all like to see in our public men. He has also enough "back bone" and decision of character to warrant steady and unwavering adherence to right principles, "through good and evil report."

Such a man is the coming representative of South Grey, in the House of Commons—Dr. Jamison.

"THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD."

"The Tories are thankful for small mercies these times. Mowat has not been defeated, on the contrary, he has come back from the people with an increased majority, the Quebec Ministry, having vainly tried to save itself by patching up a coalition, will have to go. Province after province has been swept by the Grits, but yet there is balm in Gilead. The School Trustees of Artemesia and Plattsville have forbidden the use of the Ross Bible in their schools!"—*Brampton Times.*

Thanks, friend Tye; but we're not greedy in Artemesia, and will generously reserve some of the balm for your own use on the evening of 22nd February next.

For lame, back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

MR. THOMAS ANDREWS.

We have received a letter from the above gentleman, in which he denies most emphatically that he supported Mr. McColman after the second convention. On the contrary, he says he worked faithfully to secure the return of Capt. Rorke. We are glad, and, no doubt our readers are equally pleased to know that Mr. Andrews is in a position to vindicate himself, and shew that he is as loyal as ever to his party. It would be a sorry spectacle indeed to see many of the best men of the party following in the wake of Mr. McColman.

We would publish Mr. Andrews letter in its entirety this week were it not that it came to us in a sealed envelope, and without instructions to insert in the ADVANCE. A post-card from Mr. Andrews is all that is necessary to ensure its insertion in next week's paper.

DOMINION ELECTIONS.

His Excellency the Governor-General has dissolved the Fifth Parliament of Canada. The writs will be issued at once for the forthcoming elections. Nomination day, Feb. 15th next, polling day, Feb. 22nd. The Toronto *World*, of Monday, says:—

"The dissolution was decided upon at a Cabinet Council on Saturday. The session was a lengthy one, lasting from 2 p. m. till 6. Sir John remained at the meeting till 4.25, when he went to Ernscliffe. Everything was settled, however, before he withdrew."

"The Ministers have their various duties in connection with the Campaign assigned them, and they will leave for their respective provinces at once. Hon. John Carling left for London on Saturday night."

"Sir Charles Tupper, whose arrival in the country is anxiously awaited by the Government, is spoken of as the new Minister of Finance."

"If the new House is called together shortly after the elections it will get to work about the usual time, towards the end of February."

"The new voters' lists are all now completed, and the dissolution is for the purpose of giving representation to the 250,000 newly enfranchised voters created by the late Franchise Act. The Administration waited until the lists were all ready."

Uses of Advertising.

Under the above heading Saturday's *Globe*, contained the following: "What do you think of the practical result of newspaper advertising?" asked a *Globe* reporter of Mr. Thos. Thompson, of the Mammoth House, and one of the largest advertisers in Toronto. "We believe in newspaper advertising as the best means of reaching the public. We think it gives character to a business man. One great desideratum in this connection is honest advertising—that is, never advertising what one does not possess. A very common custom is to write an advertisement in an office in a general sort of way. This is very absurd. A man ought to find out just what goods in a particular department he wants to put before the public, and he must take care that he has those goods on hand when he advertises them. There is nothing more annoying to a customer than to come into your place for an article that has just been advertised and to be told you are out of it, and that what he saw was merely an advertisement. Such advertising only causes advertisements to be discredited, and brings no result to the advertiser."

Frozen.

On Saturday night last Mr. Wm. McGorgan, of this town, a teamster in the employ of Mr. D. Fleming, was badly frozen. It appears that McGorgan had been drinking, and at a late hour started for his home on Ste Marie St. He got as far as the door nearly and then fell into a snow drift, where he must have remained for some time. Donald McKnight a neighbor, heard somebody making an out cry, and going out he found McGorgan lying in the snow with his hands and ears and feet badly frozen. Dr. Stephen attended to the case, and the victim is likely be around again in a short time.—Collingwood *Enterprise.*

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure Sold at Medical Hall.

A MORAL CYCLONE,

Eugenia Captured by the Temperance Army.

A moral cyclone swept over picturesque and historic Eugenia on Tuesday evening last with irresistable force. An army of Temperance workers from Flesherton and Kimberley moved rapidly on the pretty little town, and shortly after night-fall the place made a conditional surrender. The condition was carried out in the shape of a grand free entertainment in the Methodist church, in which some of the best talent of the places mentioned was brought into active service. It was one of the best entertainments ever given in Artemesia, and assuredly the best ever given in Eugenia. Prof. and Fairy Morgan were present and fairly carried the audience by storm with their grand singing Messrs. Russell, Barnhouse, Baskerville, Pickell, Watson, Milburn, Bunt, Moore, Gordon, and Misses Christoe, Damude, Armstrong, Mrs. Gjerdrum, and others from Flesherton, sustained their part of the program creditably. The Kimberley choir rendered efficient service, also Messrs. T. B. Carruthers, T. G. Thurston and Benjamin Carruthers from the same place. Miss Philp, of Toronto, aided very materially in the musical department Master Carr Messrs. Carruthers, Pickell and Miss Lizzie Fawcett recited and read. Rev. Mr. Corcoran occupied the chair in a most pleasing manner. Mr. F. T. Carr delivered an admirable address. At the close about forty persons signed the Temperance pledge, so that this great "moral cyclone" was not without its results. We think our Temperance societies might very profitably go more extensively into this mission work. And they will, now that the ice has been so successfully broken.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The holiday season has come and gone again and 1886 is now one of the by-gone years.

At the annual school meeting M. D. Thompson, was elected Trustee in the room of Mr. A. Johnson, the retiring one. At the same meeting a resolution was passed, advising the Trustees to discontinue the use of the so called Ross Bible or Scripture selections, authorised by the Minister of Education, and use the old St. James Bible instead.

The Xmas tree of the Wesley church Sabbath School was held on Tuesday evening last and considering the state of the roads and extreme cold weather was very well attended. The proceeds amounted to $15.00.

The gifts were handsome and well appreciated by the pupils. Those having the choosing of the gifts evidently understood the art of pleasing.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. — Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. — Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.— William L. Page, Richmond Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 25 to	2 25
Fall Wheat	$0 77 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 77	0 80
Barley	0 35	0 50
Oats	0 27	0 27
Peas	0 50	0 50
Butter	0 14	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 50	5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 07	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

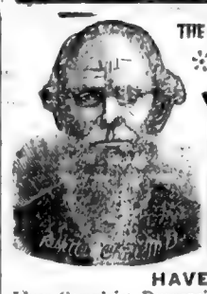

THE CELEBRATED Dr. CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. **500,000 SOLD**

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Recommend'd by Dr. Christoe

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

FLESHERTON.

Loan & Insurance AGENCY.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT 6 AND 6½ PER CENT.

Insurance effected on Farm and Village Buildings and contents. Insurance against Lightning a specialty.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Wills, &c., carefully prepared and properly executed. OFFICE,—Toronto street, near Town Hall.

W. J. BELLAMY, *Agent.*

MEDICAL HALL'S COLUMN.

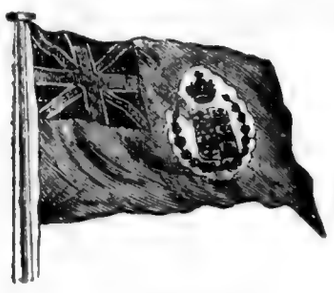

—AT THE—

MEDICAL HALL!

YOU WILL FIND A BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF

Wall Paper

—AND—

Handsome Borderings!

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

COME AND LOOK AT THEM.

BOOKS,
BOOKS,
BOOKS,

PRESBYTERIAN

HYMN BOOKS!

—IN—

Different Styles!

BIBLES,

WITH AND WITHOUT PSALMS!

TESTAMENTS!

TOO! ALL CHEAP.

"Atlantic Sea" Salt!

For Invalid's Bath!

GOLDEN OIL!

—IMPROVED—

Cherry Pectoral.

Ex. Strawberry!

WORM SYRUP,

ALL PREPARED UPON CORRECT THERAPEUTICAL RECEIPTS AND SELDOM FAILS.

STATIONERY!

AS USUAL.

SCHOOL BOOKS

OF EVERY VARIETY NEEDED.

Had better examine New Geography.

HOME RULE.

Barney O'Hare's Eloquent "Discoorse" on the Subject.

Misther Edither,—I promised ye' a lether on the tapic av Home Rule an' here it is.

The other night I wint til me own domestic foireside an' comminced discoorsin' to Biddy an' the childher on Misther Gladstone and the Irish Home Rule question. As I prosaded I bekem quoite ilequent, and aphoke av Misther Parnell's splindid efforts for his counthry's good, and the grate spaches av that foine ould gintleman, Misther Gladstone, wid grate fervor an' persuasiveness.

"Fwhat does it all mane?" ses I—addhressin meself til me ouldest boy, Michael, who is quoite a politishun.—"Why, it manes that me down-throdden counthry is cryin' for aqual rights an' privileges wid the other depindencies av the British Impire. It manes an' Irish parliment at Dublin an' down wid high rints an' furren landlords, who spind their money out av the counthry. It manes—"

"But, father," ses Michael intherruptin' the iloquent flow av me discoorse, "why not give Scotland an' Wales Home Rule as well as Oirland?"

"Now, Michael," ses I, "ye' shudn't intherrupt a gentleman, much less yer ould father, when he's thryin' til insthruct ye' in what ye' don't undherstand. As I was sayin' Misther Gladstone has spint the whole av his loife in devoisin' ways an' manes til interojoose Home Rule intil Ireland. Av coorse Misther Parnell has helped the ould man a lot; but betwixt thim they're doin' purty well, an' who knows but I may yet see the day whin an O'Hare will sit on the throne av his ancisthors!"

"Faith, father, I'd loike that," ses Michael, "an' thin I'd be a prime minister or a jook or somethin' or other."

"Michael," ses I, yez are altogether too shmart for yer age an' exparience. Whin I was a lad av yer age I wasnt half as shmart as ye' in the way av intherruptin' an' divartin' the aqual current av me ould father's thought." I jist thought, sor, that a little bit av home rule in the way av saysonable and comprehinsive advice might do Michael good I was jist on the point av prosadin' wid me discoorse, whin Biddy comes over forninst me an' wid her arrums akimbo ses she:—

"Arrah, Barney, mauvorneen, don't ye' think now a little taste av home rule at yer own home wud be more insthructive an' iddifyin, than all the flowery spache yer givin' us about Misther Parnell aa' Misther Gladstone? Don't ye' think, now, wudint it be betther til lay in yer winter's wood than to be sittin' roastin' yer shins at the fire an' talkin' illegant nonsince about yer ancisthors an' a parliament at Dublin? Away wid yer furren Home Rule spaches an' let us have a little more private an' binificial domistic home rule. There's Patsy wants a new shute afore he can attind school; an' Bridget Ann wants a pair av brogues; an' Corney wants a dacint cap; an' I want some clothes pins an' hair pins an' I don't know fwhat. Wuddint it be a good iday, *Misther* O'Hare, for yez til lave alone matthers that dusint consarn ye; quit bildin' castles in the air on the ghosts av yer grate, grate granfather's ancisthors, an' give yer undivoided attintion to lagitimate home rule?"

Well, sor, til tell the truth I was dumberfoundered I cud hardly belave me siven sinses that it was me own wife Biddy that was addhressin' sich rayprehinsible spache til me. Til think that all me foine idays wor til be scatthered til the four winds av hiven, an' all me words av counsel an' advice til Michael losht entoirely? Wurra, wurra, wir-rusthrew!

But there was no use attimptin til contradict Bridget. She dosen't spake much but when she does—well, sor, the rosht av us hev til hould our pace. Ye' cuddint get a word in edgeways or any other way at all at all. Ye' might jist as well sthrive til kape back the wathers av the mighty Niagara as thry til put a sthop til the clatther av Bridget's tongue whin it gets started til wag in a scoientific an' business loike manner. Otherwise there's not the loike av her 'twixt ocean an' ocean. A frind av the frindless, an angel in sickness an' want an' disthress—God bless her! But, thin, ye undherstand, sor, that the besht av min an women are apt til misconsthrue an' misundherstand a man moved by lafty impulses. In fact, sor, they sometoimes do not aither undherstand or appraciate the glib uttherences av intilligint, high-minded an' advanced politishuns an' statesmin.

Obadiently Yours,
BARNEY O'HARE.

P. S.—Af ye' can't make out me wroitin' don't prent this lether, as I can wroite ye' another quite aisly.—B. O'H.

P. S. No. 2.—Correct all mistakes i any. But shure I don't think ye'll find any so it doesn't matter in the laste whether ye' correct it at all or not.—B. O'H.

WELL WRITTEN LETTER

Miss Edith Richardson's Letter in the "Christian Guardian."

[The following ably written letter, by Miss Edith Richardson, of Flesherton, appeared in the Christmas number of the *Christian Guardian*. It is certainly the ablest production on the subject of "Fiction" we have yet read.—ED. ADVANCE.]

FICTION.

There is one phase of this question which has been overlooked by your correspondents, namely, that which takes into account the imaginative side of man's mind. I have heard people deficient in the imagination say, "I never care to read any stories but true ones." My dear brothers, take no credit to yourself for that; it only shows that you are deficient in that which makes the poet, painter, musician, orator and actor, or at least without which they never could succeed.

And then they mistake as to the full meaning of the words true and truth. I apprehend there is a wider, fuller and deeper meaning of truth than that expressed in the word veracity. To my mind sheer fact is not neccessarily truth. Had Scott fabricated every incident in his novels and poems they would not have lost their value as works of art and real instructors, provided he was true to the *spirit* of the times delineated. On the other hand, he might have piled fact upon fact and yet leave his readers with no true conceptions of the life and spirit of the age. It is this which has made books purporting to be history, such barren productions. Without the play of his imagination Macaulay's History could never have been what it is.

But I go still farther. It is not necessary that a work of the imagination should be even true to nature in order to be a valuable literary production. As, for instance, Longfellow's sublime "Song of Hiawatha," no one needs to be told that this is not "true to nature," at least as far as his hero is concerned. But what is best of all, it is true to itself. The poet's imagination showed him a picture of the ideal—which after all is the true life—a picture which no one can contemplate and not be benefited. And further still, it is not necessary that a work should confine itself to the possible, in order to be truth. "Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales" are but beautiful fancies. No one will say that they belong to that which "loveth or maketh a lie," for a lie is always wicked, and there is nothing wicked about these tales. There will be found no one who would wish to rob childhood of the joy derived from them. They are poems in their simplicity, and the child who stores his mind with them is the better for it. To the romantic heart of childhood it leaves a rich legacy—a new beauty in every flower and shrub, a message from every bird, and even the meaner things of nature possess a new interest. The magic story-teller has given them all a personality which seems to speak of the good God who made them all. Schiller says:

"Then lived to me each flower and tree,
Sweet songs gave out each rippling brook,
A soul in all things seemed to be,
Life's echoes came from every nook."
Der Ideal.

Was it wrong for Victor Hugo to paint the good Bishop of D———before a Tolstoi had made such a creation true to nature? No, the great poet and novelist had seen his ideal with prophetic vision, and gave to fiction the finest character of all.

Poets of all times and peoples have sung of the ideal (Imagination) or lamented her loss, recognizing the truth that he who escapes from her sweet inspiration has lost the best of life.

"Extinguished are the suns that shone,
And all my youthful path illumed,
The bright ideals, all are gone,
That once my bursting heart consumed."
Der Ideal.

But again it is said that the reading of fiction saps the mind and unfits for more solid reading. This is true of a certain class. The person who will indulge in that kind, has not been trained in his childhood to despise it by having his attention called to the glorious banquet where he may indulge without injury. He must have food for his imagination, there is no use disguising the fact. And I say, deliver us from that abnormal creature—the child who does not want a story.

But there is another class which, instead of enervating the mind, stimulates it. George Eliot's novels beget a taste for philosophy and metaphysics in some who would not read works on those subjects, but are ready enough to take their medicine in sugar until it is no longer medicine. Scott certainly produces a hunger for history. Dickens teaches the lovely law of charity, or finding the best in every man however gruff his exterior. Thackeray shows up the fashionable follies and vices of society in a manner which no amount of pure fact could make so really true to the reader. McHarris Knight's notion that Scott, Shakespeare, etc., should have given their magnificent genius to history and biography is very like the farmer, who having bought the winged-horse Pegasus, harnessed him to a plough. But it was no use. Pegasus would not do the work horses without wings could do, but fretted and fumed until one day he flew away.

My brother, when a horse has wings you must let him fly.

EDITH RICHARDSON.

Flesherton, Dec. 11th.

The Weather.

FOR THE FIRST THREE MONTHS OF 1887.

From "The Prophet."

January. The year will open with keen cold weather. Slight snow falls during the first week with heavy snow storms on the 20th, 21st and 22nd. Thursday, the 13th, will be the coldest day of the month; children and aged people should not venture outdoors that day unless especial care is taken to prevent such parts as the ears and nose from becoming frost bitten January's annual thaw will occur during the closing week (on the 26th) and will be accompanied with rain. Only one blizzard will strike Ontario during the month and it will arrive on Sunday the 16th.

February. Cold stormy weather with blinding snow, will usher in the month of St. Valentine, lasting throughout the first week. This will be followed by clear, cold and bracing atmosphere until the 19th. On the 8th the thermometer will take a sudden dip away below the zeros. After the 19th, however, the weather will moderate and like January this month will exit amidst the slop and slush consequent upon a thaw and comparatively warm rains.

March. If wet weather can be called lamb-like March will come in sheepishly, for the first three days will bring a heavy down pour. No snow will fall from this until toward the 19th, when we may look for an "awful spell o' stormy weather." The second week of March will be fine and mild but cold winds will visit us almost continuously from the 19th to the end of the month. March's most frigid day will be the 15th.

The spring will be early but wet.

The summer of 1887 will also be characterised by a precipitation of the aqueous.

Artemesia Council.

The following is the personnae of Artemesia Township Council for the year 1887:—

Dr. Christee, Reeve.
John Boland, } Deputy Reeves.
John McArthur, }
Wm. Sharp, } Councillors.
Henry Cairns, }

It will thus be observed that we have no less than three representatives to the County Council this year.

Extra Tit-Bits.

We regret to learn that Mr. James Hopps is lying very ill at Mr. Holley's Meaford Road, where he had gone to do some work. He was taken down very suddenly.

For the first time this winter the C. P. R. morning train going South was a few hours late yesterday.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

A LIVING QUESTION.—Question—"Is this life worth living?" Answer—"It all depends upon the liver?" If torpid or inactive it causes a dull, tough, languid feeling. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure gives health and buoyancy. Sold by Dr. Christee.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

NOTICE!

BY resolution of Artemesia Council, I will receive applications for the office of Assessor up to 10 o'clock, a.m., seventh day of February 1887—applicants not to mention salary in application as the Council cannot appoint officers for the lowest tender.

W. J. BELLAMY,
Jan. 17th, 1887. Twp. Clerk.
222-3.

The best, cheapest and most durable Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Sewing Machine Needles, and Supplies, for sale at C. Treadgold's, next house to Mr. Wm. Strain's, Flesherton. 3m

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. Sold at Medical Hall

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold at Medical Hall.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

A LIVER CURE.—One single trial of Dr Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Recipe Book $1.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c per box at the Drug Store.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—F. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Thorough-Bred
BERKSHIRE BOAR!

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.
(205-8m) JACOB A. LEVER.

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

FOR SALE.

90 acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

What Cousin Amy Thinks.

(LOCKSLEY HALL II.—SIXTY MINUTES AFTER.)

From the Minneapolis Tribune.)

me rest a little from your well-worn
"Study tracks,"
crest; and for your fiction, summon up
some sober facts.

ve had your say, and amply have set
forth your thrice-told tale;
have held my peace, and hardly venture now a
theme so stale.

your earlier verse you call me names that
scarcely were refined;
But I wrote no answering verses to disturb your
peace of mind.

Now that well-nigh eighty winters whiten both
our heads with snow,
Let me turn, a few brief moments, to those
scenes of long ago.

When about the beach we wandered we were
happy, you and I;
And you loved me, or you said so—that at least
I'll not deny.

'Twas the springtime, when the iris changes on
the burnish'd dove,
And a young man's lively fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love.

But it is not always spring time; youthful
fancies soon are past;
And an April love, though ardent, may not stand
a wintry blast.

You were quick to think me fickle, though I
knew your fears were wild;
For you thought yourself a man, and me a shal-
low-hearted child.

I was but a lesser You; and me you kindly did
define
As to you like moon to sunlight, for as water
unto wine.

Wiser than your fancy fathomed, wiser than
your song hath sung—
I, a child, had even then a prudent dread of your
sharp tongue.

Though subdued the chord of self when love
took up the harp of life,
Yet I felt you loved yourself much better than
you could your wife.

So said I, for both our sakes, 'twere better far
that I retired;
Although a future baron, yet you were not one
to be desired.

And you—you quickly eased your grief and took
another to your breast,
As in spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest.

And we went our separate ways, held our separ-
ate careers—
Toiled and struggled, failed or triumphed
through the slowly lengthening years.

I, in simple cares and duties, led my quiet life
apart,
All my griefs and my few triumphs folded close
within my heart.

You have won a world's applause, have seen its
trophies at your feet;
The laurel and the lordling's crown upon your
ample forehead meet.

The grand old gardener and his wife, from yon
blue heavens above us bent,
Must smile to hear your sage conclusion: "There
is something in descent."

Honors come, but wisdom lingers, and you hear
a burdened breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the still-
ness of your rest.

Now I see you old and formal, fitted to your
petty part,
With your little hoard of maxims preaching
down a grandson's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings."
Youth is vain and age is wise—
Ah! that Love's pulse slacks at fourscore is no
matter for surprise!

And the world, for whose advancement rang your
bugle "Forward," then,
"Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos!" seems unto
your later ken.

Ah, that he who ever foremost cheered the
people's standards on
Now would "hush this cry of forward till ten
thousand years have gone."

Ah, that e'er the trumpet's voice that loudest
cheered the brave assault,
'Gainst the hordes of wrong and error, now should
sound a piping "Halt!"

I am but a simple woman; yet I feel a thrill of
pain
As I catch those tremulous echoes of that old
heroic strain.

Weakness that is born of weakness; phantasies
that are but real
To an old man's failing faith that withers from
his youth's ideal.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward let
the great world range,
Sweeping on, and ever upward, through the ring-
ing grooves of change.

Set the flag of Human Rights unfurled above
Wrong's dread abysm;
Trust the common sense of most to avert a social
cataclysm.

Robber lords and despots tremble; they who have
the people yoked
Well may dread the storm they've tempted, fear
the wrath they have invoked.

If there comes a hungry people, like a lion creep-
ing nigher,
Tyrants nod and wink no longer. Larum! Let
them mend their fire.

But howsoever these things be, you scarcely now
will care to know;
Enough we've had of Locksley Hall—now, Alfred,
let the subject go.

The Highest, the Best.

"Suchst du das Hoechste, das Groesste?
Die Pflanze kann es dich lehren.
Was sie willenlos ist, sei Du es wollend: das
ist's!"

Seek'st thou the Highest, the Best:
The flower can to thee reveal it—
Man hath small power to express,
Nature no power to conceal it.
Cloudy the truth of man's preaching,
Sun clear the violet's teaching.

What, for his arduous pains,
That the philosopher gaineth?
Knowledge in composite grains,
Wisdom's pure gold ne'er attaineth
Only Doing—the dust on the shore;
Not Being—the sea to explore.

Not thus the violet's fate:
Springing—on going completion!
Reaching of perfect estate.
Being, to utmost repletion.
Earth laps it, sun warms it, wind blows;
Unaware of its friends or its foes,
Not refusing, nor choosing, it grows!

Learn of the flower, O Soul,
Way of the highest attaining!
Being, not Doing, the goal,
Growth to completion thus gaining,
O'er thee, as over the flower,
Elements diverse conspire,
Yet hath it naught of thy power
Of selection, rejection, desire!
Souls to like perfect condition
Grow by supremest volition.

—Revenge—She wasn't very young, but she had money. He didn't want the earth. "Dearest," he began, but she stopped him. "I anticipate what you are about to say, Mr. Sampson," she said, "and I would spare your feelings, for it can never, never be. I esteem you highly, and will be a sister to—" "I have four sisters already," he replied bitterly; "four grown sisters and life is a hideous burden. But, oh, Clara," he went on passionately, "if you cannot be my wife will you not give me a mother's protecting love? I'm an orphan.'

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

And so Ernest posted his letters, and then, partly to employ his thoughts, and partly because it was his nature to throw himself into whatever stream of life was flowing past him, he set himself to master the state of political affairs in the country in which he found himself.

This need not be entered into here, further than to say that it was such as might with advantage have employed wiser heads than his, and indeed did employ them. Suffice it to say that he contrived to make himself of considerable use to the English party, both before and after the annexation of the Transvaal to the dominions of the Crown.

Together with the proclamation by which the Transvaal was annexed to Her Majesty's dominions was issued another that was to have a considerable bearing upon our hero's fortunes. This was none other than a promise of Her Majesty's gracious pardon to all such as had been resident in the Transvaal for a period of six months previous to the date of annexation, being former British subjects and offenders against the English criminal law, who would register their name and offence within a given time. The object of this proclamation was to give immunity from prosecution to many individuals formerly deserters from the English army, and other people who had in some way transgressed the laws, but were now occupying respectable positions in their adopted country.

Mr. Alston read this proclamation attentively when it came out in a special number of the *Gazette*. Then, after thinking for a while, he handed it to Ernest.

"You have read this amnesty proclamation?" he said.

"Yes," answered Ernest; "what of it?"

"What of it? Ah, the stupidity of youth! Can't you very well see that it takes your neck out of the halter? Off with you and register your name and offence with the Secretary to Government, and you will be clear forever from any consequences that might ensue from the slight indiscretion of shooting your own first cousin."

"By Jove, Alston! you don't mean that?"

"Mean it? Of course I do. The proclamation does not specify any particular offence to which pardon is denied and you have lived more than six months on Transvaal territory. Off you go."

And Ernest went like an arrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOUND WANTING.

Ernest reached the Government office and registered his name, and in due course received "Her Majesty's gracious pardon."

When this precious document was in his pocket, Ernest thought that he now for the first time realized what the feelings of a slave unexpectedly manumited must be. Had it not been for this fortunate accident, the consequences of that fatal duel must have continually overshadowed him. He would, had he returned to England, have been liable at any period of his life to a prosecution for murder.

His first idea on getting his pardon was to return straightway to England; but that silent fate which directs men's lives, driving them whither they would not, and forcing their bare and bleeding feet to stumble along the stony paths of its hidden purpose, came into his mind and made him see that it would be better to delay awhile. In a few weeks Eva's answer would surely reach him. If he were to go now it would be even possible that he might pass her in mid-ocean, for in his heart he never doubted but that she would come.

And indeed the very next mail there came a letter from Dorothy, written in answer to that which he had posted on the same day that he had written to Eva. It was only a short letter; the last post that could catch the mail was just going out, and his welcome letter had only just arrived; but she had twenty minutes, and she would send one line. She told them how grateful they were to hear that he was well and safe, and reproached him gently for not writing. Then she thanked him for making her his confidante about Eva Ceswick. She had guessed it long before, she said; and she thought they were both lucky in each other, and hoped and prayed that when the time came they would be as completely happy as it was possible for people to be. She had never spoken to Eva about him; but she should no longer feel any diffidence in doing so now. She would go and see her very soon and plead his cause; not that it wanted any pleading, however, she was sure of that. Eva looked sad now that he was gone. There had been some talk awhile back of Mr. Plowden, the new clergyman; but she supposed that Eva had given him his quietus, as she heard no more of it now; and so on, till the "postman is at the door waiting for this letter."

Little did Ernest guess what it cost poor Dorothy to write her congratulations and wishes of happiness. A man—the nobler animal, remember—could hardly have done it; only the inferior woman would show such unselfishness.

This letter filled Ernest with a sure and certain hope. Eva, he clearly saw, had not had time to write by that mail; by the next her answer would come. It can be imagined that he waited for its advent with some anxiety.

Mr. Alston, Ernest and Jeremy had taken a house in Pretoria, and for the past month or two had been living in it very comfortably.

One morning—it was a particularly lovely morning—Ernest was standing after breakfast on a garden path smoking and directing Mazooku as to the erection of his "parasols" over his favorite melons.

"Mazooku, you lazy hound," said the latter at last, "If you don't put that tuft right in two shakes, I'll break your head with your own kerrie!"

"Ow Inkoos," replied the Zulu, sulkily, again trying to prop up the tuft, and muttering to himself meanwhile.

"Do you catch what that fellow of yours is saying?" asked Mr. Alston. "He is saying that all Englishmen are mad, and that you are the maddest of the mad. He considers that nobody who was not a lunatic would bother his head with those 'weeds that stink' (flowers), or these fruits which, even if you succeed in growing them—and surely the things are bewitched or they would grow without 'hats'" (Ernest's parasols)—"must lie very cold on the stomach."

At that moment the particular "hat" which Mazooku was trying to arrange fell down again, whereupon the Zulu's patience gave out, and cursing it for a witch in the most vigorous language, he emphasized his words by bringing his fist straight down on the melon, smashing it to pieces. Whereupon Ernest made for him and he vanished swiftly.

Mr. Alston stood by laughing at the scene, and awaited Ernest's return. Presently he came strolling back, not having caught Mazooku. Indeed, it would not have greatly mattered if he had, for as that swarthy gentleman very well knew, great, indeed, must be the provocation that could induce Ernest to touch a native. It was a thing to which he had an unconquerable aversion, in the same way that he objected to the word "nigger" as applied to a people who, whatever their faults may be, are, as a rule, gentlemen in the truest sense of the word.

As he came strolling down the path toward him, his face a little flushed with the exertion, Mr. Alston thought to himself that Ernest was growing into a very handsome fellow. The tall frame, narrow at the waist and broad at the shoulders, the eloquent dark eyes, which so far surpass the loveliest gray or blue, the silken hair which curled over his head like that on a Grecian statue, the curved lips, the quick intelligence and kindly smile that lit the whole face, all these things helped to make his appearance not so much handsome as charming, and to women captivating to a dangerous extent. His dress, too, which consisted of riding-breeches, boots and spurs, a white waistcoat and linen coat, with a very broad, soft felt hat looped up at one side, so as to throw the face into alternate light and shadow, helped the general effect considerably. Altogether Ernest was a pretty fellow in those days.

Jeremy was lounging on an easy-chair in the veranda, in company with the boy Roger Alston, and intensely interested in watching a furious battle between two lines of ants, black and red, who had their homes somewhere in the stonework. For a long while the issue of the battle remained doubtful, victory inclining, if anything, to the side of the thin red line, when suddenly from the entrance to the nest of the black ants there emerged a battalion of giants, great fellows, at least six times the size of the others, who fell upon the red ants and routed them, taking many prisoners. Then followed the most curious spectacle, namely, the deliberate execution of the captive red ants, by having their heads bitten off by the great black soldiers. Jeremy and Roger knew what was coming very well, for these battles were of frequent occurrence, and the casualties among the red ants simply frightful. On this occasion they determined to save the prisoners, which was effected by dipping a match in some of the nicotine at the bottom of a pipe, and placing it in front of the black giants. The ferocious insects would thereupon abandon their captives, and rushing at the strange intruder, hang on like bulldogs till the poison did its work, and they dropped off senseless, to recover presently and stagger off home, holding their legs to their antennæ and exhibiting every other symptom of frightful headache.

Jeremy was sitting on a chair oiling the matches, and Roger, kneeling on the pavement, was employed in beguiling the giants into biting them, when suddenly they heard the sound of galloping horses and the rattle of wheels. The lad, lowering his head still more, looked out toward the market-square through a gap between the willow-stems.

"Hurrah, Mr. Jones!" he said, "here comes the mail."

Next minute, amid loud blasts from a bugle, and enveloped in a cloud of dust, the heavy cart, to the sides and seats of which the begrimed, worn-out passengers were clinging like drowning men to straws, came rattling along as fast as the six grays reserved for the last stage could gallop, and vanished toward the post office.

"There's the mail, Ernest," hallooed Jeremy; "she will bring the English letters."

Ernest nodded, turned a little pale, and nervously knocked out his pipe. No wonder; that mail-cart carried his destiny and he knew it. Presently he walked across the square to the post-office. The letters were not sorted, and he was the first person there. Very soon one of His Excellency's staff came riding down to get the Government-house bag. It was the same gentleman with whom he had sung "Auld Lang Syne" so enthusiastically on the day of Jeremy's encounter with the giant, and had afterward been wheeled home in a wheelbarrow.

"Hullo, Kershaw, here we are, 'primos inter omnes,' 'primos primi primores,' which is it? Come, Kershaw, you are the last from school—which is it? I don't believe you know, ha! ha! ha! What are you doing down here so soon? Does the 'expectant swain await the postman's knock?' Why, my dear fellow, you look pale; you must be in love, or thirsty. So am I—the latter, not the former. Love, I do abjure thee. 'Quis separabit,' who will have a split? I think that the sun can't be far from the line. Shall we, my dear Kershaw, shall we take an observation? Ha! ha! ha!"

"No, thank you, I never drink anything between meals."

"Ah, my boy, a bad habit; give it up before it is too late. Break it off, my dear Kershaw, and always wet your whistle in the strictest moderation, or you will die young. What says the poet?

'He who drinks strong beer and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good
fellow.

Byron, I think, is it not? ha! ha! ha!"

Just then some others came up, and somewhat to Ernest's relief, his friend turned the light of his kindly countenance to shine elsewhere and left him to his thoughts.

At last the little shutter of the post-office was thrown up, and Ernest got his own letters, together with those of Mr. Alston and Jeremy. He turned into the shade of a neighboring veranda, and rapidly sorted the pile. There was no letter in Eva's handwriting. But there was one in that of her sister Florence. Ernest knew the writing well; there was no mistaking its peculiar upright, powerful-looking characters. This he opened hurriedly. Inclosed in the letter was a note, which was in the writing he had expected to see. He rapidly unfolded it, and as he did so a flash of fear passed through his brain.

"Why did she write in this way?"

The note could not have been a long one, for in another minute it was lying on the ground, and Ernest, pale-faced, and with catching breath, was clinging to the veranda-post with both hands to save himself from falling. In a few seconds he recovered, and picking up the note, walked quickly across the square to his house. Halfway across he was overtaken by his friend on the staff cantering gayly along on a particularly wooden-looking pony, from the sides of which his legs projected widely, and waving in one hand the Colonial Office bag addressed to the Administrator of the Government.

"Hullo, my abstemious friend," he hallooed, as he pulled up the wooden pony with a jerk that sent each of its stiff legs sprawling in a different direction. "Was patience rewarded? Is Chloe over the water kind? If not, take my advice, and don't trouble your head about her. Quand on a pas ce qu'on aime, the wise man aimes ce qu'il a, Kershaw. I have conceived a great affection for you, and I will let you into a secret. Come with me this afternoon, and I will introduce you to two charming specimens of indigenous beauty. Like roses they bloom upon the veldt and waste their sweetness on the desert air. Mater pulchra, puella pulcherrima, as Virgil says. I, as befits my years, will attach myself to the matter, for your sweet youth shall be reserved the puella. Ha! ha! ha!" and he brought the dispatch-bag down with a sounding whack between the ears of the wooden pony, with the result that he was nearly sent flying into the sluit, being landed by a sudden plunge well on to the animal's crupper.

"Woho! Bucephalus, whoho! or your mealies shall be cut off." Just then he for the first time caught sight of the face of his companion, who was plodding along in silence by his side.

"Hullo! what's up, Kershaw?" he said, in an altered tone; "you don't look well. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Ernest, quietly; "that is, I have got some bad news, that is all. Nothing to speak of, nothing."

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry, and I have been troubling you with my nonsense. Forgive me. There, you wish to be alone. Good-by."

A few seconds later Mr. Alston and Jeremy, from their point of vantage on the veranda, saw Ernest coming with swift strides up the garden path. His face was drawn with pain, and there was a fleck of blood upon his lip. He passed them without a word, and, entering the house, slammed the door of his own room. Mr. Alston and Jeremy looked at one another.

"What's up?" said the laconic Jeremy.

Mr. Alston thought awhile before he answered, as was his fashion.

"Something gone wrong with 'the ideal,' I should say," he said at length; "that is the way of ideals."

"Shall we go and see?" said Jeremy uneasily.

"No, give him a minute or two to pull himself together. Lots of time for consolation afterward."

Meanwhile Ernest, having got into his room, sat down upon the bed, and again read the note which was inclosed in Florence's letter. Then he folded it up and put it down, slowly and methodically. Next he opened the other letter, which he had not yet looked at, and read that too. After he had done it he threw himself face downward on the pillow and thought awhile. Presently he arose, and going to the other side of the room, took down a revolver-case which hung to a nail and drew out the revolver which was loaded. Returning, he again sat down upon the bed and cocked it. So he remained for a minute or two, and then slowly lifted the pistol toward his head. At that moment he heard footsteps approaching, and with a quick movement threw the weapon under the bed. As he did so Mr. Alston and Jeremy entered.

"Any letters, Ernest?" asked the former.

"Letters! Oh, yes, I beg your pardon; here they are," and he took a packet from the pocket of his white coat and handed them to him.

Mr. Alston took them, looking all the while fixedly at Ernest, who avoided his glance.

"What is the matter, my boy?" he said kindly at last; "nothing wrong, I hope?"

Ernest looked at him blankly.

"What is it, old chap?" said Jeremy, seating himself on the bed beside him, and laying his hand on his arm.

Then Ernest broke out into a paroxyism of grief painful to behold. Fortunately for all concerned, it was brief. Had it lasted much longer, something must have given way. Suddenly his mood changed and he grew hard and bitter.

"Nothing, my dear fellows, nothing," he said; "that is, only the sequel to a pretty little idyl. You may remember a letter I wrote—to a woman—some months back. There, you both of you know the story. Now you shall hear the answer or to be more correct the answers.

"That—woman has a sister. Both she and her sister have written to me. My—her sister's letter is the longest. We will take it first. I think that we may skip the first page, there is nothing particular in it, and I do not wish to—waste your time. Now listen:

"'By-the-way, I have a piece of news for you which will interest you, and which you will I am sure be glad to hear; for, of course, you will have by this time got over any little tendresse you may have had in that direction. Eva' (that is the woman to whom I wrote, and to whom I thought I was engaged) 'is going to be married to a Mr. Plowden, a gentleman who has been acting as locum tenens for Mr. Halford.'"

Here Jeremy sprang up and used strong language. Ernest motioned him down and went on: "'I say I am certain that you will be glad to hear this, because the match is in every respect a satisfactory one, and will, I am sure, bring dear Eva happiness. Mr. Plowden is well off and, of course, a clergyman, two great guarantees for the success of their matrimonial venture. Eva tells me that she had a letter from you last mail' (the letter I read you, gentlemen), 'and asks me to thank you for it. If she can find time she will send you a line shortly; but, as you will understand, she has her hands very full just at present. The wedding is to take place at Kesterwick Church on the 17th of May' (that is to-morrow, gentlemen), 'and, if this letter reaches you in time, I am sure that you will think of us all on that day. It will be very quiet, owing to our dear aunt's death being still so comparatively recent. Indeed, the engagement has, in obedience to Mr. Plowden's wishes, for he is very retiring, been kept quite secret, and you are absolutely the first person to whom it has been announced. I hope that you will feel duly flattered, sir. We are very busy about the trousseau, and just now the burning question is, of what color the dress in which Eva is to go away in after the wedding shall be. Eva and I are all for gray. Mr. Plowden is for olive-green, and, as is natural under the circumstances, I expect that he will carry the day. They are together in the drawing-room settling it now. You always admired Eva (rather wrrmly once; do you remember how cut up you both were when you went away? alas for the fickleness of human nature!); you should see her now. Her happiness makes her look lovely; but I hear her calling me. No doubt they have settled the momentous question. Good-by. I am not clever at writing, but I hope that my news will make up for my want of skill.—Always yours, "'FLORENCE CESWICK.'"

"Now for the inclosure," said Ernest:

"'DEAR ERNEST: I got your letter. Florence will tell you what there is to tell. I am going to be married. Think what you will of me; I cannot help my mayself. Believe me, this has cost me great suffering, but my duty seems clear. I hope that you will forget me, Ernest, as henceforth it will be my duty to forget you. Good-by, my dear Ernest, oh, good-bye. E."

"Humph!" murmured Mr. Alston beneath his breath, "as I thought, clay, and extremely bad clay, too!"

Slowly Ernest tore the letter into small fragments, threw them down, and stamped upon them with his foot as though they were a living thing.

"I wish that I had shaken the life out of that parson!" groaned Jeremy, who was in his way as much affected by the news as his friend.

"Curse you!" said Ernest, turning on him fiercely, "why didn't you stop where you were and look after her, instead of coming humbugging after me?"

Jeremy only groaned by way of answer. Mr. Alston, as was his way when perplexed, filled his pipe and lit it. Ernest paced swiftly up and down the little room, the white walls of which he had decorated with pictures cut from illustrated papers, Christmas cards and photographs. Over the head of the bed was a photograph of Eva herself, which he had framed in some beautiful native wood. He reached it down.

"Look," he said, "that is the lady herself. Handsome, isn't she, and pleasant to look on? Who would have thought that she was such a devil? Tells me to forget her, and talks about 'her duty'! Women love a little joke!"

He hurled the photograph on to the floor, and tread it as he had treaded the letter, grinding it to pieces with his heel.

"They say," he went on, "that a man's curses are sometimes heard wherever it is they arrange these pleasant surprises for us. Now you fellows bear witness to what I say, and watch that woman's life. May she lay down her head in sorrow night by night, and year by year! May her—"

"Stop, Ernest," said Mr. Alston, with a shrug, "you may be taken at your word, and you wouldn't like that, you know. Besides, it is cowardly to go on cursing at a woman."

He paused, standing for a moment with his clinched fist still raised above his head, his pale lips quivering with intense excitement, and his dark eyes flashing and blazing like stars.

"You are right," he said, dropping his fist on the table. "It is with the man that I have to deal."

"What man?"

"This Plowden. I feel that I shall disturb his honeymoon."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going to kill him or he is going to kill me, it does not matter which."

"Why, what quarrel have you with the man? Of course he looked after himself. You could not expect him to consider your interests, could you?"

"If he had cut me out fairly, I should not have a word to say. Every man for himself in this pleasant world. But, mark my words, this parson and Florence have forced her into this unholy business, and I will have his life in payment. If you don't believe me, ask Jeremy. He saw something of the game before he left."

"Look here, Kershaw, the man's a parson. He will take shelter behind his cloth, he won't fight. What shall you do then?"

"I shall shoot him," was the cool reply.

"Ernest, you are mad; it won't do, you shall not go, and that is all about it. You shall not ruin yourself over this woman, who is not fit to black an honest man's shoes."

"Shall not! shall not! Alston, you use strong language. Who will prevent me?"

"I will prevent you. I am your superior officer, and the corps you belong to is not disbanded. If you try to leave this place you shall be arrested as a deserter. Now don't be a fool, lad; you have killed one man, and got out of the mess. If you kill another, you will not get out of it. Besides, what will the satisfaction be? If you want revenge, be patient. It will come. I have seen something of life; at least I am old enough to be your father, and I know you think me a cynic because I laugh at your 'high-faluting' about women. How justly, I warned you, you see now. But, cynic or no, I believe in the God above us, and I believe, too, that there is a rough justice in this world. It is in the world principally that people expiate the sins of the world, and if this marriage is such a wicked thing, as you think, it will bring its own trouble with it, without any help from you. Time will avenge you. Everything comes to him who can wait."

Ernest's eyes glittered coldly as he answered:

"I cannot wait. I am a ruined man already, all my life is laid waste. I wish to die, but I wish to kill him before I die."

"So sure as my name is Alston you shall not go!"

"So sure as my name is Kershaw I will go!"

"The boy means business," he thought to himself. "He will try and bolt. How can I stop him? Ah, I have it," and he set off briskly toward Government House, saying aloud as he went, "I love that lad too well to let him destroy himself over a jilt."

(To be continued.)

LATE SPORTING NOTES.

Fresh Gleanings From the Field of Sport.

Baseball.

The annual meeting of the directors of the Hamilton Baseball Association was held at the Brunswick Hotel last evening. All the old directors were present. A very important step was taken in reducing the number of directors from seven to three. The wisdom of this step is sure to show itself during the coming season. The directors elected were Messrs. Thomas Crooks, Wm. Stroud and John Cummer, and these, at a subsequent meeting, elected Mr. Crooks President. The directors will meet shortly and elect a Manager and Secretary.

New York is making a strong effort to secure Mike Kelly, of the Chicagos. Kelly says he will never play with Chicago again, although he has been reserved by that team and the management can prevent him from playing with any other.

The League has signed an even 100 players; American Association, 76; International, 106; Northwestern, 49; Western, 44; Southern, 29; Eastern, 10; New England, 27—a total of 441 for the principal professional organizations.

Hanlon will captain the Detroits during the coming season.

The New York *World* says: "It is probable that New York will have both Kelly, of Chicago, and Denny, of St. Louis, on its League team next season. Little is known of the Kelly deal, but Denny is almost certain to be on the third bag for the Giants."

Muldoon has asked Manager Barnie for his release from the Baltimores.

The Newark men explain that Knowlton was the "luckiest" pitcher in the business, but Smith was the most skilful.

The Ring.

Charles Mitchell has been empowered to make all arrangements for Smith, for the fight with Sullivan. Mitchell has engaged to box Smith on January 13th and will meet Alf Greenfield on January 14th. He writes to the New York *Clipper* thus: I have never seen Smith with his hands up, but the sporting men of this country consider him invincible. I think Sullivan would act wisely by coming over here. If he can defeat Smith he can win a lot of money and make much more afterward. I know Smith's backers well and have had a talk with them in regard to matching him against John L. They said they would make a match for £1,000, or, if that was not enough, they would make it for £2,000 and give Sullivan the choice of battle ground in this country. Or they would make the same match to be decided in America, Smith to have choice of fighting ground; give or take £100 for expenses. They are very sweet on Smith, who certainly is a very likely looking young fellow for any job. His fighting weight is about 182 pounds, and he is very powerfully built, while he is abstemious and takes most excellent care of himself. I have been authorized by the Smith party to make such arrangement with Sullivan's backers as I may deem advisable.

Mike Walsh and Harry Gilmore are to have a boxing match in Ottawa during the time of the winter races there.

Sam. Bittle and Hial Stoddard are to have an eight-hour sparring match in St. Thomas on Thursday evening next.

Jack Farrell offers to fight any man living who weighs not over 122 pounds for $1,000 a side.

The Turf.

Prescott is credited with being the horsiest place in the Dominion. Any and every day you can see half-a-dozen trotters hitched to speeding sleighs taking their exercise on the highroad. J. P. Wiser has a score of promising youngsters, Dr. Monaghan has half-a-dozen speedy colts, and there are many others who own from one to three.

The dates for some of the leading American meetings are: The Brooklyn Jockey Club's meeting will extend from May 14th to the 28th. The American Jockey Club will begin its meeting on Decoration Day, and will last till June 12th. The Coney Island Jockey Club's dates are from June 12th until July 2nd. Monmouth Park will begin on the 4th of July. Washington race meetings will begin on the 3rd of May, and Baltimore will begin on the 7th or 8th of May

The Bicycle.

W. S. Maltby, who is in Austria with Fred. S. Rollinson, is astonishing the natives with his fancy bicycle riding.

G. P. Mills, of Liverpool, the bicyclist, has covered 6,157 miles in 82 rides, from January 1st to October 9th.

An English racer has just had a machine built which weighs only 15¾ pounds.

Hillier was the champion bicycle rider at all distances in 1881. Rowe is champion of all distances, amateur, proamateur and professional, 1886.

Alfred McCurdy, the bicyclist who holds the 24-hour road record of the world, is not much more than a boy. He weighs 160 pounds, is 21 years of age and is 5 feet 10½ inches in height.

The members of the Nashville Bicycle Club are contemplating a tour by wheel to Niagara Falls the coming season. The party will probably consist of ten or twelve of the best riders in the club, and want to start some time in June.

General Notes.

The horseshoe turning contest between Dunn, of Detroit, and Campbell, of Buffalo, is attracting considerable attention in the latter city, and it is expected that about 300 Buffalonians will attend the match.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Log Sports Club was held Friday. It was decided to hold the inaugural race meeting at Eglinton on Friday next.

The first of a serious of chess club matches took place in the rooms of the Toronto Chess Club, Public Library buildings, on Thursday evening, when the President's side defeated the Vice-President's.

The Toronto Draught Club is anxious to play any club on the continent.

H. R. H. the Comte de Paris has taken Sir Douglas Stewart's grouse shootings of Grantully and Loch Kennard

Fifty thousand tons of soot were taken from London chimneys last year. Its value was set at $204,000—as a fertilizer.

In Kentucky this year nearly five million bushels more of corn were raised than in 1885.

A CREW FALL IN LOVE.

Sailors Completely Overpowered by the Beauty of South American Women.

We read in scenes from the life of Hobart Pacha that, after receiving his "baptism of fire" in Spain, while serving with the naval brigade against Don Carlos, Hobart, while still a midshipman, was sent to the South American station, where he was engaged in putting down the slave trade. Our adventurer's first love experience in Buenos Ayres, that paradise of pretty women, is delightfully told. Within forty-eight hours of arriving every man of the crew was deeply in love. My respectable captain, who had been for many years living as a confirmed bachelor with his only relative, an old sister, with whom he chummed, and I fancy had hardly been known to speak to another woman, was suddenly perceived walking about the street with a large bouquet in his hand, his hair well oiled, his coat (generally so loose and comfortable-looking) buttoned tight to show his figure, and then he took to sporting beautiful kid gloves and even to dancing. He could not be persuaded to go on board at any cost; while he had never left his ship before except for an occasional day's shooting. In short, he had fallen hopelessly in love with a buxom Spanish lady, with lustrous eyes as black as her hair. Our first and second lieutenants followed suit, both were furiously in love; and all my messmates fell down and worshipped the lovely (and lovely they were and no mistake) Spanish girls of Buenos Ayres, whose type of beauty is that which only the blue blood of Spain can boast of. Now, reader, don't be shocked; I fell in love myself, and my love affair proved of a more serious nature, at least in its results, than that of the others. To make a long story short, the girl and I, like two fools as we were, decided to run away together, and run away we did. I should have been married if the mother hadn't run after us. She didn't object to our being married; but in the meantime she remained with us, and she managed to make the country home we had escaped to, with the intention of settling down there, so unbearable that, luckily for me as regards my future, I contrived to get away, and went as fast as I could on board my ship for refuge, never landing again during our stay at Buenos Ayres. Fortunately, shortly afterward, we were ordered away, and so ended my love affair. I shall never forget the melancholy, woebegone faces of my captain and brother officers on our reassembling on board. It was really most ludicrous. However, a sea voyage, which included several sharp gales of wind, soon erased all sad memories; things gradually "brightened," and ere many weeks passed all on board H. M. S. —— resumed their usual appearance.—*From a London Exchange.*

A Misunderstanding.

A fashionably dressed lady entered a bobtail car the other day, and as she accepted a seat an obliging passenger vacated for her accommodation, she noticed that a gentlemanly appearing man, who sat directly across the aisle, was extending his hand toward her cordially. Without taking the trouble to determine who the supposed acquaintance might be by a closer scrutiny of his features, the lady grasped the extended hand and shook it vigorously, at the same time going right along settling her draperies to her critical satisfaction. When this was accomplished, she glanced up with a beaming smile to 'greet the owner of the well-shaken hand. To her astonishment and horror she gazed into the face of a total stranger. The hand was dropped with startling velocity.

"Why, sir," she exclaimed, crimson with anger, "I never saw you before in all my life."

"I am aware of the fact, madam," was the cool reply; "I only wished to accommodate you by passing up your fare."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Some Social Nuisances.

The fellow at the club who whacks the table every time he makes a point in conversation, and then curses because he has hurt his fist.

The chap who tells you why he has his clothes made in London, how much they cost, and what lord has a suit from the same piece.

The impecune who not only borrows your money, but insists on telling you what he needs it for, though you know he is lying all the time.

The fervent individual who, when he is introduced to you, immediately tells you how well he knows all the members of your family whom you hate, and what a good sort they all are.

The elderly person who trumps every remark you may make by observations of his own commencing with, "When you have had my experience——"

The young man with the vacant eye who, if he meets you twenty-four times in every twelve hours, always asks, "Haw, old fellow, what's new, hay?"

Buffalo Infancy.

"Is my sleigh here?" said a 10-year-old boy to Sergt. Kennedy, in station house No. 1 yesterday afternoon. "Your sleigh," replied the officer, "what would bring your sleigh here?" "Why, don't you know," said the juvenile, "me and Kinney and Mary Ann was caught stealin' iron down at de Howard Iron Works and got pulled in." "Were you fined?" asked the sergeant. "Cert," said the boy, "tree dollars apiece. Why, dere's my sleigh, over dere; I know it by that chip out os de top." It was his sleigh all right enough, and this lad seemed to take a sort of pride that he and Kinney and Mary Ann were far enough advanced to be fined.—*Buffalo Courier.*

LONDON *World*: The Canadian Remount Commission has handed in a sort of preliminary report, for the information of the military authorities, pending the completion of the more detailed document, which is to go exhaustively into the question of the Dominion horse supply. It is satisfactory to know, in view of certain rumors that are abroad, that both the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley express themselves sensible of the good work done by Colonels Ravenhill and Philips, and it is believed that the inquiry will result in much benefit alike to the army and the Canadian colonists. The latter have a grand field of enterprise open to them, if they have but the good sense to develop it; and they owe the discovery to the Army Commissioners.

How to Have a Dress Made.

(Mrs. Bowser, in Detroit Free Press.)

What Mr. Bowser didn't know about dressmaking up to a week ago wasn't worth knowing. What he doesn't know now would fill a large sized book. I was fretting about the delay on the part of my dressmaker, when he suddenly turned on me with:

"Mrs. Bowser, it's all infernal nonsense. When I order a suit of clothes they are ready for me at the date set, and if there is any reason why a dressmaker can't do business on business principles, I want to know it."

"But I can't help it," I protested.

"No; you can't! You women are fools to be imposed upon as you are! I'd like to see one of these dressmakers bamboozle me around the way they do you!"

"But you don't wear dresses."

"For which thank heaven! There is more nonsense about selecting a dress and having it made up than is seen in an idiot asylum in a year. I tell you, it's all bosh!"

"You might select my dress goods for me."

"Oh! I might! Well, hang me if I don't! Yes, sir, I'll go down this very afternoon and buy you a new dress, and I'll follow the cloth until you have it on your back! I'll show you, Mrs. Bowser, that business is business."

He began operations after dinner. Mr. Powser has an alarm clock which goes off to the minute. He, therefore, argues that everybody else ought to go off with the same promptness and dispatch. He jumped off the car and rushed into a dry goods store and said:

"Give me twelve yards of stuff or a dress—quick?"

"Calico or silk?" queried the clerk.

"Why, silk, of course. You may give me two shades—six yards in a shade. I'll take green and blue."

"But no one can get a dress out of twelve yards of silk, and as for the colors—"

"They can't, eh?" howled Bowser; "my mother never had over twelve yards for a dress, and twelve has got to make one for my wife. The colors are all right."

The clerk gave him what he asked for, and Bowser rushed home and flung the package in my lap with:

"Been gone just thirty-seven minutes by the watch, while you would have been fooling around three afternoons. There's twelve full yards, and if you have any pieces left you can line my overcoat sleeves."

"Twelve yards! Why, I never got less than twenty-three! Don't you see how narrow the silk is?"

"Um! I thought it was sheeting-width, of course. That's another fraud I'm going to look to."

"And the shades—I can't wear 'em—no one could."

"You can't! Well, you will, all the same! This talk about matching the complexion with dress goods is the twaddle of idiots! If green and blue won't hit you, then let her miss! It's my taste, and I think I know what belongs to harmony. We'll go down after supper and get the dressmaker to begin work."

"But I know what she will say."

"Oh! you do! Well, you leave that to me. I'm bossing this job, Mrs. Bowser, and I'll learn you a thing or two before you get through."

After supper we drove down-town to a dressmaker's. As we got out of the carriage Bowser charged me to keep my mouth shut and let him do the talking, and I cheerfully promised obedience. He carried the bundle under his arm, and as we entered the shop he asked:

"Will you take a contract to build Mrs. Bowser a dress and have it finished at a certain date?"

"Let me see the goods," she replied; but no sooner had she opened the package than she asked:

"Is it some fancy skirt for the circus ring?"

"Circus ring!" he whooped; "what is there about these goods to remind you of a circus ring?"

"The colors."

"Mrs. Bowser," he said, as he turned to me, "we will go elsewhere. It is evident that this person has come out of some door-knob factory to take up dressmaking."

At the second place the dressmaker smiled as she saw the colors, and replied that she wouldn't think of beginning work without twenty-four yards of silk at hand.

"Then you'll never begin!" exclaimed Bowser. "It's high time the long-suffering public kicked against this dressmaking robbery. When I buy twelve yards of silk for a dressmaker to steal you can expect I'm going to die the next week."

The third dressmaker seemed to understand the situation at a glance. She opened the silk, rolled it up again and calmly but firmly said:

"I am very busy just now. You'd better take it to some blacksmith shop."

Then we went home for the night. Bowser was mad and wouldn't speak to me, and as he slept he dreamed of dressmakers, and I overheard him saying:

"Colors! I tell you it's all bosh! How many horses and cows do we see of four or five colors!"

The next day we visited twelve other dressmakers. Two of them called Mr. Bowser an old fool, and four others laughed in his face, while the other six refused to have anything to do with the dress. When we left the last place he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'm a man who can't be bulldozed. Those dressmakers have formed a ring to steal cloth and keep up prices, I'll beat 'em at their own game. We'll wait until we go to New York and then buy a ready-made dress."

When we got home he called the cook into the sitting-room and gave her the silk, and she thanked him kindly and added:

"It comes in very handy, Mr. Bowser, for my sister is a tight-rope performer and wants a new pair of silk tights."

I couldn't help laughing, and Mr. Bowser hasn't spoken to me since.

A circular to the Irish police has been issued from Dublin Castle requiring the names of the editors, proprietors and writers of all the Nationalist papers in the country, especially of those who are members of Parliament. The Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant, has declined to grant the request of his tenants in County Down for an abatement in their rent, but expresses his willingness to sell them their holdings at reasonable rates. The tenants have offered him fifteen years' purchase.

KISSES AND KISSERS.

Little Incidents, Actual and Imaginative, About Billing and Cooing.

Petruchio gave his bride a kiss of enormous calibre. We are told that he "kist her lips with such a clamorous smack that at the parting all the church echoed." The kiss given by the Duchess of Devonshire to a butcher for his vote has almost a world-wide reputation. The butcher was bold and ingenious enough to demand a kiss for the price of his vote. It was gracefully given, and the kissee became known as the Butcher Steele who kissed the Duchess. He thus increased his trade and gained historic fame. I should like to know the opinion of the Duchess as to the difference in flavor of a duke's kiss and a butcher's. It is stated that Voltaire was once kissed in a theatre by the beautiful Countess de Villars. The pitites, in their enthusiasm for the great writer, compelled her to give him a salute. Almost every one has heard of the first kiss given by Dominie Brown to his sweetheart, Janet, after a courtship of seven years. One evening, as they sat together in the customary solemn silence, Mr. Brown summoned courage and said: "We've been acquainted now for seven years, and I've never gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might tak' wan, my bonnie girl?

"Just as you like, John; only be becoming wi' it."

"Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing. For what we are about to receive, Lord make us truly thankful."

The kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, overpowered by the blissful sensation, rapturously exclaimed: "Oh, Janet, it is gude. We'll return thanks." Six months afterward they were married.

Every one remembers the famous kiss imprinted by Mr. Bumble on the "chaste nose" of Mrs. Corney, and the still more famous kiss applied to the lips of Mary, the pretty housemaid, by Sam Weller. The latter event is thus amusingly described in "Pickwick:"

"Get your hat, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It's below stairs, sir," said Sam, and he ran down after it. Now, there was nobody in the kitchen but the pretty housemaid, and as Sam's hat was mislaid he had to look for it, and the pretty housemaid lighted him. They had to look all over the place for the hat. The pretty housemaid, in her anxiety to find it, went down on her knees and turned over all the things that were heaped together in a little corner by the door. It was an awkward corner. You couldn't get at it without shutting the door first.

"Here it is," said the pretty housemaid; "this is it, ain't it?"

"Let me look," said Sam.

The pretty housemaid had stood the candle on the floor. As it gave a very dim light Sam was obliged to go down on his knees before he could see whether it was really his hat or not. It was a remarkably small corner, and so—it was nobody's fault but the man's who built the house—Sam and the pretty housemaid were necessarily very close together.

"Yes, this is it," said Sam; "good-by."

"Good-by," said the pretty housemaid.

"Good-by," said Sam; and as he said it he dropped the hat that had cost so much trouble in looking for.

"How awkward you are," said the pretty housemaid; "you'll lose it again if you don't take care."

So, just to prevent his losing it again, she put it on for him. Whether it was that the pretty housemaid's face looked prettier still when it was raised toward Sam's, or whether it was the accidental consequence of their being so near to each other, is a matter of uncertainty to this day; but Sam kissed her.

"You don't mean to say you did that on purpose?" said the pretty housemaid, blushing.

"No, I didn't, then," said Sam, "but I will now." So he kissed her again.

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, calling over the banisters.

"Coming, sir," replied Sam, running upstairs.

"How long you have been!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"There was something behind the door which perwented our getting it open for ever so long, sir," replied Sam.

And this was the first passage of Mr. Weller's first love.—*From London Tid-Bits.*

Personal Points.

Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, is very ill.

Gen. Sherman is said to have a fear that he will be the next of the war heroes to die.

Rev. H. Littlehales recently preached his farewell sermon in the Methodist place of worship at Battleford previous to his return to Toronto.

John Ruskin has recently presented a beautiful stain-glass window to the Church of the Sacred Heart (Catholic), Coniston, England. John Ruskin says he cares nothing for creeds, but that he does care for the needs of his fellow-men, without distinction of creed.

The ex-Empress Eugenie since her arrival at Naples has occupied apartments that command a magnificient view over the bay. The Empress will in a few days leave Naples for Posilipo, a village on the bay a few miles distant, where she will reside at the beautiful villa Delahunte, whence she will proceed to Sicily at the beginning of February. She will not return to England till the beginning of May.

A gang of armed and disguised moonlighters attacked the house of a farmer named Connor at Mount Collins on Saturday night. The family resisted and overpowered the assailants and captured four of them. The four were found to be cousins of Connor. There were six men in the attacking party. Upon nearing the house they opened fire on Mr. Connor and the members of his family. The former, who is an old man, and his wife and children seized chairs and fire irons and vigorously attacked the marauders. A desperate struggle ensued, during which Mrs. Connor and one of the sons were badly cut with a scythe.

The [illegible]ion of the British army in Egypt [illegible] begun yesterday, when 800 troops [illegible]rted for home. By April 3,614 men will have been withdrawn, leaving a total of 6,000 still in Egypt.

The murderers, Joseph Mullman and Heinrich Andel, were executed at Weisbaden yesterday by Krantz, the official executioner, who accomplished the task in forty-nine seconds.

Medical.

DR. CARTER.
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm Wright's.

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at rom Six to Fight per cent.

BALDWIN HANDS. R. P. ECHLIN. FRED.W GARVIN
HANDS, ECHLIN & GARVIN,
Successors to Lauder & Hands,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES CONVEYANCERS, &c. Money to Loan at Lowest Rates of interest Offices, 16 King Street East, Toronto.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER In B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. F. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. repared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at owest rates.

NEW LIVERY!
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886

J. E. MOORE.
Carpenter, Joiner, & Cabinet Maker.
All repairs promptly & neatly executed, shops, Durham St, next to Leitch's Tailoring. Plans and Specifications on shortest notice.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

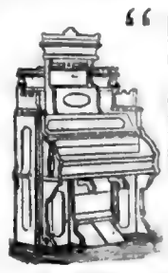

"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

New Butcher Shop in Flesherton!
Petch & Mitchell,
PROPRIETORS.
THE undersigned respectfully take this opportunity to announce to the people of Flesherton and surrounding country, that they have started a Butcher Shop in the stand next door to the Marble Works, FLESHERTON, where they will be pleased to meet with all who favor them with their patronage. Fresh Meats of all kinds and Fish, &c. in their seasons.
Respectfully yours,
PETCH & MITCHELL.

OUR TOWNSHIP FATHERS

First Meeting of the New Township Council of Artemesia.

Flesherton, Jan. 17, 1887.

Precisely at 11:20 to-day, Monday, the following gentlemen took their seats in the Town Hall, around the Council Board:—

Dr. Christoe, Reeve, at the head of table; Messrs. John Boland, John McArthur, Wm. Sharpe, and Arch. Cairns, Councillors for Wards, 2, 1, 3, and 4 respectively. On the left of the Reeve sat the genial Township Clerk, with a formidable batch of correspondence and papers piled up "forninst" him. On the right of the Reeve, at a table prepared specially for him sat the Agricultural Editor of the FLESHERTON ADVANCE "alone in his glory."

Minutes of last meeting in 1886 read and approved.

Messrs. John Boland and John McArthur were appointed Deputy-Reeves of Artemesia for the year 1887.

Moved by Mr. McArthur seconded by Mr. Sharpe that the Clerk be instructed to receive applications for the office of Assessor up till 10 o'clock a. m., Feb. 7th next.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Boland seconded by Mr. McArthur, that the Collectors for the past year be paid $26.00 each, being the amount of their salary and expenses. —Carried.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Boland, that the petition of George Binnie and three others be not entertained now as it does not meet the requirement of the Statute.—Carried.

The following By-laws were carried through the various stages and passed, viz., By-law 407, to appoint Auditors; and By-law 408, to appoint Health Officers.

On motion by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharp, the following accounts were ordered paid, viz., M. Riley for use of hall for polling, $4. A. R. Fawcett, printing, $12.75. H. Meldrum, for services in Ward 4, services of Constable and firewood, $5.75. Thos. Boland, for services of self, poll clerk and constable in Ward 2, $7.50. Alex. Brown, for services of self, poll clerk and constable, and rent of polling booth, Ward 4, $11.50. W. J. Bellamy, services of self, poll clerk and constable in Ward 2, also delivering ballot boxes to D. R. officers, $14.50. W. J .Bellamy quarter salary as Clerk, $37.50; also $6.80 for stationery, &c. John Rutherford, stationery, &c., $16.24.

Auditors.—Messrs. Thos. Boland and Henry Meldrum were appointed Auditors for current year.

Health Officers.—Messrs. S. Damude, G. Buskin, Wm. Suggitt, Dr. Christoe, and W, J. Bellamy were appointed Health Officers.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharpe, that the Reeve and Mr. Boland be a Committee to inquire into the sufficiency of the Treasurer's securities.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cairns, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that Mrs. Hanley's taxes for 1886 be refunded.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Boland, seconded by Mr. McArthur, that Robt. Whitten be refunded $6.20, James Beecroft $3.77, on D. S. Munro's personal property, taxes 1886 —Carried.

Moved by Mr. Sharpe, seconded by Mr. Cairns, that the Council meetings be held on the first Monday of every month commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. sharp this year, unless otherwise directed.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharpe, that the Reeve issue his order for this days session of Council and Indigent monthly allowance.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Boland, that Messrs. Cairns and Sharp be appointed Commissioners re Valley Road in lieu of Messrs. Pickle and McKee.—Carried.

Petition of J. W. Bates and others, re Pheobe and Norman Boyles, referred to Reeve and Mr. Sharpe.

Acct. from B. Colman, for use of schoolhouse 1886-7, $8, was laid over.

[The following resolution was unanimously carried and the Clerk instructed to forward a copy to the deceased gentleman's relict, Mrs. A. Elliott.—Ed.]

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE:

RESOLVED, That this Council, at this, its first opportunity, desire to express their heartfelt sorrow at the sudden and unexpected death of your husband. His general urbanity and integrity, pertaining to matters of the Township, make us feel that the Township has suffered a very great loss, and the institutions therein a firm and constant friend. This inscrutable providence leaves us only the privilege to tender you our warmest sympathy in your severe loss; and we earnestly recommend you to the care of the Husband of the widow and Father of the fatherless, who will most assuredly support and guide you in this your sore affliction if you lean on his arm for wisdom and strength.

Council adjourned.

Military.

Colonel Otter, Deputy Adjutant General of Military District No. 2, accompanied by Captain Campbell, arrived by Monday evening's train for the purpose of inspecting the arms and accoutrements of No. 6 company, 31st Batt. Lieut. Field was at the drill shed to receive them and the inspection was at once proceeded with. The arms and accoutrements, which are under Lieut. Field's special care, were found to be in first-class order; and, at the conclusion, Col. Otter expressed his satisfaction at result of his first inspection of the armory of No. 6 Company. The D. A. G. left on Tuesday morning for Durham to inspect the Armory of No. 4 Company at that place.

Priceville Heard From.

Letter from Prowler.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—Having just returned from what Josiah Allan's wife call a "tower," my best friend thrust a copy of the ADVANCE into my hand, exclaiming as I thought—"The Dickens is in you!" "The Dickens in me," I said. "No," said he "Dixon is into you fellers!" And lo! and behold! nearly two columns taken up to tell what a man with average intelligence could put in a few small paragraphs. In the language of Goldsmith,

"Still I gazed and still the wonder grow,
That one small head could carry all he knew!"

The inhabitants of Priceville are quite capable of looking into their own interests, especially when they have a shoddy school teacher to deal with. When driven to it, they use strong tests.

Mr. Dixon insinuates that the whole thing was got up by two or three for spite. Now, Mr. Editor, the petition asking his removal was presented by about forty ratepayers and signed by thirty-five —a large percentage was it not? The fact is, Mr. D. finds himself cornered and beaten by those "pigmy-souled little growlers," and we are not surprised at the expressions he uses of "lie" and "falsehood," as those are pet phrases of his, when beaten in debate, or cornered in argument, and he was always beaten by the Priceville boys.

Mr. Dixon speaks of the opinion of Christian gentlemen. Was it the one who drew up the first petition for his removal in an underhanded manner? And when his confreres wanted everything done openly and above board, he then went over to the "anti-clique."

The Prowler is pleased to learn that Mr. Dixon is ashamed of his skeptical views, so long held and so often expressed; and while he does not want to pay a market value for anything he may require, as an example he tramped the village and country for three days, looking for cheap board and lodging—not being willing to pay more than $39 per year for accomodation. At the same time he was drawing a salary of $420 per year. I think if Mr. D. gets curried down in this vigorous manner by a few more of the shop-keepers, as Mr. Riley has handled him, he will not only wish his head in that lion's mouth, but will feel small enough to crawl in, body and boots!

PROWLER.

Letter from Mr. Brander.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Sir,—I noticed recently a communication over the signature of W. L. Dixon, re Priceville School, in which he makes some low insinuations and casts uncalled for reflections on Priceville shop-keepers. I would inform him, in his ignorance, that there are just as reliable, staunch, and intelligent men and women shopkeepers as there are teachers in this county; and Mr. Dixon is not the model we care to copy. He takes exception to "Prowler," re his religious opinions, or, rather, the want of them. Why, before Mr. Dixon was in the school three months, I had it from an unquestionable source, that he held such skeptic views; and have since heard the same from other sources. Have also myself heard Mr. Dixon express the same opinions. If the statement be false, he himself must be the father of it.

Thanking, you, Mr. Editor, for this space, I remain,

Yours truly,
JAMES BRANDER.

[An opportunity will now be afforded Mr. Dixon to reply to the above letters, after which we shall close our columns to any further discussion of the subject—the matter having now been, we think, thoroughly ventilated.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Registration of Letters.

Editor Advance:—(1) What is the cost of registering a letter to Great Britan or Ireland, in addition to the regular postage? (2) Is registration an absolute guarantee against the miscarriage or loss of a letter?

SUBSCRIBER.

[Ans.—(1) 5 cents. (2) It is not; but a registered letter can be traced where an unregistered letter cannot, and the posting and delivery or non-delivery can be proven.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Forcible, But Expressive.

On a recent occasion a minister was reviewing the quarterly work of the Sunday school. Desiring to illustrate the soul to his little hearers, he held up his watch and explained its workings.

"Now," he said "what is it in you that tells you to work, or study, or play, as the case may be?"

One little hand went up.

"Well, what is it?"

"The brain."

"Right. Now tell what it is back of the brain that makes it work?" expecting some one to answer the soul.

The same little hand waved anxiously in the air.

"I see you are a studious little fellow," said the minister with an encouraging smile. "Now tell your less fortunate companions what it is back of the brain that makes the brain act. That is, what it is that thinks through the brain."

"Guts!" was the shrill reply.

The preacher sat down greatly discomfited, amidst a perfect roar of laughter.

The ambitious boy was the son of a butcher

That "Ungentlemanly" Reply.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—I must beg your patience once more for a short reply to your Manitoba correspondent. I am sorry indeed to find that I was guilty of an "ungentlemanly act in pronouncing adverse judgement upon the parody emanating from that gentleman. My "reply" was written, not alone with the idea of calling in question the veracity of your correspondent, but as a satire upon our own country as well, which he extolls so highly. He sees very little that is good in the South. Now, I hold that, owing to physical suffering, of which he has been a victim for many years, he was incapacitated for acquiring an impartial and "unbiased" opinion of Southern climate and Southern capabilities. Although I have not had the good fortune to personally visit the Southern states, I have had the perseverance to read a number of standard writers on the subject, who could have no possible object in magnifying the good features of the country; and I must say that when I read your correspondent's parody I was struck with the conviction that his was simply a local observation, if not exaggerated— based upon no wide experience—and applied to all the Southern States. For instance: were a man dropped from a baloon upon the alkaline plains of Nevada he would not be in a position to pronounce an assay upon the mineral ore contained elsewhere in that state, nor even swear that there was a silver lode within a thousand miles. He would be fully convinced that it was solely a desert land, wholly unfit for human occupation. We could not blame him for stating his convictions, but we might be pardoned for swallowing his statements *cum granum salis*, and, if he were a reasonably man, without having it considered an "ungentlemanly" act to take the salt.

From a critical point of view I cannot accept the statements in that parody except as a "parody" upon the truth. I will give just one reason for my skepticism and then my case is completed. The sunshine, he states distinctly, is "seven times hotter than the heat of a midsummer in the middle or the Northern States."

The medium heat of our hottest weather is not below 85 degrees; that multiplied by 7 makes 595 of heat! Now, I leave it to the Agricultural Editor of THE ADVANCE if that information isn't a little hard to take without a grain of salt—or ice? It may be for the good of mankind in general to know that a country has been found thrice as hot as any Humboldt came across in his journey to the equatorial regions of South America, or Baker to the Albert Nyanza, but that wouldn't deter me from visiting it, if, as I remarked before, the country had not developed earthquakes to such an alarming extent as it has during the past year, even as far north as Virginia.

W. H. THURSTON.

Toronto, Jan. 10, 1887.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold at Medical Hall.

SELLING OFF
AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

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FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1886.

Going North.

STATIONS.	Mail	Exp.	Mixed.
Toronto .....Leave	7 45am	4 5pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Cardwell Junction.....	9 25 "	6 30 "	
Charleston	9 43 "	6 45 "	
Orangeville. Arrive	10 05 "	7 03 "	
Orangeville. Leave	10 20 "	7 22 "	
Orangeville Junction.....	10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne	10 58 "	8 04 "	
Dundalk	11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON	11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale.....	12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford	12 23pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth	12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound.....Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Going South.

STATIONS.	Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound.....Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Chatsworth	6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford	6 25 "	3 30 "	
Markdale.....	6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON	7 02 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk	7 26 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne	7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction.....	8 22 "	5 23 "	
Orange. Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
ville. Leave	8 45 "	5 55 "	
Charleston	9 05 "	6 18 "	
Cardwell Junction.....	9 25 "	6 30 "	
Toronto.....Arrive	10 55 "	8 10 "	

W. WHYTE, Gen'l Sup't. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

Blacksmith Shop, Stable & Premises

IN FLESHERTON,

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

The undersigned offers for sale his Blacksmith Shop, Stable and Premises adjoining, at a reasonable price; or will lease the same to a good man at a fair rental. This property is well situated on Collingwood street, Flesherton, near the planing factory.

For terms and particulars, apply to the proprietor. ROBERT CLARK,

July 28th, 1886. 207 tf Flesherton.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 293. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. JANUARY 27, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

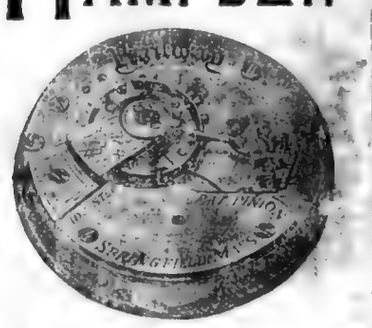

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inepect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

CARPET WEAVING DONE BY N. CAMPBELL, FLESHERTON.

BOOTS & SHOES SELLING OFF CHEAP AT W. CLAYTON'S.

Flour and feed of best qualities always in stock at Keefer's Flesherton.

Artemesia Council will meet for the despatch of business on Monday, Feb. 7th next at 10 a. m. sharp.

For great bargains in Ready-Made Clothing, go to J. G. Anderson's great clearing sale Markdale.

We regret to learn that the doctors have given up all hopes of saving the live of Mrs. John Sample.

Mr. Dixon's reply to "Prowler" and Mr. Brander, re Priceville school, will appear in our next week's issue.

Don't forget the great clearing sale now going on at J. G. Anderson's Markdale.

An immense stock of clocks arrived this week at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton. 2 t

Miss McCausland, of Thornbury, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Clayton, of this town.

COAL OIL.—Canadian and fine American Head Light, Wholesale and Retail, bottom prices at M. Richardson & Co's.

The revival services continue with unabated interest in the Methodist church here. Several have professed

If you want your watch repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton,—the finest watchmaker in this country. 2 t

Read the "Auction sale of valuable property" in our advertising columns to-day. Robinson & O'Brien, vendors' Solicitors; James Thompson, auctioneer.

The annual meeting of East Grey Agricultural Society was held in Flesherton last week, when the old officers were re-elected. The meeting was a very interesting one.

Walks in his Sleep.

Editor Advance: I walk in my sleep; how can I prevent it? Yours &c.,

SUBSCRIBER.

[Don't sleep.—ED.]

It is a fact—and facts are stunners—that people come 20 miles to buy their watches, clocks, jewelry, &c., at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton. Prices must be right. 2 t

Flesherton School House had a narrow escape from destruction yesterday.

Good 2 ft. wood dry or green taken in exchange for a few good Fur Robes at M. Richardson & Co's

Auction sale of farm stock, implements at lot 58, 1st con. N.D.R. Glenelg commencing at one o'clock p.m., Thursday, Feb. 3rd. For full particulars see bills. Alex. Stothard, proprietor; D. McCormick, auctioneer.

Discount sale of Fur Goods and Caps at M. Richardson & Co's. Secure some of the bargains.

"As the ADVANCE man has stolen our heading "Political Pointers," we have been obliged to invent a new one."—*Thornbury News.* The boot is on the other foot, my son; you stole the heading from us.

Mens Long Boots selling off very cheap at M. Richardson & Co's.

The new Conservative paper, *The Daily Standard*, has just reached our sanctum. It contains some able articles, but we will reserve a fuller expression of our views in reference to it until next week.

We understand that the annual meeting of South Grey Conservative Association was held in Durham week before last. We only ascertained this fact on Tuesday. It would be much better if such meetings were more widely advertised.

Why and how is it that Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton, does the best trade in this section? Because their goods are bought for cash and the goods are sold at lower prices than elsewhere, and the people know it now.

Dr. Barnardo, of London, England, is sending out, the first week in March, 200 Boys, (ages 10 to 16 and upwards) for farm and other employment. Those desirous of securing such help are recommended to apply early to Mr. Edward Duff, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough, who will furnish all necessary particulars.

Another car of Coal Oil at M. Richardson & Co's whole and retail.

The Priceville roller mill is now completed and in full working order. The roller process is thorough in every respect. Mr. Robt. McGowan, the enterprising proprietor, makes an announcement in connection therewith, in this week's ADVANCE, which will be read with interest by many. See his advertisement elsewhere in these columns.

Bargains in boys Felt Boots—Stock to be cleared out at 25 per cent discount for cash at M. Richardson & Co's

Mr. Sample maintains that what he said about Washington Territory was substantially correct. Mr. Moore might not be losing money in a way, but assuredly he was not making any at present. Mr. Sample says he is prepared to prove all his other statements by persons who have been in that country, Mr. Duncan to the contrary notwithstanding.

The recent freshet, or "January thaw," as some call it, struck the town of Collingwood with great force, and for the time being the place might have been likened unto Venice, were it not for the absence of the orthodox "gondolas." In our mind's eye we fancy we see Messrs, Chislett, Brady and Ward paddling along the streets in wash-tubs, pails, &c. Collingwood ought to be moved over to Flesherton, where a chance would be afforded it to get the water out of its ears!

Accident.

While playing foot-ball one day last week, George Cruickshank—a lad about 15 years of age—had his leg broken by another boy. The accident occurred at the Heathcote school. One of young Cruickshank's comrades made a terrific kick at the ball which missed its aim and came with full force in contact with Cruickshank's leg, breaking the latter and dislocating the ancle as well.

"Queen of Elocutionists."

Miss Jennie McGarry, of Montreal, who is generally acknowledged to be the queen of Canadian elocutionists, will furnish the people of Flesherton and neighborhood with a grand "Literary Evening," under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. of this place, in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening of next week, Feb. 2nd,

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

Miss McGarry, as an elocutionist, has no superior in Montreal.—*Daily Witness.*

The Dramatic Reading of Miss McGarry at the William Molson Hall, was touchingly and faithfully rendered.—*Montreal Herald.*

Miss McGarry read with spirit and effect, giving to her words an intense reality, which carries the minds of the vast assemblies over time and space to the actual scene.—*Montreal Gazette.*

She can bring tears or roars of laughter from her audience at will. No one ever pleased a St. Thomas audience better.—*St. Thomas Times.*

Miss McGarry, of Montreal, is an elocutionist of ability, and possesses a rich mellow voice, which enhances the charm of her naive manner. Her imitation of church bells in the "Creed of the Bells" was cleverly done. In the courtship scene of Shakespeare's "Henry V.," between the Plantagenet King and Queen Catherine of France, she displayed a thorough mastery of the French language.—*Toronto Globe.*

Speaking of Miss McGarry—whom he very warmly eulogizes—the distinguished pastor of the Metropolitan church, Toronto, Rev. E. A. Stafford, says:—"I have heard her favorably compared with Mrs. Scott-Siddons as an artiste, and there is nothing in her entertainments unsuitable to be employed by Church Societies."

Tickets of admission: adults, 20 cents; children, 10 cents; lady and gentleman, 30 cents. Tickets can be procured in Flesherton at Wright's store, Russell's jewelry store, the Post Office, Gordon's harness shop, the ADVANCE Office, or from members of the W.C.T.U.

Dress Goods original prices from 15 c. to 30 c. now selling at J. G. Anderson's for 10 cents.

Supper in Oddfellow's Hall.

The oyster supper given in their beautifully furnished hall last Monday evening, by the members of Dufferin Lodge, I. O.O.F., was assuredly a very grand affair. It was found necessary to use the Masonic hall, as well as their own, in order to accommodate the large gathering which had assembled to do honor to the Oddfellows spread. The oysters, coffee and other refreshments were served in the dining room connected with the Masonic hall, which gives an idea of the good feeling that exists between these societies. Among those of the brethren who were most courteous and attentive to guests, we might mention Messrs. Joseph Blackburne, John Whitten, A. S. VanDusen, C. J. Leitch, R. J. Hannah and James Sullivan. The I. O. O. F. occupies a front rank among the charitable institutions of this country. Long may it flourish.

For the greatest bargains in boots of any description, go to J. G. Anderson's great clearing sale, Markdale.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Young, of Thornbury, is visiting friends here.

Miss Bell, of Meaford, is the guest of Mrs Wm. McConnell.

Miss Thurston, of Guelph, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Aldons.

Miss S. E. McQuilkin, of Kimberley, is visiting friends in Mono.

Rev. Torthing, of Durham, preached in the Orange Hall here on the 7th inst. He gave a very interesting discourse.

The Orange soiree came off on the 14th inst. and was a success. Addresses were given by Rev. J. S. Corcoran and Mr. F. T. Carr, of Eugenia. Instrumental music by Miss Aldons, which was good. The song, "An' sae wull we yet," by T. B. Gaudin and R. D. Carruthers, was encored by the audience. Song, "Wouldn't you like to know," by Miss Thurston, of Guelph, received with great applause.

Mr. Thos. Gilray, District Master, occupied the chair and gave a short but interesting address.

On Friday evening, 21st inst., a number of friends from Thornbury gave a grand concert in the Methodist church here, proceeds applied to the Union Sabbath School. Those friends have the hearty thanks of the school.

Underclothing 20% less than regular wholesale prices at J. G. Anderson's Markdale.

DEATH'S HARVEST.

Sudden Death of James Carnahan, Sr., James Hopps, and David Grier.

Scarcely had the excitement, caused by the startling announcement of the death of Archibald Elliott, subsided, when news reached us in rapid succession of the death of our life-long old friend, James Carnahan, Sr., of Thornbury, of our friend and townsman James Hopps, and of our young friend, David Grier, of Priceville. Swiftly has the angel of death passed over this section of our county—warning all of the near approach to the eternal world, ushering many "through the valley and the shadow of death," from whose bourne no traveller e'er returns."

JAMES CARNAHAN, SR.

The manly form and genial countenance of the subject of this sketch has been familiar to the Editor of THE ADVANCE since his earliest recollection. He was one of the grand and sturdy old pioneers of the county of Grey, who will be held in grateful remembrance by the first settlers of the Township of Euphrasia, and the memory of whom will ever be fondly cherished by their children. James Carnahan, sr., was an honest man, a good neighbor, a true friend, a loyal citizen and an unostentatious but zealous Christian gentleman. And, although the material body is no more, he leaves behind him in this world that which is more desirable than great riches—a good name. Sunday morning, the 16th inst. he appeared to be in his usual good health. He was out in his barnyard, giving some instructions to one of his sons, when he suddenly fell and almost instantly expired. Thus, at a good old age—seldom reached by the majority of the human family—James Carnahan passed suddenly into the kingdom of Heaven. He leaves behind him a wife and large family to mourn his loss.

JAMES HOPPS.

Deceased was a resident of our town, and although he labored under the most adverse circumstances, we believe he tried to live as a good Christian should. He overheated himself while doing some work for the Editor of this journal, and then walked some distance out into the country in the teeth of a piercingly cold wind. He became thoroughly chilled, went into the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Holley, and after some time was obliged to go to bed. Inflammation of the lungs, accompained by a high fever, set in and notwithstanding all the efforts of his physician, Dr. Christoe, he only lingered a few days. On Thursday, 20th inst., shortly after dinner, he breathed his last. He was unconscious for many hours before his death. On Sunday last his remains were followed to the Flesherton cemetery by a very large concourse of citizens and others. Deceased having been an Orangeman was buried by the brotherhood, a goodly number of whom were present in full regalia. The casket was borne on the shoulders of four members of the lodge of which deceased had been a member. Rev. W. Ayers officiated at the late residence of deceased and also during the preliminary ceremony at the grave. Flesherton Band preceded the cortege, and played some very beautiful and solemn airs. In the evening the Methodist church here was crowded with people—the Orangemen occupying front seats in full regalia—when Rev. Mr. Ayers preached a practical and interesting funeral sermon from the words "Prepare to meet thy God."

Deceased leaves a wife and family who should receive the substantial sympathy of the community in this dark hour of their affliction.

DAVID GRIER.

The subject of this notice was very suddenly stricken down by an unusually severe attack of bilious fever. He lived only a few days after the first attack. Deceased was the eldest son of the late N. B. Grier, Esq., merchant of Priceville, and possessed many sterling qualities of mind and heart. He was one of the most popular young men in the community and will be much missed by a large number of friends and acquaintances. His remains were conveyed to Mount Forest on Sunday and laid to rest beside those of his father. Had it not been for the terrible condition of the roads, quite a number of members of the Sons of Temperance Division in this town would have attended in order to pay the last tribute of respect to their late worthy brother.

OTHER DEATHS.

We learn that there were two very sudden deaths in the neighborhood of Markdale, but have not been able to glean particulars.

Stock of Prints regular price, from 14 to 18 cents, now 7 cents at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale.

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spex, &c.

The finest and best stock of Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Hampden, Illinois, & Swiss Watches. New Haven & Seth Thomas Clocks, weight and spring. Jewelery, (Wedding Rings), Spectacles, &c. to be found in this section of country, is at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON. None but Genuine Watches kept in stock which bear warrants from 2½ to 5 years. Just received a very large consignment of Clocks which were bought for cash, so you may expect bargains all of which bear warrants from 1 to 3 years. A very fine stock of Silverware, Ladies' Rings, Chains, Necklets, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Cuff-Buttons, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, &c., of the finest qnality, at lower prices than you can get them for elsewhere, and also remember the only place to get your Watches, Clocks & Jewelery repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

Flesherton.

MODERN MIRACLES.

Dr. Charcot's Experiments on Nervous Patients.

EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS.

Complete Cures Obtained by Means of Hypnotism.

A Paris despatch says: A series of the most extraordinary experiments in hypnotism, made, under the direction of Dr. Charcot, by his assistant, Dr. Babinski, of the Salpetriere Hospital, surpass all hitherto conceived possibilities in medical science and causes a profound sensation in Parisian society. These experiments prove as perfectly practicable the transmission by magnetism from one person to another of certain nervous phenomena, such as dumbness, paralysis of the legs and arms, violent pains and coxalgia, and the final elimination of the evil from the original sufferer. These cures seem at first sight to be nothing short of miracles, and certainly they equal in dramatic intensity many cases narrated in the New Testament. As many fantastic and more or less exaggerated accounts of these experiments have appeared in the Parisian papers, I resolved to go at once to the fountainhead authority, and called upon the famous Dr. Charcot himself at his magnificent mansion, on the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

Passing through the hall, worthy the artistic taste of a Medici, I entered the large waiting-room. It was decorated with historic relics from the most ancient cathedrals of Europe. In this room on the floor was spread an Oriental carpet. There were forty or fifty patients waiting their turn to be summoned into the great man's sanctum. Many of the patients were violently afflicted with nervous diseases, and some of them jerked their heads about and contracted their muscles in the most startling manner.

Dr. Charcot said—"All sorts of exaggerated accounts have appeared about the experiments in transmission by hypnotism. In fact, unless the public are provided with precise information in matters of scientific discovery, they naturally mistake the North Pole for the South Pole, and error and confusion become widely disseminated."

"Will you give me," I asked, "a statement making clear to the public mind the exact state of medical science concerning hypnotic discoveries?"

"Certainly," replied Dr. Charcot. "These experiments are conducted under my general direction by Dr. Babinski. This is how Dr. Babinski carries them on: The subjects are seated back to back and a magnet is held to the side of one of them. It is not necessary that there should be actual contact between the subjects, but if there is the transmission is more rapid than when they are at a certain distance from one another.

TRIAL OF GIRL PATIENTS.

"The experiments of Dr. Babinski must be divided into several categories. To the first category belong experiments made on two young girls who suffered from hysterical epilepsy and exhibited all the phenomena of extreme hypnotism as they have been described by me. The patients were first hypnotized. Then Dr. Babinski produced, first in one and then in the other, different apparent hysterical symptoms of paralysis of the arm and of the leg, coxalgia, dumbness, etc. The patient thus attacked by an artificial hysterical affection is brought into rapport with his companion, near whom the magnet has been placed. In a few moments a transfer takes place—the symptoms disappear in No. 1 patient and reappear at the same instant in No. 2. They pass thus from one to the other. Moreover, it is easy, by suggestion, to rid No. 2 patient of the affection.

HOW MALADIES MAY BE CURED.

"In a second category of experiments M. Babinski took male or female patients presenting different phases of hysteria, not artificially induced in this case, but manifested spontaneously—that is to say, independently of all suggestions—such, in fact, as led to the admission of the patients in question into the hospital. He then placed them in rapport with one or the other of the subjects of experiment referred to above. These he hypnotized preliminarily, and at their side put the magnet. The hypnotized subject thereupon at once displayed the same manifestations of hysteria as those of the patient at whose side he had been placed. But the latter retains his malady at the end of the experiment.

"M. Babinski then, by suggestion, relieves the hypnotized subject of the affection that has been transmited to him, and resumes the experiment. By repeating the manœuvres a number of times more or less considerable he has succeeded in several cases in bringing about an attenuation and even a complete cure of the malady."

OTHER CASES OF SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT.

"Here, for instance, are a few of the observations made by M. Babinski: In two cases he obtained a complete cure of hysteric dumbness; one of them was of eight days' and the other of two months' standing. He succeeded in causing the disappearance in a few days of hysteric paralysis in the right side of the body of a year's standing. In a quarter of an hour, and after four successive experiments he cured a case of hemiplegy that had arisen ten hours previously. The attempt must be the oftener repeated the older the affection happens to be.

"In a third category of experiments M. Babinski obtained the transmission to a hypnotized subject of certain phenomena associated with organic affections of the nervous system, such as softening of the brain and cerebral hemianthropia in children. These last experiments yet need completing.

M. CHARCOT'S CONCLUSIONS.

"The different experiments here discussed will be seen to have interest for psychology on the one hand and for therapeutics on the other. But M. Babinski thinks that they are not yet numerous enough to make possible the construction of any theory on the subject, and it is his intention to continue his researches. In the present state of science it is impossible to explain in any way the mechanism of the transmission in question from one subject to another. But what of that? Facts must always be accepted when they are rigorously observed, even if their inner meaning be unintelligible. Now, as the facts stated above have been ascertained with all the method and vigor that ought to be employed in scientific researches: as every cause of error—notably, the possibility of pretence—has been carefully avoided, M. Babinski has deemed it his duty from this moment to make such facts known to the medical public."

These experiments have awakened renewed interest in neurypnology, or the science of nerve sleep, and on the tables of the most fashionable *salons* in Paris are to be found James Braid's treatise on the subject, with the preface written by Brown-Sequard. In fact, hypnotism is the great sensation of the day.

WRECK AND EXPLOSION.

Strange Catastrophe on Board a Wrecked Schooner.

A San Francisco despatch says: The schooner Parallel, which sailed from this port for Astoria, Oregon, on Friday, was compelled to return owing to strong head winds. She reached the entrance to the Golden Gate yesterday evening, the wind had died out, and being caught by a strong tide the vessel was swept ashore at the southern end of Point Lobos, inside the famous Seal rocks and opposite the Cliff House. The life station is near by, and the crew were promptly notified and hastened to the scene of the wreck. The captain and all hands on board the schooner had taken to boats, but as it was impossible for them to make a landing on the heavy surf running they stood away for the entrance to the harbor. After being abandoned the vessel drifted in a northerly direction and into a small cove where she pounded against the rocks, and at midnight was rapidly breaking up. It was known that the vessel had a large quantity of giant powder on board, but no danger was apprehended. The men from the life-saving station, seeing that nothing could be done, and knowing that the schooner had been abandoned by the officers and crew, withdrew from the scene. They had hardly reached the station building when a fearful explosion occurred, scattering destruction on all sides. The schooner beating against the rocks had caused the powder to ignite, and the entire quantity on board, nearly 100,000 pounds, had exploded. To those living in the neighborhood the effect was frightful. The signal station was completely demolished. The life-saving station was wrecked and the west side of the Cliff House, notwithstanding its elevation, was blown out and every window pane in the building broken. The large concert room on the beach and other buildings lower down all had their windows broken and were otherwise more or less damaged. The long carriage shed adjoining the Cliff House was tumbled into a mass of ruins. Adolphe Sulros' conservatory on the heights above was shattered to atoms and all the windows in his house were broken. Three members of the life-saving crew, who had built a fire on the beach and had decided to remain near the wreck, were hurled into the air by the concussion, and were severely injured by being dashed to the earth. The remaining members of the crew who had returned to the station rushed to the rescue of their injured companions. They carried them to the station, where medical aid was procured and all else was done to relieve their sufferings.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

To be Founded as a Memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

A London cable says: A meeting was held in St. James' Palace yesterday of gentlemen interested in the promotion of the establishment of the Imperial Institute. The Prince of Wales presided. Explaining the object of the meeting, he said the general feeling of the people of the Empire favored the giving of some signal proof of love and loyalty to the Queen on the occasion of the jubilee of her reign. The Imperial Institute was the fittest memorial that could be erected. This would form a practical means of communicating with the colonies. He commended the idea of such an institute, which, he said, would be regarded as a centre from which the knowledge of England's commerce and industry would be extended. He relied upon assistance being found to support the institute, and predicte that it would be a lasting benefit to this and future generations.

A resolution was passed that the Imperial Institute would be a fitting memorial of the Queen's Jubilee, and directing that the people of the Queen's dominions shall be appealed to for funds to support and maintain such an institute.

John Bright and Federation.

A London cable says: Mr. John Bright, in a letter declining an invitation to attend a meeting of the advocates of Imperial Federation, on the ground that he had no sympathy with the objects and purpose thereof, asks the projectors of the movement how the proposed federation would deal with the fisheries dispute between Canada and the United States. If Canada was independent, he asserts, she would yield to the arguments of her powerful neighbor, and if there were no Dominion of Canada the dispute would soon have been settled by English concession of America's reasonable claims. The federation project, he says, is mainly the offspring of the Jingo spirit, which clamors for vast and continually widening empire, and seems almost ready to boast that the Empire can fight the world outside of its own limits. Mr. Bright says he would recommend sensible men to let the question rest.

Among the stories told at the New England dinner in New York last week was the annexed: "There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: 'When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the page—'140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever read this in the bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

—A quarter of a century hence real millionaires will be few and far between.

CLUVERIUS HANGED.

The Young Richmond Lawyer Pays the Penalty.

HE MURDERED HIS SWEETHEART COUSIN.

At Richmond, Va., Thos. Cluverius, the youthful lawyer, whose execution for the murder of his cousin had twice been postponed, was hanged. He died protesting his innocence.

The Cluverius-Madison case excited the greatest interest not only in Virginia, but throughout the country. The accused was a collateral descendant of President Tyler, a lawyer of good repute in King and Queen's county, and superintendent of a Sunday school. His victim, Miss Madison, was also a collateral descendant of President Madison. On the 14th day of March, 1885, her body was found in the city reservoir. Investigation showed that she arrived in the city early on the morning of the previous day and registered at the American Hotel as Miss F. L. Merton. Cluverius arrived in Richmond on the same day and registered at the Davis House in his own name. He called on "Miss Merton" at the American, but found her out. On her return she sent him a note by a small negro boy. The latter could not find Cluverius and returned the note to the clerk at the American Hotel, who kept it. The envelope was not addressed, but another was found later in the room occupied by "Miss Merton" addressed to Cluverius. It was this that led to his arrest. The note read: "I will be there as soon as possible, so please do not wait for me." After the discovery of the body and the arrest of Cluverius, who was positively identified as the man who had called upon Miss Merton twice on the 13th, it was developed that she was Cluverius' first cousin. They had lived in adjoining counties and were about the same age. She had mentioned him to some of her female friends as her sweetheart, and said that she expected to marry him. An examination of the body also developed the fact that she was in a delicate condition. There were evidences of a struggle near the reservoir embankment, and male and female footprints were clearly traceable. The dead woman's hat was found near a small-pox hospital a few hundred yards off. Her shawl was found hanging on a fence in an entirely different locality, and a bag containing her clothing was fished out of the river a mile from the place of her death. But the most important and significant find was a watch key which was positively identified by a watchmaker as the one he had made for Cluverius, while it was recognised as having belonged to him by numerous of his acquaintances. The trial was lengthy and hotly contested. It was proven that Cluverius and Miss Madison were in the neighborhood of the reservoir on the night of the murder. The suicide theory was advanced, but this was disproved by the evidences of a struggle, and the claim of the accused that he had not seen the deceased for several months was clearly shown to be false. A motive for the crime was shown in the fact that he was engaged to an heiress. The evidence was purely circumstantial. The accused's previous good character was in his favor, but it took the jury but a few moments to return a verdict of guilty. He had numerous believers in his innocence who manifested their sympathy in many ways.

SINGULARLY STRANGLED.

A Deformed Girl Meets Her Death While Exercising.

A New York despatch says: Rebecca, the 16-year-old daughter of Rev. J. R. Paxton, of the 42nd street Presbyterian Church, was strangled to death in a most singular manner on Sunday night. She suffered from curvature of the spine, and used every night an apparatus of ropes and pulleys, attached to the wall of her room, for the purpose of straightening her back. A maid servant usually assisted her in the treatment. On Sunday night the servant being absent, the girl attempted to operate the contrivance alone. Through some false movement, a brace intended to support the chin slipped and caught the young girl by the throat. She was unable to relieve the pressure, or to make any outcry, and must have died very quickly. Her body was found by her father an hour after he had bidden her goodnight, and who, seeing a light in her room later than usual, entered after calling without response, and found his daughter dead.

SWEPT DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Two Victims of the Awful Avalanche in Montana Territory.

A Fort Keogh, Mont., despatch says: On Jan. 2nd, Tony Wise and a Swede named Martin were at work on the side of Sheep Mountain, near Cooke City, developing some mining property. A huge slide swept down the mountain and buried the two unfortunate men into eternity without a moment's notice. They were carried thousands of feet below and their bodies will not be found until the snow melts next summer.

Snow-Blocked in Montana.

A Fort Keogh, Mont., despatch says: Many stage coaches are blocked in Western Montana and numerous casualties reported. The snow is terribly deep in the mountain roads, which are impassable. On January 2nd Tony Wise and a Swede named Martin were at work on Sheep Mountain, near Cooke City, when a huge slide swept the men to eternity.

Getting Drunk in Mexico.

Mescal resembles Holland gin, and is no more intoxicating than that liquor would be. Tequila is a product of the same plant as mescal, and is made after a method that gives it the smoky taste of Scotch whiskey. As for pulque, its intoxicating qualities are not greater than those of beer.—*Springfield Republican.*

Two months ago young Tatro, a mere boy, was caught by a shaft in a mill in Grosvenordale, Conn. He was whirled around, his right arm was torn from the socket with such force as to send it a distance of fifteen feet, his left leg suffered a compound fracture, his right knee was dislocated and fractured, and he was otherwise fearfully bruised, and yet to-day he is alive and well.

THE DEAD STATESMAN.

Particulars of Lord Iddesleigh's Sudden Death.

TRIBUTES TO HIS WORTH.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: Mr. Manners, Lord Salisbury's private secretary, says: "The moment Lord Iddesleigh came in the side anteroom he sank down upon a chair. I was in the next room. Hearing groans I went into the ante-room and lifted him to the sofa. Doctors were in immediate attendance and remedies were applied, but he never spoke. He died twenty minutes after he was taken ill." His son, Hon. Henry Stafford Northcote, was sent for, but did not reach his father until ten minutes after all was over. He left later for the Pynes, in Exeter, the family seat, to tell his mother of her husband's death. The body has been removed to the family residence in St. James' Place. There will be no inquest, the doctors certifying that death resulted from failure of the heart's action.

The Queen was deeply affected by the news of the Earl's death, and immediately sent a telegram expressing her sympathy with the widow and family. Mr. Gladstone, who always highly esteemed Lord Iddesleigh, was much affected, and, with Mrs. Gladstone, sent the following telegram: "We are sorely grieved by the news of the death of one so eminent, respected and beloved. We must reserve a more particular expression of our feelings until later."

In an interview this evening Dr. Langston said: "I was summoned to Downing street at about 3.15 p. m. On arrival I found Lord Salisbury and several gentlemen in a room with the Earl of Iddesleigh. The Earl was lying on a sofa. He was in a semi-conscious condition, and excessively pale. His eyes were closed, his pulse was scarcely perceptible and his heart was still. The pallor was that of death. I applied restoratives directly, but they were without effect. I cannot say precisely when he died. If he was not dead when I arrived he passed away soon after without a struggle. The Earl was older physically than he was in years. In his condition the cold journey from Exeter yesterday was very injurious. Without a post mortem examination I cannot say positively, but think the deceased suffered from fatty degeneration of the heart. He might bear much fatigue and excitement without ill results. There was nothing unusual in his sudden collapse. It by no means follows that the Earl was laboring under excitement."

Dr. Mortimer Granville, Lord Iddesleigh's physician, has issued a bulletin, which says: "Lord Iddesleigh for many years past suffered with cardiac affections, which, while not placing his life in immediate peril, rendered the prospect of its sudden termination only too possible. He died of syncope. The melancholy event, although startling to those around him, has not been unforeseen by his immediate friends, and it has been anticipated by his medical attendants."

Sir James Fergusson, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in an interview said: "Lord Iddesleigh, a moment before leaving the Foreign Office, spoke to me very calmly about quitting office. He expressed the hope that our separation would not be permanent. Stanley, the explorer, was waiting to see him about the Emin Bey expedition. Lord Iddesleigh asked me to see Stanley and make another appointment for late in the evening. Lord Iddesleigh was looking well, in fact better than usual. He conversed with me very pleasantly, and when we parted he was in good spirits."

It is intended that Lord Iddesleigh's remains shall be honored by a public funeral. It is probable that on account of his death Parliament will be still further prorogued. Next to Lord Salisbury, Lord Iddesleigh was the most prominent man in the Conservative party. He was greatly trusted and highly respected by all parties. As leader of the House of Commons he was always courteous and never gave pain to an enemy. His death is not only a great loss to the Conservative party but also to the country.

TRAGEDY IN A CHURCH.

Mrs. Susan Brown Falls Dead at a Religious Revival.

An Adrian, Mich., despatch says: A religious revival has been going on for some days at the Second Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. Mr. Green, with successful results. On Tuesday night Mrs. Susan Brown, an influential member of the church, was taken with the "power," and, jumping to her feet, she shouted "Glory! Hallelujah!" and fell to the floor dead. Some minutes elapsed before the congregation realized the tragedy, and then a scene of great excitement ensued. The deceased was aged 65 years and was a slave up to the time of the Emancipation Proclamation. She has a number of children in the South, and was a worthy woman, well-known among the best families.

Brilliant Social Event at Washington.

A Washington despatch says Mrs. Cleveland's luncheon to-day in honor of the President's niece, Miss Hastings, was one of the most brilliant social events of the season. The floral decorations were beautiful. At each cover there were large corsage bouquets of pansies, some deep purple, others white and yellow. Only water goblets and others for appollinaris were at each plate. There were dainty china cups of fine ware filled with bon-bons for each lady, the cup and saucer tied together with gold or purple satin ribbon, these colors alternating, which these ladies carried away as souvenirs. Miss Hastings, who wore a pretty dress of pale blue crepe and lace, sat at the foot of the table with Miss Vilas on her right and Miss Lamont on her left. Mrs. Cleveland at the head of the table, had Miss Manning on her right and Miss Endicott on her left.

An Oxford University man insisted on keeping bees. One day a local clerical dignitary told him plainly that his bees must be sent away because a gentleman commoner had just been stung. He replied instantly: "Mr. Dean, I assure you that you are doing us a great injustice. I know the bee well. He is not mine at all, but belongs to Mr. Bigg, of Merton."

KEPT HER POST AT THE HELM.

A Brave Sailor Lass Meets Death with Spartan Heroism—The Romantic Story of a Daughter of the Sea and Her Tragic Fate.

A Victoria, B.C., despatch says: The sealing schooner Maggie Darling went ashore on Pebaloff Island last Monday night. A fierce storm was raging at the time, and when the wreck was boarded next morning her captain, who was a daring young woman, was found dead at the wheel, to which she had clung till the last. The name of this heroine was Calin Macdonald, and the story of her life was a curious one. Capt. McDonald, Calin's father, spent all his life in the seal industry. He was the owner of the Maggie Darling, and seventeen years ago Calin was born in the schooner's snug little cabin. Four years later, it is said, Mrs. McDonald eloped with a Government agent and nothing more was heard of her. Calin, therefore, spent the rest of her life on board the schooner with her father, her knowledge of the world outside its wooden walls consisting only of what she gathered on brief visits to the shores along which her father coasted. She was truly a daughter of the sea—bright, pretty and brave as a man. A thorough seaman she was, with a full knowledge of navigation, and she stood her watch with the rest of the crew, consisting of two men. About six months ago Capt. McDonald died and Calin took command of the schooner. She pursued the seal industry with an enthusiasm that surprised even the old hunters, and the sailors obeyed her even with alacrity. A gale was raging last Monday night, and heavy seas made rough weather for the schooner. With difficulty she was put about and headed for Pebaloff Islands. The seas ran higher and higher, and as night came on, H. Jackson, one of the sailors, was washed overboard. Calin stood firmly at the wheel, while Hine, the only remaining sailor, tried vainly to keep control of the sails. About midnight, in spite of the endeavors of the hapless pair, the schooner was blown on a reef and firmly wedged. At the moment, the mainmast went by the board and Hine was carried into the sea by the wreckage. He succeeded, however, in reaching the shore, after hours of exposure in the freezing waters. When morning broke the wreck was sighted and a boat's crew put out to save the skipper. As they approached the wreck it was noticed that the foremast had fallen and lay extended across the deck and over the stern. They called loudly for Calin, but no answer came and it was feared that she also had been washed overboard. Two of the crew voluntered to board the vessel, and with difficulty they succeeded, only to find the form of Calin hanging over the wheel, crushed to death. The body of the girl captain was taken on shore as carefully as the circumstances would permit, and the old salts mourned a brave lass.

A CHILD'S TERRIBLE FALL.

Dropping Sixty-five Feet and Escaping Death.

A Newburg, N. Y., despatch says: A frightful fall of 65 feet and miraculous escape from instant death occurred here at noon to-day, the victim being little Annie Barrett, the 5 years old daughter of Alfred Barrett, janitor of the post office building. Little Annie, with a still younger brother, was playing in the hall at the top of the post office building, where the family resides. From that floor to the basement a line of stairways descend with a six-foot square well hole in the centre. The stairway is protected by ballusters 2½ feet high, and, there being no one present but the child's 2-year old brother, it is conjectured she climbed upon the railing, lost her balance, fell over, and, clearing everything in her downward course, struck on the hard basement floor, 65 feet below. Her fall was heard and assistance quickly reached her. When picked up she was dazed, but in a short time she was able to speak. Her injuries consist of a broken right thigh and a lacerated head and face. Her teeth were driven through her lips and four of them were knocked out. One cut on the head measured three inches. Blood came from the nostrils in considerable quantity, but for all this if not nternally injured she may recover. Her ymptoms are favorable to-night.

A NOVEL BARRICADE.

An Eviction Stopped by a Priest in Chains.

A Dublin cable says: At Rossmanagher, County Limerick, a landlord named Desterre attempted to evict a tenant named Frost, who owed him more than £700 for rent. The police, followed by a large crowd of people, upon arriving at Frost's house found it barricaded, and outside the front entrance a huge pile of stones. In front of this pile, and securely bound to it by chains, was Father Little, the parish priest. The police surveyed the scene, and found that the priest had been chained in such a manner that an entrance to the house could not be forced without disturbing him. This they were disposed to do, but the crowd threatened to assault the police if they laid hands on the priest, and finally became so demonstrative that the police drew their batons and charged upon the people. The priest, still chained to a pile of stones, vehemently denounced the landlord, who had accompanied the police to the house, and Desterre finally agreed to settle the matter by allowing Frost to purchase his holding on the basis of an 18 years' rental.

Buried in a Snow-Slide.

A Winnipeg despatch gives the following particulars of the recent disaster to a C. P. R. train through a snow-slide in the Rockies: The train was delayed by a snow-slide east of Donald. Fortunately for the passengers the slide was not a great one, but while the majority of them remained under but a few minutes, the rest did not escape so lightly. One of the men was buried entirely out of sight for one hour and thirty-five minutes before the gang of searchers came across him. He was removed in a very weak and semi-frozen condition to a car, and with proper attention soon revived from the shock.

E. Cooper, of Santa Barbara, has proved that olive culture can be made to pay in California. He has a grove of 6,000 trees which yearly yield 50,000 bottles of excellent oil, which he sells for $1 a bottle.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashionable and Purely Domestic Gossip.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Fashion Notes.

Dark brown felt hats with flat brims are trimmed with a fold of brown velvet about the crown. A loop and loose knot of the velvet and an owl's wing in front complete the trimming.

The plaid and fancy velvets have not been a success this season, despite the many efforts made to popularize them. Striped ones, with alternate silk stripes of a little lighter shade, are much more popular.

The favorite dress for afternoon receptions is made of gray silk; one of the soft silvery shades of French gray. This is combined with plush of the same shade or brocaded silk with tones of pale blue. Scarlet is also a popular combination with these grays, and one handsome dress of gray silk had a waist of poppy-red crape.

The fawn-colored cover coats that appeared in the autumn are still seen upon the avenues on fine days and are extremely becoming, particularly when the muff and long boa are of black fur, either lynx or marten. These cover coats, however, must be made by a skilful tailor, fit accurately and be made with what are known as "tailor seams." that is, lapping over each other.

Waists which are open in the front, or low in the neck, have either long points front and back or a small point in front, and cut up over the hips with very small basques. The lower part of the basque is often concealed under a wide belt of ribbon or soft crape, which is tied on the side. When waists are low in the neck there are no sleeves, but only epaulets, with a bow or bunch of flowers on the outside.

The Russian bang, nearly straight, but slightly curled at the end, is the fashionable arrangement for the front hair; this is curved or pointed in the middle, is very short on the sides and discloses about half of the forehead. This is becoming to long faces, as it makes them look shorter and is worn alike with a low braided coil at the back or with the double eight twist high on the crown of the head.

Costumes of woollen fabrics, and even those of silk and wool, are often either perfectly plain or have only a flat band on the lower part. Dressy toilets of light material have several rows of narrow gathered silk, alternating with tulle, gauze or lace flounces to match the dress. There are two or four of these flounces, according to their width. The drapery is so arranged that these flounces are not entirely concealed.

Women receive early lady visitors in loose dominoes of wood-colored silk, with close inner sleeves of lace and long, square ones, falling to the knee, of the silk, lined with pale blue Touisine. A thick scarf of lace is tied around the throat and a "Nell Gwynne" cap of lace, copied from the portraits of that famous beauty, complete the costume. On the feet are worn brown velvet slippers embroidered with gold.

Very large plaids of blue and brown wool are combined with golden-brown velvet for warm frocks for little girls. The gathered hemmed skirt is of two breadths of wide wool, the waist is worn over a guimpe of the same material, which shows above an open square of golden-brown velvet in yoke shape, and the long sleeves of the guimpe puff out below the short elbow sleeves of the waist. For dances and children's parties are pink, pale blue cashmere frocks trimmed with moss-green velvet.

Little Tidies about the House.

A dainty spread for a baby's bed is of cream serge with pink clover blossoms strewn over it. The border is edged with pink and white cord.

A table-cover of gray-blue satin sheeting has a flight of swallows embroidered across it. The birds are worked in the natural colors and form an effective decoration.

A pretty bag for holding dusters is of cream linen, embroidered with disks in various colors. The top of the bag is faced with turkey-red, and the drawing-strings are of pink and green ribbon.

A cream plush table-cover has the border and the centre of Indian embroidery applied with gold thread in tapestry stitch. The lining is pale-blue satin, and a tassel fringe with all the tints that are found in the embroidery finishes this rich cover.

Every-Day Cooking.

None but the best butter will do in pastry.

A cake should not be moved while baking.

Never use fresh and old milk in the same cake.

It is hard to whip the white of eggs in a warm room.

Both pudding and custard should be baked as soon as mixed.

Stir butter and sugar to a cream before adding the other ingredients.

As a rule, eggs with a dark shell beat up nicer than those with a light one.

All kinds of cake are better for having the whites and yolks beaten separately.

To keep fruit cake, change it occasionally from a dry to a damp and from a damp to a dry place.

In making pastry everything should be kept as cool as possible. If the shortening is soft the crust will be heavy and solid.

Cake without butter should never be beaten, as it is sure to make it tough and leathery. Put the material together as lightly as possible, stirring it on the top, not from the bottom.

Ginger Cakes.—One cup of molasses, one cup brown sugar one cup warm water, one cup lard, two tablespoonfuls ginger, one tablespoonful soda (dissolved in water), one teaspoonful powdered alum, put in last. Mix soft; bake quickly.

Beefsteak Smothered with Onions.—Cut up six onions very fine; put them in a saucepan with two cupfuls of hot water, about two ounces of good butter, some pepper and salt; dredge in flour. Let it stew until the onions are quite soft, then have the steak broiled; put into the saucepan with onions; then simmer about ten minutes and send to the table very hot.

Soft Molasses Gingerbread.—A cupful of molasses, a cupful of sour cream, two cupfuls of flour, an egg, a large teaspoonful of ginger, two level teaspoonfuls of soda and half a teaspoonful of salt are blended to produce soft gingerbread. Put the molasses, cream, salt and ginger into a bowl. Beat the egg well. Dissolve the soda in one teaspoonful of cold water and stir the liquid into the mixture in the bowl. Add the beaten egg and then the flour, and after beating the batter vigorously for one minute pour it into two buttered shallow pans, and bake for twenty minutes in a rather hot oven.

Corned Beef Hash.—Take tender boiled corned beef, entirely free from fat or gristle; chop it fine, and mix with it chopped boiled potatoes in the proportion of one cup of beef to three of potatoes. Add enough salt to season the potatoes; pepper to your taste; mix very thoroughly together, and let it stand over night. Half an hour before the time to serve place it on the fire in an iron frying-pan, with one tablespoonful of cold water and a teaspoonful of butter to each cup of the mixture. Let this cook slowly on the back of the range, stirring frequently, if it becomes too dry, add boiling water. Taste it, and if not sufficiently seasoned throw in some pepper and salt, but very cautiously. Serve very hot.

The Irreproachable Way to Broil a Steak.—First see that the fire is clear and not too much of it; open wide all the draughts, to carry off all the smoke that is made during the process of broiling; then see that the gridiron is smooth and quite clean, rub it well with whiting or chalk, lay on your steak. Do not pound it, nor after it is on the fire stick a fork into it, or the juice will escape. Neither salt or pepper it; do that on the dish. Throw a little salt on the fire, and put over the steak; place the gridiron close on the range for the first few minutes to carbonize the surface; then turn it over quickly, to carbonize the other side. Now it should be exposed to a slower fire, to do which place two bricks on their edges, and rest the gridiron on them. The steak should be turned repeatedly and carefully, and when it feels rather firm to the touch it is rare, and if so liked it should be taken off, laid on a hot dish, on which one and a half ounces of butter have been melted, less than one-half tablespoonful of salt, a pinch of white pepper and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, well mixed; lay the steak on one side, and then on the other. Serve immediately.

The Victims of Bothwell Brig.

At a public meeting at Kirkwall, the other day, presided over by Provost Reid, a committee was appointed to draw up an appeal for subscriptions for the erection of a monument at Moul Head, Deerness, Orkney, in memory of over two hundred Covenanters who perished there in December, 1679. The Covenanters referred to were taken prisoners after the Battle of Bothwell Brig, and on the 15th of November, 1679, were put on board the ship Crown of Leith. The vessel was overtaken in a gale off Orkney, and was wrecked. As the hatches were fastened down on the Covenanters, over two hundred of them perished, and were buried in Scarvating, Deerness, where it is proposed to place the monument. Provost Reid stated that Dr. Gunning had promised to subscribe to the extent of £50, whilst the Rev. John Henderson Thomson, author of "The Martyrs' Graves of Scotland," and others, were taking a warm interest in the movement. A suggestion made by the Rev. John H. Thomson, that an obelisk or pillar, on the base of which the names of all the sufferers could be inscribed, should be placed at a point where it could be seen from passing vessels, was very favorably received.

A Charming New Toy.

We copy from an advertisement in the London *Queen* an interesting account of the charms of this gladsome Japan monster: "Will go into a watch-pocket, yet blow out four feet long and as thick as a man's arm. Immediately it is released from the hand it flies all over the room, causing the greatest consternation and horror among ladies. Stroked the right way it purs with pleasure; stroked the wrong way it sends forth blood-curdling screams. This snake is always ready for mischief, and will cause more fun in five minutes than ordinary mortals deserve in a lifetime. Invaluable for parties, the most bashful young ladies invariably clutching the nearest gentleman for protection and refusing to release them until the 'monster' is removed from the room."

An Exacting Thief.

Mr. Ballam, who lately reported that he had been robbed of $115 in cash as well as other articles, says he found a note lying on his front doorstep some nights ago, written in a large straggling hand, containing the following: "Beware! I took your money. If you don't leave the town, I'll burn you out." A few nights ago another note was found on the back doorstep, which was to the effect that it would be the final warning, and advising him to leave at once. Mr. Ballam says he cannot account for such strange proceedings.—*Charlottetown Patriot.*

The Devil's Leaf.

At Timor, near the island of Java, there is a plant called the devil's leaf, whose petals, being of a thorny nature, possess a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. I once met a gentleman in Honolulu who had been stung by this plant who barely escaped death, and who had a great raw sore—like that sometimes made by the stingaree of southern Pacific waters—on his left arm. He alluded to it facetiously as his strawberry mark.—*New York Times.*

Bismarck Sends His Autograph.

Prince Bismarck, in response to a request from the Royal Library at Munich, has sent the following autograph; "I fulfill with pleasure your wish; glad to have another opportunity of expressing the gratitude which Germany will ever feel for your magnanimous King and for Bavarian bravery, in remembering the restoration of the unity and security of Germany."—*Berlin Despatch in the London Times.*

It is now understood that the dudes are not wearing overcoats this winter because they have found that their corsets keep them sufficiently warm.

—Head-dresses are worn more and more by married women to dinners and evening entertainments.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The people of British Columbia are complaining to the Government that notwithstanding the Chinese Restrictive Act passed two sessions ago, Chinese are still pouring into the Province. The recent census of the town of Vancouver, so states the *News* of that place, shows that over 50 per cent. of the adult population of that town are Chinamen. An agitation is on foot now to discourage the employment of Chinese labor as the only remedy, by boycotting the merchants and others who employ the Celestials, and thus starve them out. There appears to be, from all accounts, a floating Chinese population which drifts between Washington Territory and British Columbia, going and coming as the demand for their services may fluctuate.

Dr. William H. Gray, of West Falls, Md., is quite sure that he has at last discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and has constructed a wheel which he thinks will run forever. It derives its motion from the attraction of gravitation, a mechanical movement being placed on the wheel in such a way that the descending side is the heaviest. By the force of its action it keeps the wheel steadily in motion. The wheel is twenty-six inches in diameter by eight inches in thickness, and is mounted on a wooden frame resembling a grindstone frame. The wheel is keyed to a steel axle, which rests on brass bearings. Dr. Gray has had one of the machines at his house working steadily for the past three months. He labored twenty years over his invention.

M. Grevy receives as President of the French Republic a yearly salary of $240,000, besides the following allowances: $20,000 for heating and lighting, servants and washing, $60,000 for his entertainments and journeys, and $25,000 for the maintenance of his game preserves. With respect to the latter, it is worth while noting that the game is no longer sent to hospitals and barracks as in former times, but is sold, exempt from the octrol duty, for the private benefit of the President. The cost of his travels is always defrayed by the railway companies over whose lines he travels as a deadhead, and he has a free box at the Opera and all the theatres. The most perfect of official residences is provided for him in the beautiful and commodious Palace of the Elysee.

Not many of our readers probably are aware that the famous "Stars and Stripes" of the United States are of English origin. The East and West Junction Railway Company have published a novel guide, illustrated by photographs, under the title of "Shakspeare's Country and the Ancestral Home of the Washingtons," which speaks of Sulgrave as "the ancestral home of the Washington family, from whom sprang the renowned 'Father of his Country,' George Washington, first President of the United States, and from whose coat of arms, still to be seen in the village, the American banner—the famous 'Stars and Stripes,' took its origin * * * * lies about three miles to the southwest of Morton Pinkney, in a secluded valley on the left hand side of the road leading to Banbury. * * * * Just outside the village, standing about two fields back from the road, is the ancient manor house erected by Laurence Washington about the year 1560, still bearing on the spandrils of the outer porch his coat of arms, the 'Stars and Stripes,' inscribed on a shield with his crest, a raven, above it."

The newly-discovered goldfield at Tulpa, Tasmania, is the most exciting topic in the colony at present. The special correspondent of the *South Australian Register* reports on a recent date as follows: "A number of men have left the Teetulpa diggings, but the field is still thickly populated, the tents numbering from 400 to 500, and the men upwards of 1,800. Work has gone on more steadily and systematically to-day than before, and there are not so many gangs of loafers hanging about. In addition to the results from the washings, rough gold is still found in small nuggets. In different claims I have seen quantities of 9dwt., 10dwt. and 15dwt. obtained. Good prospects are being obtained from claims lying on the west bank of the creek, and not in the watercourse." The following telegram has been received by the Colonial Secretary of Western Australia from Mr. Hare, Government resident at Wyndham, dated October 14th, and despatched via Port Darwin: "Tweed, an old Queensland digger, brings news that a 40oz. nugget has been found at the Kimberley goldfields. He reports that the diggers are getting more gold than is generally supposed; £500 worth of gold was brought in last Saturday. Prospecting parties have gone up the Ord, Forrest and King Rivers in boats. A lode, supposed to be of cinnabar, 300 feet wide has been discovered. Later reports are very encouraging. A party of men have found gold six and nine miles from Wyndham, but not as yet in payable quantities. The country is being well prospected. Mr. Carr-Boyd has brought in 11cwt. of magnificent quartz, in which gold is plainly visible. The reef is about 120 miles from Wyndham. Boyd is proceeding south by the Perth."

The Belgian Government offers a prize of $5,000, to be awarded in 1889, to the author of the best work on the progress of electricity in its uses as a motor and for lighting purposes, with all applications that can be made of it for such purposes, and the economy and advantages which its use may offer. The prize is open to all nationalities, and the manuscript may be written in English, French, Flemish, German, Italian or Spanish.

At the meeting of the Eastern Dairymen's Association in Brockville recently, Mr. Blue, of the Ontario Bureau of the Statistics, brought out the curious fact that the Eastern part of Ontario gets the better of the Western part, on the score of a larger quantity of cheese to a given quantity of milk, to the extent of an aggregate of $315,000. On the other hand, the Western part of the Province, by virtue of a better average price for the whole make of cheese, gets the better of the Eastern part to the extent of about $500,000.

The Religious Tract Society has just received copies of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which has been produced at its cost in the Japanese language. The illustrations are the work of a native artist, and are of remarkable interest as showing how well the spirit of the various characters and scenes has been caught. The Japanese makes the eighty-first language into which it is known that Bunyan's immortal work has been translated. The society is also contributing towards the cost of an edition in the Fanti tongue, spoken on the West Coast of Africa.

A decision of wide interest to travellers was rendered by the Massachusetts Supreme Court the other day. When passengers are robbed at night in a sleeping car the court holds that the sleeping car company is liable for the loss. "The company," says Chief Justice Morton, "holds itself out to the world as furnishing safe and comfortable cars, and when it sells a ticket it implicitly stipulates to do so. It is its duty to use reasonable means to guard the passenger against theft; and if through want of care the personal effects of a passenger, such as he might reasonably carry with him, are stolen, the company is liable. Such a rule is required by public policy and by the interests of both the passenger and the company."

It is likely to be long before Germany makes much headway in the three large islands of the Solomon group which she has just annexed. We know very little more about these islands than the Spaniards who discovered them. Labor ships have made terrible savages of the natives by kidnapping them to work on Queensland plantations. No white men have ever lived on the three islands except two unfortunate captives. The sufferings of one made an idiot of him, and no one knows what became of the other except that he was sold as a slave to an inland tribe. The missionaries, who have spread all over the Pacific, have never dared to live on these islands. Many of the natives are professed head hunters, an occupation that is not likely to become popular among visitors, especially as a white man's head is regarded as a gem for the finest collections.

Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation was announced in the London *Times* exclusively, and this is how the "Thunderer" managed to retain its "scoop:" Lord Randolph drove into Printing House Square shortly after 11 at night, and asked to see the editor. He was lodged with him for nearly an hour. As soon as Lord Randolph had been seen off the premises an order was issued to lock every door, back and front, and take the keys to the editor's room. Despatches, as they arrived through the night, were taken in at a window in the courtyard. Not a soul was permitted to leave the premises on any pretext whatever. The secret was till 2 o'clock in the morning locked in the breasts of the editor and two leader writers. The paragraph announcing the resignation and the articles commenting thereon were written and held back to the last moment. But even then, the hour being one at which other papers had gone to press, the doors were still locked, and it was not till the paper had gone to press that the doors were unlocked.

A baby and a cradle figure among the goods and chattels recently seized for non-payment of rent in Portree, Scotland. The thing seems incredible, but it is a cold fact. Here is the official list of articles seized by Alexander Macdonald, Sheriff of Inverness, on account of non-payment of rent by William McRae, a tenant of Lord Macdonald. It appeared in the Glasgow *Mail*:

Dresser and crockery	£0 1 6
Wooden seats	0 2 0
Cradle and child	0 0 6
Spinning wheel	0 1 0
Two beds and blankets	1 0 0
Dog (puppy)	0 1 0
Chair	0 1 0
Churn and top	0 1 0
Graip	0 2 0
In yard, quantity of corn	1 0 0
In stable, and other effects	18 0 0

All these articles were to be sold at auction after forty-eight hours. When this famous seizure was made the man McRae was at the point of death. His wife and seven children were living on potatoes alone. They were clad in rags and there was not a penny in the house.

Thirteen different religious denominations in Philadelphia have united in a movement for the evangelization of the city by means of a house to house visitation. The rector of a Protestant Episcopal church is chairman of the committee having the undertaking in charge, and a Reformed (German) Church pastor is the Secretary, while some 400 congregations are engaged in the work. The plan involves special services in each church nightly and subsequently union meetings in convenient neighborhoods. It is proposed, as far as possible, to visit every house in the city and extend a personal invitation to the inmates to attend the services at such church as they may prefer. The volunteers who do the visiting will take the names and addresses of those on whom they call, the number of children not attending Sunday School, the church attended, or, if none, the one preferred. These returns will be turned in at the end of the week to the Chairmen of the six districts into which the city has been divided, who will notify the pastors of the churches for which preference has been expressed. Those who express no preference will be considered the charge of the district chairman himself. When it seems to be required, the visitation will be repeated as often as appears advisable.

Worse Off than the Tramp.

"Gittin' pay for that?" he asked as he came along to where a man was shovelling snow.

"Not a red."

"Then you're a fool!'

"Yes, I know it, but as I own the house and lot I don't see how I'm to get around it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Proof Positive.

"The teacher wanted to box my ears this morning," remarked Johnny Fizzletop.

"How do you know that he wanted to box your ears?" asked his mother.

"If he hadn't wanted to box my ears he wouldn't have done it, would he, eh?"

Mrs. Eunice Darling, of Hersey, Me., who was 101 years old a few days ago, is credited by a local newspaper with the ability to knit a pair of woollen socks in a day besides attending to her household work. She has never worn a pair of glasses in her life. The knitting part of this story will not be readily believed by practical persons who know what knitting is.

Paris *Gaulois*: Mr. Calino has just engaged a maidservant lately arrived from Brittany. Yesterday he asked her for some hot water. "But, sir, you have some," she replied. "I took some up to you last evening."

THE UNWELCOME BABY.

A Pathetic Little Sketch with a Moral Attached.

"Another mouth to feed," said John Allen when the new baby came.

"God never sends mouths unless he sends bread to fill them," said his employer piously.

"Aye. Only He sends the mouths to me and the bread to you," asserted John Allen.

"I guess God made a mistake when He sent that baby here," remarked John Allen, jun., aged 8, the baby himself until now.

"God never makes mistakes," answered his pale, tearful mother, the baby's only friend.

It is sad enough to many people to have to come into the world at all, but to come into a world where no one wants you; to be in everybody's way; to have your food and drink and wherewithal you shall be clothed reckoned up and grudged to you, you, poor little unwelcome babe, who would be in your place?

They christened the Allen baby by the quaint and pretty name of Barbara. Mrs. Allen hoped it would bring good luck, because it had been the name of a sweet woman who was dead—her own mother. And it reminded her of that other Barbara Allen, and the song she oftenest crooned to the baby was that old love song with its sad refrain.

I suppose the unwelcome baby ought to have been a pale, pensive child, who never smiled, if there is anything in antenatal theories. But truth compels me to say that she was not. She grew and thrived, and looked pretty in the only clothes that were hers, the cast-off and out-grown wardrobe of John Allen, jun. And she just bubbled over with laughter and cooings, and would be noted and petted, as if she had come to stay.

"You'll be late for work, John," his wife would say to John Allen.

"One more romp with little Bab," would be the answer, as he tossed her high up in his strong arms, and he kissed her again and yet again. And when the man went to his work there were smiles mixed with the crows' feet of care on his face, as he thought of the baby that at last had found its welcome. So with them all. The big sister "wasted her time" as she expressed it—as if time could ever be wasted in that way—getting down on her knees to worship that baby. And her voice grew low and soft, because of the new love in her heart. And when little Bab could toddle about you would have thought them a family of lunatics. She was their darling, their queen, their idol. Ah, it has been well said that

God in cursing
Gives better gifts than men in benediction.

When the unwelcome baby had won its crown of consecration, a voice called, and it went home through the open arms of God into the New Home, where no child is ever unwelcome.

And that was all—quite all! No surely! But
The children cried so when her eyes were shut.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The most eminent medical authors agree that rheumatism is caused by inactivity of the liver and kidneys, and consequent formation of uric acid, which is absorbed by the blood. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant taken internally cures thoroughly.

Courting With a Club.

The accomplished Hottentot has a very effective way of proposing marriage. When he takes a fancy to a girl he knocks her down with a club and pops the question. If she says yes he carries her off and marries her. If she says no he picks up his club and goes off to woo somebody else.—*Burlington Free Press.*

For the Year 1887

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great, only, sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh-eating substitutes.

Avoiding Temptation.

Woman (to tramp)—"You might saw a little wood for that nice dinner." Tramp (reproachfully)—"Madam, you ought not to throw temptation in the way of a poor man." Woman—"Temptation?" Tramp—"Yes, madam. If I were to saw some wood the chances are I would carry off the saw. I'm an honest man now, and I want to stay so."—*Harper's Bazar.*

War Ahead.

There is great danger of war with Mexico in the near future, but at present we can pursue the arts of happiness, prosperity and wealth. Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive (free) full information about work that you can do, and live at home, earning thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new; both sexes. All ages. Pay, as above guaranteed, from first start.

A True Wife's Love.

The deepest gold mine in the world is in California, says a floating item, but that's a mistake, The deepest gold mine in the world is a true wife's loving heart. No man ever got to the bottom of it yet.—*Somerville Journal.*

There is money in wood pulp, judging from the demand. One mill in Brunswick has hard work to keep ahead of its orders, running night and day, and pulp made there has gone to Boston and returned in the shape of newspapers within forty-eight hours.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L. 4. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JAN. 27, 1887.

QUESTIONABLE TACTICS.

The Grey *Review* has resorted to very questionable tactics in connection with the election campaign in South Grey—tactics which are not in keeping with those adopted by the founder of that journal. Surely it is a sorry spectacle when journals of any political stripe resort to unwarranted and baseless ridicule in order to bolster up the cause of a gentleman—however worthy he may be as a private citizen—whose parliamentary record has been dimmed by unpardonable blunders. If the *Review* seeks to add lustre to the career of Dr. Landerkin it will have to go outside the political arena for its material. Crediting an opponent with sins he never committed, and giving him "virtues" he never possessed, will not have a tendency to elevate its own candidate, or cause the people of South Grey to bury out of sight the political misdeeds of their late representative.

Dr. Jamison is quite above and beyond the criticism of the *Review*; and while the latter is shooting off its little pop-gun and hugging itself with the delusion that every shot is taking effect, the former moves serenely along, unconscious of the puny assaults of his journalistic opponent. It will be time for the *Review* to criticise Dr. Jamison when the latter has done something to merit such treatment: but not otherwise, unless it is governed by other rules than those which obtain among gentlemen of position and respectability.

The "Probable Address to the Electors of South Grey" applies with far greater force to Dr. Landerkin than to Dr. Jamison: but we would be sorry indeed to attribute all the motives, hinted at and plainly stated therein, to either of the gentlemen. In this respect the *Review* writer exhibits bad taste and a very large stock of that article which some call presumption, but which is designated by others by the more common and forcible appelation, "cheek." The "Address" is supposed to convey idea that the Conservative nominee is a political weathercock—ready to face whichever way the wind blows; in other words that he is "all things to all men." Never did artist paint a picture so unreal and utterly inconsistent with the "original." Dr. Jamison had the "backbone" and the manliness to boldly and emphatically inform the members of the Conservative association of South Grey, that he would support only those measures which were in the interests of all classes and conditions of his countrymen, no matter from what party they might emanate. And he had the honesty to state this *before* the ballot was taken. He also stated that he would never go to Ottawa bound by "cast-iron" pledges to support the party, right or wrong. Will the *Review* kindly contrast Dr. Jamison's position with that of Dr. Landerkin—the gentleman who felt bound to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Blake, although Sir Richard Cartwright and other illustrious gentlemen were patriotic enough, and possessed of sufficient "back-bone" to vote with the government on the Reil question, regardless of sneer or menace. In conclusion, let us suggest that the *Review* get up another "address" containing a full account of the speeches and voting of Dr. Landerkin on the hanging of the Metis traitor, Louis Riel, and on the "Scott Act amendment." It would form quite an interesting chapter in current literature.

Flesherton Cheese Factory.

The annual meeting of the patrons of this factory for the purpose of winding up the years business, was held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Tuesday 18th inst. The report read by the Secretary, stated that there had been delivered at the factory during the past season 668,998 lbs. of milk, from which there was manufactured 62,817 lbs of cheese which was sold for $6106.37. The total cost of running the factory was $1530.11, leaving for the benefit of the Patrons, $4576.26.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Annual Meeting of the Grand Division at Brampton.

The annual convention of the Grand Division of Ontario Sons of Temperance was opened Tuesday in Brampton, with a large attendance of delegates from all parts of the Province. The Grand Scribe reported that during the year 153 divisions reported, and the number of members reported was 7217. The aggregate of the year's work is as follows:

Number of new members admitted.	3580
Number of members reinstated	166
Number of members withdrawn	991
Number of members suspended	934
Number expel'd for violat'n of pledge	109
Number expelled for other causes	215
Number died	34
Number violated the pledge	131

The G. W. Treasurer's report states that the total cash receipts of the year, including $115 from the National Division for propagation purposes, was $1100, and the total payments $963, leaving a balance of cash in hand of $137. There are some outstanding accounts, however, of $594, which have to be met.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: G.W.P., Thos. Webster, of Paris, by acclamation; G.W. A., S. Holland, Bradford; G. Scribe, W. H. Bewell, Whitby; G.T., Geo.M. Rose, Toronto, by acclamation; G. Chaplain, Rev. H. S. Matthews, Pickering; G. C., L. W. Tye, Brampton; G.S., J. S. Johnston, Kingston.—*Toronto World.*

Ayer's Pills cure constipation, improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. This medicine is pleasant to take and gentle in its operation. See article in Ayer's Almanac.

Artemesia Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of this Society was held in Flesherton on Thursday the 13th inst. Although the day was cold and stormy, there was a fair turn out of the members. The Auditors' Report shewed the total receipts during the past year to be $415.76, disbursements $322.63, leaving a balance on hand of $92.93. Of the total receipts, $75.75 was collected for a plowing match, of which $65.94 was expended for that purpose, leaving $9.81 as a start for another year.

The following were elected officers for 1887:—

President, R. Oliver; Vice-President, D. McMillan.

Directors:—A. Stewart, M. Reiley, J. Stewart, J. Brodie, G. Stewart, T. Conkey, D. Harrow, G. Swanton, J. Gowland Auditors:—J. Gordon, J. W. Bates.

At a meeting of the Directors, which followed, J. Brodie was re-elected Secretary Treasurer.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

For the last three weeks, the weather has been very stormy and cold. The roads were almost impassable. Our mails have been delayed. We had only two mails from the east last week, on account of the trains being snowed up. But our January thaw has taken away the greater part of snow, and trafic is now difficult on account of the roads being too rough.

The death of D. Heron has cast a gloom over the entire neighborhood as he was a man respected by all who knew him, as a consistant Christian, a kind father and a good neighbor. His remains were laid in the Methodist cemetery, on Wednesday. The funeral sermon will be preached by Rev. W Farrier on Sunday next.

Two fires occured in our village last week, one at Mr. J. Kertons and one at the Methodist Parsonage. But they proved to be only the chimneys burning. And yet they caused quite an excitement.

The dwelling of Mr. Sanford Tuck, was flooded on Sunday and some snow shoveling had to be done to allow the family to remain in the house.

Dr. Kerr's house was also threatened with a flood, but there too, some exertions were used, to let the water off. The floods were caused by the heavy rains of Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Maxwell who went to Michigan some time ago, was expected home last week but has not yet arrived, and his friends are very anxious about him.

Our school teacher Mr. Drummond, appears to be given general satistaction and we wish him every success.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed and recommended by eminent physicians, and is taken with perfect safety by old and young. Its cleansing and vitalizing effects are sure and speedy, and it is universally conceded to be the most effective of all blood purifiers.

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ROLLER MILL!

The New Mill is now completed and in full working order. The ROLLER PROCESS is thorough in every respect, and a full line of rolls. The

Highest Cash Price Will be paid

For any quantity of WHEAT. Positively no credit will be given in the GRIST MILL.

The SAW MILL is doing splendid work. Bring in your logs and you can get the lumber home with you.

First class PLANER AND MATCHER, Mr. John McLeod manages the Saw Mill which I hope is a sufficient guarantee for good work.

ROBT. McGOWAN.

Jan. 24, 1887.

Auction Sale

— OF —

VALUABLE PROPERTY!

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will will be sold on

Thursday, 10th day of Feb., 1887,

At 12 o'clock noon, by
JAS. THOMPSON, Auctioneer,
at the GLOBE HOTEL, in the
TOWN OF COLLINGWOOD.

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

All that certain parcel of land situate in the Township of Collingwood, in the County of Grey, and being composed of the east half of Lot No. 29 in the 6th concession of the said Township, reserving thereout about two acres appropriated for roads.

TERMS:—One-Tenth of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale, two other tenths within thirty days thereafter, and the balance thereof to be secured by a first mortgage on the property, bearing interest at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum from the day of sale.

Conditions will be made known at the time of sale.

For further particulars apply to

ROBINSON & O'BRIEN,
Vendor's Solicitors,
No. 68 Church Street, TORONTO.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. —M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured. —Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 25 to 2 25
Fall Wheat	$0 77 to 0 80
Spring Wheat	0 77 0 80
Barley	0 35 0 50
Oats	0 27 0 28
Peas	0 50 0 50
Butter	0 14 0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16 0 16
Potatoes	0 40 0 40
Pork	5 50 5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00 10 00
Hides	6 00 7 00
Wool	16 16
Sheepskins	0 40 0 50
Geese	0 05 0 05
Turkeys	0 07 0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20 0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40 0 50

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

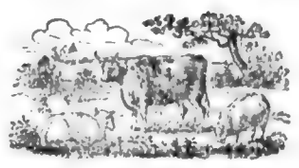

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

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HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store. Flesherton.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

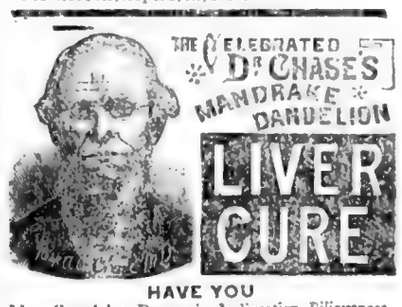

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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests chiefly with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

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W. J. BELLAMY, *Agent.*

School Matters at Maxwell.

To the Editor of The Advance.

As Mr. James Buckingham has failed to make a reply to my letter of three weeks ago, I, as well as many others, have come to the conclusion that he has no reply to make or else he is trying to escape in the same cowardly manner that he exhibited on the day of our annual school meeting That is by having his little say on the sly.

Well if the Board of School Trustees here are a nest of rotton eggs and full of corruption why does he not expose the matter and have those guilty of such practices exposed. Surely such men as Mr. Field and Mr. Preston whose names and reputation. are above suspicion in other matters would not stoop to anything low or mean in school matters, and even if they did, would not our Secretary Treasurer and Auditors, get some hint of the transactions and check them. But no, only Mr. Buchingham and a few other seemingly ill-disposed persons have found anything wrong and they do not know what it is.

"And then the peoples money has been squandered!" Wonderful accusation. Then why did he not shew the ratepayers at the annual meeting that their money was wasted. The Auditors report was submitted and passed without a murmer. Even Mr. B. was silent. But perhaps he was afraid to speak in public and I think his actions in this matter have proved him to be a coward.

"The ratepayers are oppressed with taxes!" This too is a very serious affair. But perhaps it is music in Mr. B's. ears. There are twelve school sections in this Township and for the last year there was one section that raiseda lower rate on the dollar than we did in this section. Is it not a wonder that nearly all the ratepayers in the Township do not raise a Rebellion, But the secret of the matter is this. Mr. B. would not support a school at all, if he could help it. He thinks anything that can be passed off as a Teacher, is good enough. Or perhaps get one that would board around among the Scholars and flo up the chores night and morning, and not ask for anything else, matters might go more smoothly. Mr. B. may probably have got his education in that manner.

But the Trustees came to the conclusion that to employ a good Teacher and pay him a fair salary, was the best way of managing for the best interests of the section and I think the majority of the ratepayers will join with me in saying, our late Teacher, Mr. C. A. Chant, proved to be one of the best, and if Mr. B. had been quite anxious to receive value for the amount paid by him as a school tax, he should have attended our village school, and he would then learn that it is wrong to bear false witness against his neighbors, as morality was taught as well as other branches of Education.

But I do not suppose Mr. B will be satisfied with this, any more than our other transactions. His purpose has been to raise a disturbance and if the underhand slanderous manner which he has chosen, is any solace to his contracted mind we, will not envy him the rest he may enjoy. But it is useless to prolong this letter as the Trustees are not at all ashamed of any transactions during their terms of office, and I will now allow Mr. B. to ponder over his actions until he is entirely satisfied.

W. LONG.

Division Court in Town Hall here last Thursday was rather a dull affair.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

A LIVING QUESTION.—Question.—"Is this life worth living?" Answer—"It all depends upon the liver?" If torpid or inactive it causes a dull, tough, languid feeling. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure gives health and buoyancy. Sold by Dr. Christoe.

NOTICE!

BY resolution of Artemesia Council, I will receive applications for the office of Assessor up to 10 o'clock, a. m., seventh day of February, 1887—applicants not to mention salary in application, as the Council cannot appoint officers for the lowest tenner.

W. J. BELLAMY,
Twp. Clerk.

Jan. 17th, 1887.
292-3.

☞The best, cheapest and most durable Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Sewing Machine Needles, and Supplies, for sale at C. Treadgold's, next house to Mr. Wm. Strain's, Flesherton. 3m

---

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

A LIVER CURE.—One single trial of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Recipe Book $1.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed a night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers', there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Thorough-Bred

BERKSHIRE BOAR!

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.

(283-335) JACOB A. LEVER.

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HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

SELLING OFF
AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30. 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1886.

Going North.

STATIONS.	Mail	Exp.	Mixed.
Toronto .....Leave	7 45am	4 50pm	
Cardwell Junction.....	9 25 "	6 30 "	
Charleston.....	9 48 "	6 45 "	
Orange- } Arrive	10 05	7 03 "	
ville. } Leave	10 29 "	7 22 "	
Orangeville Junction...	10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne	10 56 "	8 01 "	
Dundalk	11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON	11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale.....	12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford	12 24pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth	12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound.....Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Does not stop for Passengers.

Going South.

STATIONS.	Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound.....Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	
Chatsworth	6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford	6 25 "	3 30 "	
Markdale.....	6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON.....	7 02 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk	7 26 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne	7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction...	8 22 "	5 23 "	
Orange- } Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
ville. } Leave	8 45 "	5 55 "	
Charleston.....	9 05 "	6 13 "	
Cardwell Junction.....	9 25 "	6 30 "	
Toronto.....Arrive	10 55 "	8 10 "	

Does not stop for Passengers.

W. WHYTE, GEN'L SUP'T. D. McNICOLL, GEN'L PASS. AGT

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY.

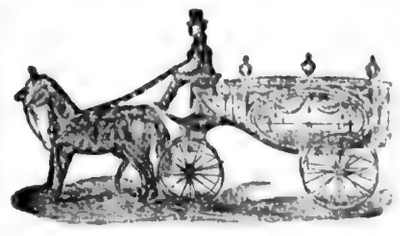

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

Blacksmith Shop, Stable & Premises

IN FLESHERTON.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

The undersigned offers for sale his Blacksmith Shop, Stable and Premises adjoining, at a reasonable price; or will lease the same to a good man at a fair rental. This property is well situated on Collingwood street, Flesherton, near the planing factory.

For terms and particulars apply to the proprietor. ROBERT CLARE.

July 28th, 1886. 257 tf Flesherton.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 2nd and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession

---

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's Block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B. Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. They should be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov 19th, 1886

J. E. MOORE.

Carpenter, Joiner, & Cabinet Maker.

All repairs promptly & neatly executed shops, Durham St., next to Leitch's Tannery. Plans and Specifications on shortest notice.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

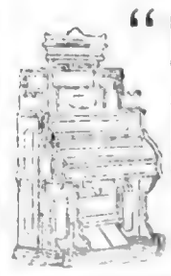

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

New Butcher Shop in Flesherton!

Petch & Mitchell,

PROPRIETORS.

THE undersigned respectfully take this opportunity to announce to the people of Flesherton and surrounding country, that they have started a Butcher Shop in the stand next door to the Marble Works, FLESHERTON, where they will be pleased to meet with all who favor them with their patronage. Fresh Meats of all kinds, and Fish, &c. in their seasons

Respectfully yours,

PETCH & MITCHELL.

One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
  We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
  Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
  Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
  Is written and is read!
One stone at a time, and the palace rears
  Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
  A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
  And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
  Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time our lives speed by
  Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
  Another and more on them,
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
  With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell,
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
  Is wisdom's proven rule.

"Too Many of We?"

A TRUE STORY.

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
  The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
  If a few of your childs should die."

She was only three years old—the one
  Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
  At the children's boisterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her stood,
  And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
  And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
  For the little one least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
  O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
  And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
  Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare
  In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
  Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
  Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
  When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
  From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
  What a place she had always filled.

The World.

The world is a queer old fellow,
  As you journey along by his side
You had better conceal any trouble you feel,
  If you want to tickle his pride
No matter how heavy your burden—
  Don't tell him about it, prey;
He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulder
  And hurriedly walk away.

But carefully cover your sorrow,
  And the world will be your friend.
If only you'll bury your woes and be merry
  He'll cling to you close to the end.
Don't ask him to lift one finger
  To lighten your burden, because
He never will share it; but silently bear it
  And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow:
  You must laugh at his sallies of wit.
No matter how brutal, remonstrance is futile,
  And frowns will not change him one whit.
And since you must journey together
  Down paths where all mortal feet go,
Why, life holds more savor to keep in his favor,
  For he's an unmerciful foe.

This Is All.

ROSIE CHURCHILL.

Just a saunter in the twilight,
Just a whisper in the hall,
Just a sail on sea or river,
Just a dance at rout or ball,
Just a glance that hearts enthrall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a few harsh words of doubting,
Just a silence proud and cold,
Just a spiteful breath of slander,
Just a wrong that is not told,
Just a word beyond recall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a life robbed of its brightness,
Just a heart by sorrow filled,
Just a faith that trusts no longer,
Just a love by doubting chilled,
Just a few hot tears that fall—
This is all—ah! this is all.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ERNEST RUNS AWAY.

When Alston left the room, Ernest sat down on the bed again.

"I am not going to be domineered over by Alston," he said excitedly; "he presumes upon his friendship."

Jeremy came and sat beside him, and took hold of his arm.

"My dear fellow, don't talk like that. You know he means kindly by you. You are not yourself just yet. By-and-bye you will see things in a different light."

"Not myself, indeed! Would you be yourself, I wonder, if you knew that the woman who had pinned all your soul to her bosom as though it were a ribbon, was going to marry another man to-morrow?"

"Old fellow, you forget, though I can't talk of it in as pretty words as you can, I loved her too. I could bear to give her up to you, especially as she didn't care a brass farthing about me; but when I think about the other fellow, with his cold gray eye and that mark on his confounded forehead—ah, Ernest, it makes me sick!"

And they sat on the bed together and groaned in chorus, looking, to tell the truth, rather absurd.

"I tell you what it is, Jeremy," said Ernest, when he had finished groaning at the vision of his successful rival as painted by Jeremy, "you are a good fellow, and I am a selfish beast. Here have I been kicking up all this black gentleman's delight, and you haven't said a word. You are a more decent chap than I am, Jeremy, by a long chalk. And I dare say you are as fond of her as I am. No, I don't think you can be that, though."

"My dear fellow, there is no parallel between our cases. I never expected to marry her. You did, and had every right to do so. Besides, we are differently made. You feel things three times as much as I do.'

Ernest laughed bitterly.

"I don't think that I shall ever feel anything again," he said. "My capacities for suffering will be pretty nearly used up. Oh, what a sublime fool is the man who gives all his life and heart to one woman! No man would have done it; but what could you expect of a couple of boys like we were? That is why women like boys; it is so easy to take them in—like puppies going to be drowned, in love and faith they lick the hand that will destroy them. It must be amusing—to the destroyers. By Jove, Alston was right about his ideals? Do you know I am beginning to see all these things in quite a different light? I used to believe in women, Jeremy—actually I used to believe in them—I thought they were better than we are," and he laughed hysterically. "Well, we buy our experience; I shan't make the mistake again."

"Come, come, Ernest, don't go on talking like that. You have got a blow as bad as death, and the only thing to do is to meet it as you would death—in silence. You will not go after that fellow, will you? It will only make things worse, you see. You won't have time to kill him before he marries her, and it really would not be worth while getting hung about it when the mischief is done. There is literally nothing to be done except grin and bear it. We won't go back to England at all, but right up to the Zambesi, and hunt elephant; and as things have turned out, if you should get knocked on the head, why, you won't mind it so much, you know."

Ernest made no answer to this consolatory address, and Jeremy left him alone, thinking that he had convinced him. But the Ernest of mid-day was a very different man from the Ernest of the morning, directing the erection of "parasols" over melons. The cruel news that the mail had brought him, and which from force of association caused him for years afterward to hate the sight of a letter, had figuratively speaking, destroyed him. He could never recover from it, though he would certainly survive it. Sharp, indeed, must be the grief which kills. But all the bloom and beauty had gone from his life; the gentle faith which he had placed in women was gone (for so narrow-minded are we all, that we cannot help judging a class by our salient experiences of individuals), and he was from that day forward, for many years, handed over to a long-drawn-out pain, which never quite ceased, though it frequently culminated in paroxysms, and to which death itself would have been almost preferable.

But as yet he did not quite realize all these things; what he did realize was an intense and savage thirst for revenge, so intense, indeed, that he felt as though he must put himself in a way to gratify it, or his brain would go. To-morrow, he thought was to see the final act of his betrayal. To-day was the eve of her marriage, and he as powerless to avert it as a child. O great God! And yet through it all he knew she loved him.

Ernest, like many other pleasant, kindly-tempered men, was, if once stung into action by the sense of overpowering wrong, extremely dangerous. Ill, indeed, would it have fared with Mr. Plowden if he could have come across him at that moment. And he honestly meant that it should fare ill with that reverend gentleman. So much did he mean it, that before he left his room he wrote his resignation of membership of the volunteer corps to which he belonged, and took it up to the Government office. Then, remembering that the Potchefstroom post-cart left Pretoria at dawn on the following morning, he made his way to the office, and ascertained that there were no passengers booked to leave by it. But he did not take a place; he was too clever to do that. Leaving the office, he went to the bank, and drew one hundred and fifty pounds in gold. Then he went home again. Here he found a Kafir messenger dressed in the Government white uniform, waiting for him with an official letter.

The letter acknowledged receipt of his resignation, but "regretted that in the present unsettled state of affairs His Excellency was, in the interest of the public service, unable to dispense with his services."

Ernest dismissed the messenger and tore the letter across. If the Government could not dispense with him, he would dispense with the Government. His aim was to go to Potchefstroom and thence to the Diamond Fields. Once there, he could take the post-cart to Cape Town, where he would meet the English mail-steamer, and in one month from the present date be once more in England.

That evening he dined with Mr. Alston, Jeremy and Roger as usual, and no allusion was made to the events of the morning. About 11 o'clock he went to bed, but not to sleep. The post-cart left at 4. At 3 he rose very quietly, and put a few things into a leather saddle-bag, extracted his revolver from under the bed where he had thrown it when, in the first burst of his agony, he had been interrupted in his contemplated act of self-destruction, and buckled it round his waist. Then he slipped out through the window of his room, crept stealthily down the garden-path, and struck out for the Potchefstroom road. But silently and secretly as he went, there went behind him one more silent and secret than he—one to whose race through long generations of tracking foes, silence and secrecy had become an instinct. It was the Hottentot boy, Aasvogel.

The Hottentot followed him in the dim light, never more than fifty paces behind him, sometimes not more than ten, and yet totally invisible. Now he was behind a bush or a tuft of rank grass; now he was running down a ditch; and now again creeping over the open on his belly like a two-legged snake. As soon as Ernest got out of the town, and began to loiter around the Potchefstroom road, the Hottentot halted, uttering to himself a guttural expression of satisfaction. Then watching his opportunity, he turned and ran swiftly back to Pretoria. In ten minutes he was at Ernest's house.

In front of the door were five horses, three with white riders, two being held by Kafirs. On the veranda, as usual smoking, was Mr. Alston and with him Jeremy, the latter armed and spurred.

The Hottentot made his report and vanished.

Mr. Alston turned and addressed Jeremy in the tone of one giving an order.

"Now go," he said at last, handing him a paper, and Jeremy went, and mounting one of the led horses, a powerful cream-colored animal with a snow-white mane and tail, galloped off into the twilight, followed by the three white men.

Meanwhile Ernest walked quietly along the road. Once he paused, thinking that he heard the sound of galloping horses, half a mile or so to the left. It passed, and he went on again. Presently the mist began to lift, and the glorious sun came out; then came a rumble of wheels running along the silent road, and the post-cart with six fresh horses was hard upon him. He halted, and held up his hand to the native driver. The man knew him and stopped the team at once.

"I am going with you to Potchefstroom, Apollo," he said.

"All right, sar; plenty of room inside, sar. No passenger this trip, sar, and a good job too."

Ernest got up and off they went. He was safe now. There was no telegraph to Potchefstroom, and nothing could catch the post-cart if it had an hour's start.

A mile farther on there was a hill, up which the unlovely Apollo walked his horses. At the top of the hill was a clump of mimosa-bush, out of which, to the intense astonishment of both Ernest and Apollo, there emerged four mounted men with a led horse. One of these men was Jeremy; it was impossible to mistake his powerful form, sitting on his horse with the grip of a centaur.

They rode up to the post-cart in silence. Jeremy motioned to Apollo to pull up. He obeyed, and one of the men dismounted and seized the horse's head.

"Tricked, by Heaven!" said Ernest

"You must come back with me, Ernest," said Jeremy, quietly. "I have a warrant for your arrest as a deserter, signed by the Governor."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then my orders are to take you back."

Ernest drew his revolver.

"This is a trick," he said, "and I shall not go back."

"Then I must take you," was the reply; and Jeremy cooly dismounted.

Ernest's eyes flashed dangerously, and he lifted the pistol.

"Oh, yes, you can shoot me if you like; but if you do, the others will take you;" and he continued to walk toward him.

Ernest cocked his revolver and pointed it.

"At your peril!" he said.

"So be it," said Jeremy, and he walked up to the cart.

Ernest dropped his weapon.

"It is mean of you, Jeremy," he said. "You know I can't fire at you."

"Of course you can't, old fellow. Come, skip out of that; you are keeping the mail. I have a horse ready for you, a slow one; you won't be able to run away on him."

Ernest obeyed, feeling rather small, and in half an hour was back at his own house.

Mr. Alston was waiting for him.

"Good-morning, Ernest," he said, cheerfully. "Went out driving and come back riding, eh?"

Ernest looked at him, and his brown cheek flushed.

"You have played me a dirty trick," he said.

"Look here, my boy," answered Mr. Alston, sternly, "I am slow at making a friend; but when once I take his hand I hold it till one of the two grows cold. I should have been no true friend to you if I had let you go on this fool's errand, this wicked errand. Will you give me your word that you will not attempt to escape, or must I put you under arrest?"

"I give you my word," answered Ernest, humbled; "and I ask your forgiveness."

Thus it was that, for the first time in his life, Ernest tried to run away.

That morning Jeremy, missing Ernest, went into his room to see what he was doing. The room was shuttered to keep out the glare of the sun; but when he got used to the light he discovered Ernest sitting at the table, and staring straight before him with a wild look in his eyes.

"Come in, old fellow, come in," he called out with bitter jocularity, "and assist at this happy ceremony. Rather dark, isn't it? but lovers like the dark. Look!" he went on, pointing to his watch which lay upon the table before him, "by English time it is now about twenty minutes past 11. They are being married now, Jeremy, my boy, I can feel it. By Heaven! I have only to shut my eyes and I can see it."

"Come, come, Ernest," said Jeremy, "don't go on like that. You are not yourself, man."

He laughed, and answered:

"I am sure I wish I wasn't. I tell you I can see it all. I can see Kesterwick church full of people, and before the altar, in her white dress is Eva; but her face is whiter than her dress, Jeremy, and her eyes are very much afraid. And there is Florence, with her dark smile, and your friend, Mr. Plowden, too, with his cold eyes and the cross upon his forehead, Oh, I assure you, I can see them all. It is a pretty wedding, very. There, it is over now, and I think I will go away before the kissing."

"Oh, hang it all, Ernest, wake up," said Jeremy, shaking him by the shoulder. "You will drive yourself mad if you give your imagination so much rein."

"Wake up, my boy? I feel more inclined to sleep. Have some grog. Won't you? Well, I will."

He rose and went to the mantel-piece on which stood a square bottle of Hollands and a tumbler. Rapidly filling the tumbler with raw spirit, he drank it as fast as the contractions of his throat would allow. He filled it again, and drank that too. Then he fell insensible upon the bed.

It was a strange scene, and in some ways a coarse one, but yet not without a pathos of its own.

"Ernest," said Mr. Alston, three weeks later, "you are strong enough to travel now; what do you say to six months or a year among the elephants? The oxen are in first-rate condition, and we ought to get to our ground in six or seven weeks."

Ernest, who was lying back in a low cane-chair, looking very thin and pale, thought for a moment before he answered:

"All right, I'm your man; only let's get off soon. I am tired of this place, and want something to think about."

"You have given up the idea of returning to England?"

"Yes, quite."

"And what do you say, Jeremy?"

"Where Ernest goes, there will I go also. Besides to shoot an elephant is the one ambition of my life."

"Good! then we will consider that settled. We shall want to pick up another eight-bore; but I know of one a fellow wants to sell, a beauty, by Riley. I will begin to make arrangements at once."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. PLOWDEN ASSERTS HIS RIGHTS.

When last we saw Eva she had just become privately engaged to the Rev. James Plowden. But the marriage was not to take place till the following spring, and the following spring was a long way off. Vaguely she hoped something might occur to prevent it, forgetting that, as a rule, in real life it is only happy things that accidents occur to prevent. Mr. Plowden did not object, he was too wary a hunter to do so. So when Eva made her little stipulations, he acquiesced in them after only just so much hesitation as he thought would seem lover-like. "Life, Eva," he said, sententiously, "is a compromise. I yield to your wishes." But in his heart he thought that a time would come when she would have to yield to his, and his cold eye gleamed. Eva saw the gleam and shuddered prophetically.

The Rev. Mr. Plowden did not suffer much distress at the coldness with which he was treated. He knew that his day would come, and was content to wait for it like a wise man. He was not in love with Eva. A nature like his is scarcely capable of any such feeling as that, for instance, which Eva and Ernest bore to each other. True love, crowned with immortality, veils his shining face from such men as Mr. Plowden. He was fascinated by her beauty, that was all. But his cunning was of a superior order and he was quite content to wait. So he contrived to extract a letter from Eva, in which she talked of "our engagement," and alluded to "our forthcoming marriage," and waited.

And thus the time went on all too quickly for Eva. She was quietly miserable, but she was not acutely unhappy. That was yet to come, with other evil things. Christmas came and went, the spring came, too, and with the daffodils and violets came Ernest's letter.

Eva was down the first one morning, and was engaged in making the tea in the Cottage dining-room, when that modern Minister to the decrees of Fate, the postman, brought the letter. She recognized the writing in a moment, and the tea caddy fell with a crash on to the floor. Seizing it, she tore open the sealed envelope and read it swiftly. Oh, what a wave of love surged up in her heart as she read! Pressing the senseless paper to her lips, she kissed it again and again.

"O Ernest!" she murmured; "O my love, my darling!"

Just then Florence came down, looking cool and composed, and giving that idea of quiet strength which is the natural attribute of some women.

Eva pushed the letter into her bosom.

"What is the matter, Eva?" she said quietly, noting her flushed face, "and why have you upset the tea?"

"Matter!" she answered, laughing happily—she had not laughed so for months; "oh, nothing—I have heard from Ernest, that is all."

"Indeed!" answered her sister with a troubled smile on her dark face; "and what has our runaway to say for himself?"

"Say! oh, he has a great deal to say, and I have something to say too. I am going to marry him."

"Indeed! And Mr. Plowden?"

Eva turned pale.

"Mr. Plowden! I have done with Mr. Plowden."

"Indeed!" said Florence again; "really this is quite romantic. But please pick up that tea. Whoever you marry, let us have some breakfast in the meanwhile. Excuse me for one moment, I have forgotten my handkerchief."

Eva did as she was bid, and made the tea after a fashion.

Meanwhile Florence went to her room and scribbled a note, inclosed in an envelope, and rang the bell.

The servant answered.

"Tell John to take this to Mr. Plowden's lodgings at once, and if he should be out to follow him till he finds him and deliver it."

"Yes, miss."

Ten minutes later Mr. Plowden got the following note:

"Come here at once. Eva has heard from Ernest Kershaw, and announces her intention of throwing you over and marrying him. Be prepared for a struggle, but do not show you have heard from me. You must find means to hold your own. Burn this."

Mr. Plowden whistled as he laid the paper down. Going to his desk he unlocked it and extracted the letter he had received from Eva, in which she acknowledged her engagement to him, and then seizing his hat walked swiftly toward the Cottage.

Meanwhile Florence made her way downstairs again, saying to herself as she went: "An unlucky chance. If I had seen the letter first, I would have burned it. But we shall win yet. She has not the stamina to stand out against that man."

As soon as she reached the dining-room Eva began to say something more about her letter, but her sister stopped her quickly.

"Let me have my breakfast in peace, Eva. We will talk of the letter afterward. He does not interest me, your Ernest, and it takes away my appetite to talk business at meals."

Eva ceased and sat silent; breakfast had no charms for her that morning.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Plowden entered with a smile of forced gayety on his face.

"How do you do, Florence?" he said; "how do you do, dear Eva? You see I have come to see you early this morning. I want a little refreshment to enable me to get through my day's duty. The early suitor has come to pick up the worm of his affections," and he laughed at his joke.

Florence shuddered at the simile, and thought to herself that there was a fair chance of the affectionate worm disagreeing with the early suitor.

Eva said nothing. She was still and pale.

"Why, what is the matter with you both? Have you seen a ghost?"

"Not exactly; but I think that Eva has received a message from the dead," said Florence with a nervous laugh.

Eva rose. "I think, Mr. Plowden," she said, "that I had better be frank with you at once. I ask you to listen to me for a few moments."

"Am I not always at your service, dear Eva?"

"I wish," began Eva, and broke down—"I wish," she went on again, "to appeal to your generosity and to your feelings as a gentleman."

Florence smiled.

Mr. Plowden bowed with mock humility and smiled too—a very ugly smile.

"You are aware that, before I became engaged to you, I had had a previous affair."

"With the boy who committed a murder," put in Mr. Plowden.

"With the gentleman who had the misfortune to kill a man in a duel," explained Eva.

"The Church and the law call it murder."

"Excuse me, Mr. Plowden, we are dealing with neither the Church nor the law; we are dealing with the thing as it is called among gentlemen and ladies."

"Go on," said Mr. Plowden.

"Well, misunderstandings, which I need not enter into, arose with reference to that affair, though, as I told you, I loved the man. To-day I have heard from him, and his letter puts everything straight in my mind, and I see how wrong and unjust has been my behavior to him, and I know that I love him more than ever."

"Curse the fellow's impudence!" said the clergyman, furiously; "if he were here, I would give him a bit of my mind!"

Eva's spirit rose, and she turned on him with flashing eyes, looking like a queen in her imperial beauty.

"If he were here, Mr. Plowden, you would not dare to look him in the face. Men like you only take advantage of the absent."

The clergyman ground his teeth. He felt his furious temper rising and did not dare to answer, though he was a bold man in face of a woman. He feared lest it should get beyond him; but beneath his breath he muttered, "You shall pay for that, my lady!"

"Under these circumstances," went on Eva, "I appeal to you as a gentleman to release me from an engagement into which, as you know, I have been drawn more by force of circumstances than by my own wish. Surely, it is not necessary for me to say any more."

Mr. Plowden rose and came and stood quite close to her, so that his face was within a few inches of her eyes.

"Eva," he said, "I am not going to be trifled with like this. You have promised to marry me, and I shall keep you to your promise. You laid yourself out to win my affection, the affection of an honest man."

Again Florence smiled and Eva made a faint motion of dissent.

"Yes, but you did, you encouraged me. It is very well for you to deny it now, when it suits your purpose, but you did, and you know it, and your sister there knows it."

Florence bowed her head in assent.

"And now you wish, in order to gratify an unlawful passion for a shedder of blood—you wish to throw me over, to trample upon my holiest feelings, and to rob me of the prize which I have won. No, Eva, I will not release you."

"Surely, surely, Mr. Plowden," said Eva, faintly, for she was a gentle creature, and the man's violence overwhelmed her, "you will not force me into a marriage which I tell you is repugnant to me? I appeal to your generosity to release me. You can never oblige me to marry you when I tell you that I do not love you, and that my whole heart is given to another man."

Mr. Plowden saw that his violence was doing its work, and determined to follow it up. He raised his voice till it was almost a shout.

"Yes," he said, "I will; I will not submit to such wickedness. Love! that will come. I am quite willing to take my chance of it. No, I tell you fairly that I will not let you off; and if you try to avoid fulfilling your engagement to me I will do more: I will proclaim you all over the country as a jilt; I will bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against you—perhaps you did not know that men can do that as well as women—and cover your name with disgrace! "Look, I have your written promise of marriage," and he produced her letter.

Eva turned to her sister.

"Florence," she said, "cannot you say a word to help me? I am overwhelmed."

"I wish I could, Eva dear," answered her sister, kindly; "but how can I? What Mr. Plowden says is just and right. You are engaged to him, and are in honor bound to marry him. O Eva, do not bring trouble and disgrace upon us all by your obstinacy! You owe something to your name as well as to yourself, and something to me too. I am sure that Mr. Plowden will be willing to forget all about this if you will undertake never to allude to it again."

"Oh, yes, certainly, Miss Florence. I am not revengeful; I only want my rights."

(To be continued.)

She Practiced Economy.

This story is told of the wife of an eminent benefactor of the town, whose residence was on the "Hill." One day while the lady was in the midst of preparations for the midday meal (this was in the olden time when people got up in the morning and had dinner at the proper time) a caller was announced. Hastily leaving the kitchen where she was overseeing operations she entered the next room where the visitor was. The door between the two was open, and pretty soon the lady broke off the conversation and called to the "help" in the kitchen.

"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"No, ma'am."

Then the conversation was renewed, to be broken again in a few minutes by the inquiry:

"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then take the pine stick in the corner and put it on the fire." This was presumably done, for shortly after, when "ma'am" repeated her question:

"Nancy, does the kettle boil now?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer.

"Then take off the pine stick and put it in the corner."

This shows a spirit of saving hardly to be surpassed.—*Boston Record.*

Mrs. Gladstone's Waist.

Not long ago, says *Harper's Bazar*, Mrs. Gladstone was visiting a country house, and the first evening at dinner wore a black lace scarf wrapped around and around her body in the most extraordinary style. Everybody wondered at this amazing costume. Going up to the drawing-room after dinner something struck sharply against the stairs at every step she took. "I know what it is," she calmly remarked. "When I dressed I could not find the waist of my gown, so I wrapped this scarf around me instead. My maid in packing sometimes pins the waist inside the skirt." And stooping down, sure enough it was the missing link of the costume. Mrs. Gladstone retired and reappeared, having laid aside the grotesque substitute in favor of the conventional waist, and all with the most complete nonchalance.

The servant girl question—"May I go out to-night, mum?"

A Baby's Faith.

(Mrs. Clara P. Boss in the South Boston Recorder.)

"Only a handbill! Prosaic!"
And the lady's fingers slight
Took from the waiting servant's hand
The tiny missive white.
One careless glance at its contents,
And she tossed it in the air;
It slipped through the open casement
Without her thought or care.

Circling, floating, fluttering down,
It sought the dusty street,
And dropped, as soft as a snowflake,
At a baby's pattering feet.
The little one caught the paper,
With a cry of glad surprise,
And lifted to the blue of heaven
A pair of heavenly eyes.

"'Tis a letter from my mamma,
I know," the baby said,
"God has sent it down from heaven
Where she went when she was dead.
Read it, nurse," the boy commanded;
But the nurse's eyes were dim,
Not for her to read the message
That his mother sent to him.

But the baby kissed his treasure;
He could "read between the lines,"
And the coarse and common paper
Bore a word from fairer climes.
So the baby's careless fingers
Tossed a message to his heart
Which, in all the years of childhood,
Bore a not forgotten part.

A FOUR-LEGGED THIEF.

"My dear, what do you think?" said the wife of Rev. Mr. Vivian, almost in tears. "Jane, whom we thought so much of, is a thief."

"Impossible, my love," was the answer. "Jane, our chambermaid? Whom we have known so long? Whose probity we have seen tried so often?"

"It seems incredible, I know," replied Mrs. Vivian, excitedly. "But there is no doubt of it——"

"No doubt of it?"

"Yes. You remember giving me, as usual, the marriage fee after pretty Miss Howard's wedding—don't you?" Her husband nodded. "Well, my dear, I was tired and sleepy, for we came home very late, and, instead of locking up the money as I ought to have done, I pinned it by one corner to the pin-cushion on the dressing-table. Yesterday morning, when I came to look for it, it was gone. I have searched everywhere, but cannot find it. Now, nobody had been in the room but ourselves and Jane."

By this time Mr. Vivian himself began to look almost as serious as his wife.

"You are sure," he said, "that nobody else has been in the chamber?"

"Why, my dear, you know we always keep it locked, and that Jane is the only servant who has a pass-key. No burglar could get in."

"You have looked everywhere?"

"Everywhere—through all my drawers, in the pocket of the dress I wore on the floor, under the bed, in every possible place. But it was really not worth while looking, for I am positive I pinned the note to the pincushion. When I went to look for it after breakfast it was gone. Jane had been doing her chamber work, as usual, while we were at breakfast, and is the only person who could have stolen it!

"Have you spoken to Jane yet?"

"No. I thought I would consult you first. Hadn't we better have her trunk searched secretly? If we let her know she is suspected she will find some way to hide the note away!"

"I am glad you have not spoken to her. It is no little matter to take away a girl's character."

"But the proof, my dear?"

"The proof looks strong, but is not conclusive. Suppose—just suppose—that after discharging Jane, and so destroying her character, you should discover some day that she was innocent. I think I will take a look at the room myself."

"It's really a waste of time, my dear. I have looked everywhere. Still," hesitatingly, "it is but right to give the poor girl every chance."

"I should know the note if I saw it anywhere," said Mr. Vivian. "It was a peculiarly marked $20 greenback, not a national note, but a legal tender, and stained with ink at one end. The stain attracted my attention particularly. It was as if a thumb, wet with ink, had been laid on the note. The impression was very distinct."

An hour's search, however, only confirmed Mrs. Vivian's story.

Mr. Vivian desisted at last.

"I cannot believe it," he said. "I will not give up my faith in Jane."

"But who else could have done it? I would not have believed it, either. Let us go upstairs and search her room. She is busy in the kitchen, and will not know it."

"No, my dear. If we search her room it is due to her to tell her first of our intention. Let us do nothing underhanded."

"Then shall I call her?"

"I suppose there is nothing else to be done," said Mr. Vivian, wearily, but as if he only half assented to the proposition.

Mrs. Vivian moved toward the door, but before she had reached it her husband had started to his feet.

"Stop! I have it!" he said. "My dear, have you never seen mice about? They generally infest every house."

"Mice!" Mrs. Vivian laughed, "Why, my dear, are you crazy? Mice don't eat $20 notes."

"But have you ever seen mice in this room?" persisted Mr. Vivian.

"I have heard them at night occasionally, but I have never seen them. But what can that have to do with the money!"

"I am certain now. I should have searched everywhere in any event; but now I feel sure the mice have done it. Don't look so incredulous, my dear. A mouse wouldn't eat a bank note, she would rather have a bit of cheese; but she might think the note would make a very nice nest for her little ones. We must have the carpet up."

"Oh, Mr. Vivian! what do you mean? Take up the carpets and have the room to clean again, and everything upside down ——"

"My dear, I will begin at the most likely place—by the hearth, say. I will take out the tacks myself, and very carefully; there shall be no dust made, I assure you. Perhaps we will not have to look far."

Mrs. Vivian knew, when her husband spoke in his mild, yet decided, manner that there was nothing to do but yield gracefully. She went, therefore, to a closet, and brought out a tack-hammer.

Mr. Vivian, clergyman as he was, did not disdain to get on his hands and knees, and begin to draw the tacks. He had loosened the carpet for about a yard, when he cried suddenly:

"Ha! there is a mouse-hole, at any rate."

Mrs. Vivian, by this time, began to catch the infection of his excitement. She leaned over him breathlessly.

"I will feel down the hole," said her husband. "The handle of the hammer is thin, and this iron at the end will catch the note, if it is here. Ha! there's a rustle; gently now. Bless my soul, if this isn't the very note."

"Sure enough there it was! A crisp $20 bill, with the ink-stain on the end. A bit of one end was gone, about a quarter of an inch, but otherwise the note was perfect.

"Mistress Mouse found she could not drag the note to her nest, it was too stiff; it has stuck half-way; she has torn off the end, you see, in her struggle," said Mr. Vivian, rising to his feet and triumphantly holding up and shaking the crisp, rustling note.

Don't.

Don't read this, if you expect to find the old stereotyped advice that is usually sprung on the unprotected public at the beginning of the year.

Don't go to bed with cold feet unless they have been pickled and taken inwardly. Even then the healthiest plan is to get a friend to take the pickled feet inwardly.

Don't jump out of bed immediately on awakening in the morning unless you are a lunatic. No sane man ever jumped out of bed immediately on awakening except perhaps in a few isolated cases.

Don't forget to take a drink of pure water before breakfast. If you are very thirsty during the night, you can get up and empty the water pitcher; it settles things after the last night's seance, reduces the size of the head, and, besides, makes one appear like a temperance advocate.

Don't take long walks on an empty stomach; if you want to take a stroll on a stomach at all try and find a full one, as it is softer. If you can find an empty stomach large enough, you can take a ride upon it.

Don't start to do a day's work without eating a good breakfast. Be sure to chew up the coffee properly. If you haven't got a good breakfast don't commence work until after dinner.

Don't eat between meals, but if anybody invites you, it is healthier to take a drink. If you get hungry have the meals oftener.

Don't try to keep up on coffee when nature is calling you to bed; coffee is an uncomfortable thing to sleep on; a sack of flour or a quiet conscience would be better.

Don't stand over hot-air registers, it is tiresome. Unless the register is hot enough to be used as a branding iron, you might as well sit down on a register and be comfortable.

Don't strain your eyes reading on an empty stomach. If, however, it is essential to your happiness to read on an empty stomach spread a copy of the TIMES over the vacant organ and read that.

Don't make a practice of relating scandal calculated to depress the spirits of the sick; only tell that kind of scandal which will raise a laugh. Get some back files of the English papers containing accounts of the Lady Campbell trial.

Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them; tickle them under the nose with a feather, dance a jig, sing a comic song, or do something that is light and convivial. If the invalid objects and tries to throw things at you, tie him down in the bed.

Don't talk your sick friend to death. It is easier to fracture his skull with a paper weight; besides, you have no right to interfere with the prerogative of the doctor.

And finally:

Don't worry yourself about other people's habits to the extent of making an ass of yourself.

Women Should Learn to Whistle.

If there be one thing which the modern woman regrets it is that she has never learned to whistle. Leaving out all question of being able to cheer one's self with a tune occasionally on the street or in the office, a whistle is a very handy accomplishment in signaling an elevator or a horse-car. The historian's wife bought one of those nickel whistles recently to make up, if possible, for this deficiency, and used it for the first time the other day when she was engaged in her Christmas shopping. She blew it once at the corner of Brattle street. The car was just stopping at the further corner and showed signs of starting up immediately; in desperation she gave another shrill whistle, and the car started up as if all the city government officials were pursuing it. The driver had thought it was the car-starter's signal, and when the fact was explained by some kindly passer-by the historian's wife resolved that she would resort to her voice next time she wishes to stop a car—*Boston Record.*

A "Blizzarded" Train.

As the train came in, with her two handsome engines puffing and snorting and glistening, she was admired by a crowd of Bismarckers, who are ever ready to applaud the beautiful and picturesque. The most interesting sight of all was the white capped snow plow which came just ahead of the train. The plow was loaded with several tons of pure white material, the engine was a gigantic moving icicle, of curious shape and exquisite beauty. The drivewheels, the boiler, the bell and the smokestack were handsomely slated with ice and snow, and the cab was a perfect little crystal palace.—*Bismarck (Dakota) Tribune.*

New Use for the Tobacco Plant.

A new use for the tobacco plant has been discovered. Its stems and waste, it is claimed, are equal to linen rags in the manufacture of paper. Tobacco waste costs less than $10 a ton, linen rags $70 to $80. There is no expense in assorting the former and very little shrinkage, as against a loss of one-third of rags. The yearly tobacco waste is estimated by the census reports at from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 pounds.

A little girl, while looking at some wares in a Sparta (Wis.) store window, remarked, "My papa has got a whole lot of pocket-books just like those." The owner of the store immediately secured a search warrant, and the result was that the child's father was arrested on a charge of burglary.

THE KISSING HABIT.

A Queer Case Tried in a New York Divorce Court.

A very queer case—that of Pye versus Pye—was called in a New York court this week. It was a divorce suit, and the evidence went to show the kissing habit is more easy to acquire and more difficult to shake off than the opium or cocoaine habit.

From the evidence it appears that Mr. Tompkins, one of the boarders at the Pye mansion, drifted into the habit of kissing Mrs. Pye. In fact it is very little exaggeration to say that he became a chronic Pye-biter. They became so brazen that their kisses were suggestive of the ringing of a patent gong. In the Pye family the kissing seems to have been almost as persistent and promiscuous as that to which the witnesses testified in the Beecher case.

Mr. Dempsey, who boarded at the Pye house, was put on the stand and examined by a lawyer.

Lawyer—Did you ever see Tompkins kiss Mrs. Pye?

Witness—Lots of times; and when I didn't see him I heard him. There was a plaintive, sobbing gurgle about it that reminded one of the exhaust of a bath tub. It could be heard all over the house.

Lawyer—When did Tompkins kiss Mrs. Pye?

Witness—Whenever he had a chance, but I noticed he didn't kiss her when he was down town. The only time when he didn't kiss her was when he was not there.

Lawyer—Who did kiss her then?

Witness—I did. I liked her a little myself.

Lawyer—O, you did, did you? Did not Mr. Pye object to you kissing his wife?

Witness—No. Why should he? I didn't object to his kissing her; why should he object to my kissing her? There was nothing objectionable about it; it was a mere friendly salutation.

Lawyer—Did you see Mrs. Pye kiss Mr. Pye?

Witness—No; but she may have done so when none of us boarders were around. She is a sly piece.

Lawyer—How did you come to kiss Mrs. Pye?

Witness—Put my arms around her neck and kissed her in the usual way.

Lawyer—Did she ask you to do so?

Witness—Well, I noticed that no matter how many times she and Tompkins kissed before he went out, she never got enough to last until he came back, for as he opened the door they were at it again, so when he was away I kissed her, more as a matter of accommodation than anything else.

Lawyer—Where was Mr. Pye?

Witness—Oh, he was nowhere.

Lawyer—That's enough. You can step down.

The divorce was obtained.

Von Moltke on the Battlefield.

Since Moltke's important speech at the Reichstag the papers are full of anecdotes relating to the general, and the following is one of them, related by Bismarck: "When on the eve of war even Moltke becomes talkative, and when we marched in 1870 he at once grew ten years younger, spoke with vivacity, took pleasure in champagne and choice cigars, and lost all his pedantry acquired while resting on the laurels he had gained in 1866. During the battle of Konigsgratz, when victory was doubtful for hours, Bismarck approached Moltke, tormented by doubts and fears as to the result of the terrible struggle. Moltke sat silent on his black steed. He was observing the course of the battle, and it was impossible to attract his attention. But Bismarck had a little case in his pocket containing two cigars, one of excellent, the other of inferior quality. He offered the case to Moltke, and without speaking the general took it, examined the two cigars, and chose the good one without thanks. But Bismarck understood him. He put spurs to his horse and cheerfully returned to his post, for thought he, if Moltke is still able to make choice of a cigar with such calmness of mind it means that all is going on well."—*London Daily News.*

A Snowball Battle by 20,000 Men.

In January, 1864, while Confederate troops were in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., there came a big snow storm, and 20,000 soldiers engaged in a regularly organized snow-balling. The Georgia and South Carolina troops took one side of a small stream and the Tennesseeans the other. The Tennesseeans formed a line of battle, their drums beating, bugles blowing, colors flying and officers mounted. Every soldier had a knapsack full of snowballs. The Georgians formed and prepared to make the attack by crossing the branch. There were 10,000 men on each side, and the scene was very imposing. As soon as the Georgians crossed the branch they met a terrific fusillade from the Tennesseeans, who were at home in the snow. The commander of the Tennesseeans was captured, but a bold dash was made by the Tennesseeans and he was rescued. The Georgians and South Carolinians, being unused to the snow, were at a great disadvantage, and were forced back across the branch. As the Tennesseeans crossed the branch they wet their snowballs, and the next volley fired at the Georgia and South Carolina boys was terrible in its effect. Passing on, the Tennesseeans captured the quarters and proceeded to loot the whole shebang, carrying off rations, tobacco, pipes and everything else that did not belong to the Government.—*Globe-Democrat.*

At the Festive Board.

"Mr. Peterby, will you please carve the turkey?"

"No, I thank you. The man who carves must either be a fool or rascal, and I don't care to be either."

"What do you mean."

"If he keeps the choicest portions for himself he is a scoundrel; if he does not keep them for himself he is a fool; and, as I said, I don't care to place myself in either category."

A footpad near South Prairie, W. T., held up a citizen the other evening about dusk, but before he could rifle the pockets of his victim some men came along. They caught the robber, stripped him to the waist, gave him a sound thrashing, and advised him to leave, otherwise he would be hanged on the spot. He took the advice.

—The toboggan business is only a temporary mania. We'll bet a new hat that every slide in the country will be abandoned before July 1st.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LEGISLATORS AT LOGGERHEADS.

Exciting Scenes in the New Jersey Capitol—The Democrats "Knocked Out."

A Trenton, N. J., despatch says: There was a big fight in the House of Representatives yesterday. When the regular Democrats were holding their caucus and nominating officers, the Republicans and disaffected Democrats and the two Labor men, numbering 31 in all, and constituting a majority, held a meeting in the Speaker's room and nominated and elected an entire mixed ticket. Dr. Baird, the dissatisfied Democrat, was elected Speaker and took the chair. No sooner did he seat himself than Mr. Beckwith, Chairman of the Democratic caucus, tried to forcibly eject him. A general hand to hand conflict ensued, and the police sent by Gov. Abbott attempted to remove Terrence McDonald, the newly elected sergeant-at-arms, but were overpowered by the latter's friends, and amid the greatest excitement the Speaker declared the House adjourned till to-day at 10 a. m.

The Democratic Senators caucused at the State House at 11 o'clock and nominated officers. The Republican Senators held a caucus at the Trenton House at the same hour, but adjourned at noon without nominating. The labor men joined neither caucus. The Democrats overreached themselves by forming a combination of Hudson, Camden and Sussex counties, and three dissatisfied members bolted.

Subsequently the Republicans met in the Speaker's room. They secured the disaffected Democrats and the two labor men, which gave them a majority and made up the ticket. After being sworn in, the majority effected an entrance to the Assembly Chamber and escorted the newly elected Speaker, Dr. Baird, to the chair, then occupied by Chairman Beckwith, of the Democratic caucus, which was still in session. Dr. Baird took the seat, and then began an unseemly struggle between Beckwith and Baird. Beckwith tried to eject Baird from the chair, but the new Speaker was surrounded by his friends, who maintained him in his position. In the struggle the chair was thrown from the platform and several members engaged in a fist fight. Three policemen sent by the Governor to try to quell the disturbance and eject the members directed their attention to the new Sergeant-at-Arms. They succeeded in lifting him from his seat, and were carrying him toward the door, when he was rescued by his friends. Meanwhile the struggle on the platform was going on, but Baird's friends prevailed and he kept the chair.

At this moment the doors of the room were burst open and the nearly frantic crowd rushed in, and from the press of the mob the battle was stopped. During the turmoil the galleries were filled with people, who cheered the combatants in the arena below. The defeated Democrats tried to renew the conflict, but the Republicans withdrew, followed by crowds of congratulating friends.

BRUTAL EVICTION RIOT.

A Pitched Battle Witnessed by Scotch and English M.P.'s.

Evictions on the Winn estate yesterday were witnessed by several English and Scotch members of Parliament. The peasants of the surrounding district are terribly excited. It is feared there will be serious trouble when the bailiffs resume the work of eviction. In some cases the bailiffs were stoutly resisted. The occupants of one house barricaded the doors and windows and refused to allow the officers to enter. The bailiffs made several attempts to force their way into the dwelling, but its defenders received them with boiling water and showers of stones and forced them to retreat. A number of them were severely wounded. This siege lasted some hours. Finally, the police loaded their weapons and threatened to fire if an immediate surrender was not made. At this the defenders yielded and submitted to arrest. They were 25 in number, and all were taken into custody. The wife of the tenant was carried out of the house by the officers in a fainting condition. She was afterwards left dying in the yard. The people are maddened at the brutality of the officers. Mr. Harrington, member of Parliament, exhorted them to avoid violence, and with difficulty prevented bloodshed.

The Ocean Steamship War.

The battle of the trans-Atlantic mails, says the *St. James' Gazette*, seems only just commencing. The Inman and International have chartered the Sardinian, of the Allan Line, and the Vancouver, of the Dominion Line. The Guion Company will put the Austral, of the Orient Line, under their flag, and the North-German Lloyd have given orders to the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company to build the largest and fastest vessel that can possibly be turned out from that famous yard. This will most likely be a ship approaching in size to the Great Eastern, with the speed of a torpedo-catcher, and capable of doing the passage from Southampton in six clear days, which is equal to a passage of five days from Queenstown. The result of all this rivalry will, no doubt, be to reduce the average duration of the transatlantic passage by several hours, if not days. Incidentally, a terrible disaster or two may be expected from these ocean races.

Antiquity of Gambling.

I believe they played dominoes in Egypt 3,000 years ago for money, and I dare say the mercenaries of ancient Carthage shook dice for the remuneration they had for their brutal services. Poker was known by another name, but I doubt not that Nebuchadnezzar's army anted up in their camp in the warm Assyrian night; and while Brutus was quarrelling with Cassius in his tent the Roman soldiery were probably staking their prospective drachms at some game of chance. Still, in the nineteenth century, with civilization in full blast and a hundred religious creeds fighting for the regulation of people's morals, the three-card-monte performer scoops in the astute man of business, and the bunko man lands the statesman and the poet just as of old.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

First connoisseur—"There is a certain ingenuousness about the picture that I admire exceedingly." Second connoisseur—"It is certainly artless, if that's what you mean."

NOW NEAREST THE SUN.

The Earth Gets as Close as It Can to the Great Stove in the Sky.

The sun is in perigee, or the earth in perihelion, on the 2nd of January at 3 p.m. These two forms of expression mean the same thing; the former meaning that the sun is nearest to the earth, and the latter that the earth is nearest to the sun. For, strange as it may seem, the earth is 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun than she was on the 1st of last July. It would be natural to expect that we should have the warmest weather when the sun is nearest to us. But his rays fall so obliquely on this portion of the earth that the intensity of the cold far overbalances the difference in the distance. There is, however, a compensation for the present conditions. The winter cold is doubtless tempered by the earth's greater nearness to the central fire. In the Southern Hemisphere, where the sun is in apogee in midwinter, the cold is intensified for this reason. Thus in Australia and Southern Africa the average temperature is lower than in corresponding latitudes north of the equator. About 3,600 years before the creation of Adam the sun was in apogee, or at his greatest distance in the northern winter, and in perigee, or at his least distance, in the northern summer. Sir John Herschel estimates that the northern winter at that distant period of the earth's development was 23° colder, and the northern summer 23° warmer than it is at present. Every inhabitant of the north temperate zone has reason to be grateful that the sun is in perigee at the season near the winter solstice.—*Providence Journal.*

KILLING HIS CHILD BY ACCIDENT.

A Man Sends a Bullet into the Head of His Only Daughter.

John Hollstrom, a longshoreman, aged 52, of 59 Sackett street, Brooklyn, yesterday by accident killed his daughter, Mary Ann, aged 6. The family occupies rooms upon the third floor of the house. After supper last evening Hollstrom was showing a revolver to another occupant of the house. He turned the chambers and said: "There's nothing in it." Then he cocked the pistol and pulled the trigger. The hammer struck an unexploded cartridge and the bullet passed through Hollstrom's left forefinger and struck the little girl, who was interestedly watching what was going on. The bullet entered her head just above the left eye and probably penetrated the brain.

"Oh, papa, I'm shot," she cried and fell backward to the floor. In a few minutes she died in the arms of her nearly frantic mother. A hastily summoned physician could do nothing for her. The father did not wait to have his wounded finger attended to, but rushed out to find a policeman and gave himself up. He was taken to the Congress street police station. His story was found to be correct upon investigation. He said that he had not the remotest idea that the weapon was loaded. The shells in the chambers appeared to be empty ones. Hollstrom had not been drinking and he is a man of temperate habits. The little girl was the only child.

Mrs. Langtry Defends the High Hats.

I asked Mrs. Langtry about her attitude on the bonnet question. "Oh, well," said she, "I don't believe the no-bonnet reform, as you call it, will permanently succeed in this country. The ladies will not take the trouble to put themselves in full dress to go to the theatre, and London is the only city in the world that demands it. There no woman can sit in the stalls with a bonnet on. The agitation for the removal of bonnets, which has been begun so spiritedly, will make some promise and go on for a time. Certainly a man who pays for a ticket should be accorded a complete view of the stage, and the interruption of his sight by one of the tremendous steeple bonnets now worn is unquestionably an invasion of his rights. I like the fashionable bonnets, though."—*Washington Post.*

In the State of Blizzards.

Chicago *Herald*: "The blizzards out in Dakota are so terrible," said a man just in from the north, "that the people string clothes lines from their homes to their outhouses in order that they may pass to and from during the prevalence of one of these storms without running the risk of losing their way in their own yards. One cannot see three feet ahead in a Dakota blizzard, and if he once loses his bearings he is almost certain to drift out upon the prairie and perish before assistance can reach him. With the aid of a rope a man is enabled to grope about his own yard with comparative safety so long as he doesn't let go."

Mr. Powderly Explains.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch says: In a letter to Mr. Bengough, of this city, Mr. Powderly says he accepted the offer of $5,000 salary by the Richmond convention, because if he had continued to refuse it enemies would have accused him of getting pay from outside the Order, as they could not understand why he should devote himself to the work without adequate pay. Mr. Powderly says his position is no sinecure. He works from 12 to 18 hours a day. He adds that he has had several offers of $5,000 or $6,000 per annum for his services in business pursuits. Four of these offers are still open.

They Still Live.

"I tell you, honest men are not all dead yet," he said as he returned to his sleigh at the Central Market. "Here's a robe which could have been sold to me for a bear-skin but the dealer frankly informed me that it was nothing but goat."

"How much did you pay."

"Only $11."

"H'm. Same man sold me one for a bear-skin and didn't ask but $8!"—*Detroit Free P*

A farmer near Minnewaukan, D. T., got drunk and crawled into a snow bank to take a nap. Although the temperature was ten degrees below zero, the farmer awoke the next morning sober and uninjured by the cold. There must be some wonderfully satisfying whiskey sold in that neighborhood.

Woman of the world to a youthful admirer—"You seem to know a great deal of married life. Are you married?" Smith (with a blase air)—"No, but my father is."

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

Canadian Mort. Company,

(LIMITED.)

HEAD OFFICE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND CHAMBERS!

18 King Street West, Toronto.

Money to Lend

ON THE

Straight Loan System,
Lowest rate of Interest,
Moderate Expenses,
No Fines.

MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED!

BORROWERS can arrange to have their payments become due the first of any month in the year, pay their principal yearly if they choose. Interest only charged on unpaid principal. If you borrow $1000 and pay the Company $100 of principal back the next year, you only pay interest on $900---All other amounts on same basis.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is directed to parties having Mortgages now with this Company and becoming due, that they will find it to their advantage to consult our valuators or wrlte the Company before renewing elsewhere. Our rates of Interest will always be found as low as any other Company in Canada, besides the costs of a renewal is only a small item compared with removing your loan into a New Company.

OUR MOTTO.—Do business on business principals. Lend on good Security at Current rates. Arrange terms to suit our borrowers.

J. W. Henderson, INSPECTOR.

Osler & Hammond, MANAGERS.

For Loans or further particulars write the Company, at Toronto, or see any of the undermentioned Valuators.

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	-	Flesherton	J. HENDERSON, Esq.,	-	Feversham
WM. LUCAS,	" -	Markdale	C. C. JAMES,	" -	Priceville
D. JACKSON,	" -	Durham	G. RUTHERFORD,	" -	Shelburne
WM. MILNE,	" -	Maxwell	JOHN STINSON,	" -	Singhampton

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

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HAMPDEN

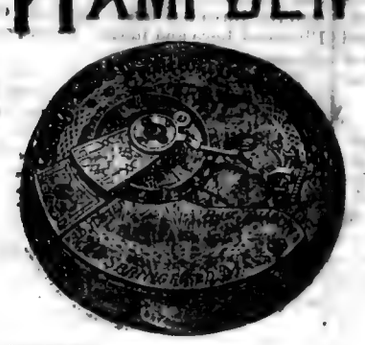

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inepect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

VALENTINES for sale at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Monday next is Cattle Fair day in Flesherton.

BOOTS & SHOES SELLING OFF CHEAP AT W. CLAYTON'S.

The Hanover *Post* has jumped off the fence and is now a Grit organ.

There is some talk of three candidates in East Grey for the House of Commons.

Winter Goods, Furs, Mantles, Overcoats, Dress goods, Robes, Blankets, at *greatly reduced prices* at Richardson & Co's.

Mr. John Gilchrist, Reeve of Orangeville, is Warden of Dufferin for 1887.

An immense stock of clocks arrived this week at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton. 2 t

Master Willie Griffith, of Owen Sound, is visiting friends in this village.

Gospel Hymns consolidated, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, for sale at the Medical Hall, Flesherton—the same with music.

Smith the Markdale barber, will be in Flesherton, next Monday, cattle fair day.

Richardson & Co. are preparing for their Annual Clearing Sale, which will be announced next week.

Mr. Ephraim Shaw, of Collingwood Township, was visiting friends in this neighborhood, last week.

Where can I get Flour and Feed the cheapest? At G. Keefer's, Flesherton, of course.

Mrs. Henry Cheeseman, of Stayner, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. T. W. Wilson, of this town.

If you want your watch repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton, —the finest watchmaker in this country. 2 t

Lieut. Edw. Rorke, the handsome Clerk of Collingwood Township, gave us a pleasant call on Friday last.

LADIES', MISSES & CHILDREN'S BOOTS SELLING OFF VERY CHEAP AT W. CLAYTONS. 2 t.

Members of Flesherton Brass Band are requested to meet for general business on Saturday evening, at 7.30, in Town Hall. W. P. Crossley Secy.

Capt. Rorke, M.P.P. for East Grey, was in town last week. He looked hearty enough and good-natured enough to go through another campaign, if need be, with flying colors.

Mr. G. L. McCaul has been appointed Returning Officer for South Grey, Mr. A. Grieg for East Grey, and Mr. Thos. Gordon, for North Grey.

The Mt. Forest *Representative* has entered the third year of its existence. There are few better country papers in the Province than the *Rep.*

At the earnest request of his old constituents in Cumberland, Sir Charles Tupper has decided to re-enter Canadian politics.

Mr. Wm. McGruther, and eldest son, of Nottawasaga, was visiting his brother, Mr. Robt McGruther, of this Township, a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. Quinn, of Kincardine, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. C. Treadgold, Flesherton, during the past few days.

We understand Mr. Fred. Ryder was recently united in marriage to a Miss Wright, of Durham. The young couple have our best wishes.

It is a fact—and facts are stunners—that people come 20 miles to buy their watches, clocks, jewelry, &c., at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton. Prices must be right. 2 t

No family in Artemesia should be without the ADVANCE. Live local news items and editorials, correspondence, family reading matter and full Council reports are leading characteristics.

Why and how is it that Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton, does the best trade in this section? Because their goods are bought for cash and the goods are sold at lower prices than elsewhere, and the public know it now.

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May sooth or wound a heart that's broken."
—SCOTT.

The ADVANCE office takes the bun in the neat, rapid and cheap execution of general job printing. If you want to be thoroughly convinced in the matter, just give us a trial order and see.

Rev. J. E. Bowers, the genial New Church missionary of Toronto, was in town Thursday last and gave us a very pleasant call. We like often to meet such unostentatious, whole-souled clergymen as Mr. Bowers.

Croup, whooping cough, sore throat, sudden cold, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take and certain in its action.

Mr. N. Reid, the popular and talented Deputy Reeve of St Vincent, was elected Warden of Grey last week. We congratulate Mr. Reid—the sound municipal legislator, the clever poet, and the successful farmer.

The Mt. Forest settlement in Florida, U. S., recently sent over a dozen cases of delicious oranges to the Methodist congregation in the first named place. A grand social was the result, the proceeds amounting to about $60.

During his stay here, Professor Morgan will give lessons in voice culture, and those of our citizens contemplating advancement in that direction, cannot do better than avail themselves of the services of so distinguished and talented a vocalist as the Professor.

"It is worth its weight in gold" is a common expression. But, while the value of gold is easily effected, the worth of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier never depreciates. It will eradiate scrofula from the system when everything else fails.

The new Toronto daily, the *Standard*, contains red hot articles on the present political campaign, and quite a respectable array of current foreign and home newsitems. Mr. Louis Kribs—late Ottawa correspondent to the Toronto *Mail*—is Editor and proprietor.

Put away our Harry's trinkets,
For he never more will glide;
O'er his grave fix his toboggan,
Telling how and where he died.

Our good-looking young friend, Mr, W. L. Smith, Editor and proprietor of the Shelburne *Economist*, was married to Miss Garneau, of Drayton, week before last. We wish the young couple every success in their matrimonial alliance.

Our esteemed friend and citizen, Mr. Fred. Ryder, returned home on Monday. Having joined the noble army of benedicts recently, his many friends are of opinion that married life agrees with him well. We tender our congratulation to friend Ryder and his charming young wife.

Professor Morgan and Fairy treated our citizens to a rich musical feast last Wednesday evening in the Town Hall. The place was crowded by an enthusiastic audience, although two meetings were in progress in other parts of our village at the same time. The selections were spicy and well rendered. Mr. Bunt occupied the chair in a pleasing manner.

Our good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. N. Campbell, have the sympathy of the entire community in the sad loss recently sustained by them in the death of their dear little girl. Only ten months ago their eldest little daughter—a most charming and beautiful child—passed away to be forever with Him who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

The pastor of the Methodist church here, Rev. Mr. Ayers, delivered a rousing speech in connection with an Orange Soiree in the Town Hall, Orangeville, on Tuesday evening of last week. It was considered the speech of the evening—so much so, that the Dufferin *Post* reported it more fully than that of any other gentleman who addressed the large and influential audience on that occasion.

Wednesday evening of last week a miniature conflagration was observed going on in our school-house. The alarm was at once given by the ladies who noticed it, and Mr. John Bellamy happening to be near by at the time, soon affected an entrance, when he observed that some cedar which had been placed on the stove to dry had caught fire. The blaze was speedly extinguished.

The grand sacred cantata "Lost and Saved," will be given some time this month, under the direction of Professor Morgan and Fairy, in connection with the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church here. This with the "Red Riding Hood" cantata and Miss McGarry's visit to our town ought to make February a red letter month in the history of musical and intellectual little Flesherton.

Something like forty of the pupils of our public schools are to take part in the splendid juvenile cantata "Little Red Riding Hood," to be given shortly in the Town Hall, Flesherton, under the direction of the accomplished musical instructor, Professor Morgan, and his talented little daughter, Fairy. We understand that the Professor—with his accustomed generosity—purposes donating part of the proceeds to Mrs. James Hopps, who is in rather needy circumstances through the death of her husband.

Births.

BELLAMY.—In Artemesia, on the 28th Jan., the wife of Mr. C. W. Bellamy, of a son.

SHARP.—In Artemesia, on the 22nd Jan., the wife of Mr. Wm. Sharp, Councillor for Ward No. 3, of a daughter.

Died.

CAMPBELL.—In Flesherton, on the 28th Jan., Annie Hilda, second daughter of Nathaniel and Margaret J. Campbell, aged 3 years.

Mass Meeting.

The Conservatives of Artemesia will hold a Mass Meeting in the Township Hall, Flesherton, on Thursday, 11th Feb. inst., at 2 o'clock p. m. sharp. Eloquent speakers expected. DR. LANDERKIN invited. *By order of Committee.*

The 31st Battalion will in all probability go into Camp this year, and will without doubt give as good, if not better account of itself than ever before. It will soon have a better corps of instructors than any rural regiment in Canada. Already ten of its non-commissioned officers have taken short courses at the Infantry School. Eight are there now and three more will enter in April. Of those present in attendance three are from Meaford, two from Flesherton, and one each from Owen Sound, Annan and Durham Companies. The 31st Rifle Association expects to have a very successful match in Meaford this year. A meeting will be held in Owen Sound shortly to arrange the prize list and other matters.—*Owen Sound Advertiser.*

Reply to Mr. Wm. Brown.

A very cleverly written letter, in reply to the redoubtable Mr. Wm. Brown, of Markdale, received too late for this week's ADVANCE but will appear in our next.

Prison Labor.

Editor Advance: Are goods manufactured by prison labor allowed to come into Canada free of duty? FREE TRADE.

[They are strictly prohibited to be imported at all under a penalty of $200, together with the forfeiture of the parcel or package of goods in which the same may be found.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Logs Wanted.

As will be seen by posters, Mr. Wm. Bradley, Flesherton, is prepared to pay cash on delivery for 100,000 ft. Birch Logs, 15 in. and up; 50,000 ft. Basswood Logs, 12 in. and up; 150,000 ft. Hemlock Logs, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 ft. long; also a quantity of Black Ash and Cherry Logs taken. Also for sale Roller Flour and Oatmeal of the very best brands, at reasonable prices. See bills.

A Complaint.

Editor Advance: Of late some persons have found it very convenient to dump their old rubbish in the hollow on Church street—near the pump which supplies an entire neighborhood with water. Have we a Board of Health in Flesherton? If we have, then it is to be hoped this will wake them from the profound slumber into which they appear to have fallen.

PURITY.

A Taffy Episode.

Editor Advance: The other day several Flesherton young ladies made some taffy and put it out in the back yard to cool off. A certain woman informed her husband of this interesting fact, when the latter cooly appropriated the taffy for the benefit of himself and spouse. Some days afterwards the dish, which had contained the taffy, was returned to the owner—*unwashed!* How is that for simon pure, downright, unadulterated hoggishness?

DECENCY.

A Question in Arithmetic.

Editor Advance: A. engages to work for B., his wages to be 1 cent for the first month and the amount to be doubled each month for a period of 24 months. (1) What would be his average wages per month? (2) What would his wages be for the last month? (3) What would his wages amount to altogether?

ARITHMETICIAN.

[(1)—$6,973.82. (2)—$83,686.08. (3)—$167,371.85. We would like to stand in A's shoes about 24 months.—ED ADVANCE.]

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spex, &c.

The finest and best stock of Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Hampden, Illinois, & Swiss Watches. New Haven & Seth Thomas Clocks, weight and spring. Jewelery, (Wedding Rings), Spectacles, &c. to be found in this section of country, is at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON. None but Genuine Watches kept in stock which bear warrants from 2½ to 5 years. Just received a very large consignment of Clocks which were bought for cash, so you may expect bargains all of which bear warrants from 1 to 3 years. A very fine stock of Silverware, Ladies' Rings, Chains, Necklets, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Cuff-Buttons, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, &c., of the finest qnality, at lower prices than you can get them for elsewhere, and also remember the only place to get your Watches, Clocks & Jewelery repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

Flesherton.

A Twilight Fantasy.

A woman stood at a garden gate
(Sing hey for the distant spreading sail)
Sing hey for the dog that hurried by
With a kettle tied to his tail.

My good man skurried adown the road
(Sing hey for the joyous drinking bout!)
And after the ochre cur he sped
With many a gruesome shout.

"Now, why this haste, good neighbor?" she cried;
"Why after the dog of the umber tint?"
But, waking the echoes with a yell, he aped
Through the twilight's gleam and glint.

A smug-faced lad looked over the fence
(Sing hey where the birdlings sing and chirp!)
"Why laughest, good mother?" "I laugh," said she,
"To see you eeru purp."

A smile then smiled the smug-faced lad
(Sing lack-a-day for the sunset red!)
"Then laugh no more, good gossip, because
The kettle is your'n," he said.

[The poetry after Browning; the man after the dog; the woman after the boy.]

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

Eva looked faintly from one to the other; her head sank, and great black rings painted themselves beneath her eyes. The lily was broken at last.

"You are very cruel," she said, slowly; "but I suppose it must be as you wish. Pray God I may die first, that is all!" and she put her hands to her head and stumbled from the room, leaving the two conspirators facing each other.

"Come, we got over that capitally," said Mr. Plowden, rubbing his hands. "There is nothing like taking the high hand with a woman. Ladies must sometimes be taught that a gentleman has rights as well as themselves."

Florence turned on him with bitter scorn.

"Gentlemen! Mr. Plowden, why is the word so often on your lips? Surely after the part you have just played, you do not presume to rank yourself among gentlemen? Listen! it suits my purposes that you should marry Eva; and you shall marry her; but I will not stoop to play the hypocrite with a man like you. You talk of yourself as a gentleman, and do not scruple to force an innocent girl into a wicked marriage, and to crush her spirit with your cunning cruelty. A gentleman, forsooth!—a satyr, a devil in disguise!"

"I am only asserting my rights," he said, furiously; "and whatever I have done, you have done more."

"Do not try your violence on me, Mr. Plowden; it will not do. I am not made of the same stuff as your victim. Lower your voice, or leave the house and do not enter it again."

Mr. Plowden's heavy underjaw fell a little: he was terribly afraid of Florence.

"Now," she said, "listen! I do not choose that you should labor under any mistake. I hold your hand in this business, though to have to do with you in any way is in itself a defilement," and she wiped her delicate fingers on a pocket-handkerchief as she said the word, "because I have an end of my own to gain. Not a vulgar end like yours, but a revenge, which shall be almost divine or diabolical, call it which you will, in its completeness. Perhaps it is a madness, perhaps it is an inspiration, perhaps it is a fate. Whatever it is, it animates me, body and soul, and I will gratify it, though to do so I have to use a tool like you. I wished to explain this to you. I wished, too, to make it clear to you that I consider you contemptible. I have done both, and I have now the pleasure to wish you good-morning."

Mr. Plowden left the house white with fury, and cursing in a manner remarkable in a clergyman.

"If she wasn't so handsome, hang me if I would not throw the whole thing up!" he said.

Needless to say, he did nothing of the sort; he only kept out of Florence's way.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

Dorothy, in her note to Ernest that he received by the mail previous to the one that brought the letters which at a single blow laid the hope and promise of his life in the dust, had, it may be remembered, stated her intention of going to see Eva in order to plead Ernest's cause; but what with one thing and another, her visit was considerably delayed. Twice she was on the point of going, and twice something occurred to prevent her. The fact of the matter was the errand was distasteful, and she was in no hurry to execute it. She loved Ernest herself, and however deep that love might be trampled down, however fast it might be chained in the dungeons of her secret thoughts, it was still there, a living thing, an immortal thing. She could tread it down and chain it; she could not kill it. Its shade would rise and walk in the upper chambers of her heart, and wring its hands and cry to her, telling what it suffered in those subterranean places, whispering how bitterly it envied the bright and happy life which moved in the free air, and had usurped the love it claimed. It was hard to have to ignore those pleadings, to disregard those cries for pity, and to say that there was no hope, that it must always be chained, till time ate away the chain. It was harder still to have to be one of the actual ministers to the suffering. Still, she meant to go. Her duty to Ernest was not to be forsaken because it was a painful duty.

On two or three occasions she met Eva, but got no opportunity of speaking to her. Either her sister Florence was with her, or she was obliged to return immediately. The fact was that, after the scene described in the last chapter, Eva was subjected to the closest espionage. At home Florence watched her as a cat watches a mouse; abroad Mr. Plowden seemed to be constantly hovering on her flank, or, if he was not there, then she became aware of the presence of the ancient and contemplative mariner who traded in Dutch cheeses. Mr. Plowden feared lest she should run away, and so cheat him of his prize; Florence, lest she should confide in Dorothy, or possibly Mr. Cardus, and supported by them find the courage to assert herself and defraud her of her revenge. So they watched her every movement.

At last Dorothy made up her mind to wait no longer for opportunities, but to go and see Eva at her own home. She knew nothing of the Plowden imbroglio; but it did strike her as curious that no one had said anything about Ernest. He had written—it was scarcely likely the letter had miscarried. How was it that Eva had not said anything on the subject? Little did Dorothy guess that, even as these thoughts were passing through her mind, a great vessel was steaming out of Southampton docks, bearing those epistles final of renunciation which Ernest, very little to his satisfaction, received in due course.

Full of these reflections, Dorothy found herself one lovely spring afternoon knocking at the door of the Cottage. Eva was at home, and she was at once ushered into her presence. She was sitting on a low chair—the same on which Ernest always pictured her with that confounded Skye terrier she was so fond of kissing—an open book upon her knee, and looking out at the little garden and the sea beyond. She looked pale and thin, Dorothy thought.

On her visitor's entrance Eva rose and kissed her.

"I am so glad to see you," she said; "I was feeling lonely."

"Lonely!" answered Dorothy, in her straightforward way, "why, I have been trying to find you alone for the last fortnight, and have never succeeded."

Eva colored. "One may be lonely with ever so many people round one."

Then for a minute or so they talked about the weather; so persistently did they discuss it, indeed, that the womanly instinct of each told her that the other was fencing.

After all, it was Eva who broke the ice first.

"Have you heard from Ernest lately?" she said, nervously.

"Yes; I got a note by last mail."

"Oh," said Eva, clasping her hands involuntarily, "what did he say?"

"Nothing much. But I got a letter by the mail before that, in which he said a good deal. Among other things, he said he had written to you. Did you get the letter?"

Eva colored to her eyes. "Yes," she whispered.

Dorothy rose, and seated herself on a footstool by Eva's feet, and wondered at the trouble in her eyes. How could she be troubled when she had heard from Ernest—"like that?"

"What did you answer him, dear?"

Eva covered her face with her hands.

"Do not talk about it," she said; "it is too dreadful to me!"

"What can you mean? He tells me you are engaged to him."

"Yes—that is, no. I was half engaged. Now I am engaged to Mr. Plowden."

Dorothy gave a gasp of horrified astonishment.

"Engaged to the man when you were engaged to Ernest? You must be joking."

"O Dorothy, I am not joking; I wish to Heaven I were. I am engaged to him. I am to marry him in less than a month. Oh, pity me, I am wretched."

"You mean to tell me," said Dorothy, rising, "that you are engaged to Mr. Plowden when you love Ernest?"

"Yes, oh yes, I cannot help—"

At that moment the door opened, and Florence entered, attended by Mr. Plowden.

Her keen eyes saw at once that something was wrong, and her intelligence told her what it was. After her bold fashion, she determined to take the bull by the horns. Unless something were done, with Dorothy at her back, Eva might prove obdurate after all.

Advancing, she shook Dorothy cordially by the hand.

"I see from your face," she said, "that you have just heard the good news. Mr. Plowden is so shy that he would not consent to announce it before; but here he is to receive your congratulations."

Mr. Plowden took the cue, and advanced effusively on Dorothy with outstretched hand. "Yes, Miss Jones, I am sure you will congratulate me; and I ought to be congratulated; I am the luckiest—"

Here he broke off. It really was very awkward. His hand remained limply hanging in the air before Dorothy, but not the slightest sign did that dignified little lady show of taking it. On the contrary, she drew herself up to her full height—which was not very tall—and fixing her steady blue eyes on the clergyman's shifty orbs, deliberately placed her right hand behind her back.

"I do not shake hands with people who play such tricks," she said quietly.

Mr. Plowden's hand fell to his side and he stepped back. He did not expect such courage in anything so small. Florence, however, sailed in to the rescue.

"Really, Dorothy, we do not quite understand."

"Oh, yes, I think you do, Florence, or if you do not, then I will explain. Eva here was engaged to marry Ernest Kershaw. Eva here has just with her own lips told me that she still loves Ernest, but that she is obliged to marry—that man," and she pointed with her little forefinger at Plowden, who recoiled another step. "Is not that true, Eva?"

Eva bowed her head, by way of answer. She still sat in the low chair, with her hands over her face.

"Really, Dorothy, I fail to see what right you have to interfere in this matter," said Florence.

"I have the right of common justice, Florence—the right a friend has to protect the absent. Oh, are you not ashamed of such a wicked plot to wrong an absent man? Is there no way (addressing Mr. Plowden) in which I can appeal to your feelings to induce you to free this wretched girl you have entrapped?"

"I only ask my own," said Mr. Plowden, sulkily.

"For shame! for shame! and you a minister of God's word! And you too, Florence! Oh, now I can read your heart, and see the bad thoughts looking from your eyes!"

Florence for a moment was abashed and turned her face aside.

"And you, Eva, how can you become a party to such a shameful thing? You, a good girl, to sell yourself away from dear Ernest to such a man as that;" and again she pointed contemptuously to Mr. Plowden.

"Oh, don't, Dorothy, don't; it is my duty. You don't understand."

"Oh, yes, Eva, I do understand. I understand that it is your duty to drown yourself before you do such a thing. I am a woman as well as you, and, though I am not beautiful, I have a heart and conscience, and I understand only too well."

"You will be lost if you drown yourself—I mean it is very wicked," said Mr. Plowden to Eva, suddenly assuming his clerical character as most likely to be effective. The suggestion alarmed him. He had bargained for a live Eva.

"Yes, Mr. Plowden," went on Dorothy, "you are right; it would be wicked, but not so wicked as to marry you. God gave us women our lives, but he put a spirit in our hearts which tells us that we should rather throw them away than suffer ourselves to be degraded. O Eva, tell me that you will not do this shameful thing; no, do not whisper to her, Florence."

"Dorothy, Dorothy," said Eva, rising and wringing her hands, "it is all useless. Do not break my heart with your cruel words. I must marry him. I have fallen into the power of people who do not know what mercy is."

"Thank you," said Florence.

Mr. Plowden scowled darkly.

"Then I have done;" and Dorothy walked toward the door. Before she reached it she paused and turned: "One word, and I will trouble you no more. What do you all expect will come of this wicked marriage?"

There was no answer. Then Dorothy went.

But her efforts did not stop there. She made her way straight to Mr. Cardus' office.

"O Reginald!" she said, "I have such dreadful news for you. There, let me cry a little first and I will tell you."

And she did, telling him the whole story from beginning to end. It was entirely new to him, and he listened with some astonishment, and with a feeling of something like indignation against Ernest. He had intended that young gentleman to fall in love with Dorothy, and, behold, he had fallen in love with Eva. Alas for the perversity of youth!

"Well," he said, when she had done, "and what do you wish me to do? It seems that you have to do with a heartless, scheming woman, a clerical cad, and a beautiful fool. One might deal with the schemer and the fool, but no power on earth can soften the cad. At least that is my experience. Besides, I think the whole thing is much better left alone. I should be very sorry to see Ernest married to a woman so worthless as this Eva must be. She is handsome, it is true, and that is about all she is, as far as I can see. Don't distress yourself, my dear; he will get over it, and after he has had his fling out there, and lived down that duel business, he will come home, and, if he is wise, I know where he will look for consolation."

Dorothy tossed her head and colored.

"It is not a question of consolation," she said, "it is a question of Ernest's happiness in life."

"Don't alarm yourself, Dorothy; people's happiness is not so easily affected. He will forget all about her in a year."

"I think that men always talk of each other like that, Reginald," said Dorothy, resting her head upon her hands and looking straight at the old gentleman. "Each of you likes to think that he has a monopoly of feeling, and that the rest of his kind are as shallow as a milk-pan. And yet it was only last night that you were talking to me about my mother. You told me, you remember, that life had been a worthless thing to you since she was torn from you, which no success had been able to render pleasant. You said more, you said you hoped that the end was not far off, that you had suffered enough and waited enough, and that, though you had not seen her face for five-and-twenty years, you loved her as wildly as you did the day when she first promised to become your wife."

Mr. Cardus had risen, and was looking through the glass door at the blooming orchids. Dorothy got up, and following him, laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Reginald," she said, "think. Ernest is about to be robbed of his wife under circumstances curiously like those by which you were robbed of yours. Unless it is prevented, what you have suffered all your life that he will suffer also. Remember you are of the same blood, and, allowing for the difference between your ages, of very much the same temperament, too. Think how different life would have been to you if any one had staved off your disaster, and then I am sure you will do all you can to stave off his."

"Life would have been non-existent for you," he answered, "for you would never have been born."

"Ah, well," she said with a little sigh, "I am sure I should have got on very well without. I could have spared myself."

Mr. Cardus was a keen man, and could see as far into the human heart as most.

"Girl," he said, contracting his white eyebrows and suddenly turning round upon her, "you love Ernest yourself. I have often suspected it, now I am sure you do."

Dorothy flinched.

"Yes," she answered, "I do love him; what then?"

"And yet you are advocating my interference to secure his marriage with another woman, a worthless creature who does not know her own mind. You cannot really care about him."

"Care about him!" and she turned her sweet blue eyes upward. "I love him with all my heart and soul and strength. I have always loved him; I shall always love him. I love him so well that I can do my duty to him, Reginald. It is my duty to strain every nerve to prevent this marriage. I had rather that my heart should ache than Ernest's. I implore of you to help me!"

"Dorothy, it has always been my dearest wish that you should marry Ernest. I told him so just before that unhappy duel. I love you both. All the fibres of my heart that are left alive have wound themselves around you. Jeremy I could never care for. Indeed, I fear that I used sometimes to treat the boy harshly. He reminds me so of his father; and do you know, my dear, I sometimes think that on that point I am not quite sane? But, because you have asked me to do it and because you have quoted your dear mother, may peace be with her! I will do what I can. This girl Eva is of age, and I will write and offer her a home. She need fear no persecution here."

"You are kind and good, Reginald, and I thank you."

"The letter shall go by to-night's post. But run away now, I see my friend De Talor coming to speak to me," and the white eyebrows drew themselves together in a way that it would have been unpleasant for the great De Talor to behold. "That business is drawing toward its end."

"O Reginald," answered Dorothy, shaking her forefinger at him in her old, childish way, "haven't you given up those ideas yet? They are very wrong."

"Never mind, Dorothy. I shall give them up soon, when I have squared accounts with De Talor. A year or two more—a stern chase is a long chase, you know—and the thing will be done, and then I shall become a good Christian again."

The letter was written. It offered Eva a home and protection.

In due course an answer signed by Eva herself came back. It thanked him for his kindness, and regretted that circumstances and "her sense of duty" prevented her from accepting the offer.

Then Dorothy felt that she had done all that in her lay, and gave the matter up.

It was about this time that Florence drew another picture. It represented Eva as Andromeda gazing hopelessly into the dim light of a ghastly dawn out across a glassy sea; and far away in the oily depths there was a ripple, and beneath the ripple a form travelling toward the chained maiden. The form had a human head and cold, gray eyes, and its features were those of Mr. Plowden.

And so, day by day, Destiny thrown in space, shot her flaming shutters from darkness into darkness, and the time passed on, as the time must pass, till the inevitable end of all things is attained.

Eva existed and suffered, and that was all she did. She scarcely ate or drank, or slept. But still she lived; she was not brave enough to die, and the chains were riveted too fast around her tender wrists to let her flee away. Poor nineteenth century Andromeda! No Perseus shall come to save you.

The sun rose and set in his appointed course, the flowers bloomed and died, children were born and the allotted portion of mankind passed onward to its rest; but no Perseus came flying out of the golden east.

Once more the sun rose. The dragon heaved his head above the quiet waters, and she was lost. By her own act, of her own folly and weakness, she was undone. Behold her! the wedding is over. The echoes of the loud mockery of the bells have scarcely died upon the noon-day air, and in her chamber, the chamber of her free and happy maidenhood, the virgin martyr stands alone.

It is done. There lie the sickly-scented flowers, there, too, the bride's white robe. It is done. Oh, that life were done too, that she might once press her lips to his and die.

The door opens, and Florence stands before her, pale, triumphant, awe-inspiring.

"I must congratulate you, my dear Eva. You really went through the ceremony very well, only you looked like a statue."

"Florence, why do you come to mock me?"

"Mock you, Eva, mock you! I come to wish you joy as Mr. Plowden's wife. I hope that you will be happy."

"Happy! I shall never be happy. I detest him!"

"You detest him, and you marry him; there must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake—O Ernest, my darling!"

Florence smiled.

"If Ernest is your darling, why did you not marry Ernest?"

"How could I marry him when you forced me into this?"

"Forced you! A free woman of full age can not be forced. You married Mr. Plowden of your own will. You might have married Ernest Kershaw if you chose. He is in many ways a more desirable match than Mr. Plowden, but you did not choose."

"Florence, what do you mean? You always said it was impossible. Oh, this is all some cruel plot of yours?"

"Impossible! there is nothing impossible to those who have courage. Yes," and she turned upon her sister fiercely, "it was a plot, and you shall know it, you poor, weak fool! I loved Ernest Kershaw, and you robbed me of him, although you promised to leave him alone, and so I have revenged myself upon you. I despise you, I tell you; you are quite contemptible, and yet he could prefer you to me. Well, he has got his reward. You have deserted him when he was absent and in trouble, and you have outraged his love and your own. You have fallen very low indeed, Eva, and you will fall lower yet. I know you well. You will sink, till at last, you even lose the sense of your own humiliation. Don't you wonder what Ernest must think of you now? There is Mr. Plowden calling you—come, it is time for you to be going."

Eva listened aghast, and then sank up against the wall, sobbing despairingly.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HANS' CITY OF REST.

Mr. Alston, Ernest and Jeremy had very good sport among the elephants, killing in all nineteen bulls. It was during that expedition that an incident occurred which in its effect endeared Ernest to Mr. Alston more than ever.

The boy Roger, who always went wherever Mr. Alston went, was the object of his father's most tender solicitude. He believed in the boy as he believed in little else in the world—for at heart Mr. Alston was a sad cynic—and to a certain extent the boy justified his belief. He was quick, intelligent and plucky, much such a boy as you may pick up by the dozen out of any English public school, except that his knowledge of men and manners was more developed, as is usual among young colonists. At the age of 12 Master Roger Alston knew many things denied to most children of his age. On the subject of education Mr. Alston had queer ideas. "The best education for a boy," he would say, "is to mix with grown-up gentlemen. If you send him to school, he learns little except mischief; if you let him live with gentlemen he learns at any rate to be a gentleman."

But whatever Master Roger knew, he did not know much about elephants, and on this point he was destined to gain some experience.

One day—it was just after they had got into the elephant country—they were all engaged in following the fresh spoor of an apparently solitary bull. But, though an elephant is a big beast, it is hard work catching him up, because he never seems to get tired, and this was exactly what our party of hunters found. They followed that energetic elephant for hours, but they could not catch him, though the spoorers told them that he certainly was not more than a mile or so ahead. At last the sun began to get low, and their legs had already got tired, so they gave it up for that day, determining to camp where they were. This being so, after a rest, Ernest and the boy Roger started out of camp to see if they could not shoot a buck or some birds for supper. Roger had a repeating Winchester carbine, Ernest a double-barrelled shot-gun. Hardly had they left the camp when Aasvogel, Jeremy's Hottentot, came running in, and reported that he had seen the elephant, an enormous bull with a white spot upon his trunk, feeding in a clump of mimosa, not a quarter of a mile away. Up jumped Mr. Alston and Jeremy, as fresh as though they had not walked a mile, and seizing their double-eight elephant rifles, started off with Aasvogel.

Meanwhile Ernest and Roger had been strolling toward this identical clump of mimosa. As they neared it, the former saw some Guinea-fowl run into the shelter of the trees.

"Capital!" he said; "Guinea-fowl are first-class eating. Now, Roger, just you go into the bush and drive the flock over me. I'll stand here and make believe they are pheasants."

The lad did as he was bid. But in order to get well behind the covey of Guinea-fowl, which are dreadful things to run, he made a little circuit through the thickest part of the clump. As he did so his quick eye was arrested by a most unusual performance on the part of one of the flat-crowned mimosa-trees. Suddenly, and without the slightest apparent reason, it rose into the air, and then, behold, where its crown appeared a moment before, appeared its roots.

(To be continued.)

Women's Work and Ways.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote "Marathon" when she was 11 years of age. Copies of it are exceedingly rare.

Adelina Patti has a weakness for collecting autographs, and the signature of nearly every notable person in the world is to be found in her albums.

Miss Carey Thomas, the dean of the new female college at Bryn Mawr, took her degree at the University of Zurich. This degree is conferred only once in ten years.

A new employment for women is suggested by Mr. A. J. Harvey, who does not see why they should not tune their own pianos, and find suitable and remunerative work in tuning the pianos of others.

During the last eight years the Empress Augusta has presented the gold cross and insignia, bearing the imperial autograph, upon 1,156 women servants who have completed the required forty years of unbroken service in one family.

Boston has a gymnasium exclusively for the use of women. It has six bowling alleys, a tennis court, a gymnasium hall, a running track of twenty laps to the mile, hot and cold water baths, etc. It was projected by Miss Mary Allen, who has for years been a devotee of physical culture. It is well patronized.

Mrs. Haddock, of Iowa, in her paper on "Women as Landlords," read at the Women's Congress in Louisville, estimates that 1,000 women own and manage farms in her own State, while in Oregon women farmers are so numerous that they excite no comment. The number of women land owners is increasing all over the Union.

The Home for Overworked Horses, established in London through the efforts of Miss Linde, reaches farther than its name implies, inasmuch as it benefits man as well as beast. The object is to provide quarters where poor cabbies and tradesmen may obtain rest and treatment for their animals at a moderate cost, or free of all charge, as the circumstances indicate. Horses of well-to-do people will also be treated and cared for. It has been found expedient in the present state of the finances of the establishment to drop the scheme of lending horses to the poorer of those who make use of its benefits.

Miniature Stoves to Carry in Pockets.

Within the last fortnight, and especially during the recent cold snap, some of our peddlers have been making quite a fortune with a little device called a pocket warmer, which is simplicity itself and may be of value to the energetic people who walk across the bridge every morning and think they know all about Dr. Kane's sensation when he thought he had found the North Pole. It is nothing more nor less than a small tin box an inch in diameter and six inches long, holding a fuse of some slow burning material, which gives out considerable heat, but no smoke or gas; it burns for more than an hour and placed in a muff or in a pocket will give a tremendous amount of heat, while it can also be used as a foot warmer for carriages and sleighs. The apparatus costs but a trifle and each fuse costs one cent.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Dr. Chalmers Baffled.

When Dr. Chalmers became minister of Kilmany, in the north of Fife, he used to get his supplies from Anstruther. On one occasion—so the story runs—he sent a written order for a sack of corn to a Mr. Thomson there. The corn never came, and Chalmers was much annoyed. Next time he was in Anstruther he called on Mr. Thomson for an explanation. It was soon given. The merchant had been unable to decipher the minister's hieroglyphics and had put the note in his desk until Mr. Chalmers should call. "Not make out my writing!" exclaimed Chalmers indignantly—"Show it to me." He read a few words, but then he stuck, completely baffled. He was, however, equal to the occasion. With a pawky smile he returned the letter to the merchant, saying, "But the letter is addressed to you, Mr. Thomson; it is your business to read it, not mine."

Mrs. Howell, of Paulding, Ga., was passing her husband, a few days ago, just as he tried to light a match by striking it on the wall. The head of the match flew off and lodged in her ear. In one minute she became blind, began to vomit, and was prostrated for an hour and a half.

Grecian children were taught to reverence and emulate the virtues of their ancestors. Our educational forces are so wielded as to teach our children to admire most that which is foreign and fabulous and dead.—*Garfield.*

Our Darling's Sleep.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

So children sleep! And as we stoop to kiss
The radiant face or stroke the sunny hair,
We leave with God the secret of their bliss
And love Him for the happy look they wear.

Or should we ask, why do our darlings smile?
What golden dreams their sleeping hours employ?
The answer comes, the soul that knows no guile
Lives ever in the light of heavenly joy.

Not childhood only, whose unconscious mind
Is chiefly pure through ignorance of sin,
But riper age the blessedness may find
Of innocence and guilelessness within.

Thus men have lived and died in God's embrace,
Not dreaming, but fulfilling noble things;
Their childlike souls looked goodness in the face,
And caught the likeness of the King of kings.

The everlasting arms are still outspread
To bear the burden of each human life,
And whosoever will may lay his head
Against the heart of God and cease from strife.

There cast thy being; and the dark nightshade
Of this poor world's commotion and unrest
Will have no terrors for thee, calmly laid
In God's kind bosom—pillowed on His breast.

Getting Threadbare.

(From Puck.)

Pray do not think me cold,
Adelaide,
And do not chide nor scold,
Sweetest maid,
If I tell you, very clearly,
That, although I love you dearly,
Of your passionate embraces I'm afraid.

I worship and adore,
Adelaide,
As I have said before,
Winsome jade;
But new clothes are quite expensive,
And I'm rather apprehensive,
That this coat upon the shoulder's getting frayed.

Your peachy cheek, so soft,
Adelaide,
Upon that spot so oft
You have laid,
That the nap long since departed,
And now the web is started,
Why, the garment very soon will be decayed.

O, do not shed that tear,
Adelaide,
But loan me while I'm here,
As a trade,
That most ancient linen duster
That your father used to muster,
When the mercury marked ninety in the shade.

The British National Anthem.

ADAPTED FOR THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Seed sown through fifty years,
Sown or in smiles or tears,
Grant her to reap:
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her [illegible]le free from shame,
Guard Thou and keep.

O'er lands and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call:
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Still be our anthem sung;
God save us all.

Dean Plumptre, in Good Words.

SNOWBALLS AND BULLETS.

Schoolboy Shot by a Pinkerton Man while Snowballing.

A Jersey City, N.J., despatch says: Yesterday afternoon while a number of boys were playing in an open lot at the corner of Henderson and Eighteenth streets, in this city, adjoining the yards of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company, a fracas occurred between the boys and Pinkerton's men, and Thomas Hogan, 16 years old, a looker-on, was shot and killed by one of Pinkerton's men who were stationed in the company's property. Occasionally the boys rained a shower of snowballs and other missiles upon the men. On the west side of Henderson street a crowd of strikers and their sympathizers were assembled, and they lent encouragement to the boys by their smiles of approval. At length the leader of the Pinkerton men stepped forward and ordered the boys to stop throwing the missiles. The boys did not obey, and almost immediately three sharp cracks of a revolver rang out and Hogan fell dead.

The excitement was intense, and the lookers-on fled in every direction. The leader of the strikers, as soon as he could get his men together, ordered them back to their headquarters at the corner of Henderson and Ferry streets. Hogan was returning home from work when he met his death. The police collected a number of witnesses of the shooting, and marched the Pinkerton men out in line. He then ordered the witnesses to identify the men who shot. They selected Patrick Sheehy, Daniel Cahill and S. A. Neff, and identified them as the three men who fired at the boys. The inspector of police examined their revolvers and found every chamber loaded. The men were taken to police headquarters and held for bail.

A Scandalous Story Confirmed.

A Lansing, Mich., despatch says: Before the House Judiciary Committee to-day Representative Breen, of Menominee, confirmed the charge that there has been a regular trade in young girls between Milwaukee and Chicago and the mining regions of the Upper Peninsula. Mr. Breen said that the horrors of the camps into which these girls are inveigled cannot be adequately described. There is no escape for the poor creatures. In one case a girl escaped after being shot in the leg and took refuge in a swamp. Dogs were started on her trail, and she was hunted down and taken back to the den. In another case, a girl escaped while a dance was going on at the shanty into which she had been lured. After several days and nights of privation she made her way to an island near the shore in Lake Michigan, where a man named Stanley lived. But the dogs and human bloodhounds trailed her, Stanley was overcome and the girl was taken back. The law now provides for imprisonment of only one year in case of conviction of any connection with this traffic, and it is proposed to amend it.

He Wasn't a Snow Shoveller.

Farmer—"Do you want this job of shovelling snow?"

Tramp—"I am not a snow shoveller; I sprinkle lawns. The man who shovels snow will be along in about ten minutes."

NEW KIND OF SCHOOL.

To Use the Hands as Well as Eyes a Great Idea in Education.

There is a new kind of school and there are new lessons and new teachers coming, says "St. Nicholas." Books we must have. To learn we must read. But we may read all about boats, and yet we can never learn to sail a boat till we take the tiller in hand and trim the sail before the breeze. The book will help wonderfully in telling us the names of things in the boat and, if we have read about sailing, we shall more quickly learn to sail; but we certainly never shall learn till we are in a real boat. We can read in a book how to turn a heel in knitting and may commit to memory whole rules about "throwing off two and purl four," and all the rest; yet where is the girl who can learn to knit without having the needles in her hands?

This then is the idea of the new school—to use the hands as well as the eyes. Boys and girls who go to the ordinary schools, where only books are used, will graduate knowing a great deal; but a boy who goes to one of these new schools where, besides the books, there are pencils and tools, work benches as well as writing books, will know more. The other boys and girls may forget more than half they read, but he will remember everything he learned at the drawing table or at the work bench as long as he lives. He will also remember more of that which he reads, because his work with his hands helps him to understand what he reads.

I remember long ago a tear-stained book of tables of weights and measures and a teacher's impatience with a stupid child who could not master the "tables." And I have seen a school where the tables were written on a blackboard, thus: "Two pints are equal to one quart," and on a stand in the school-room were a tin pint measure and a tin quart measure and a box of dry sand. Every happy youngster had a chance to fill that pint measure with sand and pour the sand into the quart measure. Two pints filled it. He knew it. Did he not see it? Did not every boy try it? Ah! Now they knew what it all meant. It was as plain as day that two pints of sand were equal to one quart of sand; and with merry smiles those 6-year-old philosophers learned the tables of measures; and they will never forget them. This is, in brief, what is meant by industrial education. To learn by using the hands, to study from things as well as from books. This is the new school, these are the new lessons. The children who can sew and design, or draw, or carve wood, or do joinering work, or cast metals, or work in clay and brass, are the best educated children, because they use their hands as well as their eyes and their brains. You may say that in such schools all the boys will become mechanics and all the girls dressmakers. Some may; many will not; and yet whatever they do, be it preaching, keeping a store, or singing in concerts, they will do their work better than those who only read in books.

A COUNTERFEIT HOUSEMAID.

How She Captivated Horsemen and Captured Their Pocketbooks.

A New York despatch says: Forty-five Lexington avenue is a respectable-looking house in a quiet spot, not far from the residences of the late Chester A. Arthur and John Kelly, and close to a distinctly fashionable quarter. At the nearest corner is a horse mart, where sellers and buyers of fast trotters congregate a great deal. During the past month or so the peculiar thing about No. 45 has been a wondrously pretty housemaid, who burnished the front windows with daily industry and grace. She was a slender blonde, wearing a plain black dress, a white apron and a jaunty lace cap, after the fashion of neat domestic servants in the households of the rich. For about an hour every forenoon and afternoon she was visible from the street, as she stood picturesquely poised on a stepladder inside the window, at work on the panes. The turfmen observed her; many of them flirted with her. Not a few, being shyly encouraged, made her acquaintance, to be naively invited to call at a certain time, when the mistress would be out. Nearly every admiring visitor left his wallet, his watch or some jewellery in possession of the girl, and kept his loss to himself, not caring to stand the ridicule of his acquaintances. But one case has got to the police, and it turns out that the maid is a counterfeit. She is the head and all of the establishment, an adventuress, who conceived and executed the adroit plan, as described, to rob inveigled triflers.

Language of Gloves.

For "Yes," drop one glove from the right into the left hand. "No" is said by rolling both gloves in the right hand. If you want to express that you are indifferent to a partner, take the right hand glove partly off. If you wish a male friend to follow you into the next room, strike your left arm with both gloves. "I love you still," is expressed by slowly and carefully smoothing both gloves. If the fair she desires to know whether her affection is reciprocated, she is to put on half the left hand glove, one finger at a time. "Be on your guard against the governor," or "my mother-in-law," as the case may be, is a message often sent, and is given by delicately twisting the glove fingers round the thumb. If the damsel is in a quarrelsome mood she simply makes a cross with both her gloves and proceeds to lay them on her lap in this position. These are the principal and most simple rules.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Cranks in Britain.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and each boy marches in a more peculiar way than his predecessor. First we had the man with the wheelbarrow, who has got safely back to Dundee; next there was a gentleman who started with a pile of bricks on his head; and the latest performance is that of an old army pensioner, who has started to walk from Jarrow to Newport, in Monmouthshire, carrying a bucket of coals weighing ten pounds.—*London Globe.*

There is a large and active leaven of righteousness in the wicked city of Louisville, Ky., in the person of the Rev. Stephen Holcombe. Mr. Holcombe is a genuine reformed gambler, and conducts a mission in that city, and the conversions among the sporting men there speak loudly of the Rev. Steve's honesty and faithfulness.

EMMA MOORE'S BLIGHTED LIFE.

Dramatic Scene in Court—Acquitted on a Charge of Husband Murder.

When Emma Moore, of Port Huron, Mich., a girl of 18, married Captain Duncan McCraig five years ago she was considered to be the most beautiful girl in Port Huron, and she was as lovely in disposition as in face and form. Captain McCraig was more than ten years older than his wife, a vessel owner and one of the best known captains on the chain of great lakes. Soon after their marriage Captain McCraig, who drank freely, grew jealous of the admiration his wife's beauty excited on all sides, and they soon quarrelled. A little daughter came, but failed to heal the breach, and after a time Mrs. McCraig left her husband and went back to the home of her parents. Two years ago they were divorced on account of the captain's abuse, and then he grew more insanely jealous of her and made her life a burden. While in his cups he would frequently attack her character, and there were not wanting those who feared some dreadful tragedy would end it all.

THE TRAGEDY.

These apprehensions were realized on March 25th, 1886. On that day Captain McCraig, who was arranging for the opening of navigation, became intoxicated and at midnight was taken to his home by friends. He did not stay there, however, but immediately went to the house of Mrs. McCraig—or Miss Moore, for she had taken her maiden name—and aroused the house and neighborhood by his efforts to get in. Her aged father went out and tried to pacify the enraged man, who pushed his way into the house and to his former wife's chamber. The infuriated man attacked his wife in her night-clothes and brutally beat her until, fearing for her life, she fled to another room, procured a shotgun, and, returning, shot the drunken madman dead. No tragedy ever before occurred here which caused so profound a sensation.

THE ARREST AND TRIAL.

Miss Moore was arrested, jailed and subsequently bailed. Her trial for murder was looked forward to for months as a great event. It began a week ago, and attracted immense crowds of people, including the most prominent men and women of the place. A jury of farmers was finally secured, and the defendant's counsel announced that the defence was justifiable homicide. The prosecuting attorney was assisted by the ablest counsel in the city, and Miss Moore's interests were in capable hands. When the fair prisoner gave her testimony the court room could not begin to hold the people. There was not a dry eye in the room when she had finished her story. She told of her blighted life, the abuse she had suffered from McCraig, and how on the tragic night, goaded to desperation by his assault, his cruel words of slander, and afraid of her life, she shot him. "So help me, God," she concluded, "I did not mean to kill him, but if I did wrong I am willing to take the consequences." She rose as she said this, and the tears in her eyes could no longer be kept back. The greatest silence reigned. Then the jury retired, and in a short time brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Judge Stearns forbade any demonstration.

A Snow Battle by British Soldiers.

The 2nd Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers, at Aldershot, England, divided into two opposing forces of about 350 officers, non-commissioned officers and privates each, varied their work at snow-clearing one day recently with an exciting snow fight, which lasted nearly two hours. The right wing was commanded by Colonel G. B. Stokes (commanding the battalion), the left wing by Major Wodehouse, whose chief of the staff was Captain Greenfield. Both wings occupy lines in the South Camp and two parade grounds about 200 yards apart. Col. Stokes, having resolved to take the opposing wing by surprise, sent forward an advanced guard, which, having moved stealthily over the snow, fortified itself in a well-formed snow fort until the arrival of the main body under Col. Stokes, who immediately sent a strong line of skirmishers into the lines occupied by the opposing force, which was mercilessly subjected to volleys of glittering snowballs before it could realize the fact that it was taken by surprise. The buglers at once sounded the alarm and assembly in the besieged lines, and officers and men rallied—some without jackets or tunics, and some without any head-dress—on the private parade ground and advanced to storm the fort. Ten times in succession the assaulting force was gallantly led by its officers to the glacis of the fort; but, notwithstanding partial lodgments, it was as many times repulsed, the few men left behind in the work being nearly smothered with snow. Ultimately the commander of the assailants detached a strong party under Capt. Greenfield to take the fort in flank; but for this move Colonel Stokes had not been unprepared. Without materially weakening his front or right flank, he massed superior numbers against the storming party, literally overwhelming it. Then the buglers sounded the cessation of hostilities and each force, claiming the victory, retired from the field completely exhausted. By the time the fight was over not a trace of the fort could be seen.

The Toboggan N. G.

A couple of the typical round-town boys, rough and ready, ragged and saucy, were standing before a hardwere store examining the Canadian idea in New England, yclept the toboggan. They took hold of the side rail with their grimy hands and smoothed the bottom of the broad sled with their hardened palms.

"Them's the dandies," remarked one of the urchins.

"N-a-w. They ain't no use at all," replied the other, with an expression like a sniff of fried onion. "No feller can ever go belly slapper on 'em, 'n they're no good."—*Hartford Post.*

A young lady of Louisville was carefully picking her way along a slippery sidewalk the other day just behind an elderly and portly man. Suddenly he slipped, and in his efforts to keep from falling down he threw one hand backward and struck the young lady squarely and violently on the nose. The blow stunned her so that she had to be assisted into an adjacent store, and an examination by a physician developed the fact that her nose had been broken. Both eyes became blackened by the injury.

POCKETS OF THE FAIR.

Safe and Handy Receptacles of the Sex Not Yet Invented.

The exploits of the child thief, Lillian Smith, have led to some comments on the female method of carrying the pocket-book. Notwithstanding all the genius and labor which have been expended on woman's apparel since Eve left the Garden of Eden, the sex has not yet been provided with a successful pocket. To produce this, safety and convenience must both be consulted. When a woman enjoys a safe receptacle it is not a convenient one, and vice versa. Diedrich Knickerbocker tells of the marvellous pockets of the matrons of New Amsterdam, who rarely lost anything from them by theft, but it sometimes took the good women several hours to find in them what they wanted to use themselves. We live in too rapid an age to permit a return to this kind of security. The male trousers pocket is so located and constructed that only the most skilful thief ventures to tamper with it, and he does so at great risk. The fob pocket is almost absolutely secure. Mr. Weller, indeed, relates an incident where an expert butted his head against the abdomen of a fat man who scoffingly defied him, and, taking advantage of the collapse, secured his watch; but this was a plain case of highway robbery, and is not here to be considered. So far as men are concerned, the problem of the pocket may be said to be satisfactorily solved. The prospect of relief to women in this respect is far from clear. Questions of anatomy, pride in personal appearance, modesty and the various descriptions of mysterious machinery and cordage—of which there are suggestions in modistes' windows—serve to complicate the difficulty. The philosopher and philanthropist of the sterner sex can do no more in the premises than point out the necessity for an adequate invention. The rest women must do for themselves.—*New York World.*

Overheated Factories.

A cause of annoyance at one of the largest factories of the State lately has been the illness of most of the employees from severe colds. The condition of the work people has not interrupted the progress of manufacturing, as an epidemic of fever or some contagious disease might do, but it has been serious enough to attract the notice of the officers, to bring the attention of the public to the matter, and to cause an investigation of reasons for the ill-health and to suggest possible remedies. In each department some of the employees are absent from duty and the majority are suffering from coughs, influenza and other forms of the harassing ailment which brings distress, but little sympathy. The foreman, upon being questioned on the cause of the disturbance, invariably replied that one reason was undoubtedly the sudden change from the overheated air of the factory to the cold out-of-door air felt by the employees when they were dismissed. All would rush out of doors at the sound of the bell, and the shock would weaken them, so that the sudden exposure could not be endured night after night. Another cause given was the exposure to draughts of air from windows opened when the employees could no longer work comfortably in the close, heated atmosphere. Each reason seemed to point to the need of better ventilation in the factory. The experience of this large establishment, which is rather exceptional in its fine, large, sunny rooms and comfortable furnishings, is illustrative of similar circumstances in many mills in the State. Since most of the important factories were erected before the principles of sanitary science were generally recognized as essential to healthful conditions, the system of ventilation is oftener the result of chance than of science. Large workrooms in which many employees work together are usually overheated and insufficiently ventilated. In these rooms occupied by many people colds become prevalent, and consumption and rheumatism, the enemies of all who are subjected to exposure or unsanitary conditions, weaken the vitality of the workers and cause constant change in the force of employees. When to the evil of overheated rooms is added the ignorance of many work people in the rules of diet and other laws of healthful living, it is, perhaps, surprising that the health reports of large cities show such steady progress in length of life attained by the average. The remedies for overheated work-rooms and factories are comparatively simple, though they may be both elaborate and expensive. It would be the height of sanitary improvement to add the open fireplace ventilation now widely employed in the construction of school-houses. But when this arrangement is impossible there are many simple devices for window ventilation which could be used with good results at small cost. Many large factories and shops have given opportunities in education to their employees through lectures upon topics of hygiene, and when the lecturer is practical and not too abstruse in his presentation of the theme the employees are much benefitted. In some foreign factories a physician is employed by the manufacturers for the consultation and assistance of the work people, and if illness becomes a serious cause of interruption to work in this country, the factory doctor may be a necessary official.—*Boston Journal.*

A Call From Trinity

Trinity Church has extended a call to Rev. Francis Lobdell, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, New York, to become its rector. Dr. Lobdell is a man of 50 years, an able preacher, vigorous and robust in physique and a worker. He has added 1,200 communicants to St. Andrew's in the past ten years. The Church has now over 1,000 members.

Who Was Boss, Anyhow?

Mr. Stiggins (his friends had brought him home from the club in a highly inebriated condition)—Boyze, came in wiz me an get er (hic) drink. Thish my house. I'm boss (hic) here!

Mrs. Stiggins (from the window)—Please leave the boss on the steps, gentlemen, and I'll come down and fetch him in.

"And that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snaggs, as she examined a piece of curious looking mineral. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it." "Well, that's queer," she added, after applying her nose to the ore; "I smelt it, too, but didn't get any silver."

MEN WITH BREATH OF FIRE.

Not Imps from the Foul Side of the Styx, But Real Human Beings.

We had occasion in a recent number to refer to a remarkable case in which the breath of an individual, or rather the eructations from his stomach, took fire when brought in contact with a lighted match. This case, which was reported in the *Medical Record*, has called forth communications from physicians by which it would appear that the phenomenon is not such a rare one as was at first supposed. In one case of disordered digestion the patient emitted inflammable gas from the mouth, which, upon analysis, was found to be largely composed of marsh gas. In another case the gas was sulphureted hydrogen. A case is reported in the *British Medical Journal*, in which, while blowing out a match, the patient's breath caught fire with a noise like the report of a pistol, which was loud enough to awaken his wife. One evening, while a confirmed dyspeptic was lighting his pipe, an eructation of gas from his stomach occurred, and the ignited gas burned his mustache and lips. In Ewald's book on indigestion, the analysis of gas in one of these cases was: Carbonic acid, 20.57; hydrogen, 20.57; carbureted hydrogen, 20.75; oxygen, 6.72; nitrogen 41.38; sulphureted hydrogen, a trace. The origin of these gases is undoubtedly the undigested food, which in these cases undergoes decomposition.—*Science.*

Ammonia; or, Hartshorn.

(From Hall's Journal of Health.)

The original source of supply of ammonia was camel's dung. It is found in the refuse matters of men and animals, and especially in the urine. It is this that produces the pungent and sickening odor in urinals and neglected stables. It is, in its concentrated form, peculiarly destructive to the delicate tissues of the animal economy. The action of ammonia on the sensitive membranes of the eye is the most prominent cause of blindness in horses. Animals that are confined in close stables, where manure is allowed to accumulate in considerable quantity, are, in addition to blindness, peculiarly liable to diseases of the lungs and the kidneys from the action of ammonia. The effect of this drug seems to be cumulative, and when taken into the stomach in small doses repeatedly it is easy to conceive that its action must be irritating to the coating of the stomach, and to those far more sensitive membranes that line the passage of the urinary apparatus.

Ammonia is used in the manufacture of some baking powders, and probably one-half the cans of baking powder on grocers' shelves contain it. If you get the pungent fumes of ammonia, discard the baking powder. There are plenty of baking powders in the market that are made only from pure cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda, with a little flour or starch combined as a preservative. Buy only baking powders that have printed guarantees on the labels, or in the circulars contained in the cans. No honest dealer in any class of goods intended as food, or to enter into foods, will refuse to furnish with each package the correct formula from which the goods are made. Every consumer has a right to know what he is using as food. We always refuse to buy goods of any kind that are branded Pure, Strictly Pure, or Absolutely Pure, unless in addition we are as plainly informed of just what they are made; and we think this rule is always a safe one.

Tea as a Beverage.

Use a china or porcelain pot. If you do use metal, let it be tin, new, bright and clean; never use when the tin is worn out and the iron exposed. If you do, you are playing chemist and forming a tannate or tea-ate of iron. Use black tea. Green tea when good is kept at home. What goes abroad is bad, very bad and horrible. Besides containing the 203 adulterations the Chinese philanthropist puts up for the outside barbarian, it is always pervaded by copper dust from the dirty curing pans of the growers. Infuse your tea. Don't boil it! Place one teaspoonful of tea in the pot and pour over it 1½ cups of boiling water, that is, water really boiling. If your tea is poor, use more. It is cheaper, though, to buy good tea at the outset. Put your pot on the back part of the stove, carefully covered, so that it shall not lose its heat and the tea its bouquet. Let it remain there five minutes, then drink it. Drink your tea plain. Don't add milk or sugar. Tea-brokers and tea-tasters never do; epicures never do; the Chinese never do. Milk contains fibrin, albumen, or some other stuff, and the tea a delicate amount of tannin. Mixing the two makes the liquid turbid. This turbidity, if I remember the cyclopædia aright, is tannate of fibrin, or leather. People who put milk in tea are therefore drinking boots and shoes in mild disguise. —*Wong Chin Foo, in the Cook.*

A Child's Explanation.

"Ma," says the inquiring child "what's the nights made for?"

"For little folks to sleep in and get rested, and feel good and be quiet."

"That ain't what the nights is made for."

"Yes, it is, my child."

"Oh, I know better, myself."

"Well, what are the nights made for?"

"Cos, if there was no nights, the days would all bunk in on one another."

She Wanted to be Remembered.

He was old and rich, and his niece, who had been visiting him, was about to go away.

"You will not forget me, will you, dear uncle?" she sobbed.

"In my solitude?"

"No, in your will."

Be Kind to the Aged.

Young Lady—You say you will grant me any favor I ask?

Aged Masher—Yes, dearest angel. I'll do anything in the world you ask of me.

"Then propose to my grandmother. She is a widow.'

Ribbed silk corset covers are shown, fitted like a jersey, made of pink, blue and white silk, with insertions of strong torchon lace.

—News has been received of the safe arrival in New Westminster, B. C., of Rev. Thos. Scouler, wife and child. His induction took place on the 19th.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, FEB. 3, 1887.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Dr. Jamieson opened the campaign in Artemesia last week. Rousing meetings were held in Thompson's neighborhood and Eugenia on Tuesday and Wednesday evening's respectively. Both meetings were largely in favor of the Doctor.

The battle goes bravely on in East Grey, and the 22nd of Feb. next will be the coldest day the Toronto lawyer, Mr. Gilray, has ever experienced. The latter talks of getting the Hon. Edward Blake up to help him, but bless you! Dr. Sproule can smash them both into smithereens! The Hon. Edward had better remain right where he is—he will find quite enough to do to beat his opponent in West Durham. Wouldn't it be funny if the said opponent should be elected? Stranger things have happened, you know.

And in North Grey the redoubtable Riellite, B. Allan, Esq., is going to be left at home by quite a comfortable majority. That's the proper place for men who cannot tell the difference between a patriot and a traitor when they go to Ottawa. By all means leave Benjamin at home and send a good staunch man like Mr. James Masson, Q. C., as your representative in the House of Commons.

There was more excitement in connection with the blaze in our schoolhouse the other evening, than there was on the day of the recent Provincial elections. Why is it more interest is not taken in the vital questions of the day? Tie a tin kettle to a dog's tail and let two or three boys go hooting after him a block or two on the streets, and you'd have heaps of excitement and interest. Will there be half the excitement among our townsmen and fellow-ratepayers on the 22nd Feb.? There ought to be an hundred times as much.

A remarkable similarity, in thought and expression, occured simultaneously in recent issues of the *Grey Review* and *Hanover Post*, which leads us to inquire: was it the same "little bird" whispered the same little yarn into each of the respective editors' ears? Both articles deplored the alleged lack of interest taken by the ratepayers in the recent provincial election in South Grey, in that the vote polled was much smaller than it should have been. It was large enough to elect our worthy and poplar friend, Blyth, by a good majority, and we apprehend that it will be quite large enough to place Dr. Jamieson at the head of the polls on the 22nd Feb. by a handsome majority.

Friends of Dr. Jamieson should see to it that not a stone is left unturned to secure his return by a sweeping majority. We believe in the most thorough kind of organization.—Don't neglect a solitary division in the riding. Use all honorable means to secure a hearty and full expression of public opinion at the polls. Dr. Jamieson is well worthy the enthusiastic support of every unprejudiced man in South Grey, and all should feel equally interested in securing his return as M. P. for the riding on the 22nd inst. Put your shoulders to the wheel, gentlemen. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, my lads," and victory will be ours. *Work*, WORK, WORK!

MR. ANDREWS AGAIN.

The little man who pushes the Flesherton ADVANCE ate a very bitter leek last week. He made a false and malicious accusion against Mr. Thos. Andrews, of this town, a few weeks ago, but being threatened with summary proceedings found it most convenient to take it all back and apolgize.—*Thornbury News.*

We can understand and sympathise with the *News* in its frantic endeavor to cover up from the public gaze as much as possible its recent traitorous and unpatriotic political course, but why it should find it necessary to bring up the trifling affair, re Mr. Thos. Andrews, is a mystery to us. Mr. A. never threatened us with summary proceedings. He simply denied the correctness of the statement and asked us in justice to himself to place the matter properly before the public. We did so. But if, as the item quoted above would seem to indicate, Mr. Andrews has been telling the Editor of the *News* a different story, and trying to make it appear that we made a "malicious accusation" against him, then we have only to say that the former gentleman has stated what is absolutely untrue. And let us say further, that if the *News* persists in harping on that string much longer we shall feel called upon to defend ourself by publishing Mr. Andrews' letter to us *verbatim et literatim*

A few words to the public in reference to the *News*. While that journal has been trumpeting the virtues of Mr. Andrews for the position he took in sustaining and working for Capt. Rorke after the second convention, it persistently refuses to tell the public why it did not pursue the wise course adopted by Mr. Andrews. What blatant hypocrisy! In the very same breath it approves Mr. Andrews for supporting Capt. Rorke after the second convention, and pats itself on the back because it didn't do anything of the sort! What more is needed to convince an intelligent public, that the dublisher of the *News* is not only a hypocrite but a traitor.

We regret the necessity which compels us to open these "old sores;" but when people are so mighty anxious to get scorched it seems only natural to stretch forth the hand and supply the fire!

Manito-bitems!

JANUARY 18TH, 1887.

A second class blizzard,
Sweeps over the plain,
A little more snow
Without hail or rain.

Jan. 9th.—Calm, clear, cold and bracing. Jack frost busy, but not a symptom of that deathly chilliness experienced in warm climates in winter season. Snow only about three inches deep -not enough for good sleighing, but waggons run freely its so light and dry, and no mud.

Since last writing you, and up to the 16th, steady, endurable wintry weather continued. Then for a day or two a moderating, gentle "chinook wind" occurred—a "January thaw," for Manitoba, without rain, or "slush." Will write again in the not distant future. Think I have sufficiently cautioned Canadians against leaving "our Dominion."

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, 1887.

Annual Meeting of County Grand Black Chapter of Grey

Was held in Lodge Room of Markdale L.O.L., Jan. 26th, 1887, when the following Sir Knights were elected to Office for the ensuing year.

Sir Kt.,	J. C. Irish,	C.G.	Preceptor.
"	James Brodie	"	Deputy "
"	James Elliott	"	Chaplain
"	J. H. Carson	"	Dep. "
"	Thos. Elliott	"	Registrar
"	James Erskin	"	Dep. "
"	Jos. McArdle	"	Treasurer
"	T. Hanbury	"	Dep. "
"	Jos. Gibson	"	Lecturer
"	R. A. Parks	"	Dep. "
"	Wm. Madill	"	St. Bearer
"	T. McArthur	"	Dep. "
"	Wm. Rutledge	"	Censor
"	Wm. Bradey	"	Dep. "
"	Bln'y Maguire	"	Pursuivant
"	Thos. Gilray	"	Dep. "
"	Johst. Little	"	1st Committee
"	J. McFadden	"	2nd "
"	George Hales	"	3rd "
"	R. W. Blakely	"	4th "
"	T. J. Lackey	"	5th "
"	Chas. Little	"	6th "
"	W. H. Johnston	"	7th "

PRICEVILLE AGAIN.

The Teacher's Further Defence.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart undaunted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."
—SHAKESPEARE.

"Truth is mighty and must prevail" therefore I shall present a few truths to the public concerning Reiley and Prowler—Brander and their continued abuse. Reiley's poor old lion is trotted out to do service again and it puts us in mind of the story of the minister who took for his text, "The devil as a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour." Now this minister had a fashion of using the pronoun 'he' after each noun and he divided his subject as follows. Firstly we will consider who the devil (he) is? Secondly, where the devil (he) is going? and Thirdly, What the devil (he) is roaring about? Now, whatever Reiley is roaring about, he and his lion certainly appear very ridiculous.

He says all he can think of against me and falsely too and then pretends that he would say more if I were only at hand. I have no doubt he and his clique could bake a similar batch of fabrications and serve them up hot to the public every fortnight or so for a year but to tell the truth and give one credit for what he deserves seems to be beyond their power. Poor souls they are to be pitied!

Mr. Reiley says the attendance in my department was only 20 per cent of that of the whole school. Now he had no means of knowing as the names of twenty of my pupils who where in the second class were on the register of the junior department of the school and as a matter of fact my attendance varied from 40 to 55 during the latter part of the year and averaging about 50 during the last month I taught; which however according to Reiley's arithmetic is 20 per cent of 110.

He also says Mr. D. has never attended any of our meetings here during his three years' stay." If he means the meetings of the clique and such persons held in hotels for purposes of joviality &c I plead guilty to the charge, but if he means soirees, entertainments, lectures etc. which had for their object some good cause then he is wrong for I have attended nearly all such meetings held in Priceville while I was in the village, and for some I could not attend I bought tickets. I help to support one of the resident ministers of Priceville, and attend the Sabbath services of his church—not in the village—but at a church in which he preaches, situated nearer my own home. I always went home Friday evening, a distance of six miles and returned Mon. morning.

Mr. Reiley speaks of a petition circulated against one of my first engagement over three years ago and he says I should have resigned. The Trustees who had engaged me at that time refused to allow me to resign and in the two following years re-engaged me as teacher thus showing that they considered that I was giving an equivalent for my money by advancing the school. In wailing about my salary took out of the section Mr. R. is like the little boy who spent his pennies for candy and after eating it cried because his money was gone.

The petition three years ago was not so much against me as for the purpose of retaining the previous teacher. I was not acquainted with the people of the village at that time except two or three families and of these none signed the petition. Mr. Reiley himself informed a gentleman shortly after I went to Priceville that the petitioners had at that time three things against me (1) I was a Methodist. (2) I was a temperate man. (3) My certificate was not such as to qualify me to teach the school. With regard to the last objection it may be interesting to know that I held and hold now a Second Class Normal School Certificate as a teacher in this Province. The other two objections merely go to show what kind of stuff the petitioners of Priceville are made of when they will object to any one on such grounds. The rest of Mr. Reiley's letter being only a rehash of what I have already answered in my communication to this paper which was published on 23, Dec., 86, I would refer my readers back to my previous letter and thus dismiss Mr. R.

Next comes Prowler.

"A would-be satirist and arch buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
He racks his brains, the meanest of the mean,
To furnish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to slander his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind."

It is easy to understand his ready use of the word 'shoddy,' his dealings evidently being in that class of articles having no real foundation or permanency of construction.

He says I am not willing to pay a market value for anything I require. The market value is much higher in some places than in others and I ask you Mr. Editor what you suppose it would be in the shop where 8 cent tea dust was parcelled up in packages and marked 4 lbs tea at 30 cts. $1.20 in order to take in some poor person at an auction sale? Business done on such principles is enough to drive any one to look around to where he can get value for his money. It would be hard to get down to the market value of such goods.

About board he talks nonsense. I paid nearly twice as much as he says I was willing to pay and never asked any one in the section to board me for less, and I had no trouble in getting a boarding house at any time. I stayed first with a Methodist Minister and left his house when he began to prepare to move to another circuit. I then went to Mr Brander's and after boarding there more than a year he wanted to raise the price to a higher rate than I had ever paid since beginning to teach school. So I left his house and in an hour or two spent in making inquiries, I found an excellent boarding house at the same rate as I paid during my whole stay in the village.

He says the petition for the removal of the teachers was presented by about 40 ratepayers. I happened to be present at the Trustee meeting when it was presented and Mr. Reiley was the one who laid it before the Board and the only ratepayer who was present at the meeting except the other two Trustees. Then he talks of a Christian gentleman drawing up the first petition for our removal in an underhand manner and then going over to the 'anti-clique' side. This is another falsehood as the Christian gentleman he refers to was one of my supporters all the time and the petition he drew up was for the purpose of requesting the Trustees to deduct two weeks from the summer vacation and add them to the Christmas holidays and as soon as he saw the petition drawn up by the clique for our removal he opposed it.

Prowler then speaks of my often expressed opinions on religious doctrines. I do not remember of speaking to more than three persons in the section on the subject, and I expressed no sentiments which do not form part of the creed of some branch of the Christian Church. The three persons here referred to are the Methodist Minister, the School Inspector and Mr. Brander, the last mentioned being one of those headstrong mortals who must have all his own way and whose own opinions are everything to him. The idea of his talking about religious belief! Why he has not attended the church to which he pretends to belong for over a year, because the minister asserted his authority in a business meeting of the church to prevent Mr. B. from running things his own way.

In my former letter I made reference to 'some (not all) Priceville shopkeepers' but it seems Mr. Brander thinks the cap fits him as he makes haste to put it on and no doubt many will agree how well it becomes him. Thus arrayed he attacks me over his own signature to try to make the public believe that he is not the instigator of the Prowler articles but the public is not so easily gulled. I agree with him in the statement that "There are just as reliable, staunch and intelligent men and women shopkeepers as there are teachers in this county" and I never said anything to the contrary, but Mr. Brander 'is not the model we care to copy'.

The reason for the spiteful manner in which he has used me is that he got very much offended at me last Spring for doing my duty in notifying the Trustee Board that one of his girls was commencing to go to school again after having the measles. Some of the people were finding fault because they thought she should not have been sent so soon after recovering. The Trustees took action in the matter and required Mr. Brander to send a medical certificate to the teacher before she was again admitted to school. This was in accordance with the school law, but not agreeing with Mr. B's opinions, religious or otherwise, especially otherwise, he vowed his determination to keep his children away from school while I was teacher. After this he acted as a bitter enemy. And now since I have shown what kind of persons mine accusers are, I shall not spend more time in replying to their trashy articles but leave the public to judge them by their works.

Thanking you for this privilege of presenting my case in self-defence.

I am,
Yours &c.,
THE TEACHER.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRICEVILLE

ROLLER MILL!

The New Mill is now completed and in full working order. The ROLLER PROCESS is thorough in every respect, and a full line of rolls. The

Highest Cash Price Will be paid

For any quantity of WHEAT. Positively no credit will be given in the GRIST MILL.

The SAW MILL is doing splendid work. Bring in your logs and you can get the lumber home with you.

First class PLANER AND MATCHER, Mr. John McLeod manages the Saw Mill which I hope is a sufficient guarantee for good work.

ROBT. McGOWAN.

Jan. 24, 1887.

Auction Sale
—OF—
VALUABLE PROPERTY!

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale there will be sold at

Thursday, 10th day of Feb., 1887,

At 12 o'clock noon, by
JAS. THOMPSON, Auctioneer,
at the GLOBE HOTEL, in the
TOWN OF COLLINGWOOD

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

All that certain parcel of land situate in the Township of Collingwood, in the County of Grey, and being composed of the east half of Lot No. 90 in the 6th concession of the said Township, reserving thereout about two acres appropriated for roads.

TERMS:—One-Tenth of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale, two other tenths within thirty days thereafter, and the balance thereof to be secured by a first mortgage on the property, bearing interest at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum from the day of sale.

Conditions will be made known at the time of sale.

For further particulars apply to

ROBINSON & O'BRIEN,
Vendor's Solicitors,
No. 68 Church Street, TORONTO.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Queen's Jubilee.

Owing to the fact that there have been so many entertainments in Flesherton this season, the Sons of Temperance have concluded to postpone their annual concert until Monday, June 20th, 1887—the Queen's Jubilee day, which will be very generally observed as a public holiday in every part of the British empire. Magnificent tableaux—forcibly and vividly illustrating great moral and social evils—some grand, ringing Temperance choruses, a stirring and vigorous Temperance drama, and eloquent and patriotic addresses, are amongst the features of the coming entertainment, which promises to eclipse anything of the sort ever attempted in this town. The Sons usually do things in first class style, as all their past entertainments eminently prove: but this will be *the* best of all. Further particulars in due time. In the meantime, all members are urgently asked to attend meetings of Division as regularly as possible in future, in order that proper preparations may be made to sustain the committee in the work they have undertaken and carry it forward to a successful issue.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Dr. Sproule addressed a very large, enthusiastic and intelligent audience here on the evening of the 26th, inst. The Dr. gave a very elaborate review of the great political topics of the day, showing clearly and forcibly how successfully the Government had carried out its pledges to the people. Even the few political opponents present, had to confess that they were well pleased with Dr's speech. One interesting feature of the meeting was the questions answered by the Dr, refuting and exposing some of the charges made by the opposition. All shades and classes here, entertain great esteem, much respect and perfect confidence towards the Dr.

To the Editor of The Advance.

My Dear Sir,—Permit me to congratulate and thank you for the supplement to the last issue of the ADVANCE; for it furnishes a valuable epitome of the growth and prosperity of our country for the past 4 or 5 years. It is also valuable to those who want to study carefully and impartially the political affairs of our country.

Yours respectfully,
M. R. HAMMOND,
P. M., Kimberley.

Kimberley.

To the Editor of the Advance.

One of the most pleasant affairs that ever took place in Kimberley, was a concert held in the Methodist Church Friday evening Jan. 21st, the proceeds of which was appropriated to the aid of the Sabbath School.

The day previous being very stormy, doubts and fears were entertained whether the following evening would be a success or not, but Providence smiled and granted most favorable weather and a good attendance.

The performers on this occasion were first-class talent from Thornbury who had kindly offered their services at any time chosen to call upon them.

The proceedings commenced at 8 o'clock when the Rev. Mr. Corcoran was voted to the chair which he occupied in his usual pleasing manner.

The first-class programme consisted of choruses vocal duetts and solos, violin and organ duetts and mouth organ solos, all of which were vociferously and deservedly applauded.

Mr. Henderson, has a fine musical voice and his solos were beautifully rendered. Mr. H's. mouth-organ solos elicited a storm of applause and special mention might be made of the "Mocking Bird" solo, parts of which so nearly resembled the warbling of a bird, but ones powers of description would utterly fail in this particular.

Miss M. Young, possesses a rich, well-cultured voice of great compass and pleased everyone by the charming manner in which she acquitted herself, as also did Miss Dickinson.

Miss Young presided at the organ.

At the close a hearty vote of thanks was extended to the Thornbury friends who contributed so much to the evenings enjoyment, and so materially aided in a good cause. Their kind offer to return again at some future time will no doubt be gladly accepted and a most cordial welcome granted.

NOTICE!

BY resolution of Artemesia Council, I will receive applications for the office of Assessor up to 10 o'clock, a. m., seventh day of February, 1887—applicants not to mention salary in application, as the Council cannot appoint officers for the lowest tender.

W. J. BELLAMY,
Twp. Clerk.

Feb. 17th, 1887. 202-3.

☞The best, cheapest and most durable Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Sewing Machine Needles, and Supplies, for sale at C. Treadgold's, next house to Mr. Wm. Strain's, Flesherton. 3m

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

McGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

A LIVER CURE.—One single trial of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Recipe Book $1.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed a night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Thorough-Bred

BERKSHIRE BOAR!

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.

(283-335) JACOB A. LEVER.

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

FOR SALE.

9½ Acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton or to C. W. BELLAMY Markdale.

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1886.

Going North.

STATIONS.		Mail	Exp.	Mixed.
Toronto	Leave	7 45am	4 5pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Cardwell Junction		9 25 "	6 30 "	
Charleston		9 43 "	6 45 "	
Orange-ville.	Arrive	10 05 "	7 03 "	
	Leave	10 20 "	7 22 "	
Orangeville Junction		10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne		10 58 "	8 04 "	
Dundalk		11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON		11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale		12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford		12 23pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth		12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound	Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Going South.

STATIONS.		Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound	Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Chatsworth		6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford		6 25 "	3 30 "	
Markdale		6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON		7 09 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk		7 26 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne		7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction		8 22 "	5 23 "	
Orange-ville.	Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
	Leave	8 45 "	5 55 "	
Charleston		9 05 "	6 13 "	
Cardwell Junction		9 25 "	6 30 "	
Toronto	Arrive	10 55 "	8 10 "	

W. WHYTE, Gen'l Sup't. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agt

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

Blacksmith Shop, Stable & Premises

IN FLESHERTON,

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

The undersigned offers for sale his Blacksmith Shop, Stable and Premises adjoining, at a reasonable price; or will leave the same to a good man at a fair rental. This property is well situated on Collingwood street, Flesherton, near the planing factory.

For terms and particulars, apply to the proprietor. ROBERT CLARK.

July 27th, 1886. 267tf Flesherton.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, &c., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Call and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

J. E. MOORE.
Carpenter, Joiner, & Cabinet Maker.

All repairs promptly & neatly executed shops, Durham St, next to Leitch's Tailoring. Plans and Specifications on shortest notice.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

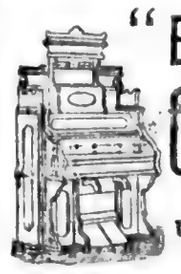

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

New Butcher Shop in Flesherton!

Petch & Mitchell,

PROPRIETORS.

THE undersigned respectfully take this opportunity to announce to the people of Flesherton and surrounding country, that they have started a Butcher Shop in the stand next door to the Marble Works, FLESHERTON, where they will be pleased to meet with all who favor them with their patronage. Fresh Meats of all kinds, and Fish, &c. in their seasons

Respectfully yours,
PETCH & MITCHELL.

THE GIRL AND THE GALLOWS.

Something About Miss Van Zandt and Anarchist Spies.

SHE WANTS TO MARRY THE DOOMED MAN.

The Extraordinary Courtship of the Couple.

A Chicago despatch says: Miss Nina Clarke Van Zandt, the young woman who is to marry August Spies, the Anarchist, is a person of fine features and form, and a face of far more than usual intelligence. She dresses in the height of fashion, though tastefully and without vulgar display. Miss Van Zandt was born at Philadelphia, Jan. 5th, 1866. Her father, who is a well-known chemist, employed by the firm of James S. Kirk, soap manufacturers, belongs to one of the old Dutch families which removed to New York State from Central Pennsylvania about fifty years ago, but Mr. Van. Zandt was born in Amsterdam, Holland. Her mother is a member of a Scotch-English family, Clarke by name, and is a descendant of the royal house of Stuart, and one branch of her family has lived in Pittsburg for several generations. Miss Van Zandt attended the Friends' Central High School at Philadelphia until her father and mother removed to Chicago, in 1882, when she entered the well-known and aristocratic Miss Grant's seminary, at the southeast corner of Dearborn avenue and Chestnut place, and pursued her studies there for one year. She prepared herself, during the following summer, to enter Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where she remained two years, taking both Latin and mathematical courses.

"This notoriety," said Mr. Van Zandt to-day, "is something dreadful for a private family to endure. The papers say that my daughter is taking this course just to gain notoriety; but if they knew the child they would never say that. She shrinks from it, but she will go through fire and water when it is necessary to do what she thinks is right."

"Have you consulted with the sheriff at all about the thing?"

"Oh, that is all right. That was all arranged before anything was published. They are disposed to act very generously with us about that. That will be all right."

A despatch from Mrs. Arthurs, of Pittsburg, the young lady's aunt, who implored the girl's parents to break off the match, the penalty for a refusal being disinheritance, caused some tumult in the Van Zandt household, as Mrs. Arthurs is very wealthy, but had no effect, the would-be bride characterizing the message as an unwarrantable outrage. Referring to the despatch in the presence of a reporter, Miss Van Zandt said:

"That message from Pittsburg I consider an unwarrantable interference, and it will not deter me in the least. Now," added the speaker, altering her manner, "I have some news for you. I have a bomb ready to be published. It was written by Mr. Spies, and is an account of his life, and will also contain all the letters written to me. I have written the preface myself. It will be published by Nina Van Zandt, which will be something of a novelty, don't you know, for at that time there will be no such person. I shall then be Mrs. Spies." The prospective bride added that it had become necessary to postpone the marriage again somewhat, and that the ceremony would not take place Thursday, but the delay would not be long.

Marriage License Clerk Seegur said he was confirmed in his original intention not to issue a license until compelled to by legal process. "I believe that this whole thing is gotten up by some sharp-witted friends of Spies," said he, "who propose to use an innocent and foolish young girl to create sympathy for him in the hope that the Governor may pardon him or commute his sentence. I know Spies' nature too well to believe that he loves the girl. I don't believe that she loves him, but she thinks she does. I regard it as an outrage on decency and an insult to the law that this man Spies, with his neck in the halter, should defy all the dictates of honor and manhood and seek to drag down by his own disgrace an innocent and foolish girl, and I propose to call on Mr. Van Zandt and represent things to him as I look at them. I may be thrown out, but if he is the right sort of a man he will not let his daughter commit an act which may gain her a little notoriety now, but will be an everlasting disgrace hereafter."

Miss Van Zandt appeared at the jail this morning and sought an interview with Spies. The jail officials, however, in obedience to the sheriff's orders, refused to allow her to enter.

(From the Pittsburg Telegraph.)

If love is a funny thing, matrimony is still more peculiar, and the approaching marriage of Miss Nina Clarke Van Zandt, of Chicago, to August Spies, the condemned anarchist, is one of the evidences thereof.

Miss Van Zandt is the daughter of people who formerly lived here, and who are well known. She is a very handsome young lady, who has been in Pittsburg frequently, her last visit being a couple of years ago.

It is reported here that the marriage with Spies may divert the expected Pittsburg inheritance of Miss Van Zandt into other channels.

Two years ago Sadie E. Freeland, a hat trimmer of Canbury, Conn., put her name and address in the lining of a hat. The hat fell into the hands of S. M. Kaufman, New Orleans, who wrote to Sadie. The correspondence continued until the other day, when Mr. Kaufman arrived in Danbury. He sent a message to Miss Sadie, who promptly fainted. Then she sent her big brother to interview Mr. Kaufman, and the interview was apparently very satisfactory, for when the New Orleans man (wealthy, of course,) went away he looked happy, and the gossips are in high feather.

In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.—*Mazzini.*

ANOTHER EVICTION ROW.

Bitter Attack on the Police at a County Donegal Eviction — Meeting of the League.

A last (Wednesday) night's Dublin cable says: The Sheriff and a force of police from Giveedoree, while on their way to evict tenants at Bloody Fareland, County Donegal, yesterday, found the road blocked with immense granite boulders, and were obliged to proceed on foot. The blowing of horns and ringing of bells brought together large crowds of peasants, who threatened the police with violence. The police made a strategic move around the base of the mountain by the sea, but scouts on the mountain top gave the alarm, and the peasants, cheering, rushed down the mountain side and blocked the passage. A constable threatened the crowd with his baton. This was the signal for a shower of stones from the evicted peasants.

A desperate fight ensued, in which five policemen were badly wounded. A priest who was present finally succeeded in calming the people, and they allowed the police to proceed. A tenant named Gallagher was evicted. For various reasons the police left the other tenants undisturbed. In many cases they were unable to identify the cottages from which occupants were to be ejected. In the meantime the peasants carried Gallagher back to his house, kindled a fire and reinstated him. The priest then persuaded them to allow the police to retire. While the sheriff and his escort were on their way home masses of granite rolled down the mountain side and the officers narrowly escaped injury. Whether or not this was the malicious work of peasants is unknown. While the fight was going on two vessels off Bloody Fareland stopped to watch the *melee*. A large number of writs of ejectment have been granted, but it is expected no further attempt will be made to enforce them.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Irish National League held here yesterday, Mr. William O'Brien declared the plan of campaign would always go on conducted within wise limits. John Dillon said: "No British Government shall have rest while the Woodford prisoners remain in jail. Bloodshed in the enforcement of evictions will be on the head of Judge Palles."

ABDUCTED IN HER YOUTH.

Remarkable Identification of a Stolen Child After Her Marriage.

A Milwaukee, Wis., despatch says: A curious romance has just been revealed in Waupaca, Wis., in connection with the life history of Mrs. Charles Smith, of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton, of Middleville, N. Y., had but one small child, a girl. Mr. Thornton and his wife had a bitter quarrel with a brother of the former over some cotton mill property belonging to their father's estate. The brother, in his anger, threatened to get even. The child, Adelia Thornton, was in the habit of paying frequent visits to a neighbor living near by, and when returning from this neighbor's one evening she was abducted. Search was made for months, but not the slightest clew to her disappearance was discovered. Soon after the date on which the child was stolen a woman brought a little girl to Mrs. Samuel Combs, then living in Michigan, and asked her to take care of her, and Mrs. Combs consented. Some time after the woman's professed husband came to the house and requested Mrs. Combs to permanently take care of the child, as his wife was dead and he would make it right. This was the last heard of the couple. The child grew up as the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Combs and was married. Some months ago Mr. and Mrs. C. Morgan, of Middleville, came to Waupaca. They became acquainted with Mrs. Smith and at once recognized a resemblance to the Thorntons. This was the means of opening up a correspondence between the latter and Mrs. Smith, which resulted in establishing her identity as the abducted and long lost Adelia. Mr. Thornton was so convinced of the identity that he recently sent a check to Mrs. Smith to pay her expenses East, and she left for Middleville to-day.

A SINGULAR COMBAT.

Battle to the Death Between a Stallion and a Bull.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: A singular and fatal combat took place this morning in a cattle-car on the Air Line Railroad between an Alderney bull and a Norman stallion. The two animals were boxed in a car yesterday morning at Depauw, Ind., by Gustavus Edenburgh, a local dealer, for shipment to this city. A strong partition was built between the two animals and the car was attached to the local freight. The train was running near New Albany when a brakeman, passing over the car, heard a furious bellowing beneath, and, climbing down the side of the car, found that the partition between the two animals had been broken down, and the infuriated brutes were engaged in deadly conflict. The train was stopped and the crew gathered around the car, but no means could be devised for stopping the encounter. The iron heels of the game horse were planted with telling effect upon the bull's head, and the horse was gored in a horrible manner. Finally the stallion got in a blow between the eyes of the bull and the latter animal fell dead. The combat lasted thirty-five minutes and the horse died four hours later.

A Dog's Determined Tramp.

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* says: A black and white collie, belonging to one of the shepherds at Bughtrigg, was sent on Tuesday from Jedburgh by train to Langholm. The dog arrived safely at Langholm, and remained quietly at his new home till Friday morning, when he was missed. To the surprise of his former owner, he appeared early on Monday morning at Bughtrigg, a distance of nearly sixty miles from Langholm. Now, when it is stated that this dog had gone by train and had never travelled a foot of the road before, the fact of his finding his way back over hills and moors to his former home is certainly a remarkable instance of that sagacity, or, well, call it what you like, so often found in the shepherd's dog.

A Poser.

Doctor—"There, get that prescription filled, and take a tablespoonful three times a day, before meals."

Pauper patient—"But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days."

TRAMPLED UNDER FEET.

How Men, Women and Children were Fatally Crushed in a Theatre Panic

SEVENTEEN PERSONS' LIVES LOST.

The Brutal Stampede of a Thoroughly Scared Crowd.

A la (Wednesday) night's London cable says: The hall in Prince's street, Spitalfields, where the fatal panic occurred last night, is a favorite resort for the Jews of that part of London. Entertainments have been given there every night for a long time. Last evening a benefit performance was given, and the place was crowded. During the progress of the play a man and woman quarrelled in the street outside and near the main doorway of the hall. The man used violence and the woman screamed. Her cry was heard by a passerby, who misunderstood it and shouted "Fire." The woman's screams and the cries of "Fire" were heard inside, and at once created a panic, the audience, numbering five hundred, rising in a body and rushing pell mell for the main entrance. The audience was almost entirely composed of Jews. The manager of the Hebrew Dramatic Club, which was giving the entertainment, was on the stage when the panic began. He did all in his power to afford all possible facilities for the exit of the people. The hall has a number of entrances, and he had them all thrown wide open and called on the people when they would not remain to divide and use all the doorways, but they paid no attention to him. In fact, many of them construed the manager's earnestness into proof that there was a fire, and increased their exertions to get out. The whole crowd, as if with one impulse, made for the main entrance. It happened that among those who first reached it were a number of women and children, who had been occupying some of the rear seats. They were overborne by strong men attempting to pass them, and as the women and children fell at the doorway they tripped up others, who were crushed down by the rush of the frantic crowd. It took but a few minutes to empty the house, and the alarm was so thorough that not a soul among the entire audience refrained from the struggle to get out. When the people after reaching the street ascertained the facts of the situation a scene of great disorder ensued, caused by the discovery that numbers were missing. Then a rush back was made. This, however, was stopped at the main entrance by the police, who had arrived and assumed control. Seventeen corpses were found inside the theatre, near the door. They were all torn, crushed and disfigured. It was found that of the dead, twelve were women, three were boys, one was a girl and the other was a man. The remains were almost unrecognizable. Eye-witnesses say that the way the strong men who got uppermost in the struggle at the door crushed and trampled on those who fell down was indescribably brutal. It is stated that a number of infants carried in their mother's arms, clung to through all the panic, were also crushed or smothered to death, and that a number of others were fatally injured. The scene during the attempted return of the crowd was painful in the extreme. Persons remained at the doorway all night waiting to have their dead restored to them, and the lamentations of the women were heartbreaking. The police have been giving a number of contradictory stories about the cause of the panic. One statement is that thieves started the cry of fire for the purpose of getting an opportunity to despoil the many rich Jewesses in the hall of the costly jewels they bore on their persons.

A man named Harris Goldbery says he went into the gallery of the hall, accompanied by his wife and family. They all sat together. The play was a melodrama called the "Spanish Gipsy Girl." During the performance some boys, in order to obtain a better view of the stage, climbed up an exposed gaspipe fixed along the wall. This strained the pipe and started a leak. Mr. Goldbery placed his handkerchief over the leak and some one shouted, "Turn off the meter." This shout was raised simultaneously with a cry of alarm from one of the actors on the stage. Then the people in the gallery rose and rushed headlong down the stairs. Mr. Goldbery's wife was torn away from him and trampled to death. His 6-year-old son jumped upon the heads of the packed mass and escaped by running over them. The managers are not to blame for the disaster. The passage from the hall to the street entrance is ten feet wide where the struggle occurred, and the doors swing both ways. There are several minor exits from the gallery—three besides the staircase. The disaster arose, not from the crowding of the passage, but from the frantic efforts of the people in the gallery to force their way down the crowded stair. The men and women in front were driven headlong into the passage, where they met the excited occupants of the pit and there was a hopeless block.

The hall to-day resembles a disordered auction room. Broken furniture, crushed toys, children's hats, broken bottles, orange peel, actors' wigs and shreds of clothes lie scattered over the floor. There are many blood spots on the backs of chairs, as well as on the floor. Every here and there ghastly knots of hair are clinging to the furniture. Several escapes were made through the window, most of which are badly smashed. The bodies were found at the bottom of the stone stairs leading to the gallery. Here a terrible struggle took place between the front of the crowd rushing from the main floor and the leaders of the throng which rushed down the gallery stairs. The dead lay mostly in two opposing rows, the feet of each row close to those of the other, one row of heads lying towards the gallery stairway, the other toward the opposite side of the hall. The faces of the dead were distorted with agonized expressions. The clothes were completely torn from the bodies of some of the victims. A little girl, since identified as Eva Marks, was found lying at the bottom of a pile of dead. Her lower limbs were bare, and the upper part of her dress was torn to shreds, showing that she had fought hard for life. Isaac Levy, a venerable Hebrew, with long white, flowing beard and hair, was found among the dead. He and his wife were regular attendants at the performances which had been given in the hall. They always sat near the door. It is thought from the position in which his body was found that Mr. Levy, instead of fleeing alone when the panic started, remained to help and protect his wife, so the old man was crushed down by the rushing crowd and stamped to death. His wife's body lay opposite. The woman was in the prime of life and wore brightly-colored clothes and quantities of jewellery. Beside her lay a little boy, whose knickerbockers and stockings were torn to shreds.

WALKING AS A DISEASE.

Farmer Snyder's Interminable Walk for Rest.

A Chicago despatch says: John O. Snyder, the walking man, of Dunkirk, Ind., has arrived in Chicago, and is now resting himself after his ride by walking twenty-two hours a day. He walks in an enclosure about six feet wide and a hundred and fifty feet long, and sleeps, eats and shaves while on his ceaseless journey. He cannot make a short turn. He has had the disease of walking now 821 days. The doctors cannot help him. He is 53 years old and is a typical Indiana farmer, although of Virginian birth. His face is full of wrinkles and he wears a chin beard, his cheeks and upper lip being shaved clean.

"I can't run when I want to," he said to a reporter who walked along with him. "It's just, as it seems, to ease me. I couldn't run a step now to save my life, but if my nerves call for it I'll have to run. My pace varies very much. I ain't feeling a bit good to-day. I didn't get my proper exercise last night. I came up from Cincinnati in the baggage car. I'd a heap rather ride in a baggage car, because I get a little more room there; but this car was crowded with trunks and I could hardly get around. I'd sit down a little while at a time as long as I could stand the misery in my feet, but I ain't got rested yet, and it'll take a good many days to rest me up, I believe."

Snyder said that he liked the ordinary shoes for walking in, and added: "I haven't got a corn to my foot nor I don't want any. The only thing I'm troubled with is cramps. Sometimes I'm cramped clear from my hips down to the ground."

At Cincinnati a watch of five medical students was kept on the old gentleman for two weeks.

ADRIFT ON ICE CAKES.

A Crowd of Buffalonians do Uncle Tom's "Eliza" Act on Lake Erie — Narrow Escapes and Great Excitement.

A last (Thursday) night's Buffalo despatch says: With a southwesterly wind blowing from 30 to 50 miles an hour down Lake Erie during the past 24 hours, the ice for some miles up became loosened, causing a "shove." This afternoon fully 600 men were scattered over the ice for ten miles up the lake from the Government breakwater. Shortly after 1 o'clock the ice began breaking up and a stampede ensued. The men struck out in all directions, many not having time even to secure their effects, while others had to leave their dogs and sleds behind and flee for their lives. Those who were near the Canada or American shores easily got to places of safety, but the crowd in the centre had an exciting time. Some of them were suddenly brought to a standstill by seeing open patches of water ahead of them, and turned only to find that they were completely shut off. Some cakes of ice floated one or two men, others eight or ten, while one immense piece bore up a freight of 50 human beings. They all managed to get off but a party of eight who were seen floating on a piece in open water. Seven of the party jumped from cake to cake and were rowed to safety, but one old man could not be induced to try it. He remained where he was until his friends, after much work, reached him and half dragged him off. It is reported that a man named Haley is missing, but it is thought he will turn up all right.

AWFUL DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

An Insane Mother Murders Five of Her Children and Hangs Herself.

A Cleveland, O., despatch says: A horrible tragedy occurred this morning in a brick cottage near the corner of Independence and Petrie streets. The house was occupied by James Cabelek, an industrious Bohemian carpenter, with his family of eight children and his wife. Since the birth of a babe three months ago Mrs. Cabelek has acted strangely. Early this morning Mr. Cabelek and his 19-year-old son left the house for their work. The mother then sent two sons, Harry and George, on different errands. Harry returned and found the house locked. He notified his father and brother, who returned and entered the house. In the bed-room, upon the bed, were found the four youngest children covered with blood. Behind the bed on the floor was the daughter Jennie, aged 8, weltering in blood, but conscious. The mother was found in the basement suspended from the rafters by a clothes line, life being extinct. Mamie, aged 6, was dead, with ten gashes in her side; Annie, aged 4, was dead, with fourteen wounds in her bowels. The infant in the cradle was dead, with three cuts in the stomach. Jimmie and Jennie are living and conscious, but are terribly lacerated and cannot recover. The result of the tragedy is four dead and two dying. The injuries were inflicted with a pair of long scissors with sharp prongs.

A Lion Chloroformed.

A Bridgeport, Conn., despatch says: P. T. Barnum's great African lion, "Kennedy," aged over 20 years and valued at $6,000, which has for more than a year been suffering from paralysis of the limbs, was put to death to-day. Sixteen ounces of chloroform were required and death resulted in six minutes. Mr. Barnum will cause the body to be stuffed and presented to Tuft's College, Massachusetts. The owner and twelve physicians were present.

The remark so frequently made that a dollar will now go farther than it used to is met with the reply that it makes the distance in quicker time.

Oh, how small a portion of earth will hold us when we are dead, who ambitiously seek after the whole world while we are living.—*Philip, King of Macedon.*

THE LOST FISHERMEN.

Hundreds on Lake Erie When the Ice Broke Up.

MANY THRILLING ESCAPES.

The following are additional particulars of the great ice-break away near Buffalo on Thursday, by which many lives were imperilled for hours:

Several hundred men were at work on the ice when the thaw came—estimates running as high as 500. How many of these were missing could only be guessed. The ice broke up in long lines, and so suddenly that it was next to impossible for the fishermen to escape. The ice was about a foot thick, and when the thaw had weakened it a fall in the lake water cracked the dangerous field into larger or smaller floes. The wind-breakers, used by the fishermen to protect themselves from the wind, acted as sails, and some of the cakes were carried along in the water at a reasonable rate of speed.

Patrick Foley, a fisherman living on the Island, saw about forty men go down the lake on a large ice floe about 3 p.m., but they were rescued. William Cavanaugh and Patrick O'Brien, who saw the peril of the men, went out in a clinker boat and transferred the fishermen a few at a time to the breakwater.

A sensational scene was the trip of William Williams and John Clark down the Niagara River on a small cake of ice. They were the men seen from the eyrie of the Board of Trade building. The men floated down the river as far as the International Bridge before Patrick O'Brien and James Hoolihan were able to overtake and rescue them. The ice cake was not of the most substantial kind, as ice cakes went, and their escape from their perilous predicament is regarded as remarkable.

STORY OF THE BRAVE RESCUERS.

James Galvin, the man who swam with a woman on his back and saved her in the recent Island flood, was on the beach yesterday afternoon and saw a break in the ice beyond the breakwater, where a number of fishermen were stopped in trying to get in and were turning away to the south. Wm. Cavanagh, Thomas Green, Galvin and another man shoved a boat on the inside of the breakwater clean to the north end of the pier to intercept a number of men who, by this time, were floating toward the mouth of the river on floes of ice. Galvin and his comrades reached the north end of the pier before the imperilled fishermen, rounding about, shoved the boat along through water and over ice and picked them all up, eight or nine men in all. A second trip was made and the dogs and sleds were towed in.

"Most of the rescued men were Poles," said Galvin, when he was seen this morning, "and one Irishman, a man named Higgins."

"Do you know of any men being lost?" was asked Mr. Galvin.

"No. There were no lives lost. After the break there were lots of time to save themselves. These men we saved, if they had known enough, would have gone to the south shore instead of working toward the river."

Mr. Galvin says he is certain that no one was swept down the river, as reported last night. He and his companions got down to the end of the pier before any one could have got down, and we were picked up. The brave rescuers are entitled to the greatest credit for their prompt action, which no doubt saved a number of lives.

George Bowman, a barber on Michigan street, and an old fisherman, was one of the last men in. He was as far out as any one, and knew by the motion of his lines in the afternoon that the ice was moving. He soon started, and finally succeeded in landing near Bay View about 10 o'clock at night. He was delayed by having to round an immense fissure, but was never in any particular danger.

Cavanaugh's boat, which was used by the rescuers, is a wreck. It was worth about $50.

A TEAM AFLOAT.

A teamster named Squires, with a team and sleigh and a man to help him out ice, were caught in the break-up off Derby, on the south shore. They had a terrible time of it. Darkness came on and their danger increased momentarily. It was impossible to retrace their steps to the upper ice, so they resolved on the desperate measure of tearing out the planks of their sleigh and bridging the floating cakes. Thus they passed from floe to floe until 10.30 last night, when they succeeded in reaching the shore near Rockey Point. They were thoroughly exhausted.

A LIFE-SAVER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Edward Hyland, No. 1 of the life-saving crew, had a rather thrilling experience. He was a long distance up the lake fishing with his dog and sleigh, and, finding the ice commencing to move, started for shore. But his dog was frightened and refused to stir a step with the load of fish. Hyland knew he was losing precious moments, but didn't want to lose his dog and fish, and tried every effort to get the animal to move. At this moment the ice beside him cracked and parted, the seam running a long distance either way from where he stood. Still he hesitated. The crack between him and probable safety grew broader. Finally he threw the sled across and abandoning the dog to his fate sprang across the widening chasm and made his way safely to shore, dragging the sled of fish after him.

Gas in a New Place.

Smith & Bell had a number of men today cutting timber six miles south of the city, and while cutting down a large oak tree, and when near the centre of it, an axe struck a hollow, and a large volume of gas or a similar substance commenced escaping, making a noise that could be heard a mile. One of the men lighted a match and touched it to the escaping gas. It instantly ignited and sent up a flame sixty feet, charring the outside of the tree. The blaze lasted fully ten minutes before dying out.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Correspondence.*

Business Difficulties.

The following assignments are reported: Ontario—Mitchell—Mrs. E. B. Cunningham, boots and shoes. Elmira—Alfred Jeanneret, jeweller, etc. Toronto—Chas. D. Newton, grocer.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE ways of women are beyond all fathoming. Mrs. Robert McLinden of Windsor, Ont., cut her throat with suicidal intent on Thursday last, but was unsuccessful in securing an immediate demise. So that she might not cause any disturbance in her family she bound up her neck in a cloth and declared that she had suffered from vomiting accompanied by nose-bleed. For two days she went about her household duties with her throat cut and gradually bled to death in a suicide that lasted as long as she had sufficient strength to keep on her feet.

THE report is confirmed that the Russian Government has concluded an arrangement with the firm of H. Hersent & Co., of Paris, for the raising of a sum of 25,000,000 roubles gold in order to construct the Rerecop Canal, in the Crimea. The canal will establish a direct route between the Don, the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, and three lines of rail. The strategical importance of the canal is apparent; but it will also enable the Russians to bring the coal and coke of the Don collieries to the Black Sea ports at low rates, and thus undersell the English coal, which at present enjoys almost a monopoly in those ports and at Constantinople.

DR. T. D. CROTHERS is working hard to prove that inebriety is contagious under certain circumstances. He has just printed a paper entitled "Certain Hereditary and Psychical Phenomena in Inebriety," to illustrate his doctrine that intoxication may be imparted by contagion when hereditary defects predispose the system to such influences. That is to say, a perfectly sober man, brought in contact with drunken men, may become drunk himself to all practical intents, or an equally sober person whose parents, one or both, were hard drinkers, may, when exposed to some sudden mental shock, apparently become fully intoxicated.

IT is pointed out that the British Empire extends over a far larger territory than that which was governed by ancient Rome, the superfices of the latter being one million and a half square leagues. No English-speaking people is under foreign rule, whilst Britain governs nearly three hundred million individuals belonging to all nations and speaking all the languages of the world; as, for instance, Germans (Heligoland), Spaniards (Gibraltar), Greeks, Italians, Turks (Cyprus), Arabs (Aden), Dutch (Africa), French (Mauritius), Chinese, Indians, Persians (Asia), etc.

PULL down your chandeliers from the ceiling is the latest fashionable command. Hanging lamps are allowed, but even they must be placed in the corners of a room, so as to add to the effect of irregularity which is aimed at in æsthetic abodes of the rich. But be sure these depending lights are securely fastened, for the other evening there came very near being a conflagration in one of Boston's handsomest houses, all on account of "the one weak link" in an antique chain. Do be artistic, if you will, but, at the same time, employ practised workmen to produce the art, especially when kerosene is a factor in it.

WHAT is wanted in a forest for timber is tall, upright growth free from knots, Where side limbs appear they not only waste the vigor of the tree but make knots in the wood which mar it for many purposes. If planted closely enough nature will thin out the side branches by depriving them of light and air, thus causing them to rot and fall off. But a clean cut with axe or saw does this more effectually and without waste of force. If trees in woods were kept trimmed up their growth would be much greater and more valuable. The trimmings will often be worth enough for wood to pay the expense if done when other work is not pressing.

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR tells of having recently visited at Elbe Falls., Kan., Mrs. Prudence Crandall Philleo, the plucky old woman who in her youthful days suffered mob violence, imprisonment and the destruction of her property because she opened a school in Canterbury, Conn., for colored girls. A year ago the Connecticut legislature was prevailed upon, after a mighty struggle, to grant her the petty allowance of $400 a year as long as she lived, as a partial compensation for her pecuniary losses by the treatment she received in 1833. The staunch old soul declares herself comfortable and happy, with a good farm, the company of an adopted son and nieces, all the reading matter she wants and the possession of all her senses, except a partial loss of hearing.

A LONDON newspaper declares that a Captain Maude, who died a week or two since, in the jubilee year of Victoria, was the grandson of a man who lived twelve years under Charles II. His grandfather, Sir Robert Maude, was born in 1673; his father, the first Lord Hawarden, in 1729, and he himself in 1798. Thus three generations have covered 213 years, or an average of seventy-one years to a generation, and have lived under ten sovereigns. The first Lord Hawarden having been born as stated in 1729, married in 1777 for his third wife a young lady of 18, who lived to be 92 and died in 1851. There were thus 122 years between the birth of the husband and the death of his wife. Such a case is probably unique.

THE "Century Magazine" prints for the first time these words of Abraham Lincoln, given in an official reprimand to a young officer who had been court martialed for quarrelling: "The advice of a father to his son, 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee!' is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right, and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

IN a review in the London *Spectator* of "Old Church Life in Scotland," by Dr. Edgar, the parish minister of Mauchline – "Burns' Mauchline"—there is the following: "Scotch clergymen were compelled, on occasions, to eke out a living by acting as tavern-keepers. In 1576 the General Assembly took steps to exhort 'such ministers and readers as tapped ale and kept

WHEN Circus man Cole sold his stock in New Orleans the other day three dun ring horses that he has owned for years went with the others by mistake. Mr. Cole at once bought them back, saying that he would never consent to have the horses become the property of any one who would make them work, and that he had decided to put them to a painless death. He proposed bleeding them to death, but W. B. Leonard, a liveryman, suggested that the use of chloroform would be a better and less painful mode. This was finally decided upon, and a reliable man procured, who was to have performed the operation. They were all collected in the circus tent. There were Cole, Leonard, the riders and the clowns, the ring-master, the tumblers and leapers and the three pet duns. Calling the little mare by name he told her to kiss them all good-bye. The intelligent animal, stretching forward her head, kissed each one. This was more than they could stand, and the sacrifice was put off. Mr. Cole had no place to take them to, so Mr. Leonard promised to find some one who would assume charge of them, under a guarantee never to work them, but to keep them in good order until old age should claim them for the grave.

Latest Scottish News.

At Dundee R. Dunn, laborer, has been fined 10s. 6d. for kicking a cat down a stair.

Sir Andrew Clarke was on the 5th inst. presented with the freedom of the city of Liverpool.

There is only one policeman over the four parishes, Kirkhill, Kilmorack, Kiltarlity and Erckless.

Rev. A. A. Campbell, Craithie, proposes to rebuild his church in commemoration of the Queen's jubilee.

While there is not a snowdrop or a crocus to be seen above ground, yellow and red primroses are in full bloom in the manse garden at Whithorn.

Mrs. Betsy Broath, or Stirling, widow of A. Stirling, East Mill Wynd, Arbroath, died on the 28th ult. at Portwilliam aged 102 years, 7 months and 10 days.

The death is announced, at the age of 62 years, of Lady Margaret H. Bourke, daughter of the fifth Earl of Mayo, and sister of the sixth Earl, late Governor-General of India.

The Empress Eugenie has commissioned Macdonald & Co., of Aberdeen and London, to prepare a polished red granite sarcophagus to contain the remains of the Prince Imperial.

Two Aberdeen gentlemen, Mr. Alex. Macconochie and Mr. Stott, accomplished a hazardous feat on the 3rd inst. by walking over the Ben Macdhui and Cairngorm Mountains.

On the 1st inst. Gordon, the wheelbarrow man, arrived in Dundee, having successfully completed his journey to London and back since Nov. 2nd. He received a royal welcome from his townsmen.

The Countess of Aberdeen has issued an appeal for a union to celebrate the jubilee of the Queen's reign in a manner that will commemorate the feelings of the women and girls of the United Kingdom.

Mr. Francis Coutts, the originator of the acid cure and spinal system of treatment, died at Culta, near Aberdeen, on the 2nd inst. Mr. Coutts was in his 81st year, and had amassed a considerable fortune from the sale of his medicines.

Among the wills announced in Scotland are those of the late Lady Hume Campbell, whose personal estate is returned at upwards of £65,000; and Mrs. Playfair, or Murray, of Holywood House, Edinburgh, representing upwards of £34,000.

The Tree of Death.

On the New Hope battlefield was a tree upon which the soldiers nailed the inscription: "Tree of Death." Seven Federals were killed behind the tree by Confederate sharpshooters. The tree was in advance of the Federal line and was about three hundred yards from the Confederate works. It was used by Federal skirmishers, who would stand behind it and load and then step out and fire. Confederate sharp shooters went along the Confederate line for nearly a mile in each direction, and then, being so far from the side of the tree that they could see behind it, by a cross firing made it as dangerous to stand behind the tree as to stand in front of it. Seven Federals were killed behind the tree, and it came to be known as the "Tree of Death." *Atlanta Constitution.*

A Mimic Matrimonial Circus.

Little Dot—"Mamma, Dick and I got married this morning."

Mamma—"You did, did you? Who performed the ceremony?"

"I don't know what you's talkin' about."

"Well, how did you make out you were married?"

"Oh! Why, I got my dishes an' set the table an' then we both sat down, an' he said there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' I said he was as ugly as could be, an' he went out an' slammed the door."—*Omaha World.*

A Gymnast Preacher.

Rev. W. K. Spencer, of Adrian, has red hair and is not very large, but it doesn't do to fool with him, for he is quite an adept in the manly art. He gives a large class of his Presbyterian boys weekly lessons in athletics, and the only consideration he demands is a promise to refrain from bad habits. The boys keep the promise, too, which is the best feature of the whole business. The gymnasium is in the basement of the church.—*Detroit News.*

Taffy Did It.

Jabber—If you are so digusted with married life what on earth made you marry?

Jiber—Caramels, my boy, caramels.

Jabber—What have caramels got to do with it?

Jiber—As my best girl, my wife was always supplied with caramels by me, her jaws were stuck fast so constantly that I never realized her powers of elocution until it was too late.

A San Francisco judge has decided that a $250 sealskin cloak isn't a necessary article of apparel for the wife of a man with an income of $150 a month. This is a great blow at the sealskin industry.

A RELIC OF JAMES II.

An Interesting Discovery at the Scotch College in Paris.

The London *Times* of January 8th contains the following despatch from its Paris correspondent:

An account was given nearly four years ago of the discovery at the Scotch College of two leaden cases, believed to contain the brains of James II. and the heart of the Duchess of Perth. In laying a pipe under the chapel floor the workmen came on a cavity, in which these relics were picked up. Monseigneur Rogerson, administrator of the Scotch endowments, who showed them to me, was of opinion that this pit had been dug in readiness for the intended massacre, either of the persons confined in the college or of the English Austin nuns next door; but it is more likely to have resulted from the exhumation of a coffin for the sake of the lead or other articles of value. Monseigneur Rogerson's original intention was to re-inter the relics, but in a quiet way, so as to avoid risk of profanation, and he did not even inform the tenants of the college (now occupied as a boys' boarding school), that the cases had any historical interest. He was not aware, however, that the brains of James II. were formerly in a gilt bronze urn attached to a tablet on the wall. This urn disappeared during the revolution, and the leaded case within it was not further heard of till the discovery of 1883. As there is no record of any other cases with such contents having ever been placed in the college, the presumption as to the identity of those found is almost irresistible. I have reason to know, moreover, that the announcement of the discovery evoked inquiries from the highest quarter as to the authenticity and safe-keeping of the brains of James II. Monseigneur Rogerson, who took a strong interest in the Stuarts, died three years ago and what had become of the relics, still apparently in his possession up to that time, was a question of obvious interest. He had no relations in France, his kindred in the north of England were not likely to have interested themselves in these relics, and the new administrator is a French ecclesiastic, who returned no answer to an inquiry addressed to him.

I have, however, now ascertained that the cases are in the safe-keeping of Monseigneur Rogerson's executor, Mr. O'Keenan, a solicitor, pending a decision as to their ultimate disposal. The Duchess of Perth has no lineal descendants, at least in the male line, and as her heart was originally deposited under an inscribed slab on the chapel floor, it might fitly be replaced there. The brains of James II. might perhaps be inserted in a new urn, to be placed where the old one stood; but the Scotch college is now a French school, and though the tenants are very courteous to their rare British visitors, a better known depository might perhaps be found. The brains might, for instance, be interred at St. Germain, with what, I believe, are the only other remains of James II., namely, part of the flesh removed in the process of embalming, and a portion of his bowels. These were discovered sixty years ago, while a church was being restored, and George IV. placed an inscription over them, which Queen Victoria has restored. The body itself, confided to the English Benedictines, in the expectation that it would eventually be transferred to Westminster Abbey, disappeared during the Revolution, and was probably thrown into a quarry. Other relics of James II. in Paris, at St. Omer and elsewhere, likewise disappeared, and a piece of his arm preserved till 1871 by the Austin nuns was made away with by the Commune, which used the Neuilly Convent as a barrack. There is consequently every reason for ensuring the preservation of the college relic. Mr. O'Keenan is, I understand, in communication with Scotch Catholic bishops, and meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that the case is in safe custody.

Mind vs. Matter in the South.

A man came into the sanctum with a fence rail to annihilate the editor for an alleged grievance. The latter, who was whittling, looked up and said: "My friend, did you ever consider that, even if you did thrash me, you could not stop the publication of the paper, and it would only be the worse for you, because either myself or my successor would be bound to get even with you. You may lick the editor to your heart's content, but the newspaper goes on forever." And, instead of thrashing the editor, the man left the fence rail as part payment of his subscription.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.*

A Canard.

Papa (reading from daily paper)—"'The report that Queen Victoria sent President Cleveland a Christmas turkey proves to be a canard.' Now what does that mean, I would like to know?"

Mamma (languidly)—"Lucy, darling, tell papa what that means."

Lucy (promptly)—"Canard, papa, is a French word meaning a duck; so it simply means, you see, that the Queen sent a Christmas duck to President Cleveland, you know."

[Entire satisfaction of the family].—*Harper's Bazar.*

Liver Without Bacon.

Professor (who has been giving simple lessons in physiology)—Where is your heart, dear?

Mabel—Here.

Professor—And where is your liver?

Mabel (indignantly)—I haven't any. Cows have livers.

Professor—Oh, yes, you have.

Mabel (after some thought)—Well, then, where is my bacon?—*Life.*

Mitigated Taffy.

Judge Pennybunker—I declare, Miss McGinnis, you are getting younger and handsomer every day of your life.

Birdie—Now, Judge, don't overdo it. I'm not getting better-looking every day, but perhaps every other day.—*Texas Siftings.*

How to Keep Posted.

Mrs. A.—"I see you have got a new servant girl?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, I make it a point to get a new one every month."

"But that must be very inconvenient?"

"Yes, but there is nothing going on in this town that I don't know all about it."

A FORMER JUBILEE.

The Celebration in 1809 When George III. was King—An Eventful Year in an Eventful Reign.

At a time when every one is thinking of the best way in which to celebrate the Queen's jubilee in the coming year it may not be uninteresting to recall some of the events in connection with the celebration of the jubilee of George III. in 1809. That year was an eventful one, even in the history of the most eventful reign. Great Britain was carrying on an heroic contest in the peninsula. January had witnessed the Battle of Corunna and the death of Sir John Moore, and in July Sir Arthur Wellesley was victorious at Talavera, and gained the title of Viscount Wellington. Nearer home, on the other hand, we had to lament the mismanagement and failure of the Walcheren expedition. On the day of the jubilee, the 25th of October, 1809, the court was in residence at Windsor, where the celebration was heralded at 6 o'clock in the morning by a sound of trumpets. After divine service the royal party inspected a bust of His Majesty executed by the sculptor Turnerelli. While the people scrambled for the remains of an ox which was roasted whole, the gentry thronged to a grand fete at Frogmore, enlivened with colored lamps and fireworks. "At 10 o'clock the Queen (Charlotte) arrived, and after Her Majesty had joined the company the fireworks began; at the conclusion of which there appeared on a sudden, and as if by magic, on a beautiful piece of water opposite the garden-front of the house, two triumphal cars drawn by two sea-horses each, one occupied by Neptune and preceded by the other with a band of music." We read that they had "a very superb appearance." Twelve marquees were erected on the lawn, "where the company sat down to an elegant supper." In the town of Windsor a large triumphal arch extended from the Castle Inn right over the High street to the town hall. Another arch of the same kind was illuminated "by exactly 2,000 variegated lamps." Among other places, the royal town of Kew, where royalty was wont to spend the summer months, was brilliantly illuminated. In London the jubilee was celebrated with becoming solemnity. London at this time was showing its displeasure at the high prices charged at the newly erected Covent Garden Theatre by nightly disturbances, which culminated in the "O. P. riots." The foundation stone of the theatre had been laid in January with all the formalities of Freemasonry by the Grand Master, the Prince of Wales; and in September the theatre had opened with "Macbeth" and "The Quaker," Kemble playing the part of *Macbeth*. The expense of building had been great and the prices had been raised, at which the people were much offended, as we see in the doggerel rhymes invented for the time—"Mr. Kemble lower your prices; for no evasion will suit John Bull on this occasion." At this time, too, men's minds were full of the duel between Canning and Lord Castlereagh, which had lately taken place on Putney heath. Popular feeling was running high against the Duke of York with regard to his conduct in the war. But to return to the jubilee. On the morning of the 25th the Lord Mayor proceeded from the Mansion House to Guildhall, where, being joined by the civic dignitaries, a procession was formed to St. Paul's. He was received by the "West London Militia," and the interior of the cathedral was lined with "River Fencibles." In the evening there was a banquet in the Egyptian Hall, "with a plentiful supply of Madeira and red port of a most superior quality and flavor. At night all the principal buildings were splendidly illuminated. The paucity of regular troops engaged in these rejoicings is explained by the fact that all available forces were on foreign service. A proclamation was issued for pardoning all deserters from the fleet unconditionally, and deserters from the land forces if they surrendered within two months. The Lords of the Admiralty ordered an extra allowance of four pounds of beef, three pounds of flour and a pound of raisins to every eight men in His Majesty's ships in port, with a pint of wine or half a pint of rum each man. Several Crown debtors were also set free, as well as many ordinary debtors, by public subscription. Such is a slight sketch of the jubilee held in the "good old days" when George III. was king.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Education in Boston.

Father—"When I look at Jennie with her bangs and that seven-storied hat perched upon 'em and her big bustle and hear her insane conversation, I sometimes begin to think that it has been labor wasted to bring her up. I don't think she has as much brains as would fill a hazel-nut."

Mother (indignantly)—"Brains! How can you say so? That girl has got a remarkably powerful intellect. Why, she mastered the parasol, handkerchief and postage stamp flirtations in less than three weeks!"—*Boston Courier.*

False Economy.

The economical catalogue maker who thus set down two titles:

Mill on the Floss.

do. "Political Economy,

has a sister who keeps a universal scrapbook into which everything goes, but which is carefully indexed. She, too, has a mind for saying, as witness:

Patti, Adelina.

do. Oyster.—*Boston Transcript.*

Successful Bribing.

Little Nell—"I caught sister Maud engaging herself to another young man last night, an' she hasn't sent off the first one yet." Little Kitty—"Ain't that nice; did you tell on her?" "No; she buyed me off." "What did she do?" "She said if I'd keep quiet she'd give me one of 'em when I grow up."—*Tid-Bits.*

A Texan who owns many sheep also owns a very valuable sheep dog called Shep. While away from home he telegraphed to his superintendent, "Send Shep by first train." The telegraph operator thought there ought to be another "e" in the second word, and sent the despatch as follows: "Sheep by first train." The superintendent obeyed, and before the Texan could get the sheep back home again, many of them died, and the affair cost him a great deal of money. He is now suing the telegraph company for damages.

THE FAT PASSENGER'S HAT.

After It Was Lost the Obliging Conductor Could Not Do Enough For Him.

A fat man with a new plug hat was laughing merrily in the Northwestern Depot yesterday afternoon. "Just beat this road from Milwaukee to Chicago," he said, with a roar. "I wanted to get to this town the worst way, but I didn't have a cent. It was too cold to steal a ride, so I made up my mind to get into the best car of the train and trust to luck. We had just got out of Bay View when a queer scheme struck me. Raising the window I ran my head out and began sniffing the cold air. My plug hat, which was not the best in the world, was for obvious reasons tilted on the back of my head. The conductor came down the aisle of the car. Never before did a ticket-puncher make such rapid progress. He flitted from seat to seat like a butterfly. Pretty soon I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck, and then I heard him yell, 'Ticket, please!' I was too much interested in the passing scenery to pay any attention to the hoarse, rasping voice. There was a moment of intense silence, during which my heart beat a loud accompaniment to the puffing of the engine, and then I felt the conductor's hand fall heavily upon my shoulder. The concussion was so great that my plug hat fell off into the snow. The conductor stood aghast when I withdrew my uncovered head and looked angrily into his pale face.

"'You've done it!' I exclaimed with a fierce air.

"'I didn't jostle your hat off, did I?' he asked.

"'That's what you did.'

"'But your ticket wasn't in it?'

"'Certainly.'

There was another moment of silence and then the conductor said:

"'I'm sorry, but you'll have to pay your fare.'

"'I have no more money,' I replied; 'my all was in my hat. Can't you stop the train?'

"'The tile is a mile behind us. It's against orders, but I'll let you through without additional charge. Next time keep your head in the car.'

"'But my hat,' I exclaimed with a hold air. 'I lost it through your rudeness and I must be indemnified.'

"'Indemnified nothing. There's no hat store on the train.'

"'But you have got to get me a hat just the same.'

"'Oh, I guess not.'

"'Well, I guess yes.'

"'What are you going to do about it?'

"'Report you to Marvin Hughitt,' I yelled with defiant mien.

"'That's a chestnut. Go to sleep. I'll wake you up when we get to Chicago.'

"This is what I did, and when I woke up (the train was then passing Rose Hill Cemetery) I found this new tile on my head. You can see by the initials just above the sweatband that the hat belonged to the conductor. I didn't see him again during the rest of the trip, but I'll bet dollars to clam shells that that fellow would kick himself from here to Sturgeon Bay if he knew how beautifully he had been sold." *Chicago Herald.*

Then Tell It

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's NERVILINE exactly fills the bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism. Nerviline cures cramps. Nerviline cures headache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10 cents may be had at any drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

The Mediterranean is quite shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy.

Having used McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant it has cured me perfectly of very painful rheumatism, from which I suffered for years. I would recommend it to all suffering with the disease. REV. G. WAITE, Paris, P.O.

A bottle of purple ink was mistakenly opened for port wine at a Detroit supper, and fourteen guests filled their mouths with the liquid in pledging the host.

A Fortune for You.

All is new; capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Wherever you live you should at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily, from the first start. Some have made over $50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time—delay not.

The sweetest and best-flavored pork in the world is produced on the Island of Madeira. The hogs there subsist mainly of fruits, nuts, grass and roots.

Marvellous Memory DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering—Any book learned in one reading. Heavy reductions for postal classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Drs. MINOR, WOOD and others, sent post FREE, by

PROF. LOISETTE,
237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

D C N L. 5. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

(For The Advance.)

LOCAL SKETCHES.

At the Sons of Temperance.

Amongst the many things which tend to make Flesherton a model place, a foremost position must be given to that well known institution, the SONS OF TEMPERANCE. Whether by design or chance, or mere co-incidence, we cannot tell, but the fact is that in order to reach the place of meeting one must pass between THE ADVANCE office and the Medical Hall. This circumstance readily suggests the thought, that the great Temperance crusade has the leading of the mind on the one hand and the healing of the body on the other; and that it seeks to guide its adherents ever upward till they reach the state of perfectly emancipated manhood. With Editors and Doctors—the power of the press and the verdict of science on its side—its worthy ends must be accomplished soon.

Ascending the two flights of stairs, you come to the neatly furnished, well kept hall where the Division meets every Wednesday evening. To pass-words we used to have a strong objection, which, on trial, is found quite groundless, as the pass-word is a very ample and appropriate way of maintaining the unity and promoting the purest friendship in the great Brotherhood. A fraternal charge, an opening ode with organ, &c. accompaniment, and a brief devotional exercise led by the Chaplain, constitutes the preliminaries. The "Order of Business" is simple and practical, covering the ground amply, and so far entering into detail as to consider the physical as well as the social well-being of the members. Besides being well adapted to present use, the "order of business" has a good educational influence and cannot fail to benefit those who in other spheres and after days will have to do with meetings for the public good.

A pleasant feature of the proceedings is "the initiation of candidates," of whom there have been a goodly number of late. The ceremony is at once cheerful, instructive and solemn, and seldom fails to make a marked impression.

When all the items, concerning the general work, have received due attention, there is usually a considerable portion of time available "for the good of the order." And while the object of the order—*pure, genuine Temperance work*—is ever kept in view, sufficient variety is introduced under this head to meet the needs and tastes of every one who seeks pure enjoyment and lasting benefit. Vocal and instrumental music, recitations, readings, addresses, essays, debates, lectures, impromptu speeches on scientific, literary, social, and political questions, with a variety of other exercises, combine to make the time well spent.

In connection with the Sons of Temperance there is also a MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY, in which, at a small cost and with excellent security, members may insure their lives for sums ranging from $500 to $3,500. This is worked on the assessment system, and in the highest death-rate year only 12 deaths occurred. The average is about 8 deaths per year. The table of age, cost, amount, etc., is as follows:—

ASSESSMENTS.

AGE.	Sec. 1. $500	Sec. 2. $1000	Sec. 3. $1500	Sec. 4. $2000	Sec. 5. $2500	Sec. 6. $3000	Sec. 7. $3500
From 18 to 25	0.25	0.50	0.75	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75
" 25 to 30	0.28	0.55	0.83	1.10	1.38	1.65	1.93
" 30 to 35	0.29	0.58	0.87	1.15	1.44	1.73	2.02
" 35 to 40	0.30	0.60	0.90	1.20	1.50	1.80	2.10
" 40 to 45	0.32	0.65	0.95	1.25	1.57	1.88	2.20
" 45 to 50	0.38	0.75	1.13	1.50	1.88	2.25	2.63
" 50 to 55	0.45	0.90	1.35	1.80	2.25	2.70	3.15
" 55 to 60	0.53	1.05	1.58	2.10	2.63	1.15	3.68

The Division is at present in excellent working order and can offer advantages not to be obtained elsewhere. It has over 70 members in good standing, many of whom are amongst the best Temperance workers in the County, and to be with them is to be profited. Without any parade, in a steadfast, consistent way, this order is wielding a mighty influence for good, and ever holds itself in readiness for any work that will advance the cause of Temperance and the general good of the community and district. The Division seeks ever to cultivate a friendly spirit toward all kindred institutions, and heartily rejoices in the success of Temperance principles by whomsoever that success may be achieved.

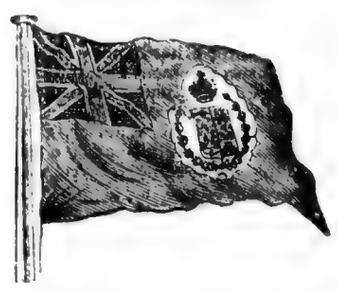

TO THE ELECTORS
—OF—
SOUTH GREY!

GENTLEMEN,—In pursuance of the constitutional principle, that when there is any material extension of the Franchise, the House of Commons has been dissolved, and a new election will take place on Tuesday, 22nd February.

Having been chosen by the Liberal Conservative party as their Candidate, I beg to solicit your suffrages in the approaching contest.

If elected I shall give a fair support on all vital questions to the present Government, believing that it has shewn by its past record to be heartily in accord with the progressive spirit of the age, and that under its care the laws have been fairly and impartially administered, but on some questions I may be compelled to differ with it.

I shall favor the repeal of the present Franchise Act, and the substitution for it of Manhood Suffrage.

I believe there should be some radical change made in the constitution and functions of the Senate, or if this be not practicable, then I should favor its abolition entirely.

The present fiscal system which gives protection to our manufacturies has shewn itself to be successful and should be continued.

The depression existing in our agricultural interestsand the small returns received by farmers from their investments and labor should engage the earnest and careful attention of our Legislators. Believing that the high rate of interest at which farmers are compelled to borrow money, causes a constant and large flow of their hard earnings to the capitalists of the old country, I think the Government should assume the control of the currency of the country, and that the necessary legislation should be passed to favor the establishment of Farmer's Banks, and the supply of cheap money to the agricultural classes.

Now that all the great public works rendered necessary by Confederation have been completed, I think the time has come to exercise the most rigid, careful and economical control of our expenditure, and to endeavor to carry out the affairs of the country without further increasing the public debt. Hoping my views will meet with your approbation and that you will favor me with your support and earnest co-operation. I am, gentlemen,

Your Obt. Servant,
DAVID JAMIESON.

"Red Riding Hood."

The following items, clipped from neighboring exchanges, will give some idea of the popularity of "Red Riding Hood," a grand juvenile cantata which is to be given here on Friday evening next the 11th Feb:—

RED RIDING HOOD.—The entertainment given by Prof. Morgan in the Town Hall on Friday evening was one of the most pleasing Shelburne has ever enjoyed. About fifty children took part in "Red Riding Hood," and their rendering of the cantata gave evidence of the most careful and thorough training. Too much praise cannot be given Prof. Morgan for the way he handled the little ones. He will always be a welcome visitor to Shelburne. The King family won laurels and were repeatedly encored. The audience, an unusually large one, was composed principally of ladies.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

RED RIDING HOOD.—The entertainment given by Prof. Morgan and Fairy in Victoria Hall last Friday evening was a most enjoyable affair to both old and young. The leading *role* of Red Riding Hood was capitally taken by Miss Fairy whose singing and acting is wonderful for a child. The parts of Grandma, Mamma and Rose were done full justice to by Mrs. Ketchum, and Misses Phillips and McGregor, respectively. Mary Mcgregor made a cunning little Buttercup and Mr. Will McGregor distinguished himself as Woodman and Harry Lamon as Robin. The part of "Wolf" which pleased the children most, was well handled by W.P. Rundle. The chorus singing by about fifty children gave evidence of the Professor's ability as an instructor and the frequent applause from the large audience gave evidence of their appreciation. We hope Prof. Morgan will give us another entertainment before long.—*Dundalk Herald.*

This interesteng operetta was enacted in the Town Hall on Friday evening last to a large audience. The Children, who have been under the training of Prof. and Fairy Morgan, acted their parts very well indeed, and the audience was not slow in applauding the same. Little Fairy, as stage manager is quite an expert, and as "Red Riding Hood" was all that could be desired. The King family gave several of their selections and also came in for a good share of applause. Prof. Morgan at the conclusion of the evening's entertainment stated that they would visit Shelburne again, when they would perform the operetta of "Silverlocks," which he says is even better than "Red Riding Hood."—*Shelburne Economist.*

FACTS ABOUT DANCING.

From time to time our opinion has been asked on the question of dancing. We prefer to state some facts touching the practice, and leave every one to do his own thinking and reach his own conclusions:—

1. It is a fact that the dancing mentioned approvingly in the Bible was carried on by the sexes separately and generally, if not always, as a religious act.
2. It is a fact that modern dancing, however well done, adds no worth to the character.
3. It is a fact that a trained monkey can excel the best taught young lady or gentleman in the use of his heels.
4. It is a fact that it requires no intelligence and no virtue to dance well.
5. It is a fact there is no more honor in dancing well than there is in jumping, walking, running or wrestling well. Dancing matches are on a par with walking matches, etc.
6. It is a fact that mixed dancing becomes extremely fascinating.
7. It is a fact that much valuable time is lost by this species of revelling.
8. It is a fact that money is wasted on dancing.
9. It is a fact that people who cannot entertain themselves and each other in a rational way, and must employ their heels for this purpose, are to be pitied.
10. It is a fact that young ladies permit familiarities in the ball-room which public sentiment universally condemns as dangerous to purity.
11. It is a fact that many females have been ruined by attending dances.
12. It is a fact that the best young men, even of those who dance, do not wish their sisters to attend balls, and they do not wish to marry dancing girls.
13. It is a fact that the whole spirit and tendency of dancing is worldly.
14. It is a fact that no one was ever noted for piety and dancing.
15. It is a fact that when a professor of religion follows dancing, his influence for good is lost.
16. It is a fact that men of the world think dancing inconsistent with Christian profession.
17. It is a fact that the best people in the world never dance.
18. It is a fact that a dancing Church member is not worth anything much to the Church. As the love of dancing comes in, the love of God goes out.
19. It is a fact that the most pious and considerate people in all the denominations are opposed to dancing, and earnestly advise against it.
20. It is a fact that no young convert desires to dance, nor anyone else in whose heart the love of God burns.

All these facts can be proven, and are true beyond a doubt. In the light of these, it ought not to be difficult for any inquirer after the right way to come to a safe conclusion. Reader, if you are a Christian, and wish to decide the question, "Shall I dance?" with reference to your Christian growth, influence and happiness, you will never dance. It is a safe rule, says one, to engage in nothing upon which and in which we cannot ask the Divine blessing.

Apply this simple rule to the dancing question, and your feet will never be found in the slippery way of the ballroom.—*Baptist Record.*

Married.

MAXWELL—LOCKHART.—At Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1887, by Rev. T. Watson, Mr. William Maxwell, of Dundalk, to Miss Mary Lockhart, of Proton.

HODGINS—LYONS.—At Flesherton, Feb. 1st, by Rev. T. Watson, Mr. John Hodgins to Miss Elizabeth Lyons, both of Proton.

Extra Tit-Bits.

W. C. T. U. Concert in Town Hall here last night. Report next week.

Bring a cord and a quarter of good green wood and get THE ADVANCE for one year. Support your own local paper.

A short sketch by Deacon Snukes will be published shortly.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

A LIVING QUESTION.—Question—"Is this life worth living?" Answer—"It all depends upon the liver?" If torpid or inactive it causes a dull, tough, languid feeling. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure gives health and buoyancy. Sold by Dr. Christoe.

LEITCHS
Tailoring Establishment
FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 25 to 2 25
Fall Wheat	$0 77 to 0 80
Spring Wheat	0 77 0 80
Barley	0 35 0 50
Oats	0 27 0 28
Peas	0 50 0 50
Butter	0 14 0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16 0 16
Potatoes	0 40 0 40
Pork	5 50 5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00 10 00
Hides	6 00 7 00
Wool	16 16
Sheepskins	0 40 0 50
Geese	0 05 0 05
Turkeys	0 07 0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20 0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40 0 50

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

HARNESS HARNESS.

If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Recommend'd by Dr. Christoe

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

FLESHERTON.

Loan & Insurance

AGENCY.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT 6 AND 6½ PER CENT.

Insurance effected on Farm and Village Buildings and contents. Insurance against Lightning a specialty.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Wills, &c., carefully prepared and properly executed. OFFICE,—Toronto street, near Town Hall.

W. J. BELLAMY, *Agent.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 295. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. FEBRUARY 10, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.:

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolton Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolton's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Servant Girl wanted. Apply to MRS. J. E. MOORE, Flesherton.

Get your calling cards printed at THE ADVANCE Office.

Mr. Thos. Millen, of Heathcote, was in town this week.

Go to the Mass Meeting in the Town Hall on Saturday.

Get your Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office.

BOOTS & SHOES SELLING OFF CHEAP AT W. CLAYTON'S.

Mr. Alex. Stothard, of Priceville, intends going to British Columbia this winter.

We are glad to know that Master WM Whelan has recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mr. Wm. Jaques, of Singhampton, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Bulmer of this place.

Cattle fair on Monday was not largely attended on account of inclement weather.

Miss Lizzie Legard, of this Township, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Wilson, of Phelpston.

All are invited to attend the Conservative Mass Meeting in the Town Hall, at 2 o'clock, on Saturday.

Quite a number of people from this locality attended Dr. Landerkin's Priceville meeting last Friday evening.

Miss Annie Clark, of Orangeville, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. A. R. Fawcett, of this town.

And still the people unite in saying—"Get your Flour and Feed at Keefer's, Flesherton.

The Telegraph office will be closed at 8 o'clock p.m., in future, unless a bonus of 25 cents each is given to keep it open later.

LADIES', MISSES & CHILDREN'S BOOTS SELLING OFF VERY CHEAP AT W. CLAYTONS. 2 t.

The Style, for February, published by M. Richardson, Flesherton, is a very handsome number. Issued free. Send for a copy.

A good farm in Artemesia is advertised for sale or to rent in this week's issue of THE ADVANCE, by Mr. J. W. Hoath, of Eugenia. Read it.

Do you want choice Tartar Seed Oats? James Crawford, of Osprey, has 1000 bushels for sale. Read his advt. elsewhere in this week's issue.

No other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for the cure of coughs, colds, and all derangements of the respiratory organs. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease.

Go to the Mass Meeting in the Town Hall, at 2 o'clock, on Saturday.

Get your picture framing done by Mr. J. E. Moore, Flesherton. See his new card advt.

We have received a letter from Mr. W. G. Pickell, re the Artemesia Assessorship, which will be published in our next week's issue.

Mr. Jas. G. Russell is attending the Grand Council of the Royal Templars of Temperance at St. Thomas this week as representative of Fountain Council.

Bring in your wood for THE ADVANCE "before the snow flies." One cord and a quarter of good green wood pays for the paper for 12 months—freight paid by us.

An Orange soiree and concert will be given in the Orange Hall, Eugenia, on Tuesday, March 15th, 1887. Further particulars will be given on posters to be issued in due time.

A meeting of the Ratepayers of S. S. No. 5, will be held in the School House on Friday, Feby. 11th, 1887, to confirm selection of Site or select new Site for School Building. Meeting at 3:30 p. m.

The annual tea-meeting, in connection with Eugenia Sabbath School, will be held in that place Monday evening, 21st inst. A good program. Tea served from 5 to 7 p.m. See bills for particulars.

"My little son, three years of age, was terribly afflicted with scrofula. His head was entirely covered with scrofulous sores, and his body showed many marks of the disease. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him."—W. J. Beckett, Hymera, Ind.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

Left Over.

"Local sketches," letter from Eugenia, and a large quantity of other matter crowded out this week but will appear in our next issue.

Meaford Road.

Dr. Landerkin spoke here on the political questions of the day on Tuesday last. He was followed by M. Richardson, Esq., of your town, who gave one of the most masterly speeches ever delivered in this neighborhood—completely flooring the Reform candidate on every point touched.

"Queen of Elocutionists."

Miss McGarry certainly deserves this title, as the large and select audience which assembled in the Town Hall here last Wednesday evening (2nd inst.) will be prepared to testify. She is simply faultless as an elocutionist, and fairly carried her audience by storm. The enthusiasm was unbounded. One moment her auditors were moved to tears, the next they were convulsed with laughter; and from first to last the applause that followed each recital and reading was deafening. Her selections—humorous and pathetic—were chaste and appropriate; her manner, graceful and refined; her appearance, dignified and commanding; her general demeanor, quite unaffected and natural. In short she is queen in a sphere nature seems to have peculiarly fitted her for. Her powers as an elocutionist are simply marvelous. For instance: while she was reading the "Little Hero," in which the mate of a vessel, with a ferocity (assumed) almost unparalleled, threatens to hang a little "stowaway," because he will not confess that he has been "stowed away" by one of the sailors—during which an old Yorkshire sailor grasps a handspike, intending to use it with a vengeance if the mate dared to carry his threats into effect—one gentleman in the audience was so "worked up" that he came nearly shouting out, "Give it to him with the handspike, the old scoundrel!"

Miss McGarry was efficiently sustained, in the musical department, by Miss Christoe, Miss Armstrong, Miss VanDusen, and Messrs. Russell and Barnhouse. Miss McGarry was repeatedly encored. Mrs. Gjerdrum, President of Flesherton Women's Christian Temperance Union—under whose auspices the entertainment was given—occupied the chair, assisted by A. R. Fawcett, of the ADVANCE, who is a Life Honorary Member of the Union—and very proud of the fact, be it understood, as he was the first, and we believe is the only, Life Honorary Member in Canada to-day.

It is perhaps needless to add, that should Miss McGarry favor us with another visit she will be greeted by a bumper house.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

To-morrow Night.

Don't forget the beautiful operetta of "Red Riding Hood" in the Town Hall, Flesherton, to-morrow (Friday) night, in which the wonderful child vocalist, Miss Fairy Morgan, and 40 of our Public School children will take part. The operetta is highly spoken of wherever it has been given. Admission 25 cents; children 10 cents; lady and gentleman, 40 cents. Be sure and go, and bring your sisters and your cousins and your aunts with you.

It is False.

Somebody has been busy stating that Mr. Wm. Brown challenged Dr. Christoe to speak on the Riel question at Priceville last Friday evening, and that the latter "daren't take up the glove." This is false. Dr. Christoe was not in the hall at the time; if he had been, Mr. Brown's bombastic challenge would have been promptly accepted. Dr. Christoe is no coward and Mr. Brown knows it.

Mass Meeting.

The Conservative Mass Meeting, announced last week to take place in the Town Hall here this (Thursday) evening, has been postponed and will be held in same place on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, 12th inst. D. Creighton, Esq., M.P.P. for North Grey—who has no peer as a debater in the Ontario Legislative Assembly—and others will address the electors on the great questions of the day. Dr. Landerkin is invited to be present. As this promises to be one of the liveliest and most interesting meetings of the campaign in South Grey, electors should make it a point to turn out in full force.

Explanation.

At the request of a large number of Priceville citizens we have re-opened our columns for a brief continuation of the school controversy, although we must confess we do not see what benefit is to be derived from so-doing. Nearly all the writers have indulged more or less in matters outside the question at issue, which renders it extremely difficult to know just where to wind the affair up. Mr. Dixon chanced to fall into this error in his last; and now several parties claim the right to reply to the new issues raised. Nothing but a sense of *justice to all concerned* would induce us to do this, for we are in no way interested personally. One thing we shall insist upon, and that is *brevity*. Letters exceeding one column will invariably be boiled down, or left out altogether, at the Editor's discretion. Further: if new issues are introduced by any writer opposed to Mr. Dixon, the latter will be allowed space for a reply.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Last Saturday evening there was a very exciting meeting held in the school house here, discussing whether the "text book" or the "Ross Bible" should be used in the school. Some pretty tall speaking took place. Finally a vote was taken, in which it was kicked out of the school.

We noticed a mistake in Kimberley Items last week, viz, instead of T. B. Gaudin singing with R. D. Carruthers, T. B. Carruthers and R. D. Carruthers sang, and Mrs. Aldons musician not Miss Aldons.

On Wednesday last, Dr. Sproule M.P., and Mr. McColman, ex M.P.P., spoke in the Orange Hall to a very large audience on the political questions of the day.

Mrs Thurston, has gone to Toronto, to visit her son for a few weeks.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The Quarterly Meeting in connection with the Dundalk circuit, was held last Sunday, Feb. 6th, at 10:30 o'clock.

Miss Mary Johnson, left here last week for Collingwood, to attend the Collegiate Institute, there.

The Rev. J. A. Dowler, of Horning's Mills, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church here, Sabbath 30th Jan.

Mr. John Parks, of Feversham, is visiting friends and acquaintances here.

There has been a great amount of sickness here lately, but so far no deaths have occurred.

Mr. Edward Ross intends building a large frame barn next summer.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

100 acres, being Lot 24, Con. 9, Artemisia, adjoining Town plot of Eugenia. 35 acres cleared, fenced, and mostly seeded down. Good well of never failing water close to house. Young orchard, just commencing to bear fruit. Frame house, log stable. Stream of water on place. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

J. W. HOATH.
Eugenia P. O.

Feb. 9 1887.

SEED OATS FOR SALE.

On Lot 6, Con. 12, Osprey, 1,000 bushels choice Tartar Oats, grown on freshly broken land. Will be ready for delivery about ten days from date. Price, about 29 or 30 cents per bushel.

JAMES CRAWFORD.

Feb. 4th, 1887

Reply to Mr. Wm. Brown.

To the Editor of the Advance.

DEAR SIR,—Markdale's would-be M.P. is evidently spoiling for a fight and is a fair representative of his countryman, with shelalah in one hand and dragging his coat through the fair, shouting—"Will any gintleman have the kindness til thread on the tail av me coat!"

Failing to attain the coveted position, where—

The applause of listening senates to command

his eloquence might have had scope and play, he, to use his own simile, has descended "*from the dizzy heights of grotesque presumption to the lower depths of drivelling imbecility*" to whack Markdale School Trustees. What an elegant, eloquent sentence that is surely—that was framed for the Legislative halls and never intended to be wasted on a few insignificant villagers, whom he calls "empty heads. What brain tortures it must have cost him! It is difficult to decide which to admire most—the "*grotesqueness*" of construction, the "*imbecility*" it betrays, or the recklessness with which he wastes his learning, logic (?) and eloquence on the devoted heads of the School Trustees.

He begins his letter with "*deducing axioms.*". We always thought an axiom was a self-evident truth, but the great Markdale Bombastes Furioso says no Johnston, Walker, Webster and Worcester are all wrong: I, William Brown, ex-School Teacher, *deduce* my axioms, and the premises I lay down are the 'sayings of shrewd observers.

In his first so-called axiom he states his inability or difficulty to distinguish between the wisdom of the wise and the folly of the hair-brained simpleton. Now, common sense people have no difficulty in making such distinction, or, to use his own phrase, "drawing the line." The common sense of the electors of East Grey drew the line quite distinctly and clearly in the late election, when they had a sample of each genus to choose from. But William's inability to draw the line is explained in his second paragraph: He states the descent from "grotesque presumption" to "drivelling imbecility" was "imperceptible." Thus, doubtless speaks feelingly his experience and gives at least one reason why he found it difficult to distinguish wisdom from folly. Having missed his vocation as legislator he has now turned preacher and takes his two "axioms or proverbs" as he calls them, for a text. The Book the Markdale Trustees have placed in their school contains a rare treasury of proverbs, which have been the admiration of the wise and good of all ages, but William could not find anything wise enough there for a text, so manufactures what he calls proverbs for himself.

His sermon (?) is an attempt to throw ridicule on the Bible and on the Trustees in placing it in the Markdale School and thus authorizing what the Government of Ontario had left unauthorized in deference to Romish influence. The letter is an illustration of how far party bias and prejudice can blind a man, who, at one time had some credit for intelligence and a little learning. It contains no argument and is unanswerable with argument, but the resolution that he attempts to ridicule is elegant in phraseology, reasonable in argument, loyal and patriotic in sentiment, and in its sturdy independence in claiming for themselves and their children their constitutional rights as British subjects, is in bold contrast to the craven spirit and truculent subserviency of men who are willing to forswear all professed principles of right, and are ever ready to sell their national birthright for a mess of pottage.

O. N. LOOKER.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

A LIVER CURE.—One single trial of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Recipe Book $1.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Buy McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c per box at the Drug Store.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spex, &c.

The finest and best stock of Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Hampden, Illinois, & Swiss Watches. New Haven & Seth Thomas Clocks, weight and spring. Jewelery, (Wedding Rings), Spectacles, &c. to be found in this section of country, is at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON. None but Genuine Watches kept in stock which bear warrants from 2½ to 5 years. Just received a very large consignment of Clocks which were bought for cash, so you may expect bargains all of which bear warrants from 1 to 3 years. A very fine stock of Silverware, Ladies' Rings, Chains, Necklets, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Cuff-Buttons, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, &c., of the finest qnality, at lower prices than you can get them for elsewhere, and also remember the only place to get your Watches, Clocks & Jewelery repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,
Flesherton.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Speeches by All the Big Parliamentary Guns.

TEXT OF THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Further Repressive Measures for Ireland Promised.

A London cablegram of last Thursday says: Parliament was opened to-day. The following is the Queen's Speech:

My Lords and Gentlemen:

My relations with all foreign Powers are friendly. Affairs in southeastern Europe are still unsettled, but I do not apprehend that any disturbance of European peace will result from the unadjusted controversies which have arisen in that region. While deploring the events which compelled Prince Alexander to retire from the Bulgarian throne, I have not judged it expedient to interfere in the proceedings for the election of his successor until they reach the stage at which my assent is required by the Berlin Treaty.

The task undertaken by my Government in Egypt has not yet been accomplished, but substantial advance has been made towards the assurance of external and internal tranquility,

Operations in Burmah have been conducted with bravery and skill for the purpose of extirpating brigandage, which has grown during recent years of misgovernment. The bands of marauders by whom Upper Burmah has long been infested have been dispersed. Many of the leaders have laid down their arms, and I entertain a confident hope that the general pacification of the country will be effected during the present season.

Commercial treaties have been concluded with Greece and Roumania.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The estimates will be submitted to you with careful regard to the economy and efficiency of the public service.

My Lords and Gentlemen:

The condition of Ireland still requires your anxious attention. Grave crimes in that country have happily been rarer in the last few months than during a similar period of the preceding year; but the relations between the owners and occupiers of the land which, in the early autumn, exhibited signs of improvement, have since been seriously disturbed in some districts by organized attempts to incite the latter class to combine against the fulfilment of their legal obligations. The efforts of the Government to cope with this evil have been seriously impeded by the difficulties incident to the method at present prescribed by statute for dealing with such offences. Your early attention will be called to proposals for a reform of legal procedure which seem necessary to secure the prompt and efficient administration of the criminal law.

Since I last addressed you the Commissioners directed to inquire into certain subjects of great importance to the national welfare of Ireland have been actively prosecuting their labors. The report of the commission on the operation of recent Acts dealing with the tenure and purchase of land will shortly be laid before you, and will doubtless receive from you that early and careful attention which the serious importance of the subject demands.

Bills for the improvement of Local Government in England and Scotland will be laid before you. Should the circumstances render it possible they will be followed by a measure dealing with the same subject in Ireland.

A Bill for improving and cheapening the process of Private Bill legislation for England, Scotland and Ireland will be submitted.

You will be asked to consider measures having for their object the removal of hindrances which exist to cheap and rapid transfer of land, to facilitate the provision of allotments for small householders, and provide for a readier sale of Glebe lands.

The Commission which I issued in 1885 to inquire into the lamentable depression under which trade and agriculture have been suffering for many years have presented a valuable report, which, with the important evidence collected, will be laid before you.

A Bill for altering the mode of levying tithes in England and Wales will be submitted.

With regard to Scotland, you will be asked to consider measures for the reform of the Universities, for completing recent legislation as to powers of the Secretary for Scotland and for amending the procedure of Criminal Courts.

Measures dealing with the regulation of railway rates and preventing fraudulent use of merchandise marks will be brought under your consideration.

In the performance of these and all other momentous duties, I earnestly pray that the blessing of Almighty God may attend your labors.

THE SCENE AT THE OPENING.

As early as 8 o'clock this morning members began to arrive in the House of Commons so as to secure good seats. The first to appear was Mr. Selwyn, Conservative member for Cambridgeshire. The scenes at the opening of Parliament were duller than usual. The crowds about the buildings showed little if any enthusiasm, and the members were evidently uncertain as regards the future. Lord Randolph Churchill, when he first entered the House, tried to take the coveted seat below the gangway which he formerly occupied. He found though that he had been forestalled by Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, whose hat was on the seat. Lord Randolph lifted the hat, examined it critically, read Mr. Chaplin's card for a minute, then smiled and took a back seat. It is notorious that a feud exists between Lord Randolph and Mr. Chaplain. The Speech from the Throne excited but little interest. The weather is damp and foggy.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: The Parnellites, after the reading of the Queen's Speech, held a conference and discussed the advisability of offering an amendment to the address in reply to it. They adjourned without coming to a decision

W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, gave notice of the Government's intention to introduce measures for the reform of the rules of Parliamentary procedure, and said he would ask facilities for giving precedence to the consideration of these measures, so that they may be at once discussed from day to day. Mr. Smith said the discussion of the procedure measures would be subject only to such interruptions as might be necessary for the conduct of urgent business.

Mr. Gladstone reached the House at 4.30 o'clock. He was greeted with great enthusiasm by the people on the way from his residence. Mr. Parnell entered the House and reached his seat unobserved.

Lord Randolph Churchill entered upon an explanation of the reasons which led him to resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He said he retired because the Government's naval and military estimates exceeded £31,000,000, without counting the large supplementary estimates. He insisted on having these estimates reduced, but his colleagues refused to cut them down, "although," added Lord Randolph, "I had been urging economy ever since August." Lord Randolph then referred to the Government's foreign policy and declared amid loud Opposition cheers: "I also objected to the Government's policy of needless interference in the affairs of other nations." "The policy of this country," he said, "should be peaceful everywhere. (Cheers.) The Government estimates were too great for a time of peace. It has been said that I resigned in haste. The fact is that there were differences between myself and my colleagues in the Cabinet almost from the beginning of the present Government. (Cheers and laughter.) As I did not desire to remain wrangling in the Cabinet, I asked to be allowed to retire, unless the Government expenses were reduced within absolute peace limits. The Marquis of Salisbury wrote in response to my request, defending the estimates in the face of possible war, as he said. There was no course left open for me but to write my resignation, stating that I declined to be a party in the game for the high and desperate stakes other nations were playing for, and I have seen no reason since to regret the step I took." (Cheers.) In conclusion, Lord Randolph, whose speech lasted forty minutes, quoted from his last letter to Lord Salisbury the statement that he left the Cabinet with regret, but without misgiving or hesitation.

Mr. W. H. Smith said the Cabinet tried to retain Lord Randolph, whose action it was thought might have been modified if time had been allowed to discuss the difference, which was susceptible of accommodation. The subject was then dropped.

Mr. Gladstone rose and delivered an eulogy on the Earl of Iddesleigh, whom he said he had the honor to introduce into public life. Mr. Gladstone said the sentiments of sorrow for the Earl's death were universal, and were based on the sterling merits of the man. Viscount Weymouth (Conservative) then moved the address in reply to the Speech.

Mr. Gladstone applauded what he called Lord Randolph Churchill's sacrifices in the behalf of sound economic policy and the judicious mode in which he proposed to apply the principles he advocated. He (Gladstone) found no fault with the Government's foreign policy, but he thought Salisbury's Mansion House speech was calculated to raise apprehension and the country was entitled to be reassured. He objected to the severance of the Treasury portfolio from the Premiership, the former being practically a sinecure. He also objected to a combination of the offices of Premier and Foreign Secretary, which made a man responsible for the dict tion of momentous foreign despatches. It was most important that this dual action should be maintained as a security alike for the Sovereign, the Cabinet and the country—that is, that the foreign policy be conducted jointly by the Premier and the Foreign Secretary. Referring to the Canadian fisheries question, he said he trusted the papers on the subject would speedily be presented to the House. He said he thought England and Scotland very justly complained of the Irish monopoly of the time of Parliament, but he feared there was small likelihood of a remedy being found. He was ready to bet ten to one that the Local Government question would not be settled this session. The Government, he said, also proposed to deal with the criminal law in Ireland, although they tried to make it sound better by using the term procedure. It was gratifying, he continued, to hear that crime was rarer in Ireland, but in regard to the allusion to the inciting of tenants against landlords, he greatly lamented the fact that the Queen had not expressed regret at the recent lamentable evictions in Kerry. The poor people thus treated were unable to pay their rents, and the attempts made at last session to relieve such cases had been frustrated by the Government. Although Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had been "exercising pressure" upon landlords with the view of modifying proceedings in cases of necessity, yet despite this evictions have continued, and nobody can tell how many more are in store. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone said he hoped the sanguine expectations of the Royal Speech would be fulfilled.

In the House of Lords the Earl of Erne moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

Earl Granville said the Speech from the Throne disclosed the fact that the Government intended again to introduce a Coercion Bill. The Government could not be acquitted of responsibility for the carrying on of the Plan of Campaign, for they had delayed denouncing it when they knew it was illegal. They had also refused to stop evictions by the measure brought into the House of Commons. Referring to the fact that the Marquis of Salisbury had two Cabinet offices, that of Prime Minister and that of Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the same time, Lord Granville said it was bad for the country, for the Sovereign and for the Cabinet, besides being unfair to the Marquis himself.

Lord Salisbury opened the debate for the Government by alluding to the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, saying the Government were sensible of the loss they had sustained through his resignation. The Premier said, however, that he thought the execution of Lord Randolph Churchill's policy at the present time would inflict an injury on the public service, because it was a time when no one could tell what crisis might happen. The Marquis said he hoped the Conservatives would soon again have the advantage of Lord Randolph Churchill's services. Continuing, Lord Salisbury said that a most unjust reference had been made to the Government's action toward the Plan of Campaign. The Irish Executive, he declared, had taken the promptest legal measures against the Plan of Campaign. The party really responsible for the origin of the plan and any success it had obtained was that section of the Liberal party which relied for its strongest support upon the Irish party, and the leaders of which did not think it their duty to denounce a scheme of deliberate robbery, which the Government was doing its best to defeat. (Cheers.) Touching foreign affairs, he declared that the Government had never pursued a policy which had for its object the restoration of Prince Alexander, and he could not understand how such an utterly groundless idea arose. The abiding aim of the Government was to maintain peace, and nothing known to him gave an impression that there was imminent danger of war, or that the relations between France and Germany were other than peaceful. Adjourned.

The Marquis of Salisbury referred to the death of Lord Iddesleigh in the House of Lords this evening. He said: "His death left on my mind an impression which can never be effaced. It has brought home to me keenly the truth of the reflection, 'What shadows we pursue!' He was probably more beloved than any statesman of our time. His gentle temper and unfailing courtesy and spirit of cheerfulness made him universally appreciated."

Lord Granville followed Lord Salisbury. He referred to the arduous labors performed by Lord Iddesleigh while member of the House of Commons and his great service to the State.

A VICTIM OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

Discovery of an Almost Naked Man Wandering Amid Mountain Snows.

A Wolf Creek (Tenn.) despatch says: George Caldwell, while bear-hunting a few days ago on Balsam Mountain, one of the highest mountains in North Carolina, discovered a man almost naked wandering aimlessly around in the snow, which was nearly two feet deep, and eight miles from the nearest habitation. On seeing Caldwell he started to run, but was easily overtaken and captured. His clothing was found to consist of a flannel undershirt, which was torn into shreds, and one shoe. His feet were frostbitten and legs fearfully scratched by briars. He is a veritable living skeleton. By securing his hands Caldwell succeeded in taking him to his house. All efforts to get him to tell his name or to get from him any intelligent account of himself have so far failed. When spoken to he becomes violent, tries to get away, and talks deliriously about being a fireman on an engine in Charleston when the big shake came. His mind seems entirely gone, and he will only sleep when completely exhausted by his ravings. It is with difficulty he can be made to take nourishment. It is supposed he was crazed by the earthquake shock of August 31st, and wandered to the mountains, but how he has lived this long is a mystery. Caldwell is taking care of him and will take steps to restore him to his friends.

STABBED TO DEATH.

Cowardly Murder of a Man in a Saloon—A Dagger Plunged Into his Heart.

A Chicago despatch says: Early yesterday morning John Watts, a well-known character about the docks, entered Wilson's liquor store, corner of South Water and Clark streets, accompanied by a male companion and two women. The quartette entered a wine-room in the rear. Shortly afterwards three men entered the saloon, one of whom had a badly bruised face and eyes. This one listened at the door of the wine-room, and then, turning to his companions, said: "Now I'm going to do him up." With that he drew a long dirk and stepped to the wine-room door. Pushing it open, he saw John Watts sitting with his back to him, and, without a word of warning, the murderer bent over the unsuspecting man's shoulder and plunged the dagger up to the hilt into his heart. Jerking his weapon out, he ran through the door, followed by his chums, and escaped. Watts rolled from his chair, with a wine-glass clutched between his fingers, and died. His friend immediately left the saloon, but the women were locked in a cell at the armory, where they are playing drunk and feigning ignorance of the whole transaction.

MURDERED FOR MONEY.

An Old Man Hacked to Pieces and His House Burned.

A Dansville, N. Y., despatch says: A cold-blooded murder was committed at Mount Morris, the particulars of which are as follows: The house of Henry Higgings was discovered on fire yesterday morning at about 5 o'clock. The department subdued the flames and found the body of Higgins in the cellar, hacked into pieces, the legs in one place, arms in another, and head gone. Higgins was about 70 years of age and an old resident of the town. He formerly worked at the tailoring business, but of late years has done little, being a man of dissipated habit. Last Friday he received a pension of $700, which he placed in the hands of the Catholic priest to liquidate some old debts. It is supposed that he was cruelly murdered, under the impression that this money was in his possession, and to cover the crime his house was burned. Two men, named Lyman Crowley and D. Johnson, have been arrested on suspicion.

An Army Tragedy.

The Lucknow papers report an awful tragedy which has taken place in the Leicestershire Regiment. Some privates in a detachment stationed at Ranikhet owed a grudge against the seargeant of their company and vowed vengeance, so they actually dealt round a pack of cards, having agreed that the man to whom the ace of spades was dealt was to "do" for the offender. The card fell to a young private who, when the sergeant entered the place where they were assembled, at once took up his rifle and shot him dead. The murderer has been sentenced to death.

Hail to the Bruce! It is Miss Catharine W., daughter of the founder of the Bruce type foundry, who has just given $50,000 in cash to the New York free circulating library. Miss Bruce inherited $1,000,000 from her father, and she is a cousin to Catharine Wolfe, the many millionaire spinster who has been near death's doors for some weeks past.

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

Thrilling Story of Shipwreck and Suffering.

A Halifax despatch says: The schooner C. Graham was wrecked last Monday night in a gale off Dover West, and her crew of six men were believed to have perished. This evening, however, three of the crew reached Halifax and reported that two more of their number were at Dover being cared for till they recover from the injuries and exhaustion consequent upon their fierce struggle with the elements. The survivors state that the schooner struck about 10 o'clock at night, and the foremast fell against the cliff, resting on a ledge about thirty feet above the deck. Five of the men clambered up the mast and reached the narrow ledge on which it rested. The sixth and missing man was the captain. He was last seen to enter the cabin, and it is thought that after leaving it he fell through the deck and hurt himself so badly as to be unable to move. The five on the rock had barely reached their place of refuge when the schooner parted and was washed out of sight. From the ledge the men clambered to the top of the rock, where they remained until Wednesday morning, half clothed and without shelter, food or water. The storm continued throughout all this time and the heavy sea running made it impossible for the people on the shore who knew of the wreck to make a search. On Wednesday morning, the sea having calmed down, boat crews put off from the land. The men on the rock attracted their attention, and lines being thrown to them they were dragged through the water into the boats. All were fearfully exhausted from their exposure to the elements, and had they been compelled to remain in their terrible position a few hours longer all would have perished. The mate, James Watt, was so far gone that his life was despaired of, but he is now rallying and will recover in time. He is being taken care of at a house in Dover, where another of his comrades also remains until he is able to proceed to Halifax.

MOLTKE AND WELLINGTON.

Herr Richter Puts Civil Liberties Before Military Glory.

A Berlin cable says: The new German Liberals of the second Berlin district met yesterday for the purpose of deciding on their action in the coming election for the member of the Reichstag. Three thousand electors attended. It was resolved to support Prof. Virchow against Gen. von Moltke's candidate. Herr Richter, in his speech advocating this policy, admitted the personal merits of Gen. von Moltke as Superintendent; but, he contended, it was not the duty of the electors to provide that the military interests of the Empire should be strongly represented in the Reichstag, but rather to elect to that body those who could and would defend the civil interests of the people, to the end that there might be a proper equalization of the civil and military claims put forth. The views of eminent civilians should be recognized in opposition to a one-sided military view. When the Duke of Wellington, continued Herr Richter, utilized his military glory and his personal merits to override the constitution of England, Englishmen defiantly declared that though he had been victorious in Spain and at Waterloo he should not be victorious against the people of England. In like manner Gen. von Moltke, though he had been victorious over Austria and over France, should not be permitted to be victorious against the citizens of Berlin.

A BURKE AND HARE CASE.

Old People Killed and Their Bodies Sold to the Doctors.

A Baltimore despatch says: The trial of Anderson Perry, colored, for the murder of Emily Brown was continued in the Criminal Court yesterday. The evidence disclosed a depth of crime unparallelled in the criminal annals of the city or State. Perry, the accused, who was employed in the dissecting department of Maryland University, it appears from the testimony, had told others he was in the habit of killing and selling the bodies of old people for dissection purposes. Ross, already convicted, lived in the same house with Perry, and declares he was instigated by Perry to commit the murder, assuring him that nothing would ever be known of it, but after he had committed the crime he was advised by Perry to leave the city. It also appeared that Perry was to have married the mother of Ross a few days subsequent to the murder. Perry is an old man and partially paralyzed. The trial creates much excitement, and hundreds of people, mostly colored, are gathered about the Court House during the sessions of the court.

ANOTHER "MAXWELL" CASE.

A Headless Trunk Discovered in a Trunk.

A Baltimore despatch says: A large trunk shipped by express from New York, and directed to "J. N. Wilson," this city, arrived on Sunday. There was no call for it, and yesterday afternoon such an odor was emitted from the trunk that the police of the Central district were notified. The trunk, when opened, revealed the body of a man with the feet and legs and left arm cut off and packed in with the body. There was no head. On the body was a calico shirt, which had on the name "C. Raufhold." There were also several cards found in his clothing bearing the name "E. D. Siegel, butcher, Throof avenue, Brooklyn, E. D." The body has the appearance of a young man of about 160 pounds, but in the absence of the head there can be no conjecture as to the age. The express people here have no idea by whom the trunk was shipped from New York.

One of the girls working in the mills at Biddeford, Me., gets more letters than any other woman in town. She is the youngest of thirty-two children born to the same parents, and twenty-three brothers and sisters who still live write to her every week. How she manages her share of the correspondence has not yet been printed.

Paul Williams, the 12-year-old son of G. B. Williams, of Mendon, Mass., has neither arms nor legs—only stumps from his shoulders, about two inches long, and stumps, about eight inches long, for legs. Yet he is a fine writer, holding a pen or brush between his chin and one shoulder stump, and moving it with his head. He is a good artist, and is also a pupil of high standing in the Mendon high school.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

An Entire Family Sold by a Pennsylvanian for $90—The Wife Satisfied.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: The village of Nanticoke is in a fever of excitement over a startling affair which has just taken place. John Wayrick came to the United States from Germany twenty years ago, and found employment in one of the Pennsylvania coal mines. By industry and frugality he managed to accumulate money. He married a buxom lass from his own native land and six children blessed the union. About three years ago Wayrick took to drinking, lost his lucrative position in the mines, his property was sold by the sheriff to pay his debts, and the wife was compelled to keep boarders in order to feed the children. Through the influence of friends, Wayrick was persuaded to relinquish his bad habits. On the first of the new year he swore off drinking and was given a job in the mines. All the neighborhood congratulated themselves on the wonderful reform worked in the heretofore hard-hearted husband. Wayrick is now on his road west, however. Having fallen again he bought a ticket for Chicago on Saturday. On Friday he sold his whole family to one of his boarders, Philip Mauer, for the sum of $90, $50 for the wife, and $20 apiece for the two boys, aged 14 and 12. Mauer refused to pay anything for the four younger children, as he said they would be a burden on his hands. The original contract was that Mauer was to give his three younger children to his sister for safe keeping, and Mauer pay him $150 for the wife and other children, who were old enough to work, but in consideration of Mauer taking the whole family, a reduction of $60 was allowed. Mrs. Wayrick says she is satisfied with the bargain, as Mauer is a sober man and will be good to them. Wayrick was once a member of the Town Council and an influential man.

CRUEL CHICAGO EVICTIONS.

An American Railroad Company Worse Than Irish Landlords.

A Chicago despatch says: The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has of late kept men busy tearing down some old frame houses on North Green street, near its right of way, in order to made room for a proposed new freight-house. It is said that yesterday morning, without warning, workmen commenced to demolish a three-story frame structure occupied at the time by three families—the Cummings family, with two children, occupying the top floor; the Walsh family, the middle floor; and the Gillespie family, the bottom floor. They had seven children, the oldest not more than 11 years of age. Suddenly the steps were cut down, and the Walsh and Cummings families begged that they be left until they had removed their furniture. The workmen, however, did not even put up a ladder to aid them in getting out. The men succeeded in cutting the foundations so that the building was seen to rock, and then came down with a crash, completely demolishing the under story. Mrs. Cummings, who had climbed out, dragged Mary, Maggie and Annie Gillespie from the *debris* of the first floor. All these sustained bumps and bruises.

ALIVE IN HER COFFIN.

A Baby's Timely Notice to Her Parents That She Was Not Ready to be Buried.

A Louisville despatch says: Two months ago William Sperinfogel, a stone mason, came to this city with his wife and their two children, and moved into a little cottage on Fetter street. On Wednesday night their younger child, a little girl nearly a year old, was taken sick with convulsions, and on Thursday night to all appearances she died. A neighbor assisted the mother in preparing the body for burial while Sperinfogel went to the nearest undertaker's and bought a cheap coffin. Yesterday they started in a hack for the St. Louis Cemetery, and when they had nearly reached it a peculiar noise, which was at first thought to be the creaking of the carriage wheels, was noticed. A moment later it was discovered that the noise came from the little coffin. The father, tearing off the lid, found the baby alive. She was carried back to their home in her father's arms, and now lies seemingly dead with the exception of an occasional moan. Several physicians visited the house last night, but made no effort to explain the condition of the child while it was being prepared for burial. None believe that it will live, but all unite in saying that the case is a very peculiar one.

Odd Items from All Around.

A Polk county (Ga.) man is living pleasantly with his eighth wife.

Mrs. Fisher, a brunette, with good features, fine eyes and a ready tongue, runs an eighty-horse-power Harris-Corliss engine in Providence, and does it well.

A. V. Pingsley, of Leslie, Mich., found a large musket-ball near the heart of a tree and eighteen inches from the surface of the wood. It had probably been there for a century.

A Michigan farmer, digging for water, struck a springing well at a depth of seventeen feet, but the water was unfit to drink. While he was cursing his luck a better-posted resident directed his attention to the fact that the black adulterant was coal.

She Forgave Her Old Baby.

"He is my boy, and it is hard for me to say anything against him, but he don't treat his old mother right," said the mother of John Dougherty at the Central.

"He's a pretty old boy."

"He's only 52 years old."

"How old are you?"

"I am 82, and I think he ought to repay me for all I've done for him."

"I think so, too. Don't you think you could reform if you had a chance, John?"

"I know I could. I'll take the pledge and will keep it, too."

"Will you trust him, Mrs. Dougherty?"

"Oh, yes; I don't want him to have any trouble. He's my baby, you know."

The old boy took the pledge and left the court with his old and happy mother.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Since 1880 Philadelphia has had but two Democratic Mayors—Daniel M. Fox, elected in 1868, and Samuel G. King, elected in 1881.

A Legend of Good St. Valentine.

St. Valentine at Peter's gate
Did knock with might and main,
Let me out for once, ere 'tis too late;
My time has come again."

Then Peter slowly turned the key,
And let the good saint go.
It was the fourteenth of Februaree,
And the ground was white with snow.

The saint he smiled as he paced Broadway,
His teeth gleamed clear and pearly,
For he actually hadn't been out in bread day
Since in the third century—early.

"But love," thought he, "and life and youth
Are surely the same as of yore,
I'll just go around and discover the truth,
And make things as nice, if not more."

He really expected to be amused
When he paid his first morning call;
But the ladies "begged to be excused,"
They'd been all night at a ball

So the saint in wonder turned away,
And bravely tried once more;
But here they all had visits to pay,
And the footman showed him the door.

But he still kept on, and tried all kinds—
The good, the grave, the busy;
He saw all sorts of brains and minds,
Till they fairly turned him dizzy.

For one was practising Mendelssohn
Alone in her maiden bower;
Another was carving an old dry bone,
While a third read Schopenhauer.

A fourth in water and oils could paint
All things beneath and above;
A fifth in good works was a perfect saint;
But they'd none of 'em *time* to love.

Sadly St. Valentine floated back
To the gate of good St. Peter.
"Alas!" cried he "of girls there's no lack,
And I must say I seldom saw sweeter.

"They're good and pretty, gay and wise;
They're nothing if not pedantic;
They know what they like and what they despise,
But they *don't* seem to be *romantic*."

Then St. Peter clanged the brazen gate,
And let in the dear old sinner,
Who'd been up early and stayed out late,
And probably wanted his dinner.

MORAL.

I pray, sweet maids and youths, beware,
And mind what you're about;
For now the saint's around, take care,
Don't let him "find you out."

A KING IN HIS CRADLE.

The Little Pink-Toed Twenty-Pounder at Madrid.

The baby king of Spain is a fine, handsome child who enjoys robust health, and does credit to the immense amount of care with which he is surrounded. Though court etiquette requires that the six-months-old Alphonso XIII. should be treated with the most rigid ceremony, his mother will never call him "the king" unless on very strict State occasions, but uses the simple term of "my child." His Majesty has his own vast suite of apartments next to those of the Queen Regent; and a special guard keeps his bed room door at night. His foster mother, the sturdy peasant Raymunda, feeds and amuses the baby; but he is washed and dressed according to traditional ceremony by a bevy of ladies of honor, under the direction of his "governess," who held that same office towards his father. Doctors visit the baby twice daily, and every day he drives out with his governess and Raymunda—sometimes with the Queen. In court ceremonies Raymunda must not carry the king; that is the duty of the Mistress of the Robes or of his aunt, the Infanta Isabella. Queen Christina is a most devoted mother, spending all her time with her boy, and the Infanta Isabella is equally attached to her nephew.—*London Graphic.*

Various Odd Trees.

A "Kentucky coffee-tree" bears a broad, flat pod, something like the tamarind pod, and is said to make a fair sort of coffee.

The Cornelian cherry, from Italy, has a flat scarlet drupe about as large as an old-fashioned ox-heart cherry.

Gerris oaks, from Turkey, keep their green leaves late. These outlast some of the green English oaks, and have even now only reached the falling stage that most of our indigenous trees reached more than a month ago. This Turkish oak bears a huge acorn. It is long, and grows on a long stem like a cherry.

The liquid amber tree and the Siberian pea grow in this country. The pea is in a little pod not bigger than the pod of the sweet pea, but its yellow bloom in spring, on a tree near the lake, makes one of the charming sights of the park in May. Bad boys break off its branches in winter for use as "shinny" sticks in their games on the ice, and thus mar the symmetry of the tree.

The jinko is a tree from Japan. It grows to a height of perhaps thirty feet, and has fan-like leaves, with serrated edges, and without any mid-rib or fibre, being a simple large expansion of the stem. Not until these leaves had fallen, in the year 1866, was it discovered in this country that the jinko was bearing fruit as well as leaves. Its fruit, when found, was spoiled by frost; but it was of a pale purple, looking something like a good-sized crab-apple, without the crab's bright hues. In its overripe and half-frozen state it had an unpleasant odor. But its large, glistening, satin-sheeny seeds, as broad as pumpkin seed and six times plumper, are really handsome. Some have been planted to see what will come of them.

How to Drink Water.

The leading medical journal of France has published a pamphlet protesting against the extravagant use of artificial mineral waters, which, it sets forth, do the double damage of cooling the stomach, thus laying the foundation for gastric catarrh, while the limestone held in deposit in the carbonated waters finds its way to the kidneys and eventually produces Bright's disease. The pamphlet also protests against ice-water as a provocative of catarrh in the stomach. It further says: "Water should be drunk cool, but not iced, with the juice of a quarter or half a lemon in it. Mineral water should also be drank with a dash of lemon. Water should always be swallowed slowly. It is not the stomach which is dry, but the mouth and throat. If you toss off a drink of water you throw it through your mouth into your stomach, without doing the former any good, while you injure the latter by loading it with what it does not require. Drink slowly, and keep the water in your mouth for a moment when you begin. If you work in a hot room in hot weather tie a damp cloth around your temples, and you will not experience half the craving for drink you otherwise would."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

JOTTINGS FOR THE LADIES.

Latest Fashion Notes.

The latest fancy from Paris is a little pompon of crisp tulle, from which rises a heron's plumes, to be worn in the hair with dancing toilettes.

The newest cloaks for little girls have waists reaching only to the arm-pits, more like a deep yoke than a waist, and skirts falling to the ankles.

Pleated fronts to basques are worn by persons who have very slender figures, even in the heaviest velvet materials. They have two pleats at the top of the shoulders next the collar, and then drawn to the middle, becoming plain at the waist line.

The new overcoats for young girls turned out by Redfern have the high, military collars fastened with a little irregular shaped strap, that is loose and buttons to a large button on either side of the collar.

For wear in wet weather are shown silk rubber cloth long wraps, with sling sleeves. These are in indefinite plaids, with the prevailing color shades of dark blue, red, green, brown and tan.

Nearly all the newest wraps have the fashionable "sling" sleeve, and those wraps made of the same material as the suit show, when the arm is raised, a lining of soft, striped surah; this same lining is employed for the little fancy muff also matching the suit.

The tendencies in draperies is to make them long and full and quite dissimilar to anything hitherto fashionable. These draperies have heavy, pointed fan folds and very little looping. The effect is obtained by the varying length of the points in which the drapery hangs rather than by loops. These modes are seen with plain skirts and large tournure.

Instead of folds or frills in the neck and sleeves, modistes now send home each dress waist finished off with ribbons, which may be white or in direct contrast with the dress material, such as rose-pink in moss-green dresses, or red, or orange in those of dark blue. The gauze ribbons, with looped or picot edges, are used. They are folded over not quite double so that both the fancy edges will show just above the collar of the dress.

All the French waists show an effort to make the shoulders as high and square and the waist as long and slim as possible. This effect is gained by a shirring across the chest and on the shoulder seams, and the fulness drawn down as far as possible to the waist and there shirred more closely again. This gives the slim effect seen in French fashion plates, and while giving an improved slenderness and grace to thin, angular figures, hides all the pretty curves of good ones.

The tailor gowns of dark copper red, trimmed with the same shade of plush, are worn to afternoon teas by young women with small red velvet turbans without a brim, and adorned with gray or brown wings and breasts of birds. The heads are not used. With these are worn with lovely effect breast knots of pink roses. For carriage wear red becomes more and more popular. Several dark red suits are shown with trimmings of black mink, and bonnets of red velvet and jet.

For wear to the theatres by those ladies who are prepared to adopt the English fashion of appearing without bonnets, are shown little Marie Stuart coifs of silk and plush, the face being surrounded by pearl beads matching the hue of the coif. Attached to it is a long scarf of surah that is drawn around the throat. These can be worn without disarranging the hair and thrown off and on more easily than a lace scarf, while thoroughly protecting the head and throat from the night air.

Shoes for balls are still very open on top, the ends are pointed and they are worked with beads. They are trimmed with a small bow or "strass" buckle. These shoes are of satin to match the dress. Black satin and velvet shoes for dinner wear are worked with gold beads or tinsel. Those used by young girls under light wool or gauze dresses are of cream, blue or bronze kid. They either match the dress or trimmings in color. It is not necessary the stockings should match the dress. The favorite colors are rose color and black.

Some Recipes.

Lemon Cake.—One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, juice and grate the rind of one lemon, one-half teaspoonful of soda; bake in small square tins and ice on sides and top.

Lemon Cakes.—Rub together in a dry state three-quarters of a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, then add three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon and two eggs; mix well together with half a wineglassful of brandy, and make into small cakes; bake in tins (previously buttered) for about 20 minutes.

Ginger Cakes.—Beat to a cream half a pound of butter with four eggs, add half a pound of flour, half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces powdered ginger; mix these in by degrees; roll out, and to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch cut into biscuits with a tin cutter; bake in a rather cool oven for twenty minutes.

Lemon Turnovers.—Three dessertspoonfuls of flour, one of powdered sugar, rind of one lemon, two ounces of butter, two eggs and a little milk. Mix the flour, sugar and the grated rind of lemon with the milk to the consistency of butter, then add the eggs well beaten and the butter melted. Butter some tin saucers, pour in the mixture and bake them in a rather quick oven. When done take them out of the tins, cut them across, fold them together and place them on a napkin with sifted sugar sprinkled over them.

Chocolate Tarts.—A quarter of a pound of chocolate, one small stick of cinnamon, peel of one lemon, two spoonfuls of flour, six eggs, two spoonfuls of milk, sugar to taste, a pinch of salt, puff paste. Rasp a quarter of a pound of chocolate, the cinnamon, and add half the lemon-peel grated, then the salt and sugar. Well beat the yelk of eggs with two spoonfuls of milk, add it to the other ingredients and set them over the fire in a stewpan for about ten minutes, add peel of half a lemon cut small, and then set it to cool. Put the mixture into a tart dish lined with puff paste, cover with the whisked whites of eggs and bake it. When done sift sugar over it.

TAKING COLD.

An Old Soldier Relates His Experience During the War.

Writing to the *Scientific American* from Cincinnati, Andrew Van Bibber says: Reading in a recent issue of your paper an article of Dr. Brown Sequard on "Taking Cold," it occurred to me that colds are peculiar to civilized life and to our comfortable, warm rooms. I have had colds as frequently perhaps as any one, but during one period of my life I was entirely free from them, with one exception. I served through the war in the Fifth Ohio cavalry, beginning at Shiloh and ending my service with the march to the sea. We were an active regiment, always at the front and therefore always remarkably unencumbered with tents or comforts. We were exposed to all weathers and all seasons. Many a time we were rained on for a week or more. When the sun came out the next week or the week after, it dried us. Many a time, long after dark, after a march in rain and mud all day, we have been filed into miry woods, where we slept in the rain with the running water washing between us and our blankets. I have seen men wake in the morning with their hair frozen in the mud. But none of us caught cold. We swam the Tennessee river after midnight, when the mercury was at zero and among floating ice and came out with our clothes to our armpits frozen like sheet iron and then marched till morning. In the cold winter of 1863-64, we were in the mountainous country of East Tennessee, where it is as cold as Ohio. We were there from November until March, without any tents or shelter of any kind, moving every day and sleeping in a different place every night, with the temperature frequently below zero. I have, with my comrades, ridden upon the skirmish line when I could not lift a cartridge out of my box, nor even pick up a carbine cap. I have been on night pickets, mounted, when the pickets had to be relieved every fifteen minutes, because if left longer the men could not load and fire. But we never caught the slightest cold, nor did I ever in times of cold and exposure to wet see a soldier with a cold. But I did catch one cold in the army, and I never had such a one before or since. It came from excessive comfort, or what seemed comfort to us. We were at Camp Davies, Miss., the southern outpost of the great fortress of Corinth. Having been there some months, we began to build neat log cabins, with openings for doors and windows—no glass or doors, of course. One of our mess being a young bricklayer, we thought to surprise our neighbors in style and comfort, and we sent for brick, and he built us a large chimney and fire place, and we built a good fire. That settled us. Four of us had to go to the hospital with tremendous colds on our chests and in our heads. We never had such heavy colds in our lives. This was about the middle of our three years of service, and before and after that I never saw an exposed soldier with a cold. Of course a few days after our cabins were finished we got marching orders. I believe all old soldiers will bear me out that in active campaigns, where there was great exposure to the weather, no one had a cold. And, come to think of it, in my experiences in Colorado and Utah, in recent years, I never saw an Indian with a cold, though they stand more exposure than our cattle do. It is our hot rooms that give us our colds. If a person would camp out from fall till spring, exposed to the weather of a severe winter, he would never take either a cold, pleurisy or pneumonia, and would be absolutely free from them. But when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, and take warm rooms and colds.

The Greatest Men.

A prize was recently offered by the editor of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* for the best list of the twelve greatest living men. The result was decided by the votes of the competitors; and, as the poll was exceptionally heavy, the following catalogue of the distinguished names that headed it may be of general interest. It should be stated that Mr. Gladstone's name found a place in about 99 per cent. of the voting papers. The figures show the number of votes given to each celebrity:

1.	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone	32,544
2.	Prince von Bismarck	32,245
3.	Baron Tennyson	28,064
4.	F. de Lesseps	19,776
5.	Gen. Viscount Wolseley	17,952
6.	Marquis of Salisbury	17,509
7.	Count von Moltke	13,968
8.	Rt. Hon. John Bright	13,741
9.	Lord Randolph Churchill	13,117
10.	John Ruskin	12,389
11.	Henry Irving	10,560
12.	H. M. Stanley	10,141
13.	Louis Pasteur	10,116
14.	T. H. Huxley	9,108
15.	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	8,232
16.	The Emperor of Germany	7,800
17.	T. A. Edison	6,648
18.	Rev. H. W. Beecher	5,295
19.	Grover Cleveland	5,280
20.	H. R. H. the Prince of Wales	4,981
21.	Sir J. E. Millais	4,885
22.	Charles Gounod	4,680
23.	C. S. Parnell	4,512
24.	Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain	4,200
25.	The Czar of Russia	4,152
26.	Sir Arthur Sullivan	3,912
27.	His Holiness the Pope	3,744
28.	Marquis of Hartington	3,552
29.	Sir Frederick Leighton	3,264
30.	Jules Grevy	3,133
31.	Sir Gen. Frederick Roberts	3,070
32.	Cardinal Manning	2,821
33.	Earl of Dufferin	2,629
34.	John Tyndall	2,593
35.	Cardinal Newman	2,437
36.	Baron Rothschild	2,256
37.	Oliver Wendell Holmes	1,837
38.	Canon Farrar	1,704
39.	Archbishop Benson	1,500
40.	Robert Browning	1,188

No other distinguished man received a thousand.

Full of Stitches.

A Vienna tailor, says the *Reichenberger Zeitung*, wagered recently that it took more than forty thousand stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered and a committee of experts sat to superintend the work, as well as to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: Body of the coat, 4,780 stitches; collar, 8,663; sewing collar on, 1,763; buttonholes, 2,520; sleeves, with lining, 980; pockets, 924; silk lining of body, with lining interior, 17,863; braiding, 2,726. Total, 39,619 stitches.

When a woman gets on a street car and spreads out her skirts so that she occupies two seats, you can make up your mind that her husband always sits on the edge of his chair and says "Yes, m'm," "No, m'm," to her.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Boy, a Man, a Gun and the Consequence.

No matter how strong may be every link in a chain of circumstantial evidence there is always a doubt, a lack of certainty, that should weaken it and cause us to distrust it. I remember a story my grandfather used to tell of a case in which an innocent life was sacrificed for a guilty person. A boy on a farm, for some misdemeanor, was sentenced by his father, a stern man, with an eye to saving a half price ticket, to be deprived of his annual circus privilege, and, in addition, he was to hoe so many rows of corn while the rest of the family took in the lady's pad act, the bare back riding of Jack Robinson, the club that killed Captain Cook and other attractions of the great moral show. The boy watched the waggon drive away, with tears in his eyes, and then he went at his corn rows with a determination to make a short crop, if it could be worked without detection. But he grew hungry after awhile and went into the house and investigated the pantry. There were seven pies—it was an American household—seven blackberry pies, baked for Sunday. The boy, who was not feeling very well himself, soon placed his person anterior to six of the pies, but paused thoughtfully, and with keen regret midway on the seventh. One-half of that he left. He then caught the family cat, thrust her nose and feet into the remains of the pie, and dropped her on the clean, white sanded floor of the pantry that she might track around on it. Then he went back to his corn rows. Evening brought the family home. The boy saw them climb joyously out of the big waggon. He noted how the overripe apples fell from the trees when his sister jumped over the side and lighted flat-footed on the ground. He saw his father let himself down over the double-trees and get himself kicked twice by the roan colt. He saw his mother waiting patiently until somebody had time and inclination to take the baby. He saw his grandmother perch herself on the hub of the hind wheel on one foot, while she made va[illegible]ae, circumferential, wandering excursions for the wide, wide world with the other. He saw his brothers let themselves down over the tailgate and sneak away to avoid doing any work. At last the waggon was empty, and there were visible signs of excitement about the house. "The raid is discovered," said the boy, cutting the roots of a healthy stalk of corn and carefully hilling up a vigorous large weed. Presently he saw his father come out of the house with the gun over his shoulder and the cat under his arm. "The culprit is arrested," calmly remarked the young robber, as he leaned thoughtfully upon his hoe, and watched his father disappear behind the barn. The sharp report of a gun rang out upon the quiet of the sunset hour. "There," said the boy, with the confident expression of one who knows what he is talking about, "there goes another victim to circumstantial evidence."—*Bob Burdette.*

Death of a Man Rescued by Grace Darling.

On Tuesday, in the little village cemetery of Whitburn, the grave closed over the remains of James Nicolson, who was perhaps the only remaining survivor of the crew of the steamer Forfarshire, who were so gallantly rescued by the English heroine, Grace Darling, in 1838. Nicolson was then a young man of 22, and acted as fireman on board the steamer, when she was wrecked on the Farne Islands. He was not inclined to be very communicative on the subject of the disaster, and never recalled the subject without being deeply affected by the recollection of the sufferings he and his fellows endured on that terrible night. It was gathered from him that for three hours he hung on to a rope, using his teeth and nails as in a death-grip. He afterwards got a footing on the rock, and on exploring it in the darkness was gladdened by finding a sea-fowl's nest containing the remains of eggs which had been hatched. This gave the unhappy man a ray of hope that they had gained an elevation on the sea-washed island where the devouring element would not reach them. He also related the first impression of the unfortunate men on seeing a boat with a woman in it approaching them through the morning mist, and over the foaming billows. They "thought it was an angel," and this sufficiently indicates the severe strain their minds had endured through the long, dark hours of night. After the occurrence Nicolson gave up the sea. He was twice married, and is survived by a grown-up family.

A Mayor Honored.

One of the penalties of greatness is the obligation of sharing one's name with a new invention or fashion. Brougham gave his name to a vehicle, Wellington to boots, and the late Premier to a bag; but all this is nothing to the fate of the Mayor of Bolton. A lioness in a menagerie recently gave birth to three cubs at Bolton, and, as is often the case with the human race, a difficulty arose as to naming the newcomers. Eventually, while one was called Stella (probably at the instance of the circus proprietor) and another Commercial (at the instance, let us say, of the advisers who dropped in to share the discussion over the festive glass), it was decided to name the third lion Fletchers, after the Mayor of Bolton. This gentleman is doubtless now as proud as most godfathers, although a great difficulty is likely to arise, as he can hardly present the infant with a fork and spoon or a drinking mug.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Chip.

Devoted mother—"No, dear little boy, you must go to bed. When you get bigger and older mamma'll take you to church with her."

Angel child—"But, mamma, when I det old and big, like papa, mebbe I won't want to go."

It costs the taxpayers of Boston on an average $10,000 a year to settle claims against the city on account of people who are hurt by falling on icy sidewalks.

Miss Elizabeth Ballart, a Christian girl, recently joined the Jewish Church in New York city in order to marry her Hebrew lover.

Lord Tennyson's eyesight is failing him to such an extent as to cause serious alarm among his numerous circle of friends.

TOO TIDY FOR COMFORT.

Don't Scrub the Floor Till You Fall Through it Into the Cellar.

"Recollections of My Mother," by Susan T. Lesley, gives an interesting picture of life in Northampton fifty years ago. The mother was Mrs. Lyman, famous for her hospitality and her devotion to reading. Here is a suggestive bit for housekeepers: "One day a friend came in who had just visited Mrs. ——, who was one of the exquisite housekeepers. She began to tell my mother about the perfect condition of that house from the garret to cellar, and rang the changes on the brightness of the brasses, the admirable shine of the glass and silver, the entire absence of dust on every carpet. My mother stood it just as long as she could, though fidgeting uneasily in her chair. Then she exclaimed: 'I think Mrs. —— is the dirtiest person I ever saw in my life.' 'Oh, Mrs. Lyman, what can you mean?' cried the friend. 'What I say is true,' said my mother, bringing down her hand with much force on the table. 'From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same that woman's mind is on dirt. She thinks dirt, sees dirt, is fighting dirt the livelong day. Now, I would rather see more of it on the carpet and less of it on her mind.'"—*Boston Record*

A Great Slave-Hunting Region.

The country between the Zambesi River and the lake regions of Central Africa is one of the great slave-hunting grounds of that dark continent. An English traveller who recently journeyed through the country says that every village shows the familiar sight of the slave in the yoke awaiting the departure of a caravan. This yoke is made from the forked branches of a tree; about five or six feet long—some are much longer—and from three to four inches in diameter at the thickest part. Through each prong of the fork a hole is bored for the reception of an iron pin. This ready, a soft fibrous bark is wrapped round until the whole forms a thick collar of bark, making a sort of pad much rougher than a horse's collar. It is often allowed to remain upon a slave for nine months or a year, night and day, without being once taken off. When a caravan is ready to start the men are coupled by the yoke being lashed so as to form a rigid pole, binding the pair from neck to neck together. With loads on their heads, they then turn their faces to the eastward and leave the homes forever.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

Modern Samsons.

"Some of those Western desperadoes must be very strong men," observed Mrs. Snaggs.

"Why?" asked her husband.

"The paper to-day says that two of them held up a train yesterday."

"Oh, that's nothing. Even a weak woman like you can hold up a train when there is danger of some one's treading on it."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

You Can't Read This

without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $90 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

Herr Krupp pays tax on an income of $1,250,000 a year. There is money for some people in the armed-camp condition of Europe.

Tender Corns,

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Just what France wants to go to war for is not very clear. From the 1st of January to the end of June, 1886, there were only four more births than deaths in Paris. In Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulouse and Amiens the number of deaths was largely in excess of births. Peace and matrimony are what France needs, not war and widowhood.

I was so bad with lumbago and sciatica three years ago that I could scarcely rise from a chair or walk, other treatment failed, and I was entirely cured by taking McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant. W. Lowrie, Tilsonburg P. O.

His St. Paul Job.

"No, I don't care for hard work," said a tramp, as the manager of the Provident woodyard pointed him to a saw and an axe. "I'm not very strong, and I have to work easy or none at all. Up in St. Paul I applied for the job of driving flies out of the ice palace, but a snoozer from Fargo got in ahead of me. You don't happen to have an ice palace here, do you?"—*Chicago Herald.*

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1887.

THE PRICEVILLE MEETING.

Dr. Landerkin's meeting in Lamont's hall, Priceville, last Friday evening, was well attended. A. Butters, Esq., occupied the chair. Dr. Landerkin delivered a speech, which lasted from half past seven until ten o'clock—two hours and a half. We fully expected to hear a complete vindication—or an attempt at one—of his course in parliament during the past term. Naturally we expected he would tell his constituents how his time had been occupied in the House of Commons as their representative. A faithful public servant is usually expected to give a correct and unbiased account of his stewardship on such occasions. But we were doomed to disapointment. The speaker frittered away his valuable time over a lot of insignificant matters—such as salaries of civil service officials and the household furnishings of the Canadian High Commissioner's London residence. He did allude to the national debt, but only presented *one* side of a highly colored picture to his auditors. He did not tell them, however, how he helped to swell the debt and increase the burthen of taxation by obstructing the business of the House during the Riel debate and then cooly pocketing $500 indemnity for so doing. He had plenty of time to have done so, but he didn't. Not one word did he say about the great public works so successfully carried out by Sir John's Government. Not one word about the great transcontinental railway, the C.P.R.: not one word about the Intercolonial; and precious little did he say about the National Policy, which has helped to form the nucleus of a great nation North of the 49th parallel. All of which reminds us of that forcible little couplet, given with such vim and humor by Sir John at Owen Sound recently:—

> As bees on flowers alighting cease their hum,
> so settling in their places Grits grow dumb!"

And it is mighty significant and suggestive that the worthy Doctor did not utter a solitary syllable concerning the Riel question.

The Doctor came out strong on the wheat question. But here he gave another one-sided picture and made a blunder as well. The blunder consisted in his stating that $1 per bushel had not been paid for wheat during the last four years, when as a matter of fact that amount and over was paid in the spring of 1884—a trifle under *three* years ago. But the Dr. gave the wrong reason for the present low price for wheat. He did not say it was owing in a large measure to the development and rapid growth of the great grain-producing districts in our Canadian North-West. He simply left it to be inferred that the Government was somehow or other to blame! He was quite witty on this subject. Seemingly his main object was to create a laugh at the expense of his opponents. This is alright when the witticisms are based on *facts*. But in the case they weren't. He never alluded to the indisputable fact, that if wheat is cheap, so also are the necessaries of life. When was cotton, sugar, or tea as cheap as now? When, in the history of this country, were any of the necessaries of life as cheap as they are at this moment? And if the price of wheat is low, are not the toiling masses of laborers benefitted in that the prices of breadstuffs are correspondingly low? Dr. Landerkin did not give the other side of the picture it would have dampened the ardor of his supporters too much. We have pleasure in supplying the omission.

With the Dr's views re the Senate and the Franchise Act we are more in harmony. So, also, is Dr. Jamieson, the coming M. P. for South Grey.

Dr. Landerkin said that the Dominion License Act allowed hotel bars to be kept open on Sunday, but in the absence of the proofs, we dispute the statement. Let the Dr. produce them or avoid reference to the Act altogether.

We were glad when we heard the Dr. state that he was a total abstainer and had been such all his life. Under these circumstances, however, can it be said that he was consistent when he voted in favor of the wine and beer clause in the proposed Scott Act amendment? We think not.

Dr Christoe addressed the audience for half an hour, making a far more practical speech than his predecessor—so far as the vital questions of the hour were concerned. He was well received and succeeded in creating a favorable impression in favor of Dr. Jamieson, by the calm, logical and convincing manner in which he presented the facts in connection with the leading political questions of the day. The meeting was prolonged to a late hour after Dr. Christoe took his seat.

"REVIEW" AND "POST."

Our article under the heading, "Questionable Tactics," has actually stirred up the languid *Grey Review*, and it positively became mildly enthusiastic in its endeavor to find a suitable apology for its unjournalistic treatment of Dr. Jamieson. It knows as well as we do, that it has misinterpreted the Dr's position politically, with the palpable object of assisting Dr. Landerkin's candidature. Such tactics are certainly questionable, not to use a stronger term. And the *Review* is begining to find this out, for it has already modified its tone quite considerably: it even admits that its tactics *were* questionable. There is always hope for a sinner who repents of his evil ways! So we have hopes of our Durham cotem.

The Hanover *Post* is quite mild. It has reason to be. It is very young politically and may be pardoned for attributing to Dr. Landerkin what Dr. Jamieson really possesses, viz., "backbone." The *Post* has evidently not studied Dr. Landerkin's political career, or, if it has, its memory is short. We would advise it to get the *Hanzard* for 1885-86 and read the Commons' debates carefully. Just make a note of how gracefully he tied himself to Hon. Edward Blake's coat tails during the memorable Riel discussion; how he talked in favor of the "wine and beer" clause in the proposed Scott Act Amendments: and how he cooly pocketed the $500 indemnity—the result of the laborious speeches of himself and fellow-obstructionists—and at the same time violently *denouncing* the alleged extravagence of the Government! There were chances for Dr. Landerkin to have shewn "back-bone"! But he was weighed in the balances and found wanting!

Electors! can you trust him again?

A LIVING QUESTION.—Question—"Is this life worth living?" Answer—"It all depends upon the liver?" If torpid or inactive it causes a dull, tough, languid feeling. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure gives health and buoyancy. Sold by Dr. Christoe.

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A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physicians at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

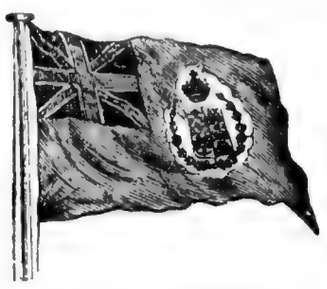

TO THE ELECTORS

—OF—

SOUTH GREY!

GENTLEMEN.—In pursuance of the constitutional principle, that when there is any material extension of the Franchise, the House of Commons has been dissolved, and a new election will take place on Tuesday, 22nd February.

Having been chosen by the Liberal Conservative party as their Candidate, I beg to solicit your suffrages in the approaching contest.

If elected I shall give a fair support on all vital questions to the present Government, believing that it has shewn by its past record to be heartily in accord with the progressive spirit of the age, and that under its care the laws have been fairly and impartially administered, but on some questions I may be compelled to differ with it.

I shall favor the repeal of the present Franchise Act, and the substitution for it of Manhood Suffrage.

I believe there should be some radical change made in the constitution and functions of the Senate, or if this be not practicable, then I should favor its abolition entirely.

The present fiscal system which gives protection to our manufacturies has shewn itself to be successful and should be continued.

The depression existing in our agricultural interestsand the small returns received by farmers from their investments and labor should engage the earnest and careful attention of our Legislators. Believing that the high rate of interest at which farmers are compelled to borrow money, causes a constant and large flow of their hard earnings to the capitalists of the old country, I think the Government should assume the control of the currency of the country, and that the necessary legislation should be passed to favor the establishment of Farmer's Banks, and the supply of cheap money to the agricultural classes.

Now that all the great public works rendered necessary by Confederation have been completed, I think the time has come to exercise the most rigid, careful and economical control of our expenditure, and to endeavor to carry out the affairs of the country without further increasing the public debt. Hoping my views will meet with your approbation and that you will favor me with your support and earnest co-operation. I am, gentlemen,

Your Obt. Servant,
DAVID JAMIESON.

PRICEVILLE

ROLLER MILL!

The New Mill is now completed and in full working order. The ROLLER PROCESS is thorough in every respect, and a full line of rolls. The

Highest Cash Price Will be paid

For any quantity of WHEAT. Positively no credit will be given in the GRIST MILL.

The SAW MILL is doing splendid work. Bring in your logs and you can get the lumber home with you.

First class PLANER AND MATCHER, Mr. John McLeod manages the Saw Mill which I hope is a sufficient guarantee for good work.

ROBT. McGOWAN.

Jan. 24, 1887.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 25 to	2 25
Fall Wheat	$0 77 to	0 77
Spring Wheat	0 77	0 77
Barley	0 35	0 50
Oats	0 27	0 27
Peas	0 48	0 48
Butter	0 14	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes	0 30	0 30
Pork	5 50	5 60
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 07	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon whose I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

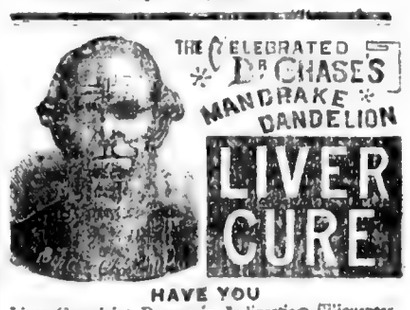

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

600,000 SOLD

Over one-half millions of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

FLESHERTON.

Loan & Insurance

AGENCY.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT 6 AND 6½ PER CENT.

Insurance effected on Farm and Village Buildings and contents. Insurance against Lightning a specialty.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Wills, &c., carefully prepared and properly executed. OFFICE,—Toronto street, near Town Hall.

W. J. BELLAMY, *Agent.*

Artemesia Council.

Feb. 7th, 1887.

The Agricultural Editor did not put in an appearance until after dinner; but the following was the business transacted during the session :—

Moved by Mr. Cairns, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that the County Treasurer be instructed to erase the taxes of 1886 against Lots 76&77, 3 N.D.R., the same having been paid this day to the Township Treasurer.—Carried.

Accounts.—From W. G. Pickell, $2, for letting and inspecting bridge on Valley Road; M. Richardson & Co., $3; C. W. Rutledge, $11, printing. On motion they were ordered paid.

Applications for the office of Assessor were received from Messrs. Wm. McLoughry, John McKee, sr., John Whitby, W. G. Pickell, Thos. Granger, W. J. Ekins, Wm. L. Wright and C. W. Bellamy.

Boland, McArthur—That petition re George Binnie and others be left over for further consideration and Clerk notify parties interested.—Carried.

A petition from Rev. J. S. Corcoran and 44 others, praying the Council not to grant to any house or person in Eugenia a License for the purpose of selling intoxicating liquors, was presented and read.

Cairns, Sharp—That the sum of two dollars each be paid to H. Cairns, W. Sharp and J. Boland, for inspecting Valley Road.—Carried.

Messrs Meldrum & Boland, Auditors, presented Auditors' Report.

Christoe, Boland—That the petition presented to us and to be presented to License Commissioners, and over which we by statute have no control, this Council wish it to be placed on record, that we entirely endorse it, believing that for any public or private utility a public house at Eugenia is not necessary, and do heartily recommend the License Commissioners to refuse a License for the said village of Eugenia; and that a copy hereof be appended to the petition as set forth and forwarded as aforesaid.—Carried unanimously.

McArthur, Boland—That the Reeve and Mr. Sharp be appointed a Committee to finally audit the Auditors' Report.—Carried.

Christoe, Cairns—That inasmuch as a mistake occured in the Auditors' Report regarding work under the Commissioner of Ward 4, wherein Robert Genoa's name occurred for $10 twice, and it was supposed that Mr. Genoa had received the same, we find upon his statement, that it could not have been him; and notwithstanding any charges by the Reeve or any other person, we believe he is innocent of any suchcharge and do hereby exonerate him, entirely therefrom.—Carried.

Sharp, McArthur—That the acct. of R. Campbell for repairing scraper, 60 cents, be paid as certified by Pathmaster.—Carried.

By-Law No. 409, appointing Assessor, introduced and passed, in which John Whitby was appointed Assessor.

Boland, Cairns—That A. Carr be paid $85 on contract acct., Valley Road.—Carried.

Boland, Cairns—That Joseph Weber be paid $24 on contract acct., Valley Road,—Carried.

Council adjourned.

Letter from Mr. Reiley.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Sir:—I noticed in your last weeks issue a letter signed the Teacher. As this appears as a new correspondent or the old one in a new form, and as he makes several false statements, I ask you as a special favour to re-consider your decision in closing your columns and also the patience of your readers to give us an opportunity of refuting those unjust charges that he makes against so many respectable business men of this place.

Mr. Ed., now there was a day when sons of God came to present themselves themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.

Mr. D. says in his letter of the 26th of Dec. 86 how that he taught the young mind. The introductory part of his letter in your columns of 3rd Feb. 87 goes to show the public his great teaching ability. He charges me with having the clique's assistance. Now Mr. Editor, I write my own letters and not like this wonderful Second Class Normal School &c Teacher, Copying from Mr. B's. letter, using the same words, he is not the model we care to copy from. He pities poor souls, well, Sir, a smaller soul than his is to be pitied. He also says that I had no means of knowing the attendance of his department. Well Sir, who should know better, for I had the Registers in my possession. His assistant did the greater part of the work and that lady only received one half the salary, I might say that was paid to Mr. D. He had a very small proportion of the work until the Trustees saw the injustice and sent some of the jr. pupils to his department. He attended the Temperance meetings for one quarter in this village and paid his dues, but resigned before the second fee was due, for fear of the almighty 25 cents.

He makes a great ado of supporting one of the resident ministers of this place. Why, Sir, I never mentioned in any of my letters about church matters, but it would be more interesting to the public the amount that he pays than this wonderful deploma &c. If the heathen abroad never heard the milk-sweets of the word only through his small pitance, we would not see the age of many converts in print. He alludes to the petition that was circulated on his first engagement. I still maintain it was against him. I will only ask him if some of the three families that he refers to when they became personally aquainted with him, if they did not sign the petition for his removal. And as to the Trustees endeavoring to keep him in Priceville. It is not so, as he engaged in a school in his own section where he lives in Nov. 1885, for $400 least he should not get Priceville school, and for the paltry sum of $20 he inconvenienced himself and bothered people to board him for $1.50 per week. Now, Mr. Editor, you or I wouldn't ask a respectable person to wash sheets or make a bed for the amount, and as to his persuasion, his nearest neighbors do not know to what church he belongs. I would never have touched this subject had he not refered to it himself, as the poet said a man's a man for a' that. He speaks of me being like the little boy who spent his money for candies. Herein, him and I agree, as there was very little value when the candies were eaten and the same in proportion when he was gone. Mr. D. refers to an Auction Sale in this place and how he was taken in by a false representation made about tea dust. There were four lbs of tea and it was stated so and all particulars about it. When put up for the highest bidder, Mr. D. wanted something cheap, so he expected he got it. He has no room for crying, for what he lost on the tea he made up on the one cent tie and then got a reduction for cash.

When e'er you meet an erring one,
That is doomable blam eless and thoughtless;
Consider e'er you cast the stone,
If yourself be pure and faultless.
BYRON.

Thanking you for the space,
I am, Yours Respct.
MICHAEL REILEY.

Priceville, Feb. 7th 1887.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie June Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Thorough-Bred

BERKSHIRE BOAR!

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.
(283-335) JACOB A. LEVER.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

SELLING OFF
AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. LAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

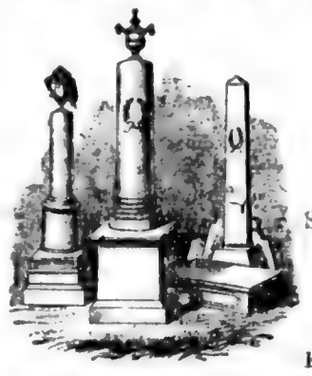

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1886.

Going North.

STATIONS.		Mail	Exp.	Mixed.
Toronto	Leave	7 45am	4 5pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Cardwell Junction		9 23 "	6 30 "	
Charleston		9 43 "	6 45 "	
Orange- ville.	Arrive	10 05 "	7 03 "	
	Leave	10 26 "	7 22 "	
Orangeville Junction		10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne		10 58 "	8 04 "	
Dundalk		11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON		11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale		12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford		12 23pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth		12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound	Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Going South.

STATIONS.		Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound	Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Chatsworth		6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford		6 25 "	3 30 "	
Markdale		6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON		7 02 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk		7 26 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne		7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction		8 29 "	5 33 "	
Orango- ville.	Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
	Leave	8 43 "	5 55 "	
Charleston		9 06 "	6 18 "	
Cardwell Junction		9 25 "	6 30 "	
Toronto	Arrive	10 55 "	8 10 "	

W. WHYTE, Gen'l Sup't. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agt

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Blacksmith Shop, Stable & Premises

IN FLESHERTON,

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

The undersigned offers for sale his Blacksmith Shop, Stable and Premises adjoining, at a reasonable price; or will lease the same to a good man at a fair rental. This property is well situated on Collingwood street, Flesherton, near the planing factory.

For terms and particulars, apply to the proprietor. ROBERT CLARK.
July 28th, 1886. 267 tf Flesherton.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST.

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Con. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY.

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

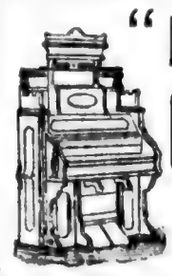

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

New Butcher Shop in Flesherton!

Petch & Mitchell,

PROPRIETORS.

THE undersigned respectfully take this opportunity to announce to the people of Flesherton and surrounding country, that they have started a Butcher Shop in the stand next door to the Marble Works, FLESHERTON, where they will be pleased to meet with all who favor them with their patronage. Fresh Meats of all kinds, and Fish, &c. in their seasons

Respectfully yours,
PETCH & MITCHELL.

The Ae Gowden Link.

(By John Abercrombie, Bridgeport, Conn.)

I'm wae, wae tae see ye, my bonnie wee boy,
The pride o' my heart and yer fond mither's joy;
I'm wearyin' fu' sair yer blythe face tae see—
Ye're the ae gowden link that binds Lizzie an' me.

I miss ye at morn, and I miss ye at e'en;
The hoose is no hame without Charlie, I ween;
In yer wee bits o' toys scatter'd roun' I can see
The ae gowden link that binds Lizzie an' me.

The hours are like days, and the days are like years,
Ilk morn brings its hope, and ilk e'ening its fears;
Fain, fain wad I clasp tae my heart for a wee
The ae gowden link that binds Lizzie an' me.

I can see yer wee face lookin' doun on me noo,
But it's only a picture—it's no my wee doo;
But my heart fonder grows when I'm parted a wee
Frae the ae gowden link that binds Lizzie an' me.

May the guid Lord abune send ye safe hame ance mair;
I wad fain see my lamb in his high-backit chair;
Wi' yer wee bit roun' face rinnin' owre wi' its glee—
Ye're the ae gowden link that binds Lizzie an' me.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

Such an "Alice in Wonderland" sort of performance on the part of a tree could not but excite the curiosity of an intelligent youth. Accordingly, Roger pushed forward, and, getting round an intervening tree, this was what he saw. In a little glade about ten paces from him, flapping its ears, stood an enormous elephant with great white tusks, looking as large as a house, and as cool as a cucumber. Nobody, to look at the brute, would have believed that he had given them a twenty miles' trot under a burning sun. He was now refreshing himself by pulling up mimosa-trees as easily as though they were radishes, and eating the sweet fibrous roots.

Roger saw this and his heart burned with ambition to kill that elephant, the mighty great beast about a hundred times as big as himself, who could pull up a large tree and make his dinner off the roots. He was a plucky boy, was Roger, and in his sportsmanlike zeal he quite forgot that a repeating carbine is not exactly the weapon one would choose to shoot elephants with. Indeed, without giving the matter another thought, he lifted the little rifle, aimed it at the great beast's head and fired. He hit it somewhere, that was very clear, for next moment the air resounded with the most terrific scream of fury that it had ever been his lot to hear. That scream was too much for him; he turned and fled swiftly. Elephants were evidently difficult things to kill.

Fortunately for Roger, the elephant could not for some seconds make out where his tiny assailant was. Presently, however, he winded him, and came crashing after him, screaming shrilly, with its trunk and tail well up. On hearing the shot and the scream of the elephant, Ernest, who was standing some way out in the open in anticipation of a driving shot at the Guinea-fowl, had run toward the spot where Roger had entered the bush, and, just as he got opposite to it, out he came, scuttling along for his life, with the elephant not more than twenty paces behind him.

Then Ernest did a brave thing.

"Make for the bush?" he yelled to the boy, who at once swerved to the right. On thundered the elephant straight toward Ernest. But with Ernest it was evident he considered he had no quarrel, for presently he tried to swing himself round after Roger. Then Ernest lifted his shotgun and sent a charge of No. 4 into the brute's face, stinging him sadly. It was, humanly speaking, certain death which he courted, but at that moment his main idea was to save the boy. Screaming afresh, the elephant abandoned the pursuit of Roger, and made straight for Ernest, who fired the other barrel of small shot in the vain hope of blinding him. By now the boy had pulled up, being some forty yards off, and seeing Ernest just about to be crumpled up, wildly fired the repeating rifle in their direction. Some good angel must have guided the little bullet, for it, as it happened, struck the elephant in the region of the knee, and, forcing its way in, slightly injured a tendon, and brought the great beast thundering to the ground. Ernest had only just time to dodge to one side as the huge mass came to the earth; indeed, as it was, he got a tap from the tip of the elephant's trunk which knocked him down, and, though he did not feel it at the time, made him sore for days afterward. In a moment, however, he was up again and away at his best speed, legging it as he never legged it before in his life, and so was the elephant. People have no idea at what a pace an elephant can go when he is out of temper, until they put it to the proof. Had it not been for the slight injury to the knee, and the twenty yards' start he got, Ernest would have been represented by little pieces before he was ten seconds older. As it was, when, a hundred and fifty yards farther on, elephant and Ernest broke upon the astonished view of Mr. Alston and Jeremy, who were hurrying up to the scene of action, they were almost one flesh, that is, the tip of the elephant's trunk was now up in the air, and now about six inches off the seat of Ernest's trousers, at which it snapped convulsively.

Up went Jeremy's heavy rifle, which luckily he had in his hand.

"Behind the shoulder, half-way down the ear," said Mr. Alston, beckoning to a Kafir to bring his rifle, which he was carrying. The probability of Jeremy's stopping the beast at that distance—they were quite sixty yards off—was infinitesimal.

There was a second's pause. The snapping tip touched the retreating trousers, but did not get hold of them, and the contact sent a magnetic thrill up Ernest's back.

"Boom—thud—crash!" and the elephant was down dead as a doornail. Jeremy had made no mistake: the bullet went straight through the great brute's heart, and broke the shoulder on the other side. He was one of those men who not only rarely miss, but always seem to hit their game in the right place.

Ernest sank exhausted on the ground and Mr. Alston and Jeremy rushed up rejoicing.

"Near go that, Ernest," said the former.

Ernest nodded his head in reply, he could not speak.

"By Jove! where is Roger?" he went on, turning pale as he missed his son for the first time.

But at this moment the young gentleman hove in sight, and, recovering from his fright when he saw that the great animal was stone-dead, rushed up with yells of exultation, and, climbing on to the upper tusk, began to point out where he had hit him.

Meanwhile Mr. Alston had extracted the story of the adventure from Ernest.

"You young rascal," he said to his son, "come off that tusk. Do you know that if it had not been for Mr. Kershaw here, who courted almost certain death to save you from the results of your own folly, you would be as dead as that elephant and as flat as a biscuit? Come down, sir, and offer up your thanks to Providence and Mr. Kershaw that you have a sound square inch of flesh left on your worthless young body!"

Roger descended accordingly, considerably crestfallen.

"Never you mind, Roger, that was a most rattling good shot of yours at his knee," said Ernest, who had now got his breath again. "You would not do it again if you fired at elephants for a week."

And so the matter passed off, but afterward Mr. Alston thanked Ernest with tears in his eyes for saving his son's life.

This was the first elephant they killed, and also the largest. It measured ten feet eleven inches at the shoulder, and the tusks weighed, when dried out, about sixty pounds each. They remained in the elephant country for nearly four months when the approach of the unhealthy season forced them to leave it—not, however, before they had killed a great quantity of large game of all sorts.

It was on the occasion of their return to Pretoria that Ernest made the acquaintance of a curious character in a curious way.

As soon as they got to the boundaries of the Transvaal Ernest bought a horse from a Boer, on which he used to ride after the herds of buck that swarmed upon the high veldt. They had none with them, because in the country which they had been shooting no horse would live. One day, as they were travelling slowly along a little before mid-day, a couple of bull vilderbeeste galloped across the waggon-track about two hundred yards in front of the oxen. The voorlooper stopped the oxen in order to give Ernest, who was sitting on the waggon-box with a rifle by his side, a steady shot. Ernest fired at the last of the two galloping bulls. The line was good, but he did not make sufficient allowance for the pace at which the bull was travelling, with the result that instead of striking it forward and killing it, the bullet shattered its flank and did not stop its career.

"Dash it!" said Ernest, when he saw what he had done, "I can't leave the poor beast like that. Bring me my horse; I will go after him and finish him."

The horse, which was tied already saddled behind the waggon, was quickly brought, and Ernest mounting told them not to keep the waggons for him, as he would strike across country and meet them at the outspan place about a mile or so on. Then he started after his wounded bull, which could be plainly discerned standing with one leg up on the crest of a rise about a thousand yards away. But if ever a vilderbeeste was possessed by a fixed determination not to be finished off, it was that particular vilderbeeste. The pace at which a vilderbeeste can travel on three legs when he is not too fat is perfectly astonishing, and Ernest had traversed a couple of miles of great rolling plain before he even got within a fair galloping distance of him. He had a good horse, however, and at last he got within fifty yards, and then away they went at a merry pace, Ernest's object being to ride alongside and put a bullet through him. Their gallop lasted a good two miles or more. On the level Ernest gained on the vilderbeeste, but whenever they came to a patch of ant-bear holes or a ridge of stones, the vilderbeeste had the pull and drew away again. At last they came to a dry pan or lake about half a mile broad, crowded with hundreds of buck of all sorts, which scampered away as they came tearing along. Here Ernest at length drew up level with his quarry, and, grasping the rifle with his right hand, tried to get it so that he could put a bullet through the beast and drop him. But it was no easy matter, as any one who has ever tried it will know, and, while he was still making up his mind, the vilderbeeste slued round and came at him bravely. Had his horse been unused to the work, he must have had his inside ripped out by the crooked horns, but he was an old hunter and equal to the occasion. To turn was impossible, the speed was too great, but he managed to slue, with the result that the charging animal brushed his head, instead of landing himself in his belly. At the same moment Ernest stretched out his rifle and pulled the trigger, and, as it chanced, put the bullet right through the vilderbeeste and dropped him dead.

Then he pulled up, and dismounting cut off some of the best of the beef with his hunting-knife, stowed it away in a saddle-bag, and set off on his horse, now pretty well fagged, to find the waggons. But to find a waggon-track on the great veldt, unless you have in the first instance taken the most careful bearings, is almost as difficult as it would be to return from a distance to any given spot on the ocean without a compass. There are no trees or hills to guide one, nothing but a vast wilderness of land resembling a sea petrified in a heavy swell.

Ernest rode on for three or four miles, as he thought retracing his steps over the line of country he had traversed, and at last to his joy struck the path. There were waggon-tracks on it, but he thought they did not look quite fresh. However, he followed them *faute de mieux* for some five miles. Then he became convinced that they could not have been made by his waggons. He must have overshot the mark, and must hark back. So he turned his weary horse's head, and made his way back along the road to the spot where the spoor struck into it. The waggons must be outspanned, waiting for him a little farther back. He went on, one mile, two, three—no waggons. A little to the left of the road was an eminence. He rode to it and up and scanned the horizon. Oh, joy! there, far away, five or six miles off, was the white cap of a waggon. He rode to it straight across-country. Once he got bogged in a vlei or swamp, and had to throw himself off and drag his horse out by the bridle. He struggled on, and at last came to the dip in which he had seen the waggon-tent. It was a great white stone perched on a mound of brown ones.

By this time he had utterly lost his reckoning. Just then, to make matters worse, a thunder-shower came up with a bitter wind and drenched him to the skin. The rain passed, but the wind did not. It blew like ice and chilled his frame, enervated with the tropical heat in which he had been living, through and through. He wandered on aimlessly, till suddenly his tired horse put his foot in a hole and fell heavily, throwing him to his head and shoulder. For a few minutes his senses left him, but he recovered, and, mounting his worn-out horse, wandered on again. Luckily he had broken no bones. Had he done so, he would probably have perished miserably in that lonely place.

The sun was sinking now, and he was faint for want of food, for he had eaten nothing that day but a biscuit. He had not even a pipe of tobacco with him. Just as the sun vanished he hit a little path, or what might once have been a path. He followed it till the pitch darkness set in; then he got off his horse and took off the saddle, which he put down on the bare, black veldt, for a fire had recently swept off the dry grass, and, wrapping the saddle-cloth round his feet, laid his aching head upon the saddle. The reins of his horse he hitched round his arm, lest the animal should stray away from him to look for food. The wind was bitterly cold, and he was wet through; the hyenas came and howled round him. He cut off a piece of the raw meat and chewed it, but it turned his stomach and he spat it out. Then he shivered and sank into a torpor from which there was a poor chance of his awakening.

How long he lay so he did not know, it seemed a few minutes, it was really an hour, when he was suddenly awakened by feeling somebody shaking him by the shoulder.

"What is it?" he said, wearily.

"Wat is it? ach Himmel! wat is it? dat is just wat I wants to know. What do you here? You shall die so."

The voice was the voice of a German, and Ernest knew German well.

"I have lost my way," he said in that language! "I cannot find the waggons."

"Ah, you can speak the tongue of the Vaterland," said his visitor still addressing him in English. "I will embrace you," and he did so.

Ernest sighed. It is a bore to be embraced in the dark by an unknown male German when you feel that you are not far off dissolution.

"You are hungered?" said the German.

Ernest signified that he was.

"And athirsted?"

Again he signified assent.

"And perhaps you have no 'gui' (tobacco)?"

"No, none."

"Good! my little wife, my Wilhelmina, shall find you all these things."

"What the mischief," thought Ernest to himself, "can a German be doing with his little wife in this place?"

By this time the stars had come out and gave a little light.

"Come, rouse yourself, and come and see my little wife. Oh, the pferd!" (horse)—"we will tie him to my wife. Ah, she is beautiful, though her leg shakes. Oh, yes, you will love her."

"The deuce I shall!" ejaculated Ernest; and then, mindful of the good things the lady in question was to provide him with, he added solemnly, "Lead on, Macduff."

"Macduffer! my name is not so; my name is Hans; all ze great South Africa know me very well, and all South Africa love my wife."

"Really!" said Ernest.

Although he was so miserable, he began to feel that the situation was interesting. A lady to whom his horse was to be tied, and whom all South Africa was enamored of, could hardly fail to be interesting. Rising he advanced a step or two with his friend, who, he could now see was a large, burly man with white hair, apparently about 60 years of age. Presently they came to something that in the dim light reminded him of the hand hearse in Kesterwick church, only it had two wheels instead of four, and no springs.

"Behold my beautiful wife," said the German. "Soon I will show you how her leg shakes; it shakes, oh, horrid."

"Is—is the lady inside?" asked Ernest. It occurred to him that his friend might be carting about a corpse.

"Inside! no, she is outside, she is all over," and stepping back the German put his head on one side in a most comical fashion, and, regarding the unofficial hearse with the deepest affection, said in a low voice, "Ah, liebe vrouw, ah, Wilhemina, is you tired, my dear? and how is your poor leg?" and he caught hold of a groggy wheel and shook it.

Had Ernest been a little less wretched, and one degree further off starvation, it is probable that he would have exploded with laughter, for he had a keen sense of the ludicrous; but he had not got a laugh left in him, and, besides, he was afraid of offending the German. So he merely murmured, "Poor, poor leg!" sympathetically, and then alluded to the question of eatables.

"Ah, yes, of course. Let us see what Wilhemina shall give us," and he trotted round to the back end of the cart, which, in keeping with its hearse-like character, opened by means of two little folding doors, and pulled out, first, two blankets, one of which he gave to Ernest to put round his shoulders; second, a large piece of biltong, or sun-dried game-flesh, and some biscuits; and, third, a bottle of peach-brandy. On these viands they fell to, and though they were not in themselves of an appetizing nature, Ernest never enjoyed anything more in his life. Their meal did not take long, and after it his friend Hans produced some excellent Boer tobacco, and over their pipes he told him how he had lost his way. Hans asked him which road he had been traveling on.

"The Rustenburg road."

"Then, my friend, you are not more than one thousand paces off it. My wife and I we travel along him all day, till just now Wilhemina she think she would like to come up here, and so I come, and now you see the reason why. She know you lie here and die in the cold, and she turn up to save your life. Ah, the good woman!"

Ernest was greatly relieved to hear that he was so near the road, as, once upon it, he would have no difficulty in falling in with the wagons. Clearly he must during the latter part of his wanderings have been unknowingly approaching it. His mind, relieved upon this point, was at liberty to satisfy his curiosity about his friend. He soon discovered that he was a harmless lunatic, whose craze it was to wander all over South Africa, dragging his hand-cart after him. He made for no fixed point, nor had he any settled round. The beginning of the year might find him near the Zambesi, and the end near Cape Town, or anywhere else. By the natives he was looked upon as inspired, and invariably treated with respect, and he lived upon what was given to him, or what he shot as he walked along. This mode of life he had pursued for years, and, though he had many adventures, he never came to harm.

"You see, my friend," said the simple man, in answer to Ernest's inquiries, "I make my wife down there in Scatterdorp, in the old colony. The houses are a long way off each other there, and the church it is in the middle. And the good volk there, they did die very fast, and did get tired of carrying each other to be buried. And so they come to me and say, 'Hans, you are a carpenter, you must make a beautiful black cart to put us in when we die.' And so I set to, and I work, and work, and work at my cart till I gets quite—what you call him—stoopid. And then one night, just as my cart is finished, I dreams that she and I are traveling along a wide straight road like the road on the high veldt, and I knowe that she is my wife, and that we must travel always together till we reach the City of Rest. And far, far away, above the top of a high mountain like the Drakensberg, I see a great wide tree, rooted on a cloud and covered all over with beautiful snow, that shined in the sunlight like the diamonds at Kimberley. And I know that under that tree is the gate of the real Rustenburg, the City of Rest, and my wife and I, we must journey on, on, on till we find it."

"Where do you come from now?" asked Ernest.

"From Utrecht, from out of the east, where the sun rises so red every morning over Zululand, the land of bloodshed. Oh, the land will run with blood there. I know it; Wilhemina told me as we came along; but I don't know when. But you are tired. Good! you shall sleep with Wilhemina; I will sleep beneath her. No, you shall, or she will be—what you call him—offended."

Ernest crept into the cavity, and at once fell asleep, and dreamed that he had been buried alive. At dawn he emerged, bade his friend farewell, and gaining the road rejoined the wagon in safety.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ERNEST ACCEPTS A COMMISSION.

A young man of that ardent, impetuous, intelligent mind which makes him charming and a thing to love, contrasted with the young man of the sober, cautious, money-making mind (infinitely the most useful article), which makes him a "comfort" to his relatives and a thing to respect, avoid, and marry your daughter to, has two great safeguards standing between him and the ruin which dogs the heels of the ardent, the impetous, and the intelligent. These are, his religion and his belief in women. It is probable that he will start on his erratic career with a full store of both. He has never questioned the former; the latter, so far as his own class in life is concerned, are to him all sweet and good, and perhaps there is one particular star who only shines for him, and is the sweetest and best of them all. But one fine day the sweetest and best of all throws him over, being a younger son and marries his eldest brother, or a paralytic cotton-spinner of enormous wealth and uncertain temper, and then a sudden change comes over the spirit of the ardent, intelligent, and impetuous one. Not being of a well-balanced mind, he rushes to the other extreme, and believes in his sore heart that all women would throw over such as he and marry eldest brothers or superannuated cotton-spinners. He may be right or he may be wrong. The materials for ascertaining the fact are wanting, for all women engaged to impecunious young gentlemen do not get the chance. But, right or wrong, the result upon the sufferer is the same—his faith in women is shaken, if not destroyed. Nor does the mischief stop there; his religion often follows his belief in the other sex, for in some mysterious way the two things are interwoven. A young man of the nobler class of mind in love, is generally for the time being a religious man; his affection lifts him more or less above the things of earth, and floats him on its radiant wings a day's journey nearer Heaven.

The same thing applies conversely. If a man's religious belief is emasculated, he becomes suspicious of the "sweetest and best," he grows cynical, and no longer puts faith in superlatives. From atheism there is but a small step to misogyny, or rather to that disbelief in humanity which embraces a profounder constituent disbelief in its feminine section, and in turn, as already said, the misogynist walks daily along the edge of atheism. Of course there is a way out of these discouraging results. If the mind that suffers and falls through its suffering be of the truly noble order, it may in time come to see that this world is a world not of superlatives, but of the most arid positives, with here and there a little comparative oasis to break the monotony of its general outline. Its owner may learn that the fault lay with him, for believing too much, for trusting too far, for setting up as an idol a creature exactly like himself, only several degrees lower beneath proof; and at last may come to see that though "sweetests and bests" are chimerical, there are women in the world who may fairly be called "sweet and good." Or, to return to the converse side of the picture, it may occur to our young gentleman that although Providence starts us in the world with a full inherited or indoctrinated belief in a given religion, that is not what Providence understands by faith. Faith, perfect faith, is only to be won by struggle, and in most cultivated minds by the passage through the dim, mirage-clad land of disbelief. The true believer is he who has trodden down disbelief, not he who has run away from it. When we have descended from the height of our childhood, when we have entertained Apollyon, and, having considered what he has to say, given him battle and routed him in the plain, then, and not till then, can we say with guileless hearts, "Lord, I believe," and feel no need to add the sadly qualifying words, "help Thou my unbelief."

(To be continued.)

CURRENT TOPICS.

A well at Yakutsk, in Siberia, has been a standing puzzle to scientists for many years. It was begun in 1828, but given up at thirty feet because it was still in frozen earth. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the extent of some three hundred and eighty-two feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained the ground was estimated to be frozen to a depth of six hundred and twelve feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never thawed out.

The Queen of Roumania has undertaken to deliver a course of lectures on national literature at the high school for girls in Bucharest. Her Majesty, who is well known as a poetess, under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," has been accustomed for some time past to give lectures privately in her palace to the young ladies of the leading families in Roumania. These literary assemblies proved so attractive that the demands for admission to them grew inconvenient, so that the Queen thought of delivering her lectures in the high school to all pupils who cared to attend. Before Her Majesty could do this, however, she had to obtain a regular professor's diploma from the King and the Minister of Instruction. This required an examination, to which the Queen gaily and graciously submitted, and the diploma having now been won, not granted by favor, Her Majesty began her lectures at the opening of term, after the New Year.

Scarlet fever, which is epidemic in many cities on the American continent at the present time, and prevails to a limited extent in Hamilton, is essentially an infectious disease and breaks out from time to time, either sporadically or epidemically, in nearly all latitudes (except, perhaps, some semi-tropical regions). It is an imported disease in this country, having been first introduced from Europe into North America in or about the year 1737, and into South America in or about 1829. Recently it has established itself in India. Its propagation by means of infection is practically verified by the fact that it becomes speedily diffused among the predisposed when no preventive measures are adopted, and is rapidly stamped out when these have been vigorously enforced. Air tainted with the poison is the usual method of transmission, and may be carried by clothing, letters, bedding, toys, animals, etc. It may be communicated directly from the cow or through her milk, from polluted water, and by healthy individuals who have recently been in contact with scarlet fever patients. The contagion may be carried by the breath, as long as sore throat remains; by the perspiration, so long as desquamation continues, and by the digestion, as long as the alimentary mucous lining continues congested. Probably it is actively infectious for six or seven weeks from the third or fourth day of its inception. In England scarlet fever is responsible for about 2,000 deaths annually among the young. Second and even third attacks sometimes occur, but these are always without danger.

A new system of connecting several thicknesses of leather, either in making double or triple thickness leather belting or in affixing the soles of boots to the uppers, described in the *Engineer*, is being introduced in England, where machines are being exhibited as used for attaching the soles of boots. The new system partakes more of the character of riveting than of any other known method, the new rivets being made of metal-covered wax thread. Each fastener is thus a tubular rivet filled with firmly enclosed wax thread. One of the chief objects of this tubular rivet or piece of metal-covered thread is a firm fastening, with greater flexibility than has hitherto been obtained with machine work. It would be impossible to explain the construction of the machines used without drawings, but we may say that the covering process is performed on a machine in which a strip of brass is pulled through dies which inclose the wax thread fed to it. The tube-covered thread from this machine passes to another in which the tube is roughened or corrugated circumferentially by small rotating discs with fine teeth. The corrugation helps to give the fastener a firm hold, and also to make it more easily flexible than it would be if the metal tube were plain. The edges of the strip are not soldered or brazed so as to make it into an actual tube. The next machine shown in operation is one in which boot soles are affixed in a few seconds, the machine pierces the leather, cuts off a length of the metal-covered thread, automatically adjusting it according to the thickness of the leather being fastened. The covered wax thread is then driven vertically into the sole of the boot. It thus presents an end-wearing surface; the brass covering, as the leather wears, burrs over, forming a head on the outside of the sole, and prevents its working into the foot, an objection which attaches to other metallic fastenings.

An Old Man's Warning.

Lieutenant—"I would like very much to have a leave of absence for three days." Colonel—"Going on a picnic?" "Yes, colonel, we are going to have a little fishing party out in the woods" "Going to be ladies' in the party!" "Yes, colonel, quite a number of young ladies will be in the party." "You can go, and I hope you will enjoy yourself, but for heaven's sake, young man, be careful. It was on just such an innocent picnic that I came to be gobbled up by the old lady in there."—*Fliegende Blætter.*

About Lips.

I don't think lips ripen nowadays, and what would the old poets have done if they could not have filled their lines with effusions to ripe lips? Come to think of it, I don't know what ripe lips mean. I never met with a pair of green ones. Did you? The female lips of to-day are born ripe, it seems to me. But they don't wither very fast, and that's lucky.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Nameless Guest.

I wonder if ever the angel of death
  Comes down from the great unknown,
And soars away on the wings of night,
  Unburdened and alone;
I wonder if ever the angel's eyes
  Are filled with glistening tears,
As they grant to the souls unfit for flight,
  A few more weary years.

For it seems at times, when the world is still
  And the soft night winds are whist,
As though some spirit were hovering near
  In folds of dream-like mist,
And I feel, though mortals are nowhere near,
  That I am not quite alone,
And with gloomy thoughts of dying and dead
  My heart grows cold as stone.

But whether 'tis death that hovers near,
  And knocks at the door of my heart,
Or whether 'tis some bright angel come
  To be of my life a part.
I cannot tell, and I long in vain
  The secret strange to know,
While the moments of mirth, and grief, and pain
  Move on in their ceaseless flow.

And at night when I kneel to a Higher Power
  And ask His tender care,
One yearning cry of a wayward life
  Is the burthen of my prayer;
That I may bend, with willing lips,
  To kiss the chastening rod,
And learn the way through the golden gate
  To the great white throne of God.

—*James Clarence Harvey.*

Latest Scottish News.

Colonel Mackenzie, Fortrose, has left £500 to the Northern Infirmary, and £2,000 to the University of Aberdeen for two bursaries for boys of the name of Mackenzie.

On the 12th inst., Dr. Robert Beveridge, Aberdeen, died very suddenly. He called at a friend's house, when he was seized with illness and expired almost immediately.

The Queen's Remembrancer had decided to retain as "Treasure Trove" the 12,000 silver coins of the 13th century recently found in the premises of Mr. Thomson, Aberdeen, but is to allow him the value of 600 ounces of silver.

A portrait of Professor Edward Caird was, on the 8th inst., presented to the Senate of the Glasgow University by former students and other friends. Sir W. Thomson presided and Mr. James A. Campbell, M.P., made the presentation.

Glasgow is called the second city of the Empire. In 1881 when the census was taken it was found that there were 705,109 people in Glasgow and suburbs, and 681,934 in Liverpool and suburbs; the population of Glasgow is now fully 770,000.

Agnes Gilchrist, widow of Rev. Arch. Craig, Mount Carmel, Ind., who died there recently, was a native of Kilmarnock, and her husband was one of the most prominent of the old Radicals of Kilmarnock, and his name is one of those inscribed on the Reformers' Monument in Kay Park.

Dollar has lost a well-known resident by the death of Mr. James Wardlaw, ironmonger. Deceased was never married, and belonged to the Pitreavie family, being cousin to Sir Henry Wardlaw, Bart., of Tillicoultry. He was a quaint humorist, and was fond of relating reminiscences of Canada, in which country he for several years resided.

The late Sir James Dalrymple-Horn-Elphinstone was in his day a well-known and familiar figure at Westminster. He had the appearance of a flourishing farmer, but he had been a sailor in his youth and twice represented Portsmouth in Parliament. He was reputed to be a great authority on all naval matters and spoke frequently and freely about everything directly and indirectly concerning the sea.

The death was announced on the 8th inst. of Rev. James Beattie, of Cupar-Fife, in his 91st year. He was born in Inverkeillour, Forfarshire, in April, 1796. Mr. Beattie was the author of "The History of the Church of Scotland during the Commonwealth." He is survived by two sons and two daughters. The sons are both ministers of the Free Church—namely, Rev. James Beattie, Australia, and Rev. W. D. Beattie, Monimail, Fifeshire.

Latest From Ireland.

The Belfast Police Force has been increased to eight hundred men.

Mr. Michael Eagan, of Derrinakane, parish of Oakfield, county Clare, died on Jan. 3rd, aged 105 years.

The marble statue of the late Lord O'Hagan by Thomas Farrell, R. H. A., is finished, and ready to be placed in the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin.

On Jan. 6th Ald. McCorkell died at his residence, Richmond. Mr. McCorkell was head of the well-known shipping firm bearing the name. He was several times Mayor of Derry.

The Lord-Lieutenant has declined to grant his County Down tenants any abatement, but has expressed his willingness to sell at a reasonable rate. The tenants have offered a fifteen years' purchase.

The Primate of All Ireland has issued a letter calling for the raising of a memorial fund to commemorate the Queen's jubilee year in accordance with a recent resolution of the Archbishops and Bishops. He advises that a general synod should decide the shape of the memorial.

It is proposed to organize a national pilgrimage from Ireland to Rome on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Pope next year. A similar pilgrimage has not taken place since 1698. A deputation of priests and laity will probably wait on Archbishop Walsh in Dublin shortly to obtain his sanction.

Voted to Abolish the Decalogue.

There is one good story in the Hayward "Letters," and the hero of it is the late Mr. James Merry. The incident took place during the contest for the Falkirk burghs in 1861:

Questioner at Public Meeting—Will Mr. Merry vote for an alteration of the decalogue?

Merry (aside to a friend)—What the—'s that?

Friend—Flogging in the army.

Merry—I beg to say, if elected, I will vote, and, indeed, I will move for its total and immediate abolition.

In the grave of one of the ancient Indian chiefs at Oaxaca, Mexico, recently opened, an idol of pure gold was discovered.

Our condition never satisfies us; the present is always the worst. Though Jupiter should grant his request to each, we should continue to importune him.—*Fontaine.*

The other day a son of D. A. Lawson, of St. Peter's, P. E. I., pulled a lamp off a table. The lamp exploded and the lad's clothing catching fire he was burned to death.

PRETTY WOMEN IN LONDON.

Lady Colin Campbell a Target for Many Curious Glances.

(Cousin Madge in London Truth.)

Lady Colin Campbell was conspicuous among the celebrities of the Grosvenor Gallery private view. It was quite amusing to see how the people came up in twos and threes to stare at her as she stood talking to Mr. Whistler, till at last they accumulated and became quite a dense crowd. Lady Colin looks as though all the staring of the world could not for a single instant disturb her self-possession. Her fine figure was well displayed in a beautifully-made dress of dark red-brown cloth and plush. Her bonnet was one of those very fashionable but very ugly ones which ascend in a steep slope from the back. Her earrings were the envy of every diamond-lover in the room. They were large single stones of the first water, and they shone and glittered temptingly in the brilliant light. Lady Colin was with her father, Mr. Blood. Lady Randolph Churchill, in subdued tones of brown and beaver, shone star-like among the crowd of gazers. She was with an elderly lady who must once have been almost as pretty as she herself.

There were few pretty growns, but many magnificent mantles. Two or three costumes wholly red, usually unpardonable, were quite forgivable in the state of the atmosphere. They warmed one up to look at them. A lady in a well-cut redingote of light checkered cloth and a distressingly small waist puzzled everybody. "Has she dyed her hair then?" was the question asked by all who saw her. Two lovely girls in sombre seal and furs, with beautiful gold-brown hair falling round their child-faces, were followed by a buzz of admiration. There were many pretty women. A few wild heads lent added value to the neat. A gown and bonnet of ruby velvet, trimmed with costly sable-tail, caused pangs of envy in many a breast; but few would have changed identity with the wearer.

One or two actresses stood near us as we sat. They unconsciously pitched their voices so as to be heard by many, even when they addressed the individual only. The genial journalist was in great form. I heard him accuse a lady of being a captain of heavy drgoons. He declared he had seen the spurs under her gown. Perhaps she wears steel "tips" to her heels. That always gives a military ring to the footfall.

Managing Husbands.

A man of position and wealth is not always a pleasant fellow to have about the house. I have a friend, a lovely intelligent woman, who has an elegant home and wearing apparel, but I happen to know that she dare not invest 50 cents without consulting the lord of the mansion. Another, the wife of a millionaire, as she has no purse of her own, gets what she wants and sends the bill to her husband to storm over at his leisure. I believe Eve ate the apple because she wanted it, and she liked it just as well as Adam did, only she had too much honor to slip around and throw the blame on some one else. It is the lover's place to manage to get the girl he loves for a wife, and if both are what they should be there will be no effort in that line needed to live happily together as long as life shall last. No, we did not promise to manage our husbands; neither do many of the present generation promise to obey. My lover spoke to the minister himself, saying he wished that word left out, as he was marrying a woman, not a child, and I assure you it has always been my delight to please him in every way I could. Beside, I believe there are few women nowadays, if they find themselves bound to a stake with a log-chain, but would be glad to liberate themselves with a sly fib if they could. Then I don't believe that husbands have more care than wives do. I think these things are generally very fairly balanced, and if trials must come they should be borne by both unflinchingly. Yes, let us make home as bright as possible and with happy, sunshiny tempers keep the gray hairs out of both our heads—that is, if we don't like gray hairs; but I, for one, do, and gladly say let them come. There is one thing Solomon can remember—nearly every man who is worthy of a crown gets it. How is it that at the end of that stirring appeal should come in the just and natural but bitter cry against the laws that man has made? Does that husband you reverence so much believe that a woman who must obey the laws should have a voice in making them? If not, he needs a little managing.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

A Modern Jenny Geddes.

It may be news to the most even of Scottish readers (says the Greenock *Telegraph*) that Mr. Sankey met with a modern Jenny Geddes the first time he sang in the Scotch metropolis. He tells the story in a very lively fashion to a New York "interviewer." The fact that most of his songs were purely American created misapprehension in the minds of some people as to how they would be received in England, and especially in Scotland, when he came hither with Mr. Moody. Not a few predicted that he would come to grief. In England, however, his sacred lyrics went like wildfire. Still Scotland was the place where the pessimists predicted that there would certainly be disaster. "They insisted that the people of Scotland loved the Psalms of David, and would tolerate nothing else. I remember well one reception in bonny Scotland. The first meeting was held in Edinburgh, in the Free Assembly Hall. When I arrived the place was literally jammed. I sat down at the organ and played a few tunes. I was just beginning to sing a solo when I heard a loud scream in the congregation. The voice yelled, 'Let me out, let me out; what would John Knox think of you?' I was surprised at the outburst. Finally a woman struggled through the crowd, reached the aisle and went out, still screaming that sentence. My solo was well received, and no more protests were made against music that John Knox knew nothing of in his lay."

A company of friends recently called at the house of a citizen of Middletown, Conn., to spend the evening. They were asked to lay their coats, cloaks, and shawls on a bed where a baby was sleeping. The little one was unusually good that evening, and neither stirred nor cried. When the guests had gone it was found to be dead. It had been smothered by the garments piled upon it.

CLEVER DIAMOND THIEVES.

Feeding Precious Gems to a Dog and Then Killing the Dog—Other Tricks.

Although there is a considerable and clever detective staff on the diamond fields, there are those at Kimberley who can outwit the police, at any rate for a time, and so it happens that such a number of stones is annually stolen as to prove a factor in disturbing the market price, says "Chambers' Journal." The chances of detection are no doubt great; but the hope of securing a few hundred pounds by a little peculation is so tempting that there are always hundreds of men at "the game. Some of the thieves—that is, the men who steal the stones they are paid for unearthing—display great ingenuity in carrying away the gems. The business of diamond-digging is naturally of a rough-and-ready kind, and presents opportunities for fraud which are not available in other industries. When diamond stealing first became a business those interested, suspecting no evil, were easily cheated. Stones were then carried away concealed about the person of the laborers. But as the thefts increased greater precautions were taken to insure the detection of the thieves. Some of the "dodges" which have been resorted to in order to carry diamonds from the diggings have been not a little remarkable. We have only room, however, for a sample or two. Upon one occasion it is related that an ingenious laborer wrapped the stones in a small piece of soft bread, the morsel being greedily snapped by a dog. The dog was carefully looked after till the mine was left behind, when it was ruthlessly killed to obtain the hidden diamonds in its stomach. Domestic fowls have been trained to swallow the smaller stones, which have afterward been cut out of their crops. A parcel of stolen gems has been known to have been got out of a well-watched digging by having been ingeniously fastened to the hair of a horse's tail.

Poor Birdie!

The vanishing bird-cage trick, which was done some years ago, required great strength on the part of the magician, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Contrary to the general impression, which was that the cage was made entirely of rubber, it was composed of strong steel bars, at the joints of which were powerful springs. The cage was held in the magician's hands, with the live bird twittering between its wires, unconscious of the cruel fate that awaited it. Often the magician went down into the audience and gave people a close inspection of the cage, which he always held between the palms of his hands, using all the strength of his arms to keep the steel bars in place. Returning to the stage, he faced the audience, telling them to keep their eyes on the cage. This they did, but to no avail. With a light muscular movement of the arms, and the usual "one, two three," the magician's hands parted company from the cage, and the latter, with its crushed and mangled little victim, was gone, nobody knew where. It went up the magician's coat-sleeve, often at the cost of lacerations and bruises to his arm, and as he bowed and smiled it was swinging at his back under his coat. The bars of the cage fell together in a line with the diagonal of the cube which it formed; or, a better illustration is offered if the opposite corners of a square are forced toward each other until two of the sides lie almost parallel to the other two. In 99 cases out of 100 the bird is crushed to death.

The Tallest Man of Modern Times.

There appeared at the London pavilion last evening (Jan. 10th), for the first time, the tallest man whose height has been recorded in modern times. The new giant is an Austrian named Winkelmeir, and his height is eight feet nine inches, which is one foot more than that of Chang, the Chinese giant. Winkelmeir was born at Freidburg, near Salsburg, upper Austria, in 1865, his parents being in an humble station in life. He is the youngest of a family of five children, none of whom are of abnormal stature, nor are his parents or grand-parents unusually tall. His fingers span two octaves on a piano, and the stretch of his arm is enormous. He showed no development of this extraordinary growth up to the age of 14, but since then he has been growing rapidly, and medical authorities in Berlin have expressed the opinion that he is likely to increase till he is 25. The young man is healthy, strong and intelligent. Beyond doubt he is one of the greatest curiosities of the day. A huge bed has been constructed for him in the building of the pavilion, which will be his home for some time to come.—*London Standard.*

A Billiardist and a Wizard.

Eugene Carter, the billiardist, was giving an exhibition of fancy billiards at the Press Club rooms the other night when Wizard Herrmann walked up to the table and seizing a red ball and a white ball, tossed them into the air, where they appeared to vanish. Carter looked on in amazement as the Mephistophelian prestidigitateur combed the spheres out of a night police reporter's whiskers and rolled them upon the table.

"Pretty good shot yourself," said Eugene, looking at the wizard.

"Oh, pretty fair at my game," replied the Frenchman.

"And what game is that?"

"Banking," retorted Herrmann, raking several hundred dollars out of a government building reporter's shirt front.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Poor Man's Paradise.

My servant is earning $18 per month. With that he can support his three wives and their children, have a little house of his own, together with a small garden, and eat three to four courses at every meal, besides paying for all the arrak and wine and tobacco he needs—and he needs a good deal. A man can keep house splendidly on 20 cents a day in Persia.—*Letter from Wolf von Schlebrand.*

Thoughtful Santa Claus.

Little Dot—Did your mamma hang up her stocking Christmas?

Little Dick—No; did yours?

"Yes; I didn't see it, but she said she did."

"What did Santa Claus put in it?"

"A real, live baby."—*Omaha World.*

"Japonicadom" is the latest name given to New York high society.

THE DAY AFTER.

What May Happen to a Young Man Who Indulges Too Freely.

It was the day after New Year's, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He came up full of affected enthusiasm and affection, for his head was big enough for a No. 25¾, but she must not know it. She entered the room and greeted him coldly.

"My darling," he said, "is this how you greet me on the New Year? What's the matter?"

"Mr. Simpson," she said, "all is over between us."

"What—what have I done?"

"Mr. Simpson, I have loved you devotedly, passionately, for six months and three days. I naturally have permitted all those chaste liberties which engaged people concede to one another, but I cannot overlook your conduct yesterday."

Then he began to try and think back. I am told that it is one of the hardest things in the world to do to think back over New Year's day.

"My conduct!"

"Yes, Mr. Simpson. You were drunk last night.'

"Oh, come, Lucinda. I wasn't very bad, I was quite sober, indeed."

"Do not deny it, James Simpson; do you know that you kissed my eldest sister when you left, after your New Year's call?"

"I remember that, of course—only a bit of pleasantry."

"And you slapped my mother on the back and called her 'Old Gal.'"

"No, no. You misunderstood. I did not—"

"I could overlook all these things, but when you introduced me to the hackman as your intended wife, and told him there would always be a chair for him at our dinner table after we were married, I draw the line—and—all is over between us."

It cost him a small fortune to make up with the family.

Women's Names.

It is curious how difficult it is to tell truly what a woman's name is. It is as puzzling as her age, for instance. Recently in England a woman died and left a sum of money to "my cousin, Harriet Cloak." As it happened, however, she had a cousin who had been Harriet Cloak before marriage, but had married some one with another name, and she had also a cousin named Cloak, who had married a girl named Harriet, so that she had become Harriet Cloak. Therefore, when it came to deciding who was "my cousin, Harriet Cloak," the first judge who tried the case decided that it was the blood relative, the nee Harriet Cloak, but the court to which the case was appealed decided the other way—that it was the Harriet Cloak by marriage who was the Harriet Cloak of the present date.

And yet, for all of this decision, it might well be that the cousins had known each other from childhood, and that the old and familiar name, which had been changed by marriage, had still been used by the testatrix to designate her earlier friend. The court, however, decided that the woman knew the true names of both, and wrote accordingly.

All this suggests indirectly the general subject of women's names. What is a man to do who receives a letter in a manifestly feminine hand signed by a stranger, say, "M. L. Jones?" Is he to reply to Mr. M. L. Jones, or to Miss, or to Mrs.? Is it to be Dear Sir, or Dear Madam, or what? Suppose it is Mary L. Jones. He knows then that he musn't say "Mr.," but that is all he knows. Shall he address her as Mrs. or Miss Mary L. Jones? That he cannot tell. The chances are that he will make a wrong guess, and that she, on getting the letter, will laugh at his stupidity.—*Hartford Courant.*

Can the Magnet Cure the Dumb?

Dr. Charcot, of the Salpetriere Hospital has been continuing with considerable success his experiments on hysteric and hypnotic patients. Having satisfied himself as to the possibility of transferring paralysis, nervous contractions, and cataleptic systems from one patient to another, he next set to work, in conjunction with his able assistant, Dr. Babinski, to apply the test to hysteric dumbness. It is a well known fact in medicine, that people afflicted with hysteric epilepsy suddenly become tongue-tied, and remain so for many years. A female patient afflicted in this manner, but who was otherwise of robust constitution, was placed back to back with a woman who had been a long time cataleptic. By means of the magnet the dumbness was transferred from one patient to the other with the same regularity that marked the experiments in paralysis. By continuing the experiments Dr. Charcot hopes to be able to completely restore speech to the tongue-tied patient. The same experiment was repeated with male patients with the same promising results. It would, of course, be premature to call Dr. Charcot's wonderful studies pre-eminently successful in their immediate results as exemplied by the strange experiments which have been made at the Salpetriere, but no one can doubt that, like Claude Bernard's in another field, they open up a vast vista in pathological and physiological science.—*London Telegraph.*

Dinner Symphonies in Color.

In dinner-party arrangements a pretty custom is rapidly gaining ground; this is to make one color in varied shades rule the roost and to have one flower the presiding genius of the feast. Take the yellow, for instance. Golden-hued chrysanthemums would be the most appropriate bloom to harmonize with this color in the shades of the large lamps on the side tables and sideboard and the delicate fairy lamps marshalled on the dinner-table. Careless posies of the same flower are suspended over the heads of the diners, and separate sprays lie carelessly at their sides, and, grouped together, decorate the centre of the table. All the service used at the meal must be in harmony, and in some instances the very cloth covering the table is of pale canary satin. At one dinner of eight a well-known entertainer carried out the golden lead in the viands themselves—the soup was golden, so also were the fish and its sauce; entrees, sweets, and dessert all following suit.—*London Globe.*

Man and Wife—Confidences.

He.—"My dear, rather than make an exhibition of myself in that horrible Divorce Court, I'm blest if I wouldn't rather keep married as I am."—*Moonshine.*

INNUMERABLE RUINED CITIES.

Valuable Relics Which Await the Coming of Venturesome Explorers.

The ignorance and indifference of Hispano-Americans on the archæology of this country surpasses belief, even taking into account the natural indolence of Southern races and the fact that during the last few hundred years their energies have been mainly expended in uprisings against an ever-changing government, writes a Mexico correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record.* But since Stevens, M. Chasney, Dr. Le Plongeon and others have recently made important discoveries the Mexicans have awakened to a lazy consciousness of valuable possessions. With a dog-in-the-manger spirit they have enacted rigorous laws against the exportation of relics, idols, etc., which would enrich the museums of the world, yet in which they themselves are not sufficiently interested to bring to light. There are innumerable ruined cities buried deep in the wilderness of Mexico and Central America which still await in silence the coming of the explorer; there are hundreds of deserted temples and crumbling pyramids which were built so far back in the twilight of time that no traditions remain of the builders. In Yucatan alone no less than sixty-seven prehistoric cities have been discovered, despite the fact that this wildest territory of Mexico presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the traveller in the way of warlike savages and trackless deserts whose hot sands outrival Sahara. Even the all-conquering Spaniards never succeeded in making much impression upon the Mayas of Yucatan, and to this day there are aboriginal tribes in the interior still flourishing as before the conquest, but so powerful and bloodthirsty are they that no European who has ventured within their domain has returned to tell the story. By the way, a modern Mexican historian has lately made a new attempt to prove that America was discovered in the fifth century A. D. by a party of Buddhist monks from Afghanistan, of whom one—Hwui Shan by name—returned to Asia after an absence of forty-one years. A short account of the land which he visited, supposed to be Mexico, was included in the official history of China. There is proof that Hwui Shan actually did visit some unknown eastern region; and it is also true that all the traditions of ancient Mexico contain an account of the arrival of some monks, who came from the westward in the days of the Toltecs—the people who preceded the Aztecs in this country.

Why Hilltops are Cold.

There is, by the way, writes Professor Proctor, a mistake very commonly made in regard to the cold at mountain heights which is not the sole property of paradoxical minds. You hear it stated, indeed, as a sufficient answer to the paradox about the air being the source of heat, that mountain tops are cold because the air is rare there, as if rare air were necessarily cold. In reality, cold prevails at mountain tops not because the air is rare, but because it has become rarified—which is a very different matter. When streams of air flow up the mountain slopes, as they must needs do if there is any horizontal movement carrying the air against the slopes, the air, as it rises into regions of diminished pressure, expands—in expanding it does work, and whenever work is done heat is lost. Any one who has opened a soda water bottle must have recognized an illustration of this. So soon as the cork flies out—I am supposing the soda water well "up," and that the cork flies out through the action of the imprisoned gases—a sensation of cold is felt all around the neck of the bottle, and the neck itself becomes perceptibly cold in the hand which grasps it. In reality the sun's heat is quite strongly felt at mountain tops—more strongly there than in the valley—though the coldness of the air may often hide the fact. One of the strangest sensations observed in mountain travelling is the contrast between the scorching effect of the sun's direct rays on the face and body and the cooling action of aerial breezes.

What Cloves Are.

Cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel of the bay. It is a native of the Malacca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all warmer parts of the world, and it is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size and grow in large numbers, in clusters to the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts of a round head, which are the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled upenclosing a number of small stalks or filaments; the other part of the cloves is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower-cup of the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste in consequence much weakened by such unfair proceedings.

Popular Names in London.

The new edition of the London post-office directory consists of 2,672 pages, plus 322 pages of advertisements, and contains 244,000 names. On each page there are 10,000 letters, the number of letters in the "Commercial" alone making a total of 7,080,000, and the weight of the type used for the volume is about 25 tons. Here is a small but interesting table which shows the difficulties of arrangement. In the new directory there are 2,125 Smiths, 1,104 Joneses, 708 Browns and 467 Robinsons.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Physically the Czar of Russia is the strongest man in Europe. When he was Czarewich he one day took a gold rouble in his hands and by main strength twisted it into a corkscrew. Throwing the mutilated coin at the Prefect of Police he said: "If you open one of my letters in the future I will treat you as I have this coin." The incident was the outcome of an order on the part of the Czar that all letters should be opened by the police.

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

Canadian Mort. Company,

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18 King Street West, Toronto.

Money to Lend

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Straight Loan System,
Lowest rate of Interest,
Moderate Expenses,
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BORROWERS can arrange to have their payments become due the first of any month in the year, pay their principal yearly if they choose. Interest only charged on unpaid principal. If you borrow $1000 and pay the Company $100 of principal back the next year, you only pay interest on $900---All other amounts on same basis.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is directed to parties having Mortgages now with this Company and becoming due, that they will find it to their advantage to consult our valuators or write the Company before renewing elsewhere. Our rates of Interest will always be found as low as any other Company in Canada, besides the total costs of a renewal is only $2.00, a small item compared with removing your loan into a New Company.

OUR MOTTO.—Do business on business principals. Lend on good Security at Current rates. Arrange terms to suit our borrowers.

J. W. Henderson, INSPECTOR.

Osler & Hammond, MANAGERS.

For Loans or further particulars write the Company, at Toronto, or see any of the undermentioned Valuators.

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	-	Flesherton	J. HENDERSON, Esq.,	-	Feversham
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FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 296. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. FEBRUARY 17, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

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CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inepect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Miss Annie Clark returned home to Orangeville yesterday.

Remember Red Riding Hood in the Town Hall here to-morrow evening.

VOTE FOR DR. JAMIESON ON TUESDAY NEXT, FEB. 22.

Master Will Whelan is driving the mail stage again.

Mr. Jackson Radley, of Pt. Hope, has been visiting friends in Artemesia and Osprey.

And still the people unite in saying—"Get your Flour and Feed at Keefer's, Flesherton.

S. Damude, Esq., is attending Grand Lodge of A.O.U.W. in Toronto this week, in place of A. R. Fawcett, who was unable to attend.

☞The best, cheapest and most durable Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Sewing Machine Needles, and Supplies, for sale at C. Treadgold's, next house to Mr. Wm. Strain's, Flesherton. 3m

Quite a large number of the Royal Templars of this place went out to Maxwell on Tuesday evening, as will be seen by reference to our Maxwell items, and were successful in getting sufficient names to organize a healthy Council in that place.

Letter received from Mr. M. Richardson, re Dr. Landerkin's statements. Too late for this issue, but will appear in our next. We have been obliged to leave over other interesting matter on account of the very crowded state of our columns.

No other spring medicine has won for itself such universal confidence as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful combination of vegetable alteratives ever offered to the public, and is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the best blood purifier.

VOTE FOR DR. JAMIESON.

A number of our citizens attended parliamentary nominations in Durham last Tuesday. There was an immense gathering. Dr. Jamieson and Dr. Landerkin were duly nominated, and on Tuesday next it will be for the electors of South Grey to say which of the gentlemen they prefer sending to represent them at Ottawa. Let them very seriously enquir—Reformer and Conservative alike—whether they can trust Dr. Landerkin again or not. In face of the terrible blunders he has committed, we honestly do not think he is to be trusted in matters political.

Mr. J. E. Moore advertised for a servant girl in THE ADVANCE last week and as a matter of fact was deluged with applications for the position. It only cost him 25 cents. Who says advertising does not pay?

CONTRAST DR. JAMIESON'S GENTLEMANLY TREATMENT OF OPPONENTS WITH DR. LANDERKIN'S VIOLENCE.

Births.

WRIGHT—In Flesherton, on the 16th inst., the wife of Mr. D. E. Wright, merchant, of a daughter.

Left Over.

Letter from Mr. James Brander, Priceville and other matter unavoidably crowded out this issue; will appear in our next.

Don't Bet With Him!

A certain gentleman is working a nice little scheme in order to entrap Conservative electors. He approaches his man, talks politics and finally induces the victim to make a bet, which, of course, invalidates his vote. This little racket is being worked for all it is worth in certain localities, and we take this opportunity to caution supporters of Dr. Jamieson against betting.

Red Riding Hood.

This charming operetta will be repeated in the Town Hall, Flesherton, by special request, to-morrow (Friday) evening. Doors open at 7:30, performance commences at 8 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. In addition to the operetta, Professor Morgan and Fairy will give a number of their choicest selections. Miss Christoe accompanist.

Suppression and Insincerity.

Our contemporary the *Herald* in a somewhat hysterical article asks "the honest elector" if he approves of members of Parliament abandoning their principles and suppressing their convictions. Of course he does not. But this is just what he sees Mr. Blake doing on the trade question. That member of Parliament is not only abandoning his own principles and suppressing his own convictions in order to prevail on protectionists to vote for him, but he is endeavoring with all his might to persuade other members of Parliament to do the same thing on both the trade question and the Riel question. If the Liberal platform were an honest expression of the principles, convictions and aspirations of the leading Liberals and the great majority of their supporters, it would be a very different one from what it is. So much is this the case that the whole Liberal platform from one end to the other may be considered a platform of suppression and insincerity.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

POLITICAL.—As already noticed in the ADVANCE, Dr. Landerkin was in here trying to show to the people that he was the man that they should send back to Ottawa to represent them in the Dominion Parliament. Mr. M Richardson showed most conclusively that he was not and that he had taken a very mistaken policy on several of the great questions of the day, more especially in condemning the Government for allowing the law to take its course in the Reil matter.

MATRIMONIAL.—Mr. E. Lomas has again after a short widowhood, entered the marriage state. His partner is Mrs. Cooper. The boys celebrated the joyous event by giving the new married couple a grand musical serenade.

DEATH.—The grim monster has again visited this place, his victim this time being Mr. Wm. Pritchard who had been ailing for some time past.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

Little Red Riding Hood.

This charming operetta was rendered in the Town Hall here, last Friday evening, in a manner which reflected the highest upon the musical director, Prof. Morgan, and every boy and girl that took part in it. The choruses were given with a vim and realisticness which delighted the auditors and drew forth round after round of genuine and unstinted applause. As a musical director, Prof. Morgan is a brilliant success; and as a vocalist—taking age into consideration—Miss Fairy has probably no superior in this Province. The solo by little Richard Russell as "Butter Cup"—a child only five or six years of age—was simply wonderful and created an enthusiasm seldom observed on such occasions. Mr. Wm. Dinwoody made a capital wolf; and Master Wm. Bellamy, as Robin and Master Geo. Pickell as woodman did well considering everything. Miss Ella Gordon as Grandmamma was splendid, while Miss Frances Beecroft filled the *role* of Mamma to the general satisfaction of all present. Miss Lizzie Richardson made a charming "Rose." In fact every one of the school children who took part acquitted themselves most creditably, showing that Flesherton's juvenile musical talent is of no mean order. Fairy, as "Red Riding Hood," was a decided success in every particular, maintaining her well deserved reputation as the Queen of juvenile vocalists. The operetta lasted precisely one hour and gave unbounded satisfaction to the large audience assembled on the occasion—so much so, that it will be repeated, at the special request of many prominent townsmen, to-morrow evg.

Mr. Pickell's Letter.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Mr. Editor,—The question arises in my mind and no doubt will in the minds of many of the ratepayers of this Township, why has the old assessor been re-elected in preference to six other applicants. This would not seem strange were it not generally known that the assessment of this Township is in a most deplorable condition and shows beyond a doubt that the present assessor is a thoroughly incompetent officer. Should any one doubt this fact he has only to visit the clerks office and spend an hour looking over the roll and then if not convinced that what I say is correct, I will admit I am mistaken. In addition to this let us go back to the court of revision last spring when it was plain to all that the assessment was very unequal. After doing all that could be done on that day it was found necessary to have a special sitting in order to try and make some improvement upon the work of the assessor. This caused a great deal of unpleasantness, also the expense of an unnecessary session of Council which in due time will appear in the Auditors report and loss of time to parties summoned to attend as well as much ill will arising between members of Council and ratepayers by putting the assessor work upon the council. And even this special attempt to rectify the assessment was largely abortative by the determined stand the assessor took in opposition to the council.

Now at that time it was apparent that no two of that council were more determined to have a change and get the assessment of Artemesia in proper shape if they were again given the power than two of the assessor's present supporters—the third being a new man who probably did not give the matter due consideration.

Now it is only a short time since one of these men told myself that I ought to apply for that office and said to me "you could sit in your own house and make a better assessment than we have now."

I want it understood that I thoroughly respect and esteem our assessor as a man and a gentleman but after years of experience and ample opportunity for improvement it is evident that for this office he is an utter failure and a failure in a public officer in any department is a serious matter and in this particular instance it effects every ratepayer in the Township.

In conclusion I daresay some will say that because I was one of the rejected applicants I speak—this I utterly deny and say that my only reason for writing this letter is in view of all the facts which I have given that the proceedings are altogether incomprehensive to myself and doubtless will be to many others as surely some one of the remaining half dozen applicants was worthy a years trial at least and also that those who should be the guardians of the peoples interests continue in the face of past incompetancies to run this branch of the public service in the same inadequate manner.

Respectfully yours,
W. G. PICKELL.

Flesherton Feb. 8th, 1887.

ARTEMESIA ELECTORS! TURN OUT IN FULL FORCE ON TUESDAY NEXT AND GIVE JAMIESON, THE ANTI-RIELLITE, A ROUSING MAJORITY. IT IS YOUR DUTY AS LOYAL CITIZENS TO SUPPORT GOOD GOVERNMENT.

Obituary.

BADGEROW.—At the residence of her son, Samuel Badgerow, Esq., Artemesia, Feb. 8th 1887, Keziah Badgerow, aged 89 years.

[Deceased was born in the state of New York, U. S., of Pennsylvania parents, on Oct. 19th, 1797. She lived there until her marriage with Mr. David Badgerow about the year 1817, when she removed to the state of Kentucky, where she resided about sixteen years. From there she came to Canada, to Markham Township, where she lived until about three years ago when she came to Artemesia and put in the remainder of her life peacefully and calmly with her esteemed and highly respected son, Samuel Badgerow, Esq., one of the leading yeomen of this section of Grey. She passed calmly away to the eternal world on the morning of the 8th inst., and on the evening of the following day her remains were consigned to their last resting place in the Flesherton cemetery, whither they were followed by a large concourse of relatives and friends. Deceased was a faithful and consistent member of the Baptist church from the age of 16 years until the day of her death.

Her family consisted of five sons and six daughters, of whom six are living. The four eldest were born in the state of Kentucky, the others in Markham Township, Ontario. The youngest son lives in Michigan, U. S., the rest are citizens of Canada. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Samuel Badgerow, Artemesia, was born in Kentucky. The husband of deceased (also deceased) served with distinction, under Capt. Culver, during the American war of 1812, and took part in the memorable battle of Queenston Heights. He received a pension from the American Government after his discharge, and this amount was sent regularly to his wife until her death.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

100 acres, being Lot 23, Con. 9, Artemisia, adjoining Town plot of Eugenia. 35 acres cleared, fenced, and mostly seeded down. Good well of never failing water close to house. Young orchard, just commencing to bear fruit. Frame house, log stable. Stream of water on place. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

J. W. HOATH.
Feb. 9 1887. Eugenia P. O.

SEED OATS FOR SALE.

On Lot 6, Con. 13, Osprey, 1,000 bushels choice Tartar Oats, grown on freshly broken land. Will be ready for delivery about ten days from date. Price, about 29 or 30 cents per bushel

Feb. 4th, 1887 JAMES CRAWFORD.

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spex, &c.

The finest and best stock of Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Hampden, Illinois, & Swiss Watches. New Haven & Seth Thomas Clocks, weight and spring. Jewelery, (Wedding Rings), Spectacles, &c. to be found in this section of country, is at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON. None but Genuine Watches kept in stock which bear warrants from 2½ to 5 years. Just received a very large consignment of Clocks which were bought for cash, so you may expect bargains all of which bear warrants from 1 to 3 years. A very fine stock of Silverware, Ladies' Rings, Chains, Necklets, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Cuff-Buttons, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, &c., of the finest qnality, at lower prices than you can get them for elsewhere, and also remember the only place to get your Watches, Clocks & Jewelery repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,
Flesherton.

Shadow Faces.

'Tis said that down the dimly-lighted aisle
Of some old world cathedral strangely borne,
On quivering wings that are unseen the while,
The ancient song of dedication morn
Still weirdly lingers in the stately pile.

So in the inmost chamber of my soul
The shadowy forms of radiant faces dwell,
Which, when the shades of darkness gain control,
Break through the slumbrous dream and them dispel.

The face of one I love—that perfect face—
So wondrous in its strength of purity;
Those eyes of blue, that gentle stately grace,
Which one might hope in angel forms to see;
O thou whose name too sacred is to voice,
Whose face thus lingers near a shadow star,
I watch thy gentle radiance from afar,
And make thine upward way my nobler choice.

And now, amid the shadow and the gloom,
My wayward fancy paints a tender face,
Whose soft brown eyes from out my soul would chase
Each other thought than those that are of home;
And o'er that gentle face there seems to play,
As from some world unseen, a holy light,
That out the deeper density of night
Would weave the glory of a Sabbath day.

O thou that wert the source of life in me,
More sweet and hallowed far than any other
Is thy pure life, and thus most reverently
I whisper low the sacred name of mother.

Again night wavers, morn eternal breaks
And out the shattered gloom a haloed head
Comes forth; the flesh that wraps my spirit quakes,
And I a captive heavenward am led.
The joyous chant of angels fills the air,
That in an early day spoke "peace on earth."
I see their faces radiant and rare,
I hear the story of a wondrous birth.

* * * * *

The sun is dead, the trembling stars die out;
A world rolls through the gloom a mighty hearse,
The solemn whisper that a God is dead
Low echoes through a startled universe.

* * * * *

Earth disappears, immortal music falls
Upon my ears from choiring throngs that come
Expectantly to welcome from afar
A mighty conqueror returning home.

* * * * *

O glorious vision of a wondrous life,
Thou hast my soul almost to heaven enticed;
I feel no wonder when the angels say,
The face is that of him that is the Christ.

O matchless face, my guiding star to be;
O face that now my guiding star hast been;
O haloed face, most wondrous of the three,
That bid me seek a brighter goal to win.
O shadow faces linger in my soul;
Stay with me through the wasting of the years,
And when death's solemn waters round me roll
Let fall thy gentle radiance on my fears.

—STUART LIVINGSTON.

Hamilton, January, 1887.

The Sunday Fisherman.

(From Tid Bits.)

This man above, on fishing bent,
One Sabbath morning left his tent.

The Tent, ∧

He took his can, and very quick
He dug his fish-worms with a pick.

The Pick, ⊢ The Worms, ∅ ∅

In case some fish of size he'd get,
He took along his landing net,

The Landing Net, ∪

As fishermen get hungry, too,
Of pretzels he procured a few.

The Pretzels, ∀ ∀ ∀

Some lines he took along on spools
To teach them to the finny schools.

The Spools, ⟝ ⟝ ⟝

He had some entertaining books
Of highly tempered Limerick hooks.

The Hooks, J J J

And thus prepared, he got a boat,
And out upon the stream did float.

The Boat, ⊃

Some bites he straight began to get,
It was the gallinippers bit

The Gallinippers ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕

One of his lines spun off the reel;
He landed in the boat an eel

The Eel, ∅

Then quickly it began to rain,
But his umbrella was in vain.

The Umbrella, ⊤

Above his head the thunder crashed,
And all around the lightning flashed.

The Lightning, ⧖

The storm blew, and the boat upset,
That man went down into the wet.

The Upturned Boat, ⊃

And as he sank the bubbles rose,
Smaller and smaller toward the close.

The Bubbles, O o o o

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

Now these are more or less principles of human nature. They may not be universally true, probably nothing is—that is, as we define and understand truth. But they apply to the majority of those cases which fall strictly within their limits. Among others they applied rather strikingly to Ernest Kershaw. Eva's desertion struck his belief in womanhood to the ground, and soon his religion lay in the dust beside it. Of this his life for some years after that gave considerable evidence. He took to evil ways, he forgot his better self. He raced horses, he went in with great success for love-affairs that he would have done better to leave alone. Sometimes, to his shame be it said, he drank—for the excitement of drinking, not for the love of it. In short, he gave himself and all his fund of energy up to any and every excitement and dissipation he could command, and he managed to command a good many. Travelling rapidly from place to place in South Africa he was well known and well liked in all. Now he was at Kimberley, now at King William's Town, now at Durban. In each of these places he kept race-horses; in each there was some fair woman's face that grew the brighter for his coming.

But Ernest's face did not grow the brighter; on the contrary, his eyes acquired a peculiar sadness which was almost pathetic in one so young. He could not forget. For a few days or a few months he might stifle thought, but it always re-arose. Eva, pale queen of women, was ever there to haunt his sleep, and, though in his waking hours he might curse her memory, when night drew the veil from truth the words he murmured were words of love eternal.

He no longer prayed, he no longer reverenced woman, but he was not the happier for having freed his soul from these burdens. He despised himself. Occasionally he would take stock of his mental condition, and at each stock-taking he would notice that he had receded, not progressed. He was growing coarser, his finer sense was being blunted; he was no longer the same Ernest who had written that queer letter to his betrothed before disaster overwhelmed him. Slowly and surely he was sinking. He knew it, but he did not try to save himself. Why should he? He had no object in life. But at times a great depression and weariness of existence would take possession of him. It has been said he never prayed; that is not strictly true. Once or twice he did throw himself upon his knees and pray with all his strength that he might die. He did more, he persistently courted death, and, as is usual in such cases, it persistently avoided him. About taking his own life he had scruples, or he perhaps would have taken it. In those dark days he hated life, and in his calmer and more reflective moments he loathed the pleasures and excitements by means of which he strove to make it palatable. His was a fine-strung mind, and, in spite of himself, he shuddered when it was set to play such coarse music.

During those years Ernest seemed to bear a charmed existence. There was a well-known thoroughbred horse in the Transvaal which had killed two men in rapid succession. Ernest bought it and rode it, and it never hurt him. Disturbances broke out in Sikukini's country, and one of the chief's strongholds was ordered to be stormed. Ernest rode down from Pretoria with Jeremy to see the fun, and, reaching the fort the day before the attack, got leave to join the storming party. Accordingly, next day at dawn they attacked in the teeth of a furious fusillade, and in time took the place, though with very heavy loss to themselves. Jeremy got his hat shot off with one bullet and his hand cut by another; Ernest, as usual, came off scatheless; the man next to him was killed, but he was not touched. After that he insisted upon going buffalo-shooting toward Delagoa Bay in the height of the fever-season, having got rid of Jeremy by getting him to go to New Scotland to see about a tract of land they had bought. He started with a dozen bearers and Mazooku. Six weeks later he, Mazooku, and three bearers returned—all the rest were dead of fever.

On another occasion, Alston, Jeremy, and himself were sent on a political mission to a hostile chief, whose stronghold lay in the heart of almost inaccessible mountains. The "indaba" (palaver) took all day, and was purposely prolonged in order to enable the intelligent native to set an ambush in the pass through which the white chiefs must go back, with strict instructions to murder all three of them. When they left the stronghold the moon was rising, and, as they neared the pass, up she came behind the mountains in all her splendor, flooding the wide valley on every stone and tree. On they rode steadily through the moonlight and the silence, little guessing how near death was to them. The weird beauty of the scene sank deep into Ernest's heart, and presently, when they came to a spot where a track ran out loopwise from the main pass, returning to it a couple of miles farther on, he half insisted on their taking it, because it passed over yet higher ground, and would give them a better view of the moon-bathed valley. Mr. Alston grumbled at "his nonsense" and complied, and meanwhile the party of murderers half a mile farther on played with their assegais, and wondered why they did not hear the sound of the white men's feet. But the white men had already passed along the higher path three quarters of a mile to their right. Ernest's love of moonlight effects had saved them all from a certain and perhaps from a lingering death.

It was shortly after this incident that Ernest and Jeremy were seated together on the veranda of the same house at Pretoria where they had been living before they went on the elephant-hunt, and which they had now purchased. Ernest had been in the garden watering a cucumber-plant he was trying to develop from a very sickly seedling. Even if he only stopped a month in a place he would start a little garden; it was a habit of his. Presently he came back to the veranda, where Jeremy was as usual watching the battle of the red and black ants, which after several years' encounter was not yet finally decided.

"Curse that cucumber-plant!" said Ernest emphatically, "it won't grow. I tell you what it is, Jeremy, I am sick of this place; I vote we go away."

"For goodness' sake, Ernest, let us have a little rest; you do rattle one about so in those confounded post-carts," replied Jeremy, yawning.

"I mean, go away from South Africa altogether."

"Oh," said Jeremy, dragging his great frame into an upright position, "the deuce you do! And where do you want to go to England?"

"England! no, I have had enough of England. South America, I think. But perhaps you want to go home. It is not fair to keep dragging you all over the world."

"My dear fellow, I like it, I assure you. I have no wish to return to Mr. Cardus' stool. For goodness' sake don't suggest such a thing; I should be wretched."

"Yes, but you ought to be doing something with your life. It is all very well for me, who am a poor devil of a waif and stray, to go on with this sort of existence, but I don't see why you should; you should be making your way in the world."

"Wait a bit, my hearty," said Jeremy, with his slow smile; "I am going to read you a statement of our financial affairs which I drew up last night. Considering that we have been doing nothing all this time except enjoy ourselves, and that all our investments have been made out of income, which no doubt your respected uncle fancies we have dissipated, I do not think that the total is so bad," and Jeremy read:

"Landed property in Natal and the Transvaal, estimated value	£2,500
This House	940
Stock—waggons, etc., say	300
Race-horses	

I have left that blank."

"Put them at £800," said Ernest, after thinking. "You know I won £500 with 'Lady Mary' on the Cape Town plate last week."

Jeremy went on:

"Race-horses and winnings	£1,300
Sundries—cash, balance, etc	180
Total	£5,220

Now of this we have actually saved and invested about twenty-five hundred, the rest we have made or it has accumulated. Now, I ask you, where could we have done better than that as things go? So don't talk to me about wasting my time,"

"Bravo, Jeremy! My uncle was right, after all, you ought to have been a lawyer; you are first class at figures. I congratulate you on your management of the estates."

"My system is simple," answered Jeremy. "Whenever there is any money to spare I buy something with it, then you are not likely to spend it. Then, when I have things enough—waggons, oxen, horses, what not—I sell them and buy some land; that can't run away. If you only do that sort of thing long enough you will grow rich at last."

"Sweetly simple, certainly. Well, five thousand will go a long way toward stocking a farm or something in South America, or wherever we make up our minds to go, and then I don't think that we need draw on my uncle any more. It is hardly fair to drain him so. Old Alston will come with us, I think, and will put in another five thousand. He told me some time ago that he was getting tired of South Africa, with its Boers and blacks, in his old age, and had a fancy to make a start in some other place. I will write to him to-night. What hotel is he staying at in Maritzburg? the Royal, isn't it? And then I vote we clear in the spring."

"Right you are, my hearty."

"But I say, Jeremy, I really should advise you to think twice before you come. A fine upstanding young man like you should not waste his sweetness on the desert air of Mexico, or any such place. You should go home and be admired of the young women—they like a great big chap like you—and make a good marriage, and rear up a large family in a virtuous, respectable, and Jones-like fashion. I am a sort of wandering comet without the shine; but I repeat I see no reason why you should play tail to a second-class comet."

"Married! get married! I! No, thank you, my boy, look you, Ernest, in the words of the prophet, 'When a wise man openeth his eye and seeth a thing, verily he shutteth it not up again.' Now, I opened my eye and saw one or two things in the course of our joint little affair—Eva, you know."

Ernest winced at the name.

"I beg your pardon," said Jeremy, noticing it; "I don't want to allude to painful subjects, but I must to make my meaning clear. I was very hard hit, you know, over that lady, but I stopped in time, and, not having any imagination to speak of, did not give it rein. What is the consequence? I have got over it; sleep well at night, have a capital appetite, and don't think of her twice a week. But with you it is different. Hard hit, too, large amount of imagination galloping about loose, so to speak—rapturous joy, dreams of true love and perfect union of souls, which no doubt would be well enough if the woman could put in her whack of soul, which she can't, not having it to spare, but in a general way is gammon. Results, when the burst-up comes: Want of sleep, want of appetite, a desire to go buffalo-hunting in the fever-season, and to be potted by Basutus from behind rocks. In short, a general weariness and disgust of life—oh, yes, you needn't deny it, I have watched you—most unwholesome state of mind. Further results: Horse-racing, a disposition to stop away from church, and nip Cape Sherry; and, worst sign of all, a leaning to ladies' society. Being a reasoning creature, I notice this, and draw my own deductions, which amount to the conclusion that you are in a fair way to go to the deuce, owing to trusting your life to a woman. And the moral of all this, which I lay to heart for my own guidance, is, never speak to a woman if you can avoid it, and when you can't, let your speech be yea, yea and nay, nay. Then you stand a good chance of keeping your appetite and peace of mind, and of making your way in the world. Marriage indeed! never talk to me of marriage again," and Jeremy shivered at the thought.

Ernest laughed out loud at his lengthy disquisition.

"And I'll tell you what, old fellow," he went on, drawing himself up to his full height, and standing right over Ernest, so that the latter's six feet looked very insignificant beside him, "never you speak to me about leaving you again, unless you want to put me clean out of temper, because, look here, I don't like it. We have lived together since we were twelve or thereabout, and, so far as I am concerned, I mean to go on living together to the end of the chapter, or till I see I am not wanted. You can go to Mexico, or the North Pole, or Acapulto, or wherever you like, but I shall go too, and so that is all about it."

"Thank you, old fellow," said Ernest, simply; and at that moment their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a Kafir messenger with a telegram addressed to Ernest. He opened it and read it. "Hullo," he said, "here is something better than Mexico; listen:

"'Alston, Pieter Maritzburg, to Kershaw, Pretoria. High Commissioner has declared war against Cetywayo. Local cavalry urgently required for service in Zululand. Have offered to raise small corps of about seventy mounted men. Offer has been accepted. Will you accept post of second in command? you would hold the Queen's commission. If so, set about picking suitable recruits: terms, ten shillings a day, all found. Am coming up Pretoria by this post-cart. Ask Jones if he will accept sergeant-majorship."

"Hurrah!" sang out Ernest with flashing eyes. "Here is some real service at last. Of course you will accept."

"Of course," said Jeremy, quietly; "but don't indulge in rejoicings yet; this is going to be a big business, unless I am mistaken."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HANS PROPHESIES EVIL.

Ernest and Jeremy did not let the grass grow under their feet. They guessed that there soon would be a great deal of recruiting for various corps, and so set to work at once to secure the best men. The stamp of man they aimed at getting was the colonial-born Englishman, both because such men have more self-respect, independence of character, and "gumption," than the ordinary drifting sediment from the fields and seaports, and also because they were practically ready-made soldiers. They could ride as well as they could walk, they were splendid rifle-shots, and they had, too, from childhood, been trained in the art of travelling without baggage, and very rapidly. Ernest did not find much difficulty in the task. Mr. Alston was well known, and had seen a great deal of service as a young man in the Basutu wars, and stories were still told of his nerve and pluck. He was known, too, to be a wary man, not rash or over confident, but of a determined mind; and, what is more, to possess a perfect knowledge of Zulu warfare and tactics. This went a long way with intending recruits, for the first thing a would-be colonial volunteer inquires into is the character of his officers. He will not trust his life to men in whom he puts no reliance. He is willing to lose it in the way of duty, but he has a great objection to having it blundered away. Indeed, in many South African volunteer corps it is a fundamental principle that the officers should be elected by the men themselves. Once elected, however, they cannot be deposed except by competent authority.

Ernest, too, was by this time well known in the Transvaal, and universally believed in. Mr. Alston could not have chosen a better lieutenant. He was known to have pluck and dash, and to be ready-witted in emergency; but it was not that which made him acceptable to the individuals whose continued existence would very possibly depend upon his courage and discretion. Indeed, it would be difficult to say what it was: but there are some men who are by nature born leaders of their fellows, and who inspire confidence magnetically. Ernest had this great gift. At first sight he was much like any other young man, rather careless-looking than otherwise in appearance, and giving the observer the impression that he was thinking of something else; but old hands at native warfare, looking into his dark eyes, saw something there which told them that this young fellow, boy as he was, comparatively speaking, would not show himself wanting in the moment of emergency, either in courage or discretion. Jeremy's nomination, too, as sergeant-major, a very important post in such a corps, was popular enough. People had not forgotten his victory over the Boer giant, and besides, a sergeant-major with such a physique would have been a credit to any corps.

All these things helped to make recruiting an easy task, and when Alston and his son Roger, weary and bruised, stepped out of the Natal post-cart four days later, it was to be met by Ernest and Jeremy with the intelligence that his telegram had been received, the appointments accepted, and thirty-five men provisionally enrolled subject to his approval.

"My word, young gentleman," he said, highly pleased, "you are lieutenants worth having."

(To be continued.)

The Bee's Sting a Useful Tool.

From lengthened observations, Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, has come to the conclusion that the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging, but its use by that wonderful creature as a tool. Mr. Clarke says he is convinced that the most important office of the bee's sting is that which is performed in doing the artistic cell work, capping the comb, and infusing the formic acid by means of which honey receives its keeping qualities. The sting is really a skilfully contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful of honey. This explains why honey extracted before it is capped over does not keep well. The formic acid has not been injected into it. This is done in the very act of putting the last touches on the cell work. As the little pliant trowel is worked to and fro with such dexterity, the darts, of which there are two, pierce the plastic cell surface, and leave the nectar beneath its tiny drops of the fluid which makes it keep well. This is the "art preservative" of honey. Herein we see, says Mr. Clarke, that the sting and the poison bag, with which so many of us would like to dispense, are essential to the storage of the luscious product, and that without them the beautiful comb honey of commerce would be a thing unknown. This is certainly a most wonderful provision of nature.—*Iron.*

A Specimen of Australian Reporting.

The following is a cutting from a Queensland paper: "Matthews started on foot, alone, to walk over the range to Thornborough, but, overcome with grief and whiskey, lay down on the banks of the Barron River to sleep. Now, the alligators of the Barron River are both numerous and ferocious. They assimilated Matthews, with the exception of one leg, which was recognized by the boot on it. This, after having been identified, was afforded Christian burial in the Cairns Cemetery, the funeral being largely attended. There it still reposes, while the balance of Matthews is wandering about the Barron River as an alligator."

The Pink of Propriety.

A 5-year old friend of ours, starting out for a children's party the other afternoon, remarks to the maid who is taking him to the place of entertainment:

"Well, I've made up my mind to be a perfect gentleman to-day; I don't mean to kick a single girl."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Dacoits in Burmah are quick to catch an idea and ingenious in applying it. They chop down a tree, hollow it out, cut down several miles of telegraph poles, and wind the wire round the tree, and their cannon is finished.

A long line of Chicago horse cars was stopped the other day because some needles blocked the way. There were, however, a good many of them—6,183,000, weighing 2,500 pounds. The box which contained them was on a truck and for some time resisted the efforts of a dozen men with crowbars to move it. The needles had just arrived from the establishment of William Clarke & Sons, in Redditch, England, which was founded in 1679. It is said that 500,000,000 needles are annually imported to the United States, the Chicago agents of this single house handling more than a third of them.

A man at Tulare, Cal., deeded a piece of property to his wife in consideration of "love and affection in hand paid."

A full-blooded Indian, 39 years old, was ordained a deacon in an Episcopal Church in Minneapolis last week.

Chang, the Chinese giant, has returned to Shanghai after making the circuit of the world.

AMAZONS OF THE HOUR.

How Some Girls in New York Develop the Biceps and Grow Beautiful.

There is near Central Park a gymnasium for girls. The young women wear blouses, short skirts and trousers, and go through all the performances that men do. Their proficiency becomes very great. One case will illustrate what a young woman can learn to do. A girl was promised a seal-skin sacque by an admirer if she would learn to turn a back somersault. She set diligently at it, and practiced until she was able to perform the feat. The gymnasium is liberally patronized and is in every way a success. A look inside of it is enough to convince anybody that there is "room" for the gymnasium. The hall is filled during the sessions. Some girls are swinging on the trapeze, others are climbing ropes, others are vaulting, turning cart-wheels and the like, and others are pounding sandbags to work up their muscles. The exercise often converts delicate girls into strong and healthy ones, it is claimed. Boxing has become almost a craze among the fashionable girls. One thing said in commendation of it is that it imparts self-possession and confidence. The idea is rather novel, but, after all, it is not unreasonable. Fencing has long been practiced by society girls, and ought to accomplish as much as boxing is improving their bearing. Nearly all, or at any rate a good share, of the belles play billiards, which are declared to be healthful and also to improve the judgment. The claims for the different things may seem rather absurd, but they nevertheless have many believers. There are dozens of riding schools, but they are not new like some of the other things. They are very popular, though.—*New York Notes in Brooklyn Union.*

The Measurement of the Year.

The length of the year is strictly 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49 seconds, and seven-tenths of a second—the time required for the revolution of the earth round the sun. About 45 B. C., Julius Cæsar, by the help of Sosigines, an Alexandrian philosopher, came to a tolerably clear understanding of the length of a year, and decreed that every fourth year should be held to consist of 366 days for the purpose of absorbing the odd hours. By this rather clumsy arrangement the natural time fell behind the reckoning, as, in reality, a day every fourth year is too much by 11 minutes, 10 seconds, three-tenths of a second, so it inevitably followed that the beginning of the year moved onward ahead of the point at which it was in the days of Cæsar. From the time of the Council of Nice, in 325 A. D., when the vernal equinox fell correctly on the 21st of March, Pope Gregory found in 1582 A. D. that there had been an over-reckoning to the extent of ten days and that the vernal equinox fell on the 11th of March. To correct the past error he decreed that the 5th of October of that year should be reckoned as the 15th, and, to keep the year right in future—the overplus being 18 hours, 37 minutes and 10 seconds in a century—he ordered that every centennial year that could not be divided by four (1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200) should not be bissextile, as it otherwise would be, thus, in short, dropping the extra day three times every four hundred years. While in Catholic countries the Gregorian style was readily adopted, it was not so in Protestant nations. In Britain it was not adopted until 1752, by which time the discrepancy between the Julian and Gregorian periods amounted to eleven days. An Act of Parliament was passed dictating that the 3rd of September of that year should be reckoned the 14th, and that three of every four centennial years should be leap years. The year 1800 not being a leap year, the new and old styles now differ twelve days, our 1st of January being equivalent to the 13th old style. In Russia alone of Christian countries is the old style retained. The old style is still retained in the treasury accounts of Great Britain. In old times the year was held to begin on the 25th of March, and this usage or piece of antiquity is also still observed in the computations of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer. So the first day of the financial year is the 5th of April, "Old Lady Day."

A Remarkable Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Nickerson, of Shag Harbor, N. S., aged respectively 87 and 83, live with their only son, Mr. Theodore Nickerson, and across the street directly opposite lives his only son, Mr. Charles Nickerson, who has an only son named Adelbert. This lad takes a meal daily with his grandfather and grandmother, great-grandfather and two great-grandmothers, as Mrs. Theodore Nickerson's mother is living with them, aged 84. As the six sit around the table their united ages are 377, and the lad is only 12 years. Only a few yards from their door is his great-great-uncle, Mr. Nehemiah Nickerson, aged 83 years, living with his only son, who has an only daughter, and only child.—*Cape Sable Advertiser.*

Just as Good.

"Must be pretty cold out your way," he observed to a farmer who had just come into market with his whiskers full of frost.

"Yes, tolerable."

"What did your thermometer register?"

"I hain't got none."

"I should think you would want to know how cold it was."

"No, I don't keer much. I kin allus tell by touching my tongue to the axe whether it's last summer or this winter."—*Detroit Free Press.*

What We Are Coming To.

Scene in hotel twenty-five years hence.

Guest to porter—Can you tell me what time it is?

Porter—Yes, sir. It's half-past 12. That'll cost you 50 cents, please—*Merchant Traveler.*

"I don't care!" exclaimed the young woman behind the counter, when she heard of the marriage of an old acquaintance to a rich codger old enough to be her father; "they sneer at me because I am a saleslady, but I'd rather be a saleslady that a lady that is sold."

A family in Norwich, Conn., is named Skeesucks.

The woman who marries a man for his pocketbook should not expect to find his heart inside.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMAYR.

Big Bear has been released from Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

Trains are now running on time on the Canadian Pacific Western Division.

The new depot of the Canadian Pacific in Montreal is to be erected on Windsor street, near Dominion Square.

Candidates for positions as Dominion and Surveyors will be examined in Ottawa by the Board of Examiners on the 15th inst.

The Quarterly Board of the Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, decided last night to invite Rev. D. G. Sutherland, of London, to be pastor of the church.

The annual meeting of St. George's Society, Toronto, was held last night, when most satisfactory reports were presented. Mr. George Beardmore was elected President.

James Peatt, an employee in Scoone's auction room, Winnipeg, was found dead yesterday morning near Manitoba College. He had been drinking, and lay down and was frozen to death.

Wm. Kingston, an employee of the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, died on Thursday, aged 78 years. The deceased was for several years one of the staff of professors at Victoria College.

All talk as to the possible successor of Col. Miller as commandant of the Queen's Own Rifles is set at rest by the announcement that Major D. H. Allan has been promoted to the vacancy.

Thomas Newman, living on the fifth concession of Romney, felled a tree yesterday, which in falling struck a limb of another tree standing by, and the limb fell on his head, killing him instantly.

Mr. Acton Burrows has resigned the position of Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Manitoba. He will, however, still retain the secretaryship of the Board of Agriculture. It is said Captain Clarke will be appointed to the vacancy.

The survey of the route for the Central Ontario Railway to North Bay has been completed, and the surveying party have returned to Belleville. They report the land fairly level and well timbered.

Canadian capitalists will apply at the next session of Parliament for power to build a line of railway, about 35 miles long, from Goderich to Wingham or some other point which will give the Canadian Pacific an outlet on Lake Huron.

York County Council at yesterday's meeting took the initiative towards the abolition of toll-gates by deciding that after the expiration of the present leases four of them shall not be renewed, and that the remainder shall only be leased for one year.

It is understood that the application of certain regiments of Canadian volunteers for permission to go to England next summer to take part in the Queen's Jubilee celebration, has been referred to the Government by the Militia Department, and that no decision has been made yet.

Lieut.-Colonel Henry R. Smith, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, has been appointed by the Governor-General as honorary A. D. C. on his staff. This is the first appointment of a Canadian officer to the position. Lieut.-Colonel Smith is universally popular and will prove an invaluable aide.

The Pope has decided to recall the present Nuncio at Paris and to appoint in his place Mgr. Ferrata, who is now Nuncio at Brussels.

The Marchioness of Londonderry held a drawing room last evening in Dublin, when 1,300 persons were presented to her. The attendance was the best seen at the Vice-regal lodge for 10 years.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain writes to a Unionist: "I believe that the time is favorable for an unprejudiced consideration of the Irish question, and I hope no personal feeling will interfere with such consideration."

A service in Lambeth Palace Chapel, London, to commemorate the consecration therein in 1787 of the first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America was held yesterday. Among those who took part were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Winchester, and Bishops Potter and Lyman, of America. The Dean of Windsor performed the service. Instead of a sermon, Bishop Potter delivered an eloquent address, sketching the history of the Church in America and its connection with the English Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury celebrated the communion. Minister Phelps and many other Americans attended the service.

Sophia Congdon, of Willimantic, Conn., died on Wednesday at the age of 110 years and 7 months. Her age is vouched for by her family and the records are said to prove it.

During a tremendous hail storm at Oliver, a small town fifteen miles west of Terre Haute, Ind., on Tuesday afternoon, an aerolite descended and exploded near the ground. The earth was torn, windows shattered and a large tree demolished. The explosion was heard six miles away.

The railroad companies having headquarters in Milwaukee have recently made out, by request of the War Department, a list of their rolling stock and statement of their ability to convey troops to points on their lines. The statements were sent to the War Department.

Treasurer Jordan admitted to-day that Secretary Manning is to be President, and that he (Mr. Jordan) is to be Vice-President, of the Western National Bank of the city of New York. The resignations of both officials are in the hands of the President, and will be accepted in due time.

Charles Ogden Ferris, *alias* Sir Roger Tichborne, convicted in the United States Circuit Court recently for fraudulently obtaining a pension from the Government upon a false claim that he had been wounded in the army, was yesterday sentenced to five years in Erie penitentiary.

Mrs. Mark Donaldson, of Lymea, N.H., aged about 50 years, was shot and instantly killed at her home yesterday by Stephen Lamphir, who immediately after killed himself with the same weapon. Lamphir was about 60 years old, and had boarded with the Donaldsons for two years. He had been considered slightly insane, and this is the only known cause for his act.

A Canadian poet recently fought a duel, but, an avenging Nemesis being temporarily overworked, it was the other fellow that got hurt.

James Reid has secured the contract for the Canadian Pacific Sault branch.

The Montreal winter carnival was opened yesterday, the city being gaily decorated and crowded with visitors.

Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, has issued another circular to the clergy of his diocese calling upon them to forbid their parishioners holding or taking part in political meetings on Sundays.

Word was received in London yesterday that Miss Walker, daughter of Col. Walker, of that city, had been badly hurt at a Montreal toboggan slide, having sustained a fracture of the leg.

The Vice-regal party left Ottawa yesterday for Montreal, and met with an enthusiastic welcome on their arrrival in the latter city, where they will probably remain for a month.

It is understood that the Government has definitely decided not to grant permission to the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, and the Royal Scots, Montreal, to visit England next summer to take part in the Queen's Jubilee celebration.

It is asserted the English Government has adopted the Lee-Remington American rifle for the use of the army.

The Post-office authorities are making extensive experiments with a view to connect the whole of Germany by telephone.

Dr. Windthorst, leader of the Centre (Catholic) party in the German Reichstag, refuses to submit to the Pope's dictation regarding the Septennate Bill.

A despatch from Madras announces the death of Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor. He was only 46 years of age.

Stories are again current in London, apparently without much foundation, that Ruskin's mind is giving way, and that he is about to join the Catholic Church.

Herr Baetsch, editor of the *Potsdamer Nachricten*, in whose paper the story was first printed that the Czar of Russia had shot Herr Villaume, a military attache of the German embassy at St. Petersburg, has been condemned to six weeks' imprisonment for publishing a falsehood.

A London newspaper vendor, Smith by name, got drunk on Saturday. After a while he found he had lost his money and tried to drown himself in the lake at St. James' Park. He was pulled out and an emetic was administered. Smith promptly vomited up all the money—four shillings, a sixpenny piece and a halfpenny—which he had mysteriously swallowed while drunk. Yesterday in Bow street there was only a charge of attempted suicide to mar his happiness.

The inhabitants of Baku, the centre of the great Russian petroleum fields, are much alarmed over a subterranean explosion which shook the houses and caused considerable damage. At the same time a volcano burst on Lakbatan, ten miles from Baku. For two nights the volcano threw a column of fire and mud 350 feet high, illuminating the country for miles. The mud emitted already lies from seven to fourteen feet deep over a square mile of territory.

$127 FOR A POUND OF COAL.

A Canadian Farmer's Adventure With New York Confidence Men.

A despatch from New York says: A tall countryman carrying a gripsack went into Chief Drummond's office, in the Post-office building, yesterday, and said that he had come here from Canada, and that he had been swindled by a young man from whom he had bought counterfeit money and who had palmed off on him a bag containing paper.

"I'm sorry he didn't give the counterfeits to you," Chief Drummond answered consolingly, "for then I might have locked you up for having them in your possession." At this the Canadian hurried away without even telling his name. It was learned later, however, that he is Henry C. Hill, whose home is near Stratford, Ontario, Canada. In summer he is a farmer, but sells jewellery in the winter. Not long ago he got the regulation letter from the "green goods" man offering to let him have some beautiful counterfeits for almost nothing. He answered it, and got a second letter directing him to come to this city and put up at the International Hotel. He came on the West Shore road. At the ferry a man dressed as a policeman asked him where he wanted to go, and when he said the International Hotel took him into a side street and pointed out a saloon, over which was a lodging house. Hill was met in the office by two men, who took from him the two letters, and put him in a cab, which took the whole party to another saloon. There Hill thought he saw one of them put $500 in greenbacks into a small hand satchel. When it was handed to him he gave the man $127.

"The best thing you can do," the "green goods" man said, "is to drive to the depot and get off for home, and don't open the bag until you get there."

They bundled Hill into the cab, which took him to the depot. There he opened the bag. In it were two old newspapers and about a pound of hard coal.

Pointers for Advertisers.

Don't expect an advertisement to bear fruit in one night. You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than about seven days.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

Quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is low.

You should never judge a man by the umbrella he carries. Nine times out of ten it belongs to somebody else.

A Stuttgart inventor has perfected a machine for deadening the sound of a piano. He will rank high among the philanthropists of this generation.

It is supposed that the man who committed suicide by jumping from the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls is a young bookkeeper of Buffalo, named Cutting.

A NOVEL INDICATOR.

How Married Men Can Avoid Domestic Storms.

The latest genius who has applied for a patent is the man who has invented what is known as "the married man's indicator." It is a wonderful sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of cabalistic marks which show the exact state of the domestic atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard-worked and belated husband arrives home, say, about midnight. He takes out the indicator, thrusts it in the keyhole and lets it remain there a few seconds. Pulling it out quickly, he scans the dial by the moonlight's fitful gloaming. If it marks "S. A." (sound asleep) the poor husband pulls off his boots noiselessly, uses the night key with bated breath, gives the door a quick pull to keep it from creaking, steals trembling to bed, and when his dear wife wakes up about two seconds afterward and wants to know how long he has been home he is sound asleep. If the indicator scores "A., A. C., B. D. N. K. W. T." (awake, awful cross, but does not know what time it is), the husband puts a few more grains of coffee in his mouth, opens the door boldly and walks in with a slam-bang air, hits his boots intentionally against the chair, wants to know why the devil chairs don't keep out of the way, gets desperately mad on general principles, scares his wife clean out of her crossness and curtain lectures, refuses to let her get up and strike a match—never did like a light at night anyhow, remarks gruffly in response to a timid query that "it's about twenty minutes after 10," and then turns into bed with such an apparent awful state of mind that the wife of his bosom is afraid to speak to him, at which he is very sad, of course.

There are other marks on the indicator showing just where it will do to play the "lodge dodge," or the "sick friend," or "been standing on the corner talking to so and so for more than an hour," or "General or honorable this or that, from you know where, was in town, and had to go away in the 2 o'clock train, and he insisted so strongly that the whole party stayed up to see him off, although he was a great bore, and we only did it through courtesy." But the most awful of all cabalistic signs is the one on the top, about two marks above boiling point.

When the weary husband comes home about 4 a. m. from the direction of the butcher shop, with a roll of meat held high in the air, so that every one who passes cannot fail to see it, and sticks the indicator in the keyhole, he is almost too weak to draw it out. With hair on end he reads it by the faint light streaming in upon him from over the eastern hills, and sweat breaks out upon his noble brow in drops as large as walnuts as he sees the bulb of the indicator jammed smack up against "R. H. S. W. F. Y. I. T. D." (red hot, still waiting for you inside the door). The inventor of the instrument says that when a man has this terrible misfortune to overtake him he feels there is nothing left in life worth living for.

He slings the meat into the yard and braces himself for the coming fray, but says nothing, for nothing can be said. Be he ever so gifted a liar his accomplishment is more than valueless. No dodge, no sick friend, no talking on the corner, no sitting up to see the general off, no swearing that he will never do it again—in fact, nothing will prevail. It is an indefensible case.

He is caught. Even the ghastly gayety with which two hours previously he had said to the boys he guessed he would see it out—"might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb"—had all vanished. The indicator having told him the exact state of things, he knows exactly what to do, and that is nothing but get in bed at once and wrap the drapery of his couch about him, pull the pillow over his ears and wait for his wife's breath to give out. It's awful while it lasts, but it has its use in relieving the unfortunate husband of his great load of anxiety. The indicator is a great invention.—*London Exchange.*

A YOUNG MONARCH'S 5,000 SLAVES.

The Host Which Guards the Harem of the Chinese Emperor.

I have been told that there are about 5,000 slaves in the Chinese Emperor's Palace, a figure which it is, of course, very difficult to control, says the Pekin correspondent of a Paris paper. The number, however, must be large, since that class of individuals is alone called upon to fill posts which everywhere else are usually given to men. Their business is to keep sharp watch over the Emperor's harem, an institution of no great service for the time being, since His Majesty is yet a minor, but in view of its becoming serviceable some day, and to pay meet homage to the rites of religion. The Empress selects the young beauties admitted into this Chinese seraglio, and she has to renew the *personnel* every three years. These young girls are recruited among the families of the Mandchou officers, who look upon the honor of having the prettiest of their daughters in the Imperial harem as a means of attaining high rank. These young ladies make their *debut* at the age of 14, and remain inside the harem until they are 25 years old. If in the interval they give birth to offspring they by rights become "daughters of the imperial blood," and remain bound with the fate of the child, for he may become a "son of heaven," and sovereign heir to 10,000 kingdoms. If, on the other hand, the young lady reaches the age of 25 without yielding increase to the imperial household, she is sent home to her illustrious parents, and honestly weds a mandarin of the place.

MADAME DE MONTHOLON, widow of the celebrated Count Charles Tristan de Montholon, who accompanied the first Napoleon to St. Helena, has just died at Bordeaux. She was 85 years old. Her husband helped Napoleon in most of his bold strokes of business, such as that of the Eighteenth Brumaire and the return from Elba. The Comte de Montholon also aided the late Emperor Louis Napoleon in his famous Boulogne escapade, and was imprisoned with him at Ham. M. de Montholon had received about $400,000 from the first Napoleon, who made him a Count and an Imperial Chamberlain after the battle of Wagram; but most of this sum was wasted in bad speculations after the Count had retired into private life.

THE IRON HAND.

How a Would-be Robber Found a Friend in His Intended Victim.

John Reamer, of the firm of Kern & Reamer, poultry dealers, is a strong, active, and wiry young man, whose right hand was amputated at the wrist, writes a Toledo correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. In place of the original member he carries a heavy iron hand, which stood him in good turn recently, preventing his robbery and probably murder, and, as the sequel shows, causing him to turn philanthropist under peculiar circumstances. There has been but a brief reference to the matter in the Toledo dailies, which have neglected an opportunity to give particulars of a very interesting case.

The night was dark as Mr. Reamer walked down Cherry street on his way to his home in West Toledo, with a considerable sum of money on his person. When he reached a lonely spot in the woods near the Metropolitan Park he was halted by a man who demanded his money or his life. Mr. Reamer instinctively dropped a small basket which he carried on his left arm, so as to make resistance, when the highwayman drew a knife and thrust it at him, grazing his body and passing it under the arm and partly through his intervening clothes. Mr. Reamer struck his assailant a terrific blow in the face with his iron hand, felling him to the ground, and followed this up by pounding his prostrate antagonist with all his might and main, until he finally groaned and cried for mercy. Presently he left the man leaning up against a fence, and with the remark, "I wasn't fixed for you this time, but next time I will be," started out on the road. But before he had gone far he felt the blood trickling down his left side, and the thought that after all he might be seriously if not fatally wounded so enraged him that he started back to further wreak his vengeance on the would-be-road agent. The latter saw him coming and, making a desperate effort, succeeded in getting away into the woods and disappearing in the darkness.

Some days after the encounter Mr Reamer chanced to hear through a physician about a man being very sick in the vicinity of Tremainsville. His suspicions being aroused, he went to see the man, and found him dangerously ill in a hovel. Two persons lay on a wretched couch—a man and wife—both very low, the attendant told him. As soon as the sick man saw Mr. Reamer he tried at first to hide his features from him by turning away, but his visitor thought he recognized the face of the patient, swollen, disfigured and black-and-blue as it was. The sick man, with great emotion, said: "I see you know me—I will have to confess." He then told Mr. Reamer how he had seen him display a roll of bills on the eventful night, and that he heard him tell someone that he could not get back from a certain place until late that night. He added: "My wife was sick, my children hungry, and I out of money, and I determined to take this chance of making a raise. How I have been punished, God knows. You certainly will not inform on me, will you?"

Mr. Reamer was deeply affected. Subsequent inquiries convinced him that the man was driven to the deed of desperation by poverty and sickness, and he decided to help him. From intended prosecutor he turned friend, and is now helping the miserable family daily.

A Progressive Donkey Party.

You cut a big silhouette of a tailless donkey out of cloth or paper and fasten it to the wall. Each of the guests receives a cambric tail and a pin, and is then blindfolded and placed in a corner opposite the donkey. After whirling around three times he starts out to pin the tail to the donkey. Wherever he strikes the wall, there he must pin the tail. The result generally is a still tailless donkey surrounded with a galaxy of tails and lots of fun.—*Springfield Union.*

A Royal Divorce Talked Of.

A London cable says: The actual presentation of the complaint for divorce of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise against her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, has been stopped, for the time at least, through the personal efforts of the Queen. But the strain existing is so severe that it is believed that before long, despite the scandal it would create, application will be made for divorce.

—"What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. Marry him.

—Sarah Bernhardt is growing fat. She is said to have filled every theatre in which she has recently played.

—Mary Baker, the fasting girl at Morrow, Ind., is still alive and conscious on the 106th day of abstinence from food.

—A good day for young ladies' cooking club to meet—Fridays. A good day for members to eat the viands they cook—Chews-days.

—It is an old saw that "all signs fail in dry weather." Probably a new saw would be appropriate to the effect that all prognostications fail in foul weather.

—Since the formation of the Baptist Union in Scotland, eighteen years ago, 31 new chapels have been built. At the present time there are in that country 85 Baptist churches, with 77 Sunday Schools, and 105 preaching stations and cottage meetings.

Have you paid your little bills?
Retail debts are wholesale ills;
Tardy payment credit kills;
Better pay your little bills.
Louder than heaving billows
On dread Niagara's roar,
Goes up the chorus through the land:
"Confound ye, shut that door!"

—At a recent diplomatic dinner at the Washington White House Mrs. Cleveland wore a gown of pale blue silk, brocaded in rosebuds, with a front of blue tulle bordered with ribbons; the body was cut square back and front and finished with lace; blue feathers in her hair were held by a diamond ornament.

—Detroit has forsaken standard time and returned to the old method. A resolution was recently passed by the Board of Aldermen to the effect that on and after 12 o'clock midnight of January 1st, 1887, meridian time should be established and standard time abandoned, and that the City Hall clock and all the city clocks should be changed accordingly.

A BISHOP IN HIS COFFIN.

After Lying Dead 700 Years, an Old Churchman's Body is Found.

An interesting account is given in some German papers of the discovery a little time ago, in the Cathedral of Worms, of the body of a mediæval bishop, who has been identified as Conrad de Sternberg, who died in 1154, being a contemporary of our Henry II., and of the great German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, says the London *Times*. During the progress of some restorations which are being carried out in the cathedral, a stone coffin was found deep under the floor of the choir. It was closely cemented, and on its being opened in the presence of a special commission the body was found in perfect preservation, and arrayed in vestments denoting episcopal rank. On the head is a low miter, the low border of which is formed by a band of thick gold embroidery, of a lozenge-shaped pattern; the fillets of the miter are composed of the same sort of work, with deep, heavy gold fringes. The peaks of the miter have their edges adorned by similar embroidery. The alb and amice are made of thin linen, very openly woven. The chasuble, of the old bell shape, is made of very thick twilled silk, and falls in long folds around the body, forming a sort of pad round the neck. In the usual way a richly embroidered band runs perpendicularly down the front; it has no special design. The edges of the chasuble are simply hemmed. The tunics under the chasuble are also of silk. The upper one is of lighter texture; it shows a pattern consisting of lozenges connected by rays. The under tunic shows a very fine interlacing pattern of geometrical design. The stole is worn crossed on the breast, the lower portions being broader than the upper. Its ornamentation is a pattern of scale-like design, which shows alternately figures of lions and birds set in a pattern of fine-traced leaves. The girdle is of silk, but only long, untwisted strands remain. The feet and legs up to the knees are covered with silk stockings, which seem to be of a fine network texture. Three broad parallel bands and as many smaller ones are wound round in spiral fashion and fasten them. The shoes, which comes up above the ankle and have two deep slits, are made of gold brocade; they are ornamented by circular embroideries, sewed on. The soles of the shoes are of leather. The pastoral staff lies in the arms, from the right shoulder to the left foot. It is of soft wood, ending with a ferule and spike; at top there is a spherical ball and hammered bronze, out of which issues a crook of soft wood, which ends in a bronze lily set in a socket. At the feet stands the chalice, also of soft wood, very finely turned; the cup is a hemisphere, and on it rests the patina.

WHAT WE WOULD DO.

A Chicago Canuck Exposes to a Terrified Nation Our Plan of Campaign.

What would Canadians do in case of war with the United States? Why, they would fight—fight as their ancestors fought—fight like devils! And what would they do to inaugurate the campaign—to give it tone, as it were? They would enter the field as if they had been prepared for such an event for the past twenty-five years. In twenty-four hours they would have the twenty-seven miles of Welland Canal completely guarded from one end to the other. In the neighborhood of that important public work would instantly be placed several field batteries, and ten thousand picked men from the forces in Ontario. Early the second day of the war a couple of batteries, after the destruction of the bridges at Niagara Falls, would turn their attention to poor, exposed Buffalo. Its big breweries and malt houses would topple over like nine pins under the accurate shelling of the Canuck gunners, who would also wipe the water with the shipping in the harbor, and even play havoc with the historic spot of ground upon which Col. John Finnerty stood watching the Fenians run in the raid of '66. About the time that the Toronto, Hamilton and Welland field batteries would be taking care of Buffalo and vicinity, the London and Guelph batteries and ten or fifteen thousand burly Scotch-Canadians from the counties of Oxford, Huron and Bruce would be opposite Detroit, razing that pretty city to the ground, shaking it up so badly that Brudder Gardiner would not be able to find a brick of the celebrated Lime-Kiln Club; all of which would vividly remind Detroiters of a certain warm incident of the war of 1812. With the Welland Canal open, a few Canadian gunboats would soon anchor off Cleveland and Toledo and bring to time, in short order, about 240,000 of those rampant Ohioans (not forgetting Petroleum V. Nasby), who now want to invade the Dominion. East of Toronto everything would favor the Canadians and not a foot of territory from Toronto to Halifax could be successfully attacked by the American forces. On the other hand Ogdensburg and Oswego would have to go down before the rattling fire of the Canucks; and thus it would go all along the line. Oh, the carnage and destruction of property would be frightful.—*Canadian American.*

Beyond the Court's Jurisdiction.

Judge Hall, of North Carolina, became terribly sea sick when going down the Chesapeake Bay on an excursion, the wind being fresh and the whitecaps tumultuous; so he spent most of his time leaning on the bulwarks.

"My dear Hall," said Chief Justice Waite, who was one of the party, and was himself quite comfortable, "can I do anything for you? Just suggest what you wish?"

"I wish," groaned the sea-sick man, "that your honor would over-rule this motion."

Under a new rule at the United States Penitentiary at McNeil's Island, Puget Sound, every convict brought there has the hair on the right side of his head shaved off. The other side is untouched.

A newspaper was received the other day at the Boston Post-office addressed "Mr. George H. Handel, care of the Handel and Haydn Society." Some thirty years ago there came to the society a letter addressed "Messrs. Handel and Haydn, musicians," and there was the same perplexity as to its disposition as there is now about the newspaper for Mr. Handel.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, FEB. 17, 1887.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Electors of South Grey! Remember that Tuesday next, Feb 22nd, is polling day. Let every voter in the riding go to the several polling booths and record their votes according to the honest dictates of their consciences. The ratepayers are the real legislators and will have only themselves to blame if incapables are sent to Ottawa to make laws. Vote for Dr. Jamieson and good Government.

Never in the history of this great and growing young country was it more important that every available vote should be polled than it is at the present juncture. The policy of Sir John Macdonald's Government has tended to develop the resources of Canada, foster home industries and promote the national weal. A reversal of that policy would be simply ruinous—blighting home industries and seriously retarding our growth from boyhood into a robust and sturdy national manhood. Don't be blinded by petty, unimportant side issues! Calmly and dispassionately examine the records of both parties and you will not be long in coming to the conclusion that Dr. Jamieson's platform will be most conductive to our national prosperity.

The political meeting at Eugenia, on Wednesday evening, of last week, lasted six hours. Dr. Landerkin completely lost his temper while Dr. Christoe and Mr. M. Richardson were speaking. The solid array of facts and incisive utterances presented by the latter gentlemen utterly floored the Reform candidate, and he flew into a terrible passion. Indeed it was at one time feared that he would resort to physical force. Fortunately he got cooled off before he fairly boiled over.

Mr. Allan, Mr. Coumee, and Sir Richard Cartwright addressed a political meeting in Chatsworth lately. The chairman was asked by Mr. Creasor if any person would be allowed to reply on behalf of Mr. Masson. He at first replied in the negative, then said *half an hour* would be allowed after Mr. Allen finished speaking! In fact it was determined that only one side of the questions at issue should be heard. The whole thing was cut and dried in order to suppress that terror to incapable politicians, D. Creighton, Esq., M.P.P. for North Grey.

The following deliberate falsehood was clipped from last week's *Grey Review*, and shows to what extent Dr. Landerkin and his friends will go during an election campaign:—"In last week's ADVANCE the tory candidate and his Flesherton friends announced a meeting in the Town Hall Flesherton, for Thursday and invited Dr. Landerkin, who made arrangements to be present. As soon as the tories found out that he would be with them that day, posters were issued for a mass meeting on Saturday when they knew that the Dr. has other arrangements for that day and thereby "Gerrymandering Flesherton." The meeting was postponed simply because one of the speakers invited could not attend on Thursday. Afraid to meet Dr. Landerkin! Pshaw! He has been fairly whipped out of his boots at every meeting held in Artemesia, and that, too, by our own local men. He will not care to come into this Township on an electioneering tour again in a hurry, considering the hot reception he got recently. Riellites are at a discount in Artemesia.

John Weber, David Graham, J. I. Graham and Wm. J. Shannon, of Meaford Road, are put forward, in the same issue of the *Review*, as vouchers to a statement said to have been made at Eugenia by Dr. Jamieson relative to the proposed Scott Act amendment. The "vouching" of the gentlemen—may safely be taken with a big chunk of salt. But supposing the yarn to be founded on fact, it is not what Dr. Jamieson or anybody else *might* have done that interests the electors so much as what Dr. Landerkin *actually did do*, viz., voted to destroy the usefulness of the Scott Act by adding the wine and beer clause. It will require a mighty amount of tortuous reasoning on the part of the *Review* to convince the electors that Dr. Landerkin's course was consistent with the principles he professes to be governed by.

One fact in connection with the above paragraph is significant. It is this: Why did not the *Review's* informant supply that journal with the names of a few Conservative "vouchers" who were present at the meeting in question? Another interesting fact remains to be noted, viz., that Mr. M. Richardson denies emphatically Dr. Landerkin and the *Review's* version of the affair.

The *Review* gives currency to another story, this time with four Neustadt names as vouchers. The whole thing looks so much like a clumsy canard that we do not imagine it will hurt our Temperance platform "one iota." The fact that our Durham cotem. gave currency to a falsehood concerning the mass meeting here, leads us to entertain very serious doubts as to the honesty and truthfulness of its other statements.

Electors will make a note of the fact, that—unless positively dragged into it—Dr. Landerkin has repeatedly avoided the slightest reference to the Riel question. The subject is not only distasteful to himself but to many of his friends and admirers, who would willingly bury the hateful thing out of sight forever. But Dr. Landerkin is a public man and it is right that the people, whose votes and influence he seeks, should know something of his record. He voted in the House of Commons last year, that it was wrong to hang the traitor and murderer, Louis Riel. It is as clear to us now as the noon day sun, that the whole disgraceful affair was a deliberate bait to catch the disaffected French Canadian vote. The Riel question is a popular cry in Quebec but quite the reverse in Ontario. Hence Dr. Landerkin is ashamed to stand up before the enlightened, loyal and patriotic electorate of South Grey and acknowledge how he misrepresented them in that and other important particulars, how he put a premium on treason and murder by his vote on the hanging of one of the blackest hearted scoundrels who has ever disgraced the annals of our beloved country. We much mistake the spirit of our fellow-electors in this riding if they do not defeat Dr. Landerkin by a large majority and elect Dr. Jamieson in his stead on the 22nd inst.

NORTH GREY.

Mr. James Masson is making a gallant fight in North Grey, and, from what we hear, will be elected by a good majority. His opponent, like Dr. Landerkin, voted that Riel should not have been hung; that he was insane, and a lot of other ranting nonsense. The electors of North Grey will leave Benjamin where he ought always to have been—*at home*!

VOTE FOR MASSON.
Election, Tuesday, Feb. 22nd.
Be early at the polls.

SOUTH GREY.

In our own constituency the Reform candidate has been soundly whipped and floored on nearly every hustings throughout the entire campaign. South Grey doesn't want a representative who is afraid to give a full account of his stewardship, but fritters away his time quite boldly in discussing matters of the least possible importance. South Grey doesn't want a representative who, when opportunity presents itself, will, endeavor to destroy the balance of even-handed justice by condoning the acts of a traitor to his country and a shedder of innocent blood. No! we don't want such a man; and every loyal, patriotic elector in South Grey will, we confidently trust, arise in their might and by placing Dr. Jamieson at the head of the polls on Tuesday next, 22nd inst., administer a fitting rebuke to partizan, apron-stringed parliamentarians. Let every vote be polled! Friends of Dr. Jamieson, should get down to work in real earnest—only a few more days and the battle will be fought and won—by Dr. Jamieson.

"But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood."

VOTE FOR DR. JAMIESON!
Be early at the polls!
Election, Tuesday, Feb. 22nd.
Work, WORK, WORK!!!

EAST GREY.

Of all the gentlemen who have ever sought the support of the electors of the banner riding of Grey, none deserved more hearty, enthusiastic or unstinted support at the hand of the electors than does our worthy friend, Dr. Sproule, at the present important epoch in the history of our country. A more faithful, a more hard-working, a more energetic or a more upright guardian of the people's best interests it would be impossible to find in this broad Dominion. Dr. Sproule is a gentleman of whom any constituency might be proud, and it is a fact worthy of note that there are many gentlemen in the Reform ranks even, who are ardent admirers and who will undoubtedly mark their ballots for him on the 22nd. inst. Under any circumstances, however, it is the duty of all loyal Conservatives to give the Doctor a united and hearty support.

VOTE FOR DR. SPROULE!
Election, Tuesday, Feb. 22nd.
Be early at the polls!

DR. LANDERKIN VOTED THAT RIEL SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN HANGED. VOTE FOR JAMIESON.

Honor Roll Kimberley School.

JANUARY.

Class IV. E. Carruthers, 266; A. Thurston, 229. B. Carruthers 221. B. Young 212.

Ccass III. L. Graham 147. J. Howell 126. H. Howe 93. B. Howe 93.

Sr. Class II. J. Hammond 115. J Carruthers 92. R. Howe 91. A. McConnell 90.

Jr. Class II. Wm. Lawrence 133. N. Gilbert 107. J. Abercrombie 105. J. Lawrence 105.

No. on Roll for month, 84. Average attendance 55.

S. GAUDIN, Teacher.

DR. LANDERKIN VOTED IN FAVOR OF THE WINE AND BEER CLAUSE IN THE PROPOSED SCOTT ACT AMENDMENT. VOTE FOR JAMIESON.

Married.

LACKEY—BAKER.—At Flesherton, on the 15th inst., by Rev. W. Ayers, Mr. Robert Henry Lackey, of the Township of Holland, to Miss Catherine Ellen Baker, of the same place.

CONN—HARTOP.—At the residence of the bride's father, Thos. Hartop, Esq., Euphrasia, by the Rev.—, Mr. John Conn to Miss Mary Hartop, both of Euphrasia.

As a toilet article, Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivaled. It cleanses the scalp and removes dandruff, cures itching humors, restores the original color to faded and gray hair, and promotes its growth.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

MEETING AT EUGENIA!

Dr. Landerkin Utterly Floored by Messr. Christoe and Richardson. The Riel Question, &c.

From our own Correspondent.

Last Wednesday evening Dr. Landerkin held a political meeting at Eugenia, which was largely attended by the electors of the surrounding community. The Dr. spoke at considerable length—some 2½ hours. A free, voluble speaker he is; but when his speech was ended, for the life of one it was difficult to say what in the world he was driving at. One thing had been noticeable, viz., he gloried in his vote against the Government in the hanging of Louis Riel, the North-West rebel, murderer and usurper!—thus casting a contemptible, humiliating slur on the patriotism and loyalty of this constituency—a slur which was passed on into the pages of history, and will be repeated for all time to come.

Perhaps one might be accused of being dull of comprehension, but it really appeared like lots of thunder yet no rain. Truly it was a wonderful harangue, of ingenious, plausible policy, spiced with a plentiful supply of misleading sophistry as to what had been accomplished by his side of the house at Ottawa, Very little he appeared to advance as to what they intended to accomplish in the near future if put in power, except, perhaps, general intimations of their propositions to upset matters in a mixed and promiscuous way—similar to what they were some 10 years ago. He appeared to have no very clearly defined ideas, and it impressed us his conceptions of just what they did or did not intend to do for the better government of this great Dominion, in his or their purified estimation, was, to say the least, very vague and misty indeed. Of course the intelligent audience was not captured and carried away by Dr. Landerkin's really grotesque, picturesque, sophisticated and in some places explosive speech. There were a goodly number of Artemesia's sons there, who were not to be bluffed by even a member of parliament. They were watching the correctness and justness of the Dr's remarks in the light of the past record—of the work of the two great political parties at Ottawa. (It really augurs well for the welfare of our country, when we find numbers of local members of our communities taking an intense interest in the Government of the Dominion in which we live.) The Dr. emphatically depreacated partyism, yet he proved himself one of the strongest supporters of party present.

At the close of Dr. Landerkin's speech, Dr. Christoe was called to the platform in behalf of Dr. Jamieson. Dr. Christoe made direct advances at the great questions and issues of the recent past, the present, and future. Quite to be expected, he took a very different view of the subjects raised to that of Dr. Landerkin, who frequently sought to contradict and object to the Dr's statement, yet being generally founded on fact, as published by the government, concerning their past management, the Dr. was enabled to floor many inaccurate insinuations as to alleged mismanagement on the part of Sir John McDonald's government. After a lengthy review, and a breeze or two in which Dr. Landerkin took part, Dr. Christoe retired with applause.

Mr. Thorp Wright spoke in favor of Dr. Landerkin and the Opposition to National Policy, endeavoring to show that the farmers had suffered because of it in the markets, as to cattle, butter, cereals, &c. But most of those present could not see those things in the same light as Mr. Wright—perhaps not having had his business experience in these matters.

Mr. M. Richardson was called to the platform and at once entered into a very gentlemanly and intelligent consideration of the live questions at issue in this campaign. He graphically and forcibly exposed the position taken by Dr. Landerkin against the Government in the North-West rebellion and the hanging of the rebel and traitor, Louis Riel. Landerkin said the Gov't did wrong to hang him, but Richardson proved and maintained the Gov't did right, which sentiment was received with hearty applause. The speaker attacked boldly—face to face—Dr. Landerkin's position on other vital questions, and once so exasperated did Landerkin become, that he interrupted Mr. Richardson, with the announcement that he should not remain on the platform another moment if he persisted in thus expressing his views. (A voice—"Remember, Landerkin, you're in Artemesia now. Have a care what you say!") Mr. Richardson, like the man he is, went ahead all the same—unruffled, cool and collected, and maintained his views and the policy of the Gov't, in the light of the public records, as correct. Mr. Richardson's speech abounded in telling points. Mr. Gordon, of Flesherton, filled the chair in a patient and gentlemanly manner.

DR. LANDERKIN VOTED THAT RIEL SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN HANGED. VOTE FOR JAMIESON.

Our Chieftain:
RT. HON. SIR JOHN McDONALD.

Our Standard-Bearers:
DR. JAMIESON,
FOR SOUTH GREY.

DR. SPROULE,
FOR EAST GREY.

JAMES MASSON,
FOR NORTH GREY.

Election, Tuesday, Feb. 22nd, 1887.

Every elector should consider it his sacred duty to go to the polling booth and record his vote without being urged. Remember the great national and individual interests involved in this struggle. Vote early.

DR. LANDERKIN VOTED IN FAVOR OF THE WINE AND BEER CLAUSE IN THE PROPOSED SCOTT ACT AMENDMENT. VOTE FOR JAMIESON.

Snaring Rabbits.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir.—Information has come to me that parties in and around Flesherton are in the habit of snaring hares and that quite a trade has sprung up in exporting them to Toronto. As those who are guilty of breaking the law may be doing so unconciously. This is to notify them that snaring or in any way taking hares other than by shooting is illegal, and that a penalty of $20 in each case is the fine imposed by law for every snare trap or other device used for purpose. The Grey & Bruce Fish & Game P. Socy. are determined to see the law enforced and the undersigned will feel obliged for information of any infringment of the game laws. If I again receive information as to a further disregard of the law being shown I shall prosecute a couple of parties as an example. Yours Truly,

H. G. TUCKER.
Secy. Treas. G. & B. F. & G. P. Socy.
Owen Sound, Feby. 8th 1887.

DR. LANDERKIN IS AGAINST THE NATIONAL POLICY. VOTE FOR DR. JAMIESON AND GOOD GOVERNMEMT ON THE 22ND INST.

A Dialogue.

Good morning, John, how are you making it go this winter;

JOHN.—Well, to tell you the truth, Joe, I am feeling much better, but during the fall my lower lip was pretty long. I had $300 or $400 against me all told. My crops were short and funds low, and how to meet my payments was a conundrum. My wife and I had many a chat over the matter; so one night as we were talking over our affairs, Abigail made a suggestion. Says she, John go up to Flesherton and call on W. J. Bellamy; he lends money. So next morning I goes up and called at his office near the Town Hall, on Toronto street. After talking the matter over with him and telling my troubles, says he, I can get you out of that fix. How, says I. Well, says he, you have a good farm and I will lend you all the money you want at six and a half per cent. straight loan, and you can have your own terms to pay the principal. So I borrowed enough to let me out alright. I paid all my debts and am a happy man to-day, and Abigal says she hardly knows me.

JOE.—Do you think I can get any from him;

JOHN.—Yes, yes, all you want.

JOE.—Well, I shall see him on election day. I desire to consolidate my liabilities and owe only one, so I shall let you know how I get along.

BELLAMY.—Others may do likewise, as the North of Scotland has lots of money.

DR. LANDERKIN IS AGAINST THE NATIONAL POLICY. VOTE FOR DR. JAMIESON AND GOOD GOVERNMEMT ON THE 22ND INST.

LOCAL SKETCHES.

To the Editor of the Advance.

THE ROYAL TEMPLARS.

This Society which is also among the foremost in Flesherton, is represented by Fountain Council No. 146, the success of which since its institution in October 1884 with 23 charter members has been so remarkable as to astonish the most sanguine and energetic of its members and is looked upon by the temperance people of Grey as the centre from which the most earnest and progressive work in the Temperance cause emanates. The progress of the Council at first was slow, and not until March 1886 when in conjunction with the other Councils of this county a District Council was formed, the first meeting being held in Kimberley when it was determined to take hold of the Temperance work and push it with vigor until it was an ultimate success.

From that period till the present time, Fountain Council has had a steady increase in membership which is at present 35, with several applications now to hand.

In its membership are many of the most earnest workers in this county, every week brings solicitations from the surrounding localities to the District Councillor (who is a member of this Council) to conduct Temperance meetings and which are always responded to with pleasure being always ably assisted by the membership.

The Society is one that commands the respect of all who have ever joined it.

From the time the candidate for admission steps over the threshold of the Council until he has received the final in the initiation he is so solemnly impressed with the earnestness of the work upon which he has entered that it can never be entirely effaced from his memory.

The business of the Council is conducted in a manner similar to that usual in every well regulated society and its business character tends to be of great service to the youth for instruction in thorough business habits. The Good of the Order is well sustained with entertainments which is calculated to improve and refine the minds of the members. The great principle of Total abstinence never being lost sight of, every exercise tending to the advancement morally and intellectually of all the members, such are the social features of this order. We now come to the Beneficiary Classes which consist of 1st the sick and funeral benefit fund which is open to all Royal Templars physically and sound upon the payment of a small entrance fee and the monthly payment of a sum fixed according to the age at date of application, as per the following graded scale :

From 16 to 35	25 cents.
From 35 to 40	30 cents.
From 40 to 44	35 cents.
From 44 to 48	40 cents.
From 48 to 52	45 cents.
From 52 to 55	50 cents.

For which they are secured in the amount of $5.00 per week for males and $3.00 per week for females for a period of not less than one week o more than twelve weeks continued sickness, also a funeral benefit at death of $50.00. Death benefits are also conferred on members in good standing :—An applicant for a death benefit must pass the medical examination and the ballot of the select Degree, paying the initiation fee imposed by the Degree where he seeks admission. If accepted he will be raised to the Select Degree, and receive his Certificate on payment of an assessment, according to age and amount as per the following table :

		for $500	$1000	$2000
Class A, from	16 to 25	$0 25	$0 50	$1 00
" B, "	25 to 30	0 28	0 55	1 10
" C, "	30 to 35	0 30	0 60	1 20
" D, "	35 to 40	0 34	0 67	1 35
" E, "	40 to 45	0 38	0 75	1 50
" F, "	45 to 50	0 43	0 85	1 70

An assessment of the same amount will be due and payable on the first of every subsequent month so long as the member remains in the society. In case of PERMANENT total disability for life, one half of the death benefit is advanced during life, and the remainder payable at death. Only one death occurred during the last six months.

The Knight Templar Degree which is also the *Law and Order* department which secures benefits to its members of a similar nature and equally liberal up to their sixtieth year. These advantages have proved a bulwark of strength to the order and have been the means of making glad the hearts of many widows and orphened children who would otherwise have been destitute.

Another department claims the attention of this order which although last mentioned is not by any means the least important and is devoted to "White Cross" Templary.

The name is a peculiarly happy one. The *white* of the pure Alpine snows, of the delicate lily, of the indestructible marble. The *cross* that embodies for us the truth that the whole movement is based on the perfect manhood of our Lord. *Templary* consistent with the title of our Order, and suggestive of the chivalry, which sent the sons of Christianity in discipline, strength, and organized force to fight and die for the holy sepulchure.

The White Cross Templar's vows are.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE AND BY HIS HELP :

1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degredation.
2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
4. To endevor to spread these principles among my companions and to try and help my brothers.
5. To use every possible means to fulfil the command, 'Keep THYSELF pure.'

Such are the aims and objects of this noble order, we welcome all good and true men and women to our ranks, and likewise esteem all who are engaged in this noble work it matters not by what name they are called and the hope is that by united action the day is not far distant when the drink traffic will be driven from this fair Dominion.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The coming Elections are causing considerable excitement here and a very large vote will likely be polled on the 22nd.

Maggie A., daughter of Duncan Heron who died a short time ago. Although only a child, has been lingering with that fatal disease Consumption, and died on Monday last and her remains laid beside her father in the Methodist cemetery on Wednesday.

What might have proved a serious accident but was happily avoided, occurred on the people returning from the above funeral. A young man who thought he owned a very fast horse undertook to run him past some other teams, and in doing so the horse ran against Mrs. Robert Heron, knocking her down on the ice from which she received some bruises of a slight nature.

Mrs. Milne of Toronto, who has been laid up here with Inflamation of the Lungs, is now in a fair way of recovery.

Mr. F. Schimaman is laid up with a sore leg.

Two of what is said to be Dudes from Feversham, drove into our village one day last week and stopped at the hotel, where they found a few of the same species engaged with dice and bad whiskey and soon all hands became jovial. The horse was then brought into the hall of the hotel, and between Dudes, whiskey and horse, they enacted what they called a good time which may be imagined better than described.

A grand Temperance concert was given in the Methodist church here on Monday evening by the Royal Templars of Flesherton. The church was well filled and a very enjoyable evening spent. Quite a number have given in their names and a Council is to be organized in this place. The chair was very ably filled by Thos. Gamey, Esq. A bounteous spread was provided for the visitors at the residence of Johnson Little, Esq., to which ample justice was done. Prof. and Fairy Morgan added considerably to the interest of the proceedings by rendering a choice selection of their most popular songs. Messrs. Barnhouse and Russell and Miss Christoe also contributed materially to the evening's enjoyment.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. F. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $5 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of many little fortunes. All is new.

SELLING OFF
AT COST !

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS :

E. VANZANT,

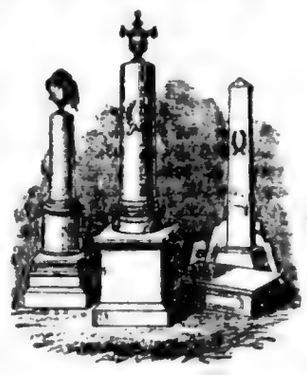

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1886.

Going North.

STATIONS.	Mail	Exp.	Mixed.
Toronto ..... Leave	7 45am	4 5pm	
Cardwell Junction	9 25 "	6 30 "	
Charleston	9 43 "	6 45 "	
Orange- Arrive	10 05 "	7 08 "	
ville. Leave	10 20 "	7 22 "	
Orangeville Junction	10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne	10 58 "	8 04 "	
Dundalk	11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON	11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale	12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford	12 23pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth	12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound ..... Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Does not stop for Passengers.

Going South.

STATIONS.	Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound ..... Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	
Chatsworth	6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford	6 25 "	3 30 "	
Markdale	6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON	7 02 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk	7 26 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne	7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction	8 22 "	5 28 "	
Orange- Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
ville. Leave	8 45 "	5 55 "	
Charleston	9 05 "	6 13 "	
Cardwell Junction	9 25 "	6 30 "	
Toronto ..... Arrive	10 55 "	8 10 "	

Does not stop for Passengers.

W. WHYTE, Gen'l Sup't. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agt

Money to Loan.

At 6 Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GAZIER. — THORNBURY.

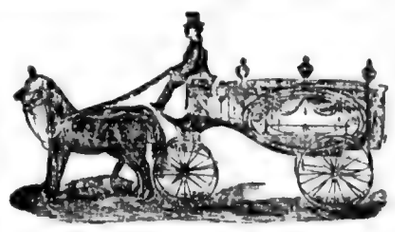

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

Thorough-Bred

BERKSHIRE BOAR !

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.

(283-335) JACOB A. LEVER.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

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FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

ANDREW McGIRR,

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FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY.

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

NEW LIVERY !

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

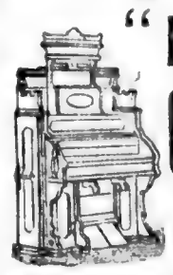

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

New Butcher Shop in Flesherton !

Petch & Mitchell,

PROPRIETORS.

THE undersigned respectfully take this opportunity to announce to the people of Flesherton and surrounding country, that they have started a Butcher Shop in the stand next door to the Marble Works, FLESHERTON, where they will be pleased to meet with all who favor them with their patronage. Fresh Meats of all kinds, and Fish, &c. in their seasons

Respectfully yours,

PETCH & MITCHELL.

DASHED TO DEATH.

The Terrible Railway Holocaust in Vermont.

SIXTY PEOPLE BURNED TO DEATH.

Heartrending Incidents and Horrible Death Scenes.

A last Saturday night's White River Junction (Vt.) despatch says: At half-past 2 o'clock this morning the Montreal night express on the Vermont Central Railroad went through the bridge at Woodstock, some five miles north of here, and fell 70 feet into the White River, causing a terrible loss of life, the disaster being the most appalling that has occurred in the history of New England, and rivalling the famous disaster at Ashtabula, which it resembled in many respects. The train consisted of an engine, baggage, postal and smoker, two ordinary passenger coaches, and two Pullman sleepers, the "Pilgrim" and "St. Albans." The train, with the exception of the last Pullman, left Boston at 7 p. m., its usual time, arriving here at 12.30 a. m., when it was connected with the sleeper "St. Albans" from Springfield, containing passengers from New York and the West who had come to Springfield via the Boston & Albany, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford road. The Boston sleeper "Pilgrim" was full, as the night was cold, and those passengers who could afford it preferred a bed with covers to the chilly passenger cars. The Springfield sleeper was about three-quarters full, and the whole train contained some

NINETY TO ONE HUNDRED PASSENGERS.

In the passenger coaches were most of the local passengers, while in the sleepers were the through people for St. Albans and Montreal, most of the latter being *en route* for the coming ice carnival. The train reached here on time, but was delayed waiting for the Springfield car, and it was exactly 2.10 a. m. when it pulled out of the depot. It had to pass a freight at South Royalton, twenty miles north of here, and so ran ahead of schedule speed to make up for lost time. At what is known as Woodstock, an old abandoned station, the high bridge, a Howe deck structure some 200 feet long by 50 to 70 high, was reached, and here by some means the cars left the track while on the bridge. All that portion of the train behind the postal car plunged into the river, two cars breaking through the ice and being partially submerged. The forward part of the train passed over in safety. The forward coach left the rails first and dragged the others after it, the shock of striking the bare ties breaking the coupling between the postal and the coach. George Parker, a rear brakeman, was going from one Pullman to another, when he heard a great crash and the cars trembled. He jumped to the step, and giving a glance ahead saw the coach going down through the bridge. Without waiting he leaped off, striking the frozen snow and rolling 30 feet down an embankment. He was terribly bruised, for he says the train was going 40 miles an hour. One side of his face was badly torn and his right arm broken. When he got to his feet he says

A FEARFUL SIGHT

met his eyes. The cars all mixed up, some on their tops and others on their sides were lying on the ice, while a bright flame was leaping up from different parts of the wreck. The cries were terrible, but not minding them, and knowing that the engine could not recross the shattered bridge, he ran to a farm-house some rods removed from the bridge and kicking at the door awoke the owner, Thomas Pingree, and told of the accident. Pingree got him a team and, wounded as he was, Parker drove at breakneck speed through the dark all the way here and gave the alarm. The station agent found Dr. Ira Chase, of Bristol, at the Depot Hotel, and with a number of citizens with linen and brandy started in a box car for the scene. Before they had left the depot a bright light in the northern sky too plainly told the horrible scene that was being enacted at the fatal bridge. The relief party reached the scene one hour and fifteen minutes after the accident, and by that time the bridge was one mass of flames, and nothing was left of the cars but glowing frames and redhot iron braces Stretched out upon the ice were a number of

BLACKENED, BLEEDING FIGURES,

covered up with what could be snatched from the broken cars, and, assisted by some dozen country people, the trainmen were carrying the wounded to the house of Pingree and the postal car, which was being extemporized as a hospital. Your correspondent was one of the relief party, and can say that the sickening, terrible sights cannot be described. The wounded, most of whom were suffering from horrible burns, were writhing and twisting upon their beds, while shriek after shriek would be given out by what seemed but a bundle of half burned rags. Every few moments some tortured victim, while being assisted up the bank, would break away from the helpers and rush screaming, half-naked, across the frozen snow. One young woman, scarcely 18, who lives near Quebec, and who was said by a trainman to have entered the train wearing a magnificent fur robe to keep her warm, stood crying on the ice with nothing on but a pair of stockings and a chemise. She refused to budge when assistance was offered, and she had to be carried by force to Pingree's house. The smoking ruins of the burnt cars gave forth a sickening

ODOR OF BURNT FLESH,

which made the small band of helpers ill and faint. It was a remarkable feature of the accident that not one of the passengers who went over the bridge escaped scot free. All were injured, and, to show how fast the flames spread, only those survive who were got out of the cars ten minutes after the first crash came. Most of the fortunate ones were taken from the sleepers, all those on the two forward cars, with few exceptions, having been killed outright at the outset by the heavy sleepers falling upon them and grinding them to pieces. The rescued number 30 all told, and deducting this from the low estimated number of 90 on the train, leaves 60 victims who met a dreadful death.

THE FATALLY WOUNDED

were: F. L. Wesson, of Springfield, son of the famous arms manufacturer; E. F. Dillon, of Dartmouth College; Henry Tewkesbury, of Randolph, Vermont, and Smith Sturtevant, the conductor, who was taken from a burning car half roasted. All these died soon after being taken from he wreck.

THOSE WHO SURVIVE

are: J. H. Cushing, of Middleboro', Mass, back injured; A L Abouef, of Lynn, Mass, legs broken; Miss Lovell, of Montreal, sister-in-law to Mr. Wesson, back injured and dangerously ill through nervous prostration; O. Boisvert, Angelina, Que., internally injured; L. Combremont, New York, hip and back bruised; Mitchel Lacaillaide, Lawrence, Mass., head, chest and back; Moses Paulet, Quebec, right leg broken and head wounded; Mrs. W. S. Bryden, Montreal, contusions on back; George Gennett, Syracuse, N. Y., head cut open and back wounded; Horace Juean, East Pepperell, Mass., face, back and legs bruised; Anna Murphy, 116 Prince street, Boston, right cheek badly cut open and back bruised; Mrs. Charles Kaster, Boston, contusion on back and limbs; Katy Kahl, Boston, severe scalp wound; J. C. Hutchinson, Montgomery, Vt., spinal column injured; Joseph E. Jacques, Fitchburg, Mass., contusion over the eyes, and hips and legs bruised; Henry Mott, a hay dealer from New York State; Andrew A. Wheeler, Fitchburg, Mass., cut over the eyes and face burned; Mrs. John Graham, Medford, Mass., ankle sprained and spinal column injured; James Kiley, Burke, N. Y., left arm fractured and head bruised; C. M. Hosmer, Lowell, Mass., legs and body bruised; Joseph Maignet, Three Rivers, Que., body wounds.

THE SLIGHTLY INJURED

are: George Parker, brakeman, St. Albans; Fred. A. Fisher and Howard F. Smith, Gloucester, Mass.; Miss Maria Sadler, Ormstown, Que.; Polly Aril, Chicopee, Mass.; Herbert Cushing, Middleboro', Mass.; Andrew A. Wheeler, Fitchburg, Mass.; Napoleon Rosseau, of Les Trappeurs Club, Montreal; Edward Bangs, brakeman, West Lebanon; S. S. Westcott, Burlington, Vt.; Cephas Mills, Iroquois, Ont.; Charles Kastner, Boston, contusions of back and limbs, and Lee, of Burlington, Vt.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Besides those who died it is known that the following perished in the flames: The two colored porters of the sleepers; W. E. Adams, of St. Albans, Vt.; Euclid Chagnon, of Manchester; Charles W. Sandford, Boston; Drummer Bousiequet, of Attawagan, Conn., with his sister, his wife Mary and two children; Conductor Burgess, of the sleeping car, and B. Atkinson, of Lowell, Mass. All the bodies recovered were burned beyond recognition, and it was past mid-day before they could be identified. So far what are supposed to be the remains of forty individuals have been brought here and laid out. The *debris* of the burned cars is full of pieces of bones and charred flesh, which is being carefully picked out and assorted. The two forward cars have broken through the ice, and it is supposed that some of those there were drowned and have been washed out by the water. If so, they may be carried down the Connecticut River under the ice and never recovered. The death of the man Bousiequet was

PARTICULARLY SAD.

He had gone to the rear of the car to get a drink, when the crash came, and was separated from his family who, being in the forward part of the car, must have been killed instantly. He was pinned down by a seat, but managed to get his head through a window, when he shrieked at the top of his voice, "Mary, Mary," for fully five minutes. Mr. Lee, one of the survivors, tried to rescue him, but he only asked where his wife was. Before any answer could be given the fire reached him, and crying out "dead," he deliberately threw himself on the floor into the fire. Those who were able to speak from experience say that it was simply an inferno. Frank Winch, a New York drummer, who was on the postal and escaped, was seen en route for Boston this afternoon, and he says the only name given for the burning wreck was "Hell." During the day great crowds of people arrived on the scene, coming from all sections by trains and sleighs. They all were willing to help and many were put into service. All who were on the sleepers agreed that those in the upper berths perished by the beds closing up when the cars turned over and holding the occupants fast. Mr. Charles Hosmer, of Lowell, had his friend and travelling companion burned to death before his eyes by being in an upper berth. When the two entered the car at Lowell they tossed up for the berth and Mr. Hosmer won the lower one. Mr. Hosmer says that out of five ladies in his car only one escaped.

LOOKING FOR THE DEAD.

Early this afternoon Walter H. Wesson and his son, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Eustis and an undertaker, reached the scene looking for young Wesson's body. Miss Lovell insisted, ill as she was, in helping. They at length decided that a terribly disfigured mass of flesh, minus head or arms, was that of the unfortunate man and took it away. Miss Nancy Dunbar, of Somerville, is supposed to have been lost in the accident. She was in the sleeper. Her brother is looking for her remains. Ed. Brocklebank, a brakeman, is also among the dead. The accident and burning of the bridge have blocked all traffic, and trains have to be run around by the way of Well River. The ice on the White River is three feet thick, which prevented the rescuers getting water when the wreck took fire, and the flames had it all their own way. There is a great difference of opinion as to the cause of the disaster, many contending that it was a broken rail, and others that it was due to the iron framework of the bridge contracting by the intense cold, the temperature being some 20° below *zero* when the disaster occurred. A broken rail some little distance back from the bridge is given as the real cause of the train leaving the track, and it is supposed that the jarring of the wheels over the bridge ties started the under supports and caused them to give way.

Of those collected twenty-five are minus head or limbs, and it is almost impossible to distinguish the sexes. The company will open the baggage in the baggage car and learn, if possible, the names of those who were on the train. The wounded are being brought to this place as rapidly as possible, and are doing quite well. Some ten of those who are under physicians' hands are not expected to live. The railroad people are thankful that the accident did not occur to-night, which, being Saturday, the traffic would have been twice as heavy. The railway does not consider itself accountable for the disaster, but its officials are very uneasy over the probable magnitude of the damage suits growing out of the affair, especially as the financial affairs of the company are not the best just at present.

HORRIBLE INCIDENT OF THE WRECK.

One of the first passengers to escape from the burning wreck was Joseph Maignet, a French-Canadian boy. He was with his father, David Maignet, on their way from Holyoke to their home in Shawenegan, Quebec. The boy sat three seats behind his father in the third car from the rear. He was dozing in his seat when he felt the car shiver. This motion was kept up for a few seconds and then the car dashed over the bridge upon the ice. By hard work the boy succeeded in getting out of one of the windows. He at once went in search of his father, and discovered him by the light of the burning wreck just above him, pinned down by a part of the top of the car, which had fallen directly across his chest and legs. The old man was as firmly held as if in a vise. Joseph was the only one who escaped from the car, as he says.

HE RUSHED TO HIS FATHER'S ASSISTANCE,

and spoke words of encouragement to him. The father was very cool, and told his son to help him out as soon as possible. The boy seized his father, and struggled with all his strength to extricate him, but in vain. The flames were approaching rapidly. "Joseph," said the father, "run and get an axe or a saw," but the boy could not find either. "Pull me out then," said the father, "even if you have to break my legs to do it." Joseph tugged away with all his might, but could not stir his father an inch. With wonderful coolness the father then gave himself up to his fate. "It's no use, my boy," he said, "there is no hope for me. Remember the dying words of your father: Always be a good boy. Farewell, my son, I will meet you in the other world." The flames were then so close that the boy could remain no longer. He left his father and got out of reach of the flames, and watched his father slowly burn to death in the flaming *debris*.

MRS. BRYDEN'S ACCOUNT OF HER ESCAPE.

A Montreal despatch says Your correspondent has just seen Mrs. W. S. Bryden, wife of Mr. Bryden, of Pillow, Hersey & Co., of this city, who had a miraculous escape. She was in the last Pullman car near the front end. She was awakened from sleep by a crashing sound, and found herself pinned down and almost suffocated. She had presence of mind enough to husband her strength until she heard parties outside. She then freed one arm and by knocking with her hand, on which were her rings, she attracted attention from outsiders, who chopped a hole through the roof of the car. When they attempted to move her she found she was hemmed in, and with remarkable presence of mind she asked them for a penknife, with which she cut her clothes free from around her body and was pulled out. She was wrapped in a blanket and laid in the snow, whence she was removed three times to get her out of reach of the flames. She says the whole four cars were burned up inside of twenty minutes, and when she was rescued one end of the car she was in was already in flames. She was saturated with coal oil from a lamp that had burst. She was removed to a farm house.

PLACED AMONG DEAD AND DYING.

She says the scene was an indescribably pathetic one. A poor little boy, who could not speak a word of English, was alone, having lost both father and mother. Mrs. Bryden says most of the people seemed to be French Canadians coming to friends in this city. The whole thing happened so quickly that there was no time to do anything, although one old farmer living near did some heroic work. Mrs. Bryden herself seems to have but slight injuries to her back. The thermometer was at zero when she lay on the ice with nothing but a Pullman blanket around her, and she burrowed a hole in the snow and kept herself fairly comfortable. While Mrs. Bryden lay on the floor several persons died in the room, among whom was Mr. Wesson, of Smith & Wesson. Mrs. Bryden's pluck and presence of mind saved her life.

CONSUMED BEFORE HIS BROTHER'S EYES.

Mr. Mills arrived here to-day. He was travelling with his brother, who was in the next berth. After getting out he worked away frantically to rescue his brother, and was just getting him out when the flames rushed on him, and he had to retreat and gaze on the horrible picture of his brother being consumed under his eyes and within reach of his hands.

She Thinks Prayer Saved Her.

An Adrian (Mich.) despatch says: Mrs. Walter S. Mead, aged 29 years, has suffered two years with an abscess in her side, and for the past few weeks has been confined to her bed. On Sunday she was very low, and up to Monday night doubts were entertained whether she would live. Yesterday the physician found his patient dressed, sitting up and eating with fair relish. She said last night the Lord, in response to her prayers, healed and restored her strength. A reporter who called later found the woman firm in the faith that she was cured. Medical men are puzzled.

At Prof. Proctor's dancing academy in Washington, seven of the girls displeased several of the boys by occasionally refusing to dance with them. Thereupon a boycott was laid, and at the next meeting of the class the seven offending girls were horrified to find that not a single young fellow asked them to dance, and they sat the whole evening out without dancing and without partners.

THE *France* publishes some statistics relative to the number of Germans in Paris. It says there are 45,000 in the city, among whom there are between 9,000 and 10,000 belonging to the German army. The German colony there is, the *France* affirms, composed chiefly of young men. On the other hand, according to this journal, there are not more than 1,800 Frenchmen in the whole German empire.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Two Trains Collide on a Trestle Eighty Feet High.

Mr. W. H. Wadland, cousin to Mr. Wadland, of the Bell Telephone Company, had a thrilling experience on the C. P. R., which he describes in a letter (dated at Schreiber, Algoma,) to a relative as follows:

DEAR BROTHER,—I write you this time to tell you of my wonderful escape yesterday morning. We had a terrible collision. Our train and another freight met on a trestle 300 feet long and 80 feet high, and we did not see each other until we were both on the trestle, as there is a sharp curve at each end. We were both running about 15 miles per hour. You cannot imagine our feelings when we saw ourselves running into the jaws of death, as we supposed; my first thought was to jump over the trestle, but knew that was as good as death; my mate went to jump too, but ran back in the cab again just as they struck, and he went head first against the boiler and the coal on the tender on top of him; something caught his coat and tore it nearly off his back and to-day he is going around with a swelled nose, sore side and bruised foot. The engineer and fireman on the other engine were both hurt, but not seriously. The fireman got his eye cut and some thing struck him on the back. The engineer was as black as any darkey you ever saw. The steam escaping on the coal flew all over him. He struck against the levers and hurt himself. You will want to know where I was all this time. Well, I got down on the step of the engine and held on to the hand rail and just as the crash came, it shook me off, and I fell right beside the driving wheels. One foot slipped between the timbers which kept me from falling off. The other engine was on top of ours. I could not tell or describe the scene. Big heavy irons were bent like wire; the smoke stack of ours is lying at the bottom of the trestle. Two cars went over our tender and down the trestle. I could hear them rolling over my head; one stood on end. Our old engine stood it better, but it was badly broken. On the other one the cab was knocked off and mounting broken which allowed so much steam to escape that you could not see your hand before you. The accident happened about eight miles west of Schreiber at a little after 9 a. m. The conductor and engineer of the other train are to blame. They had orders to keep clear of us, but came right along. I never got a scratch or hurt in the least, but I felt as sure that I was gone as I am writing at the present moment. Every person considers this the greatest collision that has happened and no person killed, not for the speed we were running but to happen on such a high trestle. This makes the sixth serious accident that I have passed through and only got hurt to amount to anything once and that was when the boiler bursted last winter. I was on engine 134, the one that run into us was 263; I have 262 now, will be glad when my own 282 is repaired again and get on the express again.

Some Singular Accidents.

Ebert, the 4-year-old son of Dr. Spicer, of Acton, Ind., swallowed a copper cent about two weeks ago, and is rapidly wasting away in spite of all that can be done for him, the physician having failed to give relief.

Little Willie, the son of an Omaha man, swallowed a silver dollar when he was 3 years old. The coin remained in his stomach for two years, but was finally extracted. The boy now has symptoms of blood-poisoning.

Freeman Arrington, of Augusta, Ga., attempted to fix the electric light in his billiard hall recently, when his hands came in contact with both carbons of the lamp and a strong current of electricity passed through his body. He will recover, but his tongue and throat are paralyzed and he is unable to utter a word.

A merchant of Florence, Ala., named Barber, was approached by a friend from the rear who threw his arm over Barber's neck, drawing his head downward and bringing his right eye in contact with a lead-pencil which his friend had in his pocket. The lead poisoned the optic nerve, the brain became affected and he died insane.

Changing a Farthing.

A little man, with the inappropriate name of Charles Gross, announced to the Police Magistrate yesterday that the case in which he was charged with having assaulted his wife had been amicably settled. His wife had gone off to Hamilton with another man—probably to see the carnival—and the charge against him had been withdrawn. Mr. Gross seemed quite happy at his relief from both charges at one and the same time, and was not envious of his successor in the affections of Mrs. Gross. A little inquiry, however, brought out the information that Mrs. Gross wore her title as matron by courtesy only, having never abandoned her own name as Mary Farthing while she remained with Gross. The companion of her flight to Hamilton, however, married her before leaving for the Ambitious City, and thus made change for a Farthing.—*Toronto Mail.*

Sugar in Court.

"Now, young lady, you may take the stand," said the lawyer in a case in one of the justices' courts the other day. "Yes, sir," she replied with a beaming smile. "That does me up!" whispered a man on one of the benches; "I'm her husband, and she's 49 years old, but the sugar on that lawyer's tongue will cost me $30 for millinery before the 1st of May."—*Detroit Free Press.*

On the outer door of the law office of Briggs & Clark, in Battle Creek, Mich., is posted this: "Briggs in Washington, D. C.—direct in care of Grover Cleveland; Clark in Marshall—direct care county ail."

A Philadelphian tells of a sentimental parent by the name of Rose who named his baby girl "Wilde." The combination worked well until she grew up and married a man by the name of Bull. Then the name wasn't a bit nice.

An Ionia (Mich.) man owns a turkey which has been trained to draw a sled.

HOW EYE DISEASES SPREAD.

Towels and Spectacles Help to Carry Contagion.

To mention a few of the modes of contagion I have to speak, in the first place, of towels, especially of that abominable institution known as the roller towel, which has been used so much in asylums, where forty, fifty or more children use the same towel, whether they have granular lids or not. True, in a great many of these cases the existence of granular lids was not known, but even in cases in which the existence of the disease was evident, the ignorance or carelessness of the persons in charge has allowed transmission by means of towels to be one of the most frequent sources of contagion. As a carrier of contagion the horse-fly plays an important *role*, especially in case of young children who are not able to protect themselves against the visits of this little animal. Attracted by the sweetish odor of the discharge, it will settle upon the eyes of children affected with the disease, especially infants, and carry the contagion in its claws to the other eye or the eyes of sleeping infants. Spectacles may be the carrier of the contagion. I remember the case of a young lady who could not explain satisfactorily how she came to have granular lids. Upon her return to school she mentioned that she had granular lids, where upon one of her classmates said: "Why that is the disease which I have been suffering form the last six months." This classmate was near-sighted and used glasses. My patient was also near-sighted, but had not used glasses, and whenever she wanted to see anything at a distance she was in the habit of borrowing the spectacles of her friend, and there is no doubt in my mind that this was the means of carrying the poison from the classmate's eye to my patient's eye.

Children with granular lids are very apt to rub the eyes, because the secretion, as it begins to dry on the edge of the lids, causes an irritating, itching sensation. They will now play with other children, and from their hands transfer the poison to the hands of the other children, and these latter, rubbing their eyes, contract the disease. Handling objects which have been used by persons with granular lids may be the means of carrying the contagion. A young lady who volunteered to teach children with granular lids that had been isolated from other children in a certain institution was warned to be extremely careful with regard to using handkerchiefs, towels, or anything belonging to the children. She was well aware of the danger and promised to be very careful. She handled nothing whatever, she said, that belonged to the children, left her cloaks outside, and in the class room kept away from the children a distance of five or six feet. But upon examination of her eyes 14 days after she had taken office, it was found that she began to suffer from granular lids. Upon inquiry I found that she had been taking the copybooks and slates of the children for correction, and in all probability she got the poison from the slates and books on her hands and then conveyed it to her eyes. A teacher of another section in the same institution was more careful; she simply walked into the class room, did not touch anything belonging to the children, and for two or three months during the duration of the epidemic she was not affected by the disease. The atmosphere had evidently not been the carrier of the contagion in the first case.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

NO MORE USE FOR HIM.

A Divorced Catholic Excommunicated in Louisville, Kentucky.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: The facts in a case which illustrates the rigid rules of the Catholic Church concerning divorced people have been made public here. Michael McCoy, a grocer of this city, has been excommunicated from St. Patrick's Catholic Church owing to his marriage with a Miss Emma Long after having secured a divorce from his wife. Miss Long lived next door to the McCoy family, and Michael became infatuated with her, so much so that he is accused by his neighbors of having mistreated his wife in order to compel her to secure a legal separation from him. On the night of his nuptials with Miss Long his neighbors and his former church associates surrounded the house and threatened him with violence until quelled by the police. In reading McCoy out of the church Father Lawler denounced him and the marriage, and declared that he would not tender the man his services though he were upon his dying bed. He also forbade any of the members of his church to speak to or in any way recognize McCoy.

WHAT ALEXANDER MAY BECOME.

Prince Alexander's Different Prospective Positions of Honor and Trust.

A London cable says: Owing to the friendly reception accorded to Prince Alexander, late of Bulgaria, while here, some of the continental papers contain the wildest rumors. One journal announces his impending appointment by the Queen as viceroy of Her Majesty's Provinces of the Oriental Indies, while another asserts that Prince Alexander is to be appointed Governor-General of Egypt by the English Government in the place of the Khedive, who is to be deposed. A well-known Moscow paper informs Russia that the Battenberg Prince will shortly become the husband of Queen Victoria, while several German papers predict his union with Her Majesty's widowed daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany. The real fact is that Prince Alexander has gone south for the benefit of his health, which has suffered both physically and mentally by the events of the last six months. He contemplates a visit to the United States in the autumn.

In clearing away behind the Temple of Hadrian, at Athens, the foundations of a temple to Pluto have been discovered in the rock of the Acropolis. Three natural caves have been found, and in them three fine sculptures. One is a statue of a draped man with a bare breast and long flowing hair. Another, about three feet long, consists of two reliefs, one compartment showing Pluto and his wife in Hades seated at table. The third piece is a fragment containing well-carved heads of the sacred deities.

A doctor at Ignace, Mich., is also an undertaker.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Entire dresses of English crape are made for widows.

The tournure is neither greater nor less—it remains stationary.

Skirts are short for the street, demi-trained for evening and full trained for dinners and receptions.

The black-and-white striped silks are used for basques and demi-trained skirts, and make striking toilets. They are combined with black satin, velvet, jet or lace.

The shape of wrappings changes little and innovations would be difficult, since all shapes are being worn now, the sling sleeve being seen on most of them, whether long or short.

Pointed gimp above a band of astrakhan or of the long-waved Russian lamb skin is a fashionable trimming for cheviot dresses. White cheviot dresses are worn in the house.

The square-meshed Russian net, point d'esprit and tulle are now made up in mauve and heliotrope shades for those about laying aside mourning. Mauve and purple velvet dresses, with trimmings of black lace, are worn by older ladies.

Corsages are extremely varied, as well for day as for evening dresses. Corselets are much worn, the waist below the shoulders being plain and tight, and shirred on the front with soft puffings or folds over the bust; these, however, are best adapted to slim figures.

The fashion of low inner bodices, with the outer waist of transparent material, high in the neck and with half-easy sleeves, is returning and promises to be popular. This is worn at informal dinners and those occasions in the evening where decollete would seem more than the occasion required.

The fancy for wearing ribbons in the neck and sleeves instead of linen finds a prompt response in the shops where ruchings are shown on the edge of which is sewn narrow ribbons of all colors. The taste for colored ruching grows and it is shown in all shades, to contrast with or exactly match the costume.

The dresses get more and more voluminous, and these full skirts, unless draped by the hand of an experienced modiste, are apt to have a bunchy and awkward effect. Almost all the smart, short frocks, not only ball gowns, are fulled right around the waist, and when they are of very rich material the effect is beautiful.

A beautiful new plush is just out for carriage wraps that is exactly the shade of the blue fox fur which is so much worn this winter. Ruby and heliotrope plush are much worn and the blue fox looks very well on ruby. A very handsome and new little mantle, just imported from England, is made of heliotrope velvet, trimmed richly with gold and green Egyptian passementerie.

China crape without lustre is made up into handsome dinner dresses for ladies in mourning, which are trimmed with passementerie and pendants of dull jet, and if lace is admissible the point d'esprit is used with fine dots and feather-edges like those on ribbons, or else with scollops; entire dresses are made of the piece lace with these fine dots, which is preferred by many to the beaded nets.

For wear with black lace skirts are corsages of black velvet veiled by another corsage, almost high, which consists of a trellis of very narrow gold galloon. Sometimes this corsage covers only the shoulders and neck and the upper part of the arm, and terminates in pampilles which drape on the upper edge of the low corsage. Sometimes the network veiling the skin is of jet instead of gold.

Black lace dresses continue to fill their useful function in the toilet, being as they are at once elegant, capable of being worn on the most diverse occasions and suitable for all ages. Only for evening receptions they are a little sombre, and to remedy this defect the outlines of the lace are run with gold thread, which is charming in effect, very rich and yet quite in good taste. Black lace dresses are not worn over black only, but over an underdress of any color, *ciel* blue, old rose, *tilleul* green and red of all shades.

Useful Recipes.

Madelins.—Cream one cup of butter with one cup and three-quarters of sugar; add three eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of corn starch, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Bake in patty pans in a quick oven.

Celery Croquettes.—Mince the white part of the celery and mix well with an equal quantity of bread crumbs; to a quart of the mixture add the yolks of two eggs, a heaping saltspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne; moisten with a little milk if the moisture from the celery is not sufficient. Shape in cones, dip in eggs and crumbs and fry in a liberal quantity of fat.

Snow Cake.—Three-fourths of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix corn starch, flour and baking powder together; add the butter and sugar alternately with the milk; lastly add the whites of seven eggs; flavor to taste.

Marble Cake—For white part: One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, five cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, whites of eight eggs; flavor with lemon. Dark part: One-half cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, yelks of eight eggs, one whole egg, spices of all kinds, put in a pan first a layer of dark, then a layer of light, and finish with a dark layer.

Rich Coffee Cake—Two cups of butter, three of sugar, one of molasses, one of very strong coffee, one of cream of rich milk, the yelks of eight eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, the same of figs, and five cups of brown flour after it is sifted. Put the flour in the oven until a rich brown, being careful not to burn it. When cold sift with it three tablespoonfuls of good baking powder and a little salt. Cut the figs in long strips, dredge all the fruit with flour, beat the cake well up, and bake in moderate oven from four to five hours.

Lemon Rice.—Pick and wash one cupful of rice, put it into a deep earthen dish; with one quart of water and a little salt cover tightly and place on the back of the range or stove, where it may gradually cook without danger of burning. If the water should be consumed before the rice is done, add enough to swell it out tender. Care has to be taken that the grains remain whole. When the rice has become tender put in a colander and pour cold water over it until the grains appear to separate; drain it well and replace in the dish. Then add white sugar to taste—it needs to be very sweet—the grated rind of one and the juice of two lemons, set back on the stove and let it simmer ten or twelve minutes; then pour it into a wet mould, and when cooled off put on ice until wanted. Turn out like a blanc mange.

A Hen Story From the East.

Last Christmas morning Mrs. Peter Boudreau, of Saulnierville, Digby County, went to the barn as usual and got a mess of oats which she gave to her fowls. Later in the forenoon she noticed very strange actions amongst them, and the rooster was stretched on the ground apparently dead. Mrs. B., to make the best of it, plucked him slick and clean, with the exception of a few tail and wing feathers and consigned his remains to the manure heap, feeling convinced that he had been poisoned. Towards noon to the great surprise of the whole family he was up again, strutting about as gay as ever, though deprived of his costly and necessary apparel. But our good lady, being equal to the emergency, took him in the house and fitted him with a fine suit of overalls, and at last accounts he was doing as well as could be expected under the distressing circumstances. Mrs. B., determined to find out the cause of this strange phenomenon, went to her oat-barrel and found that a bottle of liquor had been placed in the barrel and the liquor had leaked out in the grain which explained the whole mystery. The rooster was drunk, as many other bipeds in bigger communities were on Christmas day.

What Four Sparrows Can Do.

Two pairs of sparrows were watched by an observant naturalist feeding their young in their nests in only one half hour with the larvæ of the bluebottle fly from a dead cat. They fetched these in all 104 times, and one of the birds also caught 14 flies on the wing. Now the common house fly is computed to produce in one season, so prolific is its progeny after progeny, no less than 20,900,000, say, in round numbers, 21,000,000, and thus were prevented by these two pairs of birds no fewer than 280,000,000 by the capture of 14 flies and 2,800,000 by the destruction of the 104 larvæ. Again, there figured in the parish accounts of one parish in Gloucestershire a charge for 17 dozen of (so-called) tomtits heads; in another parish, Melbourne, in Derbyshire, a sparrow club destroyed in one year 4,577 small birds, and in yet another 3,500. Take the smaller of these two last numbers, and multiply it by the number of flies just calculated as prevented by the two pairs of sparrows, and it gives what we may very well call a grand total of 7,280,000,000,000.—*London Times.*

Trying to Get Her.

A telegraph operator in Milwaukee was one day trying to call up an office in a small town in the interior of the State, where the instrument was presided over by a woman.

He was about giving up in despair when the operator in another small town a few miles distant from the first ticked out the query:

"What in heaven's name do you want?"

"I want Miss Brown at Burgville," replied the Milwaukee man. "I have been trying to get her for the last half hour."

"That is nothing," came the reply. "There is a young fellow clerking in a dry-goods store there who has been trying to get her for the last three years and he has not succeeded yet. Do not get discouraged.'—*The Rambler.*

The Value of Crying.

A French physician contends that groaning and crying are two operations by which nature allays anguish, and that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover than those who suppose it unworthy to betray such symptoms of feeling. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 60 in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are unhappy about anything let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo and they will feel 100 per cent better afterward.—*American Homeopathic.*

Sorry He spoke!

A gentleman went home a few evenings ago and casually remarked as he hung up his hat: "I see women are sold at actual value in Indianapolis. A wife was bought there this week for five cents." "Well, I know a woman, about the time I was married, who was sold for nothing," replied his wife. Then the man put on his hat and came down town.

Looking to the Future.

Father (to daughter)—Have you accepted the addresses of Mr. Moneybags?

Daughter—Yes, papa.

Father—Well, isn't he very old, my dear?

Daughter—Yes, papa; but he isn't nearly as old as I wish he was.—*New York Sun.*

The First Lesson of Life.

"Well, how do you like school, Tom?"

"I don't like it. They make you do things you don't want to do."

Babies and Mice.

"Now, my dear," said mamma to little Helen, "baby is going to sleep. You must keep just as still as a little mouse." "Well, but mamma," objected Helen, "mice squeak sometimes, don't they?"

Contingent Prospects.

Young man—I love your daughter, sir, and would like to make her my wife.

Father—What are your prospects?

Young man—I think they'll be pretty good if you'll say yes.—*Tid Bits.*

The long iron bridge at Bismarck, D. T. contracts and expands eleven inches by the heat and cold.

The public debt of the United States was decreased $9,750,000 during January.

PREPARING FOR THE FIELD.

The New Uniform for the French Infantry.

Gen. Boulanger, just now the idol of the French fire eaters, is making many changes in the French army designed to increase its effectiveness.

He proposes to change the dress of the soldier. For one thing, he has recommended the wearing of a beard—a full beard—close cropped. He has set the example by cultivating one upon his own chin and cheeks. Since Napoleon III. the Frenchman has worn a moustache and imperial in the fashion set by the late Emperor. But Gen. Boulanger knows the weakness of his fellow countrymen, which is their vanity. A Frenchman would prefer to go without his bath rather than to leave his moustache without being waxed till its two ends stuck out like steel pens. But this operation takes time, far too much time; so does the elaborate shaving and trimming around the moustache. Therefore, says Boulanger, let the soldier wear a full beard and save all this time.

The changes in uniform proposed by the Minister of War have been carefully looked into by a military board, and recommended. They were ordered to be submitted to the French Assembly for approval.

The recommendations were that the round jacket be abolished altogether, and the tunic serve for all occasions. The new tunic is large and loose, rendering movements and respiration easy. It will be roomy enough to permit a woolen waistcoat to be worn underneath. It has pockets interior and exterior. The belt is of black leather, as it has been heretofore.

The infantry are to wear epaulettes. Cartridges are to be carried in an outside pocket of the tunic, thus doing away with the cartridge box.

The Wheelbarrow Pedestrian.

James Gordon, the Dundee porter, who undertook to wheel a barrow from his native city to London and back in 60 days, reached the Royal Aquarium, London, on Nov. 29th, and thus completed the first half of his journey. He left Dundee on Nov. 2nd, and travelled along the Great Northern Road, taking care to let the course of his journey be known beforehand, which had the effect of bringing crowds into the streets of all the towns and villages through which he passed, and everywhere, he says, he was well greeted by the people. So far as the money result of the journey is concerned, Gordon does not seem to have been particularly fortunate. In walking through Scotland by Stirling, Falkirk, Edinburgh, Alnwick and Newcastle, to Darlington, he got on very well, was lodged and fed well, and gathered sufficient money to send his wife weekly remittances, but between Darlington and London he does not seem to have fared so well; though he anticipates that his engagement at the Aquarium and the sale of a pamphlet about his adventures may put in his pockets a good round sum. Questioned as to the manner of his reception he stated that men and women everywhere encouraged him to go on, but in Newcastle he was rather roughly treated. The streets through which he passed were densely crowded, and he was kicked accidentally, of course, several times, but a rotten egg or two were thrown at him, and that, he judged, could not have been accidental, but he bears no malice to the lusty men of Newcastle, and hopes upon his return that he will have a different greeting. In all the big towns of England he "got a good clearance, and the people were pleased to see me walk so clean. I was never in the least out of 'joint.'" From Darlington his route lay through York, Huntington, Royston, to Waltham Cross. In due time he had reached Dalton, and from that point through Bell's Pond, along Essex Road, by the Angel, over Pentonville Hill, through Euston, along Oxford street, and Regent street by Charing Cross. He was greeted with immense cheering by great crowds of people, many hundreds of whom followed him until he reached the Aquarium. The distance traversed he calculates was 507 miles, and besides that he went about 30 miles altogether out of his way by being misdirected in the villages through which he passed. He never began his work before half-past 8 in the morning, and always finished about 5 o'clock. He ate moderately during the day, and drank—no spirits, but at night, after the day's work was done, he confessed to having bathed his joints in "pure whiskey, and then taken a wee drap in the inside of me." People about the streets of London called out, "Well done, old Scotty," and "Bravo, old man." Sometimes in the villages the people shouted, "Here comes General Gordon," which he mentioned with very great pride. Gordon was introduced to a crowded house at the Aquarium soon after his arrival, and exhibited his light cart or wheelbarrow.

Gen. Middleton Wounded.

An Ottawa despatch says: Whilst a spirited contest was in progress last night at an exhibition of the fencing club, the foil of one of the competitors snapped and a bit of the steel flew across the room, grazing the chin of Major-General Fred Middleton in no gentle manner. The cut bled freely and a little excitement followed until the exact extent of the wound was learned and the bleeding stopped. Sir Frederick sat out the entertainment.

Not to Be Accounted For.

De Baggs—Bagley, I want to ask you a delicate question. What was my condition when we parted last night?

Bagley—You were largely loaded, my friend.

"Sure of that?"

"Quite. Why do you ask?"

"Because my wife never mentioned it this morning. I thought perhaps I might have gone home sober by mistake."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE fact has been satisfactorily established by various scientific researches that many substances absorb luminous rays during the day, and at night emit these rays in such a manner as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the unaided eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphor essence of Mont Blanc's summit, but have even secured an impression of a midnight landscape—invisible to the eye—on the terrace of the observatory at Prague.

NEW USES FOR IRON AND STEEL

Suggestions Regarding the Making of Roadways and Pavements Out of Metal.

The production of iron and steel in Europe and the United States is now so large and the surplus stocks in the country are so heavy that there is urgent need for the invention of new uses to which these metals in their various forms may be applied, says the London *Ironmonger*. Every now and then we hear of some departure in the direction just indicated, but in a general way it is to be feared that the producers of iron and steel allow others to lead the way instead of doing so themselves. This ought not to be the case. Manufacturers should exercise their wits and devise new methods of using up the materials they turn out in such large quantities. In some instances this has been done with excellent results. Steel sleepers, for example, are excellent and economical substitutes for wood. Their manufacture has been most serviceable to the steel concerns during the late severe depression, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that they will entirely replace the wood sleepers at home as well as abroad. What has been done in that respect may very well be effected in others, particularly in the substitution of iron or steel for wood. Timber is gradually growing scarcer all over the world, owing to the recklessness with which North America and other parts of the world have been disafforested. Climatic and economic considerations will sooner or later put a stop to this wholesale destruction of trees, and timber will become scarcer and more valuable as a natural consequence. There are many purposes for which wood is used for which iron is equally well suited, and it should be the function of those interested in the metal to formulate the substitution and educate the public up to it. For building and structural purposes there appear to be many openings for the more extended use of iron and steel, especially for ornamental exteriors, while more could be done with the metal for roofing and similar uses. It might be possible also to substitute iron for stone in pavements and roadways, in which case the consumption would be enormous. Reliable paving-stones are high in price, and it might be worth while working out the comparative costs and durability, etc., of the two materials. Surveyors would no doubt make all sorts of objections on the point of slipperiness in frosty or wet weather, difficulty of repairs, rust, and so on; but by properly roughing the surface, and proceeding on the basis of slabs or pieces of moderate sizes, the objections might be met, always provided the first cost did not prove absolutely prohibitive. In the rolled or otherwise manufactured forms iron or steel would seem to be applicable to a much greater variety of uses than are on record at present. Both metals are capable of artistic or utilitarian treatment to any extent.

Some Odd Things in Life.

A Brooklyn burglar was recently captured by the police while attired in three suits of clothes and two overcoats.

Alphonso King, of Buffalo, is preparing to walk across the Niagara River below the falls on a pair of "winged shoes."

A 10-year-old boy living near Marion, Ind., has been rendered insane, it is said, by the use of tobacco, he having taken to the weed when under 5 years of age.

In a history of thimbles it is related that the cult of the thimble reached its height when, in 1586, a firm of rich Nurnberg tailors presented a magnificent silver drinking-vessel in the shape of a thimble to the tailors' guild of that town. Sometimes the top of the thimble was ornamented with a hollow lid filled with perfume.

An ingenious smuggling system has just been discovered in San Francisco. Opium, which the incoming Chinese steamers brought over, was arranged in metallic cases, and, as the steamer approached the coast, these were dropped overboard and immediately sunk. After the lapse of a few hours the cases would rise to the surface, and then could be picked up by small boats off the coast.

Frightful Ravages of Cholera.

Though the cholera has subsided at Buenos Ayres, it would seem to be making frightful havoc in the interior provinces of the River Plate country, though for some reason or other the cable has said little or nothing about it. The Buenos Ayres *Standard* of the 17th ult. has a column of despatches on the subject, of which the following is an example:

MENDOZA, Friday 17.—Half the houses of the city are vacant, the inmates having perished miserably or fled under the influence of the prevalent panic. So numerous are the cases, fresh and fatal, that even the most zealous activity on the Government cannot tender the necessary assistance, medical or otherwise, to the victims. The inhabitants of the suburban districts and environs have been decimated. Affrighted, the survivors fly over the plains, abandoning children and wives. Dead children, dead women, dead men, are found scattered over the plains and fields, overtaken in their flights by the terrible scourge. And the Government, the municipality, the very doctors are helpless.

Why Baby is so Small.

"Why don't baby grow faster, love?" asked a young father of the partner of his joys. "It seems to me she isn't nearly so big as Smith's baby, and that is two months younger."

"Doctor says Birdie is a fine, healthy child, and what more do you want?"

"That may be, but she is small. Do you give her enough to eat?"

"That's it, Harry! We feed her on condensed milk. Of course she'd be small!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Bill Arp says: "More than one-fifth of our white population in Georgia are illiterate, and yet Massachusetts, with all her education and refinement, has fourteen times as many criminals in proportion to population."

A tract of land on the western shore of Cayuga Lake, near Canoga, has been leased to Rochester parties for the cultivation of frogs. The raising of frogs for the New York market has come to be a recognized industry. There is a large frog farm in the neighborhood of Waterloo and several in Canada, and still the demand is greater than the supply.

DO BIRDS FLY DOWN?

The Way the Winged Creatures "Slide Down Hill" in Air.

I see in a back number of "St. Nicholas" that one of our young correspondents appeals partly to me in regard to birds flying down. But all who have written seem so well posted that I doubt if I can add anything to their knowledge. However, I have seen a California quail, a wood dove and a humming-bird flying downward; but in slow flyers, with large wings and heavy bodies, the wings are used more or less as parachutes in going down; in other words, the birds spread their wings and rely upon gravity. This I have noticed in the sand-hill cranes in their migrations along the Sierra Madres. A flock of say 100 will mount upward in a beautiful spiral flashing in the sunlight, all the while uttering loud, discordant notes, until they attain an altitude of nearly a mile above the sea level. Then they form in regular lines and soar away at an angle that in five miles or so will bring them within 1,000 feet of the earth. Then they will stop and begin the spiral upward movement again until a high elevation is reached, when away they go again sliding down hill in the air toward their winter home. It is very evident that a vast amount of muscular exertion is saved in this way. In some of these slides that I have watched through a glass birds would pass from three to four miles, I should judge, without flapping their wings.—"St. Nicholas" *for February.*

Unvarying Trade-Marks.

American Wife (in palace car)—I supposed that nice-looking couple at the other end of the car were Americans, but I see now they are English

American Husband—What have you noticed?

American Wife—The man drinks liquor at his meals.

At the other end. English Wife—I wish we could make the acquaintance of those two at the further end of the carriage. I am sure they are English.

English Husband—No, they are Americans.

"How did you ascertain?"

"The man drinks between meals."—*Omaha World.*

Deep Sea Wonders

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 a day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

There were 32 business failures in Canada and 229 in the United States during the past week.

Don't do it. Do Not Wait,

If suffering from pain, but go at once to the nearest drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nerviline is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nerviline. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

Citizens of Monrovia Cal., who wished to hear Patti but could not stand the $5 admission, offered her the use of a hall free, entertainment at the hotel free, deeds to two town lots, and $100 in cash if she would sing there. She refused.

WHEN not complicated with other diseases, sciatica, lumbago and rheumatism are promptly cured by taking McCallom's Rheumatic Repellant. Sold by wholesale druggists of Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, and by retail druggists generally.

"Look here," said a man this morning, going into his grocer's, "those eggs you sold me New Year's were bad." "Well, that wasn't my fault." "Whose was it, then?" "Blamed if I know. How should I tell what was inside of them? I'm a groceryman; I'm no mind reader."

A new and excellent soap advertisement appears in the Chicago newspapers. It is the picture of a very dirty and disreputable tramp sitting at a table writing. On the table and wall are portraits of Patti Langtry, Beecher and other well-known soap puffers. The tramp is writing: "I used your soap two years ago and have not used any other since."

IT is said since the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway salmon are deserting the Fraser River. Formerly the salmon in the spawning season ascended the river by the million, and they could be scooped out of the water by the barrelful with any kind of a vessel large enough. The noise of the engine and the vibration imparted to the water by the trains running along the banks are supposed to have scared them, and therefore caused their departure.

Marvellous Memory DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering—Any book learned in one reading. Heavy reductions for postal classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Drs. MINOR, WOOD and others, sent post FREE, by

PROF. LOISETTE,
237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L. 7. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE MASS MEETING!

LARGE GATHERING OF ELECTORS IN FLESHERTON.

The Town Hall, Flesherton, was filled to overflowing on Saturday afternoon last, by a most intelligent and enthusiastic gathering of Artemesia ratepayers and others. The presence of a fair representation of the fair sex elicited warm remarks of approval from the various speakers. S. Damude, Esq., was unanimously voted to the chair, and made a very neat and appropriate speech—short and to the point.

Mr. M. Richardson was the first gentleman to address the electors, and, upon taking his place on the platform, was received with great applause. He rapidly but clearly reviewed the condition of the country under the *regime* of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie. Then with a few masteriy touches of real oratory, the changed condition of the country under the beneficent influences of the National Policy was vividly presented to the electors amidst cheers and much applause. The policy of Mr. Mackenzie and the policy of Sir John, relative to the construction of our great national highway, the C.P.R. were contrasted in a most powerful and telling manner. The first was a half-hearted policy, while the second was decidedly the reverse, for under the latter the C.P.R. is an assured fact—stretching its iron bands from ocean to ocean and tending to unite the provinces of the Dominion in one grand and harmonious whole—developing the resources of the country and laying the foundation for a great and progressive nation. The Riel question was reviewed, from the events which led up to the first rebellion down to the time when Louis Riel, the black-hearted traitor and murderer expiated his crime on the scaffold at Regina. The attitude of the Reform press before and after the execution, the race and revenge cry and everything else in connection therewith were reviewed by a master hand, eliciting enthusiastic cheers and round after round of applause.

Owing to the absense of Dr. Landerkin in another part of the riding, Mr. Wm. Brown spoke in his behalf. He said the Riel question was a dead issue, but that the Tories persisted in entrenching themselves behind the dead body of that unfortunate lunatic. He was willing to discuss the question with Dr. Christoe at any time and place he might mention. He had stated this at the Priceville meeting.

Dr. Christoe.—I was not present when the statment was made.

Mr. Brown.—You challenged me to discuss the question and I accepted it.

Dr. Christoe.—I did not; but I'm ready to meet you any time you choose. (cheers)

Mr. Brown (continuing) defined the meaning of the word Tory, which, he said, signified "robbers," from the word Toree to rob. He said Tories well deserved the name, for they had been robbing the public treasury, when opportunity presented itself, from first to last. He then drifted into provincial politics, and referred to the alleged "Tory conspiracy" in 1884. From this he struck out on another tack, and, amid derisive cheers, referred to the Conservative party as the "Party of False Pretences." He spoke in kindly terms of Dr. Jamieson whom, he said, would no doubt support Mr. Blake in the House; but reminded the electors that it was the Government which was on trial before the public tribunal of this country, and care must be exercised to prevent gentlemen—however estimable as citizens—being sent to Ottawa to perpetuate a *regime* of extravagance and misappropriation of the public funds.

D. Creighton, Esq., M.P.P. for North Grey next addressed the electors. He was received with loud cheers. He expressed his surprise at the introduction of provincial politics on such an occasion as this and proceeded to dissect Mr. Brown's remarks in this direction in a most scathing and satisfactory manner. He soon proved that not one Conservative member in the Ontario Assembly was cognizant of the alleged attempt to bribe members of the Government. He next proceeded to discuss the live issues in the present election. The National Policy, the C.P.R., and other important matters were ably and impartially dealt with. Both sides of the questions under discusion were fairly presented and contrasted. The national debt was clearly shown, from the public records produced by speaker, to have increased much more under the Mackenzie *regime* than under the administration of Sir John Macdonald's Government. Mr. Brown made statements which he did not and could not prove from the public records. Every assertion made by himself (Mr. Creighton) was based upon facts gleaned from the blue books, and could not be gainsayed (cheers). The speaker then drew a most graphic and thrilling picture of the Riel rebellion; of the real originators of that rebellion; of the letters which passed between—not half-breeds, but white settlers on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and of which he read an extract from the blue book relating thereto; of the Frog lake massacre; of the dreadful murders and all the other terrible things in connection with that fearful drama in real life. Mr Creighton closed one of the most brilliant political speeches ever delivered here amidst loud and long continued applause.

Dr. Jamieson was received with much applause and enthusiasm, and created a most favorable impression by the liberal tone of his remarks, his gentlemanly treatment of opponents, and by his calm and pointed allusions to the public questions of the day. He is a fluent speaker, a pleasing speaker, and last but not least an honest speaker. Who could listen to his sturdy and manly utterances without being convinced that he is a politician to be trusted anywhere and everywhere—at home and abroad. He introduced his remarks in a most happy manner, and alluded to Mr. Brown in a humorous but gentlemanly style. He intended, he said, to have had another shot at Mr. Brown, but Mr. Creighton had so thoroughly demolished Mr. B. that there was scarcely enough of the latter left to shoot at (cheers and laughter, in which Mr. Brown heartly joined). He then proceeded to review the questions at issue which he did in a manner to convince all that he is composed of the material only found in broad-minded and honest legislators.

Dr. Christoe made a most energetic speech, meeting Mr. Brown's statements with an overwhelming array of facts, which were presented in a forcible and logical manner. Point followed point in rapid succession, each one being greeted with great applause and cheering. He would meet Mr. Brown or any other man on the public platform and discuse the Riel question. (applause). Those who knew him were cognizant of the fact that he was not the kind of man to shirk such a meeting. (cheers and a voice: "How does that suit you, Mr. Brown!")

Mr. John Lyons, of Markdale, delivered a short but rousing speech, confining his remarks chiefly to the important nature of the fisheries question, the belligerent attitude of the U. S senate and a portion of the press, and to the Riel question His remarks were greatly applauded.

Three rousing cheers each were given for the Queen, Dr. Jamieson, and D. Creighton, Esq. M.P.P. A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to the chairman. Four-fifths of those at the meeting were in favor of Dr. Jamieson.

A LIVING QUESTION.—Question—"Is this life worth living?" Answer—"It all depends upon the liver?" If torpid or inactive it causes a dull, tough, languid feeling. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure gives health and buoyancy. Sold by Dr. Christoe.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

A LIVER CURE.—One single trial of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will convince the most skeptical and confirm better than thousands of testimonials that it is a sure cure. Medicine and Recipe Book $1.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

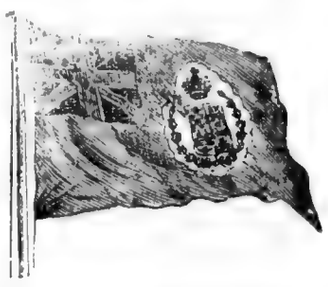

TO THE ELECTORS
—OF—
SOUTH GREY!

GENTLEMEN.—In pursuance of the constitutional principle, that when there is any material extension of the Franchise, the House of Commons has been dissolved, and a new election will take place on Tuesday, 22nd February.

Having been chosen by the Liberal Conservative party as their Candidate, I beg to solicit your suffrages in the approaching contest.

If elected I shall give a fair support on all vital questions to the present Government, believing that it has shewn by its past record to be heartily in accord with the progressive spirit of the age, and that under its care the laws have been fairly and impartially administered, but on some questions I may be compelled to differ with it.

I shall favor the repeal of the present Franchise Act, and the substitution for it of Manhood Suffrage.

I believe there should be some radical change made in the constitution and functions of the Senate, or if this be not practicable, then I should favor its abolition entirely.

The present fiscal system which gives protection to our manufacturies has shewn itself to be successful and should be continued.

The depression existing in our agricultural interestsand the small returns received by farmers from their investments and labor should engage the earnest and careful attention of our Legislators. Believing that the high rate of interest at which farmers are compelled to borrow money, causes a constant and large flow of their hard earnings to the capitalists of the old country, I think the Government should assume the control of the currency of the country, and that the necessary legislation should be passed to favor the establishment of Farmer's Banks, and the supply of cheap money to the agricultural classes.

Now that all the great public works rendered necessary by Confederation have been completed, I think the time has come to exercise the most rigid, careful and economical control of our expenditure, and to endeavor to carry out the affairs of the country without further increasing the public debt. Hoping my views will meet with your approbation and that you will favor me with your support and earnest co-operation. I am, gentlemen,

Your Obt. Servant,
DAVID JAMIESON.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 25	to 2 25
Fall Wheat	$0 77	to 0 77
Spring Wheat	0 77	0 77
Barley	0 37	0 50
Oats	0 27	0 28
Peas	0 48	0 48
Butter	0 14	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes	0 30	0 30
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 30	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

PRICEVILLE
ROLLER MILL!

The New Mill is now completed and in full working order. The ROLLER PROCESS is thorough in every respect, and a full line of rolls. The

Highest Cash Price Will be paid

For any quantity of WHEAT. Positively no credit will be given in the GRIST MILL.

The SAW MILL is doing splendid work. Bring in your logs and you can get the lumber home with you,

First class PLANER AND MATCHER, Mr. John McLeod manages the Saw Mill which I hope is a sufficient guarantee for good work.

ROBT. McGOWAN.

Jan. 24, 1887.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS
HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. **500,000 SOLD**

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton
Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - - PROPRIETOR.

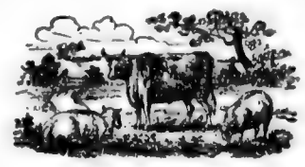

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—
Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 297. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. FEBRUARY 24, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inepect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Get your Flour and Feed at Keefer's, Flesherton.

Mr. J. W. Henderson, the energetic North of Scotland Inspector, Toronto, was in town on Tuesday.

We had a pleasant call from our old friend, Mr. H. Bull, an extensive Thornbury manufacturer, on Tuesday last.

Mr. J. W. Davis, of C. School of Infantry, Toronto, was home on a visit this week. He returned on Tuesday 22nd.

Mr. Wm. Henderson, has a good farm in Osprey to rent, with privilege to tenant to cut and sell wood. See advt. elsewhere.

A grand tea meeting, under the auspices of Presbyterian church, will be held in Feversham, on Tuesday, March 8th next. A good program has been prepared for the occasion.

Mr. T. W. Wilson, of this village, went to Detroit on Thursday last, where he has been engaged to work for some time in a large carriage factory. He will probably return to Flesherton in autumn next.

☞The best, cheapest and most durable Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Sewing Machine Needles, and Supplies, for sale at C. Treadgold's, next house to Mr. Wm. Strain's, Flesherton. 3m

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as are known to be worthy of confidence. It has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine ever used for throat and lung diseases.

Mr. Ephraim Shaw and Mr. Robt. Wright, of Collingwood Township, gave us a pleasant call on Wednesday. It is the intention of the former to send a magnificent stallion (imported) out through this section during the coming season.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Wm. Rutledge, sr., of this place—whose death was hourly expected for some weeks—is getting better. Hers has been a remarkable case and shows how stoutly a strong constitution will combat disease in its worst forms.

Sunday before last 217 scholars and teachers of the Methodist Sabbath School, Flesherton, were present at their regular afternoon meeting. This speaks well for the efficiency and good management of the School by Superintendent Armstrong and the other officers.

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spex, &c.

The finest and best stock of Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Hampden, Illinois, & Swiss Watches. New Haven & Seth Thomas Clocks, weight and spring. Jewelery, (Wedding Rings), Spectacles, &c. to be found in this section of country, is at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON. None but Genuine Watches kept in stock which bear warrants from 2½ to 5 years. Just received a very large consignment of Clocks which were bought for cash, so you may expect bargains all of which bear warrants from 1 to 3 years. A very fine stock of Silverware, Ladies' Rings, Chains, Necklets, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Cuff-Buttons, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, &c., of the finest qnality, at lower prices than you can get them for elsewhere, and also remember the only place to get your Watches, Clocks & Jewelery repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

Flesherton.

Birth.

FAWCETT.—In Flesherton, on Sunday, Feb. 20th 1887, the wife of Mr. A. R. Fawcett, Editor and Proprietor of THE ADVANCE, of a daughter.

Lord Macauley

Editor Advance: (1) When was Lord Macauley, the celebrated English historian and essayist born? (2) When did he die?

STUDENT.

[1.—1800. 2.—1859.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Journalistic.

The Old Quebec Daily Mercury comes to us in an enlarged and improved form thus giving evidence of renewed vitality in the hands of Mr. W. J. Maguire its youthful Editor and publisher.

Everybody needs a spring medicine. By using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the blood is thoroughly cleansed and invigorated, the appetite stimulated, and the system prepared to resist the diseases peculiar to the summer months. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take no other.

"Squire Squib."

This charming little story, from the facile pen of our genial and talented friend, "*Deacon Smikes*," will appear in our next week's issue. "Squire Squib" is the Deacon's latest and, we believe it is his best contribution. It has been especially prepared for the columns of THE ADVANCE.

The circulation of THE ADVANCE is going up. Two quires extra were ordered (by telegraph) to commence this week. Support your home paper, because it supports your home industries and tends to promote the best interests of the locality in which it is published as well as the surrounding districts generally.

We should like very much to see a mechanics institute started in Flesherton. A large stock of excellent works has been forwarded to us by a Woodstock publishing house for inspection; and from the generous offer made by the publisher, a splendid library could be established here with a trifling outlay of capital. The works are to be left with us for a short time when they will be returned. "Strike while the iron is hot," gentlemen.

There is a growing demand for a larger public hall in this town than we now possess. In fat Flesherton is growing to be a big healthy boy and is inclined to wear long pants. The place has outgrown the aciltics afforded by our rather antiquated Town Hall for entertainments an such like. Even on Division Court days its seating capacity is often overtaxed. What we want, therefore, is either our Town Hall enlarged and modernized tomit the times, or an entirely new structure erected on the latest and most aproved architectural plans that can be prepared to suit our altered circumstanes. Which shall it be?

Red Riding Hod Repeated.

(By our Junior Local Reporter.)

This beautiful opretta was performed in the Town Ha, here, last Friday evening. The children went through their parts well—even better than the first time. The parts of Blue Bells, Rose, Butter Cup, Grandmamma, and the Wolf were encord and responded to in a very pleasing manner. The Flesherton Band was in ttendance and enlivened the proceedgs by giving some very beautiful airs. After the cantata, Prof. and Fairy Mogan gave some excellant selections, wich were very much appreciated by th audience. Miss Christoe presided at the organ with her usual grace and digty. Notwithstanding the rough weath the hall was well filled.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Hob's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Servant girl wanted, apply to Mrs. W. Irwin, Flesherton.

District Deputy Grand Master.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of A.O.U.W., held in the city hall, Toronto, last week, our popular townsman, S. Damude, Esq., was appointed District Deputy Grand Master of Dufferin District, which comprises the Counties of Grey, Bruce and Dufferin. Bro. Damude well deserves the distingnished honor conferred upon him by our brethren of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. The Grand Lodge could not possibly have made a better selection in the counties named. He will fill the position with credit to all concerned.

Our Old Dog Tax.

Some years ago there was a tax of $1 levied on all the do[illegible] in Flesherton. The assessor called on our well-known boot and shoe dealer, Mr. Wm. Clayton, and after going through the usual routine of questions, asked Mr. C. if he possessed a dog. Mr. C. of course replied that he did, whereupon the tax of $1 was duly imposed and paid without a murmur. Some time afterwards, Mr. Clayton discovered to his astonishment that he was the only man in the village who contributed to the dog tax fund—although it was well known that there were some thirty or forty canines in the village at the time! It seemed that when the assessor made his visit, all the dogs, except Mr. Clayton's, were away visiting "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," or had changed hands and were owned by parties whose names where not on the assessment roll. Mr. C. very naturally tried to get back his dollar but it had been irretrievably incorporated with the Township funds.

There seems to be something lacking in the municipal machinery, for it is a well known fact that many of our Township by-laws are mere dead letters, or, at best, very seldom put in operation—something like the dog tax we have alluded to, in fact. By the way, has this dog tax ever been repealed? We should like to know for we possess a dog ourself, and—if the by-law is to be enforced this year—we would like to be cognizant of the fact before the assessor comes around.

Lines in Memory of Mrs. Alexander McIntyre who died 1st December, 1886.

Oh! mother, dearest, kindest, best,
Thou art gone to thy peaceful rest,
Into the mansions of the Blest;
But we are left alone
Thou'rt free from every care and pain:
How can we wish thee back again?
And yet 'tis with heart-breaking pain
We say, "God's will be done!"

In early infancy thy hand
Led us along the toilsome strand,
For 'twas God's will that thou shouldst stand
A widow, sad, and lone.
God called from us a father dear,
But did not leave us without cheer,
But day by day, through our life here,
Helped thee to lead us on.

When we were troubled sore, and tried,
Where could we go, as to thy side?
Thou sweetly gav'st, and ne'er denied,
Thy loving sympathy.
Or, if o'erjoyed by some success,
What lips like thine could praise and bless?
With reverential tenderness,
Thank God so fervently?

When other friends could fick'le prove,
No child could sin against thy love—
E'en as our changeless Friend above—
Thou wert the same true friend.
E'en should the outside world entire
Allow its friendship to expire,
Thy care, thy love, could never tire:
Thou lovedst us to the end.

We could lose a sister, friend, or brother,
And sadly grieve; but, oh! dear mother,
No brother, sister, friend, or other,
Can take thy sacred place.
In thee we've lost our stay, our guide,
Our comfort, joy, and all beside.
God help us all to reach thy side,
And see again thy face!

And now, as through the world we roam,
Fatherless, motherless, sad and alone,
We ne'er can return to the same beloved home,
For thou canst not greet us.
But rememb'ring thy words, ere death closed thy eyes,
We'll press upward, 'midst smiles, and 'midst sighs,
Until beyond those fair blue skies,
Thou there shalt meet us.

And bid us welcome home again
In heaven, where we shall know no pain;
Where we shall know thy present gain,
And never more repine;
But round the bright and glorious throne.—
With father and mother, each daughter and son—
We shall no more feel sad and lone
In fellowship divine.

BY MARY MCINTYRE.

SIR JOHN SUSTAINED

A Sweeping Majority in Face of Tremendous Opposition.

Conservative Majority, 45!

The greatest political struggle ever witnessed in Canada is over, and both parties have breathing time enough to count their respective gains and losses. Notwithstanding the "race and revenge" cry in Quebec; the wild secession cry in the maritime provinces; the borrowing of Government planks re the N. P.; the misrepresentation in connection with the national debt, and a thousand and one grossly exaggerated petty side issues, the people of Canada have arisen in their might and extended the warm right hand of power and fellowship to our truly great and grand old man, Sir John A. Macdonald, saying, in effect, "We believe your policy is conducive to the progress and growth of this young but sturdy and healthy nation; we have no faith in the no-policy (except stolen N. P. planks and "race and revenge cry") statesman, Hon. E. Blake."

And so the battle has been fought and won by the Conservative Government by the splendid majority of 45.

NOTES.

M. C. Cameron, a prominent Reformer, was badly beaten in West Huron by Mr. Porter, Conservative. Mr. Fleming (Reformer) was completely "snowed under" in Peel, by Mr. McCulla, Conservative, which was certainly the greatest victory in the whole contest.

Mr. Hector Cameron, Reformer, was beaten in West Middlesex, by Mr. Roome.

Ex-Speaker Wells (Reformer) was defeated in East Bruce by Mr. Cargill.

Mr. James Masson, Conservative, signally defeated Mr. Allen (Riellite) in North Grey.

Mr. Robt. Gilray, the Toronto lawyer, got badly left in East Grey by Dr. Sproule.

Dr. Sproule's majority in East Grey is given at 600.

Toronto returned three Conservatives, Hamilton two, Kingston one, London one, Ottawa two, Montreal three.

The *Globe* says Sir John has "apparently *three* majority!!!" Of course the *Globe* is very truthful paper! It is edited by one "Deacon" Cameron.

Dr. Landerkin (Riellite) has been reelected in South Grey, although Artemesia rolled up the magnificent majority of one hundred and forty-nine for his opponent, Dr. Jamieson.

SOUTH GREY ELECTION.

THE VOTE IN ARTEMESIA.

Our Township did right nobly by showing her disapproval of the unstatesmenlike tactics of that extreme party man and Riellite, Dr. Landerkin, M. P., to the tune of 149. The rest of the riding of South Grey, however, counterbalanced our efforts by electing the Riellite by a majority variously estimated at 80, 95, 120, and 135. In 1882 Artemesia gave Geo. Jackson, Esq. a majority of 114, while in the late contest she gave Dr. Jamieson 149—a clear gain of *thirty-five*. Had the other Townships in the riding been equally as loyal to the cause of good government Landerkin would have been "snowed under" beyond the shadow of a doubt. Below we give Jamieson's and Landerkin's majorities in Artemesia.—The complete returns for riding will be published next week.

DIVISION.	Jamieson. maj.	Landerkin maj.
Flesherton	40	
Stinson's	38	
Thompson's	49	
Eugenia	24	
Markdale	28	
Vandeleur	27	
Stone's		19
Priceville		38

Majority for Jamieson, 149.

The Destiny Maker.

She came, and I who linger'd there,
I saw that she was very fair;
And, with my sighs that pride suppress'd,
There rose a trembling wish for rest.
But I, who had resolv'd to be
The maker of my destiny,
I turn'd me to my task and wrought,
And so forgot the passing thought.

She paused; and I who question'd there,
I heard she was as good as fair;
And in my soul a still, small voice
Enjoin'd me not to check my choice.
But I, who had resolv'd to be
The maker of my destiny,
I bade the gentle guardian down
And tried to think about renown.

She left; and I who wander fear
There's nothing more to see or hear;
Those walls that ward my paradise
Are very high, nor open twice.
And I, who had resolv'd to be
The maker of my destiny,
Can only wait without the gate
And sit and sigh: "Too late! too late!"

The Tired Mother.

Oh, who can tell the troubles,
The trials and the cares,
The heavy daily burden
That the patient mother wears?

In cooking, washing, sweeping, dusting,
All her days are spent;
No wonder that before she's old
Or gray, her back is bent.

She's up and sends the children off
To school at early morn,
And she had their dinner ready
When they at noon return.

When supper's over, and she's washed
Plates, knives and forks and spoons,
Then she must sit up half the night
Half-soling pantaloons.

So patient and unselfish,
She's as loving as she's brave,
But when she gets a rest, 'twill be
When she is in the grave.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

The next fortnight was a busy one for all concerned. The organization of a colonial volunteer corps is no joke, as anybody who has ever tried it can testify. There were rough uniforms to be provided, arms to be obtained, and a hundred and one other wants to be satisfied. Then came some delay about the horses, which were to be served out by Government. At last these were handed over, a good-looking lot, but apparently very wild. Matters were at this point, when one day Ernest was seated in the room he used as an office in his house, enrolling a new recruit previous to his being sworn, interviewing a tradesman about flannel shirts, making arrangements for a supply of forage, filling up the endless forms which the Imperial authorities required for transmission to the War-office, and a hundred other matters. Suddenly his orderly announced that two privates of the corps wished to see him.

"What is it?" he asked of the orderly testily for he was nearly worked to death.

"A complaint, sir."

"Well, send them in."

The door opened, and in entered a curious couple. One was a great, burly sailor-man, who had been corporal-at-arms on board one of Her Majesty's ships at Cape Town, got drunk, overstayed his leave, and deserted rather than face the punishment; the other a quick, active little fellow, with a face like a ferret. He was a Zululand trader, who had ruined himself by drink, and a peculiarly valuable member of the corps on account of his knowledge of the country in which they were going to serve. Both the men saluted and stood at ease.

"Well, my men, what is it?" asked Ernest, going on filling up his forms.

"Nothing so far as I am concerned, sir," said the little man.

Ernest looked up sharply at the quondam tar.

"Now, Adam, your complaint; I have no time to waste."

Adam hitched up his breeches and began:

"You see, sir, I brought he here by the scruff of the neck."

"That's true, sir," said the little man rubbing that portion of his body.

"Because he and I, sir, as is messmates, sir, 'ad a difference of opinion. It was his day, you see, sir, to cook for our mess, and instead of putting on the pot, sir, he comes to me he does and he says, 'Adam, you father of a race of fools'—that's what he says, sir, a-comparing of me to the gent who lived in a garden—'why don't you come and take the skins off the—taters, instead of a-squatting of yourself down on that—bed!'"

"Slightly in error, sir," broke in the little man; "our big friend's memory is not as substantial as his form. What I said was, 'My dear Adam, as I see you have nothing to do, except sit and play a Jew's-harp upon your couch, would you be so kind as to come and assist me to remove the outer skin of these potatoes?'"

Ernest began to explode, but checked himself and said sternly:

"Don't talk nonsense, Adam; tell me your complaint, or go."

"Well, sir," answered the big sailor, scratching his head, "is I must give it a name it is this—this here man, sir, be too infarnal sagustic."

"Be off with you both," said Ernest, sternly, "and don't trouble me with any such nonsense again, or I will put you both under arrest, and stop your pay. Come, march!" and he pointed to the door. As he did so he observed a Boer gallop swiftly past the house, and take the turn to Government House.

"What is up now?" he wondered.

Half an hour afterward another man passed the window, also at full speed, and also turned up toward Government House. Another half hour passed, and Mr. Alston came hurrying in.

"Look here, Ernest," he said, "here is a pretty business. Three men have come in to report that Cetywayo has sent an Impi (army) round by the back of Secocoeni's country to burn Pretoria, and return to Zululand across the High Veldt. They say that the Impi is now resting in the Saltpan Bush, about twenty miles off, and will attack the town to-night or to-morrow night. All these three, who have, by-the-way, had no communication with each other, state that they have actually seen the captains of the Impi, who came to tell them to bid the other Dutchmen stand aside, as they are now fighting the Queen, and they would not be hurt."

"It seems incredible," said Ernest; "do you believe it?"

"I don't know. It is possible, and the evidence is strong. It is possible; I have known the Zulus make longer marches than that. The Governor has ordered me to gallop to the spot, and report if I can see anything of this Impi."

"Am I to go too?"

"No, you will remain in the corps. I take Roger with me—he is a light weight—and two spare horses. If there should be an attack and I should not be back, or if anything should happen, you will do your duty."

"Yes."

"Good-by. I am off. You had best muster the men to be ready for an emergency—" and he was gone.

Ten minutes afterward, down came an orderly from the officer commanding, with a peremptory order that the officer commanding Alston's Horse was to mount and parade his men in readiness for immediate service.

"Here is a pretty go," thought Ernest, "and the horses not served out yet!"

Just then Jeremy came in, saluted, and informed him that the men were mustered.

"Serve out the saddlery. Let every man shoulder his saddle. Tell Mazook to bring out the 'Devil' (Ernest's favorite horse), and march the men up to the Government stables. I will be with you presently."

Jeremy saluted again and vanished. He was the most punctilious sergeant-major who ever breathed.

Twenty minutes later, a long file of men, each with a carbine slung to his back, and a saddle on his head, which, at a distance, gave them the appearance of a string of gigantic mushrooms, were to be seen proceeding toward the Government stables a mile away.

Ernest, mounted on his great black stallion, and looking in his military uniform and the revolver slung across his shoulders, a typical volunteer officer was there before them.

"Now, my men," he said, as soon as they were paraded, "go in, and each man choose the horse which he likes best, bridle him, and bring him out and saddle him. Sharp!"

The men broke their ranks and rushed to the stables, each anxious to secure a better horse than his neighbors. Presently from the stables there arose a sound of kicking, plunging and wohohing impossible to describe.

"There will be a pretty scene soon, with these unbroken brutes," thought Ernest. He was not destined to be disappointed. The horses were dragged out, most of them lying back upon their haunches, kicking, bucking and going through every other equine antic.

"Saddle up!" shouted Ernest, as soon as they were all out.

It was done with great difficulty.

"Now mount."

Sixty men lifted their legs and swung themselves into the saddle, not without sad misgivings. A few seconds passed, and at least twenty of them were on the broad of their backs; one or two were being dragged by the stirrup-leather; a few were clinging to their bucking and plunging steeds; and the remainder of Alston's Horse was scouring the plain in every possible direction. Never was there such a scene.

In time, however, most of the men got back again, and some sort of order was restored. Several men were hurt, one or two badly. These were sent to the hospital, and Ernest formed the rest into half sections to be marched to the place of rendezvous. Just then, to make matters better, down came the rain in sheets, soaking them to the skin, and making confusion worse confounded. So they rode to the town, which was by this time in an extraordinary state of panic. All business was suspended, women were standing about on the verandas, hugging their babies and crying, or making preparations to go into laager; men were hiding deeds and other valuables, or hurrying to defence meetings on the market-square, where the Government were serving out rifles and ammunition to all able-bodied citizens; frightened mobs of Basutos and Christian Kafirs were jabbering in the streets, and telling tales of the completeness of Zulu slaughter, or else running from the city to pass the night among the hills. Altogether the scene was most curious, till dense darkness came down on it like an extinguisher, and put it out.

Ernest took his men to a building which the Government had placed at their disposal, and had the horses stabled, but not unsaddled. Presently orders came down to him to keep the corps under arms all night; to send out four patrols to be relieved at midnight to watch the approaches to the town; and at dawn to saddle up and reconnoiter the neighboring country.

Ernest obeyed these orders as well as he could; that is, he sent the patrols out, but so dense was the darkness that they never got back again till the following morning, when they were collected, and, in one instance, dug out of the various ditches, quarry-holes, etc., into which they had fallen.

About eleven o'clock Ernest was seated in a little room that opened out of the main building where they were quartered, consulting with Jeremy about matters connected with the corps, and wondering if Alston had found a Zulu Impi, or if it was all gammon, when suddenly they heard the sharp challenge of the sentry outside:

"Who goes there?"

"Whoever it is had better answer sharp," said Ernest; "I gave the sentry orders to be quick with his rifle to-night."

"Bang! crash!" followed by loud howls of "Wilhemina, my wife! ah, the cruel man has killed my Wilhemina!"

Presently Ernest's old friend of the High Veldt, looking very wild and uncouth in the lamplight, with his long beard and matted hair, from which the rain was dripping, was bundled rather unceremoniously into the room.

"Ah, there you are, dear sir; it is two—three years since we meet. I look for you everywhere, and they tell me you are here, and I come on quick all through the dark and the rain; and then before I know if I am on my head or my heel, the cruel man he ups a rifle, and do shoot my Wilhemina, and make a great hole through her poor stomach. O sir, wat shall I do?" and the great child began to shed tears; "you too, you will weep; you, too, love my Wilhemina, and sleep with her one night—bohoo!"

"For goodness' sake, stop that nonsense! This is no time or place for such fooling."

He spoke sharply and the monomaniac pulled up, only giving vent to an occasional sob.

"Now, what is your business with me?"

The German's face changed from its expression of idiotic grief to one of refined intelligence. He glanced toward Jeremy, who was exploding in the corner.

"You can speak before this gentleman, Hans," said Ernest.

"Sir, I am going to say a strange thing to you this night." He was speaking quite quietly and composedly now, and might have been mistaken for a sane man. "Sir, I hear that you go down to Zululand to fight the fierce Zulus. When I hear it, I was far away, but something come into my head to travel as quick as Wilhemina can, and come and tell you not to go."

"What do you mean?"

"How can I say what I do mean? This I know—many shall go down to Zululand who rest in this house to-night, few shall come back.

"You mean that I shall be killed?"

"I know not. There are things as bad as death, and yet not death." He covered his eyes with his hand, and continued: "I cannot see you dead, but do not go; I pray you do not go."

"My good Hans, what is the good of coming to me with such an old wives' tale? Even if it were true, and I knew that I must be killed twenty times, I should go; I cannot run away from my duty."

"That is spoken as a brave man should," answered his visitor, in his native tongue. "I have done my duty, and told you what Wilhemina said. Now go, and when the black men are pressing round you like the sea-waves round a rock, may the God of Rest guide your hand, and bring you safe from the slaughter!"

Ernest gazed at the old man's pale face; it wore a curious, rapt expression, and the eyes were looking upward.

"Perhaps, old friend," he said, addressing him in German, "I, as well as you, have a City of Rest which I would reach, and care not if I pass thither on an assegai."

"I know it," replied Hans, in the same tongue; "but useless is it to seek rest till God gives it. You have sought and passed through the jaws of many deaths, but you have not found. If it be not God's will you will not find it now. I know you too seek rest, my brother, and had I known that you would find that only down there"—and he pointed toward Zululand—"I had not come to warn you, for blessed is rest, and happy he who gains it. But no, it is not that; I am sure now that you will not die; your evil, whatever it is, will fall from heaven."

"So be it," said Ernest; "you are a strange man. I thought you a common monomaniac, and now you speak like a prophet."

The old man smiled.

"You are right; I am both. Mostly I am mad. I know it. But sometimes my madness has its moments of inspiration when the clouds lift from my mind, and I, see things none others can see, and hear voices to which your ears are deaf. Such a moment is on me now; soon I shall be mad again. But before the clouds settle I would speak to you. Why, I know not, save that I loved you when first I saw your eyes open there upon the cold veldt. Presently I must go, and we shall meet no more, for I draw near to the snow-clad tree that marks the gate of the City of Rest. I can look into your heart now and see the trouble in it, and the sad, beautiful face that is printed on your mind. Ah, she is not happy; she, too, must work out her rest. But the time is short, the cloud settles, and I would tell you what is in my mind. Even though trouble, great trouble, close you in, do not be cast down, for trouble is the key of heaven. Be good; turn to the God you have neglected; struggle against the snares of the senses. Oh, I can see now. For you and for all you love there is joy and there is peace."

Suddenly he broke off, the look of inspiration faded from his face, which grew stupid and wild-looking.

"Ah, the cruel man; he made a great hole in the stomach of my Wilhemina!"

Ernest had been bending forward, listening with parted lips to the old man's talk. When he saw that the inspiration had left him, he raised his head and said:

"Gather yourself together, I beg you for a moment. I wish to ask one question. Shall I ever—?"

"How shall I stop de bleeding from the vitals of my dear wife?—who will plug up the hole in he?"

Ernest gazed at the man. Was he putting all this on?—or was he really mad? For the life of him he could not tell.

Taking out a sovereign, he gave it to him.

"There is money to doctor Wilhemina with," he said. "Would you like to sleep here?—I can give you a blanket."

The old man took the money without hesitation, and thanked Ernest for it; but said he must go on at once.

"Where are you going to?" asked Jeremy, who had been watching him with great curiosity; he had not understood that part of the conversation which had been carried on in German.

Hans turned upon him with a quick look of suspicion.

"Rustenburg (Anglice, the town of rest)," he answered.

"Indeed! the road is bad, and it is far to travel."

"Yes," he replied, "the road is rough and long. Farewell!"—and he was gone.

"Well, he is a curious old buster, and no mistake, with his cheerful anticipation, and his Wilhemina," reflected Jeremy aloud. "Just fancy starting for Rustenburg at this hour of the night too! Why, it is a hundred miles off!"

Ernest dryly smiled. He knew that it was no earthly Rustenburg that the old man sought.

Some while afterward he heard that he had attained the rest which he desired. Wilhemina got fixed in a snow-drift in a pass of the Drakensberg. He was unable to drag her out.

So he crept underneath and fell asleep, and the snow came down and covered him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. ALSTON'S VIEWS.

The Zulu attack on Pretoria ultimately turned out only to have existed in the minds of two mad Kafirs, who dressed themselves up after the fashion of chiefs, personating two Zulu nobles of repute, who were known to be in command of regiments, rode from house to house, telling the Dutch inhabitants that they had an Impi of 30,000 men lying in the bush, and bidding them stand aside while they destroyed the Englishmen. Hence the scare.

The next month was a busy one for Alston's Horse. It was drill, drill, drill morning, noon and night. But the results soon became apparent. In three weeks from the day they got their horses, there was not a smarter, quicker corps in South Africa, and Mr. Alston and Ernest were highly complimented on the soldier-like appearance of the men, and the rapidity and exactitude with which they executed all the ordinary cavalry manœuvres.

They were to march from Pretoria on the 10th of January, and expected to overtake Colonel Glynn's column, with which was the General, about the 18th, by which time Mr. Alston calculated the real advance upon Zululand would begin.

On the 8th, the good people of Pretoria gave the corps a farewell banquet, for most of its members were Pretoria men; and colonists are never behindhand when there is an excuse for conviviality and good-fellowship.

Of course, after the banquet, Mr.—or, as he was now called, Captain—Alston's health was drunk. But Alston was a man of few words and had a horror of speech-making. He contented himself with a few brief sentences of acknowledgment and sat down. Then somebody proposed the health of the other commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and to this Ernest rose to respond, making a very good speech in reply. He rapidly sketched the state of political affairs, of which the Zulu war was the outcome, and, without expressing any opinion on the justice or wisdom of that war, of which, to speak the truth, he had grave doubts, he went on to show, in a few well-chosen, weighty words, how vital were the interests involved in its successful conclusion, now that it once had been undertaken. Finally, he concluded thus:

"I am well aware, gentlemen, that with many of those who are your guests here to-night, and my own comrades, this state of affairs and the conviction of the extreme urgency of the occasion has been the cause of their enlistment. It is impossible for me to look down these tables, and see so many in our rough-and-ready uniform, whom I have known in other walks of life, as farmers, storekeepers, Government clerks and what not, without realizing most clearly the extreme necessity that can have brought these peaceable citizens together on such an errand as we are bent on. Certainly it is not the ten shillings a day or the mere excitement of savage warfare, that has done this" (cries of "No, no!"); "because most of them can well afford to despise the money, and many more have seen enough of native war, and know well that few rewards and plenty of hard work fall to the lot of colonial volunteers. Then, what is it? I will venture a reply. It is that sense of patriotism which is a part and parcel of the English mind" (cheers), "and which from generation to generation has been the root of England's greatness, and, so long as the British blood remains untainted, will from unborn generation to generation be the main-spring of the greatness that is yet to be of those wider Englands, of which I hope this continent will become not the least." (Loud cheers.) "That, gentlemen and men of Alston's Horse, is the bond which unites us together; it is the sense of a common duty to perform, of a common danger to combat, of a common patriotism to vindicate. And for that reason, because of the patriotism and the duty, I feel sure that when the end of this campaign comes, whatever that end may be, no one, be he Imperial officer, or newspaper correspondent, or Zulu foe, will be able to say that Alston's Horse shirked its work, or was mutinous, or proved a broken reed, piercing the side of those who leaned on it." (Cheers.) "I feel sure, too, that, though there may be a record of brave deeds such as become brave men, there will be none of a comrade deserted in the time of need, or of failure in the moment of emergency, however terrible that emergency may be." (Cheers.) "Ay, my brethren in arms," and here Ernest's eyes flashed and his strong, clear voice went ringing down the great hall, "whom England has called, and who have not failed to answer to the call, I repeat, however terrible may be that emergency, even if it should involve the certainty of death—I speak thus because I feel I am addressing brave men, who do not fear to die, when death means duty, and life means dishonor—I know well that you will rise to it, and falling shoulder to shoulder, will pass as heroes should on to the land of shades—on to that Valhalla of which no true heart should fear to set foot upon the threshold."

Ernest sat down amid ringing cheers. Nor did these noble words, coming as they did straight from the loyal heart of an English gentleman, fail of their effect. On the contrary, when a fortnight later Alston's Horse formed that fatal ring on Isandhlwana's bloody field, they flashed through the brain of more than one despairing man, so that he set his teeth and died the harder for them.

"Bravo, my young Viking!" said Mr. Alston to Ernest, while the roof was still echoing to the cheers evoked by his speech, "the old Berserkir spirit is cropping up eh?" He knew that Ernest's mother's family, like so many of the old Eastern county stocks, were of Danish extraction.

It was a great night for Ernest.

Two days later Alston's Horse, sixty-four strong, marched out of Pretoria with a military band playing before. Alas! they never marched back again.

At the neck of the port or pass the band and the crowd of ladies and gentlemen who had accompanied them halted, and, having given them three cheers, turned and left them. Ernest too turned and gazed at the pretty town, with its white houses and rose hedges red with bloom, nestling on the plain beneath, and wondered if he would ever see it again. He never did.

The troop was then ordered to march at ease in half-sections, and Ernest rode up to the side of Alston; on his other side was the boy Roger, now about fourteen years of age, who acted as Alston's aide-de-camp, and was in high spirits at the prospect of the coming campaign. Presently Alston sent his son back to the other side of the line on some errand.

Ernest watched him as he galloped off and a thought struck him.

"Alston," he said, "do you think it is wise to bring that boy into this business?"

His friend slued himself round sharply in the saddle.

"Why not?" he asked in his deliberate way.

"Well, you know there is a risk."

"And why should not the boy run risks as well as the rest of us? Look here, Ernest, when I first met you there in France I was going to see the place where my wife was brought up. Do you know how she died?"

"I have heard she died a violent death; I do not know how."

"Then I will tell you, though it costs me something to speak of it. She died by a Zulu assegai, a week after the boy was born. She saved his life by hiding him under a heap of straw. Don't ask me particulars, I can't bear to talk of it. Perhaps now you understand why I am commanding a corps enrolled to serve against the Zulus. Perhaps too you will understand why the lad is with me. We go to avenge my wife and his mother, or to fall in the attempt. I have waited long for the opportunity; it has come."

Ernest relapsed into silence and presently fell back to his troop.

(To be continued.)

Armies of Europe in a Nutshell.

(Edward Atkinson in the Century.)

Standing armies and navies of Europe and the United States compared in ratio with the number of men of arms-bearing age, assuming one in five of the population to be of that age:

Standing armies of Europe in actual service	3,864,798
Men in the navies	259,691
Total armed force	4,123,374
Reserves ready for service at call	10,398,163
Total	14,521,537

Substantially one in five of all men of arms-bearing age.

Proportion of men of arms-bearing age in the standing armies and navies not including reserves:

Proportion.			Exempts
All Europe	1 in	16.13	15.13
Italy	1 "	7.50	6.50
Holland	1 "	11.	10.
France	1 "	13.	12.
Russia	1 "	17.	16.
Germany	1 "	19.50	18.50
Belgium	1 "	23.	22.
Austria	1 "	95.40	94.40
Great Britain	1 "	26.	25.
United States	1 "	322.00	321.00

Men in active service in armies and navies, omitting reserves:

Russia	1,094,507
Italy	765,890
France	575,959
Germany	492,678
Austria	298,501
Great Britain	281,746
Turkey	180,404
Spain	116,256
Switzerland	113,308
Holland	77,689
Belgium	46,530
Sweden	43,174
Denmark	37,725
Greece	33,187
Portugal	29,920
Norway	29,250
Roumania	20,572
Servia	13,079
	4,123,374 or 1 man in 81 of population
Reserves	10,199,541
	14,252,915 or 1 " 24 "
United States	36,294 or 1 " 1,640 "

Glenbeigh, the Scene of the Evictions.

The Parish of Glenbeigh lies far away down in the extreme south of the kingdom of Kerry. It is as desolate a spot as can be found on all the western coast. The nearest town is Castleisland, notorious as the heart and centre of the most disaffected district in Ireland. To reach it from Killarney a long journey across country of twenty miles must be taken, and from Tralee the distance is only five miles less. The village which is the scene of the present evictions lies in a ravine among the hills, situated some height above the sea, in a bleak, exposed situation. For the tourist in search of a picturesque wilderness the locality is attractive enough, and there is plenty of shooting on the hills to satisfy the sportsman, but for the husbandman it is as undesirable a location as could be well imagined. Like many hundred thousand acres of land in the West of Ireland, it is a waste of bog and rock. But for the constant labor of the cottiers who are nestled among the boulders it would in a very few years relapse into a waste which might afford pasturage for snipe but for nothingelse.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—Whew! After all, there's nothing like an indoor, sedentary life.

—The Newfoundland Government want to reduce the subsidy given the Allan line for carrying the mails, and will terminate the contract.

—"Don't be a fool," she said, with a snap, to her husband. "Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you to marry me," he replied, and silence fell upon that house.

—Chinese daily papers have no local news, unless it is brought into the office with a request to publish. Chinese reporters have too much dignity to go sloshing around after scoops.

—"Does your husband call you pet names?" one married lady asked another. "Well, not quite. When we were first married he used to call me kitten; now he calls me old cat."

IF HE HAD A MIND.

The dude he would go a courting;
Then said his mamma kind,
"You must not go," and he answered,
"I'll go if I have a mind."

The mother smiled serenely,
Then said, in accents low,
"If that is the case, my darling,
You certainly will not go."

—It is announced at this late day that Abraham Lincoln never told a lie in his life. What excuse he made to his mother when he came home with his hair wet and his shirt wrong side out is not given. Perhaps she thought he had fallen off a haystack or been wrestling with a calf.

—A colporteur says he knows of four cases in which an alienated husband and wife were brought together by reading Miss Annie Swan's story of "A Divided House," which was originally published in the *Christian Leader.*

—Somebody claims to have discovered a way by which two persons can converse in whispers through a telephone. This would seriously impair the fun of the unconcerned outsiders who are compelled to hear one end of a telephone conversation.

BIG AND LITTLE HEADS.

An Investigator Who Says Size Has Nothing to Do With Intelligence.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, writes a New York correspondent, with gray hair and whiskers, and the general air of a worldly innocence that characterizes the scientific person, visited the Aztec Fair. The matador's swords and caballero's spurs failed to attract his attention, and he was not interested in the frying of tortillas by buxom female descendants of the Montezumas. Adjusting his spectacles across his nose and taking a brief survey of the hall with his beaming blue eyes, he rubbed his palms together, and in a gratified way softly murmured, "Oh! this saves me quite a journey," and drew a note-book and small steel tape from his pocket. Marching up to the nearest hombre, who was industriously fashioning silver wire into delicate jewellery, the tall man gently but firmly drew the tape-line around the astonished greaser's head, carefully noting the measurement, and made an entry in his note book. Smiling blandly and reassuringly upon the exhibit he proceeded to measure the Mexican's head in various ways and make notes. Before the bewildered fellow could collect his wits the tall man had moved around to the next booth and slipped his tape around another skull, serenely oblivious to the sensation he was creating among the puzzled Mexicans. At last he tackled a vaquero who could talk English and wanted to know the purpose of the measurements. The investigator explained that he devoted his whole time to travelling over the world measuring people's heads, and some day he would write a book about it, showing what folks had the biggest heads of the lot, not counting promising young actors or newly-elected Congressmen. The vaquero was disappointed to learn that the tall man was not an eccentric American philanthropist with an amiable desire to present new sombreros to the whole crowd. The gentleman was Dr. Sims, who long ago retired from practice, and took up theorizing and investigating. In reply to my questions the doctor said: "These chaps, I find, have very small heads and consequently small brains. They are not Aztecs, of course, but belong to the mixed Spanish and Indian race of Mexico. The fact that their head is small is only another proof of my theory, or rather of my generalization from long observation, that the largest heads are in the cold countries, and the size of the skull and weight diminish as you get nearer the equator. I have measured heads from Lapland to Egypt, and from India to New Zealand, and the results prove the truth of the general statement. The Laplanders have the largest heads and the equatorial races the smallest. But the Laplander is by no means a prodigy of mental activity. In fact, he is inclined to be rather stupid. Now, I have discovered that the brain has nothing to do with the operation of the thought. The mind, as it is called, is not located in the brain. The brain is a vital organ like the heart, and supplies heat to the body through the nerves. Sever the nerves in a sheep's neck and the heat of the body diminishes in regular proportion so many degrees a minute. The experience of Arctic explorers has shown that men with big heads endure the cold best. The brain is a life-giving organ. It is the dynamo that sends heat and electricity along the nerves to all parts of the body. In cold climates more heat is required, and heart and brains are larger than in warmer climates. People living near the equator require little body heat, and their heads are small. But the intellect is not affected by the size of the head. Big men have big heads, but the smart men are by no means big. The biggest brain that was ever weighed was that of a congenital idiot. The next heaviest was that of Ivan Tourgieneiff. The latter was Russian, and the Russians have big heads because their country is cold. I could cite facts by the hour to prove my theory, and some day the anatomists will all agree with me that the old notion of brain power is entirely erroneous." The doctor sighted another foreign head across the hall, and, whipping out his tape-line, he disappeared in the crowd, walking over small people without noticing their protests in his anxiety not to lose sight of the new specimen.

Johnny's Spelling.

"How do you spell knee, mamma?" said a small boy, looking up from his slate.

"K-n-e-e, Johnny."

Silence for several moments, while the letters were going down laboriously. And then he asked:

"How do you spell grow.

"G-r-o-w."

More scratching with the pencil.

"Now I've got it!" Johnny exclaimed. "K-n-e-e, ne, g-r-o-w, gro—negro!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Man For the Job.

Simpson—Well, Muggins, how's business.

Muggins (our artist)—Oh, ripping! Got a commission this morning from a clergyman. Wants his children painted very badly.

Simpson (with that pleasant way of his)—Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job.

They don't speak now.—*Judy.*

Let the Children Try This.

I tell you a cure for dyspepsia that is neither patented nor original:

"If the white bootblack blacks the black bootblack's boot, will the black bootblack's boot be blacked? If the white bootblack blacks but one of the black bootblack's boots, what will the black bootblack do?"

Directions—Draw in a long breath and then repeat the above cure as rapidly as possible.—*Boston Globe.*

In current British Parliamentary manuals a blank is opposite the designation of Baron Gardner, of Uttoxeter, Stafford, the peer entitled to the place being missing. The blank will now be filled, as it is shown that the rightful fourth baron is Alan Hyde Gardner, who, with his father, gained eminence in resisting the Sepoy Mutineers in 1857. He was born in India of a native mother.

Mrs. Collier, of Oakland, Cal., has brought suit for divorce against her husband because he frequently went fishing, did not supply her with a sufficient quantity of butter and eggs and often complained because he had to eat a cold supper after a day of piscatorial sport.

FROM FAME TO PAUPERISM.

A Great Orator Reduced to Beg for Alms in His Old Age.

A remarkable and even pathetic incident occurred at Kalamazoo, in this State, the latter part of last week, says a Detroit despatch. A very old man, past 80 years, appeared in the office of the Superintendent of the Poor to solicit public assistance. He had no overcoat and was dressed in a thin, threadbare suit of black. The silk hat on his head, like the white hair beneath it, had seen the storms of many winters. He carried a small parcel and two canes with which to support his steps. It was with difficulty that the official, after the aged man had told his name, recognized in him the famous Augustus Littlejohn, an orator of such splendid ability in his prime, forty years ago, that no one who heard him ever forgot the almost irresistible magnetism of his eloquence. Arriving from Niles Mr. Littlejohn had applied to the poor authorities for assistance to enable him to reach Schoolcraft, which place he desired to visit. The assistance was instantly furnished him, as one whose talents and past services to mankind entitled him to something better than miserable poverty in his old age, and armed with a pauper's ticket he left for Schoolcraft that afternoon.

Augustus Littlejohn was a great man among a generation now passed away. He was the Gough of the forties. Old settlers who have heard him repeatedly say that he surpassed Gough in the vividness of his descriptions and the wonderful and altogether indescribable dramatic force of his utterances. He lectured repeatedly all through Michigan and Indiana on temperance, with enormous crowds attending his lectures everywhere. He was known also throughout the east as well as in the west. Thousands all over the country were reclaimed by him from intemperance. He was of the noted Littlejohn family, of Herkimer, N. Y., a family distinguished for its talent. Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, and the late Hon. De Witt C. Littlejohn, of Oswego, N. Y., were nephews of his. Now in picturesque, but nevertheless miserable, poverty the old man is obliged to ask for public alms. It will be startling news to most of those who knew him in his prime, or those who are only acquainted with his splendid reputation, to hear that the matchless orator of nearly half a century ago is still alive, so long has he been hidden away from public observation and knowledge.

Brain-forcing in Children.

At its meeting recently the Nineteenth Century Club listened to a discussion on "Brain-forcing in the Education of Children."

Dr. William A. Hammond said that a little girl was brought to him with St. Vitus' dance. In her school satchel were books on English grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, primary, astronomy, temperance, physiology and hygiene ("whatever that may mean," he interjected), French grammar, French reader, and a book on "Science." He found the child had six and a half hours to study nine subjects; it was using its brain capital faster than its receipts; it had intellectual bankruptcy staring it in the face. If a child should not look at a book until it was 10 years old it would read better at 11 than a child who had studied its letters when it was 3 years old. "It would be much better if a child studied two or three subjects instead of twelve; grammar should be banished until the senior year of a university course; no child ever learned good English from a grammar. Grammar is the most ingenious device ever known for driving poor little brains into permature decrepitude. The only reason why it does not do more harm is because nine-tenths of the people don't know anything about it."

Miss Mary E. Tate, Principal of Grammar School No. 45, defended the present system in this city. She said that "overwork" was due largely to mothers and doctors.

"A doctor knows there is no way to reach a mother's heart," she said, "so soon as by saying, 'Your child's brain is too active.' A physician said that of me, and my mother told of it with pride."—*New York Sun.*

The Judge was No Joker.

Police Magistrate—Prisoner at the bar, have you any children?

Prisoner—No, Your Honor.

P. M.—Why not?

Prisoner—Well, I am not married.

P. M. (who hates a giggle at his expense)—That's very fortunate for your wife.—*Boston Beacon.*

An Unmistakable Symptom.

A new baby had arrived at little Johnny's residence, and the youngster was admitted to take his first look at the little stranger. He surveyed it calmly for a moment, and then looking up exclaimed enthusiastically:

"His face is just like the color of Uncle George's. Gosh, but he must be a hard drinker!"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Prof. Udson, a violinist of Warren, O., was engaged to Miss Jenny Thompson, of Copenhagen, when he quit that city for America. A few weeks ago he sent for her, and the day after Christmas she arrived in New York city with her grand piano and many trunks. She was met by her lover, who took her directly to Warren, where three days later they were married at the institution where the husband teaches music.

Cornelius Driscoll, of Lower Cove, N. S. is 101 years old, and hale and hearty. He eats well and daily does light work.

THE TOBOGGAN CRAZE.

The rinktum has vanished,
The skatum has fled;
The rollum is banished,
The wheelum is dead.
Tobog's now the daisy
That now rules the day;
Let's tobog till we're crazy
Ri-tu-ral-li-la!

What is the difference between a dude and his boots? One is calf skin and the other is calf's kin.

Bill Nye writes: "Can you suggest a title for my new comedy? I want something catching." Why don't you call it "Only a Case of Measles?"

There are two things in this world that I can't understand; one is, that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run on, it stays with you, and if you stop it, it goes away.—*Burdette.*

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

There were 34 deaths in Kingston last month, eight of which were from consumption.

Owing to a rumor that Dr. Abbott, of Belleville, who died suddenly recently, had come to life, an investigation showed that his remains are still in the vault there.

Ottawa is likely to prove a formidable competitor with Kingston for the possession of the proposed School of Practical Science for Eastern Ontario.

Mr. W. Peters and his family, of Kingston, came near losing their lives on Thursday night by suffocation from coal gas. The members of the family are confined to bed.

Two Civil Service employees got well thrashed in the Windsor Hotel, Ottawa, on Thursday night, by a stranger, whom they insulted because he would not shout for the Tory party.

A special meeting of the Tororto City Council was held yesterday afternoon, when the legislation to be asked from the Ontario Legislature at its present session was considered and adopted.

Miles Dempsey, who lived near Demorestville, Prince Edward County, was instantly killed on Thursday by a kick from a young horse which he was breaking. Deceased was 35 years of age and married.

An old gateman of the Grand Trunk Railway named John Woods lost his life at Montreal yesterday morning, being run down by a locomotive during the heavy snowstorm. He was an old employee, and attended the switches and semaphores.

McGill Graduates' Society Executive Committee offer a prize of $50 for the best ode in honor of the Queen's Jubilee, to be read at the annual University dinner at the end of April. The competition will be open to all Her Majesty's subjects, manuscripts to be in before the 15th April.

Mr. James Foot, who was taken from the second story window of his house at St. Thomas in a boat during the recent floods, while suffering from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, died yesterday from the effects of the exposure. Deceased was 71 years of age, and had been a resident of that city for the past fifty years.

Mr. John Lytle, of Amherst Island, while driving home to Amherst Island, accompanied by Miss Wilson, broke through the ice. He managed to get out upon the ice, after which, with much difficulty, he seized the young lady by the hair and rescued her. The valuable team of horses were drowned. Miss Wilson is very ill from the effects of her wetting.

Edwin Sales, a hotel keeper at Courtland, a few miles from Aylmer, has been in poor health and also financial difficulties for some time past, and on Thursday night he made a most determined and successful attempt at suicide. Taking a loaded shot gun and locking himself in his bed-room, he placed the muzzle to his forehead and fired. The whole top of his head was blown off, and his brains scattered over the walls and floor. The report of the gun was heard by the family, and when the door was forced he was found lying on the floor dead. A razor was found in his pocket. He was about 45 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children.

The Anarchists threaten a dynamite campaign in France.

Four hundred houses were destroyed by fire in Rangoon yesterday.

The proposition which has been put forward, that the Pope shall be accepted as arbiter in the Bulgarian dispute, is strongly opposed by Russia.

A despatch from St. Petersburg states that the Russian Mediterranean fleet has been ordered to rendezvous in Japanese waters, where Russia intends at the earliest possible moment to assemble a considerable squadron.

The Prince of Waes has notified the Governors of New South Wales and Victoria that both himself and the Princess find it necessary to recall their acceptance of an invitation to visit Australia this year on the occasion of the centenary celebration of the two Provinces." The letter says it will be impossible for the Prince and Princess to leave England during the next twelve months.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the House of Commons last evening, in answer to inquiries, affirmed the truth of reports that Moonlighters had attacked the houses of three farmers in Mill Street, county Cork, and cut off the hair of every woman met in the houses. The only reason given for the outrage, said the Chief Secretary, was that the women had been seen speaking to the police. Sir Michael also said the Government would not release the Crossmaglen convicts.

Court circles are in a state of enthusiastic expectancy with regard to the coming celebration of Queen Victoria's coronation. The greatest social feature of the Jubilee will be a magnificent State ball in costume. The last State ball, which took place in June, 1851, more than ten years before the death of the Prince Consort, was a costume affair. The dresses were in imitation of the time of the restoration of Charles II., and it was the most splendid court spectacle of the present reign. It is hoped that this year's ball will be quite as grand, and every effort is being put forth to make it so. It is stated that the Queen designs that the costumes to be worn at the June ball shall be in the style of the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or about 1580.

William Robinson, who was bitten in the lip by a strange dog on December 28th, died yesterday in the agonies of hydrophobia, at Greenwich, Conn.

Thos. F. McGown, a well known citizen of Duluth, fell from a private box to the orchestra in the Theatre Comique on Thursday night and was killed.

The coroner's jury has returned a verdict that the death of Raymond R. Belmont, who shot himself in the basement of his father's house in New York, was accidental.

The Council of Dakota yesterday defeated by an emphatic majority the bill giving incorporated cities the exclusive control of the liquor traffic within their limits. The same body passed the Local Option Bill by 33 to 10.

Freight traffic on the railways has been completely stopped in Eastern Ontario by the severe snowstorm of last Friday, and passenger trains have suffered considerable delay.

The Montreal winter carnival was brought to a successful close on Saturday night.

Thirty-two cases are inscribed for hearing by the Supreme Court, which meets to-morrow for its first session this year.

The old settlers of Manitoba have forwarded to Ottawa a petition forty-nine feet long regarding the settlement of land claims.

The commemorative medals and diplomas to be presented to exhibitors at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition were received by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa on Saturday.

Mrs. Morse, the lady who was injured a few days ago by the falling ice from a roof on St. Catherine street, Montreal, died yesterday morning at her home, Burnside place.

An interesting debate on the subject of Imperial Federation was held in Kingston on Saturday night between students of Toronto and Queen's Universities, the latter arguing in favor of and the Toronto men opposing the idea. The judges decided in favor of federation.

A young man named Arnold, just released from the Central Prison, sprang upon a soldier, who carries the mail to the Royal Military College, Kingston, on Saturday, on the principal street, and seizing him by the cheek with his teeth took a piece out. The soldier was passing quietly along the street at the time.

Two or three girls belonging to the Salvation Army were brutally attacked on St. John street, Quebec, yesterday afternoon by a crowd of respectably-dressed rowdies, who pelted them with lumps of snow and ice, knocking one young woman to the ground. The victim might have been killed but for the timely arrival of the police. No arrests were made, though the street was full of people at the time.

On Saturday morning, as Sarah North, aged about 50 years, was attending to her usual work in one of the Asylum cottages at London she fell down a cellar in the house and fractured her skull, from the effects of which she died in a short time. She had been in the institution about ten years and belonged in the neighborhood of Stratford. An inquest was held at 4 o'clock and a verdict of accidental death returned.

Mr. Daniel Cook, of McLeod & Cook, saw millers, Teeswater, was crushed to death while unloading saw logs at the mill on Saturday afternoon. Nobody was in the yard at the time, and when the body was found life had been extinct for some time. Death must have been instantaneous, as he was lying beneath the saw logs very badly crushed and his spine broken. It is supposed that he slipped and fell, pulling the logs on top of him. He leaves a wife and young family.

The Limerick hunt had to be abandoned on Saturday, owing to the poisoning of the fox-hounds.

The British troops in India will be armed with repeating rifles, and the Martini rifles will be transferred to the Sepoys.

The British Admiralty Department has ordered two additional gunboats to Halifax to protect the Canadian fisheries.

The Paris *L'Univers* announces that the Papal Nuncio at Madrid, Mgr. Rampolla del Tindaro, has been appointed Pontifical Secretary, succeeding Cardinal Jacobini.

A Russian lady, said to be the divorced wife of a consular official at Philadelphia, has committed suicide at Wiesbaden by shooting herself in a cab.

A Lyons firm has received an order for twenty thousand gross of white silk handkerchiefs, stamped with the Queen's head, to be sent to India as Jubilee presents.

The English Court of Appeal has rendered a decision upholding the validity of the Twand-Edison-Cheesboro patent for carbon filaments for incandescent lamps.

A project is on foot in London to send 5,000 Jewish colonists to Mexico to be distributed among the agricultural districts. The proposed colonists are the victims of Russian persecution.

The election in North Antrim to fill the Parliamentary vacancy caused by the resignation of E. Macnaghten (Conservative) resulted in the return of C. E. Lewis (Conservative.)

Referring to the Home Rule question, Mr. Gladstone says he is desirous of retaining the present number of Irish representatives in Parliament to deal with Imperial affairs.

The Spanish Government has assented to the financial autonomy of the Basque Provinces on the basis of their contribution of 50 per cent. extra to the exchequer.

Advices from Mandalay say the rebel leader Thanbwa, of Woontho, refuses to surrender, and is destroying villages whose inhabitants are suspected of inclining toward the British.

At midnight on Saturday gangs of Orangemen and Catholics pelted one another with stones on the Falls road in Belfast. They were dispersed by the police. One man was stabbed and some policemen were bruised.

Some Socialist speakers addressed a crowd at the Nelson monument, Glasgow, on Saturday, on behalf of the Lanark miners. After the meeting the crowd pelted the mounted policemen with mud and stones. The policemen charged and scattered the mob.

At Loughrea yesterday two hundred police were refused food and shelter. Michael Davitt arrived in the morning. He refused to accept a copy of the Government proclamation prohibiting the proposed Nationalist meeting. Davitt addressed the meeting in the afternoon in the League rooms, which were barricaded. He spoke at Woodford in the evening.

The meeting announced to be held at Youghal, Ireland, yesterday, and proclaimed by the Government, was held at Terry Point, Waterford. Mr. Tanner spoke. The crowd burned copies of the proclamation amid cheers and groans. After the meeting the crowd returned to Youghal and had some encounters with the police.

Mrs. Horace Mann, widow of the great educator, died in Boston on Friday, aged 80 years.

The Chicago Coal Exchange has resolved to advance the wholesale price of anthracite coal fifty cents a ton.

On Saturday night in a quarrel Robert Wilson, aged 17, of Corning, N. Y., shot and killed George Woods, aged 21.

Thomas M. Joseph, of Galveston, Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Odd-fellows of Texas, is said to be $30,000 short in his accounts.

Wm. Teed, aged 14 years; Eugene Grissinger, aged 14, and Henry D. McTight, 18, were drowned in Garden City Lake, L. I., yesterday afternoon by breaking through the ice.

The N. Y. *Times'* Washington despatch says several army officers within the past few months have duplicated their pay accounts, but settlements have been effected without disagreeable notoriety.

On Saturday evening, during the absence of his wife, John Jacobson, of Omaha, Neb., strangled his infant child to death and then hanged himself. Temporary insanity was the cause.

On Friday night, at San Francisco, George Messmer, a laborer, shot Frederick Muller and Mrs. Muller, the sister of Messmer's divorced wife, then shot himself and will die. Muller is fatally wounded, and Mrs. Muller seriously.

The officials of the Northern Pacific Railways are having built at St. Paul, Minn., an experimental iron car intended to supply heat, light and pure water to passenger trains. The car is to immediately follow the engine.

The Use of Words.

A Canadian says the word "toboggan" should be pronounced with the second o, long, as in open.

Citizens of Depere, Wis., are about to take a vote to determine whether the name of their city shall be spelled with a small or with a capital P.

A student of Indian tongues declares that the word "Chicago" was used by the Pottawatomie Indians long ago to designate a place where wild onions abounded—literally, an onion patch.

The word "polyg" is in constant use among the people of Utah in conversation and in print to designate a Mormon. "Cohab" is applied to a person convicted of unlawful cohabitation and less frequently to a person of improper habits.

The verb "to jounce" and the substantive, "jouncer," are becoming current in certain society circles as terms by which to denote respectively "mash" and "masher." The idea involved is that of the reduction of the victim to the condition of jolting helplessness typified by the jelly-fish.

The term "pigeon English," used to designate the *lingua franca* which passes current between English-speaking people and the Chinese, is said to be a corruption of "business English," the word "pigeon" being the nearest approach that a Chinaman can make to the pronunciation of the English word "business."

Miss Fortescue, the actress, told a Chicago reporter the other day that the adjective "elegant" is never used in London in cultivated conversation. "Over here it is rightly, and I notice frequently, used," said she; "but in England we use it but for one thing in the whole world, and what do you think that is? In advertisements of flats, 'elegant new flats to let,' you know."

It is the proper thing in St. Paul and Minneapolis now to call a dude of a certain class a "fade." To come strictly under this designation a dude must be not too old nor too stout, and his most prominent characteristics must be a melancholy mien and a habit of profound silence where speech is not absolutely necessary. He should smile only rarely, and in taking leave of a person should vanish gently as if fading away.

Heating Three Rooms with One Stove.

A correspondent in Indiana, who favors the readers of the New York *Metal Worker* with an occasional letter, sends it the following communication containing suggestions which may be of value to many of our readers having similar work to execute and which we gladly reproduce: A doctor had a new office built last summer, with three rooms on ground floor. These he was desirous of heating with one stove and sheet-iron drums. I told him I would do the work under his directions, he being responsible for the results, which he agreed to. The stove is a base-heating wood burner, which was placed in the waiting-room. A pipe was run from the stove in the waiting room through the partition into the consultation room, and connected with the drum therein. A pipe also connected the drum in the consultation room with the drum in the study, and from thence was carried into the chimney near the ceiling. In the pipe running from the stove to the consultation room was a "T," from which was run a pipe to the chimney in the waiting room. This pipe was provided with a close damper just placed above the T. To my amazement and surprise he reports it works nicely even with the indirect shaft on the stove. The drums were of ordinary pattern, having a division running from the top to near the bottom. The building is one storey, the chimney not more than 50 feet high from the ground. It impressed the fact on my mind never to be too positive about an untried scheme. But I should not have done the work on my own responsibility, nor would I want to do a similar job and warrant it to work satisfactorily.

An Oregon huntress, Mrs. Lillie Proh, of Olalla, has killed seven bears this winter.

There's no danger of the young man who goes to see his girl striking for shorter hours.

Daniel Danner, of Mattison, Mich., lost a pet squirrel over two years ago. The other day it returned and resumed its old relations.

A yearling calf harnessed to a good-sized hand sled, and trained so that it will obey every command of its driver, is one of the attractions at Sioux City, Iowa.

John Penzel, of Jackson, Mo., an aged German, has made two sound and serviceable coffins, one for himself and one for his wife, and they stand in his house ready for use. When his own was finished he tried it on, and found that he hadn't allowed for his left leg which is bent at the knee and stiff, so he made a new cover, which permits him to lie comfortably in the coffin after it has been closed properly.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 1887.

Mr. Brander's Letter.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Mr. Editor,—In reply to "*The Teacher*," I feel like apologizing to yourself & readers for occupying space in the columns of your valuable paper in again taking up this matter. Am glad you have decided to give us the privilege of replying to his base and cowardly attacks which he would not have dared to make except thinking himself shielded from reply. He flaunts the great truism 'Truth is mighty' and yet his communication is only remarkable for its absence and he bandies about the name of His Satanic Majesty with a very near friend. The Teacher thinks he kept his religious opinions, or the want of them, very close, only speaking of them to three persons in this section in three years. The opinions expressed to me were total unbelief in the fundamental principles of christianity as held by all the branches of the christian church of which I know.

Of the case of measles to which *The Teacher* refers I will state the matter and leave the public to judge who acted in a spiteful manner. In the latter end of the winter 1886, my children took the measles. As soon as we were aware of the disease they were removed from school and isolated from our business. The attack was light, their recovery soon completed, not requiring any medical attendance. After their recovery, each resumed their usual duties and were in contact with the school children from day to day, both in the store and on the street for between two and three weeks before returning to school. *The Teacher* went to Dr. Hixon enquiring about the risk of contagion. The Dr. informed him there was no risk a week or two after recovery. In the face of all this The Teacher compelled the Trustees to move in the matter and demand from me a medical certificate. The isolation had been so complete and the care so great, there was not another person who took the measles. We declined of course to procure a certificate and quietly took the children from school. Now, Mr. Editor, I leave your readers to judge who acted in the spiteful manner. There is a clause in the School Act which says "any scholar that has had or has been exposed to contagious disease." Now, three-fourths of the scholars were exposed, if there was any risk. Before our children returned to school were they all required to produce a certificate? Nay, verily, and the poor teaching machine hides himself behind the school act.

The Teacher reminds me very much of the servant who was lacking in common sense. His master wrote his orders in a book. In discharge of his duties, John would frequently consult his book. One day his master fell in the river and called John, John, help! ere I drown. John answered back "wait till I see if hers in the book!" This Teacher also makes the statement that I acted as a bitter enemy, which is utterly untrue, as I never interfered with him either directly or indirectly. I knew not anything of, nor had I any hand in getting up either the first, second or third petitions for his removal until the third was circulated for signatures when I exercised my right as a ratepayer of the section. He, The Teacher also states that I wrote over my own name to make the public believe I did not instigate the Prowler articles. This Mr. Editor is false. It appears to me Prowler is quite able to take care of himself. The shoddy Teacher threw down the gauntlet, by insinuations against the business men of this place, such as no gentleman would be guilty of and thought as well to deny his creed which he thought he had kept very closely covered in this section and then he found me to the front quite "headstrong" to show anything underhand and false. He tells us I do not attend church because the minister asserted his authority &c. Again The Teacher makes another false statement, I retired because the Methodist minister made two false charges against a committee of which I was a member.

He also states he attended Sunday services. Well, we do not know whether this is true or not. In the history of the past we are informed that Satan presented himself on similar occasions.

This Teacher gives part of an account of 1 lbs of tea, perhaps I can supply the other part as I recollect an auction sale in a shop in the village by some shoddy peddlers I know not whence they came, out of course the Teacher attended them nightly, his purchases were numerous, remarkable and nearly as ancient as Methusalah, such as few other teachers would carry home. In fact his satchel was a complete curiosity shop. He persuaded our cook to use a drawing of his tea. There was very little tea drank that morning, I am satisfied there never was any connection between that and the tea plant. The poor fellow gives us to understand he was taken in and we would advise him to leave off dealing with those trashy peddlers and deal with reliable houses, as we have in Priceville, particularly Brander's.

This Teacher seems hard to please. First he objects because those who signed the petition did not bring some charge against him and now he blubbers like a school boy because we tell him what we think of him. For the last quarter of a century the *Globe* has been saying, Sir John must go! The *Mail* ditto Mowatt must go! Still they are there. But when the ratepayers of Priceville said "The Teacher" *must go* he had to get up and git.

Hoping I have not trespassed too much on your space or the patience of your readers.

I remain, yours respectfully,
JAMES BRANDER.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

Next week, besides giving complete returns for the Dominion and a tabulated one of the vote in the three Greys, we shall review the political situation in South Grey during the recent contest. In the meantime all the *facts* in connection therewith are being gleaned from reliable sources.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Hurley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 388 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

MEDICAL HALL'S COLUMN.

BOOKS, Books, Books.

EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR SCHOOL PURPOSES.

SCRIBBLERS,

SPELLING BOOKS,

SLATES,

PENS,

PENCILS,

—:-AND-:—

School Bags

ALBUMS

—AND—

HYMN BOOKS!

A LARGE VARIETY

BIBLES!

—:-AND-:—

TESTAMENTS!

PERFUMES

FIRST QUALITY, AND A LARGE VARIETY.

Wall Paper,

CHOICE PATTERNS AND CHEAP BORDERINGS, UNSURPASSED.

ALL THE LEADING PATENT

MedicineS.

A LIMITED QUANTITY OF

—:-GOOD-:—

TIMOTHY

SEED WANTED.

PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY PUT UP.

Call and see for Yourselves.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 00 to	2 10
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to	0 75
Spring Wheat	0 75	0 75
Barley	0 30	0 30
Oats	0 28	0 28
Peas	0 46	0 46
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes	0 30	0 30
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 07	0 07
Chickens per pair	0 30	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

100 acres, being Lot 24, Con. 9, Artemisia, adjoining Town plot of Eugenia, 35 acres cleared, fenced, and mostly seeded down. Good well of never failing water close to house. Young orchard, just commencing to bear fruit. Frame house, log stable. Stream of water on place. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

J. W. HOATH,
Feb. 9 1887. Eugenia P. O.

SEED OATS FOR SALE.

On Lot 6, Con. 13, Osprey, 1,000 bushels choice Tartar Oats, grown on freshly broken land. Will be ready for delivery about ten days from date. Price, about 29 or 30 cents per bushel.
Feb. 4th, 1887 JAMES CRAWFORD.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

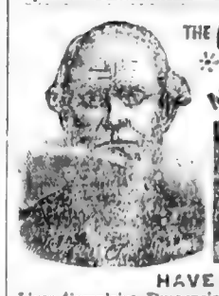

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests entirely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

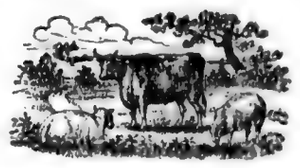

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

Osprey Council.

The second meeting of this council was held at Feversham on the 14th Feb., 1887. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting adopted.

By-Law 149 appointing Township officers was passed.

Overseers of Highways. J. Jackson, G. Grummett, H. Black, T. Tausley, J. McRae, R. Key. C. Napier, W. Sprott sr., E. Norman, W. Gipson jr., J. Irish, J. Crombie, S. Priddel, J. Moore, A. Kenny, R. Gray, J. Blakey, J. Gordon, F. Winters jr., J. Silley, T. Beatty, J. Douglas jr., H. McLean, J. Wheeler, E. McCallum, J. Clinton, D. McFarlane, H. Lamond, S. Scott, T. Gamey, W. Guy sr., J. Reid, R. Kinner, H. Soruberger, L. McDonald, A. Robertson, J. Inkster, G. Hale, R. Kernahan, C. Edwards, J. Conn sr., D. Loughead. T Stephen, E. Hanley, J. Crawford, H. Davidson, M. Dand, J. Parks, R. Milligan, J. Bowins, J. Crawford, J. Silley, G. Ottowell sr., W. Mullen, R. Pinch, T. Brown, U. Stoll J. Freethy, C. Barbar, R. McGirr, G. Miller, N. Ferguson, E. Currie, A Cameron, E. Gosneld, S. Taylor, W Hamilton, W. Service.

Fence Viewers. J. Winters, W. Sproule, J. Freethy, J. Elliott, H. McDonald, H. Hudson, W. Armour, G. Alister, W. Kinner.

Pound Keepers. R Davidson, E. Linley, E. Blackstock, J. Newlove, R. Brownlee, E. McLean.

Speers, McIntyre.—That the Clerk be instructed to draft a by-law to define the duties of Fence Viewers.

Taylor, Hudson.—That H. Roberts be refunded 71 cents taxes collected as shown in error between Ass. Roll and schedule.

Taylor, Hudson.—That By-Law 241 be and is hereby repealed.

NOTE.—This by-law reduced Statute Labour one third.

Speers, Hudson.—That the Clerk instruct the C. Treas. to erase the taxes of 1886 charges against Lot 15 Vic St. W. Feversham and that the same be paid to the Tp. Treas.

Taylor, McIntyre.—That the collectors time be extended to the next meeting of Council.

Hudson, McIntyre.—That the Auditors Report be adopted and printed in the minutes.

Orders issued. J. Sterling 68cts. telegram. H. Roberts 71 cents refund of taxes. M. Curts Auditor $11.00. C. McLean Auditor $7.00

Council adjourned to meet at McIntyre on 21st March.

Population per assessor's return 1886	3171
Assessed value of real property	$ 600300
Personal	43700
	$644000
County tax for schools	$470 00
Trustees tax for schools	4087 50
County and Township tax	5151 15
Total taxes	$9708 65

ASSETS.

Balance on hand 5 Feb. 1887	$ 29 36
Arrears of Taxes	4970 26
	$4999 62

LIABILITIES.

County Rates unpaid	$355 26

WM. MILNE,
Twp. Clerk.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Dr. Jamieson held a Political meeting at S. S. No. 4, Artemesia, to discuss the great political questions of the day, on Thursday the 17th. The Dr. was assisted by Mr. J. Ried of Toronto in defending the John A. Government while W. Hames, T. Wright and W. G. Pickell spoke on the Reform side. Mr. H. Armstrong occupied the chair. The meeting was a very orderly one considering the number of "Red Heads" which attended it.

There will be a cheese factory built about one mile north of here in the spring with Mr. T. Talbot President.

Mrs. James Patton, who has been very ill for some time back is recovering.

There was a meeting held in S. S. No. 4, Artemesia, last Saturday to consider whether the Ross Bible was to continue to be read in the school or not. We were not there but have got a full account of the proceedings. There were about forty of the ratepayers present and quite a discussion followed and as there were mutinous plebeians amongst the crowd the wind got very high and the terms "Sor" "Shake you like a rat" "Rebels" were frequently used. After the wind had been exhausted the following resolution was moved and passed that the whole scriptures and nothing else be read in the school. Surely S. S. No. 4 will be religious after this.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Centre Grey

ELECTION.

December 28th, 1886.

Abstract of statement of Election Expenses, incurred by and on behalf of JOSEPH ROBKE, Esq., a candidate at said Election.

Paid Printing	$70 39
" Livery	3 00
" Rent of Halls	9 00
" Personal Expenses	42 00
	$124 34

Signed, JOSEPH ROBKE, Candidate.
" M. RICHARDSON, Financial Agent.
CHAS. H. MOORE,
Returning Officer.

Owen Sound, Feb. 22nd, 1887.

FARM to RENT.

100 ACRES, lot 3 & 4 North Range, Con. 3, Osprey, about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; about 16 acres seeded down; young orchard, about 60 trees, commencing to bear. Good house, stone milkhouse, stables, good water. Privilege of cutting and selling wood allowed to tenant. For terms and particulars, apply to

WM. HENDERSON,
9t. Wareham P.O.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

LITTLE FALLS

Saw Mill!

IN FULL OPERATION.

Special attention given to custom work, so that parties delivering logs to be sawn, can have their Lumber for return loads.

SAW LOGS

BOUGHT.

WM HOGG.

Feb. 23rd, 1887.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

SELLING OFF
AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

they invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Owen Sound Branch.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect, Monday, July 27th, 1886.

Going North.

STATIONS.		Mail.	Exp.	Mixed.
Toronto	Leave	7 45am	4 5pm	
Cardwell Junction		9 25 "	6 30 "	
Charleston		9 43 "	6 45 "	
Orangeville	Arrive	10 05 "	7 03 "	Does not stop for Passengers.
	Leave	10 20 "	7 20 "	
Orangeville Junction		10 32 "	7 34 "	
Shelburne		10 58 "	8 04 "	
Dundalk		11 22 "	8 30 "	
FLESHERTON		11 47 "	8 55 "	
Markdale		12 02 "	9 10 "	
Williamsford		12 23pm	9 32 "	
Chatsworth		12 38 "	9 49 "	
Owen Sound	Arrive	1 05 "	10 20 "	

Going South.

STATIONS.		Exp.	Mail.	Mixed
Owen Sound	Leave	5 40am	2 40pm	Does not stop for Passengers.
Chatsworth		6 10 "	3 07 "	
Williamsford		6 26 "	3 30 "	
Markdale		6 47 "	3 52 "	
FLESHERTON		7 02 "	4 06 "	
Dundalk		7 20 "	4 31 "	
Shelburne		7 51 "	4 57 "	
Orangeville Junction		8 23 "	5 28 "	
Orangeville	Arrive	8 30 "	5 35 "	
	Leave	8 45 "	5 55 "	
Charleston		9 05 "	6 18 "	
Cardwell Junction		9 26 "	6 30 "	
Toronto	Arrive	10 55 "	8 10 "	

W. WHYTE, Gen'l Sup't. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agt

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER, — THORNBURY.

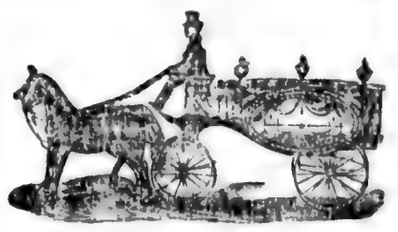

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

Thorough-Bred

BERKSHIRE BOAR!

WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.

(283-335) JACOB A. LEVER.

FOR SALE.

94 acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at owest rates.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

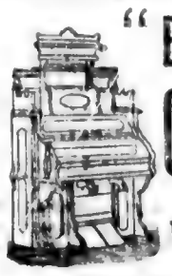

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Opening of the First Session of the Sixth Parliament.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Prospective Legislation on Important Public Questions.

The Speech from the Throne.

I have great pleasure in welcoming you for the first time to your legislative duties as members of a new Parliament.

The year on which we have entered is one of special interest throughout the British empire as being the jubilee year of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty, who for half a century has so fulfilled the duties of her exalted station as to secure the devoted loyalty and affection of her people.

I regret that I am unable to announce to you any progress towards the final settlement of the boundaries of the Province. The legislation advised by their lordships of the Imperial Privy Council for the confirmation of their decision has not yet received the concurrence of the Dominion Government; and my despatches of 1884 on the subject, and on the subject of our northern boundary, are still unanswered.

Soon after the last session of the Provincial Legislature the Court of Appeal unanimously affirmed the judgment of the Chancellor of Ontario negativing the claim of the Dominion Government to the lands and timber in the territory within our boundaries as determined by Her Majesty in Council; but litigation has, notwithstanding, proceeded against the Province, at the public expense; and an appeal to the Supreme Court has been brought, which has been argued and now stands for judgment. There has been some recent correspondence between the two Governments which will be laid before you.

The Dominion Government having declined to agree to any method of putting beyond question the proper jurisdiction to deal with the subjects embodied in the Provincial Factory Act of 1884, I thought it right to assume the jurisdiction without further delay and to issue a proclamation calling the Act into effect. Some further legislation is found to be needed for the effectual and reasonably safe working of the Act, and will be brought to your attention.

I am pleased to notice the prominent place taken by this Province at the Indian and Colonial Exposition last year by the magnificent display there made of the manufactures and natural products of the Province, as also by the attractive and much commended exhibit of the Education Department, evidencing the advanced position which the Province holds in educational science and appliances.

Amongst our agricultural products, the exhibit of cheese and butter forwarded by the Ontario Department of Agriculture attracted much attention, and cannot fail to be of great value to this growing and already important department of agricultural industry. For the success of this exhibit much credit is due to the zealous assistance of the officers of the Provincial Dairy Associations. The splendid exhibit of Ontario fruit, collected mainly by the officers of the Fruit Growers' Association, will do much to remove erroneous impressions in the mother land in regard to the severity of our Canadian climate. The Provincial Bee-Keepers' Association also was enabled, through the liberal assistance voted last session, to make the honey exhibit which reflects credit upon the Province.

I am glad to learn that the mineral resources of the Province are being steadily developed; that new and valuable discoveries have been made during the past year, especially in our northern and north-western districts; and that mining operations have made hopeful progress.

The Commission for consolidating and revising the public statutes of the last ten years have nearly completed their work, embodying the same in two volumes, the first of which will be laid before you at once, and the second on an early day. These volumes embrace amendments which the judicial or professional experience of the respective Commissioners has enabled the Commision to suggest, and I trust that you will find it practicable to adopt at this session the legislation necessary to give to the public the benefit of the work during the present year.

For several years there has been much discussion as to the best means of promoting the higher education of the people, particularly in the department occupied by the Universities of the Province; and it is gratifying to observe that, notwithstanding some differences of opinion as to the methods of attaining this end, there is no such difference as to the duty of placing within the reach of every citizen, who may wish to avail himself of its facilities, a course of University education equal to that furnished by the best Universities of Europe or the United States. A Bill having this object in view will be laid before you.

Amongst the measures to be submitted to you is a Bill for the gradual extension of the Land Titles Act to the whole Province as the public exigencies may render expedient and the local authorities desire. The report of the Master of Titles on the operations of the Act in the county of York and city of Toronto will be laid before you.

Measures will also be submitted for your consideration respecting the appointment and jurisdiction of Police Magistrates, and to provide amongst other things for scientific instruction in the Public and High Schools of the Province as to the nature of alcohol and its effects upon the human system.

Your attention is invited to the important subject of prison labor, and therein to the question whether the present system of letting out the labor of prisoners confined in the Central Prison to companies or private persons by contract, may not, with advantage to the discipline and reformatory influences of the prison, and without disadvantage to the public, be abolished by law, to take effect upon the expiration of existing contracts.

Since the last session of the Provincial Legislature, tenders were advertised for and received for the erection of the new Departmental and Parliament Buildings, and it was found that the needed accommodation will require a somewhat greater expenditure than was expected. To avoid injurious delay, a contract has been entered into for certain parts of the work, subject to a condition requiring your approval of the contract. Papers relating to the subject will be laid before you.

With the view of giving effect to the patriotic sentiment of our people, and following in this respect the example of the neighboring State of New York, the proceedings authorized by the statute of a former session for ascertaining the cost of expropriating the land in the neighborhood of the Falls of Niagara have been taken and are nearly completed, and a measure will be submitted for your consideration dedicating to the public in permanence the land on the Ontario side of the great world-wonder, and containing provisions for securing that object without material cost to the Provincial treasury. A report from the Commissioners will contain all useful information bearing on what is proposed.

The public accounts for the past year will be promptly laid before you, and you will be pleased to learn from them that the expenditure has been less than was provided for by the estimates, and that the receipts have exceeded the amount anticipated.

The estimates for the current year will, at an early date, be submitted for your approval. They will be found to have been prepared with all the economy consistent with the demands of the public service.

I trust that the legislative labors of this first session of the new Parliament may be characterized by the same patriotic care and intelligence as in the case of previous Parliaments.

Election of a Speaker.

Prior to the reading of the Speech, His Honor announced that as soon as the House had elected a Speaker he would address them. His Honor then retired to the Speaker's apartment, and Premier Mowat moved, seconded by Mr. Pardee, That Dr. Baxter, the representative of Haldimand, be the Speaker of the sixth Parliament of the Province of Ontario.

The motion was carried unanimously, and the veteran legislator was duly inducted into office.

The Lieutenant-Governor was then appraised of the election of Speaker, and returning to the dais delivered the speech.

The address in reply to the Speech from the Throne will be moved and seconded this afternoon.

Premier Mowat, who appeared to be in excellent health and spirits was the recipient of many warm congratulations. The new members are nearly all on hand and the old ones are fraternally looking after their comforts.

C Company School of Infantry formed the guard of honor, and Col. Gray's battery furnished the saluting party.

Some of the Measures to be Brought Forward.

The following are the titles of some of the more important Bills to come before the House:

To incorporate the town plot of Thornbury, County Grey.

To amend the Act *re* the Gore District Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Respecting the property and control of Woodstock College.

To incorporate the town of Sault Ste Marie.

To incorporate the village of Tilbury Centre and the township of Tilbury West, in Kent and Essex Counties.

To vest the government of the Ottawa City Police in the Dominion Government.

To unite the Toronto Baptist College and Woodstock College under the name of McMaster University.

To incorporate the town of Parry Sound.

To incorporate the town of Gravenhurst.

To incorporate the Niagara Tunnel and Water-Power Company.

Latest from the Northwest.

The Masonic Grand Lodge met here to-night, when the annual reports were presented.

The Dominion and Provincial Governments are to be appealed to to secure information relative to the early settlement of the country from old settlers ere they pass away.

James Corrigan, a farmer at St. Andrew's, attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a knife. His recovery is improbable.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 10.—The two rebels, Chief Big Bear and Big Belly, recently released from Stoney Mountain, were sent on from Regina by Tuesday night's train to Swift Current, *en route* to Battleford. A supply of necessary provisions was given to them.

Rev. Sam Jones, who intends to visit Minneapolis next April, has consented to come on to Winnipeg and deliver at least one lecture here.

Coal is supposed to exist in Wapella District, Assiniboia, and tests will shortly be made to ascertain its quality and extent. If the tests prove successful, a strong company will be formed to develop the deposit.

Something for the Sals.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch: Henry Edwards, aged 20, joined the Salvation Army of this place last Christmas. He forsook his old companions in sin, and said he was going to lead a new life. For a while he was one of the most earnest workers in the Army, and secured many recruits from the society he formerly moved in. He went so far as to visit the mines and implore the young men to join the Army of the Lord. He continued his good work until last Friday, when he fell from grace and returned to his sinful ways. Sunday evening last he visited the Salvation Army barracks and scoffed and laughed at the exercises. All of a sudden he put his hands over his eyes and cried out, "My God, what is the matter; I cannot see." Edwards was taken to his home by two friends. He was totally blind.

At the meeting of the Kingston School Board on Thursday night it was decided to admit all Roman Catholic children to the Public Schools free whose parents are on the assessment rolls as supporters of the said schools. Heretofore 50c. per month was charged for each pupil.

Sir Charles Dilke has been left by a wealthy cousin the sum of £140,000. The cousin believed Sir Charles to be an innocent man, and changed his will in his favor after the trial.

—Cream puffs—Milk advertisements.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Vigorous Speeches by Mr. Redmond and Lord Hartington on Parnell's Amendment.

Mr. Redmond, Nationalist, resumed the debate on Mr. Parnell's amendment this evening in the House of Commons. He said he spoke as one soon to undergo, in company with John Dillon and others, a trial which would probably end in imprisonment for assisting in the operations of the plan of campaign. So far as the plan had been applied, Mr. Redmond said, not more than twenty estates had up to date been brought under its operations, and in no case was it proposed to deprive the landlord of his rent, but the aim was simply to enable the tenants to bank their money for protection in cases where the landlords refused to make fair reductions. In every instance in which the plan of campaign had been tried the landlords were finding it advisable to make concessions. It was mainly due to the plan that this winter there had been fewer evictions than for several years previous, and an almost total absence of outrages.

The Marquis of Hartington said the Plan of Campaign was not the main question before the House. To vote for Mr. Parnell's amendment was to vote virtually want of confidence in the Government. The other questions raised, therefore, could not be discussed on their merits, but only with reference to the effect of the amendment on the fate of the Government. Admitting that the relations between the landlords and tenants in Ireland were far from satisfactory, it was no remedy to suspend or reduce or abolish the payment of rent. Such a plan would be found no boon to the poor tenant. Continuing, Lord Hartington said the real remedies for the agrarian crisis were to be found in providing larger productive employment for the people, or in voluntary emigration conducted and supported by the local authorities. (Cheers.) Still, where landlords existed the land laws must be enforced. It would never be possible to get rid of the ultimate resort of eviction. The course of the Government in prosecuting the authors of the plan of campaign was right and straightforward. It was the duty of the Government to attack men employed in an illegal conspiracy, and prevent their leading astray tenants who were their dupes. Mr. Gladstone had declared that the plan of campaign resulted from the policy of the Government in refusing to adopt the suspension of the Evictions Bill. Could Parliament hold that, as a legitimate consequence, the rejection of any measure left the people morally entitled to take the law into their own hands and do what Parliament had refused to do? (Cheers.) If the plan of campaign was not illegal, if its enforcement was not stopped, there would be an end to all relations between landlord and tenant. It would cause an internecine war and result in the total destruction of the power of the landlord to obtain any rent excepting what the tenant chose to pay. The suppression of the "plan" was a necessity, if order was to be preserved. Mr. Parnell had referred to the probable recurrence of dynamite outrages. He admitted that Parnell was not in a position to control dynamite crimes, but he was in a position to disown them. (Cheers.) They were not disowned. Mr. Parnell contented himself with warning Parliament that if a certain course were pursued the dynamiters might resume operations. As to Home Rule, there remained a stedfast, solid barrier of a hundred votes against Mr. Gladstone's scheme. (Cheers.) It was idle and useless for the Home Rulers to present a vague resolution to the House on the ground that they had the confidence of the Irish people, knowing that they must secure the approval of the British nation.

Viscount Kilcoursie (Liberal), Samuel Storey (Radical), and Hy. H. Fowler (Liberal), spoke in favor of the amendment. Mr. Sexton adjourned the debate.

Parnell's Amendment Defeated—The Debate.

LONDON, Feb. — Thomas Sexton, Parnellite, resuming the debate on Parnell's amendment, taunted the Government on their inability to rule Ireland without the assistance of an army as large as the one needed in India. Parnell's amendment, Sexton contended, raised questions of vital and practical importance. The whole policy of the Government in Ireland—whether it was called reform of the criminal procedure law, or coercion—hinged upon the relations between the Irish landlords and their tenants. All offers on the part of the tenants to arbitrate the question of rents had been spurned, and the tenants now stood with their backs against the wall defying oppression, even the oppression of the law, because their position was morally impregnable. The tenants everywhere in Ireland were willing to pay fair rents, but the speaker believed if all the deposits banked under the Plan of Campaign by the small farmers (and which represented the utmost they were able to pay) were put into a common fund, the sum would not suffice to pay three months' rent on the basis demanded by the landlords.

Mr. Matthews stoutly defended the policy of the Government.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt made a vehement attack upon the policy that had been pursued by the present Goverment in the management of Ireland, and supported Home Rule.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach replied. He said it was the duty of the Government to enforce the law, and this they would do. It was intended to extend the provisions of the Land Purchase Act, and measures were in contemplation for the development of the industrial resources of Ireland.

The division was then taken, and Mr. Parnell's amendment was defeated by a vote of 352 to 246.

—Mr. Wilson Barrett, the actor, is not a woman, yet he is feminine enough to object to telling his age. A delicious weakness!

The successor of Cardinal Jacobini will probably be Monsignor Rampolla, the Papal Nuncio at Madrid.

R. F. Simpson, of St. Elmo, Ind., while playing with his 3-year-old boy, was bitten on the thumb by the child. The wound bled very freely. Soon the hand and arm began to swell, and in a few days death resulted from blood poisoning.

Mme. Modjeska says she will not return to Poland to live because she can do nothing there, Russian tyranny is so great. She wants to live where she can take an active interest in whatever is going on about her.

A LIVING TARGET.

A New York Boy Shoots Another Boy's Hat With His Head in it.

A New York despatch says: Frank Rivers, 15 years old, was in the street practising with a long-barrelled target pistol on Monday, when William Jackson, a colored boy, came along. Young Rivers wanted to fire at Jackson's dog for fun, but Jackson suggested that he try his skill on some of his neighbors' chickens instead. Rivers proposed a compromise. "You stand over there," he said to the colored boy, pointing to a tree, "and I'll shoot through your hat. I kin do it, and I won't hurt you." Jackson is only 13 years old, and agreed to stand as a target, but Rivers failed in his part of the performance. He hit Jackson squarely in the forehead. The ball was a small one and had little force. It circled around under the scalp without penetrating the skull, but it disturbed Jackson to think how nearly he had been killed, and, with blood streaming down his face, he set up a most energetic yell. Rivers ran away and hid in the cellar of his house until Detective Madigan found him and took him to the Harlem police court. His excuse there was plausible enough. He said Jackson's head ran up further into the hat than he had supposed, or he would not have hit him. Mrs. Rivers gave the required $700 bail for her son's release.

A FOUL CRIME.

A Husband Shoots His Young Wife—Her Babe Cries Itself to Death.

A Boulder (Col.) despatch says: Mr. and Mrs. Wendelin Mott, a young couple living eight miles from here, to all appearances had been very happy until three weeks ago, when their first child was born. Since then Mott has been very abusive and quarrelsome. On Monday morning Mott got up early, built a fire, made some coffee, drank it and sat down to smoke. His wife was still in bed with her child, and had fallen into a doze, when she was awakened by the report of a gun. She jumped up and fell to the floor unconscious, a ball having entered her shoulder and passed into her neck. In the meantime Mott disappeared. When Mrs. Mott regained consciousness she got into bed with great difficulty and sank into a stupor. When she came to herself again her child was crying, but she, having become paralyzed, was unable to reach it. The fire went out and the babe cried until midnight, when it died. Mrs. Mott's plight was not known until Tuesday night, when a relative called at the house. She cannot recover. Officers and a *posse* of citizens are in pursuit of the murderer.

Spring Assizes, 1887.

ARMOUR, J.

Toronto (Civil)	Monday, 14th March
Toronto (Criminal)	Monday, 28th March
Orangeville	Tuesday, 5th April
Milton	Friday, 8th April
Brampton	Monday, 11th April
St Catharines	Wednesday, 13th April

ROSE, J.

Whitby	Monday, 14th March
Belleville	Monday, 21st March
Napanee	Monday, 4th April
Picton	Thursday, 7th April
Kingston	Monday, 11th April
Brockville	Monday, 18th April
Cornwall	Monday, 25th April
Cobourg	Monday, 2nd May

GALT, J.

St. Thomas	Monday, 14th March
Sandwich	Monday, 28th March
Sarnia	Monday, 4th April
Goderich	Monday, 11th April
Woodstock	Monday, 18th April
Chatham	Monday, 25th April
London	Monday, 2nd May
Walkerton	Monday, 9th May

CAMERON, C. J.

Cayuga	Monday, 14th March
Berlin	Monday, 21st March
Welland	Monday, 28th March
Brantford	Monday, 4th April
Simcoe	Monday, 11th April
Hamilton	Monday, 18th April
Guelph	Monday, 2nd May
Stratford	Monday, 9th May

O'CONNOR, J.

Barrie	Monday, 14th March
Owen Sound	Monday, 28th March
Pembroke	Monday, 4th April
Perth	Monday, 11th April
L'Orignal	Thursday, 14th April
Ottawa	Monday, 18th April
Lindsay	Monday, 2nd May
Peterboro'	Monday, 9th May

CHANCERY SPRING SITTINGS.

Toronto.....Proudfoot, J...Tuesday, 26th April

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

BOYD, C.

Goderich	Tuesday, 8th March
Walkerton	Monday, 14th March
London	Friday, 18th March
Woodstock	Wednesday, 30th March
Stratford	Thursday, 28th April
St. Thomas	Tuesday, 3rd May
Sarnia	Monday, 9th May
Sandwich	Friday, 13th May
Chatham	Wednesday, 18th May

MIDLAND CIRCUIT.

PROUDFOOT, J.

Barrie	Monday, 7th March
Owen Sound	Monday, 14th March
Brantford	Friday, 18th March
Simcoe	Wednesday, 23rd March
Hamilton	Monday, 28th March
Guelph	Thursday, 7th April
Whitby	Wednesday, 13th April
St. Catharines	Monday, 18th April

EASTERN CIRCUIT.

FERGUSON, J

Cobourg	Monday, 4th April
Lindsay	Friday, 8th April
Peterboro'	Wednesday, 13th April
Belleville	Tuesday, 19th April
Kingston	Thursday, 19th May
Brockville	Wednesday, 25th May
Cornwall	Monday, 30th May
Ottawa	Thursday, 2nd June

In a New Line of Business.

Robinson (just returned from a year's absence)—Hello, Brown, where's Jones?

Brown—Gone into real estate.

Robinson—Given up the law?

Brown—Oh, yes.

Robinson—Got a partner?

Brown, No, by himself.

Robinson—Where?

Brown—In the graveyard.—*Washington Critic.*

The Wise Child.

Life gives this fresh illustration of the wisdom of the child that knows its own father:

Girl—Ain't that your fadder coming?

Boy—No, it's yer own!

Girl—How can you tell?

Boy—'Cos your fadder takes up both sides of ther street, and mine lies down in ther middle.

A resident of Chester, Ill., has a pet crow that talks quite as well as any parrot.

Hugh Barnett, of Edwardsport, Ind., was so amused at a pun made by a neighbor that he laughed immoderately and fell dead.

SOMEBODY BLUNDERED.

How the Italians Were Cut up in Sections by the Abyssinians.

A Rome cable says: Gen. Geire, the Italian Commander at Massowah, reports as follows: Boretti, commanding at Saati, on January 25th, at 11 a. m., saw the heights occupied by thousands of Abyssinians, who disappeared on the firing of some shells. Boretti sent out a party under Lieut. Corno, who surprised and engaged the enemy. The latter advanced intrepidly on all sides to within 300 yards of the Italian position. There was desperate fighting until 5 o'clock, when the enemy retreated. Boretti, applied for reinforcements, and Geire sent a column under Col. Decristoforis. The column was delayed by difficulty in transportation. Decristoforis asked for more men and guns. While the latter reinforcements were on the way, it was learned that the Decristoforis party were massacred after forming a square, defending themselves to the last man and cartridge. The relief party found the bodies lying in the order in which the men fought, and the enemy retiring. Many corpses were mutilated

Tales of Cold Weather.

A large cake of ice cut from the Illinois River, near Ottawa, last week, contained the body of Joseph Johnson, of Peru, Ill., who had disappeared from home several months ago.

Miss Clara Gray, who is teaching school four miles from Sac City, Ia., boards in town and walks to and from her school every morning and night, no matter how deep the snow may be or how intense the cold.

One cold morning last week an intensely practical joker of Ashtabula, O., offered a little school girl a quarter if she would kiss an iron gate-post which was covered with frost. She did so, and her tongue was badly lacerated in her attempts to release it.

Mrs. John Lute, a widow of Sargent County, D.T., drove five miles alone one of the coldest mornings of last week to haul a load of straw for her stock. On her way back the load was upset, but she reloaded it, with the thermometer at 25 degrees below zero.

During the prevalence of a blizzard in Illinois three weeks ago a straw stack on the farm of John Strawm, near Orleans, was blown down. At the same time a valuable steer disappeared from the farm, and could not be found. Last week, after having lain in concealment during the cold snap, the steer reappeared through the side of the stack, looking plump and hearty.

While trains were blockaded by the snow in Montana last month and small towns found their supplies cut off, a certain saloon-keeper drove into Bozerran and carried half a barrel of whiskey in his sleigh. As he was unloading it the barrel slipped, the head was crushed in and the precious fluid gushed forth into a snow-bank. A crowd gathered in an instant and the sweetened snow disappeared with alarming rapidity. But the owner quietly passed the hat, collected half a dollar from every man present and made the best of the misfortune.

Gladstone on Home Rule.

Mr. Gladstone, writing in support of Mr. Slagg, candidate for the parliamentary seat for Burnley, made vacant by the death of Peter Rylands, says: "For the last twelve months I have been telling the English, and the Scotch, and the Welsh, that their Parliament will continue paralyzed and its business be neglected until it settles the Irish question. The Scotch and Welsh believed that, but the southern English did not believe it and they stopped the way. They will pay heavily for the delay. Before we reach a certain conclusion we will have to pay with them, and after the thing has been done the Tories will begin to say and believe they have always been Home Rulers. Costly playing with national interests seems to be the main purpose for which the Tories exist. They have played for a certain time with all great questions for the last fifty or sixty years. When they leave off playing with one, they soon find another with which to play again. I hope that Burnley will give them a lesson."

Transmigration of Mary's Lamb.

A young lad in Kingston is the possessor of a tame pigeon which follows him wherever he goes. On Tuesday it followed him on his way to school. As soon as he saw it he carried it back to the house. After he had been in school some time the teacher saw the pigeon making its way into the school-room, and the boy had to carry the bird home a second time.—*Kingston Freeman.*

The Terrible Blizzard.

The blizzard in Dakota last week was the severest known for many years, and reports are coming in every day of lives lost on the prairie. The total of those lost in Dakota this winter can hardly be below the death figures of the Vermont railroad accident, while a large number will suffer permanently from freezing of parts of the body.

Business Difficulties.

The following assignments are reported: Ontario—Bowmanville, J. R. Bradley, harness-maker; Brampton, Thauburn Bros., bakers; Gravenhurst, Jos. Tuer, saw mill; Ottawa, Hugh Allan & Co., dry goods; Toronto, F. C. Norris, crockery, etc.; Thomas Houston & Co., woollens, etc. (failed).

Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau arrived in Rome on Saturday afternoon. Father O'Connell, rector of the American College, met them at Genoa and they were received at the depot at Rome by an influential clerical deputation.

—Bob Burdette has the following to say anent the long-and-short-haul subject: "Why, anybody ought to know that it's the short haul that costs the most. You see, I am sitting in a railway parlor car down in Maine writing a postal-card to a friend in Oregon. Now, if I can get that card to the mail car, only seven car lengths ahead of me, the Government will carry it 3,000 miles for one cent. That is the long haul. But it costs me a quarter to get the porter to carry it to the postal car. That's the short haul. Then the porter loses it on his way or forgets all about it. That's the shrinkage. And there you have the whole transportation problem in a nutshell.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Buyers of costly furs who go abroad to make their purchases will be interested to hear the substance of a communication just made to the *Vossische Zeitung* by its Paris correspondent: "The fur of the French rabbit is in great demand at this time of the year. It figures, moreover, under all sorts of names. The easiest form in which to present it is that of "Siberian fur;" with the long hairs taken out it takes the name of "castor" closely shorn by machine it sells as "otter." Two-thirds of all the furs sold, in fact, have acquired their beauty neither in the plains of Siberia nor the waters of the Arctic Ocean, but on the back of the rabbit that disports itself in the fair fields of sunny France." Foreigners who wonder why their expensive furs fade so rapidly ought to need no further satisfaction of their curiosity.

The official inquiry into the causes of the terrible railway accident near White River Junction, on the Central Vermont Road, last Saturday morning, does not, thus far, clear up the mystery. The engineer of the fated train says that just as he came upon the bridge the bell-cord was pulled and at the signal he slacked the train. His speed was not more than eight miles an hour when the signal sounded. Looking back he saw the rear car swing off the bridge. In its fall it seemed to pull three cars with it, one after the other. Then the coupling broke and the forward part of the train was saved. This would indicate that the truck of the rear car broke and that somebody in the car realized this and gave the signal to the engineer. As nearly everybody in this car perished, the probabilities are that we shall never know more about the cause of the disaster than is known now.

Even since a few London west end ladies adopted the Bloomer costume in 1851 there have been spasmodic spurts in favor of dress reform. Of late years an annual conference has been held at which corsets, skirts, high-heeled shoes and garters have been denounced as the parents of all the evils, physical and moral, which afflict a stiff-necked generation. The annual conference of the Rational Dress Reform Association in London has just been brought to a close. The meetings were not open to the sterner sex. The platform was adorned by ladies dressed in various styles of "rationality." Viscountess Harberton, who appeared in a divided garment, delivered an address, and so did Mrs. Pfeiffer, who wore a Greek costume with modifications, but nothing positively novel seems to have been said or worn and no fresh suggestions offered. There is not in London the least sign of a disposition among women of society to adopt anything but the latest fashions of fashionable dressmakers.

While Mr. Stanley has been making the last preparations at London and Cairo for his journey into Africa, some of his assistants, sent in advance to Zanzibar, have been hiring porters and buying and packing the trade goods needed for the march. Stanley expects to arrive at Zanzibar on February 21st, and if the thousand porters he requires have been secured by that time he will doubtless depart at once on his difficult mission. He greatly prefers the Congo route, believing it to offer the easiest and safest road to Emin Bey's camp at Wadelai. It would, to be sure, take him over a month to round the Cape and reach the Congo, but he estimates that with the aid of the Congo State steamers, which King Leopold has placed at his disposal, he could reach Emin Bey in forty-five or fifty days from the mouth of the river. If, however, there is no steamer at Zanzibar that Stanley can engage at once to take his party to the Congo, he will risk the manifold perils of the overland route. It is a noteworthy fact that although the natives serve the whites as porters along a large part of the African coast, the Zanzibaris are by far the most trustworthy; and Stanley thought it necessary to go to the east coast for them, though he desired to begin his mission on the west.

Fun from the Fatherland.

"Ach, Adele, I love you like—like—like—" "Well, think it over, Herr Fritz; perhaps you can tell me to-morrow!"—*Fleigende Blatter.*

"Do you know Frau Z—, madame?" "Oh, yes! she is my best friend; we have no secrets from each other." "Ah, then, perhaps you can tell me how old she is?" "Oh, sir, we are not quite as intimate as all that!"—*De Amsterdammer.*

A talented pianist, Madame De V——, sitting at dinner by the side of Colonel Ramollot, asked him in an amiable tone: "Colonel, are you fond of music?" "Madame," replied the warrior, rolling his eyes savagely, "I am not afraid of it."—*Fleigende Blatter.*

Probably an Oakville Man.

The body of an unknown seaman, taken from the schooner Lucerne, which foundered off the entrance to Ashland Bay, Lake Superior, in November last, was probably that of Patrick H. Madigan, of Oakville. Mrs. Madigan has been making inquiries regarding the whereabouts of her husband, and from information she possesses there is left little doubt that he was aboard the ill-fated craft.

An increased demand for cut diamonds, which has been noticed for some time at Amsterdam, is reported also from Antwerp, which is the principal rival of Amsterdam in the repairing of diamonds for the market. The workmen engaged in the trade have decided to ask for a considerable increase of wages, and they threaten a general strike if this increase be not granted.

He (enraged and engaged)—Why, Laura, how is this? I thought you were to save those dances until I came, and here your programme is full? Laura—Oh, that is all right. I filled it out with dummy names. It saves embarrassment, you know, when disagreeable persons ask you to dance with them.

The late Prof. Archibald Alexander Hodge, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was a man of broad sympathies and considerable humor. One day an impecunious young graduate called with a letter of introduction to ask help in obtaining a pastorate. *Harper's Weekly* says the document stated that he had a wife and baby and was in a starving condition. "You have a wife?" asked the Professor. "Yes, sir." "And a baby?" "Yes, sir." "Is it plump and tender?" "Oh, yes, sir." "Well, why not eat the baby?"

A FIGHT WITH PECCARIES.

Animals That Will Keep Up a Siege All Night.

"Three Thousand Miles Through Brazil!" contains this animated description of a fight with peccaries: I had barely closed my eyes when I felt my hammock violently shaken, and perceived an odor of old pigstyes. It became evident that we were surrounded by some animals, for in many directions was heard the sound of bodies moving through the bush, twigs snapping, grass rustling, etc. It was a moment of suspense, but not for long, for suddenly from all around us came a blood-curdling sound of the simultaneous snapping of teeth from vast numbers of the enemy, followed by the appearance of a crowd of charging black animals rushing with wonderful speed toward a common centre — our fort. Each of us lighted a coil of wax tapers that were prepared ready for the occasion. And what a scene ensued. The fire was rapidly scattered and partly extinguished. Under and around us was a seething mass of black peccaries, barely distinguishable in the dim light, but all pushing and struggling to the front. * * The men in the hammocks, after discharging their guns, reached down and slashed with their knives at the swarming animals below them. The attack was more like the wild, reckless bravery of the Arabs of the Soudan, for as pig after pig fell squealing and disabled, scores more struggled for his place. * * They threw themselves against the fort, regardless of being struck down one after the other, and always impelled forward by those in the rear; others rushed for our hammocks, or viciously gashed the trees that gave us support. The extremely disagreeable and nauseous odors of the animals, their snapping of teeth like musketry file firing, the reports of the fire-arms, the shouts of the men, the howling and barking of the dogs and the dim light created an indescribably strange and exciting scene. Every bullet of my revolver took effect. I shouted to the men to reserve their powder and fire volleys, but it was like talking in a gale of wind at sea. The animals appeared to be in immense numbers, grunting, squealing and gnashing their teeth; but noticeable above everything was the abominable exhalations from their bodies, an odor like a combination of rank butter and garlic. * * Then came a diabolical crash of teeth from a complete circle around us, followed immediately by another wild charge, and the battle was again renewed. * * Six or seven other attacks followed, but each one became weaker, and the intervals of longer duration. The eventful night seemed interminable, and finally it was not until near daybreak that we heard the last grunt. In the morning 27 dead peccaries were found in about the camp, and several wounded, to whom it was necessary to give the *coup de grace*. * * * During the battle I could not help noticing the apparent method of their movements, as though they were led by chiefs. Their mode of attack is to surround in silence by a complete circle the object to be stormed; when, at a given signal, a simultaneous snapping of teeth takes place, followed by a converging rush to the centre, whereby the largest and strongest reach the front first and the smallest bring up the rear. Their retreat is carried out on an equally methodical system.

The Governor Dances on Skates.

The Vice-Regal party attended the fancy dress ball given at the Victoria Skating Rink, Montreal, on Thursday night. The Governor-General wore a short coat of dark brown velvet, trimmed with sable, black hose and breeches and a gold chain. It was in fact a Hamlet dress. The Marchioness was dressed as a Swiss peasant. The Governor-General surprised the Canadians with his dancing, which was graceful, his steps being gracefully taken and with the confidence of an expert skater. It is by no means an easy matter to dance on skates, and the effect is surprisingly graceful and impressive.

Bride and Corpse in a Week.

A few days ago, Miss Edna, eldest daughter of Mr. L. Peaslie, 2nd line, Warwick, and niece of James Busbie, of this city, was married to Abraham Warren, of Vigner, near Sarnia. They had been married but a week, when the bride was taken suddenly ill with inflammation, and in four days she died. The body was interred in Lake View Cemetery, Sarnia, yesterday. Deceased was 18 years of age and is regretted by a large circle of friends.—*St. Thomas Times.*

—Supt. Shields, of the Western Division of the Canadian Pacific, has left for St. Paul, Minn., to accept a similar position on the St. Paul & Manitoba Road. Before leaving Medicine Hat he was presented with a purse containing $1,500 by the employees.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

—Rev. George Muller, of Bristol, England, who it was reported had died in Australia, has arrived at Yokohama, and during the past two weeks has held meetings there, and in other countries which he has visited. He is now 82 years of age, but full of zeal.

—The latest styles of dressing the hair in Paris are much less exaggerated than at one time they threatened to become. High structures of puffs and curls and aigrettes have been replaced by much simpler and less elevated modes of arrangement, though in the same style. The "Diana" coiffure, formed by bringing the back hair forward and turning it over to form a single roll at the top of the head, is new and very graceful.

—The Chicago & Alton Railway seem to have reached the perfection of expensive and artistic advertising. They have issued three beautiful volumes, each a parody of one of Gilbert & Sullivan's popular operas —"Princess Ida," "Iolanthe" and "Patience." These parodies are written by D. Dalziel, and profusely illustrated in colors after the quaint style of Kate Greenaway. They are admirable specimens of color work and western railway enterprise.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GUIDE.

How He Led the Mormon Chief Into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

John Y. Nelson, the guide who piloted Brigham Young to the present site of Mormondom, told the story of the trip as follows to a reporter for the New York *World*: "It was late in the fall of 1846, I think. I was at Cottonwood Springs, Neb., living with an old Mexican half-breed, who knew every inch of the Rockies like a book. We were doing nothing in particular and ready for a job, when Brigham Young came along and asked my Mexican friend and myself to be his guides across the Rockies, promising us good pay. He had four companions, Mormon elders, I think, but I cannot remember their names. Seven in all, we started with two emigrant waggons, one of them loaded with flour, bacon, coffee and biscuit enough for two years' supply. I don't believe Brigham had an idea when he started just where he was going nor when he would get back. It was a sort of prospecting trip. He and the elders called each other 'brother,' and the old man was a good-natured, jolly sort of fellow. He talked a good deal of religious lingo, but he was not the Sunday School, pious-Jonah kind; would say 'D—— it' just the same as I would, and played a good hand at euchre. I was quite a young fellow in those days, and, as the old Mexican didn't speak much English, Brigham talked a good deal with me and tried to convert me to Mormonism.

"He was about 40, well set up, and with a big, strong head and neck. I didn't take much stock in his arguments defending polygamy, which Jo Smith had recently introduced as a revelation among the Saints. But Brigham gave me the idea of a man who was pretty firm in his opinion and actually believed what he preached.

"We didn't hurry ourselves much, making only about twenty miles a day with the waggons, pitching our tents for three or four days at a time when we got into a likely region where game was plenty, and exploring the country for miles around. I don't think we met a white man all the way across. There were lots of Indians, but they didn't trouble us, just coming into camp to trade off fresh meat or skins for bacon and coffee. Toward Christmas we struck Ham's Fork, in Western Nebraska, after making a journey of nearly a thousand miles. There we were snowed up until the spring.

"That was a particularly hard winter, and the snow was forty feet deep in places where it had drifted over the canyon. But we didn't suffer; provisions were plenty, there were lots of game, and when we couldn't get water we got snow and melted it. Our camp at Ham's Fork was pitched in a sheltered valley, and we got all the elk, antelope and bear we could shoot.

"Late in the spring, when the snow had melted, we struck camp and started straight up the mountain about forty miles. Right up on top of the mountain we found a large lake, fed by a living spring, chockfull of trout that beat anything in the world. The smallest of them was about two feet long and weighed five or six pounds, and the flavor——" The old trapper smacked his lips as the recollection of the gustatory gratification of forty years before arose in his mind.

"Brigham was all the time spying out the lay of the land, and as he looked from the top of the mountain over the level stretch of desert nearly fifty miles away he said: 'The promised land is in sight.' We made our way down the mountain without any accident worth mentioning, and when we struck the water now known as Salt Lake Brigham swallowed a mouthful and named it the Great Salt Lake. Then we struck out about six miles to the northwest, and Brigham Young stopped suddenly in the middle of the valley and shouted: 'This is the spot; this is the place revealed to me by the Great Spirit in a dream long ago. Here we will build the New Jerusalem!'

"We stayed in the neighborhood about six weeks. Brigham staked out the place so that we could find it again easily and made a sort of map of it. Then we started back to Cottonwood Springs, which we reached late in the summer. Brigham and his friends went over on to Nauvoo, Ill., and I went off on a deer hunt with my Indian friends. Next year Brigham took a large party of Mormons over, and Salt Lake City was built on the very spot to which I guided him."

A Canny Scot.

A Scotch farmer rode up to a toll-bar, and finding the gate open, he wheeled his horse round about just as he passed through, and shouted for the toll-keeper, who was invisible. "Hey, I'm sayin' fat's the damage tae git through yer gate wi' a horse?" "A shillin'," shouted the toll-keeper, making his appearance. "A shillin'," echoed the farmer, sarcastically. "No shillin' d'ye get frae me. I'll awa' hame again;" and wheeling his horse for the second time, he rode off in the direction he wished to go, chuckling at the trick he had performed upon the toll-keeper.

Mr. Kinch Kitchen has attained an enviable notoriety among his neighbors near Talapoosa because fifteen years ago he swore off from getting mad and has kept his resolution from that day till this.

Fifteen cows huddled in a Northern Pacific cut to keep from freezing to death, and a freight train came through and killed all of them.

One of a gang of ice cutters near Mount Carmel, Ill., cut out a block of ice on three sides and then laid a saw on it, remarking: "Some fool will go to pick up that saw and in he'll go." He proved to be a prophet, for forgetting his trick a few moments later he himself stepped on the ice cake and went down in seven feet of water.

A novel advertising scheme was recently introduced by a merchant in Carthage, Ill. A series of prodigious boot tracks were painted leading from each side of the public square to his establishment. The scheme, it is said, worked to perfection, for everybody seemed curious enough to follow the tracks to their destination.

A Welsh couple from a mining settlement near Pottsville, Pa., recently obtained a marriage license from Register Johnson. Then they went home happy in the thought they were man and wife, and lived together for two or three weeks before they found out that a minister or a 'Squire was necessary before they could be really married.

WHAT SOME MEN NEVER LEARN.

That the Baby is the Key to the Domestic Situation Every Time.

It is amazing how slow some men are to find out that the baby is the key to the domestic situation. No woman ever quarrels with a man who plays regularly with the baby. No woman ever really loved a man who ignored the baby. Doesn't the poet say that "hell hath no fury like a woman with a baby scorned?" That isn't exactly it, but it's near enough. In the majority of suits for divorce you will find there was no baby. The baby is down on divorces every time. The baby is the presiding judge in the court of matrimonial arbitration, and he keeps it in perpetual session. If there is a strike the baby orders it off and both parties back to work on the old terms. If you have the baby on your side, the baby's mother can be counted to send a solid delegation in your favor to any kind of convention you can think of. The babies are all peacemakers, and "blessed are the peacemakers," you know. Moreover, the man who has bribed the baby into his confidence will tell you that the little citizen in pink knows more than you give him credit for. Some doctor's books will tell you that babies don't talk intelligently till they're about eighteen months old. This is a medical delusion. A healthy baby is a brilliant conversationalist at three months old. People who know their language—it is not quite ours—can and do talk with them by the hour. You can tell the baby that you feel blue, and he will push his fist in your eye, which gives you the denial direct. Go on and tell him that you have had a bad week's business and have lost money. The moment you say "Money" the baby will blow big bubbles from his red lips; babies have infinite contempt for men who count their gains and losses in money. Now, tell baby that you think he's the pittiest little dot of a baby, bess it, dat ever was in dis world, and he will immediately fall on one side of your neck and yank your hair, which means that now you are talking common sense. It is Victor Hugo, the biggest-hearted Frenchman of the century, who sings of babies:

In our light, bitter world of wrongs
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue
And His forgiveness in their smile.

—*Boston Globe.*

Late Fashion Notes.

Knots of platinum and gold heavily chased are liked for linked sleeve buttons.

Among fashionable women the favorite ring is a large shield-shaped turquoise surrounded with diamonds.

Black braiding on white cloth vests and panels is not new, but is still worn, generally upon house dresses for those in mourning.

Ladies beginning to lay aside mourning wear gray cashmere combined with white corded silk and trimmed with steel passementerie.

There is a tendency to return to some old-fashioned colors under new names. A bright blue shade is called "Jubilee blue," in honor of the Queen.

A light pink that is being brought out in velvets to combine with black lace is much like the old Magenta shades and is called Charles X. pink. Anemone is a new reddish purple, much prettier than the heliotrope now worn.

India silks are more popular than French foulards, owing to their superior durability. White India silks, with all-over patterns of graceful lines in black, blue, brown or scarlet, will make pretty summer dresses, and there are many Watteau and Pompadour designs of roses and pinks in pale and charming colors. Lace is no longer used in profusion to trim these light silks, velvet having superceded it.

Surahs with large, wide diagonal twills are shown in all solid colors and in many plaids, some of the prettiest being dark blue crossed with pink or lighter blue; Suede, with bars of rose and green, and green grounds barred with pink. These are to be made up in entire dresses, not combinations, with velvet collar, vest and cuffs; the skirts bordered with velvet, or with velvet laid in between the plaits.

The sleazy diagonal wools of light quality are shown in all dark colors, with white lines and bars, like that which had such immense popularity last summer. However, the method of making them up will be quite different, the kilt plaits and smooth short lavandeuse drapery being replaced by plain skirts and voluminous Grecian drapery. The sailor hats almost invariably worn with these suits last year will be replaced by the brimless turban.

Drab and tan shades, brown and gray are largely represented in what is called covert cloth for short covert coats to be worn with suits of wool of lighter colors, or as an occasional wrap to go with almost any dress. There are also loosely woven English cloths in small blocks of two or three colors—such as olive with blue or red with brown—to make travelling suits or the suits worn in the morning for shopping, or any use, except for visits and afternoon entertainments.

There is already a large display in all the shops of sateens, batistes and other cotton goods, because such dresses are made up during the leisure of Lent. Panels of embroidery, borders for the lower skirt and entire skirts of embroidery are special features of these pretty gowns. The various shades of heliotrope, so popular this winter, reappear in the sateens, as well as several of the new greens and grays. The fancy is to make them with plain skirts of solid colors, the drapery being figured in white or ecru.

Miss Elizabeth Atkinson, who recently died in Burlington, N. J., aged 98 years, had not been out of her room for eighteen years.

It is reported from Maine that the English sparrows are growing white, as a result of their becoming acclimated. White feathers have been often noticed this winter on the sparrows.

A bill has been introduced into the Tennessee Legislature offering to the United States the Hermitage farm, famous as the home of Andrew Jackson, as an asylum for disabled and invalid soldiers. The bill provides that Mrs. Sarah Jackson, the adopted daughter of Old Hickory, shall be allowed a home and maintenance upon the farm for life.

NEW THINGS JUST OUT.

Wood Wool—Sewing Machine Improvements—Cork Bricks for Partitions.

The best quality of that growingly useful article, wood wool, is obtained from the Riga fir tree, by means of a machine specially adapted to the purpose. This ingenious machine consists of a cast-iron frame resting upon three iron supports, and carrying a driving shaft, which is actuated by two pulleys, fast and loose; to this shaft is fitted a fly-wheel, one spoke being provided with a pin that receives one of the extremities of a connecting rod, the other extremity being connected with the knife-carrier—this latter, which also rests upon the iron frame, sliding in iron guides, and carrying a set of peculiar knives, so arranged that the wood is cut in both the backward and the forward motions of the knife-carrier. The wood is held upright by the machine by suitable arrangements, permitting the introduction of blocks of a few fractions of an inch long; the wood is shoved forward under the knives by means of a click, that causes it to advance the requisite distance at every revolution of the fly-wheel, every movement thus aiding in perfecting the result.—*La Nature, Paris.*

The new sewing machine contrived by an Edinburgh inventor claims to be the simplest yet made for effecting the lock-stitch. It is on the rotary shuttle principle, the novelty of it lying in a circular saucer-shaped shuttle, which is set up on edge and laid with its flat side against the left-hand end of the lower shaft, which is held in position by a revolving cup. The axis of the shaft, the shuttle and the cup, being in line and revolving together, the result is an easy motion far excelling the old reciprocating shuttle.—*New York Sun.*

For some time past experiments have been made in Germany with a composition of cork, sand and lime molded into bricks for the construction of light partition walls. This, it is said, excludes sound better than brickwork, and is also light and a good non-conductor of heat.—*New York Sun.*

A Novelty in Women's Dress.

A novelty in ladies' dress has been brought out at the Pro-Cathedral, Melbourne, Australia, and the originator is Rev. J. E. Bromby, the clergyman who officiates there. It is nothing more nor less than a surplice for the ladies in the choir who supplement the singing of the men and boys. The *Church of England Messenger* on the spot having criticised the innovation adversely, Mr. Bromby preached on the subject. The following is an extract from his sermon: "It cannot be denied that, considering the extraordinary caprices of fashion in the matter of female attire, it would offend the taste to see the simple uniformity of surpliced men and boys disturbed by the intrusion of the grotesque and daily changing inventions of the Paris milliner. What better solution, then, of the difficulty could there be than to clothe the female members of the choir in an ecclesiastical vestment of such a suitable type as should harmonize well with the surroundings of their position?"

People in the Northwest

Know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure-pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere.

Ice cutting on the Lake of the Woods, in Illinois, has been abandoned because it was found that the heavy cakes contained many fish that were caught during the cold snap and frozen in the ice.

I was attacked with rheumatism and tried usual remedies without success. I then took McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant, and it drove rheumatism out of my system. With confidence I recommend it to those similarly afflicted.—Rev. James Brock, Kingston, Ont.

"Illinois whiskey is dangerous stuff, even in the bottle. An Odin physician bought a flask for medicinal purposes and set it on the table for a moment. It exploded with a bang, the bottle was shattered, and the liquor where it fell on the table cloth burned it like acid.

Gold Mines

are very uncertain property; for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over $50 in a single day at it. You can live at home and earn from $5 to $25 and upwards per day wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send your address and all will be proved to you.

Almost without a dissenting voice, the House Committee on Shipping yesterday resolved to make a favorable report on Mr. Dingley's Bill to protect the fisheries of the United States. The Bill makes liable to seizure and forfeiture any foreign vessels found taking fish of any kind within three marine miles off the shores of the United States.

When a drop of oil is placed upon the surface of water it rapidly spreads in all directions, forming a film of exceeding tenuity, and affecting the waves as if a sheet or carpet of thin, flexible, elastic, and yet tenacious substance, like rubber was spread over the waves.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DCNL. S. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

Canadian Mort. Company,

(LIMITED.)

HEAD OFFICE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND CHAMBERS!

18 King Street West, Toronto.

Money to Lend

ON THE

Straight Loan System,
Lowest rate of Interest,
Moderate Expenses,
No Fines.

MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED!

BORROWERS can arrange to have their payments become due the first of any month in the year, pay their principal yearly if they choose. Interest only charged on unpaid principal. If you borrow $1000 and pay the Company $100 of principal back the next year, you only pay interest on $900---All other amounts on same basis.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is directed to parties having Mortgages now with this Company and becoming due, that they will find it to their advantage to consult our valuators or write the Company before renewing elsewhere. Our rates of Interest will always be found as low as any other Company in Canada, besides the total costs of a renewal is only $2.00, a small item compared with removing your loan into a New Company.

OUR MOTTO.—Do business on business principals. Lend on good Security at Current rates. Arrange terms to suit our borrowers.

J. W. Henderson, INSPECTOR.

Osler & Hammond, MANAGERS.

For Loans or further particulars write the Company, at Toronto, or see any of the undermentioned Valuators.

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	-	Flesherton	J. HENDERSON, Esq.,	-	Feversham
WM. LUCAS, "	-	Markdale	C. C. JAMES, "	-	Priceville
D. JACKSON, "	-	Durham	G. RUTHERFORD, "	-	Shelburne
WM. MILNE, "	-	Maxwell	JOHN STINSON, "	-	Singhampton

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOUR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 298. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. MARCH 3, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvestor.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Monday next is Flesherton's cattle fair day.

FLESHERTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE! How does that read in print?

"Don't you forget it." Richardson & Co's Clearing Sale.

On Monday next our Township Fathers will meet in the Town Hall here for the despatch of business.

Mr. D. E. Wright offers a first-class mare for sale. See advertisement elsewhere in these columns.

The revival services held in the Methodist church here during the last two months were brought to a close on Tuesday night.

Mr. Smith, the genial Markdale barber, will be in Flesherton on Monday next (cattle fair day) to attend to customers.

We regret to learn that Mr. Geo. Dinwoody is very ill with bilious fever. We hope soon to see our genial friend, George, around again as usual.

Mrs. James Carberry, of "*Hawthorne Villa*," Toronto Township, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Fawcett, of this place.

The two great events of this year! "The general elections" and "Richardson & Co's Sale." Commencing Saturday next.

Mr. W. G. Pickell advertises his splendidly improved farm, adjoining Flesherton, to rent. For particulars, see advertisement elsewhere in these columns.

The barn of Mr. William Wilson, 3rd line, Euphrasia, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night. The lurid glare of the flames could be plainly seen at Flesherton Station.

Mr. W. J. Maguire, the youthful and energetic Editor and publisher of the *Quebec Daily Mercury*, is a nephew of our highly respected friends, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kingston, of Flesherton.

A quantity of Hemlock and Pine Logs wanted either in the bush, or delivered at Flesherton Saw Mills, for which the highest cash price will be paid. Apply to J. E MOORE, Builder, Flesherton.

The Ingersoll *Sun*, published by Mr. T. A. Bellamy—formerly of the Orangeville *Advertiser*—sheds its beams upon our sanctum once every week. Mr. Bellamy is a clever and original writer. Long May his *Sun* shine!

Subscribe for THE ADVANCE.

Have you paid for THE ADVANCE yet for 1887? Look opposite your name on address label.

Saturday and Monday both good days to secure choice lots at Richardson & Co's sale.

A ladies white handkerchief, liberally scented, found, and can be obtained by owner at this office.

"The Style," published by M. Richardson, & Co., Flesherton, is out for March. It is a fine number.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. C. W. Rutledge, of the Markdale *Standard*, on Friday last.

The C. P. R. Co. will not issue passes to newspaper men this year on the same conditions as heretofore.

"Every day next week!" What?—Why the great clearing sale at Richardson & Co's.

The Toronto *Standard* will shortly issue daily and weekly editions—Reform prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Get estimates for your stallion printing for 1887 at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton. Best job office in South or East Grey.

Mr. Geo. I. Fawcett and wife, of Heathcote, and Mr. Wm. Fawcett, of Toronto, spent a few days visiting friends in Flesherton last week.

Mr. Edward Fawcett—brother of ye Editor—and his eldest daughter, Miss Emily, of Heathcote, spent a few days visiting Mr. Robt Fawcett, sr., and other friends in town lately.

Mr. Thos. Clayton was in town on election day. He didn't lose his vote either, but—ahem!—unfortunately we were not so lucky. Never mind! "there's a good time coming."

The revival services in the Methodist church here are being carried on with a considerable degree of success. A number of names have already been added to the church membership.

Pamphlets, posters, circulars, cards, billheads, dodgers, streamers, visiting cards, statements, blank forms, &c. promptly and satisfactorily executed at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

A slight reference is made to Thursday's storm in our "Tit-Bits" column this week, but it wasn't to be compared to the terrific blizzard on Sunday last. Our readers probably know something about this storm also.

How any intelligent man could endorse the peculiar tactics adopted by Dr. Landerkin M.P. during the recent contest, has proved a poser to our junior devil—indeed Beelzebub himself was probably paralyzed!

Get paper for putting under your carpets at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton. You know spring cleaning is at hand, and we have only a limited supply of newspapers for sale. 20 papers for 5 cents. Call early.

Mr. Wm. Bradley is prepared to buy a lot more Birch, Maple and Soft Elm Logs, for which he will pay good prices. See bills for particulars or call on Mr. Bradley at the Flesherton Flouring and Saw Mills.

The Royal Templars of this town showed great courage last Tuesday by driving 17 miles—over terribly drifted roads—in order to attend their District Council which was held in U.S.S. No. 5, Euphrasia & Collingwood.

Paste it on your front door, that there will be a grand Orange Soiree at Eugenia, under the auspices of L.O.L. No. 1118, on Tuesday, March 15th. Grand addresses, splendid recitations, charming vocal and instrumental music. Tea served at 7 o'clock p.m., chair taken at 8. Admission 25 cents. Save your quarters for this feast of good things.

Professors Robertson and Moyre will address a meeting of Centre Grey Farmers' Institute at Rocklyn, on Thursday, March 10th, and at Flesherton on Friday, March 11th. See advt. elsewhere for particulars.

Mr. A. G. Hunter shocked Dundalk school children recently with a galvanic battery. We would like if he could come to Flesherton and shock some of the little boys and girls who persist in using our sidewalks as toboggan slides.

We want this question of a public library thoroughly discussed by our citizens. Now is the time to move. We are glad to know that a prominent resident of Flesherton Station is taking an active part in the agitation. Unity is strength.

Grey Spring Assizes will be held in the Court House, Owen Sound, on Monday, March 28th, his lordship, Judge O'Connor, presiding. The Chancery Spring Sittings will be held in same place, on Monday, March 14th, his lordship, Judge Proudfoot, presiding.

Mr. S. G. Ketchum has resumed control of the *Dufferin Post*. It is almost needless to add, that the *Post* will maintain its reputation, as a wide-awake local and family journal, under the skilful management of our clever and versatile friend, Ketchum.

Rev. Mr. Mahood and Mr. A. Rowe, of Dundalk, were in Flesherton on Tuesday last. Their object in visiting our town was the formation here of a Young Men's Protestant Benevolent Association. We believe enough names were secured for this purpose.

Two young-old ladies from nowhere in particular called on a number of our townspeople Tuesday afternoon. They didn't wear false teeth, and, judging from the rapidity of their movements, we should say their bones weren't "out of jint with roomatiz."

Mr. Wm. Barnhouse has been confined to his bed, by inflammation of the lungs, for the past week or so. We are pleased to know he is getting better. A son of Mr. Geo. Dinwoody's has also been down with the same disease, but we have not heard whether he is yet convalescent or not.

Notwithstanding Sunday's blizzard, the C. P. R. carried its passengers, &c., pretty much the same as usual on Monday, on the T. G. & B. branch. Thornbury's wheelbarrow road has gone into winter quarters about 10 feet under the snow! What a grand thing it is to live in a place like Flesherton!

We would tell our readers all about the big storm last Thursday, were it not for the fact that the majority of them probably know more about it than we do ourself. Some papers seem to make it a point to give information where it is not at all neccessary. In that particular please count THE ADVANCE out every time.

A member of the "broom brigade" playfully drew his broom across the Agricultural Editor's back, on Wednesday of last week, as the latter was entering the Flesherton post-office. And now the report is current, that we were dragged out of our office and swept with the broom! A spirit of wickedness pervades some people about election time!

One day last week several of Dr. Landerkin's supporters came out to Flesherton in order to ascertain how the election went in South Grey. Some wag told them Dr. Jamieson was elected, whereupon they returned to their several abodes something after the manner of a funeral cortege. By this time, however, their grief has been turned into joy.

A purgative medicine should possess tonic and curative, as well as cathartic properties. This combination of ingredients may be found in Ayer's Pills. They strengthen and stimulate the bowels, causing natural action.

Mr. W. W. Trimble, of Flesherton, sold his well bred mare to Mr. W. L. Young, of Markdale, for a cool $200, and has refused $100 for his four month old colt. The mare was sired by Old Clear Grit, dam by Imported Lord Byron; and the colt was sired by the great trotting stallion, Joe Gale, record 2:28. Who says it doesn't pay to raise good stock.

Kimberley Sabbath School's annual Tea-Meeting will be held on Tuesday next, March 8th. Tea served from 6 to 7 o'clock p.m. Afterwards, addresses by Revs. Hoskins, Cornish, and Corcoran, and recitations, dialogues, &c. will be in order. Miss S. A. Thompson will preside at the organ. Music by the children will be a feature. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents. See bills.

Our highly esteemed marble cutter, Mr. E. Vanzant, is rapidly extending his business in all directions. His material is always exactly as represented and his work artistic. Monopoly has received a sledge-hammer blow since Mr. Vanzant located in Flesherton. Mr. V. is a thoroughly reliable business man, whom we have no hesitation whatever in recommending to the public.

A valuable cap, belonging to a commercial traveller stopping at the Flesherton hotel, was discovered missing on Sunday last. A tramp, who had been prowling around the place, being suspected of the theft, was duly arrested, but, although carefully examined, the missing article was not found on his person. The tramp got several good square meals and a free nights lodging on the head of it.

The *Standard* tells us about three Markdale boys who recently made an attempt to take the C. P. R. train for the wilds of Muskoka. They were evidently students of "Jessie James," but the romantic nonsense was knocked out of their heads by the parent of one of the boys, who nipped their reckless scheme in the bud. They had in store several pairs of boots and socks, a web of flannel, a chunk of beef, some bottled whiskey, $20 in cash and several other articles. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

A Goose Story.

During the thaw of a couple of weeks or so ago, a pair of geese belonging to Mr. Jos. LeGard, Artemesia, suddenly disappeared. Search was made in vain for them, until nine days afterwards they were found in a stream of water under the ice. They had got in a hole which was made for a wateringplace for stock, and swam underneath. A plank was placed on the underside of the waterhole to retain the water, and thus the geese were unable to get out. When found, they were in better condition than when they were lost.

Curry Got Through.

The genial mail carrier between Epping and Flesherton, Mr. James Curry, has a hard row to how when the weather is rough and stormy. But whether the snow is piled up like mountains, or otherwise, Curry is bound to "get there with both feet." Men like Curry, Parks and the Durham carrier, deserves gold medals. Few are cognizant of the perils encountered by these brave men during the winter season. Long life to them, say we.

Another Question in Arithmetic.

Editor Advance: If a man puts $1 in the bank for 21 years, at 5 per cent. compound interest, how much would principal and interest amount to at the expiration of that time?

JUNIOR REPORTER.

[Will some of our School children answer this?—ED. ADVANCE.]

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spex, &c.

The finest and best stock of Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Hampden, Illinois, & Swiss Watches. New Haven & Seth Thomas Clocks, weight and spring. Jewelery, (Wedding Rings), Spectacles, &c. to be found in this section of country, is at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON. None but Genuine Watches kept in stock which bear warrants from 2½ to 5 years. Just received a very large consignment of Clocks which were bought for cash, so you may expect bargains all of which bear warrants from 1 to 3 years. A very fine stock of Silverware, Ladies' Rings, Chains, Necklets, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Cuff-Buttons, Bracelets, Scarf Pins, &c., of the finest qnality, at lower prices than you can get them for elsewhere, and also remember the only place to get your Watches, Clocks & Jewelery repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,
Flesherton.

M. RICHARDSON & CO'S ANNUAL SALE

Will commence on Saturday the fifth of March to continue through next week. This will be the best opportunity to secure bargains offered to the public this season.

The Dear Little Wife at Home.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set, and babies to put
And so many thoughts of you
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your heart with light
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt;
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight,
To the dear little wife who is waiting
Go cheerily home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,
A smile on her sunny face,
And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,
Will be there in her childish grace;
And the boy, his father's pride, John,
With the eyes so brave and bright;
From the strife and the din to the peace, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May whisper near and the sky be drear,
And the laggard fortune wait!
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight;
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

On the 20th of January, Alston's Horse having moved down by easy marches from Pretoria, camped at Rorke's Drift, on the Buffalo River, not far from a store and thatchet building used as a hospital, which were destined to become historical. Here orders reached them to march on the following day and join No. 3 column, which was Lord Chelmsford himself, and which was camped about nine miles from the Buffalo River at a spot called Isandhlwana, or the "Place of the Little Hand.' Next day, the 21st of January, the corps moved on accordingly, and following the waggon-track that runs past the Inhlazatye Mountain, by mid-day came to the camp where about twenty-five hundred men of all arms were assembled under the immediate command of Colonel Glynn. Their camp, which was about eight hundred yards square, was pitched facing a wide plain, with its back toward a precipitous, slab-sided hill, of the curious formation sometimes to be seen in South Africa. This was Isandhlwana.

"Hullo!" said Alston, as, on reaching the summit of the neck over which the waggon-road runs, they came in sight of the camp, "they are not entrenched. By Jove," he added, after scanning the camp carefully, "they haven't even got a waggon-laager!" and he whistled expressively.

"What do you mean?" asked Ernest. Mr. Alston so rarely showed surprise that he knew there must be something very wrong.

"I mean, Ernest, that there is nothing to prevent this camp from being destroyed, and every soul in it, by a couple of Zulu regiments, if they choose to make a night attack. How are they to be kept out, I should like to know, in the dark, when you can't see to shoot them, unless there is some barrier? These officers, fresh from home, don't know what a Zulu charge is, that is very clear. I only hope they won't have occasion to find out. Look there," and he pointed to a waggon lumbering along before them, on the top of which among a lot of other miscellaneous articles, lay a bundle of cricketing bats and wickets, "they think they are going on a picnic. What is the use, too, I should like to know, of sending four feeble columns sprawling over Zululand, to run the risk of being crushed in detail by a foe that can move from point to point at the rate of fifty miles a day, and which can at any moment slip past them and turn Natal into a howling wilderness? There it is no use grumbling; I only hope I may be wrong. Get back to your troop, Ernest, and let us come into camp smartly. Form fours—trot?

On arrival in the camp, Mr. Alston learned, on reporting himself to the officer commanding, that two strong parties of mounted men under the command of Major Dartnell were out on a reconnaissance toward the Inhlazatye Mountain, in which direction the Zulus were supposed to be in force. The orders he received were to rest his horses, as he might be required to join the mounted force with Major Dartnell on the morrow.

That night, as Alston and Ernest stood together at the door of their tent smoking a pipe before turning in, they had some conversation. It was a beautiful night, and the stars shone brightly. Ernest looked at them, and thought on how many of man's wars those stars had looked.

"Star-gazing?" asked Mr. Alston.

"I was contemplating our future homes," said Ernest, laughing.

"Ah, you believe that, do you? think you are immortal, and that sort of thing?"

"Yes; I believe that we shall live many lives, and that some of them will be there," and he pointed to the stars. "Don't you?"

"I don't know. I think it rather presumptuous. Why should you suppose that for you is reserved a bright destiny among the stars more than for these?" and he put out his hand and clasped several of a swarm of flying-ants which was passing at the time. "Just think how small must be the difference between these ants and us in the eyes of a Power who can produce both. The same breath of life animates both. These have their homes, their government, their colonies, their drones and workers. They enslave and annex, lay up riches, and, to bring the argument to an appropriate conclusions, make peace and war. What then is the difference? We are bigger, walk on two legs, have a large capacity for suffering, and—we believe, a soul. Is it so great that we should suppose that for us is reserved a heaven, or all the glorious worlds which people space, for these annihilation? Perhaps we are at the top of the tree of developement, and for them may be the future, for us the annihilation. Who knows? There, fly away, and make the most of the present, for nothing else is certain."

"You overlook religion entirely."

"Religion? Which religion? There are so many. Our Christian God, Buddha, Mohammed, Brahma, all number their countless millions of worshippers. Each promises a different thing, each commands the equally intense belief of his worshippers, for with them all blind faith is a condition precedent; and each appears to satisfy their spiritual aspirations. Can all of these be true religions? Each holds the other false and outside the pale; each tries to convert the other, and fails. There are many lesser ones of which the same thing may be said."

"But the same spirit underlies them all."

"Perhaps. There is much that is noble in all religions, but there is also much that is terrible. To the actual horrors and wearing anxieties of physical existence, religion bids us add on the vaguer horrors of a spiritual existence, which are to be absolutely endless. The average Christian would be uncomfortable if you deprived him of his hell and his personal devil. For myself, I decline to believe in such things. If there is a hell it is in this world; this world is the place of expiation for the sins of the world, and the only real devil is the devil of man's evil passions."

"It is possible to be religious and be a good man without believing in hell," said Ernest.

"Yes, I think so, otherwise my chance is a poor one. Besides, I do not deny the Almighty Power. I only deny the cruelty that is attributed to Him. It may be that from the accumulated mass of the wrong and bloodshed and agony of this hard world, that Power is building up some high purpose. Out of the bodies of millions of living creatures Nature worked out her purpose and made the rocks, but the process must have been unpleasant to the living creatures by whose humble means the great strata were reared up. They lived, to die in billions, that tens of thousands of years afterward there might be a rock. It may be so with us. Our tears and blood and agony may produce some solid end that now we cannot guess; their volume, which cannot be wasted, for nothing is wasted, may be building up the rocks of God's far-off purpose. But that we shall be tortured here for a time in order that we may be indefinitely tortured there," and he pointed to the stars, "that I will never believe. Look at the mist rising from that hollow; so does the reek of the world's misery rise as an offering to the world's gods. The mist will cease to rise, and fall again in rain, and bring a blessing; but the incense of human suffering rises night and day for so long as the earth shall endure, nor does it fall again in dews of mercy. And yet Christians, who declare that God is love, declare too that for the vast majority of their fellow-creatures this processis to continue from millennium to millennium."

"It depends on our life, they say."

"Look here, Ernest, a man can do no more than he can. When I got to the age of discretion, which I put at eight-and-twenty—you have hardly reached it yet, my boy, you are nothing but a babe—I made three resolutions: always to try and do my duty, never to turn my back on a poor man or a friend in trouble, and, if possible, not to make love to my neighbor's wife. Those resolutions I have often broken more or less either in the spirit or the letter, but in the main I have stuck to them, and I can put my hand upon my heart to-night and say, 'I have done my best!' And so I go my path, turning neither to the right nor to the left, and when Fate finds me, I shall meet him fearing nothing, for I know he has wreaked his worst upon me, and can only at the utmost bring me eternal sleep; and hoping nothing because my experience here has not been such as to justify the hopes of any happiness for man, and my vanity is not sufficiently strong to allow me to believe in the intervention of a superior power to save so miserable a creature from the common lot of life. Good-night."

On the following day his fate found him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ISANDHLWANA.

Midnight came, and the camp was sunk in sleep. Up to the sky, whither it was decreed their spirits should pass before the dark closed in again and hid their mangled corpses, floated the faint breath of some fourteen hundred men. There they lay, sleeping the healthy sleep of vigorous manhood, their brains busy with the fantastic madness of a hundred dreams, and little recking of the inevitable morrow. There, in his dreams, the white man saw his native village, with its tall, wind-swayed elms, and the gray old church that for centuries had watched the last slumber of his race; the Kafir, the sunny slope of fair Natal, with the bright light dancing on the cattle's horns, and the green of the gardens where for his well-being his wives and children toiled. To some that night came dreams of high ambition, of brave adventure, crowned with the perfect triumph we never reach: to some, visions of beloved faces long since passed away: to some, the reflected light of a far-off home, and echoes of the happy laughter of little children. And so their lamps wavered hither and thither in the spiritual breath of sleep, flickering wildly, ere they went out forever.

The night-wind swept in sad gusts across Isandhlwana's plain, tossing the green grass which to-morrow would be red. It moaned against Inhlazatye's Mountain and died upon Upindo, fanning the dark faces of a host of warriors who rested there upon their spears, sharpened for the coming slaughter. And as it breathed upon them they turned, those brave soldiers of U.Cetywayo—"born to be killed," as their saying runs, at Cetywayo's bidding, and, grasping their assegais, raised themselves to listen. It was nothing, death was not yet; death for the morrow, sleep for the night

A little after one o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of January, Ernest was roused by the sound of a horse's hoofs and the harsh challenge of the sentries. "Dispatch from Major Dartnell," was the answer, and the messenger passed on. Half an hour more and the reveille was sounded, and the camp hummed in the darkness like a hive of bees making ready for the dawn.

Soon it was known that the general and Colonel Glynn were about to move out to the support of Major Dartnell, who reported a large force of the enemy in front of him, with six companies of the second battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, four guns and the mounted infantry.

At dawn they left.

At eight o'clock a report arrived from a picket, stationed about a mile away on a hill to the north of the camp, that a body of Zulus was approaching from the north-east.

At nine o'clock the enemy showed over the crest of the hills for a few minutes and then disappeared.

At ten o'clock Colonel Durnford arrived from Rorke's Drift with a rocket battery and two hundred and fifty mounted native soldiers, and took over the command of the camp from Colonel Pulleine. As he came up he stopped for a moment to speak to Alston, whom he knew, and Ernest noticed him. He was a handsome, soldier-like man, with his arm in a sling, a long, fair mustache, and a worn, anxious expression of face.

At ten-thirty Colonel Durnford's force, divided into two portions, was, with the rocket battery, pushed some miles forward to ascertain the enemy's movements, and a company of the Twenty-fourth was directed to take up a position on the hill about a mile to the north of the camp. Meanwhile, the enemy, which they afterward heard consisted of the Undi Corps, the Nokenke and Umcitu Regiments, and the Nkobamokosi Regiments and Imbonambi Regiments, in all about twenty-thousand men, were resting about two miles from Isandhlwana, with no intention of attacking that day. They had not yet been "moutied" (doctored) and the condition of the moon was not propitious.

Unfortunately, however, Colonel Durnford's mounted Basutus, in pushing forward, came upon a portion of the Umcitu Regiment, and fired on it, whereupon the Umcitu came into action, driving Durnford's Horse before them, and then engaged the company of the Twenty-fourth, which had been stationed on the hill to the north of the camp, and after stubborn resistance, annihilating it. It was followed by the Nokenke, Imbonambi and Nkobamakosi Regiments, who executed a flanking movement, and threatened the front of the camp. For a while the Undi Corps, which formed the chest of the army, held its ground. Then it marched off to the right, and directed its course to the north of Isandhlwana Mountain, with the object of turning the position.

Meanwhile, the remaining companies of the Twenty-fourth were advanced to various positions in front of the camp, and engaged the enemy, for a while holding him in check; the two guns under Major Smith shelling the Nokenke Regiment, which formed his left centre, with great effect. The shells could be seen bursting amid the dense masses of Zulus, who were coming on slowly and in perfect silence, making large gaps in their ranks, which instantly closed up over the dead.

At this point the advance of the Undi Regiment to the Zulu right and the English left was reported; and Alston's horse was ordered to proceed, and if possible to check it. Accordingly they left, and riding behind the company of the Twenty-fourth on the hill, to the north of the camp, which was now hotly engaged with the Umcitu and Durnford's Basutus, who, fighting splendidly, were slowly being pushed back, made from the north side of Isandhlwana. As soon as they got on to the high ground, they got sight of the Undi, who, something over three thousand strong, were running swiftly in a formation of companies, about half a mile away to the northward.

"By Heaven! they mean to turn the mountain, and seize the waggon-load," said Mr. Alston. "Gallop!"

The troop dashed down the slope toward a pass in a spur of the ridge, which would command the path of the Undi, as they did so breaking through and killing two or three of a thin line of Zulus, that formed the extreme point of one of the horns or nippers, by means of which the enemy intended to inclose the camp and crush it.

After this, Alston's Horse saw nothing of the general fight; but it may be as well to briefly relate what happened. The Zulus of the various regiments pushed slowly on toward the camp, notwithstanding their heavy losses. Their object was to give time to the horns or nippers to close round it. Meanwhile, those in command realized too late the extreme seriousness of the position, and began to concentrate the various companies. Too late! The enemy saw that the nippers had closed. He knew, too, that the Undi could not be far off the waggon-road, the only way of retreat; and so, abandoning his silence, and his slow advance, he raised the Zulu war-shout, and charged in from a distance of from six to eight hundred yards.

Up to this time the English loss had been small, for the shooting of the Zulus was vile. The Zulus, on the contrary, had, especially during the last half-hour before they charged, lost heavily. But now the tables turned. First the Natal Contingent, seeing that they were surrounded, bolted, and laid open the right and rear flanks of the troops. In poured the Zulus, so that most of the soldiers had not even time to fix bayonets. In another minute our men were being assegaied right and left, and the retreat on the camp had become a fearful rout. But even then there was nowhere to run to. The Undi Corps (which afterward passed on and attacked the post at Rorke's Drift) already held the waggon-road, and the only practical way of retreat was down a gully to the south of the road. Into this the broken fragments of the force plunged wildly, and after them and mixed up with them went their Zulu foes, massacring every living thing they came across.

So the camp was cleared. When a couple of hours afterward, Commandant Lonsdale, of Lonsdale's Horse, was sent back by General Chelmsford to ascertain what the firing was about, he could see nothing wrong. The tents were standing, the waggons were there; there were even soldiers moving about. It did not occur to him that it was the soldiers' coats which were moving on the backs of Kafirs; and that the soldiers themselves would never move again. So he rode quickly up to the headquarter tents; out of which, to his surprise, there suddenly stalked a huge, naked Zulu, smeared all over with blood, and waving in his hand a bloody assegai.

Having seen enough, he then rode back again to tell the general that his camp was taken.

To God's good providence, and Cetywayo's clemency, rather than to our own wisdom, do we owe it that all the outlyin homesteads in Natal were not laid in ashes and men, women and children put to the assegai.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE END OF ALSTON'S HORSE.

Alston's Horse soon reached the bridge, past which the Undi were commencing to run, at a distance of about three hundred and fifty yards, and the order was given to dismount and line it. This they did, one man in every four keeping a few paces back to hold the horses of his section. Then they opened fire; and next second came back the sound of the thudding of the bullets on the shields and bodies of the Zulu warriors.

Ernest, seated up high on his great black horse, "the Devil," for the officers did not dismount, could see how terrible was the effect of that raking fire, delivered as it was, not by raw English boys, who scarcely knew one end of a rifle from the other, but by men, all of whom could shoot, and many of whom were crack shots. All along the line of the Undi companies men threw up their arms and dropped dead, or staggered out of the ranks wounded. But the main body never paused. By-and-by they would come back and move the wounded, or kill them if they were not likely to recover.

Soon, as the range got longer, the fire began to be less deadly, and Ernest could see that fewer men were dropping.

"Ernest," said Alston, galloping up to him, "I am going to charge them. Look, they will soon cross the donga, and reach the slopes of the mountain, and we shan't be able to follow them on the broken ground."

"Isn't it rather risky?" asked Ernest, somewhat dismayed at the idea of launching their little clump of mounted men at the moving mass before them.

"Risky? Yes, of course it is, but my orders were to delay the enemy as much as possible, and the horses are fresh. But my lad"—and he bent toward him and spoke low—"it doesn't much matter whether we are killed charging or running away. I am sure that the camp must be taken; there is no hope. Good-by, Ernest; if I fall, fight the corps as long as possible, and kill as many of those devils as you can; and if you survive, remember to make off well to the left. The regiments will have passed by then. God bless you, my boy! Now order the bugler to sound the 'cease fire,' and let the men mount."

"Yes, sir.';

They were the last words Alston ever spoke to him, and Ernest often remembered, with affectionate admiration, that even at that moment he thought more of his friend's safety than he did of his own. As to their tenor, Ernest had already suspected the truth, though, luckily, the suspicion had not as yet impregnated the corps. Mazook, too, who as usual was with him, mounted upon a Basutu pony, had just informed him that, in his (Mazook's) opinion, they were all as good as ripped up, (alluding to the Zulu habit of cutting a dead enemy open), and adding a consolatory remark to the effect that man can die but once, and "good job too."

But, strangely enough, he did not feel afraid; indeed, he never felt quieter in his life than he did in that hour of near death. A wild expectancy thrilled his nerves, and looked out of his eyes. "What would it be like?" he wondered. And in another minute all such thoughts were gone, for he was at the head of his troop, ready for the order.

Alston, followed by the boy Roger, galloped swiftly round, seeing that the formation was right, and then gave the word to unsheath the short swords with which he had insisted upon the corps being armed. Meanwhile, the Undi were drawing on to a flat plain, four hundred yards or more broad, at the foot of the mountain, a very suitable spot for, I say, any manœuvre.

"Now, men of Alston's Horse, there is the enemy before you. Let me see how you can go through them. Charge!"

"Charge!" re-echoed Ernest.

"Charge!" roared Sergeant-Major Jones, brandishing his sword.

Down the slope they go, slowly at first; now they are on the plain, and the pace quickens to a hand-gallop.

Ernest feels his great horse gather himself together and spring along beneath him; he hears the hum of astonishment rising from the dense black mass before them as it halts to receive the attack; he glances round, and sees the set faces and determined look upon the features of his men, and his blood boils up with a wild exhilaration, and for awhile he tastes the fierce joy of war.

Quicker still grows the pace; now he can see the white round the dark eyeballs of the Zulus.

"Crash!" they are among them, trampling them down, hewing them down, thrusting, slashing, stabbing and being stabbed. The air is alive with assegais, and echoes with the savage Zulu war-cries and with the shouts of the gallant troopers, fighting now as troopers have not often fought before. Presently, as in a dream, Ernest sees a huge Zulu seize Alston's horse by the bridle, and raise his assegai. Then the boy Roger, who is by his father's side, makes a point with his sword, and runs the Zulu through. He falls, but next moment the lad is attacked by more, is assegaied and falls fighting bravely. Then Alston pulls up, and turning, shoots with his revolver at the men who have killed his son. Two fall, another runs up, and with a shout, drives a great spear right through Alston, so that it stands out a hand-breadth behind his back. On to the body of his son, he too, falls and dies. Next second the Zulu's head is cleft in twain down to the chin. That was Jeremy's stroke.

All this time they are travelling on, leaving a broad, red lane of dead and dying in their track. Presently it was done; they had passed right through the Impi. But out of sixty-four men they had lost their captain and twenty troopers. As they emerged Ernest noticed that his sword was dripping blood, and his sword-hand stained red. Yet he could not at that moment remember having killed anybody.

Alston was dead, and he was now in command of what remained of the corps. They were in no condition to charge again, for many horses and some men were wounded. So he led them round the rear of the Impi, which, detaching a company of about three hundred men to deal with the remnants of the troop, went on its way with lessened number, and filled with admiration at the exhibition of a courage in no way inferior to their own.

This company, running swiftly, took possession of the ridge, down which the troop had charged, and by which alone it would be possible for Ernest to retreat, and, taking shelter behind stones, began to pour in an inaccurate but galling fire on the little party of whites. Ernest charged up through them, losing two more men and several horses in the process; but what was his horror, on reaching the crest of the ridge, to see about a thousand Zulus, drawn up, apparently in reserve, in the neck of the pass leading to the plain beyond! To escape through them would be almost impossible, for he was crippled with wounded and dismounted men, and the pace of a force is the pace of the slowest. Their position was desperate, and looking round at his men, he could see that they thought so too.

His resolution was soon taken. A few paces from where he had for a moment halted the remainder of the corps, was a little eminence, something like an early Saxon tumulus. To this he rode, and, dismounting, turned his horse loose, ordering his men to do the same. So good was the discipline, and so great his control over them, that there was no wild rushes to escape; they obeyed, realizing their desperate case, and formed a ring round the rise.

"Now, men of Alston's Horse," said Ernest, "we have done our best, let us die our hardest."

The men set up a cheer, and next minute the Zulus creeping up under shelter of the rocks which were strewed around attacked them with fury.

In five minutes in spite of the withering fire which they poured in upon the surrounding Zulus, six more of the little band were dead. Four were shot, two were killed in a rush made by about a dozen men, who, reckless of their own life, determined to break through the white man's ring. They perished in the attempt, but not before they had stabbed two of Alston's Horse. The remainder, but little more than thirty men, retired a few paces farther up the little rise, so as to contract their circle, and kept up a ceaseless fire upon the enemy. The Zulus, thanks to the accurate shooting of the white men, had by this time lost more than fifty of their number, and, annoyed at being put to such a loss by a foe numerically so insignificant, they determined to end the matter with a rush. Ernest saw their leader, a great, almost naked fellow, with a small shield and a necklace of lion's claws, walking, utterly regardless of the pitiless rifle-fire, from group to group, and exhorting them. Taking up a rifle which had just fallen from the hand of a dead trooper—for up to the present Ernest had not joined in the firing—he took a fine sight at about eighty yards at the Zulu chief's broad chest and pulled. The shot was a good one; the great fellow sprang into the air and dropped. Instantly another commander took his place, and the final advance began.

But the Zulus had to come up-hill, with but little cover, and scores were mown down by the scorching and continuous fires from the breech-loaders. Twice when within twenty yards were they driven back, twice did they come on again. Now they were but twelve paces or so away, and a murderous fire was kept upon them. For a moment they wavered, then pushed forward up the slope.

"Close up!" shouted Ernest, "and use your swords and pistols." His voice was heard above the din; some of the men dropped the now useless rifles, and the revolvers began to crack.

(To be continued.)

Building an Addition.

Wife (to husband)—This house is altogether too small for our needs. John. Why don't you put an addition to it?

Husband (thoughtfully)—I've been thinking of that.

Wife—Something in the shape of a wing?

Husband—No; something in the shape of a mortgage.

Looking Ahead.

"Please, ma'am, will you give me something to eat? I haven't had a morsel to-day," said a tramp at a farm-house.

"Why, man, what do you mean?" said the lady, "you've got a large loaf under your arm. Why don't you eat that?"

"If I did that what would I do to-morrow?" said the tramp.—*Life.*

The Legislature of Alabama has passed a bill making gambling a felony—the first offence to be punished by not less than six months' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and the second offence six years.

A New York correspondent writes that Mr. Jay Gould has got two sons right in the business harness. He had George study telegraphy, and now he is expert; and Edward, the youngest son, is a good stenographer. With these two boys the father can go anywhere, dictate his despatches to Edward, and George will send them.

A new revolver has been patented which is expected to be less liable to be accidentally discharged than any of its predecessors. Its main feature is a concealed hammer, enclosed in the lock frame, which cannot be unintentionally manipulated, and the trigger is so arranged that it cannot be pulled unless a safety lever in the rear of the lock frame is first pressed.

Indignant Boarder—Mrs. Winks, when I returned last night I found no lamp in my room, and this morning I saw that the new novel I was reading had disappeared. Mrs. Winks—Yes, sir. You see, I noticed the girl forgot to put the lamp there, so I thought you wouldn't need the novel. It's a very interesting one, sir.

The question of testing the cutlasses and swords furnished to British sailors and soldiers is exciting great interest, especially since a special committee was appointed to satisfy the public demand for an investigation.

An amendment to the State constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in Tennessee, will be submitted to the vote of the people on the last Thursday in September.

The officers of the Royal Scots Regiment gave a grand ball at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, yesterday evening, which was attended by the Marquis of Lansdowne and the elite of the city. It was a brilliant scene, the officers being in full uniform, and the toilets of the ladies have never been excelled there.

Boston Girl—The friend you introduced me to last night is pretty but she lacks culture. Philadelphia Girl—Do you think so? Why, I thought she was exceedingly intelligent. Boston Girl—I said to her: "Have you read 'Tolsto?'" "Red what?" she asked. "Oh, yes; I bought an eighth of a yard of yellow for my winter bonnet."

Canada has her ice palaces, toboggan slides, curling ponds, etc. No wonder all our "slippery" people go up there.—*Yonkers' Statesman.*

LATE SPORTING NOTES.

What Leading Baseball Players and Clubs are Doing.

TURF, ROWING AND YACHTING NEWS

Baseball.

A meeting of the directors of the Buffalo Baseball Club was held yesterday afternoon, when the following officers were elected: President, Frank T. Gilbert; Vice-President, C. C. Candee; Secretary, John R. Kenney; Treasurer, E. S. Dann; Executive Committee, Moses Shire, James Franklin and John R. Kenney. The extra $3,000 which was recently added to the capital stock of the club has nearly all been taken up, and by the directors.

Manager Chapman has about secured a first-class third baseman, whose name will be announced in a few days.

The Boston *Herald* devotes four columns of its space to the purchase of Kelly from Chicago. It talks like this: Kelly, your "short cuts" across the diamond are all forgiven. Wonder if the Detroit friends will call the Bostons the "bum" club now. Boston's stock has taken a tremendous upward jump since yesterday morning. President Spalding can take the money he received for Kelly, purchase the release of a good outfielder, and have a few dollars left. It was a big price for a baseball luxury, but Boston had to have it. Boston is also able to pay for it. The other League clubs will not be asked to contribute one cent. The Boston plan is far superior to that of Detroit.

The schedule meeting of the International League will be held at Rochester, on March 15th.

J. M. Becannon, of last year's Buffalo and Binghamton clubs, has been engaged for the New York reserve team.

The San Francisco press says that the new rules are a failure, after the game of Jan. 26th, in which the Louisvilles were defeated by a picked nine by 8 to 6. Morris was punished for ten hits; and Foutz, who filled the box for Louisville, was hit for fifteen bases.

"Bobby" Caruthers, pitcher of the St. Louis Browns, has been ill for the past four weeks with pneumonia. He is now much improved, and states that he is undecided as yet whether he will enter the diamond next season or not. He has not signed with the Browns, as Van der Ahe has not made him any definite proposition, for he seems to be under the impression, since the club took the championship last year, that every member is going to demand an exorbitant salary for next season's work. He is accordingly very cautious about making offers.

There are 646 baseball players now under contract, and many of the clubs, as well as associations, are still incomplete. Probably 1,000 players will draw a salary in 1887, and very likely 1,500 people, directly or indirectly, will be supported by the game.

Boston has offered $7,500 for Glasscock, of the St. Louis Maroons.

"Buck" Ewing and "Kid" Baldwin, the ball players, were among 105 luckless individuals who were boarded over night at public expense at Cincinnati recently. They were caught at a cocking main.

A number of gentlemen in Ottawa are talking of organizing a baseball team. They propose to import four or five players and make up the remainder of the team from local players.

The Chicago *Mail* goes into poetry over the purchase of Kelly by Boston, as follows:

$ T-en thousand dollars, Kelly dear,
$ H-as been sent on to bring you here;
$ E-xcuse us if we call you "dear."

$ O-h, diamond gem, beyond compare,
$ N-o jewel ever half so rare,
$ L-ook out, dear Mike, we humbly beg,
$ Y-ou must not, must not break a leg.

$ M-onarch of players, kindly list,
$ I-nvite no chance to sprain a wrist,
$ K-nowing you cost us mighty wealth,
$ E-xpensive Mike, preserve your health.

A special meeting of the New York National Baseball League will be held on Friday either in New York or Pittsburg to consider the claims of Indianopolis to be admitted into the League.

Kelly will take a trip to Europe with his wife before the ball season opens.

A. L. Richardson has signed his name at the bottom of a contract of the Bradford Baseball Club, of the Pennsylvania State League, and will play short for that team.

The Oar.

Oxford is reported to have a slight call in the betting on the 'Varsity race, to be decided March 26th.

Wm. Beach, the champion oarsman, is a great lover of the gamecock. Recently some birds of the old Devon fighting strain were shipped to him from England.

Edward Hanlan is reported by some Harlem oarsmen as stating in a letter to a friend that he would make George Lee sick of rowing before the coming season will end. He will do it, too. George will find that he will not get along as nicely as he did when he had Hanlan for a partner.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Bubear, who recently defeated Perkins on the Tyne course, is expected to visit America soon. Wallace Ross says he will row him for $1,000 a side and allow him to choose his distance.

Hamm and Teemer have challenged Ross and Lee to row a three-mile race for $500 or $1,000 a side, giving the latter crew five seconds start. They will row Hanlan and mate for the same money on even terms.

There appears to be a general desire among rowing men in Toronto that the next regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen shall be held in Toronto, and that special efforts shall be made to get up prizes of more than ordinary value, in honor of the year of Jubilee. There can be no doubt that amateur rowing in these parts needs a boom.—*Toronto Mail.*

Yachting.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's million-dollar steam yacht Alva sailed from New York for Bermuda yesterday.

The ocean yacht race between the Coronet, owned by R. T. Bush, and the Dauntless, owned by C. H. Colt, will start from Owl's Head on March 5th, at 1 p. m., provided the Coronet can be got ready in time. The finishing point is Roche's Point, Cork harbor. The race is for $10,000 a side.

The Turf.

The Detroit (Mich.) Driving Club announces that it will give a summer meeting on July 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd, 1887, and offers $25,000 in prizes.

Maud S. will not be sent to beat her record, unless some other horse approaches dangerously near it. Mr. Bonner says she can trot in 2.06 easily. He says, although the record may be lowered in time, he does not believe that the two-minute mark will ever be reached.

Mr. Joseph Harker, who bought Maud S. when she was only 4 years old for the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt, has just offered Mr. Bonner, on behalf of a gentleman of large wealth, $100,000 in cash for the Queen. Mr. Bonner paid Mr. Vanderbilt $40,000 for Maud S.; but she was lame the day she was delivered at Mr. Bonner's stable. Mr. B., however, shod her so as to relieve her of her lameness, and since then she has twice beaten her record, having lowered it to 2.08¾. Now he is offered $100,000 for the peerless mare, so that he would make $60,000 profit if he should dispose of her—a pretty large sum for shoeing a horse. But Mr. Bonner refuses to sell Maud S. at any price.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

The Ring.

Articles have been signed here for a six-round fight between Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, and Billy Hawkins, of Ottawa, to come off within a week. It is understood that the contest will be private.

Skating Contest.

Frank Dowd, of Montreal, and H. J. McCormack, of St. John, N. B., met to-night in Crystal Rink, Montreal, in the second of the series of three races, the distance being 10 miles. The race was close all through and was won by Dowd in 37 mins. 30 secs. McCormack was 10 yards behind.

Curling.

The second draws in the final competition for the Ontario tankard was played in Toronto Thursday afternoon, the competing clubs being Paris, Orillia, St. Marys and the Toronto Caledonians. A great deal of interest was shown by the Toronto and visiting curlers and the Granite Rink was well filled with spectators. Paris defeated Orillia by 24 points, the score being 50 to 26, and St. Marys defeated the Toronto Caledonians by 3 points, the score being 37 to 34. Paris and St. Marys played off last night and Paris won the Ontario championship, which the tankard represents, by three points, the score being:

PARIS.		ST. MARYS.	
Rink No. 1.			
J. Maxwell,		J. D. Moore,	
C. E. Adams,		C. Myers,	
J. Craigie, jun.,		W. Somerville,	
M. Cavan, skip,	25	W. Andrews, skip,	19
Rink No. 2.			
James Adams,		J. M. Weir,	
J. O'Neil,		G. McIntyre,	
J. H. Ackland,		G. Grant,	
J. Brockbank, skip,	16	S. Sparting, skip,	19
	41		38

The trophy was first played for in 1875, and has been held since that time as follows: 1875, Hamilton Thistles; 1876, Toronto; 1877, Toronto; 1878, Hamilton Thistles; 1879, Bowmanville; 1880, Port Hope; 1881, Hamilton Thistles; 1882, Toronto Caledonians; 1883, Brampton; 1884, St. Marys; 1885, Orillia; 1886, Toronto Granites; 1887, Paris.

Two rinks of the Thistle Curling Club defeated two of the Caledonians in a match for the Gibson medal Thursday by 19 points, Mr. W. Vallance's rink winning from Mr. McPhie's by 5 points and Mr. J. Simpson's defeating Mr. W. G. Reid's by 14 points.

A Singular Coincidence.

Writing to the Chicago *Tribune*, A. P. Paul calls attention to the similarity between the "Tit-willow" song in Gilbert & Sullivan's "Mikado" and the song by *Desdemona* in "Othello," act 4, sc. 3.:

Desdemona (singing)—The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her and softened the stones.
Lay by these:
(Singing) Sing willow, willow, willow;
Prithee hie thee, he'll come anon,
(Singing) Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve—
Nay, that's not next. Hark! Who is't that knocks?

Mr. Paul asks whether the similarity is coincidence or intentional. Possibly Mr. Gilbert, if directly approached on the subject, would answer in the style of the French author accused of literary larceny, "*Je prends mon bien ou je le trouve.*"

An Eye to Business.

"Can you send the patrol waggon up to 594 Blank street?" inquired a voice through the police telephone the other day.

"What's the matter?"

"Some one tapped the till of my grocery of 30 cents."

"Are you holding him?"

"No; he has been gone half an hour."

"Then what good will the waggon do?"

"Well, it will get out a crowd and look like business, won't it? I sell for cash, and my prices are lower than ever before."

Appearances Against Her.

Old Lady (suffering from hiccoughs, to drug clerk)—Young—man, I want to—get some liquor——

Clerk (hastily)—Can't do it, madam. You've had enough alrea——

Old Lady (frigidly)—Some liquorice.

Seeking Inspiration.

Young man (in drug store)—I want to get a few grains of cocaine and a hypodermic syringe.

Clerk—Are you a physician?

Young man—No, sir; I'm a poet.—*New York Sun.*

The Queen's authority has been extended over Eastern Zululand with the assent of the Zulus.

The Ameer of Afghanistan reports that a Russian advance is threatened between Kundung and Belekh.

The managers of two Scotch collieries have arranged a compromise with the striking miners, and others will probably follow their example.

At a large meeting of the ladies of the South of Ireland, held at Cork yesterday, it was decided to present a Jubilee memorial to the Queen.

Yesterday having been the 70th anniversary of the birth of King William, the inhabitants of Holland made a holiday of it. Early in the morning the people of The Hague presented His Majesty with a casket, an address and a Bible. The day was celebrated with great enthusiasm.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

Edison's Latest Invention Puts All Previous Ones in the Shade—A Story That Reads Well Even if it Isn't True.

A writer in the Washington *Post* gives an account of a recent interview of a most remarkable character with Edison, the inventor. In this interview Edison is made to describe a new machine which he calls the nutricator. This machine, the writer says, has accomplished the problem of combining the natural elements so as to manufacture wholesome [illegible]. Edison is made to say in this interview: "In ten years I can say my machines will be [illegible] to provide the tables of the civilized world. Meat will be no longer killed and vegetables no longer grown, except by savages, for my methods will be so much cheaper." Mr. Edison then exhibited samples of food which he said he had made from dirt in his cellar and from water taken from the water-pipes in the house. The writer says:

He led me down a pair of stairs into a light basement room, where a swarthy-looking man was busy about a big machine, an iron vessel, holding about a barrel, attached to something that looked like a hydraulic ram. The shelves were lined with chemicals. There was a small battery in the corner from which one wire went to the vat. A kerosene lamp burned under a sort of retort. That and four crooked pipes with handles were all that was visible.

"How is it now?" said Edison, "About 53," replied the man. That was all. We returned to the room above. "I shall simplify that machine one-half," he remarked. "Yet with that I can turn out at least five tons of food of various kinds every day. I have already made eighteen kinds of food. I will tell you something if you will not say a word till I say 'go ahead.' All food comes, of course, primarily from the earth. The plants and fruits we eat come from the moist ground, and the animals we eat live on the plants, or on other animals which the plants have kept alive. So all food comes from the elements stored in the earth, air and water. You eat a grain of wheat, for instance. The wheat is mainly composed of a few simple gases and salts that last year were lying dormant in the earth, the air and the water.

"It occurred to me that this process might be hastened; that instead of waiting a year for nature to collect those elements into an organic seed I could collect them in an hour, or perhaps a few minutes, and arrive at the same result by combining them organically. This I have done. I first find out what a particular kind of food is made of. There are sixty-five simple elements in nature; that is, substances which we call simple elements, because we have not yet succeeded in proving them to be compound. I am afraid your readers will not generally understand what I am going to say. If you use it be careful to take it down verbatim.

"There are sixty-five elements. Carbon is the king of these. It is the great organizer. It is never absent from any plant or animal organism. It is at the base of almost everything. It is the key to my discovery, for it possesses the peculiar capacity to form molecules from its own atoms. The diamond is pure carbon, so are graphite and charcoal nearly pure carbon, though they are so different. Sugar and starch belong to the hydrocarbons, and I cannot understand why their manufacture out of carbon and water hasn't been hit on before. I form all my meat compounds by exposing three elements in a red hot state to nitrogen gas, though I use different flavors, which I get from the earth too. I have had to bring from Westchester county some argillaceous soil not found here.

"I can make a wine, and have made it, with New Jersey earth and water that no man can tell from Chateau Yquem. I find that those elements combine at the lowest temperature that have the same atomicity—that is, the same bonds by which they unite with one another, or with compound molecules. This great invention has not been 'hit on' before, because analytic chemistry has received too much attention to the exclusion of synthetic chemistry; men have been more devoted to learning than to doing. Lavoisier was just on the edge of it and missed. Sir Humphrey Davy, Liebig and Faraday were all in sight of it and suddenly turned aside. They succeeded in making urea out of the elements and several other inorganic substances, but they stopped at that. They overlooked the simplicity of this thing.

"I think that after two or three years New Yorkers, for instance, will no longer eat meat or vegetables. They will not send to the tropics for fruits, or to Europe for wines, because the head of every family, by turning a crank (or, perhaps, without turning a crank, if a clock apparatus is attached), can produce more delicious fruits and wines at a tenth of the cost.

"Sir Isaac Newton said: 'The properties of all food are in the dirt under our feet and in the air over our heads—but they elude our grasp.' I was led on by Dalton's great discovery of the law of multiple proportions, that the atomic weight of compounds is the same as the atomic weight of their ingredients. I was helped also by the well-known law of ismorphism, that certain groups of substances exist, any member of which can be replaced by any other member in equivalent proportions without changing the crystalline character of the matter.

"The extraordinary analogy between homologous groups of organic compounds and certain small groups of the elements, as chlorine, bromine, and iodine have been remarked by many chemists. Not only isolated triads, but all the elements, may be brought into such homologous series expressed by the general formula of AxNb. However, this is beyond the average reader, and will hardly be intelligible.

"No change of food is contemplated. Every man can have food of the kind to which he is accustomed, or which he prefers. It will be as easy to produce cabbages as oranges, and pork as partridges. We shall actually produce these very things, but in a new form. It will be cabbages and oranges that have never felt the wind and rain, and pork and partridges that have never been alive. We merely take a short cut and snatch the food from the earth without giving it the trouble of growing. It will lack fibre, which is the only perceptible difference.

"The equivalent value of an element is now measured by the number of atoms of a monatomic or equivalent element with which it will combine. It is known, for instance, that chloride combines with one atom of hydrogen, oxygen with two, nitrogen with three, carbon with four, and so on. I have struck some astonishing examples of allatrophism—that is, the production of entirely dissimilar compounds from nearly similar elements. Nature is full of surprises. For instance, I make bananas and chocolate out of the very same ingredients, and the methods of combining differ only a trifle."

A NEW OCEAN LINE.

Steamers, which are to Carry no Freight, Cross the Ocean in Less than Five Days.

The despatch from Washington published yesterday stating that the Arrow Steamship and Shipbuilding Co. of New York had purchased the marine railroad and shipyard at Alexandria, Va., was confirmed at the office of the company, No. 115 Broadway. Robt. M. Fryer, chief engineer of the line, said: "We will begin work at once to build the ways for our first steamship, the Pocahontas; but there are to be no extensive shops built there. Our frames, which are simply the bulkheads, and all of the plates will be prepared at the works where we are having them made. The completion of this vessel, and others to follow, will mark an era of revolution in the transatlantic trade, since they are to be constructed upon a new principle and with an estimated speed to make the voyage from New York to Liverpool in a little more than four days. We will not carry any freight excepting, possibly, a few express packages, but the vessels are designed for passenger traffic alone." It is said that twelve such vessels are to be built, each to bear a historic Indian name. The models and drawings at the office of the company present a unique and promising appearance, but other people are not so sanguine of the success of the company and the practicability of the vessels as are the directors. Mr. Fryer believes that he has solved the problem of swift and safe ocean navigation in this creation of his, as the vessel is solely his invention. The Pocahontas is to be an iron and steel ship, and instead of being built on lateral lines, as has always been the custom, she will be built upon sixty-eight transverse steel walls or bulkheads, seven and a half feet apart, each of the full size and accurate shape of a cross section of the vessel. These walls will have openings cut in them for the saloons, passageways, tunnels, etc., with vertical longitudinal walls through them, thus making 1,060 water-tight compartments, of which 600 are to be below the water-line. She will be provided with compound engines of 27,986 horse-power, capable of giving a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. There will be twenty boilers to furnish steam for the main engines, placed fore and aft of the vessel, with three smoke-pipes on each side of the ship next to the rail. What effect heavy seas will have on smoke-pipes thus arranged remains to be seen. Her dimensions are to be 540 feet in length, 40 feet beam and draught of water 25½ feet.—*New York Tribune.*

Beggared by Her Devotion to Cats.

All mankind has heard of the Countess de La Torre, of London, who is crazy on the subject of cats. She has a whole string of cats following her wherever she goes, and her house is occupied by cats from garret to cellar. It has never yet been definitely settled just how many cats the countess does possess. She sometimes goes to visit her friends, and is invariably accompanied by a feline coterie. Her fortune has been exhausted in various freaks of disordered fancy, and she is now almost a beggar. She went last week to visit a lady at Hammersmith, and, as she took a whole tribe of cats with her, she became such an intolerable nuisance that her hostess, after many hints in vain to get her away, in a fit of despair went to Police Justice Paget, of the district, and made a complaint. Her case was up yesterday, and among the questions propounded by the justice in his monotonous inquiry was: "How many cats had the countess with her?" The complainant did not know, but the inspector of nuisances declared that he had come along the day before and removed twelve. Mr. Justice Paget said that he had heard of the countess before. He expressed great sympathy for the complainant, but said that the only way for her to get rid of her troublesome guest and her cats, since they had come into her house by invitation, was to put them out by force, if they would not go by moral suasion. The lady returned home and had the countess and the remnant of her visiting contingent of cats ejected.—*Cor. New York World.*

A Kiss That Scared a Girl Sick.

A young woman has asked the Magistrate at Wadsworth for a summons against a man for kissing her five weeks ago. She said she had not come sooner because she had been ill. The Magistrate thought a kiss would not cause illness, but the applicant replied that the fright had made her ill. She was advised to bring an action against her assailant in the County Court.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

All Little Fellows.

The wisdom of a man is but a small thing after all. What does he know? He can't tell why it was that he was created. He can't tell why blood circulates and keeps up life. He can't tell why it is that he can move his limbs when he wishes to walk, or to reach forth to grasp an object. He can't tell why he has a voice and can talk. In fact, has so little knowledge that it scarcely amounts to anything.—*Kaufman (Tex.) Sun.*

A young woman of Norfolk, Va., who was becoming blind from cataract, took the advice of an old negro woman, put a drop of molasses in each eye every day and was completely cured. So says the Norfolk *Landmark.*

—In the first place—the latest baby.

When is a kiss like rumor?—When it goes from mouth to mouth.

A Chicago drummer tells of a merchant in Walnut, Ill., who, being prosperous and a heavy buyer, is well treated by the commercial travellers, and has many a cigar offered to him. He always takes the cigar, says: "It's against my principles to smoke in business hours; I'll light this after supper," and when he gets a hundred puts them in a box and sells them to a train boy on the Burlington Road for half price.

BEWARE OF "WIDDERS!"

Amusing and Successful Breach of Promise Suit Against a Widower.

Mr. Henry Platts, cutlery manufacturer, of the Bridge Street Works, Sheffield, was sued for damages for breach of promise of marriage by Mrs. Ann Smith, a widow, of Broomhall street, Sheffield, before Mr. Justice Cave, at the Yorkshire Assizes, at Leeds, on Saturday week. Mr. Barker appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Ellison for the defendant.

The defendant, a widower, aged 65 years, became acquainted with the plaintiff, proposed and was accepted. The defendant presented the plaintiff with a watch and chain, for which he gave £20, often took her out of town, and September 14th, 1885, was the date fixed for the wedding. Within a few days of the 14th the defendant, for some unexplained reason, asked for the postponement of the wedding, and the date was altered. Next the defendant told the plaintiff that his daughter had left him, and that he should be glad if she would come and look after his house, and she did so for three weeks, during which time the defendant told her that his late wife did more work than she, and that he did not believe in having many servants. Finally the defendant refused to carry out his promise; the plaintiff left his house, returned his presents, and eventually claimed £500 damages through a solicitor.

The plaintiff said she never told the defendant that he would have to allow more for household expenditure. The defendant never told her he was willing to marry her but not her three sons.

Mr. Ellison—Now, are you very fond of this old gentleman?

Plaintiff—Yes. (Laughter.)

Why did you leave him?

Because he refused to marry me.

Mr. Henry Platts, the defendant, greatly amused the court by the way in which he told his story. He said: I was in Fargate when the plaintiff first looked at me. I spoke, and found it was not the person I thought it was. The plaintiff said, "Oh, it's all right," and we walked on together and told one another our names. A while afterwards I was conversing with a gentleman in a saleroom, and the plaintiff came up and said, "How do you do, Mr. Platts?" I answered, "You have the advantage of me;" and she rejoined, "It's Mrs. Smith." "Oh," said I, "I beg your pardon. How are you?" We saw each other several times after that. In the middle of last February she told me she had been to my factory to wish me a happy new year (laughter). She asked me to tea, but I said, "Tea-drinking is not much in my way."

His Lordship—Was this on the 14th of February.

Defendant—No, sir—(laughter.) However, I went to her daughter's to tea. My daughter left me in a "huff," and I said to the plaintiff, "Come and look after my house, will you, and we'll put up the banns." She came and stayed three weeks, and the banns were "called over" on the 29th of August. I told the plaintiff I was not satisfied with the way in which she had "distinguished" herself as a housekeeper. One morning she "blockaded the door," and said, "Have you as much love for me as you had?" and I answered, "Never mind love; let me go to business"—(laughter.) She refused to let me go, and I added, "Love is a poor thing to live on." Before going to business I told her I was willing to marry her, but not her three sons. That day she left my house and did not return. She afterwards sought me up again, and I stuck to my resolution—(laughter.)

Mr. Barker.—You were very much attached to this lady were you?

I cannot say that she broke my heart by leaving me—(laughter).

Did you buy her a new bonnet?

"No, she was showing me one, and I said, Here's half a sovereign towards the expenses"—(laughter).

Did you not differ about one of her sons?

Yes, one of them slept with me, and I said to him, "You do annoy me with snoring"—(laughter). Next day his mother said, "You have grieved my boy, he has been brought up tender"—(laughter). I replied, "If he never gets anything worse than that to grieve him he will get through pretty well." He was a boy of four and twenty—(laughter).

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £70, including £20 paid into court.

The Sneezing Spot.

As a *Journal* representative sat in the chair of a Maiden Lane barber the other day, the genial artist of the brush observed that the journalist sneezed when his hair was combed. "Did I touch the sneezing spot?" inquired the barber. He then proceeded to explain that the "sneezing spot" was a sensitive place to the left of the middle of the forehead. "Why," said he, "there are men who come in here who sneeze regularly every time I comb their hair or shave them just as soon as the comb passes over that spot. I had a man in here yesterday who sneezed three times just as hard as he could, all because I touched the 'sneezing spot.' It must be a very small nerve that tickles the nostrils."—*Albany Journal.*

His Sister Did Not Know Him.

Maud—I am astonished at you, Irene, for saying that Henry is awkward and bashful.

Irene—I ought to know, I think. I'm his own sister. He hates to go out into society. He never knows what to do with his hands.

Maud—You are mistaken, Irene. In that respect he is one of the most accomplished young men I ever went sleigh-riding with.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sir Charles Dilke's forthcoming article in continuation of the series begun in the *Fortnightly Review* will be on Russia. That country he knows thoroughly, having travelled nearly from end to end of it during a number of successive visits. He knows, also, much of its tortuous diplomacy and diplomatists.

A meeting was held in Paris yesterday to express indignation against the proposed increase in the corn tax. When M. Rouvier attempted to speak he was received with a storm of yells and imprecations, the uproar lasting fifteen minutes. MM. Guizot and Pelletan spoke against increasing the tax. A protectionist was hooted down.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MARCH. 3, 1887.

SOUTH GREY!

A Few Observations Concerning the Recent Campaign.

Let us calmly and dispassionately consider the recent hot political campaign in South Grey. Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away we shall, no doubt, be enabled to do this without prejudice.—For be it remembered, we are all more or less influenced by circumstances attending our early training—in politics and even in matters of a more sacred character.

For our own part, then, we are frank to confess, that, in conjunction with other Artemesia Liberal Conservatives, we did all in our power to secure the return as M. P. for South Grey, of Dr. Jamieson—a gentleman who, in his private and public life has been characterised by a strong desire to "hew to the line let the chips fall where they may." As a result this Township gave a largely increased Conservative majority. We worked hard for our candidate, feeling honestly convinced, that, if elected, he would represent us intelligently and faithfully, and would not stoop to become a mere party hack. We have lost the battle, which we most sincerely regret; but we can point with pride to the fact that noble old Artemesia is loyal and patriotic and has in most unmistakable language told Dr. Landerkin, that it does not endorse the course of a politician whose actions in the House of Commons showed that he consulted his own interests more than he did those of his constituents.

The course pursued by some of Dr. Landerkin's supporters—notably the *Grey Review*—must have been obnoxious in the eyes of the more moderate Reformers. The *Review* seemed to have lost its head altogether and forgotten the amenities due to honorable opponents. Private letters were published without even an apology—worse: they were garbled so as to convey a different meaning to that intended by the writers. Vulgar comments were appended, thereby heaping insult upon insult. But the most discreditable and astounding feature in connection with the *Review's* unwise and ungentlemanly "assaults," was the fact that the real motive power behind the scenes was Dr. Landerkin himself! This had been suspected for some time, but so adroitly had the Dr. ensconced himself "behind the scenes" that not until the week prior to the election did he reveal himself in the most unmistakable manner. Had he treated opponents with ordinary courtesy, even this might very easily have been overlooked. But, on the contrary, the *Review* was used simply and solely as a catspaw by Dr. Landerkin in Dr. Landerkin's behalf. Something like the man who patted himself on the back and said he was a good fellow "if he did say so himself?"

Then the Temperance question was hurled into the already seething political cauldron. Zealous Temperance Reformers whispered it around that Dr. Landerkin was a teetotaller and an out-and-out Temperance man; and, strange as it may appear, many eagerly swallowed the bait—forgetting or ignoring the fact that the Dr. attempted to destroy the usefulness of the Canada Temperance Act by voting in favor of the wine and beer clause! Such charming inconsistency or ignorance has seldom been witnessed in an intelligent and enlightened community.

Next came an alleged inconsistency on the part of Dr. Jamieson, which really only amounted to a question of veracity. Four respectable Reformers maintained one version of Dr. Jamieson's statement relative to the Temperance question, while four equally respectable Conservatives—men of undoubted integrity—held another. It was simply a question of veracity from beginning to end, and didn't amont to a "hill of beans" so far as the real questions at issue were concerned. But Dr. Landerkin did not think so. He was tired discussing questions with men who were more than his match, and so this petty, meaningless side-issue was a blessed relief. He accordingly seized it with surprising avidity, drew up a statement, which was duly signed by the four Reformers, and had the whole thing published in the veteran *Review* and that innocent young politician, the Hanover *Post*. Later on an enthusiastic supporter of the Dr's arose in the night, girded his loins and hied him away some miles into the country. Result: an affidavit, which was published in the two papers named, and which set forth alleged inconsistencies on the part of Dr. Jamieson, that really never existed—the affidavit notwithstanding. This latter statement we make with due care; for, while we are are sure the gentlemen would not knowingly swear to an untruth, they might, nevertheless, have failed to catch the true purport of Dr. Jamieson's remarks. People should be very careful about making affidavits in such cases unless they have taken the pains to have every word jotted down by a good shorthand writer. Certainly it is a species of hardihood we would not care to indulge in, although we have attended political gatherings in a reportorial capacity for the last twelve years.

It cannot be denied that Dr. Landerkin failed to give a satisfactory account of his stewardship—in Artemesia at anyrate; And, so uncomfortably warm did our local orators make it for him in that particular, that before fulfilling his engagements in the Township, he beat a hasty retreat across the border—scarcely taking time to "shake the dust off his feet!" His lieutenant, Mr. Wm. Brown, showed infinitely superior courage and stood his ground like a man. But even the latter—plucky though he was and is—met his Waterloo at the mass meeting in this town, and his Wellington in the person of Mr. D. Creighton, M. P. P.

If there is one thing above another which will lower a public man in the estimation of the people, it is moral cowardice. People may be very Falstaffs themselves, but, whether or not, they hate cowards. This may seem inconsistent, but it is true. All admire that bravery which enables a man, under favorable or trying circumstances, to stand up boldly - face to face with the enemy—and give utterance to his honest convictions. Dr. Landerkin posed as a brave man, and at several meetings in Artemesia insinuated that his opponent avoided meeting him because of downright moral fear. He made all the capital possible out of this until a day or so before the mass meeting in Flesherton. Then he had an opportunity of meeting Dr Jamieson on the public platform. Dr. Jamieson was there; but where, oh! where was Dr. Landerkin? He had other engagements in another part of the riding, said the *Review*. Why didn't he cancel them when such a grand opportunity offered itself to vindicate his honor as an alleged brave man? Who was the coward? Let an intelligent public judge.

In reviewing the campaign just closed one cannot but be struck at the tortuous quibbling over minor matters and the deliberate avoidance of great issues on the part of Dr. Landerkin—even in his strongholds this was noticeable. Where his political admirers dominated, the Dr. was witty and genial; where they were in the minority, he was fierce and intolerant in his actions, intemperate in his language and discourteous to those who opposed him on the hustings. Wherever the Irish Catholic element abounded, Home Rule for Ireland formed the chief theme of his discourse; elsewhere he grew strangely dumb in this respect and discussed civil service reform, High Commissioner's residence in London and every other theme, except the really vital ones, with rare complacency and force. Of the sacrificing of moral principles—on the part of some of his followers—in order to asertain whether his opponent drank liquor or ginger ale; and of the doings of the "broom brigade" on the morning after the election, it is not necessary to speak: persons not afflicted with temporary derangement have long since brought in their verdict, which is certainly not flattering to the "eminent" burlesque comedians, who took part therein.

In conclusion, it is with grief and indignation, that we acknowledge the return to parliament of Dr. Landerkin—a man whose name will be recorded in the future history of our country as the defender of a criminal of the deepest dye. But, alas! our fair county's name will also besmirch the pages of the same leaf in our country's history, in that it endorsed that disgraceful action by returning Dr. Landerkin to the House of Commons as its representative. Our children will remember it in the days which are to come and will never cease regretting the folly that led their ancestors thus to stain an otherwise unblemished escutcheon.

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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will prove a sure and certain remedy.

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The well-qualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with its merits, but it is compounded from nature's well-known barks, roots, herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

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Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure have been sold in Canada alone. We would say to every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

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In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

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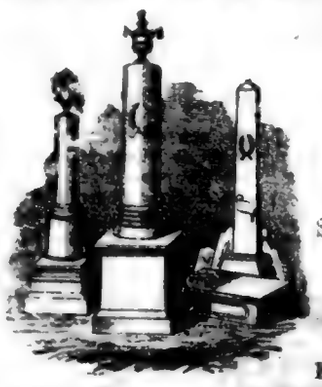

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Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

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Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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Saw Mill!
IN FULL OPERATION.

Special attention given to custom work, so that parties delivering logs to be sawn, can have their Lumber for return loads.

SAW LOGS
BOUGHT.

WM HOGG.

Feb. 23rd, 1887.

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WITH good Pedigree will stand for season of 1886-7 at Lot No. 141 first Range East of Toronto & Sydenham Road, Artemesia. Terms on application.

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FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

THE THIRD "BOYCOTT."

According to the verdict of some of our Reform friends, it is a crime on our part to have a mind of our own, or to express our honest convictions through THE ADVANCE. Hence they have boycotted us and even had the temerity to make free with our reputation as a public man, although not one of them can successfully charge us with partiality in local or political affairs. We give every man—Reformer or Conservative, black or white, Catholic or Protestant—a fair hearing in our columns and bonny fair play in every instance; and there is not that gentlemen living who dare dispute the fact. Often—contrary to the established usages of journalism—we have published matter intended to do us no good, simply from a desire to let the public see both sides of the question. But we do not, and never have, taken credit for this, as we only followed the promptings of conscience. All we ask—and have a right to expect—is to be accorded that liberty of speech and action we allow to others. But boycott or no boycott, THE ADVANCE will continue to speak plainly, freely and fearlessly on all matters of interest to the general public—giving "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" according to the light God has given us. We wish every man well, be he friend or foe, and have not the slightest desire to return evil for evil. But so long as we have power to wield the pen, wicked deeds shall be exposed, and the people's best interests promoted to the extent of our humble ability. Nothing shall cause us to swerve for one instant from the course we have mapped out for ourself in matters political, moral or religious. In everything we shall, as in the past, give forth no uncertain sounds. We have never received a dollar from any political organization, society or corporation which we have not earned by hard and honest labor. Thus, untrammelled by partizan or other influences, we have always endeavored to give publicity to unbiased and honest sentiments—heedless alike of the frown of bigotry and prejudice and the cavilling of quondam friends. All we ask is a fair hearing and an honest criticism before the bar of public opinion.

Mechanics Institute.

Editor Advance: Glad to see you moving in the direction of establishing a Mechanics' Institute. Let there be no half measures in endeavoring to give our children access to standard works. Count me with you.

ARTEMESIA.

Election Reports.

Our favorite daily, the Toronto *World*, furnished the public with the most trustworthy reports, concerning the result of the recent Dominion Elections, of any paper we have seen. The *World's* estimate of the result—*before* the elections came off—was so remarkably correct, that we honestly think that journal is entitled to take its place in the very front rank of Canadian journalism. We have admired the honesty and straightforwardness of the *World* in all public matters, but never have we admired it more than at this moment.

An Election Episode.

Mr. J. Gordon Mowat ("Moses Cats") addressed a meeting of electors in Osprey Township recently in the interests of Mr. Robt. Gilray, and, in the course of his remarks, predicted the defeat of Dr. Sproule. Our townsman, M. Richardson, Esq., next spoke, and, it is needless to say, made a splendid speech. Before taking his seat, however, he alluded to Mr. Mowat's prophecy, and said,—amid roars of laughter,—that if that gentleman's political forecasts were as trustworthy as his weather prognostications, Dr. Sproule need have nothing to fear! The result proved that Mr. Richardson is something of a "prophet" himself.

To Stock Raisers.

Mr. R. H. Plantt having disposed of his well-known bull has purchased another to take his place. The latest importation is a magnificent Durham bull, thorough-bred and will be at Mr. Plantt's farm for service during the coming season. Those interested in improving their stock will do well to paste this item in their almanacs for reference. "General Rockwell" is the name of the bull.

Almost miraculous are some of the cures accomplished by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In the case of R. L. King, Richmond, Va., who suffered for 47 years with an aggravated form of scrofula, Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected astonishing results.

OUT IN THE STORM!

Thrilling Adventure of Tommy Cullen and Charlie Reid.

In a letter to a friend in Flesherton, Mrs. Wm. Cullen—formerly of this place—relates the following thrilling adventure of her son Tommy, and Charlie Reid during a terrific North West blizzard. The story is graphically told by Master Tommy himself, as follows:

"On Thursday Charlie Reid and myself started to take our stock about 10 miles, where we had about 30 tons of hay. The day was bright and mild. We had rigged up a jumper and had our tent and bed-clothes and some provisions. There was a camp stove out at the stacks. When we started snow covered the earth to the depth of about six inches. We got about seven miles when we saw the storm coming. I tried to pitch the tent and Charlie went to "round up" the cattle. The wind and snow came on with such force and suddeness that I could not pitch the tent. I waited for Charlie about an hour and he did not come. I then knew he was lost, and, taking out my gun, I fired shot after shot until he got safely back to me. We then spread the blankets and pulled the tent up over us. We had got our feet wet in the soft snow and had to hold our toes in our hands to keep them from freezing. It snowed about 1½ feet that night. When morning came we tried to drive the cattle but could not. It was blowing a hurricane and the thermometer dropped away down to 40 degrees below zero! Charlie commenced to freeze and so did I. Fortunately we had kept hold of the horses. I got Charlie mounted, as he was not able to stand up. I held him on and led my horse, and after awhile the heat of the animals made us feel much warmer. Fortunately we struck the railway track and got to a station house—frozen, but not seriously. We got to the house a little after noon, having had no food since the morning of the day before. The storm lasted five days. Our cattle drifted before the storm. There are about 1000 head drifting around; they came with the storm from the West."

Wedding Bells.

A happy company gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Hyslop, of Ancaster, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, 1887, to witness the marriage of their daughter, Mary, to Mr. Joseph H. Stinson, of Singhampton, Ont. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. Ross, Presbyterian minister of Ancaster. The bride looked very pretty in her rich costume of peacock blue plush. Her bridesmaid, Miss Phoebe Stinson, was arrayed in brown satin and plush. Mr. Stinson was assisted by Mr. Frank H. Nettleton, of Collingwood. After the congratulations were over, the guests repaired to the dining room, where the wedding dinner was spread, and where a very enjoyable time was spent. The guests were Rev. H. Ross and Mrs. Ross, of Ancaster Mr. and Mrs. John Stinson and Miss Stinson, of Singhampton: Messrs. Frank H. Nettleton and Andrew Sharp, of Collingwood, Mr. C. Major, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Livingston, of Grimsby; Mr. and Mrs. R. Hyslop and Miss Hyslop, Mrs. W. Hyslop, Mr. and Miss Barr, Misses Moody, Johnston and Wolfe, and Messrs. Rosenstadt, L. Croswaithe and J. Hyslop, of Hamilton; Dr. and Mrs. Brandon, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, Mr. and Miss Chapman, Mrs. R. Smith, Miss Forsyth, and Messrs. Moore, Postans, Elliott and Smith, of Ancaster. The presents were both numerous and beautiful. The happy couple departed to catch the train for the East, amid the good wishes of their older friends, and the rice-pelting of the younger ones, and accompanied by Mr. Nettleton and Miss Stinson. That long life and happiness may be their portion is the wish of the *Independent.—Grimsby Independent.*

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

OPEN DIVISION.

In the Sons of Temperance Hall, Flesherton.

Next Wednesday evening, March 9th, the members of the Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, purpose holding their regular monthly Open Division in their new hall, Christoe's block. Refreshments will be provided for the occasion. A good intellectual program is being arranged by the Committee for the Good of the Order. On motion a hearty invitation to attend was extended to the members of Priceville Division. The people generally are cordially invited to be present. Admission free. To commence at 8 o'clock.

N. B.—Members are asked to attend at 7:30 sharp.

DOMINION ELECTIONS.

Special Despatch to the Toronto World.

Montreal, Feb. 23.—The Government can at the present outlook with confidence count on the support of thirty-five Quebec members. Girouard, Desjardins, Dupont and Cimon will not go Liberal on any account; Coursol and Gigault may kick on the Riel matter if it comes up, the others are all safe on ordinary divisions.

The Witness this evening makes the following calculation: Not counting the British Columbia and Northwest Territories constituencies, and giving the Conservative Nationalists like Coursol, Gigault and Dupont to the Government, the result of the election is as follows:

Province.	*Con.*	*Lib.*	*Con. maj.*	*Lib. maj.*
Ontario	52	38	14	0
Quebec	35	29	6	0
Nova Scotia	13	8	5	0
New B.	9	6	3	0
Prince E. I.	2	4	0	2
Manitoba	4	1	3	0
Total	115	86	31	2

Total Conservative majority 29.

The final returns when received from the Northwest and British Columbia will probably bring the Government's majority up to 40. The Star makes:

Province.	*Con.*	*Lib.*	*Ind.*
Quebec	32	25	7
Ontario	55	34	0
Nova Scotia	15	6	0
New Brunswick	10	6	0
Prince Edward Island	2	4	0
Manitoba	4	1	0
British Columbia	1	0	0
Grand Total	119	76	7

Conservative maj. over all ..36.

The Gazette calculation is as follows:

	Con.	*Lib.*
Ontario	53	38
Quebec	35	28
Manitoba	4	1
Nova Scotia	14	7
New Brunswick	9	7
Prince Edward Island	4	2
British Columbia	1	0
Total	120	83

Conservative maj. 37

YET TO BE HELD.

Algoma	1
Gaspe	1
Northwest Territories	4
British Columbia	5

Of these eleven seats the Government expect to carry nine.

Sir John Macdonald himself expects to have a majority of over 40 in the House. That the Government will have a good working majority is admitted on all hands.

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A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Discussion of the New Rules of Procedure.

THE ADDRESS CARRIED.

A London cable says: In the Commons to-night Mr. L. L. Dillwyn (Liberal) moved to adjourn the debate on the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech, for the purpose of discussing irregularities in the conspiracy trial at Dublin, by which the interests of certain members of the House of Commons were prejudiced.

The Speaker declined to put the motion or to permit a debate on the subject. He said that according to a previous decision a motion to adjourn could not be put on a subject respecting which a motion stood on the order book, and that as Mr. Sexton had already placed a motion referring to jury packing, Mr. Dillwyn's motion could not be entertained.

Mr. W. H. Smith moved that the discussion of the rules of procedure have precedence over all orders of the day. He said the prolonged debate on the Address showed the necessity of putting some limit to the speaking, which had become prolix.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said the Opposition did not desire to place obstacles in the way of the progress of business. He hoped the matter of procedure would not be made a party question.

Mr. Labouchere objected to giving a blank cheque of this sort to the Government, thereby permitting them to monopolize every day with the discussion of procedure rules. He did not think the Government was able to effect good legislation. The session ought therefore, in his opinion, to be made an educational session.

An amendment that a day be granted for debating the Welsh Disestablishment Bill was carried by 261 to 158.

Mr. Parnell asked the Government to concede time to discuss his proposal for admitting Irish leaseholders to the benefits of the Land Act of 1881. Under Mr. Smith's motion, he said, it would be five weeks before any Irish question would have a chance to be heard. He therefore moved: "That the rules of procedure be not considered before the Government discloses the nature of their proposed legislation for Ireland." (Cheers.) Continuing, he said he was not disposed to surrender the interests of Ireland in order to give the Government precedence for their procedure proposals. The motion had been sprung on the House suddenly in defiance of the fact that there were no precedents for such an interruption of the debate on the Address. The affairs of Ireland were in too critical a condition to be thus put aside. The West Government Board of Guardians had just received notice of intended evictions of one thousand persons, while Lord Cork was asking for police to assist in further evictions. Was it at such a time as this that Irish members were debarred from bringing forward grievances?

Mr. Smith said he thought the proceedings of the last three weeks were sufficient to show how useless it was to go further into the Irish legislation until the rules of procedure were settled.

Mr. Parnell's resolution was rejected by vote of 242 against 107.

The announcement of the result was received with cheers by the Conservatives.

Mr. Smith announced that the Government would begin giving precedence to the Rules of Procedure on Monday.

Mr. Dillon complained of the removal of the venue of his trial, and accused High Sheriff Hamilton of having dismissed the sub-sheriff, who had compiled the jury panels for thirty years, in order to appoint Capt. Hamilton, who was a personal enemy of Mr. Dillon.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, interposing, said Capt. Hamilton had not been appointed sub-sheriff.

Mr. Dillon replied that it was a matter of common knowledge that the post had been offered to Capt. Hamilton. He proceeded to refer to the jury panel.

The Speaker ruled him out of order.

Mr. Dillon bowed to the chair, but said he hardly expected that he would not be allowed to refer to his being tried by a jury that had been deliberately and maliciously packed by his enemies. (Loud Parnellite cheers.)

Mr. Speaker again interposed, and, in reply to Messrs. Dillon and Kelly, ruled that the subject should not be referred to in any way.

The Speaker then suggested the putting of the question on the Address.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor moved to adjourn, on the ground that the Parnellites had not been fairly treated.

The motion was rejected by 261 to 119.

After another attempt to continue the debate,

Mr. Speaker said it was evidently the sense of the House that the subject had been sufficiently discussed.

Mr. Smith moved "That the question be now put."

The motion was carried by 289 to 74 and the address was adopted by a vote of 283 to 70 amid Conservative cheers.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons last evening, on the motion to report the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech,

Mr. Labouchere moved to censure the Government for its Bulgarian policy. He said the Government had tried to prevent the abdication of Prince Alexander, and had acted without the concurrence of the other signatories of the Berlin Treaty. He accused the Government of trying to stir up a war against Russia, and asked if there were any dynastic reasons for trying to keep an obscure German Prince on the throne of Bulgaria.

Sir James Fergusson, Under Foreign Secretary, said the policy of the Government was in accord with the overwhelming popular feeling in Bulgaria in favor of Prince Alexander. The support which the British agents gave Prince Alexander was simply moral and diplomatic. The Government did not mean to stir up war or design to enter any alliance against Russia. There was no reason to doubt the goodwill of the Czar.

Mr. Labouchere's motion was negatived without a division.

Mr. W. H. Smith, replying to a question, said it was not intended to release Irish or other convicts on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. The recent release of prisoners in India, in commemoration of the Jubilee, had been ordered by the Government in accordance with an Oriental custom. The order did not apply to Great Britain.

PRETTY TOUGH.

The Struggles of a Poor Widow with Poverty and Misfortune.

A last (Wednesday) night's Montreal despatch says: A sad and distressing case has just come to light here, in which a wife and family are left in poverty and deprived of their bread-winner. About two months ago a laborer named James Duanan left here for Boston on the promise of getting work there, leaving his wife and young children behind. He found employment in a lumber yard, and sent home his money regularly every week. He expected to get work here this week, and left Boston on the 5th inst. He wrote that he was coming, but on Wednesday last a telegram was received by the Chief of Police stating that Duanan had fallen off the train at Tilton, New Haven, and was killed. At the request of the widow the Chief telegraphed to forward the body here, which was done on Saturday last, but on its arrival the poor woman had not a cent to bury it with, and was only living in lodgings. The corpse lay in the depot until to-day, as the civic authorities would not do anything, when Dr. Laberge, the medical officer of the city, had it removed at his own expense to the cemetery, the widow being the only mourner who followed the hearse.

A LADY'S WONDERFUL NERVE.

She Stops a Runaway Horse and Saves Several Lives.

A Kingston (N.Y.) despatch says: A runaway accident occurred here this forenoon which afforded an estimable lady an opportunity to shame every man in town. The horse of Mr. John R. Styles, becoming frightened at a piece of paper in a roadway, dashed down the street. The sleigh was broken, and the animal ran through several thoroughfares with only the broken shafts attached to it. When near the First Reformed Church, where Mrs. Van Slyke, wife of the Rev. Van Slyke, D.D., pastor of the church, was walking, there was danger it might run down and injure several children then playing in the street. Mrs. Van Slyke ran out in the roadway, caught hold of and hung on to the reins, and finally succeeded in stopping the frightened animal. The children's danger was witnessed by a crowd, but she was the only one who had the pluck to risk personal injury that the lives of others might not be endangered. Men quickly gathered to say that she had wonderful nerve and presence of mind, and then they suddenly remembered that important business required their presence elsewhere.

Lord Dunraven's Resignation.

A London cable says: In the House of Lords last night Lord Dunraven made a personal explanation, giving the reasons which caused him to resign the Under Secretaryship for the Colonies. He said his action was principally caused by considerations of public economy. He differed with the Government on colonial questions, but he did not resign on that account. The Ministerial action on the fisheries dispute between the United States and Canada had not influenced him, for he agreed with the Government in the course it had pursued, but he strongly disapproved of the action taken in another matter of colonial policy. The position taken by the Government in the Newfoundland fisheries he did not approve of, as well as in other points of colonial policy. He disapproved of the course being adopted towards Ireland. That country needed liberal measures and proper system of county government. But above all there should be a rigid economy in the public expenditures. The Marquis of Salisbury replied humorously to Lord Dunraven's explanations.

Latest from the Northwest.

Nothing new or important has occurred in connection with the murder hoax in this city. Schofield has been released by the Minneapolis authorities and has skipped out. Miller, the unfortunate night watchman, has been released. In consequence of the discovery of blood marks on his clothes the matter might have gone hard with him but for Schofield's appearance.

The Orange Grand Lodge has been in session to-day, the principal business being the amendment of the constitution and an address on the state of the Order delivered by Grand Master Robinson.

The School Board has commenced an investigation into charges made against members of the Board of various irregular practices.

The Rossin House, Portage la Prairie, Adams & Jackson, proprietors, was destroyed by fire this morning, supposed to be incendiary. The building was owned by Mr. Nevins. The damage to the building and stock is about $8,000.

A 14-year-old school-girl met a sad death at DuBois, Mich., recently. She returned to the school to get her books, having forgotten them. She pushed the window-sash up, and was in the act of climbing into the school-house when the sash fell on her neck, holding her there until she died.

At the Valier street railway crossing at St Sauveur, Que., a carter named Falardeau was, at an early hour yesterday morning, run down in his vehicle and received fatal injuries. He was still living yesterday afternoon, though his skull and both arms are reported fractured.

It is semi-officially stated in St. Petersburg that in Russian Government circles the conviction is gaining ground that war between France and Germany is inevitable. In addition to this, it is said that as a fresh defeat of France might involve disastrous results to Russia, the Czar's Government will, in the event of war, preserve entire liberty of action. It will not support France as an ally, but may—by a firm, reserved attitude—prevent Germany from sending the whole of her army west of the Rhine, and even if France should be defeated, alleviate as much as possible the effects of the disaster. For these reasons, it is declared, Russia will await the outcome of the different phases of the Bulgarian crisis with the greatest calmness, and act in such a way as to avoid being involved with Austria or England at the moment when France and Germany commence hostilities.

A HUNGRY BOY.

A Youth with a Bottomless Stomach Eats Everything Within Reach.

A special to the Indianapolis *Journal* from Martinsville says: Henry Flowers, a 14-year-old boy of Jefferson Township, this county, is one of the most peculiar specimens of humanity that have ever come to light in this section. He came to town last Saturday, as is his usual custom, and was taken to the Mansion House of this city by two prominent citizens, who bargained with the landlord to furnish the boy a square meal for 55 cents, they wishing to satisfy their curiosity as to his abilities as an eater. They did not have long to wait until their fondest hope of getting the joke upon the landlord was realized. He ate six pieces of light bread, two pieces of corn bread, two large slices of beef, roasted with gravy; two large slices of roasted pork, four large potatoes, one dish of beans, one dish of slaw, two dishes of hominy, one dish of parsnips and two pieces of pie. After eating his pie he called for a bowl of oysters, and was informed that they were not on the bill of fare for that day. He then went to Dr. Blackstone's to eat again, and his meal there consisted of seven potatoes, three slices of bread, each six by eight inches; two slices of roast beef, two cups of coffee, one dish of tomatoes, one dish of butter beans and two pieces of pie. As is usual with him his hunger was not yet satisfied. He went from Dr. Blackstone's to one of the city bakeries, there purchased ten cents' worth of cheese and crackers and ate them, and at last accounts he was in his usual condition.

The boy is very lean and of less than the average height for his age, being only about three feet high, and weighing but forty pounds. His skin is thick and yellow, his cheeks hollow and sunken, and his eyes give an unmistakable proof of his constant hunger, which he evinces on all occasions. Seldom, if ever, does one encounter such an appetite, and it is a wonder where he stows away so much food. No physician here can satisfactorily diagnose his case.

HIS LAST WISH.

A Pittsburger Wants his Ashes Carried to Mid-Ocean and Scattered to the Four Winds.

A Pittsburg despatch says: In his will, which was drawn up yesterday by Alderman Hartman, Ambrose Retharge, aged 52, after disposing of $10,000 in real estate, directs: "That my body be taken to St. Michael's Church, and after the proper religious services are performed that it be given in charge of my family, who will convey it to Samson crematory and then have it burned to ashes, the ashes to be put in a small bottle and given in charge of the German consul in this city. This gentleman will then forward my ashes to the consul in New York, who will give them in charge of the captain of the German steamer Elbe, who will place them securely in his ship for the ocean voyage. When at mid-ocean I direct the captain to request one of the passengers to dress in a seafaring suit and ascend with my ashes in his hand to the top of the topmast, and after pronouncing a last benediction to extract the cork from the bottle and cast its contents to the four winds of heaven. I direct also while this ceremony is being performed that it be witnessed by all the passengers on board. After the Elbe has completed her trip and returned again to New York I want a full statement of my death and the scattering of my ashes in mid-ocean published in the Pittsburg papers, so that my friends in this city shall know my burial place." Retharge, who has not been considered eccentric, and about twenty-five friends were present in the alderman's office while the document was being drawn up.

LOVE, HATE AND COWARDICE.

Dreadful Attempt of a Rejected Lover to Burn the Object of his Affections.

A Nashville, Tenn., despatch says: The arrest of Elisha Greig here last night reveals a diabolical plot to commit murder and arson. On Sunday night the residence of Mr. Jesse Nolan, a farmer in Davidson County, was burned and the inmates of the house, Miss Mattie Ormand and Mrs. Hamlet, barely escaped cremation. The fire was supposed to be incendiary, and last night Greig made a confession of having set fire to the house. He said he had been hired by a neighboring farmer (Jim Bulleyjack) to burn the place. Bulleyjack had planned, he said, to burn Miss Ormand, who had refused him in marriage. The plan was to catch her if she escaped burning and murder her. They took a rope along to drag her to the river and throw her body in. After they set the fire both got frightened and aroused the ladies—who had barely time to get out—could see who they were. Greig was arrested on suspicion, and confessed as above related. Miss Ormand is to marry Bulleyjack's rival next week, hence his desire for revenge.

Sponge your windows with alcohol, is the advice of an exchange. Many men sponge their alcohol.

A song for the girl we love,
God love her!
A song for the eyes with their tender wile,
And the fragrant mouth with its melting smile
The rich, brown tresses uncontrolled,
That clasp her neck with their tenderest hold:
And the blossom lips, and the dainty chin,
And the lily hand that we try to win—
The girl we love,
God love her!

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what does it mean to pile Ossa on Pelion?" "There, don't bother me now," replied pa; "ask your ma; she understands all about millinery."

—A 3-year-old child who died recently in Wisconsin expelled a snake a foot long from its stomach shortly before its death. The parents recollect having given the child a drink of spring water in the dark about a year ago.

—Rev. Marcus Rainsford is probably the first clergyman to preach in a sewer. When a new sewer in the north of London was recently being built Mr. Rainsford, whose work is among the people of that neighborhood, went into the sewer one evening and held service for the workmen.

—In China a man never sees his wife until he is wedded to her for life. Chinese courtships must be very inexpensive affairs, but contain no more fun than walking two miles home from church alone on a dark and rainy night.

$50,000 IN AN OLD LOG HUT.

The Wealth of the Monmouth Hermit who is Slowly Dying.

A Keyport, N.J., despatch says: John I. Schenck, the old Monmouth county hermit, is slowly dying at the home of his brother, to which he was taken about nine months ago. The hermit is nearly 80 years of age, and for nearly fifty years lived in seclusion, allowing no one to cross his threshold. Just before his removal to his brother's home he had been suffering from a stroke of paralysis, and had it not been for the timely visit of his brother he would certainly have died at the time for want of nourishment and care. The near neighbors had noticed that he had not been out for several days, and, suspecting that he was sick, sent for his brother, who found him very low.

After his removal an investigation of his hut was made. In a little shanty which was built in a thicket was found an iron box containing papers worth $10,000. In other corners of the tumble-down building was found quite a large quantity of gold and silver coins. Under one of the beds in his two-story rookery which answered for a home was found an old woollen stocking filled with money.

The interior of the building very much resembled a museum, there being many curious articles hung upon the walls. In all about thirty muskets and guns were counted. On attempting to take one down Mr. Schenck was astonished at its weight. Upon examination he was rather surprised to find it filled up with ten dollar gold pieces. In all nearly $50,000 in money and valuable papers were found concealed around the hut and outbuildings. The old hut is daily visited by many sight-seers. This ancient, tumble-down building is hardly two stories high, with an old style roof slanting nearly to the ground. There are four rooms, the largest being 8x15 feet. The staircase is made from an enormous oak log, with deep notches cut in it. Much of the furniture was made from oak trees cut on the farm.

WONDERFUL FAITH CURE.

A Girl Raised From an Invalid's Bed and Restored to Health.

A Pittsburgh, Pa., despatch says: A remarkable faith cure was reported from Banksville, a mining town two miles southwest of this city, to-day. For several years Maggie Beadling, the 16-year-old daughter of a coal miner, has been bedridden. Frequently of late she has lain in a trance or comatose state for days, and when she would return to consciousness she would tell her friends that she had been to heaven. In proof of this she told the names and described the appearance of relatives who died before she was born, and of others whom she knew when they were alive. In October and November last she lay in a comatose state for several weeks, during which time she partook only of a small quantity of liquid food, administered to her by attendants. When she revived she said she had received divine communication to the effect that at 2 p.m. on February 17th she would be raised from an invalid's bed and entirely restored to health. This afternoon her father's house was filled with friends and neighbors, who waited in silence and awe for the predicted manifestation. The girl's face wore an expression of joy and seemed to grow in beauty as the hour drew near. Exactly at the stroke of 2 she arose from her chair with her crutches in her hands, and, flinging them aside, walked about the room, to the overwhelming astonishment of those present. The cure seemed complete and she jumped about like a child. The news was noised about and almost the entire population of Banksville turned out to see her. Her parents wept with joy and the greatest excitement prevailed. Miss Beadling was seen by several reporters and she pronounced herself well. It is the belief among neighbors that the young lady was sincere in her claim of affliction and her recovery is regarded as a miracle.

A Scene at a Funeral.

A disgraceful scene has occurred at Chester in connection with the burial of an aged man named Candeland. He lived alone and had been attended by a nurse from the Deaconesses' Institution and by several neighbors. The latter, thinking they had a claim on the old man's effects, locked the door of the cottage and refused to relinquish the key until they were paid. The funeral party, including several relations, were unable to get possession of the corpse until they had burst open the door, and then they found that the bed-room in which the deceased lay was also locked. Force had again to be resorted to before the corpse could be carried to the hearse. In the meantime a large crowd had gathered, and there was an angry demonstration against the persons who had perpetrated this outrage.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Young Humanitarian, referring to a preformer on the bagpipes: "Oh, mamma, couldn't you interfere? There's a horrid man squeezing something under his arm, and he *is* hurting it so!"

Rev. A. H. Ball, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, of Springfield, Ill., Chaplain of the lower house in the last Legislature, and both able and eloquent, has resigned his pastorate because, as he says, he has come to the conclusion that "close communion" is wrong. He will go to the Congregationalists, believing in their doctrines and form of church government.

The Prince Regent of Bavaria has given orders to each of his sons to learn a manual trade, and Prince Rupprecht, the heir of the throne, has become a turner.

Mr. Goodall, R. A., is engaged upon a sculptural work for the next Royal Academy Exhibition, representing "Flagrant Guilt Subjected to the Gaze of Stainless Innocence."

Mayor Howland Thursday received a requisition, signed by a large number of lady ratepayers of Toronto, asking him to call a public meeting to discuss the question of shorter hours for female clerks. The meeting will be held on Friday, the 25th inst.

James Arbuckle, of Missouri city, gravely insists that he has a cat that can sing "Sweet Violets." It cannot speak the words, but can "carry the tune" so that it is easily recognized. This cat can also say "yes" and "no."

BURIED LIKE A DOG.

Indecent Treatment of a Veteran Soldier's Remains.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: A story, which is almost incredible, comes from Norton, King's county. A few days ago, John Alberton, the oldest man in New Brunswick, died in the parish of Norton, where pauper farming is in vogue. He was buried on the same day in a box which had not even shavings on it for the body to lie on. There was no burial service, and, in fact, the man, who was 105 years old, who had served under Lord Nelson, and was present at the battle of the Nile, who served also at Waterloo, under Wellington, was buried like a dog. King's is the constituency represented in the Commons by Prof. Foster.

Latest Fashion Notes.

A pretty tea-gown, of dark pansy plush, has a pale pink satin front with velvet pansies appliques.

Tiny diamond ear-screws have had a certain popularity of late, as the betrothal gift, in place of rings or bracelets. The lover puts them in, and they remain until replaced by the bridal gift of pendent solitaires.

The long pin thrust in the hair at the back to hold the bonnet in place is made of gold or silver and set with Rhine stones or Austrian garnets, and is worn by women whose fancy inclines to elaborate jewellery; but those of quieter tastes prefer a large flat hairpin of blonde shell.

At the ice carnival at Montreal have been displayed some luxurious skating and sleighing costumes, entirely of sealskin. They are, of course, severe in outline and without drapery. The skirt has all its fulness massed in the back, and the postillion basque clings to the bust as if moulded upon it, with close sleeves and high officer's collar; the only ornaments are pendent balls of seal.

The tendency in the coming season will be to match the dress in the color of the straw bonnets and hats, which are being dyed in all the new shades shown in the spring goods, old rose, old blue, the new green shades, absinthe and renaissance, Charles X. pink, and all the dull red and mahogany shades, called by French milliners vennis de Japon. These will be trimmed with upright bows of the new loop-edged ribbons of mousseline, tafeta and gauze, combined with small stiff wings or small fine flowers.

Girls at the intermediate age, a year or two before appearing in society, are difficult to dress, the little foulard frocks lately imported from Paris come nearer solving the problem than anything yet designed for them. The skirts, without being short, are not long, exposing the boots laced with narrow ribbons. Made straight and without drapery they are trimmed with three narrow flounces which are bordered with narrow ribbon, different for each flounce, repeating the colors in the figure of the fourland—pale pink, bright pink, pale green, green; the corsage then is of plain foulard, pink or green, to match the sprays in the figured skirt; a wide sash of plain foulard is rustled about the waist. The whole effect is very fresh and charming.

For suits of light weight for the spring are cheviots and Angora cloths in fine lines, pink checks and stripes of black and white together, or of dark Havana brown with Suede dark blue with white, or else green, copper, red or plum color. The spring jackets are made of barred or stripped cloths of dark colors, or of the favorite Suede and tan shades that are always worn in the spring. The slighter colored jackets are made with the overlapping seams of the covert coat that Redfern popularized. They are worn both double and single breasted and are frequently completed by a hood lined with dull

A pretty suit for boys from 3 to 6 years of age is made with a jacket of red or green corduroy and a kilt skirt of serge of the same color. For instance, a red serge kilt is sewed to a silesia waist that has a black velvet vest sewed on the front; then a red corduroy jacket with a broad short back, all in one piece, buttons once at the throat and slopes away to show the vest. Tiny black buttons are set close together along the edges of the front as a trimming. A blue serge suit similarly made has a red corduroy vest fastened by gilt buttons. The vest is sloped to two points at the end. Brown serge suits have white corduroy vests and small pearl buttons.

—A man begins to understand what a winter carnival is like when his wife reminds him that the coal bin is empty and that she wants a new fur-lined toboggan suit.

THE INDUSTRIOUS DAMSEL.

A damsel who knew how to knit
For hours with her needle would sit,
And the stockings she knitted
Were handsome, and fitted
Without ever wrinkling a bit.

—Gail Hamilton says "That a woman of 20 should be as much ashamed of being dyspeptic as of being drunk."

A young man was taken off the London and St. Mary's train to the London Hospital on Saturday evening and died yesterday. He was identified as Robert Jolliffe, and was on his way to Perth county.

An inquest was held on Saturday into the cause of the terrible accident in the Wilbur iron mine at Lavant. Expert evidence showed that it was not usual to timber the roofs of such mines. The verdict exonerated the company from the charge of negligence.

On Saturday afternoon a man named Fair, employed by the Montreal Gas Company, met with a shocking death. He was engaged in loading coal at Hochelaga yards when an immense quantity fell upon him, completely burying him. When extricated life was extinct.

At a special meeting of the Toronto City Council on Saturday afternoon, a long report from Messrs. McAlpine and Tully, on the feasibility of procuring a supply of water for the city from the northern lakes, and giving the estimated cost, was read and ordered to be printed.

Two men, known by the names of Jesse Ryan and Robt. Steinhoff, were arrested about seven miles from Wheatley, Ont., in a bush in the township of Romney, Kent county, on a charge of murder, which they are supposed to have committed in Texas. They will be taken through to Sandwich to-night.

OUT IN THE COLD.

The Adventure of a Gentleman Who Would Not Sleep With His Brother.

One night, writes Bob Burdette in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, I reached Erie the pleasant just as the clocks in the Lord Mayor's castle struck 21. It was bitter, biting, stinging cold, and there was no ambulance at the station, while there was a good hotel there. I went in and registered, and a man of commanding presence, tailor built clothes and a brown beard of most refined culture followed me, and under my plebeian scrawl made the register luminous with his patrician cognomen. I stood a little in awe of this majestic being, about as little as I usually stand in the presence of any majestic creature, and when in a deep, bass, commanding voice he ordered a room, I had a great mind -something that I always carry with me when I travel —to go out and get him one. The gentlemanly and urbane night clerk, who also seemed to be deeply impressed—as is the habit of the night clerk—with the gentleman's responsible-to-any-amount toot on sawmbel, said he was sorry, but he had but one vacant room and it contained but one bed. "Still," he said, as became a man who was bound to stand for his house if it hadn't a bed in it, "it was a very wide bed, very wide and quite long. Two gentlemen could sleep in it quite comfortably, and if——" But the commanding being at my side said that was quite altogether out of the question entirely. Quite. He was sorry for the—here he looked at me, hesitated, but finally said—gentleman, but He couldn't share His room with him. He was sorry for the—gentleman, and hoped he might find comfortable lodgings, but He couldn't permit him to occupy even a portion of His bed. Then the clerk begged pardon, and was sorry, and all that, but this other gentleman had registered first, and it was for him to say what disposition should be made of this lonely room and solitary bed. I hastened to assure the majestic being that it was all right; he was welcome to two-thirds of the room, all the looking-glass and one-half of the bed. "No," he said very abruptly, "I will sit here by the stove and sleep in a chair. I thank you, sir, but I would not sleep with my own brother. I prefer a room to myself." I meekly told him that I didn't know what kind of a man his brother was, but, no doubt, he did, and, therefore, I must conclude that he wasn't a fit man to sleep with. But his brother was out of the question, and if he wanted part of my couch, he might have it and welcome, and I would agree not to think of his brother. "No, sir," he said, "I will sleep in no man's bed." I said I wouldn't either, if I wasn't sleepy, but when I was sleepy I didn't care; I'd sleep with the King of England or the President, and wouldn't care a cent who knew it.

Well, I went to bed. I curled up under the warm, soft blankets, and heard the winds shriek and wail and whistle and yell —how like all creation the wind can blow in Erie—and as the night grew colder and colder every minute, I fell asleep and dreamed that heaven was just 48 miles west of Dunkirk. About 2.30 or 3 o'clock, there came a thundering rap at the door, and with a vague, half-waking impression in my dream that somebody from the other place was trying to get in, I said:

"What is it?"

"It is I," answered a splendid voice, which I recognized at once. "I am the gentleman who came on the train with you."

"Yes," I said; "and what is the matter?"

The splendid voice was a trifle humble as it replied:

"I have changed my mind about sleeping with another man."

"So have I!" I howled, so joyously that the very winds laughed in merry echo; "So have I! I wouldn't get out of this warm bed to open that door for my own brother!"

I will close this story here. If I should write the language that went down that dim, cold hall outside my door you wouldn't print it. And when next morning I went skipping down stairs as fresh as a rose, and saw that majestic being knotted up in a hard arm-chair, looking a hundred years old, I said:

"Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king, who knoweth not how to be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign; whereas, also he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor." This also is vanity.

Just Around the Corner.

Inebriate Young Man (to policeman, who has invited him to "come along")—I say (hic) offishur, ish this joke? If tish (hic) y' mushn't carry it too far.

Policeman—I'll only carry it as far as the station house.—*New York Sun.*

A Bill Endorsed.

"Martha," said her father, "William asked me for your hand last night and I consented."

"Well, pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to."—*New York Sun.*

Knew It wasn't the Cat.

The Czar considers "women his most efficient detectives." It was always our mothers who found out who stole the gingerbread and jam.—*Boston Globe.*

There is a Bill now before the Nevada Legislature disqualifying from holding office any one who is a victim of strong drink.

A mesmerist of Detroit obtained such control over the minds of his audience in a recent lecture as to make them see an orange tree grow into full maturity from a seed which he threw on the platform before him. So great was the delusion that men rushed up and began to fill their pockets with the imaginary fruit, and wrangled and fought for its possession. When he broke the spell the scene was most ludicrous.

On and after the 1st prox. the Suez Canal will be lighted by electricity.

The Swiss Government yesterday seized a Nihilist printing press in Geneva.

The new rules of procedure, which are to be introduced into the Imperial Parliament on Monday, will be met with much opposition.

Advices from Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, state that the six natives who were condemned to death for complicity in the assault on Missionary Baker and his family have been executed.

FORTS OF SOLID STEEL.

A Bold Idea in Iron Work Such as Might Abash Great Vulcan.

When Sir Henry Bessemer began his experiments cast-steel railroad bars were worth more than $200 a ton; that is the same thing as saying they were worth so much that they could not be used at all. Now they can be bought for $18 to $20 a ton, and it is certainly impossible to say the limit has been reached. The difficulty with the costly steel plates for armor for ships and forts lies in the fact that they have to be cast by a costly process, their edges planed, and then they must be bolted together and fitted in place. To make a fort is a tedious and very costly process. But Sir Henry himself says that it is not necessary. No one has attempted to obviate it, and no individual can; but a nation could do it. Suppose that we wish to cast the side of a fort in steel, say 200 feet long, 16 feet high and 3 feet thick. We have only to build a gigantic mold out of brick and concrete, build on top of this mold, say eight or ten 20-ton Bessemer converters, capable of turning out three charges in twenty-four hours; they would run into the mold a ton of molten steel every thirty seconds and the mold would be filled in sixteen hours. The melted steel would solidify as it was poured in, so that there would only be six or eight inches of melted metal on the surface at any stage of the filling.

It sounds preposterous to speak of casting the whole side of a fort in one plate or piece, embrasures and all. But Sir Henry says it can be done. He will undertake also to cast the turret for a warship in one solid piece of steel. It makes no difference what shape the fort or turret is to take, or where or how many are to be its loop holes or posts; it is merely a question of building the matrix in the first instance in this or that shape. Suppose that the face of a fort weighs 2,000 tons, it is clear that it could be cast in a single piece for about $40,000. Built up of plates in the usual style it might cost ten times that sum. It is but a step from this theory to one for the casting of an entire fortress. Whether turrets can be cast as proposed is another question, because the difficulty of casting them in situ would have to be surmounted. It would not be difficult to cast the turret to a matrix on shore; but to put it in position afterward would tax the ingenuity of the engineers.

Sir Henry says that a fort cast in one piece three feet thick could not be destroyed by any artillery now in existence. At any rate, the process of casting being cheap and easy, the thickness can be increased to any required extent. It is only necessary that there should be enough converters in operation to supply a sufficient flow of molten steel. It would need a 10-ton converter for every 75 square feet of horizontal section. There is no limit practically to the number of converters which could be caused to pour their floods into a matrix for a fort, but it would burst the matrix if too many converters were emptying into it at the same time. It would not be unreasonable for Congress to authorize an experiment on these lines.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Not Yet.

"George," said the senior partner to the junior in a law firm of three, "I thought you told me that Alfred had gone out of town on legal business. I understand he's down the road on a visit to a young lady." "Well, sir," said George, with an injured look; "it's not illegal to call on a young lady, I believe."—*Puck.*

Her Money.

Said a little school-girl to her teacher: "Mamma gives me 2 cents every day for taking a dose of thoroughwort tea without making any fuss about it." "Indeed! And what do you do with so much money?" "Oh, mamma takes care of it for me, and uses it to buy more thoroughwort tea!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Now We Understand It.

Canada is girding up its loins to annex the United States.—*San Luis Obispo Tribune.*

A Delicate Compliment.

Mary—Stop your flatteries or I shall hold my hands to my face.

John (wishing to be complimentary)—Ah, your lovely hands are too small.—*Boston Beacon.*

An Incurable One.

In a police court. What is your profession asks the magistrate of the accused.

Prisoner (with much dignity)—I am a tragic poet.

Magistrate—But that's not a profession—it's a disease.

Lawrence Donovan, the Brooklyn Bridge jumper, leaped into the Schuylkill River, at Philadelphia, from Chestnut street bridge, at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. He was arrested, and held in $500 bail.

John Buckingham, aged 87, and his wife, aged 85, a wealthy couple living in Dalton, Ohio, met with a horrible fate early yesterday morning. The house was discovered on fire by neighbors, who burst in the doors and found the aged couple asphyxiated. The man died at once; his wife still lives but cannot recover.

They are trying to introduce green chalk in some of the billiard rooms of Chicago. It is claimed that the chalk loses none of its adhesiveness by reason of its artificial color, and that it possesses the merit of preserving the color of cloth. Chalk, as it is used at present, soon fades the heaviest emerald cloth, and makes the tables appear unsightly and worn.

—"I do not desire wealth for itself," remarked the philosopher. "No," replied the cynic, "I suppose you desire it for yourself."

M. Hector Malot, the well-known French novelist, has taken the recent Crawford case for the plot of a new work to be entitled "Les Vices Français," the title of which phrase by Mrs. Crawford during the trial greatly irritated public opinion in France.

The Imperial Government has arranged to construct a new and important railway in India, and also one connecting India and Mandalay. The public works will be of immediate interest to the steel trade, and will subsequently have a very beneficial effect upon the cotton industry, for which it will open new markets of great extent.

STORIES OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

Pithy Pieces of Advice Given by the Rich Banker.

It is related of Baron Nathan de Rothschild that on one occasion he gave a lady the following pithy piece of advice: Seated at dinner table, she informed him that she had an only son, whom she was anxious to see placed well in business, and begged him to give her a hint on the subject. For a long time the Baron hesitated, and at length, when urged by the lady, half good naturedly and half worried, he turned round and said: "Well, madam, I will tell you. Selling lucifer matches is a very good business if you have plenty of it."

The first English Rothschild came to England with £2,000, which he soon turned into £60,000. "My success," he said to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, "all turned on one maxim. I said: I can do what another man can. Another advantage I had, I was an off hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had £800,000 worth of gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a good many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did." Another rule of his was never to have anything to do with unlucky men. "I have seen," said he, "many clever men—who had no shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot go on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?"—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

Twelve Rules for the Care of Ears.

1. Never put anything into the ear for the relief of toothache.
2. Never wear cotton in the ears if they are discharging pus.
3. Never attempt to apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.
4. Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.
5. Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for cleaning the ears from pus.
6. Never strike or box a child's ears; this has been known to rupture the drum-head, and cause incurable deafness.
7. Never wet the hair, if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oiled-silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving.
8. Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger, if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hair pins, pencil tips or anything of that nature.
9. Never let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back towards the window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.
10. Never put milk, fat or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid and tend to incite inflammation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose better than anything else.
11. Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface, and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.
12. Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button or seed enters it; leave it absolutely alone, but have a physician attend to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever come from its presence in the ear.—*Health and Home.*

The steamer Great Eastern was sold yesterday at Liverpool for $130,000.

Proceedings have been instituted to unseat five of the aldermen of St. Catharines on the ground of insufficient property qualification.

William Gander had his hand and arm badly mangled yesterday morning by coming in contact with a circular saw in Smith & Co.'s saw works, St. Catharines.

It is thought Antoine Bedard, a Frenchman living two miles west of Prairie Siding, Ont., was drowned in the flood which has covered the prairie. Bedard lived in a hut alone, and no trace can be found of him by his neighbors.

The sensational reports recently published of intense suffering among the inhabitants of Northern Newfoundland from cold and starvation are stated to be false.

The Supreme Court Thursday concluded the hearing of the list of appeals from the Maritime Provinces, and adjourned till March 1st, when the Quebec list will be taken up.

At a meeting Thursday, the vestry of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, decided to petition the Privy Council for leave to appeal against the judgment of the Supreme Court in the case of Langtry vs. Dumoulin.

The Dominion Government has called for tenders for steamships capable of maintaining a fortnightly service with the British West Indies, with a view of promoting our trade relations with the colony. A fast line of steamers will be selected and liberally subsidized.

The Queen has written a kind letter of condolence to Sir William Jenner, who has lost his last surviving sister, Miss Hannah Jenner, who lived at Bishop Waltham, where she proved an untiring benefactor to the poor of the town.

Monday and Tuesday were observed as holidays in Madras in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. The feasting and rejoicing were universal. The native quarters were gaily decorated and illuminated in honor of the occasion.

Emil Holub, the explorer, has reached Shoshong, Bechuanaland, in a destitute condition. His camp on Lake Bangwelo was attacked and plundered by natives, and his fellow-explorer, Zoldner, was murdered. Holub was absent at the time of the attack.

Advices from Massowah say 800 Italian troops, with Gatling guns, landed there on the 15th inst., and that 2,000 more men were expected. The Italians have raised a corps of 1,000 Bashi Bazouks and have armed the inhabitants of Massowah. Ras Aloula has gone to meet the King of Abyssinia, who is displeased on account of the attack upon the Italians.

SHIPPING A BIG TELESCOPE.

Extraordinary Precautions Taken to Prevent its Being Injured.

The two great lenses for the Lick telescope, on which Messrs. Clark, of Cambridge, have been so long at work, are now practically completed, and will soon be sent to their destination. The plan adopted for shipping the double lens, worked out by Capt. Fraser, is as follows: The two glasses will first be wrapped in fifteen or twenty thicknesses of cloth, drawn very tight. The cloth will be cotton, and, in order to make it soft and perfectly free from grit, it will be washed many times and thoroughly beaten. Next to the cloth will come a thick layer of cotton batting, and then a layer of paper. A box made of wood and lined with felt will contain the glasses when so prepared, the felt lining of the box coming next to the paper. The lenses with their covering will be packed tightly in this box. The shape of this box will conform to the shape of the lenses. The felt will be attached with glue, so that no nails will be anywhere near the glass. Outside of this wooden box and inclosing it will be a strong steel box, about the shape of a cube. The wooden box will be tightly packed into the steel box with curled hair. To inclose this steel box will be still another steel box or chest, and the inner steel box will be kept from touching it by a large number of spiral springs covering the whole interior of the out steel chest. This outer chest will be packed with asbestos, to render it fireproof, and both of the steel boxes will be made airtight and waterproof. The outer chest will be suspended by pivots in a strong wooden frame, and a contrivance has been adopted for turning the chest one-quarter around every day during its progress to California. This is to prevent any molecular disarrangement in the glass and to avoid the danger of polarization, it being feared that the jarring of the train will disturb the present arrangement of the molecules unless the position of the glass is daily changed and all lines of disturbance thus broken up. The glass will be insured to its full value—or rather its cost—$51,000, and all the precautions mentioned are taken to prevent any accident to it. It would probably be impossible to replace it, as Fell, who cast it, and the elder Clark, who ground it, are both old men. The glass will be shipped by express.

There is something almost romantic in the design and construction of the monster Lick telescope. Being the greatest work ever undertaken, presenting difficulties that had never before been encountered, inviting and suffering drawbacks and disasters that seemed to be sufficient to stagger the most persistent and painstaking skill, watched from day to day by a world of anxious observers hovered over and caressed by the united wisdom of a generation, the lens has come into the world with its great cyclopean eye ready to pierce the mysteries of the heavens. Captain Thomas Fraser, Superintendent of the Observatory, furnishes some hitherto unpublished and highly interesting information concerning the grinding of the crown-glass lens, and the plan adopted for transporting it from Cambridgeport, Mass., to San Jose. On the subject of the grinding he says that the closest measurement at command was the 110,000th part of an inch, but in grinding the great lens it was discovered that even this infinitesimal fraction was too large. A still finer measurement was required in reducing the lens in numberless places to a thickness (itself unequal) that would exactly concentrate parallel rays of light, filling a circle three feet in diameter, to a point a little larger than a pin. In order to reduce the fine measurement already at command the following ingenious arrangement was employed by Alvin Clark & Sons, the makers of the lens: A gas jet was placed before a mirror, which sent the rays of light through a telescope to the great lens, thus magnifying the rays. The magnificent light, passing through the great lens, was still further immensely magnified, and after having passed through the lens it was observed through a second telescope and thus further magnified. In this way the least failure of the great lens to concentrate perfectly was detected, and there was also determined the amount of glass in it, at any given point, that had to be ground off in order to secure a perfect focus. Thus a measurement of the 2,000,000th part of an inch was secured. It took very little grinding to remove so small a thickness of glass from a given point, a gentle rubbing with the thumb being sufficient, as the glass is softer than common window glass.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Cat's Remarkable Feat.

Mr. John A. Thompson, of lot 12, 3rd concession, O. S., Melancthon, has a cat, the gastronomical performances of which are worthy of note. The other day Mr. Thompson carried from the barn to the house thirty-four mice which he had killed while moving sheaf oats, and one frozen mouse. These mice he commenced to feed to a 9-months-old cat. In ten minutes by the watch the cat had eaten and taken into its little stomach thirty-four mice out of the thirty-five. The thirty-fifth, being frozen, took up nearly ten minutes more of the cat's time, but the feline disposed of it also before quitting the job. The truth of this story is vouched for by two other witnesses, who say it wasn't a good day for eating mice, either.—*Shelburne, Grey Co., Economist.*

"When Found Take a Note Of."

I am told that there are in the English language but four words ending in "ceed;" I can name "proceed," "exceed," and "succeed," but I cannot find a fourth. Will you or any of the readers of the *Daily News* help me out of the dilemma which I find so exceedingly aggravating?—*Chicago News.*

Bighamy and Bigamy.

They economize space in Utah. In a three-room house in Ogden live Willard Bingham, two wives, twenty unmarried children, five married sons, with their wives and fifteen children, and two hired men in the attic.

The Recorder of Galway gave a dinner party last evening in Kildysart, and among the guests were two magistrates. While the guests were seated at the table the police patrol noticed a man running rapidly away from the house. The police found on one of the window sills a box of dynamite with a burning fuse attached. The fuse was quenched. The culprit escaped.

SMALL POCKETBOOKS.

Receipts for an Inexpensive Company Dinner—Household Hints.

When company comes in suddenly to dinner or tea and the family larder is almost empty the good housekeeper is almost worried into an early grave to know what to get for the meal. It must be something that will cook quickly and taste nicely, and of course cost but little. Here are a few receipts that may aid them at such a moment. If there are any apples in the house wash them and put into a hot oven to bake. They will make a nice dessert eaten with cream and sugar, or if the milk is not plentiful put a little molasses in the dish while baking, or the cores may be removed and the centres filled with cinnamon, cloves and sugar, and a little hot water poured over them.

Every one knows how to make quick biscuits. Of course they are not at all healthy as a steady diet, but are palatable for any emergency. They should be made with a little sour milk, if possible, and a little butter as well as lard will add to the taste. The secret of having them light is to work them quickly and bake immediately.

Any cold meat that may be on hand, if not in sufficiently good shape to eat sliced, may be converted into croquettes. If beef, lamb, chicken, corned beef or veal, chop to a mince, make moist with one or two eggs, add a little mashed potato, salt, pepper and enough milk to make into a thick paste, roll in little oblong shapes and fry in boiling hot lard a light brown. Serve on little squares of buttered toast and with cold celery, if you can get it. Two or three kinds of meat and fowl may be used for these croquettes, and a little ham or bacon will add to the flavor.

Pieces of cold chicken or turkey may be warmed up with a little butter in a frying-pan; put on a platter into the oven, and surrounded by biscuits halved, or small, thick slices of bread. Then make the following gravy to pour over all: Into the frying-pan put a large piece of butter, a cup or two cups of milk, and any gravy that may be left over. Bring it to a boil; then add sufficient flour, first wet in a little cold milk or water, to make the consistency of cream. Season with salt and add a little of the dark meat chopped to a mince. Let the sauce cook for a few moments, then pour over the biscuits and fowl. This will be found a really nice dish, and but little chicken or turkey is needed to make it go around.

Gold Fields,

that pan out richly, are not so abundant as in the early California days, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home wherever they are located, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required; you are started in business free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes.

The French steamer Burgundia, while leaving Naples for New York with 834 passengers on board, was struck amidships by the spur of the man-of-war Italia and was so badly damaged that the captain beached her. The main and afterholds are full of water.

Let the World Know It.

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, etc. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain-subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cents. Call on your druggists and invest 10 cents. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

It is stated that three of the fastest steamships of the Cunard line have been purchased by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the proposed service between British Columbia and Australia, and that the vessels will be placed on the route in the spring.

A new hospital for the treatment of patients suffering from infectious diseases has been erected in Montreal. The building, which contains accomodation for 124 patients, will cost $26,000 when finished.

I was much troubled with rheumatism through my system, and in great pain. I took a $1 bottle of McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant ten months ago, and obtained permanent relief.

W. H. SWEET, Mount Elgin.

The commemorative diplomas of the Colonial Exhibition are being mailed to Canadian exhibitors by the clerks in the Department of Agriculture as rapidly as possible. The medals will not be forwarded for about a fortnight.

The Duke and Duchess of Nassau and their son Prince William have arrived at Cannes, on a visit to the Crown Prince and Princess of Baden. Prince William of Nassau, who was born in 1852, is the best royal *parti* in Europe, as he will inherit an immense fortune from his father, and he is not encumbered by the possession of a crown.

The Chairman of the Midland Railway Company denies that railway companies are unreasonable towards the public. If the Government, however, are dissatisfied, they ought to purchase the railways at a fair price. It is expected that the Government's Railway Rates Bill will be strongly opposed.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L. 9. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE "BROOM BRIGADE."

[The following lines were composed by an aspiring poet, whose modesty prevents us giving publicity to his name. He desires to remain in the background until his success as a poet is assured. Our junior "Prince of Darkness" thinks there is little danger of the poet's name becoming public!—ED. ADVANCE.]

Come all ye good people,
And listen to me,
While a song I will sing
Of the Broom Brigade!

Earthly glories are fleeting,
Its joys they soon fade,
But not so, gentle reader,
With the great Broom Brigade!

The roller craze has departed—
Mighty shortly it stayed—
But that aint the case
With the great Broom Brigade!

From Flesherton to Durham,
In glory arrayed,
With "palms" in their hands,
Went the bold Broom Brigade!

Over night there they stayed,
The poor Tories they flayed,
And loud was the shouting
Of the great Broom Brigade!

With the first peep of day,
G. put on his plaid,
And sweet was the joy
Of the great Broom Brigade!

Each got him a broom,
For which they well paid,
And back towards Flesherton
Came the bold Broom Brigade!

The horses were fresh—
G. wore his best plaid—
And with clatter and rush
Went the bold Broom Brigade!

High up in the air
The brooms were now swung,
With many a cheer—
Crash, bangety, bang!

Great then was the merriment,
With which they were swayed,
Thro' Priceville they swept—
The great Broom Brigade!

But loud was the shouting
From the man of the plaid,
When thro' Flesherton's streets,
Rush'd the bold Broom Brigade!

At last they get through, and
The final bray 'a brayed,
Then out of the sleigh
Jumps the brave Broom Brigade!

"Landerkin's elected!"
Said the man of the plaid,
"But Sir John's at the helm!"
Thou foolish Brigade!

"It's alright," said T. W.,
As he flourished his broom,
"We've got in our man"—
Boom, boomety, boom!

"Yes, yes," said a Tory,
Who had watched the parade,
"But Artemesia did little
For the great Broom Brigade!"

"That's so," said another,
As the brooms he surveyed,
"And Canada did less
For the great Broom Brigade!"

Hurrah! and a tiger!
Let's cheer with a will,
The country is safe
From danger and ill!

The battle is over,
We're on a safe grade,
And deep is the gloom,
Of the sad Broom Brigade!

—*Alexis.*

SQUIRE SQUIB.

By Deacon Snukes.

A silent summer's evening; the romping children had gathered in their homes and were mostly sleeping in their cosy cots. The mothers, resting from their daily toil, were leaning on their garden gates or resting in the cottage porch, talking over the latest gossip. There was a peaceful calm around, which even the old dog, as he lay with his great shaggy head resting on his paws, seemed to enjoy. The cool air was refreshing after the heated day, and as the twilight deepned, the dark outline of the woods, beyond, which the last faint streak of the setting sun was barely visible, gave a fitting frame to so sweet a picture. The air was fragrant with the perfume of the Wall flower, Dafodill and sweet Violets, which grew in rich profusion in the cottage gardens; while the smell of the new mown hay borne on the rising breeze was a refreshing tribute of dame natures rich boquet. One after another, a light appeared at the small diamond-shaped panes of the upper windows, showing for a brief period the snowy whiteness of the curtains, then again all was darkness. There is an indiscribable charm in the quiet of a rural village, *so* quiet, *so* still. As you stood on the briege you could hear the water rippling over the stones beneath, while the moon, aslant of the old church tower, let down its silvery pall on its solemn surroundings, that you could fancy all nature sleeping in the mystic charm. Then in slow and solemn tones—tones which had sounded through the centuries of the past—tones which had hailed the birth or death of all the sleeping remnants of humanity beneath—struck out in measured notes the midnight hour. There was one home in which the deep echo of the last note, fell like a funeral knell, which was further increased by the hoot of a large owl as he flew from the church tower, almost in front of the open door of Squire Squibs cottage. A solitary watcher sat in the great arm chair; her hair was silvery white, a band of black velvet crossed her forehead, two small curls on each side of her face, which even in its failing and decay, was still beautiful. A china crape shawl, with colored silk embroidered flowers, was thrown over her shoulders, while two well worn plain hoops of gold, hung loosely on her ancient fingers. As she fondly toyed with one of these, a smile lit up her face, yet immediately after two silvery tears fell, unbidden guests, upon her hand. She had heard the same old tone from the bells year after year, while to-night in rapid retrospection, passed before her mind the years of long ago. It seemed but as yesterday, yet 55 years had come and gone, since as a blushing maiden, she had proudly passed the flower-strewn path through the old church door on her wedding day. The light and sunshine—cloud and gloom, of all her destiny she clearly saw. One precious gift carressed by parents love—then fell the shadows, and its pure wee form was laid beneath the daisy-covered mound. Another joy, a bright strong lad—a restless spirit grown to man's estate, then—off upon the stormy ocean borne, in dreaded darkness wrecked, and in its cold embrace lies forty fathoms deep, with his illfated crew. Swift footed time—all pass away. To-night, a silent watcher waiting for her husband's coming, another hour strikes and breaks the mystic spell—where is he?

Squire Squib, was a small farmer and malster who had for many years resided in Old Eynsford Village, he was somewhat eccentric in his habits, and his religious views were not such as would inspire confidence in our modern theologians. He would attend occasionally the Parish church, but had a pronounced objection to "dissenters," be they Baptists or Methodists, to the latter body, his wife was a conscientious adherant, though she shared in the general reproach which her husband showered liberally upon all others who differed with his religious views. He hobnobed with the Mandays and the Jewells and occasionally met Sir Percy for a run with the hounds. He was usually at the Dartford Corn Market on Saturday, generally imbibing somewhat, as was his usual custom, on the home trip, yet his faithful old roan who for so many years had carried him back and forth, had invariably reached home safely, though occasionally somewhat late. On this eventful night he came not, where could he be?

The long, long hours passed with leaden wings, as the solitary watcher, waited in vain for his return. The faintest glimmer in the east, whose grey tints were quietly dispelling the shades of departing night, proclaiming the advent of the coming day. Gradualy expanding soon the rising sun bathed in its golden sheen, the hill and dale. Up from the dew-bespangled graves, arose the lark on graceful wing, enriching nature with its warbling song—a fitting tribute to the day of rest.

With weary limbs Mrs Squib arose from her long virgil and soon the quiet of the Sabbath morn was broken by an unusual stir in the village, when the fact of the Squire's absence became known. Parties were speedily organized and dispatched, scouring the country in all directions for the missing one. The congregation at the church was small consisting of a few old ladies and children, as most of the men folk were amongst the searchers. The day passed wearily and no tidings arrived. Afternoon, evening, night—and the searchers came back sad and weary at their fruitless effort.

CHAPTER II.

Squire Squib, after leaving Dartford on the Saturday afternoon, was seen to pass through the Orange Tree toll gate, and also to dismount at the "Ship" at Sutton, at which hostelry he refreshed himself and beast. Late in the afternoon he was seen by a labourer passing over Francis Hill. Later in the dusk of the evening he passed the "Checkers" at Farningham, after this all traces of him were lost. Passing over the bridge he turned to the right through a recently cut wheat field, a short cut to Eynsford not public property, but from the fact that being somewhat late, and possibly indistinct in his calculations, thought he could venture in safety. About the centre of this field was a large excavation, which in previous years had been used as a chalk pit, it had been made the receptacle of weeds and general rubbish from the fields for some years past, its mouth was partly hidden by the long grass and bushes which overhung it. To this point, the horse with his rider, appear to have made direct, missing his foot-hold both fell down the shaft. Fortunately the large accumulation of debris broke the force of their fall, that beyond a severe shaking, neither man or beast sustained any serious injury. The Squire was thoroughly sobered, as he gazed up through the growing darkness above him. He began to realize his fearful position, in vain he cried for help, exhausted he at last fell to sleep. He awoke cold and stiff on the Sunday morning with his mind full of unrest. He was some two miles from Eynsford, nearly a mile from the public road, and as he reflected that no person was likely to pass that way, the awful possibilities of slow starvation nearly deprived him of his reason. He again called loudly for help, taking out his pocket knife, he now endeavored to cut steps in the perpendicular wall, until with broken blades and bleeding hands he was compelled to give up his vain endeavor. The day passed in indiscribable mental agony—alone, beyond all apparent human help—brought face to face with death in one of its most horrible forms, he at last thought of one who was able to deliver even from the "Horrible Pit." The greater part of the Sabbath night was spent in an agony of supplication for deliverance to the God he had so long despised. Monday found the old Squire almost exhausted from hunger and fatigue, yet in his heart he had a strange joy, for the light of life had shone into his dark soul, "old things had passed away to him "all things had become new." Some verses, long neglected in the past, came to mind, and a song of praise, with words of thanksgiving arose from the pit to the God of his salvation. The search was kept up all day on Monday—with no success. Tuesday morning one of the party thought of the bare possibilty of his crossing the wheat field, diligent search revealed the tracks of the horse, which were carefully followed until the fatal pit was reached where all traces, and all apparent hope of life ended. Yet before returning with the mournful news some one ventured to shout down the pit, when to their great delight and astonishment a faint voice replied "we are both alive." While some staid by the pit, others ran for help and in a short time Squire Squib was carefully brought to the surface. Great care was required in administration of stimulents, as with tender hands he was carried home. The entire neighborhood was roused and with shoutings of joy the old horse was raised from the pit and led home in triumph, apparently not much the worse for his adventure. I have seen both the horse and the man many times after this occurance. Squire Squib lived some years to witness a good confession to the power of Him who had brought him up out of the "Horrible Pit" and had established his goings. His end was peace.

D. S.

A Dialogue.

Good morning, John, how are you making it go this winter;

JOHN.—Well, to tell you the truth, Joe, I am feeling much better, but during the fall my lower lip was pretty long. I had $300 or $400 against me all told. My crops were short and funds low, and how to meet my payments was a conundrum. My wife and I had many a chat over the matter; so one night as we were talking over our affairs, Abigail made a suggestion. Says she, John go up to Flesherton and call on W. J. Bellamy; he lends money. So next morning I goes up and called at his office near the Town Hall, on Toronto street. After talking the matter over with him and telling my troubles, says he, I can get you out of that fix. How, says I? Well, says he, you have a good farm and I will lend you all the money you want at six and a half per cent. straight loan, and you can have your own terms to pay the principal. So I borrowed enough to let me out alright. I paid all my debts and am a happy man to-day, and Abigal says she hardly knows me.

JOE.—Do you think I can get any from him;

JOHN.—Yes, yes, all you want.

JOE.—Well, I shall see him on election day. I desire to consolidate my liabilities and owe only one, so I shall let you know how I get along.

BELLAMY.—Others may do likewise, as the North of Scotland has lots of money.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

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50 acre farm, 40 acres cleared. Apply to
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To Farmers' & Millers'.

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WEST ½ of 33, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P.M. at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. Mc. L. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

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THE old and well-known Pickell farm adjoining Flesherton, consisting of 100 acres, eighty-five cleared, twenty fall ploughed. Splendid bank barn with spacious horse stable, stone cow stable, and never failing well underneath barn. Orchard of one hundred fine young trees bearing good variety of fruit. Comfortable log house. For terms apply to WM BROWN, Esq., Markdale, or on the premises, to W. G. PICKELL.

MARE for SALE

A FIRST-CLASS driving mare lately owned by W. G. Pickell and known as the Whitten mare, with foal to Woodbine Chief to foal first of April. Terms cash or bankable paper.
D. B. WRIGHT.

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Several local men will read papers on subjects of interest to Farmers' at both meetings. The Annual Meeting of the Institute for the election of officers &c., will be held at Rocklyn at 10 o'clock on the 10th March. Lectures will begin each day at 1 o'clock.

Our meetings have been very successful in the past and we cordially invite a large attendance.
THOS. GILRAY, President. A. TURNER, Secretary.

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100 ACRES, Lot 3 & 4, North Range, Con. 3, Osprey, about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; about 15 acres seeded down; young orchard, about 60 trees, commencing to bear. Good house, stone milkhouse, stables, good water. Privilege of cutting and selling wood allowed to tenant. For terms and particulars, apply to
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Humors,

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

Erysipelas,

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Canker, and

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

Catarrh,

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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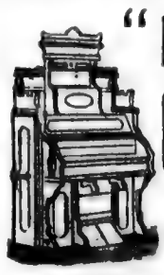

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FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 299. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. MARCH 10, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in being still more pleased to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

FOR

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SPEX, &c.,

Go to RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON, where you will see the finest stock at the lowest prices in this county, and notwithstanding the very low prices, they are determined to give a discount of 15 per cent. on all cash sales of $1.00 and over come and secure some of the bargains and don't forget it is the only place to get your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired Properly.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,
FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Goods at slaughtered prices. See J. G. Anderson's advt. in another column.

Our thanks are due to Capt. J. Rorke, M.P.P., for parliamentary papers.

Take your repairing to Russell, Flesherton, you will get a perfect job every time.

Look out for a brass band concert soon. It will be announced on Friday evening next.

A 50 acre farm, 14 acres cleared, in Artemesia, for sale. Apply to Mr. M. Richardson, Flesherton.

Don't fail to see the bargains J. G. Anderson is offering. Wright's stand.

Six teems wanted to draw Cedar logs at Proton Station. Apply to James Stinson, Proton Station.

Don't fail to see the beautiful cantata, "Lost and Saved" in the Town Hall Flesherton, on Friday evening, March 11th 1887.

Great improvements have been made in the Sons of Temperance hall here lately, which gives it quite a cosy, home-like appearance.

If you think it will pay you to buy a ten dollar suit or overcoat for five dollars, go to Richardson & Co's sale this week.

If you miss the entertainment in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Friday ...

Mr. C. W. Wright, who is attending the Toronto School of Medicine, came home for a few days vacation on Saturday last.

Mr. Milner, Mayor of Brampton, and Mr. Dick, Register of Peel Co. and founder of the Brampton *Banner*, died at their residences, Brampton, last week.

A good farm over in Holley's neighborhood, Artemesia, to rent. Call on Mr. Roger Lever, Flesherton, for particulars. See advt. in another column.

Next week we will publish a few interesting extracts from a very "newsy" letter received by a friend from Mr. W. H. Elder, who, with his family, is visiting in California.

The second youngest child of Mr. Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton, accidentally swallowed a small glass bottle one day last week. No serious results have, as yet, followed the remarkable occurrence.

M. Richardson & Co's sale continues to attract keen buyers who are on the lookout for bargains. Clothing of all kinds selling at astonishing low figures.

Miss Alice Leitch visited her parents here this week. On Tuesday she took train for Owen Sound, where she will be placed in charge of a leading millinery store.

Mr. J. G. Anderson has purchased the stock of Mr. D. E. Wright here at so much on the $ and is now selling it off in the old stand. For particulars see bills, &c.

Remember the addresses in the Town Hall here to-morrow (Friday) afternoon at 1 o'clock, by Professors Robertson and Moyre, under auspices of Centre Grey Farmers' Institute.

Farmers' and millers should read the advt. in another column, offering West ½ Lot 38, Con. 9, Artemesia: also two fine Water Powers in Eugenia. See advt. headed "To Farmers and Millers."

M. Richardson & Co keep stock fresh and new for every season, by clearing out the surplus at any price it will bring. Their annual sale now progressing offers a rare opportunity to get staple goods at very low prices.

Rev. W. Ayer's went to Oshawa last week and remained over Sunday. In his absence the pulpit of the Methodist church here was very acceptably filled by Mr. Wm. Suggitt, of Eugenia, in the morning, and Mr. M. Richardson in the evening.

... membership were laid on the Recorder's table. The growth of the lodge during the past year has been steady and substantial.

Look here! You can buy factory cottons for 3 cents per yard, all-wool scarlet flannels for 10 cents per yard, Heavy factory flannels from 19 to 24 c., Dress goods from 5 cents per yard, and all goods cheap at Richardson & Co's Clearing Sale.

The Royal Templars speak very highly of the manner in which they were treated by our town line friends. The Concert held in the Schoolhouse in the evening was a grand success. Very few school sections in Grey possess better native talent. The Flesherton vocalists were much appreciated.

Any one in need of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Violins, Pipes, Purses &c., will do well to call at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton, where they keep the finest stock at the lowest prices in this county; the only place to get your watch repaired properly.

The Temperance cantata, "Lost and Saved," under the direction of Prof. Morgan, promises to be one of the finest entertainments ever given here. You should see it. The band will be in attendance in full force and give some of their best selections, on Friday evening 11th inst.

We regret to learn that our esteemed neighbor, Mrs. Symons—sister to Mr. Wm. Barnhouse—is prostrated with illness. During her brother's illness she exerted herself beyond her strength—the more especially as Mrs. Barnhouse was visiting friends in Toronto at the time. Mrs. Symons speaks in feeling terms of the great kinduess of the people of Flesherton to her. But she deserves it all and more.

Early on Sunday morning last our streets were in such a slippery condition as to render pedestrianism a difficult and somewhat dangerous exercise. The Agricultural Editor measured five feet ten inches of a sidewalk on Collingwood street in the space of about three seconds. He then took the middle of the road for it, where he maintained an equilibrium in keeping with self-possession and dignity.

It is with regret we learn of the severe illness of our esteemed young townsman, Mr. Joseph Blackburne; also of the illness of Miss Addie Armstrong. It is many years since this neighborhood has witnessed so much sickness, and rarely has death visited the homes of our immediate neighbors so frequently as during the past few months. The frequent and violent changes in the weather may be considered as the parent of our ills.

Mr. W. G. Pickell, of this place, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Alex. Mitchell in the bailiffship of the Thornbury Division Court. The appointment is a good one. It is only necessary to say, that Mr. Pickell is a Christian gentleman and will fill the position honestly and impartially. Mr. P. is a gentleman of more than ordinary intelligence. We have long considered him one the best public speakers in East or South Grey. We take this opportunity to congratulate him upon ... appointment, and, for once at anyrate, we can give Hon. Mr Mowat great credit for the wise selection he has ...

On Saturday last Mr. Jenkins, of Durham, was driving a team attached to a dog cart from Durham to Flesherton when the horses shied at some wood about a mile west of Flesherton Station, throwing out all the occupants. Mrs. Jenkins, sr., an old lady of about 70 years, was severely bruised, but Mrs Jenkins, jr., and her little daughter escaped without serious injury. Mr. Spint, who had accepted an invitation ... hard snow and he ... wood with his head, sustaining two serious gashes in the scalp. The vehicle was righted and driven to the Station, where Dr. Christoe was soon in attendance.

To-Morrow Night.

To-morrow (Friday) night, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church, here, the really excellent sacred Dramatic Cantata, "Lost and Saved," will be rendered in the Town Hall, Flesherton, under the immediate direction of Prof. Morgan and Mr. Jas. G. Russell. We think we can safely promise the public a good treat—one worth much more than the price of admission. The cantata is full of rich Temperance gems, contains a number of sparkling choruses, and a rich vein of humor runs throughout. There are three acts and some six or seven scenes. Viewed from a purely dramatic standpoint, it is interesting and sprightly; including the vocal and instrumental music, it furnishes a delightful evening's entertainment. The moral tone is sound. The presence of Flesherton Brass Band will add much to the interest of the concert. Admission 25 cents, children 10 cents. Doors open at 7:30, to commence at 8 o'clock sharp. See bills for particulars.

An Emphatic Denial.

Mr. E. Linley, hotel-keeper, Maxwell, called at our office on Monday and gave a most emphatic denial to the statement of our correspondent that there was any dice-throwing in his hotel. He says he does not allow dice to be kept around the house at all, but tries to run the hotel strictly according to the provisions of the license act. Mr. Linley says he can furnish amply proof as to the truthfulness of his statements, and asks us to request our correspondent to retract his statements or he will have to appeal to another tribunal. All Mr. Linley wants, he says, is fair play and equal justice meted out to him with other citizens.

Died.

SAMPLE.—In Artemesia, on Sunday, 6th March, the wife of Mr. John Sample, aged—years.

[We extend our sympathy to Mr. Sample in his bereavement.]

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the great Brooklyn preacher, died at his residence on Tuesday morning last, aged 73 years.

The Question Answered.

Editor Advance: Dear Sir,—I hereby submit to you the answer to the question in your paper of last week, viz $2.78596, or say $2,78½.

Yours Truly,
GEO. TREADGOLD

A Bible Question.

Editor Advance: Will some of the Flesherton Sabbath School children answer the following questions? (1) Who was David's mother's name? (2) What is the shortest verse in the bible and where is it to be found? (3) What verse in the bible contains all the letters in the alphabet except one? BIBLICUS.

Another Question in Arithmetic.

For 3rd & 4th Class Pupils.

The Hall occupied by the Sons of Temperance is 46 ft long, 22 ft. wide, and ... ft. high; how many rolls of paper, 20 inches wide (a roll of paper containing 7 yards) will be required to paper the walls. Address your answers to the "Mathematical Editor" of the ADVANCE, Flesherton.

Card of Thanks.

I do sincerely thank the Flesherton Lodge of I.O.O.F., for coming to attend upon the last obsequies of my son and their Brother. Such kindness, respect and sympathy, I cannot soon forget.

JOHN WHITBY.

Markdale, March 7th, 1887.

... Patriarch, occupied the chair very acceptably. The program consisted of a choice and varied selection of vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitation, and a regular old-fashioned spelling match.

Mr. C. J. Sproule's guitar solo and Will Campbell's mouth organ solo were interesting features. Miss Christoe never sang better. Miss Fawcett recited well. Flesherton Brass Band serenaded the entire company. Refreshments were served about 9:30 and they were of the best kind. We nearly forgot to add, that Master Frank VanDusen and George Pickell carried off first and second prizes respectively in the spelling match.

The merchants of the village of Blyth learnt a lesson by experience. After struggling along for several years, the publisher of the newspaper there was compelled to quit because the merchants did not give him sufficient support. They thought that a paper would be printed there whether they supported it or not, and a paper was no use to the village anyway! The paper ceased publication and now these same merchants see their big mistake and they are compelled to put their hands in their pockets to help to start another. They will perhaps have to spend three times as much to establish it as would have been necessary to give a liberal support to the one they allowed to collapse. A contemporary discussing on this matter winds up by saying: "It is to be remembered that it costs money to run a newspaper, and if support is not accorded it, the journal cannot exist. This important matter will present itself in quite a different light. There is nothing that assists the progress of a town more than a newspaper, and the fact should be borne in mind."

GREAT SALE.

J. G. Anderson having purchased the stock of D. E. Wright's at auction in Toronto, at 53 cents on the dollar, will for the next 30 days, sell the entire stock at prices never before heard of. The Goods must be sold at some price as I do not intend staying longer than will clear the stock. So, to get the benefit of the best choice, COME EARLY AND OFTEN.

WRIGHT'S OLD STAND.

Make Her Pillow Soft.

"Sir! are you the undertaker
That buries the pauper dead?
Then you are to fetch my Mary—
For that's what the doctor said.
You see, I am poor an' friendless,
An' lame from a cruel fall,
An' the sickness an' the medicine
Has taken our money all.

"Ugh—ugh—excuse this hacking,
It makes me slow to speak,
I am troubled with a cough, sir,
An' both my eyes are weak;
It's sittin' up all night, sir,
A-watchin' at death's door—
Yes, yes! I know I'm tedious,
It's tedious to be poor.

"What do I want? Just wait, sir,
I'm comin' to that same.
What did Mary die of?
Hunger and cold. Her name?
I've told her name—my Mary;
I'll set it down for you;
She died last night in my arms, sir,
We were alone—we two.

"An' I want to ask a favor:
When you make my Mary's bed
Please—make—her—pillow—soft, sir,
Soft for her achin' head,
I know it's done with the achin'
An' all that hurted it oft,
But 'twill comfort me a bit, sir,
If you—make—her—pillow—soft."

The undertaker heard him
And silent turned away;
But he made poor Mary's pillow
With tender hands that day.
And often something choked him
As of rising tears—and oft
He heard through the tap of the hammers
"Please—make—her—pillow—soft."

—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne.*

Under False Colors.

JACK FROST.

Good day, my dear madam, I'm your old friend
Jack Frost;
Who is bound to come back, though you might
think him lost.
Here I am; how d'ye do? You don't look, though,
too pleased.
Oh, you think I'm too free in my way—well, I'm
freezed!

MRS. HOUSEWIFE.

Oh, my dear Mr Jack, if you only could guess
What mischief you cause, I am in such a mess!
For my pipes are all burst, and from ceiling to
floor
I'm flooded—don't know what to do, I am sure.

JACK FROST.

By Boreas! really your welcome is cold,
It is not very often my face you behold!
Now, tell me what season more beauty can show
Than my splendid white carpet of soft fleecy
snow?

MRS. HOUSEWIFE.

Oh, yes, Mr. Frost, it is pretty, I'll own,
But its beauty, you see, sir, so quickly is flown;
And then how the air becomes cutting and raw
As we slop through the slud and the slush of the
thaw!

JACK FROST.

Now, really, you grumble without a just cause,
If I do send the frosts, I don't send the thaws;
Then just think of your windows that charmingly
gleam
When my tracery I weave, like a poet's sweet
dream.

MRS. HOUSEWIFE.

Yes, the windows I will not deny, sir, look nice,
But the same frost will cover my steps with
smooth ice;
I am frightened to put my foot now to the ground,
For my head follows suit, I too often have found.

JACK FROST.

I see, my dear madam, you like to complain,
Well, I'll leave for awhile, but I'll come back
again

So Very Queer.

She's very queer, yet kind to those
Who bear her company;
The young folks think she hardly knows
Just what she talks about;
[illegible]
Than all the worlds above,
For they brought nearer than a star
The gentle light of love.

Yes, she is queer, we all confess,
And yet her wrinkled face
Has such a wealth of tenderness,
She needs no youthful grace;
She talks of one so long away
And hearts so far apart;
She says it seems but yesterday
That he was near her heart.

'Tis hard to make her comprehend
That she has told before
The story of a sailor's end
Upon a friendless shore,
She says he was to duty true
And bravely met his doom,
Insisting that his eyes of blue
Still guide her through the gloom.

Perhaps when we approach the shore
Where worldly journeys end,
We, too, may tell our stories o'er
And younger ears offend;
For age has thought from youth apart,
And only time can teach
The charity of mind and heart
That ought to govern each.

"Not Strangers There."

To whom would heaven's doors so freely open
As to a little child,
Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold,
Lovely and undefiled?

And such an one, of late, was lowly lying,
With fast receding breath;
Over her face the first, last shadow falling
She was afraid of death!

Her loved ones said, "Oh, do not fear to enter
That land so wide and fair."
To all their words of cheer she could but answer,
"I do not know them there!"

But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted
In sudden, sweet surprise,
And the reflection of some dawning splendor
Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers,
And darkened by their woe,
She looked as if she saw some loved one beckon,
And was in haste to go.

What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture
Our hearts not yet might share,
But with a last, bright smile she whispered gladly,
"They are not strangers there!"

The Bogus Veteran.

Mr. Shabby Genteel—"Will you be kind enough to tell me if it is a fact that the President has vetoed the Pension Bill?"

Gentleman—"He has."

"Well, if this country gets into another war, just count me out. I'll never risk my life again in the service of my country."

"Were you hurt during the war?"

"Indeed I was."

"What regiment were you in?"

"I wasn't in any regiment. I got the rheumatism from bathing in the St. Lawrence River during the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. Ah! sir, those were the times that tried men's souls. Haven't got a surplus dime for an old vet., have you?"—*Texas Siftings.*

The Dear Child's Wish.

Little Toddles—"I wish you had some skates, too, Aunt Meg."

Aunt Meg (wishing to encourage generosity)—"You might let me take yours."

Little Toddles—"No; you don't know what I mean. I thought it would be so nice for you to skate ahead of me and find all the weak places in the ice."

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

Then the Zulus closed in upon the doomed band, with a shout of "Bulala Umlungo!" (kill the whiteman.)

Out rang the postol-shots, and fire flew from the clash of swords and assegais, and still the little band, momentarily growing fewer, fought on with laboring breath. Never did hope-forsaken men make a more gallant stand. Still they fought, and still they fell, one by one, and as they fell were stabbed to death; but scarcely one of them was there whose death-wound was in his back.

At last the remaining Zulus drew back; they thought that it was done.

But no: three men yet stood together upon the very summit of the mound, holding six foes at bay. The Zulu captain laughed aloud when he saw it, and gave a rapid order. Thereupon the remaining Zulus formed up, and, stabbing the wounded as they went, departed swiftly over the dead, after the main body of the corps which had now vanished round the mountain.

They left the six to finish the three.

Three hundred had come to attack Alston's Horse; not more than one hundred departed from that attack. The overpowered white men had rendered a good account of their foes.

The three left alive on the summit of the little hill were, as Fate would have it, Ernest, Jeremy and the ex-sailor, who had complained of the "sargustic" companion, who as it happened had just died by his side.

Their revolvers were empty; Ernest's sword had broken off short in the body of a Zulu; Jeremy still had his sword, and the sailor a clubbed carbine.

Presently one of the six Zulus dodged in under the carbine and ran the sailor through. Glancing round, Ernest saw his face turn gray. The honest fellow died as he had lived, swearing hard.

"Ah, you——black mate," he sang out, "take that, and be d—d to you!" The clubbed rifle came down upon the Zulu's skull and cracked it to pieces and both fell dead together.

Now there were five Zulus left, and only Ernest and Jeremy to meet them. But stay; suddenly from under a corpse uprises another foe. No, it is not a foe, it is Mazooku, who has been shamming dead, but suddenly and most opportunely shows himself to be very much alive. Advancing from behind he stabs one of the attacking party, and kills him. That leaves four. Then he engages another and after a long struggle kills him too, which leaves three. And still the two white men stand back to back, with flashing eyes and gasping breath, and hold their own. Soaked with blood, desperate and expecting death, they were yet a gallant sight to see. Two of the remaining Zulus rush at the giant Jeremy, one at Ernest. Ernest, having no effective weapon left, dodges the assegai-thrust, and then closes with his antagonist, and they roll, over and over, down the hill together, struggling for the assegai the Zulu holds. It snaps in two, but the blade and about eight inches of shaft remain with Ernest. He drives it through his enemy's throat and he dies. Then he struggles up to see the closing scene of the drama, but not in time to help in it. Mazooku has wounded his man badly, and is following to kill him. And Jeremy. He has struck at one of the Kafirs with his sword. The blow is received on the edge of the cow-hide shield, and sinks half-way through it, so that the hide holds the steel fast. With a sharp twist of the shield the weapon is jerked out of his hand, and he is left defenceless, with nothing to trust to except his native strength. Surely he is lost! But no—with a sudden rush he seizes both Zulus by the throat, one in each hand, and, strong men as they are, swings them wide apart. Then with a tremendous effort he jerks their heads together with such awful force that they fall senseless, and Mazooku comes up and spears them.

Thus was the fight ended.

Ernest and Jeremy sank upon the bloody grass, gasping for breath. The firing from the direction of the camp had now died away, and, after the tumult, the shouts, and the shrieks of the dying, the silence seemed deep. It was the silence of the dead.

There they lay, white man and Zulu, side by side in the peaceable sunlight; and in a vague, bewildered way, Ernest noticed that the faces which a few minutes before had looked so grim, were mostly smiling now. They had passed through the ivory gates and reached the land of smiles. How still they all were! A little black and white bird, such as fly from ant-hill to ant-hill, came and settled upon the forehead of a young fellow scarcely more than a boy, and the only son of his mother, who lay quite across two Zulus. The bird knew why he was so still. Ernest had liked the boy, and knew his mother, and began to wonder as he lay panting on the grass what she would feel when she heard of her son's fate. But just then Mazooku's voice broke the silence. He had been standing staring at the body of one of the men he had killed, and was now apostrophizing it in Zulu.

"Ah, my brother," he said, "son of my own father, with whom I used to play when I was little; I always told you that you were a perfect fool with an assegai, but I little thought that I should ever have such an opportunity of proving it to you. Well, it can't be helped; duty is duty, and family ties must give way to it. Sleep well, my brother; it was painful to have to kill you—very."

Ernest lifted himself from the ground, and laughed the hysterical laugh of shattered nerves at this naive and thoroughly Zulu moralizing. Just then Jeremy rose and came up to him. He was a fearful sight to see—his hands, his face, his clothes were all red; and he was bleeding from a cut on the face, and another on the hand.

"Come, Ernest," he said in a hollow voice, "we must clear out of this."

"I suppose so," said Ernest.

On the plain at the foot of the hill several of the horses were quietly cropping the grass, till such time as the inferior animal, man, had settled his differences. Among them was Ernest's black stallion, "The Devil!" which had been wounded, though slightly, on the flank. They walked toward the horses, stopping on their way to arm themselves from the weapons which lay about. As they passed the body of the man Ernest had killed in his last struggle for life, he stooped and drew the broken assegai from his throat. "A memento," said he. The horses were caught without difficulty, and "The Devil" and the two next best animals selected. Then they mounted, and rode toward the top of the ridge over which Ernest had seen the body of Zulus lying in reserve. When they were near it Mazook got down and crept to the crest on his stomach. Presently, to their great relief, he signalled to them to advance: the Zulus had moved on, and the valley was deserted. And so the three passed back over the neck, that an hour and a half before they had crossed with sixty-one companions, who were now all dead.

"I think we have charmed lives," said Jeremy, presently.

"All gone except us two. It can't be chance."

"It is fate," said Ernest, briefly.

From the top of the neck they got a view of the camp, which now looked quiet and peaceful, with its white tents and its Union Jack fluttering as usual in the breeze.

"They must be all dead too," said Ernest; "which way shall we go?"

Then it was that Mazook's knowledge of the country proved of the utmost service to them. He had been brought up at a kraal in the immediate neighborhood, and knew every inch of the land. Avoiding the camp altogether, he led them to the left of the battle-field, and after two hours' ride over rough country, brought them to a ford of the Buffalo which he was acquainted with, some miles below where the few survivors of the massacre struggled across the river, or were drowned in attempting to do so. Following this route they never saw a single Zulu, for these had all departed in the other direction, and were spared the horrors of the stampede and of "Fugitives' Drift."

At last they gained the farther side of the river, and were, comparatively speaking, safe, on Natal ground.

They determined, after much anxious consultation, to make for the little fort at Helpmakaar, and had ridden about a mile or so toward it, when suddenly the Zulu's quick ear caught the sound of distant firing to their right. It was their enemy the Undi corps attacking Rorke's Drift. Leaving Mazook to hold the horses, Ernest and Jeremy dismounted and climbed a solitary koppie or hill which just there cropped out from the surface of the plain. It was of an ironstone formation, and on the summit lay a huge flat slab of almost pure ore. On to this they climbed, and looked along the course of the river, but could see nothing. Rorke's Drift was hidden by a rise in the ground. All this time a dense thundercloud had been gathering in the direction of Helpmakaar, and was now, as is common before sunset in the South African summer season, travelling rapidly up against the wind, set in a faint rainbow as in a frame. The sun, on the other hand, was sinking toward the horizon, so that his golden beams flying across a space of blue sky, impinged upon the black bosom of the cloud, and were reflected thence in sharp lights and broad shadows, flung like celestial spears and shields across the plains of Zululand. Isandhlwana's Mountain was touched by one great ray which broke in glory upon his savage crest, and crowned him that day's king of death, but the battle-field o'er which he towered was draped in gloom. It was a glorious scene. Above, the wild expanse of sky broken up by flaming clouds and tinted with hues such as might be reflected from the jewelled walls of heaven. Behind, the angry storm, set in its rainbow frame like ebony in a ring of gold. In front, the rolling plain where the tall grasses waved, the broad Buffalo flashing through it like a silver snake, the sun-kissed mountains, and the shadowed slopes.

It was a glorious scene. Nature in her most splendid mood flung all her color-streamers loose across the earth and sky, and waved them wildly ere they vanished into night's abyss. Life, in his most radiant ecstasy, blazed up in varied glory before he sank, like a lover, to sleep awhile in the arms of his eternal mistress—Death.

Ernest gazed upon it, and it sank to his heart, which, set to Nature's tune, responded ever when her hands swept the chords of earth or heaven. It lifted him above the world, and thrilled him with indescribable emotion. His eyes wandered over the infinite space above, searching for the presence of a God; then they fell upon Isandhlwana, and marked the spot just where the shadows were deepest; where his comrades lay and gazed upon the glorious sky with eyes that could not see, and at last his spirit gave way, and, weakened with emotion and long toil and abstinence, he burst into a paroxysm of grief.

"O Jeremy," he sobbed, "they are all dead, all, except you and I, and I feel a coward that I should still live to weep over them. When it was over, I should have let that Zulu kill me, but I was a coward, and I fought for my life. Had I but held my hand for a second I should have gone with Alston and the others, Jeremy."

"Come, come, old fellow, you did your best, and fought the corps like a brick. No man could have done more."

"Yes, Jeremy, but I should have died with them; it was my duty to die. And I do not care about living, and they did. I have been an unfortunate dog all my life. I shot my cousin, I lost Eva, and now I have seen all my comrades killed, and I, who was their leader, alone escaped. And perhaps I have not done with my misfortunes yet. What next, I wonner; what next?"

Ernest's distress was so acute that Jeremy, looking at him and seeing that all he had gone through had been too much for him, tried to soothe him, lest he should go into hysterics, by putting his arm round his waist, and giving him a good hug.

"Look here, old chap," he said; "it's no use bothering one's head about these things. We are just so many feathers blown about by the wind, and must float where the wind blows us. Sometimes it is a good wind, and sometimes a bad one, but on the whole it is bad, and we must just make the best of it, and wait till it doesn't think it worth while to blow our particular feathers about any more, and then we shall come to the ground, and not till then. And now we must have been up here for more than five minutes, and given the horses a bit of a rest. We must be pushing on if we want to get to Helpmakaar before dark, and I only hope we shall get there before the Zulus, that's all. By Jove, here comes the storm—come on!"—and Jeremy jumped off the lump of iron-ore and began to descend the koppie.

Ernest, who had been listening with his face in his hands, rose and followed him in silence. As he did so, a breath of ice-cold air from the storm-cloud, which was now right overhead, fanned his hot brow, and when he had gone a few yards he turned to meet it, and to cast one more look at the scene.

It was the last earthly landscape he ever saw. For at that instant there leaped from the cloud overhead a fierce stream of jagged light, which struck the mass of iron-ore on which they had been seated, shivered and fused it, and then ran down the side of the hill to the plain. Together with the lightning there came an ear-splitting crack of thunder.

Jeremy, who was now nearly at the bottom of the little hill, staggered at the shock. When he recovered, he looked up where Ernest had been standing, and could not see him. He rushed up the hill again, calling him in accents of frantic grief. There was no answer. Presently he found him lying on the ground, white and still.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CLIFFS OF OLD ENGLAND.

It was an April evening; off the south coast of England. The sun had just made up his mind to struggle out from behind a particularly black shower-cloud, and give that part of the world a look before he bade it good-night.

"That is lucky," said a little man who was with difficulty hanging on to the bulwark netting of the R. M. S. Conway Castle; "now, Mr. Jones, look if you can't see them in the sunlight."

Mr. Jones accordingly looked through his glasses again.

"Yes," he said, "I can see them distinctly."

"See what?" asked another passenger coming up.

"The cliffs of Old England," answered the little man joyously.

"Oh, is that all," said the other; "curse the cliffs of old England!"

"Nice remark that for a man who is going home to be married, eh?"

But Mr. Jones had shut up his glass, and vanished aft.

Presently he reached a deck cabin and entered without knocking.

"England is in sight, old fellow," he said, addressing somebody who lay back smoking in a cane-chair.

The person addressed made a movement as though to rise, then put up his hand to a shade that covered his eyes.

"I forgot," he answered with a smile; "it will be very much in sight before I can see it. By-the-way, Jeremy," he went on, nervously, "I want to ask you something. These doctors tell such lies." And he removed the shade. "Now, look at my eyes, and tell me honestly, am I disfigured? Are they shrunk, I mean, or got a squint, or anything of that sort?"—and Ernest turned up his dark orbs, which except that they had acquired that painful, expectant look peculiar to the blind, were just as they always had been.

Jeremy looked at them, first in one light, then in another.

"Well," said Ernest, impatiently, "I can feel that you are staring me out of countenance."

"Hamba gachle," replied the imperturbable one. "I am di—di—diagnosing the case. There, that will do. To all appearance, your optics are as sound as mine. You get a girl to look at them, and see what she says."

"Ah, well; that is something to be thankful for."

Just then somebody knocked at the cabin-door. It was a steward.

"You sent for me, Sir Ernest?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Will you be so good as to find my servant? I want him."

"Yes, Sir Ernest."

Ernest moved impatiently. "Confound that fellow with his everlasting 'Sir Ernest'!"

"What, haven't you got used to your handle yet?"

"No, I haven't, and I wish it were at Jericho, and that is a fact. It is all your fault, Jeremy. If you had not told that confoundedly garrulous little doctor, who went and had the information printed in the Natal *Mercury*, it would never have come out at all. I could have dropped the title in England; but now all these people know that I am Sir Ernest, and Sir Ernest I shall remain for the rest of my days."

"Well, most people would not think that such a dreadful misfortune."

"Yes, they would if they happened to shoot the real heir. By-the-way, what did the lawyer say in his letter? As we are so near home, I suppose I had better post myself up. You will find it in the dispatch-box. Read it, there's a good fellow."

Jeremy opened the box, battered with many years of travel, and searched about for the letter. It contained a curious collection of articles—prominent among which was a handkerchief, which had once belonged to Eva Ceswick; a long tress of chestnut hair tied up with a blue ribbon; ditto of golden, which had come—well, not from Eva's tresses; a whole botanical collection of dead flowers, tender souvenirs of goodness knows who, for, after a while, these accumulated dried specimens are difficult to identify; and many letters and other curiosities.

At last he came to the desired document written in a fair clerk's hand; and having shovelled back the locks of hair, etc., began to read it aloud:

"ST. ETHELFRED'S COURT,)
POULTRY, 22nd January, 1879.)

"Sir:"

"You see," broke in Ernest, "while we were fighting over there at Sanshlwana, those beggars were writing to tell me that I was a baronet. "Case of the 'bloody hand' with a vengeance, eh?"

"Sir" (began Jeremy again), "it is our duty to inform you of the death, on the 16th of the present month, of our esteemed client, Sir Hugh Kershaw, Bart., of Archdale Hall, Devonshire, and of the consequent devolution of the baronetcy to yourself, as only son of the late Sir Hugh's only brother, Ernest Kershaw, Esq.

"Into the question of the unhappy manner in which you came to be placed in the immediate succession it does not become us to enter. We have before us at this moment a copy of Her Majesty's pardon, granted to you under the Transvaal Amnesty Act, and forwarded to us by Reginald Cardus, Esq., of Dum's Ness, Suffolk, which we have neither the wish nor the will to dispute. It is clear to us that, under this pardon, you are totally free from any responsibility for the breach of the law which you perpetrated some years since; and of this it is our duty to advise you. Your title to succeed is a clear one.

"As was only to be expected under the circumstances, the late Sir Hugh did not bear any feeling of good will toward you. Indeed, we do not think that we shall be exaggerating if we say that the news of your free pardon materially hastened his end. On the attainment of full age by the late Hugh Kershaw, Esq., who fell by your hand, the entail of the family estates was cut, and only the mansion-house of Archdale Hall, the heirlooms, which are numerous and valuable, therein contained, and the deer-park, consisting of one hundred and eighty-five acres of land, were resettled. These consequently pass to you, and we shall be glad to receive your instructions concerning them, should you elect to honor us with your confidence. The estates pass, under the will of the late baronet, to a distant cousin of his late wife's, James Smith, Esq., of 52 Camperdown Road, Upper Clapham. We now think we have put you in possession of all the facts connected with your accession to the baronetcy, and, awaiting your instructions, have the honor to remain,

"Your obedient servants,
(Signed) PAISLEY & PAISLEY."

"Ah, so much for that!" was Ernest's comment. "What am I to do with Archdale Hall, its heirlooms, and its deer-park, consisting of one hundred and eighty-five acres of land, I wonder? I shall sell them, if I can. Mine is a pretty position; a baronet with about sixpence half-penny per annum to support my rank on; a very pretty position!"

"Hamba Gachle," replied Jeremy; "time enough to consider all that. But now, as we are on the reading lay, I may as well give you the benefit of my correspondence with the officer commanding Her Majesty's forces in Natal and Zululand."

"Fire away," remarked Ernest, wearily.

"First letter, dated Newcastle, Natal, 27th January, from your humble servant to Officer commanding, etc."

"'Sir

"'I have the honor to report, by order of Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershaw, of Alston's Horse, at present incapacitated by lightning from doing so himself'"—

"Very neatly put that, I think," interpolated Jeremy.

"Very. Go on."

—"'that on the 22nd inst., Alston's Horse, having received orders to check the flanking movement of the Undi Corps, proceeded to try and do so. Coming to a ridge commanding the advance of the Undi, the corps, by order of their late commander, Captain Alston, dismounted and opened fire on them at a distance of about three hundred yards, with considerable effect. This did not, however, check the Undi, who appeared to number between three and four thousand men, so Captain Alston issued an order to charge the enemy. This was done with some success. The Zulus lost a number of men; the corps, which passed right through the enemy, about twenty troopers, Captain Alston and his son Roger Alston, who acted as his aide-de-camp. Several horses and one or two men were also severely wounded, which crippled the further movements of the corps.

"'[illegible] and Adjutant Kershaw, on taking command of the corps, determined to attempt to retreat. In this attempt, however, he failed, owing to the presence of dismounted and wounded men; to the detachment of a body of about three hundred Zulus to intercept any such retreat; and to the presence of a large body of Zulus on the farther side of the pass leading to the valley through which such retreat must be conducted.

"'Under these circumstances he determined to fight the remainder of the corps to the last, and dismounting them, took possession of a fairly advantageous position. A desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensued. It ended in the almost total extermination of Alston's Horse, and in that of the greater part of the attacking Zulus. The names of the surviving members of Alston's Horse are—Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershaw; Sergeant-Major Jeremy Jones; Trooper Mazooku (the only native in the corps.)

"'These ultimately effected their escape, the enemy having either been all destroyed or having followed the track of the Undi. Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershaw regrets to have to state that in process of effecting his escape he was struck by lightning and blinded.

"'He estimates the total loss inflicted on the enemy by Alston's Horse at from four hundred to four hundred and fifty men. In face of such determined bravery as was evinced by every one of his late gallant comrades, Lieutenant Kershaw feels that it would be invidious for him to mention any particular names. Every man fought desperately, and died with his face to the enemy. He begs to inclose a return of the names of those lost, the accuracy of which he cannot, however, guarantee, as it is compiled from memory, the papers of the corps having all been lost. Trusting that the manœuvres attempted by Lieutenant Kershaw under somewhat difficult circumstances will meet with your approval, I have, etc.,

"'By order of Lieutenant Kershaw:
(Signed) "'JEREMY JONES, Sergeant-Major."

(To be continued.)

How She Fetched Him.

The Boston *Courier* publishes the following, evidently for the benefit of the ladies:

Wife (to husband who is arranging his toilet at the mirror)—Can't you take me to the opera to-night, dear? Husband (decisively)—No; I cannot. Opera indeed! Do you think I am made of money? Wife (after a pause)—I don't see any need of your spending so much time brushing your whiskers, dear. Husband (turning around with an angry glitter in his eye)—Why not? Wife (smilingly)—Because one brushing is enough, and you are handsome enough without going to all that trouble; it would be hard for you to make yourself any handsomer, at least in my eyes, than you are naturally, no matter what care you give to your toilet. Husband (after completing his toilet)—I'm going down town for awhile. By the way, Bella, on second thought, I guess I can manage to get a couple of opera tickets, so you can consider the going settled. Ta, ta. Wife (solus, after his departure)—I thought I would fetch him.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Pretty Table Invention.

A lady who entertains charmingly and in her own large-hearted and original way has invented an additional course at her most delightful ladies' lunches by introducing after the dessert a platter of fresh Parma violets, from which each guest helps herself to a luscious bunch of fragrance and beauty. A side dish of silver pins accompanies this course of sweets. Before being served to the guests these same beautiful flowers did duty as a centrepiece on which the guests feasted their eyes.—*Boston Post.*

Dressed as Flowers.

The wild imagination of mantuamakers has taken a new flight; they are dressing people to personate flowers. A young girl appeared at a recent ball in a white silk and tulle sprinkled over with white and purple violets; the corsage was covered with a network of heavy gold cord, which formed a complete basket, and in this receptacle violets were strewn. The straps over the shoulders were a violet ribbon, tied in bows to represent the handles of the basket; the stockings were embroidered with violets and leaves; she wore green satin slippers and carried a voilet bouquet. Another young woman wore a skirt of pink poulte de soie, with a garniture of pink rosebuds and fern leaves, placed over a drapery on moss-green crepe, with a pocket of moss rosebuds and fringes of grass that fell to the bottom of the skirt. One shoulder was adorned with moss roses and ferns, and the corsage was of pink moire antique trimmed with bands of cut crystal. These astonishing costumes appeared at a private, not a fancy, ball.—*New York Letter.*

Fashion Notes.

Old Normandy laces are again in use.

The full sleeve gathered at the elbow is more and more popular with evening dresses of transparent material.

Shoes with uppers of patent leather and foxed with thick soft kid are still preferred for carriage and house wear, and walking shoes maintain the patent leather tipped toe.

Corsets are made very high over the bust, and long in the waist for street wear to increase the long-waisted effect aimed at in all French gowns, but for evening wear they are cut very low to provide for the very decollete gowns that are fashionable.

Stockings in silk and Lisle thread repeat all the new greens and shades of heliotrope. For wear with evening dress are silk stockings with black feet and black half way up the leg, the rest flesh colored. This gives a curious appearance as if only half high hose were worn.

Large shell ornaments for the hair grow more and more popular and in the shape of long daggers, stilettos, two-handled swords, tridents, etc., are thrust through the elaborate long puffs. A pretty one worn by a woman with light brown hair heaped in silky folds on the crown of her head was of dark reddish shell in the shape of a crescent, three inches across from tip to tip.

In line of the new fancy for ribbons and cuffs with small loops of linen along the upper edge, through which narrow, picot-edged ribbon of different colors is run and tied in a bow of many long loops, under the chin and on the outside of the sleeves. Another fancy is for ruffles of crimped lisse, set thick with innumerable loops of narrow white or colored ribbon.

With the approach of spring many new black lace gowns make their appearance. The prettiest have plain skirts of narrow stripes of satin and moire, finished around the foot with a narrow plaiting of the same. The drapery is best made of very wide flouncing, which lends itself readily to the present mode of plain, full folds, and is as deep as the skirt. An economy is to have an extra pair of lace sleeves made with lining, which can be easily substituted and worn in the evening.

To those who can stand the severity of the style the Greek knot is the most becoming style of wearing the hair. The hair should be waved, with a few light curls in the middle of the forehead, but drawn away from the temples and twisted in a close knot on the back of the head, immediately below the crown, not allowing it to drag downward towards the nape.

Misses wear tailor-made suits of dark serge, or of striped or plaid homespun, with a kilt skirt that has short drapery, with a postillion basque with velvet revers and a vest of gay watered or striped silk. Dark blue serge, with red watered silk vest and blue velvet revers, makes a pretty frock. The high collar of blue velvet has a red watered ribbon inside, with a small bow on one side, and the cuffs are similarly finished.

A pretty tea gown has a petticoat of thickly gathered lace flounces sewn with big, dark red chenille balls. The gown, of white cashmere with a long train, buttons to the waist, from which it is open, showing petticoat, and turned back with broad revers of red velvet, the edges of which, like the full open sleeves, are hung with the chenille balls. The inside and train of the gown is lined with the palest pink surah.

Fashions in Mourning.

In Brittany widows' caps are made of yellow material.

In England it is still customary to wear white silk hat-bands for the unmarried.

Grayish-brown is the color used in Ethiopia—the color of the earth to which the dead return.

South Sea Islanders express mourning by a garb of striped white and black cloth. This signifies mingled sorrow and hope.

The Romans during the Republic wore dark blue for mourning and purple and violet to express royalty—"kings and priests to God."

White is the emblem of hope, and still prevails for all mourning in China. In England and this country it is used for children to denote purity.

In Persia pale-brown is used, while sky-blue, to express the assurance that the deceased has gone to heaven, is the color used in Syria, Cappedocia, Armenia and Turkey.

The Cardinals and Kings of France have always to be mourned for by the use of purple, and this use of the color has been handed down to the present time. It is said that the purple signifies the "blue" or aristocratic blood of the deceased.

Women's Work and Ways.

The Nebraska girl is by law her own "boss" at the age of 18.

Dr. Laura Weld, a graduate from a Boston medical school, has hung out her shingle in Dresden, Germany.

Miss Anna Siegel enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the States who plays the trombone. She was educated in Vienna.

The Iowa Agricultural College has a new degree, M. D. E. (Master of Domestic Economy.) It has already been bestowed upon two women.

There are about 500 women employed in Berlin making rosettes for shoes and slippers. About 1,000,000 of these are exported to other countries each year.

Prussia pays women from sixpence to tenpence a day to act as guards at railway crossings. The work is mainly to open and close the bars and light and sweep the crossings.

The Rockwood Pottery at Cincinnati, founded by Mrs. Bellamy-Storer, is celebrated for its colors and glazes, than which none are finer outside of China and Japan, and for the beauty of form and finish generally. The initial experiments which have led to this perfection have been mainly conducted by women.

San Francisco has a novelty in an itinerant female button adjuster, who stands at the street corner with her box of buttons (the mechanical self-fastening kind) ready to repair the accidents of the day.

Jenny Lind is described as being white-haired, plain, severe and extremely pious; intolerant toward young singers, sneering at their voices and their vocation alike, and regretful of the days when she was sinful enough to appear on the stage. She sharply rebukes any one who ventures to address her as Jenny Lind. She left the name behind her with her sinful youth, and will not tolerate any allusion to it.

THE QUEEN AND THE BIBLE.

Memorable Testimony from Queen Victoria to the Value of the Holy Scriptures.

The public learned with some disappointment from a letter written, it is understood, by Sir Henry Ponsonby that the story of the Queen presenting a Bible to a heathen prince with the words, "This is the secret of England's greatness," was incorrect. It seems, however, that the interesting story is not without very solid foundation. It would appear that some time ago, a present having been made to Her Majesty by the chiefs of Abbeokuta, the Earl of Chichester was authorized to write the following letter: "The Queen and the people of England are very glad to know that Sagbua and the chiefs think as they do upon the subject of commerce. But commerce alone will not make a nation great and happy, like England. England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ. The Queen is, therefore, very glad to hear that Sagbua and the chiefs have so kindly received the missionaries who carry with them the Word of God, and that so many of the people are willing to hear it. In order to show how much the Queen values God's Word she sends with this, as a [illegible] a copy of this Word in the English."

House-Plants and Water.

Strange as it may seem, water is one of the greatest obstacles to the successful culture of window plants, in giving too much as well as in giving too little. Plants want water and in just the right amount. What is the right amount can be learned by filling a pot with soil to within an inch of its top. Pour on water, and when what will has drained off and it no longer drips, the soil will contain just the right quantity of water. But all soils will not let the excess of water drain off thus; when filled with water they hold it and remain as mud, in which no plant, save an aquatic, can grow. If it is inferred that such an impervious soil can be made into a porous one by adding a sufficient quantity of sand, a good conclusion will have been reached. A close soil may be made a porous one by adding sufficient sand. The writer was once called upon to inspect some window plants that were growing in the wrong direction, in spite of careful watering. We found a large plant stand in which was a collection of plants, in porcelain and other impervious pots, each of them filled with liquid mud. The owner, though a fairly intelligent man, was astonished to learn that it was possible to water too much, and that he was killing his plants with kindness. Pots with ample drainage and a soil made porous with sufficient sand will prevent the evil of too much water. Still, plants may suffer from a lack of water. The window gardener, finding that the surface of the soil in the pots looks moist, infers that no more water is needed and gives none, hence the plants suffer. The cause of this trouble is the same as that of over-watering; an impervious soil prevents the passage of water through it. Water is given, but it wets only a slight layer at the surface, it cannot pass downward and the roots may be suffering and dry, while the surface looks well. The remedy, as in the other case, is an open soil.—*American Agriculturist.*

One Hundred and Forty Elephants Captured at Once.

Mr. Sanderson, Superintendent of Government Kheddahs, succeeded on the 14th in capturing an immense herd of elephants, numbering no fewer than 140. This is the largest capture on record, and represents, it is estimated, about a lakh of rupees. The scene of the capture is only six miles from the Tura headquarters station of the Garo Hills. The stockade in which the elephants are enclosed is immensely strong, but is being further strengthened against pressure of so many powerful animals by being backed up with powerful timber supports, while an extra stockade is being prepared, into which some of the elephants may be admitted before the tying up process with tame elephants commences. The main stockade is literally tightly packed with elephants of all sizes. Col. Graham Smith, Commissary-General, who is paying an official visit to the Kehddahs, was, with Mrs. Graham Smith, fortunate enough to be present at this most exciting capture, and to witness a scene unequalled in Kheddah operations. Unfortunately during the drive, one elephant, breaking back, escaped, and in doing so killed one of the hunters.—*Calcutta Englishman.*

WITH THE SPIRITS.

Miss Brown's Peculiar Manner of Invoking the Dead.

Numbers of People Hear from Friends Across the Dark River.

The Atlanta medium, Miss Zaida Brown, held the fort again at Spiritualists' Hall, on Sixth street, last night. Miss Brown is a buxom young woman of 22, with a ready command of language and strong lungs. She was listened to by a large audience, most of whom were believers in her doctrines. The lady claimed to be controlled by mediumistic power in the address, which was well received. At the conclusion of the lecture Miss Brown gave some of her peculiar kind of tests, which consist of telling all about some dead person from some trinket or memento worn in life. She also gave a history of the wearer of the ornament. When the young woman called for applicants who wished to hear from departed friends there was a rush of men and women to the platform with rings, bracelets and other kinds of jewellery. Miss Brown remarked, as they overwhelmed her with the numerous articles: "One at a time, please." She also explained that to make the tests successful they must be handed directly to her by the wearer.

The first person to receive attention was a man who handed the medium a ring. Miss Brown pressed her hand tightly on the treasure as she said: "The person who comes to me has had many changes. There is more down in her nature than is understood. She has a gentle face, with gray hair. She is about five feet seven or eight inches in height, and has dark eyes. She always rushed into things impulsively, but earnest and sincere, and went out of life rather suddenly. This man must have his own way, and was very skeptical. I hear the name. He went over to the other side a long time ago." The owner of the ring said that Miss Brown's statement, which was unintelligible to the rest of the spectators, was correct.

The next individual accommodated by the medium was a lady, who took off a bracelet, which Miss Brown held in her hand. "This brings an influence of some one very amiable, of some one not closely connected. There come to me the names of Ellen and William. The possessor of this article has lately buried something, whether in the grave or not I am unable to say. I also see a lady, rather short, with dark hair. A man is also connected with this in some unaccountable way."

The lady who put her faith in Miss Brown's powers declared that William was her husband, but was silent as to the other persons whose first names were suggested.

The medium received another ring and told how it brought visions of a lady who had passed through startling changes in the past few months. There was a feeling of a child dying, and the influence of a two-story brick house, and in a room was a woman leaning over a bright fire. The names of Charlie and Jim came to the medium, and she was moved by an accident on the street. The lady [illegible] spoken of by Miss Brown except the name of Charlie, which was rather remarkable because Charlie is such a rare name.

So far the efforts of the Atlanta girl had not been conspicuously successful. The next trial was on a ring. The young woman said she was influenced by a feeling of impetuosity. The person was disposed to rush into things, and was inclined to regret it afterward. An element of travel entered into the impression. She regretted to say it, but the young gentleman of dark eyes and sallow complexion who was brought out in the test chewed tobacco. There was also the influence of a storm, the thunder rolled and lightning flashed, and the additional influence of something lost. She revealed the names of Jimmie and Herman. The matter was made still more complex by a large brick building which fell in and killed a man. A man also appeared in the vision. He was 45, with dark hair and eyes. A lady also came who was a great lover of music. The man that owned the ring said that Miss Brown's disclosures were correct.

The next subject was a young man who surrendered a ring to the medium. She took it and at once brought up in her spiritualistic way two young girls, Tillie and Mary. The former was very pretty, with light hair and blue eyes, and of rather slender build. Miss Brown complimented the owner of the ring by saying if he was not a lawyer he ought to be one. He was too skeptical to be religious. The young man was given lots of taffy, and during the course of the test the medium brought up the names of David and William, whom she described minutely. When she had finished the young man stated for the benefit of the audience that he didn't recognize any one spoken of, but everything said about himself was true. Several other individuals submitted articles upon which Miss Brown cast a horoscope. She pleased the believers, but the skeptics were inclined to doubt the efficacy of her declarations.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Matrimonial Commencement.

A Cincinnati newspaper man, who recently led a blushing maiden to Hymen's altar, is said to have started out upon his matrimonial career the proud possessor of the following housekeeping outfit:

1 oil stove	$1 00
1 coffee pot	25
1 frying pan	25
1 stew pan	25

The object of this article is to encourage those who are contemplating a journalistic career by showing them what can be accomplished in that profession by industry, sobriety and economy.—*Colorado Dispatch.*

—Young woman, listen to this: Tom Moore began to write poems when he was a boy of 14, Southey wrote his first verses when he was 11, Keats was a successful poet at 18, Leigh Hunt talked in rhyme at 13, Chaucer at 12, and Milton when he was 10. And where are they now, Ethel? Where are they now? They are dead. Go wash the ink off your thumb and help your mother pare the potatoes, Ethel, if you would live long. I'll write the poetry; I don't care to live any longer. P. S.—In fact, I'd rather die than pare the potatoes. —*Burdette.*

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Man Who Was Drowned is Arrested for Conspiring to Defraud an Insurance Company.

Supt. Cornish, of Pinkerton's detective agency, and Chief Inspector Hanscom escorted to police headquarters a man who, according to the certificate of death, was drowned more than four months ago, says a Boston despatch of February 9th to the New York *Sun*. At headquarters he met the man who had sworn to seeing him drown, and who was so mad that he exclaimed, "You fool! If you got out of the way why didn't you stay out?" These two men, with two others, were arrested for conspiring to defraud the United States Mutual Accident Association out of $5,000. One of the conspirators took out a policy for that amount, and soon afterward was reported to have been drowned. Application was made for the insurance money, but the conspirators made one or two blunders, and failed to get the cash. The story of the conspiracy, as confessed by the supposed drowned man, is this:

Early last summer Henry J. Thomas, of Cambridge; Charles L. Frost, of North Andover, and Walter E. Bray and Eugene L. Saunders, of Chelsea, were discussing schemes for making money. They decided to try a plan for defrauding the United States Mutual Accident Association, of New York. On June 8th Thomas procured a blank application, and Saunders filled in the necessary answers to interrogatories concerning his health and general condition. A policy of $5,000 was taken out, and Mary Leonard, who passed as Thomas' intended wife, was made the beneficiary. It was understood that Thomas was to die at a certain time, and that the money would be equally divided among the conspirators. Two assessments were paid, and then the men thought it was time to act. On the morning of September 30th the four men met in a saloon in Boston and decided to drown Thomas in Beverly Harbor. Thomas went to his room at West Springfield street, packed all his things and took them away. Then he went to Beverly and met Bray and Frost. They spent some little time in discussing who should assist Thomas in his voluntary sacrifice. Frost was chosen, and he and Thomas went to the docks. Frost and Thomas spent two hours in examining the yacht Mayflower, which lay alongside one of the wharves, and at sundown they went to the railroad bridge and hired a boat. That was the last that was seen of them until to-day. Late that night Frost returned to the bridge alone and reported, with every appearance of grief, that the boat had capsized and that his companion was drowned. He said he searched for the body, but without success. All he could find was his friend's hat, which was in the boat. After telling the boatman where to look for the body, he drew a wallet from his vest pocket and paid the man with a note that had not been wet. The boatman did not notice this important fact until after Frost's departure.

The papers announced the death of Thomas, and on October 2nd Mary Leonard telegraphed to the secretary of the insurance company claiming the amount of the policy. The agent visited her to make the usual inquiries, and found her at a restaurant [illegible] she promptly replied that she had seen the account of the drowning in the *Journal*, which was taken regularly by the proprietor. The agent had not seen it, so he went to the proprietor and asked for the paper. The man said he did not take it. The girl's confusion made the agent suspicious, and an investigation was begun. After patient shadowing, a man who partly answered the description of Thomas was seen visiting the woman, and was traced to Taunton, where he went by the name of Thompson. He recently moved to Cambridge, and the police went there to arrest him to-day.

"Well, you are looking pretty well for a man who has been drowned four months," said Chief Inspector Hanscom.

Thomas recognized Hanscom and turned as though to run, but the inspector stopped him. He pretended he didn't know what the inspector meant. He denied being Thomas and stoutly maintained that his name was Thompson, but when Detective Thornhill produced a picture of him, taken before his alleged departure from this world, he confessed. He said that he and Frost rowed around the harbor until a specified hour. Then they rowed to the shore and he got out and met Bray. Frost then jumped overboard in water up to his waist, and careened the boat until several buckets of water had been shipped. Then he got in again and rowed back to the bridge with his sad tale.

Frost was arrested in North Andover to-day, and protested until confronted with Thomas in Inspector Hanscom's office. The men stared at each other without a sign of recognition. Then Frost went up to Thomas, touched his face, and said, facetiously: "He's alive, that's sure." "Yes, I'm alive," was Thomas' dry retort. The woman heard of Thomas' arrest and fled.

A Ton of Prune Sweepings.

On Friday night the butcher who supplies meat to the British steamship Saxmundham asked Night Inspector Whelan if it was all right for him to buy and take away a lot of prunes which had been offered him by officers of the steamer at 4 cents a pound. Inspector Whelan investigated the case and learned that the steamer had cleared for her outward trip with a cargo for Havre. The prunes were said to be the sweepings of a cargo of dried fruits landed in New York before the vessel came around here to load. The case came up before a board at the Custom House yesterday on a charge against the vessel and captain of violating section 4,368, for having goods on board and not on the manifest or store list. The captain satisfied the board that he had no knowledge of the concealment of the prunes or of their being on board, but he was condemned to pay a fine of $100 in addition to the confiscation of the goods, which weighed nearly a ton. This was the penalty affixed in section 4,368, but will probably be slightly reduced by the Secretary of the Treasury on account of the innocence of the captain.—*Baltimore American.*

A Dakota woman in the upper James valley decided that she wanted a fur cloak. She began trapping mink and tanning the skins. These she sent to St. Paul, where they have been made into a beautiful cloak for which she was offered $125.

UNCLE TOMMY STERETT.

The Husband of Five Wives and Father of Twenty-five Children.

One of the most familiar characters about Hamilton, and one whom everybody knows, is Uncle Tommy Sterett, writes a Hamilton, O., correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*. The 7th of this month he celebrated his 77th birthday anniversary, and from appearances will live to celebrate many more. He was born near Venice, on the Miami. His first work was for Isaac Anderson, with whom he lived as a farm-hand, receiving $3 a month for the first year. Mr. Sterett has outlived four wives, and now lives in happiness with his fifth. He first married Mary Wells, of Kentucky, the couple starting in life together in a log cabin twelve feet square with dirt floor and a chimney made of mud and sticks. The wife weaved and purchased flour, while the husband mauled rails in exchange for meat. By his first wife Mr. Sterett was the father of eighteen children. Mr. Sterett's second wife was Isabel Brosier, by whom he had one child. The old man said he could not remember the dates when he married his different wives, as his memory was poor, and he "couldn't recollect these little things." After living four or five years Isabel died, and Mrs. Martha Nichols took her place. This was along about 1852, and five children resulted from this union. Mrs. Robert Pierce became the fourth Mrs. Thomas Sterett, and she died about twelve years ago in Indiana, without leaving any children. Uncle Tommy's present wife was the widow of William Smith. One child—Johnnie, aged 10—is the last addition to the Sterett family, and he completes the even quarter of a hundred children who claim the old man as their father. These children have grown up, married and emigrated, and many of them are living to-day in parts unknown to their aged parent. Mr. Sterett lived in Hamilton in 1815, when, as he says, it was a common sight to see Indians, bears, panthers, deer, wild turkeys, foxes und wolves in the roads, and prowling about the town. He has always been a Democrat, always expects to be, and first voted for Andrew Jackson for President. When the war broke out five of his own sons and four step-sons went to the front and served until they became veterans. The old man wanted to go, but the boys thought there were enough out of one family, and that he had better stay home and take care of the children, while they did the fighting. The farthest he was ever away from home was a trip to Louisville to see his boys during the rebellion. Although a bitter Democrat, and from Butler county, too, the old man was loyal, and opposed to the conduct of the South. Had he had more sons fit for duty they, too, should have gone, Mr. Sterett asserted, as he recalled those stirring days. Uncle Tommy has been a laboring man all his life, and was boss of the First Ward street gang for nine years. To-day he is able to walk to his daughter's house, fourteen miles away, in less than four hours, and none can work harder than he. He has used the weed since his 14th year, and worked for half a century, seeing nothing but hard knocks and much trouble, but is at present strong and

PRINCE OF NEW YORK DETECTIVES.

How He Manages to Corrall Thieves, Big and Little.

Markedly individualized and independent, Inspector Byrens in manner is very gentlemanly, insinuating, and invitive of confidence. He knows the thoughts, plans, ways and characteristics of "crooks," and readily infers how any one of the category will proceed in the projection and execution of crime, and what he will do to cover his tracks. Charles Reade's advice to "put yourself in his place" he follows in practice of a profession to which pre-eminent fitness rather than choice has called him. Like every genuine "sleuth hound" of just government, he exhibits rare coolness, self-possession and bravery, persistence unwearying, sagacity almost unerring, and the fine scent that sniffs the slightest odor of the quarry. Kind as keen, and impartial as imperturbable, he has formed a class of police officers equal to the needs of a municipality so free to ingress and egress that it is the most difficult of all to guard against criminals. "Honor among thieves" is one of the time-worn lies that he denounces with emphatic scorn. He says: "I never met a thief in my life, provided he could benefit by peaching on his confederates, from whom I could not find out anything I was desirous to know. There is no such thing as honor among thieves." * * * Some of the men reporting to him are said to be college-bred, and can pass muster in the best society. All are chosen in view of individual aptitude for certain kinds of work. The stamp of officialism is about the last of which there is any trace. Keeping *incognito* as much as possible, the chances of prompt detection are multiplied. "Crooks" are now afraid of their shadows; great robberies have ceased, and minor crime been reduced over eighty per cent. Detectives more or less closely imitate the example of their chief, who says: "Every evening I make it a point to meet some of these men in resorts, and learn from them the whereabouts of their friends, and what they are doing. One crook of consequence generally knows what other good men are doing. In this way I keep posted, and know in what part of the country all the sharp men are. As experts are liberated from the State Prison I follow their tracks in this way."

Variety may be the spice of life, but advertising is the pepper and salt of a newspaper, and the bread and butter of the advertiser. The customer comes in for the cream.

—A literary man says: "I have surely discovered the author of 'The Breadwinners.' It is John Hay, as has been asserted. You remember the peculiar name of Offit in the book. Well, a man of that name appears in the early chapters of the life of Lincoln which Hay and Nicolay are publishing in the "Century." I mentioned the coincidence to one of the assistant editors of the magazine, and he admitted, on being pressed hard, that John Hay wrote the much-talked-about novel."

First Lady—Yes, I have tried three different sewing-machines in the past six months. Second Lady—What pests these sewing-machine agents are, an't they? First Lady—Pests? Why, if it wasn't for them I should have had to buy a machine ten years ago!"

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MARCH. 10, 1887.

OUR TOWNSHIP FATHERS.

When the genial Clerk commenced reading the minutes of previous meeting of Council, at 11 o'clock, the following gentlemen occupied seats around the green table, viz., Dr. Christoe, Reeve; Deputy Reeve Boland, and Councillors Sharp and Cairns. Shortly afterwards Deputy-Reeve McArthur entered and took his seat.

Minutes of last meeting approved.

Petition from Thos. Crow, Eugenia, complaining that his property in the town of Eugenia was assessed much higher than its cash value, and asking for a refund, was read and duly considered by Council.

Moved by John Boland, seconded by Wm. Sharp, that a refund of taxes amounting to 45 cents be made to Thos. Crowe.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp, That the account of G. Lattimer for 4½ cords wood to Boyles $4 50 be paid; also W. J. Bellamy, Clerk, for Registration under Sec. 26, Chap. 36, R. S. of O., amounting to $17.90, be paid.—Car.

Sharp, Cairns, That Report of Committee on Treasurer's Securities be adopted and fyled.—Car.

Resignation of Mr. John Whitby, as Assessor, laid on the table, when following motion was put and carried unanimously:

McArthur, Cairns, That Mr. Whitby having placed his resignation in our hands, as the Assessor of the Township, we take the opportunity to express that we believe (1) That Mr. Whitby discharged his duty to the best of his ability, and in accordance with the statutes as he understood them. (2) That we believe, that has the Township, as a whole, been more equally assessed; and that notwithstanding any contradictions, either public or private, the Township may congratulate itself upon the faithful services of our late Assessor.

In the matter of two petitions from the Tyrone neighborhood, Artemesia, the following motion was put and carried:

McArthur, Boland, That the petition of Geo. Binnie and seven others be entertained, and that the Twp. Clerk be instructed to make application to the Government, as provided in section 58 and the two following sections, at the cost of the proprietors of the lands in each concession or part of a concession interested the expenses not to exceed twenty-five dollars.—Carried

Boland, Sharp, That the parties interested in petition (from M. Akitt and others) asking for license for Eugenia to sell intoxicants be advised to submit it to the proper authorities, viz., the License Commissioners for adjudication, as this Council has no control whatsoever in the matter, this Council not having this counter petition before them at the time a contrary one was presented, can not now feel it to be their duty to change the course thus adopted.—Carried.

By-law 410 to amend 409, appointing Assessor, and By-law 411, appointing Municipal officers for 1887, introduced and passed.

Mr. Wm. McLaughry was duly appointed Assessor in place of Mr. John Whitby resigned.

Pathmasters.—Samuel Coleman, H. D Irwin, John Slidwell, Wm. Davis, H. Matthewson, Robt. Best, Chas. Irwin, jr., John Allan, David Stinson, Geo. Ludlow Thos. Talbot, R. Watson, Thos. Davis Arch. Foster, Jacob Holley, Price Teeter, Geo. Wardrobe, John Pedlar, Wm. Talbot, Thos. Henry, Wm. Gallop, Jas. Cornfield, sr., Samuel Shuttleworth, James Patton, John Walker, W. J. Whyte, Wm. Spears, Wm. Wright, sr., James McMillan, Roderick Stewart, Geo. Burkin, Chas. Hales, Samuel Wauchob, Wm Ludlow, James Johnston, C. C. James, I. W. Stinson, Wm. Reid, sr., John Whyte, Wm. Meade, Thos. Taylor, jr., Malcolm McMillan, Malcolm McDonald, sr., John Gowland, Robt. Oliver, John Campbell, Neil McFadden, Peter Muir, sr., Frank Thompson, sr., Wm. Fletcher, Richard Whittaker, jr., James Fisher, Samuel Badgerow, Alex. Henry, James Nash, James Atwell, John Beecroft, Martin Phillips, Thos. Gilbert, Robert Meldrum, Wm. Hooper, J. W. Armstrong, Geo. Murphy, Thos. Kells, Wm. Hutchinson, Alex. McDill, Henry Williams, Robert Cooper, Geo. Sewell, James Hanson, Samuel Martin, R. Carruthers, John Williams, sr., Robt. Graham, John Weber, and Richard Whittaker, sr. *

Fence Viewers.—Richard Whittaker, jr., Joseph Aussum, Donald McMillan, Alex. Muir, Dugald Currie, H. D. Irwin, Robt. Shannon, Wm. Blair, Wm. Hill, Geo. Moore, Geo. Stewart, Chas. Bellamy, Ed. Ross, J. McKee, sr., Jonathan Hickson, J. B. Sloan, and Jas. Stewart, sr.

Poundkeepers.—Duncan Lamont, Priceville; J. E. Marsh, Markdale; A. Munshaw, Flesherton; M. Akitt, Eugenia.

Boland, Cairns, That the Auditors' Report be referred to Auditors to insert statements regarding School Debentures, as this Council thinks that the law intends that each debenture account should be shown separately and distinct, showing annually the amount of Sinking Fund deposited as well as the accumulated interest, for it would be entirely aside from the intent and spirit of the By-law creating the debt.—Car.

Boland, Sharp, That T. B. Gilhland be paid $5.50 for surveying Valley Road.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp, That the Reeve issue his order for this day's session of Council and indigent monthly allowance.—Carried.

* Flesherton pathmasters will be appointed next meeting of Council.

Council adjourned

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

On Feb. 21 as announced, the tea-meeting for Eugenia Sunday School was held. The weather was favourable and sleighing excellent. So the tea and entertainment was well patronized, resulting in a fair, financial success, in aid of S.S. Funds. The tables presided over by the lady friends were loaded with choicest viands which were heartily appreciated by the merry throngs collected around them and replenished again and again and their remained an abundance. The esteemed Superintendent Mr. Elijah Paul, occupied the chair at the church, called the assembly to order, and opened the meeting in their gatherings should do by singing, and prayer by Rev. Thibadoe, and afterwards displayed to the audience a programme of some 3 feet long by 8 in. wide, consisting of speeches, readings, recitations, dialogues, vocal and instrumental music. The evenings entertainment suffice it here to say, that the children of the school and young men and women acquitted themselves creditably in the rendering of their recitations and dialogues and the singing by the children, under their instructor, F. Carr, fairly captured the audience, all singing some 7 pieces from memory without aid of a book, also the Eugenia choir rendered some 5 or 6 pieces with remarkable credit to themselves and pleasure to all who heard it. Miss M. Carr presided at the organ for the children, and Miss Augusta Akitt for the choir, and proud we have talented musicians in our midst, of no mean order. Votes of thanks were tendered by the pleased audience to all concerned in contributing to the evenings entertainment and enjoyment and profit and thus one of the most successful tea-meetings held here was brought to a close with benedictions.

Cheese Factory Meeting.

A meeting of patrons was held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on the 26 ult., for the purpose of re-organizing for the running of the factory for a further term of three years under the management of Mr. Geo. Stewart sr.

When it was resolved to elect officers for the current year, the following were elected.

G. Stewart, President
W. Wilcock, V. "
J. Brodie, Secy.

DIRECTORS.

Route No 1		Wm. Wright.
"	2	J. Holly.
"	3	A. Johnson
"	4	A. Stewart
"	5	T. Wright.
"	6	S. Pedlar
"	7	C. W. Bellamy.
"	8	T. McArthur

The meeting then adjourned until Saturday March 19th at 2 o'clock p. m. when the routes will be finally laid out and the drawing of the milk to the factory let. Jas. Brodie, Secy.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Sir,—On reading the adventure of Tommy Cullen in your last issue, I resolved to send you a few extracts from a letter of another Artemesia boy who is Foreman rancher on a "sheep outfit" in Wyoming, he says "we are now moved on to the winter range some 16 miles from town," (Rock Springs) the last 2 months (Nov. and December) have been very tough on me. Storm after storm came tearing down the mountain from 1st to 15 Nov., sometimes I gave up all hope of saving the sheep, but have them all snug now but lost over 300 in the drifts. my boss thought I had done first rate as other outfits' loss was much more. A very sad affair happened on Nov. 9th, two men were heading for Rock Springs from the mountains North, some 140 miles, and struck me at steam boat mountain, some 70 miles North of town. As I was starting to move on winter range, and as the trail was snowed under, they offered to help me down for their grub, as they were afraid of getting lost. I said O.K., and being out of meat, one of the men went out to try and get an elk or a deer, and a terrible storm came up when he was gone about 3 hours, and he never returned. I delayed moving for 10 days and went out searching for him every day, but found no trace. He is dead and buried under some snow drift. There was no escape for him as there was no house or timber within 40 miles, and the temperature was 17 below zero. For nearly a month we had up no tent at all that was on the trail down here. I baked in a frying pan on the open Prairie when the wind was blowing at least 30 miles an hour, done all our cooking with no shelter whatever, and made our beds on from 6 inches to 6 feet of snow, we however, doubled up bedding (2 beds cut) so we slept first-rate, but the cooking, trailing sheep and driving team and pack horses, especially riding horse-back, was a terror. Such is ranching. Yours, H.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

McGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c per box.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 00 to 2 10
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to 0 75
Spring Wheat	0 75 0 75
Barley	0 30 0 50
Oats	0 27 0 28
Peas	0 46 0 46
Butter	0 15 0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15 0 15
Potatoes	0 30 0 30
Pork	5 50 5 50
Hay, per ton	10 00 10 00
Hides	6 00 7 00
Wool	16 16
Sheepskins	0 40 0 55
Geese	0 05 0 05
Turkeys	0 08 0 08
Chickens per pair	0 30 0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50 0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

100 acres, being Lot 24, Con. 9, Artemisia, adjoining Town plot of Eugenia, 35 acres cleared, fenced, and mostly seeded down. Good well of never failing water close to house. Young orchard, just commencing to bear fruit. Frame house, log stable. Stream of water on place. Terms easy. For particulars apply to J. W. HOATH
Feb. 9 1887. Eugenia P. O.

SEED OATS FOR SALE.

On Lot 6, Con. 13, Osprey, 1,000 bushels choice Tartar Oats, grown on freshly broken land. Will be ready for delivery about ten days from date. Price, about 20 or 30 cents per bushel.
Feb. 4th, 1887 JAMES CRAWFORD.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer.

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.
MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED Dr CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other valuable vegetable roots and herbs, having a powerful effect on the kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500 000 SOLD

Over one-half a million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS 25 cts. per box

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

LITTLE FALLS

Saw Mill!

IN FULL OPERATION.

Special attention given to custom work, so that parties delivering logs to be sawn, can have their Lumber for return loads.

SAW LOGS BOUGHT.

WM HOGG.

Feb. 23rd, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

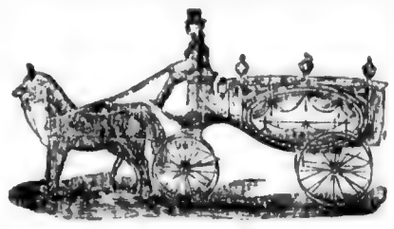

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

2½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable, a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Birth.

HALES.—In Artemesia, on the 21st Feb., the wife of Mr. John Hales, of a son.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The excitement over the elections has abated considerably here since the 22nd.

Miss A. Scott, of Angus, is spending a few days with friends in this neighborhood

Mr. Wm. Williamson has sold his farm containing 200 acres to a gentleman in Orangeville, for the sum of $5,500.

Mr. J. Thompson, of Manitoba, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. S. Wakely.

Mr. R. Cornet, of Dundalk, has been engaged to make the cheese in the Inistioge factory for 1¼ cents lb.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather there was no service in the Methodist church here last Sabbath.

Gone but not Forgotten.

Death—"The King of Terrors"—is always an unwelcome visitor. Nevertheless it is true that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Recently we were called to mourn with our friend and neighbor, Mr. Joseph Pedlar and his family, the loss of his son Joseph, who was in his seventeenth year; having been an invalid for over a dozen of years and unable to walk, he was seldom seen outside, unless on the 12th of July, and at Salem tea meeting and pic-nic. It is needless to say he was a great favorite with all the family particularly his father and mother who feel his loss very keenly. He was a kind hearted boy and had such a nice ear for music that if he heard an air 2 or 3 times he would beat it correctly on his little drum which to him was a constant delight. During his illness he suffered very little pain but needed constant attention; indeed all through his trouble he was seldom an hour out of his mother's sight by night or day and this makes the bereavement much more severe to her. The whole neighborhood and all who knew Mr. and Mrs. Pedlar sympathise very much with them in this time of their affliction.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by all classes of people for over forty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for cold, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

Auction Sale.

Farm stock, implements, &c., at Lot 152, 2nd Range East, T. & S. Road, Artemesia, at one o'clock, on Friday, (tomorrow) March 11th. 10 months credit on sums over $5. J. G. Carson, Proprietor; A. S. Vandusen, Auctioneer. See bills.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in the spring of the year, to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore healthy tone and vigor to the whole physical mechanism. Remember that quality, not quantity, constitutes the value of medicine.

Correct Answers.

The following pupils of Flesherton Public Schools have handed in correct solutions to the question in arithmetic published in last week's ADVANCE, viz., David Matthewson, George Holman, Fred. Ayers, Robert Keefer, Martha Beattie, Lizzie Swanton, Mina Bunt, Frank VanDusen, Bert Armstrong, Willie Bellamy, Willie Sinclair, Bradford Powell, Mary Strain, May Damude, Lizzie Richardson, Thos. Gilchrist, Lou Armstrong, John Bradley.

Answer, $2.78 and fraction.

Any one in need of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Violins, Pipes, Purses, &c., will do well to call at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton, where they keep the finest stock at the lowest prices in this County, the only place to get your watch repaired properly.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

50 acre farm, 14 acres cleared. Apply to M. RICHARDSON.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 33, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P.M. at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. McL. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

TO RENT.

THE old and well-known Pickell farm adjoining Flesherton, consisting of 100 acres, eighty-five cleared, twenty fall ploughed. Splendid bank barn with spacious horse stable, stone cow stable, and never failing well underneath barn. Orchard of one hundred fine young trees bearing good variety of fruit. Comfortable log house. For terms apply to WM. BROWN, Esq., Markdale, or on the premises, to W. G. PICKELL.

MARE for SALE

A FIRST-CLASS driving mare lately owned by W. G. Pickell and known as the Whitton mare, with foal to Woodbine Chief to foal first of April. Terms cash or bankable paper.

D. E. WRIGHT.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE

—:OF:—

CENTRE GREY.

PROFESSORS.

ROBERTSON AND MOYRE.

Will address a public meeting of the above institute at

ROCKLYN,

THURSDAY, MARCH 10TH, AND AT FLESHERTON,

FRIDAY, MARCH 11TH.

Several local men will read papers on subjects of interest to Farmers' at both meetings. The Annual Meeting of the Institute for the election of officers &c., will be held at Rocklyn at 10 o'clock on the 10th March. Lectures will begin each day at 1 o'clock.

Our meetings have been very successful in the past and we cordially invite a large attendance.

THOS. GILRAY, President. A. TURNER, Secretary.

FARM to RENT.

100 ACRES, Lot 3 & 4, North Range, Con. 3, Osprey, about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; about 10 acres seeded down, young orchard, about 60 trees, commence[illegible] frame house, stone milkhouse, stables, good water. Privilege of cutting and selling wood allowed to tenant. For terms and particulars, apply to

WM. HENDERSON, 2t. Wareham P.O.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

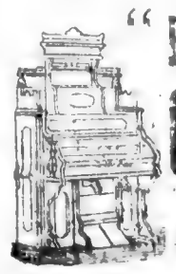

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FAITH FAILED.

Cora Stickney Again Consigned to the Grave—A Mother's Belief in the Power of Prayer.

A St. Paul's despatch says: The body of Cora Stickney, of Minneapolis, which was exhumed by her mother for the purpose of making a test of the faith cure, has been returned to the grave. Mrs. Stickney says that many wrong impressions have been formed by what has been printed and facts have been badly twisted. She accordingly makes this full and final statement of the case: "When my daughter died, on November 30th, I had no thoughts of having her restored, neither did I have then, nor have I had any time since, any doubts about my daughter's death. About a week before death Cora received divine healing. Prayers were being offered for her at the faith meeting and she was instantly healed. Her skin changed its color, her eyes their expression and her strength returned. Very soon a caller came and she wished her cure kept a secret, and immediately her nose began to bleed again. Her wavering faith was not supported by my own, for I had none. Six days after this she died. Seven days later God laid it on me to pray for her to be raised. About three days after this I was impressed to bring her home, but left her in the vault until February 1st, when I had the body removed to my home and placed where the frost would come out slowly at first. Then I had the temperature slowly raised.

"Sunday, February 6th, the frost was out, and we met for prayer and watched for life. God heard our prayer. Life did return to the body. She breathed; her heart beat; her body became warm and remained so for six hours. There was also a strong smell of brandy around her which we noticed before we noticed any breath. Others also saw her breathe and felt the warmth of her body. I stood by and rubbed her for a long time, expecting to hear her speak and see her rise. The hands grew cold while I rubbed her, and they also stiffened and became somewhat discolored. I became frightened and thought that life had gone. I asked God to show me what we had done, and it came to me that I had put my hands in the way of God's work. Life did not entirely leave the body, however, when I thought it did. There was warmth and a smell of brandy for days after. It did seem sometimes for days that I could detect a little breath, but I cannot say that I really knew that she breathed after that Sunday night.

"On February 14th, Dr. Palmer examined her and said there was inanimate life there then. Dr. Palmer, from his standpoint, says she had been in a trance; but we believe that life was given in answer to prayer. The body kept warm until February 16th, without any marked change except that the tips of the fingers and the end of the nose dried from freezing and thawing."

Mrs. Stickney says that she can see no difference whether God heals a sick person who is half dead or one whose breath has just left the body, or one who has been dead for months, and she quotes a number of Scriptural texts in confirmation of her view.

TERRIBLE INJUSTICE.

John H. Hall Dies in Prison Awaiting a Too Long Delayed Pardon.

A Joliet, Ill., despatch says: John H Hall, sentenced for life in 1884 for the Mount Pulaski triple tragedy, in which John McMahon, a rich bachelor, and his two hired men—Robert Melthew and John Carlock—were murdered, died on Monday in the prison hospital. Hall was generally believed to be innocent, and recent developments tend to confirm that belief. Hall and McMahon were neighbors, and Hall's brother married McMahon's sister. McMahon also had a sister half crazy, who remembered after the murder to have heard Hall talk about the gagging and murdering that had been done in Texas while he was there. She insisted from this that Hall did the deed, since all three of the murdered men were gagged, hobbled and blindfolded when found with their throats cut. Suspicion was at once directed to Hall. The murder was committed in August, 1882, but Hall was not arrested until a year later, and was tried in June, 1884. He proved a distinct *alibi* by three of his neighbors and his two daughters, but was convicted on the evidence of a fellow-prisoner, who swore that Hall confessed to him that he plotted and carried out the job. This, Hall said, was a hired detective, who perjured himself. His name is Charles Montgomery, and he is now in penitentiary for burglary, and says he swore falsely. Hall made a dying statement, in which he maintained his innocence, and stated that he know the truth would come out some day. He was a stout, good-looking man when received, but gradually wasted away brooding over his misfortune till disease finished him.

Heating Cars by Steam.

A St. Paul despatch says: An official test of steam heating apparatus was made yesterday on a Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad short line train between St. Paul and Minneapolis. The device consists of the use of exhaust steam from the dome of the engine carried through pipes underneath the engine and cars, with patent flexible coupling between each car. This pipe connects in the centre of each car with a radiating pipe on each side, with a branch under each seat. The test seemed perfectly satisfactory, the thermometer registering eighty degrees within the car, while outside it stood at zero, with a pressure of six pound to the square inch inside the car. The engineer declared he saw no perceptible difference in the amount of coal used.

Wine from Jerusalem.

A Chicago despatch says: Invoices for a large consignment of wine from Jerusalem were received at the custom house yesterday. The invoices cover 500 gallons of wine and 100 gallons of liquor, and are intended specially for the feast of the Passover, which begins April 9th, and continues one week. This feast is particularly observed among the Hebrews throughout the world, with imposing ceremonies and rejoicing. The wine is said to be of superb quality, seven years old. The invoices left Jerusalem December 15th.

A man ought to be careful about going to drink between the acts. It may result in his acting bad between the drinks.

THE FISH TIT FOR TAT.

Belmont's Retaliation Measure Passed by Congress.

A Washington despatch says: The House of Representatives yesterday by a vote of 138 to 123 practically decided that there shall be no retaliatory legislation at this session of Congress. The vote was on the Belmont substitute for the Bill which passed the Senate four weeks ago, and by this vote the House determined to substitute the more radical for the more moderate measure. Belmont wanted absolute nonintercourse between the two countries, and to bring this about he was willing to extend the embargo to the rolling stock of Canadian railroads. The debate on the latter extended from 11 o'clock a. m. until 2 p. m., and called forth all sorts of patriotism and gush from the able Representatives on the floor. The members from New England were far more moderate in their demands than those from the Southern States. The Massachusetts and Maine Representatives declared that the fishermen most interested did not ask for the Belmont Bill, but would be entirely satsfied to apply the same treatment to Canadian vessels that Canada meted out to those sailing under the United States flag. But the House was not disposed to pay any attention to the wants of New England, and the Northwest, which is directly concerned in the proposition to exclude Canadian cars and engines, cut no figure in the controversy. The Bill as amended was passed by a vote of 252 to 1. This would seem like a very forcible endorsement of the Bill, but there is something behind all this. The Senate has expressed itself very emphatically upon the original Bill, and it will certainly not agree to the amendment of the House. The measure will therefore go to a conference committee, and the conferees on the part of each House will be instructed to stand out for the will of each body as expressed by the vote, and the prospect of a compromise is not at all good. It is the general belief on the Republican side that the Administration is opposed to any retaliatory legislation, and that this method has been adopted to prevent action, while at the same time the country will be led to think that blood is wanted.

TRANSPORTS ON THE LAKES.

The United States Authorities Investigating the Means of Attack on Inland Waters.

A Cleveland (Ohio) despatch says: The local custom house authorities have made almost daily reports to Washington for three months past about dealings with Canada. Fishermen who have caught fish in Canadian waters have been compelled to tell of their doings for the past three years, and now comes a query to all of the owners of steamboats in the city from which it would appear that the authorities at Washington are paying more attention to the fisheries question and the possible outcome of the controversy than is generally believed. All the owners of large steamboats have received from Captain F. A Mahan, of the United States Engineers' Office at Buffalo, a letter in which he says he wishes to know the shipping facilities of the port of Buffalo. He asks for a full description of each vessel and how much room there is available in each to carry passengers. Instead of asking outright, "Will your boat carry so many men through the Welland Canal?" the officer gets around the point with several indirect questions. These letters are undoubtedly for the purpose of ascertaining what steamers there are on lakes capable of landing men on the Canadian frontier in case of sudden cause for an attack in that direction. Cleveland has an immense fleet of large freight and ore carrying propellers that could be utilized as transports at short notice.

A MONTREAL TRAGEDY.

Young Girl Seriously Wounded by a Crazy Drunken Man.

A Montreal despatch says: On Thursday night a young French Canadian girl named Demise Lavigne, aged 13, who lives with her father, a pilot, was shot in the back and thigh by Patrick Maloney, a man about 50 years of age, who, with his wife, lived in the same house. Maloney, who had been considerably addicted to strong drink of late, has been laboring under the impression that the Lavigne family were attempting to take his life by injecting poison through the wall which separates their apartments. During the evening he entered Lavigne's house and without saying a word began to discharge a seven-shooter. Two balls struck the girl, who fell on the floor badly wounded. Her brother, who was present, escaped, and two balls fell to the ground without effect. Maloney then left the house and coming up town quietly gave himself up to the police authorities. He was brought before Judge Dugas yesterday morning and, having pleaded not guilty, was committed for trial at the Court of Queen's Bench. The young girl is as well as can be expected and is cared for at the General Hospital.

Trouble Among the Tongas.

A London cable says: Advices from the Tonga, or Friendly Islands, show that there continues to be great excitement among the natives over the trial of the men under arrest for the attack on Missionary Baker. Five more of the prisoners have been sentenced to death, and thirty others are awaiting their trial. The British Consul, it is said, has succeeded in averting further executions, but he declines to interfere otherwise with the course of justice as administered by the King. The party known as Old Wesleyans now accuse Mr. Baker of jury-packing and of personally trying the natives, and have appealed to the Governor of the Fiji Islands to send a war ship to allay the excitement fomented by Baker's conduct. The Catholic priests are appealing to France for protection. The British corvette Diamond has started from Melbourne for the Tonga Islands.

A wide field for speculation is opened by this paragraph in the Nashua *Telegraph*, describing dancing parties in Amherst, N.H.: "These dances have been kept upon as purely a moral basis as practicable."

—The hostess who has the tact to arrange cosy little nooks in her apartments, where debutantes can hid away with their partners and enjoy a sly flirtation, beyond the light of the chandelier, never lacks for a "full house" at any of her entertainments.

A MODERN JACK SHEPPARD.

Tom Worth, the Desperado, Recaptured in Chicago—A Close Shave from Being Cremated.

A Chicago despatch says: Tom Worth, *alias* Jim Truman, who escaped from Oconto Jail on Sunday night, was caught here yesterday. Worth was under arrest for shooting the town marshal last summer. This is the third time he has broken jail since his arrest, and the story of his escape this time, told by himself, is interesting. He effected it by burning a hole through the ceiling. "I was over two months," Worth said, "in burning that hole through. I had only four or five minutes each day in which to work. That was when a fellow confined in another cell on the same floor went down stairs to get coal. I didn't dare do anything when he was about for fear he would give me away to the jailor. I was confined in a cell on the second floor of the jail. The building is constructed of heavy logs, 20 inches thick. The ceiling is of logs, about 14x16 inches. In the corrider in front of my door was a coal stove. Along in December the plan came into my mind to burn my way out. I knew it was no use to try the walls, but thought I might make my way through the ceiling that was covered with inch boards over the logs. I managed to pry those off and save the nails and then started to burn off the ends of the logs. When I thought I could raise it I managed to burn the ends off but found a heavy log rested across it above. Then I had to commence over again. The cell was whitewashed and the chips that would fall off I saved and dissolved in my water cup and with this painted the place about the nail holes so nothing would be suspected. You see they inspected my cell once or twice a week and I had to be mighty careful. As soon as the other prisoner would go down stairs every day I would remove the board and burn one or two holes. It was slow work, but I had good luck and finally the block was only held by a few unburned points. The smoke—they had good ventilation in the jail—was all carried up and out. Sunday night I removed the block and crept up after getting rid of the shackles. Overhead I had to cut through the weather-boarding. I came near sticking there, as I got the hole too small. Oh, by the way, when I was burning out the hole in the ceiling the wood got on fire. I put it out, by taking a mouth full of water from my cup and climbing up and blowing it over the flame in a spray. It was a close shave both times."

A ROMAN WEDDING.

The High Contracting Parties Assaulted by a Madman.

A Rome cable says: A matrimonia event which has excited great interest in the ecclesiastical world came off a few days ago when the wedding of Signorina Maria Jacobini, the Cardinal's niece, to Signor Alibrandi, a wealthy merchant, took place with great rejoicing at the Vatican. After the religious ceremony the wedding party adjourned to the Cardinal's apartments, just above the rooms occupied by the Pope, whose meditations must have been curiously disturbed by the laughter and clinking of glasses at the breakfast table. The Cardinal seemed to have forgotten his illness for the moment. In the afternoon the young couple had been married civilly at the Capitol. The proceedings were interrupted by a sensational incident. The registration clerk, seized with a sudden fit of insanity, greeted the bride and bridegroom by pitching a candlestick at their heads. The bride fainted, the bridegroom fumed, and several bystanders cried and shrieked. Finally, after a hand-to-hand struggle, the madman was collared and the ceremony ended happily.

A MEDICAL SUBJECT.

A Mutilated and Decomposing Human Body Found in a Trunk at Pittsburg.

A Pittsburg despatch says: The employees of the Baltimore & Ohio Express Company in this city made a ghastly discovery yesterday, which may turn out to be another trunk horror. A wooden box, about four feet long, was received here this morning from Cincinnati. It was addressed to James Osborne, Pittsburg, Pa., and had a peculiar odor. A search of the city failed to find the person to whom the box was consigned, and it was then decided to open it. When the lid was broken the mutilated remains of a man in an advanced state of decomposition were revealed. The legs and arms were severed from the trunk in order to crowd it into the box. A surgeon here gave it as his opinion that the body had been the property of a medical student, who had probably shipped it to some friend in this city. The top of the head was sawed off, and the work showed it to have been done by a professional hand. The authorities have telegraphed to Cincinnati to investigate the affair.

Two Ladies Dragged out of Church.

A Montreal despatch says: Misses Alice Lamareux and Mary Ellen Foley, respectable and well-connected young ladies here, the latter the daughter of Mr. Foley, a dry goods merchant, on the afternoon of Sunday last entered the Notre Dame de Bonsecours Church and knelt down in a pew. They were not acquainted with the regulations of the church, and, shortly after their entrance, the proprietor of the pew came in and took his seat. He appeared quite satisfied, when suddenly the beadle of the church approached the young ladies and caught one by the arm and the other by the neck and endeavored to drag them out through the aisle into the street. A large number of worshippers noticed the scene, and three young gentlemen who were passing at the time came to the ladies' rescue. They were indignant at the beadle's conduct, and applied through their attorneys to Mr. Justice Ouimet in the Practice Court yesterday for leave to take a joint action of $1,000 against the beadle and the reverend gentlemen of St. Sulpice Seminary, the proprietors of the sacred edifice.

—"What's the defference between a piano and a gun, Charley?" asked a young wife of her non-musical husband. "A gun kills the quickest, that's all," was the staccato response.

The New York *Tribune* says: "A capitalist is a workingman who has learned to live on less than he earns." A capitalist may be also a man who has married a wealthy wife.

LATE SCOTTISH NEWS.

Rev. Dr. Clerk, minister of Kilmallie, died on the 7th inst., aged 74 years.

Lord Dalhousie has been elected President of the Brechin Liberal Association.

There are in the British army 138,053 Englishmen, 15,497 Scotchmen, and 31,577 Irishmen.

At Thurso ice 14 inches thick is considered evidence of the recent extreme severity of the weather there.

Mr. J. McArthur, Mayor of Prince Albert, Northwest Territories of Canada, is a native of Nairn.

Major Davidson, son of Mr. Davidson, Inchmarlo, was married in London on the 1st instant to a daughter of Viscount Bury.

The plan of campaign has been practically adopted by the farmers on the Ellon estate. They will keep back 10 per cent. on the rents for one year.

Miss Sanderson, Tweedmouth, who had for fifty years been deprived of the power of speech, has suddenly acquired power of speech again.

Rev. Alex. Beverly, LL.D., formerly and for many years one of the masters of the Aberdeen Grammar School, died at Aberdeen on the 5th inst.

Rev. J. M. Sloan, M. A., of Anderston Free Church, Glasgow, has been elected colleague and successor to the Rev. Horatius Bonar, Edinburgh.

On the 4th inst., yellow and white primroses, pansies, snowdrops and daisies were in bloom in the garden of Mr. James Bilton, at Glencarrick.

The Dumfries *Standard* announces the death at Minholm, Langholm, on the 7th inst., aged 75 years, of Margaret, daughter of the late Sir James Malcolm, K. C. B.

J. Blackwood, joiner, Greenock, has got 60 days for a brutal assault on his son, aged 10 years. Besides thrashing him terribly with a strap, he held his naked body over the fire.

On the 1st inst., the body of R. Craig, Oban, was found in the Crinal Canal. His dog was sitting on his staff, and on being approached rose and put its nose in the water. This led to the canal being dredged.

The remains of Lord Deas were interred in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh, on the 11th inst. Prior to the funeral, which was of a private character, a short service was conducted at his residence in Heriot row by Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod.

A book by the Marquis of Huntly is about to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. "Travels, Sports and Politics in the East" is to be the title of the volume, which will be illustrated by the Marchioness of Huntly.

On the 5th inst., at Liverpool assizes, Jessie Robertson, aged 34, was found guilty of forging an order for the delivery of some jewellery in the name of Lady Gibson Craig, of Riccarton, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor.

On the 7th inst., in Edinburgh, Professor Sir Douglas Maclagan was presented by the Lord Justice-General with his bust and portrait, which had been subscribed for as a mark of general appreciation by the profession in connection with the honor of knighthood conferred on him.

On the 1st inst., there were interred in Kilmuir churchyard the remains of John Macfie and his wife, both of whom were found dead in their house at Totscore. They had been attacked by fever, and dread of the infection had prevented any one from entering the house, and they were simply left to perish.

The Tay Bridge, to replace the structure blown down several years ago, when a train dashed into the river and many persons were killed, will be opened for traffic in May. The last of the large girders is ready for being placed. The Queen will formally open the bridge in June.

Lord Gifford, an ex-Judge of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, who died recently, has bequeathed £80,000 to found National Theology Lectureships at the four Scottish universities. Edinburgh gets £25,000, Glasgow and Aberdeen £20,000 each, and St. Andrew's £15,000. The total value of the property left by His Lordship is £190,000.

Intelligence has been received from Cairo of the death of General Sir Charles MacGregor, of the Bengal Staff Corps. This distinguished Indian officer was the son of Major Robert Guthrie MacGregor, Bengal Artillery (and grandson of Major-General James MacGregor, Bengal Cavalry, of the MacGregors of Glengyle), by the daughter of General Archibald Watson, C.B., Bengal Cavalry.

A Great Undertaking.

A Pittsburg despatch says: Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, was in the city today. He will leave in a few days to confer with his old co-laborer, Moody, in Chicago. These two men have on hand a monstrous undertaking. They will endeavor to evangelize Chicago, and will erect a building in that city, to cost $250,000, for the training of Christian workers.

"This is something new," said Mr. Sankey. "It is somewhat of an experiment, but Mr. Moody is confident of good results. Remember this is to be no theological scheme, but just what its name implies—a school for the training of Christian workers. The ablest and most practical teachers will be secured. We want to reach the lowest class of people; we want to send these workers, whom we expect to educate especially for this kind of work, out into the highways and byways, and help lift up that portion of Chicago which is beyond the reach of the ordinary agencies for the good and blessing of mankind. Mr. Moody believes that Chicago is the best place to try the new work. The field is certainly a large one. If we are successful there we propose to advocate the same system in other cities, and will and have similar buildings erected in New York and Philadelphia."

A very deaf Boston man has a charming wife and a cross dog. The other morning a friend met him and said: "Good morning, Mr. Blank. Your wife made a very pleasant call on us last evening." "I'm very sorry," was the startling answer of the deaf citizen, "I'll see that it doesn't occur again. I'm going to chain her up after this."

LATEST FROM IRELAND.

Mr. Vernon, Irish Land Commissioner, is seriously ill at Londonderry.

St. Luke's Church, the largest Protestant place of worship in Cork, was destroyed by fire on the 4th inst.

Prof. Salmon, of Dublin, has a new volume of sermons in the press entitled "Gnosticism and Agnosticism."

The sum of £400 has been subscribed in Cork towards the erection of a statue to the memory of the late Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork.

Mr. James Robertson, Manager and co-partner in the extensive drapery firm of Robertson, Ledlie & Co., Waterford, died on Jan. 28th.

A tragic affair has occurred in County Kerry, when at a dance a young man named Falvey, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed another man named Sullivan, who has since died.

Mr. W. P. Hanley, J. P., of Thurles, agent for the extensive estates of Pennefeather Wood and Ballymure, County Tipperary, has announced to the tenants a reduction in their rents of 50 per cent. on the former, and 40 per cent. on the latter property. All the tenants paid.

Subscriptions are invited to a fund to relieve Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Derrynane Abbey, County Kerry, of immediate and pressing calls upon him through hard times, and not arising from any fault of his own, in order that the historic pile and relics of the great O'Connell should not pass under the auctioneer's hammer into the hands of speculators.

The Duke of Leinster died on the 10th inst. in his 68th year. His Grace was Premier Duke, Marquis and Earl of Ireland. He sat for Kildare in the House of Commons from 1847 to 1852, and was called to the House of Lords as Baron Kildare (peerage of the United Kingdom) in 1870. He married in 1847 Lady Caroline Sutherland Leveson-Gower, daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. He is succeeded by his eldest son, the Marquis of Kildare, who was born in 1851.

LOCKED IN AN ICE FIELD.

The Steamer Monte Rosa's Voyage From Dundee—Hurricane and Snow Squalls.

A New York despatch says: The Dundee steamer Monte Rosa came into the port yesterday after a stormy passage of twenty-one days from Dundee. The steamer experienced a succession of gales, hurricanes and snow squalls.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of February 18th, the Monte Rosa was off the northeast coast of Newfoundland. The snow flew in whirling gusts and a moderate gale was blowing from the southeast. The lookout reported ice on the port bow, but before the crew were aware the steamer had cut its way into a tremendous ice field. Captain Thomas took his bearings and found he was in latitude 49 degrees north. The steamer lay to until daylight. Nothing could be seen in the morning but ice as far as the eye could reach. The ice was snow covered and dotted here and there by huge icebergs rising to the height of fifty feet or more. The steamer followed a narrow opening to the southeast for thirty miles, when an [illegible] leading southwest. This was followed for fifteen miles, [illegible] closed completely around the vessel. The ship floated with the ice for some time, when it again broke up, and the steamer threaded her way out of the dangerous field. The Monte Rosa held her course to the southward until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of February 20th, but on steaming to the westward the ice again appeared. The vessel managed to escape it by skirting the southern edge of the field. Captain Thomas says that the ice extended northward for miles, and that in the open water he passed a number of huge bergs. The steamer is not in any way injured.

Justin McCarthy's Good Chance.

Justin McCarthy has put aside the proffer of a salary of $12,000 a year to devote his entire time to a leading New York daily. He is hardly making as much as that at present, but he is master of his own time—free to write story or history, free to labor as a Parliamentary wheel-horse for the advancement of the Irish cause. He is a great "all-round" worker, having qualified himself by early travel and study to deal with great questions of special concern to the United States. During the war he was editor of a prominent London daily, and was a steadfast friend of the Federal cause under all circumstances. He understands the machinery of this Government theoretically and practically. He is fully as well-informed regarding Russia, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain. He readily assimilates what he reads, and is a close observer.

Lord Randolph's Rapid Speech.

Lord Randolph Churchill has become a mild terror to the reporters—mild, because the sonorousness of his voice and the general distinctness of his utterance are some set off against the rapidity of his delivery, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On Monday night, in fifteen minutes, he spoke 208 lines of the *Times*, or nineteen-twentieths of a column, three-fourths of a column being about the average spoken by members who are reported in the first person. Lord Randolph's rate of delivery, without allowing for cheers or other interruptions, was at the rate of 140 words a minute, and, as there were some pauses in the fifteen minutes, His Lordship when he was speaking kept up the pace of 150 words a minute or more. This puts an unusual strain on reporters taking notes under conditions not favorable to the hearing of every word with certainty, and gives them individually a disproportionate amount of work to do on leaving the gallery.

She Knew Him.

"John, where are you going?" asked Mrs. Brown, as he was preparing to go out between the acts.

"Oh, I'm tired of looking at the backs of tall hats. I'm going out to look at a horse-car for a change of scene."

"Well," replied Mrs. B., severely, "I guess there'll be more pony than horse-car in what you're going to see."

Some time ago Wheaton Huntley moved from the East with three marriageable daughters and located by Henry Berchard in Mercer county, Dakota. Berchard had three marriageable boys, and the natura result followed. The three brothers have married the three sisters.

HOMES OF THE HOURI.

Lovely Dancers in the Shah of Persia's Harem—Women in the Orient—Her Intrigues and Amusements.

The seclusion which the Shah requires of his wives is shown by the quarters they occupy at the Ark or city palace. This is a vast enclosure, entered by a separate gate. In the centre of the court is an elegant garden. The ladies have each their own apartments in regular order in the quadrangular building, which in its general plan is not unlike barracks, although of course more ornate and attractive. No windows open on the street, but every apartment faces the court. Ventilation is gained not only by the open windows reaching to the floor, which in that delightful climate are open the greater part of the year, but also through shafts leading from the roof and connected with wind towers called badgers.

These towers form an important feature of Persian dwellings, and are often very gracefully shaped. They have apertures opening to the four winds of heaven. Not only are the wives of the Shah forbidden to gaze into the street, but neither must any other ladies of Teheran enjoy that cherished privilege. The flat roofs are surrounded by high walls, and thus while one may enjoy a delightful promenade toward evening on the roof of the house and contemplate the vast and lovely landscape, one can see no one nor be seen. These restrictions are much more rigorous in the case of ladies of rank than of the lower classes. The latter enjoy much greater freedom, and while obliged to keep the face well concealed when abroad are allowed much liberty, a liberty that there is no question results in adding to the corruption of morals. If a Persian wife cannot have the society of her husband she is likely to seek the society of other husbands. Intrigues are arranged by third parties, generally professionals, usually old women. The women being able to see the man while he cannot see her face until she makes the first advances, such intrigues usually commence by the woman first taking a fancy to the man. It is comparatively easy for the lovers to meet after all is arranged, owing to the disguise worn by the woman, which makes it exceedingly difficult to distinguish one woman from another, and somewhat hazardous even for a jealous husband to attempt to penetrate that disguise.

The wives of the Shah are not without entertainment at home, in spite of their apparent imprisonment. Many of them enjoy embroidering, and are capable of exquisite skill in the arts of needle work. Occasionally a lady is found in the Royal Anderoon who is inclined to intellectual pursuits, and interests herself in the study of languages, in composing poetry, painting or practising on the piano. Pianos, by the way, although carried over the mountain with extreme difficulty, are becoming quite common in Teheran.

If our Government had been more alert in protecting our interests in Persia and advancing our commerce there, doubtless American pianos would have found their way to that distant land before this. Not unfrequently these ladies give entertainments, to which the wives of most of the high dignitaries are invited, and one may judge from hearsay that these occasions possess many features of a romantic character. The afternoon is always the time selected.

The sod under the pavilions or the trees is spread with carpets embroidered by hand; the air is cooled by the spray of fountains tossing silver streams in every quarter of the shaded terraces. Amid these fairy-like scenes hundreds of ladies move, slightly clad, the costume resembling that of a ballet dancer without the tights and stockings. On such occasions a white cymar of embroidered gossamer is thrown over the head, giving almost an ethereal effect to the flesh tints underneath. Music on the zither, songs and dancing girls add to the attractions of the fleeting hours, and abundant refreshments, including unstinted confectionery, appeal to what some call the grosser senses. The kalian, with its aromatic fumes, lends a finishing touch to a scene which suggests the voluptuous episodes of the Arabian Nights.

But one form of diversion is forbidden these royal ladies; I refer to their interviews with the court physicians. Next to the sacred luxury of a confidential talk with a father confessor or a favored pastor, there is scarce any solace which possesses such attractions for the average woman as a sympathetic recital of her troubles and ailments to a trusted family physician. But neither one nor the other is allowed to see the wives of the Shah. No priest nor doctor can receive from them the soothing confession of sorrows and sins or the narrative of aches and pains.

Of course if she is ill then a wife of the Shah receives medical attention. But the physician may not obtain even a sight of her face. Behind a curtain, surrounded by her attendants, she responds to his questions; in extreme need she may show her tongue, but no other part of her features. Nor is the interview altogether attractive to the physician, especially if he be a native, for he must necessarily be extremely guarded in his language, and if the patient dies it may go hard with the doctor. He does not venture to prepare or furnish the drugs himself, and the medicines he prescribes must be compounded by servants of the palace to insure against danger of poisoning, as well as to protect the practitioner from suspicion.

The European physicians practising at the court of the Shah exercise somewhat greater liberty in the matter of drugs and prescriptions, but even they are obliged to proceed with great caution and never attempt any serious surgical operations when the patient is a Mussulman. In the matter of windows alluded to above I am reminded of a case growing out of the laws and customs regulating that question which gave me more trouble than any other which I had to deal with while at Teheran.

The missionaries had built a chapel in their own grounds, but adjoining the estate of Emir Sultaneh, a powerful courtier, who had been endeavoring to persuade them to sell the mission premises to him. As no price could be agreed upon they declined to sell, and he then entered on a series of annoyances intended to force them to sell at any price. Twice he raised a mob of his own servants, aided by some of the canaille, who by violence drove the men working on the chapel from the premises. By employing great urgency at the Foreign Office I succeeded in preventing a recurrence of such outrages. By the expressed wish of the Shah a conference was then held at the Foreign Office to agree upon a modus vivendi.

The plan I suggested proved entirely acceptable to the Shah and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Emir Sultaneh was instructed to accept it. While apparently doing so he yet raised difficulties, doubtless in part because a powerful faction opposed to the missionaries was behind him, and eventually he resorted again to his tactics of annoyance. One of these was the erection of a screen wall on a party wall between the two premises. In this addition he caused two windows to be opened, overlooking the grounds of our citizens. This was such a direct violation of the Persian law that, although not contrary to American customs, it could, under no circumstances, be accepted except as a gross insult, intended as an act of persecution. To allow it to pass unnoticed would be to invite further attacks on our rights. With some difficulty I succeeded in having the windows walled up. A few months later, during my temporary absence in the suburbs, the Emir Sultaneh hastily threw up a pavilion on a corner of the party wall and opened five new windows directly overlooking the girls' school of the American mission. The matter had now reached a crisis; the Minister of Foreign Affairs was either in league with or afraid of the power of the Emir Sultaneh, who seemed determined to invade the right to the quiet enjoyment of property awarded by the treaty. In this emergency I succeeded by *finesse* in obtaining a legal decision from Hadgi Mollah Alee, the head of the Musulmans of Persia, and also Chief Justice and expounder of the law, which officially and emphatically announced the law on the subject, in language so strong that the aggrieved party was even given authority to shoot any one opening windows overlooking a neighbor's grounds without his permission. Armed with this document, which represented the highest authority in the land, I succeeded at last in bringing the Government to terms, and the offending windows were finally closed with masonry. The effect was at once seen in the quick redress given as soon after in an affair of far more importance to Selmas.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN,
Late U. S. Minister to Persia.

The Modern Methods.

We do not sigh for a return of the "good old days" when boys went barefooted until they were 21, and walked ten miles to and from school. There are now new and improved methods of "toughening" boys. They are about as tough, generally speaking, as they can very well be. But we do sometimes long for a little of the old-fashioned discipline and "trouncing" methods that made boys subservient to the will of their parents in some slight degree. Imagine a good, old puritan mother getting her son Waitstill or Godspeed up of a morning after this, the fashion of our modern mother. Fancy her saying:

"Waitstill, you getting up?" And fancy Waitstill surlily replying:

"Yes'um, by'n by."

"Well, I don't want any by and by about it. Hump yourself out of that now."

"Well, purty soon."

"It had better be pretty soon, young man, if you know what's good for you."

"Well, I reckon there ain't no hurry about it."

"I'll let you know if there ain't, about the time I come up there with a pan of cold water."

"Can't ye let a feller sleep half a minute?"

"'Half a minute!' I'd say 'half a minute' if I was you, when you've been in bed thirteen hours. Now you crawl out of that instantly!"

"All right."

Half an hour passes—Waitstill does not appear. His mother's voice cuts the air in the hall.

"You Waitstill Prosperity Dogood Winthrop!"

"Whacher want?"

"I want you to h'ist yourself out of that bed too quick! You hear?"

"I ain't deef."

"Breakfast was over an hour ago, and not one single bite shall you have in this house before dinner."

"I'll see about that."

"So'll I, young man! You crawling out?"

"Yes'm."

Another half-hour passes, and Mistress Temperance Prudence Piety Winthrop's voice goes ringing upstairs——

"You Wait!"

"Hey?"

"I'll 'hey' you, you idle thing, you! I'll tell your father on you."

"Tell away."

"You'll see what you'll get, Wait Winthrop. Not a single bite of breakfast do you get."

"Guess I'll stay in bed, then."

"I guess you won't, if I come up there; you out of bed yet?"

"Almost."

"Well, I'll help you the rest of the way with the broomstick if you aint out in five minutes."

Half an hour later he gets up. His breakfast has been kept warm for him. It is set on the table and a fresh cup of coffee made. His mother dances attendance on him during the meal, unmindful of all past threats and promises.—*Tid-Bits.*

A Peer's Compunction.

When near his end, Lord Northington was reminded of the propriety of his receiving the consolations of religion, and he readily agreed that a divine should be sent for, but when Rev. Dr. ——, not with whom he had formerly been intimate, was proposed, he said, "No, that won't do. I can well confess to him, for the greatest sin I shall have to answer for was making him a bishop."—*Glasgow Herald.*

A Colorado Sensitive Plant.

Colorado man—So you think the trouble with your boy is sensitiveness, eh?

Omaha man—Yes; he isn't fitted for knocking around in the world.

"It may be. I know all about that. My family is the most sensitive folks you ever seed; can't stand nothing. Why, I've got a brother that goes most crazy if he sees a collector coming with a bill he can't pay."

"I can sympathize with him. What does he do usually?"

"Well, he most generally shoots the collectors."—*Omaha Herald.*

CANNIBALISM IN HAYTI.

Decline of British Possessions—Facts About West India.

U. B. Powter, a resident of Kingston, on the Island of Jamaica, is at the Laclede Hotel. He is the manager of a company which is engaged in mining phosphate on the Grand Cayman's Island, near Jamaica, and shipping it to the United States, where it is used for fertilizing purposes. This phosphate is the remains of animal life, according to geologists, and is thought to have been left in the immense beds in which it now lies by the subsidence of some prehistoric sea. The deposits upon the Grand Cayman's Island are in masses from three to fifty feet deep and at some distance from each other, some of them sustaining upon them the growth of forests known to be more than one hundred years old. Upon the present commercial and social condition of Jamaica and the whole group of West Indian islands, Mr. Powter talks discouragingly.

"The islands and their inhabitants are retrograding rapidly," said he yesterday. "They are exporting less and less every year, and the natives are departing more and more from civilization. The reason I believe to be the abolition of slavery in 1824. The effects of that step were not felt by the white planters until the old slaves began to die, and the new generation had to be depended upon for labor. They would not work, not having been bred to industrious habits, and each old slave that died was so much loss to the quantity of labor to be obtained. Some of the planters resorted to the expedient of importing cooly labor and did very well, but a large number of owners did not do this, and estates on the island went to ruin fast. As time passed on it became more and more difficult to obtain laborers, and the evil effect of this unusual idleness was seen in yearly decreasing imports. The negroes need not work to get food and a house—these can be had for nothing—and the only reason why they work at all is that they may earn enough money to dress in expensive and gaudy colored clothes. That is the only use they have for money. If slavery had not been abolished, or if it could be reestablished, the islands would flourish."

"What of the reports that the practice of cannibalism has been revived in Hayti?"

"In the main they are true. Hayti, of all the West Indies, is the most marked example of the decay of the islands. When the French left it, in 1772, they left a superficially, at least, religious people, with churches, factories and roads. Now there is not a church or factory in the island, and but one road, while the Catholic religion has been abandoned for the Obi or fetish worship, and cannibalism has again sprung up. The island is a black Republic, and no whites are allowed to own property. In fact, the only whites on the island are a few European traders, who conduct the financial affairs of the Government and lend it money. The island is not communicated with by the people of the other islands, and the negroes are left to devour one another as fast as they please. Their human flesh eating is not that of the past century. They do not eat the flesh of those who have died, and having nobody to war with they can take no prisoners to cook and eat. They eat the flesh of children, taken when young, penned and fattened for the feast. Sometimes they steal children from the neighboring islands and fatten them for their tables. They are drifting back into complete barbarism, and there is no inclination on the part of other islanders to interfere with their gradual extinction."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Scotch Wheelbarrow Craze

The wheelbarrow craze underwent a new and novel phase on the morning of the 31st ult. in Crieff, where at 10 o'clock a tailor named Robert Cowper, with a wooden leg, started from James' Square with an ordinary one-wheeled barrow, "from Crieff to the Cross of Glasgow and back." Robert was advertised to leave the Cross at 9.45, at which hour the town's bell was rung. He was attired in a grey coat, open vest with white front, and his only foot adorned with a light spat, while his head-gear was a sou'-wester cap. On proceeding along to James' Square the pilgrim was received with cheers and much laughter, numerous jokes being passed with regard to this the latest phase of the barrow mania. After receiving a considerable sum of money, which was dropped into a collection box placed on the barrow, Robert started on his journey, passing down King street followed by a large crowd, while both sides of the street were densely crowded by spectators, who laughed and cheered by turns. Robert passed through Stirling on the afternoon of the 1st inst. He had experienced a strong head wind and heavy roads all the way. He complained at Stirling of having been illiberally treated so far. On the night of the 3d inst. a Glasgow reporter awaited the arrival of Robert, who reached the Post-Office at 1.15, and when he entered the building to get the office postal stamp placed on his book he was awaited on the outside by a large and enthusiastic crowd. The barrow-pusher was attired like a seaman ready for a storm, as he wore a sou'-wester and an oilskin coat. He appeared cheery, and not the least fatigued.

A Novel Dress.

A novel suggestion in connection with a gift to the Queen on the occasion of her jubilee comes from South Africa. Shortly before Christmas the Eitenhage *Times*, a Cape paper, suggested that a present be made to Her Majesty the Queen of a robe, dolman, fan, etc., made of South African ostrich feathers, contributed by South African ostrich farmers. The conditions were that no person contribute more than three feathers, so that all might participate in the demonstration of esteem for Her Majesty. In a few weeks the names of one hundred and seven farmers willing to contribute were received by, and published in the Eitenhage *Times*, the proprietors of which paper undertake to have the articles made up and forwarded to Her Majesty. A rare collection of feathers will doubtless be got together, and some valuable and unique articles of dress made up.

—Rev. Dr. Cochrane, Brantford, has received £200 from the Free Church of Scotland for the Home Mission Fund.

—A politician should have tough vitals. Lord Iddesleigh provoked his fate by accepting office. He had heart trouble, and doubtless when he was broken of his office his heart broke, too.

A VERY DEADLY NEEDLE.

Hypodermic Injections Which Cause Death in Many Cases.

Opium has been known as a drug from a remote period, and is produced as an article of commerce in India, Persia, Egypt, and Asia Minor. In China opium is used to an enormous extent by all classes, the mode of taking it being to smoke an aqueous extract in a peculiarly formed pipe. Opium smoking began in China in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and in spite of all the efforts of the government to prevent it rapidly spread till now it may be called a national practice. That the drinking and smoking of laudanum and opium are not unknown vices in New York any physician will affirm. But there is a practice which is even more deleterious, the use of the hypodermic syringe. To estimate the growth of this evil, it is only necessary to take the testimony of druggists and dealers in surgical instruments. The fact is, it has become a problem with which social reformers must deal. Acquaintance with this method of taking opium is made innocently enough, it generally having been prescribed by the family physician to alleviate some temporary ailment. The effect is observed by the patient, and too often when the doctor goes the syringe stays. There have been many stories of large quantities of opium taken by those addicted to the habit without producing a fatal effect. An Englishman lately residing in this city was known to consume sixty grains each day. Prominent up-town druggists declare that they sell more needles to their general customers than to the medical profession. Equally conclusive as to the prevalence of the habit of subcutaneons injection is the fact that, whereas druggists' customers used to buy in quantities of from 60 to 120 grains in the crystalline form of the muriate, the sulphate, or the acetate, the sale now largely consists of the solution in quantities of from one to six ounces. A reporter talked yesterday with a prominent physician upon this topic. "Many medical men," said he, "are unaware that the use of the hypodermic syringe is always attended with danger of instant death. The cause of this danger is not well understood, but the fatal accidents that have been recorded were not due to the taking of larger doses than usual by mistake, nor to the culminative effects of the drug. Cases have occurred in which persons have taken large doses for months without producing a single unpleasant symptom, and have died in a few minutes from the effects of a quarter of the habitual quantity taken in the usual manner and at the regular hour.

"There is a danger of fatality against which no vigilance can guard. The symptoms are not always so severe as to produce coma, unless arrested. They occur about once in one hundred administrations, and prove fatal at least once in ten. That is to say, a man who uses the hypodermic syringe at the rate of ten punctures a day, which is a very moderate average, should encounter the symptoms and their attendant danger of death once in every ten days on the average, and the probability is that they will prove fatal within six months after the habit is formed. The danger that he may be found dead is thus always a real one with the habit of the hypodermic, a danger that may at any moment involve a coroner's inquest and the imputation of suicide."—*New York Mail and Express.*

An Old Masonic Scandal.

So much has been said from time to time in relation to the Morgan affair of 1826 that I have been induced to give particular attention to the affair. Half a century ago most of the men connected with the affair were alive and willingly gave me their statement of the facts. Some time in 1824 a man calling himself William Morgan, a stonemason, came from Canada to Rochester, N.Y., and settled there. He was a disreputable, worthless fellow, but smart and forward. He brought with him what purported to be a Masonic diploma, and he succeeded by its aid in visiting the lodge there. A few months later he began to travel among the lodges of Western New York, and in 1826 removed to Batavia. Here he was detected as an impostor and publicly exposed. This so exasperated him that he announced his purpose of publishing an expose of the secrets of Freemasonry, and actually began, in company with one Miller, a printer, to prepare such a work. Some of the more thoughtless Masons threatened him with grievous penalties if he did not desist, and the public gave credence to the idea that he was in peril of his life. Gov. De Witt Clinton, who had long been Grand Master, concerned for the honor of Masonry, took the lead in raising money to induce Morgan to go back to Canada. A committee of most respectable gentlemen took the matter in hand at Clinton's request, and on September 10th, 1826, Morgan started for Canada, where he had promised to settle down near Hamilton, and his family were to be sent to him. But free, and with money in his pocket, he pressed on to Montreal and all trace of him was lost. He may have been murdered for his money by the roughs with whom he associated, or, which to me is more probable, he may have shipped before the mast on a European-bound vessel. At any rate he absolutely disappeared from the pages of history.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Tired of Giving Away Neckties.

"I don't mind giving up my neckties before they're half wornout," said a society young man yesterday, "because they look pretty in crazy quilts. But I'm going to draw the line on my married lady friends hereafter." "Why?" asked a friend. "The last lot of scarfs I gave to Mrs. —— her husband has been wearing ever since. Do you blame me?"—*Buffalo Courier.*

Doctor—Your heart is in a normal condition. Nervous Old Lady—Goodness! And is it fatal? Doctor—It's beat is iambic. Old Lady—It's just dreadful! Doctor—Were it trochaic, or even spondaic—" Old Lady—Doctor, don't keep me in this horrible suspense. Give me some medicine at once. Doctor—My dear, there's nothing the matter with your heart. Old lady—Oh! there isn't? Why didn't you say so, then?

—The young woman who was reported cured of paralysis in the legs by faith has now lost the use of her tongue.

TRICKING A DUKE.

Forced to Remain in an Antique Chair by a Mechanical Contrivance.

An amusing story concerning the Duke of Edinburgh is being told. While at Chester His Royal Highness was shown, at his own request, by Canon Tarver, an establishment where antique furniture might be picked up. The foreman who waited on them was all unconscious of the quality of the Duke, and on His Royal Highness noticing a peculiar antique chair, asked him in jocose manner to try it. The Duke sat down, and immediately his arms were imprisoned by a mechanical arrangement of the chair. The Duke struggled to get out, but could not do so until the shopkeeper released him, after giving him a certain amount of polite chaff. The Duke asked the price of the chair and bought it. The shopkeeper asked where he was to send it, and on being told that he was to send it to Canon Tarver's for the Duke of Edinburgh, the shopman was literally dumbfounded at the familiarity he had used. The Duke afterward remarked that never had he seen a man so frightened in his life.—*London Exchange.*

Some Old England Gossip.

The old Crown Court Church, Covent Garden, once and for long the scene of the labors of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of prophetic memory, is now the Church of the Highlanders resident in London, with services in Gaelic.

The two copies of the Bible used at Queen Victoria's coronation are still in existence. One is an heirloom in the family of the late Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, and the other is preserved in the Cathedral at Norwich.

Lord Herschell, addressing the young men at Aldenham Institute, said that for a long part of his life he workedon most days of the week sixteen hours a day—a fact to be borne in mind by any one ambitious of reaching the woolsack.

Lord Mostyn has intimated his intention of presenting the Happy Valley, Llandudno, to the town as a pleasure ground in commemeration of the Queen's Jubilee.

Mrs. Harriet Kemp, Manchester, who died recently, has left £1,000 to the Wesleyan worn-out ministers' fund, £500 to their foreign missions, and about £4,000 to pay off the debt on Victoria Wesleyan Chapel, Cheetham, and to capitalise the ground rent.

A Singular Fact.

It is a singular fact, almost without exception, the most successful literary men have always been those who did very little reading. This seems unaccountable in an age when the world is flooded with cheap and attractive publications. Some one asked a French writer what books he read. He replied, "I never read anything but my own works: when I want to read a novel I write one!" Sublime assurance, you will say. There is something in it, nevertheless. Dickens was very much like the Frenchman. When he wanted to have a jolly good time it was his custom to lie down and read "David Copperfield" or "Pickwick," and laugh himself into fits. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

Snug Little Fortunes

may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to undertake the business which occasionally is offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home, wherever you are located. Profits immense and every worker is sure of over $5 a day; several have made over $50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

Observing the Proprieties.

At dessert: One of the guests has been speaking of rather a lively song which has made a hit in the Latin quarter. "Oh, sing it to us," says the Countess de Santa Grue. "Impossible, it's really too naughty." "Well, then," persists the countess, "give us only the words."—*Paris Figaro.*

Strictly True

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of "Putnam's." Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

The Utmost Depth of Misery.

At the Club: "Upon my soul, Dodson! you are the dismalest company I know of since that Brown girl gave you your congi. I never saw a fellow take the mitten so wretchedly." "Wretchedly! Haw! Wretched isn't a name faw it. You can, aw, fawncy how wretched I am when I tell you, I, aw, don't cayaw a wap how my, aw, bweeches fit me."—*Town Topics.*

The chilling wintry winds develod rheumatic affections, for which the surest cure known is McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant, prepared by W. A. McCollom, druggist, Tilsonburg, and sold by druggists at $1. Sample bottles 25 cents each.

E. W. Rau, a German compositor of Baltimore, told Warner Rieve that when he died he wanted his body sold to a medical college and his debts paid with the proceeds. He died on Wednesday, and Rieve obeyed his friend's wish and sold the body for $10 to the Maryland University. Rieve was greatly surprised the next day when he was arrested for dealing in dead human bodies.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
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D C N L, 10, 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

Canadian Mort. Company,

(LIMITED.)

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Money to Lend

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Straight Loan System,
Lowest rate of Interest,
Moderate Expenses,
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MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED!

BORROWERS can arrange to have their payments become due the first of any month in the year, pay their principal yearly if they choose. Interest only charged on unpaid principal. If you borrow $1000 and pay the Company $100 of principal back the next year, you only pay interest on $900---All other amounts on same basis.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is directed to parties having Mortgages now with this Company and becoming due, that they will find it to their advantage to consult our valuators or write the Company before renewing elsewhere. Our rates of Interest will always be found as low as any other Company in Canada, besides the total costs of a renewal is only $2.00, a small item compared with removing your loan into a New Company.

OUR MOTTO.—Do business on business principals. Lend on good Security at Current rates. Arrange terms to suit our borrowers.

J. W. Henderson, INSPECTOR.

Osler & Hammond, MANAGERS.

For Loans or further particulars write the Company, at Toronto, or see any of the undermentioned Valuators.

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	-	Flesherton	J. HENDERSON, Esq.,	-	Feversham
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D. JACKSON, "	-	Durham	G. RUTHERFORD, "	-	Shelburne
WM. MILNE, "	-	Maxwell	JOHN STINSON, "	-	Singhampton

W. Mitchell

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 300. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, MARCH 17, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Grey. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

T't-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Dr. Sproule's correct majority in East Grey is 555.

Mr. James Masson has been declared the member-elect for North Grey. Majority 57.

WANTED!—A second-hand Potash Kettle, for Cash. Must be good. Apply to James Stinson, Proton Station.

The books expected from the Woodstock publishing house have not yet come to hand.

Master David Strachan and his sister, of Ravenna, were visiting at Mr. Wm. Clayton's last week.

Mr. Wm. Sloan, of the town of Collingwood, gave us a call last week. Mr. Sloan formerly resided here.

Mr. John Matthews, sr., of Euphrasia, removed with his family to Michigan, U. S., this week.

The Ladies of the W. C. T. U. tender their thanks to Professor Morgan for his kindness in dividing the proceeds of "Little Red Riding Hood.—COM. SEC.

The Chatsworth *News* completed its second volume in excellent shape, Bro. Blyth is sure to get there if brains and experience count for anything.

The subject of Rev. W. Ayers' sermon next Sunday evening, in Methodist church here, will be: "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream; the Little Stone cut out of the Mountain Without Hands."

Bills will shortly be issued announcing the popular East Grey Agricultural Society's annual Spring Show of Stallions, which will be held on the Society's grounds here, on Friday, April 22nd. Fuller particulars in due time

If people could only talk as well on the platform as they can elsewhere, the world would have more orators than it would know what to do with. Some of our best talkers make very indifferent public speakers.

The Creemore *Advertiser* has passed the first milestone of its existence with flying colors. The Creemore people know how to appreciate a good local paper, to judge from the *Tiser*'s extensive advertising patronage.

Fred. LeGard, son of Mr. Joseph LeGard, of this Township, drove from home to Heathcote—a distance of twenty miles—with a Newfoundland dog and handsleigh. This was on Wednesday of last week, and the journey was accomplished in three hours and fifteen minutes!

Those who were present at the Sons of Temperance Open Division will remember how nicely the walls were papered. Well, Mr. Joseph Ward did the job, and he is ready and anxious to do lots more of the same kind of work for those who require it.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Petch and baby, of this place, got thrown out of a cutter while driving on the Collingwood road near Mr. Jas. Beecroft's farm, on Sunday last. Mr. Petch received several scratches on the face but his wife and the baby escaped any serious injury.

It will be noticed in another column, that the well-known "Little Falls Saw Mill" is in full operation again. Special attention given to custom work, so that parties delivering logs to be sawn can have their lumber for return loads. Saw logs bought. Wm. Hogg, proprietor.

Remember the entertainment in Watson's Hall, Priceville, to-night (Thursday) under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance Division of that village. You cannot celebrate St. Patrick's day better than by attending this grand entertainment. Program will consist of Music, Readings, Recitations and Dialogues. Admission 15 cents, children 10 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock, chair taken at 8 sharp. See bills.

The friends of Mr. Alex. Mitchell are buzzing about like bees in swarming time because the Ontario government didn't appoint Mr. Mitchel's son as his successor to the office of bailiff. A petition has been sent down to Mr. Mowat to cancel Mr. Pickell's appointment and appoint Mr. Mitchell, in his stead. Of course the government will submissively grant the prayer of the petition. —*Thornbury News.*

An excess of animal food and a partial closing of the pores of the skin, during the winter months, cause the system to become filled with impurities. These can be removed and the blood purified and invigorated by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1.

Died.

FAWCETT.—At the residence of his father Euphrasia, on Sunday morning, March 13th, James Fawcett, son of Wm. Fawcett, Esq., Deputy Reeve of Euphrasia, aged 32 years.

[Deceased was a young man of a singularly genial, winning disposition, and his early death will be generally regretted. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of all. Deceased was a cousin of the Editor of this paper.—ED. ADVANCE.]

"Lost and Saved" at Maxwell.

To-night (Thursday) the sacred dramatic cantata, "Lost and Saved"—which was rendered in Flesherton with so much success last week—will be given in the Methodist church, Maxwell, under the auspices of our excellent and generous Brass Band. The people of Maxwell and neighborhood should make it a point to attend—it is well worth double the price of admission. Don't forget to go. Admission 25 cents, children 10 cents. Doors open at 7:30, commence at 8 o'clock sharp. See bills for particulars.

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair to a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the hair beautiful and abundant, removes dandruff, and renders the hair flexible and glossy.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Improvement.

We see that Sproule's store in Flesherton, which has been closed for some time, is now in full blast with a complete stock of New Goods and Groceries. It is under the management of Wm. Sproule, of Barrie, brother of J. T. Sproule, Solicitor, &c., of same place, and as he is a young man of strict integrity and believes in honest dealing, he purposes selling very cheap and that for cash or trade only, as credit will not be given under any circumstances—thereby saving a nice profit to the purchaser—consequently the public may expect goods at right prices and very much cheaper than can be done under the old credit system. Give him a call and satisfy yourselves.

Bankrupt Sale.

Our Great Bankrupt Sale of General Goods now going on in Wright's old stand has far exceeded our expectations. On account of the great rush we have not been able to give each customer the attention which we would under ordinary circumstances. But the sale still continues. The crowds come and go; each one more than satisfied. The goods are being slaughtered and are fast dissapearing and cannot be replaced at the prices Therefore we would urge on you the necessity of an immediate call to inspect our stock. Come early as the goods must be sold at whatever they will bring.—J. G. ANDERSON.

Farmer's Institute of Centre Grey

A public meeting of the above Institute will be held in the Orange Hall, Maxwell on Tuesday, March 22nd, at 2 o'clock N. Read, Esq., Warden of the County, Messrs. T. B. White, D. J. Hunter and other prominent farmers will read papers on various subjects connected with farming. Meeting will adjourn at 6 o'clock for one hour, after which an evening session will be held beginning at 7 o'clock. Addresses will be delivered by prominent gentlemen and the best local musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, will be provided and interspers'd with the speeches. Ladies are specially invited to attend the evening meeting

THOS. KELLS, *Pres.* A. BURNER, *Secy.*

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Almost every family here has been visited with mumps or measles during this season. The changeable weather has been productive of bad colds and rheumatism.

Mrs. Richardson, of Chatsworth, has been here visiting friends.

Mr. Merrick is going to Flesherton to live with her neice, Mrs. Hopps.

Mr. J. Brodie was in Toronto last week attending the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario West.

Mr. G. Stewart has been out here canvassing for the Flesherton cheese factory.

The Eclipse steam saw mill is running full time. Immense stock of logs in mill yard.

Mr. J. Warling has the job of cutting the shingles from what stock is on hand.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The anniversary of Union S.S. here was held on the 8th inst There was a good attendance. After a fine tea a choice program of readings, recitations, dialogues, &c. was gone through with. Mr. G. L. Thompson, assistant Superintendent occupied the chair. The singing and recitations by the children was very creditable. Miss S. A. Thompson presided at the organ with her usual grace and ability. Rev. Stevenson, of Heathcote, gave an excellent address, as also did Mr. M. Richardson, of Flesherton. Miss Richardson's singing added much to the success of the entertainment.

Members of Queen's Valley Council, R. T. of T., visited their brethren on the town line and gave an entertainment to a large audience. Mr. E. E. Hicks, of New England, occupied the chair courteously and well. The program consisted of excellent songs, choruses, readings and speeches. Twenty-six persons signed the pledge.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[Answers to questions must be sent in promptly. N.B.—Only *first six* correct answers received will be published.]

Mathematics:

1.—Flesherton School Section has sold debentures to the amount of $3500 to be redeemed at the end of 20 yrs. What equal annual deposit, bearing compound interest at 3%, must be placed as a sinking fund so as to amount to $3500 in the 20 years?

2.—In a certain pond a pole standing in an upright position is just 9 inches above the water; by inclining the pole it becomes wholly immersed at a point just 3 feet from the position it occupied when perpendicular. Find the depth of pond.

FOR FOURTH CLASS:

1.—Two trains, 180 and 160 yds. respectively, are running along parallel tracks at the respective rates of 20 and 30 miles per hour; how long will it take them to pass *(a)* when going in opposite directions *(b)* when going in the same direction? (Answer in seconds.)

2.—A man sold two horses at $200 each. On one he gained 20% of the cost and on the other he lost 20%. Find the gain or loss by the transaction.

3.—At what time between 2 and 3 o'clock is one hand of a watch exactly over the other?

4.—If 3 men *or* 4 boys do a piece of work in 12 days, how long will 5 men *and* 6 boys require to do it?

Question for Mathematical Editor

Editor Advance:—Find circumference of a bucket whose depth is 18 inches and contains 26 qts., its dimensions being the same at top and bottom? ROB. KEEFER.

[The Mathematical Editor's business is to determine the correctness of answers to questions asked by himself. However if no one can answer the above, the M.E. will soon solve it.]

A Fish Question.

Editor Advance:—The head of a fish is 4 ft. long and the tail is as long as its head and half its body; and its body is as long as its head and tail. How long is the fish? Give answer in feet and inches.

DAVID MATHEWSON.

42 25/35 Rolls of Paper are Required

To paper walls of Sons of Temperance hall, Flesherton. Correct answers have been received from Geo. A. Holman, T. A. Gilchrist, D Mathewson, Mina Bunt, Lou. Armstrong, Bert Armstrong, Lizzie White, Martha Beatty, B. N. Powell, W. H. Bellamy, Willie Sinclair, F Ayers, Edwin Leitch, Frank Vandusen, Joseph Armstrong, G. Treadgold, Jennie Treadgold, John Bradley, Eva White, Ada Sproule, May Damude, Lizzie Richardson, Lizzie Swanton, Ella Gordon, E. Strain Robt Keefer; also Lizzie Maud Cooper of 4th class, S. S. No. 6, Osprey.

Those Bible Questions.

We have received correct answers to two of the Bible questions in last week's ADVANCE from G. W. Legard, Ada Sproul, Lizzie White, Eva White, Mina Bunt, Martha Beatty. The correct answers were:—Shortest verse, John xi. 35, and alphabetical verse, Ezra vii. 21. None could tell us David's mother's name, which did not surprise us as it is still a matter of conjecture among theologians. "Biblicus" says it is generally conceded that David's mother's name was Abigail.

A Tough Problem.

Editor Advance: A fenced an acre of ground on his farm for potatoes. Next season he closed in a ten acre field with the rails used around the acre of potatoes the year previous, and after fencing it just the same height as the first named field, he found to his surprise he had a surplus of several panels of rails. How did he accomplish his task?

PUZZLER.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

FOR

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SPEX, &c.,

Go to RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON, where you will see the finest stock at the lowest prices in this county, and notwithstanding the very low prices, they are determined to give a discount of 15 per cent. on all cash sales of $1.00 and over come and secure some of the bargains and don't forget it is the only place to get your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired Properly.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

JUBILEE DRAWING-ROOM.

Buckingham Palace Thronged With Rank and Beauty—Description of the Dresses of Royalty.

A London cablegram says: The Queen yesterday afternoon held at Buckingham Palace her first jubilee drawing-room. The rush was so great that the Queen had retired before a large number of carriages had reached the grand portal, around which the brilliant military guards of honor were attending. One line of carriages extended eastward along the double roads of St. James' Park beyond the club district of Pall Mall, and another line westward around the Buckingham Hotel and past Hyde Park corner into Piccadilly. At least 5,000 curious spectators clustered along the lines staring at the inmates of the carriages and their gorgeous dresses, not omitting to make the usual sarcasms on the Jeames Yellowplushes who adorned the hammer-cloths. There was the usual fatigue of the guests awaiting their turns, a more than customary crush on the grand staircase. There was the wonted battle of trains, disregarding the motto *noblesse oblige*. There was the traditional pushing and wedging and the use of fans as weapons, all accompanied by the time-honored jealousies for precedence or degree in the royal sunshine.

The Queen, standing on the dais in the Royal Throne Room, looked a remarkably happy matron, with the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Beatrice and Helena and the Duchess of Albany just below her. Beyond the royal group of ladies the Prince of Wales looked as buoyant as one should who had slept through an earthquake. He wore the brilliant uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Horse Guards, of which Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant is the active colonel. A squadron of the same regiment had escorted the Prince and Princess from Marlborough House amid the hearty cheers of everybody. The Marquis of Salisbury and nearly all the Cabinet were in another group beyond the Prince of Wales and suite. Some of the Ministers displayed in their court dress larger heads than calves.

Lord Randolph was absent from the Commoners, but her ladyship was present, smiling away the baseless scandals lately rife. Lady John Manners, who is a veteran at drawing-rooms, was heard to say that never within her recollection had there been such an immense and brilliant attendance at a drawing-room. The Lord Chamberlain's presentation book really makes up a bulky volume. The number of *debutantes* mindful of the notable Jubilee flavor of the occasion was very large. The supplement to to-day's *Court Journal* runs to sixty columns.

The Queen wore a train and bodice of black velvet and silk, trimmed with Russian sable over a black silk skirt trimmed with tulle and jet, a white tulle veil, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds, necklace and earrings of diamonds, and the Kohinoor as a brooch, with orders and ribbons dazzling in number and arrangements.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of silver grey and silver brocade, with draperies of brocade and crape embroidered in silver, looped with grey and silver marabouts; a train of brocade lined with satin duchesse and bordered with silver fringe and marabouts; a corsage to correspond; head dress, a tiara of diamonds and feathers and veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

The Princess Beatrice wore a dress and train of ruby velvet, embroidered with beads of the same color, headdress, a diadem of rubies and diamonds, feathers and veil; ornaments, rubies and diamonds.

The Duchess of Albany wore a black corded silk, with bead embroideries and a black veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Both the Princesses of Wales, granddaughters of the Queen, wore trains of pearl white satin broche, lined with faille and bordered in tulle, and bouquets of lilies of the valley; corsage to correspond, trimmed with tulle and lilies over a jupe of tulle in bouillonces and plisses looped with bouquets of lilies of the valley; ornaments, pearls, diamonds and rubies, also the Orders of Victoria and Albert.

It was three hours after the close of the reception before the last carriage left the precincts of the palace in a dense fog, which made vehicular traffic and pedestrianism highly dangerous.

THE CANADIAN HORSE TRADE.

The Kind of Animals Wanted for the British Army.

A London cable says: Col. Ravenhill lectured last night before the Institute of Agriculture on the breeding of horses for military purposes. He said that the horse wanted was a cross on an English thoroughbred stallion, up-standing, with short legs, good bone, heavy shoulders, plenty of length, depth of girth and good action.

Col. Goldie has been instructed by the War Office to purchase 300 horses in Canada for army purposes in England. Veterinary Matthews, of the Royal Horse Guards, has been ordered to Canada to assist in the purchase of horses which are required here. Owing to continental countries having prohibited the export of horses, Canada can, by producing suitable horses, obtain a large market. There is no reason, if the matter is properly undertaken by Canadian farmers, why the Dominion horse trade should not become of large importance and as profitable as the cattle trade.

Coal Famine at Halifax.

A Halifax despatch says: The continuous strike of coal miners at the Pictou mines has created a coal famine in this city and very serious results will ensue if the strike continues much longer. The Cape Breton ports are frozen up and no coal can be obtained thence. The Spring Hill mines cannot supply their orders from the upper provinces. Halifax people, therefore, will soon be compelled to burn wood or pay about $10 a chaldron for coal.

Emperor William has conferred the order pour le merite for arts and sciences upon the historiographer of Prussia, Privy Councilior Professor Dr. von Treitschka, of Berlin; on Privy Councillor Dr. Gustav Freytag, the author of Wiesbaden; on the composer, Herr Johannes Brahma, of Vienna, and on Maestro Guiseppe Verdi, of Milan.

Rev. Archdeacon Ellwood, of Goderich, was struck with paralysis the other day, and now lies very low.

SPRING FASHIONS.

Cable News of the Latest Parisian Novelties.

THE HIGH HAT TO GO.

A cablegram from Paris says: March sunshine has given a new impetus to the fancies of the Parisian modistes, and a coming revolution in ladies' head covering is impending. The high hat is decidedly doomed, and *toques* are making their appearance in all kinds of pretty fancy straws, trimmed with velvet and with wide *faille* ribbon, with a wing placed at one side or else two quill feathers. The *capote* bonnet, with the sides covered with large leaves instead of birds' wings, is one of the latest novelties.

COLORED STRAW BONNETS.

A pretty innovation is the bordering of the bonnet brim with small flowers, such as primroses, violets or very small rosebuds. Tortoise shell pins are a good deal employed on black lace bonnets. Colored straws are exclusively shown for the present, and are very stylish trimmed with *faille* ribbon of a paler shade than the bonnet itself, such as Ophelia lilac on dark purple straw, pale blue on marine blue and pink on wine colored straw. A few high crowned Tyrolean hats that are still shown have a trimming in some cases passing over the crown in flat bias folds of velvet, with a large flower caught here and there among the folds. This style of trimming is very picturesque, but has to be carefully managed in order to prevent a topheavy appearance.

The newest colors of the season are a delicate shade of old pink or dying rose, as it is poetically called, and a silver shade of green known as serpent green.

TWO ELEGANT TOILETS.

Two elegant dresses worn by hostesses at two recent receptions were made as follows: One was in crushed raspberry velvet, made with a long train and plain, full skirt, the beauty and richness of the material requiring no elaboration in making or trimming. The pointed corsage was high to the throat and was shaded by a *fichu* in exquisite old *point d'Alencon*. The other toilet was worn by a young married lady. The corsage was in olive green velvet, brocaded with roses in their natural hues and bordered with a fringe in dark green jet. The skirt was composed of Pekin, in very wide stripes of olive *faille* and net, looped over an underskirt of olive *faille*. A costume, all in silver gray velvet, even to the bonnet, muff and jacket, was worn by a young lady visitor.

It must be admitted, in fact, that some of the most effective of these afternoon dresses have been in plain rich velvet, very simply made, and with scarcely any trimming, the beauty of the material and the perfection of the fit of the dress forming the highest types of elegance.

A FANCY COSTUME.

An original costume, to be worn by a well known military man in Paris at a fancy dress ball, is called *image d'Epinal*. It consists of white satin breeches and a coat, upon which are printed in colors and in small square blocks fairy tales of all kinds. Epinal, in the Vosges, is famous for its children's picture books. Sheets of fairy tales are sold there to the multitude for the modest price of one cent each.

A NOBLE WIFE.

Pathetic Story of Her Attempts to Save Her Husband's Life.

A Shell Lake, Wis., despatch says: Fritz Hass and his wife were in Shell Lake doing some trading on Thursday, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon started for home. The aged couple had walked to town in the morning and felt equal to the task of walking back again, a distance of five miles. It was a bitter cold day, and as they advanced the wind began to blow. Before half of their journey had been accomplished they were wrapped in a blinding snow storm, and their progress became slow and difficult. Soon Mr. Hass sank down in the snow, thoroughly exhausted and unable to proceed. His now frantic wife tried in vain to urge him on. But she was compelled to leave him and seek aid at the nearest house. When she arrived at the house she sought she found a woman alone. It was then about 10 o'clock at night, but taking blankets the two women started back to succor Mr. Hass. He was unconscious when they reached him and with difficulty they succeeded in getting him a few rods further toward shelter. But Hass was a large, fleshy man, and the women were compelled to abandon their efforts in his behalf. Wrapping her exhausted husband in blankets and again giving him some nourishment, his noble helpmeet sat down beside him, while her kind assistant started for home. Mr. Hass remained with her husband until he died, about 8 o'clock in the morning. When help arrived at the scene the unfortunate couple were taken home, one nearly as lifeless as the other. Mr. Hass was nearly 70 years of age, and his faithful wife a few years his junior.

AN ECCENTRIC MAN'S END.

He is Cremated, and His Ashes will be Scattered Over a Saloon Keeper's Grave.

A Buffalo despatch says: The remains of the late Edward Kuehl, of Omaha, arrived here yesterday. Mr. Kuehl was engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes. He had been in ill-health some time and unable to attend to business. On Monday last he took an overdose of morphine, from the effects of which he died. A week ago yesterday he made his will. In it he directs that his body be cremated and his ashes placed in an urn, and that when a certain saloon keeper in Omaha dies, that they shall be strewn over his grave so that no flowers will bloom upon it. The body was put in the crematory at 4 o'clock, and it took one hour and a quarter to incinerate the 200 pounds of flesh and bone.

Michael Krueger, of Manchester, Wis., was born 113 years ago in Posen, Prussia. He is the father of nine children, seven being sons, and when the seventh son was born Michael received a letter and $50 from the King of Prussia. Four of the children are dead; and the oldest living child is Gottlieb, who is 78 years old and lives in Milwaukee. The youngest of the nine is now 50 years old.

FEMALE AMERICA BEFORE THE QUEEN.

How New World Beauties Look and Feel.

The London correspondent of the New York *Sun* thus describes the presentation at court of American ladies:

Each lady will be most awfully low-necked, with train reaching from almost anywhere to the door. With that train wrapped two or three times round her lower extremities she will sit for a good long time in her carriage in front of the palace, while the carriages of most important personages drive in, and while more or less gilded youth walk up and down and stare. By and by she will be huddled into a cold room with about 499 other trains as big as her own. She will wait there for an hour or more, probably more. When her arms are getting blue and her dignity has pretty well oozed away she will be requested to hand a card with her name on it to the Lord Chamberlain. He will read it and steer her to the door. She will drag the train past a big chair on which the Queen sits perched, and as she goes past will make her finest bow. Her eyes will be dazzled by gay costumes, and her wonder will be excited, if she is not too much flurried, by the tremendous display of calves all about, from the Prince and noble ambassadors right down to the servants. Then everything will fade like a scene from a magic lantern, and she will find herself outside the second door and not at all impressed with her own greatness, and free to find her carriage and go home. Next day there will only be one thing to console her. It will be the pleasure of mailing to all her friends and relatives a copy of the *Times* which tells of her presentation to the Queen. The knowledge that her deluded relatives will picture her sitting on a ounge with the Queen of England drinking tea and swapping baby stories will be the only sordid return for the considerable investment. Apart from an excusable vanity, the presentation at Court can be of use only to American ladies who intend residing in London, who want to go into society and bring out their daughters.

A PHANTOM SIGNALMAN.

A "Spook" Disturbing Baltimore & Ohio Train Employees.

A Tiffin, O., despatch says: The village of Republic, O., has a ghost which stops trains, and there is great excitement there. A few nights ago when limited express No. 5, the same train that was wrecked and burned on January 4th, was approaching the scene of that horrible disaster, the engineer saw a red light—the danger signal ahead. He applied the brakes and reversed his engine, and the train came to a standstill on almost the exact spot of the great wreck. Strange to say, when the train came to a standstill the light had disappeared and could nowhere be seen. Before stopping both the engineer and fireman noticed that the light appeared to be carried by a woman dressed entirely in white. Puzzled by the disappearance of the signal, the engineer and conductor walked over the track for some distance ahead, but could discover nothing wrong. The train then backed to Republic station and the operator was questioned, but he assured them that no signal had been sent out. The train proceeded on its way, running cautiously for several miles and the engineer keeping a sharp lookout, but nothing more was seen of the mysterious woman or signal. This strange apparition has appeared on three different occasions and has greatly excited trainmen and residents. A *posse* of men have watched the place for several nights, but the ghost has not since appeared.

What an Armless Man Did.

There recently died at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, N.Y., Richard Donovan, who was in some respects one of the most remarkable men in northern New York. Twenty years ago, when a boy, Donovan worked in a flour mill. One day he was caught in a belt and received injuries that necessitated taking off both arms at the shoulders. This misfortune did not discourage him, and after recovering his health he set about earning a livelihood as best he could without the use of hands or arms. Part of the time he lived alone, and from the necessity of helping himself he became wonderfully adept in performing all kinds of work, using his feet and mouth principally. He owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders. Being in need of a waggon, he bought wheels and axles and built a box buggy complete and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the timber with his feet, and, with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in this town and stoned it himself. He could mow away hay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He would pick up potatoes in the field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two arms could do.—*Boston Transcript.*

Decorum in Western Courts.

"When Eastern people read *Puck* and see signs which are claimed to be taken from court-rooms out West, they imagine that the signs are burlesques. I thought so until I went West," said a gentleman to the Arounder last night. "I know now that the signs are literal in every sense. I have two pasted up in my office which may do as samples of those I have seen. They were taken from a court-room in the northern part of Wyoming Territory, and read: 'No cracking peanuts in this court-room,' and 'Lawyers are not allowed to kiss the baby during court hours.' This latter being translated means that they are not allowed to take a drink. Then I saw one in a court-room at a town on Lake Superior which read: 'This court adjourns at 2.30; the court is going to the dance at H——.' The dance was held in a camp about six miles back of the town.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The value of the cotton plant, great as it is acknowledged by all to be, seems to have the possibility of being increased, since it has lately been discovered that the bark of the root contains what promises to be an available coloring matter.

BISMARCK AS BIG AS EVER.

Utter Inability of the French to Solve the Great Man's Riddles.

(Paris Letter in Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

As an American I recognize in Prince Bismarck a gift which he possesses in a greater degree than nature has vouchsafed to any diplomatist since the days of Benjamin Franklin—namely, that of appearing frank, simple and sincere, and yet of being, at the same time, deep, cunning and enigmatic. In fact, the Sphinx, Franklin and Bismarck have been the world's three great masters of diplomacy. The Sphinx outwitted all the world; Franklin outwitted all Europe, and Bismarck outwits all France. This is because the astute Chancellor, conscious, like Pericles, not only of his great position, but also of his great ability, always, or nearly always—that is to say, ninety-nine times out of a hundred speaks his mind with honest simplicity and audacity, and without the "forcible feebleness" of diplomatic reserve. On the other hand, once in a hundred times he ceases to be Bismarck and for the nonce becomes Machiavelli. In all the Chancellor's recent utterances, save one, there has been a charming frankness. For instance, he said sublimely that the German victory over France was an accident. A lesser statesman would have boastingly claimed it as a foregone conclusion. But Bismarck, the Franklin of Europe, is capable also of the most drab and downright Quaker duplicity. The Chancellor's Parisian critics, subtle as they are, have failed to fathom one of the most deceptive of his recent meanings. I mean deceptive in the honorable sense, just as a varnish, a veneer, a stucco, is a pleasing and commendable deception. I have vainly searched the volumes of twenty French journals to find even a passing reference to the point to which I refer. It has strangely escaped French notice; the Gallic mind does not comprehend the Germanic. Bismarck, in asking for an army appropriation covering seven years instead of three, adduced as one of his cogent reasons for the proposed measure a singular statement, which, on being rendered into plain English, would be the following:

"I may hope to be alive at the end of three but not at the end of seven years."

This remark at once set the whole Paris press agog with a pleasing wonder as to whether or not the great enemy of France was really likely, himself being the judge, to pay the debt of nature so unexpectedly and conveniently soon. There were innumerable articles on his age, on his rheumatisms, on his gout, on his dyspepsia, on his other ailments, and on his possibly imminent "shuffling off this mortal coil." All these jesting and jubilant comments were based on the above quoted allusion, which he was erroneously thought to have made to himself. I venture to declare that this allusion was not to himself at all. It was to the Emperor. The Chancellor could not decently say: "The Emperor is very, very old, and may drop off at any moment." His real meaning, however, was: "The Emperor has but a few days left; while he lives his prestige will be enormous; but his life, and the phenomenal weight and reverence attaching to him as the honored patriarch of living sovereigns, may be lost to the Imperial party in Germany at any moment; and hence before the Emperor dies, I, his Chancellor, who expect to be Chancellor also under the new reign, want to put the German army, now while I may, beyond all possible interference by the next Reichstag." This was Bismarck's real meaning.

Personal Points.

Hon. Carl Schurz slipped on the side walk in New York on Friday and fractured his thigh bone.

Gen. B. F. Butler fell in the railway station at Philadelphia on Friday night and dislocated his arm.

Rev. A. M. Banchet, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nesqually, died at Vancouver, W. T., on Friday night, aged 90.

Justin McCarthy was banqueted by the Boston Press Club Saturday night, and delivered his final American lecture last evening.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, now of Edinburgh, but for many years of Kelso, Scotland, one of the poets of the modern pulpit, the author of not a few of our most popular hymns and of many religious books, has made arrangements to retire from active ministerial life. Dr. Bonar was ordained in 1837. He this year, therefore, completes his fifty years in the ministry.

The Board of Trustees of Rev. Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle are puzzled on the question of enlarging the church. The church now has seating capacity for 3,700 people, but very often at the evening services there are over 6,000 people present. The building will either have to be enlarged or extra galleries will have to be put in.

A Natural Mistake.

Amateur Arctic Explorer—Well, well; the books are all wrong. I thought those people dressed in sealskins.

Native—Oh, no! Ordinary fur is good enough for us.

"Great St. Arctic. Where did you learn English?"

"English! We all talk English."

"Well, I don't see how these former Arctic explorers could lie so. Say, my friend, the North Pole is right about here somewhere, and I want to get together a party of natives to help me find it."

"You're wrong in your geography, young feller. This is Dakota."—*Omaha World.*

An Explanation.

Customer—"I must say I don't like this milk." Milkman—"Why, what's the matter with it?" "Just look at it; don't you see that it is blue?" "Well, yes; it is a little darker than usual." "What is the cause of it?" "I think I can explain it." "I'd be glad to hear it." "You see, we weaned the calf a few days ago, and probably the old cow feels a little blue about it. That's the only way I can account for it."—*Texas Siftings.*

It is never too late to mend; but a man need not expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.

When a young man in the Aleutian Islands goes to see his girl in the evening, the parents of the girl thoughtfully retire to another compartment of the ice house, leaving a burning candle with the lovers. Do they let the candle burn? Not much; they promptly blow it out and eat it between them.—*New York Tribune.*

BISHOP BALDWIN'S PROHIBITION.

No Church Revenue Should be Raised by Games of Chance or Theatricals.

The following decree has been issued by Bishop Baldwin in his Diocese of Huron:

"Inasmuch as serious injury has for some time past been inflicted on the cause of Christ in this, our diocese, by the use of unscriptural and utterly fallacious methods of raising money for church purposes, and seeing, moreover, that the principles which should regulate our giving, advocated by us in our primary charge in 1884, have in some instances been neglected, forgotten or ignored, we deem it best, for the interests of our Redeemer's kingdom and the furtherance of His truth among us, clearly and unreservedly to state what are the practices to which we refer, and to take such action as the welfare of our sacred religion demands.

While allowing to congregations all reasonable liberty in the conduct of their own affairs, we yet feel that certain abuses in connection with the raising of money for church purposes have crept in among us, of so secular and unholy a character that to leave them unchecked would be not only to injure the spirituality of the church at large, but also, by implication, to make us partaker of other men's sins.

In accordance with the above, and in virtue of the authority committed unto us, the chief pastor over this portion of our Lord's flock, we now formally inhibit all churches and congregations within our diocese using the following methods of raising money for ecclesiastical or parochial purposes

First—Raffling, throwing of dice, games of chance or gambling of any kind.

Secondly—All theatrical, dramatic or impersonating exhibitions, whether public or private.

Beyond these two injunctions it is not our intention to proceed, preferring to leave all other matters connected with this subject to your Christian judgment and sense of what is right as professors of the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. We may, however, state our opinion, and in this we think we have the "mind of Christ."

The only true and Scriptural method by which we can raise money for the cause of Christ is the exercise of the divine principle of self-renunciation. The spirit too often invoked is that of self-gratification, or aggrandizement. Our offerings, to be acceptable to God, must represent, not the price which some have paid for amusement and others for gain, but the self-denial of our hearts for the love we bear to Christ.

MAURICE S. HURON.

CONFERRING THE RED HAT.

Representatives of Canada and the United States to Receive It.

The two American cardinals, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, Gibbons, and the Archbishop of Quebec, Taschereau, who are at present in Rome, will receive their red hats at a public consistory, to be held March 17th, the feast of St. Patrick. The insignia of a cardinal can only be given by the Pope himself in person. The ceremony of conferring the cardinal's hat is a very impressive one. The new cardinal is led into the Pope's presence by two of the cardinal deacons, and he immediately makes a triple profound reverence to the head of the Catholic Church—one at the threshold of the hall, one in the middle and still another at the foot of the throne. The Pope then bestows upon him the kiss of peace, and he is embraced by all his cardinalitial colleagues in turn. The *Te Deum* is chanted, and, after encircling the altar with his colleagues, the new cardinal prostrates himself, and remains in that position while the canticle is being finished, and the proper prayers said by the cardinal dean. Arising, next his hood is thrown back, the cardinal dean receives his oath of office, and leads him before the Pope, who confers upon him the red velvet hat, with due prayers. The Pope then withdraws, and the new cardinal receives the congratulations of his brethren. The cardinalitial ring and title are not conferred until the second consistory; only the hat is given at the first.

The cardinal's hat is of red cloth, with a very small crown and broad brim. Two ties, each ending in five rows of red silk acorns or tassels, three in each row, are fastened to the crown, and fall on either side, being long enough to meet under the wearer's chin. Originally, instead of this fringe, each tie had but a single tassel, because the hat was then used on all solemn occasions. At present the hat is not worn, and, therefore, the fringing may be more elaborate. Indeed, after the hat has been conferred, it is not again seen till the cardinal's death, when it is placed upon his bier, and, as a rule, suspended in the church above his tomb. The red hat of the late Cardinal McCloskey may be seen thus suspended in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The red ferreta of the cardinal is of felt, of the same shape as those of simple ecclesiastics. On ordinary occasions they wear a black hat, with a red ribbon gold embroidered. The ring given to the cardinal to consecrate his marriage with the Church is a sapphire set in gold.

Canadian News Notes.

The Township of Otonabee is trebly honored. Its Reeve, Mr. Jno. Lang, has been elected M. P. for East Peterboro'. Its Deputy-Reeve is Warden of the county, and Mr. Blezard, M. P. P., is a resident of the township.

Measles and diphtheria are very prevalent about Watford and have proved fatal in a number of cases. Three members of the family of Mr. John Lightfoot, of Brooke Township, and two daughters of Mr. Wm. Clutterbuck, of Watford, have died.

An offer of prizes by the Brant County Sabbath School Association to the Sunday School pupils on the Indian reserve has borne good fruit. Three schools have sent in lists of those entitled to a prize for attendance. One school carried off forty prizes, twenty-two of whom had been present every day; another school claimed eight, four of whom had been present every day; the latter school seventy-two, most of whom had been present full time.

Little Belle McNichol, of St. Louis, playing with her pet Scotch terrier, accidentally locked herself in a small and nearly airtight closet. The dog at once ran down stairs, and by his actions induced a servant to follow him to the closet, where she found the child unconscious. Belle would have died in a few minutes more but for the terrier.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Working the Garden—Spring Suggestions -Use of Fertilizers.

Peas may be hastened by sprouting the seed in a box of moist sand before planting.

Do not use fertilizers too lavishly on potted plants. A small quantity applied frequently is better than a full allowance at one time.

Never use whitewash in the stables or hen-houses unless carbolic acid is added to it, as a single application of the mixture is better than two or three applications of the whitewash alone.

The silver maple is a rapid-growing tree, often attaining a diameter of ten inches in ten years. It also thrives well on sandy soils, requires but little care, and has few insect enemies.

Make your hot-bed frames in sections, so that they can be stored away when not in use. It is much better than allowing them to remain on the ground to become useless.

The best place for your wood ashes is around your peach trees. The effect may be easily noticed the first season after the ashes shall have been applied.

It is an easy matter to have a garden so arranged as to cultivate it with a horse-hoe, but the best results are usually obtained on small plots well manured and worked by hand.

A few boxes in the house filled with earth, and planted to tomatoes, lettuce and cabbage, will be found a cheap mode of securing early plants. Now is the time to begin, as they will not grow too rapidly when the seeds have sprouted.

If potted plants be watered around the roots with lime-water the angle-worms will be destroyed in the soil. The caustic qualities of the lime-water kill all soft-skinned worms. Only a small amount of the lime-water is necessary.

Clean out the old stalks of the carnations, sprinkle the soil and plants with lime-water and clean off the space around them so as to permit of plenty of heat from the sun. They are well worth the small amount of labor required for bringing them to perfection.

There is no advantage in having young ducks, geese or turkeys too early in the season, as they will not thrive as well as when hatched in April or later. A good start in dry weather will enable them to grow rapidly and entail less labor, while dampness is fatal.

Freas' grafting-wax is four pounds of resin, one pound of tallow and one pound of beeswax. Melt all together over a slow fire and when it is melted turn out into a tub of cold water and pull as shoemakers' wax is made. Soften with hot water.

Mr. Galloway, of Malden, N. Y., who has tried cold storage for peaches, says that with him it has been a decided success. This indicates that the time is coming when peaches may be stored and offered for sale in the middle of the winter season.

Do not be tempted with all the new "novelties" offered in garden seeds, as some of them are only old varieties with new names. Before devoting the garden to any new variety, give it a test by procuring a packet of seeds for experimenting, as a loss from poor seed or from an inferior variety cannot be recovered. Time is an important item in gardening.

Place the hotbed in a position so as to get the most sunlight, and cover the sash at night so as to avoid loss of heat by radiation. Glass permits heat to escape very rapidly, and it is best, therefore, to use a double glazed sash, as the air space between the panes of glass will serve as a protection from the cold.

Here is the way the large strawberries are produced. Apply a heavy dressing of a mixture of two parts each of muriate of potash and superphosphate, with one part nitrate of soda. Keep the young plants clean, water when necessary, and do not allow a single runner to start, as they should be pinched back. Mulch the young plants in the fall and remove the mulch early in spring. Then apply another dressing of fertilizer and clean the soil by stirring it about an inch. When the young berries are set pinch off all but the largest. It requires work, but it will pay.

Regarding strawberry rust opinions differ. Some ascribe the cause to too much moisture, others to excess of manure on the plants, while it is also claimed that it is due to the effects of too much heat from the sun. What is known as rust, or blight, may, however, be traced to a minute worm, which does the mischief by working around the plants. It is suggested that the best remedy is to burn a light covering of straw over the plants.

Warmth of Bodies After Death.

Cases have of late been frequently reported in the newspapers in which, despite medical evidence to the contrary, bodies have been kept from burial because they did not become cold. Faith-healers and miracle-workers have been called in on such occasions to resuscitate the supposed victim of suspended animation, and indulged in diatribes at being called in too late. It is not generally known that there is, as a rule, an elevation of temperature immediately after death, owing to the blood no longer being cooled in its passage through the lungs, and to the stoppage of the circulation, and in many cases where the nervous system has been affected, and in cholera, small pox, yellow fever and hepatic abscess. The post mortem rise in temperature is often very decided. The heat of an apparently dead body is hence not conclusive evidence of life.—*Medical Standard.*

The Widow's Mite.

"My friend, we expect a contribution from you to aid this good work."

"I would be glad to contribute," responded Johnson, "but I am so very poor that I don't believe I can contribute anything."

"But it is for your own good to contribute. A contribution from your poverty will win you a credit mark above. The widow's mite is of more value than the offering of the rich."

"Yes," replied Johnson, "but you see, I'm not acquainted with any widows."—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

Christine Nilsson was caught by the recent earthquake and returned to Paris in a state of great nervous depression

CURRENT TOPICS.

MOBILE (Ala.) *Telegraph*: Belgium has passed a law making drunkenness a crime. This would be regarded as an unconstitutional, hard law here. It interferes with a man's pleasure and the inalienable right to make a beast of himself.

A ST. LOUIS writer says that next year there will be a triple demand for the figure 8 on account of the year 1888. This triple use of figures in the annals of time wil not again occur, he says, until 1911, 1999, 2000, 2022, 2111, 2122, 2202, 2212, 2222, etc.

IN the United States Senate on Saturday night, according to the *Congressional Record*: Mr. Riddleberger, "Will the Senator allow me to make an inquiry?" Mr. Edmunds, "Certainly." Mr. Riddleberger, "Is there any Senator here who has a chestnut bell?"

WILLIAM PINKERTON, the Chicago detective, whose latest piece of work was the capture of the men who murdered Express-messenger Nichols in his car a year ago and stole $21,000, is a Hercules in build, standing over six feet and weighing 230 pounds. His greatest pleasure, however, is found in playing with his two little daughters.

APROPOS of an old woman being sent to prison for one month for telling fortunes by cards, the London *Pall Mall Gazette* asks if Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who recently told the fortune of the Duchess of Albany by her hand at a bazaar in London, for which a charge of five shillings was made, will be arrested.

THOMAS STEVENS, the bicyclist, in his trip around the world, found the roads of the United States among the worst of all. For instance, the roads of Japan were better than those of the United States, although there is but little use for horses in the land of the rising sun. The roads of France, Germany, Italy and England are all far better than those of the States, while France has the best of all.

"IN Canada," the Montreal *Trade Bulletin* says, "the bounty on pig iron has been a complete failure, for instead of encouraging the profitable manufacture of that article, it has caused heavy losses to those investing capital therein, and it is contended that in face of these facts the Government cannot consistently continue the system. The bounty system is wrong in principle, and cannot be tolerated much longer in Canada."

THE efforts of Prince Bismarck to discourage German emigration have had their effect. In 1881, 210,547 persons left the Empire; in 1882, 193,869; in 1883, 166,109; in 1884, 143,586; in 1885, 103,642, and in 1886 only 76,687. But rumors of war have caused an increase during the last few months, for in December, 1886 (the last figures issued), 2,754, against 2,117 for the same month in 1885, emigrated. It may be found necessary yet to entirely prohibit emigration, as well as the exportation of horses.

DURING the year 1886 Austria expelled from her dominions 558 men and 112 women, including one nobleman by birth, many pseudo-aristocrats, several schoolmasters and a large number of merchants, dangerous international criminals and bank note forgers. The expelled were sent to various countries, as follows: To Hungary, 219; Russia, 131; Prussia, 101; Bavaria, 106; Italy, 61; Saxony, 11; Roumania, 7; Montenegro, 7; Wurtemburg, 5; Baden, 4; Bosnia, 4; America, 3; Switzerland, 3; Servia, 2, and 1 each to Africa, Denmark, Herzegovina and Turkey.

IF a person thinks of committing suicide in New York State, it may be to his advantage to take care that he shall succeed. The *attempt* is a crime, under New York law, but the *success* relieves suicide from criminality. Such is the effect of a recent decision of the New York Supreme Court, general term, in the suit of Darrow vs. Family Fund Society. An alleged life insurance society was the defendant in this case. Perhaps that had something to do with influencing the decision. But why should a "crime" thus be awarded a premium upon its successful commission?

FOR five years the prohibition law has been evaded in Portland, Me., by an ingenious contrivance, just unearthed. Three beer barrels were sunk in the ground and connected by tubes with a joist in a stable near by. On the side of the joist an innocent looking board, apparently nailed, when released by a pressure on a hidden spring, turned on a hinge at the bottom and disclosed the faucet by which the beer was drawn. The barrels in the earth had galvanized iron pipes extending up to near the surface of the ground. When the barrels were to be replenished the dirt was removed from these pipes, a funnel placed in each and the beer poured in. Afterward the pipes were again covered and there was nothing to show the existence of the hiding place.

THE new German repeating rifle is the Mauser model perfected. It has just been distributed to the soldiers of seven army corps. By next March, the whole army will have it in hand. It is rather difficult to describe this gun technically, as it is the result of studies made simultaneously in the State manufactories and at the Military School, and no complete specifications have yet been issued. The gun is shorter than that in use to-day in the German army, and, although the stock and the barrel are the same, the bridge is a little raised. It has an automatic unloader which makes the cartridge fall out as soon as the shot is fired. The most important improvement is the chamber which the soldier can use in exceptional cases, that is to say, when an officer thinks that firing at will is necessary. This chamber is formed of a steel tube placed in the barrel under the movable breech, and each time that the weapon is loaded, a spring seizes the cartridge. A hook then catches it and pushes it into the breech; at the command to fire at will the soldier has only to push a cog on the left side of the chamber, and then eight shots can be fired, and the cartridges removed automatically. After these eight shots, the soldier can reload with ten more shots; eight in the cartridge chamber, one in the pan, and one in the barrel.

DURING the recent exciting debate on the Army Bill, in the German Imperial Parliament, Prince Bismarck narrated the following bit of inside history regarding the acquisition of Metz: "In 1871, to speak frankly, I was not inclined to take Metz, I was then for the linguistic boundary. But I made inquiries of the military authorities before I finally decided. It was M. Thiers, if you will permit me this historic episode, who said to me: 'We can only yield one, either Belfort or Metz. If you claim both, we will not conclude peace at present.' At that time, I was quite anxious about the interference of neutral Powers, and had been thinking for some months that we should receive a communication from them. I was urgently desirous that Thiers should not be compelled to return to Bordeaux in order to retract the peace. I therefore discussed the matter with our military authorities, and especially with my friend Von Moltke, who is now seated in front of me. 'Can we agree to renounce one of the two?' I asked, and received the answer: 'Belfort, yes. But Metz is worth a hundred thousand men. The question, then, is this, whether we are willing to be a hundred thousand men weaker against the French or not, in case war breaks out again.' Thereupon I said: 'Let us take Metz!'"

Living With a Heart-Valve Burst.

Edward H. Palmer died at the City Hospital this afternoon under peculiar circumstances, writes a Louisville correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. On December 21st last he was admitted to the hospital, and, owing to his swarthy complexion, he was assigned to the colored medical ward. He conversed intelligently with the officers and nurses and was recognized as a man of education and refinement. To all appearances he was healthy, but an examination proved that his ailment was of a most serious nature. At times he would complain of a sudden twitching of his heart, but there were symptoms and complications in the way which rendered an accurate and complete diagnosis difficult to reach. His appetite was all that could have been desired, and for some time the contradictory symptoms were a puzzle to the attending physicians. This morning, however, the patient complained more than ordinarily, and one of the physicians, on sounding his chest, heard the blood rushing to and from his heart with great speed and violence, the sounds being distinctly audible to the listener. In an instant it dawned upon the physician that one of the valves of the heart had burst. The patient admitted that he was affected with heart disease for some years, but until his admission to the hospital here had never been treated for it. Further examination developed the fact that the auricular ventricular valve had been burst for several months, and that the hissing sounds were produced by the hurried uninterrupted passage of the blood to and fro between the auricle and ventricle. The valve had originally served to allow the blood to pass from the auricle to the ventricle, but prevented its return to the auricle, and it is most remarkable that the man has lived as long as he has. According to medical research death would have been the inevitable result as soon as the valve gave way. As it was, Palmer lived for four months at least with his heart in this condition, and up to the last moment was able to converse intelligently with all around him, remarking to his sister, who had arrived a short while before his death, that his time had come, and that he felt as if he were full of blood running riot over his body. When he died there was not the least tremor or exhibition of pain, and he merely closed his eyes, after looking at all around him, never to open them again. From his sister it was learned that Palmer was a member of a creole family residing in the neighborhood of New Orleans; that he had been given the best education money could afford, and had held several lucrative positions in the South. He was, however, never satisfied to remain at home, and would wander aimlessly over the country, never writing to his relatives unless taken ill. He spoke English, Spanish and French fluently.

A Letter from His Dead Wife.

Benjamin Harley is a well-to-do resident of Roaring Branch, this county, writes a Lock Haven, Pa., correspondent. He is an old man, and is a strong believer in Spiritualism, no thing having ever been too miraculous if done in the name of Spiritualism to weaken his faith or arouse his suspicion. He has two sons, one a wild and shiftless young man named Henry, the other a thriving citizen. The latter is a partner of his father's in the mercantile business. Old Mr. Harley is a widower, his wife, who was also an enthusiastic Spiritualist, having died only a few weeks ago. The other morning old Mr. Harley awoke and found lying on his pillow a piece of paper, folded and addressed to him. He opened it, and found that it was a letter purporting to come from his dead wife. It was a business letter. It informed Mr. Harley that the writer was in heaven, which was a thoroughly practical place so much so that she had set up in the millinery business. She was just then in need of $50 to put in the business, and requested her husband to inclose her that amount. She instructed him to put it in a letter and place the letter in a stump near her son Henry's house. Extravagant and ridiculous as this letter was, old Mr. Harley did not doubt for a moment that it came from his wife. He could not spare $50 that day, but he wrote a letter to his wife, inclosing $20 and informing her that he would send the remainder in a few days. The letter he placed in the stump as directed. Young Henry Harley long ago exhausted his credit at the tavern and other places in Roaring Branch, and his longing for convivialty had been necessarily unsatisfied for some time. Two or three days ago the tavern-keeper was surprised to see the young man walk in and pay up the old score out of a neat roll of bills. Young Harley paid up other small accounts about town, and the astonishing fact that he had money soon became the talk of the village. The news was not long in reaching old Mr. Harley's ears, and, after pondering over the matter for some time, and closely examining the letter from his departed wife, he at last reluctantly made up his mind that he knew how Henry had got the money. This belief was made positive when, in a business transaction with Charles Green, another storekeeper in the place, he received the veritable $20 bill he had inclosed to his wife to help along her celestial millinery business. He learned that the bill had been changed for young Henry Harley.

Perhaps you have noticed that it is the man who shakes hands the most that is the hardest to shake.

CANADIAN VICE-ROYALTY.

Views of the Wife of a Canadian Judge in Paris.

(Paris letter in the London Truth.)

The wife of a Canadian judge, who read what Sir C. Tupper said upon the "Truth eries," has called to give me supplemental information about the past and present representatives of Her Majesty at Ottawa. She was in that city when the announcement was made that the Lansdownes were to get the chateau of Montreal (?) fitted up and to spend there the coldest months of the year, which are the ones in which tobogganning, sledging, curling, skating tournaments and torchlight processions are in full fling. This news caused intense excitement and the Anglo-Scotch thought it rather a shame that the Vice-regal court should go in midwinter every year to show the light of their countenance to the French at Montreal. Lord Lansdowne, I am told, keeps up a fine show. His carriages and horses have given a great idea of his wealth to the colonists. What must it have been, they wonder, before his income from his Irish estates was reduced by a quarter—a reduction which was on his side voluntary, and, therefore, to his honor. But there is no burning of candles at both ends of the Government House as in the Dufferins' time. At their entertainments the Marquis and Marchioness do things magnificently, but close economy is the every-day rule.

Lord Dufferin not only spent his £10,000 yearly, but dipped his estates and sold the timber off them when he could gain political points by a judicious use of money. My visitor assured me that "Lorne and the Princess Louise did not salt away a dollar" when they were away in Canada. The Princess was as beneficent as could be, and was never appealed to for money without (when she was satisfied that she had to deal with honest people) putting her hand in her pocket or signing a cheque. She was a great success until the sledge accident befell her. Her nervous system then got upset, with the effect that, in speaking, she was apt to make use of words just the contrary of those she wanted to say. She, therefore, imposed on herself the rule of silence with those whom she did not well know. This passed for sullen reserve and favoritism, and caused a good deal of resentment among the ladies.

"Lorne was just as good as he could be, and first-rate in business," said my visitor, "but he was unendurable." "How so?" I asked. "He was so stand-off in his demeanor. Dufferin knew the Christian and pet names of all the children in Ottawa, read of the births in the papers, and remembered to congratulate the fathers of the new-born babes. He shook hands publicly with a grocer's wife who had triplets, and one day got out of his carriage to go and admire them when they were with their mother and the servant in the street. If a newsboy said a smart thing to him he'd stop to talk to him, and I often saw him shake hands with a conductor of the street cars who came from his part of Ireland, and he had always something bright and pleasant to say. Lorne's stand-offishness after Dufferin's chaff and heartiness was like an icy blast in the month of May."

The Princess Louise enjoyed best in Canada the society of the French. She was very fond of getting away from Ottawa and going to live *en artiste* at the citadel of Quebec—an old place that dated from the Marquis de Montcalm. (It was built by the Duke of Wellington.) It became the thing there to be artistic. Officers, the sons and daughters of judges and of ministers (preachers), successful trades people, and so on, went in for sketching, impressionism, art furniture and art unions, to be *bien en cour*. The princess used to go out on sketching expeditions in a boat. She had some narrow escapes near rapids; that, however, was not at Quebec, but high up the river. It used to be said of her that she was all radiance to the French Canadians, and had more French than English books on her drawing-room table. But Lady Sophia Macnamara understood the "independent" temper of the ladies of the Anglo-Scotch provinces, and helped to make things smooth and agreeable.

Ephemeral Fathers.

An estimable lady of the West side has had the fortune of three husbands—two having passed over to the majority. By the first husband there is a son; by the second a very bright little daughter. One day, while some lady friends were lunching with the mother, the little girl asked: "Mamma, has Jack a papa in heaven?" "Yes, darling; hush!" replied mamma. Have I a papa in heaven?" "Yes, darling; hush!" repeated mamma. After a pause and profound thinking, the little miss added: "Papas don't last long, do they mamma?"—*Yenowine News.*

Pass It Up This Way.

Spring has arrived and has registered on the open page of nature's book in her own bright chirography. Wild violets and lilies are blooming, the green grass is growing, the swelling buds are bursting, the larks are singing their spring matins and everything indicates that nature is glad to welcome spring's early arrival.—*Albany (Ga.) News.*

No Doubt He Can.

Juvenile hostess entertaining the widower—Mr. Filtrip, can't you walk as well as you used to?"

"Why, yes, Bessie, why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, I heard mamma say that you were on your second legs, but I thought they're 'most as good as your old ones."

At the opera—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I. She sings through her nose most atrociously." "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkerchief at her."

The simplest and one of the most convenient methods of tracing and transferring designs is the use of tarlatan instead of tracing paper. Place the pattern to be copied upon the drawing-board and cover it with the tarlatan, and pin both to the board with drawing tacks. Then, with a moderately soft pencil, draw the pattern carefully. Remove the pins and the design will be found to be quite clear. Then lay the tarlatan upon the material, pin to the board as before, and again go over the lines with the pencil. The result will be a perfect copy of the design upon the material (fabric or paper) in minute dots. The tarlatan design may be used again and again

MIND-READING.

Amusing Experiences of the Prince of Elucidators.

Mr. Washington Irving Bishop, who has lately been exciting so much attention by what he terms his "mind-reading," has had many interesting adventures and not a few amusing ones. While I was in Belfast Mr. Bishop gave an entertainment in Ulster Hall, which caused a great deal of animated discussion among those present. During the evening, and after the successful performance of several astonishing feats, a temporary lull occurred, during which a rich voice in the gallery loudly called out:

"Misthur Bishup, Misthur—"

"Well, well, what do you want?" inquired the entertainer.

"Oi s'pose yez can foind annething a man wants?"

"Well, I think I can—nearly anything."

"Will yez foind somethin' for me, thin?"

"Certainly."

"Well, the morrow's Sunday, an' oi'd loike yez to foind me a moighty foine dinner."

Mr. Bishop is authority for the statement that the hero of this occasion received a "goold" half-sovereign. "It was about the best advertisement I ever had," said he.

He also tells that while in New Zealand the King of the Maoris was so desirous of viewing an exhibition of the Professor's unusual powers that he obtained a private *seance*. After some parleying it was decided that his dusky Highness himself should conceal an article which Bishop was to discover. Mr. Bishop was taken from the room, and on the Maori King's signifying his readiness, the mind-reader was brought blindfolded into the kingly presence and at once began the search. In a few minutes Mr. Bishop turned to the monarch's mouth as the place where the article was concealed. His Highness grunted an emphatic dissent to the place located by the Professor as containing the article for which he was in search. Bishop insisted that it was there, and finally demanded that the royal mouth should be opened wide. After considerable refusal and persevering persistence on the part of the King and the Professor, the mouth was slowly and reluctantly opened. The next instant, however, the King began to cough violently, which resulted in a button being expelled. The King, finding the place had been correctly located, attempted to swallow the button, and thus defeat the determined mind-reader. What might have happened to Bishop had the Maoris lost their King, is one of those things we tremble to contemplate.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Money Makers

don t let golden opportunities pass unimproved there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 daily. Some have made over $50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages.

A Rome, N. Y., girl filled three stone beer jugs with wet sand, corked them tightly, and set them in the oven to heat, so that she could warm her bed with them. The heat generated steam from the wet sand, and an explosion followed, which filled the room with flying sand and fragments of beer jugs. The girl and the rest of the family were badly scared, but unhurt.

I suffered 7 years with sciatic rheumatism. No treatment relieved me. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant cured me, so that for 2 years I have not had least symptoms of rheumatism. A. Furtaney, Potoskey, Mich., formerly of Berlin, Ont.

Barnard's comet is now visible to the naked eye on the eastern horizon about daybreak, but is so low down that it is not readily seen unless one knows exactly where to look. It was discovered October 6th. About 5 a. m. it makes a beautiful object in the telescope—a final halo of light surrounding a sharp white mass in the centre. It has a short nebulous tail, about 2° in length. Its distance from the earth is now about 113,000,000 miles.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's NERVILINE, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

Mrs. Cleveland has kept strictly to her rule of never going out except to the houses of members of the Cabinet, and as they entertain very little, occasions of her appearance in Washington society have been few and far between.

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D C N L, 11. 87.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MARCH. 17, 1887.

ROLLER MILL WANTED.

If there is one thing more than another needed in Flesherton at the present time it is a Roller Flour Mill. This process of manufacturing flour is growing more and more in public estimation instead of diminishing as many thought would be the case when it was first introduced. Stone flour is rapidly becoming a thing of the past and it behooves enterprising millers to open their eyes at once to the fact, that the new process has come to stay, and govern themselves accordingly.

We are aware that strong arguments are still being used in favor of the old stone process and against the rollers. Some say the very "life" is ground out of the grain by the latter; but, immediately after giving utterance to this remark, those very men march off to a flour and feed store and order a barrel of—not *stone*, but *roller* flour! Why? Simply because the prudent housewife derives the best results from it, and no matter what the "liege lords" may say to the contrary, they must obey orders from headquarters or listen to a "curtain" lecture.

It has been said, "roller flour is so fine that it inevitably produces dyspepsia." No matter! the Canadian housewife prefers it to any other; it makes whiter bread; and the fact of the matter is she *will* have it if John has to carry it on his back twenty miles. Shrewd millers soon noticed the growing popularity of the roller flour and at once proceeded to put the rollers into operation in their mills. Now wheat is ground by the new process in cities, towns, villages and hamlets all over the country; and while the enterprising miller is reaping a rich and well deserved harvest, the "old process" man's lower jaw drops about two inches (more or less) as he notes how often the hopper is empty and the stones silent, simply because he will not adapt himself to the wants of the people.

One reason why Flesherton has not a roller mill, it is said, is because the proprietor is of opinion that in a few years the rollers will be discarded in favor of the stone process! This is not good logic. Just imagine a capitalist standing with folded arms for years—his mill idle a good part of the time—while all around him roller millers are "fairly coining money" by adapting themselves to circumstances! Day after day scores of teams pass close by his mill door and proceed to patronize his more progressive rivals. And yet that is precisely our situation and has been for some years. Thousands of dollars have been thus lost to us—not only in the matter of inadequate flouring facilities but in the vast amount of trade diverted from its natural channel to others leading to places possessing superior flour manufacturing establishments. Feed stores have sprung up in our midst, which sell flour manufactured in neighboring villages, and here again hundreds of dollars are taken from Flesherton and used in building up other places at our expense. When will our capitalists wake up and grasp the situation with a firm hand?

People said Geo. Stevenson was a fool and that the old stage coaches would continue as before; but they were mistaken. The same has been said, in various ways, of all great inventions—the telegraph, telephone, reapers, mowers, &c. The same is being said by some to-day in reference to roller flour. But the "new process" has come to stay, and those who fail to recognize this fact must be very blind—or stupid. We must have a roller flour mill and a first-class one at that.

MR. NEIL McCOLMAN.

We are glad to learn that Mr. McColman has received the appointment of Light House keeper in Collingwood at a salary of $600 per annum with summer residence on the island, boats, &c. &c., and winter residence on the shore. Mr. McColman richly deserves this office. He occupied the better part of his life in the service of the public and his party thereby neglecting his own business, and we are glad to note that he has got his just reward. —*Thornbury Standard.*

It may be considered ungrateful on our part but we cannot help saying that in our opinion the Conservative party is digging a good deep grave for itself in thus putting a premium on political crookedness. All a man has to do nowadays is to act the traitor to his party and, forsooth! he is made a lighthousekeeper or something else! A few more such blunders and East Grey Conservatism will receive its *congi*.

The Hanover *Post* has attempted to reply to our editorial re South Grey Election. It is only an attempt, however, and a very feeble one at that. It does not omit to give a false construction to the sentiments we uttered and more than once deliberately misquotes us. This sort of treatment is simply intolerable and utterly unworthy the most rabid party journal. But it is in keeping with the actions of the parliamentarian who published garbled extracts from *private* letters during the recent contest. We have no desire to discuss public questions with opponents who will not, or can not, or *dare not* stick to the truth.

Another horrible railway accident is recorded in the daily papers this week. The scene was a new iron bridge on the Dedham branch of the Providence Railway, which is known among railway men as "the tin bridge." It is near Boston, U.S. Three cars plunged down an embankment about thirty-five feet high, were smashed to pieces. The cries of the wounded and dying were simply awful. That anyone escaped death seems almost miraculous. About 80 passengers were killed and 50 wounded, so far as heard from.

The Young Father.

HIS CANDID OPINION OF HIS FIRST BABY CANDIDLY EXPRESSED.

"There," said the nurse, proudly, as she put the new baby into the young father's arms, "she's a perfect beauty of a child."

"Is that all there is of her?" he asked.

"I'm ashamed of you."

"Well, this is all clothes, so far as I can see."

Then he took it and turned its head down.

"Oh!" screamed the nurse, "you'll kill the baby."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You're holding her upside down."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference yet, does it?"

"I never saw a man so ignorant."

"How do you hold her anyway?"

Then the nurse showed him.

"I wonder what a father does under the circumstances," he thought to himself. "I suppose I've got to talk to the little thing."

And he began a string of baby talk. The baby did not show the faintest sign of recognition.

"Say, I'm afraid she's deaf, nurse,

"Deaf! you're a fool.

"Well, she doesn't hear. She doesn't even—"

The baby set up a terrible yell.

"She's sick," he said. "There's something the matter with her,"

"No, there ain't."

"Oh, do babies yell like that so soon?"

The baby kept up a bawl.

"I don't know about this. I suppose I ought to play the stern parent and spank her, oughtn't I?"

"Spank her! I'd like to see you try to spank the dear little thing."

"Here, take her away."

And he went off down stairs and lit a cigar and took a walk, reasoning to himself that there were some things in life only a woman seemed to grasp thoroughly.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent

Having noticed Mr. Linleys emphatic denial in last weeks ADVANCE, there are many who seem to think that he must be wanting to play a little game of bluff. As there are a number of persons who are willing to testify at any time that they have seen dice and dominos in his house, your correspondent does not retract worth a cent, and as Mr. Linley conducts himself and his house properly, in the same manner will he be respected.

A grand entertainment under the management of Miss Drummond was given in the School Room of S. S. No 3, on Friday evening last. The evening was most beautiful and the house was crowded and a very pleasant evening spent. The proceeds amounted to $25.00.

A meeting of the Farmers' Institute is to be held in this place on the 22nd, when a large gathering is expected, as many interesting subjects will be discussed.

If the man who draws saw logs through the village and throws them off here and there at the side of the road, would bring a bundle of straw with him to feed his horses while he is doing business in the hotel and not keep them standing on the road from early morning until late at night they would probably not be so anxious to get away.

Our village Prophet predicts a great European war to commence about the first of June and also that there will be splendid crops this year and good times everywhere.

Dr. Kerr has been laid up for several days with a severe cold.

Honor Roll, Kimberley School.

FEBRUARY.

Class IV A. Thurston 272; E. Dynes 266; J. Dynes 237; E. Carruthers 207.
Class III L. Graham 140; P. Dynes 125; J. Howell 102; S. Plewis 25.
Class II sr. J. Hammond 85; R. Howe 77; J. Carruthers 73; H. Fawcett 70.
Class II jr. Wm. Mundle 110; Wm. Lawrence 109; V. Gilbert 106; F. Battrick 106.

No. on Roll for month, ...87.
Highest daily attendance, ...77.
Average daily attendance, ...65.

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I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored. —C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 10 to	2 10
Fall Wheat	0 95 to	0 96
Spring Wheat	0 95	0 98
Barley	0 50	0 50
Oats	0 27	0 28
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15	0 15
Potatoes	0 30	0 30
Pork	5 50	5 50
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 30	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated Harness Oil.

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

100 acres, being Lot 24, Con. 9, Artemisia, adjoining Town plot of Eugenia, 35 acres cleared, fenced, and mostly seeded down. Good well of never failing water close to house. Young orchard, just commencing to bear fruit. Frame house, log stable. Stream of water on place. Terms easy. For particulars apply to

J. W. HOATH.
Feb. 9 1887. Eugenia P. O.

SEED OATS FOR SALE.

On Lot 6, Con. 13, Osprey, 1,000 bushels choice Tartar Oats, grown on freshly broken land. Will be ready for delivery about ten days from date. Price, about 20 or 30 cents per bushel.
Feb. 4th, 1887 JAMES CRAWFORD.

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Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

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HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c. made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure as a Liver Complaint rests entirely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well known liver regulator, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, herbs and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

In order to clear out my present stock of Mens, Womens and Childrens BOOTS & SHOES, I am offering Three or Four Hundred pairs at very greatly reduced prices in order to make room for Spring Importations.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

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FLESHERTON.

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MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints Incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

LITTLE FALLS

Saw Mill!

IN FULL OPERATION.

Special attention given to custom work, so that parties delivering logs to be sawn, can have their Lumber for return loads.

SAW LOGS

BOUGHT.

WM HOGG.

Feb. 23rd, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

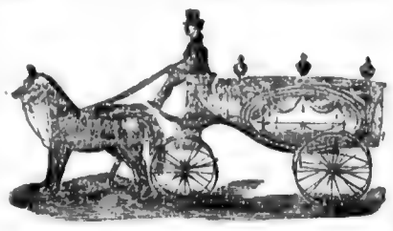

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable & never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

DEATH OF GEO. DINWOODY.

He Passes Peacefully Away to the Spirit World.

Although not unexpected, the people of this community were much startled on Friday morning last to learn of the death of Mr. Geo. Dinwoody. The sad event occurred at the residence of deceased, near Flesherton, on Friday forenoon, March 11th. Deceased passed away at the age of forty-three—in the prime of life.

Death is usually an unwelcome visitor, but it spares neither vigorous youth, sturdy manhood, or ripe old age. All must pass through the land of shadows, the cold waters of death's Jordan, into regions of light or darkness. Glorious the testimony do they leave behind, who, when taking a last view of earthly things, can say with the poet—

"It is well with my soul."

Such was the bright spiritual experience of Geo. Dinwoody. Who will soon forget his sunny countenance, his cheery smile, and his hearty Christian greeting of friends and acquaintances? He was a good man and the community will long hold him in kindly remembrance The influences which go out from a good man's life may be forgotten in time, but their beneficial effects will be felt long after the present generation has passed away to the other world.

Deceased was one of the most highly esteemed members of the Methodist church here. It will be extremely difficult to fill the vacancy caused by his death. He was assistant leader in the class of the venerable Wm. Rutledge, sr., a member of the official board, and a steward. In all of these important departments he discharged his duties promptly and faithfully. He attended divine service regularly, and his testimony in the class room was always cheerful and practical—indicating honesty of purpose underlying deep religious convictions. The last testimony he uttered in this world showed how strong his faith was in the Lord of light and life. He almost seemed impatient to pass away to the eternal habitations of the righteous—although his thoughts often lingered fondly and, perhaps, somewhat sorrowfully on his loving wife and dear little children whom he must leave behind.

The circumstances in connection with his death may be briefly given. Nearly two weeks prior to his decease he came to this village on business. While here he got wet and, before reaching home, he felt quite chilly. He sat down before the kitchen fire in his damp garments and fell into a doze. Afterwards he went to bed from which he never arose. The family physician, Dr. Christoe, did all that lay in his power but without avail. He sank rapidly and it soon became evident that the crisis was at hand. On Wednesday evening of last week Drs. Christoe and Hixon sat up with him until midnight. Thursday morning the news spread that he was improving, but the joy occasioned by tidings soon gave way to sadness and grief when word came that George was no more. The immediate cause of his death was inflamation of the lungs.

Sunday afternoon the remains were followed to the last resting place in the Flesherton cemetery, preceded by the Band which played such solemn and beautiful airs as "Dead March in Saul," "Shall we Gather at the River," &c. The funeral *cortege* was the largest we have seen since the burial of the late lamented Deputy Reeve of Collingwood Township, Wm. White. Service was held in the Methodist church, the pulpit of which was deeply draped in mourning. Rev. Mr. Ayers delivered a touching address to the vast congregation and paid a graceful tribute to the memory of deceased. Rev. A. Wilson addressed a few words of sympathy and encouragement, after which the remains were conveyed to the cemetery, where the last sad rites were performed with a solemnity befitting the occasion.

The funeral service was continued in the evening, when Rev. Mr. Ayers improved the occasion by preaching an impressive sermon.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

"LOST AND SAVED."

The Sacred Dramatic Cantata Scores A Big Success.

The Town Hall, Flesherton, was packed to the doors by a large and appreciative audience on Friday evening last. Dundalk, Markdale, Kimberley and Maxwell were well represented, Music-loving Flesherton was, of course, largely represented, and it is almost needless to add that the fine sacred cantata "*Lost and Saved*," was rendered in a manner equally creditable to Musical Director Prof. Morgan, Dramatic Manager Mr. Jas. G. Russell, and the various performers. The musical and Dramatic parts of the Cantata were well sustained from first to last. Great credit is due Miss Richardson, not only for the excellent manner in which she presided at the organ on Friday night, but also for her patience and perseverance during the various rehearsels and practices prior to the "eventful night." Following is the cast of characters:—

Miss Alice Leith.....Miss Ayers
Mrs. Howard Vane.....Miss Vandusen
Miss Betsy Sharp.....Miss Damude
Mrs. Leith.....Miss S. Wright
Kittie Gray.....Fairy Morgan

Faith Hope and Charity:

Miss Beecroft, Miss Gordon, Miss Leitch.

Women Crusaders:

Miss Vandusen, May Damude, Mamie Ayers, Lizzie Richardson.

Harry Gray.....J. G. Russell
Rev. Howard Vane.....John Anderson
Mr. Leith.....Wm. Irwin
Mr. Jinks.....A. R. Fawcett
Lawyer Smirk.....W. T. Thompson
Old Grim, the Landlord...W. Campbell

Saloon Boys:

Brown.....W. Petch
Jones.....J. Baskerville
Smith.....D. L. White
Parker.....A. M. Gibson

The cantata lasted about two hours and twenty minutes, and from commencement to finish the interest did not flag. Miss Damude, as "Betsy Sharpe," scored the principle hits of the evening. Her singing and acting was perfection itself—in short it was absolutely faultless. This may seem a sweeping assertion, but we believe those who were present will endorse every word we have said. Miss Ayers, in the difficult *role* of "Miss Alice Leith," never sang with greater effect. Her acting was true to the character she delineated with such faithfulness. Few amateurs could have sustained the part with such rare ability as did Miss Ayers. Miss Vandusen possesses a sweet voice, which musical culture has greatly improved during the past season, so that the fidelity with which she filled the *role* of "Mrs. Howard Vane" was not more than the delighted audience expected. Miss Sarah Wright made a graceful and natural "Mrs. Leith," and the same can well be said of Mr. Wm. Irwin as "Mr. Leith." Miss Fairy Morgan as "Kittie Gray" was of course an immense success. To us at anyrate Miss Fairy is more of a "child wonder" than she was the first night we heard her. The power, sweetness, and remarkable compass of her voice, together with her clear and distinct pronunciation, is truly marvellous. Miss Beecroft, Miss Gordon, and Miss Leitch were dressed in exact accordance with pictorial representations of "Faith, Hope and Charity," respectively. Their singing was good. The "Women Crusaders," Miss Vandusen, May Damude, Mamie Ayers and Lizzie Richardson, gave a correct rendering and dressed in perfect taste. Mr. John Anderson made a dignified and commanding "Rev. Howard Vane." Mr. Jas. G. Russell is always a success, and surely if "success is the reward of diligence" he deserves to succeed. He had a difficult part in "Harry Gray," but he came forth from the trying ordeal with flying colors and fresh laurels. "Lawyer Smirk" was faithfully delineated by Mr. W. T. Thompson, and Mr. W. Campbell, as "Old Grim," was equally natural. The "Saloon Boys," Messrs. Petch, Baskerville, D. L. White, and Gibson, added most materially to the interest which centred in the dramatic situations of the cantata. A. R. Fawcett acted the part of bashful "Mr. Jinks." The Flesherton Brass Band made decided hits it always does. "God save the Queen closed the evening's entertainment at a seasonable hour.

Proceeds nearly $40.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c:

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St., Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

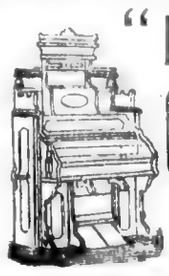

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

The Miller and the Maid.

Across the heath and down the hill,
  Aback of patient Dobbin,
The farmer's daughter rides to mill,
  And mocks the thrush and robin

For saddle she's a sack of grain,
  She sidewise sits and chirrups
A finger in old Dobbin's mane
  Is good as forty stirrups

The miller comes a merry blade!
  And doffs his hat and greets her—
"What wish you here, my pretty maid?"
  "I've brought a sack of wheat, sir"

"And have you gold to give for grist?"
  "Not I, we're poor, alack, sir,
But take your toll a tenth, I wist
  From what is in my sack, sir"

He lifts her lightly from her seat,
  And laughs a merry miller!
"I cannot take my toll in wheat,
  I must have gold or silver.

"But since you've brought no coin nor script,"
  He smiles and fondly eyes her—
"I'll ask no toll but from your lip—
  A kiss—who'll be the wiser!"

The maiden blushed and bowed her head
  And with her apron fingered,
And pouted out her lips of red,
  Where countless kisses lingered

"A single kiss?" (She smiled in glee,
  As one would say, I've caught you.)
My father said your toll would be
  A tenth of what I brought you."

The mill stream shouted to the sands
  "He kissed the farmer's daughter;"
But the grim old wheel stretched out its hands
  And spanked the saucy water

In the Lane.

And art thou then, my heart, too old
  Ever to leap with love again,
To feel the strong blood-torrent rolled
  Through heaving breast and teeming brain?
Is it no more, my heart, for thee
Life's one unquestioned ecstasy?

Are faded quite those dim, far days
  When music mothered every sound,
When up and down youth's happy ways
  Fared glories on eternal round?
Has chill of years killed every joy
That blossomed for the wandering boy?

These are the trees once known so well
  We felt to them all but be-known,
Their very shadow we could tell
  From others by the forest thrown
The same glad songs from bush and bough
As once we heard, we hear them now.

And these sweet flowers beneath my feet,
  Their young eyes greet us as of yore
The hope, there! Still they think to meet
  Her glance that shall not answer more.
To us alone it cannot be
They're looking up so tenderly.

This is the same gray path we took
  Behind the slowly going day;
As they do now, the light leaves shook
  When evening breezes blew this way
And there's the glow upon the dome
And here the cows are coming home

Ah, no, good heart, thou still canst stir
  Still lives the love first bid thee leap
Still are we at the side of her
  They laid away 'neath yonder steep
Though clods be on her and a stone,
In the dear old lane we're not alone

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"Then follows the reply dated Maritzburg, 2nd February."

"'Sir:

"'1. I have to direct you to convey to Lieutenant and Adjutant Kershaw, and the surviving members of the corps known as Alston's Horse, the high sense entertained by the Officer, etc., of the gallant conduct of that corps in the face of overwhelming odds at Isandhlwana on the 22nd of January.

"'2. It is with deep regret that the Officer, etc., learns of the heavy misfortune which has befallen Lieutenant Kershaw. He wishes to express his appreciation of the way in which that officer handled the remnants of his corps, and to inform him that his name will be forwarded to the proper quarter for the expression of Her Majesty's pleasure with regard to his services

"'3. I am directed to offer you a commission in any of the volunteer corps now on service in the campaign

'I have, etc.,

(Signed) "'CHIEF OF THE STAFF

Then comes a letter from Sergeant Major Jones, gratefully acknowledging the expression of the high opinion of the Officer, etc., and declining the offer of a commission in another volunteer corps.

Next is a private letter from the Officer, etc., offering to recommend Sergeant-Major Jones for a commission in the army.

And, finally, a letter from Sergeant Major Jones to Officer, etc., gratefully declining the same

Ernest looked up sharply. The *raison d'entre* of the movement was gone, for he could no longer see, but the habit remained

"Why did you decline the commission, Jeremy?"

Jeremy moved uneasily, and looked through the little cabin window.

"On general principles," he answered presently.

"Nonsense! I know you would have liked to go into the army. Don't you remember, as we were riding up to the camp at Isandhlwana, you said you proposed that if the corps did anything, we should try and work it?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, I said *we*!"

"I don't quite follow you, Jeremy."

"My dear Ernest, you can't go in for a commission now, can you?"

Ernest laughed a little bitterly.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. I am not going to leave you in your misfortune to go and enjoy myself in the army. I could not do it; I should be wretched if I did. No, old fellow, we have gone through a good many things side by side, and, please God, we will stick to each other to the end of the chapter

Ernest was always easily touched by kindness, especially now that his nerves were shaken, and his heart softened by misfortune, and his eyes filled with tears at Jeremy's words. Putting out his hand, he felt about for Jeremy's, and, when he had found it, grasped it warmly.

"If I have troubles, Jeremy, at least I have a blessing that few can boast—a true friend. If you had gone with the rest at Isandhlwana yonder, I think that my heart would have broken. I think we do bear one another a love that 'passeth the love of a woman.' It would not be worth much if it didn't, and that is one thing. I wonder if Absalom was a finer fellow than you are, Jeremy; from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him. Your hair would not weigh 'two hundred shekels after the king's weight' though" (Jeremy wore his hair cropped like a convicts); "but I would back you to throw Absalom over your shoulder hair and all."

It was his fashion to talk nonsense when affected by anything, and Jeremy knowing it, said nothing.

Just then there came a knock at the door, and who should enter but Mazook, but Mazook transformed? His massive frame, instead of being clothed in the loose white garments he generally wore, was arrayed in a flannel shirt with an enormous stuck-up collar, a suit of pepper-and-salt reach-me-downs several sizes too small for him, and a pair of boots considerably too large for his small and shapely feet, for, like those of most Zulus of good blood, his hands and feet were extremely delicately made.

To add to the incongruity of his appearance, on the top of his hair, which was still done in ridges Zulu fashion, and decorated with long bone snuff-spoons, was perched an extremely small and rakish-looking billycock hat, and in his hand he carried his favorite and most gigantic knobstick.

On opening the cabin-door he saluted in the ordinary fashion, and coming in squatted down on his haunches to await orders, forgetting that he was not in all the freedom of his native dress. The results were most disastrous. With a crack and a bang the reach-me-down trousers, already strained to their utmost capacity, split right up the back. The astonished Zulu flew up into the air, but presently discovering what had happened, sat down again, remarking that there was "much more room now."

Jeremy burst out laughing, and having sketched his retainer's appearance for the benefit of Ernest, told him what had happened.

"Where did you get these things from, Mazook?" asked Ernest.

Mazook explained that he had bought the rig-out for three pounds ten from a second-class passenger as the weather was growing cold.

"Do not wear them again. I will buy you clothes as soon as we get to England. If you are cold wear your great-coat."

"Koos!" (chief.)

"How is 'The Devil?'" Ernest had brought the black stallion on which he had escaped from Isandhlwana home with him.

Mazook replied that the horse was well, but playful. A man forward had been teasing him with a bit of bread. He had waited till that man passed under his box, and had seized him in his teeth, lifted him off the ground by his coat, and shaken him severely

"Good! Give him a bran mash to-night."

"Koos!"

"And so you find the air cold. Are you not regretting that you came? I warned you that you would regret."

"Ou ka Inkoos" (oh, no, my chief), the Zulu answered in his liquid native tongue. "When first we come upon the smoking ship, and went out on to the black water out of which the white men rise, and my bowels twisted up and melted within me, and I went through the agonies of a hundred deaths, then I regretted. 'Oh, why,' I said in my heart, 'did not my father kill me rather than bring me on to this great moving river? Surely if I live I shall grow like a white man from the whiteness of my heart, for I am exceedingly afraid, and have cast all my inside forth.' All this I said, and many more things which I can not remember, but they were dark and heavy things. But behold, my father, when my bowels ceased to melt, and when new ones had grown to replace those which I had thrown forth, I was glad, and did eat much beef, and then did I question my heart about this journey over the black water. And my heart answered and said: 'Mazooku, son of Ingoluvu, of the tribe of the Maquilisini, of the people of the Amazulu, you have done well. Great is the chief whom you serve; great is he on the hunting path; great was he in the battle; all the Undi could not kill him, and his brother the lion (Jeremy), and his servant the jackal (Mazooku), who hid in a hole and then bit those who digged. Oh, yes, he is great and his breast is full of valor; you have seen him strike the Undi down; and his mind is full of the white man's knowledge and discretion; you have seen him form the ring that spat out fire so fast that his servants the horsemen were buried under the corpses of the Undi. So great is he, that the "heaven above" smelled him out as "tagati" (a wizard) and struck him with their lightning, but could not kill him then. And so now, my father wanders and shall wander in the darkness, seeing not the sun or the stars, or the flashing of spears, or the light that gathers in the eyes of brave men as they close in battle, or the love which gleams in the eyes of women. And how is this? Shall my father want a dog to lead him in his darkness? Shall his dog Mazooku, son of Ingoluv, prove a faithless dog, and desert the hand that fed him, and the man who is braver than himself? No, it shall not be so, my chief, and my father. By the head of Chaka, whither thou goest thither will I go also, and where you build your kraal there shall I make my hut. Koos! Baba!"

And having saluted after the dignified Zulu fashion, Mazook departed to tie up his split trousers with a bit of string. There was something utterly incongruous between his present appearance and his melodious and poetical words, instinct as they were with qualities which in some respects make the savage Zulu a gentleman, and put him above the white Christian, who for the most part regards the "nigger" as a creature beneath contempt. For there are lessons to be learned even from Zulu "niggers," and among them we may reckon those taught by a courage which laughs at death; an absolute fidelity to those who have the right to command it, or the qualities necessary to win it; and in their raw and unconverted state, perfect honesty and truthfulness,

"He is a good fellow, Mazook," said Ernest when the Zulu had gone, "but I fear that one of two things will happen to him. Either he will get homesick and become a nuisance, or he will get civilized and become drunken and degraded. I should have done better to leave him in Natal."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ERNEST'S EVIL DESTINY.

About nine o'clock on the morning following Mazooku's oration a young lady came running up the stairs of the principal Plymouth hotel, and burst into a private sitting-room, like a human bomb-shell of attractive appearance, somewhat to the astonishment of a bald old gentleman who was sitting at breakfast.

"Good gracious, Dorothy! have you gone suddenly mad?"

"O Reginald, the Conway Castle is nearly in, and I have been to the office and got leave for us to go off in the launch; so come along, quick!"

"What time does the launch leave?"

"A quarter to ten exactly."

"Then we have three quarters of an hour."

"Oh, please, Reginald, be quick; it might go before you know."

Mr. Cardus smiled, and, rising, put on his hat and coat, "to oblige" Dorothy, he said, but, as a matter of fact, he was as excited as she was. There was a patch of red on each of his pale cheeks, and his hand shook.

In a quarter of an hour they were walking up and down the quay by the Custom-House, waiting for the launch to start.

"After all these years," said Mr. Cardus, "and blind!"

"Do you think that he will be very much disfigured, Reginald?"

"I don't know, dear; your brother said nothing about it,"

"I can hardly believe it; it seems so strange to think that he and Jeremy should have been spared out of all those people. How good God is!"

"A cynic," replied Mr. Cardus with a smile, "or the relations of the other people might draw a different conclusion."

But Dorothy was thinking how good God was to her. She was dressed in pink that morning, and

"Oh, she looked sweet
As the little pink dover that grows in the wheat."

Dorothy neither was, nor ever would be, a pretty woman, but she was essentially a charming one. Her kindly, puzzled face (and, to judge from the little wrinkles on it, she had never got to the botton of the questions which contracted her forehead as a child), her steady blue eyes, her diminutive, rounded form, and, above all, the indescribable light of goodness which shone around her like a halo, all made her charming. What did it matter if the mouth was a little wide, or the nose somewhat "tiptilted?" Those who can look so sweet are able to dispense with such fleshly attributes as a Grecian nose or chiseled lips. At the least, they will have the best of it after youth is past; and let me remind you, my young and lovely reader, that the longer and dustier portion of life's road winds away toward the pale horizon of our path on the farther side of the grim mile-post marked "30."

But what made her chiefly attractive was her piquante, taking manner, and the "chic" of her presence. She was such a perfect lady.

"All aboard, if you please," broke in the agent. "Run in the gang-way!" and they were off toward the great gray vessel with a blue pennant at her top.

It was a short run, but it seemed long to Dorothy and the old gentleman with her. Bigger and bigger grew the great vessel, till at last it seemed to swallow up their tiny steamer.

"Ease her! Look out for the line there! Now haul away! Make fast!"

It was all done in an instant, and next moment they stood upon the broad white deck, amid the crowd of passengers, and were looking round for Ernest and Jeremy.

But they were not to be seen.

"I hope they are here," faltered Dorothy.

Mr. Cardus took his hat off and wiped his bald head. He too hoped that they were there.

At that moment Dorothy became aware of a great black man, clad in a white smock pulled on over a great-coat, and carrying a big spear and a kerrie in his hand, who was pushing his way toward them. Next moment he stood before them saluting vigorously.

"Koos!" he said, thrusting the spear into the air before Mr. Cardus' astonished nose.

"Inkosi Casa" (chieftainess), he repeated, going through the same process before Dorothy. "This way, master; this way, missie. The chief without eyes sent me to you. This way; the lion bring him now."

They followed him through the press toward the after part of the ship, while, giving up the unfamiliar language, he vociferated in Zulu (it might have been Sanskrit for all they knew.)

"Make way, you low people! make way for the old man with the shining head on whose brow sits wisdom, and the fair young maiden, the sweet rose-bud, who comes," etc

At that moment Dorothy's quick eye saw a great man issuing from a cabin, leading another man by the hand. And then she forgot everything, and ran forward.

"O Ernest, Ernest!" she cried.

The blind man's cheek flushed at the music of her voice. He drew his hand from Jeremy's, and stretched out his arms toward the voice. It would have been easy to avoid them—one need never be kissed by a blind man—but she did not avoid them. On the contrary, she placed herself so that the groping arms closed around her with a cry of, "Dolly, where are you?"

"Here, Ernest, here!" and in another moment he had drawn her to him, and kissed her on the face, and she had returned the kiss. Oh, fie! Dorothy, fie!

Then she kissed Jeremy too, or rather Jeremy lifted her up two or three feet and kissed her—it came to the same thing. And then Mr. Cardus rung them both by the hand, wringing Ernest's the hardest, and Mazook stood by, and Zulu-fashion, chanted a little song of his own improvising, about how the chiefs came back to their kraal after a long expedition, in which they had, etc.—and how Wisdom in the shape of a shining-headed and ancient one, the husband without any doubt of many wives, and the father of at least a hundred children, etc.—and Beauty in the shape of a sweet and small one, etc., etc.; and finally they all went very near to crying, and dancing a fling on the quarter-deck together.

And then they all talked at once, and set about collecting their things in a muddle-headed fashion, and when these had been put in a pile, and Mazook seated, assegai and all, upon the top of them as a solemn warning to thieves (and ill would it have gone with the thief who dared to meddle with that pile), started off to inspect Ernest's great black horse, "The Devil."

And behold, Dorothy stroked "The Devil's" nose, and he, recognizing how sweet and good she was, abandoned his usual habits, did not bite her, but only whinied and asked for sugar. Then Ernest, going into the box with the horse, which nobody but he and Mazook were fond of taking liberties, felt down his flank till he came to a scar inflicted by an assegai, in that mad charge through the Undi, and showed it to them. And Dorothy's eyes filled with tears of thankfulness, as she thought of what the horse and its rider had gone through, and of the bleaching bones of those who had galloped by their side; and she would have liked to kiss Ernest again, only there was no excuse, so she only pressed his hand, feeling that the sorrow of the empty years which were gone was almost atoned for by this hour of joy.

Then they went ashore to the hotel, and sat together in the pleasant sitting-room which Dorothy had choson, and made sweet with great bunches of violets (for she remembered that Ernest loved violets), and talked. At length Mr. Cardus and Jeremy went off to see about getting the things through the Custom-House, where they arrived to see Mazook keeping half a dozen gorgeous officials, who wanted to open a box, at bay with his knobsticks, and plastering them with offensive epithets which fortunately they did not understand.

"Doll," said Ernest, presently, "it is a beautiful day, is it not? Will you take me for a walk, dear? I should like to go for a walk."

"Yes, Ernest, of course I will."

"You are sure you do not mind being seen with a blind man; you must give me your hand to hold, you know."

"Ernest, how can you?"

Mind giving him her hand to hold indeed! thought Dorothy to herself, as she ran to put her bonnet on. Oh, that she could give it to him for always! And in her heart she blessed the accident of his blindness, because it had brought him so much nearer to her. He would be helpless without her, this tall, strong man, and she would be ever at his side to help him. He would not be able to read a book, or write a letter, or move from room to room without her. Surely she would soon be able so to weave herself into his life, that she would become indispensable to it! And then, perhaps—perhaps—and her heart pulsed with a joy so intense at the mere thought of what might follow, that it became a pain, and she caught her breath and leaned against the wall. For every fibre of her little frame was thrilled with a passionate love for this blind man whom she had lost for so many years, and now had found again; and in her breast she vowed that if she could help it she would lose him no more. Why should she? When he had been engaged to Eva, she had done her best for him and her, and bitterly had she felt the way in which he had been treated. But Eva had taken her own course, and was now no longer in the outward and visible running, whatever place she might still hold in the inward and spiritual side of Ernest's nature. Dorothy did not underrate that place; she knew well that the image of her rival had sunk too deep into his heart to be altogether dislodged by her. But she was prepared to put up with that. "One can't have everything you know," she said, shaking her wise little head at her own reflection in the glass, as she tied her bonnet-strings.

She was an eminently practical little person was Dorothy, and having recognized the "eternal verity" of the saying that half a loaf is better than no bread, especially if one happens to be dying of hunger, she made up her mind to make the best of the position. Since she could not help it, Eva would be welcome to the inward and spiritual side of Ernest, if only she could secure the outward and visible side; "for, after all, that is real and tangible, and there isn't much comfort in spiritual affection, you know," she said with another shake of the head.

In short, the arguments which proved so convincing to her were not unlike those that carried conviction home to the gentle breast of Mr. Plowden, when he made up his mind to marry Eva in the teeth of her engagement to, and love for, Ernest; but, putting aside the diversity of the circumstances, there was this difference between them: Mr. Plowden recognized no higher spiritual part at all; he did not believe in that sort of things; he contracted for Eva as he would have contracted to buy a lovely animal, and when he had gotten the given quantity of flesh and blood he was satisfied. Of the beautiful soul which the human casket held, and which loathed and hated him, he had no account. He had got the woman, what did he care about the woman's soul? Souls, and spiritual parts, and affinities with what is good and high, and the divinity of love, etc., etc., were capital things to preach about, but they did not apply to the affairs of every-day life. Besides, if he had been asked, he would have given it as his candid opinion that women did not possess any of these things.

There are hundreds of educated men who think like Mr. Plowden, and there are thousands of educated ladies who give color to such opinions by their idle, aimless course of life, their utter inappreciation of anything beyond their own little daily round, and the gossip of the dozen or so of families who for them make up what they call society and the interests of existence; and by their conduct in the matter of marriage. Truly the great factor in the lowering of women is woman herself. But what does it matter? In due course they have their families, and the world goes on!

Now Dorothy did believe in all these things, and she knew what an important part they play in human affairs, and how they dominate over and direct finer minds. So did she believe in the existence of the planets, and in the blooming of roses in walled gardens; but she could not get near to know the beauties of the stars, or to see the opening rose-buds, so she had to satisfy herself with the light that poured from the one, and the scent that came from the other. When one is star-stricken, or mad in the matter of roses, that is better than nothing.

And so, taking Ernest by the hand, she led him through the crowded streets with tender care, and on to the quiet Hoe. And as they passed, the people turned to look at the handsome young fellow who was blind, and some thought that they would not mind a little blindness if it led to being personally conducted by so sweet a girl.

Soon they reached the gardens.

"Now tell me about yourself, Ernest. What have you been doing all these long years, besides growing bigger and handsomer, and getting that hard look about the mouth?"

"A great many things, Doll. Shooting, fighting, playing the fool."

"Pshaw! I know all that, or at least I can guess it. What have you been doing in your mind, you know?"

"Why, thinking of you, of course, Doll."

"Ernest, if you talk to me like that, I will go away, and leave you to find your own way home. I know well of whom you have been thinking every day and every night. It was not of me. Now, confess it."

"Don't let's talk of her, Doll. If you talk of the devil, you know, you sometimes raise him; not that he requires much raising in this instance," he laughed, bitterly.

"I was so sorry for you, Ernest dear, and I did my best; indeed I did. But I could do nothing with her. She must have been off her head, or the man and Florence had some power over her; or perhaps she never really cared for you; there are some women, you know, who seem very sweet, but cannot truly care for anybody except themselves. At any rate she married, and has a family of children, for I have seen their births in the paper.

"O Ernest, when I think of all you must have suffered out there about that woman, I cease to be sorry for her, and begin to hate her. I am afraid you have been very unhappy, Ernest, all these years."

"Ah, yes, I have been unhappy sometimes—sometimes I have consoled myself. There, what is the use of telling lies?—I have always been unhappy, and never so much so as when I have been in process of consolation. But you should not hate her, poor girl; perhaps she has her bad times too; only, fortunately, you women cannot feel, at least not much—not like us, I mean."

"I don't know about that," put in Dorothy.

"Well, I will qualify my remark—most women. And, besides, it is not quite her fault; people can not help themselves much in this world. She was appointed to be my evil destiny, that is all, and she must fulfil her mission. All my life she will probably bring me trouble, till at last the fate works itself out. But, Dolly, my dear, there must be an end to these things, and Nature, always fertile in analogies, teaches us that the end of sorrow will be happiness. It is from the darkness of night that day is born, and ice and snow are followed by the flowers. Nothing is lost in the world, as old Alston used to say, and it is impossible to suppose that all the grief and suffering are alone wasted; that they are the only dull seed that will not, when their day comes, bloom into a beautiful life. They may seem to be intangible things now; but after all, the difference between tangible and intangible is only a difference of matter. We know that intangible things are real enough, and perhaps in a future state we shall find that they are the true immortal parts. I think so myself."

"I think so too."

"Well, then, Doll, you see, if once one gets the mastery of that idea, it makes the navigation easier. Once admit that everything works to an end, and that end a good and enduring one, and you will cease to call out under your present sorrows. But it is hard for the little boy to learn to like being whipped, and we are all children, Doll, to the end of our days."

"Yes."

"And you see, Doll, for some reason I have been picked out to catch it pretty warm. It does seem rather hard that a woman like that should be allowed to turn all the wine of a man's life into vinegar, but so it often is. Now, if she had died, that would have been bad enough; but I could have borne it, and bided my time to join her. Or if she had ceased to love me and learned to love the other man I think I could have borne that, because my pride would have come to my rescue, and because I know that the law of her affections is the only law that the heart of woman really acknowledges, however many others she may be forced to conform to, and that a woman of refined nature who has ceased to love you, and is yet forced to live with you, is in consequence a thing worthless to you, and dishonored in her own eyes. Besides, I ask no favor in such matters. I have no sympathy, as a general rule, with people who raise a howl because they have lost the affection of their wives or sweethearts, for they should have been able to keep them. If any man could have cut me out, he was welcome to do so, for he would have proved himself the better man, and, as for the lady, I would not have her without her heart. But I gather that was not quite the case with Eva."

"Oh, no indeed; at least she said that she was wretched."

"Exactly as I thought. Well, now, you will understand that it is rather hard. You see I did love her dearly, and it is painful to think of this woman, whose love I won, and who by that divine right and by the law of nature should have been my wife, as forced into being the wife of another man, however charming he may be; and I hope for her sake that he is charming. In fact, it fills me with a sensation I can not describe."

"Poor Ernest!"

(To be continued.)

"Behold How Good a Thing It Is," etc

The oldest Protestant church in Canada is St. Paul's, Halifax; the next oldest is the Mohawk Church, near Brantford, and the next is St. Gabriel's Presbyterian Church, Montreal. Of the last-mentioned church, now a venerable edifice, but a very insignificant one compared with the modern churches of the commercial metropolis, Rev. Robert Campbell is writing the history. There are many interesting points connected with the old building, but one that stands out prominently is the fact that the congregation enjoyed in early times unusually friendly relations with other religious bodies. When an Episcopal church was burned the Episcopalians worshipped in this Presbyterian church, and when the Presbyterian church was undergoing repairs the neighboring Roman Catholic priest lent the congregation a Roman Catholic building to worship in.

—"What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. The answer to this old conundrum is, "Don't let the man know you are trying to manage him."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Taking Care of the Complexion in Cold Weather.

HOUSEHOLD AND OTHER HINTS.

Preserving the Complexion.

Cold weather is the ruination of complexion, and there is absolutely no way of preserving a good one or improving a skin of negative charm if much washing is persisted in. It may shock the neat to say it, but the ladies who know how to treat their faces do not apply water to it more than once a day, nor allow soap to touch it oftener than once a week. An ablution is made in the morning, and that ends the matter. Just the temperature of the water depends entirely on the nature and texture of the skin, and each bather is the best judge of the matter. Some complexions would be ruined with hot water; others require a tepid sponging, and there are still other faces that glow and thrive under a regular dash of cold water.

Pretty Miss Gertrude Griswold, of McCall's Opera Company, souses her face before and after rising with water as hot as she can bear it, following the boil with a dressing of rosewater and glycerine. This harmless wash is dried up with fine rice powder rubbed on with a fine cambric handkerchief. The face is kept clean by wiping off the dust or soil and applying powder when necessary. Speaking about powder, Miss Griswold said: "My only amusements are powdering and rocking," and she has a complexion that is as fresh and smooth as a baby's.

The leading lady in Barrett's company, Miss Eastlake, allows very little familiarity between her face and water, arguing that the skin is too delicate to endure through much washing. She knows the way the grain runs, and all rubbing is with it.

Miss Ellen Terry is one of the daily face-washers, but consumes rose-water and glycerine by the quart, and confesses that she literally breathes through the fumes of English breakfast tea and clouds of rice powder.

Emma Abbott has a beautifully white skin, which she keeps so by bathing in strong glycerine, an unusual habit, as the oil is generally irritating to the face.

Ladies who visit Paris for the purpose of studying fashionable life invariably return addicted to the use of cream of cucumber, which prevails among the fair sex of that city. There are as many creams and ointments for keeping the skin smooth and healthy as there are manufacturers, and, though all may not be valuable, any one is good that can be depended on to ward off chapping and dry skin.

After summing up the cost, vexation and risk of novel preparations, pure glycerine diluted with half the quantity of water is at least a reliable remedy against redness and eruption. If the skin shows a tendency to darken weaken the oil, but don't hope to weather a Chicago winter with a face wash of cold water and soap. One washing a day is enough for any beardless face, and in justice to the owner it should not precede exposure to the outer air.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Bangs.

Daisy Dean writes: I wonder why it is that every one—the newspapers in particular—should be so "down" upon bangs? I have waited in silent indignation for some of my sister women to speak up in defence of the style, but, though they have clung to it tenaciously—and with good reason—none has dared to lift up her voice against public (masculine) opinion. Now, I declare the fashion was both sensible and becoming, though, of course, like all other good things, capable of being carried to an extreme. A young and pretty girl was positively bewitching with her fluffy or straight hair shading her smooth brow; while to women not as young as they would like to be, it was a perfect boon to have the softening effect of the drooping hair, and the lines of the forehead so prettily hidden. It must needs be a young and pretty face that looks well with the hair combed smoothly back, while to the majority of women the Pompadour style gives an unpleasantly bold look. Besides, I can't for the life of me see why women should not be allowed to comb their hair as they please without such a fuss being made over it. When men took a notion to have their heads shaved as bald as a baby's, and displaying every bump, as if they had just come from a phrenologist's, we all knew it was ugly, yet you did not hear *us* ranting about it in the newspapers, or denying them religious privileges on that account. I suppose it doesn't matter so much about men's looks, only one likes fair play, especially in a free country.

Household Hints.

Cranberry jelly mixed with cold water makes a refreshing drink for the sick.

Silver should be washed with a chamois skin, saturated with silver soap, each time after use, thus avoiding a general cleaning.

Windows should never be washed while the sun shines upon them, as it is impossible to polish them without leaving blue streaks.

Preserving jars should be stood on their heads for at least an hour after sealing, when the liquor will escape if the jar contains air.

In ventilating a room open the windows at top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way while the foul air makes its exit the other; thus you let in a friend and expel an enemy.

Lace may be washed by winding it around bottles or sewing it on muslin and boiling it in soft water with white castile soap. It should be rinsed in soft water after removing it from the suds.

A damp cloth enveloping the broom head will be found desirable in removing the dust from a carpet in a room where there may be many small articles to catch the dirt raised by an ordinary sweeping.

To clean kid gloves rub them with very slightly dampened crumbs of bread. Or scrape French chalk upon them while on the hands and wash them in a basin containing diluted spirits of ammonia. Some gloves can be cleaned with milk, with rice pulp or with turpentine.

If the feet are tender or painful after long walking or standing, great relief can had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool, rub briskly with a fresh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

To prevent the juice of pies soaking into the under crust, beat the white of an egg and brush the crust with it. If the oven is too hot when baking, place a small dish of cold water in it. Well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude. Powdered rice, sprinkled upon lint and applied to fresh wounds, will stop bleeding. A tallow candle or piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs or other garments will prevent the ravages of moths.

Soda will clean tarnished tin. Vinegar and salt will clean copper. Butter is the best polish to put into starch. Baking soda put on a burn will take out the heat. A heated knife will cut hot bread without making it soggy. Oil of cedar is sure death to vermin which infest chambers. Toilet sets and all chamber articles should be cleaned in cold water. White lead will cement broken crockery, a 10 cent bottle lasting for years. A small paint brush should be used in cracks and crevices while dusting a room.

A simple way of loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of it. When the burners of lamps become clogged with char, boil them in strong soapsuds. By using soda water as a wash you can clean ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp. If you drop soot on the carpet cover thick with salt, and it may be swept up without blackening the carpet. A few oyster shells mixed with the coal used for a furnace or large stove will prevent the accumulation of clinkers. To clean brass bird-cages use a tablespoonful of salt and a teacupful of vinegar, heat, and apply with a piece of flannel and rub till dry.

Bent whalebones can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water a few hours, then drying them. To restore crushed velvet hold it over the spout of the teakettle and let it steam well, then comb up the nap. Brooms dipped for a few minutes in boiling suds once a week will last much longer than they otherwise would. Kid shoes may be kept soft and free from cracks by rubbing them once a week with a little pure glycerine or castor oil. A piece of zinc placed on the coals of a hot stove will clean out the stove-pipe. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

Spiders and Telegraphers.

Spiders are one of the great obstacles to telegraphers in Japan. Filling the trees along the lines, these insects spin their webs between the earth, the wires, the post, the insulators and the trees. When these webs become wet with dew they constitute a good conductor, and the lines are found to be in connection with the earth. The only method of obviating this inconvenience is by employing brooms of bamboo to brush away the webs.—*Good Cheer.*

An Editorial Disclaimer.

If a line or two appear in the local columns saying, "Go to Tom Brown's saloon and take a snifter of his best," it is Tom Brown, not the *Express*, that is making the appeal. If Jim Jones "sets the finest free lunch in the city," it is Jim Jones who stands responsible for the quality of the lunch aforesaid.—*Huston (Tex.) Express.*

Tobogganing.

"Will you go tobogganing" asked Charley.

"I'm afraid you want to let me slide," replied Clara archly.

"Well, if you go you will be sure to win a breach-of-promise suit. You will have so many witnesses to prove I was after you."

A Hint to Railroad Companies.

He—Dese heah kears am mighty dangerous, and hits mostly de las kear what's smashed up.

She—Why don't dey leave off de las kear den?

Unpleasant Facts.

History does not record a single instance of a man of beauty being a man of brains or force of character. It is the man with the pig eye, the mule jaw, the big mouth and a wart on his nose who moves the world.—*Arizona Star.*

Little Felippe Meldonado, a seven-year-old Spanish boy of Los Angeles, while playing about the yard with his father's horse, tied the end of the halter around his own ankle. Then he and the horse trotted around until a jerk by the horse threw the boy under his heels and frightened him so that he set off on a run through the open gate, dragging his little play-fellow after him. He ran two miles without stopping, and little Felippe was alive then, but unconscious. He died soon after.

A gentleman the other day asked a friend noted for her ready wit: "What is the first aid to the injured?" Without hesitation she replied: "An apology, is it not?"

A Lake Michigan captain says that a long course of observation has convinced him that vessels named after women are remarkably unlucky, as compared with those bearing the name of men. He also says that he never knew a boat named the "Mayflower" that was unlucky.

Some St. Paul investigators have decided that the word "toboggan" is from the Ojibwa word "o.aban," which means a sled or any vehicle on which anything is drawn. Or it may be from the verb "obabanigo," which means "I ride in a sleigh."

A foolish woman at Butler, Ga., buried $110 in bills in the wood yard for safe keeping, and when she dug them up for use found that they had been so badly eaten by woodlice as to render them almost beyond recognition.

According to Prof. Baird a fish has no maturity, and there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. A pike living in Russia dates back in age to the fifteenth century. In the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg are fish that have been there 140 years.

CURE AND CARE OF BURNS.

Advice to Those Who Have Suffered From Fire—Preservation of the Skin.

In all burns great care should be taken to save the cuticle—the raised portion of the skin that forms the blister. Clothing, etc., should be removed with the utmost gentleness. Blisters should be carefully punctured with a clean needle. The best way to be sure that a needle is clean when required for such service is to heat it red hot, allow it to cool, and then use it. It will thus be freed from any organisms, for in such a place as a burn germs will thrive abundantly and prove most detrimental, so that the utmost care is necessary. Then the raised cuticle should be pressed down to the true skin, and covered with a large quantity of clean cotton wool to prevent the access of air, as free exposure tends to increase shock and pain. Equal parts of lime water and linseed oil applied on lint and covered with cotton wool is a favorite remedy, known under the name of carron-oil, or the blister may be covered with wheaten flour. Lately powdered clay has been employed, but for the first few days it is best to wrap the part in cotton wool, sufficient oil being employed to prevent its sticking. The dressings once put on must not be removed for some days—not, indeed, until they have been lossened by the discharge or become offensive. The constant removal of dressings is disturbing, painful and consequently injurious, and to obviate any necessity for it carbolic oil, as a disinfectant, is used in the proportion of one to ten or more. Small burns or scalds may be treated by water dressing, lead lotion, chalk and water, collodion or Friar's balsam. Two parts of collodion to one of castor oil is an excellent application. The patient should be kept in a warm atmosphere, well covered up, and some wine or brandy and hot water may be administered.—*The Family Doctor.*

Wifely Pride.

We had called, Jennie and I, on a bright young bride, and very bright she was, with sparkling eyes and laughing lips, and a pretty, girlish way with her, half timid, half defiant, a mixture of girlishness and self-will that always looks pretty—when you don't see too much of it; then it becomes monotonous. Her husband was not in. We inquired for him, of course, and she answered, with a pretty toss of the head:

"He's at that horrid office. I hate it."

When we came away I said, "What a pretty bride Cousin Harry has!"

"But I'm sorry for him," said Jennie.

"Sorry!" said I, in surprise.

"Yes," said Jennie: "I am sorry for any man whose wife has no pride in her husband's business. Sorry for any man whose wife, by her undisguised contempt for what ought to be her husband's pride and ambition, does what she can to make it a drudgery for him. If she looks at his office or his store or his factory as a 'horrid' place, useful only to make money in, what must be the result? Either his joy in it will be quenched, or he will come to look on her with that pity which is dangerously akin to contempt. If, on the other hand, she has a wifely pride in his lawyer, his trade, or his theology, or his practice, whatever it may be, he will catch inspiration from her high thoughts about it, and his law will become to him an instrument of justice, and his trade a means of doing good to humanity, and his theology a spiritual experience; for she will illumine and elevate everything by her womanly aspiration."

"And what," said I, "if it be a business that a woman cannot have a pride in?"

"Then," said Jennie, "the sooner he leaves it the better; for no man ought to do what a true wife ought to be ashamed to have him do."

And I rather think Jennie is right. She generally is.—*Spectator, in Christian Union.*

A Sun That Winks.

Dr. Gould has recently discovered a new winking sun, resembling in the rapidity of its changes the famous Algol, which the Arabs regarded as a sort of demon in the sky. The theory most in vogue to account for the variations of the light of these unsteady stars is that an enormous planet, or rather an extinct sun, is whirling at close quarters around them, and partially eclipsing them when it comes between them and us.—*New York Sun.*

Soldiers and Cards.

"There were but few soldiers in the war," said Captain Campbell, "who were not card-players, and they nearly all liked to own a deck, but they had a dread of being killed with a deck on their person. Whenever we heard the cannon begin to boom and the guns of the picket-men begin to clatter we knew that a battle was coming, and you would see men by the hundreds drawing their cards from their pockets and throwing them along the road."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Equal to the Occasion.

"This is a great subject," said a grandiloquent orator; "can you name a greater?"

He paused for effect, and, to the horror of the audience, a small poy piped up:

"I can mister; a nutmeg-grater.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Death of Tennyson's Sister.

The death at Margate, England, is announced of Mrs. Jesse, wife of Captain Jesse, Royal Navy, who, when Miss Emily Tennyson, would have been married, but for his death, to Arthur Hallam, immortallized by Tennyson's "In Memoriam."—*Boston Post.*

Sir A. B. Walker, the founder of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, has given £10,000 towards the building of the Liverpool Cathedral, and suggests that the Queen's jubilee would be an appropriate occasion for the laying of the foundation stone.

The four daughters of Ignatius Riggin, of Madison county, Ill., not only make their own dresses and other clothing, but spin and weave the cloth of which they are made from raw cotton and wool. Mr. Riggin is a rich man, rated worth $250,000, and his daughters are pretty, intelligent and accomplished. They live luxuriously in a handsome house, expensively and tastefully furnished. Home-made clothing is the father's hobby, and the girls sensibly indulge him in it. "What wives they would make!"

THE LOVE OF TOBACCO.

Remembering Life in Libby Prison Prompts a Veteran to Tell a Very Queer War Story.

"Tobacco! It's a blessing to mankind," said the old veteran, as he hitched a little nearer the sawdust box. "It cheers the sad; it consoles the weary and heavy-laden; it comforts the despondent; it lends hope to the hopeless; it makes the present enjoyable and the future rosy; it exhilarates the rich and makes the poor content. Yes, and occasionally it saves a life. Did I ever tell you of the time it saved mine? No? How did I overlook that reminiscence, I wonder? Well, it starts off a good deal like an antique chestnut, for it happened when I was in Libby prison. Don't run away! I'm not going to tell you how such and such a battle was won or how another could have been won, like the magazines are doing. My story is about tobacco. I was a prisoner, and was lolling in luxury as all the boys were at Libby. I wasn't having such a terrible time of it, though, for I had two big plugs of black tobacco, and I had a chum who didn't chew. You see there's such a thing as luck even in Libby Prison. My chum was the nicest fellow I ever knew. We were captured from the same company and had kept together by good luck. He didn't have fun at all, though in prison. He was the most temperate man in the company—neither smoked, chewed, drank nor cussed. He was a model. Still he was a prisoner just like any common every-day chap, and it was about an even thing for a good while as to our living through our imprisonment or dying there, as scores of the boys were doing right along.

"One day the news got abroad among the fellows that the Union forces were pushing on toward Richmond, and they were about to shout for joy when another rumor swept through the prison that the rebs were about to ship a lot of us to Salisbury for safe-keeping. A death-chill seemed to seize everybody, for all the boys knew that if they once got to Salisbury there would be no chance for them. It was bad enough in Libby, but all reports pronounced Salisbury infinitely more horrible. I didn't care about jumping out of the frying-pan unless I knew I could escape the fire, so I thought I would fix up a scheme to stay right there. I called my chum and told him that our only chance of living was in staying where we were. 'Now,' says I, 'if we can get sick enough to get into the hospital they can't move us. I'm going to eat this plug of tobacco and get sick on it if I can.' I gave him the other one and told him to do the same. He tried it, but couldn't swallow the first bite, try how he might. He smiled in a patient kind of way, and said that he'd have to take his chances. I ate my plug, though—swallowed every bit of it—and may I be blessed if it made me sick a bit. I waited for effects, and when I saw the doctor coming my way I tried to play sick, but he was too smart for me and wouldn't have it. I was disgusted with my attempt, and thought I would just take chances, same as my chum. I had some bread-crusts, and I burned them black and made some coffee from them—we called it coffee and drank a lot of that, wondering all the time why my stomach hadn't rebelled when I ate that plug of tobacco. But as soon as I had swallowed that hot coffee I heard from the tobacco right away. There was a row in my stomach equal to a Mexican revolution, and I began to roll and kick and double up with such energy that the doctor saw me from a distance and came and examined me. He didn't notice that I was the same fellow that he had caught shamming, and he knew at a glance that I wasn't putting it on this time, so he ordered me to the hospital.

"The very next day they sent a trainload of our fellows on to Salisbury, and among them was my chum. About two weeks after that I was exchanged with a lot of others, and got back in the Union lines. But my chum fell sick in Salisbury and died there. That's true—every word of it which is more than you can say for the majority of war stories nowadays. I figure it that I owe my existence at present to that big black plug of tobacco, and it will take a regiment of Concord philosophers to make me believe anything else. Gi' me a chew, kurnel," and the "vet" threw his worn-out quid at the Maltese cat under the stove.—*Chicago News.*

Current Facts and Curious Figures.

There are now 16,000 colored teachers in the United States.

The average price for peaches received by the Delaware growers in 1886 was 52½ cents per basket.

The Barnstead, N. H., brass band, which claims to be the oldest band in the United States now in active service under its original organization, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary February 22nd.

The stalls of the famous "Marche du Temple" at Paris, where great sales of second-hand clothing are made, are rented at an annual charge of $400, and the receipts for each occupant are said to average between $8,000 and $10,000 a year.

Two men of Burnett, Wis., have trapped 3,000 muskrats and 65 mink at Horicon marsh this winter. They are paid 11 cents apiece for the muskrat skins. Last season their trapping receipts amounted to $800.

Abe and Jeff.

An old colored woman stood at the station yesterday, waiting for the Jacksonville train. Beside her stood two little pickaninnies with faces as black as the inside of a stovepipe. When the old mamma's train arrived she exclaimed: "Bress de Lor'!" and then looking down at her children, remarked: "Here, you Abraham Lincoln, take hold of Jeff Davis's hand and come along heah, quick!" And the namesakes of the two great statesmen of the war joined hands and walked away together as though their names had not expressed such a dissimilarity of purpose.—*Palatka (Fla.) Herald.*

A citizen of Pocahontas, Ia., has invented a new fuel, which bids fair to take the place of coal in the prairie countries. He grinds cornstalks and coarse prairie grass together and moistens them. This pulp is pressed into blocks about twelve inches long and four inches thick and dried. One block will give an hour's steady heat. This fuel can be produced for $2 a ton, and the inventor claims that it will last twice as long as the best soft coal.

Deaths of English Sovereigns.

William the First got a bruise from his horse,
A random shot arrow made Rufus a corpse;
Henry the Clever on fish too well fed,
Stephen of Blois died quietly in bed;
Henry the Second of grief broke his heart;
Cœur de Lion got killed by a dart;
John, by the fever—and nobody sighed,
Harry of Winchester naturally died;
Edward the First died marching to fight,
Edward the Second was murdered at night;
The warrior Edward passed calmly away,
Richard, deposed, was starved out of the way;
Henry the Fourth died of fits to excess,
Henry the Fifth in the noon of success;
Henry the Sixth died of grief in the Tower;
'Twas lust brought Edward the Fourth his last hour;
Edward the Fifth in the Tower, too, was killed,
By Richard the Third—slain at Bosworth Field;
Henry the Seventh owes death to the gout,
Disorders untold put his namesake to rout;
Edward the Sixth died a natural death,
Mary, in quietness, exhaled her last breath;
Queen Bess closed in anguish an ill-spent reign,
Scotch James the First passed away without pain;
The First King Charles died under the knife,
Charles, his son, passed off without strife;
His second son, James, died exiled from his throne,
William the Third broke his right collar bone;
Queen Ann very suddenly went to her doom,
Apoplectical fits sent King George to the tomb;
King George the Second turned out in a rage,
His long-reigned successor slipped off in old age;
The Fourth King George, and William, his brother,
With an osseous heart left this life for another;
Victoria reigns—so good and so wise,
And she'll be greatly missed whenever she dies.

IN ROSEBUD ROW.

The Way Some Girls Keep Roses in Their Cheeks.

Down on Michigan avenue are six houses known as "Rosebud Row." There are from two to four girls in each house, and are all in society. They constitute a clique of themselves, and are so conspicuously inseparable as to give foundation to the report that they have one big dining-room in the rear of the houses wherein they eat together. "When one has the measles they all have it," is a common expression for the rapidity with which the breaking out of any craze in one member spreads through the crowd. Waiting in her parlor the other morning for the appearance of one of the rosebuds my curiosity was excited by hearing a constant tramp and occasional thuds followed by shrieks of mirth in the room overhead. Bertha came in quite out of breath, and I at once asked "What in the name of common sense are the girls doing upstairs?" "Come up and see," she answered. What I saw was eight girls dressed in white flannel suits composed of blouse waist, short skirts and trousers, marching around the room with great bags of sand on the head. Every few minutes some of them would grow frisky, break from the dignified step and "thud" would go the sandbag. A ninth girl was swinging Indian clubs in a wild and reckless manner, suggestive of the scientific way in which girls throw stones. Still another was on a rowing machine, puffing and working. And still another was vigorously punching at an air-bag, which now she hit and now she didn't. As I entered the room the procession halted, and in one breath they told me they were going in for a graceful carriage. "Just see my gait," said a giddy little blonde, stepping off for inspection. The girl with the Indian clubs came up for me to feel of her muscle. I took it for granted it was there. I couldn't feel it. The fat girl on the rowing machine wanted to know if I didn't think she had lost about 25 pounds, and the thin girl left the air-bag to tell me that she couldn't begin to get into her best black silk and that the seams could not be let out without showing. "There was a time when you could play hide and seek behind my shoulder blades, count 'rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief' on my ribs, and hang a hat on either knee. But, bless me! this exercise has put so much flesh on me, you couldn't do it now."—*Chicago Letter.*

The Housemaid Carries the Point.

Apropos of the movement on foot at present to encourage American girls to enter domestic service is told an amusing story. A lady whose consideration for her servants is only equalled by her kindness and charity toward the rest of the world, took an American girl into her service. Both mistress and maid got on well until it came to a question of curl papers. The maid gently rebelled when admonished about opening the door to guests in the morning with her hair done up in papers, her argument being this somewhat astonishing one: "Madame, something must be sacrificed to the cause of beauty." It is superfluous to add that the maid triumphed and still wears the curl papers until noon.—*Boston Post.*

Congregational Singing.

Rev. Bird Wilkins, of St. Paul, one of the leading colored divines of the Northwest, preached at Bethesda Baptist Church last Sunday. He is modeled somewhat after the Sam Jones style, and at the evening service, noticing that only the choir—a quartette—took part in the singing, he said: "My brethren and sisters, this will never do. Singing is a part of the worship, and I desire that all of you engage in it. Do you suppose that only four of the angels in heaven do the singing? This church is a model of the upper church. They all sing up there, and I would like to have you all sing down here. Now sing." They sang.

A Place for Surplus.

Lawyer—You are entitled to a pension?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—What battles were you in?

Applicant—I wasn't in any battles. I stayed at home and yipped and yelled for the grand old flag, and looked after defenceless women and children.—*N. Y. Sun*

Why They Stand Up.

Countryman (in the gallery of the stock exchange)—How much does it cost, mister, to do business down there?

Mister—The seats, I think, are worth about $30,000.

Countryman (fetching his breath)—Gosh, I don't wonder most of 'em stand up.—*Life.*

Cheerful View.

Gentleman (looking at flat)—"I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it?"

Landlord—"Yes, tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the White Mountains."—*Hartford Times.*

CENTRE GREY!

Interesting Session of the Farmer's Institute in Flesherton.

Centre Grey Farmer's Institute held a very interesting session in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Friday afternoon last. Considering the practical excellence of the addresses and papers given by the several speakers, we were surprised to see such an evident lack of interest in the small attendance of farmers.

Mr. Thos. Kells, President of East Grey Agricultural Society, occupied the chair, assisted by Mr. D. R. Ellis. Mr. Kells introduced the first speaker, Prof. Robertson, in a very neat speech.

Prof. Robertson, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, then gave one of the most practical and intensely interesting addresses on the cow we have ever listened to. He went on to show that a cow's record during the past year was the best way of judging of her qualities as a milk producer. A cow is a milk machine, and in order that the most satisfactory results might be derived, it was essential that she possess certain qualities. In purchasing a cow, the speaker said he would like to have an animal with a broad poll, and mild, prominent eyes. Her face should be lean, long and quite thin, with broad muzzle, broad open nostrils, but not gaping. She should have a thin, lean and tapering neck, with sloping shoulder blade. The back bone should be either nearly straight or slightly arched between the shoulder and hip bone—not hollow. He didn't want a cow smooth across the hips, for that indicated she was better adapted for adorning the butcher's stall than producing milk; her hip should be prominent and angular, with in-sloping ham. The udder should have broad and long attachment to the body, as these were good features, showing large supply of arterial blood which went so largely towards forming milk. Milk is made, said the speaker, by blood being charged into small cells in the udder and acted upon by nerve power. It is very important not to excite cows by running them or "petting" them on the back with a milking stool! Such a course of treatment was decidedly injurious as it affected the nerve power so requisite to the production of milk and had a tendency to cause the cow to "hold back her milk." He would like the cow to have a deep chest as that indicated great heart and lung power—two important essentials in good milk producing cows. Good feed and warm stables were also requisite. The speaker then went on to speak of improving our methods of keeping the stock we have, and in this connection he urged the great importance of using only thoroughbred bulls. Even though more costly at the beginning, in the end the stockman, who used thoroughbred stock, profited much more largely than if he had used inferior sires. Sometimes farmers actually expended more money in feeding inferior stock than the animals would bring in the market. He instanced the man who puchased three hogs at one dollar each, and, after feeding them $9 worth of corn, sold them to the butcher for three dollars each! He seemed to think he had made a good bargain, for when a neighbor told him he had lost money, he triumphantly remarked: "Well, I might have lost on the corn but see what I made on the hogs!" The speaker then proceeded to talk about raising calves. He said calves should always be fed on *sweet* milk and never on sour. The reason for this was very simple and easily explained. In every 100 lbs. of sweet milk there was 4½ lbs. sugar, which latter becomes lactic acid when the milk gets sour; and, as everybody of course was aware, such acids did not possess any very fattening properties—causing indigestion, &c. Milk should be fed, therefore, sweet and warm. Calves would thrive just as well on $2 worth of chop stuff as on $15 worth of butter (or milk), so that at the end of about three months milk should be dropped and chop feed substituted. This latter should always be fed dry to prevent scours and other disorders arising from the imperfect assimilation of food by the digestive organs. They should have hay and chop feed in winter, and grass and chop feed in summer. Cows should have the best of hay after calving. Clover was better than timothy hay, and both mixed was better feed for the cow than either fed singly. Everything should be cut a little on the green side as the hay or straw made better fodder. Cows should have ready access to salt daily or they will fall off in milk production, and, besides, the milk will not be so good. Milk will keep 24 hours longer where the cows are fed salt every day. It should be carefully kept from taint by avoidance of all contaminating influences such as swill, &c. The udders should be clean and the milk should be strained through *detached* strainers. Milk should be well aired before cooling it, by pouring from one pail to another, or otherwise exposing it to the influence of the air. The speaker then fully and clearly explained how milk absorbs offensive ingredients, after which he paid a glowing tribute to the Canadian cheese factories and creameries, showing how largely our products have grown in public estimation in foreign markets. There was 750 cheese factories in Ontario at the present time, and last year $7,000,000 worth of cheese had been exported from this banner province of Canada. The speaker concluded his remarks amidst great applause. His speech conveyed more good practical common sense than a dozen pamphlets or agricultural papers could have done.

Mr. D. J. Hunter moved and Mr. S. Damude seconded, that the hearty thanks of the meeting be tendered the Professor for his able address, which was acknowledged by a unanimous standing vote.

Mr W. G. Pickell's paper, on "Horse Breeding for Profit," was short but comprehensive, and provoked a spirited and interesting discussion, in which Messrs. D. R. Ellis, D. J. Hunter, R. Lever and others took an active part. The chief point in the discussion was the difficulty of ascertaining when we really have thoroughbred animals. Mr. D. J. Hunter instanced a case, where a really good horse's pedigree was critically looked into and found to contain names of places in Scotland which only existed in the pedigree manufacturer's imagination. Others gave instances in other directions. A suggestion by Mr. Hunter, that horses be licensed, met with the hearty approval of the majority of those present—including the essayist, Mr. Pickell. It was believed this system once in vogue would soon do away with "scrubs." "Cleveland Bays" were spoken of very highly by Mr. Hunter.

Mr. McKnight, of Owen Sound—one of the four member's of the Bee-keeper's Association of Ontario who represented important body at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, recently held in London, England—was received with hearty applause when he appeared on the platform. He had been asked, he said, to tell them something about the great exhibition, but the subject was too great to be considered in the short time at his command. However he gave his auditors many interesting facts in that direction—always, however, keeping in view his subject, "Apiculture." The Colonial was the most successful exhibition ever held in London—from a financial standpoint. It lasted 6 months and two days and $41,000 per day were taken in at the gates as entrance money. The London school children were admitted at a nominal charge of 5 cents each, and thus tens of thousands of them were enabled to view the products of British colonists from all quarters of the globe, and could not fail to be impressed with the vastness and greatness of the mighty empire on which "the sun never sets." Mr. McKnight, who is a most pleasing speaker, then quietly drifted into the science of apiculture—showing how the bees gathered the honey from flowers, and how closely allied the study of botany was to that of apiculture; how young bees are fed with a mixture of pollen, honey and water; how necessary pollenization is to fruit and many other interesting facts familiar to botanists and apiculturists. He thought it would be a good idea for all farmers to keep bees. The Canadian honey department at the Colonial was 100 ft. long and 23 ft. wide, and in this was stored 17 tons of honey. In color our honey beats any other in the world. They had a number of saleswomen engaged selling and giving away honey. Some 3,000 or 4000 lbs. were distributed gratis during the exhibition, but they succeeded in establishing a market for Canadian honey, which was the chief point aimed at.

Mr. Kells.—Did the Queen get any Canadian honey?

"Yes," said Mr. McKnight, continuing, "and from the County of Grey, too!" (applause). He then went on to show how the honey found its way to the Queen's table through Sir Charles Tupper, Sir somebody else, and then Sir Frederic Ponsonby. They had also the satisfaction of seeing a full page notice of Canadian honey in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the most influential and widely circulated journals in England. So that their mission was a grand success in every particular. Mr. McKnight paid a very graceful tribute to Prof. Robertson in the course of his eloquent but modestly worded speech.

Mr. D. J. Hunter's paper on "Farm Leak's" was very practical and readily commended itself to the intelligence of thinking, go-ahead, common-sense farmers. Mr. Hunter comes at the gist of his subject with a directness that is truly refreshing and edifying in these days of steam and electricity. Mr. Hunter is practical from the tips of his toes to the crown of his head.

Mr. T. B. White, another long-headed Collingwood Township farmer, next gave his magnificent essay on "Good and Bad Times." Few farmers in the Province go as deeply into such subjects as Mr. White. In that quiet unassuming manner, that possesses such force, he grapples with the great question of supply and demand, and before losing his vice-like grip, Mr. White does not fail to give a fresh and invigorating turn to our thoughts. Of course this question of "Good and Bad Times" is considered from a farmer's standpoint, but as our agriculturists are the backbone of the country, the logical conclusions drawn from such a point by a man of Mr. White's ability possess a deep interest. Mr. White concludes his essay with the following lines:—

"Mechanics all by him are fed,
Of him the merchants seek their bread,
His hands give meat to every thing,
Up from the beggar to the king."

Mr. McKnight regretted that there were not more farmers present and thought a mistake had been made by advertising two meetings on the same poster.

Mr. Damude agreed in part with Mr. McKnight, but attributed the small attendance not so much to a want of knowledge of the meeting as a lack of desire to obtain the knowledge imparted at meetings of this institute. Many farmers have the opinion that they are perfect in the art of farming, and do not care to hear any system propounded not taught them by their grandfathers. He was not a farmer at present, but had served 30 years of his life in that calling. It was a good long schooling, yet he did not think he became perfect and was always anxious to learn by the experience of others and profit thereby. If he as a manufacturer adopted the principle laid down by many farmers, a few years would suffice to close his business, and close any business where the proprietor claimed perfection and would not profit by the experience of others. Why? Because there are new methods continually being found out by thinking men to manufacture a better class of the same article at a less cost, and he must learn by the experience of others and imitate them or we are distanced in the race and shut out. And this applies equally to farming; and when this Institute educates the farmers to see that the system of farming adopted by their grandparents is not any more applicable in this our present day than the old coach compared with our railways, so soon will there be full meetings and the Professor's lectures be appreciated at their true value. He hoped the Institute would be the means of convincing many farmers that there are still some things to be learned in connection with the science of of Agriculture. (Loud applause.)

A Dialogue.

Good morning, John, how are you making it go this winter;

JOHN.—Well, so tell you the truth, Joe, I am feeling much better, but during the fall my lower lip was pretty long. I had $800 or $400 against me all told. My crops were short and funds low, and how to meet my payments was a conundrum. My wife and I had many a chat over the matter; so one night as we were talking over our affairs, Abigail made a suggestion. Says she, John go up to Flesherton and call on W. J. Bellamy; he lends money. So next morning I goes up and called at his office near the Town Hall, on Toronto street. After talking the matter over with him and telling my troubles, says he, I can get you out of that fix. How, says I. Well, says he, you have a good farm and I will lend you all the money you want at six and a half per cent. straight loan, and you can have your own terms to pay the principal. So I borrowed enough to let me out alright. I paid all my debts and am a happy man to-day, and Abigal says she hardly knows me.

JOE.—Do you think I can get any from him;

JOHN.—Yes, yes, all you want.

JOE.—Well, I shall see him on election day. I desire to consolidate my liabilities and owe only one, so I shall let you know how I get along.

BELLAMY.—Others may do likewise, as the North of Scotland has lots of money.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mortgage Sale,

OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY!

Under power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage made by one Wm. Handy to the Vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, will be sold by Public Auction at the CROWN HOTEL, in the Village of PRICEVILLE on TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1887. At 11 o'clock, a.m., the following valuable property, viz.

Lot number thirty in the 1st concession south of Durham Road containing fifty acres more or less, and also the Southerly thirty-three and a-third acres of Lot thirty in the first con. north of the Durham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey.

There will also be sold under Mortgage made by Angus McLean (his wife Lillian McLean, joining therein to bar her dower,) at the same time and place, the following property: Lots numbers three and four, on the south side of the Collingwood Road in the Village of Priceville, being part of the Town plot of Priceville.

Terms easy and will be made known on Day of sale. For further particulars apply to

M. J. KENT,
London, Ontario.

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE FARM Property in the Township of Euphrasia, in the County of Grey. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the REVERE HOUSE, in the Village of THORNBURY, in the County of Grey, on FRIDAY THE EIGHTH DAY OF APRIL, 1887, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land situate in the said Township of Euphrasia, containing one hundred acres more or less composed of the south half of lot number 2 in the second concession. This desirable property lies about nine miles from Flesherton, four and a-half miles from Eugenia, and two and a-half miles from Kimberley, and has erected thereon a hewed log house 20 x 26 and barn (part frame) 28 x 44 which are said to be in a fair state of repair. The property is well watered with a good spring creek running through it and conveniently situated as to travelled roads. There is a small orchard upon the property containing about sixty fruit trees. The soil is of a clay loam, about 40 acres are in a fair state of cultivation. The above premises will be offered for sale under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) and will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. TERMS and conditions made known on day of sale. For further particulars apply to E. M. CHADWICK, Vendors Solicitor. Beatty, Chadwick, Blackstock & Galt, 58 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

Dated at Toronto this 3rd day of March A.D., 1887.

CAUTION.

I hereby caution any person against negotiating for a note for $15, in favor of Samuel Martin, which fell due about 1st Nov., 1886, as I have not received value for the same.

JOHN SHERWOOD,
Eugenia P.O.

3t.

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

50 acre farm, 15 acres cleared. Apply to

M. RICHARDSON.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 33, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P.M. at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. Mc. L. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

MEDICAL HALL'S COLUMN.

—AT—

Medical Hall,

FLESHERTON,

WILL BE FOUND.

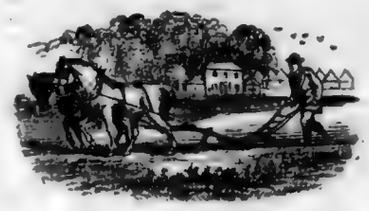

Seeds!

FIELD AND GARDEN, IN GREAT VARIETY,

FOR CASH.

Wall Paper

—WITH—

BORDERINGS!

IN LARGE VARIETY AND CHEAP.

MEDICINES

GOLDEN OIL,

Wizard Oil,

Electric Oil,

Yellow Oil,

Neuts foot Oil, Olive Oil and if you like, "Crotons."

BOOKS!

HYMN BOOKS,

Methodist and Presbyterian!

BIBLES!

—AND—

TESTAMENTS.

Druggists Requirements too numerous to mention.

Anything not in Stock will be obtained for Customers.

TIMOTHY

—AND—

CLOVER SEED

Bought and Sold.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 301. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, MARCH 24, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I keep the only complete stock of American Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry & Specks in this section of Ont. Can do better "cash or credit" for the public, than any Jeweller within 15 miles.

SPECIALTIES:—Wedding Rings. Difficult Watch Repairing.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweler,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrate machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolton Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Toen's Centre Draught Jointer Plow
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wiser's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

FOR

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SPEX, &c.,

Go to RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON, where you will see the finest stock at the lowest prices in this county, and notwithstanding the very low prices, they are determined to give a discount of 15 per cent. on all cash sales of $1.00 and over come and secure some of the bargains and don't forget it is the only place to get your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired Properly.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

1 load of nails just received by M. Richardson & Co.

Home without a mother is a place where the rattan is substituted for a No. 5 upper.

What is the difference between truth and eggs? Truth crushed to earth will rise again. Eggs won't.

Spring Tweeds at Richardson & Co's., just opened a splendid range of patterns, good styles from 50 cent per yard up.

Mr. D. Clayton, our popular harness-maker, sent a set of double harness to a Manitoba customer this week. How's that for Flesherton manufacture?

A meeting of the plotholders of Flesherton Cemetery will be held in the Town Hall here, on Wednesday evening, April 6th, at 7 o'clock. 2 t.

"Lost and Saved" was rendered in Maxwell last Friday evening to a fair audience, under the auspices of Flesherton Brass Band.

LUCKY.—M. Richardson & Co. purchased over 200 kegs of nails, just before the advance by the manufacturers of 20 cents per keg.

First tramp—"Hallos, Bill. I see you've just been over to Hawley's farm." Second tramp—"Yes." "He's a stingy old cuss. I bet you didn't get a bite." "Yes, I did. He keeps a dog."

WANTED.—A good steady man, to work at Framing and Carpenter work. Must have some experience in business. Apply to JOHN WHITTEN, Flesherton. 2 t.

In old times a liar was legally punished by having a hole bored through his tongue. If this were the custom now, some politicians' tongues would resemble a porous plaster.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf)

☞Come and spend a profitable and pleasant evening at the open council of the Royal Templars, Tuesday evening next, in the Town Hall, Flesherton. Good entertainment will be provided. Admission free.

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will stop the cough, allay the inflamation, and induce repose. It will, moreover, heal the pulmonary organs and give you health.

Spring DryGoods Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, &c., arriving at M. Richardson & Co's.

FOUND.—A banjo; owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses, by applying to J. B. Sloan, Eugenia.

Mrs. G. S. Bowes and Mrs. W. A. Brown, of Markdale, were visiting in Flesherton this week. They were the guests of Mrs. J. W. Armstrong during their stay.

Miss Lever is selling off her winter stock of Millinery and Dress Trimmings very cheap in order to clear out for spring goods. Remember place, Strain's block, Flesherton.

Auction sale of farm stock, implements, household, &c., at Lot 24, Con. 9. Artemesia, on Wednesday next, March 30th, commencing at one o'clock p. m. J. W. Heath, proprietor; A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer. See bills.

"The Local Action of Alcohol, its Effects and Cure," will be the subject of an address to be delivered in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Tuesday evening next, 29th inst., by Rev. W.F. Ferrier, Maxwell. The public cordially invited.

Auction sale of farm stock, implements, &c., at Lot 144, 1st E. T. & S.R., Artemesia (near Flesherton) commencing at one o'clock, on Tuesday, April 5th. For full particulars see bills just issued Thos. Graham, proprietor; A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer.

Mr. Wm. Clayton, the noted Flesherton Boot and Shoe man, has a magnificent Spring stock of Boots and Shoes now opened out to awake customers. Mr. Clayton has been in business here over a quarter of a century and is one of the most straightforward business men we ever knew. The goods handled by him will be found just as represented, and will be sold at bottom prices.

Two lads met on the "field of honor" one evening recently in order to settle a trifling dispute. The place selected for the combat was just in rear of the Methodist church here. The challenger was confident he could make his opponent "see stars" in no time; but, unfortunately for him, the "stars" were nearly all observed by himself. You can't most generally always tell how things will turn out on "fields of honor (?)."

Builders Hardware of every description, lowest prices at M. Richardson & Co's.

10 ewes belonging to Mr. James Stewart, Artemesia, had 22 lambs this year of which 20 are living and doing well. Mr. Stewart has 20 more ewes and if they do as well as the first he will have 60 lambs. A remarkable fact in connection with the lambs is that 10 of them are suckled by a cow which Mr. Stewart drives into the pen twice a day, as he finds this a much better and more profitable method than "spoon-feeding."

Saturday last a number of little boys and girls entered the ADVANCE office, threw down a letter—addressed to a gentleman in the West Indies—and a three-cent postage stamp, and vanished out of the door before the astonished Agricultural Editor had time to inform them that he didn't run the post office. However the letter was promptly posted by the A. E. himself. Only a day or two previous a little boy called at our office and asked for a gallon of coal oil!

COW FOR SALE.

One good cow in calf cheap for cash. R. Trimble.

If you require a spring medicine, if you are suffering with languor, debility, pimples, boils, catarrh, chronic sores, scrofula, or loss of appetite, or any disease arising from impure blood, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the safest and most economical of all blood purifiers.

The open Council of the Royal Templars, Tuesday evening next, will be addressed by the Rev. James Ferrier, Maxwell, on a popular subject; also addresses, reading, recitations, vocal and instrumental music by local talent. A good time is expected. Come!

A social will be held in the basement of the Methodist church, Flesherton, on Friday evening, April 1st, under the auspices of the Ladies. Besides refreshments, a good program of vocal and instrumental music, &c., will be provided. Proceeds to be applied towards fitting up church choir gallery. Admission 15 cents, children 10 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Symons, who has been spending the winter in Flesherton, together with two of her children, will shortly leave for Victoria, British Columbia, and other points on the Pacific coast. During her stay here she won the universal esteem and respect of our people by her kind and winning manners and gentle demeanor. Her home is in Oregon, U. S. She desires us to tell the people of this locality that she will never forget their kindness and Christian courtesy toward her. May she have a pleasant journey across the continent to the "rock bound shores" of old Pacific. *Bon voyage!*

Births.

WILLIAMS.—At Inistioge, Artemesia, on Sunday, 20th inst., the wife of Mr. Williams, of a son.

LUDLOW.—At Inistioge, Artemesia, on Sunday, 20th inst., the wife of Mr. George Ludlow, of a daughter.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock of spring and summer Hosiery, Patterns and at astonishingly low prices. R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

Priceville.

Mr. Joseph Ward will give one of his popular Magic Lantern entertainments in Priceville, on Monday evening next, March 28th. The views will be interspersed with a number of carefully selected humorous and pathetic readings by A. R. Fawcett, Editor of THE ADVANCE, who has promised to assist. Doors open at 7 o'clock, entertainment commences at 8 sharp. Admission:—Adults, 10 cents; and children 5 cents each.

East Grey Spring Show.

The bills are out announcing East Grey Agricultural Society's Spring Show, which will take place on the society's grounds here, on Friday, April 22nd. It is purely a stallion show, and in this respect we think the Society has exercised wisdom. All other sire stock will be found properly classified in the Prize Lists for the Fall Exhibition. In this connection we might add, that it is the intention of the directorate to spare no pains to make the forthcoming fall show eclipse all former exhibitions. For particulars in regard to the Spring Show, see bills.

Proton Station.

On Thursday evening last, an interesting social was held at the residence of Mr. W. Lochhead, Nearly 100 persons assembled, and, after enjoying an excellent tea, listened appreciatively to the various parts of the program. One tangible result of the gathering, was, that a very handsome cash present was made to Rev. T. Watson, who preaches there every alternate Thursday evening. Socials based on friendly intercourse, under Christian influence, do much to inspire lofty aims and pure ideals: and one day it will be found that those who by hand, brain and tongue have so willingly helped in promoting them, have not labored in vain.

Fountain Council No. 146, R. T. of T.

An open council of the above will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on the evening of Tuesday the 29th inst. Doors open at 7:30 o'clock. Good entertainment. Admission free.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mathematics.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEMS.

The following answers have been given from W. Irwin H. M. P. S., Flesherton. Solutions will be given in full if necessary.

(1) Amt. of sinking fund each year, $130.25+

(2) Depth of pond, 5 feet 7½ inches.

Fourth Class.

1.—(*a*) 18 10-11 seconds
(*b*) 69 6-11 seconds.

2.—Loss in transaction $16⅔.

3.—10 10-11 minutes past 2.

3.—3 15-19 days.

Fish question, ans. 32 feet.

Circumference of bucket, 35.476+ in.

Fence required for an acre, 160 rods long, 1 rod wide, 322 rods. For 10 acres, 40 rods square 160 rods. Several similar answers may be obtained.

The following Fourth Class Pupils have sent in correct answers to the number of questions indicated by the figures placed after their names.

Fred Ayers, 3. Robt. Keefer, 3. Wm. Sinclair 3. David Mathewson 3. Martha Beatty 2.

Hugh Muir, from Flesherton Station, sent in a correct answer to the Fish problem. Willie Sinclair solved the fence question correctly.

[NOTE.—Judging from the few answers sent in we presume the last week's questions were too difficult for our fourth classes. While we do not deem it advisable to publish more than 6 names from any one school we will give the full number of answers received from each. Give the questions a trial, send in your answers and keep up an interest in the column which we have opened for mathematical work.—MATH. EDITOR.]

MATHEMATICS FOR FOURTH AND FIFTH CLASSES:—

1.—The Flesherton ADVANCE is 27 by 41 inches and the regular weekly issue is 600 copies. How many acres, roods, &c., could be covered by a whole year's issue?

2.—A rectangular piece of ground contains one acre 3 roods 10 per. If the width be 4 chains, 75 links, how long is it?

3.—Water in freezing expands *one-ninth* of its bulk and a cubic foot of water weighs 1000 ozs. What weight of ice can be put in a building 80 feet long 24 feet wide and 12 feet high? (Ans in lbs.)

4.—A ship and cargo are worth $68,000. Two-thirds the value of the ship equals three-fourths the value of the cargo. Find the value of each.

(In sending answers give solutions also.)

The Toronto "Globe."

The Toronto *Daily Globe* can now be obtained by subscribers at the low subscription price of $5 per annum. Until recently the price was $7. This is a big reduction, and as the *Globe* is certainly one of the most progressive and enterprising journals on this continent, its sphere of usefulness is bound to be widened by the wise departure alluded to. But, besides this great stroke of enterprise, a special *Globe* train leaves Toronto at 8:55 a. m. and arrives in London at 6:40 a.m.—simply for the conveyance of the paper to subscribers at that place and en route. Thus the *Globe* is placed on the breakfast tables of thousands of readers between the Queen and Forest cities. Such enterprise is deserving of the highest commendation at the hands of all sections of the Canadian press.

Colonial Exhibition.

Mr. James Stewart received last week a magnificent award for the excellence of his honey display at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition held in London, Eng., last year. We presume the award is intended as a Diploma, and it is to be followed by a Commemorative Medal. Mr. Stewart is justly proud of his treasure, and we are certain the citizens of Meaford and vicinity will congratulate him on his success.—*Meaford Mirror.*

Solitaire.

Patience? Yes, that's the woman's game,
The dull delight of solitude,
Where rank on rank she tries to frame,
And speech and laughter ne'er intrude.

Night after night, beside the fire,
When evening's lonely lamp is lit,
Oppressed with thoughts that vex and tire,
Among the cards her fingers flit.

The woman's game! On some poor king
The sequence of her play is built;
The queen comes after, hapless thing!
And next the knave with grinning guilt

Then all her treasures, one by one,
Are thrown away to swell the pile;
At last and least; when that is done,
Begin again, the night beguile.

A woman's game; to sit and wait;
Build and rebuild, though fate destroy,
Shuffle the cards, for soon or late
There comes an end to grief and joy.

A man may fight, or sow or reap,
Divide the seas, or traverse the earth;
She can but drudge, or pray or weep,
What is her life or loving worth?

She sits there when the day is dead,
Lonely and listless. Do you dare
Deny, when all is done and said,
That woman's game is solitaire?

"Pastoral Poetry."

A minister may love his wife,
From every ill protect her;
But love her as he may, alas!
At last he's only Rector.

—Toledo American.

And though she may quite rapid be,
No race-horse going faster,
She'll find, however wild and free,
That he is always Pastor.

Railway Journal

They studied grammer in the school
Together out in Carson,
And after they were both made one
She found him still a Parson.

Yonkers Statesman.

And though he boasts he feels as young
As when he first beheld her,
His congregation all assert
That he is yet the Elder.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"Oh, no, don't pity me. Everybody has his troubles – this is mine."

"O Ernest, but you have been unfortunate, and now your sight has gone; but perhaps Critchett or Couper will be able to do something for that."

"All the Critchets and Coupers in the world will never do anything for it, my dear. But you must remember that, where I only lost my sight, many others lost their lives, and it is supposed to be better to lose your sight than your life. Besides, blindness has its advantages; it gives you so much more time to think, and it humbles you so. You can have no idea what it is like, Doll. Intense, everlasting blackness hedging you in like a wall, one long, long night, even when the sunlight is beating on your face; and out of the night, voices and the touchings of hands, like the voices and touchings of the departed spirits. Your physical body is as helpless and as much at the mercy of the world as your spiritual body is in the hands of the Almighty. And things grow dim to you too; you begin to wonder what familiar faces and sights are like, as you wonder about the exact appearance of those who died many years ago, or of places you have not seen for years. All of which, my dear Doll, is very favorable to thought. When next you lie awake for five or six hours in the night, try to reckon all the things which occupy your brain, then imagine such wakefulness and its accompanying thoughts extended over the period of your natural life, and you will get some idea of the depth and breadth and height of total blindness."

His words struck her, and she did not know what to answer, so she only pressed his hands in token of her mute sympathy.

He understood her meaning; the faculties of the blind are very quick.

"Do you know, Doll," he said, "coming back to you and to your gentle kindness, is like coming into the peace and quiet of a sheltered harbor after bearing the full brunt of the storm?" Just then a cloud which had obscured the sun passed away, and its full light struck upon his face. "There," he went on, "it is like that. It is like emerging into the sweet sunshine after riding for miles through the rain and mist. You bring peace with you, my dear. I have not felt such peace for years as I feel holding your hand to-day."

"I am very glad, dear Ernest," she answered; and they walked on in silence. At that moment, a little girl, who was trundling a hoop down the gravel-path, stopped her hoop to look at the pair. She was very pretty, with large dark eyes, but Dorothy noticed that she had a curious mark upon her forehead. Presently Dorothy saw her run back toward an extremely tall and graceful woman, who was sauntering along, followed at some distance by a nurse with a baby in her arms, and turning occasionally to look at the beds of spring flowers, hyacinths and tulips which bordered the path.

"O mother," she heard her call out in the clear voice of childhood, "there is such a nice blind man! He isn't old and ugly, and he hasn't a dog, and he doesn't ask for pennies. Why is he blind if he hasn't a dog and doesn't ask for pennies?"

Blindness, according to this little lady's ideas, evidently sprang from the presence of a cur and an unsatisfied hunger for copper coin. Sometimes it does.

The tall, graceful lady looked up carelessly, saying, "Hush, dear!" She was quite close to them now, for they were walking toward each other, and Dorothy gave a great gasp, for before her stood Eva Plowden! There was no doubt about it. She was paler and haughtier-looking than of yore; but it was she. No one who had once seen her could mistake that queenly beauty. Certainly Dorothy could not mistake it.

"What is the matter, Doll?" said Ernest, carelessly. He was thinking of other things.

"Nothing; I hurt myself." They were quite close now.

And Eva, too, looked at them, and she, too, saw the face she had never thought to see again. With all her eyes, and with her lips parted as though to cry out, she gazed at the sight before her—slowly, slowly, taking in all it meant.

They were nearly level now.

Then there leaped up into her eyes and face—the eyes and face which a second before had been so calm and statue-like, a wild light of love, and intensity of passionate and jealous desire, such as is not often to be seen on the faces of women.

"Ernest there, and Ernest blind, and being led by the hand of Dorothy, and looking happy with her!" How dared she touch her love? How dared he look hapy with her? Those were the thoughts which flashed through her troubled mind.

She made a step toward them as though to address him, and the blind eyes fell upon her lovely face and wandered over it. It made her mad. His eyes were on her face, and yet he could not see her. O God!

Dorothy saw the motion and moved by an overmastering instinct threw herself between them in an attitude of protection not unmixed with defiance. And so, for a second, their eyes flashing and their bosoms heaving with emotion, the two women stood face to face, and the blind pathetic eyes wandered uneasily over both, feeling a presence they were unable to define.

It was a tragic, almost a dreadful scene. The passions it revealed were too intense for words, as no brush can justly paint a landscape made vivid by the unnatural fierceness of the lightning.

"Well, Doll, why do you stop?" he said, impatiently.

His voice broke the spell. Eva withdrew her arm, which was half-outstretched, and touched her lips with her finger as though to enjoin silence. Then a deep misery spread itself over her flushed face; her head sank low, and she passed thence with rapid steps. Presently the nurse with the baby followed her, and Dorothy noticed vaguely that the child had also a mark upon his forehead. The whole thing had not taken forty seconds.

"Doll," said, with a wild voice, and commencing to tremble, "who was that passed us?"

"A lady," was the answer.

"A lady; yes, I know that—what lady?"

"I don't know—a lady with children." It was a fib, but she could not tell him then; an instinct warned her not to do so.

"Oh! It is strange, Doll, strange; but do you know, I felt just now as though Eva were very near me? Come, let us go home!"

Just then the cloud got over the sun again, and they walked home in the shadow. Apparently, too, all their talkativeness had gone the way of the sun. They had nothing to say.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

INTROSPECTIVE.

Eva Plowden could scarcely be said to be a happy woman. A refined woman who has deliberately married one man when she loves another is not as a rule happy afterward, unless indeed she is blessed or cursed with a singularly callous nature. But there are degrees and degrees of unhappiness. Such a fate as Eva's would have killed Dorothy, and would have driven Florence, bad as she might otherwise be, to suicide or madness. But with Eva herself it was not so; she was not sufficiently fine strung to suffer thus. Hers was not a very happy life, and that was all about it. She had been most miserable; but when the first burst of her misery had passed, like the raving storm that sometimes ushers in a wet December day, she had more or less reconciled herself like a sensible woman to her position. The day was always rather wet, it is true, but still the sun peeped out now and again, and if life was not exactly a joyous thing, it was at least endurable.

And yet with it all she loved Ernest in her heart as much as ever; his memory was inexpressibly dear to her, and her regrets were sometimes very bitter. On the whole, however, she had got over it wonderfully, better than anybody, who could have witnessed her agony some years before, when Florence told her the whole truth immediately after the wedding would have thought possible. The Sabine women, we are told, offered every reasonable resistance to their outrage by the Romans, but before long gave the strongest proof of reconciliation to their lot. There was something of the Sabine woman about Eva. Indeed, the contrast between her state of mind as regarded Ernest, and Ernest's state of mind as regarded her, would make a curious study. They each loved the other, and yet how different had the results of that love been on the two natures! To Eva it had been and was a sorrow, sometimes a very real one; to Ernest, the destruction of all that made life worth living. The contrast, indeed, was almost pitiable, it was so striking; so wide a gulf was fixed between the two. The passion of the one was a wretched thing compared to the other. But both were real; it was merely a difference of degree. If Eva's affection was weak when measured by Ernest's, it was because the soil in which it grew was poorer. She gave all she had to give.

As for Mr. Plowden, he could not but feel that on the whole his matrimonial speculation had answered very well. He was honestly fond of his wife, and as he had a right to be, very proud of her At times she was cold and capricious and at times she was sarcastic; but, take it altogether, she made him a good and serviceable wife, and lifted him up many pegs in the social scale. People saw that though Plowden was not a gentleman, he had managed to marry a lady, and a very lovely lady too; and he was tolerated, indeed to a certain extent courted, for the sake of his wife. It was principally to attain this end that he had married her, so he had every reason to be satisfied with his bargain, and he was, besides, proud to be the legal owner of so handsome a creature.

Eva often thought of her old lover, though, except in the vaguest way, she had heard nothing of him for years. Indeed, she was, as it happened, thinking of him tenderly enough that very morning when her little girl had called her attention to the "nice blind man." And when she at last, in a way which seemed to her, little short of miraculous, set eyes again upon his face, all her smoldering passion broke into flame, and she felt that she still loved him with all her strength, such as it was.

At that moment indeed she realized how great, how bitter, how complete was the mistake she had made, and what a beautiful thing life might have been for her, if things had gone differently. But, remembering how things were, she bowed her head and passed on, for the time completely crushed.

Presently, however, two points became clear in the confusion of her mind, taking shape and form as distinct and indesputable mental facts, and these were—first, that she was wildly jealous of Dorothy; second, that it was her fixed determination to see Ernest. She regretted now that she had been too overcome to go up and speak to him, for see him she must and would; indeed, her sick longing to look upon his face and hear his voice filled her with alarm.

Eva reached her home, after the meeting on the Hoe, just before luncheon-time. Her husband was now acting as *locum tenens* for the rector of one of the Plymouth parishes. They had moved thus from place to place for years waiting for the Kesterwick living to fall vacant, and Eva liked the roving life well enough—it diverted her thoughts.

Presently she heard her husband enter, bringing somebody else with him, and summoned up the sweet smile for which she was remarkable to greet him.

In another instant he was in the room, followed by a fresh-faced subaltern, whose appearance reminded her of the pictures of cherubs. Mr. Plowden had changed but little since we saw him last, with the exception that his hair was now streaked with gray, and the whole face rather stouter. Otherwise the cold gray eyes were as cold as ever, and the countenance of Plowden was what the countenance of Plowden had always been—powerful, intelligent and coarse-looking.

"Let me introduce my friend Lieutenant Jasper to you, my dear," he said in his full, strong voice, which was yet unpleasant to the ear. "We met at Captain Johnstone's, and, as it is a long way to go to the barracks for lunch, I asked him to come and take pot-luck with us."

The cherubic Jasper had screwed an eyeglass into his round eye, and through it was contemplating Eva with astonished ecstasy; but like most beautiful women, she was used to that sort of thing, and it only amused her faintly. Mr. Plowden, too, was used to it, and took it as a personal compliment.

"I am delighted," she murmured, and held out her hand.

The cherub, suddenly awaking to the fact, dropped his eyeglass, and, plunging at it, seized it as a pike does a little fish, and shook it with enthusiasm.

Eva smiled again.

"Shall we go to lunch?" she said, sweetly; and they went to lunch, she sailing down in front of them with the grace of a swan.

At lunch itself the conversation flagged rather; that is, Mr. Plowden talked with all the facility of an extemporary preacher; the cherub gazed at this pale, dark-eyed angel; and Eva, fully occupied with her own thoughts, contributed a few appreciative smiles, and a few random remarks. Just as they were, to her intense relief, nearing the conclusion of the meal, a messenger arrived to summon Mr. Plowden to christen a dying baby. He got up at once, for he was punctilious in the performance of his duties, and, making excuses to his guest, departed on his errand, thus forcing Eva to carry on the conversation.

"Have you been in Plymouth long, Mr. Jasper?" she asked.

The eye-glass dropped spasmodically.

"Plymouth? oh, dear, no, I only landed this morning."

"Landed? Indeed! Where from? I did not know that any boat was in except the Conway Castle."

"We[illegible] by her, from the Zulu War, [illegible] for fever."

The cherub suddenly became intensely interesting to Eva, for it had struck her that Ernest must have come from there.

"Indeed! I hope you had a pleasant passage. It depends so much on your fellow-passengers, does it not?"

"Oh, yes, we had a very nice lot of men on board, wounded officers mostly. There were a couple of very decent civilians, too, a giant of a fellow called Jones, and a blind baronet, Sir Ernest Kershaw."

Eva's bosom heaved.

"I once knew a Mr. Ernest Kershaw; I wonder if it is the same? He was tall, and had dark eyes."

"That's the man; he only got his title a month or two ago. A melancholy sort of a chap, I thought; but then he can't see now. That Jones is a wonderful fellow, though could pull two heavy men up at once, as easily as you would lift a puppy-dog. Saw him do it myself. I knew them both out there."

"Oh! Where did you meet them?"

"Well, it was rather curious. I suppose you heard of the great disaster at that place with an awful name. Well, I was at a beastly hole called Help Makaar, when a fellow came riding like anything from Rorke's Drift, telling us what had happened, and that the Zulus were coming. So we all set to and worked like mad, and just as we had got the place a little fit for them, somebody shouted that he saw them coming. That was just as it was getting dark. I ran to the wall to look, and saw, not the Zulus, but a great big fellow carrying a dead fellow in his arms, followed by a Kafir leading three horses. At least I thought the fellow was dead, but he wasn't he had been struck by lightning. We let him in, and such a sight as there were you never saw, all soaked with blood from top to toe!"

"Ah! And how did they come like that?"

"They were the only survivors of a volunteer corps called Alston's Horse. They killed all the Zulus that were attacking them, when the Zulus had killed everybody except them. Then they came away, and the blind fellow, that is, Sir Ernest, got struck in a storm—fellows often do out there."

Eva put further questions, and listened with breathless interest to the story of Ernest's and Jeremy's wonderful escape, so far as the details were known to Mr. Jasper, quite regardless of the pitiless fire that young gentleman was keeping on herself through his eyeglass. At last, reluctantly enough, he rose to go.

"I must be off now, Mrs. Plowden; I want to go and call on Sir Ernest at the hotel. He lent me a Derringer pistol to practice at a bottle with, and I forgot to give it back."

Eva turned the full battery of her beautiful eyes upon him. She saw that the young gentleman was struck, and determined to make use of him. Women are unscrupulous when they have an end in view.

"I am so sorry you must go, but I hope you will come and see me again, and tell me some more about the war and the battles."

"You are very kind," he stammered; "I shall be delighted."

He did[illegible] think it necessary to add that he had [illegible] the luck to see a shot fired himself. [illegible] should he?

"By-the[illegible] if you are going to see Sir Ernest, do[illegible] think you could give him a private me[illegible] from me? I have a reason for not wis[illegible] to be overheard."

"Oh, yes[illegible] are say I can. Nothing would give [illegible] ature pleasure."

"You are [illegible] good." Another glance. "Will you tell[illegible] that I wish he would take a fly and[illegible] to see me? I shall be in all this after[illegible]"

A pang of [illegible]sy shot through the cherubic bosom, [illegible]he comforted himself with the reflecti[illegible]at a fine woman like that could not ca[illegible]or a "blind fellow."

"Oh, certainly[illegible]ill try."

"Thank you," [illegible] she extended her hand.

He took it, an[illegible]toxicated by those superb eyes, venture[illegible] press it tenderly. A mild wonder too[illegible]ossession of Eva's mind, that anybody [illegible]very young child have developed such a[illegible]tonishing amount of impudence, but she did not resent the pressure. What did she care about hang her hand squeezed when was a question of seeing Ernest? Poor deluded cherub!

CHAPTER L.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Within an hour after the departure of Lieut. Jasper, Eva heard a fly draw up to the door. Then came an interval and the sound of two people walking up the step, one of whom stumbled a good deal; then a ring.

"Is Mrs. Plowden at home?" said a clear voice, the well-remembered tones of which sent the blood to her head and then back to her heart with a rush

"Yes, sir."

"Oh! Wait here, Tyman. Now, my good girl, I must ask you to give me your hand, for I am not in a condition to find my way about strange places."

Another pause, and the drawing-room door opened, and the maid came in leading Ernest, who wore a curious, drawn look upon his face.

"How do you do?" she said, in a low voice, coming and taking him by the hand.

"That will do, Jane."

He did not speak till the door closed; he only looked at her with those searching blind eyes.

Thus they met again after many years. She led him to a sofa and he sat down.

"Do not leave go of my hand," he said, quickly; "I have not yet got used to talking to people in the dark."

She sat down on the sofa beside him feeling frightened and yet happy. For a while they remained silent; apparently they could find nothing to say, and after all silence seemed most fitting. She had never thought to sit hand in hand with him again. She looked at him; there was no need for her to keep a guard over her loving glances, for he was blind. At length she broke the silence.

"Were you surprised to get my message?" she asked, gently.

"Yes; it was like getting a message from the dead. I never expected to see you again; I thought that you had quite passed out of my life."

"So you had forgotten me?"

"Why do you say such a thing to me? You must know, Eva, that it is impossible for me to forget you; I almost wish that[illegible] passed out of my outward life, for out of my mind you can never pass."

Eva hung her head and was silent, and yet his words sent a thrill of happiness through her. So she had not quite lost him after it all.

"Listen, Eva," Ernest went on, gathering himself together, and speaking sternly enough now, and with a suppressed energy that frightened her. "How you came to do what you have done you best know."

"It is done; do not let us speak of it. I was not altogether to blame," she broke in.

"I was not going to speak of it. But I was going to say this, now while I have the chance, because time is short, and I think it right that you should know the truth. I was going to tell you first that for what you have done I freely forgive you."

"O Ernest!"

"It is," he went on, not heeding her, "a question that you can settle with your conscience and your God. But I wish to tell you what it is that you have done. You have wrecked my life, and made it an unhappy thing; you have taken that from me which I can never have to give again; you have embittered my mind, and driven me to sins of which I should not otherwise have dreamed. I loved you, and you gave me proofs which I could not doubt that I had won your love. You let me love you, and then when the hour of trial came you deserted and morally destroyed me, and the great and holy affection that should have been the blessing of my life has become its curse."

Eva covered her face with her hands and sat silent.

"You do not answer me, Eva," he said, presently with a little laugh. "Perhaps you find what I have to say difficult to answer, or perhaps you think I am taking a liberty."

"You are very hard," she said in a low voice.

"Had you not better wait till I have done before you call me hard? If I wished to be hard, I should tell you that I no longer cared for you, that my prevailing feeling toward you was one of contempt. It would perhaps mortify you to think that I had shaken off such heavy chains But it is not the truth, Eva. I love you now, passionately as ever, as I always have loved you, as I always shall love you. I hope for nothing, I ask for nothing; in this business it has always been my part to give, not to receive. I despise myself for it, but so it is."

She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Spare me, Ernest," she whispered.

"I have very little more to say, only this: I believe all this I have given you has not been given uselessly. I believe that the love of the flesh will die with the flesh. But my love for you has been something more and higher than that, or how has it lived without hope, and, in spite of its dishonor, through so many years? It is of the spirit, and I believe its life will be like that of the spirit, unending, and that when this hateful life is done with I shall in some strange way reap its fruits with you."

"Why do you believe that, Ernest?"

"Why do I believe it? I can not tell you. Perhaps it is nothing but the phantasy of a mind broken down with brooding on its grief. In trouble we grow toward the light like a plant in the dark, you know. As a crushed flower smells sweet, so all that is most beautiful and aspiring in human nature is called into life when God lays His heavy hand upon us. Heaven is sorrow's sole ambition. No, Eva, I do not know why I believe it, certainly you have given me no grounds for faith, but I do believe it, and it comforts me. By-the-way, how did you know I was here?"

"I passed you on the Hoe this morning walking with Dorothy."

Ernest started. "I felt you pass," he said, "and asked Dorothy who it was. She said she did not know."

"She knew, but I made a sign to her not to say."

"Oh!"

"Ernest, will you promise me something?" asked Eva, wildly.

"What is it?"

"Nothing. I have changed my mind—nothing at all."

The promise that she was about to ask was, that he would not marry Dorothy, but her better nature rose in rebellion against it. Then they talked awhile of Ernest's life abroad.

"Well," said Ernest, rising after a pause, "good-by, Eva."

"It is a very cruel word," she murmured.

"Yes, it is true but not more cruel than the rest."

"It has been happiness to see you, Ernest."

He shrugged his shoulders as he answered; "Has it? For myself I am not sure if it has been a happiness or a misery. I must have a year or two of quiet darkness to think over before I make up my mind. Will you kindly ring the bell for the servant to take me away?"

Half unconsciously she obeyed him, and then she came and took his hand and looked with all her eyes at all her soul into his face. It was fortunate that he could not see her.

"O Ernest, you are blind!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she said.

He laughed—a sad little laugh. "Yes, Eva, I am as blind now as you have been always."

"Ernest! Ernest how can I live without seeing you? I love you!" and she fell on his arms.

He kissed her, and then somehow, he never knew how, found the strength to put her from him. Perhaps it was because he heard the servant coming.

Next moment the servant came and led him away.

As soon as he was gone Eva flung herself on the sofa and sobbed as though her heart would break.

When Dorothy saw the fresh-faced young officer, who had come up to see Ernest, mysteriously lead him aside, and whisper something in his ear, which caused him to turn first red and then white, she, being a shrewd observer, thought it curious. But when Ernest asked her to ring the bell and then ordered a fly to be brought round at once, the idea of Eva once flashed into her mind. She and Ernest must be at the bottom of this mystery. Presently the fly was announced, and Ernest went off without a word, leaving her to the tender mercies of the cherub who was contemplating her with his rod eye as he had contemplated Eva, at finding her also charming. It must be remembered that he had but just returned from South Africa, and was prepared [illegible] to fall in love [illegible] an apple-woman. How much more then would he succumb to the charms of the stately Eva and the extremely fascinating Dorothy It was some time before the latter could get rid of him and his eye-glass. On an ordinary occasion she would have been glad enough to entertain him, for Dothy liked a little male society, and the cherub, though he did look so painfully young, was not half a bad fellow, and after all a whole soul was in his eyeglass, and his spring was meant to be complimentary. At just now she had a purpose in her little head, and was heartily glad when he darted to reflect over the rival attractions of the two charmers.

(To be continued.)

Late Railway News.

A conference was held on Tuesday at Owen Sound between the Town Council and Board of Trade and Mr. Wragge, Chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk, at which the latter gentleman promised to report favorably to Mr. Hickson on the proposed extension from Tara or Allandale to Owen Sound.

Work will be commenced immediately on the railway from Winnipeg to the international boundary, arrangements for connection with the Northern Pacific Railway at the boundary having already been made.

An absolute denial is given at Winnipeg to the reported negotiation for the sale of the Manitoba & Northwestern Road to the Grand Trunk.

The pay car of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is now out on the Western division, was ditched near Medicine Hat on Tuesday and was badly damaged.

Mr. Pugsley, President of the Regina & Long Lake Railway, who arrived at Winnipeg from the East yesterday, said construction operations would be commenced as soon as the weather permits, and that the line will be built to the South Saskatchewan before the snow comes next fall.

Compromising With the Day.

"No, Bobby," said his mother, "you cannot go skating to-day. It's Sunday, you know."

"Well, ma," persisted Bobby, "can't I go if I'll just skate straight ahead and not try to do any fancy work?"—*Puck.*

Life in Utah.

Mormon wife (to husband)—Are you going out, dear?

Mormon husband—Yes: I have an engagement with Miss Brigham. She is to give me her answer to-night.

The ancient Peruvians used to flatten their heads.

In an old valise belonging to O. O. Putney, a miner who was killed by an avalanche at Bay Horse, Idaho, were found some faded love letters, a few bones, and a note saying, "I wish these bones buried with me."

A Dubuque, Prohibition Iowa, undertaker recently ordered stock from a Michigan coffin manufactory, and added this postscript to the order: "Put in one of the caskets a gallon of Old Crow whiskey and bill as embalming fluid."

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were ntroduced and read a first time :

To consolidate the debentre debt of the township of Howick. -Mr.Gibson (Huron).

Respecting the driving of sawlogs and other timber on lakes d rivers.—Mr. Murray.

Respecting the Fort Gege Assembly, to be henceforth known as he Niagara Assembly.—Mr. Garson.

Respecting the Gore Dirict Mutual Fire Insurance Co.—Mr. Gibs (Hamilton).

To amend the charter of the Toronto School of Medicine.

To incorporate the outhern Central Railway Co.—Mr. McK

To amend the Act inporating the Ontario & Sault Ste. Marie Railway Co.—Mr. Leys.

Respecting Knox Chch Cemetery, Ayr —Mr. Gibson (Hamin) for Mr. McMaster.

To amend the Assment Act—Mr. Wylie.

To incorporate the ames Valley Railway Co.—Mr. Tooley.

To amend the Assesent Act—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

To incorporate the ternational Ferry Railway Co.—Mr. M.

To allow the corpion of the city of London to borrow cin moneys for school purposes—Mr. Mero.

Mr. Wood (Hasti moved for an order of the House for a rn of the number of standard logs cut by al mill owners by authority of the C Lands Department from the timber of it holders during the year 1886. Such re to give the location of mills, names mill-owners with the amount each paid way of dues to the Department, and the owner of limits, with a copy of the partmental Regulations affecting the ame. He said there were no complaip far as he knew as to the administratio this rule, bit there were complaints e principle and terms upon which they e granted.

Hon. Mr. Pa said he was glad to have the hon. eman say that there was no complaide respecting the administration of system—the objection being simply to price. The lumbermen paid 75c a thou feet on the lumber cut. The local miner paid $1.50, which covered the 75 at had to be paid to the Governme and 75c for the limit owner himself. (Mr. Pardee) thought the mover of resolution could hardly have examine question fully, or he would have f that the sum paid to the limit own was as low as possible. Out of that 75 s the limit owner had to meet the bo ground rent, interest on investment, While the hon. gentleman was u a reduction, the limit owners were g an increase, which was pretty good ice that the Government had struck t ppy medium. The bonus in some ca mounted to 75 cents a thousand fe Would it be right to say that the loc l owner should be allowed to take it fo ? Of course there was no objection to return, and it would be brought dow

Mr. Woo ke briefly in explanation, stating tha did not propose that the local mill o should be given unlimited access to de markets, but that under proper reg ns he should be allowed realize on er cut, even if he had to go beyond th ds at present allowed him to do it. ead of an arbitrary price of 15 cents a dard log, the value to the limit hol hould be ascertained and a fair sum demanded from the mill owner. Has making no charges against the Minis for so far as he (Mr. Wood) knew the der-in-Council was administered with ness.

The res ion was adopted.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Dr. Wighby- On Friday next Bill for the provement of live stock in Ontario.

Mr. Pron- On Friday next Bill entitled an t to Extend to all Landholders' Sons the inicipal franchise.

Mr. Hich- - On Friday next Act respectin landholdrs and tenants and distress.

The fol wing Bils were introduced and read the first time.

Respecing the ity of Stratford - Mr. Gibson (Hamilton)

To autorize W.P. Cade to practice as a dental rgeon i Ontario.—Mr. Gibson (Hamilto).

Mr. Les move—That in view of the strong feling throughout the Province in favor of having the tolls abolished on roads held by joint stk companies, it is the opinion of this Hse that the Government should take the atter into consideration and introduce su legislation as will lead to the abolition such tolls.

He said that had brought the matter up in the form of a resolution instead of introducing a Bl, because he hoped the Government wld take the matter up, and that the was a better chance in that wa of his object being attained. Th system now in vogue had been esblished at a time when it was difficult to get roads built and kept in repair, and ompanies were formed for the purpose an allowed to charge tolls. It was time nowhat it should be abolished, as it was quit behind the age. He was not in favor abolishing toll-gates without compensting the stockholders in these companies. Several methods of compensation had bn suggested, one being that the paymers to be made to the stockholders shod be spread over a number of years.

Hon. Mr. Fraser said the hon. gentleman had not for he first time introduced this question, hving evidently given it great attention. Yet the hon. gentleman admitted tha the question was hedged about with manist difficulties, so great and so numerous hat he (Mr. Lees) himself had not come o any conclusion upon it which he was ale to put in the form of a measure to e presented to the House. He (Hon. Mr Fraser) did not suppose that the hon. gentleman sought to call upon the House toplace the responsibility upon the Government of introducing a Bill without regard to the Government's views on the question What the hon. gentleman desired, doubtless, was to have the matter discussed with a view to enabling him to prepare a measure on the subject. This was a matter of municipal regulation, the counties having power to deal with the whole matter by purchase of the roads.

The Government was ared to let the resolution pass in ent shape, but would be glad to the discussion of the subject. ed that the whole question would gone into.

Mr. Gibson (Ham said that he would like to speak b the question, having a very strong thy with the mover of the resolut thought that this toll-gate nuisan admitted to be a serious evil and bers having on previous occasions red themselves against it, it was a for the Government to deal wit he district from which he came wa seriously injured by this nuisance. true that this was a difficult question the original owners of the roads were he owners, the question would be m ily settled, but the stock having ch lands and now representing sums fa vance of the cost of the roads, the es, if they bought the roads, must pa what was in fact simply watered stock. county should not, as the mover of resolution had said, be called upon to the roads as the only means of set ent, because there were parts of the les in every case which were not int ed in the purchase. A plan might be pr d under which the purchase could ccompanied by concessions to those pa f the counties which got less advantages n others in proportion to the amount th ntributed to the purchase.

Mr. Me h suggested that the motion be referre the Municipal Committee.

Hon. G Fraser said that the hon. gentleman d had moved the resolution might in duce a Bill.

Mr. M dith said that this would be casting a private member a duty which should performed by the Government. The G ernment might have devoted to this su t a little of the time they had given the Dominion elections. The matter d been under consideration for several ars, and it was admitted that there as a grievance. He thought that the m ter should be referred either to a select committee or to the Municipal Committe

Hon. O. Mowat said that the leader of the pposition had been in the House for fifte years; he thought there was a grievance; and yet with all his ability and astuteness he was unable to suggest a remedy. He (Mr. Mowat) was not prepared to say that there was a remedy. The general apprehension seemed to be that they could not by any general measure get rid of toll-gates. Anything that it was possible for a Government to do they were in the habit of doing.

Mr. Gilmour said that although he was deeply anxious to see some system devised for getting rid of the toll-gates, he objected strongly to the scheme proposed by Mr. Gibson, namely, that the municipalities adjacent to the road should be assessed. In West York, for instance, the effect of such an arrangement would be that the municipalities lying near Toronto and having the larger assessments would have to pay an unduly large share. He was fully alive to the grievance. His opinion was that they retarded the progress and development of the country.

Hon. A. M. Ross suggested that the hon. gentleman should move for a return showing the toll-gates now in existence and the revenues derived therefrom.

Mr. Wood said he thought the main difficulty in the purchase of these roads was in the people who wanted to buy them. In Hastings, where he believed they had the longest lines of gravel road in the Province, the county and the city of Belleville had agreed without difficulty to the purchase of the road, and had extended them into the smaller, more distant and less wealthy municipalities. If in other cases the counties would extend the roads the greater part of the difficulty would disappear.

Mr. McMahon expressed pleasure at having this matter brought forward. The fault, in his opinion, lay to a great extent with the County Councils. He mentioned the case of the Dundas and Waterloo road, which was sold by the Dominion Government to a private individual, the county not tendering for it. He thought that if a commission were appointed information would be elicited which would be of service in the settlement of the difficulty.

Mr. Waters said he could see no difficulty in this question, these companies owning roads operated under the Road Companies' Act, the provisions of which were clear. It provided that for twenty-one years the companies might hold the roads undisturbed. After that the County Councils were authorized to buy out the roads at a price to be agreed upon, and if they could not agree the settlement was to be by arbitration. If the Government shortened this term of twenty-one years the companies would have an equitable claim for consequential damages. He thought the Government would not be justified in interfering in the matter, as the case was already provided for under this Act, and the County Councils had full power to deal with it.

Mr. Meredith said in the county of Middlesex all the roads, with one exception, were owned by the county. On these roads the tolls had been abolished, but in the township of London there was an important road owned by a private corporation on which tolls were still charged. The last speaker said the County Council had full power in the matter. That was just the difficulty. The township of London was still living under the mediæval system of tolls while the rest of the county had free roads. He hoped that without quarrelling as to the terms the House would recognize this as an important question to be dealt with, and would agree to the amendment. Persons connected with these roads could then be subpœnaed and the facts brought out. He hoped the mover would not press his resolution, as it was evident from what had been stated that the Government would vote it down and some practical good would be achieved through the amendment.

Mr. French formally presented his amendment, which provided for the appointment of a committee consisting of Hon. Mr. Fraser, Messrs. Lees, Wood (Hastings), Balfour.

Hon. Mr. Fraser said that committee would be too small. The Municipal Committee would be too large. He suggested a postponement of the question so that a committee could be agreed upon, and moved the adjournment of the debate.

The resolution was adopted.

The following Bills were presented and read the first time :

To amend the Act relating to the Long Point Company.—Mr. Monk.

For the improvement of live stock in Ontario.—Mr. Willoughby.

To consolidate the debt of the city of Guelph and for other purposes.—Mr. Guthrie.

To amend tbe Act incorporating the Home of the Friendless.—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

To change the name of the Thunder Bay Colonization Co.—Mr. Harcourt.

Respecting landlords, tenants and distress.—Mr. Clarke (Toronto) for Mr. French.

Respecting a certain agreement between John D. Ronald and the village of Brussels.—Mr. Gibson (Huron.)

To amend the Act to incorporate the Trinity Medical School.—Mr. McAndrew.

To incorporate the Township of Keewatin.—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

Hon. Mr. Howat, in moving the adjournment of the House, announced that the Treasurer would probably make his financial statement on Tuesday next.

Aftter a brief discussion on a question asked by Mr. Meredith as to the time of calling the Public Accounts Committee,

Hon. Mr. Clarke announced that a meeting of the committee would be called for Tuesday morning next.

A BEE IN HIS NIGHT-CAP.

A Slighted Somnambulist Shocks a Card Party Like a Ghost.

A progressive euchre party at Mrs. Kemble's private boarding house on Naudain street, Philadelphia, was broken up very unceremoniously one evening last week. All the boarders except one had been invited to be present, and a number of outside friends of the family had also received and accepted invitations. The guests had had a very enjoyable time and were about to go into the supper room for refreshments when an apparition appeared. The slighted boarder, Mr. Henry Cheesebrough, who is a clerk in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's employ, came dancing down the stairs and presented himself in the parlor doorway in what may be modestly described as undress uniform. Besides his nightcap only a single garment clothed his person. The ladies were startled and screamed, and before the gentlemen could arrest the intruder a panic had ensued. One young woman fainted and two or three others received scratches and bruises in their efforts to make an exit through a rear window into the yard. Mr. Cheesebrough was seized by Mrs. Kemble's son and one of the visitors and hurried out of sight, being carried bodily upstairs to his room. Though his eyes were wide open, he stoutly declares that he was asleep, and says that he is subject to these fits of somnambulism. There is a suspicion in the boarding-house that his action was a trick to revenge himself for the slight of not favoring him with an invitation to the party.

Why the Bridegroom Wept.

Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew delivered at Canajoharie, N.Y., the other day a lecture on "Glimpses of Life Abroad." In the course of his travels in Scotland Mr. Depew had this little experience: "On the banks of the Doon I came across the inevitable American tourist company. It was a bridal party. She was young and he was past middle life, and with them was his friend. The bridegroom was sobbing and wiping his eyes, and his bride was vainly trying to comfort him. Finally his friend led him to one si and near me, and said: 'Don't take on so, old man; cheer up. You are making your wife feel bad and spoiling the trip. What on earth is the matter?' 'Oh,' said he, 'Sam, this whole thing reminds me so of my second wife. She was so fond of burns.'"

Down on the "Irregulars."

At a recent meeting of the Medical Council of Ontario, Dr. H. H. Wright, of Toronto, President of the Council; Dr. Day, of Trenton; Dr Geikie, of Toronto, and Dr. Husband, of Hamilton, were appointed a committee to wait upon the Government and lay before the Ministers the principal amendments which were being asked for. The most important one, and that which is likely to arouse the greatest discussion, is a provision under which the Council shall have authority to erase a doctor's name from the roll, and thus cut short his right to practice, when he shall have been found guilty of infamous or unprofessional conduct, appeal being allowed from the Council's decision to a Superior Court Judge.

Jones Plaits the Journalistic Hair.

Sam Jones says: "If I wanted to get good square judgment on something I had done I had rather go to a newspaper office for it than any other court of justice. I know the justice of journals, their integrity and purity of their motives. I know that they probe into men's characters. No man whose character is pure need fear all the press in America. The way to be safe from so-called newspaper attacks is to be a Christian. The reporters are the best detective force in this country. They have brought more criminals to justice and punctured more shams than all agencies combined."—*New York Herald*

Paying Business.

He had been saying he would like to get into some paying business which required only a small capital, when the squint-eyed man beckoned him aside and said:

"You seem to be a purty good sort of a man, and I'll put you on to a good thing. Move out to Dakota and sell your wife."

"Do what!"

"Fact. I've sold three and am east after a fourth and not one of them fetched less than $400. Go off like hot cakes out there, and the climate agrees with 'em."

How it Works.

A statesman yesterday asked a prominent railroad man for a light for his cigar and was handed a card, on which the following words were printed: "Would be pleased to comply with your request, but cannot do so on account of the inter-state commerce bill." It seems that statesmen can receive no favors from railroads.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Danger of Cremation.

Medium—Did you wish to inquire of the spirits, madam?

Widow—Well, you see, I have always suspected that they mixed the urns at the crematory, and I want to know if I have been weeping over the right urn for the last three years.—*Accident News.*

SHE WOULDN'T WEAR TIGHTS.

De Lussan's Refusal Disrupts the Boston Ideal Company—She Will Not Do on the Stage What She Would Not Do in a Parlor.

The celebrated Boston Ideal Opera Company is blown to pieces by an explosion of jealousies. Its career will end with the season. Barnabee, Tom Karl, W. H. McDonald and his wife (Marie Stone) and Samuel L. Studley, the leader, have given Manager W. H. Foster notice that they will only complete the present contract. Barnabee, Karl and two or three others will form a new company. Foster will have another, retaining Zelie de Lussan. She is the prime factor in the demolition of what was once the most harmonious and collectively strongest light opera company in this country. The trouble began when Agnes Huntington was forced to withdraw from the Ideals; it culminated when Barnabee, who had held a financial interest in the trip, managed to clear himself. Practically there will be no Boston Ideals next season, even though Foster retains the title and though Karl and the others form a similar troupe. But the immediate cause of the disruption is not commercial, it is artistic, and relates principally to a dispute over the reason why Zelie de Lussan, the prima donna, declines to appear in tights. She has refused to take any *role* requiring the absence or immodest shortening of her skirts, advancing the theory that no woman is justified in doing on the stage what she would not do in a polite parlor. Somebody in the company sent to a theatrical journal an anonymous letter charging that her real motive was the concealment of knock knees. This insinuation was obscurely published, and it brought the internal troubles of the Ideals to such an earthquake that only the pieces are kept together with difficulty to the close of the tour in March. Zelie de Lussan, who has caused the trouble, is the young and strikingly pretty daughter of a veteran opera singer. She was born in Brooklyn, and was educated musically with the utmost care here and in Europe. Her home is with her mother in a pleasant flat in West Forty-ninth street. She sang in concerts occasionally, but her first work on the opera stage was at the commencement of the present season with the Ideals. She has been a success. All accounts from inside the company agree that Manager Foster fell immediately in love with her, and the opinion is that the pair are engaged to marry. Every evening an enormous quantity of flowers are his gift across the footlights, and the daily cost of this offering is estimated at $100. The other soprano, Miss Stone, demurred at this forcing of attention upon Miss de Lussan, and the row began. Miss de Lussan's refusal to don any other than seemly feminine costumes was indorsed by her mother, but was ridiculed by her fellow-artists as foolish prudery. During a whole month, it is said, the other principals of the party never exchanged a single word with her, except in the mimicry of the play; and the mock devotion of Karl, as her operatic lover, though accompanied by the stipulated caresses, thinly overlaid a mutual hatred which would have appropriately been expressed by bites rather than kisses. In this way the tour of the Ideals nears its curious end. *New York Sun.*

Stanley on His Own Conversion.

"I have been in Africa for seventeen years and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What I wanted and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months that I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there and asked myself, 'Why on earth does he stop here?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him and wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible. Little by little his sympathy for others became contagious. Mine was aroused. Seeing his pity, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it." —*From a Recent Interview.*

Methodist Church Notes.

The Transfer Committee, under the arrangement of the General Conference, will meet on Thursday, April 7th, at 11 o'clock a. m., in the parlor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

The British Columbia Conference will meet for organization and business in Wesley Church, Victoria, B. C., on Wednesday morning, 11th May, at 10 o'clock.

The examination of probationers and candidates for the ministry in connection with the Niagara Conference will take place in the Methodist Church, Paris, on Wednesday, April 20th, at 9 a. m.

Been There Before.

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked, passionately.

"No, George," she answered with admirable poise, "but when you say that the day you call me yours will usher in an era of lifelong devotion and tender solicitude, you pardon me, dear- you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am a widow."—*New York Sun.*

Worse Than Misfit.

Young man (whispering to jeweller)—That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday—

Jeweller—What's the matter with it; didn't it fit.

Young man (cautiously) Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme collar buttons or it.

A Woman's Retort.

A woman is bound to have the last word. When the editor of the *Peavine* remonstrated with the principal contributor to the Poet's Corner of his valuable sheet for writing on both sides of her paper, she quietly retorted: "Well, and don't you print on both sides of yours?"—*Boston Transcript.*

She Made the Most of It.

Wife—"Got a dollar?" Husband "Where's that last dollar I gave you?" "Gone." "I thought I told you to make it go as far as you could." "I did." "Doesn't look like it." "Well, I did; I sent it to the Fiji Island heathen."—*Judge.*

LATE SPORTING NOTES.

Baseball.

Rochester has signed Troy, of last season's Binghamtons, to play second base in place of McKean.

The Metropolitan Club management have been working all winter to prevent a conflict of dates with the New York Club, and just when they thought they had every point satisfactorily covered the League adopted a schedule that upset all their plans and gave them about twenty-three conflicting dates.

Sam Bittle, the ex-pugilist of Toronto and now baseball pitcher, was trimmed for 16 hits by the Mobile Club, at Mobile, Ala., on Monday.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Baseball Association, held in Cleveland, Section 33 of the constitution was amended by this addition: "And in case any player under reserve shall wilfully hold off and refuse to sign a regular contract with the club which has him reserved, for the purpose of harrassing the club or compelling it to increase his salary, or shall by any means, directly or indirectly, endeavor to attempt wilful extortion from the club which has him reserved, he shall, upon complaint and satisfactory evidence being furnished by the club so aggrieved, be placed upon the blacklist by the President and Secretary, and notices issued to all clubs, as provided by this constitution and the National Agreement." In future ball players of the American Association will have to take what's offered them or stop playing ball.

The League clubs will open the season Eas t s. East and West vs. West instead of East vs. West, as in former years. New York opens at home with Philadelphia, Boston opens at Washington, Chicago opens at Pittsburg and Detroit at Indianapolis on April 28th.

To Jump the Falls.

Pat MacAuley, who calls himself "Signor Bladder," the champion jumper of the world, was at St. Catharines on Monday last arranging to jump over the Niagara Horseshoe Fall. He says that on the celebration of the Queen's jubilee, May 26th, he will encircle himself with bladders and a thin inflated rubber suit, sail down the river from Chippewa and make the trip. After he has done with the cataract he avows his intention of jumping from the Cantilever or Suspension Bridge, and will go through the rapids to Lewiston.

The Oar.

Ed. Hanlan telegraphed yesterday to his Boston boat builder to hurry forward the completion of his shells, as he proposes leaving Toronto next week to commence training on the Charles River course.

The Turf.

The announcement in the New York *Sun* of a week ago that the great English stallion Ormonde had turned roarer appears more fully in the latest English papers. It seems during the winter that Ormonde, among other horses trained at Kingsclere, was seized with strangles, which Candlemas was supposed to have brought into the stable after visiting Derby races in November, and, although for weeks back there had been a clean bill of health in Porter's establishment, and the majority of the horses were getting into work again, Ormonde seems to have gone wrong in his wind permanently. It will not injure his stud prospects, though.

The Ring.

A 36-round fight took place last night in a hall in Westerly, R.I., between Ike Weir the "Belfast Spider," and Jack Williams, both of Boston, the former being the victor. The fight was for a purse of $400 and an outside purse of $500 a side.

Donald Dinnie.

The famous Scotch athlete, Donald Dinnie, has become proprietor of a liquor store in a small town in Victoria, Australia. The following paragraph from a Melbourne paper shows that he finds the law in Australia to be quite as fickle as he found it by hard experience to be in Scotland: "Poor Donald Dinnie's reputation for canniness based upon his well-known caution in the scattering of small siller- is irretrievably ruined. Donald kept possession of somebody's horse for a disputed debt. The fiery steed grazed in a paddock attached to Donald's rural public house at Alphington, and for a time the braw Scot seemed to have the best of the deal. Then commenced a long wrestle between Donald and the remorseless law. After about six trials, sundry executions and a few summonses for assaulting bailiffs, Donald had to part with £40 odd of accumulated penalties to keep himself out of jail. At latest Donald was still guarding those bones of contention which constitute the horse, and another trial was pending. The quadruped is valued at £13."

Why Shoes are Thrown at Weddings.

The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom, either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey, is so old that the memory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think it represents an assault, and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage nations of carrying away the bride by violence others think that it is a relic of the ancient law of exchange or purchase, and that it formerly implied the surrender by the parents of all dominion or authority over their daughter. It has a likeness to a Jewish custom mentioned in the Bible. Thus in Deuteronomy we read that when the brother of a dead man refused to marry his widow she asserted her independence of him by "loosing his shoe." Also in Ruth, when the kinsman of Boaz gave up his claim to the inheritance of Ruth, and to Ruth also he indicated his assent by plucking off his shoe and giving it to Boaz. It was also the custom of the Middle Ages to place the husband's shoe on the head of the nuptial couch, in token of his domination. *American Register.*

Very Easily Answered.

Mrs. Hawkins—"Well, Mary, is my bath ready?" Mary—"What is the matter with the hot water, mum." "What is the matter with the hot water" "It is cowld, mum?"—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

It is considered almost certain that Toronto will be chosen as the headquarters of the new cavalry school to be established.

There is no danger of the young man who goes to see his girl striking for shorter hours.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MARCH. 24, 1887.

TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT.

The *Grey Review* bewails "the almost total extinction of Temperance sentiment in the riding among both parties, and the struggle at last election being as to who could show the most love for the liquor interest, even Dr. Christoe, M. Richardson and the ADVANCE, making a vigorous effort in that direction." On the contrary, we can assure the *Review* that Temperance sentiment never was stronger in South Grey than it is at this moment; but, unfortunately (or fortunately!) political bias is stronger still; and for that reason precisely the high horse mor'l adviser of the *Review* sought to injure(!) the Conservative candidate among moderate drinking Germans in Normanby, Bentinck and elsewhere by trying to prove that Dr. Jamieson was a temperance man. And, in order that the sword might cut both ways at once, the delightfully innocent Temperance(!) man of the *Review* tried to prove in Artemesia—that Dr. Jamieson was anything but an advocate of Temperance principles! Of all the people in South Grey who should keep mum concerning this matter, the editor of the *Review* is the man.

But the *Review* is not content to lampoon the ADVANCE: Mr. M. Richardson and Dr. Christoe are trotted forth with the usual scanty courtesy afforded opponents. The *Review* scribe says these gentlemen made an effort in the direction of showing their "love for the liquor interest." It only requires two words to answer the statements of the young man of the *Review*. They are vigorous, expressive and save multiplying words. In fact they are *you lie!*

Plant Trees in Spring.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR,—Will you allow me to remind your readers, in continuation of a letter addressed to them last fall, that the time is approaching when they must decide whether or no they will lose another year in the matter of preparing a future shelter for their farms. There is nothing to hinder anyone having, in a few years, a high and almost solid wall of evergreen along the north or west of their farms, an addition which would make it far more comfortable to live in, more profitable to crop, and more easy to sell. If anyone will take the trouble to visit some of those farms where such have been grown, they will never rest till they have commenced to plant one.

But what I wished more particularly to mention now is that, to those who have to spare a broader belt of land, that, if they will give say fifty feet in breadth, and plant it closely with deciduous trees, the number of branches, so that they keep it in order, and not make it a harbour for weed and rubbish, a thing easily managed, will prove in winter as effective a wind break as a line of evergreens. For trees when planted closely, and given care grow to tall straight stems, a number of which breaks the force of the wind completely.

It should also be noticed in this connection that here, among others, could be planted hickories, oaks, elms, ashes, and so forth, many of which are very valuable for different purposes, even when only six inches through. From such a belt extending across the farm, the owner can cut, every year, as soon as regrowth up, far more money's worth, and that without the labour of growing, than the same land will ever produce in crop.

For the day is, unfortunately, rapidly approaching, when all such goods will be very dear. At present, over much of our country, quantities of good wood are forced into market, by the necessity of the owners, and while this is done the price stays low. But, this stock is exhausted in many places, and at the present rate soon will be in all. In twenty years a farm of second growth, will be worth fifty cleared farms. Yours etc.,

R. W. PHIPPS.

Toronto, March 17th, 1887.

Editorial Notes.

It is amusing to notice how gravely *outsiders* deride the idea of substituting rollers for stones in Flesherton flouring mill. Of course they are disinterested parties—very!

Sir John Macdonald places his majority in the House at forty. This is a strong working majority—in fact *The Week* considers it altogether too large for good government. What must be said of Mr. Mowat's strong backing, then?

Mr. A. F. Campbell, Editor of the *Conservator*, was elected Mayor of Brampton by acclamation, on the 18th inst., in the room of L. Milne, deceased. Some Editor's are born with silver spoons in their mouths anyhow.

The *Canada Citizen* says all the delegates to the recent Alliance Convention, held in Toronto, "advise independent, intelligent and immediate political action" in order to secure prohibition. Just how the peculiar kind of "political action" indicated will be put in operation many earnest Temperance workers cannot for the life of them imagine. No doubt time will tell.

Quebec is already trying to get its "extensive" hand into the Dominion money bag and without any just reason for so doing. The ancient province is getting altogether too cheeky and ought to be taken across the Old Man's knee and spanked. N.B.—The Hamilton *Times* will please excuse us for an apparent infringement of its copyright in the spanking business.

The New York *Baptist Weekly*, of 17th inst., says: "Sam Jones and some other living Evangelists get off a good many bright things, but we have never seen them credited with making a better point than that reported of Jacob Knapp who, in rebuking hair-splitting theologians, said: "It is not God but the devil who sets men tanning a mosquito's hide on shore, while a shipwrecked crew are perishing unhelped before them."

In an editorial article in last Friday evening's Hamilton *Times* occurs the following significant sentence: "It becomes our painful duty to take the Toronto *Globe* across our paternal knee and spank it." Now, the *Times* is the leading Reform journal in Western Canada, and when it speaks "right out in meeting" in this manner there's something wrong sure. Is the *Globe* about to imitate the *Mail*?

The storm raised by friends and sympathizers of Mr. Alex. Mitchell over the appointment of our esteemed citizen, Mr. W. G. Pickell, as bailiff, has had the desired effect. Mr. Pickell positively declines the position under the circumstances and has retired, leaving the field open to his noisy competitors. Mr. P. has acted wisely, for had he persisted in holding his ground to which he was justly and properly entitled the howl would have been long, loud and to a man of his sensitive organization perfectly unendurable. From a selfish point of view, Thornbury's loss is Flesherton's gain for the present at anyrate.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHACKMETACK, a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Sore Throat. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion Constipation Dizziness, Loss of appetite Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

McGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE. Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipt book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TENDERS WANTED.

250 CEDAR Stakes for the Flesherton Cemetery, wanted. Tenders will be received up till noon on Wednesday, April 6th. Apply to W. CLAYTON, Secy, Flesherton. 2t

LOST NOTES.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against negotiating for two notes, one for $8.50, drawn in my favor by Mr. Hillock, and the other for $15, drawn in my favor by Henry Down, both now due, as the same have been lost or misplaced by me. J. W. HODGSON.

Horning's Mills, March 21st, 1887.

Mortgage Sale,

OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY!

Under power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage made by one Wm. Handy to the Vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, will be sold by Public Auction at the CROWN HOTEL, in the Village of FLESHERTON, on TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1887. At 11 o'clock a.m., the following valuable property, viz:

Lot number thirty in the 1st concession south of Durham Road containing 48 acres more or less and also the S. half of Lot thirty-three and a third acres of Lot thirty in the first concession north of the Durham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey.

There will also be sold under Mortgage made by Angus McLean the West half of Lot number thirty-three in the 1st concession of the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey containing by admeasurement 100 acres more or less, subject to the reserved rights of the Crown.

Terms of sale and will be made known on Day of sale. For further particulars apply to

M. J. KENT,
Solicitor, Owen Sound.

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

50 acre farm, 14 acres cleared. Apply to M. RICHARDSON.

SCROFULA

Humors,

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

Erysipelas,

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Canker, and

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured. Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

Catarrh,

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured. Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Money to Loan.

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Flour	$2 50	2 10
Fall Wheat	80	0 77
Spring Wheat	0 75	0 77
Barley	0 85	0 48
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 14	0 14
Potatoes	0 30	30
Pork	5 65	.65
Hay, per ton	8 00	106
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	
Sheepskins	0 50	
Geese	0 65	
Turkeys	0 08	
Chickens per pair	0 20	0
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

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HARNESS SHOP

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You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness.

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Blankets, &c.

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

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Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Waggon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Returns many thanks to the public for the liberal patronage bestowed on the above business. All orders solicited and promptly attended to. Repairing done.

I guarantee my work to be first-class, and those who want good work at reasonable prices will find it to their advantage to call on me. Shop in rear of Dr. Parkinson's residence, who will attend to all calls in connection with the business. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

NOTICE.

I have taken many persons' names to vote for me for $45 in favor of Samuel Martin, which fell due on or about 1st Nov., 1886, and have not received value for the same.

JOHN SHERWOOD.

Eugenia P.O.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 34, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to D. R. PURDY, P.M. at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. McL. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE FARM Property in the Township of Euphrasia, in the County of Grey. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the EUPHRASIA HOUSE, in the Village of HEATHCOTE, in the County of Grey, on FRIDAY THE EIGHTH DAY OF APRIL, 1887, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land situate in the said Township of Euphrasia, containing one hundred acres more or less composed of the south half of lot number 9 in the second concession. This desirable property lies about nine miles from Flesherton, four and a half miles from Eugenia, and two and a half miles from Heathcote, and has erected thereon a frame log house 20 x 26 and 14 a part frame 24 x 14 which are said to be in a fair state of repair. The property is well watered with a good spring creek running through it and conveniently situated as to travelled roads. There is a small orchard upon the premises containing about sixty fruit trees. The soil of a clay loam, about 4 acres are in a fair state of cultivation. The above premises will be offered for sale under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale and will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. TERMS and conditions made known on day of sale. For further particulars apply to E. M. CHADWICK, Vendor's Solicitor, Beatty, Chadwick, Blackstock & Gait, 58 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

Dated at Toronto this 3rd day of March A.D., 1887.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money Lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON.

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS! HARNESS.

If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blakets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harris Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRIEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, S. J. Dixon, is prepared to handle known in Bottoming. Best material used. Good generous satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Sept. 17th, 1886.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

EUGENIA Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

New Goods!

I have received a large assortment of Spring Goods, consisting of Gents, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Childrens Boots and Shoes.

I am offering them at prices that for quality cannot be beat. CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

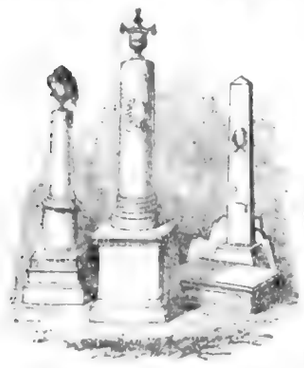

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

Are also sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

LITTLE FALLS

Saw Mill!

IN FULL OPERATION.

Special attention given to custom work, so that parties delivering logs to be sawn, can have their Lumber for return LOGS.

SAW LOGS

BOUGHT.

WM HOGG.

Feb. 23rd, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Eugenia Echoes.

From our own Correspondent.

The Orange soiree and concert held here on the 15th inst. was a decided success, notwithstanding the deprecating insinuations of a certain crook to the contrary. The hall was crowded, which indicates that worthy public entertainments are growing in popularity here. The bill of fare—both for physical and intellectual delectation—was heartily appreciated. Rev. Mr. Corcoran occupied the chair, and gave an instructive, pleasing and interesting opening address, followed by the greeting glee by the Choir, which evidenced assiduous practice. An organ and violin recital, by Miss Akitt and Mr. Jacob Williams respectively, was well received. The song and chorus—"On the Banks of the Beautiful River"—was heartily applauded. Dialogues, songs, &c. now followed in rapid succession—reflecting credit on those who took part therein. "I'll take Thee back again, Kathleen," by Minnie Carr, was received with favor. The quartette, entitled, "The Professor at Home," was the capital hit of the evening and brought down the house. This difficult piece was rendered by Mr. J. R. Hogg (Bass) as *Professor*; Mr. E. W. Farr (Tenor) as *Tax-Collector*; Miss Annie Carruthers (Sophrano) as *Pupil*; Mrs. Saul (Alto) as *Housekeeper*; Miss Akitt accompanied on the organ. It would be difficult to say who excelled. *Encores* were repeatedly called, and so promptly were they responded to, that one would imagine the "supply" inexhaustible. We noticed with pleasure and pride the recent additions to our already excellent musical talent, and must congratulate them on their creditable *debut*. Miss Sarah Pedlar and Miss Lizzie Parks arrested our attention and gave promise (to our mind) of future popularity.

F. T. Carr was called on for an address and responded cheerfully to a few general remarks on the Orange association, its principles rise and progress, and aims, after which Mr. J. R. Hogg, Musical Conductor, and his assistants were tendered the heartiest thanks of the meeting. Mr. Hogg made a neat reply. The singing of the National Anthem and the benediction brought the entertainment to a close. Proceeds $25.

ACCIDENT. Rev. Mr. Corcoran was pitched out of his cutter one day last week while driving along a sideling place on the road, the horse having "bolted." He was quite severely injured in the region of the heart and limbs, also in the shoulder, by coming in contact with a stump, and the cutter striking him. He was unable to fill all his appointments on Sunday, but we are glad to know that he is now able to move around with greater ease.

W. C. T. U. Items.

News comes to us from Halifax, that on the 11th of March, the Liquor dealers got badly snubbed by the city council. A year ago the Legislators adopted a stringent Licence Law. 80 Licences where granted under it. A week ago a large body of Liquor sellers sent a petition to the Council, saying they had been advised that the Law was unconstitutional; and that they had decided to resist the enforcement of the act, and to test its validity in the Courts. They asked the City Council to join them in asking the Legislator to suspend the law till after its Constitutionality had been tested in the courts. After a long discussion the City Council decided it was their business to enforce the law not to test its validity, as during that time no doubt but there would be a high carnival of free drinks, and refused to take action in the matter. Many think that Halifax is face to face with a serious question, and that it might as well be fought out now as well as any other time.

It is thought the resources of the city will be equal to the nearly two hundred Liquor dealers who have organized to defy the Law, most of these Liquor dealers bitterly resisted the Dominion License Law and insisted that only the local Legislator could deal with the Liquor question.

Scott Act fines to the amount of $131 have been paid in London, one fine of $50 in Strathroy.

BOYCOTTING IN PITTSFIELD, MASS:—Miss Merriam, teacher of a free drawing school, has been removed because of her activity against the Licence party in the last election. She is a leader in the Y. W.C.T.U., and was prominent in getting Gen. Stewart L. Woodford there for a week's no Licence campaign; she originated the local party which advocated the no vote, and decorated the hall where the town meeting was held.

COR, SEC.

Official Returns.—South Grey.

On Saturday last, Mr. G. L. McCaul, Returning Officer, made his official declaration of the votes in South Grey, with the following figures:

Township	Poll	Sub	Landerkin	Jameson	Landerkin's majority.	Jameson's majority.
Artemesia	1		72	39	33	
	2		40	21	19	
	3		38	66		28
	4		28	55		27
	5		49	89		40
	6		39	77		38
	7		40	64		24
	8		16	65		49
			322	476	52	206
Township majority						154
Bentinck	1		54	105		51
	2		100	59	41	
	3		70	87		17
	4		94	11	83	
	5		100	71	29	
	6		124	52	72	
	7		81	27	54	
			623	412	279	68
Township majority					211	
Egremont	1		28	81		53
	2		31	57		26
	3		90	40	50	
	4		91	47	44	
	5		83	37	46	
	6		109	44	65	
			432	306	205	79
Township majority					126	
Glenelg	1		42	107		65
	2		82	67	15	
	3		38	114		75
	4		85	58	27	
	5		86	65	21	
			333	411	63	141
Township majority						78
Holland	1		103	68	35	
	2		49	77		28
	3		109	66	43	
	4		94	41	53	
	5		62	68		6
	6		33	51		18
	7		65	78		13
			515	449	131	66
Township majority					66	
Proton	1		20	29		9
	2		19	37		18
	3		28	75		47
			67	141		74
Town majority						
Total			2,292	2,195		

Total maj. for Landerkin 97.

Better Your Grave.—Don't allow a cold to rise head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh: 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh: 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal. —Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. —Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain. —William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:-FROM-:—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

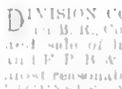

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St., Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, &c. B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Agent for C.L.C. Company, F.P.B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,

FWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at low cost rates.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class livery in connection with the opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 14th, 1884.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,

Flesherton

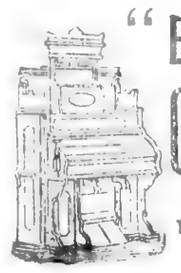

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

AFTER THE KAISER DIES

The Queen of England's Daughter Will Be the Ruling Power in Germany - Her War with Bismarck.

A Berlin cable says: Two facts are well known here in diplomatic circles which have an important influence on Prince Bismarck's political moves. In the first place the Crown Princess of Germany, who has great influence with her husband, will have a large voice in the government of the country on the death of the Kaiser, an event which may occur at any moment and cannot be delayed beyond a few months at farthest. And it is well known that her desire is to curtail the sovereign power and increase the authority of the Reichstag, and, in a word, to assimilate the autocratic rule of Germany to the parliamentary government of England. In the second place, it is well known that there is no love lost between the Princess and Prince Bismarck, whose rule of blood and iron is repugnant to her democratic ideas.

If left to herself, the Crown Princess would at once bring into power the *Freisinnige*, or Progressist party, the members of which are anti-monopolists, in fact free traders, who desire the abolition of all repressive, Socialist and Church Laws. In order to curb the Crown Princess, Prince Bismarck brought about the late elections and forced the issues in such a way as to obtain a strong Government majority of National Liberalists, not, as he might easily have done, of Conservatives alone. By his orders the Conservatives gave way in many places to the National Liberals, so that while the Conservatives gained only a few seats the National Liberals have gained forty or more seats. Another result of Prince Bismarck's policy has been the almost total annihilation of the *Freisinnige* party, which is now cut down from 67 to under 20 members. The new Reichstag has three years to run; therefore, when the Crown Princess begins to rule Germany she will find a majority too strong to be lightly dismissed, and of liberal but not dangerously radical tendencies. Prince Bismarck hopes that, whereas the Crown Princess might have dissolved a Conservative Parliament, she will at least try for a while to use the Liberal majority provided for her. Perhaps he also hopes that a year or two of such trial will give her a new idea of the difficulty of governing through Parliament a nation which has to contend with the absolute power of Russia.

Prince Bismarck is destroying all the Crown Princess' political friends, but at the same time providing her with a new set of friends, sufficiently to her taste to make it hard for her to quarrel with them. There is no mistake so great as to suppose that Prince Bismarck is not providing for the future. When he dies it will be found that not only has he provided a policy for his successors, but that this policy is so arranged that even its bitterest enemy, the Crown Princess, will be forced to carry it out.

FUN IN A MENAGERIE.

An Elephant Plays Ball with a Pony and a Leopard.

A Cincinnati despatch says: There was a private performance last night at a menagerie that is wintering here that was thrilling while it lasted. The few spectators present heartily wished themselves anywhere else until it was over, and then they gloried in the tale that they could tell. An elephant had been bothered for some time by a Mexican pony that was permitted to be near him, and all of a sudden the huge beast coiled his trunk around the pony and hurled him against the leopard's cage. The bars of the leopard's cage were so bent that the leopard was liberated, and yesterday for the insult that had been offered him he pounced upon the elephant, a lively fight ensuing. After an interesting bout the elephant threw the leopard against a brick wall and badly smashed his right fore paw. The leopard then sat down to ascertain his damages, and inadvertently switched his tail under a door. The attendants, who had entrenched themselves outside, were quick to recognize their opportunity. They seized the tail and held on to it tenaciously while a detachment rushed inside, covered the beast with a big box and captured him. His ponyship is laid up for repairs.

TWO MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

Supposed Poisoning of a Clergyman and His Wife by Candy from Montreal.

A Newton despatch says: Rev. Wm. S. Howland, of this place, formerly a missionary to Ceylon, and his wife died rather suddenly, Mrs. Howland on March 5th and Mr. Howland on March 7th. The doctor's certificate stated that Mrs. Howland died of double pleuro-pneumonia, to which she was subject, and Mr. Howland of gastro hepatitis with evidence of septic poisoning. Both were buried on Wednesday. So many unpleasant rumors have been current since their death that an official investigation has been made. Mr. Howland was called to his wife's bedside from Montreal last week. Some candy which he brought from there he, his wife and two of his children partook of, it is learned, and now the children have symptoms of blood poisoning. The candy has been sent to Harvard College for analysis.

Cholera Marching North.

A Washington despatch says: The Secretary of State is informed that cholera has spread through parts of the Chilian Provinces of Aconcagua and Valparaiso, and is extending along the Valley of Aconagua toward the sea. At a station of the railroad between Santiago and Valparaiso, 35 miles from the latter, about 600 cases have so far been reported, of which about 250 have proved fatal. Stringent sanitary measures have been adopted by the authorities.

Nine-year-old Charley Andrews was riding with his mother from Columbus to Cincinnati. She awoke early in the morning and he was gone. An engine was sent back to recover his dead body, and the boy was found in a fence corner, without a scratch or bruise on him. He said that he wanted his mother. He had in his sleep stepped from a train running forty miles an hour.

Daniel Miller, of Donegal, Pa., bought a pair of common white rabbits a year ago. He now has seventy rabbits, the offspring of the original pair.

THE LAST OF BEECHER.

Burial Services in His Own and Other Churches—An Affecting Scene.

A last (Friday) night's Brooklyn despatch says: There are clear sky and bright sun. The remains of Beecher lay in state in Plymouth Church throughout the night. Flags are at half-mast on all public buildings and on nearly all business houses. The principal business places were closed from 10.30 a.m. until the close of the services at the church. None were admitted into the church but those holding tickets. About 10 a.m. the seats were filled. The pulpit presented the appearance of a gigantic flower bed. Among those present were 40 clergymen from New York, Dr. McGlynn, President Oleana, of the Board of Aldermen, Lieut.-Gov. Jones, Henry George, Senator Evarts and Col. Fackner, of the 13th Regiment, committees from the New York Press Club, Cotton, Stock and Produce Exchanges, Union League Club and pastors of the colored churches in Brooklyn. Mrs. Beecher and her children were not present. Drs. Hall and Halliday occupied the pulpit. The former read the opening sentence of the Episcopal burial service with faltering voice. The choir, nearly hidden behind a bank of calla lilies, then sang the burial chant. Dr. Hall then read the Scripture lesson. The choir rendered the anthem in a beautiful manner, the quartette being supplemented by a large chorus. Throughout the church people were visibly affected. Dr. Hall then read his address from manuscript. Several times he interrupted himself by his emotion, and the tears of the congregation fell fast as the preacher spoke lovingly and trustingly of their departed pastor.

When Dr. Hall's address was finished a perfect burst of pent-up emotion succeeded, and nearly every one in the church wept. Dr. Halliday followed with prayer, and the choir sang, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," after which the anthem "I Heard a Voice," which was composed for this occasion, was given. Following this was the benediction. The recessional hymn, "Hark! Hark! My Soul," was sung, and the vast congregation departed from the church, leaving the remains of their pastor under the guard of Plymouth Company, who will constitute the watch until the body is taken to Greenwood to-morrow.

When the congregation had dispersed the doors were thrown open to the public to view the remains. The Roman Coliseum would not have been large enough to hold all who would have liked to be present to honor the illustrious dead. It was therefore necessary to hold services at the other churches. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage made the principal address at the First Baptist Church, taking for his subject, "It is a beautiful thing in human nature to show the disposition to speak well of the dead."

Funeral services were also held in the First Presbyterian Church, the Church of Our Saviour, Sands Street Methodist Church, Unitarian Church, First Baptist, and were all very largely attended. The order of exercises was the same in each. Rev. Dr. Talmage spoke at the First Baptist Church and paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased. H. W. Sage, of Ithaca, who was at the funeral, stated to a reporter that his father had left money to erect a monument to the memory of the great divine.

All day yesterday the body of the great preacher lay embowered in flowers in Plymouth Church.

"I would not have a semblance of mourning about my grave," Mr Beecher had said in one of his most eloquent sermons.

"Death is coronation.

"Life and death are equal kings, and death, even at its worst, is but perfect rest."

And so, when the hearts of those nearest and dearest to him were overwhelmed with grief they endeavored to feel as he would have had them feel, and all the outward and visible trappings of woe customary when death visits a household were carefully avoided, in deference to Mr. Beecher's wish.

WRAPPED IN FLAME.

A Woman Burned to Death Her Husband Absent and Still Ignorant of Her Fate.

A Kentville, N. S., despatch says: A sad tragedy has occurred at Hall's Harbor. Mrs. Henry Parker was alone in the house with her three children, the youngest an infant only twelve days old. As she moved in front of the stove to lay the baby in the cradle her dress caught fire and before the flames could be extinguished the unfortunate woman had been so badly burned that she died six hours after. On finding her clothing on fire she rushed to the front door, and, by her screaming, attracted the attention of a family living on the opposite side of the street. When first seen she appeared completely enveloped in flames. She suffered intense agony until death gave her relief. Her husband is engaged in fishing on the New Brunswick coast, and knows nothing of the terrible event.

A Money Making Scheme, Eh!

A London cable says: The Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Argyll have withdrawn from the honorary council of the American Exhibition, owing to the manner in which their names are mentioned in a petition to the Prince of Wales to accept the Presidency of the Council of the Exhibition, and also they state because they have learned that the exhibition is purely a private speculation. The petition to the Prince, which the managers are handing around for signature, assures the Prince that the Americans hold him in high esteem, and humbly begs that he will be graciously pleased to accept the honorary Presidency of the Council of the Exhibition, which will be a living proof that Americans desire to aid in the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. That the Prince will decline the offer is a foregone conclusion.

A Question in Moral Ethics.

Minister (to boy, who is digging for worms) Little boy, don't you know that it is wrong to work on Sunday, except in cases of necessity?

Boy (going on with his digging) -This is a case of necessity. A fellow can't go fishin' 'thout bait.—*From Life.*

—An English inventor claims that bells made by soldering together pieces of bent metal gave a much better volume of sound than cast bells.

A COAT OF TAR.

A Negro Family Treated to Tar and Feathers.

A Manassas (Va.) despatch says: Last Sunday morning before daylight a colored family named Fields, living three miles southeast of this place, were aroused by three masked men, who broke down the door of their hut. The family, which consisted of an old woman, her son and daughter, respectively about 21 and 29 years old, jumped from their beds; but before they could escape they were seized, blindfolded, stripped and bound. While one of the masked men was keeping guard over his prisoners the other two prepared the tar and feathers. The old mother and her children were literally covered with tar and then rolled on feathers. The masked men told the family that if they did not leave the county within ten days they would return and hang them. It is not believed that they will be further molested, as their punishment is severe enough.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of three young men who are suspected of having committed the assault. The negro family bears an unsavory reputation. A few nights previous to the tar-and-feathering Mr. Colbert had his meat house broken into and robbed while his wife lay dead in the house. Suspicion rested upon the Fields, whose depredations had been a constant source of annoyance. The daughter has served a term in the penitentiary for burglary, and has been several times in the county jail.

A riot occurred on Monday night, growing out of the affair, and stones and other missiles were freely used by the negroes. The riot was finally quelled by the arrest of several negroes and one white man. The Mayor fined most of them, and two negroes, White and Thomas, were sent to the county jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

HOME RULE AND LIBERAL UNION.

Chamberlain Says Unless Something is Done Quickly the Liberals will Remain Divided.

A last Saturday night's London cable says: Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, speaking at a meeting of the National Radical Union at Birmingham this evening, deplored the delay in the reunion of Liberals, and said that the longer the rupture continued the more serious the situation became, and that if they did not agree quickly they would drift further apart. So far as he was concerned, he could not see t way to take any further steps toward a reunion. The Liberal Unionists must now carry out plans to render their organization as effective as possible. Chamberlain further said that Mr. Gladstone was alone able to reunite the party. He knew the Unionist objections and whether or not it was possible even now to meet them. The objections were directed, not against the principles of the party, but against the methods of carrying them out. "An appeal to the country may come quickly," he said, "unless the Government is prepared, in addition to enforcing the law in Ireland, to introduce a measure which, instead of tinkering with the Land Act of 1881, will endeavor to finally end the conflict between landlord and tenant by making the tenant the practical owner of the soil. The Unionists will loyally support such a measure, introduced with a concurrent measure to suppress crime." The Right Hon. James Stanfeld, speaking at Darlington to night, said that the Liberals would oppose to the last the adoption of coercive measures for the government of Ireland

A DEFAULTER.

The Secretary of the Royal Templars of Temperance Goes Off With the Funds.

A Buffalo despatch dated yesterday says: E A Abbott, the Supreme Secretary of the Royal Templars of Temperance, is a defaulter to the extent of at least $5,000. He lived, with his wife and two children, at Aurora, near here, but was in Buffalo every day. As Supreme Secretary he received $25,000 every month in dues, and this he was required to pay over daily to the Treasurer, John Lyth, of this city. Abbott received a salary of $3,000 a year, and had been Grand Secretary for several years. His devotion to the Order was so great that he did not even drink cider. The embezzlement was made of cheques given him to send to pay death claims, and although the Supreme Treasurer used the telegraph wires liberally it is not certain how much Abbott took. A letter was read to-night, written by Abbott on a Grand Trunk Railway train, in which he admits his guilt. He says he regrets he was forced to take the terrible steps he did, but there was no other way except to commit suicide, and thoughts of his wife and children kept him from doing that. He said he would devote the remainder of his life to earning money to pay up the defalcation. He said he would be in Montreal and offered any assistance he could give in the investigation which he knew would be made. Abbott is known to be in Montreal.

Scene in the House of Lords.

A London cablegram says: There was a diverting scene in the House of Lords on Friday night of which no account appeared in the next morning's papers. At the close of the sitting Lord Denman spoke for about ten minutes in opposition to the Law of Evidence Amendment Bill. His observations were somewhat incoherent, including reminiscences of the trial of Queen Caroline, in which his father earned so much distinction. At the close of his remarks, however, Lord Denman, raising his voice and waving his arm in an excited way, exclaimed: "Noble Lords may sneer at me or do their best to snub me. But it is too much when they make a practice of contemptuously turning their backs upon me whenever I rise to speak, and I feel greatly inclined to apply the end of my boot to the nearest part of their persons." It would be a delicious spectacle to see the enraged Denman advancing upon Lord Salisbury and Lord Halsbury with the dire purposes of there and then carrying out his threat.

Wilmington, Vt., is nearly in the centre of the largest maple sugar section in the world. The largest maker there ships 10,000 gallons of syrup yearly, and the business is growing fast.

Moody has raised the needed $250,000 for a training school for missionaries in Chicago. The town needs all the missionaries that the school can produce.

NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

Report on the Value of the Land Proposed to be Expropriated—$525,000 Necessary to be Raised to Make Niagara Free for Ever.

Col. Gzowski, J. W. Langmuir and J. Grant Macdonald, Commissioners for Niagara Falls Park, have presented to the Ontario Government a supplemental report, containing their valuation of the properties proposed to be expropriated for park purposes.

The Commissioners report that the arbitrators in the references made to them for the valuation and payment of lands taken for the Niagara Falls Park, have made their awards in all cases but those of Mr. J. T. Bush and the Thorold, St. Catharines and Suspension Bridge Road.

The amounts awarded to the respective proprietors and the amounts offered by the Commissioners are as follows:

Owner's Name.	Awarded.	Offered by the Commissioners.
Bush	$ 34.000	$ 27,500
Lyman Moore	2,900	1,675
Tench, E. A	8,000	5,500
Tench, jun.	1,500	1,000
Robinson, Eliz	3,600	3,500
Robinson, W.	3,600	3,500
Brundage	15,050	11,388
Buchanan, W. O	21,767	17,861
Wood, Peter	14,000	11,400
Newton, W.	400	400
Clarke, P. S.	2,500	1,500
Buchanan, Estate of Jas.	1,550	1,000
Buchanan, Estate of R. S	8,600	7,120
Davis, Saul	102,500	98,750
Davis, Ellen	35,000	25,000
Davis, Ellen, Prospect House	37,500	37,500
Gladstone, Mrs.	8,252	6,500
Toll Gate	2,900	2,500
Macklem	100 000	26,175
Canada Southern	150	100
Vanderbilt	850	450
Brett	250	250
	$402,867	$290,569

From the above statement it will be seen that the total amount awarded is $402,867, as against $290,569 offered by the Commissioners, the difference between the two amounts being $103,298. This large difference is chiefly confined to five out of 23 cases brought before the arbitrators. In these five cases the principal evidence rested on the incomes of the proprietors derived from charges made to the public visiting the Falls.

While the Commissioners did not anticipate so large a difference between the amounts offered by them and the amounts awarded by the arbitrators, they cannot but recognize the strength of the evidence on which the awards are founded as affording proof of the very large number of visitors to the Falls, and which supports the view expressed by them in their former reports of the undertaking becoming self-sustaining. The amount to be provided to pay for the land, according to the award, being in excess of that offered by the Commissioners, compels them to increase the total amount necessary to carry out the Niagara Falls Park project by $25,000, making the total amount required $525,000.

During the past year the Commissioners endeavored to obtain as reliable information as possible, from various sources, of the annual number of visitors to the Falls, and as far as that could be ascertained, the average number for a period of several years may be safely estimated as between 200,000 and 250,000 per annum. Notwithstanding that a little larger amount will be required for the purpose of carrying out the project, the Commissioners adhere to the recommendation made in their report of 16th March, 1886, that the Park shall be absolutely free to all visitors who enter it to enjoy the natural beauties and such views as it affords without artificial aid, not needing machinery, structures, guides, etc.; but they advise that the maximum charge to visitors who desire to see all the magnificent and wonderful sights, requiring guides and artificial aid, shall be 50 cents instead of 30 cents. Based on such charge, it will require 82,420 visitors annually, only one-third of the whole estimated number, to meet the cost of maintaining the Park, and to provide for the payment of interest and sinking fund on the bonds. The Commissioners' reports of 18th September, 1885, 7th December, 1885, and 16th March, 1886, have so fully referred to the subject in all its bearings that they beg to refer you to them for further information.

In conclusion, the Commissioners beg to call your attention to the Act of the Legislature of Ontario, 48 Vic., entitled "An Act for the Preservation of the Natural Scenery about Niagara Falls," which provides that the payment for the lands taken for the Niagara Falls Park must be made on or before the 28th day of March, 1887, in this Her Gracious Majesty's Jubilee year.

Late Northwest News.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The cases against Mr. Walker, charged with personating at the Dominion election contest, and Mr. Claugh, accused of forgery in connection with the Springfield Provincial voters' lists, have fallen through.

A Chicago detective has arrived here to seek the extradition of Trimacyco, the Italian murderer.

Snowslides in the mountains have temporarily interfered with the moving of trains in that section.

Coal is selling at $20 a ton at Macleod, though it is only twenty-five miles from the Galt mines. A snow blockade is the cause.

The national societies of this city are moving with a view to arranging for the proper reception of immigrants on their arrival here.

Advices from Montreal indicate that Archbishop Tache continues in poor health and has, in consequence, abandoned his projected trip to Rome.

The trial of "Dressy Man," for the murder of Constable Cowan at Fort Pitt during the late rebellion, was commenced at Regina to-day, and resulted in a verdict of not guilty.

In consequence of the retirement of Mr. Brown from the Provincial Cabinet, Mr. Norquay will resume the position of Provincial Treasurer and Mr. Lariviere will again become Provincial Secretary.

Salt, in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, is an emetic always on hand. This is also an antidote to be used after poisoning from nitrate of silver while waiting for the doctor to come.

A LOVER'S REVENGE.

A Fickle Maiden's Room Invaded at Night, Her Long Hair Cut Off, and Her Face Disfigured.

This village is in a commotion over the cruel but novel punishment inflicted on a young lady of this place because of her rejection of her lover, writes a Farnsdale, Pa., correspondent of the New York *Sun*. The little town is composed of about twenty families, who have lived in peace for almost as many years. Prominent among them are the Dunkelbergers and Holikeffers, who were on the most intimate terms, not because their farms were adjoining, but because the nuptials of Frederick Holikeffer and Miss Mame Dunkelberger had been announced. This union had been a prearranged affair by the parents years ago. The courtship, therefore, of the young couple had been going on since their school days. It was expressly stipulated by the parents of Fred that he should not marry before he attained his 21st birthday, which occurs on March 22nd. These facts were well known to all the inhabitants of the place, and the approaching marriage did not create any excitement outside of the ordinary comment in such cases.

Mame, as the intended bride was called by her lady frinds, was a lively, bright, good-looking girl of 18, and although born at Farnsdale, she cultivated a desire for more society and life than the little country town could give her. Having an aunt living in Newark, N. J., she made frequent and prolonged visits to her, much to the annoyance of Fred, whose disposition was directly opposite that of the girl's. He reproached her more than once for her long absence from home, but in this he assumed such a dictatorial attitude that the young lady refused to accept further advice from him, and subsequently declared that a union between them could never take place. She forthwith started on a visit to her aunt's, leaving her lover in a very unhappy state of mind. The news of the quarrel soon spread, and conjectures were many as to the cause of it. Those intimate with the family said that the fickle-hearted girl had transferred her affections to a Newark man, and that she gloried in the opportunity thus offered by Fred to break the engagement with him. The young man became desperate, and fears were entertained that he would do him self bodily harm, though he had quietly resolved that he would make her suffer for the misery she had caused him. Meanwhile the girl returned home for the purpose of arranging for her permanent residence with her aunt in Newark, at the same time refusing every effort to bring about a reconciliation with her lover. She named Washington's birthday as the time of her departure. The inhabitants of Farnsdale retired as usual on Monday night, and, although somewhat uncertain as to the quarrel, they were not prepared for the announcement the next morning that the Dunkelbergers' home had been entered during the night; that Mame had been made a special object of attack, and that she was probably disfigured for life. The family had hardly begun to realize what had happened before the house was besieged by friends and neighbors eager to hear the story, which Mr. Dunkelberger told as follows:

"The family retired at about 10.30, our customary hour, and as I was to drive my daughter to the station early this morning, I awoke at about 5 o'clock and went directly to her room, but received no response to my repeated calls. The light which always burned in her room was extinguished, and, becoming alarmed, I broke open the door, lit the lamp, and was horrified to find my daughter lying unconscious crosswise on the bed, with her long, wavy hair cut off clean to the scalp and her face frightfully tattooed. Everything in the room was disarranged, and a strong odor of chloroform pervaded the apartment. Simultaneously with an effort to arouse her from the stupor in which she lay, I thought of $1,500 in gold, a wedding present from me, which she had carefully concealed in a little portmonnaie, together with her correspondence with Fred, in one of the bureau drawers, but the perpetrators of the dastardly work had taken it. Meanwhile she became conscious, but swooned away when she saw what had happened. She is now under the care of a doctor and will see no one."

When asked who was suspected as the perpetrators, he said: "Why, everything points to Fred. This is his revenge."

Fred is missing, and the greatest excitement prevails throughout the town.

France to Dig Up the Delphic Temple.

The French Government has at last succeeded in obtaining leave from the Greek Government to search at Delphi for remains of the temple which stood there. It is supposed that there are priceless treasures buried in the ground. There was no sanctuary to which so many valuable presents were made as to the Delphic one, and next to that of Olympus it was the most important in Greece.

For a long course of centuries the soil has not been disturbed. Comte de Mouy, who is an enthusiastic lover of classic antiquity and an archæologist, began, when he was Minister at Athens, negotiations which have been ended successfully by M. de Montholon. He had a keen rival in the American representative at Athens, where there is now an American as well as a French school.—*London Daily News.*

An Egg Puzzle.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* replies to a young lady who dates her note from Madison avenue, and uses paper scented with the perfume of violets, and asks it to solve a problem over which she has been puzzling hopelessly. The problem is this: One hundred eggs are placed on level ground in a straight line, one yard apart. A basket is placed one yard from the first egg. How far must a person travel to bring them one by one to the basket? The *Journal* says it would be a tiresome journey for a young lady with tight shoes. The distance is 10,100 yards, or 5 65-88ths miles.

A citizen of Ionia, Mich., rang the bell at a house when he called, and then stood patiently on the iron doorstep until the servant opened the door. Then he turned pale, and cried out that he was paralyzed; for when he tried to walk he could not move. He felt better just as soon as he discovered that his wet boots had frozen to the iron step as he stood waiting.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Sad Fate of Old World Professional Beauties.

LATEST FASHION AND OTHER GOSSIP

How to Make Garments "Cling."

According to a society writer, since Miss Eaglake, the actress, made her first appearance in this country in her soft, clinging garments, swaying in harmony with every step of the wearer, society has been on the *qui vive* to discover the secret and gain, if possible, a tithe at least of the swish and sway and rythmic movement which seemed to make the garment worn by Helle instinct with life and motion. The secret has been discovered, and the reigning belles in tip-top circles in New York are more captivating than ever before. These picturesque gowns are made of some soft, clinging material, and worn over divided skirts, making the dress necessarily conform to the gait of the wearer. The secret is said to have been discovered by the costumer of Rosina Vokes and imparted to a select few of his customers.

The Fate of Professional Beauties.

Mrs. Langtry, before she disappeared from English society, had seen many other ladies raised by royal favor to the now extinct position of "professional beauty." There is hardly one of these ladies whose fate is not worthy of commiseration and whose confessions would not be valuable. Their reigns terminated in various ways. One offended by observing that a certain waist was not so thin as formerly; another, that a certain head of hair was not as thick as of yore; a third, in a festive moment, poured a teaspoonful of ice-cream down a royal shirt-collar; a fourth falsely and wickedly stated to her friends that a certain bracelet was a royal gift, whereas in truth and in fact it was bought out of the hard earnings of her husband's brain. The position of reigning favorite involved untold expenses, for to know the Prince involved knowing his set, who were numerous and thirsty, and for whose accommodation in a house often of the tiniest the friends of a lifetime had perforce to be discarded. Fulsome was the adulation poured upon the beauty during her brief reign, and cruel were the slights and snubs put upon her when it ended, and when nothing remained to remind her of it but shattered health, an alienated husband and an infuriated father-in-law. In such circumstances there is nothing for lovely women to do but to go and winter on the Riviera. The future of such a fallen star is dark indeed, unless, of course, her husband can secure election as member of Parliament, when she can get back into society by another door.—*London Pall Mall Budget.*

Whims of the Toilet.

Japan ladies gild their teeth.

The ladies of the Indies paint their teeth red.

Ladies in Greenland used to color their faces blue and yellow.

The ladies of Guzerat stain their teeth a sable color which they think adds to their beauty.

The two best female violinists in the States are Miss Duke, daughter of General Basil Duke, of Kentucky, and Miss Maud Tarleton, of Baltimore.

According to the New York correspondents women are considered by publishers to be among the best judges of manuscript. Whether it be her critical judgment or her critical instinct, her conclusion as to whether an embryo book or magazine article will take with the public or not is pretty sure to be correct.

A new departure in the ways of women is the formation of a fire brigade. According to the London *Fireman*, this has been done by a thousand girls employed in a Liverpool cigar factory. They are well officered and drilled, and at a recent blaze in the factory turned out "to a man" and did most effectual work in subduing the flames.

At a recent wedding in New York the bride wore a dress more than a century old. It was made for her maternal great-grandmother in 1778 and worn at her wedding, when Alexander Hamilton was groomsman and General Washington and his staff were present as guests. It was worn for the second time by the bride's mother forty-five years ago.

Woman has no vote in Iowa, but she is allowed to hold office if she can be elected. According to the official register for 1887 three counties have Recorders who do not belong to the voting sex; ten counties have women Superintendents of Public Schools; a woman's name stands in the executive department of the official register; she forms one of the Board of Honored Curators of the State Horticultural Society, and has a seat among the Educational Examiners in Agriculture and Medicine. The Governor has recently appointed a woman visitor to the Insane Hospital, and two of them act as trustees of the reformatories. Altogether Iowa women make a pretty good showing in public life, and the mere fact of not being allowed to vote ought not to trouble them very much.

This Week's Fashion Notes.

The most fashionable fabrics for spring wear will be of cotton.

The skirts of almost all walking dresses are made quite plain, or with a very narrow pleating set underneath the edge.

The stitchings on the backs of the fashionable four-button English gloves grow broader and broader and the buttons constantly increase in size. The favorite color is a reddish mahogany shade, with the stitchings of black.

Little visites of plush are worn for afternoon calls and to the matinees, and at night to the play. They are of a shape to match the costume sometimes, but more generally seal-brown, which goes well with any costume. They reach only some two inches below the waist-line behind, and have sling sleeves.

A charming travelling costume worn by one of the early departures for Europe had a plain skirt of dark electric-blue moire, draped with cashmere of the same shade; the tight, round waist had handkerchief fronts crossing over a vest of the moire, and full sleeves gathered at the elbow to deep moire cuffs. The waist was belted with watered ribbon. The long coat, reaching to the hem of the skirt, was of heavy blue camel's hair lined with brown fur, and the turban was of the same material trimmed with the fur.

Covert coats of light tan and mastic livery cloth, and with the lapped seams, are constantly growing in popularity. They are to be found ready made in the big dry-goods shops. The collars are very high, and many of them button across with a little strap of the cloth; most of them single-breasted and with three pockets, one of them high up on the left breast.

There is in London a tendency to give a hint of the Greek simplicity and richness of drapery in the newest costumes—a result of the Greek plays and tableaux in which many of the fashionable women took part. Some charming ones have been shown in white and daffodil-yellow China crapes that skilfully combine the beauties of ancient and modern dress.

Nothing is prettier for little boys than the Eton suits, with kilt, vest and short Eton jacket, which slopes open from the throat to the waist line, is square cornered there and crosses to the back, where it is slightly pointed. A pointed vest of corduroy or pique covers the front of the waist of the kilt skirt, is lapped down the front and has pearl buttons set closely together. This is pretty in brown or blue serge and Suede-colored or white vest and braid, the color of the vest around the jacket and on the front pleats of the skirt. Black silk hats are worn with these.

Dresses for little girls are made with plain low, square-necked waists, slightly pointed in front, made of fine embroidery or of cashmere, or India foulards. Tiny pearl buttons in rows close together trim the revers. A single full skirt is worn with these waists. The strapped Gretchen waists, instead of having square openings, are made in a V to the waist in front and have merely a low square neck behind; embroidered edges, two inches wide; is turned down around the V front and square back and is slightly gathered in the arm-hole.

A feature of the new bead passementeries is the use of open meshes in the midst of otherwise solid designs. Points and long leaves with one straight edge are the newest patterns in gimps. A great deal of metal cord or gold bullion gimp is shown for wool dresses or coats, and there are cashmere-colored bead trimmings for silks and velvets, in dark, quiet colors that will not be conspicuous. For wool dresses are galloons and pointed braids made of narrow plaited mohair braid in open designs in one color, or two tones, or in contrast.

White gloves are becoming popular for evening wear. Tan are now worn in the twenty-button lengths only with the darker shades of evening dresses. Palest primrose, lilac and mastic are the most popular, and despite the frequent announcement of elbow gloves, well-dressed women continue to wear them up to the shoulder. To hold them in place upon slim arms a little elastic is caught to the inside edge of the glove with a few invisible stitches. It is best to add this even when the arm is plump, as it keeps the glove smooth and saves the injury that frequent smoothing and pulling up causes.

Latest News Notes.

Rev. Mr. Judar, of Medicine Hat, will be the next rector of All Saints' Church in Winnipeg.

The reported excitement in Newfoundland over the disallowance of the Bait Act is said to be greatly exaggerated.

It is proposed to add a "Victoria wing" to the Guelph General Hospital in commemoration of the Queen's jubilee.

The Boston *Globe* thinks the non-intercourse Bill will be a good thing for Canada when the immigration boom commences in April.

The London *World* says that Lady Rosebery's diamonds caused quite a sensation at the Calcutta State ball last month, at which were present many distinguished visitors.

It is reported that Parliament will be asked at the coming session to authorize an increase in the Northwest Mounted Police Force, and that each post will be supplied with a Nordenfeldt gun.

Warning has been given by the Imperial Privy Council that unless the losses which have occurred among animals carried on deck while crossing the Atlantic are reduced, the carriage of animals on deck during the winter will probably be prohibited.

An important motion is being argued at Osgoode Hall on behalf of the Ontario & Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company to restrain the Canadian Pacific Railway Company from constructing a branch line over the plaintiff's proposed route from Algoma Mills to Sault Ste. Marie.

Queer Things About Money.

A woman who bought an old-fashioned bureau at a second-hand store in Cincinnati discovered a secret drawer which contained $1,300 in gold and old bank bills.

Money was so scarce in certain counties of Southwestern Texas during the earlier part of the winter that in some instances the skins of javelina hogs were used as a circulating medium, and 'possum skins were frequently offered in liquidation of grocery bills.

'Squire Royal, the tax-collector of Taylor County, Pa., took out a well-worn overcoat to sell to an old clothes man, a few days ago, and found $190 in bills rolled up in a sheet of notepaper. The 'Squire is confident that the money is his own, but he has no recollection of having placed it in the pocket.

The pet cat belonging to Mrs. Lucy Cain, of Hannibal, Mo., brought a mouse into the parlor recently, and with it a small piece of paper money. Mrs. Cain thought nothing about the occurrence until one day last week, when she discovered that a roll of bills was missing from her bureau drawer. Then she put two and two together and began a vigorous search of the premises. The missing bills were finally unearthed in a corner of the cellar, where a colony of mice had made a nest of them.

One of several gamecocks that were being shipped to Portland, Ore., escaped from the coop and the baggage car, and all the efforts of the train hands to catch it were unavailing until a bright brakeman released another cock. In a moment the two had engaged in battle, and were easily picked up.

DEATH ON RATS.

How a Woman Solved a Vexatious Problem in Domestic Life.

Mrs. Benedict's business is that of a rat-catcher, a new profession now fairly opened to women, and one which Mrs. Benedict, at least, has made lucrative, says the New York *Star*. The business of rat extermination is not strictly new, and yet Mrs. Benedict is fairly entitled to rank as its inventor, at least in an important sense. She has raised it to the dignity of a profession. It has always been easy for housewives who were troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to die outside their haunts. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and the low state of sanitary science prevailing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The problem has been how to kill rats without bringing unpleasant odors into the house. Mrs. Benedict has found out how to induce rats to die on the kitchen floor. Like many inventors, she is somewhat indebted to accident. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors who rang the door bell just as she was sifting the mixed plaster and flour for the third time by way of mixing them intimately, as the chemist says. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make an experimental cast at once, and when the door-bell rang she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table. Her guests stayed until bed-time, and when they bade her adieu, Mrs. Benedict went in bed without returning to the kitchen. What happened in the night was this: A rat made his way up the legs of the table to the top, where he was speedily joined by others. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was a rather dry supper, and water being near each rat turned to drink. The water drunk first wet the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and then, in technical phrase, "set" it; that is to say, the plaster thus made into paste, instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach and put an end to any exercise of that organ. The rats decided Mr. Mallock's question: "Is life worth living?" in the negative without quitting the table. The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle around the water dish. Mrs. Benedict, when she entered the kitchen for the purpose of making her fire, saw them and acted—that is to say, she screamed and climbed upon a chair. From that position she studied the scene and very soon saw the cause. Like a wise woman, she kept her secret and made profit of it. She undertook, for a consideration, to clear the premises of her neighbors of the pests, and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as if the pied piper of Hamelin had travelled that way.

WISE MONKEYS IN INDIA.

They are Shrewd About Some Things, but Too Greedy for Their Own Good.

I remember once coming across a Hindoo who was piously scattering corn for the monkeys, about a hundred of which were gathered round him snatching up the grain with greedy hands and cuffing soundly any monkey that poached on his neighbor's share. Swarms of other monkeys were sitting on the trees and banks close by, with faces of rueful resignation, looking wistfully at the feast before them, but the man explained to us that they belonged to a different caste and would be half killed if they attempted to join the party. One huge fellow we noticed particularly, who sat as near as he dared and looked on, but did not try to pick up so much as an outlying grain, although we were told he was "a noted wrestler."

In certain camping-grounds the monkeys were perfect pests, frequently stealing the servants' dinners, and even snatching food out of their hands, or carrying off their copper cooking-pots, rushing up a tree with them, and throwing them down after eating the contents. The servants would often come and complain of their misdoings, but redress there was none; wide as an Indian civilian's jurisdiction is, it does not extend over the monkey-world. The natives have an ingenious way of catching monkeys, so simple that it may with truth be said that the monkey catches himself. A narrow-mouthed jar is filled with corn, and accidentally, of course, left on the ground. The ever-watchful monkeys quickly take note of this, and no sooner is the owner of the jar out of sight than they steal up to inspect and discuss their windfall. Having satisfied themselves that there is no trap, one of them thrusts in his arm and snatches a handful of corn. He then finds that the mouth of the jar is too narrow to let him withdraw his doubled fist, but he never thinks of dropping the corn, and out rushes the owner from behind a tree and treacherously slips a noose around the victim's neck.—*London Field.*

An Accommodating Man.

Collector—How many more times do you wish me to call for this money?

Debtor—My dear sir, you need never call again. I shall not be offended.—*Texas Siftings.*

Three years ago seventeen bachelors of Keystone, Dak., entered into a solemn compact never to marry. Eleven of them are already husbands and two of them are soon to wed.

A Quebec despatch says the records of the Quebec Observatory show that there are actually 108 inches of snow on the ground there, an amount that has not been recorded since 1873.

A vineyardist near Livermore, Cal., keeps from twenty to thirty cats on his place all the time. They are his remedy for rabbits and gophers and effectually keep those pests in subjection.

A bad boy in Massachusetts village surprised and pleased his teacher by promising to contribute a fine steel engraving of Washington to aid in decorating the school room on Feb. 22nd. The teacher left a large space among the evergreen trimmings on the wall, and the boy brought a two-cent postage stamp.

CURRENT TOPICS.

One of the singular projects to which the forty-ninth U. S. Congress turned a deaf ear was that to appropriate a sum of money for digging a hole 3,000 feet deep, or as much more or less as the funds might warrant, in each State and Territory. The memorial of the author of this happy thought promised a general revival of industry as one of its results, and only asked for $4,600,000, being $100,000 for each State and Territory, to carry it out. Its immediate object was "getting useful knowledge or discovering valuable minerals."

A communication to the London Meteorological Society, by Capt. Toynbee, states as his conclusion that clouds of not less than 2,000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain, or, if they are, it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops; with a thickness of between 2,000 and 4,000 feet, the size of the drops is moderate; with increasing thickness of the clouds comes an increasing size of the drops, and at the same time the degree of temperature becomes lowered. When the thickness amounts to more than 6,000 feet, hail is produced.

The occurrence of earthquakes has a perceptible influence upon health. Describing in a United States medical journal the influence of the recent shocks in Charleston, S.C., Dr. F. Peyre Porcher, of that city, says that many persons experienced decidedly electrical disturbances, which were repeated upon the successive recurrence of the shocks. These disturbances were generally accompanied by tingling, pricking sensations, like "needles and pins," affecting the lower extremities. One gentleman was completely relieved of his rheumatism; another, who for months was nervous, depressed and entirely unable to attend to business, regained his former activity and energy.

Mrs. Folsom is reported to have said that she would rather be known as Mrs. Cleveland's mother than the mother-in-law of the United States President. It is quite natural, says the "Casual" of the New York *Graphic*. Some of the loveliest of elderly ladies have taken to heart the cheap jokes at the expense of motherhood that have been so curiously popular for many years. Yet, if the statistics might be had, it would transpire that the mother-in-law has been as tenderly cherished as the daughter to whom she willingly consigned the larger portion of her ambition and her dignity; and the "Casual" often remembers one, as doubtless do two-thirds of the male readers of this paragraph, the majesty of whose gentleness and willing thoughtfulness of self was larger than any kingly assumption that can be easily recalled.

The fact is well understood, of course, that Great Britain and other parts of northwestern Europe owe much, in the matter of climate and temperature, to the warming influence of the Gulf Stream. The extent of the effect which is thus produced, according to the calculations made by Dr. Croll, almost exceed belief, or even comprehension, in a mathematical sense. He has found, by careful scientific estimate, that the amount of heat conveyed northward in the Atlantic by this stream is equivalent to 77,479,650,000,000,000,000 foot pounds of energy per day, which is equal to all the heat received by 1,560,935 square miles at the equator, and more heat than is conveyed by all the air currents; and so positive is its climatic effect, and so far-reaching, that, according to Dr. Croll, the heat of the Arctic seas and North Atlantic would be diminished to that immense extent by the stoppage or diversion of the great ocean river.

A most pernicious habit, which is very prevalent among children, is that of sleeping with the head under the bed covers. Sometimes children acquire this habit when young, on account of their "fear of the dark." Unwise parents often do their children a vast deal of harm by using the imaginary man in the dark as a means of frightening the little ones into obedience. Such children, when put to bed, nestle down under the covers as soon as the light is put out, and thus breathe over and over, during sleep, air which is contaminated by exhalations from both the skin and the lungs. Another cause for this injurious mode of sleeping is cold sleeping rooms. The custom of sleeping in rooms in which there has been no fire for weeks or months is a most pernicious one for many reasons, and this may fairly be included among the number of grave objections to the oldtime custom. The temperature of such a room is often some degrees below freezing. Children, and even older people, sleeping in a cold bed room, are often compelled to cover the head with the bed covers to protect the nose and ears from freezing. Children who sleep in this way awake in the morning pale and languid, and present all the evidence of systemic poisoning. Such children do not develop properly. When they sleep with older persons, as is often the case, the evil is greatly increased by the greater degree of impurity of the air beneath the bed clothing. Infants are not infrequently smothered to death by this means. Several cases of this sort have come under the personal observation of the writer. The habit of sleeping with the head thus covered is sometimes continued to adult life, and a vast deal of constitutional injury is thus done.

Why She Wept.

A lady called on a friend who had only been married a few years, and was surprised to find her in tears. "I am the most unhappy woman in Austin, and it is all on account of my husband." "Why, your husband lives for you alone. He stays at home all the time. He never goes away from home; he never brings any of his friends to the house." "Yes," replied the unfortunate woman, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing convulsively, "that's—what—makes me—so miserable."—*Texas Siftings.*

Paid $5 for a Kiss.

Edouard Brisson, a barber, was fined $5 yesterday afternoon by the Recorder for assaulting Miss Angers, daughter of Sergt. Angers. He explained to the Recorder that the style of the young lady as he passed her on Craig street the evening previous so forcibly struck him that he involuntarily put his arm around her waist and kissed the cheek.—*Montreal Star.*

Farmers who raise turkeys in Lehigh County, Pa., drive them to market as they would sheep. Sometimes flocks of 200 are thus driven along the public roads.

GALATEA AND SERPENT.

Launch of a Cruiser and Torpedo Boat for the British Government.

A new belted cruiser, the Galatea, was launched yesterday from the Napier yard at Govan, on the Clyde, just below Glasgow. Lord Charles Beresford was on board. The Galatea is 300 feet long between perpendiculars, 56 feet extreme beam and 37 feet deep. Her draught of water is 19 feet and her displacement will be 5,000 tons when in fighting condition, with everything on board. The Admiralty expect a speed of eighteen knots an hour. The engines are of the triple expansion type, working twin screws. They indicate 8,500 horse power at a working pressure of 130 pounds. The boilers are of the double-ended multitubular type, with corrugated flues. Her armament is composed of two long range nine and one-quarter inch Armstrong guns, ten six-inch guns of the same class, eight six pounders, eight three pounder quick firing guns and six torpedo impulse tubes. The engines and steering gear under the water line are protected by two inch thick steel decks extending the whole length of the ship. The water line of the ship is protected by an armored belt ten inches thick, and steel faced and strongly supported by a teak and steel backing and capable of resisting shot or shell from ten-inch guns.

There was also launched at the Davenport dock yard the torpedo cruiser Serpent. She is entirely of steel, all exposed fittings being galvanized. Her lines are particularly graceful. Her length is 225 feet, her beam 36 feet and her displacement 1,600 tons. She will have six six-inch breech loading central pivot guns on Vavasseur carriages; eight three-pounder quick firing guns, two Nordenfeldt and one seven pounder. She will be fitted, in addition, with five Whitehead torpedo tubes, each fourteen inches in diameter; one directly in the bow, with one on each side and one on each quarter.

The Handkerchief Cure.

The Philadelphia *Times* last week contained this interesting and instructive bit of news:

Poet and Editor James R. Randall created a sensation in Augusta the other day. A street car horse became unruly and a male passenger proposed throwing sand in the animal's eyes. "Oh, no!" said the Colonel, "don't do that; it is unnecessary and inhuman. The poor beast only needs to be diverted. Tie a handkerchief round his fore leg and he will start off promptly." The driver agreed to try it and the horse moved at once. Then the driver snatched up his whip, looked at the Colonel and exclaimed: "If that don't beat the Dutch!"

Divices for starting balky horses are about as numerous as the sands upon the seashore or—to put it stronger—as the cures for sea-sickness. Mr. Randall's contribution to the stock is entitled to consideration because it is cheap, readily applied, and does not call for the infliction of pain.

Fortune's Favorites

Are those who court fortune: those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you, free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home wherever you are located, and earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. All is new.

Customer (to boy in coal office—"A ton of stove. How much is it?" Boy—"Six fifty, an' 25 cents for puttin' it in." Customer—"Well, you will have to slate it." Boy—"Slate it? That coal is half slate now, mister."—*New York Sun.*

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

A maiden lady says that if single life is bad it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad. But ladies rarely understand mathematics.

I had rheumatism four years in Michigan, and during four months could not move without help. I spent over $1,000 without benefit. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant cured me so I can work hard and enjoy good health.—George Ketchabaw, Bayham, Ont.

Florida fruit men say that the strawberry crop this year will nearly double that of last year.

An Albany preacher, watching some of his flock as they were having great fun tobogganing, was asked by one of them why he did not take the toboggan for a text. He said that that was a good idea, and that next Sunday he'd preach on winter sports. He was as good as his word, choosing for his text the last four words of the first verse of the twenty-sixth Psalm.

A clerk in Louisville invested $50 in pork at a bucket shop the other day, and succeeded in running it up to $5,000. Then he determined to make it $10,000 and quit and get married. His $5,000 crept up almost to the desired amount, and then the market took a turn against him and in a few hours he didn't have even the original $50. He will not marry this spring.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L. 12. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

Canadian Mort. Company,

(LIMITED.)

HEAD OFFICE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND CHAMBERS!

18 King Street West, Toronto.

Money to Lend

ON THE

Straight Loan System,
Lowest rate of Interest,
Moderate Expenses,
No Fines.

MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED!

BORROWERS can arrange to have their payments become due the first of any month in the year, pay their principal yearly if they choose. Interest only charged on unpaid principal. If you borrow $1000 and pay the Company $100 of principal back the next year, you only pay interest on $900--All other amounts on same basis.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is directed to parties having Mortgages now with this Company and becoming due, that they will find it to their advantage to consult our valuators or write the Company before renewing elsewhere. Our rates of Interest will always be found as low as any other Company in Canada, besides the total costs of a renewal is only $2.00, a small item compared with removing your loan into a New Company.

OUR MOTTO.---Do business on business principals. Lend on good Security at Current rates. Arrange terms to suit our borrowers.

J. W. Henderson, INSPECTOR.

Osler & Hammond, MANAGERS.

For Loans or further particulars write the Company, at Toronto, or see any of the undermentioned Valuators.

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	-	Flesherton	J. HENDERSON, Esq.,	-	Feversham
WM. LUCAS, "	-	Markdale	C. C. JAMES, "	-	Priceville
D. JACKSON, "	-	Durham	G. RUTHERFORD, "	-	Shelburne
WM. MILNE, "	-	Maxwell	JOHN STINSON, "	-	Singhampton

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 302. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, MARCH 31, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Money Saved!

BY CLOSE BUYING!

Helps Pay Taxes.

FIVE years in Grey Co. this month and a fair paying business established through the generous patronage of the public. From Dundalk to Holland Centre, on the line, also Maxwell, Priceville, Kimberley, Engenia, Traverston, Rocklyn, Berkeley and other points have given me a good support. My thanks are due to all transient and home customers. I have endeavored to deserve patronage extended, by *honest representation* of ev'ry article sold; and my increasing business warrants me in assuming that my efforts to deal honorably at fair profits, have been appreciated.

I shall continue my business on the line of truthful representation, just exchange in giving value received, and a fair profit to meet obligations incurred. Stock will be kept complete in

Hampden Watches

My name on, WALTHAM Watches, four grades, a few BARTLETT'S at close prices, ELGIN Watches, and the exceptionally fine made full jewelled COLUMBUS movements. Watch warrants 1, 2, and 3 years, "covering breakages." Filled Gold cases Coin Silver cases, 2 to 5 oz., also Silverware 3 & 4 oz.

Ladies Gold Watches and Chains, R. F. Simmons' roll Gold Chains, best made, Draper's fire gilt. Seth Thomas and Ansonia spring & weight Clocks, a beautiful stock of Silverware, hollow and flat, for table use. Engagement Gem Rings, 18k. Wedding Rings, Brooches, Bar Pins & sets, Lockets and Necklets, Cuff & Collar Buttons, Silver Thimbles, Pebble Specks, Lazarus & Morris, Lenses, Boss Specks. I have $100.00 wholesale in Specks and can *suit any sight.*

Watch Repair book shows this week watches and clocks booked to No. 1233. My work gives satisfaction, is fully warranted & charges moderate. No second or catch charges after watches are left. Any one coming 15 miles and not finding my stock and prices as this advt. represents, I will pay legal mileage one way and expenses here, meals &c. Goods and work Warranted.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Pay the printer and be happy.

Steps are being taken to organize a Mechanics' Institute in Shelburne.

Suits of Clothes from 3.75 up, at J. G. Andersons Great Bankrupt Sale.

A fashionable woman's cheek makes a fine billboard for cosmetic advertisements.

Any person that wants a rest, should get a position as clerk in a store that doesn't advertise.

Mr. Jas. Mosier, of this village went to Toronto last Tuesday to take up a position in a marble shop.

The bill to incorporate Thornbury as a town has been read a second time in the Ontario Legislature.

The greatest bargains in mens Lace Boots, ever offered, now at J. G. Andersons Clearing Sale.

117 births, 19 marriages, and 34 deaths were registered in the Township of Mulmur during the year 1886.

Pat—"Phwat is that ye are at, Biddy?" Biddy—"Sure its a bottle of hair resthorer Oi'm puttin on me ould muff."

East Grey Spring Show will be held in Flesherton, on Friday, April 22nd. See bills or write the Secretary—S. Damude, Esq., for particulars. 3t.

A meeting of the plotholders of Flesherton Cemetery will be held in the Town Hall here, on Wednesday evening, April 6th, at 7 o'clock. 2 t.

We hereby challenge the junior Lacrosse team, of Flesherton, to play a junior team, of Markdale, on or before the 7th of May. By order of Com. R. Douglass, Sec.

Nothing suggests the arrival of the millennium more forcibly than the sight of an old tomcat, sleeping peacefully by the fire-place with his head resting on a bootjack.

WANTED.—2 good steady men, to work at Framing and Carpenter work. Must have some experience at the business. Apply to John Whitten, Flesherton. 2 t.

We are always glad to notice the introduction of first-class stock into Artemesia. We have this week pleasure in noting that Messrs. Andrew Beattie and Will Burnett have purchased a thoroughbred Clydesdale stallion, "*Just in Time*," and will travel him in this section during the coming season. This is a very fine animal.

5000 doz. Eggs wanted at J. G. Andersons. Goods given at regular bankrupt sale prices

Mr. Jas. Beecroft lost a fine two-year-old heifer a week or so ago. A feed house being left open, the beast got in and ate about a bag of chop feed. She died in a few days.

"Yes, indeed, my boy," said a travelling man, emphatically. "Truth is stranger than fiction." Yes, I s'pose so," was the reply; "but it depends a good deal on who's telling it."

The Emperor William of Germany is the tallest monarch, being just six feet. The defunct King of Bavaria was the "shortest," being in debt several million dollars.

A man may chin and a man may work
For the temperance cause all day;
But he can't go a-fishin' and observe prohibition,
Because he aint built that way.

The Salvation Army stopped in front of a saloon in East Portland and began singing "It is water that we want, not beer," and the saloon-keeper turned the hose on them. And yet they were not happy.

The popular Treasurer of the Township of Osprey, Josiah Gamey, Esq., took train at Flesherton Station last Tuesday evening for Ohio, U.S., where he will spend a short time visiting friends.

Auction sale farm stock, implements, etc., at Lot 47, Con. 2nd N.D.R., Glenelg, commencing at twelve o'clock noon on Tuesday, April 5th. Alex. McQuarrie, proprietor; D. McCormick, auctioneer. See bills.

A span of young horses belonging to Mr. John Adams, of this neighborhood, ran through our streets last Thursday at a lively pace. They ran up again the hotel veranda, smashing two posts, then around the block and up through Munshaw's field. They escaped unhurt.

Dr. Armstrong and wife are the guests of Squire Armstrong. The Dr. is as genial and jolly as ever, and tells many amusing incidents which occurred during his trip to the old country last year. He will remain here for some time, after which he will locate permanently for the practice of his profession.

We had a call from the popular Maxwell Carriage manufacturer, Mr. Thos. A. Blakely, on Monday last. Mr. B. is one of the most honorable and straightforward young business men we have come in contact with since we came to Flesherton. We are glad to know that his business is rapidly extending in all directions. Success to you, Tom, old boy!

FOR

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SPEX, &c.,

Go to RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, where you will see the finest stock at the lowest prices in this county, and notwithstanding the very low prices, they are determined to give a discount of 15 per cent. on all cash sales of $1.00 and over come and secure some of the bargains and don't forget it is the only place to get your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired Properly.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store, FLESHERTON.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices. R. Trimble. (tf.)

FOR SALE.

1 gray Mare coming 6 years old this spring, sound, good working either in double or single, in foal to "Farmers Friend," at Lot 24, Con. 7, Artemesia. Apply to Jas. Genoa, Flesherton, Ont.

PRIVATE RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

Brick House 23x35. Ten Rooms, well furnished all through. Wood Shed 18x22. Also good well in wood shed, with four lots. This is a choice property, and nicely situated on principal street in village. Will be sold cheap for Cash. W. W. Trimble.

Don't forget J. G. Andersons great Bankrupt Sale. No trouble to show goods and quote prices.

Auction sale of farm stock, implements, &c., at Lot 157, Con. 2, E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, at 12 o'clock, noon, on Thursday, April 14th. Positively without reserve, as owner has rented his farm. Wm. Talbot, proprietor; J. W. Morrow, auctioneer. See bills.

A good old deacon in Connecticut was very pious and fond of clams. When once upon a time he attended a Rhode Island clam-bake, he overtaxed his capacity and was sorely distressed. But his faith in prayer was not abated. Leaving the party, and going down on his knees behind a tree, he was heard to supplicate; "Forgive me, O Lord, this great sin of gluttony. Restore my health, and I will never eat any more clams." Then, after a pause—"very few—if any. Amen."

5 LBS. OF JAPAN TEA FOR ONE DOLLAR!
A GENUINE ARTICLE.
at M. RICHARDSON & CO'S.

An old colored women stood at the station in Palatka, Fla., the other day, waiting for the Jacksonville train. Beside her stood two little twin pickaninnies with faces as black as the inside of a stovepipe. When the old mamma's train arrived she exclaimed: "Bress de Lor'!" And then looking down at her children, remarked: "Here, you, Abraham Lincoln, take hold of Jeff Davis' hand and come along heah, quick!" And the namesakes of the two great statesmen of the war joined hands and walked away together as though their names had not expressed such a dissimilarity of purpose.

W.C.T.U.

We have great reason to rejoice, that our work is progressing and meeting with favor in the hearts of those who are brave and strong, to help the temperance cause along; there are those whose hearts are true and who dare to use their power to repress the evil that brings only sorrow and shame to those who are under its painful influence. Oh! how many tears would be hushed and how many bitter words mis-said, if liquor was banished from our midst.

We ask a full attendance of all members and those interested in the work for Saturday the 9th, as it is intended having a course of readings on hygiene, Liquor and its influence. Cor. Sec.

Where the Cat Jumps.

Would you like to see the end of something round? Give your wife a ten dollar gold piece and ask her to call and see Richardson's new Stock of Spring Dry Goods &c.

That War Cloud.

Toronto World.

We are glad to see our old friend the European war cloud bob up serenely again upon the horizon after a few days' absence. In the absence of the war cloud the horizon always looks as depressed as an undertaker's shop on a wet day. There is no silver lining to the war cloud, but it has to be backed by gold, as the taxpayers of Europe know only too well. It requires more money to keep the peace of Europe than it costs to keep the population.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Answers to Arithmetical Problems given in Advance last week.

(1) 5 a. 2 r, 30 per.

(2) 15 5-19 rods.

(3) 583200 lbs.

(4) ship $36000, cargo $3200.

Lizzie Swanton and Annie Richardson answered all correctly.

Robt. Keefer, David Mathewson, and Wesley Smith from Flesherton School and Sarah Hogg from Flesherton Station answered three.

Mary Strain and Fred Ayers answered two each.

Edwin Strain and Albert Beecroft third class pupils, one each.

Jno. Jas. Benson from S. S. No. 9, Art. sent incorrect answers but no solutions. Don't be discouraged Johnny Try again. You may win next time.

A FEW MORE QUESTIONS.

(1) How many posts 6 ft. apart will be required to go round a circular 10 acre field? *(b)* How many required for a square field of the same area?

(2) A merchant bought apples at 60c. per bag and marked them so that he could throw off 10 % for a customer and still make 20 % profit; find the price he marked them at.

(3) A stream flows at the rate of 1 mile an hour. How long will a boatman who can row 4 miles per hour in still water, require to go up the stream 5 miles and back again?

Answers must be at this office by Tuesday. Solutions must accompany answers in every case.—Mathematical Editor.]

Open Meeting.

(Contributed.)

The Royal Templars open meeting held on Tuesday evening was a grand success. The Town Hall being well filled. The chair being filled by F. Bunt, Esq. The entertainment was well sustained by local talent. Mr. W Campbell opened the programme with a mouth organ solo which brought an encore. A song by Mr. J. Baskerville, brought down the house. A trio by the Misses A. Sproule, L. Armstrong and M. Ayers, was well rendered. Mr. J. Thurston of Kimberley, gave a short address on the temperance work in his locality. The Rev. Mr. Watson then delivered one of his pithy addresses which are always well received. Miss Armstrong gave a fine solo. Rev. Mr. Ferrier was then called upon to address the meeting and was received with loud applause and delivered the most interesting address that has been our privilege to listen to for some time. Subject: "The Local Action of Alcohol; its Effects and Cure," which was highly instructive. He also briefly touched on the moral, social and legal aspects of the Liquor traffic, the whole address was illustrated by the opinions of the highest medical and legal authorities as well as from incidents from real life. Mr. Ferrier is a logical and effective speaker and his address will not soon be forgotten by those who listened to it. A solo by W. Barnhouse closed the musical part of the programme and was rendered in his first-class style. Miss Damude and Mrs. W. W. Trimble presided at the instrument which was a handsome Dominion organ, provided for the occasion by Mr. D. L. White. A vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening, Mr. Ferrier, was moved by Rev. Mr Ayers who made a few happy remarks, the motion was carried unanimously which was tendered to and responded to by Mr. Ferrier, after a vote of thanks to the several performers who assisted with the programme, the meeting was closed by singing God save the Queen.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. Trimble's. (tf)

A BUFFALO HOLOCAUST.

Great Loss of Life and Property Friday Morning.

THE RICHMOND HOTEL BURNED.

The Terror-Stricken Guests Find Escape Cut Off.

THE AGONY OF THE SITUATION.

Men and Women Fleeing With Blood Streaming from Them,

AND HORRIBLY BURNED AND BRUISED.

The Dead, Wounded and Missing, Firms Burned Out and Insurance.

A last (Friday) night's Buffalo despatch gives the following particulars of the burning of the Richmond Hotel: Fire was discovered at 3.30 this morning in the new Richmond Hotel. The house contained a large number of guests, and their heart-rending shrieks could plainly be heard. Ladders were raised and as many as possible saved. St. James' Hall and other adjacent property were burned. Guests from the burning hotel were seen running through the streets, but scantily dressed, seeking places of shelter. Several men with blood streaming from their faces were running about the streets shouting for aid. They had been cut by glass in the windows of their rooms in trying to make their escape. Carney's saloon was converted into a hospital. Eight men and women were there

HORRIBLY BURNED AND BRUISED,

besides many others who had escaped with nothing on but their night clothes. At 4 o'clock the entire Richmond, St. James' Hall and other property in the block were on fire. The whole place burned like a tinder box. The corridor in the centre of the building acted as a great funnel, and as the flames streamed upwards, wrapping themselves about the woodwork of the several floors, the guests found themselves imprisoned by a wall of fire. Many attempted to escape by the windows. The roof of Murdock's gallery and Palacio's cigar store, adjoining the hotel—both situated in a one and a half story frame building—was crushed in by the falling walls. It is stated the fire originated in the cloak room.

Sergeant Jordan saw three women fall back in the flames from the windows on the south side of the hotel. It is stated that the space occupied by the ruins of Creighton's saloon and Palacio's cigar store contains the remains of several unfortunate guests who

JUMPED FROM THE WINDOWS

on that side. A number of children are missing. Two little girls were rescued by firemen. Three of the hotel girls are thought to have been burned to death. F. H. Bryant, a New York travelling man, is very badly burned about the feet and hands. M. W. Barse, one of Orleans' most prominent citizens, is burned about the hands and wrists. The number of those injured is not exactly known. Many dragged themselves to neighboring hotels and saloons and had their burns dressed. A number of insurance men were in the building and several of them were badly injured. W. J. McKay, of Niagara Falls, was one of these. He fell from the fire escape and hurt his back badly. Another—C. W. Dubois, of Syracuse—was severely burned about the face and hands. W. S. Dewey, of Rochester, was also scorched. Mrs. Mann, wife of one of the proprietors, and her young daughter were severely burned. Mr. Stafford, proprietor, and family are safe, though prostrated. Mark Osborne, one of the hotel clerks, formerly of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, is missing. It is supposed he was killed.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

A dead man lay in front of Dingen Bros.' store covered by a mattrass. People who thought it might be Supt. Morford, of the Michigan Central Railroad, lifted up the covering, but turned it down again, saying it was not the man. Morford was afterward found. The dead man had black hair and a full face, which was covered with blood, and could not be recognized.

PERISHED THROUGH LACK OF STRENGTH.

A middle-aged man, with close-cropped black whiskers and of heavy build, made his escape from the second or third floor on to the roof of James Creighton's saloon building, a frame structure two stories high. He must have been severely burned internally, for he was unable to accept the means of escape afforded by a small ladder raised to him. He started to descend, but, after proceeding a few steps, he lost his balance and toppled over on the sidewalk. He struck on his head and died almost instantly. The body was later identified as that of Wm. Purcell, of this city, local agent of *Bradstreet's*.

THE EXTENT OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

By 6 o'clock the fire was under control. Nothing but the walls remained of what was once a splendid hotel. The Boston clothiers were burned out, also Ulrich & Kingsley and Peter Paul & Bro., booksellers; James Creighton, saloon; Murdock, photograph gallery, and Jose Placio, cigar manufacturer. This was as far as the fire went on the Main street side. Wahle's music store is uninjured, except by water. On Eagle street was St. James' Hall. Nothing is left of this except the walls. On Washington street the fire went as far as Tony Smith's saloon. This building was burned in rear and ruined by water in front.

Rather a singular circumstance is that the elegant residence of Jewett Richmond, for whom the new hotel was named, was destroyed by fire a few weeks since.

A CANADIAN VICTIM.

At the undertaking rooms of Brady & Drullard is the body of Wilson Purcell, who lost his life by leaping from one of the upper windows of the burning hotel this morning. Purcell was for a number of years a reporter with R. G. Dun & Co., but lately has been engaged in the investment broker business. He was about 42 or 43 years of age and single. He was a man of some means. The body was horribly burned, the jaw being fractured and the whiskers and hair burned. It is said his home was in Chatham, Ont., or Strathroy, where he has a sister. Coroner Kenney took charge of some of Purcell's personal effects and paid the certificate of deposit in the Buffalo Loan, Trust & Safe Deposit Co., where he has a box. Purcell's friends in Port Arthur and Toronto have been notified.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Some thrilling scenes occurred at the burning of the Richmond this morning. "I was on the fourth floor," said Mr. C. G. Beggs, of New York, "in a room close to the elevator. The first I heard was the fire indicator. I jumped up, pulled on my clothes and stockings, and opening the door leading into my friend Devine's room, awoke him. He sprang for the window, and I went back into my room and opened the door leading to the hallway. A burst of fierce flame drove me back and burned me terribly, but I had presence of mind to shut the door, and going back into the room, shut the connecting door between our rooms to keep the smoke back. Then I broke the window with my hand and got out on the ledge beside Devine. We stood at the corner of the building, and along the Eagle street side three or four rooms we saw a fire escape. We could not reach it. Then we went back into the room and found another door leading into a short hallway. It was locked. We dashed our shoulders desperately against it, but it would not budge. The fire was getting hotter every moment, and the smoke was suffocating. Finally we broke a space through the upper panel barely sufficient to crawl through." The small hallway commanded the fire escape, and they made their way to the ground. Mr. Devine was entirely unhurt. Mr. Beggs cut his right hand badly in breaking the windows. A large piece of flesh was gouged out of the wrist, so that the pulse could be seen to beat. His remarkable presence of mind certainly saved his life. He says he will go on to New York to-night. "I lost my head," said Devine. "Beggs saved both of our lives."

A. N. MERRIAM, OF TORONTO,

representing Cox & Co., stock brokers, was on the third floor. He heard the indicator, and thinking it was morning call, leisurely touched the button in answer. A moment later he heard the cry of fire, and dressing quickly ran down stairs to the parlor, where he found a crowd of guests and others. Near the rotunda the heat was terrific, and he was badly burned about the head, face and hands. The stairs to the lower floor were gone. "Let us run through the kitchen," cried a woman, and she started, but she fell overcome. Mr. Merriam fears she was lost. The rest of them escaped to the balcony and were lowered to the ground on ladders. Mr. Rumsey, of New York, is very seriously injured, and is not expected to live. He was on the fifth floor, and as he rushed out of his room in his night clothes he ran against Mamie Mann, the little daughter of Mrs. W. J. Mann, in the hall. He grabbed the girl in his arms in his flight and jumped with her from the window to the roof of Bunnell's Museum. He picked his way with his little charge to the edge of the building, and both were brought down a ladder by the firemen. Mr. Rumsey was taken to the Fitch Hospital in a dying condition. He was seriously burned about the shoulders, face and arms, and he had inhaled flames while climbing out of the window. It is supposed he cannot live. While getting out of the window he buried Mamie Mann's head in his night gown and thus protected her from the flames. He was raving this morning in delirium, calling loudly and continually for the little girl he rescued. Edward Whalen, a travelling salesman of Newburg, N.Y., was awakened by the electric bell in his room on the fourth floor, and was fumbling for his watch to see what time it was when he heard the shrieks and yells of the people in the halls. Opening his door he saw the smoke and flames, whereupon he started for his window and jumped down to the shed below. Besides sustaining several severe fractures, he is also terribly burned about the face, hands and feet. His feet and legs are burnt almost to the bone, and some of his fingers are burnt off. If his life can be saved, which appears doubtful, his legs and several fingers will probably have to be amputated. He was groaning with pain this morning and trying pluckily to endure his sufferings. W. J. Mackay, an insurance man from Niagara Falls, was awakened by the electric belt in his room on the third floor, and taking in the danger at a glance, rushed out into the hall. In his flight he fell through a skylight on the second floor and landed on the floor below. He managed to get out on the balcony and got to the street on a ladder. His left arm and back are bruised and cut by glass.

AMONG THOSE WHO ESCAPED

from the burning building were: Peter F. Daly, agent of the Erie Railway in Toronto; A. N. Merriam, of Cox & Co., Toronto, who is badly injured, face and hands burned; Thos. Mumford, Superintendent of the Canada Southern Railway, St. Thomas.

CARING FOR THE INJURED.

Everything possible was done at the Fitch and Emergency Accident hospitals to soothe the sufferings of the injured. At the former a class of trained nurses were assisting the physicians, while the Sisters of Mercy were diligent at the Emergency. At the Sisters' Hospital are four injured persons, as follows: Maggie Mulrey, Fannie Harvey, Mary Nelan, all domestics at the Richmond, burned and, it is feared, internally injured. The three girls ran down stairs through the flames, and had a narrow escape. George F. Michael, commercial traveller, is suffering from shock, but no bones broken. Mr. Michaels had a thrilling escape. He tried to escape by climbing hand over hand along an electric light cable to the roof of St. James' Hall. Three others got on the wire and broke it down. Mr. Michaels fell about 85 feet. Mathew Shannon, house man, is in one of the wards at the General Hospital, burned about the face and hands. Shannon slept with the elevator boy, Joe Flaherty, on the fifth floor. When he heard the electric alarm he woke up the boy and started him down the elevator; then he went back, woke up the domestics and brought four of them down the back stairway to the Eagle street entrance. All were badly burned on their way out. Minnie Neller, a servant, whose home is in Chippawa, Ont., and Kate Pierce, another servant, once reported dead, braved the flames and smoke in the halls and stairways from the fifth floor and were rescued from the third story window by the firemen. Both are burned badly about the face, hands and legs. Nellie Walsh, another servant, rushed out of her room on the fourth floor when the alarm was given and ran up to the fifth floor to reach the roof. Here a man caught her and threw her back, and meeting Mat. Shannon on the floor below, she clung to him with three others and was saved with them. She was badly burned. Maggie Morris, another servant, is at the house of relatives on Elk street, suffering with severe burns. She came down with the party of girls saved by Shannon.

JUMPING DOWN TO DEATH.

Photographer Van Norman, of Brantford, Ont., who occupied a studio in the burning block, detailed his experience. "After I had heard the alarm," he said, "my wife and sister-in-law and myself had no time to finish dressing. Just after waking up I heard crashes on the back roof of my studio, caused by persons jumping through the skylight, and dragged out two poor fellows. One was so far gone that I had to pull him out by the hair. The other seemed crazed; but I got them into the street. While this was transpiring I heard several more crashes and shrieks of people as they jumped, but did not hear a sound after they came through the sky-light. I am sure that at least three bodies will be found under the ruins of the back part of my gallery, as it would be impossible for any one to get out from there alone."

LOSSES AND INSURANCES.

At present writing the police report ten dead in different places, and it is the belief that there are from 25 to 30 killed or wounded in all.

The furniture of the hotel was insured for $46,000 by Messrs. Worthington & Sill in thirty different companies. On improvements to building Stafford & Co. had $13,000 insurance in seven different companies. They are also insured $4,500 on ales, wines, liquors, etc; on billiard and pool tables, $1,200; and other personal effects, $3,500. The plate glass in the buildings is insured in the Metropolitan Plate Glass Co. for $1,943. The insurance held by the Buffalo library on the building, including St. James' Hall and scenery, is $85,000, placed by Messrs. Smith, Davis & Co. The insurance held by the Buffalo library on the rental of hotel is $17,000, and on St. James' Hall $3,000, placed by Messrs. Smith, Davis & Co.

THE RICHMOND WAS SPLENDIDLY FITTED UP

at an expense of $75,000.

Fuller & Townsend, of the Boston Clothing House, estimate their loss at $50,000; fully insured.

Peter Paul & Bro.'s extensive book and printing establishment was entirely cleaned out; loss unknown until the papers are secured from the safe. The insurance will cover the greater part.

Ulbrech & Kingsley, books, loss $35,000; fully insured.

Henry Smith, builder, had not yet completed his contract on the Richmond building, and had $8,000 worth of unfinished work on hand unpaid for, on which he holds insurance to the amount of $5,000.

A REVISED LIST.

Dead—Kate Kent, servant; Minnie Kelly, servant; Kate Pierce, servant; Wilson Purcell, of Dun, Wiman & Co.; Mark Osborne, day clerk at the hotel; — Johnson, a Toronto railway man; Kate Wolf, of Lockport, servant.

The dying are—Jacob Kahn, New York; Maggie Mulrach, Buffalo; Mary Nolan, Buffalo; Edward Whilan, Newburgh.

Those who were burned or seriously injured are as follows: I. H. Finch, Scranton; F. K. Moore, Cleveland; W. A. Hauen, Helena, Mont.; C. W. Debois, Syracuse; W. J. Mann, Mrs. Mann and Jennie Mann, Buffalo, Hon. M. W. Barse, Olean, N. Y.; Mat Shannon, Buffalo; Chas. C. Bidwell, Buffalo; Minnie Weller, Buffalo; Mrs. Kate Pierce, Buffalo; Nellie Welsh, Buffalo; Nettie Harvey, Buffalo; Barry Davis, New York; Geo. F. Michaels, New York; W. J. Mackay, Niagara Falls. A servant girl named Walsh is believed also to be among the dead.

A BUFFALO LAWYER

Hangs Himself to His Bed-Post in a Fit of Melancholy.

A Buffalo, N. Y., despatch says: About 11 o'clock yesterday morning the body of Alva N. Brown, aged about 32 years, was discovered hanging to a bed-post in his room on the top floor of the Studio Building in West Eagle street. Dr. Warren, who made an examination, says death resulted almost immediately from a broken neck. There were bruises on his feet which showed that he had kicked himself out of bed, and from all appearances he had been dead at least fifteen hours. He was clothed in his pants and shirt, and wore a large diamond ring. Mary Ann Fields, janitress said she had not seen him since Wednesday. Deceased had occupied these rooms, which are beautifully furnished for eleven years. He has a sister, Mrs. Thomas E. Brunton, of Newmarket, Ont. The remains were taken to Brady & Drullard's undertaking rooms. Coroner Durney has charge of the case. Brown was a lawyer by profession and had considerable money. He was subject to melancholy fits, and it is thought that in one of these he committed the rash act.

Divorce Work for the Senate.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Senate will not be without work the coming session. Notice has been given on behalf of Mr. John Monteith, proprietor of the Monteith House at Rosseau, Lake Muskoka, that he would apply at the next session of Parliament for a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Monteith, on the ground of adultery and desertion. Mr. and Mrs. Monteith were married in Parry Sound district in 1880, and lived there for some years. The family then moved to Lake Rosseau, where Mr. Monteith purchased the Monteith House. Here Mr. Monteith alleges an intimacy sprang up between a barkeeper employed in the hotel and Mrs. Monteith, and she went off with him, leaving her four children behind.

THE RED HATS.

Taschereau and Gibbons at the Roman Consistory—High Honors to the Canadian and American Dignitaries.

A Rome cable says: A public Consistory was held yesterday in the Sala Regia. It began at 20 minutes past 10 o'clock and concluded at noon. The procession was headed by the consistorial advocates with attendants, arrayed in crimson robes and ermine capes. They were followed by the cross-bearer, cameriers, prelates, bishops, archbishops and cardinals. Then came the Pope, who was borne on the Sedia Gestatoria, flanked with flabelli or white peacock feather fans. He was accompanied on each side by noble guards in blue; the Swiss guard, officers and purple and crimson robed attendants. When the Pope descended from the Sedi he ascended the throne, which had been covered with purple cloth and cloth of gold for the lenten season. The canopy over the throne was backed by a tapestry of perina del vaga, depicting Faith, Hope and Charity. At the base of the throne were two lions couchant, bearing red banners with cross keys. The cardinals occupied benches arranged in a long parallelogram in front of the Pope. The consistorial advanced to the throne and read the instance for the beatification of the persons under consideration. This concluded, sixteen cardinals left the hall to bring from the Sistive chapel the eight new cardinals: Archbishop Gonstables, of Toledo; Mgr. Aloiz, Mazella, ex-Nuncio at Lisbon; Archbishop Taschereau, of Quebec; Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Bernadow, of Seno; Archbishop Placeo, of Rennes; Archbishop Langenieux, of Rheims, and Archbishop Giordani, of Ferrar. Each new cardinal was accompanied by two others. Cardinal Taschereau was accompanied by Cardinals Bonaparte and Zeigliara, and Cardinal Gibbons by Cardinals Melchers and Mozzella. They proceeded, and bowing thrice kissed the Pope's foot and hand, received the Pope's double embrace and then retired. They again advanced to the Pope to receive the hat, which was brought in on a silver salver. Each cardinal knelt as he came before the Pope, and the hood of the robe was placed over his head by an attendant. The Pope, taking the large red hat, placed it on the kneeling cardinal, resting his hand on it. The cardinals then made obeisance to the Pope, concluding with a double embrace or kiss of peace. The Pope received Cardinal Gibbons with marked affection. Cardinal Taschereau was calm, though he showed signs of great emotion. The Cardinals then gave the kiss of peace to their colleagues of the Sacred College. When Cardinal Gibbons came to Cardinal Mozzella each offered the other hearty congratulations. Cardinal Mozzella was once a professor in the Jesuit College at Woodstock, and is an old friend of Cardinal Gibbons. The Pope then departed, followed by his escort. Crowds lined the Sala Ducale, through which the procession passed. Cardinal Gibbons has been appointed to the following Sacred Congregations: Propaganda, Regular Discipline, Indulgences and sacred relics and studies. Cardinal Taschereau has been appointed to the following: Consistorial Bishops and Regulars, Ecclesiastical Immunities and Propaganda, Monsignor Kirby, the venerable. A student read a Latin composition, expressing joy over the promotion of the cardinals and a Latin chorus praising them was sung. Cardinal Taschereau responded in Latin, expressing his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him. Cardinal Gibbons spoke in English.

THE OLD FOGGIES.

Did the London Corporation Spend Money to Clog the Wheels of Progress?

A London cable says: The Parliamentary Committee, appointed to investigate the charges against the London corporation, held its first session to-day, Lord Hartington presiding. Mr. Firth, formerly a member of Parliament, deposed that he had examined the accounts of the corporation. He found that a special committee had been appointed in 1882 to oppose the Reform Bill, and that there was expended by the committee a total of $250,000. He said that, practically, the city accounts had never been audited, notwithstanding the fact that the corporation employed so called auditors, who, the witness said, were liverymen without practical knowledge of their duties. The meetings held in support of the Reform Bill were raided by roughs, who had been supplied with forged tickets of admission by corporation officials. A man named Hodge made an affidavit that he had been engaged to bribe roughs to break up Reform meetings. Mr. Scott, City Chamberlain, being sworn, presented a written official protest against the production of the corporation's accounts, on the ground that the House of Commons exceeded its rights in demanding the accounts, and acted in a manner derogatory to the rights and privileges of the corporation.

BURIED ALIVE.

Remarkable Story Referring to the Supposed Death and Recovery of a Young Man.

A Providence, R. I., despatch says: The *Journal* has this story on what it declares excellent authority: "A young man named Stainton, whose home is in Fall River, died, as his friends believed, two weeks ago Monday, from consumption, at the house of his brother, a physician, in Boston. Other doctors were called and pronounced the man dead beyond question. Nevertheless, the consumptive's medical brother believed life was not extinct. As the rest of the family insisted on burial on Thursday, March 3rd, Dr. Stainton visited the tomb every six hours to inspect its inmate. On Friday the body had moved slightly, and, after much disagreement in the family, the coffin was brought back to the house. On Saturday, March 5th, the supposed corpse opened its eyes, and the body began to grow warm. On Sunday consciousness was restored. Late last week Stainton was up, dressed and in good spirits."

A Merced, Cal., farmer has poisoned over 20,000 jack rabbits in the last four years, and yet, in spite of the warfare against them, they are increasing in number and are becoming a veritable plague to the Merced and Fresno farmers.

ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM.

How the Queen and the Princesses Looked in Their New Clothes.

NERVOUS YOUNG LADIES PRESENTED.

A London cable says: The second Jubilee drawing-room was not so largely attended as the first, though there was an immense crowd present. A drawing-room of to-day resembles very much a drawing-room of 1837, but those of fifty years ago were held in St. James' Palace, while nowadays they take place in Buckingham Palace. London "society" has grown, too, within the last fifty years, and consequently the crowd of high-born dames and their daughters who are eager to pay their respects to the Queen has increased in numbers.

The debutantes are as nervous in this Jubilee as they were fifty years ago. For half a century the "coming out" girl has rehearsed in private the awful ceremony by which she is *lancee* into society. In the secrecy of her bed-room she has pinned a sheet to her skirts to represent a train. She has bobbed before the chairs posing as royal highnesses, and has done her "level best" not to turn her back on any of the said chairs. But the debutante of to-day is as awkward as the debutante was when his late Majesty King William IV. was gathered to his fathers. Full of pluck when she starts to be presented, all the courage has oozed out of the tips of her fingers before she has reached St. James' Park, and by the time she has got into Her Majesty's presence the pushing crowd of women has "knocked her so silly" that she hardly recognizes her own name when the Lord Chamberlain announces it. She has kissed the Queen's hand, she has made several "bobs," but in her nervousness has forgotten to notice what the Princess of Wales wears. Then all of a sudden a page tucks her train under her arm, and the debutante scuttles away, bewildered and befogged, trusting in Providence that she has not turned her back upon a royalty.

The youngest member of royalty present was the Princess Victoria of Wales. She wore a skirt of tulle, draped with *faille* and festooned with bunches of white roses intermixed with foliage and tied with ribbons. The corsage and train were of rose pink *poutt de soie*. The train was lined with *faille* and the trimmings were of tulle. On the train were bunches of roses tied with knots of ribbons. The ornaments were diamonds, rubies and pearls, and on her corsage the princess wore the Order of Victoria and Albert.

The Princess Beatrice wore a dress of pale primrose satin and crape trimmed with clusters of shaded feathers. The train and bodice were of pompadour satin to correspond. The head-dress was a tiara of sapphires and diamonds, with the obligatory feathers and veil. The ornaments were sapphires and diamonds. In addition to four other orders she wore the Hessian and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha family order.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of red embroidered satin veiled in fine *point de gaze* and looped with bunches of poppies. The train was of embroidered satin, and was draped with *point de gaze*. The corsage was made to correspond. Her Royal Highness wore a tiara of diamonds, with feathers and veil. Her ornaments were opals and diamonds. She wore six orders, including that of her Danish family.

Her Majesty the Queen displayed her customary sumptuous black satin, trimmed with black *guipure*, and the white tulle veil, surmounted by a diadem of diamonds and pearls. Her necklace consisted of four rows of large pearls. On her corsage were the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, together with a perfect blaze of other orders.

It being the 40th birthday of the Princess Louise, she and the Marquis were celebrating the event elsewhere. The Queen's face was wreathed with smiles, and she bore the fatigue with great good-will. Only two of the Cabinet Ministers were present—the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Mathews—to each of whom drawing-rooms are comparatively novel affairs.

A SAD DEATH.

Striking Exemplification of the Fact That the Way of Transgressors is Hard.

An Akron, Ohio, despatch says: Two months ago William Wiese, holding a responsible position in the employ of the Schumacher Milling Company, disappeared with upwards of $1,500 borrowed from employes of the mill, where he acted as a sort of banker. He also took the funds of the German Lutheran Church, of which he was Treasurer. His wife was left in straitened circumstances with two children to care for, and on Friday the first information of Wiese's whereabouts came in a letter from him, dated Tilsonburg, Ont. He inclosed some money for his wife and children and asked whether he would be prosecuted if he returned. The help intended for the wife came just a few hours too late, A third little one had been born to the almost heartbroken mother, and her grief at her husband's desertion and anxiety for her little ones made it impossible for her to rally. Friends immediately sent a message announcing his wife's death to Wiese. He telegraphed that he would come at once for the funeral and then face the consequences of his crime.

A Conscience-Stricken Thief.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Secretary of the Department of Railways and Canals to-day received an unsigned letter containing $2 conscience money. The unknown writer stated that the amount enclosed would be sufficient to pay for "a worn-out blanket I stole when working as a navvy on contract 42, Canadian Pacific Railway, Lake Superior section, five or six years ago."

As Aaron True, of Clarke, Canada, was going through the woods the other day, accompained by his dog, which is part collie, part Newfoundland, he came suddenly upon a big gray wolf. The dog at once tackled the beast, and for half an hour the battle raged; but finally the dog got a throat hold and strangled the wolf.

Denver *News*: There is no valid necessity for the racing indulged in by the police patrol waggon. The ordinary drunk will keep. This is one of the uses to which alcohol is put."

CURRENT TOPICS.

A HARTFORD despatch to the New York *Post* says that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's health remains in the same condition in which it has been for the past year. She shows the effect of her age, but is still able to attend church and visit neighbors. It was thought best that she should not attend the funeral of her brother. During the last visit of Henry Ward Beecher last autumn he told Mrs. Stowe that he was expecting death, and that apoplexy would be the cause.

AMATEUR astronomers who are ambitious to lead a forlorn hope with the chance of covering themselves with glory would do well to watch the sun to-morrow. On that day, according to the calculations of Oppolzer, the mysterious planet Vulcan, if there is any such body, may be seen crossing the face of the sun. As there are no spots upon the sun, the appearance of a small black object upon its dusk, particularly if it were perfectly round, would be suspicious, and if the motion of this object were such as to carry it across the sun in a few hours, the fortunate observer might have reason to hope he had at last caught sight of the long sought and much-mistrusted Vulcan.

DR. C. E. SAUNDERS, writing in the *Sanitary Record* of the purification of rivers, states that it is his firm belief—and he has had ample opportunities for observation during the past two years—that diphtheria finds an especially congenial habitat in sewage ditches; that it is, in fact, as it used to be considered, a filth disease; and that the cases which baffle discovery of the cause, in isolated, well-drained, well-watered houses, frequently owe their source of infection to a neighboring sewage ditch along which persons may have passed unconsciously, or over which they may have reached to pluck flowers from the edges or have otherwise been brought within the baneful influence of such sewage emanations. There is scarcely a village in the country which does not in some form or other pollute water-courses, and not a few in which such pollution is direct and flagrant.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY had a big fall, but it was as nothing to the fall of King Christian, of Denmark, the other night. It happened at Copenhagen. King Christian was not playing "Copenhagen," however, though he was dancing with the kissable Miss Estrup, and that was next thing to the game aforesaid. In front of the Queen's Throne the waxed floor was as slippery as ice, Down went a couple in the waltz, and a moment later the heels of His Majesty kicked at the heavens. King Christian fell flat on his back at full length. His head struck the corner of a step to the throne. He was stunned and lay as still as death. Miss Estrup was thrown and slightly cut. Great was the hubbub. Comtesse Reventlow was seized with a *crise de nerfs* and some ladies fainted. By and by King Christian came to and was put to bed. He is up and out now, and is down on dancing.

PATRICK CHALMERS, whose father was a bookseller in Dundee, Scotland, fifty years ago, has been arguing before committees and the public for twenty years in defence of his claim that his father was the originator of the adhesive postage stamp now in general use. The credit of this useful device has hitherto been usually given to Sir Rowland Hill, the eminent postal reformer. It now appears from letters of both Hill and the Scotch bookseller that the latter brought his plan to Hill's notice. The defence of his father's claims to the honor for twenty years and its final acknowledgment by the English Dictionary of National Biography is a singular instance of persistency. The junior Chalmers has been elected a member of several historical societies in acknowledgment of his proof of his father's claims.

A LONDON correspondent learns from a private letter received from Vienna that a magnificent dinner service of the Dresden bright yellow ware, only used for royal presents, is being made there by order of the Emperor William for the Queen for presentation on the occasion of her jubilee. Each plate will have five medallions, having on them either allegorical pictures recalling memorable incidents of the Victorian era or portraits of celebrities of the Queen's reign. There are to be in all 288 large and 120 small plates, and 72 dishes of all sizes, besides tureens, sauce-boats and fruit dishes. The centre piece for flowers and fruit will be surmounted by a statuette of the Queen, and have medallion portraits in relief—white on gold—of the members of the royal family of England.

REPORTS from France indicate that if a war should soon break out, the future strategist of the French army would be Gen. Saussier, a man of whom very little is heard, for the reason that he keeps his mouth shut, and does not mix very largely with the representatives of the social and political world in Paris. But for years past Gen. Saussier has been preparing plans for a possible campaign against Germany, and hence, if hostilities begin, his countrymen will act under much more intelligent guidance than that which directed their course seventeen years ago. At that time Gen. von Moltke was the only man who had a definite plan, and there were no strategical movements on the French side that were worth the name. But this time the great German strategist will find that the lesson of the past has not been lost, and that there are others who can practise the methods that have proved so serviceable to him.

KING WILLIAM IV. died about 2 o'clock in the morning of June 20th fifty years ago, and as he left no children to succeed to the throne the Crown passed to the daughter of his brother, the dead Duke of Kent, Alexandrina Victoria, than only a little more than 18 years of age. Victoria, therefore, became Queen on the 20th of June. Immediately upon the death of the King the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Hawley, and the Marquis of Conyngham started for Kensington Palace to inform the girl of 18 that she was the ruler of the great British people. They arrived about 5 o'clock in the morning, and, upon their sending word that their business was urgent, Victoria came down to them in her white night dress, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, slippers upon her feet and her hair falling down her back, but perfectly collected and dignified. Victoria met the Cabinet at 11 o'clock the same morning, and presided with as much dignity and composure as Mrs. Cleveland manifested at her first reception. The coronation did not take place until more than a year later, June 25th, 1838.

FIFTEEN years ago, according to the London *Economist*, at least one-half of the wheat consumed in the United Kingdom was raised there. At present the proportion has shrunk to 30 per cent., while 70 per cent. is imported. The annual average consumption of wheat per capita at the former date was 343 pounds, valued at $7.12½. At present the consumption is 337 pounds, valued at $4.80. The authority quoted says that bread has decreased in value in that period 40 per cent. Notwithstanding the cheapening of the staple product, it will be learned with surprise that the consumption has decreased 1¾ per cent. The cause of this apparent infringement of economic laws is to be found in the increased consumption of vegetable food, such as potatoes and other garden products, thus indicating a decided change in the character of the food eaten. Bread was formerly almost the sole food of most factory operatives and the agricultural classes. Free imports of foreign meats and vegetables, added to the fact that much land formerly devoted to cereals is now devoted to raising garden products, has enabled consumers to diversify their bill of fare.

How Much Can Be Dreamt in Five Seconds

I was sitting with a police official at his office, and we were discussing some fantastic story, when an employee came in and sat down beside us, leaning with his elbows on the table. I looked up and said to him, "You have forgotten to make the soup." "No, no; come with me." We went out together, going across long corridors, I walking behind him, at the college where I had been brought up. He went into the wing of the house which I knew well, and which led to the class rooms. Under the stairs he showed me a stove on which stood an oyster shell with a little white paint in it (I had been mixing water colors the evening before). "But you have forgotten the vegetables. Go to the porter at the other end of the courtyard; you will find them there on a table." I waited for a long time; at last I saw him making signs to me that he had found nothing. "It is at the left hand side," I shouted, and saw him cross the yard, coming back with an immense cabbage. I took a knife from my pocket, which I always kept there, and at the moment when I was going to cut the vegetable I was awakened by the noise of a bowl of soup being put heavily on the marble top of the table next to my bed.

It appears to me that the idea of soup was suggested to me by the smell at the moment when the door was opened by the servant bringing in the soup while I was asleep and it takes five seconds at the most to walk from the door to the bed.—*Revue Scientifique.*

Never Believed Him Guilty.

I attended the Beecher-Tilton trial from first to last, and was in court both when the first juror was called and when the final verdict was rendered half a year afterwards. I heard all the testimony of every witness and all the other evidence that was introduced. I listened to the whole of every speech of all the lawyers on both sides week after week. I was personally acquainted with all the parties in the case, from Beecher and Tilton to Moulton, the "Mutual Friend." I made notes of all the features of the trial that were published from day to day. And yet, when all was over, I left the court-room wholly unconvinced that Beecher was guilty of the charge brought against him. I stated this fact often in print when he was alive, and I repeat it now that he is dead.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

The Millionaire.

I tell you, Mike, the men who have no other ambition in this world but to accumulate millions of dollars are the worst enemies to liberty and national peace. Let a man start out once to become a millionaire, and long before he has reached the coveted wealth he has lost all love for his fellow man and fear of God. The misery and distress of the lower classes move him no more than the hoot of the night owl, and he will crush the peace, joy and prosperity of a whole State to gain his end—and buy a seat in the Senate. It takes more brute than brains to make a million of dollars.—*Correspondence New York Standard.*

How Widows Do Not Woo.

Omaha Girl—Engaged to Mr. De Lovel! Dear me! How do you widows manage to step in among us young girls and carry off our nicest beaux.

Young Widow—Well, in the first place if we really like a man, we don't act as if we hate the very sight of him.

"You don't?"

"No, and if he forgets himself and happens to touch our hands, we don't jump as if he were a reptile."—*Omaha World.*

Rough on Dumley.

Dumley (irately)—"I understand, Robinson, that you have said that I look like a monkey."

Robinson—"I believe I did say something of the sort. Dumley."

Dumley (threateningly)—"Well, you will have to apologize."

Roninson—"All right, Dumley. The first time I see a monkey I'll apologize."

A Courteous Retort.

Loving Young Wife—You forgot my birthday, Jack.

Cool Husband—I thought it occurred on the 1st of April.

Wife—Other people might think so after seeing my husband.—*Chicago Ledger.*

An Early Bird.

Jones had asked to be called at 6 a. m.

Mike—"Say, boss, are you within there?"

Jones—"What's the row? It can't be 6 o'clock."

Mike—"No, yer honor; I jist shtopped to till yez that ye've got only two hours more to shlape."—*Boston Beacon.*

It is said that a sharp saw used on small bundles of cornstalks is a convenient mode of cutting them into short lengths.

A Notary Public of Newark, N. J., had occasion recently to swear a man on a Bible, but couldn't find one in any of the offices of the building. He went to the public library, and while looking for a Bible there saw a copy of the Koran, and, taking it, hurried back and swore his client on it.

EATEN BY WOLVES.

A Young Man's Terrible Adventure in Dakota.

There passed through St. Paul Sunday *en route* to the east a man whose appearance was loathsome in the extreme, and whose life in the future will be a burden to him. As a reporter was walking about the Union depot he came upon a man with his face wrapped up so that nothing but his eyes were visible. Thinking perhaps that some accident had befallen him, the reporter, accosting him, was told that as soon as an eastern train could be boarded he would let the reporter ascertain for himself as to whether an accident had occurred. As soon as the sleeper was reached the man took from his head the many bandages, and the sight that met the reporter's gaze was a shocking one. The nose and left ear were entirely gone, and the other ear looked as if it had been slit with a knife in a dozen places. Great pieces of flesh had been torn from each cheek, and taken all together the man's face little resembled the features of a human being. The man gave his name as John C. Hazzard, and his story, which was told with many painful halts, was as follows:

"If you want it I will give you the circumstances of an adventure which has left me in this condition. I am a young man of considerable means, and came from southern Ohio last winter to invest in Dakota lands. I was in St. Paul about the 1st of December, and left over the Northern Pacific for Knife River, Morton county, Dakota. After reaching there I learned that an old friend of mine was living some twenty-five miles from there, and started to pay him a visit. Taking a horse I started out early one morning, thinking I would get there along in the afternoon. I had travelled probably fifteen miles when one of those terrible blizzards set in. It turned cold suddenly, and the wind cut like a knife. The snow fell so fast that it was impossible to see but a short distance, and losing my bearings I was soon riding around the open prairie, completely lost. I did not stop for a moment, hoping to come across a house or at least some place where shelter could be found. It did not take long to be thoroughly chilled, and my horse began to show signs of exhaustion. Night came on, and I had made up my mind to kill the horse, and seek shelter by his carcass, when I heard a sound which did not by any means raise my spirits. It was nothing less than a pack of wolves following the scent of our partially covered tracks. The storm had by this time partially abated. The horse heard the howl of the wolves, and made a struggle to increase his pace; but it was no good, for the beast had become so chilled and tired that he could scarcely move. Coming to a little rise in the prairie I saw, a short distance away, a light shining through the window of a shanty, and I thought I was safe. I heard the wolves coming nearer and nearer, and was congratulating myself that I would not be the means of giving them a square meal, when my horse stumbled and fell, with me partly under him, my head striking some hard substance. That is the last I remember until the next day. I was afterwards told by the man who lived in the shanty which I was trying to reach, and to whom I owed my rescue, that the howl of the wolves had attracted the attention of the dogs, and together they had driven the beasts off, but not until I had been almost killed. I was within ten rods of the shanty when found. I will stop in Chicago to see if something cannot be done for me, and if not will go to Europe. At first I feared hydrophobia, but the wounds are healing and I may escape that. I have had the wounds cauterized. I have heard of instances where an artificial nose has been made from flesh taken from some portion of a person's body, and this is the relief I will try to obtain."

The case no doubt will attract considerable interest among medical men where the operation will be performed.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

A Modern Bridal Outfit.

Not long since a Spanish cavalier was married in Paris to a young lady of aristocratic birth. On the day before the wedding the bridegroom went in company with some of his friends to inspect the *trousseau*, which was "on view." Amid a profusion of pearls, lace and other precious articles he noticed a locked casket. After much pressing the bride consented to open it, and there lay, pillowed on a layer of pink wadding, a six-barrelled revolver, a Spanish poignard and a large bottle of vitriol. "That is for you, if ever you cease to love me," said, with a bewitching smile, the hopeful young bride to her future husband. *El Dia.*

Time Does Much.

"People used to think it wicked to fiddle, remarked the clergyman, laying down the violin.

"So I have heard," replied an auditor.

"Years ago if my congregation had heard me play they would have considered me beyond redemption. But they don't mind it now."

"I suppose," responded the other speaker, "they have become used to it."

And then the minister looked interrogation points, but said nothing.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Curiosities of the Far West.

There are places in this State where soda may be taken out in solid blocks as ice is out of a pond, and some of it is almost as transparent as ice. The finding of this solid soda by the immigrants who crossed the plains in 1850 and 1852 gave rise to the widely circulated story that under the sands of some of our deserts were solid masses of ice of unknown thickness and extent.—*Dayton (Nev.) News-Reporter.*

Hung Out His Own Death Signal.

An Olean, N.Y., despatch says: Crape was found to-day on the door of the residence of an old man named George Wood. He was found in the bed sweltering in blood, having shot himself in the head. He may recover. He placed the crape on the door before shooting himself.

A letter from Panama says cholera is playing havoc along the whole course of the Acoucaqua River, Chili. In Lovcampo, Chili, a small town, from 16 to 20 deaths were occurring daily, and the people abandoned the place.

ETHEL ROWE.

That Extraordinary Disappearance of a Ward in Chancery from Dublin.

Dublin has been much excited during the past week over the disappearance of a youthful ward of the English Court of Chancery named Ethel Roe, a girl aged about 13 years, who resided with her grandmother at 27 Pembroke road. On Saturday morning, February 19th, the little girl's room was found empty, her clothes being left on a chair beside the bed. The hall door was found open and it was supposed that the child must have been kidnapped, and that narcotics must have been used. The police made every effort to trace the missing child, but without success. Yesterday the *Freeman's Journal* published an explanation which appears to be almost as mysterious as the original mystery itself. A letter has been received from the child herself, dated Metz, February 26th, and this document states that she left of her own free will, as a child very naturally and rightly wishes to be with her mother. The composition of the letter is in itself noticeable, in view of the age of the child, who, however, is stated to have been highly educated She writes: "I therefore profited of the first opportunity afforded me to escape, and was accompanied by a faithful friend to my present destination. I need not add how delighted I am to be in my home and with my mother, sisters and brothers, whom, for the past four and a half years, I earnestly longed to join. I shall also express a hope that all advocates of liberty of conscience will approve of the step I have now taken, as it will afford me an opportunity of practising the Roman Catholic religion, in which I have always believed, and which, of late years, I have been always taught to execrate." The *Irish Times* showed the letter to the friends of the girl in Dublin, and received from her uncle a letter in which he states his conviction that she wrote at the dictation, and most probably under the compulsion, of the person stated to be her faithful friend. He states that the mother gave her up voluntarily to the grandmother in September, 1882, and never asked to have her back since. Ethel is said to have been most happy and contented in her home, and to have taken the greatest delight in studying the Scriptures, and her uncle denies that she was taught to execrate any form of religion. Our Nationalist contemporary gives some explanations of a rather startling kind, and from these it would appear that "a plain working man not connected with the plan at all," asked the child whether she desired to be free from "the thraldom," and restored to her mother. She replied, it is said, in the affirmative, and, in accordance with an agreement, walked out of the house on the Saturday morning on which she was missed, met the plain working man, with whose assistance and that of "a faithful woman servant," she was taken, disguised as a boy, and with her hair cut off, to Belfast, thence to Greenock, from Greenock to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to Leith and from Leith by steamer to France, where the girl, it is stated, is happy and contented with her mother, her brothers and sisters. The two "poor humble working people" who aided in the escape are said to have had "no other motive in this matter but one of pity of the child and a desire to rescue a human soul." The child's grandmother was, of course, a Protestant. The whole story is a most extraordinary one, and the mystery seems to be by no means solved by the explanation offered.—*Belfast Whig, March 2nd.*

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or faceache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhœa, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggist a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain cure." Safe, prompt and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store only 25 cents.

How Space is Annihilated.

Nothing, perhaps, could give a better idea of the distance India was from England between seventy and eighty years ago than the fact that George III.'s jubilee was celebrated out there the year after its celebration at home. It was kept in the summer of 1810. Calcutta was illuminated for the battle of Waterloo on Monday, Dec. 18th, 1815, the news having arrived a few days before. Nowadays sporting men do not leave the club at Allahabad for bed before they have heard what horse won the Derby that afternoon.—*London World.*

Some Old Men.

Mr. John Blue, sen., Orford, who is in his 100th year, walked nearly a mile to vote at the late election.

A large portion of the world is at the present time governed by very old men. The Emperor of Germany is 90 years of age, Von Moltke is 86, Prince Bismarck is 71, M. Grevy is 76 and Mr. Gladstone is 77.

Mr. Wm. Brown, of Tiverton, Bruce county, claims he is the oldest printer in Canada. He is 89 years of age, and worked as compositor in Scotland for over forty years.

Some Snow in March.

Don't you forget it, young man, and be sure and make a record of it, for threescore years from now when you tell the story they will not believe it, that on the 10th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1887, the ground throughout Eastern Maine was covered with snow to the depth of seven feet.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

Fine Old Maple Sweetening.

This is good maple sugar weather. The same old recipe is good for all seasons—ten pounds of glucose and one pound of maple.—*Peoria Transcript.*

A clerk in a St. Louis store fell ill and was likely to die, and a telegram was sent to his relations in Springfield, Ill., saying that he was not expected to live long. The answer that came back was: "Can't come at present. When he dies ship body to us."

A New York physician has informed 5 o'clock tea parties that their brass teapots generate a very poisonous substance, and society has concluded to limit their use of brass to doorknockers and other things.

A BUDGET FOR WOMEN.

Spring Bonnets Seen at a Wedding in London—Current Paragraphs.

There was such a very pretty wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Saturday that we did wish for you to be there to see it. The bride was Lady Adela Rous, and she looked charming in her marriage gown of white moire, with a small wreath of orange blossoms fastened on with multitudinous diamond stars, and a magnificent bouquet of lilies and other white flowers. The bouquet, I am glad to say, was not cumbrously large, as some brides' bouquets have been of late, and the arrangement of lovely blooms was perfect. The train of the wedding dress was carried by two of the very tiniest pages I have ever seen. They were dressed in white satin. The bridesmaids wore really tasteful dresses of some pale blue or eau-de-Nil material, relieved with brown velvet. Their hats had high crowns of either straw or brown velvet, but the brims were blue. Their bouquets were azaleas, in lovely tones of pink and coral intermingled. This attire looked warm and comfortable. I always think that white or cream-colored dresses for bridesmaids look cold and chilling at any time save summer and early autumn. I have never seen such bonnets as those worn by the smart people in the congregation. One lady appeared in a very spring-like bonnet of white straw, trimmed with a high bunch of Naples violets. A large cluster of similar flowers was tucked in the bosom of her dark heliotrope-velvet bodice. A necket of cut amber lay upon folds of white lace, which came down in points upon the sombre velvet. The ear-rings were amethysts, just a little too blue in tone to assort comfortably with the pale mauve of the violets. This lady carried a delicious little wrap made of tiger-skin—just the sort of thing that a very wealthy woman dare buy, for it could not possibly be worn more than half a dozen times in the year, being too conspicuous. A handsome brunette had a ruby velvet jacket quite tight-fitting, edged with beaver. Her bonnet was red and so was her gown, but the former was velvet, the latter silk. A tall and splendid blonde, with glorious coils of pale brown glossy hair, wore a bodice and overdress of putty-colored ottoman over a skirt and plastron of brightly-striped silk. The collar and cuffs were of the strires. The small bonnet was embroidered and edged with a fluff of silk chenile, just a shade darker and a tone richer than the putty tint of the silk. It was trimmed with a group of red roses or poppies. The ear-rings were very long and very old-fashioned, but they were of diamonds and pearls of the rarest. A short ruby-velvet mantle, trimmed with sable tails, just matched the flowers in the bonnet. Two sisters in half-mourning were beautifully dressed—one in black velvet trimmed with chinchilla, and bonnet to match; the other also in black velvet, with trimmings of rich, finely cut steel. A handsome but morose-looking woman had no less than three diamond stars in her bonnet strings. A blonde who was present had something black in her hair. We could not make out what it was, so decided that she had truffled her hair as a refreshing novelty.—*Loving Cousin Madge in London Truth.*

Something New

and most important. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, can furnish you work that you can do at great profit and live at home, wherever you are located. Either sex, all ages. Asa P. Rand, Westboro', Mass., writes us that he made $80 profit in a single day. Every worker can make from $5 to $25 and upwards per day. All is new. Capital not required; you are started free. Full particulars free. Send your address at once.

Fannie Rasche, a beggar well known on the streets of New Orleans for years past, died in her miserable hovel the other day, and hidden in her room were a bank book and securities representing $4,500.

N. O. Shelnutt, of Jackson county, Ga., was hanged twice by a mob in January last and still lives to tell the tale. He says that it is a great mistake to think that death by hanging is painful. "There is no pain about it," he says, "and a man can die mighty easy."

A fact is a stubborn thing, and so was rheumatism until the discovery of McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant, which is taken internally and cures thoroughly. Sold by druggists at $1 and trial bottles 25 cents each.

There was a report that during last week the snowfall in the Selkirks was already over 19 feet.

A few days ago Mrs. Mary Pitts, of Darcy Ark., was bitten by a mad dog. A madstone was procured and applied to her wounds. It remained upon each some time, and was repeatedly applied. Hope is expressed that a cure has been effected Mrs. Pitts is the fourth person bitten there recently, all of whom have been treated with a madstone.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L. 13. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1887.

A MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FOR FLESHERTON.

The importance of a Mechanics' Institute to a community such as this can scarcely be rated too highly. It places within the reach of all classes the best standard literature. It creates a thirst for that knowledge, which enriches the mind and ennobles the intellect. It drives out pernicious "dime" trash, and substitutes therefor works of standard fiction—works of real merit, such as those of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Reid, Cooper, Ballantyne, Poe, &c. And all these benefits can be obtained at a trifling individual outlay.

Why do we speak of this matter, seeing that Flesherton is not blessed with such an institution? Simply because we are of opinion, that in a few weeks this desideratum will be an accomplished fact.

Messrs. Dickenson & Co., wholesale book importers, Woodstock, have forwarded us nearly 600 very carefully selected works, representing the tastes of all classes in the community. For instance we find works in history, science, natural history, biography, theology, medicine, law, etiquette, fiction, &c., &c. These books are sent on approbation and the bulk of them carefully selected by an efficient committee—would form a splendid nucleus for a Mechanics' Institute Library. We want our citizens to take hold of this matter with a vim and earnestness that will ensure success; and we are of opinion, that our agricultural friends will lend a hearty helping hand. Next week we shall discuss the matter more fully.

THE TRUTH.

The Hanover *Post* did misquote us, its assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. Last week the *Post*, in endeavoring to prove that it was correct, said:—"Here is what the ADVANCE did say:—'We did all in our power to secure the return as M. P. for South Grey, of Dr. Jamieson.'" Now here is what we actually did say—and if any one doubts it, let them examine for themselves in our issue of the 3rd inst.:—"For our own part, then, we are frank to confess, that, *in conjunction with other Artemesia Liberal Conservatives*, we did all, in our power to secure the return, as M. P. for South Grey, of Dr. Jamieson—a gentleman who, in his private and public life, has been characterized by a strong desire to hew to the line let the chips fall where they may." There it is—word for word, letter for letter! And yet the Hanover *Post* has the astonishing cheek to assure us that it did not misquote us! We had thought there was only one journalist (so called) in the county mean enough to descend to such deliberate falsehood, but it seems he has quite an ardent disciple in the scribe of the *Post*. If there is still a spark of honor remaining in the Hanover man he will do us the simple justice to acknowledge his error through the same medium by which he has traduced us.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Death of a Venerable Lady.

We regret to have to announce this week the death of another one of our most respected citizens. Last Monday evening, March 14 Mrs. Francis M. Wright peacefully and joyfully passed to the world above. Grandma Wright, as she was familiarly called by our townspeople, had been gradually failing all winter, but was not seriously ill until two weeks before her death, when she was attacked with senile bronchitis. She died at the residence of her two sons, Alfred and John Wesley, on Adams street, in this place. Grandma was in her 78th year, and was never ill but twice during her life. She was the mother of fifteeen children, ten of whom are still living. Five of them attended the funeral, the others being so far away as to make it impossible for them to reach here. She has thirty living grandchildren and five great grandchildren. Her descendents are scattered from the Pacific Slope to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. She was a native of County Carlow, Ireland, and left her native home with her husband and oldest child in 1832, since which time she lived fifty years in Canada and five years in Kirkwood. She looked much younger than her years. She was beloved by all who knew her, for her generous, goodnatured and happy disposition. The great love and respect for her was manifest by the large number who visited the house to tender their sympathy to the bereaved family, and to bring floral offering as tokens of their love. Many of the floral offerings were very beautiful. At the head of the casket was a very large pillow of white flowers with the inscription "Our Mother" in the centre of it. At the foot of the casket stood a beautiful floral representation of the Gates Ajar, which was sent by the young ladies in the employ of her sons in St. Louis. There were beautiful offerings from Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Wilson, and others.

This death leaves a vacancy that will be long and sadly felt in her sons' home, as she was so devoted to her family and they to her. Among the many sweet recollections of her last hours will be her prayer when her speech was very difficult. It was only four words, but contained a world to her and her children. It was, "God bless my family."

Her family expected her to live fifteen or twenty years longer, as her mother died at the age of 98, her grandmother at 103, a brother and sister at 86, and she leaves a sister who was born on the first day of this century.

Her husband, the late George L. Wright, died in Canada 1868. The family purpose removing the remains to Oak Hill Cemetery and lay them beside his wife.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday at the Methodist church, and were conducted by Dr. Godbey, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lewis. The attendance was very large and the ceremonies very impressive. After the services at the church the remains were taken to Oak Hill and there consigned to their last earthly abode which she requested should be in Kirkwood, near her two youngest children.—*Kirkwood* (Mrs. U. S.) *Leader*.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c per box.

The Golden Side.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust never faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous skies are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the first successful blood medicine ever offered to the public. This preparation is still held in the highest public estimation both at home and abroad. Its miraculous cures and immense sales show this. Ask your druggist for it.

District News.

Dog poisoning is still the mania in Collingwood.

Nottawa, a small hamlet in Nottawasaga township, has a roller flour mill.

Mr. Alex. Mitchell has been re-appointed bailiff of the Thornbury division court.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McLellan, 4th line, Melancthon, celebrated their "golden wedding" on the 17th inst.

Mr. John McNalley's barn near Hanover, Ont., together with all the contents, was destroyed by fire on the 19th inst.

The Shelburne people are making a big push in order to establish a mechanics' institute in that place.

There have been a number of business failures in Shelburne recently. The latest was that of Irwin Bros., planing, furniture, and undertaking men.

Among the number killed, during the recent terrible hotel fire in Buffalo, was Mr. Wilson Purcell, brother of Mrs. W. A. Brownlee, of Mt. Forest.

Mr. Stafford, one of the proprietors of the Richmond hotel, Buffalo—recently destroyed by fire—was formerly a resident of the town of Collingwood

The Bruce Co. treasurer recently absconded. His books have since been audited and as far as can now be learned there is a shortage of $5,000. Further developements are expected in this respect.

Two deers attempted to cross the railway track, between Parkhead and Allenford, while a G. T. R. train was in motion a short distance in their rear. One deer crossed safely but the other came in contact with the engine and was killed instantly.

The Mt. Forest *Representative* advocates the formation of a local baseball league. the "circuit" to include Teeswater, Gorrie, Listowell, Palmerson, Harriston, Durham, Holstein, Mt. Forest, Arthur and Fergus. Why not take in Flesherton?

The drama, "The Last Loaf," was recently rendered twice by the Mt. Forest Sons of Temperance in that town and once in Arthur. It scored an immense success. The same drama was given in Flesherton a year or two ago and will likely be repeated at an early date.

Orangeville Post: Liveryman Lyons folded his tent like an Arab and silently stole away last Thursday evening. The dolorous wail of the confiding creditor is now heard in the land, but the debtor would come in for a portion of the wailing were he not so shy. A livery is apparently not a very stable institution.

Foreign Mission Hymn.

From New York Baptist Weekly.

From Heathen lands ascends the cry
Of millions who in bondage pine,
They live in darkness, and they die
Without one ray of light Divine

To them the highest gift we owe,
Bequeathed it is by Christ, our Head,
To bear this treasure we must go,
Or send another in our stead.

Our sisters and our brothers true,
To them the Word of Life declare;
They wont for us, our work to do,
And God hath blessed their labors there.

And shall we halt and stay His hand,
By growling, selfish unbelief?
Shall we neglect our Lord's command,
And fill our future lives with grief?

Nay, now to Him who loved us so,
Substance and strength we'll consecrate;
No other glory will we know
Than at His call to work and wait.

Flesherton, Ont. —T. W.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

BE ON YOUR GUARD. Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 60 to 2 10	
Fall Wheat	$0 76 to 0 78	
Spring Wheat	0 76	0 78
Barley	0 35	0 48
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 12	0 12
Potatoes	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 65	5 65
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 30	0 20
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAUTION.

I hereby caution any person against negotiating for a note for $15, in favor of Samuel Martin which fell due about 1st Nov., 1886, as I have not received value for the same.

JOHN SHERWOOD,
3t. Eugenia P.O.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 33, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P.M. at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. McL. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE FARM Property in the Township of Euphrasia, in the County of Grey. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the REVERE HOUSE, in the Village of THORNBURY, in the County of Grey, on FRIDAY THE EIGHTH DAY OF APRIL, 1887, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land situate in the said Township of Euphrasia, containing one hundred acres more or less composed of the south half of lot number 2 in the second concession. This desirable property lies about nine miles from Flesherton, four and a half miles from Eugenia, and two and a-half miles from Kimberley, and has erected thereon a hewed log house 20 x 26 and barn (part frame) 23 x 44 which are said to be in a fair state of repair. The property is well watered with a good spring creek running through it and conveniently situated as to travelled roads. There is a small orchard upon the property containing about sixty fruit trees. The soil is of a clay loam, about 40 acres are in a fair state of cultivation. The above premises will be offered for sale under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) and will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. TERMS and conditions made known on day of sale. For further particulars apply to E. M. CHADWICK, Vendors Solicitor, Beatty, Chadwick, Blackstock & Galt, 58 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

Dated at Toronto this 3rd day of March A.D., 1887.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of Messrs. Notman & Fraser, Toronto Photographers, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885

THE CELEBRATED DR. CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any ... Liver, Dr. Chase's ... will be found a speedy and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

... Liver Complaint ... of which the fact that it is composed entirely ... regulator Mandrake ... Dandelion, combined with many other ... herbs and herbs, acting ... powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million ... were sold in Canada in '86. We want every man, woman and child who ... to have Chase's Liver Cure ... plaint to try it's wonderful remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and is worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

New Goods!

I have received a large assortment of Spring Goods, consisting of Gents, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Childrens Boots and Shoes.

I am offering them at prices that for quality cannot be beat. CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

Largest, Cheapest, and Best stock of

--STOVES--

IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY, AT

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is a means for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

LITTLE FALLS

Saw Mill!

IN FULL OPERATION.

Special attention given to custom work, so that parties delivering logs to be sawn, can have their Lumber for return loads.

SAW LOGS

BOUGHT.

WM HOGG.

Feb. 23rd, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON. ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

95 acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Orange Farewell Party!

To the Editor of The Advance.

On Wednesday night the 23rd inst. the Officers and Brethren of L. O. L. No. 883 together with a number of friends assembled at the residence of Brother Edward Stone to bid him farewell previous to his departure for his new home in British Columbia.

Ample justice having been done to the good things provided, and the wants of the inner man supplied, the meeting was called to order by Bro. T. McArthur. On the unanimous vote of the meeting, Bro. Wm. Rutledge, W. M., occupied the chair, and in a brief but appropriate speech alluded to the exemplary character of Bro. Stone, both as an Orangeman and a Christian. A farewell address was then read by Bro. Ashdown on behalf of the Lodge, in which the Brethren expressed their regret that they were called upon to bid adieu to so valuable and worthy a friend. They felt they could ill afford to lose one whose integrity had gained the esteem and respect of every member of the Lodge, but they sincerely wished that their loss would be his gain, and that his future career in his new home would be a happy and a prosperous one. They also begged to convey their best wishes to his estimable and amiable partner in life, praying that she may be spared to him and his children to enjoy many years of happiness and prosperity in the land of their adoption.

The following is the address:—

Edward Stone, Esq.

DEAR SIR & BROTHER,—It is with sentiments of mingled pain and pleasure, that we the Officers and brethren of L. O. L. No. 883, do meet with you to-night to bid you farewell previous to your departure for you new home in distant lands.

We regret that we have to bid adieu to so valuable and estimable a friend, and whose integrity has gained the esteem and respect of every member of this Lodge and we feel that we can ill afford to lose you but we sincerely hope that our loss will be your gain, and we beg to assure you that you will carry with you the best wishes of not only the Brethren, but of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

We would also tender our best wishes to your estimable and amiable partner in life, and pray that she may be spared to you and yours, and that you may both live to enjoy many years of happiness and prosperity in your new home. And should we not meet again in this world, let us hope to meet again in the Supreme Grand Lodge above, where parting is no more.

Again wishing you a safe journey and hoping that your future career may be a happy and prosperous one we now cordially bid you farewell. Signed on behalf of L. O. L., No. 883.

WILLIAM RUTLEDGE. W. M.

Artemesia, Mar. 23rd, 1887.

The meeting was then addressed by several of the Brethren who eulogized in the warmest manner the character of the Brother who is about to leave them.

Some excellent singing was rendered by the ladies, of whom a goodly number were present, which added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The meeting closed about midnight by singing "God save the Queen," after which a general hand-shaking and leave taking was engaged in, and the party dispersed well pleased with a well spent evening.

We may add that Mr. Stone located a homestead near New Westminster, B. C., last summer, returning to Artemesia last fall, and having recently sold his farm, he intends going back to B. C. as soon as circumstances will permit, taking with him his family, also the well wishes of a large circle of friends and aquaintances in Artemesia.

F. GEE.

Commencing to Heave.

Dundalk Herald.

The public school building which was only a short time ago erected in Dundalk at considerable expense to the ratepayers of this section, is not the substantial building that it should be. In examining it we find large cracks in the wall from the cellar to the roof, and one of the foundation walls under the centre of the building has heaved several inches making the floor in the primary departments very uneven. Whether this is due to imperfections in the building or the swampy state of the ground on which it is built, we are not prepared to say.

When, by reason of a cold or from any other cause, the secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

British Columbia Letter.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Mr. Editor,—I have nothing of any importance to send you at this time only about the weather.

Fall very wet. Snow came on before Christmas and has kept on until now, Mar. 1st. We have had 3 or 4 days of a down pour of rain which is likely to make a finish of it.

Thermomoter fell during the winter to 3 degrees below zero, and mind you it was cold. Don't laugh. There was six inches of ice on the Fraser, a large quantity has been stored here for Salmon packing to the east. There is said to be 25 feet of snow in the Selkirk Rocky Mountain Range. Mails very uncertain in consequence. Settlers anticipating an overflow of the Fraser, should it come warm in April and May.

I have noted your editorial, advising people to stay at home even if half comfortable; my advice is the same. We have what is called a temperate climate; yet it is very disagreeable when the rainy season sets in. I believe as far as farming is concerned the advantage is very greatly in favour of Ontario. Here it is a long time before you can live by the land. You can live on it, but not by it as in Ontario. A man remarked the other day, that it would not do to tell all the truth about British Columbia.

We are only some 12 or 14 miles from the W. Territory boundary line, and to all appearance and accounts, it is no better than this. However, we live in hope that it will prove all right in the future To say that a man requires brains and perseverance for a new country he needs that, a good deal of capital, and a strong constitution as well. These are all wanting here and he will find he needs them all. Flour is now coming from Winnipeg and Quappelle. We are paying the same for it as for Oregon flour. C. P. R., rates are excessive and great complaints are being made about them. The Govt. should see to this. Mar. 4th is election day, and I have told the candidates that none but a good and true supporter of the Govt. need apply, and we are going to send him all right.

There are some farms been sold lately (so I hear) for $22,000; but mind you they are exceptions. Land is held very high, that is, good land, for the reason that it is scarce. Hay scarce and selling at $18. Potatoes $2 per cwt. Wheat and oats $1.50 per cwt. Flour $6.00 bbl. Eggs 50 cts. Butter 37½. Taxes independent of land tax, there is Internal Revenue tax $3, payable by all males 21 years of age, and road tax $2 collected by municipality, the former to Govt.

Always pleased to see the news from Artemesia through the ADVANCE which comes pretty regular, except when prevented by mountains of snow. Yours &c.

J. M. WEBSTER.

Port Haney, B. C. Mar. 1st 1887.

Strictly Original.

Set in type verbatim et literatum.

Flesherton Mar 19

Dear Sir pleas publish in your weekly paper as follows and you will oblige a constant reader

Stones settlement disaster A terrible runaway occured bettween William Fletchers and Richard Stones of the 4 and 5 con of Artemisia on Saturday the 19th inst Mr. John Mcpherson of Gnelg was returning home from this village to day Feeling a little intoxcated and his horses feeling good Saw a team drive at fare speed behind him thinking they were about to run by him for a lark to his team he did aply the whip. It took those gallant team of bays to do as thay ware bid. Says he get out here and Mcpherson and his old sleighs were left a spralling in the ditch.

Walshes team taking in hot persuit to catch them but did not succed as one of their horses was lame. But they left Mcpherson turning back his pair of old bobsleigs the old man was not hurt much excepting a sliver runing in his left thy from the fall against the fence the horses reced some serious injures But being taken in time by a very fenologis man James Sullivan of Gnelg who soon stoped the over flow of blood they are still under his treatment and is to believed to be mending

From The
Irish Lake Brother
hood.

Imprisonment for Debt.

Toronto World.

The Mail taunts Nova Scotians with perpetuating imprisionment for debt, "abandoned in almost every civilized country." Well men have been and can be imprisoned in Ontario for not paying their debts. Of course the Mail can argue that Ontario is not a country but a province, or that if it were civilized it would not keep Mr. Mowat in power with an increased majority.

Where Are They?

Dundalk Herald.

On Tuesday afternoon of last week when Mr. Donald Bell of Bell's Corners was returning home from Dundalk, he got out of the sleigh when about a mile from the village, and his horses, a spirited young span, immediately started on the run. Although followed by Mr. Bell he soon lost sight of them, and has not been able to get any trace of them up to the present time. The country has been searched and inquiries made but strange to say nothing has as yet been heard of the lost team.

A Post-Office Question.

Editor Advance: Are those who get their letters, papers &c. at Flesherton post-office, supposed to wait patiently for their mail matter until the matter for other post-offices is distributed and disposed of, before getting their own?

SEVERAL CITIZENS.

[We do not know; ask the Postmaster who is always ready to furnish information in matters pertaining to his office. ED. ADVANCE.]

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stovall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Sadsburgh, Pa.

For years I was troubled with Bronchitis, weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Wapilzen's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loans.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY.

Gates of the City.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn and spent, crept down a shadowed vale;
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill with the gusty air, and dark the sky.
The path was rugged and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet in the mountain side,
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast failing breath,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Death."

He could not stay his feet that led thereto,
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair.
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that hold no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned;
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lusterful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care and strife,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Life."

Love or Lands.

"I bring not houses, lands or gold,
To give, sweetheart, to thee;
No richer than I was of old
Am I to-day," quoth he.
In sooth he looked his poverty,
If ever man did one;
In rags and tatters clad was he,
Bare-headed to the sun!

It was her love of long ago
Who took her outstretched hands.
"If you are he I used to know,
I seek not gold or lands,
If you but love me still, sweetheart,
I am content," cried she.
"And I will share your lowly part,
For I your bride will be!"

"Then, by my troth, my heart is thine!"
Quoth he at her reply;
"Though rags and tatters may be mine,
No beggar now am I.
I'm richer than with gold and lands
The proudest monarchs be,
With thee for mine, and these two hands
To work, sweetheart, for thee!"

—*Chambers' Journal for March*

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

It was very evident to Dorothy, who was always strictly practical, that to keep Eva and Ernest in the same town was to hold dry tow to a lighted match over a barrel of gunpowder. She only hoped that he might come back now without having put his foot into it.

"Oh, what fools men are!" she said to herself, with a stamp; "a pretty face and a pair of bright eyes, and they count the world well lost for them. Bah! if it had been a plain woman who played Ernest that trick, would he be found dangling about after her now? Not he. But with her, she has only to say a soft word or two, and he will be at her feet. I'll be bound I am ashamed of them both."

Meanwhile she was putting on her bonnet, which was a very favorite time with her for meditation, having already made up her mind as to her course of action. Ernest had authorized her to make arrangements for an interview with the oculist. She proceeded to make those arrangements by telegram, writing to a celebrated surgeon to know if he could make an appointment for the following afternoon. Then she took a walk by herself to think things over. In an hour she returned, to find Ernest in the sitting-room looking extremely shaken and depressed.

"You have been to see Eva," she said.

"Yes," he answered.

Just then there was a knock at the door and the servant brought in a telegram. It was from the oculist. He would be glad to see Sir Ernest Kershaw at four o'clock on the following afternoon.

"I have made an appointment for you with an eye-doctor, Ernest, at four o'clock to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he said.

"Yes. The sooner you get your eyes looked to the better."

He sighed. "What is the good? However, I will go."

And so next morning they all took the express, and at the appointed time Ernest found himself in the skillful hands of the oculist. But though an oculist can mend the sight, he can not make it.

"I can do nothing for you, Sir Ernest," he said, after an exhaustive examination. "Your eyes will remain as they are, but you must always be blind."

Ernest took the news with composure. "I thought as much," he said; but Dorothy put her handkerchief to her face and wept secretly.

Next morning he went with Jeremy to see Messrs. Paisley & Paisley, and told them to try and let Archdale Hall, and to lock up the numerous and valuable heirlooms, as unfortunately he was unable to see them. Then they went on home to Dum's Ness, and that night Ernest lay awake in the room where he had slept for so many years in the boyhood which now seemed so dim and remote, and listened to the stormy wind raving round the house, and thought with an aching heart of Eva, but was thankful that he had bid her farewell, and wondered if he could find the strength to keep away from her.

And Eva, his lost love, she too lay by the sea, and listened to the wind, and thought on him. There she lay in her beauty, seeking the sleep that would not settle round her. She could not sleep; sweet sleep does not come readily to such as her. For her and those like her are vain regrets and an empty love and longing, and the wreath of thorns that crowns the brow where sorrow sits enthroned.

Yet, Eva, lift up that fevered head, and turn those streaming eyes to heaven. See, through the casement, high above the tumult of the storm, there gleams a star. For you, too, there gleams a star called Hope, but it is set in no earthly sky. Have patience, wayward heart, there is but a space of trouble. As you suffer, so have millions suffered, and behold! they are at peace; so shall millions suffer:

"While thou that once didst make the place
thou stoodst in lovely, shalt lie still,
Thy form departed, and thy face remembered
not in good or ill."

For of this we may be sure—if suffering be not the widest gate of heaven, then heaven has no gates. Yes, unhappy woman, stretch out those perfect arms in supplication to the God of sorrows for strength to bear your load, for here it shall not be lightened. The burdens which Providence straps on our backs Providence will sometimes lessen, but those which our own folly fastens remain till death deliver us.

So, Eva, dry your tears, for they can avail you naught, and go get you to your daily task—go, tend your children and smile that sweet, sad smile on all alike and wait.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOME AGAIN.

It was very peaceful, that life at Kesterwick, after all the fierce racket and excitement of the past years. Indeed, as day succeeded day, and brought nothing to disturb his darkness, but the sound of Dorothy's gentle voice, and the scent of the flowers on the marshes when the wind blew toward the ocean, and the sharp, strong odor of the sea when it set upon the land, Ernest could almost fancy that the past was nothing but a dream more or less ugly, and that this was a dream more or less pleasant, from which he should presently wake up and find himself a boy again.

English villages change but little. Now and again a person dies, and pretty frequently some one is born; but, on the whole, the tide of time creeps on very imperceptibly, and though in the course of nature the entire population is changed every sixty years or so, nobody seems to realize that it is changing. There is so little in such places to mark the change by. The same church-tower makes a landmark to the eye as it did centuries ago to the eyes of our ancestors, and the same clouds sweep across the same blue space above it. There are the same old houses, the same streams, and, above all, the same roads and lanes. If you could put one of our Saxon forefathers down in the neighborhood of most of our country towns, he would have little difficulty in finding his way about. It is the men who change, not the places.

Still there were some few changes at Kesterwick. Here and there the sea had taken another bite out of the cliff, notably on the north side of Dum's Ness, out of which a large slice had gone, thus bringing the water considerably nearer to the house. Here and there too, a tree had been cut down, or a cottage built, or a family changed its residence. For instance, Miss Florence Ceswick had suddenly shut up the Cottage, where she had remained, seeing nothing of her sister or her sister's husband, ever since Eva's marriage, and had gone abroad—people said to Rome, to study art. For Florence had suddenly electrified the Kesterwick neighborhood by appearing as an artist of tragic force and grewsome imagination. A large picture by her hand had been exhibited in the Royal Academy of the previous year, and, though the coloring was somewhat crude, made a great and deserved sensation, and finally sold for a considerable sum.

It represented a promontory of land running out far into a stormy ocean. The sky above the sea was of an inky blackness, except where a fierce ray of light from a setting sun pierced it, and impinged upon the boiling waters which surged round the low cliff of the promontory. On the extreme edge of the cliff stood a tall and lovely woman. The wind caught the white robe she wore and pressed it against her, revealing the extraordinary beauty of her form, and lifting her long, fair locks, tossed them in wild confusion. She was bending forward, pointing with her right hand at the water with such a look of ghastly agony upon her beautiful face into the great gray eyes, that people of impressionable temperament were wont to declare that it haunted their sleep for weeks. Down below her, just where the fierce ray lit up the heaving waters, gleamed a naked corpse. It was that of a young man, and was slowly sinking into the unfathomable darkness of the depths, turning round and round as it sank. The eyes and mouth were wide open, and the stare of the former appeared to be fixed upon those of the woman on the cliff. Lastly, over the corpse, in the storm wreaths above their heads, there hovered unsteady wings a dim female figure, with its arm thrown across the face as though to hide it. The picture was called in the catalogue "The Lost Lover," but speculation was rife as to what it meant.

Dorothy heard of it, and went to London to see it. The first thing that struck her about the work was the extraordinary contrast it presented to the commonplace canvases of reapers, little girls frisking with baa-lambs, and nude young women musing profoundly on the edge of pools, as though they were trying to solve the great question to wash or not to wash—by which it was surrounded. But presently the weird horror of the picture laid hold upon her, and seemed to fascinate her as it had so many others. Then she became aware that the faces were familiar to her, and suddenly it broke upon her mind that the sinking corpse was Ernest, and the agonized woman Eva. She examined the faces more attentively. There was no doubt about it. Florence had with consummate art changed the coloring of the hair and features, and even to a great extent altered the features themselves, but she had perfectly preserved the likeness both upon the dead face of the murdered man, and in the horror-inspired eyes of his lover. The picture made her sick with fear, she could not tell why, and she hurried from Burlington House full of dread of the terrible mind that had conceived it.

There had been no intercourse between the two women since Eva's marriage. Florence lived quite alone at the Cottage, and never went out anywhere, and if they met by any chance they passed with a bow. But for all that it was a relief to Dorothy to hear that she was not for some long time to see that stern face with its piercing brown eyes

In Dum's Ness itself there appeared to be no change at all. Except that Mr. Cardus had built a new orchid-house at the back, for as he grew older his mania for orchids increased rather than diminished, the place was exactly the same. Even the arrangement of the sitting-room was unchanged, and on its familiar bracket rested the case which Jeremy had made containing the witch's head.

The people in the house had to all appearance changed as little as the house itself. Jeremy confided to Ernest that Doll had grown rather "tubby," which was his elegant way of indicating that she had developed a very pretty little figure, and that Grice (the old housekeeper) was as skinny as a flayed weasel, and had eyes like the point of a knife. Ernest maliciously repeated these sayings to the two ladies concerned with the result that they were both furious. Then he retreated and left them to settle it with Jeremy.

Old Atterleigh too was almost exactly the same, except that of late years his intellect seemed to have brightened a little. It was, however, difficult to make him understand that Ernest was blind, because the latter's eyes looked all right. He retained some recollection of him, and brought him his notched stick, to show him that, according to his (hard-riding Atterleigh's) calculation, his time of service with the devil, otherwise Mr. Cardus, would expire in a few months. Dorothy read what the old man wrote upon his slate, and repeated it to Ernest, for he being practically dumb, and Ernest being blind, that was the only way in which they could communicate.

"And what will you do then?" asked Ernest; "you will be wretched without any writs to fill up. Who will look after the lost souls, I should like to know?"

The old man at once wrote vigorously on his slate:

"I shall go out hunting on the big black horse you brought with you; he will carry my weight."

"I should advise you not to try," said Ernest, laughing; "he does not like strange riders." But the old man at the mere thought of hunting was striding up and down the room, clanking his spurs and waving his hunting-crop with his uninjured arm.

"Is your grandfather as much afraid of my uncle as ever, Doll?"

"Oh, yes, I think so; and do you know, Ernest, I don't quite like the way he looks at him sometimes?"

Ernest laughed. "I should think that the old boy is harmless enough," he said.

"I hope so," said Dorothy.

When first they got back to Dum's Ness, Jeremy was at a great loss to know what to do with himself, and was haunted by the idea that Mr. Cardus would want him to resume that stool in his office which years before he had quitted to go in search of Ernest. A week or so after his arrival, however, his fears were very pleasantly set at rest. After breakfast, Mr. Cardus sent for him to come into his office.

"Well, Jeremy," he said, letting his soft, black eyes wander round that young gentleman's gigantic form, for it was by now painfully large, not so much in height, for he was not six foot three, as in its great width, which made big men look like children beside him, and even dwarfed his old grandfather's enormous frame—"well, Jeremy, and what do you think of doing? You are too big for a lawyer; all your clients would be afraid of you."

"I don't know about being too big," said Jeremy, solemnly, "but I know that I am too great an ass. Besides, I can't afford to spend several years in being articled at my time of life."

"Quite so. Then what do you propose doing?"

"I don't know from Adam."

"Well, how would you like to turn your sword to a plowshare and become a farmer?"

"I think that would suit me first-rate. I have a little capital laid by. Ernest and I made a little money out there."

"No, I would not advise you to take a farm in that way; these are bad times. But I want a practical man to look after my land around here, salary £150. What do you say?

"You are very kind; but I doubt if I can boss that coach; I don't know anything of the work."

"Oh, you will very soon learn; there is a capital bailiff, Stamp—you remember him he will soon put you to the ropes. So we will consider that settled."

Thus it was that our friend Jeremy entered on a new walk in life, and one which suited him very well. In less than a year's time he grew aggressively agricultural, and one never met him but what he had a handful of oats or a mangel-wurzel in his coat-tail pocket, which he was ready to swear were samples of the finest oats, mangel-wurzel, or whatever the particular agricultural product might be, that ever had been or were ever likely to be grown.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW IT ALL CAME OUT.

How did it all come about?

Let us try and discover. Dorothy and Ernest were together all day long. They only separated when Mazook came to lead the former off to bed. At breakfast-time he led him back again and handed him over to Dorothy for the day. Not that our Zulu friend liked this; he did not like it at all. It was, he considered, his business to lead his master about, and not that of the "Rosebud," who was, as he discovered, after all nothing but a girl connected with his master neither by birth or marriage. And on this point there finally arose a difference of opinion between the Rosebud and Mazooku.

The latter was leading Ernest for his morning walk, when Dorothy perceiving it, and being very jealous of what she considered her rights, sallied out and took his hand from the great Zulu's. Then did Mazooku's long-pent indignation break forth.

"O Rosebud, sweet and small Rosebud!" he commenced, addressing her in Zulu, of which, needless to say, she understood not one word, "why do you come and take my father's hand out of my hand? Is not my father blind, and am I not his dog, his old dog to lead him in his blindness? Why do you take his bone from a dog?"

"What is the man saying?" asked Dorothy.

"He is offended because you come to lead me; he says that he is my dog, and that you snatch his bone from him. A pretty sort of a bone indeed!" he added.

"Tell him," said Dorothy, "that here in this country I hold your hand. What does he want? Is he not always with you? does he not sleep across your door? What more does he want?"

Ernest translated her reply.

"Ow!" said the Zulu, with a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"He is a faithful fellow, Doll, and has stood by me for many years; you must not vex him."

But Dorothy after the manner of loving women, was tenacious as to what she considered her rights.

"Tell him that he can walk in front," she said, putting on an obstinate little look, and she could look obstinate when she liked.

Ernest translated again (for the Zulu vowed he could never understand Dorothy's English), and Mazooku accepted the compromise. Thus for a while the difference was patched up.

Sometimes Dorothy and Ernest would go out riding together, for, blind as he was, Ernest could not be persuaded to give up his riding. It was a pretty sight to see them; Ernest mounted on his towering black stallion "The Devil," which in his hands was as gentle as a lamb, but with everybody else fully justified his appellation, and Dorothy on a cream-colored cob Mr. Cardus had given her, holding in her right hand a steel guiding-rein linked to the Devil's bit. In this way they would wonder all over the country-side, and sometimes, when a good piece of turf presented itself, even venture on a sharp canter. Behind them as groom rode Mazooku, mounted on a stout pony, with his feet stuck, Zulu fashion, well out at right angles at his animal's side.

They were a strange trio.

And so from week's end to week's end Dorothy was ever by Ernest's side, reading to him, writing for him, walking and riding with him, weaving herself into the substance of his life.

And at last there came one sunny August day, when they were sitting together in the shade of the chancel of Titheburgh Abbey. It was a favorite spot of theirs, for the gray old walls sheltered them from the glare of the sun and the breath of the winds. It was a spot, too, rich in memories of the dead past, and a pleasant place to sit.

Through the gaping window-places came the murmur of the ocean and the warmth of the harvest sunshine; and gazing out by the chancel doorway, Dorothy could see the long lights of the afternoon dance and sparkle on the emerald waves.

She had been reading to him, and the book lay idle on her knees as she gazed dreamily at those lights and shadows, a sweet picture of pensive womanhood. He too had relapsed into silence, and was evidently thinking deeply.

Presently she roused herself.

"Well, Ernest," she said, "what are you thinking about? You are as dull as—as the dullest thing in the world, whatever that may be. What is the dullest thing in the world?"

"I don't know," he answered, awakening. "Yes, I think I do; an American novel."

"Yes, that is a good definition. You are as dull as an American novel."

"It is unkind of you to say so, Doll, my dear. I was thinking of something, Doll."

She made a little face, which of course, he could not see, and answered quickly:

"You generally are thinking of something. You generally are thinking of—Eva, except when you are asleep, and then you are dreaming of her."

Ernest colored up.

"Yes," he said, "it is true, she is often more or less in my mind. It is my misfortune, Doll, not my fault. You see, I do not do things by halves."

Dorothy bit her lip.

"She should be justly flattered, I am sure. Few women can boast of having inspired such affection in a man. I suppose it is because she treated you so badly. Dogs love the hand that whips them. You are a curious character, Ernest Not many men would give so much to one who has returned so little."

"So much the better for them. If I had a son, I think that I should teach him to make love to all women, and to use their affection as a means of amusement and self-advancement, but to fall in love with none."

"That is one of your bitter remarks, for which I suppose we must thank Eva. You are always making them now. Let me tell you that there are good women in the world; yes, and honest, faithful women, who, when they have given their heart are true to their choice, and would not do it violence to be made Queen of England. But you men do not go the right way to find them. You think of nothing but beauty, and never take the trouble to learn the hearts of the sweet girls who grow like daisies in the grass all around you, but who do not happen to have great eyes or a splendid bust. You tread them underfoot, and if they were not so humble they would be crushed, as you rush off and try to pick the rose; and then you prick your fingers, and cry out, and tell all the daisies how shamefully the rose has treated you."

Ernest laughed and Dorothy went on:

"Yes, it is an unjust world. Let a woman but be beautiful and everything is at her feet, for you men are despicable creatures, and care for little except what is pleasant to the senses. On the other hand, let her be plain, or only ordinary-looking—for the fate of most of us is just to escape being ugly—and you pay as much regard to her as you do the chairs you sit on. And yet, strange as it may seem to you probably, she has her feelings, and her capacities for high affection, and her imaginative power, all working vigorously behind her plain little face. Probably, too, she is better than your beauty. Nature does not give everything; when she endows a woman with perfect loveliness, she robs her either of her heart or her brains. But you men don't see that, because you won't look, so in course of time all the fine possibilities in Miss Plainface wither up, and she becomes a disappointed old maid, while my Lady Beauty pursues her career of selfishness and mischief-making, till at last she withers up too; that's one comfort."

Ernest had been listening with great amusement to Dorothy's views. He had no idea that she took such matters into her shrewd consideration.

"I heard a girl say the other day that, on the whole, most women preferred to become old maids," he said.

"Then she told fibs; they don't. It isn't natural that they should, that is, if they care for anybody. Just think, there are more than ten hundred thousand of our charming sisterhood in these islands, and more women being born every day! Ten hundred thousand restless, unoccupied, disgusted, loveless women! It is simply awful to think of. I wonder they don't breed a revolution. If they were beautiful they would."

He laughed again.

"Do you know what remedy Mazooku would apply to this state of affairs?"

"No."

"The instant adoption of polygamy. There are no unmarried women among the Natal Zulus, and they as a class are extremely happy."

Dorothy shook her head.

"It wouldn't do here; it would be too expensive."

"I say, Doll, you spoke just now of our 'charming sisterhood'; you are rather young to consider yourself an old maid. Do you want to become one?"

"Yes," she said, sharply.

"Then you don't care for anybody, eh?"

She blushed up furiously.

"What business is that of yours, I should like to know?" she answered.

"Well, Doll, not much. But will you be angry with me if I say something?"

"I suppose you can say what you like."

"Yes; but will you listen?"

"If you speak I cannot help hearing."

"Well then, Doll—now don't be angry, dear."

"O Ernest, how you aggravate me! Can't you get it out and have done with it?"

"All right, Doll, I'll steam straight ahead this time. It is this. I have sometimes been vain enough to think that you cared a little about me, Doll, although I am as blind as a bat. I want to ask you if it is true. You must tell me plain, Doll, because I cannot see your eyes to learn the truth from them."

She turned quite pale at his words, and her eyes rested upon his blind orbs with a look of unutterable tenderness. So it had came at last.

"Why do you ask me that question, Ernest? Whether or no I care for you I am very sure you do not care for me."

"You are not quite right there, Doll, but I will tell you why I ask it; it is not out of mere curiosity.

"You know all the history of my life, Doll, or at least most of it. You know how I loved Eva, and gave her all that a foolish youngster can give to a weak woman—gave it in such a way that I can never have it back again. Well, she deserted me; I have lost her. The best happiness of my life has been wrecked beyond redemption; that is a fact that must be accepted as well as the fact of my blindness. I am physically and morally crippled, and certainly in no fit state to ask a woman to marry me on the ground of my personal advantages. But if, my dear Doll, you should, as I have sometimes thought, happen to care about anything so worthless then, you see, the affair assumes a different aspect."

(To be continued.)

A Thieves' Supper.

A select company of 150 thieves sat down to supper in Glasgow the other night. Each guest was provided with a ticket with the inscription:

ADMIT BEARER
to
A SUPPER
Of Beef Steak Pie and Plum Pudding,
SPECIALLY FOR THIEVES,
On Thursday Evening, 17th February, at 6.30 o'clock, in Tolbooth Hall, 10 High street.

This supper is only for men who have been convicted of theft.

NED WRIGHT
(From London),
Who was himself a Convicted Burglar and Prize Fighter, will make some interesting statements, and, it is hoped, will be able to point out a variety of ways of escape, which have already proved to be a great blessing to others.

As the number is limited to 150, come early and secure your seat.

On the reverse of the card was the following intimation:

Should any wish to enter the hall without being observed they may do so by the back door, entering by Old Exchange court, a few doors nearer the Cross.

The convicts—real and would-be—had to pass under Ned Wright's review, and not a few of them were rejected as impostors. The features of the evening were the want of liquor, the want of speeches, and a performance by Ned Wright's daughter on a violin once belonging to the notorious Charles Peace. The guests seem to have behaved themselves satisfactorily, and had proper respect for the knives, forks and spoons, as one of the onlookers remarked at the end of the feast that "a better ordered congregation could not have been found in a West End church."—*St. James' Gazette.*

How He Settled the Quarrel.

John Groat is said to have come from Holland to Caithness, Scotland, in 1439; with him came his brothers. They owned land in the Caithness, and increased and multiplied until there were eight families. Once a year they all met in the first house they had built. At one meeting the question of precedence was raised, and there was almost a fight. John O'Groats, as the Scotch called him, who seems to have had the most level head of them all, settled the matter temporarily then, and said that next year he would settle it finally. When the time for the next meeting came John O'Groats had built an eight-sided house with eight doors and windows; in the middle of the house he put a round table. By this means all struggles for precedence were avoided.—*New York Sun.*

Resurrection of the Hittites.

Capt. Conder, of the Palestine Exploration Expedition, after the labor of four years, has succeeded in deciphering and translating the Hittite inscriptions, which have hitherto excited and tormented the inquisitiveness of Orientalists. Ten principal texts are known; and he has interpretated them all. They have been found chiefly at Carchemish, Hamath and Aleppo, though Asia Minor at large has traces of the class scattered about it. It is a fresh and grand stage in the astonishing recent process of resurrection of a dead and forgotten people.—*London Truth.*

Friendly Cynicism.

Treat your friends as you treat your corns. When troublesome, cut 'em.

Friends are like flies. If you have a bald place they settle on it.

Never offer to post a letter for a friend. The accidental dropping of a letter may change friend into fiend.

The dog is called the friend of man. This is because he can't eat man, and man won't eat him.

Florist Leander Brown, of Madison, N.J., is the proud parent of triplets—two boys and a girl. They were christened Grover, Cleveland, and Frances.

Talmage says that men who sing and whistle cannot have much evil in their hearts. Bet him a new hat that the warden of any state prison will give him statistics to knock him out on his assertion.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The gold brick swindlers are beginning to find victims even in the land of gold. Two of them recently did a Los Angeles real estate agent out of $1,700 by the threadbare scheme.

CLAIMED BY ANOTHER PARENT.

A Young Man Who Was Found by His Supposed Mother is Now Confronted by His Adopted Father.

A Cincinnati, O., despatch says: Within ten days Frank Morey, 31 years old, living at Coal City, Ky., a few miles from here, has had a most romantic experience, being nothing less than the finding of a mother, to be followed to-day by his adopted father claiming him, with evidence that upsets the mother's claim and seems to make his own claim as parent certain. For years Frank has searched for his parents, of whom he had no recollection. His story was published a few days ago with the result that Mrs. Harriet Williams, of this city, recognized him as her son, stolen thirty years ago. That was also published. To-day Col. A. J. Morey, an editor of Cynthiana, Ky., visited Coal City and convinced both himself and Frank that the latter was his adopted son. His story is that in 1858, when the boy was 2 years old, he adopted him from a woman who said he was the child of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, of New York, who died at New Orleans of yellow fever. In 1860 Morey entered the confederate army, was captured, and imprisoned at Camp Chase. His wife died and the boy was placed by strangers in the house of refuge here and so forgot his home, while Morey was never able to find him. The adopted father has pictures and documents proving his story, and Frank Morey is compelled to believe them, though loath to give up the woman who he thought was his mother. He is content with the present situation unless another claimant as a parent puts in an appearance and adds to the romance of the situation.

NOVA SCOTIA LICENSE LAW.

Excitement in Halifax Over the Enforcement of the Measure—Strange Scenes in the Streets.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: This city is greatly excited over the enforcement of the new Provincial license law, which forbids the selling of liquor in hotels to other than guests, and in the case of guests to be drunk only in private rooms or at meals. At shops liquor cannot be sold in less quantities than a pint, and this is to be carried away and drunk. Between these two restrictions there is no chance for the bar-room toper at all. Little clusters of drinkers could be seen on the sidewalk going partners in a purchase, the liquor being carried out in a measure and drank from glasses borrowed from late bars, or turn about from the measure itself. Keepers of leading hotels say their receipts have fallen off one-half, while the price of licenses is three times as high as before, and much additional help is required to carry drinks to rooms or to tables

The measure was passed last year, but only came into force two days ago. It was strenuously opposed by the Halifax members of the House, but was carried by the votes of the county members, nearly all of whom are constrained to support strict temperance legislation. A peculiar feature of the bill is that inspectors of licenses must be members in good standing of some recognized temperance society.

THAT TEETZEL WINDFALL.

A Fortune of $4,000,000 to be Distributed Amongst Thirty.

A despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says: The Government of Germany has had in its possession for the last forty-five years a legacy of $4,000,000 left by Andrew Teetzel, who died near Wurtemburg. The heirships of thirty persons in the United States have at last been proven, and the fund is to be sent here. One of the heirs is a well-known business man of Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Mr. J. K. Teetzel.

A LONG WAIT REWARDED.

A reporter had a conversation with the gentleman this afternoon, and he told the following story of the windfall:

"My brother, James V. Teetzel, who is a New York attorney, conducted the negotiations with the German Government for us. These transactions have been carried on for a long time, and he has crossed the ocean to Germany five or six times in relation to the matter. Thirty heirs are scattered all over the United States. E. Teetzel & Co., bankers, and James B. Teetzel, live in New York. Two others live in Chicago, Ill.; three more at Milwaukee; seven at Benton Harbor, Mich.; George Dale and others at Troy, N.Y., and Terre Haute, Ind. I used to hear my father and grandfather talk about this claim. My great-grandfather settled in this country at Log Jail, N.J., which is now Trenton. The $4,000,000 is composed of Government bonds, other standard common securities, gold and property. It is now ready to be distributed among the heirs, I understand."

THE HIRED GIRL

Goes Crazy and Tortures Her Mistress' Children.

A London cable says: A couple of weeks ago Mrs. Cane, upon returning to her residence in St. John's Wood, heard distressing cries, and proceeding to the nursery found her three children, a boy aged 5 and her two girls, aged 7 and 12, stripped quite naked, and tied to the bed with ropes. They were covered with cuts, bruises and burns. They told their mother that shortly after her departure the general servant went out, and Mary Dobson, the nurse maid, took the children separately to the nursery and stripped and tied them to the bed. That she then got a rope with which she beat them for several minutes, in the case of the two girls drawing blood with almost every blow, and that she then made the poker red hot and burned the children with it in several parts of their bodies. She then went away, leaving them as found by Mrs. Cane. The police were notified, and to-day arrested the girl in a house at Blackwell. She had cut her hair close, and was dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes. She is about 20 years of age, and is supposed to be insane.

An Explanation Necessary.

"Mr. Featherly," inquired Bobby, notwithstanding the injunction of his father that little children should be seen, not heard, "have you got holes in your feet?"

'Holes in my feet!" exclaimed the astonished young man.

"Yes; pa says you must have, or you couldn't drink all the liquor you do."

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The House went into Committee of Supply, Mr. Harcourt in the chair. On the item of education,

Hon. G. W. Ross, in reply to a question, said that it was not correct to say that the expenditure on Common Schools had remained stationary, that there had been no increase during the past three or four years, but there had been a very large increase in the past fifteen years. Fifteen years ago the grant was $172,000; now it was $240,000. Then it must be remembered that a new Normal School had been established, and that was a direct benefit to the Common Schools; that model and training schools had been established; that aid was given to the teachers' institutes, and that one-third of the amount expended on High Schools was really expended for the training of teachers in those schools.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) said that there was a rumor that the Government was going to make large new grants for higher education, and if this were done a commensurate amount should be granted for Common School education. He expressed his opinion that Model Schools were a very valuable part of the educational system of the country.

On the item maintenance of public institutions, Mr. H. E. Clark asked for information as to the large number of persons of unsound mind said to be confined in the jails of the Province.

Hon. A. S. Hardy said there were 87 persons of this class in the jails last year, and, including these, about 140 applicants for admission to the asylums. The crowded state of the asylums was to some extent due to the presence of harmless imbeciles who might just as well be confined in refuges established by the counties, and the Government was urging the counties to establish such refuges. He said there were 200 idiots for whom applications had been made, and who would find accommodation when the enlargement of the Orillia asylum was completed.

Mr. Ingram inquired about an item for cab hire from the Central Prison to St. Michael's Cathedral.

Hon. A. S. Hardy explained that this was paid in connection with religious services at the Central Prison, and that there was a grant of $750 last year to the Prisoners' Aid Association, which was a Protestant association formed for the purpose of carrying on religious services at the prison. During the late campaign it had been falsely charged that grants for this purpose were made to the Roman Catholic clergy.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) said he was glad to hear the explanation, as misapprehensions on the subject had existed.

Mr. Waters asked if the additions to the asylum accommodation would provide for the insane who, the Provincial Secretary said, were awaiting accommodation.

Hon. Mr. Hardy said the room would be barely enough. The Government would probably go on with the second half of a cottage at Hamilton, half of which was building, and which, when completed, would accommodate 300 lunatics.

Mr. H. E. Clarke asked what had become of the scheme to close the Toronto asylum and build cottages at Mimico.

Hon. Mr. Hardy said that the plan of building cottages at Mimico had never been definitely decided upon by the Government. It was favored by the Superintendent of the asylum, but the Government had not decided to adopt it, though doubtless there was much to be said in favor of it.

Several petitions relative to private bills were presented.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton)—From a large number of persons in that city, praying for the introduction of temperance text books into the Public Schools.

Similar petitions were also presented from different parts of the Province.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Gibson (Huron)—To authorize Marshall Bidwell Mallory to practice dental surgery in Ontario.

Mr. Graham—To authorize the trustees of Warwick Methodist Church to sell certain lands.

Mr. Nairn—Respecting the conditions of sale of personal property; also, for the prevention of frauds and perjury in the sale of horses and cattle.

Mr. Tooley—To amend the Assessment Act.

Mr. Graham asked whether it is the intention of the Government to reduce the rate of interest on drainage debentures held by them against the several municipalities of the Province, and if so to what extent.

Hon. Mr. Ross (Huron) stated that the Government had given notice of a Bill on the subject, and the Bill will be down in a few days.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Ditches and Watercourses Act in regard to railways. He said explanation was not necessary, as the Bill was the same as one he had introduced at the previous session. He moved also that the Bill be referred to the Municipal Committee.

Hon. Mr. Pardee said it was a serious thing to tamper with railway ditches. He would like to have some machinery provided to force railway companies to do the necessary works themselves. He had no objection to the Bill going to the Municipal Committee.

The motion was carried and the Bill was referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading his Bill to amend the Municipal Act. He explained that its object was to define in a clearer manner the duties of County Councils in regard to bridges at the boundaries between municipalities. He moved the referance of the Bill to the Municipal Committee.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Murray moved the second reading of the Bill respecting the driving of sawlogs and other timber on lakes, rivers, creeks and streams. He explained that at the present time the trouble is that when a number of lumbermen are operating on the same stream the man operating at the front can control all those behind, and commit injustice. He wished to have the Bill sent to a select committee.

Hon. Mr. Pardee had no objection to the Bill going to a committee. He stated that the object of the introduction of the Bill was to get the opinions of the lumbermen.

The Bill was read a second time and referred to a committee composed of Messrs. Pardee, Meredith, Gibson (Huron), Phelps, Lees, Rayside, Bronson, Monk, Evanturel, Clancy, Armstrong, Wood (Hastings), Marter, Drury, Murray and Stratton.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Railway Act of Ontario. He said the object of the Bill was to provide a way by which parties whose lands are affected by the location of a railway and who are aggrieved may have redress. The Bill provided for petition to the County Judge, who may appoint three commissioners, one of whom shall be a civil engineer. This commission may change the location of a line, but only on condition that the engineer is a consenting party.

Hon. Mr. Pardee said he felt that there was some necessity for an appeal being provided from the dictation of a railway engineer.

The Bill was read a second time and referred to a committee composed of Messrs. Pardee, Meredith, Clarke (Wellington), Creighton, Hardy, Clancy, Morin, Hudson, Leys, Preston and Wood (Hastings).

Mr. Graham moved the second reading of the Real Property Limitations Act. He said the object of the Bill was to give to honest men what belonged to them, and to prevent dishonest men holding, because of crooked fences, lands which belonged to their neighbors. He did not think the present law was ever intended to apply to division lines between farms.

Hon. Mr. Mowat expressed his fear that if the Bill passd in its present shape it would injuriously affect a large number of titles to land. He thought such a matter, if dealt with at all, should be dealt with by the Government on its responsibility. He could not advise the House to adopt the Bill.

Mr. Graham withdrew the Bill.

Mr. Mack moved the House into committee on the Bill to amend the Act incorporating the Eastern Ontario Railway Company.

The Bill was passed without amendment, and the committee rose and reported.

ASPHYXIATION.

How Death by Inhaling Gas is Caused and Can be Prevented.

At the annual meeting of the Provincial Board of Health in Toronto yesterday Dr. J. J. Cassidy reported for the Committee on Poisons and Accidents as to the best means of preventing loss of life from the inhalation of illuminating gas in bedrooms. Accidents from the causes mentioned occurred most frequently in hotels, and the suggestions of the committee applied more particularly to these houses. The observance of the few rules which they submitted would, in the opinion of the committee, successfully prevent the loss of life. In the event of a fatal accident the coroner should have power to fix the responsibility on the guilty person. Their first suggestion was that wire gratings 12 inches by 12 inches should be inserted in the walls above bed-room doors. (2) Where chimney flues did not communicate with bed-rooms special ventilating flues reaching to the outer air should in all cases be introduced. (3) Wherever any kind of illuminating gas was used in a bed-room a suitable automatic cut-off gas burner should be placed in each of the gas fixtures; the gas should not be turned off at the meter except during the repair or refitting of the pipes. (4) It should be the duty of some responsible person to move about the different flats of the building during the night, at periods of two hours or oftener, in order to ascertain whether gas was escaping. (5) A periodical inspection of all gas fixtures, pipes and burners should be made by an inspector of plumbing, who should be appointed at the recommendation of the Local Board of Health. The report was adopted.

MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE.

So Two Couples who were Married for Fun After a Ball have Found Out.

Herbert W. Stone, aged 17, and Charles Eales, aged 20 years, were before Judge King yesterday, charged by their wives with non-support. Young Stone's wife, Grace, is but 14 years of age, and a niece of C. E. Kendall, of this city. Mary Vaughn, aged 16, is the wife of Eales. After a ball at Turn Hall the two couples were married "for fun" by Rev. Charles H. Smith, pastor of St. James' Episcopal Church, two months ago. Stone's mother, who lives at Tonawanda, was in court and anxious to break up the marriage, and, though quite well off, she refused to go on her son's bond for $300. He was sent to jail. Rev. Mr. Smith says the youngsters signed papers that their parents knew of their intention when they applied to him to be married.—*Buffalo News.*

A Grand Methodist Church.

A Montreal despatch says: The large Methodist Church to be erected on the old Allan property on St. Catherine street is to be one of the finest sacred edifices on the continent. It is to have a seating capacity of 2,000 and school-rooms for 1,000, besides committee, reception and ladies' work rooms. The style is to be 14th century decorated Gothic. The width inside is 78 feet by 141 feet long, with a gallery round three sides. The front, on St. Catharine street, will be 102 feet wide, with three spacious triple porches, carved and moulded. Work on the foundations has begun. The church is for the congregation now worshipping in St. James' Street Methodist Church.

Business Difficulties.

The following assignments are reported: Ontario—Port Arthur, M. J. Dillon, merchant tailor; Rondeau, J. E. Sterling, general store (failed, out of business); Sutton West, W. J. Crosthwaite, hotel; Thorold, Alfred Abbott, tinsmith; Toronto, Chas. S. Benson, grocer; Toronto, J. Hunter Brown, merchant tailor and gents' furnishings; Walkerton, E. Stenabaugh, grocer; Winnipeg; G. L. Garden, groceries and liquors.

Mrs. William Bailey, of Ripley, Pa., went the other morning to milk her cow, a very valuable thoroughbred, and was gone so long that her husband went to see what was the matter. He found the cow standing over the dead body of his wife, whom she had gored to death, and when he undertook to remove the body the mad animal attacked him, and but for the arrival of neighbors would have killed him also.

THE HIRED GIRL.

She Has Her Rights Just as Well as the Parlor Folks.

I have always maintained that many indignities were put upon the servant girls of to-day, and that much of their impertinence and stubbornness arose from the fact, says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*. Now, our next door neighbor firmly refuses to allow her servant girl to have any company at all. This is outrageous. Hetty has the free and undisturbed use of our dining-room, and may have orderly, respectable company in it any evening she pleases; she may have a beau if she wants to, but she and I must know that he is a respectable man; and he and all her other company must be out of the house at 10 o'clock at night. For more than a year this arrangement has obtained, and we have suffered no inconvenience from it and the privilege has never been abused. Hetty has seldom had her friends call oftener than once in two or three weeks. She has a neat, cosy, well furnished room of her own with furnace heat; she is not tucked away in some dark, cold, shabby little cubby hole unfit for human habitation. She has no regular afternoon out when she is obliged to go and come like a prisoner on parole. She can go out any afternoon when her work is done. Her evenings are almost entirely her own; she has a sewing machine in her room—her own—and makes most of her own clothes. But she is always ready to do anything we ask her to do in the evening.

We never speak slightingly of servants in her presence. In fact, we never use the word "servant" before her. Women less sensitive than Hetty hate the words "service" and "servant"; there is no "ordering around" by any one. We try to remember that Hetty has feelings in common with the rest of womankind, and we respect those feelings.

She nor no other woman on earth is ever asked to polish my boots, but I know girls who do polish the boots of the master of the house. I call that degrading service. If I happen to be in the kitchen when Hetty's coal hod is empty, I go down cellar and fill it for her; sometimes I build the fire. Hetty never shovels snow out of the paths, nor rolls the ash barrels out for the ash man. I relegate such pleasing tasks to myself, maintaining, as I do, that such work belongs to men rather than to women. We offer no suggestions to Hetty regarding the expenditure of her wages. I do not think that we have any more right to meddle in this matter than my employer has to ask how I spend my salary.

I feel some responsibility for the moral well being of everybody under my roof and I try when opportunity offers to impress upon Hetty the necessity of right living and right thinking. We do not make Hetty "one of the family" in the popular sense of that term; but if she wants to come into our sitting room for an hour in the evening when we are alone, she knows that she can do so. And she can have any book or paper in the house if she cares to read them. Mrs. Dane was very ill for a long time since Hetty has lived with us, and if ever there were a faithful servant Hetty was one at that time.

Some of our friends shake their heads and declare that they "never, never could give a servant the privileges" we give Hetty. I do not call them "privileges." There are rights that belong to any good, honest girl who is trying to earn her own living in the way she feels that she is best fitted to earn it. I met Hetty down town the other day, and of course I tipped my hat to her. A friend who was with me looked amazed and asked: "Why, isn't that your servant girl?"

"Yes, it is," I said. He looked at me for a second and then said: "Well; you re a queer fellow: I think I see myself tipping my hat to our kitchen girl." I can, without any self abasement, tip my hat to any good woman on earth, though she be only a charwoman going from door to door scrubbing steps. I think there will have to be a reform in this treatment of house servants before there is an end to this cry about inefficient and impertinent help. We began a reform in our own home when Hetty came and the result has been most gratifying to both mistress and maid.

Royal Templars Recover Stolen Money.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch says: S. Nelson, of this city, who was recently appointed Grand Secretary of the Royal Templars of Temperance, in place of Abbott, absconded, returned from the headquarters of the Order at Buffalo to-day. He says the relief fund will not be impaired by Abbott's embezzlement. Abbott took $15,000 with him, but of this amount $7,000 was recovered from a Toronto bank, where Abbott had deposited it. A committee sent to Canada afterwadrs met the ex-Secretary on the street and he turned over to them $2,000 in cash. The balance of the shortage is covered by a bond of the American Surety Company, of New York, for $10,000.

Hunger the Best Sauce

"I seldom talk about the war," said the Union soldier, "but I think about it sometimes. Whenever I look out of the window and see old Kennesaw mountain I think of the best dinner I ever ate. For months and months we had been living on hardtack and sow-belly. About the time we reached Marietta a crowd of us came upon an old, deserted house and found some Irish potatoes and onions. We stewed the potatoes and feasted. Never since have I tasted such a dinner. Ten thousand times have I thought of it. I think of it every time I see a restaurant and every time I see a specially fine spread. For twenty years I have been haunted by the memory of that dinner, where Irish potatoes took the place of hardtack and fast meat."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

What She Would Do.

Charley (to his pretty cousin, who is fishing)—Any bites yet, Maud?

Maud—Only a nibble or two.

Charley—What would you do, Maud, if you should make such a "catch" as I am said to be?

Maud—Throw it back in, Charley.

Macon *Telegraph*: Extract from the marriage notice of a millionaire's daughter next January: "The bride's presents were exceeding costly and magnificent. Prominent among them was exhibited the gift of the lady's father, a ripe Florida strawberry upon its own stem. It was the centre of attraction."

FRENCH SMUGGLERS.

Some Shrewd Devices Which Have Not Been Surpassed Anywhere.

At one of the Paris barriers there exists a museum of contrivances used for the smuggling of liquors into the city, which have been captured on various occasions by the employees of the octroi. Here are piles of common white plates, the top one of which, on being lifted off, shows a cylinder of tin piercing the remainder of the pile. Here are rolls of linen which are merely a few yards of stuff wrapped around a tin box fashioned to the requisite shape, and with ends artistically finished off with stripes of linen set on end.

Here the bust of India rubber of a make-believe wet-nurse, who used to take her little charge out daily to breathe the fresh air beyond the barriers. Here are two great blocks of stone that on close inspection prove to be tin-lined boxes with artistically fitting ends. Here are these stout folio volumes bound in calf and labeled "The Philosophy of Nations." With these books under his arm a pale, interesting-looking student used to wander forth into the suburbs to pursue his studies.

One day an inquisitive custom house officer, grown suspicious from the fact that the youth always carried out the same books to study, insisted on opening one of these volumes. He found that the leaves had been nicely cut away with a sharp knife to afford a secret niche for a square case bottle, which was filled with brandy—a similar contrivance existing in each of the other two books.

But the cleverest trick of all was one which was very complicated and costly in its details, but which must have paid handsomely, and it was carried on for months without detection. A lady and gentleman seated in a plain, respectable-looking coupe, drawn by a good horse, and driven by a coachman in livery, were wont to drive out to the Bois de Boulogne every afternoon, returning usually about dusk. The gentleman was evidently an invalid. He was always enveloped in a fur-lined cloak with the collar raised above his throat, and had a cap pulled down over his brows, while the little that could be seen of his countenance was of a sickly pallor. He was always reclining in a corner of the carriage, as if too feeble to sit erect, while his attentive wife sat beside him, evidently solicitous of his welfare, being especially careful to keep his cloak wrapped around him. The guardians of the octroi saw the vehicle and its inmates pass by them without suspicion. One day, however, after making the usual inquiry, "Have you anything to disclose?" the custom-house officer, on closing the door, struck the supposed invalid's foot.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the officer.

No response—not so much as an inclination of the head. Rather surprised, the officer repeated his remark in a louder tone, at the same time touching the sick man's shoulder. At that moment the lady and coachman leaped from their respective places and fled with surprising swiftness, leaving in the hands of the officers the carriage and the invalid, which latter was found to be made of tin and filled with brandy—his face being most artistically constructed of wax. The spaces under the seat of the coup and the coachman's box were also reservoirs of tin, so that smuggling transactions of the party had been practiced on a very extensive scale.—*London Tid Bits.*

Mr. Spurgeon's Congregation.

At the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, which took the shape of a welcome home" to the pastor, reports were road showing that there had been an increase by baptism of 281, by profession 48, by transfer 86, by restoration 3—making a total of 418. There was a decrease—to other churches 175, leaving without letter 27, non-attendance 95, emigration 17, other reasons 6, death 60—making a total of 380. The net increase for 1886 was 38, bringing the total membership of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation up to 5,351. This leaves the Brooklyn Tabernacle 1,306 behind.

The Theory of Evolution All Right.

In these statements Dr. Wallace maintains that there is nothing in evolution inconsistent with man's spiritual nature and immortal destiny. Many, on the contrary, think that Darwin's theory of evolution lands in sheer materialism. Our own idea has always been that there is nothing inconsistent with Christianity in admitting natural development as one of God's methods of working out His plans. But when this method is spoken of as if the mode was itself the cause, we regard this as a serious mistake, which ignores the Great First Cause of all things.—*Christian Guardian.*

Douglas, Tender and True.

Not long ago Ruskin expressed the wish that he might see Ireland under an Irish King, and Scotland under a "Douglas, tender and true." The Marquis of Queensberry is the head of one great branch of the House of Douglas, and is a divorced man. A wag suggested that the present Douglas is neither "tender nor true," to which the noble Marquis takes exception, and writes a communication to a London paper, in which he argues that divorced people can be as tender and true as others, if not more so.—*Boston Transcript.*

Why He Wore Them

Colby Moore, of Monson, Me., has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for arson. This means almost a life-sentence, as Moore is now 58 years of age. The scene when Moore parted from his wife and little 4-year-old daughter was a very touching one. He wore handcuffs and the little girl was puzzled by them and innocently asked: "Papa, what are those for? Are they to keep your mittens up?"—*Boston Herald.*

The Tichborne Estates.

Sir Henry Tichborne will come of age in May next, and will enter upon the possession of his much "claimed" estates, which will pay him a net income of about $45,000 a year.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The death rate of England is decreasing and 150 people are added yearly to each 10,000. At the present rate of increase, according to Dr. M. Tidy, the country's population twenty generations hence will be 27,200,000,000, or enough to fill twenty earths with the present density of population.

Written for THE ADVANCE by T. W.]

The Jubilee and The Advance.

For this our dear adopted land,
Let brighter seasons now begin:
Enrich her by Thy gracious hand;
Shield her from danger and from sin.
Honored with Liberty and Peace
Each rolling year increase thy store,
Ruled by the Laws of Righteousness,
Thy union strengthened more and more.
Our loyal minds predict for thee
No ill this year of Royal Jubilee.

Awake then loyal hearts and true,
Decide on wisdom's words to wait,
Virtue and light and Truth pursue
And all that makes a nation great.
No lack of goods we then shall see,
Canadian life by all shall be
Enjoyed this year of Royal Jubilee.

SIX YEARS AGO TO-DAY!

Since the Printing Press was Planted in Flesherton.

Six years ago to-day the Editor of THE ADVANCE arrived in Flesherton, having for his object the establishment of a job printing and newspaper establishment. Less than three weeks prior to that time, he made a brief visit to the place, interviewed some of the principal citizens, and, without scarcely taking pains to count the cost and anxiety such an enterprise would entail, came to the conclusion to "attempt the end and never stand in doubt." He did so. In less than three weeks the tug of war commenced in earnest. About four o'clock in the afternoon he was driven into Flesherton by his brother, Mr. John Fawcett, now of Brandon, Manitoba. That same morning he walked from Thornbury to his father's farm, a distance of eight miles, through a mixture of mud, snow and water. It was also on a Thursday, for he well remembers going into the Thornbury *Standard* office that morning to say his adieux to his old friend, Mr. J. Farwell, and others. While in that office he was handed a number of copies of the *Standard* containing notices of himself and the enterprise he contemplated establishing in this place. But we must return and resume the thread of our "discourse." When we arrived in Flesherton that particular evening, just six years ago, large flakes of soft snow were falling, but the roads were in that very unpleasant condition called "betwixt and between"—a little of mud and snow and not much of either. Nevertheless we determined to go to the railway station and ascertain whether our pioneer printing plant had arrived yet or not. Mr. W. J. Matheson was teaming grain to the Station for Mr. R. J. Sproule at the time and we accordingly engaged his services for the return trip. On arriving at the depot we were agreeably surprised to find that our "plant" had arrived the preceding even-

It may be interesting right here to give our readers some idea of the *infantile plant* which was soon to develop into a healthy and sturdy *tree*. It consisted of a Potter treadle Power Press the only one of the kind, we believe, in Ontario at the time two founts of bourgeois, two fonts of brevier, one single case small pica, case bourgeois italic and a quantity of job type, rules, cuts, chases, etc. We purchased the lot from an ambitious and skilful amateur, Mr. J. Chapman, of Ridgetown, and recently (and perhaps now) of London, Ont. The bargain and sale was accomplished almost entirely by the agency of the telegraph. Part of the purchase money was paid in cash also by means of the useful and rapid telegraph and the plant shipped almost simultaneously. We have never seen Mr. Chapman and he has never seen us, so that all through it was a remarkable case of mutual confidence. We found type, press, &c. exactly as represented, and notwithstanding the dark forebodings of some, we managed to pay Mr. C. one hundred cents on dollar according to bargain.

Well, we lugged the aforesaid material out of the freight room and stowed it securely within the precints of Mr. Matheson's waggon box. Then commenced our journey to our future home—Flesherton. We got along nicely until we began to descend the hill at the Orange Hall, which was covered partly with great banks of partially melted snow and ice slides. At the worst place on this hill the waggon suddenly slid and only superhuman efforts on the part of the driver and ourself prevented the Potter press tumbling out on some jagged stones by the roadside. We have never fully recovered the effects of that tremendous strain on the "muscular tissues" from that day to this. It was with a great sigh of relief that we finally landed our material safely in the little shop now occupied by Mr. Thos. Duncan, through the kind permission of our esteemed friend, Mr. R. J. Sproule. Next morning our neighbor, Mr. Sept. Good, came up and helped us to "transplant" our pioneer printing press to the office now occupied by us—the scene of our struggles, and all the trials incident to the establishment of an enterprise such as ours.

Friday—"all fool's day"—we unpacked enough type to print our first job, which was a sixteenth sheet dodger ordered by Mr. Fred. Sargeant, butcher—then of Flesherton and now of Markdale. Our second job was tickets for the Methodist Sabbath School Library here.

According to the opinion of many, ours was a *foolhardy* undertaking, and, no doubt, the fact that we commenced operations on "*all fool's day*"—and *Friday* at that (O, horror!)—was considered as a remarkable co-incidence and presager of a direful future! And when we did pause to consider the nature of our undertaking, we frankly confess we were for the moment possessed with the feeling that it was a foolish venture. But the hearty, united and unstinted support accorded us by the people from the very commencement, brightened the prospects and our forebodings passed away like a summer cloud.

We might say, in conclusion, that there is a lot of hard work in connection with establishing a printing press in a small country village. This goes without saying as far as those of the fraternity, who have passed "through the crucible," are concerned. Don't be niggardly in supporting your local papers; for just in proportion to your patronage will the individual and general interests of the community be promoted. Remember the cost of the undertaking, the amount of free advertising given to the village and locality. Remember the local jealousies, the selfishness, the petty ambition to monopolize the local and editorial columns, and a hundred other things which tend to distract and discourage the country journalist. Remembering all these things, don't forget that it is impossible to run the paper and job department on air or empty promises, but do all you can to help it on by substantial patronage and by speaking a kind word for it wherever and whenever you can. You may not always agree with the opinions advanced by the Editor, but what of that? Bosom friends often disagree, but that is no reason why they should quarrel "like cats and dogs." No! life is too short to be wasted in senseless dissensions; and, after all, it is but natural (1) that the Editor of your local paper should have opinions of his own, and (2) that he should give expression to them occasionally. If he hasn't, then he is truly a subject for state protection.

Barley and Red Winter Wheat.

At a meeting of the Grain Section of the Board of Trade of the City of Toronto the following resolutions were adopted, and it was ordered that copies of the same be sent to the Grain and Produce dealers throughout the country, hoping that they would consider the subject of sufficient importance to bring it before the farmers in their vicinity without delay.

BARLEY.

WHEREAS: Owing to the superior quality of the Barley grown in Canada, our farmers have been enabled to compete successfully with American growers in the markets of the United States, even with a duty of 10 cents per bushel against the Canadian grain;

AND WHEREAS: An attempt during the last two years has been made to introduce new seed, and of a variety that does not find favor with American Malsters and Brewers;

AND WHEREAS: It is essentially necessary in order to maintain our present reputation of growing, in Canada, the best Barley on this continent, that only the most desirable matured seed, properly cleaned, should be sown.

RESOLVED, That this Grain Section of the Board of Trade of the City of Toronto urge upon the dealers thgoughout the Country, and farmers generally, to discontinue the growth of *Mensury, Russian* or *Imperial* varieties of Barley.

RED WINTER WHEAT.

RESOLVED,—That the attention of dealers and farmers be called to the necessity of more care being exercised in the selection of the Red Winter Wheat seed used, that it be well matured, and not mixed with White Winter Wheat, as the mixture, although producing a sound healthy grain, makes it unfit for grading as *Red Winter Wheat*, and consequently deteriorates its value.

A Capital Idea!

The Flesherton Sons of Temperance Division Introduces a New Feature.

"How can we make our meetings specially interesting to the younger members of our Society?" is a question which has agitated the Sons of Temperance Division in this town for some time past. The question was partially solved when the idea of a regular monthly open division was conceived and successfully carried out. But on Wednesday evening of last week the climax was reached, when it was decided to devote the first and third Wednesday evening in each month to purely literary purposes. The evenings named will be occupied in debates, spelling matches, and all kinds of proper amusements. In short it is intended to make them evenings of rare social enjoyment and recreation. But perhaps the most important feature will be the reading table. This table will occupy a central portion of the hall and will be ample enough to place on fyle a large number of the current newspapers and periodicals published in Ontario, which have already been secured for that purpose. Of course the usual monthly open divisions will be regularly held as heretofore, and alternate nights will be devoted to the transaction of the regular business of the lodge.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Thomas Garrett has purchased the property here recently owned by Mr. F. Armstrong, containing 150 acres for $2,050.

Mr. G. Kirby is about to remove to Proton Station to his new store.

There has been a temperance lodge organized here with about fifteen members and a good prospect for an increase.

Mr. Hugh Hogins, of Bolton, is visiting friends in this locality.

Master J. Roseborough has left here to attend the Collingwood High School.

Miss Jennie Haines is at the time of writing, very low with a severe attack of inflammation.

There will be a fruit social held here in connection with the Sabbath school on Tuesday, April 5th.

Death has again visited Inistioge, its victim this time is Mrs. George Glazier, who died at the age of 62, the cause of her death was intermittent fever. Her remains were conveyed to the Methodist cemetery here last Monday followed by a large concourse of friends.

Mr. Wm. Archibald, of Toronto, is spending a few days with relatives in this place.

A Lesson in Exchange.

It was in the days of the early railroad, when it was yet new; the days when the journey to New York was less of a little jaunt than it is now: when greenbacks were not popular here, says a San Francisco. One summer morning a man, walking in happy and feverish haste, with wild excitement beaming all over his face, stepped into the office of a well-known banker.

"I want exchange for this on New York."

"All right. What is it?"

The man looked fearfully around him and then brought out a packet.

"It's $25,000 in greenbacks."

"I guess, I can do it. Going east?"

"Yes. I'm going to-morrow. I don't want to carry all this with me. Couldn't do it. Sure to get robbed. So give me a draft. How much?

"Oh, seeing it's you, one per cent; $250—"

"It goes."

So the banker made out a draft on New York and took the money.

"You're going to-morrow are you?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind taking a little parcel for me and handing it to my brother."

"Certainly. I'll do it with pleasure."

The banker went into the other room and presently came back with the parcel.

"Just put it in your valise, and don't lose it, will you?"

"I'll take the best care of it."

"Thank you. Good-bye. Pleasant trip."

Arriving in New York the Californian went to the address and delivered the package. Then he presented his draft. The man opened the package and gave him the identical $25,000 in greenbacks he had in San Francisco. He had carried them all the way himself.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Extra Tit-Bits.

Messrs. Jos. A. and Guy Blakely have gone to Streetsville.

The ADVANCE till Jan. 1st 1888. for 65 cents cash.

Sale bills printed on from one to two hours notice—neatly and cheaply. Free notice in THE ADVANCE.

Get estimates for route and stock bills at THE ADVANCE office. It will pay you.

Remember social in the Methodist church here to-morrow (Friday) evening.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TENDERS WANTED.

250 CEDAR Stakes for the Flesherton Cemetery, wanted. Tenders will be received up till noon on Wednesday, April 6th. Apply to W. CLAYTON, Secy., Flesherton. 2c

LOST NOTES.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against negotiating for two notes—one for $8 50, drawn in my favor by Mr Hillock, and the other for $15, drawn in my favor by Henry Down, both now due, as the same have been lost or misplaced by me. J. W. HODGSON
Hornings Mills, March 21st, 1887

Mortgage Sale,

OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY

Under power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage made by one Wm. Handy to the Vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, will be sold by Public Auction at the CROWN HOTEL in the Village of PRICEVILLE on TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1887. At 11 o'clock a.m., the following valuable property, viz:

Lot number thirty in the 1st concession south of Durham Road containing fifty acres more or less, and also the Southerly thirty-three and a-third acres of Lot thirty in the first con. north of the Durham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey.

There will also be sold under Mortgage made by Angus McLean this wife Lillian McLean, joining therein to bar her dower, at the same time and place, the following property. Lots numbers three and four, on the south side of the Collingwood Road in the Village of Priceville, being part of the Town plot of Priceville.

Terms easy and will be made known on Day of sale. For further particulars apply to
M. J. KENT,
London, Ontario.

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

50 acre farm, 14 acres cleared. Apply to
M. RICHARDSON.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,
GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES: Owen Sound, in Vicker's Block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week
J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,
Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by
J. E. MOORE.
Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

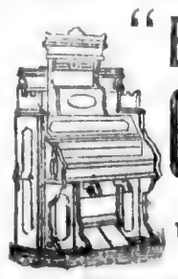

"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 303. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, APRIL 7, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Money Saved!

BY CLOSE BUYING!

Helps Pay Taxes.

FIVE years in Grey Co. this month and a fair paying business established through the generous patronage of the public. From Dundalk to Holland Centre, on the line, also Maxwell, Priceville, Kimberley, Engenia, Traverston, Rocklyn, Berkeley and other points have given me a good support. My thanks are due to all transient and home customers. I have endeavored to deserve patronage extended, by *honest representation* of ev'ry article sold; and my increasing business warrants me in assuming that my efforts to deal honorably at fair profits, have been appreciated.

I shall continue my business **on the line of truthful** representation, just exchange in giving value received, and a fair profit to meet obligations incurred. Stock will be kept complete in

Hampden Watches

My name on, WALTHAM Watches, four grades, a few BARTLETT'S at close prices, ELGIN Watches, and the exceptionally fine made full jewelled COLUMBUS movements. Watch warrants 1, 2, and 3 years, "covering breakages." Filled Gold cases Coin Silver cases, 2 to 5 oz., also Silverware 3 & 4 oz.

Ladies Gold Watches and Chains, R. F. Simmons' roll Gold Chains, best made, Draper's fire gilt. Seth Thomas and Ansonia spring & weight Clocks, a beautiful stock of Silverware, hollow and flat, for table use. Engagement Gem Rings, 18k. Wedding Rings, Brooches, Bar Pins & sets, Lockets and Necklets, Cuff & Collar Buttons, Silver Thimbles, Pebble Specks, Lazarus & Morris, Lenses, Boss Specks. I have $100.00 wholesale in Specks and can *suit any sight.*

Watch Repair book shows this week watches and clocks booked to No. 1233. My work gives satisfaction, is fully warranted & charges moderate. No second or catch charges after watches are left. Any one coming 15 miles and not finding my stock and prices as this advt. represents, I will pay legal mileage one way and expenses here, meals &c. Goods and work Warranted.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Have you paid the printer?

To-morrow is Good Friday.

Sunday next is Easter.

Master John Duncan, of Toronto, is visiting friends here.

Dress Goods selling at any price from 5c. yd. up at J. G. Anderson's sale.

Mrs. J. W. Henderson, of Toronto, spent a short time visiting friends in Flesherton recently.

Mr. Fred. Ryder has re-commenced operations on his handsome new residence here.

Mr. M. J. Kent, of London, Ont., advertises mortgage sale of valuable property in another column.

See Mr. W. A. Brown's mammoth advertisement on this page of THE ADVANCE and note the bargains.

For the next 30 days you can get terrible bargains at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Don't fail to call. 3t

Auction sale of valuable farm property in Euphrasia, at Revere House, Thornbury, on the 8th inst. See advt. elsewhere.

The Flesherton Junior Lacrosse Club has been re-organized with the following officers:—Capt., W. T. Sproule; Secy., W. Leitch; Treas., F. Sullivan; Man. Com., Fred Ayers, Wes. Armstrong and Frank VanDusen.

Go to J. G. Anderson's and get sample of that extra fine flavored Japan Tea.

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store is the place to get Spex—they keep the famous B. Laurance Spex & can fit any sight. 3t

Mr. Andrew Beattie has purchased that celebrated Canadian draught stallion from the County of Wellington,—"*Lucky Lad.*"

Farm for sale 2½ miles from Flesherton. Apply to Mr. John O'Melia, Flesherton for particulars. See advt. elsewhere in these columns.

Do you want one of those famous Speight Waggons? Go to Wm. Strain, agent, Flesherton. Cheap and first-class. See advt. elsewhere in these columns.

Monday next is cattle fair day, and Mr. Smith, the popular Markdale barber, will be in Flesherton that day, attending to his numerous customers.

Just turn your eye on the "Noted Jewelry Store's" big advertisement on this page and catch on to Russell's important announcement to the public.

East Grey Spring Show will be held in Flesherton, on Friday, April 22nd. See bills or write the Secretary—S. Damude, Esq.—for particulars. 3t.

Flesherton Station Annual Spring Show of Stallions will be held on Tuesday, April 19th. For full particulars, see bills.

Mr. D. E. Wright having sold out his business in Flesherton to Mr. Anderson, has gone to St. Louis, where, we believe, he has secured a position in a mercantile house. We wish him success.

Remember the place for bargains is at J. G. Anderson's Great Sale.

Don't fail to drop into Russell's, Flesherton, and look at his fine stock and remember 25 per cent. off for the next 30 days. 3t

As will be seen on reading advertisement elsewhere in these columns. Mr. S. Spirit is now proprietor of the "*Flesherton Meat Market,*" where he will be happy to attend to the wants of customers.

Farm for sale one mile from Flesherton, in good state of cultivation. See advt. elsewhere in these columns, and apply to D. L. White, Flesherton, for particulars.

Mr. Jas. G. Russell returned from Hamilton last Friday. He was attending the wedding of his youngest sister, Miss Maggie Russell, to Mr. Angus McGillivery, all of that city.

The people of this country, for thirty miles around, have come to the conclusion, that Russell is the Boss watchmaker and jeweller. So always take your watch to him. 3t

Auction sale of farm stock, etc., at Lot 158, 2 E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, commencing at 12 o'clock, noon, sharp, on Thursday, April 14th. For particulars see bills. Wm. Talbot, proprietor; J. W. Morrow, auctioneer.

Auction sale of implements and household furniture in Flesherton, on Monday next, 11th inst., Cattle Fair Day. To commence at 12 o'clock noon. George Glassford, proprietor; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer. See bills.

You can get the best value in Boots at J. G. Anderson's great Bankrupt Sale. No. 1 Plow Boot for $1, regular price $1.50. Ladies' Shoes for 75c., regular price $1.25. Ladies' Button for $1, regular prices $1.60.

A special school meeting of ratepayers of S. S. No. 5 (Flesherton) will be held in the schoolhouse on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, to select a School Trustee in place of Mr. W. G. Pickell, who has resigned office.

Mrs. Symons and family left for British Columbia Saturday evening last. Mr. Wm. Barnhouse accompanied them as far as Toronto *en route*, where they spent Sunday. The best wishes of all accompany the travellers to their distant home.

Mr. Patton, of the Metropolitan church, Toronto, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church, Flesherton, Sunday morning last. He delivered a very interesting discourse. In the evening the same gentleman preached in the Methodist church, Eugenia.

$5 was recently handed to Mr. C. J. Sproule, for the benefit of the Methodist choir—of which Mr. S. is leader—by a person who did not wish his (or her) name to become public. Average human nature would proclaim the gift with a flourish of trumpets. Is the millenium at hand?

Mr. W. G. Pickell and family have removed to Markdale. Mr. Pickell and his estimable family will be very much missed by the people of this place. Especially will he be missed in the Church and Sabbath School, in both of which spheres he has for many years been an active and faithful worker.

Chatsworth is building a $3,800 school building this season. Mr. Edward Large, of Markdale, has secured the contract. Mr. George Staples, of Owen Sound, is the architect. The *News* says it will be one of the handsomest rural schools in the county when completed.

Considerable excitement was caused last Monday evening by a team of horses, belonging to Mr. Samuel Cunningham. The horses grew restive, broke out of a shed, and started to run in the direction of home. They were caught about a mile out of town. Very little damage was done.

Mr. R. P. Legate has removed to the house recently occupied by T. W. Wilson, Flesherton, while the latter has removed to the house recently occupied by Mr. W. Cole. Mr. C. has removed to the brick house formerly occupied by the late Mr. Colquet.

Miss Maud Richardson, our popular milliner, has returned from the city with a beautiful stock of spring millinery, which will shortly be open for inspection by the ladies. Miss Richardson has the happy faculty of choosing that which will best suit the varied tastes of her numerous customers.

The Town Hall here is to be painted outside and thoroughly overhauled inside. It needed something, goodness knows! Among the inside improvements suggested, was the raising of the platform a couple of feet, putting a door in the east end of building, and heating by furnace. This latter would largely increase the seating capacity.

We are beginning to see where our sidewalks are locatod now. They went into winter quarters last December, and, excepting on one or two occasions, have remained under great piles of snow ever since. People should be compelled to keep their sidewalks clear of snow all the time in places of importance like Flesherton. Why not?

A Council of Royal Templars was instituted at Maxwell on Tuesday evening 4th inst. by Dist. Councillor Gordon, with a charter list of 38 members. From the character and ability of the members of the above, we may look for good results in the great Temperace work in Osprey. Richard Heron is the first Select Councillor, Johnston Little, Rec. Sec.—Com.

The Chatsworth *News* of last week contains a not too flattering notice of the Hammill family, late residents of that place and now of Owen Sound. The *News* characterizes them as the "worst set of filthy deadbeats that have struck this place in many years;" that "wherever they could get credit they got it, and never paid a cent, all promises to the contrary notwithstanding."

Mr. W. H. Johnson, our popular liveryman, returned home last week from a brief trip to Michigan. He attended a Sabbath School *picnic* during his stay! So we were informed, although it does seem surprising that the climate in that state should be less severe than here, as some parts of Michigan are much farther north than the county of Grey.

Mr. E. Linley, hotel-keeper, Maxwell, sent in a letter by mail-carrier Parks on Monday, to the Editor of this paper. Mr. Linley very firmly and respectfully demanded the name of our Maxwell correspondent, and we—quite as firmly and respectfully—refused to accede to the request. Our correspondent maintains that he was correct and is prepared to defend his position. Hence our refusal to grant Mr. Linley's request.

Mr. J. Gordon was in Guelph on Sunday, attending the funeral of his uncle, Mr. Thos. Gordon, who died on the 1st inst. at the advanced age of 74 years. Deceased was a representative of the noble "art preservative of all arts," and was no doubt the oldest member of the craft in Canada at the time of his demise. Mr. J. Gordon attended the Golden Wedding of deceased last fall. Particulars in connection with the death of Mr. Gordon will be found elsewhere in these columns.

How often are people's motives purposely misrepresented. Recently an individual assisted a poor but worthy man to earn a few shillings honorably at a panoranic entertainment, and at once a well-known and unprincipled writer took advantage of the fact by publishing the most unblushing and deliberate untruths in connection therewith! The writer in question would be a dangerous character were it not for the fact that his shady reputation places it beyond his power to injure those whom he so maliciously assails.

THIRTY DAYS!

POSITIVELY

FOR

30 Days Only

THAT THE

Great Slaughter!

Of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex, etc., at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton, will continue.

Russell has just returned from the city, where he has secured some bargains never before known in this section of country—in fact it is impossible to compete with Russell.—All his goods are marked in PLAIN FIGURES, at very low prices and, for the next thirty days only, he is actually going to give 25 per cent. off on all cash sales over $1. Just imagine the finest grade of American Nickel Alarm Clocks at only $2, sold everywhere at $2.50 and $2.75. The finest grade of Plated Chains, beautiful patterns, for $1.60, sold everywhere at 2.25 and 2.50; the finest make of Clocks, beautiful Walnut Cases, from $2.75 up to $8.50, sold everywhere from 3.50 to 10.00. We are not making enough on these goods to pay your mileage or meals, neither will we give you a meal TO CATCH YOUR CUSTOM, but offer you *finer goods at a little over half what you can get them for elsewhere!* The finest make of Solid Silver Swiss Watches from $6.90 up; and the genuine American Watches from $9.50 up, bearing Warrants from 2½ to 5 years. ☞ We keep only the genuine goods, which bear long warrants. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!—FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY!—As we must clear them out before the arrival of our Summer stock at that date.

In REPAIRING, everyone knows that Russell's work always gives satisfaction and his work has already given him the name of the boss watchmaker and jeweller in this section. DON'T FAIL TO CALL within the next 30 days and secure some of the GREAT BARGAINS NOW OFFERING.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

COERCION FOR IRELAND.

Gladstone's Powerful Speech Compells the Government to Weaken.

HEALY PREDICTS BLOODSHED.

Croke and the Vatican—Attack on Balfour—Do Not Favor Home Rule.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons this evening the debate on the motion for urgency for the Coercion Bill was resumed.

Mr. Gladstone referred to the "unprecedented" position of the House, which had already sat two months, during which, he said, its independent initiative had been suppressed. Even now the Conservatives exulted over the prospect of passing a motion forcing the House to an absolute surrender of its whole time until a Bill of an extremely severe character had been carried. The House was threatened with a frequent application of closure if the debates were protracted. No greater calamity could befall the House than this sort of pressure. It would sap the authority of the Chair and bring the procedure rules into disrepute. He had seen more Parliamentary life than any other man in the House, but he never knew of so grave a state of affairs. It was due to the extreme abuse of power by the majority, which, if persisted in, would leave behind a sense of intolerable wrong. The position of affairs was now very different from that when the Coercion Bill of 1881 was passed. There were no papers before the House now, nor was there any indication of the nature of the proposed Government measure. Heretofore in asking special legislation for dealing with crime in Ireland, the members had tried to show that a terrible prevalence of crime threatened social order. Was that the case now? No. The House had been told that the number of agrarian offences prior to the passage of Mr. Forster's coercion Act exceeded the highest number since. Crime then, however, was of a different character from that which the Government now sought to check. At present crime consisted in combining to obtain a reduction of rent. (Irish cheers.) Even the evidence which the Government put before the House showed that this crime was restricted to demands for just abatements of rent. Never had any former Coercion Act been resisted by a majority of the members from Ireland. (Cheers.) Now there was a protest against coercion from an overwhelming majority of the Irish members. (Cheers.) Had the Government any just claim for demanding coercion or urgency for new repressive measures? After appointing a commission to examine on the spot the rent question and the evils arising from land laws, the Government now put aside the recommendations of the commission, and asked Parliament for increased power to make the laws still more offensive to the general sense of the people. (Irish cheers.) Gen. Buller's evidence proved that tenants now paying rent were anxious to pay; that there was no general movement against payment, but only a combined effort to obtain fair rents. The Irish people were apt to follow the example constantly set by others and see what they could make of it. (Cheers.) The Government said the contracts should not be broken, yet Mr. Balfour, while preaching the doctrine of the sanctity of contracts, was going to introduce a Bill breaking leasehold contracts adjusted under the Land Act of 1881, just as the judicial rents were. It was not to vindicate the sanctity of contracts, nor to repress the widespread outbreak of crime, that the Government now demanded coercion for Ireland. Of what nature the Government measure should turn out to be it was the duty of the Liberals now, whether in minority or in majority, to refuse urgency. He trusted that the people of England would see the Liberals united in opposing this ill-omened measure to the last stage, and that the Liberal members would ring out the voices of justice and reason against a Government which, after eighty-six years of experience, were preparing, under the name of a statute of Parliament, to strike a fresh blow at the life and happiness of Ireland and at the prosperity, contentment and unity of the Empire. (Cheers.)

Mr. Healy, remarking that he had just heard for the first time the real object of the Crimes Bill, said he would be delighted if the Government would suppress the National League, because this would relieve the Irish members of great responsibility and the people would then conduct the agrarian movement by themselves. "Suppress the League by all means," said Mr. Healy, "even stop public speaking; but in the latter event the Parnellites will leave to the Government the responsibility for the blood that might be spilled."

In response to a circular asking their views on the subject, the Irish Wesleyan ministers, with six exceptions, have replied that they are opposed to Home Rule.

United Ireland (Mr. Parnell's organ) publishes a bitter attack on Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland. It calls him "The Bloody Balfour, with tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hood," and says: "He has entered lightly into a struggle with the Catholic Church. In such struggles the proudest despots have been humbled into the dust. Prince Bismarck, swaying the destinies of Europe, in his whole career but once learned the bitterness of defeat, and that was when he laid his hand on the Church, which resents sacrilegious handling of the sacred privileges of the priesthood."

Mr. Beecher's Idea of Heaven.

Mr. Beecher's idea of heaven was not that of a place of rest, but of holy activity. I warrant that Beecher had not been in heaven twenty-four hours before he was asking for something to do. — *Rev. Dr. Armitage's Funeral Address.*

The First Cause.

Hostess (a Boston lady)—Can I send you some of the soup, Mr. Breezy?

Mr. Breezy (from Omaha)—A very little, ma'am; not over half a dipperful.

San Diego, Cal., has one of the wisest Chinamen in the world. He is a laundryman, and he has kept an advertisement running in the local paper for fifteen years.

WRECK OF THE SCOTIA.

The Steamer Ashore, but her Passengers Safe—A Terrible Voyage Across the Atlantic.

A Patchegue, L.I., despatch says: The steamer Scotia had 1,200 passengers on board. She experienced terrific storms for over a week, and many passengers had limbs broken and received other injuries by being thrown about the steerage. On Friday the machinery gave out, and the wind and sea were running so high that the captain decided to run ashore after cutting the mast away. There are about 500 women among the passengers. The steamer is in no immediate danger. Her appearance gives unmistakable evidence of hard usage by the waves, and the absence of masts and rigging, together with the general disorder of her deck, makes her a most distressing object; while the poor foreigners who crowd her decks, gazing longingly at the land, so near and yet so far, create feelings of commiseration in the hearts of the hundreds of men who swarmed to the beach from all points along the mainland.

For nearly twenty days the steamer met a series of storms, the waves dashing over the decks like huge mountains, and at times threatening to entirely submerge her. During most of the time it was necessary to keep the emigrants packed like sardines in the steerage, where they were subjected to indescribable suffering, being thrown from side to side of the vessel, pitched from their berths, and sustaining more or less serious bruises or fractures of their limbs. Several men and women had their arms and legs broken, while many of the children were black and blue from frequent contact with the posts and beams. The machinery of the steamer had been of little use for nearly a week, and the fact of the vessel having run ashore with her head northeast, directly opposite to her proper course, would indicate that she had been tossing about but with slight control.

At 8 p.m. the Scotia was lying easy in about two fathoms of water 200 feet from shore, and was working in through the pounding of the rising tide. The vessel is leaking, and the pumps are kept continually working to clear her of water. The weather continues fine and a quiet sea prevails. There are no apprehensions entertained as to the safety of the vessel and her passengers during the night.

EXPRESS AND FREIGHT COLLIDE.

The Engineer Killed and Many Passengers Injured.

A Pittsburg despatch says: A railway accident occurred about 1 o'clock on Friday morning, near Leetonia, Ohio, on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, by which one person was killed and a number of passengers injured. The express train which left Chicago in the morning had reached Leetonia, at which point there is a heavy grade, when the engineer discovered the air brake was breaking. He stopped the train, and while examining the brakes a freight train came along and crashed into the rear end of the express, completely telescoping the sleeper and the passenger car next to it. Engineer William Beall, of Allegheny, who was underneath the engine fixing the air brake, was horribly crushed and killed almost instantly. The names of the injured are: J. C. Hazlett, in the sleeping car, fatally hurt; left at Leetonia; Lee Hin, a Chinaman, cut in the head severely; John T. Bingley, conductor of the Pullman car, bruised about the head, leg and hand, and crushed, lives in Chicago; Mrs. Davis, Pittsburg, very badly cut and face bruised; P. Pedow, New Orleans, slightly bruised; Mrs. Louisa Edens' 3-year-old child, badly bruised; Mrs. Gray, of Minnesota, slightly injured; Delia Coyne, of Brooklyn, N.Y., cut about face and hands.

A Jubilee Reminiscence.

Mr. Calvin Phelps writes to the St. Catharines *Journal* an account of the announcement in Canada of the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne. He says: "I well remember the day when this event became known in St. Catharines. It was, I think, the 29th of June, now nearly fifty years ago. When the news arrived, it came by way of New York, thence by steamboat to Albany, from which place it was brought by the 'telegraph line' of mail coaches to Lewiston over the Ridge road, thence to Queenston and Niagara, which latter were the two most thriving and important places in Upper Canada peninsula. From Niagara the news was sent by a messenger on horseback to this and most other places in the Province. It was nearly noon on that June day when, as several loads of new made hay were being pitched into a large new brick barn, just completed by my father, on the old homestead place on Geneva street, near the 'red mills,' a man dressed as a cavalryman made his appearance at the junction of St. Paul, Geneva and Niagara streets, on a foaming horse, and carried a long tin horn on which he blew a tremendous loud blast, that called about him in a very short time nearly every person east of what is now the saw factory, and as soon as he could get his breath he made proclamation of the fact that the King (George the Fourth) was dead and that Victoria now reigned as the Queen of Great Britain and its dependencies. Afterwards he proceeded to Shipman's old Welland Canal inn (back from the corner of St. Paul and Ontario streets), where he repeated his proclamation to the rest of the people of St. Catharines, and then with a fresh horse began his journey towards the west, to make known to the rest of the people of Upper Canada this, to them, interesting and most important event."

He Was Well Prepared.

Sympathetic Clergyman (to widowed parishioner)—"Was poor Brother Saltonstall prepared to go?"

Consoled Widow—"Yes, indeed. He was insured in a half-dozen companies."—*Lowell Courier.*

Information Wanted.

An advertisement in a Boston paper states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a plain cook, and able to dress a little boy 5 years old." Are the advertisers cannibals? And (we ask for information) with what sauce do they eat little boys 5 years old?—*Texas Siftings.*

Misers may be likened unto patent leather boots—the longer they last the tighter they become.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Hon. Mr. Hardy presented a Bill respecting distress for rent and taxes, which was read the first time.

Hon. G. W. Ross presented a Bill to amend the Act relating to the Public Schools, which was read the first time.

Mr. Clarke (Wellington) asked whether the regulation regarding the reading of the Bible in the High and Public Schools of the Province, which provides that the portion of Scripture used shall be taken from the selections authorized for that purpose by the Department of Education, is still in force; or whether such readings may be selected by the teacher, under the direction of the trustees, from the authorized version o fthe Bible.

Hon. G. W. Ross replied—Where the trustees of a school prefer that the reading shall be from the Bible itself instead of from the book of selections, or where trustees prefer to have passages read which are not in the book of selections, the Government have no desire to interfere, as long as the Bible or its contents are read daily and systematically. If the text of the regulation requires any modification in order to admit of this course, the modification will be made.

Mr. Waters rose amid applause to move the second reading of the Bill to enable married women to vote for members of municipal councils. He said that the tendency of the day was in the direction of the extension of the franchise, and that extension was not confined to the men. The giving of the franchise to women had everywhere been followed with good results. In Britain women had voted in municipal elections for years. The law had been applied to England first, but had afterwards been extended to Scotland, this itself being a proof that the women of England had used their franchise well. In the last municipal elections in Ontario, notwithstanding that the day was exceedingly inclement, a large woman vote was brought out. The total number of women on the lists was 20,122, and the total number cast was 4,659.

Hon. Mr. Fraser said his hon. friend was an old campaigner in regard to this question. The members of the House knew what his (Mr. Fraser's) opinions on this subject were. They were his own opinions; he was not expressing the opinions of anybody else. This was an open question. He objected to the hon. gentleman's proposition of the Bill, because of itself, and he objected to it because of what it would lead up to. He objected to this mode of dealing with the subject, piece by piece. The House should look the whole question in the face and come to a sensible conclusion upon it. Possibly if the Scott Act and the question of prohibition were disposed of they would hear no more of this question of woman suffrage. Yet, in order that prohibition might be carried, they were asking that women should be given the franchise for all time to come, and to transfer the political power of the country from one sex to the other. He believed that nature never intended that this should be done, and all experience was in favor of his position. He wanted to meet the question squarely, and therefore he moved the six months' hoist.

The amendment was carried on the following division:

YEAS.—Allan, Carey, Ballantyne, Blezard, Blythe, Bronson, Chamberlain, Clancy, Clarke, E. F. (Toronto), Clarke, H. E. (Toronto), Clarke (Wellington), Conmee, Craig, Creighton, Cruess, Dryden, Fell, Fraser, Freeman, French, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Guthrie, Hammell, Harcourt, Hess, Hudson, Ingram, Kerns, Lees, Lyon, McMahon, Master, Meredith Metcalf, Miller, Monck, Morgan, Nairn, O'Connor, Pardee, Phelps, Preston, Rayside, Ross (Middlesex), Snider, Stewart, Sprague, Stratton, Tooley, Willoughby, Wilmot, Wood (Hastings), Wood (Brant), Wylie—55.

NAYS.—Armstrong, Balfour, Biggar, Bishop, Dack, Ferguson, Garson, Gilmour, Graham, Leys, McKay, Mack, Marter, Meacham, Morin, Mowat, Ostrom, Smith, Waters—19.

Mr. Ingram moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Assessment Act by increasing the amount of the exemption on incomes from $400 to $800.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Gibson's (Hamilton) Bill dealing with the same subject was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

For the prevention of accidents by fire in hotels and other public buildings—Mr. McKay.

To amend the Franchise and Representation Act, 1886—Mr. Tooley.

To amend the Ontario Medical Act—Mr. Gibson.

Hon. A. S. Hardy moved the second reading of the Bill for the protection of women in certain cases. The Bill provides for the punishment of persons having criminal intercourse with a woman in an asylum or other place to which the Inspection Act applies. A case of this kind had arisen, and the prisoner had been acquitted because the woman was not at the time of the commission of the offence a lunatic. The Bill made the offence punishable whether the woman was a lunatic or not.

Mr. Meredith said he must sympathise with the object of the Bill, but he doubted the power of this Legislature to deal with the matter.

Hon. O. Mowat said he thought there was very little doubt that the Provincial Parliament had jurisdiction in the matter. It might be well, however, to add a few words making it clear that the Legislature was dealing with only such cases as were not provided for by the criminal law. As he had said, he had very little doubt on the subject, but, even if he had more doubt, he did not know that that would prevent him from advocating action by this Parliament. He did not know that the Dominion Parliament would be ready to pass such legislation. The Charlton Act was passed with some difficulty, and it did not go as far as this Bill.

The Bill was read the second time.

Mr. Ferguson moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the Ditches and Watercourses Act.

Mr. Meredith said that the whole matter should be dealt with after a full investigation, and that there should be no patch work legislation.

Mr. Harcourt said that several County Councils had decided to send deputations to the Municipal Committee to make representations in regard to this matter. He hoped that a day would be fixed to hear them. So far the Act has worked well, not because it was perfect, but because the ratepayers were so desirous of having the drainage done that they gave all the assistance they could. But any ratepayer had it in his power to obstruct the working of the Act.

Hon. A. S. Hardy said that Thursday next had been appointed to hear the engineers, and the County Councils might be heard at the same time.

Mr. Clancy said that he did not wish to cast any reflection on the engineers, but he never knew them to cast aside a profitable job. He was opposed to the Bill, believing that no person should be allowed to cover any portion of a drain.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Garson moved the second reading of a Bill to abolish property qualification for municipal offices. He thought that electors should have the greatest possible freedom of choice of candidates. It was not always the best business men in a municipality who owned the greatest amount of property. In the town of Niagara it was almost impossible to get any change in the Council, on account of the small number of persons who were qualified.

Mr. Gibson said he had introduced a Bill of the same nature. He was in favor not of an entire abolition of property qualification, but of a material change in the law. If wealth was to be the test, those who were best qualified for councillors in that respect would not offer for election. He was in favor of such an amendment in the law that any one who was qualified to vote in a municipal election would be qualified as a candidate for municipal honors, and he had introduced a Bill to that effect.

Mr. Fraser said there was no reason why the Bill should not go to the committee. The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Gibson then moved the second reading of the Bill which he had referred to. His Bill also provided that where street watering was done under the frontage tax system, the more valuable property might be compelled to pay a higher tax. The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. McMahon moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the Act relating to mutual fire insurance companies. The Bill gives legal voting power to all shareholders, irrespective of the amount of stock they hold, and allows the location of a head office to be changed by a majority vote, instead of a two-thirds vote.

Hon. O. Mowat said that he thought the interests of all the shareholders were best attended to when the greatest power was placed in the hands of those having the greatest pecuniary interest in the company, and he therefore did not think there should be any change in the law in this respect. He intended to bring in a Bill dealing with the question of insurance, and he would, therefore, suggest that this Bill be allowed to stand.

Mr. Meredith said it should be distinctly understood that the Government was opposed to the changes, otherwise the House would be flooded with insurance agents from all over the country.

The order stood.

Mr. Bishop moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the Municipal Act by reducing the qualification for councillors in rural municipalities. Read a second time and referred to Municipal Committee.

Mr. Biggar's Bill to amend the Assessment Act was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Balfour moved that the order for the second reading of the Bill to incorporate the Village of Tilbury Centre be discharged and the Bill referred back to the Committee on Private Bills.

Mr. Meredith asked with what object.

Mr. Balfour explained that the village was partly in Kent and part'y in Essex, and the object was to have it annexed to Essex instead of to Kent.

Mr. Meredith said the object was to escape the operation of the Scott Act, which was in force in Kent and not in Essex.

Hon. C. F. Fraser said that this was only an incident of the proposed change. The people of the village had a right to be heard on the question of whether they preferred to live under the Scott Act or not.

The Bill was referred back to the Committee on Private Bills.

Mr. Meredith suggested that business might be expedited by not holding any session of the House on Friday next, but devoting the whole day to committee work.

Hon. O. Mowat accepted the suggestion.

Mr. Meredith said he hoped the members of the House would not go home.

Hon. O. Mowat said he could answer for his friends attending to their duties.

Hon. Mr. Hardy brought down the report on immigration, a return relating to schools in Prescott and Russell, and the papers connected with the new Parliament buildings.

Hon. Mr. Fraser moved that the last return be printed.—Carried.

Latest From the Northwest.

It is probable the Provincial Minister of Agriculture will visit the eastern Provinces after the session of the Legislature, with a view to presenting the claims of Manitoba from an immigration standpoint.

Mr. Norquay left for Ottawa and Mr. Scarth for Toronto this morning. Gen. Strange also left for Ottawa. He says it is impossible to make any estimate as yet as to the losses of cattle on the ranches in Alberta.

Rev. Messrs. Robertson and Pitblado have gone east to attend the sittings of the Presbyterian Home Mission Commission.

Throughout the Territories the snow has disappeared and the rivers are moving.

Petitions are being circulated in some portions of the Territories for permission for the manufacture and sale of beer.

A Lockout.

"Is that you, Mr. Brown?" called out Mrs. Brown from the window above as Brown fumbled with his latchkey at the door.

"Yesh—hic—my dear, I've been—hic—to a meeting—hic—Labor—hic—Club, and—"

"Well, I've declared a lockout," snapped Mrs. Brown as she slammed down the window.

The Birmingham, Conn., Electric Light Works were overrun with rats until the superintendent had a happy thought. To wires attached to dynamos he fastened bits of meat and scattered them about. The rats smelled the meat, nibbled, and—good-by, rats.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMAYR.

The Mayor of Belleville has been served with an indictment for maintaining a nuisance in the police cells. The case will come before the police magistrate to-day.

It is rumored at Ottawa that the Government will at the coming session of Parliament ask for a grant of money to build a new residence for the Governor-General on Nepean Point.

The New Brunswick Legislature unanimously passed a resolution yesterday demanding reciprocity with the British colonies in the West Indies, South America and elsewhere.

The Montreal Trades and Labor Council are petitioning for amendments to the city charter restricting the powers of the Chairman of the Finance Committee and giving the Mayor a veto power.

Edward Tierney, a young man who lived near Trenton, shot himself fatally with a shotgun on Saturday afternoon. Dissipation is supposed to have been the cause. An inquest was not considered necessary.

A drunk named Wm. Duff, who appeared before the London police magistrate on Saturday and was fined $2, indulged in a saucy remark about the Chief of Police, whereupon the court raised his fine to $10, and sent him down for two months in default of cash.

On Saturday night, between 10 and 12 o'clock, David Haun, a resident of Bertie, was run down and killed by a train on the Grand Trunk Railway about two miles west of Stevensville, his body being mangled in a horrible manner. A bottle of whiskey was found with him.

The Earl of Derby has declined to act as Chairman of the Silver Commission.

At Wienner-Neustadt, Lower Austria, yesterday a powder mill exploded, blowing three soldiers to atoms.

Eighty-five persons lost their lives by the explosion in the Bulli colliery at Sydney on Thursday. The bodies have been recovered.

The French Chamber of Deputies has raised the import duty on oxen to 38 francs. The Chamber also voted in favor of placing import duties of 20 francs on cows, 8 francs on calves, 5 francs on sheep and 12 francs on fresh meat.

Despatches report another revolutionary scare in Spain. Last evening the garrisons of Madrid and other cities were under orders to be in readiness for immediate action, the Government fearing a coup d'etat would be attempted by the revolutionists.

Lord Salisbury's health excites continued uneasiness among his friends, who say he is rather going down hill than up, and complain that he continues to work twice as much as he should, and insists on dealing himself with all the most difficult and intricate subjects.

Monsignor Galemberti, the special Papal Delegate to Berlin, has telegraphed to the Pope that he has obtained from Prince Bismarck all the religious concessions asked by the Vatican, but has not obtained any political concession. The leaders of the Centre (Catholic) party maintain great reserve toward Mgr. Galemberti.

Gen. Gene telegraphs from Massowah as follows: "Ras Aloula demands a further quantity of arms in exchange for Major Savoiroux. I have refused. The communications I had with King John of Abyssinia for the release of prisoners had no connection with peace negotiations."

Advices from Germans who have settled in Livonia announce a renewal of the system of Russian repression there. The teaching of Russian as the primary language in the German Lutheran schools is enforced, and German workmen are continually molested. The Lutheran pastors sent a memorial to the Czar, who confirmed the action of the authorities.

NO ONE IS TAXED.

A Place Where the Citizens Receive Instead of Paying Revenue.

The Eldorado of taxpayers is the large village of Langenselbold, in the district of Hanau. It has a population of about 3,000 souls and a communal property of upwards of $3,000,000, the annual income of which is about $100,000, nearly one-third of which revenue is derived from the rent of meadow land. The communal forests require the services of four foresters. The villages are not only fortunate enough to be entirely free from communal taxes, but they actually receive each year two cords of firewood and twenty marks of money. The gooseherd would scarcely swap places with many a village "dominie," for his income is fully 1,000 marks. The streets of the village are lighted free of cost, and when one of the villagers closes his earthly career, he or she is taken to the last resting place "free gratis, for nothing." In order, however, to check immigration into this Canaan, the wise fathers of the commune have fixed the cost of acquiring the citizenship of the place at 500 marks.

Knew Where He Came Short.

A. Stinit, of Cornwallis, Ore., knows his pet weakness and has arrived at the conclusion that he will never begin earlier than now to fight it. Therefore he has published in the local *Chronicle* the following unique notice:

"I hereby notify all persons within this State that they must not give or sell me any intoxicating drink under any consideration. If they do, I shall prosecute them to the full extent of the law."

New Title for the Queen.

Mr. Howard Vincent, M. P. for Centre Sheffield, England, intends proposing that in consequence of the Jubilee an addition should be made to the title of the Queen, in compliment to the colonies. He suggests that Her Majesty shall be entitled Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, South Africa and all the British Colonies, and Empress of India. It is probable the proposal will receive the attention of the Cabinet on Saturday.

Business is Business.

Old Lady (to street urchin)—Wouldn't you like to be a good little boy and go to Sunday school and be taught not to swear or say wicked things?

Little Boy—No'm. Me fadder's goin' to git me a job on the canal to drive mules soon's navigashun opens, an' I mustn't do anythin' to interfere wid de bizness.

CEYLON.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886.

(Essay by Thomas C. Watkins.)

The Island of Ceylon—known in the remote ages at different periods of its history as Sarendib, Taprobane and Lanka—lies between 5 deg. 53 min. and 9 deg. 51 min. north latitude and 79 deg. 42 min. and 81 deg. 55 min. east longitude; lying southeast of the southern extremity of Hindustan and separated from it by Palk Straits, which is a narrow channel, only available for vessels of light draught. The Portuguese were the first Europeans who settled on this island and held possession of a portion of it from early in the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. The Dutch disputed the possession of it with the Portuguese, and in A.D. 1656 finally expelled the Portuguese from the island and continued to govern the maritime Provinces for 140 years, while the Central or Kandyan provinces remained under their native rulers. The English in turn disputed the Dutch possession of the island, and in 1796 the last stronghold of the Dutch at Colombo capitulated to the English, and the island became part of the British possessions in the Eastern seas. The Kandyan monarchs still continued to rule in the interior, until in 1815 the King of Kandy was ultimately deposed, and the whole island brought under the Crown Colony system of Government, of which it is at present the largest and most completely organized representative. The entire area of the island is about one-sixth less than that of Ireland and contains 25,365 square miles; the extreme length is 271 miles, and the entire breadth 137 miles. At the close of 1885 the population was 2,825,000. The proportion of Europeans to natives is less than two per thousand. The natives are divided as follows: 1,920,000 Sinhalese, 687,000 Tamils, 182,000 Moormen, other native races, 13.000; Burghers, or natives of European descent, 18,000; Europeans, 5,000. The Veddahs are supposed to be a remnant of

THE ABORIGINES OF CEYLON.

They have no fixed habitations, roaming about the forests of the southern and eastern provinces, living in caves and hollow trees. Their dialect is different from the Sinhalese language, and they have very little intercourse with each other. The Maldive Archipelago is a group of coral islets, sparsely inhabited by a race of Sinhalese origin, speaking a broken dialect of Sinhalese. It is tributary to Ceylon, and the Sultan sends an ambassador there annually. These islands are difficult of access, and intercourse with them is quite limited. An interesting ethnological collection from these islands was exhibited in the Ceylon court of the Exhibition. Ceylon is decidedly healthy for a tropical country; from its insular position the climate contrasts favorably with that of India. There are no extremes of temperature, and throughout the low country the thermometer varies but little the year round. The mean temperature at Colombo is nearly 81° Fahrenheit. There is, however, considerable difference in the daily temperature in the hill districts. The coolest months are December and January; the warmest are March, April and May. Sir E. Tennant, who resided on the island for years as Lieutenant-Governor, in his interesting and valuable work on the colony, writes: "There is no island in the world, Great Britain itself not excepted, that has attracted the attention of authors in so many distant ages, and so many different countries, as Ceylon. There is no nation in ancient or modern times possessed of a language or literature, the writers of which have not at some time made it their theme. Its aspect, its religion, its antiquities and productions have been described by classic Greeks as well as by those of the lower Empire, by the Romans, by the writers of China, Burmah, India and Cashmere, by the geographers of Arabia and Persia, by the mediæval voyagers of Portugal and France, by the annalists of Portugal and Spain, by the merchants and the adventurers of Holland, and by the travellers and topographers of Great Britain." Tennant's own enthusiastic description of the island is summed up thus: "Ceylon, from whatever direction it is approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. The traveller from Bengal, leaving behind the melancholy delta of the Ganges, and the torrid coast of Coromandel, or the adventurer from Europe recently inured to the sands of Egypt and the scorching headlands of Arabia, is alike entranced by the vision of beauty which expands before him, as the island rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores, till they meet the ripple of the waves, bright with the foliage of perpetual spring." The speed and comfort with which a trip to Ceylon can be made now on the

MAGNIFICENT STEAMSHIPS

on that line induce many besides merchants and planters to visit this most interesting island. Those in search of charming tropical scenery and vegetation, the lovers of archæology, the naturalist or sportsman, will each reap a rich reward, and find ample scope for their enterprise, well repaying the time and trouble of the journey. The scenery and vegetation are rich in all that delights the eye, while no country in the world can boast of a more varied and beautiful insect life to occupy and delight the naturalist. Elephants, leopards, wild buffaloes, bears, wild boars, deer of many varieties, with snipe and other wild fowl in profusion, will supply occupation for the sportsman. To the archæologist the many ruined cities, with their stone carving and clear, close-cut inscriptions, offer almost endless variety and intense interest. Amongst the numerous old ruins of the cities which flourished thousands of years ago, perhaps the most wonderful are those of Pollonnarum and Auradhapura in the centre of the island. The latter was the chosen capital of King Panduk Abhaya, 437 B. C., and continued to be the capital for twelve centuries. Ancient historians say that the outer walls of that city enclosed 250 square miles, and was completed in the first century of the Christian era. Nothing but the ruins with their interesting records in stone and the large Dagabas now remain, except the sacred Bo tree, which still flourishes. Major Forbes, in his work entitled "Eleven Years in Ceylon," states that in the reign of King Devanampya Tissa, which commenced 307 B.C., Anuradhapura received the collar-bone of the Gautama Buddha, his begging dish filled with relics, and a branch of the Bo tree under which he attained Buddhahood. This branch, being planted, has flourished for nearly 2,200 years, and is now considered to be the most ancient tree in the world of which there is any authentic record. It is held to be sacred throughout the Buddhist world, and is the goal of many a long pilgrimage. Even the fallen leaves are treasured up by the pilgrims and carried to distant lands. There are about three-fifths, or, say, 1,700,000 of the population, which are Buddhists. Colombo, on the southwest coast, is the capital of the island now, with a population of nearly 120,000. A breakwater was recently completed, under the supervision of Sir J. Coode, at a cost of £650,000, which affords ample protection to ships of the largest size, which can lie there now in safety throughout the heaviest monsoon. It has thus become a first-class port, and from its unsurpassed geographical position it is destined to become the great centre of the commerce of the Eastern seas. Colombo lies 2,500 from Aden, 600 miles from Madras, 900 miles from Bombay, 1,400 from Calcutta, 1,600 from Singapore and 3,000 distant from Hong Kong and from Western Australia. Before the construction of the Colombo breakwater, Galle, on the south coast, was the port of call for the mail steamers, but the natural harbor of the island is Trincomalee, on the northeast coast. This has been for many years the rendezvous of Her Majesty's ships on the East Indian station, and still remains so; it is easy of access in any kind of weather, and has a safe and most magnificent anchorage. We turn to the products of the island now, and find that in ancient times Ceylon was known as the land of pearls and precious stones. The search for gems is still continued actively, and the value of those discovered is considerable. This mining and that for plumbago is entirely in the hands of the natives. Plumbago or graphite mines are worked largely in the western province. The product is exported principally to Great Britain and the United States, where it is used in the manufacture of pencils, crucibles and portable furnaces. There were 12,000 tons of plumbago mined and exported in 1882. The pearl fishery, though dangerous and uncertain, is in fortunate seasons a valuable item in the exports of the country. In the last

SUCCESSFUL PEARL FISHING SEASON,

in 1881, the shore of the Government amounted to £59,900. The same primitive system of gathering the pearl oysters exists, as perhaps Noah or some of his sons may have practiced. When the "Superintendent" reports an oyster bed fit for fishing, Government proclaims a fishery to commence on a given day, by that date the arid, and at other times deserted coast-land at Arippu, on the northwest coast, wears the appearance of a bustling town, filled with people of various races and occupations—including divers and boatmen from the coast of Coromandel, pearl merchants from India, China and Malaya, with a numerous crowd of pearl dealers and traders of all classes ready to turn an honest penny if possible. A limited number of boats and divers are licensed; every oyster is gathered by the hand of the diver, no dredge or instrument of any kind is used. The Government exacts two-thirds of all the oysters gathered for royalty, which are sold by public auction at the close of the days' fishing. The manufacture of salt still remains a Government monopoly and produces a profit of from £80,000 to £90,000 per annum. The salt is sold by the Government at four shillings and eightpence per hundred weight. This monopoly, like very many heavy duties imposed by our present wasteful and extravagant Government on numerous prime necessaries of life, which compels thousands of the poorer classes of our people to suffer on account of their coal, their clothing, their woolen and cotton goods being taxed with excessively higher duties, while the rich people who wear fine goods do not pay as high duties on different articles consumed by them exclusively. Oh! we hope to have an honest Government soon, then Ottawa will be forsaken by a little army of land grabbers, boodlers, bribers and thieves. No more rebellions then, for there will be an honest Government in power, which will keep faith with our red men, and will not, with cruelty unheard of, starve them to death, and deprive the half-breeds of their lands. Heavy taxes on the common necessaries of life are admitted by all honest political economists as unjust, and can only be justified by the absolute necessity of raising money to build public works, which will benefit the great masses of the people in a greater degree than the high taxes will injure them, as in the present instance in Ceylon, where, if the circumstances of the country were such as to make it possible for the Government to dispense with the

REVENUE DERIVED FROM THE MONOPOLY,

it would be done away with at once, but the relation between the general revenue and the requirements of the island is such that it would be difficult to abandon the revenue derived from salt, without at the same time giving up the execution of public works of vital importance to the country, for opening up communications with the interior, so as to give a full equivalent to the farmers by greatly reducing the expense of the transportation of their produce to the markets of the world. The importance of this course of procedure may be realized from the fact that, until a comparatively recent date, there were districts in the island where the cost of transport added fully 200 per cent. to the price charged by the Government for salt at the seaboard. Gold and silver mining, and ivory and tortoise shell work are important native industries, as are also making pottery, mats, fans and wood-carving. The beautiful woods indigenous to the island give great scope to the ingenious native carvers and cabinet makers; the most valuable woods are ebony, satin wood, calamander, jak, nedun, palai, iron-wood and hahuilla. The exhibits of these woods in the Ceylon Court are very interesting, and will repay an inspection. There are enormous quantities of fish frequenting the shores of the island, especially in the southwest and north Provinces, which are thickly peopled, and have the appearance of an almost endless village, the inhabitants of which are thriving, as their wants can always be satisfied by a few hours' fishing with the most primitive appliances. The Sinhalese are, however, mostly an agricultural race, and the vast majority of them are engaged in tilling the soil. The stupendous works commenced 500 years B.C. and continued by successive monarchs of Ceylon in the construction of innumerable reservoirs or tanks for storing the rainfall for irrigation purposes, testify to the great importance attached to agriculture in ancient times. The great tank of Kalawewa submerged an area of over forty miles in circumference. The retaining "bond" or earthwork is more than twelve miles in length, with a thickness of 300 feet at the base. The Legislature has for some years voted considerable sums annually from the general revenue for the repair, maintenance and improvement of these tanks, and to smaller works, thus greatly promoting the interest and happiness of the rural population. The Sinhalese farmers have confined their labors lately to the production of staple articles of food, such as rice and other cereals, cocoa, gardens of areka palms,

CINNAMON, COFFEE, VEGETABLES AND FRUITS,

such as plantains, pine apples, custard apples, mangoes, oranges, limes, melons, bread fruit, etc. The most prosperous branch of farming operations, however, and that which has been the greatest stimulant to the prosperity and progress of Ceylon, thus enabling the Government to undertake the construction of railways, and intersect the island with splendid roads and bridges, is the extensive coffee plantations in the hill districts. Nearly one-fifth of the island is comprised in the hill, or mountain zone. The highest peak of the range is Pidurutalagala, which is 8,296 feet high. The most interesting and best known is Adam's Peak. The majority of the plantations lie at an elevation of between 2,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea, where the climate is well nigh perfection, and the luxury of the planter's bungalow, with its European comforts, surrounded by roses and geraniums, with English fruits and vegetables, can be most justly appreciated after the heat of a journey from Colombo to the hill stations. The coffee plant is not, like cinnamon, indigenous to Ceylon; but there were few native hamlets formerly in the low country who had not a few coffee bushes growing around their doors; but it was not until about 1830 that European enterprise was first directed to the cultivation of coffee in the island. Since then it has been carried on with varying success until 1875, when the export of coffee reached nearly 1,000,000 cwts., representing at the ruling prices then about £3,000,000 sterling. The excessively large returns on the capital invested drove forest land up to extravagant prices, and Crown lands, at an upset price of a pound an acre, sometimes sold at auction at from £20 to £24 an acre. This mad land fever did not continue long unchecked. In 1878-79 the coffee bushes suffered from the effects of a fungus known as "leaf disease" so severely that the crop was greatly diminished, and the planters began to turn their attention to other crops better adapted to the climate and soil. Cinchona and tea have now been cultivated successfully, but the planters look to tea now as the great prospective source of their future wealth, the cultivation of which will, they think, restore their fortunes and bring back prosperity to the Island. There were over 100,000 acres of tea plants under cultivation in 1877, and the export of tea has risen already from 2,105 lbs. then to 9,000,000 in 1886. The prospect is so bright at present that planters are digging up large plantations of coffee bushes, and planting tea in their places. It is expected that within six years the exportation of tea will reach 40,000,000 lbs. No country can boast of a better supply of laborers, who are chiefly brought from India. The Sinhalese peasants are excellent domestic servants; they are good at chopping down trees and clearing jungles, also in digging for irrigation purposes, and works enforced under the Village Communities Act, but very few of them will undertake the routine work of labor on the plantations. Ceylon has therefore become the favorite resort of immigrants from the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, who flock over in thousands and settle on the estates. There are no unnecessary restrictions, and the coming and going of these laborers are made as free and easy as possible. Public "rest houses" and hospitals are provided by the Government at easy distances along the central road running from Kandy to Jaffna, by which most of the immigrants find their way to the plantations. In years when

THE CROPS OF COFFEE OR TEA

are abundant, as many as 150,000 Coolie laborers will migrate to Ceylon in one year and return to their native villages after the crops are harvested to spend the money they have earned in providing for their families, and then at the approach of the next harvest immigrating again to help to save it. In addition to coffee, cinchona and tea, cocoa is becoming an important item on many of the plantations, and the quality produced is very superior. India rubber, tapioca, vanilla and other tropical products are also successfully grown on many properties. The extensive cultivation of cinnamon and cocoanut palm is in the hands of natives; both thrive best in the low country near the sea. For many years the export of cinnamon was a Government monopoly, but now there are not any restrictions on its growth or export. In 1883 there were 2,335,000 lbs. of cinnamon exported. The cultivation of the cocoanut palm, which is applied to so many multifarious uses, is the most important production amongst the Sinhalese of the low parts of the island. The liquor he drinks is distilled from its sap, the kernel of the nut is necessary for use in his daily curry, the milk of the nut is the beverage offered to every visitor; his lamp is fed by the oil it produces; his fishing nets are manufactured from its fibre, as is also the rope wherewith he restrains his goat or cow from straying away, while the rafters of his house, the thatch of the roof and the window-blinds are made from its leaf and wood. The extensive cultivation of this palm and its immense value to the 3,000,000 islanders, and to the outside world, may be gathered from the facts already named, that its various products are a

UNIVERSAL NECESSITY

in the daily life of the island population, while the exports of the oil, copra and fibre exceed £700,000 in value annually, and the revenue derived from the excise duty levied on the "arrack" (spirit) distilled from the sap exceeds £170,000. With a fixed determination on the part of the local Legislature to continue without interruption an annual grant from the public funds for the restoration of the ancient irrigation works, and thus make Ceylon again independent of foreign importation of rice, with a similar determination to push the railway system into the heart of the planting districts, so as to give cheap and easy transport to the seaboard, this beautiful island—from its grand geographical position, its excellent harbor accommodation and healthy climate—is destined to receive again its ancient Brahmin title of "The Pearl on the Brow of India; or, Lanka, the Resplendent." The Ceylon Court, occupying the western end of the North Court, is 150 feet long by 50 feet wide. The decorations on the walls and roof of the court, in which yellow, the sacred color of Buddhism, predominates, are strictly Sinhalese in their character. The dado round the court reaches nine feet high above the floor; it is ornamented with representations of the mythological animals—the elephant, lion, bull, horse and goose—as they appear sculptured on ruined monuments in the ancient cities of Ceylon. Higher up, a frieze, a yard in width, is covered with Sinhalese paintings, depicting some of the more popular birth stories of Buddha; the frieze is surmounted by an ornamental cresting and depending from the roof-plate are fringed draperies. The Gantama Buddha or Buddhist god, is represented on the west wall of the court, facing the entrance, by a figure in *alto relievo* ten feet high, seated in the conventional attitude of contemplation. Beneath the figure of Buddha, on either side of the word "Ceylon," are representations of the Buddhist, the sun and moon. The gateway at the west end of the court is conspicuous for beautiful carvings in relief, executed in ebony, cocoanut and tamarind, which are amongst the principal cabinet woods of Ceylon. This gateway is the *fac simile* of one carved in stone at Yapahu, an ancient royal residence of the Sinhalese monarchs. The porch through which the court is entered at its eastern end is of teak wood, and was built by Sinhalese workmen in Ceylon; the pillars with their elaborate carvings being faithful representations of portions of the King's Audience Hall at Kandy. The floor is laid in ornamental mosaic work. The wall which flanks the porch on each side (as well as that outside the court, between it and Old London) have been designed to represent as nearly as possible the massive walls which surround the Dalda Maligawa (or Buddhist Temple of the Sacred Tooth) and other structures, both religious and secular, in Kandy. In the open space between the Ceylon Court and Old London and facing the Indian palace is the Ceylon Tea House, which gives a vivid idea of the style of Sinhalese timber architecture. It stands upon a raised terrace, the floor of which is laid with ornamental tiles; the south side and west end of the building are beautifully decorated with exceedingly effective mural tiling. The frieze ornaments are composed of the leaves and blossoms of the tea plant, and those in the band above the

DADO, OF LOTUS FLOWERS.

In each of the four side bays is a framed painting on tiles, the subjects being a view of Colombo from the harbor; Strathellie Estate, factory and bungalow; Galboda Estate, showing the Oriental process of weighing tea, and a view of Devon Estate, Dumbula, showing bungalow and waterfall. Upon the wall there is a painting representing a Tamil girl picking tea. The woodwork has been painted and decorated to harmonize with the architecture, yellow being the predominating color, relieved by red, which has been adopted for the color of the devices painted thereon. Seven Sinhalese men were brought over from Ceylon to the Exhibition. Of these four were employed as attendants on customers at the Ceylon Tea House, and they undoubtedly formed one of its most attractive features. They were typical specimens of the low-country Cinhalese, and wore their national costumes. Their habit of wearing combs in their hair, which was tied in a knot at the back of their heads, is the height of fashion in Ceylon, and a curious characteristic of that country. The chief man of the party, a goldsmith by trade, Wimalasurendra, is one of the most expert workmen at his trade to be found in Ceylon, and as such has been honored by the Government with the native rank of Muhandiram of his caste. Two of them are carpenters, having been specially selected for their great ability in their profession; the most of the superior carving exhibited, in cabinet woods and in plumbago, was executed by them. Ceylon made a most imposing display of her various productions, of which the under-named are a few: Natural objects, such as ores and minerals, building stones, gems, pearls, pearl oysters, corals, horns, tusks and hunting trophies. Food products, such as rice, tea, coffee, cocoa, spices, paddy, dry grains, starches, vanilla, jafna moss, sugar, jaggery, arrack and rum, preserves and pickles, beche-de-mer, edible birds' nests, dried fish, salt, drugs and medical substances, as cinchona bark, medicinal preparations and native medicinal plants and medicines; raw products and manufactures consisting of oil seeds and oils, essential oils, resins and

GUMS, DYES AND DYE STUFFS,

tanning substances, fibres and ropes, cotton and silk, mats and basket work, timbers and cabinet woods, tobacco and cigars, india rubber, products of the cocoanut palm and products of the low country estates. Means of transport, such as carriages and carts, boats, agricultural implements, models, etc. Art works of jewellery, gold and silverware, metal ware, carved work in ivory, ebony, cocoanut shell and tortoise shell; porcupine quill work, lace, lacquer work, pottery, furniture and arms. Fine arts, consisting of paintings, drawings, photographs, maps and plans, books, stamps, etc. Ethnology was represented by Buddhist articles, Vedda productions, models of natives and of native dresses, masks, musical instruments, Maldive collections, etc. When we think of Britain's vast dependencies, of the hundreds of millions of people of nearly all races, and inhabiting nearly all climates, we are led to think, for what object the Anglo-Saxon race has been raised up to the very pinnacle of physical, of moral and of religious power. With her colonies encircling the globe, with her language spoken on every shore, with every sea on our earth whitened by the sails of her merchantmen and war ships, distributing the products of her millions of looms, and other innumerable manufactories to the inhabitants of every clime and bringing back in return the varied productions of every land to minister to the wants, and the luxuries of the lords of creation, resident on that little island in the far western seas, whom Cæsar found surrounding their Druidical altars offering up human sacrifices to their gods. What has brought about such an astonishing change? Such a complete metamorphosis in their habits, their lives, their thoughts, their actions? The Bible—that Book of God, applied by His Spirit to the consciences of the masses of the people of that insignificant, little island, inspiring them with supreme love to God, and love for their fellow-creatures as for themselves—has stimulated the race to grand and noble efforts, many being willing and ready to sacrifice their lives in order to rescue their fellow-creatures from the slavery of sin and lead them to the fold of Christ. The religion taught by our Saviour does not consist in emotion. It is love. It is the sword that must slay intemperance. It is the hammer which must kill infidelity. It is the power that must raise the world.

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A Short Walk.

When an office starts out to seek the man it does not have sufficient exercise to give it an appetite.—*San Francisco Alta.*

The Learned Societies

Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Since Sir Charles Dilke inherited a fortune from a kinsman bearing the name of Snooks, much fun has been poked thereat. Yet "Snooks" was originally "Sevenoaks" and there are families in England now spelling their name "Sevenoaks" and pronouncing it "Snooks." It is claimed in extenuation of the name "Sniggs" that it is only a corruption of "Sevenacres."

Franklin Hinkley, of Fail Mountain, is a good subject for the hair restorers. He was ill for some time with disease of the spine, and the hair of his head, beard, moustache, eyebrows and eyelashes all came out, and there is no prospect of its return. He would make a good photograph to be labelled "Before Using."

Messrs. Harrison Bros., Hamilton, write: "We find sale of McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant increasing and it gives the very best of satisfaction as a cure for rheumatic affections."

The men employed in gathering spiders' silk near Bhim Teel, India, are supplied with small sticks with which they select the clean webs. The total weight of the webs collected during one season does not exceed 10 pounds. The silk is wound around the sticks, from which it is removed by immersion in hot water.

In consequence of news from the Governor of Herat that the Governor of Turkestan has ordered Iskander Khan with 12,000 men to surprise Herat, the Ameer of Afghanistan has ordered 10,000 men to be in readiness to reinforce the troops at Herat. The Ameer has caused the beheading of Sayad, the father-in-law of the late chief of Kohistan, having discovered that Sayad was in communication with Ayoob Kahn.

The sentry on guard at the powder magazine in Chatham dockyard noticed a man lurking about the magazine on Saturday night. The man not replying to the challenge, the sentry bayonetted him in the thigh. He was found to be an employee named Clarke and was sent to an hospital to be detained as a suspect.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, APRIL. 7, 1887.

"THAT ROLLER MILL."

Our editorial article, "Roller Mill Wanted," which appeared three weeks ago, has brought at least one stone miller down on us "like a thousand of brick." His letter appears in another column, above the *nom de plume*, "Miller," and is certainly quite an interesting production. One thing in connection with it amused us immensely, viz., the repeated references to the Editor of this paper as "he" instead of *you*.

We are always pleased to throw open our columns for the discussion of live topics—such as this—and even our avowed enemies are not denied the privilege of airing their views, when they do so "decently and in order." Frequently those who favor us with contributions are men who are too mean or penurious to support home enterprise, but because their own pockets have been touched they forthwith wax eloquent in proclaiming their wrongs—real or imaginary.

"Miller's" chief object in writing seems to have been a red hot desire to get whack at that unfortunate N.P. He knows as well as that there is a nose on his face, that roller flour has come to stay. And, notwithstanding his boast of superior knowleege, we know of millers who have profited largely by changing to the "new system." But it is N. P. scalps he is after, as note his remarks on the duty on American machinery. Pray, Mr. "Miller," cannot roller machinery be manufactured quite as cheaply in Canada as in U. S.? You answer no, if the duty were only removed. Ah, but my dear sir, just as soon as that duty is removed, up goes American machinery in price, and then what better are you off than before? The prices have been lowered simply because of the duty: remove that and up go the prices like so many sky rockets! But then the N. P. must be whacked. And we are free to confess it has not, as yet, reached that degree of perfection we should like to see it attain. But Rome was not built in a day, and the N. P. is yet in "long clothes."

But let us return to "that roller mill" question. We are led to understand (1) that meagre profits accrue to the miller who adopts the roller system; (2) that bread made from roller flour does not contain as much nutriment as bread made from stone flour; (3) that bread made from roller flour becomes as "dry as a chip twenty-four hours after baking;" (4) the flour made twenty years ago was just as good and made as *light, white and wholesome bread as the roller flour of to day*."

Let us speak of these points categorically:

(1)—Admitting for sake of argument, that the profits are meagre, would not increased patronage help to swell the aggregate. "Large sales and small profits" is the motto of the wide awake, successful merchant. Why not apply the same rule, with slight alterations, to milling? But then we don't admit that the profits are meagre: and even if they were, surely "half loaf is better than no bread," as stone millers are sure to perceive in process of time.

(2)—It is a debatable question—a question in fact, that has produced (pro and con) able articles in milling journals from the pens of competent critics—as to whether there is more nutriment in stone than in roller flour.

(3)—We deny emphatically that bread made from roller flour becomes as dry as a chip in "twenty-four hours after baking." Practical personal experience has completely disproved this theory, and shown that bread so made can be kept nice and moist thrice twenty-four hours at least.

(4)—In this case "Miller" frankly acknowledges that roller flour makes "*wholesome bread.*" It is refreshing to gain a point so easily. But "Miller" forgets to tell us why the stone flour of to-day is so much inferior to that produced by the same process twenty years ago. Perhaps this is one of the "lost arts." Such being the case he, as a practical man, ought to welcome the advent of the roller system which enables the good housewife to make as *wholesome bread* now as she did twenty years ago, when the stone process was the rule and not the exception as at present.

It seems to us that our correspondent makes a poor case out of,—let us confess—crude and rather antiquated material. Almost in the act of severely condeming the new process, we find him acknowledging its superiority, and immediately afterwards censuring the Government because it refused to legislate in favor of the minority as against the majority, by placing a tax of 75 cents per barrel on American flour! As if that had any particular bearing on the question of a roller mill for Flesherton! Stick to your text, "Miller." We know what Flesherton requires better than you do. We know that thousands of dollars are annually being lost to our town for want of a roller mill. Is it in human nature to stand inactive while other places are being built up at our expense. No, sir—in fact it would pay Flesherton to give a liberal bonus for such an enterprise if it could not be obtained otherwise.

The Thornbury News man would have the world believe him to be possessed with brains. He has undertaken a difficult task, but we honestly think he had some brains—away back sometime in the remote past. At the time of writing, however, the process of evaporation has reduced them to such an extent, that it is questionable whether the most prowerful microscope would enable one to discover their whereabouts. In the meantime the News scribe manages to get along tolerably well without them—by borrowing or stealing ideas from his contemporaries!

HE DIDN'T GET IT.

Referring to the statement of a Thornbury paper, giving the Nottawasaga Light to Mr. Neil McColman, our excellent Conservative contemporary, the Flesherton ADVANCE, says:

It may be considered ungrateful on our part but we cannot help saying that in our opinion the Conservative party is digging a good deep grave for itself in thus putting a premium on political crookedness. All a man has to do nowadays is to act the traitor to his party and forsooth! he is made a lighthouse keeper or something else! A few more such blunders and East Grey Conservatism will receive its *congi*

As we have remarked there is no foundation for the statement of the Thornbury paper. And we may further assure our contemporary that East Grey has nothing whatever to do with this matter; and if any such appointment should have to be made Collingwood will undertake to fill the bill with a competent and reliable man. And now, dear ADVANCE, we would respectfully suggest that you overhaul your French.—*Collingwood Enterprise.*

Thanks, dear *Enterprise*, thanks—awfully!—for the information and—er—um—the advice. Having overhauled our French, we make the horrible and astounding discovery, that instead of spelling it c-o-n-g-e, our intelligent compositor put it in type thus: *congi*!

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Our Township Fathers.

Artemesia Township parliament met in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on 4th inst., at 11 o'clock a. m.

Present,—Messrs. Christoe, Boland McArthur, Sharp and Cairns.

The Clerk read the minutes of previous meeting which were duly approved.

Moved by Mr. Boland, seconded by Mr. McArthur, that the Reeve and Mr. Sharp be a committee to go and test the depth of the cranberry marsh and ascertain the best means to have it put in thorough repair.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Reeve and Mr. Bellamy be a committee to paint and repair Township Hall.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Auditors' Report, as amended and finally audited by the committee, be adopted and fyled, and that 200 copies be printed for distribution.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Reeve issue his order for the Auditors' salary, amt. $12 each, total $24.—Carried.

Boland, Cairns—That By-Law No. 411, appointing Municipal officers, be now read a third time, signed, sealed and entered in the By-Law book.—Carried.

Boland, Sharp—That the Reeve and Mr. McArthur be a Committee to investigate and report upon the necessity of building a bridge across the Saugeen river, on the South line—opposite the Burnett farm—also to examine and report upon the deviation, (on the South line) through Mr. Oliver's property.—Carried.

Accounts.—R. J. Sproule, stationery $2.09; J. J. Field, for work done under the direction of Board of Health (1886) $16.50; Geo. Latimer, work on Valley Road, with surveyor, $1.50; W. J. Bellamy, quarter salary as Clerk $37.50; Medical Hall $2.80. All of which were ordered to be paid.

Boland, McArthur—That this Council appropriate $150 to each Ward, and that the Councillors for each Ward be commissioner; and that their commission be 8 per cent. for expending said amount; also, that the Reeve issue orders on certificates of Commissioners.—Carried.

Orders were then issued for $2 for each member of the Township legislature also indigent monthly allowance, after which the house adjourned. Time 3 o'clock p. m.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parker's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

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AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Ewing, Richmond, Va.

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Fall Wheat	$0 76 to	0 78
Spring Wheat	0 76	0 78
Barley	0 35	0 48
Oats	0 26	0 27
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 12	0 12
Potatoes	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 65	5 65
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 30	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

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The Toronto Light Binder.
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The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
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Hamilton's Combination Plow.
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A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

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Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th 1885.

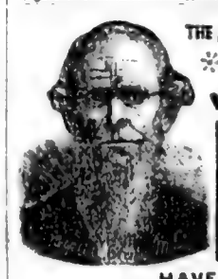

THE CELEBRATED DR. CHASE'S MANDRAKE & DANDELION **LIVER CURE**

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. **500,000 SOLD**

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

New Goods!

I have received a large assortment of Spring Goods, consisting of Gents, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Childrens Boots and Shoes.

I am offering them at prices that for quality cannot be beat. CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP ❁ AND ❁ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment:

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

50 acre farm, 14 acres cleared. Apply to

M. RICHARDSON.

LOST NOTES.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against negotiating for two notes—one for $8 50, drawn in my favor by Mr. Hillock, and the other for $15, drawn in my favor by Henry Down, both now due, as the same have been lost or misplaced by me. J. W. HODGSON.

CORRECTION.—The Down note is not due until 3rd March, 1888; the Hillock note is now due.

Horning's Mills, March 21st, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

CAUTION.

I hereby caution any person against negotiating for a note for $15, in favor of Samuel Martin, which fell due about 1st Nov., 1886, as I have not received value for the same.

JOHN SHERWOOD,

3t. Eugenia P.O.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 33, Con 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P.M. at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. McL. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

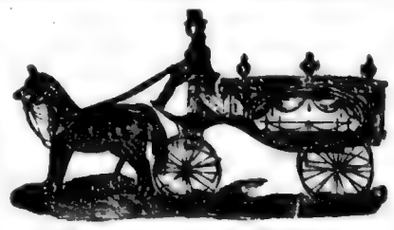

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

An Untold Woe.

There are unknown depths in the human soul,
And o'er them wastes of waters roll;
There are wrecks untold, all covered o'er,
And vanished dreams that will come no more.

And gems of thought and memories fair,
And once-loved treasures lie buried there—
Buried so deep 'neath the voiceless waves,
That mortal eye cannot trace their graves.

Low down where they lie they are guarded well;
Of their secret presence none can tell;
For eyes may brighten, and may smile,
And the heart with anguish be torn the while.

We little dream when the mask is worn
O'er a heart by suffering and anguish torn,
Of its silent strength; for who can know
The scares depths of an untold woe?

Ah! Many the burden silently bear
With the sigh repressed and the voiceless prayer,
And murmur not through the lonely night,
But hope and wait for the morning light.

Will it ever come, and shall we ever know
Why the way was so rough and dark below?
In the world beyond, where the way grows clear,
Will it brighter be for the darkness here?

[The above lines have been published at the request of a friend of Mr. John Sample. The sad and sudden death of the wife of the latter is well known to ADVANCE readers.]

"That Roller Mill."

To the Editor of The Advance.

Having notic'd an item in the ADVANCE agitating the necessity of some one building a roller mill in Flesherton. I would if you will allow me space give a few ideas on that subject. I am satisfied that it would be a benefit to the farmers who drive so far to get roller flour, and also to the business men in the village so far as convenience is concerned. But am not very sure as to the great amount of money to be made by the proprietor of the mill. I believe the writer of that item is quite correct when he says that roller flour has come to stay as people generally want something that causes them the most trouble to get and then is not good for them when they have got it for general health. He remarks that a great many men will condem roller flour as unhealthy and then go and buy a barrel to use themselves. There are whole families who can give advice but fail to practice it themselves. He says stone flour is a thing of the past. So it is. But how was the flour made that our father's and mother's tell us of, that they used twenty years ago that was just as good and made as light, white and wholesome bread, as the roller flour of to-day. There is no getting around it. There was just as good bread before there was a roller mill as there is to-day, and stronger men and healthier women than at present. One thing is certain, that people who use roller bread are continually going to the stone mills to get Graham flour and cracked wheat to help to digest the fine flour. Why medical men tell us that man is the only animal possessed of a stomach that will digest fine, pure wheat flour at all. So much for man. But then the housewife says it is so white and we must have it even at a risk of Doctor bills. I am quite well aware that it is white and also that it is as dry as a chip in twenty four hours after it is baked. Then he says that the millers who have roller mills are fairly coining money. Well, I am of the opinion that he does not know much about the business of milling. I am personally acquainted with some millers who were the first to put in rolls who are financially far from healed. Let us find out where their vast profits come from. We will take wheat at the market price, say 75 cents per bushel and the miller grinds twelve bushels for one of toll; and suppose he takes in one hundred bushels a day of grists every day, on an average for the year; but before going any further, I will just say that there is not a single mill in the County of Grey that takes in that amount every working day in the year but suppose they do, they just make $6.25 per day out of their gristing. But some one says gristing alone will not pay. Well we will take the Merchant miller who buys wheat and ships flour to make money of. Let him take a glance at a Montreal or Toronto paper and compare the prices of flour in either places and he will find that the flour sent to Montreal will not stand the freight over the great C.P.R. that we hear so much talk about, and I can buy the same grade of flour cheaper in Toronto than I can in Flesherton or any other village in this vicinity. I would be pleased to be shown where the immense profits come from in milling.

The writer attended a Millers' Convention held in Toronto about two years ago where all the prominent Millers of Ontario where present, when a large petition signed by all present, and sent to the Dominion Parliament petitioning them to place a duty of 75 cents a barrel on all American flour coming here so that they could ship Ontario flour to the Eastern Provinces at a living profit. And what was the result? They turned a deaf ear to this request, and why? Because our M.P.P's generally voted against our interests and to the interest of Quebec. I think I am safe in saying that at present the Ontario millers are the most abused class of business men to be found, when you take the vast amount of Capital into consideration, that they have invested in their mills. Then he says that one reason why Flesherton has no roller mill is because the proprietor thinks that people will all go back to the stone mills again. Be that as it may, I am of the opinion that he has other reasons for standing as he says with his arms folded. Mr. Flesher is a man that counts the cost first and the profits afterwards. He is evidently thinking of that $6.25 cents per day with the wages and board of two men the interest of his money invested in the mill the large amount of insurance he would have to carry to be at all safe, together with other incidental expenses. He is also machinist enough to know that a roller mill is a very complicated machine and short lived, and that a man wants at least twelve per cent on his money to invest it in a roller mill, as it is only a matter of time till he would have no mill. There are other capitalists than Mr. Flesher standing with folded arms. For instance there is a roller mill needed in Dundalk, and there are men there quite capable of building one, as far as money is concerned. And any amount of good wheat bought there by the grain buyers that could be ground into flour, there, as well as any other place, and why? because those men cannot see there way out and know well that it costs too much to make a barrel of flour with a roller mill and then sell it at say $4.00. Anything that costs too much to produce, means ruin to the producer. One great cause of there not being more roller mills is the immense cost to build one in Ontario. The writer is acquainted with a miller who corresponded with some American firms, who furnish roller mill machinery and found that on a 50 barrel mill there was $1,500 of a reduction in price over the cheapest estimate he could get in Ontario. So the Canadian miller is forced to pay that $1,500 more for his machinery or otherwise pay 25 per cent of Duty before he can get from the Americans. So he is between two fires, his own being the hottest, so it is plain to see that the Ontario miller is a highly favored individual when he cannot get a roller mill in his own County without he pay half as much more as it is worth, or paying the 25 per cent of Duty on the American machinery while they glut his markets with their flour, I may say comparatively free of Duty. If he had said that the mill furnishers were coining money, instead of the millers, then he would be near the point. In conclusion let me ask what is Protection doing for the millers, and if he thinks my statements are overdrawn, let him enquire of some reliable mill owner and see how far I am wrong. Thanking you for the space I have taken up in your paper. MILLER.

The Swift Toboggan.

From our own Correspondent.

EUGENIA TOBOGGAN CLUB.

Eugenia is one of the places in this world where nature appears to have been lavish in her gifts of the romantic, the picturesque, the beautiful scenery, and not less their useful and pleasure-enhancing provisions, in fact it seems as if they were thrown together in one heap. Almost all the requirements for the happiness, life and health, and sport giving favours, mortals could wish. For instance the silvery ice, for the gliding skate. But our attention of late has been diverted from those minor amusements to that more recent pastime, tobogganing.

What lovely natural toboggan slides Eugenia possesses. On the recent beautiful evenings, with the slides in magnificent condition, what jovial crowds gathered to the summit of yonder hill. When we arrived on the scene, we were greeted with, "chase a toboggan ride Mr. and Mrs.—" Well, we looked at the long steep incline of sparkling ice, the sheen of which seemed to dazzle our eyes. We looked at the toboggan, viz., two hand-sleighs, built with a view to speed and strength. A 12 ft. Elm plank one sleigh under each end bolted on, a commodious vehicle surely. The shouts all ready and as many young men and maidens, old men and women pile on as can secure a seat, some 10 or 12. Then the word is passed all ready. Go—

Our heart is suddenly palpitating as if in great excitement or under a love sick spell, in the presence of the beloved. But as we hear the quick cut of the tobog. on the ice, and catch a glimps of the fence posts as we fly past on with ever increased velocity, we clutch with instinctive effort to our seat We are momentarily increasing our speed and as we try to look ahead—of! we're rushing on to the edge of the precipice at the falls. The sins of our past life flit before our aroused imagination and we become desperate. Darn't open our mouth in such a cutting wind Shall we fall off? Our nerves refuse The steersman on the front end of the tobog—lying horizontal—in fashion of ancient worship custom, has his hands on the nose of the tobog. and with an adroit twist, pass the wood-pile that seemed to menace certain destruction. Another twist, and a snow bank shoots into our face. We fly throught spaces alight somewhere after bounding over the heads of some half a dozen less fortunate fellow beings; and raise one paw, scrape our face, and find ourself safe and saved by a friendly snow bank.

Although head first, we punched quite a tunnel therein. How provoking as that mischievous crowd gigles at us "have another ride." Not any thank you, we reply. We have another engagement we must be off. We suddenly remember another mocking giggle from those girls and to prove we're no coward, we take a seat again and the pleasurable excitement prevails and we dare the trip again, and are fascinated with the sport again. And why? We love the tobog.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

BRON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c per box at the Drug Store.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

High Love No Place on Earth.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Lippincott's Magazine.

The world has outlived all its passion;
Its men are inane and blase;
Its women mere puppets of fashion;
Life now is a comedy play.
Our Abelard sighs for a season,
Then yields with decorum to fate;
Our Heloise listens to reason,
And seeks a new mate.

By the lady-like minds of our mothers
We are taught that to feel is bad form.
Our effeminate fathers and brothers
Keep carefully out of life's storm;
Our worshippers, now, and our lovers,
Are calmly devout with their brains;
And we laugh at the man who discovers
Warm blood in his veins.

But you, O twin souls, passion-mated,
Who love as the gods loved of old,
What blundering destiny fated
Your lives to be cast in this mould?
Like a lurid volcanic upheaval
In pastures prosaic and gray
You seem with your fervors primeval,
Among us to-day.

You dropped from some planet of splendor,
Perhaps, as it circled afar,
And your constancy swerveless and tender
You learned from the course of that star.
Fly back to its bosom, I warn you
As back to the ark flew the dove;
The minions of earth will but scorn you
Because you can love!

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"I don't quite understand you. What do you mean?" she said, in a low voice.

"I mean that in that case I will ask you *if* you will take me for a husband."

"You do not love me, Ernest; I should weary you."

He felt for her hand, found it, and took it in his own. She made no resistance.

"Dear," he said, "it is this way: I can never give you that passion I have given Eva, because, thank God, the human heart can give birth to it but once in a life; but I can and will give you a husband's tenderest love. You are very dear to me, Doll, though it is not in the same way that Eva is dear. I have always loved you as a sister, and I think that I should make you a good husband. But, before you answer me, I want you to thoroughly understand about Eva. Whether I marry or not, I fear that I shall never be able to shake her out of my mind. At one time I thought that perhaps if I made love to other women I might be able to do so, on the principle that one nail drives out another. But it was a failure; for a month or two I got the better of my thoughts, then they would get the better of me again. Besides, to tell you the truth, I am not quite sure that I wish to do so. My trouble about this woman has become a part of myself. It is, as I told you, my 'evil destiny,' and goes where I go. And now, dear Doll, you will see why I asked you if you really cared for me, before I asked you to marry me. If you do not care for me, then it will clearly not be worth your while to marry me, for I am about as poor a catch as a man can well be; if you do, well, then it is a matter for your consideration."

She paused awhile and answered:

"Suppose that the positions were reversed, Ernest; at least suppose this: Suppose that you had loved your Eva all your life, but she had not loved you except as a brother, having given her heart to some other man, who was, say, married to somebody else, or in some way separated from her. Well, supposing that this man died, and that one day Eva came to you and said, 'Ernest, my dear, I cannot love you as I loved him who has gone, and whom I one day hope to rejoin in heaven, but, if you wish it, and it will make you the happier, I will be your true and tender wife, and the mother of your children.' What should you answer her, Ernest?"

"Answer? why, I suppose that I should take her at her word, and be thankful. Why, to hear her voice day by day would in itself be a happiness. Yes, I think thus, I should take her at her word."

"And so, dear Ernest, do I take you at your word; for as it is with you about Eva, so it is with me about you. As a child I loved you, ever since I have been a woman I have loved you more and more, even through all these cold years of absence. And when you came back, ah! then it was to me as it would be to you if you suddenly once more saw the light of day. Ernest, my beloved, you are all my life to me, and I take you at your word, my dear I will be your wife."

He stretched out his arms, found her, drew her to him, and kissed her on the lips.

"Doll, I don't deserve that you should love me so; it makes me feel ashamed that I have not more to give you in return."

"Ernest, you will give me all you can; I mean to make you grow very fond of me. Perhaps one day you will give me everything."

He hesitated a little while before he spoke again.

"Doll," he said, "you are quite sure you do not mind about Eva?"

"My dear Ernest, I accept Eva as a fact, and make the best of her, just as I should if I wanted to marry a man with a monomania that he was Henry VIII."

"Doll, you know I call her my evil destiny. The fact is, I am afraid of her; she overpowers my reason. Well, now, Doll, what I am driving at is this: Supposing—not that I think she will—that she were to crop up again and take it into her head to try and make a fool of me! She might succeed, Doll."

"Ernest, will you promise me something on your honor?"

"Yes, dear."

"Promise me that you will hide from me nothing that passes between Eva and yourself, if anything ever should pass, and that in this matter you will always consider me not in the light of a wife, but of a trusted friend."

"Why do you ask me to promise that?"

"Because then I shall, I hope, be able to keep you both out of trouble. You are not fit to look after yourselves, either of you."

"I promise. And now, Doll, there is one more thing. It is somehow fixed in my mind that my fate and that woman's are interwined. I believe that what we are now passing through is but a single phase of interwoven existence; that we have perhaps already passed through many stages, and that many higher stages and developments await us. Of course, it may be phantasy, but at any rate I believe it. The question is, Do you care to link your life with that of a man who holds such a belief?"

"Ernest, I dare say your belief is a true one, at any rate for you who believe it: for it seems probable that as we sow so shall we reap, as we spiritually imagine so shall we spiritually inherit, since causes must in time produce effects. These beliefs are not implanted in our hearts for nothing, and surely in the wide heavens there is room for the realization of them all. But I too have my beliefs, and one of them is, that in God's great Hereafter every loving and desiring soul will be with the soul thus loved and desired. For him or her at any rate, the other will be there, forming a part of his or her life, though perhaps it may elsewhere and with others also be pursuing its own desires and satisfying its own aspirations. So you see, Ernest, your beliefs will not interfere with mine, nor shall I be afraid of losing you in another place."

"And now, Ernest, my heart's love, take my hand, and let me lead you home; take my hand, as you have taken my heart, and never let go of it again till at last I die."

And so hand in hand they went home together, through the lights and shadows of the twilight

CHAPTER XLIII.

MAZOOKU'S FAREWELL.

Dorothy and Ernest got back to Dum's Ness just in time to dress for dinner, for since Ernest and Jeremy had come back, Dorothy, whose will in that house was law, had instituted late dinner. The dinner passed over as usual, Dorothy sitting between Ernest and her grandfather, and attending to the wants of those two unfortunates, both of whom would have found it rather difficult to get through their meal without her gentle, unobtrusive help. But when dinner was over and the cloth removed, and Grice had placed the wine upon the table and withdrawn, an unusual thing happened.

Ernest asked Dorothy to fill his glass with port, and when she had done so he said:

"Uncle and Jeremy, I am going to ask you to drink a health.

The old man looked up sharply. "What is it, Ernest, my boy?"

As for Dorothy, she blushed a rosy red, guessing what was coming, and not knowing whether to be pleased or angry.

"It is this, uncle—it is the health of my future wife, Dorothy."

Then came a silence of astonishment. Mr. Cardus broke it.

"Years ago, Ernest, my dear nephew, I told you that I wished this to come to pass; but other things happened to thwart my plans, and I never expected to see it. Now in God's good time it has come, and I drink the health with all my heart. My children, I know that I am a strange man, and my life has been devoted to a single end, which is now drawing near its final development; but I have found time in it to learn to love you both. Dorothy, my daughter, I drink your health. May the happiness that was denied to your mother fall upon your head, her share and your share too! Ernest, you have passed through many troubles, and have been preserved almost miraculously to see this day. In her you will find a reward for everything, for she is a good woman. Perhaps I shall never live to see your happiness and the children of your happiness, I do not think I shall; but may the solemn blessing I give you now rest upon your dear heads! God bless you both, my children, and here and now I thank Him that He has brought this good thing to pass. All peace go with you, Dorothy and Ernest!"

"Amen!" said Jeremy, in a loud voice and with a vague idea that he was in church. Then he got up and shook Ernest's hand so hard in his fearful grip that the latter was constrained to halloa out, and lifted Dolly out of her chair like a plaything, and kissed her boisterously, knocking the orchid-bloom she wore out of her hair in the process. Then they all sat down again and beamed at one another and drank port wine—at least the men did—and were inanely happy.

Indeed, the only person to whom the news was not satisfactory was Mazooku. "Ou!" he said, with a grunt, when Jeremy communicated it to him. "So the Rosebud is going to become the Rose, and I sha'n't even be able to lead my father to bed now. Ou!" and from that day forward Mazooku's abstracted appearance showed that he was meditating deeply on something.

Next morning his uncle sent for Ernest into the office. Dorothy led him in.

"Oh, here you are!" said his uncle.

"Yes, here we are, Reginald," answered Dorothy; "what is it? Shall I go away?"

"No, don't go away. What I have to say concerns you both.—Come and look at the orchids, Ernest, they are beautiful. Ah!" he went on, stammering, "I forgot you can't see them. Forgive me."

"Never mind, uncle, I can smell them;" and they went into the blooming-house appropriated to the temperate kinds.

At the end of the house was a little table and some iron chairs where Mr. Cardus would sometimes come and smoke a cigarette. Here they sat down.

"Now, young people," said Mr. Cardus, wiping his bald head, "you are going to get married. May I ask what you are going to get married on?"

"By Jove," said Ernest, "I never thought of that! I haven't got much, except a title, a mansion with 'numerous and valuable' heirlooms, and one hundred and eighty acres of park," he added, laughing.

"No, I don't suppose you have; but, luckily for you both, I am not so badly off, and I mean to do something for you. What do you think would be the proper thing? Come, Dorothy, my little housewife, what do you reckon you can live on—living here, I mean, for I suppose that you do not mean to run away and leave me alone in my old age, do you?"

Dorothy wrinkled up her forehead as she used to as a child, and began to calculate upon her fingers. Presently she answered, "Three hundred a year comfortably, quietly on two."

"What!" said Mr. Cardus, "when the babies begin to come?"

Dorothy blushed, old gentlemen are so unpleasantly outspoken, and Ernest jumped, for the prospect of unlimited babies is alarming till one gets used to it.

"Better make it five hundred," he said.

"Oh," said Mr. Cardus, "that's what you think, is it? Well, I tell you what I think. I am going to allow you young people two thousand a year and pay the housekeeping bills."

"My dear uncle, that is far more than we want."

"Nonsense, Ernest! It is there and to spare; and why should you not have it, instead of its piling up in the bank or in investments? There are enough of them now, I can tell you. Everything that I have touched has turned to gold; I believe it has often been the case with unfortunate men. Money! I have more than I know what to do with, and there are idiots who think that to have lots of money is to be happy."

He paused awhile, and then went on:

"I would give you more, but you are both comparatively young, and I do not wish to encourage habits of extravagance in you. The world is full of vicissitudes, and it is impossible for anybody to know how he may be pecuniarily situated in ten years' time. But I wish you, Ernest—to keep up your rank—moderately, if you like, but still to keep it up. Life is all before you now, and whatever you choose to go in for, you shall not want the money to back you. Look here, my children, I may as well tell you that when I die you will inherit nearly all I have got; I have left it to be divided equally between you, with reversion to the survivor. I drew up that will some years back, and I do not think that it is worth while altering it now."

"Forgive me," said Ernest, "but how about Jeremy?"

Mr. Cardus' face changed a little. He had never got over his dislike of Jeremy, though his sense of duty caused him to stifle it.

"I have not forgotten Jeremy," he said, in a tone that indicated that he did not wish to pursue the conversation.

Ernest and Dorothy thanked the old man for his goodness, but he would not listen, so they went off and left him to return to his letter-writing. In the passage Dorothy peeped through the glass half of the door which opened into her grandfather's room.

There sat the old man writing, his long, iron-gray hair hanging all about his face. Presently, he seemed to think of something, and a smile which the contorted mouth made ghastly spread itself over the pallid countenance. Rising, he went to the corner and extracted a long tally-stick on which were cut notches. Sitting down again he counted the remaining notches over and over, and then took a penknife and cut one out. This done, he put the stick back, and, looking at the wall, began to mutter, for he was not quite dumb, and to clasp and unclasp his powerful hand. Dorothy entered the room quickly.

"Grandfather, what are you doing?" she said, sharply.

The old man started and his jaw dropped. Then the eyes grew dull, and his usual apathetic look stole over his face. Taking up his slate he wrote, "Cutting out my notches."

Dorothy asked him some further questions, but could get nothing more out of him.

"I don't at all like the way grandfather has been going on lately," she said to Ernest. "He is always muttering and clinching his hand, as though he had some one by the throat. You know he thinks that he has been serving the fiend all these years, and that his time will be up shortly, whereas you know, though Reginald has no cause to love him, he has been very kind to him. If it had not been for Reginald my grandfather would have been sent to the mad-house; but because he was connected with his loss of fortune, he thinks he is the devil. He forgets how he served Reginald; you see even in madness the mind only remembers the injuries inflicted on itself, and forgets those it inflicted on others. I don't at all like his way."

"I should think that he had better be shut up."

"Oh, Reginald would never do it. Come, dear, let us go out."

It was a month or so after Mr. Cardus' announcement of his pecuniary intentions, that a little wedding party stood before the altar in Kesterwick church. It was a very small party; consisting indeed only of Ernest, Dorothy, Mr. Cardus, Jeremy, and a few idlers who, seeing the church-door open, had strolled in to see what was going on. Indeed, the marriage had been kept a profound secret, for since he had been blind Ernest had developed a great dislike to being stared at. Nor indeed had he any liking for the system under which a woman proclaims with loud and unseemly rejoicings that she has found a man to marry her, and the clan of her relations celebrate her departure with a few outward and visible tears and much inward and spiritual joy.

But among that small crowd, unobserved by any of them, quite close up in the shadow of one of the massive pillars sat a veiled woman. She sat quiet and still, she might have been carved in stone; but as the service went on she raised her thick veil and fixed her keen brown eyes upon the two who stood before the altar. And as she did so the lips of this shadowy lady trembled a little, and a mist of trouble rose from the unhealthy marshes of her mind and clothed her fine-cut features. Long and steadily she gazed, then dropped the veil again and said beneath her breath:

"Was it worth while for this? Well, I have seen him."

Then she rose, did this shadowy, noble-looking lady, and glided from the church, bearing away with her the haunting burden of her sin.

And Ernest? He stood there and said the responses in his clear, manly voice; but even as he did so there rose before him the semblance of the little room in far-away Pretoria, and of the vision which he had had of this very church, and of a man standing where he himself stood now, and a lovely woman standing where stood Dorothy his wife. Well, it was gone, as all visions go, as we, who are but visions of a longer life, go too. It was gone, gone into that awful limbo of the past which is ever opening its insatiable maw and swallowing us and our joys and our sorrows—making a meal of the atoms of to-day, that it may support itself till the atoms of to-morrow are ready for its appetite.

It was gone, and he was married, and Dorothy his wife stood there wreathed in smiles and blushes which he could not see, and Mr. Halford's voice, now grown weak and quavering, was formulating heart-felt congratulations, which were being repeated in the gigantic echo of Jeremy's deep tones, and in his uncle's quick, jerky utterances. So he took Dorothy his wife into his arms and kissed her, and she led him down the church to the old vestry, into which so many thousand newly-married couples had passed during the course of the last six centuries, and signed his name where they placed his pen upon the parchment, wondering the while if he was signing it straight, and then went out, and was helped into the carriage and was driven home.

Ernest and his wife went upon no honeymoon; they stopped quietly there at the old house, and began to accustom themselves to their new relationship. Indeed, to the outsider at any rate, there seemed to be little difference between it and the former one, for they could not be much more together now than they had been before. Yet in Dorothy's face there was a difference. A great peace, an utter satisfaction which had been wanting before, came down and brooded upon it, and made it beautiful. She both looked and was a happy woman.

But to the Zulu Mazooku this state of affairs did not seem to be satisfactory.

One day, it was three days after the marriage, Ernest and Dorothy were walking together outside the house, when Jeremy coming in from a visit to a distant farm, advanced, and joining them, began to converse on agricultural matters, for he was already becoming intensely and annoyingly technical. Presently, as they talked, they became aware of the sound of naked feet running swiftly over the grass.

"That sounds like a Zulu dancing," said Ernest, quickly.

It was a Zulu; it was Mazooku, but Mazooku transformed. It had been his fancy to bring a suit of war toggery, such as he had worn when he was one of Cetywayo's soldiers, with him from Natal, and now he had donned it all, and stood before them a striking yet alarming figure. From his head there rose a good two feet into the air, a single beautiful gray feather, taken from the Bell crane; around his waist hung a kilt of white ox-tails, and beneath his right knee a small tuft of white goat's hair. For the rest he was naked. In his left hand he held a milk-white fighting-shield, made of ox-hide, and in his right his great "bangwan," or stabbing assegai. Still as a statue he stood before them, his plume bending in the breeze, and Dorothy, looking with wondering eyes, marvelled at the broad chest scarred all over with assegai-wounds, and the huge, sinewy limbs. Suddenly he raised the spear and saluted in sonorous tones:

"Koos! Baba!"

"Speak," said Ernest.

"I speak my father; I come to meet my father as a man meets a man. I come with spear and shield, but not in war. With my father I came from the land of the sun into this cold land, where the sun is as pale as the white faces it shines on. Is it not so, my father?"

"I hear you."

"With my father I came. Did not my father and I stand together for many a day? Did I not slay the two Basutus down in the land of Sikukini, chief of the Bapedi, at my father's bidding? Did I not once save my father from the jaws of the wild beast that walks by night" (the lion)? "Did I not stank by my father at the place of the Little Hand" (Isandhlwana), "when all the plain was red with blood? Do I dream in the night, or was it so, my father?"

"I hear you. It was so."

"Then when the heavens above smelt out my father, and smote him with their fire, did I not say, 'Ah, my father, now art thou blind, and canst fight no more, and no more play the part of a man; better that thou hadst died a man's death, O my father! But as thou art blind, lo, whither thou goest, thither will I go also and be my father's dog.' Did I not say this, O my father?"

"Thou didst say it."

"And so we came across the black water, my father and I and the great Lion, like unto whom no man was ever born of woman, and came hither, and have lived for many moons the lives of women, have eaten and drunken, and have not fought or hunted, or known the pleasure of men. Is it not so, my father?"

"Thou speakest truly, Mazooku; it is even so."

"Yes, we came across the black water in the smoking ship, came to the land of wonders, which is full of houses and trees, so that a man cannot breathe in it, or throw out his arms lest they should strike a wall; and behold there came an ancient one with a shining head wonderful to look on, and a girl rosebud, small but very sweet, and greeted my father and the Lion, and led them away in the carriages which put the horses inside them, and put them in this place, where they may look forever at the sadness of the sea.

"And then behold the Rosebud said: 'What doth this black dog here? shall a dog lead Mazimba' (Ernest's Zulu name) 'by the hand? Begone, thou black dog, and walk in front or ride behind; it is I who will hold Mazimba's hand.'

"And then my father, sinking deep in ease, and becoming a fat (well-to-do) man, said to himself, 'I will take this Rosebud to wife.' And so the Rosebud opened her petals, and closed them round my father, and became a Rose, and now she sheds her fragrance round him day by day and night by night, and the black dog stands and howls outside the door.

"And so, my father, it came to pass that Mazooku, thy ox and thy dog, communed with his heart and said: 'Here is no more any place for thee. Mazimba thy chief has no longer any need of thee, and behold in the land of women, thou too shalt grow like a woman! So get up and go to thy father and say to him: "O, my father, years ago I put my hand between thy hands and became a loyal man to thee; now would I withdraw it and return to the land whence we came, for here I am not wanted, and here I cannot breathe." I have spoken, O my rather and my chief."

"Mazooku, son of Ingoluvu, unfana ga Amazula" (child of the Zulu race), answered Ernest, adopting the Zulu metaphor, his voice sounding wonderfully soft as the liquid tongue he spoke so well came rolling out, "thou hast been a good man to me, and I have loved thee. But thou shalt go. Thou art right: now is my life the life of a woman; never again shall I hear the sound of the rifle or the ringing of steel in war. And so thou goest, Mazooku. It is well. But at times thou wilt think of thy blind master, and of the wise captain who sleeps (Alston), and of the Lion who threw the ox over his shoulder. Go and be happy. Many be thy wives, many thy children, and countless thy cattle! The Lion shall take thee by the hand and lead thee to the sea, and shall give thee of my bounty wherewith to buy a little food when thou comest to thine own land, and a few oxen, and a piece of ground, or a waggon or two, so that thou shalt not be hungry, nor want for cattle to give for wives. Mazooku, fare thee well."

(To be continued.)

Singular Accidents.

A citizen of Valdosta, Ga., was chopping kindling wood in his kitchen a few evenings ago, when a piece of it flew up and hit him on the nose, breaking the nasal bone. He fell senseless to the floor, and was weak from the loss of blood when found.

While Louis Gott was hunting near Palmyra, Mo., last week, he received a violent blow on the side of the head which made him dizzy for a few moments. When he recovered he saw a prairie chicken limping away, and he thinks it was the chicken that struck him.

Mrs. Gordon, living near Marianna, Ark., sent her little daughter Clara out to milk the cows. When the pail was full the girl reached over to pick it up, but slipped and fell headlong into the milk. The warm fluid almost choked her, and she came near dying before she could be resuscitated.

Aunt Kitty McDowell, of Tazewell County, Ill., suffers a great deal from rheumatism in the feet and ankles, and to relieve the affected parts she bathed them recently in camphor and black oil. Afterwards, while sitting near the fire, the stuff ignited, and her feet were terribly burned before the flames could be extinguished.

A Georgia man stood looking at a rapidly moving circular saw in a planing mill at Ocean Pond, and carelessly threw a small bit of wood against it. In an instant the stick was hurled back with great force against him, striking him squarely between the eyes and knocking him to the floor. He remained unconscious for several hours and has a reminder of the accident in the shape of an ugly wound on the forehead.

During the progress of a recent fire in Chicago a pipeman was standing on a ladder directing a stream into the second-story window, when, in some way, the hose got the better of him and turned so that the stream struck him in the chest. The force of the water knocked him from the ladder against a sign, bruising him badly on the hips. He struck the sign so hard that he rebounded, caught the ladder and still retained his hold on the hose.

Edward Herrick, a street-car conductor, living in Auburn, R.I., wanted to solder a hole in his wife's wash-boiler, and used what he supposed to be an old soldering-iron that had lain around the house for years. He put the iron in the fire and was scraping the rust from the boiler when there was an explosion that scattered the stove in all directions and set fire to the house. Herrick has learned since that the supposed soldering-iron was a railroad torpedo.

While Joseph Ninters, an employee at one of the Negley's Run (Pa.) oil refineries, was riveting a boiler a few days ago the head of one of the iron rivets flew off and tore a hole in his cheek, causing a great deal of blood to flow. A physician who was summoned probbed for the iron, but was unable to find it until his attention was called to a small lump on the injured man's back, between the shoulder blades. Surmising that the lump contained the rivet-head he cut it open and extracted the substance. The iron had made its way down along the muscles of the neck, a distance of nearly a foot.

The Eccentricities of Fame.

On one occasion Lord Brougham went to the House of Commons in his new coach, which Robinson, the coach-builder, had christened after His Lordship—Brougham. He was met in the lobby by the Duke of Wellington, who thus accosted him: "My lord! I always thought your name would be handed down to posterity as the apostle of education—the teacher and enlightener of your fellow-countrymen; but no! Henceforth you will be known as—the inventor of a carriage—Brougham." His Lordship answered, saying: "Your Grace! I always thought your name would be handed down to posterity as the hero of a hundred battles; but no! Henceforth you will be known as—the inventor of a pair of boots—Wellington boots." "Bother it! I had forgotten the boots," exclaimed His Grace.

He Signalled Him.

Said a minister's 7-year-old son: "Papa do you ever look at me while you are preaching?" The father, thinking he was a little hurt by supposed neglect, said: "Certainly, my son; I often look at you and think of you when I am preaching." "But to-day did you notice me at all?" "Yes, I did, son, several times," said the father. "Well, papa, did you see me wink at you two or three times?" "No, my son. What did you wink at me for when I was preaching?" "I winked at you, papa, to get you to stop. You were spinning it too long."—*St. Louis Observer.*

Versatility.

An English gentleman not long ago advertised for a general servant, "who must be a good plain cook and an earnest deist." And in an English High Church paper there recently appeared the advertisement of a coachman who declared himself to be an "advanced Catholic and skilful in the management of horses."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Prof. Alfred L. White, the famous stenographer, has been missing since Washington's birthday. He had lately become a victim to the opium habit, and had on several occasions threatened suicide. He is but 24 years of age. Prof. White was the representative sent by the American Association of Stenographers to Europe in 1884, to compete for the prizes offered at the International Congress. In the contests at London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Paris in September and October of that year he gained first prize in each, and has since been esteemed among his craft as the most rapid and generally capable shorthand man in the world.

The recent disastrous explosion of melinite at Belfort is explained thus: Melinite does not explode in consequence of shock, but of heat, and the officer in charge of some of the explosive exposed neglected to observe the thermometer, and the temperature becoming too high, half a dozen men were blown to death.

ONLY A DREAM.

(Abner C. Thomas in New York Standard.)

It was the close of a tiresome day. Vexed and wearied with many cares I had seen my four little ones tucked away in their clean and comfortable beds, and, seated in the great armchair, which is my own special possession, I tried to read a little, but I was so exhausted that I nodded and dreamed.

I was in a little boat on a great river. Clouds of darkness were all around me; the heavens held no stars, and the water on which I sailed was turbulent and black as ink. A shadowy form stood at the prow, and with a single oar and steady strokes propelled me. Amid silence and darkness, and with a feeling of meek submission to whatever might await me, I was ferried over the river of death.

As I reached the further shore I noticed a slight lifting of the clouds. No place for human habitation was in sight and no human companionship seemed available. I felt that a journey was before me and looked around to see what course I should pursue. Two roads started from where I stood, one narrow and steep, but straight and tending toward the right; the other broad and of easy grade and better travelled. The boatman, without a word, intimated by gesture that I would do well to keep to the right, and in a moment I stood alone on the unknown shore.

My feet seemed very heavy; I was broken with burdens and anxious for rest, but in full trust that my Great Father had provided the boat for me, and that one of these roads must lead to His house of many mansions, I chose the narrow road, and laboriously began to climb. This continued for a long time and without apparent change, but at last I came to where the light was better and the air softer and sweeter than it had been at the river side.

Little by little this change became more pronounced. The trees by the wayside were more numerous; the foliage was greener, and I rejoiced within myself because of the pleasant land into which I was being conducted. The road still continued steep, but the light kept growing, as in the early morning of a summer's day, and increased far beyond the glories of the sun until I became conscious that I stood within a short distance of the great and wonderful city whence comes the light to enlighten the nations. The gates of pearl were before me, and here on either side lay the crosses and burdens of multitudes of travellers who had gone before.

My heart was full of thanksgiving then, for, I said within myself, "Here I shall see and know my Father whose care has always blessed me, and here I shall find rest." And so with eager haste to join in the song of blessing and eulogium, I knocked at the great door to crave admission.

The door was promptly opened by a man whose face shone with the glory of a tender affection for his fellow man, and from whose shoulders there sprang a pair of white wings which, when folded, were long enough to touch the ground. He wore a single white garment of a white, soft substance, which looked as if it might be fresh and cool. My own garments of earthly texture had been taken away before I found myself in the boat, and I stood before this beautiful spirit naked and travel soiled.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" was inquired of me.

I gave my name and said that I came from the city of New York.

"That name is a familiar one to me," said the angel; "we have heard of you and are glad to have you among us. You are known to have been industrious and prudent during your stay on the earth, and we feel that you will be a useful citizen of New Jerusalem."

An invitation was then given me to enter and my eyes were almost blinded with the beauties of the heavenly place. My new friend asked me to come with him into his office to register my name, and, after I had done so, urged that I sit with him awhile.

"You will stay here many years," said he, "and it is important that you should start right, particularly in a social way. You must be very careful as to forming acquaintances, and not attach yourself to undesirable angels."

"You surprise me!" I exclaimed. "Surely all the children of the Great Father are alike here, are they not? I was told that I would find no rich or poor here, and that all could join in praise and in looking upon the throne of the King."

"That is all very well," I was answered. "Of course we understand that we are all children of the King, and many, many years ago the deplorable state of affairs you seem to approve of so much existed in full force. It used to be that distinctions of rank did not obtain, and there were no poor people at all; but we have seen the advantages of class distinctions, and have, by a very simple device, arranged matters on a new and different plan. Why, sir, the time was when you would have to comb your own wings and polish your own harp unless some other angel would do it for you out of love and kindness; for no angel worked except for himself and those he cherished."

"Indeed; and how has this change been brought about?" I asked.

"It could not have been done at all in the early days when the King was able to attend in person to all details of city government and when our population was scanty; but about five hundred years ago our previous loose notions of rights in lands became enlightened. A code of law, in every respect similar to the law of the State of New York, was put in force, and all of our present methods grew out of this simple change. We chose the laws of that State because they were made by the people, who change them according to their pleasure, and we know that they must be just and fair. The city had been very fairly started before that, and it was agreed that all of the land should forthwith be divided up among the people then in the city; the titles thus acquired have ever since been respected, and all ownership must now be traced from them."

"I trust," I remarked, "that in this division some provision was made for me, for the King knew that I was coming, and I came upon his invitation, and I am without purse or scrip. All that I struggled for on the earth, which was not used day by day as I got it, is behind me and will be gathered by I know not whom."

"Oh, no," said the angel, "that would never have done. The people who were here when the land was being divided allotted the property among themselves. If you were not here that is no fault of theirs, and we are satisfied that the private ownership of land leads to private enterprise and hence to public benefit. I confidently expect, within a few centuries, to see you one of our real estate owners, and you will then join in approving the change from the primitive methods which formerly obtained here, and which are still talked of by people on the earth. The first thing you had better do is to find a boarding place, and you can then look around and make up your mind what to do."

"I don't think I want that," said I, "for I find that I neither hunger nor thirst, and the air that blows over the city is so sweet and pleasant that I do not care to be sheltered from it. I think I will go to yonder green knoll, beneath the shade of that wild tree, and there rest and brood upon the blessings that the Great King has cast upon me."

"No," said the angel, "you had better not do that. To be sure, the knoll you speak of is unimproved and no use has ever been made of it, but it forms a part of the estate of a very rich angel named Lazarus, formerly a beggar in Judea, but now one of our most prominent citizens. He would resent any trespass, and I don't think you had better go there."

"Does Lazarus use it?" I inquired.

"Not at all," was the reply, "and he would not know that you were occupying it if it were not for the fact that our police angels are very strictly cautioned not to permit trespassing. I think you'll have to get board, for the regulations against tramps are necessarily very stringent. It is always summer here, and our mild climate encourages tramps amazingly."

"I had hoped to rest," I sighed, "but if work is the rule here and the King wishes me to do so, I will work with the best of you. What industries are permissible?"

"There may be a little trouble about getting work for you," said my companion. "You see, what with the immense pauper immigration into the city, we are very fully supplied with laborers. Just look at that great company of them. They fill our streets and are becoming a sad nuisance."

I looked as I was bid, and there beheld a great number of men and women and children with sad and weary faces.

"The difficulty with all these people is," said my friend, "that they are so lazy and improvident. They try to dictate the amount of wages that they are to get and refuse to submit to the regulations of the employing angels. I fear that the socialistic influence among them is very injurious. There are many industries here, but the principal ones are the raising of flowers and the manufacturing of harps and crowns. Which of these would you prefer to engage in?"

"I know nothing of either," I sadly replied, "for I have been only a lawyer, and I doubt if I could do anything at my profession in a place where I am entirely unknown. But I love flowers, and I would enjoy to delve in the soil which our Great Father has made, and to raise flowers which might beautify the city to His honor and glory. May I not go on some piece of vacant and sterile ground and there strive to do this work?"

My guide laughed at this and said: "Your idea is far more romantic than practical, for the land, as I have already said, is all taken up and divided among others. Your better plan is to seek some work that will not require the use of the ground, for that cannot be had without capital, which you do not possess. You must first get to work and live prudently, and by and by you will be able to save enough to buy yourself a piece of ground. Every angel ought to have some interest in the soil and build himself a home. It makes him a more useful citizen. Now, if you had just a little capital I could suggest a purchase which could not fail to be a good one. Do you see that charming piece of land on the shore of the Jasper Sea?"

I looked and beheld a tract of country so fair that it delighted my eyes, and right adjoining it was a sheet of water as pure as crystal.

"That piece of property," the angel continued, "was purchased many years ago by Judas, formerly of Galilee, for thirty pieces of silver. It was a great bargain at the time, and since then it has largely increased in value, and he has cut it up into plots and will doubtless make an excellent thing out of it. We did not like Judas very much at first; I think there was something unfortunate in his earthly career, but he is certainly an excellent business man, and the exact nature of the criticisms once made against him has gradually been forgotten. He has lived it down, as it were."

"What did Judas do that made this property so valuable?" I inquired.

"I didn't say that Judas did anything," was the answer. "In fact, he has lived out of town a great part of the time because of social reasons; but the population has increased in that vicinity, and the improvements were all made without any effort on his part. Judas is very shrewd at a bargain, you may be sure. He does not offer the whole of it for sale now, but he will sell alternate plots, so that the improvements made on them will enhance the value of the remainder; and if you had anything at all I would strongly advise you to purchase. If you wait only a few years the price will surely advance."

"From what you tell me I should judge that I cannot be allowed to stay in the city unless I can persuade some owner of the land to permit me to do so, and that this can only be done on condition that I shall labor for him. Is this true?" said I.

"Oh well, now," the angel answered, "that is hardly correct, you know. To be sure you cannot stay on private property without compensating the owner. You wouldn't propose to confiscate property, I'm sure. But then the citizens of this city are very charitable, and there are asylums and poor-houses and other places of that kind for the infirm and suffering poor. You will be provided with wings by the King without charge, and these you can hypothecate for any immediate needs and I know that you will get along nicely. Others do. I might mention many cases of citizens of your native place who are doing excellently. There is, for instance, a certain Cornelius, who is a boatman on the Jasper Sea. He started with nothing, but he owns his own boat now and is kept quite busy. He talks about a railroad, the cars to be drawn by poor angels whose wings have been lost by foreclosure, but I fear that the King would object to that. He is very enterprising, Cornelius is."

All of this made me very sad, and I left the angel and walked forth into the street, and into a park around which benches had been placed for homeless wanderers such as I seemed to be. I sat on one of these and wept myself to sleep. I was startled by a touch on my shoulder and fancied that it was from a police angel with a command to "move on," but awaking suddenly I looked up through tearful lashes at the face of my wife, and found that I was still sitting in my chair in my New York home.

I have told the story in my little family, and we all rejoice that it was a dream and that we can still trust in the promises of the Great Father and hope for better things.

A Laughing Plant.

The well-known, and once too popular, intoxicant called "laughing-gas" is the protoxide of nitrogen, an artificial product of the chemist. We do not suppose that the same compound grows in an Arabian bean, but this vegetable seems to have the same merry virtue. Nature is humorous, as well as economical, and likes to surprise science by duplicating its exploits. The laughing plant is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travellers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia, and is called the laughing plant because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers of this wonderful plant are of bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman; for he will dance, sing and laugh, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of the antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his doings.—*Vick's Floral Magazine.*

A Possibility in Mr. Beecher's Case.

It is probable that had Mr. Beecher understood telegraphy he might have communicated with his family after the stroke which rendered him speechless. The contraction of the fingers of his right hand would seem to indicate the possibility that he was conscious, and had he known how to regulate those contractions in the formation of telegraphic signals he could have thus conveyed his thoughts while otherwise utterly powerless. I knew of a case some years ago in which a telegrapher thus communicated with me when we supposed him unconscious. In holding his hand I felt a faint twitching of the muscles of his fingers and recognized telegraphic signals thus made. He was perfectly conscious of what was passing around him, but unable to speak or move a muscle, except the faint contraction of the finger muscles as described. It was a remarkable case and unparalleled so far as I know.—*Boston Globe.*

A Famous Brake.

A correspondent inquires what is meant by the Westinghouse brake. It is a railroad brake, invented by Mr. George Westinghouse twenty or more years ago. It was one of the earliest contrivances by which the engineer can apply the brakes to each of the cars as well as to the engine. The engine of the train carries a tank, in which air is stored at a high pressure, the steam from the engine driving the compressor. A tube runs from the engine the entire length of the train, underneath the cars at the couplings heavy rubber tubes take the place of the iron ones. Under each car is a small chamber, into which, like pistons, run long rods connecting with the brake heads. When the engineer applies the brakes he simply turns a stop cock; the compressed air rushes through the tubes into the chambers below the cars, forces apart the piston heads, and so applies the brakes to the wheels.

Lord Deas on Tobacco.

The late Lord Deas, of Scotland, who died a couple of weeks ago, had an unspeakable dread of an open window and an ungovernable horror at the degrading smell of tobacco. On one occasion there was an undeniable odor of the unpardonable weed. In vain Lord Deas thundered at the officers of the Court. The offender could not be found till, at last, a breathless, white-faced man proclaimed with a shaking voice that he rather thought the smell came from the counsel's room. But Lord Deas, whose nose and whose feeling of etiquette alike protested against such a calumny, made the unhappy man sink into his shoes by fiercely ejaculating, "No such thing! Dae ye mean to tell me that the gentlemen o' the Bar smoke common twist?" His Lordship was undeniably correct.

A Bullet that Soothes.

A German chemist has invented a new kind of anæsthetic bullet, which he urges will, if brought into general use, greatly diminish the horrors of war. The bullet is of a brittle substance, breaking directly when it comes in contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a powerful anæsthetic, producing instantaneously complete insensibility, lasting for twelve hours, which, except that the action of the heart continues, is not to be distinguished from death. While in this condition, the German chemist points out, the bodies may be packed in waggons and carried of as prisoners.—*Court Journal.*

A Fleet Owned by Monks.

"I have heard of monks doing many things," says Mr. Labouchere, "but I never heard of them being sailors. It seems, however, that in the White Sea there is a fleet of six steamers, which are owned, officered and manned by monks. They ply between Archangel and the Island of Jolovetsk, where there is a monastery, and their business is to convey pilgrims to the island. As many as 30,000 people annually make the journey between May and September, the only time when the island is accessible."

After J. Lemmon's fine chestnut horse had drawn the hose reel as far as the corner of Sydenham and Princess streets last night it was turned around, when it suddenly saw the steam engine, and was frightened to such an extent that it dropped and died without a kick. Its owner says the fright broke his horse's heart. The animal cost $160.—*Kingston News.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

A distinguished French chemist, M. Favier, has invented still another explosive which will make all its predecessors take a back seat. It is nameless as yet, will not explode accidentally, costs one-fifth less than melinite, and is as powerful as the latter, if not more so, and more easily handled. Certainly no well regulated, peaceable nation could be without this article.

Mrs. Helen Gougar has sent an open letter to the women of Kansas, who are to vote in the municipal elections, saying "You will be required to give your name. Do not give your husband's name or your pet name, but the one by which you were christened." This first result of the action of the Kansas Government in permitting women to vote goes far towards justifying the experiment.

The *Paris* reports that the drummers and trumpeters of the German army are hard at work learning the beats and calls of the French troops. It also alleges that in many engagements in the war of 1870 the command to cease firing was often given to the French infantry by German buglers, and that the command to halt, sounded by the same buglers, often stopped a charge of French cavalry and placed them in a position where they could be mowed down.

Mr. Stokes, the public analyst of Paddington, Eng., calls attention in his last quarterly report to the necessity for the consumers of tinned foods to eat them the same day that the tins are opened. The foods very rapidly begin to decompose and form the poisonous products known as "ptomaines," especially in hot weather. In one case brought under Mr. Stokes' notice death followed very rapidly after the eating of a somewhat stale sample of tinned lobster.

Lord Rosebery, who married a wealthy Jewess of the Rothschild family, took her to India with him. They attended a dinner in Calcutta at which the Duchess of Manchester was seated next to the Rajah of Mozuffernugger. The rajah asked: "And this Lord Rosebery of your great country—has he brought his wives with him?" "S-sh!" exclaimed the Duchess, blushing scarlet. "That's Lady Rosebery over there, next the viceroy!" The Oriental regarded Lady Rosebery for some moments and then remarked with a sigh: "Poor young man! I hope they allow him a nicer one at home!"

Few Levitical families of our own country and time, says the *Christian Leader*, can show a record of such protracted service as that of the three distinguished brothers, the Bonars. But time is at length beginning to tell on them. Dr. Horatius, known all over Christendom as the greatest living hymn writer of the Christian Church, is about to receive a helper—most likely in Mr. Sloan, of Anderston; and this week we have to record the taking of steps by the kirk session of Free St. Andrew's, Greenock, to secure an assistant for their pastor, Dr. J. J. Bonar, who is now in his 84th year, and who was licensed in 1835. The third brother, Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, the biographer of McCheyne, is still discharging the onerous duties of his important Glasgow pastorate with remarkable vigor.

It is asserted by some of the highest medical authorities that lime-water and milk are not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when, as in the case of infants, the functions of digestion and assimilation are feeble and easily perverted. It is found that a stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by disease or otherwise unfitted for its duties—as is shown by the various symptoms attendant upon indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhea, dysentery and fever—will resume its work, and do it energetically, on an exclusive diet of bread and milk and lime-water. A goblet of cow's milk may have four tablespoonfuls of lime-water added to it with good effect; the lime-water may be made by putting a few lumps of unslaked lime into a stone jar and adding water until the lime is slaked and of about the consistence of thick cream—the lime settling and leaving the pure and clean lime-water on the top.

It will be five years on the 1st of April next since the time when Lord Wolseley took over the office of Adjutant-General to the Forces, says Edmund Yates in the London *World*, and five years are usually the limit of staff employment. In Lord Wolseley's case, however, an exception is very properly to be made, as he has twice vacated his appointment to proceed on service—in 1882 and again in 1885. The time he was absent in Egypt and on the Nile is not to be reckoned, and he is to continue in the undisturbed emoluments of the office for some time to come. It is most fortunate for the army that it possesses such a vigorous Adjutant-General at the present moment, and one so sensible as Lord Wolseley is of our military shortcomings. For "low be it spoken" Lord Wolseley's views as to the state of our army are not to be gauged by his utterances at public banquets.

The death of Mr. Beecher has served to recall the fact that a good deal of the world's work is being done by men over the age of 70. Conspicuous examples like the Emperor of Germany, who is 90; Von Moltke, who is 86; M. Grevy, who is 76; Mr. Gladstone, who is 77, and Prince Bismarck, who is 71, naturally strikes the mind first; but were a careful investigation to be made of the conduct of great enterprises even in this country, where youth comes early to the front, the number of men born before 1816 who are occupying positions of conspicuous influence would be found to be surprisingly large. In Hamilton we have at least one business man, still actively at work, who is over 80 years of age, and the State of Connecticut possesses in a banker and railroad president, who has passed his 97th birthday, what we take to be the oldest specimen of an active business man in the world.

Notable Criminals.

Talmage said in his lecture the other night, "that the man who can sing, and won't sing, should be sent to Sing-Sing." That would be too severe. It is the man who can't sing, and will sing, and does sing, who ought to be sent to Sing-Sing. P. S. —For ninety-nine years.—*Essex Liberal.*

A window open a slight distance at both top and bottom, and a chimney draught is also open, are the only sure way of keeping pure air in a sleeping-room whose doors are closed.

SCOTT ACT FINES.

It Would Cost the Province $200,000 to Enforce the Scott Act in all the Scott Act Counties.

Mr. H. Totten, of the License Branch, testified before the committee of the Legislature Friday on items in the Public Accounts relating to the enforcement of the Scott Act. He explained that the salary of Mr. Young, Police Magistrate in Halton, had been paid last year by the Government out of the appropriation for his (Mr. Totten's) branch. The reason for this was that when the Scott Act was carried in Halton about five years ago the Government agreed to make an earnest effort to enforce it. Mr. Young was appointed, and his salary at first was paid out of the License Fund, made up of the fees from druggists' licenses and fines for convictions under the Act. But the Dominion Government having taken the fines out of the control of the Province, the Provincial Government, in order to keep faith with Mr. Young, paid his salary. But Mr. Totten stated in reply to a question that he would not recommend the payment in the same way another year. He explained that the difficulty in the enforcement of the Scott Act by the Province lay in the fact that the revenue from fines did not accrue to the Province, and some of the counties demanded these fines to be handed over to them instead of being used to enforce the Act. He declared also that there was great difficulty because of the lack of certain minor but necessary changes in the Act. There were doubts as to a number of points which were exceedingly harassing, hampering very much the action of the officials. In reply to a question he stated that in his opinion it would require $200,000 a year if the Provincial Government undertook to enforce the Scott Act in all the counties in which it had been declared to be in force. The loss through the Act to the Province in license fees and cost of enforcing the Scott Act he estimated at $100,000 a year, while at the same time he did not know of any particular reduction in the cost of administering justice or in the number of offenders against the law as a result of the Act. There were in some Scott Act counties reductions in the number of offenders, but there were reductions in other counties as well. In the course of his evidence Mr. Totten gave a number of facts relating to the administration of the departments and duties of the officers employed.

One Charitable Princess.

There is no member of the royal family who does so much really practical good work as Princess Christian, and it is a real blessing to the poor of Windsor that she should be settled near the town, as she is constantly engaged in laboring for them, and she sets an admirable example to her rich neighbors. There has been much distress in and about Windsor during the winter, and, thanks to a fund raised by Princess Christian, about 5,500 adults and children have received dinners; large quantities of coals and groceries have also been dispensed, and great numbers of blankets have been lent. The Princess has herself presided at most of the seventeen dinners which have been given.—*London Truth.*

An Obliging Guest.

A resident of the provinces has gone to pass a few days with some relatives in Paris. Becoming infatuated with the gay capital, he remained until patience on the part of his hosts ceased to be a virtue.

Too polite to openly remonstrate, they threw out a hint:

"Don't you think, my dear fellow," they said to the bore, "that your wife and children must miss you?"

"No doubt. Thanks for the suggestion; I'll send for them."

Business Difficulties.

The following assignments are reported: Ontario—Caledonia, Mrs. E. Bain, general store; Kirkhill, Duncan McLeod, grocer; Lowville, A. B. Culloden, general store; Renfrew, A. S. McLachlin, tailor. Manitoba—Winnipeg, J. Falconer, dry goods.

Canadian Curiosities.

Chief Justice Macdonald sent Crier O'Brien on a message. On his return Judge Weatherbee fined him $10 for being absent from court.—*Halifax Herald.*

Gilbert Patty, of College Corner, Ind., loved Della, the lovely daughter of farmer W. W. Copstick, and Della loved Gilbert. But her father was down on the young man, and said that he shouldn't have his daughter. So on a recent Sunday, when all the Copsticks were at church save Della, Gilbert drove up in a buggy and Della jumped in beside him, and away they went. But before they could find a Justice to marry them old man Copstick, on a fast horse, overtook them, yanked Della out of the buggy, set her on the horse, and mounting beside her galloped home, leaving Gilbert disconsolate.

GOD BLESS MOTHER.

(George Cooper in Brooklyn Magazine.)

A little child with flaxen hair,
And sunlit eyes, so sweet and fair,
Who kneels, when twilight darkens all,
And from whose loving lips there fall
The accents of this simple prayer:
"God bless!—God bless my mother!"

A youth upon Life's threshold wide,
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,
Yet keeps, enshrined within his breast,
Her words of warning—still the best;
And whispers, when temptation-tried
"God bless!—God bless my mother!"

A white-haired man who gazes back
Along life's weary, furrowed track,
And sees one face—an Angel's now!
Hears words of light that led aright,
And prays, with reverential brow:
"God bless!—God bless my mother!"

In China a son is responsible for the debts of his father, and this responsibility continues to the third generation. This enables a man to borrow money on the strength of having a son. In these parts, it is the son who gets credit on the strength of having a father.

Berlin Catholic papers comment with anger and scorn upon an order issued by Herr Krupp, forbidding the workers employed at Essen to read two local Catholic papers. In his circular Krupp says he considers the papers dangerous to the peaceful relations between employers and their workpeople, and prohibits all of his employees living in his dwellings from either keeping on hand or reading them. His overseers are directed to see that the ukase is carried out.

W.C.T.U.

"*For God and Home and Native Land.*"

O Lord of Hosts! Thou living head
Who hold'st the nations in Thy hand,
Bless now the efforts that are made
For God and Home and Native Land.

"For God"—we would Thy love proclaim
And spend our days at Thy command,
Breathe on us then: our love inflame
For God and Home and Native Land.

"For Home"—ourselves we gladly give
To form a world encircling band
To war against strong drink, and live
For God and Home and Native Land.

"For Native Land"—for thy dear sake
We will the fatal foe withstand,
March on in strength, the kingdom take
For God and Home and Native Land.

Flesherton. —*T. W.*

(For The Advance.)

LOCAL SKETCHES.

OUR INSURANCE ADVANTAGES.

This title, "Local Sketches," was recently used by some other correspondent, but as it expresses so well the intent of these occasionals, there will be no need to change it on that account.

For religious, benevolent, social and educational institutions, Flesherton can show as high percentage as any place we know of. It has an active connection with and part in three Mutual Relief societies, which offer to its citizens advantages of which our forefathers never conceived. The "Ancient Order of United Workmen," the "Royal Templars of Temperance," and the "Sons of Temperance," each have features of excellence that call for the attention of every thoughtful person and of every one who wishes to live for something more than *sordid self* and the present moment.

It may be to the profit of some of your readers to consider a few reasons why such persons should avail themselves of insurance in one or other of these societies. The reasons are—

1st,—*Biblical.*—Plain as the light we read in I Timothy 5c. 3v., "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel," and each of these societies is intended especially and chiefly to enable men to make provision for "their own."

2nd,—*Rational and Economic.*—Reason and economy combine to require of us to make the utmost use of whatever Providence may place within our reach, and it would be as bad policy to let used time pass without sowing or harvest time without reaping, as to live within easy reach of securing insurance and still not use it. Alike they are the means of meeting a need which will surely be felt some day.

3rd,—*Benevolent.*—The needy are always with us, and of such the "widow and the fatherless" are pointed out as most deserving. If a respectable widow and her numerous children, in real need, appealed to you for help, you could not refuse her and still be worthy of a human name; and in each of these societies each payment you make generally goes direct and entire to help the "widow and the fatherless." Herein is solved one phase of the question of systematic benevolence.

4th,—*Hygienical and Physical.*—A person whom others are dependent upon, if taken by dangerous sickness, will naturally feel anxious about the future of those who may soon be left in a hard, cold world; and if there be no provision made for them, that anxiety will be greatly increased and will hinder recovery. History records cases of death through "sheer anxiety." And when, through timely foresight, an insurance has been effected, the burden is rolled away in this respect, and the mind at peace greatly helps to heal the body.

5th,—*Moral Consistency.*—Most people condemn the man who spends on selfish indulgence what *his family needs*. Such a man is generally and justly regarded as a selfish coward. But if those who condemn him spend on ambitious ventures or small indulgences what would pay the cost of an insurance policy, and so expose their loved ones to the risk of destitution, they are not much better. One man neglects "his own" while with them, and society justly regards him as an outcast. Another neglects the opportunity of providing for his own and when he is gone they come to want. Which of the two is the most guilty? Does responsibility to our loved ones end at death? is a question that many beg, but few realize its true answer.

6th—*Domestic Felicity.*—Sin is the source of all misery; selfishness is the essence of all sin. Selfishness in its domestic aspects can be ..... only by genuine love, and such love can only be developed and maintained by systematically seeking the good of others, and in few ways can this be done so well as by providing for loved ones benefits in which the provider can never share in a material sense. Every assessment paid should be an arrow shot into the heart of selfishness and a sacrifice on the altar of true love. "He laid down his life for us" and we best imitate Him when we make both life and death to minister to another's good.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

In our answers to last week's problems, typographical errors occurred in numbers 1 4. The answer to the first should have been 5 ac. 2 r. *30 yds.* instead of *30 per.*

The cost of cargo should have been *32,000* not *32,00.*

Elizabeth A. Cameron of S. S. No. 9, Artemesia, sent correct solutions and answers to No's. 1 and 2 of issue of March 31st.

Answers to last week's problems:—
(1) (a) 389; (b) 440;
(2) 80 cents per bag.
(3) 2¼ hours.

The following pupils have sent correct answers to the number of questions indicated by the figures following their names.

FROM FLESHERTON P. S.

F. VanDusen (1), Fred Ayers (1), Martha Beatty (1), David Mathewson (1), Willie Sinclair (2), Annie Richardson (2), Lizzie Swanton (1).

FROM S. S. NO. 3, ARTEMESIA.

H. Aikins (2), Annie Aikins, J. J. White, Frankie Stewart, and Newten Large one each.

FROM S. S. NO. 9, ARTEMESIA.

Maggie English (3).

[The first part of the first example seems to have puzzled our school children. No one so far has given it a solution. We hope to see a still greater interest in this department. We are surprised that a greater number of our Flesherton pupils have not shown up. Formerly their solutions came to hand at noon on day of issue.—MATH. ED.]

A FEW MORE QUESTIONS.

(1) What length of rope tied to a stake, will be required to describe a circle enclosing half an acre? (Ans. in ft.)

(2) A box is 8 feet 6 in. long, 2ft. 8in. high and 2 ft. 1 inch wide. How much zinc will it take to line it inside, cover included (Ans. in sq. ft.)

(3) An agent sold a piano for $300 and by so doing gained 20% of cost. For how much should he have sold it, to gain 20% of selling-price?

(4) If the third of 6 be 3, what must the fourth of 20 be?

A slight cold often proves the forerunner of a complaint which may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

We promised to discuss the question of a Mechanics' Institute for Flesherton at greater length this week than last, but our correspondents have got ahead of us and "blocked us out"—as it were, so to speak. Better luck next time.

Private Residence for Sale.

Brick House 28x35. Ten Rooms well finished all through. Wood Shed 11x22. Also good well in woodshed, with four lots. This is a choice property, and nicely situated on principal street in village. Will be sold cheap for Cash.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Energy will do almost anything, but it cannot exist if the blood is impure and moves sluggishly in the veins. There is nothing so good for cleansing the blood and imparting energy to the system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Sold by druggists.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf.)

Daniel in the Lions' Den.

A rich old speculator imagined that he know all about art, whereas he was an ignoramus in regard to everything, in fact, except in making money. This old fraud determined to make a valuable present to his son-in-law who was a preacher.

It was suggested to him that an oil painting representing Daniel in the Lions' Den would be very appropriate, so an order was given to a painter to produce the work of art. It was almost finished when the old speculator was called to inspect. It represented a cross section of the den with Daniel walking about among the lions. When the old man saw the picture he refused to take it. He insisted that if Daniel was in the Den neither he nor the lions could be seen, and the artist had to cover the lions and Dan. with a thick coat of black paint.

When the son-in-law was presented with the picture he was somewhat dazed to know what it represented.

"It represents Daniel in the Lions' Den," replied the art critic.

"But I don't see either of them."

"That makes no difference," said his father-in-law. "They are in there. I saw 'em myself."

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices.

R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

McGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Burn, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Sons of Temperance.

Following are the officers for current quarter:—

Mr. J. E. Moore, W.P.
Miss Lizzie Fawcett, W.A.
Mr. C. J Sproule, Rec. Scribe.
Miss S. Smith, Assistant Rec. Scribe
Miss Christoe, Fin. Scribe.
Mr. W. Latimer, Treasurer.
Mr. W. Leitch, Conductor.
Miss Gayley, Assistant Conductor
Rev. Thos. Watson, Chaplain
Mr. Joseph Ward, Sentinel.

Death of Mr. Thos. Gordon.

The citizens generally who were acquainted with the veteran printer, Mr. Thos. Gordon, will regret to learn that he passed away to his last rest at noon today. For the past two years Mr. Gordon has been gradually failing, and this became more apparent within the past few months, when it was evident that even his rugged constitution could not much longer withstand wear of Time which bore so heavily upon him. About five weeks ago he was almost entirely confined to his bed and was scarcely able to be out since. The cause of his death was heart disease, aggravated with dropsy latterly. Two years ago Mr. Gordon retired from printing after having been employed sixteen years in this office. At that time he was made the recipient of a present and an address by the employers and employees of the office, who held him in high esteem, as also did every one who knew him. He was a staunch Reformer, and although never taking an active part in politics, he took a lively interest in them. At the time of his death the deceased was in his 74th year. He leaves an aged widow, in feeble health, to mourn his loss, but no family.

Mr. Gordon began his career as a printer on the 27th of September, 1827, when he enter'd upon an apprenticeship of seven years in the *Courier* now the *Courant* office, Elgin, Morayshire, Scotland. On the completion of this long term of service, under articles, he removed to London, where he lived thirty-four years, or until he imigrated to this country in 1867. During his stay in that great metropolis he worked on the *Sun*, the *Morning Post*, the *Observer*, with Messrs. Ibbitson & Palmer for nineteen years, and in other offices. On coming to Canada he went straight to Elora on account of his brother, the late Mr. Andrew Gordon, being a resident of that village. He only remained there however, a few months at that, working for Mr. John Smith, now of Guelph, who then published for a short time the Guelph *Chronicle*, and for the late Mr. Culloden, who owned the *Wellington Times*, not long since defunct. At New Year's, 1868, he came to Guelph and worked on the old *Advertiser* for a time, and subsequently on the *Mercury*. At the expiration of two months he returned to Elora and worked a short time in the *Times* office. After removing to Guelph, about eighteen years ago, he worked on this paper up to the 29th November, 1884. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Gordon was actively employed as a printer for the long period of 57 years, and at the time of his retirement was probable the oldest printer in Canada, so that in the death of Mr. Gordon the craft loses one of its oldest members.—*Guelph Daily Mercury.*

[Mr. John Gordon, of Flesherton, is a nephew of deceased. About one year ago he attended the golden wedding of deceased.]

To-day.

That is John Ruskin's motto, and a grand one it is. If you have a plan, carry it out to-day; if you have been meaning to do a certain kind act, to write a gentle letter to make a call that will carry comfort, do it *to-day*. How often the day drifts by while we go about our every-day duties in a half lethargy of benumbed will power. Up, then, *to-day*, and accomplish something! Down goes the temptation the pampered pet sin—conquered *to-day* just as it was beginning to draw its sluggish coils about us. The windows of our higher nature fly open, and in pours the sweet, pure air, straight from the skies. Let the past be past; yesterday is dead. It is bright, living, glorious TO-DAY.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM for SALE

—OR—

TO RENT.

BEING Lot 170, Con. 1 West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well watered. Orchard. About 2½ miles from Flesherton. For full particulars apply to the undersigned,

JOHN O'MELIA,
Flesherton.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 19, 1st E.T. & S.R., Artemesia, one mile from Flesherton, containing 50 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Never-failing stream of water runs across farm; also a never-failing spring of water. New bank barn 36x56, with stone stabling full size of barn, underneath. Log House. Wood well and free from frost. Part payment down, time on balance. For full particulars, apply to

D. L. WHITE, Agt.,
Flesherton.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

VALUABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction, at ATKINSON'S HOTEL, in the Village of PRICEVILLE, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887,

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following Lands and Premises in the Village of Priceville in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot No. 4 on the North side of Kincardine Street in the said Village of Priceville more particularly described as follows: commencing at a point 54 feet West of the South East Corner of said Lot number 4, thence Westerly 46 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 32 feet from the South West corner of said Lot number 4, thence Northerly 153 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 12 feet from rear of said Lot, thence Westerly 32 feet to Princess Street, thence Northerly 12 feet to rear of said Lot, thence Easterly 78 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 84 feet from the Eastern boundary of said Lot, thence Southerly 165 feet, be the same more or less, to the place of commencing. Containing by admeasurement 886 square yards, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a good 2 story frame building, size 30 feet x 40 feet, with cellar underneath used as a store and dwelling, occupying one of the best business stands in the Village; also a frame stable and a good well.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in one month thereafter without interest.

For further particulars apply to D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer; FRANCIS WAITE, Priceville; or to the undersigned,

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

Valuable Village Property.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL in the Village of FLESHERTON, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887.

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands and premises in the Village of FLESHERTON in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot number 151 in the 1st Range North-East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia and may be more particulary known as Village Lots numbers 3 and 4 on the South-East side of Collingwood Street, in the Village of Flesherton, as laid out in a survey or sub-division of said Lot number 151 made by Wm. Spry, Esq., P.L.S. and re-surveyed and a map or plan thereof made by Thomas B. Gilliland, Esq., P.L.S. which map or plan is registered in the Registry Office of the South Riding of said County of Grey, and dated the 8th day of August, 1870, and containing by admeasurement about ¼ an acre, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a blacksmith shop, size 16x36 feet, a frame building used as a sash and door factory, 30x30 feet, and a frame dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in 1 month thereafter without interest.

For further particulars apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, Flesherton; or to the undersigned,

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887.

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE FARM Property in the Township of Euphrasia, in the County of Grey. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the REVERE HOUSE, in the Village of THORNBURY, in the County of Grey, on FRIDAY THE EIGHTH DAY OF APRIL, 1887, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land situate in the said Township of Euphrasia, containing one hundred acres more or less composed of the south half of lot number 2 in the second concession. This desirable property lies about nine miles from Flesherton, four and a-half miles from Eugenia, and two and a-half miles from Kimberley, and has erected thereon a hewed log house 20 x 26 and barn (part frame) 23 x 44 which are said to be in a fair state of repair. The property is well watered with a good spring creek running through it and conveniently situated as to travelled roads. There is a small orchard upon the property containing about sixty fruit trees. The soil is of a clay loam, about 40 acres are in a fair state of cultivation. The above premises will be offered for sale under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) and will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. TERMS and conditions made known on day of sale. For further particulars apply to E. M. CHADWICK, Vendors Solicitor. Beatty, Chadwick, Blackstock & Galt, 58 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

Dated at Toronto this 3rd day of March A.D., 1887.

Mortgage Sale,

OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY!

Under power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage made by one Wm. Handy to the Vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, will be sold by Public Auction at the CROWN HOTEL, in the Village of PRICEVILLE on TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1887. At 11 o'clock a.m., the following valuable property, viz.

Lot number thirty in the 1st concession south of Durham Road containing fifty acres more or less, and also the Southerly thirty-three and a-third acres of Lot thirty in the first con. north of the Durham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey.

There will also be sold under Mortgage made by Angus McLean (his wife Idillian McLean, joining therein to bar her dower,) at the same time and place, the following property: Lots numbers three and four, on the south side of the Collingwood Road in the Village of Priceville, being part of the Town plot of Priceville.

Terms easy and will be made known on Day of sale. For further particulars apply to

M. J. KENT,
London, Ontario.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

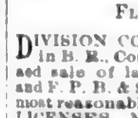

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON,
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store,
Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

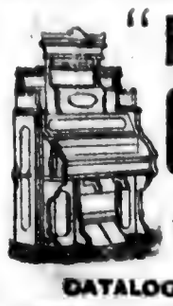

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 304. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, APRIL 14, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, [illegible]

Money Saved!

BY CLOSE BUYING!

Helps Pay Taxes.

FIVE years in Grey Co. this month and a fair paying business established through the generous patronage of the public. From Dundalk to Holland Centre, on the line, also Maxwell, Priceville, Kimberley, Engenia, Traversston, Rocklyn, Berkeley and other points have given me a good support. My thanks are due to all transient and home customers. I have endeavored to deserve patronage extended, by *honest representation* of ev'ry article sold; and my increasing business warrants me in assuming that my efforts to deal honorably at fair profits, have been appreciated.

I shall continue my business on the line of truthful representation, just exchange in giving value received, and a fair profit to meet obligations incurred. Stock will be kept complete in

Hampden Watches

My name on, WALTHAM Watches, four grades, a few BARTLETT'S at close prices, ELGIN Watches, and the exceptionally fine made full jewelled COLUMBUS movements. Watch warrants 1, 2, and 3 years, "covering breakages." Filled Gold cases Coin Silver cases, 2 to 5 oz., also Silverware 3 & 4 oz.

Ladies Gold Watches and Chains, R. F. Simmons' roll Gold Chains, best made, Draper's fire gilt. Seth Thomas and Ansonia spring & weight Clocks, a beautiful stock of Silverware, hollow and flat, for table use. Engagement Gem Rings, 18k. Wedding Rings, Brooches, Bar Pins & sets, Lockets and Necklets, Cuff & Collar Buttons, Silver Thimbles, Pebble Specks, Lazarus & Morris, Lenses, Boss Specks. I have $100.00 wholesale in Specks and can *suit any sight.*

Watch Repair book shows this week watches and clocks booked to No. 1233. My work gives satisfaction, is fully warranted & charges moderate. No second or catch charges after watches are left. Any one coming 15 miles and not finding my stock and prices as this advt. represents, I will pay legal mileage one way and expenses here, meals &c. Goods and work Warranted.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Look out for Band Concert on Friday, April 22nd. See bills.

Mr. E. K. Richardson returned home last week from Owen Sound.

Get your Horse Bills printed neatly at THE ADVANCE office, where you can have your choice of "cuts."

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store is the place to get Spex—they keep the famous R. Laurance Spex & can fit any sight. 3t

Our thanks are due to our genial friend, Mr. A. M. Gibson, for late copies of Scotch papers.

Mr. T. Bates, of Sault St. Marie, is visiting friends in Flesherton. He looks as hearty as usual.

Don't fail to drop into Russell's, Flesherton, and look at his fine stock and remember 25 per cent. off for the next 30 days. 3t

Flesherton Station Annual Spring Show of Stallions will be held on Tuesday, April 19th. For full particulars, see bills.

East Grey Spring Show will be held in Flesherton, on Friday, April 22nd. See bills or write the Secretary—S. Damude, Esq.—for particulars. 3t.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices. R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

Dr. Hixon, of Priceville, gave us a call on Monday last.

Mr. Malcolm Ferguson follows the plow on the Brown farm near Flesherton this year.

Mortgage sale of valuable property at Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, on Thursday, May 5th. See advt. and bills.

Mortgage sale of valuable property at Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, on Thursday, May 5th. See advt. and bills.

Sealed tenders wanted for repairs to Town Hall. See advt. elsewhere in these columns.

Mr. Jos. McCormack, Flesherton, advertises White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale in this week's ADVANCE.

Plant your spring announcements in THE ADVANCE. The soil is fertile and the returns rich. Sow judiciously and early.

The "Maple Leaf Spelling" Association had a match with pupils of No. 3 on Thursday last. The Leafs were victorious.

Mr. Mayman White, of Collingwood Township, sold a three year old colt, sired by a celebrated Perchron stallion, to Mr. Keefer, of St Vincent for $200.

Medical Hall, Flesherton, is the place to get your Field and Garden Seeds cheap and good. See announcement elsewhere in these columns.

The people of this country, for thirty miles around, have come to the conclusion, that Russell is the Boss watchmaker and jeweller, so always take your watch to him. 3t

THIRTY DAYS!

POSITIVELY

FOR

30 Days Only

THAT THE

Great Slaughter!

Of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex, etc., at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton, will continue.

Russell has just returned from the city, where he has secured some bargains never before known in this section of country—in fact it is impossible to compete with Russell.—All his goods are marked in PLAIN FIGURES, at very low prices and, for the next thirty days only, he is actually going to give 25 per cent off on all cash sales over $1. Just imagine the finest grade of American Nickel Alarm Clocks at only $2, sold everywhere at $2.50 and $2.75. The finest grade of Plated Chains, beautiful patterns, for $1 00, sold everywhere at 2.25 and 2 50; the finest make of Clocks, beautiful Walnut Cases, from $2 75 up to $8.50, sold everywhere from 3.50 to 10.00. We are not making enough on these goods to pay your mileage or meals, neither will we give you a meal TO CATCH YOUR CUSTOM, but offer you *finer goods at a little over half what you can get them for elsewhere!* The finest make of Solid Silver Swiss Watches from $6.90 up; and the genuine American Watches from $3 50 up, bearing Warrants from 2½ to 5 years. ☞ We keep only the genuine goods, which bear long warrants. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!—FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY! As we must clear them out before the arrival of our Summer stock at that date.

In REPAIRING, everyone knows that Russell's work always gives satisfaction and his work has already given him the name of the boss watchmaker and jeweller in this section. DON'T FAIL TO CALL within the next 30 days and secure some of the GREAT BARGAINS NOW OFFERING.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

The Style is a handsome monthly fashion paper issued gratuitously by M. Richardson & Co., Flesherton. The April number, just issued, is a beauty. Get one free in Richardson & Co's store.

Mr. Smith, the famous Markdale barber, will be in Flesherton on Thursday next, Court day, to attend to the wants of his numerous customers and the public generally.

Special attention is directed to the advt. in another column headed "*Public Notice.*" The sterling remedies therein contained are now offered for sale at the Medical Hall, Flesherton, and are highly recommended.

Mr Geo. Swanton was elected School Trustee on Saturday last, in place of Mr. W. G. Pickell resigned. Very little interest was manifested in the meeting. There were not a dozen ratepayers present.

Five ewes belonging to Mr. John K. Jamieson, Artemesia, dropped thirteen lambs this season—one of the ewes dropping four of the number, and another three. This is as remarkable as it is true.

Auction sale of farm stock, &c., at Lot 133 & 134, 1st W.T.&S.R., Artemesia, commencing at 1 o'clock on Saturday, April 16th, 1887. For particulars see bill. S. Cunningham, proprietor; A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer.

Our cattle fair brought together quite a number of buyers and sellers on Monday. The attendance was not so large as usual, however, owing largely no doubt to the state of the roads in some parts.

The social in the Methodist church, week before last, in aid of choir fund, was a most gratifying success, $17 being realized. The copy of above was mislaid, and hence its non-appearance in last week's Advance.

If all our friends were like Mr. Fred. Gee The Advance would soon have 1000 circulation. Within the past few days he has sent us two subscriptions, and is on the war-path for more. Long life to you, friend Gee! and may your shadow never grow less.

A large gathering of young people assembled at the residence of Squire Armstrong, on Wednesday evening of last week, to do honor to Dr. Armstrong and wife, prior to their departure from Flesherton. A very agreeable evening was spent by those present.

Mr. Joseph Ward did some wall papering for Mrs. Woodburne, at Glenfield Villa, Eugenia, and the latter wishes us to state that the job was performed in a skilful and workmanlike manner. Mr. Ward will be only too willing to be kept busy at this or any other honest labor.

Miss Mittie Frame, the celebrated St. Thomas elocutionist, will give one of her grand entertainments in the Methodist church, Flesherton, on Thursday evening, April 28th. The choir will assist. Admission only 15 cents. Tickets are now ready for distribution; secure one before the rush.

One of our popular Artemesia agriculturists had his hair cut close and his heavy beard shaved off on Monday by the Markdale tonsorial artist. Many people wondered who the mischief the p. A. a was, and whether it was an Indian or a white man had been after his scalp.

Flesherton is about to lose another excellent family in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bunt and Miss Mina Bunt, who will shortly remove to Markdale. Mr. Bunt, who goes to fill an engagement with Dr. Sproule, M. P., left for that place on Tuesday last. Mrs. and Miss Bunt will not take their departure for a few weeks yet.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Streetsville has now its own local paper, the Review, which is a credit to the place. Every week it comes to our sanctum brim-ful of short, snappy, spicy local and district news and well written editorials. Its about the first exchange we pick up to read, outside our own county. Its a daisy and no mistake about it.

We omitted to mention last week the return home, from "C" School of Infantry, Toronto, of our young friends, Mr. W. J. Davis and Mr. Joseph Field. Both young men spent three months in the Military School named, and, what is more important, carried off honors in the shape of first-class certificates. The young men are worthy members of Flesherton Volunteer company—Mr. J. Field holding the position of Bugler, and, no doubt, Mr. Davis will be promoted to the position of a non-commissioned officer.

No. 6 Company, 31st Batt.

The members of the above company will meet for drill on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock. 25 recruits wanted. Apply to J. J. Field, Lieut.

A Watch Puzzle.

In how many different positions are the hour and minute hands of a clock or watch directly over each other? Will some of the Advance readers answer this question?

Died.

HAZARD.—At his father's residence, Artemesia, on Monday, April 11th, Draper Hazard—son of John Hazard, Esq., Twp. Collector—aged 23 years. Deceased was a young man of many sterling qualities and universally respected. His parents have the deep sympathy of the public in the sad hour of their bereavement.—ED.]

Accident.

The other day, while crushing some grain at Mr. J. Hickling's, Artemesia, Mr. J. W. Benson, of the same Township, got his arm badly hurt. He was sweeping up some of the grain from under the mill, when his coat sleeve caught in the gearing, drawing in the arm and tearing the flesh badly between the hand and elbow. No bones broken. Dr. Kerr, of Maxwell, was called in and dressed the wounded arm. The patient is now doing as well as could be expected.

For British Columbia.

Mr. Edward Stone and family, with his brother, Henry Stone, left by the 4 p. m. train on Tuesday, en route for British Columbia, the former to settle in his new home, the latter with the intention of locating a homestead there should he find the climate and country suitable. We wish them every success.—F. GEE.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Sneak Thieves in Flesherton.

We did not think there were any of the above class to be found in Flesherton, but recent events have dispelled the illusion. Friday night last a pane of glass (large) in the front window of Beecroft's restaurant was smashed and some confectionery stolen. Tuesday night another pane of glass was smashed into fragments and more confectionery abstracted by certain youthful sneak thieves, who have been "spotted" and will certainly be yanked up before the beak if the dangerous experiment is repeated. This is the fifth time that the window-smashing sneak-thief mania has been indulged in, but the young vagabonds can rest assured that they have got "to the end of the tether."

Catarrh, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with catarrh. This disagreeable disease, in its most obstinate and dangerous forms, can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Somewhere.

Somewhere the wind is blowing,
I thought as I toiled along
In the burning heat of the noontide
And the fancy made me strong
Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing,
Though here where I gasp and sigh,
Not a breath of air is stirring,
Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for
Exists on earth's wide bound,
Somewhere the sun is shining
When winter nips the ground.
Somewhere the flowers are springing
Somewhere the corn is brown,
And ready unto the harvest
To feed the hungry town

Somewhere the twilight gathers
And weary men lay by
The burden of the daytime,
And wrapped in slumber lie.
Somewhere the day is breaking,
And gloom and darkness flee,
Though storms our bark are tossing,
There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,
In this mysterious life,
There's always gladness somewhere
In spite of its pain and strife,
And somewhere the sin and sorrow
Of earth are known no more,
Somewhere our weary spirits
Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us
Shall all have passed away,
And doubt and fear no longer
Impede the perfect day
O brother, though the darkness
Around thy soul be cast,
The earth is rolling sunward
And light shall come at last

—*Alfred Capel Shaw, in Good Words*

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"One word, my father, and I will trouble thine ears no more, since for thee my voice shall be silent forever. When the time has come for thee to die, and thou dost pass, as the white men say, up 'into the heavens above, and thy sight returns, and thou art once more a man, then turn thee and cry with a loud voice: 'Mazooku, son of Ingoluvu, of the tribe of the Maquilisini, where art thou, O my dog? come thou and serve me.' And surely, if I still live, then shall I hear thy voice, and groan and die, that I may pass to thee; and if I be already dead, then shall I be there at thy side even as thou callest. This thou wilt do for me, O my father and my chief, because, lo! I have loved thee as the child loves her who suckled it, and I would look upon thy face again, O my father from the olden time, my chief from generation to generation.'

"If it be in my power, this I will do, Mazooku."

The great Zulu drew himself up, raised his spear, and for the first and last time in his life gave Ernest the royal salute—to which, by-the-way, he had no right at all "Bayette, Bayette!" Then he turned and ran swiftly thence, nor would he see Ernest again before he went. "The pain of death was over," he said.

As the sound of his footsteps grew faint, Ernest sighed.

"There goes our last link with South Africa, Jeremy, my boy. It makes me very sad, and sometimes I think that, as he says, it is a pity we did not go under with Alston and the others. It would all have been over now."

"Thank you," said Jeremy, after reflecting: "on the whole, I am pretty comfortable as I am."

CHAPTER XLIV

MR. CARDUS ACCOMPLISHES HIS REVENGE.

Mr. de Talor owed his great wealth not to his own talents, but to a lucky secret in the manufacture of the grease used on railways discovered by his father. Talor *pere* had been a railway-guard till his discovery brought him wealth. He was a shrewd man, however, and on his sudden accession to fortune did his best to make a gentleman of his only son, at that date a lad of fifteen; but it was too late, the associations and habits of childhood are not easily overcome, and no earthly power or education could accomplish the desired object. When his son was twenty years of age, old Jack Talor died, and his son succeeded to his large fortune and a railway grease business which supplied the principal markets of the world.

This son had inherited a good deal of his father's shrewdness, and set himself to make the best of his advantages. First he placed a "de" before his name, and assumed a canting crest. Next he bought the Ceswick Ness estates, and bloomed into a country gentleman. It was shortly after this latter event that he made a mistake and fell in love with the beauty of the neighborhood, Mary Atterleigh. But Mary Atterleigh would have none of him, being at the time secretly engaged to Mr. Cardus. In vain did he resort to every possible means to shake her resolution, even going so far as to try to bribe her father to put pressure upon her; but at this time old Atterleigh, "Hard-riding Atterleigh," as he was called, was well off, and resisted his advances, whereupon De Talor, in a fit of pique, married another woman, who was only too glad to put up with his vulgarity in consideration of his wealth and position as a country magnate.

Shortly afterward three events occurred almost simultaneously. "Hard-riding Atterleigh" got into money difficulties through over-gratification of his passion for hounds and horses; Mr. Cardus was taken abroad for the best part of a year in connection with a business matter, and a man named Jones, a friend of Mr. de Talor's staying in his house at the time, fell in love with Mary Atterleigh. Herein De Talor saw an opportunity of revenge upon his rival, Mr. Cardus. He urged upon Jones that his real road to the possession of the lady lay through the pocket of her father, and even went so far as to advance him the necessary funds to bribe Atterleigh; for, though Jones was well off, he could not at such short notice lay hands upon a sufficient sum in cash to serve his ends.

The plot succeded. Atterleigh's scruples were overcome as easily as the scruples of men in his position without principle to back them generally are, and pressure of a most outrageous sort was brought to bear upon the gentle-minded Mary, with the result that when Mr. Cardus returned from abroad he found his affianced bride the wife of another man, who became in due course the father of Jeremy and Dolly

This cruel and most unexpected bereavement drove Mr. Cardus partially mad, and, when he came to himself, there arose in his mind a monomania for revenge on all concerned in bringing it about. It became the passion and object of his life. Directing all his remarkable intelligence and energy to the matter, he early discovered the heinous part that De Talor had played in the plot, and swore to devote his life to the unholy purpose of avenging it. For years he pursued his enemy, trying plan after plan to achieve his ruin, and as one failed, fell back upon another. But to ruin a man of De Talor's wealth was no easy matter, especially when, as in the present instance, the avenger was obliged to work like a mole in the dark, never allowing his enemy to suspect that he was other than a friend. How he ultimately achieved his purpose the reader shall now learn.

Ernest and Dorothy had been married about three weeks, and the latter was just beginning to get accustomed to hearing herself called Lady Kershaw, when one morning a dog-cart drove up to the door, and out of it emerged Mr. de Talor.

"Dear me, how Mr. de Talor has changed of late!" said Dorothy, who was looking out of the window.

"How? Has he grown less like a butcher?" asked Ernest.

"No," she answered; "but he looks like a worn-up butcher about to go through the Bankruptcy Court."

"Butchers never go bankrupt," said Ernest, and at that moment Mr. de Talor came in.

Dorothy was right, the man was much changed. The fat cheeks were flabby and fallen, the insolent air was gone, and he was so shrunken that he looked not more than half his former size.

"How do you do, Lady Kershaw? I saw Cardus 'ad got some one with him, so I drove round to pay my respects and congratulate the bride.—Why, bless me, Sir Ernest, you've grown since I saw you last! Ah, we used to be great friends then. You remember how you used to come and shoot up at the Ness" (he had once or twice given the two lads a day's rabbit-shooting). "But bless me, I hear that you have become quite a fire-eater since then, and been knocking over the niggers right and left—eh?"

He paused for breath, and Ernest said a few words, not many, for he disliked the man's flattery as much as in past years he used to dislike his insolence.

"Ah," went on De Talor, looking up and pointing to the case containing the witch's head, "I see you've still got that beastly thing that your brother once showed me; I thought it was a clock, and he pretty well frightened me out of my wits. Now I think of it, I've never 'ad any luck since I saw that thing."

At this moment the housekeeper Grice came to say that Mr. Cardus was ready to see Mr. de Talor if he would step into the office.

Dorothy thought that their visitor turned paler at this news, and it evidently occupied his mind sufficiently to cause him to hurry from the room without bidding them good-by.

When Mr. de Talor entered the office he found the lawyer pacing up and down

"How do you do, Cardus?" he said jauntily.

"How do you do, Mr. de Talor?" was the cold reply.

De Talor walked to the glass door and looked at the glowing mass of blooming orchids.

"Pretty flowers, Cardus, those, very. Orchids, ain't they? Must have cost you a pot of money."

"They have not cost me much, Mr. de Talor; I have reared most of them."

"Then you are lucky; the bill my man gives me for my orchids is something awful."

"You did not come to speak to me about orchids, Mr. de Talor."

"No, Cardus, I didn't, business first, pleasure afterwards eh?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cardus in his soft, jerky way. "Business first, pleasure afterward."

Mr. de Talor fidgeted his legs about.

"Well, Cardus, about that mortgage. You are going to give me a little more time, I hope?"

"On the contrary, Mr. de Talor, the interest being now eight months overdue, I have given my London agent orders to foreclose, for I don't conduct such business myself."

De Talor turned pale. "Foreclose! Good God, Cardus! it is not possible, on such an old friend too?"

"Excuse me, it is not only possible, but a fact. Business is business, even where old friends are concerned."

"But if you foreclose, what is to become of me, Cardus?"

"That, I imagine, is a matter for your exclusive consideration."

His visitor gasped, and looked like an unfortunate fish suddenly pulled out of the water.

"Let us recapitulate the facts. I have at different periods within the last several years lent you sums of money secured on your landed estates at Ceswick's Ness and the neighborhood, amounting in all" referring to a paper—" to one hundred and seventy-six thousand five hundred and thirty-eight pounds ten shillings and four pence; or, reckoning in the overdue interest, to one hundred and seventy-nine thousand and fifty-two pounds eight shillings. That is so, I think."

"Yes, I suppose so, Cardus."

"There is no supposition about it. The documents prove it."

"Well, Cardus?"

"Well, Mr. de Talor; and now, as you cannot pay, I have instructed my London agents to commence an action in Chancery for the sale of the lands, and to buy in the property. It is a most desirable property."

"O Cardus, don't be 'ard on me! I am an old man now, and you led me into this speculation."

"Mr. de Talor, I also am an old man; if not very old in years, at least as old as Methuselah in heart."

"I don't understand it all, Cardus."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure to explain. But to do so, I must go back a little. Some ten or twelve years ago, you may remember," he began, sitting down with his back to the light, which struck full on the wretched De Talor's face, "that a firm named Rastrick and Codley took out a patent for a new railway-grease, and set up an establishment in Manchester not far from the famous De Talor house, which was established by your father."

"Yes, curse them!" groaned De Talor.

Mr. Cardus smiled. "By all means curse them. But what did this enterprising firm do, Mr. de Talor? They set to work, and sold a grease superior to the article manufactured by your house, at about eighteen per cent. cheaper. But the De Talor house had the ear of the markets, and the contracts with all the leading lines and Continental firms, and for a while it seemed as though the new house must go to the wall; and if they had not had considerable capital at command they must have gone to the wall."

"Ah, and where did they get it from? That's the mystery," said De Talor.

"Precisely; that was the mystery. I shall clear it up a little presently. To return; after a while the buyers began to find that Rastrick and Codley's grease was a better grease and a cheaper grease, and as the contracts lapsed, the companies renewed them, not with the De Talor house but with the house of Rastrick and Codley. Doubtless you remember."

Mr. de Talor groaned in acquiescence, and the lawyer continued:

"In time this state of affairs produced its natural results: De Talor's house was shopped up, and the bulk of the trade fell into the hands of the new firm."

"Ah, I should just like to know who they really were—the low sneaks!"

"Would you? I will tell you. The firm of Rastrick and Codley were—Reginald Cardus, Esq., Solicitor of Dum's Ness."

Mr. de Talor struggled out of his chair, looked wildly at the lawyer and sank down again.

"You look ill; may I offer you a glass of wine?"

The wretched man shook his head.

"Very good. Doubtless you are curious to know how I, a lawyer, and not otherwise connected with Manchester, obtained the monopoly of the grease-trade, which is, by-the-way, at this moment paying very well. I will satisfy your curiosity. I have always had a mania for taking up inventions, quite quietly, and in the names of others. Sometimes I have lost; on the whole, I have made largely. But whether I have made or lost, the inventors have, as a rule, never known who was backing them. One day, one lucky day, this railway grease patent was brought to my notice. I took it up and invested fifty thousand in it straight off the reel. Then I invested another fifty thousand. Still your firm cut my throat. I made an effort, and invested a third fifty thousand. Had I failed, I should then have been a ruined man; I had strained my credit to the utmost. But fortune favors the brave, Mr. de Talor, and I succeeded. It was your firm that failed. I have paid all my debts, and I reckon that the railway-grease concern is worth, after paying liabilities, some two hundred thousand pounds. If you should care to go in for it, Messrs. Rastrick and Codley will, I have no doubt, be most happy to treat with you. It has served its purpose, and is now in the market."

De Talor looked at him in amazement. He was too upset to speak.

"So much, Mr. de Talor, for my share in the grease episode. The failure of your firm, or rather its stoppage from loss of trade, left you still a rich man, but only half as rich as you had been. And this, you remember, made you furious. You could not bear the idea of losing money; you would rather have lost blood from your veins than sovereigns from your purse. When you thought the grease which had melted in the fire of competition, you could have wept tears of rage. In this plight you came to me to ask advice."

"Yes, and you told me to speculate."

"Not quite accurate, Mr. de Talor. I said I remember the words well 'You are an able man, and understand the money-market; why don't you take advantage of these fluctuating times and recoup yourself for all you have lost? The prospect of gain tempted you, Mr. de Talor, and you jumped at the idea. You asked me to introduce you to a reliable firm, and I introduced you to Messrs. Campsey and Ash, one of the best in the City."

"Confound them for a set of rogues!" answered De Talor.

"Rogues! I am sorry you think so, for I have an interest in their business."

"Good heavens! what next?" groaned De Talor.

"Well, notwithstanding the best efforts of Messrs. Campsey and Ash on your behalf, in pursuance of such instructions as you from time to time communicated to them, and to which you can no doubt refer if you please, things went wrong with you, Mr. de Talor, and year by year, when your balance-sheet was sent in, you found that you had lost more than you gained. At last, one unlucky day, about three years ago, you made a plunge against the advice, you may remember, of Messrs. Campsey and Ash, and lost. It was after that, that I began to lend you money. The first loan was for fifty thousand, then came more losses and more loans, till at length we have reached the present state of affairs."

"O Cardus, you don't mean to sell me up, do you? What shall I do without money? And think of my daughters, 'ow will they manage without their comfort?! Give me time. What makes you so 'ard on me?"

Mr. Cardus had been walking up and down the room rapidly. At De Talor's words he stopped, and going to a dispatch box, unlocked it, and drew from a bundle of documents a yellow piece of stamped paper. It was a cancelled bill for ten thousand pounds in the favor of Jonas de Talor, Esquire. This bill he came and held before his visitor's eyes.

"That, I believe, is your signature," he said, quietly, pointing to the receipt written across the bill

De Talor turned almost livid with fear, and his lips and hands began to tremble.

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

Mr. Cardus regarded him, or rather all round him, with the melancholy black eyes that never looked straight at anything, and yet saw everything, and then answered:

"Among your friend Jones' papers You scoundrel!" he went on, with a sudden change of manner, "now perhaps you begin to understand why I have hunted you down step by step; why for thirty years I have waited, and watched, and failed, and at last succeeded. It is for the sake of Mary Atterleigh. It was you, who, infuriated because she would have none of such a coarse brute, set the man Jones on to her. It was you who lent him the money with which to buy her from old Atterleigh. There lies the proof before you. By-the-way, Jones need never have repaid you that ten thousand pounds, for it was marriage-brokage, and therefore not recoverable at law. It was you, I say, who were the first cause of my life being laid waste, and who nearly drove me to the mad-house; ay! who did drive Mary, my betrothed wife, into the arms of that fellow, whence, God be praised, she soon passed to her rest."

Mr. Cardus paused, breathing quick with suppressed rage and excitement; the large white eyebrows contracted till they nearly met, and, abandoning his usual habit, he looked straight into the eyes of the abject creature in the chair before him.

"It's a long while ago, Cardus; can't you forgive, and let bygones be bygones?"

"Forgive!—yes, for my own sake I could forgive, but for her sake, whom you first dishonored and then killed, I will never forgive. Where are your companions in guilt? Jones is dead; I ruined him. Atterleigh is there; I did not ruin him, because after all he was the author of Mary's life, but his ill-gotten gains did him no good; a higher power than mine took vengeance on his crime, and I saved him from the madhouse. And Jones' children, they are here too, for once they lay beneath her breast. But do you think that I will spare you?—you coarse, arrogant knave—you who spawned the plot: no, not if it were to cost me my own life, would I forego one jot or tittle of my revenge!"

At that moment Mr. Cardus happened to look up, and saw through the glass part of his door of his office, of which the curtain was partially drawn, the wild-looking head of Hard-riding Atterleigh. He appeared to be looking through the door, for his eyes, in which there was a very peculiar look, were fixed intently upon Mr. Cardus' face. When he saw that he was observed, he vanished.

"Now go," said the lawyer sternly to the prostrate De Talor; "and never let me see your face again!"

"But I haven't any money; where am I to go?" groaned De Talor.

"Wherever you like, Mr. de Talor; this is a free country, but, if I had control of your destination, it should be—to the devil!"

The wretched man staggered up.

"All right, Cardus; I'll go, I'll go. You've got it all your own way now. You are —— hard, you are; but perhaps you'll get it taken out of you some day. I'm glad you never got hold of Mary; it must have been pleasant to you to see her marry Jones!"

In another second he was gone, and Mr. Cardus was left thinking, among other things, of that look in old Atterleigh's eyes which he could not get out of his mind. Thus did he finally accomplish the revenge to which he had devoted his life.

CHAPTER XLV.

MAD ATTERLEIGH'S LAST RIDE.

A month had passed since Mr. de Talor had crept, utterly crushed, from the presence of the man whom Providence had appointed to mete him out his due. During this time Mr. Cardus had been busy from morning till night. He was always a busy man, writing daily with his own hand an almost incredible number of letters, for he carried on all, or nearly all, his great affairs by correspondence, but of late, his work seemed to have doubled.

In the course of that month the society in the neighborhood of Kesterwick experienced a pleasurable sensation of excitement, for suddenly the De Talor family vanished off the face of the Kesterwick world, and the Ceswick Ness estates, after being advertised, were put up for sale, and bought, so said report, by a London firm of lawyers on behalf of an unknown client. The De Talors were gone, where to nobody knew, nor did they much care to inquire that is, with the exception of the servants whose wages were left unpaid, and the tradespeople to whom large sums were owing. They inquired, vigorously enough, but without the smallest result; the De Talors had gone and left no trace, except the trace of bankruptcy, and Kesterwick knew them no more, but was glad over the sensation made by their disappearance.

But on one Saturday Mr. Cardus' business seemed to come to a sudden stop. He wrote some letters and put them to go to post, and then he went to admire his orchids

"Life," he said aloud to himself, "shall be all orchids now; my work is done. I will build a new house for Brazilian sorts, and spend two hundred pounds on stocking it. Well, I can afford it."

This was about five o'clock. Half an hour later, when he had well examined his flowers, he strolled out Titheburgh Abbey way, and here he met Ernest and his wife who had been sitting in their favorite spot.

"Well, my dears," he said, "and how are you?"

"Pretty jolly, uncle, thank you, and how are you?"

"I? Oh, I am very jolly indeed for an old man; as jolly as an individual who has just bid good-by to work forever should be," he said.

"Why, Reginald, what do you mean?"

"Mean, Dorothy, my dear? I mean that I have wound up my affairs and retired on a modest competence. Ah, you young people should be grateful to me, for let me tell you that everything is now in apple-pie order, and when I slip off you will have no trouble at all, except to pay the probate duty, and that will be considerable. I never quite knew till a week ago how rich I was; but, as I said the other day, everything I have touched has turned to gold. It will be a large fortune for you to manage, my dears; you will find it a great responsibility."

"I hope you will live many years to manage it yourself," said Ernest.

"Ah, I don't know, I am pretty tough; but who can see the future? Dolly, my dear girl," he went on in a dreamy way, "you are growing like your mother. Do you know I sometimes think that I am not far off her now? you see I speak plainly to you two. Years ago I used to think—that is, sometimes—that your mother was dust and nothing more; that she had left me forever; but of late I have changed my ideas. I have seen," he went on, speaking in an absent way as though he were meditating to himself, "how wonderfully Providence works even in the affairs of this imperfect world, and I begin to believe that there must be a place where it allows itself a larger development. Yes, I think I shall find your mother somewhere, Dorothy, my dear. I seem to feel her very near me sometimes. Well, I have avenged her."

"I think that you will find her, Reginald," she answered; "but your vengeance is wicked and wrong. I have often made bold to tell you so, though sometimes you have been angry with me, and I tell you so again. It can only bring evil with it. What have we, poor creatures, who do not understand the reasons of things, and can scarcely see an inch before our noses, to do with vengeance?"

(To be continued.)

Sure Cure for the Measles.

One of the most remarkable pathological cases on record has just occurred at Perigneux. A patient in the hospital suffering from measles jumped out of one of the windows at 4 o'clock in the morning, and fell a distance of four or five yards in the garden. He was at the time at the period of the strongest eruption. Awakened by the pain caused by his fall, he walked about in his night-shirt for some time, the thermometer standing at 8 degrees below the freezing point, until he succeeded in waking the concierge, when he returned to bed. The next day his complaint had entirely disappeared. This mode of cure, however, is not generally recommended by the faculty.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Punch, Brothers, Punch.

Bobby was at church for the first time, and, after he had dropped a nickle into the contribution box, he turned to his mother and whispered audibly:

"Ma, that man didn't ring up my fare."

Ingratitude.

The man who would have remained for ever in the obscurity to which he was entitled, except for the notoriety the press has absurdly given him, is always complaining about the d——d newspapers."—*Texas Siftings.*

It Saved My Wife's Life.

This is the report of a Princess street gentleman who had the opportunity a few nights since of testing Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Nerviline at hand. It only costs 10 cents to test it, as you can buy test bottles at any drug store. Get a 10 or 25 cent bottle to-day. Sure in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, colic, headache. Nerviline, the sure pop pain cure. All druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

Edward Scruggs, of Nashville, Tenn., is totally blind, and goes about led by a negro boy. Yet he transacts business better than most men, and in the past year has made $100,000 by real estate speculation.

Mr. W. Cushman, of Petoskey, Mich., states that he was afflicted with rheumatism twenty-four years, and two large bottles of McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant has done him one hundred dollars' worth of good in relieving his distress.

"You will want to enter something for the county fair, I suppose, Mr. Hayseed?" said the chairman of the agricultural society. "Waal, yes," replied Mr. Hayseed; "you kin put me down for the biggest hog in the country."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) moved for a return of amounts received by county or city treasurers throughout the Province on account of fines imposed for violation of the Scott Act.—Carried.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) moved the second reading of the Bill respecting exemptions from seizure under execution. He said that there was nothing very radical in the extension of exemptions which he proposed, the object being to adapt the old system to the necessities of modern life. For instance, the old exemption law made no provision for the exemption of a sewing machine, which in many houses was now a necessity. The details could be considered by a committee.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to a committee composed of Messrs. Gibson (Hamilton), Hardy, Meredith, Clarke (Wellington), E. F. Clarke, French, Awrey, Evanturel, Wood (Hastings), Chamberlain, Stratton, Guthrie, Metcalfe, Garson, Ingram, Leys, Smith.

Mr. Balfour moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the game laws by allowing spring shooting of all ducks except the mallard, bat and wood duck. He said that in the county of Essex, while the Canadians were debarred from spring shooting, the Americans came in boats, shot all the game they wanted and went back, defying the Canadian officers. He read a letter giving a vivid description of the American pirates and robbers who came over in armed cruisers and insulted and threatened any one who tried to interfere with them. He was willing that the permission to shoot ducks in the spring be confined to the section of the Province where this grievance existed.

Mr. Sprague said he was glad to hear that the member for South Essex was willing to have the Bill applied only to the southwestern part of Ontario. He would be opposed to general spring shooting.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) said he was strongly opposed to opening up the game laws, which were now considered to be the best the Province ever had.

Mr. Balfour, replying to the objections raised against the Bill, said that the law of last session had been secured mainly through the influence of members of the gun clubs, who were a special class and could afford to spend money to send delegates to represent their interest, which the people could not do. He was surprised to see the member for Lincoln (Mr. Garson) championing the views of the special class as against the rights of the people. In view of the feeling manifested against the spearing clause, he would drop it, though he could give reason for having it passed. In Essex the muskrats were very numerous and did great damage to ditches and in other ways. But that was a local question, perhaps, and he would not urge the change. But he saw no reason why the other clauses should not pass, and he hoped that the members who represented the people and not gun clubs would do all they could to have this change in the law made. (Cries of "Order, order").

The House divided on Mr. Garson's amendment in favor of the six months' hoist, which was carried—Yeas, 44; nays, 34.

Hon. O. Mowat, in moving the House into committee on the whole on the resolution regarding the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, said that the Falls of Niagara had for many years been the most attractive place of resort on this continent, and that the interest in them was extending. In a single day they were visited by ten thousand people, and they were visited annually by from 200,000 to 300,000 people. Even before the State of New York took possession of the park the number of visitors was between 100,000 and 200,000 persons. A still more remarkable proof of the general interest in the Falls was afforded by the action of the people of the State of New York. They had lately purchased over 100 acres of land in the neighborhood of the Falls for an International Park, and had paid about $1,500,000 for the land. This was all the more remarkable when it was remembered that the revenues of the State are raised by direct taxation, so that the people, in a State where manhood suffrage prevails, had voluntarily taxed themselves for this amount, in order to restore the scenery about the Falls. All the newspapers and all the parties had supported the movement. It was a no-party movement there, as here. In Ontario, too, there had been no opposition to any step that had been taken; his hon. friends opposite had manifested as much interest in the project as had the Government and its supporters. There was thus every indication that the people were fairly alive to the importance of the duty of preserving the beauty of the natural scenery about the Falls. This was the object of the whole movement. All that was beautiful about the Falls was gradually being destroyed by the artificial means adopted for money-making purposes. The first step taken by the Ontario Government was to endeavor to induce the Dominion Government to undertake the work, and with that view the Legislature passed an Act to give the Dominion Government all the necessary power. Negotiations took place to induce them to undertake the work, and ultimately to induce them to undertake a portion of it. These negotiations were unsuccessful. Although he could not speak with authority he believed that the Ontario members of the Dominion Government favored the project, but the other Ministers did not see the matter in the same light. Thereupon the Ontario Legislature passed an Act with a view to having the matter dealt with within its own jurisdiction. In the preliminary proceedings they had the valuable assistance of three commissioners. The Act provided that the commissioners should have a survey of the property made in order to determine exactly what land it was necessary to include in the Park, and to ascertain by means of a conditional agreement or by arbitration what the land would cost. In consequence of the award not having been completed last session the Bill which was then introduced was withdrawn. It was proposed that the money should be raised by debentures charged on the revenues of the Park with a guarantee by the Province. There was no ground for doubting that the revenues would be amply sufficient to pay all expenses, to pay the interest on the debentures and to provide a sinking fund. The debentures would extend over forty years. The park would be perfectly free, and charges would be made only where guides were needed or where expenditure was required for mechanical appliances, such as inclined planes. It was calculated that a small charge, say fifty cents as a maximum, to those who used these advantages would be sufficient. On the American side a small charge was made for the same purpose. Assuming that 250,000 people visited the Falls annually, it would be necessary for only a third of that number to pay this small charge in order to afford sufficient revenue. The attractions on the Canadian side were much greater than on the other. The award for the land would amount to $400,000; the second head of expenses would be the costs of the arbitrators, and the third would be the cost of the works that would have to be constructed. It was proposed not to make the place a flower garden, but to retain in a state of nature what was in that condition now, to remove unsightly buildings and by planting to restore the sites of these buildings as far as possible to a state of nature, and to remove all obstructions which would prevent people going out and enjoying the sights. They proposed to call the park the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park.

Hon. Mr. Mowat concluded by moving that the House go into committee on the resolutions.

Mr. Meredith said although this matter had been before the House before the Province was not committed to it. Judging by the report of the commissioners, the intention was to establish this park without laying any burden upon the Province. But there were not sufficient facts before the House to show the members that there was a fair chance of this expectation being realized. In the first place, it was expected to involve an expenditure of $500,000, of which $200,000 was the estimated cost of the property to be appropriated. But it was found that $462,000 would be the cost of the property, and yet only $25,000 was added to the total estimate. As he (Mr. Meredith) understood the locality, all the property between the road and the river was the property of the Crown. In that case he could see no reason for the purchase of some of the property, especially that of Mr. Macklin and Mr. Davis. The Attorney-General estimated that a fee of 50 cents would be sufficient to clear the expenses. But there were not facts before the House to enable members to judge of that, and he threw the responsibility upon gentlemen opposite. He thought $500,000 too large a sum to be expended on this scheme if the Province was to be responsible for the expenditure. With regard to the name, while not yielding to the Premier in his loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign, he would have been quite content, and, indeed, would have preferred, to see the name by which the park must always be known among the people—Niagara Falls Park. He did not oppose the Bill.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said he had not given the estimates of expenditure upon the improvements, thinking they could best be given in Committee of the Whole.

The resolution was carried, and the House went into Committee of the Whole upon the resolutions.

Mr. Meredith asked why it was proposed to endorse securities to be issued by the Commissioners instead of issuing the securities of the Province direct.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said the object was to keep this entirely distinct from the other liabilities of the Province.

The resolutions were carried and a Bill based upon them was introduced and read the first time.

Hon. Mr. Hardy moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole upon the Bill for the Protection of Women in certain cases. He explained that it was to bring within the condemnation of the law a man guilty of seducing a woman who was at the time an inmate of a public institution, thus extending the law, which now prohibits the seduction of lunatic women in the asylums. After some discussion the House went into committee on the Bill and passed and reported it without amendment.

On motion of Hon. Mr. Mowat, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Bill respecting the revised statutes of Ontario, which was considered and reported.

Hon. G. W. Ross moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Act respecting public schools. He explained that one section provided for a declaration of trustees by the chairman or secretary having charge of the polling. Under the present law a trustee was required to make a declaration after election, which they sometimes failed to do, and a litigious person could put them to some inconvenience. It was proposed also to impose an additional tax on unoccupied lands. These lands were sometimes held for speculative purposes, and it was unfair to the people of the district that they should be relieved from taxation. As the School Law was being consolidated with the others the latest modifications decided upon were now proposed, and he hoped the result would be a School Law which would not need serious alteration for years to come.

Mr. Harcourt referred in terms of commendation to the clause relating to Kindergarten schools. He dwelt upon the great favor into which this system had grown, and was glad to see that it was to be fully recognized in the law of this Province.

Hon. G. W. Ross said that two years ago arrangements had been made in connection with the Normal School for the study of Kindergarten methods, and as a result the Department would be able to send out Kindergarten teachers. They would supply two from the Toronto Normal School and two from that in Ottawa, and from five to ten each year hereafter as might be required. The school in Toronto was in charge of a lady from St. Louis, and the St. Louis system had been adopted.

Mr. Wood's (Hastings) Bill to amend the Railway Act was discussed and reported. The Bill gives power to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council (in the case of any one feeling aggrieved by the proposal of a location of a line of railway) to appoint an engineer to examine the proposed line and hear the parties, after which he may alter or confirm the line through which the road is proposed to run. There is no appeal from the engineer's decision, as the Bill provides that he be a disinterested party.

Mr. Leys' Bill respecting building societies was read a second time and referred to a select committee. The Bill provides that all transfers of debenture stock must be registered at the head office of the society, or at any place in Canada or foreign country the directors may appoint. The last amendment directs that no society shall hold absolutely more than $10,000 worth of real estate at any one place of business, with a provision that no pending suit shall be affected thereby.

Mr. Gibson's (Hamilton) Bill to amend the Ontario Medical Act was read a second time and sent to a select committee. This Bill is of some importance to the medical profession; the first clause of which increases the representation on the Council of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons by granting the Western University a representative and providing the same for any fully equipped university which may afterwards be created. The profession is protected against malicious prosecutions by enacting that no action shall be taken against any licensed practitioner for malpractice six months after the professional services terminate. The last clauses provide for the erasing of the name from the register of any member of the profession guilty of any gross crime or unprofessional practice, the council having full power to take evidence and give judgment, from which an appeal may be made by the accused to a superior court, but provision is made that no action lies against the council, even if their decision be reversed by the Judge.

Before the reference to the Select Committee the Bill was briefly discussed.

Mr. Clancey's Bill to amend the Registry Act was debated for half an hour and handed over to a select committee after a second reading. This Bill contains one clause prohibiting any land agent registering an instrument in which his remuneration is provided for, and is retroactive in its character.

GASLIGHT.

Ridiculous Ideas that Prevailed When It Was First Introduced.

The first actual application of gas to lighting purposes took place in England in the year 1792, when Mr. William Murdoch constructed an apparatus for lighting his house and office at Redruth, Cornwall. So little was the invention understood and believed in by those who had not seen it in use that even great and wise men laughed at the idea.

"How could there be a light without a wick?" said a member of Parliament when the subject was brought before the House. Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns by gas, and asked one of the projectors if he meant to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gas meter. When the House of Commons was lighted by gas the architect imagined that the gas ran on fire through the pipes, and, therefore, insisted on their being placed several inches from the wall for fear of the building taking fire. The members might be observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved hands and wondering why they did not burn. The first shop lighted in London by this new method was Mr. Ackerman's, in the Strand, in 1810, and one lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the gas lamp on the counter that she asked to be allowed to take it home in her carriage.—*From a London Exchange.*

"While the Lamp Holds Out to Burn."

In the discussion of Mr. Balfour's Bill respecting line fences between farms the prejudice of county and township councils against absentee owners of unoccupied lands was mentioned. It was said that local feeling would utilise the proposed Act to force the fencing of vacant tracts, and thus put an absentee to expense. To us it seems that the local feeling is entirely right and sound. The county and township councils would receive power to levy special taxes on unoccupied tracts if our system of taxation were not radically wrong. The absentees are speculating in the unearned increment, *i. e.*, in the work and outlay of wealth-producing farmers. The value added to vacant land by adjacent settlement goes to reward holders who positively injure the neighborhood. They pocket as speculators a profit which becomes a tax for all time on those who make the land productive. An effective remedy for the grievance of farmers in this respect would be to take all municipal taxes off improvements and put them all on the value of land *minus* improvements. When farmers get their eyes wide open they will combine to impose land taxes in such a way as to destroy land speculation.—*Toronto Globe*

Applauding in Church.

It is becoming a not unusual occurrence in city churches to applaud the minister when he makes a particularly strong point or discloses some fine thought. In the course of Dr. Ryckman's recent sermon on the license question his remarks elicited quite a few taps of applause, but last night Rev. Louis Beaudry, in the Dundas Street Centre Methodist Church, was actually clapped.—*London Advertiser.*

Teddy's Idea.

Teddy's papa always gets his "shaves" at the barber's shop in town, and so the little boy never had happened to see the operation of shaving gone through with, until grandpa shaved himself; and Teddy watched him for the first time with wide open brown eyes.

All at once he cried out:

"O mamma! mamma! gram'pa's brushing frosting all over his face."

Early Sowing in the Northwest.

Calgary *Tribune*, March 26th: "Ploughing and seeding in the neighborhood of High River commenced last week. This is nearly three weeks later than last year."

"Some people have no teeth and can't get them, while others who don't want them have them thrust upon them," was Smith's remark when a canine tried to take a mouthful of his leg.

Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, a wealthy citizen of Wellesley, Mass., has presented the town with a fire hall, a park of ten acres, and a public library with 6,000 volumes. The value of the gift is $250,000.

While ill on Saturday night Mrs. Ernest Krouse, of Paterson, N. J., shot herself in the head with a revolver, and will probably die. An hour after the shooting the woman gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, who are doing well.

There is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it, mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

If a man is right he can't be too radical; if wrong, he can't be too conservative.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It is said that wrinkles are due to the gradual wearing away of the flesh underneath the skin, because it has too little or the wrong kind of exercise. Wrinkles of the face usually take a downward course, due to washing and wiping the face; therefore, wash and wipe upward. To fill the cheeks that are growing hollow this is recommended: Take a piece of soft leather—kid or chamois skin will do—and put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes taking care not to raise the teeth from the leather. This exercise, it is claimed, will restore to youthful plumpness the most hollow cheek.

It is well known that the great Shakspeare was unhappy in his domestic relations, and escaped from them as much as he could by living nearly all his life in London, while his wife remained at Stratford. This old scandal is now revived, with the addition that Mistress Anne Shakspeare was a very stingy housekeeper, a poor cook and kept a miserable table. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, is the resurrectionist who claims to have discovered these important facts in the Bacon cipher story. Perhaps Mistress Anne's chief fault was that she was not her husband's equal. But that she honored his memory is proven by her request that she be buried by his side.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mahommedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is not older than the seventh century of our era. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were published in the eleventh century and are the most recent of these seven Bibles. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations; their author lived and died in the seventh century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B.C. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Muller, Wilson, Johnson and Whitney that they are not older than eleven centuries B.C. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B.C.

Until the death of the late Bishop, the Bishopric of Jerusalem was jointly under the protection of Prussia and England. According to the terms of the agreement between the two Powers the right to nominate should be alternate. It was Prussia's turn when this last vacation occurred. For various reasons Prussia refused to exercise her right and she has since, with the entire concurrence of England, retired from the compact. It has for some time been known that the Archbishop of Canterbury has made up his mind to continue the Bishopric, and acting in conjunction with the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London, he has appointed the Venerable Archdeacon Blythe, late of Rangoon, to the vacant see, under the title of "Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem and the East." To make up for the withdrawal of the Prussian Fund, and to bring up the income to £1,500 ($7,500), the Church Missionary Society and the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews have each placed £300 ($1,500) a year at the disposal of the Bishop. In addition to this the Bishop is in receipt of his pension as a retired chaplain of the Indian service. The consecration will take place at Lambeth. The Bishop will have jurisdiction over Egypt, Syria, Bagdad and Cyprus. He will reside at Jerusalem.

Death of Lady Strangford. Her Adventurous Career and Charitable Works.

The death is announced of Emily Anne, Viscountess Strangford. She died at sea while on her way to Egypt. She was the youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., and early in life developed a love for adventure. In 1860 she became famous through the publication of two volumes of travel in the East, describing a journey which she and an elder sister undertook for the purpose of exploring Egypt and Syria. The sisters were absent three years. They braved dangers and privations, and both were rewarded for their courage by the recognition they received from eminent scientists. Viscountess Strangford's death deprives the poorer classes in London, Eastern Europe and Egypt of one of their best friends. This accomplished lady, since her husband's death, has devoted herself to the organization and administration of some of the most useful and admirable charities in the world. The Victoria Hospital at Cairo was her latest creation. She gave with open hands and had the secret of making others give. She sacrificed health, abandoned the society which she had adorned, and impaired her fortune all for charity's sake. She died on board the Lusitania in the Mediterranean on her way to Port Said to open a new hospital.

As to Spring.

Ethereal spring has sprung: A few patches of snow still linger in the upper canyons, but the hillsides are spangled with buttercups and violets, and the sheep are frisking several frisks on the green turf of a thousand hills.—*Heppner Oregon Gazette.*

Seven years ago Henry Whittaker, of Syracuse, N. Y., was divorced from his wife, the mother of five children. He then married a widow, who had seven children by him. She died, and Whittaker entered into correspondence with his first wife, who was in England, effected a reconciliation, brought her over here, and married her again.

A Pennsylvania farmer who blew out the gas in a Chester hotel noticed just as the flame was extinguished a little green tag attached to the burner. He got into bed, but his curiosity to know what was on that tag led him to get up again, light the gas, and look. He saw printed on the tag: "Do not blow out the gas, or it will cause immediate death."

By the will of the late Alexander Adam, paper manufacturer, of Aberdeen, the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church of Scotland benefits to the amount of $50,000.

ANTIDOTE FOR CANCER.

A Remedy Within the Reach of All.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette:

About thirty years ago a woman belonging to the middle walks of life, suffering with cancer, was pronounced beyond their skill by the physicians of Shrewsbury Infirmary, England, the tumor being in such close proximity to the jugular vein that, rather than risk the imperiling of her life, they deemed it best not to undertake so grave an operation. Straightway after this announcement was made she returned to her home, which was three miles from Oswestey, the nearest railway station in the county of Montgomery, North Wales. Here she became a greater sufferer, when one day she bethought herself of a neighbor, whom she soon found, and with all the eloquence of one enthralled by an implacable foe she appealed to her sympathy. "If it were possible," she implored, "do, do something to assuage my pain." With that tenderness and willingness characteristic of every true and noble woman to allay her sister's many pains this friend, for she proved a friend in need and deed, forthwith sent her boys (one of whom is our informant) to gather what in the United States is known as sheep sorrel, by the people of England as "sour leaf or the cuckoo plant," in the Welsh language, to the people of North Wales, as "dail surionny gog." To this timely opportunity, and the efficacy of this herb as an antidote for cancer, this our sufferer is in a large measure indebted for her health and life to-day, while not the slightest vestige of this hitherto unconquerable disease is to be found. The leaves were wrapped in brown paper so tight as to make the package impervious to air. This package was then placed beneath an open grate covered with the hot ashes of the same. When sufficiently cooked it was removed, and in as hot a state as possible and not burn, it was now applied, the leaves being in direct contact with the ulcer, which was firmly held to the part affected by a linen handkerchief. Strange to say, at the expiration of one month the tumor came away and has not since appeared. For the first four days the pain was most excruciating, but gradually decreased as it became loosened. There is much to be said in favor of this method over that of the knife. The nature of its drawing power in the form of poultice, though at first very severe, still is gradual and sure, while new blood rushes into the vacuum, caused by removal, thus serving as a fitting helpmeet for aiding and stimulating nature's efforts, and in the meantime the arteries which feed this fell destroyer are given a greater impulse to move rapidly, flow healthy and strengthening the weaker parts as fast as it egresses. In this connection it is to be observed that this method has none of the accompanying after-weakening effect, as caused by loss of blood so frequently exhibited under the operation of the knife, while the chances of a thorough extirpation are far more sanguine as to a thread remaining than that of a surgical operation, which many fear and object to. For those parts not admitting of poultice we submit another formula for the same herb, as applied by this same benefactress in somewhat different cases.

A piece of flat iron or steel is obtained with at least one bright and smooth face. On this the leaves are placed, which in turn is placed on top of the stove or within the oven until the leaves are thoroughly cooked, whence they are removed and spread on a piece of linen in the same way as any other home-made plaster. When cool enough, with sufficient heat not to burn, it is then applied, and our informant states, was productive of the same benefit cent result.

Sympathy for Hackmen.

"We hackmen never get any sympathy from the public," said a local cab driver to me the other evening. "People seldom stop to think of what we are obliged to put up with. They just put us down as a lot of sharks and let it go at that, but if they had a week at cab driving I guess they wouldn't be in such a hurry to say the hard things against us they do now. Cab driving ain't any picnic and don't you forget it. I have worked many a time for twenty-four hours at a stretch without sleep, to say nothing of being half frozen to death into the bargain. Then we have some pretty tough times with our fares now and then. I have had men keep me out all night and then refuse to pay me a cent, threatening to knock me down, and even going so far as to smash the cab windows when I attempted to assert my rights. You never know when you are striking a drinking crowd, and you cannot refuse to drive them from one saloon to another until they become so drunk that they either spend all their money or will not pay up until you call a policeman. I tell you, my friend, cab drivers could relate some pretty lively stories if they wished to, and they are not the worst natured fellows in the world if you treat them right." *Brooklyn Eagle*

The Judge's First Charge.

A justice's first charge. He said: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is new business to me, and this is my first case. You have heard the evidence as well as myself. You have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

During the flood at Bismarck, Dak., the other day, a big cake of ice went down the roaring Missouri, and on the ice was a big black bear.

Rev. Chas. H. Ward, of Englewood, N.J., who attempted to kill his wife and wounded himself, has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

It is said of a great man, just dead, that "he began life a barefooted boy." Come to think, we boys all began that way.

It is the little things that are the most wonderful and difficult; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.

Nothing goes so fast as time, so they say; and yet there are plenty of men who find no trouble in passing it.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, APRIL. 14, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is easy for a community to "warm a serpent in its bosom"—as Valentine Muggins has it—but its a mighty hard thing to get rid of the reptile.

It got rumored here somehow last autumn, that a syndicate of Flesherton capitalists proposed purchasing a steam yacht to be placed on what is known as Cullen's lake, about two miles distant from this place. The idea is a good one but we fear it will remain under "very serious consideration" until the man of the future tackles the job in a practical manner.

The Hanover Post is not satisfied to tell a lie once—it repeats the dose until conscience becomes seared as with a red hot iron. Young in politics, the Post exceeds its Durham cotem.—the Review—in wickedness. Col. Bob. Ingersoll has acquired a continental reputation by his garbled (mis) quotations from the good book; the Post seeks to cover itself with glory somewhat after the same manner, only in a different and more limited sphere. The latter has chosen to tread a thornier path than the former, relatively speaking. Ingersoll may be sincere; the Post is not.

This attempt to form a third party, in order to promote the cause of Temperance, THE ADVANCE considers a mistake. We have been seriously considering the question for years and can come to no other conclusion. The cause can best be promoted by creating a healthy public sentiment. When this is strong enough, politicians of all stripes will be forced to give the people sound temperance legislation. They cannot then ignore the "voice of the people." The trouble at present seems to be, that too many of our temperance people consider but one of many great issues. Politics is a "necessary evil."

Although we give place to an excellent article from the Toronto Mail to be found elsewhere in these columns it does not follow that we endorse all the the sentiments contained therein. Temperance principles are rapidly growing and eradicating certain obstructive theories from the public mind. The pure white banner "for God, for Home, for Native Land" was raised aloft by THE ADVANCE long before its big city contemporary became a convert to those principles we love and cherish. But we do not feel disposed to jump at conclusions or make a leap in the dark, ahead of enlightened and matured public opinion. We are content to work, watch and wait until the gloom of prejudice shall have been thoroughly dispelled.

The Grey Review defends the members of its party who voted for the "wine and beer clause" in the proposed Scott Act amendment, by stating that many Conservatives voted the the same way. If those Conservatives, who so voted, were professed Temperance men we have not one word to say in their defence. Two wrongs do not make a right, and in putting up such a weak plea, the Review is sacrificing its Temperance principles to the exigencies of party. The member for South Grey's vote on that clause was out of harmony with his alleged teetotal proclivities. Equally inconsistent has been the Review's defence of the Dr. That is the stand we have taken in the past: that is the stand we take now. So long as our member's course is consistent with his professions and the interests of his constituents, he will have our hearty support; but not otherwise.

Now, in reference to the proposed new school building, a great variety of opinion exists. Some entertain the opinion, that the Station's share in the debentures should be paid over forthwith, and that our school building should be erected with the balance. Would that balance (say $2,850) be sufficient for the requirements of the section? Would it provide a school-house adequate to meet future possible requirements? Would it erect a building of sufficient dimensions to accommodate an ever increasing population? These are questions of vital interest and deserving of more than passing consideration. It is to be hoped no policy detrimental to our educational necessities will be adopted, but that future possibilities and present needs will be carefully considered.

RESTRICTING THE TRAFFIC

Toronto Mail.

Through Canada and the United States the drift of public opinion and the tendency of legislation are in the direction of imposing restrictions on the liquor-selling business. In St. Louis a liquor licence now costs $1,500, and in Omaha it costs $1,000. These are high figures; but, as statistics show, they have resulted in a salutary decrease in the number of liquor-selling places. In the former city there is now one saloon to every 302 of the population, and in the latter one to every 484. That the proportion of saloons is compartively small would appear to be the fact from the circumstance that New York, with licenses fixed at $75, has a saloon for every 150 people. The New York Legislature is apparently satisfied with the high license experiment elsewhere, for that body now proposes to increase the license fee in New York city and in Brooklyn from the nominal $75 to $1,000.

In other States which have not adopted or attempted to adopt the principle of prohibition, high license fees are also proposed. On this side of the line Eastern Canada has passed so far the most stringent liquor legislation. Prince Edward Island has as, is well known, prohibited the sale of liquor altogether, the various counties having with one accord adopted the Scott Act. Nova Scotia has just carried into operation a more stringent licensing law than any on a Provincial statute book. Saloons have been abolished; bars are no more. Shops are licensed to sell not less than a pints, but this must not be consumed on the premises. Hotels are allowed to sell for their boarders at their meals, or to send liquor to their rooms; but they must not sell over a counter. At the same time, the license fee has been trebled. The law has put 120 liquor sellers out of the business in Halifax alone, and in the few days that it has been in operation it has practically overwhelmed the regular loafers with sobriety. An attempt was made on the part of these gentry on the first day under the new law to evade it by purchasing their pint at a liquor shop, and adjourning to the side walk, there to drink it in full view of the public. But as they were liable to prosecution as public nuisances, and moreover, as the liquor sellers did not appreciate that peculiar form of protest against tyranny, the experiment was not repeated. One feature of the operation of the law is the circumstance that those who have been fortunate enough to secure licenses are on the side of enforcement. It has cost them a great deal of money for the privilege to sell, and they do not propose to allow the unlicensed to share in the monopoly they have purchased. Seeing that the old habit of resting the elbow on luxurious counter while the festive bartender is mixing a fancy drink is specially discountenced by the law, the new order of things will certainly be an advantage to the young men. The New Brunswick Legislature is now considering a restrictive bill, introducing a system somewhat severe, but not half so advanced as that of Nova Scotia. The saloons under the New Brunswick law will remain, but saloon keepers will be prohibited under heavy penalties from selling to minors or to persons who are intoxicated. The most important feature of the New Brunswick bill is the provision that no licence shall issue in a city unless two thirds of the ratepayers of the ward in which the projected tavern is to be located petition for it. How this will work in the East it is difficult to say, but in some parts of Ontario, Toronto for example, it would be almost as effective for the wiping out of the liquor interest as prohibition. An equally interesting point in the bill is that touching the Scott Act. It requires the municipalities to appoint and pay preventive officers, and names a fine which is to be imposed upon such officers who fail to do their duty. The salaries are to be $500 a year, and the fine for neglect is to be $50 per case. In some Ontario counties, if report speak truly, the inspector's salary under such an arrangement would be eaten up five or six times every year by the fines.

"Kind Words can Never Die."

The Flesherton Advance last week completed its sixth year. The Advance is a good local paper, and its editor has our best wishes for his future success.—Shelburne Economist.

The Flesherton Advance was six years old last week. The Advance is getting to be a big boy now, and appears to grow in excellence as it grows in years.—Meaford Mirror.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Flesherton Advance, celebrated its sixth birthday last week. In a column and a half article Mr. Fawcett reviews the hardships and pleasures he has experienced since he planted the Advance in Flesherton. His was a novel experience, but pluck, patience and perseverance will accomplish much and we are sure friend Fawcett is possessed of these qualities. The Advance is a good paper and of which Flesherton may justly feel proud.—Dundalk Herald.

A slight mistake has been made by our respected contemporaries above. The Advance will complete its sixth year the first week in June next. Six years ago the first of this month we started a job printing business here, but it was two months later (June 1st, 1881) before we published the first number of The Flesherton Advance.]

Our old friend of the Flesherton Advance gives a very interesting account of his first going to Flesherton with his printing plant six years ago. The first printing he did there on Friday, April 1, 1881. All Fool's Day in this case has gone back on its record, and friend Fawcett has been eminently successful.—Thornbury Standard.

For the next 30 days you can get terrible bargains at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Don't fail to call. 3t

Money to Loan.

At 6% Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loans.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. THORNBURY

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Texas.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured. Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured. Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 00	to 2 10
Fall Wheat	$0 76	to 0 78
Spring Wheat	0 76	0 78
Barley	0 85	0 48
Oats	0 26	0 27
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 65	5 65
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 30	0 20
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON.

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil"

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON.

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885

THE CELEBRATED Dr. CHASES MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this wonderful remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton

Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

New Goods!

I have received a large assortment of Spring Goods, consisting of Gents, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Childrens Boots and Shoes.

I am offering them at prices that for quality cannot be beat. CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marblezed Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients in every disorder are affixed to each Box. Purchasers should observe the Address, 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

50 acre farm, 14 acres cleared. Apply to

M. RICHARDSON.

LOST NOTES.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against negotiating for two notes—one for $8.50 drawn in my favor by Mr. Hillock, and the other for $5, drawn in my favor by Henry Down, both now due as the same have been lost or misplaced by me. J. W. HODGSON.

Flesherton, Feb. 9th, 1887. The Down note is not due until May 9th, 1888. the Hillock note is now due.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

CAUTION.

I hereby caution any person against negotiating for a note for $15, in favor of Samuel Martin, which fell due about 1st Nov., 1886, as I have not received value for the same.

JOHN SHERWOOD,
Eugenia P.O.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 33, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P.M. at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. McL. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

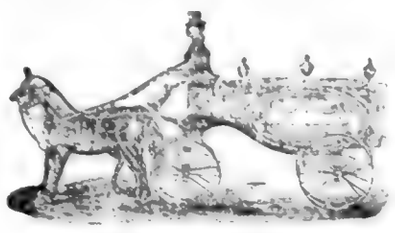

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

"What is the latest news in THE ADVANCE? is the question frequently asked by some, who are very much interested in local matters, and yet do not seem to want to expend a dollar and have a copy of their own.

Excitement in and around our village has been somewhat at a stand-still of late and we are waiting patiently for the rush of farm and garden operations, which will no doubt be soon on hand. New plows and harrows are frequently seen being brought home for use, and old ones taken to the shops for repairs. Bright hopes of good times beams on all countenances.

Mr. Frank Winters left here a few days ago to try his fortune in British Columbia where, if he does not succeed in making a fortune, he will at least store up some experience. We wish him every success.

Barney Saigeon was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the lungs a few days ago and is lying very low at Mr. John Graham's, with whom he was hired for the summer.

A little daughter of Robert Coutt's fell and broke her arm one day last week, but is now doing as well as could be expected.

Mr. F. Shinaman, who has been laid up for a long time, is slowly improving and on fine days is able to get out of the house.

Those who have started sugar-making report a poor season as the sap does not run and many will be disappointed at not having the usual taffy party.

"Requiescat in Pace."

Copy of an ancient document found in the [illegible] Museum by Guess & Co., situated on Wellington St. East in the City of Toronto, dated Aug. 29th, 1887.

MAUD—

"Alas, and is the ending
Thus? O, piles of speechless goods
Could ye but utterance find,
Your mute wails would start
And voice your pain. Ye Cloths
Impressed with Scotish name,
Containing in your inmost souls
The rumbling sound of Heavy mills
Busy wheels are ye content?
Ye ancient webbs of Royal Tyronian
Tweed, ye Bales of Cotton from the
Sunny South, ye Prints—reflectors
From the British plates of etchings
Of Canadians craft, ye Bedfast
Linens and ye Damasks fair
Ye lo-mince Cottonades—it's never
Fame—Ye matchless shirtings
Towellings rare, behold I want
Weep. Let silence from the
Flannels break whose fleecy
Softness once our hills adorned,
Or roamed in freedom over our fields
Of green. Ye silent Ticking in your
striped garb upon Wooden bosom,
Rests a weary world—Ye Carpet
Warps of white and cob red blue,
Ye Linings, with scarce a cent for,
Embrace who lists to the lowly tones
Of deceitful man—pass farewell."

WILLIAM—

Great Scott, shade of prophetic
Past, fall on this second Lot and
O'er its unfortunate fortune thickly
Mantle spread. Ye [illegible]
Ye the silk [illegible] shapely
Glass fair fencers [illegible]—reflect
Ye ties and black [illegible] for the storm,
Or in the Kitchen [illegible] stay your
Briny tears. Are ye [illegible]
Un understanding bent, consider
Well thy pathless [illegible] track or
Get ye the hand [illegible] departing
Grip, and grasp the COVER from the
Blinding storm. Encircling wraps
That drape the female form divine
Grace and Dignity in the rear
Display. Ye vowels spluttling
And ye precious Pearl Ye garments
With [illegible]
Ye ancient HANDS and ye sacred
SKIRTS—N. Hamburgh Sidings and ye
Lace so rare. Yea many mental Failings,
And ye Irish Linens—all your
Spotless purity arise and hold in
Lively reverence at our fall. Oh! Twell-
Cleansers of our frail impurity ye
Yon curtains of aesthetic grace
Veil in your Dimities the grief
Stricken, relished from the
Withering blast of scorn.

Moses—what crashing [illegible]
Hurried form surrounds us our fragile
Bark. Tossed [illegible] Fate is wary fort
Fide is worse than seeming Delirium
Early spring attired. Close clashing
Elements of mercantile depression
Reserved in [illegible] darkness
For the dreaded [illegible]
In wrath! Ye gaze [illegible]
Craft, and Swept with [illegible]
Hail Four rope away. The Chain
Of Cusses or Chum [illegible] arrest.
Beware! In concealment [illegible] within
His Breast.

Ho Hamet, or [illegible]
Sail is driven the [illegible] PACKET
Express or CUPID [illegible]
On Diseases given [illegible] Mollett with
Its vessel freight. Hast
Silence supreme [illegible]
Tried Heart [illegible]
Cries MAXWELL [illegible]
From thy dear tokens [illegible]
Part, though [illegible]
Rob me of the rest.

JAMES—

Cold Leaf enlarges, who [illegible]
Have often raised internal animosity,
Only in my soul, but [illegible]
Life whose potent [illegible]
Its magnified [illegible]
So says the boss stipend [illegible]
Do may on's head [illegible]
Mortal's loop about [illegible]
TRADESMEN [illegible]
Use passe [illegible]
Backaches As [illegible]
Me [illegible]
Supply one half [illegible]
I've Bot STEAD [illegible]
One supposes, cursed hard by Kemp
Is Not a bed of roses. But my
Eye is single and my head is clear
By Jennie Lind as happy as a bold
Buccaneer, I'll hoist up my anchor,
With my sail unfurled, farewell
No. 7, Fine bound for the World.

TRAVELER—

Extend thy shade, Oh mystry divine,
That on these battered Trunks—companions
Of my wanderings may fall, thy great
Oblivious veil. Bespeak that rest, since
Their last journeys o'er, that memories
Of the past may resurrect, no more.
Tear stained and storm tossed, many
A wearie mile, in summers heat
Or winters chilly blast—through mud
And mire, from dawn to darkest night,
With saddened visage or with courage
Bright—companions of my strange
Vicissitudes—farewell
In other hands thou can'st my secret
Keep, for other hearts perchance o'er these
May weep. Time levels all—the good
And the unjust, will mingle with
My shattered trunks—in Dust.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Jennie Hames, aged 11 years, whom we reported ill in our last writing, has since succumbed to her illness. She was one of our brightest and fairest children, and will be greatly missed by her companions, both in the day school and in the sabbath school. He remains were conveyed to Fredricksburg for interment.

There has been a great deal of sickness around here this spring—chiefly inflammation.

Mrs. James Cornfield is very ill with inflammation of the lungs.

Master Hilliard Hutchinson left here to attend the Collegiate Institute in Orangeville.

If you have a cold, cough, bronchitis, or any form of throat or lung disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and cure all ailments of this character.

Flesherton Station.

Wednesday afternoon of last week a serious "row" occurred at the Station in which J. G. Carson was terribly pounded on the face and body by A. Hannah. Various accounts are given of the fracas, but how it really originated is shrouded in doubt. Both men were observed scuffling [illegible] after which they went into the bar-room. Here Carson was found lying on the floor shortly afterwards, his face pounded beyond recognition. He was at once brought to Dr. Christie's office in this town where he received every care and attention. It was not long before an excited throng of citizens and neighboring farmers were assembled in front of the Medical Hall, discussing the affair in excited whispers. Owing to the terrible condition of Carson nothing definite could be learned.

Thursday morning's train brought an Owen Sound constable to the Station to look after Hannah. The latter was altogether too wide-awake for the county town detective and very adroitly kept clear of the clutches of the sleepy minion of the law.

Since the above was in type, we learn that both men had been indulging considerably in liquor. Also, that Hannah received several severe blows on the head and body. Later reports say Hannah went to Owen Sound and gave himself up to the authorities, and thereby saved that smart detective another fruitless trip.

From all the evidence placed at our disposal, we can come to but one conclusion, namely, both men drank too much whiskey and one is nearly as much to blame as the other—one was insolent, the other brutal.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made impossible by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ in Canada supplies a constituent part of the health of [illegible] Hop Bitters never [illegible] the world's vegetable [illegible] Dr. Carson's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recommended at [illegible] $1.00 a bottle at druggists.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, [illegible] Sold at Medical Hall.

BUY Nasmith's Pure Cocoa and [illegible] Cocoa. Only 25c. per tin. Ask for [illegible] Cocoa. Can be had for 25c. by some Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure. A few drops [illegible] 1 to 2 boxes [illegible] 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed [illegible] Try it. Only 25 cents a sure cure. Sold by druggists.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint [illegible] Sold at Medical Hall.

"BACK ACHE," rheumatism and [illegible] perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Boston, Ind., says: "I do most cheerfully recommend Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold at Medical Hall.

HAVE YOU TRIED [illegible] Perkins & Co.'s Cigars? [illegible] Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

LADIES troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair.—Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. P. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

[illegible] Mass.
[illegible] & Montreal.

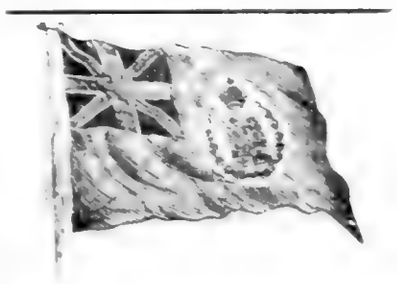

HIP.

HIP,

HURRA!

THE

Advance

BOOK AND

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THE FIGHT OVER IRELAND.

Cloture and the First Reading of the Crimes Bill Carried.

PARNELL'S GREAT SPEECH.

The Irish Will Do Nothing to Hamper Mr. Gladstone in His Glorious Work.

A last (Thursday) night's London despatch says: Lord Hartington at a meeting to-day of the Liberal Union members of both Houses of Parliament explained that the Government had made the Irish Crimes Act Amendment Bill a question of confidence, and if the Liberal Unionists failed to support the Bill, and in that way brought about its defeat, the result would be the advent of Gladstone to power. It was the imperative duty of the Liberal Unionists to prevent this. The meeting decided to support the Bill. Several members were absent. The meeting hall was crowded. Among the prominent persons present were the Earl of Derby, Mr. Chamberlain and Baron Rothschild. The meeting, with the exception of two dissentients, unanimously adopted Lord Hartington's proposal that the Liberal Unionists support the second reading of the Crimes Bill on condition that members be allowed to criticise the measure in committee. Mr. Chamberlain approved the proposal.

In the House of Lords to-night Earl Cadogan (Con.) presented a Bill providing for the purchase of Irish holdings, or in other words for the abolition of the system of dual ownership created by the Act of 1881. It was proposed, he said, to admit leaseholders to the benefits of the Act of 1881. (Cheers.) The leaseholders whose leases expired prior to 1881, numbering 160,000, were to be admitted to the benefits of the Act of 1881 in the same manner as those whose leases expired in that year. It was also proposed that a landlord must issue notice in the form scheduled in the Bill when he obtains an ejectment writ from the Court; that he be required to serve the tenant with that notice in the manner prescribed by the Courts, either by service or by posting; that when the tenant receives this notice he shall become *ipso facto* caretaker of his holding for the period of six months, and that the redemption shall run as from that date.

Earl Cadogan said the Government found it impossible to adopt the Land Commissioners' recommendation that a period of five years for the fixing of judicial rents be substituted for that of fifteen years, according to the present law. The Government agreed with Lord Hartington that it was an open question whether the Irish rents were excessive or not, or whether excessive rents were exacted. Therefore it would be unreasonable to deal anew with the settlement of rents fixed by the Act of 1881. If those settlements should be disturbed the landlords and tenants would be led to believe that there was no finality to such a settlement. The Government believed the time had arrived to formulate a further measure dealing with tenants' purchase of holdings, and looked to that mainly for a settlement of the questions which unhappily agitated the country. In that alone they believed would be found the solution of those questions. (Cheers.) The Government proposed to deal with the question in two parts. The first was the Bill which had just been described, dealing with questions of urgency and great difficulty arising from the Land Act of 1881. This Bill, which it was hoped would reduce the number of evictions one-half, would be followed by a Bill relating to the purchase of holdings. This latter Bill the Government hoped would permanently settle the difficulty. The Government asked their Lordships who were landlords in Ireland and those connected with them to make heavy sacrifices. The measure strictly regarded the rights of property and was, through an earnest desire to remedy complaints arising from the land laws, drawn in a spirit of fairness and justice. They proposed to relieve tenants who were insolvent through no fault of their own, but through misfortune. For extravagant and improvident tenants the Government proposed a county court, the judge of which, while granting the landlord judgment shall be empowered to a reasonable stay of execution for a period to be decided by the judge, the tenant meanwhile not to be removed from his holding. The Government would constitute the county court judge a judge in bankruptcy within the area of his ordinary jurisdiction.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons to-night Mr. W. H. Smith suggested that if the Irish Crimes Bill be read a first time to-night, the second reading could be taken up on Tuesday, and then there would be an interval of a week between the second reading and going into committee. He said it was the imperative duty of the Government to insist that the House come to an early decision on the principle of the Bill. Referring to the Land Bill, he said it was of vital importance that the Government use every effort to make the measure law.

Mr. Parnell, upon rising to resume the debate on the Crimes Bill, was loudly cheered. He said that with the production of the Land Bill yesterday Parliament had been put in possession of the complete plan of the Government in all its nakedness and dishonesty. The Land Bill had revealed the extent of the plot and the gravity of the conspiracy through which the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists intended to try and coerce tenants in Ireland into the payment of impossible rents and compel them to purchase their landlords' interests at exorbitant rates. If the House should ever give the Government power thus to coerce the people, the result would most certainly be wholesale repudiation, involving immense loss to the British taxpayer. The Government were pressing on coercion with indecent haste. They had refused to carry out the recommendations of the Land Commission. If the Coercion Bill were passed, the last defence of the tenants against wholesale robbery would be removed. In just land purchase lay the only hope of settling the land question. If it was done at fair prices and in the absence of coercion, Irish tenants would fulfil their obligations to the last penny.

Proceeding to discuss the provisions of the Bill, Mr. Parnell contended that the powers given to the magistrates would enable them to send political opponents to prison for six months—to a plank bed and prison diet. No part of previous Coercion Acts had ever excited so much distrust of English justice as the proposal to change the venue of trial and bring the Irish before special English juries. The proposal meant a reign of judicial murders. Secret societies would spring up, fostered by the sufferings of an oppressed nation, and those who had been persistent in counselling the people to observe patience and moderation might counsel in vain. But he would still counsel them to submit to injustice rather than retaliate or do anything that might drive Mr. Gladstone from their side or increase his difficulties or place them in a false position with the Liberals. Their battle was now won in Ireland. (Cheers.) The party which alone could gain by violence, by the people of Ireland going beyond the law, was the present Government. That was the reason this Bill had been brought forward. Its object was to strengthen the Government's own miserable position. Let not the people of Ireland fall into the toils thus set for them. He greatly feared the results of the Bill, but he would not cease to tell them that the situation was entirely different from that of five years ago, and that for them victory was certain. The people of Ireland would again bear the strain with patience. Mr. Gladstone would not find his action hampered or his hands sullied in the great and glorious work he had undertaken. (Cheers.) He concluded by moving that the House resolve itself into committee to consider the state of Ireland.

Mr. Harrington, amid great laughter, read letters from the Knight of Kerry, Lord Monck and others, applying on behalf of friends and relatives for stipendiary magistrateships in Ireland. When asked where he had obtained the letters, he replied that he had bought them at an auction. This answer was received with shouts of laughter. Mr. Harrington proceeded to explain that the principal qualifications urged in behalf of the applicants were poverty and large families. On being interrupted by cries of "Divide," he said he was not surprised at the impatience shown by the gentlemen opposite upon the exposure of these unpalatable facts, but he had a right, he said, to show the characters of the men at whose mercy it was proposed to place the liberties of Irishmen.

Labouchere, said the disorders in Ireland were due to the execrable laws and the Government's defiance of the wishes of the people. The Conservatives seemed unable to understand that they are dealing with a nation entitled to make its own laws, notwithstanding individuals. The terrorism and outrages which flourished in the Southern States during Andrew Johnson's time ceased in 1876 when Home Rule was granted. The speaker taunted Balfour with ignorance of the condition of Ireland and said that Balfour hardly cared what measure he proposed. He denounced the partisan Irish judges for making exciting political harangues. As regarded the proposal to make the Crimes Bill a permanent measure, if that were done the Bill would never be abrogated, as a majority of the members of the House of Lords were Salisbury's subservient political slaves.

The Speaker interposed and Labouchere modified his expression to "the majority is entirely in Lord Salisbury's hands."

Continuing, he said the Irish conspirators were a class of privileged landlords who were the perpetual enemies of the people and who desired to deprive them of their civil rights. He taunted Chamberlain with having made an offer to the Liberals to oppose coercion if they would accept his Irish plans. When this offer was refused Chamberlain took his goods to the other side. Chamberlain only "wanted his miserable vanity satisfied." The Radicals would not forgive Chamberlain if he voted for coercion. The door of repentance was closing against the Radicals who were affording the Tories an unnatural, hollow and discreditable support. This was the last effort of the classes against the masses. It was a struggle between plutocrats—Irish and English landlords and the men who occupied the land and asked a fair share of its fruits. The struggle was between a system of government by the people and a system based upon the coercion of the people. The English Democrats would stand shoulder to shoulder with the Irish Democrats. Apart from the justice of the cause it was to their interest to do so, because they knew when the Government had finished with Ireland the turn of the English Democrats would come. He did not fear a permanent Conservative success. The flowing tide was with the Democrats and the ebbing with the Conservatives. The Bill would do more than anything else to advance Home Rule.

Mr. Conybears continued the discussion amid cries of "Divide."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor moved to adjourn the debate.

Mr. Gladstone, in supporting the motion, said there were strong reasons for it. He defended Mr. Parnell's delay in moving his amendment, and said this was a grave and serious case, demanding another night for discussion. With reference to Mr. Parnell's speech, Mr. Gladstone said he had never known of an instance in which the case made for such a Bill had been so completely torn to rags. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. W. H. Smith complained because the Parnellities had not risen sooner, and said he was unable to accede to Mr. O'Connor's request.

Mr. Parnell supported Mr. O'Connor's motion.

Mr. O'Connor's motion was rejected by a vote of 361 to 254.

Upon Mr. Smith putting the question Mr. Gladstone rose and walked down the floor into the Opposition lobby, all the members of the Opposition standing and cheering him as he did so.

On returning to the House he was again loudly cheered.

The motion for cloture was carried by a vote of 361 to 253, and the first reading of the Bill was agreed to without a division.

The announcement of the result of the cloture decision was received with cheers and counter cheers, and cries from the Parnellites of "Tyranny!" "Down with the Speaker."

All the members on the front Opposition bench, with Mr. Gladstone leading, left the House followed by a large body of Liberals.

Mr. Morley's speech is but the prelude to organized action. Mr. Schnadhorst, the caucus king, is setting his machinery in motion, and meetings are to be held indoors and out. Demonstrations on a great scale all over the country are planned.

SAVED BY PEPPER.

Courageous and Successful Combat of a Young Lady With a Wayside Assailant.

A Heller's Creek, Pa., despatch says Miss Netta Fink, a 15-year-old girl, had a thrilling experience while returning home from a neighboring store last evening. The store where she had visited is about a mile from her home, and the road, like all country highways, is desolate and lonely. Miss Fink, whose appearance was that of a woman of 20 rather than a girl of 15, started homeward shortly after 6 o'clock, having no fear of being molested, as she frequently travelled over the same road at a later hour. She amused herself by singing sentimental songs in a low tone of voice. When she reached a part where the road is thickly lined on both sides with tall pines she saw the forms of two men some distance ahead cross the road and enter the brush. As it was customary to see farm hands take byways and short cuts home, which branch off from the main road, she was not alarmed, but continued her journey until she passed the spot where the men crossed over, when suddenly a burly-looking fellow, with slouch hat drawn down over his face, jumped out from the brush and seized her by the throat, at the same time trying to force a big red handkerchief into her mouth. Failing in this he kept his hand tightly clasped over her mouth, and then tried to carry or drag her off the road into the brush.

Miss Fink is a robust girl and battled with her assailant with wonderful strength. A desperate struggle followed, during which the girl's clothing was almost torn from her body. She had dropped all the articles she had purchased at the store with the exception of a small package of pepper, which she held in her hand. She quickly dashed it into the brute's face, and by a supreme effort broke from his grasp and ran for her life. At the same time the two men who a short time before had crossed the road sprang out of the brush as if to assist the man who made the attack. The young lady reached home very much exhausted and was scarcely able to tell her story. Somewhat recovering from her shock she related her encounter with the men, whereupon her father, brothers and several neighbors, armed to the teeth, started in pursuit of the trio, while the mother took care of the girl, whose face was terribly bruised and swollen from the rough treatment she had received. The whole neighborhood was aroused and many recruits soon started out to join the pursuing party, who kept the search up until midnight without success. Determined to capture the gang if possible, they resumed the search this morning, but up to a late hour nothing further was heard from them

SNAKES IN THE BACK LOG.

Thrilling Adventure by the Fireside in a Catskill Home.

A Pine Hill, N.Y., despatch says: Up here in the Catskills, where two or three thousand New Yorkers while away the summer, is an old homestead in which a farmer resides with his family. The house is quaint and old-fashioned, not the least of the attractions being great yawning fireplaces, in which immense "back logs" crackle and blaze, while the kettle sings merrily on the hob.

It is still winter at Pine Hill and vicinity, so "back logs" continue to be in great demand.

When the snow and hail were coming down lively last Sunday night, and the wind was blowing no "small guns," the farmer, Matthews, replenished the fire around which his wife and rosy cheeked boys and girls were cosily gathered. As the farmer placed an immense knotty piece of wood, in which there was a deep hole, on the fire one of the children remarked:

"Hope there's no little mousies in there, dad."

"That there was something in the pine knot was soon made evident by the unusual crackling and hissing, and five pairs of dilated eyes watched the hole in the wood intently, as the blaze crept closer and closer to it. Presently there was a jumping and skurrying of the farmer and his family as a snake slowly but surely issued forth from the wood. It squirmed and jumped, and at last, by a violent effort, freed itself from the fireplace. The farmer and eldest son killed the reptile, which was found to be a young rattlesnake. Two other small snakes of the same species also crawled out of the wood and were quickly despatched. During the entire performance the farmer's wife stood on a chair with her skirts gathered heroically about her and shrieked lustily. The next morning, however, according to the farmer's story, his wife pointed proudly to the snakes and said:

"We killed them all within a half hour: didn't we, William?"

The Bohemian Oat Swindle.

A Plymouth, Mich., despatch says: Abraham Gorslin was examined here to-day on the charge of obtaining Mayor Gates' signature to a note on false pretences, and was bound over for trial in the Circuit Court with bail fixed at $500. Gorslin, in November, 1885, being then President of the Bohemian Oat Company, induced Gates to buy thirty bushels of oats at $10 per bushel on promise that the company next year would sell twice that amount for him at the same price, Gates giving his note for $300. The latter brings and swears witnesses in corroboration that Gorslin told him the company had $10,000 on deposit with the State Treasurer to insure the fulfilment of its bonds. Afterwards, when the company collapsed, having delivered only part of the thirty bushels of oats, Gorslin told Gates he was glad to get out of it as he had known all along it was a fraud. Evidence was produced showing the company never had any money deposited with the State Treasurer. Gorslin and his agent Lawrence denied that a statement that such money was on deposit was made.

Mrs. Lemuel Clute, of Ionia, Mich., is confined to the house with injuries inflicted by a big rooster, which flew at her the other day, knocked her down, and followed up his advantage with beak and claws until Mrs. Clute's screams brought the hired girl with a pail of water and a stove hook

PERISHING IN THE TREE-TOPS.

Terrible Experience of Twelve Men in Dakota's Flood—Lions for Neighbors.

A St. Paul, Minn., telegram says: F. B. Thayer, a Pullman car conductor on the Northern Pacific road, gives a graphic account of a perilous trip of a party of twelve, made across the river at Bismarck Thursday night, during the ice-gorge there. His orders were imperative to cross the river, and he managed to hire rivermen to take him and six passengers across in a yawl. The flood was at its height, the Missouri River was full of floating ice and it seemed almost impossible for a boat to live in the angry torrent. Mr. Thayer says:

"We left the landing about 5 o'clock. It looked as though we would make the trip to Bismarck before dark, as the current was running so swiftly that it was only necessary to steer the boat and keep her head down stream. Suddenly and without warning a squall struck us, the boat almost upset, so violent was the shock, and we shipped a sea that completely filled the bottom of our barque and gave us a ducking. The wind seemed to have started the ice, and we were continually being caught in eddies that would turn the boat around and make it unmanageable even with four strong men at the oars. Once we came in collision with an ice-floe with such force that it seemed as if we should go to the bottom.

"We gradually worked the boat into the tree-tops that were a few feet above water and secured anchorage. The wind had increased in violence and soon after dark it began to rain, then hail and finally snow. Our clothing was wet through and finally froze stiff. One of the party had got his feet wet and changed his stockings, but his shoes froze and he was so benumbed that he could not get them on again. He then took a coat from his satchel, cut the sleeves out and wrapped his feet in the sleeves. We stood up in the boat, stamped, swung our arms to keep our blood in circulation and resorted to every form of exercise that our cramped position would permit. One of the party finally gave up and declared he did not care if he did freeze to death, and sank down in the boat. I aroused him by a smart slap in the face that angered him, and he got up and wanted to fight. The same thing occurred several times during that awful night.

"The roaring of the river and the cracking of the ice were simply awful. At times we could not make ourselves heard, and to add to our discomfiture we could hear quite near us the screams of two mountain lions, probably in some tree-top, imprisoned by the flood. At last it grew lighter, the tide suddenly went down, and the muddy waves diminished in size. There was less ice in the river, too, and with benumbed hands we unfastened our moorings and drifted with the flood down the river and finally managed to get ashore."

THE DONAHUE CASE.

"Clutch" Escapes the Clutches of the Law Once More.

A last (Thursday) night's Welland despatch says: The case of the United States Express Co. vs. Donahue was concluded at the Assizes to-day. The defence relied principally upon an alibi, the evidence for which is as follows: Wm. Buchner, the captain of a cavalry troop, swore that within a few days before going into camp at Niagara, on the 22nd June, 1883, he borrowed a sum of money from Donahue at Fort Erie, with which to pay expenses. He was not positive as to how long before going to camp he borrowed the money, but fixed the date of the departure of his company as the 22nd June, and three members of the troop testified to being present at the interview between their captain and Donahue, and all three stated that it was about 8 o'clock in the evening, two days before the camp opened, making it June 20th. James Spain swore to taking a drink with Donahue in Fort Erie on the 22nd June, after the volunteers had left. It would be impossible to leave Fort Erie after the time sworn to by the volunteers and go to Susquehanna in time for the robbery, much less get back by the time sworn to by Spain. Mr. Osler, in a powerful address to the jury, claimed that a verdict for the plaintiff would be believing the questionable testimony of thieves and detectives against that of the reputable citizens who had sworn to the alibi. Mr. Kerr, on the other hand, pointed out that the evidence against Donahue was of the strongest kind, and that the alibi witnesses might easily be mistaken as to dates of events so long past. The jury, after about an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict for the defendant. His Lordship remarked that if he were the jury he would have found differently.

THE BOOM CONTINUES.

Sault Ste. Marie in the Hands of Boomers and Speculators.

A Marquette, Mich., despatch says: The army of boomers, sharks and speculators which is in possession of everything at Sault Ste. Marie continues to increase with every train. Not only town property, but land anywhere within two to five miles is gobbled up like hot cakes. For the present the boomers hold the fort and are perfectly wild with excitement. The most extravagant stories are afloat regarding deals and a great deal of gambling is said to be in progress. The excitement is increasing hourly, and it is claimed $1,250,000 have actually changed hands or are tied up in short time options.

Resistance of Snow to Bullets.

An Ottawa despatch says: Colonel White's report of his experiments on the resistance of snow to bullets, in connection with the recent Nordenfeldt gun experiments before the Gov.-General and Lord Alexander Russell, has just been made public. He says that the Martini bullets fired into a bank of well packed snow were completely spent after traversing a distance of not more than four feet from the point of compact. Snider bullets, in hard packed snow mixed with ice, but not hard enough to prevent digging into it with a sheet-iron shovel, did not penetrate more than about four feet; in perfectly dry snow, packed by natural drift, but capable of being easily crushed in the hand, a bullet penetrated about four feet, and in loose drifted dry snow less than seven feet, though fired from points only twenty or thirty yards distant.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMAYR

On Friday, April 1st, two Ingersoll hotel keepers named Marsden and McMurry were each fined $50 for violation of the Scott Act.

Wm. Keene, a young immigrant who came out on the Parisian, while on his way to London, Ont., fell off the train near Pointe Claire and sustained a compound fracture of the skull.

David Pike, well known as an hostler at the hotels around Zurich, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor in bed yesterday morning at the Commercial Hotel. Dr. Buchanan was called and sewed up the gash. He will likely die.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Geo. Weir, a wealthy farmer living on the 12th concession of East Nissouri, about four miles from Thamesford, hanged himself in the barn with a leather line. He was discovered and cut down, but the doctor says his case is hopeless. The cause is believed to be the loss of some money and family trouble.

Mr. J. L. Northrup, a breeder of thoroughbred cattle, of Westfield, N.Y., was taken to the General Hospital, Montreal, on Saturday, having been badly burned through the burning of a railway car. Mr. Northrup bought a thoroughbred bull from the Pope Farm, at Compton, Que., for $5,000, and was on his way home with it when the accident occurred. It is supposed that the car took fire while some one was smoking. The car was totally destroyed and the bull roasted to death.

A painful accident happened at St. Francois, Que., on the Temiscouata Railway. The foreman had taken out a short piece of fuse for a blast, when a man named Caron took a match and set fire to it. The foreman shouted to him to throw it away in the snow, but he would not do it, thinking he could hold it. His boasting was soon punished, for the fuse exploding, carried off one of his hands, which could not be found, and mutilated the other as well as his face. Amputation of both arms was performed. Hopes are entertained that one eye will be left to the poor cripple.

The Queen received the local officials and the chief English colonists at her villa at Cannes on Saturday.

Lord Hindlip, formerly Sir Henry Allsopp, a member of the brewing firm, is dead. He was 76 years of age.

The Russian Government has placed at the disposal of the police £37,000 to be used in unravelling the Nihilist conspiracy.

It is reported that Emperor Francis Joseph will go to England during the Queen's Jubilee if political affairs permit of his leaving Austria.

The fine Roman amphitheatre at Poli, in Austria, on the Adriatic, suddenly collapsed yesterday and fell into an immense chasm which opened on the site. From this chasm vapors are emitted.

The Pope has sent a confidential communication to the Prussian bishops, inviting suggestions as to the feasibility of establishing a nunciature at Berlin for Prussia, or one nunciature for the whole of Germany.

Saturday brought forth three ghastly reminders of the Richmond Hotel disaster at Buffalo, in the shape of three charred bodies dug out of the ruins, one, that of Lizzie Welch, a servant girl, the other without much doubt that of Robert S. Boyd, of Boston, and the third thought to be that of Katie Kent, a servant. The bodies are so badly charred and disfigured that identification can only be partial.

A most shocking tragedy took place at Conshatta, La., on Saturday afternoon, resulting in the death of J. H. Scheen and A. C. Brown. Brown had become incensed against M. A. Cockerham, a son-in-law of Scheen, on account of some business trouble, and had been seen on the streets Saturday afternoon inquiring for Cockerham. Finding him at Scheen's store, pistols were drawn and they began firing upon each other. Scheen received a shot in the mouth, which passed through and broke his neck, causing instant death. Brown received a shot in each arm, and after promiscuous firing on both sides the men left the store. Young John Scheen seized a double-barrelled gun and fired upon the retreating form of Brown, who ran to a store about 100 yards distant and expired

JUBILEE THANKSGIVING.

The Lords and Commons to Attend Worship in Separate Churches.

A London cablegram says: On May 22nd, the Sunday after Ascension Day, the Speaker and the House of Commons will attend at St. Margaret's, Westminster, their recognized church, at a Jubilee thanksgiving service. The preacher will be the Bishop of Ripon. The last occasion on which the House of Commons attended a church service in State was on the 4th of May, 1856, on the occasion of the national thanksgiving for the restoration of peace after the close of the Crimean war. But perhaps the most memorable occasion was the special service on the 21st of March, 1855, when a fast day was appointed by Royal proclamation, and special prayer was made for a blessing on "the just and necessary war (the Crimean) in which we are engaged." The sermon on that occasion was preached with marvellous eloquence by Canon Melville. It will be observed that only the House of Commons attend the service at St. Margaret's, which is their parish church. The House of Lords are supposed to attend Divine worship at the more aristocratic Abbey of Westminster, close by.

Canadian Cheese in England.

A London (Ont.) despatch says: Prof Robertson, of the Ontario Agricultural College, who had charge of the Canadian cheese exhibit at the recent Indian and Colonial Exposition, left London to-day for England. In an interview he expressed the opinion that Canadian cheese will rule considerably higher this season than for two or three years past, and that the reputation earned by the Canadian dairies at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition will stimulate a much larger trade in that product than heretofore. He also believes that Canadian butter will be in great demand in Great Britain next year.

J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, left an estate worth nearly $3,000,000.

HONG KONG.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition 1886.

(Essay by Thomas C. Watkins.)

This island with its dependencies forms one of the small colonies of Great Britain on the coast of China. It is but a baby colony yet, but, may e'er a century rolls over, become like India, a vast territorial possession, containing hundreds of millions of the sons of Shem, to be ruled over, and enlightened in the modern arts and sciences, and taught the pure, the divine, the holy principles of the Christian religion by a mere handful of the children of Japhet. The Island of Hong Kong is situated twelve miles east-southeast from the estuary of the Canton River, and ninety distant from Canton, which is the capital of Southern China. The name is taken from the Chinese "Heung Kong," which means "the fragrant sea port." The island is known among the Chinese by the name "Kivan Tai Lo," which means "Petticoat String Road," the original pathway along the northern shore being compared by the Chinese to the string of a petticoat. The island of Hong Kong is situated between 22° 10 min. and 22° 17 min. north latitude and 114° 6 min. and 114° 18 min. east longitude. It is bounded on the north by Victoria Harbor; on the northeast by a pass from a quarter to half a mile wide, known as the Ly-ee-moon Pass on the east Tathong Channel, and on the south and west by the China Sea, here studded with numerous islands. Victoria Harbor, Ly-ee-moon Pass and Tathong Channel separate the island from the mainland of China, in the Province of Kivong-tung, which is not the least riotous of the Provinces of China. It has a circumference of twenty-seven miles, and an area of thirty square miles, very little of which is arable land, owing to the abrupt and rocky hills composing the greater part of the island. It was ceded to Great Britain, together with the harbor and surrounding islets, in January, 1841, and the cession was confirmed by the Treaty of Nanking in August, 1842. Hong Kong and its dependencies were erected into "The Colony of Hong Kong" by letter-patent bearing date the 5th April, 1843. In October, 1860, a part of the mainland jutting into Victoria harbor, and known as the Kow-loon Peninsula, containing an area of three square miles, was also ceded to Great Britain as a dependency of the colony of Hong Kong. The name Rowloon is derived from "Kam-lung," the nine dragons. The administration of the colony, until lately, was in the hands of the Governor, who, with an Executive Council of five official members and a Legislative Council of four official and four unofficial members, presided over by the Governor, all the unofficial members being

NOMINATED BY THE CROWN,

on the recommendation of the Governor. Sir George Ferguson Bowen, the present Governor, has brought about a change. On his representation to the British Government the Councils have been remodeled. The Executive consists of six official members and the Legislative Council of six official and five unofficial members, three of the latter being nominated by the Crown and the others elected, one by the Chamber of Commerce and one by the magistrates, neither of whom can be Government officers. This island consists mostly of abrupt and rocky hills. There is a continuous range of abrupt and rocky hills, terminating over a thousand feet above the sea in serrated peaks, dividing the north of the island from the south; and Victoria Peak on the west side and Mount Parker on the east side are from 1,820 to 1,840 feet high. The average width of the island is only three miles, consequently the descent from the hills to the sea is very precipitous. The eastern division of the island is much wider, the hills running off at a tangent to the north and south make the extreme width seven miles. The southeastern part of the island is separated by an inlet of the sea a mile and a half wide, which runs up for three miles between the hills, which bears the name of Taitam Bay. This bay separates this part of the island into two peninsulas, called the Taitam and D'Aguilar Peninsulas. Owing to the precipitous nature of the hills they are cut into deep ravines by the torrents of water which rush down them during the

HEAVY RAINS OF SUMMER,

but in the winter season, when very little rain falls, they are frequently dry. There is, however, a very remarkable exception to this rule in some few of these ravines, which, no doubt, as the torrents rushed down them for ages they wore the rocks away until they cut into springs of water, which now supply perennial streams which leap continuously from rock to rock down these wild romantic ravines. Hong Kong is mostly one great mass of granite, thrown up by some great convulsion of nature from the azoic strata of the earth, and now partly decomposed and washed down into the valley, forming a scanty soil to nourish the vegetables which take root therein, but on the tops of some of the higher hills large beds of clay are found; no doubt having been forced up by volcanic power from the alluvial strata of the earth on top of the immense mass of granite, as she in her mighty throes cast forth this romantic island from her bosom. Embedded in the decomposed granite are huge round boulders, from ten to twenty feet in diameter, of hard granite, having the quartz, mica and felspar well proportioned and of the best description for building purposes. They have but a limited zoology in wild animals, only wild cats, and they are not numerous. In domestic animals they have dogs, cats, buffaloes, goats and pigs. Reptiles are numerous, including pythons and snakes of different kinds. The cobra and green snake (known as the bamboo snake) are the only two found to be poisonous. Lizards, iguanas, newts, bull and edible frogs are abundant. There are immense quantities of insects, comprising beetles of various kinds, mosquitoes, dragon flies, locusts, ants, wasps, bees, butterflies, moths, spiders, centipedes, scorpions, snails, worms, fire-flies, glow-worms, etc. White ants are abundant and very destructive. Oysters, cuttle fish, sea stars, jelly fish and sea anemones are plentiful in the surrounding waters. Since game laws were passed in 1870 numerous varieties of birds make their home in the colony, such as sparrows, hawks, kites, goat-suckers, king-fishers, wagtails, fly-catchers, tomtits, larks, magpies, etc., domestic fowls, peacocks, pheasants, pigeons and doves. In marshes and paddy fields, near the Canton River, rice birds, quail, teal, herons and snipe abound. The flora of Hong Kong is really charming. It affords a field of keenest delight to the botanist. There are over 1,200 species of flowering plants, divided into fifty-nine genera, and 125 natural orders, and every year is adding largely to the number of species. There are several trees, shrubs and plants growing over the island which give it a romantic and pleasing appearance, when taken in connection with its wild, wierd looking back ground of mountains and deep gorges. Hong Kong is the natural home of the beautiful rhodolocia championi, the camelia, azalia, long flowered lily, hibiscus, strychinos, thorn apple and gelsemium. Ferns and orchids are also abundant, most varied and beautiful. The climate of Hong Kong is greatly influenced by the monsoons. In common with the whole of Southern China, the climate is very damp in summer, during the southwest monsoon, and particularly dry in autumn and winter, during the northeast monsoon. The seasons are therefore divided into wet and dry; the

WET SEASON COMMENCING IN MAY

and ending in September, while the dry season extends from October to April inclusive. At the beginning of the year the northeast monsoon blows steadily, sometimes with great force, and continues without interruption until the 1st of March, then its force begins to slacken, later on it wavers, and at last dies away by the end of April. During very warm summers in Australia and over the southern hemisphere, the easterly trade wind of the Pacific Ocean, and its northwestern boundary, the northeast monsoon is drawn several degrees further south than usual, and almost on to the equator, thus giving a longer and cooler spring to Hong Kong. The southwest monsoon usually sets in by the end of May. It commences with a strong breeze, but is never equal in force or weight to the northeast monsoon. Although it brings tremendous floods of rain, which last for a longer or shorter period, according to the influences of the evaporating processes of nature to surcharge the clouds with a greater or less supply of water, it is the finest period of the year for navigating the Chinese seas; but sometimes there are terrible exceptions, for the period of the southwest monsoon is the season for these great, and frequently fearfully destructive, revolving storms, know as typhoons. The southwest monsoon generally ends with October and the northwest commences at once and continues with greater, and sometimes with less force and energy, at times bursting forth into a fierce gale, and at others subsiding into gentle breezes until the following spring. The usual average rainfall is eighty-five inches, of which seventy inches fall from the beginning of May to the end of September. The thriving and beautiful town of Victoria is the seat of the Colonial Government and the centre of the trade and commerce of the colony. It has a most charming site on the north side of the island, along Victoria Bay, and fronting on its magnificent habor. It extends along the bay for a distance of four miles, and stands mostly on the lower elevations and undulations of the hillsides, having steep ascents from the harbor. It presents a most imposing and charming view to the spectators as they sail up the harbor from distant shores. The harbor of Victoria is the capacious channel of the China Sea, lying between the town and the mainland of China, having a length of four miles and a breadth of from two to three miles. It is deep enough to sail the largest vessels, and could accommodate the fleets of the whole world to ride at anchor on its capacious sparkling bosom, as its ripples glitter on the sunlight. It opens towards the Northern seas and Pacific Ocean through the deep channel of the Ly-ee-moon pass, and to the Southern seas direct, along the western shore of the island. The town is long and narrow, but assumes no particular form, as the streets and roads are adapted to the steep and varying slopes of the hill sides, and the narrow strip of land forming the lower levels between the foot of the hills and the harbor. Running along the front of the town, and the greater part of the harbor, is the Praya, a fine road fifty feet wide, with a granite retaining wall on the harbor side, level with the road. Along the Praya, and fronting the harbor, stand the houses of business and store houses of merchants, shippers and traders. Behind the Praya and parallel to it is the Queen's Road, running the whole length of the town. Here are the banking houses and those of other large companies, with the offices of professional gentlemen and the principal store keepers' places of business, part of the eastern and the whole of the western portion being entirely occupied by Chinese shops of every description. The European houses occupy the centre portion only. The steep slopes of the hills start immediately from the south side of the Queen's Road, and the streets run in various directions in this part of the town, so as to utilize the table land at the foot of the hills. These streets are occupied by the stores of traders and dealers of all sorts, but chiefly by the

CHINESE AND INDIAN MERCHANTS.

The Europeans occupy the eastern side and the higher levels of the town, and the Chinese reside in the western and lower parts of the town. The town is well supplied with schools, the principal of which are the Government Central School, which is too small to contain the present number of pupils, but there is a more commodious building in process of erection at present, to be called Victoria College; the Hong Kong Public School, or St. Paul's College, under the direction of Bishop Burdon and a committee; St. Joseph's College, under the management of Bishop Raimondi and the Christian Brothers. There are schools also supported by and under the management of the different missionary bodies, such as the Diocesan Home and Orphanage, the Basé Mission School, the German Foundling House, the Baxter Mission Vernacular Schools for Girls, and the Spanish, French and Italian Convents. Hong Kong has a Chamber of Commerce and several other clubs, amongst which the most noteworthy are the Hong Kong (or English) Club, the Club Germania, the Susitano Club, and Yacht, Cricket, Recreation and Amateur Dramatic Clubs, a Choral Society and several Masonic Lodges. There is first-class hotel accommodation for travellers, the hotels being well located for affording their guests charming views over the beautiful bay and harbor in front, and the wild and romantic scenery amongst the towering hills and lofty mountain peaks stretching off in the rear. The colony has superior dock accommodation for the largest ships. The water for Victoria is brought by a conduit from a large reservoir at Pokfulam, just beneath Victoria Peak, running along the hill sides for over three miles; but the supply is insufficient, and extensive works are in progress now to provide a much larger supply from the Taitam Hills. The water is considered to be excellent when filtered. Hong Kong is in constant communication with Europe, America, India, Australia and the coast parts of China, and a daily service between Hong Kong and Canton and Hong Kong and Macao. There are the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Co., the Messageries Maratimes, the Pacific Mail Co., the Occidental & Oriental Steam Ship Co. and several large lines of merchant steamers constantly plying between Hong Kong and the ports of the countries named above. The colony made a unique and most imposing exhibition of their natural productions and manufactures. The Hong Kong Court was thronged with crowds of Europeans, Asiatics, Americans and not a few Africans, all admiring the numberless exotics from that far off land, which, having been until very recently a part of China, preserved the arts and modes of manufacture practiced by the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. The processes of manufacturing very many of the productions of Hong Kong being exactly similar to the systems in common use in China, added great interest to the novel scenes, and patriarchal style of doing things still practiced by the Celestials. There was a vermillion factory in Hong Kong of which a *fac simile* was on exhibition, showing the entire process of manufacture, from the raw material in room A to the cases ready packed for exportation in room J. A map of the city of Victoria, showing the growth of the town since its commencement in 1843. Samples of the coir matting made by the Chinese prisoners in Hong Kong jail. Fifteen specimens of granite, with one side polished, taken from fifteen different quarries in Hong Kong. A very interesting model of the Hong Kong & Whupoa Dock Company's docking establishment. There are two other large docking firms in Hong Kong. It surprises many to learn that Victoria is the fourth largest shipping port in the world. There were models of various classes of Chinese junks and fishing boats frequenting the waters of Hong Kong, amongst which was a charming flower boat, containing a profusion of Chinese flowers. There were large stands with samples of floor matting, exhibited by the Tak Li firm, Hong Kong, together with the tools for making the matting. Considering the island is nearly divested of trees, there was a very fair show of cabinet woods. There are great efforts now being made to plant trees over the island, which must soon enhance the beauty of the colony very much. There were

SAMPLES OF CHINESE EMBROIDERY

shown, which manifested great skill in the art. Two charming vases sent by the Mikado of Japan looked very beautiful. Ornamental brass ware, comprising household utensils, tobacco pipes, etc., the manufacture of which is an important industry in Hong Kong, were shown largely. Specimens of coopers' works, manilla ropes and bamboo ropes coiled in native style, were shown largely. Superior implements of industry used by the wealthy Chinese, being better made than those in ordinary use by the poorer classes. Specimens of stone carving, cut out of a solid block of granite. There was an exact model of a Chinese druggist's shop in Hong kong, presented by Dr. Ho Kai, medical practitioner and barrister-at-law in Hong Kong. At the back of the shop the dwelling is placed, according to custom, there. The shop and house, with their various outfittings, drugs, medicines, lounges, carpets, mats, cooking utensils, etc., were all arranged by Mr. A. Chee, a Chinese carpenter, who built the store and dwelling-house also. The model is a faithful representation of real business life in China, even to the most minute details. In connection with the same establishment, there is a collection of Chinese medicines, which were presented by Dr. Ho Kai also. The names of the medicines and the uses to which they were to be applied were given on the bottles. There was a model of the colony of Hong Kong made by Mr. A. Denison, civil engineer and architect of Hong Kong, on the scale of 600 feeet to an inch, showing the harbor, with the Narrow Pass to the east, which forms the entrance to the harbor from the northeast, while the channel on the other side of the island, formed by Hong Kong and a small island in the offing, is the southern entrance to the harbor. The Civil Government buildings are colored black, the military and naval property red, and other buildings white. The red circles with black centres are forts. Local scenes in the colony were very nicely executed by Mr. A. Fong, photographer at Hong Kong. Very handsome specimens of silver-ware, manufactured by Wong Hing, were on exhibition. Samples of ore from Kivantung, a neighboring Province, by Mr. Ho Ankei, of Hong Kong. Sugar from a large sugar refining manufactory of Hong Kong appeared to be of a very superior quality. Also samples of rum distilled in connection with the same company were displayed, reminding people of the sad havoc made of the human race by this demon of destruction, and its sister-destroyer, opium, twin demons of misery, of poverty, of degradation and death—which, while famine slays its thousands, war its tens of thousands, pestilence its hundreds of thousands—intemperance, the king of terrors to our race, the Apollyon from the bottomless pit, come up to our earth to destroy man in every land, to fill millions of once happy homes with want, degradation, crimes without number, broken-hearted wives, vagabond children, quarrelling, strife, the assassin's dagger, the highwayman's pistol, the drunkard's grave for untold, incalculable millions of our race. There were raw materials, such as soya, from which soy (a sauce for fish) is made; also sauces made from various leguminous plants, which is a very important business in Hong Kong. A collection of Chinese essential oils, specimens of biscuits and other cakes made by the Hong Kong steam bakery. Very tempting-looking specimens of preserved fruits and ginger made and exhibited by Sun Shing, of Hong Kong, where it is a large and profitable industry. A collection of beautiful butterflies, moths and needlework by the Chinese children in the French Convent. Needlework by the Chinese children in the Italian Convent; also old embroidery and tables and hats made of bamboo, very deftly braided

A COLLECTION OF CROCKERY,

made in the pottery districts. Instruments used in crushing and extracting essential oils; also opium boiling apparatus, with specimens of raw and prepared opium and opium pipes and lamps. A jinricksha, which is a two-wheeled carriage with shafts somewhat like a cutter; one Chinaman takes hold of the shafts, which, in common with the rest of the carriage, are made light, but of tough timber and handsomely painted, another takes hold of the box, the one between the shafts pulls, while the one behind pushes, and both trot along at a brisk pace, drawing the occupant along at about four or five miles each hour, while he or she sits comfortably in the seat of the jinricksha, which is just wide enough to hold a full sized man or woman comfortably. The jinricksha is built about half the width of an ordinary buggy, so that it can be drawn through any part of the country in those eastern climes, where the roads are execrable, and very few roads of any kind that a horse and buggy could be driven along. The people while possessing great skill in many of the manufacturing arts, yet seem to lack almost all inventive genius; they do things as their fathers did, from generation to generation, and probably the builders of the Tower of Babel, ship carpenters who built the Ark for Noah, the weavers who wove the cloth for Rebecca's wedding trousseau, the dressmakers who made it, or the milliners who made the toques for Miriam and her companions, who formed the choir which sang such sweet, such triumphant, songs of praise before the children of Israel, as they ascended from the shore of the Red Sea, after seeing Pharoah and his hosts drowned in the depths thereof, each knew how to perform their work just as deftly, just as fashionably, as their sons and daughters of the present day do. There were models of bamboo scaffolding, showing the mode of building scaffolds with that most useful wood high enough, solid enough and strong enough to build a chimney 140 feet high. A beautiful model of a bamboo bridge, exhibiting their mode of throwing bridges over ravines or watercourses was also shown, which appeared to be very ingenious and safe. Some curious specimens of bamboo matting, representing an exact model of show grounds in Hong Kong on festive occasions. There was a handsome model of a Chinese pagoda and monastery, executed and presented by the Carpenters' Guild in Hong Kong, by their representative, Mr. A. Chee. Specimens of iron pans from the Hong Kong foundry. Very handsome rattan ware manufactured and exhibited by the Tai Long firm in Hong Kong. Representative specimens of brass utensils made in Hong Kong, a miscellaneous collection of articles made of bamboo, illustrating the variety of uses which the Chinese apply this article, were exhibited by the Wo Hop firm. Chinese plough, rake, hoe, rice winnowing machine, rice threshing machine and rice pounding machine were exhibited by Mr. Chau Bee. A very handsome blackwood centre table, carved in Hong Kong, the property of Mr. F. D. Sassoon, was displayed. A collection of Chinese pigments and paint brushes were shown. Camphor wood boxes, leather trunks, sails and canvas bags representing important Chinese industries were displayed in quantities. Ivory carvings were exhibited by the Hau Chung Yuk Kee firm. Water color views, a silk embroidered banner, and a silk embroidered scroll were conspicuous, the latter having been presented by the Chinese merchants of Hong Kong to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, President of the Exhibition, and engrossed and embroidered by the Sun Shing firm, in testimony of their loyalty to and high appreciation of British rule in Hong Kong. Silk embroideries shown by the Han Cheung Yuk Kee firm. Mattings were exhibited as wall decorations on the walls of the Hong Kong Court, and they looked remarkably well, and had quite an ornamental and pleasing effect. A singular looking collection of

HONG KONG COINS,

coined at the Hong Kong mint, were displayed. Specimens of bookbinding, including two Hong Kong directories, published in Hong Kong, and other works published in that colony, showed good workmanship and excellent talent in the publishing business of this colony. In the educational department were shown photographs of students at work, pens, ink, paper and other material. Also models of desks, chairs, tables, etc., which showed that the people in that far-off dependency of the British Crown are making good progress in the educational arts, and clearly and forcibly manifesting that wherever the Anglo-Saxon race plant themselves, there civilization, law, liberty, education, equality of rights, both civil and religious, in a word, freedom to do right and opposition to wrong-doing are established, there the temperance banner will be unfurled, there the Bible will be open and free for all to read its inestimable, its grand moral and religious lessons of duty to God and duty to our neighbors, which so many of the race believe in and practice in their lives. Some magnificent specimens of antique embroidery were exhibited by Lady Bowen, and placed so as to enable a contrast to be made between it and the modern embroidery exhibited in adjoining cases. Raw silk and silk filatures, and models of looms showing the process of weaving silk according to the Chinese plan of operations, with one woman supplying the thread, which was to appear most conspicuously in the broche patterns of the pieces of silk from one or more spools, and another woman working the loom and throwing the shuttle by hand. On the same principle it takes five men to one loom to weave Turkish carpets, four of them sitting along in front of the loom with a scissors in hand. The man on the right takes the wool yarn in his fingers, and works it in and out through the warp very deftly and speedily, leaving loops on the right side of the carpet about five-eighths of an inch long, every time he passes it through the warp, when he does about a foot long in the width of the carpet immediately before himself, he passes the wool thread from his fingers to his next fellow-worker on his left, who at once wattles it in and out among the warp in the same manner, while the first man employs himself in cutting the loops with his scissors to make the long pile on the face of the carpet. The second man, when he passes the thread to the third on the left, clips his loops as the first did, and so on. Each works without any shuttle, doing the work with his nimble fingers. The fifth man stands at the right end of the loom and works it with a lever, so as to drive the woof threads tightly together, every time the four others work the woof thread all across the piece. Very nice specimens of glass manufactures, from the Hong Kong Steam Glass Factory, were shown. A specimen sedan chair, such as are used by European ladies in Hong Kong and throughout the East, was exhibited, and also

SOMPLES OF THE UNIFORMS

usually worn by the men who carry the dear creatures seated in these sedans. Oil paintings of Hong Kong fruits were very well executed, and gave very correct views of their exact appearance. What an unspeakable blessing the possession of this colony may be, in a religious point of view, to Great Britain and to China, if Britain's philanthropists, if Britain's Christians, only take hold of the great, the grand, the glorious work before them, and send forth Christian ministers, who shall be teetotallers, to invade China, as Paul invaded ancient Greece, and preach temperance, righteousness and a judgment to come to that great nation—to preach Jesus and the resurrection to that numerous people who know not God in that vast territory, who have never yet heard of Jesus and the resurrection, who are without the holy Sabbath day, without the Bible, without Sabbath schools, without scarcely a teacher to tell them of their duty to God and their duty to their fellow creatures, but with alcoholic liquors, with opium—those twin poisons—those twin instruments in the hands of Satan to curse and to destroy the millions of that nation, amongst whom many of China's most learned, most advanced, most intelligent and noble minds will sink under the accursed influence of one or other of those deadly poisons—those soul-destroying agents of the infernal regions. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon," that Britain—Christian Britain

Britain with her Bibles teaching her to love God with all her heart, with all her mind, and with all her soul, and to love her neighbors as herself

that she, the mistress of the seas—that she, who prides herself as being the foremost in the great moral and religious enterprises of the world—that she, with her great publishing houses, sending forth Bibles and tracts by the million in nearly all the languages of this babbling earth—that she should at the mouth of the cannon and at the point of the sword compel the 500,000,000 of immortal souls in China, to receive opium into her territories—that, next to alcohol, greatest curse of the nations—to poison, to madden, to drive to destruction millions upon millions of her unfortunate people, who have not strength of mind to refuse using the accursed thing. For what purpose has this most Christian nation perpetrated this most atrocious crime? To enable the magnates of the East India Company to obtain the price of blood to line their well filled pockets with the gold which they have received for that cruel poison, which has sent millions of China's sons and daughters to death present and eternal death!

An Oppressed Son-in-Law.

They tell a good story of a man in one of the surrounding towns who came home towards midnight decidedly the worse for wear. He might have faced pretty well had he not worn his hat to bed. This gave him away. "John, said the offended wife, "why didn't you take your hat off?" "S'h!" said John. "I'm all right; how'self?" "You are not all right, John. Why didn't you take off your hat?" "Sh'sh! my dear; da'sh all right. I thought first would take it off, but was 'fraid I might wake up your poor mother."

Business Difficulties.

The following assignments are reported Ontario—Almonte, G. S. Chesterman, furniture, etc.; Farmersville, C. Kincaid, grocer; Guelph, W. M. Hepburn & Co., boots and shoes; Kemptville, George Code, woollen manufacturer; Kincardine, Joseph Parr, hotel; Markham, Crawford & Co., tanners (failed); Toronto, Thomas Houston & Co., wholesale woollens and tailors' trimmings; Woodstock, W. G. Boyes, books and fancy goods.

Plainly Inherited

"Papa, said fond mamma, "do you know that Bobby told me a deliberate story to-day?"

"What's that?" said papa, looking sternly at Bobby; "a story? Do you know what becomes of little boys who tell stories?" (Bobby didn't know). "The lions and tigers eat 'em up. You musn't tell stories, Bobby; it's wicked."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Good Catch.

Charley (to his pretty cousin)—Do you know, Maud, I understhand that the beautiful girl with Thmith ith baiting her trap for me?

Pretty Cousin—Indeed? What kind of a trap is it, Charley—a mouse trap?

Frances Hodgson Burnett is now 34 years of age, but looks much younger.

A nine-foot coal vein has been struck near the surface at Greeley, Cal.

The death by drowning at Sierra Madre, Cal., of F. W. Gould makes the fifth consecutive case in which the eldest male member of his family has perished by drowning.

It is printed that the highest salary paid Methodist ministers in the New Hampshire Conference is $1,500 and the use of a parsonage, while the average, including house rent, is $600.

In boring a well near Pine Grove, Esmeralda county, Nev., steam of a temperature hot enough to cook potatoes was struck at a depth of sixty feet below the surface.

AT THE

Medical Hall!

FLESHERTON

SEEDS!

SEEDS.

TIMOTHY.

CLOVER,

ORCHARD GRASS,

VETCHES!

ONIONS!

POTATO ONIONS,
TOP ONIONS,
YELLOW DUTCH SET,
WHITE DUTCH SET,
ENGLISH MULTIPLIER

GARDEN

—AND—

FIELD SEEDS!

TURNIPS,
CARROTS,
BEANS!

And a Choice Selection of Others

FLOWER SEEDS

Beautiful Assortment.

—FULL STOCK OF—

DRUGS!

—AND—

PATENT MEDICINES!

PARABLE OF AN EDITOR.

BY VALENTINE MUGGINS.

CHAPTER I.

In a certain town there lived an editor named Annanias Scavenger. And it came to pass that he became an editor through the kindness of certain influential townspeople, who furnished him with sufficient filthy lucre to enable him to purchase a printing plant from an honest publisher, who was desirous of retiring from the business. Annanias Scavenger entered upon his duties forthwith and was not long in convincing the public that his name and his character were synonymous terms. Those who befriended him ascertained this fact soon after they had elevated Scavenger to an honorable position. Then they were sorry for having—quite unintentionally—"warmed a serpent" in their bosoms. And well they might, for Annanias Scavenger bombarded these generous men with mud and slime from his office howitzer. Those who did not wish to come in contact with the filthy discharge, subscribed for the *Weekly Scavenger*, flattered Annanias, and were plentifully whitewashed instead.

And it came to pass that Annanias aspired to a high public position in the gift of the people. Then did he array himself in "purple and fine linen" (and Kid gloves) and travel in the region round about, cajoling and whispering words of flattery in the ears of the sturdy yoomen. He also bowed himself at the shrine of Bacchus and waxed exceedingly merry. But it came to pass that the people grew cold and lukewarm towards him and said one to another, "we will not have this Annanias Scavenger to rule over us nor any of the Scavenger family, for outwardly they are lambs, but inwardly ravenous wolves." And they did choose an honorable and respectable man to lead them on to battle. And when this thing came to the ears of Annanias Scavenger, he waxed wroth, and bringing forth his oft-used howitzer, poured forth a constant and never-ceasing stream of mud and brimstone! And he gnashed his teeth with rage, and thrust his fingers through his fiery red hair (curled with hot irons and carefully plastered with vaseline and bear grease) and smote himself on the breast, exclaiming, "Am I a dog thus to be treated by people far beneath me in station—the latchet of whose shoes they are unworthy to loose! Fools! 'tis I, the clever and great and only Annanias Scavenger, that can successfully lead them on to battle! Have I not said it? And whoever knew Scavenger to do a dishonorable action or tell a lie? Bah!" Thus right boldly spake the valiant Annanias, at the same time charging his "howitzer" to the very muzzle with the filthy material used on such occasions.

And it came to pass that the *Weekly Scavenger* collected and published "to the world" a series of Annanias-like articles, in which he proclaimed himself the friend and benefactor of the masses, while the other "fellows" were denounced as lacking in that ability so largely possessed by Annanias himself. And the "other fellows" thanked their lucky stars that it was even so—they were quite willing that Annanias Scavenger should have an exclusive monopoly in the particular kind of "ability" he so boastfully claimed to possess.

And it began to be whispered abroad, that Annanias was trying to "raise the wind." And as that is a necessary article to the existence of such clever and windy men, it was generally thought there was some truth in the whispered rumor. Indeed some waxed warm and exclaimed, "Does not this saucy and ill bred Scavenger get his living by a peculiar species of blackmailing? Do not we know that he hath approached even us and said as much as that, it would be ill for us to withhold our support from his *Weekly Scavenger*?" "And did he not also say," quoth they, "Scavenger is a good friend to those who trade in his shop, and a terror to those who do not? Truly he is an ill-mannered fellow and deserveth not well at the hands of honest people." And these things came to the ears of Annanias. And he communed with himself, yea, verily, he tore his hair and gnashed his teeth with rage. His wrath was hot, but when sanity returned the atmosphere became cooler and smelt less like unto sulphur and brimstone. And Annanias Scavenger became calmer, and, slapping his leg, exclaimed, "Ha! thus will I crush the reptiles that squirm and wriggle around my pathway, frustrating my lofty aspirations and deamping the impetuous ardor of my nature! Revenge! R-r-r-evenge!"

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS.

(1)—83.24 feet.
(2)—39 17-24.
(3)—$312.50.
(4)—7½.

Flesherton P. S.

Robt. Keefer sent correct solutions to numbers 1, 2 and 4. Frank VanDusen, Martha Beatty, and Fred. Ayers, solved the first and second. David Mathewson solved No. 1, and Mamie Ayers the first, second and third.

S. S. No. 3, Artemesia.

Annie Akins solved 2nd and 4th. J. J. White and Harry Akins the fourth, and Frank Stewart the fourth.

Questions.

(5)—An agent sold a reaping machine in 1885 for a certain price, and in 1886 he sold another for 10% more than he obtained the previous year. For both machines he got $189. How much did he get for each?

(6)—A street 60 feet wide contains 10 acres, how long is it?

(7)—A farmer has a field 40 rods square. He starts to reap it with a machine that cuts 5 feet wide on the average. After going round the field 20 times he breaks down. What will it cost him at 50 cents an acre to get the rest of the field reaped?

[NOTE TO TEACHERS.—Please bring these questions to the notice of your pupils and work up an interest in this department. We are willing to continue as long as sufficient interest is manifested to justify us in doing so. ED.]

Nineteen Days Without Food.

Dundalk Herald.

Mr. Donald Bell's horses, which ran away from within a short distance of Dundalk, on the 15th of March, were found alive on Sunday last, in a swamp about two miles from this village. Mr. August Ritz, who recently purchased the Mochnke farm, was returning home from church, and taking a short route through the swamp came upon the horses. The ends of the lines were trampled and frozen under the snow and the horses had only about eight feet of space in which they could move. All the bark was peeled off the trees within reach and some of the small cedars were completely gnawed in two. Mr. Ritz immediately went to Mr. Goodfellow, a neighbor, for help, and between them they succeeded in getting the horses to the stable, although the poor brutes were so weak they could scarcely walk, having been nineteen days without food. It will be remembered that we had some of the most severe weather of the season since they were lost and it is miraculous that they were neither frozen nor starved.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

ABSTRACT.

Treasurer's Accounts!

FOR 1886.

Receipts.

To balance from 1885		2277	68
" John Anderson, Roll 1885.		1366	59
" John Wright,	"	160	77
" John Hazard,	"	60	97
" J. B. Sloan,	"	236	43
" John Hazard, Roll 1886		2723	00
" John Wright,	"	3615	00
" John Anderson,	"	2025	00
" J. B. Sloan,	"	1950	00
" Fines		14	00
" Miscellaneous		4487	87
		18917	31

Disbursements.

By Tp. School Equivalent		484	00
" County Rates balance 1885		796	56
" " 1886		3682	44
" Ward No. 1		148	10
" " 2		179	05
" " 3		158	72½
" " 4		138	52
" School Sections		4469	30
" Council Sessions		147	50
" Indigents		189	20
" Debentures & Coupons		528	13
" Salaries		447	50
" Miscellaneous		5442	53
" Balance to 1887		2105	75½
		18917	31

We have much pleasure in certifying that we have gone carefully over the Treasurer's accounts and that we find them correct in every particular, and that the balance in his hands on 1st January, 1887, was $2105.75½.

HENRY MELDRUM, } Auditors.
THOS. BOLAND, }

Treasurer's Office, 3rd Feby., 1887.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TENDERS WANTED.

SEALED TENDERS for Repairs of the Township Hall will be received at the Clerk's Office until May 1st next. Specifications to be seen at the Clerk's Office, Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,
Flesherton, April 12th, 1887. Twp. Clerk.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
304-320. Flesherton.

PUBLIC NOTICE!!

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye all men that I, W. S. CHRISTOE, the Druggist of Flesherton, have the agency for JOHNSON'S celebrated TONIC BITTERS and NERVINE, JOHNSON'S little Pick Tonic Liver Pills and the ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE

TONIC BITTERS

are confidently recommended as the VERY BEST in the market for Nervousness, Hysteria, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Complaints common to the female sex. PALENESS of complexion and for diseases caused by poverty of blood. In conjunction with the Tonic JOHNSON'S Little Liver Pills are the very best for [illegible] the stomach. The All Healing White Ointment is the very best for skin diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Chilblains, &c., &c.

You have only to try these great remedies to be satisfied. Sold by

W. S. CHRISTOE,
The Druggist, Flesherton

FARM for SALE

OR

TO RENT.

BEING Lot 170, Con 1 West T & S Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well watered. Orchard. About 2½ miles from Flesherton. For full particulars apply to the undersigned

JOHN O'MELIA,
Flesherton.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 178, 1st E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, one mile from Flesherton, containing 50 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Never-failing stream of water runs across farm, also a never-failing spring of water. New bank barn 36x56, with stone stabling full size of barn, underneath. Log House. Good soil and free from frost. Part payment down, time on balance. For full particulars, apply to

D. L. WHITE, Agt.,
Flesherton.

Mortgage Sale!

OF

VALUABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction, at ATKINSON'S HOTEL, in the Village of PRICEVILLE, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887,

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following Lands and Premises in the Village of Priceville in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot No. 4 on the North side of Kincardine Street in the said Village of Priceville more particularly described as follows: commencing at a point 54 feet West of the south East Corner of said Lot number 4, thence Westerly 46 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 32 feet from the South West corner of said Lot number 4, thence Northerly 153 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 12 feet from rear of said Lot, thence Westerly 32 feet to Princess Street, thence Northerly 12 feet to rear of said Lot, thence Easterly 78 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 54 feet from the Eastern boundary of said Lot, thence Southerly 165 feet, be the same more or less, to the place of commencing. Containing by admeasurement 880 square yards, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a good 2 story frame building, size 30 feet x 40 feet, with cellar underneath used as a store and dwelling, occupying one of the best business stands in the Village, also a frame stable and a good well.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in one month thereafter without interest.

For further particulars apply to D. McCORMICK Esq., Auctioneer, FRANCIS WAITE, Priceville, or to the undersigned.

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887.

Mortgage Sale!

OF

Valuable Village Property.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL in the Village of FLESHERTON, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887.

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands and premises in the Village of FLESHERTON in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot number 151 in the 1st Range North East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia and may be more particularly known as Village Lots numbers 3 and 4 on the South East side of Collingwood Street, in the Village of Flesherton, as laid out in a survey or sub-division of said Lot number 151 made by Wm. Spry, Esq., P.L.S. and re-surveyed and a map or plan thereof made by Thomas B. Gilliland, Esq., P.L.S. which map or plan is registered in the Registry Office of the South Riding of said County of Grey, and dated the 8th day of August, 1879, and containing by admeasurement about ½ an acre, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a blacksmith shop, size 18x36 feet, a frame building used as a sash and door factory, 30x30 feet, and a frame dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in 1 month thereafter without interest.

For further particulars apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, Flesherton; or to the undersigned,

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST.

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's Block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rate.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE.

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

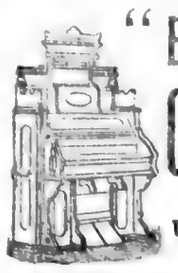

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 305. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, APRIL 21, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT,

Money Saved!

BY CLOSE BUYING!

Helps Pay Taxes.

FIVE years in Grey Co. this month and a fair paying business established through the generous patronage of the public. From Dundalk to Holland Centre, on the line, also Maxwell, Priceville, Kimberley, Engenia, Traverston, Rocklyn, Berkeley and other points have given me a good support. My thanks are due to all transient and home customers. I have endeavored to deserve patronage extended, by *honest representation* of ev'ry article sold; and my increasing business warrants me in assuming that my efforts to deal honorably at fair profits, have been appreciated.

I shall continue my business on the line of truthful representation, just exchange in giving value received, and a fair profit to meet obligations incurred. Stock will be kept complete in

Hampden Watches

My name on, WALTHAM Watches, four grades, a few BARTLETT'S at close prices, ELGIN Watches, and the exceptionally fine made full jewelled COLUMBUS movements. Watch warrants 1, 2, and 3 years, "covering breakages." Filled Gold cases Coin Silver cases, 2 to 5 oz., also Silverware 3 & 4 oz.

Ladies Gold Watches and Chains, R. F. Simmons' roll Gold Chains, best made, Draper's fire gilt. Seth Thomas and Ansonia spring & weight Clocks, a beautiful stock of Silverware, hollow and flat, for table use. Engagement Gem Rings, 18k. Wedding Rings, Brooches, Bar Pins & sets, Lockets and Necklets, Cuff & Collar Buttons, Silver Thimbles, Pebble Specks, Lazarus & Morris, Lenses, Boss Specks. I have $100.00 wholesale in Specks and can *suit any sight.*

Watch Repair book shows this week watches and clocks booked to No. 1233. My work gives satisfaction, is fully warranted & charges moderate. No second or catch charges after watches are left. Any one coming 15 miles and not finding my stock and prices as this advt. represents, I will pay legal mileage one way and expenses here, meals &c. Goods and work Warranted.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Miss Mittie Fraine on the 28th.

Taffy pulls are all the rage.

Have you paid the printer?

DIED.—The Flesherton Mechanics' Institute. It died young.

And still they go. Those $1.50 plough Boots for $1 at J. G. Anderson's

Division Court in the the Town Hall, Flesherton, to-day.

Don't miss the concert in the Methodist church on the 28th.

TEA, TEA, TEA!—4 lbs 40c. tea for $1, or 3 lbs 30c. tea for $1 at J. G. Anderson's.

East Grey Spring Show will be held on the Society's grounds here to-morrow (Friday).

Band concert to-morrow (Friday) promises to be a great success. Don't miss it.

The farmers in this vicinity have commenced plowing—sod and new land being workable.

Don't fail to drop into Russell's, Flesherton, and look at his fine stock and remember 25 per cent. off for the next 30 days. 3t

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices. R. TREMBLE. (tf.)

Rev. W. Ayers preached able sermons in the Methodist church here Sunday morning and evening last.

See J. G. Anderson's new advertisement in another column, something special.

Young Mare 4 years old for sale at Flesherton Station. See advt. in another column.

For thenext 30 days you can get terrible bargains at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Don't fail to call. 3t

Miss Lever has just received a fine stock of Millinery and Dress Trimmings. Strain's block, Flesherton.

Everything away down in price at J. G. Anderson's. Call and secure some of the bargains.

Clean, tidy girl, between the age of 10 and 15, wanted at once. Apply at The Advance office, Flesherton.

Miss Ella Ayers went to Oshawa last Friday on very interesting business. The happy event takes place this week and Miss Ayers is to be bridesmaid.

We regret exceedingly to learn of the death of the youngest daughter of Thos. Nicholson, Esq., of Artemesia, which sorrowful event occured quite suddenly on Sunday morning last. Mr. Nicholson and his very highly respected family have the sympathy of the entire community.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TREMBLE'S. (tf)

THIRTY DAYS!

POSITIVELY

FOR

30 Days Only

—— THAT THE ——

Great Slaughter!

Of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex, etc., at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton, will continue.

Russell has just returned from the city, where he has secured some bargains never before known in this section of country—in fact it is impossible to compete with Russell.—All his goods are marked in PLAIN FIGURES, at very low prices and, for the next thirty days only, he is actually going to give 25 per cent off on all cash sales over $1 Just imagine the finest grade of American Nickel Alarm Clocks at only $2, sold everywhere at $2.50 and $2.75. The finest grade of Plated Chains, beautiful patterns, for $1.60, sold everywhere at 2.25 and 2.50; the finest make of Clocks, beautiful Walnut Cases, from $2.75 up to $8.50, sold everywhere from 3.50 to 10.00. We are not making enough on these goods to pay your mileage or meals, neither will we give you a meal TO CATCH YOUR CUSTOM, but offer you *finer goods at a little over half what you can get them for elsewhere!* The finest make of Solid Silver Swiss Watches from $6.90 up; and the genuine American Watches from $9.50 up, bearing Warrants from 2½ to 5 years. ☞ We keep only the genuine goods, which bear long warrants. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!—FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY!—As we must clear them out before the arrival of our Summer stock at that date.

In REPAIRING, everyone knows that Russell's work always gives satisfaction and his work has already given him the name of the boss watchmaker and jeweller in this section. DONT FAIL TO CALL within the next 30 days and secure some of the GREAT BARGAINS NOW OFFERING.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Before getting your summer supply of tea go to J. G. Anderson.s and get a trial of that Famous 40c. tea, 4 lbs for $1.

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store is the place to get Spex—they keep the famous B. Laurance Spex & can fit any sight. 3t

The best bargains in ready made clothing ever offered in the county at J. G. Anderson's. Come in and see them.

In order to prevent outlawry, the Editor of The Advance will put a number of accounts in Court next month unless they are settled prior to that time. We must do this in order to secure ourself.

The people of this country, for thirty miles around, have come to the conclusion, that Russell is the Boss watchmaker and jeweller. ☞ always take your watch to him. 3t

The Flesherton Advance is now kicking up it heels and rejoicing over its sixth birthday. It is a very creditable local journal and we wish friend Fawcett abundant and increased prosperity. —Ingersoll Sun.

Did you see the fine display in the front window of Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton? Its ahead of that of lots of city Jewelry Stores. And the prices—well, they just down anything.

Now buy your tickets for the great Mittie Fraine entertainment in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on Thursday evening next, the 28th inst. Admission 15 cents only. The event of the season.

Remember the grand Band Concert in the Town Hall, Flesherton, to-morrow night (Friday) commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. All should feel in duty bound to assist our good-hearted band boys. Admission 15 cents.

Secure your ticket for the Mittie Fraine entertainment here on the 28th inst. There is going to be a big rush for seats as this will be the last and grandest entertainment of the season. Tickets 15 cents each.

On our editorial page this week (centrally located) every reader of the Advance will not fail to notice that at Richardson's Drug Store, Flesherton, will be found a large and carefully selected stock of the "Purest Field and garden Seeds."

REMOVED!—The undesrigned has removed his Flour and Feed Store to the stand next door to Strain's Tinware and Hardware shop, Flesherton, where he will be pleased to meet with all his old customers and as many new ones as will favor him with their patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. KEEFER.

The man who doesn't advertise generally gets badly left. Of course there are modes and modes of advertising effectually. For example observe J. G. Anderson's bold, attractive and spicy announcement on last page of this week's Advance. Mr. Anderson is offering great bargains and he knows just how to let the people know all about it.

Miss Mittie Fraine, the celebrated elocutionist, comes to Flesherton highly recomended by press and public. Her entertainment here, under the patronage of the Methodist church, next Thursday evening, 28th inst., promises to give unqualified satisfaction. The energetic pastor of the church, Rev. W. Ayers, has been making most commendable efforts to help swell the attendance on that occasion.

Births.

IRWIN.—In Flesherton, on the 9th inst., the wife of Wm. Irwin Esq., of a daughter.

MOORE.—In Flesherton, on the 12th inst., the wife of J. E. Moore, Esq., of a daughter.

Is this spring?

Master George Treadgold paid a brief visit to Thornbury this week.

We are glad to notice the increasing interest taken in our Mathematical Editor's department.

Master Eddie Thompson goes to Thornbury to-morrow to take a position on the Standard.

The Advance till Jan. 1st, 1888, for 65 cents. Cheapest and best local paper in the county.

An advertisement judiciously planted in The Advance is sure to bring forth fruit in abundance. Try it.

The spring poet has not been discovered in Flesherton yet this season. If he does turn up we have a club ready.

Mr. W. A. Milburn's carriage factory, Flesherton, is taking the bun these times—in prices, quality of work and everything else. It leads the gang.

Our Station reporter has not furnished us with an account of the Spring Show at Flesherton Station last Tuesday. Come, come, Jimmie! this won't do. Let's hear from you.

Smart, tidy girl between the age of ten and fifteen years, wanted as Nursemaid. Apply at The Advance office. N. B.—Duties few and light. Must be well recommended.

We had a very pleasant call from Maxwell's genial and popular medical man, Dr. Kerr, yesterday. Of course the worthy Dr. subscribed for The Advance—all sensible people generally do.

A Belleville paper reports that an elopement down there was "nipped in the bud," although the couple had got as far as Shannonville. It is queer that an elopement should bud after the lady leaves.—Toronto World.

It is contrary to law to allow saw dust to get into streams of water, and we understand future offenders are to be severely dealt with by the "Grey and Bruce Fish and Game Protective Society." Snaring hares or other game is also unlawful.

Norman Boyles is dead. He passed quietly away on Tuesday morning last. No one knew of his illness until Monday. Dr. Carter was called in and did all in his power to save the life of poor Norman but without avail. The malady (inflammation of the lungs) had obtained too firm a footing in the poor fellow's system. He was very patient and gentle throughout. Mrs. J. Beecroft sat up with him during the night and did all that mortal could do to alleviate the excruciating pain. The neighbors were very kind. At about 11 o'clock on Tuesday forenoon Norman breathed his last.

Second To None In Grey.

Shelburne Free Press.

"We omitted to state in our last issue that the Flesherton Advance had entered on its sixth year. The editor has our best wishes for his future success, and he may well be proud of the Advance, as it is second to none in the County of Grey."

We feel deeply grateful to all our contemporaries for their kind words and hearty good wishes. Such bright and cheering testimonials aid very materially in lessening the heavy burdens incident to country journalism. Thanks, brother Mortimer! thanks brethren of the press generally.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE.—Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Ringbone, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

Died.

BOYLES.—In Flesherton, on the 19th inst., Norman Boyles, aged 32 years.

A Voice From Home.

(Song of the rural M. P. P.'s wife, adapted from the New York *Herald*.)

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
From Toronto, its cares and harm;
'Tis lonely without you; why do you not come
And see to the things on the farm?
You told me when you were elected last fall
If I would but once let you go,
You surely would come ere the winter was gone;
Of course I believed it was so

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
I'm sniffing the odor of spring;
You've stayed long enough with the boys away there,
You're much safer under my wing.
The old horse is pawing in the stall like mad,
The colt's in a terrible stew;
The small brindle heifer has got a white calf,
And the cattle are bawling for you.

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
I'd like to observe what you're at;
When will you get through with your Bills and resolves,
And speeches by this one and that?
Your mileage is paid by the longest way round,
But take the short cut when you come.

The voice of your Betsy is calling you, dear;
It's nearly the time to make soap;
And some of the women are saying, my love,
I'm giving you quite too much rope.
They say there is desperate flirting up there
With widows and maids not a few.
I haven't been kissed since the morning you left,
But, Nicholas, how is it with you?
Come home! Come home!
You hear me, you rascal? Come home!

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"Perhaps you are right, my love—you generally are right in the main; but my desire for vengeance upon that man De Talor has been the breath of my nostrils, and behold! I have achieved it. Man, if he only lives long enough, and has strength of will enough, can achieve anything. But man fritters away his powers over a variety of objects; he is led astray in pursuit of the butterfly Pleasure, or the bubble Ambition, or the Destroying Angel Woman; and his purposes fall to the ground between a dozen stools. Most men, too, are not capable of a purpose. Men are weak creatures; and yet what a mighty seed lies hid in every human breast! Think, my children, what man might, nay, may become, when his weakness and follies have fallen from him, when his rudimentary virtues have been developed, and his capacities for physical and mental beauties brought to an undreamed-of perfection! Look at the wild flower and the flower of the hot-house—it is nothing as compared to the possibilities inherent in man, even as we know him. Oh, it is a splendid dream! Will it ever be fulfilled, I wonder? Well, well—

'Whatever there is to know,
That we shall know one day.'

Come, let us turn; it will soon be time to dress for dinner. By-the-way, Dorothy, that reminds me, I don't quite like the way that your respected grandfather is going on. I told him that I had no more deeds for him to copy, that I had done with deeds, and he went and got that confounded stick of his, and showed me that according to his own little calculations his time was up; and then he got his slate and wrote about my being the devil on it, but that I had no more power over him, and that he was bound for heaven. The other day, too, I caught him staring at me through the glass of the door with a very queer look in his eyes."

"Ah, Reginald, so you have noticed it. I quite agree with you; I don't at all like his goings-on. Do you know, I think that he had better be shut up."

"I don't like to shut him up, Dorothy. However, here we are; we will talk about it to-morrow."

Having led Ernest to his room, Dorothy, before beginning to dress herself, went to the office to see if her grandfather was still there. And there, sure enough, she found him, pacing up and down, muttering, and waving his long stick, out of which all the notches had now been cut.

"What are you doing, grandfather?" she asked; "why haven't you gone to dress?"

He snatched up his slate and wrote rapidy upon it:

"Time's up! Time's up! Time's up! I've done with the devil and all his works. I'm off to heaven on the big black horse to find Mary. Who are you? You look like Mary."

"Grandfather," said Dolly, quietly taking the slate out of his hand, "what do you mean by writing such nonsense? Let me hear no more of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now, mind, I will have no more of it. Put away that stick, and go and wash your hands for dinner."

The old man did as he was bid somewhat sulkily, Dorothy thought—but when he arrived at the dinner-table there was nothing noticeable about his manner.

They dined at a quarter to seven, and dinner did not take them very long. When it was over, old Atterleigh drank some wine, and then, according to his habit, went and sat in the ancient ingle-nook which had presumably been built by the forgotten Dum for his comfort on winter evenings. And on winter evenings, when there was a jolly wood-fire burning on the hearth, it was a pleasant spot enough; but to sit there in the dark on a lovely summer night was an act, well—worthy of old Atterleigh.

After dinner the conversation turned upon that fatal day when Alston's Horse was wiped out at Isandhlwana. It was a painful subject both to Ernest and Jeremy, but the former was gratifying his uncle's curiosity by explaining to him how that last dread struggle with the six Zulus came to determine itself in their favor.

"And how was it," asked Mr. Cardus, "that you managed to get the better of the fellow you rolled down the hill with?"

"Because the assegai broke, and, fortunately enough, the blade was left in my hand. Where is it, Doll (for Jeremy had brought it home with him)?"

Dorothy got up and reached the broken assegai, which had about eight inches of shaft, from its place over the mantelpiece.

"Now then, Jeremy, if you will be so good as to sprawl upon your back on the floor, I will just show my uncle what happened," Jeremy complied, not without grumbling about dirtying his dress-coat.

"Now, Jeremy, my boy, where are you? Oh, there! Well, excuse my taking the liberty of kneeling on your chest, and hollos out if the assegai goes into you. If we are going to have a performance at all, it may as well be a realistic one.—Now, uncle, you see when we finished rolling, which was just as this assegai snapped in two, as luck would have it I was uppermost, and managed to get my knee on my friend's left arm and to hold his right with my left. Then, before he could get loose, I drove this bit of spear through the side of his throat, just there, so that it cut the jugular vein and he died shortly afterward—and now you know all about it."

Here Ernest rose and laid the spear upon the table, and Jeremy, entering into the spirit of the thing, began to die as artistically as a regard for his dress-coat would allow. Just then Dorothy, looking up, saw her grandfather Atterleigh's distorted face peering round the wall of the inglenook, where he was sitting in the dark, and looking at the scene of mimic slaughter with that same curious gaze that he had worn on several occasions lately. He withdrew his head at once.

"Get up, Jeremy!" said his sister, sharply, "and stop writhing about there like a great snake. You look as though you had been murdered; it is horrible!"

Jeremy arose laughing, and, having obtained Dolly's permission, they all lit their pipes, and, sitting there in the fading light, fell to talking about that sad scene of slaughter, which indeed appeared that night to have a strange fascination for Mr. Cardus. He asked Ernest and Jeremy about it again and again—how this man was killed, and that?—did they die at once, and so on.

The subject was always distressing to Ernest, and one to which he rarely alluded, full as it was for him of the most painful recollections, especially those connected with his dear friend Alston and his son.

Dorothy knew this, and knew too that Ernest would be down on his luck for at least a day after the conversation, which she did her best to stop. At last she succeeded, but the melancholy associations connected with the talk had apparently already done their work, for everybody lapsed into the most complete silence, and sat grouped together at the top end of the old oak-table as quiet as though they were cut in stone. Meanwhile, the twilight deepened, and little gusts of wind arose, and gently shook the old-fashioned window-lattices, making a sound as though feeble hands were trying to throw them open. The dull evening light crept from place to place, and threw great shadows about the room, glanced upon the armor on its paneled walls, and at last began to die away into darkness. The whole scene was eerie, and for some unknown reason it oppressed Dorothy. She wondered why everybody was so silent, and yet she herself did not feel equal to breaking the silence; there was a load upon her heart.

Just then a curious thing happened. As the reader may remember, the case containing the wounderful mummied head, found by Eva Ceswick, had years before been placed by Jeremy upon a bracket at the end of the room. Round about this case hung various pieces of armor, and among others, above it, suspended by a piece of string from a projecting hook, was a heavy iron gauntlet. For many years—twenty or more—it had hung from the hook, but now at last the string was worn through, and even as Dorothy was wondering at the silence, it gave. Down came the heavy iron hand with a crash, and, as it passed, it caught the latch of the long air-tight case, and jarred the door wide open.

Everybody in the room sprang to their feet, and, as they did so, a last ray from the setting sun struggled through one of the windows and rested upon the opened case, staining it, and all about it, the hue of blood, and filling the fearful crystal eyes within with a lurid light. How they glowed and shone to be sure, after their long years of sleep!—for the case had scarcely been opened for years—while their tremulous glance, now dull, now intense, according as the light played upon them, appeared to wander round and round the room, as though in search of somebody or something.

It was an awful sight that that ray of sunlight showed, as it played upon the trembling crystal orbs, the scornful, deathly features, and the matchless hair that streamed on either side. Together with the sudden break in the silence caused by the crashing fall of the gauntlet, it proved, as it had done many years before, altogether too much for the beholders' nerves.

"What is that?" asked Ernest, with a start, as the gauntlet fell.

Dorothy glanced up and gave a little cry of horror. "Oh, that dreadful head!—it is looking at us."

They all rose to their feet, and Dorothy, seizing Ernest by one hand, and covering her eyes with the other, retreated, slowly followed by the others, toward the swing-door. Soon they had reached the door, were through it, down the passage, and out in the peaceful stillness of the evening. Then Jeremy spoke, and his language was more forcible than polite.

"Well, I am blowed!" he said, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead.

"O Reginald, I do wish you would get the horrible thing out of the house; there has been nothing but misfortune ever since it has been here. I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" said Dolly, hysterically.

"Nonsense, you superstitious child!" answered Mr. Cardus, who was now recovering from his start. "The gauntlet knocked the door open, that was all. It is nothing but a mummied head; but, if you don't like it, I will send it to the British Museum to-morrow."

Oh, please do, Reginald," answered Dorothy, who appeared quite unhinged.

So hurried had been the retreat from the sitting-room that everybody had forgotten "Hard-riding Atterleigh" sitting in the dark in the inglenook. But the bustle in the room had attracted him, and already, before they had left, he had projected his large head covered with the tangled gray locks and begun to stare about. Presently his eyes fell upon the crystal orbs, and then, to him, the orbs appeared to cease their wanderings and rest upon his eyes. For awhile the two heads stared at each other thus—the golden head without a body in the box, and the gray head that, thrust out as it was from the ingle-wall, seemed to have no body either. They stared and stared, till at last the golden head got the mastery of the gray head, and the old man crept from his corner, crept down the room till he was almost beneath the baleful eyes, and nodded, nodded, nodded at them.

And they too seemed to nod, nod, nod at him. Then he retreated backward as slowly as he had come, nodding all the while, till he came to where the broken assegia lay upon the table, and taking it, thrust it up his sleeve. As he did so, the ray of light faded and the fiery eyes went out. It was as though the thick white lids and long eyelashes had dropped over them.

None of the other four returned to the sitting-room that night.

When he recovered from his fright, Jeremy went into his little room, the same in which he used to stuff birds as a boy, and busied himself with his farm accounts. Mr. Cardus, Dorothy, and Ernest walked about together in the balmy moonlight, for very shortly after the twilight had departed, the great harvest-moon came up and flooded the world with light. Mr. Cardus was in a talkative, excited mood that night. He talked about his affairs which he had now finally wound up, and about Mary Atterleigh, mentioning little tricks of manner and voice which were reproduced in Dorothy. He talked too about Ernest's and Dorothy's marriage, and said what a comfort it was to him. Finally, about 10 o'clock, he said that he was tired and was going to bed

"God bless you, my dears; sleep well! Good-night," he said. "We will settle about that new orchid-house to-morrow. Good-night, good-night."

Shortly afterward Dorothy and Ernest also went to bed, reaching their room by a back entrance, for they neither of them felt inclined to come under the fire of the crystal eyes again, and soon they were asleep in each other's arms.

The minutes stole on one by one through the silence of the dead night, bearing their records with them to the archives of the past. Eleven o'clock came and fled away; midnight came too, and swept on bat-like wings across the world. Everywhere—on land, sky, and sea—there was silence, nothing but silence sleeping in the moonlight.

Hark! O heaven, what was that!

One fearful, heart-rending yell of agony, ringing all through the ancient house, rattling the casements, shaking the armor against the paneled walls, pulsing and throbbing in horrible notes out into the night, echoing and dying far away over the sea!

And then silence again, silence sleeping in the moonlight.

They sprang from their beds, did every living soul beneath the roof, and rushed in their night-gear, men and women together, into the sitting room. The crystal eyes seemed to be awake again, for the moon was up and playing upon them, causing them now and then to flash out in gleams of opalescent light.

Somebody lit a candle, somebody missed Mr. Cardus; surely he could not have slept through that! Yes, he had slept through it. They rushed and tumbled, a confused mass of white into the room where he lay. He was there sure enough, and he slept very sound, with a red gash in his throat, from which the blood fell in heavy drops down, down to the ground.

They stood aghast, and as they stood, from the courtyard outside there came a sound of galloping hoofs. They knew the sound of the galloping—it was that of Ernest's great black stallion!

A mile or more away out on the marshes, just before you come to the well-known quicksands, which have, tradition says, swallowed so many unfortunates, and which shudder palpably at times and are unpleasant to look on, stands a lock-house, inhabited by one solitary man who has charge of the sluice. On this very night it is necessary for him to open his sluice-gates at a particular moment, and now he stands awaiting that propitious time. He is an ancient mariner; his hands are in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes are fixed upon the sea. We have met him before. Suddenly he hears the sound of a powerful horse galloping furiously. He turns, and his hair begins to rise upon his head, for this is what he sees in the bright moonlight:

Fast, fast toward him thunders a great coal-black horse, snorting with mingled rage and terror, and on its bare back there sits, with a grip of iron, a man—an old man, for his gray locks stream out behind him, who waves above his head the fragment of a spear.

On they come. Before them is the wide sluice; if they are mortal they will turn or plunge into it. No, the great black horse gathers himself, and springs into the air.

By Heaven, he has cleared it! No horse ever took the leap before, or will again. On at a whirlwind speed toward the shuddering quicksand two hundred yards away!

Splash! horse and man are in it, making the moist mass shake and tremble for twenty yards round. The bright moonlight shows it all. The horse shrieks in fear and agony, as only a horse can; the man on its back waves the spear.

The horse vanishes, the man vanishes, the spear glitters an instant longer in the moonlight, and then vanishes too. They have all vanished forever.

They have all vanished, and again the perfect silence sleeps in the moonlight.

"But me," says the ancient one aloud, and shaking with a mortal dread, "but me, I have stood still and seed many a queer thing, but I never seed a thing like that!" and he turned and fled as fast as his old legs would carry him—forgetful of Dutch cheeses and of sluice-gates, forgetful of everything except that demon horse and man.

Thus ended "Hard-riding Atterleigh's" maddest gallop, and thus too ended the story of Mr. Cardus and his revenge.

CHAPTER XLVI.

DOROTHY'S TRIUMPH.

Many years passed before Eva Plowden returned to Kesterwick, and then she was carried thither. Alive she did not return, nor during all those years did she and Ernest ever meet

They buried her, in obedience to her last wishes, there in the churchyard where lay generation upon generation of her ancient race, and the daisies grew above her head. Twice had they bloomed above her before Sir Ernest Kershaw stood by the spot, hallowed by the presence of what had held the spirit of the woman he had loved.

He was a grizzled man of nearly fifty now, nor were streaks of grey wanting in Dorothy's hair, as they stood that summer evening by Eva's grave. Many things had happened to the pair since Mr. Cardus' tragic death. They had had children some they had lost, some remained—honest English lads and lasses, with their father's eyes. They had enjoyed great wealth, and spent it royally, giving with both hands to all who needed. They had drunk deep of the cup of this world's joys and sorrows. Ernest had gone into Parliament, and made something of a name there. Then impatient for the active life of earlier days, he had accepted a high colonial appointment, for which, notwithstanding his blindness, his wealth and parliamentary reputation eminently fitted him. Now he had just returned from filling the governorship of one of the Australian colonies.

Many years had passed, many things had happened. And yet as he stood by that heap of turf, which he could not see, it seemed but yesterday when—and he sighed.

"Not quite cured yet, Ernest?" said Dorothy, interrogatively.

"Yes, Dorothy," he answered, with a little sigh, "I think I am cured. At any rate," he went on, as she took his hand to lead him away from the grave, "I have learned to accept the decrees of Providence without murmuring. I have done with dreams, and outlived pessimism. Life would, it is true, have been a different thing for me if poor Eva had not deserted me, for she poisoned its waters at the fount, and so they have always tasted rather bitter. But happiness is not the end and object of man's extistence, and if I could I do not think I would undo the past. Take me to the old flat tombstone, Dolly, near the door."

She led him to it, and he sat down.

"Ah," he went on, "how beautiful she was! was there ever woman like her, I wonder? And now her bones lie there; her beauty is all gone, and there lives of her only the unending issues of what she did. I have only to think, Dolly, and I can see her as I saw her a score of times passing in and out of this church-door. Yes, I can see her, and the people round her, and the clothes she wore, and the smile in her beautiful dark eyes—for her eyes seemed to smile, you remember, Dolly. How I worshipped her too with all my heart and soul and strength, as though she were an angel! and that was my mistake, Dolly. She was only a woman—a weak woman."

"You said just now that you were cured, Ernest; one would hardly think it to hear you talk," put in Dorothy, smiling.

"Yes, Doll, I am cured; you have cured me, my dear wife, for you have crept into my life and taken possession of it, so that there is little room for anybody else, and now, Dorothy, I love you with all my heart."

She pressed his hand and smiled again, for she knew that she had triumphed, and that he did love her, truly love her, and that his passion for Eva was a poor thing compared to what it had been twenty years before—more indeed of a tender regret, not unmingled with a starry hope, than a passion at all. Dorothy was a clever little person, and understood something of Ernest and the human heart in general. She had thought long ago that she would win Ernest altogether to her in the end. By what tenderness, by what devotion and nobility of character she accomplished this, the reader who knows her can well imagine, but in the end she did accomplish it, as she deserved to. The contrast between the conduct of the two women who had mainly influenced his life was too marked for Ernest, a man of a just and reasonable mind, to altogether ignore, and when once he came to comparisons the natural results followed. And yet, though he learned to love Dorothy so dearly, it cannot be said that he forgot Eva, because there are some things that a man can never forget, since they are a part of his inner life, and of these first love is unfortunately one.

"Ernest," went on Dorothy, "you remember what you told me when you asked me to marry you in Titheburgh Abbey, about your belief that your affection for Eva would outlast the world, and find a continued expression in the lives to come. Do you still believe that?"

"Yes, Doll, to a great extent."

His wife sat and thought for a minute.

"Ernest," she said, presently.

"Yes, dear."

"I have managed to hold my own against Eva in this world, when she had all the chances and all the beauty on her side, and what I have to say about your theories now is, that when we get to the next, and are all beautiful, it will be very strange if I don't manage to hold it there. She had her chance and she threw it away; now I have got mine, and I don't mean to throw it away either in this world or the next."

Ernest laughed a little. "I must say, my dear, it would be a very poor heaven if you were not there."

"I should think so indeed. Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder, or woman either. But what is the good of our stopping here to talk such stuff about things of which we really understand nothing. Come, Ernest, Jeremy and the boys will be waiting for us."

And so hand in hand they went on homeward through the quiet twilight.

THE END.

At Least He Thought So.

Mr. P. Danaviarr consults his dentist. "Excruciating pain in your teeth, you say?" inquired the practitioner.

"Horrible!"

"How often does it come on?"

"Every five minutes!"

"And lasts?"

"Oh! a quarter of an hour at the very least."—*Almanach Picttoresque.*

He was a Philosopher.

"How ever do you manage to find what you want when you keep your things in such disorder?" asked a man of an editor whose manuscripts were lying around in confusion.

"Easy enough," replied the editor. "Whenever I want a certain article I just take the bottom of the pile."

Unsatisfactory Progress.

Tommy came home from school and handed to his father the teacher's report on his progress during the month.

"This is very unsatisfactory, Tom; you've a very small number of good marks. I'm not at all pleased with it."

"I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."

The Maritime Provinces and New England were visited on Saturday by the severest storm of the season. Heavy gales prevailed along the coast and the snow fell to a considerable depth. The railways are blocked in New Brunswick. It is feared that the loss of life and property at sea was extensive.

Evening classes, at a penny per week, have proved a great success in Airdrie, Lanarkshire, and it is stated that free education will possibly be tried next year.

CURRENT TOPICS.

When an alarm of fire is sounded in hotel, lodgers cannot be too quick in getting out, if a way is open. In a crowded theatre the danger of being trampled or crushed to death must be taken into consideration and a rush avoided. In either case a cool head will often save a scorched skin or something worse.

Newark *Advertiser*: "The popular grief is readily assuaged. Money comes much more reluctantly forth than sympathy does. What is everybody's business is nobody's. They who propose a public monument to the dead must be quick about it, must have a specific and comprehensive plan and must close all calls for money very early."

The houses in the olive-growing districts in the north of Italy have constructed beneath them tanks in which the olive oil, the produce of the year's crop, is stored by the respective inhabitants. This peculiar feature has entailed upon the owners financial ruin as the result of the late earthquakes, the whole of the store being spoilt by *debris*, etc.

M. Fremy has read a paper at the French Academy of Sciences describing the successful researches made by him, with M. Verneuil's assistance, for obtaining artificial rubies. By letting alumina dissolve in fluoride of calcium he obtained crystals of alumina—that is to say, perfect rubies, defying the closest scrutiny, and even higher in value than natural stones. They can be made of large size.

Prof. McGee, of the Geological Survey, in a recent lecture on the Charleston earthquake, said that displacement is now in progress at a rate so astonishingly rapid as to occasion surprise that earthquakes are not more frequent, and the cities of Pittsburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Washington, Baltimore, Port Deposit, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton and New York have been located on the very line of displacement.

The Duke of Devonshire, now verging on 80, has resigned the chairmanship of the Barrow Hematite Steel Company and Barrow Shipbuilding Company. He is succeeded in these positions by his son, the Marquis of Hartington, leader of the Liberal Unionists. The Marquis "owns" 100,000 acres of land in the counties of Cork and Waterford, Ireland, obtained by confiscation a couple of centuries ago. He is vehemently opposed to "the Plan of Campaign."

In a recent address to the graduating class of the University of Maryland Faculty f Physic, Col. H. Kyd Douglas said these wise words: "A young physician's first prescription should be for himself—a wife—to be taken immediately. A young preacher ought to get along without a wife. A young lawyer may get along without one, but a young celibate doctor won't do. His marriage will certainly carry more weight than his medical diploma. Doctors must be sober and serious, and there is nothing so likely to make them so as an early marriage."

Quite a number of English saints have just been added to the calendar. The Catholics of Scotland are resolved not to be outdone by their English co-religionists, and have, it is said, taken steps to obtain the canonization of the unfortunate Queen Mary. It is expected that the question will be settled one way or the other at Rome by Easter. In the event of the decision being favorable a Catholic church is to be erected at Linlithgow to the memory of the new saint. Scotland has already two royal saints—Saint Margaret and Saint David. Of the latter it was said by some of his successors on the throne, "He was a sair saunct for the crown."

One of the thoughtless things witnessed every day is that of the most fastidious lady taking a coin from her purse and holding it between the lips until a glove is adjusted or the conductor calls for his fare. The ladies seem to forget that the small coin in daily circulation passes through a variety of hands, all the way from the soap-grease collector to the saloon. People with every form of even loathsome disease not only handle but carry them in their pockets, and there is not a doubt but disease of a contagious character is often conveyed by the contents of the pocketbook. The danger is not, perhaps, sufficient to call for fumigation, but it is enough to make careful people keep money from their mouths. The practice of wetting the finger from the mouth in counting paper money is altogether bad, not only because it is unclean, but because of actual danger from inoculation of disease.

A Fair Exchange.

Gentleman (at table in restaurant)—Excuse me, sir, but you are drinking my wine.

Another Gentleman—Yes, sir; and you will excuse *me*, sir, but you are reading my paper.

Dakota Weather Indications.

Reuben—I guess, Mirandy, we'll have a cyclone afore mornin'.

Mirandy (inside)—What makes you think so, Reuben?

Reuben—'Cause there goes Deacon Jones' barn over to the southard.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Improved His Opportunities.

She—What a charming gentleman young Mr. Sampson is, and such a fine Latin scholar! Is he a professional man?

He—No; Sampson clerks in a drug store.

The greatest of American millers is W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis. He has one mill that turns out 5,000 barrels of flour a day, and is interested in others whose output is enormous. There is probably no man living who is so largely interested in flour.

He was a bridegroom newly made—a wedding tourist he
His bride sat in the waiting-room, as sweet as sweet could be
Yet one would think that he had been a husband half his life,
As on the register he wrote: "J. Percy Newe and wife."
But as he raised his shiny hat, that showed no mark of age,
A shower of rice fell from within upon the open page
"Enough," the jewelled clerk exclaimed, and brushed away the rice;
"John, bridal chamber number 4—we charge him double price."

Steps are being taken to have telephone communication with Harrisburg. The company ask for a bonus of $100.

Method in It.

In all circles of society, wherever you may go,
You will find you can't judge people simply by their outward show.
There are moods and manners suitable in every time and place,
And smiles oftimes to pertidy their origin can trace.
The half-mad poet makes his line show either joy or sadness,
According to the people's will; there's method in his madness.

The statesman, erstwhile so reserved, so dignified and grand,
Surprises his poor neighbor as he grasps him by the hand
And wishes him good day and asks in sympathetic mood
How business is, and if his own and family's health is good.
He seems insane, but then election time, which grief or sadness
Will bring to him, is close at hand; there's method in his madness.

When your wife employs a cross-eyed girl whose talent is to shirk;
Who takes four afternoons a week and never does her work;
Who talks back constantly, and her dire clatter will not cease;
Who wears an apron spotted o'er with stains of dirt and grease;
Whose grammar is distinguished by the most surprising badness,
You may think your wife is crazy, but there's method in her madness.

Courage and Fortitude.

I heard of an example of courage and fortitude exhibited by a workingman a few days ago which made me feel that we are apt not to give credit to persons of his walk for the possession of qualities which are in the highest degree chivalrous. This man, while working a machine, cut off four of his fingers, but instead of complaining of the pain, at once declared that he wanted them re-united. On being told that there was little or no chance of such an operation being successful when the patient was over 50 years old, he said: "My family are dependent on me for support and I must have those fingers back in the old place." When the doctor, who was willing to try the experiment of replacing them, proposed to give him ether, he refused to take it and submitted calmly to the painful operation of sewing on the fingers, which lasted two hours.

Something like this happened in Buffalo a few years ago to a skilled artisan in a furniture factory working at machinery for dressing mahogany, which is particularly dangerous. He was having his injury attended to by a surgeon, when the foreman of his department hurried to him and said: "Sam, what time was it when you got hurt?" Sam replied, "About 4 o'clock. Why do you ask?" "So that I may know when to dock you," returned the foreman, and hastened off.

A Faithful Collie.

One afternoon recently Mr. John Millar, farmer, Balgove, formerly of Luthrie, near Cupar, left his house for St. Andrews, Fifeshire, and was seen in the course of the evening on the Crail Road, near Brownhills. Mr. Millar was accompanied by a collie dog, and as he did not return home at night fears were entertained that he had met with some mischance. During the whole of the next day search parties were busy looking for him, but unsuccessfully. During the evening a gamekeeper at Gilston, near Largo, was attracted by the appearance of a dog in a field. He endeavored to entice it with him, but it would not come, and on following the animal he came upon a man lying among the snow in an unconscious condition, and evidently benumbed with cold and exposure. The gamekeeper went to procure assistance, but on returning the faithful dog would allow no one to touch the man. It was at first coaxed, and then threatened and beaten with a stick, with the result that it became more savage, and at last the gamekeeper had to disable the animal by shooting it in the back. The man was taken to a house near at hand, and he proved to be the missing farmer. He was in a very weak condition, and must have succumbed during the night had his whereabouts not been revealed by the dog, which unfortunately died from the gun-shot.

Can You Solve This?

HOTEL-KEEPER

There were twenty-one students at an oyster table, and, after each of them had had enough, they resolved that the expense should be the hotel-keeper's. They all agreed to commence at one side of the table and count around; every time seven was counted, one—the seventh—to go out, the man left last inside to settle. From which man must they have commenced to count in order to leave the hotel-keeper to pay the bill?

A Father's But Not a Preacher's Privileges.

May a clergyman wheel his own baby in a perambulator? One would suppose that he might. But not so think the people of Edinburgh. There a clergyman was seen carrying his baby and his horrified congregation presented him with a perambulator. But his last state was worse than his first. for he wheeled this vehicle along the streets with his baby in it. This insult to the genteel susceptibilities of his congregation was too much. He received a letter politely informing him that, while his abilities gave satisfaction, his pastoral services would no longer be needed.

How to Find Easter.

The rule for finding Easter is to take the Sunday next following the date of the first full moon after March 21st. If that full moon falls on a Sunday, then Easter is the next Sunday after it. As there are twelve lunations in eleven days less than a year the date of Easter may be said to jump about irregularly within a range of thirty-five days. The full moon of last year happened April 18th, which was Sunday, and Easter Sunday was April 25th, the latest date possible under the present arrangement. The Easter full moon of this year fell on Thursday last, April 7th, which is eleven days earlier than last year, and April 10th will be Easter Sunday.

Women doctors are appreciated in India. At the medical school at Agra, at which Miss Fairweather, of Chicago, has been offered the post of physician, there are sixty female pupils.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Chance for a Maid.

How a lady lost her maid is disclosed by one of "Clara Belle's" letters:

Speaking of humbug, a Fifth avenue belle's maid, a trim, pretty creature, suddenly disappeared recently; and it was a wonder, because the girl was well paid in proportion to her good looks—for it is deliciously swell now to have a pretty body servant. She had not seemingly been dissatisfied with her work or wages. Her employer feared that some sentimental harm had come to her, and charitably went so far as to hire a private detective to hunt her up. Where do you think he found her? She was an advertising exhibit in a hair-wash establishment. There is a boom on in that industry. Phenomenally long-haired women are posed in the window of stores where hair tonics are on sale, and competition is hot. The comely maid had luxuriant tresses, which grew so heavily and rapidly that she went periodically to a hair-dresser to have them cut short.

"How much wages do you get?" he asked her.

"Twenty-four dollars a month," she replied.

"I can get you double that," he said, "and nothing at all to do except to be admired. Oh, don't be alarmed—there's no harm in it. Messrs. Blank & Co., the well-known makers of Cerulian Glory, want to boom their stuff. You are just the girl they desire. You will have your head shaved close. Then they will show you freely to their customers, telling them that you lost your hair years ago by fever, and have given up all hope of regaining it; you have tried many preparations in vain; they are going to experiment on you. Your hair grows fast and fine—it becomes a marvel—the fame of it spreads by word of mouth, and by the time your head has regained its usual beauty they have sold 1,000 extra bottles of Cerulian, and you have received three months' extra wages. See?"

She saw; and that is how the Fifth avenue belle lost her pretty maid.

The Week's Fashion Notes.

The handsomest fans of the season consist of sixteen white feathers mounted on tortoise-shell sticks.

Pretty bonnet-string pins are of pearls in the shape of a key, with a miniature gold padlock in the centre.

Heliotrope and white striped, figured or plaided cotton goods are the most pronounced favorites for the coming season.

Sateen dresses are finished with velvet collars and cuffs, while gingham suits have accessories of Hamburg embroideries or the woven border of the material.

Braiding is the favorite trimming for young girls' street dresses this season, and is usually done by hand with narrow flat braid after the pattern has been stamped. Black is preferred upon any color rather than shades to match the dress.

A pointed basque, long apron and full drapery of blue foule, is handsome braided across the lower part of the front and sides of the skirt, down the front of the basque and around the lower edge to the postillion pleats. The braiding is black, while the vest, collar and cuffs are of blue velvet.

A new and charming use for white Chinese crape is to make bridal dresses of it, draped over white satin. The sleeves are fulled a good deal in the arm holes, but are tight below the elbow. The front of the basque is made in handkerchief shape, folded across, gathered on the shoulders, and caught at the waist by a satin belt. The nature of the material perfectly suits the present styles in drapery and exquisite ball dresses are made of this white crape, embroidered with silver.

Swing backs are put on dresses for girls above 12 years of age. A dancing-school dress of cream surah is laid in box pleats all around with draperies of tulle. The pointed basque of surah has puffed sleeves and bretelles of tulle. Sashes of ribbon about four inches wide are worn on one side in two long ends and a number of loops. These dresses do not quite reach the ankles.

Chenille spotted net is greatly worn in black, silver gray, red or brown, for veils that reach to the chin or only cover the eyebrows. Very small tinsel spots on red forms a becoming veil. A new net has a cross-barred surface, like the ground of some old laces, and is thicker than the spotted nets. Large meshed net with scalloped edges is also fancied.

The masculine collars and chemisettes with white ties, that were so popular last season, are to be worn again as soon as the weather get warmer. At present ribbons are the popular neckwear, the prettiest being rich, wide, white moire ribbon, showing a little edge at the collar and sleeve and tied in a small bow under the chin and on top of the wrist. Colored ribbons are used, but are only becoming to very dark brunettes.

The faucy for ribbon trimmings is so great that they are no longer confined to bonnets, but are used on dresses, serving in narrow widths for bayadere stripes on plaiting at the foot and sides of the skirts, and in broader widths for making stripes lengthwise on draperies, on wraps, and even on the coats of children. Entire fronts of evening and house dresses are covered with loops of ribbon finished with beads or swallow-forked. There are sleeves and bodices made up set on net or gauze, and to be worn with full dress.

The variety of colored beads was never so great. Pink, amber, pearl, pale blue, green and white beads are shown, and are used to form whole bonnets in the same manner that jet has been hitherto used. The head-trellis bonnets, on wire foundations, are shown trimmed with a scarf of crepe or of lisse, put almost flat on the top and falling down the sides, and in very wide strings, making a low capote, that will commend itself to theatre goers and those who sit near them.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Grained woods should be washed with cold tea, and then, after being wiped dry, rubbed with linseed oil.

Cloths dipped into hot potato water are recommended for immediate and complete relief in the severest cases of rheumatism.

A piece of charcoal laid upon a burn will ease it almost immediately, and if kept there about an hour, it is said, the wound will be entirely healed.

If roses become wilted before they can be put in water, immerse the ends of the stalks in very hot water for a minute or two, and they will regain their pristine freshness.

For those suffering from weak lungs or a hacking cough, a few drops of tar taken on a lump of sugar will give relief; five or six drops should be sufficient for a grown person.

Oilcloths should never be washed in hot soap suds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate hearth.

When attacked by palpitation of the heart let the patient lie down as soon as possible on the right side, partially on the face. In this position the heart will resume its action almost immediately.

Lime water may be made cheaply by taking a fresh piece of lime as large as an egg, pouring two quarts of soft water on it and allowing it to stand two or three hours, shaking it occasionally. Bottle and keep for use.

To preserve goods from moths, do not use camphor in any form. Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes and in closets are a better protection. Five cents will buy enough to equip all the packing boxes and closets of a large house for a year.

To cure a felon, saturate a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine, and apply to the affected part. It relieves the pain at once, and in twelve hours or less there will be a hole to the bone. Dress with sticking salve, and the finger will get well.

Lace may be washed by winding it round bottles or sewing it on muslin and boiling it in soft water with white castile soap. It should be rinsed in soft water after removing it from the suds.

Salt, in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, is an emetic always on hand. This is also an antidote to be used after poisoning from nitrate of silver while waiting for the doctor to come.

A good knowledge of watering is at the bottom of success with the window flowers. Water must run in readily and run out readily. When a plant is well watered, it is a good sign to see the water rush out at once into the saucer through the bottom of the pot. If it does not do that, something is wrong.

Never place fresh eggs near lard, fruit, cheese, fish or other articles from which any odor arises. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing power, and in a very short time they will be contaminated by the particles of objects in their neighborhood, by which the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new-laid egg will be destroyed.

A bottle of turpentine should be kept in every house, for its uses are numerous. A few drops sprinkled where cockroaches congregate will exterminate them at once, also ants, red or black. Moths will flee from the odor of it. Besides, it is an excellent application for a burn or cut. It will take ink stains out of white muslin, when added to soap, and will help to whiten clothes if added to them while boiling.

If the feet are painful after long walking or standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool, rub briskly with a fresh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

Scenes in Southern Russia.

One might travel the world over, outside of Turkey, and nowhere find wheat so white, bread so black, ignorance so dense, and houses so wretched as among the peasant farmers of southern Russia. So many men had gone to the war that women were employed to display the railway signal flags at every verst along the lines for 1,000 miles. Had those little signal flags and the women who held them been cast in bronze they would not have appeared more lifeless than they did when our train thundered by them. In every instance the little flag-staff was held in "regulation position," as if it were a soldier's gun under the scrutiny of a General in personal command. "I will see if the woman at the next post is alive," said an American, tying a smoked herring to a fishing-tackle. As the train approached her he suspended the line from the car window and dangled it in her face. She simply looked at the herring, but still kept the signal flag in position, and as long as we could see her she was maintaining the discipline of Russia's extensive railway service.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Listening with his Eyes.

Young Kenneth, 6 years old, sat on an ottoman in a Beacon street window the other day, with his hands clasped behind his head, gazing aimlessly out upon the street and the public garden. There were people moving up and down upon the street, and on the garden there was an expanse of snow, and people who looked at once as if they were waiting for it to go. Kenneth's gaze continued, quiet but intent.

"What are you looking at, my boy?" asked his mother, by and by.

"Oh! nothing, mamma—only listening with my eyes!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Cause for Absence.

Layman (to minister)—The bad weather keeps a good many people away from church, I suppose, Mr. Goodman?

Minister—Ye-es; but bad weather doesn't keep as many away from church as the contribution box does, my brother.

Not Very Much Snow.

New Yorker (to Dakota man)—You have a good deal of snow in Dakota, I suppose?

Dakota—Oh, no; it never gets so deep that we can't tell what kind of a day it is by looking out of the chimney tops.

The sewage of London, amounting to nearly 200,000,000 gallons a day, is carried by the great sewers twelve miles to huge storage reservoirs at Barking and Crossness, on opposite sides of the Thames, where it is treated with one grain per gallon of sodium manganate and a few grains of chloride of lime. After precipitation of the solid matter, the effluent is discharged into the river at ebb tide, in a clean and odorless—yet far from wholesome—condition.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Canada to be Represented at the Liverpool Exhibition—Our Great Agricultural Trophy.

An Ottawa despatch says: Among the many projects suggested for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in the old country, the Imperial Jubilee Exhibition at Liverpool promises to take front rank. It will be opened next month and is intended to portray in a practical manner to the public the victories of peace and war during Her Majesty's reign. It will thus display those achievements which have done so much to promote the progress of the Empire. The victories of peace and war during the past fifty years will be illustrated (1) by courts in which the immense progress of the Colonies and India will be typically shown; (2) by courts illustrating the victories of war, arranged chronologically; (3) by courts in which the results of explorations are shown, with special reference to the countries and the people; (4) by courts devoted to life-saving apparatus on land and sea, both in times of peace and war; (5) by courts illustrating the advances made in machinery, mechanical engineering and agricultural implements; (6) by courts in which will be exhibited trades, manufactures and industries from Liverpool only. The Colonial and Indian courts will exemplify: *a.* The flora and fauna of the several colonies and India; *b.* their cereal and mineral products; *c.* literature having reference to each particular colony. By thus concentrating the principal features of each dependency of Her Majesty's Empire, the people will be enabled not only to acquire a good general knowledge of British possessions as a whole, but also to see and study for themselves those products characteristic of any particular colony. Canada will be worthily represented under the second sub-section. The magnificent agricultural trophy which attracted universal attention at the Colonial Exhibition last year is still in splendid condition, and the Liverpool commissioners have asked the Dominion Government for the loan of it, which permission, it is understood, has been given. The Liverpudlians offer to pay the cost of freight, etc., and will also erect the trophy at their own expense, so that Canada will have a magnificent standing advertisement for six months in the second city in England, which will undoubtedly favorably impress thousands with the agricultural resources of the Dominion. Besides the courts specified there will be others devoted to war trophies, exploration, life-saving and ambulance, machinery and implements, etc. Magnificent buildings have been erected, and although other exhibitions to be held this year will undoubtedly be full of interest and instruction, none seem to have put forward a scheme more illustrative of the various achievements of Victoria's reign than the Liverpool people.

THE MARQUIS AND THE PRINCESS.

The Alleged Cause of the Trouble Between Princess Louise and Her Husband.

A Berlin cable says: A book has just appeared here entitled the "Courts of Europe." The author's name is not on the title page. It gives a formal history of all the royal families, with much interesting information concerning them. The article relating to the English court gives an entirely new version of the differences which are generally reported to exist between the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. Hitherto it has always been said that the Princess was fond of flirting, and that it was the Marquis who was jealous. According to the publication in question, however, it appears that it is the Princess who suffers from tortures of jealousy. It is stated that she carries her conjugal suspicions to such an extent that she is happy nowhere. She is reported to have said one day to the Duchess of Albany, "Oh! if I only knew of some place where I could conceal my husband so as to be sure of him. I am so unfortunate." Some time subsequently the Princess went with her sister-in-law to pray at the tomb of the Duke of Albany. According to this book the Princess said to the Duchess, "The woman whose husband lies buried there is happier than I am."

Witty English Judges.

Sir Henry Hawkins is getting a reputation in England as a witty judge. Recently a prisoner pleaded guilty of larceny and then withdrew the plea and declared himself to be innocent. The case was tried and the jury acquitted him. Then said Sir Henry Hawkins: "Prisoner, a few minutes ago you said you were a thief. Now the jury says you are a liar. Consequently you are discharged."

Justice Chitty, of London, recently heard a case concerning some agricultural implements and household furniture. One of the lawyers was very prosy, and after talking about the implements until the court was nearly asleep, said: "And now, my lord, I will address myself to the furniture." "You have been doing that for an hour already," replied Justice Chitty.

He Who Kisses Must Pay.

Mr. Edward Nelson, of the Priory, Lewisham, was on Saturday fined at the Greenwich Police Court £4 and £1 costs for kissing his governess. It was stated in evidence that on the night of January 21st, after the complainant had retired to rest, the defendent came to her room, dragged the bed-clothes from her face, and kissed her twice. She threatened to alarm the household if he did not leave the room at once. He left, but the following day he twice attempted to kiss her in the schoolroom. For the defence it was urged that the case was entirely trumped up. Notice of appeal was given.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

The Wrong Days.

Kenneth, age 6, and Philip, his brother, two years older, asked permission of their mother to go out for a little walk on Sunday afternoon.

"Yes, you may go," she said, "if you will not forget that it is Sunday, and walk quietly, as you should."

The boys went out and returned soon.

"O mamma," said Kenneth, running to his mother, "Philip didn't do at all as you said. He acted just like Monday and Tuesday all the time."—*Youth's Companion.*

Sol Smith Russel is going to settle in Minneapolis with his father-in-law, Wm. T. Adams. The latter, best known as Oliver Optic, is now nearly 65 years old and has begun to lose health.

GIRLS FOR SALE.

Where They Are Worth Twelve Woodpeckers Apiece.

"Among the Klamath Indians of Northern California," said a missionary to a reporter of the San Francisco *Examiner*, "the squaws are vendible commodities, and are put upon the market at a price supposed to correspond with their charms. The young woman's choice is not consulted, and if a rivalry exists between bidders for her possession she is knocked down to the most liberal offer.

"A maiden of comely appearance, and having a talent for plaiting hats, baskets and other ornamental wicker ware, is of course a more merchantable article than her sister without accomplishments and without beauty.

"The price paid for a girl of the desirable kind is in the neighborhood of twelve red-headed woodpeckers, a broncho and a breech-loading rifle—the woodpecker heads being valued at $2.50 apiece, and the pony and gun at about $20 each, making the price of the girl $70. This amount varies, of course, according to the financial standing of the purchaser and the avarice of the parents. It occurs occasionally that as much as $150 is given for a girl, but she would be possessed of unusual allurements, and the purchaser a nabob.

"The lazy and oleaginous bucks, when they have purchased a nominal wife—they do not consult the laws in respect to marriage—at once require their lady love to enter upon all the hard work obtainable. She, in fact, is required to neglect nothing which might contribute to the comfort of her lord, who confines himself to an occasional hunting or fishing expedition with the *otium cum dignitate* for which the aboriginal American is celebrated. The women pack wood from the forests in baskets, which are carried on the back and supported by a band which encircles the forehead. They also collect gold dust from the exposed bedrock in abandoned mines, which is handed over to their consorts with religious regularity. It is a fact that the Indian women on the Klamath are absolute slaves, but they are faithful and loving, no matter how harshly treated. You can readily imagine, however, that, on account of the hard life they lead, by the time middle age is reached they lose all feminine charms and become hags. I suppose it is generally known that white men here purchased squaws for matrimonial purposes, but it is not generally known how happy such unions are. White men who have espoused squaws almost invariably cling to them through every vicissitude of life. Divorces are unknown among them, and 'squaw men' take a pride in boasting of the good qualities of their purchases.

When an injury is supposed to have been committed, the perpetrator is by common consent considered the proper prey of the party injured, including his relations, and ambuscades and assassinations naturally ensue. Dead men tell no tales, and the live ones won't, so that investigation never amounts to anything.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Transfers Made by the General Conference Committee Yesterday.

The General Conference Transfer Committee of the Methodist Church, which is composed of the General Superintendents and the Presidents of Conferences, met Thursday in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, for the purpose of assigning charges on the several circuits. Rev Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, presided.

The following transfers were made:

To the Toronto Conference, Revs. W. R. Parker, D.D., D. G. Sutherland, LL.D., from London Conference; James Gray, from Guelph Conference; Charles Fish and S. G. Stone, from Bay of Quinte Conference; Henry Harris, from Niagara Conference, and Coverdale Watson, from British Columbia Conference.

To Guelph Conference.—Revs. J. F. Smith and Wm. Newton, from Niagara Conference, R. H. Waddell, from London Conference.

To Niagara Conference.—Revs. George Miller, from Toronto Conference, E. L. Clement and W. G. Brown, from London Conference; A. A. Bowes, from Guelph Conference.

To London Conference.—Revs. Alex. Langford and C. Creighton, from Manitoba Conference; J. B. Aylesworth, from Guelph Conference; Hugh McClean, from Niagara Conference; Wm. McMullen, from Montreal Conference.

To Montreal Conference.—Revs. R. A. Hammond, R. L. Ockley, P. H. Allin and R. J. Irwin, from Bay of Quinte Conference; Chas. S. Deeprose, from Toronto Conference.

To New Brunswick Conference.—Rev. Ralph Brecken, M.A., from Nova Scotia Conference.

To Nova Scotia Conference.—Rev. W. H. Edyvean, from Newfoundland Conference.

To Manitoba Conference.—Revs. W. C. Bunt, Samuel O. Irvine, from London Conference; F. A. August, Joshua H. Burrows, James F. Davis and J. P. Wilson, B.A., from Bay of Quinte Conference.

To British Columbia Conference.—Revs. Mr. Wadman, B.A., from New Brunswick Conference; J. E. Starr, from Toronto Conference; James Calvert, from Bay of Quinte Conference, and James Turner from London Conference.

Personalities in the British Commons.

Mr. Bartley, rising to a point of order, asked the Chairman if it was in order for an hon. member to say to him that if he got him outside he would black his eyes.

The Chairman said any such remark would certainly not be in order.

Mr. J. O'Connor (Tipperary) said he rose to make a personal explanation. He did not use those words. (Cries of "Oh.")

The Chairman—No name was mentioned. (Loud laughter.)

It is reported that owing to Archbishop Tache's continued illness a coadjutor-bishop of St. Boniface will be appointed, with the right of succession to the archbishop.

Rev. James Brodie, of Ormiston, Scotland, who died recently, was totally blind from the time he was three months old. He was ordained in 1875. He had nearly the whole Bible by heart, having a most retentive memory. He was a good singer and musician, playing skilfully on the piano and violin. His ministry was earnest and faithful, and he passed away after only a few hours' serious illness.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, APRIL. 21, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We understand a great effort is being made to induce the Ontario Government to move the Division Court from Flesherton to Markdale. Thanks, awfully. Suppose we remove Markdale and stick it on one of our corner lots?

Clean up your back-yards. Get a garden rake, roll up your sleeves, limber up your spinal column and wade into the mire and refuse of last winter. You won't require to wear your plug hat or those dandy kid gloves. And you needn't swear at us because we make these little suggestions. We mean well.

The Mechanics' Institute scheme has gone up stream. The people are of the opinion that they are already taxed quite beyond their means or necessities. Another straw would break the camel's back. And yet we'll bet a pair of suspenders they'd spend half the amount requisite in organizing a bran new secret society. At the same time we really do believe they're overtaxed.

The Dominion Parliament has got fairly down to business. Black Rod has made his three historical double-and twisted bows. The strain on his elastic vertebrae has been great, but as he gets $1000 for the first bow, $1000 for the second, and $500 for the third we may safely conclude that he will recover before the next session of the assembled wisdom of Canada takes place.

Markdale gobbles the roller flour trade while Flesherton meekly folds its arms and, like poor Micawber, "waits for something to turn up." Of course something will turn up—it always does. Markdale appropriated a position in the Methodist church to which she was clearly not entitled, and Flesherton meekly bore it all. And now an attempt is to be made to remove the Division Court. Of course Flesherton will also permit this with its usual indifference.

Our Township assessment is all out of joint. It wants overhauling badly and if there is not a pretty lively shaking "among the dry bones" on Court of Revision day we're wearing the wrong spectacles-sure. What justice is there in assessing one man's property at two-thirds its value and another's at its full cash value? Some property is not assessed at half what it is worth and some at more than it would actually fetch under the auctioneer's hammer. Somebody pays a disproportionate share of the taxes! A storm clears the air. Let it come—the sooner the better.

Assessor Myles has raised the valuation of property in Euphrasia about forty per cent. Mr. Myles' idea is to assess property at its full cash value. He is right. Until property is so assessed there will be no end to the trouble, under the loose system which prevails so largely. We don't wonder that Mr. Myles has a lively time of it. People never seem to be in a hurry to get out of old ruts, even if they are bettered by so doing. It isn't just because they can't see the benefit to be derived from the equalization of the assessment, but oftener because they won't. "There are none so blind as those who will not see." Mr. Myles should be thankful to escape with his scalp, under the circumstances.

The Editor of this great all-wool-36-inches-to-the-yard newspaper riled an esteemed subscriber real bad last week. He often does. Can't choke him off. Sure to go and tell the truth about somebody and lose a good paying subscriber, when a crooked report would have put a hundred cents more in his pocket and answered just about as well—with some people. Still The Advance seems to jog along pretty much the same as before, and its esteemed contemporaries always have a kind word to say about the sturdy youngster.

The general unreliability of the telegraphic news furnished our daily papers by excitable operators was never better exemplified than in the case of the Flesherton Station fracas. One report had it that Carson was not expected to recover; another, that Carson's jaw was broken by Hannah; while a third gravely intimated that "Carson's injuries were at first feared to be fatal, but there is now hope for his recovery!" Another report had it that Hannah had "dug out" and left the country. Of course flying rumors had something to do with changing the report as it appeared in the daily papers, but none of them were correct. As a matter of fact Mr. Carson is able to move around—indeed he called at our office last Friday and appeared to be almost as lively and energetic as of old; while Mr. Hannah attends to his business as usual.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS GIVEN LAST WEEK.

(5)—$90. $99.
(6)—7260 feet.
(7)—$2.42+

The following sent correct answers to the three questions:—

Flesherton P. S.

Bert Armstrong, Frank VanDusen, Lou Armstrong, Lewis Ludlow, Lizzie Swanton, Mamie Ayers, Mary Strain, Martha Beatty, Wesley Smith and W. Dinwoody. David Matthewson sent answers but no solutions and a number of others answered one or two each.

S. S. No. 9, Artemesia.

Alexander Cameron answered one and Elizabeth A. Cameron and Margaret J. Cameron answered two each.

S. S. No. 3, Artemesia.

W. J. Moore sent neat solutions to the three, Annie Akins solved No. 6, and J. W. Caswell Nos. 5 and 6.

Questions for Next Week.

(8)—An agent received $117 for selling 800 barrels of flour at $6.50 per barrel. Find his rate per cent. of commission.

(9)—Find the simple interest on $600 for 6½ years at 5½%.

(10)—At 6% for 5 years, 8 mos., what part of the principal equals the interest?

(11)—What is the amount of $73 for 50 days at 6%?

(12)—A and B wish to divide the amount of $800 for 8 years at 5%, so that A's part shall be six times B's. Find each man's share.

[Some of the solutions were very neat and others—well, I won't say.—M. E.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SEEDS, SEEDS!

THE PUREST

Field-and-Garden

SEEDS!

That can be Bought are Now for Sale at

RICHARDSONS' DRUG STORE, FLESHERTON.

Mr William will Attend.

A Scene From Life.

A young man entered the bar of a village tavern, and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord; "you have had too much already. You have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men now are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this place I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one." And he kept his word.—Christian Words.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Temperance Sermon.

Meaford Mirror.

Last Sabbath evening, in Erskine church, Rev. A. T. Colter preached a sermon on "Temperance" to an exceedingly large congregation. The Rev. gentleman appeared to be in his best form, and boldly depicted the evils and vices attendant upon the use of intoxicants; giving facts and figures which must have been startling to those who have not taken the trouble to investigate the matter: sounding many notes of warning to those who have already entered within the dangerous circle and are being lured on by false lights shown by this demon of destruction, and cautioning those who have not taken the first glass to refrain from it—to cast aside the temptation as they would a slimy serpent from their path. The sermon or address was a powerful, realistic and practical effort; it showed careful thought and study of the subject, and no doubt created an impression on the minds of many that will yet be the means of good.

Received His Medal.

Meaford Mirror.

Mr. James Stewart received his bronze medal last week from the Colonial and Indian exhibition, which is intended to accompany the diploma spoken of in a recent issue of the Mirror. The medal is about the size of a $20 gold piece, has a fac simile of the Prince of Wales on one side while on the other stands out in a bold relief, the inscription, "Indian and Colonial Exhibition." The medal came in a neat little case especially prepared for it. Mr. Stewart feels justly proud of his trophies.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

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THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 09	to 2 10
Fall Wheat	$0 75	to 0 78
Spring Wheat	0 76	0 78
Barley	0 35	0 48
Oats	0 26	0 27
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 65	5 65
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 30	0 20
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp-Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvestor.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED Dr CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

New Goods!

I have received a large assortment of Spring Goods, consisting of Gents, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Childrens Boots and Shoes.

I am offering them at prices that for quality cannot be beat. CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

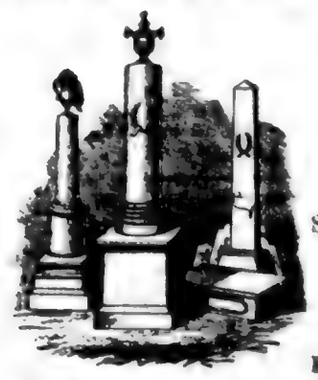

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

50 acre farm, 14 acres cleared. Apply to

M. RICHARDSON.

LOST NOTES.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against negotiating for two notes—one for $8.50, drawn in my favor by Mr Hillock, and the other for $20, drawn in my favor by Henry Down, both now due, as the same have been lost or misplaced by me. J. W. HODGSON.

CAUTION.—The Down note is not due until 1st March, 1888, the Hillock note is now due.

Horning's Mills, March 21st, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

CAUTION.

I hereby caution any person against negotiating for a note for $15, in favor of Samuel Martin, which fell due about 1st Nov., 1886, as I have not received value for the same.

JOHN SHERWOOD,

Eugenia P.O.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 33, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P M at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. McP. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

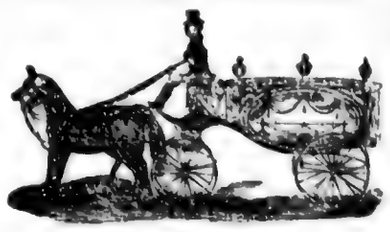

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holloy's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Drowning Case At Dunedin.

Mr. James Plewis Drowned.

A sad accident occured at Dunedin on Sunday last, by which Mr. James Plewis, sr., lost his life. The dam at the Dunedin mill, lately rented by the deceased, was in danger, on account of the river rising so rapidly, and Mr. Plewis was engaged with a pike pole, trying to prevent some logs from injuring the dam. A man named Bloomer and two boys, Weatherall and Stone, were out with Mr. Plewis. The deceased, aided by young Weatherall, was trying to turn a log around, so as to send it down stream, when Mr. Plewis slipped and fell forward into the dam and was instantly swept through below the stringers down into the foaming waters below. Young Weatherall sprang off the breastwork of the dam and ran down the stream about 20 yards, when he saw the body of deceased. He instantly sprang into the water and after a hard battle with the raging stream, he caught the drowning man by the shoulder, but the weight was too much for him, with the force of the stream, and they were swiftly carried down the stream together. During this time young Stone bravely sprang into the river, but not being accustomed to water, he was carried helplessly down the stream and was rescued by Mr. Peter McHaffie Mr. McHaffie then went to the assistance of the boy Weatherall who still held on to Mr. Plewis, and started for the shore with them and was assisted by Mr. Howard, who had just arrived on the scene. No one received any injuries except Mr. Plewis, who was unconscious. He was restored to consciousness, but died in five hours after. During this time the heroic Bloomer was standing quietly on the shore with his hands in his pockets, watching the brave boys struggling with the current, and stated that he would not go in the water for $200. He also told Mrs. Plewis that he was not there at all, which was false, as he was at Weatherall's side when he sprang into the water Dr. Dack, of Creemore, was sent for at once and promised to go in an hour. The hour passed and he did not arrive and was sent for again. When the messenger arrived the second time at Creemore, the Dr. was in bed, and when asked why he did not go, he said "it was too dark." We are happy to state that medical men of that description are very scarce, as they should be. The deceased was the father of the late J. S. Plewis, of Shelburne, and was well-known here. The remains of deceased were taken to Barrie on Wednesday for interment.—Shelburne Free Press.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Manitoba.

Post Card Items.

Editor Advance: On the 3rd March, I sent you what I supposed to be interesting news concerning the country. My letter I fear has been "tampered" with or gone astray. If you ever receive it please publish. I know your readers would be glad of some of the items, if not all which every cor. does not tell, "in the paper." My m.s. was sent in a sealed env. paid—letter postage. To-day Apl. 12th, the ground is again covered with snow for the third time since the latter end of March when "everybody and his wife," believed spring had "come to stay." Wheels had taken the place of runners, overcoats, and ladies muffs were laid aside:—

"The farmer was speeding the plow."
Fowls, cattle enjoying the sun,
Children out doors in a row,
No, only having great fun."

But its winter again. Three young blizzards within three weeks, numerous winds—high and low. If any wish to feel the constant unobstructed force of wind, let them remove to a prairie country. However, it does not blow *quite* all the time, but when it really does blow—blizzard, or snow, it "makes a meal of it." Western affairs are not done by halves, in Manitoba, yesterday, rain, hail, snow and wind, was a sample.

"The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast."

And red men too, I guess. However, I've seen as bad in Ontario at this time of year and can't help but like the North West, altho' I again advise all who are middling comfortable to *stay there.* If you *must* move, come this way, don't leave Canada. Never. WM. PURDY.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Death has again visited our neighborhood. Miss Ida Jimby who has been ailing for most of the winter passed away to her heavenly home last Friday morning. Her remains were taken by train to Owen Sound for interment in the family burying ground.

Mr. W. J. Holly has gone to Wiarton to work for the summer. He reports business booming.

Real spring weather is very slow in putting in an appearance. The fall wheat looks well at present and only wants warm weather to insure a good crop.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. They are mild and pleasant in action, thorough and searching in effect and, being sugar-coated, are easy to take. These pills never fail to give satisfaction.

"Seriously Marred."

Markdale Standard.

The usual peace and good order of our village has recently been seriously marred by profanity and indecent language by roughs on our streets: This should be stopped by making an example of individuals who thus wantonly violate the laws of order and decency.

Written for the Detroit Commercial Advertiser,

BY CARRIE.

The Singer.

His voice is soft and tender,
His eyes are full of light,
And shine like a star of safety
Through the darkness of the night.
He comes when the bright day slowly fades
And sits by my bright door, and sings;
And I seem to hear, as I list entranced,
The rustle of angels' wings.

His voice with emotion trembles and thrills,
He strives for the words he fain would say,
But I hear the love he tries to tell
In his song as it softly dies away.
Who is this wonderous singer,
You ask of whom I chat,
Why, it is our only darling,
Our beloved tommy cat.

A perfectly sound body and a mind unimpaired are possible only with pure blood. Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive of both hand and brain.

It Was The Old Woman.

Every drunken man thinks all the rest are drunk, and he is the only sober one. Lazy men may be more intelligent, but they are just about as mean.

An Eastern drummer listened to the complaints of a Southern mountaineer about hard times, for 10 or 15 minutes, and then observed: "Why, man, you ought to get rich shipping green corn to the Northern market." "Yes, I orter," was the repiy. "You have the land and can get the seed, I suppose?" "Yes." "Than why don't you go into the speculation?" "No use, stranger," sadly replied the native; "the old woman is too darned lazy to do the plowing and planting."

Ever since Adam blamed his sin upon Eve there have been husbands enough ready to charge their wives with the result of their own shiftlessness.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

A Pathetic Incident.

The following incident, so full of pathos and simplicity, teaches its own lesson of kindness and love for the little ones left fatherless and motherless on the charities of the world. It happened a few weeks ago in a Western city, where a poor widow had died leaving one child, a lame boy, to the cold charities of the world. After his mother's funeral, the little fellow was taken ill from the combined results of grief and neglect, and it was then evident that he would soon be united to his only friend.

He was left alone much of the day there being no one who could spare the time to stay with him. It was often noticed that the voices of two persons could be heard in his little room. But when those who in charge entered he would be alone and apparently asleep.

One day they listened, being quite sure that no one was with the child, and they overheard this strange monologue:

"Is you right there mamma?"

"Yes, my little boy, I is right here

"Was you went away yet?"

"I wented back to Heaven to tell God about my little boy."

"Did you was afraid, mamma?"

"No, my own little boy, 'cause God is nicer'n peoples."

"Did you told him about me, mamma?"

"I told him I had a little boy named Harry,—an' -an' "—

There was a loud noise of sobbing then and the listener outside cried, too. Presently the child's voice resumed:

"Did you told God to let me come up there, mamma?"

"Yes my boy; an' He said, 'Bimeby bimeby.'"

"Mamma, I'se—so—tired—an'—an' sleepy—an' I want to come an' stay with—you—an'—God."

There was a long silence then, broken by sobs. The listeners went in, after resolving in their hearts to be thereafter very patient with the motherless one.

But the next day he went home to his mother. "Bimeby" had come.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face, or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c per box at the Drug Store.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family. Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read a third time and passed:

Respecting a certain railway debenture debt of the township of Eldon—Mr. Cruess.

Respecting the Ontario Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company—Mr. Leys.

The following Bills were passed through committee:

To amend the Act incorporating the trustees of the Toronto House of Industry—Mr. Leys.

Relating to the Municipality of Rat Portage—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

The following Bills were read the second time:

To consolidate the floating debt of the town of Trenton—Mr. Ostrom.

To amend the Act incorporating the Brockville, Westport & Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company—Mr. Fraser.

Mr. H. E. Clarke asked whether, under the Public School Act, pupils of from 15 to 20 years of age, who may have been found guilty of gross immoralities, or who may have been more than once convicted of crime, have the right, notwithstanding such conviction, to take their places thereafter in the public schools. If so, whether it is the intention of the Government to introduce any amendment to remedy this evil during the present session of the Legislature.

Hon. G. W. Ross The provision of the School Act in regard to the power of trustees is as follows: "To dismiss from the school any pupil who shall be adjudged so refractory by the trustees (or a majority of them) and the teacher that his presence in school is deemed injurious to the other pupils, and where practicable, to remove such pupil to an industrial school." The term "refractory" has not been considered so far to apply to cases of gross immorality; so that whatever power the trustees may require in order to expel a pupil for gross immorality, they do not seem to be provided for in any statute. I can only say that I am now considering whether any increased power should be extended to the trustees in regard to the matter referred to in the question.

Mr. McMahon's Bill relating to Mutual Fire Insurance Companies was withdrawn.

Mr. Chisholm moved for certain information in regard to the Ontario Grain & Seed Company. Their mode of operation was to sell a farmer seed grain for $15 a bushel, giving in return a bond to buy back two bushels for every one sold at $10 a bushel. The bonds will turn out to be worthless. He thought the charter given to the company was not intended to be so used, and that it ought to be cancelled at once in order to stop future operations of the kind.

Mr. Leys said that the plan adopted by these companies was to fulfil the condition of the bond for the first year, and then get some farmer to go and tell his neighbors that it was all right. He had had reason to examine a bond given by a seed company chartered by the State of Ohio, and had found the company worthless. The Legislature of Ohio had made the formation of such companies criminal. The farmers had been swindled to a great extent by what was called the Egyptian Seed Oats Company.

Hon. A. Ross said that the discussion would serve as a warning. It seemed almost impossible to frame a law which would not be taken advantage of by rogues and swindlers. If the charters were taken away from such companies as were shown to have abused them it might protect the public to some extent. In reply to a question put by Mr. Meredith, Mr. Ross said that the company in question had no deposit with the Ontario Government.

Mr. McKay moved the second reading of the Bill relating to fires in hotels and other public buildings.

Hon. C. F. Fraser said that the matter was a most important one, but some of the provisions of his hon. friend's Bill were, perhaps, not the best that could be devised. There was one provision to which landlords might object, as it would afford means for a transit boarder to skip out without paying his bill, or to a confederate to admit a thief into the hotel. He thought the Bill should go to a committee.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to a special committee consisting of Hon. Mr. Pardee, Messrs. H. E. Clarke, McKay, Gibson (Hamilton), Leys, Meredith, Chisholm and Craig.

Mr. Ostrom, moving the second reading of the Bill to amend the Joint Stock Companies Act for supplying cities, towns and villages with gas and water, pointed out that the law at present restricted the borrowing power raised by these municipalities for providing means of supply of gas and water through companies. This Bill would enlarge that power, as he saw no good reason for the restriction. He understood the Attorney-General was considering this question, and he (Mr. Ostrom) would be glad to have the matter referred to the Municipal Committee in order to perfect the measure.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said it seemed to him wise not to change the general Act. This law was a very important protection to municipalities. But if there were special cases those interested should come before the Legislature and show the necessity for the extension, and doubtless it would be granted. He objected to this extension of the general Act.

Mr. Meredith suggested that as the policy of the Legislature was to provide general Acts and so do away with the necessity of special legislation, it might be that the object of the Bill might be reached in another way. The added power to borrow might be dependent upon the consent of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. In a matter of this kind he had sufficient confidence even in the present Government to leave that power in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

Mr. Mack suggested the reference of the matter to a special committee.

Mr. Fraser said the Attorney-General's statement showed that the Government had fully considered the matter and had reached a definite decision upon it. Under the circumstances he thought the Bill should be withdrawn.

The Bill was accordingly withdrawn.

Mr. Conmee, in moving the second reading of his Bill to amend the Municipal Act, explained it was to provide for cases in which the Councils of municipalities refused to initiate the necessary means for the providing of waterworks even where the majority of electors were in favor of it. The Bill provided for a declaration of the popular will on the subject when called for by 200 electors. If the vote was favorable the Council was obliged, under the Bill, to proceed with the necessary means of providing waterworks.

Mr. Meredith said this Bill was introduced last session, but generally opposed. He thought it would be a dangerous thing to make such a change as this in the general law. The hon. gentleman doubtless proposed to provide for the case of Port Arthur.

After some further discussion the Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Bronson moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Municipal Act. He explained that it provided, among other things, that votes for mayor should be cast only in the sub-division in which the voter resided, the vote to be marked in on the list, and that mark to be *prima facie* evidence that the vote had been cast.

Hon. A. M. Ross, in moving that the House go into committee on the resolution regarding drainage, said that the advantage of drainage was universally conceded, and the only question was as to providing for the means. The policy of the Government in the past had been to supply the money at the cheapest rate of interest compatible with justice to all. At the time when the rate of interest was fixed the mortgage rate of interest was 8 per cent. The rate was now only about 6 per cent. The Government obtained only 3½ per cent. on their own bank deposits, and they could borrow money at about 4 per cent. It therefore seemed reasonable that the interest on the drainage loans should be reduced. It was proposed to reduce the rate for loans both under municipal schemes and the tile drainage; all should be 4 per cent. It was proposed that this should apply to loans already made, so far as related to interest falling due after January 1st, 1887. The payments made yearly included both principal and interest; and as the rate of interest would be reduced a larger proportion of the yearly fund would go to the payment of principal, consequently the loans would be paid off in a shorter time and arrangements would be made accordingly.

Mr. Clancy said he was glad so much had been done, but he thought the Government should have increased the amount of the appropriation for loans by half a million dollars.

Hon. A. M. Ross said they had increased the amount by $100,000, and a further increase would be made if necessary.

The resolutions were adopted in Committee of the Whole.

Hon. A. S. Hardy, in moving that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the Bill regarding distress for rent, said that he purposed to propose certain amendments to the Bill in Committee. It was proposed that the exemption of goods of third parties should not apply to goods on the premises in the possession of the tenant under a contract for purchase. This would cover a class of cases where goods were held under a sale or hire receipt. It was proposed to have these goods liable to distraint, as they are now. Then it was alleged by some landlords that tenants living close together would exchange goods, and so, under the provisions of the Bill, evade distress altogether. It was therefore proposed that the exemption should not apply "where goods have been exchanged between two tenants or persons by the one borrowing or hiring from the other for the purpose of defeating the claim of or the right of distress by the landlord." Another amendment was provided that when the goods of a sub tenant were substituted for those of the tenant, they should be distrainable. It had been suggested that if a landlord were obliged to give forty-eight hours' notice of his intention to seize exempted goods the tenant might take advantage of the time to remove the goods. It was therefore proposed that he should have the right to seize the goods at once, giving notice of his intention to sell. It was also proposed to dispense with the reading of the notice, which might be a serious operation in the case of a refractory tenant.

The House went into committee on the Bill.

Mr. Meredith said one of the most serious defects of the present system was the right now held by the landlord of appointing his own instrument of seizure. Men were employed who did not understand their duties and performed them in a most unsatisfactory way.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) said that under the Bill there was nothing to prevent the parties from contracting themselves out of it. It was worth while to consider how far it was wise to allow such contracts to be made.

Hon. Mr. Hardy, in the course of a discussion on this point, said that he was not without fear that until the people accustomed themselves to this system poor tenants would be unable to secure houses, and at some inclement seasons of the year some serious hardships would occur.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) said that he had two letters pointing out this very difficulty. He thought they should hasten slowly.

Mr. Meredith said he was satisfied that these arguments on behalf of the tenants were made by landlords. Such arguments from such a quarter were open to suspicion. He feared that this Bill would breed a system of agreements which would deprive the tenants of the advantages of the law.

Hon. Mr. Fraser said that the hon. gentleman surely did not propose to deprive the landlord of the right to take security for the payment of rent. Suppose instead of a small house the building rented was a valuable store, it would not be right to prevent a chattel mortgage or some other security.

Mr. Meredith contended that men were often defrauded into signing wavers of their rights. A chattel mortgage could not be prevented, and so formal an instrument would probably not be signed so readily as the small slips which might readily be provided, and he was satisfied would be in the hands of every landlord.

Mr. O'Connor said that if a few lines in the lease or a small agreement could suspend the operation in any particular case it would be much better not to have the Act at all.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) said that the tenant would in some cases be injured by the necessity put upon landlords to demand rent in advance, and could see no reason why the tenant should not give security by agreement.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said the objection last raised was one which affected the principle of the Bill. But this point, respecting persons contracting themselves out of the advantages of the Act, was a very important one, and one which he thought had not been fully considered. He suggested that the Bill should not be passed by the committee until there had been further opportunity to consider it.

The committee rose, reported progress and asked leave to sit again.

Hon G. W. Ross, in moving the second reading of the Bill respecting the Education Department, explained that the measure, though really short, dealt with three very important subjects. Although the people of the Province were generally engaged in agriculture and universally interested in the success of that pursuit, no adequate means had ever been provided for a general diffusion of knowledge on the subject. Under regulations passed some instructions in the shape of lectures on Friday afternoons on subjects relating to time ago the teacher was authorized to give agriculture. Taking a step forward, a text book was being prepared so that those teachers in the Normal Schools might have the advantage of instruction in it and the benefit of systematized and correct information on the question. In future the students in the Normal Schools would be taught agriculture on much the same basis as the instruction in the Agricultural College was now carried on. The people of Ontario had every interest in promoting a love of farm life and in instilling in the minds of the young a knowledge of the conditions under which the best results to the agriculturist can be achieved. It was hoped that the book would fully cover the points which could be most advantageously dealt with, and the use of it, he was satisfied, would do good and meet with the approval of the people at large. Another point of the Bill was that it made preparation for the systematic instruction of the pupils attending the Common Schools in the effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human system. Under a regulation of 1885 the teacher was authorized to call the attention of the pupils to this subject—the desirability of cleanliness and attention to the laws of health. A text book on this subject had been prepared under the direction of the Board of Health, at the desire of the department, which had proven of great benefit, giving the teachers systematised information. Another provision of the Bill was to establish the Kindergarten school system of the Province. It would provide against any person not authorized to do so setting himself or herself up as a kindergartener and receiving public moneys for instruction of that kind. If the system was worth trying it should be tested under the auspices of the Education Department of the Province, for only in that way could the advantages of it be fully brought out and a fair test given. He looked for the best results from the establishment of the kindergarten education as part of the system of the Province.

Mr. Nairn, moving the second reading of the Bill respecting conditional sales of personal property, said the Bill followed the admitted tendency of the law of the present day to place personal property and real property on the same basis. The conditional seller of an article, such as a sewing machine, might come in and take the article back after a large part of the purchase money had been paid because of failure to pay one instalment. This worked especial hardship in the case of the poorest persons and those least versed in the law. A poor widow in his locality supported herself and children by her earnings with her sewing machine bought on the instalment plan. But because she failed to pay an instalment after she had paid three-quarters of the agreed price, the machine was taken away and she was left without a means of livelihood. The Bill provided that if the article in such a case were taken back, all but 25 per cent. of the price and fair allowance for breakage must be returned to the purchaser.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said there were doubtless great hardships under the law as it existed at present. The law at present did not assume that possession of a chattel was proof of ownership. But the House had dealt with the matter in relation to chattel mortgages which had to be registered. A deputation of manufacturers had waited upon him recently with reference to this Bill. But, while opposing the changes proposed, they themselves suggested that the difficulty might be met by providing in the law that every article conditionally sold should bear the name of the owner printed or stamped upon it, and a record kept of these articles. This, of course, could not apply to some chattels, as, for instance, a horse. It seemed to him impossible to legislate on the subject this session. But where there was a hardship—as there seemed to be in this matter—it was the duty of the House, if possible, to find a remedy. He believed the Bill might be read the second time and referred to a committee to make as perfect a Bill as possible, distribute it and let it be discussed and an effort made to frame for next session a measure which would remedy the grievances existing without creating greater

The Bill was read the second time and referred to a special committee composed as follows: Hon. Mr. Fraser, Hon. Mr. Hardy, Messrs. Gibson (Huron), Meredith Drury, French, Chamberlain, Harcourt, Gibson (Hamilton), Garson, Clancy, Hudson, Leys, Nairn and Ostrom.

Mr. Tooley moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Franchise and Representation Act by placing non-resident voters in the position they occupied before the Franchise Act of 1885. He said he would probably be met by the argument of "one man one vote," but he did not think that the principle of one man one vote prevailed now. He mentioned the case of a man who boarded in one constituency, earned his wages in another and had a vote in neither.

Hon. C. F. Fraser said he would be very much surprised if any considerable number of members voted against the principle which was adopted when the Bill was passed, that residence should be essential to the exercise of the franchise. Under the old law great trouble was experienced by both parties in getting in the outside vote, and there were constant attempts to violate the law forbidding the payment of travelling expenses of voters. Besides, there would be no object in interfering with the franchise at present, as the Attorney-General had promised to bring in a Bill dealing with the franchise before the present Parliament was closed.

The Bill was withdrawn.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the Mechanics' Lien Act, by providing that a lien shall have the same effect for all purposes before as after registration.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to the committee on the Bill relating to exemptions from seizure under execution.

Hon. G. W. Ross moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole upon the Bill to amend the Act respecting the Education Department. This Bill provides for instruction in the effect of alcohol upon the human system and agriculture in the public schools.

In the committee,

Mr. Meredith asked whether any subjects now taught were to be dropped. The complaint was made, and, he feared, justly, that the children were expected to study too much.

Hon. G. W. Ross said the curriculum was simpler and less extensive now than it was two years ago, and he did not know of anything that could be dropped. He thought that these new subjects were so important that they should be added.

Mr. Creighton said while he approved of instruction in the schools on the subject of alcohol upon the human system, he thought it unfortunate that it should be done in a way which entailed the purchase of more text books by parents. He thought it would have been better had lessons on this subject been included in the new Readers.

Hon. G. W. Ross explained that the text book would only cost 25c, and said he thought the instruction would be worth it.

Mr. Meredith asked if the instruction respecting narcotics would include tobacco. If so it would be well to have, as a frontispiece, a picture of the Minister of Education with his pipe in his mouth.

Mr. McLaughlin thought that instruction should be given as to the effects of tobacco which he held was very injurious. He had observed again and again that after a man had been smoking for fifteen minutes his pulse would rise from 69 to 96. Any narcotic which had such an effect upon the heart's action could not but be injurious. In Germany, where there was more smoking than anywhere else, except Turkey, they had recognised this evil and had enacted that any youth under 21 appearing upon the public street smoking should be punished. A similar law had passed in New Jersey. Opium also was very injurious, and was more generally used than many people thought and he thought that the instruction should cover the effects of this drug also.

Hon. O. Mowat introduced a Bill respecting the formation of new counties, which was read the first time.

Hon. O. Mowat introduced a Bill to extend the Land Titles Act to the outlying districts of the Province, which was read the first time.

Hon. C. F. Fraser introduced a Bill to amend the Ontario Factories Act, 1884, which was read the first time.

Hon. G. W. Ross introduced a Bill respecting Separate School debentures, which was read the first time.

Hon. G. W. Ross introduced a Bill to amend the High Schools Act, which was read the first time.

The Attorney-General's Bill to give early effect to certain amendments of the law recommended by the Statute Commissioners was referred back to Committee of the Whole, where some amendments were made to it. The Bill was then reported from the committee.

The House went into committee on the Attorney-General's Bill respecting the appointment and proceedings of police magistrates.

Hon. O. Mowat moved to add the following section to the Bill: A police magistrate appointed under this Act, or the Act respecting Police Magistrates for Counties, shall, in addition to his salary, be entitled to receive to his own use the same fees and emoluments as are paid to Justices of the Peace.

Mr. Meredith said that $600 would be sufficient for the amount of work these magistrates were called upon to perform, and, besides, the practice of paying judges and magistrates was a vicious one, and one which the Government itself had decided to abolish in the case of the Surrogate Courts.

Hon. A. S. Hardy said that the salary of $600 would be far too small in places where the work took up the whole time of the magistrate.

Mr. Lees protested against the Government taking the power to appoint police magistrates, and contended that the County Councils should make the appointments.

Hon. O. Mowat said that the Government had taken the power very reluctantly, under representations that such a step was absolutely necessary.

Mr. Clancy asked if there was any limitation as to the salary to be paid to the constable.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said the constable would be paid by fees.

On the clause to protect magistrates under legal process for his action where he acted in good faith,

Mr. Meredith called attention to a case in which, as alleged, a magistrate, under warrant issued while conviction was under appeal, took possession of some beer and a valuable horse. The horse was damaged while in the custody of the law, and the owner was now suing to recover damages. This clause would cover that case and prevent the man recovering damages, though under the existing law his case might be a good one.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said they must all agree that any law so long as it stood on the statute book should be enforced. The magistrates had to perform this duty, and though on technical grounds the defendant might quash conviction, the magistrates should not be liable when they acted in good faith. They could hardly expect the law to be enforced if this protection was not given.

After some further discussion, this and the subsequent clauses were passed and the Bill reported with amendments.

On motion of Hon. Mr. Mowat, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Bill to make further provisions respecting assignments for the benefit of creditors.

On the section making the sheriff, if the assignee, liable to the penalties of the original Act in such cases unless he has been tendered the cost of advertising and providing that he shall not be compelled to act under assignments until his costs are tendered him,

Mr. Meredith expressed the opinion that this would leave the sheriff to make a practically unlimited demand, and would in many cases lead to large bills of expense being made up.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said that the costs would be taxed, of course.

Mr. Meredith said this was not a practical remedy. Costs to be tendered should be limited to advertising and registering the assignment. Where there was a large estate the sheriff would be assured of his remuneration, and where there was little or none, more was not necessary.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said cases had arisen in which the sheriffs had received little or nothing, and he did not see any practical way of reaching the difficulty except that embodied in the Bill.

This clause and the remaining clauses of the Bill were passed and the Bill reported.

A New Domestic Telephone.

(Paris Letter to London Times.)

"I was invited to be present to-day at some telephonic experiments between Paris and Brussels with a new apparatus known as the 'micro-telephone push-button.'

"What makes this apparatus the most successful of telephonic instruments is, that it can be made for half-a-crown—that is to say, for not more than the price of the ordinary push-button. At front doors, in the interior rooms of houses, everywhere, in short, where the ordinary electric buttons are used, the telephonic button may be introduced. It will by this means be possible to give or receive instructions, to know who is knocking at the door, to communicate, in short, by speaking as well as by ringing. The railway companies are making experiments with this apparatus as a means of communication between compartments of carriages. It is being fitted up on trial in hotels. I have seen it at work at the door of a private house where I was replied to by those within without their having stirred from their places, and without the door being opened. Between Paris and Brussels this instrument, costing half-a-crown, worked with admirable precision, and it was not altogether without an eerie feeling that I listened to a voice with a slight Belgian accent coming to me from a distance of more than two hundred miles.

"The inventor is Dr. Cornelius Herz, one day nominated Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, next day described as an emissary of Germany, and lastly as the friend, adviser and confidant of Gen. Boulanger. He is in reality an electrician whose inventive talent has been stimulated by his residence in America, where there is a boundless demand for improvements in electrical apparatus and in all mechanical contrivances."

Latest Northwest News.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Mr. Gigot, the Hudson's Bay factor at McLeod, says that in that district the loss among Pilgrim cattle will be from 20 to 35 per cent., but it will be slight among the old range cattle.

The C. P. R. agent at Balgonie, named Lewis, has been arrested for tampering with the mails.

Mr. Kerr, traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, says through rates to the coast are to be increased as the result of the Inter-State Commerce Bill.

During the first quarter of 1887 there were nine failures in Manitoba, against fourteen failures during the corresponding period of 1886 and twenty-two failures in 1885. An aggregate increase of seventy nine is reported in the number of business houses during the same period.

The Alberta *Live Stock Journal* is authority for the statement that the losses to cattle in the West will be considerably less than expected, and will not exceed twelve per cent.

An agitation has been started in this city in favor of running the street cars on Sunday.

In Defence of Pa.

"Say, mother, the Smiths are putting on a terrible lot of style over me."

"Never mind, my daughter, maybe we can afford to let them."

"I know, but they are always throwing up their new parlor set to me, and Minnie Smith had the impudence to say to me yesterday that my father didn't have any brains."

"What did you say?"

"I asked her what she meant, and she said her father told her mother at the breakfast table that if old man Brown had any brains he would have gotten some boodle out of the county when he furnished the county infirmary with nightshirts for the patients."

"And then what did you say?"

"I said: 'Never you mind, Minnie Smith; papa didn't make anything on the nightshirts, but he just socked it to 'em on the bed sheets, and we're going to move into a two-story and basement brick, all newly furnished, in the spring.'"

"That's a sweet child—now run along and play."

Wisdom Always Appreciated.

The sage advice comes from the New York *World*, and comes just at the proper time, when the papers are filled with the horrors of fire-destroyed hotels:

When an alarm of fire is sounded in a hotel lodgers cannot be too quick in getting out, if a way is open.

Gentlemen who have heretofore arisen and commenced to shave when a fire alarm is sounded in a hotel, and ladies who, on like occasions, have taken to embroidering, will cut out the *World's* suggestions and paste them on their pillows.—*Galveston News.*

A Logical Lad.

Charlie: "I say, ma, what relation is Clara to us?" Mrs. Blooblud: "Clara? Oh, Clara is my maid, dear!" Charlie: "Oh, because you said one ought only to kiss one's relations, and brother Tom was kissing her like mad on the stairs just now!"

A hearing was had in London on Wednesday in an action for libel brought by Mr. De Bensaude, the husband of Violet Cameron, against the *Evening News* for republishing an interview which appeared in a New York paper, and which imputed to De Bensaude certain frauds perpetrated in Egypt. The case was concluded late in the afternoon, and De Bensaude was awarded $1,000.

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

I was asked the other day how many cases I had known, in my long experience as a detective, of innocent people being convicted and punished for the crimes of others? My answer was: "Only one," and the case is well worth relating and reading.

I began my detective career in Canada, and in a locality where justice made swift work of evil-doers. I had been three years in the business, and had done some very fair work, when a very sensational case was put into my hands. Three miles from the city of B—— lived a retired merchant named Grafton. He had a fine mansion, elegant grounds and plenty of money, but his wife was an insane patient in his own house, and the only child, a boy of 19, was half idiot. Grafton was a silent partner in several concerns in the city, but spent four-fifths of his time at home. His wife was never seen, while the young man lived more like a wild animal than a human being, the greater part of his time being spent in the woods and fields, no matter what the weather. Grafton had as coachman, gardener and hired man a German about 35 years of age, who had been in the country about five years when I first saw him at the house. There were three female servants, and one of them was a girl 18 years of age, named Jennie Price, whose mother was a very respectable widow in the city. The girl was allowed to go home every other Saturday and always rode in with Fritz, the coachman, as he went to market, ran home for an hour or two, and then returned by the same vehicle. It was reported that Fritz was in love with and jealous of her Will Grafton, the half idiot, had also taken a "shine" to her, but his attentions were laughed to scorn by the pretty Jennie and her companions.

Now, then, in the afternoon of a certain 14th of July several weighty incidents occurred. Fritz received a letter with a foreign postmark, and was very much excited. He was seen running to the barn with the letter in his hand, and, ten minutes later, was heard shouting and storming to himself as if greatly enraged and excited. The servants said to each other that he must have received bad news, but none of them went to investigate and console him.

It was Jennie's day to go home, but Grafton was indisposed. Fritz suddenly disappeared, and Will was not allowed to drive the horses. The girl, therefore, decided to set out on foot, and take her chances of getting a lift on the road. She left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was to return by noon next day. Saturday night it was discovered that Fritz had left the house and locality, not even asking for his wages, while Will had set off on one of his erratic excursions, having been seen by the cook to pack up some provisions.

Jennie did not return on Sunday or Monday or Tuesday, and Grafton drove into town on Wednesday and sent a message to her house. She had not been home, and an investigation revealed the fact that none of her friends had seen her for two weeks. It was a case of "mysterious disappearance," and I came into it having little doubt that it would turn out like the majority of such cases. However, when I had learned that the girl was steady as well as handsome, and that everybody had perfect confidence in her principles, I went to the Grafton mansion to begin my search there. This was on Thursday morning, and it now seemed pretty plain that some calamity had befallen the girl. In an hour I learned all the incidents related above. Grafton was very anxious in the matter, telling me to spare no expense, but when I began to question Will, the young man turned on his heel and walked off, as if deaf and dumb. I, however, had a chance to look over him for a couple of minutes, and I made a note of several things. A button had been torn off his coat with such force as to tear the cloth. He had two scratches on the right cheek and one on the right hand. One finger of the left hand was tied up in a rag, and the cook, who tied it up for him, told me that something had bitten him severely.

It was a quarter of a mile from the house to the highway, with a carriage road running straight from the front door. The road was taken by any of the servants who were going to town on foot. By making a cut through a wood they saved at least half a mile in distance. The girl Jennie had been seen to take this path on that Saturday, and my search lay in that direction. The woods covered about ten acres, and were not underbrushed. The path was well defined, and was a romantic walk for a summer's day, the forest being alive with hares, squarrels and birds.

Half way through the woods the path traversed a dell about half an acre in extent. It was while crossing this that I got my first clew. Several feet to the right of the path was Jennie's parasol, and as I picked it up I found that it had been badly broken. While it was closed, as she would be likely to carry it through the woods, four ribs were broken and the handle loosened, and I felt certain that she had used it as a weapon of defence. Fifty feet further on, and right of the path, I found her handbag. Across the dell, in the thick woods again, I found a bow from her throat on a bush, and here the earth had been torn up and the bushes broken down to prove a struggle. It was one which must have lasted for some time and been fiercely contested, and I had no sooner looked over the ground than I knew that Jennie's dead body would be found somewhere in the woods. As to the locality, I soon found broken twigs—a bit of dress on a bush—heavy footprints in the rich soil, and other plain evidences of her being dragged or carried along through the undergrowth to a point twenty rods from the path. There, in an open space not more than twenty feet square, with a thicket on three sides, I found the body. Decomposition had set in, of course, and the odor greeted my nostrils before my eyes made the discovery.

That a murder had been committed there could be no doubt. The girl lay on her back, her feet drawn up, her clothing badly torn and in disorder, and while one hand clinched a stout stick, the other had a dying clutch on a coat button—just a match for those left on Will Grafton's coat. She had been choked to death, and was a horrible sight, her eyes stood wide open, her tongue out and a look of agony on her bloated face. I examined the finger nails and found blood and flesh under them, left there as she clawed the half-idiot's face and hand. On the ground was a tobacco-box, which he afterward identified and boldly claimed. A murder had been committed, and I had discovered the murderer; but I was not as enthusiastic over it as you may have imagined. He was the son of a millionaire and the father would spend his last dollar to save him. Riches control public opinion, and, in some instances, the verdict of juries.

After an examination lasting a quarter of an hour and having carefully gathered and preserved all possible proofs, I set out to bring the coroner and a jury. I had evidence enough to warrant me in arresting Will Grafton at once, but I felt that it would be safer to go slow and wait for the opinion of the jury. It was a matter of two hours before the officer and his jury arrived, and all had not viewed the body when Mr. Grafton and two or three others arrived in an excited state of mind and announced that Fritz, the coachman, had been captured, and had partially confessed to the deed. This news was, as you may imagine, a shock to me. I had not, in the first place, heard that the coachman was suspected, although he had gone off so hurriedly. Mr. Grafton had utterly refused to point the finger of suspicion that way during our talk in the morning, but had held to the theory that the girl had run off with some giddy companions to lead a less respectable career. His statement that Fritz was probably guilty so upset me that I kept my proofs in my pocket and gave the jury no hint. The inquest was adjourned until evening, and was then resumed at the house, while Fritz was present in charge of an officer. He had been arrested at a town thirty miles away, and attention had been first called to him by his attempt to commit suicide by drowning. When charged with the murder he did not deny it. When pressed to make a confession he uttered a groan of despair and replied:

"Maybe I did, for I have been crazy for four or five days. Let me go and kill myself."

When searched a few shillings in money and a pocket-knife and other articles were found on his person. He was free of wounds or bruises of any sort, and no buttons were missing from his garments. Before he was called to face the jury I began to grope for the cause of his plight. It could not be for the murder of the girl, for he was innocent. It must be on account of information received in that foreign letter. I went at once to his room in the barn, which no one had yet examined, and there I found the envelope intact, but the letter torn into twenty fragments and flung on the floor. I gathered up the pieces and pasted them together, and then had the clew to his actions. It was a letter from his mother in Germany, and it contained two pieces of important news. First, the mother, who was a widow, had been robbed of her every dollar by investing in some wildcat speculation on the advice of friends, and, secondly, the girl whom Fritz expected to return home and marry in a year had been wedded to another.

Fritz was made half crazy by the news, and his sole desire seemed to be to get out of the neighborhood as fast as possible. The coroner, Mr. Grafton and myself held an interview with him in private. The coroner was an ignoramus, and he was only too glad to surrender his official privileges to Grafton, who eagerly accepted them. It was plain from the start that he meant to catch poor Fritz in the toils.

"How could you do such a horrible thing?" he asked, as we were ready to proceed. "Tell us all about it."

Fritz began weeping.

"Did you kill Jennie because she refused to marry you? Yes, that was the reason. You lay in wait for her in the woods."

Fritz kept up a sobbing and moaning.

"I am sorry for you, and will do all I can for you, but the law must take its course. Perhaps the jury will say that you were crazy, and that you should not be punished. I hope it will, for you are a good man, and I don't believe you knew what you were doing. Well, coroner, have you any doubts of the prisoner's guilt?"

"None, sir."

"And you, Mr. ——?"

"I have very serious doubts," I replied.

"What? Haven't you been listening to the examination?"

"But he has admitted nothing."

"His actions bespeak his guilt as plain as day, and we shall now take him before the jury and press him until he admits the murder."

Before Fritz was taken into the room where the jury was sitting and many spectators were assembled, Grafton was permitted to interview him in private for half an hour. When questioned before the jury he said:

"I may be the one. I had a great trouble come upon me, and I don't know what I did or where I went. If it was me I am sorry."

On the strength of this the coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the girl Jennie came to her death at the hands of Fritz, and he was taken off to jail and a warrant sworn out. I felt certain that Will Grafton had killed the girl, and I expected to exhibit my proofs before the jury, but when I saw Grafton take the matter into his hands I realized that he suspected and was prepared to defeat me. The son Will was present during all the proceedings, and he wore the identical coat from which the button had been torn. Two of the servants informed me that he had worn the garment right along every day for six months. When I saw that the verdict of the coroner's jury was a foregone conclusion, and that Fritz would be held, I determined to hold my hand until a proper time. In my report of the case to my superior I simply mentioned that Fritz had confessed and been placed under arrest.

On the second day after Fritz had been sent to jail Grafton secured an interview with him on the excuse of providing him with a lawyer. In that interview he secured the following written confession:

I am now quite sure that I killed the girl. I got news in a letter which made me lose my head, and I remember meeting Jennie in the woods and thinking she was to blame for all my troubles. I don't want to live, and I shall plead guilty and ask them to hang me.

Three days later, when I guessed that the prisoner's despondency had vanished, and that the thought of the gallows would nerve him up to begin a struggle for life, I paid him a visit. I had been doing some good work in his favor.

"Fritz," I said, "you read your letter in the barn, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You tore it up after reading."

"Yes; I remember."

"You were about to go for one of the horses down in the pasture. When you left the barn you took a halter with you."

"I remember."

"You reached the lot, threw the halter into a fence-corner, and then started off by the old path leading to the cider-mill. When you passed the school-house you were bareheaded, and you had not been from home twenty minutes."

"I remember children shouting after me."

"I have followed you down that high way for twelve miles. Then you turned east by a red school-house, and I have traced you six miles further. I can show by the servants at the house that you were under their eyes when the girl left, and for an hour after. Then your letter came, and you ran to the barn to read it. Now, then, how could you have killed the girl?

"I don't know; but, if I didn't, who did?"

"Whose knife is this?"

"That's William's."

"And this button?"

"Is off his coat."

I had all the proofs any lawyer would want to clear Fritz. I could prove that when he left the house he went to the barn, and from the barn he went in an opposite direction from the route the girl took. I had twenty witnesses who met him here or there on the highway for a distance of eighteen miles. Before leaving the jail I convinced him of his innocence, and in a moment life seemed precious to him, and he was ready to fight for his liberty. I left him to return to police headquarters, but had not traversed a square when a runaway horse struck me down, breaking an arm, three ribs, and fracturing my skull. For the next four weeks I was delirious off and on, and my head was just coming back to me when I heard that Fritz had been tried for the murder and found guilty. The news came to me through the cries of the newsboys on the street, and I at once suffered a relapse, and this time was on the threshold of death's door for many weeks. When I came back to myself I was weak and helpless, and my memory would not serve me. It was one day when I felt a desire to sit up, and when the details of the past came crowding into my brain, that I asked about Fritz. He had been hanged the day before!—*New York Sun.*

Old Clothes.

The old clothes of the great people of history, what an air of dignity they have, even in their decay. Nelson's old uniform, shot-torn and blood-stained; the hodden-gray coat in the library at Abbotsford; what associations they suggest! In what limbo, I wonder, is that yeomanry uniform of Sir Walter's about which his friend Pringle, of Whytband, used to tell so good a story? How they were in Paris together soon after Waterloo. Paris was very gay and crowded, the Emperor Alexander I. and a number of fire-eating Russians being there. The two Scotchmen were asked to some ball given in honor of the Czar, where uniform was *de rigueur*, and Scott was rather in difficulties, till he bethought him of his old yeomanry uniform, in which he appeared. Being in the course of the evening presented to the Czar of all the Russias, who had no idea as to who he was, that great potentate asked Mr. Scott, with some interest, in what engagements he had taken part. He replied with ready wit: "La bataille de Cross-causeway, et l'affaire de Tranent." The Czar, too polite, or too proud to show his ignorance of these battles, bowed with a grave courtesy, and said no more.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Lesson in Botany.

"Say, I was in a predicament the other evening," remarked a middle-aged professional man this morning; "and all because I wanted to turn school teacher; you see I was endeavoring to impress upon my little girl the difference between the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; well, I was proceeding very nicely, as I thought, but I was treading on a pitfall. 'To what kingdom does the orange belong?' 'To the vegetable kingdom,' was the prompt answer. 'Now, to what kingdom does our hired girl belong?' 'To the vegetable kingdom.' 'Oh, no!' said I, 'that is not right.' 'Yes it is, pa; I heard you tell her she was a daisy, and they belong to the vegetable kingdom.' The very worst part of it was," said the fond parent, "that the little thing looked so mischievous I knew her answer was not nearly so innocent as it might appear."—*Elmira Gazette*

Siamese Definitions.

An old Siamese teacher, in trying to master English, wrote a list of definitions, from which we select for the entertainment of our young readers the following: Wig: hypocrite hair. Flattery: a good kind of curse word. Whiskey: sin water. Gold: a very good thing. Blew: a wind verb. Kick: a foot verb. Bow: a salute verb. Hop: a frog verb. Liar: a bad adjective of boy. Modesty: a good adjective of girl. Vine: a string tree. Cunning: a good word of philosophy man. Daughter: a girl-son. Bullet: a son of a gun. Sponge: water foam. Angel: God's boy. Large: an adjective of preacher. Preach: a missionary verb. Comfort: word of mother to crying child. Adulterate: a bad adjective of lying man. Admonition: word of Bible.—*Syracuse Christian Advocate.*

Good Advice.

"My son," said the old man, "do you remember what *Polonius* said in his parting advice to *Laertes*—'neither a borrower nor a lender be?'"

"Yes, father," replied the young man thoughtfully, "and I think *Polonius* was just about half right."

Omaha Man: "Well, how is Dakota getting along?" Dakota man: "I haven't seen any figures, but there must have been a big boom in immigration last summer." "You think so?" "Yes, indeed. The papers state that more people have been frozen to death this winter than ever before."

Sugar is put into cement to increase its strength.

STARVING THE TEETH.

What Foods Make Them Strong—Keeping Them in Order.

Teeth are just as easily starved to death as the stomach, said a lecturer before a Brooklyn audience the other night. The fact is that you and your fathers have from generation to generation been industriously starving your teeth. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains of all cereal foods that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime, and traces of other earthy salts, which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they cannot possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran, so-called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more and more fragile and weak. These flouring mills in Minneapolis are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine white flour, which is proving a whitened sepulchre to the teeth. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children, never allow any white bread upon your table. Graham bread is made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran, which contains the minute quantities of lime, is present. To make a good, wholesome, nourishing bread, take two bowls of wheat meal and one bowl of white or bolted flour, and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to Boston brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made out of rye meal and corn meal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on your tables, hot or cold, at least three times a week. The teeth should be cleansed at least five times a day. Without this, the particles of food, which contain acids and adhere, eat gradually into the enamel. Use castile or other good soap on the brush. Powdered chalk and castile soap make the best dentifrice. In brushing the teeth always brush up and down from the gum instead of across, or, close the lecture in the actual words of the lecturer, "Brush away from the gum and on the grinding surfaces of your teeth.

Great Deeds in Old Age.

(New York Home Journal.

Suppose, then, we agree to call no man old till he is past 63. Let us set down the names of some of the illustrious people of the world who have prolonged their days of usefulness after that age. We shall make a table of them, and begin it with those who have died at 70—that is to say, with those in whom the springs of life have not stood still till they have had at least seven years of old age. It will be found, however, to be far from exhaustive, and every reader may find pleasure in adding to it from his own stock of information:

Age at Death.		Age at Death.	
70—	Columbus, Lord Chatham, Petrarch, Copernicus, Spallanzani, Boerhaave, Gall.	80—	Plato, Wordsworth, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Kant, Thiers, Wm. Cullen
71	Linnæus.	81	Buffon, Edward Young, Sir Edward Coke, Lord Palmerston
72	Charlemagne, Samuel Richardson, Allan Ramsay, John Locke, Necker	82	Arnauld.
		85	Wellington, Goethe, Victor Hugo.
73	Charles Darwin, Thorwaldsen	84	Voltaire, Talleyrand, Sir Wm. Herschel.
74	Handel, Frederick the Great, Dr Jenner.	85	Cato the Wise, Newton, Benj. Franklin, Jeremy Bentham.
75	Haydn, Dugald Stewart	86	Earl Russell, Edmund Halley, Carlisle.
76	Bossuet	88	John Wesley
77	Thomas Telford, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Beaconsfield.	89	Michael Angelo.
		90	Sophocles,
78	Galileo, Corneille.	98	Titian.
79	Wm Harvey, Robert Stevenson, Henry Cavendish.	100	Fontenelle.

The wisest men and the best have been conspicuous for working to the end.

Some Good She Has Done.

Miss Faithful remarked the other day that the position of women had much altered for the better since the Queen came to the throne. Men are no longer allowed to beat their wives—that is to say, not with too large a stick—nor does everything belonging to a wife now become her husband's property; and the lecturer related how her friend, Sir John Bowring, used to say of the marriage service:

"With this ring I thee wed—that's sorcery; with my body I thee worship—that's idolatry; with all my worldly goods I thee endow—that's a falsehood."

And, indeed it seems to her marvellous that a man could keep his countenance while making such an assertion when he knew that at the close of the ceremony he could not only keep his own but take possession of all hers. Fifty years ago, she said, it was thought hardly seemly for a woman to write a book.—*London Truth.*

Centenarians in Ontario.

An interesting table in the report of vital statistics for Ontario just issued respecting the centenarians who died in 1885, shows that, of the whole number of 23, eleven, or nearly one-half, were of Irish nationality. One of these had reached the extraordinary age of 112. The next numerous class are the Scotch, five in number. The traditional longevity of the African race is confirmed by the fact that two out of the three American centenarians on the list were colored.

A Pointer for Young Men.

"Electrical engineering is the most promising field for a young man," remarked Dr. Ford, of the college, the other day. "I believe that in ten years the work now being done by steam will be done by electricity."—*Elmira Gazette.*

Two thousand one hundred and twenty-eight feet per second was the initial velocity of the 1,800-pound projectile fired twice with 1,000 pounds of powder from the new 100-ton gun intended for the British ship Ben Bow. The gun survived.

A TYPICAL CASE.

Small Wonder that the Young Woman Had St. Vitus' Dance.

(Dr. Wm. A. Hammond in the Popular Science Monthly.

Not very long ago a lady of this city brought her little daughter, 12 years of age, to see me professionally. The child was on her way to school, and had with her a large satchel full of books. She was pale, tall and thin. The muscles of her face twitched convulsively, and she could not keep her hands and feet still. She was suffering from chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, and, in addition, had almost constant headache and other symptoms of nervous derangement. In the course of my examination I asked her to empty her satchel of the books it contained, and which, as she informed me, she had been studying that morning and the night before. This is the list:

1. An English grammar. 2. A scholars' companion. 3. An arithmetic. 4. A geography. 5. A history of the United States. 6. An elementary guide to astronomy. 7. A temperance physiology and hygiene (whatever that may be). 8. A method of learning French. 9. A French reading book.

Nine in all—nine different subjects of knowledge which that poor child was required to study between the hours of 3 in the afternoon of one day and 9 in the morning of the following day! Allowing one hour for dinner, half an hour for breakfast, an hour for undressing at night and dressing in the morning, an hour for going home and returning to school and eight hours for sleep (and less than this will not suffice for a growing boy or girl—it had better be nine or ten), and we have six hours and a half left in which to study nine different branches of learning. Now suppose either one of you ladies and gentlemen should retire to some quiet nook, and, with your well-developed and trained brains and experienced minds, should try to study nine unfamiliar subjects of knowledge in six hours and a half, would you think it strange if at the end of that time you should somewhat mix matters, and imagine that Hong Kong is the name of a lunar volcano, that the continental congress is one of the parts of speech, and that the ductus communis choledechus is situated on Passamaquoddy Bay? She showed no such confusion of ideas. She had studied her lessons well, but she had done so at the expense of her brain substance. In a little while, and English grammar, geographies and temperance physiologies would have been like the "subsequent proceedings" in Bill Nye's poem, they would have "interested her no more." I say that she had learned her lessons at the expense of her brain substance. This is no flower of speech, but a sober fact. A very simple examination enabled me to satisfy myself that she was living on her brain capital instead of her brain income. Her expenditures were greater than her receipts, and brain bankruptcy was staring her in the face.

Have You Thought About It?

Why suffer a single moment when you can get immediate relief from all internal or external pains by the use of Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure. Nerviline has never been known to fail in a single case; it cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline. You will find Nerviline a sure cure for neuralgia, toothache, headache. Buy and try. Large bottles 25 cents, by druggists.

Virtuous Indignation.

"Shocking unprincipled lot, those 'bus conductors! One of them passed a bad sixpence on me a fortnight ago, confound him! I've not been able to get rid of it yet!"—*Punch.*

The Russian Empire is composed of fifty governments and provinces.

Whether times are good or bad and prices of produce high or low, rheumatism is almost sure to come with advancing years. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant is the most absolute cure known. Sold by druggists generally.

Philadelphia *Herald*: "If the weather doesn't soon put on a little more caloric steam heaters will have to be introduced into the baseball grounds."

Important to All

who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you free, full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All can do the work. Capital not required. Hallett & Co. will start you. Grand success absolutely sure. Write at once and see.

The latest craze in St. Louis is decollete photographs. Two years ago the young ladies would have thought it "loud" to be taken in a low-neck dress or bust drapery. Somehow they all began to ask for that style this winter, and lately, says the *Globe-Democrat*, they have been taken in no other way.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L, 16, 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

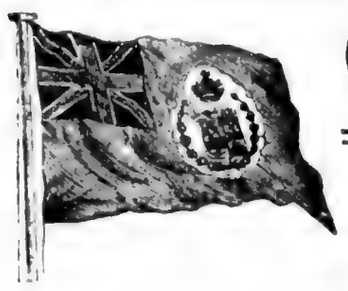

GREATEST BARGAINS

YOU EVER HEARD OF!

—Will be Offered by—

J. G. ANDERSON

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS!

The Goods must be all Sold by the 15th of May, and in order to do this the prices will be Cut Still Lower than Before! No use quoting prices, come in and we will astonish you. No trouble to show goods.

J. G. ANDERSON. — — — *Wright's Old Stand.*

PARABLE OF AN EDITOR.

BY VALENTINE MUGGINS.

CHAPTER II.

"So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil."
—DRYDEN.

When Annanias Scavenger swore to be revenged, he generally filled the contract to the letter—throwing in an extra dose occasionally. When he swore eternal friendship—well, you couldn't most generally always tell. Keep good time to his fiddle and soft sawder him liberally, and you might manage to worry along without having Annanias running after your scalp. Keep him in good humor and "soft soap" from the "howitzer" would be administered *ad nauseum*. Try the independent racket, and before many moons you would be ready to quote the lines from Dryden at the head of this chapter.

Well, it came to pass that the Weakly Scavenger moderated its tone and Annanias began to beslobber his late opponents and kiss the hem of their garments. After boxing all points of the compass he had at length got back to the starting point, where he *seemed* to be permanently anchored. And many were deceived thereby and communed among themselves and whispered one to another, saying:

"Yea, verily, let us kill the fatted calf and be merry; for this our brother, who strayed into the camp of the Philistines, hath returned to his own vine and fig tree."

And they did even so.

Now these things came to the ears of Scavenger and a smile drew the corners of his mouth into the adjacent neighborhood of his extensive crop of ears. Yea, even his nose partook of the merriment of the occasion and seemed likely to court a close acquaintance with his forehead.

"Ha, ha, ha,! By Jove! They think they've got me sure—of cawse. Just like 'em. Fools! Do they think a little turtle soup and some cheap flattery will recompense *me*—ME—for losing the honor of leading them in battle against that arch Philistine, Georgius Lanricus? Blank me for a blankety blanked ass if they come it over a gentleman of my superior intellectual attainments. Bah! I'll get even with 'em if the blanked Weakly Scavenger has to go to the wall for it hanged if I won't!" And they think I'm sincere—ha, ha, ha! By Jove! so I am, but the boot is on the wrong foot for my reconciled doves!"

And it came to pass that Annanias Scavenger grew somewhat in public favor by the apparent sincerity of his conversion and some friendly politicians tapped him on the back and cried, "Bravo, Annanias! thou'rt a good fellow after all and mayhap thou'lt lead us yet against the camp of the Philistines." But Annanias clenched his teeth and exclaimed *(sotto voce)*:—

"Blank the blankety blanked fools! they'll be glad to have me for leader some day. But they fooled me, an' haven't I always told 'em nobody had as strong a claim upon their franchise as myself, and that there was nobody but myself could lead them to victory? Often has my voice been raised in mine own behalf nor has my pen forgotten the tremendous functions of its office. By Jove! so sweet is revenge that I will sacrifice the interests of our faction and by a certain cunningly devised line of action will, for once, willingly give the spoils of victory into the hands of Georgius Lanricus!"

And Annanias Scavenger one day paid a visit to a neighboring town. He was arrayed in gorgeous apparel and wore lemon-colored kid gloves. A perpetual beam hovered over his ermine countenance. He held about half an inch of a cigar between his teeth as he passed majestically down one of the principal streets in company with a quondam friend Only that his nose had an upward turn and was usually engaged in studying the heavens—something after the manner of an amateur astronomer with a very condens'd telescope—that nasal protuberance would have been scorched by the hot end of the cigar. But Annanias knew the astronomical propensities of his nose, and smoked his cigar until it threatened to suggest a burning mountain with the mouth as a sort of crater. He had just expanded his mouth for a smile when an enemy hove in sight, looking fierce and warlike. Annanias continued to smile. The "crater" yawned terrifically and fire blazed forth from the "mountain."

"Oh, how are you, old fellow—dahned glad to—"

There was an interruption. It came from the enemy. He said:

"Scavenger, you're a jackass!"

Annanias did not like such coarse familiarity, and in suddenly choking off his feelings narrowly escaped swallowing his cigar stub. Fortunately the latter fell on the sidewalk and rolled off into the gutter. As a matter of course he was not in an amiable frame of mind—he hardly ever was—latterly. People chaffered him unmercifully behind his back, and a good many had the audacity to do so in his very teeth. They called him "awfully cawse names, down't y'now, by Jove!" Some hinted at shady transactions in his early life. Some boldly accused him of *crime*. Indeed, if I mistake not, an esteemed confrere of the press, aggravated by the insolent taunts of Mr. Annanias Scavenger, put the affair in plain black and white! which bold accusation completely flattened the latter out for some weeks.

Although Annanias Scavenger ever took an almost insane delight in stabbing people "under the fifth rib"—whether they deserved it or not—it made him perfectly wild if the assailed in turn became assailant. He writhed and wriggled under the severe but deserved castigations sometimes administered to him with no gentle hand. People grew more and more disgusted as they became better acquainted with this remarkable specimen of mankind. Careful analysis proved him to be almost utterly devoid of principle; that he was little better than a drunken profligate; that he had no depth; and that, to a limited extent, he was a dangerous person. Who does not know how he wrecked the chances of his "faction?" Who does not know that he has always been willing to sell himself and his Weekly Scavenger to the highest bidder? Did he not act the sneak and traitor with both "factions?" Did he not receive bribe money? Did he not angle to get the same? Doth not he make his living by falsehood, misrepresentation—*blackmailing!* What is he? What are his antecedents? What sort of a character had he in his native land? Was it a good one? Deponent answereth these questions very strongly, but I will not repeat them in The Advance. Besides it is not necessary.

Annanias Scavenger had his revenge, but what good has it done him? His former friends have absolutely lostall faith in him, and thoroughly despise him. True, they tolerate him, but it is simply because they cannot very well help themselves—at present. His old enemies hate him most heartily. The position he coveted—and covets yet—will never be his, just so surely as that there is a God in heaven. His treason, his corruption, his falsehoods, and his malicious persecution of friend and foe have swept away every vestige of whatever little popularity he may have possessed. Ah, Annanias Scavenger—

"I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman."

So endeth the reading of this chapter.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

ABSTRACT.

Treasurer's Accounts!

Township of Artemesia,
FOR 1886.

Receipts.

To balance from 1885		2277 68
" John Anderson, Roll 1885		1366 59
" John Wright, "		160 77
" John Hazard, "		60 97
" J. B. Sloan, "		236 43
" John Hazard, Roll 1886		2723 00
" John Wright, "		3615 00
" John Anderson, "		2025 00
" J. B. Sloan, "		1950 00
" Fines		14 00
" Miscellaneous		4487 87
		18917 31

Disbursements.

By Tp. School Equivalent		484 00
" County Rates balance 1885		796 56
" " 1886		3682 44
" Ward No. 1		148 10
" " 2		179 05
" " 3		158 72½
" " 4		138 52
" School Sections		4469 30
" Council Sessions		147 50
" Indigents		189 20
" Debentures & Coupons		528 13
" Salaries		447 50
" Miscellaneous		5442 53
" Balance to 1887		2105 75½
		18917 31

We have much pleasure in certifying that we have gone carefully over the Treasurer's accounts and that we find them correct in every particular, and that the balance in his hands on 1st January, 1887, was 82105.75½.

HENRY MELDRUM, } Auditors.
THOS. BOLAND, }

Treasurer's Office, 3rd Feby., 1887.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!

YOUNG MARE, 4 years old, sound, good worker either double or single. Will be sold cheap for cash or on time. Apply to
R. COOK, Flesherton Station.

TENDERS WANTED.

SEALED TENDERS for Repairs of the Township Hall will be received at the Clerk's Office until May 1st next. Specifications to be seen at the Clerk's Office, Flesherton.
W. J. BELLAMY,
Flesherton, April 12th, 1887. Twp. Clerk.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.
JOS. McCORMICK,
304-320, Flesherton.

PUBLIC NOTICE!!

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye all men that I, W. S. CHRISTOE, the Druggist of Flesherton, have the agency for JOHNSON'S celebrated TONIC BITTERS and NERVINE, JOHNSON'S little Pink Tonic Liver Pills and the ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

—THE—

TONIC BITTERS

are confidently recommended as the VERY BEST in the market for Nervousness, Hysteria, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Complaints common to the female sex. PALENESS of complexion and for diseases caused by poverty of blood. In conjunction with the Tonic JOHNSON'S Little Liver Pills are the very best for liver complaint and general derarrangements of the stomach. The All Healing White Ointment is the very best for skin diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Chilblains, &c., &c.

You have only to try these great remedies to be satisfied. Sold oy

W. S. CHRISTOE,
The Druggist, Flesherton.

FARM for SALE

—OR—

TO RENT.

BEING Lot 170, Con. 1 West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well watered. Orchard. About 2½ miles from Flesherton. For full particulars apply to the undersigned,
JOHN O'MELIA,
Flesherton.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 158, 1st E.T. & S.R., Artemesia, one mile from Flesherton, containing 50 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Never-failing stream of water runs across farm; also a never-failing spring of water. New bank barn 36x56, with stone stabling full size of barn, underneath. Log House. Good soil and free from frost. Part payment down, time on balance. For full particulars, apply to
D. L. WHITE, Agt.,
Flesherton.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

VALUABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction, at ATKINSON'S HOTEL, in the Village of PRICEVILLE, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887,

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following Lands and Premises in the Village of Priceville in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot No. 4 on the North side of Kincardine Street in the said Village of Priceville more particularly described as follows: commencing at a point 54 feet West of the South East Corner of said Lot number 4, thence Westerly 46 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 32 feet from the South West corner of said Lot number 4, thence Northerly 165 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 12 feet from rear of said Lot, thence Westerly 32 feet to Princess Street, thence Northerly 12 feet to rear of said Lot, thence Easterly 78 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 54 feet from the Eastern boundary of said Lot, thence Southerly 165 feet, be the same more or less, to the place of commencing Containing by admeasurement 486 square yards, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a good 2 story frame building, size 30 feet x 40 feet, with cellar underneath used as a store and dwelling, occupying one of the best business stands in the Village; also a frame stable and a good well.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in one month thereafter without interest

For further particulars apply to D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer; FRANCIS WAITE, Priceville; or to the undersigned.
J. W. FROST.
Vendor's Solicitor.

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

Valuable Village Property.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL in the Village of FLESHERTON, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887.

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands and premises in the Village of FLESHERTON in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot number 151 in the 1st Range North-East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia and may be more particulary known as Village Lots numbers 3 and 4 on the South-East side of Collingwood Street, in the Village of Flesherton, as laid out in a survey or sub-division of said Lot number 151 made by Wm. Spry, Esq., P.L.S. and re-surveyed and a map or plan thereof made by Thomas B. Gilliland, Esq., P.L.S. which map or plan is registered in the Registry Office of the South Riding of said County of Grey, and dated the 8th day of August, 1870, and containing by admeasurement about ½ an acre, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a blacksmith shop, size 18x36 feet, a frame building used as a sash and door factory, 30x30 feet, and a frame dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in 1 month thereafter without interest.

For further particulars apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, Flesherton; or to the undersigned,
J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,
Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by
J. E. MOORE,
Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

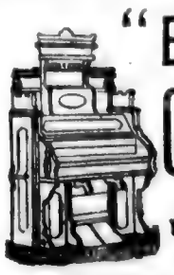

"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 306. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. APRIL 28, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Money Saved!

BY CLOSE BUYING!

Helps Pay Taxes.

FIVE years in Grey Co. this month and a fair paying business established through the generous patronage of the public. From Dundalk to Holland Centre, on the line, also Maxwell, Priceville, Kimberley, Engenia, Traverston, Rocklyn, Berkeley and other points have given me a good support. My thanks are due to all transient and home customers. I have endeavored to deserve patronage extended, by *honest representation* of ev'ry article sold; and my increasing business warrants me in assuming that my efforts to deal honorably at fair profits, have been appreciated.

I shall continue my business on the line of truthful **representation, just exchange** in giving value received, and a fair profit to meet obligations incurred. Stock will be kept complete in

Hampden Watches

My name on, WALTHAM Watches, four grades, a few BARTLETT'S at close prices, ELGIN Watches, and the exceptionally fine made full jewelled COLUMBUS movements. Watch warrants 1, 2, and 3 years, "covering breakages." Filled Gold cases Coin Silver cases, 2 to 5 oz., also Silverware 3 & 4 oz.

Ladies Gold Watches and Chains, R. F. Simmons' roll Gold Chains, best made, Draper's fire gilt. Seth Thomas and Ansonia spring & weight Clocks, a beautiful stock of Silverware, hollow and flat, for table use. Engagement Gem Rings, 18k. Wedding Rings, Brooches, Bar Pins & sets, Lockets and Necklets, Cuff & Collar Buttons, Silver Thimbles, Pebble Specks, Lazarus & Morris, Lenses, Boss Specks. I have $100.00 wholesale in Specks and can *suit any sight.*

Watch Repair book shows this week watches and clocks booked to No. 1233. My work gives satisfaction, is fully warranted & charges moderate. No second or catch charges after watches are left. Any one coming 15 miles and not finding my stock and prices as this advt. represents, I will pay legal mileage one way and expenses here, meals &c. Goods and work Warranted.

W. A. BROWN,

A Reliable Jeweller,

MARKDALE, - - - ONT.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

There will be no baseball club this year in Flesherton.

Mittie Fraine concert to-night. Be sure to go.

Lieut. Field gives lessons in drilling every Saturday night at the drill shed.

All kinds of garden tools, Rakes, Spades, Hoes, &c., at Richardson & Co's

Get your horse bills printed at The Advance office.

There were quite a few cases tried in Division Court on Thursday last.

A few private dwellings going up in Flesherton and more to follow.

Every young man should see Richardson & Co's spring suiting the finest stock in the country.

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's Block. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

The Greatest Bargains in *Ready Made Clothing* ever offered in the county at J. G. Anderson's.

Don't miss the Mittie Fraine concert in the Methodist church, to-night. Admission 15 cents.

An interesting debate took place in the Division Sons of Temperance hall last week on, "Resolved that we can gain more information from Observation than from Reading." It was decided in favor of the affirmative.

An immense stock of spring Dress-goods, Prints, Ginghams, Muslins, at Richardson & Co's.

The Hanover Post is becoming truthful again. Last week it said the Editor of this paper was a gentleman.

"Miss Fraine certainly deserves the high reputation she has won as a public reciter."—Strathroy Age.

Nails, Glass, Hinges, Locks, &c., all kinds of building hardware at lowest prices at Richardson & Co's.

It seems Markdale has no desire to remove the Division Court from Flesherton—she is aiming to establish an independent concern for herself.

Miss Fraine read under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Victorio Hall. Her selections were well and pleasingly given."—London Free Press.

The Advance is a boss paper, but it cannot give you 4 lbs of 40c. tea for $1. So go to J. G. Anderson's and leave that $ there, he will give you the tea.

Mr. J. Lamon, barrister, Mr. E. G. Lucas, banker, and Mr. A. G. Hunter, real estate agent, all of Dundalk, called on us last Thursday.

"We were delighted with the Readings given by Miss Fraine. She is a perfect mistress of her art."—Sarnia Observer.

BABIES AND CHILDREN.—They are always catching cold in the head. Place a small particle of Nasal Balm in each nostril at night, also rub well over the bridge of the nose, and let us know how they are in the morning.

THIRTY DAYS!

POSITIVELY

FOR

30 Days Only

THAT THE

Great Slaughter!

Of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex, etc., at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton, will continue.

Russell has just returned from the city, where he has secured some bargains never before known in this section of country—in fact it is impossible to compete with Russell.—All his goods are marked in PLAIN FIGURES, at very low prices and, for the next thirty days only, he is actually going to give 25 per cent off on all cash sales over $1. Just imagine the finest grade of American Nickel Alarm Clocks at only $2, sold everywhere at $2.50 and $2.75. The finest grade of Plated Chains, beautiful patterns, for $1.60, sold everywhere at 2.25 and 2.50; the finest make of Clocks, beautiful Walnut Cases, from $2.75 up to $8.50, sold everywhere from 3.50 to 10.00. We are not making enough on these goods to pay your mileage or meals, neither will we give you a meal TO CATCH YOUR CUSTOM, but offer you *finer goods at a little over half what you can get them for elsewhere!* The finest make of Solid Silver Swiss Watches from $6.00 up; and the genuine American Watches from $0.50 up, bearing Warrants from 2½ to 5 years. ☞We keep only the genuine goods, which bear long warrants. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!—FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY! As we must clear them out before the arrival of our Summer stock at that date.

In REPAIRING, everyone knows that Russell's work always gives satisfaction and his work has already given him the name of the boss watchmaker and jeweller in this section. DON'T FAIL TO CALL within the next 30 days and secure some of the GREAT BARGAINS NOW OFFERING.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Get your summer supply of tea at J. G. Anderson's. Best value in the county.

CATTLE FOR SALE.—Two steers two years old, two heifers two years old one cow in calf, cheap for cash. R. TRIMBLE.

Don't forget the great bargains now offered at J. G. Anderson's. Remember the goods must all be sold by 15th May.

TAMARAC.—Is not an ordinary mixture. In fact its properties are entirely different from any preparation used for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung troubles.

FOR SALE.—One top buggy nearly new, one Express Wagon, one sett steel Bobsleighs. Will be sold cheap for cash or on time on approved paper. W. W. TRIMBLE.

"Miss Fraine kept the audience in perfect roars of laughter. Her manner is very pleasing, should she again read in Ottawa there will be no difficulty in filling the largest hall."—Ottawa citizen.

A Fleshertonian traded horses with a neighboring farmer on Court Day, and on Sunday last he found his horse taken from the stable while the one he had traded was standing outside. They had been quietly exchanged during the night.

Mr. W. P. Crossley, of this town, has one of the best drivers we ever rode behind. We had occasion to go to Thornbury last week with this staunch animal and can safely say we never enjoyed a drive more than on that occasion.

Quarterly meeting services in connection with the Methodist church, Flesherton, will be held Sunday next. Public service commences at 10:30 o'clock a. m., lovefeast and sacrament afterwards. Rev. W. Ayers, pastor.

Goods must be sold at J. G. Anderson's at whatever they will bring in order to have all sold out by 15th May.

NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.—We have been requested by the Brewster Fishing Club to warn sportsmen and others that no person other than members of the Club will be allowed in future to fish at what has been known as Brewster's Lake, Osprey.

The barn of Mr. George Ingalls, Badjeros, was struck by lightning on Friday last, and burned to the ground. It contained a two years' crop of grain, all of which was consumed. We have not received particulars as to insurance.—[Dundalk Herald.

It cannot be denied that Dr. Landerkin is and always has been a warm and active friend of the country press as a whole—irrespective of party or creed. We regret that many Conservative M. P's are not equally as zealous in this particular.

Remember and get a pair of those $1.50 plow boots at J. G. Anderson's for $1.

Remember the grand entertainment in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, to-night (Thursday). Miss Mittie Fraine, the great elocutionist will entertain the audience right royally. Be sure and go early to avoid the rush. Tickets 15 cents each.

An esteemed Dundalk clergyman got married recently. The newly wedded pair left the railway depot on their wedding amid the congratulations of a host of admiring friends. Unfortunately, in the hurry of getting aboard the train a number of parcels failed to make connection and were left behind.

REMOVED!—The undersigned has removed his Flour and Feed Store to the stand next door to Strain's Tinware and Hardware shop, Flesherton, where he will be pleased to meet with all his old customers and as many new ones as will favor him with their patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. KEEFER.

Miss Maud Richardson and assistants are kept busy supplying wants of customers with spring Bonnets. They show a very fine stock of millinery.

Our old friend, Mr. G. J. Blyth—Editor of the Chatsworth News—gave us a call on Thursday. Friend Blyth never looked better.

An Artemesia farmer had rather an unpleasant plunge bath in one of the vats in the Flesherton tannery on Monday last. He was talking with one of the employees when he accidently walked into the vat, which chanced to be "chock" full of liquid at the time. When last seen he was making swift progress across a field in the direction of home.

One night last week, some young people went to a neighboring farmer's sugar bush where there were two sugar camps belonging to separate families. At one camp a barrel of sap had been left, together with a quantity of wood. They carried the sap from this camp to the other, which was more secluded, and boiled the liquid (without straining it) down to taffy. The farmers are on the war path to find out the depredators.

The Band concert last Friday evening came off but with very poor attendance. The hall was hardly half full although the program was excellent. Before the entertainment the band boys played some lively airs on the streets. The program was well sustained by Messrs. E. Vanzant, Parks Bros., W. Campbell, Barnhouse, & Russell, and Misses Richardson, Damude, Fawcett and others. Why is it that our band, which is second to none in the county, is not better appreciated? They would hardly have cleared expenses had not some private citizens subscribed sums independent of the concert. Receipts $12.

Born.

ATKINSON.—In Artemesia, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Mr. W. J. Atkinson, of twin boys.

Died.

STEWART.—In Artemesia, on the 26th inst., Mrs. John Stewart, aged— years.

After Forty Years.

Mrs. M. A. Curry and Mr. J. B. Winters, of Euphrasia, Mr. T. Winters, of London, and Mrs. K. E. Brown, of Toronto Township, had supper together at the residence of Mr. Joseph Brown, Toronto Township, on the 16th March last. The four first named are brothers and sisters and on the occasion alluded to they all met together for the first time in forty years.

"Northern Wonder."

This beautiful draught stallion is the property of that enterprising stockman, Mr. Robert Paton, Proton, will travel through this section during the coming season, and is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent specimens of his class in the county of Grey at the present time. He weighs 1720 lbs., and is in every way a most desirable animal. Agriculturists who are wide-awake to their best interests will do well to see this beautiful stallion for themselves. For fuller particulars, see posters just issued. Route will be published in these columns next week.

Not Invested.

He had been courting her for six months without coming to the point, when she turned on him one evening with "Charles, isn't it awful for a girl like me to have to worry over how I shall invest $75,000?" He thought it was, and three months later they were married. "I'll invest that $75,000 for you my dear," he observed a day or two after marriage. "Oh, I was afraid someone might love me for my money, and I gave it to papa," was the artless reply.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S CARBOLIC CERATE Have you an old Sore, Cut, Bruise, Corn, Bunion, Salt Rheum, Pimple, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face? If so, there is but one cure, namely, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. If you but try it, it will convince you. It costs but 25c. at the Drug Store.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, April 13.—The First Session of the Sixth Parliament of Canada was opened to-day in the usual manner. The members of the House of Commons were sworn in and were assembled in the House, when at 3 o'clock the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod entered and announced that Sir William Ritchie, the Deputy-Governor, desired their attendance in the Senate Chamber. The members proceeded to the Senate, where Sir William Ritchie announced that it was the pleasure of the Governor-General not to state the reasons for calling Parliament, but that after they had elected a Speaker the Governor-General would announce the cause for which Parliament had been summoned. The members of the Commons then returned to their own Chamber.

Sir John Macdonald, addressing the Clerk, said—Mr. Bourinot, I rise to move that Joseph Alderic Ouimet do take the chair of this House as Speaker. To the older members in Parliament I need say nothing in support of the selection of Col. Ouimet. To those who have not met him, I would say that he has represented his county without interruption since he was first elected. His constituents have shown their confidence in him on five separate occasions. He is, therefore, a parliamentarian of experience. He is an advocate of high standing, one of Her Majesty's counsellors. I believe the House will have great pleasure in accepting the motion which I now make.

Sir Hector Langevin—I second the motion.

The resolution was put and carried unanimously. The new Speaker was conducted to the chair amidst cheers. Before taking his seat he returned thanks briefly for the honor done him, and assured the members that he would do all in his power to maintain the dignity and privileges of the House and the fairness of debates. He spoke both in English and in French, saying in each language substantially the same.

OTTAWA, April 14.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon the Governor-General came down to the Senate Chamber, escorted by a troop of Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, and formally opened Parliament with the following

Speech from the Throne.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate

Gentlemen of the House of Commons

It is my pleasing duty on the opening of a new Parliament to congratulate you on the general prosperity of the country, and on the prospect of a coming season of peace and progress

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

You will, I am sure, gladly join with the rest of the loyal subjects of the Queen in offering Her Majesty your sincere congratulations on her having reached the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, and in giving expression to an earnest hope that she may be long spared to reign over her vast Dominions

CANADA AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

The prominent position taken by Canada at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition recently held in London has made the Dominion more widely and favorably known than before, and will, I have no doubt, contribute largely to its material progress by calling attention to the advantages offered by our country to the agriculturist, and by attracting the capital necessary for the development of its great natural resources

THE FISHERY NEGOTIATIONS.

Negotiations between Her Majesty's Government and that of the United States on the fishery question, with respect to which my Government has been fully informed and consulted, are still in progress and will, we may be permitted to hope, result in an arrangement honorable and satisfactory to both nations. Meanwhile the necessary provision has been made for the protection of our inshore fisheries. The papers on this subject will be laid before you

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

Your attention will be invited to the expediency of establishing a Department of Trade and Commerce under the supervision of a responsible Minister. You will also be asked to consider the propriety of making such improvements in the organization of the Departments of Justice, Customs and Inland Revenue as will provide greater facilities for the despatch of the large and increasing volume of business with which those departments are charged.

MORE SENATORS TO BE APPOINTED

A measure will be submitted to you giving representation in the Senate to the Northwest Territories in addition to that they now possess in the House of Commons

OTHER PUBLIC MEASURES.

Other measures will be laid before you, and among them will be found Bills for the amendment of the Acts relating to Government railways; for providing a better mode of trial of claims against the Crown; for the improvement of the procedure in criminal cases, and for the further amendment of the Chinese Immigration Act.

READING OFF RETALIATION

Gentlemen of the House of Commons

You will be asked, in order to provide against the possible interruption of the navigation of our great inland waters, for an appropriation in aid of the construction of a canal to connect the waters of Lakes Huron and Superior at Sault Ste. Marie.

The accounts for the past year will be laid before you, as well as the estimates for the ensuing year. They have been prepared with due regard to economy and the requirements of the public service.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I commend these important subjects and the others which may be laid before you to your best consideration, with full confidence in your earnest desire to promote the development and well-being of Canada.

Mr. Bowell moved that a committee to supervise the official report of the debates of the House be appointed as follows: Baker, Bechard, Charlton, Colby, Davin, Desjardins, Ellis, Innes, McIntyre, Royal, Taylor, Tupper (Pictou), and Weldon (Albert). This, he said, would make a committee of thirteen, and in accordance with a principle which he believed a good one, would give each Province representation, and the more important Provinces two or more representatives.

Mr. Blake expressed regret that another attempt was made in the direction to which he had objected last year. This was a very special committee, and the possibility of maintaining *Hansard* depended largely upon the recognition of the equal rights of both sides. Up to 1885 this was recognized. The committee was made up of nine, the Government side, as was fair and proper, having one majority. In 1885, when the Government had two to one in the House, it was proposed to put seven Government supporters on the committee, and on objection being made the Opposition was allowed one additional member, making five to seven. He (Blake) could see no circumstances now indicating that the Ministerial majority on the committee should be increased, and yet it was now proposed the committee should stand eight Ministerialists to five Opposition. He regretted to observe, also, that some members of the committee who had acted efficiently on the commiltee in former sessions were left off in this motion. He believed that in a committee where efficiency depended so much upon knowledge of the work and duties of the staff that the members who had done good service before should be retained on the committee. It was a painful confession to make that after twenty years of Confederation it was necessary to have every Province represented even on a committee of this kind. He believed in a smaller rather than a larger committee. He was sure that his friend from Prince Edward (Mr. McIntyre) would be the first to declare, were he present, that no former member of the committee should be displaced. He suggested a reconsideration of this motion, and would propose, if this were agreed to, to place Mr. Scriver's name for Mr. McIntyre's, and add Mr. Somerville (Brant).

Mr. Bowell said those members of the committee on the Conservative side who were displaced were not displaced because the Government had not confidence in them. He believed that representation of each Province was a good principle. He agreed to the amendment.

The motion as amended was carried.

The Relics of Calvary.

A French writer distributes the relics of the cross and the crucifixion as follows:

The Wood of the Cross—The largest portions are in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome, and in the Cathedral of Paris.

The Title of the Cross—The tablet on which is the well-known inscription, I. N. R. I. (Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews), is preserved in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome.

The Crown of Thorns—It forms part of the treasure of Our Lady of Paris, but is devoid of thorns, which have been granted to a great many churches. This relic, with the fragments of the cross, is borne in triumph by twelve canons or cures of Paris in the solemn procession which is held at 8 o'clock Good Friday night in Notre Dame.

The Church of St. Sernin, in Toulouse, has a fragment of the crown, which was given it by St. Louis, through his brother Alphonse, Count of Poitiers and Toulouse.

The Nails—One, history relates, was thrown by St. Helena into the Adriatic to calm a storm; the second is in the famous iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings (used by Napoleon I. in his coronation); the third is in the church of Notre Dame, in Paris. At Monza, near Milan, is a nail whose authenticity Benedict XIV. is said to have established.

The Sponge—Is at Rome, in the basilica of St. John Lateran.

The Lance—The point is at Paris and the rest at Rome.

The Robe—It was given to the Church of Treves by St. Helena. (It is known as the Holy Coat.)

The Tunic—Charlemagne gave it to the monastery of Argenteuil, near Paris, where his sister was a nun. The Church of Argenteuil has the relic to this day.

The Different Pieces of the Winding Sheet—The largest is at Turin. The Church of Cadouin, department of Dordogne (France), has the cloth in which the head was wrapped.

Rome has the linen with which Veronica wiped Christ's face.

The upper part of the pillar of the scourging is at Rome in the Church of St. Praxedes since 1223. The other part is at Jerusalem, in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher

Interesting Bible Statistics.

The Apocrypha has verses, 7,081.
The Apocrypha has chapters, 183.
The books of the Old Testament, 39.
The Apocrypha has words, 152,185.
Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.
The books in the New Testament, 27.
Verses in the New Testament, 7,959.
Words in the Old Testament, 592,480.
Words in the New Testament, 181,253.
The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.
Letters in the New Testament, 838,380.
Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.
The chapters in the New Testament, 260.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job 29.

The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts xvii. 17.

The shortest verse in the New Testament is John xi. 35.

Chapter xix. of II. Kings and chapter xxxvii. of Isaiah are alike.

The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther viii. 9.

The middle book of the New Testament is II. Thessalonians.

The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,604 times.

The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 36,543 times.

The shortest verse of the Old Testament is I. Chronicles i. 25.

The middle verse of the Old Testament is II. Chronicles xxi. 17.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans xiii. and xiv.

Verse 22, chapter vii. of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

Sharp Girl.

"Oh, Ella," said Clara, "I think Lily and her beau have quarrelled."

"Why," replied Ella, "what makes you think so?"

"Well, her parlor has been brilliantly lit every evening lately."

Educational Matters.

Little Scholar—"Why is 'man' called a noun?"

Elderly Schoolmistress (with acidity)—"Because it's the name of a 'thing.'"—*New York Sun.*

A well-known mathematician who lives in Macon, Ga., and who has published a series of arithmetics, recently received a letter from a teacher asking him to send him a key to the Third Grade Arithmetic. The mathematician wrote back: "Dear sir: It has no key. It is a stem winder."

The *News* of Neoga, Ill., publishes the *fac simile* of a letter written to its editor by Mrs. Susan Johnson, of that town, who will be 70 years old in June, who never went to school in her life, and who first began to learn to write three months ago. The writing is very plain, and better than that of the majority of women of her age; the spelling is correct, and the only noticeable errors are in capitalization and punctuation.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMAYR.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been organized in Kingston.

The New Zealand post-office authorities refuse to send the mails by the Canadian Pacific route.

Thos. Kelly's eldest boy, aged about 6, while playing in the steam grist mill at Elmvale on Friday morning missed his footing and fell into the machinery. He was terribly mangled and died instantly.

Another dividend of 5 per cent. is to be declared by the liquidators of the Exchange Bank, making a total dividend of 65 cents paid to the creditors. It is expected that the estate will be closed as soon as some cases now pending before the courts are finally settled.

Prospects for the building trade in Montreal this season are of the most promising character. Public buildings, including two new railway stations, involving an expenditure of about $2,000,000, will be erected, besides a large number of business premises and private residences.

About 10 o'clock on Saturday forenoon Mrs. Armstrong, wife of Mr. Wm. Armstrong, a retired farmer who lives on Queen street, St. Thomas, dropped dead from heart disease. Deceased, who was in her 58th year, was the daughter of the late Thomas Weldon, one of the pioneers of Elgin.

Mrs. J. L. White, of London, who recently ran away to Rochester with Alfred Luscombe and subsequently returned to her home, went back again a short time since. Mr. White followed his wife to Rochester and the two have agreed to the institution of proceedings for a divorce. Mrs. Luscombe, it is understood, also contemplates taking steps for a legal separation from her truant husband.

The Prince of Wales has consented to act as Honorary President of the Melbourne International Exhibition.

The Sultan of Morocco has just promulgated a decree prohibiting the importation of American tobacco under any form into his territory.

The fire which threatened to destroy the Salvation Army's headquarters at London on Saturday was extinguished before it had done serious damage.

The Candahar troops sent to suppress the Ghilzai rising have found the rebels so numerous that they have been compelled to entrench themselves.

The former native ruler of Tongo recently attacked the Portuguese garrison there. His force was repulsed. He then went to Zanzibar and the Sultan ordered his arrest.

A large dynamite bomb with a burning fuse attached was found Saturday night in a room near the private office of the Spanish Minister of Public Works. An employee pluckily quenched the fuse and there was no explosion.

Heavy snow storms and bitterly cold weather are prevailing in the northern and eastern portions of France. The farmers are despairing on account of the unprecedented severity of the weather.

Mr. Rider Haggard meets the charge of plagiarizing "She" from Moore's "Epicurean" by the statement that he never read nor directly or indirectly became acquainted with a single line of "The Epicurean" before writing "She."

The Pope has instructed the bishops of Strasburg and Metz to direct the clergy of their dioceses to take no part in the anti-German agitation and to abstain from fostering the sentiments displayed during the recent election for members of the Reichstag.

The extra military credits asked by the German Government amount to 134,000,000 marks. Of this sum 40,000,000 marks is for the increase of the army, 12,000,000 for new equipments, and the remainder for strategic railways and improvements in fortresses.

Half the town of Pegu, fifty-eight miles northeast of Rangoon, has been destroyed by fire, presumably of incendiary origin. An extensive plot among the inhabitants of Upper Burmah and the Dacoits to burn the towns of that section of the country, massacre the Europeans and proclaim a new king, has been frustrated by the police and loyal Burmese, who, after three days' fighting, captured the leaders in the conspiracy.

Successful experiments have been made at Metz with a navigable balloon propelled by an electric motor. The Augsburg *Allgemaine Zeitung* says the balloon is the invention of a German engineer named Welker, who for some time was employed in America, where he perfected his discovery. The German Government, the paper says, has bought the invention, paying for it 1,000,000 marks down, and another 1,000,000 which is to be paid in instalments. The speed of the balloon exceeds that of a railway train, and it may be stopped and directed at will, moving against the wind. Whatever truth there may be in the report it is certain that the residents of Metz are now nightly startled by an electric illumination hovering at a great height over their houses.

The President has appointed Mr. Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia, to be Minister to Austria-Hungary.

A letter from Mr. Gladstone was received in New York on Saturday in which the ex-Premier passes a high eulogy on Mr. Beecher.

The jury in the case of John Arensdorf, charged with the murder of Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, at Sioux City, Iowa, disagreed and were finally discharged by the court at noon on Saturday. The jury stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction.

Yesterday morning one of the strangest accidents occurred at New Rochelle, N. J., that have ever been witnessed by railroad men. An unknown man while walking along the track was struck by a freight train and his body was thrown upon the pilot of the engine, where it lay until Larchmont was reached. There it fell to the roadbed and both feet were cut off. Another train on the opposite track struck the unfortunate man and once more he was hoisted upon the pilot and lay there until New Rochelle was reached, when the body rolled off and the trunk fell under the wheels a second time. When the train moved off it was seen that only the headless trunk remained.

While viewing the wreck of a freight train on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway near Palatine, Ill., yesterday, six persons were killed by the bursting of a large water tank. The accident occurred at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and it is supposed that the collision of the freight trains in the immediate vicinity in the morning had jarred the immense tank, containing one hundred thousand gallons of water, and loosened or cracked the hoops, which gave way while a large crowd of country people were standing immediately under the structure. When it collapsed and fell it buried the people under the wreckage and water. Two boys and four men were killed outright, two other men were fatally and a number seriously injured.

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.

Singular Story of Some Who Dwell in Mesopotamia.

Not far from Mosul, in Mesopotamia, there are a few Kurdish villages where one finds neither mosque nor minaret, synagogue nor medrash, church nor meeting house. Moslems—saving an occasional government official—are rarely seen there, travellers not at all. Ordinarily, says a writer in the *St. James Gazette*, there is nothing in the appearance of these places or the people to attract the attention of wayfarers, apart from the white dresses of the women and the vests of the men. But one day in the year the villages assume quite a holiday aspect in preparation for a strange ceremony annually enacted there. The houses are plentifully decked with garlands of yellow flowers, and the people take up positions outside—the women in spotless gowns, the men with a twisted black cord round their necks. Then a procession of some thirty persons emerges from the residence of the "pir" or priest, and begins slowly to perambulate the village. In front march half a dozen weird-looking personages in long black robes and strange black headgear; then come half a score of "kawals," in yellow mantles and white turbans, chanting religious hymns in an outlandish tongue; and behind them as many more playing an accompaniment to the singers on reedy flutes and tamborines. Following these is the white-robed priest, bearing upon his shoulders a kind of epaulette, and holding aloft the bronze figure of a bird, guarded on either side by a fierce-looking Kurd, with a perfect arsenal of small arms about his person. In the rear rides the white-turbaned sheikh of the district, with a second batch of "black heads" to wind up the procession. The party makes the round of the village, the people raising their hands toward the brazen bird as it passes, and then halts in front of the priest's house. Here a sheep is in readiness; it is cut open, and the heart is torn from it and thrown down at the feet of the black-robed figure. The procession then re-enters the dwelling while the sheep is made ready for the pot; and in honor of the day, the residents afterward dine together as soon as their "stew" is ready. These Kurdish villagers are the "Yezidis" or "devil worshippers" of Mesopotamia; and their annual procession—known as the "Showing of the King Bird," the Melik Taous or "Peacock King"—is the only ceremonial of their mystic cult. * * * The devil worshippers accept no proselytes: "A Yezidi," they say, "must be born a Yezidi; he cannot be made." They have no ceremonial ablutions, or attach no importance to them, and are allowed to use nothing colored blue. They will not sit down on a sofa having a blue tassel, or enter a room containing an article covered with blue cloth. Their religion prohibits them from serving as soldiers, though there appears to be nothing to prevent them from cutting throats on their own account. They baptise boys and girls; and, when old enough, every member has to make choice of a sister or brother who is to be his or her companion for eternity. Adultery, where consent is given, is lawful, and intercourse between the sexes is regulated by no conventional restraints. The sheikhs and their families, as well as the subordinate priests known as "pers," are entirely supported by the voluntary gifts of the villagers, whom they visit regularly three times a year; such gifts being regarded in the light of offering to the semi-divine prophet from whom their rulers claim descent. The Yezidis may everywhere be distinguished from the Moslem inhabitants of the country by the vests they wear closed up in the neck. They certainly bear a secret mark upon their persons, like some Indian sectaries, for they will never bare their breasts, and under no circumstances will a Yezidi ever utter the word "sheltan"—that is "devil" or in any way refer to the central object of his secret adoration.

The French Giving Up Smoking.

The growing virtue of the French in the matter of tobacco smoking bids fair to create yet another difficulty in the arduous task of balancing the budget of the republic. It appears that the tax on this pleasant vice produced last year 6,000,000 francs less than in the year 1885. The theory has been broached that as men got on in life they smoke less, for the reason that they gradually become so saturated with nicotine that they cannot hold any more. This would not, however, explain the diminution, seeing that the place of old men is taken by the rising generation. So the theory is pushed still further, and it is argued that, as the process of absorption of nicotine goes on from generation to generation, the sons of smokers are not able to consume so much tobacco as the children of non-smokers. Oddly enough, the diminution of consumption is only in smoking tobacco, while as much snuff is sold as formerly. The enormous sum of 80,000,000 francs is annually spent in snuff. Where the snuff takers live is an enigma. In Paris, at all events, the habit, if one may judge from one's own experience, is unknown.—*London Telegraph.*

Mr. Beecher's farm at Peekskill is advertised for sale. This was the favorite residence of the great preacher, and beside its regular crops, it furnished him many incidents with which he embellished his public addresses. Somebody once asked Mr. Beecher why he deemed it necessary to impose upon himself the task of going about the country lecturing so long as he had his salary of $20,000 as pastor of the Plymouth Church. "Ah," was Mr. Beecher's response, "don't you know that I was farming it up in Peekskill? That costs money." Fancy farmers will appreciate the joke.

CURRENT TOPICS.

IN the *Presbyterian Review* Principal D. H. MacVicar, discussing "Social Discontent," boldly arraigns the Christian Church for its failure to do its duty by society. Wealthy saints and sinners are cared for to excess, he says, and the poor left to shift for themselves until they become vicious and often turbulent.

MRS. BERRY was hanged, not long ago, in Oldham, England, for the murder of her daughter. Recently an auction sale of her effects was held. The result was great financial success. The weird interest attaching to a murderer's relics added an unwonted value to her belongings. A ball dress brought £18. Dancing in a garment once owned by an executed criminal is an experience denied to most people, but, apparently, worth a good round sum.

BEFORE the war the term "negro" was highly offensive to the colored people in the Southern States, and their prejudice against it has not wholly died out, though it is yielding to the influence of time and enlightenment. A few years ago a national convention of colored editors was held in St. Louis, and it was agreed, by passing a resolution, that the word negro was the proper ethnological term to designate the colored race. The once offensive term is also used in issuing the call for a national convention of negroes to be held this year in Indianapolis, on the 2nd of June.

THE manufacture of carbons for electric lights has become an important business, and of the 150,000 burned daily in the United States 100,000 are manufactured in Cleveland, where there are 20 furnaces. The carbons are made chiefly of the residuum of oil after it has been refined, but the deposit about natural gas wells is also coming into use. The material is ground to powder, a little pitch is added, and the substance is then placed in moulds. These are packed in boxes, and the latter placed in a furnace, where they are subjected to intense heat. The carbons are thoroughly burned in five days, and the cooling process continues only 24 hours.

IN some parts of England a practice prevails of paying the wages of agricultural laborers partly in cider. This (remarks Mr. Charles Acland in the preamble to his Agricultural Laborers Bill) "is an encitement to intemperance to the great detriment of their families, and it is expedient to prohibit such practice by law." Accordingly his Bill proposes to declare that every English or Irish farmer, or other employer of labor, who pays to any farm laborer or servant in husbandry wages or portions of wages in beer, cider or other intoxicating liquors, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 20 shillings for the first offence, and not exceeding 40 shillings for the second and subsequent offences. The restriction would not, however, extend to laborers who reside or board with their employer. The penalties would be recoverable before any bench of magistrates on the information of any police constable or any other person.

THE capability of sea water as a preservative is shown by the fact that among the articles recovered from vessels sunk in the harbor of Vigo, Spain, in 1702, there have been recovered specimens of logwood and mahogany that, notwithstanding their 184 years' submersion, are in the most perfect state of preservation. Dyers who have experimented with the logwood state that it is even better for dyeing purposes than the wood now imported. The mahogany, too, is very fine and solid, one log twelve feet long and twenty-two by thirty-two inches square being subsequently worked up in the shape of furniture and walking sticks as mementoes. The chief object of interest, however, is an ancient pulley block four and one-half feet high and three feet broad, with four solid copper sheaves eighteen inches in diameter. It is of solid oak, and was probably used in hoisting heavy articles of merchandise or the anchors. The wood is perfectly preserved, but an iron band is completely corroded away, while the copper wheels are but slightly oxidized.

UNDER the Hindoo marriage law, which has prevailed for 30 centuries, every Hindoo girl must be married. The parent who has an unmarried daughter of full age in his house is not only an offender against social usage, but is guilty of a religious crime, threatened with punishment in a future state, and one which his neighbors will not be satisfied to leave to its deferred theological sanction. The daughter must, therefore, be married to some one, and if no fit person is forthcoming, she must be joined to some unfit person, and this at the earliest stage possible, so as to settle the matter, and make things safe for her father. Many Hindoo girls are married in their 7th or 8th year, and, once married, there is no escape possible for them. Wifedom may be a revolting servitude, but widowhood is a living death. The widow is an outcast, with no civil rights and no social standing. Her place formerly would have been on her husband's funeral pile, but, since suttee has been forbidden, a fate more cruel, an agony more prolonged, has been the appointed lot of the woman who survives her lord.

IN 1883 a commission was appointed in Germany to consider and report on the advantages and disadvantages of vaccination, and the following are among the conclusions just reported: The length of time for which vaccination protects against smallpox varies greatly in different persons, but in the mean it is 10 years. Revaccination is necessary 10 years after the primary operation. Two well-marked vesicles are necessary to insure a successful protective vaccination. There is no evidence as to any increasing special disease, or of general mortality which can be considered as due to the introduction of vaccination. The use of animal vaccine is preferable. Vaccination should not be performed while scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, whooping cough, typhus or erysipelas are epidemic or unusually prevalent in the neighborhood. Infants should not be vaccinated before they are three months old unless smallpox is prevalent in the vicinity. The greatest care as to cleanliness and disinfection of the instruments used for vaccination should be insisted on.

SENSATIONAL POISONING CASE.

An Ontario Woman Charged With Killing Her Daughter-in-Law.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGES MADE.

Martha Jane Ryckman, of Arkona, accused of causing the death of Rebecca Hendricks, has been lodged in Sarnia jail. The prisoner is concerned in the Ryckman poisoning case which has created quite a stir at Bosanquet township. When arrested the old lady exhibited but very little surprise. According to the expert analysis, enough arsenic was found in the stomach to have caused death, and a verdict was found accordingly and the arrest followed. The poisoning is alleged to have been committed in Virginia, from where the body was sent to Ontario for burial.

Mrs. Rebecca Hendricks, a sister-in-law of Mrs. Ryckman, was visiting at the latter's residence, in Thedford, between Christmas and New Year's Day last. On the evening previous to New Year's Day, about 8 o'clock, and two hours after having had a hearty supper, she was taken violently sick and complained of intense pains in the region of her heart and across her stomach. Medical aid was summoned, but nothing could be done to save her life. She died on the afternoon of New Year's Day. With the object in view of clearing up other suspicions against Mrs. Ryckman while in Canada, Dr. W. Cornell, of Thedford, coroner, empannelled a new jury, and the remains of Mr. Hendricks were taken from the grave in the Arkona cemetery and a post-mortem held. The testimony given was strongly suspicious. The inquest then adjourned. The case as it stands at present is simply this: If no poison is found in the viscera of Mrs. Hendricks, Maria Jane Ryckman will be extracited and taken to Virginia; but, on the other hand, if the jury in this case find sufficient evidence to convict, she will appear at the Lambton Fall Assizes.

Several members of the Ryckman family have died under suspicious circumstances. In 1876 the prisoner's husband was taken suddenly ill and died. He was not in bed a day during the sickness which caused his death. About three years later a son-in-law of Mrs. Martha Ryckman also died under suspicious circumstances. His name was John Haskett. By his death, his wife, who was consumptive, and did not long survive her husband, came into considerable property. Mrs. Haskett, when she died, left the property to the prisoner to use for the benefit of an 18-months-old girl she (Mrs. Haskett) left. The child died about 18 months after its mother, and Mrs. Martha Ryckman came into the property. A gentleman in Arkona said to a correspondent to-day: "There are eight bodies, members or connections of the Ryckman family, buried in that little graveyard on the hill, and it is a significant fact that by the death of each of them Mrs. Martha Ryckman derived some financial benefit."

How to Stop the Paper.

A number of superexcited citizens and citizenesses in different parts of the State have been writing indignant letters "To the Editor of the *News*" regarding the course of the *News* on the subject of prohibition. Some of them do not show that degree of charitable tolerance for other people's opinions on a great public question which their professions of true godliness would seem to require of them. There is more epithet than argument in their esteemed communications, and some of them end up with "stop my paper." We have no sort of objection to the epithets. They do us no harm, and they seem to relieve the pent up feelings of the writers. But it is proper that we should convey a little useful information to the good people who are thus wasting their energies. First, they are not, as they seem to think, exceptional in their action. The *News* has so large a circulation that it embraces all sorts of people of all sorts of opinions. The *News* also has opinions of its own on pretty nearly all subjects of public interest, and it has a fashion of expressing them with a freedom and plainness of speech that must necessarily give offence to those who imagine no one has a right to entertain any opinion but their own. As an inevitable consequence we are constantly receiving communications from indignant people who want their paper to agree with all their eccentricities. This goes on all the year round. But it is idle work to write "to the editor" when you reach the "stop-my-paper" stage of indignation. The editor couldn't stop your paper if he wanted to. He has nothing to do with it. You can't get your paper stopped in that way. The agent who delivers it in your town is the party to speak to, and the quickest way to get it stopped is to tell him to stop it. Besides, this course will save postage, stationery and trouble.—*Detroit News*

Niagara vs. Vesuvius.

The average American at home or abroad does not take kindly to anything that would seem to cast the shadow of a shade upon his native land. A story told the other evening at the Richmond Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church by the Rev. George W. Peck might be cited in illustration. An Englishman was travelling through Italy with an American friend, and in the course of their sojournings each maintained the superiority of his own country. Finally the grand spectacle of Mount Vesuvius in eruption, throwing its brilliant rays across the bay of Naples, burst upon their astonished gaze. "Now, look at that," chuckled the Englishman, "you haven't got anything in America that can come anywhere near that." "No," moodily replied the Yankee, "it is true we have not got a Vesuvius, but we have got a waterfall that could put that thing out in less than five minutes."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Close Competition.

"I've got the most money!" he shouted across the street, as he held up a nickel.

"I don't keer fur that. My father has been arrested."

"So's mine."

"But they took mine down in the patrol waggon and yours had to walk."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The H's Floor Her.

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.—*Boston Gazette.*

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were considered in committee of the whole and reported:

To incorporate the International Ferry Railway Company.—Mr. Morin.

To provide for the erection of a court house in the city of Toronto.—Mr. Widdifield.

Respecting the city of Toronto.—Mr. Leys.

The following Bills were read the second time:

To further extend the powers of the Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto.—Mr. Widdifield.

To amend the Act incorporating the Girls' Home and Public Nursery, of Toronto.—Mr. Leys.

Mr. Craig introduced a Bill to amend the Ontario Medical Act, which was read the first time.

Hon. O. Mowat then rose and said—Mr. Speaker, it has been suggested that we should send an address to Her Majesty on the occasion of her attaining the fiftieth year of her reign. I need make no observations in proposing that such an address be sent. Our Province has been always noted for its loyalty to the Crown of England. Our early settlers were Loyalists who had shown their loyalty by sacrificing their interests and homes and property in order that they might continue to live under the British flag. There have been attempts made since that time to do away with the British flag, but these have always been unsuccessful. This is one of the matters, I am happy to say, upon which hon. gentlemen of all parties can agree. We all love British connection, and we are all proud and glad of forming a part of the British Empire. We all love the Queen and appreciate her virtues and her queenly excellencies; and it is with great satisfaction, I am sure, that we shall all join in expressing those sentiments to her. I move, therefore, Resolved, that an humble address be presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, expressing the heartfelt congratulations of this House on the occasion of Her Majesty's having attained the fiftieth year of her reign.

Mr. Meredith seconded the adoption of the address, which was read a second time and agreed to, upon which every member of the House rose to his feet and joined in the singing of "God Save the Queen." It was then ordered that the address be engrossed.

On motion of the Attorney-General, seconded by Mr. Meredith, it was resolved: That an humble address be presented to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, praying that His Honor will be pleased to transmit to His Excellency the Governor-General the address adopted by this House to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, expressing the heartfelt congratulations of this House on the occasion of Her Majesty's having attained the 50th year of her reign, in order that the same may be laid at the foot of the Throne in such manner as His Excellency may see fit.

The address, having been read the second time, was agreed to, and it was ordered: That the address be engrossed, and presented to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor by such members of this House as are of the Executive Council.

Horse Trading in Ireland.

The following story was told to a clerical friend in the West of Cork by a countryman named Dinny Cooley; "Good morrow, Dinny; where did you get the horse?" "Well, I'll tell your reverence. Sime time ago I went to the fair of Ross, not with this horse, but another horse. Well, sorra a wan said to me, 'Dinny, do you come from the Aist, or do you come from the Wesht?' and when I left the fair there wasn't wan to say, 'Dinny, are you going to the Aist, or are you going to the Wesht?' Well, your reverence, I rode home, and was near Kilnagross, when I met a man riding along the road forninst me. 'Good evening, friend,' said he. 'Good evening, friend,' said I. 'Were you at the fair of Ross?' says he. 'I was,' sez I. 'Did you sell?" sez he. 'No,' sez I. 'Would you sell?' sez he. 'Would you buy?' sez I. 'Would you make a clane swop?' sez he, 'horse, bridle and saddle and all?' sez he. 'Done!' sez I. Well, your reverence, I got down off av me horse, not this horse, but the other horse, and the man got down aff av his horse, that's this horse, not the other horse, and we swopped and rode away. But when he had gone about twenty yards, he turned round and called after me. 'There niver was a man from Ross,' sez he, 'but could put his finger in the eye of a man from Kilnagross,' sez he, 'and that horse,' sez he, 'that I swopped with you,' sez he, 'is blind of an eye,' sez he. Well, then, your reverence, I turned upon *him* and I called out to him: 'There niver was a man from Kilnagross,' sez I, 'but could put his two fingers in both the eyes av a man from Ross,' sez I, 'and that horse that I swopped with you,' sez I, 'is blind av both his eyes,' sez I."

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

We stand n our sunshine oftener than others do.

It is the little things that are the most wonderful and difficult; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.

There is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old.

If a man is right he can't be too radical; if wrong he can't be too conservative.

The silent man may be overlooked now, but he will get a hearing by and by.

Method and despatch govern the world.

You can outlive a slander in half the time you can out argue it.—*Century.*

He Knew What He Wanted.

Old Party (in restaurant)—"'Bout ten years ago, waiter, I was in here and got a piece of steak that was as good as enny I ever eat." Waiter—"Yes, sah." Old Party—"Now, you can bring me another jest like it, only don't have it quite so well done."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Forty years ago an old lady in Baldwin, Fla., about to die, made her children promise not to bury her body. She threatened to haunt them if they did, and so when she was dead they placed the body in a stout coffin of Florida pine, placed it on the surface of the ground in the graveyard, and built a strong log pen around it. The log house is in good condition now, and so is the coffin within it.

THE FARMERS' COLUMN.

In sowing clover for pasture it is desirable to mix the alsike, red and white clovers, and the kind best adapted to the land will probably take possession in a few years. A variety of grasses is always desirable in a pasture. Some farmers who have plenty of pasture land are adapting the plan of sowing the seeds of timothy, blue grass, orchard grass and the different clovers separately, giving each kind its own space, so as to permit the cows to select the grasses preferred. It has been demonstrated that each individual will prefer certain grasses, and that the herd will separate over the entire pasture.

Heretofore it was supposed that the Dorking fowl was very tender when young, and not easily raised. Recent experiments show that the Dorking feathers rapidly, the same as the Leghorn, and if the chicks be allowed a small quantity of meat once a day they will prove as hardy as other kinds. This difficulty overcome, the Dorking will hold the highest place among poultry as a market fowl. It is to the barnyard fowls what the Shorthorn is among cattle.

The first pound, or the first 100 pounds, of beef, mutton or pork is the most costly. The greater the weight an animal can be made to attain in the shortest period of time the smaller the cost per pound proportionately. It requires no more labor to feed a steer weighing 2,000 pounds than it does to feed a steer weighing 1,000. The cost of production does not depend solely upon the amount of food consumed, but upon the food, shelter and labor.

One advantage overlooked when manure is applied on the soil, as compared with the use of commercial fertilizers, is that with the decomposition of manure is a liberation of carbonic acid gas, which acts upon the soil chemically and assists in providing a greater amount of plant food by rendering inert matter soluble. The value of manure, therefore, does not depend solely on the amount of material added to the soil, but partly to its chemical effect.

If, by the ensilage system, a greater number of cows can be kept, as compared with pasturing, the farmer will not only secure a gain by the saving of food but also by having a larger area of land to be cultivated. Every acre of the pasture that can be cultivated and made to yield a crop is a gain.

Where only one cow is kept on a small farm a space should be devoted to a crop of oats and peas, as a supply of early green food. Sow the oats and peas together, and begin feeding as soon as the crop shall be high enough to cut. It may be followed by late fodder corn.

Aged animals should be fed ground food, as they cannot grind whole grains, the consequence being a waste of food unless the food be ground. By so doing a smaller proportion of food will be required, while the animals will keep in better condition.

For home use lettuce is more easily raised than any other table vegetable. Sow the seed on a finely-prepared bed that has been made rich, and use the largest plants as they grow, which will avoid the necessity of transplanting.

All the best butter comes from what are styled "fancy farms," which indicates that the so-called "fancy" farmers are those who adopt the most improved methods and use only the choicest stock.

The schools should join in celebrating Abor day, and every farmer is interested in impressing on the young the importance of its observance and the future benefits to be derived therefrom.

If you wish to prevent weeds and grasses from growing on the walk ways sprinkle kerosene oil freely, but be careful not to get it on the plants you wish to grow along the borders.

White clover is the best grass that can be grown for sheep. Sheep are not partial to tall grass, and the white clover will always be selected by them in preference to other kinds.

Sow early beets as soon as the ground shall be warm. Use plenty of well-rotted stable manure, and also about three pounds of nitrate of soda on each square rod of ground.

Do all you can to encourage the birds. They are your best friends. Protect them and their nests, and keep a watch on the family cats, which do the birds much damage.

Ashes, or potash salts, will be found excellent for the fruit trees, now that they are throwing out leaves. Later on an application of superphosphate will be of advantage.

Sheep graze very closely, and should not be allowed on grass that is backward in growth, or where the field is not well covered, unless such grass is undesirable.

As the young grass is beginning to shoot keep a close watch on the onion crop. Of all crops the onion soonest succumbs to the intrusion of grass and weeds.

Don't be in a hurry to get out the egg-plants, tomatoes, string beans, lima beans and squash. A slight frost will destroy all your work.

The best disposal to make of lawn grass when mowed closely is to feed it to hens, as it will be about the proper length for that purpose.

At this season fowls and chicks are high in price, while eggs are cheap. In the fall and winter the reverse is the case.

For shade in the poultry yard this summer, and as a protection to the chicks against hawks plant squashes.

Force of Habit.

"Do you think," said a lady to her friend, Mrs. S., "that if you were to be taken away your husband would ever marry again?"

"Oh, I suppose he would," Mrs. S. replied; "I am his fourth wife, you know."

The electric light, which was introduced some time back into several of the State departments at Windsor Castle, has now been extended into the residential portion, and the grand corridor, the three drawing-rooms (the white, the green, and the crimson), the great dining-room, and the oak-room are all fitted with it.

Patti's hotel bill in New York is $110 a day.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER JAUNT.

The French Said to Be Tickled because of Her Presence.

(Smalley's Cable in the N. Y. Tribune.)

The Queen's absence passes with if anything less remark than usual. Her Majesty's visit to Aix-les-Bains excites more notice in France than here. The English do not half like the Queen's residence abroad, but the French are flattered and delighted because she chooses to spend her vacation beneath the tricolor. *Figaro*, of Paris, devotes a column and a half to details of the Queen's arrival and installation at the Villa Mottet, which for all its fine name is only a dependence of a hotel. This august female traveller, says the awed Frenchman, always takes her cook and all her servants with her, and she found her breakfast ready for her on her arrival. The Queen's habits, we learn on the same authority, are correct. She rises at 7; breakfasts at 9 with the Prince and Princess of Battenberg, nobody else being admitted, and walks at 10, the Princess accompanying her. Sometimes she drives, and Her Majesty is to be seen on occasion in a donkey cart. She sketches: lunches at 3 with an excellent appetite; takes another promenade at 4, the Princess still with her; goes sight-seeing like less august tourists; dines at 8.30; talks; then retires to her private room, reads, draws and writes letters till 1.30 next morning, the hour at which apparently the Queen parted with this reporter. No English paper has the news.

The Queen returns on April 29th. Meantime Windsor Castle is being furnished up for the reception of the royalties expected for the jubilee. So is Buckingham Palace, which for once is to wear an air of hospitality. The castle and palace together are not equal to the demands likely to be made on them for the accommodation of the Queen's guests from abroad, so a hotel hard by the palace has been engaged for the minor kings.

Cured by Faith.

Mrs. Herman, of Kokoma, Ind., who had been paralyzed for several years, became interested in a series of revival meetings and induced her son to carry her to the church in which they were conducted. While she was there the congregation prayed for her, and, to the great surprise of all she arose and walked from her seat to the pulpit. She is now said to be able to walk as well as she ever could.

Mrs. Louisa Scribner, an advocate of the Christian science of faith healing, is said to have effected some remarkable cures in different parts of Missouri. The most noteworthy case is that of James Donovan, an aged resident of Missouri City. Inflammatory rheumatism has kept him in bed for more than a score of years, but he is now as active as a man of 40. Mrs. Scribner cures her patients by simply reading the Bible to them and praying for their recovery.

R. W. Prendergast, a well-known merchant of Bellevue, Ky., was given up by his physicians a month ago and left to die. He had been afflicted with an unknown disease which baffled their keenest diagnosis, and the medicine administered to him seemed to make his condition worse. After the physicians had left him three ladies went to his bedside and prayed that he might be healed. The sick man grew better at once, the visits and prayers were continued, with increasing success, and to-day he is well. Before his recovery Mr. Prendergast had not been inside a church for fifteen years, but he is now a regular attendant.

Father Boudard, the priest in charge at the Convent of the Ursuline Nuns, in New Orleans, has caused considerable agitation among the Creole portion of the city by his reported miraculous cures. It is reported that several women who had lost confidence in the ability of their physicians to cure their ailments, applied to the reverend father and were directed to observe a course of religious meditation and prayer. This was followed by the application of a certain miraculous water at the hands of the priest, who at the same time made passes with a holy relic. The treatment is said to have been efficacious in a number of instances, but because of the excitement created thereby the Archbishop has ordered Father Boudard to cease his healing practices.

A remarkable instance of an invalid's recovery through faith is reported from Pueble county, O. Miss Sarah Fouble, the daughter of a respectable farmer living just out of Sonora, had been bedridden for thirty-one years because of an affection of the spine, and for nearly a year she had been speechless and blind. She is now entirely cured. Miss Fouble says that about the middle of March she went into a trance, during which an angel appeared to her and bade her pray for her recovery. On awaking from the trance she prayed long and earnestly and fell quietly asleep. In the morning she walked down to breakfast, to the great astonishment of the family, and has not known a day of illness since. She now spends the greater part of her time in singing and praying.

Mrs. John Buchanan, of Waco, Mo., relates in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* how the spirits cured her 15-year-old daughter of a terrible attack of malarial fever. The child lay in bed for three months suffering terribly, and was finally given up by the physician, who said that in the improbable event of her recovery, she would be a cripple for life in her back and lower limbs. The mother, in her anguish, prayed to heaven for guidance, and the voice of a spirit responded with instructions for treating the sufferer. Mrs. Buchanan followed the instructions implicitly with the edifying result that (to use her own words) "in three days my daughter could turn herself in bed; and in two more days she could stand on her feet with a little assistance, and now she is well, and is married, and has a sweet little boy."

—Why are we always so much more rejoiced at finding a dime than at earning a dollar?—*Tid-Bits.* Because we don't.

In a paper entitled "The Handwriting of the Insane," recently read in Philadelphia, Mrs. Henry Hazlehurst said that the giving way of the mind in an educated person was often shown in bad spelling, blotting, frequent erasures, the absurd use of parentheses, italicization and underscoring in excess. Insane pride and obstinacy take to capitals, and, it is said, make frequent use of the letter "P," which becomes perfectly enormous.

He Told Her What It Meant.

She asked the scholars to define
The sense of "surreptitious,"
But every one had to decline,
Although they were ambitious.

"It's something done upon the sly,
That no one else has seen,"
The teacher said, "Now who will try
To tell me what I mean?"

She'd just been reading of the lad
Who thieved away uncaught,
And hoped, perhaps, her reading had
Some useful lesson taught.

Miff Smiff," hear yonder youngster call.
With eyes upon the floor,
"I know! You kithed the Principal
At noon behind the door."

Ethereal Wildness.

From Easter we reckon the advent of Spring. By many signs we mark the coming of the gentle season. None can escape its quickening influence; the influenza, as it were, takes hold of us all. Spring may be known in our latitude and city by divers tokens.

The coal is low in the bin. The furnace rages fiercely during the warm mid-day, and goes out entirely at chill nightfall. Every day the citizen takes a new cold, and every cold lasts a week; thus his constitution is perpetually overlaid and shingled with wheezy and inflammatory ailments, half a dozen deep. In spring you often hear a man say, "I have got over the cold I took night before last, but I still suffer from the cold I contracted a week ago."

In the spring the streets are dirty, wet when muddy, dusty when dry. In alleys and dark corners the ice lingers, a foot of frozen substratum underneath the litter of recent traffic. Gangs of men with pick and shovel open ice mines at such places. At great depths they find relics of by-gone days: last summer's banana peels, still good for several slips: or the discarded posters of an election long past.

"To Rent" is a sign of spring. It is also a sign that moving-day with all its attendant delights is at hand. A weary army of house-hunters roams the streets. Now is the harvest time of the real estate agent and the drayman. The professor of kalsomining and artistic whitewashing basks in the sun.

The swift bicycle resumes its swallow-flight over the asphalt. Urchins swarm on side streets, and after nightfall play marbles on the smooth pavements, under the white glare of the electric lights. The goat resumes the tomato-can in the potato patch.

Spring raiment renews the respectability of the race. With its donning comes a longing for luxurious ease. Algernon sighs at the ledger and Augustus yawns behind the thread counter. The movement for the Saturday half holiday begins.

By such passing signs as these do we mark the advent of spring.

Cuban Beggars.

The Cuban beggars seldom fail to capture the stray change of any American visitor, but in the case of F. D. M., of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, they seem to have taken his heart also. He writes:

The beggar girls merely hold out their hand and petition you with their wonderful eyes. Articulate speech is a poor recourse compared with such eyes. One dark eyed, dark-skinned little vagabond held out her dirty little paw to me and gave me such a look. It was a prayer, a petition; it was full of tears and pleadings, of infinite tenderness, hope and untold woe. She said only "Centano, senor," and murmured all sorts of buenos, and chequitos, and bonitos, or something of the sort, as a tribute to my gigantic goodness, my enormous heart and my overwhelming masculine beauty.

I couldn't stand it, and got out a Cuban 10-cent shin plaster, which is worth about 3 cents, and handed to her, though the hall porter was ordering her to "vayose" or vamos, or something to that effect.

When she saw the shin plaster she turned her great eyes up to mine as though almost stunned at my princely generosity, seized my hand and kissed it, turned and yelled "caramba" to some more little half-naked rascals, and away they went to a cigarette shop. The porter said she is the worst one in the business.

A quiet old gentleman from Albany was sitting near me, and a woman leading two children and carrying another upon her head approached him and held out her hand. He put a 10-cent piece in it, and with stately grace, she knelt, kissed his hand and called down a blessing upon his head, saying: "Ah, señor, que dichoso soy" which comes pretty near meaning, "Ah, sir, how happy I am!"

When she knelt in that solemn way, with a young one kneeling on either side, and raised her eyes to heaven, whereat the baby on her head nearly fell off, and held to the hand of the modest old gentleman from Albany, the group was the centre of observation, and the modest old gentleman got red in the face and looked painfully embarrassed.

Still Awaiting.

"Husband in?" asked the Assessor, cheerfully. "No," answered the woman, "he isn't home." "Expecting him soon?" asked the Assessor. "Well," the woman replied, thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly; I've been lookin' for him seventeen years, and he hasn't showed up yet. You travel round a good deal, and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband, tell him I'm still a waitin' and send him along. How's your wife?" But the Assessor wrote something in his book and, without speaking, slid softly away with the cautious haste of a man walking over a thin place in the ice.

The Cautious Farmer.

Hotel clerk (to farmer)—"Will you register, please?"

Farmer—"Will I do what?"

Clerk—"Register, sign your name in this book."

Farmer—"Not much, young feller. Ye don't git me to sign my name on no paper. I've been beat oncet, and that's 'nough."

THE vain attempts to identify the murdered girl of Rahway, N.J., again calls attention to the large number of people who mysteriously disappear and are never heard of afterward. The names of no less than forty-eight young women have lately come to light in connection with this tragedy as having strangely vanished, leaving no clue to the fate that has overtaken them.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it **IN NEW YORK.**

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, APRIL. 28, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Ours on assessments last week squeezed somebody's pet corn in a mighty tight corner. Its scalps we're after—and equalization of assessment.

What has become of our friend (!) "Miller," eh? We mean the gentleman who has acted in such a *friendly* manner towards the Editor of this paper in the matter of newspaper subscriptions. Did any one say *rats?*

The forthcoming South Grey Teachers' Convention will be the best ever held by the Association, and that is saying considerable. It will come off in Flesherton on the 2nd and 3rd of June, and, as usual, our people will accord the visitors a hearty and unstinted welcome.

If you discover a number of "Editorial Notes" among the "Tit-Bits" this week, be sure and blame the "intelligent compositor" for putting them there. That's what we have done. Other Editors are not going to enjoy a monopoly in this business if we can prevent it.

Some people do not believe in sudden conversions. We do. After subjecting The Advance to a series of unprovoked attacks, the Hanover Post boldly and manfully asserted last week that the Editor of this paper "is a gentleman." If that is not a case of sudden conversion we would like to know what is.

The Meaford Mirror expects to see warm work between The Advance and a "South Grey contemporary" on account of Valentine Muggins' "Parable of an Editor," which graced our columns last two weeks. "Whoever the cap fits can put it on," but, in any case, Valentine is quite able to fight his own battles.

The fair-haired scribe of the Duffer in Post had his fortune told recently. Of course he is to become a bloated aristocrat, with gold knobs on his door handles and all the rest of it. That's the fate of most country editors when their "fortunes" are told by silver-tongued sirens: the reality is what knocks most of 'em cold on the first round.

Fifty years ago last twelfth of July, Mr. Wm. Rutledge, sr., of Artemesia, attended divine service in a church at Derry West, Co. Peel. Although it is partly in ruins, the walls of the old church can still be seen standing out in bold relief. This old-fashioned structure is built of mud brick, but it has stood the storms of time much better than many of the red brick buildings of a much more recent date.

It is sincerely to be regretted that the Band Concert last week was so poorly patronized. Our Band deserved better treatment at the hands of the public. Its members have always been willing to extend a helping hand wherever and whenever their services have been required. All this they have done—in most cases—cheerfully and gratuitously. What a miserable return, therefore, was the paltry sum raised on the occasion named. Such contemptibly shabby treatment was never less merited. We hope it will not be repeated. Our big-hearted Band boys are much discouraged as it is, but a repetition might bring about a disbandment, which every one would regret—and none more so than those tight-fisted persons, who have so persistently witheld their support.

The spring poet has struck the office of the Chesley Enterprise like a western cyclone. He hails from a place called Scone. Dr. Landerkin ought to buy a club and lie in wait for him some dark night after he returns from parliament. Here is what he says about the Dr.:

When in the house his voice is heard,
No wonder some with hate are stirr'd—
He don't speak smooth things, but each word,
The ring of metal true hath—
Among the would be aristocrats
He's like a terrier catching rats,
He shakes 'em till they squeal, and that's
The style that tickles LUATH.

Thornbury is now an incorporated town and will have to provide itself with a Mayor, Reeve and no less than nine Councillors forthwith, together with Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor, Collector and what not. The absurdity of incorporating as a town a place of eight or nine hundred inhabitants must be apparent to most people. Perhaps we will be told that it is none of our funeral, but it is a mighty comforting thought to know that one cannot be hanged for expressing an honest opinion in this country.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough hands or face or Sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at the Drug Store

PRIZE COMPETITION!

W.C.T.U.

In order to instigate enquiry and research, the W. C. T. U., of Flesherton, have decided to offer three valuable Temperance Books, as 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prize to any person under 20 years of age, who can furnish the longest list of Words and Names as follows:—

1st.—Dates and circumstances under which, during the year 1886, Temperance work was mentioned in the Flesherton Advance.

2nd.—Names of intoxicating beverages and of the materials out of which and the process by which they are made.

3rd.—Names of parts of the human system affected by alcohol, and names of the diseases caused by it.

4th.—Prominent words that came into use mainly through the Temperance Crusade.

5th.—Names of Persons and Organizations directly connected with the Temperance Reform.

6th.—Names of Counties and of States where the Scott Act or other prohibitory liquor laws are in force.

7th.—Names of Temperance authors and titles of Temperance works.

8th.—Names of men in the Provincial parliament who are known to be in sympathy with Temperance Reform.

Lists of words to be correctly written and sent in sealed envelope, without the name of writer, to Mr. Thos. Leitch, Flesherton, who will number the envelopes and furnish the writer with corresponding number, so that all will be opened together and no partiality can be shown. Competition open to all under the age above mentioned, and list must be sent in on or before June 19th, 1887.

SEEDS, SEEDS!

THE PUREST

Field and Garden

SEEDS!

That can be Bought are Now for Sale at

RICHARDSONS' DRUG STORE, FLESHERTON.

☞ **William will Attend.**

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Tanned faces.

Cold, backward spring.

The farmers in this vicinity are starting their seeding and they complain of it being a late backward spring.

The fallwheat will not be a full crop around here this year owing to the recent night frosts.

The Rev. S. Henderson, of Priceville, filled the pulpit of the C. M. church here last Sabbath in absence of Dr. Strongman, who is attending his examination at the Coburg University.

News has just reached here that David Moorhead, formerly of this place and who was living with his brother at Mornington is dead, aged 70 years.

The Temperance lodge here has been largely increased in membership.

Mr. W. Williamson removed to his farm at Creemore.

We understand that there will be a spelling-match between S. S's Nos. 4 and 3, Artamesia, next Friday.

Master J. Roseborough still continues ill with inflammation on the lungs.

MAUD.

The exhausted and drowsy feelings, common to spring time, indicate an impure and sluggish condition of the blood, which may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful, and, at the same time, most economical blood purifier known.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

No Certificate Required.

In Philadelphia, Pa., the school rule requiring scholars to bring physicians' certificates in case of sickness at their homes is rigidly enforced. Not long ago one of the lady teachers was walking by the residence of one of her scholars, when she saw a doctors carriage standing in front of the door. At once the thought of the terrors of contagious disease rose in her mind, and when she arrived at the schoolhouse she waited in anxious suspense until the little child from the house of sickness made her appearance. The child was summoned to the teacher's desk and asked:

"Have you a physician's certificate:"

"No, ma'am," was the timid response.

"Then you must go home, and not come here until you have a certificate from the doctor."

The child disappeared, but soon after returned, and, gleefully approaching her teacher, exclaimed: "Please, ma'am, but it's a little boy baby—and the doctor says it isn't catching!"

As a hair dressing and renovator, Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates dandruff, cures eruptions of the scalp, invigorates and beautifies the hair, and prevents its fading or turning gray.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

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THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 00 to 2 10	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 35	0 48
Oats	0 27	0 27
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	13 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 35	0 35
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil"

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's Blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

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Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes, or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer.

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION **LIVER CURE**

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 600 000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try the excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

A. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

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BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

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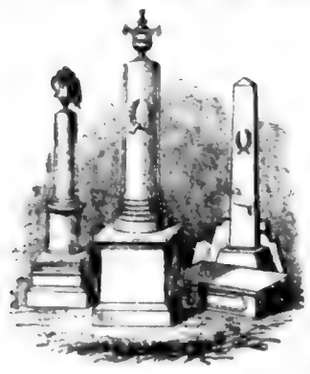

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

TO RENT or FOR SALE CHEAP.

100 acre farm, 14 acres cleared. Apply to

M. RICHARDSON.

LOST NOTES.

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against negotiating for two notes—one for $8.50, drawn in my favor by Mr. Hillock, and the other for $15, drawn in my favor by Henry Down, both now due, as the same have been lost or misplaced by me. J. W. HODGSON.

CAUTION.—The Down note is not due until 23rd March, 1888; the Hillock note is now due.

Horning's Mills, March 21st, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

CAUTION.

I hereby caution any person against negotiating for a note for $15, in favor of Samuel Martin, which fell due about 1st Nov., 1886, as I have not received value for the same.

JOHN SHERWOOD,
34. Eugenia P.O.

To Farmers' & Millers'.

FOR SALE.

WEST ½ of 33, Con. 9, Artemesia. Also TWO GRAND WATER POWERS in Eugenia, and a number of Town Lots. Write to DR. PURDY, P.M at East Selkirk, Man., or to R. McL. PURDY, Esq., Eugenia, and answer will be made at once.

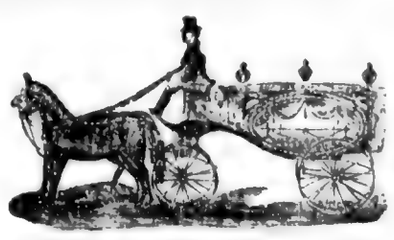

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS GIVEN LAST WEEK.

(8)—2¼%.
(9)—$214.50.
(10)—17-50 or 34%
(11)—$73.60.
(12)—A's $960. B's $160.

Flesherton P. S.

The following solved the whole paper correctly:—Lizzie Richardson, Lizzie Swanton, May Damude, Mamie Ayers, Mary Strain, Fred Ayers, Frank VanDusen, Lewis Ludlow and Wesley Smith.

Markdale P. S.

Pythagoras Thibadeau sent correct solutions to the whole paper; and Bella R. Cunningham to all but No. 8.

S. S. No. 9, Artemesia.

Alexander Cameron solved all but No. 11.

S. S. No. 1, Artemesia.

Bella Meldrum solved three, Nellie Meldrum one and Jemima Meldrum two.

Flesherton Station P. S.

Martha L. Whittaker solved five and Sarah Hogg four.

S. S. No. 3 Artemesia.

J. W. Caswell 3, J. J. White 3, Annie Akins 4, Harry Akins 4, and Wm. J. Moore 3.

S. S. No. 7, Artemesia.

Donald Stewart answered Nos. 8, 9 and 11 correctly.

We are pleased to hear from new schools. The interest is evidently increasing. We intend to keep the work within reach of fourth class pupils. The neatest solutions was sent in by Martha Whittaker, of Flesherton Station.

Questions for Next Week.

(13)—A person has a house worth $500. For what amount should he insure it at 4% so that in case of loss he would recover the value of the house, the premium of insurance and $47.20 besides?

(14)—A person pays $90 for a note of $100 due in 10 mos. What rate % of interest does he make on his money?

(15)—A sum of money bears 8% interest for 2 years, 3 mos. What fraction of the principal is the interest?

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blotches, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at the Drug Store for 25c. per box.

The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Feversham.

To the Editor of The Advance

On the evening of Sunday the 17th inst., our usually quiet village was thrown into a state of excitement by a quite unlooked for racket at the S. A. Barracks.

On opening the service our military friend selected a text for his evenings' oration and after exagerating the subject to his own satisfaction he changed the program by extending an invitation to any who would like to join them in their testimony exercises. The soldiers all obedient to command rose and gave expression to their varied feelings with great sameness both of style and verbation after which a church member took the floor and after telling his own experience: in a most christian manner referred to a rather uncharitable allusion to church members made by the Lieut., in his preliminery address the force of which was to impress his very attentive audience with the idea that to attain to true holiness they would have to conform to His (barbarous) mode of worship. Continuing he was explaining in a masterly and very intelligent manner the only means by which man could attain to true holiness, but this unwelcome instruction was very insulting to the dignity of an Army official

So for want of better argument our worthy Lieut. resorted to the big drum as his only defense, consequently our esteemed friend was silenced. At this juncture a gentleman occupying a front seat rose to his feet and and claimed for the church member the privilege of continuing his remarks. The Lieut already boiling over with righteous indignation, was by this interference exasperated beyond endurance, and forgetting in his eagerness to hold supreme command, that "he who is slow to anger is better than the mighty," sprang at his adversary and gave him such a hallelujah yank as must have left the unfortunate gentleman with the impression that the laws of nature had taken a very sudden and somewhat disagreeable change. At this point the crowd rushed forward to the relief of our little gallant, and for a while Pandemonium seemed to open there. Men and boys howled and raged, seat after sent came crashing down while women and children might be seen with terror marked on every feature After the riot had somewhat subsided our illustrious friend the Lieut. followed the retiring crowd to the door and while endeavoring to push them from the platform was suddenly surrounded by the exasperated foe who fell upon and smote him hip and thigh until with much difficulty he secured a successful retreat and regaining his regiment had painfully to report victory to the enemy. Hoping that this will be a lesson to him to treat respectable people respectably and secure to himself and adherents peace and quietness. As we consider it nothing but a christian duty to sympathise with those in trouble, would say: If the Lieut. has discovered his error, and humbly seeks for it, there is consolation in the reflection that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

OBSERVER.

Saved From Suicide.

A MR. RICHARDSON, OF WALKERTON, DETAINED AT THE FALLS.

NIAGARA FALLS, April 25.—Friday morning a well-dressed man came here from Buffalo and registered at the Niagara House as J. Q. Richardson of Walkerton, Ont. While at supper he called the proprietor, Mr. J. V. Carr, into the dining room and told him he had lost $6000 in Buffalo and he had come to the falls to commit suicide. Mr. Carr saw at once that his guest was very nervous and tried to talk with him, but he jumped up and ran for the door followed by Carr. In the hall there was a struggle, but Richardson was conquered. A telephone dispatch was sent to the police headquarters for an officer and when he came he had a dispatch from the Superintendent of Police, Buffalo, to arrest Richardson, who had left his baggage at an hotel there and said he was going to commit suicide. Mr. Carr did not wish to see the man locked up and offered a room in the house if the officer would stay and take care of him. A telegram was sent to the man's friends at Walkerton, and yesterday afternoon Mr. E. Robinson arrived to take care of him. The two left for Buffalo with the intention of going from there to Walkerton. Richardson is evidently insane over loss of money in some speculation in Buffalo, and had it not been for the prompt action of Mr. Carr he would probably have jumped into the rapids.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

Clarksburg & Thornbury:

CLARKSBURG.

We were much struck, during a recent visit to the picturesque little village of Clarksburg, with the marked improvement in that place since a former visit—some two years ago.

We found a web factory, employing no less than twenty-four hands, running in full blast. This as an important industry and the second of the kind, we believe, established in Canada. It is owned by the enterprising and popular firm of Tyson Bros.

Another and equally important addition to the business of this thriving place is the "Beaver Valley Banking Co., of which that esteemed and respected gentleman, Walter Hunter, Esq., is manager. It is evidently conducted on the soundest business principles and seems to be largely patronized.

Mr. C. W. Hartman, of "Medical Hall" fame, has one of the noblest drug stores in the county, located in a very neat brick structure near the post-office. The large business done here is evidence of the popularity of friend Hartman. Mr. H. possesses a remarkably handsome residence, with neat rustic fences and carefully kept grounds. In fact Clarksburg boasts many fine private residences.

We had an interesting conversation with the popular young druggist in Hartman's drug store on Saturday, through the instrument in the Standard office Thornbury. The telephone is a great convenience.

THORNBURY.

From a business point of view, there is little change to be noted since our previous visit. In private residences, however, we have quite a different tale to relate. License Inspector Campbell's residence on Bruce street is a beautiful and substantial structure; as, also, are those of Mr. T. Andrews and Mrs. J. N. Andrews, on Bruce and Mill streets respectively.

Friday and Saturday were "opening days" in Mrs. J. Farewell's extensive millinery store. Besides Mrs. F. there are four young ladies employed in the mammoth establishment. All the latest novelties in millinery are kept. During our visit the store was thronged with visitors, who were as well pleased with the bottom prices quoted as they were with the profuse display of pretty millinery and fancy articles generally.

SALT RHEUM CURED.—McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blotches on the face or hands, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any Sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c. per box at the Drug Store.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties most perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CHAMBERLAIN IN SCOTLAND.

Sir Geo. Trevelyan's Manly Denunciation of the Crimes Bill.

MR. REDMOND EXPLAINS.

The British Parliament Behave Like a Lot of Heelers.

Colonel Saunderson Talks of Murderers—Healy Calls Him a Liar

AND IS SUSPENDED FOR A WEEK.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: Sir Wm. Lyon Playfair resumed the debate on the Coercion Bill to-night. While admitting the difficulty in certain cases of procuring convictions in Ireland, he said the facts were not so serious as the Government alleged.

Sir George Trevelyan, one of the Unionist leaders, and formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, has written a letter on the Coercion Bill which is tantamount to a manifesto against that measure. He says that really the Bill is chiefly aimed at politicians and editors opposed to the Government policy, and therefore that notorious partisans like Mr. Holmes, the present Attorney-General of Ireland, and Colonel King-Harman, the newly-appointed Parliamentary Secretary for Ireland, are unfit to administer the law if passed. "No true Liberal," he says, "ought to entrust such powers to them. When Lord Spencer repeatedly refused to suppress the League no word of remonstrance emanated from the Liberals. It is inconceivable that a Liberal can now support a measure empowering the Executive to treat Irish politicians as common criminals. In 1883 3,000 Orangemen on one occasion disturbed a National League meeting, their action leading to bloodshed and necessitating the calling out of the troops to preserve the peace. Col. King-Harman and Mr. Holmes actively defended these unwarrantable proceedings. There is not the slightest doubt that in the event of a recurrence of such action the Orangemen would be liable under the clauses of the present Bill to punishment as criminals; but the Government has effectively provided against this contingency by proposing to enact that the House of Lords may veto a proclamation by the Lord-Lieutenant. The full weight of this terrible but one-sided measure is intended to fall and will fall upon the politicians of one party alone. The measure will be administered by those who, beyond all question, are actuated by the strongest Orange sympathy, and it is calculated to exasperate the people without serving any useful purpose."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN SCOTLAND.

The language used by Mr. Chamberlain in speaking at the meetings in Ayr has influenced the Irish against him, and he has received numerous letters informing him that he will not leave Scotland alive. Speaking to an assemblage of 2,500 persons, Mr. Chamberlain said the opponents of the Crimes Bill have made an outcry against the repression of liberty. Liberty to do what? To commit theft, to ruin industrious men, to outrage women? (Hisses mingled with cheers.) What are you hissing—the crimes or the punishment?

Here a man, rising and menacing Mr. Chamberlain, cried, "It is not characteristic of the Irish to outrage women." An attempt was made to turn the man out, but Mr. Chamberlain cried out, "Leave him alone."

Then Mr. Chamberlain continued: Do you want instances of insult being offered to women?

Cries of, "Outrage, you said," and "You slander the Irish."

I do not mean the grossest outrage of all; but personal violence and insults. (Hisses and cheers.) I refer to cases like that of the Curtin family, where the lives of the widow and daughters of the murdered man were made intolerable; like that of the widow of another murdered man, Byers, who while accompanying the dead body of her husband was jeered and howled along the street. (Here the speaker was interrupted by cries of "Watch yourself," hisses and general disorder.) I am relating facts to which even my opponents might listen in silence of horror and shame. When I refer to assassinations a man here says, "Take care of yourself." Has the time come when we dare not discuss political matters in this country without being threatened with assassination? (Great cheering.) This is the spirit of the parties in the convention in Chicago. I am sorry to know that they have any representatives in Scotland. (Cries of, "They are not Scotchmen.") That convention, besides being attended by delegates honestly in sympathy with Ireland, had delegates of another stamp—apostles of outrage and murder, who have paid the outrage-monger of England. Mr. Redmond, the delegate of the Irish Parliamentary party, explicitly declared before the convention that it was the aim of that party to effect the entire separation of Ireland from England, and that their policy was to make the government of Ireland by England impossible. This they seek to effect by the most immoral conspiracy ever devised in a civilized land—by contending for liberty to violate every law human and divine. Do you think it infamous to restrain these men? (Cheers.) Mr. Parnell threatened in the House of Commons, under the specious guise of a warning, that if the Coercion Bill were passed there would be a renewal of outrages, dynamite explosions and attempts to assassinate our statesmen. This grim suggestion may prove the death warrant of some of us. (Cries of "No," "Shame.") Well, what happens to individuals is not of much consequence. The danger is to the Commonwealth. For the first time in English history our foes have sympathizers within our ancient fortress. Their plan of attack finds encouragement from those who ought to be the strongest defenders of our citadel. This makes our task more arduous. But we will not shrink, we will not abate one jot, we will not yield to threats from whatever quarter they come, but we will endeavor to hand down unimpaired to our children the unity, strength and honor of the mighty Empire our forefathers bequeathed to us.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech excites all parties. The Unionists consider it a declaration of war to the knife with the separationists. The Gladstonians charge Mr. Chamberlain with slandering and vilifying his former colleagues by the insinuation that they sympathize with the perpetrators of outrages in Ireland. It is asserted that during his tour through Scotland Mr. Chamberlain will be attended by a private guard.

MR. REDMOND'S EXPLANATION.

Mr. John Redmond, in the House of Commons, made a personal explanation with reference to his speech at the Chicago Convention. He said Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech at Ayr, had represented him as saying that the Irish party were not working for the removal of grievances; whereas, what he did say was that they were not working solely for the purpose of removing the material grievances of tenants, but to obtain political reforms also; and further, when he said that the government of Ireland by England was impossible, his allusion was to the centralized bureaucracy government of Dublin Castle. He believed it possible that a settlement could be effected honorable alike to England and to Ireland, such as was offered by Mr. Gladstone's Bill. (Cries of "Hear, hear.")

UNDER SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, intimated in the House of Commons this afternoon that no salary would be attached to the office of Under Secretary for Ireland, made for Col. King Harman. The Government were aware, Mr. Balfour said, when they appointed the incumbent that the appointment would be attacked. They had taken the highest legal advice and had been informed that their action was legal. In addition to this Mr. Balfour said the new office did not involve in its acceptance by a member of the House of Commons the necessity of his resigning his seat and recontesting it for re-election, because the office was not a place of profit or emolument under the Crowr. Mr. Gladstone said the precedents required Col. King Harman to vacate his seat and seek re-election. Mr. Gladstone said that when he represented Oxford University, he accepted for a short period a place in the Government without salary, and under legal advice vacated his seat and stood for re-election.

The *United Ireland* says if Irishmen had one chance in ten thousand they would transfer the coercion debate from Parliament to the barricades; but, as that chance does not exist, Irishmen can only set their teeth and hold their tongues. The idea remains to simultaneously summon the whole adult population of Ireland to make one grand historic protest against the coercion, but even the impressiveness of this would be destroyed by the misreporting of the English press.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: Sir William Vernon Harcourt, resuming the debate on the Coercion Bill in the House of Commons this afternoon, said the present alliance between the Liberals and Parnellites was based on the Liberal recognition of the fact that the wisest policy in Irish affairs lay in the acceptance of some form of Irish government which would tend to satisfy the Irish people. He twitted Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain with having secretly consulted Mr. Parnell, seeking to make an alliance with him for their own purposes. Referring to the conspiracy and Whiteboy clauses of the proposed Act, Sir William declared that they sapped the foundation of all personal liberty, and would even debar Irishmen from forming business combinations to defend their existing rights. The spirit in which the Government would administer the Coercion Act, if it were passed, was sufficiently shown in the appointment of Colonel King-Harman to the Parliamentary Under-Secretaryship for Ireland. By this appointment the Government had declared themselves to be the partisans of the landlords and determined to administer the Bill as the agents of the landowners in Ireland, thus becoming instruments to stimulate the worst passions of the people and their bitterest religious prejudices. The Bill would fail to suppress the Irish National League, because the people of Ireland believed in the League and trusted it. The effect of the enforcement of the Bill would be to make the Government more detested and the League more popular than ever. As to the Tory and Liberal-Union taunts about American gold fostering Irish discontent, Sir Wm. Harcourt said: "There are none who have less reason to complain of American gold than the Irish landlords, for none get more of it. They get it through their poor tenants' rent." The proposal to make the Bill permanent Sir William characterized as a breach of the fundamental conditions of the Union between Ireland and Great Britain. The Government professed to reverence this Union, but were doing their best to violate it. If the Government earnestly desired to maintain the Union let them abandon the policy of exasperating the Irish people and adopt the policy of justice and conciliation. (Cheers.)

Col. Saunderson (Conservative) said the National League was supported mainly by criminals, dynamiters and murderers across the Atlantic. He did not charge the gentlemen opposite with imbruing their hands in blood, but he did charge them with associating with men whom they knew to be murderers.

Mr. Healy rose to a point of order.

The Speaker replied that Col. Saunderson had made the gravest charges, but that these could be met in debate. He himself was unable to interfere.

Mr. Healy responded that he would say what he thought of Col. Saunderson regardless of consequences. If Col. Saunderson referred to him he had no hesitation in saying that Col. Saunderson was a liar.

This remark was greeted with rousing Parnellite cheers.

The Speaker called upon Mr. Healy to withdraw his expression.

Mr. Healy replied—"I am not entitled to rise until you sit down," when the cheering was renewed.

The Speaker then resumed his chair.

Mr. Healy again took the floor. He said: "I am only able to meet the charge in one way. If you rule that Col. Saunderson was in order, my expression was equally in order. If you rule him out of order, I shall withdraw my expression."

The Speaker—"That is not so. Mr. Saunderson made a charge of the gravest nature. The responsibility rests entirely with himself. It is his duty to prove it if he can. (Cheers.) But I cannot allow the expression you used."

Mr. Healy repeated that Col. Saunderson was a liar. A great uproar arose.

The Speaker again called upon Mr. Healy to withdraw.

Mr. Healy refused.

The Speaker thereupon named him.

Mr. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, moved that Mr. Healy be suspended.

Mr. Redmond jumped up and shouted, "I say he is a liar, too."

The House divided on the motion to suspend Mr. Healy, and the motion was carried by a vote of 118 to 52.

When the vote was announced, Mr. Healy walked out of the House, applauded by all the Parnellites, who stood up waving their hats and raising cheer after cheer.

Mr. Saunderson, upon attempting to resume his speech, was interrupted by loud cries of "Withdraw!" "Withdraw!"

Mr. Sexton, interrupting, asked Col. Saunderson whether he (Col. Saunderson) persisted in his statement or would withdraw it.

Col. Saunderson replied that Sheridan was a member of the Executive Committee of which the member for West Belfast (Mr. Sexton) was also a member. (Loud cries of "Withdraw!")

Mr. Sexton—"Did I know him to be a murderer? Did I ever associate with a man whom I knew to be a murderer?" (Cheers, and a voice, "Withdraw, you murderer!")

Col. Saunderson—"I said that Sheridan was on the committee, and against him a true bill was found for complicity in the Phœnix Park murders. The committee must have known what kind of a man he was."

Mr. Sexton, springing to his feet, shouted, "I say you are a wilful, cowardly liar!"

Then there was another uproar. The Parnellites all rose and cheered frantically, waving their hats in the air. As soon as there was a chance to be heard,

Mr. Sexton, again addressing Colonel Saunderson, exclaimed, "If I only met you outside the door of this House, I would thrash you within an inch of your life."

The excitement was again renewed.

The Speaker arose and addressed the House, but his voice was inaudible above the din. When quiet had been somewhat restored the Speaker said that unless Mr. Sexton withdrew his expression he would be compelled to name him. He appealed to the House to assist him in his duty, adding that he was willing to do anything in his power to allay bad feeling. (Cheers.) The Speaker then pointedly asked Col. Saunderson whether he charged Mr. Sexton with associating with murderers.

Col. Saunderson, after several evasive answers, which were interrupted by loud cries of "Answer," "Answer the Speaker's question," etc., eventually withdrew the words he had used.

The Speaker then asked Mr. Sexton to withdraw his expression, and at the same time added, "I cannot conceal from myself the fact that the provocation has been very great." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Sexton then formally withdrew his expression.

Mr. Leake, member for Lancashire, suggested that Mr. Healy be recalled.

The Speaker said that nothing could be done in the matter until the next sitting.

Mr. Sexton thereupon gave notice that at the next sitting of the House he would move that the suspension of Mr. Healy be revoked. (Cheers.)

Col. Saunderson then resumed his speech. He said that Mr. Sexton was present at the meeting at which Mr. Egan was made Secretary of the Clan-na-Gael, which was a murder society of America.

Mr. Sexton rose to a point of order, and the Speaker advised Col. Saunderson to withdraw the offensive expression.

Another scene of confusion ensued, Col. Saunderson repeating the words, whereupon Mr. Sexton shouted, "The hon. gentleman is again a liar."

The Speaker called upon both members to withdraw their offensive remarks, which they did.

Col. Saunderson again resumed his speech, and charged the Parnellites with various connections with Egan, Ford and other advocates of murder. At the conclusion of his speech Col. Saunderson was greeted with cheers from the Conservative benches.

The debate was then adjourned.

Mr. Healy was suspended for a week.

The *Daily News* (Liberal), commenting on the occurrences in the House of Commons, will say: "The Speaker deserves the greatest credit for the courtesy, impartiality and nice sense of honor which marked his demeanor on very critical occasion."

A last Saturday night's London cable says: The Marquis of Hartington, speaking at Edinburgh to-night, contended that there had been no change in the political situation since the Gladstone Government of 1880-85, except an increase of Irish representation, which was always known to be inevitable and could be discounted to justify the Liberals supporting some of the Parnellite tactics which they then opposed. It had been said that the Unionist policy was a negative one. This is denied, because, though in his opinion it would be a mistake for a small intermediate party to commit itself to positive and definite proposals, it was a fact that they, through a practical alliance, induced the Conservative party to propose a remedial measure for Ireland far in advance of Conservative ideas and even in advance of what the bulk of the Liberals a few years ago considered necessary. Lord Hartington believed the time had not yet arrived when it was possible for the Unionists to act as a party or propose a final solution of the difficulty. Before that time arrives the revolutionary party in Ireland, supported by the more revolutionary party in America, must be confronted and overthrown. "That conflict," the speaker said, "was now being renewed and must be decided in one way or the other before the field would be vacant for a final solution either of agrarian questions, which are the real root of the Irish troubles, or for a concession to the Irish people of those extended powers of self-government which we, as well as any other portion of the people of the kingdom, are perfectly willing to grant Ireland, Scotland or England." (Loud cheers.)

Goschen also made an address. He defended the alliance between the Unionists and Conservatives as an alliance of unionists of all shades against separatists of all shades, some of whom were very black indeed. He made an appeal to the press and the country for unstinted support in the fierce struggle now beginning. He saw with sorrow the tendency of the Gladstonians to adopt and support the sinister methods inaugurated by the National League. Boycotting, formerly confined to Ireland, was beginning to be defended by English politicians. (Cries of "Shame.") "Yes, shame, I say," exclaimed Goschen, "on those conniving at this barbarous method of political warfare. There is but small distance between connivance and apology and not so much difference between apology and invitation. The most pathetic point in the present situation is to have been obliged to abandon the leader whom we all admired and venerated, and even denounced not only the policy he pursues, but the methods whereby he pursues it. There is more at stake in the present situation than the simple question of unity and integrity of the Empire. The moralities of politics are at stake. The crisis is a grave one. When the Separatist party is calling to its aid the fierce forces of the revolutionary party it is the bounden duty of the Unionists to call to their aid all those ordinarily holding aloof from politics." Here the speaker caused a burst of laughter by comparing Gladstone to Faust and Labouchere to Mephistopheles. The former had incurred a heavy debt by his present escapades. Proceeding to defend the policy of the Government, Goschen said they had on the stocks a Bill for the reform of local government in England and Scotland which, conceived in no reactionary spirit, was deserving the support of his hearers.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, addressing a meeting of 4,000 persons at Derby, his constituency, to-day, asserted that the present was the first time an English Government had ever proposed to make a Coercion Bill perpetual. When the Liberal Government proposed a repressive measure, Joseph Chamberlain was most energetic in insisting that the Bill should run for the briefest possible period. The meeting unanimously adopted a resolution protesting against the passage of the Coercion Bill.

Joseph Chamberlain, upon his arrival at Inverness, was greeted with mingled hoots and cheers. Replying to an address, after referring to the daily demoralization of Parliament, he said the accusations made by Major Saunderson against Irish Nationalists were true. It was high time that the opinion of the Kingdom was made known about these scenes. Chamberlain's remarks were generally a repetition of his previous speeches.

Earl Spencer, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's administration, in an interview to-day with Charles Augustus Conybeare, Radical member of Parliament for Cornwall, said he knew from his experience as Viceroy, and nobody could possibly know better, that it was absolutely untrue that any members of the Irish Parliamentary party were murderers or the associates of murderers, as had been charged by Major Saunderson in the House of Commons.

Herbert Gladstone, Sir Lyon Playfair and Thomas Power O'Connor addressed mass and overflow meetings to protest against the Coercion Bill at Leeds to-day.

SUNDAY REST.

Bill Passed for the Better Observance of the Day in Nova Scotia.

A Halifax despatch says: The House of Assembly sat until midnight Saturday night discussing a Bill for the better observance of Sunday, in which an intense interest had been manifested by the public for some days past. The measure provides generally for the suppression of Sunday excursions and trafficking in goods. The original form in which it was introduced contained a provision prohibiting the operation of street railways on Sunday, which, it was contended, was the real object of the Bill, but which several city clergymen openly disapproved of, among the number being His Grace Archbishop O'Brien. This provision was expunged by the Committee on Law Amendments and a clause inserted especially exempting street railways and ferry steamers from the operations of the Act. When it came before the Committee of the Whole Saturday a strong effort was made to restore the clause providing for the prosecution of street railway companies operating on a Sunday, a course which met with the most vigorous opposition, and the entire afternoon and evening were occupied in discussing the proposed amendment. The galleries and lobby were packed with spectators, and the speeches for and against this amendment were loudly applauded. The Bill, as reported up from the Committee on Law and Amendments, was finally adopted on a vote of 22 to 15, and the street cars thus empowered to run at all times without interference.

Sufferings on the Sea.

A St. John's, Nfld., despatch says: Advices from the west coast give additional details of loss of life and property in the severe gale of Tuesday and Wednesday. Nothing has been seen or heard of the schooners missing from Rose Blanche. It is supposed they were engulfed with all their crews. On Thursday night during the dense fog the schooner Grace Carter, laden with herrings for Boston, ran ashore near Sandy Point, St. George's Bay, and became a total wreck. The crew were saved with difficulty. The sealing schooner Susannah arrived yesterday morning from the ice fields with the wrecked crew of the schooner Bellerophon. The latter vessel sailed from Twillingate on March 23rd and encountered boisterous weather. On the 4th inst. she was crushed by ice during the terrific northeast gale and had to be abandoned. Fortunately the Savannah was near enough to effect a rescue of the crew, who were drifting about on the ice without any shelter.

Lake Ontario Seen Upside Down.

A Palmyra, N. Y., despatch says: While the western sky was still glowing to-night with the rays of the sun that had sunk beneath the horizon, a beautiful mirage became visible to the north of this city. Lake Ontario, which is six miles distant, rose in mid air and floated in a halo of clouds. Boats passing to and fro upon the lake were plainly seen, and a narrow strip New York shore, with a setting of trees and isolated farm-houses upside down, also came into view.

Strauss will have a new comic opera ready for production in May.

A DIVINE MESSAGE.

The Head of the Mormon Saints Proclaims a Revelation from Heaven.

A Cleveland, Ohio, despatch says: At the Kirtland Conference of the Latter Day Saints President Joseph Smith made public a revelation, the first that has been vouchsafed the Church in some years. It is in substance as follows:

To the Elders of the Church:

Thus sayeth the Spirit: It is not yet expedient that the quorum of the twelve shall be filled. Nevertheless, separate my servants, James W. Gillen, Herman C. Smith, Joseph Luff and Gower T. Griffiths, unto the office of apostles, that the quorum may be more perfectly prepared to act before me. I have still other men in my choice who shall be designated in their time if they still continue faithful unto me and in the work whereunto they are now called.

Men of God who bear the vessels of the Lord, be ye clean in your bodies and in your clothing. Let your garments be of a sober character and free from excess of ornamentation. Avoid the use of tobacco, and be not addicted to strong drink in any form, that your counsel to be temperate may be made effectual by your example.

The elders must cease to be over careful concerning the return of those who were once of the faith, but were overcome in the dark and cloudy day, fearing lest they should bring in hidden heresies. Let him that partaketh (of the Sacrament) and him that refraineth cease to contend with his brother.

Let all strife and contention concerning song service cease.

Until further revelation is received the Saints are to observe the first day of the week, commonly called the Lord's Day, as a day of rest and worship.

Prosecute the missionary work in this land and abroad so far and so widely as you may.

Bear the burdens of the body of which the spirit of healing from the Lord in faith or the use of that which wisdom directs does not relieve or remove, and in cheerfulness do whatever may be permitted you to perform, that the blessing of peace may be upon all. Amen.

"BOBBY, THROW UP YOUR HANDS!"

Master Leland Thought He Had a Blank Cartridge, but it Killed Bobby.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Frank Leland, 12 years old, living with his parents at Jenkintown, a suburb, went into the fields on Thursday with Robbie Printer, 8 years old, to practice shooting at a target with a rifle his father had just bought him. The last cartridge only snapped, and when they pulled it out of the gun they found the shell was empty.

"It's a blank," said Master Leland, as he put it back in the barrel. "Bobby, throw up your hands, and when I fire you're a dead man."

Young Leland covered his friend with his rifle and pulled the trigger. There was a report and poor little Printer fell to the ground, exclaiming:

"Frank, I'm shot; it wasn't a blank."

Frank Leland fell over his body and wept, and then ran to a brook near by and getting some water bathed the boy's face, but he had become unconscious. The child was removed to the inn of his uncle, Arthur Johnston, where he died on Friday during an operation by Drs. Hern and Harwitz.

The coroner's jury condemned the practice of allowing children to use firearms and advised prosecution against Leland.

A WESTERN CYCLONE.

Terrible Havoc Wrought in Ohio and West Virginia—Over a Million Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed.

A Wheeling (W. Va.) despatch last (Friday) night says: The first genuine cyclone ever witnessed in this immediate vicinity was experienced this afternoon, and wrought devastation over a section of country extending from St. Clairsville, Ohio, ten miles west, to a point as far east as this city. Little damage was done here. The storm was first felt at St. Clairsville at 3.15 p.m. It appeared to be travelling from the west in the shape of a funnel-shaped mass of cloud resembling in appearance dense black smoke. The cone was downward, and could be plainly traced over its track by the destruction it left. Houses were demolished, trees snapped off like pipestems, horses and cattle prostrated and carried bodily hundreds of yards by the gale, and the sky was darkened with the clouds of flying debris. The storm and its effects showed all the distinguishing characteristics of the Western cyclone. Two persons are reported fatally injured and four others more or less seriously hurt. The aggregate loss will exceed a million dollars. The loss in St. Clairsville alone will reach $200,000.

Latest from the Northwest.

Mr. Willian Ogilvie, D. L. S., of Ottawa, arrived in Winnipeg on Monday in connection with the Yukon expedition. He will remain in the Yukon country all next winter, but Dr. Dawson will return in the fall.

Mr. Griffith, Col. Gilder's assistant in the proposed North Pole expedition, has arrived overland from Churchill.

George Chamberlain, formerly a resident in Dakota, has been arrested at the instance of his first wife on a charge of bigamy, having since his desertion married a widow at Parkdale, Man.

Three private companies are being incorporated to build a railway to the boundary. One is the Manitoba Central, which also provides for an extension to Portage la Prairie, to connect with the Manitoba and Northwestern. Another is the Winnipeg and Southern, in which Hon. A. Morris and Mr. Manning, of Toronto, are interested, and the third is promoted by the Hudson's Bay Railway. All the companies are under obligation to commence work by July 1st next and have the road in operation by January 1st, 1888.

W. R. Griffith, of New York, who accompanied Col. Gilder on his trip towards the Pole, and was left behind with the outfit at Fort Churchill when Gilder returned, arrived here last night. He walked overland from Fort Churchill to Norway House, a distance of 500 miles. He has had enough of Arctic explorations, and returns to New York in a day or so.

Lady Macdonald will return after the session and superintend the erection of a summer residence at Banff.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Heliotrope gloves and stockings constantly grow in favor.

Myrtle leaves are mixed with orange blossoms in bridal wreaths.

Large *chaux* of moire ribbon, matching the fabric in color, loop up the voluminous draperies.

Charles X. pink is rapidly becoming with absinthe green, the rival of the universal heliotrope. It is also known as old pink.

The sleeves of all the new French dresses are very full at the armhole and do not fit the arm tightly, except below the elbow. The French milliners call this the "American sleeve."

Combs are worn like large pins—narrow and high. There is sometimes placed at the back of the head, where the twist begins, a long comb with short teeth, to keep the hair in place.

Bridesmaids wear Pompadour toilets of crepe-de-chine draped over striped silk petticoats. There are also dresses of old-fashioned moire antique and Pompadour lace, a silk lace like the blonde lace of long ago.

Maiden-hair ferns of beautifully shaded green tints and green moire sashes of great width are on pretty striped lace dresses, and to complete them are capote bonnets of the lace, with green velvet around the brim and a high cluster of ferns for trimming.

For the new season dresses of silk and cashmere are being revived. They promise to be popular, because they can be worn as house dresses all the year round in this climate. The skirts are of heavy silk, untrimmed, the draping and basque of cashmere, the latter with a silk vest.

Dressmakers are abandoning the balayeuse. They are troublesome from so frequently coming undone, and it was not an unusual thing to trip over a straggling end. In its place two narrow flounces of silk, the same color as the dress, are sometimes used, but more often nothing at all.

Sarah Bernhardt has introduced the fashion of wearing with tea-gowns silver girdles, dropping below the waist and hung with vinaigrettes and tablets. Others are of leather, are undressed and colored either heliotrope or poppy-red. Plain silver belts are shown to wear with belted dresses.

For wear in the rain come silk waterproofs of dark red with close hair-lines of black, or of dark or old blue with garnet stripes. They are made to fit tightly in the back, have large, loose dolman sleeves, permitting free use of the arms, and very full skirts, to allow for the growing voluminousness in draperies.

The waistcoat cut in a U in front, which was fashionable for men last spring, is shown in the new tailor costumes for women this season. The waistcoats are frequently of a lighter shade than the waist proper and are sliced out at the throat in this U shape, showing either a chemisette and white tie or filled in with white China crape or surah.

Few underskirts are trimmed. The voluminous and fancifully draped overdresses are edged with narrow bands of fur in those of the spring costumes in which fur is still used. On the summer costumes these upper draperies will frequently be edged with narrow full ruches, either pinked if of silk, or with rolled edges if of other materials. This heavy edging to the swinging draperies adds much to the grace of the wearer when walking. Some of these draperies in India silk are edged with fluffy silk balls to match the colors of the flowers in the stuff.

A charming spring costume has a skirt of cream-white cashmere braided with brown braid. The full draperies are of Havana brown cashmere and very long, showing but little of the braided lower skirt. The short pointed basque of the brown has a white braided vest and plain sleeves made somewhat loose above the elbow and gathered into the arm-hole. The wrist is finished by a narrow cream moire ribbon tied in a smart bow on the outer side of the sleeve, the same in the neck with the bow tied on the left side.

Sateens will be more than ever popular this season. They are shown in all the new shades of heliotrope, gray, old-blue, Charles X. pink and the many shades of green. These are made with velvet collars, cuffs and revers, very frequently with vests of soft folds of lace, or silk muslin in a lighter tint. There are many also in the new Pompadour patterns, with creamy or white grounds strewn with gay flowers. These are made up with the plain sateens of the shade of the ground and are trimmed profusely with lace.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Essence of quassia will drive away flies, and cucumber peel is detested by cockroaches.

A small bag of sulphur kept in a drawer or closet that is infested with red ants will quickly disperse them.

A brilliant black varnish for iron stoves and fireplaces is made by stirring ivory-black into ordinary shellac varnish.

Windows should never be washed while the sun shines on them, as it is impossible to polish them without leaving blue streaks.

Remove the cover from the pot after pouring off the water from boiled potatoes and leave them on the back part of the stove, thus allowing the steam to escape. This will leave them mealy.

The best way of checking the bleeding from the nose is to apply cold water to the neck and face. Hold a sponge saturated with cold water to the nostrils, or if this should not succeed, dissolve a little alum in a basin of water, and inject or sniff this up the nostrils. Hold the head back and do not attempt to blow the nose.

To save stair carpets nail several thicknesses of old carpet or canvas over the edge of each stair. It is a good plan to buy more carpeting than is needed to cover the stairs, and move it each season, so that the whole will wear evenly. If stair carpets cannot be changed in this way they will not wear nearly so long.

To prevent polished steel from rusting after cleaning and when not in use take a cloth, with a very little sweet oil on it, and wipe the articles over so as to slightly but evenly oil the surface. Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they be dipped in a strong solution of soda, one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel and keep in a dry place.

Useful Recipes.

How to Steam Fish.—Tie the fish up in a cloth and put in a steam and cook until done. The time depends upon the size of the fish.

Banana Charlotte.—The sides of a quart mould are to be lined with sponge cake and the bottom of the mould with thin slices of bananas. Fill the mould with stiff whipped cream. Set it aside in an ice-box till wanted. Remove carefully from the mould and serve.

Quick Cake.—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda; flavor with lemon. Put all together in a dish before beating, and let it stand in the tin after baking until ready for use. Bake in a quick oven.

Rye Drop Cakes.—Two cups sour milk, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water, enough rye meal for a batter that will spread easily on the griddle. Mix together the milk, meal and egg, add the soda and beat thoroughly. Bake immediately on a hot griddle, or in gem pans well oiled; if in gem pans the oven must be hot, and the cakes should bake half an hour.

ANIMALS THAT PRACTICE MEDICINE.

Where They Find Food to Alleviate Their Suffering.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dirt, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrain their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, airy places, drink water and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as much as possible in the sun.

The warrior ants seem to have regularly organized ambulances. Latraille cut the antennæ of an ant, and the other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass.

When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being bitten in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. The animal eventually recovered.

A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it. The animal recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted, by way of general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consists in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

Animals suffering from rheumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which M. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any other method. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics as practiced by animals may, in the interest of physiology, be studied with advantage. Many physicians have been keen observers of animals, their diseases, and the methods adopted by them in their instinct to cure themselves, and have availed themselves in their practice of the knowledge so brought under their observation.

The Weight of Women's Clothes.

The modern woman is well ballasted. If she had the wings that go with the celestial qualities the romancers ascribe to her, they had need be of good size and stoutly feathered to lift her and her paraphernalia above the ground.

The writer tried the scales upon her hat and wrap last week. The little jet and lace affair that fits so jauntily over her shoulders and looks as airy and light as the spring morning itself is no such gossamer. It need weigh next to nothing, but it can and does run as high as thirty pounds. Ten pounds is good average weight for glitter and tinkle enough to make a panoply of sparkling sun points of their owner as she walks the streets looking like a dewdrop and feeling like a lump of lead.

The long and dignified raglan that covers the figure from top to toe has possibilities in the way of beads that are not granted it for nothing, and it improves them to the full. Forty pounds it is said to weigh; there are fairy tales of fifty, but the writer speaks only whereof she knows. The bonnet hardly knows the meaning of avoirdupois till it makes the acquaintance of that black king jet, but then it weighs down the scales in right lordly fashion. Four pounds is little enough for a glittering beaded crown, and there are heads that submit to eight and nine without a murmur for the sake of such a regal diadem. Forty-five pounds has a jetted crown been known to weigh; plus thirty for the wrap and five for the bonnet the sum is a nice little total of eighty pounds for the proverbially delicate American woman to carry about with her on her promenades.—*New York Mail and Express.*

She Sobered Him.

Man (time 2 a. m.)—M'dear, open door (hic), shus from bus-business, m'dear (hic), ope door.

Wife (at up-stairs window)—Who are you? Go away or I'll call the police.

"M'dear, I'm your husband, m'dear, ope' door——"

"My husband, indeed! My husband came in four hours ago and is fast asleep. You are an impostor.'

"Eh! Wha—m'dear?"

"My husband is here asleep."

"Wha——"

"Here asleep. Go away."

"What?"

"You are an impostor."

"What! My gracious! Oh! This is terrible."

"Well, now that you are somewhat sober I'll let you in."

—"How did that man lose his hair, papa?" "Eating pie, my dear. He's pie bald."

A MORMON GIRL'S FATE.

She Shot Herself to Avoid Marrying an Elder Who Already Had Four Wives.

Sixteen years ago, writes a Jericho Valley, Utah, correspondent of the New York *Sun*, Samuel Bates, a Mormon, then the possessor of two wives, Ann and Jane, the latter being childless, took Mary Lee, an orphan, to bring up according to the rites of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. As Ann had many children to comfort her, the babe was placed in the charge of Jane, a devout Mormon, herself born in the faith. Mary Lee's parents were from England. Her mother was a delicate little woman, well remembered by many here as a tearful and unhappy person. Times were hard for them when they first appeared here, and they grew harder for some reason. Just as her husband was about to take a second wife, evidently against the wishes of the companion of his youth, he was killed in a snow-slide, and three months after that his widow died, some said of a broken heart, leaving little Mary alone in the world. Samuel Bates was something of a man among the Mormons. He was called Brother Bates. His first wife was a hard, coarse woman, but Jane, to whom the little orphan went, was tender, rather good-looking, and filled with a stern and unbending faith in the divinity of her religion and a determination to "live" it to the end. The child which thus fell to her partook of her dead mother's disposition. As she grew to womanhood she became fair to a degree not often seen in these parts, but in spirit she was gloomy, sad, and reticent. Surrounded by Mormons and taught by the pious Jane, she became almost a fanatic on the subject of religion herself, and readily accepted all that was instilled into her mind as the inspiration of the Lord.

A year or two ago Mary Lee became acquainted with a young man living in a mining camp not far from here, a Gentile, of course, as no Mormon delves for gold and silver. The youth, Seth Bentley by name, rarely lost an opportunity to pay the girl little attentions, and at length it became the rumor that he was her accepted lover. She would stroll away to the foot hills to meet him, of evenings they would be seen by the mountain brook which winds through the town, and on Sunday afternoons, particularly when Brother Bates was away from home, they would be riding or walking together. Jane made no opposition to the intimacy, but when Brother Bates' attention was called to the matter he felt that it was his duty to interfere. Little by little Jane's mind was won over to his way of thinking, though at first she had been unsuspecting. Bentley was forbidden the house, and the girl was told that she must never meet him again. But they met after this, not as a result of Mary's disobedience, but by reason of Bentley's persistance. He found her one day last summer down by the brook, and when she would have run from him he caught her, and, holding her closely, he told her of his affection for her, and entreated her to become his wife, and in return received some encouragement. From that time on they met occasionally, unknown to Brother Bates or to Jane.

In September Brother Bates went to New Mexico on an exhortation tour, and when he returned in October he brought back with him a Mormon elder named Cratty, who, seeing Mary Lee, bethought him that he would like to take another wife, his fifth, and he accordingly broached the subject to her on the second day after his arrival. The girl repelled him with horror, but he pressed the suit, and at length brought Brother Bates to his assistance. At first Jane opposed the proposition. She was a sincere Mormon, but her affection for her foster child got the better of her faith for a time, and until she could be placated Elder Cratty had to hang his harp on the willow. The means resorted to to bring Jane to see the error of her ways are familiar to all who have had intercourse with the strange people who inhabit these valleys. Brother Bates had a vision. Then Elder Cratty had a vision. Then a bishop who was passing through Jericho Valley had a vision. Then the Sunday school superintendent, the Sunday school teachers and the local elders and missionaries had visions. By a singular concensus of opinion all had seen the same thing. Mary Lee was God's choice for Elder Cratty's wife. Still the girl, now most of the time in tears, like her unhappy mother, dead sixteen years, shrank from the proffer of the visitor, and her foster mother, the kindly but superstitious Jane, still demurred, though growing weaker in her opposition.

The visions failing of the desired effect, Elder Cratty and Brother Bates went up into the mountains some time last month, and, fasting for fourteen days and nights, they wrestled with the Lord, and at the end of their vigil they were rewarded by seeing a great light and hearing a voice from heaven saying that Elder Cratty should take Mary Lee to wife, and that further delay would be both unseemly and displeasing to the Lord. With this revelation and the further assurance that a spirit had appeared unto Cratty in a vision saying that if Mary Lee would marry him she would receive the requisite affection for her husband by praying for it in the temple, the two wended their way homeward and communicated to Jane the result of their prayers and fastings. In the face of such undoubted evidence of the Lord's approval that good woman could say no more, and, taking the girl to one side, she advised her to give up her Gentile lover and cling to the husband selected for her by God, who had promised His servants that if she did not love him now the spirit would confer great and surpassing affection upon her at her nuptials.

Mary Lee's own faith was strong, and her inclination to follow the teaching of her religion was great; but it took many more interviews to bring her to admit that she had decided to obey the command. When she at last gave her consent there was much joy in Jericho valley, and a great company was made up to go along with the wedding party to the temple. They were to start by waggons on a Monday morning.

When the sun came up over the mountain range that morning it saw Mary Lee down by the brook, revolver in hand, stone dead. She had risen during the night, and having sought a secluded spot where she and Bentley often met, she had taken her appeal at once to the Judge of all the earth. Her religion would not permit her to marry the man of her choice, and her womanhood revolted against the alliance which, according to earthly interpretation, the unseen powers had arranged for her.

A Wee Mite's Faith in the Blue Coats.

Yesterday a gentleman who was walking on the street with a little girl (a wee, dainty mite) left her alone on Woodward avenue, and, turning the corner, said to an acquaintance whom he met: "I saw you coming and ran away from my little girl, who was looking at the things in a store window; go and see if she will come with you." The friend did as requested, but when he asked the little one to come with him she said: "No, papa's lost; I wants p'licemans." "Why do you want a policeman? I'll take care of you." "No, I tant do wiz 'ou. P'liceman s dood man an likes little dirls. He takes 'em to deir mammas." By this time the father had come back, and he said, as he took the little one by the hand: "I think you will agree with me that I am right. I have taught 'baby' to trust the police. If she should be lost she will gladly go with them but will distrust every one else."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Under a Mother Hubbard.

Last night a novel game was played on Conductor Harris, of the down fast Georgia railroad train, says the Augusta, Ga., *News*. When the train stopped at Union Point Captain Harris noticed two negro women get aboard, and one of them was dressed in a loose Mother Hubbard. When he went through the car he failed to find but one of the women, and upon questioning the negro she said that somebody had snatched the other girl's ticket away and she had to get off. The captain did not suspect anything wrong, but when the train reached Barnett the missing woman came from under the Mother Hubbard of her companion and got off unnoticed by the conductor, but to the amusement of the other passengers, who saw her when she made good her exit from under the expressly loose made dress. This is a capital and working scheme of the railroad beats, and is said to be practiced often. Conductors will now keep an eye on the "Mother Hubbard."

Expect a Rush.

First Tramp—"I see that the Inter-State Bill is kicking up a great bobbery among the big-bugs."

Second Tramp—"An awful bobbery, Jimmie. They are going to take the passes away from members of Congress and the Legislatures."

"And they'll have to ride on the bumpers of freight trains?"

"They will."

"Then, what in Heaven's name will become of us! We'll have to walk, for sure."—*Wall Street News.*

Knows How it is Himself.

Adelina Patti is in her 47th year—*Exchange*. She is, is she? Well, just say so in your paper some day when she's in your town, and then send your card up as the editor of the journal in which the observation occurs. You'll get an interview which you'll be likely to remember for many years. Our musical critic knows how it is himself. The diva pats her hand on the Bible and says she is 43.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Trifle Unreasonable.

Patient (to young doctor)—Why do you charge me so much, doctor? I had a similar trouble last year, and Dr. Pellet cured me for half this amount.

Young Doctor—How long did it take him to cure you?

Patient—Three days.

Young Doctor—Well, I've been working on your case for nearly two weeks. You can't expect to get two weeks' work for a three-day price.

Her Two Pets.

A reward offered—City editor (to woman in tears)—You say you haven't seen your husband for three days? Woman—Yes, sir. City editor—And that a valuable little dog belonging to you disappeared this morning? Woman—Yes, sir: and I want to advertise for 'em. City editor—Any reward offered? Woman—Yes, sir: $10 for the dog and $5 for the husband.—*Puck.*

Great Deceivers.

"Women are greatsh—hic—deceivers," said Jones, leaning up against the bar. "Thersh—hic—no trusting 'em. Theresh my wife. She said—hic—the other day the nextsh time—hic—I got drunk she'd go home to ma. Ish been drunk ever since, and she—hic—hasn't gone yet."

No Sale Effected.

Agent (to woman at the door)—Have you one of our patent double-back-action catch-'em-quick burglar alarms in your house, madam?

Woman—No, sir. We had one awhile ago, but a burglar broke in one night an' stole it.

Chinese an Easy Language.

There is no great force of intellect required in learning Chinese. For example, take Japanese. It is easy to learn, certainly, but has it the very flavor of the Chinese? "Watakushi" is to our taste too long a word for I, and the Chinese "wo" is better because shorter.—*Pekin Gazette.*

Advice to the Fire-Beset.

In a hotel fire, run; in a theatre fire, stand still; in a railroad train fire, say your prayers.—*Omaha World.*

A lady told this story the other day in Sorosis, the incident having occurred in her own family: A small boy was requested to look up the word anonymous and use it in a sentence. He found the meaning to be "without a name," and thereupon handed the following to his happy parent: "Mama has given us a new baby; it is anonymous."

The use of electric lights in theatres has driven paper snow largely off the stage. Various substitutes have been tried in Paris, and the very best imitation of snow has been found to be the scraps and clippings of kid left over from cutting out gloves. They float in the air, descending with very realistic slowness, and they cling visibly to the garments of the actors. These clippings are furnished by several of the leading glove houses of Paris, and cost $2 a sack.

English Names in England.

Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.
Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.
Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrook.
Brougham is pronounced Broom.
Bulwer is pronounced Buller.
Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley.
Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.
Cockburn is pronounced Cobun.
Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.
Cowper is pronounced Cooper.
Grosvenor is pronounced Grovener.
Hawarden, Gladstone's residence, is pronounced Harden.
Holborn is pronounced Hobun; Cockney, 'Obun.
Knollys is pronounced Knowles.
Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.
Marylebone is pronounced Marrabun.
Norwich is pronounced Norridge.
Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbry.
St. Leger is pronounced Sillinger.
Talbot is pronounced Torbut.
Taliaferro is pronounced Tolliver.
Thames is pronounced Tems.
Wemyss is pronounced Weems.

Are You Making Money?

There is no reason why you should not make large sums of money if you are able to work. All you need is the right kind of employment or business. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, earning thereby from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. Better not delay.

Dogs and Cats as Food.

Not a great while ago a west side family were discovered in a destitute condition whose chief sustenance had been the cats and dogs the man of the house could succeed in capturing for slaughter. The family finally went to the almshouse. Probably cats and dogs are oftener eaten by the poor in this country than the public are aware of.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed, without pain or sore spots, by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Neil Cummings, one of the pages in the Ontario Legislative Assembly, died on Tuesday night at his mother's residence, Toronto. His death occurred after a brief illness, and is believed to have been the result of injuries sustained while playfully wrestling with another boy a few days ago.

I had a very severe attack of sciatic rheumatism and was entirely cured by taking nearly a dollar's worth of McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant. I can confidently recommend it to all like sufferers. Ephraim Monk, Springford, Ont.

Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, has already received $7,000 in royalties on his latest book, "He Fell in Love with His Wife."

The largest table ever made from a single plank belongs to the Illinois Club of Chicago. The plank is 15 feet long and 6 wide, and was cut from a California redwood tree.

Squire Whitaker, of Waverly, N. Y., who is 83 years old, and who for several years was blind, has recently had his sight restored by a severe illness.

President Diaz, in his Message to Congress, says that the relations of Mexico with foreign powers are of the most friendly character. Allusion is made to the co-operation of Mexican and American troops in the war against the Apaches as an occasion for increasing the harmony and cordiality which should prevail without interruption between the two republics.

The Blueberry is a valuable fruit, and is a reliable fruit to grow in the Northern States, where the more tender varieties winter kill. It is perfectly hardy, will stand 40 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender buds. Fruit ripens in this latitude about the first of July. Color, a bluish black, when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-acid, pronounced by most people delicious. The fruit is excellent for pies, or canned for winter use. It grows very stocky, the shining dark-green leaves and the blue fruit make a pleasing contrast. It seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. One dozen plants by mail, carefully packed in oil paper, 60 cts.; two dozen by mail, $1.00; 100 by express, $2.50; 1,000, $15.00.

Address L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

D C N L. 17. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

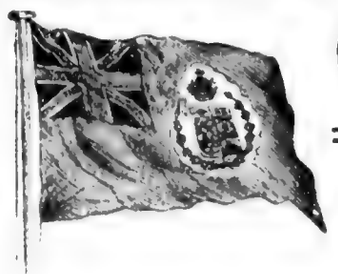

GREATEST BARGAINS

YOU EVER HEARD OF!

—Will be Offered by—

J. G. ANDERSON

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS!

The Goods must be all Sold by the 15th of May, and in order to do this the prices will be Cut Still Lower than Before! No use quoting prices, come in and we will astonish you. No trouble to show goods.

J. G. ANDERSON. — — — *Wright's Old Stand.*

East Grey Spring Show.

The East Grey Agricultural Society's Spring Show, held on Friday last was a grand success. The former spring shows of the society were not a success, and the Directors this season, had some misgivings as to the propriety of holding a spring show, but it would have been a great mistake had this idea prevailed, as the show was an honor to the society, and must prove of inestimable benefit to stock breeders. We venture to say a better exhibition of sire stock could not be made in the Province of Ontario.

Lord Derby, owned by T. Wright, headed the list of imported Draught. And well he may, for he is one of the finest horses in his class in the province. Stock raisers are indebted to Trimble & Pickell for bringing this fine Clydesdale into the county.

In Canadian Draught R. T. McGirr carried off the red bun, and felt very proud. This was a close contest the entries were numerous and horses all first-class. It required expert judging to decide the several points of merit. Of course all were not pleased as that is impossible but the judges were men who knew the points of excellency and we have no doubt but their decisions were correct. But some of the proprietors thought otherwise. This is quite natural, as we all can see faults in others and look at what we own as perfection.

In the general purpose class the entries were also numerous, and some very fine active Horses. This class we do not consider so important, as the county will be well enough supplied in this class even if they breed from thorough bred stock. We could not say a word to favor this class.

Carriage and Roadster were not what we could have wished to see in their class. Those exhibited were not in our opinion, properly classified. Two exhibited by J. Henry, Markdale, were nice little horses, but too small for either Roadster or Carriage, and another partook more of Clydesdale than Roadster or Carriage. In this class there is a good opportunity for some energetic breeder to bring in a horse and make money. By breeding in this class we have horses for the English market. A large number will be required for Cavalry purposes and the buyers are now in our market ready to purchase that class of horses.

In the blood class there were no entries the words on the posters "Registered pedigrees must be produced" seemed to be the great barrier and consequently crowded some into a class not at all suitable. But taking the exhibition on the whole, it is now evident to all that the directors are bound to make all their future exhibitions grand successes. They are already preparing for the fall exhibition, which, they are bound to make exceed all former exhibitions. All good farmers should become members and make it boom, this is all that is wanting. The Directors have now the energy, and we bespeak a prosperous future for the Society.

PRIZE LIST.

Imported Draught, T. Wright; Canadian Draught, R. T. McGirr, M. Ryan; Gen. Purpose, A. King, J. McGee; Carriage or Roadster, S. Stokes, J. Henry.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices. R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

An Example For Volunteers.

James McAllister was convicted in Toronto on Monday for neglecting to return his rifle into store when called upon by his commanding officer in the Royal Grenadiers. He was fined $20 and costs or 10 days. The officers of both city regiments complain of men getting rifles and uniforms and failing to turn out to drill. Even when called upon they neglect to return their arms. It is hoped that this case will prove a warning. Members of No. 2 Co., who may have rifles or uniforms in their possession which should have been returned will note what befel Jas' McAllister in Toronto—[Meaford Mirror.

Newspapers In 1887.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will issue on Monday, May 2nd, the Nineteenth Annual edition of their standard publication, the "American Newspaper Directory."

The new volumn contains an exhaustive list of all Class Publications so admirably arranged that any one of the three thousand papers represented there can be readily referred to and all important facts concerning it together with its circulation rating, easily obtained

The Newspaper Directory will be used principally by Publishers, Advertisers and Advertising Agents, but the vast fund of information it contains makes it valuable to persons of almost every trade and profession. As a Gazetteer alone it is well worth the price charged, $5.00, for it fully describes every town in which a newspaper is issued, and few people care to know about any place where one is not.

The number of papers published in the United States, Territories (including Alaska) and Canada is put at 15,420: an increase of 581 in one year

The growth of newspapers in some of the Western States would be a matter of wonder, if it were not that this year is no exception to the rule. In Kansas the increase is 89 and in Nebraska 64; while the Keystone State shows a smaller advance of 35 and the Buckeye State of 30. Pennsylvania exhibits the largest increase in dailies, 17; Kansas in weeklies, 81, and New York in monthlies, 42. Seven States show a decrease; the most prominent instances being New Hamshire and Virginia, six each. The whole volume shows that great care has been taken to sustain its reputation as the most comprehensive work of the kind yet published, and to insure accuracy in every detail. Anything less than a complete compendium of American newspapers and periodicals would surprise those who are familiar with the former efforts of this firm, who are so well known as the oldest, largest and best known of all the American Advertising Agencies.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf)

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

Sons of Temperance.

OPEN DIVISION.

The regular Open Division of the Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance will be held in their hall on Wednesday evening next, May 4th. Following is the program:—

Opening Ode.
Chairman's speech.
Instrumental, Miss Christoe.
Reading, Miss Fawcett.
Song, Mr. R. Smith.
Dialogue, G. W. LeGard and others.
Instrumental.
Tableau.
Speech, Mr. Wm. Irwin.
Charade.
Duett, Misses M. & F. Beecroft.
Speech, Rev. W. Ayers.
Reading, Mr. A. R. Fawcett.
Closing Ode.

Chair to be taken at 8 o'clock by J. W. Armstrong, Esq., D.G.W.P. A cordial invitation extended to all kindred institutions and to the public generally.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

A Shrewd Judge.

The following is told of a New York judge before whom a man was being tried for stealing the gold watch of a woman as she was taking a street-car. The neatness of the examination will remind the reader of Oriental stories:

The man declared that the watch was his, and the woman was mistaken in identifying it as hers. Suddenly the judge asked, "where's the key?"

The prisoner fumbled in his pockets, and said he must have left it at home.

The judge asked him if he had wound the watch frequently with the key, and he said "Yes."

Then a key was procured, watch and key were handed the prisoner, and he was told to wind the watch. He opened the case, but could not find any place to use the key, because the watch was a stem-winder.

The sentence was five years and a half.

BEGIN YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!

YOUNG MARE, 4 years old, sound, good worker either double or single. Will be sold cheap for cash or on time. Apply to

R. COOK, Flesherton Station.

TENDERS WANTED.

SEALED TENDERS for Repairs of the Township Hall will be received at the Clerk's Office until May 1st next. Specifications to be seen at the Clerk's Office, Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,
Flesherton, April 12th, 1887. Twp Clerk.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
304-320. Flesherton.

PUBLIC NOTICE!!

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye all men that I, W. S. CHRISTOE, the Druggist of Flesherton, have the agency for JOHNSON'S celebrated TONIC BITTERS and NERVINE, JOHNSON'S little Pink Tonic Liver Pills and the ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

—THE—

TONIC BITTERS

are confidently recommended as the VERY BEST in the market for Nervousness, Hysteria, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Complaints common to the female sex. PALENESS of complexion and for diseases caused by poverty of blood. In conjunction with the Tonic JOHNSON'S Little Liver Pills are the very best for liver complaint and general derarrangements of the stomach. The All Healing White Ointment is the very best for skin diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Chilblains, &c., &c.

You have only to try those great remedies to be satisfied. Sold by

W. S. CHRISTOE,
The Druggist, Flesherton.

FARM for SALE

OR

TO RENT.

BEING Lot 170, Con. 1 West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well watered. Orchard. About 2½ miles from Flesherton. For full particulars apply to the undersigned.

JOHN O'MELIA,
Flesherton.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 158, 1st E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, one mile from Flesherton, containing 50 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Never-failing stream of water runs across farm, also a never-failing spring of water. New bank barn 36x56, with stone stabling full size of barn, underneath. Log House. Good soil and free from frost. Part payment down, time on balance. For full particulars, apply to

D. L. WHITE, Esq.,
Flesherton.

Mortgage Sale!

OF

VALUABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction, at ATKINSON'S HOTEL, in the Village of PRICEVILLE, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887,

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following Lands and Premises in the Village of Priceville in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot No 4 on the North side of Kincardine Street in the said Village of Priceville more particularly described as follows commencing at a point 54 feet West of the South East Corner of said Lot number 4, thence Westerly 46 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 82 feet from the South West corner of said Lot number 4, thence Northerly 183 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 12 feet from rear of said Lot, thence Westerly 32 feet to Princess Street, thence Northerly 12 feet to rear of said Lot, thence Easterly 78 feet, be the same more or less, to a point 54 feet from the Eastern boundary of said Lot, thence Southerly 195 feet, be the same more or less, to the place of commencing. Containing by admeasurement 886 square yards, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a good 2 story frame building, size 30 feet x 40 feet, with cellar underneath used as a store and dwelling, occupying one of the best business stands in the Village, also a frame stable and a good well.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in one month thereafter without interest

For further particulars apply to D. McCORMICK, Esq., Auctioneer, FRANCIS WAITE Priceville, or to the undersigned.

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887.

Mortgage Sale!

OF

Valuable Village Property.

In pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage to the Vendor, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL in the Village of FLESHERTON, on

Thursday, May 5th, 1887.

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands and premises in the Village of FLESHERTON in the County of Grey, being composed of part of Lot number 151 in the 1st Range North East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia and may be more particulary known as Village Lots numbers 3 and 4 on the South-East side of Collingwood Street, in the Village of Flesherton, as laid out in a survey or sub-division of said Lot number 151 made by Wm. Spry, Esq., P.L.S. and re-surveyed and a map or plan thereof made by Thomas B. Gilliland, Esq., P.L.S. which map or plan is registered in the Registry Office of the South Riding of said County of Grey, and dated the 8th day of August, 1870, and containing by admeasurement about ¼ an acre, be the same more or less. There are on the premises a blacksmith shop, size 18x36 feet, a frame building used as a sash and door factory, 30x30 feet, and a frame dwelling house.

TERMS OF SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserved bid. 20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale to the Vendor's Solicitor and the balance in 1 month thereafter without interest.

For further particulars apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Esq., Auctioneer, Flesherton; or to the undersigned,

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Flesherton, April 1st, 1887.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm Wright's

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES:—Owen Sound, in Vicker's Block Poulett St., Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE.
Flesherton

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

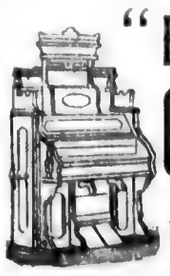

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 307. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. MAY 5, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THIS ❋ SPACE ❋ BELONGS

—TO—

W. A. BROWN.

LOOK FOR PRICES NEXT WEEK.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Go to Grier's for Paints, Oils, and Hardware.

Notice the "Mail Contract" advt. elsewhere in these columns.

Every lady should see the immense stock of Hats at E. J. Griers.

The Mortgage sales take place to-day in Flesherton and Priceville.

Another consignment of Prints of the newest patterns arrived at E. J. Griers.

A young man from Durham is in the employ of S. Spirit, butcher, of this town.

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's Block. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

Cash Buyers will consult their interest by pricing goods at E. G. Grier's before purchasing elsewhere.

A young man left this village about a year ago owing one of our citizens $108 for board.

The only place to get your watch repaired properly is at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. 2t.

Remember that E. J. Grier has about 500 patterns of wall paper and borderings at Rock Bottom Prices.

The junior lacrosse club, under the lead of their new captain, Mr. W. M. Sproule, intend putting in some splendid work this season.

There is a great rush to E. J. Grier's store for Window Blinds and curtains.

No use talking, those Plough Boots for $1 at J. G. Anderson's are great value.

The only place to get your watch repaired properly, is at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. 2t.

CATTLE FOR SALE.—Two steers two years old, two heifers two years old one cow in calf cheap for cash. R. TRIMBLE.

Do not miss getting 5 lbs of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at E. J. Griers. Big Dan. says that it is the Best Value in town.

Quite a number of houses are being built on the lots near the Methodist church. This is fine building ground and builders are taking advantage of the same.

Monday next is cattle fair day in Flesherton. Smith the Markdale barber, will be here as usual. He will be found at Johnson's Livery Office during his stay.

If people look to their own interests they always take their Watch, Clock, and Jewelry repairs to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. A perfect job every time. 2t.

The Royal Templars, of Flesherton, initiated their 105th member at their regular meeting last week. A healthy showing. Fountain Council is certainly an energetic youngster.

E. J. Grier's Boots and Shoes cannot be surpassed for style and cheapness.

THIRTY DAYS!

POSITIVELY

FOR

30 Days Only

—THAT THE—

Great Slaughter!

Of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex, etc., at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton, will continue.

Russell has just returned from the city, where he has secured some bargains never before known in this section of country—in fact it is impossible to compete with Russell.—All his goods are marked in PLAIN FIGURES, at very low prices and, for the next thirty days only, he is actually going to give 25 per cent. off on all cash sales over $1. Just imagine the finest grade of American Nickel Alarm Clocks at only $2, sold everywhere at $2.50 and $2.75. The finest grade of Plated Chains, beautiful patterns, for $1.60, sold everywhere at 2.25 and 2.50; the finest make of Clocks, beautiful Walnut Cases, from $2 75 up to $8.50, sold everywhere from 3.50 to 10.00. We are not making enough on these goods to pay your mileage or meals, neither will we give you a meal TO CATCH YOUR CUSTOM, but offer you *finer goods at a little over half what you can get them for elsewhere!* The finest make of Solid Silver Swiss Watches from $6.90 up; and the genuine American Watches from $9.50 up, bearing Warrants from 2½ to 5 years. ☞We keep only the genuine goods, which bear long warrants. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!—FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY!—As we must clear them out before the arrival of our Summer stock at that date.

In REPAIRING, everyone knows that Russell's work always gives satisfaction and his work has already given him the name of the boss watchmaker and jeweller in this section. DON'T FAIL TO CALL within the next 30 days and secure some of the GREAT BARGAINS NOW OFFERING.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

The | Last | Chance!

TIME NEARLY UP!

DON'T FAIL to call at once and secure some of the Terrible Bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spex &c. 25 per cent. off on all sales of $1 00. Come at once. Do not leave it another day or you will be the loser, as we cannot afford to continue this Great Slaughter at

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE.

FLESHERTON.

J. G. Anderson has the best value in Tea ever offered. Don't fail to get 10 or 20 lbs.

We are pleased to learn that our young friend, Mr. J. R. Keefer, has been promoted to a responsible position at Pearl River, in connection with the C. P. R. Success, friend Jim!

An immense stock of Rubber Coats at E. J. Grier's which cannot be undersold.

Building operations are commencing to boom in Flesherton. The growth of the place has been remarkably rapid and substantial during the past few years.

E. J. Grier is selling Gents Suits all wool for $5.

Mr. Egleston, general agent for the Massey manufacturing Co., is in town visiting Mr. VanDusen, the agent for the Co. They report business good and Binders selling fast.

I have now in stock a fine lot of Biscuits of all kinds. Also all kinds of Meals, such as Rolled Meal, Steel cut Meals, Cracked Wheat, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. KEEFER.

E. J. Grier is selling Tweeds all wool for 35c. per yd. See them and you will be astonished at the low price.

Mr. J. E. Moore will soon have another meat store ready for occupation in his large block on Durham street. He has made many desirable alterations since purchasing this well located property.

The "Brewster's Lake Fishing Club" were driven out to their fishing grounds on Monday last by Liveryman Johnson. They arrived by the noon train from Toronto.

White and Regatta Shirts all sizes at J. G. Anderson's. Away down below wholesale prices. $1.25 Shirts for 75c.

Three contractors tendered for the proposed Township Hall repair. The contract was awarded to Mr. J. E. Moore, who agrees to perform the work called for by the specifications for the sum of $125, which is, we should judge, a "bottom price."

You can always rely on straightforward dealing at E. J. Grier's.

We had a brief but pleasant call from Capt. A. G. Campbell on Tuesday. He will take a position as Purser on the *Frances Smith* this season. If the other officers are as popular as friend Campbell, the *Frances Smith* will be one of the best patronized boats on the C.P.R. steamboat line this year.

All new and fashionable goods at E. J. Grier's. E. J. Grier always pays the highest price for Butter and Eggs.

REMOVED!—The undersigned has removed his Flour and Feed Store to the stand next door to Strain's Tinware and Hardware shop, Flesherton, where he will be pleased to meet with all his old customers and as many new ones as will favor him with their patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. KEEFER.

It will pay you to come 20 miles to secure some of the terrible bargains that are going at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Come at once. 2t.

Orangemen! The glorious twelfth is rapidly approaching and if you want first-class Banners at very reasonable prices, by all means try Mr. Tegart, Thornbury, whose notice appears elsewhere in these columns. We can heartily recommend him as a first-class workman.

Our old friend, Mr. George Keefer left yesterday morning for Washington city, U. S., to take a lucrative position there during the summer and autumn months. He will return home about Christmas. Our old friend has our very best wishes for his success and prosperity during his sojourn in Uncle Sam's dominions.

Two respectable and esteemed young men—Mr. John Blakely, of Maxwell and Mr. Little, of Feversham—took train at the Flesherton C. P. R. depot yesterday morning for Franklin County, Nebraska, U. S. If they do not achieve success out there it will not be because they do not possess the necessary qualifications.

Ayer's Pills are the best cathartic for correcting irregularities of the stomach and bowels; Gentle, yet thorough in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, and strengthen the system.

Don't spend your money with people who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. They don't help a place. For first-class Boots & Shoes—Men, Women and Children's wear go to Mr. Wm. Clayton, Flesherton, who has been in business here for over a quarter of a century, and who has a reputation at stake.

WHERE IT ENDS.—Nine-tenths of the disease denominated Catarrh is the result of protracted or oft repeated colds in the head. Nasal Balm will give immediate relief and permanently cures.

Thornbury, Ont., May 2.—This thriving place to-day threw off its old municipality and assumed the dignity of a town. The council was elected by acclamation throughout as follows: Mayor, Andrew Grier; Reeve, Thos. Andrews. Councillors: North Ward—W. Patterson, Geo. Wheatly, W. Grierson. South Ward—S. J. Alexander, R. F. Stevenson, J. Dibb. East Ward—F. Raymond, H. Pedwell, A. R. Foster.

That feeling of weariness, so often experienced in the spring, results from a sluggish condition of the blood which, being impure, does not quicken with the changing season. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by vitalizing and cleansing the blood, strengthens and invigorates the system.

Left Over.

Report of Salem Sabbath School; Notice and route of Clydesdale Jock; and other matter. Will be published next week.

A PERSON.—Unable to sleep in bed, unable to work, unable to take ordinary exercise from the effects of Asthma until using Southern Asthma Cure. A sample package relieved, three packages permanently cured.

THE GREAT CYCLONE.

Further Particulars of the Fatal and Disastrous Blow.

EXCITING SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

A St. Louis telegram to-day says: Special despatches show that furious cyclones, tornadoes and hail storms swept over a considerable part of western and southwestern Missouri, southeastern Kansas and northern Arkansas on Thursday evening, causing great loss of life and destruction of property, killing and maiming a large number of people. The estimated loss to property is upwards of $100,000. Many people were killed in the neighborhood of the towns of Hume and Sprague, and a number seriously and some fatally injured. Humble station, on the Pacific Road, was destroyed, only one house being left. Dr. Smith's house, three miles from Rich Hill, was blown to atoms and Mrs. Smith fatally injured. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ryan, and her two children were badly hurt. Two hired men on the place also received injuries. All the stables and granaries on the Bruce place were demolished. At the Miller farm, three miles west of Sprague, a splendid residence, barns and outbuildings were destroyed and nine cattle and a number of hogs and other stock were killed. Mr. Miller and his wife and baby were blown into the well and drowned. The farm houses of the following persons were entirely destroyed: Samuel Porter, George Hibler, L. Marsnon, J. Bough, H. Overman, Geo. Daniels, Mr. Gandries, Samuel Beatty, L. C. Robinson, Robert Robinson, Wm. Betty and William Pettitt. The latter's house took fire and burned. Wm. Kennett's home was blown down and then burned up. Mrs. Kennett had a very narrow escape from burning, as she was pinioned under some timber and was only rescued by the heroic efforts of her husband. The Montgomery and Queen Ridge schoolhouse were burned. It is reported that a brother and sister named Finn are dead, but this is not verified. The Methodist Episcopal Church at Sprague was demolished. B. F. Baker & Co.'s lumber yard was scattered over the prairie. The following houses were demolished: Mrs. Wainscott's, Will Grave's, Mrs. Riley's, Wesley Meeker's, Hamlan's blacksmith shop and Bassett's livery stable. In the lower part of Lynn County, Kansas, a regular funnel-shaped twister made a descent about 6 o'clock seven miles northwest of Prescott. Every farmhouse in the path of the storm was demolished and every house in Prescott was ruined. Four miles from Prescott, Mr. Flynn's fine residence was smashed flat, and Mrs. Flynn and three small children were mortally injured and two visitors dangerously hurt. Jacob Brook and his wife and one son, William McPold and his wife and a child, also of this vicinity, were fatally injured. A few miles from this scene, W. S. Bogat, Mrs. M. O'Dell and Mr. Hogan, his wife and two children had taken refuge in a storm cellar where eight cows fell on them through the roof and all were severely hurt. W. Browningburgh's family found refuge in a storm cave while a $5,000 house was scattered over the fields. Ten miles northwest of Prescott Mrs. Sarah Crane was killed and her family injured by the crushing of the house. In a distance of 22 miles only one house is known to have with stood the storm. H. C. Tripp, of Kansas City, was standing in the doorway of a grocery store in Prescott when the building was blown down, and he was killed. The buildings left standing in Prescott are stuck full of timbers. C. R. Underwood's residence, the Baptist and Methodist churches, W. H. Billingsby's harness store, Perkins' meat market and the Prescott House are among other buildings destroyed. Nearly every house at Miami Junction, five miles north of Prescott, was blown down, and several persons injured. Seventeen persons are known to have been killed in Lynn County and about fifty were seriously wounded. In Bourbon county, Kansas, reports are coming in slowly of terrible devastation. D. J. Field's farm was swept clear of buildings and live stock. Nearly all the Mills family was exterminated. Two children and the father and mother were killed and a niece and child were found barely alive, but will recover. The stone residence of Samuel Coles was raised. In Anderson county the cyclone badly damaged the town of Colony. At Blue Mound, a town of 900 inhabitants, twenty houses were wrecked and two persons killed. Joseph Duncan's house was hurled away in the midst of a wedding ceremony, but the party found refuge in the cellar and escaped.

The cyclone passed on the outskirts of Shell City, Mo., doing great damage. Several houses were demolished. John D. High was killed, and his wife and child mortally hurt. Not a fragment remains of their dwelling. The house of the Gibson family was blown away, and one child suffered a broken arm. The loss in this (Vernon) county is placed at $70,000.

A special from Greenville, Miss., says that section was visited by a terrible thunderstorm, followed by heavy hail that did great damage to live stock and injured many colored persons in Boliver county. The town was nearly demolished. A despatch from Hannibal, Mo., says that about midnight a terrific storm unroofed a number of buildings, and the rain which followed damaged a great deal of merchandise. Some twelve or fifteen dwellings and stores at Blossom Prairie, Tex., were destroyed.

A Nevada, Mo., despatch says: From Evansville, Ind., it is learned that on Friday night a tornado passed up White River, crossing the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad, at Hazleton, thirty-eight miles north of here, doing great damage and killing Jas. H. Nott, a fisherman, and Scott Selby, a mechanic working on a barn, and fatally injuring another man. The small village of West Buano Vista was completely wrecked, only two houses remaining uninjured.

—First Girl: "Why, what's the matter, dear? You look terribly despondent." Second Girl: "I am afraid George has been engaged ever so many times before, and I thought I was his first and only love." "Well, how do you know you are not?" "After he proposed last night I told him he must never kiss me until we were married, because I didn't think it was proper." "Yes!" "Well, he kissed me right off, and said I didn't mean a word of it. He knows too much."

THE BRITISH BUDGET.

Goschen Takes a Penny Off the Income Tax and Reduces the Tobacco Duty—Harcourt and Churchill Criticise the Statement.

A London cablegram says: Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced the Budget in the House of Commons Thursday afternoon. From this it appears that during last year the expenses of the Government amounted to £90,000,000 and that the revenues reached the same sum. There has been a saving of £263,000 in the army estimates and £347,000 in the estimates for the Civil Service. The revenue obtained by taxes on alcoholic liquors had decreased £190,000, while that derived from the beer tax had increased £45,000. The receipts from the wine taxes had fallen off £93,000, and those from the tax on tea had largely increased. Sir William Vernon Harcourt had estimated that the surplus for the year would be £259,000, while it really reached £776,000. The Budget estimates the revenue for the coming year at £91,155,000, and the expenditure at £90,180,000. It is proposed to raise £100,000 by charging ten shillings transfer duty on each 100 debentures of stock, which has hitherto escaped duty. To clear the Budget of local loans it is intended to cancel £37,000,000 of other portions of the public debt and create the same amount of local loan stock, charging the local loan budget with an annuity of £100,000.

It is also proposed to take one penny per pound sterling off the income tax, and fourpence per pound sterling off the tobacco tax, and to reduce the taxation on marine policies.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt congratulated Mr. Goschen upon the ability he had displayed. He regretted, however, that nothing had been said about gold coinage. He condemned the proposal to reduce the repayment of the debt, which he thought would establish a reprehensible precedent.

Lord Randolph Churchill also regretted the absence of any reference to the gold coinage. He criticized adversely Mr. Goschen's estimates. The budget, he said, gave no real indication of economy and retrenchment. He believed a reduction of at least £150,000 was possible in the Civil Service estimates. If an increase in the expenditures for national defences was necessary, the amount required should be raised by taxation, not by reducing the repayment of the debt. He also objected to the proposed contributions in aid of local rates as likely to retard Government reform. He said that if Mr. Goschen's proposals had been made by him, they would have aroused the indignation of the whole country and probably have been rejected.

Mr. Goschen, in a general reply, excused himself for not having touched upon the question of gold coinage, on the ground of lack of time to deal thoroughly with the subject. He defended his proposal, adding that he would be glad if the House shou'd definitely express its wishes with regard to the expenditures for defence. His experience respecting further reductions had been that they were almost always followed by spasmodic increases under the influence of panic.

The budget was a complete surprise to the House of Commons. Many of its proposals (notably those relating to the National Debt charges) will be vigorously opposed. It is maintained that Mr. Goschen has resorted to unsound measures of finance in order to present a budget that may serve the Conservatives at the next general election. The Conservatives are much irritated at Lord Randolph Churchill's attitude.

FALL OF A TRAIN

Through a Bridge Near Morrisburg and Two Men Instantly Killed.

A last (Friday) night's Morrisburg (Ont.) despatch says: A terrible accident occurred one mile east of here about 4 o'clock this morning. Nash's creek, now a foaming stream, is here spanned by an iron bridge resting on two stone piers. A freight train going west went through the bridge, carrying the engineer and fireman to instant death. A brakesman was thrown into the creek, but was rescued nearly dead. Thirteen loaded cars were piled in the gorge, smashed to atoms. The driver's name is Stewart. It is said that the bridge was inspected last week, and pronounced safe. The loss will be very heavy. Express trains had crossed the bridge only an hour before, and the morning express from Toronto was to cross the unfortunate train here. The cause of the collapse of the bridge is a mystery. It is supposed that the stone piers had been undermined by frost, but an examination made since the accident shows that they are perfectly sound.

Latest From the Northwest.

Sam Jones will be here next month.

Telegraphic despatches from all parts of the Province and Territories show that on an average seeding is more than half completed. In some portions the work has been done some time.

A proposition has been made by Mr. Greenway to the Local Government that it should purchase lands sold for taxes, and if not redeemed it would be in a position to dispose of lands of its own to immigrants on favorable terms.

Mr. Norquay has had a second reading given to the Government Bill for the construction of a line to the boundary.

McCurdy, a deserter from the Mounted Police, was to-day sentenced in Winnipeg to pay a fine of $50 and two months' imprisonment.

There have been a couple of landslides in the mountains within the last few days, but no damage has resulted.

Captain Thomas Howard has been elected President of the society formed by the survivors of the Red River expedition force.

H. T. Buckingham, Treasurer of the Canadian Pacific Aid Society, has been arrested for embezzlement.

A Merciful Critic.

"Well," said Razorpen, more kindly than was his custom, "I can tell you how you can improve the play a little."

"How?" asked Inkwell, gratefully.

"You see, you kill the villain in the last act?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is good. Now make him kill all the other characters in the first."—*Burdette.*

THE FISH DISPUTE.

What is Thought of Salisbury's Offer of the Canadian Fish.

NOVA SCOTIANS AND THE SETTLEMENT.

A Washington cable says: The Secretary of State declines to either confirm or deny the statement cabled from London that Lord Salisbury has sent a despatch to this Government on the subject of the fisheries, offering to revert to the old condition of affairs, without pecuniary indemnity. Secretary Bayard also declines to express any opinion with regard to the subject matter of the despatch as cabled.

The subject matter of the proposition reported to have been made to the United States by Lord Salisbury is not exactly news in diplomatic circles, the same proposition having emanated from a Canadian source some time ago. Well informed persons incline to the opinion that the offer referred to in the cablegram has been thus indirectly and unofficially made as a "feeler," to ascertain in advance of an actual tender how such a proposition would be received by the American people. As the representatives of the United States on the Commission that negotiated the Treaty of Washington, and the Halifax Commission, which fixed the award made for the use of the Canadian inshore fisheries, expressly denied that the privileges accorded to United States vessels in Canadian waters was more valuable than the concession made to Canadian fishermen of a like privilege in waters of the United States and free entry of their fish, it is safe to assume that the Department of State never entertained the idea of renewing the Treaty of Washington with the understanding that a cash indemnity was again to be paid to Great Britain for the right to enjoy the inshore fisheries of Canada. Secretary Bayard to-day said that he was glad to note the increasing interest manifested in the subject. He felt that the people of the country, outside of Massachusetts, had never realized its importance or appreciated the gravity of the alternative left to the Administration—a declaration of non-intercourse if they failed to effect a peaceable adjustment of the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain respecting the constitution of the treaty rights of our fishermen. It is doubtful, he said, if the interests of San Francisco in maintaining her present source of coal supply from British Columbia, aside from the importance of the great Chicago business connections with Canada and of the vast trade that ebbs and flows across the three thousand miles of our northern boundary do not exceed the interest of Massachusetts in the results of the application of such an alternative as commercial non-intercourse. The negotiations with Great Britain on this subject were progressing and the Secretary hopes they will result in a harmonious and satisfactory understanding between that country and the United States.

SERVANT MURDERED.

Desperate Deed in a Fashionable Residence of Louisville in Open Day-light.

A Louisville despatch says: A horrible murder was perpetrated in broad day-light in one of the most fashionable resident portions of this city yesterday morning about 11 o'clock. The police authorities have just been informed of the terrible crime, and as yet it is shrouded in mystery. About 10 o'clock in the morning Mrs. A. Y. Johnson, the wife of a well-known Main street merchant, left her home on Brook street in company with her children and Jennie Bowman, a servant girl, who is white and about 24 years of age. It appears the latter accompanied Mrs. Johnson only a short distance on some special mission, after which she returned to the house. Shortly after this a little colored girl living next door to the Johnson family went into the kitchen of the house and discovered blood on the floor and signs of disorder. She called for help, and receiving no answer started up the back stairway to her room. There the child discovered the servant lying upon the floor horribly beaten about the head and breathing her last. The child gave the alarm, but the woman died before the physician's arrival. Two suspicious characters are known to have been loafing across the street when Mrs. Johnson and the children went out, and it is thought they entered the house and were discovered upon the return of the servant. A poker was found with the hair and blood of a man upon it, and it is supposed the woman opposed the burglars with the above result. The men can hardly escape.

Atrocious Outrage.

A St. Louis telegram says: A despatch from the City of Mexico gives an account of a horrible affair committed in the City of Patzcuoro last Wednesday night. The wife of Juan Ramierez was the belle of the town and a great favorite. Three policemen entered into a plot to outrage her, and on the night mentioned went to Ramierez's house, which was in the suburbs, entered his bedroom and butchered him with knives. The spouting blood deluged the wife as she lay beside her husband and she fainted. After Ramierez was dead they restored the wife to consciousness and then carried out their hellish plot, leaving the poor woman almost dead. The men fled to the interior on horseback, but two of them were captured and the third will be, as the whole country was aroused and intense excitement prevailed.

Queen's on its Dignity.

A Kingston despatch says: A committee of prominent citizens has undertaken to raise $50,000 of the increased endowment for Queen's. The professors will subscribe $10,000, and Dr. Grant will solicit aid in other places. Probably never before did prominent men display such interest in the college as at present, and the probabilities are that within a few weeks the desired financial position of Queen's will be obtained.

The Boston *Transcript* has evidently suffered at the hands of the compositor, and thus takes its revenge: "'Ah! what's this?' exclaimed the intelligent compositor; 'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks! That can't be right. I have it! He means sermons in books, stones in the running brooks. That's sense.' And that is how the writer found it."

OLD IRELAND'S TROUBLES.

A last Saturday night's London cable says: Mr. O'Brien has postponed his Canadian trip for a week pending the negotiations for a settlement between Lord Lansdowne's agent and the tenants on his estates. Three more evictions were effected at Luggacurran to-day, completing the list. Altogether forty tenants, representing 300 souls, have been evicted. The police and soldiers have been withdrawn. The Marquis of Lansdowne has offered fresh terms to all the tenants of his estates, the proffer being extended to those leasing under the judicial as well as under the non-judicial rates. The offer has been extended also to those tenants who have been evicted this spring. The tenants have taken the offer under consideration.

Chamberlain, speaking at Stornoway, to-night, said that the land was the gift of the Almighty and ought to be treated as a trust, not as an absolute possession by private owners. This trust was not fulfilled while the land did not provide substance for the greatest possible number of the people. He saw a gleam of hope from Gladstone's speech before the Eighty Club. Regarding the reunion of the Liberals Gladstone said that proposals had been made to the Unionists to co-operate. Although they had not been made to him, Chamberlain rejoiced that they had been made at all. He was content to follow in the rear of those who would again fight by Gladstone's side in the prosecution of the Liberal programme, but only on the condition that Gladstone either postpone the Irish question this session or meet the Unionist objections to his plans.

John Dillon, M.P., says: "Since January 1st evictions have increased to an appalling extent. In Kerry alone, in three months, 306 families, making 1,766 people, were evicted; 5,190 persons altogether have been dispossessed. Meanwhile, in the returns of crime for the last quarter there is no increase, a fact unparalleled in Irish agrarian history, and which can only be attributed to the great faith of the people in the Plan of Campaign."

A great meeting was held on Blackheath Common to-day to protest against the Coercion Bill. Fully 10,000 persons were present. Several members of Parliament were present. Resolutions denouncing coercion were adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

Mr. Wm. Alexander Hunter, Gladstonian member for Aberdeen, thinks the whole of the now famous letter attributed to Mr. Parnell, signature and all, was the work of one pen, and that the thing was a forgery from the start, which was imposed on the *Times*. An article to this effect will appear in the *Weekly Dispatch* to-day, and a *fac simile* of a genuine letter written by Mr. Parnell about the same time as the alleged date of the *Times'* letter is published, in order to facilitate a fair comparison between the real and the alleged autographs.

An election was held yesterday at Taunton to fill the Parliamentary seat made vacant by the removal of Mr. Samuel Charles Allsopp from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. At the last election Mr. Allsopp was returned without opposition. Yesterday the Conservative candidate, Mr. Allsopp, a member of the same family, received 1,426 votes, and Mr. Saunders, Gladstonian, 890.

A BIG BLOW UP.

A Number of People Hurt by a Boiler Explosion.

A Paterson, N. J., despatch says: A terrible wreck was caused by the explosion of a rotary rag boiler in the Ivanhoe paper mill here on Saturday. The boiler was old and weak, as was shown by the condition of the fragments. It wrecked a large portion of the mill, went up through the roof, soared into the air, and came down in J. H. Booth's silk mill across the street, playing havoc with that also. About twenty-five persons are injured. The names of the most seriously wounded are as follows: Wm. Jenkins, married, has a piece of scalp taken off by flying fragments; he was blown into the raceway. Michael Burke, who with Jenkins, had charge of the boiler, is missing, and is supposed to be under the ruins; search for him was kept up till dark and then abandoned. James Simpson, who was carrying ashes from the boiler when the explosion occurred, was horribly crushed, and is dying. Daniel Bergin was seriously injured. Mary Keisbury, Eliza Farrell, Mrs. McCormick and Bridget Cowan, all employees of the paper mill, were badly hurt. The seven last named are in the hospital. Three girls in Booth's silk mill were badly hurt. Their names are Maggie Vansill, Rachel Levi and Maggie Stafford. The first two had their skulls fractured, and the last named received several scalp wounds. Owen Burns was dug out and is badly bruised.

Mexican Affairs.

A City of Mexico despatch says: The War Department makes known the facts of a doubly fatal duel. Lieut.-Colonel Tunoz, of the 8th Battalion, and M. M. Savala, musical director attached to the command, quarrelled in a saloon in San Luis Potose, where they were stationed, and a challenge was accepted at once. The two officers, accompanied only by a captain of the regiment, were driven to the Lodrillora, and at the word both shot at once and both fell dead.

Two buildings on the Pena Colorado ranche, near Dolores, were burned on Saturday. In one were twin brothers sick with typhus fever. Their mother attempted to save them, and all three perished.

Cholera is raging at Mazelalan and Guaymas. People are leaving the infected districts in large numbers.

Cajerns, the notorious Yaqui chief, was shot to death on Friday at Modano, near Guaymas, by the Mexican authorities.

—Papa—Well, girls, Lent is now over, and now what have you done for the good of the church during the season of penance? Bess, with a sudden attack of bravery—Mollie hasn't done much of anything, but I—hm—er—I've p-promised to m-marry he new rector.

—Boston is becoming more and still more æsthetic, for her people now spell jail 'gaol,' but we rise to remark that the walls are just as thick, the beds just as hard and the food just as plain.

WHOSE WIFE IS SHE?

A Case Involving the Marriage and Divorce Laws of Three Countries.

A Kingston (N. Y.) despatch says: A complicated case of matrimonial alliance has been brought to light through a hearing before Judge Parker in Supreme Court Chambers, on Saturday last. The case came up in an action for divorce brought by William H. Stewart against Annie Stewart. It involves many fine points as to the marriage and divorce laws of three countries—England, Canada and the United States. The facts are as follows:

On Feb. 18th, 1876, Annie Towers, a buxom English maiden of 20, was married to Charles Tate at the parish church in the parish of St. John's, Middleborough, county of York, England. In 1878 Mrs. Tate brought an action for divorce against her husband on the ground of adultery. On May 5th, 1879, an order was entered stipulating, among other things, "that the marriage be dissolved unless sufficient cause be shown to the Court why the said decree should not be made absolute within six months from the making thereof." Before the expiration of the six months the plaintiff came to the United States and drifted to this city, where she was slightly acquainted. Here she became acquainted with Stewart, and they were married on July 2nd, 1879. Before the marriage she informed him of her marital relations in England and the divorce proceedings. Both at that time were under the impression that the Tate marriage was dissolved. A final order in the English divorce was entered in January, 1880. After Stewart lived with the woman for two years, and two children were born to them, some doubt arose as to the English divorce proceeding. She requested Stewart to have the marriage ceremony performed over, but this he refused to do. They then separated, and have not lived together since. Soon after the separation Mrs. Stewart went to the Province of Ontario, Canada, and on September 20th, 1884, she married one Isaac Aves at Southampton, in that Province, and has since lived with him. Her Canadian husband at present lives in Stratford, Ont., and is a wealthy stock raiser. He also was made aware of her peculiar matrimonial alliances.

Stewart has brought his action for divorce in the Supreme Court of this State for adultery on account of the defendant's relations with Aves in Canada. The defendant in her answer admits all the facts as regards the marriage and divorce proceedings in England, but alleges that she had not in fact been divorced from Tate at the time of her marriage to Stewart, and that at the time she married Stewart she was the wife of Charles Tate, who was still living. She therefore denies any adultery with Aves, and asks for a dismissal of the complaint and that judgment enter declaring her marriage contract with Stewart void.

The leading question submitted to the Court to determine is whether the second order entered in the English court dissolved the marriage on Sept. 5th, 1879, which was six months after the first order was entered, or, whether the second order simply gave effect to the first order, and the marriage was dissolved when the first order was entered. At all events, it places the fair defendant in a very peculiar position. She is the wife of somebody, and who is it? If her marriage in this city is declared legal, then her marriage in Canada is illegal. The papers in the case were served upon her a few days ago while on a visit to this city, where she is at present awaiting the decision of the court.

MUST GIVE UP FRANCE.

Bismarck's Ruthless Plan of Germanising Alsace-Lorraine.

A Berlin cable says: Prince Bismarck is determined to stamp out French conspirators in Alsace-Lorraine. French sympathisers must either remain inactive or go to French territory. Germanising measures are being carried out systematically throughout Alsace-Lorraine. For instance, four merchants of the town of Dienze have been expelled since Monday for adhering to their French nationality. Each of them received twenty-four hours' notice to quit. At Chateau Salins a man was arrested for flaunting the French colors at a local ball. At the Sarreguimes tribunal a workingman named Gopp was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for shouting "Vive la France." Workman Schmitt was sentenced by the same court to one month's imprisonment for wearing tri-colored ribbons, and Workman Siebord to ten weeks' imprisonment for acting as a correspondent for the French Patriotic League. This treatment of French adherents may have a great effect upon the French public, and hasten a collision between the two nations; but these measures are believed to be forced upon the German authorities, who have instructions to deal with all peaceful inhabitants as German subjects.

CRUSHED TO PULP.

Six Men Meet Death in a Railway Accident.

A Spokane Falls, W. T., despatch says: It has just been learned that on Thursday afternoon a terrible accident occurred on the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, four miles beyond Chelum. A west-bound train pushing a flat car loaded with laborers was going around the curve leading to a trestle when it ran into an engine which was running east, backing up. The flat car passed half way through the tender of the engine and the other end crashed up against the pilot of the west-bound train, on which were two men, who were crushed to a pulp. The light engine was knocked 80 feet. Five men were killed outright and one has since died. The injured number 18. All of the physicians of Allensburg were immediately sent to the scene by special train and have been rendering all the service possible. The scene of the accident as described by those present beggars description. Blood is scattered in every direction and the neighboring rocks bear the evidence of fearful carnage. The accident was the fault of one of the train's crew neglecting to flag as per orders. The dead and injured were brought to Chelum on Thursday night.

A Boston barque recently sailed for three hours through a cloud of dust, near New Zealand, just after a volcanic eruption on the island.

The floods in Montreal are receding though the people still suffer much.

If I Thought as You Think.

(From the New North.)

Why do you cling unto life, my brothers? Why
do you cling unto life? I say.
Why do you weep when the yoke and fetters of
flesh from a dear friend drop away?
You know this world is a House of Sorrow, you
know this world is a House of Sin.
That pain is the Dead Sea fruit of pleasure, and
will be ever as it hath been.
Why, then, cling unto life, when over the blue
transpicuous rim afar
Shineth the wall of the Wondrous City, where
only blessing and blisses are?

Why do you beat your hands with passion, and
storm the sky with your plea and prayer,
Whenever passes a stainless spirit forever out of
your clasp and care?
You say he goes to a glad, brave kingdom, over a
vague and voiceless sea,
Where never a last good-bye is spoken, and never
and never a grave shall be;
And where from rapture to perfect rapture, with
crown and lyre he soars and sings,
The chrism of Christ upon his forehead, the glory
of God upon his wings.

If I thought as you think, my brothers, if I be-
lieved in a better sphere,
Beyond the grass and the golden lilies that blos-
som over a dead man here,
I would tingle with great, strange gladness when-
ever a friend of mine should die;
I would robe him in festal raiment, and would
kiss him a gay good-bye.

And, O! when unto me came the hour—the
miracle hour that comes to all—
Never a cypress branch or blossom should throw
its gloom on my gorgeous pall;
At my funeral should be dancing, and dainty
feasting at festal board,
Should be singing, and jest, and laughter, and
gurgle of wine in the glasses poured;
And jubilant bells should rock the steeple when
I was borne to the gay, bright grave,
And rattle of drums and thrill of trumpets blend
in a glad thanksgiving stave!

The Queen's Jubilee.

Old England calls upon her sons
To honor England's Queen,
Her sons respond, and daughters, too,
To keep her memory green;
With loyal hearts and ready hands
The Empire's children stand
Prepared to do, prepared to die,
For Queen and native land.

For fifty years our country's
Hath borne o'er earth and main
The name of Empress, Queen beloved,
With neither spot nor stain;
Long may it bear Victoria's name,
Long o'er us may she reign;
And for our Empire, broad and grand,
May she new honor gain.

Upon our Queen—our country—flag,
God's blessing ever rest;
With peace and plenty everywhere
Her people's homes be blest—
God save the Queen, her people pray
From hearts sincere and free,
God save our loved Victoria
And crown her jubilee.

CHORUS—Victoria! Our Queen beloved,
With loyal heart and hand
Thy colonies and fatherland
United by thee stand.

F. H. TORRINGTON.

Housekeeping Melodies.

(Carrie W. Bronson in Good Housekeeping.)

Sing a song of cleaning house!
Pocketful of nails?
Four-and-twenty dust pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails!
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing—

"Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail, and screw this screw;
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on
And hang this curtain; when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there,
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you fix a bracket here?"

And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more too,
All in a merry jingle—
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

To the Spirit of the Age.

(With apologies to Mr. Austin Dobson.)

If I were you, in moments of reflection,
Though criticism may be fair and true,
I'd not go in too much for vivisection
If I were you.

I would not take the flowers of life and tear
them
Apart, their inner secrets all to view;
I'd pluck them gently, reverently wear them,
If I were you.

I'd leave some gossamer of tender fancies
In life's wide meadow, gemmed along with
dew,
Not sweep them all before stern Fact's advances,
If I were you.

If I were you I'd leave some twilight hours
'Twix glaring daylight and the night's black
hue,
Some neutral-tinted scenes—some shady bowers,
If I were you.

I would not let the oil of toleration—
The sameness of one general "width of view
Subdue the free waves' motion to stagnation,
If I were you.

I'd not laugh down enthusiasm's fire
As antique and high-flown—I'd leave some few
Sparks of noble rage, a generous ire,
If I were you.

And O! amid the rush for wealth or pleasure,
And all the hurly-burly and to-do,
I'd leave some breathing space, some nooks of
leisure,
Some time for laying up th' enduring Treasure,
If I were you.

The Old Man Has Nothing to Say.

I heard of a husband and father who sought amusement in a public beer garden. He sat sipping his beverage steadily enough, until a pretty girl came within close range, and then, forgetting his dignity, he invited her to drink with him. She consented. Roguery in her eyes flashed into the foaming cup as she lifted it, and said:

"Well, here's to the health of Bessie and Charley!"

Those were the names of his children. He gave one hard look at the girl, and recognized in her the nursemaid of his household. The beer didn't choke him quite to death, but almost. And he doesn't dare to say boo at home about the manner in which his wife's favorite servant spends her evenings out.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Cute Boy Comes Out on Top.

Wife—"Before we were married you never thought of business matters in the evening; there was not a night that you didn't call to see me."

Young husband—"I remember, dear."

"Oh you do? Well, please explain why it is that you rush off to your office the moment you have your supper and don't get back until midnight?"

"I have two to support now."

CHILDREN'S FAITH.

How to Treat Children—Be Lenient, but Always Truthful—Franky's Ride.

Our children are born believing all things, hoping all things, and, so far as their parents' intentions toward them go, thinking no evil. Upon this rock we base our claim to obedience. The formula, "papa and mamma know best," is worthless upon any other assumption. "Because our knowledge is superior to yours," we say in effect, "you should obey us. Because we do not deceive you, trust us."

The baby's humility is involuntary, born of weakness and conscious ignorance. He confides in his parents absolutely. Our boy's law and gospel are contained in the teachings of his guardians. He lends equal credence to the story of Joseph in the pit and of Hop-o'-my-thumb in the wood; Elisha's greedy bears are no more and no less real than the Great Bear, the Middle Bear and the Little Bear, whose bread-and-milk was devoured by Golden Locks. The dear God who sees and loves him always lives beyond the solid blue of the sky; the fleecy rolls of cloud collected in the fields of ether are God's sheep; the thunder is His voice; the stars are holes in the sapphire pavement to let the glory through. Angels are detailed to watch beside baby's crib to keep evil spirits away, and are ever within call to help him to be good—and papa and mamma are always right.

The darling makes a precious hash of sacred and folk-lore, but his code is simple and strong. He believes what those who ought to speak the truth teach him, and trusts in what they engage to perform. Should he come to grief, the blame rests elsewhere than on his steadfast little soul.

"Let a boy once distrust the love or the tenderness of his parents, and the last resort of his yearning affections—so far as the world goes—is utterly gone," writes Ike Marvel.

"His heart will take on a hard iron covering that will flash out plenty of fire in his after contact with the world, but it will never melt."

Almost as sharp is the awakening to the knowledge that there is a limit to "papa's" ability to set wrong right, that there are sorrows from which the tender fold of "mamma's" arms cannot defend him. From such shocks we cannot protect him, although circumstances may aid us in postponing the evil day. It is in the power of each of us to prevent the cruelest disillusion of the many which change his bright optimism into cynicism of a type that revolts the listener—doubts of the good faith and truthful dealing of those who should be his exemplars in both.

As the first step to this wrong we are too ready to make promises to our children. The iteration of, "May I do this?" "Can I do that?" patters upon the ear of the busy mother until she answers mechanically, often not taking in the purport of the petition. The perplexed state that answers her clumsy defence when reminded of the assent she feels obliged to revoke. "I really did not think what I was saying, my dear," should warn her that the ground is caving under the ledge of infallibility. These clear-eyed critics of our walk and conversation reason long before they can put logic into words.

"What does your mother mean when she says, 'I will see about it, children?'" asked one little girl of another.

"Why, it's 'most as good as 'yes,'" was the careless reply. "If she does say 'no' afterward, we'll just go for her, I tell you."

"Now, when my mother says, 'I will see about it, children,' said the first speaker, gravely and slowly, it means, 'I am too busy now to attend to what you say. By and by, when I have time to listen, I will do what is right.'"

"My! what a fuss over a little thing!"

"Ah! but my mother never goes back on her word. When she does promise she sticks to it. That's worth waiting for, you know!"

Give children's requests due consideration before deciding upon them. If possible and prudent, say "yes." Some of us would be ashamed did we know how the habit of negativing, without thought or reason, has grown upon us. You are the sovereign; your child the subject. Be lenient and gracious. Why feign to yield grudgingly when there is no hesitation in your mind? Do not be afraid of weakening your authority by ready acquiescence. Let the little ones see how glad you are to make them happy. If you seal the boon with a kiss you make compliance doubly graceful. When compelled to deny, your petitioners will comprehend the necessity of the refusal—that "mamma would say yes if she could."

The promise made, keep it religiously. You injure the child when you forget or ignore your pledge to him, but you do yourself yet greater harm. From the throng of illustrations of this truth that clog my pen I have room for but one, and that a true story.

Four-year-old Franky's parents had promised him a drive on a certain afternoon. A thunder storm kept the three in doors, and the promise was renewed for the first time papa could spare time to take mamma out. The "time" was slow in coming to Franky's apprehension. Day followed day, and his ears ached vainly for hint or mention of the promised excursion. After a week that seemed a year, the little fellow, who had been taught "never to tease," heard the appointment made with his mother for 3 o'clock that afternoon. Nothing was said to him, but secure in the promise given, he coaxed his nurse to dress him for the expedition. Hair and hands above reproach, his straw hat on his head, he mounted guard on the front steps and waited for the appearance of the buggy and driver. Forgetful papa nodded gayly to him as he drew up at the door and signalled to the wife looking from an upper window. Mamma, as oblivious of her engagement with her boy, kissed him in passing, bidding him "be very good while she was gone." An aunt coming up behind him unheard—herself ignorant of the promise and its rupture—paused at sight of the figure standing stone-still on the upper step, hat on head, fingers crushing one another in the anguish of disappointment, the chubby face red with the struggle to restrain the tears, eyes strained on the receding carriage. "There go two of the blamedest liars ever was made!" soliloquized poor Franky, unconscious of his auditor.

"It was an awful thing to say of his parents," says the narrator, betwixt tears and laughter, "but I couldn't scold him."

Who could?—*Marion Harland.*

English Burglars' Methods

The most careful precautions will not always prevail against confederated thieves directed by superior intelligence. Now and then the enterprise of an erratic genius will give useful hints to the capitalists and their locksmiths. One of the most remarkable instances of the kind was that of the chief of a band of burglars arrested and convicted about twenty years ago. "Scottie," not without much natural pride in his professional ingenuity, after his conviction made full confession. His system, like that of most successful schemers, was as bold as it was simple. He set himself to attack the padlocks which secure those strong metal bands of which I have spoken. To pick them on the spot was difficult or impossible. On the other hand, by placing women on the watch, the fastenings might be tampered with in the interval of the policeman passing on the beat after his first satisfactory examination. The padlock was quickly removed by breaking the catch of the hasp with a small "jimmy," and replaced by one similar in size and appearance. During the night the intricate works were extracted, so that it could be opened by its own or any common key. Then the hasp was neatly repaired and the lock returned to its place before the arrival of the owners of the premises in the morning. Thus the burglars, being masters of the situation, might enter the place at their leisure. No fewer than twenty-seven doors had been so "doctored," when the gang came to sudden grief over a grand preliminary enterprise. They had been laying siege "unbeknown" to the proprietor and the police to the shop of a watchmaker in Lombard street. By their quiet method of manipulating doors they had made their way into an office on the upper floor, visiting it repeatedly without detection. Finally, after close examination of the premises, they forced their way into the watchmaker's from below a tailor's shop at the side. They carried off a quantity of watches and jewellery, but, fortunately for the twenty-seven gentlemen whose padlocks had been tampered with, in prudence they suspended operations after that coup, though, nevertheless, they were followed up and arrested. And, to show the cool deliberation which they had gone to work, "Scottie" mentioned that, having fitted a false key to it from the first, they had been in the habit of investigating the safe upstairs. As there was little in it to tempt them they waited till they had robbed the watchmaker, when they took their chance of what happened to be in the safe and cleaned it out. Nowadays there are said to be few regular receivers in London. Stolen property of value which is capable of identification is carried out of the country. It is sometimes consigned to Holland, but more generally to Paris.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Queer Use for the Darlings.

A farmer named August Pirch, who lives near Garvanzo, is the happy possessor of a dozen fine, healthy children. These youngsters grow fast, eat three or four hearty meals a day, and the way they wear out clothes is enough to make a woollen factory think a cyclone had struck it. Mr. Pirch has been in hot water with his little fishes for years, and was about to give up in despair, when a bright idea struck him. He had a tract of land that could not be used for the want of water. But how to irrigate the land without spending a large sum of money was a mystery. A ditch would cost thousands of dollars, but corner lots have not been so plentiful in the Pirch family as the happy father could have wished, and his bankbook simply showed a balance of a few hundreds instead of thousands. He figured on the cost of a well and found that he could stand a sixty-foot well, a cheap pump and one of those great big family swings which are noticed at pleasure-gardens and German pic-nic grounds. The well was bored, the pump was set up, and the swing was put in working order.

"Here, you little rascals," said the elder Pirch to his little fishes, "come out here and get in this swing. I'm going to give you something to play with." In five minutes the children were flying back and forth through the air. The pump worked up and down, making a merry tune, and a fourteen-inch stream of water flowed from the well. The children don't know that they are working, as the swing is some distance from the well, and is connected by an iron rod which works the pump, as the swing vibrates back and forth. Mr. Pirch is positive that the youngsters will pump enough water during the day to irrigate a large tract of land.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.*

The Poet Won the Bet.

Author (timidly)—I see that the price paid for Tennyson's Jubilee Ode was $10 a line. I don't expect, of course, that this little effort of mine would be—

Editor (sarcastically)—O, you don't! You are too modest, sir.

Author—But if you will kindly insert it in to-morrow morning's paper I'll willingly pay you the regular advertising rate of 50 cents per line. Here's the money—$10.

Editor (with deep feeling)—My dear sir, on looking over the poem I find it full of merit. I'll take it.

The author, having made a bet of $50 with the rival publisher around the corner that his poem would be accepted, walks out of the office $40 a head.

A Trifle Unreasonable.

Patient (to young doctor)—Why do you charge me so much, doctor? I had a similar trouble last year, and Dr. Pellet cured me for half this amount.

Young Doctor—How long did it take him to cure you?

Patient—Three days.

Young Doctor—Well, I've been working on your case for nearly two weeks. You can't expect to get two weeks' work for a three-day price.

Two weeks ago, at Kimes' Post-office, near Bannister, I.T., the snow was twenty-two feet deep. The inhabitants had dug tunnels from house to house. When it commenced to snow a large number of cattle were lying down by a stack. They were completely covered up, and it is thought by the owners that they are still there eating hay.

Mimicry in Nature.

Beetles often imitate hornets, since the latter are insects to which birds in search of animal food prefer to give a very wide berth.

A species of mantis imitates the white ant, and, mixing with the family like one of its own members, quietly devours a fat termite, from time to time.

The bumble-bee flies, which are inoffensive little creatures, imitating the wild bee, flit about and buzz angrily in the sunlight, quite after the fashion of the insect they copy, and gain an undeserved reputation of fierceness.

Flies often dwell as unbidden guests in the nests and hives of wild honey-bees. They are belted and bearded in the self-same pattern as their unconscious hosts, but their larvæ pay for the hospitality they steal by devouring the young grubs of the hive.

There is in Borneo a sand-wasp which is addicted to the habit of devouring crickets, but there is also a species of cricket which exactly reproduces the appearance of its enemy, so that it can even associate with it undiscovered.

A curious case of imitation is that of two species of Malayan orioles, which are almost exact counterparts of two varieties of honey-suckers. The latter are such fierce birds as to be avoided by all their feathered neighbors, and thus the orioles find their own deceptive plumage a great protection.

The mimicry of stinging-insects is sometimes performed by innocent little creatures quite destitute of any such means of defence. A common insect, known in England as the devil's coach-horse, throws up its tail in the aggressive fashion of a scorpion, when irritated, but it has no hint of a sting. In its warlike attitude it is exceedingly alarming, not only to boys and girls, but to chickens and birds.

Crime the Result of Epilepsy.

It has been frequently claimed, and I believe with justice, that terrible crimes have been committed by the unfortunate victims of some of these disorders of memory and consciousness. I have myself been called as an expert in a few cases in which some questions of this sort was the issue. Sometimes these conditions of perverted consciousness follow immediately or remotely after injuries to the head; at other times they occur in patients who are known to be epileptic. In some cases crimes are committed by individuals who are probably epileptic, or at least sufferers from some of these epileptoid affections of consciousness, but who are not known to be afflicted by disease. In these latter cases in particular doubts and difficulties arise, and occasionally, at least, individuals go to the gallows for crimes which they have undoubtedly committed, but of which they have no more absolute knowledge than the innocent babe. A plea of this kind should, of course, always be weighed and sifted; but it should not be discarded on *a priori* grounds.—*Philadelphia Polyclinic.*

Domestic Home Rule Exemplified.

An Ottawa correspondent says: The latest story on the question of Home Rule is coupled with the name of Mr. Baker, of Victoria, B.C. The story runs that during the elections Mr. Baker was asked what stand he had taken in Parliament on the question of Home Rule. For the life of him he could not remember at the moment how he had voted, but with ready wit, pointing to Mrs. Baker, who occupied a seat on the platform, he asked if the audience did not think he had Home Rule enough right on the premises to be able to form a just and righteous conclusion. Mr. Baker weighs 126 lbs., his wife 219, and thereafter his campaign was not troubled with the question of Ireland's wrongs.

Seen Through Different Spectacles.

House-hunter—I like the looks of the building very well. I'll bring my wife to see it this afternoon. This is a good, quiet neighborhood, I presume?

Owner—One of the best in the city. My own house is just above. On the other side, where you see those little folks playing, Mr. Bills, the insurance man, resides. The children, however, are charming little people. You don't object to children, I hope.

House-hunter—Not at all. I have six of my own.

Owner (frigidly)—Ah! That makes a difference. I'm afraid I can't let you have the house. Can you find your way out? That's right. Turn the knob to the left.

Arrested for Fraud.

A Detroit despatch of April 23rd says: Sylvester Godbold was in the retail grocery business at Galt, Ont., until March, 1887, when he made an assignment to F. H. Lamb, and on April 11th came to Detroit. Yesterday he was arrested by the sheriff on a *capias* issued by Circuit Court Commissioner Weiss, at the instance of F. H. Lamb, who charges Godbold with concealing money and property belonging, by virtue of four accepted drafts amounting to $669.23, to Messrs. W. H. Gillard & Co., of Hamilton. Commissioner Weiss set the examination for next Tuesday.

The Virginia Girl in Love.

Here a young man may visit a girl several times a week and pay her a great deal of public attention, and yet it will never occur to her that he is in love with her unless he tries to make her think so. Even then, if she is sensible, he must be very direct and sincere about it before she believes him. But we do not publish our engagements, and a girl may have many gentleman friends even when she is engaged.—*Virginia Girl in Home Journal.*

The spring poetry received at this office is apparently not intended for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

It is easier to get up with the lark when you go to bed without one.

The first time old Fogiboy saw a telegraph line he remarked: "Cracky! but it takes a heap o' wire to keep them poles steady, and it must be plaguey expensive, too!"

"Mother, have I got any children?" asked little Johnny Fizzletop. "Why, no, child; what put that into your head?" "You read in the Bible about children's children. That's what put it into my head."

He Voted Aye.

Everybody in Dakota knows Wilbur F. Steele. He was a member of the Legislature from Steele county. There is an incident in Steele's legislative career that goes very far to show his characteristic regard for his wife. He has one fault, however. He takes no stock in woman suffrage—except where he is obliged to. On the occasion in question the Woman Suffrage Bill was before the House. Maj. Pickley was championing the cause of the fair sex in eloquent words when a call was made for a vote and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes and commenced:

"Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support the Bill, but—

At that moment a well-dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed:

"W-i-l-b-u-r!"

He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I vote aye."

The lady was Steele's wife.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

As if by Magic.

This is always the case when Polson's Nerviline is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of Nerviline to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in a house to meet a sudden attack of illness. Only 25 cents a bottle. Sample bottles only 10 cents, at any drug store.

—The word "boycott" has been adopted as a verb in Murray's English dictionary. It has been taken up in nearly every European language, *e.g.*, French, boycotter; Dutch, boycotten, German, boycottiren; Russian, boikottirovat.

Don't Read This

if you have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but if you have not, write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes, all ages. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

—One of the policemen engaged in the Rahway mystery has consulted an astrologer in his effort to find a clue. Recent events have shown that an astrologer may have very accurate knowledge concerning the fate of missing girls.

Mr. Chas. Lehmorun formerly of Shakespere, Ont., writes from Oconomowoc, Wis., that McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant is making wonderful cures of rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago in most extreme cases to be found in that locality.

Proverbs of Every-day Life.

It is time for a young man to swear off when he mistakes a lamp-post for a perpendicular bed.

Many talk the loudest against sin when they are walking arm-in-arm with the devil.—*From the Washington Hatchet.*

The man who jumps overboard is supposed to be over-bored with life.

—The latest invention is similar to the contrivance by which money and small parcels are carried in shops, and is intended for restaurants. You take your seat at the table and give your order. In an incredibly short space of time, a cup of coffee, plate of fish, half-dozen fried, etc., come shooting noiselessly along overhead, then gracefully descend to the table before you.

The Blueberry is a valuable fruit, and is a reliable fruit to grow in the Northern States, where the more tender varieties winter kills. It is perfectly hardy, will stand 40 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender buds. Fruit ripens in this latitude about the first of July. Color, a bluish black, when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-acid, pronounced by most people delicious. The fruit is excellent for pies, or canned for winter use. It grows very stocky; the shining dark-green leaves and the blue fruit make a pleasing contrast. It seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. One dozen plants by mail, carefully packed in oil paper, 60 cts.; two dozen by mail, $1.00; 100 by express, $2.50; 1,000, $15.00.

Address L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will give me their P. O. and express.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L. 18. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it **IN NEW YORK.**

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAY. 5, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Markdale does not want our Division Court—because it can't get it, for one reason, and because it doesn't want it, for another. And two "werry good reasons they be," as Sam Weller would say.

Horsemen getting their route bills or other printing done in our job office have been and always will be liberally treated in the columns of The Advance. Those who do not get their printing done here will have to pay ten cents per line for local notices. This is plain English but it is the rule in all well regulated printing offices.

This is the season of the year when the small boy goeth out into the back yard and delveth into the bowels of the earth in search of worms; which, when he findeth enough to last for about fourteen days, he hieth himself to the nearest creek and casteth his hook and line into the waters thereof, and crieth "bully fun" when he draweth forth a speckled beauty. In the course of the day he teareth the seat out of his pants on an unseen knot and falleth into the water and getteth wet and mad. Then when the dews of evening begin to fall he returneth home, getteth spanked for playing truant, tearing his pants, getting wet, and is sent to bed supperless. Poor boy! sad is thy lot. Next day, however, he goes afishing again!

Coming down street on Thursday last we were told such a yarn about the Markdale Standard's alleged attack upon us, that we could come to no other conclusion than that our contemporary had suddenly become as frisky as a bob-tailed horse in fly time. Judge the astonishment which tickled our cranium when on opening that esteemed and venerable journal we found—instead of an attack, as we had been led to expect—two items clipped from The Advance and introduced to Standard readers in the following graceful language: "The following *sensible* items appeared in last week's Flesherton Advance." What a grand thing it is to be sensible—and say sensible things? Of course The Advance is always sensible.

That notorious Bradford Prophet is out again for April, May and June. We had thought some kind friend would suggest an early death of the publication to the publisher. This is not a healthy climate for weather prophets. Somehow or other the weather is changeable and mostly always fails to connect. A storm is predicted for a certain day, sure—it's to be a regular snorter, and none of your common five cent affairs. The day comes, but no storm—not even a semblance of one. Perhaps a cog has been broken and it has been obliged to howl around the Pacific ocean or some other distant place until the repair has been made. Then it comes, but too late to *repair* the damage done to the Prophet's reputation. Let The Prophet beware of big storms and such like, ever keeping in mind the fate of Wiggins, Moses Oates and the rest.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf)

TOWNSHIP ASSESSMENT.

Recently we complained that the Township assessment was "all out of joint." So it is, but this is certainly not attributable to any fault of the present Assessor, Mr. McLaughry; nor was the former Assessor wholly to blame. Our real motives in referring to the Township assessment in our issue of April 21st having been misunderstood, we have felt called upon this week to rise and explain. Our remarks have been construed into a personal attack upon the present Assessor. This was and is incorrect, although they certainly were intended as a note of warning to the ratepayers generally, including the Assessor.

What we really aimed to convey to the minds of our readers was, that the assessment of this Township is conducted on a wrong basis and has been for years back – since its formation for aught we know. There does not seem to have been any very determined attempt to equalize the assessment, so that each ratepayer would not be called on to pay any more than a fair and just proportion of taxes. Therefore we find some properties assessed at full cash value, some at two-thirds their value, and others at half and, in some cases, less than half cash value. If there is anything fair or just about that style of assessing property, we'd like somebody to pop up and say so!

Now, about Assessor McLaughry, we wish our readers and the public generally distinctly to understand, that we are not and have not been finding fault with his work—as yet, at anyrate—although some have so interpreted our remarks on the subject. He is a young and inexperienced officer, only recently appointed to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Whitby. As a matter of fact he will have to follow pretty much in the footsteps of his predecessor—for this season at least. He could not adopt a new basis on such short notice, neither would any sane person expect him to do so. But we did wish to create a lively interest in the minds of Artemesia ratepayers, which might find vent at the proper time and at the proper place, viz., on the 15th June next at the Court of Revision to be held in the Township Hall here. And if the ratepayers would only turn out in full force on that occasion, represent their greivances in an intelligible manner- distinctly giving the members of the Council Board to understand that a change was necessary and desirable, we were of opinion—when that objectionable editorial note was penned—that the year of our Lord 1888 would find a better system of assessment inaugurated than prevails at the present time. We are still of that opinion.

As Others See Us.

We clip the following from last week's issue of the Chatsworth News:—

We visited Flesherton last Thursday, Division Court Day there, and were pleased to meet a great many of our old friends and customers. Flesherton has improved greatly in the last few years, among the most noticeable improvements being Mr. M. Richardson's handsome three story brick block, elegantly fitted and furnished and well stocked with goods. While we were well pleased to see that Mr. Richardson is doing well we were sorry to learn that our esteemed friend Mr. R. J. Sproule has met with reverses in business, but we hope before long to hear that he is again prospering in business, as we found Mr. Trimble doing. We dropped in on Brother Fawcett and found him steeped to the eyes in business, turning out fresh editoral matter and studying up more for next issue of the Advance. We were pleased to see our old friend Mr. W. H. Johnson doing well in his livery business. Will has a fine lot of horses, among which are a pair of matched bloods, and all are excellent drivers, and he hitches to first-class rigs. Call on him when you are in Flesherton. As we said before it was court day and we attended in the capacity of a witness. There was a number of trifling cases on hand, which His Honor, Judge Lane, disposed of after patiently hearing the pros and cons of the parties interested.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS GIVEN LAST WEEK.

(13)- Amount of risk, $570.50.
(14) 13⅓ %.
(15)—18 % or 9-50.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

Flesherton P.S.

Martha Beatty 3, Fred. Ayers 3, Wm. Dinwoody 3, Bert. Armstrong 2, Lou Armstrong 1, May Damude 3, Lewis Ludlow 3, Wesley Smith 1, J. F. VanDusen 3, Lizzie Richardson 3, Lizzie Swanton 3. Total 28.

S. S. No. 9, Artemesia.

Margaret J., Alex. and Elizabeth A. Cameron, two each. Total 6.

Markdale P. S.

Pythagoras Thibadeau 3.

S. S. No. 3 Artemesia.

Annie Ekins 3, J. W. Caswell, 2, W.J. Moore 3. Total 8.

Questions for Next Week.

(16)—What is the present worth of a note of $75 due in 1 year, 3 mos., money being worth 10 %?

(17) -A note of $100 bearing 6 % interest is drawn for 10 months. What will it produce if discounted at once at 9 % true discount.

(18) - Find amount of $600 for 3 years at 6 %, compound interest.

(19) -The proceeds of a note having 2 years to run is $90; find its face value, at being discounted at 8 %.

(20)—I insure a house worth $600 it 3 %, so as to lose only $50 including premium if destroyed; find the amount of the risk.

Our Township Fathers.

Regular Monthly Meeting for the Transaction of Business.

Council met in the Township Hall, Flesherton, on Monday last, May 2nd, at 10:30 a. m.

All members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that the following accounts be paid, viz, J. W. Bates, coffin for N. Boyles, indigent, $7.00; and A. R. Fawcett, $22.05, for printing 200 Auditors' Reports, advertising abstract Treasurer's report, advtg. tenders, &c.—Carried.

McArthur, Boland—That the tender of J. E. Moore, for repairing and painting the Township Hall, be accepted, providing that he agrees to complete the work according to specifications—Carried.

Cairns, McArthur—That Mr Sharp and the Reeve be appointed to let job on cranberry marsh. Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Reeve and Clerk be a committee to draft a Blank Bond for contractors to sign when contracting for Road Jobs and have two hundred printed for the commissioners. Carried.

Boland, McArthur—That the Township Clerk be instructed to instruct the County Treasurer to redeem Lot No. 4 Cavan street, Markdale, for the Township.—Carried.

Sharp, McArthur—That the Council accept Wm. Strain's Road Scrapers at $9 each, providing he deliver them 3 in each ward.—Carried.

Boland, McArthur—That this Council meet on the fifteenth day of June, when the Court of Revision will be held.—Carried.

"Northern Wonder's" Route.

MONDAY, MAY 2nd, will leave his own stable, Lot 9, Con. 19, and proceed to Atkinson's Hotel, Priceville, at noon, thence by North Line of Artemesia, to Thomas McArthur's remaining one hour, thence to Malcolm Ferguson's, Brown Farm, for the night.

TUESDAY, will proceed up the Back Line by Jacob Holley's, to Joseph Beatty's, at noon, thence to Wm. Anderson's 6th Con., Glenelg, for the night.

WEDNESDAY, will proceed to Henry Tucker's Glenelg, for noon, thence to Thomas Bell's, 19th Con., Egremont, for the night.

THURSDAY, will proceed to Robert Long's, 16th Con., Egremont, for noon, thence to Jas. Paul's, Con., 11, for the night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to Scarlet's Hotel, Hopeville, at noon, thence to Samuel Egerton's, Proton, Con. 12, for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Andrew McAuley's, at noon, thence to his own stable where he will remain until the following Monday morning.

The above route will be continued during the season health and weather permitting.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

LEITCHS

Tailoring Establishment

FLESHERTON!

Is the place to get your Suits made in future.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$2 00 to 2 10	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 35	0 48
Oats	0 27	0 27
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 12½	0 13½
Eggs, fresh	0 10	0 10
Potatoes	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 35	0 35
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Prince, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED Dr CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a derangement of the liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Flesherton
Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

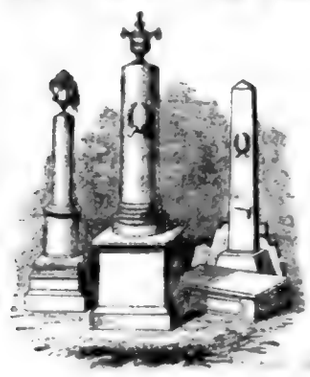

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints Incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
(304-39). Flesherton

FARM for SALE

—OR—

TO RENT.

BEING Lot 170, Con. 1 West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well watered. Orchard. About 2½ miles from Flesherton. For full particulars apply to the undersigned,

JOHN O'NEILL,
Flesherton.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 158, 1st E.T. & S.R., Artemesia, one mile from Flesherton, containing 50 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Never-failing stream of water runs across farm; also a never-failing spring of water. New bank barn 36x56, with stone stabling full size of barn, underneath. Log House. Good soil and free from frost. Part payment down, time on balance. For full particulars, apply to

D. L. WHITE, Agt.,
Flesherton.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER, - THORNBURY

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

SAD SHOOTING ACCIDENT!

A Gun Accidentally Explodes and Inflicts Terrible Wounds on Two Young Men.

From our Maxwell Correspondent.

Our Maxwell correspondent sends us the following particulars of the sad shooting accident on Monday last in the Township of Osprey:—

"Quite an excitement was created here on Monday last, when word was brought to the village that two young men of the village were shot. It appears that Thomas Blakely and Wm. Ferrier were out on a shooting excursion and on going down the bluffs of rock on the bank of the Beaver River, Thomas Blakely, who was somewhat in advance of his comrade, fell on the rocks, the gun striking a stone exploded in his arms, the shot tearing quite a large gash in his left arm. But poor William, who was a short distance above the rocks, recived about a dozen grains of shot in his limbs and body. Quite a crowd gathered at the place of the accident as soon as possible and he was carried home in a very weak condition. Hopes are entertained that he is not fatally injured." Dr. Kerr is doing everything that medical shill can suggest.

The accident was one that might have happened with the most skillful sportsman, and no blame whatever can be attached to Mr. Blakely, who, quite naturally, has been plunged into the deepest despair through the unfortunate occurence.

LATER.—Wm. Ferrier was not as badly wounded as was at first supposed and will likely be able to move aaound in a few days.

OTHER MAXWELL ITEMS.

Mr. J. Blakely and Mr. C. Little left here on Monday last to seek their fortunes in Nebraska. We wish them all the pleasure and wealthathey anticipate.

The show of horses came off here on the 27th as advertised and quite a display was the result, there being some very fine animals exhibited. But, when the exhibition was over, there was no Committee to be found, and no one seemed to know who they were. So that those who had paid their dollars as entrance had either to shut up or set 'em up.

If people look to their own interests they always take their Watch, Clock, and Jewelry repairs to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. A perfect job every time. 2t.

Hotel Licenses.

Thornbury Standard.

A meeting of the License Commissioners for the East Riding of Grey was held at Mullers Hotel, Clarksburg on Saturday last. Members present were Messrs. T. W. Tyson, T. B. White and W. Brown, and also the License Inspector, Mr. James Campbell. Licenses granted were as follows, viz., the Queens Hotel, Clarksburg, Mrs. J. U. Muller, the Royal Hotel, Clarksburg, Capt. E. H. Parsley; the Revere Hotel, Thornbury, M. J. Reynolds; Low House, Thornbury, C. Wiggins; Ravenna Hotel, Ravenna, W. Weir; Globe Hotel, Heathcote, S. Rowe; Munshaw Hotel, Flesherton, A. Munshaw; Lorne House, Rocklyn, W. Dodson. Applications from Markdale, Feversham, Maxwell, McIntyre's Corners, Kimberley, Cedarville and Dundalk were laid over. Two complaints were laid against the Royal Hotel, Clarksburg, and fully investigated by the Commissioners, and after mature deliberation they dismissed them, all holding that the Royal Hotel, Clarksburg, was one of the best if not the best conducted hotels in the East Riding of Grey. Three petitions from Temperance Societies in Kimberley were laid before the Commissioners praying not to license any hotel at Kimberley. The Commissioners will take these petitions into consideration.

Honor Roll, for March.

KIMBERLEY SCHOOL.

Fourth Class.—F. Thurston 253, J. Dynes 220, A. Thurston 194, E. Carruthers 184, E. Dynes 184.

Third Class.—R. Abercrombie 136, P. Dynes 126, E. Graham 123, J. Howell 117.

Sr. Second Class.—J. Hammond 131, R. Howe 126, J. Carruthers 117, H. Fawcett 113.

Jr. Second Class.—N. Gilbert 153, Wm. Mundle 127, E. Lawrence 126, Wm. Lawrence 122.

No. on Roll for month 92
Highest attendance.....74
Average 65

S. GAUDIN, Teacher.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices.

R. TEMPLE. (tf.)

A SPELLING MATCH.

Pupils of Two Artemesia School Sections try Conclusions.

Between the Mathematical Editor's corner in The Advance and keenly contested spelling matches between pupils of various school sections, educational matters in Artemesia have reached a dizzy, enthusiastic pitch.

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Last Friday afternoon the Editor of this paper attended a spelling match in the schoolhouse of S. S. No. 4, Artemesia. When he arrived at the door the whole atmosphere seemed charged to the muzzle with strains of sweetest music. On opening the door he found the senior pupils ranged at the head of the room and pouring forth such a melody of song as must have held the attention of the most critical connoiseur of vocal music. It was a sacred piece and a deep hush fell on the hearers as they listened, enraptured, to those pure child-like voices. The singing ceased and as the talented young vocalists filed off to their seats the applause was enthusiastic and spontaneous. Then we were introduced to the zealous and pains-taking teacher of S. S. No. 4, Mr. Clemis, after which the rules of the match were arranged between that gentleman and our respected friend, Mr. C. J. Sproule, of S. S. No. 3. Sides were chosen, a Third Reader placed in the hands of ye Editor and the tug of war commenced. For half an hour the wordy warfare was continued without interruption, amidst breathless excitement on the part of the spectators. Some of the spellers were rather nervous and went down on words they could easily have spelled under different circumstances; while others were cool and self-possessed throughout. At the end of half an hour four pupils of S.S. No. 3 and six of S.S. No. 4 were left standing. Then came a brief intermission, after which the stubborn contest was renewed, the Fourth Reader being used instead of the Third. Miss Atkinson, Teacher in S. S. No. 2, Proton, was referee and performed her duties very impartially. One by one the spellers dropped out of the ranks until only Miss Annie Akins and Master Newton Large remained standing by the colors of S. S. No. 3 and Miss Bannon maintained the now unequal contest alone on the part of No. 4. Now came a "jaw-breaker." Miss Bannon made a brave effort, but, being somewhat nervous, left out but *one* letter, and the palm of the hard-won victory rested with S. S. No. 3. Next came some of that grand singing for which No. 4 is so justly celebrated.

Brief speeches were next made by the genial chairman, Mr. Bannon, A. R. Fawcett, and Mr. C. J. Sproule. The last named gentleman paid a very graceful compliment to Mr. Clemis and the pupils of No. 4. "God save the Queen" brought the interesting proceedings to a close.

Ye Editor, in company with Mr. Sproule, the Misses Atkinson, and Mr. Clemis, spent a most enjoyable evening at the residence of Mr. James Best, and were most hospitably and right royally entertained by that gentleman and his amiable lady.

(SPRINGHILL SPELLING ASSOCIATION.)

No. 3, is in good fighting trim now, so that we need not be surprised to hear of them wanting to try conclusions with the Flesherton "Maple Leaf Spelling association" at an early date.

So mote it be.

It will pay you to come 20 miles to secure some of the terrible bargains that are going at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Come at once. 2t.

"Billy V."

This is rather an odd name, but it is applied to one the handsomest roadster stallions in Northern Ontario. "Billy V." is the property of A. S. VanDusen, Esq., of this town, and will make the season of 1887 as per route, &c., advertised in our columns elsewhere. "Billy V." is only three years old, stands 15 hands 3 inches high, weighs 1150 pounds and for bone, muscle, style and action is without a peer. He was sired by that famous horse, Clear Grit, Jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger, so that it will be seen he comes of well bred ancestors. A personal inspection has satisfied us fully that he is all that his enterprising proprietor claims him to be. The importance of using such first-class stock must be apparent to all progressive stock-raisers.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Miss Mittie Fraine.

Notwithstanding the downpour of rain a fair audience attended the entertainment in the Methodist church, Flesherton, last Thursday evening. Miss Mittie Fraine has a very pleasing appearance and created a decidedly favorable impression. Her rendering of the "creed of the Bells" was certainly the best we have ever heard, and, judging by the enthusiastic *encore* which followed, the majority of those present held a similiar opinion. "Searching Among the Slain" was strikingly realistic and brought tears to many eyes. But it is in humorous pieces that she excels, although she has few equals in any one department. Her powers as an elocutionist are remarkable in many respects. For instance, a certain selection, if read by a clumsy amateur, (yea, or by a clumsy professional) might fail to awaken that deep and intense interest which the author intended. Place the same selection in the hands of an earnest and painstaking artiste, such as Miss Fraine, and what hidden beauties are suddenly revealed!—at once we are enabled to grasp what the author intended should be conveyed to the minds of his readers or hearers as the case might be. Look at the hidden depths in the immortal Shakespeare as revealed by cultivated disciples of David Garrick. What to the casual reader is often hazy and monotonous, becomes charmingly realistic, interesting and instructive when rendered by Miss Fraine and all equally earnest elocutionists.

The readings (or recitations for they were all committed to memory) were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. This part of the program was well sustained by Misses Damude, Armstrong, Richardson and Christoe, Mrs. W. W. Trimble, Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, and Messrs. Russell & Barnhouse, the latter being loudly encored. Dr. Christoe occupied the chair in his usual happy manner.

SUNDAY EVENING.

On Sunday evening Miss Fraine delivered a practical and interesting address from the pulpit of the Methodist church to a very large congregation. She seems to be an earnest and zealous Christian lady, and her remarks created quite a profound and, we believe, a lasting impression. We understand, that she also delivered a brief but beautiful address to the Sabbath School children in the afternoon.

Volunteers.

No. 6 Company, 31st Batt. will meet at the Drill Shed, Flesherton, on Saturday evenings for drill, until further orders. 25 young men wanted to fill up the above company. Apply to J. J. Field, Lieut., No. 6 Company, Flesherton. t.f.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Charlton introduced a Bill to amend the Seduction Act and to make further provisions for the protection of women and girls, and moved the first reading, seconded by Mr. Mitchell.

Sir John Macdonald in moving the first reading of the Bill to establish a Ministry of Trade and Commerce, said the Bill was similar to one introduced in 1867, and defined the duties of the Minister and the nature of the department. Bills would be introduced for reorganization of certain departments, and he would ask the House at the proper time to consider the organisation and reorganization together.

Mr. Mitchell asked whether it is the intention of the Government to lay before the House the correspondence which has taken place in relation to the Fishery question between the Canadian and the British Governments and the Government of the United States, and if so, when?

Hon. Mr. Foster—The correspondence will be laid before the House on Friday.

Hon. Mr. Pope, replying to Mr. Amyot, said that the $960,000 voted in 1884 for the extension of the C. P. R. to Quebec harbor had been invested in bonds and the interest was held to make up any deficiency in the running of the road.

Mr. Casgrain asked who is now acting as High Commissioner for Canada in London? Has Sir Charles Tupper continued to act since his return to Canada, and is he still acting as such, *ad interim* or otherwise?

Sir John Macdonald said that Sir Charles Tupper had consented to act without salary or emolument, while he was in Canada. Mr. Colmer acted as *charge d'Affaires*, or Secretary of Legation.

Mr. Curran, on rising to move his resolutions in condemnation of the Coercion Bill, was received without cheers. He said he was confident the position he took and the action he was to propose would meet with the favor of at least 80 per cent. of the Canadian people. He was proud that no Canadian newspaper, so far as he knew, in discussing this question, had spoken against the principle of Home Rule. It was true some had declared this resolution in its form was insensate and stupid, but he would recover very soon from the criticisms of men expressing such opinions. Irland was not alone in this great contest, for she was being joined by Scotland and Wales, while her plea was sustained by practically all those colonies which knew by experience the blessings of local control of local affairs. It was said that the Protestants of Ireland were opposed to Home Rule, but it was not so. He read the report of a meeting of Irish Protestants in Dublin recently held protesting against coercion and favoring Home Rule. He dwelt upon the probable effects of coercion, and said that it would strike a direct blow at those who had conducted the constitutional agitation for Irish liberty which had challenged the admiration of the whole world, for the political descendants of the men who had spent millions in debauching a Parliament to deprive a nation of its liberties would hardly hesitate at the peccadillo of packing a jury to ruin the influence of a man who stood in their way. He closed by moving the resolutions of which he had given notice.

Mr. Patterson (Essex) seconded the resolution.

Mr. McNeil, after eulogizing Mr. Curran's ability and devotion to the cause of Ireland, expressed regret at the introduction of this resolution. It was true the House had last year passed a resolution on this subject in favor of Home Rule, but it was modified by a demand for the full recognition of the rights and position of the minority. The leader of the Opposition had with that dove-like innocence which characterized his course always—sought to commit the House to agreement in full with Mr. Gladstone's Bill, which was then before the British House, but the effort was unsuccessful. It was the first duty of a Government to maintain the law, and in any event this must be done. The steps necessary to do this were better known to those in charge of affairs in Britain and to the people of Britain than the people of Canada. It was to be deplored that the Coercion Bill was introduced. It was to be regretted that there was any criminal law, but the same phases of society which made the criminal law necessary, made it necessary, in the opinion of the British Government, Parliament and people of England, that coercion should be established. Were an effort made to establish Home Rule without recognition of the rights of the minority it would result in civil war, for every man of the minority would fight for his rights to the last gasp. He feared that if this resolution were passed it would give encouragement, not to the poor peasantry of Ireland, but to those who were enemies of the Empire, Fenian traitors to the Queen. He moved the following amendment:

That this House desires to repeat the expression of its deep and abiding interest in the prosperity and happiness of the people of Ireland and its sentiments upon the subject of Home Rule enunciated in the joint address of both Houses of Parliament passed in the session of 1882 and the resolution adopted by this House in 1886. This House is, however, unable to form or express an opinion as to the merits or demerits of the Bill for the amendment of the criminal law with respect to Ireland now before the Imperial Parliament in the absence of the measure itself and of the papers and evidence on which it was based.

Mr. Kenny spoke briefly, supporting Mr. Curran's resolution.

Mr. Flynn referred to the land troubles in Prince Edward Island, when the people broke out into open revolt, which had to be suppressed by military force, but when the Government stepped in and allowed the people to purchase their holdings peace returned and prosperity reigned again. No more law-abiding and peaceful people existed than those of Prince Edward Island. The right to agitate for the reform of abuses and for the extension of liberty educated the people in the principles of government and made them loyal to the laws which they themselves authorized. He denied that crime had increased in Ireland. He gave statistics quoted by Mr. Gladstone to show that never had there been less crime in Ireland than there was at this time. To deprive the people of the right to agitate for reform must lead to most regrettable acts. In the Maritime Provinces, before the principle of local control over local affairs was admitted, the people were in a state of constant discontent. This state of affairs was a constant source of trouble to the Mother Country. If repression had been longer continued he believed there would have been an outbreak, but Home Rule was granted and the people became at once contented. Mr. Gladstone had declared that there were two roads, coercion and greater local liberties. They had tried the first long enough; let them try the other now.

Mr. O'Brien expressed regret that these resolutions had been introduced. The House had voted last year in favor of Home Rule, but only on condition that the rights of the minority should be protected. It seemed to be assumed in this debate that the people of Ireland were a unit in favor of Home Rule, but there were a million and a half of people in Ireland who would not submit to such a measure as Mr. Gladstone proposed. He referred to the charges against Parnell and other Irish leaders, that they had entered coolly upon a system of assassination, and declared that these resolutions called upon the House to express sympathy with men convicted—for he held they were convicted, as the evidence admitted of no doubt—of using such means as this in furthering their agitations. He denounced the League for sending an emissary to dog, as he said, the footsteps of the Governor-General because he did, in his capacity of Irish landlord, something which the League did not like. He regretted to see also that Archbishop Lynch had sent to a public meeting a letter which in effect incited Irish sympathizers in Canada to insult Her Majesty's representative. The question has been asked of the Government, he believed, whether this emissary of the National League was to be placed under police surveillance. He (O'Brien) could tell him that it was more in the nature of police protection he would require, for if he tried to carry out the programme laid down by the League there were men in every town and village in this country who would convince him that the representatives of Her Majesty was not to be thus treated with impunity.

Mr. Casey said that the last speaker had given a specimen of the fairness and freedom from the bias of those who favored coercion. He had taken certain newspaper statements and upon them held the leaders of the Irish Nationalists to be guilty of the gravest crimes. It was true there were differences between the circumstances of Ireland and those of Canada, but the principle of Home Rule was as good for one as it was for the other, and means should be found to apply it, so as to meet the different circumstances. It was true that the Government of Mr. Gladstone had declined to accept the suggestion of Canada in 1882, but Canadians would be unworthy of their position if they accepted this snub, thereby acknowledging that they had no right even to approach the theme and subject in which they were deeply interested. The statement was made by the members for North Bruce (McNeil) and Muskoka (O'Brien) that the minority in Ireland would not submit to a measure such as that proposed by Mr. Gladstone, plainly making a threat on behalf of that minority of an appeal to arms should such an Act be passed. Such a threat would hardly influence those who believed in Home Rule in their favor.

Mr. Wallace (West York) said he was in favor of a measure of Home Rule, but thought the House was not in a position to express an intelligent opinion on this question of coercion. To pass the original resolutions would be to endorse the policy and actions of Parnell and other Nationalist leaders, and there was now a cloud hanging over them. He found in the London *Times* a letter of fearful import signed "Charles S. Parnell."

Mr. Jones said that the people of Ireland, who were seeking redress in a constitutional way, could not be charged with disloyalty. One-half of the population of Halifax were from the old land, and they were all engaged in the advancement of the welfare of the country although he could look back to a time when such was not the case. When Irishmen left the Old Country and came to Canada they were found to be leading citizens of this country. It was in the interest of the British race that they should see this question speedily settled, and therefore he had much pleasure in supporting the resolution.

Mr. Laurier resumed the debate on Mr. Curran's resolutions against coercion in Ireland and Mr. McNeill's amendment declaring that the House was not in a position to express an opinion upon the question. He said that under ordinary circumstances it would not be necessary for the House to further express its opinion upon Irish affairs, but the circumstances under which Ireland found herself to-day were not ordinary. The mover of the amendment (Mr. McNeill) had directed an able and well-tempered speech to prove that coercion was necessary in Ireland, but he concluded by an amendment to commit the House to the view that it could not express an opinion on this subject for want of information. He thought that Canadians, and especially French Canadians, were a standing proof that Home Rule tended to peace and union instead of to discontent and disunion. After all there were only two ways of governing a people tyranny, or coercion, if they choose so to call it, and freedom. They might govern by tyranny a degraded and inferior race, but they could not so govern a proud and self-respecting people. To suppress crime the proper way was to suppress the temptation to crime. Rebellion did not come without some moving cause. The doctrine had of late been taught in this House that people armed themselves and faced the fearful chances of open revolt out of sheer wantonness, but it was not so. It was said there were demagogues in Ireland who incited the people to discontent. It might be so, but these demagogues would have no power if the people were not laboring under unredressed grievances. It was urged that the great Liberal leaders of England had refused to trust the Irish people and to concede Home Rule. But the Irish people were not the only ones whom even the most advanced men of their time had hesitated to trust. In proof of this he went briefly into the history of French Canadian discontent, showing how their grievances had been set forth, after investigation by Lord Durham, but when the proposal was made to grant a measure of Home Rule to Canada, even so great a Liberal leader as Lord John Russell opposed it on the ground that it would not be safe to trust the people so fully. But when Home Rule was granted discontent disappeared in a very few years, and all would agree with him that no people more loyal to the Crown existed than the French Canadians. What would be the condition of Canada to-day if the old course had been followed of keeping the people in subjection? (Hear, hear.) The condition of the Irish people was the most miserable in Europe. Was there no remedy? There was. It was not coercion, but freedom. Let Britain trust the Irish people as they had trusted the Canadian people and the problem would be solved. In order to make the Government of Ireland strong it was necessary only to make the people free.

Mr. Costigan was the first speaker after recess. He advised Mr. Curran not to accept any amendment to the resolutions unless he were satisfied that it would add to their strength. He denied the statements of crime charged by certain of the speakers against the Irish people. He further defended himself against the charge that he had rendered null the last Home Rule resolutions. Mr. Costigan spoke shortly, but well.

Mr. McCarthy opened by sensibly remarking that the discussion had taken so wide a range that it might be as well to look for a moment at the matter they had to decide upon. He went on to say that he, on this question, could not say that he could voice the sentiments of his constituents because he could not pretend to voice an opinion that had not been delivered. They had pronounced before on the question of Home Rule, but what were they being led to now? They were being asked to pronounce upon a legislative enactment at present before the Imperial Parliament and he, for one, was not prepared to say that they were not going beyond the powers delegated to them if they attempted such an act. He said that the tenantry in Ireland were better off than the tenantry of Canada. It was not for him to say whether Parnell had written that letter in the *Times* or not, but until he took the way open to him to clear his name and sued the alleged libeller, he for one would not vote to send him a copy of the resolution. In conclusion McCarthy moved an amendment to the amendment to the effect that the Canadian Parliament had no business to interfere with legislative matters before the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Davin pointed out that if they did pass Home Rule there would be still the same number of landlords and the same number of tenants, and the tenant who would not pay his rent now would not pay it then.

Scott Act Jottings.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy has given notice of a Bill to amend the Canada Temperance Act. It is believed that the Bill will provide for the sale of wine and beer in Scott Act constituencies.

The Dominion Alliance Legislative Committee recommend that the amendments to the Scott Act refused last session be again applied for, and that a Prohibitory Bill be introduced. This was adopted.

The Scott Act is being vigorously enforced in the county of Lincoln. Six Port Dalhousie hotel-keepers went to St. Catharines on Wednesday and paid $50 each as fines for illegal liquor selling, and complaints have been lodged against about twenty people in Niagara for the same offence.

Prof. Foster explained to the Dominion Alliance yesterday that, while he is individually in favor of prohibition, there is no immediate chance of prohibitory legislation. Such a measure, affecting revenue, must originate with the Government, and the Government is not going to propose a measure which must ensure its own defeat.

An Upheaval at the Falls.

The Suspension Bridge, N.Y., *Journal* says: One of the strangest miracles—if you may call it such—occurred here this winter that seems almost incredible. On a certain day during the month of March, when the ice was coming down the river thick and fast, a high mound of that solid substance accumulated on the very brink of the American Falls, about midway between Prospect Point and Luna Island. The mound usually reaches the height of about twenty feet or more, and it resembles a perfect circus tent. The cause of this formation is owing to the shallowness of the water at this point, and as it has formed in this manner winter after winter as long as the "oldest inhabitant" can remember, nothing unusual was said about it. But since the ice has all disappeared there remains a huge rock on the very brink, sticking out above the rapid waters fully ten feet and probably ten or fifteen below the surface.

Mechanics' Lien Law.

In the Ontario Legislature, Mr. Gibson, of Hamilton, has put through a short Bill amending the Mechanics' Lien Law by making it clear that the wages of a mechanic or workman cannot be garnisheed before the registration of the lien during the statutory period. Some county judges have held that amounts due for wages could be attached in this way, others holding differently. Mr. Gibson's amendment makes the law clear and in favor of the mechanic or workman.

No Carelessness There.

"See here, Harry," said one, as they stood in front of a place on Griswold street, "we are now going in among men of money. If you get a chance just carelessly ask some of them if they don't know of something into which you can drop a few thousand dollars."

"Oh, but it wouldn't do."

"And why not?"

"Why, I'd have my tailor and shoemaker after me on old accounts in less than an hour." *Detroit Free Press*

An Appreciative Husband.

A mourning husband came to see the bust of his dear deceased wife. "Pray study it well," said the sculptor. "It is only clay, and I can alter it." The widower looked at it with most tender interest. "It is her very self!" he exclaimed; "her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "She was so good! Make her nose a little larger!"—*Youth's Companion.*

"Tell your mother, Johnny," said his kind maiden aunt, as she placed a piece of cake in his hand, "that I was very sorry your sister couldn't come." "And what will I say," replied little Johnny, with an air of strategy, "if mamma asks where is sister's piece of cake?"

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Claret color is revived among the reds.

Picot-edged ribbons are the most fashionable for all sorts of trimming.

Roses of a vivid red are being used on the new spring hats, combined with velvet of a shade to match the costumes.

Nearly all the new covert coats being turned out by fashionable tailors are of an invisible olive; the tan-colored ones are out of favor.

Neapolitan violet is one of the most delicate of the new tints, but is becoming only to extreme blondes.

The waists of dresses for young women are almost all made with the effect of a crossed fichu front and the leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Basques are but little worn by young girls.

Colored bengalines are seen on silk counters. Some are plain, some striped, plaited and barred. The colors are very pretty, showing old tapestry shades, while the fabric is repped and very pliant.

To wear with her travelling dress a bride chooses a close-brimmed English round hat either of dark straw, the color of the dress, or with the crown covered with the dress material, a velvet brim, and a group of loops or bows of gros-grain ribbon, with corded or looped edges for its trimming.

A pretty dress recently worn at an artist's studio tea was in two shades of silver-gray. The bodice, train and draperies were of cloud-gray velvet. The front was a softly arranged mass of silver-gray crepe de chine embroidered with silk of the same shade.

One of the handsomest of imported spring hats was brought by the wearer from London. It is of black felt, high crowned and broad brimmed. It is raised slightly on one side and the brim grows narrow in the back. It was faced with tiny coal-black cock's feathers placed as closely as they grow. This is more softly becoming to the face than velvet and infinitely more becoming. The only other trimming was a great group of glossy coal-black ostrich plumes tied with a wide bow of velvet.

A pretty and clever new bracelet for wearing at dances has just been invented. Imagine a gold bangle with three slight gold hoops, which a gold pencil-case fits. This pencil is attached to the bracelet by a slender chain, so that when it is drawn out to mark the ball programme there is no need to restore it to its place; it looks very well hanging. Among new jewels for men are sleeve-links and studs of white enamel set with a tiny but very brilliant diamond in the centre.

Handy Helps and Makeshifts.

When cleaning a stove if a small quantity of sugar be put into the stove-blacking it will not burn off so quickly.

It is claimed that holding a shovelful of hot coals over varnished furniture will take out spots and stains. Rub the place while warm with flannel.

To clean tins, making them look almost as nice as new, wash in hot soapsuds, dip a dampened cloth in fine, sifted coal ashes, scour well, then polish with dry ashes.

It is said that the lustre of old picture frames may be restored by washing the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled (after dusting the frame with a brush), drying quickly with soft rags.

To make calicoes wash well infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water and put the calicoes in while hot and leave them till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent and will not fade by subsequent washings.

To remove paint and putty from window-glass put sufficient saleratus into hot water to make a strong solution, and with this saturate the paint or putty which adheres to the glass. Let it remain until nearly dry, then rub off with a woolen cloth.

To preserve carpets against the ravages of the buffalo moth or carpet worm the following process is recommended: Add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine to three quarts of pure cold water; in this mixture steep a sponge, then squeeze it about two-thirds dry and pass it carefully over each breadth separately and in all the corners. As often as the water becomes soiled take a fresh supply. It will cleanse the carpet, besides acting as a disinfectant and moth destroyer.

Useful Recipes.

Crullers.—Two eggs, a pinch of salt, flour enough to knead hard, roll as thin as a wafer, cut in strips and twist; fry in very hot lard.

Puff Pudding.—One pint of boiling milk and nine tablespoonfuls of flour; mix first with a little cold milk. When cold add a little salt and flour, three well-beaten eggs, and bake in a buttered dish. Serve at once.

Aunt Kitty's Suet Pudding.—One cup of molasses, one cup suet, one cup raisins, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; add flour till very stiff to beat with spoon; put in a steaming pan, or floured bag, and steam constantly for three hours.

Snow Pudding.—One-half box of gelatine dissolved in one pint of water, two cups of sugar, juice of two lemons. Strain when it begins to thicken. Mix in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mould it before serving; pour around it a soft custard made of the yolks.

White Cake.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, beaten to a cream; four cups of flour and half-cup of cornstarch, added alternately with a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, flavored to taste; lastly, the whites of twelve eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Progressing.

Clinton is now assessed at $543,700, a slight increase over last year; population, 2,800.

Te increase in population of Galt for the past year was 323. The population is now 6,637, and the assessment $1,611,600. Increase on the year, $71,950!

A contractor who sweeps and partially cleans the streets of Buffalo has been arrested on a warrant charging him with dumping the garbage and filth in the lake above what is known as the inlet pier, so that it affected all the water drawn from the lake for city purposes, either domestic or public.

SEARCHING THE SEA FOR GOLD.

The Fiction of the Present Less Strange than the Truth of the Past.

"Talking about the stories of treasures sunk at sea, which are now so popular," said a lawyer who has had a large experience with the claimants to foreign estates to a New York *Mail and Express* reporter, "I have on file some facts which largely support the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. One of the most famous cases of this sort occurred as long ago as 1799, and the salvage operations have been continued to almost the present day. Eighty-eight years ago the ship Lutine sailed from Yarmouth Roads, England, on Oct. 9th, for Texel, laden with twenty-two guns, a number of passengers and £140,000 of specie. She struck on the outer bank of Fly Island passage in a violent gale at night, going to pieces and carrying down with her all on board except two. The treasure had been consigned to Hamburg by certain mercantile firms, and the spot where she went down being within the territory of Holland salvage operations were at once begun, the Dutch Government making a condition that two-thirds of the specie found should go to it and the remainder to the finders. After eighteen months £80,000 were recovered, besides some silver; after which the work was abandoned. In 1814 it was resumed, and kept up for seven years, the result being the recovery of a few paltry pieces of silver. In 1822 a company was formed for the purpose of making a further search for the missing money, the Dutch Government advancing the company a sum of money on condition that it should have half of the find. Several thousand pounds were spent in the work, but nothing was recovered. By this time the wreck had become deeply imbedded in the sand and was extremely difficult to reach by the divers. In 1857 the search was again begun by other speculators. After several years of persistent effort over £25,000 were recovered. In 1871 a special Act of Parliament was passed authorizing the Lloyds to continue this work and these contracts with the Dutch Government. But I have not heard that anything more has been recovered. Possibly in years to come a violent storm may shift the bed of sand now covering the old wreck and afford better facilities for the divers.

A parallel case was that of the Thetis, a British frigate, which was wrecked on the coast of Brazil in 1830 with £162,000 of bullion on board. The hull went to pieces, leaving the specie in five or six fathoms of water. For eighteen months the admiral at the Brazil station and the captains and crews of four sloops of war were engaged hunting for the treasure. So great was the danger that four lives were lost. It is known that a good part of the treasure was recovered from the fact that in the disputes and litigation resulting from the find the Court of Admiralty awarded £17,000 and the Privy Council £29,000 with £35,800 for expenses.

Medical all Sorts.

If a person is threatened with fainting, bathe the head with warm, not cold water.

According to statistics, everywhere, in all countries, in all the provinces, in all the cities of Europe, the frequency of divorces and separations de corps is incessantly increasing.

St. Louis has a physician who is not only doctor in medicine, but, what is more singular, writes himself down before the whole world as doctor I. N. Love.

It seems but little better than a vulgar error to consider the termination of advanced life as the inevitable consequence of time, when the immediate cause of death in old persons is generally known to be some well marked disease. (Anthony Carlisle.)

Mr. Beecher was once asked by one of his myriad of correspondents, "How shall I feel when I come to die?" The great preacher replied, characteristically: "You will probably feel stupid," referring to the kindly provision of nature in benumbing the faculties when putting her children to sleep.

The following will interest asthmatics: Dr. Holmes, it is said, has found nothing which did him so much good as this combination of drugs: Stramonium leaves, lobelia, saltpetre and black tea, equal parts by weight. These are powdered, mixed together and then sifted. Some of this is burned on live coals and the smoke inhaled.

Some patients who have suffered for years from that extremely annoying affection, "canker," report that, after using unsuccessfully numberless remedies, they have found that it yielded quickly to teaspoonful doses of the flowers of sulphur. They took it every morning for a week, then omitted it for three days, and again went on until a cure was effected.

There is quite a difference in the quantity of tobacco consumed in the various countries of Europe. Spaniards are the most temperate, there being used by them but little more than one pound per head. Nearly double that quantity is consumed in France, three times as much in Germany, four times as much in Holland, and five times as much in Belgium.

One physician reports that he has found the iodide of potassium combined with cow's milk a very efficient remedy for asthma. He makes a solution of two drachms of the potassium in five ounces of water. One tablespoonful of this to be taken in a cup of milk twice a day. It can be safely tried, and in some cases of that most distressing disease the potassium will be found of exceeding value.

A Double-Action Excuse.

It was a noted old Scotch laird who, when he went to Paris, took his ordinary country clothes to wear. He met a friend.

"What are you going about Paris in those old clothes for?"

"Oh, naebody kens me," said the laird.

Some time afterward they met in the laird's own country town.

"You've got the same old clothes, I see.'

"Oh, weel, everybody kens me."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Western journalism is full of spice and enterprise. Not your ordinary adulterated mustard and pepper, but the genuine article which makes the tears flow and gives you the whooping cough. As for instance: "Owing to the death of the editor there won't be any leader to-morrow, but look out for a ripper the day after."

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read the third time and passed :

To incorporate the Western Fair Association—Mr. Meredith.

To amend the Act incorporating the Sandwich & Windsor Passenger Railway Company—Mr. Balfour.

For the protection of infant children—The Attorney-General.

Mr. Balfour, moving the second reading of the Bill respecting the law of libel, said that while there had been legislation for every other class of the community, there had not been since Confederation any legislation in favor of the press. The Bill asked for no license. They asked only for liberty to discuss public matters fairly. At present lawyers of no repute frequently brought groundless suits for libels against newspapers. It was objected that this Bill would deprive the poor man of the opportunity for redress. But it was not the poor who usually brought these speculative cases, but scoundrels and blackmailers. Newspaper publishers often paid unjust claims to save themselves from being dragged all over the Province to be tried.

Hon. Oliver Mowat said that there might be some difference of opinion as to the details of the Bill. He had no objection to the second reading. The Bill was read a second time and referred to a committee composed of Messrs. Fraser, Hardy, Meredith, Creighton, Stratton, French, O'Connor, Wood (Hastings), E. F. Clarke, Clarke (Wellington), Guthrie, Craig, Gibson (Hamilton), Evanturel, Chisholm and Balfour.

On the motion for the second reading of the Bill to amend the Act relating to the new Parliamentary buildings,

Mr. Fraser stated that the architect's own figures for the cost of the interior work, woodwork, painting, etc., on these buildings were $298,000, this amount being additional to the amount of $750,000 voted for the construction of the buildings themselves, and included all the work not covered by the original contract. The Bill sanctioned the expenditure of the amount named for the above purposes.

The Bill was read a second time and advanced a stage.

The Provincial Secretary's Bill, better to provide for the enforcement of the temperance laws, was recommitted, and on motion of Mr. Gibson (Huron) amended by providing that the County Councils should be entitled to a copy of the receipts and expenditures by the License Board yearly when called on to pay a share thereof.

The Bill to amend the Public Schools Act was read the third time. Hon. G. W. Ross, replying to Mr. Creighton, said that when a Board of Trustees had once adopted the ballot in elections for trustees there was no provision for getting back to the old state of things. So far as he had learned the ballot had worked well.

On the motion for concurrence in the items of expenditure on Government House,

Mr. Marter moved, That, while concurring in this resolution, this House is of opinion that after the present year no further expenditure be incurred by the Province in the maintenance of the Government House. He thought that the salary of $10,000 a year paid by the Dominion Government and the use of the house and grounds were sufficient remuneration for the duties of the office, and that these should not be supplemented by this Province. The average annual amount paid by the Province was $11,000. The duties of the Governor of a State in the Union were far more onerous, and yet only two, the Governors of New York and Pennsylvania, received as much as $10,000 per annum. Mr. Marter then dealt with the details of the expenditure.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) seconded the motion. He thought the expense was unnecessary, the duties of the office being very light. The attempt to keep up in this city a little court mimicking royalty was absurd on the face of it. To attempt to keep up the tawdry tinsel of royalty here was an insult to the intelligence of the people. This opening of the House with a pomp that feebly imitated a Lord Mayor's show was utterly absurd. He had the utmost respect for the Speaker of this House, and he respected him none the less because he had no adornment but his good looks. They had a gentleman there with a sword and a belt, who was supposed to keep order, but he supposed that if any emergency arose he would go out of one door and the Speaker out of the other. He considered it was perfectly absurd for the Lieutenant-Governor to come down in a cocked hat and gold spurs, stumbling over the steps, to give his solemn assent to the Bills passed by the House.

The Attorney-General said that the hon. gentleman's remarks regarding the expenditure in connection with the opening and closing of the Legislature had no bearing on the items under consideration. The cutting off of the expenses of the Lieut.-Governor's house would not reduce the expenses of such opening and closing. As to the objection raised to these expenses of the ceremonies he thought people were rather fond of ceremonies. It was well known that they were frequently willing to pay very large sums in connection with military displays. He did not say the public taste was a good one in this respect, but merely said that it was such as he stated it to be. That the Governor should have a Government house, and that these other expenses should exist, was simply what obtained in all other British colonies and in every one of the States on the other side of the line. He wanted to disabuse the mind of the hon. gentleman of the idea that the Lieut.-Governor's salary was paid to him in addition to the expenses of his office. If the hon. gentleman thought that the Lieut.-Governor simply took his salary of $10,000 and put it in his pocket he was very much mistaken indeed. Far from it. The salary was wholly taken up with the expenses of his office. Without having any special reference to the gentleman who at present held the position of Lieut.-Governor, he would mention that he had had conversations with every Lieut.-Governor the country had had except one, and they had all told him that they had found it necessary in carrying out the duties connected with the office to spend a considerable sum outside the salary. Let nobody imagine, therefore, that the salary was over and above the Governor's expenses. It was only a contribution on the part of the Province towards the expenses necessarily incurred in carrying out the duties of the same. It has been suggested that the Lieutenant-Governorship was a Dominion position, and that the Dominion should bear the expenses. But if they admitted that principle they must admit that the Governors of all the Provinces should be paid by the Dominion, and in that case Ontario would have to pay considerably more than at the present time. It was in the interest of the Province, therefore, that it should pay its own gubernatorial expenses, rather than that they should be paid by the Dominion.

Mr. Fraser moved as an amendment to the amendment that all words after "that" in the original amendment should be stricken out and the following inserted in their stead : "And this House, while granting such sums, trusts that all possible and reasonable economy will be exercised in its expenditure."

Mr. Meredith said he did not intend to support the motion for the abolition of Government House, though New Brunswick, he believed, had abolished its Government House and had found it could get along very well without it. He considered, however, that the office of Lieutenant-Governor was a necessary office, and must be maintained, and he believed in its being maintained in a reasonably respectable manner.

The House divided on Mr. Fraser's amendment to the amendment, with the following result :

YEAS—Messrs. Allan, Awrey, Ballantyne, Biggar, Blezard, Chamberlain, Chisholm, Clancy, Clarke, E. F. (Toronto), Clarke, H. E. (Toronto), Clarke (Wellington), Conmee, Craig, Creighton, Dack, Drury, Evanturel, Ferguson, Field, Fraser, Freeman, French, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Gould, Graham, Guthrie, Hammell, Harcourt, Hardy, Hess, Hilliard, Hudson, Leys, Lyon, McAndrew, McKay, McLaughlin, McMahon, Mack, Master, Meredith, Metcalfe, Monk, Morin, Morgan, Mowat, O'Connor, Pacaud, Pardee, Phelps, Preston, Rayside, Rorke, Ross (Huron), Ross (Middlesex), Smith, Stewart, Stratton, Tooley, Waters, Widdifield, Wilmot, Wood (Brant)—64.

NAYS — Messrs. Armstrong, Balfour, Blyth, Cruess, Fell, Garson, Ingram, Kerns, Lees, Marter, Meacham, Nairn, Ostrom, Snider, Willoughby Wood (Hastings), Wyllie—17.

The item of $1,600 for the Immigration Department was carried by 51 to 36.

The item of $16,900 for general immigration purposes was carried on the same division.

On the item for colonization roads, $109,550, Mr. Marter moved that municipal councils be allowed to control the money voted for this purpose.

Mr. Conmee moved in amendment to the amendment declaring that the House, while concurring in the motion, approves of the policy of the Government in expending yearly a limited sum of money in building Colonization roads in the new and outlying districts in such a way as not only to produce the greatest mileage of roads and at the same time give employment to settlers in constructing such roads.

After remarks by Messrs. Meredith, Awrey and Rorke, Mr. Conmee's amendment to the amendment was carried by 55 to 33.

The House expressed concurrence with the report of the committee.

The supplementary estimates to the amount of $105,063.55 were then brought down.

On the motion for the third reading of the Attorney-General's Bill respecting Separate School debentures, Mr. Meredith moved, seconded by Mr. Creighton, without comment, the resolution moved by him in committee on the preceding evening, being, as he alleged, an explanation of the 121st section of the Public School Act of 1885.

The amendment was lost.

The House went into committee on the Bill respecting the property and income of the University of Toronto, University College and Upper Canada College.

Mr. Meredith asked to have it made clear that the new Upper Canada College building would be within ten miles of the city of Toronto.

Hon. G. W. Ross said it was not the intention to go one mile out of the city, but he had no objection to make the limitation. The intention was to erect the building.

Mr. Meredith referred to the proposed grant of a site to Victoria College, and expressed the fear that it would be a precedent and that similar grants would have to be made for other denominational institutions.

Hon. O. Mowat said that the circumstances of Victoria were peculiar, as it was necessary for the authorities to abandon the site and buildings at Cobourg in order to come here.

Mr. Meredith said that the same argument might be used by Queen's or Trinity in case of their entering into the scheme of federation.

Hon. O. Mowat said there was some force in this argument. He had supposed that what Mr. Meredith was contending for was that this grant would be a precedent for grants to denominational colleges which remained out of federation.

Hon. G. W. Ross said that the maximum cost of the new U. C. College building was $120,000, and of the site $20,000, of the alterations in the University $10,000, and of Convocation Hall $50,000.

The Bill was reported and read a third time.

The following Bills were read a third time :

To unite Toronto Baptist College and Woodstock College under the name of McMaster University.—Mr. Harcourt.

To amend the Act incorporating the Home of the Friendless, of Hamilton.—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

On the motion to read the Bill amending the Municipal Act a third time,

Mr. O'Connor moved its amendment by the insertion of a clause giving township councils power to compel the removal of obstructive dams from streams under their control, the clause, he said, being the same as that which had been obtained in the Drainage Bill, which had been already considered and approved by the House.

The amendment was carried.

Mr. Widdifield moved to amend the Bill by the insertion of a clause reducing the qualifications of Mayors, Reeves, etc., to that of municipal electors.

Mr. Garson would like to see the change proposed, but was afraid the House would not agree to it, and rather then be defeated on so very radical a measure he would prefer trying to get something more moderate. He moved in amendment to the amendment providing that the qualifications for councillors in cities, towns and villages be $400 freehold and $800 leasehold.

Hon. O. Mowat implored the members of the House to make short speeches, in order that this might be the last sitting of the House. (Cheers.)

Mr. E. F. Clarke suggested that Mr. Garson should withdraw his motion for the present, in order that a vote might be taken on Dr. Widdifield's motion. Then if Dr. Widdifield's motion was lost, Mr. Garson could still propose his again.

Mr. Garson withdrew his amendment on that understanding.

The House divided on Dr. Widdifield's amendment making the qualification for mayors and councillors the same as that for electors, which was lost—35 yeas, 55 nays.

The House then divided on Mr. Garson's amendment, which was lost on the following division : Yeas, 36 ; nays, 50.

The Bill was then read the third time and passed.

Mr. Hardy's Bill for the better enforcement of the temperance laws was read the third time and passed.

Hon. O. Mowat rose amid loud applause to move the resolutions favoring Home Rule for Ireland and protesting against the Coercion Bill. He said that he had calculated on being able to move them at an earlier hour. He believed the passing of these resolutions might be of service to the cause of Ireland. Recent events had done a good deal to moderate the antagonism existing between the two races, especially the conversion of Mr Gladstone to the cause of Home Rule. The very fact that Mr. Gladstone had taken up the cause, and had been supported by a great majority of the Liberal party, had done much to allay ill-feeling. Here in Canada we knew the effects of Home Rule. We knew that there would be no prosperity here without Home Rule, and we knew that under it the Irish people lived here in content and happiness. The resolutions had been drawn in such temperate language that it seemed difficult to suppose that any one should oppose them, as it would be a grand thing for Ontario if they were passed unanimously, and they had been drawn with that end in view.

Mr. E. F. Clarke said he did not desire to make political capital out of the discussion. This seemed to be the sole aim and object of the promoters of these resolutions. The Imperial Parliament was now dealing with this difficult subject, and he was entirely opposed to interfering in their deliberations. The recent elections in Great Britain were on the question of Home Rule, and were unfavorable to the cause of Home Rule in Ireland. This Coercion Act was only intended for the lawless, for the assassins, the boycotters, those who maimed cattle and pulled down houses, those who had brought disgrace upon the name of Ireland. Why should the House express disapproval of an Act to repress such crimes ?—and that was all it was meant to do.

Mr. Stratton said that the preceding speaker had no right to impute to the Attorney-General the motive of a mere desire for political gain. The member for Toronto had quoted many opinions against Home Rule, but the opinions he quoted were those of a privileged class. The hon. gentleman had spoken as if this was merely a Catholic question. He forgot that nearly all the great leaders in the Home Rule movement had been Protestants.

Mr. Metcalfe said that it might have been as wise for the Attorney General not to have moved these resolutions. But as they had been moved he must express his views. He had always favored Home Rule for Ireland, believing that it would promote not only the happiness of Ireland but the prosperity of the Empire.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Awrey, French, Evanturel and H. E. Clarke.

At 2.45 Mr. Meredith rose to speak in opposition. It was thought he would move an amendment, but he did not.

Mr. Fraser followed Mr. Meredith, and moved that copies of the resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell. This was agreed to. At 3.30 the House divided, and the resolutions were carried, 59 to 28.

Mr. Fraser called for three cheers for Home Rule, which were given with a tiger.

Mother's Work.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gets the other children their breakfast and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is 'most two, but she can walk and talk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get $3 a week, and father gets $2 a day." "How much does your mother get?" With a bewildered look, the boy said, "Mother, why, she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "O, yes, for us, she does: but there ain't no money in it."

The New York *Tribune* has discovered the great truth that "it is the rarest thing in the world to find a baldheaded man suffering from insomnia." It must be then that they do not permit their minds to dwell upon their wickedness.

—There are scores of perfect loves bonnets on the streets these days. The spectacle makes one think that a rainbow has been chopped into small pieces and scattered over the sidewalks.

—Beggar's Wife—"August, why are you taking off your wooden leg?" Beggar—"Darling, I am only going to strap it on the other foot; one gets tired of hopping about all day long on the same leg."

—Beware the seductive influence of light underclothing.

Sour milk will soon taint cream and make "off" butter.

—Dr. Brown-Sepuard, the celebrated physiologist, says he has discovered that the moment the skin of the neck is cut all sensibility disappears, and that the best means of resuscitating persons asphyxiated by smoke, coal gas or water, is to apply galvanism to the skin of the neck—a method he has successfully employed.

There is a woman in Ohio who eats nothing but pie. Why she chose this form of suicide in preference to "Rough on Rats" was probably because the latter sometimes misses fire.

Bishop Harris, of Michigan, explains that the word "obey" was not dropped from the marriage service by the late Episcopal convention. No clergyman is allowed to omit this vow for the bride when performing the ceremony.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMAYR.

The steamer Northern Light has escaped from the ice jam off Pictou and reached Georgetown.

On Thursday a little child named Meagher fell into a tub of hot water at Renfrew and was scalded to death.

Under the Inter-State Commerce law the Michigan Central Railway cannot charter coaches to excursion parties this summer as in the past.

Mayor Howland interviewed the Minister of Justice yesterday with the object of obtaining amendments to the Sunday Observance Law to make it more stringent.

Mr. J. D. Munro, of the firm of Munro & Stevens, quarrymen, of Wallace, dropped dead in the Rankin Hotel, Charlottetown, N. S., while awaiting breakfast yesterday morning.

A human arm was found by some children yesterday among a lot of rubbish at the foot of Carling street, London. The coroner ordered its burial, as it had probably come from the Western University dissecting room.

As the St. Clair branch express, due at St. Thomas at 10.15 yesterday morning, was passing Brigden, Engineer Truman discovered ahead of him a child under 3 years of age. In a moment he reversed the engine and brought the train to a standstill a few feet from the child. The mother, the wife of a section man, as the train stopped, rushed frantically across the track. Had the train not stopped she would have been killed with the child.

The London bakers raised the price of bread to-day from five to six cents per loaf.

Wm. C. Stinson, husband of the woman who was found dead Thursday morning at her residence, Dundas street, London West, has been arrested on suspicion of having caused his wife's death.

Yesterday evening the river at Montreal commenced rising, and was expected to increase during the night. No change has occurred in the inundated district, where the only means of communication is by boats. It is feared that dangerous floods will follow the moving of the ice above Lachine, which is still solid.

Mrs. Edward Bawder, of No. 537 Hamilton Road, London, was aroused about 2 o'clock on Saturday morning by the crying of a child, and going to the door discovered a baby on the doorstep. The waif, which was about two months old, was wrapped in a shawl, while a feeding bottle and bundle of clothes neatly wrapped up lay on the steps beside the little one. So far there is no clue to the parentage of the child.

Furlong's mill at Fermoy, nineteen miles north of Cork, were destroyed by fire yesterday. The loss is $400,000.

The Czar has abandoned his intention of staying several weeks in St. Petersburg and has returned to Gatschina. This alteration of the Czar's plans is said to have been made in consequence of additional arrests made on Easter Sunday on the Newsky prospect of several persons in addition to those before reported arrested, all of whom, it was ascertained, had taken positions along that thoroughfare for the purpose of making a fresh attempt on the Czar's life. These arrests were made quietly in order to avoid alarm.

The Colonial Conference met again in London yesterday, with Sir Sidney Holland presiding. The War Office officials were present. Mr. Stanhope told the Conference what had been done and what still remained to be done with respect to the defence of the different coaling stations, specifying the works and armaments, and the proportion of expense borne in each case by the Imperial and the Colonial Governments respectively. A further discussion arose on the King George's Sound and Torres Straits, and a statement was made by different delegates with reference to defensive expenditures incurred by their respective colonies.

The Swiss National Council has voted 450,000f. towards the construction of the Simplon tunnel.

A disastrous fire has occurred at Arnaut-keui, Asia Minor. Five hundred houses were burned, and many persons lost their lives.

Congo advices say that the Stanley expedition passed Boma, on the Congo River, on April 20th, and that all the members of the party were well.

Advices from Allahabad say Mahomed Shah, whom the Ghilzais have proclaimed Ameer, is summoning refugees from India, and that rumors are current that a great coalition of Ghilzais is being formed.

The Colonial delegates went on Saturday to the Earl of Onslow's county seat at Guildford. They were afterwards taken to the old country house, where they were shown historical relics which created the deepest interest.

John Bright, advocating a continuance of free trade in England, has written a letter in which he says that the reason other nations maintain high tariff is that those who are protected are an organized army, while the consumers are merely a mob. The United States, under a system of protection, are burdened with a large surplus revenue, yet refuse to lessen duties, thus promoting a system of corruption unequalled in any other country.

Little news has come to light regarding the extraordinary affair on the Franco-German frontier. The official notification in the Berlin press that the arrest of M. Schnaebeles is final seems to indicate that the German Government will not repudiate the act of its police. The most probable explanation at hand is that, suspecting M. Schnaebeles to be conspiring against German interests, the German police issued a warrant for his arrest and placed it in the hands of the frontier patrol. The latter, like all police, desired to distinguish themselves by an immediate capture, and resorted to unscrupulous measures to accomplish it. The matter may become a prolonged question of evidence, attended with much irritation, and possibly the worst will ensue.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire iron manufacturer, was married last night to Miss Whitfield, daughter of the late John Whitfield, at the bride's residence in New York city.

It is asserted in Chicago that the three Socialistic organizations of the United States are about to coalesce. The three, it is said, will join forces and form one body, with a general executive board, and as a unit will take part in all political fights, municipal, State and national.

A sensation was caused on Wisconsin street, near Bridge, Milwaukee, yesterday afternoon by the violent explosion of a bomb, which is supposed to have been thrown from a street car. Fragments of the bomb, which was cased with copper, were blown in all directions.

The Inter-State Commission has suspended the long and short-haul clause in the case of trans-continental lines for 75 days.

A gloom was cast over Philadelphia society yesterday by the news that Miss Annie C. Lesley had been accidentally shot and instantly killed at the house of a friend whom she was visiting in Brooklyn.

W. A. Stinson, a large cattleman, and two of his employees have been murdered by Comanche Indians in Green county, Texas. A large portion of the tribe have taken the warpath, and a general outbreak is expected.

During a thunderstorm which passed over Sumter county, S.C., on Friday, a house in which six people were living was struck by lightning. Two boys named Harbin were prostrated and shortly afterwards died. Four other persons in the house were not affected by the stroke.

The brutal assailant of Jennie Bowman, the white domestic who was so horribly and fatally beaten by a burglar at Louisville, Ky., in broad daylight, last Thursday, has been captured. The miscreant is a burly, black negro named Albert Turner. He said he had gone to the house for the purpose of robbery, and had ransacked several rooms when Miss Bowman came in. The girl seized him, and he could not get away from her until he struck her on the head.

Mr. Guilfoyle, a wealthy contractor of Carmansville, N. Y., left his home on 10th avenue at 1 o'clock on Friday afternoon to collect money with which to pay his hands. Just after sundown he was brought back unconscious and died an hour later. He stated while conscious before death that he had been drugged. An autopsy on the body was held yesterday, when it was found that he had not been drugged and that death was due to heart disease.

On Thursday there arrived at the Western Hotel, Detroit, a tall, slim man, accompanied by his wife and three children. He registered as "Michael Sheehan and family, Simcoe, Ont." Late that afternoon he told his wife he had business of importance to transact at Windsor and would return soon. He left the hotel and has not since been seen. He had about $200 in his possession when he left his wife and children. The faithful wife waited until last evening before making any stir to find her missing husband and then notified the police.

Fact and Science.

Piles have been successfully driven by dynamite at Pesth.

As many as 100 quakings of the earth a day have been registered in New Zealand.

The lowest average temperature known in the world is observed at Werknojanck, Siberia. For 1885 it was 1° Fahrenheit. For January of that year it was 56° below, and the maximum coldness was 90° below.

Ten cables across the Atlantic ocean are now in active operation, and two have been abandoned. The Anglo-American (Field) Company has four cables, Western Union (Gould lines), two; Direct lines, one; Franco-American, one; Commercial (Mackay-Bennett), two. Owing to competition a message may be sent to England at 12½ cents a word, while it costs from $2 to $4 a word to South America, from $1 to $1.80 from England to India, from $2.05 to $2.45 from England to China, and $1 90 to $2.25 from England to South Africa. There are now in operation throughout the world about 100,000 miles of submarine cables, representing a total capital of $175,000,000.

"A new method of burning gas, and one which promises to cause a small revolution in gas apparatus, has lately been exhibited in London," says "Chambers' Journal." "This is an incandescent burner, invented by Dr. Auer von Welsbach. It consists of a so-called 'mantle' of muslin, which has been impregnated with certain incombustible oxides produced from the rare metals zirconium and lanthanum. This cap or mantle is supported by a platinum wire in the flame of a Bunsen burner, with the result that the delicate incombustible network is brought to a white heat. The flame gives out an intensely white light, which is perfectly steady and of high value; for a light of 20 candles is obtained from burning only 2½ feet of gas per hour."

A Scare in the New Tunnel.

Work on the G. T. R. tunnel at Sarnia was temporarily stopped this week. It appears that while the men were at work the other day a vein of water and an air pocket was struck. For a few minutes the escaping air made considerable noise and the water bubbled up with some force. The men became frightened and made a rush for the shaft and were pulled up. A later investigation proved that the vein of water was nothing but a spring in the bottom of the tunnel, something that had been looked for since operations were commenced. Up to this time the earth had been perfectly dry.

—A young man was strolling along Tremont row, Boston, the other day about the time for the daily prayer meeting in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a member of the association stood without the door inviting passers by to go in and worship. As the young man sauntered by the Y. M. C. A. man tapped him upon the shoulder and said : "Step right upstairs, my friend, you will find a cordial welcome." "No, you don't, yer can't play any of yer confidence games on me. I've hearn tell too much about you fellers to be caught before bein' in the city two hours."

Ella Wheeler says that "the world has outlived all its passion." She can cure herself of this error by planting the heel of her shoe on a nervous man's corn.

—"Big trees,' says the *Monetary Times*, "are grown in Essex County. One of buttonwood was teamed from Essex to Windsor the other day, which weighed 92,000 pounds or forty-six tons. The load was drawn by a single team on a pairo' common trucks."

Mr. Carpmael is at present in Ottawa for the purpose of obtaining certain improvements for the Toronto Observatory.

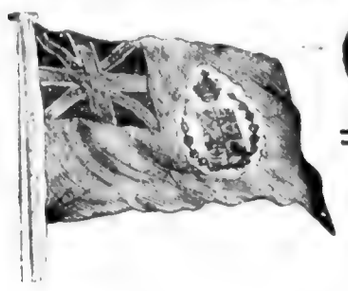

GREATEST BARGAINS

YOU EVER HEARD OF!

—Will be Offered by—

J. G. ANDERSON

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS!

The Goods must be all Sold by the 15th of May, and in order to do this the prices will be Cut Still Lower than Before! No use quoting prices, come in and we will astonish you. No trouble to show goods.

J. G. ANDERSON. — — — *Wright's Old Stand.*

For the Baptist Weekly

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

BY REV. T. WATSON.

From homes and hearts now blasted,
From countless thousands slain,
There comes a cry of anguish,
Of sore distress and pain,
Through alcoholic poisons,
In tempting mixtures sold.
More harm is wrought amongst us
Than ever hath been told.

From many a sunless hoved
From many a garret bare
Ascends the wail of mortals
Who languish in despair,
Strong drink has wrecked the husband,
The father's love hath slain,
Of joy, and hope, and comfort
No vestige doth remain.

And shall their cry of anguish
To us ascend in vain?
Shall we do nought to help them,
Break the accursed chain?
We who have learned of Jesus
For all mankind to feel,
Shall we not make some effort
This social wound to heal?

Oh, ye who plead for justice,
And ye who preach God's word,
In heaven's high name we charge you,
Let all the truth be heard.
Unmask the soul-stained system,
Your ablest prayers apply
Till all the nations echo
The prohibition cry

Till like Sennacherib's army,
Slain by that awful blast,
Strong drink, with all its evils,
Is reckoned with the past.
Till those who now are mourning
Through drear and dismal days,
Shall sing aloud in triumph
The Lord Jehovah's praise

Flesherton, Ont.

W. C. T. U.

The Times correspondent, telegraphing from Tangier, March 13th, says:—To-day, after an artillery salute, a letter from the Sultan was read in the Mosques forbidding the sale or purchase of intoxicants. A few hours later, two soldiers found smoking keifs, were put in irons and imprisoned, others were arrested and some soundly beaten. The State tobacco monopoly has been abolished, the Moorish snuff and tobacco shops have been closed and large quantities of kief were solemnly burnt in the market place to day. At the instigation of the authorities, processions of snuff stained kerchiefs fixed on poles paraded the town hooting the unclean thing, and applauded Sultan's decree. Some Moors are to be stripped fastened on donkeys, and flogged through the streets of Tangier for smoking in defiance of the Sultan's order. Some are dissatisfied and think only the poor are punished for smoking.

"IT'LL MAKE YOU WORK."

Those who indulge in the use of intoxicants sometimes apologize for their drinking by asserting that it helps them to do their work, the following dialogue is a good answer to the assertion:

"I drink to make me work" said a young man, to which an old man replied, "that's right; thee drink and it will make thee work; hearken to me a moment and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer, I had a good loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a good home and lived happy, but we used to drink to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards graves, my wife died broken hearted and lies by her sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now be an independent gentleman; but I drank to make me work, I am obliged to work now for my daily bread. Yes drink, drink, and it will make you work."

STRUCK WITH A CRUTCH.

An Hospital Patient's Assault upon Rev. Thos. Cullen.

Toronto World.

Rev. Thomas Cullen, of the Dundas-street Methodist church, formerly of Artemesia, was the victim of a brutal and unexpected assault upon a recent visit to the general hospital. The affair took place on April 18, a week ago last Monday, and only leaked out yesterday. His assailant was a man named John Langford, whose widowed mother resides at 244 Church-street. The story of the assault is given substantially in the clergyman's own words, in an interview last night with The World at his residence, 130 Shaw-street.

"Late on Saturday afternoon, April 16, a message was received at my house from Mrs. Langford, requesting me to visit her son at the hospital. I was not at home when the message was delivered, and was not able to accede to her wishes till the following Monday afternoon.

"Upon reaching the hospital I was informed by the janitor that Langford was in ward 15, in the east wing, whither I proceeded. I have no recollection of seeing the man, and when I entered the ward I asked one of the patients where he was. A young man who was standing at a window was pointed out as Langford. I asked him if this was his name, but he made no answer for a moment, and then he demanded to know what had brought me there. I explained in a pleasant tone that I understood he was poorly and I had therefore come to see him. His reply was a vicious oath. Recognising that he was not in a fit condition to converse, I walked away in the direction of the door, but had only taken a few steps when I heard someone exclaim loudly, "run!" I looked up, and at the same time a blow descended upon the back of my head.

"Although terribly dazed, I retained consciousness, managing to make my way out of the room. The sensation was as if life were going out. I had no idea of protecting myself. I afterwards ascertained that the blow was administered with a crutch and upon my departure from the ward that my assailant attacked the other patients, two of whom were painfully assaulted. One managed to escape to an adjoining bath room, while another secreted himself under one of the beds."

After getting out of the ward the clergyman descended to the ground floor where the attendants discovered his condition. Everything was done to alleviate his pain. The wound, which was deep and a half an inch in length, was stitched

Mr. Cullen then went back to the scene of the attack, being desirous, as he said, of learning the assault which had been made upon him by the patient. He subsequently returned home and has been confined to the house ever since. His attending physicians stated that the reverend gentleman had had a narrow escape.

Langford is a man of about 31 years of age and from the long use of alcohol, chloral and opium has lost, to a certain extent, his reasoning powers. He was placed in the hospital for treatment, and his violent conduct upon this occasion is doubtless due to his unbalanced mental condition. That he himself feared such a denouement as followed the clergyman's visit is evidenced by his request to the hospital authorities upon his entrance to put him under restraint. The World cannot say if this was done, but he certainly was not under restraint at the time of Mr. Cullen's visit.

The World inquired about the matter at the hospital last night, but the attending physicians were reticent. They stated that the affair was private, was not as represented, and was not worthy of publicity.

The Open Division.

A large audience assembled in the Son's of Temperance hall here last night, on the occasion of the regular monthly Open Division of that flourishing society. Mr. J. E. Moore, W. P., occupied the chair. The program gave general satisfaction. Miss Fraine, the gifted elocutionist, very kindly gave several recitations which were enthusiastically applauded. The opening prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. T. Watson, was a most beautiful and expressive one—a fitting prelude to the exercises which followed. Rev. Mr. Ayers moved and Mr. W. Richardson seconded a vote of thanks to Miss Fraine, which was unanimously carried

We might add that the Charade passed off very nicely. Miss Christoe and the Misses Beecroft made very happy vocal and instrumental selections, which were well rendered. Short addresses were given by Messrs. Irwin, Ayers and Christoe. Those who took part in the Charade were Misses B. Christoe, M. Beecroft, K. Bellamy and E. Fawcett and Messrs. J. G. Anderson and A. R. Fawcett.

Our Member.

In speaking to a gentleman from Toronto the other day about our member, Mr. Joseph Rorke, he said of him that he was much respected in the House, and was an excellent man on committees. His remarks were listened to on both sides with respect. Mr. Rorke he said seemed to be perfectly at home and had conducted three private bills through the House. —[Thornbury Standard.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Siniloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

Gravel Roads.

The Gravel Roads in the County of Grey did service for us when there were no railways, and the Gravel Roads, as an institution, is one the County Council must not ignore. Their usefullness is not gone. It is the duty of the County Council yet to protect them. We will speak of these roads in a future issue.—[Thornbury Standard.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

BEGIN YOUR GRUEL.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W. M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

MAIL CONTRACT!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 27th May, 1887, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week each way, between Dundalk and Maple Valley from the 1st July, next.

The conveyance to be made in a vehicle or otherwise via., Badjeros and Shrigley. The Mails to leave Maple Valley every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 5 a.m., and travelling via., Badjeros and Shrigley, arrive at Dundalk at 11:10 a.m., or in time to connect with the Mail train passing North. To leave Dundalk as soon as possible after exchange of Mails and arrive at Maple Valley within three hours and ten minutes afterwards

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Dundalk, Maple Valley, Badjeros and Shrigley.

DANIEL SPRY,
Post-Office Inspector.

Post-Office Inspector's Office, Barrie, April 18th, 1887.

THE ROADSTER STALLION.

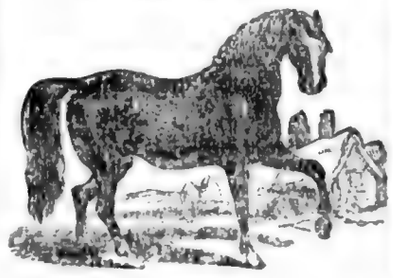

BILLY V.!

Will leave his own stable in Flesherton, on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1887, at 12 o'clock noon, and proceed to Linley's hotel, Maxwell, where he will remain over night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to Jonathan Irish's, Wareham, for noon, thence to Johnston's hotel, Dundalk, where he will remain till Thursday morning.

THURSDAY, will return to Flesherton for the night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, for noon, and return to his own stable for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, and return to his own stable in Flesherton, where he will remain till the following Monday.

The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

Description and Pedigree:

BILLY V., foaled June 18th, 1883, is a dark dappled bay, stands 15 hands 3 in., weighs 1150 pounds, and for bone, muscle, style and action, cannot be surpassed, was sired by Clear Grit jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger.

TERMS:

To insure a foal $10.00, payable March 1st, 1888. Season mares $8.00, payable last round of horse, or not later than July 12th, 1887, if not then paid said mares will be charged as insured mares. Single leap $6.00, payable at time of service. All mares not returned regularly to horse will be charged as insured mares. All accidents to mares at risk of owners. Owners trying their mares to said horse and knowing them to be afflicted with any contagious disease, will be liable in damages. Groom's Fee 25 cents.

A. S. VANDUSEN, Owner. GEO. GLASSFORD, Groom.

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE — DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE — INSTANT RELIEF FOR ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS — BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE — SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00 — ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

TAMARAC — ELIXIR — NATURE'S REMEDY. FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS. INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

PUBLIC NOTICE!!

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye all men that I, W. S. CHRISTOE, the Druggist of Flesherton, have the agency for JOHNSON'S celebrated TONIC BITTERS and NERVINE, JOHNSON'S little Pink Tonic Liver Pills and the ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

—THE—

TONIC BITTERS

are confidently recommended as the VERY BEST in the market for Nervousness, Hysteria, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Complaints common to the female sex. PALENESS of complexion and for diseases caused by poverty of blood. In conjunction with the Tonic JOHNSON'S Little Liver Pills are the very best for liver complaint and general desarrangements of the stomach. The All Healing White Ointment is the very best for skin diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Chilblains, &c., &c.

You have only to try these great remedies to be satisfied. Sold by

W. S. CHRISTOE,
The Druggist, Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S.
DENTIST.

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Con and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN
At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE.
Flesherton.

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at owest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

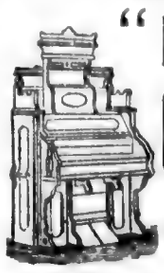

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Wm Mitchell Library

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 308. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, MAY 12, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

W. A. BROWN,

—THE—

PEOPLE'S JEWELLER,

Keeps the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Wedding Rings, Spex, etc., between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden Watches, my own name on, accurately timed, 2 and 3 years warrants, $8.50 to $28.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto Cases. 2 to 5 oz. ¼ Waltham, P. S. Bartlett's, Jas. coin case, $17.50; Ellery's, $14.50; lower grades, $8.00, to $18.00; Elgins if preferred. Ladies 10 & 14 k. Watches, and Gent's 10 & 14 k. filled cases always in stock. It is safe to buy Watches from me because I do business for myself, in my own name, and can be held to my warrants. 84 Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ansonia Clocks now in stock, bought close.

They will be sold below the "Terrible Bargains," prices at least 15 per cent.

It is easy to come down when goods are away up. I don't do a catch business.

Straight dealing ensures success.

I shall stay on that line. Small profits, modest prices. I secure patronage through low prices. Assortment Complete. Send for quotations. *If I do not save you money I will make other Jewellers take cost.* 18 years at the trade.

SPECIALTIES:

Watch Repairing, Fitting Spex.

Address Box 5, MARKDALE, ONT.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,

FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Go to Keefer's for fresh Biscuits, Figs and Dates.

Go to Grier's for Paints, Oils, and Hardware.

A couple of village canines worried a fine lamb belonging to Mr. Bentham last week.

All new and fashionable goods at E. J. Grier's. E. J. Grier always pays the highest prices for Butter and Eggs.

Squire Armstrong has been visiting friends in Toronto and Hamilton during the past week.

Mr. Geo. Saul paid Flesherton a brief visit last week, returning to Toronto on Monday evening last.

If you want first-class Flour, Bran or Shorts, try Geo. Keefer. All orders promptly filled and delivered.

E. J. Grier is selling Tweeds, all wool, for 35c. per yd. See them and you will be astonished at the low price.

Fishing for suckers in Flesher's pond is a favorite pastime of Flesherton boys—and some adults!

We had a pleasant call from our old friend, Mr. Dean Carscaden, of Thornbury last Friday. He looked well.

It will pay you to come 20 miles to secure some of the terrible bargains that are going at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Come at once. 2t.

You can always rely on straightforward dealing at E. J. Grier's.

The only place to get your watch repaired properly, is at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. 2 t.

Remember that E. J. Grier has about 500 patterns of Wall Paper and Bordering at rock bottom prices.

Mr. Campbell, Inspector of Public Schools for South Grey visited the Flesherton schools on Monday. He reported things flourishing.

Master Josiah Strain left for Uncle Sam's country last week, carrying with him the best wishes of a large circle of friends here.

It will pay you to come 20 miles to secure some of the terrible bargains that are going at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Come at once. 2t.

Rev. Mr. Ayers preached a masterly sermon on "Forgiveness" in the Methodist church here on Sunday evening last. It was one of the best ever delivered by him in Flesherton.

Service was held in the Presbyterian church here last Sunday evening as well as the afternoon. Every other Sabbath evening in future there will be service in that church.

The Shelburne Free Press was twelve years old week before last. Its a grand paper and under the skillful management of Bro. Mortimer its success has been almost phenomenal. Success!

Cash buyers will consult their interest by pricing goods at E. J. Grier's before purchasing elsewhere.

THIRTY DAYS!

POSITIVELY

FOR

30 Days Only

—THAT THE—

Great Slaughter!

Of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex, etc., at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton, will continue.

Russell has just returned from the city, where he has secured some bargains never before known in this section of country—in fact it is impossible to compete with Russell.—All his goods are marked in PLAIN FIGURES, at very low prices and, for the next thirty days only, he is actually going to give 25 per cent. off on all cash sales over $1. Just imagine the finest grade of American Nickel Alarm Clocks at only $2, sold everywhere at $2.50 and $2.75. The finest grade of Plated Chains, beautiful patterns, for $1.60, sold everywhere at 2.25 and 2.50; the finest make of Clocks, beautiful Walnut Cases, from $2.75 up to $8.50, sold everywhere from 3.50 to 10.00. We are not making enough on these goods to pay your mileage or meals, neither will we give you a meal TO CATCH YOUR CUSTOM, but offer you *finer goods at a little over half what you can get them for elsewhere!* The finest make of Solid Silver Swiss Watches from $6.90 up; and the genuine American Watches from $9.50 up, bearing Warrants from 2½ to 5 years. We keep only the genuine goods, which bear long warrants. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!—FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY!—As we must clear them out before the arrival of our Summer stock at that date.

In REPAIRING, everyone knows that Russell's work always gives satisfaction and his work has already given him the name of the boss watchmaker and jeweller in this section. DON'T FAIL TO CALL within the next 30 days and secure some of the GREAT BARGAINS NOW OFFERING.

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

The | Last | Chance!

TIME NEARLY UP!

DON'T FAIL to call at once and secure some of these Terrible Bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spex &c. 25 per cent. off on all sales of $1 00. Come at once. Do not leave it another day or you will be the loser, as we cannot afford to continue this Great Slaughter at

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

E. J. Grier is selling Gents' Suits, all wool, for $5.

The only place to get your watch repaired properly is at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. 2t.

We forgot to mention last week that little Robbie Smith gave a humorous song at the Sons of Temperance Open Division, which was received with great applause.

The cattle fair here on Monday last was poorly attended and very few sales were made. April, May and June are rather poor months for such fairs anyway.

The Mortgage sale of property in Flesherton was held on Thursday last as advertised. The properties enumerated were knocked down to our esteemed postmaster, Mr. R. J. Sproule.

If people look to their own interests they always take their Watch, Clock, and Jewelry repairs to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. A perfect job every time. 2t.

District meeting and Sabbath School convention, of the Methodist Church, will be held in Flesherton on Tuesday and Wednesday next, May 17th and 18th. The program will be found published in full elsewhere in these columns.

Mr. W. H. Elder, and family returned home to Flesherton on Friday evening last from California. They were met at the railway station by the Band and a number of citizens and welcomed home in right hearty style.

From the Hillsview (Dakota) Democrat we clip the following:—"Mr. Park of Toronto, Canada, a brother of our worthy townsman, J. M. Park, arrived here yesterday (April 22nd) and will locate with us." Mr. Park, the gentleman alluded to above, is a brother of our genial mail carrier.

Another consignment of Prints of the newest patterns arrived at E. J. Grier's.

A man from Parry Sound district recently came all the way (by land, too) to Grey County in order to be treated for some tedious disease, requiring surgical operations, by Dr. Armstrong. His confidence in the latter, whom he had known for some years, was unbounded.

Every lady should see the immense stock of Hats at E. J. Grier's, Priceville.

Mr. C. W. Chadwick, of Stratford—formerly of Artemesia—has been in Flesherton and neighborhood for some time advancing the interests of the "Temperance and General Life assurance Co.," of Toronto, of which he fills the very important position of Inspector. There are two sections, or classes, of life insurance in this company, namely, *Total Abstaining* and *General*. The vital statistics are largely in favor of the first named section, which, outside of the insurance aspect of the case, places a strong argument in the hands of Temperance reformers.

An immense stock of Rubber Coats at E. J. Grier's, which cannot be undersold.

There is a great rush to E. J. Grier's store for Window Blinds and Curtains.

Mr. Geo. H. Candler, of Toronto, is writing a novel for the Meaford Monitor, entitled, "By the Sweat of His Brow." The first instalment was published last week and gives evidence of considerable ability on the part of the young author.

The Band played on the streets last Saturday evening and the universal opinion of the citizens who were promenading at the time, was that they have never played better. The whole formed an animated scene not soon to be forgotten, and the moon shining in all its splendor suggested walks down by the Boyne bridge and—so forth.

E. J. Grier's Boots & Shoes cannot be surpassed for style and cheapness.

M. Richardson & Co. have at length completed arrangements for importing Teas direct from Japan. Their first shipment direct from Yokahama to Flesherton will arrive about the first of September and will be the product of this month's (May) pickings. This Tea will be put up to their order under their own brand and guaranteed pure.

Major Sutherland, so well-known and highly respected in this neighborhood, has gone to Bronson, Branch Co., Mich., U. S. His many friends throughout Ontario will be glad to know that he is as zealous and energetic as ever in the evangelistic work he has mapped out for himself in the great cause of the Master. Their prayers and sympathies go out after him.

Advance readers can not fail to notice the Flesherton Carriage Works announcement on our last page this week. Mr. W. A. Milburn, proprietor of this popular establishment—located near the planing factory—has been three years in business here and has succeeded in working up an extensive trade. The work turned out of this establishment is in every respect first-class.

If you purpose going on a trout fishing expedition and want fishing tackle or anything under the sun in that line, we do not know of a place in the county of Grey where you can be better supplied than at Richardsons Drug Store, Flesherton. Mr. Wm. Richardson, who is a connoiseur in all matters of this kind, will be pleased to show you the very best lot of fisher's sundries we ever saw in our life.

Flesherton can now boast a first-class barber of its own, viz., Mr. W. J. A. Smyth, late of Walkerton. He has opened out a very tasty shop, opposite Munshaw's Hotel and has done a good paying business since he came. This is an excellent centre for his business, and as Mr. Smyth is really an A 1 barber he will soon have a rattling trade. He will visit Priceville every Friday and attend to the wants of customers in that village and neighborhood.

Do not miss getting 5 lbs of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at E. J. Grier's. Big Dan says it is the best value in town.

His Second Wife.

In silence she raises
  Her low drooping head
To list while he praises
  The wife who is dead;
And ever he echoes the old refrain,
  "Oh! that was life
  With such a wife,
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"

She never was idle,
  She never would tire;
Her temper could bridle,
  Her servants inspire.
And ever her virtues he sang again:
  "No one could be
  Like her to me,
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"

She never spent money,
  Was ever content;
To have a new bonnet
  Would never consent;
Yet summer or winter, or shine or rain,
  Would never stay
  From church away,
His Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!

Was never too early,
  Was never too late;
Her dinner was ready,
  Or ready to wait.
But, ah! he never should see again
  With mortal eyes
  Such peerless pies—
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane

Could sew on his buttons,
  Darn, back-stitch and hem,
Each button a picture,
  Each darn was a gem,
A vision of beauty, a pearl without stain!
  When she was there
  His woes to share,
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!

In silence she listens,
  Till sudden their lies
An ember that glistens
  Deep down in her eyes.
"To praise her yet farther to me is vain.
  No one," quoth she,
  "Regrets like me
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"

Press On.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
  Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
  He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! Let thy might
  Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night,
  Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once and twice thy feet
  Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
  Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
  While on their breast who never quail
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
  Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
  To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts—
  Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
  Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
  From frailty spring—Press on! press on!

Therefore press on! and reach the goal,
  And gain the prize, and wear the crown!
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
  Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
  Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil,
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
  A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

BAYARD TAYLOR

Canon McColl's Experience in Ireland.

Rev. Malcolm McColl, rector of St. George's, London, and Canon of Ripon, speaking at Nantwich on Home Rule, said he was interested in some Irish property, on which the "plan of campaign" had been put into force. (Laughter.) He was not going to denounce or to defend the plan, but he would tell them what happened in his own case. He allowed an agent to manage that property, and a short time ago six of the proper tenants offered the agent 50 per cent. of the rent, but the agent refused to accept it. The agent would have had recourse to eviction, but he could not do that without his (the speaker's) consent, and he had the agent before him and questioned him. He found out that the tenants had been on the farms for twenty-five years; that it was originally bog land, and their rent was 6d per acre, and that for the past ten years the rent charged had been £1 per acre. The last question he put to the agent was this: Supposing the landlord had paid the tenants as laborers to till the land, what would be the worth of that land now? The agent replied, 7s per acre. Then, says he, it seems you have been robbing the tenants of 13s per acre for ten years. He held that it was complete robbery, and no sooner had he made the reduction than the tenants immediately retired from the "plan of campaign," paid their rents, and there were peace and harmony on that property now. (Cheers.) He put these facts before a very prominent Liberal-Unionist, with the question. Did he do right or wrong? and the answer he received was that he did right. (Cheers.)

Woman Suffrage Out West.

Kansas citizen (profanely)—"Why, in the name of all the high-priced corner lots of this great city, isn't dinner ready?" Wife—"Don't get impatient, dear; Bridget will be back presently." Kansas citizen "Has she gone out?" Wife—"Yes, she has gone out to vote."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Where Curiosity is Unknown.

A police magistrate has refused to believe that a man can live next door to a saloon and never enter it. Why, men have been known to live next door to a church and never enter it.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The Queen has arrived at Windsor Castle from the continent.

There are more schools in France than in any other country in Europe.

The biography of the late Mr. Darwin by his son is to be in three large volumes, and it will be published in a few weeks.

"Gentlemen of the jury," once said an old time Judge in Mobile. "The lawyers have been here two whole days discussing the constitutionality of the law under which this suit was brought. You have nothing to do with that. All you have to ascertain is whether the man got the money. If he did he ought to pay it. Take the case."—*American.*

In the new residences at Montreal of Sir Geo. Stephen, Sir Donald A. Smith, R. R. Angus and others, wires for using the incandescent electric light were placed. A company has been organized with a capital stock of about $100,000, and all the capital stock practically taken by these gentlemen. Mr. W. C. VanHorne and others proposed to use the Edison system. Engine stations will be built at various points, and private houses supplied as well as banks, large business houses, factories, etc. The system will be in operation by autumn.

LOVE AND LUCRE:

A Tale of To-day.

(By J. H. Williams, the Funny Man of the Norristown Herald.)

Tom Hurley, usually as bright and jolly as a funeral director's assistant, entered a friend's office looking as haggard and melancholy as if he had just witnessed the initial performance of a new American comic opera.

"The newspapers," he said, in a lugubrious tone, in reply to his friend's questioning look, "have wrecked my happiness, and I'll soon be a weary wanderer upon the face of the earth. If there is an expedition fitting out to go in search of the North Pole I want to join it, and starve and freeze to death a few degrees farther north than any other reckless explorer has ever reached. That would be less painful than to remain in this part of the country. I would achieve fame, too, and have my name put under a caricature of a face in hundreds of newspapers. Here cowhidings and disgrace await me."

Another look, bristling with interrogation points, impelled him to proceed:

"It is a queer story, but is founded on facts. I was never very fond of work, you know, and about a year ago I resolved to marry a fortune. Not being an impecunious English lord, nor an Italian count with a name much longer than his purse, I fully realized that the fulfilment of this resolution was no easy task. I am simply an American, with an average amount of brains, and a respectable but rather plebeian name, and an American heiress doesn't look favorably upon such a suitor, unless he should happen to be employed as her father's coachman. While wondering how I should achieve my object all sublime, I encountered this paragraph in a daily paper:

"Miss Maggie O'Rackett, a young, comely and intelligent girl, employed as a cook at the Blank Hotel in Cincinnati, has just inherited a fortune of $500,000 by the death of an uncle in Ireland. Pretty Maggie's lovers will now be as numerous as the admirers of a professional beauty."

"'Eureka!' I exclaimed. 'Young, beautiful, an heiress and—a cook. What a rare combination of female accomplishments.' I incontinently determined to lay siege to Miss O'Rackett's heart. I proceeded at once to Cincinnati and registered at the Blank Hotel. When I first beheld the 'young comely Maggie,' my hopes almost fell to zero. She was about 35 years old, had decidedly warm hair, a cast in one eye, and no upper front teeth.

Her brogue was thick and her hands large and red. She was a'most homely enough to carry off the first prize at a female beauty show. But it is really wonderful how much feminine ugliness a fortune of $500,000 will successfully conceal. When I remembered Maggie's money, her personal blemishes disappeared as if by magic. There was after all, something about her that was interesting and attractive. I soon made her acquaintance, and when, a few days later, I asked her to be my wife, she gave me an amazed look and said:

"Shure, now, Misther Tom, an' it is not foolin' me yez air. Sech a noice gintilman as yourself wouldn't desave a poor orphin girrl wid nayther fayther or mother."

"I assured her that I was sincere, and facetiously added that the high order of talent she displayed in frying the seductive flapjack and boiling the fragrant cabbage had completely captured my heart; that it was the practical, not the ornamental, I wanted in a wife. For fear she would think my motives mercenary, I carefully refrained from alluding to her newly-acquired wealth. Indeed, I began to suspect that she had not yet heard of her good fortune. She finally promised to marry me, and the wedding was to take place in one week. Before the eventful day arrived I questioned Maggie concerning her relatives in the old country.

"'Relatives, is it?' she said. 'Shure an' Oi have lashins of 'em; but, begorra, they are as poor as Misther Job's turkey. An' Oi have a rilative in this country, too—an' that same is a big brother in this city; an', upon me honor, he's a that shtrong an' quick wid his two fists that Oi belave he could knock out John Sullivan himself.'

"'But, Maggie,' I anxiously inquired, 'haven't you any rich uncles in Ireland?'

"'Rich uncles, is it? Faith and Oi have only one uncle an' he's in the poor-house,' replied Maggie, with painful frankness. Then I showed her the newspaper paragraph, but the 'comely and intelligent' girl couldn't read. When apprised of its purport she snickered and said:

"'That's a good joke, Misther Tom, so it is. The blaggards knowed it wasn't thrue whin they printed it. All the rilitives Oi have in the worruld couldn't raise foive hoondred dollars bechune thim."

"That settled it. My love for Maggie vanished like the mists of a summer's morning. I was too honorable to blight her life or give her my hand without my heart. To avoid causing her pain, I left the city without informing her that our engagement was broken off. And now something tells me that her big brother is on my trail and will sooner or later wipe up the earth with me."

Tom looked as if life was not worth living, and when his friend urged him to brace up and dismiss such foolish fears, he dejectedly replied:

"But that was not all. My adventure with Miss O'Rackett did not shatter my resolution to corral an heiress. I remembered my old copy book motto: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' I tried again. I discovered another newspaper heiress. This time the paragraph read:

"Gretchen Nan Danm, a pretty little blonde from over the Rhine, now employed as chambermaid in the Hasche House, in Blaketown, Wis., will shortly come into possession of an estate valued at $700,000 by the death of a very wealthy aunt in the Vaterland."

"There was an air of sincerity about this announcement that prompted me to instantly repair to Blaketown and secure quarters at the Hasche House. Blaketown is a village of about 1,400 inhabitants, and I was inclined to believe that the news of Gretchen's fortune had not preceded me. Miss Van Dahm did not quite fulfil the newspaper description of a 'pretty little blonde.' She weighed about 175 pounds, was a thoroughbred brunette, wore freckles and short hair, and had a mouth of such liberal proportions that she could make a quarter of a 25 cent pie disappear at one bite. But her name was Gretchen Van Dahm, she was a chambermaid in the Hasche House in Blaketown, and must therefore be the heiress. After a week's courtship we were engaged. For reasons not necessary to explain, our marriage was to be a sub rosa affair.

"'Gretchen,' I asked one evening, 'have you any relations in this country?'

"'Only mein fadder, who lives py der iron fountry out, und he vos so cross und savage like a madt dog. He would kill you a couple or duo dimes ofer he know ve vos marriet mitout his consent.'

"This information was not calculated to inspire a timid man and prospective bridegroom with cheerfulness. 'Have you,' I again queried, 'any aunts in Germany?'

"'Nein.'

"'Nine?' I echoed. 'Well, have you heard of the death of any of them lately?'

"'Nein. They vos all deat before I left Shermany aireaty, und dot vos more ash seex years ago.'

"I began to feel uneasy. I showed her the newspaper paragraph, and after reading it she burst into a harsh and cruel laugh that sounded like the death-knell of my financial hopes.

"Dot vos a good choke, ven I nefer haf a rich aunt."

"I felt the 'choke.' An interview *incog.* with Gretchen's Nihilistic father convinced me that the newspaper paragraph *in re* her fortune was another horrible 'sell.' With the disappearance of her wealth also disappeared my love. There is too much misery in this world caused by misfit marriages, and I didn't propose to add to it. I left Blaketown between two days, without saying good-bye to a single soul. And now my misery is made more poignant by the belief that, in addition to Maggie's athlete brother, Gretchen's savage father is also seeking my gore."

"Didn't you pursue any more illusions in the shape of newspaper-made heiresses?" asked his friend.

"I did," he replied, in a voice full of emotion and anguish. "And the third was the greatest mistake of all. Although I had lost faith in newspaper-discovered heiresses, I was greatly interested when I read the annexed paragraph in a reputable morning journal:

"'Miss Mamie Bellville, a poor and pretty young seamstress of Clayton, Mass., has inherited $600,000 by the recent death in Australia of a brother whom she had long mourned as dead. She has been officially notified of her good fortune, and will soon come in possession of the money.'"

"This announcement was more to the point than either of the preceding two. 'Officially notified of her good fortune, and will soon come into possession of the money.' There was something tangible about that. There could be no mistake this time. With buoyant hopes and my best suit of clothes, I started for Clayton. I hardly know how it happened, but I was not in the town twenty-four hours before I met Miss Bellville. That part of the paragraph in relation to her personal appearance was true—she was young and pretty. She was also a seamstress, and was still employed at her trade. She had plenty of suitors, but she showed a preference for me. I felt highly flattered at being thus honored, and I must confess that I began to feel something more than a friendship for the girl. I found myself unconsciously writing the name 'Mamie' on scraps of paper and on the margins of newspapers when alone. The young lady was bright and intelligent, as well as young and pretty. But why did she continue to industriously ply the needle if she was a $600,000 heiress? There was something suspicious in that fact. Perhaps it was a scheme to keep fortune hunters at a distance. I was falling head over heels in love with the girl, and when, a few weeks after my arrival in Clayton, I asked her to be my wife, she looked tenderly into my eyes and said in a tone of frankness:

"Tom, our acquaintance has been very brief—too short, in truth, to take such an important step as you propose. I am a poor girl, without father or mother, sister or brother. A ridiculous report has been printed in the newspapers that I have inherited a fortune of $600,000 by the death of a brother in Australia. I wish it were true for your sake. The report has brought me many suitors, but when I told them it was an error they soon faded away. I believe that you are not actuated by any such selfish motives. If you will come to me to-morrow night and say you love me me, a poor girl—I will give you an answer that will make you happy."

"I bade her good-night and did not see her again. The following night saw me 200 miles from Clayton."

"Well, the girl had no big brother or stern father to put on your trail, anyway," said his friend, consolingly.

"No," moaned Tom, "but she lied to try her 'lovers' when she said that she had not inherited a fortune of $600,000, and I was her last victim! Last week she married a young man who did not care for wealth, and now he is spending her $600,000, and I really loved her, too."

Next morning Tom's body was found in the river.

A New Swindle.

An exchange says: A brace of rascals are going round the country operating a new and ingenious swindle. They read the local newspapers carefully, and when a farmer publishes an astray notice No. 1 calls to look at the animal. The farmer shows the beast and the fellow decides it is not his; then he returns to his partner and describes it minutely to him. No. 2 goes to the farmer and, after proving by a thorough description that he is the owner of the animal, says he cannot take it away, and offers to sell it at a bargain. The farmer buys it, and in a few days the rightful owner comes and claims the animal.

The lists of the Swiss Landsturm formed under the new law show an enrolment of 300,000 men.

It is fortunate that the war horses of famous soldiers are dying off so fast. It would have been only a question of time when some congressman would introduce a bill to pension them.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Times of India: A Sepoy died a long way from his home and country, and his caste fellows duly cremated him. Having done this pious duty, they went to the telegraph office and wired as follows to his parents: "Binda Persad died last night. Bones by post!"

THE CANADIAN LAZARETTO.

Report of the Physician on the Hospital for Lepers in New Brunswick.

The annual report of the Department of Agriculture contains the following report of Dr. A. C. Smith on the hospital for lepers at Tracadie, New Brunswick, for the year 1886: During the year three patients were admitted—two males and one female. Of these, one was from Tracadie and the others from one of the adjoining parishes—Caraquet. There were five deaths, leaving at present in the hospital nineteen—eleven males and eight females. Two of the patients are in the last stages of the disease, their sufferings soon to end in death; twelve in the early, and five in the more advanced stage, in which different portions of the body suffer from infiltrations of leprous material, leading to the destruction of the healthy flesh — ulcerations causing the loss of fingers and toes, and tubercles destroying the eyesight and functions of tongue and throat. With the exception, however, of an outbreak of ulcerated sore throat, from which all the inmates suffered, and which, for the time being, bore heavily on the sisters in charge, there has been an immunity from much of the intense suffering incident to the disease. The patient whom I discharged a year ago, and whose recovery was entirely due to the hygienic influences of the lazaretto acting on a robust constitution, remains free from the disease. The girl referred to in my report of 1884, from whom all symptoms of the disease were disappearing, has entirely recovered, but for reasons given in my last report, I did not yet advise her discharge from the institution. With the exception of one suspected, there is but a single known case of the disease outside of the lazaretto, which will, doubtless, soon seek admission. It is rumored that a family living in the neighborhood of Caraquet have the disease, but private inquiry leads me to believe that it is not leprosy, but a malady bearing some resemblance to it. Before my next report I shall personally investigate the matter. I cannot close this report without adding an humble tribute of respect to the memory of three of the sisters who have lately passed from among the living. While in life it was theirs to soothe the sufferings and comfort the sad hearts of those upon whom a mysterious Providence had laid an afflicting hand; now it is theirs to sleep their last sleep by the lonely shore, near to those for whom they died. Earth may erect no monument to such unselfish devotion, but across the ages comes a voice: "Inasmuch as you do it for the least of my little ones you do it unto me."

Salt in Manitoba.

A correspondent of *Bradstreet's* writes that experts are examining the saline springs in the Red River Valley, Manitoba, with the view of determining whether it is possible to make them remunerative. In boring wells for water, the further down the operator gets the more brackish the water becomes, and at one point on the Red River, thirteen miles above Winnipeg, a spring of brine runs out the year round, never freezing even in the coldest weather. But a still more remarkable indication that salt may be obtained in paying quantities in this very neighborhood is found on the north bank of the White Mud River, where, at a point near Woodside, brine of considerable strength bubbles up in such quantities as to form a constant stream two feet wide and four inches deep. Salt in large quantities is a necessity in these far inland regions, and if it is found in paying quantities it will be a great saving to the settlers, who already, though the country is but sparsely peopled, have annually to buy from the Ontario producers from $100,000 to $150,000 of the product. As the freight from Goderich to Winnipeg is $1.12 a barrel, and the salt is retailed at $2.50, a good home market would be assured from the start.

Britain and Her Possessions.

The might and magnitude of Britain and her colonies are presented in striking fashion if the tabular form in square miles is given thus:

THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland	121,000 square miles.

COLONIES.

	Square Miles.		Square Miles.
Aden	65	Leeward Islands	[illegible]
Ascension	34	Malta and Goza	117
Bahamas	5,500	Mauritius	[illegible]
Basuto Land	10,000	Natal	21,000
Bermudas	11	Newfoundland	40,000
Canada	3,500,000	New Guinea	100,000
Cape Colony	[illegible]	New South Wales	325,000
Ceylon	25,000	New Zealand	105,000
Cyprus	4,000	North Borneo	25,000
Falkland Islands	5,000	Perim (naval and military station)	
Fiji Islands	8,000	Queensland	668,000
Gambia	[illegible]	Rotumah	14
Gibraltar	1½	St. Helena	47
Gold Coast	15,000	Sierra Leone	468
Guiana	85,000	South Australia	903,000
Heligoland	4	Straits Settlement	1,000
Honduras	8,000	Tasmania	[illegible]
Hong Kong	32	Trinidad	2,000
India and Burmah	1,473,375	Victoria	88,000
Jamaica and Turks Island	4,000	West Australia	1,059,000
Labuan	30	Windward Isl'ds	800
Lagos	75	22 other possessions.	

What! a Dude with a Brain!

A Burlington dude was struck with an idea for the first time in his life the other day, and is suffering from concussion of the brain.

The latest bird-cage has glass sides with a wire top.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are
A glowing ball of burning gas
Revolving round your central mass.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are:
For to my spectroscopic ken
I see you're only hydrogen.

—The gudefolk of Langholm, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, propose celebrating the Queen's jubilee by starting a new cemetery. They take their pleasures grimly in Langholm.

At a meeting of commanding officers, held in Montreal, it was decided to hold a grand field day, parade and review of all the regiments in the fifth and sixth military districts on June 21st, in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee.

A trifle unreasonable—"Why didn't you stop?" said the fat passenger as he clambered onto the car. "Ye didn't signal," replied the driver. "I stood on the corner." "Well, I'm no mind reader," said the driver, lashing his horses.

INFATUATED WITH A CRIMINAL.

Rosa Trainor's Sacrifice for an Aged and Ugly ex-Convict.

An Erie, Pa., despatch says: An accomplished and beautiful girl of 17 was arrested here to-day while in the company of an old and confirmed criminal whose personal appearance is almost grotesque in its ugliness. "Rusty" Collins, as he is known to the police of western cities and the officers of the law, has spent most of his life in prison. He returned here two months ago from serving a sentence in the Allegheny Penitentiary.

Rosa Trainor, while with school companions, met the ugly ex-convict on the street. He was pointed out to her as a late release from prison. At first sight she seems to have conceived a strange passion for him and she took the first opportunity to make his acquaintance. He was wary, thinking her attentions were a trap of some kind set for his benefit by detectives. But she soon undeceived him, leaving home, friends and the surroundings of a comfortable home to follow his fortunes. She was found in his company soon after she left home and was taken in custody and returned to her parents. In her rage at being separated from him she poured petroleum into her piano and set fire to it, destroying the instrument and nearly burning the house over her parents' heads. She escaped from home again about two weeks ago with the assistance of her strange lover. They disappeared then, but returned here last night. James Trainor, her father, got a warrant for their arrest, and Rosa and "Rusty" were captured. He yielded, but Rosa fought like a little demon, and when her father appeared she attacked him savagely. Before she was seized with this strange infatuation she had borne the character of a virtuous and more than ordinarily gifted young lady, a member of the Church and a dutiful daughter. "Rusty" explains the case simply by saying, with a wicked leer, "She's 'gone' on me."

Advice to a Young Man.

My boy, when you meet a good-hearted, genial fellow, open-handed and generous, who spends money freely when he has it, who "doesn't know the value of money," who only esteems it for the good it can do, who believes in the lively shilling, and always does his best to make it lively, who can't hoard up money for the life of him, who gets it and spends it, and then gets more to spend, so that all of us may get a little of it, who doesn't put down every cent he lets a friend have, as though he was a money lender, who, if he has only one dollar in the world will let you have ninety cents of it if you ask for it; a good, whole-souled, generous fellow, who knows no more and cares no more about money than a pig does about Greek, and he is a little hard up, and wants to borrow $10 of you for a few days—my boy, don't you lend him a cent; don't lend him a cent. Eh? Do I want you to be mean, close-fisted, stingy, weighing all friendship and good fellowship on the scales of the money lender? Oh, no, my boy, I didn't say anything of the kind. I said, and I repeat it, "don't lend him a cent. I don't want you to be mean, I only want you to be business-like. Give him $10 if you have it to spare and feel like it; give him what money you can spare, and your heart and head justify you in giving, but never lend that kind of a man a dollar. Only lend money where there is at least a remote idea of its being paid back. That's all. You may go, now. By the way, I took care of that note of Jack Merrihart's that you didn't tell me anything about; it's all right now, only don't lend Jack any more than you can afford to give him. A man who has no idea of the value of his own money has just as little comprehension of the value of yours.—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Aged Emperor.

German papers call to mind that Kaiser Wilhelm in his ninety years has survived no fewer than seventy-two reigning sovereigns who were his contemporaries, viz., fifty-two kings or queens, eight emperors, six sultans and six popes. Of these three were Kings of Prussia, Frederick William II., Frederick William III., Frederick William IV.; two were Kings of Hanover, two Kings of Wurtemburg, four Kings of Bavaria, three Kings of Saxony, one King of Westphalia (Jerome Bonaparte), one King of Greece, one King of the Belgians, three Kings of Holland, three Kings of England, three Kings of France, five Kings of Sweden, four Kings of Denmark, three (or four) Sovereigns of Portugal, five Sovereigns of Spain, five Kings of Sardinia, six Kings of Naples, two Emperors of Austria (one of whom was the last of the former line of German Emperors), two Emperors of France, four Czars of Russia. He has also survived twenty-one Presidents of the United States.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Cholera and Revolution.

A Panama despatch says: Cholera is decreasing in Chili. Two thousand eight hundred and seventy-three persons have died of the disease in Santiago de Chili alone.

A despatch from Guayaquil says a revolutionary party under Ruiz Sandoval has been defeated in Colcho by Government forces, and a number of them killed and a number taken prisoners. Ruiz Sandoval is a Mexican. He has served in Colombian revolutions, and only a few days ago left the Isthmus for the purpose of making this raid.

—The Chief of Police of Toronto yesterday received a letter from Glasgow, Scotland, asking for information which would lead to the whereabouts of David Sherar, who left Glasgow in 1880 and worked for a few weeks during 1882 in the Grand Trunk freight sheds, Toronto. He has been left a fortune of some $40,000 by his deceased father.

While out fowling near Maxwell, Ont., yesterday afternoon two young men named Thomas Blakely and William Ferrer were accidentally shot, the latter seriously.

A boom belonging to the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company broke on Sunday and five thousand logs escaped and passed over the Chaudiere Falls. The logs will be recovered at a cost of about $1,200.

George McKee, son of Detective McKee, of Windsor, and a brakesman on the Grand Trunk, was thrown from a buggy on Saturday evening near Sandwich by his horse running away. His skull was fractured and there are no hopes of his recovery. He is about 24 years old.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Amyot introduced a Bill to amend the Dominion Controverted Elections Act. The Bill provides that the time for filing pleadings against elections, instead of being 30 days after gazetting the return, shall be as follows: Thirty days after nomination, where the election is by acclamation, and thirty days after the election where there is a contest. The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. McMullen introduced a Bill to regulate proceedings in the collection of first and second mortgages, and also to regulate payment of the same. The Bill provides that a first mortgagee before selling the property shall give notice to the second mortgagee, who shall have an opportunity of paying off the mortgage. The Bill was read a first time.

Hon. Mr. Thompson, replying to Mr. Watson, said the Government did not intend to appoint Jeremiah Travis a Judge of the new court for the Northwest.

Hon. Mr. Costigan, replying to Mr. Barron, said that M. F. O'Donoghue, brother of the late W. B. O'Donoghue, had been employed by the Dominion Government temporarily at various times within the past year.

Hon. Mr. Costigan, replying to Mr. McMullen, said that distillers are not allowed to import corn in bond for manufacturing purposes, but that if distillers import corn and pay duty on it, manufacture whiskey out of it and export, they will be entitled to a rebate of duty.

Hon. Mr. Thompson, replying to Mr. Wilson (Elgin), said the Government had received a request to appoint a junior judge of Elgin, and was considering the matter.

Hon. Mr. Costigan, replying to Mr. Laurier, said the Government was considering the question of amending the law respecting the inspection of flour in accordance with the recommendation of the Montreal Board of Trade.

Mr. Charlton moved his resolutions in favor of giving the information in the public documents to the public before being presented to the House. In this matter Parliament should not be treated as a privileged class. The information collected was really the property of the public, and should be given to the public as soon as possible. The system of holding back information sometimes lead to real and serious injury to the public interest. For instance, last election was fought largely in the dark because of lack of information later than the reports last presented to Parliament, covering the facts only up to June, 1885. He had been informed last session that the net public debt on April 30th, 1886, was $205,569,000. He had asked for a statement up to the 1st June, but in the hurry of prorogation the Finance Minister forgot to give it. With great courtesy, however, he sent him statements showing a net debt of $206,000,000 in round figures, but the Public Accounts, bringing the statements down to the 30th June, showed the net debt to be $223,159,000. During the last election the people of Canada were in the dark respecting the fact that the net public debt had gone up about $17,590,000 in thirty days, and stood at one time at over $223,000,000. He found that in many countries public information of this kind was placed before the public much earlier than in Canada. For instance, in England he found the Board of Trade published monthly statements, and statements of trade and navigation were made quarterly. He thought a system as good as circumstances would permit should be established in Parliament.

Sir John Macdonald agreed in the principle of the reform proposed, but thought it would require a change in the statutes establishing the different departments, under which it was provided that the reports should be sent to the Governor-General and by him submitted to the House.

Sir Richard Cartwright expressed gratification at the principle of this reform being conceded. The public interest had suffered in the late election by lack of information. Estimates had been made in relation to the public debt by the leader of the Opposition, and, as usual with that gentleman, his estimate was well within the mark.

Mr. Blake expressed the opinion that it would require no change in the statutes, because the provision that these reports should be sent to the Governor-General and then to the House did not prevent an earlier presentation of the facts to the public. The efficient carrying out of the proposed new system would involve the early communication with the departments, for no doubt men in office were like other people, not apt to anticipate duty, and it was fair to suppose the late time of presenting the reports caused lateness in getting the information in a shape to be presented. He thought another change should be made, and Government railways should publish weekly returns of traffic like other roads.

An agreement was reached that the matter should stand over for the present.

Mr. Casey moved for a copy of the commission or other documents appointing Sir Alexander Campbell and Sanford Fleming as representatives of Canada at the Colonial Conference in London. It was generally understood, he said, that the Conference was intended as a preliminary to Imperial Federation. He trusted the Government had not authorized its representatives to speak for Canada on that subject without submitting the question to the people at a general election.

Sir John Macdonald suggested that the motion should call for all papers. He did not think the despatches had been brought down.

Mr. Casey adopted the suggestion, and the motion so amended was carried.

Mr. Perry, moving for a return relating to the steamboat service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland, said that during the recent elections a letter signed "John A. Macdonald" was circulated, and that it promised a subway would be built if it cost not more than five million dollars. He expressed the hope that the Government would have another survey and would come to the conclusion and announce definitely whether or not they would go on with this subway. If they would not the people of Prince Edward Island would consider the bargain of Confederation broken and themselves free from Confederation. He did not say there was a feeling in favor of secession in Prince Edward Island, but he did say there was a feeling of dissatisfaction, a feeling that they had to pay the late dollar of taxes and then were not given the consideration which were promised them.

The motion was carried.

A number of private Bills were read a second time.

Mr. Hickey asked if it was the Government's intention to increase the duty on butter and if butter imported for consumption was subjected to scientific tests.

Sir Charles Tupper said it was not competent for the Government to make a communication in advance of its intention on such a point. If a report was made that butter of an unwholesome character was being imported, a scientific inspection would be made.

Sir John Macdonald, on moving the first reading of the Act relating to the Department of Customs and Inland Revenue, excused himself from explaining at length the object of the Bill because of a severe cold. Briefly, however, the object was to make these two departments subsidiary parts of the new Department of Trade and Commerce, under secretaries, as it were. He would ask to have this Bill considered with that to provide for the establishment of the Department of Trade and Commerce.

Mr. Jamieson, on moving a Bill to amend the Canada Temperance Act, explained that it was somewhat similar to the one introduced by him last session. Many of its provisions received the approval of the House, but failed in the Senate. It was to make the Temperance Act as perfect as possible.

Mr. Mills—I think this is a favorable opportunity to call attention to the responsibility resting upon the House in this question. If there is a question on which it is the duty of the Government to have a policy and undertake to direct the House along the line they intend to travel, it is this. When another Administration occupied the Treasury benches, an honorable member for the Province of Manitoba, who is now in the Senate, introduced a resolution declaring that it was the duty of the Government to take up the question of prohibition and guide the House upon that subject. That resolution, I believe, was supported by every gentleman now on the Treasury benches who had then a place in the House. The Government of that day admitted the soundness of the principle laid down and introduced the Bill now known as the Canada Temperance Act, which is still on the statute book, and which these gentlemen, who are not members of the Government, are endeavoring to amend. Why should this question, which affects the peace, order and good government of the country, which affects the morals of the people, which affects the public revenues, be eliminated from the policy of the Government, and transferred to the hands of private members? Why, sir, a large portion of the community are scarcely satisfied because the Opposition, who are in a minority, do not undertake to direct the affairs of the country in this respect. How much less can those who are in the majority, and who assume the responsibility of the general policy of the country, escape responsibility in this most important matter? The time has gone by when they could shirk that responsibility, and I trust the House and the country will insist upon these gentlemen showing the courage of their convictions whatever those convictions may be.

The Bill was read a first time.

Sir Richard Cartwright asked if the Finance Minister could say when the estimates would be brought down, or the budget speech to follow, would be made.

Sir Charles Tupper—I hope early next week to be able to intimate the probable time.

Sir John Macdonald, moving the second reading of the Bill respecting the Department of Trade and Commerce, said that he would make his explanations when they came to consider the Bill respecting the Department of Customs and Inland Revenue.

Sir Richard Cartwright said he had always been of opinion that it was a mistake to have in this country a Cabinet composed of thirteen or fourteen Ministers of the first rank, and that it would be better to have a much smaller number of Ministers and to have a number of Under-Secretaries of State appointed from among the junior members of the House, as was done in England.

Mr. White (Cardwell) moved the second reading of the Bill respecting the Banff National Park.

Sir Richard Cartwright said he had been informed that some portions of the land included within the limits of the park were already owned by gentlemen who were formerly members of this House. The Government should surely own everything that was included within the limits of the park. Then he understood that some large hotels had been erected, and leases given to persons who were formerly members of this House. On the whole he thought there should be considerable discussion and inquiry before the Bill was passed.

Mr. White (Cardwell) said that the park was twenty-six miles long by ten broad, but that a very considerable portion of it was covered by a sheet of water called Devil's Lake, which is fifteen miles long.

Mr. Mills said the Bill actually gave the Minister of the Interior a little Province of his own and allowed him to rule it as he pleased. The regulations should be subject to the control of Parliament.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

We stand n our sunshine oftener than others do.

It is the little things that are the most wonderful and difficult; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.

There is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old.

If a man is right he can't be too radical; if wrong he can't be too conservative.

The silent man may be overlooked now, but he will get a hearing by and by.

Method and despatch govern the world.

You can outlive a slander in half the time you can out argue it.—*Century*.

King Humbert and Queen Margaret of Italy arrived at Venice yesterday to open the exhibition. They were conveyed to the royal palace in gondolas, accompanied by a long procession of boats manned by gondoliers attired in antique costume.

Georgia boasts of three stingy men. One of them will not drink as much water as he wants unless it be from another man's will; the second requires his family to write a "small hand" to save ink, and the third stops his clock at night in order to save the wear and tear of the machinery.

GREAT NAVAL REVIEW.

The Queen's Jubilee Naval Review the Biggest Thing Out.

A London cable says: At the banquet of the Royal Academy to the colonial delegates on Saturday Lord George Hamilton, replying for the navy, referred to the naval review to be held at Spithead on July 23rd, where a fleet of superior strength and power to any fleet ever seen by any Sovereign at any time or in any place, would be assembled, numbering upwards of one hundred pennons and including every variety of the most modern war ships, from the torpedo boat, with its gossamer skin three-eighths of an inch thick, to the great mammoth ironclad, with its pachydermatous hide of two feet of iron; and every variety of ordnance from the 110 ton gun, capable of projecting a missile weighing 1,800 pounds, to a distance of six miles, to the rapid firing machine guns, capable of discharging many hundred rounds of ammunition in a single minute. A scheme had been brought before the Colonial Conference for the strengthening of the navy by the employment of merchant cruisers, which would place one-fourth of Her Majesty's colonies and the Mother Country in a different position to that hitherto occupied for naval defences. If this scheme were realized it would be brought to maturity mainly through the statesmanlike attitude adopted by the representatives of the colonies, with whom the members of Her Majesty's Government had come in contact. They have met us, said Lord George Hamilton, in no haggling, parsimonious spirit, for they had confidence in the idea of Imperial unity and solidity, and he alluded to this scheme because Her Majesty's present Government, in common with all preceding Governments, attach the utmost importance to its realization.

INSANE ASYLUM HORRORS.

The Buffalo Investigation—Inhuman Treatment of Patients by Attendants.

A Buffalo despatch says: Charles Brandt, a former patient of the Lunatic Asylum, came here from Welland, Ont., yesterday, to testify before the Grand Jury. Concerning ex-Assemblyman Frank Sipp, who is now under treatment, Brandt testified: "One day I saw an attendant named Poulson get terribly angry because Mr. Sipp was awkward in sweeping the floor. He pulled Sipp into the extension and I looked through an open door and saw Poulson and Winspear catch Sipp by both arms and throw him on the floor on his back. Poulson jumped on Sipp's chest and then knelt on his legs above the knee while he choked him. Sipp had lucid moments and in one of these he complained of his breast being sore and said: 'If they would only let me alone! But when a man is once in this place God knows he never will get out.'"

Abram White, of Perry, said that some of the attendants used to shake the patients violently. When he first came one grabbed him by the shoulders, and after shaking him shoved his knee into White's abdomen. White nearly fainted and suffered intense agony for hours.

Ella Cummings, of Fredonia, kept a journal during her stay at the asylum. She told the jury of a female patient who was forced into a bath tub and then mopped off with a kitchen mop. Then the attendant threw some soft soap in her eyes and laughed at her pain and fright. All the testimony is in, and a report is expected on Monday.

FAMILY TROUBLES

Cause a Man to Cut His Throat and Suffocate His Child.

A Sunday's Pittsburg despatch says: This morning when Jennie Oswald, a girl 11, years of age, came from her bedroom into the dining-room of her home in Shater township, near Etnaboro', just beyond the limits of the city, she found her father, Chas. Oswald, sitting in a chair with his throat cut and her younger sister, Bessie, lying on a lounge dead. It was a case of suicide on the part of Oswald, and all the signs indicate that he murdered his daughter before cutting his own throat. Since last Christmas he had lived with his wife without changing a word until Saturday week last, when he spoke to her about a farm in Armstrong County, in which they were interested. Yesterday afternoon he sent his wife up to see it. Bessie wanted to go up with her, but the father refused to permit it. At supper last night he gave the children maple syrup, saying it was good for colds and coughs. The children said it was bitter and refused to take it. Bessie had been ill, and after supper she lay down on a lounge and fell asleep. Jennie, about 9 o'clock went to bed, and before going started to waken her sister. Oswald ordered the child to let her alone. The girl obeyed and went to bed. When she came down in the morning, about 7 o'clock, she found her father and sister as above stated. The child had evidently been smothered, as a piece of cloth was found stuffed in her mouth. It is supposed constant brooding over his domestic and financial troubles had turned his brain, and when he sent his wife away he had in contemplation the death of his daughters and himself.

Personal and Literary.

Prince Napoleon, who is now living in Switzerland, is occupied with his long-meditated work on Napoleon I., which is to be a refutation of the damaging attacks of Lanfrey and Taine.

A biography of the late Earl Russell is to be written by Mr. Spencer Walpole, who is to have the use of Lord Russell's papers, of which a very large number are in the possession of his family.

Lord Lyons will continue to hold the Paris Embassy for another two years. The Queen has been most anxious that he should retain the important post in which he has rendered such valuable services to the country.

Among the new novels which were published this week is one named "My Own Love Story," the author of which is H. M. Trollope, the eldest son of the late Anthony Trollope. This is Mr. Trollope's first attempt at fiction.

Mr. Chamberlain, with his ever faithful Mr. Jesse Collings, continuing his tour of Scotland, has now reached the Island of Skye, and is looking into the crofter question thoroughly. Mr. Chamberlain's well-known opinions concerning land make it certain that he will return as a champion of the crofters.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Blood Indians fired on a party of Mounted Police near Medicine Hat.

A despatch from Cooktown, Australia, announces that the steamer Benton, of Singapore, was sunk in a collision with a barque off the Island of Formosa, and that 150 persons were drowned. No Europeans were lost.

The Pope has sent a telegram to Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, thanking them for their support of the new Prussian Ecclesiastical Bill. The despatch adds that His Holiness desires the prosperity of Germany and the Catholic Church.

It is semi-officially stated that if the Afghan insurgents succeed in overthrowing the Ameer the latter's downfall would not lead to complication between England and Russia; that, on the contrary, projects are under consideration to enable the two powers jointly to arrange for the suppression of the tribal war and the subsequent administration of the whole country under a protected ruler.

The National Fair Trade League gave a banquet in London last night to the colonial representatives attending the Conference and the members of the recent Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade and Industry. The speeches were all in the direction of encouraging trade with the colonies and consolidating the union between the Mother Country and her children. Most of the speakers favored a preferential importation of colonial products into Great Britain. The toast of the colonial visitors was enthusiastically received. The Canadian representatives were unable to attend.

Dr W. J. Northrup, a prominent physician at Haverhill, O., was murdered on Wednesday by Thos. McCoy, a saloonkeeper. Dr. Northrup had incurred the displeasure of the McCoy party by being active in favor of local option.

A romantic discovery of hidden treasure in the cellar of a house on the south side of Milwaukee came to light yesterday. Henry J. Peters, an old resident of the city, died nearly a year ago. He had borne the reputation of being a miser, and on his deathbed he declined to make a will or give his wife information as to his affairs. Recently the sewer under the house became clogged, and workmen were engaged to remedy the trouble. On taking up the flooring of the cellar the men came across a heavy box securely locked. It was found to be filled with gold coin, dollars, eagles and foreign money, to the aggregate of nearly $20,000.

The young women of Newton, N. J., have formed an "anti-vice" society, having for its object the regeneration of young men. All members bind themselves to refuse any attentions from gentlemen using alcoholic liquors or tobacco in any form, and over 50 marriageable young women have signed such a pledge. The men refuse to submit to what they consider an arbitrary rule, and are seeking social enjoyment in the neighboring villages. The action of the women is the result of agitation of the temperance question, and is creating a social furore never before equalled in the place.

The will of the late Mr. Alex. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, the Scotch millionaire, has been read in private to his family. It has not yet been filed for probate. The following bequests have, however, been made public: Protestant Orphan Asylum, $10,000; Catholic Orphan Asylum, $5,000; Milwaukee Hospital, known as the Passa Vant Hospital, $10,000; St. Mary's Catholic Hospital, $5,000; Young Men's Christian Association, $10,000; Nashotan House (Episcopal) Theological Seminary at Nashotan, $5,000; Racine College, $5,000. The opinion prevails that there are other public bequests which cannot now be made public owing to the nature of the provisions for their administration.

The Italian Government has received alarming advices from Massowah, and has ordered three battalions to reinforce the garrison there.

Lord Salisbury's eldest son will be married in the parish church of the House of Commons on May 17th to the second daughter of the Earl of Arran.

A colossal system of robbery by means of prepared packs of cards has just been discovered at the Casino at Monte Carlo. The proprietors of the tables have lost $90,000.

The widow of the late Mr. Frank Forman, of London, who died two weeks since, succumbed to the shock yesterday, leaving two daughters to mourn her loss.

Captain George D. Calder, of the Hose Company, Brantford, was presented with a valuable gold watch on Saturday evening at the parlors of the company in appreciation of his faithful and efficient services.

Notice is given in last week's *Gazette* of the incorporation of Charles Riordon, J. R. Barber, J. G. Riordon, Thomas Reynolds and W. J. Douglas, under the name of "The Atlantic Pulp and Paper Company," for the manufacture of wood pulp and paper.

Chief Engineer Jennings, of the Western Ontario Pacific Railroad, said that the tracklayers were eight and a-half miles from Richmond street, London, on Sunday, and would lay one and a-half miles before night. They will possibly be within the corporation limits on Friday next.

At an influential meeting of Montreal citizens, held on Saturday, a committee of citizens and the Council of the Board of Trade were appointed to accompany the City Council deputation to Ottawa and urge on the Government the necessity of taking prompt steps to prevent the recurrence of floods.

A statistical publication just issued at Paris calculates that there are about 350,000 Frenchmen in the Western Hemisphere.

An Athens court-martial has sentenced to death three officers for treachery in having surrendered to the Turks during frontier fighting. Five others charged with the same offence were acquitted.

Advices from Creto report a fight between a band of Turks and a number of Christians, which resulted in several deaths. The Turks kidnapped a Christian girl and were attacked by her friends.

Manchester people are once more attempting to raise money for a Manchester ship canal. The large meeting yesterday was sanguine in tone. Local subscriptions, according to Manchester papers, reach nearly three millions sterling, leaving only one-sixth of the capital Lancashire has to raise to be taken. This secured, fresh effort will be made to float the scheme in London, where it is supposed the remainder of the capital will then be subscribed.

A new sort of pressure is being tried in behalf of the Imperial Institute in England. It is now given out that knighthoods will be withheld from Mayors who have not raised subscriptions for the Institute in their own towns. Many of these functionaries have preferred to promote local objects in connection with the Jubilee. This is to be their punishment. The papers publish brief accounts of the intended procession, but the programme is not yet finally settled.

Abe Littlejohn, a well-to-do farmer, and his wife, living near Clinton, Ala., were burned in their dwelling on Wednesday night. It is supposed the couple were murdered.

The Vatican has notified France that General Boulanger's military law, which refuses to exempt clerical students from service, is an infringement of the concordat, and has demanded its withdrawal.

The Italian Government denies the reports received at Cairo from Massowah that a battle had been fought between a large body of Abyssinians and a force of Italians which was advancing on Keren. An official denial is also given to the statement that the Government, owing to the receipt of alarming intelligence from Massowah, had ordered three battalions to reinforce the garrison there.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that the debt decrease for April amounts to $12,500,000.

J. E. Lavin, a manufacturer of leather for pocketbooks, committed suicide in Central Park, New York, on Saturday afternoon, because he had failed to keep a promise made to his affiance to stop drinking.

Two sharp shocks of earthquake were felt at Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning. The vibrations were from north to south. Many of the citizens were awakened. There was only a moment's interim between the shocks.

During a heavy shower on Friday afternoon a waterspout burst on Fairbank's hill, West Peterboro', N.H., and caused the most damaging washout ever known in the town. Rocks weighing two tons were moved from their bed and left in the middle of the street.

Saturday night at 12 o'clock every liquor license in Fall River, Mass., expired, and prohibition under the license law took effect. There were about three hundred licensed liquor dealers in the city, which will lose $60,000 in revenue annually derived from licenses.

Pleuro-pneumonia is reported to be more prevalent among cattle in Chicago and its vicinity than ever before. Stringent measures for stamping out the plague have been adopted, as many as 200 diseased animals being slaughtered in one day.

The dead bodies of three negro brothers named Sylvester were found hanging to a tree six miles east of Proctor, W. Va., on Friday, each body bearing the following placard: "Nigger thieving must be broken up."

Jay and Lee Moore, aged 14 and 12 years, and Ira and Bertie Hotchkiss, aged 11 and 8, sons of well-to-do farmers of South Valley, Cattaraqui County, N.Y., on Saturday went fishing along the Alleghany River. They found and entered the skiff and pushed out. The swift current immediately caught and capsized the boat and all four were drowned.

On Friday Edward S. Samuels, a prominent St. Louis merchant, jumped from the bridge in Nashville, Tenn., into the river. He was rescued and removed to the hospital, where he died yesterday morning. He said his reason for attempting suicide was because he had broken a promise made to his wife that he would drink no more intoxicating liquor.

STRANGE FATAL ACCIDENT.

A Lady Drowned by Falling Into a Flooded Cellar.

A sad and fatal accident happened early Thursday morning to a Mrs. Rafferty, a widow of advanced years, whose son keeps a grocery store on the corner of Murray and Ottawa streets, Montreal, in what was the inundated district. Mrs. Rafferty had opened the store before 7 a.m., when a woman came in for some goods, and, going to the back of the shop, where it was dark, to serve her, deceased stepped upon a trap door, which gave way beneath her weight, and she fell into the water which filled the cellar. Her screams brought the customer to the edge of the trap door, and she managed to catch Mrs. Rafferty's hand and called for help, but while a young man was trying to make his way to the hole the woman was forced to relax her hold on Mrs. Rafferty's hand, and the latter fell back and disappeared under five feet of muddy water. Her son, who heard the screams, rushed from his bed and jumped into the hole and rescued his mother, but life was extinct.

The State Lottery of Austria-Hungary last year netted a profit of 8,000,000 florins. As, usual, the fleece was cut from the weakest lambs.

—One safe way to guard your pockets is to carry with you no more "portable property," as Dickens calls it, than is absolutely necessary.

—New kid gloves have broad bands of stitching on the backs; three rows in color contrasting or harmonizing with that of the glove.

—The fresh importation of French white toilets, embroidered and lace-trimmed, are marvels of Parisian skill, art and matchless delicacy.

—The latest fashionable decree is that strawberries must be eaten with a fork and never with a spoon. How about eating them with a mouth.

—An advice to housewives from the *Figaro*: "To prevent roasting meat from burning, place in the oven a basin full of water. The steam will also prevent the meat getting dry."

Omaha *World*: "Bachelors are not taxed in this country as they are in Switzerland, but here they have to support all the theatres, livery men and ice cream saloons, so things are about even."

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A. R. FAWCETT,
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FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAY. 12, 1887.

The Government majority in the House of Commons is 43—within *two* of the number published in The Advance right after the elections last winter. There was a straight party vote in the House last week with the above result. The Globe's majority of *one* must be off holidaying in Muskoka or somewhere else. It hasn't turned up since the elections.

A number of over-zealous Conservative papers are raising a vigorous howl because Mr. Mowat appointed, or caused to be appointed, his son to York shrievalty No. 2. All we've got to say about it is that Mr. Mowat would be a very foolish man if he did not do something for his own flesh and blood occasionally. Some of these papers give evidence of the possession of certain asinine-like qualities, which we never, until quite recently, thought belonged to them. This narrow-minded partyism is silly—and sickening!

We had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. Curran's Home Rule resolution was carried in the Canadian House of Commons the other day. Not that the omission will grieve any of our readers very much—oh, no! It is the spectacle of a large number of our representative men wasting a lot of valuable time in discussing a question with which, as a nation, we have no concern, that is like "gall and wormwood to them. Twice have our parliamentarians been snubbed by the imperial authorities—once, indeed, by Mr. Gladstone himself—for not minding their own business in this matter. For the sake of capturing a few votes, however, some of the people's representatives have shown a most remarkable willingness to make asses of themselves!

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, accompanied by a tenant recently evicted from the Marquis of Landsdown's Irish estates, has arrived in New York and will shortly cross over into Canada. Mr. O'Brien's purpose is to stir up discord and make things as unpleasant as possible for our Governor General. The latter, owing to his official position as representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen in this country, cannot avail himself of the means usually employed in receiving such attacks. Practically he is defenceless and must trust to the loyalty and good sense of Canadians. Under these circumstances, Mr. O'Brien will get a decidedly cool reception from all classes and creeds of our countrymen. Archbishop Lynch has frankly acknowledged, that O'Brien has ill-timed his visit to this country. All lovers of fair play are of the same opinion.

Some objections have been raised in regard to a statement which appeared in the report of East Grey Spring Show, relative to General Purpose horses, in The Advance of a few week's ago. Not having written the report in question ourself, we disclaim all personal responsibility in connection with the opinions therein advanced; but our columns are always open for the discussion of all live topics, whether the views advanced are in harmony with our own or not. There are many very fine General Purpose horses in the county, but of course there is a diversity of opinion as to the best class of stallions to use—some say one class, some say another. See all and then decide, The people themselves are the arbitrars in these matters.

It is very commendable on the part of Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., of Flesherton, that they have completed arrangements for the importation of Teas from Japan direct. The first shipment will arrive about the first of September. The aroma of the tea is preserved in the most perfect condition by the interesting method now in vogue for drying and packing it. From Yokahama the beautifully flavored teas are then shipped to the Pacific terminus of the C. P. R., and from thence *via* our great transcontinental railway to Flesherton—a distance altogether of 12,000 miles! Messers. Richardson & Co. are to be congratulated most heartily on the consummation of this great stroke of enterprize.

DOMINION DAY.

The time has fully arrived, we think, when a healthy change may be made in the manner of celebrating Dominion Day in Flesherton. The people have expressed their disapproval of one feature in connection with past celebrations in terms not to be misunderstood. We mean horse-racing. It will not do to tell them that things will be differently managed this year or next year. Such promises have been held out in the past and with what result? Simply to convince the public that promises amount to nothing, however good the intentions of the management committee.

Under the circumstances, then, we come forward with the suggestion, that athletic games take the precedent in future. Let good prizes be given. This will draw the best athletes to our town and, at the same time, secure the moral support of the entire community. Other features might be introduced, such as swimming races, climbing the slippery pole, catching the greased pig's tail, walking the spring pole, egg race, fireworks, &c.

By following out this idea we believe hundreds more people would visit the town and grounds than hitherto. It will be a mistake to continue the horse-racing feature. Better far better- for the management committee to recognize this undoubted fact *now*, and, by altering the program in this respect, bow gracefully to the popular feeling and secure that patronage and support at the hands of the people which has so largely fallen off of late years. These remarks apply with equal force to many neighboring places.

THE FISHERY DISPUTE.

(Contributed.)

Canadians are a peace-loving people. Whether this principle has its origin in superior Christianity as compared with "our neighbors across the way," we are not vain enough to answer in the affirmative; but, taking it all-in-all, our forbearance under rascally provocation shows that our British principles have not degenerated by transplanting upon American soil.

ADVANCE-readers are, ere this, posted on the Yankee assumption to encroach upon our Fisheries. They claim by reason of numerical force, that we must surrender to them our heritage under the Treaty of 1818; and if we don't permit poaching by Yankee fishermen, according to *Curran the less*, the Yankee-Fenians will demolish our tabernacle "in a jiffy." However, it would be well for our foreign desperadoes to re-read the historical lesson of 1812-15. Our country possesses many cliffs and precipices equally as dangerous as Queenston Heights.

The lugubrious tone of the Toronto Mail upon this subject is a charming illustration of slobberly innocence. It measures prowess by the square acre, and national right, by the law of might. This has ever been Yankee doctrine, but true Canadians will not subscribe to it. It has been said that the Home Government will not sustain us in maintaining the letter of the Treaty of 1818. Be that as it may, we will maintain our heritage or die in the trenches. Our lineage scorns cowardice. Life would be a burden, except accompanied with honor.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS GIVEN LAST WEEK.

16.—$66⅔.
17.—$97.67 +
18.—$714.6096.
19.—$104.40.
20.—$567.001.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

Flesherton P.S.

Lou. Armstrong, 2. Annie Richardson, 2. Martha Beattie, 2. Fred. Ayers 2. Bert. Armstrong, 2. Lizzie Richardson, 2.

Flesherton Station P. S.

Sarah Hogg, 2.

S. S. No. 9, Artemesia.

Alex. Cameron, 1.

[Questions last week seem to have been too difficult. We look for a long list next time.—MATH. EDITOR.]

Questions for Next Week.

21.—A piece of ground 100 feet square is *enclosed* by a brick wall 2½ ft. thick and 15 ft. high. How many bricks 9 inches long, 4½ inches wide, and 2½ inches thick, will be required to build the wall, 1-15 of the whole allowed for mortar?

22.—A rectangular piece of land 120 links wide contains 1 acre, 2 r., 16 per., how long is it?

MANY PERSONS SUFFER.—From impure breath and suppose it comes from a disordered stomach. In many cases the actual cause is Catarrh. Nasal Balm will remove the cause, and cure.

Births.

HOLMAN.—In Artemesia, on Sunday, May 30th, the wife of Henry Holman, Esq., of twins, boy and girl.

TAMARAC.—For hoarseness and all Bronchial Troubles that usually effect public speakers, Tamarac Elixir will give speedy relief. Try it.

Salem Sabbath School.

The annual meeting of this School was held on Sabbath last 1st May, after the lessons for the day had been gone through with. There was a good attendance and a lively interest was manifested in all matters connected with the school.

Mr. Henry Meldrum was re-elected superintendent, Mr. Robt. Hawkins, assistant Superintendent, Teachers for the Male classes are Messrs. S. Pedlar, J. Hawkins, R. Meldrum, W. Pedlar and J. Pedlar. Teachers for the Female classes are Misses Annie Park, Sarah Pedlar, Tena Meldrum and Bella Meldrum.

Mr. George Meldrum was re-elected Sec. Treas., and Mr. F. C. Bruce assistant Secretary.

Moved by Mr. Samuel Pedlar, seconded by Mr. Robt. Hawkins, and carried unanimously, that Salem Sabbath School continue to be as it has been a Union Sabbath School, free from Sectarianism, and that all without distinction are cordially invited to attend the school and and that we continue to get our "Lesson Helps" from D. C. Cook, Chicago. The Secretary-Treasurer's report was read which showed the finances to be in a healthy state and the attendance good. It was agreed to have our annual picnic and a concert in connection with it on Jubilee day and a committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements.

GEORGE MELDRUM, Sec. Treas.

If people look to their own interests they always take their Watch, Clock, and Jewelry repairs to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. A perfect job every time. 2t.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W. M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

Maxwell Carriage Works,

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. —G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured. —Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored. —Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00	to 4 30
Fall Wheat	$0 83	to 0 83
Spring Wheat	0 83	0 83
Barley	0 35	0 48
Oats	0 27	0 27
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 12½	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 10	0 10
Potatoes	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	16	16
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 35	0 35
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

A POSITIVE CURE for CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief for Cold In Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W. M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

Maxwell Carriage Works,

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

In the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton Sept. 17th, 1885.

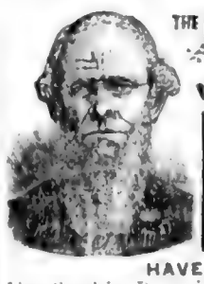

THE CELEBRATED Dr. CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests entirely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

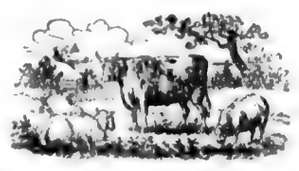

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

STRAIN'S,

FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
304-320. Flesherton.

FARM for SALE

—OR—

TO RENT.

BEING Lot 170, Con. 1 West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well watered. Orchard. About 2½ miles from Flesherton. For full particulars apply to the undersigned,

JOHN O'MELIA,
Flesherton.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 158, 1st E.T. & S.R., Artemesia, one mile from Flesherton, containing 80 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Never-failing streams of water runs across farm; also a never-failing spring of water. New bank barn 36x56, with stone stabling full size of barn, underneath. Log House. Good soil and free from frost. Part payment down, time on balance. For full particulars, apply to

D. L. WHITE, Agt.,
Flesherton.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. - THORNBURY

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

WELCOME THE VISITORS!

District Meeting and S. S. Convention in Flesherton Next Week.

The following is the Program of the District Meeting and Sabbath School Convention to be held in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17th and 18th :—

FIRST SESSION, TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

2.00 p. m.—Devotional Exercises, Rev. W. Ayers.

2.15 p. m.—Opening Address by Chairman of District.

2.30 p. m.—District Sunday School Reports, followed by brief verbal reports from Superintendents.

3.15 p. m.—Home influence on Sunday School Work Rev. A. Thibadeau, to be followed by brief addresses, led by M. Richardson, Esq.

4.15 p. m.—Mass Meeting of Sunday School Children. Addresses by Messrs. G. S. Bowes, W. A. Brown, Revs. J. W. Mahood, and R. I. Hosking.

Collection and Closing Exercises.

SECOND SESSION, TUESDAY EVENING.

7.30 p. m.—Praise and Prayer Service, by Rev. R. Johnston.

7.50 p. m.—The relation of the Sunday School to the Church, by Rev. W. A. Strongman, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

8.20 p. m.—The aim and results of S. S. Teaching as found in individual experience, by Rev. W. Ayers.

8.50 p. m.—Essentials of a successful Teacher in our Sunday Schools, by Rev. G. A. Cornish, Chairman of District.

Collection and Closing Exercises.

THIRD SESSION, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

2.00 p. m.—Devotional Exercise by Chairman.

2.20 p. m.—The cultivation of Christian Beneficence in our Sunday Schools and its importance to the church of Christ, by Rev. R. Johnston, to be followed by short Addresses, led by J. W. Armstrong, Esq.

Temperance Meeting. 3.00 p. m.—Address by Rev. A. S. Parker and Dr. Christoe.

3.40 p. m.—The Conversion and Christian Culture of Children, by Rev. J. S. Corcoran, to be by short addresses, led by Mr. Hames.

Collection and closing exercises.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

7.30 p. m.—Sermon by Mr. A. J. Irwin, a candidate for the Ministry.

Closing exercises by Chairman.

Appropriate music will be furnished for all the Sessions and Services by the Sunday School children and church choir. The public are most cordially invited to attend the convention as a grand time is expected.

FANCY GOODS :—Fancy Goods. A very fine lot of Fancy Goods just received at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, consisting of all colors of Macrame Cord also Tinsel. Macrame Cord all colors All colors of Felt for Fancy work, Black Bugle Beads, Painting Cards, Floss and Floselle, all colors, Albums, Fancy Frames, &c. All kinds of Fancy work & Stamping of every description done to order by Mrs. Russell.

W. C. T. U.

The Right Rev. Samuel Crowther, D. D., Bishop of the Niger territory, is a native of Africa. His history—extending over seventy years or more—is a very romantic one. His original name was Adjai. He lived at Ochugu, in the Yozuba country, 100 miles inland from the Bight of Benin, once in abject servitude to the episcopate. In 1821 he was carried off by the Eyo Mahometans and exchanged for a horse, and was again exchanged at Dahdah, cruelly treated, and sold as a slave for some tobacco; was captured by an English ship of war and landed at Sierra Leone in 1822. In 1825 he was baptized, taking the name of the then Vicar of Christ church, Newgate street, Samuel Crowther. In 1829 he married Asano, a native girl who had been taught in the same school with him. He was then for some years schoolmaster of Regent's town, and subsequently accompanied the first Niger expedition; then sent to the church Missionary College, Islington, and ordained by the Bishop of London. In 1854 he accompanied the second Niger expedition; afterwards an active clergyman at Akessa; translated the Bible into Yozuba; wrote literary works of a religious character, for the benefit of his African brethren. He was consecrated first Bishop of Niger territory, West Africa, June 1864. Lately he is greatly concerned at the rapid increase of intemperance among the native tribes. Here is a translation of a letter sent by King Malike, a Mahommedan, in October, 1885. He makes the appeal through the Rev. C. Paul in the following words:

"Salute Crowther, the great Christian minister! Tell him he is a father to us in this land. Anything he sees will injure us in all this land he would not like. This we know perfectly well. The matter which I am speaking with my mouth, write it, as if done by my hand. It is not a long matter. It is about barasa (rum or gin). Barasa! barasa! barasa! By God and the Prophet! it has ruined our country! It has ruined our people very much. It has made our people become mad. I have given law that no one dares buy or sell it; and anyone found selling it his house is to be eaten up (plundered); anyone found drunk will be killed. I have told all the Christian traders that I agree to everything for trade except barasa. I have told Mr. McIntosh's people to say the barasa remaining with them must be returned down the river. Tell Crowther, the great Christian minister, that he is our father. I beg you Malam Kips (Mr. Paul) don't forget this writing, because we all beg that he (Crowther) should beg the great priests (Committee C. M. C.) that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land. For God and the Prophet's sake! For God and the prophet's, His messenger's, sake, he must help us in this matter—that of barasa. We all have confidence in him. He must not leave our country to be spoiled by barasa. Tell him may God bless him in his work. This is the mouth word from Maliki, the Emir of Nupe."

CORRESPONDING SEC.

Volunteers.

No. 6 Company, 31st Batt. will meet at the Drill Shed, Flesherton, on Saturday evenings for drill, until further orders. 25 young men wanted to fill up the above company. Apply to J. J. Field, Lieut., No. 6 Company, Flesherton. t.f.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices. R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

The young man Connell, who was drowned week before last, was buried by the Orangemen in the Flesherton cemetery on Tuesday afternoon last. The *cortege* was preceded to the grave by our Band, which played several solemn and beautiful airs. Rev. W. Ayers, assisted by Worshipful Master Van-Dusen, conducted the last sad rites over the remains of deceased, who was well and favorably known in this locality.

CATTLE FOR SALE.—Two steers two years old, two heifers two years old one cow in calf, cheap for cash. R. TRIMBLE.

Many ladies admire gray hair—on some other person—but few care to try its effects on their own charms. They need not, since Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to its original color. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

Twins!

By the Winnipeg Free Press of the 26th ult., we notice the following item:

BIRTH.

DOLL.—On Wednesday, the 20th inst., (April) the wife of W. F. Doll, of twins, boy and girl.

Accept the hearty congratulations of the entire staff of The Advance, friend Doll, from the Agricultural Editor down to the latest arrival. Twins! Manitoba takes the lead—we yield up the palm.

In the spring, hundreds of persons suffer from boils, carbuncles, and other eruptive diseases: These are evidences that the system is trying to purge itself of impurities, and that it needs the powerful aid which is afforded by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Young Leabond.

This handsome and sprightly English Draught Stallion, the property of Mr. John J. Magee, Artemesia, is a dark bay, with black legs, mane and tail, stands 16 and a half hands high, with good flat bone and superior action. He is a shapely animal and has attracted considerable notice during the past few years. In every respect Young Leabond is a fine representative of his particular class. Following is his route during the season of 1887:

MONDAY, MAY 2nd, will leave his own stable, Lot 17, Con. 11, Artemesia, and proceed to A. Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, for noon, thence by way of gravel road to John Curtin's, for night

TUESDAY, will proceed by way of 10th Side Road to 10th Line, Osprey, to Hudson's for noon, thence by way of 10th Line to Town Line and go North to John Linley's, 12th Line, for night.

WEDNESDAY, will proceed by way of 12th Line, to Robt. H. Platt's, for noon, thence by way of Valley Road, to Condy's hotel, Kimberley, for night.

THURSDAY, will proceed by way of Valley Road to Epping, John Eaton's for noon, thence by way of 8th Line to 11th Line, Euphrasia, go South 6 Lots to George Tailor's for night.

FRIDAY, will proceed by way of 60th Side Road to Allen's hotel, Berkeley, for noon, thence by way of 6th and 7th to Ned Watts's, for night.

SATURDAY, will proceed by same Line, to Glenelg, thence to Markdale, to Brien's, for noon thence by way of Back Line and Vandeleur home to his own where he will remain until Monday.

Above route will be continued throughout season, health and weather permitting.

Farmer's Friend.

This celebrated General Purpose horse the property of Mr. H. Kennedy, Artemesia, is a beautiful rich dark bay, with very heavy mane and tail, perfect symmetry, of superior action and sound, is rising 9 years old and stands 16 and a half hands high. He has taken many first prizes—indeed it is stated that he has never yet left a show ring without 1st or 2nd prize, which speaks for itself. His colts have also been noted prize takers. Following is his route for the season of 1887:—

Monday, May 2nd, will leave his own stable, Lot 30, Con. 8, Artemesia, and proceed by gravel road to Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton; for noon, thence to Lamont's hotel, Priceville, for the night.

Tuesday, will proceed along Durham Road to Samuel Wauchob's, for noon, thence to Wm. McNalty's, 16th Con., Proton, for night.

Wednesday, will proceed to Hannah & Proctor's hotel, Dundalk, for noon, thence by gravel road past Inistioge, to Samuel Sheardown's for night.

Thursday, will return by gravel road by Breen's Corner, to John Brown's for noon, thence to his own stable.

Friday will leave his own stable and proceed by Corbett's Blacksmith shop to George Fisher's, 4th line Osprey, for noon, thence across by Madill's to gravel road, thence to his own stable.

Saturday, will proceed up 9th Con. to Town Line, thence to Linley's Corner, 12th line thence by Engenia to his own stable where he will remain until the following Monday morning.

Above route continued throughout the season health and weather permitting.

FANCY GOODS :—Fancy Goods. A very fine lot of Fancy Goods just received at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, consisting of all colors of Macrame Cord also Tinsel Macrame Cord, all colors. All colors of Felt for Fancy work, Black Bugle Beads, Painting Cards, Floss and Filosells, all colors, Albums, Fancy Frames, &c. All kinds of Fancy work and stamping of every description done to order by Mrs. Russell.

Clydesdale Jock.

This truly supberb Heavy Draught stallion—the property of Messrs. McAleer & McGirr—will make the season of 1887 as given below. Clydesdale Jock will be five years old on the 21st of this month, stands 16 hands 1 inch in height, weighs 2000 lbs., is a dark bay, with flowing mane and tail, good heavy bone, sound feet, perfect symmetry and superior action. He was sired by the celebrated horse, Scotland's Glory, dam, a Wonderful Lad, so that from both sides, Clydesdale Jock comes from a superior class of ancestors. Following is his route for this season:—

Monday, May 3rd, will leave his own stable and proceed to Wm. Cameron's for noon, thence to Eugenia for night.

Tuesday will proceed to S. Irwin's for noon, thence to J. Curley's, Irish Lake, for night.

Wednesday, will proceed to S. McMullen's for noon, thence by way of Booth's corners to Wm. Stewart's, Proton, for night.

Thursday, will proceed to Shrigley's settlement for noon, thence to McIntyre's Corners for night.

Saturday, will proceed by way of Gravel Road to his own stable.

Above route will be continued throughout the season health and wether permitting.

THE REV GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. E. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

IRELAND'S UNHAPPY LOT.

It has transpired that Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at the dinner given by the Labor members of Parliament last night, declared his entire disbelief in the accusations made against the Irish leaders. Mr. Gladstone said in May, 1882, immediately after the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke in Phœnix Park, Mr. Parnell wrote him a letter with reference to that crime. The contents of the letter, which had obviously been written under great mental distress, threw considerable light upon the topic of the present hour, and was strong evidence in favor of the contention that the *Times* letter was a base and malicious forgery. Mr. Parnell, apparently foreseeing that in the public mind he would be associated with the crime, offered to place himself without reserve in Mr. Gladstone's hands. He wrote that he regarded the murders with the utmost abhorrence, and he offered to resign the leadership of the Irish party and retire altogether from political life if Mr. Gladstone considered such a step advisable in the interests of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone said he would refrain from saying what reply he made, adding that it was only a short time since he obtained Mr. Parnell's assent to his mentioning the matter.

Alluding to the advice tendered Mr. Parnell from certain quarters that he should bring an action against the *Times*, Mr. Gladstone said that many years ago, when he was Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, the *Times* bitterly attacked him, accusing him of treason. On returning to England he consulted a famous lawyer, with a view of bringing an action, but was dissuaded from taking legal steps, the lawyer expressing the conviction that, even if Mr. Gladstone proved his case, no jury in the then state of public mind would be likely to convict the *Times*. Mr. Gladstone's statement has caused an absorbing sensation in the clubs, but has not yet appeared in the press. The Conservatives talk of challenging the production of the letters.

The debate in the House of Commons to-night on the Coercion Bill was featureless. Mr. Gladstone will not speak on the motion to go into committee on the Bill. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy, the latter for the first time since his suspension, will appear in the House to-morrow.

Lord Rosebery, in a speech at Glasgow to-night, said he had an almost unlimited belief in Mr. Gladstone. The Government, he said, by pressing on the Coercion Bill were raising an agitation that would certainly lead to a general election. With regard to the assertion that if Home Rule were granted to Ireland that country would fall under the control of the American Irish, he said that it was his belief that if Mr. Gladstone's Bill had been passed the Irish would now resent interference from New York as much as they had resented interference from England.

Sir George Trevelyan writes: "The passage of the Crimes Bill as it stands would lay Ireland bound hand and foot at the mercy of the party in the ascendancy in Ireland, which has never governed justly and never will, besides postponing quite indefinitely the conciliation and settlement of Ireland. The doctrine that the Bill must be supported in order to keep the present Government in power is the most unsound and dangerous one ever openly broached since I have been in public life."

The Marquis of Lansdowne has declined to accept the provisional arrangement made last week by the mediators engaged in the task of adjusting the dispute between him and the dissatisfied tenants on his Luggacurran estates. Lord Lansdowne's agent refuses to agree to any of the proposed abatements of rent. He suggests no terms, and much bitterness is provoked by the suspicion that he has been using the negotiations merely to find out what was the utmost the tenants would volunteer in order to place his demands a few points beyond and still within the limits of probable acceptance. Mr. William O'Brien, whose proposed tour to Canada to stump the country against the Marquis of Lansdowne was postponed on receipt of the intelligence that the Luggacurran difficulty was about to be settled by the above mentioned mediation, stigmatizes the agent's present offer as a flagrant repudiation of every term of the agreement which the public was led to believe had been accepted. Mr. O'Brien announces that he will no longer delay proceeding to Canada to expose Lord Lansdowne's conduct towards his Irish tenantry.

A last (Thursday) night's London despatch says: The resolutions of the Dominion Parliament with reference to the Irish Crimes Bill were unnoticed by the London morning papers, but are subjected to criticism in the evening journals.

The *St. James' Gazette* (Tory) wonders what the Canadians would say if the Imperial House of Commons passed a resolution in favor of releasing Nova Scotia from the union. Our colonial cousins, says the *Gazette*, would not like it, and England would hear plain words indeed, yet the Imperial Parliament has a perfect technical right to interfere in Canadian matters, while the Dominion has none whatever to interfere in British politics. Continuing, the *Gazette* says: "While we are not inclined to take the resolutions too seriously, it would have shown better taste and statesmanship to have let the matter alone."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* (Liberal) approves of the resolutions and speaks of the significance of the division, which may be attributed to the Irish vote, which shows its power in passing so important a resolution. Parliamentary majorities may wax and wane, but the Irish vote is a permanent factor in colonial politics.

The *Evening News* (Ind.) says it is very kind of Canadian Liberals and the Irish element to teach us what we ought to do. It pities the Canadian Parliament that it has nothing better to do than pass aimless resolutions of the school debating society order.

The *Globe* (Tory) regrets that Mr. Blake lent himself to a movement with which Canada has nothing to do. Canadian Liberals have gravely discredited themselves as a party, while the supporters of the Government, by voting in opposition, show a want of patriotism or wisdom which ought to tell against them in the eyes of their constituents.

Mr. Bright has written a letter in which he says: "No Government, Liberal or Conservative, is likely to promote a measure like that before Parliament except under a strong sense of necessity. Such measures bring the Government much difficulty, rendering it unpopular and interfering with other measures with which the Ministers are anxious to proceed. In 1881-82 I consented to measures of repression for the sake of law and order. I was then a member of the Government. What I thought needful then I think needful now, and I will not condemn the present Bill because it is introduced by Conservatives."

In the House of Commons to-night the motion offered on the 26th inst. by Mr. Robert T. Reid, Liberal, that the House decline to proceed with any measure directed against tenants combining for relief until a full measure for their relief from excessive rents was presented in Parliament, was rejected by a vote of 341 to 240. A motion that the House go into committee on the Crimes Bill was then adopted.

In the debate before the vote on Mr. Reid's motion, Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor said it was the duty of the Parnellites to delay the Crimes Bill as a hostage for a satisfactory remedial measure. He accused Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, of gross ignorance respecting the state of that country, and contended that if he himself dealt with crime in England on the same basis on which the Ministers favoring coercion dealt with crime in Ireland, he could show a state of things that was truly appalling.

Mr. Morley said the effect of the Bill would be, not to prevent the withdrawal of capital from Ireland, but to drive out the labor that supported capital. The Government had its own weak case to thank for the prolonging of the discussion, the Opposition being compelled to extract information piece-meal. First the Government had said the Bill was directed to suppress crimes, then that it was directed against combinations. Now the Government said the measure was not aimed at combinations.

Mr. Parnell, who was expected to return to London to-day, is suffering from a cold, and is confined to his house at Avondale, Ireland.

The *Freeman's Journal* stated that the Government recently applied for a list of educated candidates to fill vacancies in the ranks of the Irish Constabulary caused by resignations, and that the refusals to join the service were so numerous that the Government was compelled to resort to an inferior list. Many even of the latter refused to take the places offered them.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The Marquis of Hartington will preside over a meeting of Liberal-Unionists called to assemble here to-morrow to consider certain proposed amendments to the Irish Crimes Act Amendment Bill, principal among which is one doing away with or greatly modifying the clause permitting the Crown to change the venue to England in a certain class of Irish cases.

The House of Commons this afternoon went into committee on the Irish Crimes Act Amendment Bill. T. M. Healy proposed that the word "offence" in the Act should be changed to the word "crime." Mr. Dillon and Mr. Bradlaugh supported the proposal. Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, declined on behalf of the Government to accept the change. Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt said it was evident that the Bill was not intended to punish crime in Ireland, but designed for applying penalties by the resident magistrates to new offences created by the Bill. Mr. Gladstone advised the Government to concede Mr. Healy's amendment. The word "offence" could not be held to be strictly synonymous with the word "crime" in the Bill. If the Government desired a strictly legal use of the measure they would accept accurate definitions. A division was taken and the amendment defeated by a vote of 157 to 120.

The Dominion and Nova Scotian resolutions in condemnation of the Irish Crimes Bill are still but little noticed here. Mr. John Morley last night referred to them in support of his opposition to the Bill.

The *St. James' Gazette* says these votes only become mischievous when used as arguments in the House of Commons. When an English party politician tells us he has got the Canadians on his side, it is difficult to avoid reminding the colonists that they have nothing to do with domestic politics, and that their interference is very much out of place. The *Gazette* objects to this rather foolish piece of Canadian officiousness as a sort of threat to the Imperial Parliament.

The *Daily Chronicle* regards the resolutions as simply impertinent. It says if the Imperial House of Commons were to pass a resolution affirming the right of the French half-breeds in Canada to cut the throats of Canadians who are loyal to the Dominion, we do not say the Canadians would ignore it, because we fear they would retort with a considerable degree of asperity. When American or Canadian legislatures pass resolutions of this sort they simply demonstrate their unfitness for the exercise of legislative functions.

The Canadian Mail Route.

A London cable says: In the House of Lords last night the Earl of Harrowby asked for information respecting the decision of the Government on the proposal of the Canadian Government to establish a line of mail steamers between Vancouver and China. The Earl of Onslaw, Parliamentary Secretary of the Colonial Office, replied that the committee to which the matter was referred had declined to recommend a subsidy of $300,000 for the proposed service of a steamer every three weeks, but was considering the advisability of granting a subsidy of $300,000 for a monthly service, Canada to contribute also. Lord Carnarvon urged that a subsidy be granted. He said that if England did not assist the enterprise the advantages of the route would pass into the hands of another power.

A loafer insults a septuagenarian who is still rather solid. "Now," said he, "I am too old a man to be thus insulted; but," added he as he made the loafer bite the dust, "I am still too young to stand it."
Paris Figaro.

The Duke of Portland's residence at Robertland, his seat in Ayrshire, has been burned.

The prevalence of pleuro-pneumonia among English cattle will probably engage the attention of the Canadian Department of Agriculture, with a view to taking steps to prevent contagion in this country from imported animals.

THE SCHNAEBELE'S SCARE.

Supposed Satisfactory Settlement of the Case—The Strained Relations.

A Paris cable says: The Paris newspapers appear to be nearly all well pleased by the manner in which the Schnaebele affair has been settled and pronounce it an honorable settlement. They praise the prudence and fairness displayed by M. Flourens, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his conduct of France's side of the case. A majority of the papers draw from the incident the lesson that in the future France must redouble her vigilance in order to avoid surprises of the kind caused by the arrest of Schnaebele. According to the *Republique Francaise*, all the French prefects have been instructed to prevent the people in their respective districts from using the occasion of Schnaebele's liberation for making anti-German demonstrations.

Schnaebele reached Paris on Saturday afternoon. He at once called on Premier Goblet and had an interview with him, in which he re-affirmed the story of his arrest as originally told. It is again asserted that Schnaebele will be relieved of his post of commissary at Pagny-sur-Moselle, and be retired on a pension.

La France is soliciting donations of 1 franc each toward the purchase of a diamond cross for M. Schnaebele. Eleven members of the Gautsch family head the subscription list.

A Berlin cable says: Official circles consider that Germany has a good claim to demand that France shall cease from official intriguing in the German Provinces. It is believed Prince Bismarck is about to make urgent representations that, having proved good will in the Schnaebele case, France must now stop offences against international law by ordering her officials to refrain from fomenting treason in Alsace-Lorraine. If the response of the French Government is not satisfactory, the Schnaebele incident, it is thought, will become the starting point of the greatest events of the century.

The Cologne *Gazette* publishes a list of French agents who have been arrested and convicted in Germany, and defies the French Government to adduce a single case where a German Government agent has been convicted of espionage in France. Hitherto, the paper adds, the French Government agents who were arrested have been liberated after a short detention. The cases of the Danish captain, Sarauw, the poet Krazewski and the Belgian Jansen do not apply to the French. A recent instance of the leniency of the German Government is the case of Lieut. Letellier, who was caught at Carlsruhe, having in his possession plans of the fortress and sketches, and who was liberated after his guilt had been fully established. This course on the part of the Government has been the rule toward other Frenchmen, but a further observance of the rule, the *Gazette* declares, is impossible.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* represents that the increased irritation among all classes in Germany must impel the Government to ask France to offer trustworthy guarantees that Germany shall in future be protected against officially-permitted espionage. The regret of the war party is that if Bismarck means to raise the final question now, the delaying of the conflict has enabled the French War Department, during the past four months, to reform and immensely strengthen the line of defences of the frontier. On the other hand, four months ago popular feeling was against war, while now the balance of opinion throughout Germany will be with Bismarck if war is declared necessary. Gen. Waldersee, with his staff, inspected during the week the frontier line northward from Metz. There has been a continual movement of troops in the frontier Provinces.

MINIATURE REBELLION.

The People of Paulding, Ohio, in Arms—Troops Called Out—The First Victim.

A Defiance, O., despatch says: Fred. Reeves, one of the militiamen from Toledo, who went to guard the reservoir and State property in Paulding county, accidentally shot and killed himself while on guard duty about midnight.

News from the disturbances at Paulding reservoir yesterday indicate no material change in the situation. At last accounts there had been no conflict between the troops and the men engaged in destroying public works.

THE CAUSE.

Trouble has been brewing for some time in the vicinity of Antwerp, Paulding County. There is situated near there a reservoir which feeds the Miami & Erie Canal, and a portion of the Wabash Canal. Some Paulding County people want the reservoir and Wabash Canal abandoned, claiming it to be a detriment to their land and practically valueless. Since the Bill to abandon them was defeated in the Legislature last winter several attempts have been made to blow up the aqueduct. The last attempt, which resulted in much damage, occurred about one month ago. The breakage was, however, repaired, and guards were stationed to watch the lawless dynamiters. The latter declared a 30 days' armistice, and notified lumbermen to remove their logs from the Wabash Canal, as it certainly would be destroyed. Little attention was paid to these threats, but early Tuesday morning, about 200 men, armed with picks, shovels and explosives, made a raid on the canal. They easily overpowered the four guards on duty and leveled the canal banks for a distance of 100 feet. They blew up two locks and burned another, also burning the lock tender's house.

Mrs. Kate Fuller, of Jackson, Mich., sued George Blesenger for damages for walking over her clean floor with muddy boots, and the jury gave her a verdict of 25 cents. Who will say that woman is not getting her rights?

Capt. Roberts and three of the crew of the British ship City of Ottawa, which arrived at Newcastle yesterday from Mobile died from fever during the voyage.

A pretty dress recently worn at an artist's studio tea was in two shades of silver-gray. The bodice, train and draperies were of cloud-gray velvet. The front was a softly arranged mass of silver-gray crepe de chine embroidered with silk of the same hade.

So far this season a total of 4,368 immigrants have arrived in Winnipeg.

TRAIN ROBBING EXTRAORDINARY

A Band of Thieves Stop a Train, Blow Up a Safe and Steal $5,000.

A last (Thursday) night's Tucson (Arizona) despatch says: One of the most audacious, desperate and successful train robberies ever recorded occurred yesterday on the west-bound overland train on the Southern Pacific Railroad near here. The western bound express, due here at 10.30 last evening, was stopped and robbed at Papago station, eighteen miles east of here, about 9.30. The number of men engaged in the robbery is variously estimated from five to eight. Col. Harper, the engineer, when approaching Papago was signalled by a red lantern to stop. He slowed down, and as he neared the light he noticed obstructions on the track so placed that, in case he failed to stop, the engine would spread the track and derail itself. Immediately on stopping a dozen or more shots were fired into the express car, and a man with a pistol in each hand boarded the locomotive and commaded Harper not to get down. The other robbers had in the meantime been prying open the express car, and, failing to get it open, they placed a stick of giant powder under it, and compelled Harper to light the fuse attached. This he was obliged to do, but to avoid being blown up the messenger opened the car and the robbers took possession. After extinguishing the fuse they then took charge of the car, uncoupled the engine, baggage and express car from the remainder of the train, and made Harper get on the engine and pull ahead two lengths. This being done, Harper was again put off and the robbers took charge of the engine and pulled six miles toward Tucson. Here they killed the engine and left it. During the run the robbers went through the mail and express cars, but did not get more than $5,000. Nothing was known here of the affair until past midnight, when a telegram was received from Pantano, a brakeman having walked back eight miles to that place. None of the passengers were molested.

THE AMERICAN DILEMMA.

The Alaskan and Canadian Fisheries Must be Settled on Similar Principles.

A Washington cable says: The Department of State is carefully considering the question of the jurisdiction of the United States over the Alaskan fur seal fisheries. The statement made in the Canadian Parliament yesterday, to the effect that communications on the subject had been sent by that Government to Secretary Bayard, is denied at the State Department, and it is said that all of the correspondence touching the fisheries has been carried on directly with the Government of Great Britain. This fact, it is believed, will explain the delay in hearing from the State Department, of which complaint has been made at Ottawa. The United States laws, under which certain British Columbian vessels were seized by the revenue cutter Corwen last season, are more than twenty years old, and the question of a conflict between them and the law of nations is one especially knotty and difficult of settlement. The fact that this question has been raised strengthens the Department of State in its determination to continue to pursue the temperate course it has so far followed in the negotiations with Great Britain concerning the Canadian fisheries. The vast Alaskan fisheries are thought to be quite as important to this country as are the Nova Scotian inshore fisheries, and the State Department is necessarily obliged to so shape its construction of the laws and treaties as to preserve the right of the United States to the exclusive enjoyment of the Alaskan fisheries while maintaining the treaty rights of our fishermen in North American waters. It is held that there cannot be two constructions of the laws, and any position assumed by the Department must apply equally to Atlantic and Pacific waters.

Alexander Mitchell's Will.

A Milwaukee despatch says: The will of Alexander Mitchell was made public on Saturday. No approximation of the value of the estate is made and the terms of the will avoid the filing of an inventory, so that the exact wealth left by Mr. Mitchell will never be known. It is believed to be from fifteen to twenty-five millions. The entire property, real and personal, is left to his only son, John L. Mitchell, after deducting the following legacies: Mrs. Martha Mitchell, widow, $200,000, the homestead valued at half a million dollars, and $50,000 annually; David Mitchell, grandson, $100,000; Mrs. Isabella Mackie, of Milwaukee, niece, $25,000; seven bequests to public charities aggregating $50,000; Jessie Mitchell of Aberdeen, Scotland, his sister, $500 a year. The property known as the Wisconsin Marine & Fire Insurance Company's bank is divided equally between John L. Mitchell, John Johnston, his nephew, and David Ferguson, his most intimate friend.

Northwestern Ontario's Climate.

A special correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* describes the Lake of the Woods as a pretty bit of scenery, and adds: "Some dyspeptic has been proposing to make it the site of a sanatarium, but surely Canada has not come to that. My experience, and I am not ostrich-stomached, is that the whole country is a sanatarium. Its clear, bracing autumn air is worth all the tonics and liver pills ever concocted by mortal quack."

A resident of Birtle, Manitoba, claims to have trapped 105 foxes and wolves last year.

The whole of the $10,000 of stock required for the new show grounds at Kingston has been subscribed. Only $800 were taken by farmers of the county.

The newest champion to demand recognition as such is Michael Yerger, of Montgomery county, Pa., who glories in having inserted rings in the noses of over 13,000 pigs during two years, being far ahead of any other man in the profession, as far as heard from.

To remove paint and putty from window-glass put sufficient saleratus into hot water to make a strong solution, and with this saturate the paint or putty which adheres to the glass. Let it remain until nearly dry, then rub off with a woolen cloth.

Maggie Liston, the Kingston little girl who was badly burned while lighting a fire with coal oil, died on Saturday.

BUFFALO BILL'S SHOW.

The Grand Old Man Visits the American Exhibition, is Entertained at Lunch and Makes a Speech.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: Mr. Gladstone and his wife to-day paid a visit to the grounds of the American Exhibition and the camp of the Wild West Show. A special performance was given for their entertainment. Mr. Gladstone sat and looked on with all the evidence of childlike delight. After the performance was over he was introduced to Red Shirt, one of the Indians. Mr. Gladstone spoke to him at length, and asked him whether he noticed any difference between the English and Americans, or if he regarded them as brothers. Red Shirt replied that he "didn't notice much about the brotherhood." The fifteen hundred workmen employed at the Exhibition grounds cheered for Gladstone and Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone and his wife bowed repeatedly in answer to the salutations. Mr. Gladstone was entertained at lunch by the managers of the Exhibition. Col. Russell, of Boston, presided. Mr. Gladstone, replying to a toast to his health, said, among other things: "The institutions and progress of the United States have always been subjects of great interest to me ever since, very many years ago, I studied the life of Washington. I became then aware, first, of the magnitude of the destiny reserved for Americans, and second of the fact that the period of the birth of the American State was of more interest than any other it was possible to study. Whenever a youth desirous of studying political life consults me respecting a course of study in the field of history, I always refer him to the early history of America. God Almighty made Englishmen and Americans kinsmen, and they ought to have affection for one another. If they had not, humanity would cry shame upon them. I rejoice that the clouds which once obscured our mutual vision have almost vanished from our political sky, and that the future is as bright and promising as the warmest-hearted among us could desire."

HEAD CUT OFF.

An Englishman Decapitated by the Cars at Niagara.

A last (Thursday) night's Niagara Falls (Ont.) despatch says: About half-past 1 o'clock this afternoon Conductor Ganter, on a special freight, arrived at the West End G. T. R. yard, near Clifton Junction. On looking out of the van window he noticed a man walking down the C. S. R. transfer track lazily. The manner in which he was walking during the drizzling rain attracted his attention. It was about fifteen minutes before the train could be taken into the yard, and it consisted of about sixty empty coal cars. Upon the train starting he noticed the third car from the van rise on one side as well as the fore truck of the next car. Upon looking out of the van at the rear to see what caused it a most horrid spectacle presented itself to him in the shape of the body of a man between the rails and the head outside of the rail, it being cut off as if done by a knife. He immediately alighted from the van and flagged the express train west, and with the assistance of one of his brakemen had the body removed from the track. It was taken to the depot, and up to a late hour no one had recognized him. There was nothing on his person that he could be identified by. He is about 5 feet 7 inches high, apparently middle-aged, weighs about 145 pounds, has short-clipped full whiskers, and is attired in working clothes. He is supposed to have been the man whom the conductor noticed. It has been reported that the man was recognized by some quarrymen from Queenstown quarries as being a stonecutter named Carruthers, lately out from England. He had been in town with some of his associates during the morning and had partaken freely of liquor, and had been left by them in town.

THE ROYAL JUBILEE.

Particulars of the August Ceremonial—The Women's Gift—The Barnardo Homes.

A London cable says: The Queen is to sit in the Coronation Chair at the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey. It will be placed just under the lantern where the lectern usually stands. The choir will be occupied by the royalties and the personages who form part of the procession. The House of Lords will be seated in one transept and the House of Commons in the other, so that the Queen will have the High Court of Parliament on both sides of her. Tiers of seats are to be erected in the transepts and in the nave. There are to be galleries above the aisles on each side of the choir and nave, just as at the coronation. The composition of the representative congregation is giving infinite trouble to the Lord Chamberlain and his myrmidons.

The trustees of the Barnardo homes have decided to celebrate the Jubilee year by establishing a home for the street children of London and developing land in Manitoba and the erection of an industrial farm for the employment of older lads rescued from the great towns. These and other projects are contemplated at a cost of £50,000.

The women's Jubilee gift to the Queen promises to be a great success financially. One distinguished lady, to whom the origin of this project is due, has collected and paid in $12,000. Money is now coming in at the rate of $5,000 a day, and the managers are sanguine that the total will exceed $250,000.

Oil portraits of all the members of Crown Prince Frederick William's family are being painted. The pictures are intended for a present to the Queen from the German residents of London on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

The family of Perry Richardson, in Fountain County, Ind., has been poisoned. The wife and one boy are dead and two other children are lying at the point of death. Reports are conflicting as to the author of the poisoning. Some accuse the husband, and others think Mrs. Richardson did it herself.

Patti's recent season in New York city was a great financial success. The monetary results are as follows: "Traviata," $10,950; "Semiramide," $11,200; "Faust," $10,600; "Carmen," $19,150; "Lucia," $12,100, and "Martha," $15,000, making a total of nearly $80,000.

Emperor William has signed the release of Schnaebele.

LATE SPORTING NOTES.

Baseball

Catcher Hallman has been sold to Wilkesbarre with which team he played last year. He is a good man, but the club has Moore, Warner and Morrison behind the bat and can do without him.

At Altoona on Tuesday the Hamiltons won by 6 to 3. Wood and Hallman were the Hamilton battery, and 15 hits were scored for Altoona, including five bases on balls. No Hamilton man was given a base on balls nor anything else that the umpire could prevent.

Dave Orr, the first baseman of the Metropolitan Club, was more seriously injured by his collision with Andy Sommers (formerly of the Hamiltons) than was at first supposed. Both men were running at full speed for a high foul hit. They came together with great force and both fell to the ground. Sommer's head hit Orr in the mouth, breaking two teeth and cutting his tongue almost through. Orr bruised his left knee very badly and received a terrible blow in the chest, from which he had a hemorrhage. He was rather easier yesterday, but is still unable to leave his bed, and will not play ball for several weeks. Sommers was not much hurt.

Wesley Curry, the manager of the Oswego team, will have the sympathy of the International League in the death of his wife, which occurred at his home in Philadelphia on Tuesday. Mrs. Curry has been a long and patient sufferer from consumption.

FINE POINTS IN SCORING.

Secretary White has issued the following instructions to International League scorers:

In section 6 of rule 65, the player who completes the play in a run-out gets credit for a put-out; all others who have handled the ball get credit of assists.

When the bases are not occupied by base runners, if the catcher drop or pass the ball on the fourth strike and cannot recover in time to field the runner out at first base, it counts as an error; but should he recover it in time and should he field the ball perfectly to the first base and the baseman fails to put out the runner, give the error to the baseman and credit the catcher with an assist. In the above cases give the pitcher credit for a strike-out in the summary and an assist in the assist column.

The expression "handles the ball," in the same section, is construed to mean if the ball has touched any part of a fielder's person, enabling another fielder to put out a base runner.

When two men are out and a batsman makes a safe hit for two or more bases, sending home any men who may be on bases, their runs do not count if the batsman be declared out for not running within the 45-foot lines or for not touching first base, for that is construed as being put out "before reaching first base."

Errors should be given to a fielder in case a ball is fielded to first base on the bound, and is missed by the baseman.

Scorers' attention is particularly called to section 7 of rule 65 in reference to scoring battery errors.

Earned runs should be credited to the club—not to individuals.

Should a batsman reach first base on called balls and the pitcher sends the next three men to base in like manner, forcing the first batsman to the home plate, the run should be scored as being earned. A player must earn first base in order for him to gain an earned run. Should a player reach first on a safe hit, steal second on a fumble of the baseman or a wild throw of a catcher, and is batted home, the run shall not be scored as being earned.

Cricket.

THE CANADIAN GENTLEMEN'S TOUR.

Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey has secured the patronage of the Governor-General and the Lieut.-Governors of all the Provinces for his team's tour in England this summer. Liberal subscriptions were sent by all of these gentlemen. All the team, except Dr. Ogden, will play at Seabright against the Gentlemen of New York. The match there will be of particular interest, as the professional bowlers of the Staten Island and Seabright Clubs will be pitted against the visitors. However, a substantial victory is expected for the Canadians. Mr. Annand, of Halifax, will be as good as Harley. Boyd never intended going; he is an Englishman, and there will therefore be no Englishmen on the team. Every courtesy has been extended the team, so that an enjoyable time is expected. A well-known sporting man said yesterday that the Canadians would win at least two-thirds of their matches. He took the results of the American matches in 1884, and assumed the strength of the Canadians to be, from the last three international matches, at least 25 per cent. in favor of the Canadians as compared with the Americans, so that a comparison of results will show that, other things being equal, the per cent. of matches that will fall to the Canadian gentlemen will be as above indicated. A great deal of money has been wagered in New York that the Canadians will win one-half of their matches. Dr. Ogden sails May 28th by the Anchor line. Most of the team will visit Paris, returning home Sept. 18th at the latest, about which time the Ontario Cricket Association has fixed the international match.

Pedestrianism.

In a letter to Jack White, the celebrated amateur sprinter, Lou Myers says that Harry Hutchens refuses to run him a quarter of a mile. All sorts of inducements were made to the English champion, but he would not make a match. Myers, finding that he was likely to be shelved, offered to give any man in Australia (barring Hutchens and Malone) ten yards' start in a quarter of a mile. Malone, the Australian runner, will not make a match with Myers, and it is said that some of the former's backers tried to buy off Myers when he first arrived, but failing in this they let the American drop.

The Turf.

At latest advices the quotations for the Epsom Derby, to be run on May 25th, were: 7 to 2 against The Baron, taken; 5 to 1 Enterprise, 10 to 1 Blanchland, 18 to 1 Whistle Jacket, 33 to 1 Florentine, 33 to 1 Aintree, 40 to 1 Martley.

Mr. Wm. Hendrie's string of thoroughbreds in training have gone to the Valley Farm, and will be worked on the new five-eighth of a mile track there.

Liberal bets are offered that Harry Wilkes will not lower his record of 2.13¼ this year. It is said that the glorious climate of California has about the same effect upon horses as champagne has upon men. It livens them up, but only temporarily. When Sweetzer went there in '78 he was no good. When he got there he paced in 2.13. When he came back he fell off once more. Adelaide trotted to waggon in 2.19 in California, but on her return east 2.22 was the best she could do. Rarus on the Oakland track, 'Frisco, he could do a mile easily in 2.14. In Michigan a couple of months later he labored in 2.20, but in August of the same year at Buffalo he once more got his speed and covered the mile in 2.14¾.

Rowing.

George F. Galt, the captain and stroke of the Winnipeg Club, is in Montreal, and says the west will be represented at the C. A. A. O. Regatta at Ottawa, and while he thoroughly recognizes the fact that Lachine will be hard to beat, he thinks the championship will journey westward this season. The Winnipegs are a good set of men, and will render a good account of themselves.—*Mail.* Capt. Galt will find only one of last year's Lachine four in the crew this year, and he may remember that the Winnipegs came west two years ago quite as confident of success, but finished 20 lengths behind the Nautilus four at the Beach.

Aquatics.

George Bubear, who is as much the champion sculler of England as any Englishman can be while Canadians and Australians easily beat him, is 27 years old, 5 feet 8 inches high and weighs 163 pounds.

The cutter Cyprus, bought in England by Mr. E. J. McMurchy, of the Toronto Yacht Club, arrived in New York by the steamship Richmond Hill on Tuesday.

Edward Hanlan, in conversation with a Boston *Globe* reporter on Monday evening, said: "I have just received a letter from Mr. Innes, the celebrated English bookmaker, and promoter of the international regatta, which was held on the Thames championship course last fall, who says: 'I have got a man, and it is not Beach or Hanlan, that I will back against Jake Gaudaur for £1,000 a side, the race to be on the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake.' In the letter he does not mention who it is, but it is safe to say that Bubear is the man he has reference to."

CANNIBALISM IN CANADA.

Disgusting Rites of the Savages of British Columbia.

The Victoria, B. C., *Colonist* publishes an account of Prof. Jacobien's sojourn among the Indians of the interior of the northern part of British Columbia. The professor tells of some sickening sights which he witnessed there during the past winter, which, at this day, one could scarcely believe capable of being witnessed so near home, did the information not come from a reliable person. The custom is still carried out there of men ambitious for the honor of chieftain betaking themselves to the woods, and after remaining there for some time coming back possessed of a spirit and biting pieces of flesh from the bodies of those whom they first meet. One who wished to graduate last winter went out and remained from sight for several weeks, though he came near the camp occasionally and made night hideous with his yells. When he returned to the tribe he came naked, notwithstanding that it was the middle of winter and two or three feet of snow on the ground. The first man he met he seized, knocked down, and bit a piece out of his arm which he chewed ravenously. This was repeated many times over, his face becoming besmeared with blood and presenting a fiendish appearance. The victims of the would-be-chieftain's bites receive in return for their pains a small pecuniary compensation, and it is an honor to carry the scar. The more scars of this kind decorates an Indian's body the more numerous are his honors, and when he comes to have a great many he becomes a chieftain himself in a little way. The biter on one occasion made a break for the professor, who soon gave him to understand that he was going to experience something pretty tough if he tackled him. He was not further molested.

INTERESTING LIBEL SUIT.

Wants $25,000 for being Called a Fenian Gladstone a Home Ruler in 1879.

A London cable says: The libel suit brought against Wm. Ridgeway, publisher, for $25,000 for asserting in the *Black Pamphlet* on the Irish question, recently issued by him, that Sir John Brennon, the plaintiff, a former Home Rule member of Parliament, was a Fenian and an ally of the Invincibles, came up for trial yesterday. The court-room was crowded in anticipation of interesting developments. Mr. Ridgeway being called pleaded that the alleged libel was true. Sir John Brennon being sworn made an emphatic denial of the defendant's statement. Sir John said he never was a Fenian. He left the Land League in June, 1880, after a quarrel with its managers for opening his telegrams. He had not since then joined any Irish league or association or any Fenian league or association. He had never travelled between Paris and London on Irish Republican business. He had never interfered with the work of tracing. Sir John declared that Sir Lyon Playfair told him that Mr. Gladstone had become converted to the Home Rule theory in 1879, and that he desired Mr. Parnell to accept the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Witness spoke to Mr. Parnell about taking the office, but he declined even to entertain the idea.

SAVED AFTER MUCH SUFFERING.

Captain and Crew of the Louis O'Neill Safe After All.

A Cleveland (Ohio) despatch says: Capt. Thomas Walker and his daughter and eight sailors of the schooner Louis O'Neill arrived here yesterday. He says his vessel went to the bottom near Port Stanley. The cause of the disaster was the breaking of the tow and the fouling of the O'Neill with the Thos. L. Parker, a hole being stove into the bow, and his vessel rapidly filled with water. He and the crew took to the yawl, and ten minutes later the O'Neill went down. The party were at sea twenty-three hours, during all of which the storm raged with unabated fury, when they made Conneaut, an Ohio port, all being nearly dead from exposure.

Mrs. Jas. Bowlby, of Talbotville, met with a sad and it is feared fatal accident on Saturday evening, in the absence of her husband. She had gone to the barn to collect eggs, and when reaching the loft she slipped and fell to the ground. She was found in an unconscious state, and being in a critical condition the shock caused the premature birth of a child, which lived only a short time. Mrs. Bowlby is still alive, but cannot recover.

"Where do the birds go in winter?" asks an exchange. We cannot answer for all of them but a good many go to pot.

FARMERS FAVOR RECIPROCITY.

Interesting Meeting of Officers of County Institutes.

CANADIAN BUTTER INDUSTRY.

Among those present at the meeting of the Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Secretaries of Farmers' Institutes in Ontario, held in Toronto Thursday, were: Messrs. A. H. Pettit, Grimsby; W. J. Hill, Wyoming; D. Campbell, Nelson; J. Z. Frazer, Burford; D. Burt, St. George; W. Roddick, Brantford; Alex. Waldie, Halton; Wm. Clements, Halton; William Anderson, Mountain View; H. A. Nixon, St. George; F. Ruddell, Georgetown; J. C. Dance, Kingsmill; V. E. Fuller, Hamilton; Thos. Shaw, Binbrook. Mr. Awrey, M.P.P. for South Wentworth, and Mr. Archibald Blue, Assistant-Commissioner of Agriculture, were also present.

Mr. V. E. Fuller was called to the chair, and Mr. Thomas Shaw, of Hamilton, was appointed Secretary.

Mr. Awrey addressed the meeting with reference to the importance of the agricultural interest and the lack of attention which it received at the hands of public men. He urged the advisability of producing a class of stock that would lead Britain to Canada for her regular supplies, and so in reference to the butter industry and various other interests. He urged immediate action.

Mr. Thomas Shaw then read a carefully prepared paper on extension of Farmers' Institutes, and how they might be made more beneficial to the farmers of Ontario; after which it was decided to proceed at once with the organization of a Central Farmers' Institute for the Province of Ontario.

A discussion on the best means of improving the butter industry resulted in the adoption of this resolution:

That this meeting desires to place on record their opinion that the butter industry of Canada can be best raised to the position it ought to occupy by the establishment of creameries in Canada, and that every encouragement is due to the Ontario Creameries Association in their efforts to improve and establish creameries throughout Canada.

At the evening session it was decided to call the organization "The Permanent Canadian Farmers' Institute of Ontario," and these officers were elected: President, V. E. Fuller, of Hamilton; Vice-President, J. Dryden, M.P.P., Brooklin; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. Shaw, Hamilton; Executive Committee, James Murdoch, Yeovil; M. D. Willard, Morrisburg; T. Kosmack, Northcote; Thos. Crowe, Chatham; D. Campbell, Nelson; A. H. Pettit, Grimsby; J. H. Wooley, Simcoe; J. Legge, Gananoque; James Cochrane, Kilsythe; D. M. McPherson, Glengarry.

The most important business was the consideration of the trade relations existing between the Dominion and the United States, and the farmers in discussing the question showed a lively appreciation of the matter in so far as it affected their interests. As the resolution adopted will show, they are unanimously in favor of a broader trade policy with United States. The debate was introduced by Messrs. Thomas Conant and Andrew Annis, of Oshawa, moving the following resolution:

That this Central Farmers' Institute unanimously and individually feel the great want of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, and that this institute will at all times urge the Dominion Government to obtain such reciprocity for us at the earliest possible moment.

The following amendment was put in by D. J. Hunter, of Laurel, seconded by D. R. Ellis, of Kimberly:

That in the opinion of this Institute a removal of all restrictions on trade between the Dominion of Canada and the United States is desirable, either by reciprocity treaty or otherwise, as may be agreed upon by the Government of the respective countries, and that the officers of the Institute are hereby authorized to take such action in the premises as shall best promote the object of this resolution.

Mr. James McEwan, of Drayton, heartily endorsed the resolution, believing that with reciprocity times would be greatly improved. This feeling was widespread among farmers.

Col. Campbell thought the time was at hand when the farmers of this country should call upon the Government to take measures for the carrying out of more amicable trade relations with the United States. Some might accuse him of disloyalty for holding such views, but if it came to a question of Queen and country, his position would soon be ascertained.

Chairman Fuller called upon Mr. Anderson to take the chair while he spoke on the question. He referred to Mr. Wiman's message to him, which he had answered as a private individual, and he thought the executive officers should be empowered to carry the matter further. His business was carried on mostly with the United States, and if those opposed to reciprocity knew the amount of trade which might be carried on if commercial restriction were withdrawn there would not be one dissenter. A cry was made that the measure would be death to Canadian manufactures. If the Canadian manufacturers did not have the pluck and energy to hold their own against American competitors, all he could say was that they deserved to succumb. It was not the manufacturing so much as the agricultural interests that were at stake.

Mr. Joshua Legge, of Gananoque, said he lived in a manufacturing village, and the manufacturers there would only be too glad to have the markets of the United States open to their goods.

Mr. James Cochrane, of Owen Sound, thought that it would be better to take another move and ask the Government of Great Britain for commercial union in food supplies.

Mr. D. R. Ellis thought that every farmer in Canada would throw up his hat if reciprocity were obtained.

Mr. Thos. Kells, of Vandecur, thought that the resolutions were premature. He had a little too much British blood in him to throw himself at the foot of Congress, and he would not support the resolution. He had advocated Canadian manufacturing interests in the past, but he believed that these interests now take care of themselves. The consideration of the matter was premature.

Mr. D. R. Ellis thought that now was the proper time. (Cries of hear, hear).

Mr. James Cochrane submitted the following addition to the amendment:

That in the event of failure to obtain reciprocity between the United States and the Dominion Government, the Imperial Parliament be asked for such trade relations as would admit colonial goods free of duty and place a heavy tax on foreign food supplies.

The amendment of Mr. Hunter, with the above addition, was unanimously carried.

The following resolution on the railway tariff, by Joshua Legge, was carried after some discussion:

That in the opinion of this meeting the tariffs and classification of the railroads as they now exist are prejudicial to the interest of the farmers of this country; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Secretary of the Railway Commission.

A resolution was adopted favoring the appointment of a practical farmer as Minister of Agriculture.

The Convention adjourned at 11 o'clock, after singing the national anthem.

A MADMAN'S ACT.

A Husband Murders His Wife and Wanders About with His Throat Cut.

An Ionia, Mich., despatch says: A terrible tragedy occurred Saturday in Bushnell township. John A. Snyder, about 35 years old, had been acting queerly for a month and a medical examination had shown him a fit subject for an insane asylum. He was living with his wife and two children in a log shanty on his father's farm. Sunday morning he did not appear, and his brother went over, and a terrible sight met his view. The wife lay dead in bed, her skull being broken in with an axe. A child of 2 years was on the bed bathed in its mother's blood, uninjured, while another, a little older, was in a crib, both screaming in terror. Snyder was tracked to the swamp back of his house. From there he was trailed by blood for several miles. About 10 o'clock he walked into the house of George Forsher. He had with a razor cut three large gashes in his throat, from which he will probably die. His wife was younger than he, and handsome, and there had been trouble between them. She was afraid of him and had told her friends that she had hidden the axe and razor for fear of his using them on himself or on her.

A Trial by Jury.

That great American jury, the people, have rendered a unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the standard remedy for bowel and stomach disorders, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation and sluggish liver.

Marker Rush, a well-known character of Pittsburg, Pa., who was a few years ago worth $500,000, died at the City Poor Farm yesterday afternoon of softening of the brain.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time, her first-born's breath,
And thou art terrible!

The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its approach. One of the most alarming symptoms of this dread disease is, in fact, the ineradicable hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady. That it can be arrested in its earlier stages is beyond question, as there are hundreds of well authenticated cases where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a complete cure.

—Mother—"How do you like Mr. de Snoodle?" Daughter—"Oh, he's just lovely—such an educated man! I didn't understand half what he was talking about."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

To make calicoes wash well infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water and put the calicoes in while hot and leave them till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent and will not fade by subsequent washings.

Neither plain or high living provides immunity from rheumatism, that scourge of advancing years. McCollom's Repellant, taken internally, cures like magic. Thousands testify to it. Sold by wholesale and retail druggists.

It is said that Rev. Mr. Springer, assistant pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago, was driven to insanity by the prosecution of his creditors. The rector of his parish, who is now in Europe, receives a salary of $6,000 a year, but Mr. Springer got only $300.

Tender Corns,

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed, without pain or sore spots, by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Lawrence Clark, a laborer, was struck by a train at the Grand Trunk station in Kingston yesterday morning and killed.

The quarantine service in the Gulf will go into effect immediately, and the precautions against the introduction of cholera will be very stringent this year.

The British Admiralty has decided that the Indian troopships are to be laid up and the transport service in future to be done by private contract. This decision causes much discussion in naval circles, but the plan has been adopted for purposes of economy.

Two hundred and fifty indictments have been found against the Missouri Bald Knobbers by the grand jury at Ozark.

A sensational elopement occurred at Lockport, N.Y., on Monday which has just been disclosed. Mrs. Jos. Farnsworth, a blonde with doll-like features, aged 25, ran away with her husband's father, aged 60 years. Mrs. Farnsworth left two small children.

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BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

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CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

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DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

The Blueberry is a valuable fruit, and is a reliable fruit to grow in the Northern States, where the more tender varieties winter kills. It is perfectly hardy, will stand 40 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender buds. Fruit ripens in this latitude about the first of July. Color, a bluish black, when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-acid, pronounced by most people delicious. The fruit is excellent for pies, or canned for winter use. It grows very stocky; the shining dark-green leaves and the blue fruit make a pleasing contrast. It seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. One dozen plants by mail, carefully packed in oil paper, 60 cts.; two dozen by mail, $1.00; 100 by express, $2.50; 1,000, $15.00.

Address L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.

Flesherton Carriage Works!

W. A. MILBURN,

Proprietor.

In returning thanks to the public for the patronage extended to him during the past three years, the undersigned wishes to inform the people that he is in a better position than ever to turn out all work in his lines of business, such

—AS—

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons, &c.

on short notice, in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable prices. All kinds of Repairs,

HORSE-SHOEING, AND GENERAL JOBBING

will receive equally prompt and careful attention. Works, next to Planing Factory, Flesherton.

Respectfully Yours,

W. A. MILBURN,

Proprietor Flesherton Carriage Works.

KIMBERLEY!

The Agricultural Editor Jots Down a Few Notes by the Way.

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite;"

—WORDSWORTH.

Some two and a half miles North of the Beaver river's "sounding cataract" at picturesque and romantic Eugenia, the traveller comes to the brow of a lofty hill, overlooking an immense tract of land of one of the fairest portions of this great Province. To the right is "the tall rock, the mountain and the deep and gloomy wood," forming a striking picture in themselves, but of secondary importance when contrasted with the many beautiful and well cultivated farms lining the gently sloping uplands to the left and stretching away to the North until lost in distance. Along the base of these fertile uplands meanders the Beaver river until—some sixteen miles distant, as the crow flies—its waters mingle with those of the Georgian Bay at Thornbury.

At one of the narrowest points of the immense V shaped Beaver Valley, and nestling cosily at the foot of the "tall rock," which towers hundreds of feet above it, is the pretty little village of Kimberley. Situated in the midst of a splendid agricultural district, with immense water powers all around it, a well wooded country adjacent, a peculiarly favorable climate, and the possibility of a railway running through it at no distant date, it does not require much of a stretch of the imagination to foresee a bright, prosperous and progressive future in store for it. Even now Kimberley is

QUITE A FLOURISHING PLACE,

with a steady annual influx of "newcomers," to use a homely phrase. Several neat new buildings have been completed during the past twelve months, and already the village boasts of a sidewalk—sure precursor to future "great expectations"—town council, mayor and all the rest of it. The only objection we had to the sidewalk in question was that it was too brief, or, in other words, not long enough. Even in that fact there is some comfort to be derived viz., the corporation will not have so many repairs to make when the sidewalk becomes old and cranky; and pedestrians will not find so many opportunities for breaking their limbs and necks in tripping over broken planks and fruitlessly endeavoring to kick a hole in the sky! We have lately trodden the Thornbury sidewalks (so-called) and speak with authority. But onething more than any other has drawn the attention of the outside world to Kimberley oflate. It is the fact that the

TOTAL PROHIBITION OF LIQUOR

prevails here! The very mountains seemed to have been raised up around the pretty village and peaceful valley as bulwarks against the aggressive advance of King Alcohol and his forces. But the liquor traffic did get a pretty firm footing even here, although the Temperance Hotel furnished all the accommodation necessary for man and beast and rendered additional travelling facilities quite unnecessary. But the traffic often finds friends amongst those who should be its greatest enemies and things soon came to a pretty pass. More than once the Temperance Hotel has been made a target for bullets and on one occasion several panes of glass were broken in one of the front windows. People never the worse of liquor before were now observed reeling along the streets and highways in a beastly state of intoxication. Things at length came to such a pass that the people arose in their might and petitioned the License Commissioners not to grant a liquor license in the place. A counter petition was got up about the same time and of course excitement ran high. Amongst those most concerned with the first named petition (to cancel the liquor license) the names of Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Thos. Ellis, and Mrs. T. Carruthers stand out in bold relief. They worked with that vim and earnestness for which women Temperance workers are characterized the world over. The result was A MOST DECISIVE VICTORY in the cause of Temperance reform, for only the other day the License Commissioners met in Kimberley and decided to grant the prayer of the petitioners for the abolishment of the liquor license. An opportunity was afforded both sides to argue their respective cases before the commissioners. This was done very ably and eloquently after which came the decision above mentioned. Comment is scarcely necessary, *Vox populi vox dei*. The people are largely in favor of excluding intoxicating liquor from the lovely valley and their will should be law with all honest people. If the boot were on the other foot, under similiar circumstances, it would be the same. It is not the man who deals the liquor over the counter whom they oppose: it is the accursed traffic itself. The liquor dealer is engaged in a traffic, which THOUGH MORALLY WRONG is, from a purely legal point of view, as legitimate as any other business. But just as soon as he tries to do an unauthorized business—contrary to law and the will of the people—he is engaged in a traffic that is both legally and morally wrong, and should be held accountable for his actions before the proper tribunal.

One thing in connection with the matter is much to be regretted, namely, that the hotel-keeper should have suffered himself to be induced to locate and spend money in a place so largely opposed to such a business. Perhaps, like many other men, he had counted the cost and was prepared to take his chances. There is a certain amount of risk in connection with every business, but in none more so than in that which embraces the sale of intoxicants—especially in this era of the world's history when the growth and developement of Temperance sentiment is almost phenomenal.

THE TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

owned and managed by Mr. Jas. M. Thurston, would do credit to places of greater pretensions than Kimberley. We put up at this excellent hostlery on Saturday last and found the accomodations for man and beast all that could be desired. Mine host and hostess we found affable, genial and courteous and fully alive to and prepared to satisfy the wants of the travelling public. The house is a model of neatness throughout, while the meals would satisfy the desire of the most fastidious. Such was the verdict of ye Editor and his young company on that occasion, Master George Treadgold, who with ourself, visited the place for the purpose of fishing for speckled beauties in the Beaver river. Nor did we come empty away, although the water was yet too high and murky to ensure a successful catch. While here we met Kimberley's affable magistate, Squire Stewart—an old friend, a straightforward and upright gentleman and an honest man:—

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

We did not have an opportunity to call on the excellent postmaster Mr. M. R Hammond, and other respected friends. We'll *make* time to do so on the occasion of our next visit, if spared.

The sun was just going down behind the lofty Western highlands when we drove away from beautifully situated and growing Kimberley. In imagination as we gazed back from the rising ground and took a last survey of the valley, we could picture the snorting, puffing iron horse thundering along the banks of the Beaver, through a large and populous manufacturing town, and on to where the waters of that tortuous stream mingle with those of the Georgian Bay. Who knows but that our vision will some day be realized? Time alone will tell. At length we reach Eugenia and—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung,
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

BROK YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tenders

WILL be received up to Wednesday, June 1st, for the erection of a Brick School House at Flesherton Station, S. S. No. 10. Plan and Specifications to be seen at R. H. Cook's.
Lowest tender not necessarily accepted.

Trustees { JAMES McMILLEN, R. H. COOK, JAMES ASHEDOWNE.

Auction Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE FARM

—IN THE—

Township of Artemesia.

Under and by virtue of the powers of sale in certain Mortgages made by John Fisher and David White, to the Vendor's which will be produced at the time of sale and on default in payment of the money's thereby secured. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, in the Village of FLESHERTON, on

Monday, 30th day of May, A.D., 1887,

1887, at 2 o'clock, p.m., by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, the following property, viz.: Lot number 158, in Concession 1, N.E.T. & S. Road, in the Township of Artemesia, containing 50 acres more or less nearly all of which are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a frame barn nearly new and a log house. Lands are well watered, by a small spring Creek. There is a small orchard on the premises which are well fenced and are on a good gravel road within about one mile of Flesherton.

TERMS:

Ten per cent. at time of sale, fifteen per cent. within one month, balance to remain on Mortgage for five years with interest at 6½ per cent. yearly, or such other terms as may be arranged with the purchaser at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to

MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor's.

Toronto, May 10th, 1887.

MAIL CONTRACT!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 27th May, 1887, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week each way, between Dundalk and Maple Valley from the 1st July, next.

The conveyance to be made in a vehicle or otherwise via., Badjeros and Shrigley. The Mails to leave Maple Valley every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a.m., and travelling via., Badjeros and Shrigley, arrive at Dundalk at 11:10 a.m., or in time to connect with the Mail train passing North. To leave Dundalk as soon as possible after exchange of Mails and arrive at Maple Valley within three hours and ten minutes afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Dundalk, Maple Valley, Badjeros and Shrigley.

DANIEL SPRY,
Post-Office Inspector.

Post-Office Inspector's Office, Barrie, April 18th, 1887.

THE ROADSTER STALLION,

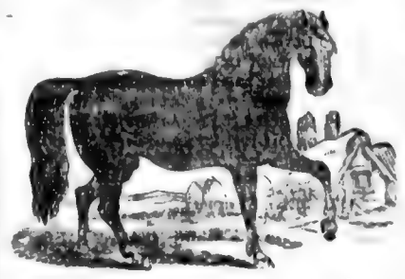

BILLY V.!

Will leave his own stable in Flesherton, on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1887, at 12 o'clock noon, and proceed to Linley's hotel, Maxwell, where he will remain over night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to Jonathan Irish's, Wareham, for noon, thence to Johnston's hotel, Dundalk, where he will remain till Thursday morning.

THURSDAY, will return to Flesherton for the night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, for noon, and return to his own stable for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, and return to his own stable in Flesherton, where he will remain till the following Monday.

The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

Description and Pedigree:

BILLY V., foaled June 18th, 1883, is a dark dappled bay, stands 15 hands 3 in., weighs 1150 pounds, and for bone, muscle, style and action, cannot be surpassed, was sired by Clear Grit jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger.

TERMS:

To insure a foal $10.00, payable March 1st, 1888. Season mares $8.00, payable last round of horse, or not later than July 12th, 1887, if not then paid said mares will be charged as insured mares. Single leap $6.00, payable at time of service. All mares not returned regularly to horse will be charged as insured mares. All accidents to mares at risk of owners. Owners trying their mares to said horse and knowing them to be afflicted with any contagious disease, will be liable in damages. Groom's Fee 25 cents.

A. S. VANDUSEN, Owner. GEO. GLASSFORD, Groom.

PUBLIC NOTICE!!

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye all men that I, W. S. CHRISTOE, the Druggist of Flesherton, have the agency for JOHNSON'S celebrated TONIC BITTERS and NERVINE, JOHNSON'S little Pink Toute Liver Pills and the ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

—THE—

TONIC BITTERS

are confidently recommended as the VERY BEST in the market for Nervousness, Hysteria, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Complaints common to the female sex. PALENESS of complexion and for diseases caused by poverty of blood. In conjunction with the Tonic JOHNSON'S Little Liver Pills are the very best for liver complaint and general desarrangements of the stomach. The All Healing White Ointment is the very best for skin diseases of a scrofulous nature. Burns, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Chilblains, &c., &c.

You have only to try these great remedies to be satisfied. Sold by

W. S. CHRISTOE,
The Druggist, Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE.
Flesherton.

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at owest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 309. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, MAY 19, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

W. A. BROWN,

—THE—

PEOPLE'S JEWELLER,

Keeps the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Wedding Rings, Spex, etc., between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden Watches, my own name on, accurately timed, 2 and 3 years warrants, $8.50 to $28.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto Cases. 2 to 5 oz. ½ Waltham, P. S. Bartlett's, 3 oz. coin case, $17.50; Ellery's, $14.50, lower grades, $8.00, to $18.00; Elgins if preferred. Ladies' 10 & 14 k. Watches, and Gent's 10 & 14 k. filled cases always in stock. It is safe to buy Watches from me because I do business for myself, in my own name, and can be held to my warrants. 34 Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ansonia Clocks now in stock, bought close.

They will be sold below the "Terrible Bargains," prices at least 15 per cent.

It is easy to come down when goods are away up. I don't do a catch business.

Straight dealing ensures success.

I shall stay on that line. Small profits, modest prices. I secure patronage through low prices. Assortment Complete. Send for quotations. *If I do not save you money I will make* [illegible] the trade.

SPECIALTIES:
Watch Repairing, Fitting Spex.

Address *Box* 5, MARKDALE, ONT.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inepect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Next Tuesday is the 24th.

Milk drawing to the cheese factory commenced last Monday.

Go to Keefer's for fresh Biscuits, Figs and Dates.

WOOL WANTED FOR CASH, or trade at M. Richardson & Co's.

Fresh Bannanas, Oranges and Lemons just received at Beecroft's restaurant, Flesherton.

Two Girls wanted to learn Dress-Making. Apply to MISS COLE & OSBORNE, Flesherton.

If you want first-class Flour, Bran or Shorts, try G. Keefer, Flesherton. All orders promptly delivered.

If you want Croquet Setts, Lacrosse Sticks, Lacrosse Balls, or Base Balls, go to Wm. Richardson.

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's block, Flesherton. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

Highest prices paid for Wool, Eggs, Butter and all other farm produce at Richardson & Co's.

Mr. Chas. LeGard, of Artemesia, had an apple tree which bore fruit twice last season. The last crop grew to be as big as large crab-apples.

If you want Pure Seeds, Grass, Timothy, or any kind of Clovers, go to Wm. Richardson.

When you go fishing, Wm. Richardson can supply you with an outfit.

M. Richardson & Co. are selling Building Hardware at old prices yet.

Read W. A. Brown's new advt. and get one of the bargains he will give in Watches, etc., at special sale, May 24th.

Mr. W. K. Flesher returned home from England Wednesday evening of last week. He looks quite hale and hearty.

Cheapest of cheap Millinery, latest styles, best quality, now offering at bottom prices at Miss Lever's Millinery Store, Flesherton.

If you go to camping out for a picnic, you will find Hamocs at Wm. Richardson's. In fact he keeps everything for pleasure trips.

Rev. A. Thibaleau, of Holland Centre called at our sanctum yesterday; also Mr. Steer and Mr. W. A. Brown, of Markdale.

Miss Ella Ayers returned home from a pleasant trip to Oshawa on Monday of last week. Her youngest sister, Miss Ettie Ayers, went to Toronto on a visit on Saturday last.

Have you seen the new Gravity Lock—the grandest invention of the age—at M. Richardson & Co's.

There is no danger to human life more to be dreaded than that which arises from vitiated blood. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, headache, and general debility, all result from it, and are cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take it this month. Six bottles, $5.

If you want pure drugs go to Wm. Richardson.

CATTLE FOR SALE.—Two steers two years old, two heifers two years old one cow in calf, cheap for cash. R. TRIMBLE.

Mr. W. H. Elder brought a "horned toad" from California with him. The animal is about the same size as our common toad and has a number of little horns in a circle around its head and over its back. It is kept in a glass jar in Petch & Mitchell's shop window.

Mr. John Fawcett, brother of ye Editor, and who resides at Brandon, Manitoba, has just completed arrangements with a prominent Dakota railway firm and is now pocketing proceeds at the rate of $2,700 per annum. Its not a bad idea, occasionally, to adopt Horace Greeley's advice and "go West!"

Are you going to sow Turnips, Carrots, or any other kind of seed? go to Wm. Richardson.

Our readers will please remember that Vicker's Express office here is in Mr. Strain's block. All parcels intended for delivery through this agency will be promptly and carefully attended to if left with the courteous agent of the above company in Flesherton, Mr. Wm. Strain.

The 24th of May (Queen's Birthday) is to be celebrated in Shelburne this year in grand style. The new Driving Park will be opened on the occasion. No less than $500 in prizes will be given, which gives one some idea of the manner in which Shelburne will entertain visitors on the date above given.

The funeral sermon of the young man Connell—referred to in last week's Advance—was preached in the Methodist church here Sunday evening last by Rev. Mr. Ayers from the words, "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth," &c. There was a very large congregation and the sermon was eminently practical and soundly orthodox.

The bridge in the Stinson neighborhood, about 4 miles East of this town is in a very bad condition. Mr. Wm. Wright, of this place, was driving over it when the logs began to float and he and his horse had a narrow escape from drowning. If it had not been for the assistance of the neighbors around, the horse would have been drowned in spite of fate.

ASTHMA.—Persons who have suffered for years with Asthma will find a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure.

The great event of the Queen's Jubilee will be the Jubilee number of the Montreal Star, a superbly illustrated paper, of twenty-eight pages and two artistic plate supplements. Those who have seen the advance copies say it is magnificent. Something that everybody will want and few can get. It is to be sent by mail for 25 cents. Graham & Co., Montreal, are the publishers.

Nearly a Serious Affair.

But for the timely intervention of Mr. J. E. Moore and others, on Saturday forenoon last, an incipient conflagration which was rapidly developing into a fierce blaze among some rubbish in the rear of Mr. Fred. Ryder's premises here, might have laid a large portion of the business part of our town in ruins. As it was, one corner of a stable was pretty well scorched before the flames were extinguished. Ashes containing live coals had been thrown out among the rubbish, which was the origin of the matter. Too much care cannot be exercised in disposing of ashes, which should always be kept in fire proof vessels and never thrown out until sufficient time had elapsed to do so with safety.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

We notice with great pleasure by the Globe of last week, that our talented young friend, Mr. Earle Strain, recently passed his primary examinations at the Toronto School of Medicine with flying colors. We also observed by the same paper, that Mr. W. C. Wright was equally successful in passing his second year's examinations. Both the young men above named are Fleshertonians and we extend to them our heartiest congratulations.

CRITICISM.—A lady in Brockville states—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a long standing cold in my head that was pronounced Catarrh. The Balm gave immediate relief and permanently cured me. It was so pleasant and agreeable to use that I at first thought it "no good." I now use it with my children for colds and stoppage of the nasal passages.

A NEW PERIODICAL.—The Grip Publishing Company, of Toronto, have commenced the publication of a new monthly periodical, entitled Grip,s Own Library. The first number is made up of "Good Things from Grip," being comic pictures and comic reading selected from the pages of Grip. It is printed on the finest calendered paper, and at the price of 10 cents is a credit to the publishers, and will no doubt meet with a large sale. The second number will be entitled, "Jubilee Jollities," to be issued June 1st, and a very large edition is being prepared in anticipation of an enormous sale.

Whether on land or at sea, on the prairie or in the crowded city, Ayer,s Pills are the best cathartic, being convenient, efficacious and safe. For torpid liver, indigestion, and sick headache, they never fail.

The Flesherton School Trustees have unanimously approved of a new site, on which to erect the proposed new school building. It is substantially the same site as the one selected and approved by the section at a meeting held on the 1st of April. A public meeting will be held in the Schoolhouse on Saturday next, 21st inst., at 4 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of submitting this selection of school site to the ratepayers for their approval and confirmation. In this connection we might also add, that tenders for the erection of the new school building have already been advertised for by posters, and will be received up to Saturday, May 28th. Plans and specifications may be seen with Mr. M. Richardson, Sec.-Treas., Flesherton.

Birth.

GENOA.—In Artemesia, on the 3rd of May instant, the wife of James Genoa, Esq., of a son.

The Late James Connell.

Flesherton, May 13, 1887.

To GEO. CONNELL, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—At the last regular meeting of Flesherton L. O. L. No. 429, held on Friday evening, the 13th inst., it was moved by Bro. J. W. Bates, seconded by Bro. W. P. Crossley and resolved—

1st—That we, the members of this Lodge, deeply deplore the untimely death of our beloved Brother, James Connell, and are reminded of the uncertainty of time, he having been cut off in his youth and vigor by drowning, thereby making the first break in the fraternal chain in our lodge:

2nd—Resolved that we tender our sincere sympathy to you, his Brother, in the hour of your bereavement, and hope that the Giver of all good will sustain you through life and be a guide to your path.

3rd.—That a copy of this resolution be engrossed on the minutes of this lodge and a copy be presented to you, his Brother, George Connell.—CARRIED.

Signed on behalf of this Lodge,
W. H. JOHNSON, W. M.
W. P. CROSSLEY, W. Sec.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

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SPACE,

THE ONLY GENUINE

WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER

IN THIS SECTION OF THE COUNTY. LOOK OUT FOR HIS NEW

ADVERTISEMENT NEXT WEEK

IRELAND'S CRIMES BILL.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: There was an unusually large attendance in the House of Commons to-day, as strong interest was felt in the Dillon libel question.

Mr. W. H. Smith announced in the House of Commons this afternoon that the Government had resolved that the allegation that the statement by the London *Times* that Mr. Dillon told a falsehood while denying in the House of Commons that paper's utterances concerning his alleged relations with Sheridan, the Invincible, was not a breach of privilege and not sustained by precedent. It would be against the dignity of the House to summon the *Times* to the bar without previously inquiring into the circumstances. The gentlemen below the gangway, Mr. Smith added, asked that a select committee be constituted to inquire forthwith into the allegations of the *Times*. The practice of the House had been to divest itself as far as possible of judicial duty. The Government thought such a committee as was asked for would be unfitted to consider such grave questions as would have to be referred to it for decision. The Government, feeling it to be their duty to endeavor to solve the question, had instructed the Attorney-General and such others as he cared to associate with him to prosecute the *Times* for the libel on Mr. Dillon, who was at liberty to select such counsel as he saw fit. Mr. Smith urged the House to accept the course proposed.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor condemned the Government's proposal. He said he commiserated the Government on their humiliating and degrading position. Their proposal was really for a collusive action at law made by the valor of a libel. Mr. O'Connor here produced a copy of the *Times* containing the libel on Mr. Dillon, and flourishing it aloft he said: I purchased this copy of the *Times* at one of the bookstalls owned by the Right Honorable the First Lord of the Treasury. It is he speaking for the Government who says no breach of privilege was committed. (Irish cheers.) He is therefore deeply interested as a party in the case against the editor of the *Times*. The two men ought to be in the dock together. The Irish members reject his proposal as unfair, unjust and unprecedented. The House of Commons ought not to be taken in by a collusive action.

Mr. De Lisle, Conservative, rose to a point of order. He said he had heard Mr. Tanner (Home Rule member for Middle Cork) say the "Conservatives are a damned lot of cads."

Irish voices—"So you are."

Mr. Speaker Peel—The Clerk of the House will please see that the words are taken down.

Mr. Tanner denied that he had used the word "damned." He repeated, however, that the Conservatives were a lot of cads.

Mr. Speaker said Mr. Tanner must withdraw the expression and apologize.

Mr. Tanner said he would do so.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt denounced the Government's proposal.

Sir Edward Clarke, ex-Solicitor-General, moved an amendment to the Government's proposal, to the effect that the House did not consider the *Times* statement concerning Mr. Dillon a breach of privilege. Justifying his action in offering the amendment, Sir Edward declared that there was no record of Parliament having committed a man to custody for breach of privilege, such as the action of the *Times* was now alleged to be. He added that he and the Attorney-General were responsible for the advice on which the Government acted. He proposed to confine himself to the legal points of the case, regardless of party politics. He then quoted precedents to sh that the House was not the proper tribunal to deal with such matters. No corruption had been alleged of a member, nor had any contempt of the House been exhibited, such as had constituted the offence in previous cases where breach of privilege had been committed. The course of the prosecution would be left to such persons as the Irish members might nominate, both counsel and solicitors. If the Government were asked to appoint them they would interpose no objection. Sir Edward modified his amendment, making it read that the House declines to treat the *Times* publication as a breach of privilege.

Lord Randolph Churchill admitted that the case presented a *prima facie* breach of privilege, but he thought the House was not refusing a judicial inqury. The only difference was as to the form of inquiry to be adopted. He regarded a resort to the ordinary tribunals of the law one that would afford a better remedy than could be obtained from action by the House. He deprecated the attack made by Mr. O'Connor on the Government leader in the House. No one outside Mr. O'Connor's own circle could be expected to sympathize with him in such an assault. It was utterly unjustifiable. From the very language used, Mr. Smith could well afford to ignore the assault. (Cheers.) If the Government leader in the House was charged with not taking primary action on behalf of the House for a breach of privilege committed against one of its members, he could retort that it was the leader of the Opposition who ought to have been expected to protect his friends, having taken the lead outside the House in an agitation for the repeal of the Union. (Cheers.)

Mr. Gladstone—I emphatically repudiate the assertion of His Lordship.

Lord Randolph Churchill responded—It is true, however. He then proceeded to argue that it would be unwise for the House to go beyond the action the Government had proposed. The action of the House, if the *Times* publisher should be brought before the bar, would in no wise curb or control the great power wielded by the press of the country.

Mr. Storey (Radical), a newspaper proprietor—You can try to suppress the press in Ireland. (Parnellite cheers.)

Lord Randolph Churchill—How would a committee of inquiry be constituted? Would it be proposed that members of the National League be put upon it? (Cries of "Certainly!") If so, there would be nothing in the whole history of jury-packing like it. (Cheers.) Besides, the powers of a committee would not be equal to those of a court of law. The committee, indeed, would be hopelessly incompetent to settle such questions of law as a court could. In a court the prosecution would proceed at the cost of the country, with the employment of any counsel the Irish members liked to name. In this way the truth would be arrived at and justice done the offenders.

Mr. Dillon said he did not consider the ordinary tribunals of England in the present state of political feeling on the Irish question fairly open to the members of the Irish party in the House of Commons. He therefore maintained that he had a right to be heard before a committee. For six years the Parnellites had been held up to public odium as criminals. Some of them in the meantime had been imprisoned. Enough had been done and said in these six years to prejudice the minds of any English jury possible to impannel. He must decline to take proceedings in a civil action against the *Times*, because he believed he had no chance of obtaining a verdict. If, on the other hand, a select committee of the members of the House should be appointed to hear his case, he would be contented that it should be so constituted as not to include a single Irish member. (Cheers.)

Mr. Gladstone intimated that in the event of the adoption of Sir Edward Clarke's motion, he would move an amendment to the main question to the effect that an inquiry be made by a committee into the charges of wilful falsehood, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons brought in an article by the *Times* against Mr. Dillon. (Cheers.)

Mr. W. H. Smith asked if Mr. Gladstone would make that motion at once.

Mr. Gladstone said he was surprised at the suggestion, coming as it did from the Government leader in the House. For him (Mr. Gladstone) to make such a motion at the present time would be only making confusion, and it would tend to obscure the issue if the course suggested by Mr. Smith were followed.

On motion of Mr. Bradlaugh the debate was adjourned.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons this afternoon consideration of the question of breach of privilege in the *Times*-Dillon case was resumed. No member rising to speak on the motion of Mr. Lewis, that the conduct of the *Times* was a breach of privilege and the House take notice of it, Speaker Peel put before the House the amendment of Sir Edward Clarke, Solicitor-General, that the House decline to treat the *Times*' publication as a breach of privilege.

The Parnellites at once challenged a division. This resulted in a vote of 297 in favor of the amendment to 219 against it. The amendment then became a substantive motion, and Mr. Bradlaugh resumed the debate.

Mr. Gladstone, who on rising was loudly cheered, moved an amendment, That a committee be appointed to inquire into the charge of wilful falsehood made against Mr. Dillon in the *Times* on Monday. He said he did not intend to suggest that the inquiry go beyond the article referred to. He objected to Lord Randolph Churchill's calling him the leader of the party of separation. He perfectly understood why Lord Randolph did not call it the party of Home Rule. There was a future before Lord Randolph, in which Home Rule plans might figure as convenient to propose. (Cheers.) Turning to the question of privilege, he said it was unfortunate that the Government refused to inquire into the present charge against an Irish member, while inflicting upon the Irish people, by means of a permanent Coercion Bill, a brand of perpetual dishonor. Why take the case into a court of law? Was it certain that Mr. Dillon would get a verdict, whatever might be the proof, in a case where Parliament declared charges against a member no breach of privilege? Nearly thirty years ago he went as Commissioner to the Ionian Islands. The *Times* then said that the Ionian Assembly was committing treason and that the Commissioner was aiding and abetting the assembly. He thought these charges required redress, and he took the best advice on the subject, but all of his advisers said he could not depend upon securing a fair verdict. The Irish members would be in a still more unfavorable position in a jury trial, and it was no wonder they preferred the tribunal of the House. The House was a perfectly competent tribunal—indeed the only competent one. The precedents were all on the side of the appointment of a committee. There was the case of Mr. Butt in 1854, when it was held that the accusation that members were hungry for places to which were attached salaries and pensions deserved an inquiry. After citing a number of other precedents, in all of which the charges were less grave than those brought against Mr. Dillon, he challenged the Government to establish a single precedent where a prosecution had been ordered without the House having previously condemned the Act upon which the prosecution was based. He appealed to the Government to alter their determination, which otherwise might lead to a crisis of the most serious and momentous importance. The Irish members, who had been maligned to an enormous extent, asked for a particular course, which the majority refused, forgetting that they were acting against a minority representing a nation. (Parnellite cheers.) The Government could yet, on the grounds of reason, prudence and precedent accept his amendment, showing the country that they had determined at last to give even the Irish members full justice, even indulgent justice, seeing that their honor and character were at stake. (Cheers.)

Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General, admitted that Mr. Gladstone had put the issue in the clearest possible way, but the opinion of the law officers of the Crown was unshaken. An examination for precedents showed that there never was a case parallel to the present, that there never was a case where the Government directed an inquiry into a charge where the authorship was admitted and the party accused of libel expressed willingness to justify. (Cheers.) The House had never dealt with a charge of falsehood as a matter in which it should interfere. Not a single case existed in modern times in which a similar libel upon a member of the House had been treated as a breach of privilege. If such a precedent should once be established there would probably be a breach of privilege every week. It was idle to suggest that commom justice should not be done in a case of gross libel. He appealed to the House to affirm that the course proposed by the Government was a most honorable and adequate one, and that a court of law was the proper place in which to deal with the charges.

An application for the release of Father Keller, the priest of Youghal, who was imprisoned in Kilmainham for refusing to testify regarding his connection with the Plan of Campaign, has been dismissed.

United Ireland says that only a fool or an enemy of the Irish party would recommend the Parnellites to legally prosecute their slanderers.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons last night Mr. Hugh Childers followed the Attorney-General. He taunted Mr. Webster with entirely ignoring Mr. Gladstone's powerful argument that Parliament had never ordered a prosecution without first declaring the offence. He hoped, on the ground of precedent and fairness, that the House would agree to the appointment of a committee.

The debate was resumed in the House Commons this evening on Mr. Gladstone's motion to appoint a committee to inquire into the *Times'* charges against Mr. Dillon.

Mr. Healy said every possible question seemed worthy of inquiry by the House except a question affecting the character of its members. The Parnellites did not care whether they got this inquiry or not, but if the Government majority refused this inquiry the names of British gentlemen would be placed on a level with that of the Indian Thug. The Parnellites challenged the Tories to combat at once on this question. They would stand on no technical reference, but would meet any charges brought against them. From the decision of the majority of the House the Parnellites would appeal to the people outside and to other nations. The Irish people never sent them there to beg favors, but to demand their rights.

Major Saunderson said he did not wonder that Mr. Gladstone tried to whitewash his Irish friends, who were now supplying his policy. He challenged Mr. Dillon to disprove the *Times* evidence.

Mr. Dillon—"I have offered to enter into the charges fully before a committee. I shall no longer exchange the lie with members of the House over them." (Cheers.)

WHIRLED TO DEATH.

Horrible Death by a Young Woman's Playful Carelessness.

A Jersey City despatch says: A horrible accident occurred in the smoking and fine cut department of Lorrillard's Tobacco Factory, this city, about 2 o'clock, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Honora Perrine, a widow, employed in the factory. At the time of the accident there were over 250 girls in the room, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the frightful tragedy. There are ten packing machines on the floor. All of these except two were shut down and the girls were standing about chatting, waiting for the paymaster to come along. While waiting for the paymaster Mrs. Perrine went over to the opposite end of the room to chat with her friend, Miss Cosgrove. Only two of the machines were running, and the two inch belts from all the others had been detached from the pulleys and were hanging loose on the revolving shaft. Despite the warnings of Miss Cosgrove, Mrs. Perrine sat in one of the loose beltings and began swinging as she would have done in a soup, holding fast to the belt with both hands a little way above her head. The girl's weight acted as a pressure upon the belt, which suddenly commenced to revolve, and she was borne upward with a crash to the ceiling, ten feet above, with a frightful crash. The girl's shoulders struck the ceiling and her hands and arms became entangled in a shaft revolving 350 times in a minute. The girl fell in almost the same spot in which she had stood. She lay in a mass upon the floor and a great stream of blood trickled out through her clothing upon the floor, and she died soon afterwards.

CZAR AND NIHILIST.

He Will Commute their Sentences—Determination of the Prisoners.

A St. Peterburg despatch says: It is reported that the Czar has decided that the sentences of death pronounced against the Nihilists, convicted of complicity in the recent attempt to assassinate him, shall be commuted to imprisonment at hard labor for life in the cases of all but two of the condemned. Polianoksky, one of the condemned, said he and his accomplices acted from firm conviction that what they set out to do it was their duty to perform. Another of the prisoners is a young student. He had just finished his studies with brilliant success, having taken the gold medal of the university which graduated him. The youth was so ardent in the cause of Nihilism that he sold his gold graduation medal to obtain funds to enable an accomplice to leave the Empire. All the prisoners pleaded guilty, and every one refused under threat or promise to betray any accomplice. The evidence indicated the existence of four widely ramifying Nihilist organizations, having head centres at St. Peterburg, Kief, Vilna and in Siberia. One of the witnesses was a woman. She admitted that she was the wife of one of the accused, although she said she had never been joined in wedlock to him by "unnecessary religious formalities." She was, on this admission, arrested and conducted to prison.

Stabbed to Death.

A New Westminster (B.C.) despatch says: Between 9 and 10 o'clock yesterday morning J. E. Muir, who has been engaged for many years logging at Semiahmoo, was murdered on the railway wharf in this city by a man named Wm. Shearer. The cause of the trouble between them is supposed to be of long standing. Shearer, who was discharging lumber from a scow, deliberately walked upon the wharf to where Muir was standing, and without any words stabbed him repeatedly. On Muir attempting to get away Shearer caught him by his coat-collar and forcibly held him until the murder was accomplished. The murderer then threw his knife into the water and quickly gave himself up. Muir died in a few minutes, and on examination eleven stabs were found between the neck and the lower part of his body.

The coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail, bearing dusty toe marks, means: "I have spoken to your father."

During the next three days three thousand more immigrants are expected to arrive in Montreal.

Two hundred houses have been destroyed by fire in the town of Nagy Karoly, Transylvania. The castle of Count Karolyi narrowly escaped destruction.

BELLIGERENT COLONISTS.

Colonial Delegates Get Mad Over Britain's Policy in the New Hebrides—Quite a Scene Raised—The Queen's Title to be Further Lengthened.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: A meeting of the Colonial Conference was held to-day, with Sir Henry Holland presiding, when the draft scheme for the increase of the Australian squadron was agreed to, as were the resolutions relative to laying a sub-marine cable between Vancouver and Australia. A discussion was invited by the President as to the proposal to extend the title of the Queen so as to include distinct reference to the colonies. The delegates were unanimously in favor of the extension of the title, subject to the Queen's pleasure, and suggested that the terms of the proclamation of 1858 should be adopted, viz., Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof. At the close of the Conference an address was presented to Sir Henry Holland, expressing a sense of the manner in which he had presided. Sir Henry Holland thanked the delegates for their kindness and courtesy.

The Conference will visit Cambridge to-morrow. The final sitting of the Conference will be held on Monday.

Sir Henry Holland, Secretary of State for the Colonies, announced in the Colonial Conference here on the 27th ult. that the Government hoped to arrange with France for a joint naval commission for the government of the New Hebrides. The Commission, it was stated, would have power to protect the settlers, traders and missionaries, and would also be empowered to land marines to punish the natives for committing outrages and to maintain order, the marines, however, to be withdrawn when the special work for which they landed was accomplished. If the scheme proposed was accepted by France it was to be arranged that the French garrisons now occupying the chief harbors of the New Hebrides should retire. The publication of the details is attributed to the indignation which the proposal has aroused among the Colonial representatives here, many of whom are said to be unable to conceal their anger at what they deem the surrender of their claims to France. It is said that Sir Henry Holland's statement amazed the members of the Conference and almost led to a scene. The Australians all without exception deprecated any policy which even seemed to recognize French pretensions in the New Hebrides. Lord Salisbury, who was present, supported the speech made by Sir Henry Holland in justification of the Government's proposal. The Premier's argument, however, instead of mollifying the incensed delegates, served but to intensify their wrath. His remarks implied that the Australian demands hampered England in her negotiations with France. He maintained that the colonists made a grave mistake in not accepting the compromise which the Earl of Rosebery proposed, and which, the Premier said, would have prevented the extension of the evils complained of by the Australians, or arising from the sending of French convicts to the South Pacific, and the rejection of which made it difficult for the English Government to approach France with any request that she curtail her liberty of action as to the uses to which she should put her own territory. "Surely," exclaimed the Marquis, "the Colonies do not desire to make the recidivist agitation a *casus belli*." The Premier's speech increased the dissatisfaction of the delegates to such an extent that Sir Graham Berry, the Agent-General of Victoria, twitted the Prime Minister with having made a speech that would have been excellent coming from the mouth of the French Premier.

M. Chauvat has been installed as French resident at Walles Island, the capital of the Walles Islands group in the South Pacific, in view of a possible British or German occupation.

RAILWAY DISASTER.

An Intercolonial Express Wrecked by an Enormous Snowslide—Two Men Killed.

A Moncton, N. B., despatch says: Yesterday's express from Quebec was five hours behind time. The delay was caused by a fatal snowslide three miles west of Trois Pistoles. The west-bound accommodation struck an avalanche which had dropped on the track from a high bank in a clay cutting, and both engines and the four first-class cars ran off the track and piled in a heap of ruin. The fireman of one of the engines named Pierre Levasgeur was killed, and a brakeman named Alfred Lavard was so badly scalded that he died in a short time. The two engine drivers and one of the firemen crawled out from the wreck with scarcely any injury. Their escape is simply miraculous. Mr. McDonald, the superintendent, was on board, and immediately sent for medical aid and for the auxiliary cars of St. Flavie and River du Loup. Owing to the awkward position of the wreck between two banks fifty or sixty feet high, leaving no place to dump the *debris*, the clearing of the line was a difficult matter. The accident was one which it was difficult to foresee, nothing of the kind having been known to happen before. The bank that fell is an enormous one, and is composed of snow as hard and heavy as clay.

A Level Headed Father.

First Man—Umph! The idea of spending $200 for a bicycle for your boy! You'll ruin him.

Second Man—On the contrary, I desire to keep him out of bad company.

"What good will that new fangled contrivance do any one, I'd like to know? He can go where he pleases with it."

"Did you ever hear of a young man coming home drunk on a bicycle?"

—A certain current slang phrase has been traced to no less a person than John Bunyan. In "The Pilgrim's Progress" occurs the passage: "When it is a cold day for them in a nation, then they lurk in the hedges, though their ordnance lie there, as leaves that are dry and fallen down from the tree."

—In front of a grocery store in Bleecker street, New York city, is a sign on a basket of eggs which reads as follows: "Fresh eggs guaranteed. Every egg dated."

—"Define a monstrosity," said the teacher, and the children all replied in ringing chorus: "An insurance agent with the mumps."

A METEOR AT SEA.

The Narrow Escape From Destruction of a Vessel—Peculiar Experiences.

A New York despatch says: The *Mail and Express* says: It has often been thought by mariners and those intimate with astronomical phenomena that many of the sudden and mysterious disappearances of vessels lost at sea could be accounted for by their being struck by meteors and meteoric stones. The theory appears to have some foundation by the following statement by Captain Swart, of the Dutch barque J. P. A., bound for Quebec, and one of the first statements of the kind ever made public: On March 19th the ship, while in lat. 37 degrees 39 minutes north, and long. 57 degrees west, experienced a severe storm. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a meteor was observed flying through the air. It presented the appearance of two balls. One was very black and the other very brightly illuminated. The latter appeared as if ready to drop on board amidships. The vessel was hove to under storm sails and the meteor dropped into the sea close alongside, making in its flight a tremendous roaring noise. Before falling into the water the upper atmosphere was suddenly darkened, while below on board everything appeared like a sea of fire. The force of the meteor on striking the water caused the latter to form heavy breakers, which swept over the vessel, rocking her fearfully. At the same time such a suffocating atmosphere was caused as to force perspiration to run down the faces of all on board, and greatly oppressed the breathing from the amount of sulphur in the air. Immediately after solid lumps of ice fell on the deck, and the decks and rigging became covered with an icy crust, caused by the immense evaporation, notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer registered 66 degrees. The barometer during the phenomena oscillated violently, so that no reading could be taken. After close examination of the vessel and rigging no damage was found on deck, but on the side where the meteor fell into the water the vessel appeared all black and some of the copper sheathing was terribly blistered. The affair was followed by an increase of the wind to hurricane force.

SHOT AND ROBBED.

Plucky Fight of an Old Sandwich Hotelkeeper.

A Windsor despatch says: Captain John Horn, sen., of Detroit, has for the past two years conducted the Road House at Sandwich, a short distance above the mineral springs. Captain John is frequently the only person on the premises. Last night he was alone, his bedroom being just in rear of the bar, with an entrance to it from the dance hall. Between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning he was aroused by burglars moving in the front part of the building. Jumping and grabbing his cash-box, which he kept at the head of his bed, he opened the door and found himself face to face with one of the burglars. The fellow had a cocked revolver in his hand and poking it into the landlord's face demanded his money or his life. "I'll be —— if you get my money," retorted the Captain, who, in spite of his 67 years, is able-bodied. He made a lunge at the burglar; the latter lowered his revolver in a twinkle and fired a bullet which passed through the fleshy part of his left thigh. "You've done it now," roared the stalwart old veteran, "but I'll fix you yet," and he snatched a lather's hatchet that was close at hand. The burglars retreated and darted out of the front door, which had been left open in case of surprise. Capt. Horn followed, and in the dim light of the moon saw four men running down the road. With nothing on but his nightshirt he chased them with the hatchet about 40 rods and then lost sight of them. On returning he sized up his loss, which amounted to about $200 worth of cigars, dressed himself and walked half a mile to the nearest doctor. This morning, although suffering considerable pain, he walked to Windsor and crossed to his home in Detroit.

COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The Delegates Present an Address to the Queen—Handsome Gifts and Congratulations.

A London cablegram says: The Colonial delegates visited the Queen at Windsor today to present their address. Several valuable presentations were made from the colonies, among them being a gold casket studded with Cape diamonds, which was presented by the Cape representatives, and a casque of native woods, mounted in silver and jewels, from Natal. Both Sir Alexander Campbell and Mr. Sandford Fleming were present. The address stated that the Queen's subjects from distant parts of the Empire, assembled in London to confer on questions affecting the Imperial possessions throughout the world, desire to avail themselves of the opportunity of approaching Her Majesty with humble, united and earnest congratulations on the approaching completion of the fiftieth year of her reign. Mention was made of the growth of the population of India and the colonies, and that the increase of trade and the shipping revenue had been proportionate to the population. No one in the Queen's wide dominion is subject to any other away than that of even and impartial law. The address congratulated Her Majesty that after half a century's reign, amidst changes of dynasties and systems of government in other countries, the principles of law, which have their foundations in the past, still afford her subjects safety and prosperty, and the Empire that stability which claims the admiration of the world. The delegates assured the Queen of the continued loyalty and devotion of her colonial subjects, and prayed that her happy reign would still be prolonged, and the throne remain established in the land in justice and righteousness for generations to come.

—"There is something in this little fellow I like," said an appreciative visitor to a young hopeful he was trotting on his knees. "Now," said the boy, "how did you know I had swallowed a penny?"

You can't judge an artist from the way he writes his name, nor a woman's disposition by the size of her bustle.

The Bishop of Ontario will not return from England until the middle of September. In consequence the Synod, which is usually held in June, will not be convened until after his return.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The House went into committee on the Bill respecting the representation of the Northwest Territories in the Senate.

Mr. Kenney resumed the general discussion on the recent elections and denied that he owed his election to the fact that some 400 civil servants were coerced into voting for him.

Mr. Jones gave an account of various practices resorted to by the Government at the last elections. He said that minutes of Council promising to aid various railways were distributed in bushels through various counties.

The discussion was continned by Messrs. Tupper (Pictou), Jones and Welsh.

Hon. Mr. Foster, replying to Mr. Landerkin, said that the Act which compels owners of saw mills to keep sawdust out of streams, was in force in every county in Ontario, but that mill-owners on the Ottawa River were exempted from the law.

On the order for the disallowance resolutions being called,

Mr. Watson said he had received a communication from F. W. Robertson, Chairman of the Manitoba deputation, representing that the matter was under the consideration of the Government, and asking him to allow the question to stand until Thursday, May 17th. He would do so, if it was the wish of the House.

Sir Hector Langevin said there was no objection, and the question was made the first order for Thursday, May 17th.

Sir Richard Cartwright moved for a return showing the amounts in detail expended under warrants from the Governor-General in each year from 1873 to 1886, both inclusive. It was a fixed constitutional principle that money should not be expended without the consent of Parliament. The only exception was in cases of great urgency which arose while Parliament was not in session. The House sat last year until an unusually late period, so that the officers of the various departments had ample time in which to prepare their estimates. Besides that, the estimates both for 1886 and 1887 were unusually large and liberal. The estimate for 1886 was about 38½ millions and for 1887 about 34½ millions. Yet the Government had taken under Governor-General's warrants $308,748 for the few remaining weeks of 1886 and $2,005,589 for 1887. The House would be wanting in its duty if it did not investigate strictly the causes which led to the expenditure of nearly 2½ millions without its authority. He referred to various expenditures made under the warrants, many of which were made about the time of the last elections. The sum of $118,000 was spent on February 1st last to pay the award on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway. On January 25th there was a sum of $10,000 for sufferers by the flood at Cornwall. The expenditure of $46,000 on the Banff Park was peculiarly unjustifiable, because there was no pretence of urgency in the case of laying out pleasure grounds. Then there was $32,000 for salaries and expenses of the Commissioners on rebel losses. On March 11th there was $115,000 for seed grain to settlers in Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. Then, one of the last things which should have been paid without authority of the House, was the sum of $4,000 to pay the St. Catharines Milling Company the costs of the suit brought by the Ontario Government against them. There were very large expenditures made on the Intercolonial Railway, amounting in all to $600,000. He called particular attention to the fact that a large sum had been expended by Governor-General's warrant while the House was actually in session, which was distinctly illegal.

Sir Charles Tupper said he was disposed to concur with Sir Richard Cartwright in the principles which he had laid down, namely, that Governor-General's warrants should not be used except in cases of great urgency. In regard to the abnormally large sums which had been referred to by the hon. gentleman, he admitted that his colleague (Mr. McLelan) might have made a mistake in his estimates of the amounts required.

Mr. Mitchell said the Government should see to it that the amounts put in the Estimates should be more in accord with what the expenditure would really be. Otherwise the House would be much misled in granting money.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) pointed to the fact that under the Governor-General's warrant money had been paid for an Indian Commission, showing that it was a matter of urgency, but there was nothing to show that the Indian Commission had been appointed. He quoted the Prime Minister's declaration last session after charges were made against the Indian Department of gross malfeasance, that a commission would be appointed to examine into the report.

Sir John Macdonald said the charges made against the Indian Department were made by one not now a member of the House, when he (Sir John) was not present, and not being able on his return to give the facts he promised they would be looked into by a commission. But after the session he found those charges were foundationless and false, and only a statement of the facts was necessary. That statement was printed and circulated on the authority of the department. No charges made since the world began were more false and outrageous than those made in this case, and the answer was complete.

Sir Richard Cartwright said Mr. Cameron had challenged the First Minister to meet him, but without any acceptance of the challenge, and he had repeated his charges, showing that the pretended answer was no answer at all.

Mr. Paterson said not only had charges been made by Mr. Cameron, but he (Mr. Paterson) himself had made charges against the Department, proving every one by evidence in the public documents of the officers of the Department themselves, proving there had been incapacity and neglect, resulting even in the sacrifice of human life. The First Minister had definitely promised a commission, and the people had a right to look for it. The First Minister did not stand in an enviable position, having failed to keep that promise.

Sir John Macdonald said the discussion on the subject should not take place now, but if a member would bring it forward when it could be fully discussed he would meet him.

Mr. Paterson—All right.

Sir Charles Tupper said he had a return, corrected by the Clerk of the Privy Council, showing the dates of those warrants incorrectly shown by this document to have been made after Parliament sat.

Mr. Mills said the return was correct at first, but this amended statement showed on what days the Orders in Council were passed on which the warrants were based. He contended that the issue of warrants after Parliament met was illegal, and if the House was to sanction such acts it might as well acknowledge itself to be a mere machine for registering the decrees of the Government.

Sir John Macdonald read a clause of the statute to show that if an Order in Council, on which a warrant was based, was passed before Parliament met, the transaction was legal, though the warrant was not issued until after Parliament met. The dependence of the member for Bothwell (Mr. Mills) was upon mere technicality.

Mr. Blake said the Premier had said one point raised on the Opposition side was a technicality. On the contrary, it was a technicality for the Government to pass Orders in Council authorizing expenditure just before Parliament met. It simply meant that the Government chose to escape, by this means, the investigation of expenditures in the House. It was a prostitution of the powers of Government. The chief duty of the House of Commons was to guard the public expenditure, and that duty could not be performed efficiently if it were understood the Government might expend millions, of its own motion, on services wholly without limit. The expenditure for the Banff Springs was authorized by Order in Council the very day before the House met, and the Governor-General's warrant was not issued until the day after the House met. He denounced this conduct as unconstitutional and a violation of the rights of the people to have expenditures made only when authorised by the people's representatives, except in the case of the greatest public urgency.

The following private Bills were read a second time:

To incorporate the Goderich & Canadian Pacific Junction Railway Company.—Mr. Porter.

To incorporate the Kincardine & Teeswater Railway Co.—Mr. McCarthy.

Respecting the Ontario & Quebec Railway Company.—Mr. Patterson (Essex.)

To incorporate the Brandon, Souris & Rock Lake Railway Company.—Mr. Small.

To incorporate the Manufacturers' Life & Accident Insurance Company.—Mr. Brown.

To incorporate the New Westminster Southern Railway Company.—Mr. Chisholm.

To amend the charter of the Hamilton, Guelph & Buffalo Railway Company and to change the name to the Hamilton Central Railway Company.—Mr. McKay.

To authorise the Grange Trust (limited) to wind up its affairs.—Mr. Masson.

Mr. Edgar moved the second reading of the Bill respecting the discharge of insolvent debtors whose estates have been distributed ratably among their creditors.

Mr. Thompson said it would be well to allow the Bill to stand, as a case affecting the validity of the Ontario Act respecting the distribution of insolvent estates was now pending in the courts.

The Bill was ordered to stand.

Mr. Charlton moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Act respecting public morals. He proposed by this Bill to restore the provisions originally introduced by him as to seduction under promise of marriage, and thus provide for the punishment of any person over 18 who seduces a female under 21, also to provide for the punishment of offences against insane women.

The Bill was read a second time, discussion being deferred to the committee stage.

Mr. McLelan's Bill to amend the Act respecting public officers was read a third time.

Mr. Thompson's Bill providing for the marking of public stores and punishment for larceny thereof was read a second time and passed through committee.

The House went into committee on the resolutions respecting the salaries to be paid to officers of penitentiaries, in charge of the Minister of Justice (Mr. Thompson). The resolutions were considered and explanations of their purport given, which is generally to equalize the salaries of these officers. The resolutions were adopted and reported.

Mr. Edgar asked—Has the Government expressed its willingness to contribute a subsidy in aid of the Pacific Mail service, as announced by Lord Onslow in the House of Lords on the 29th April? If so, to what amount? Is the proposed service to be fortnightly, tri-weekly or monthly? What are the proposed terminal ports for the line?

Sir John Macdonald—The Canadian Government has expressed its willingness to ask the Canadian Parliament to contribute £15,000 annually, on condition that the British Government contribute enough additional to make altogether £60,000. That is now under consideration. It is to be hoped that a tri-weekly service will be established. The terminal ports are Vancouver and Hong Kong.

The House went into committee on Mr. Charlton's Bill respecting public morals. The clause regarding insane women passed without amendment. The clause regarding seduction was amended so as to make the male liable from the age of 21 years and protect the female up to the same age.

The Bill thus amended was reported.

Mr. Edgar moved the second reading of the Bill to provide for the discharge of insolvent debtors whose estates have been already distributed among their creditors.

Mr. Fisher moved a resolution abolishing the office of Deputy Speaker. He contended that it was unnecessary and that the Government had itself admitted this by neglecting to appoint a Deputy Speaker this session, although a rule of the House required that he should be appointed after the adoption of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

Sir John Macdonald said that the British House of Commons and the Legislatures of the Australian Colonies had Deputy Speakers and that it was better to have one person whose duty it would be to become thoroughly acquainted with the rules of the House than to call upon casual members of the House. He intended to move for the appointment of a Deputy Speaker to-morrow.

After remarks from Mr. Fisher and Sir Hector Langevin, the motion was put and lost—yeas, 66; nays, 109.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

To incorporate the Alberta & British Columbia Junction Railway Company—Mr. Shanly.

To amend the Acts incorporating and relating to the British Canadian Loan & Investment Company—Mr. Small.

To reduce the stock of the Ontario & Qu'Appelle Land Company (limited)—Mr. Sutherland.

To incorporate the Kingston, Smith's Falls & Ottawa Railway Company—Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Sir John Macdonald intimated that the estimates would be laid on the table on Monday next, and the budget speech would be delivered on the following Thursday, on condition that Mr. Watson would postpone the consideration of his resolutions on disallowance, which were to be the first order for that day.

Sir John Macdonald said that a memorandum had been handed to him, signed by more than half the members, asking that the House should adjourn for a week from Wednesday next. There would be only two sitting days lost by the proposed adjournment. He merely threw out the suggestion for the consideration of the House.

Mr. Cargill introduced a Bill to repeal the Canada Temperance Act. He stated that the sentiment in his riding (East Bruce) was opposed to the introduction of the Act, and he was opposed to it himself. He believed the agricultural community was in a much better condition, financially and otherwise, where the license system prevailed than where the Scott Act is in force, and the loss to the municipalities of the revenue formerly derived from that source was very sensibly felt.

The Bill was read a first time.

The following Government Bills were read a third time and passed:

Act respecting the Banff National Park—Mr. White (Cardwell.)

Act respecting Public Stores—Mr. Thompson.

Act respecting the representation of the Northwest Territories in the Senate—Sir John Macdonald.

The Pope on Total Abstinence.

A Washington despatch says: The following passage occurs in the letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul: "Above all, we have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known to us how ruinous, how deplorable is the injury both to faith and to morals that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. Nor can we sufficiently praise the prelates of the United States, who recently in the Plenary Council of Baltimore with weightiest words condemned this abuse, declaring it to be a perpetual incentive to sin and a fruitful root of all evils, bringing the families of the intemperate into the direst ruin and drawing numberless souls into everlasting perdition. Hence we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from all kinds of intoxicating drink. Nor can it be at all doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle upon appetite by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. * * * Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State may by their strenuous endeavors be averted."

Latest News Notes.

An effort is being made with the Dominion Government to get another company of garrison artillery for Toronto.

Mr. John Kidd, of Mono Mills, is 84 years of age, and ploughed nearly 25 acres this spring.

Noxon Brothers, of Ingersoll, propose illuminating their agricultural works with electricity shortly.

A petition against the return of Mr. J. M. Platt, M. P. for Prince Edward County, was filed at Osgoode Hall yesterday.

A Mr. Johns, of Owen Sound, has been missing since the evening of Sir John Macdonald's meeting there in November. This mystery was cleared up this week by his body being found in the river.

The report of the Montreal Flood Commission was completed on Thursday and forwarded to Ottawa yesterday afternoon. The commissioners refuse to disclose its character until the Government has considered it.

Bradstreet's reports a total of 197 failures throughout the country during the week ending May 6th, against 178 for the week previous. Sixteen of the number were in Canada, four less than the preceding week.

At a meeting of the Montreal Citizens' Committee yesterday the opinion was almost unanimously expressed that the city would pay the cost of measures for preventing future floods if the Government would assume the Lake St. Peter debt.

A teacher's life in Alabama is thus partly described by a committeeman in a letter to an eastern friend: "She tries to make everything just as pleasant as she can. She doesn't mind work. She takes the ax and cuts wood—went to the woods one evening after school and helped to saw off two cuts after 4 o'clock. The people are very well satisfied with her."

Advices from Gambia say it is reported that the French have occupied Baddiboo, after a collision on the Koomboof River between the French troops and Sardemattie, son of the late King. After his defeat Sardemattie took refuge in British territory, and numbers of his subjects are fleeing from the French across the river.

There is no truth in the report that the German Government proposes to have a new spy law enacted in consequence of the Schnaebele affair. The police will be strengthened, and a detective force will be organized especially to watch spies. An official burgomaster will be appointed in each town containing over 10,000 inhabitants, instead of the present elective honorary incumbents.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

General Middleton Thinks the Force Should be Reduced and Better Drilled.

In his last annual report to the Minister of Militia, General Middleton says: "After another year's experience I beg leave again to urge the absolute necessity of reducing the strength of the force. It stands now on paper (including the Schools of Instruction) as consisting of 37,346 men. This is really more than the correct strength, as I fear the same men appear in more than one regiment, but still this is a much greater number of men than can be properly or usefully trained, considering the money voted for the purpose." General Middleton believes that in order to make the whole force efficient every soldier should be called out for at least sixteen days every year of his service, and this, he says, can only be done by reducing the force.

Storie of Ye Dogge.

Once, in ye very olden tyme a Merchantt fayd too an Eddytor, "I doan't thynke advertizing payes."

"Let me show yov," said ye Eddytor, "I will pvtte i lyne in my Papyr and not charge yov a pennie."

"All right," replied ye Merchantt, "and we will fee."

So ye Eddytor pvtte in his papyr:

WANTED, A DOGGE, JOHN JONES, 253 Olde St.

Now yt hapened that 400 Peple eache brovghte a Dogge on ye next days thereafter, fo that Mifter Jones (whych was ye Merchantt's nayme) was overrune with Dogges.

"Synce there are so manye Dogges," vayd he, "I thynke I myght make fome bvfinefs and will give you a pennie for eache Dogge."

Ye people tooke ye pennie eache for his Dogge becavfe there were fo manye Dogges and Mifter Jones skynned ye 400 Dogges and made bootes and gloves from ye 400 hydes and thvs mayd

A Byg Fortvne,

and thereafter added to yt by advertizing in ye Eddytor's papyr.

Sullivan Has Had Enough Gore.

The Missouri *Republican* says: John L. is going to issue a proclamation soon announcing to all the world that he has decided to leave the ring forever. He has had enough glory for one man. But if any foreigner takes a cranky notion that he can lay out the champion he will be accommodated, on the condition that he first whip the next best man in America. Under no other considerations will Mr. Sullivan condescend to emerge from his retirement. He intends to make a trip around the world giving sparring exhibitions, and will sail for Australia about Sept. 1st, taking Sheedy, La Blanche and Taylor with him.

A Venerable "Rebel."

There died lately at his home in Pelham, Welland county, Mr. Drayton Holcomb, at the patriarchal age of 95 years. It was Mr. Holcomb who sheltered Wm. Lyon Mackenzie and saw him safe over the frontier, when the Government had set a price of $50,000 on his head. But Mr. Holcomb was one of the men produced by that stormy time, who were above price and whose patriotism gold could not reach.

The Raw Cutting Winds

Of winter bring to the surface every latent pain. It is one of the strange things associated with our physical well being that the very air, without which we could not exist, is heavily laden with the germs of disease. Rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago and other complaints of a similar character hold revel at this season of the year amongst human nerves and human muscles. There was a time when fortitude alone could make life tolerable, but now with the advent of powerful, penetrating and nerve soothing remedies pain becomes a thing of a moment. The best, the most powerful and most certain pain cure is Polson's Nerviline. Nothing equals Nerviline for penetrating power. Nerviline is beyond comparison the grandest discovery for the relief of pain offered to the public. Druggists sell a sample bottle for 10 cents; large bottles only 25 cents at any drug store.

Prince Frederick Leopold, grandson of Emperor William, was entertained yesterday by the German Consul at Chicago, Baron Von Nordenflycht. The Prince is travelling *incognito*. A special despatch from Galesburg, Ill., says: "A decided stir was created among railroad men here yesterday morning by the report that Prince Leopold refused to admit the rear brakeman into the car, thus compelling him to ride on the rear platform from Quincy to this city in a cold wind and rain."

The Cutest Little Things.

"Cute!" he echoed. "I don't know as the adjective would have occurred to me in just that connection. But if you mean that they do their work thoroughly, yet make no fuss about it, cause no pain or weakness, and, in short, are everything that a pill ought to be, and nothing that it ought not, then I agree that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets *are* about the cutest little things going.

A rumor, that smacks of the absurd, is current that the Pope will bestow the famous Golden Rose upon the Queen this Jubilee year.

Mild, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

King Oscar opened the Rigsdag of Sweden yesterday. In his speech to the Deputies he laid stress upon the necessity of repealing the corn duty.

Three years ago I suffered greatly with rheumatism in my right arm. After trying remedies that failed, I took McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant and was entirely cured. I can recommend it highly. A. M. Bullock, Tilsonburg, Ont.

In the House of Lords last evening Viscount Cross, Secretary of State for India, announced that Lord Dufferin did not confirm the report that the Khyber Pass had been closed by the rebels. He added that the Government had no reason to believe that the forces of the Ameer of Afghanistan had been defeated.

Le Paris states that France has concluded a defensive alliance with certain other powers and that henceforth France will not be alone in the event of aggression against her.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SUGAR COATED PELLETS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. Hausner, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

Thomas J. Rushing, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

Eli Robbins, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L, 20, 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

The Blueberry is a valuable fruit, and is a reliable fruit to grow in the Northern States, where the more tender varieties winter kills. It is perfectly hardy, will stand 40 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender buds. Fruit ripens in this latitude about the first of July. Color, a bluish black, when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-acid, pronounced by most people delicious. The fruit is excellent for pies, or canned for winter use. It grows very stocky; the shining dark-green leaves and the blue fruit make a pleasing contrast. It seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. One dozen plants by mail, carefully packed in oil paper, 60 cts.; two dozen by mail, $1.00; 100 by express, $2.50; 1,000, $15.00.

Address L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAY. 19, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Somebody sent us a story printed in German. The person forgot to enclose an interpreter. We did manage, however, to read the title.

The angler for speckled beauties gets lots of bites when he goeth forth on a fishing expedition at this season of the year. It is worthy of note, however, that it is chiefly mosquito bites he gets.

Its a mighty hard thing to steer clear of lightning rod agents, book peddlars, "yeller" dogs, "confidence" men, mosquitoes and dead-beats at this season of the year. The Advance is of the opinion that there's a bonanza awaiting the man who will invent a cast-iron reversible-double-back-action countenance!—to be put on and off at will.

One of our Flesherton youths, while out fishing the other day, drew a trout to the top of the water; but the fish escaped. "By George!" he exclaimed afterwards, "I wish I had hauled out that fish: it would have weighed two pounds—I *know* it would!" The reader has no doubt observed, that those "big" fish are rarely, if ever, "hauled out" on *terra firma*.

Tea peddlars occasionally visit Flesherton, although we have no use for 'em. Some of them are respectable; some are not. One fellow, who visited this town last winter, is likely to be invested with a neat suit of tar and feathers should he repeat his visit. In Texas they'd shoot him on sight; here we are good samaritans and *clothe* ruffians in *warm* suits especially if a match is applied after they are put on.

It is scarcely necessary for us to make the remark, that an elevator at our railway depot would give good general satisfaction. We have said something like this several times away back in the remote past. The reason we repeat it is because we are becoming more and more impressed with the necessity for such a structure. Of course we have no idea of trying to *make* people think as we do in this respect. They can think and act as they choose.

Sir Charles Tupper's budget speech last week outlined several important changes in connection with the tariff, the principle ones being the entire removal of the duty on anthracite coal and the increased protection of our iron industry—yet in its infancy—by raising the duty. Since the announcement of these tremendous changes were made, it is reported that a syndicate of New Yorkers, with a capital of $5,000,000, have landed on our shores with the object of developing the rich iron mines in central Ontario. The present Government bids fair to hold a life lease of the reins of power at Ottawa.

A clever gentleman of the cloth, whilst addressing a number of Sabbath School children here recently, said the spectacle of a man going along the streets with a lighted cigar in his mouth reminded him of a suggestion he once heard, that "the cigar had fire at one end and a fool at the other!" We are in a position to add some further testimony in this connection, viz., (1) Fools are not the only persons found smoking cigars, or pipes either. (2) There are quite as many fools (perhaps more) who do not smoke at all. (3) Many of the inhabitants of lunatic asylums are earnest and enthusiastic anti-tobbacconists. Its a poor rule that won't work both ways!

About a year ago we had a controversy with the member for South Grey in the House of Commons on the now defunct Riel question. The M. P. in question at that time stated quite positively that Gabriel Dumont had been amnestied and could at any time return to Canada and claim the rights of citizenship. We, at the same time, objected to the assertion as questionable. We were right. In fact we usually are. The following appeared in the Toronto World's parliamentary report on the 11th of this month:

"Mr. Prefontaine has a notice on the paper which in substance enquires of the Government whether Gabriel Dumont is included in the amnesty, and whether he will be molested if he returns."

We often hear people dismally reverting to the middle ages and sometimes to pre-mediaeval times, as though we had much to be thankful for in living in the "full blaze of nineteenth century civilization." We don't know about that. It is true there are more good people now than there were then but it is equally true that we are rapidly approaching a crisis in the world's history. And this crisis—a serious one—is being accelerated by the movements of such fanatical cranks as socialists, nihilists, communists, &c., &c. *ad infinitum*. Then we have would-be social reformers running away a century or so ahead of public sentiment. Then there are about a thousand creeds to distract and madden humanity, and blasphemous infidels raking in filthy lucre from people who were foolish enough to pay money to hear "glib little whiffets" rant over the "Mistakes of Moses," etc. We are crushed supporting societies for this purpose and societies for that. Thousands of people seem to have gone mad on this society question. They will join every one of them and forget to pay their baker's and butcher's bills. Then they "flight out" and their creditors get about one cent in the dollar. Can this overwhelming Niagara of humanity be stemmed in time to prevent the awful crisis impending? Can but, we will leave the balance over for some future issue of The Advance.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Wm. Buchanan jr. lost one of his horses last week from inflammation

David Johnson had a valuable cow who got her leg broken last Sunday morning by being chased over a pair of bars by a vicious dog.

Spring seeding is pretty well through with, fall wheat looks well.

Arbour day was duly observed by the teacher and pupils. Seeds were sown and trees planted. The Trustees should now get the fences and gates repaired.

Wm. Gilbert got one of his hands badly cut while working with a butting saw in the steam mill. He had to get part of one of them amputated.

"Grip" Premium Plate.

Grip, Canada's Comic Paper, has just issued a very fine lithographed group of Reform Politicians in Canada. This is a companion groupe to the Conservative Leaders issued from the same office last year, and is the same size 18x26 inches. When framed they make a handsome ornament for any library, dining-room or reading-room. The portraits are well executed, and the plates are a credit to Canadian enterprise.

They are sold separately for 25 cents each, or a copy of either plate is sent free to any one paying $2 for one year in advance to Grip, or subscribers sending $1.10 will receive Grip for six months and their choice of either Reform or Conservative groups. Address Grip, Toronto, Ont

This man smokes, but he got terribly frightened while listening to Rev. Mahood's talk on smoking the other day.
N.B.—Our artist is sick.

Horse Breeding.

From Forest and Farm.

We would again urge upon the farmer the necessity of improving the breed of horses upon the line laid down in our recent article upon the subject. It is announced that the British Government has given orders for the purchase of three hundred horses here within the present year for military purposes, and Col. Goldie is at present engaged in taking stock of our resorces in this respect. It is true that the amount at present involved is not enormous, but it is a beginning that may lead to great endings. We cannot see why Canada should not become the horse mart of the world. Fodder and land are cheap and all that is required is good animals to breed. Recognizing the importance of this subject, the department of Agriculture at Ottawa, has just issued for distribution a pamphlet containing a letter by Col. Ravenhill, R. A., on the conditions afforded by Canada for the supply of horses for the British cavalry service, and an address to the horsebreeders of Great Britain by the same authority. Col. Ravenhill advocates the establishment of horse fairs at central points, as in the present state of the Dominion no English or European dealer could afford the time or expense of moving about the country and taking the chance of picking up animals at long intervals of distance. while the artillery purchasers were in Canada last year they examined 7674 horses, out of which they purchased only 83. Col. Ravenhill also suggests that the Government should appoint an inspector of horse-breeding operations with a view to the improvement of the class of stallions in use. Over seventeen thousand horses are imported into England annually, and the European markets being closed, she will have to look further abroad for her supply. Here, then, seems to us Canada's opportunity if she will only avail herself of it.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf)

BEOS YOUR CLEARD. Don't allow a cold in the Head to Slowly and surely run into Catarrh when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 3 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind

Tenders

WILL be received up to Wednesday, June 1st, for the erection of a Brick School House at Flesherton Station, S. S. No 10. Plan and Specifications to be seen at R. H. Cook's.
Lowest tender not necessarily accepted.

JAMES McMILLEN,
Trustees R. H. COOK,
JAMES ASHEDOWNE.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W. M TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 85 to 0 85	
Spring Wheat	0 85	0 85
Barley	0 00	0 00
Oats	0 25	0 25
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 12½	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 10	0 10
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	20
Sheepskins	0 40	0 56
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 35	0 35
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
FOR ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

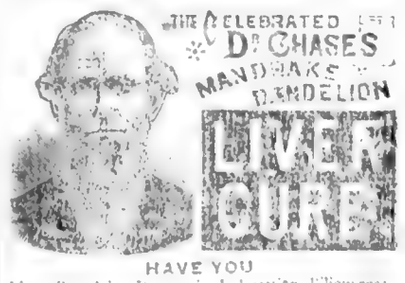

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint is due only to the fact that it is compounded in accordance with how Liver regulates, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invigorating roots, herbs and barks, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500 000 SOLD

Over one half a million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada in one year. Is there any man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try it's excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (34 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA— Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

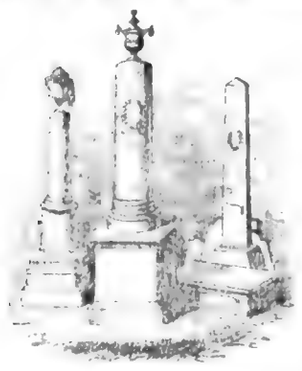

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

40-39.

FARM for SALE

OR

TO RENT.

BEING Lot 170, Con. 1 West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well watered. Orchard. About 2½ miles from Flesherton. For full particulars apply to the undersigned.

JOHN O'MELIA.
Flesherton.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 158, 1st E.T. & S.R., Artemesia, one mile from Flesherton, containing 50 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. Never-failing stream of water runs across farm; also a never-failing spring of water. New bank barn 36x50, with stone stabling full size of barn, underneath Log House. Good soil and free from frost. Part payment down, time on balance. For full particulars, apply to

D. L. WHITE, Agt.,
Flesherton.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER, — THORNBURY

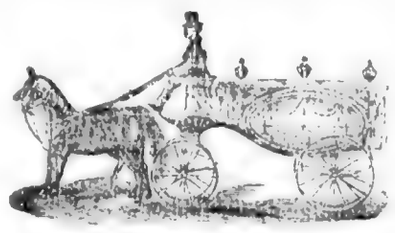

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, frame stable. Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

Ja mes Sulivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Flesherton vs. Markdale.

A Rattling Game of Lacrosse Between the Above Teams.

Last Friday afternoon one of the hottest and most keenly contested Lacrosse matches we ever witnessed was played on the agricultural grounds, Flesherton, between the Markdale and Flesherton junior Lacrosse teams, resulting in a hard-earned victory for our home team.

The game commenced at 3.30 and lasted until 6.45 p. m. The Umpires were Messrs. Hill and Benson, for Markdale, and Messrs. Bates and Fawcett for Flesherton, with Mr. Stevens, of Markdale, as referee. Mr. J. Wilson, captained the Markdale juniors and Mr. Will. M. Sproule captained the home team. There was a fair sprinkling of spectators, who, of course, took a lively interest in the game. They always do. Sometimes their interest is *too* intense, however.

At 3.30 the ball was placed between the sticks, "Ready—play!" shouts the Referee and off they go—both teams cautiously measuring the strength of each other. Frank Sullivan was playing check to an equally sturdy young man from Markdale, Dinsmore, and the trials of skill—and strength!—between the two was amusing and sometimes very exciting. Once Dinsmore, while running ful tilt after the ball, suddenly came against Sullivan who adroitly got in one of those scientific "lurches" known only to players of the national game—and the former was shot up against the fence with such force as to hurl one of the boards from its place to the ground on the other side. Captains Wilson and Sproule indulged in some skillful fencing, both making dangerous goal shots. But it was reserved for our young fighting editor, John W. Field to make the first successful goal shot, which he did in a neat manner, thus scoring the first inning for Flesherton. Time ten minutes.

The second inning was a remarkably stubbornly contested one. The ball wavered around one goal, then took a wild harum-scarum trip around the field - East, West, North, South—then around the other goal, and then back to the place of commencement. In this inning the magnificent playing of Capt. Sproule undoubtedly the best player on the ground—was seen to good advantage, while the close goal shots by Capt. Wilson attracted general notice. But Willie Bellamy guarded the Flesherton goal in beautiful style. Matthews, the two Colmans, Blake Anderson and Tom Benson, of the visiting team, got in some smart clean work. Tumbles were of frequent occurance. Nobody minded *them* with you goal and victory in view. Wes. Armstrong was here, there and everywhere and made some of the finest shots of the day. Finally Tom Benson made a marvellously lucky goal shot and after *an hour and twenty minutes* of the hottest lacrosse work ever done in Flesherton, inning No. 2 wound up in favor of Markdale.

The third inning wound up somewhat abruptly. Mr. Benson claimed a goal shot for Markdale, but Mr. Bates objected. The Referee decided that the next inning should end the game both teams to be now considered as having won an equal number of innings. This decision was acceded to, and soon the clash of sticks told that the decisive encounter had commenced. A brilliant goal shot, at long field, by Wes. Armstrong, terminated this splendidly contested game in favor of Flesherton, after which both teams sat down to a fine spread at Munshaw's hotel, prepared by order of the home team.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices.

R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent

Seeding operations with farmers is pretty well advanced and a few are about finished up.

We are glad to see Wm. Ferrier around again and seemingly none the worse of the dose of shot received two weeks ago. Thos. Blakely is at work again although his arm is somewhat sore from the gun shot.

Willie Long, one of the young men who went to Michigan some months ago has returned, having been sick for some time. We hope soon to see him in his usual good health.

Mr. Wm. Guy is again going strong into the bee business having lately purchased a number of hives.

Mrs. Richard Maxwell has been laid up very ill for some days.

Euphrasia.

SERIOUS RUNAWAY AT EPPING.

Last Saturday morning about ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McKnight and Miss McKnight, their daughter, met with a serious accident. It seems they had all got ready to go to Meaford, intending to make the journey in a democrat drawn by a span of young colts. Mrs. and Miss McKnight had got seated in the vehicle and Mr. McKnight was holding his colts by the heads before taking his place therein also when the colts became frightened and ran away, knocking him over into a waggon rack standing in the yard, and dashing on in the direction of a deep gully only a few rods distant. Before reaching the gully Mrs. McKnight jumped out of the vehicle and was seriously injured. Miss McKnight clung to her seat until thrown out down the gully, the democrat having capsized. Strange to say she escaped injury, but her mother was attended by two physicians on Sunday, having sustained very serious injuries. The rig was badly smashed but the horses were uninjured.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

31st Batt. Rifle Matches

Arrangements are being pushed forward for the annual matches of the 31st Batt. Rifle Association, which will take place in Meaford probably on June 9th. A very good prize list is being prepared and a successful meeting is anticipated. The matches will be: Regimental at 200, 400 and 500 yards; Extra Series at 200 yards, Team at 200, 400, 500 yards for the Cleland Challenge Cup and Civilians *vs.* Military at 200 and 400 yards, when a team from the 31st Batt. will meet a team of ten Civilians. Ammunition will be supplied at one cent a round. Among the donations to the prize fund so far received are $10 from Lieut. Col. Telford, Owen Sound, President of the association, and $5 from D. Creighton, M. P. P. Col. Telford, Lieut. J. B. McLean, Mail staff, Toronto, Sec.-Treas., or Capt. H. R. Cleland, Meaford, will be glad to receive further donations.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent

News scarce.

Mr. Clemis and his pupils spent a profitable time on Arbour day in cleaning up and beautifying the school grounds here.

The farmers are pretty well through with their seeding around here and nature seems to have come to life again with all its beauty.

The cheese factory is in running order to receive [illegible]. It is under the supervision of Mr. Cornet.

Mr. T. Talbot has placed a stone foundation under his barn.

Some of the Flesherton dress-makers has been making frequent visits around here recently and Maud is eagerly waiting for the result. MAUD.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

Manitoba.

"Winter lingers in the lap of spring. Sunshine and shower, frost and snow warm and cold, mud and dust—well, this is a fair sample of North West springs. Ontario need not fear "comparisment." This is the "merry month of May, but I cannot see where the "merry" comes in. Yes, we had some fine spring weather in March and April, but with the exception of early sowing of spring wheat, I think almost if not quite all other kinds of grain, garden seeds, potatoes &c., are awaiting favorable weather for planting.

Compositor, in one of my articles recently, made me say "Western affairs" &c. instead of "WEATHER affair," are not done by halves in the North West &c. I don't think Ontarians would like those everlasting (?) prairie winds, especially in cold weather.

"But there went up a mist from the earth which water the face of the whole ground." Genesis, 11 chap. 6 verse. Draughts are not so very injurious to vegetation in this country, where so little rain falls, because the earth freezes by the intense cold, four, to six feet deep, solid! Soon as the surface is thawed a few inches, by the warm, drying sun, seeding is attended to, and as the frost slowly melts underneath, there ascends a "mist," or dampness generally sufficient to nourish the farmers crops in the dryest times. In consequence of

CONTINUED ILL HEALTH

and other hindrances, I don't expect to be able to write but little more for public information. Perhaps a more competent correspondent will be found who will take my place. It is but seldom I feel a brief period of anything like ease. However, having noticed that you were being neglected in the matter of "Spring poetry" and feeling somewhat easier at present, I will try and console you a little. Wishing as ever prosperity to The Advance, prosperity to your readers, and peace and prosperity to the whole Dominion of Canada, "my own and native land."

Explanatory remarks. The following appeared in the Nor' West Farmer (Winnipeg) copied from The American Poultry Journal, and thinking it better than a dose of physic for the Dyspepsia I copied it for The Advance, also composed another for amusement of your readers.

"THE CHICKEN'S SOLILOQUY."

"Turn backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight,
Make me an egg again, smooth, clean and white,
I'm homesick and lonely, and life's but a care:
I'm a poor chicken born in a "Hatching Machine."
Compelled in this cold world to roam
No mother to shelter, no place to call Home
No mother to teach me to scratch or to cluck,
I can hardly tell whether I'm chicken or duck."

ANOTHER CHICKEN'S SOLILOQUY

Original.

Go forward, not "backward, oh time in your flight,
Don't "make me an egg again, smooth, clean and white,"
Nor think me "chicken hearted," soft shell, or green,
Because I was born in a "Hatching Machine."

I tell you I'm glad, and think I'm in luck,
By having no mother to scold me or cluck
And say, "now come this way, you must not that,
And if I don't mind her, well, "hit me a spat

Bless the hatching machine, now I've my own way,
I'm not told to scratch for my food among clay
So I run about singing, enjoying the good,
For MAN is my servant, and he gives the food

No foolish old rooster, no silly old hen,
To make me afraid of hawks, foxes, bat what
Yes, there they are coming, I know what the mean,
Oh for a HEN Mother, blame the Hatching M[illegible]

Winnipeg May, 1887. WM. PURDY

P. S.—Domestic fowls of various kind do exceedingly well in this country. But great care is required to keep them from freezing to death in the winter. However, about thirty varieties of wild fowl and birds, remain here during the winter season. Thaws, rain, or sleet seldom occurs, consequently the atmosphere is dry and exhilarating. W. P.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the li[illegible]. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made especially for Liver and Kidney diseases and [illegible] centred here. Re[illegible] our name [illegible]. Sold by all dea[illegible]

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY positively cures for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker, Cough, Sold at Medical Hall.

HACKMETACK, a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp disease, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal. Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. - Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

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MAURITIUS, 1886.

Essay on the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

(By Thomas C. Watkins.)

This island, with the adjacent island of Bourbon, was discovered by the Portuguese under the command of Mascarenhas in 1505, and they were named the Mascarenhas Islands; but though the Portuguese took possession of the Mauritius in 1545, they appear not to have formed any settlement on it. The Dutch took possession of and surveyed it in 1598, and called it Mauritius, in honor of Maurice, Stadtholder of the Republic of the Netherlands. They did not settle there, however, until they had established a settlement at the Cape in 1640, about which time they founded a settlement on this island also. They abandoned their hold of it in 1708. From which time until 1715 it was inhabited only by a few negroes, who had been brought there as slaves, and had run away from their masters and had concealed themselves in the forests on the mountains. The French took possession of the island in 1715, founded a settlement at Port West, and named the island Isle de France. They held undisturbed possession of it until 1810, when it was taken from them by the British, to whom it was allotted as a permanent possession by the Congress of the Representatives of Europe, when they conferred the sovereignty of Elba on Napoleon Bonaparte, making him Emperor of a pretty island in the Danube, who was used to have the mightiest sovereigns of Europe to tremble at his frown—to accept their kingdoms or their empires from him on whatever conditions le Grande Monarche wished to impose. The British gave the island its former Dutch name of Mauritius. It is situated in the Indian Ocean, between 19° 45 min. and 20° 33 min. south latitude and 56° and 57° east longitude. From north to south (that is from Cap Malheureaux to the Bay of Lemon) its length is about thirty-six miles, and its extreme width from Point du Diable to the northern extremity of the Plaine aux Sables (or Plain of Sands) is nearly twenty-seven miles, though the general width is not much over eighteen miles. The circumference is about 124 miles. It is nearly of equal extent with the county of Worcester, the area being about 700 square miles. It is surrounded by a coral reef, running nearly parallel to the shores at from one to two furlongs therefrom. These shoals are mostly dry at low water. There are eleven gaps in these reefs, and ships of moderate burden can sail through the most of these breaks on up to the shore in high water. The water between the reefs and the shores being less affected by storms, being much smoother than the sea, affords easy communication all round the coast, which is a very important matter to the inhabitants, as the shore is very steep in many places and rises suddenly to a considerable elevation quite close to the water's edge, which is especially the case along the western coast. Along the eastern coast the surface in general is pretty level from Port Souillac to Grand Port, and from the latter to Port Louis, except just in close proximity to each of those places.

THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND

is very rough and uneven, rising frequently into lofty isolated hills, except between Cape Brabant and Port Souillac, where the hills form a chain, which runs from Mount Peter Botte to Carmoniere Point. Some of the hills tower aloft to a considerable height, especially the Brabant Mountains near Cape Brabant, and the Bamboo ridge near Grand Port, which rise to about 3,000 feet above the level of the surrounding sea. The origin of the island is undoubtedly volcanic, as shown by the irregularity of the surface and the presence of lava, pumice stone and other productions of volcanic force. In the mountains at the back of Port Souillac and Grand Port there is a small lake, which is thought to have been the crater of an extinct volcano. There are large numbers of loose rocks covering the ground, from the size of a cricket ball up to more than a ton weight, which are riddled with small holes. The soil is shallow and very dry, owing to the great drought which prevails, making the land rather barren and unfruitful. The soil consists chiefly of a lumpy reddish mould, which appears to be impregnated with oxide of iron, which on pressure crumbles to dust in a person's hand. The rainy season lasts from November to March or April. The rain pours down in torrents for several hours, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Hurricanes as terrific as those of the West Indies visit the island sometimes during the rainy season. These storms do not occur with regularity, but only once in from one to five years. During this season the wind changes frequently, and sometimes makes the tour of the horizon in a short time. In the dry season the wind generally blows from the southeast. It is strong during the day, but calm in the night. During June, July and August showers are frequent, but they last only a short time. The island is traversed by numerous water courses, which flow down in all directions from their common centres; but they are only filled during the rainy season, when they form numerous cataracts, and wear deep gullies down the sides of the mountains. During the dry season the rain is soon evaporated by the heat of the sun. The mean annual temperature is about 76° Fahrenheit. The annual rainfall may be set down at an average of thirty-eight to forty inches. The island was formerly covered with forests, and even now large wooded districts remain as ornaments around the plantations; and the hill country is covered with trees, but there is no timber suitable for shipbuilding. The ebony wood is inferior in quality, but the iron wood and red wood are valuable. The sago and cocoanut palms are common, as are also tamarind trees, mangroves and bamboos. Yams, cassava or manioc, which was imported from South America, and Indian corn, are cultivated as articles of food, as well as plantains, bananas and melons, also several European vegetables, as asparagus, spinach, artichokes, cabbages and peas. Wheat and rice are raised in small quantities, and both articles are imported; also wheat from the Cape of Good Hope and rice from Madagascar. They also cultivate mangoes, shaddocks and pine-apples. Oranges, grapes, peaches and apples do not do well, and their qualities are inferior. The French introduced the spice-trees of the Indian Islands, but they did not succeed well; even the pepper-vine remained barren; the clove was the only spice which succeeded. They cultivated the sugar-cane, indigo, coffee and cotton, but since the British took possession of the island all these branches of agriculture are almost abandoned, with the exception of sugar, the cultivation of which has increased rapidly. In 1830 more than 720,000 hundred weights were exported, and the business was prosperous until lately, when over-production over the world reduced the prices of sugars to about one-fourth of their value thirty years ago. There are very few horses, as they are not bred in the island to any extent.

MULES AND ASSES

are more numerous, and are used principally for the saddle, being more sure-footed in that rough and stony soil, where, in common with most Asiatics, their roads are to a considerable extent in quite a primitive state, not much better than bridle paths. Black cattle are scarce, for want of good pasture, as it does not pay to keep them and import fodder for them. Cattle are imported in great quantities from Madagascar; goats and sheep are kept in large numbers; hogs are very numerous, and form a large portion of the food of the people. The forests are the home of a considerable number of wild hogs and deer. Fish abound along the coast; the turtle has almost entirely disappeared from the island, but large numbers of them frequent the small sandy islets situated to the northwest of Mauritius, and afford a home to an abundance of fine large ones, which deposit their eggs in the sand of those islets, where they are hatched out by the warmth of the sun. There are enormous quantities of rats, locusts and ants, which are very destructive to the crops and to the produce in the storehouses. The population amounts to about 100,000; of which number 75,000 were negro slaves, or their descendants, originally brought from Madagascar and the eastern coast of Africa. The balance of 25,000 consist of over 15,000 colored inhabitants, amongst whom are Malays, fishermen from the coast of Malabar, Lascars and Chinese. The latter were brought over by the planters, and employed in the cultivation of the sugar cane, instead of the negroes, when the last-named were slaves. The number of whites amount to about 9,000 individuals, the greater part of whom are descendants of French families, whose progenitors settled there when the island was a French colony, and they still speak the French language. Port Louis, the capital and only town of the island, is situated near the northwestern extremity, on a small bay called Port Northwest, or Port Louis. This bay is a narrow inlet of the sea, a little over a mile in length, and about 500 yards wide. A reef runs out from its mouth, passing close to a small island called Tounelier Island, which is a coral rock, near which ships usually anchor, as the wind blows out of the harbor constantly. The harbor is sufficiently capacious for a dozen men-of-war and fifty merchant ships, and, during the fine season, perfectly safe. The capital (Port Louis) is situated at the extreme southwestern corner of the bay. The streets are straight, but not paved; the principal street runs parallel to the shore of the bay. The houses are built of wood, with only one floor. The town contains 26,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,570 were formerly slaves, or are the descendants of slaves; there are about 4,000 whites, and they represent various Oriental nationalities; one of the suburbs about 3,000 Malabar fishermen; and another nearly 7,500 negroes. There is a library containing over 60,000 volumes, mostly French books; a good botanical garden, and docks for the repair of vessels. Port Grand is situated on the windward coast, although large, the entrance being narrowed by several shoals. It can only be entered or left during a fair wind, by sailing vessels, as it is impossible to tack; therefore it is not much frequented except by steamers occasionally. Mauritius has commercial relations with Surat, Batavia, Bombay, Muscat, the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, the western coast of Africa, the Cape and Madagascar, but a large proportion of its produce goes to England. Sugar, coffee, cloves, indigo and some timber are exported to England; and in return the colony receives silk, woolen and cotton fabrics, wine, oil, hats, iron and steel utensils, and several articles of commerce. Arabia and Persia are supplied with sugar from Mauritius, and send back in return dried fruits and a few other articles. Madagascar sends her cattle and rice to Mauritius, and receives in return manufactured goods. Mauritius and its dependent small islands are distinguished for their

VALUABLE TIMBER,

which is much used for ship and house building and for making agricultural implements and all such articles as require great strength and toughness. The *Tatamaca blanc* is a large tree, with tough, curly grained wood; the seeds yield a valuable oil, and the gum that issues from the trunk is the tatamaca resin of commerce. The *Colophane Botard* is a small tree about twenty feet in height, the wood of which is used largely for palisades, and rafters in building shanties, and in fencing gardens, lawns, etc. The *Bois de Nefle* is a middle-sized tree, the timber of which planks, flooring and the boards for the insides of houses are made. It will not bear moisture. The *Mokak* is a tree which attains a large size, the wood is hard, durable, smooth, dark colored, takes an excellent polish and is very much used for shingles, frames of houses, boards for flooring, ship building, cabinet ware, etc. The *Jamposa* tree has strong, tough, elastic wood, resembling British ash in color and grain. It is used for handles of tools and for making charcoal. It is a small tree. The *Bois Loustean* is a small tree, the timber of which is used for palisades, and small timbers in house and shanty building. The *Bois Colophane* attains a great size, often measuring six feet in diameter. Canoes are frequently hollowed out of its trunk. *Cinnamom* is a small tree, the timber of which is little used. It is yellow, close grained, and the roots yield an excellent yellow dye. The *Gayavier fleur arbre* is an ornamental tree, very beautiful in appearance. The timber is tough and very durable under water. It is much used by the natives for building purposes, and for boat building, and in the manufacture of gun carriages, in felloes and hubs for carts, waggons and carriages, binders, ammunition box boards, etc. It is prized for fittings in boats, hulls of canoes, house posts, planking, beams and various other uses. The *Bois Canelle* is a middle-sized tree, the wood is even-grained, smooth, dark colored, finely veined, polishes well and is much prized by cabinet makers. The *Bois Sandal* is a large tree, highly valued by turners, house carpenters and wheelwrights; it takes a fine polish and is odoriferous, resembling sandalwood. The *Sang Dragon* is a large tree, very handsome, the timber is red, very valuable and beautiful. It is used for gun carriages, furniture and musical instruments. The *Bois d'ebene* tree yields the best kind of ebony, which usually turns black, but is sometimes streaked with yellow or brown. It is very heavy, close and even grained, and takes a high polish. It is used for inlaying, ornamental turnery and sometimes for furniture, canes, etc. The *Bois noir, la graine rouge*, is a large tree, the timber of which when first cut resembles the red sandals, has a strong, pleasant smell, is stiff, hard, strong, durable, tolerably coarse and even grained, takes a good polish, is of a beautiful red color, with streaks of a darker shade, which turn purple and resemble rosewood. The *Lilas de l'Inde* is a charming ornamental tree. The wood of the older trees is handsomely marked. It is rather durable and is used for furniture. There were specimens of seventy varieties of different species of trees shown in the court of Mauritius, most of which were very useful for the numerous purposes of

CIVILIZED AND BARBAROUS LIFE.

In the Botanical Gardens there was a most magnificent display of the flora and other productions of that far-off land. A great variety of plants, the fibres of which are used for making cloth and ropes, were exhibited. Tobacco, soap, cocoanuts, paper pulp made of megasse (a native fibre), india rubber tree, gum and a variety of articles made of the rubber, gutta-percha, fine samples of wheat, arrowroot, manioc flour, banana flour, sweet potatoes, cloves, starch, vanilla, coffee, nutmegs, mace, jams and jellies, eau-de-cologne, ink, sugars of various kinds and qualities, syrup, mineral waters, turtle oil, cinchona and other barks in different stages of preparation. A collection of minerals, plants, natural history, skeletons of the dodo bird, stuffed specimens of the fauna of the island, stags' heads, ostrich feathers and eggs, emu eggs and feathers, tortoise shell, coco-de-mer, shrimps, shells, ornamental seeds, Job's tears and bois noir-rouge. Rum and other liquors were also exhibited, as if to show the world that not one, even of the most remote colonies of Britain, has escaped the foul stigma of licensing the lazy and cruel part of their people to prey upon the young and inexperienced portion there and, like the vampires, they suck their blood in the night, entice them into their saloons, treat them to their distilled damnation, fire their brains with madness, imbrute them; yea, degrade them lower than the brutes—take their last dollar and send them off to beat their wives and children; to steal, to murder, to fill our jails, our penitentiaries, our lunatic asylums, to go to the gallows; to fill our cemeteries with drunkards' graves and to fill hell with their victims. O, that the numberless army of drunkards and those who only drink for company's sake, but are constantly, yet even to themselves imperceptibly, creating an appetite, a burning thirst, which, if they do not flee from the drunkard's haunts, will soon sink them into misery, shame, disgrace, early death, a drunkard's grave and eternal woe; O, that they, together with those who entice them to drink, may soon have their eyes opened to see the fearful precipice on the brink of which they are standing with unsteady steps, and resolve, in the name of God and by His strength, that they will never touch, taste, handle, buy or sell the accursed thing any more during their futures lives, and earnestly and conscientiously keep their pledge for the rest of their days.

THE SCYCHELLES ISLANDS,

which probably are not very well known by many, are an important appendage to Mauritius. The group is situated in the Eastern seas, a few degrees south of the equator, in latitude 3 degrees 31 minutes to 5 degrees 45 minutes south, and in longitude 53 degrees 15 minutes to 56 degrees 10 minutes east. They are exceedingly fertile, and possess great natural beauty. They were discovered by the Portuguese, afterwards the French held possession of them until 1814, when they were ceded to Great Britain by the Congress of Paris. They now form a very interesting portion of Her Majesty's vast possessions in the East. An interesting account of these islands has been published by Mr. Estridge entitled "Six years in Scychelles," where he resided at Mahe, the chief of the group. He has labored hard to gather together the chief objects of interest found in these islands, comprising many scarcely ever suspected to have existed there. Amongst the numerous articles placed on exhibition by this gentleman are specimens of the fruit of the coco-de-mer (a species of palm tree which grows only in these islands), and include a rare exhibition of that product in its treble development, and also some eccentric growths of the common cocoanut. There are also examples of the curious insect called the "walking leaf," of the Mille Patte, or thousand footed worm, and of a variety of scorpions, frogs and snakes. There were a large number of skinned and stuffed fish, amongst which were some very singular crabs, raytails and star fish There was a singular looking hawk, of which even the British museum, in the immensity of its collections, cannot boast of a representative. Some fine

FLYING FOXES,

or enormous bats, were unique in appearance. The geological formations of the islands were represented by good specimens of black and amethystine quartz, nactrite and other stone. A charming specimen of a coral garden was also exhibited. Several handsome sketches of fruits, flowers, etc., were very interesting. There was a large variety of specimens of timbers, tobacco, soap, vanilla, cloves, gum kin co coa beans, kapok, chocolate, essential oils, dried papaw juice, raphia seed, leaf and tree.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND PROTECTED MALAY STATES.

This little colony includes the island of Singapore, situated to the south of the Malay Peninsula; Penang, an island now known as Prince of Wales Island, on the west coast of that peninsula, and a strip of land opposite, named Province Wellesley; the Dindings, another group of islands with a piece of land along the coast of the mainland to the south of Penang; and Malacca, lying between the Dindings and Singapore. Singapore has an area of 206 square miles, Penang 107, Province Wellesley 207, Malacca 659, the Dindings, including the Island of Pankor, about 206 square miles. Malacca was taken possession of by the Portuguese in 1511, and remained in their hands until 1641, when it was taken by the Netherlands and held by them until 1795, when it fell under the power of Great Britain, but it was restored to the Dutch in 1818 by a treaty with Holland, dated March 17th, 1824. Malacca was again ceded to Great Britain in exchange for Bencoolen in Sumatra, when it was stipulated that the British should not attempt to form any settlement in Sumatra, nor the Dutch in the Malay peninsula. Penang was ceded to Great Britain in 1785 by the Rajah of Kedah. Province Wellesley was also acquired from the Rajah a few years later to enable the authorities to put down the prevailing piracy which caused great havoc amongst the European merchantmen. This latter territory is bounded by the Muda River, and by a line ten miles south of the Kryan River. Penang was the seat of Government of the Straits Settlements until 1832, since which date it has been carried on at Singapore. The Dindings were ceded to the colony by treaty in 1874. The chief productions of the peninsula consist of tin, sugar, spices, rice, tapioca, sago, hides, horns, gum, coffee, tobacco, but several of these productions are purchased from their neighbors, and are not grown in the colony. Trade is increasing fast, as will be evident by a comparison of the united imports and exports of the years 1859-60 and 1884. These were: Singapore in the former period, £10,371,300; in the latter year, £25,931,930; Penang, £3,530,000 against £12,066,267 in 1884, and Malacca's trade was £928,000 in the former year and £1,079,612 in the latter, making the united volume of trade for the whole colony £14,829,300 in 1859-60 and £39,077,809 in 1884. The Straits ports are entirely free from import and export duties. The total population in 1881 was 423,384 against 307,957 in 1871 and 273,000 in 1866. The nationalities were greatly mixed as follows: Singapore had 2,769 Europeans, 22,155 Malays, 86,766 Chinese and 12,058 natives of India. Penang was represented by 612 Europeans, 21,772 Malays, 45,135 Chinese and 15,730 natives of India. Province Wellesley had 76 Europeans, 58,723 Malays, 21,637 Chinese and 10,616 natives of India. The nationalities in Malacca were 40 Europeans, 67,513 Malays, 19,741 Chinese and 1,891 natives of India. Dindings had only two Europeans, 1,847 Malays, 466 Chinese and 37 natives of India.

THE REVENUE OF THE COLONY

is derived from land licenses, stamp duties, judicial fines, etc. The total revenue in 1868 was £276,612, and the expenditure £254,391. In 1884 the revenue had risen to £629,921, and the expenditure to £580,147. The colony has important political relations with the neighboring Malay countries, three of which are under British protection, and have contributed their respective shares to this great exhibition of Britain's offspring from every climate, from every country. The three protected States are Perak, Selangor and Sungai Ujong, which extend from the border of Province Wellesley to that of Malacca. They are governed by their native rulers, acting with the advice and aid of a British Resident, who is appointed by the British Government, and is under the control of the Governor of the Straits Settlements. Each State has its staff of European and native officers. Of the three States, Perak, with an extent of 7,949 square miles of territory, and a population of 118,000 people, is the most important. A Resident was appointed to Perak in 1874, under the Treaty of Pankro, and the State has made rapid progress since. The revenue has risen from £64,728 in 1877 to £238,749 in 1884; life and property are secure; a railway connecting Theripeng (the chief town) with the sea and a complete system of roads and telegraph lines have been constructed, bringing the different parts of the State, which previous to 1874 were only connected by rivers, into close intercommunication. Mining is the chief industry of the State. Agriculture has not been much developed yet. The soil is rich, and suitable for the production of nearly all kinds of tropical plants, and only requires capital to make it yield abundantly. Tapioca, pepper, rice, sugar, coffee and tea have all been successfully grown. Liberal land laws have been made by the State Government. Amongst the exhibits sent by this State is a full-sized Malay house, which has been erected in the Exhibition by Malay carpenters, and is built and furnished entirely with materials sent for the purpose, and in accordance with native customs. The State of Selangor comprises about 3,000 square miles. It lies south of Perak, the dividing line between them being the Barnam River. This State is chiefly dependent upon tin mining for prosperity, though small plantations of coffee, cacao and pepper have been established, and are doing well in many parts of the State. A railway twenty-two miles long connects Kwala Lumpor, the capital, with the sea. The revenue of 1876 was £32,246, and that of 1883 amounted to £75,110. The State contains a population of 46,568 persons. The area of Sungai Ujong is 660 square miles. It is situated to the south of Selangor, and northwest of Malacca. The population consists of about 14,000 people, and the revenue in 1884 was £20,196. Mining was largely carried on formerly, but for the last few years agricultural pursuits have taken the place of mining to a large extent; Arabian coffee and cinchona are grown extensively on the hills, and tapioca, Liberian coffee, cacao and pepper in the lowlands, are successfully cultivated. This colony and the Protected States made a most interesting exhibit of their various products, a few of which we name below: Model of a street in Singapore, model of a sea, with a native craft on it, model of a Chinese temple, models of native boats, a curious collection of native weapons, fishing apparatus, etc., musical instruments, a full sized jinricksha with a coolie to draw it. Opium smoking implements, blow tubes, with spears and shields attached, quiver containing poisoned darts used by the aborigines, or with tribes of the Malay Peninsula.

COUNTERFEITING INSTRUMENTS USED BY THE CHINESE

in Singapore for counterfeiting coin, water colors and drawings of fruits indigenous to the colony. Chinese state presentation umbrella. Photographs of scenery in the Straits settlements. Models of animals used by Chinese in lotteries, coins, bank notes and tokens now used in Penang. Albums representing Penang scenery and native life. Musical instruments used by aboriginal tribes of Malacca, model of a Malay Raja's state house, with figures showing wedding ceremony in progress. Collections of old and modern measures. Books on the meteorology of the Straits Settlements, native drugs, English and Malay vocabulary books printed and published in Singapore. Chinese drugs, native medicinal roots. Model of a Malay Rajah's reception house, with automaton figures showing wedding ceremony in progress, models of Malay household utensils, toys, games, etc., comprising 200 specimens; models of Malay houses with walls of bertram work, of nipah palm and of bamboo; carved wood work for doorway of Malay house, Malay bed hangings, Chinese bed and hangings; rattan articles in domestic use; model of Malacca house, models of Chinese furniture comprising forty eight different kinds of articles, 288 specimens of articles for domestic use, and toys and games; Chinese gold thread, scarfs used on great occasions; full dresses and ordinary dresses worn by Arabs and Chinese in this colony. Collections of indigenous fish, pheasants, snakes, butterflies, reptiles, fishing apparatus, sixty specimens of stuffed animals and birds, 68 bottles of preserved fish and reptiles; agricultural implements, thatches, gutta percha, timbers, spices, dried plants, sheets, seeds, gums, cordage, gambier and rattan, bertram plait work, Malacca walking sticks; food products, condiments, preserved fruits, sugar, tea, padi or rice, arrowroot, cocoanut, palm sugar, cigars and cigarettes, sago, honey, beetle nut varnish, essential oils, hair dye fibre, bark for tanning, bricks, indigo, mangroves, tiles, tin ore, plumbago and limestone, Malay and aboriginal weapons, Chinese and Malay weights and measures, resins, coffee, buffalo baskets or paniers, buffalo bells and carts, Malay elephant goads, baskets, hoods and bells, ferns, Malay river boats and bamboo rafts, Malay dwelling houses, snares and traps, Malay dresses of silk and gold thread; looms and spinning appliances, bees' wax, edible birds' nests, pottery, Malay silverware and weapons, gold bearing tin sand, Malay fishing boats and native tools, native foot balls, spurs used by Malays in cock-fighting, poisoned arrows and quivers used by the Sakeis, curtains made of attap leaves, model of a Sakei house, native hats, cloth made of bark by the Sakeis, sleeping mats, sandals, gold and tin ornaments, elephant's head shot in Selangor, bison's head from Malay, sweetmeats, sugar cane juice, tin, shells, bat guano, water wheel, drugs, cinchona bark, rum and spirits. Alas! alas! Rum, spirits, alcohol, introduced everywhere Britain's sons plant their feet. Could the British nation see the fearful crimes they are the direct authors of? Could they see the raving maniacs in our insane asylums? Could they see the ragged, starving children, the miserable, gaunt, thinly-clad, heart-broken wives, the bright eyes of youth dull and sunken in their sockets, the hopeful, brave spirits of early wedded life crushed to death and buried in the deepest anguish, misery and woe, the imbruted husband, in early days of his accelerated fall, enticed into the taverns and saloons to drink that distilled damnation which at first elevates man and makes him feel rich and great, but a deeper draught drowns his reason, corrupts his mind, implants disease in his system, makes him cruel to his wretched wife and children, to whom he is a terror? Turned out of every bar-room, ordered away from every saloon, the wretched victim of intemperance goes home and takes the last chair, the last morsel of food, even the last blanket, and leaves his miserable wife and children to perish with hunger and cold, while he goes forth to pledge the last remnant of comfort which he has just stolen or torn away from his broken-hearted wife to the saloon or hotel keeper for the accursed poison, which is fast sinking him into his grave—the dark, hopeless, drunkard's grave. Every glass of alcoholic liquor which a man or woman drinks has an influence to lead them to desire more when the excitement caused by that glass dies away—hence the danger of taking the first glass. With the brightest and most gifted the descent from position, rank and respectability is frequently very rapid, and often ending in degradation and infamy. The once happy wife, murdered by inches, dies and leaves helpless orphans to be cared for by the charitable, or to become the thieves and vagabonds and prostitutes of society. The wretched father, only the semblance of a man, craving for whiskey, commits theft to get money to buy the poison, is arrested and goes to jail, where he dies, the wretched victim of the saloon-keeper.

The only woman cab driver in England has just died. Visitors to Epping Forest will recall, as one of the peculiar institutions of that vicinity, the female Jehu, who for many years wore conspicuously the badge of a driver, and held the reins in skilful competition with the men, who, no doubt, vociferously denounced at cab stands and railway stations this demonstration of a woman's rights.

The Naval Lifeboat Board, of London, report that none of the models submitted are suitable as lifeboats for men-of-war.

A gentleman coming down Chenneville street, Montreal, between 10 and 11 o'clock last night witnessed one of the saddest scenes he ever saw. He met an aged woman with a crying baby in her arms, and followed by a little girl who carried a pillow on her head. On inquiring where they were going, the gentleman was informed that the old woman was the grandmother of the two children and was taking the baby to its mother, her daughter, who had been arrested for drunkenness and placed in the cells of the St. George street police station. The little girl had taken a pillow to lay the unfortunate baby on in the cell. It appears that the wretched mother had been out of jail only a few days.

THE NANAIMO CALAMITY.

Scarcely Any Hope of Saving the Imprisoned Miners.

AGONIZING SCENES ABOVE GROUND.

A Hundred and Fifty Miners at the Bottom of the British Columbia Mine —No Hope of Safety—Heart-Rending Scenes.

A Nanaimo, B. C., despatch says: A terrible explosion of gas took place on Tuesday evening in the No. 1 shaft of the Vancouver Coal Company's mines, in which there were upwards of one hundred and fifty miners at the time. The first intimation those on the surface had of the explosion was a terrific shock, followed by an outburst of thick black smoke through the air shaft. This was quickly followed by a second one stronger than the first, carrying pieces of wood, miners' lamps, etc., hundreds of feet into the air. In a few minutes flames commenced to issue through the air shaft with a loud, roaring noise. In a short time the fanhouse caught fire and was quickly consumed. In the meantime nine white men and four Chinese were brought out through the hoisting shaft. Rescuing parties attempted to reach the entombed men, but have been unable to rescue more than fifteen up to this hour. The rescuers were overcome with the after-damp and had to be rescued themselves by others. Sam Hudson, one of the rescuing party, succumbed to the effects of the deadly after-damp. The scene around the shaft head is most heartrending, the air being filled with the lamentations of the friends of those imprisoned below looking for the missing. At this hour, 2 p.m., but little hopes are entertained for the safety of the imprisoned men. The fire is still raging, but it is thought it will soon be got under control. The rescuing party will again attempt to go below.

Our Ottawa correspondent telegraphs this (Thursday) afternoon: Mr. Gordon, M.P., British Columbia, represents the district where the explosion took place at Vancouver Coal Company's mines. Every miner in the pit, he tells me, was a personal friend of his own, and consequently he feels very ill over the calamity. The mine belonged to an English company and was worked by a perpendicular shaft. Two small explosions took place at this mine before. There were also several casualties. It is understood that the Davy lamp only is to be used but as miners can see better and consequently do more work with a naked light, it is just quite possible that some Chinaman disregarded the rules and caused the explosion. Gibson, the underground manager, who had so narrow an escape, was Mayor of Vancouver. The explosion evidently took place in the air shaft, thus destroying the van, so that no pure air could be sent into the mine. Gordon has telegraphed for further particulars.

Latest Particulars.

A despatch from Nanaimo, B.C., this afternoon, says: Jules Michael, who was injured in the explosion in No. 1 shaft of the Vancouver Coal Co.'s mine, says he was sitting in the cabin at supper in No. 2 shaft when he felt the concussion. All scrambled out, but became insensible, and only one was saved of his four companions whose dead bodies came up in the cage with him. Several could hardly appreciate their miraculous escape, owing to the dazed feeling which all felt who came out from the deadly pit. He represents the explosion as having been terrific. Everything became dark at once. John Lynch, who was badly injured about the face and head, and had his hip fractured, has been demented ever since the explosion occurred. His talk is about work in the pit. It is thought he will not recover, having inhaled gas. The others were not injured seriously, though all were badly shaken up. Samuel Hudson's heroic death is unaccountable. He was a miner of great experience, while those who went down with him to rescue their fellows were comparatively inexperienced. He died from the effects of after damp. His brave deed was one of the bright things in the carnival of misery. All day yesterday gangs of men endeavored to extinguish the flames in No. 1 shaft, and it is believed the fire is under control. The Merryweather steam fire engine did good work in pumping water from the harbor down the air shaft. It is absolutely impossible to think of getting at the imprisoned men until the fire is subdued. There is danger of the gas being driven into the fire and a second explosion. Even now fears are entertained that the whole place will be blown up. If it should occur the catastrophe would be the greatest recorded in the history of coal mining.

All hope of rescuing any one in the mines has been abandoned. It was proposed to cut a ditch to the salt water so as to attempt to put out the fire in No. 2 shaft by turning a stream of water into it, but the scheme was abandoned. The mines extend out from the shore more than a mile beneath the waters of the harbor, and as one looks over the waves it is hard to imagine that beneath are imprisoned many dead fathers and sons of this city.

AROUND THE SHAFT THE SCENES ARE HARROWING IN THE EXTREME.

Mr. Ridene and Mr. Scott, of the Wellington mines, went down yesterday afternoon, at the risk of their lives, in an endeavor to make an investigation as to the manner of procedure. Mr. Chandler, of the Wellington mines, has been indefatigable in his efforts to assist in the work of rescue. Several physicians are in attendance tendering all the assistance in their power. The business houses are closed. The collieries are shut up and the entire population is gathering at the scene of the disaster. Wives, terror stricken, crying children and sorrowing fathers hover in the vicinity and mourn their terrible affliction. Occasional showers of rain cast a dreariness over the ghastly scene.

The imprisoned miners were all old settlers, their faces were familiar on the streets, and there will be a void in many homes. The cause of the explosion is unknown. It is generally supposed to have been an explosion of coal dust. The tale will probably never be told.

A last (Friday) night's Nanaimo, B. C., despatch says: One more body has been brought up, that of Andrew Hunter, mule driver on No. 1 level. Six other bodies were seen there. Scott, of Wellington, has been carried out and is doing well. Samuel Hudson was buried at 3 p. m. by Rev. Mr. Good, the Odd-fellows and the Masons performing the ceremonies. There is no hope of saving any more of the men.

This is the saddest day ever known in the history of British Columbia. There are very few people in the city that have not lost relatives or friends. One lady lost husband, father and brother, and is frantic with grief. All she wishes now is to see her dead husband's face once more. He was to have taken a holiday that day and gone off bicycle riding, but being a rainy day he postponed his pleasure trip and went down into the fatal pit, never to return alive. One gentleman from Victoria has five brothers, a brother-in-law and an uncle imprisoned in the mine by the deadly gas.

There are 101 white men and 50 Chinese still in the mine. Forty-seven of the whites are married men with families. Some of the young wives with small children are frantic with grief, standing around the mouth of the fatal shaft. Others are dazed with weary watching and tears, silently watching the cage ascending from the depths below, where their dear ones are. Dense volumes of smoke continue to ascend from this shaft. A large gang of men, principally sailors, are down this shaft fighting the fire with desperation. It is hoped the fire will soon be under control. One thousand five hundred feet more fire hose are being sent by special train from Victoria, which will be let down the cage shaft and salt water pumped down. The bodies of William Campbell and Michael Lyons were recovered to-day horribly mangled. The latter was discovered 700 yards from the shaft. Other bodies were seen a little further in, but could not be reached. The men are working in four hour shifts. All posible is being done. It would be madness to penetrate the mine, as another explosion might occur. The mine extends for miles under the harbor, and looking at the peaceful water it is difficult to imagine the frightful catastrophe enacted a few hundred feet below. The worst has yet to come, when the bodies are brought up. People do not yet realize the dreadful catastrophe that has blighted the city. The mouth of the shaft is eagerly watched hour after hour by an eager crowd of men, women and children, Chinese and Indians, all too terrified to talk above whispers. Relief is much needed and cannot come too soon, as the destitution will be terrible. Many of the men leave large families, who have not the necessaries of life.

The Ladies' Favorite.

The newest fashion in ladies' hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate, and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the ills which afflict females and make their lives miserable. This sovereign panacea can be relied on in cases of displacements and all functional derangements. It builds up the poor, haggard and dragged-out victim, and gives her renewed hope and a fresh lease of life. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Modern Newspaper Regulations.

Editor—Your spring poems have not been printed, sir, because you did not comply with our regulations.

Spring poet—May I ask where I failed?

"Certainly. The poems were signed with an assumed name. Contributors of spring poetry are required to enclose their real name and address, birth record, baptismal record, police court history, marriage certificate, divorce proceedings, if any, together with a full and frank confession of all the evil they ever did in their lives."

"My gracious! Do you need all that as a guarantee of good faith?"

"No; we want it for publication."

The Gamut of Theft.

(Washington Post.)

Taking	$1,000,000	is called Genius.
"	100,000	" Shortage.
"	50,000	" Litigation.
"	25,000	" Insolvency.
"	10,000	" Irregularity.
"	5,000	" Defalcation.
"	1,000	" Corruption.
"	500	" Embezzlement.
"	100	" Dishonesty.
"	50	" Stealing.
"	25	" Total depravity.
"	one ham	" War on society.

A Novel Easter Egg.

The Pope received a novel Easter egg. The egg was of ivory; the interior was lined with white satin upon which nestled a magnificent ruby and diamond ornament. The offering, the value of which is about £2,000, was made by Lady Herbert, of Lea.

It is expected that Michigan Central freight trains will be running into London by the end of next week.

The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated in Teheran on Friday night with unwonted splendor. The buildings of the British Legation were splendidly illuminated.

The total number of persons known to have perished in the mining disaster at Nanaimo, B.C., is 189, of whom 82 were Chinamen and 107 whites. More than half of the white men leave families.

The triennial election of a chief and two councillors among the Muncey Indians took place at the Council House on the Caradoc Reserve on Saturday, Mr. Thos. Goodon, Indian agent, presiding. Mr. W. J. Waddilove was chosen chief for the next three years by a large majority, and Messrs. Charles Timothy and Josiah J. Wilson councillors for a similar term.

The case of Jones against the Grand Trunk Railway, tried at the London Assizes on Saturday, was an action for damages brought by the widow of the late J. F. Jones, who was killed last January by shunting engine No. 18 while crossing the track at Point Edward by the plank road to the ferry landing. Train No. 22 was across the road and the deceased had to walk around the last two cars upon the line to get past. It was while doing this that he was struck. After a lengthy trial the jury found for the plaintiff and $2,000.

WATCHING THE FISHERIES.

The Canadian Cruisers Find No Trouble in Looking After the Americans.

A Halifax despatch says: The cruiser Triumph, on the station occupied by the Terror last summer, called into Barrington yesterday. She has visited within the past few days all the harbors and usual resorts of fishing craft between Liverpool and Barrington, and is now on her way to Pubnico, the western limit of her beat. Capt. Lorway reports having boarded and hailed fifty American schooners since he assumed his present command. All these vessels came in for the purpose of shelter or repairs. The crews always manifested the utmost willingness to comply with the regulations, and in every instance so far had promptly carried out their instructions. The recent rough weather had caused an unusual number of American fishermen to seek harbors along the section of the coast, but all took the first opportunity of proceeding to sea and required no extra warning. All intercourse between such vessels and the shore is carried on strictly by day and subject to the excellent rules adopted by Capt. Lorway, of having the boats row alongside the Triumph and report both going and returning. No dissatisfaction was ever expressed at this plan, which prevents all possibility of violating the customs laws. Capt. Lorway had seen no disposition on the part of fishermen to create any trouble. The station was a difficult one to oversee, on account of its great extent and numerous harbors. After the cruise to westward is finished the Triumph will proceed to prospect the eastern boundary of the patrol, in order to look after vessels in want of bait.

THE RIDGWAY TRIAL.

The Publisher of the Black Pamphlet Assessed in £500 Damages.

A last (Tuesday) night's London cable says: The trial of the suit of Sir John Brennon against Wm. Ridgway, the publisher, for libel, in accusing the plaintiff of being a Fenian and a former ally of the Invincibles, was continued to-day. Mr. Ridgway then stated he was unable to call witnesses who could prove his charges, because the disclosing of the name of the writer of the Black Pamphlet, in which the charges were made, would endanger his life. Neither could he call in the detectives from whom he obtained the information, to substantiate the allegations against Mr. Brennon, because it would involve a disclosure of secrets of the profession. The plaintiff had been brought into court as a stalking-horse for others, who dared not appear. Counsel for Mr. Ridgway declared that the Black Pamphlet was written by a Fenian whose destruction would be certain if his name became known. Mr. Brennon's evidence showed that he associated with and assisted the worst dynamiters in Paris. Counsel held this to have proved the case against him. The Judge, in charging the jury, said the defendant had not proved justification. The jury awarded the plaintiff £500 damages.

To-Day's Church News.

Rev. L. Newton, a graduate of McMaster Hall, has accepted the pastorate of the Victoria Baptist Church.

The total amount paid in to the endowment fund of Knox College to date is $152,135.88. The total amount subscribed is $198,095.17.

The Evangelical Lutheran Church of Fisherville village will shortly be furnished with a new pipe organ, built by Mr. Spencer, of Hamilton. It will be 10x6x13, containing 416 pipes, and will cost $600.

Among the prominent clergymen who are mentioned as likely to succeed Right Rev. Dr. Binney in the Bishopric of Nova Scotia the name of Rev. John Langtry, rector of St. Luke's Church, Toronto, appears. Mr. Langtry was Prolocutor of the Lower House at the last meeting of the Provincial Synod.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, is one of the youngest prelates in this country. He is now 47 years old, but was only 33 when made Bishop of Newark. His manner resembles that of the late Cardinal McCloskey. He is an indefatigable worker and is quick to make decisions and put them into execution.

The Vatican at Rome has 25 chief courts, 8 principal stairways, 200 minor stairways and 30,000 windows in its 11,000 chambers. The library has on its shelves 26,000 manuscripts. Of these 16,000 are in Latin, 500 in Greek and 3,000 in Oriental tongues. The printed volumes in the library number about 100,000.

It Didn't Take.

A Sunday School teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized.

"Yes," said the little girl, "two times."

"Two times? Why, how could that be?"

"It didn't take the first time," said the little girl.—*Wide-Awake.*

An Editor's Experience.

"What is the question that we are asked oftenest in life?" demands a writer. The question most frequently asked in life, we should say is: "Are you sure that you love me?"—*Boston Courier.*

Veterans of the army and navy in Montreal district, about 1,000 in number, are making arrangements to parade with the volunteers on Jubilee day.

The magnetic power of soft iron is more than twice that of lodestone and 1000 times that of ferric sulphate.

Miss Marjory Kennedy, second daughter of the late Scottish vocalist, is now Mrs. Alexander Yule Fraser. Mr. Fraser is mathematical master in the Edinburgh High School. Long life to them!

"Yes, my child, yes; dun is the future tense of due."

Picot-edged ribbons are the most fashionable for all sorts of trimming.

A writer says: "When you have occasion to say no, make it positive." Can't; no is negative.

Brevity produces some very remarkable specimens of what the philosophers call nominalism. One of our correspondents had occasion to go into a store to inquire for Dr. Abercrombie's works, "The Intellectual Faculties," and "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings." When asked for them the bookseller solemnly replied: "I know I haven't any moral feelings, and I doubt whether I have any intellectual faculties!"—*Christian Advocate.*

A good organist will know how to tune his reeds and read his tunes.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Archibald Connell, a farmer of South Dorchester, on Tuesday assaulted his family and destroyed the furniture. Last evening he was arrested on a charge of insanity and lodged in Elgin jail.

So far thirteen dead bodies of the victims of the British Columbia colliery explosion have been recovered, and six injured. All hope of rescuing alive the entombed miners has been abandoned, and fears are entertained of the whole place being blown up by a second explosion.

Constable Lipsit, of Bayham, arrested on Wednesday night a young man named Thomas Boughner on suspicion of being one of the noted Bayham lambs. Five other members of the gang await trial in the jail in St. Thomas. Other arrests are on the tapis.

The London Fair Grounds Committee have decided on a main building 200 by 80 feet to be built of wood with stone foundation. Competitive designs will be called for. The first prize includes 4 per cent. on the outlay and the superintendence of the building. The second prize is $200.

On Wednesday evening four suspicious characters, Frank Pearson, W. Arnold, G. Hill and G. Woods, were arrested for trespass on the Michigan Central property at St. Thomas and placed in the cells. In the night they picked the lock and escaped. No trace of them has since been seen.

A young man named Preston, residing at Frankford, Ont., who had lately returned from Michigan, where he had been placing his brother in a lunatic asylum, cut his throat with a razor on Tuesday, whilst laboring under a fit of insanity. Dr. Rockwell, who is in attendance, considers there is no hope of his recovery.

While Mr. S. Lindsay, a clerk in the Almonte branch of the Bank of Montreal, and Mr. Ernest Stephenson, son of Rev. F. Stephenson, were canoeing at Almonte on Wednesday afternoon their boat was capsized at Caldwell's saw mills. Mr. Stephenson was rescued by the men at the mills, but Mr. Lindsay was drowned, his body being recovered about an hour afterwards.

As already reported, $120,000 is the estimated loss to the steamship Barcelona and cargo through grounding in the Traverse at Montreal, caused by neglect on the part of the marine authorities in not having the lightships and buoys placed in position. Captain Williams, of the steamship Oregon, the first ocean steamer to arrive, never had such difficulty in navigating the river for want of signals and buoys.

On the shore of Simcoe Island a bottle was picked up. It contained a piece of paper on which was written in pencil: "April 26th.—Afloat on Lake Ontario in a heavy sea. John Thompson and I am together. We will never see to-morrow. The sea is too high and we are lost. The last place we know of is Pigeon light. Whoever finds this bottle have it copied in the Brockville *Recorder*. We will drown before morning. Hy. (or Wm.) B. Reas. John Thompson." A telegram from Brockville reads: "Know of no such men here. The affair is probably a hoax."

The Colonial Delegates will address a meeting to be held in the London Mansion House on Monday on the question of British trade with the colonies.

The steamer Asie, from Barcelona for Marseilles, has been sunk in a collision with the French steamer Ajaccio, from Cette for Algiers. Several passengers were drowned.

The Pope has summoned three cardinals to confer with him upon the question of reconciliation with the Italian Government and to arrange the conditions upon which the Vatican will consent to negotiate.

A Russian fanatic ran amuck at Odessa yesterday and stabbed six Jews, killing two of them. He was arrested in a restaurant, where he attacked and injured a Jewish waiter. A mob of Jews tried to lynch him.

The English Board of Trade returns for April show that the emigration from Great Britain reaches the enormous total of 56,955, against 40,719 last year, and of that number 7,312 went to British North America, compared with 3,963 in 1886.

The croupiers implicated in the recent gambling swindle at Monte Carlo have been tried in open court and the one who dealt the cards has been sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, the others being severely reprimanded.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise and the Comtesse of Paris, accompanied by brilliant suites, visited the Wild West show and the grounds of the American exhibition at London yesterday. Buffalo Bill and his company gave a special performance for the benefit of his royal guests.

Rev. Charles W. Ward the Englewood rector accused of attempting to murder his wife, was found dead at the home of Judge Drew, his counsel, at Rockland, N.Y., yesterday afternoon. It is supposed he took an overdose of chloral.

Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii, and her suite, escorted by the representatives of the State, War and Navy Departments, paid a visit yesterday morning to the Washington barracks, where a special review of the troops was held in their honor. In the afternoon the Queen received the representatives of foreign governments in Washington.

Yesterday morning six negro boys, 13 to 17 years old, were at the wharf of the Wilmington, N. C., Compress preparing to go across Cape Fear River to shoot rice birds. One named Grant Best had borrowed a double-barrelled gun from a negro man, which he says had no caps on. An accidental discharge of the weapon caused the death of four of the boys and badly hurt a fifth, Best alone escaping injury.

It is understood that the opponents of the sympathizers of Mr. O'Brien have engaged every hall in Ottawa for the night Mr. O'Brien is here, with a view of preventing him from speaking. The weather, however, is fine and Mr. O'Brien can speak in the open air.

To get the oil out of a grindstone make the stone as hot as safety will permit, and then cover it with a paste of whiting and water. The mixture will soon become filled with oil, when it may be scraped off and the process repeated until all the oil is extracted.

Disillusion.

(London World.)

will seek the woman I loved (no
Long ago in life's fortunate da
I am tired, discouraged and sic rt,
And my thoughts wander back embered
ways
To the woman I loved in days l ead,
And I long for the sight of he said).

She was strangely faithful and (he said),
With the gentlest heart, and the st eyes,
That clung to one's gaze in a pa way;
And I was a fool to be cold and
And relinquish such love—see stead,
And leave her alone to despair

I will go to her now at once (he
For life is discordant and out of tune
And I need her love and her symp s.
I loved her too lightly and left on;
But the future shall live, and the p ead,
And my heart yearns back to her he said).

I am here at last in her home (he
Here all alone in the twilight
I wait for the sound of her st on the stair,
As I sit in her dear familiar ro
With all her sweet flowers, and h s on the
shelf;
For nothing is changed here—exc myself.

I heard her voice. I remember
Her voice like a child's with its s tone,
But then came a pause, and a wh d word—
A laugh—that seemed turning my heart to
stone;
The door opened wide, and my hopes fled,
For a new love was there by her s said).

STRANGLED TO DEATH.

Russian Noble Alleged to Have Murdered His Parisian Paramour.

A Paris cable says: A most horrible murder has been committed in this city by a Russian at one of the principal hotels. As in the case of Pranzini, the woman who was the victim belonged to the frail sisterhood which abounds in Paris. Had she discovered some terrible secret of her lover? Up to the present there seems no motive for the crime, since her lover was a man of immense wealth and very high position, both in social and official rank. Whatever be the cause, she was discovered in his rooms at the hotel, her neck showing indubitable traces that she had been strangled. The Lothario was arrested, but was released after a few hours' detention. The reason publicly given for not proceeding against him was that there was not sufficient evidence to hold him. The real reason, however, was that immediately after his arrest one of the highest officials of the Russian Embassy called on the Procureur-General, the Jude d'Instruction and the Prime Minister. At the present moment the Russian alliance is of more value to France than the life of a mere cocotte, hence the murderer has been allowed to go scot free and to leave for Italy, although his name and rank and his crime are on everybody's lips, both in France and in Russia.

A Birthday Compliment.

Jones—"This is my birthday, Smith." Smith—"Indeed! How old are you?" "Just 40 to-day." "H'm! Forty? Well, there is an old saying that every man at 40 is either a fool or a physician. You are not a physician, I believe."—*Boston Courier.*

To Be Settled Later.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who has great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."

She Had a Motto Too.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Hardtack," said the new boarder, "but I'm a little short this week, and I'll have to ask you to wait a little for my board, though my motto is 'To pay as I go.'"

"Can't do it," replied Mrs. Hardtack. My motto is, 'Pay or go.'"—*New York Sun.*

His Future Career.

"And what do you expect to be when you grow up, Bobby," asked the minister; "a lawyer like your father?"

"No," Bobby replied. "Ma says I'm too much like pa to make a successful lawyer. I did think I'd be a drum major, but I guess I'll be a lion tamer."

—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the President, has accepted a place as first assistant in a school for young ladies in New York city.

—The longest continuous run on any railway in the world is that made by the new Saratoga limited train on the road from New York to Troy, which runs the entire distance—148 miles—without a stop.

Mr. Joseph Dennis, an engineer on the Michigan Central, at St. Thomas, has invented a fire-proof and safety stove for railway coaches and applied for a patent for Canada and the United States. The stove is so constructed that in case a collision occurs hot water passes into the fire box, extinguishing the fire.

THE ECONOMICAL GIRL.

She's a dashing little student
Of economy and prudent,
In a most painstaking fashion,
I would really have you know;
And she looked up with her eyes unglancing,
Most bewitchingly entrancing,
And my thoughts flew back to courtship,
Many happy years ago;
Soon her gaze grew fond and fonder,
And I then began to ponder
Some sweet words I'd whisper to her
Of a liberty I'd take;
But she smiled a smile platonic
And she said in words laconic:
"What a splendid lot of carpet rags
Your overcoat would make!"

M. Zola, who held for some years the pen of a dramatic critic, always persistently maintained that the stage ought to be an exact copy of real life and that it was quite as possible to be true to nature in a theatre as in a book.

—A medical authority says that in warm weather people will find their systems cleaned and cooled very comfortably and beneficially by swallowing a goblet of fresh water, not iced, with a little table salt dissolved in it.

The threatened insurrection by the Greek population of Crete against the Porte's authority has quieted down.

"'It is the little things that tell,' says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers."

An old man named James, who is alleged to have wandered away from the London hospital and to have suffered greatly from exposure, owing to his family not having been informed of his escape from that institution, died last night. It is probable an inquest will be held into the affair.

Flesherton Carriage Works!

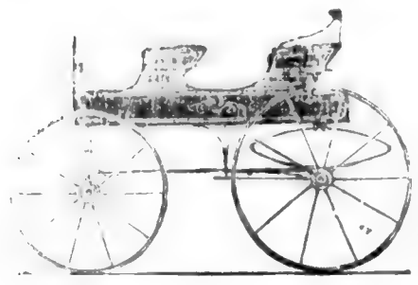

W. A. MILBURN,

Proprietor.

In returning thanks to the public for the patronage extended to him during the past three years, the undersigned wishes to inform the people that he is in a better position than ever to turn out all work in his lines of business, such

—AS—

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons, &c.

on short notice, in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable prices. All kinds of Repairs,

HORSE-SHOEING, AND GENERAL JOBBING

will receive equally prompt and careful attention. Works, next to Planing Factory, Flesherton.

Respectfully Yours,

W. A. MILBURN,

Proprietor Flesherton Carriage Works.

Methodist District Meeting.

Ministerial and Lay Brethren in Session at Flesherton.

Tuesday and Wednesday of this week the Methodist District meeting- announced last week was held here. Owing to the experience and ability of those who usually take part at such meetings, much interest is excited and considerable good accomplished. Especially was this noticeable in connection with the spirited discussions, anent Sunday School work, on Tuesday afternoon—although the weather was certainly not of a nature to impart elasticity of spirits to the various speakers.

TUESDAY MORNING

was devoted to the settlement of connexional accounts and business of a financial and generally.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

After devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. W. Ayers, District Secretary, a short but practical address was delivered by Rev. G. H Cornish, Chairman of the District. In the course of his excellent address the speaker said, that "during the last conference year there was an increase throughout the connexion of 142 schools, 1,349 officers and teachers, and 10,785 scholars. But that rate of progress might be greatly increased." "Our Church," said he, "has already more Sunday schools, more teachers and more scholars than all the other Protestant Churches in the Dominion put together. Her duty to the young people committed to her care is not fully accomplished while there is a single Methodist preaching appointment where there is not also an efficient Methodist Sunday School."

The work was not to end here, however, but to go on and on until all are brought to a saving knowledg of the truth as it is in Jesus. There were 181 Sabbath School scholars on his own circuit last year, while this year they had 264 an increase of 83. Financially successful in fact progress was being made all along the line.

Rev. A. J. Parker, of Priceville, made some apt remarks relative to the frothy American literature now finding its way into our Sunday Schools on account of the cheap quotations given by American publishers. Our own literature was so pure, that excellent selections could almost be made in the dark. He thought they might look forward to a successful future in connection with Priceville Sabbath School work.

Rev. A. Thibadeau, of Holland Centre, reported progress, and in the course of his remarks said that when he first went on his present circuit he found one Sunday School run on the old-fashioned principle of selecting lessons anywhere throughout the Bible; but a different order of things prevails now.

Rev. R. Johnsom, of Walter's Falls, reported a considerable increase in Sabbath School work during the past year.

Rev. J. S. Corcoran, of Eugenia, reported progress on his circuit, both financially and numerically.

At this juncture a spirited discussion took place on the subject of Union Sabbath Schools, in which Rev. R. Johnson, Rev. A. Thibadeau, Rev. G. H. Cornish, Rev. Dr. Strongman and Rev. W. Ayers took part.

All present then joined in singing "I Need Thee Every Hour."

Rev. A. Thibadeau next delivered his address on "Home Influence on Sunday School Work." Sabbath School work was calculated to make the home better, and it often transpired that home influence was detrimental to the work of the S. S. Parents should sympathize with and assist their children in this great work. The address was short and pointed.

Dr. Christoe thought the old method of Sabbath School teaching was a good one. It seemed to him, that when that system was in practice there was more enquiry and research and less formalism. Questions and answers are now given so fully, that there was not the same incentives to study there once was.

Rev. G. H. Cornish replied to Dr. Christoe, re International Lesson leaves, which he said had given rise to a vast amount of biblical research and critical investigation.

Rev. A. Thibadeau said he did not think Dr. Christoe intended them to swallow the whole pill, re international leaves. (laughter)

Rev. R. Johnson said many teachers would carry out their own respective modes of teaching, no matter what lesson helps might be provided for them. The Berean Leaf and Banner often confused teachers as well as pupils on account of the multiplicity of divisions made in the lessons.

Rev. J. W. Mahood said all great minds were agreed that the International Lessons were great helps—only to be used, he thought, at home, while preparing lesson, and ought not to be brought to the Sabbath School.

Rev. A. J. Parker thought they had drifted away considerably from the subject, viz., "Home influence on Sunday School Work." He thought it was the influence at home that made the Sabbath School. You'll not have much of a S. S., said he, if the home influence is unfavorable.

Dr. Christoe thought he ought to congratulate himself on the lively discussion which had arisen from his remarks in reference to the present system of S. S. teaching. He was strengthened in his position by the discussion he had listened to.

MASS MEETING.

Quite a few children, as well as a fair sprinkling of adults, attended the mass meeting, Squire Armstrong, the Superintendent of the Methodist Sabbath School, marshalled the little folks of his own and the Presbyterian church S. S. as well. Several pieces were sung by the children, with Miss Christoe accompanying on the organ.

Rev. Mr. Mahood delivered a very aptly worded address to the children, taking for his text the single word "*Watch*," which he divided into five "heads," thus;

Watch your Words.
Watch your Actions.
Watch your Time.
Watch your Company.
Watch your Heart.

The speaker put his thoughts in such simple, graceful language, that the smallest child could have very little difficulty in understanding every word he uttered.

Rev. E. A. Shaw, of Montreal, next delivered a brief but excellent address—also to the children—after which came announcements by Rev. W. Ayers, singing by the children and the benediction by Rev. Dr. Strongman.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The evening session was largely attended by townspeople and others. Rev. G. H. Cornish occupied the chair in a most creditable manner. The District Chairman filled his position throughout patiently and with true dignity—occasionally interlarding the exercises with brief and fitting remarks. The choir, under the able leadership of Mr. C. J. Sproule, furnished vocal and instrumental music for the occasion.

Rev. Dr. Strongman read an elegantly worded address on "The Relation of the Sunday School to the Church." It was a masterly production, full of spicy gems of thought and well rounded periods. Although scarcely within the ken of juvenile minds, it held the close attention of mattured intellects throughout.

Rev. Mr. Ayers paper on "The Aim and results of S. S. Teaching as found in Individual Experience," was delivered with much vim and earnestness. It abounded in practical suggestions and bristled with appropriate Scriptural quotations, such as "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;" "Except ye become as little children," &c. The Lord cares for the smallest child as much as he does for those more advanced in years.

Rev. G. P. Cornish delivered a good address on the "Essentials of a successful Teacher in our Sunday Schools." It was practical and edifying. Constant and persistent effort, unceasing effort and unwavering fidelity to the Master were amongst the essentials necessary to achieve success. So also was common sense, and personal knowledge and experience. Motto of every Teacher should be: "All my class for Jesus." No S. S. Teacher will be successful unless he recognizes everything from Genesis to Revelation as the revealed Word of God.

[Report of yesterday's proceedings will be published next week.—ED. NOTE.]

NOTES.

Increase of membership on District during past year 177. Also an increase in all connexional funds.

Dr. Christoe was elected Circuit Representative to Conference for Flesherton.

Mr. M. Richardson was elected District Representative to Conference Missionary Committee.

Rev. W. Ayers will go to Conference this year as District Representative to the Stationing Committee.

Mr. W. A. Brown was elected Circuit Representative to Conference for Markdale.

In Memoriam.

[The following verses were handed us for publication in memory of the sad and sudden death of the young man, Connell. Ed.]

Remember, death may find you
When you' e young;
For friends are often weeping,
And stars their watch are keeping,
O'er the grave where sleeping
Lie the young.

O, seek the path to glory
While your young;
And Jesus will befriend you,
And peace divine will send you,
And from danger will defend
While you're young.

Volunteers.

No. 6 Company, 81st Batt. will meet at the Drill Shed, Flesherton, on Saturday evenings for drill, until further orders. 25 young men wanted to fill up the above company. Apply to J. J. Field, Lieut., No. 6 Company, Flesherton. t.f.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Court of Revision, Township of Osprey.

The first sittings of the Court of Revision, on the Assessment of 1887, for the Township of Osprey, will be held at MAXWELL on TUESDAY, the Thirty-First Day of MAY, 1887. All persons interested will govern themselves accordingly.

WM. MILNE, Tp. Clerk

May 12th, 1887.

Auction Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE FARM

—IN THE—

Township of Artemesia.

Under and by virtue of the powers of sale in certain Mortgages made by John Fisher and David White, to the Vendor's which will be produced at the time of sale and on default in payment of the money's thereby secured. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, in the Village of FLESHERTON, on

Monday, 30th day of May, A.D., 1887,

1887, at 2 o'clock, p.m., by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, the following property, viz.: Lot number 158, in Concession 1, N.E.T. & S. Road, in the Township of Artemesia, containing 50 acres more or less nearly all of which are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a frame barn nearly new and a log house. Lands are well watered, by a small spring Creek. There is a small orchard on the premises which are well fenced and are on a good gravel road within about one mile of Flesherton.

TERMS:

Ten per cent. at time of sale, fifteen per cent. within one month, balance to remain on Mortgage for five years with interest at 6½ per cent. yearly, or such other terms as may be arranged with the purchaser at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to

MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor's.

Toronto, May 10th, 1887.

MAIL CONTRACT!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 27th May, 1887, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week each way, between Dundalk and Maple Valley from the 1st July, next.

The conveyance to be made in a vehicle or otherwise via., Badjeros and Shrigley. The Mails to leave Maple Valley every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a.m., and travelling via., Badjeros and Shrigley, arrive at Dundalk at 11:30 a.m., or in time to connect with the Mail train passing North. To leave Dundalk as soon as possible after exchange of Mails and arrive at Maple Valley within three hours and ten minutes afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Dundalk, Maple Valley, Badjeros and Shrigley.

DANIEL SPRY,
Post-Office Inspector.

Post-Office Inspector's Office, Barrie, April 18th, 1887

THE ROADSTER STALLION,

BILLY V.!

Will leave his own stable in Flesherton, on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1887, at 12 o'clock noon, and proceed to Linley's hotel, Maxwell, where he will remain over night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to Jonathan Irish's, Wareham, for noon, thence to Johnston's hotel, Dundalk, where he will remain till Thursday morning.

THURSDAY, will return to Flesherton for the night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, for noon, and return to his own stable for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, and return to his own stable in Flesherton, where he will remain till the following Monday.

The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

Description and Pedigree:

BILLY V., foaled June 18th, 1883, is a dark dappled bay, stands 15 hands 3 in., weighs 1150 pounds, and for bone, muscle, style and action, cannot be surpassed, was sired by Clear Grit jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger.

TERMS:

To insure a foal $10.00, payable March 1st, 1888. Season mares $8.00, payable last round of horse, or not later than July 12th, 1887, if not then paid said mares will be charged as insured mares. Single leap $6.00, payable at time of service. All mares not returned regularly to horse will be charged as insured mares. All accidents to mares at risk of owners. Owners trying their mares to said horse and knowing them to be afflicted with any contagious disease, will be liable in damages. Groom's Fee 25 cents.

A. S. VANDUSEN, Owner. GEO. GLASSFORD, Groom.

PUBLIC NOTICE!!

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye all men that I, W. S. CHRISTOE, the Druggist of Flesherton, have the agency for JOHNSON'S celebrated TONIC BITTERS and NERVINE, JOHNSON'S little Pink Tonic Liver Pills and the ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

—THE—

TONIC BITTERS

are confidently recommended as the VERY BEST in the market for Nervousness, Hysteria, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Complaints common to the female sex. PALENESS of complexion and for diseases caused by poverty of blood. In conjunction with the Tonic JOHNSON'S Little Liver Pills are the very best for liver complaint and general desarrangements of the stomach. The All Healing White Ointment is the very best for skin diseases of a scrofulous nature. Burns, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Chilblains, &c., &c.

You have only to try these great remedies to be satisfied. Sold by

W. S. CHRISTOE,
The Druggist, Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. I. B. & C. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY.

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

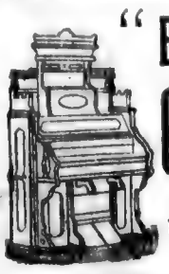

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VI., NO. 310. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, MAY 26, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

W. A. BROWN,

—THE—

PEOPLE'S JEWELLER,

Keeps the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Wedding Rings, Spex, etc., between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden Watches, my own name on, accurately timed, 2 and 3 years warrants, $8.50 to $28.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto Cases. 2 to 5 oz. Waltham, P. S. Bartlett's, 3 oz. coin case, $17.50; Ellery's, $14.50, lower grades, $8.00, to $13.00; Elgins if preferred. Ladies 10 & 14 k. Watches, and Gent's 10 & 14 k. filled cases always in stock. It is safe to buy Watches from me because I do business for myself, in my own name, and can be held to my warrants. 34 Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ansonia Clocks now in stock, bought close.

They will be sold below the "Terrible Bargains," prices at least 15 per cent.

At is easy to come down when goods are away up. I don't do a catch business.

Straight dealing ensures success.

I shall stay on that line. Small profits, modest prices. I secure patronage through low prices. Assortment Complete. Send for quotations. *If I do not save you money I will make other Jewellers take cost.* 18 years at the trade.

SPECIALTIES:
Watch Repairing, Fitting Spex.

Address Box 5, MARKDALE, ONT.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inepect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Advance till 1888 for 50 cents.

We regret sincerley to learn of the severe illness of Mrs. Alfred Ward, of this Township.

Nobody should be allowed to go in bathing inside our town limits unless bathing suits are used.

Tenders for the erection of a Brick Schoolhouse at Flesherton Station will be received up to June 1st.

Mr. T. W. Wilson paid Flesherton a flying visit this week. He returned to Detroit on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Buckingham's barn in Osprey township was struck by lightning on Monday and burned to the ground.

Let your eyes gaze on Russell's new advertisements on this page of The Advance. You will see something that will interest you.

THE ADVANCE balance of this year for 50 cents. Best local and family paper in Grey with but one exception. Of course this is a strictly cash offer.

Why is it that Russell gets all the watch repairs in this section of country? Because the public recognize the fact that he is the only watchmaker that can do their work right.

TAMARAC.—Tamarac Elixir is a preparation containing great curative properties for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Throat and Lung complaints.

Joseph Rorke, Esq., M. P. P. for Centre Grey, has been gazetted Major of the 31st (Grey) battalion. We congratulate our worthy member upon his promotion.

Another new stock of Watches &c., arrived at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, direct from the factory, at lower prices than other dealers can sell them to you.

The regular monthly Open Division of the Sons of Temperance, Flesherton, will not be held next week, on account of the grand Jubilee celebration occuring in the same month.

South Grey Teachers' Association will hold its annual Convention in Flesherton, on Thursday, and Friday June 2nd and 3rd—next week. Let our citizens extend a right hearty welcome to the visitors.

Rev. Mr. Ayers has gone to Galt to attend the annual meeting of the Guelph Methodist Conference. Messrs. Armstrong, Richardson and Christoe, of Flesherton, District Representatives, will probably go next week.

Mr. Smyth, our handsome and urbane barber, has had his shop fitted up very neatly, and intends keeping the best Tobaccos and Cigars for sale. He is really a first-class and steady workman, well-deserving an extensive patronage.

Mr. H. Bull, the celebrated Thornbury pump manufacturer, was in town last Thursday and did quite a rattling business in his line. On Thursday, June 2nd, he will be in Flesherton again to attend to those requring his services.

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON,

Has the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Wedding Rings, Spex &c. between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden, Columbus, Waltham, Elgin, and Swiss Watches, bearing warrants from 2 1-2 to five years from $7.50 to $25.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto cases 2 to 5 1-2 oz. We never ask any more than $16.00 for a P. S. Bartlett 3 oz. coin silver case, some dealers have the check to ask $17.50. Ellery's $13.25, while other dealers ask $14.50. Lower Grades from $6.90 to 11.50. Ladies & Gents Gold Watches. All kinds of American Clocks at lower prices than elsewhere. The fact is, other dealers cannot begin to compete with us notwithstanding the fact we do not sell at auction or trade on the church. A fine Stock just arrived at lower prices than ever. Always take your Watches, Clocks, & Jewelry to RUSSELL to repair, the only genuine Watchmaker & Jeweler in this section of country. Come right along and secure some bargains. It will pay you to come 20 miles to deal with us. You can save 25 per cent. by dealing at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mr. Broughton, D.D.G.M. of A.F. & A.M., and Editor of the South Simcoe *News*, Bradford was in Flesherton week before last. We had a pleasant chat with him, being introduced by our genial Postmaster, Mr. R. J. Sproule.

Next week we will publish the Sons of Temperance program for the grand Jubilee entertainment to be given by them here on the 20th of June. It is also their purpose to have a series of athletic games, &c., during the afternoon.

We hasten to correct an omission in last week's "Methodist District Meeting" notes. Besides the names given, we should have added that of our highly esteemed townsman, Squire Armstrong, as District Representative to Conference. The omission was an oversight pure and simple.

Our readers are asked not to forget the public lecture (free) next Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, Flesherton, by Mr. J. J. Tilley, Director of Teachers' Institutes. Subject: "*Success in life; with special reference to young men.*" The young people especially are cordially invited to be present.

The beautiful barns and stables belonging to Mr. Soudan Tuplin, 14th line Osprey, were burned to the ground on Monday of last week. The buildings caught fire at noon by sparks being blown from a neighbor's bush which was on fire. The loss will be heavy as he had no insurance on them.

The heavy draught stallion "Knight of the Realm," owned by R. J. Ferguson, Thornbury, broke through a stable floor on Saturday last and received some very serious injuries. The horse lay on the sleepers for 1½ hours and when taken out it was half an hour before he could be made to stand on his feet.

It is scarcely necessary to draw attention to the full page announcement of Messrs. M. Richardson & Co. in this issue of The Advance. The stock carried by this popular firm is probably unequalled in this county, in quantity, quality and prices. Further comment would be superfluous. Call and see for yourselves.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. C. R. Philips—formerly of Flesherton but now of Dundalk—on Saturday last. Mr. Phillips manufactures Cylinder, Check Valve and Cistern Pumps in first class style and solicits a trial order from those requiring anything in his line of business. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

A statement was made in last week's ADVANCE, to the effect, that a bridge in the Stinson neighborhood was in a "very bad condition." This gave a wrong impression: the well known "cranberry marsh" was referred to, in connection with which our Township Council are taking active steps to effect much needed improvements.

A number of recruits are wanted for Flesherton Volunteer Company. This is one of the best officered companies in the Province and there ought to be little difficulty in filling vacancies. Neat Scotch forage caps and tunics have just been received. Thanks to the excellent care of Lieut. Field, the arms and other accoutrements are in prime condition.

The 24th was celebrated in Markdale by athletic games, &c. The Owen Sounders sent down one of their base ball teams to play a game with the Markdale nine. The former had what might be termed a gentle "walk-over." We sigh for the times when Will Vokes, Flesherton's old lightning catcher, Will Clark, the same club's lightning pitcher, and other swift boys used to make the dust fly around the diamond. But coming back to the subject, Markdale played gallantly against very heavy odds and may be able to make things interesting for the Owen Sounders in the near future,

Mr. W. H. Flesher has leased the Flesherton Woollen Factory for a term of years, and is in a better position than ever to carry on the business. During the eighteen months he has been in the woollen business, there has been only one complaint, which is a remarkable record. He will pay the highest possible price for Wool and keep a good reliable class of goods to sell or trade, as he uses no rubbish in the manufacturing of Tweeds, Flannels and Yarns. Special satisfaction in roll carding.

David Bates handed a shot-gun to Joseph Field on Monday afternoon last, near the Flesherton Drill Shed. The gun was loaded—heavy. Master Field pointed it at a bird and pulled the trigger. The bird was blown to pieces, and to was the gun. The shock caused by the explosion made Field spin around somewhat after the manner of a top. When he stopped spinning, it was observed that he was clinging to about a foot of stock while the balance of the gun was scattered around on the ground. The barrel was twisted and torn into short pieces. Strange to say, nobody got hurt.

The Annual Report of the Markdale Methodist Church shows an encouraging increase in the membership and connexional funds. During the year there have been received by letter 25 and on trial 61 making a total of 86, so that after making up for a loss of 40 by removals, deaths &c., there remains a net increase of 46. The present membership is, Markdale 178, increase 29; Town Line Church 55, increase 12; Pleasant Valley Church 37, increase 5. Total 265. The amount contributed for the Missionary and other Connexional funds is as follows:—Markdale $161.74, Town Line 29.08, Pleasant Valley $24.18. Total $215.00, an increase for the year of $48.44, while the monies raised for all church purposes aggregates the magnificent sum of $2098.35

In chronic diseases, medicines should be restoring, and debilitating, in their action. The wonderful strengthening and curative effects, realized from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sustain the reputation of this remedy as the most popular blood purifier.

Through the generosity of Mr. W. H. Flesher, we are enabled to announce that Flesherton is now in possession of the finest and most extensive public school site in the county of Grey. Besides the 2½ acres purchased from Mr. Flesher at the school meeting, last Saturday afternoon, for the remarkably low sum of $250, the gentleman named made a free gift of 1½ acres of land in rear of the school lot. This latter, although to be fenced in with the 2½ acres school ground, is specially reserved for the use of our townsmen as a public park. The whole covers an area of nearly 4 acres, occupying a very commanding position—overlooking, the greater part of the town in fact. A handsome schoolhouse is to be erected forthwith. It is almost needless to add that Mr. Flesher's generosity is appreciated at its true value.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.—Mr. John R. Wright, representing Messrs. Evans, Sons & Mason, wholesale druggist, Montreal, says—Nasal Balm cured me of a long standing case of Catarrh after many other remedies failing.

Birth.

WATSON.—In Flesherton, on Her Majesty's birthday, May 24th, the wife of Rev. Thos. Watson, Baptist minister, of a daughter.

Malarial poisons contain the germs of dangerous diseases. If the poisons accumulate in the system, Typhoid, Bilious, Intermittent or Chill Fever is sure to follow. Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted specific for malaria.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

NOT GLAD, NOR SAD.

You sang a little song to-day,
It was not sad, it was not gay,
The very theme was nigh out-worn;
Two lovers met, as lovers may,
They had not met—since yesterday—
They must not meet again—till morn!

And did they meet again, my dear?
Did morning come and find them here
To see each other's eyes again?
Alas! on that you are not clear,
For hearts will shift as winds will veer,
And love can veer like any vane!

Ah, no! I think some sudden craze,
Some bitter spite befell their days,
What was that plaintive minor for?
No more together lie their ways,
Remote perhaps the lover strays,
Perhaps the lady comes no more!

So strange the numbers sob and swell;
No, there's no guessing what befell;
It's the sweetest song you sing!
Not sad, and yet—I cannot tell—
Nor glad, and yet—'tis very well—
Like love, like life, like anything!

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SALT LAKE.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

He was known to have been a convict, and to have served out his time at Macquarie Harbor, though in his old age there was little or nothing in his manner or appearance to indicate anything of savagery or vice in his disposition.

Twenty years of his life had been spent in profitless labor with pick and shovel and cradle on the diggings that broke out in endless numbers throughout the length and breadth of Australia after the gold discoveries of 1851. During the "fifties" he was in Victoria; first at Bendigo, then at Ballarat, McIvor, Maldon, the Ovens and other places of promise. The "sixties" found him in New South Wales, still leading the romantic life of a digger. The "seventies" saw him shepherd, stockman, station cook, timber-feller and hutkeeper, and in 1880—an old broken down man—he was shepherding sheep in Queensland.

No life could have been more forlorn and desolate than his during those latter days of his travelling. His hut was distant some 20 miles from the primitive head station on which his employer lived. From week end to week end he saw no living soul except the black boy who brought him his rations, and, at rare intervals, the sheep overseer or manager, who rode out to count his flock.

His solitary bark hut was erected on the edge of the basin of a dried up salt lake, such as are found frequently in the interior of Australia. It was nothing but a depressed hollow, treeless and grassless, covered with a salty incrustation, and at the edges with a sparse growth of creeping pig weed and dwarf ti-tree. There was something unutterably melancholy in this vast expanse, gleaming with a dirty white lustre under the sun's rays—silent, lifeless and desolate. It was the home of no living thing; even its scanty covering of vegetation only extended its straggling growth along the edges, choked back by the salty, dust-like soil. The very birds seemed to avoid it, and fly in other directions; the chirp of the crickets and grasshoppers, sounding incessantly from the grass all about, never broke the mournful stillness that brooded over the salt lake. It might have been blighted by some awful curse, so lifeless, so lugubrious a thing was it. It lay in the heart of mulga ridges, rising in gentle slopes all around, green where covered with grass, dirty red where the friable earth lay unhidden. Toward the spot where the old shepherd's hut was erected a low outcrop of rock formed the northern boundary of the lake; behind this was a clump of gidyea trees, and stretching back from it a wilderness of wattle and wild hop vines.

In this melancholy retreat old Scotty passed many a long and weary year. So isolated was it, and so deeply did his nature become imbued with the callousness of his surroundings, that time passed over his head almost unheeded. The days brought nothing to him but the dull routine of his duties; the weeks fled; the months slipped by; and he neither noticed nor cared to mark their flight. His dog and his quiet flock were his only companions. He had no thought for anything else; they made the sum total of his existence. He almost knew every individual sheep by sight, and they, in turn, exhibited no fear of him, so accustomed were they to his voice and presence. Every morning, when he let them out of the "yards," they would slowly wander across the ridges, feeding as they went; every evening they would as slowly make their way back again, without effort or direction on his part.

The months came and went, and brought no change in the lonely life of the old shepherd. The stony, grass-covered slopes of the mulga ridges surrounded him, cutting him off from the outer world by a motionless billowy sea of green; the Salt Lake, gleaming with saline incrustations, was ever before his gaze, benumbing his mind with the mystery of its lifeless solemnity.

One evening, at the close of a long summer day, when the wattle blossom and the wild hops made the languorous air heavy with their subtle perfume, three horsemen suddenly appeared before the lonely shepherd. It was the owner of the station, accompanied by two bush hands.

"Good-day, Scotty; sheep all right?" said the farmer, reining up and dismounting.

"Aye, boss."

"That's right. We'll camp here to-night, and I'll go and have a look at them. I'm going to start fencing in this end of the run. We've come to mark out the line. I suppose the gibbera hole's full?"

"Aye, pretty well."

"Then we'll take the horses down and give them a drink."

The four men, leading the horses by the bridles, walked to where the outcrop of white limestone rock formed a natural barrier to the Salt Lake. A broad sheep track led them down to a narrow gully that split the rock almost at its centre. Hidden in this ambush, and overhung by an immense block of limestone, was a small, dark-looking pool, not more than three to four feet in width, Some troughing, rudely constructed from the hollowed-out trunks of trees, lay on the ground near by. The horses drank from the troughs, whilst the men dipped their pannikins in the pool.

"The water's cold as ice," said Scotty's master. "It makes your teeth tingle."

"It's always the same," answered the shepherd, "even on the hottest day."

"It's a regular God-send, this gibbera hole," said the squatter. "The only water for ten miles round. It must be a spring; it doesn't seem to go down at all."

"No, it never alters."

"I wonder if it's deep," said one of the men.

"Deep? It is so," answered Scotty. "I cut a sapling 20 feet long, but I couldn't bottom with it."

Their thirst satisfied, the men made their way along the gully out on to the small plateau of rock that commanded the Salt Lake. The vast expanse stretched away before their eyes desolate and lifeless, and the three visitors gazed at it for a long time in silence.

"It's a strange place," said the squatter at length, speaking softly, as though loth to break the curious stillness. "It's enough to give one the horrors."

"Horrors!" exclaimed Scotty, with sudden vehemence, "you're right. It do give the horrors. It's always the same summer and winter, weighing down and crushing the heart out of a man. It's a dreffal place. There's a curse hanging to it, and those who live nigh it get the curse in them, too. I know it. Night and day for four years I've been watching it, and it's blighted me the same as it is itself. There's no livin' thing goes near it but me and the sheep. It's only me knows what a cursed thing it is."

The squatter and his men exchanged a quick look of surprise. The old shepherd's manner had suddenly changed. He had been dull, impassive and silent. Their unexpected arrival had aroused in him no surprise, had given rise to no sign of welcome or pleasure. But when he spoke of the Salt Lake, his manner was wholly changed. His sunken eyes gleamed with excitement, his voice was raised, his hands and arms moved restlessly.

"I know it," he continued, with still greater vehemence, pointing toward the lake with shaking finger. "I've watched it for days and days together, feeling it weighing me down more and more. This is what it's done." He motioned with one comprehensive gesture toward his furrowed face, his sunken eyes and trembling limbs. "It's broke me down. It's made me like this. It's blighted me the same as it blights everything that goes near it. There's no escaping from it when once it's got hold of you. It'll be the death of me in the end. There's no getting away from it now—not for me."

His arm sank to his side, the light died away from his eyes, and he relapsed into silence, standing there gazing vacantly at the funereal waste.

His three companions exchanged a second look of meaning, and one of the men whispered to his mate, "He's clean off his head."

"Oh! it's not so bad as that, Scotty," said the squatter, soothingly. "It's a dull place to live in, and it's terribly lonely, too. If you like, I'll move you to another part of the run."

But the old shepherd shook his head.

"No," he answered listlessly, "I'm not wanting to go away. I've been here for four years, and I'll leave my bones here. I can't get away from it. It's got hold of me, body and soul, and I'll stand by it till it finishes me. I don't want to go away."

"There seems to be a bit of feed on it," continued the other, anxious to change the current of the old man's thoughts.

"Aye," he answered dully. "The sheep's fond of pig weed, and I let 'em run along the edge sometimes. "But it ain't over safe in the middle."

"How?"

"In summer it's all fine sand and drift; but in winter, after the rain, it's nothing but a bog."

"It's a fearful place, altogether," said the other, with a slight shudder. But let's get back and hobble the horses out."

The three visitors spread their blankets under the shelter of old Scotty's hut that night, and on the next day set themselves to the duty of driving in pegs and blazing the trees along the projected line of fencing. A compass placed on a stake driven in the ground was the sole instrument used; by its aid the long line, running due east and west, was roughly marked out, with sufficient accuracy, for the purpose of guiding the fencers in their subsequent work. For three days the marking out of the line was continued, and for three nights the workers camped with the old man; then they took their departure, and the solitary shepherd of the Salt Lake was left once again to his wonted isolation.

But the visit of the squatter and his men was but the herald of a greater change. A month passed, and the old shepherd, pursuing his weary round of duties, had wholly forgotten the circumstance, when on returning with his flock one day toward sundown, the white gleam of a tent close by his hut caught his eye. So broken was he by his long enforced solitude, so apathetic, so insensible to every outward influence, that even that unusual sight failed to arouse in him the slightest interest. He followed his sheep toward the brushwood yards, and it was not until two men, emerging from the tent, accosted him, that he seemed to be alive to the fact of there being intruders on his solitude.

"Good evening, mate," said one of the newcomers.

"Good evening," Scotty answered.

"We've come here on that job of fencing," continued the man, seeing that the other asked no questions.

"Have you?"

"Aye. Me and Larry here have taken the contract for it. I've got the missus inside, and a youngster. We camped here for the water. We found the sheep tracks goin' down to the spring."

"Yes," answered Scotty. "You'll get plenty of water at the gibbera hole."

He did not speak as though he resented the intrusion of the fencers, only as though he were wholly indifferent to it. His dog, however, used so long to his master's company only, barked furiously at the strangers.

"Lie down, Jerry," said the old man listlessly, and then stood silently regarding the two men.

"It's pretty lonely here," observed the one referred to as Larry. "That's a rum looking place, that there swamp."

"Aye; it's got a curse on it."

Both the fencers looked curiously at the old man, but he offered no further explanation.

"How d'ye mean?" asked one of them at length.

"There ain't no livin' thing on it. It's got a curse on it."

The men looked at one another meaningly, and then again at the old man. They forebore to make any further allusion to the Salt Lake, however, and the one who had spoken first, whom the other addressed as Duke, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said:

"Well, I expect we'll be camped here some time, seein' that this is the only water for ten miles round. I hope we'll hit it right. We won't interfere with the sheep further than getting one now and again for rations. Them were the arrangements with the boss. We'll kill to-night if you'll put us on to a good fat 'un."

"All right," answered Scotty, slowly. "Take what one you've a mind to."

He watched the men while they clambered over the hurdle gates of the yard and secured one of the sheep. Then, when they had carried it away to kill, he retired to his hut to prepare his poor evening meal. Entering, he seated himself on the edge of the bunk, gazing through the open doorway at the Salt Lake, visible in all its hideous desolation. Then he rose and proceeded to busy himself in a dull, spiritless way with the wood ashes on the hearth. He fanned the still smouldering embers into a flame, and, filling a billy with water, put it on to boil. That done, he reseated himself on the bunk and gazed out once again at the desolate landscape spread out in front of him. He sat here for some time, silent and meditative, when a slight noise caused him to lower his gaze.

A little girl was peeping through his open doorway. Scotty looked at her without speaking, and the child returned his gaze with grave scrutiny. At last, emboldened by his silence, she stepped into the hut, and going up to him, laid her hand fearlessly on his.

"What's your name?" she asked.

Scotty recovered himself with a start at the sound of her voice. The dreary expanse of the Salt Lake was before his eyes, the thought of it in his mind, and the little figure, coming before him so suddenly, seemed in some way to have a mysterious connection with it.

He gazed at her with a sudden, newly awakened interest. She was a thin, delicate looking child, with a pale, clear complexion, and a pair, of deep, large, dark brown eyes. She was dressed in a dirty white frock, and her legs and feet were bare.

"What's your name?" she asked again, after a pause of silent observation.

"Scotty."

"My name's Lizzie—Lizzie Duke. I'm nearly 6. Do you think that's being quite old?"

"Yes," he answered mechanically.

"So do I. Mother don't, nor father. But I do. I want to be old."

"Do you? he said in the same way.

"Yes. Of course. I don't get any girls and boys to play with, so I want to be old—like mother. Have you seen mother?

"No."

"She's here, you know, with father and Larry. They've come to do the fencing, and I'm going to help them. Do you live here?" she continued, looking round.

"Yes."

"It's a nice place, but I like a tent better. Don't you? There's so much room in a big tent."

Her eyes wandered slowly round the humble dwelling place. It was poor enough, the whole structure being of bark and wood. The framework of saplings was visible from inside, the sheets of bark that did for walls and roof being fastened on the outside. The floor was simply the earth beaten hard, the open fireplace a protection of bark and clay. A rude table, made out of roughly adzed slabs, stood against one wall; opposite it was the bunk on which the old man was seated. A block of wood near the fireplace was the only substitute for chair or form, while over the bed was fastened a shelf, on which lay a few tattered volumes, a couple of tin pannikins and a few odds and ends. Hanging from the roof was a clean flour bag, tied tightly at the neck. It contained the shepherd's rations of tea, flour and sugar, and was placed there for protection from the ants. The hut was miserable enough, and hideous in the dingy brown of bark and wood and earthen floor, the only gleam of color being in the blue blankets that covered the bunk.

"I think I like a tent better," repeated the child, gazing at old Scotty gravely. "It's lighter, and there's more room. Don't you think so?"

But the old man did not seem to hear the question. He was gazing out through the open doorway on the darkening face of the Salt Lake. Almost wholly hidden by the crepuscular shadows, its saline incrustations still dully gleaming, it looked more grotesque, more solemn than in the daylight.

"What is that?" said the child, following his glance.

"It's the Salt Lake."

"What a funny place! It's all flat, and there aren't any trees on it. Why is it like that?"

"Because there's a blight on it that destroys everything that goes near it," he answered, almost unconscious of whom he was addressing.

"A blight? What's that?"

"A curse, that withers and chokes and sucks the life out of every living thing."

The child uttered a cry of fear.

"Oh, it's wicked to say that," she cried, "and I'm getting frightened. Why do you say such naughty things? They can't be true."

"Aye, but it's true enough," he answered, wagging his head solemnly. "It's done it to me, and, if you stop here, it'll be the same with you."

"No, it won't," she answered, breaking out into a fit of childish weeping, "and you're a bad man to frighten me so. I shall tell mother."

The old shepherd gazed at her in surprise. Tears were so new to him that the sight of them made him actually tremble. He was moved with a strange agitation. For the first time during all those years of loneliness a feeling of pity and tenderness thrilled him. A curious trembling took hold of him as he laid his hand tenderly on the girl's head and drew her to him, and in his own eyes glistened a moisture that the long, callous years had not seen before.

A weeping child had reopened the springs of human sympathy so long dried up.

Then half an hour later the mother came to look for her little daughter. She found the child in the old shepherd's hut. The billy had boiled itself out, the fire was low, the place was dark; but seated motionless on the bunk was old Scotty, with little Lizzie sound asleep in his arms,

(To be continued.)

DROLLERIES OF THE SCHOOL.

Putting Children on Tip-Toe to Reach the Top of the Tree.

Here are some notes made by a teacher, who has kindly placed them in our hands. They show that instruction in the public schools must be made to conform to common sense. Here are some of the children's exercises:

"There were some virgils who could tell whether any one was going to die. One of them married. It was not right for virgils to marry, so they put them in a basket on the Tiber. When they grew up they built Rome and restored the throne to their grandfather, Alba Longa."

Christ was crucified at Antioch, in Syria.

Christ was crucified in the 19th year of his age.

Christ was crucified nineteen years B. C.

Christ was born at David (Luke ii. 11).

Christ was crucified in the reign of the Roman Emperor Pharaoh.

He (Julius Cæsar) conquered all the known world—There was more known than when Augustus reigned—He crossed the Rubicon to Alexandria—He made a conspiracy against Rome, but was successful—He came into Spain and to Rome—At the Senate they pulled their cloaks around him and he said, "What Brutus! thou too Casca?" And in the year 27 B. C. in the 44th year of his reign and the 76th of his life he left a wife.

The fable of the "Fox and the Grapes" was read, with the exception of the moral. The pupils were asked to write the story and supply the moral.

A horse passing along saw some lucicious grapes hanging. He picked two then threw them down and went away saying "The grapes are sour." The moral is—he got the grapes.

Cleopatra was a very wicked woman. She was persecuted by Antony and died of the bight of an asp, or the prick of a poisonous needle, and then she found she had to go to Rome in chains.

Moore's "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea" was read, and the cause of rejoicing explained, and the pupils were requested to write the substance of the stanza.

Moore has beautifully pictured in verse how Jehovah and his people escaped from Ferro by crossing a sea. He says thus sound the loud tymbal Jehovah has escaped from the army of Ferro by crossing the sea thus separating themselves from Ferro and his army by the sea; both men, horses and chariots of Ferro went down. When the tempest sounded over the sea the people cried Jehovah is free.

"Miss ——, I cannot understand the lesson."

"What is the matter?"

"I have looked out the word c-e-l-i-b-a-c-y in the dictionary, and I don't understand the lesson. It says the monks made a vow of celibacy—that means they musn't get married—but I don't see how that could be, for it says they were of great value to the land for (reading from the book) 'they raised nurseries and became excellent husbandmen.'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Sam Jones Answers Questions.

A gentleman who recently met Sam Jones on a railway train repeats part of the conversation as follows:

Said I: "Adam and Eve were the first two people on earth. According to the Bible they had two sons—Cain and Abel. Cain slew Abel and then fled to the land of Nod and took unto himself a wife. Adam and Eve, the first Cain and Abel, next Cain fled. We understand from 'fled' that he ran and got away from his awful crime as quickly as his legs would carry him. Then," I continued, excitedly, "right in the same sentence the Bible says he took unto himself a wife. Where did she come from?" I sank back, thinking I had given him a poser.

His eyes twinkled, his lips parted in a smile.

"An' nary one of them preachers could tell you?" he asked.

"No, sir; not one."

"Well, he continued, "that's funny, for that's a mighty easy question." He smiled again, and said: "Why, Cain got his wife from his father-in-law."

I was done up.

"Where is hell, that you preachers talk so much about?" I asked.

"I dunno," he said. "I don't want to know. I ain't headin' that way. I'm going to let them fellers as are goin' thar find out."

"What's your idea of blacksiders?"

"Well," he said, "thar was a man walkin' along a country lane in Arkansas once with a pitchfork on his shoulder, and a very vicious dog jumped over the fence and made at him. He jabbed the pitchfork through the dog and impaled it to the earth. The dog's owner came runnin' out: 'What d'ye mean, sir,' he shouted, 'by stickin' yo' pitchfawk through my dog?' 'He was goin' to bite me,' said the other. 'Why didn't you hit him with the other end then?' 'Why didn't he come at me with the other end?' was the answer."

After I had ceased laughing the Rev. Mr. Jones said:

"Just like the dog, backsliders are goin' wrong end to and consequently get into trouble."—*Kansas City Times.*

This is Called "Business."

Bank President: Sorry, but I can't accommodate you; your paper is not good.

Indignant customer: I remember when you were a poor man, twenty years ago, I lent you $1,000 without security.

Bank President (pleasantly): I remember the circumstances, and I also remember how I wondered at your greenness. You probably have more sense now, and so have I. Good morning.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Society Girl's Summer Outfit.

A society girl showed the other day her summer outing outfit. There were pale pink and green ribbed silks vests and silk stockings to match, and white china silk night gowns with lace frills. The latter are so like nothing on a hot summer night that one is glad to spend a superfluous $15 on each just to keep cool. The other sets were of fine linen cambric and nainsook with a narrow edge of lace on the neck, but a flounce on the bottom, by order of the extravagant wearer.—*New York Letter.*

One of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's whims is to wear nothing but white in the house. She is usually seen in a white satin Kate Greenaway robe, high-necked and long-sleeved.

EXPERTS WITH CHLOROFORM.

Swell Criminals who Administer Anæsthetics to their Victims.

The chloroformists, says M. Macé in his recently published book on the police department of Paris, may be justly considered the aristocracy of the criminal class. They are mostly recruited from the ranks of the best and most highly educated classes of society, and their favorite fields of operation are the railway carriages and the hotels. Their method of procedure in case of the former is as follows: They go to the railway terminus of one of the long lines, and wait near the ticket office until they catch sight of some traveller who, on opening his pocketbook to pay his fare, shows that it is well stocked. The chloroformist buys a ticket for the same destination, takes a seat in the same compartment, and, after getting into conversation, either asks his victim to join him in a lunch, which he produces from a well-filled basket, or offers him an excellent cigar. Both the lunch and cigar have been carefully "prepared" with a strong narcotic, and if either are accepted the unlucky traveller is soon plunged into a heavy stupor. The chloroformist then opens a little phial, which he generally keeps hidden inside his hat, and places it for a few moments under the nostrils of the sleeper, gently applying to the mouth at the same time a sheet of fine parchment, having the shape of a carnival mask, for the purpose of excluding fresh air.

The victim is thus quickly rendered wholly insensible, and the thief is able to commence his operations in perfect safety. He takes possession of the pocket-book and empties it of all its contents except a few notes of small value, and then replaces it in the pocket from which he has taken it, leaving the victim's jewellery and coined money untouched. Having removed the parchment mask from the face of the sleeper, he then leaves the train at the next big station. The traveller on awakening and finding himself alone in the compartment, instinctively looks to see if his watch and chain and coined money are all right, and on finding them so, does not usually take the trouble of investigating his pocket-book, so that the theft has a chance of remaining undiscovered for several days. Frequently, however, the victim does not awake at all, but dies from the effect of the anæsthetic. The authorities, finding themselves in the presence of a corpse which does not present the slightest traces of violence and with the money, papers and jewellery apparently undisturbed, can only attribute the death to natural causes, and as a rule do not insist on an autopsy. It is a very startling fact that cases of sudden death in railway compartments have become exceedingly numerous the past two years, and M. Macé is convinced that crimes of this nature will, owing to the very impunity by which they are attended, go on increasing from year to year.

Brilliant Definitions.

Gems of composition from aspiring London school teachers undergoing examination:

Cricket.—This game consists of six stumps, two bats and a ball. Nor should we omit the bails, which are four in number.

Walking.—My favorite walk is when I do not have far to go to it.

The Beautiful.—It is beautiful to sit upon a stone in the middle of hoary ocean.

Joan of Arc.—She was rather pious and very genteel.

Samson Agonistes.—Samson in agony. He dealt doles with the jawbone of a dead ass.

Monastery.—A place for monsters.

In the line from "Lady of the Lake"—"Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain"—the last word was defined "a sewer or conduit."

Comments are unnecessary.—*St. James' Gazette.*

The Sweetest Girl in School.

"She's the sweetest girl in school!" enthusiastically exclaimed one young miss to another as they passed down the street together. "Edith is so kind and gentle and unselfish, every one likes her. And she has lovely golden hair and pretty eyes. Isn't it a pity her complexion is so bad; it spoils her looks. And then she has such dreadful headaches!" The girls skipped along, but it happened Edith's mother had heard what they said. It set her thinking. What could be done for those headaches and the rough, muddy complexion that was such a trial to her gentle daughter. She recalled what she had read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and on the spur of the moment she slipped into a drug store and bought a supply. Edith took it faithfully, with the result that it cleared her disordered blood, relieved the headaches, made her skin soft, fair and rosy, and now she is not only the "sweetest girl in school," but the most beautiful.

The Range of Miss Abbott's Voice.

I asked Miss Abbott to tell me the range of her voice.

"I can sing three notes higher than any living prima donna, except Sembrich," she replied.

"And how high is that?" I asked her.

"To F altissimo. Listen," she added, and raising her head slightly, she sounded the note "a" above the staff lines, ran easily up the scale to C, and then with no apparent exertion struck C sharp, D, D sharp, E, and finally F, holding the last note long enough for me to turn to a piano, and, striking the same note, test the correctness of her voice.

I expressed delight at her performance, when she laughed and said: "You may be surprised when I add that I have transposed the score of 'Il Trovatore' up in order that I may sing it with greater ease."—*Washington Post.*

Was Willing.

When Vincent, the defaulting Treasurer of Alabama, was brought back he explained that he began the downward career which ended in his stealing $212,000 by gambling. He lost and lost, but kept on in hope of winning.

"Didn't you know," asked one, "that you only had about ten chances in a hundred of winning?"

"Oh, certainly," was the reply; "but being as it was some one else's money, I was perfectly willing to take the chances."

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Royal Pageant on the Opening of the Palace by Her Majesty.

THE CEREMONY AND THE BUILDING.

A last (Sunday) night's London cable says: London was all ablaze with excitement yesterday afternoon, the occasion being the visit of the Queen for the purpose of opening the People's Palace at Mile End. The route selected for the Royal progress extended from Paddington station in the western portion of London to Mile End at the extreme eastern limit, a distance of about eight miles.

The buildings along the entire way were gaily decorated with banners, wreaths, colored trophies and flags, the Irish colors and the Stars and Stripes being conspicuous in many places. Whitechapel road presented in perspective from almost any point a long vista of triumphal arches. The carriages were escorted by a troop of cavalry. The line of the procession was guarded by 10,000 volunteers and 5,000 regular troops, comprising artillery, infantry and cavalry, all selected largely with a view to the brilliancy and contrast of their different uniforms as additions to the pageant.

The Lord Mayor and the municipal officers of the city of London went in carriages from the Mansion House to the city's boundary line at Holborn. They alighted and awaited the Queen, who was in an open carriage. At the Queen's approach the Lord Mayor received the pearl sword from the swordbearer. His Worship lowered the point and congratulated Her Majesty on coming to the most loyal city and presented the sword to the Queen. She took it and returned it. The Lord Mayor and retinue then placed themselves immediately in advance of the Queen's carriage and escorted her across the city to the eastern boundary at Aldgate. There they bade her farewell for a brief time, and repaired to the Mansion House to await Her Majesty's return.

The Queen proceeded to the People's Palace and ascended to the dais, where the Prince of Wales, the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge and the Archbishop of Canterbury were assembled, the choir singing the National Anthem. The Queen then received the gold key, Mme. Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home," and the Prince of Wales declared the People's Palace open. The announcement was greeted with a great flourish of trumpets, followed by a grand chorus rendering "Old Hundred." Subsequently the Queen laid the first stone of the foundation for the technical schools attached to the People's Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury prayed for and blessed the people and pronounced the benediction.

Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies the Royal procession started on its return. By command of the Queen the longest route back was taken, the procession moving off into Burdette road, going thence along Commercial road to Aldgate. This deviation was ordered to please the citizens, who requested it. Arriving again at the city limits the Royal carriage was met by the Lord Mayor and civic officials and escorted back to the Mansion House, which the Queen entered in state for the first time in her life. The Lord Mayor wore crimson and ermine robes, only assumed when the sovereign visits him. He conducted the Queen to the tea room. The weather was fine all day. The Queen subsequently returned to Windsor. Her reception all along the route was most enthusiastic.

After the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales had taken tea at the Mansion House two gold teaspoons were missed. They were probably taken as mementoes of the occasion by some of the attendants.

The People's Palace is the first result of a bequest made nearly half a century since by Barber Beaumont. The Drapers' Society and others have contributed largely, nearly half a million dollars having been raised within a brief period. Mr. Walter Besant is credited with giving a powerful impulse to this generosity, having for its end intellectual improvement, rational recreation and the amusement of the people of the East end. Mr. Besant's literary genius and sympathetic studies of life in his novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," got a just tribute in the *Times* and elsewhere. He had a place of honor in to-day's ceremony, and was presented to the Queen. Lord Rosebery, who has given $15,000, was Chairman of the Board of Stewards, and Sir Edmund Currie Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

As much of the palace as is already done consists of a large, finely proportioned hall, decorated in light blue, pink and gold, stone color predominating. An Italian coffered ceiling presents, in an oval arch, some stained glass which, besides the Royal arms and monograms and Prince of Wales feathers, depicts the escutcheons of Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Australia and the Star of India, giving an Imperial character to the general design of the roof. At the back, where meet the galleries, curved into bays, and supported by sculptured caryatides, are statues in Roman carton, which is used in the sculptures on the Hotel de Ville, in Paris.

Twenty-three great queens are represented beginning with Esther, of Bible fame, and ending with Victoria. Each statue occupies a niche between two Corinthian columns. These statues were executed by the sculptor Ver Heyden. It was he, it will be remembered, who, in the case of Belt vs. Lawes, was disbelieved by a jury when he said that he and not Belt had done certain sculpture in dispute.

Seance of Hypnotism.

The operator has rendered his subject insensible. He then drops molten tallow into each of his eyes, places a lighted match in each ear and then pours a bottleful of assafœtida into his mouth. "Tell me what you feel now?" he asks. "Unspeakable joy!"—*Paris Figaro.*

Sir Arthur Havelock, the Governor of Natal, has been instructed to proclaim Zululand, excepting that portion constituting the New Boer Republic, a British possession. The New Boer Republic occupies the western part of Zululand and does not reach the coast. Its area is about 1,800 square miles. The capital is Vryheid.

"It's all very well," said the gravedigger, "to advise a young man to begin at the bottom and work up, but in my business it ain't practicable."

A PENNY POST.

Proposal for a Universal Penny Postage Rate.

A London cable says: Hamilton Heaton, member of Parliament, who is advocating a universal penny post, has addressed a letter to the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, from which it appears that a penny post could be established between Great Britain and America even without any increase in the volume of correspondence. His letter shows that in the year ending the 31st of December, 1876, there were despatched from the United Kingdom to the United States 116,444 lbs. of letters and 1,031,908 lbs. of newspapers and other articles. During the year ending the 31st of September, 1886, no less than 337,855 lbs. of letters and 2,780,625 lbs. of newspapers and other articles were despatched, so that the quantity of mails has more than doubled in these ten years. The total sum paid for the sea conveyance of all mails sent to New York in the year ending the 30th of September, 1886, was £99,927. This year the cost, under the new arrangement, will be £80,000, but the income will be £197,979, against an expenditure of £80,000, showing a profit of £117,979. An increase being certain in this as in former years, Mr. Heaton takes the actual profit roundly as £120,000. From this £20,000 may fairly be deducted as the cost of taking the mails to Cork and putting them on board the steamers, so that the net profit becomes £100,000. Now, if the 337,855 pounds of letters were carried for 1d. instead of 2½d. per half-ounce (again reckoning thirty-five to the pound), they would yield only £49,428 of income, a decrease of £73,059, so there would still be a profit of £26,941. But of course that calculation assumes that the number of letters would not increase, whereas they would not improbably multiply tenfold.

A MURDEROUS CAT.

It Tries to Suck the Breath of a Young Child and Fights With the Mother.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch says: Mrs. Atkinson, of Alleghany, entered her nursery yesterday and was horrified at what she saw. The family cat had attacked her 6-year-old child, who was lying sick on the bed. The cat was sitting on the breast of the boy. Each of its fore paws was firmly fixed in the child's cheek and its mouth was glued to that of the boy. He was struggling as much as he could, and with one hand was trying to push the cat away. As soon as the animal saw the lady it showed fight. It scratched the child's face in a terrible manner, and springing upon the mother bit her on the shoulder. She finally beat it off by stabbing it with a pair of shears. The mother found the child unconscious. Her cries brought assistance and after restoratives had been administered the child was able to talk. He knew nothing except that the cat had wakened him up, trying, as he said, "to take my breath." The little fellow is in a precarious condition.

Late News Notes.

It is believed that the Manitoba Government will refuse to entertain Mr. Sutherland's proposition to issue Provincial debentures in aid of the Hudson's Bay Railway, and that a collision between the Opposition and the Government over the question is probable.

Canon Wilberforce, of England, now travelling in this country, is a man of compact build, about five feet nine inches in height. His face is cleanly shaven and his features are rather sharp. He has a high, retreating forehead, about which clusters abundant hair, rapidly growing gray. His face is extremely intellectual and his eyes are clear and penetrating. He always wears a blue ribbon in the lapel of his coat to signify his advocacy of the temperance cause.

Lieut.-Col. Fynmore, of the Royal Marines, whose death at the age of 93 has lately been recorded, was the last surviving officer who served at Trafalgar. On that glorious day he was a middy on the Africa, a seventy-four of Collingwood's squadron. During the battle Capt. Digby found him at work on the most exposed part on the upper deck and ordered him to a safer place below. "O, sir," replied the little fellow, "I could not do that. What would my father say?"

The Way of the Girls.

Girls all have a kind of secret code. You know how it is. You are introduced to a girl. She invites you to call. You call. She invites you to a party. You go. She introduces you to a whole circle. That whole circle discusses you, calmly apportions you to three or four; they gradually reduce themselves to one. Then you're lost. She wearies of you and you get kicked out of the circle. Well, all of those girls have discussed every one of your young men friends the some way. This is what a cynical girl told me. I don't know of my own knowledge. But talk of trades unions and Knights of Labor! Their organization dwindles into absolute crudeness when compared with the U. O. M. G. (United Order of Marriageable Girls.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Prohibition Incident.

A tall, lank, red-nosed man came into a country store with a large jug, which he placed on the counter with the remark: "I want a gallon of rum—baby's sick."—*Boston Gazette.*

Good Boy.

"I see," said the new minister, meeting one of our best young men, "that you smoke cigarettes."

"Yes," replied the noble youth, "I promised my mother that I would never use tobacco in any form."—*Burdette.*

The death is announced of Lieut.-Col Osborne Smith in England.

A Missouri girl waved her hand at a stranger and in three days they were married. Two days later the young wife waved a flat-iron at her husband and the next evening he came home waving a divorce. What are the wild waves saying?—*Burlington Free Press.*

Krupp is again making what will be the largest gun in the world. It comes in good season. The mosquito promises to be more like a winged mastodon than ever, judging from the size of limb and voice of the advance guard.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

CHANGES IN MUNICIPAL LAW

Which Affect the Electors of City, Town and Township.

The following is a summary of the more important changes made in the municipal law at the late session of the Legislature:

The qualifications of mayors, reeves, aldermen and councillors in the various municipalities is reduced to $200 freehold or $400 leasehold in villages; $400 or $800 in townships; $600 or $1,200 in towns, and $1,000 or $2,000 in cities.

In municipalities where electors are disqualified unless they have paid their taxes by the 14th of December, those on the defaulters' list are to be permitted to vote if they have paid their taxes any time before they vote, and produce a certificate to that effect.

Section 138 of the Municipal Act is amended to make it clear that an elector must vote for Mayor in the polling division he resides in, or, if not qualified there, then where he first votes in the municipality.

In the case of a tie in the election of Warden, the municipality having the greatest equalized assessment is to have the casting vote, instead of the one having the greatest number of ratepayers.

In case an Auditor appointed by the County Council refuses or neglects to act, the head of the Council is given authority to nominate another.

A change is made in the returns to be made to the Government, so that Auditors and Treasurers transmit information to the Bureau of Industries.

Where from money on hand, or increased value of property liable to assessment, it is not necesary to raise the full rate under a by-law, Councils are given power to pass a by-law reducing the rate for future years, instead of having to pass a by-law annually, as at present.

The powers Councils have hitherto had in regulating size and number of doors, etc., in churches, theatres, halls or other buildings used for places of worship, public meetings or places of amusement, are extended to hospitals, schools, colleges or buildings of a like nature; and the strength of walls, beams, joists and their supports are to be subject to regulation; and power is given to compel production of plans of all such buildings for inspection.

When a polling place, fixed by by-law, cannot be obtained, or is found unsuitable, the Clerk is given power to choose the nearest suitable building available for the purpose, giving due notice to the voters.

The Council of an incorporated village is given power to purchase land for a cemetery within the village, on approval of the Local Board of Health, ratified by the Provincial Board.

Power is given to charge a license fee on circuses, etc., up to $500, instead of $100, as at present.

By-laws changing name of streets are made subject to approval of the County Judge.

Power is given to license and regulate shops where tobaccos and cigars are sold, and to prevent the sale to children under 14, unless on the written order of parents or guardians.

Where an action is brought to recover damages from a municipal corporation on account of an obstruction, excavation or opening in a street or bridge, the corporation is to have a remedy over against the person who caused the obstruction or opening.

The legislation of last year on the "bridge" question is repealed, and the law is left as it was previously. Where a Council, by a two-thirds vote, decide that the constructing or erecting of any bridge, culvert or embankment, is for the general benefit, and that it would be inequitable to assess the whole cost on the locality, they may pass a by-law and borrow money to pay one half by the municipality.

Two hundred electors in towns, or a hundred in villages and townships, are given power by petition to compel Councils to submit by-laws for the construction of waterworks.

Ten Rules for Bathers.

1. When suffering from violent excitement do not bathe.
2. When suffering from suddenly occurring or from continued illness, do not bathe.
3. After sleepless nights or excessive exercise, do not bathe, unless you first rest a few hours.
4. After meals, and especially after taking alcoholic liquors, do not bathe.
5. Take your time on the way to the bathing house or beach.
6. On arriving at the beach inquire about depth and currents of water.
7. Undress slowly, but then go directly into the water.
8. Jump in head first, or, at least, dip under quickly, if you do not like to do the first.
9. Do not remain too long in the water, especially if not very robust.
10. After bathing, rub the body to stimulate circulation, and then dress quickly; then take moderate exercise.

—In dealing with a cellar in springy ground, the first thing to be done to make it dry, says the *Sanitary Engineer*, is to provide some chance for the water to run away before getting into the cellar. This may be done by laying a two-inch tile drain pipe in a trench dug all around the foundation outside of the walls, and from one foot to two feet below the cellar floor. Put this pipe together without mortar and cover it with cobblestones to keep out the dirt and sand. If it be not practicable to lay the drain outside it may be laid inside of the cellar-walls, directly in the cellar floor; but the operation of such a drain is less efficient. The back-filling of the cellar walls should be porous enough to allow the water to go directly into the drain.

The wharves at Montreal are still submerged, causing considerable delay and inconvenience to shipping. The river is still rising.

Mr. Gladstone's friends have revived Carlyle's characteristic criticism of the fleshy poet who recently grossly misrepresented the great statesman: "Swinburne, Algernon Swinburne, wishes to be introduced to me. What, that young man who sits in a cesspit and adds to its filth? No, thank you."

Scales are now made so delicate that the signature on a piece of paper with a soft lead pencil can be weighed.

A coquette is like a war veteran—She goes through many engagements.

ENGLAND'S LAST JUBILEE.

George the Third's Absence from the Royal Fetes.

At Windsor the day was passed in the humdrum, staid style which one would have expected under Farmer George. A whole ox was roasted, and the Queen with four dandified sons and one rosy-cheeked daughter, went to inspect and taste this delicacy. The cooks wore new blue suits and white silk stockings, which appear to have created an immense excitement among the good people of Windsor. They cheered Her Majesty, the silk stockings, the bowing Princes and the roasting ox, and every one was exceedingly jubilant, says a writer in the May "Cornhill." The one touching incident in this somewhat prosaic picture is the absence of the good old King himself. It was only a year, remember, before his insanity was again openly declared, and the courageous little Queen had probably good reasons of her own for keeping him not only from the metropolis, but also as far as she could from the Windsor gossips upon such an exciting day as that of the jubilee. He was visible at chapel, and again when they fired a *feu de joie* in the Long walk and he rode past the men and responded silently to their salute, but this was all. Even at the grand fete which Queen Charlotte gave at Frogmore, where for once the etiquette-loving woman laid aside her notions of what was permissible, and invited not only the nobility but the tradesmen and their wives; and where for once, too, her sons merged their horror of the slowness of the court in hearty enjoyment of the novelty—even at Frogmore the King did not put in an appearance. This unexplained absence is the one touch which redeems the whole useless and resultless pageant; and the thought of the old man wandering alone through the rooms of his palace holds more poetry than any or every grandiloquent verse which was written for the occasion and echoed across the dinner tables of enthusiastic and toast-loving subjects.

SOMETHING LIKE A SENSATION.

A Hypnotised French Young Lady's Frolic with the King of Beasts.

A Paris cable says: A highly sensational hypnotic experiment was achieved at a private performance yesterday at the Folies Bergere. The curtain rose and revealed a large cage containing three lions. Signor Giacometti, the lion tamer, then entered the cage and made the lions jump about and roar. Then a pretty young lady in a white dress appeared and was hypnotised by M. de Torcy according to the methods of Dr. Charcot. De Torcy and his hypnotised young lady entered the cage, the animals being kept in check by the lion tamer. De Torcy compelled the young lady to fall on the lions' backs, and to place her head in a lion's mouth, held open for the purpose by the lion tamer. The seance wound up by the young lady—who had been put in a rigid acute cataleptic state—resting with her head on one stool and her feet on another, while the lions jumped over her. One lion placed its paws on the patient's thighs and caught in its mouth a piece of meat attached to a cord, thereby firing a pistol fastened to the roof of the cage. The lions all jumped about and roared furiously, and in the midst of the excitement De Torcy brought the patient out of the hypnotic trance and removed her from the cage. The Prefect of Police has not yet allowed this performace to be given in public, but the private performance was so vociferously applauded that it is believed the restriction will soon be removed.

Red Men With Sky-blue Eyes.

Along the Red River Valley is to be found one of the most curious populations to be found anywhere in the world. I refer to the half and quarter bands, the descendants of the Scotchmen who came to this country in the days of the Hudson's Bay Company and their Indian wives. They present a most peculiar combination of the Scotch and Indian types, the dark skin and high cheekbones of the Indian with the light hair and blue eyes of the Scotchman. Physically, they are a splendid race, being lithe, tall and muscular, and are the best and most enduring runners I ever saw, travelling hundreds of miles through the woods in the dead of winter with incredible rapidity. All speak French, but the broad Scotch burr is perceptible in their pronunciation, making their language a most remarkable one. They are famous hunters and trappers, and, when not drunk, very peaceable. They took no part in the recent uprising in the Northwest, as they have no affiliations with the French half-breeds or Indians, but form a little community by themselves. As voyageurs they are unequalled and are the happiest beings I ever saw. They do not take kindly to life in villages or towns and are fast moving away before the advance of civilization, but I fear that those who take their place will not have their virtues. —*Washington Star.*

A Division of Labor.

He—Where are you going, my pretty maid?

She—I'm going a-milking, sir (she said).

He—Can I not help you, my pretty maid?

She—You can work the pump handle, sir (she said).—*From Puck.*

Science shows that a man is 90 per cent water. That is why it never does any good to tell a bore to dry up.

Always stranded on the same rock—A baby who has but one cradle.

—The reason of "the sun putting out a fire" is thus explained: At the time of day when the sun shines into a room the fire is often allowed to get dull, and the sun's rays warm and rarefy the air in the room as much as the fire warms the air passing over it up the chimney. Hence the draught ceases, and the fire goes out. To remedy the inconvenience open the door or the window to let the warm air out and cold in.

The Government telegraph line in the Northwest is being built west from Battleford to Edmonton with iron poles.

A New York young lady of fashion who received a little silver flatiron as a german favor asked what it was. She never saw the real article.

In London the other day the Prince of Wales christened the $5,000,000 diamond from the Cape of Good Hope "The Imperial." It outshines the Koh-i-noor.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Owing to grave charges alleged against the Montreal city police patrol, the force has been disbanded.

F. Payne, of Southwold, while forking hay, fell from a mow, seriously injuring his hip and side and dislocating his wrist.

Intelligence has been received in Ottawa that the Batoche half-breeds have refused a load of seed grain, and will not cultivate their land this year.

Last evening Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, in his sermon, denounced strongly the wording of an advertisement announcing the visit of certain American doctors to that city.

Mrs. Aurelia Tazer, of Malahide, aged 70, while crossing a field to a neighbor's on Friday placed her pipe in her pocket. Her dress caught fire, and when found her clothes and hair were burned off and her flesh burned to a crisp. She cannot survive.

J. Jacques, of Cornell station, visited St. Thomas on Friday, leaving four small children with a hired girl. They found a revolver, and one boy, aged 8, shot his brother, aged 5, in the head. The ball has been extracted, and hopes of the child's recovery are entertained.

At a barn raising at John Lyle's, Southwold, on Friday evening, a timber fell from the top of the building. James Lawton and Wm. Somerville, who were underneath, ran to escape. The timber grazed the head of the former, but Somerville tripped and fell, the timber falling across him. He sustained serious and painful though not fatal injuries.

A team of horses belonging to John Fisher, of Murray, ran away on Saturday morning on Coleman street, Belleville. The waggon upset and a three-months'-old child, which Mrs. Fisher carried in her arms, was so seriously hurt that its recovery is doubtful. Mrs. Fisher was badly bruised about the face.

Samuel Macdonald, of Muirkirk, was taking bricks out of an old well. When eight feet down the suface caved in, carrying him half way to the bottom, where he remained wedged, surrounded to the neck in loose earth, with fifteen feet of water beneath, till a neighbor gave the alarm. The village turned out *en masse*, and with great difficulty rescued him from going to the bottom.

A a conference of citizens in Montreal on Friday to discuss the question of protection from floods, a resolution urging the city to grant at once the $178,000 for the construction of a temporary dyke was adopted, and an influential deputation was appointed to proceed to Ottawa to lay before the Government other resolutions adopted by the meeting for the better protection of the city.

The freshet in the river St. John, N. B., is falling rapidly and Fredericton is out of danger. The gas works and waterworks will resume operations in a few days. At Woodstock the waterworks and electric light stations are also once more free from the flood. The suffering along the flooded district in Sunbury and Queen's is still intense. Communication with the high land has been opened by steam ferry boats, and relieve parties are actively succoring those most in distress. The New Brunswick Railway will start trains on schedule time to-morrow, and unless heavy rain falls there will be no further interruption. The damage to the Intercolonial about Rothesay will reach $20,000, as a large piece of the track will have to be rebuilt. Latest estimates put the total loss at considerably over a million dollars.

Several earthquake shocks have been felt at Smyrna during the past week.

Sheik Abou Henda has been exiled from Turkey for conspiring to dethrone the Sultan. He was for a long time an intimate adviser of the Sultan.

The proceeds from Saturday's sales of the French Crown jewels amounted to 672,000f. The agent of the Duc d'Orleans bought a chain of brilliants for 181,250f. Mr. Gall, an American, bought a cincture of brilliants for 132,500f.

A striking Methodist revival is proceeding in Saxony, having its centre in Schwarzenberg, where the Methodists have collected funds for the erection of a large church. They have established a chapel at Scheneeberg, and are sending preachers throughout the country.

Empress Augusta left yesterday for Baden. The Emperor goes to Kiel on June 9th to be present at the ceremonies attending the beginning of work on the North Sea and Baltic Canal. Prince Bismarck, a number of the members of the Bundesrath and the President of the Reichstag will accompany him. The Emperor, after his stay at Kiel, will take a course of water at Ems. He will not revisit Gastien in the autumn.

Professor Goldwin Smith is again expressing in the London *Times* his views on things Canadian and American. Commercial men, the chiefs of industry on the American continent, are in his opinion equal in probity and every moral quality, while superior in energy and enterprise, to their rivals in any other country. But the American and Canadian politician is in most cases a political slave. The Irish vote is largely responsible for this. The Irishman is the worst of citizens in the United States, and Canada is becoming politically an Irish Republic. The moral of Professor Goldwin Smith's long letter is: Pay no attention to anti-coercion resolutions passed by servile politicians or corrupt Legislatures. They do not represent real American or Canadian opinion.

An Imaginative Visitor.

Councillor Butler, of Goderich, in describing his recent visit to London, Ont., said at a recent meeting of the Council: "Down in London they run the Crooks' Act by electricity. The bar-rooms are lit up by electric light, and at 11 o'clock p.m. the light is shut off, all around is thrown into darkness and the fellows in the bar-room become *paralyzed*. (Loud laughter.)" The councillor's guide is yet to be heard from.

Two French men-of-war are reported to have been sent to Hayti to enter an official protest against the seizure of Tortuga Island by the British Government in settlement of its claim of about one million dollars against Hayti.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

304-320.

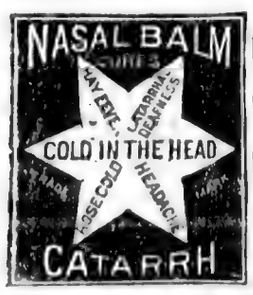

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W. M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

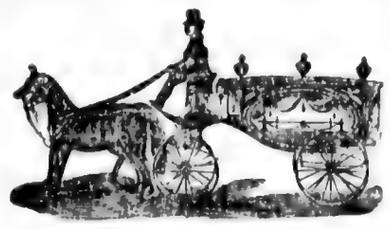

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - - ONT.

FARM to RENT.

ADJOINING Holley's farm, Artemesia. About 80 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Frame house, frame barn, framestable Small orchard. Well watered. Plowing nearly all done in the fall. For terms and full particulars apply to ROGER LEVER, Flesherton.

Also a Farm for Sale.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable a never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

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Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAY. 26, 1887.

In glancing over a miscellaneous pile of pamphlets in our office the other day, our eyes fell on one, the title page of which read as follows,—"*Papers read on Sabbath School Work before the Sabbath School Convention of the Owen Sound District of the Methodist Church, held at Owen Sound in May*, 1884. *Published by Request of the Convention.*" One of these papers caught our attention. It was entitled, "The Relation and Duty of the Church to the Sabbath School. By Rev. W. A. Strongman, Ph. D." It struck us we had read or heard it read before. Let us see—ah, yes! to be sure! The self-same "paper," word for word, letter for letter, was read in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on Tuesday evening, May 17th, 1887! What a remarkable co-incidence!!!

The many warm friends of Prof. Morgan and Miss Fairy will be pleased to learn that they have been carrying city audiences by storm with their beautiful singing since their visit to Flesherton last winter. The Prof. and Fairy sang at a Temperance meeting in the city of Guelph, on Monday evening of last week, before a very large and select audience. The Guelph *Daily Herald* thus speaks of the singing:

"The earlier part of the evening was devoted to a musical program, consisting of solos and duets, by Prof. F. H. Morgan, a blind artist, and his daughter, Little Fairy, a bright child of eleven years. This portion of the proceedings excited great surprise and admiration. Few were prepared for such a treat. While Prof. Morgan pleased, Fairy delighted everyone with her singing. She is possessed of phenomenal powers of song. Her voice is of marvellous compass and sweetness and under thorough control."

OUR ARTIST'S CORNER.

This man does not smoke—in fact he never had a pipe in his mouth in his life. He abhors the very thought of the "nauseous weed." He says the use of tobacco makes people sallow—and ugly! Of course he is a beauty himself! Just closely observe his photograph given above and you will be ready to acknowledge as much.

"Young Climax."

This noted prize-taking young Trotting Stallion, the property of James T. Wilson, Esq., Egremont, will make the season of 1887 as given below. "Young Climax" is a handsome animal, four years old, sired by the celebrated stallion, "Valentine," dam by the equally noted "Old Warambia," (imported). It will thus be seen that he comes from a long line of illustrious ancestors. Following is the route:—

Monday, will proceed to John Weir's for one hour, thence to Albert Bell's, Egremont for noon, thence to Peter Reid's for night.

Tuesday will proceed to John Dobson's for noon, thence to Noble Wilson's for one hour, thence home to his own stable for night.

Wednesday, will proceed to John Batchelor's for noon, thence to the McCullough House, Dundalk, for night.

Thursday, will proceed to Mr. Scott's, Proton, for noon, thence home for night.

Saturday, will proceed to Lamont's Hotel, Priceville, afternoon, thence home to his own stable.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf)

BEAR YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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Fall Wheat	$0 85 to	0 90
Spring Wheat	0 85	0 90
Barley	0 00	0 00
Oats	0 25	0 25
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 12½	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 10	0 10
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	20	20
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 35	0 35
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

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You will find an assortment of

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

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The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is composed from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

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Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

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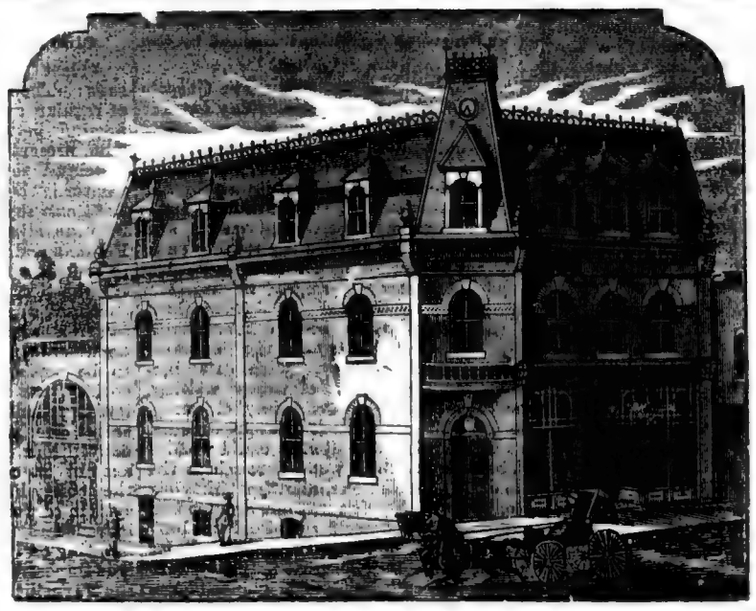

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Large Purchases of TWEEDS!

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READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS!

And GENTS' FURNISHING Department is now admitted unequalled in this County. We carry a large range of Children's Clothing.

In extent and variety our General Dry Goods stock exceeds that of any former season and we offer Extra Values in

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OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is crowded with customers daily. All are pleased who come to buy, and the general Verdict of the Ladies is, "*A splendid stock and prices low!*" All departments, including

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Are constantly kept assorted with seasonable goods and can give special low quotations for building contracts for NAILS, GLASS & other Hardware.

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And to those who prefer trade our extensive stock offers the most favorable conditions to our customers for profitable exchange.

We thank our old customers, with many of whom we have had constant and most pleasant business relations for over twenty years, and we ask their continued confidence and patronage. We solicit a trial from new customers. We are here to serve the public to the best of our ability, and our experience, judgement, time and means will be devoted to that end.

M. RICHARDSON & CO.

FLESHERTON, May 25th, 1887.

O'BRIEN ON LANSDOWNE.

The Home Ruler's Terrible Arraignment of the Governor.

WHY HE COMES TO CANADA.

A last (Wednesday) night's Montreal despatch says: Mr. O'Brien lectured to-night in Albert Hall before a very large audience. Representatives from Ottawa and Kingston were present. At the outset the lecturer said he had come to address the people of Canada on the subject of Irish evictions. It was because the humble homes of the poor tenantry of Luggacurran were at that moment desolate, and why? Because the man who is responsible for these desolate homes, these evicted and cruelly suffering people, to-day held the highest position in Canada. He was sorry to have to come to this land with the cruel story of the wrongs and sufferings of the afflicted tenantry of Luggacurran. He was but a humble citizen; Lord Lansdowne was a rich and powerful Lord. Where else were they to turn for help and sympathy if not to the people of this fair land? The Irish tenantry were an unarmed people, while Lord Lansdowne had thousands of armed soldiers and armed policemen to fulfil the cruel work of eviction in the fair valley of Luggacurran, and thus to drive the aged and infirm and helpless babes to the ditch, the wayside or starvation. Even at that moment the Government were endeavoring to pass a Bill to prevent them having a peaceable organization for mutual help, or for even making public to the world the story of Ireland's wrongs. To whom then should the people of Ireland turn, if not to their fellow-countrymen in Canada, who can alone save them by the might of their opinion from a fate equal to that of slavery in its worst and most degrading form. He had not come to appeal to the passions, but to the reason and humanity of the free and liberty-loving people of Canada. It was the Canadian Parliament that in 1879 voted £20,000 to buy bread for the starving women and children—starving in the midst of that beautiful and fertile land. This must never happen again. Charles Stewart Parnell said that never again would he go begging alms for the victims of landlordism. This time they did not ask for £20,000, but desired Canadians to know the use which Lord Lansdowne makes of the £20,000 he receives from them, and if it were found he had been making a bad use of it to ask them to pass their condemnation on their acts. The Canadian Parliament struck at the root of the evil in Ireland when they passed the resolution in favor of Irish Home Rule. Even recently the Parliament of Canada had endeavored to stand between the Irish people and coercion, as they did between them and starvation long ago. Personally, Mr. O'Brien had no ill-feeling against Lord Lansdowne, but the Irish people could not be content to lie down like whipped hounds at his feet without telling to the world the story of their wrongs. The day that the condemnation of the Canadian people is passed on the acts of Lord Lansdowne that day will have nerved the arm of William Ewart Gladstone in his great battle for the right of suffering Ireland. It was not his intention to make any personal attack on Lord Lansdowne. He would not call up the ghostly memories, but he would tell how Lord Lansdowne was laying waste that fine estate and carrying out the work of depopulation as if the Angel of Death had knocked at the door of each humble cabin, and still the processes were not half served. If Lord Lansdowne or his agents were let alone, there was not a man, woman or child on the estate of Luggacurran but would be banished from the houses of their fathers and either compelled to starve on the roadside or seek homes beyond the sea. Mr. O'Brien then read extracts from the *Freeman's Journal*, which described terrible eviction scenes. In the four days the work of eviction lasted on the Lansdowne estates 120 persons had been turned from their homes into the roadside. Old men and women of 80 and helpless babes only a few weeks old suffered alike, and this too in the severe weather of March, and in the face of a pitiless hail and rain storm. These scenes were witnessed by the speaker, and he had seen a Catholic priest, Father F. Meagher, and Mr. McBride take off their coats and give them to cover the shivering babes at their mothers' breasts. It was because of such scenes that he looked to the people of Canada for their condemnation of Lord Lansdowne. It was Canadian money that paid the officers who carried out these cruel evictions. Lord Lansdowne had tried to explain by interviews in the press that these people owed a year's rent. They only owed half a year's rent, and the law said that a whole year must be owed before a tenant could be evicted. The other half year's rent was called the hanging gale. This was simply a lawyer's fiction, and had been instituted years and years ago, in the early days of the century, to enable the other landlords to evict their tenants whenever they would be half a year behind in their payments. The tenants of the Lansdowne estate were the most punctual and peaceful in the whole of Ireland. Not a murder had been committed in the vicinity of Luggacurran for years. The only crime of which the people were accused was wishing for some reduction in the rack rent. This was a reduction of 30 per cent., which was even less than Lord Cowper and the Land Commission had offered on other estates, and these very reductions had been approved of by Lord Lansdowne. The tenants on the Lansdowne estates were of two classes. The first were leaseholders, who were not as yet entitled to go into the courts, and the other class were the judicial tenants, who have already had their rents fixed by law. The leaseholders asked for a reduction of 30 per cent. If these tenants were free to go into the Land Courts, as the Government propose to allow them, they would, according to the decision of the Land Commission, get a reduction of 40, 50 or 70 per cent. The speaker then referred to the estate of Lord Castledown, where two tenants had been given a reduction of 45 per cent., and it should be remembered this had not been made by the "Plan of Campaign" but by the Land Commission. The speaker declared that he had thus shown out of the months of the Government and the Land Commission that the object of Lord Lansdowne and his agents was to crush the tenants and drive them from their farms and not to give them any just reduction. The speaker said that he would say a few words about judicial rents, but he found it hard without passion to characterise the arrogance that Lord Lansdowne had shown towards these unfortunate people. In spite of the Commission he had refused to reduce the rents a single farthing, and he is fast transforming Luggacurran into a wilderness. Since the Land Commission had fixed the rents the earning power of the tenants had been reduced fully 40 per cent. The speaker quoted a number of the landlords who had reduced their rents, and, continuing, he said that the only one who had not complied with these just demands was Lord Lansdowne, and he, too, must be compelled to reduce the rents. Mr. O'Brien then quoted from the statement made in the Imperial House of Commons. He also referred to the acts of Mr. Townsend Trench, who was the agent of Mrs. Adair as well as of Lord Lansdowne. On the very day that he had collected the rents from the tenants of Luggacurran without permitting any reduction, he had given the tenants on the adjoining estate a reduction of 15 per cent. What was the Plan of Campaign? It was an organization of the oppressed, who would stand side by side like soldiers in battle until the victory was won. The time would come when there would be no more fear of the crow-bar brigade to turn the fertile valleys of Luggacurran into desolate waste. In conclusion, Mr. O'Brien asked their sympathy with a suffering people. He promised them that when the great work begun by Charles Stewart Parnell and Gladstone was accomplished and the happy hour came when once more a free and untrammelled Irish Parliament could assemble in College Green, they would have the prayers and heartfelt gratitude of the Irish people.

A resolution was passed condemning Lord Lansdowne's actions.

The meeting was most orderly and no hostile demonstrations were offered at any time through the day or evening.

THE ARMY BIG GUNS.

The Duke of Connaught Gets Leave of Absence After a Grumble.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons yesterday Sir John Gorst, Parliamentary Secretary to the India Office, moved the second reading of the Bill granting leave of absence to the Duke of Connaught, commander of the forces in India, in order that he might attend the jubilee festivities.

Mr. Lewis Dillwyn, member for Swansea, the uncompromising doyen of the old school of Radicals, moved to reject the motion. He said there was a strong feeling in the country against the appointment of exalted personages to positions of command over the heads of others. If appointments were to be given on account of relationship to the Throne, the persons so appointed ought to be under the same conditions that applied to others.

Sir John Swinburne, member for Lichfield, a retired captain of the Royal Navy, and a Liberal, whose late election was left entirely in the hands of a *bona fide* workingman, seconded the motion. He condemned the system under which royalties had the choice of the best places in the army and navy without having passed through the different grades. There was the Duke of Cambridge, now Field Marshal, who had never served either as ensign, lieutenant, captain, major or lieutenant-colonel.

The Speaker, interrupting, said the member was travelling beyond the question. The Bill only concerned the return of the Duke of Connaught.

Sir John Swinburne, continuing, said it would be a graceful act on the part of the Duke of Connaught to retire in order that some distinguished officer might take his place. There was an enormous amount of ineffective service and waste of money in consequence of exalted persons holding high rank.

The Speaker here ruled Sir John Swinburne out of order.

Mr. Labouchere denounced the Bill as obsequious and servile.

A division was taken, resulting in a vote of 318 for and 45 against the Bill.

The New Brunswick Floods

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: A heavy gale last night intensified the effects of the floods along the St. John river. The swollen tide swept away hundreds of barns and houses through Sunbury, Queen's and King's Counties. Nerepis bridge, the longest in the Province, was carried away this morning, one piece four hundred feet long floating down almost to St. John. Five thousand cords of firewood have been swept away in Queen's County alone. Fredericton is in darkness to-night, and special policemen are patrolling her streets to guard against fire. The flood to-day submerged the Intercolonial track near Rothesay and all freight trains are cancelled. The Quebec express left to-night and crossed in safety, but with the present wind a big washout is feared. Communication by rail with the United States is still suspended. The floods are the most destructive ever known, and the loss will reach over one million dollars in the St. John valley alone.

A Business Homily.

"James," said the milkman to his new boy, "d'ye see what I'm a doin' of?"

"Yes sir," replied James; "you're a-pourin' water in the milk."

"No, I'm not, James; I'm a-pourin' milk in the water. So if anybody arsks you if I put water in my milk, you tell e'm no. Allers stick to the truth, James; cheatin' is bad 'nough, but lyin' is wuss."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Interpreting the Scriptures.

"Mamma," said Flossie, who had been to church for the first time, where she had listened with more or less attention to the sermon, "I know what the minister meant by 'children's children.'"

"Yes?" said mamma.

"Yes; he meant dolls."

Reasoning from Analogy.

A scientist explains that tight hats cause baldness. There is many a young man, however, who never wears his hat on his upper lip, and who yet knows that his lip remains presistently bald.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HER MAJESTY'S RECEPTION.

Scenes at the Queen's Third Jubilee Drawing-Room in London—Dresses Worn by Ladies Present—Beautiful Creations of Dressmaking Talent Ruined by the Crowd.

A London cablegram says: The Queen's third Jubilee drawing-room to-day did not in general differ from the two preceding ones recently minutely described in your columns. The Lord Chamberlain's book showed that cards had been issued for 511 new presentations. The additional number of chaperones, privileged guests and gentlemen escorts swelled the total so as to make it a reception larger than any other during the present reign, as veterans assure me. Several of those held in past years have been unmanageable from overcrowding; but the unprecedented crush to-day, with its inevitable accompaniment of weary waiting, disarranged attire, unmannerly elbowing, loss of temper and final disappointments, was all that the most cynical could wish.

The presentations went through at the rate of 100 in an hour, allowing thirty-six seconds for each. It must not be supposed that the Queen herself sustained the burden; after an hour the Princess of Wales took her place. The great majority were disappointed of even a single glance of the queenly approval or a single hurried touch of the royal hand. The trials and tortures the poor victims of this ceremony go through before arriving at the ecstatic half minute is known only to themselves; but as they voluntarily undergo it all for the sake of the reward, in their case, as in that of the fakirs, there is no room for argument.

Mrs. Phelps, wife of the American Minister, wore a petticoat and bodice of white and black striped velvet and a train of black velvet. She presented Mrs. Horton, wife of the well-known New York banker, Henry L. Horton, who was also present in the ante-room in velvet Court dress and sword. Mrs. Horton seemed to attract the attention of many of the English dowagers for the sumptuousness of her costume. The material of her dress was white satin silver brocade; the front of the skirt was trimmed with pearl in the pattern of antique silver point lace; the corsage, which was cut V shaped with stomacher, was embroidered in the same way; the train, of silver brocade on poult de soie, was trimmed with white ostrich tips at bottom; the train had a blue satin lining and was fastened at the right shoulder with a plume of feathers; in the hair were the traditional court feathers, tipped with diamond aigrettes. Mrs. Horton's ornaments were diamonds in necklace and ear-rings.

OTHER RICH COSTUMES.

Following is one of the dresses that attracted attention: Petticoat of rich resida satin, the front and sides draped with embroidered lisse echarpe in oriental colors; the edge of the petticoat arranged with resida tulle and satin rosettes; corsage to match the petticoat, trimmed with embroidered lise and tulle, with plumes of shaded green ostrich feathers; train of bronze velvet lined with poult de soie and draped with a flounce of point d'alencon, caught up with shaded green ostrich feathers; ornaments, rubies.

Another dress was a golden brown velvet trimmed with old Brussels lace. There was also a brocaded train of buttercup, trimmed with Carrickmacross lace over a white satin and tulle petticoat. Also a dress of vieux rose, with panels of velvet and old duchesse lace, with a train and bodice of gray brocade to correspond. Also a dress of pink crepe mogul, draped with Brussels lace, with brocaded bodice and train lined with green and pink shot silk and tulle ruching.

WORKS OF ART.

Also a golden brown brocaded velvet, train lined with blue satin merv, with blue ruchings and plumes of feathers; petticoat of blue satin merv, draped with lisse, tablier embroidered in gold and blue.

THE QUEEN'S DRESS.

The Queen's sombre dress in the throne-room fully set off all the toilettes this afternoon. The Queen wore a train with bodice of black satin broche, trimmed with jet and tulle, over a skirt of black merv, covered with tulle embroidered in jet; a white tulle veil, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds; necklace, brooch and earrings, amethysts and diamonds. She also carried a dozen ribbons, stars and orders in superb array.

WHAT THE PRINCESS WORE.

When the future Queen took the royal place she wore resida Lyons velvet, resida and gold brocade, draped with volant Irish lace, looped with bunches of shaded anemones and leaves; corsage and train to correspond; headdress, a tiara of diamonds and feathers; veil; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Sir Donald Smith's Gift

A Montreal despatch says: Another meeting of the trustees of the Trafalgar Institute was held last evening, when Sir Donald Smith supplemented his previous gift of $25,000 by a further donation of $5,000, making a total of $30,000, on condition that the institute affiliate with McGill. The offer was accepted, and the institute will be opened next autumn on the fine property purchased from Mr. Alexander Mitchell at the head of Simpson street. The institute properties left by the founder, the late Donald Ross, are estimated at present value at over a quarter of a million dollars. The original donation was made several years ago towards the cause of the higher education of women, but until now the matter has taken no definite shape. Sir Donald Smith's gift will place it on a working basis. The executive trustees are Rev. J. Edgar Hill, of St. Andrew's Church, Alex. Macpherson and Mr. A. T. Drummond.

Solid with the Old Lady.

Successful suitor—You have not told me yet how your parents feel about our engagement.

"Well, pa says he will see me in my grave before he will allow me to become your wife—"

"Merciful heavens!"

"Oh, don't bother about him. Ma says I can marry you."—*Omaha World.*

A committee composed of several public officers in Nebraska report, after investigation, that the *Times'* Parnell letter was written by one Richard Piggott, a man who tried to blackmail the National League.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

The "Times" and Parnell Once More—Parnell a Very Sick Man—The Eighty Club and Chamberlain.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The *Times* has resumed publication of regular articles intended to show a connection between Parnellism and crime. The present series of articles is entitled "Behind the Scenes in America." The matter is the result of an inquiry which the *Times* says it instituted last summer into the relations between the American Fenians and the Parnellites, and purports to contain a number of the secret records of the Clan-Na-Gael Society, obtained through a schism in the society and quarrels among its leaders. Among the documents published are what are alleged to be copies of the constitution of the society, lists of its officers at various epochs, letters from its past and present leaders, secret circulars and reports of the society's conventions. The *Times* says its inquiries are not yet complete, for the reason that the society has been reorganized so that its system of working has become a seemingly impenetrable mystery. Editorially commenting on its revelations the *Times* says it is impossible to doubt that the policy of the Parnellites, and therefore of Mr. Gladstone, is ultimately directed by the heads of the society and by Mr. Patrick Ford.

Mr. Parnell's health has become worse since his journey yesterday from Ireland to London. By his physician's advice Mr. Parnell proceeds at once to Bournemouth, where he will remain until Tuesday, at which date he expects to be able to attend Parliament.

Mr. Edward Samuel Norris, Progressive Conservative member for Limehouse division of the Tower Hamlets, asked the Government in the House of Commons to-day whether in the event of the passage of the Coercion Bill they would consider the question of recommending to the Queen as one of the features of her Jubilee celebration the granting of a general amnesty to all prisoners in Ireland under detention of agrarian crimes, but not guilty of personal violence. Mr. Smith, answering for the Government, said they were not in a position to make any such engagement.

The Executive Committee of the Eighty Club has negatived a proposal to invite Mr. Chamberlain to attend the club's monthly dinner. In consequence of this action the Unionist members of the club have called a general meeting, at which they will propose to observe neutrality on the Irish question. If the meeting rejects the proposal the Unionists will resign from the club.

A London cable says: Mr. John Bright writes as follows about the Parnell-Dillon-*Times* affair: "All the *Times'* charges consist of evidence contributed by the rebel conspirators themselves, and statements drawn from *United Ireland*, the *Irish World* and other papers edited by or the property of active conspirators. The facts are their own facts. The *Times* did not invent them—it only arranged them so that the public could understand the case. Parliament should have nothing to do with the matter. These conspirators and their papers charged Earl Spencer and Mr. Forster with murder in knowingly hanging innocent men. Parliament did not interfere then to protect Lord Spencer and Mr. Forster. Why should it interfere now to defend Irish writers and speakers and assume the duties and labors of courts of justice?"

When Mr. Gladstone made his proposal at the Rev. Dr. Parker's luncheon for getting the Crimes Act through, few people supposed he meant business. The suggestion to omit the provisions against boycotting and the Plan of Campaign was regarded by the Government as a suggestion to emasculate the Bill. Mr. Gladstone's friends now say he did not expect this to be accepted, but it was really meant as the first bid. He feels that present tactics are likely, if prolonged, to make a bad impression on the country. The average minds fails to perceive a distinction between opposition as now carried on and obstruction. Closure has only varied the form, instead of everlasting speeches on one amendment, short speeches on innumerable amendments are the game. Time is wasted just as effectively now. Mr. Gladstone neither likes to see Parliament paralyzed nor believes the country will like it. His supporters in the Provincial press are already hinting that compromise is possible. The Government are asked to insert a clause ensuring that the Bill shall not be used to prevent legitimate combination. The permanency of the measure to which Mr. Gladstone referred will not be sacrificed by the Government, but this is not really very important. When a Liberal Government comes in they can practically annul if unable immediately to repeal the Act. Other alterations will be suggested, but the probability that the Gladstonians and the Government will come to terms is exceedingly remote.

There is another reason for Mr. Gladstone's anxiety to come to some arrangement. He foresees a serious conflict in the House of Commons if these nightly wrangles and collisions are allowed to continue, to be followed probably by suspension of the Irish members. A large contingent of Radicals also will in that case get themselves suspended, and no man can say where the disturbance will stop.

The Mayor of Cork, replying to an invitation from the Lord Chamberlain to assist in the Jubilee festivities, said that in view of the Crimes Bill the invitation is little short of an outrage upon the self-respect of the Irish people.

Mind-Reading and Pocket-Books.

Lady—"Here you! Thieves! Murder Pickpockets! Police!"

Mind Reader—"Beg pardon, mum: had a bet with a friend that I could discover the whereabouts of a hidden pocket-book and my mind placed it in this locality Excuse me: I thought I had struck a meal bag in a feed store."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Right You Are, My Dear.

He (at dinner)—May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar.

Miss Vassar (just graduated)—Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am! But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!—*Puck.*

A Dresden journal devoted to household matters and philosophy says children should never be put into a cradle, as the rocking of the young brain has a tendency to stupefy it.

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

How She Stuck to Her Convict Lover for Many Years, and Now Applies For His Pardon.

A Nashville, Tenn., despatch says: Eighteen years ago the doors of the State prison closed upon Frank Riddle, of Maury county, who had been sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering a German peddler. There were doubts as to the guilt of Riddle, who, refusing to acknowledge the crime and accept a term of fifteen years, insisted upon a plea of not guilty. The trial resulted in his conviction, and the defendant appealed to the Supreme Court, which granted a new hearing. A second verdict against Riddle was rendered and he was sent to the penitentiary. Year after year passed. One after another of the life convicts died, and Riddle almost abandoned hope of obtaining his freedom.

While Governor Taylor was seated in his office yesterday a woman walked into the apartment, and presented to the Governor a petition for executive clemency, signed by the lessees and every officer of the prison, who stated that Riddle's long incarceration had served the ends of justice. Accompanying the petition was a letter written by the woman who bore it. After the Governor had read the document the lady rose and said: "Governor Taylor, when that man was accused of murder I was engaged to him. I did not believe him guilty, and did not break the engagement. During the two or three years that the trial was pending I still believed in him. During the eighteen years of his confinement I stuck to him. His parents have died. His brothers and sisters are all dead except a sister who lives out west. The people who were interested in the case then have forgotten him. I am the only friend he has in the world. My life has been wrapped up in him. I believe in him, and have loved him through all these long, weary years, and I want you to pardon him. I do not ask you to think him an innocent man, but for the sake of two lives that may yet be happy I implore you to set him free."

Without waiting to hear the Governor's decision she arose and left the office and the capitol. When the Governor had cleared his eyes of tears he said to Bishop Granberry: "Such devotion and constancy I have never seen, and whatever Riddle may have deserved it does look as if that woman ought to have a chance at happiness."

The prisoner will be pardoned.

THE FISHERY CRUISERS.

The New Commander of the Flagship—Good Behavior of American Fishermen.

A Halifax despatch says: Lieutenant Gordon, of the Royal Navy, commander of the recent Government expeditions to the Hudson's Bay, arrived to-night to take command of the fishery protection flagship Acadia. Captain Scott, her late commander, will hereafter devote his time to superintending the movements and doings of the whole fishery fleet.

The cruiser Triumph has arrived at Shelburne from a nine days' cruise. She visited all the resorts of American fishermen from Liverpool westward to Pubnico. Captain Lorway reports that the American fishermen conduct themselves to the entire satisfaction of the customs authorities along this coast. On arriving at Shag harbor Captain Lorway found that the American schooner Legal Tender, which attained celebrity last fall for alleged treaty violation, had left port in a hurry an hour before the cruiser's arrival. Captain Devine, of the Legal Tender, who is a Nova Scotian, shipped two men at Shag harbor last August, and when the customs officers boarded her for the purpose of taking a formal seizure for the offence, Skipper Devine coolly proceeded to sea with the Canadian officers on board, and they were forced to jump into their boat or be carried as prizes to Uncle Sam's territory.

FOR HIS CHILD'S SAKE.

A Father Maimed for Life in saving His Child From a Cruel Death.

A Chicago despatch says: The heroism of John Vorbanck in saving his infant child from certain death nearly cost him his own life on Saturday afternoon. His eighteen months old babe had toddled down to the railroad track near his house and sat down between the rails to play. The whistle from an approaching switch engine attracted the attention of the father, who was at work in the yard, and glancing up he was horrified to see the child sitting on the track watching the swift approach of the locomotive. After an instant of mute terror the father rushed toward the track, and throwing himself in front of the engine, seized the child with both hands and threw it safely to one side. He had no time to save himself, but was caught by one of the wheels and thrown across the rail. His left leg was horribly mangled, and it was afterwards necessary to amputate it. He also received injuries about the hips and head. Vorbanck is a young, hard-working man, and has been married about three years.

Gen. Middleton at Kingston.

A Kingston despatch says: The anniversary of the battle of Batoche was celebrated on Thursday night at Tete du Pont barracks, and in it the commander of the forces, Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, of "B" Battery, and others participated. Sir Fred. Middleton, in his speech said, among other things, that the suppression of the rebellion in the Northwest was the only event of the kind in the history of the British Empire which had been put down unaided by Imperial forces. The services of the Canadian volunteers had been eminently appreciated by the presentation of medals. They were at first refused because there was no Imperial troops in any of the engagements, but the authorities decided that this was a good reason why they should be given, and they were granted accordingly.

Lost His Boots in Church.

John Robinson, of Creek Centre, Warren County, last Sunday arrived at church rather late wearing a pair of new boots which squeaked frightfully. Not wishing to disturb the congregation, he left the boots in the vestibule and entered in his stocking feet. Upon looking for the boots after service he found they had been stolen. He heard the sermon, but lost his boots.—*Cobleskill (N. Y.) Index.*

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The Budget.

Sir Charles Tupper rose amid applause to make his financial statement. He said that recognizing the great ability of Sir Richard Cartwright and the manner in which he had discharged his duties, and the manner in which those duties had been discharged by his successors in office, he asked for the considerate indulgence of the House. Under a comparatively low tariff Canada enjoyed marked prosperity for the first seven years of Confederation, but Canada then enjoyed the advantage of the dislocation of the labor market in the neighboring Republic. When that period came to an end the industries of Canada began to languish and hon. gentlemen opposite, then in office, were urged to adopt a policy of protection, but refused. He believed the Finance Minister of that day came to that determination with many misgivings. When the Conservative Government came into power they adopted the policy of protection. That policy had been attended with marked success, and now had the endorsation of a large majority of the Canadian people. He contended that a remarkable change of opinion had taken place among political economists as to the question of protection. The principle of protection was now held with greater tenacity than ever by the economists of the United States. It was growing in favor in European countries, and even in England, where a distinguished professor of Cambridge University had written a work in favor of protection, and where, although the Commission to inquire into the state of British trade had in its reports adhered to the principle of free trade, yet a minority of that Commission had reported in favor of fair trade. He was further relieved from the necessity of entering into arguments on the abstract question of free trade and protection by the circumstance that during the recent elections the distinguished leader of the Opposition had announced his entire conversion to the principles the Conservative party had so long maintained. His re-election to the high position of leader of the Reform party was an evidence that at last the time had come when this country might congratulate itself upon the fact that great capitalists might put their money into Canadian industries without fear of disturbance. The principles of protection being thus agreed to, they had only to discuss the method of the application of those principles. He then took up the question of receipts and expenditure. The estimates of the receipts for 1885-6 made by the late Finance Minister were $33,500,000, while the result actually was $33,177,000, the falling off being mainly in excise. Though it was the bad fortune of the gentlemen opposite to be in power during a very great depression all over the world, it must not be lost sight of that there was now quite as great a depression as that of 1873-77 in other countries, but Canada had escaped in great measure. The depression last year would not have been so great in Canada had it not been for the rebellion in the Northwest—a perfectly unexpected calamity—and the floods of Montreal, which, of course, could not have been foreseen. For the past year the estimate of expenditure made last year was $38,126,000. As a matter of fact it would be about $39,011,000, the increase being due mainly to the expenditure on the rebellion, that being $8,177,122, or about $800,000 more than was expected, and an additional $200,000 more than was expected on the Mounted Police. This left a deficit of $5,834,000. The estimated revenue for the current year made last session was $34,500,000. As a matter of fact, there was every indication that it would reach $35,300,000, although there was a million less from excise than was anticipated. The expenditure would probably be about $35,600,000, leaving an apparent deficit of $300,000, or practically a balance between income and expenditure. For 1887-88 the estimate of receipts made by the Government was: Customs, $22,500,000; inland revenue, $6,400,000; miscellaneous, $7,500,000; total, $36,400,000. It was not probable that the supplementary estimates would greatly increase the amounts shown by the estimates already before the House. He expected to spend $200,000 on the Franchise Act instead of the $100,000 voted last year. He came to Canada last fall to discuss the question of the Imperial Institute and the question of the proposed treaty with Spain, and it was when he landed in New York that he learned for the first time that a general election was to take place. (Ironical applause.) He was surprised at that news because of the result of the Ontario elections. When he had once arrived the Premier laid an embargo upon him and he was persuaded to return and take part in the elections. He explained that the increase of $235,000 in the expenditure on railways was chiefly owing to the necessity for the purchase of additional rolling stock for the Intercolonial. The House would grant this sum willingly, because it was an evidence of an increase of the business of the railway. He then took up the question of

NATIONAL DEBT.

On the 1st of this month the gross debt of Canada was $270,072,000 and the net debt was $225,105,000. He thought that they might fairly deduct from both these sums $10,000,000 represented by a thoroughly good asset, namely, lands obtained from the C. P. R. in part payment of debt. At Confederation the net debt was $75,750,000, and it had increased since that time by over $149,000,000. Everything, however, depended upon what the country had to show for this increase. Since Confederation the following sums had been expended on capital account: Allowance to Provinces, $30,743,000; Dominion lands, $2,566,000; Eastern Extension, $1,286,000; Intercolonial, $31,226,000; canals, $32,132,000; Public Works, including departmental buildings, Esquimault graving dock, land and cable telegraph lines and harbors at Cape Tormentine and Port Arthur, $2,947,000; Northwest Territories, $2,920,000; Canadian Pacific Railway (including lands), $71,053,000; P. E. I. Railway, $212,000; Short Line Railway, $184,000; general subsidies to railways, $3,312,000. These were the expenditures up to the close of the last fiscal year. Since the close of last year there had been expended under these various heads $4,750,000, making a total expenditure on capital account from Confederation to the present time of $183,292,000. The increase in the net debt during the same time was $149,377,000. That is to say, Canada had expended on capital account nearly $34,000,000 more than was represented by the increase in her debt. If they struck off the subsidies to the Provinces from both sides of the account and allowed for expenditure only on the three great items of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Intercolonial Railway and the canals, they would find that Canada had in these three great works an expenditure amounting to $15,000,000 more than the increase in the public debt. Great as was this expenditure, once done it would not require to be repeated. Referring to the Canadian Pacific, he said that the receipts had increased from $5,750,000 in 1884 to $10,081,000 in 1886. High as was Canada's credit, he did not expect to have to use it. There was no floating loan, and he did not expect to have to call upon the capitalists of Europe to advance to Canada a single dollar. He was glad to say that the deposits in the savings banks were expected to pay the New Brunswick loan. He had been asked to reduce the rate of interest paid on deposits in the Government Savings Banks, but he did not intend to yield to that request. Though it would be a benefit to the banking interest, there was something higher than this—the interests of the industrious and economical working people of this country, to whom the high rate of interest was a special advantage and encouragement. There was but one cloud on the horizon—threatened non-intercourse with the United States. Gentlemen opposite and their press had urged even more strongly than the press supporting the Government that the admitted rights of Canada in the fisheries should be maintained. The people were united on this point, and the time had not come when any Government in Canada would be permitted to shrink from temperately maintaining those rights. But even at the risk of exposing themselves to the criticism of their opponents, this Government had proposed to give American fishermen the free use of the Canadian fisheries for a year after the abrogation of the fishery clauses if the United States Executive would propose to Congress a commission, after the manner of enlightened nations, to settle the existing difficulties. Before becoming High Commissioner he had gone on a confidential mission to Washington and had a long communication with Secretary Frelinghuysen. He regretted the defeat of the Administration of which he was a member, because he believed otherwise a commission would have been appointed. He (Tupper) did not express a higher regard for one American political party than the other in this, but there being a Democratic Administration and a Republican Senate, the proposal for a commission was not accepted by the Senate. As High Commissioner, he had come in contact with the leading statesmen of Britain, and on both sides of politics they were ready, though most anxious to maintain cordial relations with the United States, to give every weight to the representations of Canadians as to their rights in this and every other matter. Canada had the right to expect that she would receive a better return for her neighborly offers than the refusal of a commission. It was well known that the position taken by those connected with the fishing interest in the United States declared that the fish were coming into American waters, that they wanted no commission, no arrangement, but merely that each country should keep to itself. The interests of both countries would be promoted, in his opinion, by extended reciprocal trade arrangements. It would be a calamity if the proposed non-intercourse were carried out. He dwelt in this connection upon the advantages to both countries of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and quoted statistics to prove that much more benefit had accrued to the United States than to Canada. Lord Salisbury, when assured that the bounty-fed sugar of the Continent was injuring the sugar-producing interest of Britain, said that, though a strong free trader, he thought it would be right to discriminate against the importation of such an article. They had only to carry that policy a short step further to declare that if such a policy as this were adopted against Canada, Great Britain would deem it due to herself and due to Canada, knowing the importance of Canada to the Empire, to give this colony some advantage in the grain markets at home, and this would result also in giving due impetus to the grain-growing industry of India, which would induce competition, causing the new policy to become hardly felt as increasing the cost of bread to the consumer of Britain. With the sentiment in Britain as he knew it to be, he believed the Mother Country would take this view. He had, however, no idea this policy of non-intercourse would be adopted, but if it were he was sure Americans would find Canadians, regardless of politics, a united band of patriots, though only five millions, strong in the justice of their cause and in the belief that they had as large and valuable a portion of the North American continent to develop as their neighbors to the South, and determined to maintain to the utmost their just and admitted rights. The stimulus given to manufacturing industries by protection had enabled them to overtake the consumptive power of the country, and thus to enable them to sell as cheaply as if the protective policy had not been enforced. The Government of Canada, with a view of developing the great traffic of the East, have agreed to give £15,000 per annum to secure fast transit between Vancouver, Yokahama, Shanghai and Hong Kong, provided the British Government gives £45,000 per annum. We have also agreed to give £25,000 per annum, provided £160,000 per annum are raised by England and Australia, to have a rapid line of steamers between the terminus of the C.P.R. and the islands of Australasia.

Sir Charles Tupper said he would consider what was the reason for the state of affairs he had shown to exist. He contended that the cause was to be found in the National Policy. He was glad to say that every branch of industry specially affected had been improved and the channels of foreign trade opened everywhere. He was glad to say that a strong French company would agree for the bonus offered to place a line of steamers on the route from Canada to France. In the cotton, sugar and other industries the National Policy had produced greater results. But the greatest industry of all was the iron industry. In the United States, after full investigation and consideration, they had adopted a scientific plan of giving protection in proportion to the labor employed, ranging from $6 a ton on pig iron up. But in Canada we had given $2 a ton duty and $1 a ton bonus, while on bar iron we had only a duty of $1.70, giving the greater duty on the coarser articles. The production of iron depended upon the proximity of the ore and the coal and the presence of the fluxes. But care must be taken of this industry. In Britain, though coal and iron were found in close proximity, enough ore was imported from Spain, a thousand miles away, for the production of all the steel of England. In France they actually imported 35 per cent. of the iron ore produced. He contended that the prosperity of Britain and the United States had as its foundation the iron industry, which had been fostered and made possible by the protective system. In other countries, like Belgium, France and Germany, the same facts in a large degree manifested themselves. If the protection given to cotton, woollens and sugar, were given to iron, the charcoal iron industry would soon be in full blast. No country in the world enjoyed such facilities for the consumption of charcoal iron as Ontario and Quebec. The establishment of this industry would allow of the utilization of the great forests which were now only an obstruction in the way of the settler. Valuable iron ore had been discovered along the line of the Central Ontario Railway, and under a proper policy of protection to iron the ship which now conveyed iron ore across the lake to the United States would be carrying the finished product. He proceeded to say that a large quantity of machinery had been imported into Canada free in order to encourage the sugar, cotton and woollen industries, and entered into the question of the relative importance of these industries as compared with the iron and steel industries. He arrived at the conclusion that the iron industry far eclipsed all the rest in number of persons employed and in the value of the product. Canada had imported since Confederation $253,000,000 worth of iron and steel, which would account for almost the entire balance of trade against Canada. Place the iron industry of Canada on a firm foundation and you at once sweep away the entire adverse balance of trade. He next referred to the coal industry, which, he said, lay in close proximity to the industry of the manufacture of iron. There had been great development in the coal trade of Canada, but a great many mines were closed for half of the year. The development of the iron industry would give a great impetus to the production of coal. The principle of the United States was to give protection to iron in proportion to the number of days' work expended upon it. Our policy in Canada had been the very reverse. It was impossible to read the two tariffs without seeing at a glance why we had been left so far behind. Imagine the helpless position that Canada would be in in the event of war if she had no iron within her bounds. Canada was now at the mercy of the iron-producing countries, although she had within her bounds bountiful supplies of iron, coal and timber for charcoal only awaiting a reasonable protection to create a great industry. A policy of protection to iron would be not only a rational but a national policy. He proposed to except steel rails from increased duties in view of the importance of railway development, but he believed Canada would soon be able to manufacture steel rails. He proceeded to speak of the great quantities of iron ore in Canada. He proposed to ask the House in further pursuance of the policy of encouraging the iron industry to take the duty off anthracite coal. In our own Northwest there were unlimited quantities of lignite coal, and on an island in Lake Winnipeg there was a large quantity of iron ore. There were similar facilities for the manufacture of iron in British Columbia. He estimated that if the 250,000 tons of pig iron, now imported annually, were manufactured in Canada it would give employment to 20,000 workmen. The increased duty necessary to carry out the policy of protection to iron would amount to about half a million dollars per annum, and this sum would all be given back to the people by the abolition of the duty on anthracite coal. They had adopted the plan of imposing on the various manufacturers of steel two-thirds of the duty imposed by the American Government. For instance, the duty on pig iron would be raised from $2 to $4 per ton, in addition to the bounty.

Latest from the Northwest.

The Provincial Legislature reassembled to-night.

An appeal to the Imperial Privy Council will be taken by this city in the case of Wright vs. Winnipeg, just dismissed by the Supreme Court at Ottawa.

The Indian "John" who killed another Indian named "Yanken," near Deloraine, has skipped across the line.

Half a dozen boarders in a city hotel have been poisoned through inhaling red precipitate, which had been placed upon the beds to kill bugs. Some of them had a narrow escape. The doctor when called in at first reported them to be cases of smallpox.

Mr. Shepherd, the C. P. R. operator at Regina, has skipped out with some $400 of the company's funds.

Benjamin Aherne, an insurance canvasser for the Mutual Accident Association of New York, has been arrested on a charge of taking policies for insurance companies which had no license to do business in Canada.

It is said there is to be a general reduction of employees not only in the C. P. R. shops but also in the general offices of the company here, as the official staff is much too large for the requirements of the road.

Dr. Dodd, coroner, started from Regina this morning for Salt Plains, north of Touchwood, to hold an inquest on the body of Robt. Smith, found in his shanty. Suspicion is entertained as to whether he was murdered or not. Smith's shanty is close to the scene of the late Prince Albert mail robbery, and he was once suspected of being the robber.

Eleven mounted policemen under the command of Inspector Gibbon left Regina this morning for Moose Mountain district to patrol the boundary line during the summer. Major Jarvis will leave for Wood Mountain District with thirty men in a few days.

One of the first evidences of a high civilization is good roads.—*Rutland Herald.*

Given a young man who has been accustomed to having his own way from his early childhood, and you have one who is apt to get into the clutches of the civil law at a very early period in his career.

A MANIA FOR PRETTY GIRLS.

Suppressing a Detroit Lawyer Who Wanted to Marry All He Met.

The marriage Thursday night of Rev. Wallace Radcliffe to Miss Jessie Walker, daughter of a prominent citizen of Detroit, has brought to public notice G. H. Woodruff, a lawyer, who has been remarkable for his disposition to volunteer his affections when they were not wanted. He has within the last few months laid distant siege to the hearts of several young ladies of the Forth Street Presbyterian Church, over which Dr. Radcliffe presides, carrying his attentions so far as to write letters warning and threatening those whom he believed stood in his way. He seems to have had a mania for loving every pretty girl whom he could see as often as services were conducted in the church.

Dr. Radcliffe received a letter threatening him with dire vengeance should he attempt to carry out his purpose of marriage, and other persons in the church being similarly annoyed the trustees forbade Woodruff the church and employed a policeman to insure obedience. Mr. Woodruff admitted his shortcomings, promised that no attempt to carry out his threats would be made, and the shadow which he created has been dispelled by the happy outcome.

Conversation with Dr. Radcliffe developed the fact that he does not regard the clerical white necktie as a badge of universal peace, and should Woodruff suffer a relapse he would probably receive the vigorous attention from which dread of publicity had heretofore saved him.

Old World Presbyterianism.

The financial year just closed has not been a prosperous one for the churches in Ireland. Some of the denominations have suffered more, some less. As an example, it is stated that the Sustentation Fund of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church is short this year as compared with last $9,080. The receipts this year are $99,885, as against $108,965.

During the month of May the Scottish Church courts have been in the habit of assembling from time immemorial. The Synod of the United Presbyterian Church met on Monday, May 2nd. The Free Church Assembly and the General Assembly of the Church meet a week or two later. According to latest accounts there were two nominees for the office of Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod—Dr. Robert Drummond, of Glasgow, and the Rev. I. B. Smith, of Greenock. Among the new schemes of the Free Church is the commemoration of the Queen's jubilee by wiping out the debt on all the property of the Church. The sum aimed at is $250,000.

"Gold Mining Fever" in British Columbia.

An amusing incident lately occurred at a placed called Kamloops, B.C., by which an unexpected addition was made to the Government treasury. It was reported that gold had been found during an excavation on the side of a hill, and the most popular implement of trade for a time was the miner's pan. The gold fever raged like an epidemic. The sequel, however, is soon told. Gold was not found in paying quantities, and it transpired that some wag had "salted" the spot and stood off and hugged himself while watching the eager seekers after lucre. The Government is the only gainer by the joke, as "claims" were for a time in much demand.

C-h-o-o! C-h-o-o!! C-h-o-o!!!

Don't sneeze, sneeze, hawk, hawk, spit, blow and disgust everybody with your offensive breath. If you have acrid, watery discharge from the nose and eyes; throat disease, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in head, splitting headache and other symptoms of nasal catarrh, remember that the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

In a lecture before a New York medical society, Dr. George T. Jackson, of Boston, said one cause of baldness was great intellectuality, and in illustration said that 50 per cent. of the men to be seen at the operas and the churches in Boston are bald, while no more than 25 per cent. of those who visit the cheap museums are thus afflicted. Another cause, he thought, is stiff hats, which compress the temporal arteries and render the circulation of the blood sluggish.

Oft obscure the road that leads to health,
Unmarked by board or sign;
Wisdom avails not, powerless is wealth
To sooth those aches of thine.
But do not despair, with life there's hope;
The cloud conceals the sun;
With Pierce's Favorite Prescription at hand
Your life's full course may run.

More truth than poetry in these lines, as thousands of ladies all over the land now blooming with health testify to the great curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription adapted by much research and careful study to the happy relief of all those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to females. All druggists.

A more disappointed and dejected lot of people than the spring poets in this latitude could not well be imagined. They have not been able to float more than 2 per cent. of their output owing to the backwardness of the season. But it looks as if balmy days had come at last.

I had inflammatory rheumatism several years ago, and suffered excruciating pain. Doctors could not relieve me. I took McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant. The next week I was able to walk, and within three weeks was entirely cured. C. S. Graves, Langton, Ont.

Mr. J. H. Shackleton, a native of Jordan, and who left there when a small boy, is now Mayor of the flourishing city of Saginaw, Mich., and does business there as a flour and grain merchant.

Tender Corns,

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed, without pain or sore spots, by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

The Duke of Devonshire, father of Lord Hartington, entered on his 80th year on Wednesday, April 27th.

The Santa Catama mountains in Arizona are covered with petrified turtles, lobsters and clams. The mountains are 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DON L. 21. 87.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

The Blueberry is a valuable fruit, and is a reliable fruit to grow in the Northern States, where the more tender varieties winter kills. It is perfectly hardy, will stand 40 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender buds. Fruit ripens in this latitude about the first of July. Color, a bluish black, when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-acid, pronounced by most people delicious. The fruit is excellent for pies, or canned for winter use. It grows very stocky; the shining dark-green leaves and the blue fruit make a pleasing contrast. It seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. One dozen plants by mail, carefully packed in oil paper, 50 cts.; two dozen by mail, $1.00; 100 by express, $3.50; 1,000 $15.00.

Address L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.

Flesherton Carriage Works!

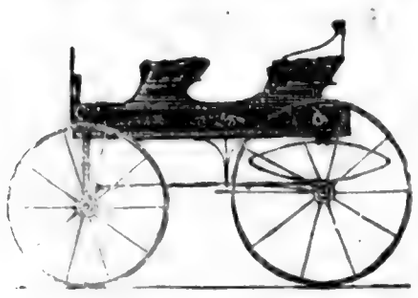

W. A. MILBURN,

Proprietor.

In returning thanks to the public for the patronage extended to him during the past three years, the undersigned wishes to inform the people that he is in a better position than ever to turn out all work in his lines of business, such

—AS—

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons, &c.

on short notice, in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable prices. All kinds of Repairs,

HORSE-SHOEING, AND GENERAL JOBBING

will receive equally prompt and careful attention. Works, next to Planing Factory, Flesherton.

Respectfully Yours,

W. A. MILBURN,

Proprietor Flesherton Carriage Works.

Methodist District Meeting.

Mr. A. J. Irwin, a candidate for the ministry, delivered a sermon in the Methodist Church here on Wednesday evening of last week, to a fair congregation. Mr. Irwin is a young man scarcely out of his teens, but he promises to be an able exponent of the doctrines of the church of his adoption at no distant date. His sermon, at the "wind-up" of the proceedings of the District Meeting and Sabbath School Convention, was a good one and was listened to with marked attention. His description of the grandeur and magnificence of Babylon, its hanging gardens, the immense area of ground covered by it, the tower of Babel, &c. was graphic and interesting. Equally graphic but perhaps more interesting was his description of the characteristics of the great Hebrew captive, Daniel. Altogether Mr. Irwin deserves to be congratulated most heartily on the success of his first pulpit effort.

W. C. T. U.

Mrs Hannah Whitall Smith, of Philadelphia, Sec. of the World's W. C. T. U., has sailed for England. The W. C. T. U. of Fort Worth, Texas, has opened a house for homeless women.

The W.C.T.U., of New Zealand, has just held its second annual convention. There was a large delegation present, and all reports were encouraging.

Mrs. Fannie Leiter, a leading white ribboner of Ohio, recently addressed fourteen hundred convicts at the State penitentiary, Columbus, upon Gospel Temperance. COR SEC.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A testimonial, already amounting to $5,000 is to be presented to Mr. Robert Rae, the long time efficient Secretary of the British National Temperance League.

A Temperance alliance, similar to that in Great Britain, is being formed in New England by Sir Wm. Fox.

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law-book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience with the opiate of a court license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

The Devil always comes out ahead in a compromise.—*Voice.*

Detroit, May 3rd.—Alfred Arnold was killed by lightening at Whitemore lake. A hotel was burned by the same agency, and one Leun Schlemmer was fatally injured.

Imported Sherry retailing for $5 per bottle is made in New York at the cost of 62 cents per quart. The man who wants what he pays for will drink butter milk. —Detroit Free Press.

The Musical Journal.

This is a bright instructive monthly, for all lovers of music, amateur or professional, pupil or teacher. It is well printed, ably edited, and adapted to the wants of musical people who seek enlightment and entertainment. Each number contains 8 pages of new and mostly original Music, and pages Articles, Sketches, Letters and Reports. The publishers seek to cultivate a love for the pure, beautiful and instructive. The subscription price is $1.00 per year, single copies 10 cents. Address Timms, Moor & Co., Publishers, Oxford Press, Toronto, or order through your news agent or music dealer.

Kimberley.

From our Correspondent.

Mr. G. L. Thompson has been to the city for his new summer's stock of goods.

Master Fred. Thurston has accepted a situation in Toronto,

The Orange Hall, Kimberley, is being greatly improved by having a splendid stone wall built under it. Mr. Wm. McConnell stone mason.

Squire Stuart will soon move into the village.

The Ball Club is now practicing for a big rally.

T. B. Carruthers has purchased Mr. Howe's property in the village.

Kimberley can now boast of two Temperance Houses, as Friend Condy keeps a good Temperance House instead of an hotel.

Volunteers.

No. 6 Company, 31st Batt. will meet at the Drill Shed, Flesherton, on Saturday evenings for drill, until further orders. 25 young men wanted to fill up the above company. Apply to J. J. Field, Lieut., No. 6 Company, Flesherton. t.f.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,

Tin-Smith, AGENT,

FLESHERTON.

PUBLIC NOTICE!!

To all whom it may Concern.

Know ye all men that I, W. S. CHRISTOE, the Druggist of Flesherton, have the agency for JOHNSON'S celebrated TONIC BITTERS and NERVINE, JOHNSON'S little Pink Tonic Liver Pills and the ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

—THE—

TONIC BITTERS

are confidently recommended as the VERY BEST in the market for Nervousness, Hysteria, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Complaints common to the female sex. PALENESS of complexion and for diseases caused by poverty of blood. In conjunction with the Tonic JOHNSON'S Little Liver Pills are the very best for liver complaint and general derarrangements of the stomach. The All Healing White Ointment is the very best for skin diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Chilblains, &c., &c.

You have only to try these great remedies to be satisfied. Sold by

W. S. CHRISTOE,

The Druggist, Flesherton.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices.

R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

CATTLE FOR SALE.—Two steers two years old, two heifers two years old one cow in calf, cheap for cash. R. TRIMBLE.

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's block, Flesherton. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and in a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored. —C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Money to Loan.

At 6½ Per Cent. Interest on Straight Loan.

WITH Interest paid yearly, not in advance. No commission charged. Apply to

A. GRIER. — THORNBURY

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Court of Revision!

Township of Artemesia.

First sitting, in the TOWN HALL, FLESHERTON, on WEDNESDAY, 15th JUNE, 1887, at 10 o'clock a.m. Any appeals intended for hearing at this Court to be placed in the hands of the Clerk, on or before 10th June, 1887.

W. J. BELLAMY,
May 25th, 1887. Clerk.

NOTICE.

Court of Revision, Township of Osprey.

The first sittings of the Court of Revision, on the Assessment of 1887, for the Township of Osprey, will be held at MAXWELL, on TUESDAY, the Thirty-First Day of MAY, 1887. All persons interested will govern themselves accordingly.

WM. MILNE, Tp. Clerk.
May 12th, 1887.

Auction Sale

—OF—

VALUABLE FARM

—IN THE—

Township of Artemesia.

Under and by virtue of the powers of sale in certain Mortgages made by John Fisher and David White, to the Vendor's which will be produced at the time of sale and on default in payment of the money's thereby secured. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, in the Village of FLESHERTON, on

Monday, 30th day of May, A.D., 1887,

1887, at 2 o'clock, p.m., by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, the following property, viz.: Lot number 158, in Concession 3, N.E.T. & S. Road, in the Township of Artemesia, containing 50 acres more or less nearly all of which are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a frame barn nearly new and a log house. Lands are well watered, by a small spring Creek. There is a small orchard on the premises which are well fenced and are on a good gravel road within about one mile of Flesherton.

TERMS:

Ten per cent. at time of sale, fifteen per cent. within one month, balance to remain on Mortgage for five years with interest at 6½ per cent. yearly, or such other terms as may be arranged with the purchaser at time of sale

For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to

MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor's.
Toronto, May 10th, 1887.

MAIL CONTRACT!

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 27th May, 1887, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week each way, between Dundalk and Maple Valley from the 1st July, next.

The conveyance to be made in a vehicle or otherwise via., Badjeros and Shrigley. The Mails to leave Maple Valley every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a.m., and travelling via., Badjeros and Shrigley, arrive at Dundalk at 12:10 a.m., or in time to connect with the Mail train passing North. To leave Dundalk as soon as possible after exchange of Mails and arrive at Maple Valley within three hours and ten minutes afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Dundalk, Maple Valley, Badjeros and Shrigley.

DANIEL SPRY,
Post-Office Inspector.
Post-Office Inspector's Office, Barrie, April 18th, 1887.

THE ROADSTER STALLION,

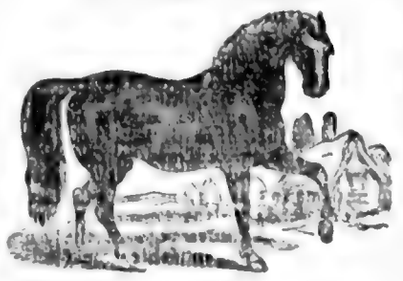

BILLY V.!

Will leave his own stable in Flesherton, on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1887, at 12 o'clock noon, and proceed to Linley's hotel, Maxwell, where he will remain over night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to Jonathan Irish's, Waroham, for noon, thence to Johnston's hotel, Dundalk, where he will remain till Thursday morning.

THURSDAY, will return to Flesherton for the night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, for noon, and return to his own stable for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, and return to his own stable in Flesherton, where he will remain till the following Monday.

The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

Description and Pedigree;

BILLY V., foaled June 18th 1883, is a dark dappled bay, stands 15 hands 3 in., weighs 1150 pounds, and for bone, muscle, style and action, cannot be surpassed, was sired by Clear Grit jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger.

TERMS:

To insure a foal $10.00, payable March 1st, 1888. Season mares $8.00, payable last round of horse, or not later than July 12th, 1887. If not then paid said mares will be charged as insured mares. Single leap $6.00, payable at time of service. All mares not returned regularly to horse will be charged as insured mares. All accidents to mares at risk of owners. Owners trying their mares to said horse and knowing them to be afflicted with any contagious disease, will be liable in damages. Groom's Fee 25 cents.

A. S. VANDUSEN, Owner. GEO. GLASSFORD, Groom.

Maxwell Carriage Works.

Thos. A. Blakely,

Carriage and Wagon Maker, Painter, &c., &c.

Wishes to announce to the public that he has started in the above business. All orders promptly and neatly attended to. Repairing and Painting a specialty.

Shop next door to J. Little's blacksmith shop, who will do all work in connection to the above shop. THOS. A. BLAKELY.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S

DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

ANDREW McGIRR,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY.

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at owest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

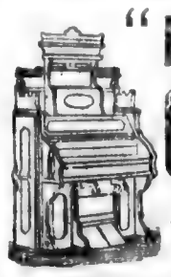

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 311. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, JUNE 2, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

W. A. BROWN,

—THE—

PEOPLE'S JEWELLER,

Keeps the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Wedding Rings, Spex, etc., between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden Watches, my own name on, accurately timed, 2 and 3 years warrants, $8.50 to $28.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto Cases, 2 to 5 oz. ½ Waltham, P. S. Bartlett's, 3 oz. coin case, $17.50; Ellery's, $14.50, lower graden, $8.00, to $13.00; Elgins if preferred. Ladies 10 & 14 k. Watches, and Gent's 10 & 14 k. filled cases always in stock. It is safe to buy Watches from me because I do business for myself, in my own name, and can be held to my warrants. 34 Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ansonia Clocks now in stock, bought close.

They will be sold below the "Terrible Bargains," prices at least 15 per cent.

It is easy to come down when goods are away up. I don't do a catch business.

Straight dealing ensures success.

I shall stay on that line. Small profits, modest prices. I secure patronage through low prices. Assortment Complete. Send for quotations. *If I do not save you money I will make other Jewellers take cost.* 18 years at the trade.

SPECIALTIES:
Watch Repairing, Fitting Spex.

Address Box 5, MARKDALE, ONT.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Alabastine & Wall Papers in great variety at Richardson & Co's.

Mr. James Bell, of Bell's Lake, is the guest of Wm. Strain, Esq., Flesherton.

J. G. Anderson, Markdale wants *20,000 lbs of Wool.*

Mrs. C. J. Leitch, is visiting friends in Owen Sound.

4 lb pure uncolored Japan Tea for $1 at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale.

Mr. Theakson, jr., of Collingwood Township, called on us last Monday.

Kimberley correspondence and other matter left over for next week.

The best 10 & 12½c. Prints in Canada at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale.

Mr. M. Richardson is having a neat double verandah added to his residence on Sydenham street.

Mr. Fogarty, of Toronto Township, was visiting at Mr. Wm. Petch's last week.

It will pay you to go 10 miles to get 10 lbs of J. G. Anderson's famous 40c. Tea, 33c. lb in quantity.

A brother of Capt. Sproule of our junior lacrosse team has been spending a few days in Flesherton. He lives a short distance south of Barrie.

White and cream *Oriental Flouncing* with other goods to match at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale.

One Cask Rockingham Crockery ware one Case Table Cutlery just in at M. Richardson & Co's.

Bro. C. W. Rutledge, of the Markdale *Standard*, gave us a pleasant fraternal call last Tuesday.

You can buy Factory Cotton for 3c. and print for 4c. a yd. at M. Richardson & Co's.

Mr. Harry Thompson, of Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, spent Sunday with his sister-in-law, Mrs. S. Good, of Flesherton.

The Medical Hall, Flesherton, has just received a fine stock of Paints of all colors and other goods. See column announcement elsewhere.

IF YOU WANT FIRST-CLASS ROLLER FLOUR GO TO KEEFER'S FLOUR & FEED STORE, STRAIN'S BLOCK.

Mr. Wm. Guy, of Maxwell, and Mr. Jas. Beecroft, of Flesherton, will accept thanks for bunches of fine rhubarb sent to our office since last week's issue.

Great SMASH in CROCKERY prices. Complete Tea Sets in White Stone Ware 44 pieces for $1.95. It beats creation how they do at Richardson & Co's China Hall.

The Valley Road is now an accomplished fact. The next thing is to see to it that the road is ready for general traffic by winter time.

APPLES, DATES & FIGS, BISCUITS & MEALS OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS ON HAND AT KEEFER'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON,

Has the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Wedding Rings, Spex &c. between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden, Columbus, Waltham, Elgin, and Swiss Watches, bearing warrants from 2 1-2 to five years from $7.50 to $25.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto cases 2 to 5 1-2 oz. We never ask any more than $16.00 for a P. S. Bartlett 3 oz. coin silver case, some dealers have the cheek to ask $17.50. Ellery's $13.25, while other dealers ask $14.50. Lower Grades from $6.90 to 11.50. Ladies & Gents Gold Watches. All kinds of American Clocks at lower prices than elsewhere. The fact is, other dealers cannot begin to compete with us notwithstanding the fact we do not sell at auction or trade on the church. A fine Stock just arrived at lower prices than ever. Always take your Watches, Clocks, & Jewelry to RUSSELL to repair, the only genuine Watchmaker & Jeweler in this section of country. Come right along and secure some bargains. It will pay you to come 20 miles to deal with us. You can save 25 per cent. by dealing at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

1,075 doz. of New Dress and Coat Buttons, good patterns all colors, from 2 to 5 cents a doz. at M. Richardson & Co's.

Mr. J. H. Campaigne got his eye blackened at Flesherton Station on Thursday evening, while practicing base ball.

We had a very pleasant call from Mr. Abbs, of Stayner,—son of the esteemed Methodist minister there—on Saturday last.

Great bargains in Dress Goods at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale. 15c. Dress goods for 10c. 22c. Dress goods for 15 cents and other lines equally as low.

We were shown some stalks of grass this week three feet in height, grown on the farm of Mr. Jas. Beecroft, near Flesherton, and taken therefrom on the 28th May.

Rev. Mr. DeMill, of Oshawa Ladies' College, preached in the Methodist Church here last Sunday morning. Mr. H. D. Irwin preached in the same place in the evening.

M. Richardson & Co. have received another lot of that famous 30c. Tea which they will now sell for 25c. a lb., and a new Nugasaga worth 35c. to be sold at 30c. a lb. Call and get samples.

It was Joseph Fi[illegible] himself who loaded the gun just [illegible] exploded, and after it was handed to [illegible] by David Bates. We are asked to make this correction re gun explosion in [illegible] st week's ADVANCE.

South Grey Teachers in session here to-day and to-morrow. Splendid program. Don't fail to hear Mr. Tilley's lecture to-night. Especially should there be a large turnout of young people. Free admission to all.

One Cask Biscuit Stoneware, Dinner and Breakfast Setts from 85 to 108 pieces per sett, one Cask Toilet ware 4, 9 and 12 pieces per sett, direct importation, M. Richardson & Co.

The woollen business is bound to boom, this summer in Flesherton, as we have the statement from W. H. Flesher, that he is determined to give everybody satisfaction—especially in custom work, and is reducing prices from last year.

The best brands of Roller Flour, Feed, &c. that can possibly be obtained are kept for sale by Mr. W. W. Trimble, Flesherton, next door to Clayton's boot & shoe store. Look out for announcement in these columns next week.

One Cask of French China Tea Setts, Gold lined and beautifully decorated, direct Importation, M. Richardson & Co.

It is a well known fact, that Wm. Richardson has been and is at present time the most successful seedsman in this section. He buys nothing but the best in the market. Call and see him. I have had satisfactory evidence of my success in the seed business for years. —R.E.W.

The tramp season is upon us. As soon as you perceive one of those fellows open the front gate and lumber along in the direction of the front door, let "loose the dogs of war upon him." The Advance keeps a shot-gun loaded to the muzzle with buckshot for the benefit of those rascally nomads.

A large stock of New Cashmeres in Black and Colors 36 to 42 inches from 20c. a [illegible] up at M. Richardson & Co's.

We have much pleasure in noting the fact that the Deemerton Creamery was awarded a Medal and Diploma, from the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, England, 1886, for buttter exhibited and manufactured by them. We have no doubt the patrons of the company will be greatly pleased at the good news, likewise Mr. Daniel Schmidt manager of the Deemerton Creamery. "Rah" for Carrick.—*Walkerton Telescope.*

One Cask of English Colored Tea Setts, beautiful new patterns, direct importation, M. Richardson & Co.

Just received at R. Trimble's, 1 Car of Fine Salt, a quantity of Potatoes, and a case of Long Clear Bacon.

An Editor's labors are seldom esteemed or compensated. A lawyer will give you five minutes' advice on a topic and charge you $5 for it. An editor will give you advice on a hundred topics and charge you 5 cents a copy for his paper. And very often 5 cents given to an editor would save $5 given to a lawyer. In fact no other business men are so universally robbed and swindled out of their labor and capital as the country newspaper publisher.—*N. Y. Sun.*

In our story columns last week appeared a short sketch titled "A Backwoods Story," the scenes and incidents connected therewith being laid in the neighboring townships of Euphrasia and Collingwood. Since the appearance of the story in the Mirror we have been creditably informed that it is the production of Mr. A. R. Fawcett, the editor and proprietor of the Flesherton Advance. Such being the case we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to that gentleman, and also to compliment him on his ability as a delineator of pioneer life and character. The story, we are informed, was written for "Forest and Farm," in which journal it first appeared, and from which it has been copied into nearly all the papers in Ontario. We trust this apology may be satisfactory to that journal as well as the author.—*Meaford Mirror.* Thanks, brother, for the correction; also for your generous criticism of our humble effort in the line of story-writing.

English Church Service.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Sir,—On Sunday 29th inst., Divine service was held in the Orange Hall, Flesherton Station at 8 p. m., by the Rev. Mr. Edgerton, of Dundalk. The hall was well filled and a very appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. gentleman. The chants and hymns were sung under the leadership of Mr. F. Gee, Mr. Geo. Moorhead presiding at the organ. The music was well rendered considering that only one practice had been had previous to the service. The Rev. gentleman announced that service would be held at the same time and place each Sunday in the future. A vestry meeting is announced to be held at Mr. Cole's house, Flesherton, on Monday the 6th May, to which members of the congregation are cordially invited. Meeting at 2 o'clock, p. m.

CANADIAN CLIMATE.—The Canadian climate is particularly productive of Cold in the Head and Catarrh. In fact Catarrh to-day is more prevalent than any other disease. The discovery of Nasal Balm places within the reach of all a certain means of cure.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 30th, 1887.

THE CRIME OF POVERTY

Private Ownership in Land the Root of all Poverty.

THE LABOR QUESTION A LAND QUESTION.

Tax the Land Instead of Industry and Enterprise, and

WAGES AND WORK WOULD BE PLENTIFUL.

Mr. Henry George, who was received with loud applause, said:

Ladies and gentlemen,—I am to lecture to you to-night on "The Crime of Poverty." I hold that poverty is a crime. Not that it is a crime to be poor necessarily. There may be cases in which even that is true—cases in which a man is poor from his own fault. But the greater portion of the poverty that exists all over the civilized world to-day I hold to be a crime, not of the individuals who suffer, but of society at large. Two or three weeks ago there was started at a great meeting in New York an Anti-Poverty Society; and the Chairman of that meeting is a priest who, during a long life in the ministry in that city, has been known for his charitable deeds and good works—Rev. Dr. McGlynn. (Applause,) That society proclaims its desire to abolish poverty. That man, like many other men who have done what they could to alleviate poverty by charity, has become satisfied that charity—the mere giving of alms—could do practically nothing to meet the case. It is necessary to go to the root of the evil, and for that reason he has lifted up

THE CROSS OF THE NEW CRUSADE

against crime—the social crime of poverty—and called together a great body of earnest men and women who, like him, believe that it springs from a wrong, and the only way to successfully deal with it is to abolish that wrong. (Applause.) In commenting upon this society and the part taken in it by Dr. McGlynn, a prominent Catholic clergyman of New England in a recent sermon declared that the very attempt to abolish poverty was wicked—that poverty was ordained by God, that Christ came upon the earth and blessed poverty and did nothing whatever to remove it. If this preacher is right, if poverty is caused by the laws of God, if poverty is in the scheme of the Creator, then all efforts to abolish it are futile. If it is not, if it exists in defiance of God's laws, if it exists because we don't observe those laws, then poverty is a crime, and the crime must meet its punishment. (Applause.) I contend that there is in the laws and in the providence of the Creator nothing to produce the widespread poverty that exists to-day even in the very centres of the world. On the contrary, it is due to the injustice of man—to the fact that we have ignored and do ignore the laws of God. Look over the civilized world to-day. Everywhere there is looming up what we speak of as the labor question. Everywhere men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows are becoming dissatisfied with the existing order of things. Everywhere there is complaint of men willing to work with difficulty finding the opportunity to work. Everywhere there are those who even with the hardest toil can only make the barest living. I read to-day in Mr. Goldwin Smith's paper, the *Week*, an item stating that a Durham engineer had made a discovery by which the same amount of steam could be produced as now with 70 per cent. less coal, and the article went on to say how this invention would enable steamships to cross the ocean at a speed of thirty miles an hour, without increase of running expenses—how it would decrease railway expenses, and at the same time effect a sufficient saving to

CLOTHE EVERY NAKED BACK

and fill every hungry stomach. That was the dream of men some decades ago, when the grand era of modern discovery and improvement was first entered upon. It is a dream which has not been realized. Invention upon invention and modern improvement upon modern improvement have been made, yet where our inventions provide the world with the greatest abundance there seems to be the most poverty. In spite of all the powers which human ingenuity has called to the aid of human muscles in their produce of wealth, the struggle for existence becomes more intense as time passes by. In civilized lands insanity is steadily on the increase, and while we have on the one hand fortunes being amassed that seem monstrous, we have on the other the pauper and the tramp. What can we hope for from future inventions if this is the case? Before we can hope that mere invention will do away with poverty we must find out why it is that all the great powers which have come already have not sufficed to do so. All over the world the labor question is arising. There are combinations of capital, strikes, boycotts on all sides. This labor question is the great matter to be settled in the future. What is at the bottom of the labor question? Simply this: that there are now, in the best of times, among us a certain number of men who find it difficult to get employment. They are constantly met with the statement that there is either a surplus of products of labor or too little work to furnish employment for all. Even in our newest States to-day there are men idly tramping about looking for employment. Our great cities are full of them. An advertisement in the New York *Herald*—and the *Herald* is in the habit of boasting about it—asking for help will meet with 200 or 300 responses. Thousands of people are landing upon our shores every week, driven from Europe by the harder conditions of older settled countries, and trying to improve their fortunes here, and yet all over our country there

SEEMS TO BE TOO MANY PEOPLE.

Great combinations of labor are formed to keep down these conditions, and it has gone so far into our every day life that we are accustomed to regard work as a boon. Our newspapers talk of the man who furnishes work as a benefactor, and our public policy, in important respects, is based on this idea. We maintain tariffs to keep work in our country—to, in our idea, keep foreigners from doing work that we think should be done here. It is not natural for a man to want to work; on the contrary, the natural impulse of a man is to allow others to do work for him. You may make work for a housewife by dropping grease on her kitchen floor or spilling coffee on her carpet, but she will not thank you for it. (Laughter.) Yet vast expenditures have popular support, because it is said they are going to furnish work—to make employment, to give people something to do. Now, when you come to think of it, there is no natural surplus of labor. The relations between the demand and the supply of labor are fixed. What is the demand? It is the satisfying of human wants. And the supply of labor are those powers which a man brings into the world with him. So long as for every mouth that is brought into existence there come two hands, the relations between demand and supply must be the same, no matter how the population increases. And if it seems, as it does seem to-day, that there is a discrepancy, it is simply that there is something that prevents the supply from satisfying the demand. (Applause.) This notion that there is a surplus of labor—too many people in the world—has been developed into a philosophical theory, and it has been attempted to throw upon the Creator the responsibility for the want and suffering which prevail among men. It has been held by certain philosophers that there is a tendency to multiply population faster than subsistence. That is

THE MALTHUSIAN THEORY.

There are in reality no facts anywhere in the civilized world that can support that contention. There are certainly none in a new country like this. Yet we are asked to look on the phenomena in this new land that these theorists have attempted to account for—too many people. The thing is preposterous! And to-day if there is one theory more than another that is believed in, that theory is over-production. The thing is transcendently preposterous! There can be no such thing as over-production in any general sense until all human wants are satisfied. Over-production! Too many new clothes! And women who would like a new dress have to turn their old ones! Too many shoes! And children have to go barefoot! It cannot be over-production. It must be unjust distribution. (Applause.) Over-production? I read in a newspaper when the last spasm of hard times was coming on, an item about a cotton manufacturer in an Eastern State, who called his work girls together and explained to them that in consequence of over-production he would have to do something. He said he was aware they were only getting enough wages to enable them to live in comfort; he would not reduce these, but would allow them to come to his assistance by working two hours more a day for the same pay. And that little thing is typical of larger things. Talk of over-production! While all over the world there are millions of men who would work if they could find anything to do, great numbers of children are sent to work when they ought to be at school. (Applause.) Women who ought to be at home are forced to toil all day in our factories. Over-production! when we are pressing men, women and children into the workshops to toil for something to save them from starvation. Over-production! when parents are forced to overstate the ages of their children to get them employment despite the laws of the State, so that they may be enabled to get food and raiment. It is not over-production. The whole question of this industrial problem comes down

TO THE UNEMPLOYED MAN.

It is he who forces all this competition in the avocations of all civilized communities. This competition, which runs through all branches of business, originates with the unemployed man. A number of men are working together in a common, unorganized trade. Along comes an unemployed man asking for work. The employer tells him he hasn't any work for him. The man says, "I am tired and hungry and must get work. What wages do you pay?" "Three dollars a day," responds the boss. To this the seeker after labor says, "Well, I must have work. I will work for $2.50 a day." The employer says "All right." He then goes to one of his employees and says he must discharge him. "Why," asks the man, "don't I do my work all right? What have you against me?" "Nothing," replies the boss, "only I can get a man who will do the work for less wages." The employee thinks he might as well work for the $2.50 as be discharged, and the boss goes around his men in the shop and finds all would rather accept the reduction than make way for the unemployed man. And this one unemployed man may under free conditions lower the price of labor of twenty men. It was cases like this which caused the inauguration of labor unions. Still this competition grows, and though unions may fight it out now and then they can never destroy it as long as large numbers of the community are out of employment. It is like rowing against the tide. Get rid of the idle man and

POVERTY WILL BE ABOLISHED.

There will then only remain the poverty which results from vice. The Bible says: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." But the curse of the present state of society is that the men who are anxious to work so that they may eat are unable to find the opportunity to do so. No man has the right to compel another to employ him; but every man does have a natural right to employ himself. Now what is the natural opportunity for employment? How did the first man who settled in this new country get employment? There was simply the land waiting for him to labor on for it to produce all human desires, and he went to work. That was all. Where men can find access to land there men can always find employment. That is why in new countries labor is easier to find than in older ones. Over on our side of the line a delusion has been fostered that a protective tariff raises wages in the United States. Why, wages in the States were higher in old colonial days, before a tariff was raised at all, than they are now. Adam Smith declared that when land was easy to get a man would not work long for small wages. But as these opportunities for self employment have been curtailed we find that fringe of unemployed labor increasing, and competition becoming more and more bitter? They talk about labor being the creator of all wealth. Labor can create nothing. God Almighty alone can create. Man is not a creator, he is a producer only. The whole human race could not create the tiniest spot on the surface of the sun. Man produces fish by taking them out of the water. He produces coal by digging it out of the bowels of the earth. He produces houses by getting together the brick and mortar and wood, and produces cloth by weaving the material, etc. All our productions are simply the changing in place or in form

OF THE RAW MATERIAL

which nature produces. Labor alone can accomplish nothing. Without the land it is helpless. It can only be of service in working up the raw material already in existence. So it is that the man who has only his labor at command is absolutely helpless, and cannot use his labor until he can attain access to the raw material. Man is a land animal. We are just as much children of the soil as are the flowers or grass. The man who has only the power to work under conditions in which material for work is owned by somebody else is a mere dependent. The man who owns the land is virtually his master and he his slave. You may call them free men, but they are not so. The owner has the power of life and death over them. In a community where one class of people own the land and the other has no legal right to any portion of the earth, there must serfs be found. The landlord! That is a title the Bible gives to Deity. Tennyson says:

The God Almighty of the country side,

He having power over the elements furnished by God can compel them virtually to do his will. They are his slaves. What is slavery? It is compelling a man to labor without giving him in return an adequate reward for that labor. Is not this industrial slavery just as much slavery as that which was abolished at the end of the great war? The slaves had to be fed and clothed to keep them alive, and the children had to be reared to be healthy men and women. Now, you take the older countries, and there are great populations there who get no more than the wages of the slave. Even in our country men and women are working in our factories among machinery that has produced untold wealth, yet they are miserably poor. Is not the reason that we have made

LAND THE PRIVATE PROPERTY OF A FEW.

That we have enabled men, by virtue of their ownership of slices of this planet, to live in idleness, while others have to buy permission from them before they can go to work. We talk about there not being work enough. Take the great city of New York. Go there and you will see the great mass of the people crowded so close together that the very decencies cannot be observed. So close that the children die by the thousands in their infancy. So close that only about 4 per cent. of the people live in separate houses. Yet there are lots of people there who have too little work. Is there no opportunity there for building operations? Why are there not more houses built? Bricklayers and carpenters and material could be had at any moment. But you must get part of the surface of the land there to build upon. You cannot build houses in the sky. And there is plenty of land. About one-half of the area of New York is yet vacant. Why don't they build more houses then, when they are so much needed? Simply for this reason: that the land is held at enormous prices by speculators. Go into Pennsylvania and you will find coal miners who are in a condition little better than serfdom, working for poor wages and only able to get work about two-thirds time in the year. Work, too, is often shut off entirely on account, the mine owners say, of over production of coal, while at that very time thousands of people in New York, Boston and Chicago want more coal and are not able to get it. If enough coal is not produced to supply these people it is not because there is not sufficient coal land. The reason is that the lands are held by a few men, some of them residing in New York, some in Chicago, or perhaps in England, and the miners are not allowed to work. The owners shut down just when they like and up go the prices of coal. If the men could dig down and bring out the coal that God planted there they would have plenty, and having plenty they would make work for others—they would buy more dry goods and groceries, and the whole community would be benefited. (Hear, hear.) Go into agriculture and you see the same thing. People are coming over the seas to our country and the population is streaming across the continent. From the east they are pushing west looking for land. It is a good deal like swimming a river to get a drink. You go out from New York and see

GREAT TRACTS OF UNOCCUPIED LAND,

but you must go a very long way before you see any that is unclaimed, or that you dare set a foot upon without paying some speculator or mortgaging your labor for years. Thus the cities are crowded. Open the natural opportunities for labor and none need lack employment. The primary occupations are those on which all others are built and the remuneration on primary occupations regulate that on all others. No wonder wages are low and are only kept up to about half what they should be by combinations, strikes and fighting when you see farmers in the Western States being obliged to give one-half of their crops in order to get at the land. When men can get only one-half of the product of their labor on farms how must it be in all other classes of labor? Then look at the booms you have all over the country. You have had some in Canada and some pretty respectable ones, I believe, in the Northwest. (Laughter.) In New York land is continually going up in price and in Kansas City to-day, or ten miles out of the city, you will see them making streets by running a plough along the land, dividing the property off into lots and selling the lots at $250 each. A great deal of that is wild-cat speculation, but as population increases land goes up in value, and the man who gets the land, though he does nothing, can grow rich by compelling others to pay high prices before they can use it. When any man can thus get rich on the product of labor, the man who does the laboring must get less in proportion. This is the

FUNDAMENTAL CAUSE OF THE DEPRESSION,

over production and poverty that fester in every centre of population, and it is a cause that is a crime. Take the coal of which I spoke. Before man came upon this earth the forces of nature were at work producing this coal. For what? Evidently to furnish a store of heat and light and power for the dwellers that were to dwell upon the earth; for the beings that differ from all others in their ability to use what has been placed upon and in the earth. What, then, was coal made for? For this corporation or that body of men? Or was it for all men? Is it not a manifest truth of natural as well as of revealed religion that it was made for all the people of the earth? (Applause.) God is no respector of persons, and that which denies to any his right is an injury and a crime. Just think of it! Little children to-day toiling in the factories in New York, Glasgow, London and all big cities, and growing up in such a way that it is little less than a miracle to keep them pure. Are they not the children of God? Are they not entitled to an equal share in His bounty, and are they not robbed when disinherited of their right? When the English went to New Zealand and bought the land from the natives the women would come back to them and ask for more money. They replied, "Why, we bought this land from you and paid you for it, and why do you come back wanting more?" Then the women replied, "Yes, yes, but you didn't pay this baby its share; this baby was not born then." Isn't the New Zealander's system a truer one than ours? Why should a father be allowed to

SELL THE RIGHTS OF HIS CHILDREN?

Take England, Ireland and Scotland, for instance, and there you find that the vast part of the population come into life with no right to live and no right to use the land except they purchase it from another. Where one comes into the world the possessor of vast lands one thousand are born with no right except what they get by paying the one. Is not this preposterous and absurd? (Hearty applause.) Where can any man get the right to deed away slices of this earth? There certainly is a right of property recognized, and a right which is absolutely indispensable. That which a man makes is his. It is his against all the world so long as by the use of it he does not injure any one. That is clear, and rests upon the right of every man to enjoy the fruits which his labor produces. But who can have the right to the possession of any acre of land? Man takes a fish from the ocean and it is his, being the product of his own labor. No man has the right to come up and lay claim to or take that fish; but that is different from the right of ownership of the ocean, whereby any man should say no one else shall take out fish without permission from me. If you will go to Londonderry and stand on any of the bridges there you can see the salmon in the streams, but you can't touch them—they all belong to a man who lives in London. (Laughter.) In all the places over there it is the same. All the salmon and the trout and the catfish, if there are any, are owned by men, just as if they were produced by some man who lives and enjoys himself in London or Paris. As for a common man, he would no more think of catching one of these fish than he would of catching a hornet. (Laughter.) Where did that man in London get the right to those salmon, you ask, and he replies that he got it from his father, who is now dead. Where did his father get it? Why, from some other person who is dead. And where did he get it? Why, it has come from some king who died hundreds of years ago. Now, how did any man who is dead get the right to give away all the salmon that are in these streams now?

THIS IS NOT A WORLD FOR DEAD MEN,

it is for the living, and what rights have the dead in this world? When men die they go to another world and have no rights here. Then, you ask, how did the owner of this land on which this building stands get the right to it and if you look back you will find it came from some dead man. A week or two ago there was some land sold in New York for $4,500,000 an acre, and when it was traced back it was found that it came from some dead Dutchman who died about 300 years ago. On Long Island two or three years ago all the fishermen paid rent in a percentage of all the fish they caught, to some one who called himself owner of the right to fish on the island. At last some one questioned his right and looked through the records for a trace of it. The man claimed that he had got a right from James the Second, but the fishermen could not find any papers and would not pay any more. If they had found the papers they would have gone on paying—men in the nineteenth century paying the descendants of another man who had died years before for the right to catch fish. Isn't that absurd? It is like getting on a train and finding all the seats vacant but claimed. You ask how they are claimed and a man tells you he holds the right to the seats, having got it from a man who got off at the last station. Why should any man now hold rights to lands, which rights were got from a man who got off this world a good many stations back. It is absurd, and no one can in justice dare to defend the system of private proprietorship in land. All they can do is to say that that is the only way that land can be put in use—that we must have private proprietorship in order to have it well used. What does that statement mean? It means that the law of right cannot be carried out. Don't believe anything of the sort. What is

RIGHT CAN ALWAYS BE CARRIED OUT.

You need not ask what is expedient or what is wise if you ask what is right. Do justice; and there must be a way of doing justice to every one that comes into this world. What is necessary in order to secure a full and proper use for the land is secure possession, but not the right of ownership. You want it to be so arranged that he who sows the seed shall have the right to reap the crop, and that he who works in the mine shall have the fruits of his labor, but not the right of absolute possession that gives one man the power to be a dog-in-the-manger, and that makes vacant places in land and cities crowded with men who can't find employment, though all around them are the opportunities of plenty of work. Go to London, or Chicago, or New York, and you will find corporations and individuals who can hold any amount of land, and if they can why cannot the community be the possessors of the soil? The rights of ownership are not necessarily to the improvement and use of the land. Men plant that they may reap a crop. Secure to them the right to reap the crop and that is all that is necessary. By that means land becomes a thing in which all have an equal share during their life. Equal rights will thus be secured, and an opportunity given to all men to get ample employment. It will

OPEN TO ALL MEN THE LAND,

and a vast fund can thus be raised from a tax upon the land which can be used for the good of the community. It is not necessary that we should call the land our own. It is not necessary that we should rent it out. The easier way is simply to increase taxes on land and abolish all other taxes. Remove the taxes on everything that bears on capital and labor, and put the burden on the value of the land, and the fund can be used in ways immensely beneficial to the country. It is to my mind the clearest evidence of design of creation that such a system should prevail—that land values should increase with the growth of society; that the one thing which should increase is the value of land. And what does this mean? That as men come closer together they can use the increasing funds for common purposes. It would have the effect of bringing them to an equality, and do away with differences between the strong and the weak. Here is a vast field that could be entered upon. A poor, struggling widow needing help—an old man, crippled, needing assistance—could be relieved without recourse to what is called charity. A painter falls from his ladder and is seriously hurt, a miner is crushed by falling mineral, a fisherman goes out and never returns. In the present state of society their widows and children are left to get along as best they can. Such a state of things is a

DISGRACE TO CHRISTIANITY,

for every man should feel assured that in a Christian country his wife and children would not need if he were called suddenly away. (Applause.) In the city of New York, in the city of Glasgow, in other large centres of population there are immortal souls growing up in worse savagry than the world knows. All this might be obviated if the land reform I urge was brought about In the city of New York alone the fund would amount to $100,000,000 per year. What vast improvements, what stately buildings, what magnificent avenues, what comfortable dwellings for the poor would not this procure. Why, even your own delightful city could be vastly beautified by the amount which would accure therefrom. (Hear, hear.) Now is it not a stupid thing the way the taxes are imposed? A man spends a lot of money in building a house which adorns the thoroughfare and increases the value of adjacent property, and a tax is immediately imposed on him. The lazy, good-for-nothing fellow who left his lot lie idle, reaps the advantage. It looks like a tax on thrift and encouragement of the spendthrift. Surely it was a good thing to make two blades of grass to grow where one grew before. No sooner does the farmer, however, build new buildings, put his fences in repair and generally improve his place, than down comes the tax gatherer and

FINES HIM FOR MAKING IMPROVEMENTS.

(Applause.) The custom in too many instances was to tax the farmer's bare land that he is trying to make an honest living from up to a figure very much higher than that paid on exactly similar land held for speculative purposes. Would it not be wise to take off these taxes? However, these would be light benefits in a community in comparison to the choking off of these "dogs-in-the-manger" individuals who hold property for speculation. In the new state of things, which I hope to see come to pass, there will be a thinning out of dense populations, no one need be idle who want work, leisure could be taken advantage of, the hell of greed would be extinguished and God would be worshipped instead of the golden calf. (Applause.) It is not the human muscles that are the great producing power. It is the brain of man that makes him the master of the beasts and products of nature. If the new land system were in vogue all might be rich. Not that we will be richer than our neighbors, but there will be no more of that degrading poverty which prevents many from enjoying the advantages of civilization. (Applause.) It was a fact that now men cannot find time to enjoy the privilege of self-development. There is no necessity for there being any poverty. We might be rich—I mean have leisure and all the ordinary luxuries of life and comfortable homes—if we would but

DO SIMPLE JUSTICE.

(Applause.) Christ struck right at the root of poverty when He said "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." If this golden rule was carried out in our institutions and laws poverty would be abolished. (Cheers.) What was the prayer he taught: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, ON EARTH, as it is done in heaven." All we have to do to make this a heaven in earth is to carry out the principle of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us. (Applause.)

After referring to the new Anti-Poverty Society in New York, and appealing to the audience to give heed to the arguments he had used, if not for their own sake for the sake of others, Mr. George took his seat amidst applause.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The Chairman then rose and stated that if any one desired to ask any questions they might do so.

A gentleman in the audience, who said he had come from Toronto and was a stranger in the city, said: "Is it any sin or crime on my part in saving part of the wages I earn, or was it wrong for me to purchase the house I own in Toronto, that when I go hence I may know that my wife and family are provided for?"

Mr. George—It is certainly no crime or sin for you to buy a home if you can, but you should also do something to make it easier for others to buy homes, too.

The gentleman said he thought the evil was caused by the abuse of the rights of property owners more than by anything else.

Mr. George replied that under the present system a great majority of the people have no homes. In New York probably not 2 per cent. of the population own their homes, while a great majority of them were living in rack-rented tenements. Under the system he proposed others would be enabled to get homes. By making the land unprofitable to speculators, it would pass into the hands of those who would use it and all would have some spot they could call home.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SALT LAKE.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER II.

The mulga ridges round the Salt Lake—before so silent—resounded with the ring of the axe, the thud of the mawl, the metallic clink of hammered wedges, and the dull grating of the crosscut saw. Fallen trees marked the line of fencing; then the square post-holes, dug out at regular intervals, showed a further stage of progress; and then the short posts themselves sprang into existence in a long, straight line, which every day was added to and lengthened.

During two months of hot summer weather the work was carried on bravely, and Scotty's solitude was shared by the fencers and the mother and child. The long summer days, odorous with the breath of the hops and wattle blossom, fled by; the mulga ridges lost their green, and assumed a sober brown hue more in harmony with a dark red soil; the dark-hued mulga trees dropped listlessly before the remorseless heat; the giant box tree exuded a dark crimson gum that hung in semi-transparent drops like clots of thickened blood; and still the white tent of the fencers and the hut of the shepherd stood near together by the edge of the Salt Lake.

And the long days had not fled by without bringing other changes in their train. To the lonely life of poor old Scotty they brought a fresh interest—a new experience. He learned to love the little being who had come and awakened him by her childish presence and her young grief from his long lethargy. He came to love the sound of her voice, the sight of her thin figure, the touch of her hand. And, strange to say, the little girl returned his liking. She was never tired of wandering with him behind the straggling rock, talking in a quaint way to the quiet sheep, who grew to know her. Oftentimes she would pass the day with her father and Larry at their work; but she did not like the noise of the chopping and hammering. It made her head ache, and she was always glad to get away from it. She liked watching her father dig the square post holes, and passed many an hour counting the mulga posts and taking long glances over their tops to see if they were quite in a straight line. She liked being with her mother, too, when she did not make her do lessons, and when she was not ill. But it was always one thing or the other

When her mother was well enough she would invariably set her to spelling and reading; and then, when she was ill and lying in bed, it was so dull in the tent little Lizzie was always glad to get out into the fresh odorous air. Yes, she liked best of all to accompany old Scotty in his slow wanderings with his flock, resting with him in the shade, talking to the sheep, listening to his rambling stories, which she would hardly understand, but which exercised a strange fascination over her, for they were all of the old convict days. That was what she liked best, for they were days full of novel experiences for her. At first, aroused by the new element that had entered into his life, the old shepherd had thrown off in some measure the apathy and supineness that characterized him. In his companionship with the little girl he became more animated than he had been for years. He tried to amuse her to the best of his powers. He puzzled his failing memory for recollections of past experiences to tell her; he got her bush flowers and pretty heaths; dug up edible roots for her; took her to where quandong and chucky-chuckles grew, and helped her to fill her apron with the priceless fruits. He had acquired, during former years of his lonely life, something more than an ordinary skill in carving with his clasp knife, and this he returned to, after many years of disuse, cutting out for her all manner of curious toys and knick-knacks. He even deftly carved the quandongs ones and made a necklace of them for her—a task of the utmost delicacy, that took him almost a month to accomplish. It was no wonder little Lizzie liked being with Scotty and his sheep. Nobody was so kind to her as the old shepherd; nobody knew how to amuse her so well.

And so the days fled, and the golden wattle and the hop blossoms began to fall, breaking out a sweeter fragrance in dying; and the peppermint trees, and the resinous pines, and the bleaching gum leaves, loaded the summer air with a pungent redolence. The spicy air of the mulga ridges had brought something like a flush of health to little Lizzie's pale cheeks dnring those two months; the evening breezes, sweeping across the Salt Lake, and laden with its saline emanations, had not carried a blight with them, but had strengthened the weakly child and benefited her.

"I'm not frightened of the Salt Lake now," she said one day to old Scotty, when both were reposing under a clump of emu-bush near its edge, idly watching the camping sheep. "I don't think there's a blight on it now. Perhaps it's gone away."

"No, no," he answered, shaking his head. "It's here, sure enough."

"But mother says it's making me strong."

"Aye; it did me good at first, too. But it got hold of me and broke me down afterward."

The child looked curiously at him.

"Mother said I wasn't to believe it all," she said, after a pause. "She says its wicked to talk like that."

"May be," he answered, shaking his head a second time. "I don't know. But there's a curse on it for all that."

He gave way to the child in everything, but on that one point nothing could make him speak differently.

"I'm not frightened of it then, see," exclaimed little Lizzie. And, rising from her shady seat under the emu-bush, she ran down toward the lake.

"No, no, don't go there," he cried.

But the child shook her head merrily, and, followed by the old shepherd's dog barking joyously, walked out on to the flat expanse. A little cloud of acrid dust rose at every footstep, and she sank up to her ankles in the light, pervious soil. As she walked out further she went still deeper, and even the dog, bounding ahead of her, light weight as he was, sank up to its knees in the yielding mould.

"There, you see," she said, returning breathless with the exertion, "I'm not frightened of it a bit."

"You shouldn't have done it," answered Scotty, shaking his head in a troubled way. "It won't lead to any good. You shouldn't have done it."

Toward sundown the two companions made their way back to the camp at the tail of the slowly-moving flock. The sun going down at the far end of the Salt Lake cast a blinding glare over the treeless waste. The salty incrustations the spread in dirty white patches over its surface flashed crimson, as though the earth were stained with blood; the glaucous pigweed and the darker ti-tree bushes took a strange unnatural brilliancy; even the discolored limestone rocks at the edge became sublimated by the crimson glamor. Slowly the bleating flock made its way homeward over the mulga ridges, the man and the child following with the dog at their heels. The glowing sunshine transfused the long avenues of the bush with a soft radiance; the birds and insects, rousing themselves after the heat of the day, filled the air with sound; the spicy odors distilled by the heat from tree and flower made the air languorous and heavy; from the dried herbage, crushed by the feet of the moving sheep, arose a fainter perfume.

"Oh!" sighed the child, half unconsciously, as the white gleam of the tent was seen in the distance, "what a long, long, beautiful day! The sun's nearly down How beautiful it all is! Oh, I wish it could go on like this for ever and ever!"

That same evening, as old Scotty sat alone at his solitary hearth, the two fencers entered the hut.

"We've just been putting little Liz to bed," said Duke. "She was that tired, happy-like, she could hardly hold her head up."

"She do enjoy herself all day long," said his mate. "It's wonderful what she finds to amuse her. She was singin' away like a young chirrup, almost until she went off."

"Yes?" said Scotty, eagerly. "She's asleep, is she?"

"Sound as a bell."

"Ah, that's it, that's it," he murmured. "She'll be awake and bright to-morrow."

"See here, Scotty," said Duke, thoughtfully, "Larry and me have come because we've something to tell you. We're goin' away."

"What? Going away?" he cried, letting his pipe fall to the ground in his sudden dismay. "No, no; you're not going to take the child. You won't take her from me."

"We must go. Leastways I must, and it's no good Larry stopping alone. My missus has been ailin' a good bit since we came here, and she's close on her confinement. I won't risk it without a doctor this time. If she'd been all right she'd have got through it well enough, but she ain't. I'm going to take her in the dray to Gidanga, where she can be attended to. It wouldn't be any good Larry stopping alone—he couldn't do much, so he's coming along."

"But the child!"

"Well, it's this way," said Duke thoughtfully. "It'll be a rough journey to the township, It must be nigh on 80 miles, and there ain't a track till we get in the river road, you know. She's a delikite little thing is Liz, and I don't much like the idea of her havin' to rough it. We mean coming back, of course, and finishing the contract; so seein' as you've grown so fond of her, and she having a liking for you, I thought, if you wanted her, as you might take care of her till we come back. But the misses don't like to part with her, and so we're in a bit of a taking about it."

"Leave her with me," exclaimed Scotty, eagerly. "I'll take care of her. She shan't want for nothing."

"That's what I said," interjected Larry. "These mulga ridges is very healthy, and they're doing Liz a tremenjis lot of good. There's no use draggin' her to the township. It's a bad place for children, and the journey'd knock her up. We'd be back in a month or six weeks most like, and so, if Liz is willing to stop, I ses 'Let her.'"

"Don't take her away. For heaven's sake don't take her away," cried Scotty.

"Well, I'm for leaving her," answered Duke, "though the missus isn't. We've been talking over it, and we made up our minds—if you were willing to take charge of the child—to leave it to little Liz herself. If she wants to stop she can. If she wants to come with us, well, then, we'll take her along."

"No, no; she must not go. I'll take care of her. No harm shall come to her. I'll look after her morning and night. See here, I'll give you this if you leave her with me," he cried, fumbling amid the blankets on the bunk. "It's all I have. But here; you shall have it all if you'll leave her."

"Put up your cheque, man," returned Duke, with good nature. "I dont want it. If the child likes, she shall stop with you. I'll leave you plenty of rations for her, and you can look after our camp for us, for we'll leave the tent standing and the tools."

"Yes, yes. Only leave the child with me, and I will do anything you want."

The old shepherd passed a sleepless night. The fear of losing the child worked upon his feeble mind to such an extent that during the whole of that warm summer night he walked restlessly to and fro in the hut in a fever of hope and fear. With the earliest streak of dawn he was out, waiting impatiently outside the tent of the fencers. An hour later Duke emerged from it.

"You're early," he said.

"The child!" exclaimed Scotty feverishly.

"Well, I've been talking it over agen with the missus, and she agrees to leavin' Liz here if she wants to stop. So we'll just ask her."

The girl, bright and rosy from her long sleep, emerged from the tent at that moment.

"Come here, little Liz," said the father gravely, "I want to ask you something. Mother and me's going away for a time—going a long way all through the bush. Mother's ill, you know; and I'm going to take her to the doctor's. But we're coming back again soon. Would you like to go with us, or stay here along with Scotty and the sheep?"

Lizzie's glance wandered from her father's face to the old shepherd. He stood feverishly, tremblingly expectant of the coming answer, with such a look of entreaty in his eyes that her gaze was for the moment arrested. He seemed about to speak, but no sound came from him, only his lips moved convulsively. The child's glance wandered from the shepherd's face to the golden wattle gleaming in the early sunlight, and the hops on their pendent branches waving a mute greeting. The sheep camped in one corner of the bush yards attracted her attention for a moment, but her gaze wandered away to the park-like avenues of graceful mulga trees, to the bright green clumps of emu and apple bush, to the dark green of the pines and tall peppermint trees, and to the red mulga ridges. At last her wandering glance rested on the Salt Lake—silent, lifeless, gleaming white and burnished. She gazed at it for a moment in silence, and then she said with strange quietness:

"I'd sooner stay by the Salt Lake, father."

The next day the fencers took their departure, leaving little Lizzie under Scotty's care. Early in the morning the two horses were harnessed to the dray, one in the lead, one between the shafts. Mother and father embraced their daughter for the last time; then Larry cracked his long whip lustily, the harness strained, the heavy wheels creaked slowly round, and Scotty and his little charge were left to the solitude of the Salt Lake.

"Oh, mother! mother!" sobbed Lizzie, as the dray moved off, burying her face in her hands. "I wish I'd gone too."

"No, no," said Scotty, holding her hand tight in his, "you will stop with me and the sheep. We shall be so happy together. And they'll be back soon—very soon." But under his beard he muttered to himself: "She couldn't go. No, no; the Salt Lake has got her the same as me. She can't get away from it."

(To be continued.)

Bits About Names.

Anglo-Saxons appear to have first given surnames indicating some moral or mental attributes, as, for instance, Wise, Good, Swift, Jolly, Merry, Meek, Gay, Goodman, Makepeace, etc. Then we have names indicating real or fancied resemblance to some animal, such as Bear, Lion, Wolf, Hogg, Hart and Hare. From physical characteristics or peculiarities must have originated such names as Long, Short, Black, Brown, White, Whitehead, Cruikshank, Strong, Armstrong, Longfellow and Greathead. A nickname kept in a family for a generation or two becomes a patronymic. Hence such names as Hopper, Jumper, Springer, Daddysman, Poor, and Rich.

The Mc and O of the Irish and the Mac of the Scotch indicate descent. There is another way in which the same thing is shown: Adam's son becomes Adamson, David's son Davidson; Thompson, Wilson, Williamson, Donaldson, Anderson, and many other names are similarly derived. Localities or places of residence usually gave rise to such names as Hill, Dale, Wood, Green, Greenwood, Heath, Rivers, Waters and Parks. Such names as Welsh, French, Irish, Ireland, English and Scott may perhaps be traced back to the nationality of some remote ancestor.

Some of the Pennsylvania Dutch names which have been partly transformed into English are queer enough. In Armstrong county, Pennsylvania, there are several families by the name of Schreckengeist, which signifies in German a ghost or spectre of terrible appearance. One would think the name could be made no worse, but some of the people have succeeded in transforming it into Shriekingghost. Milliron, Morningstar, Rodheffer and Barndollar are other German names which have been partly translated.

The inns of old England are probably responsible for many names. For instance: John of the Rose became John Rose; Thomas of the Bell, Tom Bell; Richard of the Hawk, Richard Hawk; Henry of the "Greathouse" became Henry Greathouse, and so on, until there is scarcely a bird, animal or other device that ever figured on a signboard that is not perpetuated as a family name.

There are, perhaps, as many queer names among the English as among any people on earth. Dickens' stories abound in them, yet very few of his names were manufactured. Such names as Slaughter, Startup, Gotobed, Deadman, Churchyard, Dogberry and Fudge are found in English dictionaries.

The Romans had double, triple, or even quadruple names, as, for example, Caius Julius Cæsar, Tarquinius Superbus, and Quintus Fabius Maximus. Frequently an honorary name wasadded to commemorate some warlike achievement; Fabius was called Cunctator, and Scipio Africanus.

Sometimes the very queerest of names get coupled together as the title of a firm. Here are a few specemens: Hook & Ketch, Cobb & Hay, Peacock & Sparrow, Fox & Crane, Singer & Hooter, Drake & Gander, Fisher & Fowler, Goslin & Pond, Wild & Free.

Dunseith Turns Up.

A man named S. J. Dunseith, who was lately said to have been drowned off a ferry boat at Detroit, and whose beneficiaries sued the A.O.U.W. and the Ontario Mutual Life for insurance money, has been found alive and in a good state of preservation not far from that city. It is needless to say that the authorities will take measures for his further preservation so that he cannot repeat the experiment.

A bald-headed Italian and a red-headed negro were among the curiosities in an Albany police court a few days ago.

The Indianapolis grand jury has returned indictments against thirteen politicians and election officers for irregularities in connection with the counting of the vote last fall. Eleven of the parties indicted are Democrats and two are Republicans.

Capt. L. W. Cole yesterday took a party of friends for a sail on Traverse Bay, Mich. The yacht was struck by a squall and capsized. D. G. Stark, Geo. Wise, Capt. Cole, Fred. Cole and Marion Trip, of Harbor Springs, were drowned. Three others were saved.

In Chesterfield county, Virginia, recently a colored candidate for office was defeated because he wore a white shirt. It was the only immaculate rag of that kind in the district, but it was too much for his fellow-citizens, and they "scratched" him.

James Manning, a middle-aged man, was killed by the accommodation train on the Grand Trunk Railway, five miles west of Chatham yesterday forenoon. He was walking on the track and failed to hear the whistle. Papers found on the body show that he belonged to Detroit.

The Queen of Denmark is visiting her daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland, at the asylum at Dobling. The Duchess pregnancy delays her restoration to sanity.

A VISIT TO GLENBEIGH.

Touching Scenes of Poverty in the Kerry County Evictions.

Edward Heritage writes to the London *Daily News:* The concert given at Victoria Hall, Waterloo road, on March 7th last, proved a success. We cleared £25 6d. therefrom, together with £10 collected, making a total of £35, which, by the authority of the committee, I took over to Glenbeigh. I visited the four villages and the schools, Glenbeigh, Coomasherni, Runalagane, Keelnabrack and others whose names I do not mention. In those four places the people were in a far worse condition than I was prepared to expect. In Glenbeigh I found some of those houses which were burned were still in the same condition; but the house from which that poor woman who was in a dying condition was brought has been repaired, as well as some others which were only leveled, but they were in hourly expectation of a visit from the bailiff. They have till latterly adopted the plan of blowing a horn, and warn the people to come out of their houses before the authorities arrive; the practical result has been no trespass. But the landlord has altered his tactics. He comes at night when he can't be seen approaching. They then retake possession, turn the family out and march the tenant off to jail, and he is in due course sentenced to six months' hard labor. The tenants tell me that owing to rack rent and the poorness of the soil they are at present unable to do anything. There is but one horse in Glenbeigh, no plough, nor could they use one, as the stones are as thick in some parts of the land as cabbages. I walked a distance of ten miles, from Killorglin to Rossbeigh, and I saw thousands of acres of land were covered with stones varying from fifty pounds to several tons. Now, as to the houses. It is a shame to use such a term about one in thirty that has no more than one compartment. They are about twelve feet by ten feet. Earth unlevel floor, no windows; for the most part a hole in the wall, about fifteen inches square, to be stopped up with a square piece of wood at night. In one of these I saw twenty people, who had to pig in; besides that there were two donkeys. In another place the ground would L-shape about 32 to 36 feet superficial. No light except by the door. That had to suffice for a window, a baby a few months old, another 2½ years, and an old man, the grandfather, about 80 years. The woman was almost naked, and looked bewildered. I ordered two petticoats and a shawl to be given her, out of about one hundred-weight which I took over out of my own pocket. Next I went along the road, and went to examine what I thought was an evicted house, when a voice came from a hut like some you see on the railway with earth roof. There was a sick man there; no window, no fireplace; smoke had to come out at door. The poor fellow had been there four years. At Runalagane there are a few cockles, and when they are fortunate they may get as many as will bring 6d. in a day, and they have to boil, prepare and take them to Killorglin, ten miles, or Killarney, twenty-one miles. Father Quilter addressed two young girls who stood away from us. They could not approach us as they had not enough to entirely cover their nakedness. Many instances in the case of grown men, as well as women, in fact, I could give them by the score, but I fear I shall trespass too far. Kerry is, unfortunately, not the only county where dire distress exists, but at present that is all I have to deal with.

There were 29 cases of smallpox reported in New York city last week.

A PARADOX.

The bachelor's lot is lonely and sad,
Poor man!
He hasn't a wife to make his heart glad,
He doesn't know how he'd be blest if he had;
Nor can
He conceive what it is he has lost;
He thinks he has only escaped "being bossed"—
Poor man!

Oh, the bachelor's heart is sorry and sore,
Indeed!
He knows he can never know joy any more,
And he looks upon life as a terrible bore,
Agreed
With the croaker that life doesn't pay,
And to all thoughtless lovers impatient to say—
"Take heed!"

Yes, the bachelor's lot is a desolate one,
And yet
There are girls who think it would really be fun
To share it with him, after all's said and done;
Forget
All his miseries many, and pleasures so few;
I know lots of girls who would do it—don't you?
You bet!

Yesterday afternoon a party of eight people started out from Port Richmond in a row boat for a ride on the Delaware river. On the return trip, when near Market street wharf, the boat capsized. The names of those drowned are: Kate Murphy, aged 21, the wife of Timothy Murphy; Jerry Murphy, aged 19, and Thomas Murphy, aged 16; Dennis Clemens, aged 25, and Maggie Haney. The other three, including Timothy Murphy, were saved by a tug. All were said to have been somewhat under the influence of liquor.

While standing on the platform of a crowded Chicago street car, Daniel Mackey, a teamster, was fatally shot yesterday afternoon by the conductor of the car, James English, a cripple. Mackey's brother was recently discharged by the Street Car Company for calling English a scab. Yesterday afternoon, in retaliation, English was assaulted by Mackey and knocked off the car. English pulled a revolver and fired at Mackey, who was in the midst of a group of passengers on the moving car. A wild scamper to vacate the conveyance ensued in which Mackey, though having received a bullet in the abdomen, endeavored to join. As he ran English again snapped the trigger, and Mackey dropped dead, shot through the back. English surrendered himself.

A peculiar storm occurred at Bedford, Pa., one day last week. For fifteen minutes, hail, rain and grasshoppers fell together, and in such quantities that the earth was covered for nearly a mile square.

Mary Stewart, a negro woman of Taliaferro county, Ga., has invented a car coupler that is said to be simple and about perfect. She says that the idea came to her like a dream and she made a model, according to her vision, out of old "oyster cups." Mrs. Stewart was the first slave born to Alexander H. Stevens.

A violin said to be 286 years old is owned by Louis Dutrow, of Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

Latest Fashion Notes.

The newest summer gloves are in dark shades of bronze green stitched with pale green, and old pink stitched with white.

Courent cloth has a crape-like weave, and can be used by ladies in and out of mourning; while armure effects are seen in the silk warp feather-cloth, which is very light, but not quite so delicate as the gypsy cloth.

Basques are cut very much longer upon the hips than formerly, and Parisian bodies have an extremely long, sharp point in front, and the edges are finished with a double cord. When they are made in this way they hook, instead of buttoning up the front, as the point is too sharp to admit of button-holes.

Caps are little used by old ladies who have abundant hair, but for morning there are little round crown-caps of mull, with Oriental lace in two scantily-gathered bows lying flat on the head. For dress caps, point d'Alencon is made up with fine net and narrow moire ribbon loops of white, pale blue, mauve or Pompelian red.

Striped and colored lingeries are fashionable again; some of the waistcoats of the basques are cut in a U like the waistcoats of men, and show pleated linen bosoms in which are set tiny pearl studs. Cuffs are worn with all street dresses, and fastened by a single button, as the sleeves are too narrow to admit of buttoning the cuffs with linked studs.

Pretty and inexpensive wedding dresses are of white crepe de chine. These are ivory white and made up over satin, trimmed with fringes of orange blossoms and many bows and loops of wide ivory satin ribbon. These lend themselves readily to the multitudinous draperies so fashionable and have a soft, clinging effect. The scintillating white of the crepe with the dull white of the satin is very much admired.

A useful waist of velvet, to wear with different skirts. A pretty one was shown by a French modiste of dull olive-green velvet, with puffed sleeves and fichu of pale-blue crape. The waist was open at the throat and the fichu crossed over the bust. Below the left breast was set on a pale blue moire ribbon five inches wide, that crossed over diagonally and fastened on the waist at the right, giving a picturesque short-waisted effect.

Gray hair is usually dressed with a good deal of elaborateness. The three puffs on the side are still much liked for slender faces, and for women who have pretty heads and the hair still abundant it is parted, waved from the forehead and wound in a braided coil on the back of the head, not too far down on the nape of the neck. The French twist and four loops on top of the head, held in place by small shell tucking combs, is extremely becoming to some.

A Woman's Sweet Will.

She is prematurely deprived of her charms of face and form, and made unattractive by the wasting effects of ailments and irregularities peculiar to her sex. To check this drain upon, not only her strength and health, but upon her simable qualities as well, is her first duty. This is safely and speedily accomplished by a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a nervine and tonic of wonderful efficacy, and prepared especially for the alleviation of those suffering from "dragging-down" pains, sensations of nausea, and weakness incident to women—a boon to her sex. Druggists.

Love's Labor Lost.

He had taken her to hear Patti at $7 a seat, and afterwards to Delmonico's, where the two together ate up $9.75 worth. As he reached for his hat later that same night she said:

"I am sorry, Mr. Sampson, if my refusal will cause you pain. I esteem you highly as an escort, and in that capacity I will always be a sister to you, but your wife I cannot be. You are too extravagant."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Popular Science.

Susie—Oh! Mamma, I'll never disobey you again.

Mamma—Why, Susie, what have you done?

Susie—Well, I drank my milk at lunch and then I ate—a pickle; and the milk said to the pickle, "Get out;" and the pickle said, "I won't;" and they are having an awful time!

Always Rewarded.

When any one is missing in Chicago the authorities go fishing in the river. They don't always find the man they are after, but they are sure to recover a body of some kind.—*Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.*

THE STEPMOTHER.

First she came into our house,
Tommy run and hid,
An' Emily an' Bob an' me
We cried jus' like we did
When Mother died—an' WE all said
'At we all wish't at we was dead!

An' Nurse she couldn't stop us,
An' Pa he tried an' tried;
We sobbed an' shook, and wouldn't look,
But only cried an' cried!
An' nen Someone—we couldn't jus'
Guess who—was cryin' same as us!

Our Stepmother! Yes, it was her,
Her arms around us all—
For Tom slid down the banisters
An' peeked in from the hall!
An' we all love her, too, because
She's purt nigh good as Mother was!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

—Winnipeg City Council is seeking legislation to enable it to elect the Mayor, instead of by the popular vote.

—Magistrate to a witness—"What is your profession?" "A lawyer." "Well, try to forget it while you are giving your testimony."

The heaviest locomotive in the world weighs 160,000 pounds, and is on the Canadian Pacific. The next heaviest is the Southern Pacific's, 154,000 pounds; the third weighs 145,000 pounds, and is on the Northern Pacific; and Brazil owns the fourth, weighing 144,000 pounds.

An 8-year-old boy, while flying a kite near Maidstone, England, a few days ago, stepped backward into a quarry forty feet deep, and the passers-by expected to see him dashed to death. But the string of the kite was around his waist at the time, and the kite, acting as a parachute, so broke the violence of his descent that he was only slightly bruised.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

VOLUME VII! THE ADVANCE enters volume seven this week with the consciousness that its eye teeth are cut. It looks back upon the past with feelings of pride, that it has been enabled to steer clear of sunken rocks upon which many a noble journalistic vessel has stranded and gone down into oblivion. THE ADVANCE, from first to last, has simply endeavored to do its duty faithfully, fearlessly and unflinchingly. Hopefully and earnestly it will continue to pursue the same course in the future, confidently relying on the support and patronage of its many warm friends throughout the county.

We commend the well written letter of Mr. Thos. Kells in this issue, on the subject of Commercial Union with the United States, to the careful consideration of ADVANCE readers. Mr Kells condemns hasty action in this matter and he is right. A "leap in the dark" is usually attended with disastrous consequences.

It is passing strange, that while a number of Canadian parliamentarians have been raising a great outcry about the alleged cruel evictions constantly taking place in Ireland, they are as dumb as statues concerning the evictions which occasionally take place in "this Canada of ours." Are they ignorant of the fact, that right here in Ontario the eviction laws are much more severe than they are in Ireland? Not a bit of it; it's votes they're after, as the *Week* very truly observes. But we trust the day is not far distant when the people will give our legislators distinctly to understand, that they exceed their duties when they attempt to legislate for any other country than their own. We don't want to get mixed up with other people's squabbles: we have enough to do to mind our own business.

It is interesting to observe how suddenly the stern parent assumes an upright position when he chances to sit down on the business end of a crooked pin. The interest lessens considerably, however, when the mischievous small boy is marched by the ear out into the woodshed and gently laid over the parental knee. There is a thorn in every rosebush!

Editor O'Brien's mission to Canada has been a failure. But there is balm in Gilead! Uncle Sam has received him with open arms and poured thousands of dollars into his fathomless money bags for alleviating the miseries (!) of tenants who are better treated than any of the same class to be found in North America! When will the last act of this miserable farce be reached?

We want some of our subscribers to whack up the dimes. Those who have promised us to do so time and again are the ones we more particularly allude to. The next time we address any remarks to them it will be through the medium of the Division Court Clerk, Squire Armstrong. Our patience is about exhausted. Fair warning!

If some people's religious principles were measured in the same manner in which they pile wood, what a lot of big holes there would be!

Grand Jubilee Celebration!

Under the Auspices of Sons of Temperance, Flesherton.

The Flesherton Division of Sons of Temperance, will hold a Grand Jubilee Celebration on Monday, the 20th June, 1887, in the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in The Grove (kindly lent for the occasion by W. K. Flesher, Esq.) when together with other attractions, there will be music by Flesherton Brass Band, Athletic Sports, Games etc. Refreshment Stall, and an Open Air Meeting of which full particulars will be given in next week's issue. The Celebration will be continued in the evening, in the Town Hall, when W. K. Flesher, Esq., will preside and the following programme rendered:—

1.—Temperance Jubilee Anthem, (written for the occasion by a member of the S. of T.) Brief Prayer.
2.—Chairman's Address.
3.—Instrumental duet, Park Brothers.
4.—Recitation, Miss Fawcett.
5.—Tableau, Coronation.
6.—Song, Miss Leitch.
7.—Dialogue, Master Legard, and others.
8.—Duet, Miss Christoe and Mr. Sproule.
9.—Short Speech, Rev. A. Wilson.
10.—Duett, The Misses Beecroft.
Seven minutes interval during which lemonade will be served.
11.—Duett, The Misses Richardson.
12.—Recitation, Mr. A. R. Fawcett.
13.—Charade in three acts (written specially for the occasion) 1st act.
14.—Song by request, Master R. Smith —2nd act of Charade.
15.—Duet, The Misses Nickolson—3rd act.
16.—Song, Miss Ayers.
17.—Short Speech, Rev. Mr. Ferrier.
18.—Tableau, Sweet Home 100 years ago.
19.—Humorous Reading, Mr. A. R. Fawcett.
20.—Song, Miss Christoe.
21.—Recitation, Miss Hopkins.
22.—Reading, Miss Brown.
National Anthem. (Positively no response to encores.) Admission 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents. Doors open at 7:30, to commence at 8 p.m. sharp.

P.S.—Parties from a distance will find ample facilities for obtaining meals etc. at a most reasonable cost.

BLACKBOARD SKETCHES.

KINGS OF FINANCE.

The above represents a bloated Canadian capitalist on his way to the railway depot. He is in a hurry to catch the train. He will buy a ticket for New York, Chicago, or Buffalo, and it is just possible he will not tell his bosom friends where he is going. Those b. c. hardly ever do. When he arrives at his destination it is not improbable he will inform his creditors in Canada, that they need not "weep for him who has gone before," for he is enjoying good health and doing well—in fact he has laid up treasures "where neither moth nor rust can corrupt nor creditors break through and steal." And so the world wags.

The Old Flag!

(The Poet Becomes Truly Royal Again.)

The felon flag of England
And has it come to grief,
The flag that braved a thousand years
The traitor and the thief!
The hireling alien now is heard,
Big with Canadians woes,
While traitors thunder loud and long,
And Rastus Wiman blows.

The felon flag of England!
Is that a name to call,
The flag that keys the universe,
And crushes ev'ry thrall?
Shall we exchange the banner old,
Give sirloin steaks for tripes,
And spurn the grand old Union Jack
For the upstarts Stars and Stripes?

The Red Cross flag of England,
Shall traitors it oppress,
And shall they tear it from the mast?
Erastus answers "yes!"
You lie! the flag stays where it is,
The Jack shall never go,
Tho' traitors murmur loud and long
And Windbag Wimans blow.

The meteor flag of England,
God bless each silken fold,
And may it wave as ever
In the splendid days of old.
Unfurl it to the breeze—the flag
That puts the wrong to rights
As once it did at Chateauguay
And again at Queenston Heights.

—*The Khan in Toronto World.*

MATHEMATICS.

During the month of June 20 questions will be submitted and in the first issue in July the answers to the whole will be given as well as the names of those who sent in correct solutions. This department will then likely cease until after midsummer vacation. In order to induce competition a copy of The Advance will be given for six months to the pupil sending in the greatest number of problems neatly and correctly solved. Every Competitor must remember that we have to trust entirely to his honor and we hope that the work in every case may be the result of the competitors' own knowledge. Open to all pupils who have attended school during one month of the present year.

COMPETITION SERIES.

1.—A, B & C are joint owners of a ship. C's share is valued at $2000, A's share is ⅓ of B's and the sum of their shares ¾ of the whole value of the ship; find the value of A's share.

2.—Divide $144 among 24 men 36 women and 72 children, so that the shares of 2 men shall be equal to that of 3 women and each womans' share equal to that of two children. What will be the share of each?

3.—A rectangular piece of land is 3 chains 6 links wide how long must it be to contain an acre? (Answer in feet and inches.)

4—Telegraph poles are placed 60 yards apart; how far per hour is a train going if it pass one every 3 seconds?

5.—Find the P. W. of a note of $30 due in 3 yrs. 8 mos., money being worth 9% compound interest.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

CATTLE FOR SALE.—Two steers two years old, two heifers two years old one cow in calf, cheap for cash. R. TRIMBLE

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

J. B. SLOAN
Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.
Cheap for Cash.

FOR SALE.

9½ acres 1½ miles from Flesherton. Good warm frame dwelling, 7 rooms, good cellar, good stable & never-failing spring creek. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Flesherton, or to C. W. BELLAMY, Markdale.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!

Received this week, a large supply of first class Clover, Timothy and Garden seeds, which will be sold at bottom prices at R. TRIMBLE'S. (tf)

B ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

SCROFULA

Humors,

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

Erysipelas,

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Canker, and

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

Catarrh,

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 85 to 0 90	
Spring Wheat	0 85	0 90
Barley	0 00	0 00
Oats	0 25	0 25
Peas	0 47	0 47
Butter	0 12½	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	20	20
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 35	0 35
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS
HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,
MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

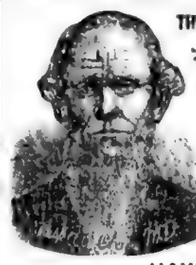

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASES MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS, 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton
Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—
Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*

THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

204-320,

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W. M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Jubilee Temperance Anthem.

For the Advance.

God bless the Temperance cause,
May just and righteous laws
From it proceed.
The drinking vice declare,
Till all mankind shall dare
Unto the tempters snare
No more give heed.

Oh make Thy servants brave,
Through them the fallen save;
Give strength and will
That pledged through help divine
They ever may combine
As living lights to shine
Through good and ill.

This year of jubilee
In special presence be
Our God and stay,
O Lord, our Monarch shield
Do Thou our rulers wield
Till all shall gladly yield
To Thine own sway.

Each heart to-day inspire
With ardent strong desire
To be made wise;
Then when the conflict's o'er
And strong drink known no more
Aloud from every shore
Thy praise shall rise.

Flesherton, May 25th, 1887. T. W.

Gossip About Flesherton!

Promiscuous Pencillings by the Sporting Editor.

Of course nearly everybody knows that THE FLESHERTON ADVANCE enters upon the seventh year of its existence this week. Now, to prevent confusion, we wish it to be understood, that it was six years ago first of April last since we opened our printing office in Flesherton; two months later the first number of THE ADVANCE was issued to the public: hence last week just completed volume six and this is the first number of volume seven. A couple of months ago we drew a faint outline of the difficulty in connection with the establishment of country newspapers. This time we propose to speak of Flesherton as it was, Flesherton as it, and Flesherton as it may be (under certain circumstances) in the near future. First, then, let us take

FLESHERTON AS IT WAS.

A quiet little village of not more than three hundred population. Let us not be misunderstood: when we say *quiet* we mean the *absence* of drunken revellers at night, and drunken, quarrelsome charact'rs fighting and making things "lively" on the streets by day. We found, instead, an hôtel so remarkably well conducted, that we mistook it at first for a private residence. We had never seen such a well conducted public house before; we have never seen its equal since. There were not half a dozen brick buildings in the place, among them being the Methodist church, Squire Armstrong's residence, also that of Mr. N. Campbell. There were four general stores, one drug store, two shoe shops, one harness shop, tannery, one furniture factory, one furniture store, woollen mill, grist mill, saw mill, shingle mill, two tailor-shops, hotel, one tin shop, three millinery stores, bakery, two butcher shops, two carriage factories, photograph gallery, jewelry store, three blacksmith shops, and other minor places of business.

FLESHERTON AS IT IS.

A flourishing place, with brick residences and business blocks *galore*. Within its borders are to be found the largest general store as well as the largest carriage factory in Grey. Temperance principles still predominate and there is but one hotel as before, conducted, however, on the same principles as it was six years ago. Streets clean and neat as a "new pin;" backyards ditto. Flesher's park is still open to the public—through the kindness of the founder of Flesherton, W. K. Flesher, Esq.,—and on these beautiful Sunday afternoons its shady groves are much frequented by our citizens.

Great improvements have taken place during those six years. The population has doubled, and the following additions have been made to the business part of the town, viz., a first class planing mill, a cheese factory, a broom-handle factory, a marble factory, a new drug store, a new harness shop, a lawyer's office, a shoe shop, feed stores, restaurants, a second doctor, dressmakers shops, &c., &c. Three handsome three-story brick business blocks have been erected, a beautifully designed Presbyterian church (brick), a neat Baptist chapel, and this summer will see the erection of a handsome and commodious schoolhouse, situated on the finest site in the county. A brickyard has been established on one corner of the town, which supplies bricks at the rate of 10,000 per day if need be. In short, so great has been the change wrought in Flesherton during the past half decade, that the traveller who chanced to pass through it in 1881 for the first time would scarcely recognize it as being the same place if he postponed his second visit untill this year of grace, 1887.

FLESHERTON AS IT MAY BE.

It may become one of the most flourishing places in the county. Charmingly situated in the midst of a fair agricultural district, with leading roads second to none in the county, superior natural facilities, good water privileges, a pure, bracing and healthy atmosphere, a central position in the county, with splendid postal facilities and scores of other advantages, it would seem as if everything conspired to make it what it should be, viz., a leading county town. All that is wanted in order to accomplish this desideratum is the hearty, unstinted, and united action of the citizens themselves. They must be fired with that zeal and energy, however, which arises from an almost unbounded confidence in their town: otherwise the important and neccessary improvements yet to be carried to a successful issue—before we can hope to reach the goal indicated above—will be accomplished in a half-hearted, unsatisfactory manner. But we believe they are too much alive to their best interests to bungle things in that style.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

The 5th Division Court holds its regular quarterly sessions here. The Division Court Clerk's office, and that of the Bailiff also, are located in Flesherton. Squire Armstrong, Div. Court. Clerk; A. S. VanDusen, Esq., Bailiff.

Artemesia Township Hall and the Clerk's office are both located here. The Reeve, Dr. Christoe, and the Clerk, W. J. Bellamy, Esq., both reside here. Important improvements are now being made in the Hall, which will increase its seating capacity, and improve its appearance outwardly and inwardly.

The East Grey Agricultural Society's grounds—covering eight acres—are located here. The Sec.-Treas., S. Damude, Esq., resides in Flesherton.

The Township and County Reform Associations hold their meetings here.

Societies.—Masons, Oddfellows, Orange. A. O. U. W., R. T. of T., S. of T., W.C. T.U., L. A. P. C., and L. A. M. C.

Churches.—Baptist, Rev. Thos. Watson, pastor; Presbyterian, Rev. A Wilson, pastor; Methodist, Rev. W. Ayers, pastor.

We might go on in this way for some time but space will not permit at present.

Backache, stitches in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowels, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

"Non Compos Mentis."

Mrs. Leppard, a woman pretty well advanced in years, came to Flesherton last Thursday possessed with the idea that a pit of gold belonging to her was buried or secreted somewhere in the neighborhood of our hotel. She wandered about the corridors of that house, and made so many apparently insolent and impertinent remarks that the landlord finally ejected her. In an aimless but vigorous sort of way she thrust the point of her parasol in the immediate region of one of Deputy-Sheriff Moore's optics, smashed a pane of glass, and in short became so unruly, if not positively dangerous, that detective VanDusen was obliged to enclose her restless hands in a neat-fitting pair of iron bracelets. She was then placed in one of the sample rooms and kept there until evening, when Mr. VanDusen brought her by train to Owen Sound and lodged her in gaol, pending the action of the proper authorities.

The unfortunate woman seems possessed with the idea,—to use her own words—that she has been robbed of "millions and *drillions* of gold, and revolvers, and cannons, and pistols, given to me by me uncle, an officer in the British army!" She said Queen Victoria owed her a lot of money, and that the people of Artemesia had "gold watches and millions and drillions of money belonging to her." She regarded our reporter with grave suspicion and hinted that he wore a false face. Then she suddenly became possessed of the idea, that somebody wanted to kill her. "But if they do," she said, "mind ye I'll have all their names writ on the sky in the morning!" But uppermost in her thoughts was the opinion that she had been cheated out of untold quantities of precious metals, and that her life was threatened in consequence. She is the same Mrs. Leppard, who gave testimony before a coroner's jury a few years ago, and also at Owen Sound Assize Court a few months later, in connection with one of the darkest tragedies in the annals of crime.

Wheezing, gasping sufferers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by druggists or by mail on receipt of price.

Medical Hall,

—A NEW—

DEPARTURE!

Customers

WILL FIND A PRIME LOT OF

MIXED SEED!

Paints

IN A VARIETY OF COLORS.

BEST WHITE LEAD

IN TINS.

Red Lead,
Venetian Red,
Yellow Ocre,

AND OTHER COLORS.

GLUE.

BRUSHES

Tubes

OF A VARIETY OF COLORS.

PENCILS.

FURNITURE VARNISH!

Boiled & Raw

LINSEED OIL!

ALSO IT KEEPS

ASBESTINE!

IN COLORS; THOSE

Prince of Washes

FOR WALLS. IT IS THE VERY LATEST AND BEST PREPARATION OF ITS KIND. SOLD IN 5 lb PACKAGES. IT WILL PAY YOU TO Call and see the

Attractive Tints,

In these as well as in our

PAINTS.

TURNIP SEED

Of different Varieties and Good.

WALL PAPER, DRUGS, LEMONS FOR INVALIDS.

As well as the usual supply of Proprietory Medicines all Cheap for Cash.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Hall moved the extension of the time for the reception of reports of the Committee on Private Bills to the 24th June.

After some discussion the resolution was adopted.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the items of the tariff not yet passed.

On the item "builders', cabinetmakers' and carriage hardware and locks, 35 per cent.,"

Mr. Taylor moved to include saddlery and harnessmakers' hardware, mechanics' tools and a variety of other articles.

Sir Charles Tupper said he could not see his way to acceding to this request at this time, because it would involve other changes in order to prevent bearing unjustly upon some established industries, and this change, if made, would therefore lead to confusion.

Mr. Taylor said that if this change were not made it would work injustice to an important industry in his own town (Gananoque) which employed 100 hands. The factory was devoted to the manufacture of saddlery hardware, largely hames, which, being part wood and part iron, would come in at 30 per cent. These goods had to be made in Canada in the face of the competition of American prison-made goods, the chief place of production being Auburn, New York.

Mr. Mills said such a resolution as this could not be introduced at this stage. It would seem from what was said by gentlemen opposite that every article mentioned in this tariff was in danger from the competition of prison labor. One would suppose that nearly all the manufacturing industries of the United States were to be conducted in the penitentaries.

The item passed.

The House went into committee on several items which had not been dealt with, Sir Charles Tupper explaining that he desired also to make some additions. The duty on floor oil-cloth was raised to five cents a yard and 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, the duty on oil-cloth in the piece reduced from five cents specific and 20 per cent. *ad valorem* to five cents specific and 15 per cent. *ad valorem*.

Sir Charles Tupper next announced that the duty on paper of all kinds would be 25 per cent., instead of 22½, as mentioned in the resolutions. The clause referring to tissue paper (which is included in the item "paper of all kinds") was struck out and the following substituted: "Manufactures of paper, including ruled and bordered papers, papeterie, box papers, envelopes and blank books, 35 per cent. *ad valorem*."

Mr. Wilson (Argenteuil) spoke strongly in favor of an increase of the duty on tissue paper to 25 per cent.

Mr. Casey pointed out that the member for Argenteuil owned the only tissue paper factory in Canada.

Mr. Wilson (Argenteuil) said he did not see any crime in a man being a member of Parliament and a manufacturer of tissue paper, nor did he see any reason why an industry in which a member of Parliament is interested should not be promoted.

Mr. Casey said there was no crime involved in the position mentioned by the member for Argenteuil, and he admired the frankness with which he had stated his case. It was no doubt perfectly proper for the hon. gentleman, who was not only interested in the tissue paper industry but was actually the sole representative of the tissue paper industry, to vote to put a sum of money into his own pocket, but it was a grand illustration of the principles on which the tariff was framed.

Mr. Mills objected strongly to the increase of the duty on paper. It would place heavier burdens on those who conducted newspapers, which even now were far from being paying enterprises. Mr. O'Brien (Muskoka) said there was a curious inconsistency in a tariff which, while it taxed blank paper 25 per cent., imposed only the same tax on partially printed newspapers.

Mr. Mills said there was not a proprietor of a paper factory in the country who was not receiving from 25 to 30 per cent. more than American manufacturers were receiving for the same article. The duty was placing Canadian publishers at the mercy of a few Canadian manufacturers.

Mr. White (Cardwell) said that the increase of the duty would not increase the price in the slightest, that up to this point the duty on paper had reduced its price, and that the change was merely for the purpose of simplifying the duties and facilitating entries.

Mr. Mitchell—If putting up the duty does not increase the price of an article, why don't they increase it to 50 per cent.? He had been informed by a Canadian manufacturer of paper that he could buy paper in New England, pay duty on it and sell it in Canada as cheaply as he was selling his own.

Sir Charles Tupper thought this illustration showed the absolute necessity for a duty on paper.

Sir Charles Tupper proposed to strike out item 40, imposing 7½c per lb. and 20 per cent. on wool, worsted and alpaca goods, by restoring item 473 of the revised tariff and changing item 475 as follows: "All fabrics composed wholly or in part of wool, worsted, hair of the Alpaca goat or other like animal, not otherwise provided for, 22½ per cent. *ad valorem*; on all similar goods costing 10 cents per yard and under, 22½ per cent. *ad valorem*; over 10 cents and under 14 cents per yard, 25 per cent. *ad valorem*; 14 cents per yard and over, 27½ per cent. *ad valorem*." He explained that this would do away with the specific duty altogether.

Mr. Mills said this was a gratifying change. He had a letter from a leading merchant of Toronto stating that with a specific duty as proposed the duty on goods costing in England 2½ pence would be 57½ per cent., and on goods costing 3½ pence 49 per cent.

Sir Charles Tupper said he proposed to provide that articles partly of iron and partly of steel, not specially provided for, should be charged 30 per cent. *ad valorem*.—Carried.

He proposed also to strike out "sledges, track tools, wedges and crowbars of iron and steel, 1½ cents per pound and 30 per cent. *ad valorem*," as being included under "broad and ship axes, etc., $3 per dozen and 20 per cent.," and substitute the following: "Screws, commonly called wood screws, two inches and over in length, 6 cents per pound; over one inch and less than two inches, 8 cents per pound; less than one inch, 11 cents per pound; other screws of iron, brass or other metal, 35 per cent. *ad valorem*."—Carried.

He proposed, also, "iron or steel rivets, bolts with or without threads or nuts or bolt, blanks less than ⅜ inch diameter, 1½c. per pound, and 30 per cent. *ad valorem*." He explained that this would be about 35 per cent. on the highest values.

Mr. Mills—And about 75 per cent. on the lowest.

The item passed.

Sir Charles Tupper proposed to strike out the item, "Horseshoe nails, etc., 2½c per pound," and substitute, "Nails and spikes, and brads, galvanized or not, horseshoe nails, hob nails and wrought nails of all kinds, and horse, mule or ox shoes, 1½c per pound, but not less than 35 per cent. *ad valorem*."—Carried.

He proposed also to repeal clauses 57, 135, 143, 344, 345 and 369 of the Customs Act relating to clothing, etc., and substitute others. First, all clothing made of cotton or other material not otherwise provided for, including corsets or similar articles made up by seamstresses or tailors, also tarpaulins, plain or coated with oil, paint, tar or other composition and cotton bags made up with the needle, not otherwise provided for, 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. He explained that this added 5 per cent. to these articles.—Carried.

He proposed also to provide that drain pipes and sewer pipes, glazed, should pay 35 per cent., the present rate being 25 per cent.—Carried.

He proposed also the following: "Square pianos, round-cornered or not, under seven octaves, $25 each; all other square pianofortes, $30 each; upright pianofortes, $30 each; concert, semi-concert or parlor grand pianofortes, $50 each, and in addition thereto 20 per cent. *ad valorem*." He explained that this involved no change in the specific duties and an addition in *ad valorem* of 5 per cent. Parts of pianofortes were raised to 30 per cent. *ad valorem*. They are now 25.

He also proposed: "Clothes-wringers, specific duty $1 each and 30 per cent. *ad valorem*." This he explained would be about 35 per cent.

He proposed also to add to the free list redwood planks and boards sawn, but not further manufactured. This was to encourage the manufacture of cigar boxes in this country.

Mr. Mills contended that there were other woods than redwood that could be used to make cigar boxes. Not many years ago Canadian sycamore was imported into the United States to make cigar boxes. This item simply meant that the principle of protection was abandoned and other woods allowed to come into Canada to compete with those of native production.

The item carried.

Mr. Baker said that these changes would interfere very seriously with contracts already made for pipes for gas and waterworks in Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver and New Westminster, and asked if the Government could not allow those goods contracted for and in transit to enter at the old duties.

Sir Charles Tupper said he would add a clause to the Bill giving the Government discretion to grant concessions in cases of hardship growing out of the changes as affecting contracts already made.

The committee reported and the resolutions were received and read a first and second time.

A Bill to amend the tariff in accordance with the resolutions was presented, read a first time and ordered to stand for its second reading on Wednesday next.

The House adjourned at 5.30 until Wednesday next.

AN IMPERIAL FETE.

The Russian Royalty Receive a Hearty Welcome from the Cossacks in Novo Tcherkask.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: Yesterday was another *fete* day among the Don Cossacks at Novo Tcherkask. The Czarina entered the town in state. She rode alone in an open carriage, drawn by four white horses. The Czar and his suite followed on horseback. The Czarina rode through the main avenue of Novo Tcherkask, the thoroughfare being decorated with mottoes, banners and flags, and spanned by triumphal arches. Masses of people lined the route, and all greeted the Imperial family with enthusiasm. The Imperial party went to the palace, where they received bread and salt on a silver dish from the delegates representing the nobility, the artisans and the factory and railway employees. The colliery owners presented to the Czarina a vessel fashioned out of anthracite coal and mounted with silver, the whole weighing two pounds. The Kalmuck clergy after this offered the Czarina a dish depicting a Buddhist sacrifice, and also a chalice. In the evening the town was illuminated and the streets and gardens were thronged with people cheering for the Imperial family.

A Walking Pill-box.

For the last day or two the household of Mr. T. L. Hoyt, of the M. C. R., has been employed in endeavoring to restore to his normal condition the little 2-year-old scion of the house. The young hopeful, while wandering around the other day, came across a bottle of pills, and rather liking the sugar with which they were coated, proceeded to swallow the whole lot, numbering about twenty. The earthquake that came to pass when these pills found that all tradition had been ignored, and that they were all imprisoned in one small stomach, instead of helping to improve the physical condition of a large number of worthy citizens, beggars description. Master Hoyt might be able to do the subject justice, but he won't. He has acquired an aversion to pills that will last him all his life.—*St. Thomas Journal.*

Berlin's population increased 48,000 during the past year.

Claus Spreckels, the 'Frisco sugar king, intends to purchase a lot and build a villa in Paris.

Raising peppermint for making oil is increasing in Allegan and Wexford counties, Michigan. In four towns in the latter county there are over one hundred acres planted in peppermint, and many new plants are being set out.

The boys in the Duquesne school at Pittsburgh, Pa., struck for fewer hours Tuesday. The girls will join in the movement this week unless their parents take a hand in the matter. The School Board seems inclined to listen to the strikers' demands.

THE QUEEN'S BALL.

How Fashion Turns to Laces, Fruit Scents and Flower Trimming—Chloroformed Cologne in Vogue—Dresses Worn by the Princess of Wales and her Daughter

A London cablegram says: The first Jubilee ball at Buckingham Palace was kept up this morning till the struggling sun shone in on the fagged revellers. It was a most fashionable and successful function, the only drawback being the absence of the Queen, who was too fatigued, not having recovered from her long drive through the city on Saturday, to attend. The Princess of Wales performed the duties of royalty in opening the ball, the Prince assisting.

THE DRESSES.

The Princess wore a dress of pale gray satin and silver brocade, veiled in crepe and looped with marabout feathers, corsage to correspond; headdress, a tiara of diamonds; ornaments, pearls and diamonds and her usual orders. Her daughter, the Princess Louise, wore a dress of white broche and tulle; corsage, white satin brocade, trimmed with tulle and bunches of pink roses, forget-me-nots and mignonette, over a jupe of tulle in draperies and plisses, caught up with bunches of the same flowers; ornaments, pearls, rubies and diamonds. The Princess Victoria wore a dress of white broche and tulle, the corsage being of white broche, trimmed with bunches of shaded mauve auriculas, over a jupe of tulle over faille, looped with bunches of the same flowers; ornaments the same as her sister's.

FASHION'S CHANGES.

It was the subject of universal remark at the recent drawing-rooms and this evening how the greatest attention in many years is now shown to the profusion of laces; to the new fruit, more than floral, perfumes; to the variety of bouquets, each composed of one species of flowers, and to the skill and taste displayed in the coiffures, not of one or two fashionable stereotyped styles, but adapted at caprice to the carriage of the head and its shape and to the stature of the wearer. Old rose point, old Venetian point, old Flemish, old Brussels, Limerick, old point d'Argenton, point de gaze, duchesse, biscuit, d'Alencon, black Spanish, point de Venice, Chantilly and old Honiton laces of quality and patterns not to be readily purchased by the *nouveaux riches*, were seen everywhere. Cherry blossom and apricot perfumes outscented, so to speak, the florals, although white lilacs and heliotropes still held their favor.

CHLOROFORMED COLOGNE.

Not a few dainty bottles at the waist confessed to holding the new fad of slightly chloroformed cologne. Although not even Parisian auctions seem to shake the supremacy of diamonds for wives and matrons, pearls are now as much a necessity to maidens as are feathers in royal circles to all women. More emeralds, rubies and torquoises are noticeable than in previous years, and the Queen has made amethysts fashionable by wearing them lately.

STYLES OF COIFFURE.

Amid one group could be noticed in coiffures a French twist at the back, forehead fringes continued in marteaux; also knots on the top of the head, with a few light curls on the brow, Pompadour, Watteau and Recamier styles; and in loops and bows high in front and continued to the nape of the neck. Indeed many were dressed according to whim, but each and all contrasted whimsically with the bandeaux of 1839, seen in a portrait of Victoria as a bride in one of the rooms of the palace.

FASHIONS IN FLOWERS.

In posies the run seemed to be upon lilacs, Marguerites, meadow daisies and snowflakes for the young, and mauve orchids, lilies, gladioli and azaleas for budding, middle age and blossoming grandmotherhood, where roses hold their own. These are the Catherine de Mermet, or the Guelder, or the Gloire de Dijon, or what are known as *souvenir d'un ami*—roses that florists in Nice and other points on the Riviera generally now make a thriving business in skilfully expressing at moderate expense. Flowers now hold a closer ornamental connection with trains than formerly. These are more commonly water lilies and roses of all hues that have displaced themselves from the traditional bouquets.

The music was regarded as exceptionally fine in selection and execution. There was more waltzing than if the Queen—who dislikes "the muse of the many twinkling feet"—had been present.

Evading the Collector.

Bill collector (to little girl at the door)—"Your father promised to pay this bill today."

Little girl (timidly)—"I know it, sir, but you will have to excuse him."

Collector (sternly)—"What excuse can there be for this neglect? What is his excuse?"

Little girl—"It isn't his fault, really sir, you see he went and died yesterday."

Canadian News Notes.

An official letter was received yesterday at Port Arthur from the Ontario Government, promising an immediate investigation and settlement of all claims in the disputed territory.

Rev. J. Trotter, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Woodstock, was married last week to Miss Freeman, late lady principal of Woodstock College, at Canning, Nova Scotia. The newly wedded couple will visit Europe.

A Literary Test.

Two girls are talking of what they read. "Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," one said, "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves I don't take it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin I know it's all right, and take it and start to buy caramels to at while I read it."—*Youth's Companion.*

—Two hundred and sixty-two pairs of twins were born in Chicago during 1886.

Lord Edgar Cecil, younger son of the Marquis of Salisbury, has been admitted to the English bar.

A circus ticket-seller earned his "salt" in Philadelphia, Pa., the other evening, by selling seats to ten thousand persons in fifty minutes, a feat which involved the handling of two hundred tickets or $100 a minute.

O'BRIEN AT KINGSTON.

He Receives Quite an Ovation—A Noisy Crowd on the Streets.

A last (Friday) night's Kingston despatch says: There was not an insulting word uttered toward Mr. O'Brien in leaving Ottawa. The way to Kingston was almost unmarked by special incident. At Sharbot Lake W. Robinson, ex-M. P. P., met the train and begged to be introduced to Mr. O'Brien. This was done and for some time the two complacently chatted. Mr. Robinson was formerly a prominent Orangeman, but has entirely withdrawn from the organization. Sir Leonard Tilley, Lady Macdonald and Senator Sullivan were also on the train.

There was a large crowd of Irishmen at the K. & P. station as the train whizzed in on time. Messrs. Behan and Neville had proceeded to Sharbot Lake, where the agitators were heartily greeted, and their appearance on the platform of the coach was the signal for hearty cheers. Mr. O'Brien stepped off quietly and was handed over to the kind offices of John Murphy, who drove a span of blacks. Mr. Kilbride was also cheered as he was elevated into a second carriage. The pressmen of New York, Chicago and Dublin were fired into other carriages. There was little opposition offered. On the outskirts of the crowd was a little band who cheered for Lord Lansdowne and sang "God Save the Queen." Enthusiastic young Irishmen climbed into the carriages with the visitors and the procession went up King street and turned down Clarence street to the Burnett House, where cheers were again given for the editor. The company rushed into the hotel. After the new arrivals had registered they were conducted to the parlor, where a reception followed. Many citizens were introduced to O'Brien and Kilbride. A number of ladies also attended the reception and were introduced to the visitors.

Mr. O'Brien said that it was with overflowing heart that he accepted their welcome. It was a surprise to him the way he had been received here. He was not here to pick a quarrel with the Orangemen or to arouse their feelings, but his desire was to bridge the gulf of prejudice and blend the Orange and Green in the struggle for Ireland's freedom. (Cheers.) He claimed that the Irish party were fighting the battle of the friends of Orangemen in Ireland. He was told to-day that Kingston was known as the "Derry of Canada." Well, this might be an omen for good, for in his land, in the words of the song, "Derry is our own, boys." (Cheers.) Was this the case in Kingston? He claimed that the pestering of Canadians with what was termed "The Irish nuisance" was created by the abuses of Irish landlords. The graves of thousands of evicted tenants in Canada testified to this statement. He then proceeded to discuss the attitude of Lord Lansdowne towards his tenants at Luggacurran. At frequent intervals he was enthusiastically cheered, though he urged the people not to act in an excitable manner, but to show common sense. Mr. O'Brien says that he is suffering from an injured rib caused by the attack made upon him by the hoodlums in Toronto. He is satisfied with his tour in Canada, and while he does not think the people will publicly announce themselves, yet he believes the statements he has made and which remain uncontradicted, will be discussed and create an impression. Lord Lansdowne, he said, had only to agree to the terms arranged by his agent in Ireland and they would leave for home without a harsh thought for the Governor-General. The mention of Mr. Gladstone as with the Irish party in advocating Home Rule was the signal for a great outburst of applause. The speaker declared that Canadian fair play had been accorded him and that a cry of execration would go up from Canadians against the practices committed in Ireland. (Cheers.) He concluded amid great applause at 9.15 o'clock.

Mr. Kilbride was given a great ovation. He had been given to understand that the people of this city would use the same intelligent methods that had characterized the "intelligence" of Toronto, that the arguments used would be the cobblestones of the street. But he was agreeably surprised at the calmness and fair play accorded so far. (Cheers.) Just at this moment a mighty shout arose outside, showing that a vast crowd were surging through the streets. A whole *posse* of policemen guarded the building and patrolled the streets. Mr. Kilbride's address was somewhat wearisome. It was a repetition of what he had said at other places. Many in consequence retired at once. He concluded at 10 o'clock.

There was an immense crowd in front of the rink when the meeting concluded. J. G. Behan announced that it was rumored that threats were being made outside. He urged the people to act temperately, to offer no offence, so that no odium or responsibility would attach to them. The police force, with Chief Horsey and Mayor Carson at their head, kept the crowd back, who groaned for O'Brien and cheered for Lansdowne. A moment afterwards O'Brien's tall hat was seen in the middle of the crowd. "There he is," was the cry and the crowd surged ahead. A few stones were fired. Sergt. Nesbitt was hit behind the ear and Officer Craig had his hat knocked off. With a roar the great crowd rushed ahead and in a flash O'Brien was hurried around a corner. The roughs followed hotly and oaths were heard.

"KILL HIM!"

was the cry. The mass of humanity followed down Wellington street, but lost sight of O'Brien. "To the Burnett House!" was the word of the leader, and they swept down to the hotel. O'Brien did not appear and no one could tell where he went to. The police cleared the walk and awaited the coming of the agitators. Here again groans were offered for O'Brien and cheers for Lansdowne. The hour of 11 o'clock arrived, but O'Brien had not turned up and no one seemingly knew of his whereabouts. Several of the hotel windows were broken. Mayor Carson says the people were very boisterous. They were incited by drunken men. Stones whizzed past his ears. Messrs. Harland and R. J. Gardiner were struck.

A correspondent afterwards found O'Brien. Accompanied by Mayor Carson and an alderman, he traced his location down. He was found in a friendly house, quite agitated. He said: "As I came out of the rink the cry went up 'Here he is!' 'Go for him!' 'Down with O'Brien!' 'Give it to him!' There was a most deliberate onslaught, and the crowd surged and rushed about me. A big brute with a bludgeon had raised his arm to strike me, when in a flash my hat was changed, and the blow fell upon some other person. I was rushed around the corner and stones flew about. One struck me on the head. There were not as many stones thrown at me as in Toronto. Near St. Patrick's Hall a big fellow shoved me in a gateway and the gate sprung back. As soon as the crowd fled I came over here." The Mayor offered to call the troops, who had been in barracks since 5 o'clock, to take him to the hotel, but O'Brien declined. The time for their appearance had passed. They should have been called out to disperse the bloodthirsty crowd. O'Brien leaves in the morning via Cape Vincent for Niagara Falls.

At 11.30 the front of the office of the *Canadian Freeman*, the Roman Catholic paper, was broken in and a mob of over 1,000 gathered around it. The police made one arrest, but could not hold the man. The citizens at that hour were becoming seriously alarmed.

ON THEIR MUSCLE.

Illinois Senators Fight it Out on the Floor of the Senate.

A Springfield, Ill., despatch says: The dignity of the State Senate was sacrificed yesterday by two Chicago Senators, who allowed their passions to lead them into a personal encounter upon the floor of the Senate. During the session an altercation arose between Senator Crawford and Senator Gibbs in regard to the former's position in regard to the Drainage Bill. There had previously been some disagreement between them. But few words were passed. Each called the other hard names, which could not without offence to propriety be published. Senator Gibbs walked immediately behind the seat of his antagonist and Senator Crawford replied to an opprobrious epithet with a blow. The Senators then clinched and were about to indulge in a regular knockdown fight when several colleagues interfered and separated the combatants. Each made an apology to the Senate for the disgraceful proceedings. Senator Crawford's recital of the circumstances seemed to netttle Senator Gibbs, and he made an amendment to his apology in which he said he regretted that the scene had occurred upon the floor of the Senate, but that he was glad he hit Crawford.

There was another scene of a partially similar character enacted in the rear aisle of the Senate about the same time between two other Senators, but the interference was prompt and it failed to attract attention.

FATALLY SHOT.

Killing of a Drunken and Abusive Sailor by a Captain.

A Charlottetown, P. E. I., despatch says: A shooting affray attended with fatal results occurred here last night. About midnight a drunken sailor named Thomas Ottree, an Irishman, 30 years of age, belonging to the barque Moselle, went aboard the barque Clairebelle and created a disturbance. He was promptly put ashore and retaliated with abusive language and a shower of stones upon Captain Walsh, of the Clairebelle. Intending to frighten him away, Captain Walsh fired off his revolver, and although it was pitch dark the bullet struck Ottree in the breast. Captain Walsh heard the wounded man fall, and exclaiming, "My God! I didn't intend that," ran down the gangway, had him brought on board and did everything possible to relieve him, but in vain. After half an hour's excruciating agony Ottree died. Captain Walsh, who is one of Prince Edward Island's best-known skippers and has a large family, immediately surrendered himself to the police. An inquest is progressing.

"MY TIME HAS COME."

Last Words of a Burglar Killed While Stealing Crackers and Cheese.

A Binghamton, N.Y., despatch says: Lester Clark, a clerk of Smith & Webster, general dealers, at Ninevah, this county, shot and killed a supposed burglar this morning between 1 and 2 o'clock. In the store is an electric alarm that runs to Mr. Smith's house, where Clark also lives. When it sounded an alarm Clark jumped out of bed, dressed himself and, seizing a double-barrelled shotgun, hurried to the store. Clark saw a man in the store helping himself to cheese and crackers, and, raising the gun, he deliberately fired at the intruder, emptying twelve buckshot into his stomach. The man staggered back, exclaiming, "My time has come," and was dead in five minutes. He is not known in that locality and has not been identified. It looks as if his object in entering the store was simply to procure something to eat.

Protection from Fires.

In putting out ordinary fires it is a golden rule to use as little water as possible, for the latter often does more damage than the former. The jet of a powerful engine is as destructive in its way as fire to all perishable articles within a room, such as furniture, pictures, and bric-a-brac. And that brings us to another part of our subject. Fire protection, like charity, should begin at home. However efficient may be the public service against fire, a single bucket of water properly administered may stop a fire that all the efforts of the brigade would be unable to quench.—*All the Year Round.*

It Doesn't Look Like a Poem, But it Is.

How dear to my purse is the new fashioned bonnet, the hat that I bought as a gift to my wife; a small piece of straw with an ostrich plume on it, the last that I'll buy while I still have my life. The hat with a brim and a big swinging feather, and foldered traps that I can't even name, with stuffed birds and roses, and pieces of heather, and a bill from the dealer as long as my frame; that stylish spring bonnet, that new fashioned bonnet, that fancy-priced bonnet that knocked my purse lame. —*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Queen, who has left for Balmoral, is in a very delicate state of health, and very serious fears are entertained as to whether she will live through the year. She has become exceedingly enfeebled and resembles her uncle, King George IV., in her aversion to any kind of exercise, and in her intense dislike to appear in public. She has lost much of the nerve for which she formerly was remarkable, and is altogether displaying painful symptoms of breaking up.

THE NEW CONSUMPTION CURE.

How it Works in the Hospitals of Pittsburg—An Ultimate Triumph Predicted for the Newly-Discovered Remedy.

Within the last week or two, says the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, all the city hospitals have adopted the new treatment for consumption. At the Mercy Hospital Dr. Mayer has under treatment a young man, 21 years of age, named John Baker, who was brought to the hospital to be treated for pneumonia. Afterward he was found to be in an advanced stage of consumption. The new treatment was tried, and after the first trial his symptoms began to improve and his temperature became normal. His general appearance is now becoming better each day and he sleeps well at night. Dr. Mayer, resident physician, says that while the treatment is as yet but an experiment, it has given great satisfaction and wonderful results will be attained after it becomes known. The other resident physician, Dr. Brumbaugh, has two cases in the hospital on whom he is experimenting. When spoken to he said: "When the new treatment was first brought to my notice I was very sceptical about it. I did not think that the gas upon introduction would pass through the intestines and then find its way into the lungs, but after such authorities on chest diseases as Dr. Bruin and Ellsler, of Philadelphia, had taken hold of it I took some interest in it.

"One of my patients named Manning," continued Dr. Brumbaugh, "whom I am treating for consumption has a very acute abscess of the liver, and I cannot tell yet if the new treatment will be successful. Another case is Mary Kruder, who has been receiving treatment for consumption by the old remedies for over a year. She was brought here about three weeks ago. She was very low, her temperature high and she was expected to die almost every night. After the first administration of the new treatment the gas could be detected on her breath, and after the third application her temperature got lower, her appearance changed, her sleep at night was unbroken and she had no more night sweats."

At the Homeopathic Hospital Dr. Wilcox has secured an apparatus and tried it on the only case of consumption in the hospital. The patient objected at the second administration and the doctor had to drop the experiment. He has had no outside patients to try it on, and of course could not say much about it, but from what he has heard he predicts great results from its administration.

At the West Penn Hospital the new treatment for consumption was commenced four days ago on eleven patients, who are in various stages of the dread disease. Several of them are also suffering from a complication of other maladies. August Biestrom, a patient who entered the hospital March 17th, 1887, was at that time very low with consumption, and has as yet shown no signs of improvement. James Joint, also a consumptive, and old soldier, who entered Dec. 23rd, 1885, shows a decided improvement and insists that the treatment is beneficial. Mr. Joint has sat up each morning and afternoon since the treatment began, and on Sunday night last he coughed less than he had done for a year past. Henry Anderson, consumptive, entered last February. A decided improvement is noticeable in his case since the new treatment, and the patient has been able to sit up during part of the morning and afternoon. Lewis Boenovitz entered last month suffering from consumption and some other affection. He claims he is much improved and able to sleep better. The physicians, however, see but little improvement in the consumptive disease, and think the apparent benefit is derived from an improvement of the other disease under its own treatment. Samuel Stokes entered last December. A very slight change for the better in his symptoms is noticeable. Samuel Williams entered last April. Mr. Williams claims that he is much better since the new treatment, but no decrease in coughing has been noticed by the physicians.

James King, consumptive, who entered last month, is very low, and shows no improvement whatever. Nicholas Greer, who entered in January, is suffering with spinal troubles in addition to consumption. The new treatment has produced no change for the better in his case. John Girty, entered June 7th, 1886. His condition remains unchanged. James Graham entered April 12th, 1883. His trouble is asthma and chronic bronchitis. Mr. Graham had himself weighed when the treatment began, and weighed again yesterday, and declares positively that the new treatment has gained him five pounds in weight already. On George Kountzler, a consumptive, who entered July, 1884, the new treatment was only commenced yesterday, and no change in condition is apparent.

"It is almost too soon to look for results," said the superintendent of the hospital, "but we are giving the treatment a fair trial, for we know it will not harm, even though it should fail to benefit. The patients, though, are greatly encouraged about themselves, and the majority are in high spirits. How much imagination or this beautiful weather has to do with it we cannot say, but one and all hope for success. No; we are not treating any female patients with the new method."

At the Allegheny General Hospital the new cure has been experimented with for two months. Dr. Williamson, under whose direction the cure is used, said: "I can scarcely give an answer now as to permanent results. We have had no patients under treatment long enough to give definite opinions, but I must say there has been a marked improvement wherever it has been used. We have three or four cases under our direct charge and some six or seven from the outside. We cannot claim a positive cure yet, though, as I said, there have been most beneficial results.

"There is one case which has been under treatment for the last two months. The name of the patient is Ella McCarthy. She was brought into the hospital over a year ago. She was expected to die within a few weeks, for had not this been the case we would not have taken her. She had a very troublesome cough, large cavities in both lungs, was very emaciated, weighed but seventy-nine pounds, suffered great pain, and was troubled with heavy expectorations. She was only able to be out of bed for a day at a time. We kept her alive by the usual methods until the new cure was tried.

"In a few days after its first use she began to improve. She slept better, gained in weight, her cough was less severe, the pain was diminished, and she was able to be up and around the house. The improvement in her case has been gradual, and we hope permanent. The cases of the other patients are not so well defined as this. Patients are more liable to be permanently cured if the lungs are not injured. In the case of Miss McCarthy the treatment has done much good. Some of the patients complain that the treatment is unpleasant."

A Pretty Story.

Miss Linwood had the privilege of copying any pictures in the gallery in Belvoir Castle, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland being her kind and intimate friends. It must have been about 1825 or 1826 that she had just finished her copy of a precious landscape by (I think) Poussin when a friend of the Duke, a great connoisseur, visited him and desired to see this picture He came with the Duke to Miss Linwood's house for the purpose. The landscape was brought into the room and carefully placed in a good light. The art critic was delighted and voluble in his admiration, but when he arose and approached for a nearer view Miss Linwood ordered "the other picture" to be fetched and placed beside the first one, which was then found to be her own work, so perfect were her imitations.

The Dowager Duchess of Rutland had been a renowned beauty, as a most lovely engraved portrait she gave to Miss Linwood bore witness. One day when Her Grace's little granddaughter was with her she, stroking the pretty young cheek, exclaimed with a sigh: "Ah! my dear, what would you not give to be as beautiful as I was."

The young lady was equal to the occasion, and, raising the fair jeweled old hand to her lips, replied: "Just as much, grandmamma, dear, as you would to be as young as I am."—*London Queen.*

Titles in Kansas.

"About these titles, now," said a new resident of Kansas to a native, "I want to know something about them. There's Colonel Woodchuck, for instance; how did he get his title?" "Don't know; but he registered that way at the hotel when he first came, so we suppose it's all right." "And Captain Duster?" "He's captain of a baseball nine." "There's Judge Snoozenbarry?" "He was judge in a hog guessing match once." "Commodore Sandbar?" "He runs a ferry boat." "How about Professor Bilk?" "He's a pugilist." "And Senator McTuff?" "Oh, he gets mad and wants to fight if we don't call him that." "And the Hon. McBride?" "He ran for the Legislature once." "And General Carpetbag?" "Well, you see he is a leading citizen, and we kind o' give it to him in recognition of his public services. Oh, we came by our titles honestly. They call me captain because I have lived in the State twenty-five years, and if you'll just walk around sort of straight and give it out that you're major, it will be all right."—*Ex.*

How to Get Rich.

A land speculation: "But," said the would-be purchaser, "they tell me that the land is covered by a swamp."

"Swamp? why, of course. It's the richest land in the world."

"But how am I to get rid of the water?"

"Pump it off."

"Yes, but then it will be on some other man's land."

"That's all right. Let him pump it off on to someone else's land. My dear sir, you should never be bothered by what is on some other man's land."

"Yes, but won't he pump the water back on my land."

"The very thing you want. The best crops in the world are raised that way. Pumping from first one field to another brings about a mutual system of irrigation. I got rich that way.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Rapidly Mastering English.

The Boston *Budget* tells of a lady in that city who is much interested in the spiritual welfare of Chinamen. Among the Celestials is one whose progress has not been such as to greatly encourage his teacher. Therefore, when she called upon him the other day at his laundry and inquired how he was getting along, she was very much pleased with the prompt reply, "Pletty good." Happening to notice the absence from the shop of one whom she was accustomed to meet on previous visits there, she asked what had become of him, whereupon her protege dumbfounded her and still further emphasized his own progress in the mastery of English, by his response, "Klicked tlee blucket."—*New York Tribune.*

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Tough (in apothecary's shop)—Say, young feller, gimme ten grains o' strychnine, right away, in a big hurry, and don't you forget it.

Clerk—Rats?

Tough—Now, look a-here, I don't want any o' your slang, or I'll jump over there and spoil that dude collar o' yours in 'bout four seconds.

He was waited on immediately.—*Harper's Basar.*

She Would Keep.

Young man (to sexton, at a church door)—Isn't the sermon nearly done?

Sexton—About an hour yet. He is only on his "Lastly."

Young man—Will it take him an hour to get through his "Lastly"?

Sexton—No; but there's the "One word more and I am done," and the "Finally," and the "In conclusion" to come yet. Don't get impatient, young man. Your girl won't spoil!

A Work of Art.

Young Lady (in the country)—And did you really paint the barn yourself, Uncle James?

Uncle James—Yes.

Young Lady—By hand?

Uncle James—Sartin.

Young Lady (fetching her breath)—Think of it, a hand-painted barn!

A San Francisco man is suing Actor Booth and his managers for $10,007.50 damages. Several weeks ago he paid $7.50 for three seats at one of Booth's performances, and when he went to the theatre he found they were portable chairs, and in different parts of the house. The next day he began the suit.

DROLLERIES OF THE SCHOOL.

Putting Children on Tip-Toe to Reach the Top of the Tree.

Here are some notes made by a teacher, who has kindly placed them in our hands. They show that instruction in the public schools must be made to conform to common sense. Here are some of the children's exercises:

"There were some virgils who could tell whether any one was going to die. One of them married. It was not right for virgils to marry, so they put them in a basket on the Tiber. When they grew up they built Rome and restored the throne to their grandfather, Alba Longa."

Christ was crucified at Antioch, in Syria.

Christ was crucified in the 19th year of his age.

Christ was crucified nineteen years B. C.

Christ was born at David (Luke ii. 11).

Christ was crucified in the reign of the Roman Emperor Pharaoh.

He (Julius Cæsar) conquered all the known world—There was more known than when Augustus reigned—He crossed the Rubicon to Alexandria—He made a conspiracy against Rome, but was successful—He came into Spain and to Rome—At the Senate they pulled their cloaks around him and he said, "What Brutus! thou too Casca?" And in the year 27 B. C. in the 44th year of his reign and the 76th of his life he left a wife.

The fable of the "Fox and the Grapes" was read, with the exception of the moral. The pupils were asked to write the story and supply the moral.

A horse passing along saw some lucicious grapes hanging. He picked two then threw them down and went away saying "The grapes are sour." The moral is—he got the grapes.

Cleopatra was a very wicked woman. She was persecuted by Antony and died of the bight of an asp, or the prick of a poisonous needle, and then she found she had to go to Rome in chains.

Moore's "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea" was read, and the cause of rejoicing explained, and the pupils were requested to write the substance of the stanza.

Moore has beautifully pictured in verse how Jehovah and his people escaped from Ferro by crossing a sea. He says thus sound the loud tymbal Jehovah has escaped from the army of Ferro by crossing the sea thus separating themselves from Ferro and his army by the sea; both men, horses and chariots of Ferro went down. When the tempest sounded over the sea the people cried Jehovah is free.

"Miss ——, I cannot understand the lesson."

"What is the matter?"

"I have looked out the word c-e-l-i-b-a-c-y in the dictionary, and I don't understand the lesson. It says the monks made a vow of celibacy—that means they musn't get married—but I don't see how that could be, for it says they were of great value to the land for (reading from the book) 'they raised nurseries and became excellent husbandmen.'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Hard Lines for the Wife.

(Scene—Highlandmen's Cross, Broomielaw. Dramatis personæ: Donald and Dugal.) Donald—Is it no possible? Is eat you, Tugalt? Man its a lang langt time sin I'll didna sat ye pefore. Dugald—Ooh, aye, Tonalt, lad. Man, did ye'll ken I've got marit? Donald—Marit! Dugald—Aye, marit, and what for no? Donald—That's goot. Dugald—Na; not so goot neithers. Donald—Aye; whey's sat? Dugald—Oh, she's got a deevil of a temper. Donald—Aye; that's pad. Dugald—No; na sa pad neithers. Donald—Aye; whey's sat? Dugald—Man, she has sillars and we poucht a hoose. Donald—Och, aye man; that's goot. Dugald—Na; not so goot neithers. Donald—Aye; whey's sat? Dugald—The hoose wis burnt. Donald—Och, man, that's pad, pad. Dugald—Na; not so pad neithers. Donald—Whey's sat? Dugald—Man, the wife wis purnt wis it, and she'll got tae insurance sillars to her nainsell, forpy.—*Scottish American.*

A Constitutional Ailment.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big man like you, to be a beggar and a tramp. You oughtn't to be afraid of work."

"I know it, mum, but I can't help it. You see, my nurse frightened me once in a dark room when I was a baby, and I have been timid ever since."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Didn't Wait to "Grow Up."

This has been found on the wall of a deserted shanty in the heart of Dakota: "Fore miles frum a naber; sixteen miles frum a postoffis; twenty-five miles frum a raleroad; a hundred and atey frum timber; half a mile frum watter; God bless our home. We're gone East to get a fresh start."

It is said that a shop on any of the main thoroughfares of London can afford to cheat every customer, because the crowd of strangers passing the door will continue to furnish new victims year after year.

—The short veils worn by the ladies, reaching just below the eyes, may protect gentlemen from their dazzling glances, but they make the ladies' foreheads look dirty.

A talking canary has been discovered at Lowestoft, England. It belongs to a lady who has taught it to repeat several words and phrases, and to imitate successfully the notes of other caged birds.

—Texas *Siftings:* "Among the Zulus young people fight and get married. Here they get married and fight."

The Maros River, in Transylvania, has overflowed its banks, flooding the town of Karbburg and interrupting the railroad traffic. Rain is still falling. Troops are engaged in rescuing property in the flooded territory.

It's an awful thing, force of habit. It's accountable for a great deal of misery and a great deal of happiness. Most things are done from force of habit. Swearing, drinking, loving, hating all become habits, and can't be got over. A fellow goes courting, and it's awfully pleasant. At first it's novelty and fun, then it becomes habit, and they think it is love. The girl goes away for a month. He pines for a week, and when she comes back she's got out of the habit, and he's got into the habit of courting another girl, and it's all up.

A THERMOMETER'S STORY.

Odd Facts Revealed Concerning the Temperature of Dwellings.

Rev. D. Benjamin, of Camden, N. J., has made some observations regarding the subject of the varying temperature of our dwelling-rooms which will be found of much practical importance, says the Philadelphia *Medical Record*. Every one knows, in a general way, that the air of rooms is colder near the floor and near the windows, but the very exact differences of temperature as obtained by Lr. Benjamin are very striking. For example, in a room ten feet high, twelve feet wide and twenty feet long, with a good stove and steady fire, the temperature in the centre was found to be 78° F.; 4 feet from the window it was 70°; 1 foot from the window 54°, and at the window 40°. At the height of the head the temperature was 75°, at the floor 50°, a difference of 25°. At the ceiling the temperature was 90° when the temperature at the height of the head was 70°. The experiments cited above were made in the three-story brick house of twelve rooms, with a warm cellar. It was further observed that when the three floors were as nearly as possible evenly heated the second floor had a much more uniform temperature than the first or third. The fact that the temperature of dwelling-rooms varies is widely explains, no doubt, the frequency with which young children, and even adults, take cold in the house. A child sitting on a nurse's lap in a temperature of 70° gets down and plays on the floor in a temperature of 10° or more lower, or runs to the window, a change of 20° or 30°. The habit which ladies have of wearing slippers or light shoes in the house is the cause of many troubles for these same reasons. The temperature of a room should be about 70° F. The hot furnace-heated houses of our cities cause a vast deal of nervous and respiratory trouble. The thermometer should be hung at about the height of the person's head, and, of course, not near the window or the stove.

Dr. Benjamin adds: "Some years ago I devised a contrivance to protect children from the death-dealing windows in cold weather, which has given me, as well as parents, much satisfaction. It is simply a fender of metal—also made of wood—about three feet high, and extending out from the window fifteen or twenty inches. In some families where I have had these screens arranged to the windows for one or two years I have reduced the medical attendance very greatly, as my books will show."

A Bloody Affray

is often the result of "bad blood" in a family or community, but nowhere is bad blood more destructive of happiness and health than in the human system. When the life current is foul and sluggish with impurities, and is slowly distributing its poisons to every part of the body, the peril to health, and life even, is imminent. Early symptoms are dull and drowsy feelings, severe headaches, coated tongue, poor appetite, indigestion and general lassitude. Delay in treatment may entail the most serious consequences. Don't let disease get a strong hold on your constitution, *but treat yourself* by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and be restored to the blessings of health. All druggists.

A man has been sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for kissing the fat girl at a circus. This adds a new peril to circus going.

Jenks' Dream.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's tiny Purgative Pellets easily "knocked out" and beat all the rest hollow!

—How to raise young lambs is a question for discussion at a farmers' meeting. Our way would be—ewes' milk.

They Speak for Themselves.

PICTON, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nerviline for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy. REV. H. J. ALLEN, BENJ. DILLON, and many others.

P. A. Churchill states: There seems to be no end to the success of Nerviline. I send you a few testimonials, and can send you plenty more if of use to you.

Sold everywhere.

In the French Academy of Sciences a paper was read the other day on an absolute unity of time. An electrical apparatus was described which gives results more accurately than those of the best-constructed astronomical clock. It has also the advantage of indicating, recording and automatically correcting its own variations of velocity.

McCollum's Rheumatic Repellant is recognised by leading druggists as the standard remedy for rheumatic affections. It is for internal use only, has been tested thoroughly for many years and is known to be reliabl

The Railway Commission opened its meeting in London on Saturday.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

There is a curious law in vogue in Switzerland which compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the marriage ceremony. The trees ordered to be planted on wedding days are the pine and weeping willow, but on natal days the suggestive birch tree is selected.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's **book** on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L. 22 87.

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE.

FOR SALE—A COMBINATION Pool Table with full equipments, only **two** years in use. And in good condition. Apply to ROBERT JAHN, corner John and Main Streets Hamilton, Ontario.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

The Blueberry is a valuable fruit, and is a reliable fruit to grow in the Northern States, where the more tender varieties winter kills. It is perfectly hardy, will stand 40 degrees below zero without showing any injury to the most tender buds. Fruit ripens in this latitude about the first of July. Color, a bluish black, when fully ripened. The flavor is equal to the raspberry, a very mild, rich sub-acid, pronounced by most people delicious. The fruit is excellent for pies, or canned for winter use. It grows very stocky; the shining dark-green leaves and the blue fruit make a pleasing contrast. It seems to flourish in all soils and is a prolific bearer. One dozen plants by mail, carefully packed in oil paper, 60 cts.; two dozen by mail, $1.00; 100 by express, $2.50; 1,000, $15.00.

Address L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

A Chapter on Spring Poets.

By The Fighting Editor of the Flesherton Advance.

I'm the Fighting Editor of the greatest local journal in this country I am. Have been in the business six years to day. Fact. What local journal do I mean? Why the FLESHERTON ADVANCE of course. You must be a greeny, you must, not to know *that*. Well, well! it doesn't seem like six years after all. And yet it is, for up above the great and only "Tit-Bits" column the "boss" has planted "*Vol. VII*" as plain as the nose on your face, that is if you've got a nose. I don't say you all have noses, for I once saw a man whose proboscis had been bitten off by a brute, who probably had been a boy once but degeneration "sot" in and developed brutal instincts. Its often the case.

But I've been drifting away from the subject—knocked out on the first round, no, paragraph I mean. But it doesn't signify if you follow Marquis of Queensbury rules—the ordinary rules of letter writing is what I really do mean; anyway, as the immortal Toots put it, "its of no consequence."

I see I can't evade it any longer. Its *Spring Poets* the editor-in-chief has instructed me to write about, although I,d a blamed sight rather club the whole tribe, than stick 'em in print. I hate 'em—most of 'em, I mean to say. Takes me all my time

WATCHING FOR SPRING POETS.

They crop up when least expected. Sometimes I've caught 'em hanging 'round the office in June and even in July. They expect to find me "napping," but bless you I'd get unto them with both feet if they came fooling around with their Spring Poetry nonsense in December! In fact I'm always on hand, like a corn or bunion, only they are generally always on the feet.

Six years unceasing warfare has developed my muscle considerably: besides my accoutrements are more numerous now than they were the first year. How well I remember that first Spring songster who awoke me in my lair six years ago this blessed day! I was a "leetle" green then. He fooled me real bad. His hair was as short as my own, and he hadn't a big roll under his arm. He walked in quietly.

"Is the Editor in? said he.

"Just gone to the Post-Office," said I indifferently.

"Ah! then I'll see him there," said he.

Then he was gone.

Less than five minutes afterwards the "boss" came in looking awfully mad. He held a small roll of manuscript in his hand.

"You fool!" he roared, "why didn't you *mash* that poet when he called a few minutes ago!"

"What" shouted I, "was that a poet?"

"He was," said the "boss" scornfully, "and confound his impudence I've agreed to publish his rubbish in next week's ADVANCE."

I felt like kicking myself at first, but at length concluded it wiser to husband my strength.

The following day a suspicious looking stranger called with a roll of paper in his hand and a bland smile hovering over his countenance. I sized him up and quietly reached under the counter for my club.

"Are you the Editor?" he asked.

"I am," said I savagely.

"O, yes, I see; well I've got a little—"

I raised my club and let drive at him. He dodged the blow and shot out of the office as though hurled from a catapult.

When the boss came in I discovered to my horror that the man I attempted to club was a respectable lawyer who wanted to insert a legal advertisement in the ADVANCE. Next week the "ad" adorned the columns of a neighboring contemporary.

Next spring I was not much more succesful, and did not make things as hot for all Spring Poets who favored The ADVANCE office with a call as I might have. I well remember one old gentleman. He called and commenced talking about the crops, weather and everything but poetry. By and by he suddenly placed a bundle of papers in my hands. He had gray hairs, so I did not club him on the spot.

"What's this piece of poetry about," said I placing my index finger on a piece of well worn and faded yellow paper.

"Oh," said he, clasping his hands, "that's a beautiful piece!"

"I suppose its original like all the rest—in other words, you wrote it all yourself and didn't steal it from some hymn book or tract?" I mildly enquired,

He raised his hands in pious horror and seemed bereft of the powers of speech for a time.

"Me and me sisther writ that betwixt us when we wor childher in the ould counthry," said he in a slightly reproachful tone.

That settled it. I was at once interested and took the faded paper tenderly in my own hands. The title of the poetry was, "Father, dear Father, Come Home with me Now." When the boss came in I handed it to him, saying as it was strictly original it would create a sensation if published in THE ADVANCE before envious and jealous rivals got wind of it. To my amazement the boss lit his pipe with it!

I'm more experienced now and can spot a poet half a mile off. Within the last four years I've clubbed about three hundred and forty-six—sometimes, of course, I've made mistakes and mashed lightning rod agents, tea peddlers, book peddlers and such like; but of course it was of "no consequence." At the present time my accoutrements or accessories—whichever you like to call them—consist of one Enfield-Snider Rifle, one Colt Revolver, one ferocious Dog and one large healthy Club. I am thinking of adding an 80-ton Cannon and a Shot-gun!

A sound body and a contented mind are necessary to perfect happiness. If you wish to possess these, cleanse your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is perfectly safe to take, and is a thoroughly reliable, highly concentrated, and powerful blood purifier.

To the Members of Centre Grey, Farmer's Institute.

Gentlemen,—On reading the Kimberley correspondence in the Markdale Standard of last week, I find some statements made with a vengeance against myself, for voting against a resolution seconded by D. R. Ellis at a meeting of the Provincial Farmers Institute held in the city of Toronto on the 28th of April last, and for this great sin I am to suffer at the hands of the correspondent. Now, I do not purpose losing any time contradicting the above statements, but shall give you the motion as it reads, and my reasons for opposing it. It was moved in an amendment to a motion which appears in the Mail of the 28th of April, by Mr. Hunter, seconded by D. R. Ellis, That in the opinion of this Institute a removal of all restriction on trade between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, is desirable either by reciprocity or otherwise as may be agreed upon by the Governments of the respective countries and that the officers of the executive committee of this Institute are hereby authorized to take such action on the premises as shall best promote the object of this resolution. My first objection to this resolution was that it never had been discussed in any of our Institute meetings therefore I was not prepared to state what you desired regarding the above resolution. Second, I was of the opinion and still entertain the opinion, that the action taken regarding reciprocity and the publicity given to such action throughout the Dominion and United States will have a tendency to thwart a speedy and satisfactory settlement of this very important matter as the Americans will take advantage of the strong desire expressed in the above resolution as representing the feeling entertained by the agriculturalists of this country, therefore this hasty action is only playing into the hands of the Americans and will no doubt cause them to ask for better terms, while it is weakening the hands of the government of Canada to accomplish what they desire to do.

Now suppose the object of Mr. Hunter's resolution was attained, it means free trade between Canada and United States to all intents and purposes. Then how is the revenue to be raised to meet the liabilities of the Dominion, while there are only three ways by which it could be raised. First, by buying on the rateable property of the Dominion; we think this would be objectionable to the farmers, especially in Ontario under the present assessment law, as amended during the last session of our local Legislature. Secondly, by levying an inland revenue tax on all or whatever part of the articles consumed, the Government thought proper to levy. Will you agree to this? We think not. Thirdly, by placing a high tariff on all foreign goods almost to the exclusion of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain. Do you think, gentlemen, this country is prepared to do such a thing as true Britons? You will most assuredly say "no we cannot afford to do anything that will cause the old flag of England to desert our shores."

But by the by, I wish to remind you further, Mr. Cochran's amendment provides that in case the government of the Dominion fail to accomplish the end in view, as cited in the amendment, then as a last resort they are to ask the government of Great Britain to enter into a commercial union with her colonies in regard to food supplies and to impose a protective tariff against all foreign countries. Now I hold this is as much as to say that the Government of the Dominion shall make a treaty with the United States almost to the exclusion of British trade from our shores, failing to do this they are to call upon Great Britain to do as above set forth. This, I consider would be slighting Great Britain and thus humilating to the Dominion Government, under these circumstances I hope to be excused for allowing my British blood to get warm.

Now gentlemen I wish it to be perfectly understood that I am in favor of fair and honorable reciprocity, between Canada and United States such as would not sever our commercial interests with other nations but there has been too much haste in this matter and too much American dictation, with all due respect to our American friends for I have no prejudice but sincerely hope that the government of the Dominion will be able to make an honorable and satisfactory settlement with them, but I believe there is a better way of doing so than that proposed.

Suppose our friends across the border are disposed to act fairly with us (and if not it is better to leave them alone) surely a bargain can be made with them that will be advantageous to both countries. It is well known they are very anxious about our fisheries and so well they might, a nice little property worth to the Dominion about seven million dollars annually. Well, now, say they allow the produce of the fields, forest, mines and fish of the Dominion of Canada to go into the markets of the United States without restriction and Canada in return allow them to purchase bait, provision vessels, and the free use of the vast waters bordering on the Dominion of Canada to fish in. Should this not satisfy both parties, then leave the matter with Sir John if he cannot do something for us, we can't. More when I see you.

Yours Respectfully,
THOS. KELLS.

Pres. Centre Grey Farmer's Institute.

[The above was crowded out of last week's issue]

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's block, Flesherton. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Volunteers.

No. 6 Company, 31st Batt. will meet at the Drill Shed, Flesherton, on Saturday evenings for drill, until further orders. 25 young men wanted to fill up the above company. Apply to J. J. Field, Lieut., No. 6 Company, Flesherton. t.f.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

FOR CLOTHING.

Please call and inspect our new stock for spring and summer. Beautiful patterns and at astonishingly low prices.
R. TRIMBLE. (tf.)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

Strayed.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 133, West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, one Ewe, about a month ago. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
JOHN McKEE.
Flesherton P.O.
Artemesia, May 27th, 1887.

Court of Revision!

Township of Artemesia.

First sitting, in the TOWN HALL, FLESHERTON, on WEDNESDAY, 15th JUNE, 1887, at 10 o'clock a.m. Any appeals intended for hearing at this Court to be placed in the hands of the Clerk, on or before 10th June, 1887.
W. J. BELLAMY,
May 25th, 1887. Clerk.

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS:
Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS
and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint.

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE ROADSTER STALLION,

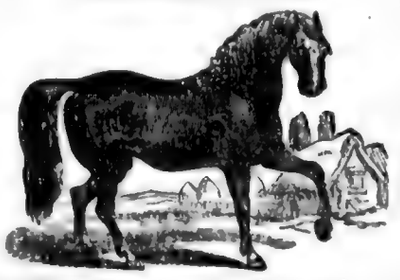

BILLY V.!

Will leave his own stable in Flesherton, on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1887, at 12 o'clock noon, and proceed to Linley's hotel, Maxwell, where he will remain over night.
TUESDAY, will proceed to Jonathan Irish's, Wareham, for noon, thence to Johnston's hotel, Dundalk, where he will remain till Thursday morning
THURSDAY, will return to Flesherton for the night,
FRIDAY, will proceed to Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, for noon, and return to his own stable for the night.
SATURDAY, will proceed to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, and return to his own stable in Flesherton, where he will remain till the following Monday.
The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

Description and Pedigree:
BILLY V., foaled June 18th, 1883, is a dark dappled bay, stands 15 hands 3 in., weighs 1150 pounds, and for bone, muscle, style and action, cannot be surpassed, was sired by Clear Grit jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger.

TERMS:
To insure a foal $10.00, payable March 1st, 1888. Season mares $8.00, payable last round of horse, or not later than July 12th, 1887, if not then paid said mares will be charged as insured mares. Single leap $6.00, payable at time of service. All mares not returned regularly to horse will be charged as insured mares. All accidents to mares at risk of owners. Owners trying their mares to said horse and knowing them to be afflicted with any contagious disease, will be liable in damages. Groom's Fee 25 cents.

A. S. VANDUSEN, Owner, GEO. GLASSFORD, Groom.

TAMARAC
ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S.
DENTIST,
GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry, will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Brauch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, - - ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at owest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—:FROM:—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,
Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by
J. E. MOORE,
Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

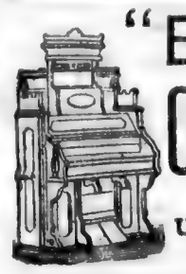

"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 312. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, JUNE 9, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

W. A. BROWN,

—THE—

PEOPLE'S JEWELLER,

Keeps the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Wedding Rings, Spex, etc., between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden Watches, my own name on, accurately timed, 2 and 3 years warrants, $8.50 to $28.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto Cases. 2 to 5 oz. ½ Waltham, P. S. Bartlett's, 3 oz. coin case, $17.50; Ellery's, $14.50, lower grades, $8.00, to $13.00; Elgins if preferred. Ladies 10 & 14 k. Watches, and Gent's 10 & 14 k. filled cases always in stock. It is safe to buy Watches from me because I do business for myself, in my own name, and can be held to my warrants. 34 Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ansonia Clocks now in stock, bought close.

They will be sold below the "Terrible Bargains," prices at least 15 per cent.

It is easy to come down when goods are away up. I don't do a catch business.

Straight dealing ensures success.

I shall stay on that line. Small profits, modest prices. I secure patronage through low prices. Assortment Complete. Send for quotations. *If I do not save you money I will make other Jewellers take cost.* 18 years at the trade.

SPECIALTIES:
Watch Repairing, Fitting Spex.

Address Box 5, MARKDALE, ONT.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Wild strawberries commencing to boom.

Miss Frost, of Owen Sound, is the guest of Dr. Christoe.

Quite a number of cattle changed hands at our fair on Monday last.

Miss Smith, of "Poplar Hill" farm, Caledon, is the guest of Mr. Joseph Smith.

A good, steady man wants a situation as Farm hand. Apply at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

Dr. Christoe returned from conference on Monday. Squire Armstrong got back on Tuesday.

Mr. John Nicholson preached a good sermon in the Methodist church here last Sunday morning.

Fall wheat out in head on the farm of Mr. Thos. Kells, Artemesia, on Monday last. Good. Who can beat it?

The annual rifle matches of the 31st Batt. have been postponed until after annual drill. Further notice later on.

The best assortment of Candies and Biscuits that can possibly be obtained at Keefer's Flour & Feed store Flesherton.

DANGER.—There are some who pay but little or any attention to a cough or cold, and say let nature take its course. This is just the time nature should have assistance. The lungs are threatened. Assist them with Tamarac Elixir.

Mr. James Ferris, of Proton, left a bunch of the largest and best rhubarb we ever saw at our sanctum on Friday last.

Master Bert. Armstrong, of this place while swinging in a hammock on Saturday last, fell out and broke his collar bone.

THE ADVANCE takes the strawberry for finest and cheapest job printing. Roll in a trial order and see for yourselves.

The Union Sabbath School picnic of the Presbyterian and Methodist S. S's, Flesherton, will take place on Thursday, 23rd inst.

Mr. Christopher Knott, Kimberley, has perhaps the finest and most extensive lot of strawberry vines to be found in Euphrasia.

It will pay you to go 20 miles to get your Flour from Keefer's Flour & Feed store, Flesherton. Bran, Shorts, Chop and Oats always on hand.

A new story will be commenced in THE ADVANCE next week, entitled, *"Sir Hugh's Loves."* Subscribe now: 50 cents pays for the paper till 1888.

We observe by the *Republican Valley Echo* that Messrs. Blakely and Little have arrived at their destination, Franklin, Neb., U. S. Success, boys.

The life-giving properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have established its well-earned reputation, and made it the most effectual and popular blood purifier of the day. For all diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, this remedy has no equal. Price $1.

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON,

Has the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Wedding Rings, Spex &c. between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden, Columbus, Waltham, Elgin, and Swiss Watches, bearing warrants from 2 1-2 to five years from $7.50 to $25.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto cases 2 to 5 1-2 oz. We never ask any more than $16.00 for a P. S. Bartlett 3 oz. coin silver case, some dealers have the cheek to ask $17.50. Ellery's $13.25, while other dealers ask $14.50. Lower Grades from $6.90 to 11.50. Ladies & Gents Gold Watches. All kinds of American Clocks at lower prices than elsewhere. The fact is, other dealers cannot begin to compete with us notwithstanding the fact we do not sell at auction or trade on the church. A fine Stock just arrived at lower prices than ever. Always take your Watches, Clocks, & Jewelry to RUSSELL to repair, the only genuine Watchmaker & Jeweler in this section of country. Come right along and secure some bargains. It will pay you to come 20 miles to deal with us. You can save 25 per cent. by dealing at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Flesherton now possesses a four-acre school site. The trustees purchased 2½ acres from Mr. W. K. Flesher, and that gentleman made the Board a present of 1½ acres more. Good for Mr. Flesher, of Flesherton.—*Mt. Forest Representative.*

Mr. John Gordon of this place received a telegram on Tuesday informing him of the death of an aunt of his who lived in Guelph,—and the death of whose husband was published in THE ADVANCE only a couple of months ago.

The Dufferin *Post* has again changed hands. Mr. D. J. Mungovan has resumed his seat in the editorial chair. Evidences of the change are to be seen in every department of that live journal. Mungovan Bros. are now the publishers.

Owen Sound, June 2.—A young man named Cook, living near here, was accidently shot by a lad named Samuel Greenshields, who fired a load of buckshot into Cook's back, shoulders and head. The wounded man is not likely to recover.

The addition of a magnificent $60 Circle Bass to the already fine lot of instuments in the Flesherton Band should have been noticed in last week's ADVANCE. Its a beauty. Next thing wanted is a band stand. Who'll move first in the matter?

We direct special attention to the announcement of Messrs. Little and Blakely, proprietors of the Maxwell Carriage Works, in another column of THE ADVANCE. The members of this firm are well known as straightforward and honest business men. Further comment would be superfluous.

The persons who dumped the refuse of their back yards on the street nearly opposite Mr. Neil's residence are respectfully asked to proceed from their respective places of abode to the spot in question and either spread the stuff so that it will not create foul odors, or cover it up with gravel or dirt.

A public entertainment will be held in the Orange Hall, Flesherton Station, on the evening of June 13th, under the auspices of Fountain Council No. 146, R. T. of T., Flesherton. The chair to be taken at 8 p. m., sharp by Thos. Granger, Esq. The public are cordially invited to be present. Admission free.

The District Council of Royal Templars for Grey was held in the rooms of Bethel Council, No. 14, New England on Tuesday last. There was a large attendance of delegates, four Councils being represented. An entertainment was held in the evening which was duly appreciated by the large audience present.

A number of travelling (or wandering) dealers in horse-flesh struck Flesherton last Friday afternoon and pitched their quilt-covered canopies on the left banks of the classic Boyne, in the midst of a drenching rain. They had a number of horses with them and several powerful and ferocious dogs. Our fighting editor cast longing and envious glances at the latter.

Last Sunday evening the pulpit of Flesherton Methodist church was occupied by Rev. A. Wilson, Presbyterian minister, who delivered one of the most earnest, stirring and eloquent sermons ever heard within the walls of that edifice. He took for his text the words: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." There was a sort of fiery eloquence and deep religious fervor about the sermon that it seemed to magnetize the large congregation and suggest bygone days, when a Luther, a Calvin, a Knox or a Whitfield preached the "glad tidings of great joy."

Do not take quinine for malarial disorders. Ayer's Ague Cure contains none, nor any other injurious ingredient. This preparation, if taken strictly in accordance with directions, is warranted to cure all malarial diseases.

We respectfully suggest that our Township Fathers do forthwith resurrect and enforce the now defunct dog tax.

"Be a man or a mouse," said Mulcahy to Muldoon the other day. "If the first, you'll subscribe for THE ADVANCE; if the latter, you won't."

Grand Temperance demonstration in the afternoon, and splendid entertainment in the evening, Monday, June 20th, in Flesherton. The greatest event of the year.

The 31st Batt. will go into camp at Niagara on the 14th inst. Volunteers of the Flesherton company are requested to get their clothing, etc., before that date in order that there may be no delay in taking train sharp on time. They are also requested to attend drill at Flesherton on Saturday, 11th inst., at 4 o'clock p. m., and on Monday following, 13th inst. at same hour.

Our well-known contractor, Mr. J. E. Moore, together with his assistants, have completely changed the appearance of our Town Hall. Outside it is painted a dark green with brown facings, the effect being very pretty. Inside the change has been equally radical in the matter of painting. No more white walls and ceilings; instead we find them boasting of a beautiful rich buff-sort of color, produced by the much-talked of new "wash" or paint, "*Asbestine.*" The platform has been raised two feet and is approached by a pair of staircases. A great improvement has been effected throughout.

The pastor of the Methodist church here, Rev. Mr. Ayers, will remove from this District to the Listowel one at the end of this conference year. His headquarters will be the flourishing village of Gorrie, in the East riding of Huron county and on the Teaswater branch of the C. P. R. A large number of warm friends here—of all denominations—sincerely regret the removal, as the rev. gentleman and his estimable family are highly respected by the people generally. We are safe in saying that he goes to his new field of labor with the good wishes of everybody on this circuit. We might add the finances of the church have greatly improved in nearly every department under the pastorate of Rev. W. Ayers. May every success crown his future labors. His successor, Rev. Mr. Shilton, M. A., comes to us warmly and highly recommended.

DISGUSTING CATARRH.—A gentleman from Montreal writes:—For years I have been greatly annoyed by Catarrh. It caused severe pain in the head, continual discharge into my throat, and very unpleasant breath. By a thorough use of Nasal Balm I was completely cured.

FARMERS!

WOOLEN FACTORY

W. H. FLESHER.

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

(By Thomas C. Watkins, 1886.)

This is the youngest, though by no means the most insignificant of the numerous progeny of the grand old mother land. In December, 1877, and January, 1878, Mr. Dent and a few other gentlemen engaged in the eastern trade obtained the cession of the whole of North Borneo, from the Kimanis river on the west to the Sibuco river on the east coast, which, with the recent cession of the Pandas district, stretches over a territory containing about 31,000 square miles, with a coast line of 600 miles, and several of the finest harbors in the Eastern seas. It is asserted that Kudat, in Maruda Bay, the most northern point, is so favorably situated that it will be able to obtain all the trade from Palawan, Balabac, Sula and Cagayan-Sulu, which now passes westward through the Mallawalli passage; and probably a large portion of the trade of the Southern Philippines also. Amongst the great harbors which give importance to North Borneo, in view of the vast trade in the Chinese seas and future eventualities in time of war, are Gaya and Amboug on the west coast; Kudat, already named, to the north, and the nearest to the great gateway of our trade between India and China, Japan and Australia. The last lies in close proximity to the Palawan passage and lies nearly midway between Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements and Australia, being within five days of each by steam. Sandakan Bay, on the east coast, where the Government has its headquarters, has been described by a late writer in a report to Sir Stamford Raffles as "the finest in the world." This colony was founded by the "British North Borneo Company," under a royal charter bearing date the 1st November, 1881, so that it is but

AN INFANT GIANT

yet. The recent excessive anxiety on the part of Germany and France for the acquisition of colonial possessions in the East, and the numerous annexations made in furtherance of this object in Africa, in the Pacific and in the Eastern seas, give increased importance to the acquisition of North Borneo by the British at the present time. From its central position it possesses important advantages, both commercial and strategical, which no other island in the Eastern Archipelago affords. And under existing circumstances, considering the almost invaluable possessions held by Britain in the East, and the enormous interests she has there, its value in an international no less than a national point of view cannot well be over-estimated. Its past history shows that at one period it had a flourishing trade with China and the adjacent archipelago, and a large and industrious population, until the advent of the Portuguese, the Dutch and the Spaniards into those regions, after the discoveries of Bernardo Dias and those of Vasco di Gama round the Cape, opened the way to India and China by sea four centuries ago. The cupidity and ruthless policy of all the first settlers in the Eastern Archipelago, amongst islands so rich and populous, destroyed all security for life and property amongst the natives. With the loss of security their commercial and agricultural prosperity disappeared rapidly, and Borneo was reduced, in common with many other most productive and flourishing islands, to a wilderness, and the inhabitants converted into pirates, and murderers by the barbarity of these tyrannical Christians, who drove the inoffensive islanders from the more peaceful and productive pursuits of agriculture and commerce to

PREY UPON THEIR FELLOW CREATURES

wherever they could catch them in the neighboring seas. Large territories in Borneo, rich in all the natural products, with ranges of mountains to the tropical climate, and numerous rivers to afford cheap and easy means of transport from the interior, have thus remained for two centuries a jungle—a wilderness, with a very scanty population, a standing monument of the cruelty of their former tyrannical Christian masters! The land came into the possession of the original grantees in 1877, and was only transferred to the present company in 1882. Judging from the great variety, beauty and perfection of the products shown by this colony at the great family gathering in the Exhibition, great progress must have been made in such a short period, and the efforts made to introduce civil government in harmony with British laws must have been conceived in wisdom and carried out with great energy to develop the resources of a country reduced to such a ruinous state into such perfection in such a short period. There was not sufficient time to enable the resident officials to make a complete and exhaustive exhibition of even all the natural products spread over so large an area, much of which has not yet been fully explored or settled. But great exertions must have been made to bring together, at such short notice, such a magnificent display of the indigeneus products of that fertile land. If some may think this colony to be of little consequence to the trade of the world, let them refer to the smallness, unpromising and insignificant trade of Hong Kong and Singapore in the first period of British ownership, though now forming the great centre of a trade which encompasses the whole world in its circuit. Fifty years has not yet elapsed since Hong Kong was a barren island, a bare rock with only a few fishermen for its inhabitants. But at present Victoria rises as Queen of the seas in that island, with many British foreigners and 100,000 Chinese residents there, while ships of almost every nationality crowd its capacious harbors continually. A similar history has been wrought out for Singapore and the Straits Settlements. The commencement of the present century saw those places poor and insignificant, and it is only during the present half century that the

GREAT FLOODGATES OF TRADE AND PROSPERITY

have flown in upon them. From the geographical position and great natural advantages of Borneo there is every reason to believe the same prosperity will visit her people e'er long. The united imports and exports of Singapore in 1880 were £25,740,174, which was chiefly due to its position, an honest Government and a plentiful supply of cheap labor by the Chinese colonists. British goods are being shut out of the European markets more and more every year. Hence, in view of the present changes taking place in Europe and the United States, where British manufactures are being shut out by the large quantities of goods produced in nearly all those countries, which were until lately large customers of Great Britain, but are competitors now, and are offering their own manufactures to Britain at present, and hence the necessity of the British manufacturers finding markets for their enormous productions amongst the Oriental nations, where, owing to the slow, antiquated processes of manufacturing, Britain can undersell the native manufacturers. The markets of the East are still open, where Russian tariffs do not exist, and no prohibitive or hostile duties are likely to be imposed under native rule. If Britain does not waken up fully to the great danger affecting her commercial and manufacturing interests she will, before the lapse of many years, lose her rank as the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation of the world. The French, the Germans and the Americans are her competitors now for the trade of the world. She should

GIVE UP HER ANTIQUATED IDEAS,

send agents or consuls to the countries she desires to trade with, and ascertain the exact patterns and styles of goods that will suit them, and then they can manufacture with a good prospect of success. Her Eastern trade will be increased enormously, as it is now only awaiting development. The shackles and semi-barbarism of ages are being broken off. The great strides of the West in civilization, in religion, in the arts and sciences, are being felt in the most remote Eastern towns and villages. Those nations are now moved as they were never moved before. God has opened up a grand opportunity to the missionaries, to the philanthropists, to the inventors, to the manufacturers, to the shippers; and if Britain accepts her great, her God-given responsibility—sends forth faithful, honest men and women, full of wisdom, of love to God and love for the souls of men—they will win those nations to Christ and hasten on millennial glory; while the artisan, the manufacturer, the merchant, the shipper and in fact all classes in Great Britain will make an immense amount of wealth from the trade which will without doubt spring up amongst those Orientals, while the Christian will have his heart rejoiced to see the great, the noble, the grand pedestal of glory on which God has placed her as mistress of the seas, to blow the gospel trumpet over every land. The ordinary jungle products of the Eastern Archipelago form the chief trade of the colony at present; being guttapercha, india rubber, rattans, camphor, birds' nests, beeswax, timbers of various valuable species. Tobacco, sago, pepper and gambier have been introduced lately. On the sea coast pearl oysters and *beche de mer* abound. The colony has not many settlers, and no great fighting tribe like those in other parts of the island. Gold and some traces of tin have been found in several of the rivers. The soil and climate are considered by competent people from Ceylon, Sumatra and Australia to be well suited for the cultivation of sugar and other tropical products, especially tobacco and pepper, which

THE NATIVES HAVE CULTIVATED FOR AGES.

Nearly 200,000 acres of land have been selected for plantations, but owing to the dulness of trade there has not been much progress made yet. By the company's regulations the price of land is fixed at a dollar per acre, and under special circumstances at 30 cents. The valuable bilian or iron wood tree is abundant. The Government is a Crown colony, administered by the Governor, assisted by a council composed of the Colonial Secretary and residents. The rainfall is very equally distributed over the colony. There are mild types of wet and dry seasons. The rain falls mostly at night, and a continuous wet day is seldom seen. The temperature varies little during the year, being about an average of 67.5 to 77.5 degrees Fahrenheit. The nights are cold, the coldest time being from 2 to 5 a.m. The highest temperature recorded is 93.5 degrees Fahrenheit. The coldest period in the year is from November to March inclusive, while in the middle of the warm season the temperature falls in June and July. The temperature depends greatly on the rainfall, if it is heavy the weather will be cooler. It is never oppressively warm, a straw hat at any hour of the day is a sufficient protection against the heat. The southwest monsoon prevails from April to November, and the northeast from December to March. The first and last months of each monsoon are variable, sometimes the wind is stronger and at other times lighter. The changes of the monsoons are the most unhealthy periods of the year.

SQUALLS OCCUR OCCASIONALLY

in the evening or at night, but they are not severe. Hurricanes do not occur so near the equator. Some parts of the colony are unhealthy, but will no doubt improve as the country is cleared up. When the forests are chopped down and the wind gets free access the sea breezes will purify the atmosphere, and North Borneo will in all probability be one of the healthiest climates of any tropical country. There has not been any bank established yet, but a paper and a copper currency are issued under the guarantee of the company, with proper reserves, and the banking facilities afforded by the Government Treasury assist in providing for the requirements of the country, as the company's notes are payable by their agents in Hong Kong and Singapore. North Borneo is greatly blessed in being out of the line of typhoons and earthquakes, which cause such devastation and havoc in the Philippines in the north and the Dutch possessions further south. The forest trees of British North Borneo comprise seventy-eight varieties, the quantities of which are vast; many of these are valuable the world over, particularly in China and Australia, each of which are only about 1,100 miles distant by sea, and will require enormous quantities of them. The colony has 700 miles of sea coast, dotted with creeks, harbors and large rivers, affording great facilities for carrying on enormous lumbering establishments, which would be sure to pay immense dividends if skilfully managed. The colony contains 31,000 square miles, the greater portion of which is covered by dense forests, containing trees up to ten feet in diameter, and 100 feet to the lowest branch. Some of the woods are very handsome, and have received from cabinet-makers the names of

BORNEO MAHOGANY,

Borneo walnut, Borneo cedar, Borneo ironwood, etc. The woods shown at the exhibition were as follows, and exist in large quantities in the colony: The billian wood, or Borneo ironwood; it grows on low, swampy ground; as it is seasoned it turns a dark red, is very hard and durable; it grows from one to three feet in diameter and fifty feet up to the lowest branch, and is proof against ants, teredos and sea worms. Mirabou is a heavy, dark yellow colored wood; it becomes darker with age; has a fine, regular grain; is very tough and durable; it makes beautiful furniture and takes a fine polish. Kiempas, or impas, is a reddish, coarse-grained wood, distinguished from mirabou by its coarseness and a curious cross-grain; it attains a large size and makes excellent beams, joists, etc. The massive, four-inch planks, of from four to five feet wide, of these and many other beautiful woods, polished like mirrors, had a surprising effect on the mind and plainly told the vast trade that must spring up e'er long between this colony and the neighboring nations, for these beautiful timbers for furniture, house building and many other useful purposes, as the supply is large enough to last for a century or more. The jungle produce consists of an immense variety of articles, amongst which the following were very conspicuous in the North Borneo Court: Mangrove bark, Damar tanah, Damar mata kuching, gutta-susa or india-rubber, tepi, sulang putch, gutta-merah or gutta-percha, tortoise-shells, beche de mer, Armadilla scales, beeswax, clams, rattans, sugar, sagama (used for collecting birds' nests), camphor, camphor wood, camphor oil, tobacco, alluvial gold, black sand or mundie, found with gold. The jungle sea produce was represented by batu tepi, sharks' maws, black birds' nests, white birds' nests, land shells, black sharks' fins, white sharks' fins. Amongst the native manufactures on exhibition there were silk handkerchiefs, silk trousers, silver tobacco boxes, silver betelnut pincers, silver finger rings, brass finger rings, brass sirih boxes, brass tobacco boxes, knives for splitting rattan, cocoa scrapers, Malay knives, Malay perangs, or axes, Malay chandong, Malay billiongs, or adzes, Malay mats, bed curtains, pillow case and dish cover, Sulu plains and embroidered cloth, Sulu pipes, turbans for men and for women, dress trousers, Sulu dress coat, woman's shawl and slippers, Sulu Chief's coat, and

MALAY ORNAMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

In native musical instruments there were several Bornean flutes (one of which was played by the nose), and jewsharps. Native implements of husbandry and household implements were represented by a rice decorticator, harrow, reaping knife, rice crushers, distaffs, lombar leaf cloth, a Dusun hat, guitar or *sindatong*, reed and gourd instrument called a *sampotong*, a bamboo lyre, rope made of the timbaran tree, female waist ornaments, sago flour, sleeping mats made of pandan grass, native hood worn by the female aborigine, native baskets for carrying burdens on their backs, aboriginal ropes, rice pounding machine and pounder. Samples of petticoats worn by the Dunsun women made of the fibre of gunob jackets made of the bark of the timbaran tree, worn by the Dunsun Dyaks of the Upper Kamanis, by both men and women, who make them by heating the bark to make it workable; other jackets worn by the men and women of the Upper Kamanis, made by the Kijows of cotton grown by themselves; petticoats worn by the Dunsun Dyak women of the Upper Kamanis; ropes made of the bark of the ijok tree, used for cables; tobacco cases and flints for striking fire; quivers for holding

THEIR POISONED DARTS,

belts made of the bark of the ijok tree, and other articles of dress worn by the Dunsun women round their hips like our ladies' bustles; Dunsun bracelets, hats, knives worn by the Tegas and Kijows of Papar suspended by a string round their necks; bear skin hats, baskets made by the Kijows, and used by them and other native tribes around the coast for carrying burdens, war jackets (bunghats) and (leatules) war hats and bajow shields used by that tribe, ornaments worn by the Dunsun and Tegas women round their ankles. Yanti, head dresses worn by the Dunsun priestesses when performing religious rites. Gold embroidery made by the Brunei Malay women for covering dishes, water bottles and other utensils. Coal, sago flour, seed pearls found in the pearl oyster shells, vegetable tallow, Brunei sashes, Dunsun knapsacks, pearls, elephants' tusks, Illanum swords, Brunei swords, Dyak swords, suit of mail, poisoned arrow quivers and hundreds of other curious articles used by the various native tribes for dress, household purposes, war, travelling, religious rites, etc. Quadrupeds were represented by elephants' teeth, armadillo skins, monkeys, wild cats, squirrels, rhinoceros' skull, horn, feet and tail, buffalo horns, an immense stuffed ourang-outang skin, which might be styled a biped, as it stood about five and a half feet high on its feet, with its arms extended so as to be in a position to give a rather loveable embrace. I had just been examining the aborigines of Australia, one group in particular, composed of a man, a woman and infant, and a boy of perhaps 15 years of age, exhibited on a patch of white sandy ground, the lad lying naked on the sand, the man and woman in sitting postures, he with a raw bird in his hands, which he appeared to be eating, while the woman sat by his side with the baby in her arms. The parents dressed in the heighth of primitive fashion, with scanty loin clothes only, and the baby and boy in mother nature's full dress of very black soft hides. The whole *tout ensemble* of the group was low and animal in the extreme. The man's face, almost to the eyes, was covered with exceedingly black, bushy hair, with the bird with its feathers on held in both hands, which he seemed about to devour, the high cheek bones, the sunken ferret like eyes, the villainously low forehead, the long slight fingers, with black nails, the broad, open mouth, all

BETOKENED THE ANIMAL MORE

than man. Passing from them I came into the Court of North Borneo, and *vis-a-vis* with His Majesty, the orang-outang above named. I examined him carefully, his hands, arms, feet, legs, body and head. His nails were the same semi-rounded form as my own, only black like the aboriginal Australians; his head, like the latter, had a large, base-retreating forehead, very little brain to represent the perceptive faculties, none to represent the moral faculties—the God-given reasoning powers of mind had no place in his brain to correspond with, to manifest the soul—all was animal on close inspection and immensely inferior to the wild Australian aborigines in the moral faculties and reasoning powers. I took hold of his hand and said, "How are you, brother?" but from the miserably small development of brain, and its purely animal shape, I felt that God had never breathed into the monkey race the breath of lives—the immortal spirit He breathed into man—the never-dying soul. Ornaments for the adornment of the fair sex were shown largely. Pearl breast pins, a diamond and pearl bracelet found in Bornean waters, gold cloths, mother of pearl shells, pearl oyster and other shells, also warriors' dresses and caps with feathers, shields with human hair, Malay execution Kris, Saribus Dyak instrument for procuring fire, Milanow instrument for flattening the heads of children; coal, a native wooden hat;

THE LAST PIRATE FLAG

taken by the British in Darvel Bay; model of the pirate Depong, of Darvel Bay; bark of the Russack tree, used by the Dunsans for mixing with their toddy to make it intoxicating. The sources from which the revenue is chiefly drawn are licenses for purchasing and retailing opium for smoking, licenses for selling spirits and other excisable articles, all of which are farmed out to private individuals; 10 per cent. royalty on jungle produce exported, a poll tax which is an established source of revenue among the natives in lieu of land taxes, and stamp duty. The land revenue comprises the proceeds of sales of public lands, quit rents and fees on transfers. There are, in addition, judicial fees and post-office stamps. These and a few remaining miscellaneous items make up the various sources of revenue.

A THRILL OF HORROR FILLS MY SOUL

when I see that men from England—sons of Britain—with the blessed Bible in their hands, which teaches them to love God supremely; to love their fellow creatures as themselves; which commands them to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them; which tells them to love their enemies, to bless those who curse them, to do good unto those who hate them and despitefully use them and persecute them—that they who have probably attended church all their lifetime, who have promised before God and man at their confirmation to renounce the devil and all his works, that they, for the sake of a paltry revenue, would license a lot of fiends in human form to procure and sell to the poor ignorant inhabitants of a heathen land, over which they have become the rulers and ought to be the protectors of the people, those foul agents of death, those poisons which weaken their brain power, make them imbecile, or madden their brains, excite the foulest passions of their nature—imbruit them—make them murderers—and then hang them, because they killed their fellow creatures while bereft of their reason by those very alcoholic poisons that they licensed an army of fiends to go forth and sell to them, well knowing that those poor aborigines would drink and smoke those deadly drugs until they would be quite unable to control their brutish passions. Certainly the North Bornean judges make fearful mistakes in this matter—they should have the members of the Government arrested,

TRIED FOR THEIR LIVES AND HANGED

for being accessories before the crimes were committed. But while condemning the North Bornean license system, permitting hundreds of the vilest creatures who ever wore the human form to murder the poor aborigines by the thousand, we are led to look at our own most degrading system—our own wretched laws, which grant licenses to thousands of saloons, and tens of thousands of taverns in our Dominion, to sell the distilled damnation to millions of our boys, young men, old men and women too, well knowing that alcoholic liquors impart no strength to the human system, they merely excite the brains of the dupes who drink them, and make them feel strong and rich while under the excitement; the next morning their systems are quite unstrung, weakness and lassitude prevail until the morning glass is taken to raise the excitement again. Every time it takes a little more to satisfy the morbid craving for the poison. The quantity of liquor which would make a young man drunk one day would (if he practiced drinking a glass or two daily) have no visible effect on him a year later. Every glass creates an appetite for another, and hundreds of our young men have become drunkards before they are fully aware of the fearful danger which is threatening them. They fancy they can take it or let it alone, as they wish; but, alas! they will not let it alone. They feel a forbid burning thirst for something to buoy them up. They take heavier and still heavier draughts of the deadly poison, which imparts no strength, but which prevents the natural discharge of the effete matter from the bodies of its victims, which, were it not used, would pass off through the skin, and good health would be maintained, but the pores of the skin of the face being obstructed, the alcohol, fusel oil and other poisonous drugs in the liquor cause disease to attack the liver, the

NOSE AND CHEEKS ARE SOON PAINTED RED,

the skin of the face becomes glossy, as if rubbed over with oil, the nose grows redder and still redder as the disease of the liver advances, the heavy drinkers make themselves walking advertisements by their evil practices, telling every one who studies human nature, and looks at their faces, that they are drunkards. Disease still fed by poison fastens more fatally on the vital parts, a slight cold, a hurt from a fall or a contagious disease seizes them, which a person whose blood was not poisoned would throw off in a few days, but it inevitably carries their poisoned and generally bloated carcases to the grave some twenty, thirty or forty years before they would have died had they never taste alcohol, which biteth like a serpent, which stingeth like a scorpion. Many of those who get saloon and tavern licenses, when times are a little dull, stand at their doors and accost every likely person they see passing, in hopes of drawing them into their bar-rooms, to drink the accursed thing. Then on Saturday nights and Sundays there are many places where all the initiated who are thirsty, by giving a certain kind of rap at back doors, can get in and get all the liquor they wish. The drinking habits of society are wrecking thousands of once happy homes in our Dominion. Idleness, sickness and death are wasting our resources and carrying off thousands of our people in every Province thereof, very many years before their time; filling our jails with criminals, our charitable institutions with orphans and helpless beggars, our penitentiaries and lunatic asylums with thieves, murderers and madmen, all on account of licensing places to sell poison, to destroy our people. Thousands of poor drunkards

ARE KILLING THEIR WRETCHED WIVES

and miserable children by inches in this fair land, though kind and affectionate when free from the effects of alcohol, that curse of Canada, whether in beer, whiskey, wine or brandy, it is the devil in solution—it maddens the brain—it fires the imagination into frenzy, and all the ire of the demon falls upon his miserable, heart broken, half-starved wife and terror-stricken children. Twice in my life I have known those poor victims of saloon and tavern keepers, whose companions were the idols of their hearts e'er they fell into the awful snares which imbruted them. When married they were the kindest of husbands, but, alas, as the love of liquor increased their poor wive's sorrows increased also—at last, worn out with misery untold, they died broken hearted—kind friends called to see those who should have been their protectors, to try earnestly, if at all possible, to rescue them from destruction—to pluck them as brands from eternal woe. Supposing that contrition had reached their hard hearts upon the death of those they had formerly loved so well, they thought it a favorable opportunity, while they expected they were crushed down with sorrow for their past conduct towards the poor and helpless children, to try to draw them to review their past lives—to think of the happy days that they and those who now lie peacefully folded in the arms of death, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are forever at rest—had spent together in early wedded life—to think of the sorrows they had brought on them and themselves—to think of the misery—the inexpressible woe which these dear ones who were the best of wives—who had kept their houses and children clean, neat and pleasant looking through all their agony,

UNTIL THEIR POOR HEARTS BROKE

with the weight of woe which crushed their weary spirits from their frail tenements—to think of these things—of the sad consequences which had resulted from their fall, of the fearful consequences which would still result to their poor children, and the awful consequences to themselves if they still continued to drink. But Oh! horror of horrors! Let the frightful revelation spur on thousands, yea, tens of thousands, to fight the drinking practices of the day—to fight the license system—to fight for an absolutely prohibitory law, which shall at once and for ever banish alcoholic liquors from our Dominion—from the rock-bound stormy shores of the Atlantic to the placid bosom of the Pacific on the sandy shores of Western Victoria. The heart-broken wives died in the morning, the husbands were lying in drunken stupors for many hours later, quite unconscious of the awful fact.

Some Old London Lady Celebrities.

Lady Colin Campbell looked extremely handsome in black, with yellow flowers and orange velvet introduced into her black lace bonnet. It rose in a peak above her forehead, a shape which suits her admirably. Orange velvet strings were pinned back in loops under each ear with its wonderful diamond earring. A bunch of daffodils in the front of her dress matched exactly with the flowers in her bonnet. * * * Mrs. Oscar Wilde remains an exponent of the school departed. Her dress made her look "straight up and down," as children say, like the "human" figures in a Noah's Ark; and the contrast of a very large hat (very becoming, by the way) was one of prolixity with brevity. This lady has given up wearing birds. I am very glad. I do wish every nice woman would.

Photographing in Colors.

A new process of taking photographs in colors is thus described by a writer in *Life*: "I think it but just to Mr. Mayall, the eminent photographer of Bond street, that I should place on record his wonderful discovery in colored photography, which he exhibited to the press for the first time on Tuesday. Mr. Mayall, who is a member of most of the learned societies in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, took advantage of the occasion to detail at some length his fifty years' experience of the camera, and expressed great pleasure that at his advanced age he could still look forward to the development of the idea which would make colored photographs as common as those at present in vogue. Magnificent specimens of the new departure were inspected."

A Man to be Pitied.

Here comes a man whom I wish to observe. Behold him. His face is pallid and his eyes are lusterless. His lips are set in pain. His steps are slow and the dull throbbing of a heavy headache beats at his temples. His days are heavy and his nights are sleepless, and life is a weariness to him. He is a mere wreck of his early manhood. His friends avoid him. When he goes home his children hunt for the dark corners, and his poor wife wishes she were dead. What has wrought all this ruin and misery? Rum? The demon Rum? Oh, no, not exactly; pie and hot bread and fifteen minute dinners did it. The poor man has the dyspepsia, that's all. But that's enough.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A merino ram at Middlebury, Vt., produced a weight of 29 pounds and 11 ounces of fleece from 376 days' growth, although the carcase weighed only 100 pounds, the wool being nearly 30 per cent. that of the carcass. Another ram, which was sheared of his sixth fleece, gave 38½ pounds of unwashed wool.

It is better to build up than to tear down. Harmony must rule, or we will all be the sufferers.—*Craftsman.*

The Four-Leaf Clover.

Through the meadow sweet with clover
Strolled a maiden and her lover;
Wrapped in meditation deeply,
With their hearts united sweetly,
Did they plight their troth anew;
Seeking oft the meadow over—
He with brown eyes, she with blue—
Searching for a four-leaf clover.

Walked they thus their watch still keeping,
'Mid the blooming clover seeking
For the auguring leaflets growing
In the meadow sweetly blowing,
With the brooklet flowing by;
Where they spent their sportive childhood
'Neath the same eternal sky,
In the meadow and the wildwood.

In their hearts a temple lifted,
Filled with love, and richly gifted
With the virtues ever dwelling
In the hearts, with passion swelling,
Which requited loves imbue.
Thus they strolled the meadow over—
He with brown eyes, she with blue—
Seeking for a four-leaf clover.

And the maiden with her lover
Found at length a four-leaf clover,
And above it faiths were plighted,
And their hearts fore'er united
In the holy name of love.
And beside the sacred altar,
Their betrothal rites to prove,
Came they, without word or falter.

And they dwelt beside the wildwood,
Where they'd spent the gladsome childhood;
And the shadows still are sleeping
'Neath the vines in silence creeping,
In the sunlight and the dew;
And two children now stroll over—
He with brown eyes, she with blue—
Through the meadow sweet with clover.

JASPER LEE HUNT.

The Miller's Man.

They've titles nowadays for all,
And names for Jacks of every trade,
Workmen and servants, great and small,
"Employees" now all masquerade.
"Professor" A., he cuts my hair,
An "Artist" makes my pot and pan;
But ha! ha! ha! the world is fair,
That calls me still—The Miller's Man.

A farmer's team brings in the wheat,
And, in our country water mill,
We make it flour that all may eat
Of wholesome bread a hearty fill.
I back my sacks, eight to each ton,
Such long has been our English plan,
And who can stand beneath each one
And walk it off?—The Miller's Man.

The good old Saxon word for me;
Call me a Man, and I'm content.
Let those be called, who like to be,
The Tradesman's "Help," the dealer's "Gent."
By honest work and labor still
To earn my "Wages" is my plan;
So here's good luck to Master's Mill,
And luck to me—The Miller's Man.

The Old Man Was Wise.

"He is a man of rank, papa,
A lord of high degree,
His wealth is simply fabulous,
And he wants to marry me."

"Be still, my child," the old man said,
"And cease your idle fuss.
I've learned that both his wealth and rank
Are simply fabulous."

Running an Engine Through Bush Fires.

"It would be no surprise to me," said a locomotive engineer at the Northwestern depot yesterday afternoon, "if the forest fires now raging in Wisconsin and Michgan would burn everything up for miles around. In all the years I have driven an engine in the Northwest I never yet have seen the country so dry. It is seldom that one sees the sides of the track burned over at this time of the year, yet there is scarcely a hundred feet of turf along the rails from Milwaukee to Chicago that is not scorched. In many places the fences have been burned and beautiful lawns ruined. I saw an engineer on the Wisconsin Central in Milwaukee yesterday, and he told me that he had run through a mile of flames on his last trip. The heat was so intense that his signals were destroyed, and the paint on his engine blistered in a hundred places. The windows in the cab were cracked, and the smoke was so dense that the engineer and his fireman were compelled to tie handkerchiefs over their mouth and wear goggles. If the people up North don't have rain within forty-eight hours I predict that the loss will be incalculable and the suffering widespread and terrible."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Wise Young Wife.

"There," said the young wife, turning from the mirror to her husband and giving him a sweet smile, "what do you think of these bangs? Do they become me?"

Charles, who was at that moment engrossed in the task of reckoning up the total cost of bonnets, bangs, dresses, etc., answered with a clouded brow:

"I should think you would be ashamed to ask such a question, Mary. Your vanity is becoming absolutely insufferable."

"Charles," she said, in a tremulous voice, "if I am vain it is for you. You would not love me if I was a slattern and a dowdy. It is for your sake that I try to make myself as attractive as possible."

Having said this she burst into tears.

Then Charles arose and gathered her in his arms, and kissed her fondly, and said:

"Your bangs are lovely, dear, and you are lovely, and if all wives were as neat and desirous of attracting the admiration of their husbands as you are, there would be a great deal more conjugal happiness in the world than there is at present. There, my love. Now, forgive me for my rudeness."—*Boston Courier.*

Taking the Census.

"I have a scheme to make some money when the next census is taken in Dakota," said one Sioux Falls man to another. "What is it?" "Why, I'll make a proposition to the Legislature to take the census of the towns at about $5 per town and make a whole barrel of money." "Why, you couldn't make a cent at that rate." "Couldn't, hey? Well, I know I could get rich at it. I can take the census of a town for 50 cents; you see, I'll give a man half a dollar to hitch up a sick horse and drive it out on the main street and let it lie down, and then after five minutes I'll get up on the waggon and count 'em."—*Dakota Bell.*

A sheep raiser in Runnels County, Texas, has a beard five feet four inches long, and twenty-one inches wide at its broadest part. It is of a rich chestnut color, and its owner is very proud of it.—*San Diego Union.*

A book agent called upon the superintendent of schools at Cleveland, O., and not finding him rang a bell close at hand. It proved to be a fire alarm, at the sound of which six hundred well trained pupils arose and filed out of the building. The agent quickly departed for "fields fresh."

Archbishop Taché has consented to testify before Senator Schultz's Committee on the Natural Food Products of the Northwest as soon as his health will permit.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The Speaker announced he had received a letter stating that John R. Dunn, Returning-officer for Queen's, N. B., was present and awaited the pleasure of the House.

Hon. Mr. Thompson, introducing a Bill to amend the Supreme and Exchequer Court Act, explained that it was to establish a special Exchequer Court, the judge of which would have the combined Exchequer Court jurisdiction now possessed by the judges of the Supreme Court and the jurisdiction of the Dominion arbitrators. Cases might be referred to this court by any Minister of the Crown. The judge would have a salary of $6,000 and there would be a registrar with a salary of $2,000. There might be appeal to the Supreme Court in any cases involving more than $500. The Dominion arbitrators would be continued and would be at the disposal of the judge to send to distant points to take evidence regarding claims, thus saving expense. As the offices of the Dominion arbitrators became vacant official referees would be appointed in their stead.

Mr. Mills asked whether it was intended that the new judge should have judicial powers or only powers of recommendation which the Government might disregard, as in the case of the Dominion Arbitrators?

Hon. Mr. Thompson stated that the judge would have the full powers invested in the judges of the Supreme Court as Exchequer Court judges.

The Bill was read a first time.

Sir Adolphe Caron, replying to Mr. O'Brien, stated that the York and Simcoe provisional battalion had made application for kit allowance, but it did not appear the claim was well founded, and it was not allowed.

Mr. Langelier, for Mr. Prefontaine, asked whether the amnesty to those taking part in the troubles in the Northwest applied to Gabriel Dumont; whether Dumont was free to return to Canada, and whether, if he returned, proceedings would be taken against him.

Hon. Mr. Thompson said that the amnesty applied to all those who had not committed homicide except in actual warfare. Dumont must know whether it applied to him or not.

The following Private Bills were considered in committee, reported and read a third time:

To revise and amend the Act to incorporate the Saint Gabriel Levee & Railway Company—Mr. Curran.

To incorporate the Goderich & Canadian Pacific Junction Railway Company—Mr. Porter.

To incorporate the Kincardine & Teeswater Railway Company—Mr. McCarthy.

Respecting the Ontario & Quebec Railway Company—Mr. Patterson (Essex).

To incorporate the Manufacturers' Life & Accident Insurance Company.—Mr. Brown.

The following Bills were read a second time:

To incorporate the Southwestern Railway company.—Sir Donald Smith.

To incorporate the Oshawa Railway & Navigation Co.—Mr. Smith (Ontario.)

To incorporate the Londonderry Iron Company.—Mr. Kenny.

To revive and amend the charter of the Quebec and James Bay Railway Company and to extend the time for commencing and completing the railway of the said company.—Mr. Grandbois.

To incorporate the Canadian Horse Insurance Company.—Mr. Small.

Mr. Edgar moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Dominion Elections Act. He said that no session could be more appropriate for considering amendments to the election law than the session first following an election, when its incidents were fresh in the minds of members of the House. He explained that his Bill was intended to improve the mechanical appliances of balloting, in order to ensure greater secrecy of voting, and also to make it clear that Deputy Returning officers and poll clerks shall not be disqualified from voting, and to prevent votes being cast by persons not on the list, under cover of certificates issued to them as agents for candidates, and to make further provision as to declaration of result of polling.

Hon. Mr. Thompson said that the Government intended to introduce the same amendments to the Elections Act this session and other amendments next session. He moved the adjournment of the debate.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) said that if amendments to the election law were to be introduced, there were some points to which he would like to call attention. For instance, there was the question of the right of aliens to vote. Under the present law persons of British birth who had become naturalized in the United States were allowed to vote in Canada.

Messrs. Davies, Ives, Landerkin and Freeman referred to other defects in the election law. The debate was then adjourned.

Mr. McCarthy introduced a Bill for the protection of railway employees. He said its object was to enable railway companies, as experience had shown to be necessary, to afford reasonable protection to their employees. One provision dealt with the packing of frogs. Another was for placing a running bar and railings to freight cars, and a third was in reference to oil cups. Most of the provisions were embodied in an Act passed by the Legislature of Ontario, but it had been found that the Act only applied to Provincial railways.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Thompson introduced a Bill to amend the Electoral Franchise Act. Improvements were contemplated in the Franchise Act to simplify the procedure of revision, and this Bill proposed to dispense with revision this year and keep in force for the next twelve months the voters' lists of last year. The Bill further declared as valid any lists, notwithstanding the want of qualification of any deputy revising officers.

Mr. Weldon pointed out that some revising officers had already commenced work this year.

Mr. Thompson said the time for commencing revision proceedings was the 1st of June, and not much work had been done.

Mr. Tisdale said the officers were already at work in his riding. He hoped the Government would hurry the Bill through.

Sir John Macdonald said notice would be sent to the officers at once.

Mr. Trow asked if there was any provision dealing with changes in property.

Mr. Thompson said it was simply proposed to continue the lists as they stood.

Mr. Mills said the termination of leases of sale and property would deprive 10 per cent. of the electors of the right to vote, while a great many young men who were justly entitled to the franchise would be prevented for twelve months from getting on the roll.

Mr. Ives said there would be few elections this year and the proposal of the Government seemed a reasonable one.

The Bill was read a first time.

Sir John Macdonald, introducing a Bill to amend the Election Act, said its object was to declare that deputy returning-officers, poll clerks and constables employed in connection with a Dominion election shall have and always have had the right to vote at such election if on the voters' list.

The Bill was read a first time.

Sir John Macdonald, introducing a Bill to amend the Act respecting the Department of Agriculture, said it was part of the scheme of departmental re-organization. The Bill proposed to place patents and copyright matters under the Department of Secretary of State and industrial designs and trade marks under the new Minister of Trade and Commerce.

The Bill was read a first time.

The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply.

On the item, country savings banks, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and British Columbia, charges of management, $16,000,

Sir Charles Tupper said the Government had considered the fact that a considerable proportion of the deposits in the Government Savings Banks were in such large sums as to make it apparent that those depositaries were being made use of by a class of people for whom they were not intended. With the view, therefore, of preserving the savings banks for the convenience of small depositors the Government had issued instructions to its officers to put in force the Order-in-Council passed last year limiting the deposits to $1,000 for each depositor. It was also proposed that deposits shall only be withdrawn from the office where the account is opened.

The item passed.

The following Bills were read a second time:

To consolidate and amend the Acts relating to the Winnipeg & Hudson Bay Railway & Steamship Company — Mr. Scarth.

To incorporate the Dominion Oil Pipe Line & Manufacturing Company.

To incorporate the Cobourg, Blairton & Marmora Railway Company—Mr. Guillet.

Latest Northwest News.

Considerable local feeling exists at Battleford because of the decision of the Government to collect the arms of the home guard and remove them to Winnipeg. The residents of Battleford think the arms should be left there as a measure of precaution.

It is rumored that McGinty, who was shot by Conductor Selkirk at Donald, B.C., is dead.

Peter Fant, the man who shot Chief McRae, has effected his escape. The Chief is doing well and no danger is apprehended. The bullet has not been extracted yet.

Senator Schultz was interviewed yesterday in Montreal while on his way to Ottawa. Speaking of the importance of measures for increasing the national food supply of the Northwest in view of the extinction of the buffalo, he said the principal points to which attention could be drawn were the fish product, wild rice and the cultivation of the rabbit.

A petition to the Dominion Government praying for certain amendments to the Lands Act has been drafted by a committee appointed at a public meeting held in Regina, and will be forwarded to Ottawa.

In reply to a request from the Council of Whitewater, Man., for the extension of the Manitoba Southwestern Railway, Mr. Van Horne stated that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had no money to expend on branches in Manitoba.

An immense mass meeting was held yesterday in Winnipeg to discuss the railway situation, all parts of the Province of Manitoba being represented. The proposed railway to the boundary was enthusiastically endorsed, and resolutions condemning the disallowance policy and Sir Geo. Stephen's recent telegram and urging the immediate construction of the road were adopted. Ground has been broken at Grand Forks, Dak., for the Northern Pacific extension to the boundary, to connect with the Manitoba line.

The first train on the C. P. R. reached Vancouver, B. C., on Monday last, the engineer on the occasion being Mr. P. Wright, and the conductor Mr. Bernhardt. On a shield on one side of the engine was a banner with the inscription, "Our National Highway," and on the other, "From Ocean to Ocean." The whole train was draped with bunting and banners. The town had been tastefully decorated for the occasion with arches, evergreens, etc.

Reports have been received at Regina that the Blood Indians have stolen forty horses from the Gros Ventres, south of the line, and serious results are feared. Lieut.-Governor Dewdney, with a detachment of Mounted Police, has left for MacLeod, to endeavor to pacify the Gros Ventres.

A Boston Man and a Detroit Girl.

It was on a west-bound train. A Boston young gentleman had struck up a conversational acquaintance with a Detroit young lady.

"Do you like Smollett?"

"I—I guess I've never seen him. Who's he with?"

The Boston young man started, but fearing that he had been misunderstood, he heeded not the query.

"You are surely fond of Fielding?" he continued.

"Oh, yes, it will do," replied the Detroit girl, "but slugging is what I like, and you just wait till our big four get after your bean-eaters—they'll make 'em think its raining baseballs out in the back end of your park."—*Chicago Herald.*

The observant Philadelphia *North American* notes that festive anglers are now preparing their hooks and lies for the summer campaign.

—The Grimsby *Independent* complains of a scarcity of small bills in that place. Hereabouts, large bills are the scarce denomination.

BLUSTERING RUFFIANISM.

How the New England Fishermen on the Fish Question are Looked Upon at Washington.

A Washington despatch to the New York *Star* says: "If the delay in the matter of the fisheries controversy should, as now seems probable, result in a more intelligent apprehension of the question by the people of this country, Mr. Bayard will have earned the gratitude of both sides of the St. Lawrence. From the very outset of the dispute the true character of the issues involved has been sedulously obscured by a set of demagogues in New England and in Congress. From the very outset, it has been made to appear that the Canadians sought to oppress and outrage our fishermen. The humblest effort by the Dominion authorities to assert their undoubted and conspicuous rights was converted into a brutal and wicked assault upon our manhood. The establishment by them of custom house regulations for their own coasts and ports was described as an act of rowdy bravado; the enforcement of those regulations became a grinding insult too hideous for endurance. It was never once admitted that the Dominion had any claims which we were bound to respect. It was never hinted that Canada's territorial privileges amounted to anything more than an idle metaphor, or that her disposition to uphold them could be other than a vicious and unprincipled assault on our dignity. While we were claiming the whole Pacific Ocean north of the fiftieth parallel, denying the right of English vessels to come within 100 miles of our shores, and regarding these colossal assumptions as miracles of modesty and self-abnegation, we flushed with a noble rage at the establishment by Canada of a three-mile limit along her Atlantic coast, and fairly gasped with fury when it appeared that our vessels would not be allowed to violate Canadian revenue laws within Canadian jurisdiction. There was never a more impressive exhibition of blustering ruffianism, and it is to the imperishable honor of the Administration that it refused to lend itself to the senseless clamor of that time. It stood like a rock against the furious tide of misrepresentation and malignity. It offered a stern and immovable barrier to the most vicious conspiracy of the generation. And now the fruit of this manly course is beginning to appear. A clearer understanding of the case has presented itself to men. Within the past fortnight two signal indications of this have transpired, notably in the powerful speech of Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio, delivered in his city a few nights ago. The fact is cropping out that vast and far-reaching mutual interests unite Canada and the United States, interests which, in their present aggregate and their future promise, are to the question of the fisheries as a mountain to a mole hill. The people of the cities along the lakes are awakening to the knowledge that they cannot afford to sacrifice a great and growing branch of their traffic to the unreasonable and arrogant pretensions of Senator Frye's Yankee fishermen. Everybody agrees—the entire country demands with one voice—that our citizens shall receive fair and courteous treatment at the hands of the Dominion authorities, and none will more jealously and more vigilantly guard this point than President Cleveland and Secretary Bayard. But it is no longer possible to delude the country with a false presentation of the case, and to inflame the public mind against Great Britain through the medium of slanderous exaggerations. This delay, which has been so angrily criticized by Senator Frye's organ, is coming to be understood as a fortunate and auspicious interlude, during which the country has had leisure to learn much truth and to relinquish many mischievous delusions."

A Somnambulist Woman Who Hugged a Policeman in Her Sleep.

Patrolman Warren, of the 3rd precinct, was standing on the corner of Temple and Cambridge streets about 2.30 o'clock yesterday morning when he saw a white object moving through Lynde street towards Cambridge street. At first he supposed it was a spirit of some west ender. However, he waited until the object reached the corner, when he saw that it was a woman with only a night dress on and with her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders. He then surmised that it was some insane person. He had taken but a few steps when the woman started down Cambridge street at a rapid pace. He pursued her but could not overtake her until she had run as far as the corner of Chambers and Allen streets. He then saw that she was asleep. He took her to the station. Lieut. Gaskin, who was on duty, was looking to see if she was still asleep when she placed her arms around his neck and laid her head on his manly breast. The lieutenant tried in vain to break her hold and he ordered Dr. Cilley to be called. The woman remained asleep until the physican reached the station and then opened her eyes. After looking at the lieutenant a second or two she exclaimed:

"My God! Where am I?"

The lieutenant told her not to be alarmed, as she was in the hands of friends. A quilt was wrapped around her and Officer Warren took her to her home in Lynde street. She refused to give her name. The officers of that district say that she is subject to somnambulism and has on several occasions been found walking in sleep on the street. —*Boston Globe.*

One, but Yet So Different.

If Germany kicks a Frenchman, France kicks a German; if France mobilizes her troops, Germany will mobilize her troops; if France says "Booh!" Germany says "Bah!" To such an extent do these countries carry their unnatural imitation that if France should go to war with Germany, Germany would probably go to war with France.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Is There No Refuge?

Girls are scarce in Dakota. When a new girl enters the territory all the brass bands turn out *en masse* and serenade her with "Sweet Violets."—*East Texas Rambler.*

A man while riding on a Maine railroad a few days ago thought that he felt a bug crawling on his neck and grabbed for it. Then there was a scream, and the man found himself clutching the back hair of a woman who had been sitting behind with her back to his.

ST. LOUIS LAWYERS

Indulge in Fisticuffs and Street Brawls and One Gets a Ride in the Patrol Waggon.

A St. Louis despatch says: The Court House was turned into something of a prize ring for about two hours Saturday afternoon, State Legislator William P. Macklin and his son and Alexander J. P. Garesche and two sons figuring as combatants. The parties are all prominent, the older Garesche being one of the leading lawyers in the city. The trouble grew out of a lawsuit, and W. P. Macklin found occasion to consult the elder Garesche and then to strike him. The latter struck back and chased young Macklin out of the Court House. Alexander Garesche, jun., heard of the trouble and went in search of Macklin, and revenged his father's ill-treatment with a kick and a blow. Again Macklin fled, but soon returned backed by his father and a brick which he had tied in a handkerchief. The Garesches were talking to several lawyers when they were confronted by the Macklins. A scrimmage ensued and Macklin, jun., threw the brick at the younger Garesche's head, but missed it. Judge Vallyant, with several of the court officers, separated the belligerents. Two hours later Macklin, jun., was met on the street by Edmond Garesche, another son of the eminent lawyer. He took Macklin to task for abusing an old man, and when Macklin retorted Edmond struck at him. A lively retreat saved him and in the chase Edmond fell, and Macklin, seeing his advantage, kicked him in the face. The younger Garesche regained his feet and for two blocks chased Macklin, capturing him in a saloon. It took two minutes for the police to get on the scene, and half of that time Garesche was getting ready for his victim, but the last minute was put in with a vengeance, and when Macklin rode down to the Four Courts in the patrol waggon his face was out of shape and a mass of bruises. All the parties were released on bail.

EGYPT'S FUTURE.

The Terms Under Which England Proposes to Evacuate the Country.

A London cable says: The Anglo-Turkish convention relative to Egypt provides for the maintenance of all existing firmans and the neutralization of the Suez Canal, and guarantee internationally the inviolability of Egypt. It also provides that the British shall withdraw from Egypt in three years unless the country is threatened with danger either internal or external. England shall, after the withdrawal of her troops, supervise the whole Egyptian army for further two years, with the right to re-occupy, with or without the aid of Turkish troops, if order is disturbed or an invasion is feared. Certain branches of the Egyptian administration will be specially settled without fresh discussion. All the powers, except Russia, co-operate with England to expedite a settlement, and England made every possible concession to arrive at an understanding with Turkey. The contingency of eventual military movements by way of the Suez Canal will form a subject for future discussion. The convention is received with favor in all quarters at Constantinople.

A St. Petersburg cable says: The *Novoe Vremyia* says the convention places Egypt under the perpetual tutelage of England, France and Russia, this paper says, are expected to protest that the Porte has no right to dispose of the future destinies of Egypt, inasmuch as Turkey has no proprietary right in Egypt, but merely the right of usufruct.

A Mischief-Making Parrot.

A short time ago a middle-aged gentleman in Dublin presented an intelligent parrot to a Miss Angelina, whom he meant to marry. He is now being sued for breach of promise on account of the same bird. He knocked at his fiancee's door and the parrot said "Come in." He went in, discovered a strange young man sitting on the sofa with the young lady, and then the parrot imitated a long string of kisses and laughed fiendishly. The match was declared off, and the young lady brings suit. She declares that the parrot was wrong.

Queen Victoria's Needle.

A remarkable needle is owned by Queen Victoria. Indeed, it is likely that there is no other needle so wonderful in the whole world. It represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This Roman column is adorned with many scenes in sculpture which tell of the heroic deeds of the Emperor Trajan. On the little needle are pictured scenes from the life of Queen Victorio, but the pictures are so small that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass in order to see them. The needle can be opened. It contains a number of needles of smaller size, which also contain microscopic pictures.

Chops and Kisses.

An epicure recently discoursed to the editor concerning various culinary matters, and one remark he made about mutton chops may bear quoting: "People do not eat chops soon enough after they are cooked," he said. "You should treat a chop as you would a woman. When it is ready don't dally, but be instant with your lips."—*Boston Courier.*

Mr. Pullman's Kyar.

"Is Mr. Pullman aboard?" he asked of the porter of a sleeping-car on an Ohio railroad. "No, sah, he ain't." "Do you represent Mr. Pullman?" "Well, sah, Misser Pullman built dis kyar, an' de rigular conductor runs de train, but in case you want waluable informashun I reckon you'd better interview me. I'ze a sort of middleman, I 'spose."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

Promptly Explained.

"Why is it," said a husband to his wife, "that married women, as a rule, are such terrible gossipers?"

"Because they find such attentive listeners in their husbands," replied the lady, easily.—*New York Sun.*

Lincoln wrote that famous paper (the Gettysburg oration) in so many different ways that he must have written and rewritten it at least a thousand times. Still, it was worth the trouble.—*Jersey City Argus.*

The first colored man ever elected Mayor of a town north of the Ohio river is Isaiah Tuppins, of Reekville, Ohio.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some of our Canadjan parliamentarians ought to be dropped on an iceberg or shut up in a refrigerator in order to give them a chance to cool off.

The immense amount of roller flour disposed of in this place at our feed stores furnishes considerable food for thought to philosophers; yea, verily, and also to saints and sinners.

At this season of the year it is impossible to evade the almost omnipresent mosquito. Like the ward politician it turns up everywhere—generally when least expected and often—very often!—when not wanted!

Hon. Edward Blake has retired for a time from the leadership of the Reform party. The Toronto *World*—the most reliable paper in that city—is of opinion that the retirement will be permanent. The scholarly and gentlemanly Sir Richard Cartwright is mentioned as Mr. Blake's successor.

The Secretary of the South Grey Teachers' Association, Mr. Wm. Irwin, deserves to be patted right heartily on the back for the grand success achieved in connection with the Convention held in Flesherton last week. He worked like a Trojan and it is safe to say that the members of the S. G. T. A. never assembled under more auspicious circumstances. Our citizens seconded Mr. Irwin's efforts in their usual hearty and generous style.

It has been said that "God hates a coward." We are of the belief that He also hates a mean man. Under such circumstances there is one man in Artemesia who should tremble until his hair stands on end like porcupine quills. He lives between Flesherton and Markdale, on the Toronto and Sydenham road.

And now the pathmaster, with fire in his eyes and the people's filthy lucre in his pocket, will proceed to adorn the street in front of his premises at the public expense. After which he will interview the Agricultural Editor of this great journal with a shot-gun and ramrod for "sticking his nose into other people's business!!"

"Come-er-er-eouwt for a walk er-eow, Mar-r-riar!" sang out a masculine cat the other night, as with curved spine, and enlarged tail it moved gracefully along the top of THE ADVANCE kitchen chimney. A boot-jack, three boots, sixteen bottles, and fifty-seven glass alleys convinced John Thomas that "Mariar" must be keeping company with some low, ill-bred pussy in the next block.

One of our correspondents this week tells of a gentleman who is sorry he did not go to Dakota twenty years sooner than he did. We know of more than one man who expresses the most profound regret that they were ever induced to pitch their tents in Dakota at all, and who actually came back to Ontario hundreds of dollars poorer than when they left the "banner province" some two or three years previous. What suits one does not always suit another, you see.

It has been often observed that ministers of the Gospel are called of the Lord to preach. It has also been noticed that the promise of a larger salary has frequently induced ministers to forsake their "beloved" flocks and a smaller salary. Notable and grand exceptions are to be found, however,—and not a thousand miles from Flesherton or Markdale either. These latter are amongst that noble but small army of men who are a tower of strength in the Christian world. Would there were more of them!

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

TEMPERANCE JUBILEE!

Everybody should make it a point to attend the magnificent Jubilee celebration in Flesherton, on Monday, June the 20th. See next week's ADVANCE.

COMPETITION SERIES.

6.—How many yards of carpet 15 inches wide will cover a floor 22½ ft. by 19 feet.

7.—If a room be 13½ ft. square, what must its height be in order that the area of the walls may be 75 sq. yds.?

8.—The weight of lead is 19·35 and that of copper 29·70 of an equal bulk of platinum. How many cubic inches of lead will be the same weight as a cubic foot of copper?

9.—A man sold two lots for 100 each, gaining thereby 20% on one and losing 20% on the other. Did he gain or lose and how much?

10.—A laborer demands 10 hours pay for 9½ hours work, what increase % in wages is this equivalent to?

Flesherton Station Items.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Samuel Whittaker, of Aurora County, Dakota, U. S., brother to Mr. Richard Whittaker, Flesherton Station, is visiting friends in Artemesia, being at present the guest of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Stone. Mr. W. is one of those enterprising, look-ahead kind of farmers who add materially to the benefit of any community. He has been five years in Dakota, the amount of farm property owned by the family consists of 2,240 acres, the land is prairie and of excellent quality. The winter season in that locality is mild and fully two months shorter than here, being located in the South-eastern corner of Dakota, and Mr. W. sadly regrets that he did not go there twenty years ago.

Master Fred. Whittaker, a ten year old son of Mr. A. W. Whittaker, and brother of the late George Whittaker, who was killed by lightning in Dakota, two years ago, left here on the 24th inst., en route for Dakota to join his father. We hope the little fellow arrived safely at his destination.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312 3610)

Strayed.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 133, West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, one Ewe, about a month ago. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

JOHN McKEE,
Flesherton P.O.

Artemesia, May 27th, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's block, Flesherton. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

BEON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00	to 4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 85	to 0 85
Spring Wheat	0 85	0 85
Barley	0 30	0 45
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 47	0 48
Butter	0 11½	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes bush.	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	20	20
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON.

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS
HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton, - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED Dr CHASE'S MANDRAKE & DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests entirely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Receipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this great remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS, 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton
Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale,

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

304 320,

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W. M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

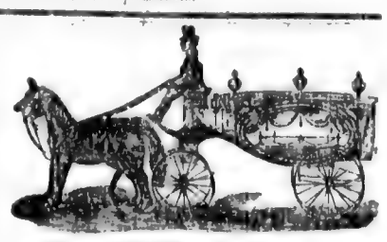

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

—EUGENIA—
Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

SOUTH GREY TEACHERS.

Report of Their Annual Convention held in Flesherton.

The annual convention of the South Grey Teachers' Association was held in the Flesherton schoolhouse on Thursday and Friday of last week. The fraternity was largely represented, both sexes being pretty evenly divided as to numbers.

Mr. C. Ramage, the energetic, original and painstaking President of the Association, occupied the chair. His opening address abounded in practical suggestions and well rounded periods. He strongly supported the keeping up of Township Associations, as it had a tendency to bring Teachers together, inducing a healthy interchange of ideas and preventing that isolation which so largely prevailed in many parts of the county. Mr. Ramage then introduced the newly appointed Public School Inspector, Mr. Campbell, to the Convention, in graceful and appropriate terms, and amidst great applause.

Mr. F. J. Hunter's paper on the "*Teacher's Influence*" next came on. It contained several good points and a number of inferior ones. It was, however, quite interesting, often edifying, and sometimes positively instructive.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Mr. R. J. Ball's paper on the "*New School History*" possessed considerable interest for those who heard it, and contained some excellent suggestions.

Miss Taylor's "*Object Lesson (with class)*" was received with considerable applause. It was excellent.

Mr. J. J. Tilley, Director of Teachers' Institutes, read a capital paper on "*Discipline.*" It was "brim full and running over" with common sense ideas pertaining to discipline in the school-room. School-rooms should be made attractive—something boys and girls would be proud of. Self-government and self-control were the great lessons to be learned, the great ends to be attained. Obedience should be cultivated until it becomes a habit. It should be an enlightened obedience. The school should be regarded as a model little world, the active co-operation of the pupils being necessary for the good government thereof; and Teachers should have a constant interest in their pupils, both in and out of the school-room. Parents and trustees should be induced to visit the school from time to time—not in an official capacity, but in a friendly manner. Teachers should get as nearly on a level with their pupils as possible. Nature illustrates the true principles of moral discipline. Discipline should be *regular* and not *spasmodic*. As for instance: a breach of school discipline that would not be tolerated one day should certainly not be tolerated the next day. Children soon accommodate themselves to a regular discipline. Artificial rules are often broken on account of natural instincts. The Teacher should study child nature. Discipline should be unobtursive—rather a means than an end. He should be kind, and should not expect the dull boy to keep pace with the bright boy. Home surroundings had much to do with the pupils progress. Curiosity was very strong in children; they should have something to do and a motive for doing it. There should be emulation of a desire to excel. Great caution should be exercised in the matter of corporal punishment. Mr. Tilley is a pleasing speaker and clothes his thoughts in simple, common sense language. The paper was criticised by Mr. R. J. Oxenham, Mr. Boyle, of Toronto, Mr. Ramage and Inspector Campbell. Mr. Tilley's replies were short, pointed and courteous.

Mr. Wherry, head master of Durham Model School, next read his paper on "*Examinations.*" It was a common sense one in every respect. The mistakes of medical men, under certain circumstances, was referred to in a most happy and humorous manner. One or two points in Mr. Wherry's paper provoked some lively criticism on the part of our genial young friend, Mr. Blakeston, and others.

Inspector Campbell's address on "*Temperance in Schools*" had been looked forward to with considerable interest by many citizens and others, and we are safe in saying that not one in the room went away disappointed. The Inspector thought a Temperance education was needed among the masses. Let the schools be thoroughly permeated with its principles. Temperance signifies something more now than it did once. It now means *total abstinence*. Now-a-days a practical reason for everything was required, and he was in favor of the scientific or experimental method of explaining the uses and abuses of alcohol. He would give object lessons on the pupils themselves. The Teacher should be full of his subject in order to teach it successfully. Pupils will carry away ideas on physiology if presented in a proper manner. Want of space prevents us doing that justice to the Inspector's excellent and practical address which it deserves.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Devotional exercises by the President and the reading of the minutes by Secretary-Treasurer Irwin, of Flesherton.

Mr. Boyle, of Toronto, then delivered his eloquent, humorous and sensible address on the "*Educational Society.*" In the course of his remarks he referred to the combination of Trustees for the furtherance of their interests, and suggested that teachers might go and do likewise. It was possible to increase the salaries of Teachers without imposing on the innocent rural Trustees. He paid a touching tribute to the "ramshackle old building" in which they were assembled, and suggested the erection of Teacher's residences. The Teaching profession was overcrowded, and no class pursued a more suicidal policy than they did. 20% of the fraternity in this province were teaching on permits, a fact to be deplored. The rich and prosperous county of Welland had 30 or 40 "permit" teachers, caused by the sycophancy of the Inspector there. The speaker's statement that the same salary should be paid to lady as to gentlemen Teachers, if equally qualified, was received with applause by the male Teachers. Numerous instances of Teachers "underbidding" each other were given and Mr. Boyle took his seat amidst great applause. A short discussion followed in which the President, Inspector Campbell, Mr. Tilley and Mr. Wherry took part.

Mr. Tilley's "*Grammar, with Class*" was very interesting and instructive.

Mr. Merchant, head master of the Owen Sound High School, delivered an eminently practical address on the "*College of Preceptors,*" which was listened to with marked attention. It was logical and convincing.

NOTES.

Mr. Tilley's lecture in the Methodist Church on Thursday evening, entitled, "*Success in life, with special reference to Young Men,*" was very largely attended, the lecture room being crowded by an intelligent and appreciative audience. The lecture was unusually interesting and instructive as well as practical and frequently elicited hearty outbursts of applause. The proceedings were varied by the rendering of well selected solos, duets, etc. by Flesherton's best vocalists.

Mr. Dixon's paper on "*Map Drawing,*" on Friday afternoon, was interesting and practical. Mr. Dixon is certainly one of the cleverest members of the fraternity we ever met in our life.

Inspector Campbell is a tall, slim, kindly looking young man, with a prominent nose. He is very popular with Teachers and, in fact, everybody.

Proton Pointers.

From our own Correspondent.

HOW THE WILD CATS WERE CAPTURED.

Monday of last week as Mr. Wm. Campbell—who lives north of Hopeville—was in the bush, he came across two wild cats (Canadian Lynx) and their young ones. He secured the kittens, keeping the old cats away with an axe. Next day Mr. Campbell and Mr. Robt. Parslow set out to secure the old ones if possible. Taking one of the captives they hung it by its hind legs to a tree. It, of course, set up a terrible scream, which soon brought its mother near the spot. Mr. Parslow could just discern the outline of the old wild cat through the foliage of the trees, and drawing a bead upon her, fired, putting eight buckshot in her breast. The hunters naturally feel very proud over their success and hope to catch the masculine species before long.

FOOT BALL MATCH.

A foot ball match took place Saturday of week before last, between the Swinton *Clippers* and the Greenside *Levellers*. The *Clippers* won the "toss" for goal, consequently the ball was kicked off by the *Levellers* at 6:30 p. m. The game was a very exciting one and the teams were evenly matched; thus when "half time" was called neither side had scored a goal. After five minutes intermission, playing resumed, both teams doing excellent work. It seemed evident that neither side was to be the loser, but by some unfortunate bungling on the part of the *Clippers* the *Levellers* scored a goal eight minutes before time was called, thus leaving the score 1 to 0. The players were as follows:—

Levellers.		*Clippers.*
T. Legate	*Goal*	W. Aldcorn.
A. McKelvie, W. Watson	*Backs*	W. Campbell, N. McMillen
C. Snail, R. Snail	*½ Backs*	J. Aldcorn, E. Maher
J. McArthur	*Centre*	W. Knox
W. Hastie, W. McKelvie	*Forwards*	W. Blakeston, J. Maher
R. Moore	*Rt. Wing*	J. Haw
W. Legate, J. Scott	*Left Wing*	G. Parslow, G. Black
T. Coleridge	*Umpire*	G. Watson

J. Laughton, *Referee.*

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The crops around here look splendid and this year has a prospect so far for an abundant harvest.

Rev. J. W. Mahood preached his farewell sermon here last Sabbath to a large congregation.

The Inistioge Division of the Sons of Temperance has a membership of fifty, and is continually increasing. We believe they are going to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee by holding a picnic at Eugenia Falls.

Death has again put in his appearance its victim is Charlotte daughter of Mr. R. Campbell who died last Saturday, aged 10 years. Her remains were interred in the Methodist cemetery here last Sabbath. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. J. W. Mahood.

Mr. A. Jamieson, of Shelburne, has been visiting friends here.

It was decided at a meeting held here last Tuesday night to erect a shed in connection with the Methodist church with a hall and speaking hall above it.

Master H. Hutchinson who has been visiting his parents here has returned to Orangeville.

Master J. Roseborough has recovered from his illness and has resumed his studies at the Collingwood Collegiate Institute.

This is all that I can think of now, Mr. Editor, so I will have to stop. MAUD.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

Kimberley.

From our Correspondent.

[The following items were crowded out of last week's ADVANCE.]

Fine warm weather and crops looking well—especially fall wheat, although it will scarcely be an average crop. I never saw pasture looking so well at this date, I think, as it does now.

Seeding about through and the busy farmers hard at work getting their potatoes in. Always busy, you see, like yourself.

I was in Kimberley to-day, but saw no loafers—every man trying to mind his own business, which principles, I think, you teach through your paper.

I would suggest that a good stone drinking trough—for public use—be placed where that pure stream of spring water crosses the road near the town line between Artemesia and Euphrasia. Although the water is in Artemesia, it is near enough our own Township to warrant me in thinking Euphrasia would assist in defraying the small expense necessary to put in the trough. It would be a great boon to man and beast if there were watering troughs all along our public roads, wherever available.

A Valuator's Liability.

Globe, 26th April, 1887.

The suit of O'Sullivan v. Lake, which was decided before Chief Justice Cameron yesterday, involved the liability of a valuator. D. A. O'Sullivan, of Toronto, was applied to for a loan on the Frederick Murphy property, about 27 acres on the mountain brow, just east of the city. He sent J. N. Lake, of Toronto, to value it, and on Lake's report loaned Murphy $8,000. The mortgage was not paid, and though the property was twice offered for sale no bids could be had. Mr. O'Sullivan sued Mr. Lake and Mr. Peter Balfour, of this city, who had been consulted, for the difference between $8,000 and the real value of the property. The suit as against Mr. Balfour was discussed before going to the jury, but a verdict was found as against Mr. Lake for $2,000.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Volunteers.

No. 6 Company, 31st Batt. will meet at the Drill Shed, Flesherton, on Saturday evenings for drill, until further orders. 25 young men wanted to fill up the above company. Apply to J. J. Field, Lieut., No. 6 Company, Flesherton. t.f.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pains—William L. Page, Richmond Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Sec.—Strait of Canso to Grand Narrows.

TENDER FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Cape Breton Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Wednesday, the 6th day of July, 1887, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Cape Breton Railway, at Port Hawkesbury, C. B., on and after the 6th day of June, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 27th May, 1887.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, Agent,
FLESHERTON

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT

JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint.

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE ROADSTER STALLION

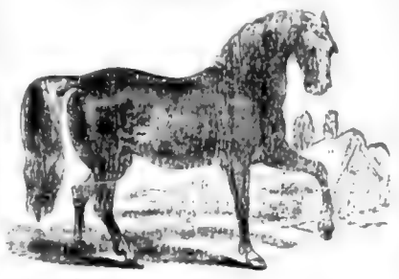

BILLY V.!

WILL leave his own stable in Flesherton, on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1887, at 12 o'clock noon, and proceed to Linley's hotel, Maxwell, where he will remain over night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to Jonathon Irish's, Wareham, for noon, thence to Johnston's hotel, Dundalk, where he will remain till Thursday morning.

THURSDAY, will return to Flesherton for the night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, for noon, and return to his own stable for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, and return to his own stable in Flesherton, where he will remain till the following Monday.

The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

Description and Pedigree:

BILLY V., foaled June 18th, 1883, is a dark dappled bay, stands 15 hands 3½", weighs 1150 pounds, and for bone, muscle, style and action, cannot be surpassed, was sired by Clear-Grit jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger.

TERMS:

To insure a foal $10.00, payable March 1st, 1888. Season mares $8.00, payable last round of horse, or not later than July 12th, 1887, if not then paid said mares will be charged as insured mares. Single leap $6.00, payable at time of service. All mares not returned regularly to horse will be charged as insured mares. All accidents to mares at risk of owners. Owners trying their mares to said horse and knowing them to be afflicted with any contagious disease, will be liable in damages. Groom's Fee 25 cents.

A. S. VANDUSEN, Owner. GEO. GLASSFORD, Groom.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold In Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

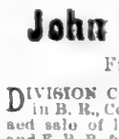

J. P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
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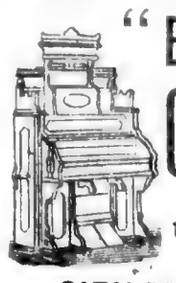

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FATAL PARISIAN FIRE.

The Opera Comique Takes Fire During a Performance.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE TRAGEDY.

Two Hundred Persons Cremated in the Parisian Fire.

Extraordinarily Exciting Scenes — The Theatre Previously Condemned.

A last (Wednesday) night's Paris despatch says: The Opera Comique took fire this evening, and the whole building is now wrapped in flames. Several persons have been injured. Fourteen persons who jumped from the windows are dead and 43 were injured. It is probable that many were crushed to death in the galleries, but at present this is uncertain. The fire broke out during the first act of the opera "Mignonne." One of the wings caught fire from a gas jet, and the entire stage was immediately enveloped in flames. The fire soon spread to the whole house. Madame Mergvillier and Messrs Tasquin and Boquard were on the stage when the fire broke out. All the actors ran out in their stage costumes. The audience got out easily, but the gas was turned off before all had left the building and it is feared some were left in the upper tiers. The roof soon fell in, sending showers of sparks around. With the exception of Madame Sellier, who perished in the flames, all the actors escaped, though several of the supernumeraries were injured severely.

Five bodies, terribly burned, were conveyed to the National Library. Among them was the body of a woman grasping a little boy in her arms.

The money receipts were saved.

The firemen showed the greatest courage. Messrs. Goblet, Thibaudin and Gagnon were on the spot soon after the fire started, and they remained throughout with the fire officials. The Military Club rendered great assistance in the work of rescuing the people. Nineteen persons are now known to be dead. Many of these were supers.

An artificial fire apparatus, which had been placed in position in readiness for the burning of the place in the second act, rolled down from its place near the roof and exploded below. Women, half-clad and carrying their costumes, fled from the stage screaming. The supers and members of the chorus were terrified, and some of the latter fled with nothing on but tights. The flames spread with such rapidity that in fifteen minutes the stage was a vast furnace.

Several actors escaped by climbing to the roof on the side of the Rue Marivanta, where they were rescued. The audience was delayed a few minutes by a dense smoke and insufficient light. The director of the *Soleil*, his wife and two children, escaped without injury. The killed included four firemen. There was not a frantic rush in the theatre, but it is believed that the staircase became blocked. M. Tasquin implored the audience to remain seated until the exits were opened, which they did. If they had made a rush for the doors the loss of life would have been terrible. The police outside were unable to restrain the crowd, who besieged the building, inquiring for their friends inside, until a military cordon was called. One man, who wanted to rescue his brother and sister, raved and tore his hair and menaced with a stick the people who stopped him from rushing into the blazing building.

The scene outside was one of wildest excitement. Falling embers struck horses in the surrounding streets, causing them to plunge and rear. Flames shot out of every window, forcing the crowd into the narrow streets, where the crush was terrific.

A figurante says there were 150 persons on the stage when the fire broke out. She heard the glass falling like a hailstorm, but told the other girls not to mind it. But while she was speaking a column of flame burst through the wings with a roar, and all rushed pell-mell from the stage.

It is still unknown how many persons were unable to escape from the doomed building.

Only a fortnight ago M. Stenackors called attention in the Chamber of Deputies to the dangerous condition of the Opera Comique, which was the oldest theatre in Paris. The *Figaro* also called attention to the same thing after a recent twelve-hour benefit performance.

A last (Thursday) night's Paris cable says: The greatest excitement prevails in the city to-day over last night's terrible accident. At first it was thought the loss of life was small, and that only professionals were burned, but every hour adds to the number of the dead, and not alone ballet girls and stage hands fell victims to the cruel flames, but also many well known in the best Paris society.

At exactly a quarter before 9, just as the curtain was about to fall at the end of the first act of "Mignon," Mlle. Merguillier, who, as *Philene*, was singing the waltz song to the chorus accompaniment, suddenly ceased singing and disappeared. She had stood in front of the cottage at the right of the stage, which was overhung with trees, when showers of glowing cinders began falling about her. The instant she vanished M. Taskin, who sang Lothario, stepped to the front amid the falling embers and said: "Don't move! It's nothing." In the stalls and the pit, where the danger was most evident, the audience began rapidly but quietly to leave the house. In the galleries, where the magnitude of the fire was not visible, people remained seated. By the time the stalls were emptied the house was full of smoke and the entire stage ablaze. Scenes of terror followed. The screams of the ladies mingled with the shouts of the people upon the stage. A frantic crowd came tumbling over each other. Pretty women in full evening dress and delicious toilets from Worth, Felix and Rouff, rushing pell-mell with shop girls and *cocottes*, came pouring out like an avalanche into the Place Boieldieu. Cloaks and wraps, of course, were left behind. A cold rain came down steadily, but luckily there was not a breath of wind. Other scenes of panic occurred in the Rue Favart, where from the stage entrance bevies of *figurantes* and half dressed ballet girls came tearing down, followed by chorus singers, the scene shifters and the carpenters.

No one knew as yet whether there were any casualties. There were hundreds of people in the galleries, but the police and the firemen declared that the most of them escaped. The official report, however, states that there are 17 dead and 110 wounded. I saw one scene shifter—a young-looking man, with bushy black beard—dragged out of the flames, suffocated and bleeding from a bad gash in the head, and brought into the ultra fashionable Cafe Anglais, at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Marivaux, where he was placed on the dining table, and died in about five minutes. Six stout firemen made a gallant charge, axes in hand, through the flames, and rescued an iron safe containing the receipts of the evening, which they carried to the editorial rooms of the *Gaulois*, near by.

The consternation of the boulevards reached its climax at about 10 o'clock, when at least a hundred thousand people blocked all the streets leading to the burning theatre, while the firemen, in brazen helmets, aided by a battalion of the 31st regiment of the line, kept back the crowd and helped to take the wounded to the police station of the Rue Rechlieu, where military ambulances stood in readiness to convey them to their homes in cots.

At the police station I saw three *figurantes*, pretty young girls, lying dead. Their clothing was burned off them, and their chests and arms were black with the flames. The number of dead in this police station is eleven and the wounded twenty-eight. Men and women were lying about groaning with pain from burns, while the doctors are hard at work doing their best to resuscitate those who are but partially suffocated.

Mlle. Merguillier, who played *Philene*, gives the following graphic account of her experience: "Ah! my poor theatre! I loved it so!" she exclaimed, tragically. "It seemed a part of me. I was in the scene with the choristers when the fire began. I had finished the *duo* with M. Soulacroix, '*Il faut Savior*,' when he said to me, raising his eyes, 'Look! we are afire! Save yourself without delay.' I left the stage in the midst of the scene, but, notwithstanding, cast my eyes over the auditorium, where already the people were springing to their feet, climbing over the stalls and rushing rearward with cries of terror. I hurried to the green-room, where I hoped to find comrades whom I could accompany to the stage entrance, but it was deserted and almost dark. The loneliness terrified me, but I tried to collect my thoughts. I remembered that a corridor running parallel with Rue Marivaux ended in an exit reserved for the administration. In two seconds I was face to face with that door. It was fast. I knocked violently with bleeding knuckles, but without answer. At that moment I was filled with a terrible anguish. I was caught in a trap. I was lost. My retreat across the stage was cut off. I felt that behind me were unknown horrors. I knew not where to turn for aid Already the corridor was full of smoke, which choked me. Then, in sheer hopelessness and despair, I shrieked. A voice without answered, 'We wil save you!' The door was burst in, and I fainted. I came to in a cafe on the Rue Marivaux. Then after a little time I came home. I am sure that many unfortunate people have been lost. Oh! I am so sorry!"

At 2 p.m. twenty bodies, in a terribly mutilated condition, have been recovered from the ruins. The remains are principally those of ballet girls, choristers and machinists. Five of the bodies are those of elderly ladies, and one of them is that of a child. The firemen are lowering some of the bodies from the fourth story of the theatre by means of ropes.

At 4 p.m. twenty more bodies were recovered from the ruins of the Theatre Comique. The search for victims continues.

The remains of three men and two women were found in the stage box, where the victims had taken refuge from the flames. It is ascertained that many bodies lie buried in the *debris* in the upper galleries, from which escape was exceedingly difficult. Late this afternoon the bodies of eighteen ladies, all in full dress, were found lying together at the bottom of the staircase leading from the second story. These ladies all had escorts to the theatre, but no remains of men were found anywhere near where the women were burned to death.

This theatre was first opened in 1838, it being built upon the site of the Favart Hall, which was also destroyed by fire. The theatre was situated alongside of the Boulevard des Italiens, facing on the Rue Favart, the Rue de Marivaux and the Place Boieldien, and one of the landmarks of the period of Louis Phillippe. The interior construction was in every way defective, and it has been often remarked that should a fire ever break out a terrible catastrophe would result. The seating capacity of the house was about eighteen hundred. The main exit from the Opera Comique was on the Rue Boieldien.

The walls of the theatre began falling this evening and the search for the bodies had to be abandoned for the day.

The library attached to the theatre was entirely destroyed, with all its contents, including many valuable scores.

Six thousand costumes were burned in the wardrobe.

The Government propose to close several of the theatres because of their deficiency in exit.

The work of searching for the bodies of the victims of last night's fire was resumed to-night, and a number more were exhumed.

The official statement says fifty bodies have already been recovered.

M. Reveillon, a Deputy, speaking in the Chamber of Deputies this afternoon, estimates that at least 200 persons lost their lives in the fire.

The Chamber of Deputies has voted a credit of 200,000 francs for the relief of the sufferers by the Opera Comique fire.

The Opera Comique was insured for one million francs.

To-day 156 missing persons have been inquired for by relatives. They are supposed to have perished in the flames.

The bottom of the theatre is flooded with water to a depth of five feet and sixty bodies have been found floating in the water by the firemen.

The finding of charred remains continue. The remains can be identified only by means of trinkets.

A Paris cable says: The roll call of the attaches of the Opera Comique made today shows that seventeen actors and employees are missing, exclusive of the supernumeraries, who were engaged nightly as they were needed, and of whom no record was kept.

There are one hundred missing; that is to say, there are that many whose relatives and friends have reported them to the police as having gone to the Opera Comique on Wednesday night, but who have not turned up. This brings the total list of casualties up to 226. Crowds stand around the police stations eagerly gazing at the face of each newly unearthed victim, in the hope of finding a lost father, brother, mother or sister. The streets are filled with women in tears. Nearly all the bodies are those of well-dressed persons. Almost all still have on their gloves. Many of the bodies are twisted into strange, weird shapes. Some seemed broiled, as if on a gridiron.

Under the debris of a narrow staircase I saw a group of seven corpses, whose charred and blackened members were intertwined in almost Laocoon coils. One of these was that of a woman whose face was literally roasted like an overdone piece of beef. In her ears glistened a pair of large solitaire diamond earrings. Her right arm was fractured; her left arm was wound about a smaller corpse—apparently that of a girl 12 years old—probably her daughter. Other corpses in this group were so black and so mangled that it was almost impossible to say whether they were the remains of human beings or of animals.

A few yards distant were the remains of a young ballet girl. Her limbs were still clothed in rose-colored tricots that made her look as if still living. No part of her body was burned, nor did it bear any traces of wounds. Her death was evidently caused by suffocation, for the poor girl had torn from her skirts a handful of gauze which she had crammed into her mouth in her vain efforts to keep out the smoke.

REMARKABLE RESCUE.

A Child Pulled 160 Feet Up a Well Hole With a Hook.

A San Antonio, Texas, despatch says: The story of a singular and serious accident comes from a German settlement near New Braunfels, fifty miles north of this city. One of the farmers in that vicinity recently started boring an artesian well in his back yard. After going 160 feet without signs of water he abandoned the project and removed the framework around the well hole, which was eleven inches in diameter. From time to time neighbors examined the well and by this means the hole was left uncovered. One day this week the farmer's 2-year-old child was playing in the vicinity of the well and when its mother came to look for the little fellow he had disappeared. Becoming alarmed she searched the yard, and going to the well heard from its dark bottom the plaintive cry of "Papa! papa! papa!" When the woman realized the truth she was frantic, and running to the field called her husband and his helpers. The news quickly spread among the neighbors, who congregated to offer assistance. At first the parents could think of no way to rescue the child. A rope was dropped down, but the child could not grasp it. The cry grew fainter and fainter, and at the end of the first six hours a stout iron hook was lowered; and after many fruitless attempts, occupying two days and nights, the distracted parents succeeded in dragging the child to the surface more dead than alive. The little fellow now lies in a very critical condition, its body, fearfully lacerated by the hoop and greatly exhausted from its long immurement.

DYING OFF LIKE SHEEP.

Frightful Ravages of Cholera at Buenos Ayres.

A Philadelphia telegram says: Chief Officer Gray, of the barque McLeod, of St. John, N.B., which arrived at this port to-day from Buenos Ayres, tells a frightful story of death from cholera in that portion of the Argentine Republic. He says that while his vessel was lying in the harbor of Buenos Ayres the people of that city and the suburbs were dying off like sheep, and the disease seemed to spread like wild fire. The wife of the captain of the barque Golden Rule, the chief mate and one man of the barque Bremen, and four men of the barque Wylower, were stricken down with the disease while the McLeod was in port. As fast as cases were discovered the patients were removed to a hospital in the city, and when death relieved the victims from their suffering they were at once removed, and their bodies burned. It was only after earnest efforts and appeals that the body of the wife of the Golden Rule was saved from cremation.

O'Brien at Montreal.

A Montreal despatch says: The demonstration in honor of O'Brien last evening was most enthusiastic. There were about 1,500 torches in the procession, in which were four bands. As they passed along the streets O'Brien and Kilbride were loudly cheered. Chaboilles square, where the meeting took place, was filled with people. In his speech Mr. O'Brien strongly denounced his assailants in the west and inveighed against Lord Lansdowne. Resolutions were passed condemning the attacks on Mr. O'Brien in the west and Lord Lansdowne's treatment of his tenants. After the meeting O'Brien was banquetted at the St. Lawrence Hall by the local branch of the National League. From 100 to 150 persons sat down, representatives being present from Ottawa and other places.

The Common Council of Utica, N. Y., has passed an ordinance which requires farmers who sell their products from house to house or on the streets to pay a license fee of $5.

John W. Keely, having, as he says, completed his great motor, is at work on an improved telephone. But where is the motor moting?

Probably the largest vineyard in the world is that owned by Senator Stanford, near Vina, Cal. On a 30,000-acre ranch he has 3,500 acres planted in bearing vines. The vineyard is divided into 500-acre tracts, and most of the work is done by Chinese.

A prominent nurseryman says that nursery practices in peach propagation and culture have weakened the vital power of the tree, which is unable to resist as depressing influences as formerly when the trees from seeding grew well and lived to old age.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION.

A Million Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed in New York.

HUNDREDS OF HORSES ROASTED ALIVE.

A last (Friday) night's New York despatch says: The Belt Line car stables, extending from 10th avenue between 53rd and 54th streets westward to about the middle of the long block, took fire about 1.30 o'clock this morning. The hay made a brilliant blaze at first, but soon clouded a large part of the neighborhood in dense smoke. The general call for all engines was sounded. The flames leaped across 10th avenue, 53rd and 54th streets, and set many frame dwellings and stables on fire. These were all destroyed. The police reserves from all the adjoining precincts were called out. The stables, which were of brick, were entirely destroyed. The rapid spread of the flames was due chiefly to the fact that a strong wind was blowing. The inflammable character of the building, divided up as it was into stalls with loose wooden partitions, and the great amount of hay and straw stored in it, contributed to make the spread of the flames almost irresistible. There were very few watchmen or stablemen on duty and the flames were so fierce and spread so rapidly that only 25 out of the 1,300 horses in the stable were got out before the smoke and flames drove the men from the vicinity. The houses on the east of 10th avenue were two story frame structures and burned fiercely. the inhabitants being forced to rush from their rooms to the street in their night-clothes in order to save their lives. In the rear of the tenements was a large coal yard, which caught fire. A six-story tenement house on Fifty-fourth street, opposite the stables, was next seen to be in flames. As far as is known all the tenants escaped with their lives and without serious injury, but none of them were able to save much furniture or clothing. The streets were filled with

THE PANIC-STRICKEN OCCUPANTS

of the tenement houses, not only those whose houses had been burned over their heads, but others who feared that in so tremendous a conflagration their homes also would be destroyed. Notwithstanding the kindness of neighbors, the night was a hard one for many who were thus rudely driven from their homes. Two policemen and a number of firemen were overcome by the heat, but they soon recovered. In the first few minutes the fire had gained headway the horses screamed terribly, but the dense, black smoke from the burning hay and straw soon did its work. At a quarter to 3 the fire was burning in four separate blocks, and on the west side it was spreading toward 11th avenue, the firemen being so closely occupied that they could not check it in this direction. The rear of the houses on 55th street to the north were also catching on fire. By 3 o'clock the fire was rapidly spreading southward and threatened to entirely consume the block bounded by 10th and 11th avenues and 53rd and 52nd streets.

The fire was finally got under control at 4 o'clock this morning. The stables with contents and the frame houses on the opposite side of 10th avenue and down 54th street were destroyed. The loss will be over $1,000,000. Elizabeth Walsh, aged 76, one of the occupants of house 540 west 54th street which was burned, was sick in her bed. The police rescued her and brought her to the sidewalk, where she expired from fright and the shock.

JUMPED FROM A WINDOW.

A Detroit Hotel Boarder Throws Himself from a Fourth Story Window and is Dashed to Death.

A Detroit despatch says: Chas. M. Haslett, who arrived at Detroit about a week ago, and for the last few days was stopping at the Brunswick Hotel, at 1 o'clock yesterday morning jumped from the window of his room in the fourth story and struck upon the stone pavement beneath. He was frightfully crushed and died almost immediately. The coroner was summoned and began an investigation and took charge of his effects, which consisted principally of a gold watch and some $70 in money. From a letter found in Haslett's satchel it appears that he was a druggist, and had come to Detroit to negotiate for the purchase of a drug store. A letter was also found, evidently from a lady friend in Three Rivers, dated May 2nd and signed "Hattie." In it she urges him to beware of his failing, hopes for the best, but fears the worst, saying, "But if you do as I think you will do, then God help you." The dead man was about 35 years of age, with dark brown hair and short side whiskers, and presented the appearance of a thorough business man. He had been drinking heavily for the past few days.

Canada's Salt Fish Trade with Spain.

A London cable says: The English Consul at Cadiz says the Canadian salt fish trade with Spain has for years been heavily handicapped. The anticipation that the Dominion would secure a fair portion of the trade as a result of the commercial convention between Great Britain and Spain proved fallacious. The Government bounty enables the French colonies to undersell ours, the difference in price amounting to eight or nine shillings per fifty kilos. The state of affairs is peculiarly hard to our colonies, for while taking on an average 150 cargoes of salt yearly from Cadiz we do not sell a single cargo of fish.

Tragedy at a Revival Meeting.

A Charlottetown, P. E. I., despatch says: At O'Leary Station, a school teacher and singing master named Mackinnon got into an altercation with one Currie at the close of a meeting held by Blue, the evangelist. Currie took off his coat to fight. They clinched, and Currie was heard to exclaim, "My God, I am stabbed." The fight was stopped, and it was found that Currie was stabbed through the left lung. Currie cannot live. Mackinnon was arrested and committed for trial. He says he acted in self-defence.

A span of mules drawing a plow near Montgomery, Ala., were attacked by a swarm of bees a few days ago and stung to death. The driver saved his life by running away after a vain effort to drive the bees from the mules.

HATE AND JEALOUSY

Result in an Extraordinary Poisoning Tragedy in Austria.

A last (Thursday) night's Vienna cable says: Five thrilling acts might easily be made out of a peasant tragedy just reported from Galicia. In a little village with an unpronounceable name lived a happy family, consisting of an old man called Dackof, his wife, Maruncka, and two sons, Josef and Peter. Some time ago Josef was married, and in due course his wife presented him with two children. The extraordinary fondness of old Dackof for his grandchildren awakened the jealousy of Maruncka, who, after watching her husband, came to the conclusion that he was carrying on an intrigue with his daughter-in-law. Meanwhile Peter Dackof, the unmarried son, had grown suspicious that his brother was trying to cheat him out of his inheritance. Jealousy soon turned to hate, and, after talking matters over, mother and son resolved on vengeance. The next Sunday they asked Josef's wife and children to dinner and set a hearty meal before them, with a toothsome cake to crown the feast. Nobody touched the cake that day, however, which was lucky, for it was poisoned. The Sunday following Maruncka renewed the experiment on a more elaborate scale. This time she made two similar cakes—one poisoned, the other harmless—and to induce the victims to eat she herself took a piece of one cake. A few hours later she expired, having eaten of the wrong cake. Peter Dackof now tried his hand and succeeded better than his mother. One day he contrived to put some poison into the soup of his sister-in-law and her children. The children both died in convulsions, but their mother, having taken very little soup, recovered after a terrible illness. The murderer, happily, did not escape. Having been arrested on suspicion, he was tried and condemned to death. His appeal against this sentence has just been rejected, and Peter will shortly be handed over to the hangman.

A PRISON ROMANCE.

A Hardened Criminal Reformed by the Wife He Married in His Cell.

A Wilmington, Del., despatch says: Charles Blake, a once hard criminal, was released from Newcastle jail to-day, after finishing a three years' sentence for burglary. When he began his term of imprisonment he was required to stand in the pillory an hour, and was to have received thirty lashes; but, through the pleading of Blake's sister, Governor Stockley remitted the lashing. He escaped from jail three times while serving his sentence, but was as often recaptured. A glamor of romance surrounded Blake during his entire term at Newcastle. Women admirers kept him supplied with flowers, fruits and dainty trappings for his cell; and in September, 1884, Sheriff Martin permitted him to be married to the woman of his choice. The bride was Miss Gussie Turner, of Philadelphia, and the wedding took place in his cell. She has since been very assiduous in her attentions to him, and was at the jail when he was released, so they left Newcastle together. Blake recently signed a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and declared to the Sheriff and others at the jail his intention of leading a respectable life. It will not be the fault of his devoted wife if he fails to adhere to this laudable determination.

KILLED BY A SPIDER.

Death of an Infant in New York After Twenty-Four Hours' Agony.

A New York despatch says: Fritz Kibitz, 1 year and 8 months old, was playing about the floor of his home at 650 Fifth street, about 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when suddenly he began screaming. His mother ran to him and saw a big spider on his left hand. The little fellow held the hand up and acted as though he was in great pain. Mrs. Kibitz killed the spider, and observing a small red mark on the child's hand, concluded that the spider had bitten it. She applied some lotion, but the child still continued its cries. A few hours later a small red lump appeared on the hand, which kept spreading until the swelling extended to the arm. A physician was called in, and measures were taken to stop the spread of the poison. His efforts were unsuccessful, and on Sunday the child's arm almost to the shoulder was badly swollen. The little fellow suffered great agony, and cried incessantly until Sunday night, when he died. The spider was described as having a small drab body.

Late Scottish News.

Mr. William Watson, late Sheriff-Substitute of Aberdeenshire, the pioneer of the movement which resulted in the introduction of industrial schools into Scotland, died in Edinburgh on the 12th of May.

A committee of gentlemen has been appointed to receive competitive designs for a statue of Burns for Ayr. Sir John McDowall, Athens, has generously offered a block of marble for the pedestal of the statue.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, New York, has, through Dr. Charles Rogers, of Edinburgh, requested to be allowed the privilege of contributing a bust of Sir Walter Scott to the Statuary Hall of the National Wallace Monument.

Mr. Thomas Stevenson, C.E., son of the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse and father of the distinguished essayist and story-teller, Mr. Louis Stevenson, died on the 8th of May at his residence in Heriot row, Edinburgh, in his 69th year.

The Original Ragged School, founded by the late Dr. Guthrie in 1847, was on the 6th of May removed from Ramsay lane, Castle hill, Edinburgh, to new and commodious premises at Liberton, which have been erected at a cost of about £10,000.

Rev. Dr. Story has resigned his charge as minister of the parish of Roseneath. Dr. Story was recently appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Glasgow University, and in consequence he has been obliged to sever his long connection with that parish.

In Pittsburg, Pa., a few nights ago a somnambulist walked off a balcony, fell about twenty feet, was picked up and carried into the house, and after a time he awoke. The shock of the fall, which sprained his foot and bruised him generally, did not rouse him from his sound sleep.

Kitty of Coleraine.

The quaint old Irish ballad, "Kitty of Coleraine," is charmingly illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey in the May "Harper's." As this little ballad is seldom found in collections of poetry, it is here given entire:

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.

Oh, what shall I do, now? 'Twas looking at you, now.
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.
'Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh, Barney M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her. Before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas the haymaking season. I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single—that's plain—
For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

The authorship of these verses is generally given as anonymous, but careful investigation has recently discovered that the writer is Edward Lysaght. Mr. Abbey's illustrations are four beautiful pages, beside a head-piece and tail-piece. The climax expressed in the last line is the title of one of the pages which is assigned the position of honor as frontispiece of the number.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SALT LAKE.

A Story in Three Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

Summer waned, and the autumn came with a breath of freshness and a sobering touch that lent a fuller charm to the mulga ridges, and chastened the sun's heat with gentle breezes. Its first month brought no new experience to the two lonely dwellers by the Salt Lake further than that testified by the change in heir surroundings. They lived their solitary life—undisturbed, except by the rare visits of the sheep overseer from the head station—pursuing a daily routine that seldom altered. The old shepherd fulfilled his trust to the uttermost letter. He scarcely ever allowed the child out of his sight. He made her a bunk in his hut, and every night undressed her, and remained by her till she had fallen asleep. He looked after her with a tenderness her own mother could not have surpassed. His quiet flock required little care; of their own accord they would come and go to the yards at the accustomed time; and so he was able to devote himself almost entirely to his little charge. No act of his that could give her pleasure was too much trouble for him. He lived in the child. Her slightest wish was law. Almost the whole day was spent in trying to amuse her.

At first little Lizzie enjoyed to the utmost the liberty and independence of her new life. She had no lessons to do now—no reading or spelling. And Scotty cooked her nice things. She could have as much "brownie" as she wanted. It was very nice to have so much cake; and sometimes he made her "lolly" from the brown ration sugar. Then he got her luscious currajong roots—bush cocoanut, as he called it—and wild fruits and berries and nice sour binil grass. It was all very pleasant at first, and Lizzie felt herself a veritable queen. Scotty would do anything she asked him—make her toys and tell her stories and carry her pick-a-back when she was tired, and catch a sheep for her to play with, and hold her hand at night till she fell asleep. But soon the solitude began to weigh upon the child's spiritz. She longed for her father and mother again, even for the sound of the hammering and the ring of the axe strokes that used to make her head ache so. The bush was so silent now that sometimes it frightened her, and even the battering of the mawl on the iron wedges would have been a welcome change. As the days dragged on their weary length this feeling became stronger and stronger. The child began to pine for other companionship than that of the half-witted old man; the very intensity of his affection became irksome to her.

And so the months of autumn passed, and then a sudden change came to the mulga ridges and the silent Salt Lake. The wet season was unusually late that year, but when at last the rain did set in, it fell in unusual quantities. For two days it came down in an almost continuous downpour, and then cleared off, only to recommence in lighter showers. During that time little Lizzie was confined to the hut; and a weary, weary time she found it. The old shepherd would take advantage of any temporary break in the weather to let his flock out, in order that the sheep might pick up a mouthful; but he would not allow Lizzie to accompany him, fearful of her getting wet.

The rain came down, and the patient sheep stood nearly all day long with hanging heads under the lee of the brush yards; the mulga ridges and the Salt Lake were blotted out; the air was heavy and moist; and the hut was so dreary that poor Lizzie, used to being out in the fresh air all day long, hardly knew what to do with herself. All Scotty's efforts failed to amuse her any longer. She longed for some change in her dull life; she sighed for the return of the sunshine, for her father and mother to come back again.

It was better when the rain cleared off, and the warm sun came out again, and made everything bright and pleasant. As though by magic the mulga ridges, with the stoney hollows between, assumed a new appearance. Two days of bright weather were sufficient to bring the sweet-smelling herbage out, and to cause the grasses to put forth their tender green shoots. Pools glistened in the hollows; the red loam—before so parched—was moist and soft, and exhaled a fresh earthy smell that mingled with the more delicate perfume of the young herbage. The mulga trees assumed a fresher green; the drooping fronds of the tall peppermint trees dripped a resinous thanksgiving for the fresh nutriment their spreading roots sucked up; even in the patches of scrub the rain seemed to have washed off some of the dinginess. All was bright and fresh, and Lizzie, freed from her imprisonment, forgot, for the time, her weary longing and impatience.

The two were seated one day near the gibbera hole, now overflowing and filling the narrow gully. The sheep were scattered along the edge of the Salt Lake, nibbling greedily at the tender young herbage that had sprung up, as it were, almost by magic.

Old Scotty was gazing out at the desolate waste of the Salt Lake.

"Why are you looking like that?" asked Lizzie curiously, laying her hand on the old man's knee.

"I'm thinking what a terrible place it is," he answered mechanically. "Look at it. It's nothing but a steaming bog. And see, it's trembling and shaking like a hungry thing. It's hidyus."

The lake presented a strange appearance. A gray exhalation, drawn out of the rain-sodden, spumy soil by the heat of the sun, partially hid its surface; through it the vilty incrustations glittered with a strange salorless shimmer. It may have been the cobration of the heated air, or it may have been the quivering of the rising mist, but the whole surface of the lake seemed to be trembling and shaking.

"Ay, it's the curse," muttered old Scotty, fearfully. "It's a dreffal thing to see it; it drors the life out of you. It's always worse after the rain."

"Couldn't you walk across it now?" asked the child, gazing with a shudder at the misty waste.

"Walk! It's nothing but a hungry bog that would swallow you up. Nothing dare go on it now, after the rain. See how the sheep keep away from it. They know what a hidyus thing it is—and I know it, too. Look at it shaking. Come away, child, or it'll blight you the same as it has done me."

The next day, as they were returning with the sheep, toward sundown, the crack of a whip in the distance suddenly broke the stillness of the bush.

"It's mother and father!" cried Lizzie, with a joyful cry. "Oh! they've come back at last."

She ran in the direction of the sound, leaving old Scotty to yard the sheep. Soon the creaking wheels sounded near at hand, and the dray slowly came into view, surmounting the last of the mulga ridges. When it stopped at length, before the tent left standing by the fencers, the little girl, weeping bitterly, and with her hand clasped in that of Duke's mate, approached the old man.

"They've not come," she cried, sobbing pitifully. "It's only Larry come alone."

The man nodded to Scotty, and gave him the usual bush greeting.

"Yes, I'm by myself this time, Liz," he said. "But don't you cry. I've come to take you to mother."

"To take her away!" cried Scotty in a scared voice.

"Ay. Her mother's waiting for her at Gidanga. But I'll turn out the horses first. They've had a heavy time of it. I was near boiled up by the rain. Them mulga ridges are as soft as butter now; it was as much as the horses could do to pull the empty dray. They'll be glad of a spell."

He unharnessed the horses, and then, leading them down the gibbera hole for water, hobbled them out. Scotty watched him as though in a dream. It had come to an end, then, at last! The child was to be taken away from him. Their happy life together was over. He would see her no more; hear the sound of her voice and her happy laughter; hold her hand in his; watch her untroubled sleep, no longer. She was to be taken from him. His feeble mind had hardly realized that such a day must come in the end. Happy in her companionship, he had never thought of separation. It had seemed as if their peaceful, happy life must go on forever. And now the evil day had come. He was to lose her. A terrible despair—all the more powerful by reason of its dreadful suddenness—took hold of him. Heart and brain felt numbed and stupified. He uttered one hoarse cry, but that was all. His grief and despair were too deep for outward expression.

That evening, when little Lizzie had been laid tenderly to rest by the old shepherd, the fencer told his story.

"I didn't tell her," he said, seated on a wooden block before the fire, "because I didn't want to frighten her. But there's been an accident. Poor Duke's dead—crushed under the wheel of the dray. It was at the Culgoa crossing. There wasn't much water in the river, but the crossing place is a bad one. I was in the dray holding his missis up, preventing her from being jolted, for it was nigh on her time, and she was very weak. The place was pretty steep and rough, and he was leading the horses down. There isn't a brake to the dray, and the leader fell, coming down on him. The wheel went right over poor Duke, crushin' his head in. He was dead when I jumped down and pulled him out. He never moved. It was orful sudden, poor fellow."

The old shepherd listened as though in a dream. He was dead, then—her father—and still they wanted to take her away from him.

"I took his missis into the township," Larry continued, "and poor Duke's body, too. She had a bad time of it, poor soul; but I got her in safe to the doctor's, and she's there now. She got a child—a boy, and I've come out to take little Liz to her. She isn't comin' back here now her old man's killed, and I ain't either. I've given up the fencin' contract, the boss allowing me and her for what work me and Duke did. She hadn't got the heart to come out here again, and I'm going to stop and take care of her. Duke and me were mates for nigh on five years, and I'm going to look after his missis and the kids. We're going to get married when she's better. So I've come out with the dray to get the tent and tools, and take little Liz back with me to Gidanga."

Poor Scotty! His paralyzed mind hardly understood what the other was saying. Only one idea whirled through his brain. Her father was dead, and they still wanted to take the child from him.

"No, no," he exclaimed, answering his thoughts more than the other's words. "Don't take her away. Leave her with me."

"Leave her? What would I leave her for? Her mother wants her."

"But I want her," he cried in tones of agony. "I can't give her up. She's mine. I love her so. Oh, leave her with me."

The fencer looked with an air of astonishment at the trembling old man.

"Why, you're off your head, mate," he said, with rough good nature. "I suppose a mother can have her own gal. No; I can't leave her. I've come out special for her."

"I love her so, I love her so," muttered poor Scotty.

"Oh, you'll get over that. There's others coming out to take up the fencin'. There's a contractor coming with five or six men and his family. He's got four children. You'll find one of them to take up with."

Scotty made a hopeless gesture, and his head sank on his breast in mute despair.

"Well, I'll turn in. I'm pretty tired," said Larry, rising and laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. Don't be downhearted, mate. You'll soon take up with them others. I'm going to spell the horses for a couple of days. Then I'll pull down the tent and load up and be off."

"Little Lizzie," murmured Scotty, wagging his head unmeaningly. "No, no; don't take her away."

The next two days were spent by the old shepherd in a state of pitiable collapse. The shock was so sudden that it seemed completely to take away the remnants of reason that remained to him. Almost for the first time during all those long years he neglected his flock. He never went near it, but sat for hours together holding the girl's hand in his; or else, when she ran away to join her newly-found companion, in gazing vacantly out at the Salt Lake. His mind seemed to be completely unhinged. He mumbled unmeaningly to himself: his head wagged from side to side; his bleared eyes were sometimes dimmed by moisture, sometimes lighted up by a gleam of excitement. At times he followed the child about like her shadow, praying her in broken accents to stop with him, wildly offering her every inducement he could think of. At night he sat by her bed, gazing absorbedly at her peaceful face, listening to her regular breathing. He would sit motionless like that all through the night, listening, watching, bowed down with anguish and despair.

Toward the end of the second day a change came over him. He muttered constantly to himself; his hands and arms moved restlessly; his eyes gleamed with excitement. Her father was dead; why should she be taken from him? That was the one thought that surged through his mind. The man who had come to take her away was nothing to her; he should not have her. The old man's mutterings and his wild exclamation showed what was passing in his mind; but he made no further appeal to the fencer.

And so the evening of the second day came, and on the morrow Lizzie and her new protector were to take their departure. The tent had been struck and rolled up, the tools collected, the dray laden, and everything was ready for an early start at sunrise.

Scotty passed the night at the child's bedside, at first in dumb despair, then in gradually increasing excitement. It was the last night. In seven hours she would be taken from him—in six—in five. The thought was madness. Once he woke her gently to ask if she would not stop with him, and when she answered yes, fretful at being aroused, but knowing with childish intuition that that answer would satisfy him, a gleam of wild joy lighted up his face. After that he never stirred again during the whole of the night, but sat there with bowed head watching the sleeping child.

With the first gray streak of dawn a footstep outside the hut aroused him. It was the fencer, who had camped for the night under the dray.

"Hullo! You up?" he said, peering into the dark hut. "You're early. I'm going after the horses, for I want to make an early start. Make up the fire and put the billy on, will you? Liz and me have got a long day's journey before us. I'll wake her up. It's nearly time she got dressed."

It had come at last, then.

"No, no," cried Scotty, suddenly starting up and brandishing his arms in mad excitement; "leave her be. She's not going. She's going to stop with me; she said so."

"Goin' to stop with you! You're off your head. Here, get out of the way and let me pass."

"No, no; stand back."

The man made his way into the hut; but Scotty, whipping up the child from the bed, with a hoarse cry darted past him in the obscurity, and gained the door. Rudely awakened, little Lizzie began to cry.

"Where are you off to, you looney?" exclaimed the fencer. "Come back, will you?"

But the old shepherd, still grasping his burden, ran quickly from the hut. Uttering a startled oath the man followed, trying to overtake him. Outside, a grey mist obscured everything. Nothing was visible but the nearest trees, standing shadowy and impalpable like phantom forms. The mulga ridges were veiled by the dense fog; the Salt Lake was nothing but an indistinguishable mass of shadows.

The old man's flying steps took him in the direction of the gibbera hole; he staggered along the top of the rock, the child crying bitterly in his arms. He did not seem to know where he was—his sole idea appeared to be to escape with his burden from his pursuer. He staggered blindly across the plateau of rock, slippery with the fog.

A shrill cry broke from the fencer's lips, and he stopped suddenly, with blanched face.

"Stop, stop, you madman," he screamed. "The Salt Lake! The Salt Lake!"

Right beneath the feet of the flying shepherd curled the chill mists that hid the lake. But he did not seem to be conscious of anything. He staggered on, stumbled, recovered himself, and then tottered blindly over the edge, the crying child tightly pressed to his heart.

There was a loud scream from little Lizzie—a hideous, dead thud as man and child fell into the morass—a dull splash of the foul spume—a sickening gurgle as the choking slime closed over them—and then all was quiet. The Salt Lake had its victims at last.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies yesterday passed a Bill to increase the army, entailing an additional charge of $2,200,000.

Herr Krupp has finished a 40-centimetre gun, the biggest ever made, at Essen. At a trial of the weapon it shot into pieces armor 97 centimetres thick at a distance of 3,000 feet.

Germany is contemplating a common legislation for all her colonies, and the Governors of the various dependencies will meet in Berlin at an early date to interchange views on the subject.

MEXICO SHAKEN.

An Earthquake Shock Yesterday Morning Scared the Natives.

A last (Sunday) night's City of Mexico despatch says: A heavy earthquake shock was felt in this city and throughout the valley at 2.50 this morning. Saturday afternoon had been extremely warm, in fact the weather for the last four days had been extraordinarily warm for this region, which generally enjoys a very mild degree of temperature even in summer. Late Saturday afternoon there were several whirlwinds in the valley and in the city, carrying clouds of dust and fine gravel high in the air. Old citizens, with the memory of previous earthquakes in mind, predicted shocks here, and to-day they are regarded as prophets. At exactly 10 minutes to 3 o'clock there was felt, not only in the city but suburban towns, a violent shaking of the earth or sort of lifting motion which lasted five seconds. Next there came, prefaced by a low roar as from the bowels of the earth, and accompanied by a stiff breeze, a violent oscillation of the earth from east to west, which awoke nearly every one, lasting, as it did, thirty-nine seconds. Houses swayed as if they were ships at sea, and persons arising from their beds were in some cases thrown with force to the floor. Bells were rung in hotels, and everywhere doors were forced open. Then came still another oscillation of much violence, proceeding from north to south. During this shock crockery was thrown down and pictures demolished in several houses. A scene of the wildest confusion followed. Thousands of persons dressed themselves and did not go to bed again. Reports received to-day do not show any fatalities as the result of the earthquake. At the School of Mines the seismic instrument showed that a heavy shock had taken place. These instruments are self registering, and prove that the shock this morning was a severe one. The weather to-day is still warm, and another shock is predicted.

The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made, the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it be kept always perfectly clean it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of Man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main-spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung scrofula) is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid, or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

One of the latest devices is a hinged lamp-post. Its chief advantage is that no ladder is required to enable it to be cleaned and repaired. It can be lighted by bending it over, the lamplighter carrying a key for that purpose.

I feel it a duty to speak in highest terms of McCollum's Rheumatic Repellant. I was laid up six months with rheumatism, and suffered intensely day and night. I tried doctors and remedies without relief, but was perfectly cured by taking this remedy. —W. W. Austin, Springford, Ont.

An Exception.

Colonel May, the Michigan prohibition leader, declares that there is no middle ground. All men must be drunk or all sober. Now, as for us, we only want a little at sheep-shearing time.—*San Francisco Alta.*

$500 Reward

is offered in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

Frank Boynton, an old soldier, committed suicide at Bar Mills, Me., rather than testify against a neighbor accused of selling cider.

A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed oft with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

There is some doubt as to whether Maxwell, the St. Louis trunk murderer, will be hanged or not. If he doesn't die of old age his prospects are believed to be fair.—*New York Mail.*

Struck With Lightning,

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Mr. Henry Hart has been elected President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Mr. Geo. Gould having declined the position.

It is estimated that the recent forest fires in the northern peninsula of the State of Michigan have caused a total loss of $7,000,000. Eight lives are known to have been lost.

A boarding shanty at Merritt's Corners, N. Y., at shaft No. 2 of the new aqueduct, was burned shortly after midnight Saturday night. There were seventy-five men asleep in the house at the time, but all escaped except two, who were burned to a crisp.

Some Lost Arts

Making glass malleable.

Being courteous in public conveyances.

Coloring and gilding glass by the Assyrian process.

Tempering bronze and copper to the hardness of steel.

Making Damascus blades.

Painting and powdering the female face so as perfectly to imitate nature.

Lifting monoliths to such heights as the tops of the Pyramids.

Growing brave without growing bold.

Making iridescent glass.

Being satisfied with the Present as certainly as good as the Past and possibly better than the Future.

In Paris the use of bicycles is only permitted on certain streets, while tricycles are allowed on all the avenues and public drives of the city.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *1902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L, 23 87.

$500 AT MARRIAGE—DON'T marry until you have joined the Mutual Endowment Association, of Altoona, Pa. (Incorporated.) Money paid immediately after marriage, not three and five years afterwards as in other societies, or, if you don't marry, a most excellent investment to join. Costs only $3 to become a member, both sexes eligible, married or single. Send for circulars, Secretary Mutual Endowment Association, Schenk's Block, Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa., P. O. Address, Lock Box 379.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

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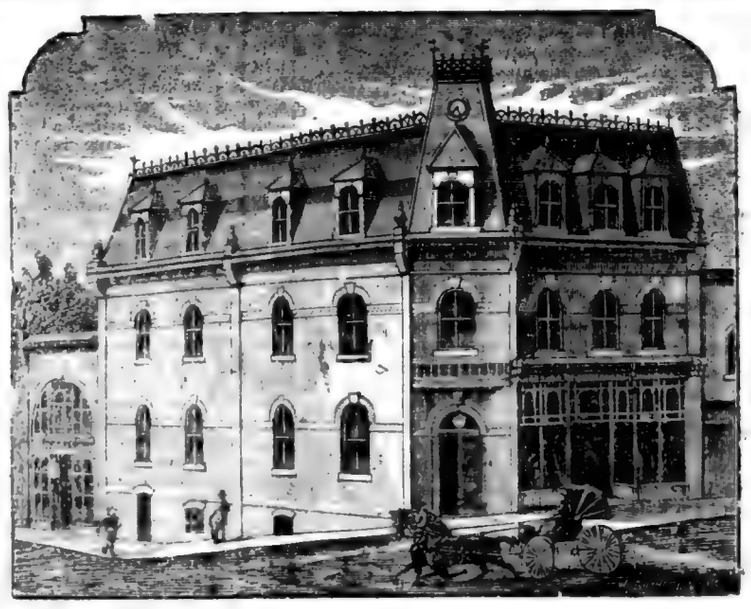

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Large Purchases of TWEEDS!

For the Spring and Summer trade, in anticipation of the certain advance in manufacturer's prices. Our stock is still heavy and we propose to REDUCE it in June by

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WE OFFER

All-Wool Tweeds From 30 Cents per Yard up!

A Man's Suit Length for $2!

We have a range of 150 patterns to select from, embracing the Newest Styles and finest textures made for this season's trade. Our

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And GENTS' FURNISHING Department is now admitted unequalled in this County. We carry a large range of Children's Clothing.

In extent and variety our General Dry Goods stock exceeds that of any former season and we offer Extra Values in

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OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is crowded with customers daily. All are pleased who come to buy, and the general Verdict of the Ladies is, "*A splendid stock and prices low!*" All departments, including

Boots and Shoes, General Groceries, Hardware, Glass, China, Crockery, and Wall Papers,

Are constantly kept assorted with seasonable goods and can give special low quotations for building contracts for NAILS, GLASS & other Hardware.

We buy Butter, Eggs, Wool and Grain for Cash.

And to those who prefer trade our extensive stock offers the most favorable conditions to our customers for profitable exchange.

We thank our old customers, with many of whom we have had constant and most pleasant business relations for over twenty years, and we ask their continued confidence and patronage. We solicit a trial from new customers. We are here to serve the public to the best of our ability, and our experience, judgement, time and means will be devoted to that end.

M. RICHARDSON & CO.

FLESHERTON, May 25th, 1887.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 313. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, JUNE 16, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

W. A. BROWN,

—THE—

PEOPLE'S JEWELLER,

Keeps the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Wedding Rings, Specs, etc., between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden Watches, my own name, accurately timed, 2 and 5 years warrant, $8.50 to $28.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto Cases, 2 to 5 oz. Waltham, P. S. Bartlett's, 3 oz. coin case, $17.50; Ellery's, $14.50, lower grades, $6.00, to $11.00; Elgins if preferred. Ladies 10 & 14 k. Watches, and Gents 10 & 14 k. filled cases always in stock. It is safe to buy Watches from me because I do business for myself, in my own name, and can be held to my warrant. 34 Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ansonia Clocks now in stock, bought close.

They will be sold below the "Terrible Bargains," prices at least 25 per cent.

It is easy to come down when goods are away up. I don't do a catch business.

Straight dealing ensures success,

I shall stay on that line. Small profits, modest prices. I secure patronage through low prices. Assortment Complete. Send for quotations. *If I do not save you money I will make other Jewellers take cost.* 18 years at the trade.

SPECIALTISE:
Watch Repairing, Fitting Spex.

Address Box 5, MARKDALE, ONT.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolton Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.
A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

See bills referring to Mr. Joseph LeGiard's famous Devon Bull.

Mr. James Belmer has returned home from the "Soo" for a short visit.

Mr. Dannode is paying the highest price for wool as usual at the Tannery.

For the best Flour and Feed obtainable go to Keefer's, Flesherton.

See advt. elsewhere in reference to Mr. Donald Mackenzie's celebrated Durham Bull, "Dauntless."

Master Geo. Treadgold, of Flesherton, has secured a position on the Dundalk *Herald*. He went there last week.

The only place in this country to get your Watch repaired properly is at Russell's, Flesherton. 2t.

Mr. D. White, of this place, got kicked on the cap of the knee by a horse recently.

Remember Union Sabbath School Picnic on the Beaver Meadow, Flesherton, at one o'clock on Thursday afternoon next, June 23rd.

Miss Lizzie McGruther, of Nottawasaga, was visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. McGruther, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayman White, of Collingwood Township, were visiting friends in this neighborhood last week.

Mr. H. Down, of the fourth line, Artemesia, had sheep worried by dogs on Tuesday night of last week.

To the children—small and large! I have a small Pictorial Card for every one who will call for it on Jubilee day in Flesherton, Monday, June 20.—WM. CLAYTON.

Flour from $3.25 per barrel up can be obtained at Mrs. Thompson's bakery, Flesherton. All kinds of Feed, Chop, &c. equally cheap. Meals at all hours.

The people in this county are so astonished at Russell's prices that they exclaim, "how can they sell so cheap?" The fact is we buy right and only ask small profits. 2t.

The annual Picnic in connection with Salem Sabbath School will be held on Wednesday next, June 22nd, to wind up with an entertainment in the evening. For particulars see bills.

Mrs. Smith of this village brought to town several fine heads of full blown barley and fall wheat taken from the farm of Mr. Teeter, Meaford Road, on the 10th inst.

25 per cent. discount, 25 per cent. discount for one day only, on Monday next, we will give 25 per cent. on all cash sales of $1 and over. Visitors to the Jubilee, you had better take advantage of positively one day only.

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON,

Has the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Wedding Rings, Spex &c. between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden, Columbus, Waltham, Elgin, and Swiss Watches, bearing warrants from 2 1-2 to five years from $7.50 to $25.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto cases 2 to 5 1-2 oz. We never ask any more than $16.00 for a P. S. Bartlett 3 oz. coin silver case, some dealers have the cheek to ask $17.50. Ellery's $13.25, while other dealers ask $14.50. Lower Grades from $6.90 to 11.50. Ladies & Gents Gold Watches. All kinds of American Clocks at lower prices than elsewhere. The fact is, other dealers cannot begin to compete with us notwithstanding the fact we do not sell at auction or trade on the church. A fine Stock just arrived at lower prices than ever. Always take your Watches, Clocks, & Jewelry to RUSSELL to repair, the only genuine Watchmaker & Jeweler in this section of country. Come right along and secure some bargains. It will pay you to come 20 miles to deal with us. You can save 25 per cent. by dealing at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

TOP BUGGY FOR SALE.—One Top Buggy nearly new, will be sold cheap for cash, or exchange for a good driving horse. W. W. TRIMBLE.

Dr. Christoe occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church here last Sunday evening; Mr. M. Richardson preached in the same place in the morning.

Barley out in head some days ago on the farm of Mr. Jas. Brodie, Meaford Road, Artemesia, and a splendid sample it is. How is that for the "Heart of Misery?"

Dominion Day is to be celebrated in Flesherton this year. The program will consist of Athletic Games & Sports, Tug of War, &c., &c. For particulars see large posters just issued.

Another new stock arrived at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, consisting of ladies and gents Gold Watches, ladies and gents Silver Watches and at terrible low prices. 2t.

Mr. Will Campbell has gone to Pearl River, Algoma District, where he has taken a position as operator on the C. P.R. We wish friend Will unbounded success.

"Consumption" positively cured by buying Flour at Keefer's, Flesherton, at from $3.50 per barrel up to $4.30. Now's your chance. All kinds of Meals, Biscuits, Confectionery, &c., always on hand.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Spirit tied his horse in the stable with too long a strap. The horse got its leg fast in the strap and came near hanging itself. Neighbors hearing the noise came to its assistance and extricated it from its perilous position.

The Flesherton ADVANCE celebrated its sixth birthday last week and announces with great pride that its eye-teeth are cut. It is a bright, newsy paper, well printed, and deserves the success it has attained. We wish it continued prosperity.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

The Flesherton ADVANCE is six years old and enters upon its seventh "sound in wind and limb" and with hopeful prospects for success and usefulness in future. We view with pleasure the progress made from year to year by Mr. Fawcett in the ADVANCE, and wish him continued prosperity.—*Markdale Standard.*

The contract for the erection of the Flesherton schoolhouse, on the handsome grounds recently purchased from Mr. W. K. Flesher, has been let to the well known Markdale builder, Mr. Richards, and will be pushed forward with all speed. Mr. Aylesworth, of Collingwood, is the architect.

Bill Nye says that the first paper he ever edited was owned by a joint stock company, who published it in a room over a livery stable, and that is why they called it a joint stock company. There were two ways of entering the printing rooms. One was to ascend the spiral staircase, and the other was to twist the mule's tail and then take the elevator.

Grand Jubilee celebration in Flesherton on Monday, next, 20th inst., under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance. All members of sister organizations are invited to attend both afternoon meeting in Flesher's Park at 2 o'clock, and entertainment in the Town Hall at 8 o'clock sharp in the evening. W. K. Flesher, Esq., has kindly consented to occupy the chair. Admission, 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents.

Mr. S. Spirit, butcher of this place, was driving into town on Thursday last, near the tannery, when his horse suddenly bolted and sprang into the spongy morass at the side of the road. When extricated the animal was covered with mud from head to foot and it was only after considerable washing and cleaning that Mr. Spirit got his spirited horse in his usual well groomed and neat condition.

Visitors to the Jubilee on Monday next will do well to call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure one of his famous watches. You can save 25% by buying there. 2t.

The Cranberry Marsh in the Southern part of this Township is reported as being in a very bad condition. Our Council has time and again expended large sums of money on it, but it would almost seem as if the bog in question had no bottom at all. Our Township Fathers are determined, however, to leave no stone unturned in order to make a good solid roadway over this cantankerous "Cranberry Marsh." How to accomplish the task successfully is now the great problem to solve.

We regret to have to announce this week the death of two old and respected residents of Artemesia, viz., Mrs. Alfred Ward and Mr. James McNally—both deaths occuring on Saturday last. Of the former we can say she was a woman who commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew her; of the latter we can only say that we believe he was and honorable and upright man, as our acquaintance with him was very slight. The remains of both were laid to rest in the Flesherton cemetery on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, their two children, and an old lady—all of Dundalk—were driving from the Station in the direction of Flesherton, on Friday last, when the bridle slipped off one of the horse's heads. The horses started to run and in turning a sharp curve the vehicle upset, throwing the occupants out on the ground with considerable violence. Mr. Proctor and the two children escaped injury, but Mrs. Proctor and the old lady were rather severely bruised. The horses continued running along the Station road until they came about opposite the residence of Mr. John Adams, where they were stopped by somebody.

Flesherton Volunteer company will give a good account of itself at Niagara camp ground this year. Tuesday morning last they turned out in full force at the Drill Shed here and marched to the Station. Every vacancy in the company has been filled with smart young recruits, and, indeed, quite a number of applications for membership had to be declined. We observed one of the Volunteers wearing one of the badges given out after the late North-West rebellion. On enquiry, we found he had seen much active service during those troublous times.

25 per cent. discount, 25 per cent. discount for one day only, on Monday next we will give 25% on all cash sales of $1 and over. Visitors to the Jubilee you had better take advantage of positively one day only.

FARMERS!

WOOLEN FACTORY

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding prove being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the quantity in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 19th, 1887.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE—THE WANDERER.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Tennyson's Princess.

Not much of a picture, certainly!

Only a stretch of wide sunny road, with a tamarisk hedge and a clump of shadowy elms; a stray sheep nibbling in a grass ditch; and a brown baby asleep on a bench; beyond, low broad fields of grain whitening to harvest, and a distant film and haze—blue cloudiness, and the deep monotonous sound of the great sea.

Yellow sunshine, green turf, the buoyancy of salt spray in the air; some one, trailing a white gown unheeded in the sandy dust, pauses a moment under the flickering elms to admire the scene.

She is a tall, grave woman, with serious eyes and dead-brown hair, the shade of withered leaves in autumn, with a sad beautiful face.

It is the face of one who has suffered and been patient; who has loved much and will love on to the end; who, from the depths of a noble, selfless nature, looks out upon the world with mild eyes of charity; a woman, yet a girl in years, whom one termed his pearl among women.

Just now, standing under the elms, with her straight white folds and uncovered hair, for her sun-bonnet lay on the turf beside her, her wistful eyes looking far away seaward, one could have compared her to a Norman or a Druidical priestess under the shadow of the sacred oak; there is at once something so benignant and strong, so full of pathos, in her face and form.

Low swaying of branches, then the pattering of red and yellow rain round the rough-hewn bench, the brown baby awakes and stretches out its arms with a lusty cry—a suggestive human sound that effectually breaks up the stillness; for at the same instant an urchin whittling wood in the hedge scrambles out in haste, and a buxom-looking woman steps from the porch of an ivy-covered lodge, wringing the soap-suds from her white wrinkled hands.

Trifles mar tranquility.

For a moment silence is invaded, and the dissonant sounds gather strength; for once infant tears fail to be dried by mother smiles, and, as if in answer to the shrill cries, flocks of snow-white geese waddle solemnly across the grass; the boy leaves off whittling wood and chases the yellow-bills; through the leafy avenue comes the loaded corn-wain, the jocund waggoner with scarlet poppies in his hat, blue corn-flowers and pink convelvuli trailing from the horses' ears; over the fields sound the distant pealing of bells.

The girl wakes up from her musing fit with a deep sigh, and her face becomes suddenly very pale; then she moves slowly across the road towards a path winding through the bare harvest fields, where the gleaners are busily at work. From under the tamarisk hedge comes the shadow of a woman; as the white gown disappears and the lodge-keeper carries off her wailing child, the shadow becomes substance and grows erect into the figure of a girl.

Of a girl in shabby black, footsore and weary, who drags herself with hesitating steps to the spot where the other woman's feet have been rested, and there she stoops and hurriedly gathers a few blades of grass and presses them to her lips.

Silence once more over the landscape; the glitter of sunshine round the empty bench; the whirling of insects in the ambient air; under the shadowy elms a girl smiling bitterly over a few poor grasses, gathered as we pluck them from a loved one's grave.

* * * * *

Catharine, the lodge-keeper, sat rocking her baby in the old porch seat: through the open door one could catch glimpses of the bright red-tiled kitchen with its wooden settle, and the tortoise-shell cat asleep on the great wicker chair; beyond, the sunny little herb-garden with its plots of lavender, marjoram, and sweet-smelling thyme, the last monthly roses blooming among the gooseberry bushes; a child cliqueting up the narrow brick path with a big sun-bonnet and burnished pail; in the corner a toy fountain gurgling over its oyster-shell border, and a few superannuated ferns.

Catharine sat contentedly in the shady porch, on her lap lay the brown baby with his face all puckered up with smiles; his tiny hole of a mouth just opened ready for the small moist thumb, and his bare rosy feet beating noiseless time to the birds; he was listening besides to his mother's voice as she sat rocking him and talking unconsciously aloud.

"'Heaven bless her!' she muttered, with a cloud on her pleasant face; yes, those were her very words, as she stood like a picture under the old trees yonder."

"'Heaven bless her and him too,'—but there was not a speck of color in her face as she said the words, and I could see the tears in her beautiful eyes. Oh, but you are a saint, Miss Margaret—every one knows that; but, as I tell Martin, it is a sin and a shame to ring the joy bells for a feckless chit that folk never set eyes on; while our darling, Miss Margaret, is left alone in the old place."

"What about Margaret, Catharine, for heaven's sake, what about Margaret?" and the shadow that had come from behind the tamarisk hedge now fell across the porch straight before the startled woman.

Catharine put down her apron from her eyes with something like a cry, and stood up trembling.

"Good gracious! is that you, Miss Crystal? why, you come before one like a flash of lightning on a summer's day, to make one palpitate all over for fear of a storm."

"And about as welcome, I suppose," returned the young stranger, bitterly, "my good Catharine, your simile is a wonderfully true one."

"I don't know nought about 'similies,' Miss Crystal, but I know you are as welcome as the flowers in May. Come in—come in—my lamb, and don't stand scorching your poor face in the sun; come in and I'll give you Martin's wicker chair by the open window, where you can smell the sea and the fields together, and I'll fetch you a sup of Daisy's new milk, for you look quite faint and moithered, like a lost and weary bird, my pretty. Yes, just like a lost and weary bird."

"You are right," murmured the girl through her pale lips; then aloud, "have your own way, for you were ever an obstinate woman, Catharine, and fetch me a draught of Daisy's sweet milk and a crust of the old brown loaf, and I will thank you and go; but not before you have told me about Margaret—all that you know, and that you hope and fear, Catharine."

"Heaven bless you, Miss Crystal, it is the same tender heart as ever, I see. Yes, you shall hear all I know; and that's little enough, I'll be bound." And so saying, she hustled up her dress over her linsey petticoat, and, taking a tin dipper from the dresser, was presently heard calling cheerfully to her milky favorite in the paddock, on her way to the dairy.

Left to herself, the girl threw herself down—not in the wicker chair, where the cat lay like a furry ball simmering in the sun, but on the old brown settle behind the door, where she could rest her head against the wall, and see and not be seen.

She had taken off her broad-brimmed hat, and it lay on the table beside her: and the sunlight streamed through the lattice window full on her face.

Such a young face, and—heaven help her—such a sad face; so beautiful too, in spite of the lines that sorrow had evidently traced on it, and the hard bitter curves round the mouth.

The dark dreamy eyes, the pale olive complexion, the glossy hair—in color the sun-steeped blackness of the south—the full curled lips and grand profile, might have befitted a Vashti; just so might the spotless queen have carried her uncrowned head when she left the gates of Shushan, and have trailed her garments in the dust with a mien as proud and as despairing.

There she sat motionless, looking over the harvest-fields, while Catharine spread a clean coarse cloth on the small oaken table beside her and served up a frugal meal of brown bread, honey and milk, and then stood watching her while the stranger ate sparingly and as if only necessity compelled.

"There," she said at last, looking up at Catharine with a soft pathetic smile that lent new beauty to her face: "I have done justice to your delicious fare; now draw your chair closer, for I am starving for news of Margaret, and 'like water to a thirsty soul is news from a far country.' How often I say those words to myself."

"But not bad news, surely, Miss Crystal; and it is like enough you'll think mine bad when told. Hark, it only wants the half-hour to noon, and they are man and wife now."

"Man and wife! of whom are you talking, Catharine?"

"Of whom should I be talking, dearie, but of the young master?" but the girl interrupted her with strange vehemence.

"Catharine, you will drive me crazy with that slow soft tongue of yours. How can Hugh Redmond be married while Margaret stands under the elm trees alone?"

"But it is true, Miss Crystal, for all that—as sure as the blue sky is above us—Sir Hugh Redmond weds to-day with a bonnie bit child from foreign parts that no one set eyes on, and whom he is bringing home as mistress to the old hall."

"I don't believe you!" exclaimed the girl stormily; but in spite of her words the olive complexion grew pale. "You are jesting, Catharine; you are imposing on me some village fable—some credulous report. As I love Margaret I refuse to believe you."

"The time was when a word from Catharine would have contented you, Miss Crystal," replied the woman sorrowfully, and her honest face grew overcast. "Do you think Miss Margaret's own foster-sister, who was brought up with her, would deceive you now? But it is like enough that sorrow and pride have turned your head, and the mistake of having made the first false step beside."

"Forgive me," returned the girl hoarsely; and she took the work-hardened hand and pressed it between both her own. "I will try to believe you, though I cannot realise it that Margaret—my Margaret—has been jilted."

"No, nor that either, dearie. We must not blame the poor young master beyond his deserts. He loved her true, Miss Crystal; he loved her that true that his heart was like to break; but for all that he was forced to give her up."

"I cannot understand it," in a bewildered voice. "When I left the dear old home that summer's day a year ago they had been engaged nine months; yes, it was nine months, I remember, for it was on her birthday that he asked her to be his wife, and they had loved each other long before that. Do you think I can ever forget that time?"

"I daresay not. Anyhow, things went on well for a time; the young master was always at the Grange, or Miss Margaret and Mr. Raby at the Hall; and when he was away, for he was always a bit roving, he wrote her a heap of letters; and all was as right as it could be till the old master came home."

"Ah, true! I had forgotten Sir Wilfred."

"Ay, he had been away for more than two years in the East, working for that fine book of his that folks talk about so much; but he was in bad health, and he had a strange hankering to die in the old Hall. There is an awful mystery in things, Miss Crystal; for if it had pleased Providence to have taken the poor old master before he reached the Hall, our dear Miss Margaret might have been happy now."

"Do you mean that Sir Wilfred objected to the match?"

"Well, I don't rightly know what happened, but Martin and me think there is some mystery at the bottom. Folks say, who know the young master, that he has a way of putting off things to the morrow as should be done to-day, and either he did not tell his father of his engagement to Miss Margaret, or his letters went astray in those foreign parts; but when the old master heard that Mr. Hugh had promised to marry Miss Margaret, he made an awful scene, and swore that no Ferrers should be mistress of Redmond Hall."

"Good heavens! what reason could Sir Wilfred have for refusing his consent? Margaret was beautiful, rich, and well-born. Do you mean to say that Sir Hugh was so poor a creature as to give her up for a whim?"

"No, no, Miss Crystal, dear, we don't understand the rights of it. When Mr. Hugh left the old master he just rushed up to the Grange to see Miss Margaret, and to tell her of his father's opposition; but she had a right brave spirit of her own, and she heartened him up, and bade him wait patiently and she would win over the old man yet. Well, it is a sad story, and, as I told you, neither Martin nor me know what rightly happened. Sir Wilfred came up to talk to Miss Margaret, and then she sent for Mr. Hugh, and told him they must part, that she would never marry him. That was before the old master had that stroke that carried him off, but she held firm to it after his death, and nothing that Mr. Hugh could say would move her."

"And yet, if ever woman loved man, Margaret loved Hugh Redmond."

"I know it, dearie, no one could look at her and not see that the light had gone out of her life, and that her heart was just breaking—how white you have gone, Miss Crystal!"

"I am so sorry for Margaret. Oh! Catharine, Catharine, if I had any tears left I think I could shed them all for Margaret."

"Keep them for yourself, my dearie, maybe they will cool the fever in your heart, and make you see clear, and bring you back to us again."

"Hush, hush! I will not hear you. I will only talk of my poor Margaret. She would not marry him you say."

"No, she was like a rock, not all the poor young master could say could change her resolution. I know she told him that his father was right to forbid their marriage, and though it was a cruel trouble to them both, they must bear it, for it was God's will, not Sir Wilfred's, that separated them; but he would never listen to her, and at last he just flung away in a rage and married the other."

"The other!—whom do you mean, Catharine?"

"Well, you have heard of Colonel Mordaunt, who lived up at Wyngate Priory, the big place, up yonder, some of the land adjoins the Hall lands, but the house is no better than a ruin."

"Yes, I know; Colonel Mordaunt died in India."

"Well, maybe you did not know that the Colonel had a daughter, a bit bonnie lass, who was brought up by an aunt in the country. It seems Sir Wilfred and the Colonel had always hoped to bring about a match between the young people, and after Sir Wilfred's death they found a letter with the will, charging Mr. Hugh by all that was sacred not to marry Miss Margaret, and begging him to go down to Daintree, and see Colonel Mordaunt's beautiful young daughter. Miss Margaret told me with tears in her eyes what a loving fatherly letter it was, and how it prayed Mr. Hugh to forgive him for crossing his will; but told him at the same time that no blessing could ever follow his marriage with Margaret Ferrers."

"No blessing? There is some mystery here, Catharine."

"That is what I say, Miss Crystal, but reason or not, the poor young master was half-crazed with the disappointment; he was for setting aside everything, and going on reckless-like, but Miss Margaret she was like a rock—she could not and would not marry him; and in his anger against her, and because he did not care what became of him, he went down to Daintree and settled the matter with Miss Mordaunt, and that is all I know, Miss Crystal."

"One—two—three—four," counted the girl with a bitter smile, "four broken hearts, four mutilated lives, and the sun shines, and the birds sing—one hungers, thirsts, sleeps, and wakes again, and a benignant Creator suffers it; but hush! there are footsteps, Catharine, hide me, quick."

"My dearie, don't look so scared like, it is only Mr. Raby—he passed an hour ago with the parson; but there is only wee Johnnie with him now."

"Is he coming in? I am sure I heard him lift the latch of the gate; you will keep your faith with me, Catharine?"

"Yes—yes, have I ever failed you; bide quite a bit; he cannot see you. He is only standing in the porch, for a sup of milk. I'll fetch it from the dairy, and he'll drink it and go."

"If only Johnnie were not there," murmured the girl, anxiously.

"No, no, he has sent him on most likely to the Vicarage."

"My good Catharine," observed a quiet voice from the porch, "how long am I to wait for my glass of milk?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Raby, I am indeed," answered Catharine's cheery tones in the distance.

"Don't be sorry," returned the same voice; "waiting will do me good." And then there was silence.

The stranger stole out and peeped through the half opened door.

There was a tall man standing in the porch; a man so tall that the clustering ivy round the trellis-work quite trailed about him and touched his forehead; a man broad-shouldered and strong, but with a stooping gait like a giant worn out with labor; he was in clerical dress, but his soft felt hat was in his hand, and the grand powerful head with its heavy dead-brown hair and pale face were distinctly visible under the shadow of the ivy. He did not move at the sound of the stealthy footstep or at the light shadow that fell across him, though the girl crept so close that he could have touched her with his right hand; but on Catharine's reappearence she shrunk back with a gesture of mingled entreaty and command.

"There is the milk, Mr. Raby, and it is yellow and rich with cream to reward your patience, sir."

"Thank you," he replied, smiling, and putting out a large white hand; the stranger took the glass from Catharine and held it to him; he drank it with seeming unconsciousness and with lowered eyes. "A most delicious draught; but your hand is trembling, Catharine; are you tired or unwell?"

"Neither, sir, thank you," replied Catharine, huskily, while the girl drew back in evident alarm. "Ah, there is Johnnie come for you, he is waiting at the gate; here is your stick, Mr. Raby. Don't forget your hat, for the sun is very powerful."

"No, no," returned the clergyman, absently. "Good morning, Catharine." Then, as he walked down the little brick-paved path, "How strange Catharine's hand never felt like that; it always seemed puckered and rough to me, but this felt soft and cold as it touched me, and shook so that it could hardly hold the glass. Johnnie, lad, is there any one standing in the porch with your mother?"

"No, sir, only mother."

"Strange," he muttered, "strange; I suppose it was my fancy, I am always fancying things:" and then he sighed and put his hand on the boy's shoulder, for Raby Ferrers was blind.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLIND VICAR OF SANDYCLIFFE.

Over proud of course,
Even so!—but not so stupid, blind, that I,
Whom thus the great Taskmaster of the world
Has set to meditate, mistaken work,
My dreary face against a dim blank wall
Throughout man's natural lifetime,—could prevent or wish.
Browning's Aurora Leigh.

About five miles from Singleton, where Redmond Hall stands, is the little village of Sandycliffe, a small primitive place set in corn-fields, with long sloping fields of grain, alternating with smooth green uplands and winding lanes, with the tangled hedge-rows, so well known in southern scenery.

Sandycliffe is not actually on the sea-shore, but a short walk from the village up one of those breezy uplands would bring the foot-passenger within view of the blue sea line; on one side is Singleton, with its white cliffs and row of modest, unpretending houses, and on the other the busy port of Pierrepoint, with its bustle and traffic, its long narrow streets, and ceaseless activity. Sandycliffe lies snugly in its green hollow; a tiny village with one winding street, a few white-washed cottages grouped round a small Norman church, with a rose-covered vicarge inhabited by the curate's large family. The vicar lived a mile away, at the Grange, a large red brick house with curious gables, half covered with ivy, standing on high ground, with a grand view of the sea and the harbor of Pierrepoint.

It might seem strange to any one not conversant with the facts of the case that the small, sparsely-populated village should require the services of a curate, and especially a hard-working man like Mr. Anderson; but a sad affliction had befallen the young vicar of Sandycliffe; the result of some illness or accident, two or three years after his ordination, had left him totally blind.

People who had heard him had prophesied great things of Mr. Ferrers—he had the rare gift of eloquence; he was a born orator, as they said—a rising light in his profession; it was absurd that such powers should be wasted on a village congregation, made up of rustics and old women; he must preach from some city pulpit; he was a man fitted to sway the masses in the east end of London, to be a leader among his fellows; it was seldom that one saw such penetration and power united with such simple unobtrusive goodness.

Mr. Ferrers would smile a little sadly when these speeches reached his ear. He was a man who cared little for the praises of his generation; his one aim in life was to devote his talents to his Master's service—to work in the corner of the vineyard allotted to him. His inner consciousness, indeed, told him that he had capabilities for a larger sphere, a wider range of work; when the call came he would be ready to leave his few sheep in the wilderness and go out into pastures new. He was like a knight watching beside his armor until the reveille sounded; when the time came he was ready to go down to the battle.

When the call came! Alas! it never came in this world for Raby Ferrers. In the full prime of youth and strength the mysterious doom of blindness came upon the young vicar and left him groping in a darkened world.

There was bitter trouble at the Grange just then; a young cousin of Margaret and Raby Ferrers, who had lived with them from childhood, and had been the spoilt darling of the house, had left her home suddenly, leaving no trace behind her.

Gossip had been rife in Sandycliffe, but no one except Hugh Redmond knew the rights of the case, or why the girl should have abandoned her home when Raby Ferrers was lying on a bed of suffering, and Margaret was watching beside him in trembling anguish for the result.

There were weeks and months of bodily suffering and fierce internal conflict—bitter hand to hand fights with despair. And then the strong will and faith of Raby Ferrers triumphed; back from the shadow of the valley of death he came, mutilated, scarred, and victorious; and like blind Samson, led by a boy, he one day electrified his people by entering his pulpit again; and at the sight of the changed pale face, and of the deep melodious voice speaking with its old tender authority, there was hardly a dry eye in the church.

From that day Mr. Ferrers never flinched from the purpose he had set before him as far as lay in his power to do his duty. Bound by his ordination vows, he still gloried in the dignity of his priesthood. Sunday after Sunday saw him occupying the pulpit of his little church, which, as the fame of his rare eloquence went abroad was always crowded with strangers.

He had secured the services of an earnest hard-working man—the ill-paid, overworked curate of an east end parish with a large sickly family—and installed them in the sunny pleasant vicarage.

(To be continued.)

Socks With a Place for Each Toe.

Speaking of hose reminds me of an imported idea in gentlemen's foot-wear, or "sox," as they are called by the haberdashers. They are made like gloves, with a place for each toe, and are said to be far ahead of the old style in matter of comfort, also as to expense.—*New York Letter in Boston Record.*

Perishable Freight.

A freight car was left at Chippewa Falls by a north-bound train. It was marked "perishable goods." When the agent opened the door after the departure of the train out walked four tramps.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

A Bustle de Luxe.

Bustles are a never-ending source of misery or pleasure, but really the bustle de luxe is one I have just seen. It is made of silk, filled with hair, and has dainty white ribbons for ties.—*New York Star.*

A meeting of Presbyterian ministers and elders was held in Toronto yesterday, when it was decided to divide the city into districts for mission purposes, and a permanent organization was formed for mutual counsel on all matters of common interest.

Dr. Anderson Critchett, of London, was recently offered a fee of £7,000—probably the largest medical honorarium on record—to go to India to treat one of the native princes, but declined the offer.

"Mamma," said a little 5-year-old girl, pointing to a turkey gobbler strolling around a neighbor's yard, "ain't that red-nosed chicken got an awful big bustle?"

THE BOOM AT THE SAULT.

What a Hamilton Man Has to Say About It.

James W. Reid, formerly of Hamilton, writes to the Toronto *News* from Sault Ste. Marie that he went to that place six weeks ago on the report in a Toronto paper that things were booming. He says: "I found on my arrival that there was no shops to rent and it would take a small fortune to buy a lot to build on, as a ring of speculators gobbled up all the property last winter for four or five miles along the river front and away back into the country ever so far, by merely paying down a few dollars on it. In one case I know of only $25 on a $4,800 purchase—and then all agreed to put up the prices so fearfully high that a poor man cannot touch a foot of it. This is killing the town, and keeping it back, as nearly everybody who comes here leaves in a few days, cursing the place instead of staying here and helping to build it up. Over 150 people came in the week I did, but there are only three of them left now. There is plenty of talk about lots, but no sales are being made, and except a few cheap buildings no work going on. It is the deadest place I ever was in. One or two men have the business all in their own hands, and they do not like to see anybody else starting in opposition to them. The hotels charge $7.50 a week for board, and it costs a lot of money to stay here any time. Everybody wants to make a fortune in a month and not work for it."

Latest Scottish News.

It is announced that the talked of change of the 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders into a battalion of the Scots Guards is not to take place.

The last set of girders of the Tay Bridge were raised to their permanent position on the 19th ult. The work of construction has occupied about five years.

The detailed prospectus of the Glasgow International Exhibition has been issued. The guarantee fund, it is stated, already exceeds £240,000, and is still being increased.

Rev. Dr. Hutcheson, of Banchory-Ternan, was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, at Edinburgh, last month, and the Rev. Principal Rainy, of the Free Church.

The same anonymous donor that gave £10,000 to start the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, has now intimated his intention of being at the cost of finishing the building according to the original designs.

The death is announced of the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and sister of the late Duchess of Westminster, Lady Blantyre, and the late Duchess of Argyll.

A hundred years ago, on the 4th of June, Robert Burns first went to Dumfries, and received the freedom of the burg, in recognition of his talents, and the service, as a writer of songs, that he had done, and was doing, to his country.

The death of Mr. Alexander Brunton, Inverkeithing, author of the "Life and Heroic Actions of Sir William Wallace," and other books bearing on early Scottish history, is announced. Mr. Brunton was 83 years of age.

To the Wallace monument, at Stirling, five busts have already been offered—namely, those of King Robert the Bruce, Knox, Buchanan, Burns and Scott. Watt should certainly follow next in order. Each bust varies in cost between £80 and £100.

A monument to the Marquis of Montrose, "the great Marquis," is to be placed in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, chiefly by gentlemen of the Clan Graham. Dr. Dowland Anderson has furnished the design, the carrying out of which will cost about £1,000.

Peculiar Death of a Boy.

The death in a chest as pathetically set forth in the "Mistletoe Bough" has its latest parallel in the sad fate of little Tommy Gray, a bright New York lad of 7 years, whose body was found on Tuesday evening in a chest forming the seat of an ice waggon, which stood on the street. The little fellow, with several school companions, went bathing in the afternoon in the North River. They were surprised while in the water by a policeman, and in their fear of arrest they scattered in different directions. Little Tommy ran with his clothes under his arm, jumped into the ice waggon and hid in the chest, pulling down the lid, a self-locker. Here the poor little fellow was in the evening found suffocated.

—In a letter to County Crown Attorney McMillan, of Orangeville, Lord Dufferin thus refers to his family: You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that my wife and all my children are flourishing. My eldest daughter has grown up into a very fine handsome young woman, and has now gone home for a year to England after spending two years with us here. My eldest son is a young soldier in a cavalry regiment stationed in India, and the others are all gradually growing up.

LITTLE JIM.

Our little Jim
Was such a limb
His mother scarce could manage him.
His eyes were blue,
And looked you through,
And seemed to say,
"I'll have my way!"
His age was 6,
His saucy tricks
But made you smile,
Though all the while
You said, "You limb,
You wicked Jim,
Be quiet, do!"

Poor little Jim!
Our eyes are dim
When soft and low we speak of him.
No clatt'ring shoe
Goes running through
The silent room,
Now wrapped in gloom,
So still he lies,
With fast shut eyes,
No need to say,
Alas! to-day,
"You little limb,
You baby Jim,
Be quiet, do!"

Policeman—"Give me a pint of peanuts, aunty, and there's 5 cents for you." Aunty—"Hivin bliss ye, sor! I see yez are a new man on the force."—*New York Sun.*

The Canadian Wimbledon team intend spending a week at Cambridge before taking up their quarters at Wimbledon for practice.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time :

Respecting the Ontario Pacific Junction Railway Co.—Mr. Rykert.

To incorporate the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Co.—Mr. Small.

Mr. Thompson, replying to Mr. McMullen, stated that it was the intention of the Government to distribute to justices of the peace an abridgement of the Revised Statutes containing the criminal law, the cost being about one-fifth of the Revised Statutes.

Mr. White (Cardwell), replying to Mr. Mallory, said Rufus Stephenson was in the employ of the Government as Inspector of Colonization Companies at a salary of $3,000 and travelling expenses, the same as those allowed for other employees in Manitoba and the Northwest.

Sir Charles Tupper, replying to Mr. McMullen, stated that three-quarters of the accounts connected with the revision of the voters' lists were paid, and the remainder would be paid within a few days.

Sir John Macdonald, replying to Mr. Rinfret, said the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec had tendered his resignation on account of ill-health. He had not asked for leave of absence nor been granted it. The resignation had not yet been accepted.

Sir Charles Tupper, replying to Mr. Mitchell, who asked for facts relating to Reciprocity negotiations, said everything possible was being done by the Governments of Canada and Britain to settle the fishery question and promote Reciprocity, but declined at present to make public any particulars.

Mr. Thompson, replying to Mr. Choquette, said the salaries of Revising-officers were not yet fixed, but would be shortly.

Mr. Amyot asked whether the Government proposed to take any steps to protect the Dominion from attacks of the cholera now raging in South America.

Mr. Carling said quarantine would be enforced against all ships coming from South America, whether on the Atlantic or the Pacific side. If any vessel were found infected she would be detained in quarantine.

Mr. Amyot said that yesterday the Minister of Militia (Sir Adolphe Caron) had stated that the reason for ordering the 9th Battalion, of which he was Colonel, to discontinue drill was given in letters to him (Mr. Amyot). This was not so. The battalion, after being called out to drill, had been ordered to stop without a word of explanation and had later been ordered to resume, also without explanation. They were treated in a harsh and grossly insulting way. He had asked also whether the whole report of Major-General Strange on the 9th Battalion had been published in full, and the reply was in the affirmative. But Major-General Strange had published a letter in the press declaring that there were parts of his reports which were not published. He (Mr. Amyot) himself had sent in, at the request of the Department, a report of the operations of the 9th Battalion in the Northwest, but this had never appeared, and the 65th also had been almost completely ignored. Twenty years hence, people reading the reports of how the rebellion was put down would hardly know that there had been two French Canadian regiments engaged in the Northwest. The 9th were cut up into five detachments and distributed to posts of danger among the most dangerous Indians of the Northwest. They had come home amidst applause, had been crowned with wreaths and received with open arms, but since he (Mr. Amyot) had differed from the hon. Minister on the Riel question his regiment had been insulted and oppressed.

Sir Adolphe Caron denied that he had persecuted or insulted the 9th Battalion, and charged that Mr. Amyot had himself insulted the French volunteers by declaring that they were fit only to take care of provisions and forts. He had been forced to produce the correspondence between Mr. Amyot and himself by an order of the House.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

On the item of $90,000 for experimental farms,

Sir Richard Cartwright asked what was done with the $30,000 voted last year, and what was proposed to be done with the $90,000.

Mr. Carling said that a farm of 460 acres had been purchased near Ottawa for $65,000. There were no buildings of any account on the land. It was intended to establish experimental farm stations, one in the Maritime Provinces, one in Manitoba, one in the Northwest and one in British Columbia. It was expected that the cost of site, buildings, stock and machinery for the farm near Ottawa would be $160,000.

After remarks from Mr. Sproule, Mr. Semple and Mr. Gigault, the item passed.

On the item of £20,000 sterling, Canada's contribution to the Imperial Institute,

Sir Charles Tupper explained that it was intended to use the grounds at South Kensington, which had been used for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. Imposing buildings would be erected, one-half of which would be allotted to the Colonies and India. It was intended that the institute should furnish information as to the products and industries of the British Empire. He had stated clearly to the Prince of Wales and other heads of the Institute that £20,000 would be Canada's entire contribution.

Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mallory expressed entire disapproval of the scheme.

On the item of $229,525 for immigration,

Sir Richard Cartwright urged the abolition, or at all events the great reduction, of the expenditure under this head.

Sir Charles Tupper charged the Opposition with want of patriotism.

The debate was continued by Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Charlton and Mr. Brown.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) said the want of patriotism should be laid at the doors of the present Government, who had placed obstacles in the path of the progress of the country and had placed it at a disadvantage as compared with the United States, a country with inferior natural advantages.

The items relating to immigration and quarantine were passed after a long discussion and the House adjourned at 1.20.

Bill to incorporate the Teeswater & Lake Huron Railway Company. (From the Senate.)

Mr. Foster laid on the table additional papers relating to the Behring Sea seizures.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

On the item militia, $1,286,000,

Mr. Denison drew attention to several recommendations in the Major-General's report with which he could not agree. The report recommended that all officers of permanent corps should be senior in rank to other militia officers. He objected strongly to the idea. It was a slavish following of the English system, while the condition of the two forces was entirely dissimilar. In England there were the volunteers, the militia and the regular army. Here we had only the militia. In England it was not intended and for two or three hundred years the practice had not been followed, that militia or volunteers should be used in foreign service, although it was not the standing army that laid the foundation of England's greatness in the battles of Cressy, Poictiers and Agincourt. Yet in all modern wars in which England was engaged the standing army alone was sent to do the fighting. In England, therefore, the officers of the permanent force had the benefit of experience, which was denied to the officers of militia and volunteers, and that might justify the regulation there, but here it was entirely different. The moment there was any trouble here, calling for military aid, the Canadian militia turned out and served alongside of the permanent corps wherever they might be required. The militia officers of Canada made great sacrifices for the force. They spent their time and their means and did everything they could to further its interests. On the other hand the permanent officers had good pay and were well looked after, and there was no reason why they should have any preference. Again, the Major-General advocated the enlargement of the regular force and a corresponding decrease in the militia as a step necessary to maintain a proper system of defence. He (Mr. Denison) thought that exactly the opposite course should be pursued. The schools should be cut down to the smallest possible limit consistent with supplying the necessary instruction. Of what earthly use would be a standing army of one or two thousand men in the event of trouble with our neighbors to the south? Of no use at all. On the other hand, if we had a militia force of one hundred thousand men, it could, by increasing the service roll of every company from 42 to 125, be enlarged to three hundred thousand, a force which would be of great service to us in an emergency. In Europe the idea was to go in for armed nations, and in his judgment that was the proper course for us to follow. We should endeavor in every way possible to infuse a military spirit into the people. The military force should be at once increased to 50,000, and should be drilled for at least sixteen days in each year. The idea ought to be scouted of going backwards by reducing our strength. He did not think it was to the interests of a young country like Canada to have a large standing army. We could not afford to have any drones in the hive. But by a moderate amount of drilling we could have a large force which would be available and useful at short notice. It was understood at Confederation that one million dollars would be spent annually on the militia, and he did not think it was fair that when reductions anywhere were found necessary this appropriation should suffer. He hoped the Minister would not be guided by the report of the Major-General, and that he would not permit injustice to be done to the Canadian militia by giving regular officers special rank over them.

Mr. O'Brien said he quite agreed with the last speaker in his criticism of the evident intention on the part of some of those in authority to place the permanent corps in a position different from that of the militia. He strongly objected to anything being done which would make the permanent force anything more than that which it was intended from the first to be, a school of instruction.

Sir Adolphe Caron said he agreed with Mr. Denison that a standing army would be altogether out of place in this country. The permanent corps was intended merely for instructional purposes, and its usefulness had been shown in the number of trained men who were turned out every year to render valuable services to the country. He did not place the same interpretation on the report of the Major-General as Mr. Denison had done. The General did not wish to replace our militia system by a permanent army, and he was sure that such views would not be entertained by Parliament.

The item passed.

On the appropriation for the Military College at Kingston,

Sir Richard Cartwright asked for information with regard to the fine of $100 imposed on those cadets who had taken service in the Imperial army.

Sir Adolphe Caron said that matter had been referred to the Minister of Justice for an opinion as to the legality of the fine, and his opinion was that the authorities had a perfect right to impose a fine on those cadets who had entered the Imperial service.

Mr. Denison urged the Government to consider the advisability of giving four cadets at the head of the graduating class of the Royal Military College each year employment in the Civil Service of Canada. If that were done it would encourage those who passed through the college, and would be an advantage in that way to the country. He believed the first four cadets received commissions in the regular army, and it might be optional whether they would take such a commission or else could go into the Civil Service of Canada.

Mr. Jones concurred in the views expressed by Mr. Denison.

Sir Adolphe Caron said if Mr. Jones, when Minister of Militia, held the view he had expressed, that policy had been pretty well followed by this Government. Some of the cadets of the Royal Military College were at present employed in the Militia Department; others had received commissions in the permanent corps or Mounted Police.

Sir Richard Cartwright said he understood Sir Adolphe Caron had made the selections himself. What Mr. Denison and Mr. Jones had suggested was that these appointments be offered as prizes.

The item passed.

The following Bills were read a third time and passed :

To incorporate the Collingwood General and Marine Hospital.—Mr. McCarthy.

To incorporate the Niagara & Woodstock Railway Company.—Mr. Sutherland.

To incorporate the South Norfolk Railway Company.—Mr. Tisdale.

The House resumed in Committee of Supply.

On item drill sheds and rifle ranges, $10,000,

Mr. Denison inquired whether or not an amount would be placed in the supplementary estimates for the drill shed at Toronto.

Sir Adolphe Caron said when the supplementary estimates came down he thought it would be found that Toronto had not been forgotten.

Mr. Kenny inquired if it was intended to enlarge the drill shed at Halifax.

Sir Adolphe Caron said it was impossible out of the money voted to provide every place with drill sheds, and he feared nothing could be done for Halifax this year.

On the item $11,000 for the Halifax extension of the Intercolonial Railway,

Mr. Jones criticized the management of the Intercolonial and objected to the appropriation.

Mr. Kenny complimented the Government on what it had done to promote the interests of Canada, including those of Nova Scotia. He (Mr. Kenny) was a Canadian, and we should have no national existence without the Intercolonial Railway. He wondered if his colleague was a Canadian.

Mr. Jones—No.

Mr. Kenny—I regret to hear the hon. gentleman say that.

Mr. Jones—I am a Canadian by Act of Parliament.

After considerable discussion on the appropriation for the Intercolonial Railway the item was passed.

Sir Charles Tupper presented a special report on the fisheries protection service.

Sir Charles Tupper drew attention to a despatch in the *Mail* to-day purporting to give the substance of an interview between himself and Secretary Bayard during his recent visit to Washington. He wished to say that statements in the despatch were not only incorrect, but were in almost every particular quite the reverse of the truth.

A New Pet for the Baby.

From Florida comes a suggestion in answer to the question, "How shall I amuse the baby?" Give him a baby alligator to play with. The little creatures are great pets with children, who are not afraid to take them in their hands and to their bosoms, or lay them against their cheeks with loving caresses as they would a doll or pet kitten. They are a cheap plaything, costing but 75 cents, and are very moderate in their wants. A small tub, half filled with water, and a board laid slanting wise—with one end in the water, upon which they can creep up and sun themselves—and twice a week a bit of beef the size of an English walnut, is all they require to sustain existence comfortably. A cheap pet and a charming one, the children think, who every year take hundreds of them north in perforated boxes. The first possession of them is a great delight to their small owners, who in their extravagant admirations take them out of their boxes in the hotel-rooms and allow them to run about freely. The lively little reptile, with his cunning head uplifted and black eyes peering curiously about, has a trick of darting suddenly and disappearing instantaneously, under the most careful watching. He has also a fondness for a warm berth, and is more than likely to turn up, upon search, in the folds of baby's frock, or, if the infant be asleep, cozily nestled about the little one's neck, with his pointed head rooted under the plump chin. Should baby chance to waken he will laugh and coo and clutch at his slippery cradle mate, who will slip away from the little fingers as if they were greased. Children have no repugnance to the young "'gater;" on the contrary, they love them and encourage their familiarities and are never tired of watching their droll, secretive ways.—*Washington Post.*

Why She Wished to Get Married.

Constance is *very* young, but she is also better worth quoting than most grown people. Her envy was somewhat aroused by the fact that a wedding was about to take place in the family of her little playmate, and that the playmate thereby had the advantage of her; so she remarked, very complacently, to her little friend's mamma :

"Mrs. ——, did you know that I was engaged to be married?"

"Why, no, Conny. Is that so?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'm engaged to Fritz Ward" (small boy of her acquaintance). "He doesn't know it, but I've got to explain it to him."

"Well, Conny, do you expect to be married soon?"

"Well, I hope so. The fact is, *I'm tired of being spanked*, and I think we'll be married very soon."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Shower of Black Rain.

Lucius Boyd, of Boydville, Queen's County, publishes in the Dublin *Express* to-day the following singular particulars: A very strange atmospherical phenomenon was witnessed in Castlecomer and the surrounding district for about four miles on Saturday night. A general depression was felt all over the district at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by lightning and thunder and a tremendous rainfall, which continued till about 7 o'clock. More lightning was then apparent, and at 7.30 the town of Castlecomer seemed to be enveloped in a thick black cloud. Animals were frightened, dogs rushed to and fro in a wild and frantic state. At about 7.50 a thick black rain fell, sufficiently black to stain any white cloth, and apparently impregnated with an insoluble dust. The water of the local streams and cisterns was discolored, and in many places could not be used for domestic purposes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Annual Military Drill.

The militia general orders issued yesterday contain regulations for the annual drill. The maximum number of men in twelve districts to receive pay is 20,255. City corps may be permitted to perform twelve day's annual drill at their local headquarters prior to December. Rations in camp will not be commenced till the morning of the second day, consequently corps will be require to provide one day's cooked rations and one day's forage. Twenty-five cents per officer and man and thirty-five cents per horse will be issued in money in lieu of the first day's rations. Medical inspection of every officer and man must be made before a corps goes into camp.

A ROMANCE OF A RANCH.

Pathetic Story of a Rough Westerner and a Flaxen-Haired Babe.

At Rawlins, Wy., a few weeks ago, I saw one of the saddest incidents it has ever been my misfortune to witness. A rancher rode into town on horseback holding in his arms a dead baby—a sweet little thing with flaxen hair, which curled all over its head, and soft blue eyes which had not been closed even in death. Seventy-five miles across the country that rancher had carried the dead babe in his arms. I talked with him and heard his story. It was like this:

"A year or more ago he had begun a correspondence with a young woman in Chicago, getting her address from a matrimonial paper. The result was an exchange of photographs, and finally marriage. The girl went to live with him on his ranch, but the lonely life there did not suit the city girl, and a few weeks after the birth of her babe she ran away to Chicago, leaving husband and child behind her. There was no woman on the ranch, and the rough father did the best he could to rear the child. I have no doubt that he was tender and attentive—in fact, he said he neglected his stock and did nothing else but care for his child—but, robbed of its mother's care, the little one sickened and died.

"'My life seemed to go out with that 'ar little one,' said the rancher, in his rough way, 'an' when she died I cried like a woman. Then my heart rose in anger against the mother, and I felt that I could kill her. It seemed to me that 'ar babe would be alive an' smilin' an' cooin' to-day if her mother had not deserted her. Then says I to myself, I'll be avenged! And so I wrapped the poor little one in a blanket, jumped on my horse and came here. I'm goin' to send the mother a little present—a peace-offering from her deserted husband. I'm goin' to send her the body of her little 'un.'

"He actually procured a little coffin and laid the babe in it, after kissing the white face again and again, and cutting a few locks of the golden hair from the little round head. There were no tears in his eyes—he seemed to be past that—but as he turned away from the railway station, where he had shipped the body to an address in Chicago which I shall not give, he appeared to me to be the most broken-hearted man I'd ever seen.

"In five minutes he came running back, seized the little box, and exclaimed :

"'No, no! I can't do it. Give me my little 'un. Keep the money, but give me my little girl.'

"Before the station agent could say a word the man had put the box on his shoulder and run away. Five minutes later we saw him on his horse, the box in his arms, galloping back to his ranch."—*Chicago Herald.*

Solomon's Judgment.

The London *Academy* gives the following as "Solomon's Judgment in Chinese:"

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood.

She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke :

"Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought here alive."

This was done.

"Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes put on the large fish.

"Carry the creature outside now and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women."

The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrapping in which it was swaddled.

Without a moment's pause, one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child.

"Without doubt she is the true mother," she declared; and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her.

And the mandarin nodded his head, and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom.

Meanwhile the false mother crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.

How the Girl Graduates Dress.

Fashion's dictum this year for commencement dresses is all white. The designs for making are simple and girlish, and the favorite garniture is ribbon. There are bows on the shoulders, the waist, on the sleeves, supporting skirt draperies and sashes, and they are draped diagonally across the front, sides or back and finished at the ends in graceful flots. Lace is a favorite material, point d'esprit, platt, Val, and Fedora being much used. Point d'esprit dresses often have a flounce at the bottom of the skirt and the lower part of the drapery bordered with rows of narrow satin or moire ribbon set above a deep hem. A pretty idea is to make these dresses over white lawn. It is very effective and not half as expensive as made over silk. Skirts are cut walking length, waists unusually high, or sometimes pointed back and front, or cut square, so most becoming to the wearer. Sleeves are made in puffs finished with a frill at the elbow, or full at the top and gathered into a band at the waist and finished with a band of ribbon and bow.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Aspirations of a Kansas Editor.

Why don't the men assert their independence and go barefooted during the summer? A straw hat, a calico shirt and a linen pair of pants—we wish fashion would decree something of that kind.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

The first baby born in South Sioux City, Neb., was given a serenade by the band and presented with a corner lot in that promising town.

Sam Jones on the Married State.

There is many an old mother-in-law that has kicked up the devil right along on that line. There is many a good mother-in-law. I have got a good one. But when you get hold of a bad one, my, my, my. An old meddlesome creature, she won't go to her son-in-law, but sets his wife on him: "He don't do right in this and that." I tell you, my sister, as God is my judge—listen—the most sacred relationship of life ought never to be interfered with by a third party. Brother Small said divorce courts and laws had their origin in hell, and I believe it. Sister, if you have a bad bargain you stick to the title and die by the bargain. Sister, be careful how you marry. Be not unevenly yoked together. But if once the bargain is made stick to it and die by it. That's my doctrine. There is many a pure, good, noble woman that has a very brute for her husband. There is many a sweet-spirited, good, clever, honest fellow that is trying to drown his troubles at home in liquor from day to day. Law, my sister, if your home is not more charming than a gambling hell, or a bar room, you are in a bad fix. When you make home what it ought to be, your husband will stay there or he is a dog. You can take either horn of the dilemma. There is many a woman that lives so that her husband cannot love her and then quarrels with him because he does not. And you sit out there and look just as innocent as if all that you lacked was wings, and I expect some of you had a big quarrel with your husband before breakfast this morning. Sister, it is the wife's place, first and always and forever, to make her home the most sacred, the most lovable and most pleasant place this side of heaven. Oh, how I do pity a man that has got a disagreeable woman for a wife, and instead of getting better she gets worse—an old, moping, sad, disagreeable woman. Well, you say (whining), "if your health was as bad as mine." Good Lord have mercy on you. God knows, if you feel as bad as you look sometimes he ought to remember you. Sisters, I sympathize with you to the very depth of my heart in all your sufferings and cares; but let's carry the spirit and pleasantness, because there is so much at stake. It takes a true hero to carry a pleasant face and cheerful heart through suffering.

A New Medical Plant.

A very interesting discovery that a plant well known in India, which is entirely harmless, destroys the power of tasting sugar, has been recently published in *Nature* by Professor Thistleton Dyer. The plant is the gymnema sylvestre, growing widely in the Deccan Peninsula, and also met with in Assam and on the Coromandel coast. A late Governor of Madras and other residents of India who have tested the properties of this plant certify that chewing two or three leaves of it absolutely abolishes the tongue's power to taste sweetness. Professor Dyer's experiments with leaves sent to him at Kew, in England, corroborate their testimony. This plant is likely to prove a most valuable addition to modern materia medica. Its power to destroy the taste of sweetness suggests its use by physicians to correct morbid craving for sweetmeats, which is a source of widespread disorders of digestion. General Elles, of Madras, is reported as having found that gymnema abolishes "the power of enjoying a cigar." While smokers may not relish this, physicians may prize immensely a plant which, administered to patients who use tobacco to excess, would for a time, at least, check nordinate smoking. The power of the plant to render tasteless many drugs which are extremely nauseous promises to commend it to the medical profession.

Innovation in the Harem.

When the Pandishah sanctions innovations in the harem it is impossible to predict what may happen next in the world of Islam. For centuries the names of the ladies of the Imperial harem and the particular apartments they occupied have been known only to the Sultan and the Chief of Eunuchs. Latterly, however, this confidence has been shared by two of the physicians attached to the household. Now the Commander of the Faithful, of his own motion it is said, has ordered that in future each Sultana shall enjoy the luxury of a visiting-card, and that she shall affix a copy of it to the outer door of the apartments she occupies in the harem. For whose enlightenment this information is intended does not appear, unless it be to facilitate the inquiries of lady visitors. Possibly there has been a revolution in the harem, and the Sultan has taken this remarkable step in advance by way of making his peace with the lights thereof.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Big Words from Bismarck's Land.

A Berlin newspaper has been offering prizes for long words, and this is the stately winner :

"Transvaaltruppentropentransporttrampelthiertreibertrauungsthranentragodie."

The intrepretation of this somewhat involved idea would be: "The tearful tragedy of the marriage [though why tragedy and why tearful?] of a dromedary driver on the transport of the Transvaal troops to the tropics."

Another gigantic attempt at allterative word-making looks hardly less appailing :

"Mekkamuselmannenmassenmelchelmordermohrenmuttermarmormonumentenmaeher :" which is supposed to mean "the maker of a marble monument for the Moorish mother of a wholesale assassin among the Mussulmans at Mecca." It is only in Germany that they can do this sort of thing.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Freshness From the Green Isle.

"Well, my girl," said Superintendent Jackson to a young Irish woman who happened to be the only one of her nationality aboard a big steamship filled with Scandinavians, "what kind of a voyage did you have?" "Oh, don't mintion it, sorr. Such jabbering furriners no dacent woman ever crossed the say with before. Divil a wan could understand a wurrud of English!"—*New York Sun.*

A Different Pain, Though.

"I've been aching to fight that man for a year past."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I did the other day, and I am aching still."

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At this season of the year the careful gardener does a great deal of "weeding out" among his vegetables. It has often struck THE ADVANCE that there is quite a "weeding out" process constantly going on in villages, towns and cities. And yet those bad weeds (or bad citizens) are constantly cropping up to the serious detriment of the vegetable world in general and of society in particular.

Dr. Sproule's proposition to set at liberty lesser criminals, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, was opposed by the Minister of Justice. Hon. Mr. Thompson was right: there are enough criminals at large already without adding to their numbers by such a doubtful act of executive clemency. At the same time the member for East Grey is to be commended for the high and honorable motives by which he was actuated in the matter.

A drunken tailor leaped out of a passenger car at Hamilton the other day, while the train was in motion. He bounced off the siding like a rubber ball and had he not been caught on the bumper by a trackman would have doubled back under the track and met certain death. So the daily newspapers say. That trackman is evidently a base baller; and if he isn't he ought to be.

The Agricultural Editor is so busy attending to job work and writing dunning letters "these times," that he cannot devote as much attention as usual to his "Editorial Notes" department. In a few week's, however, he hopes to have things in smooth running order again.

In no part of the British Empire does our Sovereign Lady, Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, live more in the hearts of her people than in Canada. Her Majesty's birthday anniversary is celebrated here in a loyal and enthusiastic manner not equalled anywhere else in the Empire—not even in the old land itself, the home of royalty for a thousand years or more. Why this is so we do not know, nor do we stop to enquire. It is sufficient to know that the great heart of Young Canada is loyal and patriotic to the core; and that the prayer of our people this Jubilee year is that our beloved Queen may long be spared to wield sceptre over that Empire "on which the sun never sets."

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

OUR VOLUNTEER SYSTEM.

A rotten potato will contaminate scores of good potatoes by which it may happen to be surrounded. "Evil communications corrupt good manners" has passed from the head line in the school boy's copy book into one of our most forcible proverbs. Scores of other sayings might be adduced to show the evil results arising from bad example, but it is not necessary to bring them forward at this time.

We, as a young and undeveloped nation, are proud of our volunteer militia. Where in all the annals of warfare on this continent can we find brighter examples of true heroism and patriotism than in the history of the brave exploits of our soldier-citizens during the recent rebellion? We glory in the grand victories they achieved, we weep over the fallen, and we sympathize and mourn with the bereaved.

But the picture has quite another side to it. Turning it over we find our Volunteer system endangered by the bad example of self-willed men—men who imagine they are the law and the gospel in themselves and who act accordingly. A notorious case in point suggests itself, where one of those know-all individuals established a military discipline of his own in opposition to the laws of his country, deserted the ranks and kept his clothing until compelled to give them up. Perhaps he saw a fenian invasion or a Northwest rebellion in the near future. At anyrate he was dealt with by the authorities and compelled to recognize the fact that the "way of the transgressor is hard." But what is the result of that one bad example? What comes of officers doing their duty? Why the company becomes thinned out and when the next annual drill comes around considerable difficulty is experienced in drumming up recruits enough to present anything like a decent appearance on parade This may cause the "deserter" to chuckle and laugh in his sleeve, but we can assure him and those who have been misguided by his false doctrines, that a remedy is provided in the military law whereby every company officer can easily secure a full quota of men. Our advice is to put this law in force just as soon as recruits are not forthcoming. Far better volunteer your services than be subject to the drafting system provided in case any officer finds himself unable to secure the full complement of men. It will never do to submit to mob law—nay, nor even to the semblance of it.

THE KHAN ON COMMERCIAL UNION.

Editor World: A recreant Irishman named Castlereagh brought about the union between Ireland and England. He did it with the help of Boodle, although they didn't call it by that name in those days. A recreant Canadian named Wiman is up to the same little game in this country and old Boodle is his right hand man. Let us go back to Castlereagh. Ever since his time Ireland has been in a constant state of uproar, unrest and irritation in a hopeless struggle to repeal the union. The same thing would occur here. We would get commercial union and wake up some morning to find that we had made a dreadful mistake. Then we would want to repeal it and the Yankees would say "not for Joe, we've got a soft snap and we are going to hold it down." Then would follow the heart-burnings and wretchedness which has depopulated Ireland, every now and then relieved by Phœnix Park murders Kilmainham Jails and gibbets in the desperate struggle to undo the wrong.

Let us go slow.

Once let the Yankees get a grip round our necks and they will ride us to destruction as the old man of the sea rode Sinbad the sailor. We won't be able to shake them off. The kind of union they want is the union that the boa constrictor makes with the fawn. The boa licks its victim over before swallowing it. The Cleveland Cabinet has sent its hired men to lick us over. They are soft-soaping the tender feet in good shape. Wiman and his gang are using almost the identical arguments used by Castlereagh and his gang. But where Castlereagh had ability, Wiman has gall, and while the great Irishman was a statesman, 'Rastus is simply a boodle conspirator.

Let us go slow.

These are my sentiments. I am going to spend all day to-day meditating over this matter. Any person who wishes to meditate with me in spirit is welcome to chip in. Farmer Fuller and Hoozier McMillan preferred. I will start meditating at 9 a. m. sharp,, will lunch at 1 p. m., will thin turnips till 3 o'clock, and will resume meditation till the cows come home.

Yours till the Glorious First of July,
The Farm, June 11. THE KHAN.

LIQUOR'S WORK.

The following, which we clip from last week's Hanover *Post*, is only another instance of the baneful effects of liquor on the human system:—

"On Thursday night last a man on his way from Durham to Ayton nearly lost his life. He, in company with another man, left Durham under the influence of liquor, it is said. Shortly after leaving the gravel road at Marshall's corner he fell over the front of the buggy at the horse's heels. He took the reins with him in which he became entangled, causing the horse to back up and tramp upon his head and face. A gentleman who saw the unfortunate fellow a few minutes after says it was the worst looking sight he ever gazed upon, the head and face being badly cut, and blood lying around in pools."

Hundreds of similar instances could be given every week did space permit. And yet Temperance people are called fanatics and warned that it is a fatal mistake to interfere with the "individual rights" of the people in their righteous warfare against the drink curse. What rot!

The meed of merit for promoting personal comeliness, is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, and agreeable, it ranks among the indispensable toilet articles.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(512-3m)

Strayed.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 133, West T & S. Road, Artemesia, one Ewe, about a month ago. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

JOHN McKEE,
Flesherton P.O.

Artemesia, May 27th, 1887.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's block, Flesherton. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

BRON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to	4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 85 to	0 85
Spring Wheat	0 85	0 85
Barley	0 30	0 45
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 47	0 48
Butter	0 11½ to	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 12	0 12
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	20	22
Sheepskins	0 40	0 56
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON.

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money Lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

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Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

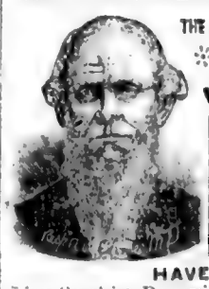

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HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

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HENRY MELDRUM,
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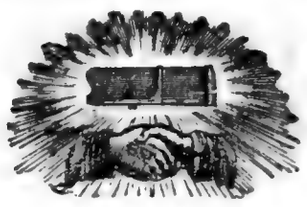

Publisher's

Announcement!

In the matter of

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Printing!

It is generally conceded that the

Flesherton Advance

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BISCUIT!

EVERY TIME!

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From an Eighth Sheet to a mammoth Three-Sheeter—plain or in colors—at prices that will arrest your attention and surprise you.

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Big, Little, Great and Small.

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Circulars, Bill Heads,
Note Heads, Streamers,
Flyers, Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Labels, etc. etc.

DRUGGISTS' LABELS

As cheap and as good as can be obtained in the city.

New Material

Is added to our stock every Spring and Fall.

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THE ADVANCE will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for $1 per year; and to England, Ireland, or Scotland for $1.50

THE ADVANCE unquestionably has no superior as a live Local and Family newspaper in Simcoe, Grey, or Bruce.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

For The Advance.

In Memoriam

OF JENNIE A. ALLEN, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF B. ALLEN, ESQ., OWEN SOUND. DIED JUNE 2ND, 1887.

Just as a fragile flower, by rude winds shaken,
Essays to lift its drooping head in vain,
So this loved one, by God in mercy taken,
Succumbed in life's fair morn, to mortal pain.

Gentle in mind, endeared by loving efforts,
A thousand acts recall the dear one now,
Who calmly sleepeth, free from earthly trouble—
No cares—no ills, to mar the peaceful brow.

Those who look back, remember kind words spoken;
Some worthy deed performed, calls up to mind
Her thoughtful ways—some tender gift or token
Speaks forth the power of friendship's chain to bind.

Tho' the loved form is laid away forever.
Still, in our hearts remembrance cannot die;
And oft the stillness seems to sweetly bring us
A whisper from the one no longer nigh.

Back to the home which once her presence brightened,
Back to those halls where once was heard her voice,
The stricken mourners turn, in anguish feeling
How hard, in such an hour, to say "Rejoice!"

Ye weeping ones, bear up through this affliction!
And from this thought a solace strive to gain—
That He, the Great Physician, guards thy treasure,
Where nevermore can enter death nor pain.

Edith B. VanDusen.

Owen Sound, July 3rd, 1887.

W.C.T.U.

Notwithstanding so much has been said and written about the W. C. T. U., there are still a great many people who know almost nothing about its organization and work. It is the outgrowth of the wonderful "Woman's Temperance Crusade" of 1874, which started in the little town of Hillsboro, Ohio, on the 24th of December, 1873, and in a mighty whirlwind drove out before it the saloons of Ohio and the adjoining states, all over the country. The women were stirred to action. Pledge book in hand they went from saloon to saloon, from drug store to hotel, praying, singing and persuading, all the way from Mississippi to Massachusetts. But an excitement like this could not last, and the mothers of the country had other duties to perform and so when the wind subsided many of the liquor sellers who had under pressure given up the business, opened their doors afresh and brought out their beer and whiskey.

Therefore, it was felt that something must be done to keep alive the Temperance sentiment of the country that had been awakened by the crusade, and at Chatauqua the next year the leaders of the movement met in earnest convention and organized the W.C.T.U.,—a mere handful of Christian women, that is all, but like the grain of mustard seed, it has grown until it has "waxed a great tree," planted in prayer and watered by tears, its growth has been marvellously rapid as well as great, until now at the end of thirteen years, it has developed into a veritable Banyon tree, dropping its branches here, there and everywhere, it has spread itself over the whole world.

Woman, it is said is the weaker vessel. Well, perhaps she is weaker in body, but keen intellects and remarkable executive, and administrative ability have planned and conducted the W.C.T.U.

In regard to its organization, there are first the local Unions with their staff of officers and superintendants of departments which manage the work of their own small corner, the county Union comes next, as in cities where there are a number of branch Unions. A district organization is necessary to superintend the whole work of the city. Next the state or provincial Union which meets once a year to plan for the best interests of this large section and then the Dominion or National which is the executive for the whole work of the country. Mrs. Youmans is the President for Canada, Miss Willard for the United States, and lastly the World's W.C.T.U., with Mrs. Bright Lucas in the chair, which plans for the Extension of the work in the world.

Next week we will speak about its work.

A Wild Mustang.

From the Shelburne Economist

Mr. F. F. Bowes, Bailiff, got a wild mustang the other day in a horse trade. He is said to have got the animal from a man who lives near Cooksville, and the Cooksville man is said to have obtained him from some gipsies. Mr. Bowes turned the animal into Mr. S. F. M. O'Flynn's pasture field on Wednesday of last week, and next morning Mr O'Flynn had a two-hour race to catch his own horse, which had got running wild with the mustang. After capturing his own animal Mr. O'Flynn gave notice to Mr. Bowes to get the mustang out of his place or he would shoot him—that is the mustang, not Mr. B. Mr. Bowes then thought it would be as well, for the safety of the mustang, to get him away from Mr. O'Flynn's place, but, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of himself and others, the animal would not be caught. Saturday evening a crowd of about thirty men and boys proceeded to the place, and, after a long struggle, the mustang was taken alive.

Saved the Child but Lost his Money.

From the Owen Sound Times.

On Saturday, the 28th ult., half a dozen men and a woman were crossing from Bruce mines to St. Joseph Island in a sail boat, when a squall struck the boat, tipping it till it half filled with water. When the boat tipped, the woman (Mrs. McDonald,) fell backwards, but managed to grasp and cling to the boat. In doing so, however, she let go of the child she had in her arms, and it was drifting away when Geo. Atkins, a blacksmith from Port Huron, jumped in, swam to it, and brought it back safely. When jumping in, he threw off his coat and vest, which were unfortunately carried off by the swell and lost. Besides losing them, they contained all the money he had, so that the result of his act of bravery was his arrival here a few days subsequently without coat or money.

Witter's Mistake.

From the Orangeville Post.

Last week 'Squire Wilson drove into town with his horse and buggy, intending to remain until the County Council Session was over. The 'Squire always stops at the Commercial, and Mr. Witter ordered the hostler to put the horse in a pasture-field which Mr. Witter has near the C.P.R. Station, until the 'Squire would be leaving. A few evenings later Mr. Witter visited the pasture and found there what he supposed to be a strange horse. He forgot about having sent the 'Squire's there, thought some gipsy was imposing on him, and immediately led the horse to the East Ward pound. When he reached home he bro't the hostler to task for allowing a strange horse in the pasture, and was told that the only strange horse there, was 'Squire Wilson's. Then Mr. Witter realized what he had done. The 'Squire's horse was at once released.

Poundkeeper Campbell did not collect 25 cents, and Witter did not receive the 75 cents reward which the youthful cow snatcher is paid.

Antics of Owen Sound Cows.

From the Owen Sound Times.

We have often heard of a "Bull in a China shop," but never of a cow in a parlor till the other day. This is how it happened. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McNab, apparently having the utmost confidence in the Cow By-law, left their residences on the west end of the river one day this week without securely fastening the gates. When they found that a couple of vagrant cows, not content with getting into their yard, had forced the door of the house, and marched into the parlor, where they proceeded to make themselves at home, to the ruin of the carpet and damage of the furniture. McNab now says the Cow By-law is a delusion and a snare.

Jubilee Jollities.

The Jubilee issue of Grip's Own Library, entitled Jubilee Jollities, has just been issued and is having a very large sale. In addition to a fine double-page cartoon, there are two full page cartoons the words and music of a popular song by John Imrie, "Queen Victoria's Jubilee," and pictures on almost every page of the book. The price is only ten cents, and it may be had at all bookstores, or will be sent on receipt of price by the publishers. Address GRIP, Toronto, Ont.

The well-bred Durham Bull,

"DAUNTLESS!"

Reg. Pedigree

WILL be for the service of Cows the season of 1887 at his own place, Lot 152, 3rd Range West, T. & S.R., Artemesia.

TERMS: $24.00 per cow, payable on or before Jan. 1st, 1888. Cows not returned regularly to bull will be charged whether in calf or not.

DONALD McKENZIE, Proprietor.

(313-317)

TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Sheguiandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, will be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning.

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tariff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l. of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Sec.—Strait of Canso to Grand Narrows.

TENDER FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Cape Breton Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Wednesday, the 6th day of July, 1887, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Cape Breton Railway, at Port Hawkesbury, C. B., on and after the 6th day of June, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 27th May, 1887.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thoroughbred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint.

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE ROADSTER STALLION.

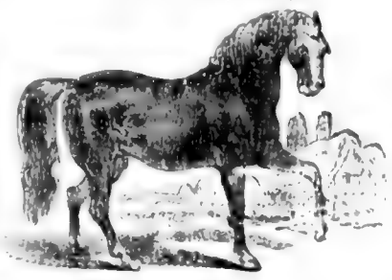

BILLY V.!

will leave his own stable in Flesherton, on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, 1887, at 12 o'clock noon, and proceed to Linley's hotel, Maxwell, where he will remain over night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to Jonathan Irish's, Wareham, for noon, thence to Johnston's hotel, Dundalk, where he will remain till Thursday morning.

THURSDAY, will return to Flesherton for the night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to Atkinson's hotel, Priceville, for noon, and return to his own stable for the night.

SATURDAY, will proceed to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, and return to his own stable in Flesherton, where he will remain till the following Monday.

The above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting.

Description and Pedigree:

BILLY V., foaled June 18th, 1883, is a dark dappled bay, stands 15 hands 3 in., weighs 1150 pounds, and for bone, muscle, style and action, cannot be surpassed, was sired by Clear Grit jr., dam by Kennett, 2nd dam by Royal George, 3rd dam by Bloor's Messenger.

TERMS:

To insure a foal $10.00 payable March 1st, 1888. Season mares $8.00, payable last round of horse, or not later than July 12th, 1887, if not then paid said mares will be charged as insured mares. Single leap $6.00, payable at time of service. All mares not returned regularly to horse will be charged as insured mares. All accidents to mares at risk of owners. Owners trying their mares to said horse and knowing them to be afflicted with any contagious disease, will be liable in damages. Groom's Fee 25 cents.

A. S. VANDUSEN, Owner. GEO. GLASSFORD, Groom

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

J.P. MARSHALL, L.D.S
DENTIST,

GRADUATE of Toronto School of Dentistry, will be at Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month, and at Flesherton on the 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett st.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.
N.B.—Private & Company funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

ANDREW McGIRR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,
FEVERSHAM, ONT.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,
Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by
J. E. MOORE,
Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop.

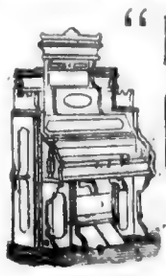

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

CRUEL EVICTIONS.

Bodyke Tenants Fighting for Their Homes —Cayenne Pepper, Boiling Water, Bees, Etc., Used as Weapons of Warfare.

A Dublin cable says: The evictions at Bodyke continue. The tenants are offering all the opposition in their power to the Sheriff and his guard of police and troops, and find various means to seriously annoy the officers. In some of the houses from which the occupants were to be evicted cayenne pepper was burned, the fumes of which nearly choked the bailiff. Boiling water was also thrown from the windows upon the evicting force. At two houses where evictions were effected collisions occurred between the police and the people and a number of arrests were made. When the Sheriff's force arrived at the house of tenant Liddy and ordered the family to leave, a daughter of Mr. Liddy threw an iron hoop at the bailiff who attempted to force the door. The hoop missed the bailiff, but struck a police inspector. The girl was arrested. A brother of the girl was also arrested for inciting the crowd to violence. Another daughter of the tenant, who denounced the treatment her family were receiving, was struck by a policeman and felled to the ground. This maddened the crowd, and they advanced for the purpose of attacking the officers. Michael Davitt, who was present at the eviction, pleaded with the people not to use violence and barely managed to avert a collision. After the Liddy family had been evicted the police made an attack upon the house of a man named McNamara, which was strongly fortified. Crowbars were used and a hole was made through the wall. McNamara's wife and children were in the house and cried piteously until Mr. Davitt shouted words of comfort to them. McNamara was arrested for pelting the bailiffs with dung. The bailiffs smashed the furniture of the house out of pure malice. The force, after leaving the house, proceeded to that occupied by tenant Hussey, for the purpose of evicting him. It is thought the police have extremely warm work before them.

When the evicting force reached Hussey's house they were received with a shower of boiling water, stones and bottles and a swarm of bees were let loose upon them. The tenants desisted from pelting the bailiffs only when the troops threatened to fire. The bailiffs demolished a wall and entered the house, but were repulsed bleeding. The eviction was effected only after a struggle of two hours and a half. The male defenders of the house were arrested. A meeting of tenants was afterwards held, at which Michael Davitt repeated the advice he gave them yesterday, to resist eviction by every means, and defied the Government to arrest him.

Bodyke is in county Clare and the evictions are on the estate of Col. O'Callaghan.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

New York Magnates to Build a Grand Cathedral.

A New York despatch says: New York was astonished to-day to learn that a project was on foot to build in the Empire City a mammoth Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, a second Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, in fact. Bishop Potter is ex-officio President of the Trustees and of all the committees. The Board now includes among its prominent members Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Dr. William R. Huntington, Rev. E. W. Donald, Hamilton Fish, Stephen P. Nash, George MacCulloch Miller, Samuel D. Babcock, William W. Astor, J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Richard Anchmuty—names which in themselves are a guarantee that a building done under their direction will be worthy of the city they represent. The plan is to erect the grandest church building in America, and one of the greatest cathedrals in the world. It is only settled that the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—as the edifice is to be known—will be situated on Manhattan Island, and, if possible, on a lofty and conspicuous position, where its monumental character will dominate the entire island. For this purpose a plot at least four times the size of that on which St. Patrick's is built will be needed. Bishop Potter will issue a circular letter in a few days giving the plan of his official sanction, and subscriptions will be called for to carry forward the work. The proposed cathedral, it is estimated, will cost about $6,000,000.

Fighting in South America.

A Panama despatch says: A veritable "funeral party" recently took place near Meriden, Yucatan, Mexico. A general row broke out among the guests who had assembled to celebrate a marriage ceremony, and during the fight seven persons were killed, the groom being among the number.

The following cable message addressed to the Consul of Ecuador at Panama from Guaquaguil, under date of May 24th, has been received: "A fight took place in Esmeraldas on the 18th inst. between fifty regular soldiers and two hundred mountaineers under Sandoval. The latter were defeated. They lost twenty men, had several of their number captured and lost thirty rifles and a number of carbines."

Personal Points.

Rev. Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, is ill with bronchitis.

Haggard's best novel has had a curious experience in an English public library. "King Solomon's Mines" is placed among the works on mineralogy.

Calvin S. Brice, who was a poor schoolteacher at Lima, O., a few years ago, has leased James Gordon Bennett's gorgeous villa at Newport for the summer. Mr. Brice has made his fortune as a railroad consolidator, and his transactions have the merit of being legitimate.

An amusing incident occurred recently in London at Buffalo Bill's show. Mr. Justice Lopez was strolling about the Indian village and fell in with a papoose, aged 8 years, who promptly lassoed him round the neck with a rope and refused to let him go. Loud was the laughter of all who beheld the judge bound by an Indian baby.

A Chinese gentleman was admitted as a practising lawyer to the bar of New York last week.

The value of the produce of the fisheries of the Dominion for 1886 was $18,679,283, an increase in the value of the produce of $956,000, compared with 1885.

A BIGAMIST'S ROMANCE.

Strange Story Brought to Light by the Daughter of a Canadian Railway Engine Driver.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: The recent death of an engine driver on the Intercolonial Railway, known as Joseph McLellan, has led to the discovery of a romance connected with his life. He came to Halifax from Edinburgh, Scotland, thirty-five years ago. His real name was Joseph McGill. He deserted his wife and seven children there. On his arrival here he assumed the name of Joseph McLellan. Shortly afterwards he obtained a position on the Intercolonial as driver, and was engaged on the road for the third of a century. His deserted wife and family never heard any trace of him. Twenty-five years ago he was married again, to a Halifax girl named Sarah Tobin, by whom he had four children, who survive. Last year the aged bigamist, apparently struck by remorse in his old age, revisited Edinburgh and sought out his first wife and children. They were all dead except two, a daughter, now Mrs. Jane Fraser, and her sister Sarah. These he told the story of his shame and crime, and promised to make provision for them out of property he had accumulated. He returned again to Halifax, but never revealed his romance to his second wife and family. Recently, while oiling his engine, he fell off the step of the locomotive and struck the sharp spout of his oil can, which entered his head above the ear and killed him instantly. A few days ago his daughter, Mrs. Jane Fraser, arrived here from Scotland, made affidavit of the facts of the case to Judge Shannon and has obtained administration of the estate of her late father. Thus she and her sister will secure his life insurance and all his property, and the second wife and her family are left out in the cold.

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED.

Pathetic Story of an Aged Couple who Chose to Die Together.

A Jersey City, N.J., despatch says: Professor Charles Siedhorf and his wife Matilda, aged 91 and 92 years respectively, tired of a long and futile struggle with destitution, committed suicide this afternoon at Union Hill. Siedhorf, it is said, was a professor of chemistry at one time at Heidelberg University. He came to Union Hill about thirty-five years ago. He supported himself by writing for the newspapers, making translations and occasionally lecturing upon chemistry and electricity. In 1872 he opened a boarding school, which prospered for several years, but his patrons gradually deserted him and the school was closed about eight years ago. An investment in a patent cooking utensil cost him several thousand dollars and he gradually became despondent. The couple had been living in poverty for some time, and the authorities had decided to remove Siedhorf to the county hospital. He was granted a week to arrange his affairs, and to-day when the poormaster called at the apartments occupied by the couple Siedhorf asked for an hour longer. When the officer returned he found the couple lying on the floor. The woman was dead and the man died before medical aid arrived. They had taken cyanide of potassium.

Siedhorf left a number of rambling letters bemoaning his circumstances. He leaves his scientific books to Columbia College.

Wearing Apparel in a Bottle.

Pretty Annie Pixley, a New York favorite, is quite as delightful and droll in private life as she is on the stage. I remember crossing the Canadian border once in company with her and her philosopher husband, to wit, Bob Fulford, whose presence at my elbow reminds me of it.

Somebody had presented Bob with a bottle of choice brandy in case of sudden sickness on the train. With woman's characteristic thoughtfulness, the little Pixley stored the bottle in her handkerchief.

In due course an officer of the customs came along and spying the hand-bag asked the mischievous owner what it contained.

Without an instant's hesitation or confusion she replied: "Wearing apparel."

"Will you open it, please?"

"Certainly," was the ready response, and giving it a flip the bottle of brandy was brought to view.

"Call that wearing apparel?" asked the astonished official.

"Yes, sir," demurely answered the little woman. "It's my husband's "night-cap."

No, my son, the bottle was not confiscated.

Northwest Food Products.

At Senator Schultz's Committee of Enquiry into the Northwest natural food products, the evidence of Mr. Forget was concluded yesterday. He stated that the Indian can eat three times as much as a whiteman. Bacon was unhealthy food for the Indians, and in time of scarcity the Government should supply fresh beef, potatoes, wild rice and barley. The Indians should be encouraged to grow barley, for which a market might be found. Hops might also be cultivated, as they are easily picked by children and squaws. In the rivers running into the Saskatchewan from the Rocky Mountains man with a pan and a shovel could make $1.50 per day washing for gold, with occasional rich finds.

Even the Second-Hand Were Too Dear.

"I reckon we'll have to give up the idee of puttin' pictures in our parlor, Miranda," remarked Jeremiah Turnipseed, as he threw the bridle under the table. "Why?" asked Miranda. "Too dear. Why, I priced one at the city to-day, and the dealer sez, sez he, 'That's an old master; its price is $5,000.' 'Why,' sez I, 'looks like a second-hand pictur'.' 'Yes, it is,' sez he. Then, thinks I, if a second-hand pictur' costs that much, it's no use to price a new un. So, Mirandy, I reckon we'll have to hang up a few mottoes, 'God Bless Our Home,' and the like, and let the picture go."—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

He Didn't Catch the Word.

Mutual Friend (to travelling Yankee): I want to introduce you to Count Allegro Pianti Conossetti, of the old regime.

Travelling Yankee: Glad to meet you, Count. I haven't got any razors to hone, at present, but if you'll give me your card I'll remember you.—*Tid-Bits.*

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The local subscription to the Queen's (Kingston) endowment amounts to $39,000, exclusive of Mr. J. Carruther's $10,000.

Thomas, the 7 year-old son of James Kavanagh, of Kingston, fell off the wharf there on Saturday night and was drowned.

A deputation from the Montreal Bar will proceed to Ottawa to-day to urge on the Minister of Justice the necessity for an increase in the salaries of judges.

The specifications for the railway to the boundary have been prepared, and tenders for its construction are being called for by the Manitoba Government.

The wife of J. W. Bell, M. P., has received a letter from him at the Toronto Asylum, and it speaks of his recovery of health and probable early return to his home.

The body of Mr. Gillespie, a young married man who disappeared from his home at Clifton about a month ago, was found in the Niagara River at Youngstown on Friday afternoon.

St Jean Baptiste Society of Ottawa has adopted an address to the Queen, and, in the name of the French population of Ottawa, congratulates Her Majesty on attaining to the fiftieth year of her reign.

A memorial from Quebec and Montreal shipping agents and leading captains of the St. Lawrence urging the desirability of providing a harbor of refuge at Father Point will shortly be forwarded to Ottawa.

On Saturday afternoon a farmer named Wm. Kirkpatrick, while driving across the Grand Trunk track ten miles east of Kingston, was struck by an engine and killed. His body was carried several miles on the cowcatcher.

A burglar went through four of the boarders' clothes in Mrs. Graham's boarding house on Park avenue, London, yesterday morning, and secured three watches and chains, one gold and two silver. The back-door was left unfastened. No clue.

In reply to an inquiry whether Lord Lansdowne could accept an invitation to visit Montreal on the occasion of the jubilee celebration, His Excellency states that owing to previous engagements for the same event he is unable to leave Ottawa.

On Saturday afternoon the body of a female infant was found buried in the gravel on the river bed near Kensington Bridge, London. An inquest was held and a *post mortem* made, but owing to the decomposed condition of the body it was difficult to determine whether the child was born alive or not. The inquest was adjourned for a week.

Efforts are being made by the city of Hull to compel the new Eddy Manufacturing Company to pay the Roman Catholic Public School tax. Previous to incorporation, Mr. Eddy, who is a Protestant, paid the Separate or Protestant school rate, amounting to $800 a year, the Catholic school rate amounting to $4,000. The company will contest the payment.

William Embledon, aged 21, a resident of Harvey, York County, N. B., was instantly killed on Saturday afternoon on the New Brunswick Railway, near Magaguadavic Station. He was coupling cars loaded with logs, standing between the cars. The coupling link missed hold and the cars came together, jamming Embledon's head to a jelly between the ends of two logs.

The Greek Government intend negotiating for a gold loan of $30,000,000.

The final estimate of the victims of the Paris Opera Comique places the number at 130.

Prince Bismarck is anxious for a renewal of the Triple Alliance on a firmer basis than the last.

The Hessian Government are following the Prussian Government in abandoning the conflict with the Vatican.

Two officers, said to have belonged to the United States army and navy respectively, have committed suicide at Monte Carlo.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie, of London, will perform a second operation on Crown Prince Frederick William's throat on Wednesday.

Gen. Ferron, the new French Minister of War, has offered Gen. Boulanger the command of an army corps, but Gen. Boulanger has asked for a few months' rest.

Prof. Stein, the eminent political economist, of Berlin, has issued a pamphlet showing the military importance to Great Britain of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Empress of Germany is greatly enfeebled. She does not venture to walk in the grounds of the palace any more, her daily exercise being limited to that derived from being wheeled about in a chair.

King Christian IX. of Denmark has paid a visit to his daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland, at the asylum at Penzing. The condition of the Duchess is unchanged. The King, passing through Vienna incognito, visited the Emperor.

The Ameer of Bokhara has dismissed all the officials of his Government found intriguing against Russia. He has informed the Governor of Turkestan that he and his subjects are impatiently waiting for the great link which will connect their country with Russia and diffuse civilization throughout Central Asia.

A considerable amount of Central Asia produce, especially cotton, is being sent to Russia over the extension of the Trans-Caspian Railway to Samarkand, in Asiatic Russia. Russia has forbidden that Chinese shall acquire land in towns on the Pacific coast. They will only be allowed to lease estates outside of towns.

The New Zealand Government, Sir Robert Stout, Premier, was defeated in a test vote taken in the Colonial Parliament on Wednesday. The Ministry at once resigned. Parliament was dissolved and an appeal to the country taken. The regular elections have been set for September next. There has been general dissatisfaction in the colony for some time past over Sir Julius Vogel's land nationalization scheme and his general management of the Department of Finance, and it is very probable that Major Atkinson, the popular leader of the Opposition, will be returned to power.

Sir Charles Dilke's remarkable article in "The Fortnightly Review" of the month, coupled with Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at Wolverhampton Friday night, have ended by scaring John Bull seriously concerning the lamentable state of his defences. Sir Charles, speaking from diplomatic knowledge acquired abroad, asserts in the most positive terms that any war between one of the great European Powers and England would involve a foreign invasion of the latter. On the other hand, Lord Randolph, speaking from knowledge acquired as Cabinet Minister, asserts that Malta, one of the principal strongholds of Great Britain in Europe, is not provided with provisions or ammunition for more than three weeks.

Mr. W. Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, has been dangerously ill for the last few weeks of typhoid fever. He will recover.

The annual meeting of the American Medical Association will be held in Chicago on Tuesday, June 7th, and will continue in session until the Friday following. From 1,000 to 1,500 physicians and surgeons are expected to be present.

A New York despatch says the report that Walter P. Phillips, general manager of the *United Press*, has been drowned in the St. Lawrence, is an error. Mr. Phillips is at present in New York and in his usual health.

A Texas & Pacific express train was robbed by four masked men, eight miles west of Fort Worth, Texas, on Saturday night, and $1,360 was taken from the express car and three registered letters from the mail car. The passengers were not molested.

A State ball is to be given at Rideau Hall on June 21st in honor of the Queen's Jubilee.

The License Inspector at Kingston is prosecuting the keeper of a militia canteen for selling liquor on Sunday.

Bishop Walsh on Sunday blessed the corner stone and foundations of St. Philip's (R. C.) Church, at Petrolia. The building will cost about $8,000.

The Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne will go on a fishing trip to Metapedia at the close of the session, afterwards visiting the citadel at Quebec.

The annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal was held in Montreal yesterday, the reports being unanimously adopted and the old Board of Directors re-elected.

The London Board of Aldermen last night voted $3,000 towards the expense of the railway demonstration and Queen's Jubilee celebration on the 20th and 21st inst.

The schooner Alfred, Capt. Longmere, has been seized at Annapolis, U. S., for smuggling oil from the United States. It is stated that other seizures are likely to follow.

The body of an unknown child was found yesterday morning at the end of Percy street, near Stewart's bush, Ottawa. Death had been recent, and evidences of foul play were evident.

It is rumored in Montreal political circles that Mr. Coursol, M. P., has been offered a seat in the Dominion Cabinet in view of the reported resignation of Mr. Chapleau, and that Mr. Girouard, M. P., will be asked to accept it if Mr. Coursol refuses.

A daring robbery was perpetrated yesterday morning in the Montreal Post-office, a package containing from twenty-five to thirty registered letters being abstracted through the wicket of the registry office while the clerks' backs were momentarily turned. The thief got safely away with his booty, and so far no clue has been obtained.

The Department of Marine at Ottawa has received advices that five Newfoundland fishermen, picked up at sea in a small boat by the barquentine Maria, were landed at Little Glace Bay, Cape Breton, yesterday morning. They were almost famished and had been adrift on the ocean for seven days. Their sufferings were terrible. One of them had his toes frozen, which will have to be amputated.

The *Germania* admits the truth of the report that Duke Paul of Meeklenburg-Schiverin has returned to the Roman Catholic Church.

Emperor William caught a cold during his visit to Kiel last week, and is compelled to remain in his apartments. There are no serious symptoms.

The London *Times* says Gladstone audaciously triumphs in his own wrong. His apology in his speech at Swansea for the obstruction methods in Parliament of the opponents of the Government Irish Bill, it admits, gives the Government a grave difficulty to confront.

A despatch from Lagos says that a rather serious dispute has arisen between the English and the French with reference to the ownership of a portion of territory on the coast near Porto Novo. The English and the natives had hauled down the French flag.

The King and Queen of Italy yesterday attended the ceremony of unveiling a monument to the Italian soldiers who fell in the recent battle at Dongoli with the Abyssinians. A number of survivors of the battle received demonstrations of sympathy from the people.

A collision occurred in the St. George's Channel yesterday between the British barque Hamburg, from New York for Liverpool, and the steamer Tern. The steamer was sunk, and her captain and four seamen drowned. The Tern was 609 tons burthen, and was from Mediterranean ports.

The House of Commons re-assembled yesterday—the anniversary of the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government last year on the budget proposals. Business is so much behind that a drastic step must soon be adopted. The House went into committee on the post-office estimates, and Mr. Raikes announced a new system of patterns post which met with general approval.

A Calcutta cablegram says: It has been proved beyond doubt, by the picking up of the captain's chest, that the steamer Sir John Lawrence was lost in the recent cyclone off this coast. The steamer carried 750 passengers, and it is believed the whole number were lost. The largest part of the passengers are native ladies who were going to Juggernaut, in Orissia, to celebrate the Juggernaut Festival. The catastrophe has cast a feeling of gloom over the Hindoo community here, and all the best families are in mourning for relatives or friends who were among the passengers.

A Queenstown despatch says: The Plan of Campaign has scored a victory on the Ponsonby estates by the landlord's acceptance of the terms offered by the tenants, scores of whom have been evicted within the past fortnight. Ominously enough, the tenantry on the Ponsonby estates were the first to adopt the Plan of Campaign. It was their priest, the Rev. Father Keller, who was incarcerated, and on this estate young O'Hanlan was killed. The victory for the Plan is regarded as one of the greatest importance, because this landlord has been supported by the Landlords' Defence Union and the Orange Clubs in resisting the tenantry.

The French and Russian ambassadors have lodged the objections of their Governments to the ratification by Turkey of the Anglo-Turkish Convention relative to Egypt. M. Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador, in communicating his Government's objections, hinted that if the Sultan ratified the Convention such action might cost him his throne. He also indirectly charged England with bribing the Grand Vizier with £600,000 sterling and other palace officials with large amounts, to secure their approval of the Convention. The Sultan after his interview with M. Nelidoff immediately summoned Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, special British envoy, and questioned him as to the truth of the charges. Sir Henry indignantly denied that he or his Government had been guilty of bribery. The Turkish officials who were said to have received bribes also warmly protested their innocence.

Half a million has already been raised for the purposes of the new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral at New York.

A Chicago despatch says: Just one ward declared yesterday in favor of boodle and anarchy. Except in Chicago's Sixth Ward the vote throughout the county averaged 3 to 1 against the twin evils.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the aged millionaire, of Washington, philanthropist, was suddenly stricken with paralysis in the left arm and left leg yesterday afternoon while at the dining table. His condition is not considered serious.

Flirtations at Sea.

Courtesy to fellow-passengers at sea is imperative. Nevertheless, it is most unwise to form intimacies with ship acquaintances. Adventurers of both sexes abound on the ocean vessels, and unfortunate indeed have been some of the complications I have known to arise from an indiscreet disclosure of family affairs to these persons. Respecting the flirtations which are so prevalent on shipboard, I wish I could "meet the eye" of every decent girl who is about to traverse the ocean, and warn her, as she values her good name, to beware of the many fascinating male foreigners whom business or pleasure calls on shipboard, and who are ever wont to beguile the tedium of the trip by indulging in any amount permitted of flirtation, intrigue, or whatever you choose to call it, with any nice-looking woman who will lend herself to their wiles. I recently made the trip on a vessel with a very respectable family from one of our large western cities, an invalid mother, a grown daughter and some small children. A very handsome young British officer, going out to join his regiment in Canada, was among the passengers, and the girl's infatuation for him was so marked as to be at first ludicrous, then offensive to all the rest of the passengers on the vessel. With difficulty she was prevented from accepting his invitation to join him in his proposed trip to Niagara Falls. The purser of the ship, as honest a soul as ever lived, took the matter in his own hands, and never lost sight of the girl until he had put her on board the far west train and seen her start home with her mother and small sisters and brothers.—*Olive Logan.*

A Sacrifice to the Devil.

When the writer of this article was a parson in Yorkshire he had in his parish a blacksmith blessed or afflicted—which shall we say?—with seven daughters and not a son. Now the parish was a newly constituted one, and it had a temporary licensed service-room; but in the week before the newly-erected church was to be consecrated the blacksmith's wife presented her husband with a boy—his first boy. Then the blacksmith came to the parson and the following conversation ensued:

Blacksmith—Please, sir, I've got a little lad at last, praised be, and I want to have him baptized on Sunday.

Parson—Why, Joseph, put it off to Thursday, when the new church will be consecrated; then your little man will be the first child christened in the new font in the new church.

Blacksmith (shuffling with his feet, hitching his shoulders, looking down)—Please, sir, folks say that the t' fust child as is baptised i' a new church is bound to dee (die.) The old un (the devil) claims it. I've seven lasses and but one lad. If this were a lass agin 't wouldn't a mattered; but as it's a lad—well, sir, I won't risk it. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

Deceived by a Crow.

A letter from Tuscola, Ill., says: A few days since, while John Van Dyke, a well-known nurseryman of this city, together with a friend, were riding along in a buggy near Newman, they heard, as they passed Martin Epley's barn, what they took to be the pitiful cry of a child proceeding from that building. "Oh, pa!" "Oh, pa!" the child seemed to say, and Mr. Van Dyke, thinking it in distress, gave the lines to his friend, leaped out of the buggy, and went to its assistance. On opening the barn-door no child was to be seen, but instead a pet crow which the family had confined during their absence. He was still satisfied there was a child around until the crow with a peculiar twist of the head and neck, would bring out the cry, plain and distinct, "Oh, pa," several times. It is said to have learned the words from hearing the children repeat them. It is also asserted that, by splitting a crow's tongue, he can be taught to talk plainer than a parrot.

Just Five Minutes Too Late.

It is related that upon one occasion, when Commodore Judkins was in command of the Scotia, a fussy little gentleman came to him just as the steamer was leaving Liverpool, and asked if he thought the Scotia would arrive in New York upon a certain day in time for him to catch the noon train for Philadelphia. Judkins looked at him a moment in silence, and then, taking out his watch, replied: "I fear, sir, we shall be five minutes too late

FORTUNE-TELLING.

Signs of Necromancy as Old as the Doings of Macbeth's Witches—Mysteries and Superstitions of the Black Art.

'One—two—three."

"What does that mean?"

"You must hold the tea-cup aloft and swirl it three times in order to bring the tea-grounds into a fortune-telling shape."

"Oh, it is a case of 'well shaken before taken.'"

"Is it?"

"Yes. A fortune that only covered the bottom of the tea-cup would be a very uninteresting one."

"But here are 'Alps on Alps' of tea-grounds on the side of my cup."

"'Read me my cup of tea,
Sybil of fate;
Tell what it holds for me
Of love or hate.'"

"This," said the sybil, describing a circle in the bottom of the cup, "is the course of true love, and it runs smooth. This triangle of black specks is a wish. This black square is a letter. This flock of birds means good news. Here are money and a surprise."

"What is that thing on the side of the cup?"

"That is an anchor of tea leaves. It is the symbol of hope."

"Here is a visitor in my cup," cries one.

"Bite it. If it is hard, it is a man; if it is soft, it is a lady."

The long tea-joint is fished out and proves to be soft—so the guest will be a lady. The gifted member of a company who can read the tea-cups finds her hands full. No guest is so dignified that she does not evince some curiosity as to her future. Sometimes the mildest-mannered one finds a gallows in the mystical dregs.

When the leaves have no shape, but are massed in a dark pyramid, it is a "bad fortune." Occasionally the distinct shape of a coffin can be traced. Then an entrancing shudder runs through the entire group. The plot thickens. The interest deepens. The tea-leaves become important factors in the happiness of a household.

Experts in forecasting events find rare things in the geometric lines of tea-grounds, and it has become the fashion at tea gatherings to read aloud each cup in turn, some ladies even declining to leave the table until the cup is read.

It is not as sociable a social custom as palmistry. A man who despises the tattling of a tea cup has no aversion to having his hand held by a pretty girl while the lines are read. But as men are not, as a rule, given to tea-drinking, they will not grope after futurity in tea leaves.

But the tea cup oracle is a very harmless, inexpensive form of destiny. Its present popularity is doubtless owing to that secret craving after the supernatural which marks the age. It gives expression to an almost despairing wish to see the coming to-morrow.

And in response to this demand come the soothsayers, astrologers, seers, clairvoyants, seventh daughters of seventh daughters, and others who predict future events. There are secret sessions where the flower and chivalry of the best society attend, paying a fee that ranges from $1 to $8—just from curiosity, you know!

What to learn?

The secrets of the past, present and future.

There is always some lucky hit—lucky for the fortune-teller.

The most of people who have lived to any age have friends coming from a distance. Many have relatives who die and leave them fortunes. Young people are usually in love with some one of the opposite sex who is either dark or fair; and a journey is imminent in nearly all conditions. Crossing the water may mean going over a ferry or a running brook as well as the ocean.

But the mystic quality lies in the fact that the person telling all these things is an announced seer—born with a caul, like David Copperfield, and having intimate relations with the world of futurity and the powers of mystery.

No matter how ignorant of the civilizing influences of this life the inspired fortune-teller may be, how cheaply gotten up, or with what sordid circumstances environed, professors of all the sciences are willing to kneel at her feet to learn the secrets of the past, present and future from her occult knowledge.

A new mythology would be a boon to society in its present condition, when everybody is looking for a sign.

The crowing of the cock was an omen of ill to Peter. It heralds a visitor in these days as well as a change in the weather.

If you drop the scissors, a fork, or a pen, and the point sticks in the floor, somebody is coming.

If your nose itches you are going to kiss a fool.

If your left hand tickles you will handle a sum of money.

If the right hand, you will shake hands with a friend.

If you first see a visitor in the looking-glass it is a sign of misfortune.

Two spoons signify a wedding; *tea*-spoons are understood.

But these signs of necromancy are as old as the doings of Macbeth's witches, whose weird incantations are practiced to this day. Indeed, a Shakspeare fortune-telling book would not be a bad enterprise. It would give a higher tone to the soothsayer's art. It might be called "Easy Lessons in the Horation Philosophy," and serve as a text-book in supernatural lore, with a motto by the second witch:

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.

What Carried Papa Through.

Here is a little 5-year-old we have heard of who believes that prayers may be answered, and suggests the method. In her evening prayer she said, a few days ago, take care of papa on his journey; and if there is an accident and the cars catch on fire, rain down the rain as hard as you can thunder it."—*Augusta New Age.*

The One Weak Spot.

The great trouble with American journalism is that the men who know just how a newspaper ought to be run are, unfortunately, engaged in some other business—driving stage, digging postholes, herding sheep or acting as deputy sheriff.—*Burnet (Tex.) Hero.*

A man in Hillsdale county, Michigan, has offered $5 reward to any parent who will name a child after him.

BRIDES OF THE MAD KING.

Tragic Ending of a Strange Mania Among the Maidens of Bavaria.

A curious feminine mania is called to mind by the recent tragic news from Munich. Two young ladies of that city—Baronesses—have committed suicide by drowning in the Starnberg Lake, at the very spot where the mad King Louis drowned himself last year. The names of these ladies are familiar to all who have been admitted to the best Munich society. They were sisters, aged 23 and 26, and were famed for their beauty. Their family is a very noble and wealthy one. The mania to which they fell victims had its origin fifteen or sixteen years ago. The young King was then at the height of his romantic fame. His ideally handsome likeness was to be seen everywhere, and everywhere you heard talk of his poetic melancholy, his romantic spirit and confirmed celibacy. Naturally he became an object of intense interest to sentimental young ladies. Presently, among the other absurd tales that were told of him, there went abroad the story that he spent most of his time in wandering about his kingdom in disguise. He haunted shady lanes and romantic spots, seeking for some fair maiden who should be his chosen bride. Well, this silly tale was believed and set thousands of hearts to fluttering. Each maiden wondered if she would be his choice if he chanced to meet her under the lime trees. And she hesitated to plight her troth to her village lover until she should have had a chance to meet the King.

So it came to pass that in the village of Bertoldshofen, in the romantic mountain region of Southern Bavaria, the maidens formed themselves into a sort of sisterhood. They pledged themselves to each other not to marry until they were sure the King had passed them by. Each was to wear his likeness constantly next her bosom, and each was to choose for herself a secret bower where at eventide she should await his coming. A more foolish scheme, probably, never was devised by the silly brains of love-sick school girls. But more than a score of Bertoldshofen maidens entered into it with the zeal and devotion of nuns. The fame of this sisterhood spread to other villages, to towns and cities—nay, to Munich itself. Rustic wenches and the petted beauties of princely palaces alike caught the mad disease. Within a year not less than 10,000 young women, all through Bavaria, had taken upon themselves the "vows of Ludwig" and were waiting for their King.

In time many of these girls imagined they had been seen and passed by by the King, and, thus freed from their vows, accepted humbler husbands. Others grew tired of waiting and broke their vows. Still others waited and waited in vain, until all other suitors had passed them by; and they are waiting still and will be waiting all their lives. But as the ranks of the original sisterhoods were thinned new recruits were added and the "brides of Ludwig" were still counted by thousands. It is estimated that there were no less than 7,000 of them at the time of his suicide. When the news of that tragedy became known they forthwith put on mourning and called themselves "the widows of Ludwig." Many of them took solemn vows of life-long celibacy as a token of faithfulness to his memory. Among these latter two of the most devoted were the young Baronesses of Munich to whom we have referred. They constantly wore the deepest mourning, secluded themselves from all social pleasures and drove themselves into confirmed melancholy. Every week they went to Starnberg and threw garlands of flowers into the water at the spot where the King was drowned. Finally they determined to share his fate. They arrayed themselves as brides, even to donning veils and orange blossoms, rowed out into the lake to the spot where he was drowned and threw themselves into the water. Their bodies were found next day clasped in each other's arms and with portraits of the man King next their hearts.—*Paris Letter to Chicago Tribune.*

Fighting Savages.

Advices from Sierra Leone say that native warriors under three chiefs invaded the British settlement of Sherbro and Sultyus, pillaging and burning villages *en route*, torturing and killing the native inhabitants and taking 300 prisoners. On entering British territory the marauders divided into two forces and tried to capture the French factory at Salymot and an English factory on the Manoh River, both of which were stocked with valuable merchandise. Mr. Burnett, English Agent, at the head of native laborers and police, desperately resisted the savages, who were compelled to retreat after the third attack, leaving many of their number dead. They besieged the station, however, for three days, when the gunboat Icorious arrived on the scene and landed a force of marines, who quickly put the savages to flight. The attaches of the French factory repulsed the attack made upon them unaided.

After the Honeymoon.

Two young wives are talking of their husbands. "You can't imagine," said one, "what a stupid blockhead Charles is!" "And Henry!" ejaculated the other. "Why, his head must be made of wood, or something harder, for plates and dishes break on it with as little difficulty as the sea upon a rock."—*French Fun.*

The *Sanitarian* says that the well-known rain-water taste is due neither to roof-wood nor deposits nor to flying particles of dirt, but to the absorption of aerial gasses. Any water exposed to the open air will acquire the same taste.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

A Highmore (D. T.) man who fears cyclones has anchored his house to the earth with long half-inch iron rods.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) men and boys catch fish by lowering into the water small loops of fine brass wire, with which they lasso heedless perch.

A general gopher hunt by the residents Wadena, Minn., resulted in the killing 2,300 gophers.

Ninety million pounds of soap are manufactured in Buffalo every year, which causes the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* to reflect that, "No one who has ever visited Buffalo would suspect it."

A VERY ANCIENT COP.

After Two Thousand Years He Still Pulls on to His Flask.

According to the latest advices from Italy a discovery of a most important character has been recently made amid the ruins of the buried city of Pompeii. While workmen, employed by an American speculator, were plying their picks with that subdued accent peculiar to natives of Southern Europe, they by the merest chance knocked the scuttle off the roof of a building which subsequently turned out to be a bake shop. It was a two-story and basement brick edifice. On the top floor, which was plainly but neatly furnished, were found the petrified bodies of the baker's wife and two children, one apparently about 12 and the other about 8 years of age. In the parlor, which had an extension looking out on a small yard, the speculators came across a lyre, something which looked like a baby carriage and a box full of ivory disks, some of which were colored red, others blue and still more white. In the basement, of course, was found the oven. It was about four feet high, two feet in width and six feet in depth, and, according to a calculation made by an eminent antiquarian, may have been capable, when in its prime, of turning out 347 Pompeian loaves an hour. The baker himself, poor wretch, was with face down right near the steps leading into the street. In one hand he had a policy slip and in the other sixteen denads, probably all the money he had taken in that day. One of the gentlemen conducting the search expressed his opinion that if Pompeii ever had boasted of policemen, there must be the ruins of one in that shop. Curious to relate, he was correct in his surmise. After a lot of stone crullers and adamantine pies had been shovelled away, the honest workmen turned up a regular old fashioned "cop." His clothes, which ages ago had lost their elasticity, consisted of a sort of Mother Hubbard tunic, cut slack in the back, a pair of full, regular made straw socks and a brass hat. The gentleman had evidently taken off his sandals, to give them a chance to dry, for they were found near the ash pit of the oven. His club, which had a lot of spikes and a piece of scythe stuck in it, was lying on the counter, as was his belt. Glued fast to the mouth of the deceased was a curious vessel, evidently of tin, and which must have been nearly full of some liquid, when nature stopped the clock and the policeman ceased to swallow. Experts, who have examined the contents of this vessel, say that could they be again reduced to a fluid state they would closely resemble the modern beer of commerce. The remains of the departed officer have been buried, and above them a stone bearing this inscription, "In death they were not parted," has been placed.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Good News from the Prairie.

Mr. Robert Gibson, son of Mr. Andrew Gibson, of Beverly township, and son-in-law of Mr. John Dickie, of Puslinch, writes a very encouraging letter under date of May 11th, from which is extracted the following: "We have had a very fine spring this year, and have just got through seeding. I started to sow on the 2nd of April, and was delayed about a week by snowfalls and frosts at night, but since about the 20th of April we have had most beautiful weather. Have sown 300 acres of wheat and 50 acres of oats, and now (at time of writing) it is almost all up, and looks nice, as we have had several fine showers this spring. We live nine miles south of the town of Virden, Man., one of the most promising places on the line of the C. P. R., which is surrounded by a country well adapted for general agriculture or dairy purposes. Oak Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, lies seven miles to the east of us; it contains an island of about 600 acres, mostly covered with oak timber. On a clear day we can see the water of this lake quite distinctly. Our winters out here appear to be long, but it is because there is no break in them. The ground usually freezes up about the 1st of November and winter sets in in earnest about the 1st of December, generally lasting till the 1st of April. On the whole we are well satisfied with the country and our Western home." Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are colonists of the right cast, possessing a goodly share of both industry and intelligence. The TIMES congratulates them on their enterprise and prosperity in the West, and the many friends of both throughout the townships of Bervely and Puslinch will read with pleasure of their well being and success.

A Wild Editor.

A Rockland newspaper man was wild last week, and when last heard from was hunting with a gun for the typesetter who upset his finest sentence, "the well trained and cultured voices of the choir showed to the best advantage in the anthem 'When morning purples all the sky.'" The choir were horrified on the appearance of the paper to find the title of their star piece to be "When mourning puppies fill the sky."—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

Supposed Murder in the Northwest.

Robert McLean, a settler at Whitewood, N. W. T., was found dead on the Indian reserve on Thursday. He is believed to have been murdered by Indians. From the indications McLean never made a struggle after falling. His oxen were together in a slough about fifty yards from where he was found dead, and his waggon was partly loaded with poles.

"Lookee here, mister, I ain't complainin', but this 'ere moosic stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted it roun' till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a ha'porth o' toon can we get out of 'un."

ELDER FREDERICK WILLIAM EVANS, the leading spirit of the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., is about to visit England to expound the doctrines of the Millennial Church. It is his intention to sail on June 3rd. He will visit Glasgow, Manchester and several other of the large cities, in the company of Dr. J. M. Peebles. Special interest attaches to the visit to Manchester, as it was in that city Mother Ann, the founder of the sect, was born. It is about a century since she left England for America.

A faith doctor near Richmond, Mo., has secured a large number of patients whom he treats by hanging mink-skins about their necks and telling them to feel sure that he will cure them.

THE QUEEN'S DONKEY.

A Rather Novel Present from the London Costermongers.

The costermongers of London have become imbued with Jubilee enthusiasm and have decided to present Queen Victoria with a gift on the occasion of her coming celebration. "The Jubilee Moke," a symmetrical, vigorous and well-groomed donkey, has been chosen as the patriotic sacrifice. The donkey's pensive, drooping attitude, its thoughtful eye and the traces of nervous strain displayed indicate that the creature is conscious of the sudden greatness thrust upon it. The donkey is in every respect the friend and companion of the London costermonger. He draws the costermonger's cart and carries his burdens. He is usually known to the fraternity as "Jerusalem." The Queen has already received a present of a pair of lions from the Olympia Menagerie and some rare cats from Crystal Palace. When she receives her costermonger "Jerusalem" it will be necessary to make some additions to the royal mews.

In the Spring.

For eight months the best-natured-creature-in-the-world had held undisputed sway in the kitchen and its environs; but toward spring the mistress began to take account of stock.

"Bridget," she asked, "where are the pots and frying-pans?"

"Pots, ma'am? and its good for nothing they are! Every family as I lives with in the winter always gets new pots in the spring."

"Bridget, I can not find the kitchen dishes!"

"Dishes, ma'am? and it's in the ash-cart they are! Every family as I lives with always gets new dishes in the spring."

"Bridget, what have you done with the bed and table linen? "It's positively in rags!"

"Rags, ma'am! What could you be expecting after the cold weather? Every family as I lives with always gets new things in the spring."

"Bridget, when I walked through the kitchen last night there were hundreds of roaches running over the floor and on the tables and shelves. How could you let so many bugs live in the house?"

"Roaches, it is, ma'am? and you haven't any at all! Bugs always comes out in the spring. Every family as I lives with always has as many running in the daytime as there is at nights."

"Well, Bridget, I think you had better get a new home."

"And I'm thinking so myself, ma'am. Every family as I lives with in the winter always get a new girl in the spring."—*Puck.*

It Might be Worse.

"No, sir," thundered the old gentleman, "I have made up my mind that my daughter shall never marry a man who plays poker."

"She might do a great deal worse, sir."

"Impossible! Poker has proved the ruination of thousands of men, and its victims never recover from the infatuation. She could never do worse."

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm sure she could. She might marry some fellow that thinks he plays poker."

The old man thought it over.—*Washington Critic.*

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker; "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

Seventeen destitute families, comprising 75 persons, arrived at New York from Ireland on the steamer City of Chester. They claim to have received letters from relatives and friends in Massachusetts requesting them to come to this country. These letters, they say, were confiscated by the Secretary of the Killarney Emigration Society, who gave them tickets to their destination. They are now at Ward's Island as paupers awaiting the action of the Emigration Commissioner.

Heat and Cold

is a never-failing cause of disease. At this season of the year neuralgia, toothache, and a host of similar diseases are rampant. The great question, then, is to find the quickest, surest and most economical remedy. Polson's NERVILINE exactly fills these requirements. It is prompt, efficient and most economical, for it exceeds in power every known remedy, and is as cheap as inferior articles. A 10 cent sample bottle will give every person a chance to test it. Large bottle 25 cents.

A workman in a vineyard in Napa Valley, Cal., committed suicide the other day by jumping into a cask of wine and drowning.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovations in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

The "infernal machines" received by Inspector Byrens, Capt. Williams and the British Consul at New York on Saturday were fuel cartridges manufactured in Troy, N.Y. The cartridges are filled with mineral cotton and are perfectly harmless. When saturated with kerosene oil they are ignited and used for kindling fires. They were sent as a joke.

I have much pleasure in recommending McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant as a remedy equal to its claims; at least I can so testify from my experience, since I was cured by it of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.—EDWARD IRVING, Smithville, Ont.

She Broke the Engagement

because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers of perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

They Don't Wear Pants.

"Mamma," exclaimed a precocious New York boy, "the policemen of Boston don't wear pants."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the scandalized lady, "you don't tell me."

"It's a fact," persisted the boy, "they wear trousers!"—*Life.*

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns the house inside out. When it is all over she goes to the country to get well, or in more extreme cases calls in the doctor.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L. 24 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

God Save the Queen

Grand Jubilee Celebration in Flesherton.

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.

GRAND AFTERNOON MEETING AND CONCERT IN THE EVENING.

ON MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 20.

Her Majesty's jubilee will be celebrated by the loyal citizens of Flesherton and surrounding district in a manner that will not soon be forgotten by the large number of true British subjects who will visit our town during the afternoon and evening of Monday next, June 20th. As stated above, it will undoubtedly be *the event of the year.* The Flesherton Division of Sons of Temperance, under whose auspices this grand double program is to be presented to the public, are sparing no pains to perfect all arrangements in connection therewith. The afternoon meeting is to be held in Mr. Flesher's beautiful grove and will be devoted to the discussion of the live Temperance questions of the day by the gentlemen mentioned in the program given below. The Concert in the evening will be of a more diversified character, embracing beautiful and striking tableaus, solos, duets, glees; also a capitally written Charade, in three acts, and a Temperance anthem—both composed especially for the occasion by a member of the Sons of Temperance, whose abilities as author and poet are of a very high character. The following program (revised) has been placed in our hands for publication :—

AFTERNOON MEETING.

Speeches by M. Richardson, Esq., Squire Armstrong, Rev. W. Ayers, Rev. A. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Ferrier, Rev. T. Watson, and A. R. Fawcett, D. G. W. P. Chair to be taken at 3 o'clock p. m. by John Gordon, Esq., of Fountain Council, Royal Templars of Temperance.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. W. K. Flesher has kindly consented to occupy the chair.

1.—"Temperance Jubilee Anthem," written for the occasion by a member of the S. of T. Followed by a brief prayer.
2.—Chairman's Address.
3.—Instrumental Duet, Parks Bros.
4.—Recitation, Miss Lizzie Fawcett.
5.—Grand *Coronation* Tableau.
6.—Song, Miss Ayers
7.—Dialogue, G. W. Lellard and others.
8.—Tableau, "*Defeat of the Rival Claimant.*"
9.—Selection, by the Glee Club.
10.—Short speech, Rev. A. Wilson,
11.—Selection, by the Glee Club.

Seven minutes interval during which lemonade will be served

12.—Duet, Misses Richardson.
13.—Recitation, Mr. A. R. Fawcett.
14.—Charade, in three acts, written specially for the occasion. Act I.
15.—Song, by request, Master R. Smith. Act II of Charade.
16.—Duet, the Misses Nicholson. Act III of Charade.
17.—Song, Miss Leitch.
18.—Short Speech, Rev. Mr. Ferrier.
19.—Tableau, "*Sweet Home 100 years ago.*"
20.—Humorous Reading, Mr. A. R. Fawcett.
21.—Song, Miss Christoe.
22.—Recitation, Miss Hopkins.
23.—Reading, Miss Brown.
24.—National Anthem.

N. B.—*Positively no response to encores.*

Admission 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents. Doors open at 7:30, to commence at 8 o'clock sharp.

P. S.—Parties from a distance will find ample facilities for obtaining meals, etc., at a most reasonable cost.

We are told that $10,000 were raised in less than one hour, at the Guelph Methodist conference recently held at Galt, for college federation purposes. It was stated that this sum was raised by the ministers alone. This is not so; two Flesherton laymen contributed liberally and others were equally generous. There is a disposition on the part of some ministers to gobble up all honors for their own benefit and edification, and forget that there are such things as laymen.

For chronic catarrh, induced by a scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It stops catarrhal discharges, removes the sickening odor and never fails to thoroughly eradicate every trace of the disease from the blood. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

BASE BALL MATCH.

Between the Station and South Line Base Ball Clubs.

Saturday afternoon last we had the pleasure of a beautiful and rapid ride, behind Mr. W. H. Johnson's spanking team of three-year-old blood colts, out to the South Line where a base ball match between the clubs above named had been arranged to take place. On our arrival we found Mr. J. G. Russell, of the "Noted Jewelry Store," umpiring the game, which had just commenced.

The first three innings practically decided the match in favor of the South Liners. The latter's pitcher threw a swift curved ball that puzzled the Station team: they could not "get on to it" until the fourth inning, although the first inning was well played all around. In the first three innings the South Liners had a net gain of 27 runs. The second three innings the Station team made a gallant effort to retrieve their fortune and were successful in gaining ground; and throughout the remainder of the game held their own very well. But it was impossible to counteract the South Liners heavy gains in the second and third innings and at the end of the game the score stood as follows:

South Line, 69 runs.
Station, 35 runs.

NOTES.

Capt. Maxwell, the Muir Brothers, and Mr. Burnett, of the Station team, got in some really good work; while Capt. Currie, Mr. Hector McDonald, the pitcher, and one or two others, were the strong end of the South Liners.

Mr. J. H. Campaigne caught one red hot fly at long field in gallant style.

Mr. Hector McDonald, of the South Liners, and Mr. Donald McLeod, of the Stationites, made each a three base hit.

The fair sex was well represented among the large number of spectators present on the occasion. There were a number of visitors from Flesherton.

Now that the Station boys have had their "first smell of powder," we believe they will give a good account of themselves the next time the ball is faced.

NASAL BALM.—The only medicine in the market that will immediately cure Cold in the Head, and permanently cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc.

We notice by the Burlington *Express* that Mr. E. E. Knott has been elected a member of the Chicago Board of Trade. This in itself speaks volumes to the credit of Mr. Knott. The daylight is beginning to dawn upon him, and he will soon be in a position to put his vile Canadian slanderers to shame. Had Mr. Knott remained in Canada he could never have recovered, and by going to the U. S. he showed his excellent judgement, as his present honorable, and profitable position amply proves. Mr. Knott will ere long wipe off every cent he owes. We will in our next issue publish the matter as given in the *Express.—Thornbury Standard.*

"IMMIGRANT CHILDREN."—Mr. John T. Middlemore, the founder of the Orphan Children's Emigration Charity, London, Ont., left Liverpool on the 10th inst. in the S. S. Lake Ontario, with a party of 50 girls and 100 boys between the ages of 8 and 20 years, who are brought out to this country for adoption or hire, chiefly among farmers. They are expected to arrive at the Guthrie Home, near the city, on or about the 23rd inst. This this will be Mr. Middlemore's 15th annual visit to these shores with juvenile emigrants from Birmingham, England, since 1872. Already many applications accompained with good references have been made for the children expected to arrive, but more are required. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. H. GIBBENS, Manager of the Guthrie Home, London Ont.

Orange District Meeting.

At a large and influential meeting of the District Orange Lodge of Artemesia, held in the Sons of Temperance Hall, Christoe's block, Flesherton, on Tuesday last, it was decided to celebrate the "glorious twelfth" at Owen Sound—providing proper railway accomodation can be secured. Failing this, the celebration will take place in Flesherton.

Died.

CAMERON.—At Gordon's Mills, Woodside, Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 14th inst., James Cameron, cooper, aged 81 years. [Deceased was a brother-in-law of the late George Mackenzie, of Artemesia.—Ed.]

When you cannot rest from Asthmatic troubles, Southern Asthma Cure will at once relieve. Double treatment in each package.

Flesherton Station.

The Royal Templars entertainment at Flesherton Station on Monday evening was a decided success, the Orange Hall being crowded to the door and many were unable to gain admission. The chair was ably filled by Thos Granger, Esq. The program was lengthy and well sustained by the Quartette Club, solos by Miss Armstrong and Miss VanDusen, duetts by Messrs. Barnhouse and Russell, readings by Miss Hopkins and Mr. A. M. Gibson, recitation by Mr. D. W. Thompson and addresses by the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Watson, Messrs. R. McGill, A. A. Chesley, J. Gordon and others. A large number from Flesherton were present. The Pledge having been passed to the audience 25 signatures were secured and those who signed were entitled to join some of the existing societies. After votes of thanks were passed to the Ladies and gentlemen who furnished the entertainment, to the Orangemen for the use of the Hall and to the Chairman, the meeting closed by singing the National Anthem.

A Brother of Bill Nye's Cat on the serenade.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!
LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.
Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing
Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.
JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*
Maxwell, May 20th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!
Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.
LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.
MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.
CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.
MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.
FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.
WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP AND DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.
The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.
JOS. McCORMICK,
304-320. Flesherton.

FLAGS AND BANNERS
of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.
W. M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

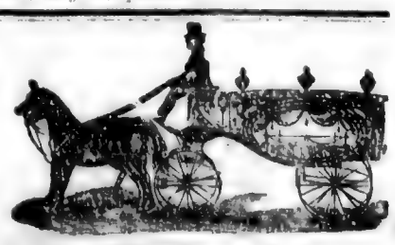
J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 314. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

W. A. BROWN,

—THE—

PEOPLE'S JEWELLER,

Keeps the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Wedding Rings, Spex, etc., between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden Watches, my own name on, accurately timed, 2 and 3 years warrants, $8.50 to $28.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto Cases. 2 to 5 oz. ½ Waltham. P. S. Bartlett's, 3 oz. coin case, $16.50; Ellery's, $14.50, lower grades, $8.00, to $13.00; Elgins if preferred. Ladies' 10 & 14 k. Watches, and Gent's 10 & 14 k. filled cases always in stock. It is safe to buy Watches from me, because I do business for myself, in my own name, and can be held to my warrants. 34 Seth Thomas, New Haven and Ansonia Clocks now in stock, bought close.

They will be sold below the "Terrible Bargains," prices at least 15 per cent.

It is easy to come down when goods are away up. I don't do a catch business.

Straight dealing ensures success.

I shall stay on that line. Small profits, modest prices. I secure patronage through low prices. Assortment Complete. Send for quotations. *If I do not save you money I will make other Jewellers take cost.* 18 years at the trade.

SPECIALTIES:

Watch Repairing, Fitting Spex.

Address Box 5, MARKDALE, ONT.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CARD OF THANKS!

In thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, I have much pleasure in being still able to supply them with the following celebrated machines, viz.,

The Toronto Light Binder.
The Toronto Mower.
The Sharp Sulky Rake.
The Massey Harvester.
The Massey Mower.
The Tolten Pea Harvester.
The Fox Pea Harvester.
Hamilton's Combination Plow.
Tolten's Centre Draught Jointer Plow.
Hamilton's Scufflers.
Hamilton's Boss Gang Plow.
Wisner's Spring Tooth Cultivators.
The Chatham Fanning Mill.

A full stock of REPAIRS always on hand.

Parties requiring any of the above will do well to call and inspect Machines, which will be found in Sproule's warehouse.

A. S. VanDUSEN,
FLESHERTON.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Richardson & Co's cheap Japan Tea is having an extraordinary run.

TO RENT.—Dwelling House opposite Strain's block, Flesherton. Apply on the premises. W. WRIGHT.

You can buy Flour, Bran & Shorts as cheap at Keefer's Flour & Feed store as you can at the mill.

The only place in this country to get your Watch repaired properly is at Russell's, Flesherton. 2t.

Rev. W. Ayers will preach his farewell sermon in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on Sunday evening next.

For the best and cheapest Lemons go to Keefer's Flour & Feed store, Flesherton.

Parties who wish to secure a lot of this extraordinary cheap Tea should apply at once at Richardson & Co's.

A full report of the proceedings of Artemesia Court of Revision will be published in our next issue, Thursday, July 7th.

The people in this county are so astonished at Russell's prices that they exclaim, "how can they sell so cheap?" The fact is we buy right and only ask small profits. 2t.

TAMARAC ELIXIR.—Is not advertised to cure consumption, but it has made some remarkable cures of persons supposed to be in the first stages of the disease.

Richardson & Co's new cheap Tea pleases everybody. 6 lbs for $1.

A very large audience assembled in the Methodist church here last Sunday evening, when Rev. Mr. Ayers preached a very eloquent sermon.

Another new stock arrived at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, consisting of ladies and gents Gold Watches, ladies and gents Silver Watches and at terrible low prices. 2t.

The Flesherton ADVANCE entered upon its seventh year of publication last week. It is a good local paper, and has our best wishes for future prosperity.—*Thornbury News.*

The sale of Tweeds at reduced prices is rapidly cutting down the large stock at Richardson & Co's.

Work is progressing nicely in connection with our new school grounds and schoolhouse. The grounds are now enclosed with a picket fence and the trench for the foundation has been dug.

We have pleasure in recommending the courteous and prompt Markdale Bookseller and Stationer, Mr. Dinsmore, to the public. His promptitude in filling orders by mail is highly commendable.

The Flesherton Advance, recently entered upon its seventh year of publication, is one of the best papers published in Grey. The Economist extends congratulations to friend Fawcett, the editor and proprietor, upon the success he has achieved.—*Shelburne Economist*

Five lbs. of nice flavored Japan Tea for one dollar at Richardson & Co's.

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON,

Has the only First-Class Stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Wedding Rings, Spex &c. between Shelburne and the Sound. Hampden, Columbus, Waltham, Elgin, and Swiss Watches, bearing warrants from 2 1-2 to five years from $7.50 to $25.00. Fahys, Waltham or Toronto cases 2 to 5 1-2 oz. We never ask any more than $16.00 for a P. S. Bartlett 3 oz. coin silver case, some dealers have the cheek to ask $17.50. Ellery's $13.25, while other dealers ask $14.50. Lower Grades from $6.90 to 11.50. Ladies & Gents Gold Watches. All kinds of American Clocks at lower prices than elsewhere. The fact is, other dealers cannot begin to compete with us notwithstanding the fact we do not sell at auction or trade on the church. A fine Stock just arrived at lower prices than ever. Always take your Watches, Clocks, & Jewelry to RUSSELL to repair, the only genuine Watchmaker & Jeweler in this section of country. Come right along and secure some bargains. It will pay you to come 20 miles to deal with us. You can save 25 per cent. by dealing at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

A mild game of base ball was played on the Agricultural grounds here on Monday afternoon last. There was some really good playing made, even if the scores did run up at a rather alarming rate.

A Plymouth Rock egg was left at our office this week by Mr. Charles Bucke of Artemesia, which measured 7 inches one way around, and 8¼ inches the other way. We measured the egg carefully and can vouch for the correctness of the statement made above. And now the stereotyped question arises, who can beat it?

No Paper Next Week.

In accordance with our usual custom of dropping one issue of our paper every year, THE ADVANCE will not be published next week. The tired compositors and the Agricultural Editor require a rest at least once in the year, and we know that there is not one of our readers who grudge us our brief holiday.

Mr. W. E. Caiger, Advertising Agent for the Toronto News, says:—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a severe and troublesome Cold in the head. Once using it literally washed out the clogged secretions, and left my head clear as a bell.

Buffalo, N. Y. June 5th, 1887.

To J. G. RUSSELL, ESQ., *Ben. Sec. of Fountain Council, No. 146, Flesherton:*

Dear Sir & Bro.—I have just received from Bro. J. H. Land, Grand Secretary R. T. of T., the sum of $40 being the amount of my Sick Benefit for my recent illness of eight week's duration, for which allow me to tender my sincere thanks to the officers of Fountain Council, No. 146 for the prompt way they acted towards me a member of their Council. May the God of Heaven bless their efforts to promote the cause of Temperance and beneficence in Flesherton. It was a cause of great comfort to me on a sick bed to think that my wife and little ones had something to fall back on should I have been removed from them. With kind regards to all the members of Fountain Council. I am yours in H., L. & T.,

J. G. BROOKS.

Avoid the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, entirely vegetable, have been tested forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy for torpidity of the liver, costiveness and indigestion.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Our village has been very quiet for some time and very little has occured of late to attract more than ordinary attention.

Farmers crops of all sorts are looking remarkably well and if they continue there will no doubt be an abundant harvest.

Three of our village young men have donned the red coats and helmets and gone into camp at Niagara with the Flesherton Volunteer Company.

Rev. W. Ferrier is attending conference at Toronto. We are pleased to hear that he will remain with us another year.

Our Township Fathers assembled at Feversham on Saturday last. They are reported as doing very little business, but perhaps there is very little to do.

Mr. T. Blakely is doing a rushing business, having turned out quite a number of wagons and buggies.

Mrs. Richard Maxwell has been very ill for some time but is slowly recovering.

Visitors to the Jubilee on Monday next will do well to call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure one of his famous watches. You can save 25% by buying there. 2t.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

Eugenia.

From an occasional correspondent.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

Your correspondent has this week to chronicle one of those happy events which usually create quite a flutter among the ladies—God bless 'em—yes, and also among those of the male persuasion. We refer to the marriage of one of Euphrasia's sturdy and manly sons, Mr. J. Dunlop—son of the esteemed and venerable Township Clerk—to one of Artemesia's fairest daughters, Miss Lizzie Latimer. The interesting ceremony was very gracefully performed at the residence of the bride's father, George Latimer, Esq., by the esteemed pastor of the Methodist Church here, Rev. J. S. Corcoran, on Wednesday of last week, June 15th, in the presence of a large number of relatives of the contracting parties. The bride looked charming in her handsome bridal costume, while the groom—well, of course he looked his very best. The presents were numerous, beautiful, valuable and appropriate. The happy couple have the best wishes of all for their future happiness. May their lives be one long honeymoon!

To Parents and Children.

To the Editor of The Advance

Dear Sir,—With many of my brethren I have long looked upon Flesherton as a model place—religiously, morally and politically. But of late I have noticed a change on your streets, and, I am sorry to add, that the change is not a good one. Boys *under ten years of age* are now to be seen openly smoking cigarettes, cigars and even pipes. This is bad, but it is not all. These lads, and others of a larger growth, are learning to lounge around the corners in the evenings where they soon become adepts in Billingsgate and profanity. One thing leads to another, and so it goes on until something really serious occurs and awakes the neglectful parent to a sense of duty, and he regrets that he did not ask, "Where is my boy to-night?" sooner. TRAVELLER.

Of Interest to Farmers.

From the Shelburne Economist.

A case of interest to farmers and stock-dealers was recently decided at Drumbo. A stock-dealer had bought a number of lambs from a farmer, agreeing to pay $5.12½ per 100 lbs., and $10 was paid upon the purchase. The lambs were delivered and weighed according to agreement. The price of lambs had fallen in the meantime, and the buyer wanted to shirk his bargain and finally he absolutely refused to receive the lambs. The farmer then sold the lambs to another party and brought suit against the stock-dealer to recover the difference between the price first agreed upon and that actually realized, and he gained his case.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Custom work is coming in large and our prices are low and our dealings with us on account of hard times, I intend to close the manufactured price in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLLS, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 20th, 1887.

BRITISH GUIANA.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition—West Indian Gallery.

(By Thomas C. Watkins.)

The colony of British Guiana lies between Venezuela, Brazil, Dutch Guiana and the Atlantic Ocean, on the northeast coast of South America. It was first settled by the Dutch in 1580, but has belonged to Great Britain since 1803. Its area is computed at 76,000 square miles, but the boundaries between it and Venezuela and Brazil are not determined. For some miles from the sea, which is of a dirty yellow color, the land is low and flat, being a rich alluvial deposit, in which coffee and cotton once grew, and in later years the sugar cane flourishes luxuriantly. Its rivers are wide and have their sources far away in the interior. Large ships ascend these streams for hundreds of miles, but far up in the interior the rivers are crossed by rock formations, over which they plunge and fall; and it is only the Indians light dug-out or corrial that can pass these formidable obstructions. The climate, although warm, is not oppressive. The thermometer ranges from 75° to 90°, but there are refreshing sea breezes which temper the heat. The colony is not so very unhealthy as is usually supposed, for with care and ordinary precaution good health can be maintained. The population is mixed. It numbers about 264,000, composed of Europeans, Aboriginal Indians, West Indians, Africans, Portuguese, Chinese and East Indians, the latter being about 92,000 in 1885. The flora is rich, but only partially explored by botanists yet. It is distinguished for its enormously large and lofty trees, its beautiful palms and the abundance of charming flowering creepers, which cling to the tallest branches. The large forests abound in trees, whose timbers are exceedingly valuable, and in immense variety. The fauna is most interesting, and some of the animals' flesh is considered by epicures to be really delicious. The labba—of which it is remarked, "that he who eats its flesh and drinks creek water will surely return to Guiana"—the agouti and waterhoss are the most prominent animals in the colony; but monkeys and bears, jaguars, pumas, deer, opossums and manatees are plentiful. The feathered tribes are abundant and most beautiful. Numerous varieties of fish

INHABIT THE SEA AND RIVERS.

Alligators, snakes and turtles are quite plentiful, and the ants, mosquitoes, bats and beetles prevent life from becoming too enjoyable in that fair land. Sugar is the principal product, and the colony depends in a large degree on this for their success, nay, for their very existence. There are very few other crops grown. Cotton has almost ceased to be cultivated, owing to the scarcity of labor. For the same reason coffee is not given the attention that it merits, as it requires a reliable supply of labor for successful cultivation and reaping. The Liberian coffee would succeed well if proper attention could be given to its culture. Cacao culture is only in its infancy, so that at present the cane is their sole dependence for prosperity. In 1885 the crop, which was counted a short one, yielded 106,532 hogsheads of sugar; in 1884 it was 139,296 hogsheads. There was a large variety of sugars shown in the exhibition, also of molasses and rum, that ever-present and most productive agent of sin, of sorrow, of broken-hearted wives, of vagabond children, of criminals, lunatics and murderers that the arch-fiend of hell ever launched upon our earth. The proprietors of the sugar plantations spare no trouble or expense in cultivation and machinery to enable them to maintain the foremost rank in the British markets. Lately the struggle has been rendered more arduous by the free admission of the European bounty-supported sugars into the British markets. The ethnological collection in the court is most interesting. There are specimens of Indian war clubs, bows and arrows, canoes and many Indian curiosities. There were four wax figures of the Guiana Indians which attracted particular attention. A party of six Indians in their wigwams busy making baskets, weaving hammocks, etc., as in their own land, was greatly enjoyed and wondered at by Europeans who had never seen the red men of America. Gold mining must at an early day prove a successful business to many, as the specimens shown indicated the probable advent of a gold fever there before many years. There were an enormous number of specimens of timber exhibits, suitable for ship building, house building, cabinet work, agricultural implements and almost anything that timber can be used for. The fibres of British Guiana are almost unknown in the British markets. Cotton, which was once grown largely, has ceased to be cultivated, although the soil is well suited for its successful production. Many of the fibres exhibited may take the place of hemp and bast, and it only requires a demand to bring forward a large supply at low prices. The collection of fibres was enormously large, and the hammocks, etc., exhibited are strong evidences of the good quality of the fibres. The minerals are not numerous, nor of much commercial value, except gold, which exists in considerable quantities. At present, owing to the boundaries of the Colony not being definitely fixed, capitalists are unwilling to embark in mining operations, but with settled boundaries, and protection to the enterprise, gold mining would soon become one of the most profitable industries of the colony. Iron exists in abundance, but no person has yet attempted to work the mines. British Guiana is rich in gums, oils and barks; fine specimens of gum animi, and of ballata were shown, the last in the milk and in rolls and sheets, etc. This gum is in some respects superior to India rubber and gutta percha. The "Gillbacker glue," which is made into isinglass, with a specimen of the fish it is obtained from, were shown. Tonca or Tonquin beans, which grow wild in the colony in large quantities, were exhibited, and also several kinds of oil. The barks were very numerous, and many of them, no doubt, richly laden with valuable chemicals and medicinal properties, which will greatly benefit the world yet. Many of them are useful for training purposes, and others are

EMPLOYED BY THE INDIANS AS MEDICINE

in cases of illness or accident. The food products comprise the meal and starch of the Casada, which is the daily food of the Indians. Cossareep, which is used largely on account of its antiseptic properties, is also shown; dried plantains and bananas, the former of which is considered to be one of the most nutritious articles of food known, were well represented, as were also the cocoa and coffee of superior quality, shewing that the soil of the colony is well suited for the growth of the chocolate and the coffee trees. Coffee was formerly grown plentifully, and formed one of its chief articles of export in former years, and realized large prices in the British markets. The collections illustrative of the natural history of British Guiana are most interesting, the Indian curiosities relating to their social life and to war are of the deepest interest to the archæologist and to the moralist. Amongst the maps, paintings and drawings in this court was a map of the colony published by the Government. A map of parts of British Guiana and Venezuela, showing grants made to the Manoa Company by the Government of Venezuela which territory is claimed by the Guiana Government. A Proclamation and Articles of Capitulation in 1803. A fac simile of Schombergks' map of the colony. Water color views of the interior of the country. Photographs illustrating the scenery and inhabitants of the colony. Water color sketch of Roramia, and several oil and water color paintings of different objects. Sugar was shown in white crystals, yellow crystals, refining crystals; muscovado sugar. White rum and colored rum, rum shrub, bitters, molasses, vinegar, syrups, models of a sugar manufactory, the facade of a plantation, showing the dwelling-house, sugar works, hospital and cottages for the laborers. Model of a system of tidal drainage of submerged districts. Photographs illustrating cane cultivation and sugar manufacture. The woods are really magnificent; it would take a volume to describe them. There were 127 different kinds of wood shown in planks, boards, logs, immense blocks about three feet high and forty inches across of beautiful timber for cabinet-makers' use, fit for any kind of furniture. The Kurana, or red cedar, is a very handsome and useful timber, averaging 100 feet in height and 38 to 40 inches in diameter. The Hiawar Balli is a beautiful timber, in great request for cabinet work, and is easily worked. The Waeiba, or bow tree, is exceedingly tough, hard and close-grained. The Indians make their bows of it; its average height is about 120 feet and will square thirty inches. The wauri tree grows to a height of 120 feet. It is with it the Indians make their large canoes. The kokatarra tree grows about eighty feet high, it will square twenty-four inches, it is a close grained tough wood used for the stocks of planes. The koorikye tree grows a hundred feet high, two feet across, and is used mostly for roofing, flooring, partitions, and for spars and masts of ships. The fibres shown consisted of cotton, raw and cleaned;

BALL COTTON WITH A SPINNING WHEEL,

showing the process; silk cotton used for filling pillows; silk grass, from a species of agave; plantains, from a species of musa; sweet briar, or akase (Demerara jute), a shrub, with rope made of the same, also the wood of the shrub; wild ochro, with rope made of the same; wild cotton and rope, monkey apple and rope made of it; sour sop with rope made of it; tibiserie, from the young fronds of the Eta palm, with specimens of cord, hammock ropes and the palm fronds; a collection of fibres, etc., illustrating the manufacture of coir, or cocoanut fibre. Altogether there were forty-three kinds of fibres on exhibition in the court of the colony, many of which were very useful and most interesting. Gums, oils, barks, etc., were well represented, there being 127 specimens on exhibition; amongst which were locust gum, or gum anime, found around the roots of the simiri or locust tree; hyawa gum, obtained by making incisions in the hyawa or incence tree; crab oil, made from the seeds of the carapa guyanensis, used in the colony by the natives for dressing their hair; cocoanut oil, showing the mode of manufacturing it at Fortitude Fibre Works; isinglass, or fish glue, made of the gilbacker fish, which was also exhibited; simarioba bark, greenheart bark, used for a tonic and febrifuge; mora, crabwood, soft wallaba and other bark used to cure bilious complaints; aries bark, used to cure ringworm and itch; iturite bark, used to cure toothache, and numerous other barks for the cure of almost every disease to which flesh is heir, and for tanning purposes. In food products seventy-eight specimens were shown, amongst which were cassava bread, which is the "staff of life" of the South American Indians, chocolate, coffee, sweet cassava, bitter cassava, dried plantain flour, cassava starch and meal, bananas, oranges, mammee apples, potatoes, rice, dried sorrel, Brazil nuts, cayenne, pickles and preserves. The ethnology of the colony was represented by an interesting display of Indian manufactures and illustrations of their habits, manners, modes of living, amusements and natural dispositions. Their houses and furniture were shown in great variety, a few of the exhibits in this line were models of an Indian wigwam, several models of their household utensils, fifty Indian hammocks, cotton hammocks used by the squaws to carry their infants, hammocks on frames to show the mode of weaving them, cotton yarn and tibiserie fibre for making hammocks, carved wooden stools used by the Indians; pottery, jars, bottles, earthen pots for cooking, gourds, cassava graters, fire stick for twisting round with such velocity as to generate fire, fishing nets, torches made of fibre and impregnated with hyawa gum so as to burn most brilliantly. Canoes and paddles, dress ornaments, blow pipes, bows, arrows and quivers, war clubs, Indian drums, trumpets made of pottery, rattles, bone flutes, dancing sticks, shields, wacquarrie whips, Indian baskets with and without legs, and many other articles. The zoology of the colony was represented by collections of skins and skulls of various animals, both biped and quadruped. Birds' nests, birds' eggs, snakes of various kinds preserved in spirits, stuffed fish skins, butterflies, wasps' nests, a great variety of insects, moths, beetles, tiger frogs, shells, etc. Of fruits and vegetables there were some beautiful *papier mache* models of fruits, Avocado pears, bananas, sugar apples, oranges, fat pork, cocoanuts, sweet potatoes, monkey apples, rose apples, tamarinds, pumpkins, monkey pods, monkey cups, fungi, monkeys' ladder, flowers and fruits in wax, corn brooms, straw hats, Creole basket work, a negro shanty, a Guiana cottage and store, red horse eyes, black horse eyes, crab's eyes, swizzle sticks for beating up cocktails, swizzles and other drinks, etc.

The West Indian Gallery.

In order to fully illustrate the history of the colonies whose discovery by Columbus in 1492 led to such amazing results, by subsequently throwing open to civilization the vast continent of America, the Commissioner for the West Indies has gathered together as many objects of interest bearing on the subject as possible; therefore those monarchs of Britain who reigned at the time of this great discovery, and shortly subsequent to it, were represented by their portraits by the celebrated masters of their day, which were placed in the picture gallery of the West Indies round the upper portion of the walls above the other pictures. Henry VIII., by Holbein, stands conspicuous. It was in the younger years of this king's reign that America was discovered. He watched with great interest the heroic achievements of the great Spanish discoverers, and even used his best endeavors to inspire his own people with heroic efforts to emulate them. Queen Elizabeth, by Frederico Zucchero, is next. It was during her reign that Britons first seriously engaged in making discoveries and, inspired by jealousy and hatred of Spain and anxious to curtail the growing power of that nation, several expeditions were sent out to attack the newly-built towns of the Spanish colonists along the coast of South America. Elizabeth, discarding the pretensions of Spain, sent forth such sea lions as Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Clifford and many other heroes which that age produced, who attacked the Spanish fleets, conquered them and made prizes of their treasure ships; sacked and burned their towns around their coast line, took possession of nearly all the West Indies and drove the Spaniards therefrom, thus making the name of Britons a terror to every nation of Europe and particularly to Spain. This Queen also sent Sir Humphrey Gilbert as the first Governor to the Bahamas. James I., by Van Somer, was the third royal portrait hung in the gallery. It was during his reign that the earliest British settlement was founded in Barbadoes, the capital of which was named Jamestown in honor of him, but after the fall of the House of Stuart it was changed to Georgetown. The portraits of the headstrong and unfortunate Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta, by Mytens, were next in order. This monarch sent out several of the earliest Governors to many of the West India Islands, which thus obtained a regular form of Government and useful charters for the better regulation of commerce and the suppression of crime. He was likewise instrumental in sending out the first missionaries of the Church of England to those Islands. Charles II. was next on the list, by Sir Peter Lely. He took a practical interest in these colonies, and granted several of them, notably the Bahamas, to a syndicate formed by George Duke of Albermarle, Lord Craven, Sir George Cataret, John Lord Berkeley and Sir Peter Colleton. He also granted charters for the formation of settlements. It was during his reign that the first regular government was established in Jamaica. The next portrait in the gallery was that of James II., by Walker. He continued his brother's policy, and paid great attention to the West Indian colonies. William and Mary, by William Wining, came next in order. They granted many privileges to the West Indies, and sent out several missionaries to preach to the people there, and to slave owners to rule their poor slaves with greater kindness. The West Indian Company was established in this reign. George I. was next, by Godfrey Kneller. During this reign Anquilla and the Virgin Islands were settled and several important Acts were passed for the

REGULATION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

George III., by Gainsburg, was next. During the long reign of this King the West Indies attained a great and unprecedented prosperity. The slave trade was terminated in 1808. During the reigns of George IV. and William IV. the emancipation of the slaves was accomplished. Amongst the collections of engravings the portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen occupied a conspicuous place. It was during their reign that the West Indies were discovered. The portrait of Nelson is there in honor of his successful expedition to Jamaica against San Juandi Nicaragua in 1776. The portrait of the Earl of Balcarras and his sword were hung in the Jamaica section of that magnificent picture gallery, he having been Governor of that island from 1795 to 1798. Under his rule the great "maroon" rebellion was quelled. The portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor of England towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, occupied a prominent position, he having been instrumental in despatching some of those expeditions which wreaked such terrible vengeance on the war and mercantile marine of Spain and on the Spanish towns of the West Indies, and on their South American towns. A fine old portrait of Columbus, by Sir Antonio Moro, is very remarkable and full of deep interest to all. When we think of the great discoverer, and of the still greater discoveries he made, of the vast, the incalculable importance to man, and the unspeakably grand consequences to future generations, to the world, we were led to view his portrait with an intense interest far surpassing that felt in beholding monarchs, or those of the greatest conquerors. The names of Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon and Wellington all sink into the most utter insignificance in comparison with his who gave us a new world. Diego Columbus, in his life of Columbus, says: "The Admiral was a man well formed and about the middle height; his head was large, his cheekbones rather high, his cheeks neither fat nor lean, aqueline nose, his eyes small, light blue or gray, with the white parts rather inflamed." Mr. Prescott says: "He had a majestic presence, with much dignity and at the same time affability of manner." This portrait has been frequently engraved, and is inserted as the frontispiece to the second edition of the "Life of Columbus," by Washington Irving, by the special request of that famous author. Time and space would fail to fully describe all the portraits, landscapes, etc., which adorned the four great panels and screens of this magnificent picture gallery, which was the great scene of attraction in the Jamaica Court of the West Indian Exhibition. There were also statues and busts of renowned men and women, and ancient maps of the deepest interest to archæologists. Amongst the former was a statue of Columbus, surrounded by allegorical figures, representing savage and civilized life, and geography and navigation, by Signor Ghidone, of Milan; a collection of antotypes and photographs of letters of Columbus, the originals of which are in the Municipal Palace of Genoa and in the Spanish museums; and extremely curious collection of ancient maps and engravings, representing

PORTRAITS OF COLUMBUS

and his companions, and events and scenes in West Indian history; a collection of old and rare engravings representing the contemporaries of Columbus. The Diego Robero map, loaned by the S. congregation of Propaganda Fide, Rome, by permission of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., which is of very great archæological value. Down the centre passes a line dividing the newly found half of the world between Spain and Portugal. This map is reported to be the first map of the round world ever drawn. This division between Spain and Portugal was first made by the famous divisional line drawn by Pope Alexander VI. in 1494. Although the map is full of absurd inaccuracies, it is singularly clear for the early period in which it was drawn. The West Indies are shown with great precision; the coast line of the continent of America is shown imperfectly. Africa is made to appear with the Nile flowing down to three lakes, just above what is known now as Cape Colony. As a specimen of the early geographers' scientific knowledge and a record of the first year of American discoveries it is of the deepest interest and of great value. Throughout the West Indies, British Honduras, and, in fact, all over the continent of America, flint and stone weapons of war and implements for household purposes have been found in abundance. They resemble those found in the lakes of Switzerland and in various parts of Europe very much. Some of them, from their size and shape, appear to have been sacrificial knives; others somewhat like chisels, others like old French hatchets, and others so small and delicately shaped as to appear like arrow heads. I have seen a large collection of similar tools and many different ones in a large museum of relics of the stone age at Zurich, taken from the bottom of Lake Zurich when the water was very low, exhibiting mills for grinding grain, made of large, flat stones with deep hollows worn in them, and a round stone to be used as a crusher to crush the grain as it would be put in the hole in the under stone. The magnificent ruins of colossal buildings, the remains of charming frescoes, and the delicate tracery of the sculpture, which have been found in various parts of Central America, prove beyond doubt that the civilization which they typify was one of a high order, and fully justifies Mr. Henry Fowler, who has studied the antiquities of British Honduras so perseveringly and so successfully, when he remarks, "That a people must surely excite our wonder and attention whose knowledge of astronomy enabled them to measure the true length of the year within two minutes and nine seconds, at a time when our own calendar was more than ten days at fault. Their sculpture is worthy to be compared to the most beautiful works of the Augustan age. Their civilization rivalled that of Europe in the Middle Ages, although it was doubtless degraded by human sacrifices, such as have occurred, however, among the most advanced heathen nations. Nor must it be forgotten that their

TRADITIONS OF THE DELUGE

came infinitely nearer to that of the Bible and Chaldean religion than those of any people of the Old World." There was a collection of Carib stone implements found in St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Dominica, St. Lucia and St. Vincent. There were one hundred and twelve Carib chisels cut from coach shells, cut in Barbadoes. In order to fully illustrate the flora of the West Indies—indigenous and acclimated—the accomplished wife of the Governor of the Bahamas has most kindly painted, expressly for the Exhibition, a series of one hundred and four water color drawings, copied from nature. These drawings are nearly all life size; they are very carefully finished, and are generally correct botanical studies and faithful representations of the plants they illustrate, besides being artistically beautiful. In the majority of cases the plants, their fruits and flowers are all shown; and sometimes for a back ground there is a beautiful landscape introduced, and an occasional butterfly, moth or other insect is shown on the flowers. There was a most singular plant among the collection called Bryophyllum calycinum, which is succulent, with unequally-primate leaves; remarkable for its innate power of reproduction from a single leaf, which if pinned against a wall and kept moist, will frequently shoot forth young plants from its edges. The flora of the West Indies and South America is immensely varied and beautiful, and, like the feathered tribes there, displays the most brilliant hues. The ever-present great curse of man—alcohol—that legion of devils in solution, protrudes his foul seven-fold head and innumerable horns in these western dependencies of Britain also. Here in Guiana we have white rum, colored rum, rum shrub, swizzles, cocktails and swizzle sticks for beating up their cocktails and other inventions for maddening their brains, exciting their passions and turning men into demons, and, alas, women also—the noblest, purest, last and best creation of God—into the foulest, lowest, most degraded imps of perdition. It drives its miserable votaries to ruin here, to eternal ruin hereafter. It impels women who yield to its delusive fascinations to worse than death here, and to a dark and hopeless future. It peoples our jails, our penitentiaries, the gallows itself with its victims. It spreads woe, unutterable woe over every land where it is not restrained by the strong arm of the law. Some of our wisest judges tell us that 90 per cent. of all the criminals who come before them trace their downfall to this distilled poison which has not the smallest particle of nourishment in it; it only causes an unhealthy excitement of the brain, but the next morning they feel miserable, weak and exhausted for want of the vital force that alcohol stole from them the night before, to get up excitement. They go and drink more to get up the excitement, and again their vital forces become clogged and exhausted again—they increase their potations more and more, until ere long they become confirmed drunkards. They live miserable lives here. Some trifling disease, which they would have thrown off easily had they lived sober lives, carries them to untimely graves—to an awful eternity—to endless woe.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The great Indian Sun Dance is over. Owing to the action of the Government agent in refusing to issue extra rations to the large number of Indians at the Assiniboine reserve during the Sun Dance, their performance was necessarily cut short this year. They were simply starved out. At the conclusion of the ceremony, which was devoid of all old-time atrocities, Chief Pie-a-pot addressed his braves and aroused the camp with enthusiasm. A newspaper man interviewed the chief through a half-breed interpreter, and found him out of humor. He complained of his camp being hungry. He said that Chief Jack and himself had quarrelled over the question of making braves by torture. Chief Jack said Pie-a-pot had secretly made one brave in this way. Pie-a-pot promises to return to his reserve at once. Excepting on the question of "more grub" all the Indians are contented.

An amended Hudson Bay Railroad Bill has been brought in. By it the Winnipeg & Hudson Bay road is empowered to float ten million dollars of bonds. Of these $4,500,000 will have their interest guaranteed by the Government at the rate of 4 per cent. for twenty-five years, and the remaining $5,500,000 will be ordinary bonds issued by the company. The proceeds of these bonds will be placed in possession of a board of three trustees, one appointed by the Government, one by the company and one by the bondholders, and they will pay out one dollar from the funds raised from the guarantee bonds for every dollar expended from the money obtained from the other bonds. The remaining bonding power of the company, amounting to $6,250,000, will remain in the hands of the Government, as security that the road shall be completed, and will be applied from time to time in aiding the construction of the road. After the completion of the line any other security held by the Government shall be given back to the company.

It is expected that Fant, Chief McRae's assailant, will be extradited, the proceedings so far being favorable.

McLeish's murderers are still at large, though their capture is certain within forty-eight hours.

The report that Chief Pie-a-pot and his band have left their reserve to join the Assiniboines and raise hostilities is without foundation. The Indian Agent granted him and a few families a few day's leave to visit relations on the Assiniboine reserve. All Pie-a-pot's braves are busy putting in crops on the reserve, and the Indians are quiet.

It is expected the Local Legislature will be prorogued this week.

SUED FOR A FURNITURE BILL.

A Novelist and Earl's Daughter in Court.

A London cable says: Yesterday afternoon, at the Westminster County Court, Lady Constance Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and sister of the late Lord Maidstone, appeared to answer a judgment summons at the instance of Mr. Quantrell, furniture dealer, of Wardour street, Oxford street. Judge Bayley asked the defendant if she was married? The defendant replied in the affirmative, but added that her father had stopped her allowance of £200 a year, and she was entirely dependent on her husband, who is the second son of the Earl of Effingham. In reply to the solicitor for the plaintiff, Lady Constance said it was true that she had written the following novels: "Mated with a Clown," "Mollie Darling" and "Only a Village Maiden," but she had only made about £20 out of them. She denied that she had written "Major Toddles." She also denied that she went much in society now, and added that as to novel writing she found it did not pay. Mr. Quantrell called the judge's attention to an action in a superior court, during which the defendant had declared that she had an allowance from her father, the Earl of Winchelsea; whereupon the defendant explained that since then the allowance had been stopped. The judge said that he had no power, to commit a married woman without a separate income, and dismissed the summons.

Divorces in Canada.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Bill for the relief of John Monteith was passed in the Senate to-day. The petitioner, who is a hotel-keeper at Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, was married to Mary Ann Wright in 1870. In 1885, after fifteen years of wedded life, the wife eloped with Wm. G. Norton, and is now living with him in the United States. The divorce is granted on the ground of infidelity.

Fanny Riddell, of Montreal, was examined before the Divorce Committee of the Senate to-day and told a pitiful tale. She was applying for divorce from her husband, Dr. Herchmer, on the ground of adultery and desertion. The evidence went to show that Herchmer had been employed in the Post-office Department at Montreal. He took money from a registered letter and then skipped out. Since that time the applicant for divorce had never seen him. It was also shown that Herchmer is in the Northwest, leading an immoral life.

A Wide Awake Town.

One man knocked down, two others kicked in the stomach, Deputy Sheriff McPhee laid up by a kick in the groin, several big faro games running, also several poker games, at one of which there was over $500 in the pot—a good house at the theatre; all this last Saturday evening in this city would seem to indicate that times are getting livelier.—*Halley, Idaho, Times.*

Lady Seton has and takes great pride in showing to all her visitors at Durham House probably the earliest autograph letter of Queen Victoria in existence. It is in childish print characters and runs thus, "How do you do, my dear Sir Henry? Your little friend, Victoria." It was addressed Sir Henry Seton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. II., NO. 316. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

e above fine finished Watches accurate Hampden's—my name on, and the reliable Waltham and Elgin Watches, in Gold, Filled Gold, and Coin Silver Cases, go to

W. A. BROWN'S

FINELY STOCKED

JEWELERY STORE.

I am known as the Reliable Jeweller for 20 miles North, South, East and West. I never have misrepresented purposely any goods sold since being in business here. It is easy to sell a 11 Jewelled Watch for "Full Jewelled." It is much easier to sell 8 k. Gold Watches and call them 12 or 14. I don't have to do it. My own name on all warrants, and you will find I can be held responsible if goods are not right.

342

WATCHES & CLOCKS

Booked in Repair Book since July 1st, 1886.

SQUARE DEALING,

PRICES CLOSE.

SPECIALTIES:—*Fine Watch Repairing, Spex Fitting.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines :—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! (Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Offices, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Get your Flour at Keefer's.

Do our sidewalks need repairing? Did somebody say "rats!"

Read "Road Notice" advt. in another column re Artemesia Township.

Mrs. Wm. Irwin is visiting friends near Heathcote

J. W. Henderson, Esq., of Toronto, was in town on the 12th.

Large stock of the choicest and best Roller Flour always on hand at Keefer's.

Master Robert Bates, of Sault Ste. Marie, is home on a visit.

Mr. Will Sproule, captain of our junior lacrosse team, returned to town this week.

An immense stock of Pipes from 5c. to $1.00, just arrived at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Miss Ada Sproule has returned home from a pleasant visit to friends in the "lower settlements."

Our old boy, Master George Treadgold, of the Dundalk *Herald* office, was in town on the 12th.

Call at Keefer's Flour and Feed Store and take home a barrel of choice Roller Flour. Strain's block, Flesherton.

Mrs. Jacob Sloan, of Burk's Falls, in the Parry Sound District, is the guest of James Beecroft, Esq., Flesherton.

200 Pair Fine Specs—Me. to $3.00, at 25 % discount cash. W. A. Brown, Jeweller & Optician, Markdale.

The cattle fair here on [illegible] considerably ahead of the one held in June.

See W. G. Parker's advt. in reference to Durham Bull under the heading of "New Advertisements."

For full 18 k. Wedding Rings and fine Silverware, go to W. A. Brown, Jeweller, Markdale.

White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale by Jos. McCormick, Flesherton. See advt.

"Shadows" is our old friend Deacon Snukes' latest production. It is as good as usual: will appear in next week's ADVANCE.

A handsome Stock of Silverware, Watches, Tie Pins, Rolled Plated Chains &c. just arrived at Russell's, Flesherton, at terribly low prices.

Our Township Council met for the transaction of business a week ago last Monday but owing to the absence of the Editor, a report did not grace our columns. No omissions in future.

As will be seen on right hand corner of this page, Mr. J. G. Anderson, of the Mammoth store, Markdale, advertises a big clearing sale of goods to commence to-morrow. Read it.

Do not be deceived but always take your Watches, Clocks, &c. to Russell's Noted Jewelery Store to repair. It will pay as you will have to take them there in the end.

A Garden Party will be held on the grounds of Mr. S. Damude, Flesherton, to-morrow (Friday) evening, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

Our Mathematical Editor offered a prize to the pupil of any public school answering correctly the greatest number of questions asked and published in THE ADVANCE during the month of June, under the heading, "Competition Series." Not one pupil has availed himself (or herself) of the opportunity thus presented to carry off the prize, showing that some scholars are possessed with an incredible amount of apathy or indifference—or both!

For choice Flour go to Keefer's.

An immense stock of Pipes from 5c. to $1.00, just arrived at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Mr. J. Ward is quite confident that he earned the title of "professor" when he undertook the management of the fireworks on Dominion Day and succeeded in "worrying" through with the job. We fully agree with him.

Our enterprising contractor, Mr. Fred. Ryder, has the contract for building the new brick schoolhouse at the Station; he also has the contract for the brick work on the new schoolhouse in Flesherton. Mr. Ryder is a hustler and no mistake.

Do not be deceived but always take your Watches, Clocks, &c, to Russell's Noted Jewelery Store to repair. It will pay as you will have to take them there in the end.

The Agricultural Editor forgot last week to announce that his wife, child, Miss Lizzie Fawcett, and himself arrived home safely on the evening of the 4th inst., having enjoyed their visit to friends near Brampton and Streetsville, in Orangeville and elsewhere very much.

Rev. Mr. Shilton, B. A., is an eloquent and practical preacher. His sermons last Sunday morning and evening were listened to by large congregations with unabated interest from beginning to close of each. He has created a decidedly favorable impression.

It will pay you to buy your Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, &c. at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

The family of J. W. Henderson, Esq., Inspector of the Bank of Scotland M. Co., Toronto, have again returned to their summer cottage in Flesherton, where they will remain during the hot weather and imbibe the fresh, healthy breezes so prevalent in this fine summer resort.

Call and secure one of those Watches that are to be had at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton, from $6.90 to $60.00, warranted from 2½ to 5 years, warrants cover all breakages.

Orangeville, July 9.—R. Thompson, late traveller for McKesson & Robbins, chemists, New York, was found dead here last Wednesday from some cause unknown. The body was in an advanced stage of decomposition. He must have died at least four days before being found. His relatives all live in Ireland.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. F. Gee, of Flesherton Station, wore a fine silver medal on the 12th, which had been given him for his services to the crown in Central India during the great Indian Mutiny of 1856-7. Mr. Gee fought in some of the most hotly contested battles of that terrible strife, and during which so many brave men were killed.

If you want your Watches to keep "Standard Time," leave them for repairs with W. A. Brown, The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

Sons of Temperance.

At the regular meeting of Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, held on Wednesday evening, July 6th, the following officers were elected by the members and installed by Bro. A. R. Fawcett, D. G. W. P.:—

Bro. T. Watson, W. P.
Sister T. Leitch, W. A.
Bro. C. J. Sproule, Rec. Scribe.
Sister E. Fawcett, Asst. Rec. Scribe.
" B. Christoe, Financial Scribe.
Bro. W. Latimer, Treasurer.
" Christoe, Chaplain.
" Nelson Kester, Conductor.
Sister Blakely, Asst. "
Bro. J. W. Field, Sentinel.

The usual Standing Committees were appointed, and after a very profitable business meeting, the Division closed in due form.

Call and secure one of those Watches that are to be had at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton, from $6.90 to $60.00 warranted from 2½ to 5 years, warrants cover all breakages.

The attention of agents and others is specially directed to the advertisement in another column, headed "*Agents, Agents!*" in which that charming and wonderful new book, published by the "Oxford Publishing Co.," Toronto, and entitled, "*Earth, Sea and Sky*; or the Marvels of the Universe," is alluded to. This fine new work contains over 300 engravings. Read the advertisement.

Allenford, County Bruce, July 9.—A great sensation was created here yesterday by the cold blooded murder of Carrie McDougall, widow of Archibald McDougall. The murder was committed about 2 p.m. by a man by the name of Samuel Hughes and a neighbor. Two bullets entered her right breast, causing death almost instantly. Hughes shot himself, but not fatally. He is now lodged in Walkerton jail. The verdict of the Coroner's Jury is premeditated murder by Samuel Hughes. Jealousy is alleged to have been the cause of the deed.

Mr. A. Munshaw offers *free* of all incumbrance a well watered site—right in the heart of our town—to the person or persons who will erect thereon a Roller Flour Mill. So we were told the other day, and on going to Mr. Munshaw and asking that gentleman if the statement was correct, he answered in the affirmative. A number of capitalists were discussing the matter somewhat seriously on Tuesday, but whether it will take any practical turn or not will be better known, it seems, when the result of Mr. Fletcher's meeting last Friday has been seen. Why not introduce Mr. Smith's latest invention?

Messrs. John and James Stafford, sons of Mr. Chas. Stafford, of Artemesia, recently went through their fourth and first year examinations, respectively, at Toronto University, and it is almost unnecessary to say they did so with great credit to themselves, their parents and their native Township. Both young men are remarkable for their unassuming manners and their amiability, and it is against their wishes we publish this item—which, in the ordinary course of things, should have appeared in print some weeks ago. The very best wishes of hundreds of ADVANCE readers will follow the bright and clever Stafford brothers through life.

On Thursday afternoon and evening, July 28th, a Jubilee Garden Party, possessing unusual attractions, will be held on the beautiful grounds of the Methodist Parsonage, Maxwell, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m. The entertainment programme will consists of selections by the Flesherton Brass Band, vocal and instrumental music by the Maxwell [illegible] amusements, &c. In the evening short addresses on very interesting topics (see bill for particulars) will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Vickery, Creemore; Mr. Flint, Ravenna; Rev. Mr. Reid, Honeywood; Rev. Mr. Wetherall, Singhampton; Rev. Mr. D'Argent, Presbyterian minister, Maxwell; and Rev. Mr. Shilton, B. A., Flesherton. Refreshments served, commencing at 5:30 p. m. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents. Proceeds in aid of Parsonage Repair Fund.

Continual hawking and spitting caused by Catarrh is permanently removed by Nasal Balm.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

Great

Clearing Sale!

To commence JULY 15th.

J. G. ANDERSON.

There will be decided bargains in every line. Don't miss it. We want to clear out the present stock in, by the 15th Aug., so as to make room for Fall Purchases. There will be a very choice line of

TEAS

at Special Reduced Prices. DRESS GOODS in great variety; BOOTS & SHOES in Great quantities; STACKS OF READY-MADE CLOTHING; everything will be Cut Away Down in Price.

Come Early before the Rush.

J. G. ANDERSON,

MARKDALE.

The following, which we clip from the Pembina Co. *Democrat*, shows the high estimation in which our Flesherton boys are held abroad:—"A large crowd of the Ladies' Aid, sunday school scholars and others met at the M. E. parsonage, Monday, to bid farewell to.....Mr. Strain, who has left for Minot, where he will enter into the mercantile business in connection with his brother, who is now located in that place.....Mr. Strain was presented with a fine photograph album. He replied with a few very appropriate remarks which will be long remembered by those present. He has been a worker both in church and Sunday school since his arrival here." It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the Mr. Staain referred to above is a son of our respected citizen, Mr. Wm. Strain.

On and after the 1st of August the Trustees of the Flesherton Cemetery, contemplate advancing prices of Plots. The present rates are only half the prices charged at neighboring cemeteries. Parties wishing to secure plots before the advance can do so by applying to Wm. Clayton, Flesherton.

Birth.

RAMTON.—In Flesherton, on the 13th inst., the wife of Mr. Samuel Ramton, of Glencoe, of a daughter.

FARMERS!

WOOLEN FACTORY

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to keep in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 26th, 1887.

A PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.

How a South Carolina Lake was Poisoned by a Hailstorm.

A Columbia, S. C., despatch says: The story of the poisoning of Dawho Lake, Georgetown County, by a hailstorm, as recently described, has been corroborated in every particular by a prominent citizen of Georgetown, who has investigated the matter at the request of Gen. Greely, Chief of the Weather Service. A dense mass of black gum trees surround the lake on all sides. It is well-known that the leaves of these trees are strongly impregnated with tannic acid. It has also been ascertained that the bottom of the lake contains a slight deposit of iron. The poisoning of the water, therefore, is thus explained. The hailstorm filled the lake with bruised leaves and small branches from the trees, the tannic acid emanating from which mingled with the iron and formed tannate of iron, causing the water to turn black as ink and bitter as quinine, and poisoning the fish by thousands. One species of the fish inhabiting this lake survived the singular disaster, and that was the mud fish, which buried itself in the mud at the bottom and thus escaped the effects of the poison. The stench arising from the mass of dead and rotten fish is described as fearful. The thousands of buzzards in taking their departure in the evening for their roosting place after a day's feast are described as making a noise similar to that of an approaching cyclone. On each end of Dawho Lake, about half a mile distant, is a small lake in which numbers of fish abound, but which upon examination show no signs of the hailstorm which swept over Dawho. This confirms the belief that the direct cause of the disaster to the fish is due to the hailstorm.

Frauds, Tragedies and Disease in Cuba.

A Havana despatch says: Three persons have been arrested for connection with the counterfeiting of the ticket that drew the capital prize of the last drawing of the Havana lottery. The fraud was not discovered until fractions of the false ticket to the value of $85,000 had been received and the money paid.

The Holquin papers contain accounts of a horrible tragedy that occurred there recently. A workingman, as a precaution against smallpox, built a coal fire before retiring and placed thereon several leaves of tobacco, the fumes from which he had been told furnished ample safeguard against disease. On the following day the neighbors noticed the absence of any signs of life in the house, and informed the police. The door was forced and an awful discovery made. The workman and his wife and their eight children were all dead. The escaping gas from the coal had suffocated them.

According to the Santiago de Cuba papers there were 388 cases of smallpox in that neighborhood during May. Of these 150 proved fatal. From the 1st to the 9th of June the number of cases was 170 and the deaths 35.

The Green Flag Incident.

A London cable says: The capture of the green flag carried by Mr. Murphy's yacht in Bantry Bay is causing a good deal of comment. The following are the particulars of the occurrence: Captain Blackburne, of H. M. S. Shannon, caught sight of a green flag flying at the masthead of a yacht in Bantry Bay, and at once despatched a boat in pursuit of the treasonable emblem. Lieut. Saul, who was in command of the boat, informed the owner of the yacht, Mr. Murphy, Nationalist M.P., that he was liable to a fine of £500, and in spite of that gentleman's protests that he did not contemplate making war upon the Queen, but merely carried the flag as a distinguishing signal, he confiscated the obnoxious bunting and returned to the Shannon. The editor of *St. James' Gazette* says: "H. M. S. Shannon should have fired into the craft which flew the rebel flag in Bantry Bay, and should have sunk her or have carried her off as a prize." Mr. Murphy has brought suit against Capt. Blackburne for trespass, laying the damages at £1,000.

King Kalakaua Obtains Funds.

A San Francisco despatch says: There is no doubt now that the Claus Spreckels interest has been fomenting trouble in Hawaii. The main desire was to defeat the English loan. It has come out to-day that the loan had been made and the money delivered. Spreckels had $500,000 of Hawaiian bonds, three-fifths on the islands, all payable here. Those here have been promptly paid. Interest is stopped on the rest and they are to be redeemed on presentation, greatly to the disgust of the house. Two hundred thousand dollars of the floating debt has been paid and $800,000 applied to public improvements. The main trouble on the island is attributed to objections on the part of the missionary party to Prime Minister Gibson, who was formerly a Mormon, and it is charged that he panders to the King's baser tastes. It is thought by those well-informed as to Hawaiian affairs that a change of Ministry will obviate trouble. The missionary party desires to displace Gibson.

Starvation in China.

A Washington despatch says: Mr. J. J. F. Baudinet, United States Vice-Consul at New Chwang, China, sends a harrowing account of a trip made by him through the flooded districts of China. He was distributing food and necessaries of life to the starving people, and relieved 396 persons. He said he found the people generally living on bran, or the chaff of a large grass grown for feeding cattle. Some were reduced to eating chopped grass, either moistened with hot water or baked in cakes, while others fed on the leaves and seeds of weeds gathered in the fields. In some of the villages half of the dwelling places had been washed away and the inhabitants were huddled together in the remaining ones. The deaths from starvation had been very numerous, and the sights he saw in some of the villages were pitiable.

Some time ago a valuable canary of Ithaca lost its voice, and when taken to a local bird dealer, seemed to be choking to death. The dealer found that there was a tumor, as large as a pea, growing at the root of the bird's tongue, and putting the little fellow under the influence of chloroform, he cut it away. The bird soon recovered, and now sings as well as ever.

A ROYAL SCANDAL.

Queen Natalie Returns Her Husband's Letters Unopened.

A Vienna cable says: Scandals seem to be the order of the day, and that at Belgrade seems to be the prettiest one of all. Queen Natalie, who left Belgrade for Russia in consequence of her husband's infidelities, has been staying for some time at the Czar's summer residence of Yalta. The King, in deadly fear of being murdered like his predecessor, or kidnapped like Prince Alexander, has withdrawn to Vienna, where he is staying at the Emperor's palace. Queen Natalie has now signified her intention of returning to Belgrade, whereupon the King telegraphed in all haste to his Prime Minister Ristics, not to allow the Queen to set her foot in the kingdom. M. Ristics, however, who is not only a pronounced Russophile, but has also been guilty of the most flagrant and almost public relations with the Queen during the past three years, has refused to obey his master's orders. Meanwhile Queen Natalie sends back all her husband's letters unopened, and openly advises his removal from the throne in favor of her 12-year-old son, who is with her. Altogether there is as pretty a state of things at Belgrade at the present moment as could well be imagined.

Late Scottish News.

The jubilee of Rev. Dr. Macdonald, North Leith Free Church, was celebrated on June 15th.

The mansion-house of Westerhill, near Annan, Dumfriesshire, the residence of Captain R. Ewart, was destroyed by fire on the 15th inst.

The death is announced, in his 82d year, of Mr. Robert Johnston, of Mayfield, Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire. The deceased was long in the Indian Civil Service, and had seen much of life and sport in the East.

In connection with the unveiling of the monument of King Alexander III. at Kinghorn, Fifeshire, on the 19th of July, the freedom of the burgh is to be conferred upon Lord Elgin and Mr. William Nelson, Edinburgh.

The memorial-stone of the New Barony Parish Church, which is being erected in Townhead, Glasgow, nearly opposite the old building, was laid on the 15th by Colonel Hozier of Mauldslie Castle, in presence of a large concourse.

At a meeting of the Building Committee of the Edinbugh Public Library Committee, Lord Provost Clark presiding, it was arranged that the foundation-stone of the Library should be laid by Mr. Andrew Carnegie on the afternoon of Saturday, 9th July.

A great honor has been conferred on a Dumfriesshire artist, Mr. W. E. Lockhart, R. S. A., he having been commissioned by the Queen to paint the picture of the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey on the 21st June. Mr. Lockhart is a native of Annan.

A Jubilee cairn has been raised on the top of Ben Ledi by the Highlanders in the district. A message was sent to Her Majesty to the following effect: "Loyal Highlanders by the sides of Loch Lubnaig and Loch Vennacher, and of Glenfinlas, climbed Ben Ledi and erected on the summit of the hill a Jubilee Memorial Cairn, fourteen feet high. It was christened 'The Victoria Jubilee Cairn,' and the health of Her Majesty was enthusiastically pledged."

According to a statement just published, colonial securities and investments are rising rapidly and greatly in favor with British capitalists. Four years ago the capital thus invested was estimated at £600,000,000, while this year the amount is said to exceed £700,000,000. This is not surprising, seeing that colonial securities are not, like foreign ones, subject to capricious fluctuations with every false or silly rumor that is raised.

Rev. James Barclay, of Montreal, besides preaching before Her Majesty in Crathie Church on the 12th ult., had the honor of dining in the evening with the Queen and royal family.

The Queen attended the marriage of a daughter of one of the tenants on the Balmoral estate on the 14th instant. This is the first wedding in a Scottish farm house at which Her Majesty was present.

The small farmers and crofters in the Murkle (Caithness) district have adopted a "Plan of Campaign" for themselves, the principal feature of which is that landlords are to be paid not in money, but in kind, valued at the rates current when the present rents were fixed.

Mr. Sims Reeves will, it is said, shortly appear in Glasgow as *Fancis Osbaldistone* in a revival of "Rob Roy" at the Royalty. The unrivalled tenor will be supported by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Howard as *Rob* and *Helen*.

A Den of Horrors.

A New York despatch says: A frightful condition of affairs regarding the treatment of pauper insane at Ward's Island Asylum was revealed at the State Board of Charities investigation of the Department of Charities and Correction, instituted at the Mayor's request, and which was begun at the City Hall yesterday. It was shown that in the building, whose capacity was 1,000, 1,400 patients are crowded; that patients are also kept in outside buildings wholly uninhabitable; that wards, the capacity of which is 45, contain nearly twice that number of violently insane persons with only five attendants; and that the food furnished is not sufficient either in quality or quantity. President Simmons, of the Board, admitted these facts, and said they could not be avoided, because the Board of Apportionment refused to give them the necessary funds.

LORD PORCHESTER, eldest son of the Earl of Carnarvon, is of age this week, and comes at once into the enjoyment of the splendid Chesterfield property, which was left by the seventh Earl of Chesterfield to his sister, the late Lady Carnarvon, for her life and then to her children in strict entail. The property now yields more than $200,000 a year. When Lord Porchester inherits his father's estates he will have at least $150,000 a year more. Several thousand match-making mammas in England are thinking how to get his Lordship acquainted with their daughters.

There is an old lady in Georgia who will never send one of her daughters to Vassar College. "What with their coats, an' vests, an' jockey hats," she says, "women is nigh enough like men now, 'thout makin' bachelors of 'em."—*Savannah News.*

AN UNPARALLELED CASE.

A New York Girl's Attack of Hiccoughs Lasting Six Months.

A Fonda, N. Y., despatch says: The condition of Miss Jennie Sullivan, who has been suffering for the past six months from hiccoughs, is still attracting the attention of the medical fraternity throughout central New York. The case becomes more perplexing every day. Since the first attack of the malady Miss Sullivan has been living entirely on milk, her stomach refusing to retain stronger food. When she is suffering a paroxysm it requires the strength of three or four men to hold the young woman in bed. She is reduced to little more than a skeleton, but if her constitution is sufficiently strong it is said she can wear the hiccoughs out in time. The case is almost unparalleled in medical history.

Some Freaks of Nature.

Mrs. Rosanna Dennis, of Tiffin, O., died of dropsy seventeen years ago, and her body, which was disinterred the other day, was found to be thoroughly petrified, with the exception of the feet. It was so heavy that ten men were required to move it. A piece chipped from the body resembled flinty limestone.

The wife of Mr. Hey, of Americus, Ga., wears a handsome breastpin which was made out of a petrified strawberry which grew on her husband's farm. The berry is beautifully colored, resembling a bright ruby, and is very hard. It weighs about two ounces, and glistens in the light like a ball of fire.

Ara Soule, of Grant, Minn., noticed that one of his favorite hens had ceased laying eggs, but was growing remarkably large. Finally, after attaining an astonishing size the hen died, and Mr. Soule was curious enough to hold a post-mortem examination. He cut the fowl open and was somewhat astonished when four well-developed spring chickens popped out and began strutting around the barnyard. He supposes that some trouble with the hen's organization had stopped the egress of the eggs and that the natural heat of her body incubated the chicken germs.

The petrified body of a human being was found on the farm of Martin Edwards, near Windsor, Ill., in a ditch last week. The body is that of a short fleshy person, and is supposed to be that of an ancient mound-builder. It is very hard, and looks exactly like soapstone. The head is long and narrow, the forehead high and prominent, with high cheek-bones, square chin and a small neck. The body was broken off at the knees, the lower limbs being missing. Its total length, to the knees, is two feet nine inches, and its weight is about 170 pounds.

The Crimes Bill.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons to-night Mr. W. H. Smith moved that if the report on the Crimes Bill be not reached on Monday closure be applied. The Parnellites opposed the motion, which, however, was carried by a vote of 220 to 120. The Speaker then called upon the Parnellites to move the amendments standing opposite their names on the notice paper. The Parnellites who were watching the proceedings from the members' side made no reply. The amendments introduced by Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland were agreed to without debate and the Bill was reported. Mr. Balfour announced that the third reading of the Bill would be moved on Tuesday next.

The *Post* says that Mr. Gladstone will move the rejection of the Crimes Bill when the measure comes up for its third reading.

How He Fooled the Flies.

A bald-headed St. Louis man, who has been troubled by flies, has devised a scheme to get rid of the troublesome insects. He noticed that a fly always walks upward. Put a fly on a window, and up he goes toward the top; he can't be made to walk downward. Forthwith he made a window screen divided in half. The upper half lapped over the lower, with an inch of space between. As soon as a fly would light on the screen it would proceed to travel upward, and would thus walk straight outdoors. On reaching the top of the lower half he would be outside. Not being able to walk down, he had no way to return to the room.

A Fast of Sixty-eight Days.

A Port Carlin, Muskoka, despatch says: Early yesterday morning Mr. F. Bissonerte, a former resident of Medora township, died here after a fast of 68 days. Some two years ago the deceased had a paralytic stroke, which finally resulted in his being unable to take food, and he continued in this condition for the period named. Up to Friday last he was quite able to sit propped up in bed.

Why It Was Called "She."

When H. Rider Haggard was a child he had a very ancient and battered wooden doll, which had been handed down by a former generation, and was regarded, ugly as it was, with peculiar affection by the girls of the family. The doll, which had lost its eyes in the course of time, was known to all the children as "She." This is the origin of Mr. Haggard's odd title for his celebrated romance.

How He Will Fix Them.

Nebraska Farmer—These railroads are getting entirely too numerous and impudent, but I'll fix 'em.

Railroad Superintendent—Well, what do you propose to do about it?

Nebraska Farmer—Why, you see, they run so blamed slow that I've brought suit for damages against 'em for shadin' the crops.—*Omaha World.*

She Loved Him "All the Same."

As the Boston *Transcript* thinks, a genuine feminine inconsistency appears in the following note left by a wife in New York for her husband, from whom she had run away with another man:

DEAR WILL—I am going to better myself, so don't worry. I leave the city. Your wife.

NO MORE.

I love you just the same.

SOME wag started the story in England that the Queen would present six guineas and a silver cradle to every child born on Jubilee day. Already over 400 applications have been made to Her Majesty to fulfil her promise.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The Parthia has arrived at Victoria, B. C., from Yokohama.

Payment of the claims adjusted by the Rebellion Losses Commission will be commenced shortly.

The hearing of the evidence in the Ayer customs case was concluded in the Exchequer Court at Ottawa on Saturday, the Chief Justice fixing September 21st for hearing the argument of counsel.

Rev. P. C. Angier, a gentleman from Central France, who has been appointed Superior of the Oblate Order in Canada, arrived in Ottawa yesterday. He succeeds the Rev. Father Antonie, of Montreal, who goes to Paris.

While Godfrey, a young man from St. Jerome, was engaged in a friendly wrestling bout with a friend at Montreal yesterday morning, the former was thrown violently to the floor. After arising and staggering about for a few minutes he again fell to the ground and almost instantly expired.

Mr. John Shaw, private banker, of Wardsville, has departed for the States, leaving behind him many confiding depositors to mourn his loss. He left letters stating that owing to heavy loans he was unable to meet his obligations, but hoped to do so at a future day. This event has paralyzed business in Wardsville, and is a topic for the quidnuncs to ponder over. His liabilities are reported to be over $10,000.

The Maharajah of Jadhpore has donated £10,000 to the Imperial Institute.

There is a scarcity of water in Belfast in consequence of the drouth and work in the mills is being partly stopped.

Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii is among the passengers on the Servia, which sailed from Queenstown yesterday for New York.

Advices from Afghanistan confirm the reports of two defeats of the Ghilzais recently with heavy losses. The first defeat was on June 13th and second on the 16th.

The Budget Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies have postponed the mobilization of the army until next year on the ground of economy.

The relations between Germany and Russia are becoming very strained, and attention is drawn to the fact of the immense amount of German money that is invested in Russian bonds.

The United Socialist Clubs of London are arranging a big excursion to Epping Forest on July 10th, and will send the proceeds to Chicago to relieve the Anarchists who are under sentence of death.

The *North German Gazette* says that the policy pursued by France of persecuting foreigners, not excepting Englishmen, is a sufficient justification of the refusal of the Continental countries to take part in the Paris Exposition.

In Valencia, Spain, on Saturday, the houses of the Octroi collectors were attacked and destroyed by a mob of the inhabitants of the town, who protested against the payment of taxes. The disturbed district is now occupied by troops.

A new Russian coercive measure directs Government employees in Poland to forward frequently to St. Petersburg complete lists of resident foreigners. Jews are not allowed to remain in St. Petersburg longer than a week, and are not allowed to enter corporations or academies.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has adopted a Bill declaring two-fifths of a workman's pay inalienable, and one-fifth free from liability to be taken even in local process. Clerks' salaries are made free from liability to seizure unless they exceed $240 per annum.

During the Jubilee festivities the Queen entertained over 5,000 guests. The expense of entertaining all the sovereigns and princes from abroad during the past two weeks is borne entirely by the Queen's privy purse and is estimated at $500,000, if not more.

Mgr. Scilla, the Papal Nuncio at Munich, who went to London to represent the Pope at the Queen's Jubilee, departed yesterday for Brussels. The Duke of Norfolk and a number of other distinguished British Catholics accompanied the Nuncio to the railway station and in bidding him farewell they kissed his hand.

Commander Charles Le Strange, of the British despatch boat Surprise, is missing. He was at Marseilles awaiting the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh, whom the Surprise was to convey to Malta. Last Wednesday Commander Le Strange visited the suburbs of Marseilles, and he has not been seen or heard from since.

The French Chamber of Deputies has agreed that youths of 20, liable under the present laws to military duty, may upon request have the date of their entry postponed a year and possibly two years, if the time is required for the completion of studies, apprenticeship, etc. A third and even fourth year may be allowed university students, students of seminaries, pupils of Catholic colleges and those of certain technical schools.

The Queen on Saturday reviewed the London Volunteers, who turned out to the number of 50,000. Several members of the Canadian Wimbledon team were present and were given a position of honor near the massed bands of the brigade of Guards. The review took place in front of Buckingham Palace. There was a great attendance of spectators. Numerically the review was a great success. The heat became great during the marching, and a number of the men were incapacitated. One of the features of the drill, which was expected to show the troops to great advantage, was a march through the Buckingham Palace gates and reforming in double column. This was so ill-executed, however, that many of the men stumbled and fell and caused much awkward confusion. The Queen manifested much interest in the drill.

Three cases of fatal shooting and assault occurred in Chicago last night.

Heavy earthquakes have taken place at Bavispe in Sonora. Three hundred shocks have occurred since May 3rd.

Jacob Sharp passed a restless night on Saturday and is growing weaker. His family spent much of yesterday with him. At times he fell into a lethargic state.

Nearly 200 people were poisoned on Friday night at Amboy, O., by eating icecream at a church social. None of them are dangerously ill. The physicians are unable to explain the presence of poison in the cream.

The Alva, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt's magnificent steam yacht left New York on Saturday morning for a two years' cruise around the world. Mr. Vanderbilt, his wife and children are on board. The first stop will be at Gibraltar.

Gustave and Leonard Lange, brothers, aged 23 and 20, were drowned while bathing in Buffalo harbor on Saturday afternoon. James Newman, aged 7, was drowned an hour later while bathing in the same place.

A number of convicts attempted to escape from the State Prison at Folsom, Cal., yesterday afternoon. The guard opened fire on the fleeing men with a Gatling gun and one of them was instantly killed. Another received three wounds and will die. Thus ended the *emeute*.

Dr. James Taylor, of the Board of Contagious Diseases, reports that there is an alarming increase of diphtheria in New York city, and especially in the tenement district. The report for June shows 521 cases and 216 deaths. Children are the greatest sufferers. The Board of Health is called upon to take active measures to stamp out the disease.

Philip Matthews, aged 13, his sister, aged 2, and Catharine Kelly, a servant in the Matthews family, went out in a row boat on Saturday afternoon on the Croton River, at New York. When near a small island young Matthews got out of the boat and waded in the water. He got beyond his depth, and throwing up his hands cried for help. Catharine jumped into the water to save him, but the boy got a tight grip on her dress and both were drowned together. Little Katie managed to row the boat to shore near her home.

"There Were Great Men."

An opinion was current in the last century that our ancestors, at some time in the past, were the equals or superiors in size to the largest men now to be found. M. Henrion presented to the Academie des Inscriptions, in 1718, a memoir on the variations in the size of man from the beginning of the world to the Christian era, in which Adam was given 123 feet 9 inches, and Eve 118 feet 9½ inches. But after the first pair, the human race, in his imagination, suffered a regular decrease, so that Noah was only 100 feet high, while Abraham shrank down to twenty-eight feet, Moses to thirteen feet, the mighty Hercules to ten feet eight and a half inches, and Alexander the Great to a bare six feet and a half. The communication, it is said, was received with enthusiasm, and was regarded, at the time, as a "wonderful discovery" and a "sublime vision." The complaint about the degeneracy of the human race is not new, but dates as far back as the time of Homer, at least; for the men of his day were not like the heroes of whom he sang. It is not confirmed, but is contradicted by all the tangible facts, and these are not a few. Human remains that are exhumed, after having reposed in the grave for many centuries, as in the catacombs of Paris, have nothing gigantic about them. The armor, the cuirasses and the casques of the warriors of the middle ages can be worn by modern soldiers, and many of the knight's suits would be too small for the cuirassiers of the European armies; yet they were worn by the selected men, who were better fed, stronger and more robust than the rest of the population. The bones of the ancient Gauls, which were uncovered in the excavations of tumuli, while they are of large dimensions, are comparable with those of the existing population in many places in France. The Egyptian mummies are the remains of persons of small or medium stature, as are also the Peruvian and Mexican mummies, and the mummies and bones found in the ancient monuments of India and Persia. And even the most ancient relics we possess of individuals of the human species, the bones of men who lived in the tertiary period, an epoch the remote antiquity of which goes back for hundreds of centuries, do not show any important differences in the size of the primitive and of the modern man.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Why Boys Should Not be Snubbed.

A most charmingly kind and charitable paper is that little monthly *Dumb Animals*. And now after kind words for all sorts of birds, beasts and fishes, it bravely speaks a kind word for the boys: Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter. Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of a dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakspeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcome a harsh and stammering voice.

How it is To-day.

Youth—My dear, we could be married now if you would be willing to live in a four-room house.

Practical girl—Let me see. Well, we would have to reserve one room for a parlor, you know.

"I suppose so."

"Yes, and the second room could be kept for a drawing room, just for friends and relatives, because it would ruin the parlor to open it often, you know."

"I suppose so."

"That leaves us two rooms, and one of them would have to be fitted up for a sewing-room, because when people run in in a hurry I would not like to have the drawing-room all littered up. Has the house any closets?"

"No, I believe not."

"Then the fourth room would have to be used for a closet. Such a house wouldn't do, dear. There would be no place to eat or sleep."

One hundred Moors, bearing firearms, attacked the Spahi patrol at Beskati, in Algiers, killing and wounding several. Many Moors were also killed and wounded. The military intervened and stopped the fighting. Thirty of the Moors were arrested. Quiet has been restored.

Midsummer Madness.

"Bring hither, bring hither my red bandbox;
Bring hither my bandbox green,
And my bandbox brown from London town
And my box of silvern sheen.

"And it's oh for my trunk of leather tough
And my trunk of oak-ribbed zinc,
And my trunk so tough, of canvas stuff,
That will bulge, but will not shrink.

"Oh, pile them high with the robes I wear,
Till their lids they overflow;
My lord he will stare, and eke he will swear,
But in they will have to go."

"Oh waly, waly, my ladye fair,
Now whither and will ye flee?"
"To Mount Saint Bushallof-Worri-Ancai
On Conyile—by-the-Sea."

They have seized her boxes, one and all,
In the Tavern Lafitte de Kidd,
And loudly for help the porters call
As they stack them up in entry and hall,
And pile them high against bulkhead and wall,
But wherever they stow them, great and small,
Far out of her reach they are slid.

Her room is a cell a fathom long,
Her bed is a thing of fears,
Where all night long the noiseless song
Of the wingless bird she hears.

And her lord he lies in a hallway lone,
On a sleep-destroying cot,
Where she hears him groan, in a wrathful tone,
"It's—" (Hush!) "It's—" ('sh! Hush!)—"hot!"

And all this time, in their home in town,
A mansion of cool grey stone,
There are peaceful glooms in seventeen rooms,
Where the burglar sleeps alone.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Latest Ladies' Fashion Notes.

Swiss belts of jet are to be much wor with white summer gowns.

Old blue and Charles X. pink a charmingly combined in the new gingham

Little rough straw hats are being imported from France for wear at the seashore, trimmed with Madras handkerchiefs tied in a number of upright loops. These are called la Creole.

Brown and white wool dresses will be much worn this season. The skirt is white, braided with brown. The full drapery is brown, as is the basque, which has a white waistcoat braided with brown. A white hat trimmed with a number of brown sparrows completes the toilet.

For wear with the pretty printed cotton dresses in the country are large sun umbrellas of printed cotton, with pastorals and landscapes upon them. They are pretty and deliciously quaint. The handles are of light-colored wood with big crooks or hoops at the end.

A pretty summer gown is in forget-me-not blue lawn, with tiny red dots. It has a shoulder-cape, with long ends of blue velvet of a darker shade. The hat is a rough white straw, the turned-up brim being lined with China crape. It has a big bunch of forget-me-nots and grasses high up in front.

A singularly charming dress was worn lately by one of the young English princesses, and suited to a slim girlish figure. The skirt was of thick white moire antique, without trimming, and laid in heavy double folds in the back. The bodice was half high, and the fichu of delicate lace was held in place by a cluster of yellow roses. A long sash of white crepe de Chine was knotted about the waist, and the ends were embroidered with buttercups.

A very striking tennis dress has a skirt of striped blue and white cloth, over which was a drapery of ecru netting. The loose waist had full sleeves, which were gathered into deep cuffs, and these, as well as the wide, square collar, were embroidered with tennis insignia. On the edges of the skirt drapery, at the ends of the sashes, and on the hat, for trimming, were woollen pompoms, the color of the tennis balls.

The English yachting gowns are of white or blue serge. A blue one has the jacket revers braided with gold, a gilt-braided girdle and a border of braid on the foot of the skirt. The white blouse-waist is buttoned with gilt buttons at the top, and has surplice drapery crossing on the bust. The blue cap is embroidered in gold, and the dark blue stockings have little yellow anchors worked on them in yellow silk.

A pretty morning gown has the loose front of point d'esprit laid in tiny plaits from the neck. The gown is of cream-colored "sunshiny"—a very good quality of India silk—figured with little red flowers. It has a double Watteau plait, and has several loose plaits at the outer edge where it falls open over the lace; it is tied at the throat and waist with white and scarlet ribbons, and bows of them are upon the loose, half-open sleeves.

Another more fanciful yachting gown has an English pink Eton jacket, short and square cornered, opening over a white serge waistcoat made long, sharp-pointed with small side pockets, and ornamented down the front with silver braid in straight rows, alternating with rows of rings. Small silver buttons in ball shape fasten the white waist, and two or three of these buttons are on the high white collar. The white cap is trimmed with bows of ribbon of the same shade as the coat.

Black cloth habits are the favorites for Park equestriennes, and next these dark blue and invisible green are most popular. Of late, on warm mornings, several gray and dust-colored habits have been seen, and more are in preparation. The English habit is still the most popular, with its postillion bodice, short, scant skirt and trousers. For warm weather the habits are open at the throat, with the rolled notched collar, showing a chemisette and a white pique tie knotted in sailor fashion.

Peace, Perhaps.

Mrs. Langtry is going to settle in San Francisco because she wants a divorce. Mr. Langtry stays at home because he wants—by-the-bye, what does Mr. Langtry want? Nobody seems to have paused to inquire.—*Washington Star.*

Life's Perils

The train-robberies in Texas seem to make it about as hazardous to travel in that region as it would be for a man to go into the grain trade in Chicago.—*Pittsburg Advance.*

On Robert's Island, California, one day last week Farmer Gibson shot a dove, which dropped dead in the grass near his house. As he started to pick up the bird he saw something move toward the spot where it had fallen, and thinking it a coon, he fired at the object, which proved to be his 13-year-old son, who was hiding in the grain. The charge entered the lad's breast and he died shortly after.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MR. H. H. HAYTER, the Victorian Government statist, has prepared the following return of the "apparent" population of each of the Australian colonies at the end of 1886. The totals are as follows: Victoria, 1,033,052; New South Wales, 1,030,762; Queensland, 343,768; South Australia, 312,439; Western Australia, 40,084; Trsmania, 137,211; New Zealand, 589,366. Grand total, 3,486,682.

"MR. J. E. MAYALL, who has been a well-known photographer for five-and-forty years," says the London *World*, "and is, in fact, the *doyen* of his profession, has taken out a patent for producing photographs in permanent color without the aid of the brush. Princess Christian has given Mr. Mayall a sitting to try the new process, and a great many ladies have visited his studio in Bond str et to obtain a lasting souvenir of their costumes at the State ball grand Jubilee drawing-room."

DR. KAUFFMANN is at present making some experiments for the Russian Government, with the view of finding a process of solidifying the petroleum used as fuel. According to report, his process consists in heating the oil and afterwards adding from 1 to 3 per cent. of soap. The latter dissolves in the oil, and the liquid upon cooling forms a mass having the appearance of cement and the hardness of compact tallow. The product is hard to light, burns slowly and without smoke, but develops much heat and leaves about 2 per cent. of a hard, black residuum.

OF the new magnet cure *The Religio-Philosophical Journal* speaks as follows: "This new cure consists in the transfer of disease from one person to another, both being in a hypnotized or trance state and a magnet acting as a medium of transfer. In brief, a hysterical patient is thrown into the hysterical state and placed near a magnet; another person is then thrown into the same state. In a few minutes, the operator directing the transfer, the hysterical indications develop in the second person. This is repeated frequently, and each time the hysterical disorder of the patient grows weaker, until at last it disappears."

IT has been discovered that pain is an efficient antidote to opium. To inflict this without subsequent injury it is suggested that winding twine several times tightly around the last phalanx of the finger and tying it will give pain not unlike a felon on each finger. Rouse the patient occasionally to take some water if possible. Keep the strings on until the patient complain of pain in the fingers—find out which one, remove that string and so on until the last one shall be off, and you will have saved a human life. Very few persons need to die from even a very large dose of opium if seen in time to apply the requisite pain to counteract it.

THE London *Jewish Chronicle* thinks it a curious coincidence that all the Jewish artists of any importance in England have had Solomon as part of their name. "We have had Solomon Hart, the Royal academician, the great Abraham Solomon, and among lesser lights several Solomons, including Simeon Solomon; and now we have the name of Solomon doubly borne by one of the most promising English artists of to-day. By his 'Cassandra' of last year, and by his 'Samson' in this year's Royal Academy, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon has achieved a position in English art but rarely gained by so young a man. He is, too, the son of a 'hard-shell' Jew, to use Mr. Goldwin Smith's strange, but expressive phase."

THE royal guests did not set a good example to the congregation in Westminster Abbey, remarks Mr. Labouchere, M. P., in *Truth*, for as soon as they were seated in the sacrarium they commenced chatting and laughing as loudly as if they had been in a theatre. But they might be excused if they mistook the Abbey for a theatre, as nobody would have thought it was a church. The Crown Prince of Austria was engaged in a most animated conversation with his mother-in-law, the Queen of the Belgians, which was accompanied by a lifting of arms, shrugging of shoulders, raising of eyebrows and other gesticulations. Considering the very strained nature of his relations with his spouse, the dialogue was not perhaps of an entirely pleasant nature.

THE lemon is a fruit much used in the sick room, and, many times, unwisely. Lemonade being a very refreshing and agreeable drink, is easily taken in excess by persons suffering from fevers, a fact which should not be forgotten. In typhoid fever, for instance, its immoderate use would be attended with danger, inducing, as it might, additional derangement in an already inflamed intestinal mucous membrane. In all inflammatory diseases of the stomach and bowels lemonade should only be given after the attending physician has sanctioned its use. During the past few years lemon juice has become quite popular in the management of diphtheria from the supposed action on the membraneous deposit in the throat. There have also been attributed to the juice marked virtues in the functional derangement of the liver, commonly called "bilious disorders." Some persons so affected have found benefit from its persistent use, the symptoms of others, however, have been aggravated by it.

THE gentlemen who advertise that they "will not be responsible for debts contracted by their wives," the *St. James' Gazette* says, should digest a case recently tried at Aix. The Count de Chambrun, who had issued such an intimation, was sued by a dressmaker for articles supplied to his wife. He was ordered to pay the full sum owing, and the Judge, in summing up, delivered a homily on the privileges of husbands. One of these is to "render the wife's existence agreeable," and a way to do it is by "embellishing" her. If a man have an "elegant" wife and her toilets be admired, this "benefits the husband in a direct manner." It is not stated whether the learned Judge in this case was a married man himself; but that is immaterial. His judgment shows that a wife adorns herself elegantly merely in order to benefit her husband in a direct manner. Doubtless this is a truism; but it is to the honor of the sex.

BISHOP TAYLOR'S little band of missionaries is making steady progress in its march across Africa. The letters sent home are as full of interesting incidents as Hazzard's story of the search for "King Solomon's Mines." Yet time and distance are for these missionaries shattered by modern science. A telephone is to be placed along the Congo route, and about the same time that this will be put up the little steamer for navigating the Congo River is expected by the Bishop. The steamer will be supplied with apparatus for throwing a stream of water on the belligerent natives. There will also be an electric light on the boat, and in time this also will be introduced into the mission stations of the African wilderness. Thus doubly armed with the Gospel and with the magic of modern scientific invention the missionary hopes to complete a chain of mission stations completely across the heart of the Dark Continent. This hard working Methodist missionary is accomplishing more than the wildest dreams of any romancer ever fancied with his mythical adventurers. He has called for a new band of earnest Christian workers to go out to him in the fall, and farmers, builders, or men with a trade are doubly useful in this new country.

A NEW use for the tobacco plant has been discovered. Its stems and waste, it is claimed, are equal to linen rags in the manufacture of paper. Tobacco waste costs less than £2 a ton, linen rags £11. There is no expense in assorting the former and very little shrinkage, as against a loss of one-third of rags. The yearly tobacco waste is estimated by the British census reports at from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 pounds.

EVERYBODY will be glad to know just what marriage is. None but a lady could have told us in such glowing words as this from the *Current*: "Marriage is the blending of two existences into one so completely that all individuality is absorbed, and the idea of personal profit is impossible; the cementing of a union so perfect that every light or shade that falls on one must reflect on the other; the turning of two rivers into a lake, where they must flow on as one forever; the altar on which the light of our purest, holiest self should ever be burning. This is marriage; the marriage ordained by heaven, blessed by Christ and reverenced by our fathers."

AN English scientific journal enumerates the following as among the inventions which are specially needed at the present time: Macaroni machinery, good red lead-pencils, type writers that will work on account books and record books, indelible stamp cancelling ink, a practical car-starter, a good railway car ventilator, better horseshoes, locomotive headlights, an instrument for measuring the velocity of wind currents, apparatus for measuring the depth of the sea without sounding by line, piano-lid hinge which shall be flush on the outside, good fluid India ink for draughtsmen, a good metallic railway tie, an effective cut-off for locomotives, a method of alloying copper and iron, and a moulding material for iron and brass casting capable of giving a mold that can be used over and over again.

Ladies of Lima.

The ladies of Lima are all eyes. They have the reputation of being, as a class, the most beautiful in the world, and meeting them on the way to mass in the morning or shopping later in the day one can see how they obtained it; but knowing them in their homes the opinion changes, and you conclude, after calm reflection, that they are not so pretty as the women of New York. It is the manta which they wear in such a coquettish way that gives them their reputation for beauty, for it conceals every feature except their bewitching eyes and lovely olive complexion. No matter how ugly her mouth or her nose is; no matter how high her cheek bones or large her ears; no matter whether she is as scrawney as a scarecrow or as bald as a bat, a manta will make any woman with pretty eyes look handsome, and, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. This garment, which is peculiar to Peru and is worn by women of all ages and social positions, from the President's wife to the woman who comes after your linen, is a sort of foster sister to the mantilla of Spain. It is usually a crepe from China, and costs anywhere from $10 to $500, according to its quality.—*Buenos Ayres Herald.*

How a Ghost Embraced Mary Anderson.

They tell a very strange story of Mary Anderson's last visit to England. She was being entertained at the famous Kenilworth Castle, and the Countess told the beautiful actress a share of the ghostly legends that cluster round the place. Among these stories was one to the effect that a certain chamber of the house was haunted by some dead ancestor of the noble house of Kenilworth. That was enough for the fair actress, and she insisted upon sleeping in that very apartment. The story goes that in the middle of the night her slumbers were cut short by a terrible weight upon her chest which seemed to press life and breath out of her. She was able to make only sound enough to wake her maid, and the two women shivered until morning. All this goes to indicate that the noble lords of Britain are adopting the United States fashion of serving pie to their guests for supper.—*Albany Journal.*

Generosity of a Withered Heart.

A few years ago an old-fashioned 'squire in a neighboring village was called upon to go to an old farmer's house to perform a marriage ceremony for a very old-fashioned couple, well advanced in years, especially the bridegroom. After travelling on foot over hills and dales in the night time the house was reached and the ceremony performed. The polite old bridegroom asked the 'squire his charge, and after a brief pause, was answered: "Well, I believe the law allows me $2.50." The hand of the now happy bridegroom was quickly put in his pocket and a half dollar brought forth, with the remark, "Here is a half dollar more; with what the law allows you this will make you $3." The young man who accompanied the 'squire was charged not to tell it, but the story was too good to keep.—*Uniontown Genius of Liberty.*

IN court for hugging his girl! Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? but the Chicago *News* tells such a story: "William Cowes took Miss Wiseman to church in the Hith Township Church, near Corydon, Ind. During the sermon he put his arm about the young lady, and the deacons of the church saw him in the act. The deacons, going before the honoroble Court of Common Pleas, have brought suit against William Cowles for hugging his girl in meeting. It was discovered that this State would suffer more if the sheaves were not garnered than it would if William should continue to hug his girl. The honorable court, therefore, postponed this momentous action at law."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Prof. Wiggins Says It Is a Myth Fabricated to Catch the Heathen.

Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, writing to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, says: I am somewhat amused with the letters of Profs. Proctor and Klein on the "Star of Bethlehem." Proctor wields his old war clubs, "ignorance" and "charlatans," while Klein, with his "mirror" and "smoked glass," accuses the great unfixt of possessing an "old foggy mind," which is true, and with being an enemy of the Christian religion. You ask my opinion of this star. I will give it you frankly and without reserve. There never was such a star, either in ancient or modern times. The ancient Egyptian religion was astronomical, and that of the Hebrews was merely an awkward copy of that they left behind them on the banks of the Nile. The ark of the covenant, the cherubim, the sacrifice of the ram and the red heifer—referring to Aries and Taurus—all place this beyond dispute, at least in the mind of those who are not smoked with the fires of the old deities or the frenzy of religious superstition. The square letters of the Hebrews were taken directly from the hieroglyphics. The astronomical Egyptians were ruled and guided by the sun, moon and stars, and the Book of Genesis says they were created "for signs and for seasons and for days and for years." The Hebrew general made short work of his enemies in kindling the religious fury of his army by commanding the sun and moon to stand still, doubtless to assure them that he was like the Egyptian kings in the possession of divine powers. Osiris, the chief deity of the Egyptians, was born on Mount Sinai, and it was here that God descended in lightning and thunder and delivered his laws to Moses.

The New Testament writers display all the religious elements of the Egyptian mythology. A star, which in the old Egyptian hieroglyphics signified God, guided the magi to the place of the Saviour's birth; the sun withdrew his golden flood at His crucifixion, and at His second coming the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall give her light; the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken. At the day of judgment, when a righteous soul was brought before Osiris, he ordered it sent into the body of a ram, probably in the belief that it would rise to Aries in the heavens, the Hebrew believing it would ascend thus in the rising smoke of the sacrifice. A wicked soul he ordered into the body of a pig, and Christ, after exercising the wicked spirits, suffered them to enter a herd of swine. Matthew alone gives the story of the star guiding the wise men to the cradle of the Redeemer, and it is sufficient to say that it is a pure fabrication, forged and interpolated by some bishop or monk in the third century, for it is not found in the earliest manuscripts. No wonder the Roman Emperor Hadrian calls the Christians "worshippers of Serapis." Such is my opinion of the Star of Bethlehem. It is of fabulous origin, and was employed in the early eras to catch the heathen, as astrologists at the present day appeal to popular superstition for gain, and that stars are placed on the national standard of the great republic to elicit the awe and patriotism of the American people. Regarding the wandering star of Cassiopeia, I find the following in my "Architecture of the Heavens," published twenty-three years ago, an opinion I have not yet changed:

"Our system is not the only one within the circle of the universe that is furnished with comets. As they are the creative process, we would suppose that comets are travelling in every system. No doubt the different wandering stars that have been observed in nearly all ages of the world are nothing more nor less than the comets of other systems at their aphelion, when of course the tail of the comet would settle round it in the shape of a luminous atmosphere, as there would not be sufficient motion to overcome the attractive power between the nucleus and the tail, and hence it would appear as a star. Hipparchus saw one 120 B.C., and some have been seen in modern times. We have an accurate account of one which was discovered by Cornelius Gemma in 1570 in the chain of Cassiopeia, the brightness of which exceeded that of Sirus and was visible at midday. At first it appeared larger than Jupiter, but its apparent magnitude gradually decayed till at the end of sixteen months it entirely disappeared."

Beautiful woman, from whence came thy bloom,
Thy beaming eye, thy features fair?
What kindly hand on thee was laid—
Endowing thee with beauty rare?
"'Twas not ever thus," the dame replied,
"Once pale this face, these features bold,
The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce
Wrought the wondrous change which you behold.'

Cambridge, the seat of Harvard University, has 3,723 illiterates out of a total population of 47,692.

"Golden at morning, silver at noon and lead at night," is the old saying about eating oranges. But there is something that is rightly named Golden, and can be taken with benefit at any hour of the day. This is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, literally worth its weight in gold to any one suffering with scrofulous affections, impurities of the blood, or diseases of the liver and lungs. It is unfailing. By druggists.

Pompadour striped Bengalines are in favor for dressy summer toilets.

A Good Corn Sheller for 25c.

A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy and promptitude is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggists'.

Polonaises are especially becoming to stout figures.

I always recommend McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant highly to those I find suffering with rheumatism since it cured me several years ago when almost helpless for some time in spite of best treatment I could get. D. OATMAN, Tilsonburg, P. O.

Woolen costumes are indispensable adjuncts of all summer wardrobes.

$500 Reward.

If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; and there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and having a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility then you are suffering from chronic nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

Patient (dissatisfied with dietary restrictions)—"Say, Doc, I'm blamed if I'm going to starve to death just for the sake of living a little longer."

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L. 28 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have no disposition to enter into any further discussion of the roller mill question at this juncture. Of this more anon. In the meantime our columns are open to correspondents who may desire to air their views touching this important subject; but we must insist on the strict observation of the two rules we now lay down in connection with such letters, viz., (1) they must be short, and (2) they must be published over the writers' *real* names. The Editor does not intend to be held responsible for the opinions of anonymous writers, in the discussion of this subject at least.

The Agricultural Editor was somewhat alarmed the other day, when an alleged counterfeit 25 cent piece came into his possession and seemed likely to remain where it was. A test proving it to be genuine, however, he now feels much better, and takes this opportunity to assure those of his subscribers who may chance to be in arrears, that he is prepared to accept any quantity of the same kind of twenty-five cent pieces in payment of subscriptions.

The Twelfth of July will likely be celebrated in Markdale next year, and it will be interesting to notice then whether Flesherton will imitate certain citizens of that classic place in the matter of bringing their own edibles along with them and renting some public hall, for the purpose of feeding the hungry multitude in opposition to the hotels and eating houses. Well, some people in Markdale may "want the whole earth," but, thank God, they can't get it!

Mr. W. G. Pickell has written a letter to the Markdale *Standard*, in which he condemns the Commercial Union resolutions recently passed by the East Grey Agricultural Society. Mr. P. is after the President's scalp, but it will require a considerable effort on his part to secure it,—the scalp we mean. After all this, "Commercial Union" warfare must resolve itself into a contest between Protectionists and Free Traders; and as the people have three times in succession given their verdict in favor of the former, it does not seem difficult to predict the result unless there is some peculiar virtue in the new name.

Somebody suggested the other day, in our hearing, that it would have been a fine idea had Flesherton been moved out to the railway station when the track was laid between Orangeville and the Sound. It would have saved doing so now, when the town is so much larger and when it will be so much more expensive! This "idea" must have originated at the Station. After all it would shut down on the "its-a-long-distance-to the station" friend which is a very comforting thought. We'll think the matter over, gentlemen.

To most children, the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. When physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take. Try them

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

Mr. Flesher's Meeting.

The meeting in the Town Hall here last Friday evening to consider the roller mill question drew together a number of townspeople and neighboring farmers. It could scarcely be called a representative gathering, however, as a number of prominent capitalists were absent.

Mr. Flesher introduced the subject, alluding to the practical aspects of the case. His speech went to show that it was a very expensive undertaking, and an experimental one at that. He alluded to the later improvements in milling facilities as outlined in the article copied from the Detroit *Free Press* and published in last week's ADVANCE, and pointed out the possibility of the roller process being superseded by this latest claimant for popular favor. He alluded to another fact, not generally known, viz., that customers got a larger percentage of flour in return for the grain left at stone gristing mills than at roller mills. He was doubtful, taking all things into consideration, whether it would pay to make the change.

A. R. Fawcett, of THE ADVANCE, next spoke briefly, expressing it as his belief that a roller mill was a necessity and should be considered very seriously by those disposed to aid in bringing the scheme to a successful issue.

Dr. Christoe expressed himself as being strongly in favor of stone flour, from a sanitary standpoint; at the same time frankly acknowledging the great growth of roller flour in popular estimation. The great expense necessary to effect the change, however, seemed to be a serious obstacle to overcome, and he doubted whether a syndicate could be formed here to carry out the contemplated improvements.

Mr. Bradley, lessee of the flouring mills here, was of opinion that a change was necessary.

Mr. R. J Sproule made a practical and pointed speech in connection with the matter and wound up by asking Mr. Flesher if he would sell the mill property providing a joint stock company could be formed or a capitalist could be found willing to invest his money in such an enterprise.

Mr. Flesher said he had not made up his mind to sell, but would do all in his power to help on the scheme, consistent with his own individual interest as well as that of the village generally.

Some further discussion ensued between Messrs. Flesher and Sproule and others, after which the meeting broke up without having come to any definite conclusion in the premises.

[N. B.—On account of lack of proper accomodation we were unable to take as full notes of the meeting as its importance demanded.—ED. ADVANCE.]

An Anonymous Epistle.

The following rather curious epistle was received through Flesherton Post Office by Dr. Christoe—we print it *verbatim et literatum*:—

Flesherton July th 5 1887
to Dr Christo
if there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land witch the lord thy god giveth the thou shalt not harden thine hert nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother thou shalt surely give him and thine hert shal not be grieved when thou givest unto him because that for this thing the lord thy god shall bless thee in all thy works and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto for the poore shall never cease out of the land therefore i command thee saying thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother
i been thinking that D Taylor is the poorest man in the village he is in need of a little help
yours truly,
a free thinker

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or, inactive the whole system becomes diseased, Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IN the matter of WILLIAM HOGG, of the Village of Flesherton Station, in the County of Grey, General Storekeeper.

The insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to the undersigned, in pursuance of an Act respecting Assignments for the benefit of Creditors, 48 Vic., Chap. 26, and the Creditors are notified to meet at No. 26 Wellington Street East, Toronto, on Monday 18th July, 1887, at 4 o'clock, p.m., to receive statements of his affairs, appoint Inspectors, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

And Notice is hereby given, that after 15th August, next, the said Trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Debtor among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which Notice shall have been given, and that he will not be liable for the assets, or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt or claim he shall not then have had notice.

E. R. C. CLARKSON,
Trustee.

26 Wellington St. East, Toronto.
4th July, 1887. 316-317

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

This Space is Reserved for

W. W. STEPHEN,

DRUGGIST,

MEAFORD.

ROAD NOTICE.

Township of Artemesia.

Notice is hereby given that the Municipality of Artemesia will after one month from the first publication hereof in the FLESHERTON ADVANCE newspaper, the date of which first publication will be on the 7th day of July, 1887, proceed to pass a By-Law establishing the undermentioned Deviation of road in this Township, viz., from a point numbered 41 on a deviation under By-Law 303, made by T. Gilliland, Esq., between Lots 23 and 24 in the 12th Concession, on same bearing to centre of Road, known as Campbell's road, instead of on bearing 42 as mentioned on plan by said Gilliland, which part of said By-Law 303 will be repealed, and also to satisfy the original intention to carry any other part of said road in the Divisional line of Lots as far as practical.

Council will meet on second Monday of Aug., instead of 1st, to pass it.

W. J. BELLAMY, Township Clerk.

One High-Bred Durham Bull,

"KING BILLY,"

The Royal Champion,

Will stand for service for the year 1887, at Lot 103, 1st Range W.T. & S.R., Artemesia, at the small sum of 50cts.

W. C. PARKER.

SALE OF

Valuable Farm Property!

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage made by Robert Flanigan, default having been made in payment thereof, will be sold by Public Auction at Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, on TUESDAY, THE 19th OF JULY, 1887, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following property: Lot No. 11 in the 13th Concession of the Township of Osprey in the County of Grey, containing 80 acres more or less. This is a choice farm, 72 acres clear and in good state of cultivation, and 8 acres of beech and maple. The farm is watered by a never-failing spring.

TERMS.—The purchaser shall pay a deposit of $100 at the time of sale, the balance of one-third of the purchase money in three weeks thereafter; the remaining two-thirds to be paid in cash or secured by a mortgage payable from one to five years at the option of the purchaser.

For further particulars apply to

CRERAR & MUIR,
Vendor's Solicitors, Hamilton.

Hamilton, June 20th, 1887.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

Farm for Sale!

100 ACRE FARM, 85 acres cleared, in good state of cultivation. Log Barn, Frame Stable and other out-buildings. Good Roughcast House, splendid Cellar, good Well at the door, large Orchard with good bearing Fruit Trees. Lots 148, 149, 150, 3rd Range East, Artemesia. Possession can be had this fall. Title clear.

JAMES BEECROFT,
Proprietor.

314-319.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT

JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve &

Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Ravetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to 0 75	
Spring Wheat	0 75	0 75
Barley	0 30	0 45
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 47	0 48
Butter	0 11½	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 13
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	20	22
Sheepskins	0 40	0 56
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE. Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixot where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

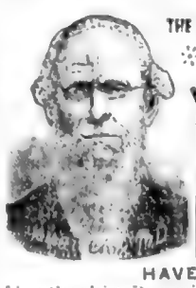

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASES MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unparalleled success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure Liver Cure, and in connection with the fact that it contains the most well known liver regulators, MANDRAKE and DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

LIVE NEWS ITEMS.

Carefully and Judiciously Clipped from the columns of our Local Exchanges.

Andrew McNary of Markdale was fined $2 and costs by the Magistrate on Saturday, for being drunk and disorderly and using profane language at the railway station.—*Dundalk Herald.*

The number of births, marriages, and deaths, registered with Mr. James Cavanagh, Clerk Township of Proton, for the half year ending June 30, 1887, is as follows: Births, 45; marriages, 7; deaths, 17.—*Dundalk Herald.*

Frank Jones, a young lad about seven years of age narrowly escaped drowning in the Saugeen on Monday, and on Tuesday he fell out of a waggon and nearly broke his head.—*Hanover Post.*

Constable Bernie ran across a couple of disorderly characters on Main St. last Friday night. He captured one of them and made a grab for the other who, however, wrenched himself away and escaped leaving his collar in the constable's hands. The collar is not worth much but Mr. Bernie says he will give the owner a dollar if he will come and claim it.—*Hanover Post.*

Last week four lambs belonging to Mr. Hugh Wilson, Deputy-Reeve of Brant, were killed by dogs, and three others badly worried.—*Walkerton Herald.*

Orangeville is a windy place, so are some of its citizens—particularly that "committee on sports and games." On Sunday last the steeple of the English Church was blown off and considerable damage done to the building. No one was in the church at the time.—*Shelburne Economist.*

Last Tuesday afternoon as Frankie, son of Mr. Wm. Knapp, was standing on a scaffold at a house his father is building he was struck in the face by a falling board, the blow causing him to fall from the scaffold to the ground, a distance of some twelve or thirteen feet. When picked up by his father he was insensible and had to be carried home, but after a time he regained consciousness and, although suffering from a severe bruise in the face where he was struck by the board, it is thought he is not seriously injured.—*Shelburne Economist.*

A teamster named John Thomas was instantly killed on Friday at Elora by his wagon loaded with lime passing over him.

While assisting at a barn raising on Mr. Pretzel's farm Normanby, last Saturday one of the hands, Mr. Robt. Clark, of Glenedeu, had the first and second toe cut off from one of his feet by a rafter falling endways and striking his foot.

On Tuesday week a distressing accident befel Mr. John Williams and daughter, resident on the 12th Con. Brant. While driving alone the road something apparently went wrong with the harness and the horse became unmanageable, throwing Mr. W. and his daughter out of the buggy. The young lady had a leg broken just below the knee and the knee cap misplaced, while Mr. Williams had several of his ribs broken.—*Mt. Forest Confederate.*

During the past week this section has been visited with several thunder storms. On Friday evening the house of Mr. Main, near Holstein, was struck by lightening, which entered the chimney, throwing the bricks down and blockading the door. It broke the stove and then went down the cellar. None of the inmates were injured, although considerably frightened. On Tuesday there was another storm, with heavy rain. We have not learned if any damage was done.—*Mt. Forest Confederate.*

The junior foot-ball club of Markdale challenged the Juniors of this place to play a match on Dominion Day, and instructed our boys to have dinner ready for them on their arrival here. Our boys had everything ready to give the Markdale juniors a good reception, but they didn't show up. This was rather small on the part of the Markdale boys, and it isn't likely that our boys will pay much attention to any further challenges the Markdale juniors may see fit to send them.—*Chatsworth News.*

On Monday of last week a young man named Dennis Calagan and another named George Walker, of Glenelg, near Markdale, got into a dispute, while doing statute labor, about the drawing powers of Walker's horses. After the dispute while young Walker was unhitching his horses from the wagon, Calaghan struck Walker on the head with a shovel, knocking him senseless. Calaghan was taken to jail last Monday, to await the result of Walker's injuries, and by last accounts Walker's recovery is doubtful, and should he dig Calaghan's life will likely be despaired of by his friends until the result of the trial is known.—*Chatsworth News.*

Inspector Campbell, in his report, respecting the Durham school, certainly uses very choice and good language, but if he had said the place wanted a good scrubbing ont and white washing it would fill the bill, nothing like using plain English when you want to be understood.—*Grey Review.*

During the thunder storm on Tuesday afternoon last the lightning struck and killed two young cattle belonging to Mr. Thos. Scarf, about two miles north of Durham. The cattle we understand were some distance from any buildings at the time, and pasturing in a field belonging to Mr. Jas. Edge, beside the Garafraxa road, along with about twenty others. Mr. Scarf had some insurance on the cattle.—*Grey Review.*

On Thursday of last week as Mr. Edward Porteous was driving down the 5th con. Derby, with a load of gravel, an eight-year-old son of Mr. Donald Curry, unobserved, attempted to climb into the moving wagon, and by some means was thrown before the hind wheel, which passed over his head and neck causing almost instant death.—*Grey Review.*

On Sunday afternoon last about 2 o'clock, the wife of Mr. Donald McMillan, of Sydenham, near Balaclava, died very suddenly. She had just finished eating a hearty dinner, and was going across the room to get a cup of tea, when she fell. She was carried to a lounge, but expired almost immediately. We understand that she had a paralytic stroke last spring, from the effects of which she had not fully recovered, yet was strong enough to move about. Mrs. McMillan was about 67 years of age, and leaves three married daughters, who, with her husband, have the sincere sympathy of neighbors and friends in their sudden bereavement.—*O. S. Times.*

Fortify the system, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, against the diseases peculiar to hot weather. This medicine induces a healthy action of the stomach liver and kidneys, causing them to prevent the accumulation of the poisons which produce disease.

AN INTERESTING LETTER!

From the Pen of our old Friend, Mr. F. T. Carr.

Dear Editor,—Since last addressing myself to you, time has passed muchly, (you ask me where and what I've been) well not dead nor yet all the time sleeping.

SPRING NOTES.

On the 15th of Apail I saw ploughs at work in Artemesia and many doing lively work before the 20th of said month, on the latter date I came to York Tp., and saw only 3 ploughs at work, from Orangeville eastward along the C. P. R. track, and across the country along to near Young St., opposite Clineburg, on the C.P.R. Now who says Artemesia is behind in season. However, I took note of one very conspicuous fact. Nearly all the plowing is done in the fall in the townships eastward of Orangeville. I was impressed with the idea that Artemesia yoemen might profit greatly by doing more fall ploughing. And I am informed by go-a-head farmers here that spring plowing means half crop,—at least in their experience in these towships. Cattle in Artemesia were out on..... grass about the first weeks in April. But here cattle were not let out on grass until 2 or 3 weeks in May. Fall wheat was in many places much winter killed, but what escaped is now a good crop. High, heavy and lots laid down.

All kinds of grain bid fare to be abundant and rich. Hay is an excellent crop and now for a week past the sound of mowing machines can be heard on all sides as you *pedest.* along the Queen's highway.

Your humble corr was invited by telegraph to put in an appearance in York township, York co., to assist in the erection of a 30,000 feet per day sawmill, and take charge of the fileing of the saws department at remunerative figures, hence his sojourn here. Well, I heard some one say, can it be possible their is so much timber 9 miles from the city of Toronto, that it would be profitable to build a mill to cut it. Well, sir, it is so. By next year this time, cutting at the rate mentioned per day, what is within easy reach of the mill will scarce be all manufactured into lumber. Beautiful pine, basswood and oak to supply in fact the great metropolis of Ont., Toronto with building material. It seems no use to say, oh woodman spare the trees. They fall with ruthless, relentless hands. Just so the people must have homes. 2½ miles west towards the setting sun was the place where your cor. was raised in boyhoods sunny days. A flying visit once a while and old time recolections flit through the mind, old time acquaintances, school mates where are they? Oh happy time of boyhood. I can well say my sentiments are in sympathy with one who has wrote in lyric rhyme.

I've wandered in the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playing ground,
That sheltered you and me,
But none where there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green,
Twenty-five years ago.

But the great long talked of great national day of Jubilee has come. We haste away to the great city to see those great processions, and as the 10,000 loyal jubiliants march to the sound of jubilee music, from almost all kinds of instruments. What a grand, glorious Jubilee! No wonder the multitudes of citizens and spectators enthused and jubileed. Your cor. is well known for a voice that can be heard a mile on ordinary occasions, if he lifts it up and gives it line room. But he could only smile a royal approval, and let the people enthuse on such an extraordinary, extempranous ocacsion, and after cooling drinks and filling meats were partaken of at the exhibition grounds.—after such a long, loyal, patriotic march under a burning 1st July sun walking was not enough to tire or exhaust the enthuse oratory. Artistic, vigorous, sensible, nonsensible, humorous, sober, loyal, patriotic, jubilant, &c., &c., was indulged in by a number of the *bon tons.* And the populace enthusee and again and again jubilized, and your humble cor. could only wink and smile a jubilant approval. Why yes! why not! Such a jubilee only comes once in 50 years! Alas! a life time! How fast time glides away.

One more feature and that, ah! me! to mar such a jubilee. Look. Why those unmanly, unjubilant, unsteady steps of so many otherwise noble men. Let me ask, one, just one, what's the matter? The sun burned and we took a little *Limejuce* to cool us you know, it it it's jubilee. Ah, friend, dont you khow that alcohol or any other poison in a human stomach burns, whether it is adulterated with limejuce or anything else? Burns worse than the sun Hic, hic, y-yes but you know ju-ju-jubilee.—F. T. C.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

STRAYED,

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 3, Con. 4, Artemesia, on 8th June, 1 steer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. WM. FLETCHER.

STRAYED

FROM the premises of the undersigned, Lot 145, 2nd Range West, Back Line, 1 red, yearling steer. Any person giving information will be suitably rewarded.

JEREMIAH PIPER.

Publisher's Announcement!

In the matter of

FINE JOB

Printing!

It is generally conceded that the

Flesherton Advance

TAKES THE

BISCUIT!

EVERY TIME!

Posters! Posters!

From an Eighth Sheet to a mammoth Three-Sheeter—plain or in colors—at prices that will arrest your attention and surprise you.

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PAMPHLETS!

Big, Little, Great and Small.

TAMARAC ELIXIR

NATURE'S REMEDY.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS.

INSTANT RELIEF. POSITIVE CURE.

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE

DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE

INSTANT RELIEF FOR

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS

BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00

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The well-bred Durham Bull

"DAUNTLESS!"

(Reg. Pedigree

WILL be for the service of Cows [illegible] 1887 at his own place, Lot [illegible] 1st Range West, T. & S.R., Artemesia.

TERMS:—$1.00 per cow, payable on or before Jan 1st, 1888. Cows not returned regularly to bull will be charged whether in calf or not.

DONALD McKENZIE.

TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Billwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Sheguiandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, will be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning.

Terms of sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tariff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $1.00 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

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M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

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Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST.

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WILL visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

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MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property.
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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared. [illegible] in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—:FROM:—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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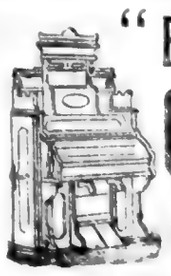

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Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

New Words to Auld Lang Syne.

Come, bring the soul filled breaker now,
We'll drink to other years,
To friendships hallowed by "lang syne,"
And loves embalmed in tears.
To loves embalmed in tears, my friend.
Where only smiles once shone,
We'll drink the loves of other days
And call them "still our own."

We'll think upon the grass hid mounds
The silent, sacred spots
Where o'er the heads of cherished ones
Bloom blue "for-get-me-nots."
We'll drink to the dead and absent ones
To friends we used to know;
To many a hand that clasped our own
Beloved of long ago.

We know not which shall fall asleep
The first, whose call the first shall be,
Whether my tears for you shall fall,
Or you bend over me.
We only know that each can say
Here sleeps a heart truth called its own,
God keep it pure and happy still,
In sight of His white throne.

—*Lizzie Petit Cutler in Home Journal.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Somehow Nea went home not quite so happily that day; a dim consciousness that things were different, that it never rested paps to play with her, oppressed her childish brain; and that evening Nea moped in her splendid nursery, and would not be consoled by her toys or even her birds and kitten. Presently it came out with floods of tears that Nea wanted her father—wanted him very badly indeed.

"You must not be naughty, Miss Nea," returned nurse, severly, for she was rather out of patience with the child's pettishness; "Mr. Huntingdon has a lot of grand people to dine with him to-night. The carriages will be driving up by and by, and if you are good you shall go into one of the best bedrooms and look at them." But Nea was not to be pacified by this; the tears ended in a fit of perverse sulking that lasted until bedtime. Nea would neither look at the carriages nor the people; the ice and fruit that had been provided as a treat were pushed angrily away; Nea would not look at the dainties, she turned her flushed face aside and buried it in her pillow. "I want papa," she sobbed, as nurse pulled down the blind and left her.

That night, as Mr. Huntingdon crossed the corridor that led to his bedroom, he was startled by seeing what looked like a mass of blue and white draperies flung across his door, but as he lowered his candlestick he saw it was Nea lying fast asleep, with her head pillowed on her arms, and her dark hair half hiding her face.

"Good heavens! what can nurse be about!" he exclaimed in a shocked voice, as he lifted the child, and carried her back to her bed. Nea stirred drowsily as he moved her, and said, "Dear papa," and one warm arm crept about his neck, but she was soon fast asleep again. Somehow that childish caress haunted Mr. Huntingdon, and he thought once or twice how pretty she had looked. Nurse had assured him that the child must have crept out of bed in her sleep, but Mr. Huntingdon did not feel satisfied, and the next morning, as he was eating his breakfast, he sent for Nea.

She came to him willingly enough, and stood beside him.

"What were you doing, my dear, last night?" he asked kindly as he kissed her. "Did nurse tell you that I found you lying by my bedroom door, and that I carried you back to bed?"

"Yes, papa; but why did you not wake me? I tried not to go to sleep until you came, but I suppose I could not help it."

"But what were you doing?" he asked, in a puzzled tone; "don't you know, Nea, that it was very wrong for a little girl to be out of her bed at that time of night?" But as Mr. Huntingdon spoke he remembered again how sweet the childish face had looked, pillowed on the round dimpled arm.

"I was waiting to see you, papa," replied Nea with perfect frankness; "you are always too busy or too tired to come and see me, you know, and nurse is so cross, and so is Miss Sanderson; they will never let me come and find you; so when nurse came to take away the lamp I pretended to be asleep, and then I crept out of bed, and went to your door and tried to keep awake."

"Why did you want to see me, Nea?" asked her father, more and more puzzled; it never entered his head that his only child wanted him and longed for him.

"Oh," she said, looking up at him with innocent eyes that reminded him of her mother, "I always want you, papa, though not so badly as yesterday; Colonel Hambleton was playing with Nora and Janie, and Nora said her papa was never too busy to play with them, and that made me cry a little, for you never play with me, do you, papa? and you never look up when I am waving from the balcony, and nurse says you don't want to be worried with me, but that is not true, is it, papa?"

"No, no!" but his conscience pricked him as he patted her head and picked out a crimson peach for her. "There, run away, Nea, for I am really in a hurry; if you are a good girl you shall come down and sit with me while I have dinner, for I shall be alone to-night;" and Nea tripped away happily.

From that day people noticed a change in Mr. Huntingdon; he began to take interest in his child, without being demonstrative, for to his cold nature demonstration was impossible; he soon evinced a decided partiality for his daughter's society; and no wonder, as people said, for she was a most engaging little creature.

By and by she grew absolutely necessary to him, and they were never long apart. Strangers would pause to admire the pretty child on her cream-colored pony cantering beside the dark, handsome man. Nea always presided now at the breakfast-table; the dimpled hands would carry the cup of coffee round to her father's chair, and lay flowers beside his plate. When he was alone she sat beside him as he ate his dinner, and heard about the ships that were coming across the ocean laden with goodly freights. Nea grew into a beautiful girl presently, and then a new ambition awoke in Mr. Huntingdon's breast. Nea was his only child—with such beauty, talents and wealth, she would be a match for an earl's son; his heart swelled with pride as he looked at her; he began to cherish dreams of her future that would have amazed Nea. A certain young nobleman had lately made their acquaintance, a handsome simple young fellow, with a very moderate allowance of brains; indeed, in his heart Mr. Huntingdon knew that Lord Bertie Gower was merely a feather-brained boy with a weak, vacillating will that had already brought him into trouble.

Mr. Huntingdon was thinking about Lord Bertie Gower as he rode away that spring morning, while Nea waved to him from the balcony; he had looked up at her and smiled, but as he turned away his thoughts were very busy. Yes, Lord Bertie was a fool, he knew that—perhaps he would not own as much to any one else, certainly not if Lord Bertie became his son-in-law—but he was well-bred and had plenty of good-nature, and——. Well, young men were all alike, they would have their fling, and he was hardly the man to cast a stone at them. Then he was a good-looking fellow, and girls liked him; and if Nea laughed at him, and said that he was stupid, he could soon convince her that there was no need for her husband to be clever—she was clever enough for both; he would like to see the man, with the exception of himself, who could bend Nea's will. The girl took after him in that she had not inherited her mother's soft yielding nature—poor Susan, who had loved him so well.

Lord Bertie needed a strong hand; as his son-in-law, Mr. Huntingdon thought that he could keep him in order. The boy was certainly in love with Nea. He must come to an understanding with him. True, he was only a second son; but his brother, Lord Leveson, was still a bachelor, and rather shaky in his health. The family were not as a rule long-lived; they were constitutionally and morally weak; and the old Earl had already had a touch of paralysis. Yes, Mr. Huntingdon thought it would do; and there was Groombridge Hall for sale, he thought he would buy that; it should be his wedding gift—part of the rich dowry that she would bring to her husband.

Mr. Huntingdon planned it all as he rode down to the city that morning, and it never entered his mind what Nea would say to his choice. His child belonged to him. She was part of himself. Hitherto his will had been hers. True, he had denied her nothing; he had never demanded even a trifling sacrifice from her; there was no fear that she would cross his will if he told her seriously that he had set his heart on this marriage; and he felt no pity for the motherless young creature, who in her beauty and innocence appealed so strongly to his protection. In his strange nature love was only another form of pride; his egotism made him incapable of unselfish tenderness

Nea little knew of the thoughts that filled her father's mind as she watched him fondly until both horse and rider had disappeared.

It was one of those days in the early year when the spring seems to rush upon the world as though suddenly new born, when there is all at once a delicious whisper and rustle of leaves, and the sunshine permeates everything; when the earth wakes up fresh, green, and laden with dews; and soft breezes, fragrant with the promise of summer, come stealing into the open windows. Nea looked like the embodiment of spring as she stood there in her white gown. Below her was the cool green garden of the square where she had played as a child, with the long morning shadows lying on the grass; around her were the twitterings of the house-martins and the cheeping of sparrows under the eaves; from the distance came the perfumy breath of violets.

Such days make the blood course tumultuously through the veins of youth, when with the birds and all the live young things that sport in the sunshine, they feel that mere existence is a joy and a source of endless gratitude.

"Who so happy as I?" thought Nea, as she tripped through the great empty rooms of Belgrave House, with her hands full of golden primroses; "how delicious it is only to be alive on such a morning."

Alas for that happy spring-tide, for the joyousness and glory of her youth. Little did Nea guess as she flitted, like a white butterfly, from one flower vase to another, that her spring-tide was already over, and that the cloud that was to obscure her life was dawning slowly in the east.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAURICE TRAFFORD.

I have no reason than a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Shakspeare.

Before noon there was terror and confusion in Belgrave House. Nea, flitting like a humming-bird from flower to flower, was suddenly startled by the sound of heavy jolting foot-steps on the stairs, and, coming out on the corridor, she saw strange men carrying the insensible figure of her father to his room. She uttered a shrill cry and sprang towards them, but a gentleman who was following them put her gently aside, and telling her that he was a doctor, and that he would come to her presently, quietly closed the door.

Nea, sitting on the stairs and weeping passionately, heard from a sympathising bystander the little there was to tell.

Mr. Huntingdon had met with an accident in one of the crowded city lanes. His horse had shied at some passing object and had thrown him—here Nea uttered a low cry—but that was not all.

His horse had flung him at the feet of a very Juggernaut, a mighty waggon piled with wool bales nearly as high as a house. One of the leaders had backed on his haunches at the unexpected obstacle; but the other, a foolish young horse, reared, and in another moment would certainly have trodden out the brains of the insensible man, had not a youth—a mere boy—suddenly rushed from the crowded footpath and threw himself full against the terrified animal, so for one brief instant retarding the movement of the huge waggon while Mr. Huntingdon was dragged aside.

It had all happened in a moment; the next moment the horses were plunging and rearing, with the driver swearing at them, and the young man had sunk on a truck white as death, and faint from the pain of his sprained arm and shoulder.

"Who is he?" cried Nea, impetuously, "what have they done with him?"

He was in the library, the butler informed her. The doctor had promised to dress his shoulder after he had attended to Mr. Huntingdon. No, his mistress need not go down, Wilson went on; it was only Mr. Trafford, one of the junior clerks. Only a junior clerk! Nea flashed an indignant look as Wilson spoke. What if he were the city-messenger; her father should make his fortune, and she would go and thank him. But there was no time for this, for the same grave-looking doctor who had closed her father's door against her was now standing on the threshold; and Nea forgot everything in her gratitude and joy as he told her that, though severely injured, Mr. Huntingdon was in no danger, and with quiet and rest, and good nursing, he would soon be himself again. It would all depend on her, he added, looking at the agitated girl in a fatherly manner; and he bade her dry her eyes and look as cheerful as she could, that she might not disturb Mr. Huntingdon. Nea obeyed him; she choked down her sobs resolutely, and with a strange paleness on her young face, stole into the darkened room and stood beside him.

"Well, Nea," observed her father, huskily, as she took his hand and kissed it; "I have had a narrow escape; another instant and it would have been all over with me. Is Wilson there?"

"Yes, papa," answered Nea, still holding his hand to her cheek, as she knelt beside him; and the gray-haired butler stepped up to the bed.

"Wilson, let Stephenson know that he is to get rid of Gypsy at once. She has been a bad bargain to me, and this trick of hers might have cost me my life."

"You are not going to sell Gypsy, papa," exclaimed the girl, forgetting the doctor's injunctions in her dismay; "not your own beautiful Gypsy?"

"I never allow people or animals to offend me twice, Nea. It is not the first time Gypsy has played this trick on me. Let Stephenson see to it at once. I will not keep her. Tell him to let Uxbridge see her, he admired her last week; he likes spirit and will not mind a high figure, and he knows her pedigree."

"Yes, sir," replied Wilson.

"By the by," continued Mr. Huntingdon, feebly, "some one told me just now about a youth who had done me a good turn in the matter. Did you hear his name, Wilson?"

"Yes, papa," interrupted Nea, eagerly; "it was Mr. Trafford, one of the junior clerks, and he is downstairs in the library, waiting for the doctor to dress his shoulder."

Nea would have said more, for her heart was full of gratitude to the heroic young stranger; but her father held up his hand deprecatingly, and she noticed that his face was very pale.

"That will do, my dear. You speak too fast, and my poor head is still painful and confused;" and as Nea looked distressed at her thoughtlessness, he continued, kindly, "Never mind, Dr. Ainslie says I shall be all right soon—he is going to send me a nurse. Trafford, you say; that must be Maurice Trafford, a mere junior. Let me see, what did Dobson say about him?" and Mr. Huntingdon lay and pondered with that hard set face of his, until he had mastered the facts that had escaped his memory.

"Ah, yes, the youngest clerk but one in the office; a curate's son from Birmingham, an orphan—no mother—and drawing a salary of seventy pounds a year. Dobson told me about him; a nice, gentlemanly lad; works well—he seems to have taken a fancy to him. He is an old fool is Dobson, and full of vagaries, but a thoroughly good man of business. He said Trafford was a fellow to be trusted, and would make a good clerk by and by. Humph, a rise will not hurt him. One cannot give a diamond ring to a boy like that. I will tell Dobson to-morrow to raise Trafford's salary to a hundred a year."

"Papa," burst from Nea's lips as she overheard this muttered soliloquy, but, as she remembered the doctor's advice, she prudently remained quiet; but if any one could have read her thoughts at that moment, could have known the oppression of gratitude in the heart of the agitated girl toward the stranger who had just saved her father from a horrible death, and whose presence of mind and self-forgetfulness were to be repaid by the paltry sum of thirty pounds a year! "Papa," she exclaimed, and then in her forbearance kept quiet.

"Ah, Nea, are you there still?" observed her father in some surprise; "I do not want to keep you a prisoner, my child. Wilson can sit by me while I sleep, for I must not be disturbed after I have taken the composing draught Dr. Ainslie ordered. Go out for a drive and amuse yourself; and, wait a moment, Nea, perhaps you had better say a civil word or two to young Trafford, and see if Mrs. Thorpe has attended to him. He shall hear from me officially to-morrow; yes," muttered Mr. Huntingdon as his daughter left the room, "a hundred a year is an ample allowance for a junior, more than that would be ill-advised and lead to presumption."

Maurice Trafford was in the library trying to forget the pain of his injured arm, which was beginning to revenge itself for that moment's terrible strain.

The afternoon's shadows lay on the garden of the square, the children were playing under the acacia trees, the house-martins still circled and wavered in the sunlight.

Through the open window came the soft spring breezes and the distant hum of young voices; within was warmth, silence, and the perfume of violets.

Maurice closed his drowsy eyes with a delicious sense of luxurious forgetfulness, and then opened them with a start; for some one had gently called him by his name, and for a moment he thought it was still his dream, for standing at the foot of the couch was a girl as beautiful as any vision, who held out her hand to him, and said in the sweetest voice he had ever heard:

"Mr. Trafford, you have saved my father's life. I shall be grateful to you all my life."

Maurice was almost dizzy as he stood up and looked at the girl's earnest face and eyes brimming over with tears, and the sunlight and the violets and the children's voices seemed all confused; and as he took her offered hand a strange shyness kept him silent.

"I have heard all about it," she went on. "I know, while others stood by too terrified to move, you risked your own life to protect my father—that you stood between him and death while they dragged him out from the horses' feet. It was noble—heroic;" and here Nea clasped her hands, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Poor impetuous child; these were hardly the cold words of civility that her pompous father had dictated, and were to supplement the thirty pounds per annum, "officially delivered." Surely, as she looked at the young man in his shabby coat, she must have remembered that it was only Maurice Trafford, the junior clerk—the drudge of a mercantile house.

Nea owned afterwards that she had forgotten everything; in after years she confessed that Maurice's grave young face came upon her like a revelation.

She had admirers by the score—the handsome weak-minded Lord Bertie among them—but never had she seen such a face as Maurice Trafford's, the poor curate's son.

Maurice's pale face flushed up under the girl's enthusiastic praise, but he answered very quietly:

"I did very little, Miss Huntingdon; any one could have done as much. How could I stand by and see your father's danger, and not go to his help?" and then, as the intolerable pain in his arm brought back the faintness, he asked her permission to reseat himself. "He would go home," he said, wearily, "and then he need trouble no one."

Nea's heart was full of pity for him. She could not bear the thought of his going back to his lonely lodgings, with no one to take care of him, but there was no help for it. So Mrs. Thorpe was summoned with her remedies, and the carriage was ordered. When it came round Maurice looked up in his young hostess's face with his honest grey eyes and frank smile and said good-bye. And the smile and the grey eyes, and the touch of the thin boyish hand, were never to pass out of Nea's memory from that day.

* * * * * *

The shadows grew longer and longer in the gardens of the square, the house-martins twitted merrily about their nests, the flower girls sat on the area steps with their baskets of roses and jonquils, when Mr. Huntingdon laid aside his invalid habits and took up his old life again, far too soon, as the doctors said who attended him. His system had received a severer shock than they had first imagined, and they recommended Baden-Baden and perfect rest for some months.

But as well might they have spoken to the summer leaves that were swirling down the garden paths, as move Mr. Huntingdon from his usual routine. He only smiled incredulously, said that he felt perfectly well, and rode off every morning eastward on the new grey mare that had replaced Gypsy.

And Nea flitted about the room among her birds and flowers, and wondered sometimes if she should ever see Maurice Trafford again. While Maurice, on his side, drudged patiently on, very happy and satisfied with his sudden rise, and dreaming foolish youthful dreams, and both of them were ignorant, poor children, that the wheel of destiny was revolving a second time to bring them nearer together.

(To be continued.)

Heavy Damages for Slander.

A peculiar slander case has just been tried at Pictou, N.S. The plaintiff, Mrs. Jas. Brown, of New Glasgow, claimed $10,000 damages from R. S. McCurdy, of the same town, for words imputing to her looseness of character, spoken by the defendant under the following circumstances: One Leindberg, an artist, some months ago requested permission of the defendant to place a picture of Mrs. Brown on exhibition in his store window. Shortly after a fellow-citizen, Fraser, informed the defendant that the picture was that of a woman of sullied reputation. McCurdy at once removed the picture and when the artist called for an explanation expressed his opinion of the plaintiff's character in vigorous terms. For using this language the action was brought. The plaintiff is a decidedly pretty blonde, and her manner and appearance as she detailed the history of her happy married life were calculated to make a favorable impression on the jury. She related the insults to which she had been subjected after the reports got abroad through the newspapers. Pointed at and laughed at on the streets of New Glasgow, made the victim of unsought and offensive attentions on the train and the recipient of tickets to the theatres from unknown admirers, it was evident she had suffered in consequence. The defence was denial, and that the communication was made in good faith and privileged. After being out a short time the jury brought in a verdict giving the plaintiff $4,000 damages.

The Reporters' Revenge.

The public do not know how much public speeches are "touched up" by the reporters. Even the most accomplished speaker, through excitement or want of words, or because of interruptions, occasionally loses the sequence of his argument, and repeats himself or breaks off before his sentence is completed. When the reporter writes out his report he is expected to "make sense" of it. One of our local aldermen got out of favor with the reporters by complaining that he had never said the things placed to his credit or discredit. We had no right, he maintained, to comment on his speeches when we only gave garbled instead of *verbatim* reports of them. So the reporters, who had put themselves to some trouble to translate his disjointed remarks into intelligible English, agreed to report him *verbatim* next time. He never wanted another *verbatim* report, and it cannot be pleasant to him to know that many of his friends preserve that one.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Man Shoots His Wife.

David Robb, of No. 63 Pearl street, Toronto, was drinking hard on Saturday, and being jealously inclined began to abuse his wife. He picked up a 32-calibre revolver and threatened to shoot, and his wife fled through the back door to the woodshed. He kept his word and took a flying shot at her, sending a bullet crashing through her right forearm. He then sought the refining influences of a saloon close by to drown his murderous passions in the flowing bowl. Dr. Cook was called and extracted the bullet from Mrs. Robb's arm. The would-be murderer was arrested.

Some of Tiffin's sweetest girls were taking a tour through the new Court House, with Celia Forbing, a Kenton belle, in tow. Just like one of those daring Kenton girls, Celia stepped up to the marriage record and bluffed any young man present to take out the papers and make her his'n. Ed. Homan walked up and accepted the challenge. Notice of it was published in the papers, and it is said the young couple drove over to Fostoria to get spliced in the evening.—*Marion (O.) Mirror.*

Shad have nearly forsaken the Connecticut River.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Hints for Readers in the Country.

It is now conceded that ensilage is the cheapest cattle food that can be produced on the farm.

Fruit growers say that raspberries grown for evaporating can be much more easily gathered by knocking the fruit off.

A great many weeds can be used, when just coming up, as greens, such as poke, lamb's quarter and dandelion; but it is better to grow mustard and kale instead, and plough under all weeds.

Experiments in the west show that one of the best crosses of horses is the Percheron stallion and thoroughbred mare, the produce combining the large size of the sire with the activity and endurance of the dam.

If the fruit coming to market were first assorted in some manner the prices obtained would be larger. It is better not to pick the small fruit than to mix the berries. Quantity does not pay as well as quality and attractive appearance.

Pick out your breeders, says the *Farm Journal*, the pigs with long bodies, broad backs and deep, round hams. Select a breed which has hair on it. A good coat of hair counts on a hog as well as any animal. It is a protection in summer and in winter.

In twenty days the eggs of one hen would exceed the weight of her body. So of any bird. Yet the whole of that mass of albumen is drawn directly from her blood. If stinted in food, of course, it would limit the number as well as the size of the eggs.

Good butter cows will make a pound of butter to every 14 to 18 pounds of milk. "General purpose cows" want from 22 to 31 pounds, and some cows would require 50 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter. Average dairies require somewhere about 25 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter.

After shearing ticks will emigrate from the shorn sheep to the lamb; then is the time to drive the ticks out of the flocks. Watch the lambs, says *Farm and Home*, and when the ticks have colonized them dip in tobacco water. Twelve to fifteen pounds refuse tobacco boiled in a gallon or two of water, then diluted to make one barrel, will do for 100 lambs.

Josiah Hooper thinks that if farmers were aware of the value of the cutting back process on their newly set trees we should hear of fewer failures and see better-shaped specimens. Peach trees a year from the bud should have the side branches headed back to short spurs and the leader severely shortened; there would then be a fine growth of young wood, and also a good root development.

If we wish to form in our cow the habits of quantity and continuity in milking we must between the first and second calvings exercise the utmost care to see that she is not only provided with the food to give the largest flow of best milk but that the milking tendency is at this period fostered and encouraged by every reasonably available means. At this time in the life of the cow is this tendency fixed.—*Rural Canadian.*

To cure diarrhœa in fowls, take new milk, say half a cup for each fowl, heat an iron poker, or any suitable piece of iron, red hot and scorch the milk with it; give as warm as the fowl can stand it. It is a sure cure for looseness in calves, colts or humans, and will check looseness in fowls. Give it to fowls with a spoon; let it run down the roof of the mouth, so that it will not get in the windpipe.

It is stated by the *North British Agriculturist* that in a gallon of skim milk there is nearly a pound of solid food, almost chemically similar to the lean of meat. This is the flesh of the milk, and there is no reason why it should not be eaten as a food, just as meat is eaten, with the addition of any kind of pure foreign fat; but, being mingled with a liquid, the people are unable to appreciate it, and rarely perceive the fact that it is a food at all.

Give the breed sows the run of a clover field all through the summer if possible. It is less stimulating than any dry winter food, and will keep them in health with far less fever than any other food we have ever tried. The pigs, moreover, will soon learn to pick at it and eventually make it their staple food, giving them growth, health, frame and size, and fit them for the purposes of life, be that breeding or fattening, better than anything else.—*Rural World*

If the field be heavily covered with tall weeds, and there be no other crop growing thereon, broadcast ten bushels of lime over the weeds and plow them under, before they seed, as a green manurial crop. Allow them to remain a month, then harrow in two bushels of rye per acre, and plow the rye under when it is three feet high, turning it down with a chain, and next spring the land will be excellent for corn.

In their native hills it is said that the Cheviot sheep are excelled by none. They are as large as the Cotswolds, while the mutton is considered better and the fleece finer and closer. On good pasture the fleece grows finer and sells for a higher price than when the animals are fed on coarse grass. Of course the mutton is affected to a considerable extent by the quality of the food, but if they can get the same sort of feed as in their native home their meat will be equally excellent.

A writer in the *American Rural Home* thus describes how he avoided potato bugs: "In planting potatoes I dropped a handful of unleached ashes upon each hill after spatting the ground with the hoe, believing it would be disagreeable to the bugs when they made their first appearance, which is the best time to fight them, as the first ones that come do not feed upon the vines, the slugs from the eggs being the real depredators. As a result I have found and killed five beetles, when before I numbered thousands upon the same ground."

M. Mouly has submitted to official investigation his system of heating buildings, by which he is enabled to transport heat, with hardly any loss, to distances up to 300 or 400 yards. The inventor completely isolates his pipes by means of air jackets. The pipes can be laid underground or overhead. At the entrance of the central pipe a jet of steam is placed, which, acting as an injector, forces in air, and heats the latter at the same time. The air drawn in is obtained from the first jacket, and thus is elevated in temperature before it comes in contact with the steam. By this means great economy in fuel is obtained.

My Little Bo Peep.

My little Bo Peep is fast asleep,
  And her head on my heart is lying,
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
  Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
  Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
  When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
  From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe like a daisy in blow,
  I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
  Its treasures of beauty unfolding,
I press my lips to her finger tips
  That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock; you may wait, old clock,
  It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
  And bid your days go all a Maying.
O, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
  Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
  And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

That Hateful Man.

I hated Henry Carling from the first time he took his seat in front of me at table d'hote in the Sea Beach Hotel and looked at me so much it interfered with my appetite. When I went out rowing and the boat upset he was on hand to fish me out. I suppose I ought to have been grateful for that, but I wasn't. I'm sure he knew my boat was cranky and followed me on purpose; besides the waves were not running very high.

He was an artist and could spend hours looking at a sunset. Did you ever know anything good of a man who could act in that incomprehensible manner?

I was out walking about a week after I allowed the young man to save me from drowning.

I walked, and walked, and walked. Presently I came to a cottage, outside of which a beautiful little child, with long hair, was playing. The pretty little thing ran after me laughing.

I held out my hand to him.

We walked on toward a clump of wild flowers that hung over the road in a graceful way that I am too stupid to describe or draw, though Henry Carling can do both. I suppose that, though I may dislike a person, I'm able to do that person some sort of justice.

We—the child and I—were seated together on the little rock I had chosen as a resting-place, when suddenly there came in sight an object I shall never forget—no, not to my dying hour.

It was a dog; mad, it was too easy to see. It ran on, hanging its head, but with wild eyes and foaming at the mouth' hideous and furious. It flew at the little child.

I only remember one thing. As it flew at the child I caught its throat. I held it with the strength of the madness of that terror, for the little creature's sake, that had come upon me, and there I stood. I did not tremble.

The horrible saliva ran from the dog's mouth. It did not touch my hands. Fortunately, too, I had doeskin gloves to keep my hands from freckling and tanning.

I stood so—and ages seemed to pass—when Henry Carling came up. With him were three men.

How they mastered the dog I do not remember. After that I fainted.

When I revived I had been carried, I found, into the cottage of the little child's mother. She was kneeling beside me and saying all manner of things to me about "saving her boy's life."

As for Henry Carling, he was crying.

The idea of crying like a baby, a grown man!

And all because a girl held a mad dog! I suppose he would have had me think of nobody but myself and run off! I hate such people!

Two days afterward his sister came to see me. I had to keep my bed. I was overcome by something or other—fright, I suppose, for when it was over I could not but admit that I did feel strangely.

When I finally came down-stairs there was that provoking man, as large as life.

He looked pale and had tears in his eyes, and when he tried to speak to me he seemed to choke and could not do it.

Then what do you think, of all things, that he did say?

He said he loved me.

To-day week we are to be married. Papa made a little fuss at first, but Aunt Julia, who had taken a mother's place to me ever since my poor mamma died, advised him not to thwart me.

"What is the use of being rich, my dear Charles," said she, "if you cannot let your child follow her own inclinations? Carling is a fine artist and a gentleman."

There that horrid man calling now. He is in papa's library. He wants—a kiss! He says it is three weeks since he had one. Does he suppose for a moment that I am going to him to give him one? I am in the sitting-room writing all this. I presume that if he must have such an indulgence he is big enough, and old enough, and ugly enough to come for it himself.

Watch the Insects.

Injurious insects demand attention throughout the summer months. Look for the borers near the base of young fruit trees; if saw-dust is seen from a hole in the bark, or if a portion of the bark is seen to be depressed, cut out the borer. If the leaves of currant and gooseberries are eaten by "the worm," apply white hellebore at once. Stir a teaspoonful of the powder in a pailful of water, and apply with a syringe. Repeat this after a few days. If later broods appear, continue the remedy, which is a very certain one. The greenish sling slug, which appears upon the leaves of cherry, pear and other trees, may be destroyed by applying air-slacked lime or wood ashes. This may be dusted upon the leaves by means of a bag of coarse fabric, attached to a pole. The insects attacking the grape vines this month are mainly large caterpillars, which are most readily picked by hand, and the so-called "thrips," which is properly the "grapevine leaf hopper," and not related to the true thrips. It is a little whitish insect which often rises in clouds when the vines are disturbed. The best treatment is to go among the vines with torches, gently beating them to disturb the insects, which will at once fly towards the light. The first appearance of grayish spots on the undersides of the vine indicates mildew, and flowers of sulphur should be applied with a bellows made for the purpose.

Dom Pedro, Emperor, of Brazil, sailed from Rio de Janeiro yesterday for Europe on the steamer Gironde.

THINGS GOOD TO EAT,

And How to Get Them Up with Satisfactory Flavor.

Chocolate Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

Lemon Jelly.—The yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn-starch and the juice and grated rind of one lemon; cook till thick. This is nice for layer cake.

Yankee Muffins.—To one quart of milk add one gill of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, with four or five eggs beaten; add flour sufficient to make a thick batter: bake in muffin rings. Serve with butter.

Lemon Soda Cake.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one pint of flour, measured after sifting.

Puff Pudding.—One pint of boiling milk and nine tablespoonfuls of flour; mix first with a little cold milk. When cold add a little salt and flour, three well-beaten eggs, and bake in a buttered dish. Serve at once.

Excellent Cake.—Take one cupful of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, one and a half cupfuls of milk, half a cupful of butter and eggs; mix thoroughly, adding two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a hot oven.

Eggless Cake.—Two-thirds of a cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one-third of a cup of butter, two cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor to taste, and before putting in the oven grate sugar over it.

Tea Cakes.—Rub together four teaspoonfuls of butter and one cup of sugar, add one well-beaten egg, one tablespoonful of cream and two cups of flour, into which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in small pans and eat while fresh.

Beef Fritters.—Chop pieces of steak or cold roast beef very fine; make a batter of milk, flour and an egg; mix the meat with it. Put a lump of butter in a saucepan, let it melt, then drop the batter into it from a large spoon. Fry until brown, season with pepper and salt and a little parsley.

Cream Cake.—One half-cup butter or one cup sweet cream, one and a half cups sugar, four eggs (one beaten separately), one half-cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar and one teaspoonful soda. Bake in a long pan. When done, cut open and spread between one pint whipped cream and one cup sugar. Flavor with lemon.

Bread Griddle Cakes.—Soak a small bowl of bread over night in milk. In the morning mix a half a cupful of flour, into which is put one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, with one quart of milk, three well-beaten eggs and a little salt. Beat up the bread with this batter until it is very light and fry a delicate brown. The batter should be thick.

Ice Cream.—Three quarts of milk, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of arrowroot and three cups of white sugar. Set the dish containing the milk in a kettle of water, and when hot add the arrowroot, previously wet in milk, the sugar and the eggs. Cook a few minutes and flavor when cold. This will fill a gallon freezer. Less eggs may be used, but your cream will not be so nice.

Water Pound Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, one cupful of boiling water, one pound of prepared flour, flavor with lemon. Beat butter, sugar and the yolks of the eggs to a cream, then add the boiling water and stir gently till cold, then the pound of flour with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, the lemon last; bake one hour. This cake cannot be told from real pound cake, and it will keep two weeks.

In making beef pot pie, cut in small pieces two pounds lean beef and one half-pound fat salt pork. Place in kettle, with one fine-chopped onion, one carrot, one-half turnip and water to cover well. Stew until tender, then add salt and pepper to season and place over stew the following crust: Two teacupfuls flour, in which have been thoroughly mixed two teaspoonfuls baking powder; rub well through flour one tablespoonful salt, and wet with cold water or sweet milk and mix to a stiff dough; roll into a sheet to cover stew; make two or three perforations in crust. Keep kettle closely covered, and stew twenty minutes to half an hour after adding crust. When no dough adheres to straw when thrust into the middle, the pot pie is done.

He Won Her by the Book.

An exchange relates that a young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible (open) with a pin stuck in the following text, II. St. John, 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love another." She returned it, pointing to Ruth ii. 10: "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to III. John, 13: "I had many things to write. I will not with pen and ink write unto thee, but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

Awaiting the Result.

The popular Major Priest, of the New York Central road, very much resembles Dr. Burton, of Fultonville. The other day a lady entered a car in which the Major sat, and, stepping up to him, said: "Doctor, my husband is not so well to-day." The Major understood the situation at once, and inquired: "What seems to be the difficulty?" "Well," said the lady, "he seems to be more nervous than he was." "Oh," said the Major, "that's all right; give him three more pills." "I will," said the lady, and with that the Major departed. What the result of this prescription will be remains to be seen.—*Albany Journal.*

There are more than 65,000 widows in Massachusetts, about half of them being less than 40 years of age.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

A Young Man Steals $50,000 and Skips to a South Pacific Island, Where He Becomes a King.

That wickedness sometimes prospers is evidenced, says the New York *World*, by the rather romantic career within the last few months of Charles W. Banks, formerly of Albany, this State, later of San Francisco, Cal., and now elevated by the power of love to the throne of King of Cook's Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. A history of Mr. Bank's life in Albany would add so little interest to his later life that it is unnecessary to refer to it now, except to state that in that rolling town he married a very interesting young lady, for whom, according to his latest letter to his friends in this city, he still entertains the most touching affection. It is also hardly necessary to say that the lady in question, Mrs. Fanny A. Banks, who is now in this city, places so little faith in these assurances of unbounded love that she has begun a divorce suit, and charges his kingship with desertion and infidelity.

Soon after the marriage of the couple they journeyed to San Francisco, where Mr. Banks, being intelligent and bright, as well as a handsome young man, obtained employment in the express office of Wells, Fargo & Co. There he prospered, prospered too well for his personal good; for having obtained a position of trust, and gained the entire confidence of his employers, he suddenly disappeared six months ago, carrying with him over $50,000 belonging to the company. His many friends at the Golden gate mourned his departure, for he was a good fellow, reckless with his money, an interesting talker, and a good story-teller, while his little suppers at home and at his club were the talk of society for days after each event. Mrs. Banks, too, mourned his loss, but her reasons were widely different, and she came to this city after gathering enough evidence in San Francisco to prove to her that her husband had not been all that she had expected. Consulting the law firm of Messrs Johnes, Benner & Willcox here, the papers for a divorce were properly drawn up, but pending information as to the whereabouts of her recreant husband, she withheld proceedings.

Meanwhile Wells, Fargo & Co. had sent detectives after the defaulter, who tracked him to Tahiti, Sandwich Islands, but the wily young man fled in a schooner a few hours before the sleuth-hounds of the law reached there. From this point the gay defaulter's movements much resemble those of Billy Kid, the illustrious hero whom Rosini Vokes sings about in her clever song, "His 'Art was true to Poll."

Like Billy Kid, Mr. Banks
Landed on a strange shore and looked out for an inn,
When a noble savage lady, of a color rather shady,
  Came along and accosted him.

"Oh! stay with me and the king you'll be,
  And in a palace loll,
Or I'll eat you like a filet;" so he gave his hand, did Billy,
  But his art was true to Poll.

Mr. Banks was certainly in luck. He had sailed away from Tahiti for a point anywhere out of the grasp of the law, and favoring gales had directed his craft to the shores of Rarelonga, Cook's Island, in the South Pacific, where the beautiful but dusky Queen Ulakea (Ulakea in English, but something else in her own picturesque language) reigned quietly and kindly over her loving tribe. She is a widow, but ceased abruptly to grieve for her departed lord when the handsome face and manly bearing and figure of Mr. Banks loomed up before her in her quiet, luxurious home. He was a wanderer, weary and forlorn, and she a widow, sad and lonely, but with lots of this world's goods and a large heart, which she unhesitatingly threw at his feet. Her kindness won him, coupled with his own Yankee ingenuity, which told him that he had struck it rich, to use an Americanism, and he availed himself of the fortunate opportunity equally as unhesitatingly as it had been opened to him. There at Raretonga, safe from the law's strong grasp, where the climate is glorious and warm all the year round, Banks is now living, duly domesticated and acknowledged as king, and receiving the homage of the people, who adore him because their beloved Queen has set them the example. The detectives who found him there say he expresses no desire to return to his native country, but seems satisfied to continue his life of idleness and power. Mrs. Banks has heard of her husband's fortune and has decided to begin divorce proceedings at once. Her counsel, Edward R. Jones, appeared before Judge Lawrence in the Supreme Court chambers recently and obtained an order for the publication of a summons in the suit, a copy of which will be mailed to King Banks I. at his palace at Raretonga. Although Mrs. Banks has sufficient evidence to secure a divorce without reference to her husband's present position, the detectives who have traced Mr. Banks and discovered his new mode of life will make affidavits which will be used in the suit in order to show the man's utter unworthiness. Wells, Fargo & Co. have not given up hope of bringing Banks to justice, or of obtaining from him the money he embezzled. Banks' flight at the time of the discovery of the theft created a sensation. The publication of his subsequent movements will probably prove a greater surprise to the many society people of both San Francisco and this city who know him and his wife.

He Changed His Mind.

A well-known New York homœopathic physician says that he was once rung up in the middle of the night, and requested by a man to call immediately upon his wife.

"Very well," said the doctor.

"How much will it cost?" asked the caller.

"Ten dollars—to go that distance."

"How much will it be if you call in the morning?"

"Two dollars."

"Well, call in the morning," said the husband.

A man at Geneseo, Ill., took sick the other night and sent his nephew out for some pills. The young man, finding the drug stores all closed and one solitary grocery open, entered and procured a handful of small white beans. When he got home he filled a pill box in his room with beans and took them to his uncle. The beans were taken and proved quite efficacious, as the man recovered the following day.

HAS THE GIFT OF HEALING.

An Old Ohio Farmer who Banishes Pain by a Mere Touch.

"Do you see that white-haired, countrified-looking chap sitting in front of the Red Lion Hotel?" asked a business man of a friend whom he met on the opposite side of the street.

"Well, what of him?" answered the other.

"He is one of the most peculiar old chaps I ever met," said the first speaker. "He claims to be possessed of the 'healing power,' and his touch is something wonderful. It makes your nerves fairly tingle. For my part I don't understand it."

This conversation was what led a *Dispatch* reporter to look up the man with the healing in his hands. He was found sitting outside the door smoking a regulation tobie and quietly watching the passing throng. His hair and beard are snowy white and worn short after the country style, while his dress is more substantial and comfortable than rich and fashionable. Taking a seat beside him, the reporter asked:

"Are you the doctor?"

"No, sir," he answered rather innocently.

"Ain't you the faith cure doctor that is stopping here?"

"No, sir; I ain't no faith cure doctor, but I can knock a pain out of you in a jiffy if I set my hands on you," he replied with a good deal of animation.

The interviewer was at a loss to know how to take the old gentleman's answer—whether he meant that he would knock the life out of him for his impertinence, or that he would kindly relieve his physical sufferings. As he did not take a threatening hold on the big dogwood cane that he carries, the interviewer proceeded to explain:

"I was told that you were a faith cure or pow-wow doctor.

"I'm nothing of the kind. My name is Josiah Stonebraker, and I live down in Belmont county, O., near Demos post-office, and I don't have to pow-wow for a living. I am a farmer, and I do most of the undertaking business in that section. I used to make my own coffins, but I don't do it any more. You fellows up here make 'em cheaper than I can. No, I'm not up here after coffins; I just came up to see some old friends and look around. I was here about twelve years ago, but it doesn't look like the same place. Then it was so smoky and dark that I thought I would have to get a lantern to see my way on the streets.

"Yes, there has been a great change. But I would like to know something about this pain cure."

"Well, young man, all that I know is that when a person comes to me and says: 'Si, I've a pain, so and so,' and I put my hands on the place, the pain goes away, or if I rub a wart or corn they go away, and I've known cancers to disappear after I've rubbed them that way. You needn't laugh, young feller," says he solemnly as he laid his hand on the doubting Thomas' thigh.

It may have been imagination, but his hand seemed as hot as fire and sent thrills to the ends of the toes.

"No, never laugh at such things, for you don't know what might happen. I have saved life, and while I do not travel on it, still I feel that whenever I can relieve suffering I ought to do it. As I said before, I don't have to, and am up here just to look around. Do I believe in faith cures? Of course I do. Every Christian must believe in them. In the early days of the Church all cures were effected by means of the laying on of hands, anointing with oil and offering up prayer. Why may it not be just as good now? I don't know anything about magnetism, galvanism nor none of your isms. I only know that if you have a rheumatic pain there in your knee, a tightness in your chest, or a pain in your head, I can drive it out. Now, you can call it whatever ism you please."

"Do you believe the power is from God, or is it your own?"

"Every good and perfect gift is from God; besides, we have no power of our own. In olden times the people possessed divers gifts; some the gift of prophecy, some the gift of healing and others the gift of teaching. I reckon mine is the gift of healing."

"Did you always have this power?"

"Yes; but I didn't know it until a gifted healer told me so. He said that I had a great deal of power, and he showed me how to use it. My wife, who had been an invalid for twenty years, and had been in bed four years, and weighed only about 50 pounds, now weighs 150, and is able to do her own housework. Why, sir, the blamed doctor bills just kept me poor, and she got worse right straight along until I struck this. Then she quit taking medicine, and hasn't taken a drop since, and is now well and hearty."—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

Origin of Hand-Shaking.

In the early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, when two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he is a double-dyed traitor and villain, and tries to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right, and pretending to be on good terms with him. —*Rochester Post-Express.*

All Colors are Welcomed.

A European ball-room is full of surprises to an American. In the first place, he is astonished to find that, in general, leaving out the very high society people, every one dances with every one else, without introduction. Another thing in a large ball at any of the various European resorts, you will see men of all colors, from a jet black down to a pale yellow, waltzing with the young ladies, chatting and flirting with them; in fact, quite as well received as any one else.—*New York Sun.*

—In the charge against Wm. Lahey, of Dundas, for assaulting, striking and knocking down Michael Laden, an old man, the Police Magistrate Saturday found Lahey guilty and fined him $5 and costs—$12.35 in all.

BYGONE BONNETS REVIVED.

Coffee-Colored Blonde Lace—Grass-Green and Rose-Pink—Notes.

A correspondent writes: "One of the chief features of the new fashions seems to be a revival of the colors and forms of the past. I saw a bonnet the other day, fresh from Paris, that recalled the 'Jane Clark" of bygone times. It was of pale coffee-colored blonde lace, and on one side 'the cap,' as it used to be called, was a wreath of blush roses. On the top of this headgear was a knot of grass-green ribbon and the strings were of the same hue. Grass-green and rose-pink! What would the æsthetics have said to it? But it was a very pretty bonnet, all the same. Another—still prettier—was composed entirely of unripe corn (green), over which was drawn a veil of green tulle. The front was formed by a wreath of poppies, and on the left side was an aigrette of poppies—three, placed one above the other, to mount it up high—with the stalks showing, and the top poppy the smallest of the three. The sleeves of a different material or color to the dress show another return to an old and a very pretty fashion; but great care must be taken, or the toilette will look patchy. Dun-color and dark brown, stone-color and pale blue, grey (pure and simple) and violets, or dark green, go well together; but the sleeves should always be of the more telling color and the richer material. The present has one great advantage over the past. The inexpensive stuffs of to-day are prettier than any seen of yore, more especially the striped ones. I have just seen a material composed of alternate stripes of white poplin and white Valenciennes lace, which would make a lovely wedding dress for a bride in her teens. Another material was composed of alternate stripes of tussore silk and lace of the same shade. A frock of that stuff might be worn with almost any color, and at the smartest day festivities, and would outlast two or three of the white cambrics trimmed with broiderie Anglaise, that threaten to become the rage, and need to be so very fresh and clean.—*London Lady.*

He Wasn't Qualified.

"Did you hire that young man who applied for your school?" was asked of a Dakota school district officer.

"Well, I should rather say we didn't."

"Why not?

"His edication didn't come up to the scratch."

"What in"

"Gram'er.

"How did you find it out?"

"Why, he got in my wagon to ride from the field to the house an', says I, 'Did ye ever drive much?' 'Of late years,' says he, 'I have driven very little.' 'Drove very little, ye mean, says I. 'I beg your par don,' says he, 'but I mean driven.' 'Drove is right,' says I. 'No, sir,' says he, 'driven is the most gramaticalist.' 'Oh, well, mebby ye know,' says I sorter sarcastic. 'I reckon I do,' says he. 'I'm jes' comin' out here to learn you folks something.' 'Do you see that road?' says I. 'I does,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'it goes to town, an' you want to git right out an' humpen yerself down it mighty fasten, 'cause I'm goin to begin to kicken ye in about a minute by the clock.' He saw I knowed more bout gram'er than he did and he got out o' that wagon an' scooted down the road. You bet we're goin' to have a teacher that understands gram'er or none at all."—*Dakota Bell.*

Moses was a Gentleman.

Some amusing stories are told of the wit and wisdom of London school children. A class of boys in a boarding school was being examined orally in scripture. The history of Moses had for some time been a special study and one of the examiners asked:

"What would you say of the general character of Moses?"

"He was meek," said one boy.

"Brave," said another.

"Learned," added a third boy.

"Please, sir," piped a pale-faced, neatly dressed lad, "he was a gentleman."

"A gentleman?" asked the examiner, "how do you make that out?

The boy promptly replied in the same thin, nervous voice:

"Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds: 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"—*Christian World.*

"Seed 'Em a Doing It."

It is almost impossible for country people to recognize the dense ignorance as to all matters agricultural and rural from which the children of the London poor suffer. A day or two ago the parson of a London parish asked one of the children who had been boarded out under the new poor law regulations how he enjoyed the change of air and scenery. "Please, sir," said the urchin, "I don't like it at all; instead of giving me milk out of a nice clean tin they squeezes it out of a nasty cow—I seed 'em a doing it!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Some Etiquette.

In calling on a lady who is away from home leave your card. If the visit is intended for two or three ladies at the house leave two or three cards, but do not turn down one corner of the card, as that custom is now exploded, except in three card monte circles, and even then it is regarded with suspicion.—*Bill Nye.*

Economy.

Pater—"Tom, Tom!—this 'll never do. Past 11 o'clock!—and you've been in bed fifteen hours out o' the twenty-four." Tom—"But it's cheap, Gov'nor—'costs nothing. Wh'n'as directly a fellow's up and dressed, expenses begin!"—*Punch.*

A Truism.

I don't know that I ever coined a maxim worth repeating, but if I ever have it is this: "I owe my success to printer's ink."—*P. T. Barnum.*

The *Vossiche Zeitung* says the Porte has ordered the Germania Company, of Kiel, to despatch to Turkey a vessel with two torpedo catchers, also nine torpedo boats. The vessels are required to be powerful and speedy.

Shelley—Life may change, but it may fly not; Hope may vanish, but can die not; Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; Love repulsed—but it returneth.

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH!

One Hundred and Ninety-Seventh Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

Artemesia District (eight lodges) together with one from Berkeley, honored Flesherton with their presence on Tuesday last, and truly a gayer sight has not been seen on our streets for many a day. The village presented a gala appearance. From almost every housetop floated that brave old flag which Erastus Wiman and his disciples want to see hauled down. The stores and business places were liberally decked with bunting, and there were evergreens *galore*. Vendors of ice cream and lemonade were in large force. Three arches spanned the principle streets, viz., one on the corner of Durham and Sydenham streets, one on the corner of Collingwood and Toronto streets, and one on Collingwood street near Milburn's carriage works. The latter was the most neatly constructed one in the lot, and was erected by Messrs. Legate, Smith, Sullivan, Milburne and others. The whole village, in fact—things animate and inanimate—seemed unanimous in extending a hearty welcome to the hundreds of sturdy Britons who visited our town during that day, which will ever be held memorable in the annals of history.

The morning passed off quietly. Not until nearly noon, indeed, did the distant sounds of fifes and drums proclaim the approach of the Orangemen. First to march through—with flags flying and drums beating—were the Station and town lodges. These proceeded up Toronto street untill they met grand old 244, when they returned to the square. Passing down Collingwood street, amidst the deafening thunders created by the drummers of the combined forces, the brethren soon met Eugenia and McKee Loyal Orange Lodges. Re-forming the ranks, the whole marched with almost military precision into town, followed by a vast concourse of people in vehicles. In one of the carriages rode the genial District Master, Rev. Mr. Corcoran, and that staunch Orangemen, Mr. Jas. Brodie—a gentleman who, for 11 years or more filled the honorable position of District Master with credit and distinction. It is needless to add, that he has a worthy and energetic successor in Rev. Mr. Corcoran.

About 11:40 a. m. Kell', the Valley, Berkeley, and the Royal Scarlet Chapter Lodge, of Markdale, came into town via Sydenham street, to the inspiring strains of music by Markdale Brass Band, Berkeley Fife and Drum Band, &c.

Shortly after dinner the members of every lodge in Artemesia District, as well as the Berdeley lodge of Holland, formed a magnificent living circle on the square, backed up by an immense crowd of enthusiastic spectators. Suddenly the shrill strains of a dozen fifes and the terrific booming of as many drums told that the celebration had commenced in earnest. Then the lodges formed in procession and marched in an orderly manner to Mr. Flesher's grove, where they arranged themselves around the platform erected for the speaking. Here a vast crowd had already assembled. The speech were interspersed by music by the Markdale Band. On the platform were Rev. Mr. Corcoran, District Master, Mr. Jas. Brodie, Mr. Thos. Kells, President of the East Grey Agricultural Society, Rev. Mr. Johnson, Presbyterian minister, of Berkeley, Rev. A. Wilson, Presbyterian minister, of Markdale, Rev. Thos. Watson, Baptist minister, of Flesherton, Rev Mr. Shilton, *B. A.*, Methodist minister, of Flesherton, and last but by no means least, the worthy Reeve of Artemesia, Dr. Christoe.

Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Berkeley, was the first speaker. He said he was a native of Holland—that country wherein the great Prince of Orange first saw the light. He was proud of that fact. Though dead nearly two hundred years, William, Prince of Orange, lived in the hearts of thousands of people all over the world to-day. We should strive to imitate the character of that illustrious king, who fought so bravely for the civil and religious liberty of our forefathers, and whose deeds we are assembled to day to commemorate. The Prince of Orange was the last of that great House to which the celebrated William the Silent belonged. The latter was probably one of the greatest men who has ever lived. Single-handed and alone almost, he fought against the myrmidions of the tyrant Phillip II. He spent the whole of his vast fortunes almost in driving the inquisition out of the Netherlands and securing to his beloved people civil and religious liberty. He fought, bled, and finally died by the hand of a paid assassin in defence of those liberties. He was proud to be the countryman of such a noble, such a truly great prince as that. (Loud applause.) He observed a text from Scripture on one of the banners. It was "fear God, Honor all Men, and Love the Brotherhood." From that he took it an Orangeman should be a Christian. But, alas! some of them were far from being such. When I see a man, who fears God, I see a Daniel, a Moses, a Joseph, and a David. After some excellent hints as to what should constitute a true Orangeman, the Rev. gentlemar took his seat amid rounds of enthusiastic applause. The Rev. Mr. Johnson does not use gloves. His speech was truly eloquent and delighted all who heard it.

Rev. Thos. Watson said we were not far to-day from the banks of a stream called the Boyne. (laughter and cheers.) The great conflict of the Boyne was still raging—in Europe, America and parts of Asia. The battle was being fought over and over again. But while the Prince of Orange fought with carnal weapons, we must fight with spiritual ones. The character of the Papacy has not changed—it is as designing, dark and treacherous as it was two hundred years ago. Even in our beloved Dominion its encroachments upon our liberties as freeborn citizens was marked. Every good cause has a great many enemies. It is so with Protestanism. We must present a united front, as we have an aggressive and determined enemy to contend with. We must not sell our national birthrigut for Roman Catholic influence, which is as insidious as it is destructive to the common weal. (cheers and applause.) Rev. Mr. Watson's speech was eloquent throughout.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Markdale, delivered a stirring speech. He spoke highly of the Orange society, of which he was proud to be a member. He said Romanism was undeniably strengthening itself—even within the borders of our fair Dominion. Jesuitism was incorporated and true to its dark past was spreading its dangerous network in all directions. A Jesuit cannot reason, cannot call his soul his own—is a corpse in so far as implicit obedience to his superiors is concerned. He must obey without questioning, without murmur, the dictates of his Superior—not matter whether he outrages his own conscience in carrying out his instructions or not. It was a dangerous society in the past, it is equally so now, the difference being, that opportunities for dark deeds are not so numerous now as they were. Romanism is, and always was, an aggressive body, which means peril to our rights and liberties. The Papacy has had a long reign, but what has it done to enlighten or instruct mankind in spiritual matters. There would be no Twelfth of July celebration if Romanism had her way. He didn't want to see Protestantism driven into a corner. But, said the speaker, in a burst of eloquence, there is an element in the church of Rome that will yet shatter it to fragments! (loud cheers and applause.)

Rev. Mr. Shilton, B. A., of Flesherton did not come prepared to give a speech; nevertheless, what he did say was practical and sensible. He paid a graceful tribute to the Orangemen present. He also made an excellent suggestion when he said that Orangemen should not tie their hands politically. If they followed this advice strictly they could get just what they wanted. He thought, in view of the encroachments of Romanism and the tremendous efforts it was making on every hand to increase its strength numerically and otherwise, Protestantism was too inert and not sufficiently wide awake to the dangers by which it is surrounded. William of Orange was raised up by God for a purpose; God can raise up another deliverer if need be. Truth and righteousness is on the side of Protestantism and it must prevail. Rev. Mr. Shilton thanked the people—most of whom were strangers to him—for their patient hearing and sat down amid much applause.

Dr. Christoe having been called out to attend a patient did not speak—a fact which many deplored—especially those who listened to his strikingly original and eloquent speech at Eugenia last year.

The brethren—after the usual loyal cheers—left for home at an early hour in the evening. It is estimated that there were over two thousand Orangemen and visitors present.

TAMARAC.—Is an Elixir carefully prepared by an experienced chemist, with the well-known Tamarac as the fundamental principle, and all the other ingredients in its compositon are of the purest, and best calculated to relieve all cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles.

W.C.T.U.

ABOUT ITS WORK.

There are few societies so broadly philanthropic, so well managed, so perfectly equipped in every department, so essentially Christ-like, therefore its work and influence have been greater than that of any other society. In an address to the members, Frances Willard says:

'We are set for the coming of Christ in the earth," and truly that seemed to be the motto of every Union and every individual member of it. Set for His coming in the heart and homes of men and women everywhere on the broad earth what ever their color, nationality or creed. Set for His coming, all their every day concerts, their institutions of learning, set for his coming into society, for the benign influence of the white ribbon innocent pleasures and loftier occupations are driving out the dance and the card table, healthful, beautiful dress is putting to shame fashionable semi-nudity, helpful, loving conversation is taking the place of the punctillions phrases of a bygone etiquette and of the still more objectionable gossip as our women are becoming too affectionately concerned about the welfare of others to study their faults through a microscope, and lastly it is set for the coming of Christ in Governments and even here its influence is already strongly felt.

Every year the work is growing stronger and tho' originally there were only three departments, the number is increased to eleven. As a new need presents itself a new department is formed to supply it. And so the work is enlarged, may it continue to prosper and grow till all the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ.

W.C.T.U. BULLETIN.

The Illinois W.C.T.U., are the prime movers in the establishment of a woman's ten and fifteen cent lodging house in Chicago.

There is a Home for intemperate women in Boston, which has 71 inmates.

Arrangements are being perfected for the erection in Chicago of a $500,000 W. C.T.U. building. It will be used as the headquarters of the national officers and also of the womens temperance publication association.

A law has been passed in Switzerland making the sale of liquors a State monopoly. One-tenth of the profits of all sales are to be devoted to the Temperance cause.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

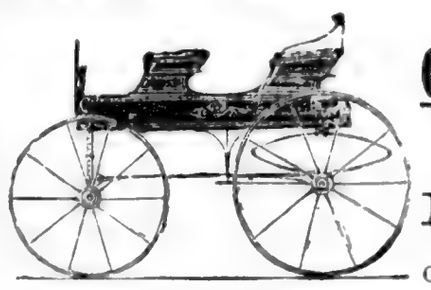

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Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing
Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

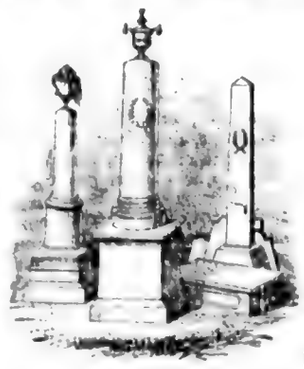

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

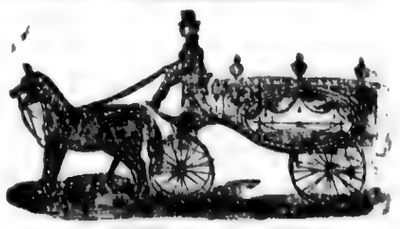

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 317. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

For above fine finished Watches, accurate Hampden's—my name on, and the reliable Waltham and Elgin Watches, in Gold, Filled Gold, and Coin Silver Cases, go to

W. A. BROWN'S

FINELY STOCKED

JEWELERY STORE.

I am known as the Reliable Jeweller for 20 miles North, South, East and West. I never have misrepresented purposely any goods sold since being in business here. It is easy to sell a 11 Jewelled Watch for "Full Jewelled." It is much easier to sell 8 k. Gold Watches and call them 12 or 14. I don't have to do it. My own name on all warrants, and you will find I can be held responsible if goods are not right.

—1—|342|—1—

WATCHES & CLOCKS

Booked in Repair Book since July 1st, 1886.

SQUARE DEALING,

PRICES CLOSE

SPECIALTIES:—*Fine Watch Repairing, Spex Fitting.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c. Plain, or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

For Graham Flour go to Keefer's.

Miss Bates, of Toronto, is home on a visit.

THE ADVANCE is highly appreciated by readers in London, England.

Another car load of Salt. 300 lb. barrels at Richardson & Co's.

Read the Medical Hall's important announcement in another column.

Balance of Millinery stock at Richardson's selling out at half prices.

PAINTS, OILS, &c., &c., AT WM. RICHARDSON'S, FLESHERTON.

Master E. K. Richardson, who has been attending High School at Owen Sound, came home for the summer holidays last Saturday.

The sidewalks are positively dangerous in some places. Somebody will be getting hurt one of these days. In such case, wonder who would have to foot the bill?

GIRL WANTED.—A good smart tidy girl wanted at once; small family, light work. Apply at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton, or to Wm. T. Paul, Lady Bank, Osprey Township.

W. W. Stephen & Co., the well-known Meaford Druggists, have something of interest to say to our readers on the editorial page of this week's ADVANCE. Read it.

M. Richardson & Co., are are offering balance of the Tea Stock at prices to clear before the arrival of their direct importation from Japan. Teas can be bought lower how than ever while the stock lasts.

Mr. J. G. Keefer, of the Forest *Free Press*, came home for his summer holidays on Tuesday evening last. He looks as though the climate (or something else?) in Forest agreed well with his health.

JUST RECEIVED LARGE AND FRESH SUPPLY OF DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINE. STOCK WELL ASSORTED IN ALL LINES. WM. RICHARDSON, FLESHERTON.

Mr. W. T. Jackman will shortly take a good position in a well known Toronto printing office. In company with a genial Meaford gentleman, Mr. J. called at our office last Monday. We wish friend Jackman all manner of success.

We regret to observe that Mr. Wm. Hogg, of Flesherton Station, has made an assignment of his estate to Mr. E. R. C. Clarkson for the benefit of his creditors. An advertisement rolating thereto appears in THE ADVANCE.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PAINTERS BRUSHES, &c. CALL AND SEE STOCK, WM. RICHARDSON.

Mr. James Beecroft, of this town, offers his fertile and well cultivated farm—about two miles from Flesherton—for sale. See his advertisement in another column. This is a rare chance for a wide-awake purchaser.

The wooden arm in Mr. Varty's brick-making machine—to which the horses are hitched—broke on Monday last, and caused a short delay until it could be replaced. This was soon done, and work resumed its usual sway about 5 o'clock p. m. Mr. Varty is manufacturing a lot of fine bricks this season.

Wanted.—Butter, Eggs, Wool, or any other farm produce at Richardson & Co's.

Married.

ROSE—MCINTYRE.—On the 22nd ult., at the residence of the late Rev. R. McIntyre, Priceville, by the Rev. T. Watson, Mr. James Rose, of Bruce tp., to M. E. McIntyre, of Priceville.

A printer struck our office on Monday last.

Raspberries are coming to town in great quantities.

The East Grey prize list is being printed at this office.

Farmers are beginning to cut fall wheat in this vicinity.

Upwards of 6000 people were in Thornbury on the 12th of July.

Miss Lizzie Fawcett is visiting friends in Thornbury and neighborhood.

We don't hear anything about base ball or lacrosse matches around here just now.

What's the matter with our correspondents? All our readers like to read their spicy items.

The plank bridge near the tannery is rapidly sinking, there being only about ten feet wide of surface above water.

Mr. Parks, the Maxwell and Feversham mail carrier, was thrown out of his buggy on Monday last and injured somewhat.

"Mrs. Smith, of Flesherton, and her youngest daughter, are visiting their numerous friends in this vicinity."—*Brampton Times.*

Master George Treadgold has retired from the printing business and is now studying the art of cheese-making in the Flesherton factory.

Mr. A. Grier, of Thornbury, Inspector of Public Schools for East Grey, made an assignment of his estate for the benefit of creditors a short time ago.

The Presbyterian garden party, held on the grounds of Mr. Damude last Friday evening, was largely attended. The presence of our Band helped to enliven the proceedings considerably.

The hot weather can safely be discussed these times without any danger of one being subjected to base insinuations or dark suspicions. 98 degrees in the shade makes one long to be a duck or an Esquimaux.

The heaviest thunder-storm that has visited this neighborhood for the last ten years struck here on Saturday night last. The lightning was unusually vivid and continuous. A heavy wind and rain storm accompanied.

R. J. Sproule, Flesherton, has a lot of first class grain Cradles, which he is selling about half price. They must be sold this harvest for whatever they will bring. Those requiring such, are respectfully invited to call.

A farmer successfully tried a remedy for potatoes as follows He procured a number of boards and placed them here and there among the potatoes, and on the boards were placed raw potatoes sliced. At noon on the day of the experiment he found every piece of the potato covered with bugs. He killed this crop and at night another was killed, though not so large, and in a week not a bug could be seen, and his trouble with bugs after this was comparatively small. Some lazy men suggest that it would be a good plan to dip the piece of potatoe in Paris Green as it would save the work of killing the bugs.

Ink Drops.

—Hot

—Weather

—Is the rage now!

—Who is "Free Thinker?"

—Subscribe for THE ADVANCE

—And be happy forever after!

—Miss Katie Bellamy is home again.

—Mrs. Bulmer is improving her premises.

—There are quite a few summer visitors in Flesherton this season.

—Mrs. George Brownlee, of Flesherton, who is over fourscore years old, is very ill.

—Considerable improvements going on in connection with Squire Armstrong's residence here.

Get a sample of 20 cent Tea at Richardson & Co's, it is Going, Going and will soon be gone.

The Priceville Sons of Temperance hold on their way bravely, and deserve credit for their continued efforts to do good.

Mr. John Stafford, B. A., is home again. He bears his University honors with that modesty which is characteristic of a true gentleman.

Prospects are bright for a fine new Presbyterian church building at no distant date in Priceville. The Ladies' Aid are working diligently for that object.

Mr. James Stafford has just returned from a brief sojourn in Manitoba. He visited Mr. Dale in the neighborhood of Winnipeg, and highly enjoyed the excursion.

I have the largest and best stock of Candies, Confectionery, Cracked Wheat, Rolled, Standard and Corn Oatmeals, Flour, Bran and Shorts that can be obtained, also cheapest Lemons. R. KEEFER.

Mr. J. Cornfield, of Artemesia, was severely gored by a young heifer, belonging to him, one day last week. Dr. Christoe is attending him. The strangest thing in connection with the affair, is that, while Mr. Cornfield was seriously injured internally, there are no outward marks of violence, such as flesh wounds.

Balance of Summer Prints, Muslins, and Dress Goods at prices to clear at Richardson & Co's.

A year ago last winter a man promised to bring us in some wood on a "leetle" account. The winter passed and balmy spring was ushered in, but neither man nor wood put in an appearance. Early last winter we reminded the man of his promise, when he very emphatically intimated that he would bring the said wood to our office before spring, "if" said he after profoundly considering the question from every standpoint, "if I am living!" It is to be presumed that he is dead, as he did not bring in the wood after all. Life seems full of disappointments!

A kicking horse made several daring attempts to break the tongue of a double vehicle on Tuesday last. The event occurred on the hotel "square" here and attracted quite a crowd. After bending the aforesaid tongue in the shape of a half circle in the vain attempt to accomplish its end, the horse adopted fresh tactics; and after many plunges and a variety of wild kicks in the direction of the sky, the tongue actually was broken, when the horse quietly lay down beside it, and placidly viewed the scene, as much as to say—"I knew I could do it!" Both horses were extricated from the confused mass of harness in which they had become entangled, after which the crowd dispersed "to their several homes."

Concerning that anonymous epistle, a reader says: "We can well understand the first word in the signiture as he is evidently "free" in many things, e. g. he is free from Biblical knowledge, or he would never misapply Scripture as he does. He is free from education as evidenced by his orthography. Free from common sense else he would mind his own business. Free from courage or manliness else he would have gone to the Dr. himself and not have perverted the mail into a sewer to convey his anonymous dirt. Free from honor or he would have signed his name like a sensible person." But why he styles himself "thinker" for we cannot tell. Christian Churches have no monopoly of the hypocrites as his case clearly proves—a man styling himself "thinker" and yet lacking the manifest rudiments of thinking power. If he were to leave the h out he might be nearer the truth. But then Bunyan might rise from the dead to protest against his profession being used in that way."

Great

Clearing Sale!

To commence JULY 15th,

J. G. ANDERSON.

There will be decided bargains in every line. Don't miss it. We want to clear out the present stock in, by the 15th Aug., so as to make room for Fall Purchases. There will be a very choice line of

TEAS

at Special Reduced Prices. DRESS GOODS in great variety; BOOTS & SHOES in Great quantities; STACKS OF READY-MADE CLOTHING: everything will be Cut Away Down in Price.

Come Early before the Rush.

J. G. ANDERSON,

MARKDALE.

Masonic.

The following are the Officers installed of Prince Arthur Lodge No. 333, A.F. & A. Masons, Flesherton, for current year.

Bro. Jos. Blackburn, W.M
" W. J. Bellamy, S.W.
" A. S. VanDusen, J.W.
" W. H. Flesher, S.D.
" Dr. Carter, J.D.
Wor. Bro. R. J. Sproule, Sec.-Treas.
" Rev. W. E. D'Argent, Chap.
Bro. Jas. Sullivan, I.G.
" J. J. Field, Tyler.
" Jas. Sullivan, } Stewarts.
" A. Hislop, }

Harvest Tools, Building Hardware, Fence Wire, Felt Sheeting, Nails, Glass, &c., &c., at Richardson & Co's.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding the hard times, I intend to reduce the amount of carrying power by using every legitimate, etc., ON YOU. ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Wait a Bit.

(The Century.)

When Johnny came a-courting
I thought him overbold,
For I was but a young thing
And he not very old.
And though I liked him well enough
I sent him on his way,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny passed me in the lane.
And pleaded for a kiss,
And vowed he'd love me evermore
For granting of the bliss,
Although I'd liked it overwell,
I ran from him away,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny fell a-ranting,
With "Jenny, be my wife?"
And vowed I never should regret,
However long my life;
Although I liked it best o' all,
I turned from him away,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

Oh, Johnny was a ninny;
He took me at my word!
And he was courting another
The next thing that I heard.
Oh, what a ninny was Johnny,
To mind me when I'd say,
"Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny,
I gin him a blink o' my eye,
And then he fell a-raving,
For want o' my love he'd die!
I ne'er could be so cruel,
So I set the wedding day,
With "Haste a bit, nor waste a bit,
There's danger in delay."

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

For when November came with its short days, its yellow fogs, its heavy damp atmosphere, a terrible thing happened in Mr. Huntingdon's office.

A young clerk, the one above Maurice—a weak, dissipated fellow, who had lately given great dissatisfaction by his unpunctuality and carelessness—absconded one day with five thousand pounds belonging to his employer. Mr. Huntingdon had just given authority to the manager to dismiss him when the facts of his disappearance and the missing sum were brought to their ears. The deed was a cool one, and so cleverly executed that more than one believed that an older hand was concerned in it; but in the midst of the consternation and confusion, while the manager stood rubbing his hands nervously together, and Mr. Huntingdon, in his cold, hard voice, was giving instructions to the detective, Maurice Trafford quietly asked to speak to him a moment, and offered to accompany the detective officer.

He knew George Anderson's haunts, he said, and from a chance word accidentally overheard, he thought he had a clue, and might succeed in finding him.

There was something so modest and self-reliant in the young man's manner as he spoke, that, after a searching glance at him, Mr Huntingdon agreed to leave the matter in his hands, only bidding him not to let the young villain escape, as he certainly meant to punish him

Many were the incidents that befell Maurice and his companion in this his first and last detective case; but at last, thanks to his sagacity and the unerring instinct of the officer, they were soon on the right track, and before night had very far advanced were hanging about a low public house in Liverpool, lurking round corners and talking to stray sailors.

And the next morning they boarded the Washington, bound for New York, that was to loose anchor at the turn of the tide; and while Staunton, the detective, was making inquiries of the captain about the steerage passengers, Maurice's sharp eyes had caught sight of a young sailor with a patch over his eye, apparently busy with a coil of ropes, and he walked up to him carelessly; but as he loitered at his side a moment his manner changed.

"Don't look round, George," he whispered; "for heaven's sake keep to the ropes or you are lost. Slip the pocket-book in my hand, and I will try and get the detective out of the boat."

"Would it be penal servitude, Maurice?" muttered the lad, and his face turned a ghastly hue at the thought of the human bloodhound behind him.

"Five or ten years at least," returned Maurice. "Were you mad, George? Give it to me—quick—quick! and I will put him on the wrong scent. That's right," as the shaking hand pushed a heavy brown pocket-book towards him. "Good-by, George; say your prayers to-night, and thank God that you are saved."

"Staunton," he said aloud, as the detective approached him, "we are wrong; he is in the bow of the Brown Bess, and he sails in the Prairie Flower;" and as he uttered the first lie that he had ever told in his guileless young life, Maurice looked full in the detective's face and led him quietly away.

But a couple of hours later—when Staunton was loosing his temper over their want of success, and the Washington was steaming out of the dock—Maurice suddenly produced the pocket-book, and proposed that they should take the next train back for London. "For I am very tired," finished Maurice, with provoking good-humor; "and Mr. Huntingdon will sleep better to-night if we give him back his five thousand pounds."

"You'll let the rogue go!" exclaimed Staunton, and he swore savagely. "You have cheated justice, and connived at his escape."

"Yes," answered Maurice calmly. "Don't put yourself out, my good fellow. I will take all the blame. He sailed in the Washington, and there she goes like a bird. You are out of temper because I was too sharp for you. Evil communications corrupt good manners, Staunton. I have taken a leaf out of your book—don't you think I should make a splendid detective?" continued Maurice, rattling on in pure boyish fun. "I got up the little fiction about the Brown Bess and the Prairie Flower when I saw him dressed like a sailor, with a patch over his eye, hauling in the ropes."

Then, as Staunton uttered another oath:

"Why, did you expect me to bring back my old chum, when I know they would give him five or ten years of penal servitude? Do you think I am flesh and blood and could do it? No! I have kept my promise, and brought back the five thousand pounds, and not a farthing of it would he or you have seen but for me."

Perhaps Staunton was not as hard-hearted as he seemed, for he ceased blustering and shook Maurice's hand very heartily; nay, more, when they told their story, and Mr. Huntingdon frowned angrily on hearing Maurice had connived at the criminal's escape, he spoke up for Maurice. "You did not expect the young gentleman, sir, to put the handcuffs on his old pal; it is against human nature, you see."

"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Huntingdon, coldly; "but I should have thought better of you, Trafford, if you had sacrificed feeling in the matter. Well, it may rest now. I have struck off George Anderson's name as defaulter out of my book and memory, and I will tell Dobson to add his salary to yours. No thanks," he continued in rather a chilling manner, as Maurice's eyes sparkled, and he attempted to speak; "it is a fair recompense for your sagacity. Go on as well as you have begun, and your future will be assured. To-morrow I shall expect you to dine with me at Belgrave House. Dobson is coming, too," and with a slight nod Mr. Huntingdon dismissed him.

That night Maurice laid his head upon his pillow and dreamed happy dreams of a golden future. To-morrow he should see the dark-eyed girl who had spoken so sweetly to him; and as he remembered her words and glances of gratitude, and the touch of her soft white hands, Maurice's heart gave quick throbs that were almost pain.

He should see that lovely face again was his first waking thought; but when the evening was over Maurice Trafford went back to his lodgings a sadder and a wiser man.

He was dazzled and bewildered when he saw her again—the young girl in the white gown was changed into a radiant princess. Nea was dressed for a ball; she came across the great lighted room to greet Maurice in a cloud of gauzy draperies. Diamonds gleamed on her neck and arms; her eyes were shining; she looked so bewilderingly beautiful that Maurice grew embarrassed, all the more that Mr. Huntingdon's cold eyes were upon him.

Maurice never recalled that evening without pain. A great gulf seemed to open between him and his master's daughter; what was there in common between them? Nea talked gaily to him as well as to her other guests, but he could hardly bring himself to answer her.

His reserve disappointed Nea. She had been longing to see him again, but the handsome young clerk seemed to have so little to say to her. He was perfectly gentlemanly and well bred, but he appeared somewhat depressed.

Nea's vanity was piqued at last, and when Lord Bertie joined them in the evening she gave him all her attention. Things had not progressed according to Mr. Huntingdon's wishes. Nea could not be induced to look favorably on Lord Bertie's suit; she pouted and behaved like a spoilt child when her father spoke seriously to her on the subject. The death of one of Lord Bertie's sisters had put a stop to the wooing for the present; but it was understood that he would speak to Nea very shortly, and after a long and angry argument with her father, she was induced to promise that she would listen to him.

Nea was beginning to feel the wright of her father's inflexible will. In spite of her gaiety and merry speeches, she was hardly happy that evening. Lord Bertie's heavy speeches and meaningless jokes oppressed her—how terribly weary she would get of him if he were her husband, she thought. She was tired of him already—of his commonplace handsome face—of his confidential whispers and delicately-implied compliments—and then she looked up and met Maurice's thoughtful grey eyes fixed on her. Nea never knew why she blushed, or a strange restless feeling came over her that moment; but she answered Lord Bertie pettishly. It was almost a relief when the carriage was announced, and she was to leave her guests. Maurice, who was going, stood at the door while Lord Bertie put her in the carriage—a little gloved hand waved to him out of the darkness—and then the evening was over.

Mr. Huntingdon had not seemed like himself that night; he had complained of headache and feverishness, and had confided to Dobson that perhaps after all Dr. Ainslie was right, and he ought to have taken more rest.

Somehow he was not the man he had been before his accident; nevertheless he ridiculed the idea that much was amiss, and talked vaguely of running down to the sea for a few days.

But not even that determined will of his could shake off the illness that was creeping over him, and one night when Nea r turned from a brilliant reunion she found Belgrave House a second time in confusion. Mr. Huntingdon had been taken suddenly ill, and Dr. Ainslie was in attendance.

By and by a nurse arrived—a certain bright-eyed little Sister Teresa—and took charge of the sick man. After the first few days of absolute danger, during which he had been tolerably submissive, Mr. Huntingdon had desired that he should be kept informed of all matters connected with an important law suit of his at present pending; and during the tedious weeks of convalescence Maurice Trafford carried the daily report to Belgrave House. It seemed as though fate was conspiring against him; every day he saw Nea, and every day her presence grew more perilously sweet to him.

She had a thousand innocent pretexts for detaining him, little girlish coquetries which she did not employ in vain. She would ask him about her father, or beg him to tell her about the tiresome law-suit, or show him her birds and flowers, anything, in fact, that her caprice could devise to keep him beside her for a moment: very often they met in her father's room, or Mr. Huntingdon would give orders that Mr. Trafford should stay to luncheon.

Nea, in her blindness, thought she was only amusing herself with an idle fancy, a girl's foolish partiality for a face that seemed almost perfect in her eyes; she little thought that she was playing a dangerous game, that the time was fast approaching when she would find her fancy a sorrowful reality.

Day by day those stolen moments became more perilous in their sweetness; and one morning Nea woke up to the conviction that Maurice Trafford loved her, that he was everything to her, and that she would rather die than live without him.

It was one afternoon, and they were together in the drawing-room. Maurice had come late that day, and a violent storm had set in, and Mr. Huntingdon had sent down word that Mr. Trafford had better wait until it was over. To do Mr. Huntingdon justice, he had no idea his daughter was in the house; she had gone out to luncheon, and he had not heard of her return.

The heavy velvet curtains had been drawn to shut out the dreary scene, and only the firelight lit up the room; Nea, sitting in her favorite low chair, with her feet on the white rug, was looking up at Maurice, who stood leaning against the mantlepiece talking to her.

He was telling her about his father's early death, and of the sweet-faced mother who had not long survived him; of his own struggles and poverty, of his lonely life, his efforts to follow his parents' example. Nea listened to him in silence; but once he paused, and the words seemed to die on his lips. He had never seen her look like that before; she was trembling, her face was pale, and her eyes were wet with tears; and then, how it happened neither of them could tell, but Maurice knew that he loved her—knew that Nea loved him—and was holding her to his heart as though he could never let her go.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AWAKENING.

That thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice,
He stretched his arms out towards that thrilling voice,
As if to draw it on to his embrace.
I take her as God made her, and as men
Must fail to unmake her, for my honor'd wife.
E. B Browning.

Paradise itself could hardly hold an hour of purer and more perfect bliss than when those two young creatures stood holding each other's hands and confessing their mutual love.

To Nea it was happiness, the happiness for which she had secretly longed. To Maurice it was a dazzling dream, a madness, an unreality, from which he must wake up to doubt his own sanity—to tremble and disbelieve.

And that awakening came all too soon.

Through the long hours of the night he lay and pondered, till with the silence and darkness a thousand uneasy thoughts arose that cooled the fever in his veins and made him chill with the foreboding of evil.

What had he done? Was he mad? Had it been all his fault that he had betrayed his love? had he not been sorely tempted? and yet, would not a more honorable man have left her without saying a word?

How could he go to Mr. Huntingdon and acknowledge what he had done? that he, a mere clerk, a poor curate's son, had dared to aspire to his daughter, to become the rival of Lord Bertie Gower—for Nea had confided to him her father's ambition. Would he not think him mad? groaned Maurice, or would he turn with that hard dark look on his face that he knew so well, and give him a curt dismissal?

Maurice remembered George Anderson and trembled, as well he might; and then as the whole hopelessness of the case rushed upon him, he thought that he would tell his darling that he had been mad—dishonorable, but that he would give her up; that he loved her better than himself, and that for her own sweet sake he must give her up.

And so through the long dark hours Maurice lay and fought out his fierce battle of life, and morning found him the victor.

The victor, but not for long; for at the first hint, the first whispered word that he must tell her father, or that he must leave her for ever, Nea clung to him in a perfect passion of tears.

The self-willed, undisciplined child had grown into the wayward undisciplined girl. No one but her father had ever thwarted Nea, and now even his will had ceased to govern her; she could not and would not give up the only man whom she loved; nothing on earth should induce her now to marry Lord Bertie—she would rather die first; if he left her she should break her heart, but he loved her too well to leave her.

Poor Maurice! An honorable man would have nerved himself to bear her loving reproaches; would have turned sadly and firmly from her confused girlish sophistries, and reproved them with a word. He would have told her that he loved her, but that he loved honor more; that he would neither sin himself nor suffer her to tempt him from his sense of right. But Maurice did none of these things; he was young and weak; the temptation was too powerful; he stayed, listened, and was lost. Ah! the angels must have wept that day over Maurice's fall, and Nea's victory.

She told him what he knew already, that Mr. Huntingdon would turn him out of his office; that he would oppress her cruelly; that he would probably take her abroad, or condemn her to solitude, until she had promised to give him up and marry Lord Bertie.

Could he leave her to her father's tender mercies, or abandon her to that other lover? and she wept so passionately as she said this that a stronger man than Maurice must have felt his strength waver.

And so Nea had the victory, and the days flew by on golden wings, and the stolen moments became sweeter and more precious to the young lovers until the end came.

Mr. Huntingdon was better—he could leave his room and walk up and down the corridor leaning on Sister Teresa's arm.

There was less pain and fewer relapses; and when Dr. Ainslie proposed that his patient should spend the rest of the spring in the south of France, Mr. Huntingdon consented without demur.

They were to be away some months, Mr. Huntingdon informed Nea, and extend their tour to Switzerland and the Italian Tyrol. Lord Bertie had promised to join them at Pau in a month or so, and here her father looked at her with a smile. They could get the trousseau in Paris. Nea must make up her mind to accept him before they started; there must be no more delay or shilly-shallying; the thing had already hung fire too long. Lord Bertie had been complaining that he was not fairly treated, and more to the same purpose.

Nea listened in perfect silence, but it was well that her father could not see her face. Presently she rose and said that he was tired and must talk no more, for Mr. Trafford would be here directly; and then she made some pretext for leaving the room.

Maurice found her waiting for him when he came downstairs. As he took her in his arms, and asked her why she looked so pale and strange, she clung to him almost convulsively, and implored him to save her. Maurice was as pale as she long before she had finished; the crisis had come, and he must either lose her or tempt his fate.

Again he tried to reason with her, to be true to himself and her; but Nea would not give him up or let him tell her father. She would marry Maurice at once if he wished it; yes, perhaps that would be the wisest plan. Her father would never give his consent, but when it was too late to prevent it he might be induced to forgive their marriage. It was very wrong, she knew, but it would be the only way to free her from Lord Bertie. Her father would be terribly angry, but his anger would not last; she was his only child, and he had never denied her anything.

Poor Nea! there was something pathetic in her blindness and perfect faith in her father; even Maurice felt his misgiving silenced as he listened to her innocent talk; and again the angels wept over Maurice's deeper fall, and Nea's unholy victory.

They had planned it all; in three weeks time they were to be married. Mr. Huntingdon could not leave before then. On the day before that fixed for the journey, the bond was to be sealed and signed between them, so that no power of man could part them. Mr. Huntingdon might storm ever so loudly, his anger would break against an adamantine fate. "Those whom God has joined together no man can put asunder"—words of sacred terror and responsibility.

The next three weeks were very troubled ones to Maurice; his brief interviews with Nea were followed by hours of bitter misgiving. But Nea was childishly excited and happy; every day her love for Maurice increased and deepened. The shadow of his moral weakness could not hide his many virtues. She gloried in the thought of being his wife. Oh, yes, her father would be good to them, perhaps after all they would go to Pau, but Maurice and not Lord Bertie would be with them.

Nea never hesitated, never repented, though Maurice's face grew thin and haggard with anxiety as the days went by.

They were to be married in one of the old city churches; and afterwards Maurice was to take her to his lodging in Ampton street; and they were to write a letter to Mr. Huntingdon. Maurice must help her write it, Nea said. Of course her father would be angry—fearfully angry—but after a few hours he would calm down, and then he would send the carriage for her; and there would be a scene of penitence and reconciliation. Nea painted it all in glowing colors, but Maurice shook his head with a sad smile, and begged her not to deceive herself. Mr. Huntingdon might not forgive them for a long time, for he remembered George Anderson, and the inexorable will that would have condemned the young criminal to penal servitude.

And so one morning as Mr. Huntingdon was sitting by the open window watching the children play in the May sunshine, and wondering why his daughter had not been to wish him good morning, Nea had stolen out of her father's house, and was hurrying through the sunny square and green deserted park until she found Maurice waiting for her, who silently took her hand, and put her into the carriage.

Nea said afterwards that it was that silent greeting of Maurice's, and his cold touch, that first brought a doubt to her mind; during the long drive he spoke little to her—only held her hand tightly, and when at last they stood together in the dark old church with its gloomy altar and white gleaming monuments, the poor child gave a shiver that was almost fear, and suddenly burst into tears. It had come upon her all at once what she was doing, and why she was there; but already it was too late, for while she was clinging to Maurice with low frightened sobs, the curate had hurried from the vestry and had entered within the rails, and the pew opener was beckoning them to take their places.

Too late! too late! Ten minutes more and the knot was tied that no hand could loosen, and Nea Huntingdon had become Nea Trafford.

* * * * * *

But when they had left the gloomy old church in the distance, and were driving through the crowded streets with their babel of voices, Nea's courage and spirits revived; and presently she was tripping about Maurice's shabby rooms, rearranging the bowls of jonquils and lilac, with which the landlady had made some show of festivity, unlooping the stiff folds of the muslin curtains, and peeping into the corner cupboards with the gleeful curiosity of a child, until, at her young husband's gentle remonstrance, her seriousness returned, and she sat down to write the formidable letter.

And how formidable it was Nea never imagined, until she had tried and failed, and then tried again till she sighed for very weariness; and then Maurice came to her aid with a few forcible sentences; and so it got itself written—the saddest, most penitent little letter that a daughter's hand could frame.

But when she had laid down the burthen of her secret, and the special messenger had been despatched to Belgrave House, Nea put off thought for a while, and she sat by the window and chatted to Maurice about the gay doings they would have at Pau, and Maurice listened to her; but always there was that sad incredulous smile on his face.

And so the day wore on, but when they had finished their simple dinner and the afternoon had waned into evening, Nea grew strangely quiet and Maurice's face grew graver and graver as they sat with clasped hands in the twilight, with a barrier of silence growing up between them.

And when the dusk became darkness, and the lamp was brought in, Nea looked at Maurice with wide anxious eyes and asked what it meant.

Were they not going to send the carriage for them after all? she wondered; must she go home on foot and brave her father's anger? he must be so very, very angry, she thought, to keep them so long in suspense.

"Hush!" exclaimed Maurice, and then they heard the rumbling of wheels that stopped suddenly before the door, and the loud pealing of a bell through the house.

"The carriage! the carriage!" cried Nea, and the flush rose to her face as she started to her feet, but Maurice did not answer; he was grasping the table to support himself, and felt as though another moment's suspense would be intolerable.

"A letter for Mrs. Trafford," observed the landlady in solemn awe-struck tones, "and a man in livery and the cabman are bringing in some boxes."

"What boxes?" exclaimed Nea, but as she tore open the letter and glanced over the contents a low cry escaped her.

"Maurice! Maurice!" cried the poor child, and Maurice taking it from her, read it once, twice, thrice, growing whiter and whiter with each perusal, and then sank on a chair, hiding his face in his hands, with a groan. "Oh! my darling," he gasped, "I have ruined you; my darling, for whom I would willingly have died, I have ruined you and brought you to beggary."

They had sinned, and beyond doubt their sin was a heavy one; but what father, if he had any humanity, could have looked at those two desolate creatures, so young, and loving each other so tenderly, and would not have had pity on them?

(To be continued.)

Food That Gives Muscle.

The lumbermen in the Maine forests work intensely in the cold snows of winter, and in the icy water in the spring. To endure the severe labor and cold, they must have food to yield a great deal of heat and strength. Beans and fat pork are staple articles of diet with them, and are used in very large quantities. The beans supply protein to make up for the wear and tear of muscle, and they, and more especially the pork, are very rich in energy to be used for warmth and work.

I cannot vouch for the following, which has just struck my eye in a daily paper, but, if it is true, the workmen were sound in their physiology:

"A lot of woodchoppers who worked for Mr. S—— in H—— stopped work the other day, and sent a spokesman to their employer, who said that the men were satisfied with their wages and most other things, but didn't like 'your fresh meat; that's too fancy, and hain't got strength into it.' Mr. S—— gave them salt pork three times a day, and peace at once resumed its sway."

The use of oily and fatty foods in arctic regions is explained by the great potential energy of fat, a pound of which is equal to over two pounds of protein or starch. I have been greatly surprised to see, on looking into the matter, how commonly and largely the fatter kinds of meat are used by men engaged in very hard labor. Men in training for athletic contests, as oarsmen and football teams, eat large quantities of meat. I have often queried why so much fat beef is used, and especially why mutton is often recommended in preference to beef for training diet. Both the beef and the mutton are rich in protein, which makes muscle. Mutton has the advantage of containing more fat along with the protein, and hence more potential energy. Perhaps this is another case in which experience has led to practice, the real grounds for which have later been explained by scientific research.—*Prof. Atwater in the Century.*

Bridesmaids in Germany.

In Germany the duties of the bridesmaids have just a tinge of superstition about them. It is one of their duties on the morning of the marriage day to carry to the bride a myrtle wreath, for which they had subscribed on the previous evening. This they place on her head, and at night remove it, when it is placed in the bride's hand, she being at the time blindfolded. The bridesmaids then dance around her, while she endeavors to place the wreath on one of their heads. Whoever is fortunate enough to be thus decorated will, it is believed, be herself a wife before another year has passed away.

In removing the bridal wreath and veil, the bridesmaids are careful to throw away every pin, or the bride will be overtaken by misfortunes; while any unwary bridesmaid who retains one of these useful little articles will materially lessen her chances of "getting off."

Like many other German superstitions, this has found its way into England, though it has not yet become a general belief.

Chinese Money-Raising Methods.

The *Christian Union* reports that the heathen in China have a practice that, if introduced into this country, would soon abolish church fairs, raffles, pound parties and the other questionable means of raising money to run the church. Dr. Corbett, a returned missionary, says: "The heathen never go to their temples to worship without carrying an offering of some kind as a proof of their sincerity. When they become Christians this conviction is not rooted out, but rather it is heightened in proportion as Christianity is regarded as superior to heathenism. I have seen them give to such an extent that I have felt it a duty to remonstrate and remind them that they owed duties to their homes which must not be forgotten."

Were it not for the danger attending the knowledge of our church methods it would be wise to have a few Chinese sent to this country as missionaries in this particular department of church work. The Chinese are so imitative that, on the whole, it is best for our people to confine the knowledge of their methods of raising money to our own shores.—*Christian Advocate.*

The First Speech of the Young Man.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—The poet has beautifully said, in those words so familiar to you all, but which, unfortunately, have escaped me at this moment, he has said—in the words of the poet—the poet—has said—now, gentlemen, I did not expect to be called upon to speak at this banquet to-night, hence—though I could probably speak better hence than I can here—hence I feel—I mean I find myself—that is to say, you find me—and—and—realizing as I do—happiest moment in my life. Now, I didn't come here to make a speech—"

"We see you didn't," interrupted the Chairman, and the young man sat down amid thunders of applause.—*Texas Siftings.*

Work on the short line railway from Montreal to the sea is progressing satisfactorily. All the contracts in the State of Maine have been awarded, and the sections under contract are expected to be completed in November.

A Skye terrier belonging to a London gentleman, says the *Field*, is caring for eight little chickens. They occupy a basket and the chickens nestle in the dog's long hair and seem comfortable. They follow the dog about and the brute strives to give them all the personal care possible.

TAMPERING WITH DEATH.

The Pernicious Practice of Poison Eating and What it Must Lead To.

It is not generally known to what an alarming extent poison eating is practised in this country as well as in Europe, according to the Boston *Herald*. In some of the districts of lower Austria, and in Styria, especially in the mountainous parts, there prevails the habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry are particularly given to it. They obtain it under the name of hedri, from travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their part, procure it from the glassblowers or from the low doctors or mountebanks. The arsenic eater has a two-fold aim in the dangerous enjoyment, one of which is the desire to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance and acquire a certain degree of embonpoint, and on this account lads and lassies in the European countries employ the agent that they may become more attractive to each other, and their endeavors are attended with astonishing results, for the poison eaters are, generally speaking, distinguished by a fresh complexion, and have the appearance of exuberant health. Not long since a farm servant, who was thin and pale, but well and healthy, wished to make herself more attractive to her lover, and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior, swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained. In a few months she was quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect she increased the dose of arsenic and fell a victim to her vanity. She was poisoned and died a distressing death. The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Whether it arises from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic eater always conceals, as much as possible, the use of it. The European peasants say they eat it to make themselves "better winded"—that is, to make the respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go, and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it to gradually dissolve in the mouth. They say the effect is surprising, and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest. The dose with which the poison eaters begin consists of rather less than half a grain, and then the quantity is increased according to the effect produced. I recently learned of a man of 70 years who at present takes at every dose a piece about the weight of four grains. For forty years he has practised the habit, which he inherited from his father, and he, in all probability, will bequeath the same to his children. It is stated that neither in these nor in other poison eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible, and that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even though that dose should be considerable, but when from inability to obtain the acid or other cause the perilous indulgence is stopped, there appear symptoms of illness which have the closest resemblence to those produced by arsenic poisoning. Those symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, lack of appetite, a constant feeling that the stomach is overloaded in the morning, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, pains in the stomach and particularly great difficulty in breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the use of arsenic. Poison eating among the inhabitants of lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocoa leaves among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity. In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. An authenticated case is mentioned by Dr. Von Tschudi of a great opium-eater at Brussa who daily consumed the enormous quantity of 40 grains of corrosive sublimate, and the practice in Bolivia, where the poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians, is still greater.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of everyday occurrence among horse dealers and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen and then fasten it to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic feeding. It is a common practice with farm servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result, but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance. Poisons that are swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effectto their action upon the nervous system, and the practice must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose until the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well, but the point is at length reached when to turn back or to proceed are alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or withdrawn entirely, then the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one-sixteenth part of a grain, and in the case of agues it is so certain in its effects that the French directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint at two or three days' notice from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It seems that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents.

—It is better to rise with the lark than with the bent pin.

WHERE NO WOMAN ENTERS.

Why Queen Victoria Had to Obtain a Brief from the Pope.

Queen Victoria had to obtain a special brief from the Pope before she could apply for entrance to the Grande Chartreuse Monastery. The only women not provided with a brief from His Holiness permitted to cross the threshold of the monastery are Princesses of the reigning house of France; but so strict are the fathers, even in this exception, that when the Count of Paris, the present legitimate heir and pretender to the Bourbon crown of France, went up there some time ago with the Countess of Paris, the latter was refused admission. The Abbot was profuse in his expressions of regret, adding, with the true instinct of the courtier, that he hoped the day was not far distant when she would be able to claim admittance as a right. It is needless to add that the Pope very seldom accords a brief to a woman, and then it is only to a crowned or royal personage. However, once inside, the monks are courteous enough, and Queen Victoria was shown all over the monastery and treated to a collation. None of the women of her suite were allowed to enter.

A French actress during the Empire once, for a wager, succeeded in gaining admittance to the monastery. She disguised herself as a man and, together with two male companions, not only went all over the monastery but spent the night there. On passing through the great gate in the morning the actress tore off her wig and mustache and disappeared from the horrified view of the monks with shrieks of laughter. The Abbot ordered the whole establishment to be purified—that is, fumigated. The chair the actress sat upon, the couch she used and everything she could possibly have touched were burned to ashes, and for months every place where her footsteps could have fallen was drenched with holy water. Remorse eventually came to the actress, for after her impious escapade she suffered from bad luck almost as severely as the Jackdaw of Rheims. It cost her several thousand francs and many weary penances before she obtained absolution from the Archbishop of Paris, and in a special epistle from the Abbot, whose feelings she had so outraged. The Church having forgiven her, however, her stage good fortune returned; so there is some moral to the episode.

Another Great Trick by Hermann.

A correspondent of the London *Standard* writes: The prettiest trick I ever saw was done by Hermann while at lunch with a brother conjurer in the hotel at Monte Video. Five people were seated at the table (not his own, be it observed), and there was apparently an entire absence of any possible preparation. Taking a pear from the dish, he told us to mark it. One left four punctures from his fork in it. Another dropped a spot of ink on the rind; I pushed an American three-cent piece into the soft substance of the fruit until it was buried; next a large slice was cut out and eaten. Hermann then took it and tossed it towards the lofty ceiling. "Catch it yourselves," he cried, as the pear was whirling in mid-air. It fell into my outstretched hand, prong-marked, ink-spotted, and with the three-cent bit still bedded in its tissue—but whole

This is Fame.

Last week, at about the same hour and on the same day, an editor and a horse died. In the papers of his own State the editor was dismissed with nine or ten lines. A minimum space of a half column was devoted to the horse. The editors told his age, the names of his mother, grandfather and grandmother; told what they did; what the horse himself did; told what he was worth; how he came to be worth so much, and one man spoke of him as "the deceased;" and all the writers agreed that in the death of this horse the country had suffered a great loss. That is fame, my boy. If you are at all ambitious you will some day be mighty sorry that you weren't born a "hoss" instead of an editor. Still, if you go with the right kind of people, you may yet grow to be an "ass." That won't help much, though.—*Burdette, in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

Too Much Enthusiasm.

"Teaching, to me," said an enthusiastic young schoolma'am, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of—"

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might ask you—in fact, I called to-night to—but I hardly dare go on, in the light of what you—"

"You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady softly. "I'm a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps."

A Good Joke on the Mayor.

On Thursday last the mayor procured a supply of Crawford's best champagne and treated the aldermen in his office. Some ten bottles, which were untouched, were locked in the cupboard, so that they could be returned at the earliest convenience. Last evening some persons burglarized the cupboard, and drank all the champagne and placed the empty bottles back in the basket, consequently the Mayor will be out $25 at the least.—*Kingston Whig.*

No Change in Him.

A very good story is being told. An Irish member coming out of the British House of Commons in a hurry ran into the arms of a most malignant Tory. "You're a confounded fool," said the Irish member. "You're drunk," said the malignant Tory. "I know I'm drunk," said the Irish member (and, indeed he was), and to-morrow I'll be sober; but to morrow you'll be a confounded fool still."

"One cause of baldness," says a physician, "is great intellectuality." Possibly baldness is for the purpose of allowing the intellectuality to shine.

The honorary degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon Rev. George H. Cornish, pastor of the Methodist Church, Drayton, Ont., by Rutherford College, North Carolina.

—Memphis *Avalanche:* Watermelons are dear, but doctors are dearer.

CHINOOKS AHEAD.

An Astro-Meteorologist Sees a Mighty Heat on Its Way From the Stars.

Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, writes calling attention to the following extracts from his "Summer Forecast," published in the May number of his journal, *Astronomy and Meteorology*, issued last April: "The summer will soon be upon us, and all are concerned in asking: What are the probabilities? In two words, heat and drought. * * * May will be fine, more like June than May, and although June will have its sudden cool storms and changes, July will give us some persistent dry weather, which, under burning skies and with parching 'chinooks,' will wither the tender crops, burn the grass, bake the soil, dry up many of thore 'perennial springs,' in which some of my friends place so much confidence, and turn the tinder-like forests into an easy prey to the fires which will make them but smoke and ashes. * * * The heat at times will be extreme. There will be not only hot waves, but seas, oceans of heat, until humanity will suffer severely. Days in July and August in the west and south promise temperatures over 100° in the shade. Very heavy storms, cloud bursts and tornadoes will break at intervals, when precipitation will be abnormal. Cool terms will follow, but in their wake will come the dry, hot winds and sultry periods again, parching everything before them. * * * Those who have heard their parents talk of the drought of 1819, who themselves remember those of 1854, 1868, 1876 and 1881 will, before next October, have added 1887 to their catalogue of dry, hot summers. * * * The ice-dealer who has a full supply; the dry goods man with a heavy line of summer goods; the seaside and summer resort people; in fact, all who want to see an abnormal summer for heat are likely to have their hearts made glad." So far Mr. Smith scores.

Will Russia and England Fight?

Russia seems determined to force the issue with England regarding the Afghanistan boundary line, and appears to be in a position to have it all her own way in that corner of the world when the war begins. Indirect information, by way of India, is to the effect that the Russian railway lines have been rapidly as well as stealthily extended, and now reach a point within 125 miles of the border of Afghanistan, and it was rumored that fifty miles of the intervening space were or would soon be covered. The Russian soldiers are in advance of the construction party, and are reported to have been encamped on the banks of the classic Oxus, only separated by the waters of that stream from the troops of the Ameer. That dignitary seems doomed to defeat. His one chance of success lies in victory in the inevitable battle with the rebel Ghilzais, and his chances of winning are materially reduced by the fact that his foes have secured possession of the passes to the otherwise inaccessible mountain retreats where the Ameer's ally, Shere Jan, the leader of the faithful Terakhi clan, is encamped.

Meanwhile there is a general armistice. The Indians and Afghans are alike devout Mohammedans, and during the holy month of Ramadan, which this year will expire on the 23rd of June, the good Mussulman abstains, from the rising to the setting of the sun, from food and drink, from all nourishment that can restore his strength and from all pleasure that can gratify his senses. Next week, however, or during the week following the decisive struggle must come.

Should the Ameer's forces be routed and he himself forced to abdicate or be slain, England may feel justified in taking possession of the country of her fallen ally. This will enable her to secure the advantage of position in case of war with Russia. Otherwise the Russian forces would have great advantage at the outset, for with their superior means for transporting troops they could occupy all the strongholds of what they propose to make their frontier before the British army could have penetrated the intervening mountains.

England, however, with the aid of Austria and Germany, may be able to coerce Russia into keeping the peace. Unscrupulously ambitious of and constantly intriguing for power in the Balkan provinces, Russia cannot but be the object of Austria's most jealous care, and Germany may see in such a triple alliance so many advantages in case of a conflict between that government and France that she may be induced to join it. The Austrian and German ambassadors were closeted with Lord Salisbury on Tuesday afternoon, for exactly what purpose is not known, but it is generally supposed that some such plan of bringing Russia to terms as we have indicated was the subject of discussion.

A Dog to be Proud of.

The fidelity of a dog to his master was well illustrated last evening at Seventeenth street and Portland avenue. Christopher Hart, well known in police circles, became intoxicated, and his small yellow cur Dandy took in the necessities of the case at once. Dandy left his master's side and hunted down a policeman. The dog finally found Officer George Cornell and led the way to Hart, who was lying in the gutter. Hart was arrested and taken to Seventeenth street police station. Dandy would not rest content until admitted to Hart's cell. The dog slept on the rough bench beside his master, and became furious with rage when any one approached or attempted to interfere with Hart's peace.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

One Thing More Laid to the Sparrows.

The burning of the Paterson iron works is attributed to the English sparrow. The sparrows have been noticed carrying straw and other inflammable stuff and building their nests among the girders, and it is believed that the sparks lodging in these nests caused the fire.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—The thermometer will soon celebrate its centennial.

Pine leaves are coming to furnish a fibre which is used as a substitute for jute, flax, etc., in carpet manufacture, and the production of it is becoming a considerable industry.

Rev. Abbe Joseph Auguste Singer, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, died last night.

THE ART OF KEEPING COOL.

Bits of Advice Prompted by Old-fashioned Common Sense.

(Boston Post.)

The art of keeping cool these days is only second in wide human interest to the art of money-making. Yet the chief factor in both is a little old-fashioned common sense within the comprehension of everybody. The body is, after all, only a tool of the will. If with the first approach of warm weather we surrender to the heat, without any effort to overcome the changed climatic conditions, we are largely to blame for our sufferings. A little philosophy and experimenting will show the dullest that he suffers most who dwells most—in thought and speech—upon the weather. The first principle of keeping cool is to keep the mind fixed on anything and everything but the height of the mercury. The greatest trouble is the eating and drinking. Here people are the slaves of appetite or ignorance. They blindly continue to take into the system the most heat-producing foods, supplemented by frequent potations of iced drinks in myriad forms. No wonder they are hot! The food is enough to keep their blood at a boiling point, and this is aggravated by the ice water and other arctic drinks, which retard digestion and hinder the system from throwing off the waste. The inside of the body is ministered to at the expense of the outside. Instead of pouring gallons of drink down the throat, the faucet should be turned on the wrists and the mouth frequently rinsed as the jockey "sponges" his horse.

Bathing should become a religion instead of a lost art. There should be a saving at the bar to spend at the laundry. Finally, there should be some work to do. No mistake is more common than to suppose that work is incompatible with keeping cool. On the contrary, the man who makes a business of keeping cool suffers vastly more than he whose mind and body are moderately occupied. If great labor is necessary, it should be judiciously arranged. As much as possible should be done in the morning and evening hours to avoid the exhaustion of the midday heat. If the art of keeping cool, like that of money-making, thus appears to depend upon trifles, it must be remembered that "trifles make up perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Cured by a Miracle.

Thomas Bedow, an Allegheny City blacksmith, lost the use of his legs two years ago, and his physician told him that he was afflicted with an incurable case of paralysis. He tried every known kind of treatment in vain and then resigned himself to his fate. Last week Mr. Bedow read an account of a remarkable cure wrought by faith, and when he went to bed that night he prayed long and earnestly that he might recover. The moment he awoke in the morning he felt that he was cured. He sprang from bed, danced about the floor, jumped into his clothing and ran downstairs, shouting all the time like a madman. Before ending his antics he ran about the yard several times to test his new-found strength. Mr. Bedow says he hasn't been so well for twenty years as he is now.

Up to the last week Mrs. B. F. Howe, of Huntington, Ind., had for more than three years been a bedridden invalid. She suffered from nervous prostration, was partially paralyzed and was even too sick to feed herself. Her physicians told her that death was rapidly approaching. On the afternoon of Saturday, June 18th, a few friends came over from the prayer meeting at the church and prayed for her recovery. After they had gone Mrs. Howe felt better, and in the evening she got out of bed of her own accord and walked around the room unassisted. In the morning she felt like a new woman, and went to church to give thanks for her remarkable recovery. She grew stronger and heartier every day, and seems to be entirely well.

Mrs. Walter Meade, the wife of an Adrian (Mich.) drayman, had been confined to her bed for several years with chronic diseases. A short time ago an internal abscess began to sap her remaining strength, and her case was abandoned as hopeless. At last the physician told her that at the utmost she could live only two day. Mrs. Meade prayed earnestly that night to be restored to health, and awoke refreshed. New life seemed to course through her veins, and she grew stronger every hour. The abscess dried up and disappeared, the other ailments departed and Mrs. Meade is now well. Besides that, her husband, a long scoffer at religion, is now a devout church-goer.

Medical circles in Erie are much amazed at the miraculous recovery from paralysis of Isaac Bally, a Lancaster soldier, who has been a patient at the Erie Soldiers' Home for a long time past. He had suffered almost entire paralysis from a gunshot wound, and during his stay at the Hom had been as helpless as a child. A few mornings ago he astonished his attendants by dressing himself unaided and walking about the premises as if nothing ailed him. He now seems to be entirely well. Mr. Bally is not a praying man.

Mrs. Ruby Mantel, of Keeler, Mich., had been lying ill in bed for eighteen months until the other day, when she suddenly rose and dressed herself without assistance. She now feels perfectly well, whereas previously she had not been able to drage herself around the house. Mrs. Mantel says that she prayed for recovery from the time she was taken ill, and that her prayers just before her restoration to health were no more earnest than they had been.

A Chicago woman who has had some success in the Christian science faith cure made an astonishing cure last week in the case of M. F. Potter, an Iowa man, who injured his spine ten months ago, and came to look on his condition as hopeless. Nine doctors treated him for six months and then gave him up to die. The Chicago woman cured him in two weeks without administering a drop of medicine, and he is now so well that he can walk a mile at a brisk gait without the slightest inconvenience.

Dr. Holmes says that when he was in England he insisted upon measuring some large elms to compare them with Boston elms. About sixteen feet around the trunk is the measurement of a Boston common elm, and from 20 to 23 feet is the ordinary maximum of the largest trees. He found an elm in the grounds of Magdalen College which measured 25 feet and 6 inches.

UPSET ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Terrible Experience of a Dunkirk Yachting Party Returning from Port Colborne.

The Dunkirk (N.Y.) correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* writes: "Experiences as horrible as were ever related in fiction befell the crew of the Mary B. Bucher, a small sloop yacht of this place, which made a voyage to Canada and was wrecked on Monday night on its return. She had on board Fred. Bucher, her owner, and two friends, Stanley Gibson, a married man, a pattern maker in the Brooks shop, and Homer B. Adams, of Rushford, the shipping clerk at Barber, Scully & Co.'s planing mill here.

"The Mary B., with a sloop belonging to Frederic Fromm, which carried six people, sailed hence on Saturday night, reaching Port Colborne before the day. They started to return on Monday afternoon. In the calm and succeeding squalls they became separated, Bucher sailing further westward than Fromm. At 11 o'clock at night Bucher was within sight of the Dunkirk light and the harbor-beacon above them. Fromm was out of sight. They struck the third heavy squall, and at a quarter past 11 were lying in a great calm, which was probably the centre of the storm. Her jib was down and her mainsail doubly reefed. Suddenly a heavy squall struck her sail flat from the direction of the shore, in the pitchy darkness, and she was capsized. She thus floated, with a little of one side out of water, until 6 o'clock the next day, or nineteen hours.

"It was blackness itself, a howling wind was raging and a tremendous sea was up. The waves would strike them from their hold on the boat and they would get back with the greatest difficulty, even with the help of life lines which Bucher rigged. The labor of holding on, the knocks of the waves and the chill exhausted them and they grew weaker. Bucher, the strongest of the three and the only one accustomed to the water, was the only survivor.

"Adams was the first victim. Toward dawn he began to act strangely and became restless. He talked disconnectedly and soon showed that he had gone crazy. Just before daybreak he threw himself away from the boat and resisted three efforts to bring him back. A life-preserver about his neck kept his head up, but he got into the breaking waves, and rolled and revolved about and was continually beaten under, and so was slowly drowned at a distance of a few feet from the boat, in the sight of his companions. The corpse, buoyed up by the float, kept along close by the boat, which drifted on. Gibson complained of it, and finally fainted soon after sunrise. Bucher held him up, and the three, one dead, one insensible and one conscious, floated on. Bucher was picked up at 6 o'clock in the evening off his water-logged and sinking craft, only a few miles off Port Colborne, whither she had come again. The Robbie, Mr. McCaig, owner, of Silver Creek, picked them up, the corpse first, then Bucher and his insensible comrade. The Robbie set sail for Silver Creek and reached there at 5.30 o'clock this morning. Gibson recovered consciousness at 4, sank back again and died at 9 o'clock. Coroner Blood brought both bodies up from Silver Creek. Bucher is very ill from his long exposure, but will recover."

Best Little Girl in London.

Speaking of the small girl chosen to receive a memorial jubilee cup from the Queen, the London *News* says, whimsically: "The double-first is Miss Frances Dunn, aged 12, of St. Mary's, Westminster, national schools, whose supreme distinction is that, since the year 1880, she has never missed a single attendance. Others, perhaps, have sometimes been late, or have now and then been kept at home to mind the baby. On such an occasion as this it would be unkind to suggest that they have, perhaps, occasionally played truant. Frances has done none of these things, but with unfailing regularity has presented herself day by day, for seven years, at St. Mary's, Westminster, to receive nourishment at the fount of learning in a continuous flow. The after life of Frances will be interesting, and her career ought to be watched. Will it be a life of isolation? Can any child, after that memorial mug, invite her to join in a game of hop-scotch or skipping rope? She will be too 'high-strung,' and will probably suspect herself of depravity of taste in the rare moments in which she ventures to turn from Pinnock's catechism to the history of the giant-killer."

The Persian Idea of Christians.

After the usual programme of questions, they suggest:

"Being an Englishman, you are, of course, a Christian," by which they mean that I am not a Mussulman.

"Certainly," I reply; whereupon they lug me into one of their wine-shops and tender me a glass of raki (a corruption of "arrack," raw, fiery spirits of the kind known among the English soldiers in India by the suggestive pseudonym of "fixed bayonets"). Smelling the raki, I make a wry face and shove it away; they look surprised and order the waiter to bring cognac; to save the waiter trouble I make another wry face, indicative of disapproval, and suggest that he bring vishner-su.

"Vishner-su!" two or three of them sing out in a chorus of blank amazement. "Ingilis? Christi-an? vishner-su!" they exclaim, as though such a preposterous and unaccountable thing as a Christian partaking of a non-intoxicating beverage like vishner-su is altogether beyond their comprehension.—*Around the World on a Bicycle.*

It Wasn't.

He sat on the curb stone in front of the City Hall, in the full glare of the noonday sun, with the thermometer seeming to mark 400 degrees. A pedestrian who carried an umbrella in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, thought to joke him a little, and called out:

"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Good lands! why not?"

"Because I've got the Canady ager, and this is just the time for my chill. Say, is there any hotter place than this in Detroit?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman, as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

"In all our exchanges, reports are to the effect that Independence day was celebrated in grand style. Never before in the history of Kansas have celebrations been so largely attended, and not a serious accident reported that occurred during the day. What is the reason? We think the reason obvious: Prohibition prohibits. In the gathering at Cedarville, the number of persons in attendance was variously estimated to be from three to five thousand, yet not a drunk man was seen during the entire day and not an accident, nor a harsh word spoken to mar the pleasure of anyone.

There is no doubt, however, but what there are some who will smuggle the stuff into Kansas towns, and that there are some old topers who will use every effort to obtain liquor. Yet the liquor traffic has become so unpopular and the law governing it so stringent that those who will and must have it, keep it so quiet that it is seldom seen; therefore we say, prohibition prohibits.

The above is clipped from the Cedarville (Kansas, U. S.) *Globe*, of which Mr. Barron—son-in-law of Mr. J. Cornfield, of Artemesia—is the senior editor and proprietor. Now, the *Globe* is not a Temperance organ, and cannot, therefore, be said to have its judgement warped in any particular direction. It simply speaks of the effect of prohibttion in Kansas as an undeniable fact. It is no second-hand opinion, either, but the result of careful observation by a resident of Kansas. This gentleman, an eye-witness, as it were, of the result of prohibition in that State, gives it as his unhesitating and unasked for opinion, that prohibition really and truly does pro-Libit—in Kansas at anyrate.

What are we to gather from this? Simply this fact, viz., that the liquor question can be successfully dealt with by act of parliament, when the proper machinery for its enforcement is put in operation and when the mass of the people give it their moral support. Without the latter it would be a hopeless task; and without the second, the first would be almost unnecessary.

We cannot refrain from adding another thought or two. We are of the opinion that prohibition only prohibits under certain circumstances. A local option law is passed, for instance, in some county by a narrow majority. As there are hundreds of people who do not vote at all, it is just possible the sentiment of that county is not fairly represented wher the result of the counting of the ballots is known. As an outcome, every obstacle is placed in the way to prevent the enforcement of the new law. The majority are against it and violations of the law in this respect are of frequent occurrence. Illicit stills spring up in every direction, and low grog-houses abound everywhere. Perjury becomes common; neighbor is set against neighbor, friend against friend, brother against brother, and, perhaps, father against son. The reason for all this is not hard to find. The prohibitionists were too precipitate and got ahead of enlightened public opinion. They rushed at things—earnestly, perhaps, but thoughtlessly. Result: *failure.*

The unenlightened savage resents any attempts to make him amenable to the laws of civilized countries; educate him properly and he soon becomes a law-abiding creature. The "enlightened" citizen also resents attempts to make him comply with the demands of what to him are obnoxious laws: he requires enlightenment quite as much as the uncivilized barbarian—in this one respect at least. It will require time—yes, and patience; but let it be remembered that great and good laws are not secured at a bound: neither are they obtained by the liberal expenditure of disgusting froth and gush sentiment.

Unless carried by a very large majority, the proper enforcement of local option laws, regulating the traffic, is an impossibility. There should be at the least a three-fourth vote of the State or County in its favor to ensure that success all earnest Temperance people desire. Otherwise it is better—far better—to wait until Temperance principles so strongly predominate as to render failure impossible. Besides, many of those who now vote for such laws are among the first to break them. They drink themselves but don't want their children to follow in their footsteps. Hence their peculiar inconsistency. But that very inconsistency is a source of weakness to the Temperance element which must be met. In fact "Temperance education" has much to accomplish before we can have prohibition.

The Way to Say It.

"Which am de properest way to suppress ones self! Does yer say, "We eated at the table' or 'we has dun ate at de table?'" asked one Texas darkey of another, they being engaged in a grammatical discussion. As they could not agree the question was referred to Uncle Mose for his decision, which was:

"In de case ob you two niggahs none ob yos am right."

"What am de proper way to say: 'We eated at de table,' Uncle Mose?"

"De properest way for sich cattle as you two am: "We fed at de troft.'"

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Erysipelas,

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. E. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

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For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

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I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 900 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

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MEAFORD.

IN the matter of WILLIAM HOGG, of the Village of Flesherton Station, in the County of Grey, General Storekeeper

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to the undersigned, in pursuance of an Act respecting Assignments for the benefit of Creditors, 42 Vic., Chap. 26, and the Creditors are notified to meet at No. 26 Wellington Street East, Toronto, on Monday 18th July, 1887, at 4 o'clock, p.m., to receive statements of his affairs, appoint Inspectors, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

And Notice is hereby given, that after 15th August, next, the said Trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Debtor among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which Notice shall have been given, and that he will not be liable for the assets, or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt or claim he shall not then have had notice.

E. R. C. CLARKSON,
Trustee.

26 Wellington St. East, Toronto.
4th July, 1887. 316-317

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ROAD NOTICE.

Township of Artemesia.

Notice is hereby given that the Municipality of Artemesia will after one month from the first publication hereof in the FLESHERTON ADVANCE news paper, the date of which first publication will be on the 7th day of July, 1887, proceed to pass a By Law establishing the undermentioned Deviation of Road in this Township, viz., from a point numbered 41 on a deviation under By-Law 303, made by T. Gilliland, Esq., between Lots 21 and 21 in the 12th Concession, on a line bearing to centre of Road, known as Champ's road, instead of on bearing 42 as mentioned on plan by said Gilliland, which part of said By Law 303 will be repealed, and also to satisfy the original intention to carry any other part of said road in the Divisional line of Lots as far as practical.

Council will meet on second Monday of Aug., instead of 1st, to pass it.

W. J. BELLAMY, Township Clerk

One High-Bred Durham Bull,

"KING BILLY,"

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Barley	0 30	0 45
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 47	0 48
Butter	0 11½	0 12½
Eggs, fresh	0 13	0 13
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	20	22
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

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COMMERCIAL UNION IN NORTH AMERICA.

From the Insurance & Finance Chronicle.

We have before us a phamphlet,—or rather some letters and speeches in pamphlet form—with the above title published by Mr. Erastus Wiman in New York; and we take a certain amount of pride in saying that we have read that pamphlet through, because if patience be a virtue, we certainly lay claim to having been virtuous so far as performing that act of perusal goes; a very large amount of patience being required to enable us to read some thirty to thirty-five pages of the most illogical arguments used to prove the most impossible proposition ever laid before the public. Our readers are well aware of our views upon the question of Commercial Union between Canada and the United States, and those views have been strengthened instead of altered by the utterances of Mr. Wiman and his friends. Had those utterances been given in favor either of the principle of Free Trade, or of the advisibility of Canada becoming annexed to the United States, they might have been worth some consideration; but as illustrating the advantages to be gained by Canada from a commercial union with the States, the two remaining separate nations, there appears to us to be an irreconcilable dream or romance only calculated to cause a smile in the mind of any thoughtful statesman.

That Canada is still a part of the British Empire seems to be completely ignored in Mr. Wiman's "plan of campaign," if we may use the expression, or only briefly alluded to as though the fact was of no consequence whatever regarding the question in point, whereas to our mind it is the very keystone upon which all negociations relating to commercial intercourse with foreign countries must rest. It is perfectly true that the Mother country has given us the right to arrange our own tariffs always with the proviso that we do not discriminate against Great Britain; but the very moment we do that, we make a declaration of Independance, and if persisted in, cease to remain a colony or to have any part in the Empire. And the Hon. Mr. Longley's remarks in his letter of the 28th March, that he does not believe "that Great Britain will interpose any obstacle to a Commercial Union between the United States and Canada, if the Canadian people give unmistakable evidence of a desire for it," simply mean that the Mother country would offer no obstacle to Canada's independence if we decided to ask it.

If commercial union does not mean in the first place, Canadian Independence, and secondly annexation to our powerful neighbor, we fail to see what it does mean; and England under those circumstances, might as well be expected to consider Canada as belonging to her, and guarantee her protection in the event of difficulties, as to render the same service to the United States themselves. How Mr. Wiman can argue that by such an alliance Canada could still remain a British colony, is quite beyond our comprehension. To suppose that a colony can admit the products or manufactures of a foreign country free, while it impose a duty upon similar merchandise from the Mother country, is to suppose an anomaly which would be only preposterous folly. The whole tenor of the correspondence, so far as we have been able to judge, endeavors to prove that Canada and the United States should no longer be considered as being foreign countries one to the other; but that the former should still continue to regard the Mother country, so far as commerce is concerned, as a foreigner, and yet claim to remain a colony full of loyalty is an hypothesis both startling and ridiculous.

Let us next consider the question from the international point of view, as between Canada and the United States, supposing for the sake of argument the former to be an independent country. The pleas in favor of Commercial Union, when boiled down, are merely in favor of the theory of Free Trade and against that of Protection, for the proposed untrammelled interchange of the commodities of both countries is a most complete acknowledgment that fresh markets for each are mutually necessary, which markets under the present system are unavailable, and can only be secured by Free Trade! We are neither disputing nor admitting this line of argument, but that it should be used by those who on either side uphold a Protection policy is, we submit, somewhat extraordinary.

Finally, looking at the subject from a purely Canadian point of view, and allowing—what seems to us an impossibility—that the two nations (Canada and the States) could long remain distinct, the inevitable results which would follow commercial union would certainly be the complete extinction of the Dominion Fisheries and the just as sure ruin of her cotton manufactories; for as the Gloucester Fishermen would freely enter Canada's waters, and carry her fish to their own markets *without purchase*, so we could never be expected to compete in cotton fabrics with a country which has the raw material, coal and iron at its very doors. Further, as the St. Louis Board of Trade puts it, with "uniform laws to be passed by both countries for the imposition of duties on imports" (from outside nations) it is manifest that those laws and duties would be regulated by the majority, and we leave it to our readers to decide in that case whether such laws and duties would be formulated at Washington, the capital of a population of 60,000,000, or at Ottawa, the capital of a population under 5,000,000.

Let us say in conclusion, that with Canada's annexation to the States, commercial union would follow as a matter of course, and be absolutley necessary; but without that annexation, and Canada remaining either as a colony of Great Britain, or even in her present stage of developement becoming independent, such Commercial Union is the most delusive chimera, or will-o'-the-wisp, ever flaunted before the public mind.

Whether from swampy land or stagnant pool, or from the deadly gases of city sewers, malarial poisons are the same. Ayer's Ague Cure, taken according to directions, is a warranted specific for malarial disorders.

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A Detroiter who was the father of very cross twins, was enjoying a brief rest about midnight, when he was aroused by a vigorous pounding upon the door, and the jangling of the bell.

"What's the matter?" he yelled, as he stuck his head out of the window and saw a policeman.

"Your house is on fire," was the reply.

"O, is that all? I thought from the noise you have been making that both babies had the colic again."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

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STRAYED

FROM the premises of the undersigned, Lot 145, 2nd Range West, Back Line, 1 red, yearling steer. Any person giving information will be suitably rewarded JEREMIAH PIPER.

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TERMS: —$1.00 per cow, payable on or before Jan. 1st, 1888. Cows not returned regularly to bull will be charged whether in calf or not.

DONALD McKENZIE,
(313-317) Proprietor.

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CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Shoguiandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, will be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning.

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tariff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt, on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $1.00 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l. of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

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In the matter of

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Printing!

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EVERY TIME!

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A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor,

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M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

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Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
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—FROM—
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Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

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THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886

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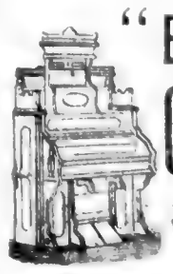

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WHAT THE LADIES WORE.

Marvellous Toilets Displayed at the Queen's Garden Party.

A London cablegram says: The Royal garden party at Buckingham Palace this week, being favored by fine weather, was the most brilliant event of the season. There was a greater display of odd and picturesque toilets than at any social event in London this year. Black and white combinations were very popular. The Duchess of Roxburgh wore black and white. Her dress was of white moire covered lightly with black lace spriped ribbon-wise, while lines of black silk moire gleamed through the meshes of the lace with its own peculiar effect of small rivulets of running water. The bodice and drapery at the back were composed entirely of striped lace. The small bonnet was white, veiled with fine black lace and trimmed with white plumes. The sunshade matched the bonnet. The Countess Brownlow's dress consisted of exquisitely tinted shot satin, named after Sir Peter Lely. The satin was enriched by the shining through of deep yellow silken threads at the back. These gave depth to the surface gray, which in turn was counteracted by the pale tones of the greenish-blue with which the gray was shot. According as the folds caught the light one tint of the other predominated with the ever-changing effect of hues seen on a dove's neck. The front of the dress was in ivory silk, covered with Turkish embroidery of somewhat similar style to that worn by the Crown Princess in the Jubilee procession. This, however, was worked on silk muslin of very soft texture, in gold, silver and white silk, and instead of being laid flat on the silk it was carried up to the neck and arranged in most graceful of folds down the whole length of the skirt, the glimmer of the gold and silver harmonizing most admirably with the pale gray and deep yellow in the brocade. The bonnet was small in size, and consisted of a skilfully-arranged mixture of white lace, pink rosebuds and white tulle.

The Countess of Hopetoun's dress was composed of white lace, embroidered in silk and fine wool and draped over with pink Bengaline. The bonnet was of pink tulle, rising in tier upon tier of miniature puffings, and trimmed with roses in shades of cream color and pink.

The new style of dress called the "Marguerite" was worn by the Countess of Lovelace. It was of blue and yellow foulard, the folds being drawn at the right side through the bands of a pocket in dark velvet. A rich trimming ran round the skirt and trimmed the bodice.

Lady Dorchester's dress was of foulard mauve worn over a front richly ornamented in straw. The bodice was in full folds caught across diagonally at the waist with bands of straw embroidery. The collar and cuffs were also embroidery.

In the dress which was worn by the Hon. Mrs. Egerton the whole of the front was in stripes of alternate cream-colored lace and gold embroidery, through both of which a lining of pink satin shone, contrasting harmoniously with the gold, as pink only can. The back was of water-cress green moire, as well as the bodice, which was made with a vest of gold embroidery and lace stripes. The collar was a strip of gold finished with a high and picturesque frill of soft pink lisse. The vest, which was caught at the waist with three gold buckles, which held in its fulness, was of moss-green tulle, covered with gold tinsel and edged with sparkling galloons in gold and green, the latter being shaded like a peacock's neck feathers and gemmed here and there with large square stones in imitation of emeralds, and cut with a skill that has brought a fortune to the inventor. A crescent similar in character to the galloons stood upright above the brow among cloudy folds of green tulle.

A lovely dress slightly akin to the above was in bronze moire, the whole of the front being draped with tan colored crepe de Chine. The fastenings were large metal buttons of a rococo design. The bonnet was made of twigs and trimmed with pink roses.

Lady Dudley was dressed in black silk, striped with lace, and opening in front over long soft folds of white silk muslin, the silk being so arranged as to fall over the muslin, floating away from it with every motion of the wearer. The bonnet was also black, relieved with white.

The Marchioness of Downshire was also in black and white, the dress being of satin and striped ribbonwise with silk. The front was of white silk, covered with lace.

The Countess of Onslow was in a dress of soft and rich pink silk, covered with Valenciennes lace. The effect of the very becoming bonnet of pink crepe and tulle, trimmed with rosebuds, was still further enhanced by a sunshade of pink crepe, with drapery of white silk muslin.

Lady Bantry's toilet presented an exquisite contrast of color. The dress itself was of rich brown silk, turned up with satin of a golden fawn tone. The bonnet matched the dress.

Another excellent contrast of color was seen in Hon. Mrs. Hugh Elliot's mignonette-colored silk dress, worn over a front all softly draped with pink crepe de Chine. Lace in light design and of a cream-colored tone was introduced wherever the pink met the mignonette color, so as to soften the effect of the junction. The bonnet was of mignonette-color and of pink roses.

Bonnets and hats, especially the latter, were a study, for which the retirement of the sun and the closing of sunshades offered special facilities. One hat of a quaint and indescribable shape was thatched with twigs. A large loop of gold gauze was placed in front, and in this some birds, presumably swallows, were disporting themselves. A very tall, broad-brimmed, brown straw hat had clusters of unripe currants falling down. The brim was caught up at one side with Chartreuse green and brown ribbons. Several hats were made of a perfectly transparent substance like fibre, which was embroidered with straw in some fanciful design. These were of various shapes, but as they showed the hair and shape of head, they were in no case unbecoming. The prettiest was black, with embroidery of straw color and a branch of roses lain across the top, in which thorns were displayed. A *directoire* straw bonnet was lined with moss green velvet, with no trimmings on the outside save a few dozen of cherries. Small bonnets, made up of satin, studded and jetted net to match the brown in color, were much worn. These had borders of graduated balls made of tiny sequins, and spangles matching the net of which they were made. They were worked in gold, silver, blue, heliotrope, fawn and grey, according to the prevailing color of the gown. With few exceptions very high-crowned hats were not worn.

AT SEA IN A BALLOON.

Perilous Adventure of an Aeronaut and His Friends.

A Portland (Me.) despatch says: Mr. C. H. Grimley will not forget his aeronautic excursion of yesterday if he lives to be as old as Methuselah. He took to his bed after the active philanthropists on board the yacht Mermaid picked him up, with a companion, out of the wind-stirred waters of Casco Bay. The comment he made to his preservers was:

"Thank the Lord, I can live a while longer!"

The balloon Columbus started from Lincoln Park in the presence of an immense crowd at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The wind was strong, and there was some delay in getting the inflated bag of oiled and varnished cotton away from *terra firma*. Finally Mr. Grimley soared on high, and the gaping spectators stretched their necks gazing as the air ship sailed away across Casco Bay.

When the balloon attained a considerable altitude an adverse current turned the course from the land toward the sea. The æronaut took in the peril of his situation at a glance. The air current might carry the balloon far out over the heaving ocean, and night was approaching. The valve cord was pulled and the outflowing gas soon caused a descent to be made. Off Clapboard Island more gas was let out and the rocky surface was approached near enough to permit a line to be cast to a party of picnickers. After much difficulty the shore end of the rope was fastened around a large bowlder. The fettered balloon waltzed about in the fresh breeze, and before the æronaut and his companion could disembark a sharp puff caused the rope to part.

Away went balloon, car and adventurers up in the air again. A current diverted the course and down plunged the balloon into the sea. Then commenced a dash through blue water of a unique kind. The partially collapsed gas bag went ahead, dragging the car and the luckless passengers along and keeping them thoroughly drenched.

Perhaps the trip might have been prolonged untill the coast of Europe was attained, but just as the æronaut began to think his time was approaching the yacht Mermaid was discerned heading for the novel racer. Coming up into the wind just in front a line was cast from on board and was secured to the car, and the frisky Columbus became a captive balloon. Mr. Grimley maintained his presence of mind throughout the adventure.

DESTROYING A BABY'S BIRTHMARK

The Judge Calls It "Contempt of Court" and Punishes the Culprits.

A Chicago despatch says: Mme. de Benkalear and Dr. Birt were each fined $500 and sentenced to thirty days in the county jail by Judge Tuthill to-day for destroying the birthmark on the person of Baby Andrews, concerning the possession of whom a struggle has been in progress in the courts for several days. Contempt of court was the offence for which this punishment was administered. It consisted in tampering with evidence, and the evidence was the birthmark, by means of which the child was identified. Mme. de Benkalear acknowledging having ordered the flesh cut away from the child, and Dr. Birt admitted having performed the operation.

Judge Tuthill, with extreme severity, declared that no excuses or any statement that he had heard could excuse the barbarity which caused the mutilation of the child, and thereupon passed sentence upon the culprits. An appeal was taken.

Struck by a Wild Engine.

A Bessemer (Mich.) despatch says: The regular passenger train to Milwaukee was crowded with people Monday night, and the conductor found it necessary to stop the train in order to collect the fares. While the train was at a standstill a wild engine and caboose ran into the rear sleeper, setting fire to it and throwing several coaches from the track. The wildest excitement prevailed. There was a general rush of passengers for the doors, but they were all found to be locked, and it was necessary to force them open before anybody could escape. There were nearly 300 people on board, including a large number of women. A number of the latter fainted during the excitement. Some of the passengers and trainmen succeeded in extinguishing the fire in the sleeper. Several passengers and trainmen were hurt by the collision. Their names are: O. Wild, of Eagle River, passenger; Dan Tangway, of Wausau, passenger; G. Ruiter, conductor on sleeper; Louis Curtis, Wisconsin, central yard-master at Bessemer; John Natha, wiper on freight engine.

Nova Scotia's New Bishop.

A Halifax despatch says: The Episcopal Synod of Nova Scotia at the meeting last evening for the election of bishop of the diocese, vacant by the death of Bishop Hibbert Binny, came to a decision on the first ballot. The only candidates nominated were Bishop Sullivan, of Algoma, and Rev. E. G. Edgehill, Chaplain-General of British army, in London. The vote stood: Edgehill—Clerical delegates, 70; lay delegates, 56; total, 126. Sullivan—Clerical delegates, 20; lay delegates, 48s total, 68. The election was then made unanimous by a standing vote. Mr. Edgerhill was garrison chaplain in Halifax eleven years ago, and was then considered of strong High Church tendencies.

A girl employed in a corset shop in New Haven leaned over a four-foot rail at the elevator door some days ago, when the elevator came down and pinned her by the neck to the top of the gate. The elevator is very nicely balanced, and stopped without cutting her head off, but held her fast. Then for some reason it could not be started up, and men tore the gate away to get the girl out. She was unconscious, but soon recovered, unharmed.

THE "PINAFORE" WEDDING.

Costumes Worn at the Great London Wedding Yesterday.

PRESENTS BY NOBLEMEN AND OTHERS.

A London correspondent cables: London has a William Henry Smith who concerns himself with newspapers, who conducts a great press agency, who is practically the publisher of the London *Times*, and who can make or mar any new gazette or book. He also concerns himself with the Privy Council, the Secretaryship of War, the leadership of the House of Commons and with Strand politics. Yesterday his daughter was married.

The first scene occurred in the Paddington Railway Station, London, where the guests assembled to take a train to his country seat, at Henley-on-the-Thames. On the platform were his Cabinet brethren, headed by Lord and Lady Salisbury, accompanied by a big deputation of London swells.

The second scene showed the wedding guests at the ancient, ivy embowered church. In scene third the bride, bearing the prosaic name Emily Ann Smith, was met at the altar by Walter Acland, captain in that navy which Gilbert and Sullivan satirized in "Pinafore." When Smith *pere* (who, it will be remembered, was the original of Sir Joseph Porter when he was Secretary of the Admiralty under Lord Beaconsfield) gave his child away to Capt. Acland—a war secretary's daughter wedded to a prospective naval hero—she partially and traditionally hid her lovely, beaming face under the meshes of a rich lace veil, and wore an ivory satin dress, its train fragrant with freshly gathered buds. At her throat was a necklace of diamond marguerites, the gift of her father.

BRIDESMAIDS AND THEIR DRESSES.

Two of her sisters, two nieces and two cousins—one of whom had the poetic name of Gwendoline—formed her bridesmaids, daintily gowned in white nainsook, lace trimmed and emphasized with blue and white ribbons and tiny bows. Also muslin and lace hats to match with the dresses. They carried naiad baskets filled with alternating water lilies and forget-me-nots.

The bridegroom wore his gorgeous uniform, which was well set off by the picturesque costume of the Turkish Ambassador. In a chancel pew near the latter a group of vicars and deans gave a Church blessing.

Scene fourth was the *dejeuner* in a large marquee on the elegant grounds of the Smith estate, called Greenland-beside-the Thames. Here the bride's health was proposed by the bridegroom's father, a K. C. B. and an honorary physician to the Prince of Wales, with no end of medical alphabets to his knightly name of Sir Henry Wentworth Acland.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS

in the house were arranged as if they were a museum collection of rich gems, bric-a-brac, rare porcelains and antiquities in silver.

A pair of gold bangles, edged with diamond sprays, were the gift of Premier Salisbury.

Silver salt cellars enough for a great dinner party were from Chancellor of the Exchequer Goschen. All the presents were admired and were also especially watched by a cynical looking detective from Scotland Yard.

The much abused Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, was not in evidence except by his gift, a resplendant fan.

When the rice in the final scene was thrown after the bride it bounded from a going-away bridal dress of white poplin, relieved with green velvet, or from a white straw hat, trimmed with white and green tulle to match the dress, while huzzas of good luck were chorused at the gateway by the original Sir Joseph Porter and "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

DR. McGLYNN'S CASE.

He Will Take the Bull of Excommunication by the Horns.

A New York despatch says: An evening paper to-day says: Dr. McGlynn's case has taken a new turn. From announcements in Henry George's paper and from intimations by Dr. McGlynn himself it appears that the doctor is quietly awaiting the publication of the bulls of excommunication, and that when they are published he will not pass out of the Church, as has been generally expected, but will make a fight against the ecclesiastical legality of the excommunication and will demand an ecclesiastical trial. Dr. McGlynn claims that according to the decrees of the Baltimore Plenary Council two years ago he cannot be suspended, much less excommunicated, without being tried by a council of the clergy. In this claim he is supported not only by his followers, but, he claims, by many eminent divines.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn returned to the city from the west this evening. He would neither affirm or deny that he had received his notice of excommunication. He said his case was like that of the Irish prisoner who was told to plead and replied: "How can I tell whether I am guilty or innocent until I have heard the evidence." The doctor said he might have something to say later, but just now intended to take a sort of vacation, speaking only on Sundays.

A Man With a Marble Leg.

A Mount Sterling, Ky., despatch says: Mr. Howard Williamson, a well-known farmer of this county, is just now an object of much attention and the subject of no little sympathy. Some six months ago Mr. Williamson noticed that the fleshy part of his left leg seemed harder than that of his right. Since that time this hardness has grown more and more perceptible, and though the patient has had the attention of excellent medical skill the limb has increased in hardness until it resembles a piece of sculptured marble. Mr. Williamson suffers no pain, but as his hip is stone from the hip down he finds locomotion difficult, the more so on account of the toes of the left foot, which are so spread apart that he is in constant dread of breaking them off.

Cardinal Manning objects to a carriage and walks whenever his health permits. He says that when cardinals went about in fine carriages they generally went to the evil.

THE POLICE AND COURTESANS.

How the Arrest of the Cass Girl Shook Salisbury's Government—Home Secretary Matthews in a Tight Box.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The Lord Chancellor has commenced an inquiry into the conduct of Magistrate Newton in the matter of the arrest of Miss Cass.

The Cass case is resulting in public agitation against the bullying and blackmailing of courtesans by the police. The *Pall Mall Gazette* leads the movement by reviving old stories of the infamy of the police towards outcast women. The agitation has reached Parliament. Mr. Pickersgill has given notice of a motion that it is necessary that an inquiry be made into the administration of the London police, and in the House of Lords Lord Mi ltown will question the right of the police to arbitrarily arrest courtesans.

A defeat of the Government on a side issue like the Cass incident involves nothing more serious than discredit and some ridicule. Mr. W. H. Smith's refusal of an inquiry into Miss Cass' arrest was one of those blunders which no good leader of the House would have made. The feeling that the police and the Police Magistrate had made a mistake was general. Mr. Newton has long been known as an arbitrary and domineering judge. He accepted the testimony of a single policeman against a girl apparently innocent and drove out of court the girl's employer, who tried to certify to her good character. The British public has a well founded suspicion of the testimony of the police in such cases. The belief is general, moreover, that blackmailing prevails among the force. Professionally immoral women are allowed to promenade Regent street unmolested, while the casual wayfarer is pounced upon. This case has roused indignation among people who have no sympathy whatever with the stereotyped agitation perserved in by one notorious journal. But just as the police stick to each other and the magistrate stands by the police, so the Home Secretary supports the magistrate and the Ministers bolster up their colleague. The result is they all come tumbling down together. Mr. Smith on Wednesday had to unsay everything he had said on Tuesday, promise an inquiry into the case and promise that Mr. Newton should be overhauled by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Matthews came out of the business so badly that people supposed he would resign. I believe he did actually offer to resign, but Lord Salisbury thought he had better remain for the present. Mr. Matthews has been much attacked lately. He was Lord Randolph Churchill's nominee, but Lord Randolph Churchill threw him over during this debate with what looked like alacrity, and called him a pedant, meaning that he took a purely lawyer-like view of a matter which involved things more important than legal particularities. He is an able man who came too late into politics.

Forty-nine Conservative members have signed a letter to Lord Salisbury asking him to accept Mr. Matthews' resignation at once.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S THROAT.

What Eminent Doctors Think of the Trouble.

A New York despatch says: Dr. Morrell Mackenzie, of London, has sent a cablegram to the *Medical Record* detailing the results of his third operation upon the throat of the Crown Prince of Germany. The entire growth has been removed by the laryngeal forceps and the parts beneath are in an apparently healthy condition. Dr. Mackenzie says: "Prof. Virchow has examined the specimen microscopically and reports that its tissue shows nowhere any alveolar structure or evidence of the immigration of epithelial masses. The structure consists of slender connective tissue, which contains only on its surface enlarged cell elements, partly undergoing proliferation, but assuming nowhere the character of independent focal formation." Dr. Sherady says: "So far as the microscopical examination is concerned, the disease appears to be essentially of a non-malignant character. The disposition towards limitation cell proliferation may be caused by active inflammatory processes in tissues peculiarly exposed to limitation, but from any other point of view the outlook is not as promising as it might be. Everything new in the way of prognosis must depend upon the fact whether or not there is to be any recurrence of the growth. If the latter obtains, with an increased disposition towards cell multiplication, chances for ultimate recovery will be on the wrong side. At present we have reason to hope for the best."

Insane Asylum Atrocities.

A New York despatch says: In consequence of the shocking revelations of cruelty to patients in the Ward's Island Insane Asylum, elicited during the inquiry into that institution, the Grand Jury has indicted attendants McHugh and Cleary for manslaughter. The particular case selected is that of George Farrish, whose death the attendants are accused of causing by beating him. The accused pleaded not guilty and were committed to the Tombs.

The mother of John Froelich, who died under suspicious circumstances in March, 1886, testified before the coroner yesterday that she believed her son was killed. A month before he died he seemed to be strong and well. Two weeks later when she called at the hospital his head was cut in several places and his body was bruised. He was thin and pale and complained of pains in his sides. He said he had been beaten. Three days later she was notified of his death. When his body was brought over it showed two large bruised spots on his forehead, as if he had been struck with a club, and the back of his neck was terribly swollen and bruised.

Had to Cut Off His Wife's Hand.

A Galena, Ill., despatch says: Mrs. Bautsch got her hand caught in a horse-power feed machine at Sand Prairie. Her husband stopped the machine, but could not extricate the hand, and so cut it off at he wrist.

The Secretary of the United States Treasury has sent a silver medal to Miss Edith Clark, of San Francisco, for saving a schoolmate from drowning on August 31st, 1886.

TWO MONTHS OF EARTHQUAKES.

Shocks Still of Daily Occurrence in Mexico—Building a New Town.

An El Paso, Tex., despatch says: Two months ago to-day occurred the first recorded earthquake in the southern part of the United States and the northern part of Mexico, and shocks have been felt at intervals ever since. Rumors and descriptions more or less accurate have been received from time to time from Bavispe, a town in the Mexican State of Sonora, 250 miles southwest from El Paso, showing that the disturbance thereabouts was perhaps the most serious of any. But no detailed statement from an eye-witness has been received here till the arrival to-day of J. J. Deaver, one of the owners of the only mine which is being worked in this region. Mr. Deaver says:

"From May 3rd to June 25th, when I left Bavispe, there were at least three hundred shocks. I arrived at Bavispe May 4th, and have since explored all points of the country south and east of Bavispe for sixty miles. I have failed to find any traces of the reported volcano. I found signs of very heavy shocks twenty-five miles south of the town of Huachinera, which is thirty miles southeast of Bavispe. A small mountain about 700 feet high was split clean in two and one side thrown down, while the other remains standing. Fissures a foot or so wide and hundreds of feet long were opened up in great numbers all through this region.

"The greatest disturbance seems to have been along the great mineral belt about six miles west of Huachinera. The mountains west of Bavispe have undergone a great change. It has been facetiously observed that the mountains had a quadrille and changed partners. When the great upheaval occurred the mountains moved up and down like great billows upon the sea. One range would drop down behind another and then rise up again. During the first shock flames shot up from the mountain and set all vegetation on fire, but the fiery outburst soon gave place to mud and water. Many new springs broke forth, and in general the amount of water has been increased one-half.

"The town of Bavispe may be said to have been totally destroyed. It was the first shock ever known there. Of the 800 inhabitants, thirty-eight were killed outright, four died soon afterwards and about 160 were more or less seriously injured, making a total of 200 persons, or one-fourth of the population, killed or injured. Previous to the earthquake nearly every building in the town was constructed of adobes or Mexican unburned bricks. Since the shocks began, however, the people have moved from the old town site and are building a new town on a little table-land not far from the old site, and they build nothing but brush and picket houses, being afraid to live in dwellings constructed of heavy material.

"The shocks continue almost daily. On June 25th, the day I left there, two shocks occurred, one heavy enough to crack walls and knock down plaster. But the people show no intention of moving away."

JOHN CHINAMAN

Marries a New Haven Heiress.

A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: Yan Phon Lee, of Fragrant Hills, China, who graduated with high honors at Yale's last commencement, was on Wednesday united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Maud Jerome, a New Haven heiress. The ceremony was quietly performed at the residence of the bride's mother. Yan Phon Lee first came to America in 1873, and resided for five years at Springfield, Mass., after which he came to New Haven and spent four years in the Hopkins Grammar School, entering Yale in the class of '84. After his freshman year he was ordered back to China by the Government, which had sent him and other sons of prominent Chinese residents to America for an education. Before returning to his native land Miss Jerome had fallen in love with him and the couple were engaged. The Chinaman became tired of home and surroundings and at the first opportunity he ran away and finally reached New Haven and his sweetheart. He again entered Yale in the class of '87, and greatly distinguished himself throughout his college course. This wedding is the first one on record in New Haven where a Yankee girl has married a Chinaman, and the event excites considerable comment. After a wedding trip at Narragansett Pier, Mr. and Mrs. Yan Phon Lee will reside in New Haven, the groom intending to enter the journalistic field.

A DOUBLE DROWNING.

Mr. Wm. Hargraft, ex-M.P.P., of Cobourg, and Daughter Drowned at the Seaside.

A Cobourg despatch says: A despatch was received here yesterday announcing the death by drowning of Mr. William Hargraft, of this place, and his youngest daughter, at Scarboro', on the coast of Maine, for which point they, with Mrs. Hargraft, left Cobourg a few days ago. Mr. Hargraft, who was the father-in-law of Mr. W. G. Gooderham, of Toronto, was for over fifty years a resident of this place, and had filled every position of honor in the gift of his fellow-townsmen. He was for very many years a member of the Council and also Mayor of the town and a commissioner of the town trust. At the general elections of 1875 he was elected member of the Legislature for West Northumberland in the Liberal interest, defeating Captain Gifford. He was most highly respected, and the sad deaths of himself and his daughter, a young lady of about 18 years of age, have cast a gloom over the town. He leaves a widow and several children to mourn his loss. Arrangements will be made immediately to bring the bodies home for interment.

The admirers of ex-Mayor Boswell presented him, in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, Toronto, yesterday afternoon, with a life-size oil portrait of himself, which he immediately handed over to the city to be hung up in the chamber.

Although much is written every year in favor of raising Jerusalem artichokes and chufas for hogs, their production appears to be diminishing. A farmer who wants to plant an acre to either of them generally finds great difficulty in obtaining seed. Though it is said to be easy to raise nine hundred bushels of artichokes on an acre of land seed cannot ordinarily be obtained for less than $2 per bushel.

Don't Propose.

Only don't propose to me! I really like you so;
We suit each other charmingly, at ball or feast, you know.
We can brighten for each other best the revel's careless hours;
We can gather from each other still the moment's passing flowers;
We ever best can gladden life's river as it flows
Through sunny beds and quiet—but I hope you won't propose.

No voice suits mine as well as yours in gay duet or song.
No other arm can guide me safe through the polka's whirling throng.
No other laugh re-echoes half so merrily to mine.
No other hand so tastefully my bouquet's flowers can twine;
None save me half so cleverly from bores--my deadliest foes;
I cannot do without you—oh! I hope you won't propose.

Why will you talk of sentiment? You never used to talk
Of aught but fun or nonsense, in long quadrille or walk.
Why will you sigh? I really like your ringing laugh the best.
Why frown at me for lingering with another joyous guest?
Why will you talk of hopes and fears? Why hint at friendship's close?
You never used to tease me so—oh! I hope you won't propose.

For you know I would refuse you—I must love before I wed;
What should we do together when the summer sun had fled?
And then we must be strangers—must pass each other by
With flushing cheek and distant bow and cold averted eye.
Why doom our gay companionship to so dolorous a close?
We like each other much too well—I hope you won't propose.

Let us still be smiling when we part, and happy when we meet;
Let us together pluck the bloom of the flowers at our feet.
Let us leave the deeper things alone, and laugh, and sing, and dance;
And flirt a little now and then, to speed the hour, perchance.
Oh! there's a deal of pleasure in sunny links like these;
Don't break the rosy ties just yet—dear Charley, don't propose!

LOVE TAUGHT HER.

John Ramsay was working on his farm, his careless, loose dress displaying to advantage his tall, muscular figure. A broad straw hat shaded his handsome face. The hands that guided the plow were strong hands, but whiter and more delicate than such pursuits usually allow.

Daisy Hale sat watching him. Her dress was print, but made with flounces on the skirt and ruffles on the waist. She wore a jaunty hat, covered with puffs of white muslin and bows of blue ribbon to match the spots upon her dress.

The face under Daisy's hat was gloomy, not to say cross. A very pretty face, but not pleasant, having a petted, spoiled-child frown, and a brooding discontent in the large blue eyes.

Presently the farmer drew near her, and taking off his hat fanned himself with it, stopped his horses while he leaned indolently against the plow.

"You look deliciously cool under this great tree," he said. "And—hem!—very much dressed for 9 o'clock in the morning!"

"In a 5 penny calico!" she said, contemptuously. "It is too absurd for you to be plowing and hoeing and milking cows and doing the work of a laboring man. I thought when you came home from college you would do something besides work on a farm."

"And let the farm go to ruin? That would be a poor way to pay my debts."

"Your debts!" she said, looking astonished. "Do you owe debts?"

"Certainly! You and I are both very heavily in debt, Daisy. I think when Aunt Mary took us in, poor little orphans, I her nephew, you her third cousin, all the money she saved in a life of hard work was spent upon our education. Do you know that she has nothing now but the farm, and that to take her away from it would probably shorten her life!"

"But you could send her money if you were in the city in some gentlemanly occupation."

"Perhaps so, ten or twelve years from now! To-day I propose to work this farm and see how many bushels of corn I can raise on it."

He took hold of the plough-handles as he spoke, started the horses, and left her, her eyes full of angry tears.

"He might as well have said what he meant," springing down and starting for the house. "He thinks I ought to cook and make butter and work like a servant girl, when I have studied so hard and tried to make myself a lady, that he might not be ashamed of me."

As she drew near the house the sting of John's words penetrated more and more through the crust she had drawn over her heart, until a fresh stab met her at the door. Looking in at the open door she saw a white head bowed in weeping, a slight figure shaken by sobs.

Quickly through all the selfishness self-reproach struck at the girl's heart, and in a moment she was on her knees beside the low chair, her arms around the weeping woman.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, what is it? Oh, please don't cry so! Oh, what has happened?"

"Why, Daisy, dear"—through sobs that would not be checked at a moment's notice—"don't mind me. I'm only tired, dearie; only tired."

Could she have struck deeper? Tired! At 70 housework does become a weariness! At 70 it may seem as if one ought to rest, while young hands and active feet take up the burden. She was very tired, this patient old woman who had given her life's work for others, first for her parents, then for an invalid brother, lastly for the orphan children, with such innumerable acts of neighborly kindness as only the recording angel of good deeds knows.

Well might she be tired! It was new to her to be caressed, to have tender hands lead her to her room and loosen her dress, a tender voice coax her to lie down.

"Now I will darken the window," Daisy said, "and you are to rest. Sleep, if you can, until dinner time."

"But, Daisy, you cannot make the dinner."

"I will try," was the quick reply, and Aunt Mary submitted.

Washing the potatoes, shelling peas, frying ham, making coffee, all allowed thought to be busy, and Daisy sighingly put away some of her day dreams over her homely tasks.

"I cannot be a lady," she thought, "and John won't be a gentleman, but I will try to pay my share of the debts."

She had taken off her flounces and hat and put on a plain dress and large check apron before she began to work, and she was rather astonished as her kitchen duties progressed to find herself happier than she had been since she returned home.

When John came to dinner he was astonished to find Aunt Mary "quite dressed up," as she blushingly said, in a clean print dress and white apron, her dear old face showing no sign of heat or weariness, while Daisy, with added bloom and bare white arms, was carrying in the dinner.

"The new girl at your service," she said, saucily, as she pulled down her sleeves. "Dinner is ready, sir."

But her lips quivered as he bent over her and whispered, "God bless you, dear! Forgive me if I was too hasty this morning."

John said but little as the days wore on, and still found Daisy at her post. It was not in the nature of things for Aunt Mary to sit with folded hands, but it became Daisy's task to inaugurate daily naps, to see that only the light work came to the older hands, to make daily work less of a toil and more pleasure.

And the young girl herself was surprised to find how much she enjoyed the life that had seemed to her a mere drudgery.

John, bringing to his task the same will and brains that had carried him through college, was inaugurating a new order of affairs on the farm, and made the work pay well.

Once more came a June day, when Daisy sat in the fields and John stood leaning against the fence beside her.

Four years of earnest, loving work had left traces upon both young faces, ennobling them, and yet leaving to them all the glad content that rewards well-doing.

Many hours of self-denial both had met bravely; many deprivations both had borne well. Daisy wore a black dress, and upon the hat in John's hand was a band of crape, but through a sadness of their voices there yet rang a tone of happiness.

"You love me, Daisy?" John had said to her.

"When have I not loved you?" she answered.

"And you will be my wife? Darling, I have long loved you, but after Aunt Mary was stricken down with paralysis I would not ask you to take up new duties. Now she needs you no longer, and you shall leave the farm whenever you wish."

"Leave the farm! Oh, John, must we leave it? I thought it was yours now."

"So it is."

"And you have made it so beautiful, as well as profitable! Oh, John, why must we leave it?"

"Only because I thought it was your wish."

"It would break my heart to go away. I love my home."

And John, taking the little figure into a close embrace, wondered if any city could produce a sweeter, daintier little lady than he held in his arms.

Late Scotch News.

Admiral John Elphinstone Erskine, late M.P. for Stirlingshire, died in London on the 23rd ult.

A marble bust of the late Professor W. E. Aytoun has been presented to the University of Edinburgh by his sisters.

On the 13th ult. Widow Aitken died at Ecclesmachan, aged 80 years. For long she had been in receipt of parochial relief, and after her death a box containing £36 in notes was found in her coal cellar.

There were special services in the East U. P. Church, Haddington, on the 19th ult. in celebration of the centenary of the death of John Brown, the author of the "Self-interpreting Bible."

In celebration of the Queen's Jubilee the Victoria Institute at Renton, Dumbartonshire, was opened on the 18th ult. by Mr. Alexander Wylie, of Cordale, amid much rejoicing on the part of the inhabitants.

At Aberdeen Circuit Court, on the 24th ult., Alexander Finlayson, writer, was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for forging a bill of exchange and a letter. In the Huntly wife-murder case, Alex. Stewart, tinker, pleaded guilty of culpable homicide and was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor.

The strongest volunteer regiment in Britain is the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Brigade, 2,340 enrolled; next is 2nd Glamorgan (Wales), 1,996 strong; next 1st Lanark, 1,579; then about half a dozen of equal strength—4th Manchester, 1,255; 2nd Somerset, 1,253; 3rd East Lancashire, 1,251; 1st Warwick, 1,219; and 1st Dumbarton, 1,213.

On the 18th ult. the monument erected in Muirkirk Cemetery by Mr. Howatson, of Glenbuck, to the memory of the Covenanting martyrs of 1680-85, was formally handed over to the authorities of the parish. In the course of the ceremony Mr. Howatson also made a gift of a fund which will provide a bursary of £27 a year to aid talented young men belonging to the parish in obtaining a University education.

A correspondent writes that Her Majesty had a narrow escape the other day. She was sketching in the grounds at Balmoral, when a rival queen, hotly followed by her subjects, settled on the royal bonnet. The Queen, with much presence of mind, quickly removed the too attractive millinery and threw it from her. A gardener quickly intervened with a beehive, and succeeded in inveigling the audacious insects into it. The correspondent always understood that Her Majesty's royal grandfather had a bee in his bonnet, but it was evidently reserved for Queen Victoria to out-do George the Third by having a whole swarm of bees outside her's.

He Accepted His Mother's Version.

"Mamma," said a young hopeful on Clinton avenue yesterday, "what is a gone sucker?"

"A gone sucker, my child," responded the fond mother, rather puzzled, "is a very bad boy."

That night, when the clothing of the little fellow had been removed and he was engaged in his usual supplication to the Throne he said:

"And oh, Lord, bless papa, mamma and me, for you know, Lord, I'm a gone sucker."—*Brooklyn Standard.*

Eminent Scientist—"The planetary indications give assurance that there will be no rain for the next three days." Man with a bunion (smiling with lofty superiority)—"There will be rain, sir, in less than twelve hours." And there was.—*Boston Beacon.*

FEMININE ECCENTRICITIES.

Women who Wear Trousers and Smoke Tobacco—How Mrs. Cleveland Gets Up Her Muscle.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF TONGA.

Sydney (Australia) News.

The women are beautiful in the extreme and as graceful as fawns, just dark enough to be more picturesque than white women. They have a coquettish, fascinating manner which would do credit to a Parisian belle. And yet they are chaste by inclination and enactment. No white stranger is allowed to sleep on shore. The men are marvels of symmetry, though they eat little animal food. They are, however, insolent, overbearing and in other ways objectionable. Tonga-taboo means the tabooed or sacred land, and "Ko Tonga hau" ("I am a Tongese") is as proud a boast as "Civis Romanum" of old. To sprinkle a dirty sulu with patchouli and swell himself out in the mission-house is the joy of the Tongese masher. The country is so fertile that they need work but little, and the hardest labor imposed on them is to pay the taxes of the King and the contributions to the missionaries, by whom they are or were ridden, in copra, oil, tortoise shell or coin. They ofttimes put their horses and crops "in the plate," generally in remembrance of some dead grandmother.

WOMEN WHO PLAY WITH THE WEED.

The French housekeeper delights in her afternoon cigarette. The senora of Barcelona loves in the evening to wrap her black crepe around her head, and while gently puffing her long tobacco cigarette cast heart-thrilling glances from her balcony above the walks at the wights below. While the German frau is fond of her cigarette, or even cigar, and the Russian wife is not far behind her in her enjoyment of the weed, and even the Japanese, Chinese, Tartar, Dutch and Soudanese wives all like to let tobacco smoke curl from their pretty mouths toward the sky, the Italian signora is, perhaps, the most passionately fond of the long, thin cigar of the country called the "Virginia." It is no uncommon sight of a summer evening to see a party of ladies sitting in some cool terrace overlooking the sea on the Campagna, while the music of their velvety language keeps tune to the soft splashing of the sea against the rocky shore, and send rings of smoke from their fragrant cheroots.

MRS. CLEVELAND USES THE DUMB-BELLS.

(Albany Journal.

It has been remarked that Mrs. Cleveland possesses exceptionally strong wrists, and is consequently able to endure the prolonged handshaking of public receptions without over-fatigue. Her strength of muscle is attributed to her persistent use of dumb-bells. She is said to be quite a gymnast, and owes much of her graceful carriage to the thorough command of her body given by calisthenic exercises.

TRUSERS ON WOMEN IN TEXAS.

El Paso, Tex., Inter Republica.)

Married women at Kaufman are said to frequently take in the sights in male attire. A young girl at Dallas was sent home by the police while masquerading in male attire. A Waco girl was photographed in her brother's spring suit for fun, and the picture has raised a pretty scandal. Marion Biggs, a Cass county farm boy, has turned out to be a farm girl. She wore trousers for a year before discovery.

WHERE EVERYBODY CARRIES A BABY OR SO.

(Tokio letter in Buffalo Times.)

Like China, the principal produce of Japan is children—a very great variety indeed it does produce, too. They are of all patterns, very numerous and almost always very small. It really seems to a foreigner that every boy and girl in Japan that is big enough to carry a baby has one of them strapped on her or his back. It is often hard to say which of the two is the younger baby, the one being carried or the one carrying, they are so small. But the carrying of these babies is not limited to the older children entirely. Fully one-half, if not more, of all the women seen about the streets or houses are also carrying babies on their backs. They carry them thus in the street, in the temples, in the stores. Everywhere you are confronted with a cheerful pair of faces, one behind the other, loitering about for the amusement of both—often at work, too often visiting friends. But this ever-present baby is like its parents, very quiet and contented, now and anon cooing and dozing.

Mamie's Cablegram.

A Hartford man whose wife was going abroad, asked her to telegraph him a word or two letting him know of her safe arrival in New York. In a few hours he received the following message, "collect":

"DEAR GEORGE,—Arrived here safely at fifteen minutes after 6. The train was due at 6, but we were delayed fifteen minutes while *en route*. Had a perfectly lovely trip. Don't worry about me, I'll get along all right. And take good care of yourself. Be so careful about taking cold this damp weather. Remember that you are to keep on your flannels until the 15th of June. Be sure and have the house open and aired as often as once a week. Remember what I told you about your socks and shirts. Don't forget to keep the basement door locked. Write every day. I'm sure I'll have a lovely time. So good in you to let me go. You must come over after me in August. Forever and ever yours. MAMIE.

An hour later Mamie was pained to receive the following to her "word or two":

"Don't cable anything from Liverpool. I'm a ruined man if you do. GEORGE."

Senator Boyd's Cat.

Senator Boyd caught a Tartar yesterday in the person of little Miss Clarke, a maiden of 7 years or thereabouts, in Miss Adam's department of the Victoria School. Some black-board drawings of animals were being examined, and the Senator, turning to this little Miss, challenged her to draw a cat and make it cry. She accepted the banter on the spot, and in a few seconds produced a fine cat with green eyes, a ribbon on its neck, a scroll from its mouth with "mew" inscribed, and underneath written "Mr. Boyd's cat."—*St. John, N. B., Sun.*

According to a statement issued by the Deputy Minister of Finance, the net debt of the Dominion at June 30th was $225,026,762. The total revenue for the past fiscal year was $33,830,148, leaving a surplus over expenditure of $2,456,435.

A DESPERATE CRIMINAL.

A Description of Blinky Morgan, the Hulligan Murderer.

"Blinky" Morgan, one of the four men arrested for the murder of Detective Hulligan near Cleveland, who was supposed to be in the woods near Frankfort, was sentenced at Toronto to serve five years in the Kingston Penitentiary for shooting at a policeman. He made a boast that no person could hold him, and the boast was not an idle one, because he escaped after serving a year with the avowed purpose of killing the policeman in question. After the murder at Cleveland, it was heard that Morgan was at the house of a rich friend named Williams. The officers then surrounded the Williams residence, and as Sheriff Lynch quietly ascended the steps Morgan was seen through the screen door reclining in an easy chair. Little children were in the room and he was examining bouquets that they carried in their hands. Rushing upon him without a moment's warning, Sheriff Lynch tried to pinion his arms, but quick as a flash Morgan slipped one hand into his pocket, and without removing it fired three shots before his hand could be caught by the others, who were upon them. He struggled desperately, and but for the quickness of James Connor, a perfect Hercules, who assisted the sheriff, undoubtedly there would have been more than one death before he was shackled. Two self-cocking revolvers, of 44 calibre, were taken from his pocket, one smoking. Sheriff Lynch was shot in the fleshy part of the thigh, the bullet passing through and making a very painful and serious wound. The other bullets grazed the hand of Connor, one of them drawing the blood. That some one wasn't killed by them is a pure piece of good luck. It is altogether probable that Morgan and his pals will dance with ropes around their necks before they are much older.

One of Herrmann's Tricks.

Of the elder Herrmann, the conjurer, who died recently, the London *Times* says: "Tall and thin, with a mustache and chin tuft, like Napoleon III., Herrmann could by a contraction of his facial muscles so alter his features as to be unrecognizable. But his most surprising performances were with legerdemain, and his fondness for practical joking made him delight to exhibit his prowess in public places where he was not known. In a restaurant he would ask the waiter for bread, and when the waiter arrived with a plateful of rolls Herrmann would mildly reprove him for absentmindedness in having brought a plateful of walnuts. How the rolls had been transformed into walnuts was the conjurer's secret."

Jubilee Jugs.

The Prince of Wales originated the idea of the Jubilee jugs, which, to the number of 85,000, were distributed to the children in Hyde Park last week. His Royal Highness was much struck by the distribution of rough brown cups bearing the Imperial cipher in relief, with which the Czar commemorated the marriage of the Czarovitch; and the productions of Messrs. Daulton, which cost near sixpence each, are great improvements on the original. The ground is of polished cream-colored earthenware, and the two portraits of the Queen (1837 to 1887) are artistically executed in neutral tints.

To dream of a ponderous whale,
Erect on the tip of his tail,
Is the sign of a storm
(If the weather is warm),
Unless it should happen to fail.

Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow. Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

Mr. Chapleau expects to leave for Paris on the 23rd inst. to undergo another operation similar to that performed two years ago. He states that no decision has been made yet regarding the Quebec gubernatorial chair.

Everybody Ho! Ho!

Read this carefully. If you or any friend are suffering from any kind of pain, internal, local, or external, try Polson's Nerviline, the sure pop pain cure. Nerviline is one of the most elegant combinations ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. Pleasant to take, powerful in effect, sure in results, and cheap because the strongest, purest, and most certain pain remedy in the world. You can test this great remedy by going to a drug store and buying a 10 cent sample bottle. Try it at once.

"Isn't there anything you would rather have than a dish of ice cream?" he asked, as they emerged from the theatre. "Yes, George; two dishes of ice cream," she murmured softly.—*Washington Critic.*

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

The Liberal Association of New Brunswick has passed a resolution cordially sympathizing with Mr. Gladstone "in his efforts to bind together in closer union the subjects of Her Majesty."

In this age of imitations the public want something real on which they can depend. Numbers of people offer to make affidavit that they were positively cured of rheumatism by taking McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant.

Two more miraculous cures are reported from St. Anne, Que. A young woman named Monse was completely cured of a paralyzed leg. The other was a young girl named Gauthier, 13 years of age, whose sight was almost gone; she is now completely cured.

The Post-office Department at Ottawa have suggested to the United States Post-office that advantage should be taken of the Sunday train service between Montreal and New York for the despatch of European mails arriving on Saturday evening and Sunday.

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it—blood will tell—especially if it be an impure blood. Blotches, eruptions, pimples and boils are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

Mr. Girouard, M. P., is likely to be the Judge of the Court of Claims, and Judge Clark elevated to the Supreme Court.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative LITTLE LIVER Pellets PILLS. The Original SIZE OF PELLETS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L. 39 87.

300 CASES OF CONSUMPTION CURED WITHOUT A FAILURE
Address W. L. MILLER, M. D., 18 East 11th St N. Y. City.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

MARLIN Magazine Rifle.

For large or small game, all shot. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market
BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

What Our Country Needs.

God give us men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For, while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.

Dr. J. G. Holland.

In a thrilling Missionary Speech, Rev. A. Grant recently said:—"The power that now rolls, beats and throbs in every Christian community. What is it? The Spirit of Missions" which sentence suggested the following:

MISSION MARCH.

Roll, Roll, Roll!
Thou swelling mission sea,
Till all the Church
Shall gladly search
For full response to Thee.

Beat, Beat, Beat!
Thou throbbing heart of life;
Till every mind,
Some way shall find,
To join the glorious strife.

Wave, wave, wave!
The Gospel banner high,
Glad tidings tell
To those who dwell
Where souls in darkness lie.

Work, work, work!
Great your Master's call,
Till Satin's strength
Shall yield at length,
And Christ be all in all.

Preach, preach, preach!
Proclaim the Gracious Word,
The world surround
The foe confound
Triumph in Christ the Lord.

Flesherton, July 16th, 1887. —T. W.

Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month.

For The Advance.

SHADOWS.

BY DEACON SNUKES.

The Bells ring out their merry, merry peal. The sun shines brightly on the venerable pile, beneath whose roof, two human souls are joined as one. Ring out your happy peal, ye old, old bells, while the breeze bears on its bosom, to the distant hills and vales, the joyous tones. Ring out your gladening notes, that hearts grown cold and worn with old age, may beat again beneath thy magic spell; that scenes long buried, resurrect once more from memories dear. Ring out your tones; yet mark the falling tear, that trickles down the wrinkled visage of the old, old man. Alone, he sits beneath the cottage porch, lifes duties done. His palsied frame is trembling in the scale, and quietly waits until the silver cord be broken. All quiet within, the measured stroke of solemn time, marks off the moments as they fly apace. Alone, yet as he hears the old familiar tone ring out the joyous peal, the musty shadows of the faded past, in silence mute, once more surround him. They are but shadows, yet to him how dear. Fond memory cloths them all again with life, yet ere he grasps the hand that lived to bless—tis gone, once more the shadows fly. Ring out your joyous peal, for while echo rings among the hills, another union, made with service strange, is passing twixt the earth and the unseen. The old man hears above the bells of earth, a far off sound of music sweeter far. He leans his weary head upon his breast, yet nearer, sweeter, stronger grows the tones, his eyelids close to earths vain fleeting show he bows in solemn worship as he feel a strange mysterious hand support him through the deepening shade. A moment's space. 'tis done. 'Twas but the valley of the shadow, now light, full bright and glorious, bursts upon his gaze. The Bells of Earth ring on; he heeds them not, forever here the shadows are unknown.

* * * * *

The sacred spot, where falls misterious light. The vaulted roof, dim with the dust of ages, adorned with banners, trophies from the wars. The organ, swelling with majestic tones, in melody unlike the sounds of fitful earth, seem to transport one to another sphere. "All hail the Power" from the surpliced choir, swells deep and glorious, earth and Heaven conjoined, reverberates through the vast expanse, the "Amen." The silent dust, the majesty of kings, fair woman's queenly grace, the mighty statesman's voice, the poet's mystic charm, the noble warrior's power, the hand that stooped to bless the starving poor, the voice that cheered the dying soldier's bed, the martyrs ashes, burned for sacred truth, the glorious Bard, that Avon's beauties sang, the sightless eyes of Paradise regained, the stalwart christian, who on burning sands, laid down his life, earth's tawny sons to bless, the busy brain, whose "Household Words," charm all humanity, the mitred Bishop, and the Stoless clerk, all shades, graduations, pomp and show, lie mingled in one common clay, dissolved as shadows pass away.

Breaths there a soul upon whose path, the shadows never fall?
Whose whole career, glides like a silvery stream without a ripple,
Upon whose placid bosom gleams perpetual light,
Undimmed by any cloud upon its fair horizon?
Where! Oh my soul, where is that blest relief
That shelter from the storm, the ills and woes of life?
Where is that shore, where tempest tossed and riven
The weary spirit, free from mortal care, rests in perpetual peace?
Tis not of earth; this is but shadow land
As faded flowers, we fall and pass away.
Earths brightest vision, dashed by unseen hand
Then vanish all that's mortal and decay.
There is a land where shadows never fall.
Eternal sunshine bathes it's broad expanse,
A land where pain and sorrow are unknown,
Where tears ne'er dim the eye, and parting never come.
A land where peace, like streams on parched ground
Flows everlasting, through the rapturous soul.
There the abiding home, God's Paradise of love,
His faithful children rests, when from the Earth removed.

July 11th, 1887. D. S.

TAMARAC.—Is an Elixir carefully prepared by an experienced chemist' with the well-known Tamarac as the fundamental principle, and all the other ingredients in its composition are of the purest, and best calculated to relieve all cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles.

TERRIBLE COLLISION.

An Excursion Train Collides with a Freight Train at St. Thomas — Cars Laden with Oil Take Fire.

St. Thomas, Ont., July 15.—A terrible accident occurred at the crossing of the Grand Trunk and Michigan Central railways in this city about 7 o'clock this evening. An excursion train on the Grand Trunk railway from Port Stanley ran into a passing freight on the Michigan Central railway with a number of cars loaded with oil. The engine crashed into one of these cars, when the oil instantly took fire and burned with great fierceness, communicating to the cars on both trains and extending to Griffin's warehouse, coal and lime sheds adjoining the track on the west, and John Campbell's dwelling on the East, all of which were burned to the ground, with the contents. Engineer Donnelly, of the excursion train was burned in the wreck. The fireman jumped and escaped with slight injuries. The forward car of the excursion train was filled with passengers, who made frantic efforts to escape from the burning car, but notwithstanding that hundreds of brave and willing hands were immediately at work to assist in their rescue, it is feared a number have lost their lives and will be burned beyond recognition before their bodies can be got out of the wreck. At 8 o'clock, when thousands of people were crowding around the burning pile, one of the oil tanks on the cars suddenly exploded, throwing hundreds, to the ground with great force and scattering fire in all directions, and severely perhaps fatally, injuring many. At 8.30 p. m. nine bodies were burned to a crisp.

St. Thomas, July 16.—It is now ascertained that the victims of the railway accident of yesterday number twelve, as follows:

THE KILLED.

Mrs. K. Smithers and child.
Mrs. S. Frayne and child.
S. C. Zealand and child.
Mrs. J. Boyle and three children.

Engineer Donnelly and Herman Ponsford, who died this morning from his injuries.

Mrs. S. C. Zealand is probably fatally injured.

CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

The coroner's jury viewed the charred remains of the victims and adjourned till Monday evening when the evidence will be taken.

An investigation will be held in regard to the cause of the accident. It is reported that the engineer had been drinking, but it is claimed the main cause of the disaster was the failure of the air-brakes to work. The track is now clear, and the wires will be in working order in a few days.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

George Angles, the fireman of the wrecked train, is a resident of this city. In speaking of the disaster he said: "Just as we came in plain sight of the semaphone at the Michigan Central Railway crossing we saw that it was up and a Michigan Central Railway freight train was running slowly across the Port Stanley track. We were running smartly. Donnelly reversed his engine and put on the air brakes. He was calculating, I thought, stop just inside the semaphore. Apparently the brakes did not work, and the next minute we struck between a couple of cars, but not before I asked Donnelly to jump, which he refused to do. He told me to jump, which I did. As soon as our engine struck the oil tank a big blaze went up and the baggage car was immediately wrapped in flames. The end of the first passenger car tipped up and caught also, and was soon ablaze. Then the second oil tank caught and exploded with a terrific crash, the flames raised fully 100 hundred feet high, catching the freight sheds on the south side of the track. I saw Donnelly taken out. He was badly burned and disfigured. I also saw several childen taken and a couple of grown persons."

The Passing Summer.

To the Editor of The Advance

Sir.—At this season we are approaching a period when a very important operation in forestry is easily performed, that is the planting out of evergreens. It is now generally foreseen that, in a short time, this country will be, so far as the remains of the older forests are concerned, quite destitute of shelter, and people are getting well aware from observing what has happened in other countries, that the land will not produce nearly as well. In some townships I have lately visited I find all the more intelligent farmers either planting, or preparing to plant lines of cedar, norway spruce or pine along the exposed sides of their farms and in a few years they will obtain great benefit thereby. There is no more difficulty with these than with diciduous trees, if the roots are kept moist and covered from sun and air till planted, while the winter shelter they give renders them far superior to maple or elms. The first week in June is a good time to plant, but if that be missed, the first week in August will do. Yours etc.,

B. W. PHIPPS.

Toronto, July 15th, 1887.

STOP IT.—Continual hawking and spitting caused by Catarrh is permanently removed by Nasal Balm.

A Brave Man Shrinks.

"How's this, John? You said you intended to propose to Miss Gushington this evening, and here you are back before nine o'clock. She surely didn't refuse you?"

"No-o I didn't propose. I concluded to postpone the question."

"Now, see here, John, if you don't get that girl it's your own fault. The idea of being such a coward. You, who have bravely walked up to the cannon's mouth."

"Y-e-s, but the cannon hadn't been eating onions."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. —G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured. —Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored. —Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

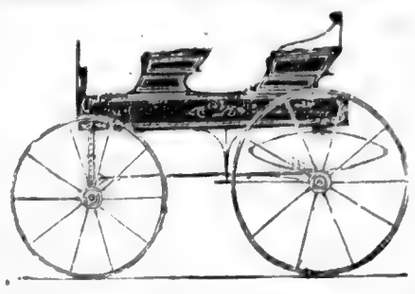

MAXWEL CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith.* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
364-326, Flesherton.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 318. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT,

For above fine finished Watches, accurate Hampden's—my name on, and the reliable Waltham and Elgin Watches, in Gold, Filled Gold, and Coin Silver Cases, go to

W. A. BROWN'S

FINELY STOCKED

JEWELERY STORE.

I am known as the Reliable Jeweller for 20 miles North, South, East and West. I never have misrepresented purposely any goods sold since being in business here. It is easy to sell an 11 Jewelled Watch for "Full Jewelled." It is much easier to sell 8 k. Gold Watches and call them 12 or 14. I don't have to do it. My own name on all movements, and you will find I can be held responsible if goods are not right.

—|—342—|—

WATCHES & CLOCKS

Booked in Repair Book since July 1st, 1886.

SQUARE DEALING.

PRICES CLOSE.

SPECIALTIES:—*Fine Watch Repairing, Spex Fitting.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c. Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Go to Keefer's for GRAHAM FLOUR.

Master Robt. Bates has returned to Sault Ste. Marie.

Miss Maggie Campbell returned home on Saturday last.

100,000 lbs. Raspberries wanted at Brander's, Priceville.

Miss Mary Glass, of Owen Sound, is visiting friends here.

Miss Cruickshank, of Heathcote, is visiting Mrs. Fred. Ryder here.

Mrs. J. D. Clark, of Hamilton, is the guest of her father, Squire Armstrong.

Just in at Brander's a large consignment of new season's Cod-fish.

Mrs. C. J. Leitch, who has been visiting in Owen Sound for some time, has returned home.

Mr. Thos. Clayton was in town on Tuesday. He returned to Toronto yesterday.

Russell's "Noted Jewelry Store" is to the front this week in our advertising columns. Read the announcement.

Several Flesherton young men intend camping out in the vicinity of Bell's lake.

Mrs. George Beecroft is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McKechnie, at Priceville.

Just opened at Brander's to-day, the latest novelties in Dress Goods, Trimmings, &c.

A number of young people from this place went on a picnicking expedition to Bell's lake on Tuesday last.

Miss Alice Leitch returned home from Owen Sound last week and will spend the holidays with her parents here.

Miss May Damude went to Gorrie last week, and will be the guest of Rev. W. Ayers during her stay there.

Just in at Brander's another large supply of that 5c. Sugar, 22 lbs. for one dollar cash.

Quarterly meeting services will be held in the Methodist church, Flesherton, a week from Sunday morning next, commencing at the usual hour.

Notwithstanding the great rise in sugar, as we buy for cash in large quantities we are still selling 22 lbs. for one dollar cash at James Brander's.

WANTED.—2 Servant Girls—one for kitchen and one for dining room and chamber work. Wages seven and eight dollars per month. Apply to REVERE HOTEL, Markdale.

Mr. S. Damude, D. G. Master of the A. O. U. W., visited the Meaford and Thornbury lodges last week, officially. He proposes visiting every lodge in the district before the end of this year.

Mr. James H. Lever, of Artemesia, has purchased a fine steam threshing machine and is now prepared to take any amount of contracts for fall and winter work.

Mr. S. Damude, of Flesherton, D. G. M. of the A. O. U. W., consisting of Grey, Bruce and a part of Dufferin, was here on Monday and Tuesday last inspecting the lodge.—*Thornbury Standard.*

Mr. J. Brander, the well-known Priceville merchant, has faith in the judicious use of printer's ink. Read his adv. in another column, also note the great bargains in sugars, etc. in the Tit-Bits columns.

Birth.

CARSTAIRS.—On Saturday, July 16th, at Flesherton, the wife of H. C. Carstairs, of Detroit, of a daughter.

Immense value in Teas from 19 cents up, at Brander's

Get your Flour at Keefer's.

Highest price in cash paid for Tub Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c., &c. at Brander's.

The Wiarton *Echo* gave its esteemed contemporaries—as well as its readers—an agreeable surprise last week, by coming out in an enlarged form. The *Echo* is a healthy eight-year-old, well edited and made up, and very neatly printed. Long may it echo!

Mr. Geo. Keefer has returned home from Washington, U.S. Having shaved off his chin whisker since he went away from here last spring, we had some difficulty in recognizing our old friend. He says the heat down there is something terrible.

Bring along your Butter, Eggs, Berries, Wool, &c. You always get the best value at Brander's, Priceville. If you cannot come yourself, send the little folk—your little boy or girl will get as good a bargain as yourself. We have but one price to all.

W. J. Benson was summoned to appear before Geo. Price, Esq., J. P., at Owen Sound, on Tuesday last, for using abusive language in Mrs. Caswell's presence.—*Markdale cor. Grey Review.* Great Cæsar's ghost! didn't Mrs. Caswell get in a word herself?

EGGS wanted at R. Keefer's.

Mr. H. McNiel recently paid a visit to his parents, who reside in Priceville, and during his stay—while out driving—he lost from his pocket the sum of $40. The money, however, was found by some Sabbath School children in the neighborhood of Hanover and safely returned to its owner.

Brander's $2 White Granite Tea Setts—44 pieces, all A 1 goods—are going like hot cakes at a school picnic. Everybody should see them.

The Stayner junior Lacrosse team has challenged the Flesherton juniors to play them a match on or about the 1st of August—first match to be played on the grounds of the former. The distance and inconvenience in travelling to Stayner may prevent our boys accepting the challenge, however willing they might be under other circumstances.

Get your LEMONS at Keefer's.

Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., of this town, received a letter from Yokahama, Japan, this week, announcing a large shipment of Tea (this year's pickings) direct to them. The letter was mailed at Yokahama on the 2nd of this month. Talk of enterprise,—"Shure, thin, ahow us the aqual av this in a town the size av Flesherton!"

If the repairing of our sidewalks is put off much longer it will scarcely be necessary to commence operations before next spring, as they will shortly go into winter quarters, when pedestrians can take the middle of the road as usual. If the said pedestrians value their necks they will walk on the middle of the road now as well!

The ADVANCE man has purchased from W. K. Flesher, Esq., a lot on Sydenham street—opposite the residence of Squire Armstrong—and will build a private residence thereon in due time. He has every confidence in Flesherton, and unhesitatingly predicts for it a bright and prosperous future—cranks, croakers and lunatics to the contrary notwithstanding. Everything is tending at this moment towards a continuous wave of prosperity.

We beg to extend our hearty congratulations to our highly esteemed townsman, Mr. Joseph Blackburne, on the distinguished honor recently conferred upon him, in his elevation to the highest office in the gift of the Masonic lodge here. Outside the "mystic circle" Mr. Blackburne is equally popular and respected. He is a citizen of whom Flesherton may well feel proud. Shake, friend Blackburne—shake!

Full stock of Diamond Dyes in all shades, Diamond Paints, Butter Color, &c. at Brander's.

Victor Kester had a narrow escape from drowning while bathing with some other boys in Flesher's pond, last Saturday evening. It seems he was swimming "dog-fashion," when he came violently in contact with the top of a stump, which was within a few inches of the surface of the water. He had gone under twice, when Allan Gibson heroically swam out to him, and, after some difficulty, effected his rescue. Well done, Master Gibson!

On Wednesday evening a highly interesting entertainment was given in Priceville in connection with the Presbyterian church, by Mr. D. W. Campbell, an educated gentleman, who has travelled through most of the world for the benefit of his health. The entertainment consisted of effect pictures and dissolving views, representing London, its great sights and its illustrious persons. Owing to the entertainment being given a day earlier than it had been announced for, the audience was not large, but those who were there were highly profited by the beautiful views and the interesting descriptions given. Mr. Campbell hopes to visit Priceville again in the fall, when many will be glad to attend.

If you wish to restore the bloom to your wasted cheek, and so improve your health that plumpness and strength will succeed emacination and debility, purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy will benefit you more surely and speedily than any other.

"Professor" Ward disappeared on Tuesday of last week and has not since been heard of. This fact was ascertained on Saturday last, when Mr. Robert Park went out to the cottage occupied by Ward and applied for a month's overdue rent. Mrs. Ward told him her husband had gone away on Tuesday and she had not seen or heard from him since. She did not know where he had gone, as he had not told her. She also stated, that had it not been for the kindness of some neighbors, the condition of herself and child would have been akin to starvation. Ward is evidently a lazy, shiftless ne'er-do-well, as he was offered all the work he could do while in this neighborhood—some he did, but most of it he shirked. It is said that Joseph is in Owen Sound waiting for "something to turn up."

A Fraternal Visit.

Mr. S. Damude, of Flesherton, District Deputy-Grand Master A. O. U. W. visited Meaford Lodge 152 on Tuesday last and assisted at the initiation of two new members. Mr. Damude is a gentleman of very pleasing and affable manners and very well fitted for the honorable position he occupies in the Order. He is now making a tour of the lodges in this district. The instruction and interest he imparts will greatly assist the cause, more especially with weak lodges which have to compete with a paid agency in connection with both assessment and stock insurance companies. Every brother in the United Workmen is an agent and is expected to do his best to extend the usefulness and success of the Order, and that without fee or reward, other than what every man should consider a ample recompense, namely doing all the good he can.

The Meaford lodge has about trebled in the last two years and we believe has a useful career ahead of it. The meeting on Tuesday evening was well attended, and in addition to the initiations above mentioned, two new applications for membership were submitted. We heartily commend our worthy District-Deputy, Mr. Damude, to the lodges and individual friends of the A. O. U. W. wherever his duties may call him. Any information in regard to the Order will be cheerfully given by calling on the editor.—*Meaford Monitor.*

Great

Clearing Sale!

To commence JULY 15th,

J. G. ANDERSON.

There will be decided bargains every line. Don't miss it. We want to clear out the present stock in, by the 15th Aug., so as to make room for Fall Purchases. There will be a very choice line of

TEAS

at Special Reduced Prices. DRESS GOODS in great variety; BOOTS & SHOES in Great quantities; STACKS OF READY-MADE CLOTHING; everything will be Cut Away Down in Price.

Come Early before the Rush.

J. G. ANDERSON,

MARKDALE

A Back Yard Boom.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" asked a Detroit lady of her young son, who was sticking up stakes around the back yard.

"Plat'in' a addition," replied the young hopeful, whose father is a real estate agent.

"How are sales?"

"Bully, ma! Stubby Jones takes that corner there by the gate for a peanut and lemonade stand, Bill Smith and Dutchy take a block by the barn for their circus, an' Hen Jones is talkin' 'bout takin' two lots by the apply tree for to tie up his dog on so's his dad can't shoot it. Say ma, I'll let ye on ground floor in that lot by the corner o' the house there, to stand yer flower-pots on—take it fer 5 cents an a handful o' rais'ns, seein it's you!"

UNEQUALLED.—P. B. MacNamara, dry goods merchant, Brockville, Ont., says—As an instant relief for cold in the head and catarrh, Nasal Balm is unequalled. The effect is noticed as soon as used.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipt book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is spot work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding the price being cut on account of hard times, I intend to keep up the quality of my goods, and in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 3rd, 1887.

GOVERNING IRELAND.

Lord Churchill Adversely Criticises the Land Bill — Goschen Defends It — Speeches by Gladstone and Parnell—Crime in Kerry—Juries that Won't Convict.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons this evening, Lord Randolph Churchill, resuming the debate on the Land Bill, objected to Mr. Bannerman's amendment, that the Bill be rejected only, as raising a false issue. There was a general agreement, he said, on the point that a Bill was absolutely necessary to afford relief to the Irish tenantry. It was a great mistake to impute a want of good faith to the Government in the proposals of the Bill. The Government had been forced to offer a temporary land measure before the session closed, for no more odious duty could devolve upon the Irish Government than to administer the Crimes Act unaccompanied by a measure which would satisfy the tenantry. (Cries of hear, hear.) Proceeding to examine the clauses of the Bill, he supported Mr. Dillon's criticisms on the restrictions of the lease-holders' clause, which he hoped the Government would amend. He did not see that the tenantry would derive any benefit from the clause dealing with evictions. (Parnellite cheers.) He would fear to entrust Irish agents, the advisers of the landlords, with the powers conferred upon them by that clause. (Cries of "Oh" from the Conservative benches and cheers.) What would have been the state of Ireland if this clause had been in operation last winter? He did not doubt that from one-quarter to one-half of the tenantry would have been in a state of tumult and disorder appalling to contemplate. It was not within the limit of physical possibilities to deal with the clause this session. The Bill must be lightened by throwing it over. The bankruptcy clauses were equally objectionable, inasmuch as they would tend to lower the moral tone of the tenantry besides producing an immeasurable mass of litigation. The Government, in view of the large number of tenants who it was expected would be forced into bankruptcy, seemed to be trying to build up a system of national credit on a widespread foundation of national insolvency. If the Government, with the Irish members, would agree to deal with arrears and a revision of the judicial rents instead of the bankruptcy clauses, the Bill would be deprived of its worst features and would become acceptable to the country. (Cheers.)

Sir William Harcourt congratulated Lord Randolph on his clear exposition of the defects of the Bill. If Lord Randolph's speech led to a new development of the Bill, the House would have no difficulty in passing it. Lord Randolph had performed a capital operation under chloroform upon the measure, transforming its nature and leaving the mere skeleton of the Bill. If the Government assented, the House would now try to put some decent clothing on the skeleton. Let the Government throw overboard the clauses that both Tories and Liberals opposed, and the Bill going without delay into committee would find an easy passage.

Mr. Goschen, speaking in behalf of the Government, said that while they would not attempt to disguise the difficulty of their task, they must refuse to buy a single vote by making any concession against their convictions. Dwelling upon the temporary character of the Bill, he said the Government would do their best to meet the views of the gentlemen on the other side with regard to the leaseholders' clause. He boldly defended the eviction clause. He defended the bankruptcy clauses, and denied Lord Churchill's assertion that the Government was trying to found a system of national credit. He opposed the plan for a revision of rents advised by the Cowper Commission as fatal to the coming land purchase measure.

Mr. Parnell said he thought Mr. Goschen was looking rather to the enhanced value of his property under his future Land Purchase Bill than to the interest of the Irish tenants. The Government proposed to abolish evictions by executing them under another name, with the object of getting rid of the record of such transactions as evictions. The attempt to bolster up the judicial rents as the basis for purchase would defeat its own end, because the land would not be purchased on the judicial basis. The present measure would simply be regarded as a monument of stupidity and inaptitude. A speedy revision of rents was absolutely necessary.

Mr. Gladstone thought the debate had been conducted with great ability. Presuming that the Government maintained an open mind with regard to the suggestions made he thought it needless to press the amendment to a division, but that the House should be left at liberty to amend and substantially improve the Bill. The committee understood that if pressed to do so, the Government were willing to drop the bankruptcy clauses. He reminded the House that those clauses constituted what the Government had always put forward as a prominent part of the Bill and that no substitute was proposed. Assuming that Mr. Chamberlain intended to press his amendments, Mr. Gladstone called attention to and hailed his speech with great satisfaction. There was no reason to compel the Government to reject the suggestion with regard to the revision of judicial rents, and there was no apparent disposition on the part of the House to sustain the Government in rejecting the proposals of the Cowper commission. The Opposition had obtained a vantage ground which they could not have anticipated a week ago, and with the prospect of a still further improvement in the views with which the measure was regarded by the other side of the House, he had hoped the amendment would not be pressed.

The amendment was negatived and the Bill read a second time without division. It was decided to consider this Bill in committee on Thursday next

In the House of Lords this afternoon Baron Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, moved the second reading of the Crimes Bill. After speeches by Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Carnarvon and others, the Bill was read a second time.

A Dublin cable says: Justice O'Brien, in his address to the Grand Jury of County Kerry yesterday, stated that there was a decrease of crime in the county. He said he could not, however, congratulate the people on the fact, the cause of it being the complete subjugation of the peaceable members of the community to a lawless organization, which was now allowing the well-disposed a little repose from violence. Notwithstanding this there were 60 cases of malicious injury before the jury, showing that a deplorable amount of crime was still committed with impunity. The applications for protection had also increased. The social tyranny had extended to mercantile and legal dealings, resulting in the complete suspension of the law.

Full reports of the first criminal trials which took place on Wednesday for resisting eviction with scalding water accompaniment have just reached here from Limerick. Justice Johnson presided at the assizes. It seems that on the estate of the Earl of Devon a sheriff, thirty constables and eight bailiffs had evicted a tenant named Halliman. There had been the usual barricade of trees, timber and rocks. Six men and three women—part belonging to the family of the tenant and the others being neighbors—were the resistants and indicted. Evidence was given by the bailiffs establishing beyond doubt the identities of those of the accused who threw boiling water and scalding porridge and used pitchforks through the orifices made by the besieging bailiffs. It was distinctly shown that one prisoner thrust a red-hot iron bar through one of the orifices, burning an emergency man. Local solicitors appeared for the accused and watched the case, but there was no barrister. Not a bit of evidence for the defence was adduced, and no address was made in favor of the prisoners. Justice Johnson summed up pointedly against the accused, but, after some hours' deliberation, a majority of the jurors favoring acquittal, they were discharged, the judge roundly scolding the unknown dissentients. Five men were next tried for riotous conduct at another eviction on the same estate. In this case, however, some witnesses did testify against the police, charging them with barbarity. In a short time the jury acquitted the accused, amid the cheers of the spectators.

TURNED THE HOSE ON THEM.

A Lively Battle Between Railroad Laborers and the City Authorities at Youngstown, O.

A Youngstown (O.) despatch says: A regular pitched battle between about fifty Pittsburg & Western Railroad employees, mostly Italians, on one side, and the whole city police force, with twenty-five specials, the City Engineer and Street Commissioner's force, every member of the City Council and Fire Department, under the leadership of Marshal Williams, on the other, took place at 1.30 yesterday afternoon. Contractor Kelly, of the Pittsburg & Western, had a construction train standing across Mill street, making a roadbed about three feet above its grade, when the city forces at a given signal, blown on the fire whistle, put in an appearance, and two well directed streams from three-inch nozzles soon drowned the railroaders out. They deserted their locomotive and cars and the police mounted the locomotive. The railroaders rallied and climbed upon it, and a battle took place. Revolvers were drawn, the police used clubs and both parties fought until they all tumbled out of the engine cab. By this time 2,000 people had congregated and a hand-to-hand fight occurred. The police again captured the locomotive and pulled the train out of reach. Several arrests have been made, among them Contractor Kelly, who is now in the lock-up. The city forces are now shoveling away the obstructions, and police are guarding the crossing.

THE LATE YACHT CALAMITY.

Three More Bodies Recovered—A Distressing Incident of the Accident.

A Brooklyn despatch says: Three more of the bodies of the ill-fated pleasure seekers who went down with the yacht Mystery were recovered at Point Breeze yesterday afternoon, and there are only twelve now missing. One of the saddest incidents of the disaster came to light to-day. A month ago Chas. Gargot, of 86 Park avenue, after having been out of employment for some weeks, secured a lucrative position in a Chicago plate glass establishment. He went on, leaving his wife and two children at home. They were drowned. Yesterday a letter came from Chicago to 86 Park avenue. Mrs. Gargot's brother received it, and seeing it addressed to his dead sister in the familiar hand-writing of her husband, forwarded it to Mr. Gargot's brother. He opened it and found within an affectionate letter to the dead wife and money to pay her expenses to Chicago with her children. There was an admonition to come at once.

Krupp Dead.

A Berlin cable says: Frederick Krupp, the well known German metal founder and gigantic steel gun manufacturer, died yesterday in his villa near Essen, Rhenish Prussia. Herr Krupp was born at Essen, 1812. The enormous manufactory at Essen was established by the father of the deceased in 1827. At first the elder Krupp had only two workmen, and the works were conducted on the most limited scale; but under the supervision of the son they attained to their present gigantic proportions. Herr Frederick was the discoverer of the method of casting steel in very large masses. He sent to the London Exhibition of 1851 a block weighing 45 German quintals, and at present a block can be cast weighing more than 4,000 quintals. Herr Krupp manufactured a large number of articles used for peaceful purposes, but his name is more particularly associated with the gigantic steel siege guns which the Germans used with such terrible effect against the city of Paris. In 1864 the Emperor William offered him letters of nobility, which he declined to accept.

A Collision of Trains.

A London despatch says: Word reached here of a collision yesterday afternoon on the Petrolea and Sarnia Branch of the Grand Trunk, near Wyoming, the consequences of which, however, were not very serious. The gravel train in charge of Conductor Gillean, of this city, was backing round the "V" towards Petrolea, when the passenger train from that station ran into it. The passengers were considerably shaken up, and Mr. Alexander, of this city, was thrown down and somewhat cut. The engine men of the passenger train jumped and escaped injury. No one on the gravel train was hurt, though the caboose was pretty badly smashed. It took about two hours to clear the track.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Sensational Close of a Triple Murder Trial in Paris.

A Paris cable says: The Pranzini trial came to an end at half-past 6 o'clock last evening in the presence of a most dazzling bouquet of Parisian *mondaines*, artists and *demi-mondaines*. Among the spectators sitting near me I noticed the Comtesse de Bourbon, the Duchesse de Fitzjames, Mlle. Rossita Mauri and a bevy of danseuses from the Opera. Sitting right behind me were MM. Rochefort and Clemenceau. Mlle. Jeanne Gramer sat looking at the trial eating chicken sandwiches and now and then refreshing herself from a delicate little silver flask.

Pranzini stood cool but pale, listening to every word uttered by his counsel, and now and then he turned his eyes toward the pretty women and bewitching toilets that made the courtroom resemble a flower garden.

When the prisoner's counsel, Maître Demange—who is considered at the bar one of the most accomplished rhetoricians since Maître Lachaud—ended his speech with the words, "Pranzini demande la vie avec toutes ses jouissances—la vie avec les femmes; la vie avec le jeu," Pranzini stretched out his left arm, and with stentorian voice shouted:

"Give me death or give me liberty; I am innocent!"

The jury retired, and after an hour and three-quarters' deliberation they returned a verdict of guilty as to the murder of Marie Regnault and her servant, but said that the killing of the little girl was without premeditation.

The President, eyeing Pranzini ferociously, said, "Pranzini, have you anything to say?"

Pranzini answered in dry, crisp tones, and with clenched teeth, "*Non!*"

Then the judge pronounced the death sentence. The ladies cried "Oh! Oh!" and many fainted away, causing a tremendous tumult. Pranzini motioned with his hands as if he wanted to speak. A dead silence ensued. Pranzini then muttered, "I swear to God I am innocent!"

And this closed the trial for the triple murder of the Rue Montaigne.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER

A Russian Grand Duchess by Religious Fanatics.

A London cable says: A despatch from St. Petersburg, which has come by way of Gumbinnen, in Eastern Russia, states that on July 10th a band of religious fanatics attempted to murder the wife of Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, son of Grand Duke Constantine, uncle of the Czar. The attempt at assassination was made at the palace, where the lady and her husband were stopping. The cause given for the attack was that the Grand Duchess, who is a Lutheran, refused to modify the terms of her marriage covenant, which accords her the privilege of remaining a Lutheran and joining the Greek Church. The fanatics were all arrested, having been caught near the palace. While they were being removed to jail they cried to the Grand Duchess, "We have already had enough of Maria Paulovona," referring to the Grand Duchess of that name who is the wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, brother of the Czar, whom the populace have suspected of making proselytes. It is stated that previous to the attempt religious fanatics also tried to kill the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Grand Duke Serge. This lady is also a Protestant, being a daughter of Grand Duke Louis the Fourth of Hesse.

THE NOBLE NOODLES

Who Admire Mrs. Leslie Will Not Fight.

A London cable says: There will be no duel between the Marquis de Leuville and the Russian Prince Eristoff, who a few days ago played respectively the parts of cowhider and cowhided in Hyde Park. The Marquis thirsted for blood, so he told his friends, but various influences which were brought to bear induced the Prince to disappoint the noble Marquis in his longing. He was appealed to by Mrs. Leslie not to increase a painful scandal, and declared that consideration for her feelings was sufficient to induce him to let the Marquis alone. He has proposed marriage to Mrs. Leslie and has been refused, but that did not diminish his princely politeness and consideration. Mrs. Leslie, who has great confidence in the ability of the Marquis to do things well, also advanced the argument that the Marquis, who, she says, is the best duellist in the world, would either wound or kill him, and that it was beneath him entirely to be run through or shot by a man like De Leuville. The Prince refused to consider the question of danger, but he decided that if Mrs. Leslie's feelings were not at stake, his dignity as a genuine and unquestioned prince would prevent him from fighting with a gentleman who was not even a genuine and an unquestioned marquis.

Burned by Molten Iron.

A Chicago despatch say: A frightful accident occurred on Saturday morning at the Union Steel Works, corner of Ashland and Archer avenues. Three men were engaged in pouring hot iron into a mould that was damp, when the metal flew up and burned them dreadfully. They were taken to the county hospital and the physicians declare that their recovery is out of the question. Two of the injured are Poles and the third a Hungarian. Their names are: Michael Hischo, George Woodford and Feral Kutsche. The following were seriously injured, but will probably recover: James Benneke, Samuel Wakel, James Hurst and David Jenkins. Woodford and Hischo were married. They and Kutsche were taken to the hospital, while the others were removed to their homes. J. F. Johnson, the foreman, was also struck by the flying metal and slightly burned.

Among the queer names in the Chicago directory for 1887 are the following: Woggow, Smrz, Smalrkivoies, Smuczynski, Hop, Wow, Yshick, Yskia, Zwierschouska, Szolmochowski and Trjnak.

On Jubilee day Birmingham gave an entertainment to 72,000 school children, Blackburn to 17,000, Bradford to 23,000, Leeds entertained 20,000 poor adults and 80,000 school children, Manchester gave a breakfast to 80,000 children, Nottingham feasted 50,000, Portsmouth gave tea and medals to 23,000 and Sheffield feasted and gave medals to 50,000.

KILLED IN COLD BLOOD.

Prominent Washington Citizen Knifed to Death on the Streets by a Laboring Man.

A last (Wednesday) night's Washington despatch says: The most sensational murder that has occurred here since the assassination of President Garfield was committed about 5 o'clock this evening on the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the northeastern end of the Treasury Department Building. Mr. J. C. Kennedy, an attorney and real estate agent, one of the oldest residents of Washington and a personal acquaintance of many of the most prominent people of the National Capital, was murdered in cold blood and apparently without provocation by John Daily, a white laborer. A few minutes before 5 o'clock Mr. Kennedy left his office, just above Riggs' Bank, and crossed the street to the opposite corner, where he mailed several letters. He then started to take a car of the Fourteenth street road. When he was within a few feet of the car Daily, who had been loitering around the corner for several hours, walked up behind him and drawing a large, keen-bladed knife, similar to those used by butchers in killing hogs, ran it into Mr. Kennedy's right side near the abdomen with a vicious lunge, and then gave it a jerk sideways. Mr. Kennedy fell to the ground, and after giving one cry of "Murder," groaned deeply and pointed to his murderer, who made no attempt to escape. A crowd assembled, and Henry Ason, a colored watchman, seized Daily, who had stood looking on, apparently the most unconcerned and self-possessed man in the crowd. Mr. Kennedy expired in about five minutes. The excitement rose rapidly and the crowd grew boisterous, threatening to hang the murderer. Daily paid but little attention to them and refused to say why he committed the crime. Once when provoked he turned serenely to the crowd and said, "Yes, I killed him—d—n him." It was with difficulty that the crowd was restrained until Daily was conveyed to the station.

COL. REYNOLD'S ROMANCE.

Why a Rich South Carolinian Took His Slave for a Wife.

A Columbia, S. C., despatch says: A special to the *Daily Register* from Sumter, S. C., reports the death in that county last Saturday of Colonel William J. Roynolds, in the 79th year of his age. Colonel Reynolds, fifty years ago, was one of the most promising young men in the State, and was noted for his industry, integrity and active interest in military affairs. He fell deeply in love with a beautiful young girl belonging to one of the first families in Claremont county, and made suit for her hand. He seemed to be favorably regarded by the girl herself, but her parents had more ambitious views for her, and would not allow her to marry him. Nothing daunted, the young man went to work to win a name and position which would render him more acceptable to the parents. He was elected to represent his county in the State Legislature; served one term with credit and distinction, and returning to his home made another effort to secure the hand of the girl to whom he was attached. He was again refused; but after he had been elected a third time over prominent and wealthy competitors the opposition to him was apparently silenced, the young woman promised to be his wife, and all the preparations were made for the wedding. At the last moment she wrote a note saying that she had yielded to the wishes of her mother and must decline to fulfil her engagement. This broke up Colonel Reynolds' life and career. After brooding for a long time over his disappointment he took for a wife a negro girl who had been his slave, and lived with her to the last, regardless of public opinion and the entreaties of his relatives. He reared a large family of children, and himself drew up a will providing for them all and putting them on an equality with his own nearest relatives. He left an estate consisting of some thousands of dollars in money and 4,000 acres of land, and it is thought that the validity of the will will be sustained.

FOUR PERSONS DROWNED

By the Boat Being Cut in Two by a Steamer.

A last (Sunday) night's Detroit despatch says: Between 11 and 12 o'clock last night a shocking accident occurred on the river nearly opposite this city, by which three men and a woman lost their lives. The four, consisting of Christopher Nicolans and his wife, Jacob Bachmann and Jacob Rohler, all residents of Detroit, had been spending the evening at Le Bœuff's wine house on the Canadian shore, just above Walkerville, and started to return a few minutes past 11. When near the island wharf the steamer Mackinac, whose approach the occupants of the boat had not noticed until too late to avoid her, struck the frail craft square on the beam and cut it completely in halves. The force of the blow threw the occupants of the rowboat into the water, and they were drawn beneath the surface by the powerful suction of the steamer's paddles before they had time even to utter a cry for help. The steamer was immediately stopped and every effort made to rescue the unfortunate people, but no trace of them could be discovered. The three men were all employed at Kling's brewery, in this city.

Sanitary Value of Hot Tea.

Tea taken hot is certainly more wholesome than iced tea. This is well shown by the enormous population of China, which could never have increased to its present numbers if epidemics had ravaged that empire as they have those of the West. In spite of overcrowding to a degree elsewhere unknown, and indescribably filthy surroundings, the Chinese have remained healthy. The only sanitary redeeming feature of their lives is the almost universal use of tea as a beverage. That is to say, of water that has been boiled. This lesson in practical sanitation is of more value than anything brought forth by our numerous boards of health, National, State or municipal. In the presence of an epidemic of cholera, typhoid fever or dysentery, the wisest precaution to take against infection would be to boil all fluids used for drinking purposes.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Miss Marietta Holley (Josiah Allen's wife) received $11,000 for the manuscript of her new book, "Samantha at Saratoga."

LABBY'S LETTER.

What the Jubilee Cost the Queen—Cheap French Wines—The Language of a Fishfag—Advice to the Irish.

Mr. Labouchere cables from London to the New York *World*:

The announcement that the Jubilee hospitalities will cost the Queen upward of $500,000 is an exaggeration. The very highest official estimate, including charges of every sort and description, is under $250,000. These payments are to be made out of the accumulations of the civil list.

People who are in the habit of drinking cheap French wines under the delusion that they are consuming pure Bordeaux or Burgundy, will be interested to learn that within the last few weeks half a million gallons of Italian wines have reached Bordeaux from Naples and Bari, in addition to some two hundred thousand gallons of Greek wine. Of course these wines, which are bought at inconceivably low rates, will leave the town to which they are consigned after having been transferred by dexterous mixing into Medoc or Macon.

Having sought consolation by the abuse of its friends, the *Times* proceeds to deal with Mr. Gladstone's speech to the American delegates who brought him over the testimonial and with the delegates. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is described as a Bavarian, Mr. Perry Belmont as a man who wants promotion and is willing to flatter the Irish, the committee as composed of pushing Irish tradesmen. Says the *Times*: "The whole thing is, as was shown in our columns a month ago, a delightful combination of vulgar political intrigue and sordid commercial speculation. The money was raised by charging for admission to dancing and fireworks. As for Mr. Gladstone, his colossal vanity and insatiable appetite for flattery are well known, and he has repaid the donors with flattery as gross and as clumsy as that which pleases his own far from fastidious palate. It is difficult to conceive the depths to which a man has sunk before he can contemplate such an offering with anything but repugnance and disgust." Is not all this a little overdoing the vituperation? The *Times* appeals to all patriotic and intelligent men. May not possibly some of them vaguely opine that the cause that has to be defended by vilification of every one in the language of a fishfag is more notable for its weakness than its strength?

The Coercion Bill has passed the House of Commons and will in a few days receive the Royal assent. The centre of resistance will therefore be transferred from London to Ireland. If the Tories fancy that the victory is already won, they are in a fool's paradise. Let there be no outrage. The Tories hope to force the Irish into crime as a justification for the Crimes Act. The Irish must not play their game. They must oppose with a passive resistance whenever an eviction is attempted. The home of the victim should be barricaded and the task of the exterminators rendered difficult. Whenever a man turns informer or takes land from which the rightful holder has been evicted, such a man should be treated as a leper. If the Irish are only true to themselves it will be found more easy to pass a Coercion Act in England than to carry it out in Ireland.

A LONG BRANCH COSTUME.

A Story Which All the Ladies Will Appreciate.

One of the drollest exhibitions of dress was made by a stout lady who went on an excursion to escape the heat of the city. She had bestowed unusual pains on her costume, which was of ecru pongee. The skirt and the waist were trimmed with innumerable rows of fine knife pleating, made by machinery. It was flat-pressed, neat and rather becoming. She had a parasol made of over-lapping rows of the same pleating. She had a peaked bonnet, on which several rows of it were placed. Nothing could have been finer than the lady's appearance as she sat down among the rather envious company. Pretty soon dampness came into the air and did a fatal work for the frills. Every particle of the dressing came out of the knife pleats. A brisk wind blew them out and blew them up. The fulness required for pleating is just three times the surface it covers. That parasol was a mass of crazy, ruffled rags. That hat laid over any old Irish cap that ever crossed a peat bog on a Tipperary widdy's head. That dress was a half-inflated, flopping balloon. The face of the lady got crimson with a sense of her disordered condition, and one was justified in thinking it would be $10 or ten days she would be getting at 10 in the morning in the police court.—*Long Branch Letter.*

Advertising for Skin Grafts.

(Hartford Times.)

Several months ago Miss Emma Neuman, of Bristol, had her scalp torn from her head by her hair catching in machinery in the mill where she was employed. Dr. J. Wilson, of Bristol, has been diligently engaged since in building up a new scalp by grafting on the head minute bits of skin taken from the arms of various persons. Probably he has exhausted the list of Miss Neuman's friends who were willing to contribute to her relief, for at this time he calls for outside aid, in the following card:

Young persons, not over 30, who are willing to confer a favor on Miss Emma Neuman, will greatly oblige her and her friends if they will allow seeds for grafting in the new scalp to be taken from their arm. The family and friends have furnished material, and a good scalp is being made, but the lack of sufficient material is now the greatest obstacle in successfully covering the entire head. The piece for grafting is pinched up and slipped off without pain or bad effect on the person. Those who will assist the recovery of Miss Neuman may call on Dr. Wilson at his office at 9.30 a.m. or notify him, and arrangements will be made for the convenience of parties.

DR. J. WILSON, Bristol, Conn.

V. V. Ashford, a member of the Sandwich Islands revolutionary Cabinet, was at one time a book agent in Toronto.

"And what would you prescribe for the baby?" asked an anxious father of an absent-minded physician. "Oh! the usual thing," returned he. "Perfect quiet, no worry, exercise, amusement; no coffee, no spirits, and smoking in moderation."

The mosquito is at hum wherever he may be.

Brass kettles, once hammered out, are now spun on a lathe.

CURRENT TOPICS.

RINGLETS flourished in 1846. In those days accomplished girls "twanged the light guitar" and accompanied themselves in the most sentimental of songs. They liked sitting dreaming in the moonlight alone, or *en tete-a-tete*. They read unlimited novels and had no sense of humor. They never awoke to the realities of life until they married and wore their hair in bands. If you put a girl in ringlets what can you expect? Certainly nothing practical or energetic. It is well known that the slightest exertion takes the ringlets out of curl. Let us hope that fate will never be so cruel as again to make them fashionable.

THE Empress of Austria is very proud of the produce of her fine Schoenbrunn farm. She recently sent a fine ham, weighing twenty-two pounds, to her sister, addressed "To the Countess of Trani at Baden, from her sister the Empress of Austria," but the certificate of origin which should have accompanied it was forgotten, and the customs officers at Limbach detained the parcel, and sent to the Inspector of Markets at Vienna a printed form, which, filled up, read as follows: "A parcel is lying at the customs addressed to the Countess de Trani. Please inform us if the sender, the Empress of Austria, resides at Vienna and is a pork butcher by trade." A satisfactory answer was returned.

THE biggest missionary enterprise on record has been accomplished by Rev. George Muller, founder of an orphanage at Bristol, who has just returned from a preaching tour round the world. The indefatigable evangelist has been absent ten years, during which time he has travelled over 130,000 miles, extending through the United States, New Zealand, Australia, the Malayan Peninsula, China, Japan and the journey home through Europe. What makes the feat really extraordinary is that Mr. Muller is now 82 years of age, and is reported to have finished in splendid condition. His united congregations during the tour amount to over a million persons. A peculiarity of the veteran's methods of collecting money for his orphanage is that he never asks for it. He merely tells his story of how he has been sustained in the past, and the wealth comes rolling in.

NEVER disappoint a woman. As Congreve says, "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." The other morning a woman in New York city committed suicide because her husband would not permit her to spend the day in the country. He foolishly insisted that she should stay at home with him and assist him in his drinking saloon instead, and in her disappointment she took her life. An even more striking instance of the inability of some women to endure the frustration of their plans is reported from Kansas City. Mrs. Jamieson, a wife and mother, had arranged to go on an excursion with her family, but a rainstorm intertered. The love of a devoted husband and the claims of three young children were not sufficient to stay the woman's suicidal hand, and she deliberately swallowed a fatal dose of chloroform. A more senseless and cruel act was never committed. Surely the nature of woman passeth all understanding.

M. P. LECLERC has propounded a theory that odor is, like light and sound, a phenomenon of undulation. He cites in support of his view that many substances, like sulphur and copper, do not emit odors until they are rubbed, and it is more reasonable to suppose that the rubbings cause undulations than that under that condition the substances emit matter which cannot be detected except as a smell. Again, arsenious acid when thrown upon a burning coal gives thick gray fumes and an odor of garlic. In the solid state it has no smell, and no more in the vaporous state if no chemical change takes place in volatilizing it. But when it is thrown upon the hot coal a reduction takes place to arsenic, that is volatilized and then reoxidized on coming in contact with the air, and we have a smell accompanying the chemical action the same as in many other cases we have light or heat in connection with it. M. Leclerc, continuing his experiments with a rather imperfect instrument, claims to have produced interference of odors analogous with the interference phenomena of light

MANY people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, and in some cases the clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. A great many children and not a few adults are tormented throughout the whole summer by minute enemies. We know persons who are afraid of picnics and even of their own gardens on this account. Clothing is an imperfect protection, for we have seen a child whose foot and ankle had been stung through the stocking so seriously that for days she could not wear a leather shoe. All this can be averted according to our experience, and that we believe of many others, by carbolic acid judiciously used. The safest plan is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution cannot contain more than 6 or 7 per cent., and it may be added to water until the latter smells strongly. This may readily and with perfect safety be applied with a sponge. We have no doubt that horses and cattle could be protected in the same way from the flies, which sometimes nearly madden them, and it even seems possible that that terrible scourge, the African Tsetse fly, might be kept off in the same manner.

A CABLE special to the New York *Post* says: "Sir Allen Young, and not Baron Nordenskjoeld, as has been reported, will probably command the expedition to the south pole which Australia is preparing to send out." Sir Allen Young, then an untitled captain in the mercantile marine, was the volunteer sailing master of the expedition of McClintock in the yacht Fox in 1857-1859, to the cost of which he was a contributor. This was the expedition which finally settled the question of the fate of Sir John Franklin's party by finding a record left by them on the shore of King William's Land. In 1875 he commanded an expedition, fitted out partly at his own expense and partly at that of Lady Franklin, in search of further relics of Sir John's party, but was compelled by the ice to turn back before reaching his destination. His vessel was the Pandora, which, having been sold to James Gordon Bennett, had her name changed to the Jeannette and carried De Long's ill-fated party on its expedition and sank in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia. Captain Young, in 1876, had command of a vessel which carried a supply of provisions to the Arctic regions for the Alert and Discovery, under Sir George Nares, but which those vessels did not find, owing to their failure to land at Littleton Island on their way home.

A WEALTHY woman of Chicago holds that the girls of her city have not received justice at the hands of novelists; and she offers to pay all the expenses of publishing a story which shall reveal the fair beings as they are. What if the novelist should tell the whole truth?

THE hackmen of Victoria, British Columbia, subscribed $100 towards the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee at that place, but the hack ordinance was published in the *Colonist*, and they asserted that this, by apprising visitors of their rights, reduced the hackmen's profits, and they refused to pay the money subscribed.

THIRTY-FIVE hundred crates of tomatoes, from the steamer City of Augusta's cargo of 6,000 packages of Savannah "garden truck," were sent outside of New York harbor on Wednesday and dumped into the sea. Meeting hot weather in rather ripe condition made them not worth the cost of freight.

THE head of the famous lead pencil firm of A. W. Faber, Freiherr von Faber, recently celebrated his 70th birthday at Stein, near Nuremburg. He has changed his native village into one of the finest in Germany, founded the famous Germanic Museum in Nuremburg and will be remembered for many other charitable bequests.

EX-GOVERNOR ALGER of Michigan does not weary in well-doing. He now wants the Board of Regents of the State University to establish at Harper Hospital, Detroit, a clinical school in connection with the university, and offers to give $10,000 to start the fund necessary therefor. This hospital, by the way, was originally the benefaction of a poor woman who sold fruit and vegetables in Central market.

"THE fool," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "who rows a pleasure boat into the wake of a passing steamer in order to frighten his women companions received summary punishment at Pittsburg Sunday, when Richard Lane, who insisted upon perpetrating the deed, was drowned by the upsetting of his own boat. It is well for a joker who insists upon such fun to do his laughing before the boat capsizes."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is failing rapidly. The brilliant intellect which conceived the immortal tale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is perceptibly shattered. The death of Prof. Stowe has added years to the appearance of his lonely wife, and she has lost entirely her vigor and enthusiasm. In her modest little house in Hartford she awaits listlessly the end of her busy life. Sadly she said a few days ago to a friend: "No; I write no more. I have done, I have done, I have done."

THE Sandwich Islands are a prolific source of interesting news of late. Walter Murray Gibson, Premier of the Hawaiian Kingdom, is a man over 70 years of age, but hale and vigorous. Miss Howard St. Clair, a handsome California book agent, claims that the Premier has failed to keep a promise of marriage, and that the sum of $100,000 will just about quiet the throbbings of her more or less broken heart. An effort at a compromise is being made.

THERE is a place in New York where the finest of wedding trousseaus, even down to the shoes, stockings and everything else, may be hired for a night. The owner of the place says that prominent society women get married in suits furnished for the night. When asked by friends after the marriage why they do not wear the dresses they tell them that they intend never to wear them after the first night. Men are also rigged up in wedding finery for $2. The ladies pay from $7 to $40 for their outfits.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE, the brilliant and popular editor of "St. Nicholas," was a young widow before she ever entertained the idea of writing for publication. The first contribution she ever sent to a magazine was promptly accepted, and there was an instant demand for her sketches, but when she completed the manuscript of "Hans Brinker," her greatest work, she had much difficulty in finding a publisher, chiefly because the scene of the story was laid in Holland. But more copies of "Hans Brinker" have been sold than of any other book for children from the pen of an American author.

A GOOD old friend of ours, says the Buffalo *Commercial*, says that it is incomprehensible to her how people can eat meat during this "heated term." She claims that the poor animals become overheated, that their flesh is full of impure matter, and that meat ought not to be eaten in warm weather anyway. For herself, she "eschews" meat, and when she wants something "stronger" than vegetables she eats "kidneys, sweetbreads, a little bacon, some liver now and then and occasionally tripe." She regards this diet as much more healthy than "flesh" of overheated animals. She says, however, that as a rule during the summer she is "strictly vegetarian," and "lives almost entirely on milk and eggs."

AT this season of the year, says the *Scientific American*, the annoyance caused to animals by flies and mosquitoes often amounts to positive agony, and at all times, in what is called good corn weather, it is sufficient to prevent the stock eating enough to keep them in good condition. The animals will stand in the water or pass the greater part of the day in the shade rather than expose themselves to the sunshine, going out to eat only when driven by hunger. They quickly lose flesh, the flow of milk shrinks and a loss is incurred that cannot be easily made good again. At all times a good feed of grain is beneficial to stock, but it is especially so when flies are very annoying, since it will do much to prevent shrinkage of flesh and milk. Horses and milch cows may be protected, in a great measure, by wiping them all over with a sponge dipped in soapsuds in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed.

THE number of distinctions conferred on the occasion of the late Jubilee celebration were as follows: Peerages, 8, including Lord Londesborough, Viscount Galway and Sir William Armstrong, of Armstrong gun fame. Privy Councillors, 2—Mr. John Floyer and Sir John Cowell. Baronetcies, 13. Knighthood (not of any Order), 33. The knights include the Lord Mayor of York, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and the Mayors of Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Salford, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Portsmouth, Norwich and Windsor. Knight of the Garter, 1—The Crown Prince of Austria. Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, 7, including the Khedive of Egypt, and six foreign princes. Knights Commanders of the Bath, 12. Companions of the Bath, 31. Knights Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 2. Knights Commanders, 15; among them Dr. Grant, Ottawa. Companions, 8.

Latest Ladies' Fashion Notes.

A new idea in Jerseys is a low-necked and short-sleeved one embroidered with beads.

Another fabric very popular at the seaside is a heavy quality of wrinkled cheese cloth in delicate evening shades. They are trimmed with numerous rows of narrow watered ribbon, and produce good effects in draping.

Point d'esprit is much used for summer evening gowns, not only in white but the new colored sorts that come in shades of green, heliotrope, porcelain blue and old pink. The narrow watered ribbons is a favorite trimming on these frocks also.

For wearing to the beach for the morning bath gowns easily put off and on are selected. A pretty one is of soft, light weight, cream colored flannel, simply draped and trimmed with wide Hercules braid. The bodice is a loose belted waist of flannel, with fine blue lines through it, made with a sailor collar opening over a shirt of white flannel.

A novel design for cloaks for travelling or coaching is copied from the cloaks of the Irish peasant women and envelop the wearer from head to foot. They are made of six or seven breadths of twilled silk gathered to a velvet standing collar. They are without sleeves, but the front breadths are doubled from the foot up and the arms pass out between the doubled fronts; a ribbon belt attached to the two back seams forms them into the waist.

These cloaks are shown in brown, gray or navy blue silk, striped with hair lines of ecru or red, and are shirred into the velvet collar. Thin silks made waterproof are made up in this design for rain or dust cloaks. Other travelling cloaks of gray camel's hair or serge are made up with a much closer shape and are trimmed with three rows of dull silver galloon. Dark, cross-barred homespuns in shades of ecru and brown are made up as ulster and travelling cap for use in ocean voyaging.

The tailors are making coats for use in yachting and coaching of soft, loosely woven woollens with herring-bone stripes like chuddah. These have loose fronts held by a band or girdle fastened with a silver clasp, while the back is adjusted in long pleats, beginning at the collar. A cape or hood is worn with these garments; they are made up in fawn color with heliotrope silk facing, or in gray blue with dark navy blue silk. They reach to the heel and wholly protect their garments underneath.

Travelling dresses for summer journeys by rail or steamer are made of lustrous mohairs, either in shades of French gray or gray and white stripes, stripes of fawn and white, blue and white, or solid dark blue. Some of these dresses are braided with picot braid in flower patterns, while others have only stitching. Some of these mohair travelling gowns, made for June brides, have been trimmed with the many rows of narrow moire ribbon so popular just now. With them are worn little, close bonnets of gray straw, trimmed with Russian tulle and clusters of red carnations, forget-me-nots or bluettes.

That cobwebby Indian silk fabric that used to be known years ago as "pineapple gauze" is re-introduced under the name of "sunshiny" and comes with the edge lined with five or six rows more closely woven than the rest. This is torn off in lengthwise stripes and serves, unhemmed, for the flounces. A pretty black dress of this gauze had a full, plain skirt with the stripes running lengthwise about it. Another full skirt over it was draped a little, and in the back was a sash of the palest pink moire, the ribbon sixteen inches in width. The waist was laced up the back, and pointed both back and front, was half low in the neck and lined with folds of pale pink crepe lisse; the sleeves were unlined and were filled at the arm-hold, held in at the elbow with five rows of narrow pink moire ribbon.

The English girls are wearing frocks of white organdy and sheer mull, made with voluminous draperies and all the edges hem-stitched. These frocks have big bishops' sleeves, which come down full nearly to the waist and held there by a band of ribbon, a full frill falling about the waist. The neck is cut half low, with a wide frill of lace gathered on the edge and falling downward, after the fashion of our mothers' "berthas." Around the throat English girls wear with these dresses a tight necklace of amber or gold beads or imitation pearls immediately beneath the chin. This, however, is only becoming to those who have very round, full throats that are not too long.

A Connecticut postmaster has received (from some enemy of his doubtless) a letter addressed: "Please hand to the most beautiful and intelligent young lady in New Haven, from 18 to 24 years old, and who moves in the best society, unopened." He meets the emergency by proclaiming that the owner can have it upon application.

"Laura," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leader of them orchestras to play that 'Sympathy from Meddlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine and your father's too."

When it comes to keeping cool an even temper is better than a ton of ice.

THEIR NAME WAS WADDELL.

A Strange Meeting of Two Brothers Who Had Never Seen Each Other.

A portly, prosperous-looking gentleman sat in a Sixth avenue elevated car on Monday evening. The conductor had just shouted "Umteenth street" and banged the gate. Another portly gentleman came in and sat down. There was a remarkable resemblance between the two men. A journalist nudged portly party number one and said: "Beg pardon, sir. Do you see your counterpart sitting opposite?"

"By Godfrey, he's the image of me."

Then leaning over he tapped the image on the knee with the *Evening Sun*: "Excuse me, sir. You are my double. Will you oblige me with your card?"

The image looked up, seemed bewildered for an instant. "I haven't a card with me, sir, but my name is Waddell, of Murray, Idaho."

"Waddell, eh? Where is your native place?"

"Manchester, England, sir."

"Your father's name James?"

"Yes, sir. Oblige me with your name, sir."

"Certainly, Jimmy. You don't know me, do you?"

"You look like a Waddell. Are you my brother Smallwood?"

"That's what I am."

The two brothers shook hands for about a minute, exchanging inquiries. An explanation revealed the fact that the elder brother, Smallwood, had left England two years before James was born. He had been in Peru thirty-two years and had not heard from home in twenty years. James was in business in Murray, Idaho. They climbed down the Twenty-third street stairs arm in arm and a moment later were celebrating their meeting with a bottle of Roederer.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Late Scottish News.

On the 25th ult. a man with only one leg swam across the Clyde between Kirn and the Cloch, a distance of 2½ miles.

The Bishop of Argyll was recently arrested in Algiers as a supposed spy, and detained for a few days.

A long continued draught has caused great scarcity of water in various towns and villages in Scotland.

The Culblean and Kinnord sections of the Marquis of Huntly's Aboyne estate, 9,300 acres, have been sold to Mr. C. H. Wilson, M. P. for Hull, for £45,000.

At the Glasgow Circuit Court, on the 28th ult., the young man Hugh Abernethy, who attempted to murder a young woman with whom he had been keeping company, was—some mitigating circumstances having been allowed—sentenced to imprisonment for twelve months.

Kinblethmont House, five miles from Arbroath, the residence of Lindsay Carnegie, was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th ult. Most of the furniture and the plate were got out of the burning mansion, although not without suffering injury, but, notwithstanding, the loss is estimated at £15,000.

In the Circuit Court, at Aberdeen on the 1st instant, Alexander Stewart, who was charged with the murder of a woman near Huntly, put in a plea of guilty of culpable homicide, and this being accepted he was sent to penal servitude for twenty years. An Aberdeen solicitor named Finlayson was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for forgery.

On the 27th ult. a bronze tablet, bearing the inscription "Here dwelt John Galt at his death, 11th April, 1839," was affixed to the wall of the building at the northwest corner of Blackhall street and West Burn street, in Greenock. The idea of this memorial was suggested a few years ago on the visit to Scotland from Canada of Sir A. T. Galt, son of the novelist, and carried out after some delay by some admirers of Galt's works. The tablet was executed by John C. Wilson & Co., Glasgow.

For the Babies

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

A Western paper tells about "a sensational lynching." This was to distinguish it from the ordinary quiet and unobtrusive kind.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathesome disease?

The Experience of Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had ills,
Mrs. Peters had chills,
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;
They dosed her with pills,
With powders and squills,
With remedies wet and with remedies dry.
Many medicines lured her,
But none of them cured her,
Their names and their number nobody could tell;
And she soon might have died,
But some "Pellets" were tried,
That acted like magic, and then she got well.

The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They cured Mrs. Peters, and now she wouldn't be without them.

Who are to be blessed? Surely the man who minds his own business will be among the number.

If best treatment you could get failed to cure rheumatism do not be discouraged, but take McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant, the best remedy known. Sold by wholesale druggists of Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg and by retail druggists generally.

Hereafter tavern, shop and other signs in Alsace-Lorraine must bear inscriptions in German only.

A 3-year-old negro boy in St. Augustine Fla., was handcuffed and sent to stealing four plums from a garden.

A Square Statement by a Carpenter.

"For years I have had a *chest* trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. I *saw* how others in like condition had been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its merits in my own *case*. The results are so *plane* as hardly to require a *bitstock* or any *auger*-ment in favor of this *grate* remedy. It does *awl* it claims! It *builds* up the system, *supports* and strengthens where others fail." He *adz*: "My recovery, which is now on a sure *foundation*, *hinges* entirely on the *compass* of this wonderful Restorative, having tried other remedies without a *bit* of relief."

You can get more wind out of a ten cent fan than you can from a $500 one. It's the same way with a ten cent man.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A company of Frenchmen are breeding Arabian horses in Dakota.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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ST. THOMAS, ONT.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We once knew a man who thought the editor of a certain country paper had no right to drop one issue during the year. The editor got a little warm at the man's "smallness of soul," and thus addressed him:—"My friend, you appear to have forgotten the fact, that you left some wood in my yard last week; and also—" "Well, sir, and wasn't it good sound maple and beech wood?" interrupted the man with a snort. "It was, replied the editor freezingly, "but it was just a quarter of a cord short of the right measurement! I would not have alluded to this fact if you had not spoken as you have in reference to my dropping an issue of my paper, and—." But the man was gone, and the editor resumed his work with a sigh.

An anonymous writer, in last week's issue of the Markdale *Standard*, writing above the signature, "An Observer," takes us to task for saying what we did in reference to the precedent established by certain citizens of Markdale, in the matter of bringing their edibles along with them to this place on the 12th of July. Anonymous writers frequently do criticise assertions made, or opinions advanced, by us. But, bless you! it only shows the weakness of their position when they seek to hide their sayings under cover of a false name. "They love darkness rather than light," &c. "An Observer" evidently believes in delivering his fire only when well under cover.

It's no use trying—we give it up! We have done all in our power to suppress Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, weather prophet, astronomer, financier, and what not, but Edward's too much for us. Choke him off in Canada and he bobs up serenely in the United States. Expose and ridicule his weather prophecies, and he's off on earthquakes instanter. Follow him up in this direction, and you suddenly find him engaged in a profound calculation concerning certain heavenly bodies—such as the "Star of Bethlehem," &c. We respectfully turn him over to our able city contemporary, the Toronto *World*; failing there, we have still Prof. Johnson, of the *British Lion and American Eagle*, to fall back upon!

Markdale, Berkeley and Kell's L.O. Lodges celebrated the 'twelfth' in that small village lying to the south of us, known as Flesherton. The Markdale brass band led the procession, and wafted upon the balmy air some delicious and appropriate strains of music. —*Markdale cor. Grey Review.*

In that case, when referring to Markdale in future, we should say—"The little hamlet to the North of us!" Thanks! oh, thanks awfully for the suggestion! By the bye, we would gently remind the writer of the above, that it was the Flesherton Band "lead the procession" at Irish Lake picnic to the tune of dollars and dimes at that! Ha, ha, "Mulcahy"! we've got ye' there on the hip, me boy!

Mr. Flesher, of Flesherton, offers a mill site in that village free to any one who will agree to put up a roller mill. If the owners of the splendid unused site in Durham would do the same thing it would be an inducement worth mentioning. If a little place like Flesherton can produce a man with so much public spirit, surely some of the Durham property owners might take a lesson out of his book. The probabilities are that if the thing was properly managed the results would more than repay the outlay—*Grey Review.*

The above is incorrect. Mr. A. Munshaw, proprietor of the hotel here—and not Mr. Flesher—"offers a mill site," &c. to any one who will build a roller flour mill in Flesherton. It is also incorrect to speak of this town as a "little place" unless the *Review* is willing to speak of Durham in a similar manner. Flesherton is away ahead of the "ancient village" to the West of us in many respects.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

He Humored Him.

A New York stock broker who was on his way to Buffalo last week, observed that one of his fellow passengers was closely regarding him, and after a time the man came over and asked:

"Didn't I see you in Chicago in 1879?"

The broker wasn't in Chicago that year, but thinking to humor the stranger he replied in the affirmative.

"Don't you remember of handing a poor devil a silver dollar one night in front of the Tremont?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm the chap, I was hard up, out of work and about ready to commit suicide. That money made a new man of me. By one lucky shift and another I am now worth $25,000."

"Ah! glad to hear it."

"And now I want you to take $5 in place of that dollar. I can't feel easy until that debt is paid."

The broker protested and objected, but finally, just to humor the man, he took the $20 bill and gave him back $15. The stranger then withdrew and everything might have ended then and there if the broker, on reaching Buffalo, hadn't ascertained that the "twenty" was a counterfeit and that he was $15 out of pocket.

He Wanted an Explanation.

"You look like a clergyman," observed a hard up man to the gentleman next him in the smoker.

"I am," was the reply.

"Then I'd like to have you explain something to me."

"What is it?"

"You know, the Bible says 'as ye sow, so shall ye reap.' Now I've been sewing up holes in these trousers for two years, and I want to know when I am likely to reap another pair."

And he got the whole seat to himself.

An Ohio dentist has devoted himself to active politics, probably on the ground that his calling has fitted him for "taking the stump."

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio,

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail.

MEAFORD.

IN the matter of WILLIAM HOGG, of the Village of Flesherton Station, in the County of Grey, General Storekeeper:

The insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to the undersigned, in pursuance of an Act respecting Assignments for the benefit of Creditors, 48 Vic., Chap. 28, and the Creditors are notified to meet at No 23 Wellington Street East, Toronto, on Monday 18th July, 1887, at 4 o'clock, p.m., to receive statements of his affairs, appoint Inspectors, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

And Notice is hereby given, that after 15th August, next, the said Trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Debtor among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which Notice shall have been given, and that he will not be liable for the assets, or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt or claim he shall not then have had notice.

E. E. C. CLARKSON,
Trustee.

26 Wellington St. East, Toronto.
4th July, 1887. 316-317

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—!—OUR NEW BOOK

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

OR

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-48

ROAD NOTICE.

Township of Artemesia.

Notice is hereby given that the Municipality of Artemesia will after one month from the first publication hereof in the FLESHERTON ADVANCE newspaper, the date of which first publication will be on the 7th day of July, 1887, proceed to pass a By-Law establishing the undermentioned Deviation of road in this Township, viz., from a point numbered 41 on a deviation under By-Law 33, made by T. Gilliland, Esq., between Lots 21 and 21 in the 12th Concession, on same bearing to centre of Road, known as Campbell's road, instead of on bearing 42 as mentioned on plan by said Gilliland, which part of said By-Law 33 will be repealed, and also to satisfy the original intention to carry any other part of said road in the Divisional line of Lots as far as practical.

Council will meet on second Monday of Aug., instead of 1st, to pass it.

W. J. BELLAMY, Township Clerk.

One High-Bred Durham Bull,

"KING BILLY,"

The Royal Champion,

Will stand for service for the year 1887, at Lot 102, 1st Range, W.T. & S.R., Artemesia, at the small sum of 50c. W. C. PARKER.

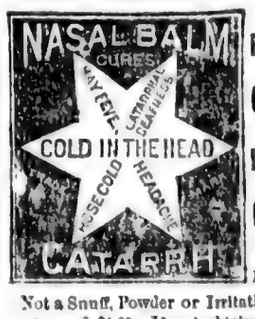

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address ELY BROS. & CO., Brockville, Ont.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVEN.

Farm for Sale!

100 ACRE FARM, 85 acres cleared, in good state of cultivation, Log Barn, Frame Stable and other out-buildings. Good Roughcast House, splendid Cellar, good Well at the door, large Orchard with good bearing Fruit Trees. Lots 148, 149, 150, 3rd Range East, Artemesia. Possession can be had this fall. Title clear. JAMES BEECROFT,
314-319. Proprietor.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT

JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,

Tin-Smith, AGENT.
FLESHERTON.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	75	to 0	75
Spring Wheat	0	75	0	75
Barley	0	30	0	45
Oats	0	26	0	26
Peas	0	47	0	48
Butter	0	12	0	13
Eggs, fresh	0	14	0	14
Potatoes bush	0	50	0	50
Pork	5	60	5	60
Hay, per ton	10	00	10	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		20		22
Sheepskins	0	40	0	50
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	8	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

Medical Hall,

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to obtain Mixed

Paints

A Great Variety and Cheap.

Linseed Oil.

White and Red

LEAD!

Venetian Red,
Yellow Ocre,
Varnish.

Medicines

Of Large Variety, and constantly adding new ones.

White Wine Vinegar.

MEDICINAL STIMULANTS

Of Best Quality.

CONFECTIONERIES.

BISCUITS by best Makers.

Beef, Iron & Wine.

PLASTER OF PARIS,
DIAMOND DYES,
TRIANGLE DYES,
MAGNETIC DYES.

LYTLES "SHEEP DIP."

Don't let your Cattle or Sheep suffer from vermin, with an effectual so near you. Only $1 for a pint, enough to make 40 gallons of wash.

"GOLD OIL!"

Unparrelled for Rheumatism.

THIS

ESTABLISHMENT

Pays cash for everything, receives discount and therefore can sell cheap.

A George Washington Story.

"Look here, Johnnie, you betcher don't git me to believe no more of them George Washington stories," said a Bowling Green boy to his chum.

"Why what's the matter with you, Cholly?"

"Well, t'other night pa was telling me about how good a boy Georgie was, and how when he cut the cherry tree he up and told and didn't even get a licking. So I thought to-day I would play 'hookey' from school and go home to tell my father of it. I reached home about dark with my fishing-pole over my shoulders, and the old man met me at the door and exclaimed, 'Where have you been?'

"Pa, I cannot tell a lie, I played 'hookey' and went fishing."

"He took me to the buggy house and secured the buggy whip, and now I can't go in swimming all the summer, because the boys will want to know where I got the stripes."

"George Washington maybe could play the can't-tell-a-lie racket on his old man, but it won't work for a cent on mine."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

His Scheme for Peace.

A rather slim chap, with canary hair rippling beneath a helmet with a pugaree stepped into a fashionable establishment where arms are sold and called unto the clerk.

"Have you any self-cocking seven shooters?"

"Yes," replied the clerk; "would you like to look at them?"

"I would."

In about two minutes the counter was covered with revolvers, and the man with canary hair examined them and said:

"Give me six."

The clerk seemed astonished, but tied up the pistols; at which moment the customer commenced to fan himself with his helmet, and remarked:

"Got any shot guns?"

"Yes. What kind do you prefer—plain or laminated steel?"

"Doesn't make any difference. Give me about two of each kind."

The clerk thought he had struck a lunatic; but he didn't care whether he took the cash of a sane man or a lunatic. So he tied the guns up, and was about to announce the amount of the bill, when the young man inquired:

"Do you keep cannons?"

"We have some nice brass cannons that carry a twenty pound solid ball," replied the clerk.

"Are they mounted on wheels?"

"They are."

"Then give me three."

The clerk was considerably amazed, but took the order for the cannons down on paper and said:

"Now is there anything else you would like to see?"

"Yes; I would like very much to see some daggers."

"We have a fine stock of daggers," replied the clerk, as he placed several specimens on the counter: "Here is one with a solid silver handle which comes a little higher than the others."

"I will have six of the silver handed ones. Now let me look at a few swords."

"What kind do you want? We have a number of different styles."

"What kind, for instance?" asked the canary haired youth.

"Well, we have the cavalry sabre—"

"Give me two."

"And we have the cutlass."

"The kind used by pirates?" asked the long slender youth, with a smile that betrayed his anxiety.

"Yes, the very kind."

"I will take six of them."

"Now we have some Turkish cimetars."

"I want four of them. I also want two claymores, just like the one in the window."

The clerk took down his order, and began to fancy how much his employer would think of him for selling such a big bill, when the customer said:

"I want half a dozen Springfield rifles with bayonets on them."

"I will take your order and fill it to-morrow. Is there anything else?"

"Yes; I want some harpoons and spears."

"Those we have not in stock," said the clerk; "but we can get them and deliver them with the shot guns."

"Now I want some hand grenades and dynamite."

"We don't keep them."

"Don't keep them?" replied the customer in surprise; "don't keep them?"

"No."

"Well, then, send all those things up to my hotel, C. O. D."

The man presented his card to the clerk, who thanked him for purchasing such a nice big bill, and said:

"I hope to see you when you play in New York."

"I play in New York? I don't play."

"Beg your pardon," said the clerk, apologetically; "I thought you were the manager and star of a sensational dramatic company, playing a far west blood curdling piece, and that you came for properties—"

"Oh, no," laughed the man with yellow hair; "I am simply going down to Texas to start a paper. There are certain journalistic amenities down there that I desire to observe to the letter. I don't wish to be mistaken for an amateur."—*Puck*.

Struck by Lightning.

During the thunder storm on Saturday night last the barn belonging to Mr. Jos. McMorris, about a mile and a half from Heathcote, was struck by lightning. The lightning ripped about half the roof off, tore into shreds one end of the barn, ripped and splintered bents, beams, &c. &c. Mr McMorris himself was standing in the kitchen door at the time and was knocked down and badly stunned, but recovered in a short time—frightened, perhaps, out of a year's growth. The damage done to the barn will be considerable, perhaps about one hundred dollars or so. It is insured in the Grange Insurance Company, and we understand that company does not insure against lightning, which, if so, is unfortunate for Mr. McMorris. A heavy rain at the time saved the building and contents from total destruction by fire. The building will have to be repaired immediately so that Mr. McMorris can save his crops, but it can never be repaired so as to make it as good as before.—*Thornbury Standard*.

A PERSON.—Unable to sleep in bed, unable to work, unable to take ordinary exercise from the effects of Asthma until using Southern Asthma Cure. A sample package relieved, three packages permanentirely cured.

Farewell Pond Durham, Ont.

"DAUNTLESS!"

Bay Pedigree

WILL be for the service of Cows the season of 1887 at his own place, Lot 152, 3rd Range West, T. & S.R., Artemesia

TERMS:—$1.00 per cow, payable on or before Jan. 1st, 1888. Cows not returned regularly to bull will be charged whether in calf or not.

DONALD McKENZIE.
Proprietor.

(31-8-17)

TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Sheguiandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, will be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tarriff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt, on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $100 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET.
Deputy of the Supt Gen'l. of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 188[illegible]

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

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THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stable opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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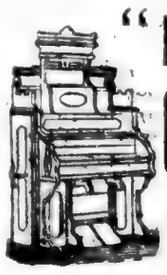

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The Human Auction.

Ho! here are lives by the score to sell;
  Up to the platform, gents, and bid;
Make me an offer, they'll pay you well—
  All of 'em ripe for the coffin lid.
Here is a woman, pinched and pale,
  Plying her needle for daily bread;
Give me a shirt for her—more on sale,
  Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

A family, six in number, here,
  Fresh from a cellar in Somers Town;
Mother her sixth confinement near,
  Father and brats with fever down.
'Twas Pestilence spoke then, was it not?
  "An open sewer," I think he said;
Well, his offer shall buy the lot.
  Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

Now, good customers, here's a chance:
  A thousand men in the prime of life,
Wielders of musket, sword and lance,
  Armed and drilled for the deadly strife.
General Warfare lifts his hand—
  "A bullet for each," cries the gent in red,
No offer but his—fast flows the sand,
  Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

A body of toilers, worn and weak,
  Clerk and curates and writing men—
Look at the flush on each sunken cheek,
  Mark the fingers that grasp the pen!
Come, good gentlemen, can't we deal?
  Has Drudgery's eye for bargains fled?
He offers, at last, the price of a meal—
  Dying! gentlemen—dying! dead!

—GEORGE R. SIMS.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

The letter was as follows:

"MADAM,—I am directed by Mr Huntingdon to inform you that from this day he will hold no communication with you or your husband.

"He wishes me to add that he has sent all clothes, jewels, and personal effects belonging to his daughter Nea Huntingdon, now styling herself Nea Trafford, to the enclosed address, and he has directed his manager, Mr. Dobson, to strike Mr. Maurice Trafford's name off the list of clerks. Any attempts to open any further correspondence with Mr. Huntingdon will be useless, as all such letters will be returned or destroyed.—I remain, madam, your humble servant, SISTER TERESA."

Enclosed was a cheque for two hundred pounds and a little slip of paper with a few pencilled lines in Sister Teresa's handwriting.

"For the love of heaven do not send or come—it would be worse than useless, he is nearly beside himself with anger; your maid interceded for you with tears, and has been sent away with her wages. No one dares to say a word."

Oh fathers! provoke not your children to wrath. It was that hard, cruel letter that changed Nea's repentance to unrelenting bitterness.

Instinctively she felt the iron of her father's will enter into her soul. In a moment she understood, as she had never done before, the hardness and coldness of his nature, the inflexibility of his purpose; as well might she dash herself against a rock as expect forgiveness. Well, she was his own child, her will was strong too, and in the anguish of her despair she called upon her pride to support her, she leant her fainting woman's heart upon that most rotten of reeds.

He had disinherited her, his only child, he had flung her away from him. Well, she would defy him; and then she remembered his ill-health, their projected to Pau, their happy schemes for the future, till her heart felt almost broken, but for all that she stood like a statue, crushing down the pain in the very stubbornness of her pride.

Ah, Nea, unhappy Nea! poor motherless, wilful girl; well may she look round her with that scared, hunted look.

Was this her future home, these poor rooms, this shabby furniture? Belgrave House closed to her for ever. But as she looked round with that fixed miserable glance, why did the tears suddenly dim her eyes?

Her glance had fallen on Maurice, still sitting motionless with his hands before his eyes—Maurice, her husband; yes, there he sat, the man whom her own wilfulness had dragged to the brink of ruin, whose faith and honor she had tempted, whose honest purpose she had shaken and destroyed, who was so crushed with remorse for his own weakness that he dare not look her in the face; and as she gazed at him, Nea's whole heart yearned with generous pity over the man who had brought her to poverty, but whom she had loved and would love to her life's end.

And Maurice, sitting crushed with that awful remorse, felt his hands drawn down from his face, and saw Nea's beautiful face smiling at him through her tears, felt the smooth brown head nestle to his breast, and heard the low sobbing words—

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, till death us do part, have I not promised, Maurice? take me to your heart and comfort me with your love, for in all the world I have no one but you—no one but you!"

CHAPTER X.

IN DEEP WATERS.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light, for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight to care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steep'd to the lips in misery,
Longing and yet afraid to die,
Patient though sorely tried!
I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The battle of your life is brief,
The alarm, the struggle, the relief;
Then sleep we side by side.

Longfellow.

Nea had to learn by bitter experience that the fruits of disobedience and deceit are like the apples of Sodom, fair to the sight, but mere ashes to the taste, and in her bitter mood she owned that her punishment was just.

Slowly and laboriously, with infinite care and pains, she set herself to unlearn the lessons of her life. For wealth she had poverty; for ease and luxury, privation and toil; but in all her troubles her strong will and pride sustained her; and though she suffered, and heaven only knew how she suffered! she never complained or murmured until the end came.

For her pride sustained her, and when that failed, her love came to her aid.

How she loved him, how she clung to him in those days, no one but Maurice knew; in her bitterest hours his words had power to comfort her and take the sting from her pain. When it was possible, she hid her troubles from him, and never added to his by vain repining and regrets.

But in spite of Nea's courage and Maurice's patience, they had a terrible hard life of it.

At first Maurice's efforts to find another clerkship were in vain, and they were compelled to live on the proceeds of the cheque; then Nea sold her jewels, that they might have something to fall back upon. But presently Mr. Dobson came to their aid.

He had a large family, and could not do much, as he told them, sorrowfully; but he found Maurice, with some trouble, a small clerkship at eighty pounds a year, advising him at the same time to eke out their scanty income by taking in copying work of an evening.

Indeed, as Maurice discovered many a time in his need, he did not want a friend as long as the good manager lived.

And so those two young creatures took up the heavy burden of their lives, and carried it with tolerable patience and courage; and as in the case of our first parents, exiled by a woman's weakness from the fair gardens of Paradise, so, though they reaped thorns and thistles, and earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, yet the bitter-sweet memories of their lost Eden abode with them, and in their poverty they tasted many an hour of pure unsullied love.

For they were young, and youth's courage is high, and the burden of those days was not yet too hard to be borne.

Nea longed to help Maurice, but her pride, always her chief fault, came as a stumbling-block in her way; she could not bear to go into the world and face strangers. And Maurice on his side could not endure the thought that his beautiful young wife should be exposed to slights and humiliations; so Nea's fine talents wasted by misuse.

Still, even these scruples would have faded under the pressure of severer needs, had not children come to weaken Nea's strength and keep her drudging at home.

Nea had never seen her father or heard anything from him all this time. Maurice, it was true, had humbled himself again and again, but his letters had all been returned unopened.

But when her boy was born, Nea's heart softened by the joys of maternity, yearned passionately for a reconciliation, and by her husband's advice, she stifled all feelings of resentment, and wrote as she had never written before, as she never could write again, but all in vain; the letter was returned, and in her weakened state Nea would have fretted herself to death over that unopened letter if it had not been for her husband's tenderness and her baby's innocent face.

How the young mother doted on her child! To her he was a miracle, a revelation. Nature had opened a fount of consolation in her troubles. She would lie, patiently for hours on her couch, watching her baby in his sleep. Maurice coming in jaded and weary from his work would pause on the threshold to admire the picture. He thought his wife never looked so beautiful as when she had the boy in her arms.

And so the years passed on. Maurice worked, and struggled, and pinched, till his face grew old and careworn, and the hard racking cough began to make itself heard, and Nea's fine color faded, for the children were coming fast now, and the days were growing darker and darker.

By and by there was a baby girl, with her father's eyes, and beautiful as a little angel; then twin boys whom Nea kissed and fondled for a few weeks, and then laid in their little coffins; then another boy who only lived two years; and lastly, after a long lapse of time, another girl.

But when this one was born the end was fast approaching. Mr. Huntingdon had been abroad for a year or two, and had just returned to Belgrave House—so Mr. Dobson informed Nea when he dropped in one evening on one of his brief visits—and he had brought with him a young widowed niece and her boy.

Nea remembered her cousin Erle Huntingdon and the dark-eyed girl whom he had married and taken with him to Naples; but she had never heard of his death.

Doubtless her father meant to put Beatrice in her place, and make the younger Erle his heir; and Nea sighed bitterly as she looked at her boy playing about the room. Mr. Dobson interpreted the sigh aright.

"Try again, Mrs. Trafford," he said, holding out his hand as he rose; "humble yourself in the dust, for the sake of your children." And Nea took his advice, but she never had any answer to her letter, and soon after that their kind old friend, Mr. Dobson, died, and then everything went wrong.

Maurice's employer gave up business, and his successor, a hard grasping man, found fault with Maurice's failing health, and dismissed him as an incompetent clerk; and this time Maurice found himself without friends.

For a little time longer he struggled on, though broken in heart and health.

They left their comfortable lodgings and took cheaper ones, and sold every article of furniture that was not absolutely necessary; and the day before the baby was born, Nea, weeping bitterly, took her last relic, her mother's portrait, from the locket set with pearls from her neck, and asked Maurice to sell the little ornament.

All through that long illness, though Heaven only knows how, Maurice struggled on.

Ill himself, he nursed his sick wife with patient care and tenderness.

Nea and her little ones had always plenty of nourishing food, though he himself often went without the comforts he needed; he kept the children quiet, he did all and more than all a woman would have done, before, worn out at last in body and mind, he laid himself down, never to rise again.

And Nea, going to him with her sickly baby in her arms, saw a look on his face that terrified her, and knelt down by his side, while he told her between his paroxysms of coughing what little there was to tell.

She knew it all now; she knew the poor, brave heart had been slowly breaking for years, and had given way at last; she knew what he had suffered to see the woman he loved dragged down to the level of his poverty, and made to endure such bitterness of humiliation; she knew, when it was too late, that the man was crushed under the consequences of his weakness, that his remorse was killing him; and that he would seal his repentance with his life. And then came from his pale lips a whispered entreaty that Nea shuddered to hear.

"Dearest," he had said, when she had implored him to say what she could do to comfort him, "there is one thing: go to your father. Yes, my darling," as she shivered at his words, "go to him yourself; let him see your dear face that has grown so thin and pale; perhaps he will see for himself, and have pity. Tell him I am dying, and that I cannot die in peace until he has promised to forgive you, and take care of you and the children. You will do this for me, Nea, will you not? you know how I have suffered, and will not refuse me."

Had she ever refused him anything? Nea kissed the drawn pallid face without a word, tied on her shabby bonnet, and took her baby in her arms—it was a puny, sickly creature, and wailed incessantly, and she could not leave it—then with the tears blinding her poor eyes, she walked rapidly through the dark streets, hardly feeling the cutting wind, and quite unconscious of the driving sleet that pelted her face with icy particles.

For her heart felt like a stone; Maurice was dying; but no! he should not die: with her own hands she would hold back her beloved from the entrance to the dark valley; she would minister to his fainting soul the cordial of a tardy forgiveness, though she should be forced to grovel for it at her father's feet. And then all at once she suddenly stopped, and found she was clinging, panting for breath, to some area railings, that the baby was crying miserably on her bosom, and that she was looking through the open door into her father's hall.

There was a carriage standing there, and a footman was shivering as he walked up and down the pavement. No one took notice of the beggar-woman as they thought her, and Nea, moved by a strange impulse and desire for warmth and comfort, crept a few steps nearer and looked in.

There was a boy in a velvet tunic sliding up and down the gilded balustrades; and a tall woman with dark hair, and a diamond cross on her white neck, swept through the hall in her velvet dress and rebuked him. The boy laughed merrily and went a few steps higher.

"Beatrice and the young Erle Huntingdon," said Nea to herself. And then a tall thin shadow fell across the doorway, and, uttering a half-stifled cry, Nea saw her father, saw his changed face, his gray hair and bowed figure, before she threw herself in his way.

And so, under the gas-light, with servants watching them curiously, Mr. Huntingdon and his daughter met again. One who stood near him says an awful pallor, like the pallor of death, came over his face for an instant when he saw her standing before him with her baby in her arms, but in the next he would have moved on had she not caught him by the arm.

"Father," she sobbed; "father, come with me. Maurice is dying. My husband is dying; but he says he cannot die until he has your forgiveness. Come home with me; come home with your own Nea, father," but he shook off her grasp, and began to descend the steps.

"Here, Stephen;" he said, taking some gold from his pocket; "give this to the woman and send her away. Come, Beatrice, I am ready."

Merciful Heaven! had this man a human heart, that he should disown his flesh and blood? Would it have been wonderful if she had spoken bitter scathing words to the unnatural parent who was driving her from his door? But Nea never spoke, she only turned away with a shudder from the sight of the proffered gold, and then drawing her thin cloak still closer round her child, turned wearily away.

True, she had sinned; but her punishment was a hundred times greater than her sin, she said to herself, and that was all. What a strange stunned quietness was over her; the pain and the fever seemed all burnt out. She did not suffer now. If something that felt like an iron claw would leave off gripping her heart, she could almost have felt comfortable. Maurice must die, she knew that, but something else had died before him. She wondered if it were this same heart of hers; and then she noticed her baby's hood was crooked, and stopped at the next lamp-post to put it straight, and felt a vague sort of pity for it, when she saw its face was pinched and blue with cold, and pressed it closer to her, though she rather hoped to find it dead when she reached home.

"One less to suffer and to starve," thought Nea.

Maurice's wistful eyes greeted her when she opened the door, but she only shook her head and said nothing; what had she to say? She gave her half-frozen infant into a neighbor's care, and then sat down and drew Maurice's face to her bosom, still speechless in that awful apathy.

And there she sat hour after hour, till he died peacefully in her arms, and his last words were, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

* * * * * *

When she had ceased to wish for them, friends came around her in her trouble and ministered to her wants.

Kind faces followed Maurice to his last resting-place, and saved him from a pauper's grave.

The widow and her children were clothed in decent mourning, and placed in comfortable lodgings.

Nea never roused from her silent apathy, never looked at them or thanked them.

Their kindness had come too late for her, she said to herself, and it was not until long afterwards that she knew that she owed all this consideration to the family of their kind old friend Mr. Dobson, secretly aided by the purse of her cousin Beatrice Huntingdon, who dare not come in person to see her. But by and by they spoke very firmly and kindly to her. They pointed to her children—they had placed her boy at an excellent school—and told her that for their sakes she must live and work. If she brooded longer in that sullen despair she would die or go mad; and they brought her baby to her, and watched its feeble arms trying to clasp her neck; saw the widow's passionate tears rain on its innocent face—the tears that saved the poor hot brain—and knew she was saved; and by and by, when they thought she had regained her strength, they asked her gently what she could do. Alas! she had suffered her fine talents to rust. They had nothing but impoverished material to use; but at last they found her a situation with two maiden ladies just setting up a school in the neighborhood, and here she gave daily lessons.

And so, as the years went on, things became a little brighter.

Nea found her work interesting, her little daughter Fern accompanied her to the school, and she taught her with her other pupils.

Presently the day's labor became light to her, and she could look forward to the evening when her son, fetching her on his way from school, would escort her home—a humble home it was true; but when she looked at her boy's handsome face, and Fern's innocent beauty, and felt her little one's caresses, as she climbed up into her lap, the widow owned that her lot had its compensations.

But the crowning trial was yet to come; the last drop of concentrated bitterness.

Not long after Maurice's death, Mr. Huntingdon made his first overture of reconciliation through his lawyer.

His niece, Beatrice, had died suddenly, and her boy was fretting sadly for his mother.

Some one had pointed out to Mr. Huntingdon one day a dark-eyed handsome boy in deep mourning, looking at the riders in Rotten Row, and had told him that it was his grandson, Percy Trafford.

Mr. Huntingdon had said nothing at the time, but the boy's face and noble bearing haunted him, he was so like his mother, when as a child she had played about the rooms at Belgrave House. Perhaps, stifle it as he might, the sobbing voice of his daughter rang in his ears, "Come home with your own Nea, father;" and in spite of his pride his conscience was beginning to torment him.

Nea smiled scornfully when she listened to the lawyer's overtures. Mr. Huntingdon was willing to condone the past with regard to her son Percy. He would take the boy, educate him, and provide for him most liberally, though she must understand that his nephew, Erle, would be his heir, still on every other point the boys should have equal advantages.

"And Belgrave House, the home where my boy is to live, will be closed to his mother," asked Nea, still with that delicate scorn on her face.

The lawyer looked uncomfortable.

"I have no instructions on that point, Mrs. Trafford; I was simply to guarantee that he should be allowed to see you from time to time, as you and he might wish it."

"I cannot entertain the proposal for a moment," she returned, decidedly: but at his strong remonstrance she at last consented that when her boy was a little older, the matter should be laid before him; but no doubt as to his choice crossed her mind. Percy had always been an affectionate child; nothing would induce him to give up his mother.

But she became less confident as the days went on; Percy grew a little selfish and headstrong, he wanted a man's will to dominate him; his narrow, confined life and the restraints that their poverty enforced on them made him discontented. One day he encountered the lawyer who had spoken to his mother—he was going to her again, with a letter that Mr. Huntingdon had written to his daughter—and as he looked at Percy, who was standing idly on the doorstep, he put his hand on his shoulder, and bade him show him the way.

Nea turned very pale as she read the letter. It was very curt and business-like; it repeated the offer he had before made with regard to her son Percy, only adding that for the boy's future prospects it would be well not to refuse his terms. This was the letter that, after a moment's hesitation, Nea placed in her boy's hands.

"Well, mother," he exclaimed, and his eyes sparkled with eagerness and excitement, "I call that splendid; I shall be a rich men one of these days, and then you will see what I shall do for you, and Fern, and Fluff."

"Do you mean that you wish to leave us, Percy, and to live in your grandfather's house?" she returned, trying to speak calmly. "You know what I told you—you were old enough to understand what your father suffered, and—and," with a curious faintness creeping over her, "you see for yourself there is no mention of me in that letter. Belgrave House is closed to your mother."

"Yes, I know, and it is an awful shame, but never mind, mother, I shall come and see you very often;" and then when the lawyer had left them to talk it over, he dilated with boyish eagerness on the advantage to them all if he accepted his grandfather's offer. His mother would be saved the expense of his education, she would not have to work so hard; he would be rich himself, and would be able to help them. But at this point she stopped him.

"Understand once for all, Percy," she said with a sternness that he had never seen in her, "that the advantage will be solely for yourself; neither I nor your sisters will ever accept help that comes from Belgrave House; your riches will be nothing to me, my son. Think again before you give up your mother."

He would never give her up, he said, with a rough boyish caress; he should see her often—often, and it was wicked, wrong to talk about refusing his help; he would talk to his grandfather and make him ashamed of himself—indeed there was no end to the glowing plans he made. Nea's heart sickened as she heard him, she knew his boyish selfishness and restlessness were leading him astray, and some of the bitterest tears she ever shed were shed that night.

But from that day she ceased to plead with him, and before many weeks were over Percy had left his mother's humble home, and, after a short stay at Belgrave House, was on his way to Eton with his cousin Erle Huntingdon.

Percy never owned in his secret heart that he had done a mean thing in giving up his mother for the splendors of Belgrave House, that the thought that her son was living in the home that was closed to her was adding gall and bitterness to the widow's life; he thought he was proving himself a dutiful son when he came to see her so often, though the visits were scarcely all he wished them to be.

True, his mother never reproached him, and always welcomed him kindly, but her lips were closed on all that related to his home life. She could speak of his schoolfellows and studies, but of his grandfather, and of his new pony and fine gun she would not speak, or even care to hear about them. When he took her his boyish gifts they were quietly but firmly returned to him. Even poor little Florence, or Fluff as they called her, was obliged to give back the blue-eyed doll that he had brought for her. Fluff had fretted so about the loss of the doll that her mother had bought her another.

Percy carried away his gifts, and did not come for a long time. His mother's white wistful face seemed to put him in the wrong. "Any other fellow would have done the same under the circumstances," thought Percy, sullenly; "I think my mother is too hard on me;" but even his conscience misgave him, when he would see her turn away sometimes with the tears in her eyes, after one of his boasting speeches. He was too young to be hardened. He knew, yes, surely he must have known? that he was grieving the tenderest heart in the world, and one day he would own that not all his grandfather's wealth could compensate him for being a traitor to his mother.

(To be continued.)

Care of Preserved Fruit.

Keeping fruit or any provision depends on three things. It must be sound to begin. A speck of decay or acid change will develop ferment in a kettle of fruit. Second, the jars or cans must be air-tight. The object of steaming the fruit is to expel the air and arrest the change in the juice, which would naturally proceed to ferment. Air penetrates in finer ways than we can discern, and needs much less than the crevice of a hair or pin's point to enter and spoil the contents. Glass that is free from cracks or air bubbles, well-glazed stoneware, free from flaws, yellow ware, or strong, dark earthen jars, will keep the fruit from the air, provided it is sealed with wax, putty, or bladder, soaked and left to shrink on the mouth of the jars. Cans with screw tops and rubber rings are apt to have slight defects, which prevent perfect sealing, and cannot be depended on without wax. Third, the jars must be kept in a dry, dark, cold place, very little above freezing. A shelf in a furnace-warmed cellar or store-room opening from a kitchen is not the place to preserve fruit. It may be put up in the best manner, and yet spoil through keeping in the light or where it is not cool. Glass cans should be wrapped in paper, buried in sand or sawdust or kept in a dark closet. Packed with plenty of chaff, oats, dry sand or sawdust, or dry sifted ashes, most preserves will stand freezing weather without injury, but each can needs at least six inches of non-conducting material about it on all sides, for protection. A pit on one side of the cellar, dug below the reach of frost, and lined with boards, with straw or ashes between them and its walls, will keep preserves from heat or freezing. A pit dug in the cellar, four feet below the level of its floor, well drained and lined as above, will prove the best place for keeping small quantities of preserves, enough for a single family.

Chicago Fifty-three Years Ago.

Capt. F. McCumber, of Burlington, Wis., who is said to be the oldest lake captain now living (he is 82), says in a recent letter to the Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago: "I came to Chicago in July, 1834, in command of the schooner Thomas Hart, of Carthage, on the Genessee River; there was no harbor then, and we lay one mile from the mouth of the river and discharged our cargo with a scow at the forks of the river—mostly Indian goods. There were many Indians at Chicago at that time. We went from Chicago to St. Joseph; got into the river, and discharged the rest of our cargo there—Indian supplies—shovelled in sand for ballast, and left for Buffalo. I think the first shipment of wheat from Lake Michigan was made in that year. The wheat was stored at St Joseph. I tried to get it; went up the river to Cassopolis on the steamer David Crockett, to find the owner, but he had contracted with one of Oliver Newberry's vessels, the Marengo, Capt Dingley, master, who died the same year of cholera at Detroit. This is about all the information I can give you. I am 82 years old and my memory is failing. I am here on a little farm quietly waiting the end."

A Very Cool Burglar.

A young woman of Portland, Me., awoke the other night to find a man ransacking her bureau. She screamed, but the burglar, with great coolness, said: "Keep cool, sis; I won't hurt you. All I want is the trinkets." Her scream, however, had alarmed the house, and the burglar fled. He left his hat behind in his flight, and the gentleman of the house, in hopes that it might serve as a clue to his detection, hung it on the hat rack in the hall. The family then retired again to rest. In the morning it was found that the hat was gone. The burglar had returned later in search of his head-gear, found it, and once more made off unmolested.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Shakspeare seems to have been very well up in most of the slang phrases of the present day. In "Henry VIII." we have "too thin;" In "King John," "come off!" and "you are too green and fresh;" in "A Winter's Tale," "What, never?" and although he does not exactly use the exclamation rats! we have in "Hamlet," "A rat! a rat!" which is pretty near it. John Bunyan used the phrase, "it is a cold day" in connection with adversity, so it would seem that Solomon was not far from the truth when he said, "there is nothing new under the sun," or words to that effect.—*Boston Courier.*

The Syracuse *Standard* tells a pretty story of a little girl, who was recently reprimanded for conduct which her mother did not think became her. The little one, who took refuge in the nursery to shed her tears, was shortly afterward overheard indulging in a soliloquy. "Mamma is real mean," she said, "and I don't like her any more. No, I don't. If she didn't live here I"—[with emphasis on the first person, singular number]—"shouldn't invite her to come to my house."

In St. John County, Fla., a few days ago, while a little 2-year-old girl was playing in the yard the family heard piercing cries, and on running to investigate found the child lying on the ground, while on her breast stood a rooster crowing triumphantly. One of the little girl's eyes had been pecked out.

In Edinburgh a disused railroad tunnel is to be utilized for raising mushrooms.

THE ARREST OF MISS CASE.

The Incident which has Set England Boiling.

Mr. Newton is a hard-worked magistrate who has the misfortune to preside over a court the atmosphere of which is saturated with moral effluvia. It is therefore not to be wondered at if occasionally his decisions are such as to make men marvel who are less habituated to the poisoned air of Marlborough street. But even when we make allowance for his vitiating environment, we can see no excuse for the way in which he dealt, yesterday, with the charge brought against Miss Elizabeth Case, whose treatment, judging solely from the reports in the morning newspapers, both at the hands of the policeman Endacott, and the Police Magistrate, Mr. Newton, seems to have been simply abominable. Here are the facts, taken from the report in the *Standard*:

On Tuesday night, at quarter-past 8 o'clock, Miss Case, a modest looking, neatly dressed young woman of 23, left her lodgings in the neighborhood of Oxford street to make some small purchases for herself. Miss Case was forewoman in a large dressmaker's establishment, near Oxford street. She had been in her situation three weeks, and during that time had never been out of doors until the night before last, when, with her employer's assent, she went out to buy some things. She walked along Tottenham Court road and Oxford street, and then round by Jay's mourning warehouse in Regent street. On her return she was making her way through the crowd, when Police Constable Endacott took hold of her arm. Startled beyond measure, she asked him what he wanted. He replied by accusing her of soliciting prostitution, and forthwith ran her into the police station. When the police constable was sworn he declared that he saw Miss Case, in company with another woman, whom he did not identify or produce, stop three gentlemen in succession, the last of whom, the constable said, complained in her hearing that he had been stopped three times in the streets since he had left church, and that he was glad she was in custody. That gentleman was not produced, and no evidence whatever was tendered in support of the constable's evidence. Three specific offences were alleged to have been committed at three separate places with three different men, but not one of these men was produced in court. The whole charge rested upon the unsupported oath of one policeman. Then the lady who employed Miss Case entered the box. She said she was the prisoner's employer. She had a large establishment near Oxford street, and the prisoner was her forewoman. (The rest of the evidence we quote textually.) The policeman has been to my house about it, and I consider that he made an improper accusation against my forewoman. He said, "I want to know where your lodger is, as she has been walking the streets for an improper purpose." I told him she was not doing such a thing.

Mr. Newton—I think she was.

The employer—Oh, no; it is quite a mistake. She has never been out of my house before.

Mr. Newton—She was out last night. Stand down, if you please.

The employer—I say she was not out for such a purpose.

Mr. Newton—I say yes.

The employer—I do not understand what you mean.

Mr. Newton (addressing the prisoner) said: Now, just you take my advice. If you are a respectable girl, as you say you are, don't walk Regent street and stop gentlemen at 10 o'clock at night. If you do, you will be surely fined or sent to prison, after this caution I have gven you.

The prisoner left the icourt with her friends.

Now, here we have a Magistrate declaring, on the unsupported testimony of one police constable, that a modest-looking young girl, whose employer gave a perfectly good account of her presence in Regent street at that time, was a prostitute plying for hire. It seems to be enough for Mr. Newton that a young woman is in Regent street at half-past 9 at night for him to believe any statement made by a policeman as to her misconduct. This is a monstrous ruling, against which we cannot too strongly protest. Regent street after half-past 9 is practically set apart for prostitutes, and all decent girls who have to pass through it if they stop a man, even to ask their way, are to be fined or sent to prison. The matter cannot stop here. Sir Charles Warren will do well to institute a searching inquiry into the conduct of the Constable Endacott. If Miss Case had her companion with her, and she can swear to the facts, proceedings ought to be instituted for perjury without delay. It is intolerable that the liberty and character of every decent woman who passes through Regent street at night is to be at the mercy of every police constable on the beat. But this is the actual result of Mr. Newton's decision—a decision which that gentleman must look back upon to-day with grave regret.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Age of the Earth.

In boring a well on the farm of Mrs. Sarah Williams, some five miles south of Colusa, J. C. Frazier, who has the farm rented, struck a piece of wood at a depth of 170 feet. The wood brought up by the auger was in an excellent state of preservation and was pronounced "all oak." The place is only fifty feet above the sea level, so that the wood is 120 feet below the ocean's surface. If it was sunk there when this valley was a lake or an arm of the bay it was in pretty deep water. How long since this piece of wood was in a growing tree? The valley, of course, has grown, but without some convulsion of nature the growth has been slow, not perhaps, over one foot per century. Then has it been 17,000 years since this oak tree grew? In the shadow of the Infinite this is not long, but measured by the history of man it is indeed a long space.—*Calusa (Cal.) Sun.*

When She Cares for an Old Man.

I asked her if it was possible for a young woman to care for a man much older than herself. "Yes," she replied, "if a man is honorable and occupies a good position in the world; if he is kind, considerate and attentive; if he can take care of a wife and is affectionate to her, the husband commands the respect of the wife, and upon this foundation the structure of a substantial and lasting life is builded."—*Louisville Post.*

Boston has a tailor appropriately named Bodkin.

MRS. STOWE'S GREAT STORY.

The Aged Authoress Tells How She Wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"No, I write no more. I have done, I have done, I have done."

Anything more pitiful, more pathetic, more tragic, cannot be imagined than the effect of the above few words, coming in broken and faltering accents from the lips of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

That the bright intellect of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is undoubtedly shattered cannot be longer denied.

"Yes, my dear, I loved to write, and began very young. I especially liked writing short stories when I lived in Brunswick, Me. For these I used to get $15, $20 and $25—good pay in those times. I never thought of writing a book when I commenced 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I became first roused on the subject of slavery when I lived in Cincinnati, and used to see escaping slaves come over the Ohio from Kentucky. Ah, me! it thrills me even now, the sight of those poor creatures! Now, a young girl, suggesting the lover, parent or brother for whom her heart was breaking in bondage; again, the strong husband, aged father or stalwart brother. Oh, I must write a story to stop the dreadful shame! I kept putting it off, dreading to bring the characters to life, till the Fugitive Slave Law lashed me into fury, and I commenced what I meant to be a short story like the others. But it grew and grew and grew, and came and came and came. I wrote and wrote and wrote, and finally thought I never should stop. I did not plan the book as it turned out. I was only full of the wrath, and the story built itself around it as I wrote. A publisher was waiting for a story from me. I told him the subject I had undertaken. He wrote, saying: 'You have struck a popular subject; for heaven's sake keep it short.' I wrote in reply: 'I shall stop when I get through—not before.' He never got it, for I had to make a book of it. While writing it I was filled with an enthusiasm which transfused my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no belief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the time, and never worked so hard, but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written, just as much—aye, and more, too. It was though it was written through me, I only holding the pen. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought about being satisfied. When it was finished it was done, and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterwards wrote."—*Hartford (Conn.) Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Good Advice to Contributors.

Every now and then it becomes an editor's duty to say a few words to contributors, either privately or in his editorial columns, in regard to their methods of preparing manuscripts. It is, fortunately, no longer necessary to say "write only on one side of the paper," or "don't fold each sheet separately;" for no one to-day commits these capital offences. Untidy manuscripts, however, are still common. A private letter, bearing on this point, was written by one of our editors last week, which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR MISS ——,—I am sorry that we cannot use the accompanying article. As I have written to you once or twice in a way not usual with an editor, I am tempted to go further and give you a little advice about the appearance of your manuscripts. If you will excuse my saying it, they are very untidy. It is greatly to your disadvantage that they come into the editor's hands in such condition; he is always prejudiced at the start against a manuscript that is rolled, or folded so as to necessitate a constant effort to keep the pages open sufficiently to read, and made up of different kinds and sizes of paper, or blotted and interlined to the extent of being rendered in the least illegible, or that is in any other way untidy. It is said of one well-known editor that he refuses to read any manuscripts that are untidy or hard to hold. The manuscript should be so prepared that the editor can put his whole thought upon its subject matter. That manuscript is the most welcome, perhaps, that is prepared from a pad of note paper size, and is sent in an envelope large enough so that the paper need not be folded. Then the editor will at least not be prejudiced against an article before he begins to read. —*Independent.*

Story of a Popular Song.

Mr. J. M. Whyte, the evangelist, is now in the city, after a season of hard work in the Ottawa Valley region. Mr. Whyte is one of the well-known Whyte brothers, whose singing of gospel songs touches a responsive chord in the popular heart, as is shown by the fact that they are in demand at revivals all over the Continent. One of Mr. Whyte's most touching songs is one called "Papa, What Would You Take For Me?" which he has sung in many places. The music is his own, the poem being one of those literary wanderers which are constantly found going the endless "rounds of the press." Mr. Whyte tried to find the author of the poem, but could not for a long time. Another evangelist visited Warsaw, Ind., and there the author found the wandering child of his genius in musical dress. He made himself known and has since communicated with Mr. Whyte. His name is S. B. McManus, and he informs Mr. Whyte that the poem has been published in hundreds of papers in America, Britain and other countries, and has been translated into half-a-dozen foreign languages.—*Toronto Globe.*

Natural Gas and Setting Hens.

The women in and for eight or ten miles around Anderson are just boiling over with wrath because the terrible roaring of the immense gas well at that village has been more disastrous to the egg crop than the loudest thunder ever heard. Not an egg will hatch, and even the old hens refuse to lay, the noise being so great that the biddies become so bewildered that they cannot return to the nest, and even forget to put a shell on the egg.—*Muncie Herald.*

A New Yorker bought a blue flannel suit for $4. He wore the clothes on Saturday, and his skin was stained by the dye. Nor was that all. On Sunday nervous tremors seized him, and the tremors clearly were due to the dye. He reported the case, and the authorities are putting the cheap cloth to a test.

OVER A BANK WITH A BURGLAR.

Mr. Bleakly's Thrilling Encounter with a Midnight Visitor.

A story of a thrilling midnight tussle with a burglar comes from Verplanck, New York State. For some weeks Tarrytown, Peekskill and other towns along the Hudson have been visited at frequent intervals by marauders who have entered and robbed houses, and when pursued, have escaped in a small yacht in which their nocturnal excursions are made. The gang numbers five men and usually includes a boy, who crawls through windows or transoms and opens the doors for his pals. Wednesday night they visited Verplanck and entered the houses of A. Bleakly, D. Tuttle and two others. At Tuttle's they secured a watch, but were frightened off at the other places without booty, one of their number barely escaping capture at the hands of Mr. Bleakly. Mrs. Bleakly, who has been ill, was aroused by some one fumbling under her pillow. She asked if it was her husband and received a muttered affirmative from the burglar. She detected the strange voice, however, and her cries brought Mr. Bleakly from a lounge in an adjoining room, where he lay asleep. He grappled with the intruder and a fierce struggle ensued in the dark. Mr. Bleakly finally succeeded in wrapping his fingers in the burglar's mustache, and was speedily subduing him, when the latter fastened his teeth in the captor's hand, and freeing himself, dashed through the door. Mr. Bleakly, though clad only in his nightrobe, pursued and again grappled the thief in front of the house. In the struggle which followed both men rolled down a steep embankment upon which the house stands, and fell heavily upon the rocks below. Here the burglar again broke away and disappeared through a neighboring alley. Mrs. Bleakly, who had arisen from her bed and followed her husband to the street, where she stood calling upon the neighbors for help, was thoroughly prostrated with fright and her life is despaired of. The thief is described as short and thick set, with a mustache and curly hair.

A Smart Lawyer's Successful Trick.

Law is a very queer thing. Sometimes suggestion of a thing is enough, and other times even absolute proof is no good. Now, when a man dies while a suit is pending the attorney on his side can procure a postponement by saying he's dead. That is how sensible people would put it, but the law calls it "suggesting the death of the plaintiff or defendant." An attorney some time ago was making that common fight against justice by postponement tactics. He had about got to an end of his tether, and felt very blue about it. It seemed inevitable that the case must be tried. He was on hand when the case was called. A bright idea occurred to him. He got up and said: "May it please the Court, I suggest the death of the defendant, and ask an adjournment for two weeks." "Granted." When the case came up again there was a row. The attorney was called up. "What did you mean, sir," asked the Court, "by saying that the defendant was dead, when he is here in court alive and well?" "I did not say he was dead, may it please Your Honor. I merely took the law for it, which provides that counsel may suggest the death of the defendant. I suggested it." —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Paper and Glass Houses.

Chicago architects are discussing the possibilities of glass and paper as building material. Glass as a building material has many advantages from a sanitary standpoint. It is cleanly and easily kept unpolluted by disease organisms or disease-producing filth. It is non-absorbent and will not collect or hold moisture, as is the case with wood or brick. It is a poor conductor of heat, save that received from the rays of the sun, which for health purposes is the most valuable. Paper also has its advantages when treated by certain processes. It can be prepared so as to be fire-proof and water-proof, and as a non-conductor of heat it is invaluable. It is no idle hope which calls up a vision of manufactured articles from glass and paper which will fill all the requirements exacted of the building materials of to-day.—*Chicago Herald.*

Broken Needles Made Into Pins.

Sitting alongside a lady in the elevated train the other day she had occasion to adjust a portion of her dress which was fastened with a black pin, when the head broke in fragments and disclosed the fact that it was some kind of composition fastened on a broken needle. Curiosity led me to make some inquiries, and I found that nearly all the black-headed pins in the market are made from needles which are broken in the factories in testing the eyes. Any one who has handled the black-headed pins has probably noticed their remarkable sharpness as compared with the ordinary white pins sold in the market. This is the explanation—that they are old needles.—*New York Tribune.*

A Crieff Dinner.

The Scotch, unlike their English neighbors, make Sunday more a day of fasting than feasting. A young Englishman who had paid a visit to the northern portion of Her Majesty's dominions found this to be a fact, and his temper was not improved thereby. On being asked by his friends how he liked his visit to Scotland, he replied: "Oh, I enjoyed myself very much, but I don't care for their Sunday dinners." "Indeed," said they, "and what did you get?" "Nothing in particular," was the reply. "When I was in Crieff all I had for dinner on Sunday was a walk round the church and a smell of the flowers.'

Mr. Wiman's New Enterprise.

Mr. Erastus Wiman has, it is said, bought the large and famous steamship Great Eastern. The price agreed upon is rumored to be not far from $100,000. Those who are acquainted with the facts say that Mr. Wiman is to bring the leviathan ever here and anchor her near Staten Island. The Great Eastern is then to be turned into a monster place of amusement, and will include within its bulwarks a theatre, museum, variety show and restaurant.

An infant son of George A. Perkins, of Petrolea, set fire to its clothing while playing with matches last Wednesday, and was burned to death. The child's mother was also badly burned in trying to put out the flames.

SEEN ON THE HOUSE-TOPS.

Queer Features of Roof Life in Crowded Parts of New York City.

From the editorial rooms of the *Mail and Express* the roofs of hundreds of houses may be seen spreading on all sides, some high, others low. Amid the wilderness of smoking chimneys, flapping clothes hung out to dry and interwoven telegraph wires is enough rubbish to fill in an acre of swamp land. Old kettles, broken bottles, bricks, shoes, boots, tomato cans and garbage make up the conglomerate heap. Th low-roofed houses seem to be th dumping ground for the tenements of highe buildings. In the tenement house district the condition of things is much worse, the people habitually throw the ashes anc garbage out of their high windows upon the roofs of the adjoining houses. The tendency so natural in simple country folk to toss their rubbish over a neighbor's fence has come to be a practice with the city people also. The countryman, however, has one advantage over his city brother: he can remedy the injury done him by tossing the rubbish back, whereas this is hardly practicable in the city. The only recourse left the injured citizen is to shovel it off into the street, or upon the roof of a house lower than his own. Roof life in New York is a curious and instructive study. Few know how many thousands of people do their work on the housetops, unobserved by passers in the streets. From the *Mail and Express* windows at least one hundred men and women may be seen on neighboring houses busy with their various occupations. On one roof several women are at their washing tubs, while others are hanging up clothes to dry. On hundreds of roofs long lines of clothes are flapping in the wind. The washing of this city is done upon the housetops. Besides the washerwomen scores of telegraphic linemen are mending their wires. At night time they swarm with human beings. On the east side, where there are few or no public parks, the roofs serve as playgrounds for the poor. Workingmen gather in groups to smoke their pipes, or play dominoes and checkers. Women sit together chatting, while their children run about in play or sprawl at their mothers' knees. Every feature of park life at night may be seen excepting the green trees and the fountains. On some housetops little gardens have been carefully cultivated. Some of them have gravelled paths between the flower beds, where the people walk in the evening.—*New York Mail and Express.*

"Doctor, Is My Heart All Right?"

A family doctor tells the following amusing story in the July number of *Cassell's Magazine*: Professor Blank, of E——, devoted a whole week of the session to lecturing to his students on the subject of heart diseases. He had a private apartment opening off the class-room, to which he was wont to retire after he had finished his discourse, in order to take off his gown and enjoy a little meditation by the fire. On the afternoon of the second day a modest knock came to the door. "Enter," said Professor Blank. And, hat in hand appeared one of his students, looking somewhat worried and pale. "What can I do for you, Mr. M.?" "Nothing, I fear," was the reply. "Nothing on earth can aid me. I have the very symptoms that you were to-day describing. Sound me and see, sir." The "sounding" was soon performed. "You're in perfect health as regards your heart." That was the verdict. And Mr. M. went away happy. But hardly had the kindly old professor resumed his seat before another knock resounded on the door. "Come in. Well, what's the matter with you, Mr. C.?" "I'm a dead man," gasped Mr. C., looking wildly round as if he wanted to clutch something. "I've got heart disease, as sure as a gun." "Not quite as bad as that, I trust. Take off your coat." Auscultation and percussion were speedily performed; then the professor laughed in C's face. "Sound as a bell, man," he said. "Go home to your dinner, and don't be a fool." The doctor did not sit down again, however. No, he was afraid there would be more of them, so he hurried along through the quad and got into his carriage. But he had two more visits at his residence on the same night from frightened students, and every day during the remainder of that week he had a visit or two of the same kind. On the following Monday he got on to fevers, and the students completely recovered from their cardiac complaints. Now, I do not mean for a single moment to dispute the fact that there is a good deal of heart complaint about, more in fact than there might have been in the early portion of the century, owing to the race for life and the rate at which the world runs, but I do mean to say that there are ten times more functional and imaginary cardiac ailment than there is of the real thing.

PRO CONFESSO.

Whose writes delightful story,
True and touching, full of lore,
Shall in human nature's longing
Hold a place for evermore.

All the docks and mossy harbors,
Where the sea-ships come and go,
Still rehearse that spell and pleasing
Of the pages of Defoe.

Eldorado?—still we wonder
Can there any Island lie
In the west of life's attaining,
Where our prime might never die?

Still in secret depths of feeling
We escape Time's onward span;
For the youth's remote transfusion
Stirs the pulses of the man.

A CORNETSOLO.

Oh! for a gun with a seven-inch bore,
All carefully loaded and set,
With its muzzle in front of the sleepless youth
Who tortures the brass cornet.

Oh! for a club, and a stout one,
The biggest that man could get,
To knock the breath clean out of the youth
Who tortures the brass cornet.

A Consultation Necessary.

Physician (to anxious wife)—We have held a consultation, madame, over your husband's case; he is a very sick man, and it might be well to send for a minister, think.

Anxious Wife—Will one be enough, doctor, or would you advise a consultation ministers?—*Life.*

Emotional New York Janitors.

A tenant falls out of a fourth story window and his brains are spattered all over the yard. Says the janitress to her husband: "Ain't it too bad? We had just cleaned the yard so nicely!"

MENTAL CLOUDS.

A Group of Curious Illustrations of Mind Affections.

(David Swing, in the Chicago Journal.)

The eclipse of memory which has suddenly fallen upon the once bright mind of a Chicago young lady awakens, indeed, widespread sympathy for the young beauty and her home circle, but it also compels us to perceive that the different faculties occupy different parts of the brain tissue, and thus a calamity to a beloved girl casts light upon the physical basis of intellectual action. This lady awoke from a sleep and did not know her own sister or the other members of her family. Her mother lingered upon the borders of some well-known being, but to her sister and brother and father she spoke as to strangers. Her language, her reasoning power, her happiness remained, but the world of persons had vanished, to be succeeded by interesting people, but persons who were unknown. Thus upon some part of the brain a disease had fallen, and the faculty which had for twenty years occupied that apartment was rudely evicted.

It may be there is some part of the brain which is the seat of consciousness, and that the little nerve which leads from the memory of persons to that citadel of consciousness has been injured, and that therefore no communication can be made from the suburb to the central city. Blindness results from some paralysis of a little thread which runs from the eye to the brain, and while the eye itself may be perfect and the consciousness perfect in ability, yet, owing to the injury to the intermediate nerve, the image on the retina cannot pass over to the consciousness. Seeing takes place in the dark caverns of the brain, but the image cannot travel in the dark if the bridge be down between, for the abyss is bottomless. In the case of Miss L. the injury may be only to some nerve delicate as a spider's web. Nature may repair the injury, and the lost persons may all return suddenly as they departed. Generally such injuries are irreparable, but we are glad that they are not always so.

Some years ago Mr. Frank Whetstone, of Cincinnati, became suddenly deranged. He knew and loved all his friends, his city, his home, but his judgment was gone, and he was dangerous because his love was liable to make him offer up himself or some person to the honor of some one else. He was taken to the Columbus Asylum, and after a few weeks his reason came back, and came instantly. He saw at once that he was in an asylum. He sent for the Superintendent, and told him that his perfect reason had come back. He was soon back among his friends and never suffered from a return of the malady.

Rev. Marcus Ormond, of Oxford, O., was stricken instantly with the loss of his language. He knew his children, wife and all his friends, but he could not recall the name of any one or of anything. Language had gone. He was not dumb, but he did not know what word to use. His world was all around him, but the names of things had departed. Sitting by his window one day, perhaps a month after the attack, he suddenly uttered the word "peach" to some blossoms which were near the window. He retained great physical power and all his reasoning faculties. The blight had fallen upon the names of things. Very slowly words came back until he could count upon a hundred or two of terms, but he never was able to command words enough to enable him to resume any work as a public speaker. He must have lost thousands of these names in an instant of time. There is no microscope that could have learned what nerve it was which thus became impaired and cut off names from the central consciousness.

After some boys had returned from a circus they attempted to rival the gymnasts they had just seen, and they began with the handspring act. One lad fell rather heavily upon his head and neck, and deafness set in and became total. The youth of that happy hour in the circus is now a man of 24 or 25, but the world of sounds has left him never to return. He was a musician and can now play the piano for others, while to his own heart there comes no sound whatever from the instrument. Some thread was snapped in that moment of innocent play.

Not all of the brain is made use of by the mental powers. A large part of it is, perhaps, only the hull of the nut or the bark of the tree. It may be the supply train which follows the working and fighting army. A Mr. Jessup, of Hamilton, Ohio, shot a Mr. Smith through the head just above the ear. The ball went through the head. But Mr. Smith not only did not die, but he suffered no particular injury from the invasion of his brain-chamber. He was put to bed and was expected to breathe his last in a few minutes, but he did not meet the public expectation.

Thus, after we have chased the mind into the brain, we are still ignorant of the part played in intellectual action by this or that part of the bulk total. Mr. Webster had a large brain, but we do not know what was the office of his extra ounces. They may have been supply stores which were fed out to the toiling cells within.

It is sad that the bright and happy mind of Miss L. should now be found among these abnormal phenomena of nature; it is pitiful to think that her sceptre of friendship has departed, and that, able and willing to love many friends, she has come to the sad pass of not knowing a sister or brother from a stranger. Perhaps all this cloud will suddenly pass away and the lost will be found.

He Was Not to Blame.

Tramp—Say, boss, won't you please help a poor veteran of the war, an old, one-armed soldier?

Southerner—What! Help a man who fit agin us!

Tramp—I didn't fit, boss. I run.—*The Judge.*

Stowaways trouble English steamers more this year than ever before. To find ten or fifteen of them is a common thing. They make friends with the men who load the vessels and are put away wherever they can be secreted. In vessels that bring over brick the loaders will build up a little room around two or three men, and in several cases from a dozen or two dozen men have been thus secreted. Most of them are tramps. They only remain in their hiding places till the vessel is well out to sea, when they make their appearance, to be supported during the rest of the voyage.

Jubilee Gratitude.

[Suggested by the Divine Service in Westminster Abbey on the 22nd ult. In that service gratitude to the Most High and devotion to Her Majesty were strikingly blended.]

Raise the song of jubilee,
Spread the tidings far and wide,
Let all the nations joyful be,
And triumph in the crucified:
The year of jubilee proclaim,
And sing the great Redeemer's name.

O, bless the God of grace
For all the favors shown,
To her who rules in righteousness,
And sits on Britain's throne—
Our noble Queen—long may she reign,
And still the cause of right maintain.

Lord, give her subjects grace
Like her to follow Thee,
In all Thine own appointed ways,
In sweet humility
She homage pays before Thy throne,
And owns that Thou art King alone.

Not to palaces of stone
Is her dwelling place confined,
Her subjects are her living throne,
Her sceptre is her mind.
She lives in living hearts sincere,
And countless hosts her name revere.

Flesherton, July 25th, 1887. T.W.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Haying is almost over here now and some of the farmers are starting to cut barley and fall wheat.

There will be a picnic in connection with the Methodist S.S. held here on the old picnic grounds on Wednesday 3rd prox.

Miss Lizzie Hutchinson who has been visiting friends in Berlin and Preston for the last two weeks, has returned home.

The Quarterly Meeting in connection with this circuit will be held on Sunday 7th of August at Corbetton.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Orangeville, were the guests of Mr. W. Ludlow, last week.

Mr. M. Leech has opened out a harness shop here and intends going into the business extensively.

The Inistioge Division, Sons of Temperance has, we believe, a membership of sixty

Mr. W. Jordan who is employed at McQuays saw-mill narrowly escaped having his hand torn off by the shingle saw but fortunately he escaped with a flesh wound and he is again at his work. MACD.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Quite a number of our villagers were serenaded one evening last week by a citizen whose time and occupation prevented him from celebrating the Queen's Jubilee at the proper time, but done it up in proper style at his leisure, by walking the streets singing and shouting at a very high pitch. Quite a number arose from their slumbers at the sound of his harmonies to which they listened until near morning but that citizen has not been out for any bug juice since his jubilee.

An accident happened on Sunday last which happily was not so serious as might have been. Mr. John Kerton with his wife and younger son, accompanied by Mrs. Wm. Morrison were driving across the bridge over the Beaver river just north of our village, the bridge broke down, when horses and buggy with its occupants all fell into the river a distance of about eight feet. The buggy was badly wrecked and one of the horses badly hurt. Mrs. Morrison, who is an aged lady received some severe bruises, beside being severely shaken. Mrs. Kerton was also slightly bruised. But the greatest wonder is that they escaped as well as they did. The bridge has been very unsafe for some time and the contract for erecting a new one in its place was let by public auction last week. Mr. David Madill being the contractor.

Another accident occurred on Monday by which Mr. John Field who is around buying wool received some severe cuts and bruises. His horses becoming unmanageable he was thrown from his wagon which ran over him and is now laid up at his brother's, Mr. H. Field.

Mr. W. Guy, who has gone pretty extensively into the bee business, treated his friends and neighbors to the first fruits of his apiary by passing it around from house to house. And we would say come on again Billy, the last was very good.

Among the farmers, haying is about at an end and a bountiful crop.

Fall wheat is being cut and the sample is excellent. Other crops will soon follow and at present promise to be the most abundant ever harvested here.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Nearly all the farmers have finished haying, the crop was good and has been saved in prime condition.

Messrs. T. Gilbert and E. Brodie had each a field of Barley cut and in the barn last week.

The S.S. picnic was held at Bell's lake on Dominion day and was well patronized.

A very successful garden party under the auspices of the day school was held in the school grounds just before the holidays.

Miss Annie Buchannan has gone on a pleasure trip to Sault Ste Marie.

Mr. Adam Hislop has purchased a self binder and is well pleased with the way it works.

Another matrimonial business partnership has been entered into here, the contracting parties being Miss Blair and Mr. J. I. Graham.

A certain woman, Mrs.— who hails from near Flesherton, has been in this neighborhood, but who made a sudden departure, had better stay away from here or else tar and feathers might be possibly called into requisition.

Young America's Quick Wit.

A quick-witted youngster who is always in dirt, got into disgrace the other day. The teacher ferule in hand called him to her desk, and on the way thither the boy made a hasty preparation for the approaching ceremony by hastily drawing his tongue across the palm of his right hand, and wiping the latter upon his pants leg. Arriving at the desk, and at the word of command he extended the newly cleaned hand. The teacher looked at it a moment in silence, and then in a solemn and reproving voice told the little culprit that if he would show her a dirtier hand in that school she would let him off. Quick as thought the little fellow whipped out his left hand from behind his back, and looked up with a smile of triumph. The ferruling was indefinitely postponed.

A Fatal Mistake.

Waldemar, July 20.—Shortly after dark on Saturday evening Mrs. Thomas Cole, who resided with her husband on a few acres not far from here, went to get a drink and took a cup in which there was some paris green which she had been using on the potatoes during the day. She filled the cup with water and drank the fatal draught. She was almost immediateiy seized with convulsions. Dr. Gaviller, of Grand Valley was summoned and did all in his power to save the life of the unfortunate woman. On Tuesday she vomited freely, and it was thought she might recover, but early this (Wednesday) morning she breathed her last. She has been residing in this neighborhood for some years, and was highly respected. Her husband is old, and is left in a rather sad condition. She had no family.

Not a particle of calomel, nor any other deleterious substance, enters into the composition of Ayer's Pills. On the contrary, this medicine is carefully compounded from the curative properties of purely vegetable substances. Try it.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

...e Dominion Organ and Piano Co.

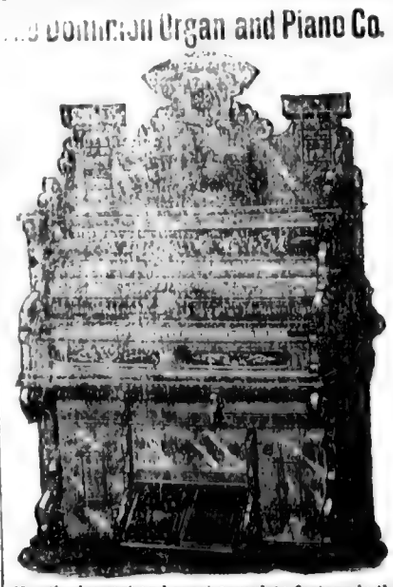

Has the largest and most complete factory in the Dominion—150x155.

Highest Honors ever Awarded to any Maker in the World.
Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876.
Medal and Diploma at Sydney, Australia, 1877.
Gold Medal at Provincial Exhibition, Toronto, 1878.
Highest Awards at Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, 1879-80-81.

WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING
SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. Address
DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY,
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED

JEWELRY

STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold-filled, silver and silver-ore cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs. at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

☞ *Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of* **486** *watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and (We) did not add the watch soles and clock repairs and call them watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which needed any amount of repairing and the people are becoming wise to the fact now that for thoroughly good Watches, Clox, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton*

J. BRANDER

PRICEVILLE,

While returning thanks to his patrons and the public for their valuable support in the past, begs to announce that he is prepared to supply their various needs

We make it our business to keep a supply of Goods suitable for the needs of our customers, and as

We Buy in Large Quantities Direct from the Manufacturers,

FOR CASH, we are in a position to

Give Extra Value

in every department. Every one should see the immense value we have in FALL GOODS just arriving

Very Respectfully,
JAS. BRANDER.

Priceville, July 20, 1887.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 3, Con. 4, Artemesia, on 4th June, 1 steer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. WM. FLETCHER.

STRAYED

FROM the premises of the undersigned, Lot 145, 2nd Range West, Back Line, 1 red, yearling steer. Any person giving information will be suitably rewarded. JEREMIAH PIPER.

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
304-320, Flesherton.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

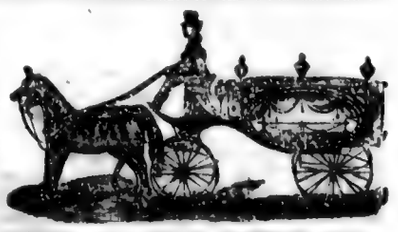

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, . . ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 319. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

For above fine finished Watches, Accurate Hampden's—my name on, and the reliable Waltham and Elgin Watches, in Gold, Filled Gold, and Coin Silver Cases, go to

W. A. BROWN'S

FINELY STOCKED JEWELERY STORE.

I am known as the Reliable Jeweller for 20 miles North, South, East and West. I never have misrepresented purposely any goods sold since being in business here. It is easy to sell a 11 Jewelled Watch for "Full Jewelled." It is much easier to sell 8 k. Gold Watches and call them 12 or 14. I don't have to do it. My own name on all warrants, and you will find I can be held responsible if goods are not right.

—|342|—

WATCHES & CLOCKS

Booked in Repair Book since July 1st, 1886.

SQUARE DEALING.

PRICES CLOSE.

SPECIALTIES:—*Fine Watch Repairing, Spex Fitting.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Get your LEMONS at Keefer's.

For fine Silverware go to Russell's, Flesherton.

J. W. Henderson, Esq., of Toronto, was in town over Sunday last.

Mr. Thos. Henderson, L.D.S., of Toronto, was in town Monday and Tuesday last on a professional visit.

Top Buggy for sale cheap or would exchange for a good young horse, W.W. TRIMBLE.

Mr. Smith, the barber, will be in Flesherton next Monday (cattle fair day) to attend to all requiring his services.

Mrs. J. C. Griffiths and her daughter, Miss Alice Griffiths, of Owen Sound, are visiting friends here.

The Artemesia Voters' Lists have just been printed at this office. A lot of new names have been added since last year.

A fine stock of all kinds of Machine Needles constantly on hand at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mr. Nelson Hurlburt, of Messrs. Little & Hurlburt, contractors, Thornbury, was in town one day last week and gave us a call.

Mr. Owens and his sister-in-law, Miss Webb, both of Owen Sound, are the guests of A. S. VanDusen, Esq., of this place.

Shorts, Chop, Bran, Oats, and all kinds of Oat Meals kept constantly on hand at the new flour and feed store.—W. W. TRIMBLE.

Mr. F. T. Carr returned home to Virginia from York Co. on Tuesday last. He will remain home until after harvest when he has the option of taking a good position in Toronto.

An immense stock of Razors, Combs, Pipes, Purses, Shaving Brushes, Pocket Combs, Scissors of all kinds, Ladies Toilet setts, &c., just received at Russell's, Flesherton.

The Annual Fall Show of Artemesia Agricultural Society will be held in Priceville on Tuesday, October 4th. Prize Lists and other particulars in connection therewith will appear in due time.

Mr. Aylesworth, the celebrated Toronto architect, paid Flesherton a flying visit one day last week. The visit was made, we believe, in connection with our new schoolhouse building, of which he is the architect.

Mr. Aikenhead and two sons, Mrs. Aikenhead (*nee* Armstrong), and Miss Aikenhead, are the guests of Squire Armstrong. The first named is senior member in one of the best known hardware firms in Toronto—cor. King and Yonge streets.

Mr. H. Bull, of H. Bull & Son, Pumpmakers, &c., Thornbury, was in town last week, and did quite a business. Mr. Bull will be in Flesherton on Tuesday next, when those requiring anything in the pump line can call at Munshaw's hotel or leave orders at ADVANCE office.

Our attention has been called to the fact that much of the cedar plank used in constructing new sidewalks in this town is dozy, not to say partially rotten—particularly that used on Toronto street. This is not a wise policy. How much better it would be to pay a good price for first-class cedar and have sidewalks that would not require repairing every year. Cedar is one of our most useful and durable timbers, but care should be exercised in choosing that which is not in an advanced stage of decomposition. Some one seems to have fallen into this error in the matter of our new sidewalks.

Biscuits, Cheese and Bacon, also Lemons for sale by W. W. TRIMBLE.

For fine Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry go to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Artemesia Council will meet in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday next, for the transaction of business. The regular monthly Cattle Fair will be held here on the same day.

The Garden Party held on the grounds of the Methodist parsonage Maxwell, on Thursday evening last, was a grand success financially and otherwise. The proceeds amounting to the handsome sum of $73.41.

Mr. Ward, Head Master of the Collingwood Public Schools, his wife and two younger children, are home on their annual visiting tour among their many friends and acquaintances in Flesherton and vicinity. Mr. Ward is as genial, keen and ready-witted as ever.

If you want a Watch you will save money by buying from Russell, Flesherton, warranted from 2) to 5 years covering all breakages.

On Friday evening last Messrs. J. Sullivan and W. P. Crossley, together with their eldest little girls, took train at our railway station for Owen Sound, from whence they proceeded by boat to Manitoulin Island. They will return to Flesherton in two weeks. We hope they will have a pleasant trip.

Go to Keefer's for GRAHAM FLOUR.

Mr. J. E. Moore, of this town, has secured the contract for the erection of a neat brick residence on Sydenham street, for the Agricultural Editor of THE ADVANCE. The building is to be ready for occupation by the 1st of November in the present year. Work has already been commenced.

EGGS wanted at R. Keefer's.

Mr. M. P. McMaster of the Thorold public school has tendered his resignation to the trustee board, having accepted the headmastership of the Niagara Falls public schools at a salary of $750. This places Mr. McMaster at the head of one of the finest schools of the country, and we congratulate him on the improvement in his circumstances which the change will effect.

A new stock of superior Razors just received at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Several young men and a couple of females of the demi-monde stripe indulged in a sort of "can-can" within the borders of staid and respectable Artemesia the other night. God help them to reform and become useful and respectable members of society!—Yes, and God help them if those disgraceful midnight orgies are ever again attempted in this Township.

Get your Flour at Keefer's.

One of the chief features in connection with the East Grey Fall Exhibition to be held here next month, will be the large and splendid array of special prizes. On account of making careful preparations in connection with the department, the Society is a little late in issuing their prize list pamphlets, which, however, are now in press and will in probability be in the hands of the energetic and popular Sec.-Treas., S. Damude, Esq., (Flesherton P. O.) for distribution early next week. In our next issue we hope to be able to give full particulars in connection therewith. In the meantime let us earnestly urge our agricultural friends to give their county exhibition a hearty and unstinted support. If you are not already a member, send a dollar to the Secretary here and get your ticket. Even should you not exhibit a single thing it will be money profitably spent.

The Big Sign for Flour.

Notice the big sign next door to Clayton's shoe store, where you can get the choicest Roller Flour cheap for cash. W. W. TRIMBLE.

Have I paid the printer?

A fancy stock of Fancy Goods of every description at Russell's, Flesherton.

The woman referred to by our Meaford Road correspondent last week as "living near Flesherton" has left for parts unknown. Nobody is sorry as it seems her reputation was not of the best.

Mr. Robt. Conn, 2nd con., Euphrasia, farmer, who had this year 22 acres of fall wheat and other grain in proportion, was through with cutting and getting all his harvest in on Thursday, July 28th,—and which remarkable fact one of our cattle dealers, Mr. Ed. O'Brien, thinks worth his paying a cent postage to send to the Agricultural Editor of the FLESHERTON ADVANCE. [Just the kind of items we like to get, friend Purdy.—ED.]

We forgot to mention our visit to Chatsworth last week. In company with Mr. J. G. Keefer, of the *Forest Free Press* office, we struck that town on the afternoon of Friday, 22nd ult., and found our genial friend, Mr. G. J. Blyth, of the *News*, up to his elbows in work. Chatsworth is a smart little town, much larger than we had anticipated. Just now a very fine brick schoolhouse is being erected there, which will be a great boon to the people living in the village and locality.

Somebody has been endeavoring to start a boneyard just in the rear of the lot on which THE ADVANCE office stands. Heads and entrails of slaughtered animals have been thrown there from time to time, the odor from which is at times positively sickening. It is simply disgraceful that such things should be tolerated in a town enjoying the wide reputation for cleanliness that Flesherton does. Where is our Board of Health? Immediate steps ought to be taken to compel the guilty party or parties to have some regard for the health of their neighbors if they have none for themselves. In future if the proper authorities do not promptly enforce our sanitary regulations, we shall see to it that the names of all violators of the same—without respect to person—adorn the columns of THE ADVANCE. Free as this country is—and it is too mighty free in some respects—it does not allow people to do just what they like, especially when the rights of others are interfered with.

A jolly picnicking party, returning from Bell's lake one evening last week, had some remarkable experiences. Something seemed to be the matter with the horses, as they persisted often in the mad attempt to climb or throw themselves over the tongue of the vehicle—perchance with the view of changing sides. The driver could not make out what was the matter; and for the matter of that, neither could anybody else. When the horses were not engaged in the "change sides" business, they occasionally varied the monotony of the trip by suddenly stopping and becoming profoundly absorbed in the surrounding landscape. At the railway crossing there was very nearly a serious collision between the horses and a swiftly passing lorry, which was conveying Dr. Sproule to the home of one of his patients, who lived near the railway track. So close was the "call" that the tongue of the vehicle grazed one of the lorry's passengers on the back. When within about one mile of Flesherton the horses did manage to smash the tongue of the rig. Then it was discovered that the lines had been changed in position—hence the peculiar action of the horses. The young people walked home.

The tonic and alterative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are too well known to require the specious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of the marvelous cures effected by this preparation are to-day living in every city and hamlet in the land.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold filled, silver and silver-ore cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs. at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of 486 watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and We did not add the watch sales and clock repairs and all these watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which needed any amount of repairing and the people are becoming wise to the fact now that for thoroughly good Watches, Clocks, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Who the Real Sufferer Was.

"Do you suffer much from cold feet" inquired the shoe merchant with kindly interest, as he complied with the lady's request and showed her the thickest soled shoes he had in the store. "She suffer! broke in her husband impetuously. "Great Scott! She suffer? Not much. I'm the victim; I'm the one that has to suf—

"George!" said the lady. That was all she said, but George seemed to understand, and there was silence that was not broken until the merchant observed in a deferential and funereal way that it looked as if there was going to be some kind of a storm if the wind didn't change.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., OILING, ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 26th, 1887.

In Memoriam.

To the Heroic Engineer, H. Donnelly, who died at his post in the recent disastrous collision at St. Thomas:

To the engineer and hero be all praise and honor due,
Who stood firm, despising danger, to his post and duty true;
With his hand upon the lever, firm the grand old hero stood;
Just to save the train he perished; tried his best, did all he could.

Life to him was just as sweet as our life is to us all,
But he bravely stood and perished, gave his life at duty's call;
"'Twas quixotic, rash and foolish"—thus the bitter cynics say;
Such his praise, because to save them he had thrown his life away.

"He was half intoxicated"—such the words that others use;
Bitterly they thus revile him; thus the dead man they abuse.
Oh! thank God, that he is resting deep below the crumbling clay,
Sleeping sound within his coffin, little recks he what they say.

Shame upon the scandal-mongers, shame upon their cowardly race;
They, if Donnelly were living, dared not say it to his face.
Take one of these base revilers, place the lever in his hand,
Place him in the same position as poor Donnelly did stand.

Let us watch our noble cynic—see his coward's cheek turn pale;
Little thinks he of his duty, little thinks he of the train.
Not like he who stood and perished—filled a hero's noble grave,
All our cynic thinks is simply his own cowardly life to save.

Just because he did his duty, to his post stood nobly true,
Bitter words and harsh revilings are the perished hero's due;
Such his praise and such his honor, he who feared not death and pain,
He who nobly, bravely, grandly perished in the raging flame.

Thus his epitaph should read: "Lies a hero underneath,
One whose noble brows deserved the victorious hero's wreath."
One who died upon his engine, true and faithful to the last,
Calm and cool, as swiftly forward to death's doom his engine dashed,
With his hand upon the throttle faced grim death without a fear.
Oh! may angels crown with laurels the name of Donnelly, Engineer.

GEO. T. PARDEE (aged 14),
G. T. R., Niagara Falls, Ont.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEE WIFIE.

And that same God who made your face so fair
And gave your woman's heart its tenderness,
So shield the blessing He implanted there,
That it may never turn to your distress,
And never cost you trouble or despair,
Nor granted leave the granted comfortless,
But like a river blest where'er it flows,
Be still receiving while it still bestows.
Jean Ingelow.

So far, that my doom is, I love thee still,
Let no man dream, but that I love thee still.
Tennyson's Guinevere.

"Shall we soon be home, Hugh?"

"Very soon, Wee Wifie."

"Then please put down that great cracking paper behind which you have been asleep the last two hours, and talk to me a little. I want to know the names of the villages through which we are passing, the big houses, and the people who live in them, that I may not enter my dear new home a perfect stranger to its surroundings;" and Lady Redmond shook out her furs, and settled herself anew with fresh dignity.

Sir Hugh yawned for the twentieth time behind his paper, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and then let down the window and looked absently down the long country road winding through the stubble land; and then at the eddying heaps of dry crisp leaves now blown by the strong November wind under the horses' feet, and now whirling in crazy circles like witches on Walpurgis's night, until after a shivering remonstrance from his little wife he put up the window with a jerk, and threw himself back with a discontented air on the cushions.

"There is nothing to be seen for a mile or two, Fay, and it is growing dusk now; it will soon be too dark to distinguish a single object;" and so saying, he relapsed into silence, and took up the obnoxious paper again, though the words were scarcely legible in the twilight; while the young bride tried to restrain her weariness, and sat patiently in her corner. Poor Hugh, he was already secretly repenting of the hasty step he had taken; two months of Alpine scenery, of quaint old German cities, of rambling through galleries of art treasures with his child-bride, and Hugh had already wearied of his new bonds. All at once he had awakened from his brief delusion with an agony of remembrance, with a terrible heart-longing and home-sickness, with a sense of satiety and vacuum. Fay's gentleness and beauty palled on him; her artless questioning fatigued him. In his secret soul he cried out that she was a mere child and no mate for him, and that he wanted Margaret.

If he had only told his young wife, if he had confided to her pure soul the secret that burthened his, child as she was, she would have understood and pitied and forgiven him; the very suffering would have given her added womanliness and gained his respect, and through that bitter knowledge, honestly told and generously received, a new and better Fay would have risen to win her husband's love.

But he did not tell her—such a thought never entered his mind. So day by day her youth and innocent gaiety only alienated him more, until he grew to look upon her as a mere child, who must be petted and humored, but who could never be his friend.

Yes, he was bringing home his bride to Redmond Hall, and that bride was not Margaret. In place of Margaret's grand face, framed in its dead-brown hair and deep, pathetic eyes, was a childish face, with a small rose-bud mouth that was just now quivering and plaintive.

"Dear Hugh, I am so very tired, and you will not talk to me," in a sad babyish voice.

"Will talking rest you, Birdie," asked Hugh, dropping his paper and taking the listless little hand kindly.

Fay dropped her head, for she was ashamed of the bright drops that stole through her lashes from very weariness. Hugh would think her babyish and fretful. She must not forget she was Lady Redmond; so she answered, without looking up,

"We have been travelling since daybreak this morning you know, Hugh, and it is all so fresh and strange to me, and I want to hear your voice to make it seem real somehow; perhaps I feel stupid because I am tired, but I had an odd fancy just now that it was all a dream, and that I should wake up in my little room at the cottage and find myself again Fay Mordannt."

"Is not the new name prettier, dear?" observed her husband, gently.

Fay colored and hesitated, and finally hid her face in shy fashion on Hugh's shoulder, while she glanced at the little gold ring that shone so brightly in the dusk.

"Fay Redmond," she whispered. "Oh yes, it is far prettier," and a tender smile came to her face, an expression of wonderful beauty. "Did ever name sound half so sweet as that?"

"What is my Wee Wifie thinking about?" asked Hugh at last, rousing himself with difficulty from another musing fit.

Fay raised her head with a little dignity.

"I wish you would not call me that, Hugh."

"Not call you what?" in genuine astonishment. "Why, are you not my Wee Wifie? I think it is the best possible name I could find for you; is it not pretty enough for your ladyship?"

"Yes, but it is so childish, and will make people smile, and Aunt Griselda would be shocked, and——" but here she broke off, flushed and looking much distressed.

"Nay, give me all your reasons," said Hugh, kindly. "I cannot know all that is in my little wife's heart yet." But Hugh, as he said this, sighed involuntarily, as he thought how little he cared to trace the workings of that innocent young mind.

The gentleness of his tone gave Fay courage.

"I don't know, of course—at least I forget—but I am really sure that—that—'The Polite Match-Maker' would not consider it right."

"What?" exclaimed Hugh, opening his eyes wide and regarding Fay with amazement.

"'The Polite Match-Maker,' dear," faltered Fay, "the book that Aunt Griselda gave me to study when I was engaged, because she said it contained all the necessary and fundamental rules for well-bred young couples. To be sure she smiled, and said it was a little old-fashioned; but I was so anxious to learn the rules perfectly that I read it over three or four times."

"And 'The Polite Match-Maker' would not approve of Wee Wifie, you think?" and Sir Hugh tried to repress a smile.

"Oh, I am sure of it," she returned, seriously; "the forms of address were so different."

"Give me an example, then, or I can hardly profit by the rule."

Fay had no need to consider, but she hesitated for all that. She was never sure how Hugh would take things when he had that look on his face. She did not want him to laugh at her.

"Of course, it is old-fashioned, as Aunt Griselda says; but I know the 'Match-Maker' considered 'Honored Wife,' or 'Dearest Madam,' the correct form of address." And as Hugh burst out laughing, she continued, in a slightly injured tone—"Of course I know that people do not use those terms now, but all the same I am sure Aunt Griselda would not think Wee Wifie sufficiently respectful,"—and here Fay looked ready to cry—"and though the book is old-fashioned she said many of the rules were excellent."

"But, Fay," remonstrated her husband, "does it not strike you that the rules must be obsolete, savoring of the days of Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlowe? Pshaw!" with a frown, "I forgot I was gauging a child's intellect. Well," turning to her, "what is your busy little mind hatching now?"

"Dear Hugh," stammered Fay timidly, "I know I am very ignorant, and I ought to know better, and I will look in the dictionary as soon as I———but I do not know the meaning of the word obsolete."

"Pshaw!" again muttered Sir Hugh; then aloud, "the term, honored madam, signifies disused, out of date, ancient, antiquated, antique, neglected and so on."

"Ah, Hugh, now I know you are laughing at me; but," rather anxiously, "'The Match-Maker' cannot be all wrong, can it? It is only what you call absolete."

"My dear child," answered Hugh, gravely, "you can trust your husband's judgment, I hope, before even this wonderful book—in this matter I am sure you can; and in my opinion the prettiest name I could have selected is this 'Wee Wifie.' It pleases me," continued Hugh, his fine features working with secret pain. "It is no name of the past, it touches on no hope for fortune, and it reminds me of my little wife's claim to forbearance and sympathy from her extreme youth and ignorance of the world. To others you may be Lady Redmond, but to me you must ever be my Wee Wifie."

Fay clasped his neck with a little sob.

"Yes, you shall call me that. I know I am only a silly ignorant little thing, and you are so grand and wise; but you love your foolish little wife, do you not, Hugh?"

"Yes, of course;" but as Hugh hushed the rosy lips with that silencing kiss, his conscience felt an uneasy twinge. Did he really love her? Was such fondness worth the acceptance of any woman, when, with all his efforts, he could scarcely conceal his weariness of her society, and already the thought of the life-long tie that bound them together was becoming intolerable to him? But he shut his ears to the accusing voice that was ever whispering to him that his fatal error would bring its punishment. Well, he was responsible, humanly speaking, for the happiness of this young life; as far as he knew how, he would do his duty.

"Well, sweetheart," he observed, glancing enviously at Fay's bright face, now quite forgetful of fatigue—how could she be tired while Hugh talked to her!—"what other amusing rules does this marvellous book contain?"

"I do think it is a marvellous book, though it is somewhat obsolete;" and here Fay stammered over the formidable word. "I know it said in one place that married people ought to have no secrets from each other, and that was why I told you about Frank Lumsden;" and here Fay blushed very prettily.

"Frank Lumsden," observed Hugh, in some perplexity; "I don't think I remember, Fay."

"Not remember what I told you that Sunday evening in the lane—the evening after we were engaged! How Mr. Lumsden wanted to tell me how he admired me, but I cried and would not let him; and he went away so unhappy, poor fellow. As though I could ever have cared for him," continued Fay, with innocent scorn, as she looked up into Hugh's handsome face. He was regarding her attentively just then.

Yes, she was pretty, he knew that—lovely, no doubt, to her boy lovers. But to him, with the memory of Margaret's grand ideal beauty ever before him, Fay's pink and pearly bloom, though it was as purely tinted as the inner calyx of a rose, faded into mere color prettiness. And as yet the spell of those wonderful eyes, of which Frank Lumsden dreamt, had exercised no potent fascination over her husband's heart.

"Hugh," whispered Fay, softly, "you have not kept any secrets from me, have you? I know I am very young to share all your thoughts, but you will tell your little wife everything, will you not?"

No secrets from her! Heaven help her, poor child. Would she know—would she ever know? And with a great throb of pain his heart answered "No."

"Why are you so silent, Hugh; you have no secrets surely?"

"Hush, dear, we cannot talk any more now; we have passed the church and the Vicarage already—we are nearly home;" and as he spoke they came in sight of the lodge, where Catharine was waiting with her baby in her arms.

Fay smiled and nodded, and then they turned in at the gate, and the darkness seemed to swallow them up.

The avenue leading to Redmond Hall was the glory of the whole neighborhood.

Wayfarers, toiling along the hot and dusty road that leads from Singleton to Sandycliffe, always paused to look through the great gate at the green paradise beyond.

It was like a glade in some forest, so deep was its shadowy gloom, so unbroken its reponse; while the arrowy sun-shaft flickered patterns on the mossy footpaths, or drew a golden girdle round some time-worn trunk.

Here stood the grand old oaks, under whose branches many a Redmond played as a child in the days before the Restoration—long before the time when Marmaduke, fifth baronet of that name, joined the forces of Rupert, and fell fighting by the side of his dead sons.

Here too were the aged beeches; some with contorted holes, and marvellously-twisted limbs, like Titans struggling in their death-throes, and others with the sap of youth still flowing through their woody veins, as they stood clothed in the beauty of their pain. Fay had often played in this wonderful avenue. She remembered, when she was a child, rambling with her nurse in the Redmond woods, with their copses of nut-trees and wild-rose thickets; and their tiny sylvan lawns, starred over with woodland flowers, such as Spenser would have peopled "with bearded Fauns and Satyrs, who with their horned feet do wear the ground, and all the woody nymphs—the fair Hamadryades;" but though she peered eagerly out in the darkness, she could see nothing but the carriage lamps flashing on some bare trunk or gaunt skeleton branches.

"Dear Hugh," she whispered, timidly, "how gloomy and strange it looks—just like an enchanted forest."

"They have not thought fit to cut down the trees to give light to your ladyship," observed her husband, laughing at her awe-struck tone. "Give me your hand, you foolish child; when we have passed the next turning you will see the old Hall. There will be light enough there;" and scarcely had the words passed his lips before the Hall burst upon them—a long low range of building, with its many windows brilliantly illuminated and ruddy with firelight, while through the open door the forms of the assembled servants moved hither and thither in a warm background of light.

"What a lovely old place," cried Fay, breathless with excitement. "I had almost forgotten how beautiful it was, but I shall see it better by daylight to-morrow."

"Yes," he returned, with a sigh, "I shall have plenty to show you, Fay, but now let me help you off with those furs, and lift you out."

Fay shook herself free of the heavy wraps, and then sprang lightly to the ground; and with her head erect like a little queen, stepped over the threshold of her new home with her hand still in her husband's.

The circle of men and women gathered in the great hall, with the housekeeper and grey-haired butler at their head, thrilled with a vague surprise and wonder at the sight of the childish figure beside their master.

"Good evening to you all," said Hugh, trying to speak cheerfully, though there was a huskiness in his pleasant voice that was foreign to it. "You see I have brought home your new mistress at last, Ellerton. Mrs. Heron," shaking hands with her, "you must give Lady Redmond a hearty welcome."

"Yes, indeed, Sir Hugh," and the stately housekeeper folded her plump hands and looked complacently at the pretty face before her. "A thousand welcomes both to you and her ladyship, Sir Hugh, and a long life and a happy one to you both."

But the housekeeper, as she ended her little speech with an elaborate curtsey, was marvelling in her kindly heart what on earth had possessed her master to bring this lovely child to be the mistress of Redmond Hall.

"Thank you, very much," returned Fay, timidly, and her sweet face flushed as she spoke. "I trust we shall soon become good friends. I know how you all love my dear husband, and I hope in time that you will be able to love me too for his sake."

"There can be no doubt of that, I should think, Mrs. Heron," returned Sir Hugh, moved in spite of himself; and at his tone the shy fingers closed more tightly round his. Those who were standing by never forgot Fay's look, when the girl-wife raised her beautiful eyes to her husband's face.

"And now," cantinued Sir Hugh, "you are very tired, Fay, but our good Mrs. Heron will show you your rooms, that you may rest and refresh yourself after your long journey. This is your maid, I believe," turning to a fresh, bright-looking girl, behind him; then, as Fay obediently left him, "What time will dinner be served, Ellerton?"

"At a quarter to eight, Sir Hugh."

"Very well; I hope there are lights and a fire in the study."

"Yes, Sir Hugh, and in the damask drawing-room as well." But his master did not seem to hear him, as he walked slowly across the hall on his way to his dressing-room.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE BLUE NESTIE.

. . . . This perhaps was love—
To have its hands too full of gifts to give
For putting out a hand to take a gift;
To have so much, the perfect mood of love
Includes, in strict conclusion, being loved;
As Eden dew went up and fell again,
Enough for watering Eden, obviously
She had not thought about his love at all.
The cataracts of her soul had poured themselves,
And risen self-crown'd in rainbow; would she ask
Whocrown'd her?—it sufficed that she was crown'd
E. B. Browning

Redmond Hall was a curious old house; it had been built originally in Gothic style, but an aspiring Redmond, who was ignorant of the laws of architecture and not possessed with the spirit of uniformity, had thrown out windows and added wings that savored strongly of the Tudor style, while here and there a buttress or arch was decidedly Norman in its tendency.

To a connoisseur this medley of architecture was a great eye-sore, but to the world in general the very irregularity of the grey old pile added to its picturesque entirety, and somehow the effect was very pleasing.

The various owners of the Hall, holding all modern innovations in abhorrence, had preserved its antiquity as far as possible by restoring the old carvings and frescoes that were its chief ornaments. The entrance-hall was of noble dimensions, with a painted ceiling, and a great fireplace surrounded by oaken-carvings of fruit and flowers, the work of Gibbon, with the Redmond motto, "Fideles ad urnam," in the centre.

The walls were adorned with stag's antlers, and other trophies of the chase, while implements of warfare, from the bow and arrow to the modern revolver, were arranged in geometrical circles round the battered suits of armor.

The dwelling-rooms of the house, with the exception of the drawing-room and billiard-room, were long and low, with the same painted ceilings and heavy oak-carvings; and some of the windows, especially in the library and morning-room, were furnished with such deep embrasures as to form small with-drawing rooms in themselves, and leave the farther end of the apartment in twilight obscurity even on the brightest summer's day.

Many people were of opinion that the old Hall needed complete renovation, but Sir Wilfred had cared little for such things. In his father's time a few of the rooms had been modernised and refurnished, the damask drawing-room for example, a handsome billiard-room added, and two or three bedrooms fitted up according to nineteenth century taste.

But Sir Wilfred had preferred the old rooms in the quaint embrasures, where many a fair Redmond dame had worked with her daughters at the tapestry that hung in the green bedroom, which represented the death of Saul and the history of Gideon.

In these rooms was furniture belonging to many a different age. Carpets and chair-cushions worked in tent stitch and cross stitch and old-fashioned harpsichord; gaudy white and gold furniture of the Louis Quatorze time, mixed with the spindle-legged tables of the Queen Anne epoch.

At the back of the Hall lay a broad stone terrace reaching from one end of the house to the other.

On one side were the stables and kennels, and on the other a walled sunny garden, with fruit trees and a clipped yew-hedge and a sun-dial, on which a stately race of peacocks loved to plume themselves.

Beyond divided by the yew-hedge was the herb-garden, where in the olden time, many a notable house-mother, with her chintz skirts hustled through her pocket-holes, gathered simples for her medicines, and sweet-smelling lavender and rosemary for her presses of home-spun linen.

These gardens were walled and entered by a curiously-wrought iron door, said to be Flemish work; and below the terrace lay a smooth, gentle-sloping lawn, that stretched to the edge of a large sheet of water, called by courtesy the lake—the whole shut in by the background of the Redmond wood.

Here through the sunny afternoon slept purple shadows, falling aslant the yellow water-lilies, and here underneath the willows and silvery birches, in what was called "The Lover's Walk," had Hugh dreamed many a day-dream, whose beginning and whose end was Margaret.

Poor Hugh! he little thought as he paced that walk that the day should come when his wife should walk there beside him, and look at him with eyes that were not Margaret's.

When Fay, escorted by Mrs. Heron and followed by Janet, had ascended the broad oaken staircase, and passed through the long gallery, the housekeeper paused in a recess with four red-baized doors.

"Sir Hugh's dressing-room, my lady," she explained, blandly, "and the next door belongs to Sir Hugh's bath-room, and this," pointing solemnly to the central door, "is the Oriel room."

"What," faltered Lady Redmond, rather fearing from Mrs. Heron's manner that this room might be the subject of some ghost story.

"The Oriel room," repeated the housekeeper still more impressively, "where the Redmond ladies have always slept. In this room both Sir Wilfred and Sir Hugh were born, and Sir Marmaduke and his sons Percy and Herewald were laid in state after the battle."

It was well that Fay did not understand the latter end of the housekeeper's speech, but she shuddered notwithstanding with vague discomfort when the door was opened, and all the glories of the Oriel room were displayed before her. It was so large and grand that a queen might have slept in it and have been content, but to Fay's eyes it was only a great gloomy room, so full of hidden corners and recesses, that the blazing firelight and the wax candles only seemed to give a faint circle of light, beyond which lurked weird shadows, hiding in the deep embrasures of the windows, or beaming against the painted ceiling.

The cabinets and wardrobe, and grotesque tables and chairs, all of black oak, and, above all, the great oak bedstead with its curiously twisted pillars and heavy silk damask curtains—each projected separate shadows and filled Fay's mind with dismay, while from the panelled walls the childish figure was reflected in dim old mirrors.

"Oh dear," sighed the little bride, "I shall never dare to be by myself in this room. Janet, you must never leave me; look how those shadows move."

"It is not quite canny, my lady," replied Janet, glancing behind her at her mistress's word, "but I think I can mend matters a little;" and so saying, she touched the logs so smartly that they spluttered and emitted showers of sparks, till the whole room gleamed warm and ruddy with reflected brightness.

"That is better, Janet," cried Fay, delightedly: "but where are you going, Mrs. Heron?" for the housekeeper was making mysterious signs that her lady should follow her to a curtained recess; "indeed," she continued, wearily, "I am very tired, and would rather see nothing more."

"Don't be too sure of that, my lady," returned Mrs. Heron, smiling, and her tone made Fay follow her at once.

But the next moment she uttered a little scream of delight, for there, hidden away behind the ruby curtains, was a tiny room—"a wee blue-lined nestie," fitted up as a boudoir or morning-room. The bow window promised plenty of light, a cheerful modern paper covered the wall, with one or two choice landscapes; the snowy rug; the soft luxurious couch and low easy-chairs, covered with delicate blue cretonne; the writing-tables, and bookcase, were all so suggestive of use and comfort. Two lovebirds nestled like green blossoms in their gilded cage, and a white Persian kitten was purring before the fire.

"Oh, the dear room!" exclaimed Fay, in a perfect ecstasy, and then oblivious of her dignity, her fatigue, and the presence of the stately housekeeper, Lady Redmond sat down on the soft white rug, and lifted the kitten on her lap.

"I had a Persian kitten once," she observed, innocently; "but I took her down to the cowslip meadow and lost her. We called her the White Witch, she was so pretty and so full of mischief. I made myself quite ill crying over her loss, we were so afraid she was killed," and here Fay buried her face in the little creature's fur, as she rocked herself to and fro in the fire-light.

Mrs. Heron and Janet exchanged looks. Janet was smiling, but the housekeeper's face wore a puzzled expression; her new mistress bewildered her.

The worthy soul could make nothing of these sudden changes: first a tiny woman rustling in silks, and holding her head like a little queen, with a plaintive voice speaking sweet words of welcome; then a pale, tired lady peering into corners and averse to shadows; and now, nothing but a pretty child rocking herself to and fro with a kitten in her arms. No wonder Mrs. Heron shook her head rather gravely as she left the room.

"What on earth will my master do with a child like that?" she thought; "she will not be more of a companion to him than that kitten—but there, he knows his own business best, and she is a pretty creature." But all the same, Mrs. Heron still shook her head at intervals, for all the household knew that Margaret Ferrers, the sister of the blind vicar of Sandycliffe, was to have come to the Hall as its mistress; and the housekeeper's faithful eyes had already noticed the cloud on her master's brow.

"'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' that is what many a man had done to his cost," she soliloquised, as she bustled about her comfortable room. "Well, she is a bonnie child, and he's bound to make her happy; she will be like a bit of sunshine in the old Hall if he does not damp her cheerfulness with his gloomy moods."

A little while afterwards, Ellerton met his little mistress wandering about the Hall, and ushered her into the damask drawing-room. Fay was looking for her husband.

She had escaped from Janet, and had been seeking him some time, opening doors and stumbling into endless passages, but always making her way back somehow to the focus of light—the big hall; and feeling drearily as though she were some forlorn princess shut up in an enchanted castle, who could not find her prince.

(To be continued.)

Applauded the Speaker.

While Senator Harris was speaking at Cynthiana the other day, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a half-intoxicated Irishman, who had crawled upon the rear of the platform, interrupted him several times with remarks that were not quite intelligible. Finally Mr. Harris turned to the man and said:

"Please don't interrupt me, my friend. I am not much used to public speaking, and if you want to talk, I'll have to quit."

"Bless yez!" said the Irishman, "it's not after interruptin' ye I am. I'm only approvin' of what ye say. Faith, and I didn't know it was in yez to do as well as yer doin."

The Senator from Madison was completely knocked out by this speech, but he bowed his thanks to the Hibernian and joined heartily in the laughter which the latter's response had caused.

Discharged the Prisoners.

A constable recently brought a man before a Justice of the Peace in a Dakota "no license" county charged with selling liquor.

"Well, Jim," said the Justice, addressing the officer, "where's the licker he was selling?"

"They had just finished drinkin' the last of it, Your Honor."

"Hey?" thundered the court.

"I say it was all gone 'fore I got there."

"All gone before you got there! Great Scott, where was you all the time? Do you think I am goin' on with a case like this without some licker put in as evidence for the court to sample? Let the prisoner go, and mebby he'll bring some more to town. And you see that you get around and make your arrest just before he begins to sell, and not after it's all been swallered by a lot o'fellers that ain't half as dry as the court!" —*Dakota Bell.*

What Caused the Delay.

We are a little behind with the paper this week, but ask to be excused for the reason that we have had to cook, wash, iron, milk the cow, do the press work, entertain distinguished people and keep the flies off with one hand while writing with the other.—*Santa Anna (Tex.) Enterprise.*

Building Monuments.

Through life we build our monuments
  Of honor and, perhaps, of fame;
The little and the great events
  Are blocks of glory or of shame.

The modest, humble and obscure,
  Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
  Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carven statue turns to dust,
  And marble obelisks decay;
But deeds of pity, faith and trust
  No storms of fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
  Their apex reaches to the skies;
They glow with the increasing light
  Of all the circling centuries.

Our building must be good or bad;
  In words we speak, in deeds we do;
On sand or granite must be laid
  The shaft that shows us false or true.

How do we build—what can we show
  For hours and days and years of toil?
Is the foundation firm below?
  Is it on rock or sandy soil?

The hand that lifts the fallen up,
  That heals a heart or binds a wound,
That gives the needed crust and cup,
  Is building upon solid ground.

Is there a block of stainless white
  Within the monumental wall,
On which the sculptured skill can write:
  "He builded well; so should we all!"

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A Fish Jewel Case.

Giles Busby, a Toledo fishmonger, was cleaning a white fish last Monday, and in the larger intestines of the fish he found a diamond ring. The ring had engraved upon its inner surface "J. A. B., Chicago, '69." Busby forwarded the ring to the Chief of Police in this city. Yesterday Mrs. Julia A. Lennox, of 12 Lennox place, identified and recovered the ring. She tells an interesting story of its loss. In 1869 she, as Miss Bennett, became engaged to Mr. Lennox, and he gave her this diamond ring, for which he paid $450. Upon their bridal trip in 1871 Mrs. Lennox lost this ring; while she was washing her hands in the toilet room of the Pullman car the ring slipped from her finger and dropped through the waste pipe. As the train happened to be crossing the bridge over the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, just at that time the bereaved bride had no hope of recovering the ring. There are no white fish in the St. Lawrence; the theory is that a small fish seized upon the ring, and that at some future time this small fish, while cruising about the lakes, fell a prey to the white fish in which the long-lost ring was discovered. Giles Busby, the Toledo fishmonger, received from Mr. Lennox a check for $100 for his honesty.—*Chicago News.*

Is a Bustle a Garter?

Mr. Justice Kekewich was occupied yesterday with the hearing of an action relating to patents in dress improvers. The court was strewn with various specimens of these articles, and considerable amusement was caused by the spectacle of a judge and several leading counsel, including the Attorney-General, arguing gravely on the intricacies of the various designs for dress improvers.

Mr. Justice Kekewich, after looking at several designs, said: I hope you are going to produce another of these articles, Mr. Aston, which I do not see here. It is called the Jubilee. (Laughter.)

Mr. Aston—I have never heard of it, my Lord.

His Lordship—It is one which when a lady sits down plays the National Anthem. (Great laughter.)

Later on Mr. Aston argued that a dress improver was virtually the same as a garter.

His Lordship—Do you mean that seriously.

Mr. Aston—Yes I do, my Lord. They are the same, though not in size.

His Lordship—Very well, Mr. Aston, I can see I shall want a jury of matrons on this case before it is done.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The City Man as a Farmer.

(From Our Country Home.)

CAPITAL STOCK FIRST YEAR.

O Conceit.
O Money.
O Farm.
O Practical Knowledge.
O Experience.

CAPITAL STOCK END OF TEN YEARS.

O Experience.
O Practical Knowledge.
O Farm.
O Money
O Conceit.

Attacked by a Steer.

Mr. Andrew Aitken, of Paris station, was attacked by a steer on the road the other day. After dodging the first charge, Mr. Aitken made for the fence, but before he got there the wild steer was upon him, threw him to the ground, and began a savage attack on his prostrate form. Mr. Aitken is not only a courageous man but a man of cool nerve. He kept his presence of mind at this moment of deadly peril and managed by a series of quick movements to avoid a thrust from the long, sharp horns. Finally the opportunity he wanted arrived. Turning quickly on his back he grasped the nose of the beast as it made a blind lunge at him, and held it by the cartilage in a vice like grip. His extraordinary strength enabled him to retain his hold, which he increased with the other hand, and so he held the steer until the drover got a rope and tied its horns to its fore leg.

Lonely Jacob's Ladder.

On Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in California, at a level 14,000 feet above the sea and 1,500 feet above the timber line, where there is no soil and no moisture save snow and hail and ice, there grows a little flower shaped like a bell flower, gaudy in colors of red, purple and blue. It is called Jacob's Ladder, and its fragrance partakes of the white jasmine. It blooms alone, for it not only has no floral associate, but there is no creature, not even a bird or insect, to keep it company.—*Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.*

It is only within the past 500 years that women have danced publicly with men. Italy first began the custom, but the Church condemned it.

A DIABOLICAL CONCERT.

Hon. S. S. Cox Describes the Song of the Donkeys of Prinkipos.

The following is an extract from the Hon. S. S. Cox's recent Tammany speech: Last summer it was my pleasure to live in one of the isles of the princes. It is called Prinkipos. It is a few miles below Constantinople in the Sea of Marmora. It is a sort of Saratoga for pleasure and health seekers, set on a mountainous island of pines—a paradise—a new South, bursting out of the old harried Propontis! There was one drawback to the pleasures of Prinkipos. The isle, like that of Shakspeare's "Tempest," was "full of strange noises"—not the nightingale in the evening, nor the cocks at dawn, nor the shepherds, nor the vendors of fish, nor the dry cicada, nor the flap of the American flag in front of our legation. These were pleasures, and they did not interrupt my morning dreams, but hark! when the sun paints in gold and purple the Asian mountains, I hear an equivocal sort of bruit. Is it the distant thunder of Jove from Mount Olympus, in sight of our isle? Is it the rolling of the Ismid train across the channel? It starts afar! It approaches! It is—No? Yes? It is the grand diapason of the jackasses. (Roars of prolonged laughter.) It frights the isle from its propriety.

Be it known that the isle is full of donkeys. They carry water and vegetables—and tourists—up and down and over the mountains. I am not unfriendly to the donkey. He has a good name for patience and industry. I was familiar with them in and out of Congress. I admire their courage. They can whip a California grizzly.

When Jack salutes Jenny, though miles apart, then the jubilee of noisy affection begins. It is an infernal concert, amorous, jocund and ear-benumbing. It starts with an exaggerated case of asthma. (Laughter.) This rasps your soul. The beast loses, then catches its breath with a harsh, squeakish sibilation, until a roar as of forty hungry lions comes to its relief. (Laughter.) All the powers of wheezy, whistling, gasping suction are exhausted. Then follow terrific expirations of the bellowing monster. (Laughter.) Suction and emission—repeated with "damnable iteration"—until the noise dies out in an agony unutterable. I used to hear when a boy the creaking of the untarred wheels of the Conestoga waggon from Pennsylvania. I have lately heard the screaming shadoof, turned by blind buffalos, pumping the Nile upon the fruitful land of Egypt, but never before or since have I heard such a diabolical concert as this braying of the donkeys of Prinkipos.

How the Monkey Stole the Money.

In a house on the Boulevard Napoleon of Toulouse, a woman locked up her money in a desk and went out shopping; on her return she missed three napoleons, a gold five-franc piece and a franc in silver. There was no trace of a burglary. Very much bewildered by these losses, the good woman was deep in reflection over the matter when she heard a roar of laughter from her neighbor's garden. "Oh, the thief!" cried several persons at once. "Where has he stolen this?" The dame descended instantly, ran out and said: "Oh! my money, messieurs; where is the thief?" "He is up a tree, madame," pointing up to a monkey in a high branch above them, "but here is the money!" The monkey, who certainly would be an invaluable assistant to a burglar, had been seen to climb into the window of one of the good lady's rooms, had unlocked a drawer, found the money and, concealing it in his jowl, had brought it to his master. I find that no less an authority than Buffon declares that a female chimpanzee who went out to service at Loango made the beds, swept the house and so far assisted in the cooking as to turn the spit. M. de Grandpre, an officer of the French navy, tells of another chimpanzee, on board a French man-of-war, which assists the cook and turns the capstan and furls sail as well as any of the sailors. In China monkeys help in the tea picking, and Lord Monboddo used to gravely contend that apes could talk readily enough, but that their superior cunning told them to hold their tongues lest they should be put to hard work.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A Life Wasted on Perpetual Motion.

George Johnson, aged 78, died at the Bristol Town Farm on Sunday. He was an interesting character, his chief notoriety being in his effort to perfect perpetual motion. He became so engaged in this subject about 40 years ago, at the time of the perpetual motion craze, that his mind became unbalanced, and since that time he contrived several ingenious devices which are curiosities. Mr. Johnson was a mechanic of more than common skill in the use of tools, yet he was never able to use his ability to accumulate any property.—*Hartford Times.*

Slow Starvation.

Rev. D. Frank Culley, missionary to Labrador coast of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has published a letter in the St. John's (Nfld.) *Mercury*, in which a painful account of the slow starvation of the people is detailed. He cites instances where villages had to subsist on rock cod for months; where men walked hundreds of miles for flour and could only get one barrel.

Driven to Desperation.

Jack—What! Are you smoking cigarettes?

Harry—Yes, dash it all! Cora refused my offer of marriage last night, and I don't care now what becomes of me.—*Tid Bits.*

Sound Advice.

An innocent Cheyenne man wrote to a Denver sport the other day and asked the question: "How can a man get rich at poker?" The sport promptly replied: "Don't poke."—*Denver News.*

A Cheerful Believer.

A farmer stood at the Ithaca gas well yesterday and sadly declared it was just ruining Bible prophecy to dig such things. On being asked to explain he said: "If the oil and gas is all pumped out of the earth, don't it stand to reason that there will be nothing left inside for the final burning up of the world. It is just spoiling Bible prophecy, and ought to be stopped."—*Elmira Gazette.*

HALTER OR ALTAR.

A Sarnia Man Prefers Death to Matrimony.

A passenger who arrived here last evening from Sarnia tells of a startling tragedy that took place in that town yesterday. It would seem that a carpenter named Frank Howard has recently been paying marked attentions to a Miss Lafarge, whose friends are said to live in Tilbury Centre. Matters finally came to a crisis, and the pair were to have been married yesterday at the Farmers' Hotel in Sarnia. All the preparations were made, the would-be bride, the witnesses and the clergyman were on time, but the bridegroom was missing. After waiting for a considerable time a general search was instituted, and the dead body of Howard was found suspended by a rope to one of the beams in the barn on the hotel premises. It was evidently a case of suicide, the motive for which has not yet transpired.—*London Advertiser.*

Latest from the Northwest.

Superintendent White, of the C.P.R., who has just returned from the West, says the trestle bridges between Calgary and Donald, B.C., will be made to give place to iron bridges.

Mr. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, has returned from his Western trip and will await here the arrival of the Minister of the Interior.

Gophers are doing considerable damage in some portions of the Territories. Mr. Crawford, a member of the Northwest Council, says that the municipality of Indian Head, which offers a bonus for their destruction, in the month of May last paid for seventy-five thousand tails at three cents per tail.

The United States authorities having granted the extradition of Fant, Chief McRae's assailant, he was brought to the city to-night.

Mr. Daly, M.P., was banquetted by his constituents at Brandon to-night. The general tone of the speeches shows that the Province is entirely united on the subject of disallowance, though a portion of the West does not like the way in which Winnipeg has been, according to their views exclusively running things.

A Victoria, B.C., despatch states that the Grand Trunk Railway will apply to the British Columbia Legislature at its next session for a franchise for a railway through Yellowhead Pass and Chilcoutin county via Bute Inlet to Esquimalt.

Already between five and six miles of the Red River Valley Railway have been graded.

Captain W. C. B. Graham, Dominion Immigrant Agent, has received a despatch informing him that 822 Icelanders left Glasgow *en route* to Manitoba on July 7th by the steamer Buenos Ayres. The party is expected to arrive in Quebec on Monday and to reach Winnipeg at the end of next week. The Icelanders who arrived last Saturday have not yet taken up land, but have nearly all secured situations.

Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Duncan McIntyre passed through the city for Banff this morning. The ex-Premier appeared to be still very weak.

About $100,000 will be expended this year in the construction and repair of Northwest Mounted Police barracks.

It is believed that there is every likelihood of the construction of the Northwest Central Railway being deferred for at least another year.

The Scribe at the Circus.

Oh, the drums were heard and the piccolo note, as the circus up-town paraded, and the shorn-off mule and whiskered goat and the elephant umber shaded. I followed it calmly at early morn, my work and my labors spurning, and I harked to the sound of a rusty horn with a wild and unhallowed yearning. Few and short were the tunes they played, and they paused not at all to monkey; so I slowly followed the route they made at the heels of the lop-eared donkey. I bought up a seat at the show that night, and looked at the limber woman, who tied herself in a knot so tight she seemed more like hemp than human. And I eagerly looked at the wondrous bloke who swallowed some cotton blazing, and blew from his nostrils a cloud of smoke till I thought he was sheol raising. And I watched the clown as he ran and rolled and stood in a dozen poses, and worked off a string of jokes so old they came from the time of Moses.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

The Address of Venus and Adonis.

The non-delivery of a telegram sent from Manchester to Lichfield a week or so ago was attended by some amusing circumstances. Some old tapestry was lent by Mr. Litchfield, an art dealer, to the Jubilee Exhibition, and, requiring the return of a certain panel, he particularized in his telegram by stating the size and subject, "Venus and Adonis," ending the message with sender's name "Litchfield." A clerk at once replied to "Venus and Adonis, Lichfield," and after making every effort to deliver the message, the Post-Office officials were constrained to wire back to Manchester that no Venus and Adonis could be found in the cathedral city.—*Electrical Review.*

French as She is Spoke.

Mrs. A. (who is taking French lessons)—"Now, Bridget, when Prof. Blanque comes you must say 'entrez' to him, and he will know what you mean and come into the parlor." The bell rings and Bridget goes to the door. It is the professor. "Ontario," says Bridget. "Wud ye walk into the parlor, sur?" The professor walked in, and Bridget reported her triumph to the cook.—*Harper's Bazar.*

War to the Knife.

Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis to Miss Breezy, of Chicago)—"Well, how is everything in Chicago? Dull, as usual, I suppose."

Miss Breezy—"No, things are looking very bright. How is the pasturage in St. Louis"—*Charleston News and Courier.*

In a series of experiments made by the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station on cabbage worms, the most efficacious remedy was found to be a mixture of one ounce of pyrethrum with buckwheat flour.

That is the last novel I shall ever read," said a gentleman, throwing the book down in disgust. "What's the matter, dear?" inquired his wife, "doesn't it end happily?" No, they were married."

A Cure for Whooping Cough.

Maryhill is a large and important suburb of Glasgow. On Thursday a travelling candy-man and rag-gatherer, with a cart drawn by an ass, drew up in front of a row of houses known as Pirrat's row, a little off the highway at Maryhill, Glasgow. Two children living in this quarter are suffering from whooping cough. After a short conversation with the proprietor of the ass, the mothers of the two children took up a position, one on each side of the animal. One woman then took one of the children and passed it below the ass's belly to the other woman, the child's face being toward the ground. The woman on the other side caught hold of the child, and, giving it a gentle somersault, handed it back to the other woman over the ass, the child's face being toward the sky. The process having been repeated three times, the child was taken away to the house, and then the second child was similarly treated. While this was going on two other children were brought to undergo the magical cure. In order that the operation may have its due effect the ass must not be forgotten, and at the close of the ceremony each mother must carry her child to the head of the animal and allow it to eat something, such as bread or biscuits, out of the child's lap. This proceeding having been performed in turn by the four mothers, the prescribed course was concluded. When it began there was not many people present, but before it was finished quite a number of spectators had gathered. From inquiries made it seems the mothers are thoroughly satisfied that their children are the better of the enchantment.—*Notes and Queries.*

Egyptian Street Cries.

The street cries of any city are full of interest, but those of Eastern thoroughfares are particularly significant. The Muskee, of Cairo, its great native street, is a singular, Oriental looking place, always crowded with strange people, calling somewhat after this fashion:

Seller of sugar and water—Refresh thy heart! Quench the heat!

Seller of raisin water—It is well clarified. Oh my son! By the life of thy father, it is well clarified!

Milkman—Let our morning be white!

Pretzel seller—O all nourisher! O all good! O determiner! O omniscient pretzels!

Beggar—I am the guest of God and of the prophet. I have not yet breakfasted.

Passer-by (in reply)—God opens to thee the hearts of men!

Another (to one sneezing)—Praise God! Thank God!

All present—God have mercy on you!

The sneezer—God guide me and you! God reward you

Muezzin (from a mosque)—God is greatest! I declare that there is no god but God! I declare that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to salvation! Prayer is better than sleep! God is very great! There is no God but God!

Seller of wheat cake—These belong to thee, O fasting man! How they did knead thee in the night, O cakes!

Rose seller—The rose was a thorn; she bloomed from the sweat of the prophet.

And thus the cries continue, hour after hour and day after day.

Ethics of Gambling.

Paterfamilias (at the breakfast table)—"Mabel, I have learned that young Goithard, who comes to see you, gambles occasionally."

Daughter (composedly)—"Oh, you mustn't believe all you hear, pa."

P.—"Well, I know he has been seen playing billiards, and you must drop him. Nice way for a young man to begin life. Let me have the part of the paper with the stock market, please."

D.—"Certainly, pa. I don't think there is a great deal of harm in billiards."

P. (warmly)—"The loser pays, and what is that but gambling, eh? (Consults his paper.) Yes, gambling. That's the only word for it—— What! hello! Big drop in Sou'-sou' west-half-west-little-western! Gracious gimeni! Five hundred gone at a single slap! Whew! I was an idiot to risk it."

D.—"What's the matter, pa?"

P.—"Ah—a—a—nothing, nothing. A little disappointment; that's all."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Why Hannah Left the Church.

A lady was relating to me the other day her trials and tribulations in the matter of arranging the household machinery so that the inevitable hitches and jars of the inner workings should not be apparent to the outside world. In describing the various idiosyncrasies of servants which had come under her notice she said: "Some years ago I had a good settled white woman as house servant, who, though of most exemplary deportment in every other respect, seemed to consider Sundays as in nowise different from the other days of the week. Finally I said to her: 'Hannah, why don't you take your Sundays off? You should take some advantage of the oppportunity to go to church.' You can appreciate my feelings when she replied: 'Well, Mrs. ——, I used to go reglar to church, but I never jined. My next door neighbor was a shoutin' member, and I tell you what she done—she scalded my dog. That's ben twenty years ago and I ain't never went to church since.'"—*Washington Capital.*

The Old Maids at the Jubilee.

An elderly maiden lady, living near Sidcup, wrote to the Lord Chamberlain a few weeks ago saying that she believed every class of Her Majesty's subjects would be represented at the Abbey excepting one, "the old maids" of Her Majesty's Dominions, and she asked for two tickets to have the honor of representing the "old maids," wishing to have a lady friend to accompany her. In due course she received a polite reply from Lord Lathom, saying that he was "quite unable to resist the force of her argument," and would, therefore, send her a ticket for the Abbey, whither, of course, the old lady went on Tuesday week.—*London Court Journal.*

Lord Palmerston used to say that one of his best services to the country was the purchase of the camp ground at Aldershot for fifteen pounds per acre. Since then, and largely as a consequence of the establishment of the camp, land at Aldershot has been sold at the rate of a thousand pounds an acre.

The Passing Crowd.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
  In the light of a city lamp,
And list to the tread of the million feet
  In their quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging crowd goes to and fro,
  'Tis a pleasant sight between,
To mark the figures that come and go
  In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud
  And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives stalks in the motley crowd
  With Lazarus cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart
  As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
  In the haunts of sin and shame.

When time shall have beaten the day's tattoo,
  And in dusky armor night
Is treading with echoless footstep through
  The gloom of the silent night,
Some few of these shall be daintily fed
  And sink to slumbers sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed
  With never a crumb to eat!

Ah, me! when the hours go joyfully by
  How little we stopped to heed
Our brothers' and sisters' despairing cry
  In their woe and bitter need.
Yet such a world as the angels sought
  This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love our Father taught
  Was felt by each for all.

A Cat and a Parrot.

The Danbury *News* says: Dr. Snow has a very fine cat and a parrot. Both occupy prominent quarters in his office, the cat most of the time monopolizing his chair, and the parrot confined in a cage hangs beside a window. As is natural, the cat and parrot have become friends and take great interest in each other. The other day the doctor returned from his round of calls, and on entering his office was met by his cat, which seemed to be evincing great uneasiness. She ran on before him and kept looking up and mewing; she would advance a short distance ahead of him and then run back. The doctor concluded that she was hungry and went and procured a piece of meat and offered it to her. She refused to touch it, but kept up her running back and forth. Finally she sprang upon the sill of the open window and looked out and mewed. This called the doctor to the window, and he looked out, and then discovered the cause of the cat's distress, the parrot, which was walking majestically about the yard in the grass. He had escaped from his cage and flown out of the window, and the cat was trying to tell her master about it. She succeeded by her sign language. The parrot was easily captured and returned to his quarters.

A Toronto Boy's Romantic Adventures.

Four years ago Willie Noland, then aged 9, ran away from his home in this city, bent on striking out for himself. His family made every effort to locate him, but without avail. His brother, Mr. Richard Noland, of the Montreal House, never, however, gave up the search, and as late as Wednesday last wrote to a friend in the States inquiring if he had seen or heard anything of the adventurous lad. By a strange coincidence the youngster turned up at the hotel yesterday—well dressed, healthy and with more than "$15 in his inside pocket." The joy attending the reunion between the two brothers may be imagined. Young Noland has been all over the continent since he left Toronto, having got into the circus business. His presence in the city at this time is due to the fact that he is travelling with Burk's show as a contortionist. His professional name is Willie Leroux, and his performances are wonderfully clever. There was a happy time at the Montreal House last night over the lost having been found.—*Toronto World.*

Two Midsummer Love Stories.

A young German carpenter was married to a pretty Bohemian girl in Omaha the other day after a six months' courtship, which must have been conducted entirely in pantomime, as neither can speak a word of the other language. The services of an interpreter were needed at the altar, but the young couple seemed as happy as if they had talked sweet nothings into each other's ears all their lifetime.

A romantic wedding took place at Edwardsville, Ill., the other day, when Prof. James O. Duncan, of Vandalia, a widower, was married to Mrs. Lillie Carroll, of Springfield, a widow. The marriage was the culmination of a series of coincidents in the lives of the wedded pair. The Rev. J. B. Thompson, who performed the ceremony, officiated in the same capacity at Prof. Duncan's first marriage and also at Mrs. Carroll's first marriage, and preached the funeral sermon at the death of Prof. Duncan's wife and at the death of Mrs. Carroll's husband. It was this strange fatality of circumstances which induced the couple to seek again the services of Mr. Thompson.

A Jubilee Story.

Two Scotch fishwives in London were talking about the Jubilee the other day. "Eh, wumman," said one to the other, "can ye tell me what a jubilee is, for I hear a' the folk spakin' aboot it?" "Ou, ay," replied the other, "I can tell ye that; ye see, when a man and a wumman has been marrit for five-and-twenty year, that's a siller waddin'; and when they've been marrit for fifty year that's a gouden waddin'; but when the man's deed, that's a jubilee!"

Cute John.

Chinamen entertain very exalted ideas of justice. The other day a citizen, who left a shirt at a Chinese laundry to be washed and dressed, was told when he went to get it that it had been lost. The Celestial washerman said he might, perhaps, find the missing article some day.

"But I want it now," said the owner.

"Belly good. Don't be aflaid," was the reply. "If I no find shirtee, you no pay for washee."—*Toronto Mail.*

Knew Their Friends.

A young physician who had recently hung out his sign came home one day in high spirits.

"Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me lready."

"Does Mr. Stirling live here?" asked a mechanic of a woman he met at the door. "Yes, sir." "I have come down to clean out his furnace". "You're just a littlet late; the sheriff has just been here."

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, AUG. 4, 1887.

HONESTY.

It is not often we hear such vigorous and practical sermons on the subject of honesty as was delivered in the Methodist church here last Sabbath evening by the Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A. But we do often hear sermons in which honesty is vaguely hinted at; or, if touched upon at all, an impression is created that it is but a matter of secondary importance. Sometimes it is handled with such mathematical precision, that it fails to make any impression upon the mind of the average hearer. At others it is touched so lightly as to suggest the proximity of dynamite, powder and other combustibles. Perchance the speaker fears to give offence! Which reminds us of a local preacher — a very eccentric but pious man—who, one Sabbath many years ago, preached a sermon in a little village church in this County. In the course of his remarks he referred to the devil. "Some of your mealy-mouthed young preachers," he said, call him the Evil One; some call him the Serpent; some call him the Old Serpent; some even overcome the peculiar delicacy of their feelings and call him the Devil; but brethren"—here the speaker's eyes flashed and clenching his fist he struck the pulpit with terrific force—"I say it's the Devil and the damned Devil!" Truly some of our preachers are as "mealy-mouthed" in dealing with the question of honesty as they are in dealing with matters of much less importance.

What is a man "called of God" to preach the Gospel for, if it is not to speak "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" concerning God's dealings with man and man's duty to his Creator! It is not honest to withold part of the truth in secular matters, how much less so in those pertaining to the immortal well-being of the soul. And yet how much dishonesty is practiced in thousands of pulpits throughout the world, where men stifle their honest convictions—the result of patient, careful and thoughtful study and research—because some particular creed has ordained that "thus far shalt thou go and no further!" How he hedges, and tacks, and shortens sail, treads on the dangerous(?) dividing line, and finally drops into the well-worn old ruts once travelled by men who had neither his talents nor his capabilities for acquiring knowledge; but who, nevertheless were honest, circumstances and surroundings taken into consideration. Thought has advanced and is advancing, and with the increased facilities for mental development at our disposal, and an ever widening circle of intelligence constantly at work diffusing rays of spiritual and intellectual light among the masses, it is not to be wondered at that the fallacies entertained and cherished by the sturdy and pious people of past centuries, have been exploded. The arts and sciences have proportionately advanced. Everything seems tending to a higher degree of perfection, in the material as well as in the spiritual world. But we digress, and in that respect are like many speakers, who, having chosen a text, wander from Genesis to Revelation and back again, hunting for ideas, but never again referring to their text!

The sermon by Rev. Mr. Shilton was eminently practical. He spoke "straight to his text." He showed that a man was possessed of a threefold nature, viz., the body, the mind and the soul, and that he should deal honestly with each. Taking for his text the words, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's," the speaker proceeded to "hew to the line let the chips fall where they might." It was man's duty to be honest with his body, and not overtax its capibilities by working sixteen and eighteen hours during the day. (N.B. —It is needless to say many people are *extremely* honest in this latter particular.) He should be honest with his mind, and last but most important of all, he should be honest with his soul. Of course honesty in our dealings with each other formed a leading theme of the sermon. And so it should, for without it religion would be a farce and a mockery. People must deal squarely and honestly with each other if they ever hope to reach the "far better land." In doing so they are honoring their Creator and becoming more and more like him. How beautifully the noble minded Burns put it:

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

One cannot fail to be struck with the fact, that sermons, such as the one we more particularly allude to, create lasting impressions. Being intellectual and logical, as well as breathing the purest religious sentiments, they appeal with equal force to the doubter and to the believer. Thoughts—healthy thoughts—are carried beyond the environments of the sacred edifice, and who knows but that the seed thus sown in honest hearts may have good results, although, perchance, not seen until "after many days?" The believer is strengthened and blessed and goes out into the world with lighter tread and with a keener desire to reach greater heights in his religious life. His whole being is permeated with pure desires and lofty motives. Step by step he marches heavenward. Thorns there are, and rocks, and precipices, and by-paths, but onward and upward—as if on eagle's pinions—he pursues a steady course to that haven where immortal life and the best company in the universe await him.

WHAT IS IT? Not a snuff, powder or liquid, but a preparation peculiar to itself. Easy to use, pleasant in effect, Nasal Balm will positively cure cold in the head, Catarrh and kindred disorders.

The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored. —C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

IN the matter of WILLIAM HOGG, of the Village of Flesherton Station, in the County of Grey, General Storekeeper.

The insolvent has made an assignment of his Estate to the undersigned, in pursuance of an Act respecting Assignments for the benefit of Creditors, 48 Vic., Chap. 26, and the Creditors are notified to meet at No. 26 Wellington Street East, Toronto, on Monday 18th July, 1887, at 4 o'clock, p.m., to receive statements of his affairs, appoint Inspectors, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

And Notice is hereby given, that after 15th August, next, the said Trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said Debtor among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which Notice shall have been given, and that he will not be liable for the assets, or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt or claim he shall not then have had notice.

E. R. C. CLARKSON,
Trustee.

26 Wellington St. East, Toronto.
4th July, 1887. 316-317

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

OR

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monstors of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-338

ROAD NOTICE.

Township of Artemesia.

Notice is hereby given that the Municipality of Artemesia will after one month from the first publication hereof in the FLESHERTON ADVANCE newspaper, the date of which first publication will be on the 7th day of July, 1887, proceed to pass a By-Law establishing the undermentioned Deviation of road in this Township, viz., from a point numbered 11 on a deviation under By Law 303, made by T. Gilliland, Esq., between Lots 23 and 24 in the 12th Concession, on same bearing to centre of Road, known as Campbell's road, instead of on bearing 42 as mentioned on plan by said Gilliland, which part of said By-Law 303 will be repealed, and also to satisfy the original intention to carry any other parts of said road in the Divisional line of Lots as far as practical.

Council will meet on second Monday of Aug., instead of 1st, to pass it.

W. J. BELLAMY, Township Clerk.

One High-Bred Durham Bull,

"KING BILLY,"

The Royal Champion,

Will stand for service for the year 1887, at Lot 102, 1st Range, W.T. & S.R., Artemesia, at the small sum of 50c. W. C. PARKER

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

Farm for Sale!

100 ACRE FARM, 85 acres cleared, in good state of cultivation, Log Barn, Frame Stable and other out-buildings. Good Roughcast House, splendid Cellar, good Well at the door, large Orchard with good bearing Fruit Trees. Lots 148, 149, 150, 3rd Range East, Artemesia. Possession can be had this fall. Title clear. JAMES BEECROFT,
314-319. Proprietor.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT

JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT.
FLESHERTON.

J. B. SLOAN

Has any quantity of Shingles, &c., on hand at Eugenia.

Cheap for Cash.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 60 to	4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to	0 75
Spring Wheat	0 75	0 75
Barley	0 80	0 45
Oats	0 26	0 26
Peas	0 47	0 48
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 14	0 14
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	20	22
Sheepskins	0 40	0 56
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer.

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

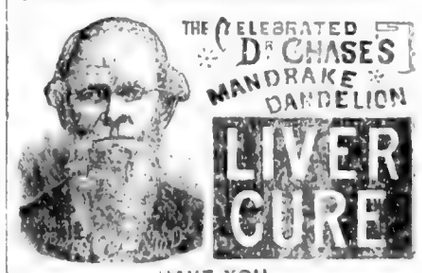

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests entirely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 600,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

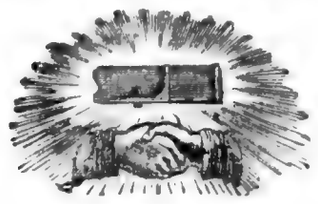

Publisher's Announcement!

In the matter of

FINE JOB

Printing!

It is generally conceded that the

Flesherton Advance

TAKES THE

BISCUIT!

EVERY TIME!

Posters! Posters!

From an Eighth Sheet to a mammoth Three-Sheeter—plain or in colors—at prices that will arrest your attention and surprise you.

Auction Sale Bills

WHILE YOU WAIT.

PAMPHLETS!

Big, Little, Great and Small.

Circulars, Bill Heads,
Note Heads, Streamers,
Flyers, Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Labels, etc. etc.

DRUGGISTS' LABELS

As cheap and as good as can be obtained in the city.

New Material

Is added to our stock every Spring and Fall.

NOTICE!

THE ADVANCE will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for $1 per year; and to England, Ireland, or Scotland for $1.50

THE ADVANCE unquestionably has no superior as a live Local and Family newspaper in Simcoe, Grey, or Bruce.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Poisoned.

A small child of Mr. Theron Patterson (Wiarton) came nearly losing its life on Tuesday last by taking carbolic acid. It appears a neighbor's child had brought the bottle containing the poison into the house not being noticed by Mrs. Patterson, whose child took a small quantity before being discovered. Medical aid was at once summoned and it is believed the child will soon recover. This is another example of the carelessness of some parents in leaving bottles containing poison in the reach of children.—*Wiarton Echo.*

A Dundalk Item.

The Dundalk *Herald* is responsible for the following:—"One of our mercantile firms has been annoyed for several days by an obnoxious smell about the premises, arising from some unknown source. A sanitary inspector visited the place and after removing boards and inserting his nasal organ into every crevice and corner, announced his inability to detect the cause. The odor was so disagreeable that the book-keeper had his desk removed to another part of the building, but this did not do any good. Finally, health officer Tedford proceeded to dissect the ink bottle, which was found to contain a thousand or more dead flies. This discovery solved the mystery and the place will not be fumigated."

Bear Captured.

On Sunday morning the 24th July, a bear weighing some 300 pounds was captured by Messrs. J. and D. Hisey, together with J. B. Doner. From what we can learn, it appears that these gentlemen had set a bear trap some days previous, and on visiting the place on the morning mentioned found his bearship securely trapped, having some small saplings gnawed down in his anger at being ensnared. We learn that there are several of these animals in parts of Sunnidale yet, where the boys avail themselves of the opportunity of thinning them out.—*Creemore Advertiser.*

Accident.

On Monday afternoon an old man named Hamilton McLeod, while digging in the cellar at the rear part of Butchart's new building, had his leg broken near the ankle by a small portion of the earth caving in. Drs. McCullough and Denhart set the injured limb; but it will be some time before he will be able to be around again, two bones being broken. He comes from near Markdale and was dependent on his daily earnings. We understand that Mr. R. P. Butchart has generously offered to pay for necessary attendance and board till the man is well again; but we think it time that a House of Refuge was built by the County, where needy persons could be provided for at the public expense.—*Owen Sound Times.*

Cowardly and Malicious Assault.

A week ago Sunday night a scene occurred on the 6th con. of Egremont, not far from town which partakes so much of the nature of Western States rowdyism that an effort should be put forth by the authorities to detect the rascals concerned in it. The particulars of the affair as told our reporter by the victim are as follows: About 10 o'clock on the night in question Mr. Robt. Britton, a young man, was on his way home from a neighbors when he was set on near Mr. Andrew Donog's gate by a couple of persons whom in the darkness he was unable to identify. Hearing a step behind him Britton turned around just in time to receive a heavy blow on the shoulder from a club in the hands of his assailant, the blow evidently being aimed at his head. He struck his opponent and was in a fair way to give him the punishment he deserved, when he was struck in the back of the head and rendered insensible by a second person. After stunning their victim the two cowardly miscreants evidently kicked him until they they thought he was done for, as, on regaining his senses, Mr. Britton was so sore from bruises on his body that he could scarcely move, he managed to crawl home and is now able to move around again although the doctor forbids his attempting to work for several weeks. *Mt. Forest Representative.*

Why They Calls 'Em Bulgarians.

Customer (pointing to dropsical mongrel)—"What kind of a dog is that?"

Dog fancier—"That's a Bulgarian terrier, sir."

Customer—"How terribly fat and swollen he looks!"

Fancier—"Oh, that's the breed, sir! They calls 'em Bulgarians 'cause of the bulge on 'em!"

A Child's Cute Question.

Little Fanny looked intently at her mother for some time. Then she said:

"Mother, you ain't a girl, are you?"

"No, Fanny."

"What are you?"

"I am a woman."

"You were a girl once, weren't you?"

"Yes, Fanny."

"Well, where is that girl now?"

A Roland for an Oliver.

A lawyer driving along a country road asked a woman who was walking in the same direction which way he had to turn to reach B—. The woman gave him directions, and added that she was going in that direction, and would point out the way. "All right, good women," said the lawyer, "jump up; better bad company than none." After jogging some miles further the woman descended and thanked him for the drive. "Have I much further to go ere I reach the B— road?" asked the limb of the law. "Oh, you passed it some two or three miles back," was the answer, "but as I thought bad company better than none I brought you on."

What First Prompted It.

"Do you belong to the society known as the Woman's Suffrage asked a farmer of a woman whose appearance might possibly indicate that fact.

"Certainly I do, sir," replied the lady.

"May I ask what are the real objects of the society?" he asked.

"To promote the welfare of women and to elevate the sex," he replied.

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"May I ask what first prompted the organization of such a society?"

"Yes, sir; we have no objections to answering such questions. It was first prompted by the scarcity of husbands."

The Importance of Geography.

Negro father (to son)—"How yer gittin' 'long at school?"

Boy—"Fust-rate."

Father—"What yer flingin' yer mine down on fur de mos' part?"

Boy—"Rifmertic."

Father—"Got down ter jogerfy yit?"

Boy—"No, sah."

Father—"Wall, I wants yer ter git down ter dat ez soon ez yer ken."

Boy—"What's jogerfy gwine to do fur me?"

Father—"What's it gwine ter do fur you? Wy, it il allus keep yer outen de po' house, dat's whut it gwine ter do."

Boy—"How come?"

Father—"Is yer dun los' all yer sense dat yer doan know how come? Doan yer know dat er man wid plenty o' jogerfy in his head ken allus tell de age o' er hoss by lookin' at him? Doan yer know he ken fling his eye up ter de clouds an' tell w'en its gwine ter rain, an' dat he ken skin er sheep jes like snatchin' off er shirt? Know dat man whut tuk er peach tree switch an' found dat fine well o' water on de Fulgum place, doan yer?"

Boy—"Yes, sah."

Father—"Wall, he wuz er fine han' at jogerfy. Go back ter dat schoolhouse an' study jogerfy, son; go right back dar an' study it dis minit."

The Rushing Spirit.

A Chicago man, in attempting to jump on a closing bridge, had both legs broken. When he had been taken to a hospital and relieved as much as possible of his suffering, a physician asked him why he jumped upon the bridge. "Was your time so valuable that you felt it your duty to risk your life?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the way with our Chicago people," said the physician, addressing some one who stood near. "Everything is sacrificed upon the altar of time, but it is this rushing spirit that has given Chicago an advanced position among the great cities of the world. My friend," again speaking to the wounded man, "you did not stop to consider the danger of your unfortunate hurry, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Your aim was to get over on the north side as soon as possible?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your mind was wholly taken up with the business awaiting you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wonderful people, sir." said the physician, again addressing the bystander. "And," turning to the wounded man, "you would have rushed in front of a railroad train?"

"I guess I would, sir."

"What business was it that could not allow you to wait a few moments until the bridge could be closed?"

"Well, you see a feller named Jim had jest opened a new saloon an' tapped a keg of free beer an' put out a lunch, an' I knowed that if I didn't hustle, the fellers would get away with it all, an' I didn't have time to wait for the bridge to close, but I almost wish now that I had, for I've lost my chance any way."

Drowning Accident at Windsor.

Windsor, Ont., Aug. 2.—A party of dancers who took part in the emancipation celebration here last night embarked in a small boat about 12 o'clock last night to cross to Detroit. One of the party stepped on the side of the boat, which capsized and the occupants were thrown into the river. Officer Nash of the Windsor police force, who was on the dock at the time, pulled off his hat and coat, and jumping into the water, rescued four of the drowning party. Miss May Lewis of Clinton, Mich., aged 18, was drowned. The body is not yet recovered.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

The well-bred Durham Bull,

"DAUNTLESS!"

Red Pedigree

WILL be for the service of Cows the season of 1887 at his own place, Lot 152, 3rd Range West, T. & S.R., Artemesia.

TERMS.—$1.00 per cow, payable on or before Jan. 1st, 1888. Cows not returned regularly to bull will be charged whether in calf or not.

DONALD McKENZIE,
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TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Shegniandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, will be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tarriff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt, on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $1.00 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l. of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

GREAT OFFER!

The Advance from now until end of the year for 35 cents.

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DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST,

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Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
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MASSON & MASSON,

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GET YOUR MEAT

—:-FROM-:—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices

Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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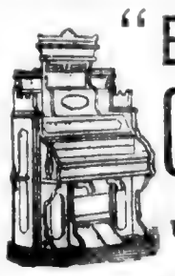

"BELL" ORGANS

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CATALOGUES FREE.

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THE —— EPISODE.

Dr. Tanner Explains to the Commons Why He Used "Cuss" Words.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: Dr. Tanner (Home Ruler) appeared before the House of Commons this afternoon in obedience to its summons, to explain the charge made by Mr. Long (Conservative), that the doctor had in the lobby and in the presence of several members called Mr. Long a "—— snob," and used other improper language. Dr. Tanner said he regretted the trouble the House had been put to about the matter. Mr. Long's manner and language when he approached him (Dr. Tanner) were part of an arrangement to annoy him. Mr. Long twice importuned him, and said in reference to his exclusion from the division (a matter over which he was still very sensitive), "That was a nice sell you got." Dr. Tanner said he was sorry for replying to Mr. Long as he did, and withdrew the indecorous expressions.

Mr. Long arose and denied Dr. Tanner's statements, declaring he did not make use of the alleged words about a sell.

Messrs. George Hawkesworthe Bond and James Bigwood (Conservatives) confirmed his statement.

Mr. Patrick O'Hea (Home Ruler for West Donegal) said he was also present and that he heard Mr. Long say, "That was a nice sell you got." Mr. O'Hea added that Dr. Tanner was jeered at by Mr. Long and his comrades.

Sir Julian Goldsmid (Liberal-Unionist) urged that the House let the matter drop.

Mr. W. H. Smith said he regretted that he was unable to accept Sir Julian Goldsmid's advice. Dr. Tanner had offered no explanation of his failure to attend the House last Monday when the matter was first brought up. Parliament must mark its sense of his misconduct in some manner. If a month's suspension was too long, the term of suspension would be shortened.

GREAT EXPLOSION.

Powder House Struck by Lightning—Great Destruction of Property.

A Streator, Ill., despatch says: The powder house of the C. W. & V. Coal Company was struck by lightning at 2.30 a.m., causing a terrible explosion, killing one man and wounding many, and demolishing all the property for blocks around it. There was not a window left unbroken within half a mile of the explosion. Not a vestige of the powder house remains, while where it stood is an excavation about sixty feet long, forty feet wide and twenty feet deep.

Rescuing parties were speedily formed and the search for the dead and injured began. Strange as it may seem, only one fatality has been reported, but a large number are seriously injured. Among the wounded are: Mary Lone, right hip broken; James Blackmore, hurt in the back; Mrs. Blackmore, several ribs broken; Mrs. James Sheldon, three ribs broken; Mrs. Thomas Birdwell, badly cut by flying glass; Mrs. Hattie Reaschon, an aged widow, struck over the eye with a brick and badly injured. A tramp who was sleeping on a car near the powder house was fatally injured. The number of minor casualties will reach 100. There were forty-five dwellings almost totally demolished, and there is not a plate-glass left in the business part of the city. It is impossible at this time to estimate the loss, but it will probably reach $100,000,

Late Scotch News.

Mrs. Dingwall Fordyce, widow of the former proprietor of Brucklay, died a few days ago at Blairgowrie.

The will of the late Mr. J. Graham, of Skelmorlie, has been registered. The amount bequeathed is over £300,000.

The death is announced at Edinburgh of Mrs. Livingston, of Drumsynie, Argyllshire, a great grand-daughter of Flora Macdonald.

Victoria Public Park, Partick, was opened on the 2nd inst. by Sir Andrew Maclean, Provost of the burgh. A new park was also opened at Coatbridge.

Mrs. D. O. Hill's statue of Burns at Dumfries has been lifted from its pedestal, which is to be heightened so as to enhance the effect of the colossal figure.

One of the markers at the butts at the Aberdeen Wapinschaw, a private in the Gordon Highlanders, was on the 5th July killed by a bullet which glanced off the target.

Alex. Adams, who started to walk on stilts from Dundee to London, was brought to mother earth with grief and an injured leg, through a collie attacking his stilts at Stirling.

The Duke of Buccleuch is about to erect a memorial to his son, the late Earl of Dalkeith, on the spot on the hillside at Achnacarry, Inverness-shire, where the lamented young nobleman lost his life in the autumn of last year.

The King of Saxony arrived at the Alexandra Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 30th ult., accompanied by the Earl of Hopetoun. After seeing the sights and visiting Forth Bridge he left for the Highlands.

Rev. Dr. Burns, Kirkliston, was entertained to dinner in Darling's Hotel, Edinburgh, recently, by the Free Church Presbytery of Linlithgow, and presented with an address, on occasion of his jubilee.

D. Thomson, Bervie, Kincardineshire, has been giving Alex. Orchardson, Grange, a thrashing, for trying to take his sweetheart away from him, and the Sheriff said he likely "got no more than he deserved," and so let Thomson off with an admonition.

The acreage of Edinburgh is stated at 6,002, and the length of the streets 130 miles. There are 42,413 inhabited houses. Fifty constables are employed in special duties, and 433 in ordinary duties. The total cost of the police is £45,049, but £1,982 is received for special services.

The following is the inscription on the monument at Kinghorn to Alexander III.: "To the illustrious Alexander III., the last of Scotland's Celtic kings, who was accidentally killed near this spot, March XIX., MCCLXXXVI. Erected on the sex-centenary of his death."

The Princess of Wales is having a cart built specially for tandem driving. The Princess is an admirable whip.

Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's picturesque seat in Inverness, has been leased for two months by W. K. Vanderbilt at a rental of $10,000. It is the finest sporting estate in England.

HEADING FOR CANADA?

The Chief of the Chicago Boodlers Escapes from the Sheriff.

A last (Sunday) night's Chicago despatch says: W. J. McGarrigle, the convicted boodler, has escaped. All day to-day every available policeman and detective in Chicago are trying vainly to find him. Telegrams have been sent all over the country in the hope of heading him off, but little hope is entertained that he will ever again be in the custody of the people of Cook County. Last evening Sheriff Matson drove up to the county jail in his buggy, got out and disappeared in the building, reappearing in a few minutes with McGarrigle. The two entered the vehicle and drove to McGarrigle's house in Lakeview. Upon arriving there Sheriff Matson and his charge dismounted and entered the house. McGarrigle greeted his wife and children very affectionately, and all entered the front room. In a few moments McGarrigle went upstairs to see the baby. Sheriff Matson remained downstairs in the front room. Although McGarrigle was out of sight he was not out of hearing of the sheriff, who heard him talking in the room upstairs. Presently he descended and said he would like to take a bath. McGarrigle went into the bath-room, accompanied by his wife, closed the door and Sheriff Matson heard Mrs. McGarrigle tell the domestic to bring some clean clothing for Mr. McGarrigle. Sheriff Matson could hear the water running into the bath-tub. He waited a liberal time for the bath and then asked McGarrigle's little girl, who had remained in the room with him, to tell her father he must hasten. The child went to deliver the message, entered the back room and did not reappear. When after a considerable time the little girl had not returned, the sheriff for the first time grew suspicious that something was wrong, and stepping to the door that separated the front parlor from the bed-room knocked and called "McGarrigle." No response was returned, and upon entering the bed-room Mrs. McGarrigle said that her husband must be still in the bath. The sheriff at once made for the bath-room, and upon entering saw that McGarrigle had not changed his underwear and had not been in the bath. Then came a hasty search, but McGarrigle had disappeared entirely. The sheriff ran out of the house, searched the yard and the outhouses and finally roamed throughout the neighboring yards, but he was unable to find a trace of his prisoner. He finally hastened to the nearest station, the police of the entire city were soon warned, detectives by scores began to scour the city and every policeman was ordered to remain on duty indefinitely in the hope that some of them might run across the ex-Warden. The reason for taking McGarrigle home from jail is found in the fact that States Attorney Grinnell, for reasons of his own, has had frequent consultations with McGarrigle, most of them outside of the jail. It was arranged that the two should meet at McGarrigle's house. The State Attorney, for some reason, could not keep the engagement. McGarrigle was convicted a short time ago for having been engaged in the wholesale robbery of Cook County, and was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and was awaiting the result of a motion for a new trial. He was formerly chief of police.

Although McGarrigle was in the custody of the sheriff on the case for which he was tried he was still under bonds of over $60,000 on twenty other indictments.

DANCING NAKED AROUND THE FIRE.

Extraordinary Case of Religious Frenzy and Superstition in Spain.

A Paris cablegram says: A very extraordinary case is about to come before the high tribunal of Malaga. A few months ago, a woman belonging to the village of Torrox declared that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her and had ordered her to preach a new gospel for the salvation of mankind, as the end of the world was at hand. The woman's story was believed without hesitation, and soon the whole village was in a state of religious frenzy. The woman preached in favor of the abandonment of earthly possessions, and advocated a return to the mode of life and habits of primitive man. During the height of the frenzy a large fire was lighted in the village, into which the converts to this fantastic superstition threw their valuables, furniture and clothes, men, women and children dancing and shouting around the fire in a state of complete nudity. Warned of what was going on, the local gendarmerie arrived only just in time to save the infants from being thrown into the fire by their frenzied mothers, and to prevent the houses at the village from being set on fire.

Mr. Wall Gets a Testimonial.

A New York despatch says: Mr. John M. Wall, of the New York *Tribune*, was the recipient this afternoon of a cheque drawn on the National Broadway Bank for $1,030 by his Irish-American friends. The presentation was made in Cafe Park Place. The testimonial was presented in recognition of his suffering as a patriot in Kilmainham Jail, Ireland, as a fellow-prisoner of Charles Stewart Parnell, and of the injury he received when visiting Canada with editor O'Brien. He was struck in the head with a stone and badly cut in the temple while in Toronto. After the presentation a collation was served.

Together in Death.

A Providence, R.I., despatch says: Giles Luther, an aged resident in the outskirts of Warren, left his invalid wife at 11 o'clock last night to get a neighbor to go to town for a doctor, as Mrs. Luther was failing. On his return he walked into the Kickimuit River, four feet deep at that place, and, being much fatigued and partially blind, was unable to get out. Searching parties found his body this morning, and his wife died while they were bringing it into the house.

Sam Jones recently preached four days in Henry County, Kentucky, without making a single convert. At the close of his last sermon he remarked: "The sermon which I have just preached at you was the one which converted Sam Small. I therefore thought it ought to make at least one convert here, but I had forgotten that this congregation is composed of citizens of Henry County."

A BRIDE FOR HEAVEN'S SON.

The Way the Wife of the Young Chinese Emperor Was Chosen.

In the San Francisco *Chronicle* of July 3rd was the following: The Chinese residents of this city were somewhat anxiously awaiting the arrival of news relating to the approaching nuptials of His Imperial Majesty Kwong Suey, "Son of Heaven" and "Lord of Ten Thousand Years," etc. A despatch received in this city yesterday announced that a bride had been selected for the young Emperor, and that $5,000,000 would be expended in the celebration of the most auspicious event. As soon as it becomes known when the imperial affair will take place the Emperor's wealthy and loyal citizens of this city will prepare for the proper observance of the event. The day will be made a holiday, the dragon flag will be floated, feasting made the order of business, and perhaps a procession and other exercises will be held. But as yet the date of the marriage remains with the fates, which the astrologers of the Empire must divine. The first ceremony of betrothal has now been observed. This is the choice of the bride. A Chinese Empress is not chosen for nobility of family or reputation, although generally she is taken from the nobility. Her personal beauty is the almost exclusive requirement. The mother of Hien Fung, a former Empress, kept a fruit-stall. The Emperor himself has nothing whatever to do with the selection of the Empress. The present Empress-Dowager, who is a very able woman, and who has reigned as Regent, some time ago issued an edict through the Pekin *Gazette* that the Emperor should marry, and set a date when a reception should be held to candidates for the high honor. On the appointed day the Mongolian papas and mammas took their fairest daughters to the Empress' palace. The Empress, with her ladies, then chose the handsomest virgin. She should be Empress. But the Emperor is also legally entitled to eight Queens. Consequently eight other handsome virgins were chosen to fill these high offices. The personality of these selections has not reached this city, but the next mail is expected to furnish the particulars. It is now the duty of the Imperial Board of Astrologers to consult the stars and determine the lucky day when, if the marriage takes place, all will be well. If it does not go well all will go wrong with the astrologers. They are consequently very careful, and consult the stars and various deities favorable to matrimony. The date of the marriage being discovered, other ceremonies ensue, such as the presentation of 100 cakes to the Empress-elect. If the Emperor should die before the wedding takes place it would be quite the proper thing for the fiancee to commit suicide. At any rate, she must go and live at the palace and remain a virgin. When she is 61 years of age she will be rewarded by the reverence of her relatives. The Emperor Kwong Suey, from all accounts, is a commendable young man, and has considerable influence with Confucius and the other gods. On May 4th, for instance, he prayed for rain, the China papers relate. On May 13th it rained. All China fell down on its knees to express thanks for the beneficent hearing of Kwong Suey's petition. Suey was born in 1871, and was crowned at the age of 4. He is the son of the seventh brother of the Emperor preceding the last. It is expected that after his marriage the Empress Dowager will hand over the reins of government entirely to Suey.

Latest Old London Gossip.

Mr. Chamberlain is not well. He is getting too fat.

Orientalism is to replace Japaneseism in decoration.

Tandems are on the increase in London. A new tandem club has been started.

It is proposed to import a supply of pompano for introduction into British waters.

Buffalo Bill and his entire troop of Indians attended church the other day in full war paint.

Some of the most aristocratic houses in London decorated their balconies on the day of the Jubilee with carpets, rugs and colored bed-quilts.

At the laying of the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute the Queen used glasses in public for the first time. The lenses were no larger than a shilling piece and set in a plain bit of tortoise shell.

A French philosopher shows that Alsace-Lorraine should really belong to France, for the reason that there are many more brunettes than blondes there, and hence it is more French than German.

The casualties of the Jubilee procession foot up about six hundred. Three hundred were cases of fainting, over twenty of sunstroke. There were several broken legs, arms and collar bones, and dislocations. Some people suffered concussion of the brain, some had their chests crushed, and others were kicked by horses.

Round the Globe in Sixty-Nine Days.

A London cable says: The *Times* to-day announces that a copy of one of its issues has made the circuit of the globe in sixty-nine days. Its journey was made via the Suez Canal route to Yokohama, and thence to London via the Canadian Pacific line and Atlantic connections. This is the shortest time in which the circuit has been made under the British flag. Influential metropolitan and Provincial journals continue to urge the importance of the recognition of the Canadian route to the East. The press is practically unanimous in favor of a subsidy to the Canadian service.

Those Dear Horses.

A London cable says: The statement by the War Secretary in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, that the Government had decided to purchase no more Canadian horses for the army owing to the price, show that the influence of the county members and the agricultural societies, in favor of using the home supply, have prevailed. It is thought here that the Canadian Government could meet the objection as to cost by initiating horse fairs at recognized centres, so that the expenses of officers in scouring Canada for good animals might be avoided.

The Best Card.

"I am king," remarks Kalakaua, majestically. That may be so, but the Honolulu rifles appear to be the ace.—*San Francisco Post.*

TEST FOR THE EYE.

An Instrument That Will Tell a Woman's Exact Age.

At the French Academy of Medicine, according to a cablegram, Dr. Javal presented an optometer recently made by Dr. George J. Bull, son of Mr. Richard Bull, of this city, who has attained a high position in his profession in the Old World. The design of the optometer, which it is unnecessary to describe in scientific language, is to enable an oculist to tell instantaneously what glasses are required by far-sighted or near-sighted persons. The inventor has had in regard to it a peculiarly happy idea, especially suited for French practitioners and patients. The figures marked upon the graduated scale at which the subject has to look through a lens or a simple aperture, according to the more or less deteriorated condition of his eyes, appear, when the instrument is held as one would hold a sheet of paper, to be a series of irregular, elongated figures, but when viewed through the aperture with the optometer held as one would hold a telescope they resolve themselves into small dominoes. These dominoes are arranged in such a way that the sum of the dots on the furthest domino seen indicates the degree of far or near sightedness, while the number of dominos distinguished indicates the focusing power of the eye examined. There is another extraordinary feature about this instrument. The focusing power of the eye diminishes as age advances, the change commencing in early childhood. This axiom has been borne in mind and applied to drawing up a column of figures along the line of dominos. As soon as any one tells the number of figures he or she sees distinctly, his or her age is revealed beyond dispute. The laboratory of Sorbonne charged itself with some expensive engraving necessary for perfecting Dr. Bull's instrument.

DIPHTHERIA AT LEVIS.

Some Herculean Work for the Provincial Health Board.

A Quebec despatch says: The recent outbreak and ravages of diphtheria at Levis are more than accounted for by the statements communicated by a resident of the place. Some time ago the authorities removed all the bodies interred in the old Levis Cemetery to a new one. Curiosity in some instances and accident, or the work of exhumation in others, caused the opening of the coffins removed, and crowds of children were permitted to gather around and to peer into the receptacles of the dead, despite the stench arising from the decomposed remains. A merchant of the place who lately lost a child by diphtheria kept the body two or three days in the house, which was open as usual for the neighbors and children to visit and pray around the corpse. When told the risk that he was causing his own family and that of his neighbors to run, the bereaved father simply replied that if others were to die of the disease it was the will of the good God, and could not be helped. Four little boys carried the coffin to the grave, and a few days later another child was buried from the same house.

Don't Despise Onions.

A mother writes: "Once a week invariably, and it was generally when we had cold meat minced, I gave the children a dinner, which was hailed with delight and looked forward to; this was a diah of boiled onions. The little things knew not that they were taking the best of medicines for repelling what most children suffer from—worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone. Not only boiled onions for dinner, but chives also were they encouraged to eat with their bread and butter, and for this purpose they had tufts of the chives in their little gardens. It was a medical man who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did not know at the time till I told him that they were good for anything else."

The above appeared in the Lancaster *New Era*, and having fallen under the eye of an experienced physician of that county, he writes as follows:

"The above ought to be published in letters of gold and hung up beside the table, so that the children could read it, and remind their parents that no family ought to be without onions the whole year round. Plant old onions in the fall, and they will come up at least three weeks earlier in the spring than by spring planting. Give children of all ages a few of them raw, as soon as they are fit to be eaten; do not miss treating them with a mess of raw onions three or four times a week. When they get too large or too strong to be eaten raw, then boil or roast them. During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity, or any mother, to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlatina enginosa, etc., where onions were freely used."

Latest from Ireland.

Rev. Thomas Waugh is conducting another evangelistic campaign in Belfast.

An addition of 339 was made last year to the membership of the Irish Methodist Church.

A circular has been issued to the Royal Irish Constabulary conceding special favors to them in connection with the Queen's Jubilee.

In consequence of the great scarcity of water in Belfast, caused by absence of rain for nearly six weeks, several large spinning mills have partially ceased working.

Mr. Justice Harrison, in opening the Kildare Assizes on the 7th July, congratulated the Grand Jury on the state of the county. There was nothing in the statistics of the county, or in any of the returns, that called for special remark.

Mrs. Kennedy, who has just finished her honeymoon, was bathing in a lake at Moyree, County Clare, with several companions, when she suddenly disappeared and was drowned. At Cara Lake, near Glenbigh, three cattle drovers bathed in a lake at the side of the road. Their clothes not having been removed a considerable time afterwards, a search was instituted and their dead bodies were recovered.

—Two clergymen, well known in the Diocese of Niagara, are devoting a portion of their vacation time to laying a floor in a little English church in Muskoka.

THE BANE OF ENGINEERS.

What Happened to a Train on a Moonlight Night.

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of railroad engineers," remarked a head official of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to a Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* reporter. He is a gentleman who knows every branch of railroading.

"I would have thought that the trainmen would be glad to have moonlight nights," interposed the writer.

"No, sir; all engineers dread moonlight nights; they try the nerves of the engineers to the utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the shadow across the track is a man, or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, very curious shadows are outlined around the track, and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties. Some years ago, when I was going over the main stem of the Baltimore & Ohio one night, there was a freight wreck ahead of us. They were running freight in convoys then, or as we now call them in sections. Our train was stopped and I went forward to see what was the damage. Lying in a cut was about the worst freight wreck I have ever seen. I went forward to see what the trouble was. It was a moonlight night and when I got forward I saw the engineer. He was shaking all over with excitement. He was one of the oldest and best engineers on the road, and I was surprised to see him so nervous, as he escaped unhurt."

"'What is the trouble, Tom?' I asked him. I could see nothing wrong."

"'It was a rock,' replied Tom. 'I was coming round the curve when I saw it. It was a big one; big enough to smash a whole train. I reversed the engine to avoid a smash up, and the cars coming down the grade just piled up in the shape you see them.'

"I looked around, but could see no rock anywhere. The wreck was cleared away that night, and there wasn't the sign of an obstruction near the locomotive. We all were curious to find out what had caused the trouble. The next night a railroad man went to the cut, and there in the moonlight he saw a perfect image of a big rock lying across the track. He looked up on the hillside, and there was a big rock throwing its shadow down on the track that caused a wreck that cost the company thousands of dollars. No, sir; if an engineer wants things to suit him, he don't want moonlight by which to run his train."

SUNSTROKE.

Its Symptoms and Its Best Method of Treatment.

A physician gives some valuable and seasonable information about sunstroke. During the hot weather, when exposed to the sun, headache, giddiness, nausea and disturbance of sight, accompanied with great prostration of the physical forces, are indications that sunstroke is probably imminent. The best plan is to immediately retire to a cool place and apply some simple restoratives as aromatic ammonia, and it can no doubt be prevented. Those exhausted with the heat have a cool, moist skin, a rapid, weak pulse and respiration movement, and the pupil is dilated. Immediate unconsciousness frequently results from heat apoplexy, and is likely to prove fatal. Hot foot baths, bleeding, etc., is the best treatment in such cases. In thermic fever the patient is unconscious and convulsed, and the body temperature may be 10° above the normal state, and the skin is very hot. An application of ice to the head and cold water to the body is the best treatment, as the object is to cool the body immediately. It is always best to obtain medical advice in serious cases.

Milk Preservation.

Pure air is indispensable for the preservation of milk and the place where milk is kept should be as free from taints of all kinds as possible. A writer in the *Country Gentleman* has found the common moulds in cellars to sour milk quickly and to produce the special fungi found upon sour milk—a blue mould and a bright red one, which is much like the round cluster cups of rust in form. As mould and mildew are abundant in damp confined places, and cellars are usually close and damp, they are not suitable places for keeping milk in. The easiest way to keep milk sweet is to bottle it, using a perfectly clean bottle, and to plunge the bottle in a vessel of cold water; or if there is an open well, to hang it in the well near the surface of the water. If the bottle is set, with the cork or cover loose, in a pot of cold water and this is then brought to a boiling heat, the milk, if quite sweet, will then keep a week if immediately closed up and kept in a cool, airy place. An ice closet is not a good place for keeping milk on account of its dampness, which causes a disagreeable odor and impure air. A refrigerator may be purified most effectively and the air kept dry and sweet by keeping some fresh quicklime on a plate in it. The lime will absorb one-third of its weight of water and thus dry the air and greatly increase the effect of the coolness of the ice.

A Lucky Sub-Inspector of Police.

Mr. Blake has been transferred from the Governorship of the Bahamas to that of Newfoundland. Only a few years back Mr. Blake was an humble sub-inspector of Iriah constabulary, and he has certainly played his cards well. From the day he married Miss Bernal-Osborne—the Duchess of St. Alban's sister— his life has been one succession of leaps up the ladder of fame. The late Mr. Bernal-Osborne was furious at his daughter's marriage with the "green peeler," as he contemptuously termed him, but had he lived to see the progress his son-in-law was destined to make in the world, he would probably have been more than reconciled to the match. Mr. Blake is certainly a rising man, and one of the big governorships will assuredly be his in due course.—*London Life.*

The Toronto city assessors have about completed their labors and it is understood there will be an increase in the assessment of about $13,000,000. This will bring the assessment up to about $96,000,000.

CURRENT TOPICS.

In Wyoming, before an election, a woman beat her husband in the nomination for a local office, but the husband took it very good-naturedly because there was a chance the office would be in the family, anyway. This story is told to illustrate the felicities of woman suffrage.

At the session of the Bible School at Northfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Moody was asked whether a choir should be placed at the front or back of the church. He answered the question with the remark: "You notice how our ears are put on." It is not often that a great religious question is so easily and effectually disposed of.

In his cable letter to the New York *Tribune* Edmund Yates corrects the current statement that Queen Victoria means to ask Parliament to appropriate $2,500,000 to cover the expenses of entertaining the royalties attending the Jubilee. The total expense, it appears, was some $275,000, and it is to be defrayed from accumulated surpluses of the civil list.

Another American girl is about to become a European Princess. Miss Winnaretta Singer, daughter of the late Mr. Singer, of Singer sewing-machine notoriety, is going to wed the Prince de Montfellard, whose title dates from the times of the Crusades. His future motherin-law, now the Duchess de Camposelice, was the daughter of an English confectioner.

Notwithstanding the probable fact that there is no "electric fluid," says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, and the known fact that electricity does not "travel," but is merely molecular change, and that consequently thunderbolts never hit anybody, and lightning rods only "lower the potential," people are getting "struck by lightning" and the "electrical fluid" is running up and down steeples all over the country.

The Parsees of Bombay have long been famous for their charitable munificence, and the example of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, known throughout the civilized world for his liberality, is being emulated at the present day by another Parsee, Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, Sheriff of Bombay, who has just offered the Government of Bombay one and one-half lakh ($75,000), for the purpose of establishing a female college in that city.

The purlieus of Naples are nearly as crowded with seething humanity at this season as the tenement houses of New York, yet the hot weather makes no such massacre of the innocents as it does on this continent. "The reason," said an Italian lady, "is because poor Neapolitan children are allowed to run about naked, while American babies are swathed in flannels till they die of weakness caused by excessive perspiration."

Roses are the fashionable flower of the present season in London, the national emblem being chosen in honor of the Jubilee. Beds of shaded roses are arrayed on dinner and supper tables, artistically harmonized from the deepest damask red down to pale sea roses. The rose was introduced into Britain at a very early period and has always thriven there, yielding to no other country except the blessed valley at the foot of the Balkans, near Adrianople.

Owing to the disturbed condition of Bulgaria the monument which the officers of the Russian grenadier regiment intended to raise at Plevna in memory of the grenadiers who fell there in 1877 will be erected at Moscow. It will contain five groups of figures and four statues of saints, with the following inscription, in the Russian, Bulgarian, Roumanian and Servian languages: "To their comrades who fell in the glorious battle of Plevna, Nov. 28, 1877, by the Russian Grenadiers."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York, has been investigating the manufacture of cheap ice creams, and he reaches the conclusion that during the heated term the milky preparation is apt to contain a fungus growth that is injurious to health. Young girls who go promenading with economical beaux may expect to hear frequent admonitory remarks about this lurking fungus growth. The girls may suggest, however, that the doctor's analysis relates only to cheap ice cream, and that the high-priced article may still be eaten with comparative safety.

A high-pressure hydrant system is being introduced in England, where manufacturers and insurance people are taking great interest in it. Where fire occurs the ordinary pressure is insufficient at a little elevation for effective work. The system proposes the construction of steel tanks charged with water, connecting with the ordinary mains, which can be submitted to any desired pressure up to 100 or 120 pounds to the square inch. This pressure is maintained by a series of wrought-iron cylinders filled with compressed air.

The tincture of the chloride of iron is a remedy frequently dispensed by the obliging apothecary to those who consult him and appear to need a tonic. It is generally taken well diluted with water, and is often drawn into the mouth through a glass tube or straw "to save the teeth." It has recently been shown that a tooth immersed in a solution of this tincture diluted with eight parts of water has its enamel entirely destroyed in one hour. The water increases the destructive power of the iron, and, on that account, it should not be used in dilution, but syrup is advised instead.

At Muirkirk, in Scotland, a monument in memory of some Covenanters who suffered in the cause of religion has for some time been in course of construction. It has just been inaugurated. The monument is a polished granite obelisk, and is the gift of Mr. Charles Howatson, Glenbuck. The names inscribed on it are Richard Cameron, John Smith, William Adams and John Brown, of Priesthill. The shaft of the monument has two draped figures—one pointing to the earth, where lie bodies of the martyrs, the other pointing to the skies.

An interesting phenomenon has for some time past been observed on the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea. The Kara Bobhas is an estuary nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet. The evaporation from this gulf is so great that a current continually sets in from the Caspian, and, as there is no return current, the water of the gulf becomes more saliferous, and a deposit of salt is in course of formation. The natural result of this would appear to be that this gulf will be cut off from the Caspian, and being thus dried up, will become an extensive salt bed.

Gold will only melt at a comparatively high temperature, as we all know, but what is not generally known, *The Jewellers' Journal* says, is that if two per cent. of silica be added to the gold it can be melted over the flame of a common candle. From the same source the reader may learn that a pretty alloy, said to resemble gold exactly, can be made with 16 parts copper, 1 of zinc and 7 of platinum. The copper and platinum are covered first with borax and then with powdered charcoal and melted, then the zinc added, and the alloy thus produced is exceedingly malleable and can be drawn into the finest wire, while it never tarnishes.

Through railway communication is to be established across South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Three years ago the Argentine Government constructed a line of road, standard gauge, from Buenos Ayres to the city of Mendoosa, in the Andes, on the boundary of Chili, within 160 miles of Santiago, the capital of the latter country, which was already connected with Valparaiso, the most important of the Pacific ports. It is intended to extend this road through the Andes, a chain of mountains 20,000 feet high, and complete this gap of 160 miles, thus connecting Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, and forming a line from coast to coast.

There are two styles of complexions in vogue this season, and to attain them cosmetics are used recklessly, says a fashion writer. One, for pallid people, is ivory white, and is supposed to be the accompaniment of soft, brown eyes and hair to match. The style of cuticle that is most popular, however, and which may go with all shades of hair except black and dark brown, is known as the "peachblow." It is a rosy flush suffusing the entire face, tinting the ears a deep rose, and scarcely fading out beneath the chin or at the nape of the neck. Women with this kind of skin will wear pink gowns during the summer, for the "peachblow" is to take the lead in attire as well as in complexion.

Alexander Graham Bell, the Brantford boy, whose telephones are ringing all over the world, has gone to his summer home, near Cape Breton, N. S. He went up there for the first time last summer, rented a house for $100 for the season, and liked it so well that this spring he bought a small island near by for $500, upon which he is trying to keep cool, with more or less success, these torrid days. He has an improvised "cottage," made out of an old farmhouse, this year, but proposes to build a handsome home by next year. It is rather noteworthy that neither Bell nor his thrifty father-in-law (Gardiner G. Hubbard), who is the business manager of their fortunes, has built a house since they came to be millionaires. Both live in Washington in houses built by other men, altered to suit them after they had purchased them.

Mr. Gorham Gray writes of the project of telephone communication between this continent and Europe: "Telephoning through a wire being only and simply a wave of reproduction, similar to an air wave or sound, or I might say a wave of the ocean, is perfectly practicable for three million miles, and in fact more so under water than aerial, for disturbances atmospheric do not occur under water, nor do disturbances occur at a depth below a given sounding distance below the surface of the water, as the water at that depth is at rest. The small steel wire which I already have used for four years under water is a perfect reproducer, and will reproduce three million miles far better than the one hundred miles now so long in my service, and giving clear reproduction of conversation, and without any induction whatever."

Hemorrhage from the lungs is a symptom of consumption which excites the greatest apprehension, not only in the patients, but in friends. It should be remembered that it is not only rarely fatal, but also that it invariably brings relief, in a measure, from the cough and the distressing constricted sensations previously felt in the chest. Many remedies are advised for this emergency, but rest and opium are the most valuable. One grain of opium, or twenty-five drops of laudanum, should be given at once, and repeated in from four to six hours. The patient must be kept perfectly quiet, and not allowed to speak. His fears are best subdued by the force of example, and his friends must appreciate this fact and conduct themselves accordingly. Rest in bed should be enforced for three or four days after the hemorrhage has ceased.

In the tomb of an Egyptian mummy a pair of stockings has been found which proves that short socks were worn by the Egyptians 2,000 years ago, and that the art of knitting had then attained great perfection. These curious socks are made from fine sheep's wool, at first probably white, but now brown with age. The needles with which the work was done are supposed to have been somewhat thicker than those now in use, and the knitting is loose and elastic. The work begins in the simplest manner, with a single thread, but grows fanciful as progress is made. Instead of ending, like the modern sock, with a rounding point, two branches of equal width run out like the fingers of a glove. This was made to suit the sandals, which had a strap fastened at the middle and passing over the sock when on the foot. The work shows a very skilful hand.

In the warmer months the diet should be composed largely of vegetable food. These should be chosen with care, for many of them are extremely unwholesome if not perfectly fresh and sound. Almost all of them, except berries, are improved by washing or soaking them some time in cold water. This renders some of them, such as are to be eaten without cooking, more crisp and refreshing, while all are cleansed from possible contamination. The sources of impurity are so numerous that safety can be secured only by constant watchfulness. The ground in or upon which vegetables are grown, the hands employed in securing them and the localities in which they are stored are too apt to be unclean and the sources of disease. The healthy human stomach has a great capacity for digesting and destroying disease germs; otherwise no one would live through one summer in the city; but when weakened by toil or sickness it loses this resisting capacity to a large degree, and the consequences are seen in the increased mortality list which marks the advent of hot weather.

The library of the British Museum now contains more than 2,000,000 books, which occupy three miles lineal of bookcases eight feet high. The library has increased to such an extent that the disposition of the books has become a serious difficulty to the authorities. There is still so much crowding that in a very short time the state of the library will necessitate the building of a new wing unless other means are devised to obviate the difficulty. The scheme which has now been considered by the trustees and has received their sanction is one for the introduction of movable presses into the library.

The women of the country should give more time to rest and relaxation and less to routine housework. They should make fewer pies and less cake and do more sitting down in the rocking chair on the porch. They would be far more useful in their families as the years go by. The woman who stays at home every day but when she "goes to meeting" on Sunday, who is always "doing for the family," will soon not only have no idea beyond the family circle, but none there to its advantage. She will be worn out physically and mentally early in life, and her children will begin to ignore her before they are gone.

An American engineer, who has made the subject a special study on the spot, has calculated that the Chinese Wall has a contents of 18,000,000 cubic metres (6,350 million cubic feet). The cubic contents of the Great Pyramid is only 241,000 metres. The material used in the construction of the Chinese Wall would be sufficient to build a wall round the globe 1.8 metre (6 feet) high, and 0.6 metre (2 feet) thick. The same authority estimates the cost of the Chinese Wall to be equal to the railway mileage of the United States (128,000 miles). The stupendous work was constructed in the comparatively short period of twenty years.

Ambergris, which commands a high price for perfumery and is prized in the East as medicine and as a flavor in cookery, was once absurdly guessed to be hardened foam of the sea, or a fungoid growth in the ocean, but is now known to be a secretion of the liver of the spermaceti whale, and is evidently a product of some disease in the animal. It is a soft, fatty substance of variegated gray or blackish color, and emits an agreeable odor when rubbed or heated. It is principally found floating on the sea of warm climates, though it is also obtained from the intestines of the whales. The largest piece known weighed 182 pounds, and was bought from the King of Tydo by the Dutch East India Company. A piece weighing 130 pounds was found in a whale near the Windward Islands and sold for £500.

A police justice in the city of New York is an officer of serious responsibilities. This year Police Justice Duffy, who has served thirteen years, passed sentence in more than 16,000 cases. He says that the most difficult of the duties of a police justice is to act according to the dictates of his conscience. By long training he thinks that he always knows when a prisoner is lying. A guilty prisoner's wisest course, he declares, is to say: "Judge, I am guilty. I throw myself on the mercy of the court." In a case of intoxication or disorderly conduct this course is likely to secure his discharge, if it is a first offence. "When a woman weeps before me," declares Judge Duffy, "I remember that I had a mother, a sister and nieces, and I am apt to let her go. When a man weeps, I think the worse of him. I haven't wept myself since I was 16 years of age."

According to Charles Frederick Holden, in *St. Nicholas*, the white ant is the most dreaded of insect invaders. In Africa their houses are dome-shaped mounds often 18 feet high. These insects erect pyramids 1,000 times higher than themselves. The ants on their travels so conceal their approach that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it, and descend through a tunnel bored in another leg, all in one night. An officer of the English army while calling upon some ladies in Ceylon was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright, and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them. The roof had fallen in and lay all about them, leaving them miraculously unharmed. The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the framework of the house was ready to fall at the slightest shock.

An observer down South says an alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats, and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frog. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

A Queen in Scarlet.

The Queen of Portugal wore a scarlet satin dress, trimmed with lace of a combination of cream and gold. Her train had on each side down a border of gold and scarlet silk brocade; her neck and arms were covered with diamonds, and sapphires of enormous size, like gems, were pendant from her ears. On her head she wore an aigrette of scarlet feathers, with diamond stars among the hair, which was gathered very high up.—*Paris Register.*

Wednesday, August 3rd, is Brantford's civic holiday.

THE BEGINNING OF THINGS.

When Coins, Maps, Pens and Other Popular Things Were New.

The first coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, King of Argos, in 895 B.C. Coined money was first used in London twenty-five years before the Christian era, but gold was not coined here till the eleventh century, and money was not given the round form to which we are accustomed until the lapse of another hundred years or so.

The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1520.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley in 1743.

Post-offices were first known in England as early as 1581, and exactly one hundred years later a penny post was introduced for London and its suburbs by an upholsterer named Murray.

Pens were first used in the seventh century. They were, of course, quills, and steel pens did not come into use until 1820, when the first gross of them was sold wholesale for £7 4s. The quality of these pens was greatly inferior to that of those for which we now pay sixpence a gross.

The first navigable canal in England was made in 1134, when Henry I. joined the Trent to the Witham.

Spectacles were first used in the latter part of the thirteenth century. There is no certainty as to who was the inventor of them, but the distinction is generally claimed for Alessandra di Spina, who is said to have made some about 1285.

Woollen cloth was first made in England in 1331, though its making is one of the most ancient arts. It was not dyed or dressed by Englishmen until 1667.

Cricket was first played about the year 1300. It was then and for a long time afterwards known as "club ball."

The first voyage around the world was made in the Vittoria, a ship which formed part of the expedition that sailed under Magellans in 1519.

The first London directory was printed in 1677, and contained sixty-four pages, with the names of 1,790 persons or firms. —*London Exchange.*

Bartholdi's Great Work.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York is one of the most sublime artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women enslaved by physical ailments a hundredfold more tyrannical than any Nero. To such sufferers Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription hold forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is a specific in all those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses which make life a burden to so many women. The only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enclosing bottle.

Lord Brassey, having made a present to the town of Hastings of a building for an art school and public library, to cost $75,000, it has been suggested that the institution be called De Bresci Free Library, after the imaginary ancestor of the Brasseys.

The three R's brought Regret, Reproach and Remorse to a great political party in 1884. The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, bring Peace to the mind, Preservation and Perfection of health to the body.

Worse Than Full Dress.

Victoria, B. C., *Times:* An undress rehearsal of the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the paper carnival will take place at 8 o'clock this evening in the skating rink, Yates street.

The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters and each had an aim—
Flora would fain be a fashionable dame;
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;
Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth;
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health,

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and she married rich.

In India and Africa certain tribes consider the monkey to be either sacred or equal to a human being. A slave once said: "If I had held my tongue like the monkey I should never have been put to work."

Demonstrated.

Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man; very often less is required, but in the case of Polson's Nerviline, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10 cents foots the bill, and supplies enough Nerviline to convince every purchaser that it is the best, most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nerviline is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and sure to cure cramps and all internal pains. It is also nice to rub outside, for it has an agreeable smell, quite unlike so many other preparations, which are positively disagreeable to use. Try it now. Go to a drug store and buy a 10 cent or 25 cent bottle. Polson's Nerviline. Take no other.

His Trade to Go.

"Opposed to Commercial Union, eh? And why are you against it?" a citizen asked a tough-looking mariner at Yonge street wharf yesterday.

"It will interfere with vested rights."

"Whose vested rights?"

"Mine. Commercial Union will deprive me of my legitimate calling."

"What are you?"

"A smuggler."—*Toronto Mail.*

Got There Just the Same.

A Boston girl entered Manville's store yesterday, and stepping up to Ed. Manville, said:

"I would like to purchase a diminutive feline intestine prepared expressly for a banjoseph."

"She got a fiddle string at once."—*Whitehall Times.*

Last week Mr. Leeper, hotel keeper at Roseneath, was fined $650 for selling firewater to twenty Indians. This is the heaviest fine ever imposed on one man in the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham for violation of the liquor law

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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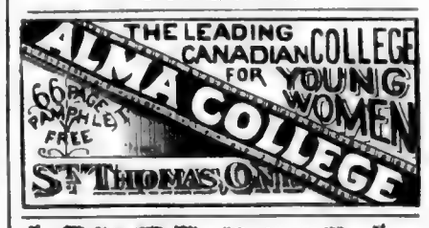

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

BEST IN THE WORLD!

MARLIN Magazine Rifle.

For large or small game, all sizes. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market

BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. **MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.**

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

The only place to get your Watch Repaired properly is at Russell's, Flesherton.

Last Saturday evening a steer belonging to Mr. A. Munshaw, of this place, got into the drain in the field near the plank bridge, and but for the assistance of some men would have been drowned.

The Thornbury *News* hints that we do not spell "Tit-Bits" correctly. Will it be kind enough to point out our *alleged* mistake? While its editor is wading through his Worcester, we may inform our readers, that the name of one of the best known—certainly the most largely read—English newspapers in the world first suggested the idea to us. The spelling of the words above by that paper, is in perfect harmony with ours.

Takes the Bun.

McGowan's Roller Flour takes the Lem. Sold only by W. W. TRIMBLE.

Died.

BROWNLEE.—At the residence of Squire Armstrong, Flesherton, on Monday, Aug. 1st, Mrs. George Brownlee, aged 89 years.

DUNN.—Suddenly, on the 12th inst., at his residence, 14 Reid street, Dunfermline, Scotland, Robert Dunn, manufacturer, deeply regretted. [The deceased was brother-in-law to Henry Meldrum, Esq., Eugenia.—ED.]

TAMARAC.—Is the discovery of a leading physician, and after years of experimenting it is now offered you in a perfected state as a never-failing cure for Coughs, Colds and Throat and Lung complaints.

Gone From our Midst.

Very few people were surprised last Monday forenoon to learn of the death of Mrs. Geo. Brownlee, of this town, which occurred at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Armstrong, on the morning of the day named. The old lady must have been nearly ninety years old when she passed away into "that far distant land of glory and light" -although heaven does seem very close at hand sometimes. Deceased retained full consciousness up to the very moment of her departure, and feared not the summons which called her into the presence of the Great Judge.

Deceased was born in the North of Ireland—near far-famed Enniskillen and came to this country many years ago. She was a pious and God-fearing woman and a faithful member of the Methodist church. The aged partner of her joys and sorrows still remains to mourn her loss. She also leaves behind her a large circle of sorrowing children, grand-children and great-grand-children, who have the respectful sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

"She is not dead but sleepeth."

The funeral on Tuesday evening was largely attended. There were some beautiful floral offerings by friends of deceased.

The remedy which most successfully combats malarial disorders, is Ayer's Ague Cure. It is a purely vegetable compound, and contains neither quinine nor any other dangerous ingredient. Warranted to cure chills and fever.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

SAW MILL BURNED.

About midnight on the 27th, ult, the eclipse steam saw mill was discovered to be on fire and with broom handle factory and a new building just erected for a planing mill was totally consumed, together with a large quantity of lumber, shingles and logs. Loss on buildings $3,000 and on stock $3,000. Insurance on buildings $1,500.

ACCIDENT.

Just the day before the above fire Jas. A. Warling who was employed in the shingle mill had his right hand badly cut with one of the butting saws. His thumb was cut off and his two first fingers badly mangled.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

BLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The garden party of last week, held on the Methodist Parsonage grounds, was a success in every particular. Rev. W. Ferrier, who had full control of the management deserves more than a passing remark for the manner in which it was got up and conducted. About four hundred guests assembled and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Every young man brought out his best girl and the older ones followed suit as well as they knew how. The refreshments were got up in good style and of the best. The music by the Flesherton Brass Band was enjoyed by every one, as was also the vocal music by other Flesherton friends. And the Maxwell Choir also added their mite toward the entertainment. The speeches by the Rev. Gentlemen were of course in place as far as they went, but the most of the Rev. Gentlemen who were invited failed to appear, perhaps thinking we could get along very well without them. Well, we can only say that these gentlemen lost a good days enjoyment. Proceeds of Party over seventy dollars.

A considerable amount of comment is made over the conduct of certain parties who have adopted young boys from the orphans home. One man who had one of these boys, for some trifling offence struck him a severe blow in the face causing the blood to flow freely and also severely beat him in other ways. The boy not liking such treatment has gone to seek another home. "Ah," say the knowing ones. "I thought he was just such a man"—he looks just like a cruel master.

Another who adopted an orphan boy, for some slight offence cruelly beat him and would not let him into the house at nights to sleep. One night he slept in the woodshed and another night he slept at a neighboring farmer's, but perhaps this party made agreement to use him in this way at times as our 'uns live strictly up to their agreements.

The parties injured by last week's accidents are, we are happy to say, entirely recovered.

Mr. W. Guy is manufacturing Pea harvesters. We wish him every success as every farmer wants something faster than the old method.

Quite a number of Binders have been sold to farmers in this neighborhood.

Our School Trustees are having the school house thoroughly repaired and cleaned.

There is great demand for harvest men here.

The harvest has fully commenced and help very scarce.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Lines on the Death of Mr. James McNally, Died, June 11th, 1887.

Dear Father he has left us,
Gone to that home above,
His sufferings so very great,
I cannot put in words.

The nights were long and weary,
The pain it was so great,
We marvelled at his patience,
It was so very good.

The mornings and the evenings,
Are lonely since he's gone,
But we know that he is happy,
'Tis wicked for to mourn.

His arm-chair now stand empty,
His china tea-cup, too,
It seems to me I love them,
Because they served him so.

The shade-trees to are growing
That he planted long ago,
It seems strange to see them flourish,
While he is sleeping low.

Oft I dream I see him smiling,
As he did in days of yore,
When I wake 'tis but to sorrow,
For we will meet on earth no more.

Fain would I ask him back
To fill his place on earth,
But I know that from his happiness
He never will depart.

An unkind friend hath said,
That he was not kind at all,
But that is very false indeed,
For he was kind to all.

For I know that he was always
The peacemaker in his home,
He gave us good advices,
Until the death bell rung.

Ask sister, brother, mother,
His history to unfold,
They will all tell the same story,
From the youngest to the old.

And now I'm going to tell you
Just of his last request,
That we each and all should meet him,
In that holy land of rest.

Rest on dear patient parent,
As happy as you be,
We will try to follow Jesus,
And one day meet with thee.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

Proton Station.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

CHURCH OPENING.

The new Presbyterian church at Proton Station will be opened on Sunday next, Aug. 7th. Services will be conducted in the morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock, by Rev. A. Gilray, pastor of the College street Presbyterian church, Toronto. At 3 p.m. the Rev. Thos. Watson, Baptist minister, Flesherton, will preach. On Monday evening, Aug. 8th, a tea-meeting will be held. Tea will be served in the grove adjoining the church, from 5 to 8 o'clock; literary entertainment will begin at 8. Following speakers are invited, viz.: Revs. A. Wilson, Markdale; T. Watson and J. W. Shilton, B.A., of Flesherton; Dr. Strongman, Ph. D., and Ross, B.A., of Dundalk; Bradley, of Corbetton; McLelland, of Shelburne. Rev. A. Gilray has kindly consented to remain. Good music will be furnished by the Dundalk Presbyterian Choir and others. Admission 25 cents; children under 12 years of age, 15 cents.

Painful Accident to a Farmer.

On Saturday last Mr. James Orr, a well known farmer living near Emery, on the 6th concession of York township, was hauling in grain. When turning th brow of a hill the load upset and Mr. Orr fell a distance of fifteen feet, sustaining such injuries that his recovery is doubtful. The backbone is either broken or dislocated—the doctors in attendance are as yet not sure which. Everything possible is being done to pull Mr. Orr through. He is about 35 years of age and well-known in the township. Dr. Charlton and Dr. M. Aikins are in attendance.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. BRANDER

PRICEVILLE,

While returning thanks to his patrons and the public for their valuable support in the past, begs to announce that he is prepared to supply their various needs

We make it our business to keep a supply of Goods suitable for the needs of our customers, and as

We Buy in Large Quantities Direct from the Manufacturers,

FOR CASH, we are in a position to

Give Extra Value

in every department. Every one should see the immense value we have in FALL GOODS just arriving

Very Respectfully,
JAS. BRANDER.

Priceville, July 20, 1887.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 3, Con. 4, Artemesia, on 4th June, 1 steer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. WM. FLETCHER.

STRAYED

FROM the premises of the undersigned, Lot 145, 2nd Range West, Back Line, 1 red, yearling steer. Any person giving information will be suitably rewarded. JEREMIAH PIPER.

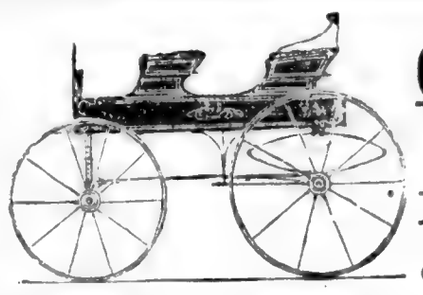

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY. *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 20th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
304-330. Flesherton.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

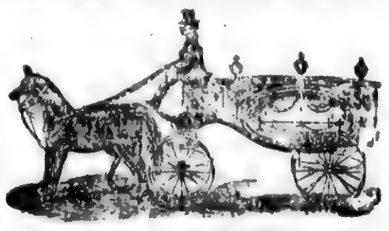

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 320. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

For above fine finished Watches, accurate Hampden's—my name on, and the reliable Waltham and Elgin Watches, in Gold, Filled Gold, and Coin Silver Cases, go to

W. A. BROWN'S

FINELY STOCKED

JEWELERY STORE.

I am known as the Reliable Jeweller for 20 miles North, South, East and West. I never have, misrepresented purposely any goods sold since being in business here. It is easy to sell a 11 Jewelled Watch for "Full Jewelled." It is much easier to sell 8 k. Gold Watches and call them 12 or 14. I don't have to do it. My own name on all warrants, and you will find I can be held responsible if goods are not right.

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WATCHES & CLOCKS

Booked in Repair Book since July 1st, 1886.

SQUARE DEALING.

PRICES CLOSE.

SPECIALTIES:—*Fine Watch Repairing, Spex Fitting.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

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SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

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PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c. Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Miss May Damude returned home from her visit to Gorrie last week.

Mr. Jos. Blackburne is attending Grand Lodge, I.O.O.F., at Peterborough, Ont., this week.

One day last week, Mr. Chas. LeGard got his third finger broken while helping to lift a barrel of salt into his wagon.

A return match of baseball will be played on Friday next, between the Flesherton and Station juniors.

Mr. Wm. Strain's block is receiving a coating of paint which adds much to its appearance.

ICE CREAM.—Miss Hind will keep Ice Cream for sale during the day while the warm weather lasts. Remember place, near new schoolhouse.

We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Mr. Purdy, the Station postmaster, on Friday. He is as genial and courteous as ever and always has a pleasant word for ye editor.

Miss Edith B. VanDusen, the well-known poetess of Owen Sound, is the guest of her uncle, A. S. VanDusen, Esq. We had the pleasure of a call from the talented young lady one day last week.

The Cattle Fair held here on Monday last was largely attended. Some very fine cattle changed hands at good prices. Messrs. E. & W. S. O'Brien sold a herd of eighteen fine bovines to Mr. Dean, of Toronto.

The annual Harvest Home in connection with the Methodist church, Flesherton, will be held, in all probability, in the month of September. A meeting of farmers will shortly be convened to attend to the preliminaries.

Harry Stewart, who was working on the Berwick farm yesterday, while standing in the barn after unloading a load of hay, was struck on the head by a piece of falling timber, which inflicted a severe cut.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

An item copied from the Thornbury *Standard* recently—in noticing an accident by fire—made a mistake in saying that the Grange Insurance Co. does not insure against damages done by lightning. It insures against damage both by fire and lightning.

Mr. John Lockhart and his boy were working at the limekiln on Monday. It caved in and Mr. Lockhart was buried in the ruins. The boy called on all the neighbors, who assembled quickly, and relieved Mr. Lockhart, but he was seriously injured.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

Miss Annie Ekins, from Mr. C. J. Sproule's school, and Miss Sarah Hogg, from Miss Hopkins' school, passed the recent High school entrance examinations for this county. There were 190 applicants in all, of whom 136 were successful. We congratulate the young ladies above mentioned and wish them continued success.

Mr. Chas. McConnell, our famous bear hunter, succeeded in capturing another of the wild beasts on Wednesday, about two miles from Dundalk. His bearship was secured alive after a desperate struggle and brought to the village, where he died in a few hours, probably from exhaustion. He was an old black one and if fat would weigh about two hundred pounds.—*Dundalk Herald.*

Farmers Attention.

If you want to save money buy your Meat from Petch & Mitchell. We are now selling Beef from 4c. up. Always a good stock on hand and the best Meat the country can produce. Special reductions for large quantities for thrashing. Eggs or salt pork taken same as cash. PETCH & MITCHELL, butchers, Flesherton, 2t.

Mr. Aikenhead and family, of Toronto, returned home this week.

Mrs. Robt. Fawcett is visiting friends in Thornbury and neighborhood.

Mr. Munshaw's old dog wound up his career the other day by taking a dose of prussic acid. He died almost instantly, as the poison named is one of the most deadly known.

The double verandahs placed around the residence of M. Richardson, Esq., of this place, are tasteful in design and a decided improvement generally. Mr. J. E. Moore was the contractor.

Our junior reporter went to Heathcote on Saturday and came back to Flesherton on Monday. He reports harvesting operations as being nearly completed down there. Some got through a couple of weeks ago.

Flesherton Lodge A.O.U.W., No. 142, will hold a basket picnic in the Beaver Meadow, South of Flesherton, on Tuesday, 30th inst. The members of Sister Lodges are cordially invited to be present and have a good time. Flesherton Brass Band will be in attendance.

Next week we purpose taking up the subject of "Drainage in Flesherton." This will form the text for the leading editorial, in which we also intend to allude to the importance of turnpiking and boulevarding in places situated like this. We feel convinced that the subject demands something more than a passing notice.

Our Station friends have not let the grass grow under their feet since the formation of the new school section. Already the brow of the "Orange Hall hill" to the right is crowned with a neat brick schoolhouse ready for shingling. Our worst wish is that many boys and girls may go forth from its walls and become useful members of society.

While passing the drill shed here on Saturday we observed a rather remarkable instance of canine sagacity. A dog came trotting along to the gate leading to Mr. Bradley's house. Arriving there he examined the gate critically—but for a moment only—then with a dexterous movement of his fore paws he swung it open and passed on into the yard!

Our sidewalks, with few exceptions, now present a respectable appearance, having undergone some very necessary repairs since last week's issue went to press. Some further improvements should, and we believe, will be made this season. In future it is to be hoped these matters will be attended to earlier in the season.

Mr. Newbigging, of Hamilton, was the guest of Mr. James G. Russell, of this town, on Monday. He bicycled it the most of the way from the Ambitious City to this place. He and Mr. Russell have been "chums" since the latter—well, say since he emerged from long clothes. A very agreeable time was spent in talking about old times.

"Is this hot enough for you?" is the sublime question asked by nine out of every ten persons during the scorching weather we individually and collectively are now endeavoring to pass through as cooly as possible. Our junior Prince of darkness has placed a big "hot weather club" within easy reach of every member of our staff. So, beware how you tread on the tails of our coat until the "dog-days" are number with the things of the past!

Birth.

FAWCETT.—In Thornbury, on the 5th inst., the wife of Mr. Geo. I. Fawcett, of a son.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood. No other preparation so well meets this wants. It increases the appetite and rejuvenates the whole system. Its record, for forty years, is one of constant triumph over disease.

"Can you tell me what kind of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a farmer to the editor of his country paper. The editor replied: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very like your subscription bill." The farmer wondered for half-an-hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent a postal note.

Shoddy pedlers are on the war-path. A number of Albermarle (Co. Bruce) farmers gave notes for certain pieces of cloth, part of which was delivered at the time the notes where taken. The balance of cloth never came to hand but the farmers have to pay the full amount of the notes all the same. When will farmers learn that it is always safest to patronize reliable home dealers?

A son of Mr. Grice, near the Ballinfad brick yards, met with an accident one day last week while engaged in drawing in fall wheat. He was going up a hill when the tongue came out of the waggon, allowing the waggon to run back. The young man held on to the lines and was prostrated to the ground. We understand he was badly hurt, but hope he will be around again soon.—*Mt. Forest Representative.*

Two Irishmen met on the sidewalk near THE ADVANCE office the other day. Said one to the other—just as one of our citizens passed by—"An' who is yon sphry lookin' chap wid the impayrial an' fierce mustache?" "Shure," said the other in some amazement, "one wud think ye wor a stranger here till hear yez spake loike that—shure an' isn't that Carprel Hales, wan av the bushi known min in the counthry!" (N. B.—the entire staff are of opinion Mr. Hales should treat the crowd to ice cream. What do you think, John?)

In his eloquent sermon last Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Shilton incidentally alluded to the future state, completely disproving the old theory, that the immortal as well as the mortal parts of man lie dormant in the grave—(for centuries perhaps) until the "judgement trumpet shall sound." It is a comforting thought, that what we call death is merely a sort of sleep—an exchanging of the mortal for the immortal. This idea, although pretty generally held, is not often alluded to in the pulpit. It is a most cheering and comforting thought; and, what is better, it is fully sustained by sacred writers.

Mr. Samuel Kingston complains—with very good reason, too—that, although he has been paying taxes into the Township Treasury for nearly twenty years no money is laid out by either pathmaster or Councillors on the streets leading past his residence. This is far from dealing squarely with such a worthy and honest citizen as Mr. Kingston. Besides, Beechel street is one of the best travelled highways in the town. Mr. K. also complains of piles of wood left on the street opposite his house, and says—good-humoredly—"they will be robbin' me of air next!"

Some means ought to be devised for levying an equalized share of taxes on the ratepayers of this place, for the the proper and efficient management of our sidewalk system. The slipshod style prevails at present; so that when it is proposed to lay down a new sidewalk now-a-days, individual ratepayers have to bear the heaviest part of the burden in connection therewith, while all share alike the benefits to be derived therefrom. The remedy is to be found in the resurrection of the defunct Police Trustee "form of government." Until that time arrives, we cannot expect any improvement in the existing condition of things.

DESCRIPTION.—Pleasing, soothing, relieving, healing, curing, is the description of Nasal Balm, which is receiving a national reputation as a cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, &c.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED

JEWELRY

STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold-filled, silver and silver-are cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs. at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of 4,863 watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and (We) did not add the watch sales and clock repairs and call them watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which needed any amount of repairing and the people are becoming wise to the fact now that for thoroughly good Watches, Clocs, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Not'd Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Taking Him at His word.

"Whar'd yo' git dat load er lumber, Br'er Jimson?"

"Down ter de Healin' Ba'm Chu'ch.

"Dasso, Br'er Jimson? Why has dey tored de buildin' down?"

"Oh, no, sah! Hit's dar yit, but I hearn Parson Blowhard say dat de pews was free, so I riz up 'arly dis mornin' an' went down dar an' ripped up a pa'r of 'em an' fotched 'em erlong."

For removing dandruff, Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. It restores faded and gray hair to its original color, stimulates the growth of the hair, and gives it a beautiful, glossy, and silken appearance.

—FARMERS!—

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., OILING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 20th, 1887.

SHOT IN HIS TRACKS.

A Tragedy on the Banks of the Niagara—Fatal End of a Quarrel.

A last (Thursday) night's Buffalo despatch says: On Sunday last George Stevens and Peter Nettle met at a drinking place at Victoria and had some words. They quarrelled for some time and would have come to blows if bystanders had not interfered and prevented it. They parted, each threatening that he would get even the first time that an opportunity presented itself. That opportunity came last evening for the first time, and at the hour named Nettle was walking quietly down the Canadian shore with a double-barrelled breech-loading shotgun in his hand. He had been shooting at blackbirds. When a little over a mile below the ridge he came across Jim Ludridge, Jack Keller, George Stevens and another man seated in a boat and finishing the hauling of the seine. When Nettle came abreast of the boat Stevens looked up quickly and said, "Who are you shooting at." Nettle replied, "I am shooting at birds, but, —— you, I'll shoot you if you don't get out of the road." Nettle then fired again but wide of the boat. This enraged the men, and as if by impulse they all sprang to the beach. Stevens was in front, and as he came rapidly up the bank Nettle told him to keep back. Stevens, however, kept coming, and when he was within forty feet of Nettle the latter deliberately placed the gun to his shoulder, took aim and pulled the trigger. Stevens threw up his arms, uttered a groan and fell dead, shot through the heart. He never spoke and scarcely seemed to move, so quickly had death resulted. The other men seemed dazed and stunned for a minute and then, after partly realizing the awful tragedy which they had witnessed, darted for the murderer. He was game and stood his ground, but he dropped the gun. One of the party picked this up, and saying, "D—— you, I'll brain you," struck at him. The butt of the gun only glanced from his head, but the blow had been sufficient to cut the scalp and cause the blood to flow freely. Nettle then started up the river, and for an hour after the shooting seems to have been doing about as he liked. He then went towards Victoria, and was met by Constable Richard Griffin, who took him into custody, and after being locked up for a short time he acknowledged the shooting, but said it was done in self-defence. The body of Stevens still lay on the river bank, but was finally removed by order of Coroner Douglass and placed in Sherman's boathouse for the night. The murdered man, George Stevens, was about 27 years of age and unmarried, and had a bad reputation. He had served several terms in the large Canadian prisons, and about three years ago broke out from the Toronto Central Prison in company with another convict. They were seen by the guards and fired upon. Stevens' companion was shot dead, but he escaped and came to this city. Since then he has led a vagabond life along both shores of the Niagara River. His mother lives about three miles below the bridge and is in poor circumstances.

Peter Nettle, the man who did the shooting, is 47 years of age and has a wife and one son. They live on Nettle's Point and have been known as quiet, respectable people, though it is said the father rather liked to brag a little about fighting, and was not averse to taking a hand in a row.

An inquest was held to-day by Coroner Brewster, of Ridgeway. Seventeen jurymen were empannelled, and the verdict was that "George Stevens came to his death at the hands of Peter Nettle while acting in self-defence." The community appear to be well satisfied with the verdict. Nettle is a farmer and bears a good reputation.

WATCHING THE FISH.

Complaint of a Scarcity of Cruisers—Vessels for the St. Lawrence.

A Halifax despatch says: The Dominion fishery cruiser Acadia arrived at Port Hawkesbury yesterday from Halifax, and sailed to return westward. The cruiser Advance, which arrived here from Shelburne last night, proceeded to-night for North Bay, to watch the American fishing fleet. It is proposed to have three cruisers in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on fishery protection within a few days, as the Critic is now there and the Advance will be followed in a few days by the Intrepid, which was recently commissioned for the service in New Brunswick. Capt. Knowlton states that when he seized the Gloucester schooner Annie W. Hodgson at Shelburne he had no doubt the vessel was going to leave the coast without making her report at the Custom house. With reference to the fish found on her deck, he states that they were cod, which he never heard were used for bait; he had no reason for supposing she violated the treaty in this respect. Furthermore, he found no evidence whatever of a treaty violation. Capt. Knowlton's official statement of the Hodgson case was taken here to-day and will be sent to the Fisheries Department at Ottawa. The Prince Edward Island papers complain that the fishery protection service on that coast is not sufficient, and state that there should be more cruisers to keep off or arrest the Americans, who are constantly poaching without the slightest molestation. They say that were more of the fishery protection fleet on the ground there would probably be numerous seizures.

Rescued by a Horse from Drowning.

A Detroit despatch says: At Higgins' Lake, Roscommon County, yesterday Mrs. Charles H. Pettit and her little daughter, aged 3 years, were boating, when the child fell into the water. The mother, in her anxiety and fright, upset the boat, and, as they were alone, the chances were they would both be drowned. Such would have been the case had not their horse, an intelligent French pony, which had been turned loose to graze on the shore of the lake, come to their rescue. It swam out to them, and when they had taken secure hold of its mane, struggled back to shore, a tired, but heroic pony. The animal is inclined to be balky, and he never would pull anything but a light load; but he is a prime favorite now.

How He Managed.

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?"

"By a very simple method."

"When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

AN UNHEARD OF HORROR.

Chicago Woman and Baby Roasted Alive in Mid-air—Heroism of Two Firemen.

A last (Friday) night's Chicago despatch says: The story of the attempted rescue of Mrs. Trugo and her babe, as described in later accounts, is one of peculiar horror and pathos. The police and firemen had rescued her husband and four eldest children, but she was in some manner—readily ascribed to the confusion of the moment—neglected and left with her 2-year-old baby Mary. The poor woman resorted to the window. A fireman saw her, and plunging back through the smoke he returned to her chamber. All escape from the rear with such a burden as a woman and child was impossible. He thought of the bed cord, and tearing it out bound the woman and her baby with it and pushed them through the window. He played out the rope until from the heat and smoke he was ready to fall to the floor, when he fastened the upper end to the bed-post and fled. Far from accomplishing his gallant purpose he had but too surely compassed the destruction of those he sought to save. His rope was too short, and instead of dropping woman and child to the ground or within reach of those below, he had suspended them in front of the first floor window, from which fire poured. She swung there ten or twelve feet from the ground, writhing, shrieking and struggling as the fire swept off her garments and choked and broiled her alive, the baby in her arms. By the most singular fatality the flames which were destroying her left the rope intact. It became a necessity if not to save the woman to at least remove the revolting sight. This duty was assumed by Capt. Wm. A. Cowan, of truck No. 8, who might have ordered another man to the task, but who chose to chance the fate which he was told by the spectators awaited his efforts. Seizing a ladder he threw it up to the blazing window, and with an axe mounted and stood on its blazing rung. He deliberately entered the flames, and, as they encircled him from helmet to boots, he struck at the rope. He could not see the rope, and struck with inaccurate aim once, twice, as the clothing fell from him, but he struck in vain. At the third stroke the blade cut the rope. Simultaneously the burning ladder broke and the three blazing human beings fell to the ground. The baby was already dead, and the mother died a few hours later, and the captain lies in his home in death agonies.

Two bakers, Essen and Unsbetter, who are believed to be responsible for the neglect which caused the fire, have been arrested. The police say the pair became drowsy from drink, and instead of watching the stove fell into a stupor, from which they only awoke when they and the tenants were at the mercy of the flames.

MR. GANS' PARLOR-WINDOW KISS

Is it Disorderly Conduct to Osculate With a Chicago Girl?

A Chicago telegram says: Justice Lyon was to-day called upon to decide whether kissing in a parlor where it could be seen across the street was disorderly conduct. The complainant was Mrs. Oleson, keeper of a fashionable boarding house at No. 1,400 Michigan avenue, a neighborhood which in days gone by furnished many a curious scandal. Among Mrs. Oleson's lady boarders was a Miss Hanson, whose face and form were undeniably fair to see, and who, if some rather vinegary-looking witnesses were to be believed, was as complacent as she was beautiful. These witnesses included numerous members of both sexes, all of whom were got up in elaborate style, and certainly gave effect to Mrs. Oleson's statement that her establishment was a fashionable one. The terms of familiarity which have for some time existed between Miss Hanson and Gus. E. Gans, a male admirer, have been the occasion of much gossip among the other boarders and the scandal culminated last evening, when Mrs. Oleson swore out a warrant for the arrest of Gans on the charge of disorderly conduct. George Ross, who lives across the street from the boarding-house, said he had seen the prisoner fondle the young lady's hair and kiss her or bite her, witness couldn't tell which.

The ladies living there gave similar testimony, and several declared that the prisoner "acted very disorderly."

"Do you consider it disorderly conduct to be kissed by a young man before a window?" asked the Court of the tallest witness.

"Of course I do," she replied with a proud elevation of her shapely nose. At this the rest tittered and blushed profusely.

Justice Lyon meditated a moment and then said: "Well, I think there is more jealousy here than disorderly conduct. I'll discharge the prisoner. There seems to have been no harm done, and as Mr. Gans is handsome and Miss Hanson beautiful, I will forgive them. There are quite too many misses and young bachelors on the stand to make the prosecution effective."

Romance of the Press-Room.

A St. Louis despatch says: The marriage of E. C. Woodward, of the Woodward & Tiernan Printing Company, one of the wealthiest establishments in the city, to Miss Lizzie Bierks, who has for five years been a press-feeder in the house, is announced to-day. The couple were married on January 29th, but fear of parental wrath led young Woodward to defer the announcement. The young wife continued to feed presses until two weeks ago. Woodward's fears appear to be well founded, as his father is said to be willing to give him a chance to try the world single-handed.

The Sunrise Photographed.

A successful attempt to make a photograph of a sunrise from the summit of Pike's Peak has been made by C. F. Snyder, a member of the Signal Corps.—*Omaha (Neb.) Bee.*

There are over 300,000 children in the United States between 1 and 12 years old whose lives are insured.

Hector Berlioz's grand "Messe des Morts," which was first introduced into this country by the late Dr. Damrosch, will be performed at the next Birmingham Musical Festival. Handel's oratorio "Saul" will likewise be heard on this occasion, and Dr. Hubert Parry will contribute an ode.

A GREAT FORGER SET FREE.

One of the Bank of England Forgers Given His Liberty from Prison.

A London cablegram says: George Bidwell, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for forging Bank of England notes, has been released from confinement on the ground of ill health. He sailed for New York on Saturday last.

George Bidwell, the forger, who, according to a cablegram, has just been released from prison in England on account of ill health, and who intends coming to this country, is one of the Bidwell brothers who were associated with George Engles, MacDonald and Williamson in the stupendous Bank of England forgeries sixteen years ago. The gang in 1871 left this city and went to England. They began operations in Liverpool, where in a short time they netted $80,000. They then went to London, and there opened a commission house for the discounting and shaving of commercial paper. The spurious firm was organized by MacDonald under the name of "Warner & Co." The forgers opened an account with one of the leading banks, and *bona fide* transactions were conducted for several months. When the confidence of the officers of the bank had been gained, the paper of Warner & Co., presented by some of the leading merchants of London, was discounted without suspicion. Before the consummation of the gigantic scheme George MacDonald and one of the Bidwells became infatuated with two women with whom they lived. Upon discovering this fact Engles became afraid that his associates would divulge the scheme to their mistresses. MacDonald and Bidwell were then residing in St. John's Wood, Kensington, London. Engles objected to the women and threatened to cut off business relations unless his companions gave them up. His companions laughed at him, and after a quarter of a million pounds sterling had been realized Macdonald and Bidwell admitted that their women knew all about the scheme. Engles thereupon vanished, and when MacDonald and Bidwell under took to continue the business the plot leaked out, and the sequel showed that if it had not been for the women, in whom they had so much confidence, they would have escaped. In their recklessness MacDonald and Bidwell presented a forged note which had not been dated. The clerk discovered the error and forwarded it to the firm by whom it was supposed to have been issued. It was then pronounced a forgery. To avoid arrest the gang scattered. One of the Bidwells escaped to Scotland, where he was arrested, and his brother was apprehended in Havana, Cuba. MacDonald tried to get clear of his mistress, but failed. He induced her, however, to accept a passage ticket from Liverpool to New York, telling her that he would meet her at the Northern Hotel before the steamer sailed. He did not attempt to meet her, but took a train to Folkestone, crossed to France, and at Havre engaged passage for this city.

Becoming enraged at the disappointment and suspecting the route her lover would most likely take, MacDonald's mistress betrayed him to the English police. A cablegram was flashed to this city, and MacDonald was arrested on board the incoming vessel in the lower bay. After fighting the case in the courts the fugitive was finally returned to England, where he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. The Bidwell brothers received like sentences.

AN UNPAID BOARD BILL

Brings About the Murder of the Landlady and the Suicide of the Boarder.

A last (Wednesday) night's Grand Rapids, Mich., despatch says: A terrible murder was committed here this morning, followed by a suicide. A quarrel over a board bill caused it. Charles J. Wernan, of Paterson, N.J., where his family is, has been for a year past located here as agent for the Metropolitan Insurance Company. He lived at Susan Bonfoey's boarding house, and found the place so pleasant that he frequently took her out riding and to picnics. He is 56 years old, and she over 50, and she has had three husbands (all dead), but is still good-looking and vivacious, and has two daughters and a son. Wernan managed to keep in the good graces of the landlady, and was permitted to be in arrears for fifteen weeks' board. This morning he signified his intention of leaving and Mrs. Bonfoey presented his bill, and a quarrel ensued, she objecting to his departure until satisfactory arrangements for payment of his bill were made. He, in a rage, pulled a revolver and shot the woman in the head, killing her instantly. Then, apparently in horror, he turned the weapon on himself and planted a bullet in his brain, and fell dead to the floor. From photographs and letters found in the belongings of Wernan he is thought to have a family consisting of a wife and five children—three daughters and two sons. His wife is an invalid, and in her last letter to him expresses fears of her recovery and hopes he might soon return home. Upon Wernan's person were found an empty flask that smelled strongly of whiskey, two empty pocket books and an unsigned cheque for $100 upon the First National Bank, Paterson, N.J. The coroner has taken charge of the remains, and the inquest will be held to-morrow.

Costume for Comfort.

The Oriental races who have had to find out for themselves how best to bear torrid temperature, ages ago adopted costumes from which everything tight, stiff and heavy is excluded. Loose garments of soft, light, openmeshed material constitute their principal dress. The turban, as all know who have tried it, is infinitely cooler and hygienically safer than any kind of hot weather headgear worn by western peoples. Probably the latter would never adopt the flowing oriental robes, which certainly are not well designed for the violent physical exertions required for the catching of ferries and trains. But why should not the central idea, the banishment of all stiff, hard, close-fitting garments be utilized?—*New York Tribune.*

Seventy-five pianos with five hundred trunks of valuables, fine paintings, jewellery and silverware were destroyed by the recent burning of a large storage building in New York city.

In Cincinnati smoking is prohibited on any part of the horse cars.

REMARKABLE HALLUCINATION.

A Young Lady with a Wealthy Lover who Lived Only in Imagination.

A Boston despatch says: Investigations made yesterday and to-day make plain the fact that the ultimate phase of the Crowninshield-Stone affair is a very sad one, sadder in every way than if there had been a lover of Miss Florence Stone and he had really died just as she was about to sail for England to be married, for now the most charitable construction that can be put upon the lady's conduct is that she was the victim of a strange hallucination and did not consciously deceive her friends, who placed every confidence in her till the denouement proved that the whole story of her courtship and marriage to the wealthy English Crowninshield was the creation of her own brain.

The *Advertiser* says: "The wealthy lover does not exist, nor ever did: the letters which the unfortunate woman would read so readily to those who were in her confidence came through no mail, and were received only at the delivery of her own diseased imagination; the royal gift that her future husband was to present to her on her wedding day was as mythical as the golden treasures of El Dorado. The pitiful part of the matter is that those who knew her best and trusted and loved her most now realize that her whole life for the past two years has been one continued deceit, and they are fain to conclude that she was not herself in all this, which conclusion must be the correct one, for it is impossible that a woman of her character could have systematically and consistently carried on such a farce for so long a time had she been in her right mind. As it is, it is wonderful that she could bring her friends into such complete participation in all her plans, with never a flaw appearing to cause suspicion. They believed in the far-off Mr. Crowninshield, believed in his immense wealth, believed in the ocean voyage to meet him, and for a long time believed in his death."

Said a gentleman who knew Miss Stone intimately: "If she has put others to expense, she has certainly spent a great deal of money herself in her hallucination. She had me make her two big oak chests to carry her things over to England in. I turned out two splendid ones for her, but in a short time they came back because I had put pine bottoms in them. She wanted them solid oak throughout, she said, to show Mr. Crowninshield how we do things over here. She also told me of the memorial chapel that the lover was to erect in Brooklyn. She said he wanted to build one in honor of his father, either in Brooklyn or New York, but that she persuaded him to locate in Brooklyn, since he was an Englishman and it would make no special difference to him. How it could have happened I certainly am at a loss to know. She was sane enough on every other topic."

Miss Stone has gone to Chicago with her sister, who immediately came east for her when the result of the affair became known. It is a strange case, and there may yet be parts in it to clear up.

DR. PARKER'S FAREWELL.

His Friends Under the Impression He Will Remain in the States.

A London cablegram says: Dr. Parker, at the close of his usual Thursday afternoon service in the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, announced to a crowded congregation that that was the last occasion on which he would preach or conduct any religious service in England until his return from the United States of America on the second Sunday in April next. He said that he had been wondering ever since the announcement was first made that he intended visiting America this year why people thought he would not return, and after much cogitation he supposed it was because they fancied that when he got there he would find that there were no Dissenters there. Every one in America stood for what he was worth, while here a Dissenter was almost obliged to apologize for his convictions. He had received from all classes of people, in high and low stations, the kindest expressions of good-will and wishes for his safe return to England. The conclusion of one letter, which he dearly prized, contained these words: "We sincerely wish you a safe and happy expedition." "That wish," said Dr. Parker, "loses nothing in value and worth because the letter bears the signature of 'William Ewart Gladstone.'"

"ROUGH ON RATS."

A Victim of Whiskey Ends Her Life With Poison.

An Ottawa despatch says: Mrs. Poitvin, wife of Jerry Poitvin, a mill hand who resides on the Richmond road, committed suicide on Monday by taking "Rough on Rats." The woman was addicted to drink, and yesterday when her husband came home at noon he saw no preparation for dinner. Soon his wife came down and went hurriedly to the kitchen, where her husband heard her mixing up some decoction in a glass. A moment afterwards she appeared in the dining-room doorway, and, raising the glass, exclaimed, "See that, Jerry!" She immediately swallowed the contents of the tumbler before her husband, who sprang toward her, could prevent her. The unfortunate woman staggered and fell. Mr. Poitvin almost instantly mixed an emetic of salt and water and forced it down his wife's throat, despite her struggles to eject it. He then immediately went off for a doctor, but when the physician arrived it was too late. The poor victim of drink had breathed her last. She was 33 years of age and came originally from Merrickville.

Salvation Army Wedding.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: Adjutant Southall, of Halifax, was married here last night to Captain Jennie Langtry, of Toronto, in the presence of four thousand people. Both are officers of the Salvation Army, and the services were performed by Commissioner Coombes and Rev. Dr. Pope.

A Dog Story.—The Youngstown *News* says: A dog of the water spaniel species, belonging to Mr. W. G. Donnelly, was taken over to Toronto by the steamer Chicora one day last week, and two or three days afterwards he presented himself to his master, having returned all the way from Toronto to Niagara by land. Mr. Donnelly will vouch for the truth of this assertion.

A WARM DISCUSSION.

What Brought About Healy's Suspension—Vernon Harcourt on His Ear.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: On the resumption of the debate on the Land Bill in the House of Commons last evening Mr. Smith, the Government leader, appealed to the House to expedite the passage of the Bill, which, he said, would prevent harsh evictions. He would not use any threat, but he would remind the House that unless the Bill were through the committee stage early next week it would be difficult to pass the measure at all.

Mr. O'Kelly, Nationalist, moved to give the tenant six months for redemption after receiving written notice of eviction.

After some discussion Mr. Smith repeated his appeal, remarking that such amendments, if persisted in, would endanger the passage of the Bill.

Parnell retorted that if there was no time for a reasonable discussion of this amendment there was no time for the discussion of any other amendment.

The amendment was rejected—164 to 142.

Mr. Morley suggested that the Government allow the tenant one month of undisturbed possession between the service of notice and the execution of the decree.

Mr. Balfour accepted the amendment, expressing the hope that the Opposition would attempt to press the Government no further.

After further discussion a passage at arms occurred between Timothy Healy and the Chairman, the former complaining of Conservative interruptions. The incident was ended by Mr. Healy apologising. The excitement continuing, the Chairman reproved Mr. de Lisle, Conservative, for being disorderly, and refusing him an explanation suspended the sitting in committee and summoned the Speaker to the chair. The Chairman then reported that during the last division following the Healy incident, Mr. de Lisle came to him and remonstrated for not being allowed to explain, whereupon Mr. Healy approached and said, "Come out, de Lisle, if you are a man. If you interrupt me again I will break your neck."

The Speaker demanded an explanation. Mr. Healy said he felt no regret for the course he had taken, and was willing to abide the consequences. The Speaker named Mr. Healy and Mr. Smith moved that he be suspended. Mr. Healy immediately took his hat and, standing in the centre of the House before retiring, said: "I beg that none of my friends vote against this motion." The motion to suspend him was carried without a division.

The sitting in committee being resumed, Mr. Chance, Nationalist, arose to speak. Being interrupted, he called the attention of the Chairman to the jeers from the Government side. (Cries of "de Lisle.") Sir William Vernon Harcourt implored the Chairman to use his authority to prevent systematic insult and provocation from below the gangway opposite. (Cries of "Order.") The members opposite, he said, might move to suspend him if they liked. (Opposition cheers.)

At this point Mr. Bruce, Liberal, arose, but the Chairman ruled him out of order. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, continuing, said that Mr. Bruce was one of those impugned. The members had witnessed incidents of systematic insult night after night.

The Chairman noting that there was no question before the House, the discussion of amendments was continued. Mr. De Lisle again called for a cessation of the debate, but it was refused. Mr. Chance moved an amendment providing that while a tenant is in actual occupation he shall not lose the privilege of voting at elections. Mr. Smith promised that the Government would arrange the matter, and the amendment was withdrawn.

Mr. Smith called the Speaker's attention to the accusation of Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt that the Opposition had been subjected to studied insult. Such language, he said, was absolutely irregular. The Speaker agreed with Mr. Smith, and said he had not noticed that any particular section of the House was guilty of provocation. Mr. Smith then declared that he was satisfied. At this point Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, who in the meantime had been absent, returned to the House. He invited Mr. Smith to make any charges in his presence, but the Speaker having repeated his remarks and the Chairman having confirmed them the incident closed.

Mr. Healy's suspension is for two weeks.

Mr. Dillon said much had been said about the Bill taking away the stock-in-trade of the agitator. He would rejoice to see that happen, for a more thankless, cruel, wearing life than that of the agitators had not yet been discovered.

Lord Salisbury, speaking at Norwich yesterday, warned the Conservative party to prepare for a possible dissolution of Parliament. He said that Parliament had often met with an early termination when its life seemed unendangered, and that the Conservative party must organize to instruct the people against the deception of the separatist apostates, who were only too numerous.

Col. King Harman, Under-Secretary for Ireland, intimated in the House of Commons this evening that the Government had proclaimed Dublin only under the section of the Crimes Act dealing with forcible possession and assaults on the police.

How to Cool a Watermelon.

The perfect Georgia watermelon is that which has been cooled in a dry well. To freeze so genial a thing in a refrigerator is to impair its tropical tone and to deaden certain honeyful impulses that beat in its warm heart. A melon in placid reflection at the bottom of a dry well, harmonizing slowly with the delicious coolness of the earth, is a melon approaching idealization.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Says an advertisement in the *British Medical Journal*: "Skeletons have ruled firm and active throughout the year, with prices unchanged. We have been able to supply the demand for the common varieties promptly, but the finer grades were scarce, and orders for deformities could not always be supplied at once. In this regard the market is still unchanged, although our broker in Paris has orders to buy everything offered at the usual rates."

Louisville *Democrat's* advice: If you want to go to heaven when you die, you best start now.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CLEVELAND *Leader:* It is a curious fact that very few women are victims of sunstroke or heat apoplexy. Is it a question of exposure to the sun, of long and short hair, of diet, including drinks, or what does make the difference so marked?

LORD BRASSEY, having made a present to the town of Hastings of a building for an art school and public library, to cost $75,000, it has been suggested that the institution be called the De Bresci Free Library, after the imaginary ancestor of the Brasseys.

FASHION, like history, repeats itself. The oxydized silver chains and ornaments that were in vogue during the palmy days of Herculaneum and Pompeii are now the fad for ladies' wear; and the pulled sleeves that obtained "when George the Fourth was King" are ornamenting the arms of the elite.

NEW YORK *Sun:* A curious circumstance is before us now in the fact that the Supreme Court of the State is running a concert saloon down in the Bowery. The proprietor failed and a receiver has been appointed by the court to run the machine to make money for the settlement with the creditors.

EVERY year sees a revolt started against black broadcloth as a basis for men's evening dress. This year no less a personage than E. Berry Wall, known to fame as the King of the Dudes, is at the head of the rebellion. He has appeared in a Saratoga ball-room attired in a coat and trousers of wine-colored cloth, and a waistcoat of white satin brocade.

CHARLEY LOOMS, a Kansas City saloonkeeper, has anchored a boat in the exact centre of the Missouri River, where he sells whiskey without paying license. He claims that no one can ascertain under what jurisdiction he does business. Several attempts have been made to convict him under the law, but each time he escaped on the ground of non-jurisdiction. The Missouri Prohibitionists have made at least one man take water.

PERHAPS the most extortion about Niagara Falls, writes a correspondent, is at the upper suspension bridge. Say there are four of you in a carriage. The charge is 25 cents each, 25 cents for the driver and 10 cents for the horses and vehicle—$1.35 to cross a bridge that is so narrow that vehicles cannot pass on it. If that bridge corporation has a soul an improved telescope will have to be built to discover it.

THE citizens of Buffalo have resolved once more to chain Niagara Falls for manufacturing purposes, says the Springfield *Republican*. A fund is being raised to secure engineering estimates. But why spend money in prospecting for plans? A citizen of New York State once drew up plans for a huge wheel at the falls with a shaft running through to Albany to which all the belting of the State could be attached. The inventor died in an insane asylum, but his idea remains. But seriously, the transmission of power by electricity is likely to work out problems as big as this.

A LONDON correspondent reports that Emily Faithful has come up from Manchester to London, at the Queen's command, to present Her Majesty with the address which she moved in the Queen's honor. It is a gorgeous affair, bound in a foot-square of ivory, exquisitely painted by Miss Charlotte Robinson (Miss Faithful's present companion), with superb Gloire de Dijon roses, which the Queen decrees shall henceforth be called "Jubilee roses." Miss Faithful looks extremely well, and she says she is unusually happy. The smiles of the Queen seem to be as vivifying as sunlight.

THE prevalence of measles in some parts of the world, and its fatality, have aroused health authorities to such an appreciation of the necessity of restricting the spread of this disease that official steps are being taken for the attainment of this end. A recent occurrence at Portsmouth, England, makes the necessity for this work more emphatic. H.M.S. Crocodile arrived at that place with forty persons sick with measles on board, who were permitted to land. From these individuals the disease has spread to an epidemic, and at last reports the number of deaths was 197.

THE discovery has been made, it is said, of a great swindle in railroad ties, of which the Missouri Pacific system of roads is the chief victim. The operators in it have, it is alleged, taken $1,000,000 out of the treasury of the roads more than the legitimate value of the ties. The chief contractors for the ties sublet their contracts in such a way that they got about 10 cents a tie more than they paid at first hand. Ties which were worth from 21 to 23 cents they sold to the roads for 30 cents. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Rock Island roads are believed to be also great losers.

MRS. ORD, widow of the late general of that name, has recently sold for $1,000 the able upon which Grant and Lee signed the papers providing for the surrender of the rebel armies. The purchaser is a Mr. Gunther, of Chicago. General Ord secured possession of the table at the time of the surrender and his widow obtained a letter from General Grant attesting its genuineness which, we suppose, goes with the table and increases its value. The sum of $3,000 was asked for the table until recently. It is a common enough piece of furniture in itself but valuable on account of its historic associations.

A PRETTY young woman's sleeping car experience is related in that department of the *American Magazine* where only true stories are placed: "I always lie with my head very far front and my feet near the wall. One night I was awakened by some one stepping on my nose as it lay on the pillow. You can imagine my wrath. I never said a word, but gave the foot the most spiteful pinch, that sent it up after its owner with an exclamation point. The next day, he—a very dapper young man—sat opposite me all day, and, actually, the mean thing never moved without limping! And it couldn't have hurt him that bad, could it?"

MR. GLADSTONE has four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Mr. William Henry Gladstone, was born in 1840; he is married to a daughter of Lord Blantyre. The second is the Vicar of Hawarden, Stephen Edward Gladstone, who was last year married to a Liverpool lady. The third, Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone, is resident in Calcutta, and the fourth, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, born in 1854, is M.P. for a division of Leeds and distinguished in political life. The eldest daughter, Agnes, was married in 1878 to Mr. Wickham, head master of Wellington College; the second is married to Rev. Henry Drew; the youngest, Helen, is Principal of the College for Women at Newnham, near Cambridge.

ONE of the leading candy manufacturers tells a New York reporter that there is more money in molasses candy at the ordinary selling price than in any other kind. Close to molasses candy comes chocolate drops, caramels and other candies in which sugar and chocolate or plain flavors are the ingredients. The candies on which there is the least profits in proportion to the selling price are those which sell high. The best confectioner's sugar costs but little over six cents a pound, and the best grades of molasses are not dear. These and a little flavoring make molasses candy, and that is why there is so much profit in it. When you come right down to it, children and adults with "the sweet tooth" care more for molasses and plain candies than they do for the expensive and elaborate French confectionery.

THE common assertion that brass cannot be tempered is met by a writer in *Mechanical Progress* with a statement covering his own experience during a long period. Brass, he asserts, not hard by mixture, but by compression, either rolling, hammering, wire drawing, or any other process which compresses the particles of metal, can be and is tempered regularly, just as easily and in the same manner as in tempering an equal piece of hardened steel, namely, by heat; that is, by placing a small piece of polished steel on the brass object to be tempered, and applying the heat so as to affect equally the brass and steel, the temper of the brass will be made known by the color of the steel, and, consequently, brass may by this process be tempered in exact proportion to every shade of color of the steel.

GENERAL WOLSELEY holds the post of Adjutant-General of the British army on an annual salary of $13,500. To Field Marshal Von Moltke, who performs the same duties in the German army, only $8,600 is paid, and the Adjutant-General of the French army only gets $4,000. When British public attention was called to the fact that a Von Moltke, one of the greatest commanders the world has ever known, was getting less than 60 per cent. of Lord Wolseley's pay for directing the staff of an army fifteen times as large as the British force, it was necessary for the mutual admiration society that exists in the British War Office to break the force of the inevitable odious comparison. Colonel Knox, one of Lord Wolseley's staff subordinates, justified the large salary paid to his chief on the ground that the latter was burdened with "the enormous responsibility involved in a volunteer army," and apparently this amiable quibble was acceptable to the Army Investigation Committee.

THE cholera in Sicily and Calabria is of a more virulent type apparently than Italy has known since 1884. Thus far only sporadic, incomplete reports are obtainable, but, as the spread of the infected area is incessant, we are likely soon to hear a good deal of it. The strongest phase of the thing is that it should reappear for the third consecutive year, practically on the same territory, which hitherto has been unheard of. Physicians in London are getting nervous about the possibility of the plague getting a foothold in the metropolis, owing to the unprecedentedly favorable conditions. During the heated term of the past six weeks the weekly deaths from diarrhœa in the London district have gone up from 9 to 312—of this latter number 265 being infants under 1 year of age. The *Lancet* points out that one of the surest precursors of cholera in a given district is the tendency to diarrhœaic fatality, and urges the utmost vigilance.

ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH at North Greenfield is probably the only religious edifice in Wisconsin which depends upon champagne bottles for its drainage. When the church was built funds were very scarce, and many small economies were practiced. The congregation on first occupying their place of worship found that it was uncomfortably damp. The fact was mentioned to the late George Stevens, who said: "I'll tell you how to remedy that. Go into my cellar and you will find enough champagne bottles to build a drain with. They are often used for that purpose in England, and when once laid will last forever, if not allowed to choke up." The bottles were secured, the bottoms deftly knocked off, and the necks abbreviated in length. Then, by placing the neck of one bottle in the bottom of another, and so on, a drain was constructed which has kept the little church "extra dry" ever since.

MUCH diversity of opinion exists as to the utility of iron shutters. It is unquestionably true that they are not only undesirable but positively dangerous under certain circumstances. Many fires have been concealed by them until they have attained great headway, and then the shutters have kept the firemen out for some time longer. At the same time, for keeping fire out of a building when a neighboring one is burning, they are positively invaluable. Almost every one has witnessed fires where the firemen have had a fierce struggle to get inside the building, and has wished the iron shutters were not there to prevent the easy handling of the blaze. But certainly every one, too, has seen cases of buildings with inflammable goods piled up near the windows, which would have gone down in a fire, destroying some buildings close by, if the shutters had not presented a non-burnable surface to the flames. As a matter of fact, there is no good reason why one shutter, at least, on each story of a building above the first, should not always be left unfastened, to afford entry to the firemen in case of need, as is largely the practice in some large cities.

AN English paper says: "We are in a position to state that the county of Durham will shortly produce a startling economic improvement in the matter of fuel combustion and the heating of steam boilers. Protection has been obtained for the invention, and in the course of a short time we shall be in a position to lay before our readers the practical details. In the meantime, we can only in the most general terms foreshadow the nature of the results attainable. The cubic bulk of fuel that will henceforth be required for marine steam engines will be reduced by 70 per cent., giving a gain to the extent indicated by that proportion to the stowage space for cargo in ocean going steamships. The time for raising steam will be diminished in all steam boilers, stationary or marine, by at least two-thirds. The cost of fuel consumption will be reduced by more than one-half, and the production of smoke will be absolutely annihilated. The process has been made the subject of actual experimental demonstration. Every test has been applied. The results we have given above are the under-stated consequences of experiments made under circumstances the reverse of favorable to the invention.

IT was in 1868 that the Moabite stone was discovered. It was found at Dibau, in Moab. The supposition has been formed that it was erected by Mesha, King of Moab, mentioned in II. Kings vii. The inscriptions have always been understood to refer to his wars with Israel in the tenth century B.C. The stone, which exists only in fragments, having been broken by the contending Arab claimants, is preserved in the Louvre. Rev. Mr. Lowry, Secretary of the Anglo-Jewish Association, in an article in the last number of the *Scottish Review*, proclaims the text of the inscription to be a fabrication. According to this writer, who has carefully examined the stone, and who furnishes an illustration, "the dressed surface is ancient, whereas the inscription is modern." The surface is pitted and indented, in consequence of thousands of years of exposure. Not so the inscriptions. The text is given in Hebrew, with a translation. The writer pronounces the text to be "egregiously un-Hebraic," and arrives at the conclusion that notwithstanding its world-wide glorification, the Moabite stone is a "stone of stumbling," and must be consigned to the limbo of marvellous impositions.

HERE is an exceedingly good story from the Boston *Herald* and there are a good many people who ought to paste it on their mirrors: A prominent newspaper publisher in this city, who has gained fame also in the literary world, once told me that he considered it an affront for any one to say to him: "Now, don't print this in your paper," in the course of any conversation held in his presence. I feel like echoing the same opinion. Certain news is entirely legitimate, no matter where heard or obtained, but a newspaper man respects private affairs and personal feeling just as much as any one else, if he is a man of principle. To be thought differently of always reminds me of the story of the musician and an eminent surgeon who met one evening at a social entertainment. The surgeon said to the musical genius: "Of course you have brought your violin." "No, I have not," said the musician. "But are you not going to play or do something to add to the entertainment of Mrs. Blank's guests?" asked the physician. "I had not thought of it," said the violinist, "but if you will cut off a leg, I will play something." That musician was a wise man. I wish he might set an example to a good many others; it would save some people a good deal of annoyance.

THE question, can an individual shoot himself through the head and afterward through the heart, or through the heart first and afterward through the brain, has recently given rise to much discussion among physicians. It is universally agreed that such a thing is possible. It is popularly supposed that wounds of the heart produce instant death. Such is not always the case. One instance is recorded where a man stabbed another in the heart, and the injured man chased his assailant 150 feet, struck him, nearly killed him, fell and died in an instant. In another instance a man standing behind the counter of his store was shot in the heart. He ran around the counter, a distance of 20 feet, hit the man who had shot him on the head with a hammer and killed him by a blow. Still another case is on record in which a bullet passed through the heart, and the subject, a boy, lived three years and some months afterward. As a rule, serious injury to the brain is followed by immediate loss of consciousness, but that is not invariably the case. It is told of a man who, after shooting his wife, shot himself through the head, but never became unconscious, and apparently recovered. He was sent to the penitentiary, and a year later died of abscess of the brain. A physician in St. Louis who reports this case also describes another—that of a boy of 8 or 9 years of age, who put a pistol to his head and fired. It was demonstrated by probing that the bullet had lodged in the brain, and yet this boy never lost consciousness, but recovered, and seven months after was reported as perfectly well. Many cases similar to these are on record. They have an important medico-legal bearing. If a man is found dead, shot through the head and heart, one would naturally assume that he had been murdered, and yet, as will appear from the foregoing, a suicide may inflict both wounds upon himself.

A Great Wonder in Heaven.

There lived near Alexandria, in Virginia an old colored man and woman, whom their acquaintances called Daddy and Mammy Williams. He had had educational advantages, and could read in a fashion peculiarly his own; but his wife, although lacking as regards erudition, possessed great force of character, which she often displayed in a manner that was very irritating to her husband. When she became particularly fractious Daddy would take the Bible and open to that chapter in Revelation beginning, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet," etc.

With impressive solemnity he would read as follows: "An' dere 'peared a great wonder in heben, a woman!" Slowly closing the book, he would gaze sternly at his now subdued wife, for the passage never failed to produce the desired effect.—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's.*

Another of Those Old Laws.

Married men are warned that the law of 1741 prohibits the kissing of their wives on Sundays under penalty of fine and imprisonment. Few married men are guilty of the offence, but it won't do any harm to call attention to the Act.—*Pittsburg Times.*

The Governors of Idaho and Nevada are brothers.

HE SLEPT IN A BATH TUB.

A Montana Editor's Thrilling Night in a St. Paul Hotel.

"I know a good joke on an editor from Helena, M. T.," said a conductor on the St. Paul, "and I guess I'll have to tell it. He's a colonel, but I shan't give you his last name. Last week he came into St. Paul on business, and, after registering at the best hotel in town, started out to see the sights. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when he returned, a little the worse for wear. It happened that the night porter who showed him to his room was only about half awake, and without knowing what he was doing, ushered the colonel into the bath room attached to his apartment assigned to his use, muttered 'G'night, sir,' and disappeared. Next morning at the breakfast table the Montana journalist met an acquaintance, and said to him:

"'Fine hotel, this.'

"'Yes, one of the best in the country.'

"'Do you like their new fangled beds?'

"'Their beds are all right, though I didn't know there was anything new about them.'

"'Well, they've got the darndest bed in my room you ever set eyes on. It's more like a coffin, and there wasn't a blamed bit of cover on it. I was cold all night. It's true that when a feller gets thirsty in the night he don't have to get out of the bed for a drink, but the worst of it was in my case that it was just my durned luck to leave the thing runnin' a little the last time I took a drink out of it, an' when I woke up again I was nigh drowned in cold water. Never spent such a miserable night in my life.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

A Toronto Shop-lifter's Big Haul.

Maud Hutchinson, a rather nice-looking and neatly-dressed English girl, was arrested by Detective Black in Toronto yesterday for shop-lifting. Two large packages of goods, embracing everything from a fine tooth comb to a baby's lace bonnet, were described at police headquarters as the proceeds of her work Tuesday in stores on Yonge and Queen streets. In the parcels there were babies' shoes, a package of silver-plated forks, a red linen tablecloth, a pair of sciassors, a whisk, a cake of toilet soap, and a score of other small things. Part of the stuff was found on her when she was arrested, part of it was recovered at her mother's house, 152 King street.

"How long has this been going on?" was asked Inspector Stark.

"I don't exactly know," he answered. "This is merely yesterday's haul."

The girl has only been out from England a short while.

Why Laura Lost Her Beau.

Laura once had an affluent beau,
Who called twice a fortnight, or so,
Now she sits, Sunday eve,
All lonely to grieve,
Oh, where is her recreant beau,
And why did he leave Laura so?

Why, he saw that Laura was a languishing, delicate girl, subject to sick headaches, sensitive nerves and uncertain temper; and knowing what a life-long trial is a fretful, sickly wife, he transferred his attentions to her cheerful, healthy cousin, Ellen. The secret is that Laura's health and strength are sapped by chronic weakness, peculiar to her sex, which Ellen averts and avoids by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy, for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

—A total eclipse of the sun will take place on the 13th of next month, but will only be visible in Europe and Asia. It will last four minutes, and great preparations have been made by the European astronomers who observe it at its totality, which will be in Japan.

To Cure a Corn.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

Forty-five years ago Elam Brown purchased a ranch from a Spaniard in Contra Costa county, California, and he has lived on it ever since. He is 90 years old.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

The Latest Idea in Dress Coats.

At the Newport Casino dance on Friday night (July 15th) several gentlemen appeared in the latest style of dress coat, just brought over from England—a short, round coat in place of the conventional swallow-tail.—*New York Herald.*

He ate green cucumbers;
They made him quite sick;
But he took a few "Pellets"
That cured him right quick.
An easier physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

Small but precious. 25 cents per vial.

Objects to Full Dress.

One of the strong points of P. C. Chapman's evidence against Bessie McAllister for keeping a disorderly house at 69 Agnes street was that the defendant was seen with bare arms and shoulders. Counsel for the defence asked the witness if he had ever been at a full dress party. From his answer it appears that he had not been at one. It was proven that the house bore a bad reputation. A fine of $25 and costs or 40 days was inflicted.—*Toronto Mail.*

A shark recently captured in San Francisco Bay contained a peck of young lobsters.

Mr. Beecher and the Hen.

(Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.)

"Speaking of clever things," once said Mr. Beecher, "did you ever hear that witty poem written twenty years ago on my name? Here, ma [he always called Mrs. Beecher ma] you read it to Perkins; I've forgotten the words." Mrs. Beecher smilingly put on her glasses, went to a drawer, took out a bit of paper and laughingly read:

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen: "You're a beautiful creature."
The hen just for that
Laid three eggs in his hat,
And thus did the hen reward Beecher.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2901 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L. 32 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

THE LEADING CANADIAN COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
ALMA COLLEGE
66 PAGE PAMPHLET FREE
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

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A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, AUG. 11, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. John Osborne handed us a copy of the Weekly Montreal *Witness* the other day—dated July 27th—which contained a most horrible account of the system of "baby farming" which has been practiced in that city for many years. Two *Witness* reporters give a lengthy account of very searching investigations made by them, the result of which is to open the eyes of the public to one of the most gigantic evils that can possibly befal any community. It is headed, "The Murder of the Innocents," and truly the facts presented—as elicited by interviews and careful investigations—fully sustains the strong indictment. The article is too lengthy for publication in our columns, but any of our readers who would like to read it can send to the *Witness* office, Montreal, for a copy of the paper of the 27th July.

The Durham *Chronicle* has passed into the hands of Mr. W. J. Mitchell, late of the Hanover *Post*—that newly fledged disciple of Dr. Landerkin, M.P. for South Grey. It is said, however, that the *Chronicle* will now become a Conservative paper.

Our friend of the *Grey Review*—a very respectable newspaper, let us add—makes a distinction between the "town" of Durham and the "village" of Flesherton, which is largely in favor of the former. But when certain circumstances are considered, Flesherton undoubtedly takes the bun. For instance, Durham was quite a "town" when where Flesherton now stands was a howling wilderness; and at this moment the former is not half as large again as the latter! Facts are mighty stubborn things, friend Townsend!

The petition presented to our Township Council on Monday, re additional taxes in case rollers are put in Flesherton flouring mill, was practically rejected by the Fathers. It seemed some of our representatives were afraid of establishing a precedent which might occasion the Township some trouble in the near future. It was urged, that if the prayer of the petitioners were granted, the respective proprietors of Plewe's Mill and the Eugenia Mill might also—with equal justice—ask to be included in the arrangement if at any time they saw fit to put in rollers. It was also set forth that the increase in taxes, consequent upon putting rollers in the Flesherton mill, would be only a trifling amount. The Fathers may by right in the position they have taken, but quite a number of ratepayers do not look at the matter in the same light. They argue that the small increase in taxes should have made it all the easier for the Fathers to have acceded to the request of the petitioners. It is further contended, that the same argument holds with equal force in so far as the other mill owners are concerned. However the matter has been definitely settled—but not to the general satisfaction of the public. In concluding, we might say that the ward system has its defects. We will speak of them again.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE EDITOR AND HIS CRITICS.

The Editor is a human being. He is ushered into the world much the same as other representatives of that great family. While yet in long garments he is toddled off to the Church and the Sabbath School, where he learns much that is good and a little that is not so good. By and bye he learns verses from the Good Book. Sometimes he has carefully committed them to memory and recited them faithfully to his teacher. At other times the good-natured teacher does the reciting while the embryo Editor follows closely in his wake. His youthful frolics are much the same as those enjoyed by other boys. And he gradually grows up into man's estate—still after the manner of his young companions. Then he becomes an Editor and *then* his troubles begin.

We have been explicit thus far in order to show that an Editor is much the same as other people. He has his faults and his little weaknesses, and it often strikes him that several others are similarly afflicted. Does he make mistakes? Of course he does, for "to err is human," and have we not said he is human. Does he earn his bread "by the sweat of his brow?" He does: Drop into his office and you will find him tugging with might and main at the ponderous hand press, setting type, or, with sleeves rolled up above his elbows, you may find him writing editorials, locals, or puffs, and slashing pieces out of exchanges, while the devil stands moodily by yelling for copy at the top of his voice.

A man enters the dingy "den" with slow and solemn tread. The printers are still clamoring for "more copy," but this is a "mighty man of Gath" and the Editor suspends operations and passes the time of day. The man solemnly adjusts his spectacles, sits down, pulls a late edition of the paper out of an inside pocket, and placing his index finger on a carefully marked article, exclaims—"Sir, there is a peculiar flippancy about your style of writing, that is positively disagreeable to my feelings. Now, just read that article, sir, it's too bad, really too bad. Of course you're a young man and may improve in time, I hope you will—yes, sir, I frankly say it—I hope you will. You have my best wishes, but try and be more careful." After taking up an hour or more of the Editor's valuable time he stalks solemnly out into the street, and work is resumed.

Another man drops in as though shot from the mouth of a cannon. "Good heavens, sir! what's the matter with your paper. Blank me, Sir, can't you let the preachers talk religion without turning your paper into a wishy-washy religious vat! I tell you, sir, I won't have it—more, if you persist in that sort of thing, you'll have to *stop my paper*. Do you hear, Sir?" Then he bounces out of the office like a rubber ball.

Some time elapses before the next man calls. He comes in with a merry twinkle in his eyes and a cheerful look overspreading his countenance. Appearances are often deceitful, however, and they are so in this case. The Editor is not deceived—he is too good a judge of human nature for that; and, besides he has met the merry, cheerful gentleman before. "Ah, good morning, sir; preparing editorials for your next issue, I see. Good paper that last. Articles well written, locals spicy, and all the rest. Neatly printed, too." This to make the tired, bored-to-death-Editor feel in good humor, which he does straightway, if we may judge him by that forced grin which passes in a sickly manner over his countenance. Then—"But, now frankly—as between friends, you understand—you spread the flattery on too thickly; you really do, my good fellow. You'll pardon my frankness, of course?" As a matter of fact the Editor is offered no other alternative. "You don't mean half of it, you know—the flattery, I mean—and as a matter of course where all are treated so indiscriminately, the commodity—flattery I mean again, my dear friend—the commodity becomes cheap, if not altogether valueless. You're not offended, I hope?" Of course the Editor is not offended—bored he is but he does not say so. "And then, my dear fellow, you are becoming too oracular—you are now, really—and, besides, there is a tendency in you to reflect your own opinions rather than those of the general public." He also goes away and the Editor once more resumes his work with a heavy sigh—of relief!

Then there are the critics who—

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

In fact all the sons and daughters of Adam's race are critics. As Sam Slick would say, it's "human natur'." Go where you will, there are critics *and* critics. The first see no good in anything under the canopy of high heaven but what is found in themselves; the latter admit faults in common with everybody else, but after all they cannot help thinking they are a little better than their neighbors. Living in such a critical world, the Editor must be prepared to see his faults magnified and his virtues ignored or barely noticed. What matters it that he has been instrumental in doing scores of good turns for the public, when he has hurt some politician's feelings by giving expression to certain sentiments not in harmony with the views entertained by the said politician? Why doesn't he reflect public opinion and keep his own to himself? And so forth, and so forth, *ad infinitum*.

And yet we never heard of an Editor who ended his days in a lunatic asylum. Everything is favorable in the matter of making him a fit candidate. But he doesn't go—sometimes an odd critic or two does, however. And so the world wags.

BE ON YOUR GUARD!—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 3 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.,

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT

JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,

Tinsmith, AGENT.

FLESHERTON.

One High-Bred Durham Bull,

"KING BILLY,"

The Royal Champion,

Will stand for service for the year 1887, at Lot 16S, 1st Range, W.T. & S.R., Artemesia, at the small sum of 50c. W. C. PARKER.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	75	to 0	75
Spring Wheat	0	75	0	75
Barley	0	30	0	45
Oats	0	26	0	26
Peas	0	47	0	48
Butter	0	14	0	14
Eggs, fresh	0	14	0	14
Potatoes bush	0	50	0	50
Pork	5	60	5	60
Hay, per ton	10	00	10	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		29		22
Sheepskins	0	40	0	50
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	8	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.

...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.

R. J. WATSON.

PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED Dr CHASES MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,

AGENT.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

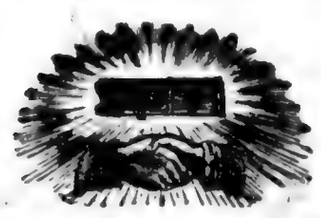

Publisher's Announcement!

In the matter of

FINE JOB

Printing!

It is generally conceded that the

Flesherton Advance

TAKES THE

BISCUIT!

EVERY TIME!

Posters! Posters!

From an Eighth Sheet to a mammoth Three-Sheeter—plain or in colors—at prices that will arrest your attention and surprise you.

Auction Sale Bills

WHILE YOU WAIT.

DRUGGISTS' LABELS

As cheap and as good as can be obtained in the city.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

THE TEACHERS TAUGHT.

Opening of Summer School of Music for Public School Teachers.

For some time past it has been felt that while the general branches of Public school education made great progress under the exceilent Ontario system, the study of music was not being advanced in a corresponding degree. The teachers are all anxious to bring the pupils forward in this as in other branches, but the lack of a means of acquiring a training in this branch, which should be both modern and effective in its principles and application, has made the progress slow. The Ontario Music Teachers' Association has felt the importance of imparting increased energy to this department of instruction, and at both its conventions appointed committees to press the matter upon

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION,

from whom it met with ready sympathy. Mr. Ross consented to a tentative summer course being held, conditional upon fifty Public school teachers signifying their intention of attending. Mr. S. H. Preston, the instructor of singing at the Normal school, sent out circulars and advertised the course, with the result that over 200 teachers are now in attendance, with an addition of some 20 music teachers. The course, which opened yesterday afternoon at 2 p. m., is free to all music teachers, and others may attend on payment of $5 for the course. Mr. Preston made arrangements which secured the assistance of

EMINENT PROFESSIONAL TALENT.

Mr. H. E. Holt, the celebrated musical educationist of Boston, was secured to teach the pedagogic side of music teaching, covering the establishment of the idea of the scale, its parts, chords, their modulations, followed by relative pitch and time, in fact taking the class well through the Public and High school readers. Mr. H. Guest Colling will deliver practical lectures on the general knowledge of music, embracing sound, melody, musical apparatus, forms of music and the study of music practically and theoretically. Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, will lecture on the culture and developement of the voice. It will be seen by this that the exercises will be eminently practical and fraught with information for the guidance of teachers.

THE PROCEEDINGS YESTERDAY

in the public hall of the Educational Department were opened by Mr. Preston calling on Mr. Holt to deliver his lecture.

Mr. Holt's work partook of the nature of both a lecture and a working class, and won a charm from the concise, practical way he has of putting things. Every principle promulgated, every theory proposed was illustrated by the practical work of the audience singing, and thus firmly implanted in their minds and memories. Mr. Holt began by saying that he came here not as a musician to speak to musicians, but as a teachers to speak to teachers. He claimed that music could be taught by an educational system as thorough as that by which reading or arithmetic may be taught. The idea of a unit of the subject must first be grasped. In music there are two units of study, the first being the unit of pitch, the scale then finding the characteristic quality of each note in relation to the whole. He then said the way to learn is "to do by doing"—(to go through the mental processes of teaching by learning) rather than by seeing another teach. He would not begin by teaching signs, as they will teach themselves while the invisible things themselves are being taught. Mr. Holt took the class through numerous offhand exercises in scale work, modulations and some clever three-part sight singing.

The regular study will last two weeks and will commence at 9 a. m., lasting till 12, during which Mr. Holt, assisted by Mr. Preston, will conduct the class in sight reading. In the afternoon Messrs. Collins and Haslam will lecture, and a choral class is expected to practice oratorio choruses.—*Toronto Globe.*

Mr. C. J. Sproule of Flesherton, is attending the above named school.

Cracked Before the Accident.

A man recently let a horse and buggy to an Irishman for a funeral trip. The horse was afflicted with a slight spavin on his nigh fore leg, which caused him to limp on starting, but the trouble wore off after travelling a short distance. While returning the horse was driven down a rocky embankment and one of his legs broken. Pat was called to account and accused of breaking the horse's leg. "Sure," said Pat in defense, "the leg was cracked before we started, an' now, begorra, ye want pay for a whole leg."

Not That Kind of a Baby.

It was at the baptismal font, and the clergyman had the baby in his arms.

"What is the name?" he asked the godfather.

"Josephine Newton."

"Joseph E. Newton, I baptise thee in the name—"

"Not Joseph E.—Josephine," interrupted the mother in great alarm. "It's not that kind of a baby."

He Made a Neat Hit.

"Is there any one living here under twenty-one years of age?" inquired a man who rang the door bell to a Bagg street residence the other day.

"No, there is not," rather sharply replied a spinster of eight-and-thirty summers, who answered the ring.

"Why! Is it possible?" was the reply of the apparently astonished man, "don't you live here?"

It was a neat hit, and after a little simpering and a brief chat about the weather, the maiden purchased two copies of a work, entitled "Hints for the Young."

An Unfeeling Remark.

Mrs. Yerger—"I believe I will accompany our daughter Clara to the ball this evening."

Colonel Yerger—"What is your object?"

"When the people see how beautiful she is they will say: "How lovely her mother must have looked when she was young."

"No, that's not what they will say."

"What will they say?"

"When they see you at the ball with Clara they will say: "See how ugly Clara will be when she gets to be as old as her mother."

"Oh, you brute!"

Wouldn't Waste Any More Money.

Farmer's Daughter—"Oh papa, I did want to go to the Sunday-school picnic, but I have lost my bustle and cannot go unless you purchase a new one."

Old Farmer—"Jest as I thought, Mariar. I seed one o' them thar town dudes playin' ball the other day with the blamed thing on his face, and I sez to myself, 'That's Mariar's thingumy.' No, I can't waste any more money in this way, Mariar; you must go without."

He Was a Setter.

A man had a horse who would sit down whenever he was touched in the flank. He would just squat down on his hindquarters like a dog. The man tried to break him of it, but he couldn't, and nobody would buy him. One day a sportsman came along and made his acquaintance and they took a ride together to hunt partridges. When they found a covey the man touched his heels to his horse's flanks and he sat down.

"What makes your horse do that?" said the sportsman.

"Why, he's a setter," said the man. "He sets bird's just like a dog."

So the sportsman thought he was a most wonderful horse, and he swapped for him and gave fifty dollars to boot, and he got on him, and after awhile they came to a creek that was pretty deep, and as the sportsman held up his legs to keep them out of the water his heels touched the horse in the flank and down he sat in the water. When he got up and out and all dripping wet he was as mad as a wet hen, and said:

"Well, sir, what made this horse do that way in the water?"

"I forgot to tell you," said the man, "that he sets fish just as well as he does birds."

The Diary of a Physician.

A diary picked up in one of the streets would seem to indicate from the following that the owner was a medical man:

"Kase 154 Mary An Perkins—Bisnes washerwoman. Sickness in her bed. Fisik sum blu pills a seaperifix; age 52. Ped me 1 doller, 1 kwarter bogas. Mind get good kwarter and make her take more fisik.

"Kase 155 Tummas Krink—Bisnes Nirishman. Lives with Paddy Wolery what keeps a dray. Sickness digs in ribbs and tow black eyes. Fisik to drink my mixter twict a day of sasiperily bear and jellop, and fish ile, with asfedity to make it taste fisiky. Rubbed his face with kart grese liniment, aged 39 years. Drinked the mixter, and wouldn't pay me bekase it tasted nasty; but the mixter'll work his innards, I reckon."

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair.—Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

The well-bred Durham Bull,

"DAUNTLESS!"

(Reg. Pedigree)

WILL be for the service of Cows the season of 1887 at his own place, Lot 152, 3rd Range West, T. & S.R., Artemesia.

TERMS:—$1.00 per cow, payable on or before Jan. 1st, 1888. Cows not returned regularly to bull will be charged whether in calf or not.

DONALD McKENZIE, Proprietor.

(3E3317)

TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Shoguandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, will be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tariff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt, on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $1.00 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l, of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

GREAT OFFER!

The Advance from now until end of the year for 35 cents.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

316-368

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST.

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,
Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by
J. E. MOORE,
Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop.

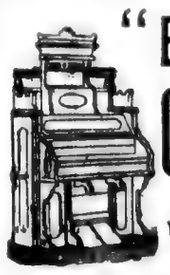

"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Safe in Harm's.

(A poetic wail over the escape of Slippery Boodler McGarigle, of Chicago.)

Once there was a boodler
Who thought he'd like to "squeal."
So he told the State's attorney
'Nd talked to others a good deal;
But all he ever told them
They already knew about,
For a boodler will fool ye,
If
You
Don't
Watch
Out!

And one day he told the sheriff
That he longed to take a wash,
And in his own home bath-tub
Have a good old-fashioned plash.
But when the sheriff's back was turned,
He up and hooked it out,
For a boodler will fool ye
If
You
Don't
Watch
Out.

Then the sheriff raised the neighbors,
And seeked him up and down,
In the barn, in tubs and boxes,
And everywhere in town.
But they couldn't find his shadow,
Nor the hole that he went out,
For a boodler fools ye mighty bad
When
You
Don't
Watch
Out.

But there's a dozen other boodlers
Looking pale and far from gay,
That come into court and sit there
Nice and regular every day.
But when the trial's nearer done
And conviction seems more sure,
They may take to looking fondly
At the open court-room door.
And some day they'll turn up missing,
They could do it, never doubt,
For the boodler's mighty slippery
When
You
Don't
Watch
Out.

Nothin' to Say.

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say—
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way
Her mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air! and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like your mother; purty much same in size;
And 'bout the same complected; and favor about the eyes.
Like her, too, about livin' here, because she couldn't stay;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!—but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name across the page
And she left her ear-bobs for you, of over you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyaurded 'em, but if yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year old then!
And now yer—how old air you? Why, child, not "twenty!" When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git married that day?
I wisht yer mother was livin'!—but—I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll brush it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Outside the Garden Gate.

Two little forms outside the gate,
Who hour by hour in patience wait;
Four wistful eyes as bright as stars
Peeping with wonder through the bars;
Four little hands that long to hold
Bright flowers, or apples red and gold;
Two shrill young voices that would say,
"Give us some flowers or fruit to-day!"
Only—what little tongue could dare
Ask such a boon from lady fair?

She comes! and down the velvet walk
Moves gently, and with silver talk
Beguiles the time; her comrades glide
In pleasant converse by her side.
They do not see the eager eyes
Who watch them with glad surprise.
To rustic judgment, they must seem
Like white-robed angels in a dream.
So fair, so graceful, and so blest
In such sweet garden bowers to rest,
And no doubt plucking many a gem
Which seems so far away from them!

Alas! how oft our mortal fate
Keeps us outside the garden gate
Almost we feel we might be there,
Wandering amid those scenes so fair;
Almost our fingers seem to clasp
Bright flowers, that still elude our grasp;
Some adverse fortune seems to say,
"'Tis not for thee, so, go thy way!"

—*Chambers' Journal.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

She wanted to feel his arms round her, and sob out all her strangeness; and now an ogre in the shape of the grey-haired butler had shut her up in a great, brilliantly-lighted room, where the tiny, white woman saw herself reflected in the long mirrors.

Fay, standing dejected and pale in the centre of the room, felt like Beauty in the Beast's palace, and was dreaming out the story in her old childish way, when the door was flung suddenly open, and the prince, in the person of Sir Hugh, made his appearance.

She ran towards him with a little cry; but something in his look checked her, and she stood hesitating and coloring as he came up to her and offered his arm.

"Ellerton has announced dinner," he said, quietly; "draw your scarf round you, for the Hall is cold. You look very nice, dear," he continued, kindly, looking at the dainty little bit of loveliness beside him with critically approving eyes; "you should always wear white in the evening, Fay;" and then, as they entered the dining-room, he placed her at the head of the table,

Poor child, it seemed all very solemn and stately, with Ellerton and two other footmen to wait on them; to be devided from her husband by silver epergnes and choice flowers, to have to peep between the ferns and flowers for a sight of the golden-brown beard. No wonder her little talk died away, and she stammered in her replies, and then blushed and felt discomposed. She thought she was playing her part very awkwardly, and was ashamed of herself for Hugh's sake, never dreaming that the very servants who waited on her were wondering at the radiant young creature. Everything comes to an end in this world, and so did this ordeal; for after what seemed to her endless courses, the door closed on the retiring servants, and she and her husband were left alone together; and when Sir Hugh woke up from a brief musing fit he found Fay at his end of the table watching him.

"Why! what brings you here, Wee Wifie?" he asked, smiling; "have you finished your grapes—am I keeping you waiting?"

"Oh! I am in no hurry," she returned, calmly. "I am going to enjoy my grapes here; it is so dull at the other end of the table;" and she chatted merrily to him, while Hugh drank his coffee, and then coaxed him up into the "blue nestie."

Hugh took all her thanks very graciously. He was pleased that her innocent tastes should be gratified; he never imagined for a moment that she thought he had chosen all the pretty nick-nacks round them.

He had said everything suitable to a lady's boudoir was to be provided, and the people had done it very well. He had given them *carte blanche*, and it was certainly a very pretty little room; and then he watched Fay presiding over her tea-table, and listened placidly to her ecstasy over the lovely old china cups, and the dear little antiquated silver cream jug, and the tiny spoons; and for a little while her brightness infected him. But presently, when she came and nestled against him and told him how happy she was, and how dearly she meant to love her new home, the old look of pain came back on his face; and telling her that he knew his Wee Wifie was tired and must go to bed, he kissed her twice, and then putting her hurriedly from him, went downstairs.

And when he got into his library and saw the lamp lighted, and the fire burning brightly, he gave a sigh of relief at finding himself alone, and threw himself down in his easy-chair.

And that night, long after Fay had prayed that she might be worthy of Hugh's love, and make him happy, and had fallen asleep in the old oak bed with a child's utter weariness, did Hugh sit with his aching head buried on his arms, thinking how he should bear it, and what he would do with his life!

And so the home life began, which was far more tolerable to Sir Hugh than his continental wanderings had been; when he rode over his estate and Fay's—the Wyngate lands adjoining, from morning until late afternoon, planning, building, restoring, or went into Pierrepoint on magisterial business; happy if at night he was so weary with exercise that rest was a pleasure and his little wife's manipulations sweet. All the surrounding gentry for miles round came to call at the Hall, and were loud in their praises of the sweet-faced bride; but the Ferrers were not among them—all those winter months Sir Hugh never saw Margaret. No, though the Grange and the Hall were but two miles apart, they never met; though many a time Sir Hugh had to turn his horse into some miry lane, or across some ploughed field, to escape her as she went to and fro among the wayside cottages.

Neither did they meet at the various entertainments—dinner parties and dances that were given in honor of the bride. That winter Margaret declined all invitations; her brother needed her—and she had never cared much for gaiety—this was her only excuse. But Sir Hugh knew why he never met her—her high sense of honor kept them apart—neither of them had lived down their pain; in the future it might be possible for her to be his friend, and the friend of his wife; but now it could hardly be; and yet Margaret was longing, craving intensely to see the lovely young creature of whom every one was speaking, and whom already she loved by report.

Strange to say, no one spoke about the Ferrers to Fay; people were too well acquainted with the story of Sir Hugh's engagement to Margaret to venture on a hint. Once Fay asked a lady with whom she was driving, who lived in that quaint old house on the Sandycliffe road? and was told briefly that the blind vicar, Mr. Ferrers, lived there with his sister.

Fay would have put some more questions, but Mrs. Sinclair turned the subject rather quickly; but Fay recurred to it that evening.

"Why have not the Ferrers called on us, Hugh?" she asked, suddenly, when she was keeping him company in the library.

Sir Hugh started, and then jumped up to replenish the fire.

"Who told you about them?" he asked, as he tried to break a refractory coal.

"Mrs. Sinclair. I was driving with her this afternoon, and I asked her who lived in that red brick house with the curious garbles, on the Sandycliffe road, and she said it was the blind vicar, Mr. Ferrers, and his sister; don't you like them, Hugh? every one else has called, and it seems rather strange that they should take no notice."

"Well, you see, it is a little awkward," returned her husband, still wrestling with the coal, while Fay watched the process with interest; "they used to be friends of mine, but we have had a misunderstanding, and now, of course, there is a coolness."

"And they are nice people."

"Very nice people; he is a very clever man, but we do not agree—that is all;" and then Hugh disposed of the coal and took up his paper, and Fay did not like to disturb him with any more questions. It seemed a great pity, she thought, it was such a lovely house: and if Mr. Ferrers were a nice clever man———and then she wondered what his sister was like; and as she sat at Hugh's feet basking in the firelight she had no idea that Hugh's forehead was clouded and puckered with pain. Fay's innocent questions had raised a storm in his breast. Would she speak of them again? was there any danger that people would gossip to her? one day he might be obliged to tell her himself, but not now, she seemed so happy, so perfectly contented, and she was such a child.

Yes, Hugh's Wee Wifie was very happy.

At first, to be sure, her position was a little difficult and irksome. The number of servants bewildered her; she wished Mrs. Heron would not interlard her conversation with so many "my ladys," and that Hugh would ride with her oftener instead of that tiresome groom.

But by and by she got used to her dignity, and would drive her grey ponies through the country roads, stopping to speak to any old villager she knew; or she would mount Bonnie Bess at the hour she thought Hugh would be returning from Pierrepoint, and gallop through the lanes to meet him and reign up at his side, startling him from his abstraction with that ringing laugh of hers.

She was seldom idle, and never dull.

When Sir Hugh would have shooting parties, she always carried the luncheon to the sportsmen, driving through the wood in her pony-carriage; when her husband began to return his neighbor's hospitality, she surprised him by making a perfect little hostess, and never seemed too shy to chat in her pretty, modest manner to his guests. All Sir Hugh's masculine friends fell in love with her, and the ladies petted and made much of her.

Fay was very grateful to them for their kindness, but she liked best to be alone in the old Hall.

She had a hundred sources of amusement; she would follow Mrs. Heron from room to room, listening to her stories of many a dead Redmond; or coax her to show the old treasures of tapestry and lace; or she would wander through the gardens and woods with her favorite Nero and Sir Hugh's noble St. Bernard, Pierre.

She made acquaintance with every man, woman and child about the place, and all the animals besides; when the spring came she knew all the calves and lambs by name, all the broods of chickens and ducklings; she visited the stables and the poultry yards till every helper and boy about the premises knew her bright face well, and were ready to vow that a sweeter spoken creature never lived than the young Lady Redmond.

And she would prattle to Hugh all through the long dinner, beguiling him by her quaint bright stories; and when he went into the library—she never could coax him after that first evening into her "blue nestie"—she would follow him and sit herself at his feet with her work or book, perfectly content if he sometimes stroked her hair, or with a sudden feeling of compunction stooped over her and kissed her brow, for he was always very gentle with her, and Fay adored him from the depths of her innocent heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT ROOM OF MRS. WATKINS'.

Soft hair on which light drops a diadem.
GERALD MASSEY.

With hands so flower-like, soft and fair,
She caught at life with words as sweet
As first spring violets.

Ibid.

No, it was not a bad room, that room of Mrs. Watkins', seen just now in the November dusk, with its bright fire and neat hearth, with the kettle gossiping deliciously to itself; there was at once something comfortable and home-like about it; especially as the red curtains were drawn across the two windows that looked down into High street, and the great carts that had been rumbling underneath them since daybreak had given place to the jolting of lighter vehicles which passed and repassed at intervals.

The room was large, though a little low, and was plainly but comfortably furnished; an old-fashioned crimson couch stood in one corner; some stained bookshelves contained a few well-bound books; and one or two simple engravings in cheap frames adorned the wall. In spite of the simplicity of the whole there were evidences of refined taste—there were growing ferns in tall baskets; some red leaves and autumn berries arranged in old china vases; a beautiful head of Clyte, though it was only in plaster of Paris, on the mantelpiece. The pretty tea service on the round table was only white china, hand-painted; and some more red leaves with dark chrysanthemums were tastefully arranged in a low wicker basket in the centre.

One glance would have convinced even a stranger that this room was inhabited by people of cultured taste and small means; and it was so pleasant, so home-like, so warm with ruddy firelight, that grander rooms would have looked comfortless in comparison. There were only two people on this November evening—a girl lying back in a rocking-chair, with her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the dancing flames, and a child of 10, though looking two or three years younger, sitting on a stool before the fire, with a black kitten asleep on her lap, and her arms clasped around her knees.

An odd, weird sort of child, with a head running over with little dark curls, and large wondering eyes—not an ordinary child, and certainly not a pretty one, and looking, at the present moment, with her wrinkled eyebrows and huddle-up figure, like a little old witch in a fairy tale.

"I am that tired," observed the child, apparently apostrophising the kettle, "that not all the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens could make me laugh; no, not if they had the old father baboon at their head. I wish I were a jaguar!"

"Why, Fluff?" exclaimed a pleasant voice from the rocking-chair. "Why, Fluff?"

"I wish I were a jagnar," repeated the child, defiantly "not a bison, because of its humps, nor a camel either. Why, those great spotted cats had their balls to amuse them, and polished ivory bones as well; and the brown bear climbed his pole, and ate buns; no one's mother left in the dark before the fire, with no one to tell its tales, and only a kettle to talk to a person;" and Fluff curled herself up on her stool with an affronted air.

The elder girl made no answer, but only stooped down and smilingly lifted the child and kitten on her lap—she was very light for her age—whereupon Fluff left off sighing, and rubbed her curly head against her sister's shoulder with a contented air.

The sisters were certainly very unlike, being very small and dark, while Fern was tall and fair; without being exactly gifted with her mother's beauty, she had a charming face, soft grey eyes, and hair of that golden-brown that one sees so often in English girls.

There were few people who did not think Fern Tafford decidedly pretty; her features were not exactly regular, but her coloring was lovely, and there was a joyousness and brightness about her that attracted old and young; every one loved Fern, and spoke well of her, she was so simple, so unselfish, so altogether charming, as they said.

Fern never complained of the narrowness of her life, never fretted because their poverty excluded her from the pleasures girls of her age generally enjoyed. From her childhood she had known no other life. There were times when she remembered that she had gone to bed hungry, times when her mother's face looked pinched and miserable—when her father was dying, and they thought Baby Florence would die too. Somehow Fern never cared to think of those days.

Fern was devoted to her mother, she clave to her with innocent love and loyalty. Percy's defection had been the bitterest trouble of her life. The girl nearly broke her heart when Percy left them. She grew thin and pale and large-eyed, as girls will when they are fretting and growing at the same time. Nea's motherly heart was touched with compassion for her child. She wished, if possible, to suffer alone; if it were in her power she would prevent the faintest shadow touching that bright young life.

So she spoke to her in her calm, sensible way, for Nea was always gentle with her children, and Fern was very dear to her—she had her father's eyes, and Maurice's pure upright nature seemed transmitted to his young daughter.

"Fern," she said, one evening when they were sitting together in the twilight, "you must not add to my burthens; it makes me still more unhappy to see you fretting; I miss my little daughter's brightness that used to be such a comfort to me."

"Am I a comfort to you, mother?" asked Fern, wistfully, and something in those earnest grey eyes thrilled the widow's heart with fresh pangs of memory.

"You are my one bit of sunshine," she answered, fondly, taking the girl's face between her hands and kissing it almost passionately. "Keep bright for your poor mother's sake, Fern."

Fern never forgot this little speech. She understood, then, that her mission was to be her mother's comforter; and with the utmost sweetness and unselfishness she put aside her own longings for her brother, and strove to make up for his loss. So Fern bloomed in her poor home like some lovely flower in a cottage garden, growing up to womanhood in those rooms over Mrs. Watkins'.

Fern had long since finished her education, and now gave morning lessons to the vicar's little daughters. In her leisure hours she made her simple gowns and Fluff's frocks, and taught the child the little she could be pursuaded to learn, for Fluff was a spoilt child and very backward for her age; and one or two people, Mrs. Watkins among them, had given it as their opinion that little Florence was not all there, rather odd and uncanny in fact.

Fern was quite contented in her life. She was fond of teaching and very fond of her little pupils. Her pleasures were few and simple; a walk with Crystal or Fluff to look at the shops, perhaps an omnibus journey and an hour or two's ramble in the Park of Kensington Garden, a cosy chat with her mother in the evenings, sometimes, on grand occasions, a shilling seat at the Monday or Saturday Popular.

Fern loved pretty things, but she seemed quite satisfied to look at them through plate glass; a new dress, a few flowers, or a new book were events in her life. She would sing over her work as she sat sewing by the window; the gay young voice made people look up, but they seldom caught a glimpse of the golden-brown head behind the curtain. Fern had her dreams, like other girls; sometimes, she hardly knew what would happen to her some day. There was always a prince in the fairy stories that she told Fluff, but she never described him. "What is he like?" Fluff would ask with childish impatience, but Fern would only blush and smile, and say she did not know. If, sometimes, a handsome boyish face, not dark like Percy, but with fair, budding moustache and laughing eyes, seemed to rise out of the mist and look at her with odd wistfulness, Fern never spoke of it; a sort of golden haze pervaded it. Sometimes those eyes were eloquent, and seemed appealing to her; a strange meaning pervaded the silence; in that poor room blossomed all sorts of sweet fancies and wonderful dreams as Fern's needle flew through the stuff.

As Fluff rubbed her rough head confidingly against her shoulder, Fern gave a musical little laugh that was delicious to hear. "You absurd child," she said, in an amused tone, "I really must tell Mr. Erle not to take you again to the Zoological Gardens; you talk of nothing but bears and jaguars. So you want a story, you are positively insatiable, Fluff; how am I to think of one with my wits all wool-gathering and gone a-wandering like Bopeep's sheep? It must be an old one. Which is it to be? 'The Choclate House,' or 'Princess Dove and the Palace of the Hundred Boys.'"

"Humph," returned Fluff, musingly; "well, I hardly know. The Chocolate House' is very nice, with its pathway paved with white and pink sugar plums, and its barley-sugar chairs; and don't you remember that when Hans was hungry he broke a little brown bit off the roof; but after all, I think I like 'Princess Dove and the Palace of the Hundred Boys' best. Let us go on where you left off."

"Where we left off?" repeated Fern in her clear voice. "Yes, I recollect. Well, when Prince Happy-Thought—"

"Merrydew," corrected the child.

"Ah—true—well, when it came to Prince Merrydew's turn to throw the golden ball, it went right over the moon and came down the other side, so Princess Dove proclaimed him victor, and gave him the sapphire crown; and the hundred boys—and—where was I, Fluff?"

"In the emerald meadow, where the ruby flowers grew," returned Fluff. "Go on, Fern."

"So Princess Dove put on the crown, and it was so heavy that poor Prince Merrydew's head began to ache, and the wicket old fairy Do-nothing, who was looking on, hobbled on her golden crutches to the turquoise pavilion, and—hush! I hear footsteps. Jump off my lap, Fluffy, dear, and let me light the candles." And she had scarcely done so before there was a quick tap at the door, and the next moment two young men entered the room.

Fluff ran to them at once with a pleased exclamation.

"Why, it is Percy and Mr. Erle; oh dear, how glad I am."

"How do you do, Toddlekins," observed her brother, stooping to kiss the child's cheek, and patting her kindly on the head; "how are you, you dark-eyed witch," but as he spoke, his eyes glanced anxiously round the room.

"We never expected to see you to-night, Percy, dear," observed Fern, as she greeted him affectionately, and then gave her hand with a slight blush to the young man who was following him. "Mother will be so sorry to miss you; she was obliged to go out again. One of the girls at Miss Martingale's is ill, and Miss Theresa seems fidgety about her, so mother said she would sit with the invalid for an hour or two."

"I suppose Miss Davenport is out too"—walking to the fireplace to warm his hands.

"Yes, dear; there is a children's party at the Nortons'; it is little Nora's birthday, and nothing would satisfy the child until Crystal promised to go and play with them. It is only an early affair, and she will be back soon, so Fluff and I are waiting tea for her."

"You look very snug here, Miss Trafford," observed the other young man, whom Fluff had called Mr. Erle. By tacit consent his other name was never uttered in that house; it would have been too painful for Mrs. Trafford to hear him addressed as Mr. Huntingdon.

The young men were complete contrasts to each other. Percy Trafford was tall and slight, he had his mother's fine profile and regular features, and was a singularly handsome young man; his face would have been almost perfect, except for the weak, irresolute mouth, hardly hidden by the dark moustache and a somewhat heavily moulded chin that expressed sullenness and perhaps ill-governed passions.

The bright-faced boy, Nea's first-born and darling, had sadly deteriorated during the years that he had lived under his grandfather's roof. His selfishness had taken deeper root; he had become idle and self-indulgent; his one thought was how to amuse himself best. In his heart he had no love for the old man, who had given him the shelter of his roof, and loaded him with kindness; but all the same he was secretly jealous of his cousin Erle, who, as he told himself bitterly, had supplanted him.

Percy's conscience reproached him at times for his desertion of his widowed mother. He knew that it was a shabby thing for him to be living in luxury, while she worked for her daily bread; but after all, he thought it was more her fault than his. She would have none of his gifts; she would not bend her proud spirit to seek a reconciliation with her father, though Percy felt sure that the old man had long ago repented his harshness; and yet, when he had hinted this to his mother, she had absolutely refused to listen to him.

"It is too late, Percy. I have no father now," she had returned in her firm sad voice, and her face had looked marble as she spoke.

Percy was rather in awe of his grandfather. Mr. Huntingdon had grown harder and more tryannical as the years passed on. Neither of the young men ventured to oppose his iron will. He was fond of his grandson, proud of his good looks and aristocratic air, and not disposed to quarrel with him because he was a little wild. "Young men would be young men," was a favorite saying of his; he had used it before in the case of Lord Ronald Gower.

But his nephew Erle was really dearer to the old man's heart. But then every one liked Erle Huntingdon, he was so sweet-tempered and full of life, so honest and frank, and so thoroughly unselfish.

He was somewhat short, at least beside Percy, and his pleasant boyish face had no claims to good looks. He had the ruddy youthful air of a young David, and there was something of an innocence of the sheep-fold about him.

All women liked Erle Huntingdon. He was so gentle and chivalrous in his manner to them; he never seemed to think of himself when he was talking to them; and his *bonhomie* and gay good humor made him a charming companion.

Erle never understood himself how caressing his manners could be at times. He liked all women, old and young, but only one had really touched his heart. It was strange, then, that more than one hoped that she had found favor in his eyes. Erle's sunshiny nature made him a universal favorite, but it may be doubted whether any of his friends really read him correctly. Now and then an older man told him he wanted ballast, and warned him not to carry that easy good nature too far or it might lead him into mischief; but the spoilt child of fortune only shook his head with a laugh.

But in reality Erle Huntingdon's character wanted blackbone; his will, not a strong one, was likely to be dominated by a stronger. With all his pleasantness and natural good qualities he was vacillating and weak; if any pressure or difficulty should come into his life, it would be likely for him to be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

At present his life had been smooth and uneventful; he had yet to taste the hollowness of human happiness, to learn that the highest sort of life is not merely to be cradled in luxury and to fare sumptuously every day. The purple and fine linen are good enough in their way, and the myrrh and the aloes and the cassia, but what does the wise man say—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment . . . for childhood and youth are vanity."

Erle knew that a new interest had lately come into his life; that a certain shabby room, that was yet more home-like to him than any room in Balgrave House, was always before his eyes: that a girl in a brown dress, with sweet wistful eyes, was never absent from his memory.

Neither Fern nor he owned the truth to themselves; they were ignorant as yet that they were commencing the first chapter of their life-idyll. Fern had a vague sense that the room was brighter when Erle was there looking at her with those kindly glances. She never owned to herself that he was her prince, and that she had found favor in his eyes. She was far too humble for that; but she knew the days were somehow glorified and transfigured when she had seen him, and Erle knew that no face was so lovely to him as this girl's face, no voice half so sweet in his ears, and yet people were beginning to connect his name with Miss Selby, Lady Maltravers' beautiful niece.

He was thinking of Miss Selby now as he looked across at Fern. She had taken up her work again, and Percy had thrown himself into the rocking-chair beside her with a discontented expression on his face. He was telling himself that Miss Selby was handsome, of course strikingly handsome; but somehow she lacked this girl's sweet graciousness. Just then Fern raised her eyes, and a quick sensitive color came into her face as she encountered his fixed glance.

"Ah, do you know, Miss Trafford," he said quickly, to put her at her ease, "I have promised to spend Christmas with my cousin, Sir Hugh Redmond. I am rather anxious to see his wife. Report says she is rather a pretty girl."

"I did not know Sir Hugh Redmond was your cousin," returned Fern, without raising her eyes from her work.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S PERFIDY.

A Husband Murdered by the Destroyer of the Peace of His Family.

A Detroit despatch says: Peter W. Bursha, a well-known locomotive engineer on the Michigan Central Railway, occupied with his wife and two children until last evening, a pretty home on Indian avenue. Bursha was a hearty, well-to-do man, and seemed altogether wrapped up in his family. He frequently spent hours playing with his children, a little boy aged 7 years and a little girl about 5, and the happiness and sociability of the Burshas was commented upon in the neighborhood. About a year ago they took to board with them Richard L. Landon, 20 years of age. He is the son of a commercial traveller named Landon, who committed suicide in this city a few months ago, who came from Toronto about a year previous, and being unable to find employment, in a fit of despondency ended his life. The young man was a friend of the family. His business was pedling teas and coffees. There was nothing particularly attractive about him, and it never entered Bursha's mind he would be a cause of trouble in his household. Landon had lived there about six months when the husband coming home one evening entirely unexpected awoke to the realization that a place in the affections of his wife was occupied by Landon when he was away from home. Matters went from bad to worse, until Bursha applied for a divorce. His wife, however, influenced him to withdraw the bill. Landon was dismissed from the house and the husband and wife appeared to live happy again. Landon left the house in January and rented a small cottage about two blocks further up Indian avenue, where he has since lived alone. Though Landon was forbidden to enter the house, subsequent developments show his communication with Mrs. Bursha, though irregular, steadily continued. Bursha returned from a trip at noon yesterday. After dinner he left to collect the rent for a house he owned on Michigan avenue. On returning home about 6 o'clock he met Landon on the common. The men met first near the sidewalk at Vinewood avenue, and had some words. They were evidently quarrelling. Persons were frequently crossing the common, but at this time no one noticed them except an old lady. She was returning from the direction of Michigan avenue, and was quite near the quarrelling men. They did not appear to notice her. Finally Bursha raised his finger warningly and shook it in Landon's face, and the men then parted. Bursha turned and walked toward home. Landon started in the opposite direction, then stopped, hesitated a moment, then ran back towards Bursha. The engineer heard his steps and turned around. Almost simultaneously with his turning about Landon pulled a revolver from his pocket, and taking deliberate aim at Bursha, who was hardly three feet away, fired. The engineer threw up both hands and fell heavily to the ground. Landon looked on him a moment, coolly turned from his prostrate victim and walked away. In three minutes Bursha was dead. Landon was subsequently arrested and locked up. He takes the matter coolly, claims Bursha has threatened him and that he was justified in shooting.

Died from a Sudden Shock.

A car horse was lying dead on a track in Seventh avenue on Monday surrounded by a crowd of men and boys.

"What did he die of?" asked one of the men of a passenger on the horseless car.

"Why you see, he got balky, and the driver, instead of poking the car hook through his ribs, got off the car and spoke kindly to the horse, and the shock proved too great."—*New York Evening Sun.*

A Use For It.

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right?

Farmer's Son—Yes, father.

P. F.—Ye know I told you to study up on chemistry and things so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat medder there, for instance?

F. S.—Cracky, what a place for a base-ball game!

Fires Love's Flame Won't Kindle.

"I love you," he protested, "better than my life. I would die for you if necessary."

"O, nonsense!" replied the practical girl. "Swear to me that you'll get up and make the fires and I'll consider your proposition."—*Judge.*

A Novel Idea for Some Husbands.

An article is printed on "How to Treat Your Wife." One good way would be to treat her as well as you did before you married her, but few married men do that.—*Somerville Journal.*

They Seldom Do.

Judge—The prisoner is discharged.

Prisoner—Well, begorra, I didn't know Oi was loaded!—*Burlington Free Press.*

The women's Jubilee offering to the Queen somewhat puzzled Burmese ladies who were asked to join in the royal gift. "Why should their sovereign want money," they inquired, "especially so soon after the annexation of Burmah?" "Has she no rice?" and "Can it be that she has no tobacco?" were frequent queries. For, as all Burmese ladies smoke several cheroots daily, they became deeply sympathetic at the idea that their Queen should be without the solace of tobacco amid her State cares.

In this poetic style a California land agency offers job lots of scenery and climate: On this Wednesday afternoon, at 1 o'clock, at Louis' Hall, on Fifth street, we will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder, the Pacific Ocean, draped with a western sky of scarlet and gold; we will sell a bay filled with white-winged ships; we will sell a southern horizon rimmed with a choice collection of purple mountains carved in castles and turrets and domes; we will sell a frostless, breezing, warm, yet unlanguid air, braided in and in with sunshine, and odored with the breath of flowers.

Money, medals and testimonials are pouring in on Arthur Robinson, the rescuer of nine of the Mystery's drowning passengers in Jamaica Bay. The colored hero bears his honors modestly.

The imports of Canadian lumber at the port of Buffalo from January to July amounted to 4,831,330 feet.

SHE STARVED TO DEATH.

The Miserable End of a Miserly Old Maid in Hawkesbury.

Miss Maxwell, daughter of Mr. Maxwell, who taught school in Montreal many years ago, died at Hawkesbury, Ont., last week from sheer want of proper food. She had a good bank account and ample means in the house to make her comfortable, but preferred to starve. The father removed to Hawkesbury many years ago, and opened a school assisted by his daughter, this being continued up to the time of his death. Miss Maxwell has been living alone for several years, carrying on a little business in periodicals, books, newspapers and music.

Miss Maxwell was known to be eccentric and no one was ever seen in the portion used as a dwelling. Last Friday she was missed, and a neighbor ventured in—to find her lying in misery and poverty. The lady brought her something nourishing, but the doctor pronounced her to be dying from want of proper nourishment. A stove was found in the house, but without any pipes, and it is surmised she passed the winter in the same way. A large quantity of wooden blocks were sent her, thinking she was in want, but these are said to be still piled up in the shed. She lingered on until Saturday, and search was made for some clue to her funds—when, much to their surprise, over $100 in cash was found in the leaves of an old book, and various small sums were found in other parts, together with a bank account of over $2,000. The Board of Health had her buried on Monday, and owing to the unsanitary state of the premises with dirt, it was found necessary to board up the house and have it fumigated. Facts have come to light since showing that she must have lived entirely on bread and water for some time. The address of a young man in Philadelphia was found in a letter, and he was telegraphed for, but he replied that there was a nearer relative in Algoma. An inventory was taken of the various sums, which are held by a person appointed by the Board until such time as the heirs are known.—*Witness.*

She Doted on Bagpipe Music.

It was said of Lady Randolph Churchill that she came to England with the firm intent and purpose of Americanizing the British Empire. The same cannot be said of Mrs. Carnegie, who, though a New Yorker born and bred, has taken to the institutions of Caledonia, "stern and wild," with wonderful readiness. Most of her costumes are of tweed, and bonnie brown heather and broom are her favorite flowers. A few days ago, in an unguarded moment, Mr. Carnegie remarked in public that his wife doted on bagpipe music, and that she had said that the only thing wanting to make her home at Kilgraston a perfect paradise was the presence of a bagpiper. The next morning the glen of Kilgraston was awakened at an early hour by the wail of the pibroch, the weird croon of the coronach and a thunderous notification that the Campbells were coming. By breakfast time there were 104 pipers playing away at Mr. Carnegie's piazza. At last, in desperation, Mr. Carnegie chose one of the McPhersons to be his bagpiper in ordinary, which very much incensed the other Highland musicians, who marched off snorting their dissatisfaction.—*Cor. of N. Y. World.*

Cure for Ivy Poison.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* writes: "I suffered from having been poisoned by ivy twelve years ago. I was completely covered with it, and I tried all of the old and new cures for it without any good resulting from them, until one day a druggist's clerk gave me ten cents' worth of sulphite of soda, dissolved in one pint of water, and told me to bathe with it freely. It acted like magic; it allayed the itching and was very soothing, and I was well in a week. I have told a great many people of it, and those who used it have been invariably cured. I keep a bottle of it constantly mixed, and when I have been among the ivy, which I often am, I always bathe with it, and I am not bothered with poison after using it once or twice. It is not poison, like sugar of lead and some of the other remedies that cannot be kept in the way of children."

His Business Qualifications.

Father—Well, what can you say for the young man? Daughter—He's young and handsome, and has good business qualifications. Father—How do you know anything about his business qualifications? Daughter—Why, he has figured out for me time and again how nicely we could get along if you would make us a present of $50,000.

A Libel on the Sex.

Wife—Can you tell me, my dear, why a widower is like a young baby?

Husband—Er—er—because—because—.

Wife—The first six months he cries a great deal, the second six months he begins to take notice, and he always experiences great difficulty in getting through his second year alone.

Liked the Cockade.

Barber—"Bay rum?" Granger (whose shave has been supplemented by an application of the powder puff-ball)—"No, I'm temp'rance; but, friend, you'd jest 's lieve pass that air cockade over my face agin you'd obleege me."—*Tid Bits.*

Butter More Approachable.

Butter is being made in such quantities here that the price for the best samples has fallen from 50 to 30 cents a pound.—*Saskatchewan Herald.*

That Man Baird.

They are nursing the man who has no more right to sit in Parliament than a tramp off the highway. And they ask honest men to endorse this.—*Montreal Herald.*

A Lost Secret.

Her mother and his mother-in-law—He's a brute, my dear, and don't cry. I gave you to him because he said he knew the secret of making you happy. Daughter—Well, he's kept his secret admirably.

On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee a baronetcy was offered to Mr. T. C. Lister, a rich silk manufacturer of Bradford, who also happens to be High Sheriff of Yorkshire, but he declined the honor.

In New York, Philadelphia and some other cities the roof in the tenement-house district is a general resort in hot nights. Sometimes whole families camp out.

DOGS IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

How they are Drilled to Act as Messengers for Sentinels.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes from Berlin: "Among the thousand and one inventions, appliances and wonderful uses of men and beasts which German genius has devised to defeat France in case of General Boulanger's successor becoming unpleasant, the dog plays a significant role, employed as he is as messenger and sentinel. Experiments have been made for nearly a year now, and have proved highly satisfactory. The dog manœuvre of the Hunter Battalion was decidedly the most interesting of the recent campaign. Several regiments have been furnished with the German shepherd dogs, known for their wisdom the world over. Each one is attached, so to speak, to the person of a soldier, in whom the dog soon recognizes his master, and who conducts his training. While doing duty, the dog is kept with the sentinel, and easily learns the requirements of his post. A few of the experiments performed before Colonel Vonder Goltz Pasha, who represented the Sultan at the 90th birthday of the Emperor, and has since remained to witness the reviews, were surprising. A soldier taking the animal from the sentinel marched off on a reconnoitering expedition. After writing his observations and placing them in a casket about the neck of the brute, the latter was told to return to his master, which he did in an astonishingly short time. One dog employed in this service arrived at his post ten minutes before a mounted Uhlan charged with the same instructions, though the latter rode at desperate speed. But even more than this was accomplished. With a message tied about the neck, as in the former case, the dog was told to seek a distant sentinel and bring a return answer. This he did with great speed, carrying his message directly to his master without fail.

"It is little wonder that Pasha Goltz was surprised at the success of the experiments given in his honor. And they are truly wonderful for the present, though sidding fair to become a commonplace inbtitution in that great machine, the German Army. The consequences and possibilities of the shepherd-dog service are apparent to all who know anything of military science, and make their citation superfluous. One thing is certain, that a future war between Germany and any of its neighbors will not be conducted without its dog regiment, which, though not employed in concerted action, will perform service more valuable than the cats of ancient Egypt."

A Startling Prediction.

Two hundred years ago in China there was just such a craze about natural gas as we have in this country to-day. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and vigor as the celestials were capable of, but owing to a gas explosion that killed several millions of people and tore up and destroyed a large district of country, leaving a large inland sea, known on the maps as Lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to the Chinese history, that many large and heavy pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near to each other. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well with its unusual pressure, by induction or back draught, pulled down into the earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful explosion of a large district, destroying the inhabitants thereof. Lake Foo Chang rests on this district. The same catastrophe is imminent in this country unless the laws restrict further developments in boring so many wells. Should a similar explosion occur there will be such an upheaval as will dwarf the most terrible earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of 1,200 to 1,500 feet and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and blotting them out forever.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

A Trained Left Hand.

Many are the advantages missed by the non-cultivation of the left hand. Occasionally an artisan is seen who is equally able to handle tools with either hand. Such a one has constant advantage over his fellows, not only in the avoidance of fatigue, but in doing nice work and overcoming with ease difficulties that present themselves to those skilled only with one hand. The man who can use a hammer or knife or perform any other feat with the left hand at the same time that the right is busy will find frequent occasion to exercise his skill. Another and important reason for training the left hand to act with as great ease and precision as possible is that if injury occurs to the right hand the left can exercise readily all the functions possible to one hand unaided. By training the left hand in youth one would be spared, in such a case, from spending much valuable time in educating muscles hardened by age and unaccustomed to obey the mandates of the will.

A Faithful Dog.

A faithful little dog saved a young boy called Maher, living in Douglasfield, N.B., the other day, from being gored to death by an infuriated cow. The boy was pretty badly hurt as it was.

A Plea for Vacation.

Ah! how the editor of a daily newspaper would like to be a beloved pastor or a faithful school teacher during this torrid summer.—*Dayton Journal.*

The Proper Thatch.

Experience and hot weather have at length convinced the bald-headed man that a cabbage-leaf is less irritating than a brick in the hat.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

The Fateful Hammock

Now is the time of year when love's young dream gets jolted all out of shape because the hammock lets go.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Jacob Seligman, of Michigan, is a millionaire and director of nine banks and four railroads. He is less than five feet and went to Michigan twenty-five years ago with less than $100 in his pocket.

BENEFITS FROM FAIRS.

How Exhibitions Have Helped the Ontario Farmer.

The fifth annual convention of the International Association of Fairs and Expositions was commenced in Toronto on Wednesday. Between 30 and 40 delegates are in attendance.

Mr. Thomas Shaw, of Hamilton, editor of the *Live Stock Journal*, read a paper on "The Influence of Fairs on the Improvement of Live Stock." He rapidly reviewed the history of exhibitions and the great progress made in stock through them, and laid down the proposition that exhibitions have had a wonderful effect in the improvement of live stock, finding irrefutable demonstration in the facts: (1) Nearly all the substantial progress made in the improvement of live stock in lands where exhibitions prevail has been made since their introduction. (2) That in countries without live stock exhibitions no substantial progress has been made in their improvement. (3) That the progress has been most marked in those countries which have given the most prominence to live stock at their exhibitions. In support of these propositions these interesting facts were mentioned: The average weight of a dressed bullock at 5 years, in the London market in 1719, is given at 370 lbs., an average which is attained by many of our modern breeds sold in the shambles at little more than one year, and there is reason to believe that this advance is equalled in other live stock lines. A letter to Lord Sumerville by Mr. Pitt, of Penderford, in 1799, in respect to Shropshire sheep, said: "It requires eight fleeces and a half to the stone of fourteen pounds," and the weight per quarter of the wether is given at from twelve to eighteen pounds, a weight that is attained by well-fed lambs of this breed now at 9 months, while the average unwashed fleece of good Shropshire sheep is ten pounds. The first Provincial Exhibition in this Province was held in Toronto forty-two years ago. Then there were not a score of men who were possessors of improved cattle. Now there are 443 members in the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association, most of whom are in the Province of Ontario, while there are as many Shorthorn breeders who are not members, making about 800 Shorthorn breeders in Ontario. The first Shorthorn cow on record in Ontario was imported in 1832. The progress is largely due to the exhibitions, of which there are over 500 in this Province. He continued: "Our own Province has given much attention to the live stock departments of our exhibitions, and what are the results? Why, in one of our counties, Ontario, more than 200 pure-bred Clydes are to be found at the present moment, some of them of the first order. In another of them, Brant, from 200 to 300 pure-bred Shorthorns are to be found in one herd; and in another of them, Wentworth, is kept the most famous herd of Jerseys in the world, while we have many breeds of cattle, swine and sheep and other classes of live stock of so high an order that they form a standing temptation to hundreds of our American cousins to come and pay us an annual visit. We are glad to see them come, and hope the day is not far distant when they may come whenever they please and get from us whatever they may choose without having to consult any one along their border. (Applause.) Twenty years ago we had next to no cattle fit for shipping; now we export 600,000 annually to Great Britain and 40,000 annually to our brethren south of Lake Ontario in the face of a restrictive duty of 20 per cent."

A Fight Under Water.

A diver named Quintree, says the London *Daily Telegraph*, had a remarkable fight with a formidable fish called the boultous or bondro, a kind of shark which infests the Breton coast, at Douarnenez, the other day. According to all accounts Quintree had a narrow escape, and his own report of his terrible submarine encounter reads like a stanza from Schiller's famous poem, or a page from one of Jules Verne's romances. The diver, an old salt, was employed by the Government, and in pursuit of his daily labor duly descended in a diving apparatus off the Douarnenez Pier for the purpose of laying the foundation of an addition to that structure. While he was at the bottom of the sea the men who were working the air pump in the pontoon boat above were suddenly frightened by feeling the alarm signal. They instantly pulled up and brought a large boultous, nearly eight feet long, to the surface. The marine monster's head formed three-quarters of his length and his under jaws were of immense size. Shortly afterward Quintree came up, his hand on the air pipe of his helmet and his diving apparatus somewhat damaged. It appears that when he went down to his work he had scarcely got to the last rung of the ladder when he saw the sea monster lying between two huge lumps of rock. He had in his hand only his stone chisel and a hammer, and he intended to go up for a crowbar at once, but the fish was too fast for him. It came toward him through the green water with its enormous jaws wide open. Without losing a moment Quintree managed to wound the animal in the throat with his chisel, and then held it down on a stone while he drew his knife and made a hole in its body, through which he passed a rope and thus sent the fish to the surface. Had it not been for his quickness and dexterity the diver, owing to the rents which the fish would make in his apparatus, would have been drowned and then devoured. As it happened, it was the boultous that was not only defeated but eaten, for its body was divided among the victor and his comrades, who made a capital *bouillabaisse* of its prime parts.

Death from a Bee-sting.

A Hartford, Conn., despatch says: Sarah McFarland, aged 19, daughter of the overseer of the Rockville woollen mills, of Rockville, was stung on the lip by a bumble-bee on Sunday. The poison entered the girl's system and the body swelled to an enormous size. Last night she died in awful agony.

A Stony Glare.

"Pa," inquired Bobby, who was reading the paper, "what is 'a stony glare'?"

"It is the expression which comes over a man's face at church," explained the old gentleman, "when the contribution box is held before him and he has neglected to provide himself with 10 cents in change."

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT HOME.

The Charming Songbird's Bridal Bower in the Fashionable District of London.

(Olive Logan in the New York Mail and Express.)

The home of Christine Nilsson in Kensington court is one of the most luxurious bonbonieres in London. It may really be looked upon as her bridal bower, for previously she occupied a house in Belgravia which, though very fine and expensive, was not half so charming as the beautiful nest in which the nightingale now reposes. I made one of the diva's company at her last reception and passed an hour or two of that unalloyed enjoyment which it is occasionally given us mortals to experience. The world-renowned songstress received me with engaging and hospitable warmth at the door of her drawing-room, an apartment crowded with artistic furniture, richly carved and gilded, embroidered draperies and an almost indescribable quantity of rare *bibelots*. A gilded cabinet bearing her monogram is quite filled with exquisite ancient fans, several of which are historic, having belonged to queens and princesses; a Chickering concert grand piano is partially covered with an unusually fine China crape shawl embroidered in colors, trimmed with a multi-colored fringe and looped up here and there with rare old silver clasps. Sculptured ivories, burnished enamels, an ancient ormolu clock with its face set round with costly crystals, which sparkle almost like diamonds, a marble bust of the diva standing on a buhl table under the graceful foliage of a palm, and at least a score of photographs of crowned heads, whose sovereign fingers have offered these tributes, with their autographs, to Christine Nilsson, are a few of the many interesting objects upon which the charmed eye of the visitor falls. The lovely Queen Mercedes of Spain, the Empresses of Russia and Austria, the Queens of Greece, Sweden and Norway, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh and many other great ladies have given their photos with autographs and phrases of admiration to the celebrated singer. Right well and happy does the celebrated songtress look to-day in her dark blue gown of satin-faced surah made without train, high neck and with the elbow sleeves which show to such advantage the white shapely arms. A touch of pink ribbon and a voluminous cascade of fine old point lace form an admirable background for the wonderful parure of sapphires and diamonds with which her ears, neck, fingers and arms are adorned. She looks handsomer now than she did a score of years ago when Cavanel painted that exquisite full length of her as *Ophelia* which hangs yonder.

"I was young and poor then," she says, stroking her now plump cheeks, and by the use of the word "poor" in the sense of "thin" showing how great an influence her American connection has had in forming her English speech, for in England "poor" and "lean" are not considered identical in meaning. With a hearty admiration that has truth ringing in every syllable, Christine speaks of her fondness for America, and her gratification in the knowledge that she belongs to the Scandinavian race, a people, who, more perhaps than any other, assimilate well with our native-born population; and one can quite easily believe that if she were but one of the many Swedish women who inhabit America, instead of being one of the greatest prima donnas who ever lived, she would like, even almost as much as now she does, the free air and the socially noble institution of the United States.

The fair Christine is now the Countess Casa de Miranda, and I was interested in the personality of her happy spouse. The Count is a slender man of middle age, of about Nilsson's own height, with dark complexion, and eyes which require a rimless glass stuck in one of them only. Immeasurably proud, and naturally so, the good gentleman seems to be of his renowned and fascinating wife; and the pleasant little daughter, who has brought them together, flits from one parent to the other, as joyous as a bird in the sunshine. She is quite Spanish in her coloring, and though she has fine black eyes would scarcely be called a beauty. With the joy of happy motherhood and wifehood gleaming brightly from her sapphire eyes, Nilsson herself is a beauty; and her voice is the angel's prayer it ever was. Am I not to be envied? I who write to you, sitting on a golden divan, by Nilsson's side as she sings Schubert's Serenade, Nettie Carpenter accompanying her on the violin and Gans at the piano! I will hear no lesser vocalizing after that exquisite dream of melody, and so departs down the Gobelin-tapestried oak staircase, past the dining-room in claret velvet, the dining-room in Spanish leather, the quaint hall with stained glass windows, in which stand three men servants in livery, and then out into the prosaic world of spoken speech, the Queen's highways of Piccadilly, Bond street and the Strand.

False Economy.

To do part of to-morrow's work to-day.

Living cheaply so that you can dress well.

Going to law about anything that you can compromise.

To employ a botch because he doesn't charge much.

Sitting in the twilight doing nothing in order to save oil.

Buying things you don't want just because they are cheap.

Marrying your daughter to an adventurer so as to have her off your hands.

To take your money out of the bank and invest it in a wild-cat scheme.

Taking your boy from school and allowing him to grow up in ignorance for the sake of two dollars a week he can earn.

A Social Event.

Chicago Lady (to caller)—Did you know that Mrs. S. has obtained her divorce?

Caller—O yes; we received cards yesterday.

"The best art patrons in Kansas City," the veracious Chicago *News* credits a Kansas City artist with saying, "pay so much a foot for pictures. A good picture—one with plenty of red in it and desirably located—will bring $20 per front foot; the average price is $12 per front foot. Our pictures are divided into two classes—improved and unimproved; the one framed and the other unframed. When a gentleman fancies a picture we let him cut off a sample of it (just as they do dress goods) to take home with him to see if his wife likes the pattern."

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Get your Flour, Biscuits and Apples at KEEFER'S.

A party of Gypsies struck our town on Monday last.

Mr. Thos. Manders, of this place, got his hand badly cut one day last week.

Our Baptist friends have purchased eighteen feet more of land adjoining their Church.

Mr. Robt. Trimble has purchased from Mr. W. K. Flesher, two lots on Beechel street.

Asthma cured by the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure, is a common remark.

A total eclipse of the sun—visible only in Europe and Asia—takes place on Saturday next.

A Hanover hen laid four eggs in one day recently, and then wound up the remarkable feat by dying on the nest. So says the *Post*.

TENDERS WANTED.—For building a fence around a lot on Sydenham street, Flesherton. Full particulars on application at the ADVANCE Office.

Mr. Wm. W. Strain has returned to Flesherton. It seemed quite natural to see him occupying his old seat in the Methodist church last Sunday. He looks as hearty as ever.

Mr. John Scott, son of Robert Scott, Esq., Hopeville, had a narrow escape from being seriously if not fatally injured on Monday of last week. He was at work with a mowing machine when the horses took fright and ran away. Mr. Scott was thrown on the ground in front of the machine which passed over his body. His clothes were torn into shreds and he was so badly bruised that he was unable to resume work for several days.—*Dundalk Herald.*

While working on a scaffold at Woodland's building on Tuesday last, Mr. Jas. Laidlaw met with what might have been a very serious accident. It appears the scaffold gave way and precipitated Mr. Laidlaw among a lot of stones some of which fell on him, bruising and scratching him in many places and also spraining his ancle. We are pleased to learn that he will be around again in a day or two.—*Grey Review.*

Flesherton and the Station Junior Baseball teams tried conclusions on the grounds of the latter last Friday afternoon. The game was very keenly contested throughout. The boys on both sides manifested a most kindly and manly spirit towards each other, and respected the decisions of the umpire like little men—a little better, in fact. The teams were well matched and played an honest game of ball throughout. At the end of the game the scores stood—Flesherton 29 runs, and the Station 28 runs. It is just possible the scoring may be reversed when the next game is played. A. R. Fawcett, of THE ADVANCE, umpired. At the conclusion of the game, the usual cheers were given, when the Station boys invited the Flesherton team to an excellent supper at the Temperance House, which was accepted and ample justice done thereto.

Some months ago the Editor of THE ADVANCE and his wife had their first-born daughter christened. "How to name the baby" was a question easily solved, as a very pretty name suggested itself, after reading Rev. E. P. Roe's charming Highland story, "Near to Nature's Heart," in which is to be found one of the most beautiful characters in the domain of pure and elevating fiction, viz., "Vera." Accordingly the child was christened "Vera" by the Rev. W. Ayers, late pastor of the Methodist church here. Shortly afterwards it occurred to the Editor to write to the Rev. Mr. Roe, acquainting him of the fact, which was done. The letter was sent to the great author's address, but he being away from home, it (the letter) travelled across the continent to California, where it was safely delivered. Mr. Roe very graciously wrote the Editor an elegantly worded letter, which it is needless to add is prized very highly by the parents of the child.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Died.

STEWART.—At the Ross House, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, Aug. 2, Daniel Stewart, son of Mr. Alexander Stewart, Artemesia, aged 23 years, 11 months, and 17 days.

["Dan," as he was familiarly called, was well-known in this neighborhood as a most genial, whole-souled young man. He was very popular. Wherever he went he scattered the sunshine of a generous and kindly nature. His early death has fallen like a deep shadow on the entire community. He has gone into the presence of the Great King, who is as merciful as he is just. The body was brought to the home of the grief-stricken family on Tuesday evening, amid tears and universal sorrow and sympathy. On Wednesday afternoon the remains were followed to their last resting place in the Flesherton cemetery by a large concourse of friends and neighbors, and lead by our band, which played several sweet and mournful airs. The last sad rites were conducted by the Foresters, of Owen Sound, of whom deceased had been a member. "Earth to earth, and ashes to ashes." And so we all pass away to that bourne "from whence no traveller e'er returns."—ED. ADVANCE.]

MURDOCK.—Died while on a visit, at her son's residence, Bournemouth, England, Margaret Meldrum, wife of Wm. Murdock, Kent Road, Glasgow, Scotland.

[Deceased was sister to H. Meldrum, Esq., Eugenia. This is the first death in the family in fifty-three years.—ED.]

Our Township Fathers.

Artemesia Council met in the Town Hall here, on Monday, Aug. 8th, 1887.

Present: Messrs. Christoe, McArthur, Boland, Sharp and Cairns. Reeve in the chair.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Rev. Mr. Watson waited upon Council regarding shed on Beechell street in this village.

Mr. G. Best waited upon Council re drain on 170 Side Road.

McArthur, Sharp.—That the following accounts be paid:—W. Davidson, 150 loads of gravel at 6c., $7.95. Wm. Devin, 118 loads of gravel at 5c., $5.90; A. R. Fawcett, Printing and advertising, $57.75,—Carried.

By-Laws No's 411, to appoint Collectors; 412, to levy County rates; 414, to levy Police Village rates, Markdale, introduced and read a first, second and third time and passed.

Mr. W. K. Flesher waited upon the Council regarding the taxation of his flour mill.

Mr. Brown waited upon Council re Mrs. McQueen, Indigent.

Boland, McArthur.—That this Council recommend the payment of Markdale Police Trustee Rate amounting to $65.25—Carried.

Cairns, Sharp.—That Mr. Smith be paid for work done on ditch and road when completed.—Carried.

Sharp, Cairns.—That Wm. Hogg be appointed an arbitrator for the Municipality of Artemesia, in the matter of the Valley Road disputes.—Carried.

Sharp, Cairns.—That Samuel Fisher be paid 75 cents for extra work done on the Miller bridge.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

THE ADVANCE will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for $1 per year; and to England, Ireland, or Scotland for $1.50

THE ADVANCE unquestionably has no superior as a live Local and Family newspaper in Simcoe, Grey, or Bruce.

The Critics.

"This is not poetry" says one,
"Too light the words—too old the jest;
There should be deeper flow of thought
That points to wisdom in the breast!"
And then this critic folds his arms,
Thumbs his gold watch-chain o'er and o'er...
Thinks not on his own withered heart,
But spurns the beggar from the door.

"THIS poetry?" another asks,
"This solemn melancholy strain?
Oh no! Give me a brighter theme
With not the shadow of a pain.
Let it be full of earth's own mirth,
But free from every passing strife;
Let every line bespeak a light
That circles round the writer's life."

"I like a mixture," adds a third,
"The serio-comic I prefer,
Where one may either laugh or weep—
Where grief or jest the soul may stir.
This long-faced melancholy strain
Has no especial charm for me;
And yet I'd have it not ALL gay—
I like—ahem! a mixture...See?

Next speaks a learned MEDICIN
"These flights of fancy are not right!
Such passion should be dormant made,"
Saith this phlegmatic erudite.
"Dost think that verse is made by rule,
O most dispassionate critique?
That one can mould sublimest thought
In the cold grooves that YOU would seek?"

. . . . . .

Alas! what can a poet do
Before such critics watchful eyes?
How shall he learn to write for ALL
The poetry that satisfies?
Well, I'd ignore remarks, and lay
Their criticisms on the shelf.
And then, inspired by my own muse,
Just learn to write, and please—myself!

—*Edith B. VanDusen.*

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 20, Con. 4, Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and white cow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

ANTHONY KENNY.

Artemesia, July 30th, 1887.

VOTERS' LIST, 1887.

Municipality of the Township of Osprey, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "THE VOTERS' LIST ACT," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Lot 20, Con. 4, Osprey, on the 6th day of August, 1887, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WILLIAM MILNE.
Clerk of the said Municipality.

Dated this 6th day of August, A.D., 1887.

VOTERS' LIST, 1887.

Municipality of the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "THE VOTERS' LIST ACT" the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Flesherton, on the 6th day of August, 1887, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein to have immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

W. J. BELLAMY.
Clerk of the said Municipality.

Dated this 6th day of August, A.D., 1887.

J. BRANDER

PRICEVILLE,

While returning thanks to his patrons and the public for their valuable support in the past, begs to announce that he is prepared to supply their various needs.

We make it our business to keep a supply of Goods suitable for the needs of our customers, and as

We Buy in Large Quantities Direct from the Manufacturers,

FOR CASH, we are in a position to

Give Extra Value

in every department. Every one should see the immense value we have in FALL GOODS just arriving.

Very Respectfully,
JAS. BRANDER.

Priceville, July 20, 1887.

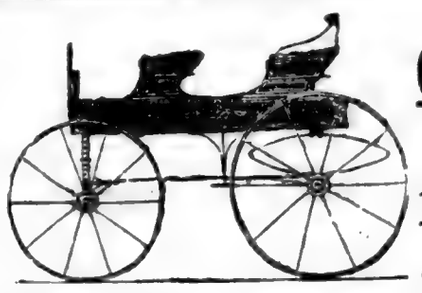

MAXWELL CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, Flesherton.

CHEAP AND DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON. MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

304-330.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

WM. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Wm Mitchell Library

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 321. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

For above fine finished Watches, accurate Hampden's—my name on, and the reliable Waltham and Elgin Watches, in Gold, Filled Gold, and Coin Silver Cases, go to

W. A. BROWN'S

FINELY STOCKED JEWELERY STORE.

I am known as the Reliable Jweller for 20 miles North, South, East and West. I never have misrepresented purposely any goods sold since being in business here. It is easy to sell a 11 Jewelled Watch for "Full Jewelled." It is much easier to sell 8 k. Gold Watches and call them 12 or 14. I don't have to do it. My own name on all warrants, and you will find I can be held responsible if goods are not right.

—|—|342|—|—

WATCHES & CLOCKS

Booked in Repair Book since July 1st, 1886.

SQUARE DEALING.

PRICES CLOSE.

SPECIALTIES:—*Fine Watch Repairing, Spec Fitting.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines :—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Progrems, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

All Church, Society, or other notices of a pecuniary character, inserted in the Advance in future, will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion, (if any).

Regular advertisers' rates remain unchanged.

Miss Bella Christoe is visiting friends in Markdale.

Miss Ada M. Sproule returned to Pine Grove last week.

Miss DeLeMatter, of Owen Sound, is the guest of S. Damude, Esq.

The ADVANCE until the end of present year for the small sum of 35 cents.

The junior baseball teams of Flesherton and the Station will play the return match on Friday (to-morrow) at Flesherton.

Mr. John Gordon is to be congratulated upon the excellent and much needed attention our sidewalks have been receiving lately.

Mr. Watson, of Toronto, and Mrs. Watson, of Detroit, are guests of the Rev. Mr. Shilton and wife at the Methodist parsonage here.

Two little daughters of Mr. Ed. Fawcett, Heathcote, have been visiting at Mr. Robt. Fawcett's—also at ye Editor's—during the past week or two.

Mr. W. K. Flesher last week tested samples of water from the pond, several village pumps and the spring near the "Boyne Water" bridge. The latter proved to be the purest water in the lot, that taken from the pump near Mr. Wm. Strain's being next best.

Dame rumor has it, that His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, once rode in the carriage at present owned by Mr. Leonard, Betts, of Artemesia. We can now understand the pardonable pride with which—on state occasions—Mr. Bett's dashes into town, mounted on the couchman's seat of that supberb vehicle, and driving a magnificent span of bays.

It may be interesting to many of our readers—particularly to those who have never seen it—to know that what is known as "Flesher's pond" covers an area of 8¼ acres. Flesher's Lake, a sheet of water two miles west of this town, covers an area of nearly 40 acres, and is connected with the aforementioned pond by a stream known as "Boyne Water."

Messrs. J. Sullivan and W. P. Crossley, and their children, returned from their trip to Manitoulin Island on Thursday morning last. They had a very pleasant time—most of it being spent in the neighborhood of Lake Manitou and Manitowaning. They had several pleasant boating excursions to points of interest. There are some fine vegetable gardens on the Island, and cranberries are very plentiful. The largest and most remarkable specimen of a pumpkin Mr. Sullivan ever saw in his life was found growing by the water's edge on the farm of Mr. Crossley's father-in-law. Mr. Sullivan says they caught a lot of very large bass and once an enormous pike seized the bait on his hook and made off with it like a flash of lightning, bending the pole nearly double, and finally, coming with full speed, his pikeship leaped out of the water, struck the boat with great force, and broke away. Mr. Sullivan says he did not swear, but he felt mad enough to kick himself.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

Mrs. Johnson, of Manitoulin Island, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. P. Crossley, of this place.

Special reductions in every line at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale, to make room for fall goods.

Mr. Will Clayton, jeweller, of Hamilton, is visiting his parents here. Will looks well.

Dr. Christoe had quite a severe attack of sickness this week but we are glad to see he is able to move around town again.

Mr. W. P. Crossley brought some oil in its raw state home with him from the oil springs in the Manitoulin Island.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church here will provide dinner for the public on the second day of East Grey exhibition, also a grand concert on the evening of same day in the Town Hall.

Miss Gilliland has leased the shop in Mr. Strain's block, Flesherton—formerly occupied by Miss Lever—and is prepared to receive orders in Dressmaking and give the most prompt attention to the same. Dress trimmings kept in stock.

From the *Canada Gazette* of Aug. 6th, we clip the following: "31st "Grey" Battalion of Infantry. No. 6Company, Flesherton. To be 2nd Lieutenant, provisionally: Sergeant Casper James Sproul, vice John Henry Palmer, left limits." Accept our congratulations friend Sproul.

Rev. John Cushman, formerly a Roman Catholic, and who has travelled in Bible lands and seen many of the countries of the South is expected to preach in Flesherton Baptist Chapel, on Sunday morning at 11; Priceville at 2, and Flesherton at 6:30. He is a theological student, spending his vacation in Durham.

The Sons of Temperance Mutual relief Society is one of the cheapest, safest, and strongest Mutual Aid Societies in the world. Its Secretary, F. M. Bradley, Esq., Washington, in a letter just to hand says: "The Society is in excellent condition, pecuniarly and otherwise. We are paying all death claims promptly and in full."

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. John Donogh and others of Sherbourne St. Church, Toronto, left last Monday for the sea side, after staying two or three weeks at Old Orchard Beach and other Atlantic Sea Bathing resorts, they intend visiting Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chatauqua.

Rev. Mr. Ward, Incumbent of the English Church of this place, gave his farewell address last Sunday evening to a crowded house, and took his departure on Tuesday for Millbank 17 miles from Stratford, his new field of labor. Mr. Ward has been a faithful, zealous, persevering man, and for about nine years, labored with indomitable energy for the welfare of his church and congregation, building them up from weakness and disorganization to its present prosperous and well organized state.—*Markdale Standard.*

The story is told of Chaplain Allison, of the Minnesota Legislature, that he prayed one morning: "And now, dear Lord, bless the reporters, whose nimble pens catch our every word almost before it finds utterance. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, they are there. They meet us in the jungles of Africa, they waylay us in the solitary canons of Colorado, and when at length we find the latitude of the magnetic pole, behold, they are there. May their light and goodness be equal to their power, and in the general assembly of heaven let no reporter be excluded."—*Phonographic.*

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold at Medical Hall.

The following, which we clip from one of the Winnipeg dailies, will show that Flesherton boys usually "get there" abroad as well as at home:—"There was a foot race in Dufferin Park Tuesday evening between Mr. Hamilton, late of New York, and Mr. F. A. Leitch, employees of the C. P. R. offices. The distance was a hundred yards and the race was a picnic for Leitch, who won easily by two yards," Well done, Fred.

A Fleshertonian recently had an autograph album handed to him by a young lady and he wrote the following purely impromptu lines:

In whatsoever station
Thy lot in life is cast,
Still live for full solution,
And win the crown at last.
So he who rules the tempest,
And calms the troubled sea,
Shall give thee on his bosom rest,
And live through life with thee.
For home or friend or husband,
Do thou His council take,
Urge on thy way at his command,
Till Heaven's glad day shall break.

Mr. Wm. Guthrie, shoemaker, Fairmount (Euphrasia Township) was taken suddenly ill a week ago last Monday, while working for Mr. J. B. Winters. He had to be carried from the field to the house. He died on Thursday following and was buried in the English church burying ground, Fairmount, on Friday. For twenty years deceased had held the position of steward of the English church there. He was a member of the Orange society, and, in consequence, the last sad rites were performed by members of that body.

If we are not mistaken an item recently appeared in the Dundalk *Herald* to the effect that the junior Lacrosse club of that town had challenged a number of clubs, Flesherton included, to play them a match, but that none of them would accept the same. As far as the Flesherton club is concerned, we beg leave to assure the Dundalk juniors that their statement is not correct. If they sent our boys a challenge, it has not been received. Just send along that challenge and see if the Flesherton juniors will not accept it without hesitation.

A special meeting of all members of the Sons of Temperance, Flesherton, will be held on Wednesday evening next the 24th inst., when the following motion will be considered and voted on. That whereas this district does not offer scope for two similar Temperance societies, and whereas the work for which the Flesherton Division was originally organized is now being so efficiently done by our sister society, the Royal Templars of Temperance, we therefore resolve to suspend all meetings for the present except such as are necessary to retain the charter and secure all privileges to insured members. Full attendance particularly requested.

Flesherton is one of the healthiest places in the Dominion, but in some manner diptheria has obtained a foothold even here. Several cases are reported in different parts of the place—some of a mild type and others quite severe. One death is reported, the second youngest daughter of the respected Head Master of our Public Schools having succumbed to the dread disease, so fatal to children. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin are prostrated by the blow, and have the heartfelt sympathy of every man and woman in the community. The little girl was an unusually bright and winsome child. And now let every citizen arise in his might and stay the progress of the disease, before some more of our dear ones are added to the list of victims. Let pestiferous odors from filthy closets, backyards, and other fruitful sources of disease, be eradicated at once and forever. People who neglect these important matters deserve the cat-of-nine-tails.

Don't fill the system with quinine, to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is the specific for this disease, and leaves no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, or other disorders.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED

JEWELRY

STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold filled, silver and silver-ore cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs, at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of **486** *watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and (We) did not add the watch sales and clock repairs and call them watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which needed any amount of repairing and the people are becoming wise to the fact now that for thoroughly good Watches, Clocs, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Not'd Jewelry Store, Flesherton*

A Succession of Sad Blows.

"Life has been for me a succession of sad blows," said Mr. Breathar.

"Ah!" said the new pastor, sympathetically.

"Yes, indeed," replied the parishioner. "I've had the asthma twenty-two years."

Shows What He Knows About It.

One of those surly old bachelors that need killing, says that the reason why a woman is called a "duck" is because the dressing is better than the bird.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold at Medical Hall.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to retain the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, ...

The Sea Breeze and the Scarf.

Hung on the casement that looked o'er the main
  Fluttered a scarf of blue;
And a gay bold breeze paused to flatter and tease
  This trifle of delicate hue;
"You are lovelier far than the proud skies are,"
  He said with a voice that sighed;
"You are fairer to me than the beautiful sea;
  Oh, why do you stay here and hide?

You are wasting your life in this dull, dark room;"
  And he fondled her silken folds.
"O'er the casement lean but a little, my queen,
  And see what the great world holds;
How the wonderful blue of your matchless hue
  Cheapens both sea and sky!
You are far too bright to be hidden from sight,
  Come, fly with me, darling, fly!"

Tender his whisper and sweet his caress,
  Flattered and pleased was she,
The arms of her lover lifted her over
  The casement out to sea;
Close to his breast she was fondly pressed,
  Kissed once by his laughing mouth;
Then dropped to her grave in the cruel wave,
  While the wind went whistling south.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Yes, on my mother's side, but I have not been to Redmond Hall for an age. Old Hugh had rather a disappointment last year; he was engaged to another lady, and she jilted him—at least that is the popular edition of the story; but anyhow the poor old fellow seemed rather badly hit."

"And he has married so soon!" in an incredulous tone.

"Of course, caught at the rebound like many other fellows. Don't you know how the old adage runs, Miss Trafford—

> Shall I wasting with despaire
> Die because a woman's faire.
> If she be not faire for me.
> What care I how faire she be.

That is the right sort of spirit, eh, Percy."

"How should I know?" returned Percy, morosely—he was evidently out of humor about something; and then, as though he feared to bring on himself one of Erle's jesting remarks, he roused himself with an effort. "Well, Toddlekins, how's Flibbertigibbet; come and sit on my knee, and I will tell you the story of Mr. Harlequin Puss-in-the-boots."

"My name is not Toddlekins." returned Fluff, indignantly., "and I don't care about Flibbertigibbet or Puss-in-boots; your stories are stupid, Percy, they never have any end." And then, with the capriciousness of a spoiled child, she sidled up to her chief favorite, Erle, and put her hands confidingly in his.

"When are you going to take me again to the Zoological Gardens, Mr. Erle?" she said in a coaxing voice; "Fern wants to go too, don't you, dear?" but her sister shook her head at her with a faint smile, and went on with her work.

"I don't see my way clear yet awhile, Pussy," replied Erle, as he smoothed Fluff's curls, and here he and Percy exchanged meaning looks; for during his grandfather's absence from town Erle had paid frequent visits to Beulah Place, and on one occasion had actually carried off the child for a day at the Zoological Gardens in spite of Fern's demur that she hardly knew what her mother would say.

"But surely you can do as you like, Mr. Erle," persisted the child, earnestly. "Percy tells us that you are so rich, and ride such beautiful horses in the park, and that you have nothing to do but just enjoy yourself; why can't you take Fern and me to the Zoological Gardens?"

"Oh, Fluff, Fluff!" remonstrated her sister in a distressed tone, "what will Mr. Erle think of you?"

Erle had looked embarrassed at the child's speech, but Percy laughed, and the next minute he rose.

"Do you mind if I leave you for a few minutes, Fern; I have a little business that will take about a quarter of an hour—oh, I will be back in time," as Erle seemed inclined to remonstrate; "you may depend upon it that I will not make you late for dinner, as la Belle Evelyn is to be there," and with a nod at his sister he left the room.

Fern looked a little troubled. "I hope he has not gone to meet ——" and then she flushed up and did not finish her sentence; but Erle understood her in a moment.

"Miss Davenport would not be pleased, I suppose—oh yes, of course he has gone to meet her. What a pity your mother is not here, Miss Trafford; she would have kept him in order?"

"Crystal will be so angry," replied Fern, anxiously, and dropping her voice so that Fluff should not overhear her; but the child, disappointed that her request had been refused, had betaken herself to the farthest corner of the room with her kitten, to whom she was whispering her displeasure. "She never likes Percy to meet her or show her any attention; I have told him over and over again, but he will not listen to me."

"I am afraid he is rather smitten with your friend Miss Davenport—she is wonderfully handsome, certainly. Yes, one cannot be surprised at Percy's infatuation—you are the gainer in one way, Miss Trafford, for Percy never came half so often until Miss Davenport lived with you."

"That makes it all the more wrong," returned Fern, firmly; "it was Percy's duty to come and see mother, and yet he stayed away for months at a time. Crystal has never encouraged him—she never will. I know in her heart she does not like Percy, and yet he will persist in harassing her."

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," returned Erle, lightly; and then, as he saw the tears in Fern's eyes, his manner changed. "You must not trouble yourself about it," he said, kindly; "it will be Percy's own fault if he gets baddly bitten; even I, a complete stranger to Miss Davenport—I believe I have not seen her more than three times—can quite endorse what you say; her manner is most repelling to Percy. He must be bewitched, I think."

"I wish he were different," she replied, with a sigh; "I know he makes mother often very unhappy, though she never says so. He seems to find fault with us for our poverty, and says hard things to mother because she will work for us all."

"Yes, I know, and yet Percy is not a bad-hearted fellow," replied Erle, in a sympathising tone; "he is terribly sore, I know, because your mother refuses his help; he has told me over and over again that with his han some allowance he could keep her in comfort, and that he knows his grandfather would not object. It makes him bitter—it does indeed, Miss Trafford, to have his gifts refused."

"How can we help it?" returned Fern, in a chocking voice. "Percy ought to know that we cannot use any of Mr. Huntingdon's money; neither my mother nor I would touch a penny of it. Don't you know," struggling with her tears, "that my poor father died broken-hearted, and he might have saved him."

"Yes, I know," returned Erle, looking kindly at the weeping girl, "and I for one cannot say you are wrong. My uncle has dealt very harshly, and I fear cruelly, by his own flesh and blood—my poor mother often cried as she told me so; but she always said that it was not for us to blame him who lived under his roof and profited by his generosity. He was a benefactor to us in our trouble—for we were poor too." But here Erle checked himself abruptly, for he did not care to tell Fern that his father had been a gambler, and had squandered all his wife's property; but he remembered almost as vividly as though it were yesterday, when he was playing in their miserable lodgings at Naples, after his father's death—how a grave stern-faced man came into the room and sat down beside his mother; and one speech had reached his ears.

"Never mind all that, Beatrice, you are happier as his widow than his wife. Forget the past, and come home with me, and your boy shall be mine."

Erle certainly loved his uncle, and it always pained him to remember his wrongdoing. In his boyish generosity he had once ventured to intercede for the disinherited daughter, and had even gone so far as to implore that his uncle would never put him in Percy's place; but the burst of anger with which his words were received cowed him effectually.

"A Trafford shall never inherit my property," Mr. Huntingdon had said, with a frown so black that the boy positively quailed under it; "I would leave it all to an hospital first—never presume to speak to me of this again. Percy does not require any pity; when he leaves Oxford he will read for the Bar. We have arranged all that; he will have a handsome allowance; and with his capacity—for his tutor tells me he is a clever fellow—he will soon carve his way to fortune;" and after this, Erle certainly held his peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

CRYSTAL.

> I do remember it. 'Twas such a face
> As Guido would have loved to look upon.
> *Cornwall.*
>
> She was as tender
> As infancy and grace.
> *Shakspeare.*

Fern looked a little surprised at Erle's speech. "I did not know you had been poor too," she returned, drying her eyes and taking up her work again.

"Yes, but I was very young, and knew little about it; my poor mother was the one to suffer. Well, she wanted for nothing when my uncle took us to Belgrave House; he was very good to her until she died; and," with a slight hesitation in his voice, "he is good to me."

"Yes, and you are right to be fond of him," returned Fern, frankly. "Sometimes I think it is not quite kind of me to speak to you of Percy and our troubles, because it seems to cast a reflection on one you love and ——" but Erle interrupted her.

"I hope you will never withhold your confidence, Miss Trafford; I should not feel that you treated me as a friend if you did not allow me to share some of your troubles. Percy and I are like brothers, and Percy's mother and sister ——" but here he paused, and a flush crossed his face. How could he tell this girl that she should be as a sister to him, when he knew that even to be alone with her for a few minutes made his heart beat with strange thrills of happiness? His sister, never!

Fern felt a little confused at the sudden pause. She wished in a vague sort of way that he would finish his sentence and tell her what he meant; the silence was becoming awkward.

Fern worked on desperately, but her cheeks were burning. Both of them felt relieved when they heard footsteps approaching—Erle especially, for some dim instinct told him that in another minute he should have betrayed himself.

Both of them rose, simultaneously, as the door opened; and at the same moment Fluff, hugging herself among the sofa cushions, whispered into the kitten's ear:

"They don't know that I heard every word. One of these days I shall go and see grandpapa, and ask him why we may not come and live with him as well as Percy. Erle would like it, I know, he is so fond of Fern."

Erle certainly looked a little amused as his friend entered the room accompanied by a tall dark girl, very plainly dressed. But his expression changed as he noticed Percy's moody looks, and the air of haughtiness observable in the manner of his companion.

Miss Davenport was evidently very much annoyed; she shook hands with Erle, without deigning to look at him, and walked straight to the fireplace.

Fern followed her. "I am so glad you have come home so early, Crystal; Fluff and I have waited tea for you, but we hardly expected you yet."

"I am sorry you waited for me," returned the girl, who called herself Crystal Davenport, in a constrained voice; "Mrs. Norton gave me some tea, because she said I must be tired playing with the children."

"Come, we must be going, Erle," interrupted Percy, sharply, "or we shall be late for diuner. Good-bye, Fern; tell my mother I am sorry to miss her. Good evening, Miss Davenport;" but he hesitated, as though he did not venture to offer his hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Trafford," she returned, indifferently; but she did not turn her long neck as she spoke. And Erle contented himself with a bow.

"What is it, Crystal, dear;" asked Fern, anxiously, as the two young men left the room, but Crystal only lifted her eyebrows and glanced at Fluff, whose curly head was distinctly visible; so Fern said cheerfully, "very well, we will have our tea, and then it will be Fluff's bed-time;" and then without another word busied herself with her simple preparations.

But it was not a festive meal. In spite of all her cheery efforts Crystal sat quite silent, with a cloud on her handsome face, and Fluff had turned sulky at the mention of her bed-time. So Fern fell to thinking of Erle's look as he bade her good-night—how kind he had been to her that evening. Yes, she was glad they were friends, and that he cared to hear about their troubles. He was so unselfish, so different to other young men—Fern did not know a single young man except Erle, so her knowledge was not very reliable; and then, with an odd transition of thought, she wondered who Miss Selby could be, and why Percy called her la Belle Evelyn, and looked at Erle so mischievously.

But presently, when Fluff had gone off grumbling with her kitten, and all the pretty tea things had been washed and put away in the big corner cupboard, and the kettle was silent, and only a cricket chirped on the hearth, Fern sat down beside Crystal, and put her arm affectionately round her. "Now you can tell me what has been troubling you, darling;" she said, in a coaxing voice.

It seemed a pity that there was no one to see the two faces, so close together; an artist would have sketched them as Night and Morning. Fern's soft English fairness made a splendid foil to Crystal's olive complexion and dark southern coloring. The girl was superbly handsome, in spite of the bitter lines round the mouth and the hard defiant curve of the lips. As Fern spoke, her dark eyes flashed angrily.

"He has been speaking to me again," she said, in an agitated voice. "He has dared to follow me and persecute me; and he calls it love—love!" with immeasurable contempt in her tone; "and when I tell him it is ungenerous and wrong, he complains that I have robbed him of all peace. Fern, I know he is your brother, and that I ought not to speak against him; but how am I to help hating him?"

"Oh, no!" with a shudder, for Fern's gentle nature was not capable of Crystal's passion; "you must not hate poor Percy—he cannot help loving you."

"A poor sort of love," returned Crystal, scornfully; "a love that partakes too much of the owner's selfishness to be to my taste. Fern, how can he be your mother's son? He has not a grain of her noble frank nature, and from all accounts he does not take after your father."

"But he is very clever, Crystal, and Mr. Erle says he is really kind-hearted," returned Fern, in a troubled tone; "people admire and like him, and there are many and many girls, Mr. Erle says, would be ready to listen to him. He is very handsome, even you must allow that, and it is not the poor boy's fault if he has lost his heart to you."

Crystal smiled at this sisterly defence, but the next moment she said, tenderly:

"You are such a little angel of goodness yourself, Fern, that you never think people are to blame—you would always excuse them if you could; you have so littl knowledge of the world, and have led such a recluse life, that you hardly know how rigid society really is; but I should have thought that even you would have thought it wrong for your brother to come here so often in your mother's absence and bring his friend with him; it is taking advantage of two defenceless girls to intrude himself and Mr. Erle on us in this way."

"But Percy never knows when mother is out," replied Fern, in a puzzled tone.

Crystal was silent; she held a different opinion, but after all she need not put these ideas into Fern's innocent mind. It was her own conviction that Percy in some way was always aware of his mother's absence. At first he had come alone, and now he always brought Erle with him, and she wanted to say a word that might put Fern on her guard; but at the present moment she was too full of her own grievance.

"You know, Fern," she continued, in a very grave voice, "if this goes on and your brother refuses to hear reason, I shall be obliged to seek another home, where I shall be free from his unmanly persecution; yes,"—as Fern uttered an incredulous exclamation—"though I love you all so dearly, and have grown to look upon this as a home, I shall be forced to go a second time into the world,"

"But Percy must hear reason," returned Fern, tearfully. "I will ask mother to talk to him, and I know Mr. Erle has given him hints. We cannot part with you, Crystal. I have never had a companion of my own age before, and mother is so often out."

"Well, well," observed Crystal soothingly, "I have told him the truth to-night, and perhaps he will believe it; but there! we will not talk about your brother any more. And so he left you alone with Mr. Erle, Fern?"

"Oh yes, but we were not long alone," returned the girl, innocetly.

"You and Mr. Erle seem good friends."

"Yes, I suppose so," rather shyly; "he was very kind to me this evening."

"Did he tell you anything about the beautiful Miss Selby who is to dine with her aunt, Lady Maltravers, at Belgrave House to-night? a cousin of Mr. Erle's, Lady Denison, is to act hostess."

"No," returned Fern, rather faintly, but she was conscious of a searp pain as Crystal spoke.

"And yet he meets her very often. Ah, well, young men do not tell all their secrets. Of course Mr. Erle's life is very different from ours; we are working bees, Fern, and he is a butterfly of fashion. When he comes here he makes himself very bright and pleasant, but he knows nothing of his real life."

"No, of course not." But a sort of chill passed over Fern as Crystal spoke. Why did she say these sort of things so often to her? did she think it wrong for her and Mr. Erle to be friends? was she warning her, and against what? Well, it was true she knew nothing of his life except what he choose to tell her. He had never mentioned this Miss Selby, though, according to Percy's account, he met her very often. Few ladies dined at Belgrave House, but to-night she was to be there. For the first time Fern's gentle nature felt jarred and out of tune. The bright little fire had burnt hollow; there was a faint clinging mist from the fog outside; the cricket had ceased to chirp. Fern glanced round her disconsolately; how poor and shabby it must look to him, she thought, after the rooms at Belgrave House!

But the next moment she started up in a conscience-striken way. "There is mother's step, Crystal, and we have neglected the fire; poor mother, and she will be so tired and cold." And Fern drove back her rebellious thoughts bravely, and seized the bellows and manipulated the fire, while Crystal drew up the old easy-chair; and placed a footstool. Mrs Trafford smiled as she saw these preparations for her comfort; her pale face relaxed from its gravity as Fern waited upon her, taking off her bonnet, and smoothing the beautiful grey hair with eager-loving fingers.

"Thank you, dearest," she said, drawing down the girl's face to hers; "and now tell me what you both have been doing."

"Percy and Mr. Erle have been here," was Fern's answer, as she took her place at her mother's feet; "and Percy left his love for you, and was so sorry to miss you."

Mrs. Trafford made no comment on this piece of information, but she glanced quickly at Crystal; perhaps something in the girls face warned her, for she at once changed the subject, to her daughter's surprise, and without asking any questions, began telling them about the invalid.

But after they had chatted for a few minutes, Crystal rose, and, saying she was very tired, bade them both good-night.

Mrs. Trafford looked after the girl anxiously, and then her glance fell on her daughter. Fern was looking into the fire dreamingly, and there was a sort of wistfulness in her eyes; when her mother touched her gently she started.

"My little sunbeam does not look quite so bright to-night," she said tenderly. "I am afraid you have been tiring yourself, Fern, trying to finish Florence's frock."

"Oh, no," returned the girl quickly, and then a frank blush came to her face as she met her mother's, clear searching look. "Well, I will confess, as Fluff says"—laughing a little unsteadily—"I am afraid I was just a little bit discontented."

"You discontented, my pet?" in an incredulous voice, for Fern's sweet unselfishness and bright content made the sunshine of their humble home. There seemed no chord of fretfulness in the girl's nature; her pure health and buoyant spirits found no cause for complaint. Nea lived her youth again in her child, and she often thanked Heaven, even in her desolate moments, for this one blessing that had never disappointed her.

Fern pressed a little closer to her mother and wrapped her arms round her. "But it is true, mother; I had quite a naughty fit. Crystal talked about Percy and Mr. Erle. It was not so much what she said as what she implied that troubled me, but she seemed to think that our life was so different to theirs—that we were poor people and they had nothing in common with us, and that it was better not to be friends. Somehow, it made me feel all at once how shabby and commonplace one's life really was."

Mrs. Trafford sighed, but there was no reproach in her voice. "Yes, dear; I understand, it is quite natural, and I should have felt the same at your age. I wish, for your sake, my darling, that things were different; but Crystal is very wise and right in trying to make you understand the barrier between Erle Huntingdon and us."

"But, mother," with a burning face, "we are gentlefolk; surely it does not matter so much that we are poor."

"The world would not endorse that, Fern," replied her mother gently, "it is apt to turn a cold shoulder to genteel poverty. The hardest lot in life, in my opinion, is the life of a poor gentlewoman."

"But Mr. Erle does not look down upon us," persisted Fern, "or he would not come so often. He always says that no room in Belgrave House is so homelike as this room and that he is happier than in the houses of his grand friends."

A troubled look came to the mother's face and involuntarily she pressed her child closer to her, as though to defend her from some threatened danger, and her voice was not quite so clear as usual as she answered:

"It is Erle's nature to say pleasant things. He is a gentlemanly, kind-hearted fellow, and I am sure that we all like him very much; but I should not care for my little daughter to see too much of him. Erle Huntingdon is not the friend I would choose for you, Fern."

"But, mother"—opening her eyes widely at this—"if we like him, why should we not be friends?"

Mrs. Trafford hesitated; she hardly liked to disturb Fern's mind, and yet she wished to put her on her guard.

"You see, Fern," she answered with assumed lightness, "we are poor people—very poor people; we have to work for our bread and to be content with simple fare; but my young cousin Erle is rich—he will be his uncle's heir one day, and, no doubt, he will marry some rich, handsome girl. All the world is before him; he has only to look round him and choose, like the prince in a fairy story. You may be sure there is some gay young princess waiting for him somewhere. Are you cold, my darling?" for Fern shivered a little.

"We have let the fire get rather low," returned Fern, jumping up to replenish it; but somehow her voice was not quite under her control and her hand was a little unsteady. "Oh, yes, her mother and Crystal were right; these foolish dreams of hers could never come true; she would have to see her prince ride away some day in quest of some dark-haired princess. And yet, in the fairy stories, the real princess was often poor and wore a shabby dress and had golden hair and—" but here Fern banished these thoughts resolutely and came back to her footstool a little pale and drooping.

Mrs. Trafford's keen eyes noted everything, but she wisely forebore to continue the subject. Fern was so docile and humble, she thought so little of herself, that her mother hoped that her words would take effect. She had already given her son a hint that his friend's visits were rather too frequent; she must speak to him seriously on the subject and appeal to his love for his sister.

She changed the subject now by asking Fern what was the matter with Crystal.

"Percy has been speaking to her again, mother. He went to meet her when she was coming back from the Nortons', and Crystal is very, very angry with him."

Mrs. Trafford's face darkened—she looked exceedingly displeased. Was this how Percy protected his sister? leaving her alone with Erle Huntingdon while he carried out his own selfish purposes. This was worse than she had imagined; but Fern misunderstood the reason of her mother's vexation.

"It is very wrong of Percy to worry Crystal in this way, but, poor boy, I do believe he is honestly in love with her. I do wish she could care for him, it would make him so different."

"Crystal will never care for any one, at least"—checking herself as though she had stated a fact erroneously—"she will never care for Percy. I have told him so, and begged him not to persecute her with his attentions, as, if he persisted, she had made up her mind to seek another home. Percy was dreadfully angry when I told him this, and refused to believe me; and then he turned round on me and accused me of want of prudence in taking a stranger under our roof, and asked me how I knew that she was a fit companion for his sister?"

"As though Crystal were not the dearest and best girl in the world," returned Fern indignantly. "Never mind, mother, he only wanted to make you uncomfortable. He is too fond of Crystal to doubt her for a moment. I hope you told him that you were acquainted with her whole history."

"Yes, and I informed him at the same time that you were ignorant of it, though Crystal meant to tell you herself one day. I told him that, to put his mind at rest, I could satisfy him that Crystal came of good parentage; that she had influential friends and protectors if she chose to appeal to them; that though she was apparently a lonely waif, she had in reality good friends and a most comfortable home."

"'Then, I suppose, she has alienated them by that confounded temper of hers,'" he said with a sneer, "but I could see he was surprised and not altogether pleased, but I wished him to knew that she was not without protectors if he drove her from our roof."

"Percy is very selfish," sighed Fern. "Crystal was getting a little happier; she was beginning to look less miserable and to take more interest in things, but this evening she has the old restless look."

"That is because she will not take my advice," returned her mother quickly. "Crystal is a dear girl and I am very fond of her, but I think most of her troubles come from her own undisciplined nature; she is the object of the tenderest love, the most divine forgiveness; there are kind hearts waiting for her if she would only generously respond to them. She has told me her story under the seal of secrecy, as you know well, or she would long ago have been in her right place. My heart bleeds for the friends who love her so, and are seeking her so vainly. No"—rising, as to close the subject—"I am very sorry for Crystal, but I do not pity her as you do. I have known what it is to sin, but I have never been too proud to acknowledge my error. Crystal acknowledges hers with bitter tears and most true penitence, but she will not be forgiven. 'Let me expiate my sin a little longer,' that is all she says."

"Yes, I know," whispered Fern, "she is always telling me that she does not deserve to be happy. Is that true, mother?"

"My child, do any of us deserve it? Happiness is a free gift, like the sunshine that rises alike 'on the evil and the good.' Do you remember your father's dying words?—'I believe in the forgiveness of sins'—ah, it is all forgiven up there. In Heaven one has a Father," and with trembling lips Nea turned away. Her punishment had been great, she told herself; she had deserted her earthly father, and now her son had deserted her. "One sows the wind to reap the whirlwind," she thought, as she mused bitterly over her boy's weakness.

(To be continued.)

How They Direct Strangers in the Country.

Don't know; ask next man.

Third stone house after you cross two roads.

Second house after you pass the cabin with a big black dog.

When you come to a barnyard with a lame duck, halloo to the house. That farmer knows everybody.

It's the second house beyond the one that has a red barn with a big door chalked up. That's Bob Smith's account of his chicken crop.

Take the fork of the road in your left hand; then go on till you come to the big elm. When you get there, if anybody comes along ask them.

It's just three miles and an eighth. There are seven houses on the left and six on the right. That makes it the fourteenth. Go straight ahead.

It is about two looks from here. Go to the top of that hill and take a look. Then go as far as you saw; take another look. When you get there you'll see it.

Turn around the little church to the right. Keep the ridge on your left. Go half a mile, three-quarters, perhaps a mile. If you know the man you're after you'll find him along there.

Take your second right hand road; cross two left hand roads and take your third. Don't go up the first right hand, but take the second. There's a well sweep in the front yard and a wheel pump in the barnyard.

After you pass a barnyard with a red waggon and a white mare with a spavin on her left hind leg you'll see a stone house of one story with roof sunk in. That ain't the house, but if the dog don't bite you you can find out there.

South American Horse Cars.

The longest street car line in the world is in Argentine Republic, South America, and it will also be the only line in the world to run sleeping cars for the accommodation of its patrons. The road has 200 miles of track, connecting a number of towns in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, and its equipment has been supplied by a Philadelphia car company. Horses are used as motive power instead of steam, because fuel is dear, horses cheap, and the people are slow. Two tons of coal will buy a horse and harness. The sleeping cars are a curiosity. They are four in number, eighteen feet in length, and are furnished with four berths each, which are made to roll up when not in use. The cars are furnished with lavatories, water-coolers, linen presses and other conveniences, and are finished throughout with mahogany. The other cars are four double-decked open cars, twenty platform cars, twenty gondola cars, six refrigerator cars, four poultry cars, furnished with coops, eight cattle cars, two derrick cars for lifting heavy material, and 200 box cars. They are ready for shipment and will be sent to their destination in a few days.—*American Manufacturer.*

Woman's Unselfishness.

Harry (preparing for the country)—"There ought to be room in one of the trunks for my things. I got you six."

Considerate Wife—"You forget, dear, that my six dresses take a trunk each. But I did not forget you. Here is a nice little satchel you can have all to yourself."—*The Judge.*

It would be quite in keeping with Stanley's romantic career, if, instead of being dead, he would turn up as a discoverer of Gordon.

Keep Out of the Past.

Keep out of the past! for its highways
  Are damp with malarial gloom.
Its gardens are sere, and its forests are drear,
  And everywhere moulders a tomb.
Who seeks to regain its lost pleasures
  Finds only a rose turned to dust,
And its storehouse of wonderful treasures
  Is covered and coated with dust.

Keep out of the past! It is haunted.
  He who in its avenues gropes
Shall find there the ghost of a joy prized the most,
  And a skeleton throng of dead hopes.
In place of its beautiful rivers
  Lie pools that are stagnant with slime,
And those graves gleaming light in the phosphorous light
  Cover dreams that were slain in their prime.

Keep out of the past! It is lonely
  And barren and bleak to the view.
Its fires have grown cold and its stories are old.
  Turn, turn to the present, the new!
To-day leads you up to the hill tops,
  That are kissed by the radiant sun,
To-day shows no tomb—all life's hopes in bloom—
  And to-day holds a prize to be won.

Up in the Loft.

Out in the barn the children hie,
When the sun is hot in the summer sky!
Out in the barn where the livelong day
The breezes rustle the fragrant hay.
Oh, the balm of the perfumed air!
Oh, the breath of the flowers fair
Which bud and bloom in the meadows wide,
With daisies and buttercups side by side!

"Up to the loft," cries Jack, "we'll go,
For the breeze is cooler up there, you know."
And golden-hair Elsie follows him fast,
Till the top of the ladder is reached at last,
And over their heads, in the rafters strong,
The doves are cooing their sweet love song,
While in and out at the wide barn door
The swallows are teaching their young to soar.

Oh, dear old barn on grandpa's farm,
May winds nor storms ever do you harm;
For grandpa in the "long ago"
Over your rafters climbed, we know;
And grandma, quaint little maiden she,
His chosen playfellow used to be,
And with book and dolly 'midst the hay
Up in the hayloft loved to play.

Fate's Cruelty.

I see two eyes behind her lashes' haze
That hold an amber light within their gloom.
A low, curl-shadowed brow, red lips, whose bloom
  Is like some tropic flower's crimson blaze;
And underneath, the sweetest little chin
That ever dimple found a refuge in.

With interest keen I mark her every grace,
Because my husband loved her long ago,
Before I came, and saw (fate willed it so),
  And won what might have been her honored place.
The memory of it all has power to roll
A flood of bitter waters o'er my soul.

And yet it is not that I doubt his love,
Nor envy her that beauty past compare,
That makes this burning sting of sharp despair,
  Whose pain but women's hearts have knowledge of—
It is because harsh fate did not defer
Our meeting until he had married her!

—*Eva Wilder McMasson in Tid-Bits.*

Why They Don't Propose.

The popular refrain just now is: "Why don't the men propose?" It is sung in every city in the Union with most pathetic intonation. It is a fact, however, that the dearth of marriages can be counted against woman as well as man. A love of independence has done more to injure the marriage market than lack of gold on either side. What man wants to tie himself to a girl who frankly says she will take care of herself, and hesitates not to do so, whether it be agreeable or otherwise to him? And what girl hungers to mate with a man who gorges himself on cigarettes and runs with the boys night after night? Such unions increase responsibilities, and persons fitted to care for only themselves are not equal to the burden. It is, perhaps, as we that comparatively few venture into the nuptial net while the odds for happiness and contentment are so much against them.—*San Francisco Report.*

Fooling the Toads.

Some sharp observer has discovered that the electric lights on the more retired streets are demoralizing to the toads. It is asserted that these useful batrachians, attracted by the brilliant light when the streets are quiet, gather by dozens under it and hold high revels. The greatly enlarged shadows of countless insects fluttering around the light fall upon the ground, and the innocent toads, thinking them to be real, hop about in all directions to catch them, making it seem as though they were going through a merry cotillion.

His Dive Broke His Neck.

Four men were drowned while bathing in this city yesterday. The most remarkable case was that of George Gubins, a young man living at One Hundred and Ninety-sixth street and Kingsbridge road. Late in the forenoon he went with some friends to take a dip in the Harlem near the long, low footbridge at Two Hundred and Eighth street. The tide was well out. Gubins dived from the bridge and struck his head so violently that his neck was broken. He died instantly. In the still, shallow water the body was recovered without difficulty. It was carried to the Kingsbridge Police Station.—*N. Y. World.*

The Latest Coiffure.

Mrs. Young Wife—There, Charlie, how does my hair look?

Well, I must confess, my dear, that it doesn't look as if you had touched it with a brush for a week.

Isn't that lovely! I guess I'm all ready for church then, Charlie!

A Meteorological Investigation.

This is about the size of Humidity these days:

O

And this is about the size of Humanity:

o

We often read that a man has left a fortune to his wife "during life or widowhood." This, however, is a game at which the other sex can now play, and a wealthy lady who recently died at New York has set an example to others who are similarly circumstanced by bequeathing her possessions to trustees for the use of her husband "so long as he shall remain unmarried."

Young folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done and fools what they will do. It may be a reflection on the civilization of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but those who tell what they "will do" are in a large majority.

A leading tailor makes all his trousers without pockets. His customers have no use for them after paying for the clothes.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

A Few Simple Recipes for Wholesome and Thirst-Quenching Drinks.

The feverish thirst of summer days is almost unquenchable when the liquid we take to relieve it is unaccompanied by nourishment, for example a cup of tea and very little bread and butter or cracker will do more to allay thirst than three or four cups without.

For this reason the egg lemonade that has been such an attraction at the soda fountain this summer is one of the best beverages ever introduced, as well as the most delicious. Many declare that it is not so good when home-made, and they are generally right. This is the reason: The powerful pressure brought to bear on the lemon while in the squeezing machine forces out the oil from the peel as well as the juice, and this is not done with the ordinary hand squeezer. The juice of lemon has little fragrance; it is the oil that imparts the delicious flavor to it. Make the drink in the following way and it will be quite equal to that made by professionals:

EGG LEMONADE.

Break an egg into a tumbler, rub two lumps of sugar on the rind of a fine lemon, put the sugar into the tumbler, squeeze the lemon into it with a squeezer and half fill the tumbler with ice broken small; fill up with water and with a shaker shake the whole vigorously a few seconds; then grate a little nutmeg over the top. If you have no shaker beat the egg with a fork.

Simple lemonade is greatly improved by rubbing the peel with sugar. When made for patients recovering from fever a far more grateful drink than strong lemonade is made by using one lemon to a quart of water, with one lump of sugar rubbed on the peel; sweeten very little. This, given in teaspoonfuls when the mouth and tongue are parched, is inexpressibly refreshing.

COLD WATER TEA OR RUSSIAN TEA.

Russian summer tea is usually made by steeping tea in boiling water in the usual way and setting it in ice. This gives the astringency that is pleasant when hot, with cream, but to many tastes very unpleasant when cold. The better way to make it is in hot weather, and so made, iced tea is a positive luxury. Four hours before you require the tea for use (or over night if you choose) put four teaspoonfuls of tea into a pitcher, pour on it a quart of cold water, cover and set it in the ice box. It does not sound as if good tea could be made with cold water, but this is the perfection of cold tea, fragrant without the least bitterness, and of a beautiful amber clearness. Sweeten as any other tea. With a little lemon juice and a slice of lemon floating in each glass this makes the fashionable "Russian tea."

EFFERVESCENT SODA-WATER AT HOME.

One may long for a glass of soda or be delighted to offer it to our heated and weary friends, but it is quite too much to go to the druggist for it with the sun high and the thermometer in the nineties; more impossible yet to regale our visitors. And yet nothing is more possible or less expensive than to have the thing always at hand. In Paris, where siphons were first introduced, iced "siphon water" was the thing to have in the house. I often wonder that so little use is made of them in this soda-water-loving country, except under a doctor's direction. Half a dozen siphons of plain soda cost 90 cents, perhaps less in large cities, and if you are known to your druggist you will not be charged for the loan of the siphons. Keep them on ice and you have your soda-water ready. Make and keep bottled a few simple syrups. Vanilla syrup, coffee syrup, ginger syrup—and you can have flavored soda at a moment's notice. In fruit season half fill the glass with fresh fruit syrup and sugar, fill up from the siphon, and you have a drink for the gods.

SODA MILK.

This is an excellent and nourishing drink in hot weather, and will remain on the most delicate stomach when anything but koumiss would be rejected, and is simply soda from the siphon and milk.

CLARET CUP WITH SODA WATER.

This is excellently made from California wine. Pour a bottle of claret into a pitcher, add a sliced orange, leaving out the first and last slice, and a strip of cucumber peel as long as your finger; sweeten with syrup; add, if liked, a wineglass of Santa Cruze rum; set this in crushed ice and just before drinking strain and add the contents of a siphon of soda water; stir and serve at once.

Of all cups except champagne perhaps cider is the best. Pour a quart of cider into a pitcher, slice an orange into it or three slices of lemon; syrup or not according as the cider is sweet or sour, add a glass of sherry and one of brandy with a pint of crushed strawberries if in season, otherwise a cup of chopped pineapple and a few drops of almond flavoring. If champagne cider is used let it be iced before used. Let all stand till chilled. Then strain and add a siphon of soda.

The soda water must always be used the last thing, and when there is time to have the "cup" cold enough without do not add ice to it, as if it stands it gets poor. Sweeten all cups with syrup made thus:

Pour boiling water, a pint, on a pound of white sugar. When dissolved bottle for use. The use of syrup prevents the last of the cup being too sweet.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Would Send to the Baker's.

"My dear," said a fond father to his fashionable daughter, who is soon to be married, "if George should at some future time meet with reverses, and his fortune should be swept away, which occasionally occurs to silver mine speculators, could you meet the emergency? Could you, for instance, go into the kitchen and make a loaf of bread?" "What a foolish papa!" replied the dear girl, brightly, "why, I would send to the baker's for it!"

Mr. Alexander Moody Stuart, advocate, has been appointed Professor of Scots Law in the University of Glasgow, in room of Mr. Robert Berry, recently appointed sheriff of Lanarkshire.

A Braemar correspondent states that the President of the Royal Braemar Highland Society has received intimation that the Queen desires the annual gathering and games of the society to be held this year at Balmoral. This will be most heartily complied with.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

How One Taught a Lesson Not to be Forgotten.

The conversation had turned upon the perniciousness of practical joking, says the *Arkansaw Traveller*, when a well known business man said: "Don't speak of practical joking—don't make the merest reference to anything of the kind—for it makes me shudder. You all know Beasley, the commercial traveller. He is an exceedingly good-natured and prankish fellow, so much given to mild joking that on one occasion, only a few weeks ago, a party of us decided to play a joke on him that he would not be likely to forget. We didn't know exactly how to proceed, and were tangled up in those perplexing intricacies which come of numerous suggestions, when a plan suddenly suggested itself. Beasley, having remained in Chicago several days, decided to go to St. Louis, where his wife and little boy lived, stopping for a day at Bloomington to attend to several customers whom he had at that place. My plans were laid as soon as he made known his intentions, but I pretended that I did not want him to go.

"'I must,' said he, 'I wrote my wife several days ago, telling her to address me at Bloomington, and, besides, I have business there that has to be attended to at once.'

"That night we went to the railway station with him, and when the train had gone we hurried up town and set our plans in working order, which were diabolical, I admit—to have Beasley arrested in Bloomington and brought back on the morning train. How we chuckled when the officer assured us that the arrest should be made, and how we gloated over the fact that we would at last get even with our friend.

"'He won't know what in the world to think of it,' said Sam Mayfield. 'I'd like to see his expression of countenance when the officers nab him, and hear his indignant protests.'

"'He'll howl like a wounded animal,' remarked Joe Slummers.

"'And do considerable squealing, too,' I replied.

"Early the next morning he hurried to the station. Shortly after the train rushed in Mayfield exclaimed: 'They've got him! See, yonder they come.'

"When the officers came up with the prisoner we rushed forward and roared with laughter, explaining that it was all a joke. I should have mentioned before that we had brought along a man authorized to release Beasley. Our friend, even after finding out that it was all a joke, did not smile or in the least seem to be relieved. Indeed, his face was deadly pale, and bore such traces of intense suffering that I was deeply stricken with remorse. He sat down with a despairing drop and covered his face with his hands.

"'Beasley,' said I, approaching him, 'you must forgive us, old fellow. Remember that you have played many a joke on me.'

"'Not such an awful joke as this,' he replied. 'Just as the officers arrested me the following telegram from my wife was handed me.'

"He gave me the telegram, and, with a feeling of horror creeping over me, I turned to the boys and read as follows:

"Our little boy is dead. Hurry home.
MARY."

"No," continued the narrator, "you must never ask me to go into a practical joke."

When His Wife is Away.

A married man may feel a certain degree of loneliness at this season while his wife and family are away from home at the sea shore or mountain resort, but with it comes a feeling of freedom and independence that compensate for the absence of loved ones. These are the days which the married man enjoys, notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and when he informs his wife in his daily letter that he is "doing very well" he means all he says. Yes, he is doing very well. He can now spend his evenings in the haunts of his bachelor days; he can come in at the most unseasonable hours and retire without an animated discussion as to the accuracy of the clock or a Caudle lecture. He can leave his place of business and stand on the corner talking politics as long as he feels disposed; he can run up to the Casino and wait at the door until the last auditor has passed out without fear of after consequences; he can smoke in every room in the house, should he so desire, and he dons his Sunday clothes every morning without exciting the slightest suspicion of being called upon to answer pertinent questions. He may tell the neighbors how much he feels the absence of the family, but he does it for the purpose of having his regrets repeated to madam on her return. It is this that accounts for the great number of men to be seen walking the principal thoroughfares in the evening.

A New German Figure.

A popular figure in the "German" line at summer resorts is known as the "railroad." This requires six railroad tickets for the ladies, six placards for the gentlemen and a whistle for the leader. The gentlemen fasten the placards around their necks, while the tickets are distributed among the ladies. Upon the signal from the leader the orchestra plays a railroad galop and the gentlemen march into the room, imitating a train. At the sound of a whistle the train stops, and the leader calls the name of one of the stations upon the placards, when a lady with the corresponding ticket takes her partner, the rest following, according to their destination.

Claret wine is said to be good if poured into a watermelon. It assimilates with the juice of the fruit very nicely. A connoisseur says that one bottle is, perhaps, a sufficiency, and you gain the two flavors—that of the grape and that of the melon. It is done on the principle of making a salad; you must use just enough of the condiments in the dressing so that you may get a smack of each without any one predominating. Therefore one bottle of claret is enough, it is thought. Many people prefer the watermelon without any addition to its taste. Others favor what they call modern improvements. The real requisites for the full enjoyment of this grand fruit is thirst and a hot day. Let the melon under these conditions be taken from its bed of ice and eaten. It is something fit for the gods.

FOUND UNDER THE SOFA.

Mrs. Carney Was Put There by a Burglar, After Being Chloroformed.

When little Mollie Carney returned to her home in White Plains on Monday afternoon she found the heavy sofa in the parlor overturned, and saw a foot protruding from beneath it. With the aid of the neighbors, who came at Mollie's cries, the sofa was removed, and there lay Mrs. Carney, half conscious. When she had completely regained her senses, Mrs. Carney explained the situation. Between 12 and 1 o'clock, as she was lying on the sofa, a strange man entered, and asked for money to pay his fare to Mount Vernon. He was told that he could not have chosen a poorer house in which to ask for money. Thereupon the stranger "gave a great oath," as Mrs. Carney expresses it, and declared that if the money was in the house he would have it. She turned to the window to call for help, when he pressed his hand against her mouth, and she fell back unconscious on the lounge. His hand was wet, presumably with chloroform. The robber then drew the lounge over her, in such a way as to keep her imprisoned without doing her injury. Apparently he was afraid of the effects of the chloroform, for a dipper was found by Mrs. Carney's side and her head was drenched with water. This happened an hour and a half before the woman was found. The man used his time in ransacking every corner of the cottage, opening all the trunks and drawers, but nothing was taken away. The only description of the robber that Mrs. Carney can give is that he was short, thick set, with smoothly shaven face and dressed fairly well. Her cottage and the adjoining houses are owned by an old lady who lives in one of them and is reputed to be wealthy. The man may have intended to enter this lady's house.—*New York Sun.*

A Practical Summer Girl.

They sat on the upturned bottom of a broken boat. The silvered path of glory stretched across the restless waters up nearly to their feet. They had fallen into silence. No moment was it then to speak of baseball or of scandal. He was overcome with that tender passion which thrives in moonlight. That glorious moonlight that levels all complexions, and makes the freckled girl as pretty as the rosy-cheeked maiden! The happy moonlight under whose mystic influence lovers take bliss in by the pores. He grew fervent. He clasped her hands. She gave him back a gentle pressure.

"Tell me," he whispered, with the hoarseness of emotion, whispered as if he feared the murmuring surf might catch the question and bear it to some other ears. "Tell me, have you ever loved?"

She trembled. She hesitated for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and in a still, soft whisper, gentle as the summer breeze, answered:

"Not this summer."

Salting Hay.

Salt ought never to be sprinkled on hay, but, instead of that, air-slaked lime. Salt attracts moisture, yellows hay and makes it intrinsically poorer. If cattle are made to go short on salt in winter they will eat execrable stuff simply for the salt that is in it, and the farmer argues that he has "saved his hay." But hay ought to stand on its own merits. If hay is poor from some other cause, weather-beaten, for instance, or if one has a lot of oat leavings, good, but coarse, it is well enough to treat it with brine to tempt stock; but to treat good hay when it is being mowed away with salt is a great mistake. On the other hand, air-slaked lime will absorb moisture and thereby preserve hay without any injury to its quality. A writer has often put on lime so thick that it covered his boots with a heavy coating in the winter when it was pitched out; yet the stock never refused or seemed to dislike it on that account.

How She Explained It.

An American mother travelling in France offered a half-fare ticket for her son, who lacked several months of the full-fare age. The collector looked suspiciously at the child and at her. "Your son, is he under 7, madame?" "He is, monsieur." "Your son is very large for his age, madame." "He is, monsieur.'" "Your son is altogether too large for his age, madame," snapped the man, exasperated by the American's coolness. "Oui, monsieur, that may be," retorted the mother, calmly, "he is not French, you see."—*The Argonaut.*

Went Napoleon One Better.

While the monarch was retired from business on the Island of St. Helena he was attended by a Dr. Warden, of the English navy. This representative of the healing art on that distant coast was not fond of the Emperor, and it is said that the antipathy was mutual.

"How many sick people have you killed in your time, doctor?" asked Napoleon one day in his blunt fashion.

"Not near as many as you have sent well ones to heaven," was the pat reply.—*From a Paris Letter.*

"One Man's Meat, Etc."

Scene—Licensed grocer's shop in Easter Ross; enter small urchin holding a bottle: Small Urchin—"I say, mister, gie's tuppence 'orth o' whusky." Shopman—"Tuppence worth o' whiskey, my man? Surely you're not going to drink it yourself, are you?" Small Urchin (disdainfully)—"No so vera likely. I'm ga'an tae pushon Sandy Henry's dowg wi't."

The oldest general of the United States army is William Selby Harney. He was born near Nashville, Tenn., in 1800, and entered the army in 1818. He was brevetted Major-General on March 13th, 1865.

The Earl of Mar and Kellie is dissatisfied with the several decisions in his favor, and has presented another petition to the House of Lords for an investigation into the connection between the Mar estates and the ancient Mar dignity, with the view to "obtain an unprejudiced rehearing in a court of law of his rights to the estates of Mar." He has already been awarded both the estates and the title, and he may hereafter find that it would have been better "to let well alone."

NOTE-RAISING EXTRAORDINARY.

Ten Dollar Notes Increased to $100 by a Woman.

A woman who claimed to be Mrs. Matz, living near Lebanon, Pa., bought $19.50 worth of clothing, and tendered a $100 silver note in payment. Mr. Steelman secured change from George W. Imboden, of the Central House. The latter has now discovered that the note is really a $10 bill raised to $100. Over the large figure "10" a slip with "100" has been pasted, while in the centre and four corners the word "ten" has been erased. The work is cleverly done, but easily detected. Mrs. Matz, who casually intimated that she had just inherited $1,500, has disappeared. She is about 45 years of age. The woman was traced to Pine Grove, where it was found her name was Zimmerman. She had passed a similar bill there, and it found its way into the hands of Agent Felty, of the Reading railroad. He deposited it in the Pine Grove bank, and upon the discovery that it was a doctored bill, he made good the amount with $100 in gold. Mrs. Zimmerman heard the officers were after her and fled.—*Chicago Times.*

Musical and Dramatic.

Aimee has been so unsuccessful the past two seasons that she will find profit in the variety stage.

The coming Jenny Lind is said by a London correspondent to be Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, of Sweden. Her soprano voice is said to be perfect, and she is as handsome as was Nilsson twenty years ago.

It is stated authoritatively that all creditors of the National Opera Company will be paid dollar for dollar, and that the company will take the road again next year. Several contracts have been closed with singers of note.

The most elaborate moon ever constructed is being contrived for a farcical melange soon to be brought out at a New York theatre. One of the topics travestied in the piece is mesmerism, in its new form of hypnotism, and in the course of the experiments the full, luminous moon becomes abnormal to the eyes of the characters and the audience. Suddenly it is a huge eye, which winks with solemn humor; then it discloses the man who is supposed to inhabit it, but who turns out to be one of the personages of the play, and after he has stepped out to sing a song, the typical witch is seen to emerge astride a broom, and she, too, is a woman of the farce.

Late despatches from London leave little doubt as to the very strong likelihood of Mme. Christine Nilsson undertaking an American tour next fall. The Swedish prima donna has long been desirous of revisiting the United States, and her return has for years only been a question of terms. When Mme. Nilsson first came hither the Messrs. Strakosch paid her $1,000 a night. When she sang in opera at the Metropolitan under Mr. Abbey's management she received $2,000, and previous to leaving New York she proclaimed that she would not appear again except at an advance of $500 per night. If she comes in the fall to sing in "operatic concerts" under Mr. Abbey's guidance she will certainly not get less than $2,500 per concert.

Old Country Odds and Ends.

J. Douglas, tailor, Auchinblae (aged 86 years), recently walked to Inchmarlo the one day and came back the next—a distance of forty miles—and felt none the worse.

Lieut. Reginald Warren, the champion at Wimbledon this year, is a little over 30 years of age, and is a solicitor in London. He visited Wimbledon Common to shoot for the first time in 1871.

R. Hutton, who played the bassoon in the band of the Seaforth Highlanders, died suddenly on the 15th ult., from an affection of the throat, said to have arisen from playing that instrument.

Alexander Adams, who is performing the novel feat of walking from Dundee to London on stilts, arrived in York on July 16th. He left Dundee on June 25th, and expected to reach London on the 30th ult. He met with a poor reception during his journey.

No Excuse Necessary.

Young wife—Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so sorry Tom brought you home to dinner to-day. If he had told me you were coming I'd have had something nice, and I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat."

Mr. Jones—Now please don't say a word about it, my dear madam. You needn't worry yourself a particle. I take most of my meals at home myself.

The Latest in Equestrianism.

The Duchess of Cleveland has set the fashion of riding in the Row with a parasol. Of course this requires a perfectly trained horse. The Empress of Austria never went out hunting without her fan, the only thing that seemed strange to English eyes in a very perfect costume and "get-up."—*London World.*

Flies Misled.

Flies were very troublesome in the dining-room of a seaside cottage, and a trap was set for them. It did its work well, and the room seemed clear of them. But when dinner was served, they were as numerous as ever. The 3-year-old child explained their appearance by saying:

"Papa, I tot dey was in dere long enuf."—*The Epoch.*

Not a Patriot.

"Excuse me, stranger," he said, "I see you are unfortunate in having a crippled leg." "Yes, sir; I got that during the war of the rebellion." "Ah, indeed! Were you under McClellan?" "No, sir; I was under a beer waggon in Hoboken."—*Puck.*

As Smart as the Father.

"Yes," said Bobby's father, as he stroked his little boy's head fondly, "Bobby is keeping a bank for his odd pennies and nickles. And how much have you saved up, Bobby?"

"Twelve cents," he replied, "beside the three dollars and a quarter you owe it."—*Boston Budget.*

An Old Story.

Father of Fair One—We close up here at 10 o'clock.

Brass-headed Beau—That's a good idea. It keeps fellows out who don't know enough to get inside earlier.—*Tid Bits.*

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1887.

FLESHERTON'S DRAINAGE.

The proper drainage of villages, as well as of towns and cities, is of primary importance. Every man, who has given sanitary matters even passing consideration, must admit the force of this statement. Poor drainage means an increasing death rate in proportion to the increase in population.

Situated on a succession of emmences, or hills, the necessity for careful drainage in Flesherton does not seem to have impressed itself upon the minds of its citizens as a matter of very great importance: otherwise there would be ten drains to every one actually to be found within the limits of the place. There should be large leading drains along the principal streets, which should form the basis for a network of smaller drains leading from every yard. This would carry off all unhealthy excrescences, thereby lessening the danger arising from the use of impure water—the fruitful source of many dangerous contagious diseases. As it is, we find a few drains scattered here and there throughout the village—*leading from somewhere to nowhere in particular!* The fact of the matter is just this: most of the people fancy, that because the town is situated upon such a "succession of eminences," a drain here and there is all that is necessary. "It drains itself," they say. So it does—particularly after a big freshet—right into the cellars under many of your residences! Go into some of them after a heavy rain storm and you will find sufficient water to float a good sized boat. "Well, let those people drain their cellars properly—its none of our funeral," is the next selfish remark. Alright—Mr. B. proceeds to run a drain as far as the street in compliance with the polite requests of his neighbors. No more water in Mr. B's cellar, but Mr. A, just across the way, finds that Mr. B's drain is a nuisance. Why? Because the water from Mr. B's drain discharges itself on the road and floods Mr. A's premises and cellar! Don't you see, my friend, there must be drains along the streets—provided by the corporation—in order to carry of the water discharged from these branch or private drains. Otherwise Mr. C., and Mr. D., and Mr. E., and so on *ad infinitum*, will be getting into hot water with each other and raising the mischief generally.

Another fruitful source of danger is that of neglecting to run good deep drains—connecting with the principal ones—between water closets, stables, &c., and wells of water. When we consider how extremely careless most people are in this particular, the marvel to us is that scores of people are not swept off by diptheria and other contagious diseases—even in a town so noted for its cleanliness as is Flesherton.

"What kind of drains are best?" you ask, Why the covered ones certainly. Dig them several feet in depth, fill in the bottoms carefully with cobble stones, place straw or shavings over them, and then cover over with dirt. Surface drains are an abomination—not to be thought of indeed. The poisonous gases arising from them are absorbed by water—however pure—milk, &c. Such a system of drainage, if adopted, would simply be a leap from "the frying pan into the fire."

Now for a brief chat with our readers anent turnpiking our streets. When a heavy rain storm sweeps over the town, it will be observed that numerous little streams of water find their several ways across the streets, where turnpiking has become a "lost art," and discharge their contents into cellars, &c. Not only does this become a nuisance to the owners of said cellars, &c., but in a very short time deep ruts are worn into the road bed by the action of the aforementioned "little streams of water." Were the roads properly turnpiked, the water would find its way along the side of the same, and *not* into people's "cellars, &c." But the water must find a proper outlet somewhere and herein another important use for drains is to be found.

We think we have shown that a necessity for a complete and effective system of drainage exists in Flesherton—although the necessity is not so great, perhaps, as it is in many surrounding towns and villages less favorably situated. A great deal more might be said on this all-important subject, but as we do not wish to weary our readers with very long articles, we leave the matter with them for the present, hoping they will act promptly on the suggestions thrown out.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The presence of that contagious and dangerous disease, diptheria, will serve to emphasize our remarks anent the importance of a thorough system of drainage. There has been altogether too much negligence in the past: let us act differently in the future. These remarks apply with equal force to farmers and townspeople.

Over one hundred people were killed and nearly four hundred people wounded in a terrible railway accident in the States the other day. Two engines were rushing along at terrific speed with a very large train of excursionists, when a burning bridge gave way, precipitating the second engine and a number of the coaches into the gully beneath. Strangely enough, the first engine got safely across and took the rails on the other side of the bridge. The cries of the wounded and dying were described as something awful and heartrending. Added to the horrors of the smash-up, was the imminent danger of catching fire from the burning bridge, to which the cars with their human freight of wounded and dying souls were exposed. This latter danger was happily averted after four hours of hard work. There seems to be something radically wrong in the management of Yankee railways, judging from the many terrible railway accidents happening from time to time over there.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

My Father.

My God, my Father, blissful name,
Oh may I call Thee mine,
May I with sweet assurance claim,
A portion so divine.

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly,
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good and just and wise,
O bend my will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordain,
Oh give me strength to bear,
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

Thy Sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak erring sight,
Yet let my soul adoring own,
That all thy ways are right.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 5 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold at Medical Hall.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

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One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

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Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

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INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

VOTERS' LIST, 1887.

Municipality of the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "THE VOTERS' LIST ACT" the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Flesherton, on the 6th day of August, 1887, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein to have immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

W. J. BELLAMY,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Dated this 6th day of August, A.D., 1887.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT

JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

One High-Bred Durham Bull,
"KING BILLY,"
The Royal Champion,
Will stand for service for the year 1887, at Lot 162, 1st Range, W.T. & S.R., Artemesia, at the small sum of 50c. W. C. PARKER.

NOTICE.
GRAY CHAMPION!
A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to 0 75	
Spring Wheat	0 75	0 75
Barley	0 30	0 45
Oats	0 28	0 28
Peas	0 47	0 48
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15	0 15
Potatoes bush	0 50	0 50
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	6 00	6 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	21	23
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,
You will find an assortment of
Heavy and Light Harness,
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,
Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.
Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

HARNESS HARNESS.
...If you want Harness, Single or Double, or Horse Blankets, Trunks, Bells, Valises, Curry Combs, Brushes or the celebrated Harness Oil, call & examine before purchasing elsewhere.
R. J. WATSON,
PRICEVILLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.
MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.
Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.
NATURE'S REMEDY
The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD
Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.
SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE
Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.
TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.
TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.
S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.
Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

—EUGENIA—
Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.
Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.
HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

THE

Medical Hall!

FLESHERTON,

HAS FOR SALE,

COAL OIL,

TWO GRADES AND TWO PRICES, ONE BETTER AND THE OTHER BEST.

—ALSO—

MAYELL'S BAKING POWDER!

It needs only the name for its recommendation. Any quantity sold from one-fourth of a pound to 20 pounds. Try it.

—ALSO—

MIXED SPICES!

—AND—

Spices Unmixed.

—ALSO—

Chocolate and Cocoa,

With the usual assortment of

Cakes and Confectionery.

THEN WE HAVE

BUTTER COLOR!

IN BOTTLES AND BULK.

PREPARED PAINTS!

Linseed Oil!

RAW AND BOILED.

Turpentine and the Best White Lead.

MACHINE OIL,

GOOD AND CHEAP.

We keep Artist's PAINTS and BRUSHES.

Fruit Salt!

An elegant effervesing preparation adapted for summer drinks, fevers, and constipation.

WE ARE INTRODUCING

Steam's & Co's

Non Secret Medicines, Cheaper than the ordinary Proprietory Medicines and we know the drugs of which they are made. Look out for them in a week or so.

Books, Stationery and a Druggists General Make-up.

For The Advance.

In a Far Off Land.

The beauty, the grace of a summer's day
In pearly twilight was fading away,
And over the brightness of Egypt's sand
The darkness lay, and the joyous, grand
Triumphant strain on the night-air fell—
'Twas the victors marching the news to tell.

On the blood-red sand of the battle-plain
There were ghastly faces and cries of pain,—
Voices pleading in broken prayer
For the tender touch of the loved ones, there;
Plaintive longings, with hurried gasp,
For the dear home-faces—the mother's clasp.

There on the stained Egyptian sand,
Dying alone in that far-off Land,
A soldier lay; and he raised his head:
"Tell them at home," he faintly said
While the blood oboed swift, "that it all seems right,
For, comrade, I'm going Home to-night."

"I had fondly thought to view once more
My dear old home on my native shore;
To march with the victors, you understand—
To kiss the loved ones—to press each hand...
But tell them I said that it all seems right,
For I go to a better Home to-night."

"Tell her," he whispered, "I kept her token...
Ah, God! must that loving heart be broken?
Comrade, you'll tell her when all is past,
On my dying lips her name was last.
But comrade, say that it all seems right—
Good-bye—I'm—going Home—to-night!"

In that soldier's home in another land
There are swelling hearts; now they understand
How there on that burning, sandy plain
He bravely fought for his country's gain,
And the aged mother bows low her head
As she vainly prays for the dear lost dead.

A brother comforts a sister there,
And weeping falls on the dreamy air.
What is the sunlight—what the grace
Of the summer day? For a dear one's face
Is missed at home by that loving band
Who mourn their dead in a far-off land.

—*Edith B. VanDusen.*

Flesherton, Aug. '87.

Jip's First Sermon.

Wessy (his real name is Charles Wesley Haynes) has a little dog Jip. He also has a "minister papa."

"Dippy," he often says, "we must be dood, we's min'ster's chil'ren."

One Sunday afternoon mamma said to papa, "Cant you take Wessy to Church with you to-day? I have a headache, and he has been so noisy all the morning that baby couldn't sleep. You can take him up into the pulpit; surely he can't do any mischief there;" for Wessy was very apt to get into mischief.

"All right, old fellow," said papa, "we'll have a fine time together."

Wessy was very glad, and ran off to find Jip.

"Dippy," he said, "we's doin' to church; we's doin' into the preach-place. Will oo be a dood boy?"

"Wow, wow," said Jip.

Now if papa or mamma had only heard this little talk! But they didn't; so Wessy tucked Jip under his overcoat, for Jip was so small he could easily go into papa's coat-pocket. They got into the sleigh and no one but Wessy and Jip knew that he was there. They were a little late in reaching the church, so papa hurried into the pulpit without taking off Wessy's wraps.

Wessy sat very quiet at first, and looked around. Then when papa began to preach, he grew tired. Jip too, was getting quite uneasy, so he unbuttoned his ulster and took the little fellow out. Papa saw that some of the people were smiling more and more. He began to be afraid Wessy was in mischief. Pretty soon he heard a sharp, quick bark. He turned around, and there, on the sofa, sitting up straight, and looking very sorrowful, was Jip. By his side sat Wessy, his hat on the back of his head, and a lead pencil stuck in his mouth for a cigar. He had fastened a string to papa's coat button, and he and Jip were driving to Boston."

Papa laughed, too, if he was in the pulpit, but he stopped the play very quickly. And Wessy told his mamma that night that the preach-place wasn't nice one bit; he never wanted to go there no more, and Dip didn't never."—*Baptist Weekly.*

A Great Smeller.

"Cotton burnin' 'round heah summers," said a negro employed at a Little Rock cotton shed; "cotton burnin' summers, fur I smell it."

"I don't smell anything," said the manager of the shed.

"I does, sah, I does. I reckon dat I'm er little de bes' smeller in dis heah country. W'y, sah, I ken smell o' de atmus fere an' tell w'en it's gwine ter rain."

"Then you must be an expert."

"Dat's whut I is, sah; dat's zactly whut I is. Yer know dat railroad accident de udder day? Wall, I knowed dat gwine happen."

"How did you know it?"

"Smelt it."

"You are foolish."

"No, sah, I aint. I wuz standin' talkin' ter Jim Taylor, an' all o' er suddent sez I, 'Jim, thar's suthin' gwine ter happen on dat railroad ober yander.' 'How yer know?' sez he. 'I smell it,' sez I. He flung up his head, hil it up er while and den sez, 'I smell er little trouble merse'f, but I kain't zackly make out whut it is.' Wall, sah, 'bout two hours arter dat dem trains run tugeder. Look heah, boss, I tell yer I smells cotton. Look out—whut's de matter heah? Good Lawd!"

Then he began to snatch off his shirt, which was about ready to blaze. He threw the burning garment on the ground, and as he stamped out the fire remarked: "Ain't no man ken beat me smellin,' lemme tell yer. Knowed dar wuz fire in dis heah neighborhood, an' I do belebe in my soul, sah, dat it has dun burnt er blister on my back."

New Bakery.

The undersigned begs to inform the people of Flesherton and neighborhood generally, that he has leased the Flesherton Bakery for a term of years and respectfully solicits their patronage. *Bread, Buns, Cakes* and any other kind of Baking that may be required by any of my patrons will receive prompt and careful attention. Liberal estimates for large supplies. I intend shortly to add *Home made Confectionery* warranted pure and manufactured on the premises.

JACOB STEPHEN.

Flesherton, Aug. 17th 1887.

Why he was Polite.

Two men on a street car. A woman enters and one of the men hastily gives her his seat. The other one looks on in astonishment and when the woman gets off says.

"You are growing strangely polite."

"How so?"

"Why you gave that woman your seat just now. I never saw you do anything of the kind before. You must have been struck on her appearance."

"Oh, no. You see, I owe her husband and she knows who I am.

An Unfortunate Coincidence.

Blumenthal—"Did you hear vat pad luck hash happened to Levi Cohen?"

Rosenburg—"I have noddings heard."

Blumenthal—"Levi had choost completed all his arrangements to fail in pishness at terventy cents on ter tollar ven a rich oncle died in Shermany and left him terventy tousand tollars in his vill. Vat you call dot for pad luck, eh?"

"Too pad! too pad! Vy couldn't dot old oncle have vaited a leedle vile?"

No Gooseberries This Season.

"Waiter," said a gentleman in the dining-car, "have you any gooseberry pie?"

"No, sah; hain't carryin' any dis yeah, sah.

"Why is that?"

"Well, you see, sah, dey's scarce dis season. Las' winter was so cole and stormy dat it was mighty tough on de geese."

Young, old, and middle aged, all experience the wonderfully benificial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald head, or with any scrofulous taint, become healthy and strong by the use of this medicine. Six bottles, $5.

Under Protection of a Higher Power.

A darkie, being brought before the magistrate, was asked:

"Haven't you been in jail for stealing chickens, once before.

"No, sah; no indeed, I hain't. Praise de Lawd for his infernit mussy, nobody hain't cotched me yit. It seems as if I wuz pertected by de higher powers."

He Blew His Own Horn.

He was 4 years old, and had received his first trumpet He enjoyed it immensely. When he was put to bed his mother asked him to put the trumpet away and say his prayers. "I tell you what let's do, mamma," said the young man. "You pray, and I'll just keep on blowing."

Physicians.—Are usually averse to proprietary medicines. Nasal Balm is a specific for cold in the head and catarrh, and having faith and evidence that it will cure those troubles, we ask and court a fair trial of the discovery, and a full investigation at their hands.

Ruined By Success.

Some one asked a photographer the other day how he was doing.

"Not any too well," was the reply, "you see the trouble is, now that I've become well-known, people say to themselves, 'That fellow must be overrun with work,' and go somewhere else."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold at Medical Hall.

Farmers Attention.

If you want to save money buy your Meat from Petch & Mitchell. We are now selling Beef from 4c. up. Always a good stock on hand and the best Meat the country can produce. Special reductions for large quantities for thrashing. Eggs or salt pork taken same as cash. PETCH & MITCHELL, butchers, Flesherton. 2t.

By Dissembling.

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?"

"By a very simple method."

"What method is that?"

"When I was poor I made out I was rich; and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

Tamarac.—A cold will often cause an irritation, dryness and soreness inside the throat. The first dose of Tamarac Elixir will afford relief.

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Shequiandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, wil be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning.

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tarriff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt, on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $1.00 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l. of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

Agents, Agents!

Now Ready—New—Our New Book.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST,

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

Head Office, 761 Yonge St., Toronto.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, Flesherton.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
Offices—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J. Masson, Q.C. S. Masson. W. Masson.
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
Flesherton, Co. Grey.
Division Court Clerk, Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Notary Public.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
Twp. Clerk Artemesia.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 10th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

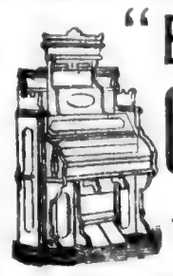

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

THE AVENGER MOONEY.

Particulars of the Attempt to Blow Up the National Steamer.

A New York despatch says: An Irishman, whose name the police at first would not disclose, tried to blow up the British steamer Queen, of the National Line, yesterday afternoon. He rowed up in a small boat alongside the Queen and threw a bottle containing some kind of explosive on board. An explosion followed which set fire to the steamer. The flames, however, were soon extinguished. The police went in pursuit of the fellow in a rowboat. He had put out for the Jersey shore, but they captured him and brought him to police headquarters. The broken bottle was also brought to police headquarters. It contained kerosene, naphtha and rags soaked in chemicals. The prisoner took it coolly. "I was thwarted in this," he said, "but there are plenty of others at work who will avenge the insult to American vessels and burn every vessel carrying the British flag." The prisoner gave the name of Conrad J. Mooney, and said he lived at No. 267 Warren street, Brooklyn. He was remanded until this morning. Mooney told the police that he formed one of a gang of men who had determined to burn every vessel entering port carrying the British flag. The seizure of American vessels in Canada and the usurpation of all commerce by the English had induced him to join the band. A long double-edged knife was found in the man's pocket. The steamer was only slightly damaged.

A New York despatch says: Thomas J. Mooney, who threw a bottle containing explosives on the deck of the steamship Queen yesterday afternoon, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court. In his trunk were found two pieces of gaspipe, packages of powder, sulphur, phosphorus, crystals of chloride of potassium, several glass tubes and some blasting caps for Atlas powder, besides clothes and note books. Several yards of fuse and a box of draughtsmen's instruments completed the list. The pipes were of heavy brass, of unequal lengths, and at about one-third of the distance from one end of each was a cock, which the police did not attempt to turn to-day. The shank of the cock was made of soft metal that could be eaten away by acid and placed in a small chamber and thus explode the contents of the larger. Capt. Gastien, who made the examination, remarked: "Mooney was ready to blow up a fleet." He was remanded until this afternoon. Mooney's room underwent a careful examination and an examination was also made of the bath-room in which Mooney's landlady said he spent much of his time. The paint and tin were eaten by chemicals and the place had undoubtedly been used as a laboratory. The landlady told the officers that her tenant engaged the room last Christmas. He always paid his rent promptly. He said he was a collector for the *Irish World*. Mooney was brought into court again at 2.30 p.m. Twenty feet of water proof fuse taken from Mooney's trunk, was laid upon the desk in the court, together with many glass tubes. The detectives said these were part of Mooney's infernal machanism. Then Mooney said he was an inventor, that these were part of his experimental materials, that he is now engaged on a torpedo boat and that he had received letters from the Secretary of the Navy about the torpedo boat. He had, he said, also been in communication with the Secretary of the French navy. He had not yet secured a patent and did not want his business exposed. There were also produced in court a package of acid, a box of 100 triple-force 25 calibre blasting caps, a package of sugar and a package of chlorate of potash and a brass faucet machine for filling bombs with acid. "For every blow the English give the American flag I will give another as long as I live," said Mooney. He was locked up to await examination as to his sanity.

STATE-AIDED COLONIZATION.

Proposals Now Before the British Government.

A London cablegram says: The subcommittee appointed by the Committee on State-aided Colonization formed among the members of the House of Commons will present its report to the full committee to-morrow. It is understood that the scheme which they recommend is a combination of the various proposals recently urged by the advocates of assisted emigration. It is proposed to form a Colonization Board, composed of British and Colonial members, who will have charge of the funds; that capital be raised by public subscription, with interest at 3 per cent. guaranteed by the Imperial Government for 30 years; that colonists receiving advances pay 4 per cent. after the first year, the advance being secured by the free grant land given by the colony, the re-payment being extended over 30 years. Even if adopted by the general committee, this scheme is not likely to be accepted by the Imperial Government. In Colonial circles it is considered that 30 years is too long a term, and that provision ought to be made for a Colonial veto on the selection of the colonists to be aided. Lord Lothian has suggested that the Government advance £300,000 to assist Crofters desirous of settling in Canada, the Northwest Land Companies guaranteeing repayment, and undertaking the settlement of the colonists in Canada, with the aid of the Canadian Government.

Psychological Phenomena Explained.

"Have you never felt that vague yet wonderful feeling, Mr. Grimshaw," said the Boston girl ecstatically, "that you are passing through some thrilling experience that you have gone through before, long, long ago, with precisely similar surroundings and environments, and that you anticipate every stage of it before it comes to pass?" "Dozens of times," replied the Milwaukee young man; "there is nothing in this world that will give a fellow such a high old nightmare as a supper of pig's feet and cider."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The fact is noted that in climates having a difference of 70° in temperature between the hot and cold seasons a railroad track of the length of 400 miles is some 338 yards longer in summer than in winter, that is, though, of course, the length of road remains the same, expansion forces the metal closer together, making an aggregate closing up of space between the rails of nearly a yard in each mile.

ANOTHER NOTORIOUS FLIGHT.

The Ex-Premier of the Sandwich Islands Flies from Justice.

NEW CONSTITUTION FOR THE ISLAND.

A Port Townsend, W.T., cable says: Advices by the barque Colusa, from Honolulu, July 13th, say ex-Premier Gibson escaped on July 13th on the barque John G. Spreckels. On that day he was acquitted of having defrauded the Government. The barque Spreckels was lying near the wharf with everything ready to set sail. A carriage, which was waiting at the rear door of the court-room, conveyed Gibson without a moment's delay to the vessel, which cast off lines and headed for San Francisco. It required less than twenty minutes for Gibson to leave the court-room and get on board the Spreckels. Hazeltine, Gibson's son-in-law, is still in jail awaiting trial for being an accessory to Gibson. Business has been resumed. Capitalists who were holding back are investing money and a general feeling prevails that Hawaii has a stable Government, under which just laws will be enacted. King Kalakaua signed the constitution on July 10th. This deprived him of all power but that of drawing his salaries and granting pardons.

San Francisco, Aug. 6.—William M. Gibson, the deposed Prime Minister of the Hawaiian Kingdom, who was tried and acquitted of the charge of robbing the public treasury, and who escaped from the island after his acquittal, arrived here to-day on board the brig J. G. Spreckels. The Spreckels brought detailed information with regard so the new constitution which King Kalakaua was compelled to sign.

Among the chief clauses of the new constitution are the following: All men may freely speak, write and publish their sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for abuse of that right, and no law shall be enacted to restrain the liberty of open speech or of the press. No subsidy or tax of any description shall be levied unless by consent of the Legislature, except when between sessions, the emergencies of war, invasion, rebellion, pestilence, or other public disaster shall arise, and then not without the concurrence of the entire Cabinet and of a majority of the whole Privy Council; and the Minister of Finance shall render a declared account of such expenditure to the Legislature. The King is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of all other military forces of the kingdom by sea and land, but he shall never proclaim war without the consent of the Legislature, and no military nor naval force shall be organized except by the authority of the Legislature. The King cannot be sued nor held to account in any court or tribunal of the kingdom. The Cabinet shall consist of a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of Finance, and an Attorney-General, and they shall be His Majesty's special advisers in the executive affairs of the kingdom, and they shall be ex-officio members of his council that shall be appointed and combined by the King and shall be removed by him upon a vote of want of confidence passed by a majority of all the elective members of the Legislature, or upon conviction of felony, and no removal shall have effect unless it is countersigned by a member of the Cabinet, who, by that signature, makes himself responsible. The legislative power of the kingdom is vested in the King and Legislature which shall consist of nobles and representatives sitting together. The remainder of the Constitution, which contains 82 sections, provides for the organization of the Legislative Assembly.

Gibson said to a representative of the Associated Press this morning concerning the affairs at Hawaii: "The new constitution has many admirable features about it, still it is what might be termed a shotgun or rifle constitution. The King only proclaimed it through fear of his life. Whether it will last or not I cannot, of course, tell. Those people," said Mr. Gibson, "undoubtedly meant to take my life, but the new Cabinet evidently thought that it would be a dangerous expedient, as they knew how long I was with the native party, and my death by violence might have occasioned very serious trouble." In further conversation Mr. Gibson said the United States Government had designs in the Pacific which would probably be revealed shortly. He said this Government would not like the course affairs had taken od the island. He would not give an explanation beyond this remark.

BISMARCK ON THE WATCH.

Germany Ready to Interfere as Soon as Holland's King Expires.

A London cablegram says: It is feared that serious troubles will result in connection with the succession of William III., King of Holland, who is now old and very seriously ill. He recently visited Carlsbad for treatment, but derived no benefit whatever therefrom. He is now 71 years of age and cannot live much longer. He is the last of the male descendants of the House of Orange. After his death, if there is no outside interferences, Holland will be governed by a Council of Regents. It is, however, asserted that Prince Bismarck will interfere and will put forward the hereditary Duke of Nassau, who is the heir presumptive to the Grand Duchy of Luxenburg, now held by the King of Holland, chief of the Orange Nassau family. The old Duke of Nassau, his father, is one of the German Princes deposed by Prussia in 1866, and was one of the first of these petty sovereigns who afterwards became reconciled to their conqueror. The young Duke married last year a Princess of Baden, who is a granddaughter of Emperor William. The German authorities have for some time past been building forts along the Dutch frontier. There are now 50,000 German soldiers so disposed that they can be moved into Holland at a few days' notice.

The other day a lovely young woman of decidedly Puritanic associations received a visit from an Italian professor, who came to pay his respects before departing for Europe. As she rose to greet him he grasped her hand and exclaimed in anguished accents: "Oh! madame, es it not so hot as hell damn? Es yat not what you say, madame in Amerique?"—*Boston Herald.*

—At the seashore they call it hum-idity, and attribute it to the mosquitoes.

FORGER BIDWELL'S STORY.

His Statement in the New York Police Court Secures Him His Liberty.

A New York despatch says: George Bidwell, the noted forger, was arrested yesterday by order of Inspector Byrnes as he landed from a European steamer. Bidwell was recently pardoned by the British Government on account of ill-health. When the accused reached the Central Office he had to be carried into the inspector's office. Bidwell's sister and a female friend accompanied him to police headquarters. Later Bidwell was taken before Justice Duffy, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, and there being no affidavit or complaint against him, was arraigned as a "suspicious character." In giving an account of himself, in response to the charge, he told the justice that he was now a reformed man. He had changed his mode of life, and the remainder of his days would be spent in an endeavor to redeem the wrongs he had done to society and to his family. It was painful for him to recall his misdeeds, but when compelled to do so he felt it but just to say that in regard to the forgeries upon the Bank of England, the institution had recovered the $5,000,000 which he had got from it, and he had served fourteen years in Dartmoor Prison, five years of the time being passed in a locked cell, shut out from the sunlight or the sight of the earth. For five years he was shut up in a dark cell because his keepers professed to believe that he was shamming sickness. It had taken Great Britain eight years to find out that he was sick. In prison he had learned to read and write French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek. He had passed away some of his time in writing verses. His wife had been true to him all this time. She was a noble woman and he now puts himself wholly under her care and guidance. He had a son who was now wealthy and who had the largest house in the State where he lived. Bidwell did not care to name the State.

Justice Duffy asked the detectives if they had any charge to make. They said they had none, and the justice, saying that he was always ready to help any man to reform, discharged Bidwell, who departed a free man.

Bidwell was taken by his wife, his sister and his son to their home in Brooklyn. He is partially paralyzed below the waist, and it is said that his mind has been weakened by the effects of illness and confinement. He told Inspector Byrnes that he was born in Medina, N. Y., and first came to New York in 1871, soon after which he went to England and committed his extensive forgeries. His brother is still serving a life sentence in an English prison.

NINE PEOPLE MURDERED.

A Whole Family Knocked on the Head and their Throats Cut.

A Macon, Ga., despatch says: Information has just been received of a most horrible tragedy occurring on Saturday night about twelve miles from here, in this county. The report says that Capt. Richard Woolfolk, a well-known farmer, his wife, four children and Mrs. West, an aunt of Mrs. Woolfolk, were found murdered in the house this morning, having been knocked in the head and their throats cut. Tom G. Woolfolk, son of Capt. Woolfolk by his first wife, is suspected of the crime and was arrested. The deputy sheriff and coroner went out to the scene of the murder. Later and fuller details from the scene of the Woolfolk tragedy develop the fact that there were nine victims instead of seven, as reported—Capt. and Mrs. R. F. Woolfolk, the six children, ranging in ages from 16 months to 20 years, and Mrs. West, an aunt of Mrs. Woolfolk, aged 60. The coroner's jury found a verdict of murder against Thos. G. Woolfolk, son of the captain's first wife, who was sleeping in the house. The evidence before the jury was circumstantial throughout. The crowd continued to grow in size and the indications pointed strongly to lynching. Sheriff Westcott told the jury to withhold their verdict until he could get the prisoner away, and then, making all arrangements, slipped Woolfolk out of the house in a hurry and drove away so rapidly that the crowd had hardly time to realize the departure. The prisoner was brought to Macon and safely lodged in jail, where he talked of the crime coolly, but made no admissions. His motive is said to be the desire to gain possession of his father's property for himself and two sisters, children of the first wife.

Macon, Ga., Aug. — The funeral of the nine victims of Thos. G. Woolfolk took place here to-day at Rose's Hill Cemetery in the presence of 3,000 people. The services were brought to an abrupt termination by the arrival of Mrs. Edward's, sister of the murderer, who was in Athens, Ga., at the time of the commission of the crime. Heartrending scenes followed. Woolfolk was carried to Atlanta early this morning for safe keeping. He continues to deny his guilt.

Rather Fancied the Jail.

Apropos of going to jail a suggestive story is told of a local contractor who hired a man to work on the trenches the other day. "Seems to me, John," said he, "that you are looking quite hearty. Where have you been?" John cast his eyes to the east and lit his pipe toward the west and said: "I've been to jail, sir, and, begery, there isn't any reason why a man shouldn't be hearty. They call it a jail, do they! Well, sir, I should call it a mighty fine boardin'-house, with nothin' to do but eat and drink and sit down and rest your bones. It is a favorite summer resort, and very crol in these slatherin' hot days." John wooked four or five days, and a common complaint of his was that he was out of jail.

The Englishman and the Guide Book.

When an Englishman travels on the continent he relies entirely on his guide book for information. He regards Baedeker as absolutely infallible.

A couple of travelling Britons were observed to be studying, Baedeker in hand, a landscape on the Rhine. One of them said, reading from the book:

"A tall tower is to be seen on the right of the ruins of the old castle."

"But, 'Arry, me boy, there's no tower there."

"That's so, by Jove; the landscape must be wrong."—*Texas Siftings.*

If a single Texas highwayman can rob two stages, how many passengers would it take to defend a railroad train?

A FATAL LAUNCH.

Disastrous Launching of a New Milwaukee Steamer.

A Milwaukee despatch says: By a peculiar accident at the launching of the huge steamer Wm. A. Wolf, at Wolf & Davidson's shipyard on Saturday afternoon, three persons were killed outright, several others fatally injured, about twenty seriously hurt and a number of others less seriously injured. About 1,000 people had gathered to watch the launch. The docks were lined, vessels were crowded and every available scow and lumber pile was black with spectators. Directly opposite the cradled vessel was the large coal dock of the Northwestern Fuel Company. Upon the roof of this coal shed a large number of people had assembled. As the Wolf struck the water her port bilge was buried in the black water of the slip. Then she recovered and rolled heavily to port. The water displaced by her hull rose like a tidal wave and swept over the coal dock and up towards its roof, causing a cloud of coal dust and spray. The supports of the docks were insufficient to stand the force of the wave, and about forty feet of the shed went down with its living freight. Instantly there was wild excitement. On the deck of the steamer a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, but a few cool-headed people at once set to work to rescue the people thrown into the river and those buried in the *debris* of the platform. Owing to the fact that many cases of injuries were not reported, the unfortunates being hurried home in carriages, it is impossible to ascertain the full extent of the accident. As far as known the list of dead and badly hurt embraces the following:

Dead—Ed. Zero, aged 15; Charles Walwig, 22; Thomas Slevister, 20.

The injured—Kenneth McKay, aged 20, injured internally, fatally; Mrs. Marley, scalp torn off the back of the head and spine injured, fatally; F. Althoffer, hurt internally, probably fatally; John Knack, boat-builder, badly hurt internally; T. L. Barrow, book-keeper; A. D. Whitcome, limbs broken; H. Ehlers, badly injured about the back and shoulders, but may recover; Wm. Knack, a moulder, badly hurt about the hips and severely cut about the head and face.

Latest Ladies' Fashion Notes.

Small bonnets of sheer white organdie, made with many fine pleatings, are worn to church in the country, trimmed with big bows of pure white ribbon.

Ecru embroidered muslins are made with ruffled skirts, apron drapery and shirred waists, which are held in place by a broad, heavy white belt. The shoulders are ornamented with epaulets of thick, soft white ribbon bows.

The latest black lace dresses are made by sewing alternate strips of lace inserting two inches wide and black moire ribbon of the same width. The fabric formed in this way is draped diagonally across the moire underdress in front and straight in the back. The waist is shirred across the shoulders and about the neck over a tight silk lining and gathered to a point at the belt line.

Similar lace dresses are made in white and draped over either white moire or white surah. In these white costumes the white drapery of the waist is crossed over in surplice fashion and held at the waist with a wide moire sash. The sleeves of the striped lace and ribbon are in leg-o'-mutton shape and have no lining, short moire cuffs confining them below the elbow.

Dressing sacones of exquisitely delicate mull, trimmed profusely with lace and covered with a multitude of loops of the very narrowest ribbon, are worn to the breakfast table with old silk skirts that are past the prime. The ribbons are run through narrow inserting set between the mull and the lace ruffles. Under them are worn white corset covers, tied with ribbons of the same color as those in the sacque, which are prettiest when of clear, buttercup yellow.

The most sensible and coolest morning gown for those obliged to remain in the city during the warm weather is a full plain skirt of pongee with a deep hem. The waist has a basque back and gathered surplice fronts, leaving the throat unhampered by a collar. The sleeves are flared at the wrist and turned back in Pilgrim fashion with a contrasting color. The fronts are tied in loosely with long ribbon bows. Dull green, pale heliotrope or dark wine tints are pretty in contrast.

A pretty evening gown is of white silk mull. It is made over a skirt of cheap white silk and has three narrow flounces of the mull edged with two rows of narrow white satin ribbon. The long drapery is edged with four rows of ribbon and is nowhere draped high enough above the flounces to expose the silk underskirt. The waist is a low-necked, sleeveless, white silk basque over which the mull is gathered high in the throat, held there by three rows of ribbon. There are no sleeves, and the gloves are white.

An Octogenarian.

Captain John Ericsson, the inventor, celebrated his 84th birthday at New York on Sunday. The *World* says it found him "as active and vigorous and apparently about as young as when he launched the Monitor, a quarter of a century ago." His regular habits and health regimen are credited with doing much to keep him so fresh and vigorous. Like the late Wm. Cullen Bryant, he takes a cold bath every morning on rising and indulges in plenty of exercise as well as plenty of work. The advantage of a cold sponge bath every morning, summer and winter, on rising cannot be over estimated. It cleanses the pores of the system and equalizes the circulation as nothing else will, and, if followed by a vigorous grooming, will start one out for the day in splendid condition. This, with temperance in diet and drink and sufficient sleep, will add years to one's life if no organic trouble or accident cuts it short.

A Moral Hero.

The man who can pass the warning notice, "Paint," without testing the matter with his finger to see if it is dry, has sufficient will-power to give up drinking.—*Puck.*

A Main street mother was whipping her boy yesterday, and as she applied the rod she shouted: "Will you behave?" "Yes," blubbered the throbbing boy: "I will you will."

THE MIND CURE.

Imaginary Therapeutics a Lucrative Fad in New York.

There are any number of people making a living out of the mind cure in New York, says a writer in the *Graphic*, despite the fact that any one who wanted to could have them arrested on the very serious charge of illegally practicing medicine. Of course they would claim that they have nothing to do with the practice of medicine, but as long as they are taking money for healing people it would make a very pretty case. Most of the mind curers are women, however, and some of them ladies, and as long as they can do so little harm, no one is likely to disturb them. It takes very little trouble to become a mind curer. All of them teach the art or science, or whatever they call it, and it only takes twenty lessons or so to be able to practice it, so that one would think that every man might soon become his own mind curer; but every one is not successful either in doing or in making himself or others believe that he is successful in doing what he wants to, and so comes about a survival of the fittest in the business. The observer knows, and knew before she assumed her present mysterious importance, one of the largest practitioners in this field; she is a handsome, well-bred woman, with considerable sense of humor, and her accounts of her patients are very funny. It is one of the peculiarities of the mind cure that it cures everything from original sin to corns, and Mrs. B. has as many patients come to her for ailments not physical as for those that are. Women come to be made to love their husbands, and men come—for the patients are by no means all "silly women"—to be kept from fretting about their business; children are sent to have their tempers improved, and drunkards to have their appetites changed. It is easy to see that in all such cases as these the attitude of seeking a cure, not to mention the fact of paying for it, does a great deal to produce it, and this sort of influence may be an excellent thing. A prominent physician said the other day that if the hypochondriacs could be gotten to patronize the mind cure it would be the greatest blessing both for them and their poor, worn-out doctors in the world, for hypochondria is practically banished by the mind curists as a mere preliminary to treatment, but this doctor said that so far as he could learn no professional invalids of the class, whose invalidism constitutes their only reason for being, could be persuaded to try a system whose first requirement is that the patient shall cease to talk about his ailments. Their practice on this point ought to give a hint to the regular physicians; why in the name of mercy to mankind can't they all adopt enough of mind cure philosophy to follow in their footsteps in this one particular and stop all patients from talking about their ailments and sensations? If that could be accomplished the mind cure would richly have justified its existence.

A Popular Novelist on "Love."

Love is like a flower in the desert.

It is like the aloe of Arabia that blooms but once and dies; it blooms in the salt emptiness of life, and the brightness of its beauty is set upon the waste as a star is set upon a storm.

It hath the sun above that is the spirit, and about it blows the air of its own divinity.

At the echoing of a step Love blooms, I say; I say Love blooms, and bends her beauty down to him who passeth by.

He plucketh it, yea, he plucketh the red cup that is full of honey, and beareth it away—away across the desert—away till the flower be withered—away till the desert be done.

There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of life. That flower is Love!

There is only one fixed star in the midst of our wandering. That star is Love.

There is only one hope in our despairing night. That hope is Love.

All else is false. All else is shadow moving upon water. All else is wind and vanity.

Who shall say what is the weight or the measure of Love? It is born of the flesh, it dwelleth in the spirit. From each does it draw its comfort.

For beauty it is as a star.

Many are its shapes, but all are beautiful; and none know where the star rose, or the horizon where it shall set.—*H. Rider Haggard, in "She."*

A Simple Question.

A certain learned judge, when attempting to be clear, is at times rather perplexing. "My good woman," he is reported to have said to a witness, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left side and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or between the omnibus and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively—or how was it?"—*New York Telegram.*

Story of Emperor William.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* relates a pretty incident of the Emperor's late visit to Kiel. When steaming past the ironclads which were anchored in parade order, on his return from Holtenau to Kiel, His Majesty came abreast of the Swedish war vessel Edda, of which the crew were also manning the yards and cheering lustily. At the same time Prince Oscar of Sweden, as the commander of this vessel, which had brought him to Kiel, advanced and saluted the Emperor, on which His Majesty took the star of the Black Eagle from his breast, and with a few gracious words pinned it on to the uniform of his royal Swedish guest.

Petty larceny may be expected to flourish in all the departments of a business founded upon grand larceny, and to be taken by its practitioners to be the same thing as business ability.—*New York Times.*

The famine which is raging at Anticoguia is at its height. In San Vincente two children in one family have died of starvation. Twenty thousand dollars have been raised in Medellin, but the sum is not enough. A relief committee in Rio Negro has 200 families to support.

DRESS OF THE FUTURE.

When Women Will Wear no Drapery Below the Knee.

The first time I ever saw Mrs. Miller on a Massachusetts lecture platform she wore an ultra-fashionable gown, writes a New York correspondent. It was small wonder then that I said to her recently: "And how came you of all women in the dress reform field?"

"That is easily told," she replied. "I never wore corsets, have inveighed against them, indeed, all my life. But I did what is worse, after all. I liked to look as my neighbors did and I wore the conventional gown without any protection of corset underneath. By and by my back ached. Then it ached a little more. I had a horror of being an invalid and went to a doctor, who told me I was well enough if I would only stop loading myself down with heavy gowns. I went home and weighed a new velvet costume—I had worn it but once and it cost me $350—it tipped the beam at twenty-five pounds. I never wore it again, but try as I might, I could not find a dressmaker who would take the trouble to devise for me what I was coming to see was the only healthful sort of dress. They told me I was too young a woman to be a crank, and that was all the satisfaction I got.

"I could use needle and thread myself and with my maid's help I manufactured in time what I wanted for my own wear. I had no intention of making the matter public in any way. But one or two Washington society women took to my gowns. Mrs. Breckinridge, the wife of the Kentucky Senator, had some like them, and Mrs. James, the wife of the Brooklyn Congressman, liked the idea, too. One day I woke up and found myself a column and a-half long in the paper. Then I began to have letters, such funny letters, too, from cranks, a good many of them, and in the end they pushed me forward to setting my scheme before the women of the land."

"You say people wrote to you; what did they say?"

"Oh, they came to me as well as wrote. There was a Kentuckian, a man and a perfect stranger, who posed on my parlor carpet and told me he had a sick wife and he wasn't going home till I cut him some patterns of dresses that would make her well. 'But, my good man,' said I, 'I never cut a paper pattern in my life and I don't know how big your wife is nor how to begin.' It was of no use. He kept coming till my sister and I, in desperation at his persistence, spread out some gowns on the floor and cut patterns for him as well as we could.

"Then there was a woman out west who said she was one of the original wearers of the bloomer; she was old and infirm now, and if I really sympathized with women she was sure I would send her money enough to build her a frame house to live in in her old age. I was besieged with letters, and my mail ran up so that I got a secretary to attend to it for me. I think I have had correspondents in every English-speaking country of the globe. Everybody asked me what to do, and I was amazed at the amount of rebellion that seemed smoldering against corsets and long skirts. Women don't really like them, you know, but they don't want to be odd and they don't know what else to put on."

"And what do you think of the prospect of final success?"

"Of course I can't tell, but they look bright just now. Nothing was ever less sought than the prominence this has thrust me into. I was satisfied with clothing myself so as not to be a burden to myself and husband, but if it is to be a public work, I may do some real good to a few other women at least."

"And have you any ultimate ideas beyond those you advocate now?"

"Yes; but it would not do to advance them. One must win people, not repulse them. For my own part, I believe the dress of the future woman will be a very beautiful and a very graceful dress, but not altogether to our present ideas. I believe our limbs were made for practical use, and that in a couple of centuries or so women will wear no drapery, at least below the knee. But that is wholly a thing of the future. I shouldn't think of advocating it, because it wouldn't be practicable now."

All in the Family.

A romantic marriage took place recently in Jeffersonville, Ky., before Esquire Ware. Wm. Brown and Mary Sanders were the contracting parties. They claim their home in Nelson county, fourteen miles from Bardstown. The groom is about 30 years of age, and the bride is sweet 16. Brown wore jean pants that struck him about the knees. His coat looked like the remnant of a soldier coat. The bride's dress was of a bright red, but looked as if it had been worn many years. On her bosom she wore a sunflower of the largest size. It appears that Brown's brother Sam and Mary were to have eloped at the same time as William and her sister. In order to throw off suspicion the girls were exchanged. Mary went with William, and her sister went with Sam. They eloped on Wednesday night. They had got but a short distance from the home of the girls when their father learned of their departure. He started in pursuit on horseback and overtook them about four miles from home. They were in buggies, and the old man grabbed the horse in the rear buggy by the head. Seeing the predicament they were in, the foremost couple gave whip to the horse and were soon out of sight. They could not go back to hunt the other pair, so, after talking the matter over, they concluded that they would get married and make it all right with the other party when they got back.

They did not seem to be bothered about it, and when asked if there would be trouble when they went home, the groom said:

"No, I guess not. Both girls are about alike, but I never went to see this one. I will make it all right with Sam when I get home."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

At the Fourth of July celebration in Danville, Ill., the wife of a Methodist minister won twenty-five yards of carpet by exhibiting a family of thirteen children, eleven of them under 21 years of age, and Miss Maggie Lingenfelter won a fine dress pattern by harnessing a horse and hitching him to a buggy in less than two minutes.

A Pittsburg paper advertises for "a boy to do heavy work." Boys who would be caught by an advertisement like that are very scarce in this section

PROVING HIS LOVE.

"I oughtn't to be listenin' to ye, sir, at all," said the pretty Irish girl, tossing her head. "You know, sir, well enough that I'm to marry Dennis Regan."

"And you would rather marry him than me?" asked Earl Talbot, drawing himself up to his full height. He was a splendid specimen of manhood and a handsome one, and he loved Kitty as he had never loved a woman before. The peasant girl pleased him more than any drawing-room belle.

"And why should I be ashamed of Dennis?" she asked. "Faith, he's good enough for the likes o' me," with a proud smile on her face.

"But did you know that spies are on his track for having murdered Harry Douns," said the young Englishman.

"My Denny is no murderer. It's all a lie got up by them that hates him. He's been a wild lad, I know, but none the worse for it. He has a good heart and I'll stand by him!"

Earl Talbot looked at her beautiful face and sighed. He had had his way all his life and he could hardly understand what defeat meant.

"I am sorry, Kitty, that you will not have me—very sorry. I hope some day you will give me a better answer."

"It can never be anything else, sir. You're kind to ax me, but my heart's wid Denny," and she turned her face away.

So there was nothing left for Earl Talbot to do but ride away, a very much disappointed man.

A few days later the fugitive Dennis Regan was captured, and in twenty-four hours had been condemned to die on the scaffold.

The terrible days sped away. When only two nights remained Kitty, sitting alone with her sorrow, heard her cabin door open, and in a minute Earl Talbot stood before her.

The young man was amazed.

Hardly a trace remained of the dainty physical beauty which had charmed him so. Lovely she still was, but it was the ethereal sweetness of an angel, disciplined by mortal sorrow.

"Why, Kitty! my poor little girl! Don't look so, I beg of you. You make me wretched. Your eyes, that were like two purple pansies, are put out by the tears."

"They will soon leave off tears, sir," said Kitty, with woful calmness. "My heart is clean broken, and if they hang Dennis I'll not be long following him."

The young man sat a little while in silence. Presently he said:

"On your soul, Kitty, do you believe Dennis to be ignorant of this crime?"

"As there is a hope for mercy, sir, I do."

Another silence and then Earl Talbot rose.

"Kitty, I'm going to show you how generous a lover and a gentleman can be. When you are happy you must think of me sometimes."

A tender kiss was left on her cheek, and Kitty was alone, her heart strangely full of joy and hope.

At length the awful day arrived and the market place at Lanark was crowded with people to see a strong man die. Dennis Regan came out of his prison surrounded by a cordon of soldiers with drawn bayonets. His face was pale but calm.

Father Reilly proceeded to shrive him; and while this was going on the sobbing in the crowd grew more vehement.

The ceremony over, the father was seen to embrace the prisoner most tenderly, and then, when all was over that he could do, he turned to descend the rude steps.

Half-way down he stumbled. Was it this attracted the attention of the soldiers?

The next instant—before a musket could be levelled—Dennis Regan was seen to leap sheer over the heads of the guard, and with a thundering shout the crowd opened to receive him.

In a breath he was hustled along till he reached a clear space, and then he sprang upon the splendid horse that Earl Talbot had provided, and steed and rider were away like the wind.

Pursuit was in vain. Dennis hid among the hills till he could make his way to a seaport, where his mother and Kitty joined him. There the happy lovers were wedded, and together they crossed to America.

Two years afterward Lanark was astonished by the sight of Harry Douns, just home from Wales, where he went in a fit of pique because Kitty frowned upon him.

An Intelligent Official.

In one of the Dakota cities where the post-office free-delivery system went into effect the men appointed carriers were somewhat inexperienced. One of them seemed to get over his route in a remarkably short space of time. Long before the others returned he was back with an empty poutch looking for another load. The postmaster questioned him a little, but he insisted that he knew what he was doing and didn't need any instructions. The fourth day he came back with about half the letters he took out.

"What is the matter?" asked the postmaster.

"The boxes on my route are all full."

"What boxes?"

"Them little iron boxes that you put up around on the lamp posts that say 'U. S. Mail' on the end. I've been putting the mail into them every day, and have left them unlocked, too, but I don't believe the big fools around the neighborhood know enough to go to them and get out their letters. I caught one man to-day putting letters he wanted to mail into one of them, though I know there are half a dozen for him in it now. I threatened to lick him if I caught him trying it again, and he said he was going to report me." — *Dakota Bell.*

The Bumblebees and the Clover.

An Indiana farmer, who told his boys to burn every bumblebees' nest they found on his farm, and was complaining of the failure of his cloverseed crop, was surprised when Maurice Thompson, the naturalist, said: "That is why your clover seed fails you. Bumblebees make your clover seed." It is a fact that a strong nest of bumblebees in a big clover field is worth $20 to the owner, for these insects are the chief agents in fertilizing the blossoms, thereby insuring a heavy crop of seed. In Australia there were no bumblebees of our kind, and they could not raise clover seed until they imported some of our kind.

In these days of "progressive" all sorts of things it would be quite in keeping to call the tramp a progressive parasite.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Watchmaking in France is a great business. According to M. Saunier the yearly production of watches in France is as follows, by centres of manufacture: Besancon, 24,000,000; Paris, 23,000,000; some small centres of production, such as Trois Fontains, 1,500,000; Morex and neighborhood, 4,000,000; Saint Nicholas d'Allormont, 1,500,000; Beaucourt, Monteliard-Selincourt, 9,000,000; Cluses, 1,500,000; total, 64,500,000. Where do they all go?

The foundation stone of the Woman's Jubilee offering in England—the Prince Consort's equestrian statue—was laid with an historical mallet. The Queen used the same mallet which George III. handled to lay the first stone of the gateway between the York and Lancaster towers at Windsor Castle in August, 1824. Since then it has been used by the German Crown Princess for All Saints', Windsor, in 1763, and by Prince Christian at the Albert Institute, Windsor, in 1879.

In Paris the other day an Austrian invention was tested for automatically lowering coffins into graves without ropes. A coffin was placed on a kind of platform, and surrounded with funeral drapery, which concealed the grave. When a spring was pressed the platform, with its lugubrious burden, descended slowly into the earth. The price of the apparatus is 80 lire, and the inventor states that it is used in Vienna and Milan, the rate payable being six francs for each burial. The prefecture of the Seine has asked for some modifications in the machinery before taking it into use.

According to a social note in the Hartford *Times* it is the fashion for the most ultra fashionable women nowadays to retain their maiden instead of their "middle name." Some of these ladies have been astonished to hear that the innovation was first started and became widely used by suffrage women of this country, who thought it best to retain this slight hold upon their identity. The shocked and surprised fashionables are of the class that are unconsciously using and utilizing many of the changes that have been slowly brought about by their indefatigable "sisters" of stronger views.

In freezing ice cream, the cream is put first into a tin vessel and surrounded by ice. Tin is used because it is a good conductor of heat and the warmth of the cream is drawn through it easily and absorbed into the ice. This tin vessel and the ice surrounding it are placed in a wooden vessel, wood being selected because it is a poor conductor, and the outside heat cannot readily pass through it to the cream. Salt is sprinkled on the ice because salt has the property of melting ice, and while melting ice absorbs heat, thus making an additional draft on the warmth in the cream.

The New York *World* reports the seizure of 5,000 gallons of the soakings of dried peaches and unsalable raisins which were to have been converted into "pure wines." The New York *Tribune* tells of the arrival of 150 casks of cherry juice from Hamburg, to be used in making California wine. The juice contained a large quantity of poisonous aniline dye. And the *Druggists' Circular* adds the following contribution to the subject: It is more the rule than the exception for port wine to be composed of cider, syrup, gum kino and tartaric acid, and for claret to be made from a decoction of orris root, water, raspberry juice, syrup and cochineal, while most of the sherry wine on the market is a combination of cheap materials colored with alkanet root. To bring up "flat" wine a common practice is to drop a few rats into a cask through the bung hole. The rat flavor is said to be "perfectly delicious," but the sellers are careful not to sample it, leaving that delightful privilege for the innocent buyers.

The other day an experiment was made in running a car over one of the street railways of Philadelphia by means of a storage battery. There are no railways in this country which employ this system, although it is used in London, Vienna and Berlin and is claimed by the expert brought over from Europe to construct the car to be cheaper by 50 per cent. than the employment of horses. The car was fitted with eighty-four cells, each weighing about forty pounds. These will drive it about four hours, and it takes about the same length of time to charge them. Each car would be fitted with two sets of cells and the one exhausted could be replaced with the one charged in about four minutes. In the trial the car ran up heavy grades and over sharp curves easily. It got off the track twice, but was easily backed on again. The expert said that a speed of twelve miles an hour was attainable. The railway men expressed themselves as well satisfied with the experiment. The car was provided with an electric light of almost the volume of an electric headlight, with four incandescent burners, with a loud gong, which was sounded by touching a button, and with electric bells, which connected the two platforms.

Things One Doesn't Like to Hear.

"No, Mr. Smyth; but I will be a sister to you."

"Good morning. I am introducing a work which should be in every library."

"Sorry, dear boy, but I can't let you have the amount, for I'm dead broke myself."

"Charles, it is half-past 3 o'clock. Where have you been until this hour?"

"Mr. De Browne, your services will not be required after Saturday next."

"You want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, young man, what are your expectations?"

"Here is the milliner's bill, Algy—only $75."

"I say, Jenkins, I heard a good story to-day, and I must tell it to you."

"Oh, Alfred, what do you think! I received a letter from dear mamma this morning, and she's coming to spend a month with us."

"When will you be ready to return that $10, Robinson? This is the fifth time I've asked you for it."

"If ye plaze, sorr, Miss Heavyswell tould me to tell you she's not at home."

"And fifthly, dear brethren—"

"You are a moderate drinker, eh? Now, my dear sir, let me direct your attention to a few statistics."

Ten thousand Italian troops will be sent o Massowah in the autumn.

WASHED BY A TIDAL WAVE.

A Wall of Water Strikes the Umbria—A [illegible] Steerage Passenger Hurt.

"A tidal wave! Look! It's bound to strike us!"

The speaker was Third Officer Bennett, of the Cunard steamer Umbria, and he addressed Second Officer King, who was standing with him on the bridge. It was last Wednesday morning at about half-past 3 o'clock, and the Umbria was steaming west by north. She was about 1,500 miles from Sandy Hook and the wind was blowing stiff from the west. A mass of angry water like a huge wall was rushing from the westward toward the Umbria. It seemed to tower high above the vessel and looked formidable enough to crush the huge ship. Officer King quickly turned the signal lever to slow the vessel, and the Umbria was brought up to face the huge wave. On it came, striking the steamer over the port bow. The huge volume of water toppled over on the vessel, actually burying her in brine. The ship seemed almost to stand still for a moment, then she rose from the blow and the water poured from her decks in huge streams. Some sailors who had been making their way forward were half drowned and would have been carried overboard had they not clung to the guard rails. The two officers on the bridge were drenched and the port wing of that structure was torn away and the stout brass railing turned and twisted as if made of brush wire. The port light was carried away. The stout forward hatch was torn from its fastenings and dashed against the saloon cabin, a mass of splinters. The water rushed below and nearly drowned the sailors and firemen, whose bunks were on the haul-up deck. Barrels of brine rushed down into the steerage room, forward, where the single men were sleeping. One young Englishman was struck by a splinter and a gash made in his left leg above the knee. His head was also slightly bruised, but he was not seriously injured. He was the only man hurt by the wave. The ship's surgeon attended to his injuries, and when the Umbria arrived in port he was able to walk around. The rail on the promenade deck forward was laid flat on the deck and a stout iron stanchion near the forward whaleback was bent nearly double. The lookout bridge forward of the foremast was also broken, but the man stationed there escaped uninjured. After the wave had subsided the weather moderated, but a dense fog came up, and this and the wave caused the Umbria to be delayed about twenty hours. The escape of the vessel from more serious injury is considered remarkable by her officers, who say the wave was the largest they ever saw. Many of the steerage passengers were awakened by the shock, and some donned life-belts.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Nature as Man Fixes It.

Philanthropist—My dear little children, you should not play in these dirty alleys. Don't you like the public parks?

Child—Oh, yes; they are beautiful.

"Yes, indeed, and you should go to them as often as possible, breathe the fresh air and learn to love the beauties of nature."

"Yes, sir."

"Remember, my dear little ones, that God made the country, but man made the town. Now, my good little girl, tell me what you first observe when you visit these delightful homes of nature?"

"Keep off the grass."—*Omaha World.*

"What Drug Will Scour These English Hence?"

Wicked Macbeth, who murdered good King Duncan, asked this question in his despair. Thousands of victims of disease are daily asking, "What will scour the impurities from my blood and bring me health?" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do it. When the purple life-tide is sluggish, causing drowsiness, headache and loss of appetite, use this wonderful vitalizer, which never fails. It forces the liver into perfect action, drives out superfluous bile, brings the glow of health to the cheek and the natural sparkle to the eye. All druggists.

Sarah Bernhardt has been coining money in London. Her receipts have averaged over $2,500 for each performance.

Like Lightning.

The rapid action of the "great pain cure," Polson's Nerviline, in relieving the most intense pain, is a matter of wonder to all who have used it. There is nothing surprising in its results; for it is made of the strongest, purest and most efficient remedies known in medicine. Nerviline cures toothache instantly; cramps in five minutes; neuralgia after two applications; rheumatism is at once relieved by its use; and the same may be said of all kinds of pain. Sample bottles, costing only 10 cts. at any drug store. The large bottle only 25 cents. Polson's Nerviline sold by druggists and country dealers.

Lady Li Departs from Custom.

The wife of the Viceroy Li of China recently paid a visit to the foreign hospital for women at Tientsin and showed much sympathy with the poor patients. When she came out her chair was surrounded by crowds of wretched-looking women and girls who begged for alms. Lady Li ordered her attendants to distribute money to all alike. The incident is regarded as noteworthy, as Chinese dignitaries heretofore have paid little heed to charity.—*Harper's Weekly.*

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

The Caledonian ball, in London, held the other evening, was a great success. There was a large and brilliant company, including the Prince of Wales and his sons, and several of the Indian visitors were present in gorgeous costumes. The Royalties were all in full Highland dress, and the Prince of Wales danced most vigorously, and took part in several reels. Lady Saltoun's Highland quadrille of twenty-four couples was very pretty, the ladies wearing white dresses with tartan sashes of their respective clans. Lady Airlie's fancy quadrille of twelve was confined to the 10th Hussars and the ladies wore poudre dresses of the last century.

One day recently five children were poisoned by eating bi-arseniate of soda from some empty barrels near a cooperage at Pollokshaws. Two, Elizabeth Campbell and David Armstrong, died.

A Pleasure Shared by Women Only.

Malherbe, the gifted French author, declared that of all things that man possesses women alone take pleasure in being possessed. This seems generally true of the sweeter sex. Like the ivy plant, she longs for an object to cling to and love—to look to for protection. This being her prerogative, ought she not to be told that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the physical salvation of her sex? It banishes those distressing maladies that make her life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. As a nervine, it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria, and promotes refreshing sleep.

Summer pelerines with peplum fronts are exhibited made of white or black lace n exquisitely fine and beautiful designs.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For weakness, nervousness, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D O N L. 33 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address
DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Mr. J. G. Anderson, of Markdale, was in town on Monday.

Mr. C. J. Sproule returned home from Toronto on Saturday last.

Mr. W. C. Henrick has been on a visit to friends in Flesherton lately.

Don't forget to get 15 yds. nice Dress Goods for $1.50 at J. G. Anderson's.

Read Medical Hall's interesting column announcement in another part of this week's ADVANCE.

The Owen Sound Collegiate Institute will open on the 29th inst. See advt. for particulars in another column.

Miss Fanny Hibbitt and her younger sister, Edie, of Toronto are the guests of Mr. Jos. LeGard, of this neighborhood.

Teas, Teas, Teas, a special offer for 20 days, 5 lbs. for $1. Good heavy Mitts taken in trade at regular discount prices at J. G. Anderson's, Markdale.

Mr. Williamson, of the old Durham Road, undertook to haul a load of cheese from the Flesherton factory to the station one day last week. He started forth with a good big load, but unfortunately for Mr. W., he forgot to put the iron rod through the end board of his wagon. Consequently when he reached the hill near the photograph gallery, he came to grief. The end board gracefully flew out on the road, and ten "rolls" of cheese as gracefully followed suit, spreading themselves negligently in various attitudes of repose—suggesting *Grip's* pumpkin picture. "History *does not* tell us, my friends," what Mr. Williamson said on the trying occasion. Such a big *fall* in cheese—not in the price thereof—would be trying to any man's feelings.

The Pastor of the Flesherton Baptist Church, under a misapprehension concerning an unopened street, caused a driving shed to be partly constructed on it. Certain individuals observing that the shed would obstruct the view down what may sometime be an important street, made objections to its remaining there. It was therefore decided at once to purchase a site from Mr. R. Trimble for the shed and move it onto it. That the objection was not made on any personal, sectarian or religious ground will appear from the fact the following have very cheerfully subscribed to the expenses involved in the removal, viz., W. K. Flesher, Esq., Mr. G. Anderson, Dr. Christoe, Squire Armstrong. Mr. M. Richardson, Mr. Trimble, Mr. W. Strain, Mr. G. Glassford and Mr. S. Kingston.

Two weeks ago we drew attention to the nuisance in the rear of the lot on which this office is built. It has been the worst nuisance in town during the whole summer, and yet we have been severely censured because we alluded to that disease-breeding spot in the ADVANCE. One young man went so far as to state that it "was nobody's business what a man put on his own place." We differ very materially with that smart young man, and take this opportunity to assure him, that a man can only do what he likes on his own place when he doesn't interfere with the rights of his neighbors. And if throwing heads and entrails of animals in such an exposed place is not interfering with the rights of others, we would like to know what it really does amount to. All decaying vegetable or animal substances should be buried at least six feet under ground.

Some of Our Readers Say That

"The article on the Editor and his critics is very interesting, and evidently written in a fair honest spirit."

That "the ADVANCE is worth all it costs, amongst many other reasons, for the privilege of criticising the Editor."

That "while we may not agree with all he says we will stand by the Editor as long as he runs his paper which, we hope will be many years."

That "evidently the Fighting Editor takes a holiday occasionally and then there is a splendid chance for getting matter inserted, which though indicating the most loving intent had better never have seen the light."

That "some readers are more tyrannical in their demands than the Egyptian taskmaster who wanted bricks made without straw. They want the Editor to supply constant flow of weekly local news when very often nothing new transpires. They want him to make his bricks without either straw or clay."

Mr. J. D. Clarke, of the Hamilton *Times*, is in town on his annual holiday trip. He is the guest of Squire Armstrong.

Thornbury junior Lacross team challenged the Flesherton juniors to play them a match on the grounds of the latter last Monday. Our boys accepted the challenge and made every preparation to give the expected visitors a hearty welcome. Dodgers were printed and scattered broadcast announcing the match, a splendid dinner was ordered—in short, everything possible was done in order to make the Thornbury boys feel perfectly at home during their visit. Preparations were never made on a more complete scale in this town before. Monday came, and in the afternoon nearly all the young people in the place left off work in order to go to see the expected match. There were people from Markdale and elsewhere present. The day passed but the Thornbury juniors failed to put in an appearance. A telegram was sent from here which elicited the following answer—received at 4,15 p. m.—: "*Owing to the absence of our captain we will play you on the 19th.*" Of course our boys will not have anything more to do with the Thornbury juniors—their transparent telegram to the contrary notwithstanding.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Medical Hall.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold at Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Medical Hall.

The Short System of Milling.

Editor Mechanical and Milling News.

Perhaps there is no subject that affects the milling interest of to-day so much as how to produce the best results at the least expense. In the United States, where the different methods and systems are given practical tests, they have discovered that the goal has not yet been reached in milling. They are now beginning to see that millions of dollars have been expended that might have been saved. The change from stones to rolls was an essential one—the benefits were clear to all intelligent millers. Most of them thought seven breaks were necessary to produce the best results, and that no mill was complete without this number. To carry out a system of this kind required a large outlay in the varied machinery necessary to its adoption, and many millers have been financially ruined in trying to reach this goal.

The time has now come when competition in business will not allow of any defective system or defective machinery, and because of this the inventive energies of the world are turned in this direction. Some of the best mills in the United States are now running on what is known to them as the short system of milling, using three or four breaks in the reduction of the wheat where they had been using seven or more, and the results are much better.

Three breaks have been selected by some as producing better results than any other number, but some advocate but two. I have been carefully watching the results of some of the mills that have adopted the short system, and have given the results careful examination in comparison with mills working on the long system, and in every test made the short system showed superior results in the quality and color of the flour. These results led me to enquire for the cause. Why did the short system of grinding and bolting produce whiter flour than that made on the long system? After carefully considering the composition of the wheat berry, it was not difficult to find the reason. The starch and gluten which compose the flour in the wheat are pure in themselves. These two elements are by nature provided with three distinct coverings, which in a dry condition, will pulverize as readily as the gluten and starch which we call bran. If this becomes mixed with the flour, it is impossible to remove it by any process now used. We may attempt to remove it by purifying and rebolting, and to some extent succeed, but the finest parts will remain in the flour. Ninety per cent. of the whole should be absolutely pure flour if the milling is properly done. Now let us see why this is not the case, and why it cannot be done in the long system of milling.

The first reason we give is that every time the wheat passes through the rolls, it is subject to a rasping process, which pulverized the hair fibre more or less, and when once pulverised, it can never be properly separated. The purifier and bolts may help it some, but they do not take out the injurious material that has been put there by grinding. The same rule holds good in the reduction of middlings. Middlings should be well purified, then reduced at once. The idea of gradual reduction in middlings is out of date, and is fatal to the color of the flour as well as the gradual reduction of the wheat. Any miller who wishes to prove these statements can do so by carefully examining the product of each break. Make the examination thorough by sifting and grading the material, then apply the water test, which will show the color of each break.

To prove this theory correct, weigh a given quantity of wheat, let it remain twenty-four hours, then grind it; grind also at the same time wheat without being wet and you will discover that the flour is much whiter from the wet wheat than the other that was not wet. The reason is is that the bran was not in a condition to pulverize. This is the reason why so many devices have been invented for steaming and heating wheat before grinding.

It is right here where the advantage of the short system of milling comes in, by reducing the wheat with one or two reductions. This, with the proper separations at the beginning, will prevent the pulverizing process (providing the proper machines are used to accomplish this). And it is this question of the best machine to do this work that will form the main feature of future discussions on this subject. Some have decided that a roller disc mill with proper corrugations is the best for the first operation, to be followed by a pair of corrugated rolls to finish. Other are seeking to accomplish the results by other means. Whatever means are used the object should be to accomplish it in the shortest way possible.

Those millers who have not changed their mills will have the satisfaction of knowing that their mills can be changed for less than half the cost it required four years ago, and the results will be better.

PROGRESS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OWEN SOUND

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

WILL open on MONDAY, 29TH AUGUST, 1887. Excellent Staff of Teachers. Inspector officially reports it the BEST EQUIPPED SCHOOL IN THE PROVINCE. Classes for First, Second and Third Class Certificates, Junior and Senior Matriculation with honors, and Law and Medical Examinations. At the Examinations in July last, all the Matriculation Candidates and a large percentage of Second and Third Class were successful. Fees $3.00 for the Term—payable at entrance.

Apply to
F. W. MERCHANT, M. A., Principal.
or D. R. DOBIE, Sec. Board of Education.
Owen Sound, Aug. 15, 1887.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 29, Con 4, Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and white cow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

ANTHONY KENNY.
Artemesia, July 20th, 1887.

J. BRANDER

PRICEVILLE,

While returning thanks to his patrons and the public for their valuable support in the past, begs to announce that he is prepared to supply their various needs

We make it our business to keep a supply of Goods suitable for the needs of our customers, and as

We Buy in Large Quantities Direct from the Manufacturers,

FOR CASH, we are in a position to

Give Extra Value

in every department. Every one should see the immense value we have in FALL GOODS just arriving

Very Respectfully,
JAS. BRANDER.

Priceville, July 26, 1887.

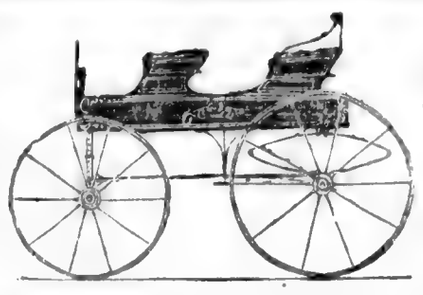

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing.

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints Incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has White Ash Butter Tubs and Churns for sale.

JOS. McCOLMICK,
304-320, Flesherton.

FLAGS AND BANNERS

of superior quality, for Orange and other Societies. Order early.

W M. TEGART,
Thornbury, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 322. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

For above fine finished Watches, accurate Hampden's—my name on, and the reliable Waltham and Elgin Watches, in Gold, Filled Gold, and Coin Silver Cases, go to

W. A. BROWN'S

FINELY STOCKED

JEWELERY STORE.

I am known as the Reliable Jeweller for 20 miles North, South, East and West. I never have misrepresented purposely any goods sold since being in business here. It is easy to sell a 11 Jewelled Watch for "Full Jewelled." It is much easier to sell 8 k. Gold Watches and call them 12 or 14. I don't have to do it. My own name on all warrants, and you will find I can be held responsible if goods are not right.

—|—|342|—|—

WATCHES & CLOCKS

Booked in Repair Book since July 1st, 1886.

SQUARE DEALING,

PRICES CLOSE.

SPECIALTIES:—*Fine Watch Repairing, Spex Fitting.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller, Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines :—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

All Church, Society, or other notices of a pecuniary character, inserted in the Advance in future, will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion, (if any).

Regular advertisers' rates remain unchanged.

Get your Lemons at KEEFER'S.

They all talk about it. The immense value they get in everything at Branders's.

Mrs. E. Clark and youngest son, of Orangeville, are the guests of Mrs. A. R. Fawcett.

Garden thieves, take warning! I have a black dog that spits fire and lead! So be careful or take the consequences.—THOMAS MANDERS, Flesherton.

Mrs. W. H. Thurston, of Toronto, has been visiting friends in Kimberley for some time. She returned to the city Tuesday afternoon.

Just opened to-day, at Brander's a wagon load of Boots and Shoes from a first class manufacturer, bought at close prices. Everybody should see them.

Messrs. Fisher & Pulford, Walkerton, give a special prize of one Root Cutter, valued at $10, for best collection of grain at Artemesia Agricultural Society's fall show this year.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church here will provide dinner for the public on the second day of East Grey exhibition, also a grand concert on the evening of same day in the Town Hall.

Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., Flesherton, will give five pounds of their recently imported Japan Tea to anyone who will read a letter received by them from Japan.

A box of beautiful plums from Mrs. J. R. Fawcett, Kimberley, shows what a great fruit growing district the "Coo-coo" valley is likely to be in the near future,

Rev. T. Watson preached last Sabbath morning and evening in the Baptist church, Durham, while, at the the same time, his place was ably filled here by Rev. Mr. Cushman.

Master Eddie Thompson, of the Thornbury *Standard*, paid a brief visit to his mother, Mrs. A. Thompson here on Saturday and Sunday. Eddie is getting along nicely in the office of our old friend Farewell.

We congratulate Master E. K. Richardson—son of M. Richardson, Esq., Flesherton—on having passed the recent examination for third class non-professional teachers at Owen Sound so successfully.

Dundalk and Markdale baseball teams tried conclusions on the grounds of the former Monday of last week. The latter team won by *one* run, after some sharp playing. On account of darkness coming on, only five innings were played.

The Dominion and Industrial Exhibition, to be held in Toronto, Sept. 5th to 17th, (next month) promises greater attractions than ever to the thousands that annually visit the "Queen City" every fall. The Exhibition will be formally opened by His Excellency, Lord Landsdowne, Governor-General of Canada, at 2 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, Sept. 6th. Reduced fares on all railways. See bills, programs, &c., for full particulars.

REMOVES THE CAUSE.—Many persons suffer from a symptom of Catarrh that causes nausea, more especially after eating in the morning. Nasal Balm will cure by removing the cause.

25 yds. of Grey Cotton at Brander's for $1. Also the best makes of white Cotton from 8c. up.

Fine samples of apples, plums, and other fruit, have been left with the Agricultural Editor of THE ADVANCE lately, by Mrs. J. Dinwoody, of Flesherton, Mrs. A. Down, and Miss Davis, all of Artemesia, which proves conclusively to us, at least, that this is a good fruit growing Township. The donors will please accept our thanks.

Our thanks are due to the the Secretary of the A. O. F. Demonstration Committee for complimentary badge and invitation to attend the grand demonstration to be held in the city of Brantford, Wednesday, Aug. 24th, in honor of the sixth meeting of the Subsidiary High Court Ancient Order of Foresters of Canada.

A few nights ago the residence of Mr. Uriah Curtis, just North of Hanover, was entered and a quantity of side meat and hams carried off. On going to get some meat for breakfast next morning the theft was discovered. Keep an eye on your cellars, as the irrepressible tramp and others will at times help themselves.—*Post.*

It is our painful duty again to record a sad accident which occurred on Tuesday last week. Mr. Robert Badger was adjusting a fly cover on one of his horses the day previous when the animal kicked him in the abdomen. The injury was lightly regarded at the time, but the next day serious symptoms were noticeable and the unfortunate man died on Tuesday.—*Thornbury News.*

Tuesday afternoon Aubrey Foy (better known as Tony), son of Mr. Jas. Foy, merchant, while playing on the street near his own home was attacked and severely bitten about the neck and face by a strange dog which has been hanging around Mr. D. Fisher's residence. One of the dog's teeth went completely through the little boy's lower lip. The animal will be destroyed.—*Shelburne Economist.*

Two distinguished newspaper men are sojourning in Flesherton just now, namely, Mr. J. D. Clark, of the Hamilton *Times*, and Mr. McGuire of the Quebec *Mercury*. The former is the guest of Squire Armstrong while the latter is the guest of Mr. Samuel Kingston. Flesherton extends to both gentlemen—representatives of our two great political parties—a hearty welcome and the right hand of fellowship.

Sunday evening last—just before the people came out of the churches here—some boys were noticed in Mr. W. W. Trimble's flour and feed store by a lady who chanced to be passing at the time. They were making quite free with some cigars and candies. Proceedings have been taken against them, but we have not yet learned with what result. The parents of the boys should give the young rascals a sound flogging and let the law take its course.

A number of lads from this village went to a spring of water owned by Mr. Thos. Graham, near this town, and breaking open a box took therefrom a cream can containing milk which was left there for the purpose of keeping it cool to let the cream rise. They were chased, however, and the can was secured and a few of the boys caught, who were made to divulge the names of their accomplices, otherwise the owner intended to publish their names in the ADVANCE.

For Sale Cheap.

One new Buggy for sale cheap for cash or good paper, or will exchange for a good horse and give the difference.—J. W. WHITTEN, Flesherton. 2t.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the value of Ayer's Pills, and prescribe them with the utmost confidence, as the most effectual remedy for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels.

A whole suit of clothes for five dollars at Brander's, Priceville, large enough to fit a muckle loon maist as big as his Faether.

The East Grey Prize List pamphlets have been mailed by Secretary-Treasurer Damude. Besides the large array of premiums offered to competitors in the various departments, extra efforts are now being made to present a goodly number of *special attractions* in connection therewith. These specialties will be announced in the large posters to be issued shortly, as well as in the columns of THE ADVANCE. Arrangements could not be made in time to have them inserted in the prize list pamphlets.

Mr. John Flesher and child, and Mrs. J. M. Ansley and child, of Parry Sound, are the guests of W. K. Flesher, Esq. It is ten years since the first named was in Flesherton, and it is needless to add, he observed a great change in the place in that time.

"The old schoolhouse is altered now
The benches are replaced" &c.

Yes, and Father Time has brought many changes in other respects, new faces, new buildings, and all the rest of it. "Jack," as he is familiarly called by his old friends, is as genial and jolly as in days of yore. May long life and prosperity attend him.

The *Dufferin Advertiser*—a most welcome ADVANCE exchange—has arisen from the ashes and comes to hand with an elegant new dressing of newspaper and display type. The headgear is neat, attractive, and can be easily read without calling into requisition the services of an interpreter—a somewhat difficult task as far as many other newspapers are concerned. As usual the *Advertiser* is well and carefully edited. It has opinions of its own and gives utterance to them fearlessly and honestly. Brother Kennedy has the best wishes of THE ADVANCE.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wm. McGuire, the genial Editor and Proprietor of the Quebec *Daily Mercury*, on Saturday evening last. He and some friends, who accompanied him on the trip, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kingston during their brief stay in Flesherton. Mr. McGuire is a keen, sharp and ready-witted gentleman, of Irish extraction, and one of the best conversationalists we ever came in contact with. Possessed with an inexhaustible fund of good humor the hours glide swiftly by in his company. The *Mercury* is the oldest daily newspaper published in Canada that has been issued continuously Long may it flourish! There are no less than seven dailies published in Quebec, with its population of scarcely 60,000 souls, four being in French and the rest in English. Mr. McGuire and his friends returned to Quebec on Monday.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., Flesherton, and dated at Yokohama, Japan, July 1st, 1887:—"Dear Sir: We have the pleasure to advise shipment, as per memo below, of the Teas kindly ordered through our agents Messrs. A Schilling & Co. which go forward to San Francisco to their care on through bill-lading. You will find the tea to answer your expectations in every respect, and to be, as you desired, the best possible value for the money. With your usual enterprise we trust you will have no difficulty in demonstrating to the trade the peculiar merits of your brand, and that the teas which we export in Perfection Tea cans, and which have been cured by the Perfection Process, are superior in every way to other Japan teas whether pan or basket-fired.—Respectfully yours, THE JAPAN TEA SYNDICATE." The tea has come to hand in prime condition and is selling like hot cakes.

ASTHMA.—Persons who have suffered for years with Asthma will find a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED

JEWELRY

STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold filled, silver and silver-ore cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs. at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of 4[illegible]6 watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and (We) did not add the watch sales and clock repairs and call them watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which needed any amount of repairing and the people are becoming wise to the fact now that for thoroughly good Watches, Clocks, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Not'd Jewelry Store, Flesherton

Wednesday night thieves broke into the shop of D. McLeod, Hopeville, evidently after money. They tried to break open his trunk, which he kept in the shop, but lest in doing so they might make too much noise they took the trunk and contents away. The trunk contained most of Mr. McLeod's personal effects and some valuable tools and will be quite a loss. Strong suspicion rest on some parties, but as yet no arrests have been made. There was a quantity of boots and shoes in the shop which were not touched.—*Dundalk Herald.*

—FARMERS!—

Don't forget that we are good customers at the Flesherton WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Quality Good as any Delaware, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on the cost of hard times, we are nearly every branch, &c., of [illegible] &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 5th, 1887.

The Corn Home from the Mill.

'Twas a low brown cabin, astif grown up from the ground,
For the chinks were filled with mortar, and green moss had grown around.
All the air was filled with murmurs of the summer bird's last thrill,
For the autumn leaves had fallen and the corn had gone to mill,
On the rail-fence seven urchins at once had chanced to light,
Perched up like so many ravens, only all their ~~raven~~ heads were white;
Laughing, chattering—it were thraldom if they passed one moment still,
They were very, very hungry, for their "Pap" had gone to mill.

All at once they heard the clatter of the waggon on the bridge,
Where the winding waves of Mill Creek drained the ditches of the ridge;
Then their glad shouts of "Hooray" all creation seemed to fill,
When they ran to tell their mother, "Pap" was coming from the mill.
All in time the blind old sorrel reined up at the cabin door,
And the meal with glad assistance safely landed on the floor;
And the good wife sweetly smiling, all the cake-pans went to fill,
For the heart was very thankful that the corn had left the mill.

Supper over, every urchin with a piece of Johnny cake,
Went to eat it by the roadside, and the echoes there to wake;
And the solemn Judge just passing, from the house upon the hill,
Smiled to hear the information that the "corn was home from mill."
Then a vision flashed across him of the days of long ago,
When he, too, through all the summer had to plough and plant and mow;
When he made the dreadful scarecrow from the clothes he could not fill
When, across the back of "Jerry" he had packed the corn to mill

Then he thought of one bright being who had wandered at his side,
Dropping golden grains in furrows that he followed on to hide,
And upon the horse behind him, laughing, chattering, never still,
With her golden curls all flying, he had carried her to mill.
And throughout the next long summer how his heart was full of pain,
With the thought of all the beauty he could not see again;
With the thought of pale hands folded, as he covered up the hills,
With the thought of golden ringlets as he rode off to the mill.

But the children, laughing, playing, nor the Judge with solemn brow,
Knew the scene just then enacted in the great house down below;
Where the miller, white and dusty, busy with the grinding still,
Smiled when Bess, the cottage maiden, brought his supper to the mill,
How they, seated close together—watched the wheels go to and fro,
And the water dance and sparkle in the mill race down below;
How he clasped her tight and closely, while she listened very still,
Listened to the "old, old story," in the shadow of the mill.

Thus our lives flow on forever, echoes of each act and word,
Will with joy and sad remembrance in the coming years be heard.
Life is like a false thread winding through the mystic future still,
We must work an unknown mission, like the waters at the mill.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XV.

ERLE ARRIVES AT REDMOND HALL.

"She hath a natural wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as nameless as the centre."
—*Lowell.*

"What thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law; thou mine; to know more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise."
—*Milton*

Lady Redmond sat in her "blue nestie," but this bright winter's morning she was not alone. A better companion than her white kitten, or her favorite Nero, or even her faithful friend Pierre, the St. Bernard, occupied the other velvet rocking-chair.

Outside the snow lay deep and unbroken on the terrace, the little lake was a sheet of blue ice and the sunshine broke on its crisp surface in sparkles of light.

The avenue itself looked like the glade of some enchanted forest, with snow and icicles pendant from every bough; while above stretched the pure blue winter's sky, blue-grey, shadowless, tenderly indicative of softness without warmth and color without radiance.

Fay in her dark ruby dress looked almost as brilliant as the morning itself as she sat by the fire talking to her husband's cousin, Erle Huntingdon, who had come down to while away an idle week or two at the old Hall.

He had been there for ten days now, and he and Fay had become very intimate. Erle had been much struck by the singular beauty of Hugh's child-wife, and he very soon felt almost a brotherly fondness for the gentle little creature, with her soft vivacity and innocent mirth.

It had been a very pleasant ten days to both of them, to Fay especially, who led rather a lonely life.

Erle was such a pleasant companion; he was never too tired or too busy to talk to her. He was so good-natured, so frank and affectionate, so eager to wait on her and do her any little service, that Fay wondered what she would do without him.

Hugh smiled at them indulgently. It always pleased him to see his wee wife happy and amused; but he thought they were like two children together, and secretly marvelled at the scraps of conversation that reached his ears. He thought it was a good thing that Fay should have a companion for her rides and drives when he was too busy to go with her himself, and somehow Hugh was always too busy now.

So Fay and Erle scoured the country together, and when the frost came they skated for hours on the little lake.

Sir Hugh stood and watched them once, and they came skimming across the ice to meet him, hand-in-hand, Fay looking like a bright-eyed bird in her furs.

It was delicious, Fay said, and would not Hugh join them? But her husband shook his head. When other people came to skate, too, and Fay poured out tea for her friends in the damask drawing-room, he always kept near her, as in duty bound; but he took no active part in the festivities, and people wondered why Sir Hugh seemed so grave and unlike himself, and then they glanced at Fay's happy face and seemed mystified.

Erle in his heart was mystified, too. He had always liked his cousin and had looked up at him, thinking him a fine fellow; but he noticed a great change in him when he came down to the old Hall to pay his respects to the little bride. He thought Hugh looked moody and ill; that he was often irritable about trifles. He had never noticed that sharp tone in his voice before. His cheerfulness, too, seemed forced; and he had grown strangely unsociable in his habits. Of course, he was very busy, with his own estate and his wife's to look after; but he wondered why Fay did not accompany him when he rode to some distant farm, and why he shut himself up so much in his study. The old Hugh, he remembered, had been the most genial of companions, with a hearty laugh and a fund of humor; but he had never heard him laugh once in all these ten days.

Erle felt vaguely troubled in his kind-hearted way when he watched Hugh and his little wife together. Hugh's manners did not satisfy Erle's chivalrous enthusiasm. He thought he treated Fay too much like a child. He was gentle with her, he humored her and petted her; but he never asked her opinion or seemed to take pleasure in her society.

"Why on earth has he married her?" he said once to himself as he paced his comfortable room rather indignantly. "He is not a bit in love with her—one sees that in a moment, and yet the poor little thing adores him. It makes one feel miserable to see her gazing at him as though she were worshipping him; and he hardly looks at her, and yet she is the prettiest little creature I have seen for a long time. How Percy would rave about her if he saw her; but I forgot, Percy's idol is a dark-haired goddess."

"All the same," went on Erle restlessly "no man has any right to treat his wife as a child. Hugh never seems to want to know what Fay wishes about anything. He settles everything off-hand and expects her to be satisfied with what he has done; and she is such a dear, gentle little thing that she never objects. It is 'Yes, dear Hugh,' or 'Certainly, if you wish it, Hugh,' from morning to night. Somehow that sickens a fellow. I daresay she is a little childish and crude in her ideas; that aunt of hers must be a duffer to have brought her up like a little nun; but she is sensible in her way. Hugh had no idea that she was reading the paper for an hour yesterday, that she might talk to him about that case in which he is so interested, or he would hardly have snubbed her as he did, by telling her she knew nothing about it. She looked so disappointed, poor little thing, there were tears in her eyes; but Hugh never saw them, he never does see if she is a little tired or dull, and I don't call that treating a wife well."

Erle was working himself up into quite a virtuous fit of indignation on Fay's behalf; but presently he became secretly anxious. Before the end of his visit he grew afraid that more was amiss with Hugh than he at first guessed. He had often stayed with him before and Hugh had visited them at Belgrave House, but he had never noticed any sign of self-indulgence.

He thought Hugh was beginning to take more wine than was good for him. He complained of sleeping badly, and had recourse to narcotics. He was reckless of his health, too, and worked often far into the night, and when Erle remonstrated with him he only said he could not sleep, and he might as well occupy himself.

But in reality he never guessed, except in a vague way, the real reason for this change in his cousin. He would have been shocked and startled if he had known the strange, morbid fever that was robbing Hugh of all rest.

He was hungering and thirsting for the sight of a face that, he said to himself, he had better never look on again; his very nearness to Margaret kept him restless and made his life intolerable.

What a fool he had been to marry, he told himself; to let that child bind him down to this sort of life. If he could only break away for a time—if he could travel and try what change would do for him; but this quiet existence was maddening.

He was trying his fine constitution terribly and he knew it. He would tire himself out riding over his estate, and then sit up over his letters and accounts half the night, till his brain seemed stupefied, and yet he had no wish for sleep.

Erle told him he looked haggard and ill, but Sir Hugh only laughed at him; there was nothing the matter, he said carelessly; he was tough, like all the Redmonds, and he had never been ill in his life. If he only slept better he should be all right, but want of sleep plays the very deuce with a man, and so on.

"If I were you I should not touch spirits or narcotics," observed Erle quietly, "your nerves are a little out of order. You should take things more easily and not sit up so late; one can form the habit of sleep."

But Hugh only scoffed at the notion o nerves, and during his long visit Erle saw little improvement.

He was thankful, and yet puzzled, to see hat Fay did not notice the sad change in her husband. Now and then she would say to him rather timidly, as though she feared a rebuff, "You are not quite well to-day, are you, Hugh? Your hand is so hot and dry; do stay quietly with me this morning and I will read you to sleep," but Hugh only laughed at her anxious face.

"Run away my pet, for I am busy," he would answer. "If you want a companion, here is this idle fellow, Erle, who never did a stroke of work in his life, I believe," and Fay would go away reluctantly.

Erle had already grown very confidential with Fay. In her gentle way she took him to task for his desultory life. Erle owned his faults very frankly. It was quite true he said, that he had not distinguished himself at the university and had been chiefly known there as a boating man; but he had been extremely popular in his college. "It is all very well," he grumbled, as he sat in Fay's boudoir that morning, talking to her in his usual idle fashion. "What is a fellow to do with his life? Perhaps you can tell me that. Uncle ought to have let me make the grand tour, and then I could have enlarged my mind. Ah, yes! every fellow wants change," as Fay smiled at this, "what does a little salmon-fishing in Norway signify; or a month at the Norfolk Broads? That is all I had last year. Uncle talks of the Engadine and the Austrian Tyrol next summer, but he travels *en grand seigneur*, and that is such a bore."

Erle was perfectly willing to describe his life at Belgrave House to Fay. She was a shrewd little person in her way, and her quaint remarks were very refreshing. He even thought that he would confide in her after a fashion, and hint at a certain difficulty and complication that had come into his life; he was rather desirous of knowing her opinion; but he began in such a roundabout fashion that Fay was quite perplexed. She understood at last that he was talking about two girls, who both seemed to influence him, and for whom he had special liking; but for a long time she could not find out which was the chief favorite.

She grew impatient at last, in her pretty, imperious way, and put a stop to his unsatisfactory rambling style of talk, by asking him a few downright questions.

"You are terribly vague," she said, wrinkling her forehead in a wise way and folding her little white hands on her lap; they looked absurdly dimpled and babyish in spite of the brilliant diamond and emerald rings that loaded them. "How is a person to understand all that rigmarole? Perhaps I am stupid, but you talk so fast, you silly boy, and now tell me exactly what this Miss Selby is like. I think you said her name was Evelyn."

"Oh, I am not good at descriptions," returned Erle, pulling Nero's long, glossy ears. "She is an awfully jolly girl, plenty of go in her, lights up well of an evening and knows exactly what to say to a fellow—keeps him alive, you know; the sort of a girl who will dance like a bird half the night and get up early the next morning and have an hour's canter in the Park before breakfast."

"Ah," in a mystified tone, "she seems a very active young person; but you have not made me see her. Is she tall or short, Erle?"

"Well, she is not the tall, scraggy sort, neither is she a diminutive creature, like your ladyship. Miss Selby is medium height and has a good figure."

"Yes, and her face?" demanded Fay with a baby frown, "you are very bad at description, Erle, very bad, indeed."

"Well, she is not dark," returned Erle desperately, "not a brunette, I mean; and she is not fair, like the other one, she has brown hair—yes, I am sure it is brown—and good features. Well, I suppose people call her exceedingly handsome, and she dresses well and holds herself well and is altogether a pleasant sort of young woman."

Fay's lip curled disdainfully. "I do not think I admire your description much, sir. Plenty of go in her; well, who cares for that? And lights up well of an evening, as though she were a ball-room decoration. I think she seems a frivolous sort of creature."

"Oh, no," replied Erle eagerly, for this would not do at all. Fay's little satire fell very short of the truth. "You have not hit it off exactly. Lady Maltravers is frivolous, if you like—a mild edition of the renowned Mrs. Skewton—thinks of nothing but diamonds and settlements and all the vanities for which your worldly woman sells her soul. It is a great wonder that, with such an example before her eyes, Miss Selby is not as bad herself; but she is a wonderfully sensible girl and never talks that sort of nonsense. Why, she goes to early service and looks after some poor people; not that she ever mentions these facts, for she is not a goody-goody sort at all."

"Oh, no, she has too much go in her," returned Fay calmly. "I was quite right when I said that she was an active young person. And now, about the other one, Erle?"

"Well," Erle began again, but this time he utterly broke down; for how was he to describe this girl with her beautiful frank mouth and her soft smiling eyes. He had never found out their color at all. Would Fay understand if he told her of the sprightliness and sweetness that, in his opinion, made Fern so peculiarly attractive to him. But, to his astonishment, Fay grasped the whole situation in a moment.

"Oh, you need not tell me, you poor boo," she said, with a knowing nod of her head, "so it is not the young lady with the go in her, though she does dance like a bird; it is this other one with the fair hair and pretty smile."

"How do you know, you little witch?" returned Erle, staring at her with an honest boyish blush on his face. "Do you know that Miss Trafford is poor; that she makes her own gowns and teaches the vicar's little girls; and that Miss Selby, of whom you speak so rudely, is niece to a countess?"

"Well, what of that?" responded Fay scornfully, "if your lady love be poor, Erle, you are rich enough for both;" but he interrupted her with an alarmed air.

"That is the worst of chattering to a woman," he said, in a lofty way. "If you give them an inch, they take an ell. Who said I was in love with either of them? Do you know my uncle has spoken to me about Miss Selby? He says she is a fine girl and after his own heart, and he has given me a strong hint that an engagement with her will be greatly for my interest."

But Fay turned a deaf ear to all this.

"And the fair-haired girl with the pretty smile; if you marry her, Erle?"

"In that case my uncle would refuse to have anything more to do with me. No doubt he would disinherit me, as he did his own daughter, and Percy would be his heir. Ah, it is all very well talking, Fay," and here Erle looked at her rather gloomily. "I have never learnt to work, and I should make a pretty mess of my life. It would be poor Mrs. Trafford's experience over again. And he shook his head when Fay suggested that Hugh should let him have one of his farms. He knew nothing about farming; a little Latin and Greek, a smattering of French and German were his chief acquirements. "I should have to turn boatman, or starve. No, no, Fay; I must not swamp my own prospects for a mere sentimental idea. And, after all, Miss Selby is very nice."

Fay was very angry with him when he said this, for she had taken a curious fancy to this Fern Trafford, but Erle would not listen to her; he got up and shook himself and walked to the window, and then very gravely proposed a game of snowballing in the avenue.

Fay thought he was serious and expressed herself much shocked at the idea. Hugh would not like it, she was sure; one of the gardeners might see them. As it was, Hugh had told her he was afraid the servants were not sufficiently in awe of her ever since they saw her playing hide-and-seek in the hall with Nero.

She confessed that she was very fond of it, though, and had snowballed Nero last year in the Daintree Garden, and Aunt Griselda had not been shocked at all.

"Don't you sometimes wish you were back at Daintree?" asked Erle, turning round from the window and contemplating the pretty flushed face rather curiously.

"Oh, no," she returned quickly, "how can you ask me such a question, Erle? I could not imagine life without Hugh. Does it not seem strange?" she continued seriously, "I have only been married about five months, and yet I find it impossible to imagine myself back at the cottage without Hugh."

"Do you know," observed Erle carelessly, as he sauntered back to the fireplace, "that I have been here ten days and must begin to think of my return? If there is one thing I hate, it is to outstay my welcome. I should be afraid of boring you both if I stayed much longer. Well, what now?" breaking off in some surprise.

"Ah, Erle!" exclaimed Fay sorrowfully, the smiles and the dimples disappearing in a moment, "you are surely not going away yet. What shall I do without you?" continued the poor child. "Who will ride and drive and skate with me when you are gone?"

"Why, your husband, to be sure," returned Erle lightly, watching her as he spoke. "You have not forgotten your husband, you naughty woman!"

Fay never knew why a sudden sharp pang shot through her at Erle's careless remark.

It had never occurred to her simple mind to question her husband's right to keep so entirely aloof from her and to give her such fragments of his time. But now, as Erle spoke, a dim unconscious feeling came over her that another was usurping his rightful place; that it was her husband who ought to be riding and driving with her, and not his young cousin, but in her wifely loyalty she stifled the feeling, and spoke firmly, though with crimsoned cheeks, like the brave little woman she really was.

"Why, you extremely foolish boy," she said, "don't you know that Hugh has something better to do with his time than to waste it on me? You see," she continued, with much dignity, "he has my estate to look after as well as his own, and it is a large one, and he has no reliable bailiff."

"Dear, dear," replied Erle, with much solemnity.

"And he has to ride over to Pierrepoint on magisterial business ever so often," and here Fay stammered slightly over the long world, but recovered herself in an instant; "and he visits the infirmary, and looks after any of his people who are ill there."

Here Erle again said, "Dear, dear;" but his provoking smile died away after a glance at her face.

"And," continued Fay, her mouth quivering a little, "you must see how proud I am of being his wife, and must not think that I am sorry that he is able to spend so little of his time with me, for I would not have him neglect his duty for the world; no, no, he is far too good and noble and useful to waste his time on me;" and Fay's face wore such a sweet tremulous smile as she spoke that Erle whispered under his breath, "You are a darling," and went out silently, and perhaps for the first time in his life forgot to hum as he put on his furlined coat.

And Fay, standing alone in her little room, whispered softly, "No, no, my bonnie Hugh, your Wee Wifie loves you far too well to keep you all to herself," but during the remainder of the day she was a little quieter than usual; and Erle missed the gentle fun that rippled into such a stream of girlish talk. He had no idea that every now and then his words came back to her with a little throb of pain, "You have your husband, Fay."

Yes, she had her husband; but would the time ever come to the girl-wife when she should know she had him, but that she could not hold him, when she should learn that he had given her everything but his heart, and cry out against him in that bitter waking that all was worthless to her but that?

CHAPTER XVI.

FAY'S DILEMMA.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.
Lowell.

And through the windows of her eyes
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and sorrowful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise.
Gerald Massey.

A few days after that Fay met with a slight accident.

The snow had been falling very heavily all night, and when Fay went to the window the next morning, she looked out on a white world, and not a vestige of the blue ice could be seen for the drifts that lay heaped on the little lake.

She called Hugh to look out with her. "What a pity," she said, sorrowfully; "for we had asked the Romney girls and the Spooners to come up and skate this afternoon. Erle is so fond of young ladies, and he admires Dora Spooner immensely, and now I suppose there will be no skating."

"Of course the men could sweep the snow away fast enough," returned Hugh, with a hasty glance at the glorious prospect outside; there were tiny bird tracks on the white surface, some brown sparrows and a robin were hopping across the snow. Not a breath stirred the laden branches, though they drooped under their snowy festoons. "I daresay the ice would be right enough for a little while; but the air feels milder, and there is danger of a thaw."

"Never mind, we will see how it is to-morrow, and Erle shall take me for a walk instead. I suppose," a little plaintively, "you will be too busy to come too?"

"Oh, yes, far too busy," Hugh assured her, as he seated himself at the breakfast table and commenced opening his letters. Fay read hers—a few notes—and then sat silent behind her silver urn until Erle sauntered lazily into the room, and then she brightened up and began to talk.

"I think I will send off a note to the Vicarage, and ask Dora and the others to come all the same, and we will have a nice walk this morning—that is, if you do not mind, Hugh," looking at the handsome abstracted face bent over the paper; but she had to repeat her question before it reached Hugh's ear.

"Oh, no! it does not matter to me," he answered, indifferently. "Ask whom you like, Fay. The Spooners and Romneys, did you say? Oh! by all means, if you want them;" but it may be doubted whether he ever heard her thanks as he buried himself in his paper again.

The dogs were delighted at the prospect of a walk, when Fay consulted them; so a merry party started down the avenue—Fay in her furs and little sealskin hat, which made her look more a child than ever, and Erle in that wonderful coat of his, lined with sable, and the two big dogs racing on before them, and ploughing with their noses in the deep cold snow.

They had walked about two miles, and were thoroughly enjoying themselves, when all at once Fay slipped.

How it happened neither of them had any idea. Fay was sure-footed, she skimmed over the frozen snow as lightly as a bird. Erle never had to offer her any assistance—he would as soon have thought of helping a robin. It must have been orange-peel, as Fay suggested—only neither of them saw any—but all the same, just as Erle was walking calmly along, striking carelessly at the branches with his dandy cane, and Fay chattering and laughing in her usual fashion, all at once she slipped, and her foot seemed to double up under her, and she sank down comfortably on the snow, only with rather a pale face.

It was very awkward and embarrassing, a most unfortunate circumstance, as they were two miles from Redmond Hall, and there was Fay protesting that she did not think she could stand, much less walk; and when Erle knelt down to examine the dainty little foot, and touched it lightly, Fay turned still paler, and uttered a little cry, but the next moment she laughed.

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle. It was very silly and awkward of me, and I cannot think how it happened. No, it is not so very painful, unless I try to move. What are we to do, Erle?"

"That is just what I don't know," he returned, disconsolately, looking down the lane, while the two dogs gazed wistfully into his face, as though they were quite aware of the dilemma, and felt very sorry for their little mistress. "I suppose you could not ride on Pierre's back, you are hardly small enough for that; and with all my goodwill I am afraid I should not succeed in carrying you two miles—these furs are heavy, Fay—and yet how am I to leave you sitting in the snow while I go in search of help. I suppose," with another look, that only landed him in ploughed fields, "there is not a house near, and yet this is one of the Sandycliffe lanes."

"I don't think we are far from the Grange—the curious old red-brick house we passed the other day. This lane leads to the Sandycliffe road, and I expect we are not a quarter of a mile from the village."

"All right," responded Erle, cheerfully; "I can carry you as far as that easily."

"Oh! but we must not go to the Grange," returned Fay, in rather a regretful voice. She was suffering a good deal of pain with her foot, her boot hurt her so, but she would not make a fuss. "The Ferrers are the only people who have not called on us, and Hugh would not like me to go there."

"Nonsense," replied Erle, impatiently; "what does that matter in a case like this. I suppose you think that good Samaritan ought to have left his card first before he helped that poor traveller?"

Fay tried to laugh, but it was rather an effort. "You do not understand," she said, gently; "Hugh used to know the Ferrers, and he says they are very nice people; he is the blind vicar of Sandycliffe, and his sister lives with him. I do not know whether they are old or young; but Hugh said that he had had a misunderstanding with them, and that it would be very awkward to renew the acquaintance; he does not wish me to visit them."

"Perhaps not. I daresay the Samaritan and the unfortunate traveller were not on visiting terms afterwards, but under the present agreeable circumstances we must certainly avail ourselves of the first shelter that offers itself. Hugh would quite approve of my advice, and in his absence you must allow me to judge for you;" and there was a slight peremptoriness in Erle's voice, to which Fay yielded for she offered no resistance when he lifted her from the ground with his old playful smile.

Fay was very small and light, but her furs were heavy; still, Erle was strong and wiry, and he carried her easy enough—he actually had breath to joke too—while the two dogs bounded before him barking joyously, and actually turning in at the Grange gates of their own accord—at least Pierre did, and Nero followed him.

Erle looked up curiously at the old red-brick house, with its picturesque gables and mullioned windows, and then, as he deposited Fay on the stone seat inside the porch, and was just raising his hand to the knocker, the door opened, and a very tall man in clerical dress appeared suddenly on the threshold. Erle's hand fell to his side, and he and Fay exchanged puzzled glances; it must be Mr. Ferrers, they thought, and of course he did not know any one was there. He stood with his face turned to the wintry sunshine, and his grand massive-looking head bowed a little. The next moment Pierre jumped up and licked his hands, and tried to put his huge paws on his shoulder, whining with delight. Mr. Ferrers started slightly. "Why, Pierre, my fine fellow, I ought to know that rough greeting of yours by this time; it is a long time since you have called at the Grange; whom have you brought with you, Pierre?" stroking the dog's noble head.

Erle came forward at once. "My cousin, Lady Redmond, has met with rather an awkward accident in one of the lanes—she has sprained her ankle, and is in great pain; may I lift her on that comfortable oak-settle by the hall fire while I go in search of help. I am Sir Hugh's cousin, Erle Huntingdon."

"Lady Redmond," ejaculated Mr. Ferrers; and Fay wondered at the sudden shadow that passed over her host's fine face. "Oh, yes, bring her in, Mr. Huntingdon, but we must find a softer couch than the oak-settle. Margaret—where are you, Margaret?" and the next moment a clear, pleasant voice answered, "I am here, Raby;" and a tall, graceful-looking woman, with dead-brown hair and calm beautiful face, crossed the long hall. Fay seemed to see her coming through a sort of haze, and she put out her hands involuntarily; Margaret's voice changed as she took them. "Ah, poor child, she is faint. Will you bring her into my morning room, Mr. Huntingdon, there is an easy couch there, and a nice fire?" and Margaret led the way to a pleasant room with an old-fashioned bay window overlooking the sunny lawn and yew-tree walk; and then took off the little sealskin hat with hand that trembled slightly, and laid the pretty head with its softly ruffled hair on the cushions, and then put some wine to Fay's lips. Fay roused herself and drank some obediently, and a little color came back to her face. "It is my foot, the boot hurts it so," she said, faintly.

(To be continued.)

Fifty thousand soldiers guard the railroad when the Czar travels. But even this great army cannot keep off the train boy.

IRISH LAND BILL.

Its Clauses Discussed by the Lord in Session.

AMENDMENTS MADE TO THE BILL.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In the House of Lords this evening, on motion to consider the House of Commons amendments to the Land Bill, the Duke of Argyll warned the House that the Bill in its present form was an immense development of the Gladstone Land Act of 1881, and one that in the future would lead to the development of some defection. The Bill, he declared, would foster among the Irish not industry, but laziness, making tenants more unthrifty. It would give tenants the privilege of regulating rents to such an extent as to enable them, however lazy or ignorant, to remain on their holdings. The Bill was a violation of recognized truths. If political reasons forced the House to accept some of the amendments he hoped that the members would have the courage to reject others which simply proposed the robbery of land-owners.

Earl Granville admitted that the Bill was imperfect, but it was a compromise measure and the best obtainable under the circumstances, and it was therefore advisable that the House approve it. Nothing could be gained by discussing the Bill on abstract economic principles.

Lord Salisbury said he felt the justice of the Duke of Argyll's criticism. The Bill was undoubtedly a consequence of the Liberal Government's land legislation, in which a departure was made from the principle of freedom of contract. But it was only a temporary measure, preceding larger proposals, by means of which the Government would try to mitigate the evils of previous legislation. The Government had not accepted the amendments without anxious consideration as to what the result of their rejection would be. The abandonment of the Bill was the alternative, and the Government could not accept that responsibility. Therefore he urged the House to recognize the difficulties of the position and accede to the amendments.

Lord Selborne (Liberal) said he thought the Government would have been unwise to throw up the Bill. He would rather have cut off his right hand than have been a party to the passing of the Act of 1881 if he had thought for a moment that its author had entered upon a course that would lead to such a disastrous development of the Irish policy as was now troubling the peace and prosperity of the country.

Baron Howth, Liberal, said that the Government appeared to entertain the idea that they should reduce the value of land [illegible] as much as possible before proceeding [illegible] and purchase scheme.

The Earl of Dunraven proposed to amend the fifth clause by providing that the court revising judicial rents shall state the scale of prices of produce affecting the holding.

Lord Salisbury objected, saying that the publication of such information would multiply discontent and encourage agitation.

The amendment was withdrawn.

The Earl of Dunraven next proposed the rejection of the House of Commons amendment relating to town parks.

On Lord Salisbury's advice the proposal of Earl Dunraven was accepted.

Earl Cadogan, Lord Privy Seal, moved that revision of rents be based upon the difference in prices in 1887 as compared with prices from 1881 to 1885.

Earl Spencer and Earl Kimberley opposed the motion, but it was carried—29 to 17. The remaining House of Commons amendments were adopted.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN DETROIT.

The Meat Inspector Reports Many Fatal Cases in the City.

A Detroit despatch says: The existence in Detroit of pleuro-pneumonia will prove a surprise to citizens generally. On Monday last George Kantzler, Meat Inspector for the Western District, was apprised of the fact that a number of milch cows in the vicinity of King's Cattle Yards, were suffering from the malady. Mr. Kantzler at once drove to the locality and says that as nearly as can be ascertained five fatal cases of the disease have occurred, and that upwards of twenty-five cattle in the first stages of the contagion have been butchered and sold to the public for food. The first fatal case, the Meat Inspector says, was in the herd of a milkman whose stables are on Twelfth street, near King's Cattle Yards, and occurred on Monday last. On Tuesday two more cows died, and one is at present in the last stages of the malady. In another herd near by, one cow died on Wednesday and one last night. A neighbor of another milk dealer asserts positively that she saw two of the latter's cows lying dead several days ago but this is denied by the owner. It is asserted by Meat Inspector Kantzler, however, that the milk dealer had a herd of nineteen head only a short time ago and had disposed of them all to a butcher near by. On Tuesday he reported the matter to Health Officer Duffield, and that official, recognizing the importance of the matter, at once hastened to make a thorough investigation. He came to the conclusion that it was the genuine Texas lung plague, which has wrought such terrible ravages in other localities and is believed to have been communicated to local stocks by Texas cattle on their way East, which have been unloaded for food and water.

Locked up His Boy and Starved Him.

Savino Vinceno was arrested by the Tenth Precinct police yesterday for neglect and cruelty to his child Joseph, 9 years old. The father has been in the habit of locking his boy in the room while both parents were at work without furnishing him food or water. The key was turned on the unwilling prisoner at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and an hour and a half later the lad attempted to make his escape. He crawled from the fourth story window to the fire escape at No. 21 Spring street, and, on attempting to descend, became dizzy and fell headlong to the yard. He was so badly battered about the head and body that his recovery is doubtful. He had been deprived of food for twenty-four hours and attempted his perilous descent in search of something to eat.—*N. Y. World.*

—It is after a man has attained a ripe old age that he begins to fall off.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

A Senator Ridicules the Court, is Fined, Jailed and Released by a Mob.

A Winchester (Va.) despatch says: United States Senator Riddleberger, who was sentenced on Saturday at Woodstock by Judge Newman, of the County Court, to pay a fine of $25 and be imprisoned for five days for contempt of court, was released from jail last night by a mob. The circumstances leading up to his arrest are related as follows by an eye-witness: On Thursday W. W. Jones was tried for larceny and the jury found that he was insane. Jones was a client of Senator Riddleberger's and the verdict made the Senator angry. He was accused of writing a placard and giving a boy $2 to haul Jones up and down the town, the latter displaying the placard meanwhile which had written on it: "Verdict, Bill Jones Not Guilty, But Insane, Jury Insane, Lawyers Insane, Court Insane in the Main." The noise occasioned by this display disturbed the proceedings of the court then in session and the Commonwealth's Attorney, J. C. Baker, had the Judge issue an order for Senator Riddleberger to appear before Judge Newman and show cause why he (Riddleberger) should not be fined and imprisoned for ridiculing the Judge and jury and disturbing the court. At 5 o'clock Senator Riddleberger appeared before the court and defended himself. He said that Judge Newman had no jurisdiction in the case, which the Judge denied, and asked Senator Riddleberger to sit down until the evidence could be taken to prove that he (the Senator) was the one who instigated the ridicule, and then, he said, the court could hear the argument. Senator Riddleberger would not sit down, and the court fined him $25. He then defied the court and said: "This court shall not send me to jail." Judge Newman then told the Sheriff to take the Senator to jail for five days. Senator Riddleberger said he would like to see the man who could take him to jail, and Sheriff Whitman at once arrested the Senator and locked him up. This action caused much excitement, and this morning at 2 o'clock a mob of 200 men, supposed to be from Edinburg, in this county, scaled the walls of the jail yard and took the Senator out on ladders.

POISONED CONFECTIONERY.

Over Twenty Pittsburg People Sick Eating Sweetmeats.

A Pittsburg (Pa.) despatch says: Yellow chrome or some other equally deadly compound seems to have become an active ingredient of Pittsburg confectionery, as no fewer than twenty-three persons living in the Seventeenth Ward are lying more or less ill from the effects of poison. A little daughter of Charles Baker, a contractor, who lives on Forty-sixth street, bought a custard cake at the grocery store of L. J. Logue, corner Centre and Forty-fifth streets yesterday. This cake was partaken of at the morning meal by the entire Baker family and one or two boarders. By noon all who had eaten of the confection were suffering violent pains, coupled with nausea. Emetics, under medical aid, were promptly administered, and, although for a while it was doubtful if any would recover, at a late hour last night the patients were supposed to be out of danger. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Baker and their three children, Lizzie McCarthy, servant, William and Robert Rice and John Craig, boarders, were the other victims. Mrs. Logan and Minnie Caudeller, nurse girl, who had eaten some of the grocer's cake the night previous, were also very sick, with indications of poison. Mr. J. J. Shafer, a grocer, and family, who lives on Forty-fifth street, also bought and ate a quantity of the cake and are more or less ill. Besides the Shafers, two sisters of Mrs. Shafer and a niece constitute the family. They are all affected to a greater or less extent. A butcher named Simon, who lives in the same locality, his wife and four children ate of the deadly cake and are yet very sick. L. J. Logue, the grocer who sold the cake, alleges he purchased it at a baker shop in the East End.

FIGHT FOR A CHILD.

A Mother Charged with Kidnapping her Own Daughter.

A London despatch says: A somewhat exciting incident took place on Saturday at the Grand Trunk station. It seems that about a year ago Mr. and Mrs. George White, of Oil City, Pa., who formerly lived in London, agreed to separate, and placed their children with different parties, their girl Nettie, 10 years old, being sent to live with Mrs. Daniel Gales, of this city. Subsequently the couple became reconciled and decided to gather their children around them and start housekeeping again. Mrs. White's mother came to London for the girl Nettie, but Mrs. Gales refused to let the child go, so Mrs. White came herself, arriving yesterday morning. Driving to Mrs. Gales' house on Richmond street, the mother chanced to see her child playing in the yard, got her into the cab and drove back to the station, Nettie screaming and fighting all the way. At the station the mother procured tickets for Oil City and was about starting away on the Wabash Atlantic express, when Nettie's boisterous conduct attracted the attention of the passengers, who imagined that the child was being kidnapped. The result was that both mother and child were taken to the police station, where Mrs. Gales also appeared. A hot dispute between mother and guardian ensued, in which, however, the former finally triumphed and obtained permission to take her child home.

Not the Place for Him.

"You'll find this a very quiet house," said Miss Poundsteak. "Most of the boarders are single ladies and members of a sewing circle."

"Any poker going on?" asked Reed.

"Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the pious landlady, horrified.

"Well," returned Reed, "if that's the case I guess it wouldn't pay me to board here."—*The Epoch.*

An Esquimaux will eat twenty pounds of meat per diem, lubricating the mass with as much oil as he can swallow; yet a Tongouse will go twenty pounds better, for he can get away with forty pounds of reindeer meat in the same space of time. Both of them blush for their feeble powers when they see three Yakutes demolish a whole reindeer at one sitting and rise apparently none the worse for the feed.

THE SECRET OF THE SOUL.

A Fragment by T. Gautier Giving a Glimpse of Hindoo Belief.

The following weird incident is from Gautier's "Tales Before Supper": A priest of the temple of Tirunamalay, to whom I disclosed my intentions, told me of a yogi who dwelt in one of the grottoes of the isle of Elephanta, and who had reached the highest degree of sanctity. I found him propped up against the wall of the cavern. Robed in sackcloth, his knees drawn up to his chin, his fingers clasped around his legs, he crouched there motionless. His upturned pupils left visible only the whites of his eyes; his drawn lips exposed his teeth; his skin clung to his cheek bones; his hair, thrown back, hung in stiff locks like over-hanging plants; his beard, divided in two floods, nearly touched the ground, and his nails curved inward like an eagle's claw. His skin, naturally brown, had been dried and darkened by the sun till it resembled basalt, and, thus seated, he looked both in form and color like a Canopic vase. At first I thought him dead. His arms, that were anchylosed in a cataleptic immobility, I shook in vain; in his ear I shouted the most powerful of the sacramental words which were to reveal me to him as initiate, but he heeded them not, nor did his eyelids quiver. In my despair of arousing him I was about to leave, when suddenly I heard a singular rustle; swift as a lightning spark a bluish flash passed before my eyes, hovered for a second on the half-open lips of the penitent, and disappeared. Brahma-Logum (such was the name of this holy personage) seemed to awake from a lethargy. He opened his eyes, gazed at me in a natural manner, and answered my questions. "Your wish is fulfilled," he said; "you have seen a soul. I have succeeded in freeing mine from my body whenever it so pleases me. It goes and returns like luminous bee, perceptible only to the eyes of the adept. I have fasted, I have prayed, I have meditated so long, I have dominated the flesh so rigorously, that I have been able to loosen the terrestrial bonds. Vishnu, the god of the tenfold incarnations, has revealed to me the mysterious syllable that guides the soul in its avatars. If, after making the consecrated gestures, I were to pronounce that word your soul would fly away and animate whatever man or beast I might designate. I bequeath you this secret, which of the whole world I am now the sole possessor. I am glad you have come, for I long to disappear in the bosom of the increate as does the drop of water that falls in the sea." And therewith the penitent whispered feebly but very distinctly a few syllables which made a shudder run down my back.

SPURGEON AND THE BAPTISTS.

The Great Preacher on the Broadening of Dissent.

A London cable says: Mr. Spurgeon is reported to be at variance with the Baptist Union, and it is said will consider himself in nowise bound by the decision of the coming conference between the Baptists and the Congregationalists. In a remarkable article on "The Broadening of Dissent," Mr. Spurgeon writes: "A new religion has been initiated which is no more like Christianity than chalk is like cheese. A religion, destitute of moral honesty, palms itself off as the old faith with slight improvements, and on this plea usurps pulpits erected for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. At the back of this doctrinal falsehood comes the natural doctrine of spiritual life, which, while it is wanting among certain Dissenters, is becoming fuller of zeal and force in the Episcopal Church, where the Gospel is fully preached. With the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, our churches not only hold their own but win converts, but their strength is gone when the Gospel is concealed and the life of prayers slighted, the whole thing becoming a mere form and fiction and for this our heart is sorely grieved." The article is aimed at the preaching of the Congregationalists, and not at their character, which, in the main, Mr. Spurgeon approves. The fact that it makes no mention of Dr Parker, of the City Temple, is somewhat commented upon.

Culinary Mysteries.

How true it is that few of us know what we are really eating. The manner in which a cultured appetite can be deceived with a plebeian morsel is thus related: A bet was recently made by two French gourmands, one of which asserted that he could detect the component parts of any dish that was set before him, the other betting at great odds that he would not be able to tell the material wherewith his cook would prepare a "savory dish" for them. The cook, a Frenchman, of course, exerted all his talents and surpassed all praise. The dish was placed before the knowing epicure. He tastes, smacks his lips, tastes again, smells it, tastes again. Alas! it is redolent of all rich odors; such gravy, such solids—so soft, so tender! What can it be? A wondrous prepared tripe? No! Calf's head in a new shape? No, no, no, a thousand noes. Our epicure gives it up. "It is old white kid gloves!" is the cool explanation when the bet is resigned as lost. —*Boston Traveller.*

Asking Too Much.

The party from the Buccaneer House started at 3 a.m. to go to a peak from which a $10 view of the sunrise could be obtained. They wandered around until 12.30 trying to find the peak; then they wandered around until 5 p.m. trying to find the hotel. Then they became hungry and weary and impatient, as summer boarders will sometimes become, and the boldest of them—a dark-browed, silent man, who seemed to be perfectly devoid of fear, and who, it was reported, had once committed a murder, and, as some said, had even asked the waiter not to change his seat at the table during the meal—now asked the guide timidly: "Do you know in which direction is the hotel?" The indignant guide turned on him like a lion at bay: "Gaul slam it, no! I dun't know nawthin about wher we be; I ain't never guided in these parts till this summer. Dew ye 'xpect a man to learn the hull State of Maine in one trip."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It has been conjectured that the extraordinary heat this summer may be due to these laced-in tailor-made gowns, as they raise a wearer's temperature about ten degrees. It is an idea.

NEW YORK EXPECTATIONS

Of Catching up to London in the Race for Population.

On the basis of the number of names in the new city directory, the population of New York, from the Southern boundary of Yonkers to the Battery, is not less than 1,600,000. The population of Brooklyn is probably over 750,000, and, taking into account other communities immediately dependent on, and geographically united to, the port of New York, the present population of the Metropolitan district is more than 2,500,000. At the present moment the population of the area known as the Registration District of London is about 4,250,000, so that there is a long interval to be covered before we can begin to rival the populousness of the great English "province in brick and mortar." But if New York keeps up its accelerated rate of growth the difference before another generation is over may be wiped out. London is growing at the rate of about 66,000 a year, while New York's growth is about 60,000. But in the ten years between 1870 and 1880 the average annual addition to our city population was less than 27,000, so that we have already more than doubled the annual increment of the decade preceding last census, and have for the last six years established an average of 58,000. This kind of geometrical progression has only to be maintained to make the size of New York as unexampled as its growth.—*New York Epoch.*

Connected With the Road.

"I have met with queer characters in my day," remarked a conductor on one of the city roads last evening. "All sorts of excuses are given and all old fakes are worked to get a ride. One of the nerviest men it has been my luck to meet was a well-to-do old skinflint that used to ride frequently when I first came on the line. The first time I attempted to collect his fare he smiled knowingly and in an off hand manner said: 'Oh, that's all right.' I was young in the 'biz' and passed him by. He worked the 'way' to death. Not only did he ride himself but frequently invited some friends to accompany him. At last I tumbled and made some inquiries at headquarters touching his right to ride free. The very next morning, which was one of the hottest of a hot July day, he boarded the car. 'Fare!' I yelled in his ear. 'Oh, that's all right,' he placidly replied. 'No, it isn't all right; you can't play me any longer,' was my answer. Assuming an air of injured dignity the old fraud said: 'Connected with the road.' 'In what capacity?' 'My son drove the snow-plough on your road last winter.' That man never rode with me again unless he had the dust."—*Syracuse Courier.*

How to Grow Plump.

The famous Mr. Banting, who reduced his weight by more than fifty pounds in one year, found that sugar was the most fattening thing he could eat. Hence, to increase your weight eat cakes, puddings, syrup, honey, candy and pastry, always taking care that it be crisp and digestible, for indigestible food is a chief cause of leanness. New England pie-crust is probably responsible for the appearance of the typical gaunt Yankee. Other fattening articles of food are tender lamb, salmon and eels, milk and cream, corn bread and butter, and those vegetables which grow underground and of which sugar is made—beets, turnips, etc. Boiled or baked potatoes, mashed on the plate and seasoned with salt and fresh butter, make a delicious dish, rapidly fattening. Eat often and very slowly, for it is not the quantity that is eaten but the amount that is thoroughly digested that nourishes the system and rounds the bodily contour.—*The Epoch.*

In an Off-hand Way.

"Dan," said a contractor to one of his trusted employees, "when you are down seeing about that line this morning, I wish you would mention to Dempsey that I would like to have that little bill paid. You needn't press it, you know, but just mention it to him in an off-hand manner."

"Yes, sorr."

"I got the money from Dempsey, sorr," said Dan on his return.

"I'm very glad; you merely alluded to it in an off-hand way I suppose."

"Yes, sorr, I handed him the bill and towld him if he didn't pay it, I would let off me hand and give him a wipe in the jaw that he wouldn't forgot for a while, and he paid it at wanst."

Superstition Dies Hard.

The following note appears in the agricultural department of the New York *Tribune* without a word of comment, or anything to show that the editor is aware that the age of astrology has passed: "I always build my fence when the horns of the moon point up, and stake and rider it when the horns point down; the two draw together, and my fence never falls. The moon should govern us in all our operations. Our school house, contrary to my advice, was roofed in the light of the moon, and last winter nearly all the children had the measles, and now the roof is leaking badly."

Squeezed Up Froo' Her Dress.

A London paper tells a good story of a lady who, all dressed for a ball, went to the nursery to kiss her little daughter good night. The child looked at her mother in astonishment, and a moment after the tears came into her big, blue eyes, and she sobbed out, "Poo' mamma! Poo' Nellie's mamma!" "What's the matter with your mamma?" asked her father, who was standing by. "Poo' mamma's all squeezed up froo' e top of her dress!"—*Albany Journal.*

In cutting a new street at Buffalo all of one man's land except a nine-inch strip was taken, and on this amount he has to pay taxes. The law is so strict that no more land can be taken in such a case than the notice of intention calls for.

During the recent visit of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings to Scotland, two Skye crofters were discussing the political situation. Quoth one—"Weel, Angus, and what do you think of this Maister Chamberlain that's to be here the morn?" To which the other replied—"Weel, Donald, he maun be a very bad man, travelling about wi' a woman wi' a different name!" "Wi' a woman! Eh, mon, some one has been foolin' ye." "Na, na! its true. They telled me she's one Jessie Collings."

A SUN DANCE.

The editor of the Fort Macleod *Gazette* has been attending a sun dance at the Blood Reserve near that town, and has come back to his sanctum considerably disgusted. He says "it was the same old thing, the same old song and the same old tune." The worst feature connected with this heathenish ceremony is the "making of braves." On this occasion there did not appear to have been any candidates; but the whites present, greatly to their discredit be it said, got a victim for the torture by the payment of $3. Lying on his back on the ground, three or four Indians got about this man, and the operating began. Pinching the flesh between two fingers, it was pulled out, and the knife run through it. A small stick, about two inches long, was run into the incision, and that was done. The same operation was repeated on the back. To the latter a shield was fastened. A raw hide lariat, doubled, hung from the top of the centre pole, and one of these ends was fastened to the stick in each breast. Taking one in each hand, the candidate for honors yanked at them all his might. Then leaning backwards, he threw his full weight on the ropes, and suspending by the sticks in his breast, danced backward and forward around the pole. Finally the flesh gave way, and he fell on the ground and lay there, a full-fledged brave. Before the operation began, an old party got out and counted the young man's coups. The list was not a very long one. He stole a gun, and he stole some horses, and he stole some arrows and probably regretted that he had not stolen more while he was about it. The old party did not relate how many clothes-lines or hen-roosts he had robbed. The young man then blessed the old fellow, threw his arms around the medicine pole and prayed to the sun. This evidently put him in better spirits and the show related above proceeded. Then, tired out, every one rushed for the waggons and said good-bye to the sun dance of 1887, each one vowing secretly that it was the last one they would ever go to. But they all said the same last year." Such an exhibition was certainly pitiable enough, so far as the poor Indians were concerned, but it was utterly disgraceful in view of the fact that it was prompted by whites.

How to Eat Corn.

The head of one of the biggest restaurants in Chicago came very near losing a customer the other day by asking him if he knew how to eat corn in the ear. The customer, Yankee-like, spunked up with this query: "Do you take me for a hog?" After a reconciliation the restaurant man talked as follows: "No one man in fifty knows how to eat corn in the ear so as to get at the good of it. In the first place, I admit that no man or woman looks very pretty with an ear of corn in his or her mouth. The fact is there is no artistic way to eat it. Take your ear of corn and lay it across your plate, or leave it on the side dish. Hold it with your fork in your left hand. Take your knife and run it over the row of kernels, cutting them or lancing them. Take the next row, and so on until you cut all the rows. Put on your salt and pepper and butter and then eat. My word for it, if the corn is not too old, you will relish the corn as you never did before. The husks remain on the cob. And you can then see what sort of indigestible stuff has escaped your stomach."

Affectionate Relations of Three Royal Sisters.

It is well known how attached the three daughters of the King of Denmark are to each other. His Majesty is fond of relating an instance of this attachment. While the Princess Thyra was still unmarried, the Princess of Wales and the Czarina with their children came on a visit to Fredensborg. One morning the King was going out on a very early expedition and determined to go to his daughters' rooms to bid them "good-bye." When the father tapped at the Princess of Wales' bedroom door he got no answer, and opening it found her room empty, and on going to the Czarina's he knocked with the same result. On arriving at Princess Thyra's simple bedchamber he found his two elder married daughters had each taken a mattrass from her own splendid guest chamber and established herself thereon in the young girl's room. They were all chatting merrily, but were girlishly anxious to conceal the escapade from their ladies-in-waiting.—*Modern Society.*

European Dress in Japan.

The Court of the Mikado is being gradually stripped of every vestige of its Oriental coloring. It was only the other day that the Empress made the European fashion of female attire obligatory on the Japanese ladies admitted to the Court receptions, and the domestics of the palace are now to be rigged out in liveries imitated from those worn by the servants of the Imperial household in Austria. Prince Komatsu, who has spent the last few months in Vienna, was so taken with the appearance of the Court servants that he asked permission to have copies made of the different liveries. This was, of course, readily granted, and the models are now on their way to Japan, where powdered periwigs and silk stockings will no doubt before long be as regular a feature in the economy not only of the Court, but of every household which respects itself, as they are in our own part of the world.—*Japanese Herald.*

At Fotheringay.

The Mary Queen of Scots tercentenary, besides the exhibition of relics more or less connected with her at Peterborough, has had a quaint dramatic recognition. At the little North Hants village of Fotheringay, the scene of her execution, the other day many hundred visitors witnessed a series of tableaux vivants done by ladies of the neighborhood, under the direction of London experts, depicting the chief scenes in the Queen's life, from her marriage with the dauphin to her execution. One of the results of the Peterborough Exhibition will be the erection of a home memorial of her in the cathedral there, where she was buried originally.

A man weighing 154 pounds contains 97 pounds of oxygen, the volume of which, at ordinary temperature, would exceed 980 cubic feet. The hydrogen is much less in quantity, there being less than 15 pounds, but which, in a free state, would occupy a volume of 2,800 cubic feet. The three other gases are nitrogen, nearly 4 pounds; chloride, about 26 ounces, and fluorine 3¼ ounces.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Durham *Chronicle* has resumed its long-lost position in the ranks of respectable journalism.

Durham has not got a public cemetery yet: Flesherton has—and it is one of the best in the County, too.

Concerning the railway war in Manitoba, Premier Norquay is reported as having said: "We are going to get to the boundary line, and that's all there is about it."

The *Review* is trying to "shake up the dry bones" around Durham in the direction of bonusing manufacturing industries. It is easy enough to shake them, but to do it effectually is another question.

The Bank of London (Ont.) has suspended business and closed its doors. It is thought the bill-holders and depositors will be paid in full. The bank had only been running four years. Banks can no more claim immutability from failure than lesser institutions or private individuals.

A paper published in Toronto, called *The Canada Citizen*, says the FLESHERTON ADVANCE is an anti-prohibition newspaper, simply because we ventured to say that the country was not yet ripe for prohibition. Neither it is, nor is it likely to be for many years—unless several hot-headed Temperance cranks are choked off or thrust into the background. A great cause is always endangered by fanatics.

This craze for bonusing manufacturing industries seems to have taken complete possession of the inhabitants of many towns and villages in Ontario. The idea is wrong in theory and worse in practice—generally speaking. What right have ratepayers to burden themselves with taxes by bonusing wealthy corporations? And how much worse it is to bonus tottering, milk-and-water concerns—for which there is no opening, perhaps, in the community—and which, sooner or later, must come to grief? If there is an opening in a certain place for a certain manufacturing industry, it will pay capitalists to invest their money therein: but not otherwise. In many instances bonusing simply puts a premium on rascality and boodleism. It is only in isolated and particular cases that the people get anything like a fair return for their money.

New Bakery.

The undersigned begs to inform the people of Flesherton and neighborhood generally, that he has leased the Flesherton Bakery for a term of years and respectfully solicits their patronage. *Bread, Buns, Cakes* and any other kind of Baking that may be required by any of my patrons will receive prompt and careful attention. Liberal estimates for large supplies. I intend shortly to add *Home made Confectionery* warranted pure and manufactured on the premises.

JACOB STEPHEN.

Flesherton, Aug. 17th 1887.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

The Origin of Diphtheria.

Of the many diseases to which mankind are subject one of the most mysterious, in many respects, is diphtheria. Although known long before, it did not become prevalent until some thirty years ago. Its ravages since have been dreadful. In numberless cases all the children of a family have been carried off within a few days.

Much has been learned concerning the conditions favoring the spread of this fell disease, and something of the influences fostering its virulence, such as overcrowded, badly trapped drains or want of drainage, damp walls and floors. Dr. George Turner, in a report to the local (London) Government Board, says that in his experience saturation of the soil under the dwelling with fœtal matter, or with water contaminated by excrement, is a condition especially favorably to development of diphtheria in its most fatal forms.

It is known also that the earliest cases in an epidemic of diphtheria are generally very mild; that children who die of it in such cases are often supposed to die of croup, and that the disease is spread by personal communication, especially by association of children at school. Observation has proved that the disease is often spread in its most fatal form by persons who were slightly attacked and who had recovered. Convalescent children do not seem to do much harm in their own families, but it often happens that when they return to school diphtheria attacks other pupils with great virulence.

But almost nothing is known with certainty of the beginning of diphtheria. Cases occur for which neither personal communication nor unwholesome surroundings can be assigned as the cause.

Dr. Turner suggests that in such cases the disease is communicated to human beings by the lower animals, and he quotes in support of this theory several remarkable cases which came under his own observation. It has long been believed that scarlatina, diphtheria and enteric fever are frequently communicated from man to man through the medium of milk, and Dr. Klein, as recently set forth in the Globe, has demostrated that a disease of a cow, which apparently causes it little discomfort, is reproduced as scarlatina in those who use its milk. But in the cases given by Dr. Turner diphtheria appears to have been communicated directly from man to the lower animals or from the lower animals to man.

In 1882 he found in the throat of a pigeon supposed to have died from strongles a membrane which hung loosely in the tube. In other pigeons inoculated in the fauces with this membrane a disease of a similar character occurred.

In 1883 an epidemic of diphtheria occurred in the village of Braughing. The disease appeared first on a farm on which the fowls were dying of a disease such as affected the pigeons. On other farms the disease was preceded by a similar affection amongst the fowls. So in 1885 he found that at Farnham, at Aldershot, at Ash and other places in which diphtheria was epidemic the fowls were affected by the disease. At a place in Surrey it caused great havoc amongst chickens and pheasants. All the appearances presented by the sick fowl were those of diphtheria. At Tongham a man bought a chicken at an infected farm and took it home. Diphtheria—the first case at the village—broke out in his house shortly after.

Dr. Turner observed also that horses and swine suffered from throat diseases soon after diphtheria had become epidemic amongst human beings.

In 1886 several cats died at Brent Pelham, (Herts.), when diphtheria prevailed there. Their necks were swelled, there was a foul discharge from the nostrils, and "running at the eyes" in all cases. Similar diseases were observed amongst the cats at Aldershot, Farnham and other places. The evidence was very strong that at Petersfield, Sussex, the disease was communicated by children to the cats. Several other instances are given, and it is stated that in 1885 Dr. Renshaw succeeded in inoculating cats with diphtheria. Instances are also given in which strongles attacked horses at the same time that diphtheria prevailed in the neighborhood, and Dr. Ogle is named as authority for the statement that diphtheria occurred in a shepherd's family shortly after throat disease had appeared amongst the sheep.

These observations, if they as yet lead to no positive conclusion, open a large field for inquiry as to the connection between diphtheria in man and throat affections among animals. Dr. Turner says:—

"It is a question of great importance, and demonstration of such connection would help to explain the occurrence of cases of diphtheria in isolated positions where human communication is very restricted. As, for instance, in the Australian bush, where (as I am informed by a friend residing there) diphtheria sometimes makes its appearance under circumstances which almost preclude any conveyance of infection by human beings or by prevailing winds.

"It might explain, too, the great difference we notice in the severity of diphtheria in different epidemics, and make clear other facts concerning which we are at present totally in the dark."—*Globe, Aug. 18th.*

If you desire to posses a beautiful complexion take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and removes blotches and pimples, making the skin smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance. Take it this month.

Mr. John McBride, of Amaranth, has a three year old heifer which had been giving milk since April last, although she never had a calf. It is said that she gives more milk than any of the other cows.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

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Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

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Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

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and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

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W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. —M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured. —Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

James Sullivan,
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Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 29, Con. 4, Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and white cow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

ANTHONY KENNY.

Artemesia, July 29th, 1887

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"One, two, three,—mind F sharp there! F, not G! I wonder at your mistakes this morning. Did you practice this lesson, Miss Herbert?"

The young girl raised her head crowned with its graceful nodding plumes, and looked confusedly up into her master's face. But something besides confusion expressed itself in her eyes, which she dropped immediately after one swift glance.

"I did" she said, gently striking a few chords, "and at five o'clock this morning I could master it entirely."

"Five o'clock! You must be an early riser."

"Well, such glorious mornings as these, how can one rest while the birds sing and the sun shines so brightly?"

"And why can you not play as well now as then?" queried he, ignoring her remark. Perhaps that early-rising don't agree with you; and we see the effects of it over this music lesson—eh?"

"If you are insinuating that I am sleepy—"

"Oh no, I assure you not," he interrupted, laughing. "I was only suggesting a cause for all these blunders. Not in earnest at all - because I think that is *not* the reason you make such mistakes."

"Perhaps I am a little tired," she confessed, looking sharply at him. But he was only smiling in his own pleasant way, and answered doubtingly, "Perhaps."

"Well, I must finish." And Miss Herbert went madly striking the keys again. I say madly, for never did she make such wild mistakes or appear more agitated.

"That will do, Miss Herbert. You will take this lesson over again." She looked up quickly. He was regarding her attentively, and a mischievous smile lurked about his mouth. This time she did not appear in the least embarrassed, though her heart was beating loudly.

"I will try to do better next time," she said simply. Closing her book, she rose and moved towards the door. With innate courtesy he opened it for her and then closed it suddenly, with an alertness which surprised the girl.

"On consideration you need not take that lesson again I believe you do know it thoroughly. Allow me—you have dropped your glove." In stooping to restore it to her, a photograph fell from his breast-pocket to the floor, and face upward. The portrait was that of an exceedingly beautiful young girl. Miss Herbert only observed that one snowy hand was laid caressingly upon the head of a noble-looking dog, and the other closed round a formidable gun. Professor Strander raised the photo at once, remarking pleasantly upon his awkwardness, and giving Miss Herbert her glove. But why did the color surge into his face?

He assigned her a new lesson, and having said good-morning, the door was shut once more. Kathie Herbert turned from it and walked thoughtfully away. Thoughtfully—yes, her mind went back to the very first time Professor Strander had opened that door for her; his courteous manner and pleasant address; all his little gayeties of speech; and was it all to end here?

"From the very beginning I have loved you!" she cried inwardly. "Lately I feel as though I dare not venture into his presence lest he should guess the truth. Oh for a little release! A few weeks or months sojourn in the city; anything, *anything* so that I forget *him!*"

Once in her own home, the swelling heart of the proud little beauty found relief in tears. "I *will* go—I must. For oh, I dare not stay now. I only trust he has no suspicion that I care for him. O mamma, my heart is breaking and *you* can never help me! Why did I ever go to Professor Strander?"

The tears fell fast and unchecked for some moments. Then rising, she took a small album from her table, hastily turning the leaves until she came to what she wished to see. O vanity! It was her own fair face. Fair indeed, and in no manner insipid. There was such a grave trustful look in the glorious dark eyes; and yet, behold the pretty—one might almost say saucy—but expressive mouth! It was as though one might have communicated some undesirable news to her, and the lips had assumed that charming half-pout. Dark curly hair clung about the open brow; the chin was firm and rounded....A face one would wish to look at more than once.... .and longer than a moment.

"Hundreds, yes hundreds—more magnetic, more enchanting than mine!" she said to herself. "And that may have been his sister—a cousin—or a mere lady friend. How foolish I am to think about it. After a while it can make little difference to me. Only I must go away now for a time."

But in her heart and brain the one thought burned all that day, "I love you—I love you!"—till the birds seemed to sing it, the flowing brook to keep time to the passionate words. Everywhere, everywhere was it written. On the leaves of her magazine—on the blue sunny sky—wherever she looked. And later when the sky shone out in the midnight sky, they seemed to hurl down at her the undeniable accusation, "*You love him.*" At a late hour the young girl found rest. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer" closed the weary eyelids and Kathie was in dreamland. At breakfast next morning, Miss Herbert abruptly remarked upon her intended visit.

"My dear Kathie," began her father gravely "you wouldn't be an American if you didn't want to run around." And then he pinched his daughter's cheek, while Kathie laughed, for from his serious tone she imagined he might really urge an objection.

"Aunt Charlotte will be so glad to see you" said Mrs. Herbert, who had given her full consent to her daughter's proposal.

"You'll enjoy yourself, no doubt," Mr. Herbert remarked. "Only don't let any young gentleman run off with your heart—we can't spare such a jewel just yet."

"Oh papa! Surely I'm not so very precious. Why what do I do from morning till night, but please myself?"

"And that is what best pleases us, Kathie. I am never afraid of you doing wrong."

So it was arranged that Kathie should visit her cousin in St. Louis. That week she would see Professor Strander once more. This time, Kathie assured herself, there must be no cause for correction, no embarrassing questions to ask. She would tell him in an indifferent manner that she would be gone for some time—would promise to practice faithfully whilst away. And then—then in the gay city life she would learn to forget him. There were her determinations; and all the while her rebellious spirit cried out against it. "Kismet! It is fate, but oh, how bitter! I must not allow myself to even think of his name. Let me see . . . what was I going to do .....oh yes—inspect my dress for Mrs. James' party. *He* will be there, possibly; but I am not going to mar an evening's enjoyment by remaining home. After all, he is not a great slave to society—he may not go . . . He may be detained. How I shrink from meeting him!"

Mrs. James' parties were something to be talked of. The *elite* assembled within her spacious halls; there amidst flowers and perfume and light, the passionate waltz had often lured fond hearts into its magic measures. But sitting in the stillness of her own room, Kathie pictured for herself an evening unmarked by any deeper sense of pain that that she now felt. And when at last she found herself in the dazzling rooms of her hostess, she resolutely forced away all sombre thoughts, entering into conversation with unwonted fervor.

Mrs. James, urbane as usual, welcomed them all . . . . Kathie had returned several recognitions, when she heard a familiar voice behind her saying: "Professor Strander? Oh, he may not come at all. An important business engagement—" And then the last words were lost to Kathie's ear, amid the hum of salutations and laughter. She was quite relieved.

The hours flew by with lively conversation and repartee. In the wild waltz many sought forgetfulness of misery or care, and Kathie, with the arm of her friend Mr. Mason about her, forgot the one face which haunted her. Her companion led her away to the cool balcony afterwards, and after some moments' quiet talk, she sent him off to bring her a glass of water. "Just for five moments alone!" she exclaimed mentally. "There are so many delightful nooks in this charming mansion, I must appropriate one Mr. Mason can search till he discovers me." So thinking, she entered a side-room off the conservatory, and smiled satisfactorily as she seated herself behind the tall oleanders and geraniums. "All that's wanting now to make it like a novel," she mused, "is for a lover to discover my whereabouts and disclose his tender passion . . . Or for me to overhear some startling plot . . . . Leaning her head upon the flower-stand, she fell into a reverie.

Harry Mason, rushing from room to room with a brimming glass of ice-water in his hand, was accosted near the library door by Geoff Strander.

"Cicero greets thee!" cried the Professor gaily, touching his friend upon the shoulder, and assuming an expression of mock-gravity.

"You there, Geoff?" said Mason. "I thought you couldn't stay away. Is this not a glorious affair? Mine hostess is a jewel. Listen! Are they dancing again?"

"Do you wish to go?" asked the other, "Or are you paid by the minute to hold aloft that symbol of purity?" pointing to the glass from which the water now flowed as Mason assumed an oblique attitude against the door-case.

"Not so, most gracious Professor. This water was brought expressly for my friend Miss Herbert, who was on the balcony five minutes ago, and is not there now. And I have been meandering all over in search of her," answered Mr. Mason, going toward the conservatory.

"We will likely find her with the dancers, though I did not observe her as I came through. How splendid the girls all appear to-night. . . . And Miss Herbert is, in *your* eyes, the "bright particular star"—eh, Mason?

"Quite mistaken. She is only *one* of my friends—my dear friend, if you like—nothing more. Say, the thought just strikes me that I'm tired. Let us sit down here for a while. That is, unless you prefer the mazy waltz—to enter into the delicious whirl, encircling your lady love,—if you have one."

"Haven't I, though," said Strander with emphasis. Shall I show you a likeness of the beauty at whose shrine I worship?"

"Do, there's a good fellow."

Poor Kathie, with her shawl wrapped closely about her, shivered as these words fell upon her ear. It was quite true, then, that somewhere in the wide world the man she loved had found a face to attract him. . . She measured his devotion by the fact that he must needs carry her photo with him always. From her position behind the array of flowers she could see Strander's hand pass the picture to his friend, but could not observe his face.

"Why it—surely that *is* Miss Herbert?" cried Mason, after a glance.

"Oh no," answered his companion, "I guess not. But you see a resemblance, do you?"

"A remarkable resemblance! Though now on closer examination the face is not shaped like Kathie's; but the expression is hers. One often finds faces alike in this wide world. . . . Quite an Amazon with that dog and gun. Dangerous-looking, you know. And you'll be marrying her soon, shall we say?" drawled Harry Mason comically.

"I think not."

"You didn't jilt her, I hope."

"Not at all."

"*Vice Versa*, then?"

"Oh no."

"Hang it all! Don't keep me in suspense after rousing my curiosity. I take it you haven't proposed yet. By-the-bye, the original of this photo don't live here I suppose?"

"Hardly," said Strander laughing, but with a far-away look in his dark eyes. "That is a Des Moines photo."

"Let me see. . . . You were at Des Moines this winter, were you not?" mused Mason.

Yes, I was." There was a slight twinkle in his eye as he waited for Mason's next remark.

"Then the Fates have pity upon you if you are compelled to travel so far to greet thy adored one! You never told me before that Des Moines held an attraction for you."

"And I have not said so yet," replied Strander with an amused smile.

"This might be taken for Kathie's sister, if she had one. Or a cousin."

It might be—only that is the portrait of a young lady who, I believe, is neither."

"You are a fraud to-night, Geoff. . . . a puzzler, but nevertheless a dear old fellow. Some time you tell me all about this affair. I only speak the desire to dance at your wedding."

"Yes, I will explain everything to you soon, I trust. Just now I don't care to reveal all my weaknesses to thee, O most unsophisticated youth!"

"Yes, unsophisticated in heart-matters."

"Destined to be a veritable bachelor, perhaps," said Strander.

"Which I thought of you too, till to-night," rejoined Mason, returning the photo.

"What will Miss Herbert think of you, anyway? But I'm a witness that I found you in search of her. Come, let us join the dancers. That music is enough to melt a stoic, and I long to be among the sportive throng." So spoke the Professor, and the two passed on out into the dazzling light of the spacious rooms.

Poor Kathie had heard every word, and now rose to her feet. She moved two or three steps . . . A faintness came over her, and she sank wearily down again.

"Shall I call," she asked herself, "or wait. Perhaps someone may come."

Mrs. James had missed Kathie's bright face among her guests. No one seemed to know where she had flown to. "I will look for her," said Bertha Welland, Miss Herbert's confidential friend.

After peering into numerous alcoves and nooks where one might seek seclusion, Miss Bertha entered the dimly-lighted conservatory, calling merrily, "Kathie, where ever are you?"

"I am here," answered a trembling voice. "I feel so ill, Bertha—I must go home at once. Pray ask Mrs. James to come, and tell no one where you found me."

"Why, you are as pale as a ghost! The dancing was too much. Take my arm, and lie down in the room across here. I will bring Mrs. James."

That good lady hastened to Kathie at once.

"My carriage was not ordered so early, but pray ask Mr. Mason to see to it immediately," she said faintly, clasping her white hands impatiently. And Mr. Mason came shortly after to offer his arm and assist Kathie to her carriage. She felt secure with her friend, and thankful for his sympathy; but adroitly evaded his query as to her sudden disappearance from the balcony.

"We will miss you to-night," he said, as he assisted her from the carriage. A few words of explanation to her mother—an assurance that he would call next day and earnest "good-bye,"—and Kathie was alone.

But to return to the ball-room which Kathie had just left....Everyone expressed surprised to hear of her sudden departure. "She never looked better, certainly!" remarked the heiress, Miss Ruyter, in a tone which meant, "I believe she was pretending?"

"I say she looked quite well," she persisted, with an unpleasant little laught, "don't you think so, Professor Strander?"

"Indeed Miss Ruyter," he said rather curtly, "I am unable to express an opinion....It was late when I came, and I did not see Miss Herbert." His face now assumed an expression as if his thoughts were far away. Were they away in Des Moines, perhaps, and not centered on poor little Kathie! One thing was quite evident to the people of Devonport, and that was that Professor Strander was not the man to win a girls affection for his personal gratification; to boast at having done so, and then fling away forever all serious thoughts of the pain of a tender and loving heart. He had not showed marked attentions to any young lady in Davenport, though many a fair beauty turned her admiring eyes upon him.

"He is certainly handsome," thought Miss Ruyter, as she regarded him while he spoke. "Now if he were only vain enough, what a flirt—a successful flirt, he would make! But Professor Strander is'nt vain," and this ambitious heiress sighed, as though she wished he were. In truth, it was her one desire to captivate the gallant gentleman. (In vain, Miss Ruyter, were all those hours spent on an elaborate toilet! Thy precise crimps and costly adornment were admired by the *eye*, but found no place in the *heart* of the man now beside you.)

Miss Herbert was not well enough to go to her music-master on the usual day. But the next morning she took her music-roll in a decided manner, and adjusting her richly-plumed hat, stood for a moment before her mirror ere she went. How much she longed to scrutinize that photo so much resembling her! The hope (which Kathie did not acknowledge to herself) of ever possessing Geoffroy Strander's love, had died out...That was all over now...She could face him, perhaps, with even cordiality, knowing how utterly his love was beyond her.

(Concluded next week.)

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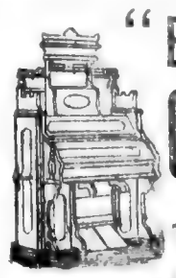

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A Chicago special from Forest, Ill., gives the following fuller particulars of the great railway catastrophe: All railway horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth Wednesday night, when an excursion train on the Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw Road dropped through a burning bridge and over 100 people were killed and four times that number were more or less badly injured. The train was composed of six sleeping cars, six day coaches and chair cars and three baggage. It was carrying 960 passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls. The train had been made up all along the line of the Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw Road, and the excursionists hailed from various points in Central Illinois, the bulk of them, however, coming from Peoria. Some of the passengers came from Canton, Elpaso, Washington, and in fact all the stations along the line, some as far west as Burlington and Keokuk, Iowa. A special and cheap rate had been made for the excursion, and all sorts of people took advantage of it.

START OF THE ILL-FATED TRAIN.

When the train drew out of Peoria at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening it was loaded to its utmost capacity. Every berth in the six sleepers was taken, and the day cars carried sixty people each. The train was so heavy that two engines were hitched to it, and when it passed this place it was an hour and a half behind time. Chatsworth, the next station east of here, is six miles off, and the run there was made in seven minutes, so the terrible momentum of those fifteen coaches and two engines shooting through space at the rate of a mile a minute can be understood. The train did not stop at Chatsworth, and sped by the small station with lightning speed. Three miles east of Chatsworth is a little slough, and here the railroad crosses a dry run about ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary wooden trestle bridge, and as the excursion train came thundering down on it what was the horror of the engineer on the front engine when he saw that

THE BRIDGE WAS ON FIRE!

Right up before his eyes leaped the bright flames, and the next instant he was among them. There was no chance to stop. Had there been warning it would have taken half a mile to stop that on-rushing mass of wood, iron and human lives, and the train was within one hundred yards of the red-tongued messengers of death before they flashed their fatal signals into the engineer's face. But he passed over in safety, the first engine keeping the rails. As it went over the bridge fell beneath it, and it could only have been the terrific speed of the train which saved the lives of the engineer and his fireman. But the next engine went down, and instantly

THE DEED OF DEATH WAS DONE.

Car crushed into car, coaches piled one on top of another, and in the twinkling of an eye nearly 100 people found an instant death and fifty more were so hurt that they could not live. As for the wounded they were everywhere. Only the sleeping coaches escaped, and as the startled and half-dressed passengers came tumbling out of them they found such a scene of death as is rarely witnessed, and such work to do that it seemed as if human hands were utterly incapable. It lacked but five minutes of midnight. Down in the ditch lay the second engine, Engineer McClintock dead and Fireman Applegate badly injured. On top were piled the three baggage cars, one on top of another like a child's card house after he has swept it with his hand. Then came the six day coaches. They were telescoped as cars never were before, and three of them were pressed into just space enough for one. The second car had mounted off the trucks, crashed through the car ahead of it, crushing the woodwork aside like tinder, and lay there resting on the tops of the car seats, while every passenger in the front car was

LYING DEAD AND DYING UNDERNEATH.

Out of that car but four people came alive. On top of the second car lay the third and its bottom was smeared with the blood of the victims. The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but they were broken and twisted in every conceivable shape, and every crushed timber and beam represented a crushed human frame and a broken bone. Instantly the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and the shrieks of those about to die. The groans of men and the screams of women aided to make an appalling sound, and above all could be heard the agonizing cries of little children, as in some instances they lay pinned alongside their dead parents. And there was another terrible danger yet to be met. The bridge was still burning, and the wrecked cars were lying on and around the fiercely burning embers. Everywhere in the wreck were wounded and unhurt men, women and children, whose lives could be saved if they could be gotten out, but whose death, and

DEATH IN A MOST HORRIBLE FORM

was certain, if the twisted wood of the broken cars caught fire. And to fight the fire there was not a drop of water, and only some fifty able-bodied men who still had presence of mind and nerve enough to do their duty. The only light was the light of the burning bridge, and with so much of its aid the fifty men went to work to fight the flames. For four hours they fought like fiends, and for hours the victory hung in the balance. Earth was the only weapon with which the foe could be fought, and so the attempt was made to smother it out. There was no pick or shovel to dig it up, no baskets or barrows to carry it, and so desperate were they that they dug their fingers down into the earth, which a long drought had baked almost as hard as stone, and heaped the precious handfuls thus hardly won upon the encroaching flame. And with this earthwork, built handful by handful,

THEY KEPT BACK THE FOE.

While this was going on, other brave men crept underneath wrecked cars, beneath the fire and the wooden bars which held as prisoners so many precious lives, and with pieces of boards, sometimes their hands, beat back the flames when they flashed up alongside some unfortunate wretch, who, pinned down by a heavy beam, looked on hopelessly while it seemed as if his death by fire was certain. And while the fight was thus going on with the workers the cars were filled with groans of dying men, the anguished entreaties of those whose death seemed certain unless the terrible blaze could be extinguished, and the cries of those too badly hurt to care in what manner the end were brought about so only it could be quick; so they dug up the earth with their hands, reckless of the blood streaming out from under finger nails, and heaping it up in little mounds, while all the while came heartrending cries

"FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T LET US BURN TO DEATH!"

But finally the victory was won; the fire was put out after four hours of endeavor, and as its last sparks died away a light came up in the east to take their place, and dawn came upon a scene of horror.

While the fight had been going on men had been dying, and there was not so many wounded to take out of the wreck as there had been four hours before. But in the meantime the country had been aroused, help had come from Chatsworth, Forest and Piper City, and as the dead were laid reverently alongside of each other out in the cornfield there were ready hands to take them to Chatsworth, while some of the wounded were carried to Piper City. One hundred and eighteen was

THE AWFUL ROLL OF THE DEAD,

while the wounded number four times that many. The full tale of the dead cannot, however, be told yet for days.

Chatsworth was turned into a morgue to-day. The town hall, the engine-house, the depot, were all full of dead bodies, while every house in the little village has its quota of the wounded. There were over one hundred corpses lying in the extemporized dead houses, and every man and woman was turned into an amateur but zealous nurse. Even in a lumber yard the noise of hammers and saws rung out on the air, and busy carpenters were making rough coffins to carry to their homes the dead bodies of the excursionists who twelve hours before had left their homes full of pleasure, with expectations of the enjoyment they were going to have during the vacation which had just begun.

AID FOR THE SUFFERERS.

When the news of the disaster first flashed over the wires prompt aid was at once sent. Dr. Steele, chief surgeon of the Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw road, had come on a special train, and with him were two other surgeons and their assistants. From Peoria also came Drs. Martin, Baker, Fleugler and Johnson, and from every city whence the unfortunate excursionists had come their physicians and friends hurried out to help them. From Peoria had also come delegations of the Redmen and the Ancient Order of United Workmen, members of both societies being on the ill-fated train, and so after 8 o'clock in the morning there were plenty of people to do the work that needed such prompt attention. In the town hall was the main hospital, and in it anxious relatives and sorrowing friends sat fanning gently the sufferers' faces. Down in the deadhouses fathers, husbands, brothers, sisters, wives and children tearfully inspected each face as it was uncovered, and sighed as the features were unknown, or cried out in anguish when the well-known face—sometimes fearfully mangled but yet recognizable—was uncovered. The entire capacity of the little village was tried, and kind-hearted women drove in from miles to give their gentle ministrations to the sufferers.

STATEMENT OF A PASSENGER.

Dr. Hazen, of Fort Madison, Iowa, says the train was running about thirty miles an hour when the accident occurred. He felt a sudden jar, and found himself and wife fastened under the seats. He pulled the backs off of two seats before he could get his wife out. She was bruised on the body, and both of her feet were crushed. His shoulder was dislocated, and he had it pulled into place as soon as he could get out of the wreck. There were nine persons in his party, and he can only hear of three of them so far. He says he saw Ed. Stoddard throw his boy out to a lady while he crawled back to get his wife, who was killed.

DIABOLICAL DEPRAVITY.

No sooner had the wreck occurred than a scene of robbery commenced. Some bands of unspeakable miscreants, heartless, and with only animal instincts, were on hand, and like guerillas who throng a battlefield at night after the conflict and filch from the dead the money which they received for their meagre pay, stealing even the bronze medals, and robbing from the children of heroes the otherwise worthless emblems of their father's bravery, so last night did these human hyenas plunder the dead from the terrible accident, and take even the shoes which covered their feet. Who these wretches are is not known. Whether they were a band of pickpockets who accompanied the train, who were lurking in the vicinity, cannot be said. The horrible suspicion, however, exists, and there are many who give it credence, that the accident was a deliberately

PLANNED CASE OF TRAIN WRECKING,

that the bridge was set on fire by miscreants, who hoped to profit by the opportunity offered; and the fact that the bridge was so far consumed at the time the train came along, and the added fact that the train was an hour and a half late, are pointed out as evidence of a careful conspiracy. It seems hardly possible that man could be so lost to all the ordinary feeling which animates the breast of the human race. But still men who will rob dead men, who will steal from the dying and will plunder the wounded, held down by the broken beams of a wrecked car, whose death by fire seemed imminent, can do almost anything which is base, and that is what these fiends in human form did. They went into the cars when the fire was burning fiercely underneath, and when the poor wretches who were pinned there begged them

"FOR GOD'S SAKE TO HELP THEM OUT,"

stripped them of their watches and jewellery and searched their pockets for money. When the dead bodies were laid out in the cornfield these hyenas turned them over in their search for valuables, and that the plundering was done by an organized gang was proven by the fact that next morning out in the cornfield several purses all empty were found in one heap. It was a ghastly plundering, and had the plunderers been caught this afternoon they would have been lynched. There was one incident of the accident which stood out more horrible than all of those horrible scenes. In the second coach was a man, his wife and little child. His name could not be learned to-day, but it is said he got on at Peoria. When the accident occurred

THE ENTIRE FAMILY OF THREE

was caught and held down by broken wood work. Finally, when relief came, the man turned to the friend and feebly said, "Take my wife first. I'm afraid the child is dead!" So they carried out the mother, and as a broken seat was taken off her crushed breast the blood which welled from her lips told how badly she was hurt. They carried the child, a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of 3, and laid her in the cornfield, dead, alongside of her mother. Then they went back for the father and brought him out. Both his legs were broken, but he crawled through the corn to the side of his wife and feeling her loved features in the darkness, pressed some brandy to her lips and asked her how she felt. A feeble groan was the only answer, and the next instant she died. The man felt the forms of his dead wife and child and cried out

"MY GOD, THERE IS NOTHING MORE FOR ME TO LIVE FOR NOW,"

and taking a pistol out of his pocket pulled the trigger. The bullet went surely through his brain, and the three dead bodies of that little family are now lying side by side in Chatsworth waiting to be identified. There have been many guesses as to the origin of the fire which weakened the bridge and caused the accident, but so far they are nothing but guesses. The most probable one is that a spark from the furnace of the engine of a train which passed two hours before caused the blaze. The season has been very dry hereabouts for a long time, almost no rain having fallen, and so the woodwork of the bridge was like tinder. A live coal dropped on it would fire it at once, and the result, accident, soon follow. Another and startling theory

IS THE ONE OF TRAIN WRECKING.

This is an awful one to contemplate, but it has its adherents. They point to the fact that there were a lot of thieves about and to the additional fact that they seemed to be members of an organization working together, and the diabolical heartlessness with which they went about their work indicated devilishness which would stop at nothing. The news of the disaster was brought to Chatsworth by one of the passengers about midnight. As fast as the corpses were taken from the wreck they were laid out on the side of the track. Before daylight the work of recovering the dead and moving them to Chatsworth had begun. The residents of the town threw open their houses for the reception of the dead and wounded, but the former were taken to improvised morgues. The

SCENES IN THE DIFFERENT PLACES

where bodies lay were heartrending. The majority of the bodies were mangled in a most frightful manner, many of them having their faces entirely torn away, leaving their brains exposed, while their jaws, fingers and limbs had been torn off. About 5 o'clock one of the Chicago *Times* staff visited the scene. The sleeping car Tunis was at the end of the train. It was jacked in the air, supported by trestles. The front end of the car was directly over the place where the bridge stood. To the right lay a coach broken into kindling wood, and directly on the road was piled up what was left of six or seven coaches turned bottom up and broken beyond recognition. Beyond were two tenders and one engine. They were turned bottom side up, and were scarcely recognizable. Along the hedges there were valises, shoes, boots, hats, all manner of articles of wearing apparel, broken lanterns and seats from cars. It was an awful sight. Hats of men and women broken and smeared with blood, coats reeking with gore, and ladies' underwear smeared with life blood. It was plain to be seen from the baggage that the travellers were well-to-do people.

"IT WAS SIMPLY HORRIBLE,"

said Mr. E. A. VanZandt, of Peoria, to a reporter. "No words of mine can describe the awfulness of the scene. I was in the rear sleeper and was in no danger, as no one in the six sleepers was more than shaken up, but even there we got a bad shake. I felt three distinct bumps and then rushed out of the car and ran forward to the wreck. The scene was horrible. The only light was the flames of the burning bridge, and above the day coaches were piled on top of one another in a heterogeneous mass. The engines were buried in the ditch, and the

HEADLESS BODY OF ENGINEER M'CLINTOCK

was underneath. From all sides came cries for aid, so we went to work, and we worked hard, too. If the wreck ever caught fire 300 people would have been burned to death. The only thing we could do was to smother the fire with dirt. It was hard and slow work, and took us four hours, but we did it, and when the fire was out and other help came, we got the dead and wounded out during the morning and carried them to Chatsworth."

There was an incident in the affair which was not only remarkable in its way, but shows how terribly those six coaches were jammed and mashed together. When the accident occurred, Andy Mooney, of Peoria, and Conductor Stillwell, who was in charge of the train, were three cars from each other. Mooney was in the second car and Stillwell in the fifth. The next instant they found themselves literally in each other's arms, the car in which the conductor was riding having been carried over the two in front and dropped on top of the one in which Mooney sat. The strange part of it was that neither man was hurt.

The most horrible death of all was that of Eugene McClintock, engineer of the second engine.

THE LATEST PARTICULARS.

Charnel houses and hospitals made up to-night what has been the peaceful village of Chatsworth. Of 800 merry excursionists, journeying by rail to the Falls of Niagara twenty-four hours ago, fully half that number have since passed through a maelstrom more fearful than all the whirling waters that they were travelling far to see. Eighty-four of their blackened and mangled corpses are scattered in the depot, schools and engine houses here and at Piper City, or are being carried on trains in all directions to their homes. One hundred and thirteen cripples are stretched on all available mattrasses, beds, chairs and floors in this vicinity struggling for a little lease of life. The streets are filled with crowds of anxious seekers for friends and relations, and with other crowds of bustling people hurrying medicines, slowly bearing rude pine coffins to the trains or talking earnestly of the horror.

AN EYE WITNESS' STORY

P. C. Church, commercial traveller arrived from Peoria this morning and related many incidents of the disaster. "We didn't hear about it until yesterday morning," said he, "and the first report was that several hundred had been killed. There were 750 excursionists from Peoria alone, and a special train was at once made up to go over to the scene of the accident, about sixty miles distant. When we reached the place where the accident occurred the first thing we saw was a pile of mashed-up coaches as high as a telegraph pole. The top of the second chair car shot up on top of this, standing like a monument, at least fifteen feet higher. We arrived just in time to see Mr. Murphy, a hotel-keeper from Galesburg, climb out of a hole in the top of the first chair car, which was just in view upon a pile of broken timbers at the top of the heap. He pulled out his wife and baby uninjured, but almost exhausted from having been penned up for nearly twelve hours. It was with great difficulty they were assisted to the ground. Mr. Murphy then went back into the hole and brought out alive a little baby. He had torn it from the arms of a dead mother. After that he helped out an aged woman, whose back had been injured. These five, together with two others, were all that were rescued from the car. When Murphy came down I asked him how it happened that he was not killed. He replied that when the crash came his wife was sitting in one seat and himself and the baby were in the one just behind and near the front of the car. The baby was knocked off the seat and he stooped to pick her up as they shot into the mass of ruins ahead. Just at that moment he said a timber penetrated the car, shooting across the place where he had been sitting and struck a young lady who sat opposite in the neck. He was thus pinned down by the timber, which also protected him from being smashed and saved his life. He looked across the aisle and saw the young lady's head had fallen over on the back of her seat and hung only by the skin. The sight of the dead and wounded lying in the fields was horrible. A friend who was with me counted ninety-seven dead bodies at noon yesterday, and the wreck was not nearly cleared away. They were lying in little heaps of about a dozen, all having been killed in a different manner. The entire side of one man's face would be smashed in, while a hole as large as your fist in the forehead of another would show where the timber had penetrated. Three-fourths of the dead never knew what killed them. It was a sight I never want to look upon again. There were young ladies in picnic dress, with their white skirts saturated with blood and the front of their faces mashed beyond recognition. One young-looking mother had held her baby in her arms, when a timber striking the child in the back impaled both victims in instant death. The mother's face did not bear a scratch, but the expression on it will haunt me to the grave. I was sick when I returned from the catastrophe last night. It would make any man sick. The depot at Peoria was surrounded by 5,000 people, all waiting for news from the wreck."

A BABY'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Mr. Arch. Croswell and wife, of Peoria, were on their way to visit their parents in Kankakee with their six weeks' old baby. Mrs. Croswell occupied a seat in the front end of the car, next to the door. Mr. Croswell, being unable to get a seat with his wife, took another position a few yards back. When the concussion came the front end of the car was crushed in, and Mrs. Croswell killed. The baby was found in the centre of the car with but slight injuries. It was taken to a farm house near by and cared for.

FRIGHTFUL SCENES OF SUFFERING.

A special from Forest to the *Times* says: "As fast as the wounded were brought into Chatsworth from the wreck they were taken directly to the town hall, which had been turned into a temporary hospital. Beds and cots were brought in from neighboring houses with necessary bedding, and the sufferers were cared for by loving hands. Torn and bleeding human beings in all stages of suffering lay around the rooms, moaning and crying with agony, while doctors and nurses were binding up their wounds. Bloody clothing, torn and covered with mud, lay around on the floors in heaps, with car cushions or mattresses and blankets on which they had been brought from the wreck. Many patients were under the influence of ether or chloroform, while their faces, gastly white, and teeth tightly clenched, showed the suffering which they were undergoing while partially obvious of the fact. Blood was everywhere—on the floors, walls, clothing and hands of the wounded, as well as those who were caring for them. As the day wore away and the afternoon shadows lengthened into the evening the scenes changed somewhat. The wounded had been dressed and bandaged, and most of them rested quietly enough, overcome by mental and physical sufferings. Lamps were placed around the halls, their lights carefully shaded and the scene was strongly suggestive of the interior of an hospital on the field of battle. In the depot at Chatsworth and in the unoccupied store used as a morgue the scene was suggestive of a slaughter house. Stretched out on the floor in different directions were corpses of men, women and children, dressed in the clothing in which they had met their death. In the empty storeroom were counted twenty-seven corpses at one time. Their clothing was torn and dishevelled and their stiffened hands and arms, in the majority of instances, were crossed over their breasts. The heads of the dead were generally mangled in the most frightful manner and were always covered by some article of clothing. The face of a young woman who was lying on the floor of the depot had been so beaten in by the cruel car timbers that recognition was out of the question, and her brains and the flesh of her face were a pulpy mass, in which dabbled her long red hair. She was not identified. A man with a heavy dark moustache, and who was apparently 35 years of age, had been struck in the face by some object that had torn away the jaw and left the side of his face exposed. A 5-year-old boy, with chubby face and curly hair, looked contented and smiling. His legs were alone broken, but the flesh was so mangled that it bore the appearance of raw beef. His chest was also crushed in. Nearly every corpse was mangled or disfigured. The faces of some of the dead were black, as though they had died from suffocation, while others were a deadly white.

The pecuniary loss arising from the accident is simply enormous. Under the laws of Illinois the relatives of those killed in the diaster will, if they have any claim at all, deplete the treasury of the Toledo, Peoria & Western of something like $350,000, and those injured would receive at least a quarter of a million more.

THIEVES AND PICKPOCKETS.

Rowdyism by Canadian Toughs on a Detroit Steamer—Passengers Beaten and Robbed—Most of the Gang Arrested.

A Detroit despatch says: A gang of thirteen pickpockets and general thieves went to Put-in-Bay yesterday morning on the steamer City of Cleveland. Their conduct on the way was such that the officers of the boat put them ashore and refused to let them return on board. As a result they took the steamer Alaska on her return trip. During the voyage pandemonium reigned, in some cases pistols being drawn. Peaceable men were robbed, insulted and threatened with violence. The women passengers were greatly alarmed, and although the officers of the boat did all in their power to restore order the riotous conduct lasted during the whole trip. When the steamer reached Detroit she stopped in midstream and sent two yawl boats ashore. In fifteen minutes two patrol waggons filled with detectives came down to the dock. The officers got into the boats and rowed out to the Alaska. A thorough search of the boat was made, and when she came alongside the dock an hour later eleven persons were brought off and taken to police headquarters. Among those arrested were: Martin Forbes, of Toronto; John Byers, of London, Ont.; Robert S. Rodgers, of Hamilton, Ont., and Thos. Mullen, Windsor, Ont. Two of the gang, on the approach of the police, jumped overboard. One, said to be the ringleader, reached shore and escaped. The other was taken off one of the blades of the paddle wheel. Ex-Deputy Sheriff Downs and George Campbell, of this city, were badly beaten by the gang. A large amount of cash was found in the pocket of one of the gang.

THE ACTOR AND HIS WIFE.

De Bensaude Arrested for Ringing His Wife's Door Bell.

A London cable says: Mr. De Bensaude was on Wednesday arrested for violently, wilfully and persistently ringing the front door bell of Miss Violet Cameron's villa in that part of London known as St. John's Wood. He was hauled up before a magistrate at the Marylebone Police Court, and much of the dirty linen which was so copiously aired last fall at the Tombs in New York was relaundried. The only new thing which appeared during the course of the proceedings was the remarkable statement made by Miss Violet Cameron's lawyer to the effect that she had already paid her unsavory husband a sum of $5,000 in the hope of getting a little peace and quietness, and that the reason of De Bensaude's continued ringing of the front door bell was with the object of extorting further payments. To this De Bensaude retorted that the $5,000 in question had been paid him in consideration of his signing a statement to the effect that he saw nothing damaging to Miss Cameron as a wife in the purely business relations which she had maintained with the Earl of Lonsdale. De Bensaude added that he now regretted having made the statement above mentioned. By way of compromise he offered to undertake never to ring the front door bell again if he were furnished with a pass key. This was indignantly refused by Miss Cameron's counsel, and the case was then adjourned for further hearing.

Poverty Among Plenty.

A New York despatch says: One year ago Joseph Waldman, a Polish Jew, arrived in this country with his young and pretty wife Elizabeth. The couple began housekeeping in Fifth street, and Joseph secured employment in a manufacturing house. He was dissipated, however, and lost his situation, and to make matters worse his wife was taken ill. They then moved to Orchard street, and lived on charity for several months. Joseph again obtained work, but spent his money and abused his wife and infant. Three weeks ago he disappeared and over a week the mother has lived on ten cents worth of dry bread and what little else her poor neighbors could spare. Yesterday she gave up in despair. Last night the neighbors sent notice to the police headquarters that Mrs. Waldman was starving and that if something was not done immediately she would die. Another poor family residing in Orchard street shared half a loaf of bread and two cents' worth of milk with the starving woman and her child that morning.

At the village of Liss, in Hampshire England, an ox was boiled whole on Jubilee Day. A huge tank was placed in a hole in the ground, and was bricked all round. The whole carcase was lowered into the tank, with quantities of vegetables, and, after boiling seven hours, the resulting soup and the meat were served o the people of the village.

This is the sort of stories that they publish for fact in Saratoga: "A clergyman, calling on a Washington street family, was ushered into the parlor, where Miss Betty was seated at the pianoforte. He asked the young lady, a member of his Bible class, to 'play one of her favorites.' 'I'm not playng favorites any more,' she said. 'I'll take he field against them every time.'

The Baby's Dilemma.

My 4-year-old baby sat on my lap,
In the dusk of the fading day—
So helpless he seemed as he nestled there,
So dependent on mother and mother-care,
That I asked, as I kissed the golden head,
'What would you do, dear, if mamma were dead?"

The eyes met mine with a steadfast look,
That showed neither sadness nor fear;
The lips still smiled in a careless way,
As though my death were a new-found play;
Not a tear in the eye or the voice as he said,
"I would live wiv grandma if you was dead."

"But grandma is old and feeble, you know,
And not able to care for you;
You couldn't stay there." The face grew grave,
One quick, scared look at my face he gave,
Then, still half defiant, he slowly said,
"I tould live wiv Auntie if you was dead."

"But Auntie has boys of her own, you know,
And she wouldn't want any more.
No; you couldn't live there." The brown eyes fell;
Life looks pretty gloomy just now. But still,
With a quiver of the lip and chin, he said,
"Touldn't I live wiv Uncle Tom if you was dead?"

"Uncle Tom has no wife or home, you know,
And a man couldn't care for you."
The little breast heaved with its weight of woe—
Was there nowhere, then, for a boy to go?
And he sobbed as his arms around my neck he threw,
"I would want to die and go with you."

—Mary Rebecca Hart.

THE JUDGE'S WIFE.

Her name was Nita Dominique; she was an Italian by birth and just 17. Friendless and alone in her own country, she had come to America to seek the assistance of an uncle who had emigrated to try his fortunes some time previously. But instead of being met at the steamer's dock by her uncle she was greeted by the sad news of his death, and found herself utterly alone in a land of strangers.

This is the story Lucy Keene told to Judge Devereux when he called.

"But she did not give up," said Lucy, growing more earnest as she narrated Nita's simple story to the judge. "She was determined to earn her livelihood somehow, and as they all told her New York was already crowded with applicants for every sort of work she resolved on keeping on to the country. But her money was spent and the storm came on, and, poor creature, she was worn and wearied out, and, when night came on, she fell fainting at our door and we found her there.

"She is very intelligent," added Mrs. Keene, "and has, she tells me, been educated in an Italian convent. I wish we could find her a situation as governess or resident instructress in some seminary or school."

Judge Devereux listened quietly, without expressing any opinion. He was a hale, handsome man, somewhere about 40, a rich widower, with two or three little children, and report spoke favorably as to the possibility of Miss Lucy Keene being some day promoted to the dignity of Mrs. Devereux, of Devereux Terrace.

Lucy herself, a modest little rosebud of a creature, scarcely dared to think of this distinction in store for her, yet Judge Devereux's daily visits shed a sort of subdued sunshine on her life. For it was a quiet, monotonous sort of existence, boasting of little variety and less excitement, as most lives are when spent within the precincts of a country village.

To this humdrum succession of days and nights Nita Dominique came like the gorgeous bloom of a fire-hearted cactus in a sober bed of daisies, or a tropic dream, or a meteor glowing athwart the midsummer starlight, or aught else that is new and strange and lovely. Her broken English, like the lispings of a child first learning to talk; her pretty surprise at the manners and customs of the western world; the strong attachment she manifested toward Lucy Keene and her eagerness to assist the widow and her daughter in each and every one of their household tasks very soon endeared her to them.

And even Judge Devereux, the staid, grave, stately man, grew to notice Nita, and chat with her, and be amused with her innocent talk.

"Yes," he said, one night after he had gravely sat and watched her for some time, "she *is* beautiful; and it is no ordinary type of loveliness, either."

Lucy Keene looked up from her sewing and for a moment, one moment only, the crimson rushed to her cheek and a keen pang seemed to pierce through her heart.

"Am I growing jealous?" she questioned herself, hurrying away to the solitude of her own room. "Jealous! and of poor, friendless, solitary Nita! Oh, surely, surely I am not so base as that!"

But, nevertheless, Lucy Keene drooped a little after this, as a white lily droops when some unseen worm is gnawing at its roots.

It was a week or two after this when Judge Devereux came into the sitting-room of the Keene cottage just at dusk. The doors and windows stood wide open to admit the perfumed air and scent of early June, but there was no one in the apartment, and, although the judge could hear the silvery voice of Nita Dominique thrilling soft Italian barcaroles down in the garden as she wandered by herself he did not turn in that direction, but threw himself on the sofa in the bay window, where the fluttering muslin curtain half concealed him, and, with his hands crossed beneath his head, fell into a dreamy sort of reverie.

Probably it was succeeded by something very like slumber, for when he came back to a consciousness of the world around him, there were voices by the opposite window—Lucy and her mother, enjoying the quiet twilight together.

"Hark!" said Lucy, softly, after a moment or two of silence; "don't you hear Nita singing in the garden? What a thrush-like voice she has! Mamma, Nita is growing restless; she thinks she ought to have something to do."

"Lucy," said Mrs. Keene, "did it never strike you that—that Judge Devereux was beginning to notice Nita Dominique a deal?"

"Yes, mamma." Lucy's voice was changed and constrained now.

"Do you think he is in love with her, Lucy?"

"I think he is, mamma."

"But, Lucy," said Mrs. Keene, with a disturbed tone, "it is not right. I thought—I hoped—Judge Devereux was growing fond of you."

"Mamma, darling"—and by the sound of Lucy's voice the judge knew that she had left her seat and was nestling close to her mother's shoulder—"it is right. Judge Devereux has been most kind to us, but we must never presume on his kindness. He has never given us real reason to suppose him aught but a warm friend and generous neighbor, and if he *does* love Nita Dominique she will have gained a true and noble husband."

"I shall never endure the sight of Nita again if she is to take the brightness out of *your* life, Lucy," faltered the mother.

"Mamma, darling, hush!" coaxed Lucy. "Ought I to grudge poor Nita the one drop of sweetness in her bitter cup? Come, mamma; don't let us talk of this any more. The piano is open in the back room and I have not sung you the Italian canzonet that Nita taught me last night."

The mother and daughter went away, and when they returned, half an hour later, with candles lighted, the room was empty.

"Lucy," said Judge Devereux, a day or two afterward: "I have been thinking of a nice situation for Nita."

"What is it?"

There was no bitter jealousy in the soft eyes she turned up toward his face, only the sweet, friendly interest one young girl might feel in the welfare of another.

"What do you think of her as a companion and instructress to my little girls?" he asked.

"I think Nita Dominique's companionship would ennoble and improve any one."

"Lucy!"

"Yes, Judge Devereux," she rejoined.

"Nita has promised!"

"I congratulate you!" she said, with choked accents.

"And I think I deserve congratulations, now that I have secured a good governess. I am not yet content, however want a wife."

"A wife, Judge Devereux?"

"Yes, a wife, Lucy, and no one but yourself will answer my expectations in that respect. My little treasure, I have loved you long and truly—will you trust me with your heart?"

And Lucy Keene's protestations were drowned in the tender accents of her lover's voice.

How to Catch Cold.

Go to an evening party in a dress suit without putting on heavy underwear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth.

Sit in a street car next to an open window.

Leave off your heavy underclothing on a mild day.

Take a hot drink before going out into the cold or damp air.

Let the boys romp at school during recess time without their hats.

Sit in the passage or near an entry after dancing for half an hour.

Sit in a barber shop in your shirt sleeves while waiting to be shaved.

Put on a pair of thin shoes in the evening when you go to call upon your girl.

Fail to change your shoes and stockings after coming in on a rainy day.

Have your hair cut and shampooed just as a change takes place in the weather.

Wear one of the ladies' new cutaway coats without a chamois or flannel vest underneath.

Throw your overcoat open on a blustering winter day to show off your nice new necktie.

Send the children out in autumn for exercise in short, thin stockings and short skirts.

Take a hot bath in the evening and sit up in your room to finish the last pagesof an exciting novel.

Throw off your heavy coat when you reach the office in a great hurry and put on your thin knockabout.

Go down to breakfast without a wrap on a chilly morning before the fires have got fully started.

Put the window of your sleeping-room up before you go to bed, especially if the window is near the bed.

Run a square to catch a street car and take off your hat for a few minutes, to cool off, when you catch it.

Go out into the lobby during a theatrical performance and promenade around without your overcoat.

Do your back hair up high when you have been accustomed to wear it low and go out on a windy day.

Take a long bicycle ride and stand for a while describing and showing off the beauties of your machine.

Come in from a rapid gallop on horseback and stand talking in the open air to a friend for five or ten minutes.

If you are bald-headed or have a very susceptible back, sit during grand opera near one of the side doors.

A Marrying Market for 100 Girls.

The Panhandle of Texas is a body of territory running up at the extreme northwest corner of the State between the Indian Territory and New Mexico. It is now filling up with people, and in Crosby county, where the largest gathering of population is, there is a town which has taken the name of Panhandle. Somebody has started a newspaper there, and in a recent issue of it appeared the following: "Wanted—Immediately, 100 single young women who are prepared to rough it for a time to come to the Panhandle and marry our thrifty young men who have located on 640 acres of land and are now living in dugouts, tents and cabins. We can speak a good word for every one of the boys; they are all noble American citizens except one, and he is a little unfortunate in being the son of an English lord. Girls, this is a good chance. Besides this, married life will beat single blessedness every time. In a few months' time the dugouts will be turned into cellars and comfortable houses erected when the railroads bring in lumber." There is no place like a new country for the fair sex. There every woman is a belle and every good woman is little less than an angel. The rough men of the frontier know how to appreciate the intrinsic excellence of the sex.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The artesian well at Pesth, the deepest one in the world, supplies hot water for public baths and other purposes. It is 3,120 feet deep, and supplies daily 176,000 gallons of water heated to 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Princess Pignatale is now a waiter girl in a second-class Vienna cafe. She quarrelled with her relatives last winter and tried life in a London music hall for a brief period.

THE "PUNCH PHOTOGRAPH."

Loud Complaints When the Conductor Takes a Poor Photograph.

Much complaint has been made in consequence of the introduction of a new ticket system on overland roads to California, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The trouble all arises from the fact that the ticket given at the Missouri river by the overland agents contains what is called a "punch photograph" of the holder. This is supposed to be a complete description of the passenger. Along the margin of the ticket is printed, in a straight column, the following words in small, black type:

Male—Female.
Slim—Medium—Stout.
Young—Middle-aged—Elderly.
Eye.—Light—Dark.
Hair.—Light—Dark.
Beard—Moustache—Chin—Side—None.

The passenger is photographed on the ticket bearing his signature by punching out all the words that are not descriptive of him. If for a male, the word "female" is cut out by the punch; if he is slim, the words "medium" and "stout" are punched; if his eyes are light, the word "dark" is stricken out; and if he wears no beard, the word "none" is left standing, while "moustache," "chin" and "side" are punched. Now, it is readily seen how a train agent passing hurriedly through a crowded car is likely to make errors in describing his passengers on their tickets, and so far from being a "photograph" of the holder, the marginal sketch often becomes a rank caricature. Even where the punch-marks faithfully portray the features and figure, the female passenger cannot always preserve her good temper on looking at the picture drawn for her. A well-developed lady of an uncertain age is not likely to consider it a compliment to be labelled in cold type as "stout" and "elderly." That, however, is nothing to the treatment received by a Boston girl on her way to California, who was "photographed" as being a "female" of medium build, middle-aged, dark eyes and hair, and a side beard. This description, while containing evidences of careless, free-hand portraiture, is not, however, as bad as that of an olive-complexioned young lady who was punched as an elderly "male," slim and with light eyes and hair and a chin beard. Tourist passengers on the overland trains often derive great amusement from a comparison of notes or, rather, of tickets, but their fun is turned to disgust when they are told that they cannot secure return passage on the tickets when they have been wrongly portrayed by the train agent.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Beautiful Women as a Bane.

The tendency of the present day is the laxity of conversation permitted by many ladies in society in their male friends. This latter evil is one of very rapid growth, and has spread in many cases from the married women even to the girls, who think that they can make themselves as agreeable to the men as their successful rivals, by adopting the same style and allowing the same freedom of conversation. This, to a great extent, is attributable to the rage for beautiful women, which for some time now has been dominant in London society; for now a woman, if she is extremely lovely, and can get an introduction, is sure to be a star in society for a time, no matter what her position may be, and whether it entitles her to be feted and made much of by the great ones in the land, and wishing to make her reign as successful as possible until a brighter star arises and eclipses her, permits and encourages that loose kind of conversation that is so attractive to many men. This rage for beauty has been a great bane in London society for some time, and has rightly been a source of annoyance to the younger unmarried members of families who hold their position by right, for it is an undoubted hardship for them to feel themselves shelved and neglected by the men in favor of the fashionable beauties, and some of the sillier of them think that they can improve their position by copying the ways, manners and conversation of these piratical craft. Society has lately advanced a stage further, and the beauties of London society whose "face is their fortune" are now finding rivals in successful showmen, whose merits as pets of the fashionable world are not properly appreciated in their own country. This same worship of a successful showman is in close analogy to the latter and more rotten days of the Roman Empire, when the gladiators were the favored ones and pets of the Roman ladies. Society, again, is open to all who have the golden key; and if any aspirant who does not happen to have a beautiful face, or to be a successful showman, with flowing locks and wild appearance, can judiciously get taken up, and is willing to spend unlimited money, his or her success is also ensured—*London Saturday Review.*

Printers' Pie.

A respected clergyman of the Church of England in this city writes: Are you aware of the origin of the word "pie" as used by you printers, I believe for confusion in your types. The term is derived either from pinatz, a tablet, or from pica, a magpie. The allusion in the latter is to the varying colors in which the directions or calendar of the Church's service books were set forth. The directions of the calendar, which in its simplified form now precedes the Book of Common Prayer, were so complicated that one of the first duties of the Service Books Revision Committee in Edward VI.'s time was to simplify them. So involved were the rules that the title by which the body of directions was designated has become a very symbol of perplexity and confusion. Hence perplexity and confusion in printed matter has become known as 'pie'—an equivalent originally to "calendar." Archbishop Cranmer said before the Revision Committee: "The number and hardness of the rules called the 'Pie,' and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found ut."

The income of Archbishop Corrigan is estimated at $40,000 a year. This is gathered from the cathedraticum, a tax of $200 a year on each church in the archdiocese, $5,000 salary from the cathedral, his palace and expenses, and a tax of $1 on each burial in Calvary cemetery.

A MONKEY SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

How the Jolly Jackos Cross a Running Stream in Safety.

(Capt. Reid's Adventures in South America.)

"They are coming toward the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How, swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there."

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman. "Monkeys would rather go through fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it."

"Bridge it!—and how?"

"You will see in a moment," my companion replied.

Presently the monkeys appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, officered like so many soldiers. One, an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps, ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troops. Meanwhile several of the monkeys (engineers, no doubt) ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the arrayo. At length they all collected around a tall cottonwood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point the foremost, a strong fellow, ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly round the neck and forearm of the latter, dropping off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the string resting his forepaws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued till the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culmination point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from too sudden a jerk. The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop to the number of four or five hundred passed. It was a comical sight to witness the quizzical expression of countenance along that living chain.

After the troops had passed one monkey attached his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in the same manner, and another until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were powerful fellows, and running up to a high limb they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready, and the next moment the whole chain was swung over and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared.

How to Select a Wife.

Good health, good morals, good sense and good temper are the four essentials for a good wife. These are the indispensables. After them come the minor advantages of good looks, accomplishments, family position, etc. With the first four married life will be comfortable and happy. Lacking either it will be in more or less degree a failure. Upon good health depends largely good temper and good looks, and to some extent good sense also, as the best mind must be affected more or less by the weaknesses and whims attendant on frail health. Young man, if your wife is falling into a state of invalidism, first of all things try to restore her health. If she is troubled with debilitating female weaknesses, buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure her.

To the novel colors invented for women's clothes of "crushed strawberry" and "whipped cream" has been added the color of "slapped baby."

An ugly complexion made Nellie a fright,
Her face was all pimply and red.
Though her features were good, and her blue eyes were bright
"What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said.

But now, as by magic, plain Nellie has grown
As fair as an artist's bright dream;
Her face is as sweet as a flower new blown,
Her cheeks are like peaches and cream.

As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light,
Her beauty attracts every eye,
And as for the people who called her a fright,
"Why, Nellie is handsome," they cry.

And the reason of the change is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

An expert clergyman at marrying could make about four knots an hour with favorable wind.

The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don' be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's" and no other.

Mrs. Dr. Ellis, an American lady, is physician to the Queen of Corea. She has apartments in the royal palace at Seoul, and receives a yearly salary which is equal to $18,000. She is obliged to visit the Queen daily, and remains in call when her Majesty is indisposed.

The modern-improved bird cage has a roller at one side upon which is fixed a long strip of waterproof paper, to be drawn across the floor of the cage. When the bird takes his bath the wetted paper is pulled through on the other side, so that a dry, clean strip of flooring is left in the cage.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets Possess Powerful Potency, Pass Painlessly, Promote Physical Prosperity.

The walls of a ruined Mexican church at Grand Quievera, N.M., are three feet thicker at the top than at the base. It is matter of tradition that when the Franciscan friars abandoned the pueblo during the revolution of 1680 they buried the bells and the church treasure, and up to this time they continue concealed from the eye of the treasure-hunter and the archæological fiend.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L. 34 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a good man in your locality to pick up

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

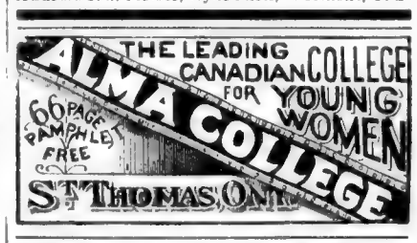

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Try a barrel of Keefer's Cheap Flour.

Mr. James Carson, of Durham, has been a County Constable for 35 years.

Call at KEEFER'S and get a barrel of Choice ROLLER FLOUR.

There are now over 2,000,000 bushels of grain in the C.P.R. elevator at Owen Sound.

Just in at Brander's a large shipment of Teas direct from Japan, noted for good quality.

Mr. F. T. Carr and Mr. Wm. Pedlar of Eugenia, one day last week drew in four large loads of peas into the barn in four hours, the distance from the field to the barn being half a mile.

Racing on our streets is strictly forbidden, and we are requested to state that if anything of the kind occurs again the guilty parties will be prosecuted according to law.

Sneak thieves broke into the cellar of Mr. Geo. Swanton's unfinished brick residence the other night and stole a lot of preserves, Certain parties are suspected but no arrests have been made as yet.

Notwithstanding the rise in Sugar, Brander, taking advantage of the drop in the New York market, has secured another large consignment of those splendid values—he still sells 22 lbs. for $1 cash,

One day last week, while wading around the river a little son of James Cummings stepped upon a broken bottle with his bare feet, cutting one of his toes nearly off.—*Mt. Forest Confed*

We learn that our townsman, Dr. John Barnhart, sold his fine house and grounds on the corner of Bay and Russel streets last week, for a very handsome sum of money, to a gentleman from Port Arthur. While we congratulate the old Doctor upon the receipt of thousands of dollars for his property, we must express our regret at his intended removal from town to the city of Hamilton. From his long residence here, and the prominent position he has always occupied socially and in his profession, as one of our most reliable and experienced physicians, his departure from his accustomed field of practice in town and country, will be seriously felt by his old friends and patrons. We wish the Doctor many more years of health and prosperity in the new home to which he purposes going, and can only add that Owen Sound's loss will be Hamilton's gain of a worthy citizen and an excellent physician.—*Owen Sound Times.*

Eugenia Happenings.

From our own Correspondent.

One day recently, it so happened that two berry pickers met in a berry patch. Mrs. Duncan, of Eugenia, and Mr. Bruin of *wild wood*. So soon as Mrs. Duncan of Eugenia, observed bruin on the opposite side of a fallen tree, standing on his hind feet, rudely staring at her. Mrs. D. picked up a stone and hurled it at his bearship which insult he resented by a deep ominous growl. At this turn of affairs each participant to the interview, appeared to suddenly remember they each had urgent business elsewhere, and by widely diverging paths, each made great haste. Bruin crashing into the darker depths of the jungle and Mrs. Duncan with her infant on her arm made the best time home possible, thankful to be relieved from such undesirable company berry picking.

Mr. H. Meldrum has had his house veneered with brick. It looks tasty and comfortable, real home-like. Mr. E. Paul had the job and the finish reflects credit on the workman.

Harvesting in full blast around Eugenia. Many are pretty well through. Mr. Alex. Madill finished on Saturday last.

Crops are fair to good.

Oh Wiggins, Moses Oats, what hot dry weather we are having. For a month past and no let up yet.

Mr. Wm. Garrett and wife of Toronto, have been visiting their friends, Mr. Geo. Lattimer's family, lately.

Mrs. John Bowerman, of Toronto, is home on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Thos. Crowe. What a reprieve from the city's dust and din—to wander in the wild wood or saunter along listening to the murmuring stream.

Villagers nearly all following rural pursuits. Just now business circles dull. The rumble of a roller flour mill here would make more bustle and biz would hustle.

Death of Mrs. Robt. Clark.

Another old resident of Artemesia has joined the "great majority" in the person of Mrs. Robt. Clark, who passed peacefully into the better land, at her late residence, on Thursday afternoon last, the 18th inst. Deceased resided—with her husband and family—many years in Flesherton, and was much respected. She was warm-hearted and kind, and a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist Church. She was a sufferer for many months prior to her decease, and death must have been a relief. She leaves behind her a husband and a large and respectable family who sincerely mourn her loss.

Death of Mr. Wm. Wilson, sr.

WILSON.—At his late residence, Eugenia, on the 21st inst., Wm. Wilson, sr., aged 80 years.

[Deceased was born in the County of Antrim, Ireland, and came to this country some eight years ago. He was familiarly known as "Cash" Wilson. We saw him in town only a few days prior to his death, when he seemed quite hale and hearty. He was honorable and straightforward in his dealings and of a kind and genial disposition. He leaves a family of married children to mourn his loss one of whom,—Mrs. Woodburn of Glenfield Villa, Eugenia—is well and favorably known to ADVANCE readers. Deceased passed quietly away full of years and his loss is regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. —ED.]

Maxwell.

By an Occasional Correspondent.

Dry weather. Harvesting about done.

Nothing has yet been done toward repairing the bridge over the Beaver River, on 10th Sideroad. The contractor having taken the job so low, along with some minor excuses, was obliged to give up the job. The Council should look after this as it is a great disadvantage to the traveling public.

Quite an exciting time occurred here on Tuesday evening. Two of our fair sex engaged in a squabble. Profanity and stone-throwing was indulged in to quite an extent.

We are pleased to see Mr. W. H. Guy, able to go around again on crutches.

Mr. James Buckingham has got his house finished. It is a fine brick residence. The painting was done by our painter, Mr. T. A. Blakely. We understand Mr. Buckingham is well pleased with the job.

Mr. Albert Brownridge's new house is rapidly nearing completion.

[Above items came to hand too late for last week's paper.—ED.]

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. And,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Very dry weather here now, and some people complain of a scarcity of water.

A great many of the farmers complain of the grain not filling and say that the yield to the acre will not be as large as anticipated.

Miss E. Armstrong, of Toronto, has been visiting here.

There has been quite a panic for harvest hands here, but the great hurry is about over.

Mr. S. Clemis, has returned to his duties at S.S. No. 4.

At the Anniversary of the Methodist church opening on the 14th inst., the Rev. G. Buggins preached impressive sermons morning and evening and the Rev. Mr. Shilton occupied the pulpit at 2:30 with a very able discourse. On the following Monday evening there was a tea-meeting held in the church which proved to be a success. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. G. Buggins, Chairman; Rev. Dr. Strongman, Rev. Mr. Shilton and the Rev. R. C. Burton. The music and singing was of the choicest kind; we must also say that the edibles got up by the Ladies' Aid were most excellent. The proceeds of the two days were $85.00 which wiped off all the incurred debt of the Church. MAUD.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Tenders

WILL be received up to the 17th Day of September, for the repairing of Church and Shed at Mount Zion. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Specifications of work to be seen at the house of

SAMUEL SHEARDOWN.

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con. 11, Artemesia, about one month ago, a yearling Steer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

DAVID JOHNSTON.

August 24th, 1887.

OWEN SOUND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

WILL open on MONDAY, 29TH AUGUST, 1887. Excellent Staff of Teachers. Inspector officially reports it the BEST EQUIPPED SCHOOL IN THE PROVINCE. Classes for First, Second and Third Class Certificates, Junior and Senior Matriculation with honors, and Law and Medical Examinations. At the Examinations in July last, all the Matriculation Candidates were successful, one of them obtaining a proficiency scholarship of one hundred dollars, and eighty-five obtained Teacher's non professional certificates. Fees $4.00 per Term payable at entrance.

Apply to

F. W. MERCHANT, M.A., Principal.
or D. R. DORIE, Sec. Board of Education.

Owen Sound, Aug. 15, 1887.

J. BRANDER PRICEVILLE,

While returning thanks to his patrons and the public for their valuable support in the past, begs to announce that he is prepared to supply their various needs

We make it our business to keep a supply of Goods suitable for the needs of our customers, and as

We Buy in Large Quantities Direct from the Manufacturers,

FOR CASH, we are in a position to

Give Extra Value

in every department. Every one should see the immense value we have in FALL GOODS just arriving.

Very Respectfully,
JAS. BRANDER.

Priceville, July 26, 1887.

TIMBER AND LAND SALE.

CERTAIN lots and the timber thereon situate in the Townships of Allan, Assiginack, Bidwell, Billings, Carnarvon, Campbell, Howland, Shegiandah, Tehkummah and Mills on the Manitoulin Island, in the District of Algoma, in the Province of Ontario, will be offered for Sale at Public Auction in blocks of 200 acres, more or less, on the first day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. at the Indian Land Office in the Village of Manitowaning.

Terms of Sale:—Bonus for timber payable in cash, price of land payable in cash, a license fee also payable in cash and dues to be paid accordingly to Tariff upon the timber when cut.

The land on which the timber grows to be sold with the timber without conditions of settlement.

At the same time and place the Merchantable Timber of not less than nine inches in diameter at the butt, on the Spanish River Reserve and French River lower Reserve will be offered for sale for a cash bonus and annual ground rent of $1.00 per square mile, and dues to be paid on the timber as cut, according to Tariff of this Department.

For full particulars please apply to Jas. C. Phipps, Esq., Indian Supt. Manitowaning, or to the undersigned.

No other paper to insert this advertisement without authority through the Queen's Printer

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Supt. Gen'l. of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 2nd June, 1887.

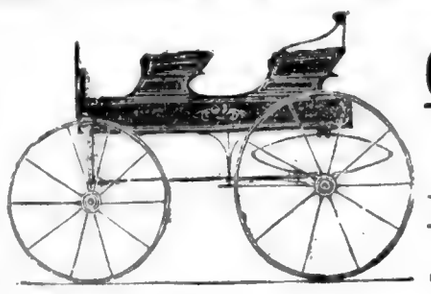

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP * AND * DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

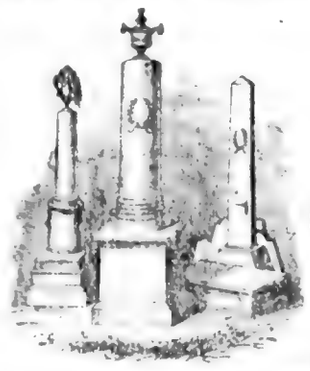

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

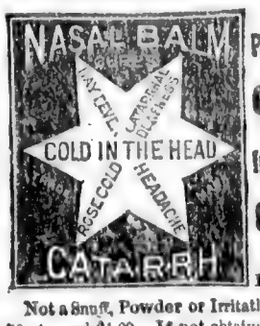

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 323. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Everybody

Wait.

Don't buy any Watches, Clocks, or Plateware from me or any other Jeweller 'till you see my Lines and Prices at the

Flesherton Fall Fair!

I intend making, without exception the FINEST DISPLAY ever shown at that Fair, and will clear some

Staple Lines

—at—

"YOUR OWN PRICES."

Be Prepared to Buy.

FOR 5 YEARS

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines :—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Try a barrel of Keefer's Cheap Flour.

W. K. Flesher, Esq., left for England on Tuesday last.

Miss Luke, of Oshawa, is the guest of Mr. M. Richardson of this town.

Mr. Mock, wife and child, of Montreal, are the guests of Mr. Wm. Barnhouse.

Mr. Jos. Blackburne returned from a pleasant holiday trip this week, looking fresh and hearty.

During the first half of the present year three Artemesia mothers gave birth to twins.

Notice the farms advertised for sale in this week's ADVANCE under heading of "New Advertisements."

Mr. S. Damude contemplates making improvements, both inside and out, in his residence on Collingwood street.

Every one should attend the Gospel Temperance meeting in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday evening next.

Miss Fleuty, daughter of the Editor of the *Wingham Advance*, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Ryder here.

Mrs. E. Fawcett, of Heathcote, and Mrs. T. Loucks, of Clarksburg, paid a brief visit to friends in Flesherton on Monday last.

The United States trade dollar will, on September 1st cease to be legal currency, and after that date it will simply be worth the amount of silver it contains.

Considerable internal and external improvements have been made in Dr. Christoe's residence on Toronto street which adds very much to its appearance.

Mr. W. M. Clark, of Toronto, is at work on the new schoolhouse. He looks hale and hearty. It is needless to say his many friends here were delighted to see him.

The Editor of this paper is building a brick printing office, as well as a brick residence, on Sydenham street—both on the same lot, and to be completed by Nov. 1st.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church here will provide dinner for the public on the second day of East Grey exhibition, also a grand concert on the evening of same day in the Town Hall.

People visiting the great Toronto Exhibition should not forget to visit the Zoological Gardens—one of the chief attractions in the city. Splendid collection of animals, reptiles, &c., &c.

The well-known and popular Flesherton Harness Maker, Mr. D. Clayton, has removed to Johnston's Livery office—nearly opposite Munshaw's Hotel—where he will be glad to meet all his old customers and as many new ones as will favor him with their patronage.

The District Council of Grey will meet in the village of Maxwell on Tuesday, 6th September at 2 p.m. A large attendance is expected as the principle business of the meeting will be to prepare for the submission of the Scott Act in this Co.

We were mistaken in supposing that the late Wm. Wilson, sr., ever went by the name of "Cash" Wilson. We also hasten to assure friends of deceased that the name was not disrespectfully applied, as gentlemen are often known by familiar appelations which cling to them through life.

REDEEMING POINTS.—Nasal Balm does not irratate or cause sneezing, does not require any instrument for its use, does not have any ill effects, relieves from the first, and one 50 cent bottle will cure an ordinary case, with no other expense attached.

Next Monday will be Cattle Fair day in Flesherton and Smith, the Markdale barber will be in town that day attending to his numerous customers. He will be found in the stand next door to W. W. Trimble's flour and feed store.

An anniversary sermon will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Shilton next Sunday evening in the Methodist church, to the members of Fountain Council, No. 146, R. T. of T. The Council will assemble at their Hall at 6 p.m., sharp, and proceed to the service in a body.

Our enterprising contractor, Mr. John Whitten, purposes erecting a neat brick residence on his lot adjoining Mr. Piper's brick cottage this autumn. When completed this will make the fourth brick residence erected by that gentleman in Flesherton within the past four years. Next!

A St. Catherines paper says that the peach crop this year will be one of the heaviest ever known. Very many trees are so laden with luscious fruit that the owners are compelled to prop up the branches, and even then the trees are breaking down. There will also be a large crop of pears and plums.

A correspondent writes:—The largest day's threshing of the season was done on the farm of Gerard Irwin, first line west, Toronto township, one day last week. The day consisted of 9 hours and during that time 450 bushels of wheat, 525 bushels of barley, and 165 bushels of oats were turned out.—*Streetsville Review.*

Rev. John Cashman, of Durham, will preach in the Baptist Chapel, Flesherton, on Sunday morning next at 11 o'clock, and in Priceville at 1 p.m. The same gentleman will lecture in Priceville on Monday evening following, 5th inst., on "*Life in India*," to commence at 8 o'clock sharp. See dodgers for particulars.

Mr. Thos. Henderson, L.D. S., of Toronto, will be at Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, to-day (Thursday) and to-morrow, for the practice of his profession. Mr Henderson is an excellent dentist, and—as will be seen by card advertisement in another column—will visit Flesherton professionally the first and second days in each month.

Mr. Armstrong, the Clerk of the Peace, writes to us that he has received for distribution to qualified Justices of the Peace for this county the Statues of the last session of the Ontario Legislation as also the compilation of the Criminal laws of 1887, to be delivered personally or upon the written order of the Justice entitled thereto.

On Friday last Sergeant Reabourn of the Toronto police force, arrested Henry Hunt, storekeeper of Balaclava, who had sold to a merchant of this town 100 silk handkerchiefs, which were supposek to have been part of a stock of goods stolen recently from Olgilvie & Alexander. He was taken to Toronto for trial.—*Owen Sound Times.*

The boys who were discovered in Mr. W. W. Trimble's flour and feed store, Sunday before last, appeared before Squires Armstrong and Flesher on Wednesday afternoon of last week. They pleaded guilty to the charge of having unlawfully entered the store, with intent to commit larceny, but denied having taken anything. The parents of the boys were held in bonds for their future good behavior. Out of respect for the parents, we have not published the names of the boys, who it is to be hoped, will carefully avoid treading in such dangerous paths in future. The best advice we can give them is to "shun every appearance of evil and cleave to that which is good." Honesty is always the best polity.

TAMARAC.—To effectually cure a bad Cough or Cold, and do it quick, use Tamarac Elixir. It strikes at the root of the trouble and gives immediate relief.

The Roller Mill.

We are more than pleased to be able to inform our readers this week, that the Flesherton Roller Mill is a reality. A fine new water wheel is being placed in position, after which the roller machinery will be put in as expeditiously as possible. The bare announcement of this fact has already created a decidedly favorable impression in town and community. The outlook is bright and reassuring for Flesherton's future beyond the shadow of a doubt.

When all the results are summed up, Grey county has reason to be proud of its Collegiate Institute, which this year stands first in the province—the Departmental Examinations being the test. We congratulate Mr. Merchant and his excellent staff of Teachers.

A Gospel Temperance meeting will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday evening 5th inst. Besides local clergymen and singers there will be present Grand Councillor Steele, of Guelph, Miss Burgess, of Listowel, and Miss Mills, of Hamilton, as a musical trio. Come one and all, A good time is expected. A silver collection will be taken in aid of the Temperance Propogation fund.

There has been registered with W. J. Bellamy, Esq., Division Registrar for Township of Artemesia, during the half year ending 30 June, 1887, 41 birth, 14 marriages, and 28 death. Of the deaths, the following are the causes: Old age 3, inflammation 8, consumption 4, not given 2, and one each of the following: scarlet fever, measles, cancer, quinsy, liver complaint, Bright's disease, brain fever.

Bush fires were raging west of this village during the latter part of this week. Mr. Joshua Reid, of Orangeville, who owns what used to be called the Railroad Farm, had 60 tons of hay burnt. It was stacked in the field. Considerable damage was done to fences in the same vicinity. Mr. Jelly's buildings on the farm west of the railway and north of the station were at one time in considerable danger.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

On Saturday of last week a Chicago Detective arrived at Owen Sound and immediately proceeded to Presque Isle, it having been reported at the headquarters of the great Chicago Detective Agency that McGarigle, or someone looking very much like him was at Presque Isle camping. On his arrival at this place he found the only man that looked like McGarigle was a hardware man of Owen Sound.—*Wiarton Echo.*

A Tuesday morning despatch from Port Arthur states that the Mark's hotel was burned and a young man named Ketchum was injured by falling timbers. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Ketchum received a telegram stating that Seneca G. Ketchum, late of the Orangeville Post, but now editor of the Port Arthur Herald was the unfortunate Ketchum referred to in the despatch. How serious his injuries are is not yet known, but it is hoped they are not so bad as reported. Later despatches say that Seneca is being well cared for in the Port Arthur hospital.—*Dufferin Advertiser.*

Disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys, can be cured by restoring the blood to a healthful condition, through the vitalizing and cleansing action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest, most powerful, and most highly concentrated alterative available to the public.

For Sale Cheap.

One new Buggy for sale cheap for cash or good paper, or will exchange for a good horse and give the difference.—J. W. WHITTEN, Flesherton. 2t.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED

JEWELRY

STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold-filled, silver and silver-ore cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs. at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

☞ *Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of 486 watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and (We) did not add the watch sales and clock repairs and call them watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which needed any amount of repairing and the people are becoming wise to the fact now that for thoroughly good Watches, Clocks, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Not'd Jewelry Store, Flesherton*

He had Made Provision.

A country cousin who had come to the city had outstayed his welcome at the house of a friend, and, as he showed no symptoms of departing, his host a morning or two ago said to him:

"Well, I don't wish to hurry you, old fellow, but don't you think it is time you saw your wife and children again, eh? Why, they will be growing inconsolable for the loss of you."

"That is strange, now," replied the countryman. "I was thinking just the same thing myself yesterday, and I wrote off only last night to tell the missus and the young ones to come up to me here at once."

FARMERS!

WOOLEN FACTORY

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to keep my business, viz., CARDING, ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 26th, 1887.

In Arcadia.

Because I choose to keep my seat,
Nor join the giddy dancers' whirl,
I pray you do not laugh, my girl,
Nor ask me why I find it sweet
In my old age to watch your glee—
I, too, have been in Arcady.

And though full well I know I seem
Quite out of place in scenes like this,
You can't imagine how much bliss
It gives me just to sit and dream,
As you flit by me gracefully,
How I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

For sweetheart, in your merry eyes
A vanished summer buds and flows,
And with the same bright cheeks of rose
I see your mother's image rise
And o'er a long and weary track
My buried boyhood wanders back.

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast
On your sweet form my swimming glance,
I think your mother used to dance
Just as you do, in that dead past,
Long years ago—yes, fifty-three—
When I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

And in the music's laughing notes
I seem to hear old voices ring
That have been hushed, ah! many a spring.
The echo of a melody
I used to hear in Arcady.

And yonder youth—nay, do not blush—
The boy's his father o'er again;
And hark ye, miss, I was not plain
When at his age—what! must I hush?
He's coming this way? Yes, I see,
You two yet dwell in Arcady.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Yes, because it is so swelled," returned Miss Ferrers, in a sympathising voice. "Mr. Huntingdon, if you will ring the bell I will ask my maid for some hot water. I think that will relieve Lady Redmond; and if you will kindly join my brother, you will find him outside. Ruth and I will soon make your cousin more comfortable;" and Erle at once took the hint.

The dainty little boot was sadly mangled before they could get it off, and Miss Ferrers uttered a pitying exclamation at the sight of the inflamed and swollen ankle. The hot fomentation was deliciously soothing, and Miss Ferrers' manipulations so soft and skilful that Fay was not sorry that her little protest was made without success.

"Don't you think your maid could do this. I do not like to trouble you so much," she said once in a deprecating voice.

"It is no trouble," returned Margaret, fixing her beautiful eyes for a moment on Fay's pale face; "I like to do it for you, Lady Redmond." Yes, she liked to do it; it gave her a strange pleasure to minister to her innocent rival, Hugh's wife. As Fay's little white foot rested in her hand, all at once a scene arose before her mind—an upper chamber, where a mild majestic Figure rose from among His wondering disciples and "girded Himself with a towel."

Ineffable condescension, divine humility, uniting for all ages the law of service and kindly ministration; bidding men to do likewise, and to wash the feet of sinners.

Margaret had stolen many a look at the pale little face resting on the cushions. What a baby face it was, she thought, and yet wonderfully pretty too; and then, as she bent over her work again, a quick throbbing pain that was almost agony, and that made her look as pale as Fay, seemed to stifle her. Hugh, her Hugh; ah, heavens! what was she thinking? another woman's husband could be nothing to her!

"Men are all alike," she thought, sadly; "even the best of them forget. Well, he is content with her now—with this little piece of innocent baby-faced loveliness. "Yes," interrupting herself, sternly, "and I ought to thank God on my knees that he is content—my own Hugh, whom I love better than myself;" and she looked so gently and kindly at Fay that the little thing was quite pleased and grateful.

"Oh, how good you are to me," exclaimed Fay, gratefully; "and how beautifully you have bandaged my foot. It feels so much more comfortable. What a sweet old room this is, Miss Ferrers. I do like that cushioned window-seat running round the bay; and oh, what lovely work," raising herself to look at an ecclesiastical carpet that was laid on the ground, perfectly strewn with the most beautiful colors, like a delicate piece of mosaic work. Mr. Ferrers who had entered the room that moment, smiled at the sound of the enthusiastic young voice.

"What colors," cried Fay, delightedly; "what purples, and crimson, and violets. They look like clusters of jewels, or stars on a deep-blue ground."

Mr. Ferrers stooped down and touched the carpet with his large white hand.

"It is for our little church, and by all accounts it must be gorgeous. The description makes me fancy it like the robe of office that Aaron wore. It has a border of pomegranates I know. Ah, color is one of my sister's hobbies. She agrees with Ruskin in connecting brilliant coloring with purity of mind and nobility of thought. I believe if she had her way she would wear those same crimsons and emeralds herself."

Margaret smiled indulgently. "You must not believe my brother, Lady Redmond. I am very simple in my tastes, but I love to see them on others;" and she looked at Fay's ruby dress. She had removed the heavy furred mantle, and she thought Lady Redmond looked more like a lovely child than ever in her little closely-fitting gown.

"Where is my cousin, Mr. Ferrers?" she asked with some surprise, as he placed himself in a carved arm-chair that stood near the couch.

"Mr. Huntingdon has started off for Redmond Hall. He was afraid your husband might have returned and would be feeling anxious. He will come back in the carriage to fetch you; but as is rather a long way by the road, and the snow is very deep, you must not look for him for another two hours. Margaret, luncheon is ready; I am going to tell Ruth to bring some up for Lady Redmond."

Fay was not sorry to have a little longer rest. She was very comfortable lying in this pleasant sunny room, and she had fallen in love with Miss Ferrers.

When they had left her to partake of the dainty little luncheon brought to her, she thought a great deal about the beautiful face that looked so pale and sad, and yet so kind. Had she known trouble, she wondered; she was quite young, and yet there was no look of youth about her. One would never speak of her as a girl, for example—she was much too grave and staid for that; but what a sweet voice she had, very low and harmonious, and yet so clear.

Fay had forgotten her husband for the moment. Erle would explain everything to him, and of course he could not be vexed. What a tiresome thing that this misunderstanding had arisen. She must coax Hugh to put it right. She liked Miss Ferrers better than any of her neighbors. It made her feel good only to look at her.

She wondered if she could venture to hint about the estrangement, or to say how sorry she was that anything should keep them apart. She had not quite made up her mind about it when the brother and sister returned, and Mr. Ferrers asked her playfully if she meant to take a nap, or whether they should stay and talk to her.

"Oh, I would rather talk, please," with a wistful look at Margaret, who had taken up her work, and placed herself near the window. She wished she would not go so far away; but perhaps she wanted more light. But Mr. Ferrers had taken possession of the arm-chair again and seemed quite at her service, so Fay began chatting to him in her usual fashion.

"I have always admired this old house so," she said, brightly; "but I was afraid I should never see the inside, because—" but here she hesitated and hurried on. "Redmond Hall is grander and larger of course, but this seems more homelike. I liked the all so when the door opened, and Erle carried me in. It seemed like church, with that great painted window so still and solemn, and full of scented darkness."

Margaret listened silently, but her brother answered rather sadly,

"It is always full of scented darkness to me, Lady Redmond, and a darkness that may be felt; but of course I know what you mean, for the whole house is full of the perfume of Margaret's flowers. Sometimes our friends declare that they can smell them half-way down the road, but that is nonsense. Still flowers are my sister's hobby; she cannot live without having them about her."

"A very harmless hobby, Raby!"

"Oh, it is a pretty fancy enough," he answered, smiling. "If you could walk, Lady Redmond, Margaret would show you our winter garden; the gallery upstairs is a perfect conservatory, and we walk up and down there on wet days, and call it our indoor garden."

"What a nice idea, and you live together in this dear old house; how delightful!"

Raby's smile grew perceptibly sadder.

"We were not always alone. What is it Longfellow says?

> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair.

But, as you say, we live together, the old bachelor and old maiden brother and sister."

"Miss Ferrers is not an old maid," returned Fay, indignantly, on whom Margaret's stately presence had made a deep impression. "You ought not to speak so of your sister."

"Do you like the name of unappropriated blessing better, as I heard an unmarried lady called once," he asked, in an amused voice; "but, no, that would not be true in Margaret's case, for her brother has appropriated her."

A gentle smile passed over Margaret's face. "I shall be here as long as you want me, Raby," and then, as though she would turn the subject, she asked Fay if she read much, and which were her favorite books. But she soon saw her mistake.

"I am afraid I am very stupid," returned Fay, blushing a little, "but I do not care to read very much. Aunt Griselda—she was the aunt with whom I lived until I was married—did not like me to read novels, and heavy books send me to sleep."

"I daresay you are too busy to read," interposed Raby rather hastily; "with such a household as yours to manage, you must be sufficiently employed."

"Oh, but I have not so much to do after all," replied Fay, frankly. "When I married I was terribly afraid that I should never know how to manage properly; the thoughts of accounts especially frightened me, because I knew my sums would not ever come right if I added them up a dozen times."

"Ladies generally hate accounts."

"Oh, but I have none to make up," returned Fay, with a merry laugh; "Hugh, I mean my husband, attends to them. If I have bills I just give them to him. And Mrs. Heron manages everything else; if there are any orders she goes to Sir Hugh. He says I am so young to be troubled about things, and that I don't understand how to regulate a large household. We lived in such a tiny cottage, you see, and Aunt Griselda never taught me anything about housekeeping."

"Yes, I see," observed Raby rather absently; he was wondering what Margaret would say to all this.

"I never thought things would be quite so easy," went on Fay, gaily. "Now if Hugh, I mean my husband, says two or three gentlemen are coming to dinner, I just tell Mrs. Heron so, and she tells Ellerton, and then everything is all right. Even when things go wrong, as they will sometimes, Sir Hugh does all the scolding; he says I am such a little thing that they might only laugh at me; but I tell him I shall never be taller if I live to be an old woman."

Mr. Ferrers kept his thoughts to himself, but he said kindly, "I daresay you find plenty of little duties for yourself, Lady Redmond."

"Oh, yes, I am always busy," returned Fay, seriously; "Mrs. Heron says that she is sure that I shall grow thin with so much running about, but unless I am driving or riding, or Erle is talking to me, I do believe I am never still for many minutes at a time. Oh, I do work sometimes, only one cannot work alone, and I go to the poultry-yards and the stables. Bonnie Bess always has a feed of corn from my hand once a day, and there are all the animals to visit, and the green-houses and the hot-houses, for I do like a chat with old Morison; and there is Catharine's dear little baby at the lodge, and the children at the Parkers' cottage; and I like to help Janet feed and clean my birds, because the dear little things know me. Oh, yes, the day is not half long enough for all I have to do," finished Fay, contentedly.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I AM ONLY WEE WIFIE."

> This would plant sore trouble
> In that breast now clear,
> And with meaning shadows
> Mar the sun-bright face.
> See that no earth poison
> To thy soul come near!
> Watch! for like a serpant
> Glides that heart disgrace.
>
> Ask to be found worthy
> Of God's choicest gift,
> Not by wealth made reckless,
> Nor by want unkind;
> Since on thee dependeth
> That no secret rift
> Mar the deep life-music
> Of her guileless mind.
>
> *Philip Stanhope.*

Raby felt as though he were listening to a child's innocent prattle as Fay chattered on in her light-hearted way. In spite of his deep knowledge of human nature he found himself unaccountably perplexed. Margaret had spoken to him, as they sat together over their luncheon, of the flower-like loveliness of the little bride, and yet he found himself unable to understand Hugh Redmond's choice; his thoughtful, prematurely saddened nature could not conceive how any man of Hugh's age could choose such a child for his life-companion, With all her sweet looks and ways he must grow weary of her in time.

Perhaps her freshness and innocence had bewitched him; there was something quaint and original about her naive remarks. The disappointed man might have found her brightness refreshing—her very contrast to Margaret might have been her attraction in his eyes. Well, Raby supposed that it was all right; no doubt she was an idolised little woman. Hugh seemed to keep her in a glass case; nothing was allowed to trouble her. She will be thoroughly spoilt by this sort of injudicious fondness, thought Raby, perfectly unconscious how far he was from grasping the truth.

It was Margaret who began to feel doubtful; her womanly intuition perceived that there was something wanting; she thought Lady Redmond spoke as though she was often alone.

"I suppose you are never dull?" she asked gently.

"Oh, no," returned Fay, with another gay little laugh. "Of course we have plenty of callers; just now the snow has kept them away, but then I have had our cousin Erle. Oh, he is such a pleasant companion, he is so good-natured and full of fun. I shall miss him dreadfully when he goes back to London next week."

"You will have to be content with your husband's society," observed Raby, smiling. It was a pity that neither he nor Margaret saw the lovely look on Fay's face that answered this; it would have spoken to them of the underlying depths of tenderness that there was in that young heart.

"Oh, yes," she returned, simply, "but then, you see, Hugh, I mean my husband is so extremely busy, he never comes in until luncheon has been waiting for ever so long, and very often he has to go out again afterwards. Sometimes, when I know he has gone to Pierrepoint, I ride over there to meet him. He used to ride and drive with me very often when we first came home," she continued, sorrowfully, "but now he has no time. Oh, he does far too much, every one tells him so; he is so tired in the evening that he is hardly fit for anything, and yet he will sit up so late."

Raby's sightless eyes seemed to turn involuntarily to the window where Margaret sat, her pale face bending still lower over her work. This last speech of Lady Redmond's perplexed him still more. The Hugh who had courted Margaret had been a good-natured idler in his eyes; he had heard him talk about his shooting and fishing with something like enthusiasm; he had been eager to tell the number of heads of grouse he had bagged, or to describe the exact weight of the salmon he had taken last year in Scotland, but Raby had never looked upon him as an active man of business. If this were true, Hugh's wife must spend many lonely hours, but there was no discontented chord in her bright voice.

"I feel deadfully as though I want to help him," continued Fay. "I cannot bear to see him so tired. I asked him to let me go and visit some of the poor people who belong to us—he is building new cottages for them, because he says that they are living in tumble-down places only fit for pigs—but he will not hear of it; he says I am too young, and that he cannot allow me to go into such dirty places, and yet he goes himself, though he says it makes him feel quite ill."

Margaret's head drooped still lower, her eyes were full of tears; he had not forgotten then! He had promised to build those cottages when she had begged him to do so. She remembered they had chosen the site together one lovely September evening, and he had told her, laughing, that it should be his marriage gift to her. They had planned it together, and now he was carrying it out alone; for Fay owned the moment afterwards that she did not know where the new cottages were; she must ask Hugh to take her one day to see them, but perhaps he would rather that she waited until they were finished.

Margaret was beginning to feel strangely troubled; a dim but unerring instinct told her that Fay was more petted than beloved. It was evident that Hugh lived his own life separate from her, submerged in his own interests and pursuits, and her heart grew very pitiful over Fay as she realized this. If she could only meet Hugh face to face; if she could only speak to him. She felt instinctively that things were not altogether right with him. Why did he not try to guide and train the childish nature that was so dependent on him; why did he repress all her longings to be useful to him, and to take her share of the duties of life? Surely her extreme youth was no excuse, she was not too young to be his wife. Margaret told herself sadly that here he was in error, that he was not acting up to his responsibilities, to leave this child so much alone.

Fay's frankness and simplicity were touching Margaret's heart; even this one interview proved to her that under the girlish crudities there was something very sweet and true in her nature; the petty vanities and empty frivolous aims of some women were not to be traced in Fay's conversation. Her little ripple of talk was as fresh and wholesome as a clear brook that shows nothing but shining pebbles under the bright current; the brook might be shallow, but it reflected the sunshine.

Margaret's thoughts had been straying rather sorrowfully, when a speech of Fay's suddenly roused her.

"I do wish we could be friends," she observed, rather piteously. "I am sure my husband must like you both, for he spoke so nicely about you; it is such a pity when people get to misunderstand each other."

"My dear Lady Redmond," returned Raby, kindly, "it is a pity, as you say; and we have no ill feeling to your husband; but, I daresay he is wise if he does not think it possible for us to have much intercourse. Sir Hugh and I do not agree about things," went on Raby after a slight hesitation; "perhaps he will tell you the reason some day; but you may be sure that on this point your husband knows best,"—for he felt himself in a difficulty.

"Of course Hugh is always right," returned Fay with much dignity. "When I said it was a pity, it was only because I like you both so much, and that I know I shall want to see you again."

"You are very good," replied Raby, but there was embarrassment in his tone; it was evident that Hugh's wife knew nothing about his previous engagement to Margaret. It was a grievous error, he told himself, for one day it must come to her ears; why, the whole neighborhood was cognizant of the fact. She would hear it some day from strangers, and then the knowledge that her husband had not been true to her—that he had kept this secret from her—would fill her young heart with bitterness; and as these thoughts passed through his mind, Margaret clasped her hands involuntarily; "The first mistake," she murmured; "the first mistake."

Just then the sound of carriage wheels was distinctly audible on the gravel sweep before the house, and the next moment Erle entered the room.

"I am sorry to have been so long," he said, apologetically, and Fay thought he seemed a little flurried, "but Hugh asked me to go round and put off those people; they all seemed dreadfully sorry to hear of your accident, Fay."

"And Hugh?" with a touch of anxiety in her voice

"Oh, Hugh seemed rather put out about the whole business. I think he wanted to pitch into me for not taking better care of you. How is your foot, Fay—less painful?"

"Oh, yes, and I have been so comfortable; Mr. and Miss Ferrers have been so kind to me. I suppose I ought to go now,"—looking regretfully at Margaret, who had laid aside her work.

"Well, I don't think we ought to lose any more time," observed Erle; "the days are so awfully short, you know, and really these roads are very bad."

"And your husband will be waiting," put in Raby

"Poor Hugh, of course he will," returned Fay quickly. "Erle, I am afraid you will have to carry me to the carriage, unless you ask George to do so;" but Erle stoutly refused to deliver up his charge, so Fay bade good-bye to her new friends.

"Thank you so much, Miss Ferrers," she said, putting up her face to be kissed. "I shall tell Hugh how good you have been to me. I am so sorry it is good-bye, Mr. Ferrers."

"Then we will not say it at all," he returned, heartily, as his big hand seemed to swallow up Fay's little soft fingers. "I will wish you God-speed instead, Lady Redmond. I daresay your cousin, Mr. Huntingdon, will be good enough to let us know how you are if he ever passes the Grange."

"To be sure I will," was Erle's reply to this, and then he deposited Fay in her corner of the carriage and took his place beside her. Both of them lent forward for a parting look at the brother and sister as they stood together in the porch.

"What a grand-looking pair they are," observed Erle, as they turned into the road; "don't you think Miss Ferrers is a very handsome woman, Fay? I admire her immensely."

"Oh, yes, she is perfectly lovely," replied Fay enthusiastically; "she looks so sweet and good; it quite rests one to look at her. But there is something sad about them both. Mr. Ferrers does not look quite happy; once or twice he sighed quite heavily when we were talking. I suppose his being blind troubles him."

"He is a very uncommon sort of a man," returned Erle, who had been much struck by the brother and sister. "He made himself very pleasant to me while you were having your foot doctored. By the by, my Fairy Queen,"—his pet name for her—"Miss Dora gave me a message for you; she says she shall come up and see you to-morrow, as you will be a prisoner."

"That will be nice; but oh, Erle, what a pity we shall have no more delightful walks together. I hope Hugh was not really vexed about our going to the Grange."

"He was just a trifle testy," remarked Erle, quietly suppressing the fact that his cousin had surprised him much by a fit of regular bad temper. "He thinks I am not to be trusted with your ladyship any more;" and he changed the subject by a lively eulogium on the young ladies at the Vicarage, one of whom he declared to be almost as handsome as Miss Selby; and he kept up such a flow of conversation on this topic that Fay had no opportunity to put another question.

Sir Hugh was waiting for them at the Hall door, but Fay thought he looked very grave and pale as he came to the carriage to lift her out.

"This is a very foolish business," he said, as he carried her up to her room, his strong arms hardly conscious of her weight; "how did it happen, Fay?" and she knew at once by his tone that he was much displeased.

"Erle ought to have taken better care of you; I told him so," he continued, as he placed her on the couch. "I cannot let you go running about the country with him like this; of course the lanes were slippery, he ought to have known that."

"You are vexed with me, Hugh," she said, very gently. "You think that I ought not to have gone to the Grange, but indeed I could not help myself."

"There were other houses," he stammered, not caring to meet her clear look. "I thought that you would have respected my wishes, but I see I am mistaken."

"Oh, Hugh," returned the poor child, quite heartbroken at this stern rebuke; "indeed, indeed, I never meant to disobey you, but my foot was so painful, and I felt so faint, and Erle was so peremptory with me."

"Well, well, you need not cry about it," observed her husband impatiently; "you are such a child, Fay, one can never say a word to you; I have a right to be displeased, if my wife goes against my wishes."

"I am very sorry," she answered, meekly, trying to keep back those troublesome tears; "please do not be so angry, Hugh, you know I care for nothing but to please you, and—and I don't fell quite well, and your voice is so loud."

"Very well, then, I will take myself off," in rather a huffy tone, but he relented at the sight of her pale little face, and some of his bad humor evaporated. "The fact is, you are such a child that you don't know how to take care of yourself," he continued, sitting down by her, and letting her rest comfortably against him. "You will do yourself a mischief some day, Fay. I shall get Dr. Martin to come up and see your foot, and then, perhaps, he will give you a lecture."

"Oh, no," she returned, charmed at this change of tone, for his anger had frightened her; "there is no need for that, dear, it is only a sprained ankle, and Miss Ferrers has bandaged it so beautifully, a day or two's rest will put it all right."

"But all the same, I should like to have Dr. Martin's opinion," he answered, quickly "I am afraid you must have found it very awkward, Fay, being cast on the compassion of strangers."

"Oh no, indeed," was the eager answer; "they were so good and kind to me, Hugh; they welcomed me just as though I were an old friend. I was a little faint at first, my foot hurt me so; but when I opened my eyes, I found myself in such a lovely old room, on such an easy couch, and Miss Ferrers gave me some wine, and actually bathed my foot and bound it up herself."

"What sort of a room was it, Wee Wifie?"

Fay thought there was something odd in her husband's voice, but she had her head on his shoulder, and could not see his face, the winter dusk was creeping over the room, and only the fire-light illumined it. Hugh felt himself safe to put that question, but he could not quite control his voice.

"Oh, it was Miss Ferrers' morning-room, she told me so, and it had a bay window with a cushioned seat overlooking the garden. Oh, how lovely Miss Ferrers is, Hugh. I have never seen any one like her, never. I am sure she is as sweet and good as an angel, only I wish she did not look so sad: there were tears in her eyes once when we were talking; let me see, what were we talking about? oh, about those cottages you are building, she did look so interested—did you speak, dear?"

"No—go on," he said, huskily; but if only Fay could have seen his face.

"I feel I should love her so if I could only see more of her. I could not help kissing her when I came away, but she did not seem at all surprised. Mr. Ferrers wished me God-speed in such a nice way, too. Oh, they are dear people; I do wish you would let me know them, Hugh."

"My dear child, it is impossible," but Hugh spoke fast and nervously; "have I not already explained to you that there can be no intimacy between Redmond Hall and the Grange? When old friends quarrel as we have, it is a fatal blow to all of us."

"You were old friends, then?" in some surprise, for he had never said as much to her before.

"Yes," he returned, reluctantly, for he had not meant to admit this fact.

"But quarrels can be made up, Hugh; if it be only a misunderstanding, surely it could be put right." But he silenced her somewhat haughtily.

"This is my affair, Fay—it is not like you to go against my wishes in this way; what can a child like you know about it? I should have thought a wife would have been willing to be guided by her husband, but you seem to think you know best."

"Oh no, Hugh"—very much ashamed at this—"I am quite sure you are always right; only"—hesitating a little as though she feared to offend him—"I should like you to tell me what the quarrel was about."

For a moment Sir Hugh remained absolutely dumb with surprise; it was as though a dove had flown in his face; he had never known Fay persistent before. If only she had asserted herself from the beginning of their married life, she would have gained more influence over her husband; if she had entrenched herself in her wifely dignity, and refused to be treated like a child, kept in the dark about everything, and petted, or civilly snubbed according to her husband's moods, she would have won his confidence by this time.

Sir Hugh was quite conscious that he had been guilty of a grievous error in not telling Fay about Margaret before she became his wife; he wished he had done so from the bottom of his heart; but procrastination made the duty a far more difficult one; he felt it would be so awkward to tell her now, he could not tell how she might take it; it might make her unhappy, poor little thing; it would be a pity to dim her brightness.

He was sheltering his moral weakness under these plausible excuses, but somehow they failed to satisfy his conscience. He knew he had done a mean thing to marry Fay when his heart was solely and entirely Margaret's; what sort of blessing could attach to such a union?

But when Fay begged him to tell her the cause of his estrangement from the Ferrers, he positively shrank from the painful ordeal—he was not fit for it, he told himself, his nerves were disorganised, and Fay looked far from well; some day he would tell her, but not now; and the old sharpness was in his voice as he answered her.

(To be continued.)

From Different Points of View.

Omaha Girl (nearing Chicago)—"Oh, how lovely!"

Chicago Man—"Yes, indeed."

"So large, so broad, so beautiful, so full of changing tints and hues beneath the setting sun. How I would love to get out and take a drink."

"So would I, miss, but they don't sell at retail here."

"Sir, I was referring to the lake."

"Beg pardon. I was looking at Snickenfooty's brewery over yonder."—*Omaha World.*

In Paris in 1883 115,000,000 people travelled in busses, 131,900,000 in street cars, 188,500,000 in the penny steamers, 65,000,000 in suburban trains. The busses are very popular and have steadily grown for 30 years. In 1854 34,000,000 people used them; 1864, 96,000,000; 1874, 115,000,000; 1884, 191,000,000.

Tennessee has an area of 5,100 square miles of coal, which covers twenty-two counties. During the last six years the output of coal in the State has grown from 494,000 tons to 1,700,000 tons, an increase of 400 per cent.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A good farm maxim: "Remove the cause and the effect will cease."

Humane landlords concern themselves in the prosperity and happiness of their tenants and the laborers under them.

A writer is confident that the day is fast approaching when people will see that Bermuda grass is a blessing instead of a pest.

Potatoes keep better in heaps covered a foot thick with straw and a few inches of earth than with less straw and more earth.

People suffering from weakness of nerves should seek relief in eating largely of celery, bleached, when not in season, onions.

The less sceenings fed to brooding mares the better. There is always more or less foul seed in screenings that is not good for them.

In all planting it should be remembered that character of soil determines growth of roots and that a young fruit tree is not going to grow directly through a hardpan.

String beans may still be planted for a late supply, as the vines grow quickly and bear well during the warm weather.

English hop prospects are not good. There are complaints of fly and weak vines where cultivation has been at all indifferent.

Pinch back the ends of the lima bean runners as soon as they reach four or five feet in height, so as to force them to send out laterals.

There is no curculio-proof plum. The process of jarring the trees is always necessary, no matter what variety of plum may be grown.

Early rising, with the work done in part before the heat of the day, and a good rest at noon, will save the horses during the warm days.

It is quite generally understood that the Canadians are now producing cheese which sells at a higher price in the British market than that made in New York.

Sheep for breeding next season will do well on pasture alone, but a mess of oats at night will compensate for any lack of pasturage where the flock is large.

Shade trees sometimes require attention. Wood ashes should be applied around all kinds of shade trees at least once a year. The hedges will also be benefitted by ashes.

If the clover hay is musty and consequently dusty, it ought to be sprinkled in the manger; if too musty, it should be thrown aside for timothy or some other hay.

Turkeys hatched as late in the season as July will be difficult to raise, owing to the attacks of lice, unless given careful attention. They will also fail to attain large size by the end of the year.

Age has much to do with the profitable milk production of a cow. The best age to purchase is from 4 to 6 years, and it is not generally profitable to keep them beyond 8 or 9 years old.

Do not use a blind mare for breeding purposes. The colt may be all right, but—blind horses are of little value. This would also apply to breeding mares affected with other diseases likely to be inherited.

A fruit grower now ships his berries largely in pint boxes. Naturally enough the smaller bulk carries better and the berries go on the market in splendid condition.

Hawks are very fond of young turkeys, and when once they get a taste of their tender meat and learn where a gang "uses," will swoop down and carry one off every day.

Hard water may be softened by adding sal ammoniac. One can also use spirits of sal ammoniac, one teaspoonful to half a gallon of water. For washing purposes the dose must be stronger.

Flies are terrible annoyances to stock during this season, and every stable should be supplied with screens to windows and doors. They are not expensive and will enable the horses and cows to secure rest.

Good clover hay is always considered equal to any other. It is the standard by which all other grasses are compared and no farm is considered fully supplied for winter that has not had a crop of clover grown upon it.

Butterine, as it is called in England, is used so extensively that the dairymen have applied to Parliament for a law compelling its name to be changed from butterine to magarine. They think they can head it off in that way.

Of blackcaps a writer finds Souhegan and Gregg both good. Souhegan is very hardy and productive, berry a good shipper and of fair quality. Gregg has winter killed more or less, but nevertheless has always borne a good crop of very large berries.

To preserve stakes, posts, etc., placed in the earth, from going rotten or decaying, dip the ends of them in the following mixture: Heat three gallons of tar in an iron pot, then add one pound of lime and one pound of coal powder and stir thoroughly.

The "English Cluster" is a fine hop to yield; they generally grow so much in cluster that they pick very nicely, and pickers sometimes can average five or six boxes a day in picking. For the amount of vines this variety generally yields better than any other.

Buckwheat is an excellent crop for reducing weeds and for turning under as green manure, while its blossoms afford ample work for the bees. About five pecks of seed are sufficient for one acre, but if it is to be ploughed under the thicker it grows the better.

If the lawn be frequently mowed it should have an application of fertilizer twice a year to prevent injury from frequent cropping. A mixture of 200 pounds sulphate of potash, 100 pounds superphosphate and 50 pounds nitrate of soda per acre will be found excellent.

A box with entrance holes no larger than one inch in diameter will be an inducement for the wrens to take possession, as they will then be safe from the attacks of larger birds. Wrens are excellent insect exterminators and should be encouraged in every possible manner.

The manner in which an animal is fastened in the stall—there to remain in some localities most of the time for six or seven months of the twelve—has greatly to do with its well being, thrift, health, improvement, and consequently with the profitable returns naturally expected.

The best time for watering cows is after feeding and twice per day, say 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., is quite sufficient for meeting all her wants in the stable, but cows at pasture are generally supposed to do best with water in each lot, convenient to be had at desire.

For the purpose of protecting outdoor wood structures from decay and preserving for them a light brown color, there is perhaps nothing so efficacious as crude petroleum put on copiously with a coarse brush. What are termed "washes" are liable to scale off by exposure to frost and rain.

After a ten mile journey along a dusty road, if your horse turn aside of his own accord to a watering trough, do not yank him around with the comment that he can wait till he gets home. He can not wait and not suffer for it. Let him drink, not too much perhaps, but just enough. He will be in much better condition at the end of the trip. And so will the driver if he be possessed of any kind feelings at all.

The man who carefully blanketed his cows while being milked, so the flies would not bite them and cause them to kick over pail and milker, might have obtained really humane and at the same time lasting comfort to the cows by allowing them to rest in a darkened shed. The idea may really be carried with profit to providing such refuge in pasture where biting flies are numerous. The subject is especially directed to dairymen.

Beware of bogus tree agents. Make them show reliable credentials before you purchase; the best remedy against imposition is more intelligence on the part of the people generally. They should know enough to discriminate between the genuine and the counterfeit; between honest, reliable, trustworthy agents of nurseries of established reputation and those who succeed in imposing on the ignorant by selling imaginary fruits at wild prices.

There are times when horses will gall that have worked for years without doing so. This may be due to weather, altered condition of harness, to peculiar state of blood, skin, etc. In such a case give a tablespoonful of the following powder three times a day in feed or otherwise: Powdered rhubarb, pure powdered sulphate of iron and cream of tartar, of each six ounces; mix. Use some gall powder to heal the galls, which may be done while the animal is at work.

In planting apple trees many dig a hole one half or two-thirds large enough and jam the roots in, leaving them at the bottom turned up more or less and cramped and crowded, then throw in a lot of coarse manure and fill up with common earth and think they have set a tree, when they might about as well have thrown the tree away. The roots should be all straightened out and have plenty of room and the soil worked with the fingers among them till spaces are filled and then fill up with soil.

If weeds exist on grass lands they should be pulled up if the mower cannot be used, as the seeding of the weeds will soon destroy the value of the grass plot. No weed should ever be allowed to produce seed, says the Philadelphia *Record*. Theoretically, good; practically, absurd. True enough no weed should be allowed to seed. But by the time the farmer had completed the pulling process on some farms the property would be in the hands of his children of the third and fourth generation.

Don't be in a hurry to leave your farm even if you have had to pull pretty hard and both ways at once to make ends meet. To go from a farm to the city and find all the little things that cost you nothing on the farm have to be bought is something many never think about. A little kindling wood to make the morning fire, a cup of milk to make something, a little piece of butter, an egg or two and scores of little things which you as farmers think nothing of, when they have to be bought amount to quite a sum at the year's end.

The plan of judging of the merits of cows by a comparison of "records," instead of relying entirely on pedigree and color marks, is adding greatly to the value of our pure milk cows. Not only the quantity, but the quality also, is considered, and so rapid has been the improvement that some of the records are seemingly marvellous.

Make a compost heap upon which to place the refuse of the farm, such as tops of vegetables that are not fit to feed stock, rakings and leaves, and add a proportion of manure occasionally. Upon the heap throw soapsuds, urine and other liquids, care being taken to have all material cut fine. Dry dirt may also be added as an absorbent. It will prove excellent for the garden next spring, as its fine condition will permit of its being spread evenly.

An inquirer asks the best summer and winter diet for chickens and states that he feeks cracked corn, shells and garbage. Corn should not be given in summer. The best diet in summer is meat once a day with chopped grass, cooked potatoes or other bulky food. Feed twice a day. In winter give meat and cooked ground grain with potatoes or chopped cabbage morning and wheat and corn at night. Fat hens will not lay. Make the hens scratch and work for grain. Never keep feed before them. Garbage, gravel, ground bone, shells, etc., are also excellent.

More care should be had by those who pack butter in tubs to have them new and well soaked in brine before any butter is put into them. Careful dairymen put a piece of thin muslin over the top of the butter and then sprinkle salt on it. It is a better plan to put the muslin on the bottom, well wet, and a layer of salt and then pack the butter on top. In this way there is a double protection against the effects of the air and surrounding influences. A dry and cool place is best for storing butter. When the tubs get covered with mould or are reeking with the condensation of water from the air, the butter cannot possibly be kept sweet.

A universal competitive exhibition of science and industry will open at Brussels, Belgium, May 1st, 1888, and continue six months. Fifty-six committees, representing all industries and various specialties, have framed questions whose solution forms the basis of competition. Medals, diplomas and $100,000 in cash will be awarded to exhibitors, who are given special inducements by the Belgian Government in the way of transportation, management and duties.

The barrel of eggs in process of hatching through the unusual and protracted heat, which started from Indiana last week, has reached Jersey City and is now located at a grocery store on Bergen avenue. Notwithstanding the number of chickens taken from the barrel at various way stations, there are still quite a number of embryos remaining in the barrel. If the Bergen avenue grocer wants to make his story available he must swear that the chickens came out of the shells ready split and broiled with a piece of buttered toast under each chicken.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The street railway managers at Syracuse are sufficiently progressive to adopt electricity for a line about to be constructed without waiting until every other city in the country has done so. They have selected the Dafoor Sprague system, which involves the use of a trolley running upon overhead wires. The cars are to be lighted by electricity, and electric push buttons will enable the passengers to signal their desire to get off.

Susanna Madora Salter, Mayor of Argonia, Kan., is having a very successful administration. When she was elected to her present office her enemies predicted that she would make a failure of her effort to run the municipal affairs of Argonia. Up to the present time she has made no great blunders. She is, however, tired of the burdens of office and says that when her present term expires she will retire to private life and leave the government of Argonia to the care of the sterner sex.

Kalakaua, the jocund monarch of the Sandwich Islands, may have signed the new Hawaiian Constitution under duress, but it contains one potent clause which will doubtless be a valuable consolation to his perturbed spirits, *i. e.*, "The King cannot be sued or held to account in any court or tribunal of the kingdom." This leaves the door wide open for the two most phenomenal phases of His Dusky Highness' activity, the amassing of "I. O. U.'s" and an illimitable programme of royal sprees.

Col. John H. Pierce, who lives at Plantsville, a little manufacturing town in New England on the New Haven and Northampton road, is preparing to astonish the world by his inventive genius. He claims that he has proved the practicability of establishing passenger traffic between this country and England by means of pneumatic tubes placed under the ocean. He thinks that in the future a man will be able to breakfast in New York and take lunch in London. All that Pierce needs to establish his invention, so he says, is money. But we regret to note in the pictures of inventor Pierce a slight resemblance to Charles J. Guiteau.

The mysterious death of Mrs. Cleveland a pet monkey during that lady's absence from home is a matter that will doubtless receive investigation when the Mistress of the White House returns. It has often been observed that pet dogs, cats and parrots, cherished by their mistresses, but secretly detested by the master of the house, are subject to an unusually high death rate when the woman that dotes on them is absent and her husband is at home. It is perhaps charitable to suppose that the President of 60,000,000 people has been too busy with public affairs, and with preparations for his journey to the south and west, to connive at the taking off of the monkey. But a straight certificate of death will be required before Mr. Cleveland can be wholly relieved of suspicion.

The arrest of a Russian princess in Paris on the charge of stealing, shows that even the nobility has its kleptomaniacs. They tell of an English Prime Minister, now dead and gone, who was given to this weakness. He could not see a pair of gloves or a snuff box or any portable article lying about without feeling an almost irresistible desire to put it in his pocket. It is said that one of the duties of his private secretary when they went home was to search his pockets to see if he had picked up anything that did not belong to him. Kleptomania is usually called stealing, but it is a fact admitted by medical men that kleptomania is a disease. Victims of it have been known to abstract the most useless things, and even things that were of the smallest value.

Watercress can be successfully grown where the ground may be alternately drained and flooded, but it will grow on the margin of any running streams after it is once established. Or, ditches may be dug from the main stream so that the water will be a few inches deep and about two feet wide, and the seeds sown or the plants set in these ditches, after which it will take care of itself. Peter Henderson stated some years ago that many a farmer in the vicinity of New York realized more profit from the water cress, cut from the margin of a brook running through his farm, in two or three weeks of spring, than from a whole year's hard labor in growing corn or potatoes.

Ireland is famous for its stout and its whiskey, and it also promises to become so for its bottles. An Irishman, Mr. Francis Hazlett, has invented, and an Irish company have brought out, a mechanical apparatus for blowing glass by the mouth. Hitherto it has been considered impossible to improve upon the human lungs, and so the glassblowers of the world have gone on puffing themselves away at 42 years of age, which is the low average of life among the handicraftsmen. The new invention dispenses entirely with the human lungs, and injects the air into the molten glass by an air-pump not unlike an ordinary syringe in shape and action. This is fastened to the ordinary blow pipe and makes little difference to the workman in handling. Manifestly the invention is of advantage to the workman, and as to the employer, it will enable him to produce bottles at two and a half times greater speed.

You have often read wondrous and lying tales of justice administered with unerring judgment in Turkey. Here, says the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, is a true story of Turkish justice: A drover complained to a cross-legged magnate at Rodosto that he had been robbed of two oxen. Three Turkish gendarmes were sent to recover the property, and soon discovered two peasants going off with two oxen. One of the men was shot dead. The other escaped, and the policemen hastily buried their man and came back in triumph with two oxen. But the man said those oxen had not been stolen from him, and it was plain that the peasant had been shot for driving his own cattle. The situation was uncomfortable, but Turkish diplomacy fixed things. Another man was found to swear he had been robbed of the oxen, and they were turned over to him, which relieved the gendarmes from guilt. They did not go unpunished, however, for they had buried the dead peasant without first washing the body, which in Turkey is a crime except in case of a soldier killed in bottle. For that negligence they were imprisoned.

The humane efforts of the United States and the Canadian Governments to protect the lives of codfish and mackerel are worthy of recognition by Mr. Bergh's society. Canada punishes the American who catches fish, and the United States imposes a fine upon the Canadian who tries to sell fish. The real secret of the trouble is that Americans have a depraved and unnatural appetite for fish, and contumaciously persist in eating them in defiance of the well-meant effort of the two Governments to extirpate the evil of fish-killing. This evil should be attacked at the root, and fish-eating be made a crime punishable by imprisonment without the alternative of a fine. If the possession of fish bones, scales, sounds or tails, or of fishing rods, lines, bait or little brown jug were made *prima facie* evidence of guilt, the fish habit would be as completely destroyed as is the whiskey habit in a prohibition town—Bangor, Me., for example. The present half-way method of reform only makes fish come more expensive to the American people without in the least lessening their reprehensible liking for the article.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The parting of the two Emperors at Gastien was, as the cable describes it, exceedingly touching. The veteran Prussian was "overcome with emotion," and "kissed Emperor Francis Joseph again and again." A pair of lovers separating after a month of billing and cooing by the seaside could not have been more demonstrative. Possibly the much-kissed Austrian forgot in the excitement of the moment that his effusive adorer some few years ago thrashed him most effectually at Sadowa, deprived him of the headship of Germany, which his family had held for hundreds of years, and left to him only the empty shadow of his former greatness as a German sovereign. Yet the humiliations of that day when the fate of Germany was decided as much by the rapid marching of the Prussians and the dilatoriness of some of Benedek's legions as by the actual conflict of arms cannot already be entirely blotted from the memory of the loser in the fight. The venerable Prussian is said to still cherish the remembrance of the first Napoleon's despotic oppression of Prussia in the early days of the century; and it may be imagined that something more than kissing will be needed to wholly cure the Hapsburg kaiser of a suppressed longing for his day of revenge for a defeat that is not yet twenty years old.

Thomas Nelson & Sons, American agents of the Oxford Bible Society, say that the sales of the revised Old Testament are steady; they are not increasing, but hold their own. They are not, however, to be compared with the sales of the King James version. The revised New Testament is practically dead, in spite or perhaps as a result of the enormous sale when it first appeared. The American Tract Society people say that only 1 per cent. of the Bibles sold are of the revised version. The price of the New Testament has been reduced from $1.50 to 80 cents, and from 40 cents to 15. James Pott & Co. report that they do not even keep the revised version in stock. The American Bible Society is required by its charter to publish the Bible "in common use." It has been waiting to see if the revised version became the one in common use. It has not as yet, and is not regarded as likely to. An officer of the society, however, says that the revised version will always have a sale as a good commentary. The American Baptist Publication Society reports a steady sale of the revised version, to be used mainly as a companion to the King James. The Methodist Book Concern does not handle it at all and never has a call for it. A representative of Thomas Whittaker, when consulted, called the revised version a literary rather than a commercial success, and did not believe it would ever supersede the King James.

Canada on Her Dignity.

Uncle Sam—Say, Canada, you ought, as a matter of honor, decency and justice, to return McGarigle.

Canada—McGarigle, McGarigle, who's he?

"An American office-holder who stole a lot of money belonging to Chicago taxpayers. We want to put him in the penitentiary where he can't do any more mischief to the community."

"Did he have help?"

"Yes, plenty of it. Buck McCarthy and a lot of others."

"Did you put Buck McCarthy in the penitentiary?"

"No."

"Well, when you cage Buck McCarthy it will be time enough to talk to us about McGarigle."—*Omaha World.*

She Knew Where It Was.

"Sis," he said, "do you know where my baseball mask is? I've hunted high and low for it."

"I didn't know you wanted to use it today, Dick," said his sister, uneasily.

"Well, I do."

"I'll see if I can find it for you," and she went upstairs.

She found it without much trouble.

She Was All Right.

Mrs. Blobson—What's that? Oh, horrors! The hotel afire!

Mr. Blobson—Yes, come on. We've no time to lose.

Mrs. Blobson—But here I am in my nightdress!

Mr. Blobson—Good enough! I'm glad you've got out of your ball dress and into something decent.

Not Very Encouraging.

Featherly (to messenger boy)—"Did you deliver the note to the young lady?"

Messenger Boy—"Yes, sir."

Featherly—"And what did she say?"

Messenger Boy—"She said: 'Oh, pshaw! It's from Mr. Featherly.'"—*New York Sun.*

A Promising Youth.

Magistrate (to Chinaman)—What is your complaint against this young man, John?

Chinaman (unable to collect a laundry bill)—He too muchee by and by.

It has been found that the plant which produces the licorice root of commerce will grow without irrigation or cultivation in the little valleys and flats of Nevada. There is an indigenous plant of the same species that grows wild everywhere on the hills.

What Mother Says.

Now, here's a hand-glass, let me try
If I can this time see
Just one of all those funny things
My mother sees in me.

She says my eyes are violets—
And what she says is true—
But I think they are just two eyes;
Don't they look so to you?

She says my lips are cherries red,
And makes b'lieve take a bite;
They never look like that to me—
But mother's always right.

She says each cheek is like a rose;
And thus I surely know,
I never would believe it—but
What mother says is so.

She says my teeth are shining pearls;
Now that's so very queer,
If some folks said it, why, I'd think—
But then 'twas mother dear.

I only see a little girl,
With hair that's rather wild,
Who has two eyes, a nose and mouth,
Like any other child.

—*Lizbeth B. Comins, in St. Nicholas for September.*

THE TIE.

'Twas the counter for gentlemen's ties,
Where maid with the brightest of eyes
Made the quickest of sales
To extravagant males
Of the baubles frivolity buys.

Said a chap by her witcheries caught:
"Oh deary, I say, have you got
Some wear I can buy
That will never untie
In a strong, indissoluble knot?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "I can make
A knot that you never can break,
Except you resort
To a lawyer and court.
Now, what sort of a tie will you take?"

Said the lad, with a face very red:
"You may tie me the knot as you said—
Will you tie it for me?"
"Yes, deary," said she.
Soon the papers announced they were wed.

RURAL JOYS.

Oh, let me drink from the moss-grown pump
That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump,
From form and fashion free;
New-gathered mush from the mushroom vine,
And milk from the milk-weed sweet,
With luscious pineapple from the pine—
Such food as the gods might eat.

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,
Where the dairymaid hastening hies,
Her ruddy and golden red butter to churn
From the milk of her butter-flies;
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
To the fragrant farmyard pass,
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

Like Her Elders.

A story of the rising generation:

In one of the suburban towns there is a young lady—quite a young lady she is, too—whose somewhat boyish aspect and innocently masculine tastes have won for her the soubriquet of Tommy. Not long ago she gave a little party to the children of the neighborhood, and in preparing for the event her mother, in order to get at an idea of the sort of young people her daughter would like to have attend, told her to prepare a list of those she wished to invite. Tommy went to work with zest and in a short time finished a pretty long list.

"There, mamma," said she, with an air of conclusiveness, "there's every single one that I want to come."

Her mother took the document and read it with an astonishment that increased as her eye approached the end of the list. Tommy had only one girl's name on the whole list!

"Why, Tommy," her mother exclaimed, "do you want none but boys to come to your party? What are you thinking of?"

"Well, mamma," said Tommy, "you know girls aren't any fun!"

"But would your boys have fun if there weren't any girls?"

"Weren't any girls? Why, there'll be Kitty Bickerstaff and me, and that ought to be girls enough!"

The mother, however, insisted upon the nomination of a full quota of girls; but in order to get it she had to make inquiries herself. Tommy's information was deficient. —*Boston Transcript.*

Couldn't Withstand Temptation.

The door of a Cannon street cottage opened in answer to the bell, and the book agent inquired if the lady of the house was in.

"I'm her."

"I have a little gem here, the 'Laurel Wreath of Poetry;' it's one of the——"

"Don't want it; house full o' trash o' that kind now."

"Maybe you'd like something in the religious line, now. I can recommend this 'Eliza Spriggins' Faith Cure' as the most inter——"

"All nonsense every word of it; don't believe such stuff."

"Ah, then your inclinations run to fiction. Here's a pleasing work, 'James the Lumberman; a Tale of Tonawanda.' Pathos, hu——"

"None o' them things for me; you may's well go; I don't want any of 'em."

"This little book on the 'Preservation of Female Beauty' is a treasure; I'm sure——"

"How much is it?"

"Only seventy-five cents. I've sold 1,300 copies myself."

She took it, and before she was rid of him she'd subscribed to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Life of Daniel O'Connell" and an illustrated edition of "Anonymous Poems."

An Economical Jury.

"How did it happen that you didn't find that man guilty?" asked a New York man of the foreman of a jury in Dakota, "the evidence was dead against him." "I know that," was the reply, "but if we'd a found him guilty we'd 'uv had to hang him." "Certainly." "Well, we're paying taxes enough now. Hangin's is expensive."—*Washington Critic.*

Where Woman is Solid.

Some things a woman doesn't know, of course, but one of them isn't what she thinks of some other woman.—*Journal of Education.*

She Caught On.

Husband—"Sarsaparilla"—(winking knowingly).

Wife—"Lemon! without the wink!"

"The Boston bicyclist never takes a header," says the *Transcript*. But if asked if he ever was "projected from the periphery of his circular steed" a gleam of intelligence overspreads his face.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *News* says a few of the Thornbury boys have "sticks" "that they amuse themselves with leisurely, but they can hardly be dignified with the title of a lacrosse team." But they can be dignified with another title, viz., "*youthful prevaricators.*"

The Thornbury people are wondering why beef is so cheap in Flesherton and so dear there. To solve the problem we suggest that they leave their orders with Petch & Mitchell, our butchers, and they will be enlightened. Better still—let them move out to Flesherton and spend the remainder of their days here. Then they'll get everything they require cheap and good.

"Ratepayer" writes an excellent letter to the *Durham Chronicle* on the subject of bonusing manufacturing industries, in which he says among other things: "The experience of some towns which have contributed most largely in this way has been most disastrous, and the increase in population and assessment has been only of a temporary character."

We clip the following from an English paper:—There are losses which people suffer unconsciously, like that sustained by the geologist who hired a Scotch gillie to carry his bag of specimens across the mountains. "It was a heavy load, and just nothing but stones," said Donald, relating his experience to a friend, "and I was not fool enough to drag the pebbles a guid ten miles. I just emptied the bag before I started, and filled it at the cairn I last came to, and the gentleman was just as pleased." The unlucky geologist was doubtless puzzled by the contents of the bag when he came to examine it later.

The *Canada Citizen* (Toronto) is an ably conducted Temperance journal, but even it is liable to fall into error. It represents THE ADVANCE as preaching the doctrine, "that bad laws fostering evil practices must be protected, if even a strong minority favored them, and one bad man by influence and vote, must command as much respect as three good men," and gives a quotation from THE ADVANCE to prove its statement. The quotation teaches nothing of the sort, and, in order to show that it does not, we republish it:—

Unless carried by a very large majority, the proper enforcement of local option laws, regulating the traffic, is an impossibility. There should be at the least a three-fourth vote of the state or county in its favor to ensure that success all earnest Temperance people desire. Otherwise it is better—far better—to wait until Temperance principles so strongly predominate as to render failure impossible.—"Flesherton Advance."

Besides, the *Citizen* is not honest, in that it garbles the paragraph from which the above quotation is taken. This method of argument is often adopted by politicians and anti-prohibitionists, but seldom do we find advocates of any great and good cause descending to the use of similar weapons. We hope the *Citizen* will never find it necessary to do so again.

It does not follow, that because a gentleman is opposed to prohibition, he is a "bad man!" Nor does it follow that only "good men" are prohibitionists! Hundreds and thousands of good men and true there are on "both sides of the fence." Tyrannical logic that which only discovers good in those who think the country is ripe for prohibition, and bad in those of a different opinion! In speaking thus, however, we do not include those prohibitionists who are such simply because of certain monetary considerations! Far from it! We mean those men who are *honest* in their opinions and who are *not* actuated by sordid and base motives. The *Citizen* will no doubt acknowledge that there are such men—even in the ranks of the enemy. And yet it certainly does not admit anything of the kind in the article before us.

"ONWARD!"

Yes, the Flesherton Roller Mill is now a accomplished fact; and already the throbbing of a new and vigorous element is awakening the dormant faculties of this favorably situated town. Increased activity is noticed all along the line. Old fogyism is rapidly being relegated to the oblivion it has deservedly earned for itself. The cobwebs are disappearing in every direction. New industries are yearly springing into existence. Energetic operations in the building line are noticeable in the many handsome and comfortable structures erected within the past few years, now in course of erection, and in contemplation for next season. And now comes the Roller Mill, infusing new vitality and inspiring all with unbounded confidence in the future of Flesherton.

A glance back into the past history of our town, must convince the worst cynic and chronic grumbler, that Flesherton has been making steady progress year after year in every direction. In what place of the same population in Ontario will you find such handsome business blocks, public buildings, churches, private residences, etc.?—and all erected in a comparatively brief period of time. Look at the elegant Presbyterian church, the stately Methodist church, and the snug Baptist chapel—all of solid brick. Then cast your eyes towards the setting sun and gaze on that beautiful and massive Public School building—built of solid white brick, and, in all its details, a most charming structure—situated on a sloping eminence overlooking the town, and in the midst of the most extensive as well as the most beautiful school grounds in the County of Grey. Behind you, on gently sloping uplands, nestles one of the most elegant private residences in Ontario, viz., that of Squire Armstrong, our popular Division Court Clerk and Justice of the Peace. The grounds in connection with the residence are in perfect keeping with this beautiful structure. A little further South we see the largest general store in the County—three storys high—a monument to the enterprise and patriotism of M. Richardson, Esq. To the left is the "Flesherton Hotel"—owned and run by Mr. A. Murshaw, and enjoying a provincial reputation. On Collingwood street is the handsome three-story block erected by Dr. Christoe, Artemesia's popular Reeve. On Durham street is Mr. J. H. Heard's three-story carriage works—the largest in Grey. We might go on in this way *ad infinitum* almost, but space will not permit at present: some future time we propose publishing a complete review of the place. But enough has been said to show that steady and healthy progress has been made, and that we are now making greater strides than ever. Further, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that Flesherton will "lead the procession" in the very near future—indeed, in many respects, it leads now. But be ever our motto—*Onward!*

Call at KEEFER'S and get a barrel of choice Roller Flour. Oats, Bran, Shorts, &c. always on hand.

The Prince of Wales Receiving a Lesson.

During Her Majesty's residence, some years ago, at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the seashore. Now, it so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. The boy had got a basketful. The young prince, presuming upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do what he pleased with impunity. So without any notice he upset the boy's basket and shells. The poor lad was very indignant, and observed

"You do that again, and I'll lick you."

"Put the shells into the basket," said the prince, "and see if I don't."

The shells were gathered up and put into the basket.

"Now," said the lad, "touch 'em again, old fellow, if you dare!"

Whereupon the prince again pitched over the shells. And the lad "pitched into him," and gave him such a licking as few princes ever had. His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a colour which might have well become the champion of a prize-ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from the royal mother. She inquired the cause of its disfigurement. The prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth.

New Way of Acknowledging Payment.

"Do you understand about notes of hand?" asked one colored gentleman of Sam, the Park Row bootblack, the other day.

"I think so."

"Wall, I had a feller's note for twenty dollars. It ain't due till de first of October, but last night he paid me half of it."

"And you endorsed the amount on the back of the note?"

"Was dat de way to do?"

"Of course. How did you do?"

"Cut de note in two an' gin him half."

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's
Pleasant
Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS
and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

NOTICE.
GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888 otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough-bred BIRKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 30, Con. 4, Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and white cow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
ANTHONY KENNY.
Artemesia, July 29th, 1887.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00 to	4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	75 to	0	75
Spring Wheat	0	75	0	75
Barley	0	30	0	45
Oats	0	28	0	28
Peas	0	47	0	48
Butter	0	15	0	16
Eggs, fresh	0	15	0	15
Potatoes bush	0	50	0	50
Pork	5	60	5	60
Hay, per ton	6	00	6	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		21		23
Sheepskins	0	40	0	56
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	8	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve &
Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
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FLESHERTON

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Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1887.

THE CELEBRATED
Dr CHASES
MANDRAKE
DANDELION
LIVER
CURE

HAVE YOU
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Loss of Appetite, or any disease arising from a deranged Liver, Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will be found a sure and certain remedy.
NATURE'S REMEDY
The unparalleled success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests entirely with the fact that it is compounded entirely of Nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other vegetable roots, herbs and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.
600 000 SOLD
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AGENT.

For The Advance.]

AN ABOMINABLE FLIRT.

By E. E. VanDusen, Owen Sound.

Once more we see them in Professor Strander's elegant rooms, where every picture every adornment, and all arrangement bespoke good taste. Flowers filled the windows...Their freshness, and the delicious coolness of the room, struck Kathie pleasantly as she came up from the noisy street. The Professor was in the midst of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathetique*, but rose at once as she came in, saying good-morning in his bright way, and inquiring if she had quite recovered the effects of her indisposition.

"Perfectly, thank you. I was sorry to lose an evening's pleasure." . . . A thought here crossed her mind . . . He did not know that she was aware of his presence at Mrs. James' ball. . . . It would be best to feign ignorance—more natural to make a query if he were there.

"You were present?" she interrogated, and not waiting for a reply, continued "I returned home early."

"Yes, I was detained, unfortunately," he said, laying peculiar stress upon the last word, "and so made a late arrival. Shortly after, I understood, you left. It was too bad." These words, though simple enough, were made to convey much importance by his tone, which was low, but distinct . . . And by his glance which seemed to penetrate Kathie's half-veiled lids, entering into her very soul.

She began to attribute this earnestness to his sympathetic nature; made some trifling rejoinder, and took her place at the instrument.

This time there was no startling blunders. her manners were natural and calm. Whatever came and went, he must never guess that each tone of his voice, fell like the music. down deep into her memory.

When she had finished and received the usual praise for good execution, Kathie ran her fingers softly over the keys; very softly, and faintly—for she was saying in an indifferent way, that she would be gone for some time. . . . and consequently the lessons would be discontinued.

"And once in St. Louis, farewell to all those hours of practice, requisite to perfect performance," said he, lightly.

"Oh no, I promise—indeed you know that I love music too well to neglect it," Kathie said, now speaking in really relieved tones.

"Yes, I can trust you always," he said. He had been standing behind her while played, but at the beginning of this conversation, moved to her side. At this point,—he now rested one arm upon her shoulder, and ere she dreamt of his intention, kissed her deliberately once, twice, thrice. She sprang up, turning angrily upon him.

"You dare *this*, sir? You abominable, deceitful flirt! This is the—"

"Wait, please," "broke in the gentleman's voice. "Since the word flirt implies all that is abominable and deceitful, you might at least have spared me those horrible sounding adjectives." There was a suspicion of humor in his tone.

"Pray consider this no joke, Professor Strander. I think little of one who acknowledges having stooped so low."

"But I acknowledge nothing of the sort," he said, leaning carelessly against the instrument, while his eyes danced with an amused light.

"Your actions speak, then!" cried Kathie, with burning cheeks. "I will never come here again! You are obliged to beg my pardon instantly," she exclaimed with righteous indignation, remembering the "beauty at whose shrine he worshipped," and longing to hurl at him the conversation he had carried on with Mason.

"I am obliged to do nothing of the sort," he said positively, "and," lowering his voice perceptibly, "you *will* come here again!"

"Really Professor Strander, you indeed forget yourself. Such ignorance and presumption are unpardonable! Allow me to bid you good morning and good-bye." This was uttered in an indignant and pained manner. With the air of a queen she brushed past him, but he also moved toward the door, placing his hand firmly upon the knob, while Kathie inwardly wondering, exclaimed haughtily, "Pray allow me to leave the room!"

"Kathie," he then said gravely, and as though he loved to say that word, "you know I never sought to detain you in this way before. Let us come to an understanding. . . . It is you who owe to me an apology for your unjust words. You have called me by a name I despise . . . and without reason."

"No, no! not without reason," she interrupted. "You must know I never would have so spoken without grounds!"

"Without grounds? *Grounds?* . . . What grounds? I swear you can positively have *no* grounds for speaking as you did." His face now wore a wholly puzzled look. Presently a light overspread his features. "Stay," he said, but rather doubtingly, "was it because you chanced to see one morning a photo of a young girl, which you knew to be in my possession?" A moment after and he was sorry at having thus questioned.

"Pray, "she answered, unutterable scorn gleaming in her eyes, "do not imagine that such a knowledge would force me to speak as I have done! Yet it is that knowledge combined with—"

Here the long restrained tears sprang to her eyes.

"You have doubtless something to say," said he. gently, placing a chair for her and seating himself at a respectful distance. "But let me speak first. . . . I might go on and swear by all sacred things, to what I now say, but I won't. You must believe my simple word. . . . These arms were never placed about any woman save you; my kisses never bestowed on any other, save you—and my sainted mother. Towards you my intentions are honorable, for," he rose then and stood beside her, "*I love you.*"

Kathie pressed her burning face against the wall, and away from the man she loved. There was some mystery here. . . . She felt forced to tell him of the overheard conversation, wondering what explanation he could grant. But while she thought of words to use, her trembling lips uttered no sound. She was really dumb-founded at this man's confession, and the joy it gave was mingled with pain at the bare possibility of any deception on his part. No! What he had said she felt. must be true.

"I believe, too, that you love *me*—in spite of those lofty airs and tragic acting. You have been endeavoring to hide this fact, Kathie, but it seems as though I have been gifted to see beyond mere facial expression. . . . Eyes, at some times, will reveal the feelings of our souls! But you have called me an abominable flirt, Kathie, and I wait to hear you substitute that statement." He now took one little hand. . . . It was not withdrawn.

"Forgive me," she said, with downcast lids, "for now I cannot doubt you, or distrust your word. Then she told him of the over-heard conversation.

"If you recollect it, you cannot blame me so very much for believing you in love with another woman. You remember you said to Mr. Mason that you would show him a likeness of the beauty at whose shrine you worshipped. . . . That was not my picture, Professor Strander, pray what did you mean? Kathie now looked up. She had expected to find him serious, but to her amazement found that he was laughing at her.

"Excuse me, Kathie, but—really I cannot help it. This is such a comical affair!"

"Will you please explain?" she asked quietly, and so earnestly that he answered at once:

"I will. Last winter I went to Des Moines—as you know."

"Yes," assented Kathie, only wondering.

"And I carried with me, in my heart, your own dear self. Well, as I went along the street in Des Moines one afternoon I caught sight of a face in a photographer's window. At first glance, I could have sworn it to be yours, but a closer observation assured me that it was not. But so striking was the resemblance, and I so longed to have even your picture," —touching his breast, "that I purchased it, then and there. Kathie, I have been waiting to prove the reality of my love; and to-day you are ten times dearer to me than when I first began to treasure your proud face in my memory. I admit, Kathie, I might have acted a little more discreetly to-day towards you; but I knew not when I might see you again, and was inspired by the perfect unconsciousness of your own charms. You had the right to speak as you did, not knowing what my conversation with Mason meant. I told him I would show him a likeness of the beauty I worshipped, and I am certain that he cannot deny but that it is a good one. Now Kathie, let me hear what your answer to all this is. What are you going to say to such an abominable, deceitful, ignorant flirt?"

"Oh, don't!" she cried, pressing his hand. "Only forgive my distrust of you. I do not know what to say."

That you love me, and are going to give Mason that chance of dancing at our wedding." . . .

But I am not going to write down here all that Kathie said, nor Professor Strander's replies, for prudes to object to and spinsters to grind their teeth in envy over. Nor will I dwell on a description of that happy Christmas wedding; nor enter into the particulars of the chagrin of Miss Ruyter, whose precise crimps stood erect from the effect of the "green-eyed monster. Who could doubt the sincerity of such a love as that which Geoffrey Strander offered Kathie? . . . The love of a heart untainted by the wiles of treachery.

* * * * *

On the first anniversary of their wedding-day, Geoff goes to his young wife where she stands looking out upon the falling snow.

"What are you thinking of, Kathie?" he asks, placing his arm around her.

"Thinking what a good, kind husband heaven gave me, one year ago to-day."

"Yes. Kathie," he said, with a bright smile, and kissing her in his old passionate manner, "but what an *abominable flirt!*"

THE END.

Osprey Council.

The seventh meeting of this Council was held at Singhampton on 20th August.

Members all present. Minutes of last meeting confirmed.

COMMUNICATIONS

From Co.-Treas., Co. Rates and Tax sale list; Provincial Board of Health, Act to amend the Act respecting Public Health; Co. Clerk, Supplement to minutes of June session; J. Rutherford, acc. $25 for stationery; C. W. Rutledge, acc. $36 printing Voter's List; A. R. Fawcett, acc. $2.50 advertising Voters' List; W. Long, acc. $2 for plan of bridge and $6 stamps; Hunter Brothers, recommending Iron Bridges; James Bateman and 10 others, Petition asking aid for P. McQueen and Widow McLean; W. Service, notice of firing fallow.

MOTIONS.

Taylor, McIntyre.—That the Reeve, J. Hudson and J. Speers be a committee to inquire into the validity of the Treasurer's Securities and report at next meeting of Council.

Mr. Hudson, Chairman of Committee on 40th Sideroad presented report as follows: Your committee having examined 40th Sideroad, South of 3 Con. find it cut out a good length by statute and gratis labour but find that the road allowance South does not correspond with the road North and that it would be wise for this Council to make a proper survey of said sideroad before expending any more money on it. The Report adopted.

By-Laws were passed to levy and collect rates and to appoint Collectors.

The total rate is ½ mill lower than last year, being 7½ mills.

N. A. McLean and James Elliott were reappointed collectors.

ORDERS ISSUED.

Widow McLean, indigent, $4.00; Joseph Taylor, examining 40th Sideroad, $2.00; John Hudson, examining 40th Sideroad, $2.00; John Speers, letting bridge 10th Sideroad, $2.00; W. Long, plan of bridge 10th Sideroad, $2.00; W. Long, postage stamps for Clerk, $6.00; A. R. Fawcett, advertising Voters' List, $2.50; C. W. Rutledge, printing Voters' List, $36.00; J. Rutherford, municipal stationery, $25.00; N. A. McLean, posters, 75c.

Council adjourned to meet at the call of the Reeve. WM. MILNE, Clerk.

The Last Thing He Heard.

A grotesque story of an interrupted wedding ceremony comes from New Zealand. The church in which it took place was wooden and aged and rickety, and when the lovely bride, accompanied by her mother, entered the building it shook beneath them. Things went on smoothly enough, however, until the clergyman inquired: "Do you take this man—?" and then before he could finish the sentence the floor opened and the whole happy squad went down together into the cellar. The bride led the way head foremost, with the baptismal font, the altar, and a spectator's baby close behind, and after them came the bridegroom with the bulk of the wedding party on top of him, his collar burst, his hat flying loose and a black eye. The parson, however, remained above, clinging to the pulpit rail and the last thing he heard was the voice of the bride calling out, "I will," as she was half way down. She was under the impression that the bridegroom was beneath her, and as he was a wealthy man, she had resolved with great presence of mind to get through the service and get a claim on his assets before she fell on him and squashed him flat.

New Bakery.

The undersigned begs to inform the people of Flesherton and neighborhood generally, that he has leased the Flesherton Bakery for a term of years and respectfully solicits their patronage. *Bread, Buns, Cakes* and any other kind of Baking that may be required by any of my patrons will receive prompt and careful attention. Liberal estimates for large supplies. I intend shortly to add *Home made Confectionery* warranted pure and manufactured on the premises.

JACOB STEPHEN.

Flesherton, Aug. 17th 1887.

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A Wrinkle for the Blind.

A blind man sits in the corner of a door-way, and when he hears the light footsteps of a lady he takes off his hat and bows his head, covered with the snows of seventy winters, saying: "Oh! madam, take pity on a poor blind man who is deprived of the pleasure of seeing you!"

That fetches them.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

An Important Point.

"Old Lawyer—"I don't like that case and am sorry that you took hold of it."

Young Lawyer—"Oh, it's all right, We'll win.

"Have you arranged for the witnesses?"

"No, but I have arranged for the jury."

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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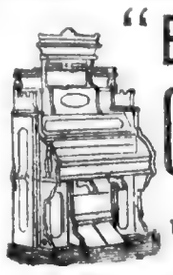

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THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

Burning of the Ill-fated Vessel in Mid-Ocean.

THE MISSING BOAT.

Cool Behavior of the Passengers and Steadiness of the Crew.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The passengers and crew of the City of Montreal were taken off the York City by the tug Mount Etna, and landed at Queenstown. All were accounted for except the thirteen persons in the missing boat. It is learned that shortly after the passengers had gone to bed on the night of the 10th, the ship being in latitude 43 north at the time, they were aroused by an alarm of fire. A scene of consternation ensued, and the passengers were greatly terrified when they found out the true state of affairs. The smoke caused by the fire was suffocating. The passengers dressed and got on deck as quickly as possible, and with but little appearance of panic. The fire originated in the cotton stored in the after main hold. Nine streams of water were soon working on the flames, and the course of the vessel was shaped toward Newfoundland, 400 miles distant. The flames spread with great rapidity, and soon had burst with terrific force through the midway and after hatches, the heat being intense. It becoming evident that it was impossible to save the ship, a momentary panic ensued.

The boats were lowered and passengers and crew got into them. The boats soon scattered, and one entirely vanished. This contained two stewards, two seamen and seven passengers, and there is but little doubt that the whole boat load perished. The boat did not contain a full crew, and left the City of Montreal against the captain's orders, as there was time to take many more in it. The other survivors consider the fate of the occupants of the lost boat as a judgment for their cowardice.

A barque was sighted shortly after the boats left the steamer, and her crew was preparing to pick up the survivors when the steamer York City, attracted by the flames of the burning vessel, which were shooting up a hundred feet in the air, bore down and with difficulty took all hands on board. The rescued people were treated with the utmost kindness by the captain and crew of the York City, and the passengers speak with much feeling of the consideration which was accorded to them. The York City proceeded to London after landing the City of Montreal's passengers and crew at Queenstown. The survivors are unanimous in declaring that the officers and crew of the City of Montreal did their duty nobly and skilfully.

The steamer City of Montreal carried no first cabin passengers. The value of her cargo was $350,000, and the steamer was worth $400,000. The crew numbered 85 men.

The boats were eight in number, and consisted of four lifeboats and four pinnaces. These were launched and stocked with provisions. The flames spread with great fierceness, and the efforts to quench them it was soon found were futile. At 8 o'clock in the morning the passengers were marshalled on deck, preparatory to entering the boats. Many of them were weeping, but on the whole they were quiet and orderly. The family groups presented a sight pitiful to see, as they huddled together in fear and trembling. There was a heavy sea running, and it was with great difficulty that the boats were kept from being smashed. The crew worked splendidly and all the passengers were placed in the boats in a comparatively short time. How the boats floated with their heavy loads is a miracle. As the last boat was pulling off from the ship several of the passengers and crew were seen aft. They had been overlooked, and were screaming to the boats to return. They were subsequently bravely rescued half dead from the effects of smoke and heat. The masts of a ship were seen on the horizon, but ten hours elapsed before if came near.

CAPT. LAND'S REPORT.

Capt. Land, commander of the City of Montreal, makes the following report: On the 10th inst. the wind was north to northwesterly. About 9 o'clock of the evening of that day fire was discovered in the after hatch among the cotton. The fire hoses were at once connected and streams of water were poured down upon the flames; annihilators and hand-grenade fire extinguishers were also freely used. The fire, however, overcame all efforts to suppress it and spread over the upper and lower decks. The ship was doomed from the beginning of the fire, and the boats had been actively prepared and provisioned. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 11th inst. the flames burst through the after hatches. The boats were then lowered. There was a high sea at the time, and this caused much difficulty. The women and children were first put aboard the boats, and the male passengers and the crew were embarked afterwards. The lack of time prevented the manning of the boats with their respective crews, the men being compelled to continue until the last moment the work of keeping the flames down. All the boats left the ship safely, but by an unfortunate oversight twenty people were left aboard the burning vessel. Boat No. 3 returned and took off six of the number; boat No. 5, with the 4th officer, took off six more. A barque was then reported approaching, and when all the boats had put their people aboard her they returned and took off those remaining on the burning vessel. It was found that boat No. 8 was missing. She was seen to put herself before the wind when she left the ship, using her oars in support of the sails. She ran away from the vessel in direct disobedience to the captain's orders. Everybody spent the night aboard the German barque Trobant, from Charleston, July 24th, for London, and all were then transferred to the York City, which stayed by throughout the night and vainly searched for the missing boat. Capt. Land says he is sanguine that the people in boat No. 8 are saved, as the accident occurred in the track of steamers bound east and west. The passengers, he adds, were cool and obedient during the crisis, and the crew were steady. The passengers and crew lost everything they had aboard the City of Montreal except what thy stood in when they went into the boats. The origin of the fire is unknown. Capt. Land is certain it broke out in more than one place among the cottons. The ship was lost in lat. 43, 38 north, long. 43, 54 west.

NAMES OF THE MISSING.

The following is a list of the passengers who were in boat No. 8: Intermediate passengers, Samuel Kaufman, George Arnold, Samuel McKee; steerage, Kennard Woolton, Stephen Tupper, Simon Kowelsky, S. Kachumchi; crew, Henry Fraser, Charles Read, William Franney, Patrick Hughes; Chas. Smith, interpreter; Thos. Wilberforce, steward. The rescued passengers and crew when landed at Queenstown by the York City were in a pitiable condition.

France's Wonderful New Rifle.

The Lebel rifle, the new arm with which the French infantry will be supplied before next spring, is, according to all accounts, a wonder, and several models of the gun which have been received here have excited great interest. The new rifle is known by the name of its inventor, Lebel, and is smaller and lighter than the rifles now in use; the French soldiers call it "the little gun." The most authentic descriptions given to the gun agree in attributing to it a carrying power beyond that of any rifle heretofore in use. The models received in New York are not known to be accurate copies of the Lebel gun, and experiments with them are impossible, owing to the fact that the powder used is a secret compound of which the French Government has the monopoly. According to all accounts the Lebel gun will carry its bullet more than a mile and a half, and with a more certain aim than has been possible with ordinary rifles. The bore of the gun is very small, and the ball, which is of steel and sharply pointed at one end, is said to revolve at a speed of one thousand revolutions a second. In the tests made by the French Government this bullet has penetrated a brick wall eight inches thick at a distance of five hundred yards; it will go through any kind of armor that can be worn by soldiers, and at a distance of more than a mile will pass through a man as easily as at ten paces. The gun has no recoil under fire, and the powder gives out no smoke whatever. It has been said that the powder used must be a type of smokeless hunting powder already in the market; but this is denied by the inventor, who says that he uses an entirely new compound. The Lebel gun is, of course, a repeater, and the cartridges are so small that each soldier carries two hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition, as against one hundred and sixteen rounds, formerly considered the maximum. The French Government is now making these guns at the rate of five hundred a day at St. Etienne, and is preparing to turn out double that number. Four factories, those at Chatellerault, Tulle and St. Etienne, will soon be at work upon them.—*N.Y. Evening Post.*

Superstition.

"The persistence of superstition is amazing," the professor observed. I have a singular instance in the case of a friend of mine. He has conjured up a superstitious fear of 'Ivanhoe,' and he could not be induced to read the book or have it in his house."

"But what begot so odd a whim?" I asked.

"A string of coincidences. He began to read the novel and his wife was taken sick. He sent the book back to the circulating library from which he had taken it and the horses ran away and broke the carriage. About a year after he tried it again. He bought a copy and took it on a journey. The train ran off the track and his leg was broken. Then a friend, who thought his notions absurd, sent him a copy of the book, and the next night his house took fire. He told me one or two minor details which I have forgotten. He is a hard-headed Boston business man, but I cannot urge him out of this notion. He says that if he is wrong it can certainly do no harm to give the book a wide berth, while if he is right it is certainly wise to avoid it."

"I should say," remarked a voice from a hammock, in which in the dusk one could dimly discern a heap of white draperies, "that he had better read the book to the bitter end and break the spell."

"The result might be too tragic."—*Providence Journal.*

Flowers.

Leaves of rose geranium are placed in finger bowls instead of a lemon slice.

Purple asters combined with white roses fasten the tulle scarfs on seaside hats.

Bush baskets filled with water lilies and aquatic foliage are favorite gifts at watering places.

Bridesmaids are carrying white China asters with a luster of gardenias at one side of the bouquet.

Large conch shells containing wood mosses and English moss rose buds are fashionable for table centres.

Wedding bouquets are made of Niphetos rose buds or lily of the valley. The flowers are turned down over the stems in a very highly artistic style.

Golden pompon chrysanthemums are just blossoming and are used with fine effect in the gilded creels which ornament luncheon tables when damask and potteries are yellow.

The bleeding heart is the newest design for laying on the funeral casket. It is a large heart formed of forget-me-nots. From the centre falls a spray of crimson roses, which droop over one side of the coffin.

A bank of blossoms is arranged for the piece de resistance on lawns where garden parties are given. Ferns make a wide circle with a background of arundo donax; the centre of the bank is mignonette with a crescent of roses, varying from pale pink to deep red stretching over these fragrant flowers.

No Need for Alarm.

On coming out of the Mayor's office where they had just been married, she throws herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Forgive me, dear, but I've kept something from you—I did not tell you I didn't know how to cook." "Oh, never mind, dear; don't cry about that, for you'll have but little cooking to do—I'm a poet."—*Paris Figaro.*

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt is the beauty and the dasher par excellence of all the Vanderbilts. She courts publicity and admiration. The rest of the family desire quiet and seclusion.

LAWYER DUNN'S ADVICE.

"Steal a Million and People will Say You are Smart"—Defaulter Scott's Confession—His Accomplices Got Most of the Plunder.

NEW YORK, Aug., — Richard Seaman Scott, who absconded with $160,000 that belonged to the Manhattan Bank, of which he had been a pet employee, in 1885, and about whose disappearance and whereabouts there was such profound mystery, has made a confession before Consul-General Waller at London.

A suit has just been instituted in the Supreme Court which discloses not only Scott's action, but the fact that he was not alone in this stupendous defalcation. This suit is against John R. Dunn, Scott's colleague, for $140,000.

The documents included in this case embrace an affidavit by the defaulter, which is in truth a confession of his theft. Scott, according to the complaint, was for twenty years a trusted employee of the Manhattan Company up to June 1st, 1885. In the latter part of his service he was the paying teller of the bank. Most of the time he had in his custody daily over $1,000,000. On June 1st, 1885, he absconded with $160,000.

Scott states that at various times prior to June 1st, 1885, he extracted small sums of money from the safe, which aggregated $10,000. This he used in speculation. About this time there was a change in the administration of the bank. Scott feared the change might cause an investigation and expose his irregularities.

John R. Dunn was practicing law then and Scott hastened to him for advice. Dunn asked him how much money was within his reach. Scott replied that at all times there was over a million dollars in his charge. Dunn, addressing Scott, said: "My advice to you is to take $1,000,000. It will be enough to cripple the bank and will enable you to go to Canada. If you take a small amount people will laugh at you, but if you take a large amount people will say you are smart and you will compel the bank to compromise."

Dunn advised Scott to get an old suit of clothing, shave off his moustache, travel second-class to Canada, disguise himself as much as possible, and do as little talking as possible. They parted to meet at Central Park on the following afternoon. When he went to the bank the next day he took $300,000 in gold and silver certificates of the denomination of $5,000, $1,000 and $500, and placed them in a package, which he concealed about his person. He met Dunn at Central Park, and they went to a secluded spot and talked. Dunn asked him if he had any friends with whom to leave the money, telling him that under international treaties if he carried any stolen property into Canada he could be arrested and extradited. Scott said that he had no one with whom to leave it. "Then," said Dunn, "I feel so warm a regard for Cousin Lizzie (Scott's wife) that I would do for you what I would do for no other person on earth—take charge of that package, the contents of which I need not know, and take care of it, subject to your order at all times."

This was Friday. They agreed to meet on Monday. Scott went to the bank next day and replaced the $300,000, determining to make an effort to borrow enough money to make up the deficiency of the $10,000. But in this he failed. Finding it impossible to get the necessary money before going to the bank on Monday, he got a disguise. Scott had read about the Park Bank defalcation. He saw that the directors cut down the salaries of the clerks in order to make up the deficiency. He felt friendly toward the clerks in the Manhattan Company, so he determined to take only $150,000 in order that there might be no cut in their salaries. He put the money in two packages, one of $140,000 and the other of $10,000. He went to Central Park and met Dunn. They walked to a secluded spot, and Scott pulled out the $140,000 package and said to Dunn, "There's the money." Dunn looked around, saw that he was unobserved, and put it in his inside pocket. Scott said: "Dunn, I shall leave to-night." They shook hands and parted. Scott assumed his disguise and took the evening train for Montreal. He shaved off his moustache on the way. He arrived on the following morning. He didn't stop in Canada long, visiting only quiet and secluded points. He corresponded with Dunn under various *aliases* which the two had previously arranged. Dunn's letters consisted principally of newspaper clippings of the defalcation. He also sent Scott money in bills of $500 and $1,000. Scott took passage on the Allan line steamer for Europe in September of 1885. He has lived economically in London ever since. His wife joined him in May, 1886. Scott corresponded with Dunn and Mrs. Jennie A. Searles, his sister-in-law, from London. He has received money there amounting to $20,000.

In the latter part of 1886 attempts at a compromise with the bank were made by Scott, various sums being mentioned. In December of that year he asked the bank to give him a general release for $60,000. It is said that this offer was accepted by the bank. He wrote Dunn telling him to get ready to pay that sum. Dunn replied in January, 1887, that he had lost all the money in speculation. Then came the crisis and these proceedings were instituted.

Girls Who Fence.

It is said that Grecian women would enter the arena in the old Olympian days and wrestle with one another to encourage their children and strengthen themselves. Thus Spartan mothers had Spartan sons, and the name to this day is synonymous with bravery and physical endurance. In these modern days ladies, as a rule, consider that their constitutions are too delicate for any greater physical exercise than a gentle stroll or a little shopping, and so many a physician has deplored the absence of proper bodily exercise among the fair sex and has preached wise though ineffectual sermons about the need of it. But fashion, like a miracle, will do what preaching will not do, and, as in the east fencing has become fashionable, and the fashions travel with the star of empire, so fencing is now being introduced in this city.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—In Kalamazoo a man is expelled from he Grand Lodge after he has been carried home three times in a wheelbarrow. Twice on a wheelbarrow and once on a shutter doesn't count.

REMARKABLE OPERATION.

Removing a Spoon from the Stomach of a Man.

A most remarkable and successful surgical operation was performed upon one of the male patients of the Cincinnati Hospital, Sunday morning last, by Dr. E. W. Walker, who was assisted by Surgeon John A. Murphy and several of the internes of the hospital corps. On July 16th a man of medium build, who registered as Andrew J. Driver, aged 22, and residing at No. 61 Pierson street for three months past, entered the hospital. He was almost bent double and walked with great difficulty, and in answer to questions, stated that he was suffering from most agonizing pains in the stomach. For several years he had been travelling with shows about the country as a faker, and performing the sword swallowing feat. About four years ago, while giving a performance in one of the smaller towns in the northern part of this State, he was bantered by a number of spectators, who thought the sword he swallowed was worked by springs, and they dared him to go through the same act with the ordinary case-knife. In this he was successful, and a number made up a purse and wagered him quite a sum that he could not swallow an ordinary teaspoon. He accepted their challenge, and picking up a triple-plated teaspoon of Rogers' manufacture, slowly placed it in his mouth and swallowed it. He after that continued the sword act, feeling no ill effects from the spoon until about six months ago, when during one of his performances he distinctly felt the end of the sword blade strike the spoon, and for several days could feel it gradually changing its course toward his stomach. Yet all this while he had experienced no painful sensation. Some two weeks later, however, he was attacked with violent cramps and pains, beginning in his right side and afterward changing the course of the suffering to the stomach, in the immediate neighborhood of the navel. These attacks were only periodical at first, but became gradually more frequent, and finally he concluded to come to Cincinnati for treatment. Arriving here he had a more favorable turn, and remained most of the time about home until on the date mentioned, when he was again attacked in a more violent form than at any previous time. He then concluded to seek medical aid, and to that end entered the hospital for treatment. He was closely questioned and placed under a rigid examination, but owing to the excessive hot weather and the delicacy with which his case would necessarily have to be handled, the surgeons thought it advisable to defer the operation until the weather became more favorable. He was informed on Sunday morning that in order to extract the spoon from his stomach a very delicate and yet severe surgical operation would have to be performed that would be attended by great danger. He bravely agreed to have the operation performed, and accordingly during the early morning hours of that day he was placed under the influence of an anæsthetic and the operation began. Dr. Walker skilfully handled the knife and opened the stomach a trifle below the navel, where, toward the right side, imbedded in the intestines, was found first the handle of the spoon, and, working the finger along through the growth, the bell part of the spoon was reached, and the spoon removed intact from the patient. The intestines were placed carefully back and the wound dressed and sewed up, the patient during the operation giving hardly any indication of pain. During Sunday, after recovering from the effects of the anæsthetic administered, he complained of pain and was quite restless, but seemed to be recovering nicely, and last night when the hospital was visited he was resting easily.

Lightning Strokes.

In nearly all of the reports of personal injury by lightning strokes victims who recover say they saw balls of fire. The fire ball seems to figure conspicuously in all stories of prostration by lightning, and it would be interesting to study this special phase of the phenomenon for the purpose of ascertaining whether the fiery ball has any existence except as the result of the bright flash upon the optic nerves. Almost invariably the persons who are close enough to a flash of lightning to see this ball have declared that it moved slowly, dancing and bounding through the room or across the field, and in cases where men and women have been prostrated and subsequently recovered they have asserted that the ball bounded slowly toward them and struck them full in the chest. I recently talked with a man who was in a factory which was struck by lightning, and he told me that two balls of fire approached him from the end of the room, slowly bounding along the floor and leaping almost to the ceiling. When they reached him, he said, they both struck him on the breast at the same instant, and he fell insensible. The factory chimney was struck on this occasion and partly demolished. He recovered in fifteen minutes and carefully examined his clothes to see if they were burned. I firmly believe that the ball of fire is merely an optical illusion, and that it is seen only by persons who are not in the direct line of the electric current.—*N.Y. Sun.*

A Short-Lived Race.

From a statement made by Dr. Tomlinson, registrar of vital statistics, to-day the people of Chicago are a short-lived race.

"Over one-half die under 5 years of the total number," said the doctor, "and one-third under 20. One-sixth live beyond that age, and it is only once in a decade that a man lives to be 100, as in the case of Byrnes who died last week in the Home for the Aged, and then it was owing to the fact that he was a native of Ireland and had only been in Chicago thirty-nine years."

"We live too much," said another prominent official. "What with the intense excitement of watching the 'boodlers' cases, having McGarigle's escape sprung on us, hot weather and people who tell us about it, we are being worn out, physically, at a most alarming rate."—*Chicago News.*

It is something quite amusing to see the great number of Indian canoe-oars and paddles which tourists bring from Alaska as old Indian relics. The most of these paddles are made and painted by Chinamen in San Francisco, shipped to Alaska points and sold as Indian relics, brought down to Tacoma on the steamers, and carried thousands of miles away.

OLIVE'S LOVER.

"I may as well add, Mr. Atherton, that my answer can never be anything else but 'No.' I appreciate the honor you would pay me, but I can never be your wife!" There was a dignity in Olive Mosely's manner as she spoke.

The stout, elderly man to whom her remarks were addressed shuffled his feet uneasily and coughed.

"Your aunt led me to think your answer would be different," he stammered. "Anyway, I shall not give up all hope. I will wish you good morning," and he bowed himself out.

Olive watched him disappear with a sigh of relief as she sank into a chair. She knew her aunt would be angry with her for refusing the richest man in the country, but her heart was in far-off India with Edward Russell, the brother of her playmate, Amy.

There was a stormy interview in the dining-room that evening between the orphan girl and her aunt. The old lady reminded her of the benefits she had received and how ungrateful had been her return. Olive's feelings were hurt, and the old place grew wearisome to her.

One afternoon a letter was brought to Olive from Amy Russell. The girl opened it with the nervous expectancy she always felt when Amy's letters were received.

After reading a few lines this is what met her astonished gaze:

"Mamma and I are rejoicing over the news just received from Edward. He has been very successful in business and is coming home. Not only that, but, would you believe it?—is going to bring a wife with him. Just fancy my having a sister! He does not give us a description of the lady, but says he hopes we will be pleased with his choice."

Olive did not faint nor cry out, but sat white and still, with the letter tightly crushed in her small hands.

While she was so doing the door opened and a gentleman was shown in. Olive rose and faced the stranger and for a moment they looked at each other.

In spite of the bronzed complexion and the heavy beard Olive recognized him. And Mr. Russell—he saw the slight figure, the beautiful eyes, the golden-brown hair, the sweet red lips. He came forward with outstretched hands.

"Olive!"

It was the same voice that had bidden so sorrowful an adieu to her, only now there was a glad, triumphant ring in it. What did it mean?

She did not speak, but she trembled so excessively that she was obliged to put out one hand and rest it on the piano.

"Olive, you have no word for me? Am I forgotten?"

"Why are you here?" she gasped.

Mr. Russell looked surprised.

"Have you forgotten what you promised me before I went away, Olive?"

"I have forgotten nothing, but you—you—where is your wife?"

"My wife! I do not understand you, Olive."

"Amy wrote me that you were married; that you were going to bring a wife home with you, at least, and I—I——" She broke off with a sob.

"There must be some mistake. I wrote that I was coming home and that I was now in a position to marry and they must prepare a welcome for the young bride that, God willing, I should soon bring to them. I never dreamed they would think of my marrying out there. I never thought of marrying any one but you."

Olive looked at him earnestly; the grave, tender eyes were watching her closely. With a sudden, impulsive movement she put out her hands. They were quickly clasped and she was drawn to the shelter of loving arms—poor, weary Olive—and fond kisses were pressed on her pale face.

After a long time Olive showed her lover his sister's letter.

"I am sorry, darling," he said. "I intended as soon as I reached England to come to you and make arrangements for our marriage, then go home to Surrey for a few days until you intended to be my wife——"

"Haven't you been home yet?" asked Olive, shyly.

"Of course not. Who is so near and dear to me as my promised wife?"

Her Style of Leaving.

Pedestrians who happened to be passing a certain house in Columbia street east yesterday forenoon saw a servant girl come out of the front door in a hurry. She seemed perturbed and ill at rest. She was followed by her hat, a couple of aprons, a pair of shoes and a trunk, and the door was shut with a bang and the key turned in the lock.

"Anything wrong?" inquired a peddler at the curbstone.

"I—think there is," replied the girl, as she placed the things in her trunk.

"What is it?"

"Why, I didn't want to redden my face doing up strawberries over a hot stove."

"And do you always leave as suddenly as this?"

"Not always, but in this case I wanted to. I threw a can at her and she dodged it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Old Story Revised and Amended.

A good story to tell the children on the value of politeness is going the rounds about the monkey which, when about to be assaulted by a dog, lifted his hat politely, as he had been taught to do, while the abashed dog slunk away with his tail between his legs.

This is a good little story, and it has a good little moral, but it isn't the way we used to hear it in the day when we played hookey and our bearing toward ye ancient pedagogue was not exactly Chesterfieldian. As the original version had it, the monkey jumped nimbly on the dog's back and had him whipped before the pup knew what had hold of him.

But that was in the good old days when, if a boy didn't look out for number one, he didn't cut much of a swath in the community.—*Lowell Times.*

The women who make the "ruby" match-boxes in England receive 2½ pence per 144 boxes. They have to find paste, hemp and firing for drying purposes. They can gain, if skilful, 3 farthings per hour, or less than tenpence for twelve hours' work. If they work eight hours per diem, and take a holiday on Sundays, they would realize the handsome salary of 3 shillings per week. The company pays its shareholders above 20 per cent. dividend.

AN UNEXPECTED MARRIAGE.

It was a cold December twilight, but the room was cozy where Harry Cutter was seated in an easy-chair before the grate. Winnie was standing beside the chair, with one fair hand resting lightly upon her brother's shoulder, the other hanging listlessly by her side.

Harry Cutter had been left an orphan at the age of 20. His parents were wealthy, and every comfort wealth could give was lavished upon him. About this time a malignant disease broke out in the city where his parents resided, and his father immediately sickened with it and died. A month later his mother gave birth to a daughter; but before the little Winnie was an hour old she was motherless. Harry procured a nurse for the babe, and soon she grew to be a gay, lively, fascinating child. She regarded her brother more in the light of a father or guardian, and he in return watched over her with all the tenderness of a brother, mingled with the love and devotion of a father. At the age of 10 she had been placed at a boarding-school, at which place she remained until she was 16 years of age. She was rather slight of frame, with blue eyes, a fair complexion, a profusion of light-brown ringlets and an artless and winning manner.

"Come, Harry, why don't you speak? You have been silent at least ten minutes. What are you thinking about?" questioned Winnie, trying to rouse her brother from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"I was thinking, Winnie," he replied, "what you and Walter are going to do if you get married. He has only his clerkship."

"I know it, Harry," said Winnie, "but we intend to wait a year at least. You will consent to our union, then. Will you not?"

"Yes, Winnie, and I should not withhold my consent now if you wished to be married, for I know of no man more worthy of my precious sister than Walter Adams."

"I am happy to hear you speak so, Harry, for your manner towards Walter has always been so reserved that I did not know whether you liked him or not."

A silence ensued for a few moments, which was broken only by the monotonous ticking of the old clock on the mantel. At length Harry spoke:

"Would you and Walter like to be married now?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Winnie, the rose tint deepening upon her cheeks, while her brother smiled at her earnestness. "Walter said last night," she continued, "that he did not wish to wait a year; but we cannot do otherwise."

"Yes, you can, Winnie. Half of the fortune our father left us is yours. Next Thursday will be Christmas. You can be married then and live here with your husband. What say you to this arrange ment?"

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" murmured Winnie, almost audibly.

After a pause of a few moments, she asked:

"How old are you, Harry—37?"

"Yes, Winnie," was the reply.

"Were you ever in love, Harry," was the next question.

"Yes, Winnie, I loved once. But we will not talk of that now—some time I will tell you all about it."

"Please tell me now," said Winnie, coaxingly.

"Well, I will, since you desire it.

"When I was a young man I loved a woman named Lucy Alcott, and her parents had appointed the day for our marriage She was 20 years of age, a beautiful, accomplished woman, with a kind word and smile for everybody.

"She was the only woman I ever loved, and I think she reciprocated my love; but I am not sure. Once I was absent from home for a week, attending to busines distant city. While I was gone Lucy attended a party with a young man who did not bear a good reputation. On my return I heard of it and immediately called to see her. She greeted me affectionately, as was her wont, but I was angry and upbraided her harshly for her thoughtless conduct.

"'Why did you attend Mrs. Loring's party with Charles Baker?' I asked.

"'Because I wanted to. I did not think there was any harm in it,' she replied.

"'You knew it was against my wishes,' I said sternly.

"'You might have delayed yourbusiness, for you knew I wished to attend that party,' she replied, a little wilfully.

"'My business was of importance, and could not be delayed.'

"'Well, Mr. Cutter, I am not your wife, and I am not bound to obey you,' she said, in a voice of mingled pride and anger.

"'Lucy Alcott, do you mean this?' I asked.

"'I do,' was the reply.

"'Very well, Miss Alcott. Henceforth you are free from all engagements with me,' I said, calmly, and, rising, took up my hat and prepared to depart.

"She accompanied me to the door, and there was a perceptible tremor in her voice when she bade me 'good evening,' and I think she regretted the words she had spoken as bitterly as I did mine; but I was too proud to seek a reconciliation. Now you know, Winnie, why I never married."

"Have you ever seen Lucy Alcott since you parted with her that night?" asked Winnie, after her brother had concluded.

"No, Winnie, I have not; but I have heard she still continues to reside in this city, but in seclusion. Let us drop this subject now. Isn't it most time for your lover to be here?"

"Oh, Harry! I forgot to tell you about Walter's aunt—his mother's sister. He has lived with her since his mother's death, which occurred about ten years ago. Perhaps she will not like to be separated from him."

"She shall not, Winnie. You can tell one of the servants to prepare a chamber for her. How old is she? Do you know?"

"Thirty-five, I believe," replied Winnie; and, with a happy face and a light heart, she left the room, while Harry relapsed into a thoughtful silence.

It was a clear, cold Christmas afternoon. Harry Cutter was seated in his own room, deeply engaged in the contents of a book.

Everything had been arranged for the marriage of his sister, which was to take place in the evening.

The opening of the door of his room roused Harry, and Winnie came in, exclaiming:

"Come down in the library and let me introduce you to Walter's aunt. She has been here nearly three hours, but you have kept yourself aloof, as if you did not desire to see her."

"Well, I do not, to tell the truth, Winnie," replied Harry, reluctantly rising and closing his book.

"I think you will when you know who she is," said Winnie, while she vainly tried to repress the merry light that danced in her blue eyes.

"Winnie!"

The voice was grave, and Harry looked inquiringly at his sister.

"Oh, Harry! it is Lucy Alcott!"

"I cannot see her, Winnie," was the reply.

"You must, Harry! She loves you! Why do you wish to wreck two lives?"

For an hour Winnie reasoned with her brother, and, at last, she persuaded him to seek a reconciliation with Lucy Alcott.

Need I add more? Need I tell the reader there was a double marriage in that mansion that night?

And Harry Cutter often says he is glad his bachelor life is over; while his sister tells him if it had not been for her he would have been a bachelor to this day.

Fads and Fancies.

The favorite reticule is the Marguerite pocket.

Lovely tinted ribbons trim dressy morning camisoles.

The latest shade of blue green takes the name of wave blue.

The neck is dressed as high as ever in spite of the hot weather.

Serviceable articles of wear are the steamer wrappers and hoods, which answer the purpose so admirably.

Real seal and real alligator pocket-bocks, lined with calfskin, are in favor with many ladies.

French cheviot suiting look extremely well, and are being worn more than formerly.

Some exquisite sacques for house wear are made of embroidered muslin in "all-over" designs, with borders to match.

India lawn suits, with solid embroidered front, plaited panels, and French draped back, are exceedingly handsome.

Dresses of white Irish linen are made up with belted blouse waists, and trimmed with dark blue dungaree bands, on which are rows of white linen braid.

China crape shoulder scarfs and small white and tinted shawls, with deep-netted fringes, are the favorite piazza wraps at watering places.

Fashions are so elastic just now that every woman can be in the mode and yet wear nothing unbecoming to her own peculiar style.

Pin head dotted white muslins are revived for young girls' wear. They are worn over colored slips or white ones at pleasure.

The shades most admired in the popular English seaside serges are blue, black, brown, chocolate, and a sort of mahogany—preference, if any, however, being given to blue.

A new thing in hats is the white silk dotted net varieties. They are trimmed with wild flowers and net, and are, of course, very light weight, a commendable quality at this season of the year.

A pretty wrap to throw about the shoulders while on the gallery in the evening is a three-cornered piece of China crepe, embroidered with a light-running vine pattern, and deeply fringed. These come in lovely shades of blue, rose, cream, pale green, poppy red and color.

Black stockings are being somewhat superseded by those which match the color of the costume. A new idea, but not a pretty one, nor deserving of popularity, is of stockings with front and back of different color. Some are shown with the front of black and the back of red; others are blue behind and olive in front.

White, cream-tinted and yellow sashes are most used, though shades of tilleul and lettuce green are still liked for black and white lace dresses. Watered ribbons, with picot-edges, are the general choice of these sashes. The pompadour sashes are a novelty, with bands of satin strewed with small flowers of natural colors alternating with watered-silk stripes.

Lace dresses, made of the forty-inch laces, either black or white, are worn with belted waists of China crape and wide sashes. Sometimes the sashes are of the new Roman moire, which comes in such wide widths that the belted waists can also be made of them and with the lace skirts have a very bright and pretty effect. The broadest sashes worn with these dresses are fourteen inches wide, but those from ten to eleven in width are much more popular.

Sound Sense.

Speaking of the latest railroad horror, a travelling man at a hotel said last evening: "There is one lesson taught by that terrible accident, and that is the wisdom and necessity of compelling the older railroad companies to employ iron and masonry in the construction of culverts as well as bridges and trestles. The use of any other material should not be allowed, except by new companies. In such cases, of course, it would not do to draw the line so close, as there would be but very few new railroads built, but as rapidly as possible, after they get in operation, the wooden structures should be supplanted by iron or steel."

Advice to Young Men.

No man should marry until he has made himself worthy of a good wife and able to maintain her and his children in comfort. And he should choose her as he would choose his destiny, with range of choice from earth to heaven. No man should marry under 24; no girl under 18.—*John Ruskin in "Young Men."*

The shrewdest tramp of the times has just turned up in New York State. A ragged, lame and dirty fellow visited the stores in succession and begged a cake of soap. The purpose was so apparent that he was rarely refused. After putting in a day solid at this he held an auction at night and disposed of his day's plunder, which was large. The result was a neat sum, enough to keep him in luxuries for some time.

CURED BY PRAYER.

Miss Carrie Webb's Own Story of Her Complete Restoration to Health.

Miss Carrie C. Webb, who believes that she experienced the faith cure recently while sojourning in Northport, L.I., has returned to her home, 416 Gold street, Brooklyn, and many friends and neighbors have called to see her and hear her remarkable story. She is 23 years old, of slender form, grey eyes, and dark brown hair. She has been a teacher in the Hanson Place Baptist Church for several years, and her father is a deacon in the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, whose venerable pastor, Rev. Dr. Hutchings, and many members of the congregation are firm believers in the efficacy of prayer in removing disease. Two months ago Miss Webb went to spend the summer at her brother's house at Northport, and her condition, physically and mentally, was such that her friends never expected to see her come back alive. She has, however, returned with her mind bright and clear and her health apparently fully restored. This is Miss Webb's explanation of how the change was brought about:

"I had been in declining health for nearly seven years, suffering constantly from bronchitis and a severe cough. My mind became affected and I had strange and uncontrollable fancies and became morbid and despondent. I was at last attacked with neuralgia and often prayed that I might die, as I became a burden to my family. One day soon after I arrived at Northport, and while I was lying on a lounge in the library at my brother's house, my eye lighted on a book on the faith cure. I read it. That same afternoon my brother asked me if I had ever thought of the faith cure, and I told him of the book incident, adding that I had never thought of it in connection with myself. I said I did not think I had sufficient faith to receive such a blessing. He told me to think over and pray about the matter, and three days afterward I went to him and told him I was ready to be anointed. My brother sent for the Presbyterian minister of the village, and when he arrived we went into the library. The service was very impressive, and I wept all the time it was going on, and when he was pouring oil on my head. I did not feel any better the next day, but rather worse. Just one week after the anointing I awoke in unusual pain, and prayed to God to let me die. Then I suddenly thought it would be better for me to pray for health, and I prayed and cried for three hours. Finally, when I arose and stood erect, I felt a sensation of health and strength I had not known for seven long years. I realized that I was well again, and that my prayers had been answered. Not only had my pains all vanished, but the cloud also disappeared from my mind. The cure was genuine and complete. I have not had a pain or ache since that morning of prolonged prayer."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Monte Carlo Sensation.

I remember that during one of my visits, when the weather was exceptionally hot, a cab horse, after cantering up the hill of Monte Cristo, fell in a fit at the Casino door. It was necessary to kill the horse, and when the carcass had been removed some blood remained on the gravel. A few moments later a French newspaper correspondent came up, and, perceiving the blood, immediately concluded that somebody must have committed suicide. The horror of the imaginative journalist was considerably intensified by the approach of a director of the Casino, who, with the greatest unconcern, walked on the blood-stained sand, and, unmoved, entered the gaming-rooms. A few hours later the press of most of the capitals of Europe re-echoed with the heart-rending story of the young man who, having lost in a few hours at roulette the entire fortune his father had taken a lifetime to accumulate, blew his brains out at the very doors of the Casino. But the directors, unmoved by the ruin they occasioned, actually trod in their victim's blood. Their consciences were so hardened by perpetual crime they had not even the decency to remove the blood with which their boots were bespattered.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

A Cheap Girl.

"How much does your best girl cost you, old fellow?" was plumped at a beardless boy who makes his bread and butter, about $8 a week, in the carpenter trade. After demurring as usual over looking at the sentimental affair in so practical a light, his objections were finally overruled, and he consented to talk. "Me and my girl take in all the museum shows. Ten weeks of museums at 20 cents a week makes $2. All the girls hanker after ice-cream, and I generally put up $2 on ice-cream. I have to get her 10 cents worth of taffy off and on. That comes to 75 cents easy. In summer time we get reckless and go to two big blow-outs any way—most generally picnics. With the car fare that comes to $3. Other evenings we go to the parks and freeze to one of them benches. That don't cost nothing except the car fare. Sixty cents would about settle that, for sometimes we walk, don't you see? When Christmas comes I do the grand, and buy a pair of ear-rings or some other piece of finery, the kind girls like, and never pay less than $2 neither. Let's see, $2, $2, 75 cents, $3, 80 cents, $2 comes to $10.35. My girl says that's good enough for her."—*Buffalo Times.*

"There is, after all, a deplorable lack of romance in this progressive age of ours," said a gentleman in one of our leading jewellery stores. "In days gone by the betrothal ring was considered as a sort of love token, and the maiden who received it wore it and doted upon it because of the spirit in which it was given. Now, however, the girls are very particular, and it is no unusual thing for them to come here with their engagement rings and have settings changed or some other little matter that doesn't just suit them corrected. Now that sort of thing is calculated to knock romance higher than a kite."

A large pie manufacturer in Chicago calculates that Chicago eats 40,000 pies a day. As a person is said rarely to eat more than a quarter of a pie, there must be at least 160,000 people, or one-fourth of Chicago's population, who eat pie every day.

Everybody found smoking on the streets of Saugatuck, Mich., during the dry spell was liable to be arrested under the orders of the village council.

HER MONEY TAKEN.

Mrs. Halverson Charges Matt Pinkerton and Three Lawyers With Having Deliberately Robbed Her.

Mrs. Sofie Halverson secured a *capias* in the Circuit Court yesterday against Matthew W. Pinkerton, the detective, and Frank D. Turner, W. H. Buttner and F. W. Bigger, lawyers, in an action on the case for $1,000 damages.

Mrs. Halverson says that July 21st Ole Halverson, her husband, was arrested on a criminal charge, and was confined in the county jail. He was the owner of $1,000 in city of Chicago bonds, which were deposited in a safety deposit box. On July 23rd he gave the bonds to the plaintiff, and two days later, she claims, the three lawyers and Pinkerton took her to the latter's office, No. 204½ South Clark street, and there kept her for a day. During the species of imprisonment she says she was searched by Mrs. M. W. Pinkerton, and the bonds taken from her by Mrs. Pinkerton by force. Bigger then went before Justice R. H. White and secured a warrant for her arrest, charging her with obtaining the bonds from her husband by false pretences. When the warrant was issued she had been arrested and was in the office of Matthew W. Pinkerton. The complaint brought by Bigger was never brought to a hearing, and Mrs. Halverson was never tried on it, but, after being imprisoned by Matthew W. Pinkerton for a day, she was taken before Justice White and there directed to sign a paper, which she is now informed was a recognizance for her appearance before the justice the day after. She did not appear and the suit was abandoned, but Pinkerton, Bigger, Buttner and Turner converted the bonds into money and divided all but $300, which they turned over to plaintiff in cash and told her to take that or she would get nothing. Buttner and Bigger were arrested by the Sheriff, but Pinkerton and Turner are out of town and were not taken in custody. Judge Tuthill issued the capiases and directed that each of the defendants be held in $1,000 bail.—*Chicago Times.*

A Plucky Correspondent.

Camille Farcy, a newspaper correspondent, accompanied the Frem expedition in Algiers. The commander was a martinet who hated newspapers and newspaper men. He compelled the correspondents to sign a document which made their mission fruitless. Farcy signed it under protest, and announced that he should elude the censorship, if possible, accepting the penalty as a matter of course. A spy was set upon him. In less than a week a letter was intercepted. It contained criticisms on the general. A court-martial was summoned. Farcy made no defence. The verdict was brief:

"Camille Farcy is condemned to be shot at 6 in the morning."

He was taken to Tunis for execution. The train arrived at 5.30. A ball was in progress at the Governor-General's house. He asked Farcy if he could do anything for him before he died.

"Yes," he replied, "I would like to have a waltz before I die."

The Governor introduced him to his daughter. At 6 he bowed to the guests. He was conducted to the guard. He refused to have his eyes bandaged and demanded permission to give the word of command.

"May all journalists do as I have done," said he; "it is their duty," and, folding his arms, he cried:

"Fire!"

A crash of muskets and he was dead.—*Paris Figaro.*

Living Witnesses!

Ask any one who has used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets as to their merits. They will tell you that pimples, blotches and eruptions disappear; that constipation—that breeder of disorders—is relieved; that the appetite is restored; that the whole system is renovated and regulated beyond any conception by these little wonder-workers. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless; being composed of concentrated, active ingredients, they are powerful! Purge and purify the system and disease will be unknown. Of all druggists.

It is said Diogenes slept in a tub. We suppose somebody had to wring him up in the morning.

A Great Legacy

to bequeath to your children is a strong, clean, pure constitution—better than wealth, because it will never prove a curse. You cannot give what you do not possess, but mothers will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a wonderful help—correcting all weaknesses, bringing their system into perfect condition, so that their children, untainted, shall rise up to call them blessed!

There is not a druggist in all this land
But always keeps a stock on hand.

A London gas company which had rendered a bill for $64 was forced to accept $40 on complaint of the consumer to a magistrate that for the preceding quarter he had paid but $39, and in that time had used more gas than during the subsequent quarter.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's Nerviline, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-falling cure for cramps, pain in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists.

It is a little singular that our sport-loving people have not taken advantage of the warm summer to get up a thermometer race.

The highest price that was ever paid for hock was paid the other day by an American firm to Drexel Brothers in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Two hundred bottles of Schloss Johannisberg, the last of 1861 vintage, fetched 105 marks, or $25 per bottle.

Elder Evans, of the Shaker community, at New Lebanon, Columbia County, N.Y., has just celebrated his 85th birthday. For fifty-five years he has abstained from eating fish and flesh.

A Good Investment

is that which yields large returns from a small outlay. Reader, the way is clear! No speculation, no chance, big returns! If you are like most of mankind you have somewhere a weakness—don't feel at all times just as you'd like to—headache to-day, backache to-morrow, down sick next week—all because your blood is out of order. A small outlay and what large returns! You invest in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon pure, fresh blood courses through your veins, and you are another being!

Princess Helen, daughter of the Count and Countess of Paris, has been betrothed to young Dom Pedro, of Brazil. Her future father-in-law is also her uncle.

Victoria, B. C., is lighted by electricity, the works having started up on the 6th.

A man was fined $30 by a Rhode Island justice one day recently for calling a woman "a snake in the grass."

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SIZE OF PELLETS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L, 35 87.

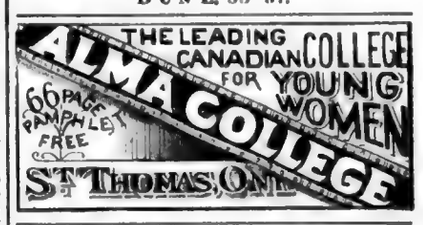

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Get your Lemons at KEEFER'S.

New brick buildings to be erected next season are already being spoken of.

Mr. Wm. Wilson advertises a fine farm for sale or to rent in this issue of THE ADVANCE.

See Mr. Samuel Sheardown's advt. in another column, headed, "Tenders," and govern yourselves accordingly.

Mr. R. C. Mitchell caught a trout in Mill creek on Friday last which weighed three pounds and a half.—*Thornbury Standard.*

Mrs. E. Morris, of lot 8, in the 4th con., Tecumseth, hung herself in her husband's barn on Thursday last. Her husband was looking for her some three hours before she was discovered. No cause can be assigned for the rash act, as they were in very comfortable circumstances.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

As a rule the very rich men are not those who build up a community and create booms. A single business man full of life and snap and enterprise, who is not afraid to talk and talk sense, and knows how to advertise, is worth any dozen of very rich men who usually only take advantake of other people's booming to increase their values.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

At Flesherton Station, on Monday evening, Rev. J. Cashman gave a lecture on "India", in the Orange Hall. The attendance was good considering that the lecture had not been sufficiently published. Having been twice or more to this immense and interesting country, Mr. C. was able to relate many things which his hearers were amused and instructed by.

In the interests of humanity—fallen though it may be—we rise to kindly advise those of our town youths who have been in the habit of "goin' to hook apples," etc., from gardens and orchards, and who still intend carrying on their depredations in this line, to provide themselves with bullet proof suits, otherwise they need not be surprised to find themselves suddenly filled with small shot or salt on one of their trips. —*Meaford Mirror.*

THE KINDERGARTEN & PRIMARY DRAWING COURSE.—Parts I and II. Authorized for use in the Public Schools. Each part 10c. For sale by all booksellers. Toronto: SELBY & Co., Publishers.

The wants of the age have long demanded such a series of drawing-books for the very young children, such as the Kindergarten and Primary Drawing Course recently authorized for use in the public schools by the Minister of Education.

One great feature of this series is that it requires no previous knowledge of drawing by the teacher before begining teaching. This will enable it to be introduced into schools where drawing has not hitherto been taught. The very simplicity of the series is its best recommendation, it is founded on the Frobelian plan, and has much of the idea and spirit of the Kindergarten, and one wonders at the multiplicity and simplicity of the Designs, and they cannot fail to be appreciated by parents, teachers and pupils. Their use is authorized from the infant class to the junior second.

When used according to directions, Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to eradicate, from the system, Fever and Ague, Intermittent, Remittent, and Bilious Fevers, and all malarial diseases. Try it.

Pa Stood no Show After This.

"Freddie, I hope when you grow up to be a man you will be a worker. No matter how much money a man has he ought to know how to work," said a rich aunt to her nephew the other day.

"I realize that, aunt," replied the old little fellow, "for I heard pa say the other day that if he hadn't worked that one thousand dollars out of you this spring he couldn't have fixed the house over."

And he never realized what a gold mine he had closed for his pa.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

FLESHERTON SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Resolve to Retain their Charter and Continue on in the Good Work.

EXTRACTS FROM GRAND SCRIBE'S LETTER.

For some time past it has been felt that the work—so well and ably performed by Flesherton Division of Sons of Temperance in the past—was being amply covered by sister organizations. With a view of considering the question, and arousing apathetic members to a sense of the duty devolving upon them—and also to take up some decisive line of action, in the matter of retaining or surrendering the charter—the following was published in THE ADVANCE of the week before last :—

"A special meeting of all members of the Sons of Temperance, Flesherton, will be held on Wednesday evening next the 24th inst., when the following motion will be considered and voted on. That whereas this district does not offer scope for two similar Temperance societies, and whereas the work for which the Flesherton Division was originally organized is now being so efficiently done by our sister society, the Royal Templars of Temperance, we therefore resolve to suspend all meetings for the present except such as are necessary to retain the charter and secure all privileges to insured members. Full attendance particularly requested."

Accordingly, on the evening of the 24th ult., a number of the members assembled and discussed the question pro and con. A lengthy and interesting letter from Mr. W. H. Bewell, Grand Scribe, was read; also one from a Markdale member, urging the members not to surrender the charter. After considerable discussion, it was at length unanimously decided (1) to retain the charter, (2) to hold regular business and Open Divisions the first Wednesday in each month hereafter, and (3) to push forward the good work in every legitimate manner in the interval. It is intended to make these monthly metings of a specially interesting and instructive character. The private business of the Order will be transacted between 7:30 and 8 o'clock p.m. sharp every meeting night. At 8 o'clock the doors of the Division room will be thrown open to the public, when a choice and varied program lasting from one hour to an hour and a half—will be gone through with. By this means a new line of action will be inaugurated in which the public will be cordially taken into "partnership" in the great work of Temperance Reform, and a better system for effective *outside* work commenced.

In this connection, we make the following extracts from the Grand Scribe's highly interesting letter :—

"Flesherton Division is not new to me. During the years 1873-4-5-6, I frequently met members of your Division. I was then a resident of Feversham and interested in the work of the order and the cause in your County. I remember the noble work done by your division during the Dunkin Act contest in Artemesia and Grey County. I remember the help that your Division gave us in Osprey, where we gained such a splendid victory, giving inspiration to the Temperance people in Grey, resulting in the first overwhelming majority in a County, after which the fire spread over the Province, and the Government gave us the Scott Act. I remember what Flesherton Division has done for the order and for the cause of Temperance in Canada. .....It is one of the best societies that has ever graced the Province—best in members, best in labors, best in results. Wherever my lot has been cast, it has been my pleasure to speak in terms of praise of your Division. I do not speak flattery, but I assure you that where I am known personally, Flesherton Division has been heard of and with favor.....Your ex-members are widely scattered and hundreds have known your members or your work..... A great battle is yet to be fought and the services of your Division will be needed .....Do not think of surrendering your charter for one moment. For your own sake; for the sake of the work yet to be done in your County; for the sake of the order; for the sake of the influence you have and do exert beyond the limits of your village; for the sake of scores throughout Canada who look to Flesherton Division as their starting point in life's success; for the sake of the many loyal members you now have, who will stand by the Division..... Hold meetings less frequently if you deem it wise, but never, never surrender the charter you have so long, so worthily and so proudly graced and honored."

A Different State of Affairs.

"Catherine, what makes you sit so near Alexander whenever he calls? I hope you will not forget the proprieties."

"Oh, but ma, poor Alec is so dreadfully deaf, as you know."

"Yes, dear, and, as I know, your father was troubled with the same complaint before we were married, but now I can't go through his trousers pockets of a morning without waking him up."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To RENT or for SALE.

BEING North half of Lot 31, Con. 10, Township of Artemesia, 63 acres, 50 of which is cleared and in good state of cultivation. Good barn, house, and pump at the door. For fuller particulars apply to WM. WILSON,
323—1m. on the premises.

FARM for SALE

CONTAINING 50 acres, being Lot 170 in the 1st Con. South West of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia; 45 acres well cleared; about ¾ of an acre of good Orchard; splendid well; good log house 18x24, also log barn; near the thriving village of Flesherton. Reasonable terms. For full particulars, apply to THOMAS O'MELLIA,
[323-6] Collingwood P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE or to RENT.

LOT 32, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Situated about half way between Flesherton and Maxwell on the Collingwood road. Good well, good spring at rear of lot; barn, stable and other accommodations. For full particulars and terms, apply to JAMES KESTER,
Aug. 25th, 1887.—1 m. Flesherton.

Notice to Contractors!

SAULT SAINTE MARIE CANAL.

CONTRACTORS intending to tender for works of construction of the Canal proposed to be formed on the Canadian side of the Saint Mary's River, are hereby informed that Tenders will be received about JANUARY next, and that the most favourable time to examine the locality will be between the present time and the early part of November next.

When plans, specifications and other documents are prepared due notice will be given, Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them and be furnished with blank forms of tender, etc.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 24th August, 1887. 36-3t

Tenders

WILL be received up to the 17th Day of September, for the repairing of Church and Shed at Mount Zion. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Specifications of work to be seen at the house of

SAMUEL SHEARDOWN.

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con 11, Artemesia, about one month ago, a yearling Steer Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

DAVID JOHNSTON.

August 24th, 1887.

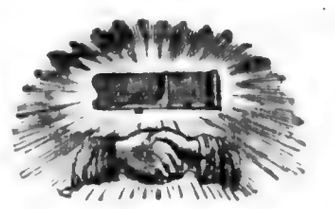

Publisher's Announcement:

In the matter of

FINE JOB

Printing!

It is generally conceded that the

Flesherton Advance

TAKES THE

BISCUIT!

EVERY TIME!

Posters! Posters!

From an Eighth Sheet to a mammoth Three-Sheeter—plain or in colors—at prices that will arrest your attention and surprise you.

Auction Sale Bills

WHILE YOU WAIT.

DRUGGISTS' LABELS

As cheap and as good as can be obtained in the city.

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
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J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 324. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Everybody

Wait.

Don't buy any Watches, Clocks, or Plateware from me or any other Jeweller till you see my Lines and Prices at the

Flesherton Fall Fair!

I intend making, without exception the FINEST DISPLAY ever shown at that Fair, and will clear some

Staple Lines

—at—

"YOUR OWN" PRICES."

Be Prepared to Buy.

FOR 5 YEARS

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Mr. Ed. Abercrombie, of Euphrasia, and Mr. Marshall, jr., of Griersville, gave us a pleasant call on Saturday last.

Mr. J. W. Ford, one of the Markdale millers, has been obliged to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Fine stock of stationery just received at THE ADVANCE office. Now is the time to get your Billheads, Statements, Circulars, Business Cards, Envelopes, Letter Heads, posters, &c. printed in the best styles of the art.

Auction sale of farm stock and implements at Lot 34, Con. 9, Artemesia, on Friday (to-morrow) Sept. 9th, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. 16 months credit on all sums over $5. David Jamison, proprietor; John Speers, auctioneer. See bills.

We learn that Mr. Henry Hunt, storekeeper of Balaclava, who was arrested in connection with the silk handkerchiefs stolen from Ogilvy, Anderson & Co., of Toronto, was honorably discharged on Friday last, the prosecution failing to identify the handkerchiefs.—*Owen Sound Times*

A would-be-poet writes us a lot of the most wretched doggerel, describing a marriage which took place in Priceville a short time ago. We earnestly and sincerely advise the young man to break stones or pound sand for a living, sooner than let his mind run into what he calls poetry. For heaven,s sake, unhappy youth, if you cannot furnish the newspaper's with anything better than the execrable trash you mailed to THE ADVANCE office, drop it as quickly as you would the hot end of a poker. You are a good writer of prose, but a poet—*never!*

Mr. Wm. Parks died on the 25th inst. at his residence on the 6th concession of this township near Ravenna at the age of 72 years, 9 months and 10 days. Deceased came from England about 42 years ago and settled in the township of Vaughan, and many years ago settled in Euphrasia near the farm of Mr. Wm. Fawcett, Deputy Reeve of that Township. He some years ago settled on the 6th of this Township. He is wide and popularly known as one of our oldest and best settlers. His end was peace.—*Thornbury Standard.*

Mr. John O'Brien, of this township, brought a load of hogs to the railway station on Wednesday last. While passing through Flesherton it occurred to him to have the load weighed on Mr. Munshaw's scales, which was accordingly done. At the Station the load was again weighed with the following result: Gross weight, 2500 lbs.; weight of waggon, 1200 lbs.; net weight, 1300 lbs. The hogs were paid for according to this latter weight at the rate of $4.75 per cwt. When he returned to Flesherton Mr. O'Brien had the waggon weighed, which showed the following results: Gross weight, 2570 lbs.; weight of waggon, 1200 lbs.; net weight, 1370 lbs.—a difference of no less than *seventy* pounds in the gross and net weight of the respective scales! The waggon weighed exactly the same on both scales, but there was a difference of 70 lbs. in the gross and net weights, which shows that somebody has blundered—yes, and very seriously at that. This matter should be thoroughly investigated. At present—to put it in the mildest possible form—either Mr. O'Brien is out of pocket $3.32 on his load, or the scales here are "out of kilter"—in reference to which, however, Mr. Munshaw challenges investigation. THE ADVANCE deems it necessary and proper to make the public acquainted with these facts. We hope by next week to give other particulars, which we withold for the present, pending certain private investigations now being made.

Rev. Mr. Goforth, missionary elect to China, delivered an entertaining and instructive lecture in the Presbyterian church here, last Wednesday evening, to a large and appreciative audience. On the platform were Rev. A. Wilson, pastor, and Rev. T. Watson, Baptist minister. The Chinese and other statistics relating to heathen lands were presented in a clear, lucid and highly edifying manner by the lecturer, who appeared to have all the facts and figures in connection with his subject at "his fingers ends." His plain and simple talk with the children was a charming feature and created an excellent impression. The necessity for self-sacrifice on the part of Christians was alluded to in an earnest manner.

Burglars in Flesherton.

The Post Office Safe Blown Open With Dynamite.

About two o'clock on Monday morning many of our citizens were awakened by a loud explosion. Some paid little attention to it and dropped off into the arms of Morpheus again. Others got up and set about to ascertain the cause. It was soon discovered that professional burglars had been making their *debut* in Flesherton, the store of Mr. R. J. Sproule having been entered, the door of the Post-office safe blown into atoms, and some money and several registered letters stolen. The alarm passed from mouth to mouth and soon the whole town was wide awake with curiosity and excitement. Horses were harnessed and hitched to vehicles in hot haste and soon parties were scouring the roads in all directions, while the moon shone forth in all the soft brilliancy of a glorious autumn night. Some in the direction of Maxwell, some Dundalk-wards, and some in the direction of Durham, from and to which latter quarter, it was soon learned, the knights of the jimmy and drill had come—and gone!

As this was the first burglary recorded in the history of Flesherton, it may be readily presumed that the excitement was intense. And so it was. All morning the post-office and store were thronged with an idle, eager, curious throng—viewing the wrecked safe and propounding various possible and impossible theories in connection therewith.

The safe stood near the North-Eastern angle of the store. There were two burglars, one of whom stood on the corner of Collingwood and Sydenham streets, revolver in hand, on the outlook for "intruders," while the other "worked the safe." The latter drilled a small hole into the door near the keyhole and, from the absence of the smell of powder, we should judge that dynamite was inserted into the aperture. The safe is an old-fashioned one and presented no serious obstacle to the midnight workmen. The dynamite, or whatever explosive was used, tore the heavy iron door from its hinges and hurled it across the room—some fifteen or twenty feet—with terrific force against the wall, bending the door as though it were paper and smashing the heavy inner lining into a thousand atoms. A barrel of vinegar which had evidently been used to deaden the sound, was blown over and the contents emptied out on the floor. Strangely enough nothing but the door of the safe was injured. The burglars then abstracted and made away with about $60 in cash, and several registered letters—two of the latter having been dropped, in the hurry, near Heard's factory, and restored by the finder. One registered letter addressed to Squire Armstrong was opened but as there 'was nothing of value to them found inside they left it.

INCIDENTS.

We understand that our esteemed citizen, Mr. Robt. Trimble, made a gallant attempt to circumvent the bold burglars on Monday morning. We are credibly informed that Mr. Trimble moved forward to the attack with that caution said to be a characteristic of skilful generalship—now dodging behind the angle of a building, now peering around the safest corner of an empty barrel, and occasionally standing forth unsheltered, with a ready-cocked revolver firmly grasped in his right hand. It was prudent in Mr. Trimble to fall back on his base of operations when the explosion took place, and he did so accordingly. Many of us would have done the same thing ourselves!

Detective VanDusen, Deputy-Sheriff Moore, and Mr. W. H. Johnston followed the burglars as far as Varney and then took the road leading to Mt. Forest. It is thought they took the wrong road and that the burglars had gone to Eaton.

The burglars broke into Milburn's blacksmith shop and got some tools with which to aid them in "cracking" the safe. They forgot to return the tools, which were found on a shelf near the scene of their villainous exploit.

The identity of the burglars has been pretty well established and strong hopes are entertained that they will be eventually captured and sent to a free boarding house, where they may crack their precious skulls against the stone walls if they choose: society would be the gainer thereby.

The money taken by the burglars belonged to Mr. R. J. Sproule. There was over $100 worth of postage stamps in the safe at the time which the cracksmen failed to gobble.

The finest Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, at lowest prices are to be found at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

A STITCH IN TIME.—When first attacked with a cold in the head, droppings from the nasal passages into the throat, pain in the head, or any of the symptoms or forerunners of catarrh, a 50 cent package of Nasal Balm will cure you.

What They are Saying.

By our Junior Reporter.

"I would give five years wages, to have had one shot at those burglars."—T. H.

"If I was after them, I would shoot them down like dogs."—Dan. Mc.—

"I wanted, you know, I wanted to capture them without arousing their suspicion, without arousing their suspicion, you know."—R. T.

"If Mr. T. had aroused me when he saw them, I could have stopped them, or watched which way they went."—J. K.

"There is more gas than anything else among the people."—W. P.

"If I'd have been near there, I would have gone right up and arrested them."—J. W. B.

See Russell's display of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., at Flesherton Fall Fair. It will undoubtedly be the finest part of the show.

Just received a large assortment of Fruit at Keefer's Flour and Feed Store.

The Quarterly Meeting of the District Council, R. T. of T. for Grey, was held in the village of Maxwell, on Tuesday the 6th inst., a large representation being present. The question of submitting the Scott Act in Grey was discussed and a large representative Committee was struck to co-operate with other organizations with the view of carrying out the desired object. A successful entertainment was held in the evening in the Methodist Church to a large and appreciative audience, which consisted of spirited addresses by Grand Councillor Steele, the Revds. Messrs Ferrier, D'Argent, Robt. Gordon, and Dist. Councillor Gordon. Vocal Music by Bro. Steele, of Guelph, Miss Burgess, Listowel, Miss Mills, Harriston, the Flesherton Glee Club and others. The meetings were decidedly successful.

Russell, Flesherton, leaves for the city in a few days to complete his purchases for fall and winter. Look out for the Noted Jewelry Store announcement next week.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED

JEWELRY

STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold-filled, silver and silver-ore cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs. at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

☞*Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of* **486** *watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and (We) did not add the watch sales and clock repairs and call them watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which needed any amount of repairing and the people are becoming wise to the fact now that for thoroughly good Watches, Clocks, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Not'd Jewelry Store, Flesherton.*

She Plainly Objected.

A West Side youth has a red-headed sweetheart, and in poetical parlance he addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain." But "Sweet Auburn" got mad about it, and declared that she wouldn't be classed among the "plain," even though accorded the enviable distinction of being designated the "loveliest" of their number.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Try it.

—FARMERS!—

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., ROLLCARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 19th, 1887.

How to Write a Love Story.

Now bring me a maid that is plump and dark,
And bring me a maid that is tall and fair;
One must be gay as a meadow lark,
One with a grave and queenly air,
And a sort of a high-toned stately stare;
A man, old, rich, and a perfect fright;
A man that is young and debonair;
And lo! the story that I will write.

Bring me a summery, moonlit park,
Bring me a house in a handsome square;
One in the country, a kind of ark
Of refuge for lovers; some had despair,
Duty, temptation and grief and care,
To take the edge off love's delight;
A few odd people from here and there,
And lo! the story that I will write.

Bring me a trip in the treacherous barque,
A wreck in the midseas anywhere;
Bring me a duel—heaven save the mark!
A reunited and happy pair.
A gown from Worth's for the bride to wear,
And bring me a fate as dark as night,
For all of the bold, bad ones to share;
And lo! the story that I will write.

ENVOY.

Bring ink and pen to my easy chair,
Of paper a ream all fair and white,
A publisher all ready to do and dare,
And lo! the story that I will write.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"I cannot tell you; you should not tease me so, Fay. I think you might have a little faith in your husband."

"Very well, dear, I will not ask," she replied, gently; but the tears sprang to her eyes in the darkness. She would not think him hard if she could help it; of course she was young—ah, terribly young—and Hugh was so much older and wiser. The "Polite Match-Maker" had told her that husbands and wives were to have no secrets from each other; but she supposed that when the wife was so much younger it made difference—perhaps when she got older, and knew more about things, Hugh would tell her more. She longed to grow older—it would be years before she would be twenty; why? she was only seventeen last month.

Hugh thought his Wee Wifie was tired, and tried to coax her to go to sleep; he brought her another cushion, and attended to the fire, and then went away to leave her to her nap. Fay would rather have had him stay and talk to her, but she was too unselfish to say so; she lay in her pretty room watching the fire-light play on the walls, and thinking first of her husband and then of Margaret. She longed with a vague wistfulness that she were more like that lovely Miss Ferrers, and then, perhaps, Hugh would care to talk to her. Were the creeping shadows bringing her strange thoughts? Fay could not have told any one why there were tears on her cheeks; was the consciousness beginning to dawn upon her that she was not close enough to her husband's heart?—that she was his pet, but not his friend—that other wives whom she knew were not kept outside in the cold?

"I am not too young to understand, if Hugh would only think so," she said to herself plaintively. "How could I be, when I love him so?"

When Sir Hugh returned to the room an hour later, he was sorry to see Fay look so flushed and weary. "We shall have you ill after all this," he said, reproachfully; "why have you not been a good child and gone to sleep as I told you?"

"Because I was troubling too much. Oh, Hugh!" clasping him round the neck, and her little hands felt hot and dry, "are you sure that you are not angry with me, and that you really love me?"

"Of course I am not angry with you," in a jesting tone. "What an absurd idea, Wee Wifie."

"I like you to call me that," she answered, thoughtfully, drawing down one of his hands and laying her cheek on it; and Hugh thought as Margaret had, what a baby face it was. "I mean to grow older, Hugh, and wiser too if I can; but you must be patient with me, dear. I know I cannot be all you want just at present—I am only Wee Wifie now."

"Well, I do not wish to change her," replied Sir Hugh, with a touch of real tenderness in his voice, and then very gently he unloosed the clinging arms. Somehow Fay's voice and look haunted him as he went downstairs. "She is a dear little thing," he said to himself as he sat in his library sorting his papers; "I wish I were a better husband to her;" and then he wondered what Margaret had thought of his Wee Wifie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ERLE'S VISIT TO THE GRANGE.

He gazed—he saw—he knew the face
Of beauty and the form of grace.
Byron.

Fay was not very well the next day, and Sir Hugh insisted on sending for Dr. Martin; Fay was much surprised when the kind old doctor lectured her quite seriously on her imprudence; and put a veto on any more skating and riding for the present. The sprained ankle was a trifle, but all the same he told her grimly she must consider herself a prisoner for a few days—a very hard sentence to Fay, whose nimble little feet had never been still for long, and who had certainly never known a day's illness in her healthy young life; but, with her usual docility, she promised obedience. Sir Hugh was unusually busy just then. Some vexatious law-suit in which the Redmonds had been involved for a year or two, and in which both Sir Wilfred and his son had taken great interest, was just drawing to a conclusion, and he was obliged to go up to town for a few hours almost daily, and but for Erle's society Fay would have been sadly moped; but with his usual good humor, Erle gave up his out-of-door pursuits to devote himself to her amusement.

He was always contriving odd surprises for her; the mystified servants often heard Fay's merry laugh ringing like a peal of silvery bells, and thought that there could be very little the matter with their young mistress; sometimes these sounds were supplemented by others that were still more extraordinary.

One day Erle brought up the stable puppies—three black-faced, snubnosed, roundabout creatures, in whom Fay had taken a kindly interest since the hour of their birth—and to her intense delight deposited them on her lap, where they tumbled and rolled over each other with their paws in the air, protesting in puppy fashion against this invasion of their liberties.

Another time there was an extraordinary clucking to be heard outside the door, and the next moment Erle entered with a hen under each arm, and very red in the face from suppressed laughter.

"I thought you would be pining after your favorites Speckles and Tufty," he observed, with a chuckle; "so, as you could not visit the poultry-yard, my Fairy Queen, I have brought dame Partlet and her sister to visit you," and he deposited the much injured fowls on the rug.

It was unfortunate that Sir Hugh should have come in that moment; his disgusted look as he opened the door nearly sent Fay into hysterics; Speckles was clucking wildly under the sofa—Tufty taking excited flights across the room.

"How can you be so ridiculous," observed Sir Hugh, with a frown; "Fay, do you think Dr. Martin would approve of all this excitement;" but even he was obliged to check a smile at Erle's agonizing attempts to catch Speckles.

Fay began to wonder what he would do next; Erle gravely assured her that if he could have induced Bonnie Bess to walk upstairs, which she would not do under any pretence, preferring to waltz on her hind legs in the hall, he would have regaled her with a sight of her favorite; but after the baby from the lodge, a half-frozen hedgehog, some white rats kept by the stable boy, and old Tom the veteran cat with half a tail, had all been decoyed into the boudoir, Erle found himself at the end of his resources.

But he used to go down to the Vicarge with a very long face, and the result was that every afternoon there were fresh girlish faces gathering round Fay's couch. Dora Spooner would come with one of her sisters or a Romney girl to help Erle amuse the invalid.

There were delightful little tea-parties every afternoon. Janet, who waited on them, thought her mistress never seemed happier. Fay was treated as though she were a little queen; Dora, and Agnes Romney vied with each other in attentions; perhaps Erle's pleasant face and bright voice were powerful inducements in their way; the girls never seemed to think it a trouble to plough their way through the snowy lanes—they came in with glowing faces to narrate their little experiences.

"Yes, it is very uncomfortable walking; but we could not leave you alone, Lady Redmond. Mr. Huntingdon begged us so hard to come," Dora would say, and the hazel eyes looked at Erle rather mischievously.

Erle was up to his old tricks again. Fay used to take him to task when their visitors had gone.

"You are too fond of young ladies," she would say to him severely. "You will make poor Dora think you are in love with her if you pay her so much attention. Those are your London manners, I suppose, when you are with that young person who has the go in her, or with the other one with the pretty smile, of whom you say so little and think so much."

"Come, now; I do call that hard on a fellow," returned Erle, in an injured voice.

"You see I take an interest in you, my poor boy," continued Fay, with quite a matronly air. "I cannot allow you to make yourself so captivating to our country girls. What will Dora think if you go down to the Vicarage every morning with that plausible little story that no one believes? I am not dull one bit. I am laughing from morning to night, and Mrs Heron comes up and scolds me. No; Dora will believe that you admire hazel eyes and long lashes. Poor girl, she knows nothing about that young person with the go in her."

"Oh, do shut up, Fay," interrupted Erle quite crossly at this. "Why do you always speak of Miss Selby in this absurd fashion? she is worth a dozen Dora Spooners. Why, the girls who were here this afternoon could not hold a candle to her."

"Oh, indeed!" was Fay's response to this, as she lay and looked at Erle with aggravating calmness.

"Why do you want to make out that girls are such duffers?" he went on in a still more ruffled tone, as though her shrewdness had hit very near the truth; "they have too much sense to think a fellow is in love with them because he has a little fun with them; you married women are so censorious," he finished, walking off in a huff; but the next moment he came back with a droll look on his face.

"Mrs. Spooner wants me to dine there to-morrow; there is to be a little dance; some of the Gowers are coming. Do you think you can spare me, Fay?"

"Oh, go away! you are all alike!" returned Fay, impatiently; "you have only to blame yourself if Mr. Spooner asks your intentions. I do not think Mr. Huntingdon would approve of Dora one bit; she is not very handsome, she will not hold a candle to you know whom, and she has no money—a vicar with a large family cannot afford dowries to his daughter." But, as Erle had very rudely marched out of the room, she finished this little bit of worldly wisdom to empty walls.

Erle had been over to the Grange. He had mooted the question one evening when he and Sir Hugh were keeping Fay company; and, to Fay's great surprise, her husband had made no objection. "I suppose it would be right for you to call and thank them, Erle," he had said, as though he were prepared for the suggestion; "and perhaps, Fay,"—hesitating slightly,—"it might be as well for you to write a little note and say something civil after all their attention." And Fay thanked him for the permission with a radiant face, as though he had done her a personal favor, and the next day wrote the prettiest and most grateful little note, which Erle promised to deliver.

"You will be sure to keep the girls until I get back," had been his parting request when he came to fetch the dogs.

It was not exactly the sort of afternoon that Erle would have selected for a country walk—a thaw had set in, and the lanes were perfect quagmires of half-melted snow and slush, in which the dogs paddled and splashed their way with a perfect indifference to the state of their glossy coats; any amount of slush being better than enforced inaction.

"I shall have to leave you outside, my fine fellows," observed Erle, as Nero took a header into a heap of dirty-looking snow, in which he rolled delightedly. "I am afraid I shall hardly be presentable myself; but these are the joys of country life, I suppose."

But he was not at all sorry when he found himself at the Grange, and a pleasant-looking, grey-haired woman had ushered him into a room where Mr. Ferrers and his sister were sitting. It was a far larger room than the one where Fay had had her foot doctored that day, and was evidently Mr. Ferrers' peculiar sanctum—two of the walls were lined from the floor to the ceiling with well-filled bookshelves, an ordinary writing-table occupied the centre of the room; instead of the bay-window, a glass door afforded egress to the garden, and side windows on either side of the fireplace commanded a view of the yew-tree walk; a Scotch deer-hound was stretched on the rug in front of the blazing fire, and two pet canaries were fluttering about a stand of ferns.

Miss Ferrers had evidently been writing from her brother's dictation, for several letters were lying ready for the post. As Erle had crossed the hall he had distinctly heard the sound of her clear, musical voice, as she read aloud; but the book was already laid aside, and she had risen to welcome him.

Erle fancied she looked paler than on the previous occasion, and he wondered what Mr. Ferrers would have said if he had seen those dark lines under her eyes; perhaps she never told him when she was tired—women liked to be martyrs sometimes.

He was received very cordially; and Miss Ferrers seemed rather touched at the contents of her little note.

"It was good of Lady Redmond to write," she said to Erle with a smile; "but she makes far too much of my little services."

"Oh, that is just her way," returned Erle, candidly. "She is such a grateful little soul. Most people take all one's attentions as a matter of course; but Fay is not like that."

"Oh, no, she is very sweet," observed Margaret, thoughtfully; somehow she had yearned to see that pretty, bright face again.

"She is the finest ltttle creature that ever lived," returned Erle with boyish enthusiasm; "it is wonderful how little she thinks about herself. And she is about the prettiest girl one can see anywhere; and she is clever, too, though you would not believe it to hear her; for she always wants to make out that she can do nothing."

Mr. Ferrers smiled at this. "Lady Redmond did seem bent on proving that fact to us."

"Of course, did I not tell you so? but don't you believe her, Mr. Ferrers. Why, even Hugh, critical as he is, owns Fay is the best horsewoman in these parts. I should like to see her and Bonnie Bess in the Row; she would make a sensatien there. And it is quite a treat to see her drive her ponies; she knows how to handle a horse's mouth. Why, those tiny hands of her could hold in a couple of thoroughbreds. Oh, she is a good sort; the Spooner girls swear by her."

Miss Ferrers looked kindly at the young man; she liked to hear him vaunting his cousin's excellencies after this unsophisticated fashion. She had taken rather a fancy to this boyish, outspoken young fellow; and her brother shared this liking. She was about to put a question to him, when he suddenly started up with an exclamation, and the next moment he had crossed the room and was standing before a picture, with a very puzzled expression on his face. It was the portrait of a girl, and evidently painted by a good artist. Of course it was she, Erle told himself after another quick look; in spite of the smiling mouth, he could not mistake her. There was the small, finely-shaped head, set so beautifully on the long neck; the coils of black hair; the dark, dreamy eyes, which always seemed to hold a shadow in them.

"I beg your pardon; but I had no idea you knew Miss Davenport," he said at last, looking at Margaret as he spoke. But it was Mr. Ferrers who answered.

"Davenport? We know no one of the name, do we, Margaret? What does Mr. Huntingdon mean? Is it some picture?"

"Yes, dear, Crystal's picture. Mr. Huntingdon seems to recognize it."

"Crystal? why, that is her name too. I have heard Miss Trafford use it a dozen times. As though there could be two faces like that"—pointing to the canvas. "She looks younger, yes, and happier, in the picture; but then, of course, one has never seen her smiling like that. But it is Miss Davenport—ay, and to the life too."

"You must be mistaken," observed Mr. Ferrers in a voice so agitated that Erle regarded him with astonishment. He was strangely pale, and the hand that was grasping the chair back was visibly trembling. "That is the portrait of our young cousin Crystal Ferrers."

"Yes, our adopted child," added Miss Ferrers, "who left our home nearly eighteen months ago."

Erle looked more puzzled than ever. "I cannot understand it," he said, in a most perplexed voice. "If she be your cousin Crystal Ferrers, why does she call herself Crystal Davenport? There can be no question of identity; that is the face of the Miss Davenport I know—the young governess who lives with the Traffords; that is the very ring she wears, too"—with another quick glance at the hand that was holding a sheaf of white lilies. But here Mr. Ferrers interrupted him.

"Will you describe that ring, Mr. Huntingdon?"

"Willingly—it is of Indian workmanship, I fancy, and has a curiously wrought gold setting, with an emerald very deeply sunk into the centre."

"Yes, yes; it must be she," murmured Raby, and then for the moment he seemed able to say no more; only Margaret watched him, with tears in her eyes.

Erle's interest and curiosity were strongly excited. There must be some strange mystery at the bottom of this, he thought. He had always been sure that Miss Davenport had some history. She was wonderfully handsome; but with all his predilection for pretty faces he had never quite taken to her; he had regarded her with involuntary distrust.

He looked at Mr. Ferrers as he stood evidently absorded in thought. What a grand-looking man he was, he said to himself, if he would only hold his head up, and push back the mass of dull brown hair that lay so heavily on his forehead.

There was something sad in that spectacle of sightless strength; and to those who first saw him, Raby Ferrers always seemed like some patient giant oppressed and bowed down, both physically and mentally, but grand in a certain sublime resignation that endured because he was too proud to complain.

"It must be so," he observed at last. "Margaret, I see light at last. Mr. Huntingdon," turning to his guest—"I have been very rude, very uncourteous, but your words have given me a shock; you have touched accidentally on a deep trouble. Now, will you be good and kind enough to sit down and tell me all you can about Miss Davenport, as you call her."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Ferrers." And, with very few interruptions from either the brother or sister, Erle gave a full and graphic description of Crystal's present home and surroundings—all the more willingly that his listeners seemed to hang breathlessly on his words.

He described eloquently that shabby room over Mrs. Watkins', that was yet so pleasant and homelike; the mother with her worn, beautiful face, who moved like a duchess about her poor rooms, and was only the head teacher in a girls' school. He dismissed the subject of the gentle, fair-haired Fern in a few forcible words; but he spoke of little Florence, and then of Percy, and of the curious way in which all their lives were involved.

Only once Mr. Ferrers stopped him. "And Miss Davenport teaches, you say?"

"Yes, both she and Miss Trafford have morning engagements. I think Miss Martingale, where Mrs. Trafford is, has recommended both the young ladies. There are not many gentle-people living there; the Elysian Fields and Beulah Place are not exactly aristocratic neighborhoods. But Miss Trafford goes to the Vicarage; there are young children there; and by good luck the senior curate, Mr. Norton, wanted some help with his two little boys. Miss Davenport is a Latin scholar, and they took her on the Traffords' recommendation."

"And only her mornings are occupied? Excuse these seemingly trifling questions, Mr. Huntingdon"—with a sad smile—"but you are speaking of one who is very dear to us both."

"I will tell you all I know," returned Erle, in his kind-hearted way; "but I am only a visitor at Mrs. Trafford's. I think, at least I am sure, that they do a good deal of needlework in their spare time—embroidery for shops; they are very poor, you see. There is always work about; sometimes they are making their gowns. They are never ashamed of anything they do, they are such thorough gentlewomen. I do not think you could find a prouder woman than Mrs. Trafford anywhere, and yet she is frank and generous to a fault."

"They must be charming people," observed Margaret, thoughtfully. "Crystal has told us all this in her letters, Raby. Mr. Huntingdon's account most fully endorses hers."

"Yes," he returned, quietly, "she is in good hands; our prayers have been answered, Maggie. But now, dear, if we have heard all that Mr. Huntingdon can tell us about our poor child, will you leave me with him a little, for I want to take him into our confidence; when he knows all, he may be willing to help us." And Margaret rose without a word; but her beautiful eyes rested on Erle a moment, wistfully, as though to beg him to be patient.

And then, as the twilight crept over the room; while the girls were laughing and chatting round Fay's couch, and wondering—Dora especially—what could have happened to detain Mr. Huntingdon so late; and while the blazing pine knots threw a ruddy glow over Raby's pale face, Erle sat listening to one of the saddest stories he had ever heard.

And when it was finished they had a long talk together, and Erle told Raby about Percy's hopeless passion, and of the impatience and loathing with which Crystal seemed to turn from her handsome young lover.

"He makes his way with other girls, but not with her," went on Erle; "and yet he is clever and fascinating, and will be rich, too, some day. It seems strange, does it not, Mr. Ferrers?"

"Not to me," returned Raby, quietly; but there was a smile on his face as he spoke. "Crystal will never care for your friend, Mr. Huntingdon; it is no use his persecuting her with his attentions."

"If I could only get Percy to believe it; but he seems absolutely crazy on that point. Miss Davenport—Miss Ferrers, I mean—is not quite the style I admire; but she is superbly handsome, one must own that."

"Yes," replied Raby, with a sigh; "I always said her face would do for Vashti's. She has Italian blood in her veins; her mother was a Florentine. Oh, here comes Margaret," as the door opened and she reappeared. "Maggie, what do you think? Mr. Huntingdon has invited me to Belgrave House."

"My uncle is very hospitable, Miss Ferrers," observed Erle, with a smile at her surprise; "Percy and I can always ask our friends. He is old, and has his own rooms; so we never interfere with him. Mr. Ferrers would find himself very comfortable with us, and I would take great care of him."

"You are very good"—but rather doubtfully, "You will not go to London without me, Raby?"

"I think it will be better, Maggie. Mr. Huntingdon has promised to take me over to Beulah Place; we shall go there one evening. Oh yes, it is all arranged. Please God, I shall bring her home with me," and there was a strange, beautiful smile on his face as he spoke.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMONG THE SHADOWS.

When no more the shattered senses round the throne of reason dwell
Thinking every sight a spectre, every sound a passing bell;
When the mortal desolation falleth on the soul like rain,
And the wild hell-phantoms dance and revel in the human brain.
Philip Stanhope Worsely.

It was nearly dinner-time when Erle reached Redmond Hall; Sir Hugh had not returned from London, Ellerton told him; he had telegraphed that he might be detained all night—my lady was in the damask drawing-room, and the young ladies had left an hour ago. Erle listened to all this, and then rushed up to his room, to make himself presentable; and the dogs slunk off evidently on the same errand.

He had to dine in solitary state by himself, while Fay ate her chicken in the big drawing-room, where the old-fashioned mirrors always reflected the tiny figure

Fay was looking very pretty to-night, but just a trifle sad at the thought that Hugh might not be home. She had put on his favorite gown too, to do honor to her first appearance in the drawing-room; it was a lovely gown, and she looked a perfect fairy queen in it, as Erle told her when he came into the room; but somehow Erle's praise was rather flat to-night. Fay was longing for her husband; and she had only dressed to please his eyes. She played with her wedding-ring rather restlessly while Erle talked his nonsense, and then she remembered that he must be amused.

"The girls were so dreadfully disappointed," she said, trying to rouse herself; "they were very good and kind, and stayed with me until six, and then Dora said they must go; she kept looking at the door, and fancying she heard Nero bark; and then the younger one Connie—no, not Connie, it was Addie—asked so many questions about you—where you lived, and if I had ever been to Belgrave House? trying to find out things, you know; and, Erle—I don't believe you are listening a bit," with a stamp of her little foot.

"I don't believe I was," returned Erle, frankly. "Don't be vexed, my Fairy Queen, I can't bother about the girls to-night. I want to tell you about my visit to the Grange—it is no secret, Mr. Ferrers says, and I thought you would be interested, it is such a strange affair altogether."

(To be continued.)

No Accounting for Tastes.

Experience can alone reveal the secret of the Esquimaux's love for a nice, greasy, yielding tallow candle, and of the "lingering sweetness long drawn out" as he pulls the wick gently between his teeth, so as not to lose one particle of its flavor.

Porpoise meat was once a favored dish with the old English nobility, at least so runs the story, which declares the proper sauce to have been compounded of sugar, vinegar and bread crumbs.

In Central America the stately curassow and the sober quam, both large birds, are diligently hunted as table delicacies, yet the first-named biped must not be eaten by the hunter's dog, for it will assuredly poison it.

The Japanese are fond of flying fox. The dessert of the Chinese middle classes consists of melon pips, the scarlet and yellow varieties being grown solely for their seed.

When the natives of the West Indies are regarded from a dietetic standpoint, baked snakes glide into the menu along with palm worms (a finger long), fried in their own fat. Yet these colored gourmands cannot abide a rabbit stew! Rats are there also considered a nice side dish, with occasional relishes of gecana eggs and palm-tree snout beetles.

In Siam the dried sinews of various animals form a dish much liked. Alligators' eggs are eaten in many eastern countries, and a nastier dish it would be hard to imagine. Ants enter largely into Oriental bills of fare, and in Ceylon the busy bee is masticated by the very men who have profited by the honey it has made.

In Africa such trifles as blue mole, mice, fat sheep tails, stewed puppies, puma, baked elephant's trunk and feet, ostrich eggs, ants stewed in butter, caterpillars, roasted spiders, snails (eight inches long), and odd articles not generally regarded as food are consumed.

At the Falkland Islands a gourmet can enjoy a new sensation by eating a sea lion's tongue. It is excellent, but it must be fresh. Trinidad prides itself on alligator and turtle eggs. The best place, however, for everything relating to turtle is the Isle of Ascension. There they are bred, fed, and from there exported.

In South America the Ottomacs largely subsist on a fat and ferruginous kind of clay, each man eating daily a pound of more. The Indians of the Amazon eat a kind of loam, preferring it to other and decidedly better food. The Peruvians are also clay eaters, their mess being a mixture of talc and mica—rather tough food, even for Peru. Other nations are earth-eaters—the inhabitants of New Guinea, some of the Bolivians, the negroes of Jamaica, and the natives of New Caledonia, as well as many people who dwell in Siam, Siberia and Kamschatka. The Ottomacs, however, are the only ones who subsist on clay when other food is obtainable.

The Australasian is rather odd in the matter of dietetics. A New Hollander has been known to dispose of more than a hundred vaulting rats at one repast, swallowing them, for the most part, with some of the hair still upon them, holding them by the tails and biting the bodies off with his teeth. Not to be wasteful, he afterward disposed of the tails. The same innocent children of nature affect stale shark, rancid whale blubber, earthworms and such trifles. Kangaroo tail is a dish an Australian finds much flavor in. It is delicious. The natives highly esteem the silent but wild dingo, neither do they turn up their noses at rats, but gluttony is allied to rudeness. The black fellow, when at meals, devours all he can, only now and then flinging a morsel over his shoulder to his wife and children. He is likewise improvident, for he seeks food only when he craves it, gorges to the last possible tension of his dirty, black skin, and then sleeps for several days and nights consecutively.

Old-Time Remedies.

Nails driven into an oak tree were not a cure but a preventive against toothache.

A halter which had served to hang a criminal with al when bound round the temples was found an infallible remedy for headache.

The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, was pronounced an infallible cure for ague.

A ring made of the hinge of a coffin was credited with the power of relieving cramps, which also received solace when a rusty old sword was hung up by the patient's bedside.

A dead man's hand could dispel tumors of the glands by stroking the parts nine times. But the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows-tree was a remedy infinitely more efficacious.

The nightmare, supposed, of course, to be caused by supernatural agency, was banished by means of a stone with a hole in it being suspended at the head of the sufferer's bed. This last remedy went by the name of a "hag-stone," because it prevented the witches, who, of course, wrought the mischief, from sitting on the patient's stomach.

The *Christian at Work* unblushingly declares that "a practical book on 'What to Buy for Food' would be about as practical a form of benevolence as the establishment of a new denominational mission station at Ujiji."

Her Preference.

He was handsome and tall,
The envy of all
The men as he walked by her side,
While slowly the light
Of day changed to night
And merrily rippled the tide.

She, pretty and sweet,
Entrancing and neat,
Demurely beside him was walking,
While softly the air
Caressed her fair hair
And listened the while to their talking.

"You'll please pardon me"—
He glanced playfully—
"If really my question should tire,
Do you care for men tall
Or those who are small—
What kind of men do you admire?"

Her lashes quick fell
And veiled her eyes well.
"No pardon for such a request;
I like mankind all,
Both little and tall,
But then I like Hymen the best."

A LOAD OF APPLES.

Kitty and I had just come in from milking the cows, and were eating our suppers in the great farm kitchen. We were tired from our day's work, for ever since father had the last stroke of paralysis we had been compelled to do much of the farm-work ourselves.

"Do you know," said Kitty, laying down her bowl of milk suddenly, "that the interest on the mortgage is due to-morrow? That is $35, and we have only $15 toward it. Can't you get Willis Avery to wait?"

"I don't choose to ask him to wait," said I.

Now it happened that Willis Avery, who held the mortgage on our homestead, was the son of a neighbor and an old playfellow and boy-beau of my own, who had gone to the prosperous young city a few miles north of us and commenced business on his own account, and I had a particular aversion to asking aid or help of him in any way. I might be poor, but I was always proud, and Kitty was quite sympathetic enough to understand me.

"But, then, what are we to do?" asked Kitty.

I sat down on the hearth-rug, with my chin in my hands, and stared earnestly at the big, crackling back-log.

"Look here, Kitty," I said, suddenly. "Those russet apples we have left."

"Well?"

"We can sell them. There are eight barrels at the least. Eight barrels at $2.50 a barrel. I will take them to Mapleton and sell them."

"You will, Addy?"

"And why not? Squire Dyson would charge at least 20 per cent. commission, and make a favor of it at that. I can't afford either the price or the patronage. Don't say anything about it to father. He would only fret and raise objections."

"But, Addy, how? All this seems so perfectly wild and visionary to me."

"Well, it needn't; for, believe me, it's the most practical thing in the world. All we have to do is to sort the apples out in barrels, nice and sound—I can easily do it by lantern-light to-night—and to-morrow morning we'll rise early, harness old Dobbin to the lumber waggon——"

"And what shall we tell papa?"

"Oh, he'll think I've gone to singing-school with the Dyson girls, and I don't think it's a Christian's duty to undeceive him," answered I.

But notwithstanding the brave face I put upon affairs my heart quivered a little the next day as I drove off toward Mapleton with the scarlet stain of sunrise dyeing all the east and my own cheeks flushed with the keen morning air.

Mr. Holloway, of the firm of Holloway Brothers, produce and commission merchants, didn't want any apples, I speedily learned.

"Just bought a ship-load from Albany," he said, as carelessly as if ship-loads of apples were as common a purchase as 10 cents' worth of tape. And I drove on, beginning to feel infinitesimally small.

Mr. Lovejoy could give me $1 a barrel. "Apples wasn't worth no more at this season of the year!" And I whipped old Dobbin up, determined to carry them home again sooner than sell them at that price.

At the next place I stopped a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man came out, and critically examined my apples.

"How much?" he asked.

"Two dollars and a half a barrel."

He reflected.

"It's a good price," said he, as if he were talking to his own vest-buttons; "but then they look like good apples, and we've a tolerably large western order to fill. I'll see what my partner thinks."

He went back into the gloomy depths of his store, and I, happening to glance up, saw the words painted in black letters over the door: "Hull & Avery."

My first impulse was to drive on and leave the chance of a bargain behind me; my next to sit still and await my fate as Providence dealt it out to me. And presently out came Willis Avery himself.

"I think we will take your load if—why!" breaking off short, "it's Addy Walters!"

I colored scarlet.

"Yes," said I, as composedly as possible. "Good morning, Mr. Avery. I shall be obliged if you will examine the fruit as speedily as possible, as I am in a hurry."

Mr. Hull bought the load of apples, and said that if I had any more at the same price—and of the same quality, he cautiously added—he would be happy to take them. Willis Avery touched his hat and I drove away as loftily as Queen Boadicea in her chariot of old.

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"Just $35, counting in the melode on money," cried Kitty, gleefully. "And now Mr. Avery may come as soon as he likes."

She had scarcely spoken the words before there came a knock at the door and in walked no less a personage than Mr. Willis Avery himself. I received him with the air of an empress.

"Your money is ready, Mr. Avery."

"I was not thinking of the money, Addy," he said, reproachfully. "Do you think one's mind runs always on money?"

"Mine does, a good deal," I said, laughing.

"But I had no idea you were reduced to this—I did not know——"

"Mr. Avery, this is scarcely business-like," I interposed.

"Addy," said he, abruptly, "I admired your spirit and courage to-day. I always liked you as a girl, but now——"

"Well?" for he hesitated.

"I would do something more if you would let me. I would love you!"

I did not answer. In truth and in fact I could not.

"Dear Addy, will you let me sign back the old place to your father on our wedding day?" he asked, earnestly.

And somehow he had got hold of my hand, and somehow, before I knew it, we were engaged!

LONDON HOSPITAL SCENES.

Operations Performed by the Greatest Surgeon in the World.

(London Letter in the Baltimore Sun.)

I spent all of this afternoon in one of the great public hospitals of this city, that of King's College. In the *role* of a student of surgery, and in the company of men of that profession from Europe and America, some of them of middle age, who have come here to get the benefit of London hospital practice, I was an observer of two surgical operations performed by Sir Joseph Lister, said to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, surgeon in the world. The London hospitals have a wider field than those in any part of the globe to draw practice and experience from. London is a city both richer and poorer than any other in the world. Gaunt poverty stalks in the highways and byways, where hundreds of thousands of wretched creatures who are said to bear the imprint of God dwell. I venture to say that more abject penury and more degradation exists to-day in London alone than in all Ireland. The public hospitals, extensive and numerous as they are, have seldom an empty cot. The poor and the lowly, who are to a very large extent the recipients of their benefits, seem in some unaccountable way to be afflicted with an infinite variety of diseases, and to be subject to horrible tumors and abscesses, more terrible and complicated fractures of the bones, and more abnormal conditions of the organic functions than those who are better off so far as this world is concerned. At least, this is the case in London, and it is for this reason that those who are ambitious to excel in surgery come here for a knowledge very difficult or impossible to obtain elsewhere. It is for this reason that such eminent men as Sir Joseph Lister perform operations in the charity hospitals without charge. I make no doubt that had the two patients upon whom Sir Joseph operated this afternoon been rich or distinguished he would have pocketed at least five or six hundred guineas for his two hours' work. One of the operations, although somewhat novel, was not very dangerous or difficult. The patient, a boy of 18, had fractured the bone at the elbow which we lay people know very well as the crazy bone, but the technical name of which I really forget. The bone had begun to decay in consequence. It was laid bare, the decayed portions chiseled off, wires run through to make it reunite, and the flesh then sewed up again. The other operation, the removal of calcareous deposits from the kidney, was of a much more important nature. A deep incision was made in the abdomen extending around the side, and after probing, the hand of the operator was inserted so deep that it was not visible. I cannot, of course, describe this as a professional, but in due time no less than six stones were removed, three of which were with sharp and jagged ends, and which had given the patient so much pain that for weeks he had been unable to attain a comfortable position either lying or sitting. Sir Joseph said it was a most beautiful case. After the conclusion of his operations he discoursed upon their nature in a style equally as entertaining and instructive. I am told that not only he but any of the other eminent surgeons of London will at any time go to the hospitals and cheerfully perform an operation which the regular surgeons may hesitate to undertake.

EXTRADITED FOR BIGAMY.

He Says that he Married Wife No. 2 it was When he was Drunk.

Dr. Frank Vernon Cooke was brought from New Jersey to Brooklyn late on Wednesday and lodged in the First Precinct Police Station, on a requisition from Governor Hill. He was arraigned before Justice Walsh on a charge of bigamy, in having married Mary E. Hambel, of No. 80 South Eighth street, while he had a lawful wife living. His first wife has since got judgment of divorce, based on her husband's intimacy with Miss Hambel.

"I am a physician and surgeon, a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Boston," Dr. Cooke said to a *Herald* reporter. "I studied with my cousin, Dr. L. L. Bryant, of Cambridge, Mass., and in Boston, and have my diploma. I married Miss Watson in Everett, Mass., and had a fine practice, when my mother-in-law caused trouble and my wife refused to live with me. Then I took to drinking and lost my practice. If I was ever married to Miss Hambel it was when I was drunk, for I know nothing about it.

"Myself and a friend, Dr. Munoz y Ramorata, of Montevideo, a student in New York, met Miss Hambel and Ella Harvey on the street, and were in their company for over ten days. I was so drunk that a waiter at Heiss' Hotel had to put me in a carriage. I want Dr. Munoz and the waiter as witnesses. I expect my friends here, and will employ counsel. Miss Hambel said she was friendly with a colonel in New York, and once remarked, 'What would the old man say if he saw me with you?'"

Dr. Cooke's examination was set down for Monday next.—*N. Y. Herald.*

* Mrs. Cleveland is a fairly good swimmer but does not care much for diving. She likes to wade out until the water is about up to her neck and then swim shoreward with a slow and graceful stroke. Her mother does not swim, but is very fond of salt-water bathing. Together they have taken a great deal of pleasure in this sport at Marion, and nothing but unfavorable weather has interfered with their daily bath.

The remarkable story comes from San Francisco of a boy who was vaccinated and upon his arm has come the picture of a cow's head. It is about the size of a standard dollar. It is an exact representation of a cow's head, *en silhoutte*. The nose, jaw and horns are perfect. There is even a speck of white flesh visible where the eye is supposed to be located.

LATEST FROM THE NORTHWEST.

Telegraphic reports from sixty different points respecting harvesting operations are, with one exception, of a most satisfactory nature, and corroborate previous accounts of the rich harvest in store for Manitoba this year. At the lowest estimate the wheat yield will be from 25 to 30 bushels per acre and other cereals in proportion. This indicates that the amount for export will be at least 7,000,000 bushels. Harvesting is nearly completed.

A train load of fish passed through the city yesterday from the British Columbia salmon canneries to the Eastern Provinces. It was composed of seventeen cars, containing 3,200 cases.

Two Indians have been shot by William Thomson, a settler near Calgary. The redskins were attempting to steal his cattle and attacked Thomson, who shot in self-defence.

Robert S. Keene, a cowboy, was found dead recently near Calgary. It is supposed that he tumbled from his horse.

A private letter from Banff says Hon. Mr. Mackenzie is much improved in health.

The Canadian Pacific magnates went on a trip over the southwestern branch to-day. Mr. VanHorne informed a contractor last night that his company had decided to extend the Southwestern 75 miles beyond Deloraine this season, operations to be commenced immediately.

A pamphlet just issued by the Winnipeg & Hudson Bay Railway Company states that 100 miles will be completed and in operation this fall.

A number of small contractors employed on the Red River Valley have completed their work and returned to the city. They are trusting that work will soon be commenced on the connection with Portage la Prairie.

Letters have been received from Messrs. Colin Frazier and Charles Stewart, dated Fort Chippewayan, July 5th. They were thirty days getting there from the Landing, about three times as long as they should have been, owing to lack of knowledge of the river, but by being careful they had no mishaps. They report that the fires were terrific; the country around Chippewayan is rock, sometimes covered with moss or timber.

There have been lively times at Portage la Prairie over the action of one Blythe, a liquor informer. A mob was organized yesterday to assault him, but although he escaped a beating he did not get entirely clear of a shower of rotten eggs. Several hotel-keepers through his efforts were fined $50 each.

It is reported that an arrangement has been made with American capitalists to take the million dollar Provincial loan.

The Northwest Council has been summoned to meet at Regina on October 4th.

A Banff despatch of yesterday says Hon. Mr. Mackenzie and his wife are expected to leave there in the evening for the East on their way home.

A Calgary special says it is reported that the settlers on the Cochrane lease have formed a protective committee and threaten to burn the grass and run off the stock if molested by the company. Trouble is expected.

Rowand, who was guarding the property for Browning near Morris, to prevent the Red River Road from crossing, was examined before the court to-day. He said he received his instructions from the Canadian Pacific officials, thus establishing the fact that the company is behind the whole railway trouble.

Saved His Car Fare.

As the Arounder came down Main street yesterday morning, says the Buffalo *Courier*, a car overtook him and bowled on. At the same time he noticed a boy over the way, apparently racing with a horse car. When the car stopped to take on a passenger the boy would slow up and walk to recover his breath. But as soon as the car came up with him he would start on again, "Indian trot," as the boys term it. The Arounder boarded the car to watch the outcome of the race. The boy kept it up, and when he reached Eagle street was a length or two ahead. Here he stopped, and the Arounder, alighting, accosted him. "What were you racing with the car for?" "'Cause, so's to get 5 cents. Mother wanted me to come down to the sewing machine place for a needle and a bottle of oil. She gave me money to ride both ways. So I ran down just as fast as the car, and kept the 5 cents; and I'm going to run all the way back, but I won't have to run so fast 'cause it's up hill. That'll make it 10 cents. That's fair, ain't it? When you are given 10 cents so's to ride and hurry back, it don't matter how you go when you get there just the same, does it, eh? I've been sent down twice this week already. If she only sends me once more I can go to the ball game Saturday and have a glass of chocolate besides. Don't you like chocolate? Oh, it's bully!" and the boy went away on his errand.

Japanese Footgear.

In Japan children's shoes are made of blocks of wood secured with cords. The stocking resembles a mitten, having a separate place for the great toe. As these shoes are lifted only by the toes, the heels make a rattling sound as their owners walk, which is quite stunning in a crowd. They are not worn in the house, as they would injure the soft straw mats on the floor. You leave your shoes at the door. Every house is built with reference to the number of mats required for the floors, each room having from eight to sixteen, and in taking lodging you pay so much for a mat. They think it extravagant in us to require a whole room to ourselves. The Japanese shoe gives perfect freedom to the foot. The beauty of the human foot is only seen in the Japanese. They have no corns, no ingrowing nails, no distorted joints. Our toes are cramped until they are deformed, and are in danger of extinction. They have the full use of their toes, and to them they are almost like fingers. Nearly every mechanic makes use of his toes for holding his work. Every toe is fully developed. Their shoes cost 1d. and last six months.

Farmer, be careful how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm. In the manufacture of some of those machine oils fat from diseased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how poisonous such matter is. The only safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken be touched by any machine oil or lubricator.

SOME COLD-BLOODED HUMOR.

Little Anecdotes Tending to Show that Some People Do Not Get Excited.

Our neighbors across the channel are fond of relating humorous little incidents of sang-froid in which an Englishman usually acts the *role* of chief character, says *Chambers' Journal*. As for instance: A man entered a furniture shop and said: "Have you any old furniture?" "No, sir; but we can make you some!" This reminds us of the Englishman in a restaurant who called for stale bread. "We have none, my lord." "Make some, then; I will wait," was the calm reply. Instances of remarkable coolness and assurances among adventurers "out west" are only to be expected. To begin with a small example: A boy who comes of a chronically borrowing family went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't got anything but sweet milk," said the woman pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

But in many of the cases now under consideration foreigners of several nationalities will be found to have figured conspicuously in the matter of taking things coolly.

It is related that a lady and gentleman came to a ferry, and the boatman deputed his grandson to row them across. "Why do you not manage your boat yourself," asked the lady, "instead of letting this child do it?" "Oh, don't you be afraid, ma'am," answered the ferryman; "the lad can swim."

Equally indifferent to the fate of others was one of the sufferers by a late railway accident. He was seen rushing anxiously about, when some one asked if he was hurt. "No; but I can't find my umbrella."

About a year ago, when the upper part of an hotel was on fire, one of the servant girls was directed to awaken two gentlemen who were asleep in an up-stairs room. She knocked at the door, and, with the greatest simplicity, said: "I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but the house is on fire." This case of what may be called ludicrous politeness brings to mind another: "Hi! you dropped a brick up there!" shouted a pedestrian on whose shoulders one of those articles had fallen from a three-story scaffold. "All right," cheerfully responded the bricklayer; "you needn't take the trouble to bring it up."

"What's the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can't you pull them up?" "I am afraid not." "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

"Ah me!" sighed Potts, "I'm tired of living,
The world is hollow, ambition's vain."
"Come now!" said his chum "I know the symptoms,
It's all your liver—that's very plain.

You need not suffer, for help is easy;
Pierce's Pellets go right to the place.
'A friend to the bilious,' I well might call them—
There's nothing better; they'll suit your case."

Potts ceased his sighing and bought the "Pellets."
No more he mourneth his hapless lot!
His face is cheerful, his heart is lightsome,
His melancholy is quite forgot!

It is reported the nut crop this season promises to be the heaviest known for years. Walnuts and butternuts are of prodigious size, and the limbs of trees are bending under the weight of the fruit. Hickory nuts also promise to be plentiful, whilst the chestnut will be fully an average.

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless.

From all accounts business was never so dull on the stock exchange as now. A seat in that body was sold a few days ago for $20,000, whereas a few years ago it would have brought $35,000. There are altogether too many rotten stocks on the active list to make it inviting for people of sense to come in, and most of this generation of lambs have been sheared to the hide.—*Rochester Herald.*

Popular Education.

We sympathize with the feelings which often leads citizens to boast that no child born in this country need grow up in ignorance, and yet it is a fact that many people who have learned to read and write have never taught themselves to *think*. A man who suffered from catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, scrofula, or "liver complaint," might read till his eyes dropped out how these and many other diseases have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but if he did not take the lesson to himself and test the virtues of this great medicine, his time would be thrown away.

Advertising is one of the powers of this world. It is an encyclopedia upon the wall; it knows all, or at least talks about everything with equal self-possession—history, science, finance, strategy, commerce. It meddles with every subject.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

You have all heard of the hen that got buried under a pile of hay and lived from two weeks to three months, according to the ability of the man telling the story, and then came out somewhat thin in flesh, but nevertheless in first-class health and all right mentally. Well, a Dakota hen recently had a worse time than that. She accidentally got shut in the store of a man who doesn't advertise and remained there four weeks. When she was rescued she was a mere wreck, having eaten a peck of dried apples and then drank three or four quarts of kerosene. During her enforced confinement the owner of the store was making a little trip in the country and painting the fences and bridges with:

By Yor. PRuNs: & Etc at. Fossil s' grocry

A case of poisoning by nutmeg is recorded in the *British Medical Journal*, in which one nutmeg had been eaten by a patient as a cure for diarrhœa. It caused him to become giddy, stupid and very drowsy all next day. The narcotic properties of these seeds, as of others of the same natural order, do not appear to be generally known and seem worthy of investigation.

Poor Thing.

Carrie—"Where have you been?"

Clara—"I've been to the druggist's to get some medicine."

Carrie—"What did you get?"

Clara—"Well, I got some gum drops, and a pound of marshmallow paste, and a pot of rouge, and two sheets of fly paper, and a glass of vanilla cream soda, and a sachet."

Carrie—"Poor thing! You must have a good deal of sickness at your house."—*Town Topics.*

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L. 36 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

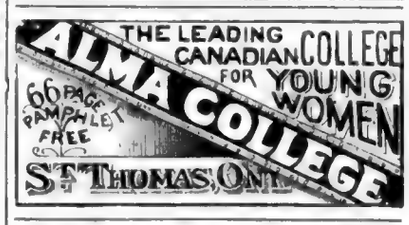

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The FLESHERTON ADVANCE is now said to be a whisky paper."—*Hanover Post.*

You lie.

Commercial Union is simply the velvet that covers the claws of Annexation. Such, at least, is the opinion of THE ADVANCE.

Will Dr. Landerkin kindly inform his constituents in South Grey on which side of the fence he would roost in case the Scott Act is submitted in this County?

As a Temperance educator the Scott Act is really an important factor, for it brings all the evils in connection with intemperance to the surface and exposes them to the public gaze. For that reason, if for no other, we feel bound to say a good word in favor of the Act.

There is every facility for establishlishing a thorough drainage system in Flesherton at a comparatively small outlay of private and public capital. First and foremost, leading drains should be made—convenient of access to all—at the public expense. Private drains will follow as a matter of course. The satisfactory completion of the drainage system might be greatly accelerated by prompt action on the part of the Board of Health. Talk it over.

The Dufferin Police Magistrate, Rev. Mr. Gray, is reported in last week's *Post* as having said, that "the Scott Act is a complete farce," and bitterly reproaching Temperance people for the lack of support he received at their hands. THE ADVANCE is of opinion, that it is the people themselves who are largely to blame in rendering the Act unworkable. They imagine that when victory has been secured at the polls, no further support or work on their part is necessary. There never was a greater mistake: it is just then that the hard work commences—particularly in a county like Dufferin, where public sentiment is so evenly divided. Without the strong voice of the people to back it up, no act ever passed by parliament can be properly enforced. There is a law against murder, but in many communities throughout the world, that law cannot be enforced, because the lawless element predominates. Where law is respected, the murderer is speedily brought to justice. So, where the Temperance element predominates, the Scott Act can be successfully operated; and where the other element prevails, it can't. For it is possible to secure the passage of the Scott Act in a county where the mass of public opinion is really opposed to it.

Always leave your Watches at Russell's for repair. It will pay you to get a perfect job done at a reasonable price.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

THANKS, DEAR READERS.

To those of our many readers who have so promptly and cheerfully responded to the accounts recently sent out from this office, we return our warmest and most grateful thanks. The accounts are small but a lot of them "soon count up," to use a homely phrase. We have some five or six hundred dollars yet out, but have no doubt a great deal of it has already been mailed, or soon will be, and therefore we thank those readers also. These little accounts are easily paid, and when discharged there is a sense of duty well performed which is highly satisfactory to both Reader and Editor.

SCOTT ACT IN GREY.

It is said that the Scott Act is to be submitted in this County in the near future; and in this connection we have a few words to say to Temperance people.

When your minds are fully made up to submit the Act for the consideration of the ratepayers, you must also make up your minds to sacrifice your political proclivities on the altar of Temperance. Ambitious politicians have sought to foist themselves on the people in the past as advocates of Temperance and sobriety; but, no sooner were they within the walls of the parliament buildings, than, throwing of all disguise, they voted in favor of certain clauses calculated to destroy the usefulness of this very same Scott Act. And yet so strongly ran the political current, that you sent them again to parliament where they made another strenuous effort to tear down the structure you had so laboriously erected. Worse than all, prominent Temperance workers defended them, thereby sacrificing their Temperance principles to the exigencies of party and bringing reproach to the good cause they should have had at heart. Such actions are not calculated to bear good fruit, and they don't.

In view of the inefficient support rendered Police Magistrates in the enforcement of the Act in several counties, the Temperance people in Grey should remember—in the event of the Scott Act becoming law in the county—that unless they are fully prepared to do all in their power to see that its provisions are rigidly enforced, it will degenerate into a mere farce.

Fire at Collingwood.

COLLINGWOOD, Sept. 1.—A destructive fire occurred at the Northern Railway docks this morning, whereby the freight sheds were totally destroyed and the docks on which they stood ruined. The alarm was sounded about 3:30 a.m., and in a very few minutes after the entire building was a mass of flames, which began spreading along the docks towards the elevator. Five loaded box cars were destroyed and two empties before the fire was checked in this direction, and a staff of employees has been busy ever since clearing up the wreck and putting the road in running order.

On the other side of the dock and just about where the majority claim that the fire broke out, the Frances Smith was tied up, and would doubtless have shared the same fate as the sheds had not the citizens who went to the fire taken her rope and towed her back to a safe position. The Campana and Niagara were lying at the town dock, and though the former immediately steamed out into the harbor the paint on her cabins, etc., was badly scorched.

The utmost that could be done was to save the cars and prevent the fire from reaching the harbor. All the books and papers were saved from the company's offices and the customs people got out nearly all their stock. All the baggage and the express parcels were also saved. It is estimated that local business men had about $2000 worth of goods in the sheds and the property of outsiders is placed at about the same figure. Fully $1900 worth of grain was destroyed.

Mr. Holgate, Chief Engineer of the Northern, arrived in town by the noon train. He estimates the road's total loss at about $18,000, on which there is an insurance of $10,000. There was also insurance to the amount of $25,000 on freight in transit. It is the intention of the company to at once erect accommodation for the fall traffic, and it is not expected that shipping will be retarded beyond a few hours. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Mary Put Her Foot in it.

"Mary," said a prominent gentleman to his wife a few mornings ago, just before leaving for his place of business, "Mary, I expect a couple of gentlemen will be out here to-day to look at our place with a view of buying. Don't be careless with them and neglect to show them all the good points about the premises. If you are a little discreet now we can get a good price for the property."

"I understand, lovey. I'll not neglect them," hearing which the "lovey" departed.

In the course of the day two gentleman called, and the lady gave them all the aid possible in inspecting the place. No real estate dealer could ever have been more voluble in describing property in an option town than was this loyal little spouse.

"Why, gentlemen," said she, "we have actually received repeated offers of $60,000 for this property, and have held it all along to be worth every cent of $75,000.

That night, as the husband entered his home, he said, "I was sorry to-day, Mary but those gentlemen had some down-town engagement, so that they could not come out."

What's that you say?" exclaimed the wife.

"I said those gentlemen couldn't come out."

"But they did, though, and I tell you I cracked up the place to them. I verily believe I made them think the old rookery was worth $60,000."

"How did they look?" asked the husband.

The wife described them, when, with a solemn invocation, the husband threw up both hands and yelled: "Mary, you have undone me completely. You have been talking to the assessors!"

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Nature's Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's
Pleasant
Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.,
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS
and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint.

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVEE.

SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 29, Con. 4, Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and white cow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

ANTHONY KENNY.
Artemesia, July 29th, 1887.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 70 to 0 75
Spring Wheat	0 70 0 75
Barley	0 45 0 55
Oats	0 28 0 28
Peas	0 48 0 50
Butter	0 16 0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 14 0 14
Potatoes bush	0 50 0 50
Pork	5 60 5 60
Hay, per ton	6 00 6 00
Hides	6 00 7 00
Wool	18 21
Sheepskins	0 40 0 50
Geese	0 05 0 05
Turkeys	0 8 0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25 0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40 0 50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,
You will find an assortment of
Heavy and Light Harness,
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON.
Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.
"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve &
Cistern Pumps.
Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT.
FLESHERTON

PHOTOGRAPHY.
MRS. BULMER.
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.
Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE

HAVE YOU
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.
NATURE'S REMEDY.
The unqualified success of Dr Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, herbs and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500 000 SOLD
Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. Have you, every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try the excellent remedy.
SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE
Wrapped around every bottle of Dr Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (224 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.
TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.
TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton
Meat Market.
S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

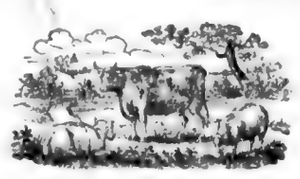

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.
Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

EUGENIA
Real Estate Agency
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.
Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.
HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

Publisher's

Announcement:

In the matter of

FINE JOB

Printing!

It is generally conceded that the

Flesherton Advance

TAKES THE

BISCUIT!

EVERY TIME!

Posters! Posters!

From an Eighth Sheet to a mammoth Three-Sheeter—plain or in colors—at prices that will arrest your attention and surprise you.

Auction Sale Bills

WHILE YOU WAIT.

DRUGGISTS' LABELS

As cheap and as good as can be obtained in the city.

PAMPHLETS!

Big, Little, Great and Small.

Circulars, Bill Heads,
Note Heads, Streamers,
Flyers, Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Labels, etc. etc.

New Material

Is added to our stock every Spring and Fall.

NOTICE!

THE ADVANCE will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for $1 per year; and to England, Ireland, or Scotland for $1.50

THE ADVANCE unquestionably has no superior as a live Local and Family newspaper in Simcoe, Grey, or Bruce.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

County News.

A new fire hall is being built in Meaford.

A new Methodist church is to be erected in Shelburne next season.

Owen Sound defeated Markdale base ball team on Tuesday of last week.

Sneak thieves are making things interesting for owners of orchards in Meaford this season.

The *Mirror* says St. Vincent's rate for 1887 is 4½ mills on the $, independent of school rates.

Mr. Job Almond, of St. Vincent left Meaford last week on an extended visit to friends in Ireland.

Mt. Forest's new High School building will probably be ready for occupation about the 1st of October.

Sixteen tons (32,000 lbs.) of plums were shipped from Thornbury railway station in two days recently.

Mrs. Wm. Weir, of Ravenna—the excellent and kind hostess of the hotel there—died on Sunday of last week.

Mr. Geo. Morrison, of Egremont, fell off the top of a high stack on Monday of last week and was instantly killed.

Wm. Bruce, of Holland, died on Sunday of last week after a lingering illness extending over a period of some ten years.

A Normanby rowdy, named Tom Hill, "sassed" some circus colored men at Mt. Forest recently and got a trouncing in return.

A Hanover family is after the *Post* man in full "paint and feathers." They want his scalp. Foolish people! it isn't worth the taking!

A Hanover merchant keeps a couple of artificial hams hanging in the front of his store with which to have larks with unwary customers.

A writer, signing himself "Citizen," gives readers of the Standard to understand that he is in favor of incorporating Markdale as a village.

Rev. Mr. Fleming will be inducted as pastor of the Presbyterian congregations at Thornbury and Heathcote on the 15th inst., at the former place.

Three Shelburne sports recently returned from a day's fishing at Brewster's Lake, Osprey, bringing with them over sixty pounds of speckled trout. The *Economist* shoulders the responsibility of the above yarn.

"Peter Simple's" letter in last week's Meaford *Mirror* contained, among other things, the following startling conundrum and answer thereto:—"Why do women not get bald. It's because they don't have wives."

The *Dufferin Post* reports Mr. Grey, Police Magistrate there, as being of opinion that the Scott Act is a failure—chiefly, however, on account of the lack of support accorded by Temperance people themselves.

Kincardine hotel keepers are reported as having entered into an agreement not to accommodate anybody and to close their hotels to the public after Sunday, August 28th. They've undertaken a mighty silly contract.

A patent medicine vendor gulled a lot of Owen Sounders a short time ago on the "watch presentation racket." Those who may chance to have a "Globe" watch about them will know what is meant without further explanations.

Three Thornbury boys hired a livery rig to come to Flesherton recently. On their return one of the boys kicked against paying his share, when his pa was yanked before the beak and compelled to disgorge as well as pay "coort" expenses.

The *Markdale Standard* completed the seventh year of its existence last week, under the proprietorship of Mr. C. W. Rutledge. Bro. Rutledge is one of the most amiable and honorable members of the Fourth Estate we have ever met, and our wish is that his measure of success may be equal to his goodness of heart.

Reducing the Surplus.

"That's a pretty good idea, mother," said Mr. Jones, the father of seven quite aged daughters, to his wife.

"What's that, John?" asked Mrs. J.

"Why, the Secretary of the Navy advertises for proposals for building some torpedo boats. We might advertise for proposals for the girls!"

The Use of a Friend.

"Colonel Brown, come dine with me at my place to-night, will you?"

"Certainly—pleasure. Will your wife expect me?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. We had a row this morning about a Saratoga trip and I want to make her mad."

Asthma cured by the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure, is a common remark.

Our Township Fathers.

Council met shortly after ten o'clock a. m., Reeve in the chair.

Members all present.

Minutes read and confirmed.

Communications received from J. B. Sloan, re church lots in Eugenia; and D. Lamont, re draining J. Brander's cellar in Priceville.

Mr. Brander put in an appearance in person before the Fathers and stated his position fully re petition of D. Lamont and others in reference to drainage. The matter was discussed for over one hour, when it was finally decided by the introduction of the following motion:—

Moved by Mr. Boland, seconded by Mr McArthur, That Mr James Brander's application be not entertained.—Carried.

Mr. Brander then announced his intention to take legal proceedings against Council.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharp, That the matter in dispute between Graham and Campbell and the twp. of Artemesia, re deviation through Lots Nos. 23 & 24, Con. 12, be left to arbitration for settlement.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that the usual grant of $25 be made to the Twp. of Artemesia Agricultural Society, and the same be paid upon the application of that Society's Treasurer.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cairns, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that the County Treasurer be instructed to redeem Lot 21 South side Pellessier street, Eugenia, Lot 22 North Simpson street, and Lot 2 St. Arnaud street from sale for taxes in 1887, as the same is church property and therefore not liable to taxation.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that Surveyor Gilliland be instructed to re-survey the deviation on South Line, Lot 27, Con. 2, S. D. R., and the Clerk notify Surveyor to this effect.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that Mr. Boland be and is hereby appointed to settle the matter between Walker, McFarland and the Twp., re Lot 4, North Cavan street, in the village of Markdale.—Carried.

Boland, Sharp—That a grant of $5 be made by this Council to repair a bridge on 10th con., over Saugeen.—Carried.

Sharp, McArthur—That in the matter of Road as established by By-Law 122 in the year 1860, running on part between the 9th and 10th concession and two rods wide, this Council thinks it is not liable for such ground or any fence built, or to be built, and if Mr. Smith chose to fix the said road for his own convenience, this Council will not object.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

Must have Cistern Water.

A very simple man may be a very obliging husband. The following instance proves it:

"I've been a-workin' like all possessed to-day," said Uncle Solon.

"So? what have you been doing?"

"My wife, ye see, has the rheumatics, an' 'twas wash-day: so she says to me, says she, 'Solon, the water in the cistern is out, an' I can't wash without cistern water, and my rheumatic's so bad that I can't fetch it.' Says I, 'Sally, I'll bring the water.' An' I brought twenty-five pails of water from my neighbor's well an' poured into that cistern, an' then I pumped every drop out for the washin'. Mighty hard work.

"Why, in the name of common-sense, didn't you put the water in the tubs instead of turning it into the cistern and pumping it out again?"

"Coz," said uncle Solon, bristling up, "coz, 'in the name of common-sense,' she had to have cistern water to wash with!"

He "Wasn't No Little Beggar."

Little Arthur had been told by his mother that he must never ask any one for anything. "Mamma don't want her little darling to become a little beggar," she plaintively put it.

Arthur promised to heed the injunction. An hour or two later his Uncle William called. Remembering his relative's generosity of heart and frequent bestowals of candy money, the little fellow timidly and hesitatingly asked:

"Mamma don't want me to be a little beggar boy; do you ever give five centses to little boys what don't ask for 'em?"

Visions of coveted sweetmeats and nuts, neatly folded in a paper bag, soon gladdened the little fellow's raptured sight.

Fall Exhibitions.

Toronto, Dom. & Industrial,	Sep.	5—17
London, Western,	"	19—24
Guelph, Central,	"	20—22
Orangeville,	"	21—23
Stayner,	"	21—23
FLESHERTON, EAST GREY	"	22—23
Markdale, Glenelg Tp.,	"	20—21
Hamilton, Great Central,	"	26—30
Collingwood, Great Northern,	"	27—30
Durham, South Grey,	"	27—28
Tara,	Oct.	3—4
Clarksburg, Collingwood Tp.,	"	4—5
Shelburne,	"	4—5
Barrie, Central Simcoe,	"	4—7
Walkerton, Northern,	"	4—7
Derby Tp.,	"	5—6
Meaford, St. Vincent,	"	6—7
Owen Sound, North Grey,	"	11—12
Sydenham,	Oct.	7
Sullivan,	"	7
PRICEVILLE, ARTEMESIA Tp.,	"	4
Dundalk, Proton Tp.,	Oct.	6—7
Hanover, Bentinck Tp.,	Sept.	22—23
Holland Centre,	Sept.	28
Sarawak,	Sep.	27
Rocklyn, Euphrasia Tp.		
Osprey Tp.		

Regulating Swearing for the Boys.

"Now, boys," said Farmer Slikens, when he had gathered his three sons about him, "you know yer old father's jined the church, an' conserkintly we ort to have some gne'ral piety reggerlations fur the fam'ly. There ain't no use in b'longin' to a church an' puttin' money into the conterbution box 'nless yer goin' ter see the hull thing through. In the fus' place I've noticed consid'able leanin' ter strong words 'mongst you boys 'n thet's the fust thing I'm goin' ter reggerlate. Of course no perfane swearin' is allowed, not under no circumstances, but some pervision for human natur hev got ter be made. So on week days ye can range along all the way from 'dog-gon to gosh-darn.' But if I hear anything wuss'n 'dad blame' out o' you on Sundays ye kin jest make up yer mind ter git it."

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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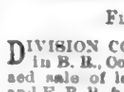

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Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
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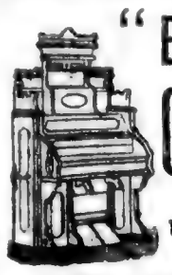

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THE FATE OF THE LEAGUE.

A Majority of Seventy-eight Support its Proclamation.

TREVELYAN OPENS THE BALL.

Harangues by Hartington, Harrington, Harcourt and Others.

BALFOUR SAYS "YOU'RE ANOTHER."

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In the debate on Mr. Gladstone's motion in the House of Commons last night Mr. Timothy Harrington commented severely upon the character of the documents which Mr. Balfour had quoted but had refused to lay upon the table, and declared them to be utterly worthless. He asserted that the plain duty of the League was to continue its work and not shrink from the consequences.

Mr. T. W. Russell, member for South Tyrone, after remarking that Mr. Gladstone had somewhat misconstrued some of his (Mr. Russell's) statements, protested against the coercion of the League, but said that having supported the Crimes Bill he could not consistently deny the right of the Government to the powers they demanded and secured by the passage of that Act.

Mr. Bradlaugh asked why, if the Government's statements were true, the Ministry had not proclaimed the League before they did.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor said the effect of the proclamation would be to remove the partition between the tenantry and the evicting landlords. The Government could deal with cases of intimidation, if there be any, without proclaiming the League.

On motion of Sir George Trevelyan, the debate was adjourned.

Sir George O. Trevelyan, one of the late Gladstonite recruits, resumed the debate to-night on Mr. Gladstone's motion for an address to the Queen, praying for a nullification of the Government's proclamation of the Irish National League. He said the late Government did not ask the House of Commons to pass the Irish Crimes Bill on hearsay, but that they based their demands on Parliamentary returns of grave outrages. There had been committed 7,788 outrages during the previous year and 26 agrarian and political murders during the first half of the year. He contended that the House should have tabulated statistics of crime in Ireland, and that to mention one crime here and another crime there was not sufficient to justify such action as the Government were now taking against the whole Irish people. He denied that the general operations of the Irish National League increased crime in Ireland or led to the general non-payment of rent. Let the House understand, he continued, that if the proclamation of the League is sanctioned every Irishman belonging to it who will not leave it at the command of the Government will be liable to be punished as a common criminal, and that liability will not depend on any judicial proceedings worthy of the name. In conclusion he complained that the statements made by Mr. Balfour and only given out last night left no time for examination of their character. Mr. Balfour had presented a series of alleged facts in justification of the Government's action. These allegations the House should have a chance to corroborate or refute before coming to a decision.

Sir Richard E. Webster, Attorney-General, held the reason why there were not more convictions of crime in Ireland was simply because of the terror of the League. He reminded the House that Earl Spencer's Government had repeatedly proclaimed the Land League meetings, and that Sir George O. Trevelyan had supported these proclamations on the ground that the objects of the Land League were to put down landlordism and to effect a separation between Ireland and England. The objects of the existing League, said the speaker, were the same. Its aim had not been changed. Abundant evidence had already been adduced as to the evil workings of the League. The Government would now try the experiment whether the suppression of League meetings would not lessen the intimidation. (Irish cheers.) They were told this would be the death struggle. Well, either the League or the Government would go down. (Irish cheers.) He did not fear for the result. The Government would be supported by the consciousness that they had done their duty.

Mr. Harrington (Nationalist) said that, as one largely responsible for the League, he desired to reply to the calumnies that had been hurled at its character. He read letters from branches of the League condemning the practices which the Government declared the League promoted. The League repudiated every form of outrage. The League would go on doing what it had done in spite of proclamations, which had no terrors for the Irish people. (Cheers.)

Mr. Wm. Redmond accused the Orange society of worse intimidation than was ever charged to the League, which was a genuine national association. Under certain circumstances, he said, boycotting was justifiable and necessary. (Cheers from the Ministerial benches.)

Lord Hartington said he did not think the speech of Mr. Redmond would influence the House in favor of the constitutional and legitimate character of the League. He doubted whether if Sir George O. Trevelyan's views upon the Crimes Act had been known in Bridgeton he would have got the support of the Irish electors. (Laughter.) Sir George Trevelyan did not dwell on the object or the tyranny of the League, or the ruin and loss it caused, nor did he enter upon the question whether Lord Salisbury and Earl Spencer were justified in the policies they adopted. The question for the present decision was whether the previous policy, which had been so successful, should be followed by the present Government, if the tyranny of the League became more rampant and more organized. Now, as far as the act of an association was wholly political, it could not be condemned, but if the action of an association destroyed the liberty of the people and subverted order and good government, it did not matter what the supposed motives of the association were. It was enough that its action was hostile to social order. (Cheers.) The House had already decided that intimidation prevailed, preventing persons from pursuing thei lawful occupations. He contradicted the reports that he had disagreed with the Government upon the step proposed. He believed that the League's aim was spoliation and injustice, and that its methods were in defiance of the law. (Cheers.) Continuing, Lord Hartington said that he had some doubt as to the course adopted. He should have preferred if it had been possible that the Government should resort in the first instance to the provisions of the Crimes Act; but with their aim and object he entirely and earnestly sympathized. They were justified by the facts before them in the course they had taken. He would oppose Mr. Gladstone's resolution, because it asked the House to interfere needlessly and prematurely with the Government's exercise of the authority which Parliament had entrusted to them and intended that they should use. (Loud cheers.)

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said he thought the preceding speech was an extraordinary one from such a responsible statesman, knowing that the step he was taking was fateful both for Ireland and for England. Instead of advising the country, under these grave circumstances, Lord Hartington only endeavored to show that he had not been consulted, and therefore was not responsible for what had been done. (Laughter.) The Government allowed a verdict of not guilty to be entered on several clauses of the indictment against the League; for they did not dare to proclaim it as an association for the promotion of crime or interfering with the maintenance of law and order. He would not extenuate or apologize for intimidation, but if that was all the Government wanted to prevent they could have attained that object by adopting the advice of their Unionist friends and putting in force the "combination" clause of the Crimes Bill. The reason they had not taken that course was because they would have been compelled to produce evidence that would satisfy the country that intimidation prevailed in Ireland, and they were unable to produce such evidence. But the men they wished to suppress were not intimidators, but restrainers of intimidation. (Irish cheers.) The Government wanted to strike the League because it was inconvenient to them, adverse to their political opinions and to the pecuniary interests of the class they represented, and it was characteristic of them that the first member struck was an Irish member of Parliament, the editor of an Irish newspaper. The only specific cases which had been adduced to justify the proclamation had been specifically disproved. The country would appreciate the unfairness of their conduct and object.

Mr. Goschen observed that Sir William Harcourt had been elected to hold the brief for the League. Continuing, he said that the Government were fully conscious of their responsibility. The difficulty of their task was increased by the persistent opposition of those who had themselves held high office, and who, under similar circumstances, were supported by the Conservatives. Mr. Goschen then proceeded to denounce the League in strong terms.

Mr. Healy, who ended the debate, counselled the Irish people to wait patiently and abstain from violence.

The vote was then taken, 194 voting in favor of Mr. Gladstone's motion and 272 against, giving a Government majority of 78 votes.

The O'Gorman Mahon, Nationalist, the newly-elected member for Carlow, entered the House this afternoon and took his seat. He was greeted with cheers by the Parnellite members.

HE SAYS HE DID IT.

Murderer Captured in Windsor and Confesses His Crime to the Authorities.

A Windsor despatch says: Chief of Police Bains, of Windsor, arrested a man who has been living in the town for the past two weeks on the strength of the fact that he tallied with the description of one Emmanuel Myers, charged with murdering his wife in Jackson, Mich. After the arrest the man confessed his crime. The murder took place in February last. The girl was his third wife and was only 20 years of age. They had been married three years. He was extremely cruel to her, and on that account they separated about four months prior to the shooting. Subsequently a son of Myers by a former wife fell ill and Mrs. Myers returned home to nurse him. On his recovery she prepared to take her departure again, and Myers helped her to pack her trunk and said he would go part of the way with her. As she turned to leave the house he suddenly drew a revolver and shot her, the bullet passing through her lungs and lodging in the liver, inflicting a fatal wound. Immediately after the shooting the murderer disappeared, and although the police made diligent search to discover his whereabouts they failed to locate him, and it was thought he had ended his life by jumping into the river, which runs by his home. Instead of committing suicide Myers made tracks for the south, where he had been up to the time he arrived in Windsor. He looks and acts like a lunatic, and while living in Jackson was regarded as half crazy, besides being of an extremely jealous and quarrelsome disposition. He is over six feet in height, stooped shouldered, grizzly grey hair and whiskers. He is owner of four houses and lots in Jackson, and a short time before he murdered his wife he stated to neighbors he would send her to eternity if she did not sign off her claim to the property. It is probable he will consent to return to Jackson without the formality of extradition, as he is completely broken down in health.

General Middleton's Retirement.

An Ottawa despatch says: It is understood that Major-General Middleton's tenure of office as the general officer commanding the Canadian militia will expire in November next. He will then have attained the maximum age of retirement from active service as fixed by the Imperial Army regulations, viz., 62 years. As under the Dominion Militia Act the officer charged with the military command and discipline of our militia must hold rank in Her Majesty's regular army *i. e.*, on the active list—General Middleton will perforce retire. His retiring allowance will, it is stated, be about seven hundred pounds sterling annually.

Every girl should learn to play the piano. Music has charms to soothe the savage, and there is no telling what sort of a temper the man will have she catches for a husband.

PELTED WITH STICKS AND STONES.

Savage Attack on Salvationists at Quebec—Both Women and Men Assaulted—Narrow Escape of Commissioner Coombes from Being Murdered.

A last (Thursday) night's Quebec despatch says: A most brutal and uncalled for attack on the Salvation Army took place here to-night. A large number of brothers and sisters of the Army arrived here yesterday for the purpose of taking part in their fifth annual jubilee. They came from Halifax, St. John (N.B.), the Eastern townships, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and other places west, probably about 100 delegates in all. Last evening, in the usual way, they with the city members paraded through the streets, headed by a brass band. They did not interfere with any one. A few evil-disposed ruffians who probably detest religious worship in any form, threw a few large rocks at the procession, slightly injuring passers-by as well as members of the Army. No particular notice was taken of this and the cowards desisted, only to renew the attack to-night with reinforcements. The procession had just reached Place d'Armes square, when a well-known Quebec bully, backed by 300 or 400 similar cowards, rushed on the unprotected Salvationists and poured a continual fusilade of rocks at them, with an occasional thump of a stick. They did not stop in their murderous assault even when men and women, one after the other, fell to the ground, maimed. In fact, this seemed to increase their fury, and if any sympathizers went to the assistance of the injured ones they were given a stormy reception. By the greatest efforts the injured ones were rescued and taken to the barracks. In the meantime the mob followed the Army, and, like the sneaking cowards that they were, hid behind a fence which encircles the Jesuit grounds, opposite the Basilica. There they opened fire again and caused a general stampede amongst the Army, who were taken at fearful odds. A young lady who was passing Simons & Foulds' dry goods store, on Fabrique street, during this attack, escaped death by a hair's breadth. A rock weighing about two pounds struck her hat, glanced off and smashed a $100 pane of glass. Further down the street a lady member of the Army was struck on the back of the neck with a huge stick, by a burly ruffian. The young girl ran as hastily as she could into a store on Fabrique street for protection, but was rudely ejected and again attacked. The Army were making as fast time as possible and reached the barracks, where it was found that some fifteen or more were seriously injured. Color-Sergeant Merritt, of Quebec, was hit on the temple and is suffering from concussion of the brain. He is now delirious and the doctor cannot pronounce on his case. Adjutant VanAllen, of Montreal, and McHardy, of Ottawa, have split heads. Bateman, Gardiner and Young, of Montreal, are injured on the face, head and body. Miss Lloyd, a captain, of Waterloo, was kicked in the ribs and is almost prostrated. Commissioner Coombes was set upon by a number of the mob and would undoubtedly have been killed but for the timely assistance of a man named Low, who mixed up with the row and changed hats with the commissioner.

Commissioner Coombes states that he demanded police protection for to-night after being assailed last night, and was only allowed four men, who arrived, in the usual way, after the storm was over. Dr. Gale, who is in attendance, has refused to allow several of the injured ones to be removed to-night. There is great indignation felt over this outrage of civil rights. The ringleader was fully recognized by several persons, and, it is said, will be arrested. Commissioner Coombes will, it is said, remain over and push the prosecution.

ANOTHER ANTI-SCOTT ACT OUTRAGE.

A Temperance Man Treated to a Dose of Dynamite—The Windows of the House Broken.

A Farmersville, Ont., despatch says: The Scott Act has been in force in the County of Leeds for about fifteen months, during which time feeling between the advocates of the Act and the Anti-Scott men has run very high in this section of the county. The two hotelkeepers here, together with the one at Charleston Lake, five miles distant, have been twice hauled up for selling liquor. During the last few days, therefore, the feeling has been very bitter, and Monday night the excitement was intensified by the explosion of a dynamite cartridge shortly before midnight in front of the residence of Richard Arnold, a leading temperance man, breaking all the windows on the south and west sides of the house, but fortunately no one was injured. Had the cartridge been placed nearer the building the results would have been more serious. Who committed the dastardly deed is unknown, but it is believed that its effect is to intimidate witnesses to be heard at to-day's trial. The driver of the stage between here and Mallorytown (Hogaboom) states that on Monday evening he brought a package from Mallorytown to McIntosh Mills, six miles from here, which he was afterwards informed contained dynamite, and it is believed that the cartridge used last night was taken from this package. Nearly a year ago Arnold and the village constable, George Brown, both received anonymous letters threatening the use of dynamite if they persisted in carrying out the law.

Acute "Loco Motive Eat Us."

Everybody is talking about the extraordinary number of railroad disasters, crossing-slaughters, collisions and runaway engines reported in the daily newspapers during the past two or three weeks. It does not indicate that railway men are becoming more reckless or that the average of risk is increasing. Casual events of any class distribute themselves in groups and not at regular intervals, and just now we are passing through an uncommonly thick group of incidents of this sort. The effect is somewhat startling, however. It looks very much as if an epidemic of acute locomotivitis had attacked the railroads of the country.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mr. Sorley will leave London (Eng.) immediately in connection with the failure of the Bank of London, in the interest of Scotch holders of the debentures issued by the Ontario Investment Association, in which the directors of the bank are largely interested.

FAINT HEARTED SHERIFF.

Desperate Eviction Battle Fought, Ending in the Defeat of the Evictors.

A Cork cable says: An eviction has failed on an estate in South Cork belonging to Sir George St. John Colthurst, sixth baronet, whose principal seat is named Castle Blarney. A tenant named Timothy O'Leary owed about $700 arrearages of rent and costs. The baronet's agent offered to accept $100 in full satisfaction, O'Leary to surrender possession. He refused, and an eviction writ was issued. There was a crowd of 300 persons, headed by the Secretary of the local branch of the National League and a band. The sheriffs and bailiffs were protected by twenty policemen in charge of a district inspector. When the party arrived, at 7 o'clock in the morning, they found the house barricaded and a number of men inside prepared to offer every resistance. Over the front door was suspended an American hay rake, which, by means of ropes attached, the defenders in the house were able to drop upon the heads of the bailiffs. Seeing the difficulty in forcing the door, some of the bailiffs got up on the roof, but no sooner had they made an opening than they were attacked by those within, who shot out long poles at them, and one of them narrowly escaped being hurled to the ground. After five hours' work the bailiffs forced an entrance to the ground floor, but having got thus far they were assailed with stones and other missiles and assaulted with mops dipped in boiling tar. Matters became so serious that the Police Inspector ordered his men to load and fire. The latter part of the order, however, was not carried out. After seven hours of fruitless effort the eviction was abandoned. In the yard of the premises there is an open well 50 feet deep. This was covered over with light laths and rushes, and had any sheriff's assistants or policemen fallen into the trap laid for them they would, in all probability, have been killed. There were no arrests made, and the National Leaguers present shouted triumphantly as the sheriff abandoned his efforts to enforce the decree of the Court.

ANOTHER RAILWAY FATALITY.

A Bridge Washed Away by a Flood—The Engineer Killed at His Post—Another Calamity Narrowly Averted.

A Denver, Col., despatch says: An accident occurred on an east bound Union Pacific express at Sand Creek Bridge, ten miles east of here, on Wednesday night, resulting in the death of Engineer Masterton and the serious wounding of two or three others. The Union Pacific and Burlington Bridge cross the creek almost parallel and within a few feet of each other. When the engineer of the Union Pacific train, which leaves here about 30 minutes ahead of the Burlington train, was within a few feet of the bridge he was horrified to see that a flood in the early part of the evening had washed the middle section away. The fireman jumped into the stream and stuck in the sand, whence he was taken out half an hour later in an unconscious condition. He will most likely die. Engineer Masterton grabbed the lever, and reversed the engine just as it plunged into the water with a baggage car, which fell on top of his body, burying him in the sand. Baggageman Breedlove was badly injured by falling trunks. An old German woman living nearby heard the cries of the frightened people, and rushed out with a lantern and stopped the approaching express on the Burlington route within a few feet of the bridge.

BORN IN A CAR

And Dropped Down a Steep Embankment and Yet Lives.

A last (Friday) night's St. John, N. B., despatch says: As the Western train was about passing Grand Bay this morning a woman passenger was seen to enter a rear apartment. As she did not come out when the train was nearing the city, the conductor grew suspicious, and at his request two women entered the apartment and found the occupant in an unconscious and completely exhausted state. They told the conductor, who, on the arrival of the train at St. John, had her taken to the public hospital. It was then discovered that she had become a mother. Subsequently the babe, a fine, healthy boy, was found at the foot of a 30-foot embankment near Grand Bay. The child was taken to a house near by and will probably live. The train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour when passing this point. The mother has not yet fully recovered consciousness. Those who have seen her acquit her of any criminal intent. The woman was on her way to Boston from Woodstock. It is said her name is Putnam, and that she came a short time ago from Nova Scotia.

Housekeeping Intelligence.

Mrs. Molly Bigman, a newly-married lady, does not know anything about housekeeping, but she is anxious to have her husband believe that there is nothing in the housekeeping line that she does not know. He happened to be in the room when the cook came and said:

"Will you please gib me out de coffee? De water's been a-bilin' dis las' half hour."

"Let the water boil, Matilda," replied Mrs. Bigman calmly, "the longer it boils the stronger it will be."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

George Meredith, the famous English novelist, is a handsome man between 50 and 60 years of age. His hair is gray, his features well cut and expressive, and his manner vigorous, unaffected and pleasing. Like many a man who has excelled in prose George Meredith considers himself a great poet. He seems blind to the fact that while he may be a giant in fiction he is a dwarf in verse. The *Athenæum*, speaking of his poetry, calls him a "harlequin."

A catfish came out of the river at Carm Ill., with a tin cup in its mouth.

An accident, the like of which probably never happened before, is reported from Arkansas City. A man was riding on the footboard of a switch engine when a cow came out of the woods on to the track just ahead of the engine, and before anything could be done the man's limbs were crushed etween the engine and the body of the cow.

A Chicago clergyman has been forced to resign for offending some of his rich pewholders by preaching too plainly against the wickedness of grinding down the workinggirls by long hours and semi-starvation pay.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Lord Salisbury's Son's Marriage—Brilliant Affair—The Dresses Worn.

A London cable says: The Cecil-Wilbraham wedding at St. Andrew's, in Wells street, was in every way worthy so auspicious an event as the marriage of a son of the Prime Minister with the daughter of a Lord Chamberlain. The church was crowded with guests and sightseers, and every available point was profusely decorated with white flowers. Lord Salisbury, in unwonted good spirits, talked of everything but the proclamation of the League to his many friends. It is a pity that the praiseworthy punctuality of the bride was not more generally imitated. Lady Florence Wilbraham looked very beautiful in a dress of white poult du soie and Brussels lace, but it must be confessed that primrose satin did not suit the complexions of some of the bridesmaids. Lady Lathom, in her becoming dress of light grey silk with bonnet to match, seemed scarcely older than her daughters; Lady Grosvenor wore a long cloak of violet velvet and a round hat; Lady Lytton was in fawn color; Lady Borthwick's becoming Worth costume of blue, with antique miniature buttons and blue bonnet, was much admired; Lady Betty Lytton and Miss Smith seemed specially interested in the ceremony; Sir Arthur Sullivan was duly impressed by the bridal marches; Lady Exeter and her daughter represented the other branch of the Cecils; Mr. W. H. Smith was scarcely as cheerful as his chief; Messrs. Balfour, Lowther, Villiers and Baden-Powell did duty for the Commons. The breakfast and tea in Portland Place was very well managed. Lady Salisbury endowed her new daughter-in-law with a supply of diamond stars. Lord Salisbury gave a dressing-bag which was almost a counterpart of Lady Cranborne's. The presents of plate were particularly numerous.

THE MANHATTAN SWINDLE.

Mrs. Fanny Roberts Sent to Jail to Keep Company With Lawyer Dunn.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. B. Roberts, described in Teller Scott's affidavit charging her with receiving and retaining from him $10,000 of the money stolen from the Manhattan Company's Bank, while lawyer Dunn received and appropriated the remainder, or $40,000, was found this morning at her residence. To the reporter's questions as to the truth of Teller Scott's affidavit she said, with apparent surprise at the accusation: "You are the first to tell me what Scott has stated in his affidavit. I was informed at breakfast that there was something in the paper about me, but had not had time to read what it was when you were announced. I never use the name Fanny when speaking or writing of myself, but usually sign my name as Mrs. J. B. Roberts. I am a widow, and having some means occupy this house, with my colored man and maid servants. I have no objection to saying that my name is Fanny S. Roberts, and suppose that I am the person alluded to in the affidavit which you have read to me. Of course such a publication as this is not pleasant, but being conscious of right I have no fear of facing the trouble if any should arise. I never heard until to-day of this Richard Scott, and certainly could not have been friendly with him. I have not read the papers lately and had no idea that such a man existed. It is not true that I received $10,000 from Scott or from any man known to me by that or any other name. The charge of intimacy with a man who confessed to me that he was a thief is too preposterous for me to answer except in a court of law." Later it was learned that Mrs. Roberts had been arrested and taken to Ludlow street jail.

THE JAPS AND THE C.P.R.

Influence of the Establishment of the New Line of Steamers in Japan.

A London cable says: The opening of the Canadian Pacific and the establishment of a line of steamers from Vancouver to Yokohama and Hong Kong are creating extraordinary interest in Japanese political and commercial circles. The native journals are actively discussing the probable effects of the development of the new route on the commercial position of Japan, which, they think, may be completely revolutionized by it. If, they say, goods for China and other countries in the East are conveyed by this route, Japan would have in the East a position corresponding to that of Great Britain in the West as a commercial and banking centre. At present, while the Suez Canal is the main route, Japan stands alone in the extreme end of the chain of communications. With the Canadian Pacific steamship and railway lines in active operation Japan should be the centre of the Eastern trade, and accordingly Japanese merchants are urged to be up and doing. It is suggested that the native steamship companies connect Hong Kong and Singapore with Yokohama, and possibly extend the line to Australia later, thus increasing the number of feeders of the Canadian Pacific. Whatever the result may be, the officials of the Canadian Pacific have succeeded in arousing to a very high degree Japanese commercial energy and ambition,

At Atlanta, Saturday, a workman in opening a door gave it a vigorous pull. In doing so the jar knocked a pocket-book off the facing over the door. The book was comparatively new, but was covered with dust, showing that it had been above the door a long time. It was handed to his employer, who opened it. In it was found between $2,000 and $3,000 in promissory notes.

Lord Tennyson is not gifted with a memory of faces. It was told that he was entertained one day at dinner by a Oscar Browning, a wealthy gentleman well known in London society and not at all related to Browning, the poet. A few days after Mr. Browning met Lord Tennyson at a reception and saluted him cordially, but the poet looked at him vaguely and did not recognize him. "Do you not remember, Lord Tennyson? I am Browning?" said his quondam host. "Oh no, you are not," answered Tennyson, placidly. "I know Robert Browning intimately, and you cannot persuade me that you are he." So off he went, leaving his unfortunate entertainer in a decidedly unpleasant predicament.

An Eckford, Mich., young lady raked 102 acres of stubble in a week, besides taking lessons in elocution and music.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has lost a million dollars, which sum had been bequeathed to it by the will of the late Jennie McGraw Fiske, the courts having decided that the institution is as rich as it is permitted to be under its charter. It is evidently safest for wealthy persons to help their favorite universities while they are alive, for the law has strange ways of breaking in on post-mortem plans.

MAX VON PETTENKOFFER, a German medical authority, considers that cholera is not contagious in the sense of being communicable directly from person to person, but that it belongs to the malarial group of epidemics, the germs of which find their way from the soil into the air, and thence through the lungs into the system. He regards good drainage and pure water as the most efficient safeguard against an outbreak.

PEOPLE who complain of the noise of the Sunday church bells in Canadian cities would find it worth their while to spend a ew weeks travelling in Spain, which is one of the most devout countries under the sun. Ninety thousand bells send forth their summons to prayers from the steeples of 24,000 churches. The weight of these bells amounts to something like 95,000,000 of Spanish pounds, and the value to about 10,000,000 francs.

ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT, who celebrated on the 3rd instant his 70th birthday, is the only field marshal in the Austrian army. He deservedly holds that rank in virtue of his achievements during the Austro-Italian campaign of 1866. He is the wealthiest of all the Hapsburg princes and very liberal in his contributions to charitable objects. He is also a generous patron of art, and owns probably the most valuable collection of engravings in the world.

BISMARCK'S wife is an interesting woman. She is more than 60 years of age, very tall and very gray. Her features are prominent and her cheek-bones very high. Altogether she has a strong face. She is a woman of very determined character and not unlike the "Iron Chancellor" himself in obstinacy. She is fond of talking and speaks in a loud and decided voice. She is apt to tell stories which a girl of the period would not care to have her mother hear.

SOME of the trees of Arkansas have peculiar properties. The fruit and root of the buckeye are used by Indians on their fishing excursions. They put the fruit and roots in a bag, which they drag through the water. In an hour or so the fish rise to the surface dead. Cattle die after eating of the fruit or leaves. Man eats the fruit of the pawpaw, but hogs won't. Ropes and mats are made of its bark. The fruit and bark of the bay tree are supposed to be a cure for rheumatism and intermittent fever.

ONE well-known Countess, whose life is spent in devising new varieties of social pleasures, gave a canine "at home" a week or two since at her London house, at which more than fifty pet dogs, principally terriers, pugs and dachshunds, put in an appearance. A cold collation, served on a special dinner service, was provided, while, as a delicate attention, several live rats were placed in a back room for the terriers, who were equal to the more exciting task of worrying them.

IN the death of Aaron J. Vanderpoel the Democracy of New York loses a sterling supporter. The head of one of the most important law firms in the country, counsel for Samuel J. Tilden in important suits, he was more than once offered promotion to the bench, and might have ascended that of the Court of Appeals in 1885 had he chosen. The life of a simple citizen pleased him best. He was a good man and will long be mourned by those who had the privilege of his friendship.

GEISBERT POLTGIESER, of Chicago, is dead at the age of 73. He was the oldest saloon-keeper in the city of Tyrian Purple. He went to Chicago in 1842 and opened a grocery and bar. Besides his distinction as the oldest saloon-keeper in Chicago he also enjoyed the reputation of being the heaviest man in that city. In 1869 he weighed 430 pounds. His weight decreased as he grew older, but still registered over 300 pounds at the time of his death. He leaves a fortune of about $300,000 to his wife and children.

IN a duel with swords, recently fought at Grenoble, between M. Menvielle, editor of the *Recéil du Dauphine*, and M. Gustave Naquet, editor of the *Petit Dauphinoes*, the principals disarmed each other in successive rounds. In the third round M. Naquet seized his adversary's weapon and dealt him a thrust in the groin. Then Captain Martin, one of M. Menvielle's seconds, boxed M. Naquet's ears, and M. Naquet's seconds deserted him. M. Naquet has now been fined in a police court for illegitimately wounding his antagonist.

AMONG the matters to be considered at the forthcoming convention of the American Bankers' Association at Pittsburg are the silver question, the uniformity of bank cheques as proposed by the Chicago Bankers' Club, the use of "safety paper" for all cheques, drafts, etc., plans for securing bank circulation otherwise than by deposits of government bonds, measures for the better protection of depositors in national banks, and a memorial to Congress urging an amendment to the Canadian treaty providing for the extradition of defaulters and embezzlers.

LOOK to your water filter and see that it is frequently and regularly cleansed. Dr. Blyth, the Marylebone officer of health, tells of five persons in a family of thirteen being seized within two days with fever and sickness, terminating in some instances in delirium. After much investigation it was discovered that all the sufferers had been accustomed to drink water from an uncleansed filter, the charcoal in which was loaded with organic matter that had undergone fermentation in consequence of the hot weather. While a household filter is a very desirable thing, a filter which is not frequently cleansed is worse than none at all.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, but occasionally fiction is reproduced as a fact. The old story of the son who had been away to make his fortune, coming back to his parents and being murdered by them for the sake of his wealth, has been carried out in real life. A telegram from Paris states that a young Spaniard left home, and after some years returned a comparatively wealthy man. He was not recognized by his parents, but secured their hospitality. His mother's avarice was excited by the stranger's wealth, and she killed him in the night, severing his head from the body. Upon finding out that the victim was her son, she merely observed that it was his own fault as he ought to have made himself known.

THE Philadelphia *Episcopal Recorder* says: And so another Chinese has found a bride in this country! We are not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but we venture to predict that this is the forerunner of a radical change of sentiment on the part of the American public towards the Mongolian race. If this and the former experiment work well, it will be discovered that the Chinese are good for something more, and something far better, than we ever dreamed. Let them be demonstrated to be desirable husbands for white girls, and Congress must remove that embargo on their emigration to this country, or the eyes of every member thereof will be scratched out of his head. Where is Dennis Kearney? Can he dare oppose himself to the resolute and invincible army of match-making mothers in this land? Oh, sweet will be your revenge, ye Celestials!

DOM PEDRO finds that his liver is harder to rule than all Brazil. In Paris a few days ago his blood was analyzed by Dr Henoques, the specialist, who told him that he was in a bad way. Not only is his liver out of order, but his kidneys also, and at his age there is not much chance of curing him, though the maladies may be held in check. Dom Pedro is but 62 years old, although he has been Emperor fifty-six years, and is in length of reign the senior sovereign of the world. Dr. Henoques asked him what was his favorite drink. Dom Pedro replied that it was the juice of oranges and lemons, iced, and flavored with Jamaica rum. "Better give it up," said Dr. Henoques. "I can't," said Dom Pedro, "and you wouldn't advise me to if you knew how good it is."

THE death of Prof. Fowler has incited discussion as to the standing of phrenology as an exact science. Which reminds us, once upon a time a phrenologist was drawing crowded houses in this city. (Maybe it was Fowler, and maybe it wasn't.) A young man, who regards phrenology with contempt, undertook to test the matter by "having his head felt." His real occupation need not be known, but for the purpose of the visit he choose to describe himself as the organist of one of our city churches. He was much gratified to be told that his bump of music was well developed; that he delighted in harmony, and a lot more to the same purpose. As a matter of fact, he did not know one note from another, and there was no subject that could be broached on which he was more ignorant than music.—*London Advertiser.*

SOME singular statements have been made in the *Deutche Monatschrift* concerning the effect produced by different trades and industrial occupations upon the general health. Among these facts are those contributed by Professor Hesse, of Leipsic, who points out the deplorable condition of the teeth of bakers, and who also asserts that he is frequently able to indicate the occupation of persons by the condition of their teeth. In the case of bakers the caries is soft and rapidly progressive; the principal parts attacked are the labial and buccal surface of the teeth, commencing at the cervix and rapidly extending to the grinding surface—the approximal surface not seeming to be attacked more than in other trades. Professor Hesse believes that the disease is owing to the inhalation of flour dust, the caries being caused by the action of an acid which is formed in the presence of fermentable carbohydrates.

Two interesting physical experiments are amusing French scientific men. In the first a lighted candle is placed behind a bottle, and the latter is blown upon with the breath for a distance of about a foot. The meeting of the air currents set in motion around the bottle quickly extinguish the flame, though extinction would be impossible if a flat board or a sheet of cardboard were substituted for the bottle. For the second experiment two bottles are placed on a table, with a space of half an inch between them. The candle is set between this space, and from the same distance as before, on the opposite side, the breath is blown smartly against the flame. Not only will the latter continue burning, but it will incline slightly towards the operator as if through the effect of suction. This phenomenon, analogous to the first, is due to the fact that a portion of the air cannot pass between the bottles and is forced around them and back toward the experimenter.

A SYNDICATE of Detroit capitalists has been formed for the purpose of supplying stored electricity for house-lighting, and a practical demonstration has shown that the battery it is proposed to use will operate twenty-six sixteen-candle power lamps for twenty-four hours, and show at the end of that time no visible diminution of power upon the ampere. It is believed at the end of that time that sufficient energy to light twelve lamps for five hours will remain. The expectation is that one charging of the battery will light the average house for a week. After all the tests have been made, the machinery perfected, and the company is in good working order, a serious obstacle will be met with. Ladies complain that electric light makes them look "ghastly," changes the shade of their dresses, and in general works havoc with their appearance. Such being the case, it is insanity to suppose they will admit the light to their houses, unless the "dead-white glare" is tempered by the aid of rose-colored glass, or something that will at least keep their complexions up to par.

IN an article on Carlyle, Dr. James McCosh, the venerable head of Princeton College, suggests for an inscription on a monument to that great author: "Here lies one who gave force to the English tongue." On Carlyle's *role* as a philosopher or a prophet Dr. McCosh puts small value. "Whatever he was, better or worse, he was not a philosopher. The epithet is a considerable loose one, but can scarcely be applied in any sense to the man of Ecclefechan, of Craigenputtock and of Chelsea." And again: "I do not recollect in all his writings and reported conversations of a single sagacious forecast, such as some great men present to us, of the future as argued from causes now in operation." And, after indicating his real service to English literature, Dr. McCosh says: "I do not believe that the supposed prophet ever saw far into the future, but he did exhibit the past and the present in a lurid light. His 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' now little read, is perhaps his most characteristic work. It is to be read simply as a caricature of his time, as we read the satires of Juvenal and of Pope."

Women's Superstitions.

I noticed a neat, modest-looking young lady pushing her way along in the crowd on Kearney street the other day, says a writer in the San Francisco *Post*, and was surprised to see so much spirit manifested by a girl of her dainty appearance. When she met several ladies she would crowd closely to the street-edge or the wall, but when men came along she marched boldly between them. Calling the attention of another lady to her strange manner, she said:

"Oh, I always do that, too. I understand it; she's superstitious."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, it brings good luck to separate men, when you meet them, but nothing breeds misfortune so surely as to divide two women on the street."

I looked to see if she were jesting, but saw at once that a judge could not be more serious.

"And do you believe that nonsense?" I asked.

"Why, I s'pose it's foolish," she answered, "but I know if I ever do it, something happens. Now, just yesterday I was with another lady and was ashamed to turn out, and we went right between two women, and at dinner I swallowed a toothpick and came near choking to death."

"But you didn't die?" I suggested.

"No, but I was awfully scared."

That evening I went to a party and tried to find out the pet superstition of each girl I danced with. And they all have them. One wouldn't go under a leaning ladder, another would be sure of coming ill if she saw the moon over her left shoulder, another would not read an epitaph for fear of losing her memory. One girl told me she could stop a dog's howl any time by taking off her shoe and spitting in it. In drawing her kerchief from her bosom a narrow slip of paper fluttered to the ground, on which were some hieroglyphics. "Oh, my charm!" she exclaimed. I supposed she had lost an article of jewellery, and was searching about for it when she seized upon the scrap of paper as though it were a deed to a San Diego corner lot. My curiosity was aroused, and she explained that it was a charm insuring success in undertakings, purchased by her at a great price from an Egyptian fortune-teller in Paris, and that its possession alone amounted to nothing, but it must be put into the pocket or in the bosom of a dress during the recital of an Egyptian verse. If one failed to remember that, however, the Lord's prayer might be substituted.

A Pneumatic Tube to Europe.

Col. J. H. Pierce, of Southington, Conn., who has been studying the use of pneumatic tubes, has reached a point at which he hopes to show that a tube across the Atlantic can be used. The tubes will always be in couples, with the currents of air in one tube always moving in an opposite direction from the other. The heaviest cannon will serve to illustrate the [illegible]. A car takes the place of the charge, the tube to be indefinitely continuous, and the speed of the car to be governed by the rapidity with which air can be forced through. Time is required to establish a current of air flowing with great swiftness through a tube perhaps thousands of miles in length, but when once created the motion will be nearly uniform. The speed of the current may be made as great as may be desired by using the steam-driver fans employed in blast furnaces. Niagara Falls could drive blast fans and furnish motive power to keep in motion the trains to connect this continent with the Old World. The temperature within the tube may be regulated by passing blasts of air entering the tube through furnaces or over ice. The speed attainable may reach 1,000 miles an hour. The tube lining and car exterior would be polished steel, with corrugated sides matching wheels provided with anti-friction bearings. The speed, owing to the curvature of the earth's surface, will tend to overcome all weight, and the pressure will be upon the upper part of the tube; thus there is scarcely any limit to the speed attainable.

Kissed Us All Around.

Some little time ago a young lady, who has been teaching a class of half-grown girls in the Sunday school of Dr. B.'s church, was called away from the city, rendering it necessary to fill her place. The superintendent, after looking over his available material for teachers, decided to request one of the young gentlemen of the congregation to take the class. It so happened that the young man upon whom fell the superintendent's choice was exceedingly bashful—so much so, in fact, that he insisted upon the superintendent going and presenting him to the class. Accordingly the two gentlemen appeared on the little platform, and the superintendent began: "Young ladies, I wish to introduce to you Mr. C., who will in future be your teacher. I would like to have you tell him what your former teacher did, so that he can go right on in the same way. Immediately a demure miss of 14 years arose and said: "The first thing our teacher always did was to kiss us all around."—*American Magazine.*

Tired Young Ladies.

Delicate young ladies, whom often the least exertion tires, will find that a little time regularly spent in the garden will have a favorable effect upon them. Devote the first part of the morning, or an hour before sunset, to your garden. Commence with what seems the most pleasant work—tying a climbing vine against the porch, cutting off the fading flowers, or raking a flower bed; but do not tire yourself out in the beginning; better to work only five minutes at a time than become fatigued and discouraged. With your interest your strength will increase, your drooping spirits will revive, and the blush of your roses become reflected upon your cheeks.

To cure warts the best thing was to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, after which it was to be interred, and as the process of decomposition went on the warts would wither and disappear.

AN ECCENTRIC DRUG.

The Remains of Egyptians Buried Thousands of Years Ago Turned Into Medicine.

Among the standard medicines quoted in the medical books of Nuremburg of two hundred years ago are "portions of the embalmed bodies of man's flesh, brought from the neighborhood of Memphis, where there are many bodies that have been buried for more than one thousand years, called mumia, which have been embalmed with costly salves and balsams, and smell strongly of myrrh, aloes and other fragrant things." The learned doctors of France, Germany and Italy all made great use of this eccentric drug, and in the seventeenth century grievous complaints arose of its adulteration. Mr. Poinet, chief apothecary to the French king, records that the king's physician went to Alexandria to judge for himself in this matter, and, having made friends with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of bodies. He asked what kind of bodies were used and how they were prepared. The Jew informed him that he took such bodies as he could get, whether they died of some disease or of some contagion. He embalmed them with the sweepings of various old drugs, myrrh, aloes, pitch and gums; wound them about with a cere cloth and then dried them in an oven, after which he sent them to Europe, and marvelled to see the Christians were lovers of such filthiness. But even this revelation did not suffice to put mummy physic out of fashion, and we know that Francis I. of France always carried with him a well-filled medicine chest, of which this was the principal ingredient. A traveller also records how one of his friends found in the tombs at Ghizeh a jar carefully sealed, which he opened and found to contain such excellent honey that he could not resist eating a good deal of it, and was only checked in his feast by drawing out a hair, whereupon he investigated further and found the body of an ancient Egyptian baby in good condition and adorned with jewels. He does not record how he enjoyed the meal in retrospect. Imagine dining off the honeyed essence of a baby Pharoah.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A Dozen Grains of Gold.

We are but curious impertinents in the care of futurity.—*Pope.*

All is but lip wisdom which wants experience.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated.—*Arbuthnot.*

The power of fortune is conferred only by the miserable; the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.—*Swift.*

I never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers that was not guilty of greater himself.—*Addison.*

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—*Cicero.*

There is selfishness even in gratitude when it is too profuse to be over-thankful for one favor is in effect to lay out for another.—*Cumberland.*

I would not have children much beaten for their faults, because I would not have them think much bodily pain the greatest punishment.—*Locke.*

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.—*Colton.*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

The proportion of genius to the vulgar is like one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension, that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity and equals with justice, is like one to ten millions.—*Lavater.*

Differences in Social Customs.

Europeans uncover the head as a token of respect or reverence; Orientals never uncover it, and the Turkish Ambassador is allowed to retain his fez even in the presence of Her Majesty. In church all men's heads are bare; in the synagogue it is considered wrong to remove the hat. In China to uncover the head is a mark of disrespect. To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the East, and for this reason the native commissioned officers of our Indian army in giving the military salute confined it to the sword held in the right hand, without at the same time raising the left hand to the forehead, as in the ordinary English salute. Unlike our women, who, when they go out, adorn themselves most carefully, Thibetan women, when leaving their houses, smear their faces over with a dark, sticky substance. It is said that they do so in compliance with a law made by a certain Lama, King Nomekhan, in order to protect their morals by making them look ugly when in public. The Thibetans also put out the tongue as a sign of respectful salutation, and in similar contradiction to our own customs the Malays, Fijians, Tongans and many other Polynesians always sit down when speaking to a superior. At Natavulu it is respectful to turn one's back toward a superior, especially when addressing him, and among the Wahuma, in Congo and in Central Africa, the same custom prevails. The Todas of the Neilgherry hills show respect by raising the open right hand to the face, and resting the thumb on the bridge of the nose. By the way of compliment the people of Yddah shake the clinched fist; the inhabitants of the White Nile and Ashantee spit on those they delight to honor, and some of the Esquimaux pull noses.—*London Life.*

That distinguished Parisienne, Mme. de Walsayre, has been petitioning the French Legislature in favor of the emancipation of women from petticoats. Her case is that petticoats are very dangerous, leading to innumerable fatal accidents, and that trousers are just as decent, more healthy, and far less expensive.

—The continual drought is having a damaging effect on fruit and ornamental trees, the recent rains not being copious enough to penetrate to the roots. A plentiful supply of water should be furnished by means of a trench made around the base of he trees.

LIFE OF THE GIPSIES.

Sleeping in Houses and Under Hedges—A Unique Dining-Table.

If the race of gipsies is not celebrated for cleanliness it can certainly claim the healthful advantages to be gained from life in the open air, says the *Youth's Companion.* The author of "Our Gipsies" dwells upon their repugnance to the very idea of living in a house. One man, belonging to a wandering tribe, was heard to say, with strong emphasis, and apparently with great sincerity: "Thank God that I am not compelled to live in the filth and foul air of towns." A young girl belonging to a gipsy train was only elaborating the same feeling when she declared: "I should pine away and die indoors, just as a lark would if you put it in a cage. I was born in a tent, I have lived in a tent, and I hope to die in a tent. No one who has a real drop of Romany blood in him ever yet willingly took to the life of the house-dweller."

Meeting in London an old umbrella-mender, who looked as if he might belong to this race of wanderers, our author accosted him:

"Am I right in supposing you to be a gipsy?"

"Oh, yes, sir, you are quite right," he replied. "I was born under a hedge, and very nearly the whole of my lifetime I've slept under one, excepting now and then, and especially the last six weeks, during which I've slept in a house."

"I'm glad to hear it, because I think the change you have made in your sleeping-place is a change in the right direction."

"You may think so," said the man, rather superciliously, "but we differ in our opinions on that point. I likes the hedge a great deal better than I likes the house; aye, that I do, however."

"What are your reasons for what seems to me a strange preference?"

"I have two I can give you for that," he said, very emphatically. "Now, sir, listen to me. You see, sir, when you sleeps in a house you don't always know who you sleeps after, and that is what I don't like at all; but if you sleeps under a hedge you do know its clean, and there's no danger of being teased out of your life by the company of bed-fellows which are much too lively to be agreeable."

Another gipsy authority quotes a discussion on the same subject by two old women of a wandering tribe. Both were sun-bronzed and both wore coral ear-rings, and their sun-bonnets were back side in front. One was seated in a barrow; the other was squatted on a whisp of hay-bands by the side of a recumbent donkey, whose four legs hedged her in. She had utilized the flanks of the docile creature to serve as a dinner-table. Bread and butter was spread on it, and about a quarter of a peck of turnip radishes. There was a bald, shiny patch on the donkey's hip, set round with hair, and this was made to contain salt. Every time his mistress dipped a raddish into this extemporized salt-cellar, and proceeded to "scrunch" it there was an expression in the animal's half closed eyes that betrayed his consciousness of her enjoyment and the satisfaction it afforded him.

"And how's Cooper a-doin' since he gave up the wan and took to the house?" asked the woman in the wheelbarrow.

"He's growin' wus and wus," replied her friend, with a grim carve-him-right-too expression in her beady eyes. "He was right enough on wheels. Why didn't he stay on 'em?"

"Ah, to be sure! I know what I should expect would shortly happen to me if once I trusted myself atween lath and plaster."

"But it ain't the laths, and it ain't the bricks, my dear," rejoined her friend. "It's summit in the mortar that works its way into your cistern, and that's what'll bunnick old Cooper up, you mark my words."

So, though the word "system" is not always considered as interchangeable with "cistern," it is evident that the gipsy has an original theory of diseases.

A Tale of a Hand-Organ.

Speaking of hand-organs, an Italian sat in the gutter up in Ellicott street, Buffalo, yesterday morning over a wrecked instrument. He seemed Mozart broken and clutched the Handel fiercely. Some one came along and threw a stone at it, and it Gottschalk'd so that it was all out of tune. The man went off in a Wagner something. "Verdi go?" asked a sympathizing German. No one knew. "We'll never Litz to any more music out o' that," said another. "You may as well be Chopin it up into Kindlin' wood," said another. "Oh, he can Mendelssohn's he gets home," said the cornor grocer, whereupon the gentlemen all went Bach to their respective houses, and the Italian trudged away

Japan possesses a professional humorist named Iwku. His name, at least, is funny.

Coaches were introduced in Elizabeth's reign. This occasioned a sudden demand for horses. The House of Lords rushed to the rescue, and gravely debated whether the supply of horses was to be brought up to the new coaches or the supply of coaches brought down to the horses. A Bill restraining the excessive use of coaches was lost on the second reading. James I. liked hawking and hunting, and wrote a treatise on the theory of horsemanship. In practice there is reason to believe that His Majesty was rather a funker. Although of a frugal mind James gave 500 guineas to Mr. Markham for an Arabian, "a little bay horse, not well shaped," which was easily beaten, according to the Duke of Newcastle, by moderate English horses. In this reign speedy animals appear to have been bred at a sacrifice of substance.

A clergyman, the vicar of Pitsmoor, has been speaking on the modes of marriage in and near Sheffield. He states that people are there married in batches; that the bridegrooms almost invariably get the rings too small, and have at times to lick the lady's delicate finger to induce the stubborn ring to move on. It seems to be no uncommon thing to find that the ring is the difficulty, through its presence or absence. "Then, again," says the vicar, "when they come to that important part of the marriage service where the minister asks the man if he will have this woman to be his wedded wife, the man will not unfrequently turn to the woman and say, 'Wilt tha black my boots?' and the woman will invariably say, 'I will;" and the man then rejoins, 'Now, tha's said it,' and he holds her to her word. Such are Yorkshire manners."—*Manchester Courier.*

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

The Post-Office burglary is the talk of the town and community just now.

Get your Flour, Bran, Shorts, Chop etc., at Keefer's, Flesherton.

Grand Councillor Steele, of Guelph, favored THE ADVANCE with a brief call on Monday.

Smith, the Markdale barber, will be in Flesherton both days of East Grey Fall Show to attend to the wants of customers.

There was a large number of small cattle offered for sale at the fair here last Monday, quite a number of which changed hands.

Mr. Stephan, the new Flesherton baker, is giving good satisfaction to his many customers and is rapidly working up a large business.

The junior member of THE ADVANCE staff says: "After that burglary in Flesherton, nearly every one in the town imagines himself a detective."

I am now prepared to supply my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with their patronage with the Choicest Confectionery and Fruit that can possibly be obtained.

R. KEEFER.

In reference to the Post-Office burglary, there are several comical stories afloat. True or untrue, it is said one prominent citizen ensconced himself in a barrel, revolver in hand, and made preparations for a fierce attack on the burglars. When the explosion occurred (so the story goes) the p. c. called reinforcements to his aid and sallied forth only to find that the birds had flown for more congenial quarters.

Frank VanDusen and David Bates were driving a horse attached to a light waggon out of Flesher's mill yard on Tuesday, when the animal took fright and ran away. It had only gone a few rods when one of the front wheels came in contact with a fence post and the horse started across the road with the shafts minus the waggon. Frank soon caught him. In the meantime David Bates had jumped out of the rig while in motion and sustained a pretty rough shaking up. Otherwise the runaway didn't amount to much.

Rev Mr. Earle—who, in company with his wife, will shortly go to the Southern States for the benefit of his health, and who chanced to be in Flesherton—delivered a stirring Temperance sermon in the Methodist church here last Sunday evening. The evils of the traffic were graphically alluded to, with great dramatic power and effect, from the words, "Strong drink is raging and he who is deceived thereby is not wise." The church was filled to the doors by a very large and appreciative audience, who were electrified and thrilled by the Rev. gentleman's graphic word pictures and statistics. The members of Fountain Council, R. T. of T., marched to the church in full regalia and occupied front seats. Many active workers of the S. of T. and W. C. T. U. were also present.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The harvest for this year is over and threshing is now the order of the day. There will be a good deal of light grain in consequence of the very dry and warm weather through July and August.

The Eclipse steam saw mill is going to be built by Messrs. Kells and Lucas. They have a gang of hands at work taking out the timber for the frame and intend pushing on the work as fast as possible so as to be able to get the balance of the logs that were saved from the fire cut into lumber before the coming winter.

Mr. Stephen Badger, of Thornbury, was through here buying cattle for the last two weeks. He shipped a car load of them from Markdale.

Mr. John Warling will be our mail man after the 1st of October, he having secured the contract for conveying Her Majesty's mails between Flesherton and Vandeleur for the next four years.

Miss Annie Buchanan was well pleased with her visit to the Sault St. Marie, and someone else seems just as well pleased that she has returned home again.

Mr. Robert Warling was up to Meaford visiting his brother some time ago. He says that the weather was just as dry up there as here.

Gospel Temperance Meeting.

The Town Hall, Flesherton, was well filled with people on Monday evening last. The program, although somewhat lengthy, seemed to give pleasure to the audience. Grand Councillor Steele, of Guelph, occupied the chair, his short, witty and pointed remarks being a very pleasing feature of the evening's entertainment. His statements in reference to life insurance, as represented by such societies as the Royal Templars of Temperance, formed a striking comparison in favor of them as opposed to the old stock insurance companies, and created a marked impression. The Grand Councillor is a model chairman and few men we have heard can crowd as many facts into such a short space of time as he can—presenting them, at the same time, in a clear and pleasant manner. Miss Burgess, o Listowel, and Miss Mills, of Hamilton, rendered valuable assistance in the musical department, as also did the Misses Richardson, Miss Damude, Miss VanDusen, and Messrs. Russell and Barnhouse, of Flesherton.

Brief, witty and forceable Temperance speeches were delivered by Rev. G. Buggins, of Markdale, Rev. Mr. Earle, Rev. Mr. Shilton, and Rev. Mr. Watson, of Flesherton. Mr. John Gordon, the energetic head man of the Templars here, made the announcements. A. R. Fawcett, of THE ADVANCE, occupied a seat on the platform and made a few remarks.

Altogether the meeting was a profitable one throughout. Many of the facts presented were new to most of the people present. Some, who had doubts as to the working of the Scott Act in various places, were cheered and strengthened by the glowing testimony of Revs. Shilton and Earle—both fresh from the banner Scott Act county of Halton. Others had doubts removed as to the soundness of Life Insurance, as represented by societies, by the facts and arguments adduced by Grand Councillor Steele.

Following is the musical program :—

1.—"Rescue the perishing."

2.—Solo, "Room among the Angels," by Miss Burgess.

3.—"How far is it called to the grave," by Misses Mills and Burgess.

4.—Trio.—"Just for To-Day," by Grand Councillor Steele and Misses Burgess and Mills.

5.—Quartette, "Hear our Prayer," by the Flesherton Glee Club, composed of Miss Richardson, Miss Damude, Messrs. Russell and Barnhouse, accompained by Miss Edith Richardson on the organ.

6.—Solo. "The Master stood in his Garden," by Miss Burgess.

7.—Trio, "The New Song," G. C. Steele, Misses Mills and Burgess.

8.—Duet, "One Day Nearer Home," by Misses Burgess and Mills.

9.—Solo, "Tyrol's Lovely Dell," by Miss Milly VanDusen.

10.—Solo and Chorus, "Tell it Again," by Miss Burgess and audience.

11.—Quartette, "Dancing o'er the Waves," by Flesherton Glee Club.

12.—Solo, "Not Ashamed of Christ," by Miss Mills.

13.—Trio, "To the Rescue," by G. C. Steele, Misses Mills and Burgess.

14.—Solo, "Twas Drink that Spoiled my Boy," by Miss Burgess.

15.—Trio, "God be with You," by G. C. Steele, Misses Burgess and Mills.

16.—Doxology.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

Harvest nearly in around here. Threshing operations are rife. The shrill whistle of the steam thresher engine is frequently heard also the grind of the gearing of the horse-power.

The cheersome clang of the school bell is heard again, and the children scamper off to their tasks.

The falls continue to give out their roaring music on the air, and lose none of their picturesqueness or natural grandeur and beauty.

Most of our citizens have had visiting friends during vacation and holiday time.

Miss Minnie Carr has been spending her vacation with the Rev. Dr. Strongman, of Dundalk.

Mr. James Stuart, of Euphrasia, showed us a bull calf 5 months old, weighing 595 lbs. or 107 lbs. for each month old. I tell you he's a handsome whopper (Is this beat anywhere.)

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Excitement ran high here on hearing of the burglary of the Flesherton Post-Office, and every one seems to be more than pleased to learn that the burglars have been caught, and hope they may in due time reap the reward of their crime. [We are sorry to inform our correspondent that the burglars are still at large.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Business in our village has been very dull for some time.

Harvesting is about wound up, and threshing machines are now busy in every direction. But reports of the yield of grain are not so favorable as was anticipated. The grain being in many cases ripened to quickly, and consequently is light.

A Dakota Land and Emigration Agent is expected to lecture and give information about Dakota here, on Wednesday and several of our farmers and citizens have already got Dakota on the brain.

That bridge over the Beaver river is not yet repaired, and much inconvenience is felt on that account, and considering the amout of merchandise carried by some of the small men who live across the river and have to cross on a single log, the wonder is that some of these small men do not turn up missing, and there are cases where Pilots have had to escort them over those horrid waters.

Rev. R. Gordon has again arrived home from Michigan, where he has been stationed the past year. He expects to return shortly with his family.

Mr. John and Arthur Maxwell are leaving here this week for Michigan.

Another small patch at the end of our hotel has been painted white this summer which makes quite an improvement in the appearance of the place.

We know of no mode of treatment which offers to sufferers from chronic diseases, a more certain hope of cure than that which is comprehended in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For purifying and invigorating the blood, this preparation is unequaled.

Her Feelings Aroused.

De Garmo—"Wonderful shot, that of Henry's! Why he hit the bull's-eye nine times in succession yesterday."

Miss De Peyster (member of the Bergh Society)—"You can't just think of the sufferings of that poor bull. Men are such brutes."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To RENT or for SALE.

BEING North half of Lot 31, Con. 10, Township of Artemesia, 63 acres, 50 of which is cleared and in good state of cultivation. Good barn, house, and pump at the door. For fuller particulars apply to WM. WILSON, 32t -1m. on the premises.

FARM for SALE

CONTAINING 50 acres, being Lot 170 in the 1st Con. South West of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia; 45 acres well cleared; about ¾ of an acre of good Orchard; splendid well; good log house 18x24; also log barn near the thriving village of Flesherton. Reasonable term For full particulars, apply to THOMAS O'MELLIA. 132-6) Collingwood P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE or to RENT.

LOT 32, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation Situated about half way between Flesherton and Maxwell on the Collingwood road. Good well, good spring at rear of lot; barn, stable and other accommodations. For full particulars and terms, apply to JAMES KESTER, Aug. 25th, 1887 —1 m. Flesherton.

Notice to Contractors!

SAULT SAINTE MARIE CANAL.

CONTRACTORS intending to tender for works of construction of the Canal proposed to be formed on the Canadian side of the Saint Mary's River, are hereby informed that Tenders will be received about JANUARY next, and that the most favourable time to examine the locality will be between the present time and the early part of November next.

When plans, specifications and other documents are prepared due notice will be given. Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them and be furnished with blank forms of tender, etc.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 24th August, 1887. 30-3t

Tenders

WILL be received up to the 17th Day of September, fo, the repairing of Church and Shed at Mount Zion. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Specifications of work to be seen at the house of SAMUEL SHEARDOWN.

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con. 11, Artemesia, about one month ago, a yearling Steer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

DAVID JOHNSTON.

August 24th, 1887.

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!
LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing
Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*
Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!

Having received large auditions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.

LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.

MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.

FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP * AND * DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones, Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.
FLESHERTON. OST

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 325. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Everybody

Wait.

Don't buy any Watches, Clocks, or Plateware from me or any other Jeweller 'till you see my Lines and Prices at the

Flesherton Fall Fair!

I intend making, without exception the FINEST DISPLAY ever shown at that Fair, and will clear some

Staple Lines

—at—

"YOUR OWN PRICES."

Be Prepared to Buy.

FOR 5 YEARS

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manner of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time. A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Best Harness Oil at Clayton's, Flesherton.

Mr. Chas. Sargent was in town this week.

Our new schoolhouse will be closed in this week.

Good Goods at low prices for cash at Bates'. Come and see.

Miss Callwell, of Stayner, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Dinwoody, Flesherton.

Quite a number of our citizens went to Toronto on the excursion train last Friday.

Curry Combs, Brushes, Whips, Harness Oil, Trunks, &c., at Clayton's, Flesherton.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. S. Kingston for some fine luscious plums grown in her garden in Flesherton.

A large number of our citizens and neighboring farmers visited the Toronto exhibition last week and this.

Mr. Will Keefer came to Flesherton last week on a visit to his many friends here. Will never looked better.

Mrs. D. E. Wright left for St. Louis, U. S., last week, to rejoin her husband who has been there for some time.

Mr. W. W. Trimble has decided to keep Markdale Bread for sale at his Flour and Feed Store, Flesherton, in future.

A number of our business blocks have been brightened and improved by the liberal use of paint during the past few

Mr. W. H. Flesher of this village, fell through a ladder on Saturday last, a distance of about 16 feet, injuring him somewhat.

Several suspicious characters have been drifting around this neighborhood during the past few weeks. They are being watched.

An Artemesia man shot a fox one day lately and he says the ball chawed one foot off and broke both legs in two places and then entered the neck.

Our sidewalks are now in a good state of repair. The last cedar plank of the season was laid on Monday under the supervision of pathmaster Gordon.

Mr. Will Campbell is now Station Agent at Middleton, on the C.P.R. Step by step Will continues to ascend. Go on, mein frendt, and get right oup to der dop!

Miss Lizzie Hall, of Thornbury, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Fawcett, sr., of this town; also her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fawcett.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church will furnish a good, hot, and cheap dinner on second day of East Grey Show—Friday next, 23rd inst.—in Town Hall, Flesherton. Also grand concert in the evening. See bills.

Mr. R. Trimble denies the story printed in last week's ADVANCE, to the effect that he was dodging around house corners and barrells, with a revolver in his hand, while the burglars were getting in their work on Mr. Sproule's store.

Our thanks are due the Directors of the Great Northern Exhibition, Collingwood, for complimentary ticket and invitation to attend their Show, which will be held in the town of Collingwood on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th days of this month.

TAMARAC.—When so hoarse your voice seems unnatural. Get thee to your druggist for a bottle of Tamarac Elixir. It never fails to cure Hoarseness, Colds, Coughs, etc.

Great Clearing Sale of Furniture at Bates' for the next 30 days.

Call and see Clayton's fine stock of Harness, Whips, Trunks, &c. Opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Mr. Robt. Cook, of Flesherton Station, has leased his blacksmith shop for a term of years to Mr. D. B. McLeod, of Nottawasaga, who is prepared to do all kinds of jobbing and carriage work. Horseshoeing second to none.

Our noted veterinary, Mr. Will Richardson, performed a very skilful operation on Saturday last, by removing a large tumor from the inside of the cheek of a young mare belonging to Mr. Wm. L. Wright, of Artemesia. The tumor weighed 13½ ounces.

We are told that another disgraceful fracas occurred at the Station last week, in which a man was severely pounded. Particulars in connection with the affair have been pretty well hushed up by interested parties, but we have no doubt the Commissioners will hold an investigation. These dangerous men must be suppressed.

Through some oversight—we do not know how—special prizes by Mr. J. T. Wilson, Priceville, for best colts got by his stallion, "Young Climax," did not appear in East Grey Prize List. The prizes are—1st, service of the horse free next season; 2nd, $6 cash, for best spring (1887) colts got by "Young Climax," to be exhibited at the East Grey show next week.

Grand Concert in the Town Hall on the evening of Friday next, 23rd inst., second day of East Grey Exhibition, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church. Splendid program. Mrs. Fox, the famous Toronto Club and other noted singers will take part. See bills.

We want every business man in town to be represented in the Business Directory to be published in next week's ADVANCE. The Directory will consist of neat little cards, containing the business notice of each advertiser in as few words as possible, at the uniform rate of 25 cents each card. Space not more than one inch per card.

Bring your folks to the popular East Grey Exhibition to be held in Flesherton on Thursday and Friday of next week. Among the special features will be the great Band competition between the noted Dundalk and Flesherton Brass Bands, which will take place on the afternoon of Friday, the second day of show.

Bring your pictures to Bates and get them framed neat and cheap.

Born.

SMITH.—In Eastnor, on the 6th inst., the wife of Mr. Adam Smith, of twin boys.

BATES.—In Flesherton, on the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. J. W. Bates, of a son.

Died.

IRWIN.—Edna E., daughter of Mr. Wm. Irwin, Principal of Flesherton P. S., August 15th, aged 2 years, 2 months, 22 days. Also Annie Gertrude, Sep. 2nd, aged 4 years, 1 month, 10 days.

Obituary.

FAWCETT.—Suddenly, in its mother's arms, while driving home, on Friday, Sept. 9th, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fawcett, of Heathcote.

[The funeral took place on Sunday last, the remains of the dear little one being followed to the last resting place in the Clarksburg cemetery by a large number of relatives and sympathizing friends. Rev. Mr. Madden improved the sorrowful occasion by preaching an eloquent and practical sermon, in the Heathcote Methodist church, to a very large congregation. The little casket, covered with beautiful floral offerings, was then borne away.]

OUR COUNTY SHOW.

The Big Fair to be Held In Flesherton Next Week.

Next Thursday and Friday the East Grey Agricultural Society's splendid Exhibition will be held on their grounds in Flesherton. Everybody should make it a point to be present on the second day of the show. The grounds will not be opened to exhibitors on the first day, as the exhibits in Agricultural Hall will be judged on that day. But on the second day a list of attractions will be presented which should bring thousands of visitors to Flesherton, where ample provision will be made for the accomodation of man and beast. The Hall and Grounds will be thrown open to the public from 9:30 a. m. until 4 p. m. Amongst the numerous interesting features of this leading County Show, there will be a magnificent and

GRAND MUSICAL COMPETITION,

Commencing at 2:30 p. m., when the far-famed Dundalk and Flesherton Brass Bands will compete for splendid cash prises given by the citizens of our town. In fact the people will have an opportunity to fairly revel in a whirlwind of charming musical sounds. Both Bands enjoy a wide and well-deserved reputation and are now practicing almost every night in order to properly prepare for what will certainly be an intensely interesting struggle.

It is confidently expected that this exhibition will far outstrip all former ones in point of interest, attendance and financial results. The Society has thrown itself into the breach with a vim and zeal that should command success; and it will. Speeding in the ring has been abolished, and now those who formerly objected to that feature are asked to know and, by their presence, show that the action of the Society in this respect meets with their approbation and merits their sympathy and support.

Wedding Bells.

One of those interesting events, which usually creates quite a stir among the fair sex, took place at the residence of Mr. Robt. Fawcett, sr., Flesherton, on Tuesday evening last. We refer to the marriage of Mr. Henry Down, of this Township to Miss Lizzie, youngest daughter of Mr. Robt. Fawcett, sr., and sister to the Editor of THE ADVANCE. Rev. J. W. Shilton, B.A., tied the nuptial knot and for the benefit of readers matrimonially inclined, THE ADVANCE begs leave to assure them that he performed the interesting ceremony very gracefully, too. The wedding was a quiet one, only a few friends of the contracting parties being present. The presents were numerous and useful. The best wishes of a large circle of friends go with the newly wedded young couple.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned takes this opportunity to return his sincere and hearty thanks to his numerous patrons throughout this section of the County of Grey for the generous patronage accorded him during the years he has been in the Blacksmithing business at Flesherton Station. At the same time he bespeaks for his successor in business, Mr. D. B. McLeod, late of Nottawasaga, an equally liberal share of their patronage and support.

Again thanking you, I remain, gentlemen, Respectfully Yours,

ROBT. COOK.

Flesherton Station, Sept. 13th, 1887.

The Storm on Lake Huron

Cheboygan, Mich., Sept. 9.—Incoming vessels report that the storm on Lake Huron was terrible. A heavy fleet of steamers and sail vessels weathered the gale at Treque Isle, and notwithstanding the fact that most of the vessels had both anchors down, they dragged into each other, inflicting heavy damage. The tug Waldo A. Avery, towed a raft, sprung a leak outside and had a very narrow escape from foundering.

—AT—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED

JEWELRY

STORE,

Flesherton!

Is to be found the finest and most complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, and FANCY Goods in this section of country.

Some beautiful designs in ladies' R. Plate Bar Pins and Brooches. Just received, SPECTACLES for the million. In Watches, we keep Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois, Hampden, Columbus, Swiss, in gold, gold-filled, silver and silver-ore cases, 2, 3, 4, & 5 ozs. at from $6.90 to $60, warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

☞ *Our Watch Repair Book tells the startling tale of* **486** *watches repaired from July 1st 1886 to July 1st 1887, which is 140 over and above what any other dealer can show in this section and (We) did not add the watch sales and clock repairs and call them watch repairs to swell the number as some dealers do. Of course our watch repairs increased considerably since last fall on account of so many poor watches being auctioned off around here which [illegible] that for thoroughly good Watches, Clocks, Silverware, etc., and for Fine Watch Repairing, they have of necessity to go to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.*

An Exchange of Compliments.

A man went home intoxicated. His wife said:

"So you've had another glass."

"Glass!" said he, "Wonderful word. Take off g and it is you."

"Yes," she replied, "and then take off I and it is you."

Canker humors of every description whether in the mouth, throat, or stomach, are expelled from the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other remedy can compare with this, as a cure for all diseases originating in impure or impoverished blood.

FARMERS!

WOOLEN FACTORY

W. H. FLESHER.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A Variety Actress the Heiress of a Large Fortune in England.

A Port Hope despatch says: Miss Ethel Crowell, formerly of this town, but now an English variety actress in Buffalo, N.Y., has fallen heir to $100,000 by the death of a near relative in England. Nettie is her stage name, and she is said to be very pretty, a blonde, about 20 years of age. Her story is that her father was a wealthy manufacturer of cutlery in England. When she was an infant her mother died, and four or five years later the father re-married. The stepmother took a dislike to little Ethel, and in many ways made the child very unhappy. Finally Mr. Crowell, to secure domestic peace and protect his child from cruelty, sent Ethel across the ocean in charge of a trustworthy nurse. The woman and her charge took up their home here, and the father sent them a sufficient sum for their living expenses. It was only a stipend, however—$6 or $7 per week. When Ethel reached the age of 16, and becoming tired of the monotony of Port Hope, she ran away from the humble home provided for herself and nurse, and, after many hardships, finally essayed to earn a living on the variety stage. In this she has been fairly successful. A short time ago the stepmother died, and accordingly, as there were no other children, Miss Crowell is the only natural heir to her father's property, which will probably not fall short of the figures stated.

A FIND IN PICCADILLY.

A Series of Mysterious Vaults Discovered —Memento of a Bye-gone Day.

A London cablegram says: The excavations proceeding in Piccadilly, on the site of the new premises of the Junior Travellers' Club, have brought to light many interesting objects. The houses which are built on that portion of the thoroughfare have for their foundations a series of well-formed arches at a depth of about sixteen feet from the surface. In piercing some of these great difficulty was experienced on account of the toughness of the substance of which they are constructed. This having been overcome, a series of subterranean passages apparently connected were discovered. These were full of foul gases and contained a vast quantity of rubbish, among which numerous articles of interest have been found. Among the most remarkable are a red granite tomb dated 1509, some bronze armor, several fowling pieces richly embossed, a lamp and a large quantity of vellum manuscripts. The vaults have been only partly explored and further discoveries are anticipated.

FELL FIVE HUNDRED FEET.

Fearful Fate of a Balloonist at a Missouri County Fair.

A Princeton, Mo., telegram says: At the Mercer county fair yesterday afternoon, Randall Blakeslee, a half-breed Indian, made a balloon ascension hanging to a trapeze bar. In the ascent the balloon shot up suddenly, giving Blakeslee a wrench, and he was unable to pull himself on the bar, but managed to hold himself up by a loop which he had drawn around his wrist. After travelling about a mile and a half, [illegible] strength gave out, and when within 500 feet of the earth his grip relaxed and he fell to the earth, lighting on his feet in a cornfield. His thighs were broken and driven into the trunk of his body.

Rescued by a Brave Woman.

A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: Miss Parkinson, of Philadelphia, who has been spending the season at Branford Point, is regarded as a heroine. She saved the life of W.C.Munson, a New York broker, a day or two ago. The broker took Miss Oliver, of New York, out for a sail in a boat. He was not very skilful, and his awkward movements caused the boat to upset. Miss Oliver swam ashore. Mr. Munson could not swim, and would have drowned but for the presence of mind of Miss Parkinson, who instantly took a boat, rowed quickly out and assisted the unlucky broker into it just af he was going down for the last time. He was brought ashore, where he soon recovered

The Escaped Convicts.

A Kingston despatch says: The steam yacht Juna by which the convicts escaped from the penitentiary, was found by a farmer early yesterday morning nine miles west of Oswego, sunk near the shore, with her bow out of water. Deputy Warden Sullivan left for there this morning. Nothing has been heard of the men. A horse procured from a livery stable keeper in Oswego yesterday morning by a man who answers Schoones' description is missing. The police are on the track. The yacht Juna formerly belonged to Mr. Allan, of Brockville. son of Sir Hugh Allan, and was traded by him for the steam yacht Nellie, built at the prison by the convicts. It is said that there was clothing on the boat.

A Romantic Marriage.

Last week Samuel Mearns, a well-to-do bachelor of St. Joseph, Mo., left Montreal to visit relatives in Kemptville. There he made the acquaintance of Miss Katie Wilton, a highly esteemed young lady of Brockville, aged 18 years. They met on Friday last, were engaged on Saturday, and the following Monday were quietly married at St. James' Church, in Kemptville. They have left for a trip to the White Mountains.

Come to Join McGarigle.

A Chicago despatch says: Mrs. McGarigle, wife of the fugitive warden, left the city last evening on the steamer Muskegon. She had with her the children of the family, and it is supposed they go to join the convicted boodler in Canada.

Lime is said to be a good preserver of timber. Ships and barges used for the transportation of lime last longer than others. A small coasting schooner laden with lime was cast ashore and sunk. She was raised and set afloat once more, and remained sound for thirty years. Again, a platform of pine planks was used to mix lime on during three generations; then, being no longer required, was neglected, and at length hidden by grass that grew over it. Sixty years afterward, on clearing the ground, it was discovered sound and well preserved.

TORTURED FOR THEIR MONEY.

An Old Man and his Wife Set on Fire by Masked Robbers.

A special despatch from Hempstead, Texas, says: "The county officers have returned from Reid's Prairie, the scene of the late terrible outrage on John Schultz and wife, Germans, over 60 years old, and report the perpetration of a crime that would shame a savage. Soon after dark on Friday night last four men, masked and otherwise disguised, entered the house and demanded all the money about the premises. When refused the robbers commenced pounding both the old man and his wife with pistols. They then bound their wrists, and pouring kerosene oil on the persons of both told them they would burn them alive if the money was not produced. When refused again one of the villains set fire to the kerosene and they were horribly burned. The muscles of the calves of the old man's legs are nearly burned asunder, and little hopes of his recovery are entertained. Mrs. Schultz, although terribly beaten on the head and badly burned, will recover. Mr. Schultz was left for dead, and the robbers then searched the premises and found a one dollar bill and $30 in silver. Two men are now under arrest charged with the crime, and the others implicated the officers expect soon to have in custody."

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

Terrible Leap of a Country Girl In Flying From a Villain.

A Minneapolis Minn., despatch says: The experience of Mary Sylvester, who came to Minneapolis from Page's Hotel at Excelsior seeking employment, confirms the assertion that there are men in this city whose necks would look better adorned with hemp than with a white collar and necktie. Miss Sylvester, a pretty country girl of nineteen years, entirely unused to life in the city, arrived in Minneapolis and applied for work at the intelligence office of Lew Murray, No. 517 Hennepin avenue. Murray made her his clerk, took her to the dime museum in the evening, and, on pretence of finding her a boarding house, took her into a dive, where he tried to assault her. Becoming desperate, she jumped through an open window thirty-five feet to the ground below, breaking her left jaw and all the ribs on her left side. She is also internally injurned and cannot live. Excitement is running very high, and there is serious talk of lynching the cowardly villain.

Liquor Law Jottings.

James Kennedy, of the North American Hotel, Woodstock, Thursday pleaded guilty to a charge of violating the Scott Act and was fined $50 and costs.

Brant County Council refused to pay P. M. Grace's salary and he entered suit for the same. A writ was accordingly issued and served on the Warden. Since then the Council has evidently thought better of the matter, and a few days ago they paid into the court the first quarter's salary, together with the costs of the writ.

The Halton Police Magistrate held a sittings of his court at Georgetown on Monday for the hearing of charges preferred against "Gallagher" for dispensing "long" and "short" at the camp-meeting. [illegible] Georgetown, $100 and costs, and Elias Clark, of Clark's Hotel, sentenced to two months' imprisoment, being his third offence.

At Deseronto on Wednesday John McKeegan was fined $50 and costs or two months in jail for selling liquor to an Indian. He arrived at the Belleville jail yesterday.

A petition signed by 2,800 names, asking for the repeal of the Scott Act, has been posted up in the office of the Sheriff of Norfolk.

At Simcoe Thursday the following persons were fined $50 and costs each by Magistrate Brown for violation of the Scott Act: R. Stoddard, A. H. Kemp, E. Moore and O. Colver, all of Delhi, and R. Brown, of Waterford.

The Owner Came to the Door.

New Spirit—Who are you? Trumpet-toned Angel—I am Fortune. "Fortune, eh? On earth I heard that Fortune knocked once at every man's door. I never saw you and I died as poor as a church mouse." "I knocked once at your door, but you were not at home." "Where was I?" "At the saloon around the corner." "Well, why didn't you go there and knock?" "I went there." "I did not see you" "No, but the saloon keeper did."—*Omaha World*.

Strange Restoration of Speech.

Henry Saunders, of Oak Lake, Manitoba, lost his voice two years ago through exposuro in the Northwest rebellion, and has since been completely dumb. The physicians had given up all hopes of his recovery. One morning last week Mrs. Saunders was greatly surprised at her husband taking part in the conversation as though nothing had occurred. Mr. Saunders was a resident of Winnipeg during the boom. The Government granted him a yearly pension of $200, which he now prays may be continued.

An Embarrassment of Virtues.

A little girl, wishing to make her father a present, was very much at fault to know what to buy for the purpose. After puzzling her brain considerably and getting what suggestions she could from the other members of the family, she finally went to her mother in despair, and said: "Only think, mamma, I don't know what to get papa for a Christmas present; he don't smoke, nor drink, nor nothing."—*Eastern Argus*.

The discovery of some bones in a barn on Mr. Reid's farm, in the Township of Thurlow, which was burned on Monday, leads to the supposition that the fire was started by a tramp who perished in the flames.

THE Sultan of Turkey has been having a good deal of trouble of late. Not long ago his harem revolted, and His Oriental Majesty has been much annoyed by caricatures which have appeared in the comic journals of Vienna. The Sublime Porte has officially requested the Austrian Government to interfere in behalf of the Sultan, and the result is that the offending editors have promised to ridicule no more the sensitive monarch of the Turkish Empire.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Efforts are being made to induce Mr. Erastus Wiman to deliver an address on Commercial Union in Montreal after the meeting next Friday at Waterloo, Que.

Mr. Erastus Wiman laid the foundation stone of a new Methodist Church at Cooksville on Saturday, and spoke for an hour on Commercial Union, his remarks being very warmly received.

On Saturday at London Judge Davis refused to set aside the *capias* on which Mr. Henry Taylor, banker, was arrested, and that gentleman was lodged in jail, where he remained over yesterday.

The body of Mrs. John Fares, the farmer's wife who rowed out in the lake in a small boat last week, has been washed ashore at Point Albino, about nine miles below Port Colborne.

A farmer at Upper Wakefield, Ottawa county, has discovered a rich iron mine on his farm. He recently paid $1,000 for the property, for which a firm of New York capitalists have offered him $25,000.

A company, with a capital of $300,000, has just been formed in Montreal to re-open and operate the beet-root sugar factory at Berthier, Quebec, which is expected to be in full operation by next summer.

Fred. McDermott, while oiling a threshing machine on a farm of W. Nicholl, at Southwold, Elgin county, on Saturday, got one arm caught in the pulley. He was lifted three feet and flung to the ground, his arm being broken in three places.

The impression is growing in Quebec that Lieut.-Governor Masson will not be asked to reconsider his resignation, but that a new Lieut.-Governor will be appointed. Rumor has it that Sir A. P. Caron is working hard for the appointment of Judge Baby, who is a relative.

Rain on Saturday checked the bush fires in Loughborough township, Frontenac county, which had been raging for several days on the north side of Loughborough Lake. The flames swept over a tract one mile wide, destroying everything in their course.

The committee appointed by the Archbishop of Montreal to investigate the charges against Father Labelle's colonization lottery have finished their enquiry. They state that while the lottery has not been very successful they believe it has been honestly conducted.

La Patrie says that Sir Hector Largévin has undertaken to intimidate the priests of Ottawa County, whom he expects to be favorable to the National party, by notifying their superiors that the clergy are forbidden to meddle with politics.

The Montreal coal "combine" received a decided check Saturday. At a meeting of the Water Committee it was decided to accept 300 tons of Welsh anthracite from Mr. Baird at $4 50, if the Superintendent was satisfied it was equal to the samples submitted.

On Thursday last Wesley Urquhart, the 17-year-old son of Alexander Urquhart, of Undora, near Uxbridge, went to lead a bull to the back fields, when in some way the brute attacked and killed him. No one witnessed the dreadful occurrence, and the lad was not missed until late at night, when his [illegible] was found shocking[ly] shown any vicious tendency.

On Friday a convict named Doherty was placed in a dungeon at the Kingston Penitentiary for quarrelling, and on Saturday evening he was found hanging to the barrier door dead. He used his suspenders. Doherty was a cranky fellow, and had served four weeks of a second term. He came from Toronto, where he was sentenced to three years for not paying for a dinner in a hotel. He laid his case before the Minister of Justice, and probably because he was not released took his life. Three years ago he struck another convict with a pick and dug a hole in his chest, nearly killing him.

Acting on the advice of his physicians, Emperor William has abandoned his proposed journey to Konigsberg to meet the Czar.

The Austrian army manœuvres at Konitz have been concluded. Emperor Francis Joseph reviewed the troops and expressed himself greatly pleased with their efficiency.

King Otto being a confirmed maniac, the Bavarian Diet, which opens on the 14th inst., will discuss the advisability of deposing him in favor of the Regent, Prince Luitpold.

A life-size statue of Father Cahill, a Catholic Priest, whose body was brought from America six years ago, was unveiled in Glasnevin cemetery to-day.

The British steamer Glenshiel, which arrived at London yesterday from New York, had on board the crew of the British barque Alice Roy, from New York, August 18th, for Quebec, which was abandoned at sea.

Le Nord (Paris) says there can be no question at present of sending a Russian General to Sofia. That can be done only when the authority of Turkey is completely restored in Bulgaria on a legal basis.

The journey of Count Herbert Bismarck to England is thought to be for the purpose of attending the coming marriage of the daughter of Lord Londonderry, Viceroy of Ireland.

The ship Fals of Bedar, of Glasgow, bound from Hamburg to Calcutta, with a cargo of salt, foundered off Yarmouth, the cargo having shifted. Five of the crew were rescued and twenty-four drowned, most of whom were Germans and Swedes.

The discussion of the German spirit monopoly has led to the disclosure of the fact that Prince Bismarck is concerned in distilling on a large scale. He owns distilleries at Varzin, Misdov and Wendisch-Ruddiger, the annual output of which is estimated at 6,000,000 litres.

Mr. Gladstonse has written a reply to the Duke of Argyll's recent attack. He says: "The Duke of Argyll is an old friend, whose attacks I prefer bearing silently. I do not excuse tyranny, but I wish to have the National League dealt with legally, and not by the arbitrary decision of the Viceroy or Chief Secretary for Ireland."

It is learned that the expedition in New Guinea, despatched to inquire into and punish the perpetrators of the recent massacre of missionaries and native Christians at the mouth of the Heathe River, attacked a Moveavi village and had a fight with natives, several of whom were killed and a number wounded. One of the attacking party was wounded by an arrow, but not seriously. At a subsequent expedition the natives fled and their village was burned.

The Marquis of Lorne contributes an article in the current number of "The Liberal Unionist," in which he asks whether a wholesome local autonomy cannot be granted Ireland by the organization of Provincial Chambers on the model of what Canadian statesmen wish Canada to become. In Dublin a council or delegation from the several Provincial Chambers might meet at College Green to pass ordinances affecting inter-Provincial interests. Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament would still be retained.

FOUR BABES AT A BIRTH.

Benjamin Tubbs Beside Himself with Grief —Nine in Five Years.

Mrs. Charlotte Tubbs, of Caroline county, says a Baltimore special to the *Morning Journal*, has driven her husband nearly crazy by giving birth to a quartette of blue-eyed, red-faced, bald-headed babies, each weighing from three to five pounds. Mr. Benjamin Tubbs would no doubt have been delighted at this family presentation but from the fact that sixteen months ago his wife made him a Christmas present of her second pair of twins. One year previous to that she gave birth to a son, and ten months previous was the mother of twins. All the twins and the quartette are girls, and the only boy was the single birth. Nine children in five years. This is the maternal record of Mrs. Tubbs, of Caroline county. Nothing was thought of the rapid increase in Tubbs' family until the last quadruple addition, and now poor Tubbs is almost beside himself. He could scarcely support the five, and does not know what to do with the nine. A subscription has been taken up to get him and his family better accommodations. It is remarkable that the four babes lived, and from the sound of their lung power and other healthy indications they will all live to keep the two pairs of twins company. Physicians from all the country round have been to see the phenomena. The mother is doing well. The babies were born a week ago, and the fourth was born just five hours after the first.

About Sea Captains.

A recently returned European tells the following story of Capt. Cook, the commander of the Umbria, now the fastest Cunarder, and by which several of our Hamilton merchants travel. The captain was taking a mid-day observation while the sun was somewhat hidden by mist. As he was putting down his instrument a passenger said to him: "The fog prevented you from getting an observation, didn't it, captain?" "It did not prevent you from making your observation," said the captain, as he went toward the chart-room. The anecdote will be appreciated by those who have crossed the ocean with Capt. Cook. A thorough seaman, attentive to duty night and day, he is not known to travellers as a social captain. There is a wide difference in these sea-dogs in this respect. Capt. Murray, of the Alaska, Capt. Gleadell, of the White Star line, are hardly ever seen saloon. On the contrary, Capt McMicken, of the Etruria, is known by everybody for his social qualities, and he makes warm friends on every voyage. Capt. Perry, late of the Brittannic, was of similar disposition. Both are popular on account of their gallantries to women.

—Princess Clotilde has just finished a mantle she has embroidered for the Pope, at her seat at Moncalievi, Paris. The mantle is of white satin, embroidered with golden flowers

—In these days of many divorces this saying of a venerable old lady would make a good maxim to pin in the hat or bonnet: "My young friend, marry for love and wish for your riches."

—A Western paper asked: "Is there a wife in the city to-day who makes her husband's shirts?" The following answer was received by return of post: "I do, but he won't wear 'em."

Henri Rochefort recommends a "Ladder of Honor" to be awarded to M. Ferry for having climbed so successfully out of the duel with Boulanger.

An enterprising East Tawas, Mich., hen crawled under the seat of a buggy and enjoyed a two hours' ride into the woods. She laid an egg while riding.

Almer Jones, of Berrien county, Georgia, who is nearly 100 years old, attended preaching for the first time last Sunday at what is known as the Gaskins Church.

Among the many curious missions to be found in London is the "Sea-Shell Mission." According to a statement in a London paper, the mission has distributed over 10,000 boxes and bags of shells which represent over 4,000,000 shells, to as many poor, sick and invalid children in London and elsewhere.

The largest dam in the world is to be built across the upper end of the San Mateo canyon, about four miles west of the village of San Mateo. The dam will consist of a solid wall of concrete from hillside to hillside. It will be 700 feet long, 170 feet high, 175 feet thick at the base, and 20 feet thick at the top. The reservoir which will be formed by this dam will have a capacity of 82,000,000 gallons, and some time in the future will be connected with the San Francisco water-shed by a tunnel five miles long.

"It often has seemed queer to me that so many object to night air in their bedrooms," observed an intelligent Philadelphia gentleman. "We can't breathe any other at night. The choice is between probably pure air from without and certainly foul air from within. Half the diseases from which we suffer are caused by keeping the windows down. The quietness, the absence of dust and smoke, etc., make night the best time for airing a patient. In great cities night air is often the purest that can be had in the twenty-four hours. It is conceded that the air in London is never so good as after 10 o'clock at night. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut, yet too many of us seem to forget that. I keep bed-room windows open these summer nights, and there isn't a more healthy family in the city than mine."

THE DECLINE OF HOOPS.

But Alack We are Again Threatened With 'Em.

By the end of 1787 hoops had almost entirely gone out of fashion. In England I find that at the court the wearing of these precursors of crinoline, by ladies attending the Royal drawing room, was compulsory until so recently as 1814, and one of the inducements held out to the Princess Charlotte, a rare tomboy, who hated any restriction on her strong young limbs—to marry the Prince of Orange was that petticoats were no longer worn at court at the Hague. Perfectly plain skirts in all but wedding dresses seemed to have been in vogue in France in 1787-8, and the comparative exiguity of the gowns led to a corresponding diminution in the quantity of material required. In December, 1787, the Queen had a gown of *grand velours noir*, and six yards seemed to have been the average of stuff allowed for the skirt of a dress. It must be remembered that velvets and brocades were woven much wider in the last century than is the case at present. There is one entry, however, of ten yards of green taffeta for the lining of a gown of green gauze; the taffeta was probably narrower in width than the velvet. The Marquise de Chastelux had only seven yards of white crepe for the petticoat of a grand habit with flounces. The really economical nature of the queen is shown in an invoice for September, 1787, where she is charged trifling sums for shortening the ends of three muslin cravats and retrimming them, and for "doing up" an old petticoat of brown poult de soie. In December, 1788, the Princesse de Lamballe paid ready money to the extent of twelve livres for a pair of court cuffs of worsted lace (known in modern times as yak), a pair of sabots and a pair of "barbes" in black worsted. Almost simultaneously a whole bevy of court ladies gave orders for "sabots," "barbes" and cuffs of worsted lace. In January, 1789, the year of the revolution, Mme. Eloffe furnished the Princess de Solere with a sumptuous court dress of white taffeta trimmed with satin and white jet, with a rich bouquet or spray of roses and sweet peas. The distended dress cost nearly 1,400 livres.—*G. A. Sala in the Fortnightly Review*.

A Sister's Heroic Act.

A Nashville despatch says: At Woolworth, Tenn., the house of Perry Buchanan, a poor but honest man, was burned to-day with its contents. One daughter, about 5 years old, was burned to death. Another, about 3 years old, cannot possibly live. One about 10 years old may recover. Mrs. Buchanan had her arms burned to her elbows. The 10-year-old child was out in the yard, out of all danger, but looking back she saw the flames surround her little 3-year-old sister. She ran back into the fire and brought her out, but was almost burned to death for her bravery.

Seeking Her Uncle.

"Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?" "Well, and what if I have, little one?" "My Uncle John has lost me, and I thought if you'd seen a gentleman without a little girl you could tell me where he was."—*Harper's Young People*.

On the Train.

Old Lady—Conductor, I hope there ain't going to be a collision.

Conductor—I guess not.

Old Lady—I want you to be very keerful. I've got two dozen eggs in this basket.

THE cargo of the City of Montreal, which was destroyed by fire in mid-Atlantic a couple of weeks ago, must have given forth a great blaze. It consisted of 2,031 bales of cotton, 5,011 boxes of cheese, 1,906 boxes of bacon, 575 boxes of canned goods, 200 tierces of lard, 183 tierces of pork, 100½ barrels tongues, 50½ barrels of lubricating oil, 1,580 barrels of lubricating oil, 45 barrels of cottonseed oil, 33 hogsheads of tobacco, 78½ hogsheads of tobacco, quantity of fresh meat, 5,658 bags of copper matte, 1 000 bags of flour, 1,000 shooks, 4,161 staves, 63 barrels of beef, 9 barrels of bladders, 433 tubs of butter, 337 sundry packages and 39 empty barrels.

Prof. Egbert, of Albany, announces that in investigating the orbit of the comet recently found by Mr. Brooks he has identified it as a return of the Olbers comet of 1815, which astronomers have been expecting to appear at some near date.

VACATION IS OVER

"Vacation is over," the small boy cried,
And the tears from his eyes did wipe;
"The hateful old school begins," he sighed,
"Just as apples and pears are ripe,
And a fellow must lose all the fruit and fun
'Cause vacation is over and school's begun."

"Vacation is over," the farmer said,
As he rubbed his hands with glee,
"And a man can enjoy his own fruit, instead
Of having boys skin each tree;
And the dog will have something better to eat
Than a thievish urchin's trouser seat."

—Of the six members of the new Bulgarian Cabinet the names of five end in "off." The stability of a Ministry so extremely "off" color is not so well assured.

—Little Nephew: "Uncle, you must be a sort o' cannibal, I—" Uncle (on a visit): "A what, sir? What'd'yer mean, sir?" Nephew: "'Cause ma said you was always livin' on somebody."

—Reports come of another gold discovery in the Upper Ottawa district. This time it is in the vicinity of North Bay, 48 miles west of Mattawa. Prospectors say the quartz is of a good paying quality.

—Mrs. Henn, the wife of the English yachting captain, has been exciting the admiration of the ladies of Bar Harbor by her chic yachting dress. The material was of white duck with a very loose blouse-like waist and a broad, rolling collar of dark blue, open at the throat, such as is worn by Her Majesty's men-of-war's men. The arms of the Royal Yacht Club were heavily embroidered on the sleeves, and a regular navy cap completed the costume.

—A telegraph operator, no matter how expert he may be, becomes in time a sort of machine. In sitting long hours at his instrument listening to the monotonous tick of his sounder he becomes deaf to reason, and perpetrates the bulls that in his waking senses he knows to be wrong. Here is one that caused considerable consternation in a New York family. As the operator received it it read: "Unclean Gus died to-day." It should have read: "Uncle Angus died to-day."

CULINARY RECIPES.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.

Make a crust as for tea biscuit. Line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish, pour in one pint of berries, strew sugar and flour over them; cut squares of the dough and lay on this; add another pint of berries, sweeten and flour as before; then put about a tablespoonful of good vinegar into this and cover with a crust with a large opening in the centre and bake one hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

A COOD BREAKFAST DISH.

Cut cold boiled potatoes into small pieces, add three hard boiled eggs chopped, a tablespoon of butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a cup of sweet milk, season to taste. Heat thoroughly.

MINCED VEAL.

Take three pounds of cooked veal, chop, add three beaten eggs, four rolled crackers, butter size of an egg, pepper and salt well; press into a crock and bake an hour. When cold turn out and slice down on a platter. It is very nice for lunch.

GREEN CORN PUDDING

Grate a dozen ears of green corn, add one quart of sweet milk, one-quarter pound of butter, four well-beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Bake one hour and a half in a buttered dish.

POTATO SOUP.

Pare and cut into small pieces four good-sized potatoes, boil tender; add a quart of good sweet milk, season with salt and pepper, butter the size of an egg. Make a dough as for pot pie, cut into small squares, drop into the kettle while boiling. Boil for twenty minutes. Serve while hot.

FRIED TOMATOES.

Select smooth, hard tomatoes, wash and wipe but do not pare them, cut in halves and lay the cut side in flour. Melt some butter slowly and pour off the top, in which to fry the tomatoes, being careful not to pour in the sediment. Let the butter get hot in the pan, then lay in the tomatoes, the floured side down, and watch closely that they do not burn; turn as soon as brown. A sauce is by some considered an addition. Put a small cup of milk in the pan after taking out the tomatoes, season with salt and thicken with a teaspoonful of corn starch; when it boils pour it over the tomatoes.

BAKED DAMSONS FOR WINTER USE.

Choose some fruit not too ripe. To every pound of fruit allow six ounces of sugar. Put the fruit into large stone jars, sprinkling the sugar amongst it; cover the jars with saucers; place in a moderate oven and bake until perfectly tender. When cold, cover the jar with a piece of paper to just fit, pour over it melted suet about three-quarters an inch thick, then tie the jars down with thick brown paper. Keep in a cool, dry place.

STEWED TOMATOES.

Pare and cut in pieces large ripe tomatoes, put into a saucepan and stew briskly twenty minutes; season with salt and pepper, a teaspoon of butter and a tablespoon of sugar; stir into this a cupful of grated bread crumbs. Serve while hot.

Latest from Ireland.

The Orange Hall at Plaster, near Dundalk, was burned to the ground on the 17th August.

Rev. Thos. Fullerton, late of Dromore, county Down, is in custody charged with forging a cheque on the Belfast Bank for £350.

At Dublin on the 13th Aug. a discharged soldier cut the throat of his sister and then his own, both dying on removal to the hospital.

The minutes of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church for 1887 show that 719 members attended the last meeting.

The Ennis Board of Guardians have passed a resolution strongly condemning the dastardly and diabolical attempt to blow up the West Clare Railway bridge.

William Carruthers, manager of the Ulster Bank at Monaghan, has been committed for trial at Armagh, charged with forging 95 bills, amounting to the total of £1,325.

Three persons have been drowned in Lough Corrib while on a boating excursion, viz.: Professor Thompson, Galway; Mr. Kinkead, son of Dr. Kinkead, Galway; and Mr. Roberts, son of a clergyman at Oughterard.

While Mr. Tweedy Scott, a Scottish gentleman visiting some friends at Belfast, was endeavoring to enter the cave of Cave Hill, near Belfast, the other day, he missed his foothold and fell 40 feet, sustaining shocking injuries, from which he is not likely to recover.

Applying a Text.

Sunday School Teacher—"You seem to remember what Eve was told would be the penalty of her disobedience, but I don't think you quite understand it. Now, in a family, who is called the head of the house? Little Girl—The one who does the bossing; the one who directs its affairs. Teacher—Now, who does? Little Girl—Mamma. Teacher—Well, she directs the servants; but who sometimes makes her do things she don't want to very much? Teacher—I do.—*Omaha World.*

Business Dull.

Clergyman—How is your health this summer? I trust you have been well during the sultry weather?

Undertaker—Pretty well, thank you.

Clergyman—And how is business?

Undertaker—Poor, poor. I haven't buried a living soul for weeks.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Venetian gondoliers have struck, objecting to a night service lately established on the Grand Canal. Altogether the labor market in Venice is in rather a disturbed condition, for the bakers are out on strike and the waiters threaten to follow suit.

ONE of the most amusing incidents of this non-copyright period, says the literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, is the solemn advertisement of the California adapter of Rider Haggard's "She" announcing that he has sold a share of his dramatization, has copyrighted the same and will prosecute anybody infringing upon it. So that if Mr. Haggard attempted to bring out in this country an adaptation by himself of his own book he could be legally forbidden to make use of his own property.

FALL STYLES.

What will be Worn by Ladies on their Charming Little Heads.

(From Galignani's Messenger, Paris.)

The milliners, as is usual, are the first to enter the field with new styles for the coming season. Despite the warm weather, which renders difficult a just appreciation of hats in felt and bonnets in velvet, and of fur bands for trimming, it must be confessed that the new winter fashions for headgear are very tasteful. Velvet, dotted with minute spangles in gold, silver or steel, or embroidered with gold thread and spangles, forms the richest material for bonnets. Bands of astrakhan or sealkin or of curled ostrich feathers will be much used for trimming. Felt hats and bonnets in white or pale gray are shown, the former trimmed with pale gray satin ribbon and ostrich tips of the same hue. White felt bonnets with brims in ruby or sapphire velvet are very successful. There is but little variation in the shapes of the winter bonnets so far. The close capote form, and that with a pointed brim and with flat sides, maintain their place in popular favor.

LOW CROWNS FOR HATS.

Hats will be worn with much lower crowns than they were last season. The prevailing form will be the cavalier shape, with low set crown and a wide brim raised at the back and held in place by a bow of satin ribbon. In white felt, with the inside of the brim of a delicate grey and all the trimmings in the latter hue, this style is peculiarly elegant. Toque hats, with the crown high in front and sloping downward to the brim at the back are also shown.

A bonnet with the crown and sides in black velvet, embroidered with jet and and having the front in a lattice work pattern of jet beads and bugles, was trimmed with three or four exquisite deep pink roses and buds without foliage. Pheasant and peacock plumage will be a good deal used in the construction of bonnets, the former in combination with chestnut brown velvet and the latter with dark green.

GAUZE SCARF VEILS.

Scarfs of tulle or of gauze are now a good deal worn with the new sailor shaped hats. One end of the scarf is attached to the inner edge of the crown at the back, and it is then wound loosely around the wearer's throat. Sometimes two long narrow scarfs instead of one wide one are employed. These are crossed under the chin and the ends are thrown over the shoulders; but the double scarf is less graceful than the single one. Cream white or pale straw color are the usual shades employed, but when the hat is in red or marine blue straw red gauze is useo with very excellent effect.

PARASOLS.

The gauze and tulle parasols have wholly vanished, and have been replaced by those in blue taffetas, or in black and white pekin, with the stripes made up around the frame. A very elegant style of parasol is in black taffetas or black satin, painted by hand in one of its divisions with a large cluster of pale tinted roses, with buds and foliage. The parasol is finished with deep ruffles of Chantilly lace. Birds are occasionally used to decorate the apex of the parasol, but the fashion is more eccentric than elegant, especially when very large birds, such as doves or paroquets, are thus employed.

SOMETHING NEW IN SUITS.

A costume lately remarked at Trouville was in an entirely novel style. It was composed of a long polonaise, or rather princess cut dress in white voile, slightly draped over a plaited skirt of the same material. It was bordered all round with a worsted lace of a telegram blue color and of a Gothic pattern, having long points in the upper edge, which they let into the material, thus forming deep scollops bordered with the lace. The sleeves were shirred to the elbow, and were finished with full ruffles edged with the lace. The corsage was also shirred in front in full narrow plaits from the throat to the waist.

From England comes a new and artistic idea for ladies' dress, which is to wear toilets in white or in black taffetas painted by hand with designs of flowers in water color. One of these dresses, which was simple in style, but elaborately painted, was in white taffetas, the skirt covered with four gathered flounces pinked at the edge. Each flounce was bordered with a garland of wild roses painted in water colors. A very wide sash of the same silk was looped at the back of the skirt and was painted to correspond, the garland running through the centre of the sash. The corsage was cut open in a V shape, and had a spray of wild roses painted at one side on the flat bias folds of silk that edged the opening

Frozen Meats in Siberia.

No precautions are required for the preservation of beef, for it takes care of itself. Nearly all butchers kill at the beginning of cold weather a sufficient number of animals to furnish provisions for the entire winter and allow the meat to freeze. There is no fear of any food changing in such a temperature. The fish become so solid and stiff that they are set up on their tails against the walls of the markets, be the tail ever so long and the fish ever so heavy.

Often fruits preserved in ice are placed upon the table of the Siberian evening meal, the method of keeping them being similar to that employed with meats. As soon as the severe cold sets in they are exposed to the air, if possible toward the north, where there is no sun to reach them; they thus become completely frozen. When eaten they are found to have retained their flavor marvellously, notwithstanding their change from a frozen rigidity to the thawed state necessary for use. At the moment of being served they are usually as hard as wood, and, if they chance to fall, rattle like stones upon the floor. The heat of the room gradually softens them and assume their original form.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Suggestion.

A Dallas lady was giving her daughter instructions in etiquette and how to acquire a husband.

"If a gentleman enters the room etiquette demands that you arise from your seat and advance a few steps to meet him, with a bright, sunny smile."

"But suppose no gentlemen ever comes into the room?"

"Then of course you don't change your position; you remain just as you are."—*Harper's Magazine.*

FEMALE KLEPTOMANIACS.

How Women in Polite Society Get the Best of Tradesman and Friend.

The world would be surprised to know how many kleptomaniacs there are in polite society. A well-known dry goods man says he has a customer who steals about as regularly as she purchases. He makes out a rough estimate of her pilferings, and the bill is never disputed by her husband, who knows too well that the demands are just. There is a young married woman in one of the wealthiest families, who can spend a fortune a year on little things, and yet she will pick up and appropriate the merest trifles. She despoils her friend's parlor of small articles. A work-basket is a happy hunting ground for her. On an easy calculation she must have one hundred pairs of scissors. In any of the houses where she habitually calls, if needles, threads and thimbles are missing, the inquiry is heard: "Has Mrs. —— been here this morning?" A Broadway baker, to whose shop it is the custom for ladies to go to luncheon, has the family of this kleptomaniac among his customers. He makes out his monthly bill for all that he leaves at the house, and then puts in the mysterious charge: "Lunch loss, $25." She is in the habit of going to the Broadway establishment, eating a couple of dollars' worth, and then greeting the cashier with an inventory of 50 cents' worth. She will smilingly point out doughnuts and crullers and an occasional ginger snap as having formed her meal; whereas, she has steadily eaten her way round the shop, munching 10 cent tarts and 15 cent eclaires. It would never do to let her loose in the wine cellars, as the trusting Dublin restaurant keepers do with their customers. There are many places in honest old Dublin where you take your glass and go by yourself to the moldy old cobwebbed cellar, surrounded by casks on whose aged head you can read the legend of their vintage. You make your selection, help yourself, go back to the simple landlord in the little tap room above stairs, tell him what you have drunk, have a settlement, and go your way. Our New York young lady would spend an afternoon sampling, come up plum full of Lachryma Christi, and tender the deluded boniface the price of one glass of cider.

A dressmaker was telling of her troubles. A wealthy lady was shown into a parlor, the other day, and left for a few minutes to herself. Just before this visit another customer had bought some rare lace to use in the manufacture of a ball dress. This was carelessly thrown into the upper drawer of a cabinet. When, a few minutes later, it was brought to the workroom, the forewoman sent word that the quantity was insufficient for the design, and the owner was notified. The lady came promptly. She had measured the lace herself, bought it herself, and if there were five yards to the bad, it had been taken in the house. But that was impossible, urged the dressmaker, as no one had been in the room but Mrs. ——, and not one of the employees. "Say no more," laughed the owner of the lace. "We know where the lace is, if Mrs.—— has been in its neighborhood." The poor dressmaker had her eyes opened to many a petty loss since the kleptomaniac had favored her with her custom, but she had a good deal of nerve. She took the remnant of lace and rode in a Fifth avenue stage to Fiftieth street. She was admitted to the august presence on that August afternoon, and she said she thought—in fact, she knew—five yards of lace belonging to Mrs. Smith had been inadvertently wrapped up with the piece of Mrs. —— dress; that Mrs.—— had carried it away to have a hat made from, because Mathilde, her purchase clerk, had been in the room of the parlor and seen Mrs. —— gather up the pieces of silk and lace, of course, wholly by mistake. So the thief, professing astonishment at her carelessness, went off and found that such an accident had really occurred, handed over the lace, and there the matter ended.—*New York Letter.*

Carnegie's Scottish Purchases.

It is announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie is about to purchase Aboyne Castle, the magnificent estate of the Marquis of Huntly, who passed through New York about a fortnight ago on his way to England. The sale, if it does take place, is more likely to benefit Lord Huntly's creditors than himself, for there is hardly a square foot of the domain which is not overburdened with heavy mortgages. There really seems to be a kind of curse resting on this Gordon family, one of the noblest and most ancient in Scotland. The Marquis is the head of the clan. He is so persistently in debt that even his father-in-law, the wealthy banker, Sir Cunliffe Brooks, has refused to come forward any more to help him out of his financial difficulties. In 1881 he was the hero of a very painful scandal in London, which involved his sudden resignation of the captaincy of the Queen's Body Guard of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and a precipitate departure for the wilds of Albania in order to avoid arrest and a criminal prosecution. The matter was one in which the words "fradulent signatures" and "fraudulent mortgages" repeatedly cropped up, and was only with difficulty compounded by his father-in-law, who did not wish his daughter's coronet to be dragged through the courts of justice. Personally, Lord Huntly is a charming fellow, extremely handsome, elegant and with a very winning way about him. His eyes, however, are unsatisfactory and unsettled. His sister has the misfortune to be the invalid wife of the Earl of Lonsdale—of Violet Cameron fame, while his brother, Lord Granville Gordon, appeared some eighteen months ago before the public as the part proprietor of a disreputable gambling hell, which had got into trouble with the police. Lady Granville Gordon is the well-known Bond street milliner, who trades under the name of Mme. Ivy & Co.—*New York World.*

The Latest Dodge.

The infringers of the Scott Act are having a lively time in Stanstead, seven of them having been fined last week. Some difficulty was experienced in proving two of the cases, owing to a device resorted to by the liquor sellers in the place known as "The Cave." The person desiring liquor has to go through a long corridor, when he comes to a wicket in the wall. On making known his wants a hand appears with the desired drink in a bottle, but no face or form is visible.—*Missisquoi (Que.) Record.*

MARK TWAIN'S COURTSHIP.

A List of Liars Furnished to His Prospective Father-in-Law.

Mark Twain has been the subject of many good stories in his time, and the appended one from the Indianapolis *Journal*, about a trying moment in his courtship, is worth reproducing:

As everyone knows, Mr. Clemens first met his beautiful wife while on the famous voyage of the Quaker City, and he pursued his acquaintance after their return so closely that at last the young lady's papa one day called the ardent and devoted Mark into his private study and said, after some preamble: "Mr. Clemens, I have something to say to you which bears upon a subject of grave importance, at least to me and mine. You have been coming here for some time, and your manners leave no doubt in my mind as to your object. Now, my daughter's welfare is very dear to me, and before I can admit you to her society on the footing of a suitor to her hand I would like to know something more than I do about you, your antecedents, etc. Stop a minute! You must remember that a man must be a 'good fellow' and a pleasant companion on a voyage and all that, but when it is a question as grave as this a wise father tries to take every precaution before allowing his daughter's affections to become engaged, and I ask of you, as a gentleman, that you shall give me the names of some of your friends in California to whom I may write and make such inquiries as I deem necessary, that is, if you still desire our friendship." It was now Mark Twain's turn. "Sir," said he, bowing profoundly, as became a young man who respects his hoped-for father-in-law, "your sentiments are in every way correct. I approve of them myself, and hasten to add that you have not been mistaken in my sentiments toward your daughter, whom I may tell you candidly seems to me to be the most perfect of her sex, and I honor your solicitude for her welfare. I am not only perfectly willing to give you references, but am only too glad to have an opportunity to do so, which my natural modesty would have prevented me from offering. Therefore permit me to give you the names of a few of my friends. I will write them down. First is Lieut.-General John McComb. Alexander Badlam, General Lander and Colonel W. H. L. Barnes. They will all lie for me just as I would for them under like circumstances." This conclusion broke the old man all up, and he never asked more references nor wrote to those gentlemen.

Advantage of Low Ceilings.

The advantages of low ceilings for dwellings, on account of their being more readily and completely ventilated than dwellings that are high ceiled, are now very generally admitted by builders and sanitarians. The view taken of this matter, from the standpoint of health, is, briefly, that the leakage of air which is always going on keeps all parts of the air in motion in such rooms, whereas, if the ceiling is higher, only the lower part of the air is moved, and an inverted lake of foul and hot air is left floating in the space above the window tops. To have the currents of fresh air circulating only in the lower parts of the room, while the upper portion of the air is left unaffected, is really the worst way of ventilating, for the stagnant atmospheric lake under the ceiling, although motionless, keeps actively at work under the law of the diffusion of gases, fouling the fresh currents circulating beneath it. With low ceilings and high windows no such accumulation of air is possible, for the whole height of the room is swept by the currents as the dust of the floor is swept with a broom. Again, it is urged in behalf of low ceilings that they possess the advantage of enabling rooms to be warmed with less expenditure of heat and less cost for fuel.

An Interesting Family.

A very remarkable group was yesterday photographed at Thomes Cook's gallery, Queen street. It consisted of six brothers, whose united ages amounted to 465 years, or an average of 77½ years each, as follows:

Charles Stevenson, Tignish	74
John Stevenson, New Glasgow	77
Andrew Stevenson, Fredericton	80
William Stevenson, Fredericton	77
George Stevenson, New Glasgow	73
Robert Stevenson, Rustico	74
	465

They are all hale and hearty and are fine specimens of ripened manhood. With the exception of the two younger they can all read without spectacles. They are all members of the Church of Christ on this island, Charles and John being elders.—*Charlottetown Patriot.*

Trouble to Come.

Fashion in husbands changes same as it does in everything else. A spell ago he had to be a coachman to be *au fait*. Now it is necessary for him to be a Mongolian in order to be in style. Soon the windows of Chinese laundrymen will be so darkened by fashionable girls in search of husbands that it will be necessary to light the gas so that work can go on.—*Texas Siftings.*

Had Only One Married.

Brown, who has married the eldest of seven girls, tried to quarrel with his mother-in-law the other evening. "Brown," said she, "I am not going to ruin my reputation by quarrelling with you. Wait till my other girls are married. At present, as a mother-in-law, I am only an amateur."

Everybody found smoking on the streets of Saugutuck, Mich., during the dry spell was liable to be arrested under the orders of the village council.

Clinton E. Williams was confronted by two wives at a Baltimore police station yesterday, and confesses to having three others. He is a deserter from the army, has been in prison, and is a worthless adventurer generally.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch*, alarmed by the number of people killed while walking upon the railroad track, calls upon some philanthropist to form a "Society for the Discouragement of Track Walking." The railroads of the country should form such a society and accomplish the object by abolishing grade crossings.

—A ticklish position—that of the fly on the bald head.

Celery, parsley, thyme, summer savory sage, etc., should be dried and pulverized and put away in glass jars for use next winter.

WHAT FATE DID.

"There is no doubt, Ethel, but that Dr. Laramie is taken with you. I need not add that I hope you will encourage him. He is very rich and of good family, and I am sure any girl might be proud of such a husband."

"Well, first the man must offer and then I must like him, and so far neither thing has happened.

"Well, as you are invited to the dinner party at the Laramies' the first thing you mention may soon occur. You can wear your amber silk and some jacqueminot roses. I'll stop for you. You must wear gloves day and night until the event, for there is nothing so taking as white hands. The colonel says mine are lovely. Now, what are you laughing about?"

"For joy, auntie," said Ethel. "I'm so glad to be married off, you know. But, really, I can't make myself helpless for three days and nights for the sake of white hands. If I go to bed in greased gloves I shan't sleep, and if I do nothing all day I shall lose my mind."

"Then you can wear mitts, which you need not remove at the table," said the aunt. "It is the style, but I don't like it."

Ethel was dressing for the party in her room and was all ready save for the roses, when an awful sound was heard through the house, evidently some one tumbling downstairs.

Into the hall all rushed. It was cook, who had gone up to her room in a flapping pair of loose old shoes and had slipped on the polished stairs. Her ankle was sprained, and when laid upon a lounge she uttered awful moans and sighs, until Ethel, arriving with a bottle of liniment and a towel pinned about her waist, assuaged the anguish.

"Ethel," cried her aunt, "you'll spoil your clothes and your nails."

But Ethel never heeded. She ministered to cook, who gradually grew black and blue all over, until at last that happened which Aunt Fleming had prophesied.

Over went the bottle, and down the side breadth of the amber silk poured a greasy flood of most unpleasant odor.

"I told you so! It is done for! What will you do?" cried Aunt Fleming. "How you look! and, oh! how you smell! I could baste black lace over it in what-do-you-call-'ems; but the smell! And your hair is all crooked."

"Oh, go on applyin' of it. It don't hurt when you apply it," moaned the cook, with the utter selfishness of a suffering person. "Put more on. There's a deary; do!"

Ethel put "more on" both her patient and her gown.

Mrs. Fleming began to cry.

"Don't do that," said Ethel, warningly. "The colonel won't praise your eyes if you do; and go to the dinner and say anything you like in the way of excuse for me. I do smell dreadfully of liniment. Perhaps the truth would be best; no one could eat near me."

"More, deary—on my back," said the cook; jest below the shoulder blade.

"The colonel, mum," said Maria, the maid, looking in at the door, "and would I remind you it's getting late?"

"Go, auntie," said Ethel.

Mrs. Fleming lifted hands and eyes to heaven, but remarked:

"If you are not going I might as well take your Marechal Niel roses, with black velvet. I might mix them with the jacques, and you can't have too many flowers this winter."

The carriage rolled away, they are gone. At the hour when fashionable theatre-goers return home Mrs. Fleming reappeared. She looked very much as though the colonel had been saying sweet things to her, and she was very amiable.

"I am sorry for you, dear," she said to Ethel, "but I think the cleaners can take the spots out; or, when it doesn't smell so, black lace or a new side breadth might be bought. Where is cook?"

"In bed, asleep," said Ethel, looking very bright and sweet. "And the doctor has put her to sleep with some little pills, and——"

"I never thought that peach colored wrapper so becoming," said Mrs. Fleming. "Or have you grown prettier? Was the liniment the elixir of youth? Oh, the doctor! What doctor did you send for?"

"I didn't send. He came of his own accord. I thought you had sent him," said Ethel.

"No, I had not time," said Mrs. Fleming. "By the way, you didn't lose much of Dr. Laramie's society. He went out—called away, his mother said. So—well—you laugh so at nothing. I told him you were ministering to an aged and faithful servant. We have had a cook a year and I think she's honest. Well?"

"I hadn't quite finished, auntie," said Ethel. "The doctor was Dr. Laramie. He said he had heard how I was detained."

"Yes?" cried Mrs. Fleming, breathlessly. "Why, what is that on your finger—a ring?"

"It is Dr. Laramie's ring," said Ethel. "We are engaged. He loves me, auntie, and as soon as he told me so I knew that I loved him."

"Of all the artful creatures!" cried Mrs. Fleming. "But you have done it and I am content."

"Fate did it," said Ethel. But this her aunt has never been quite brought to believe.

Nine is an Underestimate.

We feel outraged. Day after day we have been faithfully chronicling the death of the oldest Mason. He is not only not dead, but there are nine of him.—*Macon Telegraph.*

King Pomare of the Society islands is suing for a divorce from his wife, Queen Johannah. She accuses him of intoxication and he accuses her of infidelity. She is only 15 years old.

M. Naquet, who was arrested for seizing his opponent's sword in a recent duel and then wounding him, has finally been condemned to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 150 francs, with an additional sentence of paying 1 franc damages to his antagonist. The court could not legally condemn him as a duelist, and the charge on which he was tried and convicted was assault and battery.

Mrs. Ross, daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, and granddaughter of Miss Sarah Austin, is preparing to edit the correspondence of her grandmother and mother, which ought to be entertaining reading.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it **IN NEW YORK.**

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Valley Road is now an accomplished fact; the Roller Flour Mills will soon be in full blast; and now for the STRAIGHT LEVEL ROAD TO THE STATION!! Hurrah!

The Durham *Chronicle* censures Flesherton people for not capturing the post-office burglars. Somebody has been "stuffing" the *Chronicle* scribe real bad. He seems to be much more easily gulled than his illustrious predecessor anyhow.

The Durham *Chronicle* is as mad as a March hare because Flesherton is rapidly distancing the ancient village called Durham in growth, comparatively speaking. He is so mad about it, that an editorial in THE ADVANCE, describing the progress of our town, had the same effect on him as a red rag would have on a bull or a turkey-cock.

When the Hanover *Post* man says anything about THE ADVANCE, his apprentice, the editor of the Durham *Chronicle*, echoes the sentiment after the manner of a grave but very foolish parrot. The Durham and South Grey Conservatives generally will need to keep their weather eyes on the *Chronicle*. It has basely deceived them once, and if the adage—"birds of a feather flock together"—be true, its reformation is still far from being complete.

A gentleman in this town is credited with saying, that he had been taking THE ADVANCE ever since the first number was issued, and that that paper had never said anything good about him yet. The statement is not correct. We have published many good things about him. What we have stated at any time, has been on apparently reliable authority, and if it has not always suited the gentleman the fault has not been ours. If a misstatement is made in THE ADVANCE, the columns of our paper are ever open for corrections; and surely it is not our fault if people do not avail themselves of that medium for setting things right. The gentleman himself has said many ungraceful things about THE ADVANCE without for one moment troubling himself to find out whether they were correct or not.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

Our Own Country.

It will cost $7000 to rebuild the steamer Hiawatha at Sarnia.

Bishop Walsh of London will visit Rome next month.

A bricklayers' union has been organized in Stratford with thirty-four members.

It is believed St. Thomas will shortly be called upon to vote on the repeal of the Scott Act.

Dr. Miller who suicided in the Northwest the other day, was a son of the late Judge Miller of Waterloo County.

Wm. Ryan, pumpmaker, Palmerston, was found dead on the road last week, his team having run away and caused his death.

At Hamilton yesterday a signboard fell from a store on the corner on King and Walnut streets, striking a young man named Arthur McBriar on the back of the neck and severely injuring him.

BURGLARY.

In criminal law, burglary is defined to be "a breaking and entering the house of another with intent to commit some felony, whether such intent be committed or not." "It is peculiar to this crime," says the same authority, "that, in England it can only be committed in the night time, which is considered as commencing at 9 in the evening and concluding at 6 in the morning of the next day. As to the matter of committing burglary, it is laid down by Blackstone that there must be both a breaking and an entry to complete it."

It will be thus seen, that if an individual enters another's premises in the manner described, intending to appropriate any article not belonging to him, he is a barglar in the eyes of the law whether he takes the article in view or not.

In this connection a few words of advice might not be out of place, in view of the desperate gang of ruffians which seems to infest the whole country at the present time, and who would not, apparently, hesitate at committing a worse crime than burglary in accomplishing their dark designs.

(1) Unchain your bull dogs and let them run at large in rooms containing valuables.

(2) Don't keep money or valuables in exposed places.

(3) Keep a loaded revolver within easy reach and shoot burglars on sight. They'll pop you over if you don't.

(4) Set bear traps near the safe.

(5) If you hear a noise, tell the hired man to jump up mighty quick and ascertain the cause thereof. Cover your own head up with bedclothes, and when you hear the hired man sing out that "its alright," jump out of bed yourself and appear suddenly before the astonished "help" with a revolver in one hand and the bootjack in the other. He will think you are a brave fellow. Then go back to your room and tell your terrified wife that you guess them burglar fellows got scared and skedaddled. Tell her she's a fool if she should express regrets about the way you have been endangering your precious life.

(6) Keep cool. Don't dodge behind empty barrels, but blaze away at the burglars until somebody gets hurt

All of which is respectfully submitted.

A New Crusade.

THE RADICAL RESOLUTION OF ATLANTIC DIVISION S. OF T.

The following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted at the last meeting of Atlantic Division of the Sons of Temperance.

"Inasmuch as the prevalent custom of treating to alcoholic liquors forms the main support to the liquor traffic, and admittedly contributes more than any other cause to the cultivation of intemperate habits and other manifold evils arising from the drinking usages of society.

"That in the present advanced state of temperance sentiment, it is fully warranted to ask that the pernicious and destructive practice of treating should be made an offence under the License Act, and that the enforcement of such an enactment would largely abate the evils above mentioned, reducing to a minimum drunkeness and crime.

"Resolved; That in the opinion of Atlantic Division the time has now come when an amendment to the License Act is urgently needed, making it an offence for any person to offer in an hotel, saloon or licensed premises, intoxicants as a treat or act of hospitality, and that any license keeper being a party to the same and furnishing such liquor shall be adjudged guilty of a violation of the act and be subjected to a like penalty.

"That steps be taken to bring this matter before the Legislative Assembly and Government of Ontario, and that friends of temperance generally be asked to further such action as far as possible.

"That copies of the above preamble and resolutions be forwarded to subordinate divisions of Sons of Temperance, to lodges of Good Templars, in the city and vicinity, to the W.C.T.U., and Y.W.C.T.U., respectfully requesting consideration of the above proposal and if concurred in, to ask their co-operation and support by joint committee or otherwise as may be deemed advisable.

The Result of Racing.

Saturday evening last Mr. John Dolan, who lives on the townline east, was driving home with several others in his rig, when Mr. W. C. Hall attempted to pass him with his ponies. No sooner had Hall got alongside than Dolan gave whip to his horses, but Hall succeeded in passing him. Then a race ensued, terminating in a couple of Dolan's passengers being thrown out, along with a can of coal oil and other articles. One man was stunned and sustained a cut on the head, but he was able to be around the following day. There was a big spill of coal oil.—*Shelburne Economist*

He Wrote for the Press.

"What are you doing now, Thomas?" asked the minister, patronizingly.

"I am a writer for the press," said the lad proudly.

"Indeed, you are quite young for that. What do you write?"

"I direct wrappers."

A York Farmer Killed.

A farmer named Wm. Jackson, living on the fourth concession of West York, was accidentally killed on Wednesday afternoon, while working a roller on his farm. One of the strings broke, and the team swinging around suddenly, the man was thrown under the roller and crushed to death.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

St Thomas City Council has voted $300 towards the band tournament, to be held in connection with the Southern Counties' Fair.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's
Pleasant
Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. — Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments orginating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond Va.

Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 29, Con. 4, Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and white cow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
ANTHONY KENNY.
Artemesia, July 29th, 1887.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	72	to 0	78
Spring Wheat	0	72	0	73
Barley	0	45	0	55
Oats	0	28	0	29
Peas	0	48	0	50
Butter	0	16	0	17
Eggs, fresh	0	14	0	14
Potatoes bush	0	50	0	50
Pork	5	60	5	60
Hay, per ton	6	00	6	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	40	0	56
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	8	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve &
Cistern Pumps

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT.
FLESHERTON

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.
Photographer.
Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

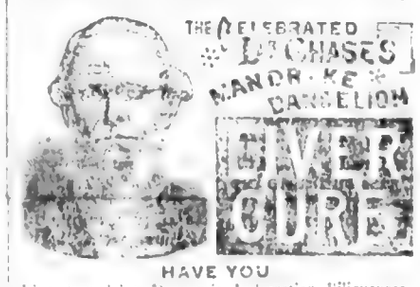

HAVE YOU
Live Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a safe and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY
The unparalleled success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is, compounded according to well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, &c., combined with many other valuable vegetable herbs, having a power[illegible] Bowels and Blood.

500 000 SOLD
Over one[illegible] of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. He must every man, woman[illegible] a copy. It tells how to cure[illegible] complaints in the most efficient manner.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE
Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, prescribed by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton
Meat Market.
S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

EUGENIA
Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.
Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

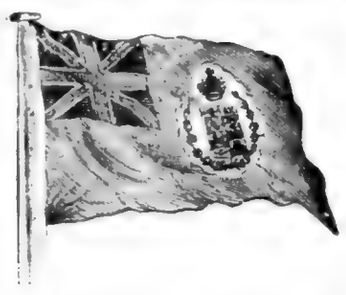

The Right Place

—TO BUY—

FURNITURE

—IS AT—

J. E. Moore's

FLESHERTON

FURNITURE

WAREROOMS,

Where you will find a Good Stock to select from in the following lines:

CHAIRS

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Bedroom Sets!

SIDEBOARDS,
BEDSTEADS,
FOLDING CRIBS,
CRADLES,
TABLES,
WATNOTS,
CUPBOARDS,
WASHSTANDS &c.,

At Prices to suit the Times.

All Goods are of First-Class Manufacture.

INSPECTION INVITED.

J. E. MOORE.

Flesherton, Sp. 13th, 1887.

A Silly Yarn.

On Monday morning at 2 a.m. the Post-office in the village of Flesherton, was entered, the safe blown open, and $58 in cash, and a quantity of postage stamps and cards, together with deeds, notes and papers belonging to Mr. Sproul the P. M. The noise of the explosion awoke up Mr. Sproule and four or five of the neighbors, and they all hastened out to the street to ascertain the cause, when they discovered a man walking up and down in front of the place, with a revolver in his hand, who cooly told them to keep back until his friend had made a satisfactory inventory of the effects of the safe. Strange to say these five men allowed the two burglars and robbers to depart with their plunder unmolested, they were afterwards pursued and the buggy tracked to Durham, and thence on towards Holstein. They were a brave l lot surely.—*Bruce Telescope.*

If you are prepared to believe all you hear you'll eat all you see, Bro. Stephens. The above is nothing but rot.

Fair and Square Challenge to Mr. Wiman.

From the Toronto World

The World has repeatedly charged Mr. Wiman with saying the thing which is not so, and our columns are open to him and his allies to show wherein he has been wronged. Contrary to The World's instructions to its writers, be they journalists or be they amateurs, we offer Mr. Wiman all the space he can use in contradiction of the charges made against him, and if we fail to demonstrate the falsity of his statements to the farmers of Canada, the hostility of his intentions toward the manufacturers and workingmen of Canada, and the general dishonesty of his whole course, we shall willingly forfeit any reasonable amount that he may name as a condition precedent.

Should a successful boodler scorn to enter the lists with a young Canadian paper, the door is wide open for him to fix a time and place to discuss his fad, upon equitable terms, with a speaker named by The World.

Mr. Wiman's little game has been played in a little way during a brief period. The leaders and exponents of public thought in Canada have such little notice taken of him that The World puts forth this mild challenge in order that the people of Canada enjoy a possibility of seeing how little there is of him when brought to book upon the public platform. Will he accept? Dare he accept? It remains for Mr. Wiman to say.

Attention

Is called to the following Sections of "The Liquor License Act" of Ontario, respecting the Sale of Liquor on Fair Grounds:—

SEC. 11. The License Commissioners shall not grant any certificate for a license, or any certificate whatsoever, whereby any person can obtain or procure any license for the sale of spirituous, fermented or intoxicating liquors, on the days of the Exhibition of the Agricultural Association of Ontario, or of any Electoral, District or Township Agricultural Society Exhibition, either on the grounds of such Society or within the distance of three hundred yards of such grounds.

SEC. 40. No person shall keep or have in any house, building, shop, eatinghouse, saloon, or house of public entertainment, or in any room or place whatsoever, any spirituous, fermented or other manufactured liquors for the purpose of selling, bartering or trading therein, unless duly licensed thereto under the provisions of this Act.

PENALTIES.

SEC. 51. Any person who sells or barters spirituous, fermented or manufactured liquors of any kind, without the license therefor by law required, or who otherwise violates any other provisions of this Act, in respect of which no other punishment is prescribed, shall for the first offence, on conviction thereof, forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than twenty dollars, besides costs, and not more than fifty dollars, besides costs; and for the second offence, on conviction thereof, such person shall be imprisioned in the County Gaol of the County in which the offence was committed, to be kept at hard labor for a period not exceeding three calendar months.

A Fine Imposed.

Police Magistrate Gray was in town last Thursday and gave his decision in the case of R. W. Tuck, charged with violating the Scott Act, and the report of whose trial appeared in the Economist of last week. The P. M's decision is that Tuck shall pay a fine of $50 and costs, in default that he shall spend sixty days in gaol. We understand that Robt. Allen, mentioned in a previous issue as having been fined, has not yet put up the $50 and costs. Allen is still at large.—*Shelburne Economist.*

Testing Milk at Cheese Factories

Farmer's Advocate.

In response to an article on this subject published in our July issue, our special dairy expert visited a large number of cheese factories between Elgin county in the west and Peterboro in the east, and tested the milk while it was being delivered from the cans of the patrons. We are pleased to say that the results were eminently satisfactory, but we regret that a large number of invitations had to be refused for want of time. The cheese-makers especially, as well as many of the presidents and directors of the factories, took great interest in the tests, and were all anxious to know how they were conducted. Our expert readily explained, and it was a source of great satisfaction for them to know that milk could be tested as fast as delivered and accurate results obtained, two test being made of each patrons milk, so that determinations were made as to whether the milk was watered or skimmed or both. The tests were quite conclusive when the evening's and morning's messes were kept in separate cans, but when the milk was mixed some latitude had to be allowed.

The methods of adulteration are numerous, but those usually practiced are skimming the evening's and watering the morning's—sometimes the one, sometimes the other, and sometimes both. Sometimes the strippings are withheld, which form of adulteration is exactly the same as skimming. Many farmers may regard themselves as innocent when, in taking a lunch before going to bed, they dip the milk from the top of the can; but this is skimming, pure and simple, and a bowl full of milk, or rather the cream, removed in this way, will be detected by the testing instruments. Another criminal practice is found in rinsing out the milk pails with water and pouring the rinsings into the cans. Slight adulterations of this kind can usually be detected. It is a striking coincidence that the older the greater the adulterations practiced. In the east the cows give poorer milk than in the west, but adulterations are not practiced on so large a scale. In some of the factories, nearly all the patrons do a little tampering with their milk, while in others the tampering is only practiced by a few, but usually on a large scale. It is impossible for all the patrons to do much tampering, for it would require such an unusually large quantity of milk to make a pound of cheese that an investigation would be the result. In some cases 25 to 30 per cent. of water was found in the milk, and the per centage of fat was reduced to 1½ whereas not less than 3 per cent. had ever been obtained from the milk of a herd of cows. On the other hand, the milk from some herds in the west analyzed nearly 4 per cent. of fat, proving that there are some excellent feeders amongst our farmers, who are honest men as well. We believe the time will soon come when each patron will be paid according to the quality of his milk, in which case the losses sustained by adulterations will fall upon the perpetrators, and progressive farmers would be encouraged in their efforts to produce good, honest milk.

Nearly all the cheese-factories have some instruments for testing milk, but the objections against them are so serious as to render testing almost impracticable and worthless. Our expert found many of the thermometers and lactometers several degrees astray. The cheese-makers have rarely time enough to spare to make even these inaccurate tests. An example will illustrate: At one factory our expert made over 70 tests while the cheesemaker was cooling one sample of milk for the purpose of taking the specific gravity with his lactometer. The sample of milk was pure, but his lactometer indicated that 15 per cent. of water had been added. At some factories tubes or creamometers are used for the purpose of testing the volume of cream raised from the milk. We warn cheese makers against these tests for they are not reliable, although by operating on the skim-milk comparative results of a satisfactory character are often obtained. The small tubes used in some factories for raising the cream and allowing the casein to coagulate are utterly worthless, the results being extremely unreliable.

It must not be supposed that the science of milk-testing can be learned in a day, although very little skill is required in operating the instruments. We believe it would pay every cheese-maker to become an expert milk-tester; his services would be in much greater demand, and the study of the subject is a pleasing occupation. It is surprising to find the difference in the various operations of cheese-making as practiced by cheese-makers. We should be highly pleased to see an organization of cheese-makers through which they could compare notes both in the manufacture of cheese and in the testing of milk. Their voices are rarely heard at our great dairy conventions. Such an organization will receive the enthusiastic support of the *Advocate*. Who will be the organizer! It will also receive the sympathy of our farmers. We are pleased to find that the invitations for making milk-tests have come from the farmers and cheese-makers, whose organ the *Farmer's Advocate* has always been and always will be.

Take Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the sufferings of body and mind, caused by habitual constipation. A moderate use of Ayer's Pills will invariably regulate the bowels.

Women don Male Attire.

Paris, Sept. 9.—An association of six married ladies, well known in Paris, and all having titles, have discarded the conventional dress of their sex and donned male attire. They wear their hair short and drive dog-carts. Mme. De Relbou is said to have started the movement.

It Could not be Otherwise.

The testimony of the United States press as to the unhappy condition of the United States farmer, dependent as he is upon the prices ruling the British and other European markets to which he is constrained to export, has put the advocates of the United States tariff for Canadian farmers quite out of court and altogether out of countenance. It could not be otherwise. The idea that a Canadian farmer can undersell a United States farmer, *in the latter's own markets*, and that discrimination against the rest of the Empire means free trade for Canada, is so preposterous that not all the "boodle" at the bank of Staten Island can sustain it. No politician of any repute in this country has dared, or will dare, to maintain it.—*Toronto World.*

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

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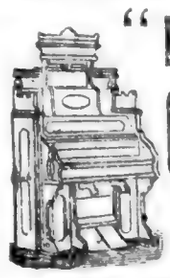

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The Silver Boat.

The room was hushed; and the moonlight fell
In broken bands on the garret floor;
So cold and damp—the shadows of death
Had fallen three hours before.

Oh! she was the child of his old age,
And she lay in his arms a-dying;
The night-wind crept up the narrow stair
But fled through the window sighing.

Her yellow hair fell in sheaves of gold,
Her breathing was hurried and low.
Her mother had died a night like this,
Just seven long years ago.

Day by day, with a terrible love,
A love that was unavailing,
He had watched the light in her blue eyes,
Steadily, hopelessly failing.

"Spare her, good Lord, for she must not die!"
His words were distracted and wild;
God help him now—for the old man's life
Is bound up in the life of his child.

"Father," she cried, with a sudden strength,
"Look, oh! look at it, sailing there!
The good Lord has sent His silver boat—
He has heard and answered my prayer.

"It came last night, but you were asleep,
The windows were fastened tight;
held out my arms but it sailed away,
Sailed far away out of sight.

The old man's eyes were blinded with tears,
As they followed hers to the sky,
And he saw only the crescent moon
In a storm of clouds drift by.

But a light not born of earth or sky
Shone now in the eyes of the maiden;
"It comes, dear father, it comes!" she cried,
"For the weary and heavy-laden.

"I shall sail on through the brilliant stars,
To God's beautiful home on high,
And He will send it again for you
In a little while 'Good-bye.'

The moonlight strayed from the garret floor,
The crescent moon sailed out of sight;
But the old man knew that his wife and child
Had met in God's home that night.

The Quiver.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Well, it was not such a dull evening after all: neither of them could tell how the time had passed when Ellerton came in to say the last train had been due for some time, and, as Sir Hugh had not returned, would my lady have the house shut up; could it actually be past eleven, and Erle and she still talking about this wonderful story.

Fay's cheeks were quite pink when she bade Erle good-night; her eyes shining like stars. Oh, these dear people, she thought, how strange and sad it all was, and yet how interesting; she had made Erle describe this Crystal over and over again. She must be an odd girl, she thought—so passionate and so undisciplined, and to think she was living with the other one, with the fair hair and the pretty smile; but when she had said this there had been no answering smile on Erle's face.

"Yes," he had returned, seriously, "I have often wondered to see them such friends, they are so utterly dissimilar. Fern—Miss Trafford I mean—is gentle and yielding—more like you, Fay; and Miss Ferrers—as I suppose I ought to call her—is so high spirited and proud. I often wonder how Percy dares to make love to her, but he seems to dare anything.

Well, Fay thought about it all when she went to bed; she had got used to her big shadowy room by this time; she lay wide awake watching the fire-light flicker and dance on the walls; how odd that people who loved each other so much should misunderstand each other so strangely; of course Crystal loved this grand looking Raby, and yet of her own accord she was hiding from him; and Fay thrilled with pity and affectionate sympathy, as she pondered over the sad story. She tried to tell Hugh when he returned the next day, but he was too busy, or else unwilling to listen to her.

"Yes, I know all about it—I never cared very much for the girl," he said, hastily; and then, as Fay looked intensely surprised, he added rather irritably:

"I told you we were old friends once, and of course I saw Miss Crystal when I visited at the Grange; she was never my taste handsome, of course, but one could see she had a bit of the devil in her she had a temper of her own if you like; and Mr. Ferrers spoiled her; he was terribly infatuated—I daresay he is still—men will be fools sometimes. There, don't keep me talking, Fay; of course every one in Sandycliffe and Singleton knows the story. I am not so sure that it was not wise of the girl to run away after all."

"Hugh must have been very intimate with them all," thought Fay when she was left alone. "How I wish he were not always too busy to talk to me. Erle says he is sure he is killing himself rushing about as he does, and he does look terribly ill. I wish he would see Dr. Martin, but of course my asking him to do so would only make him angry. It is very wrong of me, I am afraid, but I cannot help longing to know why Hugh has quarrelled with them so. I don't like to vex him, but it seems to me as though I have a right to know all that concerns my husband"—and Fay's throat swelled and her eyes grew a little dim. "Perhaps when something happens he will think me older and talk to me more," she said; and though she was alone a rosy blush came over her face.

Fay was very sorry when the time came for Erle to go back to Belgrave House; she would miss him sadly she knew. They had resumed their old walks and drives, and Fay paid visits to Bonnie Bess in her stable, and taught the pretty creature to follow her over the place like a dog.

Erle was sorry to go too; he had grown very much attached to his new cousin. Mr. Ferrers was to join him a little later at Belgrave House, and he promised to write and give her full particulars of their visit to Beulah Place. In his heart he had a secret longing to feel Fern's hand in his again, and to see her bright welcoming smile. "I have been here a whole month," he grumbled; "no wonder Hugh is tired of me by this time."

Fay was rather surprised then to receive a letter from him two or three days afterwards telling her that Mr. Ferrers' visit was indefinitely postponed.

"Everything has gone wrong," he wrote; "and the fates, those mischievous cross-grained old women with the one eye between them, are dead against us.

"I went over to Beulah Place the first evening just to reconnoitre, and was much disgusted to hear that Miss Davenport—Miss Ferrers I mean, only I stick to the old name from habit—was nursing one of her pupils with the measles. The little rascal—it is a boy—had refused to be nursed by any one else; and there she is in the curate's house kept in durance vile; and, to make matters worse, there is some talk of her going out of town with them.

"I wrote off to the Grange at once, and Miss Ferrers answered me. Her brother would defer his visit for the present, she said, until Miss Davenport was back in her old quarters. He was much disappointed, of course, at this delay; but he was satisfied to know that she was in good hands, and he was used to disappointments. I did feel so sorry for the poor old fellow when I read that." And the rest of the letter was filled with lively descriptions of a ball where he had met Miss Selby and danced with her half the night.

Fay shook her head over this part of Erle's letter. He was an incorrigible flirt, she was afraid; but she missed him very much. The old Hall seemed very quiet without Erle's springy footsteps and merry whistle, and somehow Fay was a little quieter too.

For a change was passing over Hugh's Wee Wifie in those early spring days.

With the new hope there came a new and tender expression on her sweet face.

She grew less child-like and more womanly, and day by day there grew a certain modest dignity that became her well. Hugh was very gentle with her, and careful to guard her from all imprudence; but life was very difficult to him just then, and he could not always restrain his growing irritability.

He was ill, and yet unwilling to own anything was amiss. He scoffed at the idea that his nerves were disorganized; and with the utmost recklessness seemed bent on ruining his fine constitution.

His restlessness and inward struggles were making him thin and haggard; still any fatigue was better than inaction, he thought. Often, after a long day spent in riding over the Redmond and Wyngate estates, he would set out again, often fasting, to walk across ploughed lands and through miry lanes to visit some sick laborer, and then sit up half the night in his solitary study.

Years afterwards he owned that he never looked back on this part of his life without an inward shudder. What would have become of him, he said, if the hand of Providence had not laid him low before he had succeeded in ruining himself, body and soul?

No one but Hugh knew how often he had yielded to the temptation to drown his inward miseries in pernicious drugs; how in those solitary vigils, while his innocent child-wife was sleeping peacefully like an infant, his half maddened brain conjured up delirious fancies that seemed to people the dark library with haunting faces.

But he never meant to harm himself really; he would say in his sober daylight reflections he was only so very wretched. Margaret's influence had always kept him pure, and he was not the man to find pleasure in any dissipation.

No, he would not harm himself; but he wanted more to do. If he could represent his county, for example; but he had lost his seat last election to his neighbor Colonel Dacre! If he could travel; if Fay would only spare him! And then he shook his head as he thought of his unborn child.

"You look so ill, Hugh," Fay would say with tears in her eyes when he came up to wish her good by, "I wish you would stay with me a little."

But Hugh would only give a forced augh and say that his "Wee Wifie was becoming more fanciful that ever, and that he should not know what to do with her if she went on like this:" and then, kissing her hastily, and unloosening the little hands from his neck, he would go out of the room pretending to whistle.

But one evening when they were together in the library he fell asleep while she was talking to him, and looked so strange and flushed that Fay got frightened and tried to wake him.

"Come, Hugh," she said, softly, "it is 11 o'clock, and I cannot leave you like this, and I am so tired and sleepy, dear;" and she knelt down and put her hand under his head, and stroked back the hair from his hot forehead. But Hugh only muttered something inaudible, and turned his face away.

And Fay, watching him anxiously, felt her heart sink with some undefined fear, and presently rang for his valet.

"Saville," she said, as the man entered the room, "I do not know what is the matter with Sir Hugh to-night, he sleeps so heavily and looks so strange. If it were not so late, and I were sure that he would not mind it, I would send for Dr. Martin."

"Nonsense," exclaimed her husband drowsily, for this threat of sending for the doctor had roused him effectually, and he managed to sit up and look at them.

"Why, what a white shaking child you look, you are not fit to be up so late, Fay; why don't you take more care of yourself?"

"I was so frightened, dear," she whispered; "I could not bear to leave you. I am sure you are ill, Hugh; do let Saville help you to bed."

"Oh, is that Saville? I thought—I thought—well never mind. There is nothing the matter with me, Saville, is there?"

"No, Sir Hugh; only it is late, and I expect you are tired, as my lady said."

"Oh, but she said I was ill"—very querulously; "I have never had a day's illness in my life, have I, Saville? Mrs. Heron will know; ask Mrs. Heron—well, I think I may as well go to bed and have my sleep out."

And the next day he reiterated the same thing, that there was nothing the matter with him, nothing; only they had not called him at the usual time, and he had slept late; but he had no appetite, and did not care to rise.

It was foolish to have tired himself out so, he owned. But if Fay were good and would not scold him, she might sit with him and read something amusing. But he did not tell her, or Saville either, that he had tried to dress himself and had fallen back half fainting on the bed, or of the strange horrible feelings that were creeping over him, and that made him dread to be alone. Only Fay was very disappointed that he did not seem to hear anything she read; or remember a word of it. It was the shooting pain in his head, he told her; and then he laughed in a way that was hardly mirthful, and said he would try to sleep.

But that night he never closed his eyes, and yet the next day he would not allow Fay to send for the doctor, though she begged piteously for permission. Doctors were old women, he said, and Dr. Martin especially. It was only the pain in his head that kept him awake and made him so feverish; but towards the evening his eyes began to shine beautifully, and he grew quite lively and talkative.

He said he was much better, if only his head and hands were not burning like live coals; and that he meant if it were fine to drive Fay out in the pony-carriage to-morrow, and they would go and call on Margaret.

Fay stared, as well she might. Did Hugh mean Miss Ferrers? she asked, timidly.

And Hugh, speaking thickly, like a drunken man, said, "Yes, certenly! and why not?" and he would ask Margaret to go with him to Shepherd's Corner to-morrow, and see Tim Hartlebury, who was lying dying or dead, he did not know which; but *apropos* to the Sudbury politics, and the old Tory member, Lord Lyndhurst of Lyndhurst, at whom the Radical party, with the publican of the "Green Drake" at their head, had shield rotten eggs, would Lady Redmond assure him that the Grange was not infested with serpents. The old hydra-headed reptile had lived there in his father's time, and there was a young brood left, he heard, that were nourished on Margaret's roses. No, he repeated, if there were serpents at the Grange they would not drive there, for he was afraid of Raby, and he hated parsons, for even blind ones could see sometimes, and they might tell tales—lies—he said, beating wildly on the bed-clothes; lies, every one of them, and would they please take away his Wee Wifie, for he was tired of her. And Fay, trembling very much, called out to Saville to come quickly, for Sir Hugh was talking so funnily, she could not make out what he meant. And Saville, as he stood and held his master's hands, thought his talk so very funny that he summoned Mrs. Heron and Ellerton at once, while the groom saddled one of the horses and galloped off for Dr. Martin; and when Dr. Martin arrived, and had seen his patient, the mystery was soon cleared.

Sir Hugh had brain fever; and that night Ellerton and Saville had to hold him down in his bed to prevent him throwing himself from the window. He very nearly did it once in the cunning of his madness, when they left him unguarded for a moment; and after that they had to strap him down.

They had taken his Wee Wifie from him almost by force; she had clung to him so—her poor mad Hugh, as she called him. But Mrs. Heron took the distracted young creature in her motherly arms when Dr. Martin brought her downstairs, and soothed her as though she were a child. Fay put her head down on the housekeeper's shoulder and cried until she could cry no longer. "Will he die—will my darling die?" was all she could say at first; and then she would ask piteously to go back to him.

But no one ventured to let her cross the threshold. After this there were two hospital nurses sent down from London, and Dr. Conway, a well known physician in town, met Dr. Martin in consultation. Saville and Ellerton were always in the sick-room when wanted. Everything that money could procure, or faithful attendance could give, was lavished on the patient, but for a long time there was no improvement.

If his violence had not banished Fay from the room his miserable ravings would.

The nurses were too much accustomed to such scenes to take much notice of their patient's wild talk; but the trusty old servants, who knew their master's secret, shuddered as they heard him, for his talk was always of Margaret. He never even mentioned his Wee Wifie.

"Oh for Margaret!" he cried, to give him water to quench his thirst; for he was in torment, and no one would give him drink. Oh for Margaret's cool hand—for Maggie—for his own love Margaret; and so on, and so on, through the long hours of that fevered dream.

How that one idea beset him!

She was a star, and he went seeking her through space till he got lost and entangled in the Milky Way, and revolved madly through the infinite.

She was in Paradise, standing on the topmost star of the golden ladder, stretching out her hands and calling to him to come to her before the door was shut; and ever as he tried to climb, the fiends came swarming from their pits of darkness, and dragged him down with endless fallings and precipitous crashings, while his Wee Wifie laughed mockingly from the distance.

"Oh for Margaret, Margaret, Margaret!" and so on through the day and through the night, until they thought it must have killed him.

Those were terrible days at Redmond Hall. The very servants went carefully about the house with hushed voices, looking after their young mistress with pitying eyes, as she wandered like a lost spirit from one room to another, generally followed by the faithful Janet. Erle came down once, but Fay grew so hysterical at the sight of her old favorite that Mrs. Heron was quite frightened, and begged him to go away; and, as he could do no good, he acquiesced very sensibly in this piece of advice.

Mrs. Heron was growing quite unhappy about my lady. Nothing she could say would make Fay cease from those aimless wanderings; she could not eat, she could not rest, and her fits of weeping seemed only to exhaust her.

Nothing did her any good until Dr. Martin came to her one day, and, taking the thin little hand in his, gave her his faithful promise that, if the fever abated, and she were strong enough, she should help to nurse him by and by, but it would depend upon herself, he said, meaningly; and Fay promised to eat and sleep that she might be fit to nurse Hugh.

She meant to be good and keep her promise; but one evening the longing to see her husband was too strong for her.

Saville had just gone downstairs for something and had left he dressing-room door ajar. Fay, gliding down the corridor in her white dress, caught sight of the half opened door, and the temptation was too strong for her; the next moment she was in the dimly lighted room, with her finger on the handle of the closed door.

It yielded to her touch at once, and Fay's hungry eyes tried to pierce through the semi-darkness.

It was the oriel chamber, and Sir Hugh lay on the very bed where, Mrs. Heron had solemnly assured Fay, many a Redmond had breathed his first and last breath. It had been found impossible to move him, but Fay did not remember this as she stood with beating heart, not daring to move a step.

It was very quiet and still—one of the strange nurses was sitting by the bed with her face toward the patient; she had not heard Fay's stealthy entrance; the next moment Fay choked back a sob that threatened to rise in her throat, for she had caught sight at last of the white changed face that lay on the pillow; and then, regardless of everything but her love and longing, she glided quickly to the bed, and kissing the wide staring eyes, laid the shaven head tenderly upon her bosom.

"Oh, my lady!" exclaimed the nurse, in a terrified voice, "this is very wrong—very wrong indeed."

"Hush—I am his wife—I have a right to be here. You know me, do you not, my darling Hugh?"

Poor Fay! she had her punishment then; for Hugh did not know her in the least, and seemed to shrink from her with horror; he begged her to send Margaret to him—his dear Margaret, and not stand there like some white horrible statue dressed up in grave-clothes.

"You had better go, my lady, you are only exciting him," observed the nurse, quietly; and Fay wrung her hands and hurried from the room. Saville found her crouching against the dressing room door, with her face hidden in her hands, and fetched Mrs. Heron at once to coax her away; but Fay hardly seemed to understand their meaning; her face had a white, strained look upon it as Mrs. Heron put her arm round her and led her tenderly to her room.

CHAPTER XX.

"LITTLE JOYCE."

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail,
Let thy heart be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail.
But wait till the trial be over
And take thy heart again,
For as gold is tried by fire,
A heart must be tried by pain.

Adelaide Anne Procter.

"Oh, my lady, what will Dr. Martin say?" exclaimed Mrs. Heron, as she almost lifted her young mistress on to the couch, and stood over her rubbing her hands. It was a warm April evening, but Fay was shivering and her teeth chattering as though with cold.

"What does it matter what he says?" returned Fay; the girl's lips were white, and there was still a scared look in her eyes. "Is that why they would not let me see him—because they have cut off his hair and made him look so unlike himself, and because he talks so strangely?"

"Yes, my lady, and for your own good, and because—" but Fay interrupted her excitedly.

"My good? as though anything could do me good while my darling husband suffers so cruelly. Oh, Mrs. Heron, would you believe it? he did not know me; he looked as though he were afraid of me, his own wife: he told me to go away and not touch him, and to send Margaret. Oh," with a sort of restless despair in her voice, "who is this Margaret of whom he always speaks?"

Mrs. Heron's comely face paled a little with surprise—as she told Ellerton afterwards, she felt at that moment as though a feather would have knocked her down. "My heart was in my mouth," she observed, feelingly, "when I heard the pretty creature say those words, 'who is this Margaret of whom he always speaks.' Oh, I was all in a tremble when I heard her, and then all at once I remembered Miss Joyce, and it came to me as a sort of inspiration."

"Do you know who he means?" continued Fay, languidly.

"Indeed, my lady, there is no telling," returned the good housekeeper, cautiously; "it is often the case with people in fever that they forget all about the present, and just go back to past days; and so it may be Sir Hugh thinks about the little sister who died when he was a lad at school, and of whom he was so fond."

"Sir Hugh never told me he had had a sister," replied Fay, roused to some animation at this. "Was her name Margaret?"

"Yes, to be sure." But Mrs Heron forebore to mention that the child had always been called by her second name Joyce. "Ay, she was a pretty little dear, and Master Hugh—I mean Sir Hugh—doated on her; she had the whooping-cough very badly, and Miss Joy—I mean Miss Margaret was always delicate, and it just carried her off."

"And my husband was fond of her?" was the musing reply, "and yet it seems strange that he should go back all those years and think of his baby sister."

"I don't think Dr. Martin would say it was strange if you were to ask him, my lady," was the diplomatic answer. "We might mention it to-morrow, and see what he says. You may depend upon it that folk travel backwards in their mind when the fever gets hold of their brain. Most likely he is thinking a deal of his mother and Miss Margaret, for he was always an affectionate lad was Master Hugh."

"Dear Margaret! that was what he called her."

"Ay, no doubt, precious little lamb. I can see her now, with her curly head and white frock, as she pelted Master Hugh with rose-leaves on the lawn. Now, my lady, you are only fit for bed, and there is not a morsel of color in your face, and Ellerton says you hardly touched dinner. Now, I am going to bring you up a glass of wine and a sandwich, and you will let Janet help you undress."

Fay was too weary to resist. What did it matter, she thought again; but with her usual sweet courtesy she thanked Mrs. Heron, and tried to swallow a few mouthfuls, though they seemed to choke her, but she was glad when they left her alone. Sleep? how was she to sleep, with this nightmare of horror oppressing her? Again, the poor shaven head was lying in her bosom. She was kissing the wide staring eyes. Why had he pushed her from him? "Oh Hugh, you ought to have known me," she sobbed, as she tossed wearily in the darkness. Janet who was sleeping in the adjoining room, heard her once and came to her bedside.

"Were you calling me, my lady?" she asked.

"No, Janet," answered the poor child. "I am only crying because I am so unhappy."

"Better go to sleep, my lady," was Janet's sympathising reply; "things seem always worse in the dark; most likely we shall hear the master is better to-morrow. Saville says he has a deal of strength in him and will cheat the doctors yet;" and somehow this homely consolation soothed Fay, and by and by she slept the unbroken sleep of youth.

Dr. Martin listened to Mrs. Heron's account with a very grave face the next morning, but he chose to make light of the whole affair to Fay.

"You hardly deserve to be told that this escapade of yours, Lady Redmond, has done our patient no harm," he observed in a half-joking voive. "Sir Hugh is quieter to-day—much quieter. I should not be surprised if there be decided improvement in a few hours, but," as Fay's eyes filled with tears of thankfulness, "it was a very risky thing to do, and as you deserve to be punished for it, I must insist that these ponies of yours, who are eating their heads off with idleness, shall be put in harness at once, and you will please take a long drive that will not bring you within sight of Redmond Hall for the next two hours."

Fay laughed at the Doctor's grim face, but she was ready to promise him obedience if Hugh were better; she was quite willing to take the drive; she rang and ordered the ponies at once, and took the reins in her own hands. The fresh spring sunshine was delicious; the soft breezes seemed laden with messages of hope. Dr. Martin was right when he ordered that drive. Fay's little pale face looked less miserable as she restrained her ponies' frolics. She found herself listening to the birds and noticing the young spring foliage with her old interest as they drove through the leafy lanes. Fay had just turned her ponies' heads towards a winding road that led straight to the shore, when the frisky little animals shied playfully at a lady in a grey cloak who was standing by the hedge looking at a nest of young linnets. As she turned Fay saw that it was Miss Ferrers, and involuntarily checked her ponies, and at the same moment Miss Ferrers stepped into the road.

"Oh, Lady Redmond," she said, and Fay wondered why she was so pale. Had she been ill too? "This is a most unexpected pleasure. May I—may I"—hesitating for a moment, "ask you to stop and speak to me?"

"Certainly," returned Fay; and with quick impulse she handed the rains to the groom, and sprang into the road. "Take the ponies up and down, Ford; I shall not be long. I was just going down on the beach for a breath of sea-air," she continued, turning to Margaret, "and I am so glad I have met you, because we can go together," for she thought Hugh would certainly not mind her exchanging a few courteous words with Miss Ferrers when they met face to face; besides Miss Ferrers had asked to speak to her.

"I wanted to know—but of course I see by your face—that Sir Hugh is better," began Margaret, but her dry lips would hardly fashion the words.

"Oh yes," returned Fay, eagerly. "Dr. Martin says he is quieter, much quieter, this morning, and he hopes to find decided improvement in a few hours; oh, Miss Ferrers, it has been such a terrible time, I do not know how I have lived through it."

"It must have been dreadful for you, and your are looking ill yourself, Lady Redmond," with a pitying glance at the small white face that looked smaller and thinner since she saw it last.

"I do not know how I have been," returned Fay, simply. "I seemed to have no feeling, the time passed somehow, it was always meal-time, and one could not eat, and then night came, but it was not always possible to sleep. I was always wandering about, and it did not seem easy to pray, and then they came and told me it was wrong to grieve so, but how could I help it?"

"Was there no one to come to you, to be with you, I mean? but Fay shook her head.

(To be continued.)

Timber Profits.

An Albany correspondent of the *Gardeners' Monthly* gives the actual amount of timber grown on the farm of I. G. Smock, of Holmdel, N.J., one portion of which, containing thirty-seven hundreths of an acre or fifty-nine square rods, produced 1,406 five holed fence posts, which sold at 40 cents each; 150 smaller posts at 15 cents each, and 250 stakes at 5 cents, amounting to $597.40, or at the rate of $1,614 an acre. Other portions of the farm gave 4,000 posts at 40 cents each or $1,600, besides smaller amounts. The cost of cutting, dressing and boring is not stated. The trees were raised on broken portions of the farm, too rough for tillage, and were cut nine years ago. They were planted at intervals since 1830, the average age of the trees being about fifty years. The management which they received is not stated. On the measured portion it will be perceived that the annual profit per acre on the growth of the trees, not including interest, was $32. As this result appears to have been obtained from rough land which was not subjected to cultivation, it would be interesting to know what could be had from good, well cultivated ground. The area cut over nine years ago is now covered with a luxuriant growth of handsome young trees which have sprung up from the cuttings.

A Terrible Threat

An Irish laborer in Boston was starting out one morning for his work and a small boy of 3 or 4 years insisted on trotting along after him. The father kept telling the dirty little morsel of humanity to go back, but the urchin kept steadily on, until they came to a place where it was necessary to cross the street. Here the father turned to his offspring, with an air of one speaking a great finality. "Now, Patsy," he said, sternly, "if yez don't be afther goin' straight away home this blessed minute I won't niver git yez on the police force." The little Irish mite stopped as if a spell had arrested his footsteps. He looked up at his stalwart father, to see if it were possible that he could mean anything so terrible, and then, perceiving no relenting in the face above him, he turned on his tracks like a flash, and ran home with all the swiftness his little legs could compass.—*The Argonaut.*

Royal weddings ought to be numerous within the next few months. Recent statistics point out that there are now in Europe 108 princes and sixty-six princesses of marriageable age. Only six of these are betrothed.

CURRENT TOPICS.

One of the new English peers is 83 years years old. He used to be a very active business man, but, of course, wasn't eligible until he got over that.

At Bennington Center, Vt., will presently be seen a monument with this inscription: "On this spot William Lloyd Garrison edited the *Journal of the Times*, October 3rd, 1828—March 27th, 1830. Hither came Benjamin Lundy to enlist him in the cause of the slave. Garrison departed hence to lift up in Baltimore the banner of immediate emancipation."

A popular fallacy, according to A. W. Hare, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, is the belief that the water from a rushing torrent is safer for drinking purposes than water from a sluggish stream, for the reverse is really the fact. Sewage-contaminated water contains fewer organisms after ten or twelve days than river water, for the reason that the microbes' rapid growth during the first two or three days exhausts their food supply.

About a year age a young man named Saunders, living in Huntingdon, Eng., stabbed his sweetheart in the chest with a sword cane. The girl apparently recovered, but she has always insisted that a piece of the weapon must have broken off and remained in the wound. Professor Humphrey, of Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, has just succeeded in extracting from the girl's body a piece of the blade more than six inches long. It was taken out from her back, broken end first, showing that it had turned completely around since she was stabbed.

On the day of the visit of the London Metropolitan Board of Works to the Fire Department headquarters, Captain Shaw complained that he had too few horses for his engine. Just then an alarm called the department to a large fire in Southwark. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "how can I send another engine?" At that moment another alarm rang for a fire in Fore street, and as there were no horses to drag the spare engines the flames had no hindrance. It was an illustration worth a hundred arguments, and Captain shaw will get his horses.

Briquettes, or fuel bricks from coal dust, are growing in favor and demand in Europe. Scotland has at last fallen into the ranks of briquette-making nations. One of the largest coal mining and pig iron making firms there is now erecting a plant with a capacity of 200 tons per day. In France and other continental nations the business is large and growing. Jules Chagotolia, of France, and Carlo Raggio, of Italy, have each increased their plants by one new one annually for the last six years, till now they have a yearly capacity of nearly 350,000 tons each. Other firms have also gone into the business largely. The business is likely to get a start in this country soon, where, as coal dust costs nothing, the profits would be large.

Dr. A. B. Griffiths has demonstrated that iron sulphate, or copperas, acts upon the cellulose of the microscopic fungi which prey upon plants, but does not effect that of the higher plants themselves. It is therefore a remedy for the most virulent epidemics which attack field and garden crops and destroys such parasite germs and fungi as the potato disease, wheat mildew, etc. In one English district this year's crop of winter beans has failed on account of a growth of fungus on the roots of the plants, a disease which a timely application of iron sulphate would have cured. It is also said to be an efficient remedy for poison by ivy: Dissolve a tablespoonful of copperas in two-thirds of a teacup of boiling water, and when cold apply with a cloth to the poisoned places.

Dr. Blache states, in the *Bulletin de Therapeutique*, that a refiner of petroleum having been prohibited by a prefect the distribution of petroleum in medicinal doses, the fact led to an inquiry being made as to its utility in affections of the chest—the native petroleum from Pennsylvania and Virginia being that first experimented with. Dr. Blache states, as the result, that in chronic bronchitis, with abundant expectoration, it rapidly diminishes the amount of the secretion and the paroxysms of coughing, and in simple bronchitis rapid amelioration has been obtained; its employment in phthisis has been continued for too short a time, as yet, to allow of any opinion being delivered as to its efficacy, beyond the fact that it diminishes expectoration, which also loses its purulent character. The petroleum is popularly taken in doses of a teaspoonful before each meal, and, after the first day, any nausea which it may excite in some persons disappears.

The London *Times* prints an interesting account of a new system of shoemaking which may work a revolution in one of the most ancient and honorable of handicrafts. In the new plan the method of securing the soles, uppers and insoles is the exact reverse of that now in vogue in the ordinary wholesale trade. The plan is making notable headway in England, and in all probability will not be long in crossing the ocean.

New York *Standard*: "Henry George's teachings are not opposed to the doctrines of the Catholic Church," said Cardinal Manning to a *World* correspondent in London some months ago, "unless they fall into Socialism." The significant repudiation of Mr. George and his teachings by the Socialists within the past month ought to convince even the stupidest of Archbishop Corrigan's followers that these teachings have not "fallen into Socialism."

—Perhaps the mercury is only crouching for a big jump.

At a recent meeting of planters and others at Atlanta, Ga., Senator Colquitt said: Could you be allowed to sell where you could get the best price and buy where you could buy cheapest, your incomes, let them be great or small, would be enhanced perhaps thirty-three and one-third per cent.

The Parisians have at last awakened to the great impoliteness of all Parisian officials, cabmen included.

Salmon are becoming very scarce in the upper Rhine. Though vast numbers of the fish go down the river to the sea, only a small portion ever return again, for the Dutch fishermen intercept the salmon on their way back by a most ingenious and complete system of nets. Lately the Dutch caught over twelve thousand salmon in a week, so that the German and Swiss fishermen higher up the river complain itterly.

FALL EXHIBITIONS.

Dates of Principal Fall Fairs Throughout the Dominion.

The following is a list of the principal fall fairs to be held during the next few weeks:

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
GREAT CENTRAL	HAMILTON	Sept. 26-30
Dominion Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 5-17
Quebec Provincial	Quebec	Sept. 5-9
Horticultural	Berlin	Sept. 6-8
Ontario Provincial	Ottawa	Sept. 19-24
Central	Guelph	Sept. 20-22
Dufferin	Orangeville	Sept. 21-23
North Simcoe	Stayner	Sept. 21-23
Midland Central	Kingston	Sept. 27-30
Peel County	Brampton	Sept. 27-29
Southern Counties	St. Thomas	Sept. 27-30
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 27-30
Stamford Township	Niagara Falls, S.	Sept. 27
North Oxford	Woodstock	Sept. 27-28
West Wellington	Harriston	Sept. 29-30
Welland City	Welland	Sept. 29-30
Western Branch	Dunnville	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Gainsboro' Township	St. Anns	Oct. 1
Lincoln County	St. Catharines	Oct. 3-5
South Oxford Union	Ingersoll	Oct. 3-5
North Waterloo	Berlin	Oct. 4-5
Central Simcoe	Barrie	Oct. 4-7
Northern	Walkerton	Oct. 4-7
North Brant	Paris	Oct. 4-5
Haldimand County	Cayuga	Oct. 4-5
Centre Wellington	Fergus	Oct. 5-6
South Grimsby	Smithville	Oct. 6-7
Erasmosa Township	Bockwood	Oct. 6-7
Southern	Brantford	Oct. 11-12
Monck County	Wellandport	Oct. 11-12
Walpole Township	Jarvis	Oct. 11-12
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	Oct. 18-19

Others will be added as lists are received from managers.

Gounod's Newest Mass.

Paris Letter to the London Telegraph.

Gounod's new mass, composed in honor of Joan of Arc and named after her, was performed for the first time yesterday in the historic Cathedral of Rheims. The work, which had been carefully rehearsed under the baton of the composer, was listened to by about six thousand persons, and, heard within the vast and venerable pile, it had a telling effect. It was first suggested to M. Gounod by Cardinal Lavigerie, who wanted it for the festival of Pope Urban II., of Crusade memory, but the composer found that he was more inspired by the history of the peasant girl of Domremy than by that of the Pontiff. The mass is accompanied principally by the organ, with the aid of trumpets and trombones in the prelude and of harps in the Benedictus. In some parts the voices are heard without accompaniment, and the work is mainly distinguished by its simplicity and severity, the florid effects of what are called "dramatized masses," or those with orchestra and choirs, being avoided as much as possible. M. Gounod has followed the simple plain-chant Palestrina school. There are several *soli*, but no preponderance of any particular voice or instrument, the whole of the music being written with an eye to the general ensemble, of a strictly and severely religious character, harmony being in every instance combined with simplicity. In the prelude the organ alternates with the trumpets and trombones; the soprano voices take up the Kyrie, and the fullest treatment is given to the In Terra Pax, which abounds in melodious motives, the character of simplicity being, however, well maintained. The sanctus is short, and, like the Agnus Dei, for the choir only. The mass, although it will, no doubt, be used in many foreign and Provincial churches, will hardly be popular, except, perhaps, as a temporary curiosity in Paris, where florid church music is preferred.

Latest from the Northwest.

Rev. Mr. Winchester, who is going as Presbyterian missionary to China, has been married at Brandon to a daughter of Rev. Mr. Douglas.

Interviews are published here with a large number of prominent citizens on the accusation made by Manager Van Horne, that annexation sentiment prompted the present agitation in this Province. The insinuation is indignantly repudiated, and it is pointed out that no Province has been more loyal to Confederation and British connection than Manitoba. But if any thing is calculated to upset this feeling it is the line of action now being pursued by the Dominion Government and the insults of Mr. Van Horne.

The son of Chief Factor Belanger was drowned at Cumberland House by falling off the Northcote into the river

An Indian eye-doctor named Meerkham has been fined for practising without a license. Some marvellous cures are attributed to him.

Mr. Walter Lee, General Manager of the Western Canada Loan Company, is visiting this country, and says loan companies will not hesitate to invest any funds required for Manitoba.

The customs duty collected at Winnipeg in August was $46,778, against $55,136 for the corresponding month last year.

A young man named Bryans was arrested to-day for wholesale pilfering at the city post-office. His method was to open letter boxes from the outside and abstract those containing money.

Hon. Thos. White, Minister of Interior, with his wife and daughter, have arrived at Swift Current from Battleford and will go next to Regina.

She Was Very Much Engaged.

Since the first issue of my journal sixty-four offers of marriage have been made to me by parties I never saw. From such a list I could undoubtedly select a curiosity worthy of mummifying. But the plain, naked truth is that a few years since I actually met a crank face to face who had the courage to vocalize his offering. I at first positively refused, directly relented, shortly acquiesced. The fact is, I am married and have three youthful daughter and a husband.—*Lady Editor of Douglassville (Ga.) Industrial.*

A Mother's Devotion.

An Onna, Ill., despatch says: Mrs. Hawkins, wife of a section foreman on the Mobile & Ohio Railway near Kaolin, jumped from the station platform in front of a train, yesterday, to save the life of her infant son who had strayed upon the roadbed. She was struck by the locomotive and her skull was fractured. She may possibly recover. The child got off the track itself just in time to escape injury.

"Passing Strange."

City Boarder (to farmer)—This milk seems pretty poor. Farmer—The pastur' ain't what it ought to be. City Boarder—And yet I saw lots of milkweed in the fields this morning.

—Only the pretty girl can be saucy with impunity.

MILK, WHEY AND FRUIT JUICE.

Remedies in Vogue at a Favorite Invalid Resort in Austria.

Before describing the attractions of Meran as a winter residence, I shall briefly mention the other forms of cure in vogue there. Among them the milk and whey cures are pre-eminent. Meran cows' milk is remarkable for its excellence: the whey made from goat's milk here is remarkably rich in sugar. The patient who is under a milk diet gets milk alone, but he gets plenty of it, the dose being nearly a quart every three hours. If after existing on milk for a week the patient longs for something more substantial, he is allowed a roll or two soaked in milk; at the end of a fortnight he is given a little meat, and after three weeks' treatment he is either quite recovered or he ought to be, the fault being his own if the cure is not complete. Milk is obtainable at different times in the year; the period of the whey cure, however, begins in April and ends with May. Whey is drank in the morning and some mineral water is often taken along with it. Those persons whose cases are not adapted for the milk or whey cure may find benefit from koumiss prepared from cows' milk. The dose at the beginning of the treatment is an imperial quart, taken in two portions daily, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. The quantity taken is gradually increased till the dose is three imperial quarts. All the forms of cure I have named are not peculiar to Meran, though they are pursued here in a more systematic fashion than in other places. The last I have to mention cannot be had in like perfection elsewhere. It is a plant juice cure, and is available in the spring only, when certain plants unfold their first green leaves on the slopes of the Alps. The juice is expressed from them and the patient drinks it. It may interest the botanist to learn the names of plants so employed: they are Achillæa millefolium, Nasturtium aquaticum, Rumex acetosa, Ruta graveolens, Leontodon taraxacum, Urtica dioica and Menyanthes trifoliata. The decoction is green in color and bitter in taste. Cases of indigestion and poverty of blood are said to be benefited by this cure, which is practised from the middle of March to the middle of April.—*London Times.*

Plenty of Wife.

Very nearly a year ago a lady named Mrs. W. C. Lake was killed in an accident on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. The sorrowing husband was so deeply grieved that he sued the company for a poultice of $10,000, and there's no telling but that he might have collected it had not a few facts been brought out in preliminary evidence. It seems that he has served two terms in State prison and has had four wives. One is in the poorhouse in Winnebago County, and the latest he married about ten days ago. He was not married to the one that was killed, but considered her a good enough wife to sue on. Women must be rather plentiful in some parts of Wisconsin.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Farmer's Odd Experience.

Four weeks ago Farmer C. S. Van Horne, of Mill Point, N.Y., went home from the wheat field with a sore throat. The soreness increased, the throat swelled and nothing gave relief. Then the soreness disappeared from the inside and a swelling appeared on the outside of the throat, and finally a few days ago the cause of all this discomfort was apparent when the swelling broke out and from it came a wheat beard an inch long. Van Horne had taken it into his mouth, it had lodged in the throat and then worked its way through.

They Didn't Take to Vaccination.

Two of the intermediate passengers on the Sarmatian refused to be vaccinated on their arrival at Rimouski on Sunday. As a result they were told that they must either submit to the operation or go into quarantine at Grosse Isle. They then consented to be vaccinated, threatening that they would bring an action for damages against the Canadian Government. There is a little lesson in this incident. It is that anti-vaccinationists should travel first-class.

A Cow's Long Fast.

The Grimsby *Independent* says: A valuable cow belonging to Mrs. Lally, lost on Sunday, Aug. 20th, and which was supposed to have been stolen, was found on Monday, 29th, by Mr. Andrew Allan, lying in a sink hole in one of his fields. The sink hole, which was about ten feet in diameter and six deep, was covered with brush, and it is supposed the cow fell in while trying to pass over the brush. Strange to say the cow was not injured in any way, and beyond being very weak and emaciated seemed none the worse for her enforced and long fast of eight days.

Adrian, Mich., is threatened with a reunion of fifty brass band players, and the people pause with their movables half-packed to see if the fellows are going to bring their horns.

Matthew Arnold is writing autobiographical reminiscences, many of great interest, relating to his father, the Master of Rugby.

Prince Bismarck has been writing good advice in an English "Mees's" album. The young lady petitioned the prince pathetically for his autograph, declaring that a few lines of his hand-writing would make her happy for life. So the Chancellor wrote on the front page of the book: "Beware, my child, of building castles in the air, for they are buildings which we erect so easily, yet they are the most difficult to demolish."

An eccentric friend of a paragrapher of the Boston *Post*, who has a knack of picking up stray truths that get under other people's feet, tells him that infants are animals much more mysterious and "capable" than is generally supposed There is, he declares, a great deal of magnetism or fascinating power in a baby, to which all dumb creatures are very suspectible. He is personally acquainted with one infant in continual use by its male parent as a kind of horse tamer. When ever the father desires to catch a particular Houyhnhym which becomes very wild when let loose in the pasture, the baby in the carriage is brought out, and his four-footed friend comes up, pokes his nose in the baby's lap, and is quietly secured. This infant is thus able to do with ease the work that six men struggling for an hour have often failed to accomplish.

WOMEN'S SAVINGS.

High Interest Bad Security—Beware of the Younger Brother.

A writer in *Cassell's Magazine* treats of an interesting subject interestingly as follows: Experience shows that of the women who do save a large number lose their little stores. This is chiefly by investing them in concerns which promise large interest. It cannot be too often repeated that large interest means risk. No company would go about offering high interest if it could get the money it needed for less, and there are so many people with money to invest that any safe concern can get as much as it wants at a low rate. Even if the grand promises of bubble companies could be realized your interest would probably be gained by oppressing or defrauding others. But they seldom or never are realized, and it is a well-known fact that a very large proportion of their victims are women who, ignorant of business, and weary of the lengthy process of aiding little by little to their savings, hope to become rich all at once, and so grasp at the shadow to find that they have lost the substance. Again, do not be too kind to your relations. I do not say that you should be selfish or mean, but only prudent. Before lending money to be used in their business see that the business is a safe one: you may have the fullest confidence in the honest intentions of the borrower, but make sure that his capability is also to be depended on. Many teachers give their savings to help in the education of their brothers. Here, too, charity should be guided by prudence. It is not true kindness to help a stupid boy to a university education; you had much better help him in some other way. It is also bad for him to take your savings without any recompense. In most cases you had better lend them give, the knowledge that he must repay what he now spends out of his future earnings will help to keep him from extravagance.

Is This What Ails You?

Do you have dull, heavy headaches, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid, eyes weak, watery and inflamed, ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers, voice changed and nasal twang, breath offensive, smell and taste impaired, is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cts.

A grizzly bear weighing 1,400 pounds was killed near Baker City, Oregon, a few days ago.

Thief Arrested

The news was received with the utmost satisfaction by the community that he had terrorized, but the arrest of a disease that is stealing away a loved and valued life is an achievement that should inspire heartfelt gratitude. Chilliness, cold extremities with pale, wan features, are the results of disordered kidneys and liver. Arrest the cause at once by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a purely vegetable detective, that will ferret out and capture the most subtle lung or blood disorder. Druggists.

The use of the word "butterine" has been legally forbidden in Europe. It must be called "margarine."

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's Nerviline will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhœa, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline, the great pain cure. Safe, prompt, and always effectual. Large bottles any drug store, only 25 cents.

Time Enough.

"John," said the broken-hearted lady to her sick husband, "the minister is downstairs; would you like to see him?"

"I think it would be advisable," responded John, feebly.

"And John, he may suggest that you endow a chapel, or something of that sort?"

"Don't be alarmed," responded the invalid, reassuringly, "I am not sick enough for that yet."—*Tid-Bits.*

A Good Patient.

"Do you still visit old Guskins?" asked a conscientious friend of a doctor.

"Yes," was the reply; "he's one of my best patients."

"But I thought you said he was incurable?"

"So he is."

"If that's the case, how can you accept pay for curing him?"

Though detested by the gardener, the vine of the wild cucumber is a great beautifier of the landscape, says the Kingston *Freeman*. It has a handsome leaf, and its very exuberance of growth makes it the more valuable. Wherever there is an unsightly spot, plant the wild cucumber, and in an almost incredibly short space of time the place will be covered with a rich mantle of green that will charm the eye and completely hide the ugly object from view.

The Wimbledon rifle range will soon be taken away. It is almost a part of London and the houses are so thick that it is very dangerous to the neighboring inhabitants.

The biggest wedding in sight in Europe is that of Helen Betty de Rothschild with Baron Gustavus Van de Haar. The lady has a snug fortune of $30,000,000.

—The oyster crop promises to be abundant.

When fragile woman sighs, deploring
The charms that quickly fade away,
What power, the bloom of health restoring,
Can check the progress of decay?
The only aid that's worth attention,
For pains and ills of such description,
Thousands of women gladly mention—
'Tis "Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar. Specific for all those chronic ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. The only medicine for such maladies, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction, or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles $1. Six for $5.

When you sneeze—as now you are beginning to do—it will be well to know what you are doing. According to the latest scientific authority, a sneeze is but "an affection of the respiratory nervous centre, the afferent impulse of which is conveyed by the trigeminal nerve fibres."

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00**, or Six Bottles for **$5.00**.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L. 37 87.

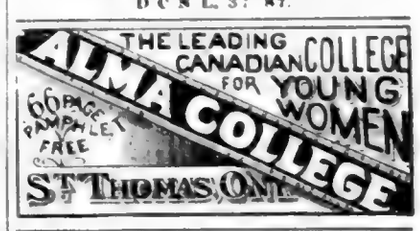

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Rubber Laps Rugs, cheap and good, at Clayton's, Flesherton.

The crops are so heavy in Tyrone that one farmer was obliged to stack some of his grain on the side of the road.

Mr. Wm. Kay has sold his paper, the Chesley *Enterprise*, to Mr. A. W. Robb, of Toronto, who will take possession forthwith.

Up to Tuesday, 13th inst., nearly $4,000 more were taken in by the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association this year than last, in the same time.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church are preparing to give visitors a good, hot, cheap dinner in the Town Hall on Friday, second day of East Grey Exhibition.

Get your Circulars, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Streamers, Flyers, Dodgers, Sale Bills, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Shipping Tags, etc. printed at The Advance office.

Mr. J. E. Moore commenced business in Flesherton this week in the Furniture line, and makes an interesting column announcement in our advertising columns elsewhere, which should be read by everyone. Mr. Moore has put in a magnificent stock of furniture, which will be sold at marvellously reduced prices. Just call at his commodious warerooms, opposite Clayton's boot & shoe store, and be convinced.

The next meeting of the South Grey Teachers' Association will be held in the Model School, Durham, on Thursday and Friday the 29th and 30th of Sept. Trustees, Teachers and all other friends of education are cordially invited to be present. Programmes will be printed and mailed to Teachers in a few days. Messrs. Merchant, of Owen Sound, Brethour, of Collingwood, Hagarty, of Mt. Forest, and Miss Easson, of Stratford, will be present. Teachers should not fail to be present as an excellent meeting is expected.—Wm. Irwin, Secretary.

The Thornbury *Standard* gives an interesting and amusing account of the exploits of the burglars in Thornbury and Clarksburg. The N.R. station safe was literally blown to pieces and every drawer broken open but the burglars got "nary red." They then went to Clarksburg and burst open all the drawers in the banking office there but took nothing, although they discovered "14 coppers and 14 cents in postage stamps." They then visited Hartman's drug store, where they secured $1.50 in silver currency. And this was the amount of their "haul." The chisels, braces, &c. used on the occasion were taken from Raymond's carriage works, Thornbury.

Some person or persons exploded powder or some other combustible in the neighborhood of Mr. R. Trimble's store late last Saturday night or early on Sunday morning. A stuffed figure was left standing beside a post. Mrs. Trimble, who is in delicate health, was greatly terrified by the noise. It seems the thing was intended for a scare. It was a most cruel and disgraceful joke (?) and has reflected considerable discredit on our town. We understand a reward has been offered for the apprehension of the perpetrators. This is right. Every means should be used to stamp out such contemptible tricks. Burglars and their cruel imitators must be made to understand that the honest citizens of Flesherton are determined to make things uncomfortable for them in future.

I. N. Marshall, Barrister, Brockville, Ont., states;—I was so troubled with cold in the head that I could not speak plainly. One application of Nasal Balm gave immediate relief, and thoroughly cleaned out my head.

Died Under Chloroform.

Montreal, Sept. 9.—A young lady named Beauvais, aged 19 years, came from Lapairie to Notre Dame Hospital here last night to have a tumor removed from her mouth. She was also suffering from heart disease, and upon the doctors giving her chloroform while she was undergoing operation she never recovered consciousness.

Be on Your Guard.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

County News.

Chicken thieves are numerous in the vicinity of Coleridge, Dufferin county.

Mr. D. Ballard killed a bear near Corbetton on Saturday of week before last.

Bush fires have been very prevalent and water is scarce in the vicinity of Corbetton.

Miss Julia Pickell, daughter of Mr. W. G. Pickell, Markdale, has returned to St. Louis, U. S.

Washing machine frauds are again on the war-path. Look out for them. N. B.—This does not refer to agents of reliable concerns.

Mr. Arthur Murphy, of Rosemont, who was gored by a vicious bull a short time ago, is recovered so far as to be able to sit up.

Mr. J. W. Ford, of Markdale, has made arrangements with his creditors, which enables him to resume business in the flouring line.

A Mennonite tabernacle meeting was in progress last week near the village of Kilsyth. The Menonites are described as God-fearing people.

Bush fires north and west of Shelburne were still in progress last week. The smoke was so dense that teams frequently collided on the roads in daylight.

The Kincardine hotel-keepers *did* close their hotels—as stated in this column last week—but they gladly threw open their doors again two days afterwards.

Gold has been discovered in the township of Denison, almost due north from Killarney and Algoma Mills. A branch of the C. P. R. runs through Denison.

Rev. A. Wilson, pastor of Markdale and Flesherton Presbyterian congregations, preached an eloquent sermon in the Presbyterian church, Orangeville, on Sunday morning of last week.

The spicy, well edited, well printed and ably managed *Shelburne Economist* enters its fifth volume this week, enlarged and improved. May every success attend you, Bro. Smith. You deserve to succeed.

The Trustees of Shrigley public school have re-engaged Mr. David Stewart as teacher for 1888 and 1889. It is said Mr. Stewart has been teaching in Dufferin longer than any other member of the profession.

A week ago last Sunday, a log house on Lot 25, Con. 1, Amaranth, together with a lot of lumber, eight tons of hay, a plow and wooden harrows, and about forty rods of rail fence were destroyed by fire, which spread from a swamp near by.

The Berlin Council has introduced a bylaw and read it a first time to authorize the council to take stock in the Canadian Pacific Railway branch to the amount of $80,000. It is supported by the leading business men and manufacturers of the town.

At the opening of a new church at Horning's Mills recently, a worshipper had his pockets picked by a member of the light-fingered gentry. Some fruit, a hive of bees, and a lamb were stolen from several parties in the same neighborhood about the same time.

The death occurred at Aylmer on Tuesday, at the advanced age of 78 years, of Thomas Jenkins formerly a well known woollen manufacturer of Vienna, who in 1874 contested the east riding of Elgin in the Conservative interest at the election for the House of Commons.

Three Owen Sound bank clerks undertook to manage a sail boat on the bay one day last week. When the boat capsized they became convinced that they were only amateurs after all. They managed to cling to the boat until assistance arrived, when they were rescued.

The Ayton post-office was entered by burglars on Tuesday night of last week the day after Flesherton post-office burglary—and ten dollars in cash, some papers and a key carried away. The key opened the safe, which contained $300, but the burglars overlooked the fact.

While Nelson Anderson, of Puslinch, was leading one of his horses to water the animal kicked him in the face, the cork of the shoe cutting out one eye, completely destroying the sight, and through the bridge of his nose, mutilating that member fearfully. He is slowly recovering.

Tuesday night the drug and jewelry store of C. McGeorge of Ayer was burglarized. The safe was blown open and watches, rings and other jewelry to the amount of $600 secured by the midnight marauders. There was no money in the safe. No traces whatever of the burglars.

A number of Markdale boys went out camping recently. One of them was putting in a charge in a gun when the hammer slipped, causing the gun to go off, discharging a bullet in the face of another who chanced to come up at that moment. Dr. Sproule's services were called into requisition. The lad will recover.

This is how the *Owen Sound Times* puts it:—"The editor of the Flesherton Advance announces that he is building a new brick house and office. We extend our congratulations to Bro. Fawcett, on such unprecedented success in running a paper that he is able to *advance* in that direction." Thanks, Bro. Creighton—we are *advancing* in all directions—So also is our town.

One day last week a little child of Mr. Thos. Bolen, of the 5th con., S. W., Melancthon, accidently swallowed a pin. Mr. Bolen saw her child put the pin in its mouth and went to get it, when the child began to laugh and the pin became lodged crossways in its throat, and before she could get it out the child gave a choke and swallowed it. No serious results have as yet ensued.—*Shelburne Economist.*

A fatal accident happened to a man named Wm. John Rogers, at the barn of Wm. Bruce, Peel, a few days ago. He was on a pea mow when a "patent" forkful of peas, after being deposited, rolled towards him, and crowded him off before he realized it or could save himself. In falling he struck the rack and fell from thence to the floor. He was fatally hurt and died soon afterwards. He was only 21 years of age.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

On Friday evening last, the barn of Mr. Wm. Sproule was discovered to be on fire, and although plenty of help was on hand in a few minutes, nothing could be done to save anything. The whole contents of this years crop beside all his farm implements were consumed. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Sproule, as his loss is very heavy and no insurance.

The house of Mr. S. Winters of the Third Line was burned on Sunday evening, caused by the falling of an old stove. The contents were all removed mostly in a safe condition, and, as the house was an old log one the loss is not supposed to be very heavy.

Threshing continues to occupy the attention of the farmers and the yield of grain is reported to be an average yield.

The Dakota man expected here did not arrive until Saturday, and his object was not to lecture but to entice visitors to see that great country, of which, he gave glowing accounts. There are some anxious to go but are not able to afford the expense.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To RENT or for SALE.

BEING North half of Lot 31, Con. 10, Township of Artemesia, 63 acres, 50 of which is cleared and in good state of cultivation. Good barn, house, and pump at the door. For fuller particulars apply to WM. WILSON,
923 1m on the premises.

FARM for SALE

CONTAINING 50 acres, being Lot 120 in the 1st Con. South West of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia; 45 acres well cleared; about ¼ of an acre of good Orchard; splendid well; good log house 18x24, also log barn; near the thriving village of Flesherton. Reasonable terms. For full particulars, apply to THOMAS O'MEARA,
2316 Collingwood P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE or to RENT.

LOT 32, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Situated about half way between Flesherton and Maxwell on the Collingwood road. Good well, good spring at rear of lot; barn, stable and other accommodations. For full particulars and terms, apply to JAMES KESTER,
Aug. 25th 1887.—1 m. Flesherton

Notice to Contractors!

SAULT SAINTE MARIE CANAL.

CONTRACTORS intending to tender for works of construction of the Canal proposed to be formed on the Canadian side of the Saint Mary's River, are hereby informed that Tenders will be received about JANUARY next, and that the most favourable time to examine the locality will be between the present time and the early part of November next.

When plans, specifications and other documents are prepared due notice will be given, Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them and be furnished with blank forms of tender, etc.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 24th August, 1887. 9638

Tenders

WILL be received up to the 17th Day of September for the repairing of Church and Shed at Mount Zion. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Specifications of work to be seen at the house of
SAMUEL SHEARDOWN.

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18 Con. 11, Artemesia, about one month ago, a yearling Steer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
DAVID JOHNSTON.
August 24th, 1887.

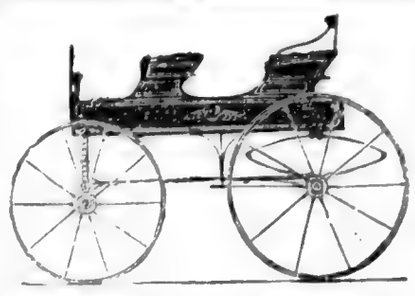

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!
LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.
Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing
Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.
JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith.*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*
Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

BOOTS & SHOES!
Having received large additions to my Stock, I have a good supply on hand of Summer Goods.
LADIES' WEAR.—A fine assortment in Prunella, French Kid, Goat, Polish Calf, Buff and Heavy Boots.
MISSES AND BOYS WEAR.—A large variety of Lace & Button Boots, Shoes and Slippers.
CHILDRENS WEAR.—A very large assortment of all sorts and sizes.
MENS WEAR.—I have Buff, Calf and Enamelled Balmorals, Oxford Ties and Strong Lace Boots.
FOR PRICE AND QUALITY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.
WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❁ AND ❁ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,
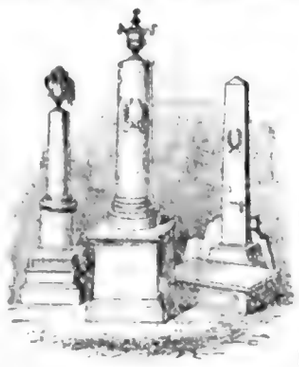
ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
And also sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE
SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

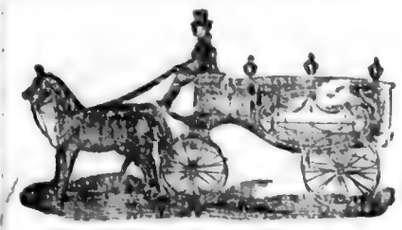
J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,
FLESHERTON, - ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 326. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Everybody

Wait.

Don't buy any Watches, Clocks, or Plateware from me or any other Jeweller 'till you see my Lines and Prices at the

Flesherton Fall Fair!

I intend making, without exception the FINEST DISPLAY ever shown at that Fair, and will clear some

Staple Lines

—at—

"YOUR OWN PRICES."

Be Prepared to Buy.

FOR 5 YEARS

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb says. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programmes, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipt Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in THE ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

East Grey Show to-day and to-morrow.

A number of folks from Artemesia left for the "Soo" last week.

Bring your pictures to Bates and get them framed neat and cheap.

Don't miss the great and grand East Grey Exhibition to-morrow in Flesherton.

Russell, Flesherton, will have the finest exhibit at Flesherton Fall Fair ever shown here.

Rev. Mr. Shilton will preach an educational sermon in the Methodist church here next Sunday evening.

A Zorra boy fell from the roof of a two-story building, a distance of 30 feet, and only sustained a few slight bruises.

Smith, the Markdale Barber, will be in Flesherton to-morrow to attend to his numerous customers. Look out for him.

The *Enterprise* says the town of Collingwood "Never was so stale, flat and unprofitable as at present," municipally speaking.

Mr. W. Wright's store here is being thoroughly refitted inside and out. It will probably be re-opened for business this fall.

An immense stock of Watches at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton, from $6.50 to $60.00. Warranted from 2¼ to 5 years.

The appearance of Mr. S. Damude's residence here will be completely altered by the the improvements now being

Collingwood Township show takes place at Clarksburg on the 4th and 5th of Oct. next. We are indebted to Secretary Pye for complimentary ticket.

You can buy a finer Watch at a lower price and have it warranted longer at Russell's, Flesherton, than any place in the county.

A Chesley horse wandered through the streets of that place recently bearing a large placard on its back, on which was inscribed, "For sale cheap, only 10 cents."

THE ADVANCE office will be open during both days of East Grey show, when the Editor will be happy to receive as many visitors as can find it convenient to call.

The Directors of South Grey Agricultural Society will accept our thanks for complimentary badge. Their fall show will be held in Durham on Tuesday and Wednesday next, 27th and 28th September.

The celebrated Karn Organs for sale by J. W. Bates. Two fine instruments now on exhibition in his Furniture warerooms, Flesherton. Visitors to the exhibition and others will do well to call and see them.

One day last week a C.P.R. train killed a cow on the track, between Flesherton and Markdale. The carcass was pulled away but so much blood was left on the road that horses could not be induced to pass.

Be sure and read Mr. Wm. Clayton's new advertisement in this issue of THE ADVANCE. Mr. Clayton is a reliable dealer, whom we have every confidence in recommending to the public. He has been over a quarter of a century in business in Flesherton.

When the system is debilitated by diseases, it should be strengthened and renewed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine invariable proves itself worthy of all that can be said in its favor. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines. Price $1. Six bottles, $5.

You can buy a finer Watch at a lower price and have it warranted longer at Russell's, Flesherton, than any place in this county.

The Scott Act fines in the County of Bruce, during the past two months, amounted to $2,900, which, with costs, would be considerably over $3,000. The Scott Act evidently is not much of a "farce" in Bruce.

No pains are being spared to prepare ample accommodations for the hundreds that will visit East Grey show to-morrow. Remember the big Band competition in the afternoon and the grand concert in the Town Hall in the evening. Come!

Police Magistrate Vanston, held a court in Port Elgin on Friday last at which J. Johns of Southampton, D. McKeller, of North Bruce, J. C. Millar, H. Hellar, J. Vanwyck, Mrs. Fitzinger and Mrs. Keys, of Port Elgin, were each fined for violating the Scott Act.—*Chesley Enterprise.*

A party of gypsies travelling through the country, go to a farmer and ask for enough hay to feed a horse. The farmer gives it to them, and of course, does not charge anything for it. They then ask the next farmer and so on, until they have gathered enough to last them for days.

Visitors to Flesherton Fair should not fail to call at Clayton's Harness Shop (opposite Munshaw's Hotel) and get prices for all kinds of Harness, Rugs, Whips, Trunks, Curry Combs, Brushes, Harness Oil, &c. The prices will astonish and convince you. Scotch Collars a speciality.

Advertising and job accounts were sent out from this office before the 1st of September. We expect remittances on now being erected for us. Long overdue accounts not settled by the 15th of October, 1887, will be put in Court for collection after that date. No further notice will be given.

A Collingwood tame bear got loose the other day and wandered through the streets of that town in an uncertain fashion, to the terror of children and natives. As the only thing he made away with was a cake of soap, it is not thought he had any serious intentions of offering himself as a sort of walking cemetery for the repose of the remains of Bro. Brady of the *Enterprise*.

Mr. John O'Mellia, of this town, received a telegram from his brother on Monday morning, announcing the death of his father. The sorrowful event occurred in the town of Collingwood, where deceased and his aged partner have been residing for the past few months. Deceased, who was well up in years, formerly resided in Artemesia.

Several boys in this town have a habit of firing stones at everything animate and inanimate they chance to come across. If they could only be persuaded to practice throwing at certain objects without hurting anybody, it would be alright. But they don't, and there is a likelihood that several of them will be interviewed by Squire Armstrong, in an official capacity, one of these days. Be careful, boys.

Quite an excitement was caused in town on Tuesday when Jerry O'Brien brought in the news that Jones, one of Mr. Mat. Stanley's employees was lying dead in Scone. Word was sent to Mr. Joseph Thompson, undertaker, who immediately hired Mr. J. W. Henry to drive him down, when to his utter astonishment he found the supposed corpse lying dead drunk. It was a good joke, but take care that it is not carried too far.—*Chesley Enterprise.*

James H. Gilmour, of T. Gilmour & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Brockville, says—I have used Tamarac Elixir for a severe cold and cough, which it immediately cured.

Died.

BRADLEY.—On the 14th Sept. inst., Martha May, second youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Bradley, Flesherton, aged 9 years, 4 months, 14 days.

Lines Selected by Mrs. Bradley, on the Death of her Daughter Martha May.

All day long, we watched and waited,
Waited at our darling's side,
While her frail bark slowly drifted
Out upon a shoreless tide.
We had wept in bitter anguish,
We had prayed with burning tears,
While our hearts drew back affrighted,
Looking down the lonesome years.
All in vain, our tears and pleading,
All in vain our sorrowing,
We could only watch and listen
For the coming of the King.

O, the terror of the coming
Of the grim and ghastly foe.
O, the darkness of the pathway,
Where our darling's feet must go.
O, the glory of the summer,
Bending so blue and clear,
And the splendor of the roses,
And the birds sing far and near.
Must she leave this world of beauty,
All the joy our love can bring,
And lie down in darksome silence,
At the coming of the King?

Came he solemnly and slowly,
As a Lord would claim his own,
Touched the white hands clasped together
And they grew as cold as stone.
Suddenly the blue eyes opened,
While our hearts grew faint with fear,
In their depths in solemn rapture,
Faith and hope were shining clear.
Did she see the golden portals,
Hear the songs the blessed sing?
"Perfect peace," she softly murmured,
At the coming of the King.

When the days are long and lonely,
Summer days most sweet and fair,
When we gather in the glooming,
Round our darling's vacant chair,
Say we softly to each other,
Fairer scenes than we can know,
Sweeter airs and softer voices,
Made our darling glad to go.
Shines her happy face upon us,
Still a smile is lingering,
So, in patient trust we tarry
For the coming of the King.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The frame of the lower story of the Eclipse steam saw mill was raised last Saturday. The proprietors are pushing on the work as fast as possible. The new [illegible]

Several of our citizens were down to Toronto taking in the sights of the Exhibition.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Interesting news scarce just now.

The hum of the threshing machine can be heard late and early and the farmers say that grain yield above the average.

Master H. N. Hutchinson who is employed by the firm of Bertman & Co., Orillia, as salesman, was home visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hutchinson last week.

A large number of people from here visited the exhibition held in Toronto, and they say that the number of visitors there was immense.

Mr. John Agnew of Esay is visiting friends here.

Mr. W. Ludlow has been improving his barn by putting an addition to it.

Wheezing, gasping sufferers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by druggists or by mail on receipt of price.

The Farmer's Wife.

Oh, give me the life of a farmer's wife
In the fields and woods so bright,
'Mong the singing birds and the lowing herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The note of the morning's heavenward lark
Is the music so sweet to me:
As the dewy flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see.

Oh, give me the breeze from the waving trees
The murmur of Summer leaves:
And the swallow's song as he skims along,
Or twitters beneath the eaves!
The plowman's shout, as he turneth out
His team, at rise of sun:
Or his merry "good night" by the firefly's light
When his daily work is done.

And give me the root of the luscious fruit
My own hands reared for food:
And the bread so light and the honey white,
And the milk so pure and good.
For sweet the bread of labor is,
When the heart is strong and true,
And blessings will come to the heart and home
If our best we bravely do.

When symptoms of malaria appear, in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will prevent a developement of the germs of disease, and eradicate them from the system. A cure is warranted in every instance.

Russell's

AT FLESHERTON FALL FAIR!

* Immense Exhibit *

AND * TO-MORROW

SEE

Unquestionably the Finest Stock, at Lowest Prices, in this County.

W. C. T. U.

The members of the W. C. T. U. were grieved to see a dancing stand erected on our public streets on the 12th of July last. Alarmed at the tendencies and dangers of the dance we believe it our duty to warn the young men and women who would be tempted to stoop so low and lend their influence to attract others in the same direction, we do hope the same thing will not be seen during fair time or any succeeding gathering. We speak in love for God and Home and Native Land.

Russell, Flesherton, will have the finest exhibit at Flesherton Fall Fair ever shown here.

FARMERS!

FACTORY

WOOLEN

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May [illegible]

The Wonderful Country.

There once was a time when, as old songs prove it,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain;
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and begin again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end!—when the world could play,
When the singers told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!

But the schools must come with their scales and measures,
To limit the visions and weigh the spells;
They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow treasures,
And circled the world in their parallels;
They chartered the vales and the sunny meadows,
Where minstrels might ride for a year and a day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the shadows
Of that wonderful country far away.

For fancies they gave us their microscopes;
For knowledge a rubble of fact and doubt;
Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the tropics,
Romance at the wandering stars looked out,
Cold reason, they said, is the earthly Eden;
Go, study its springs, and its ores assay;
But fairer the flowers and fields fort idden
Of that wonderful country far away.

They question the slumbering baby's a ghter,
And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;
All mysteries past and to come hereafter
Were settled and solved in their common school.
But sweeter the streams and the wild bird singing,
The friendships and loves that were true alway;
The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
In that wonderful country far away

Nay, not in their reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and weighed—
O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
From bookmen or doubters shall aye be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valley and peaceful bay;
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away!

—John Boyle O'Reilly in Scribner's Magazine

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"I did not want them. Aunt Griselda would have come, but I would not let them send for her, she would only have troubled me. Erle—Erle Huntingdon—I mean came down, but I did not want to see him; it only made me cry, so he went away, and since then I have been alone.

"Poor child," returned Margaret, softly. Yes, she was not too young to suffer; she and Raby had not done full justice to her. The childish face had lost its baby roundness; the beautiful eyes were dim with weeping; the strained white look of endurance that one sees on older faces was on hers; and, with a sudden impulse that she could not control, Margaret stooped and kissed her. "Oh, I am so sorry for you, what you must have suffered," she said, in a voice that seemed full of tears.

Fay responded to the caress most warmly. "Oh, you are always so kind; one feels you understand without telling. I thought you would be sorry for me. Do you know I did something dreadfully wrong yesterday; they have never let me see him—they have shut me out of my husband's room—but last evening Saville left the door ajar, and I went in."

"You went in; oh, Lady Redmond!" and Margaret shuddered as though the sea breezes chilled her.

a husband not knowing his wife. They had cut off his beautiful hair, and he looked so strange, and his eyes were so bright and large, and then, when I kissed him, he pushed me away. Miss Ferrers"—with a quick remembrance of the housekeeper's words—"you were old friends, at least Hugh said so; do you remember his ever speaking of a little sister who died?"

"Oh yes," returned Margaret, quickly; "little Joyce; he was very fond of her as a boy, she was a lovely little creature."

"Joyce, but her name was Margaret, Mrs. Heron says."

"To be sure, I remember now, Margaret Joyce; it is engraved so on the tombstone, but they never called her Margaret, it was always Joyce."

"How strange," replied Fay, in a puzzled tone; they were standing on a little strip of beach now, and the waves were coming in with a lazy splash and ripple; there was no one in sight, and only a little boat with sails rocking in the distance; how calm and still and peaceful it looked. "Little Joyce," she repeated dreamily, while the soft sea breeze fanned the little tendrills of hair from her temples; "but it was dear Margaret for whom he was asking."

There was a quick gasp strangled before it rose to a sob—for one moment Margaret thought she was in danger of swooning—the sky seemed whirling, the sea was all round her, the sand was nothing but a giddy circle of purple and rose, and blinding yellow; then it passed, there was firm ground under her feet, the mist cleared before her eyes, and Fay was holding her by the arm.

"Were you giddy? how white you looked. Shall we sit down a little? your hand is trembling still."

"It was nothing, I have not been strong lately; yes, we will sit, the air will do us both good. What were you saying, Lady Redmond?" as though the words were not burnt into her memory, "dear Margaret, why, the very angels must have wept to hear him!"

"Whom could he mean," continued Fay, with nervous reiteration. "I don't believe Mrs. Heron was right when she said that he was thinking of his baby sister; he would have called her Joyce. Margaret, there is no one that I know who has that name except yourself; but," looking at her doubtfully, "though you were old friends, it was not likely that he meant you."

A deep flush rose to Margaret's face, a quick petition for help and wisdom to guide her at this critical moment rose from her heart.

"He used to call me Margaret, in the old days," she said, in a very low voice. "That need not surprise you, Lady Redmond, as we were such old friends; his mother called me Margaret too."

"You knew his mother."

"Yes, when I was a child, Sir Hugh and I were playfellows; has he not told you that; ah, well, it is sad when old friends get estranged. Lady Redmond, I see you have a question on your lips, may I ask you not to put it. I think that it would not be acting honorable to your husband if you should hear anything from our lips; he cannot tell you himself now, but it will not hurt you to wait."

"No," replied Fay, slowly, "no, it would not hurt me to wait, as you say, but then you see Hugh may refuse to tell me, as he did before."

"Will you ask him again, and see if he refuse? will you tell him that Margaret Ferrers begs him most earnestly to tell you why Redmond Hall and the Grange are estranged? tell him, that no consideration for us need seal his lips any longer, that he has always been free to speak, that we will willingly take our share of the blame; will you tell him this?"

"Oh yes," returned Fay, in a relieved voice; "and he will be sure to tell me now: no doubt he was afraid of paining you in some way. Hugh is so kind-hearted, he hates to make any one uncomfortable. I will not try and find out any more by myself; I will be good and patient until he gets well."

"That is spoken like a brave wife," replied Margaret, with a faint smile. "By one who loves her husband more than herself."

"As I love Hugh," was the soft response, "dear Miss Ferrers, I must go now; the ponies will be growing restless, and I am a long way from home."

"Yes, I must not keep you. God bless you, Lady Redmond. Will you forgive me if I stop here, for I have been walking from Pierrepoint, and need rest," but Margaret did not add that her strength had forsaken her, and that she dared not move from her place for fear her limbs should refuse to carry her; she would wait a little until strength came back, and she could meet Raby with her usual calmness.

"Yes, you look very tired," was Fay's unconscious answer; "but you will soon get rested with this lovely air." And then she kissed her affectionately, and went up the beach with her old elastic step, and Margaret watched her sadly until she was out of sight.

"She is sweet and good, but he does not love her yet," she said to herself; "but it will come, it must come in time."

Fay drove happily home, and was met at the lodge gates by the good news that Sir Hugh had had an hour or two's refreshing sleep, and that Dr. Conway, as well as Dr. Martin, were quite satisfied with the progress he had made.

"Oh, could it be quite true," Fay asked, when she reached the Hall.

Yes, it was quite true the fever had abated. Sir Hugh's wonderful strength and vitality had triumphed at last, and the doctors soon announced that he was out of danger.

There were still days of weary waiting for Fay before it was pronounced safe for her to enter her husband's sick-room; but at last the day came, and one sweet spring evening, Hugh waking up from a brief doze, felt tears falling on his forehead, and saw Fay leaning over him. He was too weak even to put out his hand, but a faint smile came to his lips. "My Wee Wifie," Fay heard him say, but the next moment the smile had died away into sadness.

CHAPTER XXI.

"LET ME SEE MARGARET."

Be with me, love, when weak and worn,
My life chord vibrates to and fro;
When with the flood-tide's backward flow
My soul stands waiting to be gone.

And let me, with my failing hand,
Hold fast to that I love so well,

Be with me that my closing eyes
In that last hour may seek thy face,
Thine image so can none displace,
But soar with me through yonder skies.
Helen Marion Burnside.

"But they were not out of the wood yet," as Mrs. Heron observed to Ellerton.

When he had reached a certain point Sir Hugh failed to make any further progress. The London physician, Dr. Conway, frankly owned that Sir Hugh's case completely baffled his medical skill and experience.

Just when they had least expected it the fever had abated, and he had begun to amend, and now he as steadily refused to get well.

Day after day he lay in an extremity of weakness that was pitiable to witness; and ever, as time went on, seemed sinking slowly from sheer inanition and exhaustion. After all there must be some strange mischief at work, he said; but Dr. Martin was of a different opinion.

He had seen enough of his patient by this time to be sure that there was sickness of heart as well as of brain, and that it needed some other healing power than theirs before the man could throw off the load of oppression that was retarding his recovery and, gathering up his wasted energies, take up his life again.

But now he seemed very far from recovery.

Day after day he lay with that far-off look on his face that it made Fay weep to see, for she thought that he must surely die.

Hugh thought so too.

Hour by hour he felt himself drifting nearer to the dark valley which, to his tired eyes and heart, seemed only like some still haven of repose. Only to sleep, he said, to sleep—to rest—and with his white lips he murmured, "and may God have mercy on my soul." And ever he longed and prayed that he might see Margaret again.

And one night he dreamt of her.

He dreamt that he was dying—as he surely believed he was—and that Margaret came to his bedside and looked at him. He could see her distinctly; the pale, beautiful face, the folds of her dress, the wave of her dead-brown hair. And when he awoke and saw only the spring sunshine filling the room, and quivering light under his eyelids, and knew that the fresh day was drawing brightly to all but him, he could not suppress the groan that rose to his lips, "Margaret, Margaret."

Fay was sitting by him, but the curtain concealed her; she had been curled up for hours in the big arm-chair that stood at the head of the bed. It was her habit to rise early and go to her husband's room and send the nurse to rest; indeed, Dr. Martin had to use all his authority to induce her to take needful exercise, for Fay begrudged every moment spent out of the sick-room.

She was looking out at the avenue and listening to the soft soughing of the spring breezes in the tree-tops and thinking of the summer days that were to bring her a marvellous gift; but at the sound of Hugh's agonized voice her day dream vanished. "Margaret, Margaret," he had said, and then almost with a sob, "my one and only love, Margaret."

No! she was not asleep, the words were ringing in her ears. Hugh, her Hugh, had spoken them, "My one and only love, Margaret."

He must take back those words, that was her first thought. Oh, no, he could not mean them; it would not be possible to go on living if she thought he meant them; but he was ill, and she must not agitate him, she must speak to him very quietly for fear the fever had returned, and his poor head was confused again.

"You have been dreaming," she said, gently—oh so gently. "What is it you want, my dearest."

And Hugh, folding his wasted hands together as though he were praying, looked up to her with unutterable longing in his eyes, and panted out "Margaret."

"Margaret," she repeated slowly; "what Margaret do you mean, Hugh?"

"Margaret Ferrers," he whispered. "Oh, Fay, dear Fay, if I have wronged you, forgive me. In the old times before I knew you Margaret and I were engaged—she had promised to be my wife, and then she took back her promise. Child, I meant to tell you, I always meant to tell you, but I did not like to grieve you by what was over and gone; but I am dying—God knows I cannot live in this weakness—let me see Margaret once, and bid her good-bye before I go."

Ah, there was no doubt now! slowly but surely the color faded out of the sweet face.

If he had raised that helpless arm of his, and felled her to the ground, she could not have felt so stunned and bruised and giddy as she stood there winding and unwinding the fringe of the quilt between her cold fingers, with that strange filmy look in her eyes.

She understood it now. The arrow so feebly winged had sped to the depths of that innocent heart, and what she would not have believed if an angel had told it her she had heard from her husband's lips.

Margaret was beloved and not she, and Fay must bear it and live.

And the fair child-face grew whiter and whiter, but she only took the nerveless hands in hers and kissed them.

"Do not fret, Hugh, it shall be as you wish," she said in a voice so low that he only just heard her, for a sobbing breath seemed to impede her utterance; "it shall be as you wish, my dear husband," and then, not trusting herself to look at him, she left the room.

In the corridor she met Saville.

"Please find the nurse and send her to Sir Hugh," she said, hurriedly, "and tell Ford I want him to take a note over to Sandycliffe," and then she went into the library and wrote a few words.

"DEAR MISS FERRERS—My husband wishes to see you: will you come to him at once? He thinks that he is very ill, and cannot live, and he wishes to bid you good bye. He has told me the reason, and it is quite right, and I hope you will come, for I cannot bear to see him fret."

And then she remembered that she had not ordered the pony-carriage, and that Ford would be saddling one of the horses; so she rang for Ellerton, and made him understand very carefully that Ford was to drive over to the Grange and take the note, and that he must wait and bring Miss Ferrers back with him. "For you perceive, Ellerton," she said, with servants, "that Sir Hugh feels himself worse, and wants to say good-bye to his old friend", "for of course" thought Fay, when Ellerton had left the library with tears in his eyes, "if Hugh and she were engaged, all the servants must know, and it was better for me to speak out like that."

When Margaret read that poor little note the tears fell fast and blotted the page. "Thank God she knows at last," she said to herself as she folded it up, and then hurriedly prepared to obey the summons.

She hoped that she would not see Lady Redmond before that parting with Hugh were over, for she needed all her strength for that; and to her great relief only Ellerton received her. She was ushered for a few minutes into the empty drawing-room, and then Sir Hugh's nurse came down to her, and said Dr. Martin had just left the house, and her master would see Miss Ferrers now.

And there was no one in the sick-room when she entered it, though the nurse had told her that she would be in the dressing-room within call. There was no one to see the flash of joy in the sick man's eyes, when Margaret's cold lips touched his forehead, or to hear his low "Margaret, darling," that greeted her.

But when she had looked in his face she knew he would not die, and that her work was before her; and while poor weak Hugh panted out words of passionate longing and despair, she was girding up her strength for what she had to say, and praying for help that she might be able to comfort him.

And no one knew what passed between them but their guardian angels; only Hugh's miserable selfish passion sank down abashed as he listened to this brave sweet woman who was not ashamed to tell him how she loved him, and how she would love him to her life's end. And as he saw into the depths of that pure heart, its stainless purity, its unrepining sorrow, he trembled and was silent.

"What am I that I should touch even the hem of her garment?" he said to himself afterwards.

And she told him what he had never guessed, that were he free she would never marry him or any other man, for in her trouble long ago she had vowed herself to heaven; and with a few forcible words she showed him the plan and purpose of her future life—when Raby should have ceased to need her; drawing such calm pictures of a tender ministry and a saintly sisterhood, that Hugh, looking at her with dazzled eyes, thought he could almost discern a faint halo round her head.

"You were always too good for me, Margaret," he muttered, but she only smiled at him, and still holding his hands as she knelt beside him, she whispered that her prayers were heard, and that she knew he would not die, that it was only his weakness, and he would soon struggle back to life again.

"But what good is life to me without you, Margaret?" he asked, in a despairing voice.

"What good? have you forgotten your wife, Hugh?"

"No," he murmured restlessly, "but she is only a child;" but Margaret shook her head.

"You are wrong, she is not a child, nor ever will be again." And then very gently she urged him when he was stronger to tell Fay the whole story of their engagement; for she was afraid those few words that he confessed were all he had said must have made her very unhappy; but Hugh would not allow this. He told Margaret that she did not understand Fay, or how young and innocent she really was; she had not seemed agitated or disturbed when he had asked to see Margaret—she had answered him quite tranquilly; he was sure she would not suffer from the knowledge of their engagement, for he was always kind to her and she loved him; and then he added bitterly that the suffering was his, but when he got well, if he ever did get well, he would go away, for he could not go on living like this.

And when Margaret saw how it was she did not dissuade him; perhaps, after all, it would be better for him to go away for a little, and come back and begin his life anew, doing a man's work in his generation.

"One day you will love your wife," she said to him, "and indeed you cannot fail to love her, and then you will only remember that you have a sister Margaret praying for you every day of her life. No, do not look at me like that, Hugh. Up in heaven it will be no sin to love you—I can keep my love till then." And she then tried to leave him, for, strong as she was, she could not have borne this scene much longer, and Hugh was terribly exhausted.

"Will you kiss me once more, Margaret?" he had asked, faintly, and she had stooped over him again and kissed his forehead and eyes, and then gently bade God bless him.

Was this a woman he had loved or an angel, Hugh wondered, as she closed the door and left him alone in the sun-light; but he was too weak to carry out the thought. When the nurse came to his side he had fallen into a refreshing sleep.

As Margaret crossed the threshold of the dressing-room she caught sight of a listless little figure sitting in one of the deep window-seats of the corridor. There was something in her attitude that struck Margaret—an air of deep dejection, of utter forlornness, that went to her heart. The beautiful little head seemed drooping with weariness; but as she went closer and saw the wan face and the baby mouth quivering, with the under lip pressed like a child's in pain, she gave an involuntary exclamation. She would not suffer, Hugh had said, she was so young and innocent; and now—the angels comfort your broken heart, sweet Fay.

"Hush!" she said, turning round as she heard Margaret's voice; "we must not talk here, it would disturb him, and he must be kept very quiet—oh! very quiet, Dr. Conway says. Come in here, if you wish to speak to me," and she led the way into her little room. "Will you sit down?" she went on, with the same passive gentleness; "you were good to come, but—but—it must have tired you."

"Oh! Lady Redmond—" But here Margaret could say no more. She seemed to have no strength left for this; she felt as though her calmness and fortitude were deserting her.

"I told Dr. Conway that you were coming, and he thought it would do no harm, and Dr. Martin said the same. He knows would be very wise and quiet, that you would not excite him. No, do not tell me anything about it. I—I can trust you, and Hugh would not like me to know."

"Indeed you are mistaken," began Margaret, eagerly, but Fay checked her with a little dignity.

"Never mind that. Do you know, Miss Ferrers, that Dr. Conway says that my husband is better, that he will not die, it is only weakness and a nervous fancy; but though he is so slow in getting well, they notice a gradual improvement."

"Thank God, for your sake, Lady Redmond." But as she said this a painful flush mounted to Fay's forehead.

"You should say for his sake," she returned, quietly. "What does it matter about me? Perhaps before the summer is over we may be at rest together, baby and I."

"Lady Redmond! Oh! I cannot bear it;" and here Margaret burst into tears.

Yes, she who had parted dry-eyed from her lover wept bitter tears for the deceived and unhappy wife.

"Why do you cry, Miss Ferrers?" asked Fay, in the same subdued voice. "It seems to me that if God would take us both it would be so much better for us all. Nobody wants us"—and here her lips quivered—"and I should not like my baby to live without me. What could Hugh do with it, you know?"

"My child," replied Margaret, checking her sobs, "is this your faith? is this your woman's courage? Would you who love him so be content to die without winning your husband's heart?"

Fay looked at her wonderingly.

"It is yours to win," she continued. "Oh! do not look at me like that, as though I have murdered your happiness. What have you done, you poor child, that you should suffer like this for my sake. For the sake of my future piece of mind I entreat you to listen to me."

And then, as Fay did not refuse, Margaret took the listless little hand and told her all. And she judged wisely in doing so, for it was out of her great pity for him that Fay learnt to forgive her husband, and that the vague hope arose in her heart that she might comfort and win him back. And when Margaret had finished her sad story, Fay put her arms round her and kissed her.

"Oh, I am so sorry for you; how unhappy you must have been when you gave him up; but it was noble of you, and you did it for his sake. Forgive me if I wronged you, for when you were in that room talking to him, I felt angry and bitter with him and you too; but I see it is no one's fault, only we are all so unhappy, please forgive me, for indeed you are better than I."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied Margaret, gently. "Yes, I tried to do my duty, and if your husband has failed in his, remember that he is not patient by nature, that men are not like us. One day he will be yours, and yours solely, and then you will be able to think of me without bitterness." Then, taking the little creature in her arms, she added, "Good-bye, be brave and patient and generous for your husband's sake, and it will all come right," and with a low word of blessing she let her go.

And when Hugh woke that evening from his long trance-like sleep he found his Wee Wifie as usual beside him.

She had been sitting there all day, with her tearless eyes fixed on vacancy; refusing to take rest or food, never moving except to droop her head still lower over her clasped hands.

"You are tired, Wee Wifie," he said, as she stooped over him and asked how he felt. "You will wear yourself out, my child;" and he felt for the little hand that generally lay so near his own. Fay put it in his, and bent over him with an unsteady smile.

"I am not so very tired, and I like to take care of you," she said, with a quiver in her sweet voice. "I promised in sickness as well as health, you know; let me do my duty, dear," and Hugh was silent.

But that night, while Hugh slept, and Margaret knelt praying pitiful prayers for Fay, Fay, tossing in her lonely chamber, sobbed in the desolate darkness:

"Oh, if it would please God that when the summer has come baby and I might die together; for if Hugh cannot love me, my sorrow is greater than I could bear."

(To be continued.)

The Area and Population of Europe.

General Strelbitski, who was selected by the International Statistical Congress, held at the Hague to prepare a report upon the area and number of inhabitants in the different countries of Europe, has completed his labors, the gist of them being that the total area of Europe is 6,233,060 square miles, of which 3,423,185 square miles belong to Russia, 391,000 to Austria-Hungary, 338,000 to Germany, 333,435 to France, 312,810 to Spain, 281,615 to Sweden, 203,375 to Norway, 196,615 to Great Britain and Ireland, 180,310 to Italy, 163,350 to Turkey in Europe and Bosnia, 88,810 to Denmark, 82,125 to Roumania, 55,690 to Portugal, 40,435 to Greece, 30,370 to Servia, 25,875 to Switzerland, 20,625 to Holland, and 18,430 to Belgium. The Russian Empire in Europe alone covers more than half of the whole continent, embracing the Kingdom of Poland, the Grand Duchy of Finland, and part of the Caucasus. Russia also stands far in advance of all the other nations in respect to her population, which is given by General Strelbitski at 93,000,000, the countries which come next being the German Empire (47,200,000), Austria-Hungary (39,900,000), France (38,300,000), Great Britain and Ireland (37,200,000), Italy (30,000,000), Spain (16,900,000), Switzerland (7,900,000), Belgium (5,850,000), Roumania (5,400,000) Turkey in Europe (4,900,000), Sweden (4,700,000), Holland and Portugal (4,400,000 each), Denmark (2,190,000), Servia (2,000,000), and Norway (1,960,000). The density of population is very different, for while Belgium has 201 inhabitants to the square kilometre (five-eighths of a mile), Holland 133, Great Britain and Ireland 119, Italy 105, the German Empire 86, Switzerland 71, and Austria-Hungary 59, Spain has only 35, Turkey 27, Russia 17, Denmark 15 and Norway 6. But the population of Russia is increasing at the rate of 1,250,000 a year, and in half a century it will at this rate exceed 150,000,000.

The Time for Vacations.

The writer once knew in a distant city an interesting old fellow who simply laughed at the idea of summer vacations. He had money in plenty, and could do as he pleased, but one thing he would not do and that was to travel in the heated term. "What! leave my home at this time?" I have heard him say often on sweltering summer days; "Not so long as I remain in possession of my senses." And he never did. But when the cool days of middle September came he would start out on his annual jaunt and return five or six weeks later, looking rosy and round. "All the summer people were gone," was his usual testimony, "and I had the best rooms and service at the hotels. There was no rush, no crowd. Try it next year and see." Of course I was disposed to consider him a crank, but I followed his advice one year and have never taken my vacation in midsummer since. The old man, by the way, was sensible in other things, and wore the whitest of garments and the lightest of hats throughout July and August.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Fun at Blarney Castle.

Louis P. Beyer tells some amusing experiences connected with his trip to Europe. He was relating several incidents to friends, and among others he said: "One day a jolly old Irishman took me to Blarney Castle. As I looked at the castle I said, 'it must be very old.' 'Yis, sur,' he replied. 'How old is it,' I asked. 'O, very ould, sur.' 'But how old is it?' 'Well, sur, ever since Adam was a little boy.' Coming out of the place I observed a barefooted but pretty colleen, to whom I said: 'You're a very pretty girl. I'd like to marry you.' 'God bless your Irish face,' said she, 'but the blarney-stone has had a bad effect on ye.' The idea of having an Irish face was too good."—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Tiresome Evening.

Girl—Isn't Mr. De Blank funny?

Youth—I noticed you seemed to think so.

"Why, he has kept us laughing half the evening. Didn't you enjoy his wit?"

"I found it very tiresome!"

"Tiresome? O you don't mean it. I know you have a keen appreciation of humor. Why didn't you enjoy Mr. De Blank's jokes?"

"Well, the fact is, he takes the same funny paper that I do."

A Unique Case.

There is an old mendicant that wanders up and down Main street bearing on his breast a board reading: "I am a poor man which is tottaley blind." If he ever recovers it will be a miracle. There isn't another case like it in the medical books.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A party of Japanese have bought 400 acres of land in the foothills near Campo Seco, Calaveras County, Cal., and they propose to irrigate through a mining ditch from the Mokelumne River and convert it into a tea farm. It is said that Japanese have experimented with tea in the vicinity and proved it a success.

Jewish *Messenger*: A clergyman on a sultry afternoon paused in his sermon and said, "I saw an advertisement last week for 500 sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply fifty and recommend them as good and sound!"

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Bustle Must Go.

Finding myself the other day in the company of some charming American women, and noting the almost entire absence of anything like tournure to mar the flowing lines of their most becoming and long trailing gowns, I began to put some faith in the report we are on the eve of another dress revolution. Everything points toward a decided reduction in the volume of skirts; the question will be—is, almost—how to do with the least possible amount of "improvement" whereas hitherto it has been all the other way. Worth has for some months past left very little room in the foundation skirt for any fulness at the back, and in the arrangement of the upper draperies simplicity is and has been the prominent feature. A couple of breadths of lined or merely edged, are pleated to the waist and allowed to fall loosely; or one single wide breadth of woolen has two of its sides arranged in folds, so that a single long point hangs behind; or again, the tunic is a second rather scanty skirt lifted up in one or two places at the sides. The dress-makers who pleat and gather a large quantity of stuff about a lady's figure are not following the best models, and I must warn the reader against imitating too closely the plates in the fashion book.—*Paris Cor. London Telegraph.*

Sunny Husbands.

We often doubt whether the male head of a family ever really appreciates the opportunity he has for diffusing sunshine at home, or apprehends how much of gloom he can bring into the family circle by entering its precincts with a dark frown on his countenance. The wife and mother is within four walls from morning until night, with but few exceptions, and must bear the worriment of fretful children, inefficient servants, weak nerves and many other perplexities; and she must do this day after day, while the husband goes out from these petty details of home care, has the benefit of the pure, fresh air, meets with friends, has a pleasant time, which altogether acts as a charm on the physical man; and, if he does as he should, he will come home cheerful and thereby lighten the home life for his wife. Some men can be all smiles away from home, but at home they are as cross as bears; and yet we hear it said on every side, "Wives, meet your husbands with a smile."

Late Fashion Notes.

Sashes constantly grow in popularity; nearly all gowns have one loop and two long ends set under the basque.

Bangs are steadily decreasing in favor. Every one whose face can stand the severity of the style combs the hair straight back in a loose, careless Pompadour.

Blue gray, known as old blue; Gobelin blue, a somewhat deeper tint, and a warm pinkish gray will be the fashionable shades in new autumn costumes, always, it is understood, combined with white.

A pretty sample of an autumn costume sent from Paris recently was a cashmere of the new pinkish-gray shade known as "twilight." The shade was of a diagonal plaid, consisting of fine stripes of gray, brown and pink on a white ground. This was gathered and fell loosely over a narrow plaiting of the twilight-colored cashmere. The drapery, drawn high on the hips and the body, was of cashmere, cuffs and [illegible] coat being of the plaid.

The draped and folded waistcoats of contrasting color and different material which have distinguished so many of the summer gowns reappear on the costumes being prepared for the coming season and have every prospect of a long lease of favor.

For house dresses the wide bias, half-girdle fronts will be used in combination costumes. The upper part of the shirred corsage will be of plain silk or wool and the bias part of stripes, beginning in the under-arm seam just below the sleeves, tapering towards the waist and fastened there with a buckle.

Cock's plumes will be much worn on the autumn hats. They are dyed to match all shades of costumes and are made up in erect, stiffly curled bunches, which have a very military effect and in no way resemble the natural, graceful fall of the plumes when not stiffened by artificial means. The breasts of birds—which for some strange reason does not excite the ire of the Audubon Society as much as the whole body of the bird—stiff wings and multitudinous bows of ribbon will trim the coming season's headgear.

Braiding promises to be more than ever popular. The plain skirts, often of white, under Gobelin blue or twilight-gray draperies, are heavily braided with braid to match the color of the overdress. This is repeated on the white waistcoat, cuffs and collar. Dresses of fine gray plaids have blue plastrons of braid which comes in ready-made sets of three pieces for plastron, collar and sleeves, and can be applique very easily and quickly. These ready-made sets of braiding are shown in all colors and very elaborate designs for the autumn.

For carriage boots and for house-w patent leather, with the uppers of soft kid, is much liked. Almost all now have a tip of patent leather, or slippers it grows more and more ton Shoes for the coming season will only very high around the ankle and best be slightly pointed. The last on the shoes has the sole almost straightwhat inside, the outside roundingow and towards the toe. Heels are used for broad save on Louis XV. slisiderably dancing, where the shoe desirous of displayed and the wearesible. having it appear as small the new sea-

The tendency in glovef a shade to seen is that they shallof the newest match the costume. In the fingers of have the strips of kid hey for combin- white, in line with me in every way ing white with the scarcely desirable, possible, but the efferent size of the as it increases th the heavy English hand. In walkingith the broad black glove is the favoruttons. These are stitching and for driving. always used fo using smooth cloths

London tailmbining two colors in for dressy sather marked contrast, one costumation cloth costumes the For these o be used for the lower lighter colat, with dark basque and skirt and has drapery of serpent-drapery ay skirt, which is braided green ov with the green. Another has a skirt of tobacco-brown, braided with blue, the shade of the drapery, and the coat, which matches the costume, is also of blue. These suits are worn with hats or bonnets trimmed with the shades.

Gossip.

"Deliver me from a case where I have any female witnesses to swear for my client," says a Chicago lawyer. "I never knew a case which they didn't damage while trying to help it. They swear too much, and are too vindictive."

The recent proposition to have Mary Queen of Scots enrolled among the saints brings to light the fact that the beautiful queen dyed her hair, besides doing many other queer things hardly compatible with the state of saintliness.

According to Olive Logan Miss Braddon is the queen of the English literary world in respect of fortune. "Lady Audley's Secret" alone brought her in its first run no less than $60,000. That was twenty years ago, and the book still sells.

The Kansas druggists, who are required by law to get twenty-five women to sign their petitions for permits to sell liquor, find that it is a hard condition. Women, who are the greatest sufferers from unrestrained liquor traffic, are, as a rule, out-and-out Prohibitionists.

Dr. Elizabeth Beatty, sent by the Presbyterian Church in Canada as a medical missionary to India, has treated over 6,000 patients in the past twelve months, and thinks a hospital and training-school for Hindoo women would make thousands of converts to Christianity.

Rev. Mr. Haweis divides women into two classes—ladies and females. "Ladies," he says, "seem to require no protection at all, and are perfectly able to take care of themselves, whereas females are harried every day by their brethren in police attire and otherwise. The fact is that 'to the pure all things are pure,' even the gaze of mankind." Herein lies a whole sermon, which the women of the world will do well to ponder over.

JOHN WESLEY'S SPECTACLES.

A Pittsburg Printer Has Them, the Great Methodist Having Forgotten Them.

John Walton Fields, a compositor living in Lawrenceville, has at present in his possession a relic that is a very venerable one, being no less than a pair of spectacles worn by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. They were made a present to Mr. Fields, who is quite a curiosity-seeker, by Walter M. Moorhouse, another compositor, who got them from his father, who was a local Methodist minister in England. The spectacles came into his (Mr. M.'s father's) possession from an old farmer, who was a stanch Methodist, and whose father had handed them down to him, and were secured in the first place by John Wesley, who, during one of his religious pilgrimages through England, had stopped at this farmer's house over night, and in the morning left, forgetting his spectacles. The glasses themselves are very peculiar looking. They are very large-sized, and the frame is of iron, the glasses being set in them very much the same as a light of glass is set in a window at present, only, instead of using putty to hold them in their places, bone or a piece of horn is used. The glass is in a perfect state of preservation, and any one can readily see through them. Connection with them is that Mr. Fields also received at the same time a small photograph, taken from a large painting of "John Wesley at His Mother's Grave." The inscription of the tombstone is so small that it is impossible to read it with the naked eye. The writer placed the antiquated-looking spectacles on and the inscription was easily read. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of the relic, and Mr. Fields places a very high valuation on them, and he would not part with them at any price. —*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

Latest Irish Gossip.

Mr. John R. Wigham, of Dublin, a member of the Society of Friends, has declined the honor of knighthood.

The Irish Land Court has reduced the rents in many cases more than 50 per cent. on the Lurgan property at Aughabullogue.

It is now said that Rev. Hector Hall, of Glasgow, instead of coming to Troy, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Second Presbyterian Church in Cork.

Miss Irie Rose appeared as the Madame Marain in Marchette's grand opera, "Queen of Blas," which was presented in Dublin the 22nd ult., for the first time in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone is told of an Irish priest that The thing recently on the decisions of in pr Commissioner of the Land Act, he or his text the words, "And the rent to de worse."

The benefit of closing the public houses reland on Sunday is demonstrated by Parliamentary return. Last year there are 1,839 fewer arrests on Sundays than the year previous to the passing of the Act.

Lady Burdett-Coutts opened on the 16th ult. at Baltimore, in West Cork, an industrial fishing school, which is to be accessible to all Irish boys, who will learn there the most approved modes of fishing, as well as carpentering, coopering, boat-building, net, rope and line-making, sail-making and fish-curing.

In the Police Court at Belfast, on the 22nd ult., Rev. Thomas Fullerton, of the Irish Episcopal Church, was committed for trial, charged with forging two cheques, one on the Northern Bank, Belfast, for £370, and one on the Belfast Banking Company for £500. Evidence of the detective who arrested accused in London showed that when taken into custody he had *fac similes* of signatures of Lord Salisbury, Lord Iddesleigh, the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Crichton and others.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, on the 22nd ult., conferred the honor of knighthood on the following gentlemen at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin: Mr. James Haslett, Mayor of Belfast; Mr. Thomas Lecky, Mayor of Londonderry; Alderman Moyers and Alderman Cochrane, of Dublin; Mr. James Spraight, of Limerick; Mr. Patrick Maxwell, President of the Incorporated Law Society; Mr. Robert Herron, Chairman of the Kingstown Township Commissioners, and Mr. Howard Grubb, the well-known telescope manufacturer.

A reward is offered to the memory of Charles Darwin, in Cambridge, was recently stolen.

RETRENCHMENT WAS NECESSARY.

Mrs. Bixby Determined to Make the Household Bills as Light as Possible.

Mrs. Bixby became convinced the other day that retrenchment was absolutely necessary in her household expenses.

"Business is dull," she said, "and I must make our bills as light as possible. Poor husband is quite worried over our affairs. Now, how can I save $5 or $10 and show Mr. Bixby that women can be economical if necessary? I know," she said suddenly, in the joyful tone of one who has had a happy thought. "I will do without the hat I intended getting to wear with my new gray suit. I can wear my black imported straw with it very well, and I will, too. I just must learn to economize."

Then she put on her hat and went down town, so elated over her "clear saving of five whole dollars" that she intended walking home with Mr. Bixby at noon and telling him all about it.

"I wonder now," she said, as she stopped before the windows of a glove store, "I wonder if I couldn't afford a new pair of those tan kid gloves with stitching on the back. I really need them, and I've saved $5 by going without my hat, so—yes I'll get them; they'll cost only $2."

Ten minutes later she stood before the ribbon counter in a dry goods store.

"This ribbon is really very cheap," she was saying to herself, "and I need a lot of ribbon awfully. I wonder if I could afford it to-day. Let me see, I—oh, of course I can, after saving $5 on that hat."

And she bought ten yards of ribbon at 25 cents a yard.

"Great sale of embroidery," she read on a flaring placard a moment later.

"Just what I need," she said, "but I've been doing without because I wanted to economize; but I'm sure Charles couldn't say anything if I bought a little when I've saved five whole dollars."

So she bought "a little" for $1.75. Then she got "the greatest kind of a bargain" in remnants of French gingham for $1.50.

"I never would have bought it," she said to herself, "but it was so cheap, and then I'd saved five dollars this morning."

Before reaching her husband's office with the cheering news of her economy she had bought four yards of lace, three of insertion, a pound of candy, two collars and a pair of cuffs, a pair of slippers, two pairs of hose, handkerchiefs, three yards of lawn, a fan, a bunch of roses, another pair of gloves, and six linen handkerchiefs and two neckties for Mr. Bixby.

Then she repaired to Bixby's office with the tale of her economy, and ended by saying:

"And here's a few little things I thought I could afford after saving so much by going without my hat."

Bixby asked a few questions, made a rapid calculation, and said in an utterly heartless tone:

"See here, Sally, don't you economize any more. You'll break me sure if you do. You've got $16.98 worth of things already out of that $5, and ——"

"You're just too mean for anything, Charley Bixby!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A $10,000 BALL.

How Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Entertained.

At the great Vanderbilt reception at Newport Tuesday evening the masterpiece of table ornament was a large owl on a perch, the bird being composed of 700 pieces of sugar and almonds, the eyes alone containing sixty pieces. A chain of confections in imitation of silver held the bird of wisdom to his candied perch. The other decorations included baskets of Parisian glace fruit, with apparently natural leaves, large beehives, upon which the sugar bees clung, and a gilded lyre, on which rested an angel. One of the most effective pieces was a large representation of fishermen hauling their nets, in the meshes of which were salmon. The grounds were illuminated. The Casino orchestra furnished music, and during the supper was located in the billiard-room, hidden by banks of flowers. Leading cottagers, prominent belles, members of the diplomatic corps, and, in fact, everybody in society was present. It is said that $10,000 will scarcely pay the cost of to-night's festivities at the Breakers. Among the decorations were sedan chairs and these, with the Russian sleigh heavy enough for a good pair of trotters, were the subject of much curiosity. It is the finest Russian sleigh in this country or England, and cost exclusive of duties about $1,000.—*Boston Herald.*

Becoming Orthodox.

Prof. Huxley is getting quite a reputation for orthodoxy. The *Christian Advocate* says of him: "Prof. Huxley's latest scientific deliverances, notwithstanding occasional supercilious flings at his theological opponents, are of such manifestly veracious and honest character, and withal so serviceable to revealed truth, that we cannot but hope and pray that he may be long spared to continue his illustrious labors. Whatever else may suffer from his writings, the religion of Christ is sure to be the gainer."

Ben Butler's Theory.

"As a depleter of the human race," said Gen. Butler at the banquet, "war makes emphatically real the survival of the fittest." Does this mean that flying bullets pick out the unfit men and spare the good, or that the men who stay at home and don't get killed are better than those who go to the front?"—*Boston Globe.*

Another Case of Rivalry.

One Youngster—"We have a nice canopy top to cover our carriage."

Other Youngster—"That's nuthin', we have a chattle mortgage on ours that will more than cover it, pa says."

Bismarck not long since caught several ladies in the act of cutting a few branches off the trees in the Frie Erichsruhe Park, which belongs to him. "Ladies," said he, "if every one who visits this park was to do what you are now doing there would not remain any more leaves on these trees than there are hairs on my head." He has been compelled since to close the park to the public.

A New York reporter who went to pay his respects to the Duke of Marlborough, reports that His Grace wears a hammered silver bracelet of two twisted coils on his left wrist.

ATE TILL HE BURST.

Remarkable Death of a Texas Sheep-Herder.

[San Antonio (Tex.) Corr. Globe-Democrat.]

Richard Gerfers, a ranchman in the northwestern part of the county, comes to town with the story of a very strange death which recently happened in his neighborhood. Joseph and Freiderich Blanck, were two young men living near him engaged in raising wool. For some time the latter had been ailing with a disease which baffled the physicians and rapidly sapped his strength. Its most marked symptoms were extreme emaciation and a marvellous appetite. It was not tapeworm, that was certain, but further than this the doctors could not go. "He could eat," said Mr. Gerfers, "a half bushel of food and still be hungry." He finally grew so weak that he did but little work, putting in the time sitting about the ranch and cooking for himself. He became a by-word for miles around, and many neighbors come to see the living skeleton get outside of anything within reach that was edible. On the day of his death he volunteered to take out a small flock of sheep and herd them until sundown. His brother agreed, and in the morning Frederic left the house with some 300 sheep in charge, and swinging on his arm was a gallon tin bucket filled with the ordinary Mexican frijoles, or beans. His brother visited him about noon and found him all right, sitting in the shade watching the flock graze. Late in the evening Jacob became uneasy at Friederich's absence and began a search for him. He found the sheep scattered by twos and threes, and further on, lying directly in the path, was Friederich's dead body. He had evidently been walking and fallen dead as he stepped, for his feet rested in the tracks they had made. His lean face was in a mass of half-digested beans, partially glued together and thoroughly soaked in a torrent of blood, which had welled from his throat. He was not cold when found. A jury of inquest was summoned. They rendered a verdict to the effect that the man died from a gorge of half-cooked beans, which had swelled and ruptured the stomach. It is supposed that young Blanck had been too impatient to wait until his meal was thoroughly cooked, had filled himself with the semi-raw vegetables and then drank a quantity of water. He was sitting near a pool when his brother last saw him alive.

He Can't Get Over It.

John Stillman, who was conductor of the fatal train at Chatsworth, went into the wreck weighing 194 pounds. He now weighs 151 pounds, a loss of forty-three pounds in twenty days. He is unable to eat heartily, and has not known a night of restful slumber since the accident. When he does sleep his slumbers are broken by visions of the wreck, and in imagination he hears the terrible cries of the wounded and dying till he wakes, more worn and restless than before. He is now taking an unlimited vacation at the expense of the road.

Their Courting Days Have Come.

A colored man named Trickes, who lives in Anderdon township, about 25 miles from Windsor, is 99 years of age, but that does not prevent him from being as frisky as though he were 19. During the course of [illegible] wife and a kind mother to his infant daughter, aged 50, a maiden who has been blushing unseen (for she is of his own race) these 85 years past.

The New Prize Story

is eagerly sought for, read with pleasure or disappointment, is then tossed aside and forgotten. But ladies who read of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, read it again, for they discover in it something to prize—a messenger of joy to those suffering from functional derangements or any of the painful disorders or weaknesses peculiar to their sex. Periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, readily yield to its wonderful curative and healing powers. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Fond mother—"I tell you my daughter Eulalia has such control over her feelings, that, for instance, when at the theatre she can weep with one eye turned toward the stage, while with the other she smiles at the gentleman sitting beside her."—*Plauderstubchen.*

Our Brave Volunteers

Endured the severe marching of the Northwest campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and everybody else should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

A Bonanza.

Dame—What do you think? I have a girl who gets up in the morning without being called.

Chorus of Voices—Impossible.

Dame—But it is true; she's in love with the milkman.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement" she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really two much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

Dr. J. G. Gatling, of Hartford, Conn., is a man of medium heighth, far advanced in years. His famous gun has not made his fortune. His daughter is the wife of the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, one of Henry George's most earnest supporters.

Complaints have been made to the Marine Department by the pilots of Victoria, B.C., of a serious breach of the law by the lighthouse keeper at that city, which, if not satisfactorily explained, will probably cause him the loss of his position.

Remarkable Surgery.

The science of surgery has made such wonderful progress in modern times that the most intricate and delicate operations are now undertaken and carried to a successful issue. There are now several well authenticated cases of what is known as pneumotomy, that is to say, the removal of diseased portions of the lungs in cases of consumption. While, however, this delicate operation has sometimes been successfully performed, the risks attending it are so great, and the chances of recovery so slight, that it is seldom resorted to. The safest plan in consumptive cases is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This will always cure the disease in its earlier stages, thoroughly arresting the ravages of the terrible malady, by removing its cause and healing the lungs.

A Scotch young lady, Miss Miller, from Perth, at the age of 26 has travelled alone all over the world and has never once been insulted.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and [illegible] or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *892 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L. 38 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

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For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Durham *Chronicle* says that THE ADVANCE says that the Hanover *Post* says what is not true in reference to "whiskey papers." For once the *Chronicle* tells the truth.

At this season of the year it might not be out of place to advise juvenile sportsmen to adopt precautionary methods in order that they may shoot game instead of shooting themselves. "A word in sayson, Misther Hayes, sor-r-r!"

There are some envious mortals in this world, who cannot bear to see anybody get along well except themselves. In grasping for the whole earth, it maddens them to find that somebody else has been getting a few stray chunks as well as themselves. Such, at least, is the opinion of THE ADVANCE.

The time has arrived when a determined effort should be made to carry out the long contemplated Station Road improvements. A good straight level road to the C.P.R. depot will do more towards developing the grand resources of the town and entire community generally than many people think. By and by the suburb and the town might become united. Stranger things *have* happened, you know.

Police Magistrate Gray's letter to the *Dufferin Advertiser* last week—and which we give in full elsewhere in these columns—contains a flat denial to the *Dufferin Post's* report of a speech alleged to have been made by him (Mr. Gray) in which the Scott Act was said to have been characterized as a farce and high license as the only remedy for the liquor business. However, the letter speaks for itself: read it.

According to the *Grey Review*, a Durham merchant threatens to smash every other business man in the town into fragments, (commercially speaking) should the roller mill bonus by-law be carried. The *Review* says many business men in that town stand a chance of getting smashed if the bonus is defeated. So that, in either case, it would appear that the ancient village, yclept Durham, is in a fair way for a big "bust-up!"

The "poet," to whom we addressed a few words of seasonable advice a couple of weeks ago, called at THE ADVANCE office on Saturday last, and was quite indignant at our reception of his doggerel. If it is any comfort to his lacerated feelings, we may tell him that the Editor of this paper, when very young, wrote doggerel in a somewhat similar strain. Thank Heaven, however, it was never published. Our young friend will be equally gratified when he thinks it over calmly and dispassionately.

A story is going the rounds that a certain man—living not fifty miles from Flesherton—recently handed a copy of THE ADVANCE to his solicitor, and, pointing to an article referring to himself, said: "If there is ground for a libel suit in that piece, I want you to take action at law against the Editor and Proprietor of that paper at once and shove it as far as it will go!" No lawyer in Christendom—of any standing—would risk his reputation in the matter, as the article contained nothing libellous.

THE ADVANCE rises to remark that the *Toronto World* is the model daily paper of Canada, and no live, wide-awake publisher, business man, farmer, professional man, or mechanic would be without its cheery company one hour, if they only new what an energetic gatherer of short, snappy, bright, vigorous, racy, pointed and reliable news items it is. And what paper on the continent contains such witty, pungent and brilliant editorials? None, Brutus, none. And it only costs $3 to get it every day in the year, Sundays excepted. THE ADVANCE wouldn't be without it if it cost $12 a year instead of the paltry $3.

The Owen Sound *Advertiser*—in an editorial last week addressed "To Young Conservatives"—advises the said "Young Conservatives" to "cut themselves loose from the old party moorings and move along with the broad progressive current of the times." Which, being interpreteth, means, that they should sacrifice their political convictions on the altar of the Reform party, and meekly follow the leading strings of the *Globe*, *Advertiser*, and other elegant moulders of public opinion! Splendid idea—great head—long ears!!! Following the same line of argument, how would it suit the profound illogical commentator of the *Advertiser* if the "Young Liberals" "cut *themselves* loose from the old party moorings," &c., &c.?

The Hanover *Post* is as innocent of guile as a spring chicken—at least it would like its readers to regard it in that light. But, although young politically, the *Post* is piloted occasionally by a cunning old bird, who is not unacquainted with the labryinths of party politics. As THE ADVANCE has proved somewhat of a stumbling-block in the brief political career of the *Post*, we find the services of the "pilot" frequently called into requisition. Last week he came on deck in quite a flippant and gay mood, and reminded "Bro. Fawcett" that he had supported Sir John McDonald, knowing that the latter voted for the repeal of the Scott Act. We were *not* aware of the fact, if fact it be; but we do know that the "cunning old bird" himself did all in his power to destroy the usefulness of that self-same Scott Act. Eh, "Bro." Ashley?

The explosion in front of Mr. R. Trimble's store here was made the subject of lengthy but interesting communications, by the Flesherton correspondent of the Markdale *Standard* and Dundalk *Herald*, last week. In view of the circumstances, we still maintain it was a cruel and senseless trick, whereby the life of a most estimable Christian lady was endangered. Possibly those concerned in it did not intend creating anthing more than a scare, but that does not render the offence any the less reprehensible. Not knowing whether they really were burglars or not, Tommy Hollinger would have been perfectly justified in shooting at the "practical jokers," on the plea of defending the property and perchance the life of his master. If somebody had been shot, what then? There is a note of warning in this, however, which intending jokers (?) will do well to heed.

Underlying the "great" question of Commercial Union with the United States, there are a multitude of disagreeable little problems, which disciples of Erastus Wiman in this County will do well to ferret out and ponder over deeply. For instance, here is one clipped from the columns of that well informed Canadian Journal, *The Week*:—

"The reins of Protection would seem to have passed from the hands of the manufacturers in the States into the hands of Labour. Six English weavers, landed at New York en *route* for a manufacturing establishment at Bridgeport, Connecticut, for whose service they had been imported, were ordered back to England on the ground that they had come over in violation of the Contract Labour Law. What would American labour say to the throwing open of the American labour market to Canadian workmen under Commercial Union (for we suppose labour is to be exchanged as well as commodities)? Or would it consent to repeal the Contract Labour Law at the request of the manufacturers? This incident does not look like it."

The Last Question on Examination Day.

We were ranged on the floor in front of the visitors on examination day to be looked at, and answer such questions as they or the teachers saw fit to ask.

"Where was John Rogers burnt to death?" said the teacher to me in a commanding voice.

I couldn't tell.

"The next."

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class.

"Well," says the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."

"In the fire!" said Joshua, looking very solemn and wise.

This was the last question. We had liberty to make all the noise we pleased for five minutes, and then go home.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's
Pleasant
Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

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IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place, JACOB A. LEVER.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 29, Con. 4 Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and property and paying expenses.
ANTHONY KENNY.
Artemesia, July 29th, 1887.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	72	to 0	78
Spring Wheat	0	72	0	78
Barley	0	45	0	55
Oats	0	28	0	29
Peas	0	48	0	50
Butter	0	16	0	17
Eggs, fresh	0	14	0	14
Potatoes bush	0	50	0	50
Pork	5	60	5	60
Hay, per ton	5	00	6	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	50	0	56
Geese	0	06	0	05
Turkeys	0	8	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

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HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

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PUMP WORKS!
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Cistern Pumps.

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Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

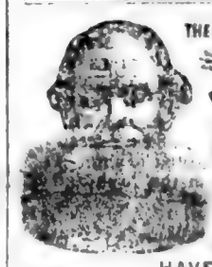

HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from what are well known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try its wonderful remedies.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

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Meat Market.
S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

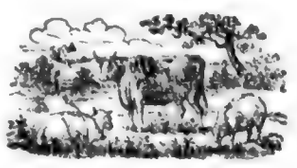

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

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Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
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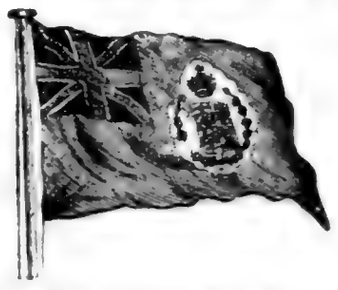

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—TO BUY—

FURNITURE

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J. E. Moore's

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

Where you will find a Good Stock to select from in the following lines:

CHAIRS

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Bedroom Sets!

SIDEBOARDS,
BEDSTEADS,
FOLDING CRIBS,
CRADLES,
TABLES,
WATNOTS,
CUPBOARDS,
WASHSTANDS &c.,

At Prices to suit the Times.

All Goods are of First-Class Manufacture.

INSPECTION INVITED.

J. E. MOORE.

Flesherton, Sep. 13th, 1887.

County News.

Typhoid fever is epidemic in Orangeville.

A model school has been established at Meaford.

The Methodists of Epping are building a fine brick church.

Mr. A. G. Hunter, of Dundalk, issued three marriage licenses on the 5th inst.

$15,800 have been spent in building improvements in Shelburne this season.

The assessment of Messrs. Andrews & Co., Thornbury, is $33,000 in that town.

14,348 lbs of cheese were shipped from Durham station on Saturday of week before last.

Grey Fall Assizes commence in Owen Sound on Monday next, 26th inst., before Judge Robertson.

Several Grey county publishers are agitating for the formation of a mutually Protective Association.

750 bushels of oats were threshed in eight hours on the premises of Mr. James Burgess, Bentinck, recently.

The Durham *Chronicle* acknowledges that that hamlet has long "*been at a standstill.*" An open confession is good for the soul.

Mr. Wm. Hewgill, the esteemed and excellent Deputy-Reeve of Collingwood Township, is severely afflicted with rheumatism.

The Financial District Meeting of the Methodist church will be held in Markdale on Tuesday next, 27th inst., commencing at 10 o'clock a. m.

We forgot to mention that the Dundalk *Herald* entered upon the seventh year of its existence three weeks ago. It is a good paper and Bro. Newel has our best wishes.

A Rocklyn man named Patton, while under the influence of liquor, assaulted a neighbor with a shovel the other day. A constable interfered before any damage was done.

Mr. Ben. Wright, aged 72 years, got his leg broken while shovelling in a gravel pit near Markdale recently. The bank fell in crushing him and breaking his leg below the knee. He is doing well nevertheless.

We have been told that one of our merchants, who opposes the bonus, says he will sell for less than cost and smash all the merchants in town, if the By-law carries. Don't be deluded! If something isn't done, several parties would soon smash or leave anyhow.—*Durham Review.*

Mr. Milne, son of Mr. Wm. Milne, Tp. Clerk of Osprey, occupied the pulpit in Thornbury and Heathcote very acceptably during the past few months. The Thornbury *News* thus speaks of him: "We will expect in a few years to come that in him we will witness one of the brightest stars in the Presbyterian church in Canada."

Endeavoring to Impeach a Witness.

An eminent lawyer in this city, just deceased, once received a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr.—— should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialog ensued:

Lawyer—"How old are you?"

Witness—"Seventy-two years."

Lawyer—"Your memory, of course is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

Witness—"I do not know but it is."

Lawyer—State some circumstance which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

Witness—"I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent."

Judge—"You had better answer the question."

Lawyer—"Yes, sir; state it."

Witness—"Well sir, if you compel me to do it I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B——'s office, did you not?"

Lawyer—"Yes."

Witness—"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me: 'Mr. D——, my son is to be examined to-morrow and I wish you would lend me $15 to buy him a suit of clothes. I remember, also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir I remember as though it were but yesterday."

Lawyer (Considerably abashed)—"That will do, sir."

Witness—"I presume it will."

Three Collingwood boys caught 185 perch in less than two hours at the breakwater on Tuesday morning of last week. The catch weighed 45 lbs.

Our Sparkling Champagne.

The well known lawyer and lecturer W. Pittmann, who has recently returned from a lecturing tour in Great Britain, heard this story related by one of the temperance orators with a view of making wine drinking unpopular:

"An American traveler in the streets of Paris, seeing the words, "Wine baths given here," exclaimed:

"Well, these French are a luxurious people!"

Then, with true Yankee curiosity and the feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, he walked in and demanded a "wine bath."

Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it and having to pay but five francs, he asked in some astonishment how a wine bath could be afforded so cheaply. His sable attendant, who had been a slave in Virginia and enjoyed a slight bit of humor, replied:

"Oh, massa, we just pass it along into anudder room, where we gib bath at four francs."

"Then you throw it away, I suppose."

"No, massa; den we send it lower down and charge three francs a bath. Dar's plenty of people who ain't so berry particular who will bathe in it after this at three francs ahead. Den, massa, we let de common people hab it at a franc apiece."

"Then, of course, you throw it away!" exclaimed the traveler, who thought this was going even beyond Yankee profit.

"No, indeed, massa," was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; "no, indeed, massa, we are not so 'stravagant as dat comes too; we bottle it up den and sends it to 'Merica for champagne!"

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY— —OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

Publisher's Announcement:

In the matter of

FINE JOB

Printing!

It is generally conceded that the

Flesherton Advance

TAKES THE

BISCUIT!

EVERY TIME!

Posters! Posters!

From an Eighth Sheet to a mammoth Three-Sheeter—plain or in colors—at prices that will arrest your attention and surprise you.

Auction Sale Bills

WHILE YOU WAIT.

DRUGGISTS' LABELS

As cheap and as good as can be obtained in the city.

New Material

Is added to our stock every Spring and Fall.

NOTICE!

THE ADVANCE will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for $1 per year; and to England, Ireland, or Scotland for $1.50

THE ADVANCE unquestionably has no superior as a live Local and Family newspaper in Simcoe, Grey, or Bruce.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
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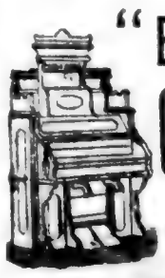

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WOULD NOT LEAVE THE MORMONS.

A Mother Refuses Her Daughter's Appeal and Goes to Utah.

A despatch from New York says: Rev. Thomas D. Drum, a chaplain at Castle Garden, received a telegram Tuesday from the Rev. T. J. Danner, of New Brighton, Pa., asking him to watch for the arrival of Mrs. Barnes, a steerage passenger on the steamer Wisconsin, from Liverpool. The telegram further stated that Mrs. Barnes was in the hands of the Mormons, and that her daughter was anxious to prevent her going to Utah. When the passengers of the Wisconsin arrived, it was found that of the 800 more than half were Mormons, bound for Utah in charge of President John Isaac Hart, of Ogden, the Mormon missionary. Mrs. Barnes was found among them, and escorted to the Immigrant Post Chaplaincy. It was then learned that the woman was accompanied by her second husband and two stepdaughters.

She is a comely and elderly English woman, apparently several years younger than her husband. He embraced the Mormon faith twelve years ago, and succeeded in converting Mrs. Barnes about two years ago. Barnes is a shoemaker and both were residents of Manchester. On seeing the telegram from her daughter, Mrs. Barnes said: "I have not been kidnapped, and am going to Salt Lake City of my own free will. My husband and two daughters go with me. I guess I am 21. I love my daughter with a mother's devotion, but in this I must be actuated not by worldly motives, but a desire to save my soul. I love the Mormon religion and sincerely believe in it. I would like to see my daughter, but my duty to my husband and to my religious vows compels me very reluctantly to decline the invitation to go to Pennsylvania." Under the exhortations of Dr. Kramer, her determination forsook her, and large tears trickled down her cheeks. "Yes," she suddenly exclaimed, "I am almost inclined to go to see my daughter." The husband hurriedly whispered something to her which at once restored her stoicism and she reiterated her determination to go to Salt Lake. Barnes appeared to be very much attached to the woman, and when asked why he did not wish her to go to see her daughter, he said he knew that if she ever got there she would be persuaded to abandon the Mormon faith. A short time previous to the departure of the Mormon party, Dr. Kramer made another attempt to dissuade Mrs. Barnes, but it was equally unsuccessful. The clergyman says that he knows nothing of the case beyond what was stated in the telegram and what the woman told him.

The whole party of Mormons, which is the largest that has arrived here in some time, left for Utah yesterday afternoon over the Erie. Many of them have friends already settled there. During the voyage one of the party gave birth to a boy. He was immediately christened Edward Wisconsin. President Hart, who conducts this party, has brought over three others nearly of the same size. During the past eighteen months he has baptized 250 in the Mormon faith in England.

FORTIFYING HALIFAX.

The City's Defences to be Strengthened—More Troops to be Quartered There—A Coaling Station Provided.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: It is learned that the British Government is prepared to further strengthen the defences of Halifax harbor. A new fortification is being erected at the extreme point of McNab's Island, on which will be stationed two 10-inch breech-loading guns, weighing 64 tons each. These guns will have an explosive power of 200 pounds of powder, and will carry 800-pound shot a distance of six miles. York Redoubt has hitherto been regarded as the chief outer defence of the harbor, but it was discovered at the time of the sham naval engagement, during Jubilee week, that it was possible for a war vessel to get safely past this defence. The new fort on McNab's Island is being erected to meet such a contingency. It is said Halifax is also to be made a great coaling station and the headquarters for the British American squadron as soon as the dry dock here is completed. The Bermuda dockyard staff will be removed to Halifax, and three batteries of artillery will also come. Beside this, the Scottish regiment at present quartered in Jamaica will arrive here in November to remain. It is estimated that the squadron and additional troops to be located here will involve an expenditure in this city of not less than half a million dollars a year.

The Romance of a Marriage.

A special despatch from North Sydney, N.S., says: A fit and happy ending to a romantic courtship occurred Friday afternoon in the marriage of Miss Isabel Ferguson, of England, late nurse in the London Hospital, to Duncan McDonald, of Little Bras d'Or. McDonald, it will be remembered, was one of the Nile voyageurs, and one of the bravest, being the only one who remained and nursed the late Col. Kennedy when down with the most violent type of smallpox in London. Taken with the disease himself, Miss Ferguson was the nurse who attended him through his illness. An attachment was there formed and an engagement followed, and which was happily not affected by the great distance between them after McDonald's arrival home. They had intended to be married in Halifax, but Miss Ferguson arrived this morning from London, and the happy couple were quietly united in marriage this afternoon at the manse, Sydney mine. They will reside at Little Bras d'Or. Thus has true affection found a fitting sequel in this somewhat romantic attachment.

Married After a Telegraphic Courtship.

A Chattanooga, Tenn., despatch says: A very romantic marriage has just taken place at Starke's Station, Ga. H. S. Harris, a telegraph operator at Dalton, and Miss Ella Phillips, an operator at Sugar Valley, courted over the wires and met by agreement at Starke's Station, where they were married under a big hickory tree. They went from there to Dalton and then departed for their respective posts of duty.

New York boatmen made heaps of money last Sunday by rowing people around the Thistle as she lay at anchor off Tompkinville, Staten Island, at 75 cents a person.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from $20 to $50 a week.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

The Browning Lots Injunction—Suicide of a Doctor—A Two-Legged Colt—Settlers' Grievances.

A Battleford special says Dr. Miller was found dead in his room yesterday with his brains blown out. Deceased was a medical officer of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Dr. King, Supreme Prelate of the Knights of Pythias, is expected here from Port Arthur to-morrow. He will deliver a lecture and be given a reception by the Winnipeg Knights.

Only seventeen days remain in which action can be taken towards unseating Mr. Scarth, member for Winnipeg. It is thought that the petition will be dropped.

J. R. Benson shipped his great natural curiosity, a two-legged colt, to the Toronto Exhibition last evening.

While the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, was in Battleford, he received numerous petitions and complaints from settlers setting forth their grievances. One petition set forth that the greatest dissatisfaction prevails in consequence of the deductions made from legitimate claims for losses during the Riel rebellion by the commissioners appointed to investigate them, and that settlers were desirous of having the whole question reopened for a more impartial investigation, which they believed would result in justice being done. The residents of Bressaylor settlement, near Battleford, who have on the report of the commissioners been refused compensation for losses sustained, on account of alleged disloyalty, also appealed to Mr. White to have their case reconsidered, and demand a fair trial.

A young man named William McDougall, employed at Charles Ward's hotel at Rat Portage, was shot through the right lung last night, and his recovery is doubtful. A man named Duff, lately down from the woods, has been arrested on suspicion of the crime. Robbery is supposed to have been the motive.

The wheat harvest is practically completed, but considerable oats are still uncut. The threshing yields are even more favorable than was hoped for. The price paid for wheat runs from 57c. for No. 1 hard at Winnipeg to 45c. for No. 2 Northwestern at outlying points.

Mr. J. H. Brock, in a letter on C. P. R. rates, points out that they are still 20 per cent. higher than the St. Paul & Manitoba road, and 200 per cent. higher than where close competition exists.

The hearing of the Browning injunction was resumed this morning before Chief Justice Wallbridge. The whole day was consumed by Messrs. Aikins and Ewart, Q. C.'s, in argument for the plaintiff. Mr. Aikins said the case might show an apparent conflict between the two Governments of the Dominion and the Province. He read Browning's patriotic sentiments as to the course he had taken to stop the road, and contended that plaintiff had a substantial interest in the land which was being injured, and he had a perfect right to come to the Court to have the defendants restrained from interfering with his rights. He referred to the disallowance of several Acts by the Dominion Government. A proclamation, dated 22nd July, proclaimed that the R. R. V. Road should be a public work of the Province of Manitoba under the Public Works Act. He contended that the Public Works Act did not authorise the construction of the railway, and that the fact that an amendment to that Act was passed showed that the Government must have been of the same opinion. The defendants had placed a man in charge of parts of the lots taken, to hold possession by force if necessary, and that, he contended, showed that defendants must feel themselves in the wrong. Concluding, Mr. Aikins said: "The Ministers are the delegates of the Legislative Assembly, but they are amenable when they authorise a wrong to be done to a subject of the Crown. Here the railway was directly negatived by the Crown as represented by the Dominion Government, which disallowed the Act, notwithstanding which some of the defendants, acting as Ministers of the Crown, had proceeded with the road. They are amenable when they exceed their authority, as they have done here. Mr. Ewart will continue his argument to-morrow.

It is pretty well understood that no further construction of the Hudson Bay Railway will be done this fall.

Eighty immigrants arrived to-day. The majority of them were from England and the remainder Icelanders.

The following further particulars are learned of the terrible self destruction of Dr. Miller, of the Northwest Mounted Police, who committed suicide last night by blowing his brains out. He had been about his duties all day as usual, and had treated a serious case, after which he returned to his quarters. During the absence of his servant he undressed himself and put cotton around the room to prevent blood from spattering the walls. He then lay down on the bed, and with his toe pulled the trigger of a Snider rifle. The charge completely blew off his head from the chin up. The deceased was unmistakably insane. He left no word or letter explaining his action. Coroner Laurie has been sent for, and it is not known whether an inquest will be held or not.

The Result of a Wish.

A Kansas City (Mo.) despatch says About 5 o'clock last evening a heavily-laden lumber waggon caught in a deep rut about two miles beyond Main street, on Indiana avenue. The brutal driver began whipping up his horses, giving the animals a fearful beating. People in the neighborhood congregated about the place and remonstrated with the driver. He paid no attention, but went on whipping his horses. Among the spectators was a young lady whose name could not be ascertained. She threatened the man with arrest and ended her stinging remarks with the words:

"You are a brutal man, and I wish you would fall and break your neck."

The lady had no sooner uttered these words when the waggon upset and the driver was taken from under the lumber seriously and possibly fatally injured. He sustained a fracture of the shoulder blade and severe internal injuries. The man's name is Harding and he is now being cared for at his home in the city.

The Mud Lake drainage scheme, by which hundreds of acres will be reclaimed in Ernesttown and Sydenham, is being strongly pushed. A survey will be made this fall.

THE GREAT JUBILEE IN ROME.

St. Peter's to Have an Organ at Last—Beautiful Gifts to the Pope.

A Rome despatch says: The projected Papal Jubilee has in the last few days become the all-engrossing question of the hour. Pilgrims from all over the world will begin arriving in the City on the Seven Hills about the middle of October. Already Peter's pence in large sums has been received from many quarters.

It is said in many quarters usually well informed that on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood the Pope will once for all cast off the last shred of the Pio Nono policy, drive through the streets of Rome and give up the somewhat undignified attitude of apostolic prisoner. This assumption is based wholly on surmise, yet in view of the very progressive and enlightened policy pursued by the Pope since his succession it appears to me neither unlikely nor improbable. Certainly a formal acquiescence in the actual state of things would never be more acceptable than now to the Quirinal, and King Humbert would be the first to show his reverence and veneration for a Pope unhampered by temporal possessions.

Among the many rich and rare presents which the Holy Father will receive I mention only a few. Two magnificent Sevres vases from Marshal and Mme. MacMahon. The Society Bibliographique of Paris sends a magnificent tome, containing the pater noster printed with illuminated text in 150 languages. The Archdiocese of Rheims will send a reduced copy of the colossal statue in bronze of Urban II., recently unveiled at Chatillon. The Catholics of Vienna, with the Kaiser at their head, sends a massive gold cross, valued at $60,000. Alsace sends a curious production of the Strasbourg clock, complete in every minute particular.

But of the many rich gifts undoubtedly the most remarkable is the colossal organ designed by the celebrated French organ-maker, M. Caville Coll, for St. Peter's, hitherto wanting only, as some one has said, a melodious voice to bring perfection. When he first proposed the building of an organ of sufficient power to fill the great Basilica many laughed at him and prophesied failure, as had been the fate of so many predecessors with similar plans. Now, however, a committee of the Academie des Beaux Arts have examined the model and pronounced the problem solved. On the committee were such men as Ambrose Thomas, Gunod, Massenet, Saint-Saens and Leo Delibes. Architects as well known as Barrias and Cavalier are agreed also that the erection of an organ will not injure the aspect of the nave, as has been feared; and so by a French hand this winter the wondrous work of Berinn, Raphael and Michael Angelo will be completed.

VICE-REGAL BALL IN QUEBEC.

Brilliant Scene at the Citadel—Elegant Toilets of the Ladies.

A Quebec despatch says: The Vice-Regal ball at the Citadel last night was one of the most brilliant events ever seen here, its splendor being considerably added to by the presence of the English and French Admirals and officers of the five frigates now in port, as well as of various batteries of garrison artillery stamped on the Isle of Orleans. The Marchioness wore a dress of white silk brocade and tulle, ornaments diamonds and pearls, including a magnificent tiara. Lady Florence Streatfeild wore black lace trimmed with red bows.

The quadrille d'honneur was danced by His Excellency and Lady Caron, Sir A. P. Caron and Lady Lansdowne, the Mayor and Madame Casault, Judge Caron and Madame Routhier, Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier and Lady Florence Streatfeild, Judge Casault and Mrs. Dobell, Sir Fred Middleton and Madame Caron, Col. Montizambert and Mlle de Salaberry. The ball-room was handsomely decorated, and "B" Battery band supplied the music.

The Governor's Terrace, on the summit of the Citadel, overlooking the river, and on to which the ball-room opens, was also handsomely illuminated and used for promenading purposes. The toilets of the ladies were extremely rich and much admired, and the numerous naval and military uniforms made one of the most gorgeous scenes ever witnessed here. The supper table was resplendent with an immense array of the Lansdowne plate.

Crofters for the Northwest.

A London cable says: Lord Advocate Macdonald stated in the Commons last night that the Government had carefully considered a colonization scheme for the islands of the Highlands of Scotland, but a difficulty had arisen regarding security proposed to be advanced by the Government to ensure the Imperial exchequer against loss. The Government hoped to overcome the difficulty by obtaining a guarantee from the local authorities or otherwise for the security required. If this very desirable object were attained the Government were ready to carry out the proposed scheme next session and introduce any requisite legislation. The scheme which the Lord Advocate refers to provides for the settlement of the Crofters in the Canadian Northwest.

A Fatal Dose.

A New York despatch says: On Friday last the 13-months-old daughter of Mrs. Mason, 136 Phillip street, Jersey City, was taken sick. Mrs. Mason sent to Fountain's drug store for some castor oil. In the absence of her husband Mrs. Fountain put up the medicine. On Saturday the infant died from the mixture, which proved to be camphorated oil. An inquest has been ordered.

English railroads do the major portion of their own carting, collecting and delivering freight at the freighters' doors. One of the largest companies, the Midland, has in constant employment no fewer than 3,200 horses, and of these 1,000 are located in London. Some of these horses are, however, employed in switching cars, at which business heavy horses, weighing about 2,000 pounds, are employed.

The butcher's bill for the Burmah campaign has been received from Simla. The British army has lost from disease and in action, 35 officers dead, 54 wounded, 125 invalided. Soldiers: 624 dead, 111 wounded, and 1,592 invalided. Natives of all ranks: 1,004 dead, 385 wounded, and 2,594 invalided.

PLANTING TEETH.

A Dentist Astonishes the International Congress of Physicians.

A Washington despatch says: A man of about 40 years of age, short, pleasant faced and with the appearance of an epicure, was watched with keen interest yesterday by a roomful of dentists at the Franklin school building, as he performed a clinic in operative dentistry upon a portly Englishman who lay back in the dental chair. The clinic was a practical demonstration of the art of implanting teeth. The man was Dr. William J. Younger, of San Francisco, and the operation was the result of a dispute between the dentist from the Golden State and an English dentist, who had stoutly asserted his disbelief in the practicability of planting a tooth in a man's mouth and making it grow there. The dispute waxed so warm that the Englishman offered himself as a subject if no other person could be found to be operated upon. It was not found necessary, however, to hold him to this promise, as a fellow countryman was secured. It is claimed that, although a man may have been without his natural teeth for years, the process which Dr. Younger has discovered will allow sound teeth to be inserted in the place of the lost ones, and thus do away with that trite subject for puns—false teeth. By the process diseased teeth can be removed, cleansed and replaced.

The operation is thus briefly described by one of the dentists present:

"Dr. Younger takes a sound tooth corresponding in space to the hole left by the missing tooth, ligates the gum and separates it from the alvial process and drills a cavity, into which he places the tooth, and then ligates it to another tooth to retain it in position."

A right and a left lateral tooth were successfully implanted.

DEAD TO HER MOTHER.

The Home of an Eloping Bride Arrayed in Funeral Trappings.

A Columbia (S.C.) despatch says: The mother and other members of the family of Miss Rachel David, the young Hebrew lady who on Tuesday last eloped with H. A. Harth, the Gentile broker, and was married to him by Governor Richardson, take the matter bitterly, and their home has been one of mourning and lamentation ever since as if for the dead.

The mother refuses to be comforted, and declares she will never forgive the eloping couple. The room and bed lately occupied by the runaway daughter have been heavily draped in mourning in accordance with the Hebrew custom when death occurs in the family, and the lately loved and petted daughter is now considered dead so far as her family are concerned.

Two of Gladstone's Children.

A London correspondent writes: "Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., son of the ex-Premier, looks very much more like his mother than his father. He is of medium height, with straight, well-moulded figure; he has a good head, a clear, clean, expressive countenance and a gentle manner, indicative of a modest and retiring temperament. He appears to be in the neighborhood of 40 years of age. He wore a light gray suit and white waistcoat and white hat. His sister, who stood upon the right of Mr. Gladstone during his famous speech on the occasion of the presentation of the American testimonial, is taller even than her father. She is a blonde, with luxurious, clear-combed hair twisted high upon her gracefully shaped head. Her eyes are blue, her complexion a dainty pink and white, her nose is a delicate retousse, her mouth is small, with a most pleasant expression. She wore a summer dress, the yellow lace work revealing the shape of her shoulders and the rounded lines of her arms. She was the most attentive listener in the group. She felt every word of her father's address, and paid the same unflagging attention to the speech of the presentation."

Died Under Chloroform.

A Montreal despatch says: A young lady named Beauvais, aged 19 years, came from Laprairie to Notre Dame Hospital here last night to have a tumor removed from her mouth. She was also suffering from heart disease, and upon the doctors giving her chloroform while she was undergoing the operation she never recovered consciousness.

A Remarkable Well.

A Cerro Gordo, Ill., despatch says: Samuel Gerber, while digging a well on his farm near Argenta, found water and gas at a depth of about forty feet. There is a constant rumbling sound coming from the bottom of the well, the noise resembling that of a boiling spring. Several times has the water risen to a depth of twenty feet in ten minutes, and as suddenly disappeared.

Clement Baldwin is a day laborer about the grounds of Union College, Schenectady. He is a man of education and was born of wealthy and aristocratic parents in Ireland. He squandered a fortune and is now in his old age obliged to work for his living.

Some of the land at Violet, over which bush fires swept recently, belonged to Sir Richard Cartwright. On Wednesday and Thursday about 150 men were out fighting the flames and preventing them from consuming valuable buildings and their contents. The fire at Bicknell's Corners swept over the country as far as Milton, burning woods and fences and three houses. A blind man named Davy perished in the flames.

On Saturday afternoon a young man called at the store of Mr. Pitt, a Dundas street jeweller, London, to get some article that had been prepared, and tendered a bill in payment. While the jeweller was making change the young fellow seized the article and the bill and darted from the shop. Mr. Pitt gave chase, but in doing so fell and dislocated his shoulder and had to be taken in a cab to his home. The fellow who caused the trouble was captured, but was allowed to go on settling the costs.

The town of Brandon, in Suffolk, England, does a large business in flints for guns and pistols and also for tinder boxes. They are carefully cut, packed in kegs and sent to both the eastern and western coasts of Africa, where flint lock guns are still numerous and where matches are not wholly satisfactory for lack of trousers to cover the most convenient scratching places.

ALL FOR IRELAND.

Two Men Killed in a Fight With the Police at Mitchellstown—Warrant for O'Brien's Arrest—Dr. Kane Writes Gladstone.

The Parnellite whips have issued an urgent summons for a full attendance of members in the Commons on Monday, when the debate begins on the Government's action in proclaiming the Ennis and other meetings. The Conservative members also have been recalled to take part in the debate.

Mr. John O'Connor, Nationalist, is about to resign his seat in Parliament for business reasons.

A special meeting of the Irish Privy Council was held in the Castle to-day. There were present the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Ashborne, Justice Fitzgibbon and the Earl of Meath. It is reported that the Council decided to have Mr. O'Brien arrested if he does not appear before the court at Mitchellstown to-morrow in answer to the summons served upon him, also to institute actions against the leaders of the recent meeting at Ennis. Messrs. Labouchere, Dillon and other members of Parliament will proceed to Mitchellstown to-morrow.

London, Sept. 9.—A meeting of the Cabinet was called suddenly to-day for the purpose, it is believed, of discussing the progress of business in the House of Commons.

Dr. C. Kane, Grand Master of the Order of Orangemen, recently wrote to Mr. Gladstone asking him to state whether in his future proposals for Home Rule the representatives of Ireland, as an integral part of the United Kingdom, would be retained in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Gladstone has replied that the subject of the exclusion of Irish members from the Imperial Parliament is not involved in the question of Home Rule for Ireland.

Mitchellstown, where the case of the Government against Mr. Wm. O'Brien under the Crimes Act was to have been heard to-day, was crowded all day with civilians, police and soldiers. Mr. O'Brien did not appear to answer the summons. The service of the summons was proved and the Judge granted a warrant for Mr. O'Brien's arrest. An open air indignation meeting was subsequently held. Mr. Henry Labouchere and others made speeches denouncing the Government for their course in regard to Ireland.

Mitchellstown is now quiet. Mr. Dillon remains there but Mr. Labouchere has gone to Cork. The persons killed were an old man named Riordan, a resident of the locality, and an elderly cabman from Fermoy. The injuries received by the police consist principally of scalp wounds and bruises.

All was quiet throughout the night at Mitchellstown. All the persons who attended yesterday's meeting have returned to their homes. Fifty-four constables were injured to such an extent that physicians' services were required. One hundred and fifty civilians were also injured.

The police at Mitchellstown assert that the trouble there yesterday was due to the Nationalist leaders shouting for the mob to hold together. The town to-day is quiet. The Nationalists are exultant over the good fight they made yesterday. A Tipperary boy broke though a squad composed of twelve policemen and fought them single-handed. The police finally overpowered him, but the mob made a rush and rescued him from his captors. The police paraded this morning. A majority of them wore bandages over the wounds they received yesterday. Fourteen policemen who were injured during the rioting were carried to the hospital.

DEATH BY THE GUILLOTINE.

The Head and Body Immediately After Decapitation.

The *Progres Medical* publishes a paper by Drs. Regnard and Loye on the examination of the head and body of a convict immediately after his decapitation by the guillotine.

The prisoner was calm to the last and not pale, even when his neck was fixed ready to receive the fatal knife. Two seconds after decapitation the cheeks were still rosy, the eyes wide open, with moderately dilated pupils, the mouth firmly closed. When a finger was placed close to one eye no change of expression took place, but on touching an eye or the tips of the lashes during the first five seconds, the lids closed just as in life. This reflex action could not be excited from the sixth second after decapitation. The jaws were tightly closed and could not be opened by manual force. No similar muscular contraction could be detected in the trunk or extremities. One minute after death the face began to turn pale, the trunk remained flacid, the carotids continuing to throw out blood remaining in the circulatory area. At the end of four minutes the face was quite pale, the upper lids were half closed, the jaws less firmly clinched than before. The knife passed through the lower part of the fourth cervical vertebra.

These researches show that not a trace of consciousness remains two seconds after beheading; that reflex movement of the cornea can be excited for two seconds; that the heart may beat for an hour, the auricles continuing to pulsate alone for half that period, and that, putting aside the reflex movements of the eyelid, the contraction of the jaws and the jets of blood from the carotids, it seemed in this case as though a corpse had been decapitated so inert were the remains of the convict. Drs. Regnard and Loye note how calm and free even from physiological death-struggle symptoms is death by the guillotine. There is not even asphyxia.—*British Medical Journal.*

A train, with one passenger car attached, and a freight train collided on the Cumberland Railway, near Springhill Junction, N. S., late on Saturday. The engines were running tenders first, and both tenders were telescoped and completely demolished, but the machinery of the locomotives was not seriously injured. The engine drivers and firemen were all more or less hurt, but only one received fatal injury. Fireman Richmond, 17 years old, was thrown on top of one of the tenders and received internal injuries from which he died yesterday. One of the drivers forgetting his orders is supposed to be the cause of the disaster.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NEARLY all the English papers were fooled into publishing a statement that Prince Bismarck was taking twenty baths every day at Kissengen, remaining in the bath twenty minutes each time. Allowing ten minutes for undressing and twenty minutes for drying and dressing, the Chancellor's bathing programme would have occupied sixteen and two-thirds hours of each day, leaving the exhausted man only seven and one-third hours for sleep, meals and recreation.

ZEBEHR PASHA, who has just been released from a three years' imprisonment at Gibraltar, has played an important part in African politics for twenty-five years past. He has been an English prisoner ever since his capture by Gen. Gordon, over ten years ago. He was on parol in Cairo for eight years until his intrigues in behalf of the Mahdi obliged the British to shut him up at Gibraltar. Whether he will be contented to remain quietly in Cairo or will attempt to regain his sceptre in Darfur is an interesting problem.

A CURIOUS anæsthetic used by the Chinese has recently been made known to Dr. U. Lambuth in his third annual report of the Soochow hospital. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour and irritating it by prodding it. Under these circumstances it exudes a liquid, which forms a paste with a portion of the flour. This paste, dissolved in water, was found to possess well marked anæsthetic properties. After the finger had been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes it could be pricked with a needle without any pain being felt, and numbness of the lips and tongue was produced by applying the liquid to them.

London Society says: "Her Majesty is a lover of sentimental ballad music, but the words must be to her liking or she quickly has the piano shut down with a bang. 'In the Gloaming' the Queen would never allow after the first hearing, presumably because the young man and young woman under tuneful discussion didn't quite hit it off together. But 'In the Twilight,' by Violet Fane, set to music by Lady Macdonald, a pretty chanson, in which the interested parties think anything but bitterly of each other, has taken the royal fancy so keenly that the dedication thereof has been accepted by the Queen. If Her Majesty could only arrange to introduce an improvement on 'The Lost Chord' in the same way she would earn the undying thanks of people within range of the street instruments which are still searching for that infernal chord."

YOUNG ladies who fear to cross the "old maid" chalk mark may find comfort in this from the Chicago *News*: "The longevity of girlhood has increased in the last dozen or fifteen years. A girl is not an 'old maid' now until she is past 30. Once she was an 'old maid' at 25. In the better circles girls do not enter society at as early an age as they did when the tag 'old maid' was affixed to them if they didn't marry by the time they were 25. The lass of 16, 18, or even older, is in school occupied with her music and other studies now, and not receiving beaux alone in the parlor evenings. The largely increasing number of independently situated women who prefer to live unmarried is likely to work a decided change in the status of the 'old maid.' The girl who prefers the luxuries of her father's home to sharing a flat or a boarding house with a salaried young man is multiplying rapidly."

DISCUSSING women's rights, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "English women of rank exercise indirectly a very considerable influence upon public affairs. As a rule they are so completely one with their husbands that the latter have no secrets from them, and yet run no risk of imprudent revelations. The wife of a Minister is first and foremost his Private Secretary. Considering the inconvenience caused by Blue-books and the freedom of the press, State secrets are kept closer in London than anywhere else, while the most important public business is chiefly settled by confidential private notes. Now, there are many delicate questions, especially for a Prime Minister, that it would be dangerous to make known to a secretary. In such cases the Minister himself writes the letter, but before sending it off gets his wife to make a copy for his private papers. Lady Palmerston, as well as Lady Derby, Lady Clarendon, and Lady Russell, all did this confidential work."

SOME times a man's own medicine makes a very effectual remedy. Maryland reports that wife-beating has diminished more than one-quarter since the law punishing offences by the lash went into operation three years ago.

ENGLISH sporting words are rapidly becoming common property on both sides of the channel. "Match" is already imported into France, "jockey," "starter," "ring" and "handicap" bear it company. And, so far as entering the Gallic newspapers in italics as strangers, they appear in ordinary type.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, widow of the well-known New York publisher, has returned to that city from Europe, and talks very frankly to a reporter of her romantic adventure with Prince Eristoff de Gourie, whom she refused to marry. She says of the Prince: "He is the most charming man I ever met—about 40 years old and the manners of a polished diplomat, and he plays the piano exquisitely. He is accomplished and a perfect dresser." It is by such expressions as these that a woman shows how she really can "be a sister" to disappointed men.

THE *Sanitary News* describes a somewhat novel plan for disposing of sewage in the system which Colonel Waring has engaged to construct for San Diego, California, at a cost of about 400,000 dollars. The main sewer runs a quarter of a mile into the harbor to an outlet reservoir constructed alongside the deep ship channel. The reservoir will have an area of one acre and cost some 50,000 dollars. The collected sewage will fill this reservoir not more than 1½ foot deep. High tide will add 3½ feet of sea water to the mass. The contents thus diluted will be discharged into the outgoing tide by automatic gates opening an hour after high tide, and closing an hour before low tide. At Stockton and Sacramento, where the conditions are nearly identical, Colonel Waring will make wells in various flat parts of the cities, connecting with a deep outlet well by large syphons. It is stated that Colonel Waring has employed this plan for two years successfully at Norfolk, Virginia.

PROFESSOR GUSTAV RETZIUS has a chapter in his sketches of Finland respecting the uses which the Finnish people make of birch-bark. Shoes are made of it. The bark, having been peeled, is cut into strips, rolled up carefully and put away for future use. When the Finnish peasant wants a pair of new shoes he takes one of his rolls, cuts it up into strips of suitable width, soaks it in water to soften it, and then weaves it into the form he desires. It is all done very rapidly; a half hour or less sometimes suffising for the whole work. Many other uses are found for birch-bark. The sheath in which the peasant carries his inseparable knife is made of it. It is woven into pockets or bags of various sizes, which are used all over Finland. Birch-bark is made into salt-tubs, cords and lines, brushes for washing out wooden vessels, boxes, sieves and tubs, and many other articles for which we use wood or basket material.

Mathison's Canaries.

The members of the press party have not so soon forgotten the awfully green couple that so much sport was made of at Peninsular Park Hotel, where they were regarded as the softest pair that had came under the notice of any of them for many a long day. At the solicitation of Mr. Matheson, Superintendent of the Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institute and an ex-publisher, this loving couple, that had attracted considerable attention on the boat going over from Barrie by their flashy attire of cheap goods and general get up of their *personnel*, were invited to accompany the press party to the hotel and partake of the complimentary lunch. On reaching the main entrance they were introduced to the majority of those present, taking everything in good part and still remaining in locked arms. This part of the ceremony being over they were asked to register their names as guests but the groom was not accustomed to writing and the gentlemen seeing them through persuaded the bride to do the honors, which she did in the following manner without raising her gauzy veil or removing her white cotton gloves: "Mr. an Mrs. Blossom an wife Orillia." They occupied seats at the festive board and were apparently very proud of the attention paid to them. The Press party left them at Big Bay Point, and for the balance of the trip the gestures or attire of this soft couple were a favorable topic of conversation. Mr. Bogart, our photo. artist, offered to give them half a dozen cabinets if they would sit for a negative, but they somehow declined to accept his generous offer. The members of the party will no doubt be greatly surprised to learn that this same pair were no less than Scott Act detectives, and in a few days after their departure convictions for illegal selling were quite numerous, not only at the Point, but also in Barrie and vicinity, while week before last alone $550 were imposed in fines. Police Magistrate Partridge has imposed fines to the amount of $2,150, all of which have been paid except $250. The "green pair" no doubt have laughed in their sleeves many a time to think how they fooled the "quill drivers." The Barrie *Gazette* says that the past two or three weeks have been the liveliest that country has witnessed since the Scott Act became law in Simcoe.—*Newmarket Era.*

Faithful to the Last.

A touching instance of fidelity on the part of a dog has just occurred in the east of Paris. Some gendarmes, going their rounds a day or two since, found on a waste land near Menilmontant gate a man hanging to a shrub. His suicide was a most determined one, for his legs were extended along the ground, and his hands touched the soil, so low was he suspended. Between his legs a dog lay sleeping. The poor animal; when aroused by the footsteps of the gendarmes, tried to make them understand in dumb show what had happened to his master. The body was cut down and carried away to the morgue, in spite of the frantic protestations of the faithful friend and the latter was locked up. There being nothing on the body to show its identity, the Police Commissary made use of the dog to ascertain the abode of the suicide. The animal was released and made to follow a house in the Rue des Harles. The police on arriving there, found that a working carpenter was missing, and the dog was recognized by the concierge as belonging to him. The animal has been adopted by some of the inmates of the house.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

The Fish Story of the Season.

I see stories regarding the intelligence of dogs are going about, and I should like to tell you my dog's tale. He is a clever and generally well-behaved dog. Every day I give him (in the approved manner of clever dog-owners) the sum of two pence, wherewith he goes to the baker's and the newsvendor's to buy a roll for himself and a *Daily News* for me. Yesterday, however, he came home with neither physical nor mental pabulum, but smelling strongly of smoke. To-day I again gave him the two-pence, but followed him at a discreet distance. He went up to an automatic cigarette box at a railway station, stood upon his hind legs, dropped his penny in, pressed the knob with his nose and took his cigarette. He was just making for the similar match provider hard by when I arrested him.—*London Globe.*

Crushed to Death.

William Jackson, a wealthy farmer living on lot 21, 4th concession of West York, was rolling in the fields on Thursday, when his feet became entangled in the lines, and he fell from his seat. The roller passed over him, crushing him to death.

The London *Echo* points out that so long ago as the time of Edward I. the busiest part of the metropolis had something like a compulsory Early Closing Act, for the Lord Mayor and aldermen decreed "that there shall be no market in Chepe or Cornhill after curfew rung at St. Paul's."

The electric light is now being used in the Scotch fisheries with great success.

Said an Irish Justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial, "We want nothing but silence and but little of that."

TWELVE hundred divorces were granted in St. Louis last year. St. Louis may yet rival Chicago.

ACCORDING to our cable despatches, it is feared that the great floods on the Nile will cause a famine. There may be corn in Egypt, but there won't be doura, which is the staple article of food in many districts.

HUNTING FOR FROGS.

How the Croakers are Speared and Served Up by the Wisconsin Epicures.

"Ever go frogging? No? Well, you ought to go. Talk about a deer. They're no wilder than a ripe frog. You have to be very cunning. I like the early morning best for spearing. Getting in a boat, I am paddled noiselessly around the grassy shores of some lake, where I find the frogs blinking their big, watery eyes, just preparatory to going to rest for the day. The frog is a night bird, you know, and many persons, especially those who hunt them for market, go frogging by lantern-light. Sometimes they wade along the shores slowly, but the best way is to use a boat and jack-light. You can go more stilly and always have better success."

The reporter dropped into a popular downtown restaurant a few days later and just in time to hear a gentleman in sporting attire exclaim:

"Ah there, Charley, a dozen frogs will be about my size to-day."

The reporter sought the chef.

"Who eat frog legs?" repeated he. "Well, you see, the sporting people are particularly fond of them. In fact they are eaten by Americans generally, although it was originally a French dish, as we all know, and so distinctively so that France became popularly styled the nation of frog-eaters. To stigmatize a Frenchman as a frog-eater has come to be an ancestral chestnut. Very few Germans will eat them. I don't know whether it is because of any squeamishness or whether they dislike frogs, just because their hated neighbors, the French, make so much of them. Whatever the reason, they won't eat them. Our Milwaukee frog supply is obtained from the little lakes, marshes and creeks over the State, and Wisconsin is a great frog State. Just now the receipts of hams are quite large from Muskego, Roscobel and Prairie du Chien. The supply is larger this year than last, but it is still much short of the demand as so many more people call for them. Big frog legs measure from eight to ten inches in length, and for this size we pay from 80 cents to $1.20 a dozen. We dish them out at from $1.20 to $1.50 a dozen, and fix them up so that seven legs make a dozen. At this size they will run about six legs to the pound. We pay from 35 to 60 cents a dozen for the smaller ones, and get from 75 to 80 cents for them on the table. We are going to have some monsters in to-morrow. They are on their way, and wish you would call in and see them."

"How do you prepare them?"

"There is only one way to dish up frogs, and that is to fry them like oysters, in a batter of cornmeal and eggs. They mustn't be too well cooked, and if just right, a more tempting dish was never set before an epicure. They are such a great delicacy, too. Why, we have numerous calls from invalids for frogs' legs, who say such a diet has been prescribed by the attending physician. A sick person can eat, enjoy and digest a dish of frogs, when any other meat you might name would produce almost mortal agony or very harmful results."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A Faithful Servant.

The following comes to "Listener" from a Maine city, and it strikes him that, for once, he may break in its behalf, the old rule never to call a story a good one before it is told:

One evening not long ago there was arrested a gentleman of position and of cherry habits. The policeman said he had found the old gentleman on the street drunk. Complaint was entered against him, but as he seemed to be able to get about, he was released on his recognizance and sent home in a hack, which he paid for with great alacrity. When his case came up in court the only witnesses summoned to prove his condition were the policeman and the old family servant of the accused, a faithful and devoted retainer. The policeman had given his testimony, which was unqualified as to the fact of the old gentleman's intoxication. Then the old servant was called to the stand. There was a mingled expression of indignation and determination on his countenance. He testified flatly, to the surprise of the court-room, that the old man was sober when he came home. The prosecuting attorney proceeded to question.

'You say that Mr. — was sober when he came home?'

'Yes sir.'

'Did he go to bed alone?'

'No sir.'

'Did you put him to bed?'

'Yes sir.'

'What did he say when you put him to bed?'

'He said Good night.'

'Anything else?'

'He said as how I was to call him early.'

'Anything else?'

'Yes sir.'

'What was it? Tell us exactly what he said, every word.'

'He said as how I was to wake and call him early, for he was to be Queen of the May.'

The courtroom roared. And in spite of the old servant's very positive testimony the accused was convicted and fined.

Sober Second Thought.

"You say you want to marry my daughter; have you spoken to her?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and have gained her consent."

"Well, if she has said yes, that settles it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't have the slightest influence."

Then the young man goes home and wonders if he isn't too young to marry such a girl.—*Puck.*

The Faithful Escort.

Jessie—"If that bull should attack us what could you do?"

Tom—"I could reach that fence in less than two seconds."

Jessie—"Yes, but what could I do?"

Tom—"You? Why, your parasol would keep his attention until I was safely over."

Mrs. D. G. Croly ("Jenny June") has been made president of Mrs. R. P. Newby's Women's Endowment Cattle Company. The company has filed its certificate of incorporation in New Jersey, and has a capital stock of $1,500,000, divided into 3,000 shares of $500 each. The company has control of nearly two million acres of fine grazing land in New Mexico, on which there are now 6,000 head of cattle.

ANTOINETTE SOMES' ROMANCE.

She Runs Away to Marry Her Lover and Returns the Wife of a Future Baron.

Several days ago a handsome lady, accompanied by a bright pale-faced boy of some 5 years, registered at the Troy House as "Mrs. I. Maitland and son, Shanghai, China." There is quite a romance connected with Mrs. Maitland's life. Some twenty years back Mrs. Maitland lived with her parents on North Third street. She was a romantic school girl of some 15 summers, and was then known as Antoinette Somes. In some inconceivable way the girl formed an attachment for a young man living out of town. The Somes people were of the stern Quaker blood, and, hearing of their daughter's clandestine meetings with the young man from out of town, Antoinette was forbidden to keep further company with her lover. But where is the young school girl that reasons at the age of guileless 15? The parents meant well, but their daughter looked at their opposition as merciless persecution. The girl accordingly made arrangements with her lover to leave the city. An elopement was the result, and Antoinette was renounced by her watchful sire. Everything went well with the young and romantic couple. They were married and settled in California. After a few years of married bliss Antoinette lost her husband. Some friends were going to China, and they persuaded the young woman to accompany them. So in far-off China the Troy girl found a home. Her parents lost all trace of her whereabouts for many years. The young woman seemed to possess a lucky star. She was courted and flattered by the gay colony of Americans at Shanghai, and reigned a belle for years. One day she was taken sick and her life hung by a thread for many weeks. She was advised to visit a health resort in China, and accordingly did as she was bidden. While the invalid was slowly gaining strength she formed the acquaintance of a wealthy Scotch merchant named I. Maitland, the eldest son of Sir John Maitland, a Scotch Baron, who possesses many acres in the land of Caledonia. Mr. Maitland fell in love with the Troy girl, and, to make a long story short, married her. This is our Troy girl's romance. Mrs. Maitland was advised some months since to leave her home at Shanghai, China, owing to the poor health of her son. A trip to America was recommended, and accordingly Mrs. Maitland started with her boy for the far-off home she had left so many years ago. A great many changes had occurred in Troy since Mrs. Maitland so suddenly departed. Her father had died, but her mother, Mrs. Maria Somes, and a sister still lived at the old home on North Third street. It is needless to say that the wanderer was received with open arms by the delighted relatives, and that the foolish little escapade of Mrs. Maitland's girlhood was entirely overlooked. Mrs. Maitland is now visiting with friends on the Albany road. She intends to remain in Troy until spring, and possibly longer if her son's health does not improve. The boy, John Maitland, is the future heir to the estate and dignity of his Scotch grandfather, Sir John Maitland. —*Troy Press.*

Two Lamentable and Fatal Accidents.

On Monday night James Ellrington, aged about 19 years, only son of Mr. Robert Ellrington, of Drummondville, went with two or three others coon hunting. They treed a coon, and this young man resolved to climb the tree and dislodge the animal, but, to the horror of his companions, poor James fell to the ground from the height of forty or fifty feet, and, of course, never spoke another word. He lingered till noon on Tuesday, and then died.

About the time James Ellrington expired a fire broke out at the residence of Mr. John Trice, next door to where the above young man was taken when the accident occurred and where he expired. Mr. Trice entered the dwelling to try and secure, as it is thought, his cash box, containing, it is said, over $200, but the unfortunate man neither saved himself nor money. He was so badly burned that he only lived about two hours after the accident. He leaves a widow and two children to mourn their sad loss.

The Wise and Foolish Virgins.

Ingersoll *Sun*: Last Saturday evening the Salvation Army introduced a novel and attractive feature in their usual parade. It consisted of ten young ladies arrayed in white robes, somewhat after the oriental style of garments, and each carried a lamp in her hand. Five of the lamps were lighted and the other five were not. The object was to represent the parable of the ten virgins who went out to meet the bridegroom, as recorded in the 25th chapter of Matthew, of whom five were wise, and five were—otherwise. It attracted considerable attention from the large crowd on the streets.

A Growing Child.

Conductor—Madame, did I understand you to say this girl is not 12 years old?

Mother—She will be 12 next spring.

"And you want to go all the way to New York on this car?"

"Yes."

"Then you should not go on this train."

"Why not?"

"Because this is a slow train, and if that girl keeps on growing as she has been, by the time we get to New York she will be so large that she will not be able to get through the car door. The company can't afford to take the car to pieces on a half-fair ticket.

A Dime Novel Hero.

Edward Horne, a lad 16 years of age, from Galt, supplied himself with a bulldog revolver, loaded up to the brim, $73.60 in cash and a false moustache and went to Toronto. Detective Alf. Cuddy saw him acting strangely at the Union station and took him into custody. He explained that he was only fooling with the moustache and wanted to play a joke on a friend he expected in on the train, but the excuse would not go down and he was locked up.

Katydids and fireflies are articles of trade in Japan. The former are sold in little bamboo cages for the modest sum of two cents. The fireflies are sold by the dozen in little gauze cages, and are purchased chiefly by juvenile customers.

The Executive Committee Toronto City Council yesterday voted $200 to the sufferers by fire at the village of Newburg.

HER FATHER'S WORDS CAME TRUE.

A Girl Repents an Elopement that Came of a Seaside Flirtation.

Leonard H. Wager, a well-known young man of Troy, eloped from New York with Nellie Nugent, the pretty daughter of a contractor in that city. The father, mother and sister of Miss Nugent followed her to Troy and tried to induce her to return home with them. She was at Wager's mother's house, and Wager had introduced her as his wife. Mr. Nugent made a charge of larceny of a watch against his daughter when other efforts failed to persuade her to leave Wager, and went to the house with an officer. Wager, who was not present at the first interview, then appeared and called Miss Nugent out of the room. Wager and the girl quickly left the house by a rear door, entered a carriage and were driven to a minister's house, where they were married. Mrs. Wager then refused to return to New York. Her father left, telling her she would rue the day of her foolish act. His words have come true. Several of Mrs. Wager's relatives visited her Friday at her residence, and when they left she accompanied them to a hotel and remained over night. It is said that arrangements were made to have Wager sign certain papers on Saturday, but when the party returned to Wager's house he was not there. However, Mrs. Wager and her husband agreed to separate, and she has gone back to her father's residence in New York. The elopement and subsequent marriage were the result of a seaside flirtation.

Dealing in the Dark.

Four blind men, graduates of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Instruction of the Blind, played a game of draw-poker Monday night in a room in the Moon and Stars a quaint old inn on the Germantown road, and it is stated that $135 was won by one of the players, who cleaned out the other three. The men played with cards devised and manufactured by John Stevens, who was one of the losers in the game. They were about three times as thick as the ordinary cards. The body of the card bore no marks whatever, but in the upper left-hand corner of each were the sunken marks which signified the card's value. The suits were designated by the letters D, H, C and S, and the cards by the letters or numbers beneath them, the ace of spades for instance, being marked S, with the figure 1 beneath, and the Queen of hearts H, with the letter Q beneath. All four of the players have been using the cards for some time, and have become quite proficient in handling and reading them. The winner of the game was Philip Wormser, a musician, who plays the organ in one of the Philadelphia churches. The winning hand was four queens. Stevens held an ace high flush, and the other two players held a "jack full" and a "seven full" respectively. A curious feature of the game was that the players played with the usual red, blue and white colored chips, and distinguished the colors entirely by the sense of touch.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Is There a Methodist Boycott?

Rev. Dr. Potts in his remarks on College Federation the other evening said that, although the Methodists of this country comprised one-third of the population, they were scarcely represented in any of the higher positions in the land. Only one Methodist judge sat upon the Bench, Justice Rose; in the Ottawa Ministry, not one; in the Ontario Ministry, not one; in the Dominion Senate, only two or three; in the Ontario Legislature, only half a dozen or so; and if the High School Boards could keep them out in favor of Toronto University, they would be kept out. We told the doctor afterwards that for one thing we felt devoutly thankful—there were no Methodists in the Ottawa Ministry. We have a profound respect for good Methodists, and we would not like to see them in any position where they would be in constant danger of being morally polluted and corrupted; nor did we wish any of them, good or bad, such a fate as consignment to that state of oblivious deadness and uselessness, the Senate. As to the other positions, it never occurred to us that there were no Methodists in them. So long as they were well and worthily filled, we never questioned whether the incumbents were Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, Presbyterians or Baptists. Soon as good Methodists are in demand to fill good fat positions, out of danger of contamination, we will present ourselves.—*Mitchell Recorder.*

Another Counterfeit.

A new counterfeit American silver dollar is in circulation in the States and it is not unlikely than an attempt will be made to pass some of them here. It is evidently made by casting from a mould taken from a genuine piece. It is not stamped by a die. In color it is somewhat lighter than genuine silver, having a clean, soapy appearance and feel which prevent ordinary grit or dust from adhering to it. The lines of the engraving are not at all sharp, like the original, and the coin is noticeably thicker, the milling lines on the edge longer, and the diameter slightly shorter. The "s" in the word "pluribus" is noticeably bad.

Realism With a Vengeance.

In a serial story by Mr. W. D. Howells, which is running in a magazine, he says of the act of a young woman: "She did it with a cold, bright smile, making white rings of ironical deprecation around the pupils of her eyes." This is realism with a vengeance.—*Chicago News.*

She Kept Track of the Letters.

Letter Carrier—"That's for your mistress, isn't it?"

Maid—"Yes, that's for Miss Julia. He has written three times to her since she wrote to him. Guess she wants to give him the grand bounce."

EVEN the conservative Chinese appear to be up to date. The regular Chinese troops are being armed with a repeater. In principle it is very similar to the Lee, the bolt action and the magazine attachment below the breech being unmistakable adaptations from that weapon. The cartridge is small, and the rifle is sighted to 600 yards.

There is a movement in France to declare the day of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national holiday.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Mr. R. Trimble's store has been reshingled.

Good goods at low prices for cash at Bates'. Come and see.

Miss Alice Leitch returned to Owen Sound on Friday last.

S. Spirit will remove his business to Sydenham St. next week.

Great Clearing Sale of Furniture at Bates' for the next 30 days.

Remember Artemesia Agricultural Society's fall show comes off at Priceville this year, on Tuesday, Oct. 4th.

An immense stock of Watches at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton, from $6.50 to $60. Warranted from 2½ to 5 years.

Mr. Jos. Blackburn contemplates the erection of a very handsome private residence, on his lot opposite the Town Hall here, next season. The building will be of solid brick.

Everybody in the community will come out to the Harvest Home to be held in Flesherton on Wednesday of next week. Don't fail to be present, and be sure and come early in order to avoid the rush for seats.

The Housekeeper for October will contain a full account of the wedding of the manageress of that paper, in the Minneapolis, Minn., Exposition, on the evening of September 28, together with accurate descriptions and illustrations of the participants' wedding dresses and presents. A copy of this issue will be mailed free to any of our lady readers sending their address to THE BUCKEYE PUB. CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

The peace and quiet of Sabbath evenings in Chesley have been disturbed very much of late by drunken rowdies. It is not known where they get their whiskey. Probably they suck eggs, for the antis will resort to any artifice,—however mean and base,—in order to hurt the Scott Act, and people have been known to find something more than egg juice inside of egg-shells before to-day. A man is pretty low down in the social scale when he has to resort to such tricks to defeat the ends of justice.

Every farmer within a radius of at least five miles of Flesherton should attend the grand Harvest Home Festival, to be held in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on Wednesday next, Sept. 28th. Supper will be served in the basement of the church from 5 to 7 p. m., after which will come the Platform meeting, when addresses will be delivered on interesting topics by a number of ministers and laymen. Good music is being specially prepared for the occasion. To avoid the rush for seats, it will be necessary to come early. Bring yourselves, your wives and your families, and spend a pleasant and profitable evening. Tickets for supper and entertainment, 25 cents. See bills just issued.

A Box for the Printer's Devil.

A sweet, pious old lady was visiting a fair journalist one day and was very much interested in the apparent neatness and good order of her desk, as well as the many oddities that ornamented it, and commented upon it all, admitting she "expected to find a literary woman's desk all helter-skelter." She also noticed the journalist frequently opened a drawer and sought for some article in a box that seemed to have just what she wanted, and the old lady's curiosity prompted her to ask what in the world that box was for?

"That's my little hell-box," was the grave answer.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the visitor, putting on her eye-glasses, "your what?"

"Why, my hell-box; there is everything useful in it from a corkscrew to a cathartic pill," said the journalist, still absorbed in her work.

"Bless my soul I never heard of such a box as a—"

Suddenly it dawned upon the hostess that the old lady never heard of that article of typographic significence, and a peal of laughter burst from her lips as she answered:

"You do not know that a 'hell-box, is a very useful article in a printing office, do you?"

"No," said the old lady, sadly, "I have heard about the printer's devil, but I never knew they had a box for him."

PROFITABLE PARAGRAPHS

Where to get suited in a winter overcoat—

At Richardson & Co's.

Where to get a fall suit good and cheap—

At Richardson & Co's.

Where to buy Boots right—

At Richardson & Co's.

Where to get my new Hat—

At Richardson & Co's.

Where to select a stylish dress—

At Richardson & Co's.

Where to find a pretty Bonnet—

At Richardson & Co's.

Where to buy my Teas—

At Richardson & Co's.

Where to find everything I want and get it right, why—

At Richardson & Co's.

What you can't get there is out of date, no use to have.

Bring your want list along and try it.

Another Lie Nailed.

From the Orangeville Advertiser.

We have received the following letter from Police Magistrate Gray, denying the statements attributed to him by The Dufferin Post in its issue of Sept. 1st.:

Editor of The Advertiser.

My Dear Sir,—I am not in general a reader of The Orangeville Post, therefore not acquainted with the news it gives to the public, to any great extent. But my attention has been drawn by Inspector Anderson —who was present at the time spoken of—to an article in The Post representing me as saying I have become thoroughly convinced that the Scott Act is a complete farce. In another place in the same article I am represented as saying I am convinced from my experience that the imposition of high license is the best and only way of regulating the liquor traffic. I never gave utterance to such sentiments. The Scott Act in the abstract was not the subject of conversation after the trial of Bennett, as referred to by The Post, but the subject that formed our conversation was the difficulties I met with in enforcing the Scott Act in Dufferin, and on that subject I did say witnesses are prepared to purjure themselves to defeat the ends of the law. I did say that when a case is brought into court I find it almost impossible to secure a conviction, for all the legal talent of the county appears to be arrayed against me, and the greater part of those persons who voted for the Scott Act are dead to the enforcement of it. I believe the law of 1878 is the best law ever enacted to put down the vice of intemperance when properly enforced; but in the enforcement of it how have the officers of the law been met by the lawless creatures who are determined to sell the poison in the face of all law! Let the firebrand and Mr. Jull's shops and saw mill answer that question. When Mr. Munro was appointed Police Magistrate and tried to enforce the Scott Act, he and the Inspector were met by the deadly dynamite, five explosions given to them. When I was put into office my first summons was torn into shreds, the constable abused and assaulted, and the law and myself defied. With such a record of defiance it is not to be wondered at that some of the Government officials should say to me that Dufferin was the most lawless county of any in Canada This is the statement I made at Grand Valley respecting the lawlessness of Dufferin; and not as The Post has put it: That at Grand Valley a few weeks ago, Mr. Gray said that he was informed by the Government that nowhere throughout Ontario was the administration of the law more disgraceful and corrupt than in the County of Dufferin during the Munro regime.

There is another false statement made by The Post, which is as follows: The Ontario Government is to-day holding an investigation to ascertain what Fisher did with the fines. The Government is doing nothing of the kind. But the fiends incarnate represented by The Post may find out to their cost what the Government is investigating. I have no wish to be misrepresented, but boldly say that the Scott Act has no truer friend in the County of Dufferin than myself, and I shall stand by it while there is a plank in the ship.

Trusting you will find room in The Advertiser for this letter,

I am, yours truly,

M. S. Gray,
Police Magistrate.

THE ADVANCE TILL JANUARY, 1888 FOR 25 CENTS.

He was Relieved Despite her Sufferings.

Over in Petosky, Mich., a lady rubbed phosphorous on her bunion, presumably to ease the pain, and then retired to her downy couch. Along in the night her husband, who was a drinking man, by the way, thought he say a fiery eye looking at him. He imagined that he saw a frightful winged monster with one blazing eye staring at him; and after standing it as long as he could he decided to kill it. Slowly he reached under the bed till he found his bootjack, and after spitting on his hands he whaled away. The next moment his poor wife gave a yell that nearly lifted him out of bed, but when he found out the true state of affairs he was immensely relieved, even though his wife has been obliged to walk on crutches ever since.

A Novel Incentive to Speed.

Honest John Blank was for seventy years the well-known Governor of a New England State. Governor John had a brother William, perhaps equally honest, though less well-know, who was a sportsman, and somewhat given to the cheering cup. On one of his shooting excursions William and a boon companion found that their horse did not trot quite rapidly enough to correspond with their exhilarated notions of the proper speed, and the companion fired a charge of bird-shot into the animal to encourage him. The horse dashed off, the buggy rocking, hats and parcels flying in all directions, and William, ruler of the storm, shouted with delight: "Shoot 'im ag'in! shoot 'im ag'in! He goes adm'ably."

Be on Your Guard.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OXFORD & NEW GLASGOW RAILWAY.

Sec.—Mines Road to Pictou Town, Branch of I. C. R.

Tender for the Works of Construction.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1887, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway, at River John, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 1st day of October, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1887.

STRAY SHEEP.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 9, Con. 19, Proton, two Ewe Sheep. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. ROBERT PATON,
Proton, Sept 17th, 1887. 326-8

To RENT or for SALE.

BEING North half of Lot 31, Con. 10, Township of Artemesia, 63 acres, 50 of which is cleared and in good state of cultivation. Good barn, house, and pump at the door. For fuller particulars apply to WM. WILSON,
323—1m. on the premises.

FARM for SALE

CONTAINING 50 acres, being Lot 170 in the 1st Con. South West of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia: 45 acres well cleared; about ¾ of an acre of good Orchard; splendid well; good log house 18x24, also log barn; near the thriving village of Flesherton. Reasonable terms. For full particulars, apply to THOMAS O'MELLIA,
[333-6] Collingwood P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE or to RENT.

LOT 28, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Situated about half way between Flesherton and Maxwell on the Collingwood road. Good well, good spring at rear of lot; barn, stable and other accommodations. For full particulars and terms, apply to JAMES KESTER,
Aug. 25th, 1887.—3 m. Flesherton.

The Advance

Till Jan. 1st, '88,

—FOR—

25 CENTS.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, , Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

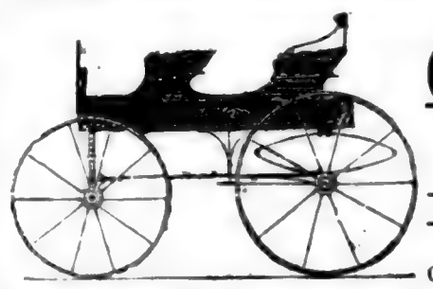

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

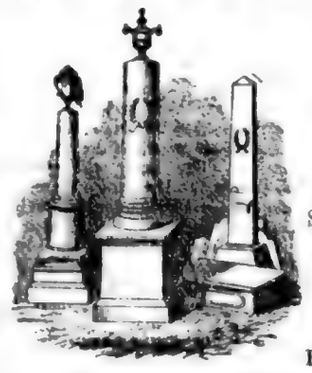

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones, Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1888.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

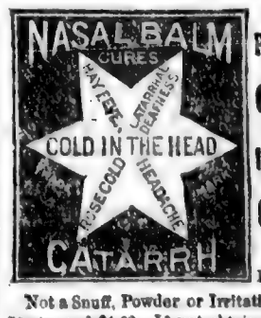

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, - ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 327. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Everybody

Wait.

Don't buy any Watches, Clocks, or Plateware from me or any other Jeweller 'till you see my Lines and Prices at the

Fleshertcn Fall Fair!

I intend making, without exception the FINEST DISPLAY ever shown at that Fair, and will clear some

Staple Lines

—at—

"YOUR OWN PRICES."

Be Prepared to Buy.

FOR 5 YEARS

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines :—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat.
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Dr. Christoe has had a well dug in the rear of the Medical Hall.

THE ADVANCE will shortly be moving into its new office on Sydenham street.

Mrs. Heard, of Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. L. White, of Flesherton.

Our town clock, in M. Richardson & Co's establishment has been lit up by gas lately.

Miss Irwin, of Heathcote, is visiting her brother here, Mr. Wm. Irwin, Principal of our Public Schools.

Mrs. W. P. Crossley returned home on Wednesday of last week from her visit to the Manitoulin Island.

I have two good Houses in Flesherton to rent. For particulars apply to ROBT. WHITTEN, or at THE ADVANCE office.

Mr. T. Henderson, the Toronto Dentist, will be in Flesherton Saturday, Oct. 1st, for the practice of his profession.

The jewelry exhibits by Russell, of Flesherton, and Brown, of Markdale, at East Grey fair last week, were very interesting features.

Mrs. Caswell, a fair citizen of Markdale, was in town on fair day, and by a curious co-incidence so also was License Inspector Campbell.

Mr D. Clayton, Harness-maker, Flesherton, shipped a fine double set of harness to Mr. Wm. Spiker, Manitoulin Island, on Tuesday last. Good for Flesherton!

Miss McFarland and Miss Monkhouse, of Stouffville, were the guests of Mrs. Wm. Clayton, Flesherton, part of last week and this. They returned home on Tuesday.

The Educational sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Shilton last Sunday evening was a masterly effort, and was listened to by a large congregation. Text: "And the earth helped the woman."—Rev. 12c., 16v.

Remember Artemesia Show takes place in Priceville on Tuesday next, Oct. 4th. Every farmer in the Township should be present and exhibit something if possible. Remember, "Never venture never win."

The two best calves exhibited at East Grey Show last week were from the bull owned by Messrs. E. & W. S. O'Brien, Artemesia. These gentlemen intend keeping him for stock-raising purposes another year.

Willie Carson, of Tyrone, aged about 12 years, got his arm broken above the wrist one day last week. He and his brother were logging and he got on a fence for some purpose and fell off with the above result.

REMOVAL! Mr. Geo. Keefer has removed his flour and feed store to his residence on Hill street, where he will be pleased to meet all his old customers and as many new ones as will favor him with their patronage.

Speaking with one of our citizens on fair day, Major Rorke, M. P. P. for Centre Grey, expressed himself as being highly pleased and very favorably impressed with the substantial character of the public and other buildings in Flesherton.

Those intending to compete for Pulford & Fisher's special prize at Artemesia fall show to be held in Priceville next Tuesday, should remember that they are required to exhibit one bushel each of Fall and Spring Wheat, Oats, Peas and Barley.

Baldness may be prevented, and a thick growth of Hair stimulated, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation also restores the natural color to gray hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

Messrs. Petch & Mitchell, butchers, have removed their business stand to that lately occupied by Mr. S. Spirit, next door to Medical Hall, where they will be happy to meet with all their old customers and as many new ones as will favor them with their patronage.

Thornbury is improving—the morals thereof as well as the town. The new hotel-keeper of the Paul House appeared before the Mayor recently on the strength of an urgent invitation served by chief Constable Friend, and contributed $20 and costs to the Treasury Dept. and other sources.

A Harvest Home Festival will be held in the Methodist church, Wareham, on Tuesday evening next, Oct. 4th. Tea will be served from 5 till 7 o'clock p.m., after which will come a good program of vocal music by the choir, addresses, &c. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents. All are cordially invited.

The handsomest man on the Toronto police force is sturdy, broad-shouldered Joe Phillips—formerly of the Township of Osprey. Mr. Phillips attended East Grey fair on Friday, where he was the observed of all observers. But physically handsome as he is, Joe—as he is familiarly called—is one of the most genial and kindly of men, with a warm clasp of the hand and a cheerful smile for everyone.

The old "pea under the shells" racket was successfully worked on a number of unsuspecting and easily gulled youths and adults in Flesherton on the second day of East Grey show. When will people learn that it is utterly impossible to beat any man in his own game? We are told the gulled ones wanted to get the sharper's scalp; but to tell the truth they got what they deserved. If they stick their fingers in the fire, why they'll get scorched of course.

Mr. C. J. Sproule attended the Summer School of Music at Toronto in August. We are pleased to learn that he successfully passed the examination on music, held under the direction of the Educational Department at the close of the School. Mr. Sproule is also a member of Ontario Teachers Normal Music Association, composed of Music and Public School School Teachers interested in the teaching of vocal music. May Mr. Sproule attain to still greater eminences in the musical world.

A dog undertook to jump through a pane of glass in front of Russell's Noted Jewelry Store here on Monday forenoon last. He succeeded in the attempt at the first trial and now there is a fresh demand for glass. It is thought the dog is musically inclined and was aching to hear somebody toot one of the cornets, from which melodious sounds are occasionally evoked by Wes. and J. G. But the only music furnished on the occasion came from the dog himself as he made his rather hasty exit from the premises.

Sharpers were on the alert on Exhibition day. A man with three shells and a pea raked in a lot of money from the public, in spite of the warning they often receive, to "Never bet with a man on his own game." The bet was for a dollar, and the sharper would shuffle the pea in amongst the shells and the trick was to tell which shell the pea was under. Young men and even older ones were taken in but it will perhaps prove a warning to them to let such sharpers alone in future.

The Flesherton ADVANCE asks the following pertinent question, "Will Dr. Landerkin inform his constituents in South Grey, on which side of the fence he will roost, in case the Scott Act is submitted in Grey." THE ADVANCE man ought to have better sense than ask such a question. The Doctor is on the fence and fully intends to remain there. The M. P. for South Grey has been there before, and knows exactly how it works. —*Wiarton Echo,*

Ye Editor's private residence on Sydenham street is rapidly approaching completion. The roofing (laid in mortar) was completed Saturday evening last, and now a kitchen, with stone foundation, and a woodshed, together with other accessories, are being added. The printing office is also closed in and will soon be finished. Contractors J.E. Moore and Fred. Ryder have pushed forward the work expeditiously. Both men have, one would almost think, more work on hand this season than they can handle. Mr. Ryder has refused several jobs, and Mr. Moore, assisted by a large staff, is making strenuous efforts to keep pace with contracts made and others coming in.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society here is to be congratulated on the success of its efforts in connection with the concert held under its auspices in the Town Hall last Friday evening. The place was comfortably filled; and, had the weather not looked so threatening all evening, would have been packed to overflowing. Rev. A. Wilson, the esteemed and able pastor, occupied the chair in his usual charming manner. Mrs. Fox, the well-known Toronto vocalist, made her first appearance before a Flesherton audience on this occasion, and created a perfect *furore*, being repeatedly and enthusiastically encored. Her guitar solo was surpassingly beautiful, while her singing has seldom, if ever, been equalled in this town. Her voice is wonderfully sweet and pure, and her perfect control over it—in the high as in the low notes—approaches the marvellous. Our local singers also distinguished themselves. Solos by Miss VanDusen and Miss Christoe showed good taste in the selection as well as in the rendering thereof. The Flesherton Glee Club "brought down the house"—but then they always do. Miss Hopkins recited and A. R. Fawcett read. Revs. Watson and Shilton delivered short and happy speeches. Shortly before ten o'clock "God save the Queen" was sung and the audience went home in a happy and desirable frame of mind.

Advance Office Visitors.

The following gentlemen called at THE ADVANCE office on Friday, second day of East Grey show—held here last week:—

Mr. James McDougall, a genial Highland Scotch subscriber, from Priceville neighborhood.

Mr. Chas. E. Neil, the popular Feversham business man.

Mr. Chas. Pye, leader of the famous Clarksburg Band, and a prominent business man of that town. Also Secretary of the Collingwood Tp. Agricultural Society.

Mr. E. E. Lyne, the leading merchant in Clarksburg.

Major Rorke, M. P. P. for centre Grey, of Clarksburg. The Major never looked better.

Mr. Thos. A. Blakely, of that popular young firm of Maxwell carriage manufacturers, Messrs. Little & Blakely.

Mr. Wm. Guy, of Maxwell—one of the best known and most highly respected men in East Grey—an old friend and esteemed subscriber. Ex-President of Osprey Agricultural Society.

Mr. Samuel Gandin, the genial and highly popular Principal of Kimberley Public School.

Mr. W. A. Brown, the popular and energetic Markdale watchmaker and jeweller.

License Inspector James Campbell, of Thornbury—the most vigilant Government official in Northern Ontario, a good honest Scotchman, and an old and valued friend of Ye Editor's.

Dr. Hixon, Priceville's good looking and clever medico.

There were a large number of visitors from the more immediate neighborhood.

TAMARAC is not an ordinary mixture. In fact its properties are entirely different from any preparation used for Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung Troubles.

Russell's

AT FLESHERTON FALL FAIR!

AND TO-MORROW!

TO-DAY

SEE

Immense Exhibit!

Undoubtedly the Finest Stock, at Lowest Prices, in this County.

A rowdy named Peter Giroux has been creating a little reign of terror in Mount Forest lately. A few Sundays ago he managed to get into a fight with two men in rapid succession. His next appearance will be before the cadi.

Euphrasia's rate of taxation is only 4 mills on the dollar. Reeve Gilray, Deputy-Reeve Fawcett and their brother Councillors are to be heartily congratulated for this sound financial showing.

BABIES AND CHILDREN.—They are always catching cold in the head. Place a small particle of Nasal Balm in each nostril at night, also rub well over the bridge of the nose, and let us know how they are in the morning

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding the fact that we close on account of hard times, I intend to run the same as usual in newly reery branch, viz., OILING, ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 30th, 1887.

"None Will Miss Thee."

Few will miss thee, Friend, when thou
For a month in dust hast lain,
Skilful hand and anxious brow,
Tongue of wisdom, busy brain—
All thou wert shall be forgot,
And thy place shall know thee not.

Shadows from the bending trees,
O'er thy lowly head may pass,
Sighs from every wandering breeze
Stir the long, thick churchyard grass.
Wilt thou heed them? No; thy sleep
Shall be dreamless, calm and deep.

Some sweet bird may sit and sing
On the marble of thy tomb,
Soon to flit on joyous wing
From that place of death and gloom,
On some bough to warble clear:
But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voice may sing thy praise,
Passing near thy place of rest,
Fondly talk of "other days"—
But no throb within thy breast
Shall respond to words of praise,
Or old thoughts of "other days."

Since so fleeting is thy name,
Talent, beauty, power and wit,
It were well that without shame
Thou in God's great book wert writ,
There in golden words to be
Graven for eternity.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO STRINGS TO ONE BOW.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God He knows it how little we were,
Never a voice to bid us eschew it,
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever
On either margin, our songs all done.
We move apart, while she singeth ever
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

JEAN INGELWOOD.

That room of Mrs. Watkins' was unusually quiet that May evening, only Fern Trafford was sitting alone by the open window looking out listlessly at the few passers-by.

Fern's busy hands were idle to-night, and the work lay unheeded in her lap. There was a shadow too on the fair face, and a little pucker of anxiety on the smooth girlish forehead, as though some harassing problem were troubling her.

Fern was not quite happy in her mind. Erle Huntingdon had been there that very afternoon, but he had not stayed long, and his manner had been different somehow.

Fern was revolving the visit in rather a troubled way. She wondered if Erle's decided nervousness and want of ease had been owing to her mother's rather cool reception of him. Mrs. Trafford had not been cordial in her manner; she had treated the young man with some restrain and dignity, and had not pressed him to prolong his visit. Erle must have felt that he was not wanted, for he had very soon risen to take his leave, and had gone away a little sadly.

Fern was too loyal to blame her mother, but she wished she had been a little kinder to poor Erle. Something was vexing him she was sure; he was not in his usual spirits. Once or twice when there had been a moment's pause, she had looked up from her work and found him watching her; and once she was sure that there were tears in his eyes. If they had only been alone she would have asked him what was the matter, and if anything was vexing him. He wanted to tell her something, she was sure, but her mother had been there all the time, and had followed him to the door herself, and though she had gone to the window for a parting look he had not glanced up—he had walked away very fast with his head bent, as though he were absorbed in thought.

It had not been quite a happy winter for Fern. First Erle and then Crystal had been away, and she had missed them both terribly. It was not as though she had other friends to take their places, and their absence had made quite a blank in her existence.

If her mother could always stay at home and talk to her, if Fluff were older and more of a companion, she might not have missed them so much; but somehow her day-dreams were hardly as consoling as usual. They seemed more shadowy and unreal, and now and then Fern felt a little dull. Ever since her mother and Crystal had given her those hints about Erle, the girl had felt some hostile influence threatening her sweet content. Her thoughts were always straying to that unknown Evelyn Selby of whom Percy had spoken. Now and then she would question Erle about her in her innocent way, but he always evaded these questions.

"Oh, yes, I see her sometimes," he would answer. "What makes you so much interested in Miss Selby? I have other lady friends, dozens and dozens of them;" and then Fern would look confused and uncomfortable, and would change the subject; but all the same this girl was never out of thought. She was rich and well-born and beautiful, and Erle was always meeting her.

Fern tried to hide these thoughts, but Mrs. Trafford often fancied the bright face was a little clouded. Fern laughed and talked as much as ever, and worked as busily for them all; but more than once, when she had returned earlier than usual, she had found Fern with her hands lying idly in her lap, and a very thoughtful look in her face. Fern would jump up at once, with a merry laugh at her own idleness; but her mother did not always forget the look. It was far too dreamy and abstracted, she said to herself, as she watched her child tenderly.

Crystal was thinking much the same as she entered the room rather quietly that May evening—so quietly, indeed, that Fern was not conscious of her presence till she put her hand on her shoulder with a light laugh.

"Asleep, or only dreaming with your eyes open, Fern. What is the matter, little one?"

"Oh, Crystal, how you startled me," exclaimed Fern, turning crimson under Crystal's sharp scrutiny. "What made you come in so noiselessly? I never even heard your footsteps. Yes, I was dreaming, I believe," pushing back her hair with rather a tired gesture. "Fluff was sleepy and went to bed, and mother had to help Miss Martingale with the accounts, and one gets stupid sitting alone."

"I never heard you say that before," rather incredulously; "You are the brightest girl I know, Fern; your mother's name 'Little Sunshine' just suits you; you always seem to me the very essence of sunshine."

"Oh, one must be dull and stupid sometimes," returned Fern, with a suspicion of tears in her voice. "Never mind about me; tell me about your afternoon, Crystal; have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes—no—well, the children did. The flowers were beautiful and the gardens so pretty, and there were plenty of gaily-dressed people there. Oh, by the bye, I saw Mr. Huntingdon, he was walking with such a handsome girl."

Fern felt an odd choking sensation in her throat. "You must have been mistaken, Crystal; Mr. Erle has been sitting with us."

"Oh, yes, he told us so, for of course he came up to speak to me when Miss Selby had joined her friends; they came in very late, just as we were leaving."

"And—and—it was Miss Selby?"

"Yes, and her aunt, Lady Maltravers; and they had other people with them. I liked the look of Miss Selby, she has a nice frank face. I think she looks charming, and she walks so well too. I do like a girl to hold herself well."

"And Mr. Erle was walking with her?"

"Yes, they are evidently very intimate;" but Crystal forbore to add that Erle had looked decidedly uncomfortable at the sight of her, though he had come up to her, and had entered into conversation. She had not thought him looking either well or happy, though Miss Selby had seemed in high spirits. But she kept these thoughts to herself.

Fern did not ask any more questions. A miserable consciousness that was new to her experience kept her tongue tied.

Erle had not mentioned that he was going to the Botanical Gardens with Miss Selby; he had only muttered something about an engagement as he took his leave.

Crystal saw that Fern looked discomposed, but she took no notice. She thought the sooner that her eyes were open the better, for in her own mind she was convinced from what she had seen that afternoon that Erle Huntingdon was on the eve of an engagement to Miss Selby, if he were not actually engaged. They were quite alone when she had met them first. Lady Maltravers was sitting down at a little distance, and Miss Selby was blushing and smiling and looking excessively happy, and Crystal had been rather indignant at the sight.

"Pray do not let me keep you from your friends," she had said rather coldly when Erle came up to her. "That was Miss Selby, was it not, the tall young lady in grey with whom you were walking? what a nice face she has;" and Erle had reluctantly owned that it was Miss Selby.

"Go back to her by all means," Crystal had replied, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice; "she is looking round and wondering whom you have picked up. Oh, yes, I like the look of her very much. I think you are to be congratulated, Mr. Huntingdon;" and then Erle had marched off rather sulkily.

"She looks absurdly happy, and I suppose she is in love with him; just see how she smiles at him. What fools we girls are," and Crystal had turned away, feeling very sorry for Fern in her heart, but all the same she knew better than to say a word of sympathy to Fern.

"He has made himself very pleasant to her, but it cannot have gone very deep. I do not believe Fern knows what love is," she said very bitterly to herself, and then she changed the subject.

"Oh, do you know, I had such a surprise," she continued, cheerfully, as Fern averted her face and seemed much engrossed with a Savoyard and his monkey on the opposite side of the way. "When I got to Upton House this morning I found Miss Campion had arrived unexpectedly, and of course she went with us."

"Do you mean Mrs. Norton's sister?" asked Fern, with languid curiosity.

"Yes, Aunt Addie, as the children call her; she is staying at some private hotel and she drove over to see them. I was so pleased to see her, for you know how kind she was to me at Hastings. I do believe that she has taken a decided fancy to me, and it does seem so strange."

"It is not strange at all," exclaimed Fern, rather roused by this; "many people take a fancy to you, Crystal. I did directly mother brought you in that evening."

"Oh, you"—smoothing the fair hair caressingly—"you are a darling, and you love every one, but Miss Campion—well, she is quite different. One would never expect a clever woman of the world who has friends and acquaintances in all quarters of the globe to be guilty of this sort of sentimentality; but all the same," with a little laugh, "she seemed to be delighted to see me, and of course the American scheme was revived."

"Oh, Crystal," with a very long face, "I thought you had given up that idea."

"Not at all; but I wanted to hear more about it, and I could not make up my mind."

"You talk as though you were thinking seriously of it. Mrs. Norton would never consent to part with you."

"Mrs. Norton would do exactly what her sister wished her to do, my dear. Aunt Addie's will rules Upton House. I begin to understand things better now. We used to wonder how Mrs. Norton could afford all those pretty gowns and bonnets, and why the curate's wife was so much better dressed than the vicar's wife, and how they could afford to go out of town and have all those nice things for the children, but of course it is all Aunt Addie's doings."

"Miss Campion is rich then."

"Yes; Mrs. Norton told me all about it when we were in the gardens. She says some old uncle left her all his money. She does so much good with it; and she is especially kind to Mrs. Norton, who is her favorite sister. She has promised to send the boys to school when they are old enough, and she pays my salary, and, in fact, the whole household are much benefited by Aunt Addie. So Mrs. Norton told me rather sorrowfully that if I made up my mind to go to America with her sister they would not say a word to prevent it."

"But you will not go, dear," coaxingly.

"Miss Campion has friends in New York," returned Crystal, evasively; "but she does not mean to stay there long. She wants to see Niagara and Colorado, and I forget the route she has planned; but a companion she must have, and she offers such handsome terms, and after all she will not be away more than five or six months, and as she says the change will do me good; the only thing is she will start early next week, and as I tell her I have nothing ready, she only laughed and said we should have plenty of time to market in New York; and that she loved shopping."

"Crystal, I do believe that you have made up your mind to leave us."

Crystal hesitated a moment, and her dark eyes grew a little misty.

"And if it be my duty, Fern, will you say a word to keep me, darling?" as Fern looked sorrowfully in her face. "I am not leaving you for good and all; I will never do that until——" but here she paused, and then hurried on. "The fact is, Fern, your mother can no longer protect me; your brother's unmanly persecution is driving me away. No, I will say nothing bitter of him to-night; after all he is your brother: but it will be better for him if I leave here—a brief absence may help to cure him."

"But his selfishness must not drive you away, my poor Crystal."

"Dear, it will be far better for me to go," returned Crystal with a sigh. "I am growing restless again, and as Miss Campion says, the change will do me good; I came home to tell you this to-night. I have told Miss Campion that I will go."

"Next week!"

"Yes, probably next Wednesday or Thursday, about a week from to-day. I shall have to be very busy, you see. Don't look so pale over it, Fern; six months will soon pass. Do you know," rather sadly, "I have had such a curious feeling all day, as though something were going to happen, and that I wanted to get away first. Oh, I can't explain it; I felt the same yesterday. Fern, did Mr. Huntingdon tell you anything more about those friends of his whom he met down at Sandycliffe?"

"No, dear," with rather a wondering look, "he only just mentioned them, you know. What nice people they were, and so kind and friendly; he took rather a fancy to them."

"Yes, but I thought he might have spoken of them again."

"Oh no, he only saw them twice; he just went over to tell them how Lady Redmond's ankle was; it was only the accident that made him speak of them at all. How interested you seem in those Ferrers, Crystal."

"Yes," was the quick response; but something in her voice made Fern look at her inquiringly. "Did you—did you know them, Crystal?" she asked in some surprise.

"Yes," was again the brief answer; but after a moment's silence she said, "Fern, you have been very good, very patient all the time, you have never asked me any questions about my past life. I think as I am going away from you, and as one cannot tell what may happen, that I should like you to know my miserable story. Oh, it will be safe with you; I do not fear that for a moment; I have only hesitated all these months because of the pain of telling it, and for fear you should cease to love me if you knew of the faults I am so bitterly expiating."

"Faults," incredulously; "I have never seen them, Crystal, you always seemed so good and brave and patient."

"My dear," she answered, mournfully, "appearances are deceitful sometimes. Do you remember the story of the poor demoniac whose name was Legion, and how he sat clothed and saved in his right mind? to me is is one of the most touching and beautiful instances of the Redeemer's power. He was so galled by his chains, he was so torn and wasted by those evil spirits among the Galilean tombs. Fern," with a deep pathetic look in her eyes, "sometimes it seems to me that, thank God, the evil spirit is exorcised in me too—that there is nothing in my heart now but passionate regret for an unpremeditated sin."

"My poor dear Crystal, is it so bad as that?"

"Yes," with a sigh; "shall I tell you about it—as I told your mother—oh, how good she was to me, how she tried to comfort me, and she had suffered so much herself. Of course, you have always known my name is not really Davenport, but you have never guessed that it was Crystal Ferrers."

"Ferrers! Do you mean that you belong to Mr. Erle's friends, the blind clergyman who lives with his sister at the Grange?"

"Yes, I am Margaret Ferrers' cousin, the young cousin whom they adopted as their own child, and who lived with them from childhood. Well, I will tell you from the beginning, for you never will understand without hearing about my mother. Give me your hand, dear; if you are tired, and do not want to hear more, will you draw it away. I am glad it is getting dusk, so you will not see my face; the moon will rise presently, so we shall have light enough."

"One moment, Crystal; does Mr. Erle know?"

"No, of course not, he is a mere acquaintance; what should put that in your head, Fern?"

"Oh, nothing, it was only fancy," returned the girl; she hardly knew why she put the question; was it something in Erle's manner that afternoon? He had asked her, a little anxiously, if Miss Davenport were going away again, and if she would be at home the following week. "For she had been such a runaway lately," he had said with a slight laugh, "and I was thinking that it must be dull for you when she is away." But Fern had assured him that Crystal had no intention of going away again, for she had no idea of the plot that Crystal and Miss Campion were hatching between them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CRYSTAL'S STORY.

The path my father's foot
Had trod me out (which suddenly broke off
What time he dropped the wallet of the flesh
And passed alone I carried on, and set
My child-heart 'gainst the thorny underwood,
To reach the grassy shelter of the trees,
Ah, babe! the wood, without a brother-babe!
My own self-pity, like the redbreast bird,
Flies back to cover all that past with leaves.

Elizabeth Barret Browning.

"I must begin at the very beginning, Fern," said Crystal, with a stifled sigh. "I hope I shall not weary you;" and as Fern disclaimed the possibility of fatigue with much energy, she continued: "Oh, I will be as brief as possible, but I want you to understand it all plainly.

"I have told you that Margaret Ferrers is my cousin; her father, Colonel Ferrers, had a brother much younger than himself: his name was Edmund, and he was my father.

"I recollect him very little, except that he was very kind to me, but they tell me that he was a singularly handsome man, and very accomplished, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

"He was much younger than Uncle Rolf; he was still at college when Uncle Rolf went out to India with his wife. He distinguished himself there, and made a great many friends; his brilliant abilities attracted the notice of rather an influential man; he offered him a secretaryship, and soon afterwards took him with him to Rome.

"There his success was even greater than it had been in London. Every one conspired to spoil and flatter the handsome young Englishman. He was admitted to the most select circles; the youthful queens of society tried to find favor in his eyes; he might have made more than one splendid match, for there was quite a *furore* about him, but he soon put a stop to his brilliant career by a most imprudent marriage, for he fell in love with a Roman flower-girl and made her his wife.

"Ah, you look shocked, Fern; society was shocked too, they had made so much of him, you see.

"People said he was mad, that Bianca's dark eyes had bewitched him; it may be so, but from the day when he first saw her tying up her roses and lilies on the steps of the fountain, to the last moment when he laid his head like a tired child on her bosom to die, he never loved any other woman but her, and he loved her well. But it was not a happy match; how could it be? it was too unequal; he had all the gentleness and calm that belonged to the Ferrers, and she—she brought him, beside her dark Madonna beauty, the fierce Italian nature, the ungovernable temper that became the heritage of her unhappy daughter."

Fern started as though she would have spoken, but Crystal only pressed her hand and went on—

"When a few months had passed over, and the fame of Bianca's great beauty had got abroad, society relaxed its frowns a little, and received its erring favorite into its arms again.

"They had left Rome and had settled at Florence, and friends began to flock round them; Bianca was only a peasant girl, but love taught her refinement, and she did not disgrace her husband's choice; but it would have been more for her happiness, and my father's too, if they had never withdrawn from the seclusion of their quiet villa.

"For very soon the fierce jealousy of her undisciplined nature began to assert itself.

"She could not endure to see her husband talk to another woman, or hear him praise one even in the most moderate terms. A mere trifle would provoke her, and then long and painful were the scenes that ensued.

"She loved him passionately; she loved him as only an Italian can love; and she made his life so bitter to him that he yielded it up almost thankfully at last. He had been very patient with her, and when he was dying, he put his hands upon her dark hair in his tender way:

"'We have not been happy together, dear,' he said, 'but I do not think it has been my fault. I loved you always, but it was hard to make you believe it; be good to our child, Bianca, for my sake.' And then, as she knelt beside him in speechless anguish and remorse, he called his little Crystal to him and kissed and blessed me, and while he was still holding my hand a sudden spasm crossed his face and he put his head down upon her shoulder, and in another moment he was gone.

"My poor mother, she did not long survive him.

"As soon as the news of my father's death reached England, Uncle Rolf wrote at once offering a home to his only brother's widow and child.

"It was my father's desire, she knew, that she should live under the protection of his relatives, so she obeyed his wishes at once. She did not hesitate for a moment, though she felt she was a dying woman, and it broke her heart to leave her husband's grave. She would bring her child to England and place her safely in Colonel Ferrers' care, and then she could go with an easy conscience to rejoin her beloved.

"How well I remember that journey; every detail was stamped upon my childish recollection.

"Alas! she never lived to reach England. She was taken very ill in Paris, and after a few days of intense suffering, she passed peacefully away.

"A kind-hearted American widow and her daughter, with whom my father had a slight acquaintance in Florence, had travelled with us and were at the same hotel, and nothing could exceed their goodness to my poor mother.

"They nursed her most tenderly, and were with her when she died, and Mrs. Stanforth promised my mother most faithfully that they would watch over me until they had seen me safe under Colonel Ferrers' care.

"Every one was kind to me. I remember once when I was sitting in a corner of the saloon with Minnie Stanforth, I heard people talking softly of the beautiful Florentine lady who lay dead up-stairs, and how some one had told them that she had died of a broken heart from the loss of her English husband.

"I was not with her when she breathed her last. Minnie had coaxed me away on some pretext or other, and when I became restless and miserable, she took me in her kind arms, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, told the truth.

"Fern, sometimes when I shut my eyes I can recall that scene now.

"I can see a child crouching in a corner of the big gaudy salon where a parrot was screaming in a gilded cage, a forlorn miserable child, with her face hidden in her hands and crying as though her little heart would break.

"I remember even now with gratitude how good the Stanforths were to me. Minnie had a little bed placed beside hers, and would often wake up in the middle of the night to soothe and comfort me, when I started from some dream in a paroxysm of childish terror and grief. Young as I was I so fretted and pined after my mother, that if we had stayed longer in Paris I should have been ill; but, as soon as the funeral was over, we started for England.

"Uncle Rolf had been prevented, by an attack of gout, coming to the funeral, but he wrote to Mrs. Stanforth giving her full instructions, and promised that if possible he would meet us at Dover.

"It was early one November morning, as I lay listlessly in my berth, that I was aroused by the noise overhead. Was the brief voyage over, I wondered; had we reached England so soon? and, weak as I was, I crawled on deck, full of languid curiosity, to see my father's country. But the first glimpse disappointed me—a leaden sea, white chalky cliffs, and a grey sky, with black ugly-looking buildings and ships looming out of a damp mist; this was all I could see of Old England. And I was turning away disconsolately when Mrs. Stanforth came up to me with a tall gentleman with a kind, brown, wrinkled face and a grey moustache.

"'Here is your little niece, Colonel Ferrers', I heard her say in her pleasant clipping voice; 'poor little dear, she has fretted herself almost to death for her mother.' Then as I hung back, rather shyly, I felt myself lifted in my uncle's arms.

"'Little Crystal,' he said, gently, and I thought I felt a tear on my face as he kissed me, 'my poor Edmund's child.' And then, stroking my hair, 'But you shall come home with me and be my dear little daughter;' and then, as the kind hand fondled me, I crept nearer and hid my face in his coat. Dear uncle Rolf, I loved him from that moment. The rest of the day seemed like a dream.

"We were speeding through a strange unknown country, past fields and hedgerows, and stretches of smooth uplands, ugly ploughed lands and patches of grey sullen gloom that resembled the sea.

"Now I was gazing out blankly at the dreary landscape, and now nodding drowsily on my uncle's shoulder, till all at once we stopped under some dark trees, and a voice very close to me said, 'Let me lift her out, father.' And then some one carried me into a sudden blaze of light; and all at once I found myself in a large pleasant room with some sweet-smelling wood burning on the hearth, and a girl with dead-brown curls sewing at a little table with a white china lamp on it.

"The strong arms that had carried me in and put me on the sofa, and were now bungling over the fastenings of my heavy cloak, belonged to a tall youth with a pleasant face, that somehow attracted me.

"'Come and help me, Maggie,' he said, laughing, and then the fair mild face of Margaret bent over me.

"'Poor child, how tired she looks, Raby,' I heard her whisper, 'and so cold too, the darling;' and then she knelt down beside me and chafed my hands, and talked to me kindly; and Raby brought me some hot coffee, and stood watching me drink it, looking down at me with his vivid dark eyes, those kind beautiful eyes—oh, Raby, Raby!" and here for a moment Crystal buried her face in her hands, and Fern was grieved to see the tears were streaming through her fingers.

"Do not go on if it troubles you," she said, gently; "I am interested, oh, so interested in that poor little lonely child; but if it pains you to recall those days, you shall not distress yourself for me."

"Yes—yes—I wish to tell it, only give me one moment." And for a little while she wept bitterly; then drying her eyes, she went on in a broken voice.

"Ah, I was not lonely long; thank God, there is nothing more transitory than a child's grief deep and inconsolable as it first appears.

"I did not forget my mother—I do not forget her now, but in a short time I threw off all traces of sadness. The change, the novelty of my life, the unfailing kindness that I experienced, soon worked a beneficial effect on my health and spirits. In a little while I ceased to regret Italy and its blue skies—and the Grange with its dear inmates became my world.

"But it was Raby who was my chief friend—my favorite playfellow.

"I loved Uncle Rolf; child as I was, I very soon learnt to reverence that simple kindly nature—that loyal heart; and Margaret was like a dear elder sister; but it was Raby who from the first became my master and my companion; Raby who instructed and reproved and praised me; whose frown was my worst punishment; whose smile was my reward.

(To be continued.)

A Wanderer Returns in Tatters.

Yesterday afternoon a seedy looking man walked into the office of Deputy Sheriff Samuel A. Johnson, and announced himself as John F. Mahon, of the firm of John Mahon & Sons, of Lynn, that was bankrupted in 1881, at which time the junior partners fled the country. The estate was put in the hands of assignees, who, in November, 1883, paid a dividend of 3 per cent. Mr. Mahon presents a sorry appearance to those who knew him before his departure. In conversation with a *Herald* representative, he stated he had been in Canada, Texas, Ireland, Paris and England since he left Lynn, and had at one time passed as a journalist. He asked Sheriff Johnson for the warrant for his arrest, as he understood one had been issued. The sheriff knew nothing of any warrant, and he referred Mr. Mahon to the police station. Here he told his story to Marshal Hart, who telephoned to the police station at Lynn, but they did not want him. The district attorney was applied to, but he did not want him. His old counsel, Mr. James H. Sisk, was applied to, and his answer was "Send him to Lynn." Mr. Mahon declined to go, as he did not care to appear as a tramp in the city where he once rolled in wealth. He sat in the station last night a picture of despair. He had been two weeks on the road from New York, and what to do with himself he did not know. He was offered a bed by the kind hearted marshal.—*Boston Herald.*

Trying to Collect.

"How is Brown getting on, doctor—any better?"

"Oh, Brown has been up and about for two weeks."

"Then you don't go to see him any more?"

"Don't I? I went to his office three times to see him yesterday, and I'm on my way there now."

Tomato Pie.—The remains of cold pork or mutton, a few slices of potatoes and onions, cover with sliced tomatoes, add a little stock, or, if this be not at hand, a little water; make a short crust and bake.

The water from the Daniel spring, Georgia, is said to be a natural hair dye. Bathing gray hair with it will change the color to black.

Lotta returned from Europe on board the steamship Etruria.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Owing to the contractor's delay in completing the barracks at London, D School of Infantry will not be organized for a few weeks yet.

Mr. Haws, first mate of the ship Equator, lying at Indian Cove, Quebec, was seriously stabbed yesterday by one of the crew, and is not expected to recover.

Mr. William Darbyson, stevedore, Quebec, was badly injured on Wednesday night and almost killed by a barrel of molasses rolling over him on board ship.

The Wellington Street Methodist Church, London, of which Rev. Dr. Ryckman is the pastor, has just been redecorated and improved to the exten of $1,000.

The men injured by the premature explosion of the rockets on H. M. S. Bellerophon last Saturday will be removed to the military hospital on their arrival at Halifax.

It transpired yesterday that a lunatic named Joseph Lizotte, of Hedleyville, near Quebec, had gone off in a skiff down the river, saying he was bound for England. Search has been made for him without success.

At the London Assizes yesterday, in the case of Walter Stevenson, accused of having caused the death of Ralph Shaw, the Chatham volunteer, last June, the Grand Jury brought in a true bill for manslaughter.

At yesterday's meeting of the committee of the Montreal City Council appointed to investigate the charges of crookedness against members of the Council, it was decided to commence the examination of witnesses next Tuesday.

The schooner Provost, brick laden, from Chatham, Ont., was driven ashore at the Detour Lighthouse Point, near Sault Ste. Marie, on the 13th inst., during a heavy northeast gale. The vessel pounded on the rocks severely, but was scuttled before the crew left. All hands are safe.

Mr. William Wemp, of Chatham, has been appointed colonization agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway for Ontario, and will make that city his headquarters as soon as he returns from his visit to the Northwest. Mr. Wemp was recently travelling agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

A 3-year-old daughter of Mr. Tarte fell out of a three-story window last evening at the *Canadien* office on to Fabrique street, Quebec, and would have been instantly killed but that her fall was broken by striking on the shoulder of a French sailor from the Minerve who was passing at the time. One thigh is broken and her head is cut, but her recovery is hoped for.

Mr. Chisholm, M. P. for New Westminster, was in Ottawa yesterday *en route* to Nova Scotia, his native Province, for a month's holidays. He reports this to be a boom year in British Columbia, prosperity is generally prevalent throughout the Province. Labor is scarce and wages are high. A bricklayer or stonemason will not work under $5 a day, and an ordinary laborer gets his $2.50 or $3 a day.

Two or three days ago a young Canadian girl, aged 14 years, died in childbirth at Watertown, N. Y., through want of proper attention. The unfortunate girl turns out to be a daughter of Albert McEwan, a wealthy farmer residing near North Gower village, in Carleton county. The father of the deceased girl has entered an action against R. Andrews, of Burritt's Rapids, for $50,000 damages for seduction. The trial will come off at the Autumn Assizes in Ottawa. Andrews was an uncle of the deceased, and is one of the wealthiest and best known men in his section of the country.

A true bill for perjury has been found by the Middlesex grand jury against Constable Endicott, who arrested Miss Cass.

The interview between Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, will take place within a few days.

M. Heredia, French Minister of Public Works, believes that after the completion of means for transportation, it will be possible to reduce the time required for mobilization of an army corps to one day.

In the Russian budget for the coming year the ordinary expenditure is covered by the ordinary revenue and the extraordinary expenditure is derived purely from the ordinary revenue, increased by taxation and partly from pending financial operations.

It is now stated on what is called the highest authority that the Queen does not intend publishing a new book. Such rumors are stigmatized as clumsy inventions. The Empress of India, says this wise person, is learning Hindustani, and that is Her Majesty's only literary occupation at present.

The wardrobe of the late King of Bavaria has been sold at Munich, and the proceeds are to be applied towards the payment of his debts. The *St. James' Gazette* alludes to this transaction as following the precedent set in England when King George IV. died; but this is an entire mistake, as his wardrobe became the perquisite of his pages, and it was sold by them for their own exclusive benefit. This was a monstrous job, as the wardrobe fetched an immense sum, and the public, who originally paid for it, ought to have obtained the proceeds. King George IV. left every coat he had ever bought during a period of fifty years, eight hundred canes and whips, every description of uniforms, the State costumes of all his Orders, and magnificent furs and pelisses, some of which had been sent to him by the Emperors of Russia and Austria.

Ira L. Green, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., murdered his wife and two children at Sarasota, Fla. Green was afterwards shot while resisting the officers.

It did not appear when the Chicago anarchists emerged from their cells to take exercise yesterday morning that the fatal news of Wednesday had any impression on them. The representative German paper of Chicago, the *Staat's Zeitung*, which has hitherto been in favor of the execution of the anarchists, came out yesterday morning in an editorial and somewhat supported a commutation of the sentence.

Information reached Baltimore yesterday of a double tragedy, which occurred on the night of the 13th inst. at Huntingtown, a small village in Calvert County. Edward Coolid, a farmer, cut his wife's throat with a razor, after failing in an attempt to shoot her, nearly severing her head from her body. He then tried to kill his sister, but she escaped, and with the same weapon he cut his own throat, dying after kissing his two little boys. Jealousy was the cause.

A brood mare and two Suffolk Punch colts owned by Mr. D. Nichol were killed on the Grand Trunk track near Kingston on Saturday. The animals were valued at $500.

The clothes on the body found a few days ago near Oswego have been sent to Kingston and identified as those worn by Kelly, one of the two convicts who escaped recently on the warden's pleasure yacht.

Lieuts. Ogilvie and Benson, of "A" Battery, Kingston, have received orders to report at "C" Battery, British Columbia. Eighty men have volunteered to go with them, and all will have gone by Thursday, Oct. 6th.

In recognition of gallant bravery in rescuing the crew of a shipwrecked vessel, the Marine Department has forwarded a silver watch to the captain of the barque Mary Fraser, of Windsor, N.S., and $10 each to four of the crew.

A long and interesting petition has been submitted to the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church by the Oka Indians, clearly and forcibly setting forth the Indians' side of the case in the difficulty with the Seminary authorities, and making an eloquent appeal for justice.

Charles Butler, a colored drayman, left the Grand Trunk station at London on Saturday evening about 7 o'clock with a trunk to deliver in the northern part of the city. He had driven four or five blocks when suddenly feeling ill he stepped into Dr. Wishart's office, and there died in a very few moments from heart disease. He was 65 years of age.

Willie, the 5-year-old son of Lou Dake, proprietor of the Dake House, St. Thomas, fell on Saturday from a barrel and dislocated his shoulder. Mrs. Thomas Ballard Scott fell on the sidewalk Saturday and broke her left arm. F. Payne, of Talbotville, split his foot with an axe, which caught in a clothes line while chopping wood at his door yard.

A London married man, 25 years old, whose name is Palmer Kellogg, on Saturday night undertook to pose as a policeman and arrested Michael Donahue and a young lady companion, taking the pair toward the police station. Under the first gas lamp Mr. Donahue recognized the bogus officer and had him arrested on a charge of assault and disorderly conduct. The police say that this is one of Kellogg's favorite games, by means of which he frightens the unwary and extorts money from them.

Simon Brown, an Indian from Muncey, imbibed freely while visiting the circus at St. Thomas, and while going home fell from the train on the St. Clair branch just outside the city, receiving a terrible scalp wound seven inches long, the whole scalp being loosened from the skull. The wheels also passed over the left foot, grinding it into a shapeless mass. He was taken back to St. Thomas and his leg amputated, and was then taken to his home. He is a married man, with a child.

The Ottawa authorities have ordered the Customs' collector at Shelburne, N.S., to release the American ship Bridgewater. The facts connected with the Bridgewater's case are that she ran ashore and put into Shelburne in distress, when she was declared unseaworthy and ordered to be sold. Her principal owner, a New Yorker, purchased her, and was going on with the repairs when a claim was made for customs duty. The owner refused to pay the claim and the vessel was seized. A protest being entered the case was investigated, and it is understood the authorities decided to liberate the ship unconditionally.

A man named Alof Criesten, 24 years of age, while stealing a ride on an east-bound Grand Trunk freight train, fell between the cars at Colborne, having his right leg badly crushed and other portions of his body badly injured. The limb was amputated, and he was conscious long enough to give his name and age, but no other particulars, and died at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Half of the face side of an envelope was found in his pocket, the address on which is "Peter Nelson, P.O. Box 55, Port Arthur, Ont." On the other side, written in pencil, is "Robert Johnson Chresher, C.P.R., Ont." The body has been placed in a coffin and will be buried to-day, no inquest being considered necessary.

Mrs. Hayes, the inhuman mother who left her twin babes thirty-six hours alone in her house on Manitoba street, St. Thomas, some weeks since, on which occasion one was found dead, was on Saturday tried before County Judge Hughes, on the charge of manslaughter. She was found guilty and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the Mercer Reformatory. On the charge of abandoning the living child, she was also found guilty and sentenced to six months in the same institution. The alleged father of the children admitted having a wife and seven children at Port Hope. He was committed to jail for contempt of court during the trial. The woman's husband is in the Old Country.

The fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Exeter theatre fire amounts to $55,000,

Prince George, the second son of the King of Greece, will serve three years in the English navy.

During the past week gold to the amount of $4,853,631 was imported into New York from Europe.

Prince Phillip, eldest son of the Count of Paris, is about to start on a journey around the world. He will proceed by the way of India, Japan, San Francisco and New York.

Ayoub Khan has been tracked to a spring near the waterless district of Dashtilut. Bullets with teeth marks on them were found in the water. It is supposed that the party had been suffering from thirst.

The Moscow *Gazette* openly avows sympathy with Dhuleep Singh, the Maharajah, and his claim to succeed his father as Rajah of the Punjaub, and says: "The people of India believe that Russia will, sooner or later, free them from the British yoke."

The London *Times*, speaking of the centennial celebration of the signing of the American Constitution at Philadelphia, says: The festival celebrates no ordinary kind of a birthday. The United States have already won the way to a foremost place among the nations of the world, and to their future development of strength and wealth no limit can be assigned. The Constitution has been a compromise throughout, and in no way more clearly or usefully than in the reconcilement it has effected between National and local claims.

The London *Post*, commenting on the Samoan difficulty, says the Washington Conference will be exceedingly ill-advised if it accepts the suggestion of Germany that she shall have Uplu and Apia, which contain the best land and harbors in the Samoan group, and England and the United States shall take Savu and Tubenta. The *Post* strongly advises the appointment of a native Government, with advisers chosen in behalf of the great Powers, but who shall be men who have no interest in or be in connection with trading houses of either of the countries interested.

Gen. Boulanger, in an address to the officers of his command after the manœuvres by his corps at Clermont-Ferrand yesterday, strongly urged the necessity of giving a wider exercise of the offensive tactics which were proper to the French army. He concluded his remarks as follows: "We have to-day more need than ever of the qualities of a warrior. No, no; the hour has not yet struck for the disarmament of the peoples of old Europe. It is madness to believe it, a crime to say it, for it points to 'peace at any price' as the goal to which our enemy should aspire, and our enemies, who often appraise us at our real value better than we do ourselves, know well that we have not got as far as that. More than ever we must continue the work. for France."

Fresh News Notes.

The Brockville Presbytery has dismissed from the service of the Church J. J. Stiles, a student employed at Morton.

The Northwest Council has been empowered to make ordinances relative to direct taxation for territorial revenue purposes, and for the incorporation of companies with territorial objects.

A searching inquiry into Wednesday night's collision between the Exhibition ferry steamers on Toronto Bay has been ordered by the Minister of Marine.

The Toronto Exhibition, which closed last night, has been the most successful ever held in that city. The total gate receipts were $52,051.45, an increase of $11,144.01 over last year's receipts.

Several of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, of Quebec, being incapacitated by illness, Chief Justice Sir A. A. Dorion yesterday issued a warrant to the Governor-General asking for the appointment of an additional judge. It is rumored that the Court will be reorganized at an early date.

Savage Attack on a Girl by a Cow.

A young woman named Nancy Miller, who lives with her father in Nassagaweya, had a terrible experience with an enraged cow the other day, narrowly escaping with her life, and with every shred of clothing torn from her body. It occurred in this way: Miss Miller went out for the cows to bring them home to milk, and found them in a thicket and sent a dog in to bring them out. The dog enraged one of them to such an extent that she became frantic and rushed out of the bush just where Miss Miller was standing, and, instead of pursuing the dog, rushed on her, hooking and bruising her in a terrible manner. Had it not been for the young woman's presence of mind in holding on to a strap which secured a bell about the animal's neck, she would undoubtedly have been killed.

Rough on the Maiden Ladies.

They have a custom at the Andrew Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis, which has brought great consternation to the widows and maiden ladies. It began with the children and extended to the congregation. On each Sunday following a birthday the person who has thus shuffled off another year marches to the front and drops as many pennies in the missionary box as he is years old. It can readily be seen how embarrassing this is to many. They resort to all sorts of tricks to avoid divulging the truth. Sometimes a lady will put in over a dollar, and as everybody knows she is not a hundred years old, it lets her out of the dilemma. The missionary box is the gainer.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

He was Relieved Despite Her Sufferings.

Over in Petosky, Mich,, a lady rubbed phosphorous on her bunion, presumably to ease the pain, and then retired to her downy couch. Along in the night her husband, who was a drinking man, by the way, thought he saw a fiery eye staring at him. He imagined that he saw a frightful winged monster with one blazing eye staring at him, and after standing it as long as he could he decided to kill it. Slowly he reached under the bed till he found his boot-jack, and after spitting on his hands he whaled away. The next moment his poor wife gave a yell that nearly lifted him out of bed, but when he found the true state of affairs he was immensely relieved, even though she has been obliged to walk on crutches ever since.

Honor to Whom Honor.

Waiter—Everything satisfactory, sah?
Guest—Perfectly.
"Tried to get everything right, sah."
"This is as well a cooked meal as I ever tasted."
"Yes, sah, thought it would be, sah. Didn't know but maybe you might like to offer a small fee, sah."
"I really think it would be deserved."
"Yes, sah."
"Well, send in the cook."—*Omaha World.*

The junior classes in the Kingston Public Schools are very much over-crowded, so much so that pupils cannot be accepted, and this after six rooms have just been opened in the new Central School. A demand has been made on the Board for more accommodation, but there being no money to supply it the situation of the Kingston Common Schools is still very interesting.

One of the sights at Coney Island recently was a bulldog wearing a linen collar and a flashy necktie.

Grace Blaukley, a Fort Hamilton girl, 13 years old, swam the New York Narrows, a distance of a mile and a half.

A lost canary flew into the Darlington Wis.) *Republican* office while the compositor was setting the type to advertise it.

MITCHELLSTOWN.

Something About the Scene of the Late Irish Riots.

The scene of the recent lamentable riot is situate in county Cork, Ireland, and was visited by a Hamiltonian in June last, who then wrote to a friend in this city the following narrative of his visit:

"We reached Mitchellstown from Cork after going over portions of two railways and riding nine miles on a jaunting car. Lady Kingston is the present heir. We went through her private grounds, covering 1,000 acres, under guard of police and soldiers, as she has had trouble with her tenants. Strangers, and even townspeople, are not allowed in without a pass; a favor which a relative kindly procured for us. The income of the estate was at one time £90,000 per annum, but it is now down to £14,000. The tenants, being Land Leaguers, will not pay full rent. The castle is under guard night and day and it takes £11,000 to pay interest on money borrowed, so that now Lady Kingston is raising money by selling the products of her green-houses. I observed one block of fourteen houses erected by a former Lord of the Manor for such of his gentry tenants who had grown old on his lands and had no provision to keep them. This lord built the houses and placed a sum of money at interest to provide an annuity for the occupants. The three bishops of the district are trustees, on whose decision rests the selection of those who shall participate in the beneficiary."

Making Buttons Out of Blood.

The country is learning to utilize waste. Making buttons of blood is in this direction. There is a large factory in Bridgeport, near Chicago, employing about 100 men, boys and girls, in which waste animal blood is converted into buttons. The same firm has another large factory elsewhere. A man named Hirsch was the first to introduce the business in this country some years ago. He lost $16,000 the first six months, but stuck to it, and he is now immensely wealthy. There are a number of similar factories in England. From 8,000 to 10,000 gallons of blood are used in the Bridgeport factory every day. Nothing but fresh beef blood is used. Considerable of the blood evaporates during the process of drying, but what remains is pure albumen. Some of it is light in color and some dark, according to the chemical treatment given it. These thin sheets of blood are then broken up, and are ready to be worked into various shapes and sizes. Large quantities of the blood sheets are used by cloth manufacturers for "setting" the color in calico goods. Not only are buttons made from blood in this way, but tons of earrings, breastpins, belt clasps, combs and trinkets are made annually there from blood. It is a queer, odoriferous business, but a paying one.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A Point for Farmers.

In a conversation with Mr. N. G. Batchelder, on Tuesday evening, our reporter learned the following. Mr. Batcheler exported from this section last year to the United States over 26,000 lambs. At the average price, $2.65, the sum paid for them was $68,900. On these lambs Mr. Batchelder paid into the customs office at Morristown, N.Y., $13,780—20 per cent. duty. In answer to an inquiry as to whether in the event of the duty being taken off it would result in the price of lambs being reduced to the American consumer or raised to the Canadian producer, Mr. Batchelder said the price would be raised in Canada by just the amount of duty. The Americans did not raise enough lambs for their own market and had to buy from Canada. The American farmer at present gets 20 per cent. more for his lambs than his Canadian neighbor, and if the duty were taken off the only result would be that the Canadian would get as much as the American. Thus it will be seen that our farmers lost last year on Mr. Batchelder's purchase no less than $13,780, that would have been saved by commercial union.—*Brockville Recorder.*

"I Don't Want Relief, But Cure,"

s the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

A man named Cram, from Bothwell, reported to the London authorities yesterday that he had been drugged and robbed on Thursday of $55 by a woman with whom he had been intimate. He said she was being held in Windsor, but he was not desirous of having her brought back if possible to get his money without it.

To Cure Pain.

The means which may be readily and successfully employed to relieve pain are important and should be known by all. We give you the name of the best remedy in the world for pain, and the information that a 10 cent sample bottle can be purchased at any drug store. Polson's Nerviline, the new and sure pop pain cure, will never fail you in time of need. Nerviline is a safe and prompt cure of all kinds of pain neuralgia, cramps, toothace, headache. Sure always. Ten and 25 cents bottles at drug stores.

A physician tells the *American* that no one will catch cold who for half an hour in the morning exposes the whole surface of his body to a temperature lower than it will encounter during the day. Unless one sprinkles himself with ether, how is he to find such a temperature in the dead of winter?

In answer to casual question,
How easy and truthful to tell it's
A cure for the worst indigestion,
To take Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

Mrs. Normoyle, an old resident of Oshawa, while purchasing goods in Wightman's shoe store yesterday morning, died suddenly of heart disease. She was in apparent good health and was chatting pleasantly when she fell prostrate on the floor, expiring instantly. She was 70 years of age and a widow, her husband having been killed on the Grand Trunk Railway some years ago n Whitby.

Latest reports received by the Fisheries Department show that this season has been unusually successful and profitable for Canadian fishermen.

Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?
Are you sore distressed?
Listen to the welcome bidding—
"Be at rest."
Have you aches and pains unnumbered,
Poisoning life's Golden Cup?
Think not there's no balm in Gilead, and
"Give it up."
A Golden Remedy awaits you—
Golden not alone in name—
Reach, oh, suffering one, and grasp it,
"Health reclaim.

There is but one "Golden" Remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It stands alone as the great "blood-purifier," "strength-renewer" and "health-restorer," of the age! The Liver, it regulates, removing all impurities. The Lungs it strengthens, cleansing and nourishing them. The whole system it builds up, supplying that above all other things most needed—pure, rich Blood.

Emma James writes to the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* a circumstantial story telling how Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, was the father of Madison Heming, a colored man, who was living in Pike County, O., in 1874. Heming's mother was Maria Heming, maid to Jefferson's eldest daughter Martha. Maria Heming was a colored slave and bore Thomas Jefferson five children, one of whom was Madison Heming. Jefferson promised Maria that all her children should become free when they reached the age of 21. This promise he kept religiously.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L. 39 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P.O. address to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Unimproved Street, - - Flesherton, Ont

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Durham *Review* can take a joke and give one, without getting everlastingly riled about it. Same here.

In view of the bonus by-law having carried, we wonder if that Durham Lilliputian will persist in his intention to smash up his brother business men?

The Hanover *Post* is always flippant but seldom sensible. The stuff it publishes in connection with the recent burglary here—in its last week's issue would sicken a cat let alone a rational being. The "pilot" should put across his paternal knee and give a good spanking.

An esteemed clergyman writes us as follows concerning THE ADVANCE:—"I hope that you and your paper may live and increasingly flourish. A good newspaper is a good thing and a wonderful power in working good. May every year's trip be marked as a successful venture and may you be long at the wheel."

The Dufferin *Post* maintains its position in reference to Police Magistrate Gray; whilst the latter emphatically declines to be saddled with the responsibility of utterances in reference to the Scott Act credited to him by the former. Two legal gentlemen who were present, endorse the *Post's* report of the alleged utterances of Mr. Gray. And so the matter rests at present.

Flesherton is the best centre for a fork factory in the County of Grey and we believe it will not be long before this idea will take a practical turn. A foundry would also flourish here—not a one-horse affair, but one that could and would successfully compete with foundries such as that at Ashton and others of a like character. With a little more enterprise one-third of the entire trade of the County might be diverted to Flesherton. Our central position and great natural facilities fully warrant us in saying as much. We do not want the whole earth—half or even one-third of it will satisfy us!

It's none of our funeral, of course, but if its friends are not careful the Durham *Chronicle* is bound to run against something and get hurt one of these days. At first inclined to adopt the high-and-mighty style, that journal has at length suddenly got down off its stilts, and now enquires "after the health" of THE ADVANCE with a solicitude and humility quite astonishing. Such a sudden and tremendous leap is sufficient to telescope its spinal column, and cause concussion of the brain—which, probably, explains the *Chronicle's* ranting nonsense anent the recent burglary here. Its present proprietor seems to have inherited many of the cranky tendencies of his predecessor. Let us all hope he will reform ere conscience in him becomes "seared as with a hot iron."

Fire on night last Mr. John Marshall's steam saw mill, 4th Con. of Mulmer, was destroyed by fire. The fire, which is supposed to have had its origin around the boiler, was not discovered until after midnight, when the building was seen in flames. Loss about $1500, no insurance.—*Shelburne Economist.*

THE SHOW.

Dark, cloudy and threatening weather tended to injure the prospects of East Grey Agricultural Society for a successful exhibition; but notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, the attendance was fairly good and in many respects the exhibits were quite up to the mark of former years. The great drought of the past summer had something to do with the slight falling off in several departments. But as the prize list is published in another column, we not enter into any particulars in connection with the exhibits.

We desire to say a few words in reference to special attractions at these agricultural exhibitions. It almost seems like irony to characterise the Toronto Industrial and other large shows, as "Agricultural Exhibitions," for such they are not in the highest sense of the term. They are largely made up of what are denominated "Special Attractions," and thus the noble science of agriculture is driven away into the background. But these "attractions" have had more to do with the success of the said large exhibitions than all the stock, poultry, vegetables, cereals and roots exhibited combined. Thousands—yes, tens of thousands—of people would never be found within the enclosures of the Toronto Industrial Association grounds, were nothing but the products of the farm, dairy and arts represented. From this book of "special attractions" rural associations will do well to tear out a few leaves, and soon a largely increased attendance will be the result.

One good special feature was provided for by the people of Flesherton, viz., a band competition between the Dundalk and Flesherton bands. But at the last moment the Dundalk Band backed down and retired from the contest, being afraid to court certain defeat evidently—if we are to judge from the opinion expressed by a Dundalk resident. Hundreds went away from the grounds disappointed, having come almost expressly to hear these noted bands play. Next year we hope many excellent special features will be introduced and carried out successfully. It will also be in the interests of the Society to have "Class 28" Manufactures more largely represented and give cash prizes in every instance, as there has been a serious falling off in this important department of late years. Further, better prizes should be given wherever possible—in this at present, in all the departments connected with the exhibition. Cash prizes should also—as formerly—be given to exhibitors of Agricultural Implements. This was at one time a remarkably well represented department at the Society's exhibitions, and will be so again if our suggestion is carried out.

It must be evident to all that an extra effort is necessary in order that the Society may regain its former prestige. Let that effort be earnestly and zealously made.

COUNTY PRINTING AND ADVERTISING MONOPOLY.

The Owen Sound papers and job offices have quite long enough—too long some think—enjoyed an almost undisturbed monopoly in the advertising and printing annually done in connection with the County Council of Grey. Once before, we pointed out the great injustice done in the matter of County tax sale advertisements, when for years have been alternately and exclusively published in the two Owen Sound papers. Now we perceive that even a greater injustice is done to the publishers of Grey, by giving job printing contracts to the County town monopolists, without allowing the former a chance to share in work to which they are as much entitled as the latter. This is manifestly unfair, as our worthy citizen and able County Councillor, Dr. Christoe, has more than once pointed out in emphatic terms. But many other County legislators—less conscientious and impartial in these matters than Dr. Christoe—seem to have been taken *too much* under the protecting (!) wings of the monopolists to move hand or foot in the matter. It simply remains for our brethren of the rural press to show them the error of their ways, and endeavor, if possible, to break the fetters by which they have so long linked themselves to a crying monopoly.

It seems, however, that the County Printing Committee recommended the chairman of said committee to ask for tenders for the county printing and advertising. This was not done, and now THE ADVANCE and other newspapers demand an explanation. Why did the Chairman of that Committee ignore the recommendation of his *confreres?* "There's a nigger in the fence." Where is he? Who is he? We pause for a reply.

Mr. John Coleman, jr., of Amaranth, met with an accident at a threshing on the farm of Mr. John Herbison, near Primrose, on Tuesday. While reaching for a sheaf to feed into the machine the person engaged cutting the bands around the sheaves accidentally drew the knife across the whole four fingers of one hand, cutting the flesh to the bone.—*Shelburne Economist.*

The Meaford *Mirror* of last week contained an excellent report concerning the opening of the new Disciple church in that town, which interesting event occurred on Sunday the 18th inst.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's
Pleasant
Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name Peck's Pleasant Pills.

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint.

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

NOTICE.
GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 14, West T. & S. R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing Eavestroughing and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

STRAY COW.

Came to the premises of the subscriber Lot 20, Con. 4, Artemesia, on the 23rd inst., a red and white cow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
ANTHONY KENNY
Artemesia, July 26th, 1887.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	72	to 0	73
Spring Wheat	0	72	0	73
Barley	0	45	0	55
Oats	0	28	0	29
Peas	0	48	0	50
Butter	0	17	0	20
Eggs, fresh	0	15	0	15
Potatoes bush	0	50	0	50
Pork	5	60	5	60
Hay, per ton	6	00	6	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	40	0	56
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	8	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	80
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

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HARNESS SHOP
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You will find an assortment of
Heavy and Light Harness,
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine

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PUMP WORKS!
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Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
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MRS. BULMER,
Photographer.
Flesherton - Ont.
Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED
Dr CHASE'S
MANDRAKE DANDELION
LIVER CURE
HAVE YOU
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.
NATURE'S REMEDY
The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.
500,000 SOLD
Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.
SOMETHING NEW. GIVES AWAY FREE
Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.
TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.
TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.
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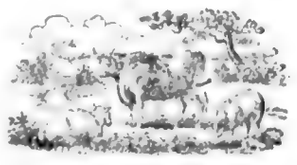

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AGENT.

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East Grey Agricultural Society.

HORSES.

Draught Horses.

Pr. Draught Horses, Wm. McLaughry.
Brood Mare, Jas. Cornfield, S. Stokes.
2 yr. old Gelding or Filly, A. Munshaw, J. I. Graham.
1 yr. old Gelding or Filley, W. Nichol, Sam. Wakeley.
Spring Foal, B. Wright, Sam. Wakeley,

General Purpose Horses.

Pair. Horses, H. McPherson & son, R. Porteous.
Brood Mare, R. McAfee, N. Wilson.
2 yr. old Gelding or Filly, Thos. Neeley, W. Boler.
1 yr. old Gelding or Filly, Thos. Brown, Alex. Madill.
Spring Foal, R. McAfee, Thos. Butler.

Roadster Horses.

Roadster Horses, S. Sheardown, J. H. Lever.
Carriage Horses, Father Feeny, Alex. McDuff.
Buggy Horses, J. Poole, Dr. Brodie.
Saddle Horse, Wm. Petch.

CATTLE.

Durham.

Bull, aged, A. Johnson, J. H. Lever.
Bull 2 yrs. and under, W. & J. Anderson.
Bull calf, Jas. Mercer.
Cow, E. & W. S. O'Brien, Jas. Mercer.
Heifer 1 yr. old, Jas. Mercer.

Ayrshire.

Bull 2 yrs. and under, A. Cairns, J.
Bull Calf, A. Cairns.
Cow, A. Cairns, A. Cairns.
Heifer Calf, A. Cairns.

Devon.

Bull aged, R. Oliver.
Bull Calf. R. Oliver.
Cow, R. Oliver, R. Oliver.
Heifer 1 year, R. Oliver.
Heifer Calf, R. Oliver.

Grade.

Cow, J. O'Brien, D. Stinson.
Heifer 2 years old, Jas. Stewart, James Mercer.
Heifer 1 year old, E. & W. S. O'Brien, E. & W. S. O'Brien.
Heifer Calf, D. Stinson, John O'Brien.
Pr. Oxen, D. Stinson, Irwin Fawcett.
Steers 3 years old, E. & W. S. O'Brien J. I. Graham.
Steers 2 years old, E. & W. S. O'Brien, Thos. Stombuskie.

Herd of Cattle.

1 Bull & 4 females, E. & W. S. O'Brien.

E. & W. S. O'Brien's special.

Best Calf of any breed, Jas. Stewart.

SHEEP.

Cotswold.

Ram Lamb, R. Oliver.
Aged Ewes, R. Oliver, R. Oliver,
Shearling Ewes, Geo. Swanton, R. Oliver.
Ewe Lambs, R. Oliver, R. Oliver.

Leicester.

Ram Lamb, A. Cairns, R. Oliver.
Aged Ewes, A. Cairns, A. Cairns.

South Down.

Aged Ram, I. A. M. Ferguson.
Ram Lamb, R. Oliver.
Aged Ewes, R. Oliver, R. Oliver.
Shearling Ewes, R. Oliver.
Ewe Lambs, R. Oliver.

Shropshire.

Aged Ram, John Buskin.
Ram Lamb, John Buskin.
Shearling Ewes, John Buskin.

SWINE.

Berkshire or other Black Breeds.

Boar aged, D. Stinson, Chris. Irwin.
Boar Pig, '87, Chris. Irwin, J. O'Brien,
Sow aged, R. Oliver.
Sow Pig, '87, W. Barnhouse, J. O'Brien.

Suffolk or other White Breeds.

Boar Pig, '87, Geo. Nixon, Jacob Holley.
Sow Pig, '87, Jacob Holley, Geo. Nixon.

POULTRY.

Pr. Brahmas, light, J. McGee, W. Barnhouse.
Pr. Leghorn, white, J. McGee, Wm. Barnhouse.
Pr. Leghorns, brown, J. McGee, John Gordon.
Pr. Hamburgs, golden pencilled, Wm. Petch, W. J. Cooey.
Pr. Hamburgs, silver, J. McGee, W.J. Cooey.
Pr. Houdans, J. McGee, J. McGee.
Pr. Spanish, white face, W. J. Cooey.
Pr. Bantams, game, black red,——— Geo. Stewart.
Pr. Plymouth Rocks, W. J. Cooey, J. McGee.
Pr. Game, black red, J. Brodie.
Pr. Ducks, other variety, Thos. Stombuskie, Geo. Stewart.
Pr. Geese, S. Stokes, Jas. Beecroft.
Pr. Turkeys, S. Stokes, I. A. M. Ferguson.

Fall Wheat.

Clawson, R. Ruthvan, J. Brodie.
Any other variety, R. Ruthvan, Jas. Stewart.

Spring Wheat.

Glasgow, D. Stinson.
Russian, J. Stewart, R. Plant.
Other Variety, J. Brodie, J. Stewart.
Barley, J. Brodie, R. Ruthvan.
Oats, white, J. Brodie, W. J. Cooey.
Oats, black, D. Stinson, W. Norton.
Peas, small, Jas. Stewart, J. Brodie.
Peas, large, Jas. Stewart, R. Ruthvan.
Timothy seed, Alex. Madill, J. Brodie.
White Indian Corn, J. Milnor.
Yellow Indian Corn, I. A. M. Ferguson, W. Norton.
Collection Beans, J. Brodie, W. J. Cooey.

Roots and Vegetables.

Potatoes, Early Rose, Irwin Fawcett, C. Bellamy.
Potatoes, other variety, Jas. Stewart, D. Stinson.
Collection Potatoes, J. Brodie, D. Stinson.
Mangold Wurtzels, globe, C. Bellamy, W. Norton.
Mangold Wurtzels, long, W. Norton, J. I. Graham.
Turnips, Swedish, W. J. Cooey, W. Norton.
Turnips, other field, W. Norton, Chars. Irwin.
Turnips, table, J. Beecroft, W. J. Cooey.
Long Blood Beets, J. Beecroft, R. Gilray.
Other Variety, J. Beecroft, J. Ferris,
Carrots, Field, W. Norton, J. Holley.
Carrots, Early Horn, T. A. M. Ferguson, J. Brodie.
Parsnips, R. Oliver, W. Norton.
Onions, from black seed, Irwin Fawcett, J. Gordon.
Onions, potatoes, J. Milner, C. Bellamy.
Cabbage, Winstadt, C. Bellamy, Wm. Barnhouse.
Cabbage, Drumhead, J. Milnor, J. Beecroft.
Cauliflower, J. Milnor, R. Gilray.
Celery, white, J. Ferris, J. Milnor.
Celery, red, J. Ferris, R. Oliver.
Pumpkins, J. Gordon, Jos. Smith.
Squashes, J. I. Graham, Joseph Smith.
Citrons, W. Norton, J. McGee.
Water Melons, J. Stewart, T. A. M. Ferguson.
Tomatoes. R. Gilray, W. Barnhouse.

FRUIT.

Fall Apples.

Red Astrachan, J. Brodie, J McGee.
Duchess of Oldenburg, J. McGee, J. I. Graham.
St. Lawrence, J. McGee, Jas. Stewart.
Gravenstein, J. I. Graham.
Alexandria, Irwin Fawcett, R. Gilray.
Collection, J. I. Graham, J. Brodie.

Winter Apples.

Northern Spy, J. I. Graham, J. Stewart.
Baldwin, R. Ruthvan, J. I. Graham.
Spitzenburg, J. Brodie, J. I. Graham.
Golden Russett, J. I. Graham. W. J. Cooey.
Roxbury Russet, J. I. Graham, J. Weber.
Pomme Grese, T. Kells.
Snow Apples, J. McGee, Jas. Stuart.
Collection, J. I. Graham, R. Ruthvan.

Pears.

Bartlett, J. Holley, W. Norton.
Clapp's Favorite, J. Weber, W. Norton.
Flemish Beauty, J. Brodie, J. I. Graham.
Louise Bonnde Jersey, J. Brodie.
Collection, J. I. Graham.

Plums.

Lombard, S. Stokes, T. A. M. Ferguson.
Smith's Orleans, J. Brodie.
Coe's Golden Drop, J. I. Graham, J. McGee.
Victoria, J. H. Heard, W. Norton.
Renie Claude, R. Plant, D. Stinson.
Gages, T. A. M. Ferguson, H. Weber.
Collection, T. A M. Ferguson, J. H. Heard.
Collection Crab Apples, J. I. Graham, J. Weber.
Seedling Apples, J. I. Graham, T. A. M. Ferguson.
Grapes, white, W. Barnhouse.
Grapes, colored, J. H. Heard, W. Barnhouse.

HONEY AND DAIRY PRODUCE.

Honey, extract, T. A. Ferguson.
5 lbs. Butter, J. Abbott, Geo. Buskin, Irwin Fawcett.
15 lbs. pail or crock, Butter, J .Milnor, Jas. Ferris, J. Abbott.
50 lbs. tub Butter, J. Milnor, James Ferris, Geo. Buskin.
Factory Cheese, G. Stewart, S. Stokes.
Cheese, not factory, Geo. Stewart.
Bread, W. Norton, S. Stokes.

MANUFACTURES.

Lumber Waggon, J. H. Heard.
Democrat Wagon, J. H. Heard.
Buggy, covered, J. H. Heard.
Buggy, open, J. H. Heard.
Cutter, single, J. H. Heard.
Cutter, double, J. H. Heard.
Team Harness, heavy, J. C. Griffiths & Co.
Carriage Harness, J. C. Griffiths & Co.
Single Harness, J. C. Griffiths & Co.
Gent's Fine Boots, J. Smith.
" Stoga " J. Smith, W. Barnhouse.
Lady's Boots, W. Barnhouse, J. Smith.
Case of Jewellery & Silverware, J. G. Russell, W. A. Brown.
Organs, J. W. Bates, J. N. Sproule.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Rag Carpet, J. McGee, S. Stokes.
Blankets, home-made, Mrs. W. Norton, Mrs. R. Gilray.
Fulled-cloth factory,————, Mrs. W. Norton.
Flannel, union, Mrs. J. Milnor.
Stocking Yarn, Mrs. J. Abbott, Mrs. S. Stokes.
Woollen Mits, Mrs. R. Ruthvan, Mrs. J. Milnor.
Woollen Stockings, Mrs. J. Abbott, Mrs. W. Norton.
Woollen Socks, Mrs. J. Abbott, Mrs. W. Norton.
Patchwork Quilt, Mrs. W. Norton, Mrs. J. Abbott.
Knit or Crotchet Quilt, Mrs. R. Plant, Mrs. W. Norton.
Any other kind Quilt, Mrs. W. Norton, Mrs. J. Abbott.
Coll. Berlin Wool Work, Mrs. W. Trimble, Mrs. A McMullen.
Arrasene Work, Miss Damude, Mrs. J. Milnor.
Braiding in Cotton, Mrs. W. Norton, Mrs. W. Petch.
Embroidery in Silk, Miss Richardson, Mrs W. Petch.
Embroidery in Cotton, Mrs. J. Milnor
Embroidery in worsted, Mrs. J. Milnor, Mrs. W. Norton.
Crochet in Cotton, Mrs. C. Bellamy, Mrs. R. Plantt.
Crochet in Wool, Mrs. A. McMullen, Mrs. C. Bellamy.
Point and Honiton Lace, Mrs. A. Munshaw, Mrs. Milnor.
Fancy Knitting in Wool, Mrs. A. McMullen, Mrs. Milnor.
Wool Work on Canvas, Mrs. Milnor, Mrs. C. Bellamy.
Needle Work, ornamental, Mrs. A. Munshaw, Mrs. McGee.
Man's Shirt, hand-made, Mrs. W. Norton, Mrs. Stokes.
Mat, Mrs. W. Trimble, Mrs. A. Munshaw.
Macrame Lace, Mrs. Munshaw, Mrs. Norton.
Leather Work, Miss Stuart, Mrs. Damude.
Worked Slippers, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Ferris.
Tatting, Mrs. Milnor.
Wax Flowers, Mrs. Gilray.
Coll. Photos, Mrs. Bulmer.
Crayon Drawing, Miss Damude.
Crettonne work, Mrs. Milnor, Mrs. McGee.
Pencil Drawing, Miss Damude.
Coll: Paintings and drawings, Miss Damude.
Feather Wreath, Miss Damude, Mrs. Petch.
Cotton batting Wreath, Mrs. Milnor.
Farmers Wreath, Mrs. W. Hopper, Mrs. Milnor.

PLANTS.

Table boquet, Mrs. Beecroft.
Foliage Plant, Mrs. Beecroft. Mrs. C. Bellamy.
Geranium, Mrs. Beecroft.
Hanging Basket, Mrs. Beecroft.
Calla Lilly, Mrs Munshaw, Mrs. Damude.
Heliotrope, Mrs. Beecroft.
Begonia, Mrs. Beecroft.
Cut Flowers, Mrs. Beecroft.
Coll. Plants, Mrs. Beecroft.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

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Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Co., Ltd., 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

Badgeros.

From our own Correspondent.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE DISTRICT MEETING.

A most successful and enthusiastic meeting of the District Division Sons of Temperance, was held at Badgeros, on Tuesday 20th inst. The District comprises adjoining parts of E. Grey, W. Simcoe and Dufferin. Over 50 delegates were present from Badgeros, Eechaoite, Gravel Road, Maple Valley, Lavender, and Ruskview Divisions. Among those present were W. H. Bewell, Grand Scribe, Whitby, S. McLean, D.G.W.P., Badgeros, F. H. Dixon, D.W.P., Lavender, J. Moore, D.W.A., Badgeros, R. Sprott, D. Treas., McIntyre, A. Scarrow, D. Scribe, Lavender, and many other earnest workers in the order. A large amount of important business was transacted. The chair was taken by the D.W.P. The Grand Scribe was received with honors. During the session that officer addressed the District Division at length, and exemplified the work of the Order in both District and Subordinate Divisions. The utmost harmony, earnestness and interest characterized the meeting and much good will undoubtedly result therefrom. Amongst the resolutions passed was one pledging the District Division to a loyal and devoted support of the Scott Act, and also to vote for only such candidates for public office as are sound upon the question of prohibition. The public meeting in the evening was a great success. W. H. Bewell was voted to the chair. An excellent program was rendered, consisting of addresses by the chairman, Mr Prentice, D. Chap., Lavender, Mr. Andrews, Ruskview, Mr. McLean, Co. D.G.W.P., and Mr. Creighton. The readings, recitations, &c., by the Misses McKinnon, Sprott, Mr. Scarrow and others were well received, and beautifully rendered. The many temperance songs sung by the choirs of Badgeros and Lavender Divisions well deserved the applause so lavishly bestowed by the meeting. These Divisions have great reason to be proud of their respective choirs, which will yet do excellent service for the Order and the cause of Temperance. The members who were instrumental in so successfully carrying out the arrangements for these meetings, received the hearty thanks of all. The Grand Scribe also received a vote of thanks for his attendance and for the instruction given in the work of the order. The next session will be held (D.V.) at Ruskview, on the second Tuesday of January, 1888.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 3 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

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Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST,

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

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Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

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On Town or Farm Property.

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

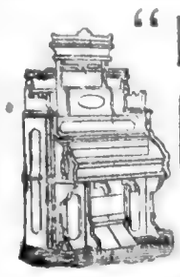

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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Burmah, Egypt, Ireland, the Colonies, the Fisheries, Commercial Depression and the Jubilee Touched Upon.

A last (Friday) night's London cable gives the remainder of the Queen's Speech as follows: The treaty between Great Britain and China, with reference to the relations between China and Burmah, has been ratified. The confident hope I expressed that a general pacification of Burmah would be effected during the present year has been fully realized. A settled government is being gradually introduced in its remoter districts. The convention which was concluded between Turkey and myself for the purpose of defining the conditions under which it would be possible for me to undertake the withdrawal of my troops from Egypt at a fixed date has not been ratified by the Sultan. The course of action imposed upon me by my obligations to the ruler of the people of Egypt remains unchanged. The presence of my forces has secured to Egypt the blessings of tranquility, and has enabled me to effectually support the Khedive's efforts to promote good government and the prosperity of his people. I have agreed with the President of the United States to refer to a joint commission the difficult questions respecting the North American fisheries which have recently been discussed by the two nations. With singular satisfaction I mention the assemblage of the first conference of representatives of my colonies ever held in London. Their deliberations, directed to many matters of deep practical interest to their respective communities and conducted in a spirit of hearty co-operation, will, I doubt not, add strength to the affection by which the various parts of my Empire are bound together. The Queen thanks the House of Commons for the liberal provision for the public services, and continues, there is some ground for hoping that the grave depression under which all commercial and industrial interests have so long suffered is assuming a less severe character. I deeply grieve to add that there is no mitigation of the suffering under which large portions of the agricultural community continue to labor. The wants and difficulties of Ireland have occupied your close attention during a protracted session. I trust the remedies your wisdom has provided will gradually effect a complete restoration of order in Ireland and give renewed encouragement to peaceful industry. In order to pass them it has been necessary to postpone many important measures affecting other parts of the kingdom, which, doubtless, you will be able to resume without hindrance at the coming session. After reference to allotments, coal mines, merchandise marks and criminal procedure in Scotland Act, the Queen concludes: This year, the 50th anniversary of my reign, has been the occasion of the expression of fervent loyalty, which has deeply touched me. I am indeed truly thankful for the warm, hearty proofs of affection which have reached me from all classes. In thanking God for the blessings He has vouchsafed me and my country, I trust I may be spared to continue to reign over a loving, faithful and united people.

The Queen's speech in January last specified fifteen measures, the passing of which was deemed necessary to the prosperity of the country. Out of the fifteen six have passed and become law, viz., the Irish Crimes Bill, the Irish Land Bill, the Allotment Bill, and three other measures peculiar to Scotland. Nothing particular has been done for England, and everybody seems very glad to have been let alone so severely. Parliament has sat for a period of thirty-three weeks and has lost by death five members, and by elevation or succession to the peerage, eight, while twenty-five new members were introduced during the session.

A FATAL SALUTE.

Tragedy at the Ste. Anne Beaupre Festivities by the Bursting of an Old Cannon.

A Quebec despatch says: The news of a terrible accident, through an explosion of a cannon, has just reached the city from St. Anne, growing out of the ceremonies at the coronation and blessing of the statue of St. Anne. His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, nearly all the bishops of the Province, 800 clergy and about 10,000 people assisted at the ceremony. The little village was *en fete*, and to add to the success of the demonstration three cannons, which had been ornaments in the lawns at Beauport Asylum for years, were shipped to St. Anne for the purpose of firing a salute on the arrival and departure of the Prince of the Church. Everything went well until the boat conveying His Eminence was leaving the wharf, when the villagers again went to fire off the guns. One of them exploded and [illegible] pieces of metal were blown in all directions. One report stated that three men were killed outright, while a second report says that only two men named Bilodeau and Sylvain were probably fatally injured, and a boy, name unknown, was picked up in an unconscious state and has remained so ever since. It is said the cause of the explosion was the age and used-up condition of the guns, and the fact that they had not been sponged, although used in firing volley after volley all day. As there is no telegraphic connection with St. Anne, the exact details of the injuries to the victims cannot be learned until to-morrow.

A Muscular Christian.

Wednesday forenoon as Rev. Mr. Shorey, of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, was walking from his residence on Carlton towards Sherbourne street, a horse and buggy minus a driver dashed past him, going west. In a moment the rev. gentleman was running after the runaway, which he overtook. He seized hold of the top of the buggy, which was down, and, while running and holding on to the buggy passed along to the side and seized the reins and stopped the horse, got into the buggy and turned to go eastward, meeting on Bleeker street the coachman, from whom the horse had escaped on Bleeker street.

William Hamilton, recently arrived from England, was robbed of a gold watch and chain, worth about $125, while in a hotel on Chaboillez square, Montreal, on Thursday evening. Dolphus Colin and Felix Forest were sent up for trial on the charge of having committed the theft.

POLICE VS. MOONLIGHTERS.

Particulars of the Affray in Which Constable Whelehan Lost His Life.

A Dublin cable says: Details of the murder of Constable Whelehan by moonlighters at Lisdoonvarne on Sunday night have reached the city. The police, having learned that a party of moonlighters would visit the house of a farmer named Sexton, made arrangements for their capture. Constable Whelehan, accompanied by a dozen other officers, went to the place designated. Five of the force were placed in Sexton's house and the others in a shed near by, while Whelehan himself acted as sentinel in front of the house.

When the moonlighters appeared on the scene the door of the house was opened and three of them rushed in with loaded rifles in their hands. They were in the act of searching Sexton when the police secreted in an adjoining room rushed out and a fierce encounter ensued. Two moonlighters who, among others, had been left outside now tried to make their escape, but the police placed in the shed prevented this and drove them into the house.

While the fight was proceeding in the house two other outlaws attacked Constable Whelehan on the outside. Policeman Connell ran to Whelehan's assistance, but was immediately knocked down by a blow from a clubbed rifle and rendered insensible. Whelehan was quickly despatched, and the body, with a loaded revolver lying alongside, was afterwards found some distance from the scene of the murder and removed to Sexton's house. Connell was also carried to the house, and at last accounts was recovering.

Whelehan was a highly esteemed officer. He had been twenty-two years in the service. He was detailed to attend the Prince of Wales during the latter's visit to Ireland. The Prince at the time presented him with a souvenir in the shape of a gold pencil case.

Two of the moonlighters taken into custody are sons of well-to-do farmers, and the others are laborers. All of them—ten in number—were taken to Galway and placed in jail to-night. A crowd had assembled on their arrival, but no sympathy was manifested for them.

It is stated that the leader in the attack on Whelehan has turned Queen's evidence.

SNOWSTORM IN THE ALPS.

The Empress of Austria Almost Lost During a Mountain Ascent.

A London cable says: The Empress of Austria had a somewhat unpleasant experience recently. The Empress is almost as ardent a mountaineer as she was a horsewoman, and during her stay at Ischl went in for a great deal of mountain climbing. One day she made the ascent of the Gethfeld, and, according to her usual custom, took with her but a small *posse* of attendants. When half way up a snowstorm came on, and the Empress and her party were at that moment going along a narrow path a little better than a mere ledge, which wound round the face of the mountain. To advance was impossible and to return was equally dangerous. So the Empress had to cling to the face of the precipice in the blinding snowstorm, for the space of more than an hour. At the expiration of that time the storm abated, and an attempt was made to descend. A relief party, which had been sent up from Ischl, when once the position of affairs became known, finally rescued the Imperial party, and the Empress met with an ovation on her return to her villa after her dangerous experience of Alpine mountaineering

A New Explosive.

A London cable says: It is reported that the Russian Minister of War has just concluded a series of experiments with a new explosive compound which bids fair to outdo the qualities of melinite, robusite and all other explosives whatever in its application to all present uses of gunpowder. This new composition is destined, say many persons, to revolutionize the existing system of ammunition. It is the discovery of a Russian engineer, and has been christened Sleetova. Its strength is equal to that of proxyline, and it has the immense advantage of being ten times cheaper than the ordinary villainous saltpetre. Another great superiority which it possesses over all known motives of the dynamite class, is that when fired its force does not strike downward, but entirely in a forward direction, so that it can be used for all purposes of cannon and musket charges to which ordinary gunpowder is now applied without any damage whatever to the weapon from which it is discharged. It is stated, in fact, that ball cartridges loaded with it have been fired out of cardboard gun barrels, as a test, without the least injury to the latter. So satisfactory, indeed, have been experiments that it is reported that the Minister of War is about to have a special factory built for its manufacture. The composition of the new compound is a profound secret.

His First Wife Has Her Revenge.

An Erie, Pa., dispatch says: William Wearne, of Penzance, Cornwall, came to America fifteen years ago, leaving a young wife and three children in the old country. He located in Erie three years ago, went into the marble business and made money. He was married last Christmas eve to an accomplished young lady several years his junior. He was influential in the society of the Sons of St. George, and his public wedding was brilliantly celebrated. Last June the English wife and daughter arrived in this city and Wearne was arrested. His trial occurred to-day on a charge of bigamy. The defendant swore the English woman was never his wife. She was in court and fainted at the declaration. The jury was out only fifteen minutes and returned a verdict of guilty. One thousand people attended the trial, and the result was cabled to Mrs. Wearne's friends in England. The defendant will go to the penitentiary.

Edward Carberry, while working in the Don River improvement works, Toronto, last night, was seriously, if not fatally, injured by a mass of earth at least two tons in weight falling upon him. His condition is critical.

The total loss of the San Francisco wheat cornerers is now put down at about $7,500,000.

A heavy frost occurred throughout the Mohawk Valley, New York, on Friday night, levelling all kinds of vegetation.

LOST IN THE ARCTIC SEA.

Terrible Tale of Suffering by the Solitary Survivor of a Wrecked Crew.

A Victoria, B. C., despatch says: Capt. Warren, of the schooner Owner, arrived from Sitka yesterday. He stated that by the cutter Rush there arrived a sailor in Sitka who is the only survivor of the whaling schooner Napoleon, which was wrecked in the Arctic two years ago. He tells a terrible tale of suffering. The vessel got crushed in the ice, the crew having to take to their boats, and the man who arrived in Sitka was one of the eighteen who were on the ice for thirty days. During this time his seventeen companions died from starvation. He was picked up by some Esquimaux, and lived among them until the trip of the Bear into the Arctic, when he was found among his protectors. The cutter brought him down and connected with the Rush in the Behring Sea, the latter bringing him to Sitka.

Latest from the Northwest.

Messrs. Trow and Paterson, Liberal M.P.'s, left Victoria for the east on Friday. They will stop off at a number of places along the line on their return journey.

The roof of the Immaculate Conception Church blew off with the high winds prevailing last night.

The funeral of the late Archdeacon Cowley took place this morning to St. John's Cathedral and was largely attended. The Bishop of Rupert's Land delivered the sermon, after which the remains were taken to Dynevor for interment.

It appears the reduction announced in wheat rates by the C. P. R. yesterday does not apply to Manitoba, but is a similar reduction in the grain tariff east of Port Arthur to that made on the western division last week, viz., three cents per bushel or about five cents a hundred.

A correspondent, writing from Banff on the 12th inst., says: "Lady Macdonald, accompanied by Miss Macpherson, arrived here on Thursday morning. Most of Thursday she spent with her daughter, whom she was very much gratified to find very much improved in health from the sojourn at the springs. On Friday morning she went on a handcar to Anthracite, and on her return rode to Devil's Lake, where she was charmed with the scenery. On Saturday, accompanied by her daughter and Miss Cox, Miss Macdonald's companion, and Miss Macpherson, Lady Macdonald started for the Pacific coast with her car attached to a freight train, as she wished to travel through the mountains in daylight."

The fall race meeting is now taking place. The horses entered are mostly local.

Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, an old Northwest missionary, and a large party of Quebec priests, arrived to-day to attend the consecration of St. Boniface Cathedral on Sunday. They are the guests of St. Boniface citizens. The visit of the clergy will have much weight, it is hoped, in inducing French Canadians to settle in this country instead of going to the United States.

Nothing of importance was adduced at to-day's sitting of the Court on the Browning injunction. Mr. Munson, for the contractors, will enter upon his argument to-morrow morning.

Latest from Ireland.

Professor Baldwin, a well-known authority on agriculture, died on the 31st ult. in Dublin.

The Gordon Highlanders have arrived at Belfast to relieve the 71st Highland Light Infantry, who have been stationed there since 1885.

One hundred and twenty-one members of the House of Lords own land in Ireland, which is valued, according to the Poor Law valuation, at £1,842,633 per annum.

John Reilly has been sentenced at Granard Petty Sessions, under the Crimes Act, to three months' hard labor for throwing lime on a bailiff and a policeman at Cooldoney.

The self-styled Rev. Dr. Keating, who was sentenced in Dublin to eighteen months' imprisonment for obtaining money under false pretences, was liberated on the 1st inst. owing to ill-health. He goes to Australia.

An extraordinary fatality occurred on the 1st inst. at Kilkee, on the west coast of County Clare. Three young ladies were on the rocks reading, when a huge tidal wave suddenly broke over them and washed them away. One young lady saved herself by clinging to the rocks, and another was rescued, but the third was swept out to sea and drowned.

In Ireland during the present year 1,562,164 acres were planted with cereal crops, being a decrease, as compared with last year, of 28,000 acres. On the other hand, there has been an increase of 7,434 acres under green crops and 2,312 under flax, making the net acreage under tillage 18,794. In meadow and clover under cultivation there has been an increase of 49,329. Thus, in the extent of land under crops of all kinds, there has been since last year an increase of 30,535 acres.

Advices from Zanzibar have been received to the effect that the messengers sent by the consuls to apprise Emin Bey that the expedition under Henry M. Stanley had been sent to his relief have returned. They state that they reached Lake Albert Nyanza, where they met Emin Bey returning from an expedition to the Usungora country. Emin Bey was greatly surprised at the near approach of the expedition, and warned his troops occupying posts on the western shores of the lake of the approach of Stanley. Emin Bey then returned to Adelai to await the arrival of the expedition. The messengers report that a fierce war has been waged between the King of Uganda and the people of Unyoro, in which the former was defeated. The country between Lake Albert Nyanza and Lake Maritanzige has been devastated by the belligerents, and passage is difficult.

Hon. Joseph Cilley, the oldest United States Senator and veteran of the war of 1812, died at Nottingham, N.H., on Friday, aged 96.

Mark Skinner, of Chicago, who, as President of the Sanitary Commission, collected and distributed $500,000 to sick and wounded soldiers during the civil war, died on Friday night at Manchester, Vermont, aged 76. He had been in feeble health for some time. An estate of $1,000,000 is left by him to his daughters.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

How to Do Ever So Many Housewifely Duties.

Grape-water Ice.—Grape-water ice is in season, and is delicious. Take the juice of four lemons, half a pint of water, one pint of sugar, two glasses of grape juice; mix these well, strain and freeze.

French Mustard.—Slice an onion in a bowl and cover with good vinegar; after two days pour off the vinegar, add to it a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, and mustard enough to thicken; set on a stove until it boils. When cold it is fit for use.

Pudding Sauce.—Arrow-root sauce for bread or rice puddings is made of two teaspoonfuls of arrow-root, the juice of one lemon, a little grated nutmeg, half a pint of water, and sugar to the taste. Wet the arrow-root with the water, stir it until it is smooth, add the other ingredients and let it all come to a boil.

Peach Cake.—Bake three sheets of sponge cake as for jelly cake; cut nice ripe peaches in thin slices; prepare cream by whipping, sweetening and adding flavor of vanilla, if desired; put layers of peaches between the sheets of cake; pour cream over each layer and over the top. To be eaten soon after it is prepared.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Make choice of those which are small and not too old; put them into jars and pour over them a brine made of two-thirds of water and one of vinegar, with salt in the proportion of a pound to three pints of liquid. Put the brine on the fire till the salt is melted, let it stand to settle, and before using pour it off clear. When it is wished to use the cucumbers take off the rinds and dress them like fresh cucumbers.

Peach Fritters.—Make a batter of two well-beaten eggs, half a pint of milk and a little salt; beat very smooth and light, and then pour in the remainder of the milk and eggs, to which is added a tablespoonful of butter or olive oil. Peel and cut the peaches in halves; dip them in the batter and fry them in boiling fat until they are a delicate brown. Serve on a hot dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Gold Cake.—One and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, yolks of six eggs, one even teaspoonful of soda and three scant teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Stir the sugar and butter to a cream, add the yolks after beating them thoroughly, then the cup of sweet milk and the flour, through which the soda and cream tartar should previously have been sifted.

To Can Peaches.—Rub the peaches hard with a piece of flannel or coarse crash to remove the rough surface, but do not peel them. Make a syrup of one cupful of sugar to one quart of water. When it is boiling put in the peaches and cook slowly until they are tender; then put them into the cans and pour over them the hot syrup and screw on the covers. The flavor of the peach is retained in a greater degree than when the skin is removed wholly.

Pickled Peaches.—Make a syrup of two pounds of sugar to one quart of good vinegar. Put into a little muslin bag one tablespoonful of each kind of spice, tie tightly and put it into the vinegar and sugar. Prepare the peaches as for canning and cook them in the syrup until they are tender, but not too soft; then place them in the jar and pour over them the hot syrup. Put the spice-bag into the jar with the peaches.

Peach Shortcake.—The cake is made of one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one saltspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar passed through a sieve, and then mixed with four tablespoonfuls of butter. When thoroughly mixed moisten with one teacupful of milk. Bake in two deep pie plates in a quick oven. Have the peaches peeled and cut in slices. As soon as the cakes are done cut them in halves, butter them, and arrange the slices of peaches between the pieces, sprinkling with sugar. Serve warm with cream.

How to Restore the Rubber Rings of Cans.—The rubber rings by the use of which fruit cans are made air-tight, after being used, become hard and unyielding, so much so that fruit seldom keeps as well when they are used the second time. Though new ones cost but little, it is not always convenient to get them. Every one should know that the elasticity of the old ones can be restored, and that they can be made as good as new by baking them a half hour in a mixture of ammonia and water—two-thirds ammonia and one-third water. Try it.

How to Prevent the Breakage of Glass Jars in Canning.—Now, in fruit-canning season, the women of the household, to whom we are so deeply indebted for the good things we eat, should be told that the trouble so many of them take in warming glass cans before putting hot fruit into them to prevent breaking is all needless; that, in fact, it results in breaking more than it saves. By placing the cold can on a wet rag taken from a dish of cold water it may be filled with fruit boiling hot without the least danger of breakage. The only requisite is that the cloth be fully saturated—and with cold water.

Prepared Pears.—At this time of the year a good many families have such quantities of ripened pears that they can neither eat nor profitably dispose of them. A lady who has tried it finds this an excellent use to make of them: Cut them in thick slices, stew them, and then, in an open oven, dry them thoroughly, if it take two days. They come out all honeyed over with their own sweetness, and fig-like in their substance and consistency, at once suggesting both raisins and figs. And they are excellent eating, far finer than any one would believe without trying. They will keep, it is said, a year or two.

The transfer of the St. Martin & Upham Railway to the Central Railway Company, of New Brunswick, has been sanctioned by the Governor-in-Council.

Forty-eight colored men were arraigned at Jefferson Market Court, New York, on Saturday for gambling. They were all arrested at the Criterion and Caterers' Club rooms. Justice Gorman discharged them, saying that they had as much right to gamble in their own club rooms as the members of the Union League or Manhattan Clubs had in their rooms.

A USEFUL BURGLAR.

It was at the end of April. The Gorhams had gone out to their country seat at Penn-Rhyn much earlier in the season than usual, and, as it was intolerably dull with nothing in the world to do, they had asked a dozen people out to spend a week in all sorts of unconventional frolics. Sally had three or four charming buds for her guests, among them Madge Palliser; her brother Jack had brought several willing victims from the club, and the old Van Coovers came to amuse papa and mamma Gorham and keep them out of mischief with an innocent rubber of whist in the chimney corner o'nights.

Madge was the blithest of the blithe. All the men adored her openly, save and except Thomas Fotterall, Esq., who never worshipped publicly at her shrine, though he often watched her furtively from afar off with something more than ordinary interest in his half-shut eyes.

One night Mr. Fotterall had been sitting beside Madge in the group around the fire, but only Sally's quick eyes had detected the glances they had not infrequently exchanged. In the bustle attendant upon separation for the night nobody noticed how long the gallant Tommy was in handing his charming neighbor her bed-room candle stick, nor how the rich crimson flushed not only her cheek, but her throat and brows, as her fingers lay not unwillingly in his strong grasp.

Sally flew into the room they occupied together and was already nestled among the pillows, when Madge sauntered slowly in, her eyes dancing and a new expression on her face that caused Sally to look again with surprise, and wonder if she were really growing pretty, after all.

"Come to bed—pray do!" said Miss Gorham, in a sleepy tone.

"I'm coming," responded Madge, in an absent way.

But she proceeded, nevertheless, to put on a wrapper and let down her beautiful hair, preparatory to brushing it out and putting it up for the night.

At last she looked up. Sally was sleeping the sleep of the just, with one dimpled hand under her cheek, the other lying on the coverlet. The old Dutch clock on the landing of the stairs below chimed out a melodious midnight, and Madge began to think seriously of bed.

As she glanced up, however, her eyes beheld a sight which caused every drop of blood to stand still in her veins.

In the mirror opposite her she saw the door of a closet on the other side of the bed open slowly and the face of a man peep slyly out—a bad, brutal, scar-seamed face, with bloodshot eyes that scanned the scene with evil accuracy.

They saw the slumbering and unconscious Sally, the motionless figure of Madge, evidently about to follow her friend's example and retire for the night, and the little heap of rings and pins that glittered on a table near by. With a grin of hideous satisfaction the face was noiselessly withdrawn and the door shut softly to again, while poor Madge laid a hand upon her heart and tried to still its wild beating.

What could she do? Wake Sally, who would be certain to cry out in a frenzy of fright and give the wretch a chance to annihilate them before they could escape? Fly downstairs to the smoking-room, where she could hear some of the men, still talking over their cigars, and abandon Sally to her fate? She raised her head once more in despair when, lo! an idea!

Lightly, tremblingly, she rose to her feet, lightly crossed the room, and suddenly—heavens, how the floor creaked!—suddenly she turned the key in the lock and had her prisoner safe.

How he swore, and stormed, and beat against the door, while Sally woke screaming, and the entire household, in a state of dire alarm, appeared upon the scene. The men rushed up from the smoking-room and proceeded to extract the offender from his impromptu dungeon and to deliver him over to the officers of the peace, who were summoned by a watchman's rattle, wielded vigorously out of the window by Mrs. Van Coover, in a paroxysm of fear.

There was an immense amount of gabble and explanation going on, unstinted praise of Madge's courage and presence of mind, and then a general rendezvous in the hall below, for sleep was felt to be impossible after all that had occurred. But on the way downstairs, on the dusky landing where the old Dutch clock had stood for years and told no tales, Mr. Tom Fotterall and Miss Madge Palliser were detained a moment or two behind the rest, quite by chance, of course, and unnoticed by the others.

The red-brown locks were in a sad state of tumble; but the pretty pink wrapper was very becoming, nevertheless, and for once in her life its wearer was really lovely, with happy tears in her eyes and the dearest blush in the world mantling her cheek as somebody's tender arms went about her and somebody said, softly:

"At Trinity, the last of May!"

And that was all. A very brief moment of bliss; but the next Sunday a paragraph appeared in several gossipy journals which electrified society at large. It said:

"The engagement is announced of Mr. Thomas Erquhart Fotterall, who is the only scion of the oldest and most aristocratic family in Virginia, and Miss Margaret Euphrosyne Palliser, the reigning belle of the season."

It is surely no wonder that a man who is on a bender seldom is able to walk straight.

Henry Riedel, a weaver, murdered his wife and 9-year-old son at Wilmington, Del., on Saturday morning and then made an unsuccessful attempt to take his own life. Riedel awoke about 1.30 o'clock and said he was seized with a desire to die, and as he did not want to leave his wife and child unprotected he took up a pistol and stole stealthily into an adjoining room where they were in bed. Both were sound asleep and he shot them through the head, death resulting instantaneously. He then aimed a bullet at his own head, but it glanced and made a deep but not dangerous wound. Riedel is in custody.

At a conference of Scottish Home Rulers held yesterday Mr. Findlater, President of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance, advocated Home Rule for Scotland. He openly declared that the Northern and Eastern counties were ripe for it. A committee was appointed to consider the question and bring the matter before Parliament.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE results of the survey and last census of India are that the area of the Peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracts of country are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey, 10,000,000 acres of land, suitable for cultivation, have not as yet been ploughed. At the same time, 120,000,000 of acres are returned as waste lands.

A PICTURE lately purchased at the shop of a general dealer in Camberwell, London, was submitted to Sir Frederick Burton, of the National Gallery, who, notwithstanding its dirty and dilapidated condition, was struck by its beauty and evident value. The picture, which is a landscape with figures, measuring 69 by 45 inches, turns out to be by Claude Lorraine and in that master's best style.

IN "Pilgrim's Progress," as translated into Japanese and illustrated by native artists, Christian has a close-shaven Mongolian head, Vanity Fair is a feast of lanterns with popular Japanese amusements, the dungeon of Giant Despair is one of these large wooden cages in which Eastern criminals are confined, and the angels waiting to receive the pilgrims on the further side of the bridgeless river are dressed in Yokohama fashion.

A MOTHER of seven children throws some light on Dr. Hammond's discussion of the decline of the maternal instinct as illustrated by the increasing smallness of families. She says she has been househunting in New York and Brooklyn for two months, and when she tells landlords that she has seven children they raise their hands in holy horror and say they would rather the house was unoccupied a year than filled by such a gang.

MISS AGNETA RAMSAY, who was senior classic at Cambridge University, has received the following letter from Sir H Ponsonby, accompanying a portrait engraving of the Queen: "Sir Henry Ponsonby presents his compliments to Miss Ramsay, and is commanded by the Queen to send her a print of Her Majesty in appreciation of the high honor gained by her in the recent examination." The engraving bears in Her Majesty's own handwriting the following inscription, "Given to Miss Ramsay by Victoria R. and I., 1887."

THEY tell a story of a recently enriched woman going to a jeweller to have the big diamonds she has worn in her ears cut in two! She said smaller stones being now fashionable she would like to have one of the solitaires made into earrings, while the other could be set for a ring. When it was suggested the stone might be exchanged for two smaller, but that it would be impossible to carve it up, the lady was much offended, as she said: "The jewels were a wedding present, and she did not propose parting with them for nobody."

SOME months ago the floors of many Austrian garrisons were painted with tar and the results have proved so uniformly advantageous that the method is becoming greatly extended in its application. The collection of dust in cracks is thus prevented, and a consequent diminution in irritative diseases of the eye has been noted. Cleanliness of the rooms has been greatly facilitated and parasites are almost completely excluded. The coating of tar is inexpensive, requires renewal but once a year, and presents but one disadvantage, namely, its sombre color.

DR. FELIX L. OSWALD declares in the *North American Review* that "in sixteen different European languages the word *cold* has become a synonym of an affection which the absolutely conclusive evidence of physiological facts proves to be a result of vitiated warm indoor air, and to be curable by cold outdoor air." He uses one of the sixteen languages with great force to plead for cold air and plenty of it, and his observations ought straightway to be translated into the other fifteen.

THE Paris *Figaro* says that if you wish your children to have pretty teeth you must begin with the second dentition to press back with the finger every morning the teeth which have a tendency to press forward and to pull forward those which tend backward. As a wash, boil in a tumblerful of water a pinch of pulverized cacao. It strengthens the gums and whitens the teeth without injuring the enamel which covers the bone. Wash the mouth after each meal with lukewarm boiled water.

Important to Teachers.

Next year new candidates will not be allowed to write for 2nd class non-professional certificates. In July, 1888, only the following will be eligible to write for 2nd class:

1. Those who hold 3rd class certificates and wish to obtain 2nd class.
2. Those who wrote in July, 1887, for 2nd class, whether they then held 3rd class or not, and failed.
3. Those who at any previous 3rd examination obtained the aggregate required but who failed in one or more subjects.

A Woman's Economy.

Economy is wealth, but sometimes the two do not closely connect. A woman at the station recently gave two small boys 10 cents each to go up on the hill after a small trunk. The boys forgot to come back. She then gave another boy 5 cents to go and find the other two, but the third chap's memory also failed him, and neither the trunk nor the boys returned to report. Subsequently she hired a hackman to go after the trunk, and he fulfilled the contract. Some people manage to save money by throwing it away, but this woman didn't.

The Usual Way.

Mrs. Van Coover (to caller)—I have such a splendid cook, and she is such an early riser. The ice man leaves the ice at 5 o'clock and she is always there to bring it in. She is a perfect treasure. I don't know what I should do without her.

Splendid Cook (opening the door)—Plaze, mum, it's a wake's notice oim given yez. Oim to marry Dennis, the ice man, in a month come Thoorsday.—*New York Sun.*

Murdoch McCauley, for some years past a clerk in Duluth, went to Levis, Que., a day or two ago intending to sail for England to-day by the steamship Circassian. Yesterday morning he was found dead in bed at the Montreal Hotel, where he boarded. Death resulted from disease of the heart.

FALL STYLES FOR LADIES.

What Fashion Prescribes for Stationery and Jewels.

Very stylish handkerchiefs are now marked with a small monogram, finely embroidered in a shield, or star, or circular piece, in colored cambric, stitched down to the corner of the handkerchief. This device must be of a hue contrasting with that of the handkerchief. If the shield is composed of blue or red cambric the monograms must be worked in white. On a handkerchief of pink cambric the shield is pale blue, and the monogram is embroidered in pink. On a pale blue handkerchief the device is in red, and the monogram may be either in blue or white. When the handkerchief is striped or spotted the shield or star must be of the color of the printed design, and the monogram in that of the groundwork. As will be seen, these combinations may be indefinitely varied. The monograms now used on letter paper, as well as on lingerie, are much smaller than heretofore.

THE LATEST THING IN NOTE PAPER.

The newest device for stamping ladies' note paper is to have it simply marked with the owner's Christian name in heavy script letters, set transversely at the left hand corner of the sheet, in a new style of gilding, which gives the letters the appearance of having been sanded with gold sand. Colored note paper in such flashing hues as scarlet, dark blue, etc., has gone entirely out of fashion. The latest effort in this style was a deep sage green, but it failed to take the public fancy. The latest *chic* in writing appliances is to have the blotting book stamped to match the paper. Blotting books covered with cream colored or gray coarse linen and painted by hand with devices of flowers, or birds or landscapes, or grotesque scenes and personages, executed in water colors, are very popular.

NEW COLOR.

The prettiest new color of the season is a pale yet vivid green, like the tint of a light colored emerald. It has a name as pretty as itself, being called "fresh moss color."

A very pretty and elegant watering place dress in this new tint has just been sent down to Trouville. The plain full silk skirt is edged at the hem with a row of large pale green beads. The skirt is covered with two overskirts in silk gauze of the same shade of green, slightly draped at the sides, and each edged with a row of beads. The corsage is in gauze, made without a basque and with a very long point, a row of beads outlining the waist. This corsage is lined with silk and is cut square in front. A collar necklace of three rows of beads is clasped around the throat of the wearer.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY.

In jewellery the most noteworthy change to be recorded is the return of the emerald to popular favor. This most beautiful of all colored precious stones has been heretofore neglected in favor of the sapphire and the ruby, but has now regained its bygone popularity. Any person now owning a really fine emerald possesses a treasure, for one that is of perfect color and is relatively flawless is exceedingly rare and always commands a high price.

Opals, too, are recovering from the neglect into which the very foolish superstition concerning them had plunged them. Their renewal of favor is probably owing to the great beauty of the Hungarian opals, which are far finer and more brilliant than those from the mines of Mexico.

Cat's-eyes and moonstones are much less sought for than they were last season, though the latter are always popular when worked up into fantastic designs for scarf pins or lace pins. Enamels in imitation of the Byzantine or mediæval enamels are much worn in the shape of brooches and bracelets. Many of these last cited ornaments are veritable works of art.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

"I Am Never Merry When I Hear Sweet Music."

Like a katydid singing a mandolin's ringing just two doors above with its "zum-zum-zum;" and out in the street half a dozen boys beat on the head of a cask for a big bass drum. In the room just below at the big piano, a maiden is playing the tra-la-la-loo; and the children up stairs in trios and pairs are practicing songs that are noisy and new. And over it all, through kitchen and hall, too bass for a shriek and too shrill for a squall, like a calliope yowling our Bridget is howling the one line she's mastered of "Lanigan's Ball." "Oh, Phœbus Apollo! they warble and holloa, they shriek up to Izzard and growl down to A; they start in the morning without any warning and their second wind comes at the close of the day. Why, the very deaf mute makes a noise with a flute, and a blind man see saws on a loud violin; and the people born dumb still can tinkle and strum on things that are rattling and noisy as sin. So their music and songs go it hammer and tongs, old women and maidens and old men and boys; and I'm mad with delight from morning to night—I was born in a mill and am fond of a noise.—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

Ode-lous.

Author (timidly)—"I see that the price paid for Tennyson's Jubilee ode was $10 a line. I don't expect, of course, that this little effort of mine would be——" Editor (sarcastically)—"Oh! you don't? You are too modest, sir." Author—"But if you will kindly insert it in to-morrow morning's paper I'll willingly pay you the regular advertising rate of 50 cents per line. Here's the money—$10." Editor (with deep feeling)—"My dear sir, on looking over the poem I find it full of merit. I'll take it." The author, having made a bet of $50 with the rival publisher around the corner that his poem would be accepted, walks out of the office $40 ahead.

The following, called a railroad problem, is going the rounds: A freight train one mile in length stopped with the caboose just opposite the depot. The conductor got orders to move his train to the next station, which was just five miles distant. He gave the engineer the order to move, which the latter did while the conductor walked over ahead on top of the cars and got there just as the engine arrived at the next station, where he got off. The question is, how far did he walk, or, as he was walking during the entire five miles, did he ride at all?

Miss Nadage Doree has been engaged by Mrs. Langtry to play *Felice*, the maid, in "As in a Looking Glass."

MARRIED AT THE FAIR.

Extraordinary Ceremony and Odd Wedding Presents.

At the East Aurora, N. Y., Fair yesterday, Clarence Lamb, a jeweller, was married to Louise Bodman. The reward for consenting to so public a wedding was the receipt of the wedding presents named below: 1,000 lbs. land phosphate, by the Rev. J. B. Olcott, the officiating clergyman; 2 dozen silver spoons, Hon. Benj. F. Butler; Art Garland parlor stove, road cart, bedroom set walnut furniture, barrel soft soap, baby carriage, 5 lbs. fine-cut, 6 bottles croup cure, ton of hay, 10 bushels potatoes, barrel of flour, $5 in gold, oil stove, set of dishes, toilet sets, lamps, fancy articles, articles of furniture and provisions, groceries, etc., to the value of $500 more. Ten thousand persons witnessed the unique ceremony, after which a procession was formed in the following order:

Two colored men on donkeys—Head marshals. Four Percheron stallions ridden by two grand marshals.

Pioneer drum corps. (Average age 71 years.) Twelve men.

Red wheeled sulky drawn by ch. g. Ohoho (2.40) and driven by the Rev. J. B. Olcott.

Open barouche containing Mr. and Mrs. Lamb.

Four ox carts, well steered and containing the President of the village and Town Council.

Twenty-one road carts and sulkies carrying distinguished guests from elsewhere, county officials, Buffalo aldermen, members of the Boomers' Association, etc.

Thirty horses and colts each led by a colored groom.

Eight Shetland ponies.

The Seneca Indian band.

D Company Buffalo City Guard, Capt. Frank H. Bliss, commanding.

Hubbard Zouaves, forty strong, Major All commanding.

Mambrino King, the handsomest horse the world.

Sixty-three thoroughbred stallions each by a colored groom dressed in white. From the Jewett, Hamlin and Yeoman's stock farms.

Advertising waggons, supernumeraries, no-good people, freaks and fakirs.

Two goats.

Musical and Dramatic.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, who is now in Paris, sat six hours on Saturday for photographs at Van Bosch's. She had seventy-four new attitudes taken.

Edward Lloyd, the English tenor, has just signed an agreement to come to America next April for the Cincinnati Festival. He will be absent from England barely six weeks, receiving for his trip the sum of $25,000.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* has robbed the stage door dudes of a good deal of romance by publishing nearly five columns of names of actresses who are billed as misses, but who are in fact married; some of them, according to the *Eagle's* list, have been married three or four times.

London *Vanity Fair* states that George R. Sims is going to write a drama for Mrs. James Brown Potter on the subject of his pathetic popular poem, "Osler Joe." Mrs Potter will of course play the part of the misguided wife, a role which Mr. Sims may be relied upon to suit to her undoubted capabilities.

And now Reub Fax has gone over to the noble army of comedians. He has given up his Woodstock business and goes to New York very shortly to go on the stage. Reub is certainly possessed of much low comedy talent, and has a capital voice to assist him.—*Brantford Expositor.*

The following modest epistle from an ambitious young woman was received by the comedians Robson and Crane a day or two ago: "I have resolved on a plunge which will determine the color of my future life. The stage is my passion. I have never acted, but have rehearsed before good judges, who assure me I shall soar above all competition. I should like to play *Juliet* and *Ophelia*, and have rewritten and altered those plays to suit my own conception. My figure is faultless, my hair and eyes of the raven's hue, and my voice melodious. I have seen most of the actresses now on the stage, and think my appearance would be accepted by a critical public against any of them. If the part of *Henrietta* in your new play is as strong as *Lady Macbeth* I should like to hear from you, naming terms for the above qualities."

A Wretched Failure.

A Wayne County farmer who had a little time to spare during the drouth went at it and created seven artificial mounds to resemble graves in a field close to the road. Sign boards were put up and labelled: "Tramp No. 1," "Tramp No. 2," and so on through, and when the work was finished the granger went up to the house with a grin on his face and said to his wife:

"That 'ere dodge will beat all the laws of Michigan to keep tramps away."

Breakfast was not yet over next morning when there was a knock on the kitchen door, and the farmer opened it to find five gaunt tramps standing in a half circle.

"You here!" he yelled, as soon as he could credit his senses. "Didn't you see those graves down by the road?"

"We did, sir," answered the oldest tramp for all. "That's just why we stopped. We wanted to know if they came to their death by over-eating."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Age of Specialists.

Alleged Physician—"You've got a very bad eye there, a very bad eye, sir."

Patient—"What would you advise doing for it, doctor?"

Alleged Physician—"Go and see Prof. Curit, of New York. Two dollars, please, for the advice."—*Puck.*

In a Parisian casino—"Is it true, sir, that you said I ought to be sent to the Charenton Insane Asylum?" "No, sir; I simply said you were let out of it too soon."—*Figaro.*

Samples of coffee cost a firm of New York coffee merchants about $5,000 a year, but they are resold at a profit of nearly $5,000.

Miss Murfree's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" is published in Paris by Firmin Didot, Fris, as "Le Prophete des Montagnes Fumeuses, nouvelle Americaine d'Egbert Craddock *(sic)*, adaptee de l'anglaise par Jane de Vaudelin."

HAMMOCKS FOR THE SICK.

A Hospital Physician Says There is no Bed so Good in Cases of Long Illness.

"Put him in a hammock and relegate the bed to the innermost recesses of the garret!"

Strange advice to give, and as bold as it was strange, says the New York *Mail and Express.* The art of the practice of medicine, however, is nothing if not progressive, and the young sawbones who delivered himself of the above order instituted a reform in the sick room which, it is believed, will soon become general in hospitals as well as in private practice. "Put him in a hammock." Only those who have spent three or four months in bed or upon a water couch can form any idea of the relief that comes from even anticipating such a change.

The "him" referred to by the doctor was a helpless paralytic. Months of confinement to the bed had made him almost a wreck. "I recommend the hammock," said the doctor in explanation of his extraordinary advice, "not only because of its undeniable sanitary excellence, but because of all places of rest, of all couches or beds, I think it the one that conforms best to the various curves and outlines of the human form. It has advantages that no other bed can give. Between it and the ordinary bed slept upon night after night there is no comparison. For bedridden people I believe it invaluable. Consider. The hammock requires only a stout blanket and a woollen sleeping dress. The sanitary difference between it and the bed becomes startlingly apparent at once, even to you who perhaps have never considered the subject before. It is so woven that it yields readily to every movement and projection of the body in every direction, except lengthwise, in which the weight of the body establishes its own support. Then, again, a person unable to get in and out of bed unassisted can roll in and out of a hammock without help. The position in a hammock can be varied in many ways to give rest that cannot be had in a bed. Swung about the same distance from the floor as a chair they make excellent seats, and one can make his hammock a reclining chair, a seat or a bed at will. Sitting down, the back can be drawn up to any desired height. Having no heat generating mattresses to absorb the foul air or bad odors of a room, the hammock is always cool, sweet and ready for occupancy, and to my mind is a bed fit for a king. Therefore I recommend it in this case."

A Man With a Level Head.

A man registered at a seaside hotel. He asked for the proprietor and warmly argued with him in regard to terms. He was to stay for some time, and succeeded in getting a reduction of $5 a week from the regular rate. When he went into the dining room and was placed at a table he handed the waiter a $5 bill. This seemed a curious transaction from a man who was so eager to secure low terms. A boarder who had overheard the conversation with the proprietor asked why he tipped the waiter so liberally.

"Nothing strange about that; the waiter is always your best friend at a summer hotel. I make it always a rule to beat down the proprietor. What is saved I give to the waiter. I lose nothing and make the waiter my friend."—*Boston Traveller.*

A Pointer for the Parson.

An amusing typographical blunder was perpetrated in Carson, Nev., recently. Rev. Van Deventer sent to the *Tribune* his theme for the following Sunday's discourse, "Receipt for the Cure of Hoodlumism." This appeared in print as "Receipt for the Cure of Rheumatism," and it had the effect of crowding the church with people, many of whom had not attended divine worship for a quarter of a century, and a considerable number of whom were stiffened more or less with rheumatism.—*Virginia City.*

The Salvationists in England.

A number of Salvationists, sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment for street preaching at Stamford, have been conveyed to Leicester Prison. The Army assembles and kneels at the prison gates every morning. General Booth, undisturbed by such events, has just issued an appeal for 500 persons to go as Salvation Army missionaries to Zululand, Jerusalem, British Guiana, Jamaica, Canada, Australia and other parts of the world.

Life in the Arctic Circle.

At 15° below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once, frozen by the wind, it falls into a fine powder. This phenomenon is called sea smoke. At 40° the snow and human bodies also smoke. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. To talk is fatiguing.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Good Investment.

Dumley—What a bore that young Brown is. He makes me sick.

Featherly—He never bores me.

Dumley—You are better natured than I am, then.

Featherly—No, I lent him $500 a year ago.

It is reported that the French Government is preparing a reply to the manifesto of the Count of Paris, explaining the policy it intends to pursue in the coming session. The *Temps*, commenting on the manifesto, says: "The document will have no disquieting influence on the country. It will only excite and embarrass the Right, owing to their reapprochement with the Government. It indicates between the Count's views and the Cæsarian doctrine of the Empire that the monarchy can only be restored through a violent internal crisis and the triumph of anarchy. Republicans, whose political experience continues to increase, will not afford the monarchy that chance." The *Univers* says that the manifesto amounts to a renunciation of the traditional monarchy and that the Count is becoming an emulator and imitator of Napoleon.

A race between a greyhound and a coyote is to be one of the attractions at the Nevada State Fair.

Forest fires are still doing a great deal of damage in California.

The leases of eight of the London theatres are now held by women.

BESSIE DIES OF GRIEF.

Striking Instance of a Dog's Attachment to its Dead Mistress.

Several years ago a lady in this place gave to one of Mr. J. T. Owen's children a poodle dog, which proved to be a very affectionate creature, and from its first entering the house it became very much attached to Mrs. Owen. It was always playful and delighted in nothing so much as being noticed, receiving the caresses of visitors as gladly as a child, and seemed gifted with reason. During the protracted illness of Mrs. Owen the little pet would, at meal time, go to its mistress to be fed, where it received its meals regularly from her hand. During the last few days of Mrs. Owen's illness, when she was unable to give it the accustomed attention, it was noticed even by those who had been visiting the house that "Bessie" had lost her spirit of playfulness and looked dejected. When her mistress died, on the 18th of April last, Bessie took a position under her bed, and when her body was placed in the coffin she then changed her position and remained under the coffin until the remains were taken from the house. For days afterward she clung to that room, lying in a chair beside the bed, and, although she had never been known to get on a bed before, she would, after the death of her mistress, jump on the bed and scratch down the cover, evidently hunting for her best and lost friend, refusing most of the time to eat for days at a time, eating so little that it seemed she must necessarily die of starvation. Occasionally she made an effort to rally, but would in a short time relapse into the same state of gloom and despondency. For the last few weeks she had almost entirely abstained from food, until she became a living skeleton. On last Sunday morning when the family arose and opened the door little Bessie crawled from her comfortable bed on the back piazza, and softly crept into the room of her young mistress and stretched herself upon the floor under the foot of the bed and died without a struggle. Her action from the day she lost her mistress showed plainly that she was grieving deeply, and called forth much tender sympathy, and added grief to those who already had their load to bear, but who had reason to support them.—*Cartersville (Ga.) Courant.*

Deer, and Not Men, in the Highlands.

The rage for creating vast expanses of artificial solitudes, which are jealously protected, is growing so rapidly that very soon one half of the Highlands will be isolated in order to afford six weeks' enjoyment to the scions of dukes, to successful brewers, and to opulent strangers. The prices they pay for their pleasures are astounding in magnitude, amounting often to more than double the rent a pastoral farmer could afford. For instance, Mr. Cooper, the son of a returned Australian, pays £4,500 to Lord Wimbourne for the use of his forest, while Mr. Winans, the American, whose domain stretches across the island almost from sea to sea, gives three or four times that sum to as many different proprietors. It is a selfish, arbitrary and impolitic custom, which will have a short-lived day, but may be productive of serious mischief while it lasts. No one questions that the higher altitudes of the country may well be left to deer; but it is a reversal of civilization to fence off a country almost as big as Yorkshire from the foot of man, and to buy venison at £60 per carcase, even with the gratification of pursuit and slaughter thrown in.—*Scottish American Journal.*

Not Quite Soon Enough, Though.

A friend in the South asked a negro girl her name. "Matilda," was the answer. "But that isn't your only name," said the lady. Thus encouraged the girl glibly recited, "Matilda Malvina Minerva Virginia Victoria Jane." (Here my memory fails me, for my friend reported the entire number of names as eight.) At the end of her recitation the girl said proudly: "My grandmother named me." "But haven't you any more names than that?" asked her mischievous interrogator. Conscious of having made a fair showing the girl was puzzled to answer so unusual a question. At last she said slowly: "My grandmother died."

Assignments.

The following assignments were reported yesterday: Ontario—Barrie, John Clayton, shoes; Mitchell, Stark & Jewell, bakers; Port Perry, Tate & Barrigan, millinery. Quebec—Montreal, Bessette, Lefort & Co., wholesale fancy goods; Irving & Sutherland, oils, etc.; Richard Swalwell, plumber; W. S. Thomson & Co., wholesale fancy dry goods.

It has transpired that the non-release of Canadian vessels seized last season in Behring's Sea is due to the ignorance of the authorities of Sitka, who refused to comply with a telegram from Secretary Bayard directing the restoration of the vessels and skins to their owners, on the alleged ground that the telegram might not be authentic.

DON'T BE DOWN-HEARTED.

Down-hearted? Pshaw! there's seldom such
A lane without a turning;
Each desert has a spot of green,
In spite of bright Sol's burning.
Your friends have failed you? Well, what then?
Remember changing Peter;
Sorrow has tried the best of men,
And life is all the sweeter.

What adds a zest to Summer's joy
Is it not Winter weary?
Peace would be tame without alloy,
Past grief makes solace cheery.
All can't of win, though I must run
When [illegible]
Yet all may hear the words Well, then
So never be down-hearted.

A meeting of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association will be held shortly to memorialize the War Office for the retention of Wimbledon common for the annual matches of the National Rifle Association.

The latest fad in France is to "go ballooning." Ascending high mountains is getting to be too slow. As a proof, the following dialogue heard on the Boulevard the other day: "I see you know that gentleman—you bowed to him?" "Yes, we met the other day in the air. His balloon was going in the same direction as ours, and my friend Jovis gave me an introduction."

News has been received at Bombay that Ayoub Khan had taken refuge in Koi Jamani, Beloochistan. If he remains he will be surrendered to the British authorities.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Master Ed. Thompson, of the *Standard* office, Thornbury, is home for his holidays.

WANTED! Two Mare Colts, one year old and one suckling.—Peter Holman, Flesherton.

Mr. Wilbert Caswell and his brother, of this township, shot a bear and her cub at the cranberry marsh, on Monday last.

Wesley Smith was thrown from a horse on Monday last while riding the beast to water, and was trampled on. He wasn't hurt much.

Mr. Leavens and Mr. Charlie Griffiths, of Owen Sound, formerly of Flesherton, were in town showing harness on exhibition day.

Married.

Blakely—Lever.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Flesherton, on Tuesday, 20th inst., by Rev. A. Wilson, Mr Thos. A. Blakely, of Maxwell to Miss Maggie Lever, of this town.

A large number of friends and acquaintances witnessed the interesting ceremony. The bride was very handsomely dressed, and of course both bride and groom looked their best. The young couple have the very best wishes of a large circle of friends and The Advance takes this opportunity to throw its old slipper and a few grains of rice after the estimable young people, accompanied by the hearty well-wishes of the entire staff.

Priceville Pickings.

From our own Correspondent.

Methodist Picnic in Proton.

For some time the various appointments of the Priceville circuit of the Methodist Church have been vieing with each other for the honor of subscribing the most money to provide for the remaining debt on the fine brick parsonage erected in this place last summer. One young lady was chosen at each appointment to attend to the canvassing, and the victor was to be presented with a log cabin quilt, composed of silk, satin, velvet and plush, and gotten up by ladies in all parts of the circuit, who contributed "blocks" for said quilt. The affair culminated in a grand social picnic in Mr. James Ferris' bush, Proton, on the 20th inst., when the results were made known. Miss Ferris, of Proton, was the successful canvasser, having raised the handsome sum of $56. Several other young ladies also raised large sums. When these sums were all added to the proceeds of the picnic something over $180 was realized. The programme consisted of speeches by Rev. Wm. Ottewell, of Priceville, and Rev. Dr Strongman, of Dundalk, together with a reading by Dr Hixon, of Priceville, and a choice selection of excellent music by Ebenezer church Choir.

New Bridge.

The new town line bridge over the Saugeen is now completed and the contractors, Messrs Aussum and Tuck, have done their work well having built a structure that promises to stand not only the spring freshets but also the wear and tear of daily traffic for many years. Contract price about $180.

Accident.

While working in a well (about two weeks ago) at McLaughlan's, North Line, Glenelg, Mr. Thos. Rawson was struck on the head by a heavy plank of curbing about three feet in length, which was being let down into the well with a rope. It fell a distance of ten feet before striking him. He was quite unconscious for awhile, but by careful attendance is gradually regaining health. He now says that although able to converse with his friends a few hours after the accident, he was entirely unable to recall the incidents that transpired for several days afterwards.

Around Town.

Several citizens visited the Toronto Exhibition.

The Building Committee of the St. Columbo Presbyterian church have been very successful in obtaining subscriptions for the new brick church which is now an established undertaking. Several loads of stones are now on the ground, the plans and specifications are being prepared by Mr Greig, architect of Toronto, and in a few days we may expect to see work begun in earnest.

The new bakery, with brick front, is nearing completion, and will, it is expected, be occupied in a few weeks by Mr. Alfred Watson, who will supply the Pricevillians with choice bread and cakes.

The Priceville Public Schools held their annual picnic in Ferguson's grove on the 17th inst.

Manitoba.

From our own Correspondent.

[The following should have appeared in June, but failed to reach us until the other day; however, as there are several items of interest will publish now.]

Winni-toba.

Editor Advance,—your excelsior paper continues to find me, and I would be remiss in duty were I to withold news items &c. interesting to your readers concerning this city and province to which the 'alf and 'alf hyphen connecting above capitals refer to.

I suppose a "born Canadian" and grandson of an old staunch U. S. Loyalist would almost be suspected of disloyalty were he not to give prominence in the great subject of the day viz., the

Queen's Jubilee.

Therefore I will remark that I am heartily in accord with the universal rejoicing and commemoration of our beloved sovereigns fifty years swaying the sceptre over a Dominion upon which the sun never sets. Although too ill to participate in any of the public festivities, or demonstrations connected therewith, yet I mentally unite with the millions of the earth in returning thanks to the

King of Kings
For kindly sending us,
good QUEEN VICTORIA,
"Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the Queen"
Long, longer yet may Heaven spare.
Our much love'd Queen, be this our prayer.
And grant Her still His special care.
God bless our Queen.

Great preparations are being made here for celebrating the Jubilee, concerning which you will probably be informed in your "exchanges."

I was pleased to learn of *Progressive Flesherton's* Temperance Jubilee Celebration, and hope your town will continue to be active in every good work.

The Presbyterian Synod

Recently convened in Winnipeg consisted of about *three hundred delegates!* Rev. Father Chinquy being one of the number. I presume your readers have heard of his somewhat singular conversion from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism.

Crop Prospects

Are cropping out very encouragingly to the "Hardy taller of the soil" but, jack frost, that cold hearted, unwelcome-in-summer chiel, has been "amang us takin' notes" as may be perceived by the effects produced in gardens and potatoe patches. Yes, *frost in Manitoba in summer.*

"Tell me ye wintry summer winds,
Which o'er the Prairie roar,
Is there no favored Farmers land,
Where Frost is feared no more?"

Rain Fall.

·77 inches during the week ending June 18th." So says St Johns College weather report and this is only a "sprinkling" of what has fallen since winter. It has rained "every other day" so to speak – enough to float a fleet had it *all* laid on the ground at once. However, it is soon absorbed owing to last summers drought and winters few inches of snow.

Wind, Tremendous Winds

With semi cyclone speed sweep across the boundless (?) prairie, fortunately do [illegible] but little damage except to unsubstantial buildings, occasionally upsetting a lumber pile &c.

There are no tall trees to be uprooted, but so much wind is inconvenient—annoying, however, I must not murmur as this is not a tempestuous, cyclone country.

Yours,
June, 1887. Winnipeg.

County News.

The roller mill bonus by-law, to raise $3,000, was carried in Durham the other day, whereat the local papers are jubilant.

A Collingwood brute knocked his wife down on the sidewalk recently, because the poor woman said something which displeased his lordship. His name is Burk.

Grave fears are entertained that Mr. Thomas Campbell, son of Quintin Campbell, of Bentinck, was drowned at Toronto during the collision of three ferry steamers on the bay, which were carrying visitors to and from the exhibition.

Dr. Ghent's horse and rig disappeared from a street corner in Toronto last week, but has since turned up, the horse one place the harness on the street and the buggy in a carriage shop in another part of the city.

Mr. Geisel lost a bag of chopped stuff near Elmwood, and Mr. Peltz, the Walkerton bacon man picked it up and advertised for the owner. Mr. Geisel suggested that Mr. Peltz "probably advertised" the stuff after receiving a certain postcard sent him by the former. Mr. Peltz denied the insinuation by feeling his accusers windpipe in a rather forcible manner, for which he paid $6.10 afterwards when he appeared before the cadi. It was a case of *throttle* and not one of *pelts*! Ahem—next!

Bears plentiful in the north of Amaranth Township.

Owen Sound has added a bootblack to its other great enterprises. It will soon be a city.

The by-law to raise $8,000 for the construction of Water Works in Wiarton was carried by a majority of 69 on Monday last.—*Owen Sound Times.*

Rev. Mr. Fleming was inducted to the Presbyterian church, Thornbury, on Thursday of week before last. Rev. Mr. Fraser, Moderator, of Leith, President.

Messrs. W. & E. O'Brien of Eugenia recently sold a pair of steers to a Thornbury cattle buyer which turned the scales at 4,065 lbs.

Mr. Seneca G. Ketchum has returned safely to Orangeville again. It is reported he will wield the quill on the *Post* once more. Long life to you, "Sec."

Mr. J. F. Kennedy, of the Orangeville *Advertiser*, was married on Wednesday of week before last to Miss Hattie May Davis, daughter of Mr. W. A. Davis, of Saltfleet. The Advance tenders its congratulations.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM for SALE
OR TO RENT.

BEING Lots 78 and 79 [illegible] in the Township of Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less, 40 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation, considerable cedar down. For full particulars apply to T. CHISLETT, Collingwood P.O. Ont., or to H. DOWN, Flesherton P.O. tf

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 26 & 27 Con 1st S.D.R., Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less, 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. 35 acres in grass and hay. Good house and fair barn. Small young orchard. Never-failing spring of water. For full particulars apply on premises, or to SILAS LESLIE, P.O.

N.B. The proprietor is determined to sell even at a sacrifice. 827-830

AUCTION SALE!

OF VALUABLE FARM IN THE TOWNSHIP of Osprey. Under and by virtue of the powers of Sale in two certain Mortgages by Wm. H. Colquhoun now deceased to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

McGIRR'S HOTEL,
In the
VILLAGE of FEVERSHAM, by
JOHN SPEERS Auctioneer, on
Friday, the 14th day of October, 1887,

At 12 o'clock noon the following property, viz.: Lot number [illegible] in the Tenth Concession of the said Township of Osprey. Containing 99 acres more or less of which about 75 are said to be cleared and under cultivation. On the premises are said to be a frame House and Barn. Lands are watered by a Spring Creek.

TERMS: Ten per cent at time of sale, fifteen per cent within one month thereafter, balance to be secured by a mortgage of the premises for 5 years with interest at 6½ per cent per annum or such other terms as may be arranged with purchaser at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to
MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,
Vendor's Solicitors.

Toronto, September 2nd, 1887.

OXFORD & NEW GLASGOW RAILWAY.

Mingo Road to Port of Towns, Branch of I.C.R.

Tender for the Works of Construction.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday the 17th day of October 1887 for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa and also at the Office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway, at River John, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia on and after the 1st day of October 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1887.

STRAY SHEEP.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 9, Con 19, Proton, two Ewe Sheep. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. ROBERT PATON.
Proton, Sept. 17th, 1887. 335-8

To RENT or for SALE.

BEING North half of Lot 31, Con 10, Township of Artemesia, 63 acres, 50 of which is cleared and in good state of cultivation. Good barn, house, and pump at the door. For fuller particulars apply to WM. WILSON,
824-tm on the premises.

FARM for SALE

CONTAINING 50 acres, being Lot 170 in the 1st Con South West of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia: 45 acres well cleared; about ½ of an acre of good Orchard; splendid well; good log house 18x24, also log barn; near the thriving village of Flesherton. Reasonable terms. For full particulars, apply to THOMAS O'MELLIA,
1921-6 Collingwood P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE or to RENT.

LOT 39, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Situated about half way between Flesherton and Maxwell on the Collingwood road. Good well, good spring at rear of lot; barn, stable and other accommodations. For full particulars and terms, apply to JAMES KESTER,
Aug 25th, 1887.—1 m. Flesherton.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

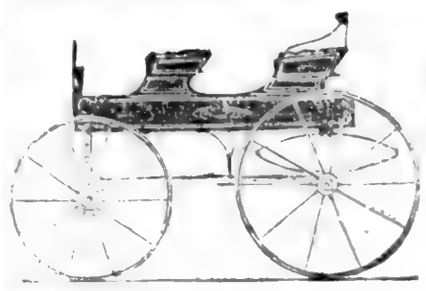

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

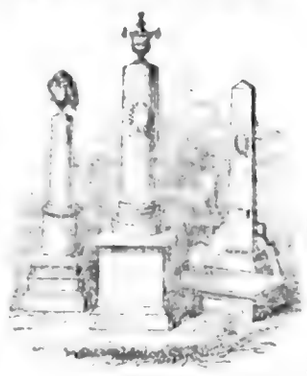

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones, Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1886.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF. POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
Double Treatment in each Package
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
Address FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON, ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 328. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

The Centre Grey

JEWELRY STORE

Commences Fall Trade with a very complete stock of goods in all lines that First-Class shops carry. If you wish to purchase a Reliable

Watch, Clock, Engagement or Wedding Ring

that will be just as represented in quality and sold only at a fair pay for your goods profit, do business with me. "The People" don't come to me of "necessity"—they come as a fact from "choice" to buy goods and get work done; for which confidence I remain indepted to my many patrons. I am in a position to do better by the "public" cash or credit than any other Jeweler in Central Grey.

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. FAWCETT, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-26)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Statements, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Notice.

We are obliged to leave over a lot of local and other interesting matter this week, such as Artemesia Show Notes, Prize List, Priceville Jottings, &c., but look out for them next week as well as an interesting batch of general local matter.

Post Office Notice.

From October the 1st until the 1st of next May, the Flesherton P. O. will be opened and closed daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—Opened from 8 a. m. till 7 p. m. R. J. Sproule, Flesherton. Dated, October 1st, 1887.

For a fine cigar go to Russell's Flesherton.

Peerless Axle Grease for sale very cheap at Clayton's Harness Shop, Flesherton.

Grain is fairly pouring in to Flesherton market. Our buyers give top prices.

To have your Watch repaired properly, you will have to take it to Russell, Flesherton.

I have two good Houses in Flesherton to rent. For particulars apply to ROBT. WHITTEN, or at THE ADVANCE office.

The beautiful tea-set presented by Christ Church congregation to Miss Ford, organist, was procured by the committee from "the Peoples Jeweller," W. A. Brown, Markdale.

Mr. J. J. Bannon, druggist, of Norwich, Ont., was visiting his parents and friends in Artemesia recently. Of course he was in Flesherton and called on many of his old friends, who were delighted to meet with him again.

Rev. Thos. Watson preached a discourse in the Baptist church here on Sunday morning last, the leading thought being the necessity for having Christ *in the heart*. Text, Luke 2c. 7v. Several beautiful and inspiring ideas were unfolded in a clear and convincing manner.

The Boyne water bridge in this town is in a very dangerous condition and should be attended to at once by our Township Fathers. A small expenditure would make a temporarily safe job of it, but it is only a question of time before a new bridge will have to be built and better approaches constructed.

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, is the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. The finest stock in the county. Took the First Prize at Flesherton show on Sept. 22nd and 23rd. They are having a special discount sale of these goods for the next 30 days, and giving 20% off on all cash sales of $1 and over.

Miss Fraine, the popular elocutionist, charmed and delighted the people who attended the social in the Methodist church here on Friday night last with her powers as a public reciter. She always does carry Flesherton audiences by storm anyway. Mr. R. Trimble occupied the chair with becoming dignity. On the whole an enjoyable evening was spent.

Charley Varty and two other boys were driving a horse and cart over the Boyne bridge here on Friday last, when the animal suddenly turned and plunged down the steepest part of the embankment—12 or 15 feet feet deep. Charley was thrown some distance on the hard ground with great violence, and sustained some bruises and a severe shaking up. The other boys escaped unhurt by jumping from the cart. One shaft of the cart was smashed, but the horse escaped uninjured. It was a miracle of miracles that there were no fatalities.

Mr. W. H. Bewell, Grand Scribe of the Sons of Temperance in Ontario, was in Flesherton last Thursday, and called upon a number of members of the Division here. He instituted a new Division at Lady Bank last week, which promises to become quite a flourishing institution. He also attended the District Division at Badgeros, a full account of which appeared in last week's ADVANCE. Mr. Bewell entertains a very favorable impression of the people of this locality. He speaks in glowing terms of the past history and future prospects of the Sons of Temperance and is evidently a very zealous and patient worker in the interests of that Society as well as of the cause of Temperance generally.

For a fine cigar go to Russell's, Flesherton.

Call and see Clayton's *Peerless Hoof Ointment*, cheaper than anywhere else in the county.

Will have in, Oct. 15th, a full set of test lenses for cataract, near and far sight, and all eye defects. It will pay to try my method of fitting spex perfectly. W. A. Brown, Jeweller & Optician, Markdale. 3t.

W. Hogg offers for sale his excellent water power saw mill, and shingle and broomhandle factory, built at Little Falls, 2 miles from Flesherton. 36 feet head of water to drive with. The land surrounding, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. Address, W. Hogg, Flesherton Station. (2t.)

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, is the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. The finest stock in the county. Took First Prize at the Flesherton show on Sept. 22nd and 23rd. They are having a special discount sale of these goods for the next 30 days, and giving 20% off on all cash sales of $1 and over.

The following were elected officers of Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, for the current term:—
A. R. Fawcett, D.G.W.P.
C. J. Sproule, W.P.
K. Bellamy, W.A.
W. Leitch, R.S.
E. Brown, A. Rec. S.
B. Christoe, F.S.
W. Latimer, Treas.
N. Kester, Con.
M. Beecroft, A.C.
V. Kester, Sentinel.

If you want to secure some first prize Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at wholesale prices, you will do well to call at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, within the next 30 days.

A somewhat amusing incident occurred in this locality recently. A dispute arose between two shrewd but respectable young business men concerning a small debt of 50 cents. We will designate them as Mr. A. and Mr. B. for convenience. Mr. A. alleged that Mr. B. owed him that amount, and the latter denied the soft impeachment. Shortly afterwards Mr. B. moved to a neighboring town, when a mee little dodge suggested itself to Mr. A. "I'll get even with him," said he. Forthwith he filled a box with papers and various kinds of rubbish and expressed it C.O.D. to Mr. B. Somehow the latter got wind of the affair and when the box arrived, refused to take it. It was then re-shipped to Mr. A., who had 50 cents express charges to pay. And this is how Mr. A. "got even" with Mr. B.!

The finest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware in the county is to be found at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. It took first prize at Flesherton fall fair. It will pay you to call and secure some of the bargains they are giving for the next 30 days.

The Harvest Home Festival, held in the Methodist church, Flesherton, on Wednesday evening of last week, was a financial success. The splendid spread in the basement of the church was very creditable to the ladies, while the agricultural decorations were the tastiest and best ever seen here. The success of the [illegible] was largely due to the assistance of our neighboring farmers, who worked [illegible] and persevered from first to last. The musical and literary parts of the programme rendered considerable interest and much favorable comment was indulged in by the audience in connection therewith. The Choir received a graceful and earnest compliment from Rev. Mr. Shilton for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. The selections by the Flesherton Glee Club were well adapted to the occasion and the rendering thereof created much enthusiasm. Mr. Thos. Boland, of Meaford Road, occupied the chair, and the following gentlemen delivered addresses, viz., Mr. Thos. Kells, Dr. Christoe, Mr. Thorp Wright, Mr. Wm. Buchanan, and Rev. Thos. Watson. The speech of the evening was made by Rev. Mr. Watson, whose remarkable originality of thought and common sense language has won for him a foremost place in the ranks of our best platform speakers. The Brass Band assisted. Shortly after 10 o'clock the people were dismissed with the benediction.

If you want a First Prize Watch, and one that will keep time properly, you will have to call at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Watches warranted from 3 to 5 years.

WHERE IT ENDS.—Nine-tenths of the disease denominated Catarrh is the result of protracted or oft-repeated colds in the head. Nasal Balm will give immediate relief and permanent cures.

Readers of THE ADVANCE will notice on the fifth page of our paper this week the mammoth "*Fall Announcement*" of that enterprising firm of General Merchants, Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., of Flesherton. This firm enjoys a county reputation and is noted for its honest and straightforward dealings with its many customers throughout the lengths and breadths of this district. One fact we would call special attention to, and it is this: Everything advertised by them through the newspapers or by means of any other medium, will be found—however searching the investigation—*exactly as represented*. They carry a magnificent stock in every department of their business.

If you want a First Prize Watch, and one that will keep time properly, you will have to call at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. Watches warranted from 3 to 5 years.

A Bedstead, Washstand and Bureau, with genuine Plate Mirror on for only $7.50, at Bates'.

That spanking young stallion, "Wimmax,"—owned by Jas. T. Wilson, Esq., Proton—took second prize at Stayner in the Roadster class, being shown against five splendid animals; he took 2nd at the Great Northern, held at Collingwood last week, being shown against some of the best horses in Canada. In the open trot he took third place. This is a grand record for this handsome animal, and Mr. Wilson is to be heartily congratulated on the splendid success which has attended him at the big fairs mentioned above. Such enterprising stock-raisers deserve the unstinted support of all wide-awake agriculturists.

CARPET WEAVING.—The undersigned is now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to his care in the above line. Satisfaction guaranteed.—N. CAMPBELL.

If you want to secure some first prize Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at wholesale prices, you will do well to call at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, within the next 30 days.

Died.

RUTLEDGE.—In Flesherton, at the residence of M. Richardson, Esq., on Thursday, Sept. 29th, Mrs. Jane Rutledge, sr., nee McFarland, aged 75 years.

The funeral, which took place on Saturday, was chiefly attended by relatives. At request of deceased (prior to her death) it was to be as quiet and unostentatious as possible, and her request was sacredly observed. The memorial sermon was preached here on Sunday evening by Rev. Mr. Shilton, from the words found in Ruth 1c. and first clause of verse 17th, viz., "Where thou liest will I die, and there will I be buried." According to custom, relatives of deceased occupied front seats. It is scarcely necessary to add, that a powerful and soul-stirring sermon—full of bright and cheerful thoughts—was preached. Dr. Christoe, who was with deceased during her last illness, spoke for some time concerning her pure life, godly example, pious conversation, and glorious death. Deceased leaves a family of grown up children, a number of grand children, and great grandchildren to cherish her memory. Of her children we might mention Mr. W. J. McFarland, of Markdale, and Mrs. M. Richardson, of Flesherton—both well-known to ADVANCE readers. Although not personally acquainted with the subject of this brief notice, we have on more than one occasion been charmed and delighted with the great interest she took in amusing a number of little children who where playing in Flesher's Park here. This may seem a little thing; but "little things" are often faithful indexes of character.

The finest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware in the county, is to be found at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton. It took first prize at Flesherton fall fair. It will pay to call and secure some of the bargains they are giving for the next 30 days.

A PERSON unable to sleep in bed, unable to work, unable to take ordinary exercise from the effects of Asthma, until using Southern Asthma Cure. A sample package relieved, three packages permanently cured.

An interesting ceremony which has been looked forward to for some time culminated on Wednesday morning in the marriage of the Rev. Jas. Ward, recently incumbent of this Parish and now of Millbank, to Miss Fanny Ford, eldest daughter of Mr. J. W. Ford. The marriage service was conducted in Christ Church at 7 a. m., the present Incumbent, Rev. Mr. Graham, officiating.—*Markdale Standard*.

—GREAT—

Discount Sale!

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, &c.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

It is reported here that on Monday Mr George Banks, of lot 9, con. 4, Amaranth, near Laurel, fell off the chair, on which he was sitting, and expired instantly. He enjoyed good health up to the time of his sudden death. The deceased was about 65 years of age.—*Shelburne Free Press*.

The number of entries at the Great Northern Exhibition, Collingwood, this year, was in excess of any previous year, in every department except Ladies' Work. There was an attendance of 3,000 visitors on second day of show.

Life becomes almost a burden when the body is racked with the suffering which arises from scrofula. If any taint of this disease lurks in your blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will expel it. The entire system may be thoroughly renovated by taking this medicine.

Mount Forest sidewalks are in a dilapidated condition.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are [illegible] and can depend upon getting their work done in time. Prices are low and our Goods are the best. Don't forget we close on account of [illegible] and will be ready to receive your [illegible] in nearly every branch, as usual. CARDING, [illegible] &c., &c. Give us a trial and we feel sure we can please you.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, Nov. 4th, 1886.

A Song of Rest.

O weary hands! that, all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly falls the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song,
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reached the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gentle bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze:
"'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!"

O weary eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know what heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest! 'tis time for rest!

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"It was he who implanted in me a thirst for knowledge; all the leisure moments he could snatch from his own studies were devoted to mine. During his college terms he corresponded with me, and planned out my work during his absence, sparing himself neither time nor pains; and from the night he carried me in, poor weary child, to the light and radiance of his peaceful home—he seemed to have adopted me peculiarly, until it came to be understood at the Grange that Crystal was Raby's darling and belonged especially to him.

"I think that if Margaret had not been endowed with that singular unselfishness that belonged to her nature she must have missed something out of her life; once she had been everything to her brother, but now it was Crystal! Crystal who must bring him his books, and hunt out the words in the dictionary. Crystal who must tidy his papers, and lay the little spray of flowers beside his plate at breakfast. Crystal who must go with him on his rounds among the sick and aged—for true to the priestly office to which he proposed to dedicate himself, the young undergraduate already devoted a portion of his time to deeds of charity. Little by little in my childish selfishness I stole from her her sweetest privileges; the many little offices with which a loving woman delights to minister to the objects of her affection, be they father, brother or husband.

"I took the stool at his feet, the low chair at his side, but she never complained; for the brother and sister understood each other most truly. In their quiet looks, I have read a mutual assurance that spoke of perfect trust and undiminished affection; Margaret could never be jealous of Raby, or Raby of Margaret.

"Raby had very peculiar notions on the subject of female education.

"Mine, for example, was carried on in rather a desultory fashion. I was not fretted by restraint, or made stupid by long tasks; just sufficient knowledge was imparted to excite my reasoning powers and arouse the desire for more. 'Let her learn,' he would say, 'but let her learn as the bird learns to sing.' And when Margaret, in her gentle way, sighed over my lamentable ignorance of all feminine acquirements and household method:

"'Let her be!' he would reply, with masculine peremptoriness, 'we must not force nature. When the time comes for her womanly instincts to develop, not an English matron or even our own clever Margaret will excel Crystal then.' And still, more strange to say, he rather stimulated than repressed my vanity; and so I grew up quite conscious of my own personal attractions; but without the knowledge having undue weight with me.

"From the first he would have me dressed in the quaint rich style in which I came to them first.

"'It suits her peculiar style of beauty,' I heard him once say, when Margaret remonstrated with him on the extravagance of the idea. I was curled up on the window seat, reading, and they did not think I was listening.

"'Raby is right,' observed Uncle Rolf; 'she will never make a quiet-looking English girl like our Maggie here—were you to dress her as a Puritan or a Quaker; ah, she will break hearts enough I'll warrant with those dark witch eyes of hers; we must be careful of the child! If Bianca's beauty were like her daughter's one cannot wonder much at poor Edmund's choice.'

"Something in my uncle's speech aroused my childish petulance. I closed my book and came forward.

"'I don't want to break any hearts!' I cried, angrily; 'I only want Raby's—I am going to belong to Raby all my life, I will never leave him, never!' and I stamped my foot in a little fury.

"They all laughed, Uncle Rolf long and merrily, but Raby colored up as he smiled.

"'That's right, darling,' he said, in a low voice. 'Now go back to your book.' And I went at once obediently.

"When I bade him good-night that evening, and stood lingering by his chair on some pretext or other, he suddenly took hold of me, and drew me towards him.

"'Little Crystal,' he said, 'you think you love Raby indeed; I am sure you do, and Heaven knows how sweet your childish affection is to me; but do you know — will you ever know how Raby loves you?' and putting his hands on my head he bade God bless my innocent face, and let me go.

"Oh, those delicious days of my childhood. But they are gone—they are gone! Long rambles on the sea-shore with Margaret, and in the corn-fields with Raby; now nutting in the copse or gathering briar roses in the lanes; setting out our strawberry feast under the great elm-tree on the lawn, or picking up fir-cones in the Redmond avenue. Spring flowers, and autumn sunset—bright halcyon days of my youth made glorious with love.

"For as yet no shadow of the future had fallen upon me, no taint of that inherited passion had revealed itself; perhaps nothing had occurred to rouse the dormant temper lulled by the influence of this happy home. But the time came soon enough. Shall I ever forget that day?

"It was during the Eastern vacation—I must have been nearly 13 then. Raby had been unwell; some low feverish attack had seized him, and he was just ill enough to lie on the sofa all day and be petted and waited upon. I was perfectly happy from morning to night; I devoted myself to his amusement; reading to him, talking to him or even sitting silently beside him while he slept.

"'Our Crystal is getting quite a woman,' he said once when I turned his hot pillow and put the cooling drink beside him; and at that brief word of praise my face flushed with pleasure, and I felt amply rewarded.

"She was a tall, striking-looking girl, much handsomer than her sister Emily, and she must have been two or three years older than Raby. She always seemed to like his society, so; while the others talked to Uncle Rolf and Margaret, she sat on my low chair beside Raby's couch, and talked to him without seeming to notice any one else.

"Miss Vyvie was very handsome and a flirt, and Raby was only a young man.

"It would hardly have been natural if he had not seemed gratified by her interest in him, though I did not know until afterwards that he valued it at its true cost.

"Still she was pleasant and her little airs amused him, and he entered into a long conversation with some enjoyment, and for once I was forgotten. I tried to join in once or twice, but Miss Vyvie treated me as a child, and scarcely deigned to notice me; but Raby did not seem to resent the indifference or want of courtesy.

"'He only cares for me when others are not by,' I thought, and my heart began to swell with jealous emotion. But just before she left something occurred that fanned the envious spark into a flame.

"Her white hand was resting on the little table that stood beside the couch. There was a diamond ring on her finger that flashed as she moved; presently she stretched it out to Raby with a bewitching smile.

"'Oh, what lovely lilies of the valley,' she exclaimed, pointing to the flowers; 'they are the first I have seen this year. I adore lilies, they are perfectly exquisite. Do let me have them, Mr. Ferrers. I know they grew in the garden, and I shall keep them as a memento of Sandycliffe and the dear Grange. Come, you must not let me break the tenth commandment and covet any longer,' and the fair girlish hand rested near the flowers as she spoke.

"Raby looked embarrassed and hesitated.

"I had gathered those lilies for him before the dew was off them. They grew in a little nook of the Redmond grounds; they were the favorite flowers, and I had walked all those miles to hunt for them.

"'Come,' she said, 'surely you will not refuse me, Mr. Ferrers,' and her smile was very winning; and Raby, though reluctant, laid the little spray of lilies in her hand. He could hardly have done otherwise, but I was too young to know that.

"'There, she has gone at last, the pretty chatterbox,' he exclaimed, with a yawn of real or pretended weariness as the door closed upon our visitors. 'Crystal, my child, come here; I have not heard your voice for the last hour. Tell me what you think of Miss Vyvie; is she not a lively young lady?'

"I made him no answer. I was past it.

"Oh, if I had only gone silently out of the room to recover myself. If he had not spoken to me just then. He started when he saw my face.

"'Crystal, my dear child, what is the matter?' and then—then it burst forth. Oh, my God, I must have been beside myself. Surely some demon must have entered into my childish heart before I could have poured forth that torrent of passionate invective and reproach.

"They had never witnessed such a scene. Margaret, sweet soul, cried and trembled as she heard me, and Uncle Rolf grew quite pale.

"'That child,' he cried, 'Edmund's child!' and his voice was full of horror; but Raby rose slowly from his couch, and without a word he led me from the room.

"I do not know whether I yielded to that firm touch, or whether his strength compelled me; but still silent he took me up to my room and left me there.

"Oh, the awfulness of that mute reproach, the sternness of that pale face; it recalled me to myself sooner than any word would have done. Almost before the door closed my passion had spent itself, and then the agony of shame and despair that followed! I had forfeited his good opinion for ever. He would never love me again! If I could die—oh, impious prayer that I prayed—if I could only die! But I would never see his face again. I would go where they could never find me, where I would never grieve them more.

"Fern, it was a strange feature that marked those passionate fits of mine; but I never yielded to them afterwards without the same desire seizing me to go away and see them no more; and but for the watchful care that surrounded me at those times I should often have escaped.

"It came upon me now, this horror of restraint, and overmastered me. To my fancy, I seemed to feel the walls falling in upon me in judgment for my sin. I was suffocated, and yet restless. Oh to be away, I thought, to be away from those reproachful faces; and I rushed down stairs, through the house, and down the yew-tree walk; but the garden door into the lane was locked, and at that slight obstacle I shivered and lay down on the grass and crushed my face against the ground, and felt like some youthful Cain, branded with unextinguishable shame.

"I had lost Raby's love. I had forfeited his respect. There lay the unbearable sting. Never should I forget that pale stern face, and the unspoken reproach in those dark eyes.

"'Oh, I cannot bear it,' I cried; I cannot, cannot, bear it.'

"'My child,' said Raby's grave voice close to me, 'if you are sorry, and your grief tells me you are, you must ask pardon of our Father in heaven.

"'Then—may a merciful God forgive me for my blasphemy,'—I cried, 'not His, but yours, Raby. I cannot live without your love;' and then I was almost choked with my sobs.

"'Crystal,' he said, with a heavy sigh, 'can this be my child, whom I have taught and guided, my child for whom I have prayed every night;' and touched by the gentleness of his tone I crept a little nearer and clasped his feet.

"'I can never be forgiven,' I sobbed. 'What has heaven to do with such a sinner as I?'

"'Ah, little one,' he answered, 'have not I forgiven thee, and I was stretched on no cross for thy sake;' and then, kneeling down by my side, he raised my wet face from the grass, and laid it gently on his arm and kissed it, and then I knew I was forgiven.

"Never, never shall I forget how he talked to me—and yet he was ill—as a brother and a priest too! How he helped me to bear the terror of the sin and the shame of my repentance; how, without removing one jota of its guilt or one dread of its probable consequences, he led me to the one consolation. 'Thy sins, even thine, shall be forgiven thee,' and then he took me back into the house, cast down indeed and humbled, but no longer despairing, and led me to Uncle Rolf.

"'Father,' he said, still holding my hand, perhaps because he felt how I trembled, 'father, Crystal has come to ask your pardon and Margaret's also for the pain she has caused you both, and to say that, with God's help, she will never offend so again.'

"Never! oh Raby, never! when the inborn enemy was strong as death and cruel as the grave, Oh, my good angel, Raby, what have the years written against me—against me—your unhappy child?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GRAVE DECISION.

From the day
I brought to England my poor searching face
(An orphan even of my father's grave);
He had loved me, watched me, watched his soul in mine,
Which in me grew, and heightened into love.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"The years rolled by, but, alas! they borught no added happiness with them. The taint in my nature that had revealed itself so unexpectedly only developed more strongly as time went on; at rare intervals—very rare I am thankful to say—fierce gusts of passion over-mastered my reason, so that for a brief time I seemed like one possessed with an evil spirit.

"They tried everything—everything that human wisdom and kindness could devise to save me from myself, but in vain. All causes for offence were removed, and every means taken to ward off the threatened excitement; but when the paroxysms came, they wasted no words, no severity upon me, they simply left me to myself.

"But the punishment that followed was a terrible one. For days and days after one of these outbreaks, sometimes for a week together, Raby would refuse to speak to me or to hold any communication at all.

"Our walks and rides, our pleasant studies, were all broken off, every little office and attention refused, my remarks met by a chilling manner that drove me to silence.

"Left completely to my own society, I wandered aimlessly about the house or sat moping over my books or work in a corner. I never sought to rebel against the rigor of my sentence; it was a just one I knew, and I bore it patiently as I could. And then all at once, sometimes when I least expected it, when I was most hopeless and forlorn, a hand would be placed on my head in the old caressing manner, and a low 'forgiven darling,' would bring me back to sunshine and happiness; but, oh, how he suffered. I never knew until afterwards that his punishment was even greater than mine.

"I am speaking now of my younger days, but presently there came a time when they treated it less as a fault than a malady; when Raby dreaded the repentance more than the paroxysm, for so poignant was my anguish of remorse that it threatened to prey on my health.

"Then, when they saw how I wept and strove against it, and how the torment of my own undisciplined nature was more than I could bear, then they grew to look upon me as one upon whom some deadly scourge was laid—some moral sickness that they could not understand, indeed, but which, out of their great love, they could afford to pity.

"Years rolled on. Raby had passed through his University life with honors; had gained a fellowship, and had taken orders, and accepted a curacy some distance from Sandycliffe.

"It was only a temporary position, until the church at Sandycliffe had been restored and was ready for use; the living had been already promised to him, and small as it was, he wished to hold it, at least for the present. Raby was a man singularly devoid of ambition, and though he must have been conscious that his were no common gifts, he always told us that he did not wish a wider sphere until he had tested his powers, and had worked a little in the home vineyard.

"At this time he was much occupied with his studies, and some doctrinal treatise on which he was engaged; and as only Sunday duty was required of him, he was able to be with us from Monday to Saturday, a great boon to us as Uncle Rolf's health was failing, and his son's constant presence was a great comfort to him. He died when I was about fifteen, and then Raby became master of the Grange.

"The next two years that followed were, in spite of my dear uncle's loss, very happy ones.

"The fits of passion became more rare and decreased in violence, and for a time ceased altogether. It seemed to be coming true what Raby had once prophesied, that I should outgrow them when I became a woman.

"That was our chief joy; but later on, after a year or so, Hugh Redmond came more frequently to the Grange, and by and by Margaret and he were engaged. Raby gave his consent rather reluctantly, he always told me he did not consider him worthy of a woman like Margaret, he thought him weak and impulsive and without ballast; but Margaret had lost her heart to her handsome young lover, and could see no fault in him, and for a time all went smoothly; but I am anticipating a little.

"The event that stands prominently in my recollection was a ball that was to be given in honor of young Egerton Trelawney, the eldest son of a wealthy merchant living at Pierrepoint. Margaret was going, and of course Hugh Redmond would be there, but they were not engaged then. Margaret had induced Raby to let me accompany her, for I was nearly seventeen then, and very womanly for my age. He consented rather reluctantly, I thought, and the subject dropped. Another time I should have tried to extort a more gracious permission, for my heart was set on the ball; but for some time I had noticed a slight change in Raby's manner to me, an imperceptible reserve that made me a little less at my ease with him; it was not that he failed in kindness, for he had never been so good to me, but there was certainly a slight barrier between us. He ceased to treat me as a child, there was a something deferential in his tenderness; his eyes had a keen watchful look in them as they rested on me that perplexed me.

"I was beginning not to understand Raby at all; either he was not quite happy, or I had disappointed him in some way; and yet, though I longed to question him, an unusual shyness held me back.

"It was the evening before the ball, and Raby was in the library so absorbed in his Hebrew manuscript that for once he had not missed me from my accustomed place.

"The new ball dress Margaret had ordered for me in London had just arrived, and she had coaxed me to put down my book and try it on in case any alterations should be required. I had never seen any gown I liked better; the rich creamy tint just set off my olive complexion and coils of black hair to perfection. I was quite startled when I saw myself in the long pier glass; my neck and arms were gleaming through the dainty cobwebby lace, a ruby pendant sparkled like a crimson star at my throat. Margaret was enchanted.

"'Oh, Crystal,' she exclaimed, 'how beautiful you look, just like an Esther or Vashti with their grand oriental faces. Come down with me and let us startle Raby from his dusty old folios; he will think he sees a vision.'

"I followed her smiling; I was pleased that Raby should see me in this queenly garb. I stole gently behind his chair. 'Oh, king, live for ever,' I said, laughing, and then he turned around; and as I dropped him a mocking curtesy, he tried to suppress the exclamation that rose to his lips.

"'Shall I do?' I continued, mischievously; 'shall I do, Raby?' and I made a sweeping obeisance to him such as Esther might have made to Ahasuerus, but no like sceptre of favor was extended to me.

"'Yes, you will do very nicely,' he said, curtly, and then he went back to his folios. But I had seen the expression in his eyes, the long wistful look he had cast at me, and I triumphed.

"But my triumph was of brief duration. The next morning Raby treated me with almost chilling reserve. In vain I laughed and talked, and strove to win him to merriment; his manner repelled all such attempts, and I was obliged to chat with Margaret.

"'Where are you going?' I asked presently, when he had closed his books and was preparing to leave the room.

"'I am going up to West Point to see poor Lettie White,' he returned; 'her mother has been down this morning and tells me she is worse. You had better not accompany me, Crystal,' for I had started up from my chair.

"'And why not?' I exclaimed in a hurt voice; 'it is such a delicious morning, and there is no such place as the West Point for a breeze; it will freshen me up for the evening.'

"'Well, do as you like,' he returned, coldly, and closed the door. The indifference of his tone wounded me. What could I have done to offend him; but I was never proud where Raby was concerned, so I put on my hat and accompanied him.

"For the first mile or two we were very silent. Raby walked on with his shoulders slightly bent, and his eyes fixed on the ground, a habit of his when he was thinking deeply.

"'Raby,' I said at last, rather timidly, 'I wish you would walk a little slower, I want to talk to you;' and then he looked at me with some surprise.

"'I was only thinking of my next Sunday's sermon,' he replied as if in apology for his want of attention. 'I told you you had better not come with me, Crystal.'

"'Oh, I know you did not want me,' I answered, lightly; your manner made that fact very apparent; but you see I wanted to come, and so I had my own way. Of course I know what text you will choose, Raby. What a pity it is too far for me to come and hear that sermon. To think that neither Margaret or I have ever heard you preach, and to lose that sermon of all others.

"'What do you mean?' he answered, rather irritably, for my gay mood was clashing with his sombre one.

"'Oh, the text will be, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher. All is vanity"; that will be your subject, Raby, will it not?'

"He turned round at that, and a smile dispelled his gravity; and then he took my hand and put it on his arm, and held it gently there.

"'I think you have guessed my thoughts, Crystal,' he said, quietly, 'but not all of them. Do you know I have been thinking as we came along that you and I, dear child, have reached the cross roads of life at last, where each must choose his or her path, and go on their way alone.'

"'Oh, Raby,' I exclaimed in some distress as I pressed closer to him: 'what can you mean by saying anything so dreadful I hope your path and mine will always be the same.'

"'My dear,' he returned gently—very gently; but there was pain and some strange solemn meaning in his face—'I disappointed you last night. You thought that I would not praise your finery or stoop to flatter your innocent vanity, that I held aloof from your girlish pleasure. Ah,' with a sudden change of tone, 'you little know what brilliant vision haunted me last night and drove sleep from my eyes; how it lured and tempted me from my sense of right; but God had mercy on His poor priest, and strengthened his hands in the day of battle.'

"The white abstracted look of his face, the low vehemence of his tone, thrilled me almost painfully; never had Raby looked or spoken like that.

"'No, my darling,' he went on sorrowfully, 'I will never wrong the child I have guided and protected all these years, or take advantage of your youth and inexperience, by using my influence and condemning you to a life for which you are not fitted. Go forth into the world then, my Esther—did not Margaret compare you to Esther—make experience of its pleasures, its trials, its seductions, its false wooings, and its dazzling honors; if they tell you your beauty might win a coronet they would be right.'

"'Raby!'

"'Hush! let me finish; go into the world that claims you, but if it fail to please you—if it ever cast you away humbled and broken hearted, then come back to me, my darling, come back to Raby; he will be praying for you here.'

"Shall I ever forget his tone; my tears fell fast as I listened to him.

"'What do you mean?' I sobbed; 'how have I offended you? Why do you propose to send me away from you?'

(To be continued.)

Death of the Maharanee Dhuleep Singh.

London *World*: I regret to say that the Maharanee Dhuleep Singh, who has been in failing health, died somewhat suddenly on Friday. The Maharanee always conciliated, showed much good feeling, and was a favorite with the Queen. She was a Levantine woman with a strain of Abyssinian blood in her veins. She refused to associate herself with the Maharajah's continental vagaries. Her sons acted with similar good sense, and Prince Victor, now a cadet at Sandhurst, bids fair to become a popular British officer and country gentleman. Probably the Maharanee's death will not produce much effect upon the wholom Suffolk magnate and member of the Carlton Club. Dhuleep Singh has shown himself more eager to sever every connection with his old life the more desperate his fortunes have become. They have reached a low ebb since his protector, Katkoff, died, and the official Russian Government is understood to be by no means enamored of his offers, nor will the last effort of the Moscow *Gazette* this week to lift him into prominence have much effect beyond accentuating his political insignificance.

Too Old for Miss Lucy.

The following story is told of a Virginia gentleman, rather advanced in life, who was about to be united in marriage to a lady very much his junior. Going to make her a visit just before their wedding, her old colored mammy came courtesying into the parlor, eager to make the acquaintance of the future lord and master of her young lady. "Well, Aunt Chloe," said the gentleman in question, after the preliminary greeting had been gotten through with, "what do you think of Miss Lucy's choice, now you've seen him?"

"I likes you mighty well, Mars' John, fur as I've seen you," replied Aunt Chloe, after a moment's deliberation; "but you's too old for Miss Lucy."

"Too old, Aunt Chloe!" exclaimed the gentleman, somewhat discomfited by Aunt Chloe's unexpected candor. "You don't know what you're talking about" (straightening himself up). "Why, I'm just in my prime."

"Yes, sir, I sees you is," replied the still unconvinced Aunt Chloe; "but when Miss Lucy gits in her prime, whar you gwine be den?"

An Alleged Absconsion.

The latest absconsion of prominence in the Western district is reported by the London *Free Press* from Strathroy, in the person of Mr. L. R. Richardson, the well-known cheese dealer, whose absence from his usual business haunts since Thursday week has occasioned considerable talk in commercial and other circles. Mr. Richardson was a prominent operator on the London, Ingersoll and Woodstock cheese markets, and in his adopted town was recognized as an energetic, pushing man. He was an unsuccessful opponent, in the Conservative interest, of Mr. John Watterworth for the representation of West Middlesex in the Ontario Legislature several years since, and took an active interest in party politics.

The Debt Had Been Standing a Year.

A long-suffering tradesman sent his little reminder as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"Your little account has been standing now over a year. Please send a cheque and oblige."

Hardened debtor replies:

"Dear Sir:

"If that little account is tired of standing, let it sit down. Yours."

The Long and Short of It.

"Do you know," said a dignified-looking man, "that I never tasted whiskey?"

"No," was the reply. "I know lots of fellers that gulp it down quick that way, but somehow I could always get more enjoyment out of it by lettin' it go slow, unless it's clear pizen."—*Washington Critic.*

O. W. Mathewson, of DeKalb, Ill., has a tame Maltese rabbit which will fight most anything from a mouse up to an elephant. It recently had a bone to pick with a hound. Waiting until the hound was wrapped in slumber, it quietly approached, jumped on the hound's back, and made the fur fly in a manner which would be a caution to ra

Sandusky, O., proposes to abolish her street-lamps and light the city by electricity.

Thicken your piano singing; broaden without breaking your declamation. Practice various ways of singing same passage. Avoid monotony; let your emotional nature color your voice; practice the passions vocally. Learn to use your voice. Sit at anybody's feet. Delight yourself in finding out your failings. Try, try again. I know the temptation to rush at the result without waiting on the means, for I did it myself, and that's the reason I want you to hasten slowly.—*Kennedy, the Scottish Vocalist, to His Children.*

It is interesting to note just at this time that a new translation of "Shakspeare's plays" has been made in Dutch. Burgersdyk, the famous poet of Holland, has made the translation, which is said to be a work of art. His "Macbeth" was recently given before a brilliant audience at an Amsterdam theatre and received great applause. The popularity of Shakspeare in Holland and Germany is remarkable.

Miss Alice Henry, of Aspen, Col., discovered a large bear near her father's cabin recently. She was alone, but thought she could kill the bear. Taking a rifle, she waited until bruin was busy devouring a pig, and then lodged a bullet in his brain. He weighed 600 pounds.

According to the *Lancet* a discovery has just been made of great importance to those in the neighborhood of consumptive patients. Some flies which had been seen to enter spittoons containing the sputum of phthisical patients were caught and examined, when it was found that they were full of tubercle bacilli. This indicates that the disease may be widely spread by this means.

—Each of the Clinton papers has lost a female printer this week—Misses Erma and Frank Croll, the former of whom goes to Galt to reside and the latter to Parkhill. They are to be married, laying down the stick and taking up the poker.

ARTEMUS WARD.

One of His Droll Letters Published for the First Time.

The following letter from Artemus Ward to a little Elmira girl, and recently published for the first time, is in the possession of an Elmira (N. Y.) gentleman.

SALEM, Mass., June 13, 1864.—My Dear Amelia: I cannot tell you how much I miss you.

It seems as though I had lost all my relatives, including my grandmother and the cooking stove.

Why didn't I put you in a bottle and bring you down here with me? But I am always forgetting something. The other day I went off and forgot my aunt Sarah, and she's a good deal bigger than you are. Mr. Ramsay is also a very forgetful man. He frequently goes off and forgets his washerwoman. Mr. Ramsay is a very fine looking man. He reminds me of Mr. Green, the Malden murderer. When Mr. Ramsay goes to the penitentiary, which will be very soon, we must send him doughnuts, magazines and other literary documents. Mr. Ramsey can read print very well.

I like you very much. I should like you just as well if you were 12 years older. I am very singular about some things.

You spoke to me about a boy who is my rival. I should feel very sorry to kill that boy, but he may drive me to it. I am in hopes that he will take himself into a premature tomb—that he will choke himself with a large slice of pudding; but if he does neither I shall feel forced to load him with chains and read all my lectures to him. That will finish him. His boots may remain, but the rest will have perished miserably long ere I get through!

You must be a good little girl and always mind your mother. Never let your excellent mother feel sorry that she is acquainted with you. If it hadn't been for her you might have drowned in a soup plate long ago. And if you hadn't ever had any mother you might be a Turkey with the Turkeys. In fact, my dear Amelia, so conduct yourself that even on dark and rainy days the bright sun may shine wherever you are, and that the stars (which are next to the sun in brightness) may never flash so brightly but that you can always look steadily and hopefully toward them. Faithfully your friend,

A. WARD.

The Provincial Prize Takers.

The annual meeting of the Agriculture and Arts Association of Ontario was held in Ottawa yesterday. The report on the prize farm competition in Group No. 1 awarded prizes as follows: Gold medal to John Fothergill, Burlington, County of Halton; first silver medal, Jos. E. McMichael, Waterford, Norfolk; second silver medal, C. Barker, Paris Station, Brant; bronze medals to each of the following: J. E. Brethour, Burford, Brant; R. Trinder, Simcoe; John R. Martin, Cayuga; J. C. Shaw, Woodburn, Wentworth; D. H. Horton, North Pelham, Monk; G. Barre, Waterloo.

The Education Committee reported that eight candidates, five second class and three third class, took the examinations in agriculture, and the following six certificates were granted: Second class, F. J. Sleightholm, Brampton; C. R. Stevenson, Fingal; J. Bowman, Mount Forest; M. C. Egan, Courtwright, and J. F. Bridgman, Smithville. John G. Tukster, Capetown, received a second class certificate.

The committee appointed to award prizes to essays on the construction of farm buildings reported the first prize to Thos. Shaw, of this city, and the second to D. McPherson. John Kay was commended and awarded a third prize.

Shoemakers' Secrets.

An old shoemaker tells the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* of a trick or two in shoemaking which he learned when he was a boy, which appears to be still hidden mysteries to a lot of the fashionable shoemakers. One of these concerns not only the appearance of the shoe but the comfort of the wearer. How many times do you see men's big toes rising in high relief impressions above the surface of the upper? Naturally you feel that the wearer of such a shoe must suffer from the pressure on his big toe, and he does; if not immediately, at some time in the future. The whole difficulty can be obviated by providing a depression in the sole of the shoe into which the toe will fit. This depression is obtained by fastening a piece on the last and beating the sole around it until it is moulded into it. When the toe is thus cared for there will be no ingrowing toe-nails and no unsightly protrusions of the upper. Another thing that may be interesting to shoe wearers and shoemakers is this: A blistered or sore heel caused by a new shoe may be relieved by taking a small piece of common newspaper, crushing it in the hand and placing it under the ailing heel. The bit of paper has the effect of a "lift," and forcing the foot forward in the shoe leaves the heel entirely free from the counter.

The New Universal Language.

The latest appearance of the question of Thou vs. You is in the Volapuk Congress held last month in Munich. In Volapuk all the pronouns begin with o and form the following series:

Singular.	Plural.
1. Ob—I.	1. Obe—we.
2. Ol—thou.	2. Ole—you.
3. Om—he.	3. Oms, Ofs } they.
Of—she.	
Os—it.	

Indefinite.
On—one, everybody.

Besides these, Father Schleyer gave in his grammar a form of politeness, "ons," but hoped that Volapukists would address each other by the more brotherly "ol." The Germans were the only ones who seemed to think it necessary to have a form of courtesy, and the Volapuk periodicals have had a lively but good natured discussion of the matter. But, although the Munich Congress had a larger number of Germans than of any other nationality present, yet it was resolved, after a warm debate, that the word "ons" no longer exists in Volapuk, and all Volapukists must employ "ol" in the singular and "ols" in the plural. Thus the knell of feudalism has sounded!—*Home Journal.*

—"Is there anything more dreadful than dyspepsia, doctor?" asked Mr. Branbread. "There is," interrupted Mrs. Branbread. "What is it, then?" inquired the doctor. "The man who has it," said Mrs. B.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The Part Love Played in an Albany Merchant's Life.

Thirty-five years ago Mr. Barrington Lodge, of this city, was a resident of St. John's, Nfld. Another resident of the same city was Miss Christine Graham, a belle in society. Foremost among her suitors were Mr. Lodge and Mr. Strachan. The pretty Chrissie seemed to favor Lodge, but he was poor. Realizing that he could not furnish the young lady with a home befitting her station he did not press his suit, and the result was that Miss Chrissie was married to Mr. Strachan. Mr. Lodge emigrated to this city and started in the knit-goods business as a clerk. He soon became a member of the firm of Lodge, Sheldon & Co. Although he still held in remembrance his early love he deemed her lost to him, and some years ago married Anna Scott, and established himself in a handsome residence on Hill Place. Their domestic happiness was unmarred until the death of his wife, two years ago. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Strachan had removed to Ballarat, Australia, where Mr. Strachan engaged in business. He accumulated a large fortune and died a few years ago. About a year ago Mrs. Strachan learned from her brother in Newfoundland where Mr. Lodge was located, and that he was alone in the world. The old love had not yet died out in her heart. She wrote to him suggesting that if the recollection of the past still warmed his heart she would like to hear from him. He answered the letter and a correspondence ensued, in the course of which he elicited an expression of her desire to come on and see him and marry him. He wrote back that if she was ready to accept the old man she could come on and he would meet her at Buffalo. She did not hesitate, but arranging her affairs, started on July 1st on the journey of 10,000 miles. She came by the way of Auckland, New Zealand, Sydney and the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco by steamer, and thence by rail to Buffalo, where she arrived on Tuesday and found Mr. Lodge in waiting. He found her changed, it is true. Thirty-five years effect many changes, but it was into a matronly, well-preserved woman, who still retained a generous proportion of the beauty possessed by her in girlhood. In him she found a still active and vigorous man, with clear brown eyes, an erect figure, and the flush of health on his cheek. They were at once married, went to Niagara Falls for a day or two, and then came to Albany to reside in Mr. Logie's elegant residence on Hill Place.—*Albany Journal.*

The Prince of Wales and His Old Servant.

It is not generally known that the Prince of Wales regarded with deep affection his old nurse, Mrs. Mary Scarrett, whose death, at a very advanced age, I recorded two or three weeks back. He made a habit of going to see her at least twice a week, and would sit by her bedside for quite a long time. On the last occasion, as he was about to leave, she called him back and begged him to stay a little while longer, calling him by the name of Bertie, as she used to do when he was a little boy. The Prince at once resumed his seat and sat there for some hours, until the old lady had fallen asleep. He then kissed her forehead, and with tears in his eyes, left the room, never to see his valued friend again in life. A bunch of white flowers placed upon Mrs. Scarrett's coffin was gathered by the Prince from the conservatory at Marlborough House and tied with a ribbon by himself.—*London Life.*

Carrying Decoration Too Far.

Mrs. Graham is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day last spring Mrs. Graham was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her: "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."

True Love Running Smoothly.

She—Do you remember that lovely moonlight ride we had at Newport last summer, Charley, behind that cute little donkey?

He (with tender reproach)—Do I remember it, love? As if I could ever forget it!

She—You are nice to say so Charley; and do you know, dear, I never see a donkey without thinking of you.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Heading Her Off.

Wife (at breakfast)—"I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favorable. What are the 'probabilities'?"

Husband (consulting his paper)—"Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."—*Puck.*

—Mrs. Woodworth, the faith cure evangelist, says doomsday is only four years distant. She has dreamed that the world will come to an end on September 1st, 1891, and just before its extinction she will be enabled to convert Ingersoll to Christianity. Mrs. Woodworth is at present conducting a revival at Decatur, Ill.

After the execution of the murderer Pranzini at Paris, a certain police official obtained a portion of the murderer's skin from an attendant at the medical school and had it converted into a couple of purses, which he presented, one each, to MM. Taylor and Goran, other police officials, as souvenirs. The facts leaking out the latter delivered the purses to the Procurator-General, who dismissed all concerned in the matter.

—"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your spring?" asked a visitor at a health resort. "Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully, "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

—The Town Council of Niagara Falls, Ont., voted recently in favor of waterworks upon the Holly system. It is now discovered that the by-law voted upon has no legal value, owing to the fact that it was not advertised a sufficient length of time. A new by-law is to be submitted.

—"The seats at the circus get narrower every year," remarked a young lady in a horse car the other evening, in the hearing of a Buffalo *Courier* reporter. "When I was told where to sit down there was not a sign of a seat anywhere, only the laps of two gentlemen." "Did you sit down?" "Why, of course," and there was a lapse in the conversation.

SCENES IN A NILE CITY.

The Crowds of Screaming Arabs Which Besiege the Traveller.

A scene on the Nile is thus described by a writer in *Scribner's Magazine:* Girls come bearing upon their heads and arms all sorts of articles for sale—eggs, cauliflower, oranges, buffalo milk, lettuce, lentils, living fowls, and what not—such as are stored in abundance upon the dock. Even water is offered for sale. But the crowd which has gathered is far more interesting than their merchandise. The gang-plank is pushed out and you reach the shore. A rush is at once made by the donkey-boys for the traveller, and not until the castigating bamboo of the learned dragoman has been applied to their bare, brown Arab shoulders can the anxious searcher for experience be started up the quay on donkey-back for a "preliminary drive." The town is not yet all awake. Here and there a watchman is found sleeping on his wicker bed in the street or on the portico of a house or bazaar. Farther on groups of early risers are found squatted before a tiny charcoal fire, where they "pool" for breakfast and discuss a dozen dates or a few pumpkin seeds while they watch and wait for the music of the coffee-pot. Even yet it is very quiet. The donkey-boy follows on behind, rather whispering his "oye-pah" than speaking it to his unwilling motor. Occasionally he drops a cabalistic word into the long ears which has the effect of increasing the donkey's speed. "Gehenna" is said to be that awful word. It always seems to be a surprise to the animal, at least, and sometimes causes him to lower his haunches and creep entirely away from his rider. Sorrow and repentance are sure to follow such an occurrence. Now a swirling sound is heard in the air. Your donkey-boy pushes you with your donkey to one side. A lad clothed in white comes running toward you shouting to you to "Get out of the way. Look out for your ears, your eyes, your neck, for my master is coming." Then a white ass appears bearing the sheik of the town. This dignitary, hearing of your arrival, is hastening to the quay to collect his fee for the privilege of driving a stake into his mud. A return to the dahabeeh reveals a swarm of natives, awaiting all on the same mission as that of the sheik. The case is a hopeless one, seemingly, for there is more business than you can attend to and keep faith with the spirit under which the journey was undertaken. Your only salvation is in reciprocity. Hat in hand and with heart-rending voice, therefore, beg backsheesh yourself if you would drive the enemy from you long enough to escape to your deck.

Fresh News Notes.

The lobster fisheries commission have concluded their inquiries and are preparing a confidential report for the information of the Government.

Bradstreet's reports a total of 165 failures throughout the country during the week ending September 23rd, against 168 for the week previous. Twenty of the number were in Canada, four less than the preceding week.

Judgment was given in the Court of Appeal in Montreal yesterday in the celebrated case of Rev. Father Paradis against Gilmour & Co., maintaining the decision given by Judge Wurtele at Aylmer in favor of Father Paradis and the others in whose behalf the reverend gentleman was acting.

The assessed value of the property of New York is a fraction below the assessed values of the twelve States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. But these Southern States are gaining rapidly. They show an increase in the past seven years of $900,007,641.

Hon. E. B. Washburne is lying in a precarious condition, suffering from congestion of the brain, at his son's home in Chicago. Mr. Washburne was American Ambassador to France at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, and was the only foreign diplomat who stayed in Paris during the siege. He was Secretary of State in General Grant's first Cabinet.

Sir Arthur Blackwood, who returned to Montreal yesterday after a tour over the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific coast, states that in his opinion the C.P.R. route for the mail service to Japan and China would save little in point of time over the Suez Canal route, its advantages being national rather than postal, but admitted that it would be of the utmost value as an alternative route in case of war or European complications.

In the course of the argument of Mr. Hogg, counsel for the Crown in the celebrated Ayer customs case, he yesterday made the startling claim that the Crown might go back twenty years in imposing additional duties and penalties upon the Ayers. The Chief Justice emphatically denounced such a course as iniquitous, and said he would immediately adjourn the case if such a right were asserted for the Crown, but as Mr. Hogg did not press the point the argument proceeded, and was not concluded when the court rose.

A farmer named Campbell is missing from Durham, Grey County, and is supposed to have lost his life in the ferry collision on Toronto Bay.

Owing to the schooner Pathfinder not returning from Behring's Sea in time, the expedition to investigate the fishing grounds at Vancouver and Charlotte Islands has been postponed till next year. An additional appropriation for the purpose will be asked for next session.

The Imperial Government having recently informed the Dominion Government that it cannot undertake the cost of a special survey for the proposed trans-Pacific cable between British Columbia and New Zealand and Australia, it is proposed that Canada should take the initiative in proposing the making of a survey to the other colonies interested, her proportion being the loan of a vessel.

—Harry Clendenning, head driver of the C. P. R., possesses a partridge which was caught under very peculiar circumstances. When about 15 miles from Ottawa it endeavored to fly across the track in front of the engine, but it was caught by the cow catcher. Harry, who was in charge engine, secured the bird.

—Hotel clerk (to guest)—Your bill is one dollar and a half, sir. And how did you find trade in town? Guest—Trade? I'm no drummer. I'm a gentleman, and am travelling for pleasure. Hotel clerk (contritely)—I beg your pardon, sir. Two dollars, please."

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Boston *Traveller* tells of the chaplain of a Maine Legislature who, when the body adjourned, repeated these lines, with great emphasis on the final one:

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee has come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

SOME weeks ago Dr. Ralph St. John Perry, a medical missionary in Africa, returned home to Indianapolis, bringing with him a 10-year-old prince, with the intention of educating him. The little fellow has shown such an aversion to school and developed such a violent case of home-sickness that he will be returned home at the first opportunity. He cannot be coaxed to associate with colored youths, regarding them with even more aversion than he does the whites.

WHEN Chang Yen Hoon, the Chinese Minister, reached Philadelphia from Washington a few days ago he was greeted by a crowd of sight-seers at the station. He is a man of medium size and portly figure. He was dressed in a rich silken robe and wore Chinese shoes. On the front of his turban gleamed a great diamond pin. He smoked a cigarette calmly and gazed in a dignified and rather disdainful way on the assembled crowd.

AT the last session of the German Reichstag there was a curious instance of absent-mindedness. Herr Wichmann was calling the roll of members, when, upon reading out his own name, he naturally received no response. He called the name the second time in a louder tone, and finally roared it out like a healthy-lunged bull. At this juncture his colleagues broke out into such hearty laughter that the truth dawned upon him and he joined in the general hilarity.

"IT is one of the essentials of literary success in England that a writer should never go into political life," writes Max Eliot in the Boston *Herald.* "I was informed that Justin McCarthy had made so many noble sacrifices for the country so near his heart that his partizanship has already cost him dearly in cutting off the sale of his purely literary works, says my well-informed friend, and it has also deprived him of some of his journalistic income. All of which demonstrates the fact that he is not politic, although he is a politician."

FOOTWEAR is cheap. Never were boots and shoes more easily procurable than at the present moment. The improvements in shoe-building material of late years explain the cheapness. A proprietor of a Portland, Me., shoe house said to a reporter a few days ago: "It doesn't take long to make a pair of ladies' shoes. Some time ago a gentleman and his wife walked into our factory, and in just one hour and thirty-three minutes the lady left the house wearing a pair of fine shoes which were made for her from the stock while she was in the factory. These shoes were made on a single set of machinery and passed through the hands of the different operatives at their machines. By running a double set of machinery and crowding the machines our crew of 100 men make 600 pairs of shoes in a day, or one pair of shoes per minute. This is six pairs of shoes to a man."

TWENTY women at the New York Custom House now inspect women's baggage brought from abroad. These searchers are ladies of character—such, for instance, as a widowed sister of ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling, she being one of the twenty. Mrs. Martien, a Cincinnati dressmaker, was put through the needle's eye by these inspectresses on Wednesday. What first seemed amiss was a packet of "soiled clothing." Enwrapped by the clothing aforesaid was a piece of silk that measured 178½ yards. Having discovered the silk, the inspectresses charged upon Mrs. M.'s stronghold—her bustle. In that hive they found a great rob of honey, to wit: Twenty-four pieces of worsted binding, five pieces of black lace, five point lace collars, fifty-four pieces of silk binding, twelve pieces of watered silk ribbon, six jet bead ornaments, a box of perfumery, a silver watch, two pairs of bracelets, a pair of toilet ornaments, a dozen packages of French hooks and eyes, one dress pattern embroidered in tinsel on silk, thirty yards of tinsel-embroidered silk crape, and a black silk dress skirt.

What a Dunce!

I suffered with fever, hot head and foul breath, With stomach disordered—was sick unto death. I bore it a week—surely I was a dunce— Then I took a few "Pellets"—they cured me at once.

What a dunce, indeed, to neglect such a remedy and suffer a week, when quick relief could have been found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

He Hadn't.

"Well, my little boy," he said to his neighbor's son, "so you've got back home, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been out in the country rusticating?"

"No, sir; we've been out in the country living on grandpa's folks."

If you have catarrh, use the surest remedy—Dr. Sage's.

A woman of 76 years, who had long been known there as a professional begger, died in Boston the other day, and among the rags and broken furniture of her hovel were found bonds and money to the amount of $7,000.

Corn Sowing

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes.

Hon. Mr. Bowell and Mr. Courtney sail from England on the 28th inst. by the Celtic for New York.

Booth and Barrett played to $8,000 in Detroit.

May to Bell.

Dear Bell: I'll write you a short letter
To say I'm wonderfully better;
How much that means you ought to know,
Who saw me just one month ago—
Thin, nervous, fretful, white as chalk,
Almost too weak to breathe or talk;
Head throbbing, as if fit for breaking,
A weary, ever-present aching.
But now life seems a different thing:
I feel as glad as bird on wing!
I say, and fear no contradiction,
That Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Is grand! Why, I'd have died without it!
Ma thinks there's no mistake about it.
It's drives all my ills away;
Just come and see! Yours ever, MAY.

The well-known Clydesdale draught stallion owned by Wm. McLellan, of St. Thomas, valued at $3,000, died on Tuesday night of indigestion.

Anthony Dale, a tailor, fell down in a fit on Tuesday, on the corner of Dundas and Richmond streets, London, breaking his jaw and one of his fingers.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

DUNL. 40 37.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES free, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It having been reported that East Grey Agricultural Society was financially unable to discharge its obligations, the Treasurer authorizes THE ADVANCE to flatly contradict the statement by saying that there are plenty of funds and to spare to pay every cent owing by the Society. People who originate such asinine-like rumors are on a par with the brainless gossips who delight in slandering their neighbors. Spite and envy are the motives in both cases.

If strict justice were done to the Hanover *Post*—in view of its pilot's statements last week—the following words should be placed at the top of its editorial column:

THE HANOVER POST:
CHAMPION PREVARICATOR
OF THE
COUNTY OF GREY!!

(*Sotto voce by Editor of Post*:)

"O, PILOT 'tis a fearful night!
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep."

RELIGIOUS.

In this age of advanced thought, one is not surprised to hear, occasionally, scriptural interpretations from the pulpit which would almost have frozen with horror and amazement our forefathers of a generation or so ago. We seem to be living in such a period of spiritual as well as of intellectual advancement, that few of the utterances of pulpit orators take us by surprise—however radically opposed they may be to the dogmas or creeds obtaining a century ago. Indeed it often happens that occupants of the pews appear to have more sensible and advanced views concerning matters theological than their spiritual advisers; or, perhaps, the latter entertain similar opinions but are afraid to give utterance to them. For, be it known, hundreds of clergymen—and laymen, too—are a long way in advance of their respective creeds.

Nor is this to be wondered at. Living in an age when infidelity is making its fiercest attacks on Christianity, gentlemen of the cloth find it necessary—in order to successfully resist these assaults against their common faith—to study the good old Bible more diligently and earnestly than at any other period in the world's history. And in their researches they themselves are amazed frequently to find a deep spiritual meaning in passages hitherto literally unexplainable. Many of which passages, too, had formed the basis for infidel satire. Then the study of Josephus and other great contemporary writers were found to confirm this divine teaching, and soon the knottiest scriptural passages and terms became easy of interpretation, and "glib little whiffets" of the shallow school of Ingersoll, *et al*, were forced by giant intellects, like Father Lambert's, to fall back upon the "Mistakes of Moses" and kindred silly rubbish. And from this latter standpoint, Father Lambert has finally driven Col. Ingersoll into the realms of silence—controversially speaking—where, it is hoped, he will remain. If he doesn't, he will wish he had—especially if Father Lambert be above ground.

But then infidelity is doing a good work. Good does not always come forth out of evil; but infidelity is the traditional exception to the rule. Formerly a wide gulf divided Christian churches, or, rather, the creeds of Christianity were thus divided. Infidelity tended to narrow this gulf by grouping the creeds in a sort of a mutually protective alliance. This chasm even has disappeared and now only a thin dividing line is discernable—a mere paper wall, which some good Samaritan, some noble, Christ-like man of the near future, will forever obliterate and relegate to the things of a past century and age. May THE ADVANCE and every one of its readers live to see that day! Creeds will save no man, woman, or child. God, and only God, is the Great Arbiter of human destiny; and if our lives are moulded after the pattern of His Son, we need "fear no evil."

THIRD PARTY.

The following, which we clip from the Ingersoll *Sun*—a sound Temperance newspaper, by the way—so well and fully expresses the opinion of THE ADVANCE concerning this Third Party movement, that we give it a place in our editorial columns:—

"We cannot regard the late action of the Temperance Convention in Toronto in adopting a resolution to form a Third Party, or Prohibition Party, as anything else than a grievous mistake, and a serious blow to the temperance and prohibition movement. The country is already cursed with too much partyism, and with the addition of another party matters will be worse instead of better.

The extra expense that must necessarily be incurred for election purposes will divert lines from a more effective prosecution of the temperance movement, and there are so many mollusks in the ranks of the temperance army that they could not be depended on to vote a straight prohibition ticket, but would go back on their professions and promises and vote the Grit or Tory ticket again, as they have done before, even though they had pledged their honor and word to vote the temperance ticket. We cannot believe that the resolution was fairly considered and passed by a representative vote of practical temperance men who fully understood the consequences that must inevitably follow the formation of a Third Party. Moreover, we do not believe such a party can be successfully organized for a few years at least."

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Our village being naturally a very quiet place, not having a great annual exhibition to draw thousands of visitors and nearly all the produce of the world, and the many articles of manufacture and art to describe, as some other larger towns have done. Yet we jog along as well as circumstances will permit. Our traveling township fair comes off this year at Singhampton, and, no doubt, it will be quite interesting.

Mr. G. Guy, of Shelburne, has opened out a taylor establishment in our village and there is no doubt but he has struck the right place for business. We wish him every success.

Gertie, the youngest daughter of Dr. Kerr, has been very low with inflammation of the brain. She is slowly recovering.

We are pleased to welcome our townsman, Mr. T. Blakely with his newly wedded bride and we wish them many happy days.

Mr. Robt. Stock has also made himself happy by taking to himself a wife in the person of Miss M. Beatty.

The barn of Mr. Robert Gordon was entered one night last week and several bags filled with oats stolen. We would advise the party to have a patch sewn over the names on the bags or they may be detected.

We also hear of a young man of our village having $20 stolen from him. But this comes from drinking too much bad whiskey and keeping bad company.

Mr. Wm. Sproule, who lost his entire crop by fire a short time ago, raised a new frame stable for his stock.

Threshing is nearly wound up in this neighborhood and farmers are mostly pretty well satisfied with the yield of grain.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

A Dundalk colt visited the Post-Office there one day recently and left its card. So says the *Herald*.

British Columbia Letter.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—It is now quite a while since I had a word with you, and now, what is it going to be? the weather first, well be it so, as it is uppermost in my mind. The frost killed my potatoes and corn, having planted them late on account of the backward, wet, chilly time during seeding. Then a dry summer. What the drought spared the frost of the 16th and 19th Sep. finished. In my last I said that "fears of a big rise of the Fraser were being entertained." But it did not come, so the oldest inhabitant made a mis-calculation this time. You see, we have an "oldest inhabitant" here, also. It is the heat of the sun, not rain, which causes the floods in the Fraser. 30 to 40 feet of snow melting up in the Carriboo district and Rocky Mountains is material grounds for a speculative rise in the river, you will say, by either old or young settler. Well, after the waters begin to subside, then comes the mosquito. They are a perfect terror. You would imagine their mission was the extermination of the human race. They do their best to carry it to completion. Buzz, hum, &c. conveys no idea whatever, of a mosquito, but let a few hundreds attack even a heathen Chinaman, and hear him express himself.

It is said of scenery that distant lands are enchantment to the view. Well, I believe it, and in order to break the spell I started on July 4th, to get a closer look of some mountain peaks. After making a detour of near 20 miles by river and lake, I, and a companion camped for the night. Next day, with our packs on our backs we faced the mountain which is some 6000 or 7000 feet above the level of the sea. After climbing or crawling on hands and knees, we had to divest ourselves of coats, vests, overshirts, tent and everything except some provisions had to be left behind. Tired but resolute I rolled myself in my blanket on the edge of the mountain at 3 p. m., and my companion says I did not waken until 4 o'clock next morning. When we again commenced the ascent, we passed immense rocky chasms and canyons full of snow, numbers of water falls disappearing in the gorges below. Eugenia Falls would be drowned in them. Well, we got up to where the snow was 8 to 10 feet deep, tired, and the ambition, love of scenery, &c., more than satisfied, we retraced our steps. But, worse and worse down grade. I don't ever raise my eye to look in the direction of those mountain peaks any more.

Port Haney, our nearest village now claims a fish-freezing establishment, two stores and three brickyards. The Dom. Government's Land Policy here, is causing dissatisfaction. It will take all and more to pay officials than the revenue will come to for the lands. Had they given free grants to actual settlers, there would have been some hope of settlement. But granting deeds to individuals whose sole aim is to secure a title and then go hence. I think it is an injury which will show its effect by and by. Better they had granted those lands free, and placed a small duty on tea, tobacco or whiskey, to cover the loss. However, they will lose many a staunch supporter.

Nearly all the flour used now is from N. W. T., $5 per bbl.

There has been snow on the mountains.

Now, sir, I have tried to make a long story short, but know I have failed, and even then it may be of no interest. However you can boil it down to an essence.

Minister of Interior and Deputy have been here. What for? Not the interest of settlers. Any of your readers asking for information through THE ADVANCE, I will try and answer. Yours truly,

Sep. 21st 1887. J. M. WEBSTER.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.
Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

NOTICE.
GRAY CHAMPION!
A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY— | —OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
—OR—
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

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CHILDRENS HEALTH.
One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using
Siamese Worm Powders.
Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!
Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**
If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?
IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS
and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.
It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.
It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint
W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	72	to 0	78
Spring Wheat	0	72	0	78
Barley	0	45	0	55
Oats	0	28	0	29
Peas	0	48	0	50
Butter	0	17	0	20
Eggs, fresh	0	16	0	16
Potatoes bag	0	60	0	60
Pork	5	60	5	60
Hay, per ton	6	00	6	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	40	0	50
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	8	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,
You will find an assortment of
Heavy and Light Harness,
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,
Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.
"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.
Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT.
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.
MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.
Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED Dr CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE
HAVE YOU
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.
NATURE'S REMEDY
The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD
Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.
SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE
Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.
TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.
TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

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S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.
Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

EUGENIA
Real Estate Agency
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.
Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.
HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

Fall Announcement!

M. RICHARDSON & CO. have pleasure in stating that their Fall Importations are now complete and cordially invite inspection of the same.

We have Special Values to offer in every department of our Extensive Stock.

Dress Goods!

We are now showing very complete ranges in all classes of DRESS GOODS in the best lines of Ottoman and Jersey Cloths, New Checks, Plaids, Stripes, Serges, and Costume Cloths.

NEW MELTONS in all shades from 10 cents per yard up.

CASHMERES in Blacks and Colors, in Great Variety and Cheap.

MANTLE CLOTHS, very pretty, in all new fabrics.

MANTLES AND SHAWLS—Best productions of Canadian, English, and German Manufacturers at astonishingley Low Prices.

KNITTED GOODS—Stock Complete, comprising Honey-Comb Shawls, Squares, Facinators, Hoods, Clouds, Polkas, and Jerseys. A full range in Blacks and Colors.

GENTS FURNISHINGS!

In this department the stock is also large, varied, and attractive. CANADIAN UNDERWEAR—Top Shirts, Cordigan Jackets, Mufflers, Knit Gloves, Wool Hosiery. Dress and Regatta Shirts, and Neckwear, a large range.

EMBROIDERY—Swiss Embroidery, and Insertion in great variety. A splendid stock of Flannel Embroidery in all Colors.

Tweeds and Flannels

Of all grades. Our Stock in this department is unusually large.

We show Checked and Plain ETOFFES, Union and Wool Tweeds, Fine all-wool Tweeds in Suitings, Trouserings and Ulsterings of choice patterns, All-Wool Full Cloths 38 cents per yard, Heavy all-wool Tweeds 45 cents up.

READY-MADE CLOTHING a Large Stock from the best makers.

Overcoats, Overcoats, Overcoats!

AND MORE OVERCOATS.

They suit, they sell, they wear so well, that everybody wanting should see our stock.

FURS—Fur Caps, Mens Fur Coats, Ladies Fur Mantles and all kinds of Fur Goods. Stock well assorted.

MILLINERY.—All the novelties and newest goods of the season. All shades in Millinery Satins, Plushes, Velveteens, &c. If you call, MISS MAUD RICHARDSON will be pleased to see you and render you her best services.

CARPETS.—For design, effect, and value, the goods in this department surpass that of any former season.

BOOTS of every description—machine and hand-made goods. Special fine values in mens heavy long and felt Boots.

Our China Hall,

More attractive than ever and now full of the prettiest goods in Crockery, Glassware and China for the Fall and Christmas Trade.

FIRE ARMS:—Muzzle and Breech-loading Guns, Target Rifles and Revolvers. Powder and other Ammunition. Wholesale and Retail.

SEE OUR NEW STABLE LANTERN, ONLY 50c.

M. RICHARDSON & CO.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

GRAVENHURST IN RUINS.

Particulars of the Great Conflagration in the Town.

THE SUFFERERS—HELP WANTED.

A last (Friday) night's Gravenhurst despatch says: The fire which swept over this town this morning is a crushing blow, and will occasion much suffering, as the weather is now turning cold. Already there is much distress, as forty-three families are left homeless. Mr. G. F. Marter, M. P. P. for this riding, left to-day for Toronto to lay the case before the Provincial Government and apply for assistance for the sufferers. The fire, which commenced about a quarter after 1 o'clock, broke out in Mowry & Sons' foundry. A strong wind was blowing from the north at the time, which carried the flames rapidly down Main street, and in a very short time nearly the whole business portion was burned down. The high wind and the inflammable nature of the buildings, all except Mr. Marter's and Sharp's cottage being of wood, combined to make the town an easy prey. Sparks and burning wood were carried onward by the wind and caused the fire to burn in many places at the same time. The part which the wind played in the disaster may be understood from the fact that the residence and barn of Mr. James Hewitt, which were burned with their contents, were three-quarters of a mile distant from the village. Fifty places of business were destroyed, only one, that of Mrs. Wiley, grocer, being left standing. In all, eighty-three buildings were burned, including the large new public school and the English church. When the fire started the steam fire engine was set to work, but just as it commenced to play it broke down, and not until the fire was nearly over was it ready for service again. The town being thus without protection a despatch was sent to Orillia asking for assistance, but the Mayor refused to send an engine because, he said, it was needed at home. Bracebridge, however, rendered some assistance, and help also came from Barrie, but too late to be of any service. Very few goods were saved. All was over at 4 o'clock. The loss is estimated at $300,000, with but small insurance. There were only four out of the way places which could be secured for business purposes. These were promptly taken possession of by Mr. Marter, Mr. J. P. Young, Mr. G. H. King and Mr. Moody, the last named going into an old store which he had only recently left to occupy a new building.

The following are the names of the sufferers: Mowry & Sons, foundry; T. Brignall, house and waggon shops; Gregg & Spears, blacksmith shop; D. Lafranier, of Fraser hosel; Gilbert McMillan, building occupied by J. Skitch, tailor, also billiard room; Jas. Kerr, baker shop; W. R. Tudhope, two stores, one jewellery, other vacant, and building occupied by Dr. Connell as drug store, and *Banner* printing office in rear; John McNeill, general merchant; Philip Bartholomew, building occupied by J. Groves, general merchant, also by Mr. Bartholomew as residence; G. F. Marter, M. P. P., general merchant; Powell & Co, general merchants; building owned by Geo. Clark, also residence of Geo. Clark; Messrs. Galbraith, their restaurant, owned by Mr. Clark; J. W. Tudhope, fruit store, owned by Mr. Clark; A. Maloin, grocery store, owned by Mr. Clark; J. Rock, jeweller; J. Gaynor, jeweller; Pat Shean, shoemaker; I. Passmore, butcher; J. Boyd, Central Hotel and barn; James Brown, grocer; H. H. Marter, furniture and harness shop; Allan Bros., general store and residence; H. R. King, butcher, dwelling and barns; J. E. Clipshan, waggon and blacksmith shop, dwelling and barn; John Sullivan and H. McKay, shoemakers; Arch. McLean, tenant; S. J. Henderson, Thos. Corbett, residence and barn; Frank Wasley, proprietor Albion Hotel and barns; W. A. McKim, general merchant; J. P. Cockburn, post-office and stationery store; J. P. Young, hardware merchant; W. N. Moody, general merchant; A. Lannarth, general merchant; Wm. Meinardus, grocer; George Tolen, druggist; S. J. Abbott, barber; McCarthy, Pepler & McCarthy, law office; —. Campbell, butcher; E. Cooper, proprietor Royal Hotel, barns and outbuildings; H. Matt, barber; G. J. Cox, general merchant, store and house; J. Sharp, dwelling; R. K. Jones, dwelling; W. Palmer, grocer, store and barn; S. Whalen, shoemaker; dwelling owned by S. J. Henderson, and another owned by Mr. Smith; new school house and English church; Albert Hill's blacksmith shop and dwelling; Cumberland Clark's house and another occupied by Mr. Denner; H. Bassett, dwelling; F. Dowler & Co., general merchants; new building being erected by Robert Sharp; dwelling owned by Mr. McKean; baker shop and dwelling, G. H. King; dwelling and millinery store of Mrs. Scott.

Mr. Marter, M. P.P., arrived in Toronto last night. He will wait on Hon. the Attorney-General to-day, and if he has time, he will also lay the case before His Worship the Mayor.

An American Statesman on Newspaper Men.

Hon. Carl Schurz, at Pittsburg, Pa., recently spoke about newspaper men in America as follows: "You hear of the people, from one end of this country to the other, growling at the newspaper reporters, and I want you to publish what I tell you now. The newspaper reporters of the country should be respected. Throughout my whole public career, and since that time, I have never changed my mind in regard to them. They are the guardians of truth and personal liberty. They protect every citizen, and I have to see the first case where a newspaper man wilfully attempted to deprive any man of his rights. I will never be satisfied till I see newspaper men raised entirely on a level with, if not above, the other professions, for they deserve the greatest consideration."

While Mrs. Cleveland was at the Hotel Lafayette, Philadelphia, she left the building by the back way one morning in order to avoid the curious crowd in front of the hotel. She was obliged to go through the store-room and kitchen, climb over boxes of soap, barrels of sugar and packages and bundles of all kinds. She was very agile and graceful, however, and seemed to enjoy the unwonted experience.

TROUBLED IRELAND.

The *Freeman's Journal* says the localities in Ireland proclaimed yesterday by the Government are those in which the most sweeping evictions have taken place, and argues that these localities have been selected because the landlords are losing the fight.

Mr. Kilbride, who accompanied William O'Brien to Canada on his tour against Lord Lansdowne, was elected without opposition to represent South Kerry in the House of Commons.

The members of the League in proclaimed localities are uniting for common action. They will hold a number of meetings on Sunday in defiance of the law.

At a meeting of Kilkee carmen to-day it was resolved to defy the League's orders not to drive the police. The carmen afterwards drove the police to and from the Moveen evictions.

Mr. Harrington complained that a Dublin paper had declared that the police would be justified in making him acquainted with the peculiarities of a horse-pond. The language, he said, was an incitement to the police to commit violence, and the court should not permit such language to be used with impunity. Mr. Murphy, while not justifying the course of the paper, considered that Mr. Harrington, by calling Sergeant Ryder a murderer and villain, provoked comment. Such language had never been uttered without meeting reproof in any court in the civilized world.

Mr. Harrington retorted that he should continue to use the same language. The coroner deprecated the retort. Witnesses were called who defended Mr. Harrington's attitude.

Sergeant Ryder was then recalled. In the course of his testimony he said: "Mr. Harrington called me a murderer, scoundrel and ruffian, and said he would kick me off my chair."

Mr. Harrington—I call you a liar in addition to scoundrel when you make such a statement, and I will call you murderer again before I have done with you, and I will get for you the punishment of a murderer.

Mr. Balfour is receiving numerous menacing letters, which threaten him with personal injury, and many communications which purport to reveal the existence of plots against his life. Other members of the Government have been the recipients of similar missives in less number. The police are taking every precaution to defend the executive and officials.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Smash-up on the Intercolonial—An Engineer Killed and Three Men Injured.

A Quebec despatch says: The following particulars have just been received of a collision on the Intercolonial Railway yesterday between St. Moise station and Little Metis: The accommodation train which left Rifer du Loup at 7 o'clock yesterday morning had orders to cross Lebert's freight special at Little Metis. The crossing orders were overlooked by both driver and conductor, and when three miles east of Little Metis the accommodation train came into collision with the freight special. Neither of the drivers saw one another until they were but a few feet apart, owing to the curve in the road at this point and the fact that large snow sheds have been erected. The result was that Engineer L. Duncan was instantly killed. Engineer Gorham, of the accommodation, jumped through the window of his cab and broke a leg. The firemen of both trains are severely injured. Both engines and cars are badly smashed. The loss will amount to several thousands of dollars. The road is entirely blocked and cannot be cleared before Friday night.

It is said that the entire blame is attached to the driver and conductor of the accommodation train. There were but few passengers on board the latter, and beyond a severe shaking up none of them were badly injured. The trains were travelling at a speed of about thirty miles an hour. Engineer Duncan was unmarried.

A New Illuminator.

A Paris cable says: In the published illustrations of the recent mobilization experiments in France, the newly invented Lucigen light, of which a great deal has been said and written lately, takes a very prominent place. General Boulanger was one of the first to appreciate the importance of Hannay's discovery for night-work; and the trial of the light made last week at the Crystal Palace afforded ample evidence both of the general's sagacity and of Hannay's ingenuity. The smallest print could be read easily at a distance of two hundred yards from the flame, which is produced by the action of compressed air on a film of waste oil. All other rival lights were very ignominiously eclipsed by its superior brilliancy. The Forth Bridge works are being carried on at night with the aid of Lucigen. It has been adopted by Sir Joseph Whitworth and many other great contractors, and for purely outdoor purposes it seems to have no rival among the existing competing illuminants. Any one who will exercise his ingenuity in endeavoring to compete with the gas monopolists deserves encouragement.

Among the Churches.

Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist, has accepted an invitation to go to Montreal, and will begin a series of meetings there on the 2nd of October.

Lady Henry Somerset has created a considerable sensation in Worcestershire with her "Gospel Tent" and peripatetic preaching. Her ladyship's oratorical powers are said to be of a high order, and her temperance discourses almost rival in eloquence the Primrose League oratory of Lady Jersey and Miss Nevill.

The Bonapartists do their kicking with manifest toes.

Col. Hughes-Hallett intimates that he will not resign his seat in Parliament in consequence of the publications concerning his relations with Miss Selwyn.

Reports have been received from Malaga stating that there has been a great earthquake there. It caused a panic among the inhabitants, but did little damage.

George Westinghouse, jun., inventor of air-brake, is worth $9,000,000. "This perhaps, the largest fortune ever made at of wind," says the Atlanta *Constitution*.

THE CHOLERA RAVAGES

On Board the French Steamer Arrived at New York.

A New York despatch says: The French steamer Alesia, Capt. Vallist, of the Fabre Line, which arrived at quarantine on Thursday night from Marseilles and Naples, brings three cabin and 561 steerage passengers. On her arrival at quarantine four cases of Asiatic cholera were found among the passengers in the steerage. Eight persons died during the voyage to this port. On Sept. 12th Luigi Maria, a steerage passenger, aged 23 years, was taken sick and died on the 15th. Paul Antonio Balkyoria, another steerage passenger, aged 38, was taken sick and died on the same date. Jean Lenivolni, a sailor, aged 40, died the following day, in less than twenty-four hours from the time he was taken down with the disease. On the 17th Jean Somma, a sailor, aged 30, was taken sick. He died on the 19th. Serafin de Lis, a steerage passenger, died on the 20th. Anna Nellridge, a steerage passenger, aged 47, died on the 21st. Francisco Mattoe, aged 41, was taken sick before coming on board and died on the 22nd, probably of bronchitis. Maria Antonio Sola Veno, aged 59, was also ailing at the time of coming on board and died on the 22nd, though without the symptoms of cholera. All of the above were buried at sea. The Alesia is now in the lower bay. Her sick passengers will be transferred to the Swinburne Island hospital. All the remaining passengers will be transferred to Hoffman Island for observation. The ship will remain in the lower bay until she has been thoroughly fumigated and cleaned. The passengers of the Alesia will be kept in quarantine at least eight days.

Dr. Smith, the health officer, made a careful examination of all the passengers and found four who had escaped notice of the ship's surgeon also sick with the disease. Three of these four will probably die before morning, while the four reported by the ship's doctor will probably recover. The eight sick persons, two women and six men, were transferred to the Quarantine Hospital at Swinburne Island. The balance of the passengers was landed at Hoffman Island. They will be held there until all danger of infection has passed.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

Gladstone Rebukes a "Unionist"—Evidence at O'Brien's Trial.

A London cable says: Mr. Gladstone has written in regard to the assertion of Robert Bannatyne Findlay (Liberal Unionist) that he (Gladstone) had apologised for boycotting, and that he was under Parnellite subjection. Gladstone says: "I am a little surprised at the inaccuracy of Mr. Findlay's statements, but much must be allowed for a disappointed section with a failing cause."

Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking at Whitby to-day, said: "The present Parliament is fairly democratic and is therefore strong. If it were otherwise it would be unable to grapple firmly with the National League. The obstruction encountered during the session was due to Mr. Gladstone acting as leader of the Parnellites."

A Cork cable says: When the case of O'Brien was opened several policemen were called as witnesses for the Government. They testified from memory as to O'Brien's language, which they asserted tended to incite his listeners to violence. During the hearing of this evidence a procession, armed with sticks and headed by a waggon carrying a band, marched into town from the country. The Hussars stopped the waggon, but allowed the other part of the procession to proceed. The procession took up a position close to the court-room, but order was observed.

Constable Foley admitted that the notes he made of what Mr. O'Brien said in his speech were made the next morning and from memory. The head constable told him to write the report. He was not asked to produce the notes for many days after. He could not swear that O'Brien spoke in the order in which the words appeared in the notes.

BLAZING OIL FIELDS.

An Explosion Which Causes a Great Conflagration.

A Toledo, O., despatch says: There is great excitement among oil and gas operators in this city over the reports of an immense oil conflagration in the Wood county oil fields. The fire was caused by an explosion in the Parker Well No. 1, the greatest oil well in the world, a well that has been uncontrollable for days and which flows 10,000 barrels every twenty-four hours. The oil caught fire from the engine and rapidly spread to the other derricks and tanks. In the oil fields are large pools of petroleum and the creeks and rivers are full of oil. This only adds fuel to the flames. The scene is described by an eye-witness as most thrilling and magnificent. At the time of the explosion, without warning, a column of blue flame and smoke shot up into the air at least 1,000 feet and extended over acres of ground. The heat was so intense that it was impossible to approach nearer than half a mile. It could be plainly felt two miles away and the sight of the burning well is visible in Toledo, thirty miles distant. The damage will run up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. One of the drillers, Geo. Johnson, was caught in a whirlwind of smoke, oil and flame, and was so badly burned that no hopes are entertained of his recovery. Other drillers are missing and it is feared they have perished in the flames.

Some Dangerous Jumping.

A Syracuse, N.Y., telegram says: Prof Baldwin, of parachute fame, went up in a balloon from the Onondaga county fair grounds here this afternoon in the presence of 30,000 people, and when at an altitude of a mile jumped from the air ship, and seven minutes later landed safely about three miles from the starting point. His next leap from the clouds will be made at Quincy, Ill. To-day his parachute oscillated frightfully, and this evening he said that another experience of the same kind would drive him out of the business. He received $1,300 for performing the feat here.

—Dame Fashion has decreed that the ladies' hats for fall and winter wear shall be lower—not in price, but in altitude. Some of the latest importations, not yet placed on public view, will go quite to the other extreme from those in vogue last winter and will fit quite snugly to the head.

EUROPEAN ALLIANCES.

Germany Anxious to Ally Herself with Italy—Russia Balking Alone.

A London cable says: The uneasiness and uncertainty of the European aspect felt here are much aggravated by the abandonment of the proposed meeting of the Czar and Emperor William at Stettin. The triple alliance is now openly dead, and the Kalnoky and Bismarck meeting emphasizes its demise. The two Chancellors have substituted Italy for Russia, and British military officers who know the perfection of the Italian army regard Italy as no mean ally. But Russia is now playing a hand entirely her own. The Czar, who manages his own foreign policy, evidently wants to keep free from all entangling alliances. The contempt poured upon the French Republic by the Russian press, notably by the Moscow *Gazette*, since M. Katkoff's death, and the Czar's well-known dislike of the men who now rule France, indicate no present arrangement with the Paris Government; but every day makes clearer that when what Prince Bismarck calls the "inevitable" war between France and Germany breaks out, the Germans will have to count upon Russia as a passive if not as an active foe. Private letters from Berlin declare the existence of almost feverish anxiety in high places to be ready to strike, sharp and strong, against any future combination of Russia and France, and to secure Italy as an ally for the defence of Austrian territory against Russian aggression. It is the belief of the British Foreign Office that Italy is already committed to that responsibility, but this is not generally accepted. The Cologne *Gazette* professes to describe German feeling without friendship and without enmity. France is naturally delighted that the Czar refrains from meeting his Imperial relatives.

FOURTEEN DOLLARS FOR A KISS.

It Came High and Mr. Bross Did Not Want It.

A New York report says: James Bross, a sturdy, although aged, citizen of New London, came to this city to see the sights last Sunday. While wandering along Cherry street late that evening he noticed a crowd of blithesome girls laughing and chatting on a corner. While he was passing the merry group he was most astonished by suddenly finding a pair of arms about his neck. At the same time a silvery voice exclaimed:

"Oh, you . : r, old rling, give me a kiss."

Mr. Bross had never been greeted in that way in New London.

"Go 'way, go 'way, you bold girl," cried he. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, beg pardon," said the girl who had stolen a kiss from the aged New Londoner. "I mistook you for my father."

Mr. Bross passed on, laughing over the oke until he stepped into a store to buy a cigar, when he was astounded to find that $14, which he had in his vest pocket, was gone.

He found a policeman, who arrested Annie Clark, a black-eyed maiden, whom Bross identified as the girl who had kissed him. Justice Kilbreth, in the Tombs Police Court, held Annie in $1,000 for trial.

WITH BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S SPIRIT.

Mrs. Hulbert, 90 Years Old, Tears Down a Rebel Flag.

A Detroit despatch says: Detroit as a venerable and worthy patriot, with the Barbara Frietchie spirit, in the person of Mrs. Hulbert, of Third avenue, who is nearly 90 years old. Mrs. Hulbert sent four sons to the war, all of whom acquitted themselves with credit, and one laid down his life on the field of battle. The mother is imbued with strong loyalty to the flag. During the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee in Detroit last week a handsome American flag floated from the roof of the Hulbert residence; but one of the grandchildren, in a spirit of mischief, tacked a captured rebel signal flag to the staff above the Stars and Stripes. Mrs. Hulbert saw it, and was indignant. She kept her own counsel, however, and when an opportunity presented she went to the attic and climbed by a rickety ladder to the roof, and thence reached the rebel signal by means of steps, and tore it from the staff. She has hidden the flag, and, in reply to all inquiries, says: "You will find that flag when I'm dead—not till then." Mrs. Hulbert is a sister of the late Henry Schoolcraft, the Indian historian.

No Money in Wheat.

A London cable says: Lord Randolph Churchill, addressing a meeting of farmers at York, said the present low prices in wheat were ruinous to the farmer. As a politician he had not a grain of comfort to offer them. The British farmer growing wheat, he said, did not seem to know when he was beaten. Lord Churchill said he foresaw nothing that was likely to cause a rise in the price of wheat sufficient to cause a profit to the grower. The foreign imports were illimitable, not from America only, but from other sources. The farmers of England should realize thoroughly that India is a tremendous granary, and will continue to pour into the English market increasing quantities of wheat. This radical change in the conditions of farming should prepare all persons interested in agriculture to adapt themselves to changes.

Mutilated While Coupling Cars.

A Barrie despatch says: Harvey Sizer, a young man in the employment of the Northern & Northwestern Railway as head brakesman in the Barrie and Allandale yards, was knocked down and run over while coupling cars at Barrie yesterday morning. Two cars passed over his leg below the knee, crushing the bone so badly that amputation was necessary. He is doing as well as can be expected.

The largest duty ever paid at the Boston custom-house was that of $98,993, paid on Saturday by a Boston merchant for a sugar entry.

A re-survey of the Godwin Sands, off the Kentish coast, is just being completed by the Admiralty. The new series of charts will be shortly issued. Little change is noted in the position and dangerous character of the Sands during the past twenty years.

WILL THE PRINCE COME?

Rumor That the Prince of Wales Will Repeat His Trip of Twenty-seven Years Ago—His Interest in the Dominion.

The London correspondent of the *Globe* cables: Some journals, commenting on the reported intention of the Queen to visit Canada, urge that a royal visit to the Dominion would be of great benefit to the Throne and the Empire. A visit to Canada, however, would necessitate visits to the other colonies, and this would be impossible for the Queen. It is suggested, however, that the Prince of Wales might, with great advantage to the State, endeavor to find an opportunity to visit Canada and the other colonies. I am personally aware that the Prince has long ago taken a keen interest in the progress of the Dominion. He has, at his own request, been supplied with the best available maps of the Dominion, photos of Canadian scenery and other printed information, and, did State exigencies permit, would gladly undertake an intercolonial tour. Doubt, however, is expressed whether it would be possible for him to do so.

The Canadian Northwest.

The injunction against the R. R. V. R. filed by the Dominion Government come up in the courts to-morrow, but will probably be enlarged for a week.

The Hudson Bay Railway will extend their line five miles to St. Laurent settlement, and a weekly train will be run to that point. It is thought quite a large business can be done in carrying wood to the city.

The first shipment of rails arrived here yesterday and went through to Morris. The real hitch has arisen through the Province not being able to put up the amount of freight due the C. P. R. on the rails. There is a large amount due for freight, and until that is paid the rails will not be released by the C. P. R.

The first shipment of cattle ever made from the Western ranches to the Eastern Canadian market will pass through the city in a few days, as it is being loaded at Calgary now. The shipment consists of forty-five cars, embracing about 900 head. They will be shipped to Montreal and from that port re-shipped to Liverpool.

J. H. Sproule, contractor, and a staff of surveyors went to Brandon to-day to begin the construction of the Northwest Central. He stated that he was going to put a large force of men to work immediately to work on the first fifty miles of the Central, beginning at Brandon, and the work will be prosecuted vigorously, with a view to finishing that distance this fall.

The surveyors commenced work at Brandon this morning on the Northwest Central Railway, and say that fifty miles will be in operation by Christmas. People are still dubious, and appear to think the news too good to be true, that work is at last to be proceeded with.

The Port Arthur, Duluth & Western road, upon which work has just been started, was formerly known as "The Thunder Bay Colonization road." The route is from Port Arthur southwesterly through the townships of McIntyre and Oliver, crossing the Canadian Pacific about two miles east of Murillo, thence to the Kaministiquia River, crossing that near the junction of the Whitefish, following the valley of that stream and by way of Beaver, Rabbit, Porcupine and Silver Mountain mines to the north of Whitefish Lake, thence north of the Arrow Lake chain to the international boundary at Gunflint Lake, on the Pigeon River system of water stretches. The present portion of the line, which it is intended to build from Port Arthur to the boundary, is about 86 miles in length.

Rev. D. M. Gordon, pastor of Knox Church, has received a call to the Presbyterian Church in Halifax. His health has not been good for some time past, and it is thought he may accept it.

The Galt coal mine is now working night and day, and turning out 400 tons of coal every twenty-four hours.

The petition against the return of W. B. Scarth as member for Winnipeg came up in court to-day. The case was enlarged until next Wednesday. The cross petition comes up on October 8th.

This morning Senator Sanford, of Hamilton arrived in the city accompanied by the Indian prince. The latter received a cablegram which necessitates his immediate return home. He will join Mr. Sanford in some of that gentleman's Northwest investments.

The Troubles in Ireland.

A Mitchellstown despatch states that Dillon and Harrington have given pledges that no public political meetings shall be held in Mitchellstown during the present trial.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has issued an appeal for funds to defend and sustain the large number of political prisoners it is expected will soon be in jail under the Coercion Act.

The weekly Nationalist papers throughout Ireland publish the usual reports of the proceedings of the various local branches of the League, despite the fact that under the terms of the new Crimes Act the editors are liable to imprisonment for publishing the reports, which teem with violent denunciations of the Government.

A Momentous Question Unanswered Yet.

Gov. Richardson, of South Carolina, stopped at Washington on his way home from Philadelphia. He had never visited the capital before. He speaks highly of the hospitality of Philadelphia, but says that he was constantly greeted with this question: "What did the Governor of North Carolina say to you just now?" Wherever he went he was annoyed by this significant inquiry, until in despair he seriously thought of buying a chestnut bell.

—Miss Phelps has a new "gate" story which bids fair to attract no less attention than "The Gates Ajar" and "Beyond the Gates." It is entitled "The Gates Between," and relates the possible experience of a hard and selfish nature in the life after death.

Youngstown (Ohio) *Telegram*: "Just think of it! Cider, doughnuts, rambo apples, euchre or sevenup, and a rip-roaring fire, and sitting alongside your best bright-eyed girl! The good old winter nights are coming, boys, when a slice of below zero is worth a cycle of July."

Her Faithfulness.

"Forget him? I?" the maiden said,
And, fondly smiling, shook her head.
"Forget the bouquets, bud and rose
Of Marechal Niels and Jacqueminots,
With which this most artistic youth
Has weeded me a whole month, forsooth?
These are not tokens I forget,
And deep within my heart are set.'

"*Forget* him? All the dainty words
He's used, comparing me to birds?
And saying how the lilies sigh
As I, 'more graceful, pass them by'?
And how the tints upon my cheek
Pure thoughts within my heart bespeak?
'Tis true I've heard the same before;
But what we like will bear encore?

"Forget *him?* With the perfect tie
To his cravat? And clothes that lie
Without a wrinkle—*such* a form!
And eyeglass that averts the storm
Of commonplace impertinence?
And eyes of languid eloquence?
And sweet mustache, that drooping low,
Yet cannot hide his red lips bow?

"Ah! never, *never!*—till I see
A youth who owns more wealth than he."

APPERLEXING FAMILY.

How a Man is His Aunt's Uncle, and Other Queer Relationships.

Mr. L. Osborne, of this city, married his grandfather's second wife, and they have a son. Given this simple statement and a number of peculiar family relationships may be deduced. For example, Mr. Osborne is a grandchild of his wife. His son being also a son of his (Osborne's) grandmother, is uncle to his own father. Osborne becomes a brother to his uncles and aunts, and also a stepfather to them. The boy, being the child of Osborne as a grandson, is thereby a great-grandson of his own mother, while his father may rejoice in the title of great-grandfather to his own child. Thus the boy becomes a grand uncle to himself and his parents' great-grandchild. Osborne is the boy's father and great-grandfather at the same time, and, being the husband of his own grandmother, enjoys the distinction of being his own grandfather as well. Osborne's mother married a man named Blake and his sister married a brother-in-law of her mother, Henry Blake. Osborne's sister becomes a sister to her own mother. Mrs. Blake being Osborne's mother, is grandmother to Osborne's son. The latter, however, being a son of the wife of Mrs. Blake's father-in-law, is therefore a brother to his grandmother and granduncle to his grandmother's sister, the daughter who married Mrs. Blake's brother-in-law. He also is her nephew, as the son of her brother. Osborne is the younger Mrs. Blake's grandfather as well as her brother. Thus her nephew, Osborne's son, becomes uncle to his aunt, being a son of her grandmother. This series of relationships may be likewise traced almost indefinitely. The family are happy and contented, and live as pleasantly as though the peculiar family ties were not present.—*Madison (Wis.) Journal.*

Industrial and Commercial.

The blueberry crop is a failure in Nova Scotia—something almost unprecedented in that Province.

The steamship Abyssinia took 50,000 feet of lumber to Japan on her last trip from Vancouver.

A lively meeting of shareholders of the Canada Agricultural Society was held yesterday in Montreal, at which the assignee and inspectors resigned, and their places were filled by fresh appointments.

The hay crop is so short in Cape Breton and other parts of Nova Scotia that farmers are selling their cattle at any price, and many of them are slaughtering their oxen and cows and turning them into beef.

Many carloads of deciduous fruits have recently been shipped from California to New Orleans, a demand having suddenly arisen there for California pears, plums and peaches. The rates are $350 per car on freight trains and $500 per car on passenger trains.

The Montreal *Shareholder* complains of the filthy condition of the Dominion $1 and $2 bills and calls upon holders of them to have them redeemed in the branch offices in Montreal Toronto, Halifax, St. John, N. B., Winnipeg Charlottetown and Victoria.

An Easy Job.

Detective—You wished to see me, sir?

Citizen—Yes. I have been robbed of a package of money.

"How?"

"I entrusted it to a messenger boy and he has not been heard of since."

"How long ago?"

"Ten hours. I suppose he is half way to Canada by this time."

"Oh, no; he can't be more than five or six blocks off. I'll look for him."—*Omaha World.*

Slow Collections.

"Hello, Jack, where you been?"

"Collecting."

"What success?"

"Bad. I've rummaged the city from one end to another, and I can't find a man that owes me a cent."

No Time to Waste.

Proud mother (haughtily)—You allowed yourself to be won altogether too easily, Edith!

Edith—I suppose I did. But as Albert is rather bashful, and I am nearing 30, I thought it only proper to make it as easy as possible for him.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Concerning a presentation made to Fanning, pitcher of the Buffalos, on Tuesday, the Buffalo *Express* says: At Manager Chapman's request time was called as Fanning stepped to the plate. The genial manager then advanced to the plate and with a few words presented Fanning with a beautiful gold badge and gold-headed cane, the gift of his Buffalo friends. Fanning bowed thanks and then ingloriously struck out.

"Johnnie," said the Sunday school teacher, "what became of Jonah?" "He has lost his job." "How do you mean?" "Got fired." "You misunderstand me, Johnnie. Have you never heard of the punishment that overtook Jonah?" "Yes, I heard dad tell about it." "What did your father say?" "He said Bill always was a Jonah, and it was a good thing when he was bounced from the League."—*Sporting News.*

—The bust of the late Senator McMaster, recently completed by Percy Wood, the English sculptor, will shortly be placed in position at McMaster Hall. It is said to be one of the finest pieces of art that have ever come to this country.

A COUNTRY BACHELOR'S IDEA.

The girl who hooks a fish will shriek
To see its frantic wriggles,
But when she hooks a man—queer freak!
She simply grins and giggles.
—*Charleston Enterprise.*

HOW TO GET RICH.

The Boston *Herald* has been asking some rich men for rules by which other men may become rich. Mr. P. T. Barnum says the golden rule is to spend less than one earns. He advises abstinence from tobacco and rum, due care for the health, the selection of a congenial occupation, avoidance of debt, and determination to excel all others engaged in the same occupation. He also says:

Be careful to advertise in some shape or other, because it is evident that if a man has ever so good an article for sale, and nobody knows it, it will bring him no return. The whole philosophy of life is, first sow, then reap. This principle applies to all kinds of business, and to nothing more eminently than to advertising. If a man has a really good article, there is no way in which he can reap more advantageously than by "sowing" to the public in this way. If a man has goods for sale, and he doesn't advertise them, the chances are that some day the sheriff will do it for him.

Politeness and civility are the best capital ever invested in business. Large stores, gilt signs, flaming advertisements will all prove unavailing if you or your employees treat your patrons abruptly. The more kind and liberal a man is, the more generous will be the patronage bestowed upon him.

Preserve your integrity; it is more precious than diamonds or rubies. The most difficult thing in life is to make money dishonestly. Our prisons are full of men who attempted to follow this course. No man can be dishonest without soon being found out, and when his lack of principle is discovered, nearly every avenue to success is closed against him forever. Strict honesty not only lies at the foundation of all success in life financially, but in every other respect.

General Butler has made a great deal of his money in manufactures, but he advises young men to invest in improved real estate. He owns property in Boston, Chicago, Washington and Lowell, a big ranche in Colorado, 600,000 acres in New Mexico, and 150,000 acres in Virginia. His ideas about real estate investments are worth giving in full:

If a young man is earning something more than the expenses of his living, and has no object in view, he is likely either to increase those expenses carelessly, or to loan his money to his friends, and in so doing in the majority of cases he will lose both friends and money, so that the best thing that he can do is to have an object, to gather up his money, and to have a call for it which shall be a profitable one. He makes no investment because he says, "I have got so little money that it won't come to anything; I will wait until I get more;" and in waiting, generally, what he has goes.

When a young man has a very little money let him buy some property, preferably a piece, however small, according to his means, of improved real estate that is paying rent. He had better buy it when sold at auction, under a judicial sale, paying in cash what he can, giving his notes for the balance in small sums coming due at frequently recurring intervals, secured by a mortgage on the property, and then use all his extra income in paying up those notes. It is always safe to discount your own note, and if the notes come a little too fast as soon as he gets anything paid his friends will aid him when he is putting his money where it cannot be lost, and where the property is taking care of the interest, and in a very short time he will find that he has got a very considerable investment. He will become interested in it, save his money to meet his notes, and he will directly come into a considerable possession of property, and hardly know how it came to him. That is, he will have had a motive for saving, and will get the result of that saving, and will not be tempted to enter into speculations. Nothing is so safe for investment as improved real estate. Nothing is likely to grow in value faster. In the last 50 years, 90 per cent. of all the merchants and traders in Boston have failed. In the last 50 years, 90 per cent. of all the business corporations have failed or gone out of business, so that their stock has been wiped out. In the last 50 years all the improved real estate, on the average, has paid its interest and taxes, and quadrupled in value. If a young man's father can give him anything to start him in the world he had better invest it in that way and let it accumulate, and earn his living, and he will be richer than if he had gone into business. Jay Gould is said to have started from a mouse-trap seller to become a millionaire. Assuming that to be true, he is only one of 60,000,000 of people; and if any young man thinks that he is going to imitate Jay Gould, there are 60,000,000 of chances to one that he won't succeed.

The rule I would lay down for a young man is, never do a mean thing for money. Be prudent and saving of your money. Be careful to have no interest account running against you unless you have an equal or greater interest account running in your favor. Work diligently and you are sure of a competency in your old age, and as early as possible, if you can find a saving, prudent girl who has been brought up by a mother who knows how to take care of a house and make a wife of her, she will aid, and not hinder you.

I claim no originality in this advice, and will relate you an incident in my own experience to illustrate it: In my earliest practice in my profession I was quite successful in earning money, and I had a small balance in the Lowell Bank, at the head of which was Mr. James G. Carney. The bank was directly across the hall from my office. I stepped into the bank to deposit a little money on one occasion and Mr. Carney said to me: "Why don't you invest your money?" "Invest," said I; "I have nothing to invest." "Oh, yes," he says, "you have quite a little sum of money, and I see that your young friends come with your cheques occasionally, evidently borrowing it. Now, you had better invest it." "How can I invest it?" "Invest it in real estate." "I know nothing about real estate." "Go to the first auction and buy the property. You cannot be much cheated in that because you will have to give very little more than somebody else will be willing to pay for it. Give your notes for it, save your money, collect your fees, pay your notes as they become due. See that the property is improved property, so that the rent will keep down your interest account, and when you get any other money invest it in the same way, and if your notes press upon you a little faster than you can pay them, why, we will, when we find that is what you are doing with your money, discount your note and give you a little more time, so that you can pay it up. This will necessitate the prompt collection of your bills, for I know that you would rather work and earn a hundred dollars than dun a man for it, unless you have a pressing need for it. You have not even asked for a little bill that we owe you in the bank, which shows me that you do not promptly collect your dues." I followed the advice and bought a number of pieces of property in that manner, and I never did exactly know how they were paid for, but they were, and in a few years I owned some twenty different pieces of property in Lowell that came to me in that way. I can only say that I wish I had been wise enough to have continued this course through life.

Mr. Pillsbury, the great Minneapolis miller, writes as follows:

First—When a young man commences a business life by working in the employ of others, let him strive not simply to earn his salary and to give satisfaction to his employers, but let him aim to do all he has strength to do and to earn his salary many times over. In my first business years it was no uncommon thing for me to work all night until breakfast time, a thing I was not expected nor asked to do. If a young man will follow the rule of trying to make his services many times more valuable than his salary, either his employer or some one else will appreciate him. There are always a few vacant places left for such kind of men, and their employers have very little to say as to their salaries.

Second—Never overrate your own ability, nor underrate that of your competitors. Follow this rule carefully, and then do not locate yourself in business where you are not confident that you are at least the equal of those who will be your competitors, either in natural ability or in willingness to work early or late, in season or out of season, in order that any differences in natural ability may be overcome in this way. My experience is that between natural ability and hard work the latter will always win. When the two are in combination, nothing can prevent success.

Scottish Jottings.

Mrs. James Leslie, who was the last survivor of the brilliant literary and social Edinburgh circles of the days of Professor Wilson, Sir Walter Scott, and Francis Jeffrey, died the other day at Colinton.

Mr. James Nicol, who up till recently acted as agent of the Clydesdale Bank at Oban, was on the 7th inst. arrested in Glasgow at the instance of the Argyllshire authorities on a charge of having embezzled over £200.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, New York, who recently took a few months' lease from Lord Lovat, of Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, with the adjoining shootings and salmon fishing in the Beauly, has just taken an additional lease of the Castle, along with the neighboring forest, for a period of five years.

Sir John Douglas, the distinguished soldier, formerly commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, died at Glenfinart, Ardentinny, on the 9th inst. Sir John, who had attained his 70th year, received his education at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and entered the army in 1838. In 1841 he became a captain, and was promoted major in 1842, lieutenant-colonel in 1854, colonel in 1857, major-general in 1868, lieutenant-general in 1877, and general in 1880. He retired in the following year. In the Crimean campaign he commanded the 79th Highlanders, and also in the Indian Mutiny campaign. For his services in the latter he was thanked by the Governor-General of India, and created K. C. B. He married in 1843 Lady Elizabeth Cathcart, daughter of the second Earl of Cathcart.

The Senator and the Lord.

That noble edifice, the Baptist Church at Jarvis and Gerrard streets, is to a great extent a monument of the generosity of the late Senator. It is related that several years ago, when Lord Houghton visited Toronto, he was a guest of Senator McMaster. The Senator took My Lord out for a drive about the city, and among other places of interest pointed out the church, which Lord Houghton duly admired. Upon learning, however, that it was a Baptist church My Lord exclaimed in great wrath: "The assurance of those dissenters!" and refused to look longer. Senator McMaster used to tell the story with great gusto.—*Toronto World.*

His Only Property.

The Chatham *Banner* reports the following Police Court incident: Alex. Young, Fargo, was charged with fighting on the grounds. He guessed they put a "stick" in the liquor for him. He got off with $5.90.

His Worship—"Have you any property?"

"No, sir; only a woman." (Laughter.)

"Then in default eleven days in jail at hard labor."

"Well, I don't know what I can do but take the hard labor. Who'll keep my woman?"

"You should have thought of that before. I think a woman who has a man who acts like you would be well off to have you sent to the Central for six months."

A Boston tambourine girl, who dressed in an Italian costume and had attracted much attention and sympathy from the people by her beauty and modest ways, was insulted by one Michael O'Neil the other evening and struck him a blow across the face with her instrument, giving him a black eye. O'Neil had her arrested for assault, and she was fined one cent without costs.

Miss Caroline Pincombe, of Quebec, has taken an action against Mr. A. Hansen, broker, for $10,000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage.

Mr. Andrew Black, the Glasgow baritone, has signed an engagement to sing for six months in America with the National Opera Company.

Pope Leo has already received more than $150,000 for the expenses of his jubilee mass which he will celebrate next month in person.

HEALTH OF GIRLS.

Why They Droop and Stoop, Losing the Beauty of Vigorous Youth.

A lecturer whose words were reported in *Life and Hope* spoke the other day as follows:

One of the principal reasons why so many healthy girls become invalid women is owing to the mistaken ideas and restraint of the mother. When the girl is young she romps and plays and tumbles about the floor without restraint, and is healthy. In most instances much too soon long dresses are put on, and the girl is put under a double restraint, and is expected to at once become a lady. Hampered by her clothing, which prevents the free action of the muscles of the body, or if she indulges in any childish plays, or is seen by the mother in any but an unright position, she is told that such conduct is not ladylike and only suitable for boys. She soon begins to think she must not bend her body and most keep constantly in an upright position, except when asleep. The result of this teaching is the supports of the internal organs are weakened. The muscles of the back not being used become weak and relaxed, and she stoops forward; immediately stays are provided to take the place of the muscles provided by nature to hold them in their proper position. Thus relieved from all action they soon become relaxed and useless. Thus nature is supplanted by art until the poor girl becomes more a composition of steel, whalebone and rubber than muscle, flesh and blood. By this time her mental education is finished, and the proud mother is enabled to introduce to the world an accomplished lady, and at the same time a weak, dependent, invalid woman.

How He Got a Good Seat.

A good story is told of an adventure which Dr. McKnight, rector of Trinity Church, had in attending the services in Westminster Abbey, celebrating the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's coronation. The good doctor had no ticket of admission, but bethinking himself of an acquaintance he had with the Archbishop, he approached the entrance and, when he reached the grand doorkeeper, said:

"I'm from America, and I would like to see the Archbishop."

The functionary caught a portion of his sentence, glanced at his clerical dress, and with a respectful flourish waved him inside, handed him over to an usher, who marched him down the stately aisle, while the official voice rang out in awful tones:

"The Archbishop of America!"

The doctor overcome by his embarrassing situation for a moment, was placed in one of the best seats in front of the house, among all the "first quality folks," where he greatly enjoyed the succeeding exercises. And there wasn't a better man in the Abbey than the innocent wearer of the big title of the "Archbishop of America."—*Elmira Advertiser.*

A Lake Not Yet Appropriated.

A guide is conducting a distinguished British visitor through Banff Park in the Rocky Mountains. "That grand mountain yonder," he informs the tourist, "is Mount Stephen, named after Sir George Stephen, President of the Pacific Railway Company."

"Oh. That is sublime! And what do you call that one?"

"That is Mount Macdonald, named after the leader of the Government."

"And what do you call that bald topped fellow?"

"That is Carling's Peak, so called in honor of the Minister of Agriculture."

"And that brassy looking fellow that seems to scowl down upon us, what is it called?"

"That is Mount Tupper, named after our High Commissioner and Finance Minister.'

"Oh, I see! And what do you call that beautiful sheet of water?"

"That is Devil's Lake."

"Indeed. What particular member of your Government is it named after?"—*Ottawa Free Press.*

A Lady's Fight with a Burglar.

Dr. Theodore R. Hornblower, of Jersey City heights, and his wife had a desperate encounter early Tuesday morning with a gang of burglars which had broken into their house. The case is a notable one for the pluck and determination of Mrs. Hornblower, who felled one of the burglars twice with a cane chair which was in her room, and for the fact that though a perfect volley of shots was fired at the doctor at short range he was only slightly injured while he succeeded in putting a bullet through the neck of one of the intruders. The gang, including the wounded man, got away however, leaving only a pair of spectacles dropped by the one who was shot and a large amount of blood.

The Daily Average.

"Excuse me, sir," said a young man nudging a fellow passenger in a street car, "you have a speck of soot on the end of your nose." "That's been there for eighteen years," replied the passenger. "It's a peculiar kind of a mole, and you are the ninth man to ask me to sponge that nose since breakfast this morning. As a rule the average is about twelve a day."

His Great Hope.

"You must understand, Mr. Dumley, in seeking the hand of my daughter," said the old man, "that she will bring you no dowry until after my death."

"I understand, sir," responded Dumley, hopefully; "but, you must bear in mind, my dear sir, that you are getting well on in years."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon seems entirely recovered in bodily health, but it is noted that he has abandoned wholly the colloquial levity of his earlier manner, and now speaks gravely, with dignified pathos. His Metropolitan Tabernacle is as crowded as ever, the proportion of young men being very marked.

One of the first results of the Colonial Conference is the admission of cadets from Canadian families into the Royal navy. The examinations on the flagship at Halifax show that all the Canadians who entered passed. At present the routine is tiresome, but better arrangements will shortly be made.

A Jackson, Mo., dog was seen the other day catching bullfrogs.

THE CIGARMAKERS' CONVENTION.

An Animated Discussion Over a Proposed Universal Label.

A Binghamton (N. Y.) despatch says: At the cigarmakers' convention this morning a communication from District Assembly Cigarmakers' Union, No. 9,079, of Chicago, raised quite a rumpus. It proposed that a uniform label be adopted to cover the whole country. An animated discussion took place on a motion to lay the matter on the table. The Chicago delegation urged that the communication be received; that the district assembly did not wish to antagonize the International Union, nor open the old sore between the two organizations. To call them "scabs" was entirely unfair. They were not opposed to the use of the blue label.

A delegate from Brooklyn said: "We are fighting to get 'scabs' into our organization. That is the reason the convention is held in Binghamton this year."

The Chairman called the speaker to order for referring to the Binghamton cigarmakers as "scabs."

A delegate from Springfield, Ill., said: "I hope the convention will ignore this communication. The same people who now appeal to this body opposed the blue label at the convention in Springfield last year."

The communication was finally referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

The report of the Committee on Constitution was then read and the amended constitution taken up and considered by sections. A recess was then taken.

At the afternoon session the amendment to the constitution as reported by committee providing for the establishment of an "out of work benefit" and placing the sum to be paid to members who are out of work at $3 per week—the fund to be raised by assessment—was taken up and discussed at length. The delegates from Baltimore, Rochester, Philadelphia, Manchester, Springfield, Ill., Cincinnati, Boston, Buffalo—President Strasser—Lincoln, Neb., Mobile, Grand Rapids, Hamilton, Ont., and San Francisco argued in favor of the amendment and said they would vote for it. Several New York delegates and those from Brooklyn, Milwaukee, Paterson, Hoboken, South Bend and Jacksonville made strong speeches against the amendment. An amendment that the weekly benefit be made $1 instead of $3 was put to a vote and lost—58 to 115. The report of the committee was then rejected by a vote of 60 to 113 and the convention adjourned.

The delegates have considered two proposed changes in the constitution reported by the Constitutional Committee. They rejected them both. One provided for a special cigar box label for Union No. 218 of San Francisco, and the other for the organization of Unions in Montreal, Toronto, Brantford, St. Catharines and other places, to be known as "The Federation of Canadian Unions." The proposition to hold the International Conventions triannually was also rejected.

Work and Wages.

The Detroit Typographical Union has notified the employing printers that after November 1st nine hours will be enforced as a day's labor without reduction of the present scale of prices. The Employing Printers Association will refuse to comply with the union's demand.

The Executive Board of the United Brassworkers' Union has directed all workmen employed in the chandelier factories in New York City and Brooklyn to stop work at noon to-day in order to enforce for themselves the Saturday half holiday, notwithstanding the attempt which is being made by the Chandelier Manufacturers' Association to withdraw it from them. According to this 4,000 men will stop work at the above mentioned hour.

Modern Warfare.

The idea begins to prevail in European armies that it is better to wound a man in battle than to kill him, as more men are taken out of line to care for a wounded man than for a dead one. Hence, opinion at present favors a small bore for the magazine rifles now being introduced. The soldier, too, when consulted about the matter, prefers being shot twice to being killed once.—*Baltimore Sun.*

They Dealt With Him.

"Please, I want the doctor to come and see mother."

"Doctor's out," said the servant. "Where do you come from?"

"Why," exclaimed the little boy, "don't you know me? Why, we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week!"

Twenty-Year-Old Law Suit.

A Marshall, Mich., despatch says: A decision of the Sibley-Perrin case, filed today, gives Mrs. Fisk, widow of Frnk Sibley, a fortune variously estimated at from $300,000 to $500,000. The case has been in court 20 years.

"——Who Help Themselves."

Aunt Kate—My dear, don't you think if it had been the Lord's wish that you should have curling hair, He would have curled it for you?

Jessie—And so He did, Aunt Kate, when I was a baby. He probably thinks I am old enough now to do it for myself.—*Life*

Dr. Castelnau, a prominent Radical extremist, has been arrested in Paris on the charge of being an accomplice of a German named Decherer in swindling English insurance companies of £14,500. Decherer insured his life in favor of his mistress and then procured a dead body, which Dr. Castlenau certified to be the body of Decherer. The mistress received the amount of insurance, and fled to America in company with Decherer.

M. Flourens, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has submitted to the Budget Committee a statement of the Tonquin finances. It shows a deficit of 20,000,000 francs. The Government has decided that the construction of railways in Tonquin shall not be commenced at present, other public works being more urgent.

Mlle. Rhea has been doing a good business in Maine.

Mr. Donald Harold, who was for several years the comedian of Miss Annie Pixley's company, has been engaged by that star for this season. He is a good singing comedian, and will add to the strength of Miss Pixley's company.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

County News.

Rev. Father Chiniquy lectures in Mt. Forest to-night.

Progressive (?) euchre promises to be fashionable in Walkerton this winter.

The Hanover *Post* is opposed to the Scott Act. The pilot is on dock once more.

To have your Watch repaired properly, you will have to take it to Russell, Flesherton.

New hand-cuffs are being distributed to the constables of Bruce by the Clerk of the Peace.

November 17th has been set apart by the Governor-General for thanksgiving day in Canada

Three Walkerton men were each fined a dollar and costs for disorderly conduct at a picnic recently.

Bruce Fall Assizes will be held at Walkerton on the 31st of October, before his Lordship, Judge Rose.

The barn on the Burke farm, near Hanover, was destroyed by fire recently together with the season's crops. Insured.

Hanover sidewalks are in a terrible condition. The *Post* calls them "man traps." No danger of them hurting its editor then!

Erskine is the name of the new Euphrasia township post-office opened on the ninth concession, with John McKeen as Postmaster.

Mr. G. G. Bovier, of Walkerton, was convicted of a third offence for violation of the Scott Act the other day and sentenced to fifteen days imprisonment.

Vandals are at work in Shelburne again. Bro. Smith, of the *Economist*, offers a reward of $5 for the conviction of the party or parties who mutilated his office sign.

A Hanover man, named Richard Wightman, is charged with having attempted to commit rape on Miss Emily Mills on the 19 ult. A constable proceeded to arrest Wightman but the latter could not be found.

"The Dundalk Brass Band did not take part in the musical competition at the Flesherton fair last week. Owing to the absence of some of the best players they were obliged to break the engagement.—*Dundalk Herald.* A poor excuse is better than none at all.

They have a constable in Wellington who understands how to run things. At Elora in a Scott Act case the magistrate told the council for the defence that he "came prowling around like a cat after mice," to which the latter made a retort more forcible than elegant. The magistrate then ordered the constable to arrest the lawyer for contempt; but the constable considered himself boss of the situation, refused to obey, and told the magistrate that if he and the lawyer persisted in wrangling he would arrest both of them! Chief Egerton had better not read this, for he might get himself into trouble if he attempted to follow his Elora brother.—*Owen Sound Times.*

A Wonderful Organ. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

Our Township Fathers.

Council met shortly after eleven o'clock, a.m., Reeve in the chair.

Members all present.

Minutes read and confirmed.

By Law 415, to appoint arbitrator introduced and passed.

Boland, McArthur—That Mr. Duncan Campbell be paid $25 for right of way for Valley Road.—Carried.

Mr. Wm. Wilson and Mr. Smith waited on Council re deviation of 10 con., Artemesia.

Boland, McArthur—That W. J. McFarland be paid $25, being his claim against Lot 4, Cavan St., Markdale, for said consideration he agrees to give Mr. Walker a clear deed.—Carried.

Boland, Cairns—That the Bill for Registration of Deed, re town line deviation, Euphrasia and Artemesia of $4 be paid, and that Euphasia Council be furnished with copy and be instructed to recoup one half of it.—Carried.

Sharp, Boland—That Jas. Armstrong, pathmaster of beat 62, be requested to notify Wm. Wilson to remove obstructions in the shape of fence on road on blind line between the 9th and 10th con., 30th side line, and upon refusal in thirty days to proceed as the By-Law directs.—Carried.

McArthur, Cairns—That By-Law No. 415 as filled up in committee of the whole, be adopted and engrossed in By-Law book.—Carried.

Sharp, Cairns—That John McArthur be paid $2 for letting and inspecting a job on town line at the Irish Lake, also, $1 for letting and inspecting road job on town line, south of Priceville between the twps. of Artemesia and Glenelg.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That Dr. Christoe be paid three dollars for removing of indigent.—Carried.

McArthur, Boland—That Messrs. Allan and Pedlar be instructed to finish their job according to agreement on or before Dec. 1st. In default, the Council will enter an action, to compel the completion thereof.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That John Boland be paid $4.50 for letting and inspecting work on Valley Road and Town Line, Artemesia and Glenelg.—Carried.

McArthur, Boland—That the Reeve and Clerk be a committee to procure a stove for Town Hall.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

Robert Allen, who was convicted a short time ago on a charge of violating the Scott Act, but who refused to pay his fine, was taken to gaol by constable Hall last Thursday evening. As he returned after an absence of a day or two it is supposed by some that upon arriving at "Castle Sutherland," Orangeville, he changed his mind and paid the required fine of $50 and costs. Allen claims, however, that there was something wrong with the warrant upon which he was arrested, and thus explains his return.—*Shelburne Economist.*

John Bullivan was arrested on Tuesday by constable Glazier for threatening his wife and insulting his neighbors. He was drunk at the time and had evidently been engaged in a fight as his face and hands were covered with blood. He is known as a bad character and on several occasions his wife has had to leave the house and with her small children seek refuge from his brutal hand. He was fined $5 and costs and furnished security to behave himself for one year. A wife beater is one of the most detestable creatures on earth and should be compelled to pay a severe penalty.—*Dundalk Herald.*

Advance till 1888 for 20 cents.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM for SALE
OR TO RENT.

BEING Lots 78 and 79, Con. 3, in the Township of Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less; 40 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; considerable seeded down. For full particulars apply to T. CHISLETT, Collingwood P.O., Ont., or to H. DOWN, Flesherton P.O. tf.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 26 & 27, Con. 1st S.D.R., Artemesia containing 100 acres more or less, 65 acres, cleared and in good state of cultivation. 35 acres in grass and hay. Good house and fair barn. Small young orchard. Never-failing spring of water. For full particulars apply on premises, or to SILAS LESLIE, Priceville P.O.

N.B.—The proprietor is determined to sell even at a sacrifice. 327-330.

AUCTION SALE!

OF VALUABLE FARM IN THE TOWNSHIP of Osprey. Under and by virtue of the powers of Sale in two certain Mortgages by Wm. H. Colquet (now deceased) to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

McGIRR'S HOTEL,
—In the—
VILLAGE of FEVERSHAM, by
JOHN SPEERS, Auctioneer, on
Friday, the 14th day of October, 1887.

At 12 o'clock noon, the following property, viz., lot number Eleven in the Tenth Concession of the said Township of Osprey, Containing 99 acres more or less of which about 75 are said to be cleared and under Cultivation. On the premises are said to be a Frame House and Barn. Lands are watered by a Spring Creek

TERMS:—Ten per cent. at time of sale, fifteen per cent. within one month thereafter, balance to be secured by a mortgage of the premises for 5 years with interest at 6½ per cent. per annum or such other terms as may be arranged with purchaser at time of sale

For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to
MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,
Vendor's Solicitors

Toronto, September 23rd, 1887.

OXFORD & NEW GLASGOW RAILWAY.

Sec.—Mingo Road to Pictou Town, Branch of I. C. R.

Tender for the Works of Construction.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1887, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway, at River John, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 1st day of October, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1887.

STRAY SHEEP.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 9, Con. 10, Proton, two Ewe Sheep. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. ROBERT PATON.
Proton, Sept. 17th, 1887. 326-8

To RENT or for SALE.

BEING North half of Lot 31, Con. 10, Township of Artemesia, 63 acres, 50 of which is cleared and in good state of cultivation. Good barn, house, and pump at the door. For fuller particulars apply to WM. WILSON,
323—1m. on the premises.

FARM for SALE

CONTAINING 50 acres, being Lot 170 in the 1st Con. South West of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia: 45 acres well cleared; about ¼ of an acre of good Orchard; splendid well; good log house 18x24, also log barn; near the thriving village of Flesherton. Reasonable terms. For full particulars, apply to THOMAS O'MELLIA,
[323-6] Collingwood P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE or to RENT.

LOT 32, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Situated about half way between Flesherton and Maxwell on the Collingwood road. Good well, good spring at rear of lot; barn, stable and other accommodations. For full particulars and terms, apply to JAMES EXETER,
Aug. 25th, 1887.—1 m. Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

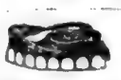

DENTISTRY.
Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST,
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
Head Office, 761 Yonge St., Toronto.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, Flesherton.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
Offices—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
Flesherton, Co. Grey.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,
Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by
J. E. MOORE,
Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

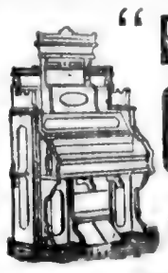

"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Having opened out a lot of
Fall & Winter Goods
Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of
Mens, Ladies, and Childrens
BOOTS AND SHOES!
Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.
WM. CLAYTON. , Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

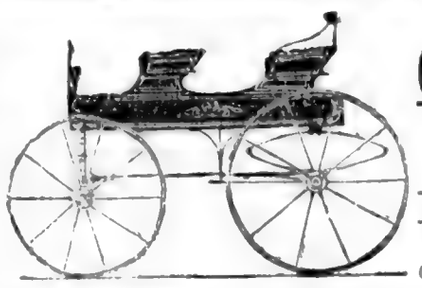

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!
LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.
Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing
Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.
JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*
Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

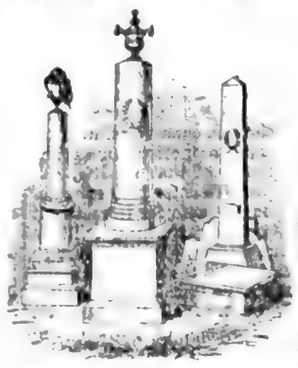

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold In Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.
Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,
FLESHERTON ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 329. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Wm Mitchell Jany?

—The Centre Grey—

JEWELRY STORE

Commences Fall Trade with a very complete stock of goods in all lines that First-Class shops carry. If you wish to purchase a Reliable

Watch, Clock, Engagement or Wedding Ring

that will be just as represented in quality and sold only at a fair pay for your goods profit, do business with me. "The People" don't come to me of "necessity" —they come as a fact from "choice" to buy goods and get work done; for which confidence I remain indepted to my many patrons. I am in a position to do better by the "public" cash or credit than any other Jeweler in Central Grey.

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Our Band is now, we think, the best in Grey.

See Russell's Noted Jewelry Store's advertisemet.

Auction Sale bills printed while you wait at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

See W. A. Brown, the Markdale Jeweller's, new advertisement.

THE ADVANCE and *Hamilton Weekly Spectator* one year for $1.65. Subscribe now.

Mr. Robt. Waller is recovering from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Next sitting of 5th Division Court will be held in Town Hall, Flesherton, on Nov. 10th.

The stone work on the new residence of Rev. T. Watson, Baptist minister here, was completed last week.

Fine Job Printing one of the specialties at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. A trial order will convince you.

WANTED.—Two fair-sized Spring Colts, for which spot cash will be paid. —GEO. BUSKIN. Flesherton P.O. 2t.

Our Fighting Editor No. 2 says "all useless dogs in this town should be shot." He has evidently come in contact with some of them recently.

CARPET WEAVING.—The undersigned is now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to his care in the above line. Satisfaction guaranteed.—N. CAMPBELL.

While the Band were playing on Sydenham street Saturday evening last, one of the little "cap lamps" suddenly burst into flames and was destroyed. The cap was saved.

THE ADVANCE will be sent to new subscribers from now until end of 1888 (1 year and 3 months) for ONE DOLLAR. Show this to your neighbor, who does not get THE ADVANCE.

The Cattle Fair here last Monday was largely attended by buyers and sellers. Quite a number of fine large bovines and a number of smaller ones changed hands at good market prices.

REMOVAL!—Next week THE ADVANCE Newspaper, Book and Job Printing office will be found on Sydenham street, in our new premises, opposite the Photograph Gallery.

Two steers belonging to Mr. A. Munshaw, got into the quagmire a short distance east of the tannery on Collingwood street, Sunday last. They were extricated and reached *terra firma* without mishap.

Will have in, Oct. 15th, a full set of test lenses for cataract, near and far sight, and all eye defects. It will pay to try my method of fitting spex perfectly. W. A. Brown, Joweller & Optician, Markdale. 2t.

A sneak thief stole a pick belonging to Mr. J. E. Moore one day last week. We had almost forgotten to say that the thief took the pick and left the handle, showing that he was a sort of a half "generous" rascal!

We were pleased to notice the pleasant face of Mr. Harry Hooper in church here last Sunday. Mr. Hooper was formerly a citizen of Flesherton, but has for some years resided in Toronto, where he fills a good position in a noted wholesale establishment.

W. Hogg offers for sale his excellent water power saw mill, and shingle and broomhandle factory, built at Little Falls, 2 miles from Flesherton. 36 feet head of water to drive with. The land surrounding, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. Address, W. Hogg, Flesherton Station. (2t.)

Artemesia Township Agricultural Society's annual fall Plowing Match will be held on the farm of Robt. Oliver, Esq., Old Durham Road, Artemesia, on Thursday, October 20th, competition to commence at 10 o'clock a. m. sharp. See bills for particulars.

Mr. Walter Booth has sold out his barber shop here to Mr. Johnston, of Alliston. Mr. Booth goes to Flesherton. The residents of Flesherton will find him a straightforward, honest citizen. We wish him success. Mr. Booth was one of the seniors in the Shelburne Lacrosse Club.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

A correspondent sends us particulars in connection with certain events transpiring in his locality, which, if true, would stamp the perpetrator as one of the most infamous scoundrels under God's foot-stool. However at our express wish, our correspondent promises to make a searching investigation before doing anything further in the premises. We may add, that the man alluded to is charged with seduction, rape, and other crimes.

Don't fail to hear J. B. Watson, Esq., orator and humorist, who will deliver his amusing and instructive lecture,—"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, or THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT," in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Friday evening, the 14th inst., under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church. A treat is in store for all who hear him. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock sharp. Admission, adults 20 cents, children 10 cents.

Flesherton now possesses one of the neatest Barber shops in the county. It is located next door to Clayton's boot & shoe store, and is run by Mr. W. Booth, the "Boss Barber." Mr. Booth hails from Shelburne, is a married man and has come to stay. He is a first class workman and has struck the best opening for a business like his to be found in the County. Having invested considerable cash in his business here, we may pretty safely conclude that he means business "from the word go." It is only such men that can ever hope to succeed. No other kind need come here, or anywhere else for that matter. We might add, that Mr. Booth makes ladies hair-cutting a specialty. All work first-class.

A Bedstead, Washstand and Bureau, with genuine Plate Mirror on for only $8.50, at Bates'.

ANOTHER BURGLARY!

Russell's "Noted Jewelry Store" Entered by Cracksmen.

On Friday night last Russell's Jewelry store here was entered by burglars and a large number of fine razors, two cases of jacknives, a case of gold finger rings, a number of watches, some cigars, and several smaller and less valuable articles stolen therefrom. The wholesale value of the articles stolen would be close in the neighborhood of $70.

The burglars broke in the front door of the store, and, the night being very dark, cooly lit a lamp and made away with the booty enumerated above. The lamp was still burning when Master Wes. Armstrong came along early in the morning to open the shop. The burglars left no clue whereby they could be identified.

It is now pretty evident that this County is the headquarters of a well organized and desperate gang of housebreakers. A number of suspicious strangers—with no visible means of support—have been prowling around here of late. It is just possible those prowlers plan the burglaries, while confederates, who are kept well in the background, execute them and thereby manage to throw officers of the law off the right scent. Something must be done to secure proper protection against the incursions of these midnight desperadoes, and we are pleased to state, that several suspicious characters are now being kept under a vigilant surveillance.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH,—Many persons are not aware of the extent to which dyeing and renewing of garments is practiced by the best families in our cities and towns. The old reliable firm of R. Parker & Co., dyers and cleaners, of Toronto, have established an agency here so goods of all kinds may be left at any time and returned at the same prices as if taken to any of their stores in Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, or London. No extra charge being made for express. Ladies dresses, jackets, cloaks, &c. cleaned, dyed, and finished ready made up except silks and velvets, but dresses that are going to be made over in another style should be dyed in pieces before making. Gents clothing of all kinds carefully cleaned, dyed, and finished ready made up. Leave your goods with Mr. Leech, tailor, agent, and will receive prompt attention.

Personal and Pointed.

It is said that Mr. Spurgeon is in the habit of testing the abilities of the more promising of the students of his college by obliging them to go up into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their own hands containing the text of their address.

On one of these occasions a student, on opening the paper, found this subject set, "Apply the story of Zacchæus to your own personal qualifications and calling." And he delivered himself in the following way:

"My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zacchæus and my own qualifications. Well, the first thing that we read of about Zacchæus was that he was small of stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he climbed up into a tree, which is very much my position now. Thirdly, we read that Zaccheus 'made haste to come down,' in which I joyfully follow his example."

"The Illustrated London News."

Before us is a copy of the American Edition of this magnificent Illustrated (weekly) newspaper—probably the most superior publication of the kind in the world. It contains 32 large pages of choice reading matter, splendid engravings and select advertisements. Among the numerous handsome engravings, we find a number of life-like illustrations of the great Chatsworth railway horror in the United States, taking up a whole page. There are a number of full-page pictures beautifully executed and remarkably realistic. The letter-press is all that could be desired, while the paper used is simply first-class. *The Illustrated London News* enjoys a world-wide popularity, and is sent weekly to any address in the country at the rate of $4 per annum, including supplement, or 10 cents per single copy. Address ILLUSTRATED NEWS CO., Potter Building, New York city, U. S.

Farms for Sale or to Rent.

In this issue of THE ADVANCE the following farms are offered for sale or to rent:—

Lots 78 & 79, Con. 8, Artemesia, 100 acres; 40 acres cleared. Apply to T. Chislett, Collingwood P. O., or Henry Down, Flesherton P. O. See advt.

Lots 26 & 27, Con. 1st S.D.R., Artemesia, 100 acres; 65 acres cleared. Apply on premises or to Silas Leslie, Priceville P. O. See advt.

North half of Lot 31, Con. 10, Artemesia, 68 acres; 50 acres cleared. Apply on premises, or address Wm. Wilson, Eugenia P. O. See advt.

Lot 170, 1st Con. South West T. & S. R., Artemesia, 50 acres; 45 acres cleared. Apply to Thomas O'Mellia, Collingwood P. O. See advt.

Lot 32, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared. Apply to James Kester, Flesherton P. O. See advt.

OTHER NEW ADVERTISMENTS.

Auction sale of valuable farm in Osprey Township. Apply to W.J. Bellamy, Flesherton, or to Moss, Falconbridge & Barwick, Vendor's Solicitors, Toronto. See advt.

Stray Sheep; Robt. Paton, Proton. See advt.

Stray Cow; Geo. Fisher, Osprey. See advt.

—GREAT—

Discount Sale!

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELERY, &c.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

TAMARAC for Hoarseness and all Bronchial Troubles that usually effect public speakers, Tamarac Elixir will give speedy relief. Try it.

Hurting Made no Difference to Him.

Countryman (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothin' extra for gas. Just yank her out if it does hurt."

Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth."

Countryman—"Oh, taint' me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."

MANY PERSONS SUFFER from Impure Breath and suppose it comes from a disordered stomach. In many cases the actual cause is Catarrh. Nasal Balm will remove the cause, and cure.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 30th, 1887.

THE FISHERIES TROUBLE.

Pedigree of the American Commissioners —The Alaska Difficulty.

A Washington despatch says: The following is the pedigree of the gentlemen appointed by the President on the Fishery Commission:

Mr. James Burrill Angell was born at Scituate, R.I., in 1829, and is son of Joseph K. Angell, a distinguished writer on maritime law. He graduated at Brown University and subsequently became Professor of Modern Languages there. From that position he went to edit the Providence *Journal*, which he did for six years. Then he became President of the University of Vermont, and in 1871 President of the University of Michigan. He has since resigned that office. He is a member of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute. In 1880-81 he was United States Minister to China.

Mr. W. L. Putnam is a Maine lawyer who has been attorney for the United States in all the fisheries disputes, and is thoroughly versed in the American side of the dispute.

Secretary Bayard comes of a family of statesmen and lawyers. He is in his 60th year, and was admitted to the bar in 1851, after having spent some years in commercial pursuits. In 1869 he was elected to the U. S. Senate from his native State, Delaware, and since then, until his selection as President Cleveland's Secretary of State, has been one of the leading Democrats in the body. He is reputed to be a man of broad views and is a thorough American.

THE BEHRING'S SEA TROUBLES.

The controversy between the United States and the British Governments growing out of the capture of certain British vessels engaged in seal catching in Behring's Sea is still being agitated. Secretary Bayard was to-day shown a statement recently telegraphed from Ottawa to the effect that certain instructions to the United States District Judge and District Attorney in Alaska from Attorney-General Garland, promulgated on January 26th, 1887, have not been carried out to this day. The Attorney-General's instructions on the subject were as follows:

I am instructed by the President to instruct you to discontinue all proceedings in the matter of the seizure of the British vessels Caroline, Onward and Thornton, and to discharge all vessels now held under such seizure and release all persons that may be under arrest in connection therewith. (Signed) A. H. GARLAND, Attorney-General.

It is further stated that Judge Dawson issued an order to the marshal to release the vessels, but afterwards withdrew it, and the vessels are still beached at Ounalaska, while the seal skins found upon them were sent to San Francisco. The Secretary, after reading carefully the article referred to, said he could not believe an officer of the Government, located at Alaska or any other point, would wilfully disregard an order issued upon the authority of the President, based upon the laws of our country, and therefore there must be a mistake in the statement telegraphed from Ottawa. He then went on to say that as soon as the international point growing out of the capture of the British sealers was brought to his attention, he promptly consulted Attorney-General Garland and from him learned the legal points in the case. There are several law questions involved, which can only be decided by the courts after due deliberation. In the meantime the vessels and crews are not detained by the United States authorities, and the owners can have them if they will go or send after them. The vessels in question are deckless boats, or fishing smacks, of but little value, which probably accounts for the lack of inclination on the part of their owners to go after them. They are beached in a rough, rude region, about 200 miles from any settlement, and their owners probably do not consider them worth going after. One of the main points which led to the discontinuance of the proceedings with regard to these vessels was their trifling value, and up to the present time the United States has not been asked to pay a single cent of damages. The question growing out of the catching of seals is the most important one the United States has to deal with in this connection, and while it is the purpose of the Administration to defend the right of American citizens in all parts of the world, it is also desirable to know and respect the law on the subject. Seal catching is a valuable industry, in which more than 13,000 persons are actively engaged, and the Alaska Seal Company is doubtless anxious to preserve its rights according to its understanding of the contracts it has with the United States and Russia. This company pays so much per skin for every seal killed, and its contract, which terminates in 1890, is for twenty years. Under the terms of the contract they are permitted to kill seal on two islands only, and it is probably their desire that the seal-skin market shall not be overstocked. This company naturally exerts some influence in Alaska, and it may be that they were instrumental in raising this question with a view of having it disposed of. Since the three smaller vessels were seized larger ships have been drawn into the controversy, and the whole subject will be considered together. There has been no unnecessary delay so far as the State Department knows, and the case is now awaiting its turn in the courts.

Cheese for Manchester.

A London cable says: The Co-operative Wholesale Society of Manchester, an influential association, discussed at its annual meeting a proposal to build or rent a cheese factory in Ontario, to supply the Manchester market. The society's last year's importations amount in value to £1,126. The proposition was fully discussed and strongly supported. The discussion was ultimately adjourned for a year.

As inducements to "any respectable couple" to be married at the farmers' fair at Lititz, Pa., the following gifts were offered: A range and regular cooking outfit, $25 in money, a bureau, expenses at the hotel, a ticket to Philadelphia.

A family that recently removed from Lee, N. H., took along a cat that soon disappeared. It has since been found at the old homestead in Lee, but how it got back is a mystery, as it must have travelled 50 miles without a guide.

AFTER EMIN BEY.

Stanley Well and Pushing Rapidly Forward—Only Met by Natural Difficulties of Travel.

A St. Paul de Loanda cable says: According to the last news received at Boma from the Upper Congo Stanley was pushing forward, and the only difficulties he met with were the natural obstacles of the country. About July 25th the expedition had ascended the Aruwhimi to the elevated country belonging to the Mabodi district. The river becoming too narrow, they left the rafts, and the men for several days had to carry a double burden of provisions. The steel whaleboat was carried past the narrows and again launched. Stanley calculated that upon arriving at the summit of the tablelands giving shape to the basin of the Aruwhimi, the expedition would halt two days for a rest and would establish a camp there, to be garrisoned by twenty men with a European officer. The districts traversed were tranquil, and little difficulty was experienced in obtaining provisions from the natives. The progress of the expedition averaged twenty kilometres daily. Tippoo Tib, in his last message, wrote that he was still at his post at Stanley Falls, awaiting reinforcements. He had gained the good-will of several neighboring chiefs. Owing to the disturbed state of the country Tippoo Tib could not, as he had agreed to, organize a revictualling force to despatch direct to Albert Nyanza, but he intended to do so as soon as possible. Disquiet continues between Stanley Falls and the confluence of the Aruwhimi and the Congo, and many villages have been pillaged. It is believed that the garrison which Stanley left at Yambunya has been forced to interfere to maintain order in the neighborhood.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Transformation of a Young Girl Into an Old Woman.

A Cleveland, O., despatch says: Mary Harmon, daughter of a farmer, was engaged to be married to Jacob Eberlein, who followed the Harmons from Pennsylvania a short time ago. About six weeks ago the young couple came to the city. One of the young man's friends worked in one of the electric light establishments, and they went to see the machinery. While passing through the shop Miss Harmon received a shock of electricity and fell to the floor. In a few minutes she recovered sufficiently to be removed from the place, and was taken to her home. Medical aid was summoned. For four days the girl lay paralyzed. Then she regained the use of her limbs, but immediately began to lose flesh. The hair on the left side of her head turned gray and began falling out. After four weeks she was able to be about and able to attend to most of her household duties, but in that time she had been transformed from a young, handsome girl into a feeble old woman. Her form, which had been plump and rounded, is thin and bent, and the skin on her face and body is dry and wrinkled. Her voice is harsh and cracked, and no one to look at her would imagine that she was less than 60 years of age. The physicians claim that the electric current communicated directly with the principal nerves of the spine and left side of the head, and that the shock almost destroyed her vitality.

CHLOROFORMED AND ROBBED.

An Old Woman Waylaid in Ottawa and Relieved of $1,000.

An Ottawa despatch says: Mrs. Mullens, an old woman 75 years of age, was chloroformed on Theodore street about 7 o'clock last evening and robbed of $1,000 she had drawn from the savings bank to take to Scotland, whither she expected to go in a few days. She was proceeding along Theodore street alone when a buggy with three men in it drove up to her and alighted near her. One of them offered to see her home, but she declined. The men then spoke together in French, and one of them put a handerchief to her face and held it there till she lost consciousness and did not recover it for several hours, when some of her friends found her lying in a field near her own house. She is in a dangerous condition and is not expected to live. She says the men had their faces blacked. They were evidently well acquainted with her and her movements. No clue of the ruffians has yet been found.

Better Get Married at Home.

A Detroit despatch says: The Marriage License Law went into effect yesterday and caused a lot of trouble to ministers and contracting parties. A number of weddings had been set in the Catholic churches at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and the County Clerk's office did not open till 9 o'clock. The licenses for these marriages had to be made out before breakfast. Towards noon a Canadian couple came to the clerk's office and called for a license, having made the journey here from an interior Canadian point on purpose to escape the marriage law of the Dominion. They were terribly disappointed at learning that they could not obtain a license, the law providing that licenses must be issued in the county where one of the parties resides. The would-be groom called attention to the fact that nothing was said about foreigners and suggested that the provision quoted referred only to residents of Michigan. The clerk was in doubt and refused the license, but telegraphed a statement of the case to the Attorney-General for his opinion, which has not been received. The Canadians must go back home disconsolate. The law is believed to be a good thing, as it will prevent many runaway and hasty marriages and will also furnish reliable data for vital statistics.

True, but Rather Odd.

Tell a girl she's pretty and she'll always say she doesn't believe you. Tell her she's homely and she'll always get mad.—*Somerville Journal.*

A great expert on tobacco, Dr. Faverger, of Vienna, says never smoke on an empty stomach, don't hold the pipe or cigar continuously in the mouth, and drink coffee when smoking.

A Buffalo canary has a miniature well in its cage, with a bucket, the chain of which reaches to its perch. When it wants a drink it draws up the bucket, much to the delight of the children in the neighborhood.

CROSSED THE STYX.

A Death in the Royal Family—How Gladstone Lost His Breakfast.

A London cablegram says: Mr. Labouchere, M. P., in this week's *Truth* records the following: There was another death in the Royal Family last week. Poor Noble, the Queen's favorite collie, passed away full of years. Noble got so many luxuries forced upon him in consequence of his being high in royal favor that his decease is without doubt due to the exalted position he occupied. He was the Queen's inseparable companion when walking and was often favored with a seat in her carriage. The Queen regrets the loss of her favorite all the more keenly because he was in one sense a relic of the late lamented John Brown, who was responsible for Noble's early training and who taught him that alphabet of all pious dogs, namely, how to behave himself indoors. In politics Noble was a strong Conservative, for it is recorded of him that he once stole Mr. Gladstone's breakfast. Mr. Gladstone, who was at that time Prime Minister, was on an official visit to the Queen at Osborne. He was to leave for London immediately after his breakfast, which had been prepared for him in the sitting room set apart for his use. This room communicated with his bedroom. On Mr. Gladstone's opening the intervening folding-doors, he was startled to see the Queen's pet quietly trotting off with a mutton chop in his mouth. With praiseworthy economy the royal servants had only sent up one chop, and as there was no time to cook another the Prime Minister had to breakfast on toast and butter.

WITH A MAD ENGINEER.

A Fireman's Exciting Ride on the Wabash Road.

A Des Moines, Ia., despatch says: Fireman Roberts, of the Wabash road, arrived yesterday on his train, telling a thrilling story of his experience with a mad engineer. When the train drew out of this place Tuesday night Engineer Botsworth appeared all right, but before they had gone far Roberts noticed that his companion acted queerly. At Harvey he should have stopped for water, and the fireman backed the train down to the proper place while the engineer acted in a dazed manner. Once on the road again, Botsworth began to travel faster, until the train was running 50 miles an hour. Then Roberts realized that Botsworth was deranged, and just in time grasped the lever and saved the train from going through an open switch. Faster flew the engine, Botsworth standing by with a vacant look, and as they thundered through Bacon the maniac gave a yell and started to spring from the cab window. The watchful fireman caught him by the legs. While he balanced him on the window ledge he managed, with his feet, to stop the train. The conductor helped get Botsworth back to the baggage car, where he was carefully guarded until the train reached Ottumwa, when he was handed over to the authorities there. It is believed to be paralysis of the brain that ails him.

A GIRL BURGLAR.

She Successfully Conceals Her Sex Until She Confesses in Court.

A Princeton, Md., despatch says: Five burglars were sentenced to the penitentiary yesterday. One of them astonished the court by announcing that the name Charles Kelly, which was read in the indictment, ought to be Clara King, and that she was in male attire. She said she was 22 years old, had been thrown on the world helpless and alone; that she took to male attire a year to get along better, and had thus far escaped detection. She was sent to the reformatory.

European Footlight Gossip.

A Paris correspondent telegraphs: I met Mme. Gerster to-day on the Boulevard. She is living at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris, seems in excellent health and talks most rationally. She is busy preparing for her concert tour in the United States, which will open in New York about the 20th of October. Among the artists engaged to support Mme. Gerster are Miss Nettie Carpenter, violinist; Mme. Hastreiter and Miles, Anna Navaro and Carbone. The tenor and contralto are yet to be engaged. Should the season prove profitable New York may hear Mme. Gerster in opera in spring.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has decided to appear in the "Lady of Lyons" in New York. She will wear a gown copied from one of the Empress Josephine, taken from a painting at Versailles.

A Farmer's Peculiar Hardship.

A Columbus, O., despatch says: James Leslie, a farmer of Ada, has called the attention of the State Board of Health to a disease which he has, and which has been pronounced to be glanders by the local physicians, with the result that his neighbors and relatives have as completely ostracized him as if he were a leper. He cannot even sell his farm.

'Twould Preserve Something.

Irate old gentleman—You are a regular fraud, sir; my hair s coming out as bad as ever. This stuff isn't worth a soap bubble.

Polite barber—I didn't promise that it would keep your hair from coming out. I said it would preserve your scalp. Your scalp's all there, isn't it?"

A Lawyer's Trials.

"We all have our burdens to bear," said the minister. "There are many trials in this life."

"Yes, I suppose there are," replied the poor lawyer, ruefully, "but I don't seem to have much luck at getting mixed up in 'em."

A lady has left £50 apiece to six curates of the Church of England who have four children, and whose incomes do not exceed $100 a year. The executors have been given twelve months to choose the legatees. I shall be curious to see the upshot of this. I should hope there are no curates so situated, absolutely without anything independent of their stipends, for if otherwise, their lot must be hard indeed.—*James Payn in Independent.*

The largest belt ever made in New England will be exhibited at the mechanics' fair in Boston. It is three ply, 4 feet wide, 120 feet long, weighs 1,500 pounds, and 100 hides were used in making it

PREFERS BRITISH RULE.

The Nizam of Hyderabad's Gift for the Defence of the Indian Frontier.

A London cable says: His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad has addressed a letter to the Indian Office which is subjected to great congratulations in English official circles. The Nizam says in the outset of his letter that he has for some time noticed that the Indian revenue has shown but little increase, while the expenditures have been steadily gaining. He finds that these expenditures have been steadily increased by the necessity of expending large sums for improved defence of the Indian frontier against the advance of Russia and Central Asia. He says in this letter that he believes that entire India benefits from these measures, and he therefore as the oldest ally of the English in India deems it necessary to show in some open way that the interests of all the inhabitants of India, British and native, are identical in this matter of frontier defence against Russian aggression. He therefore offers the English Government a free gift of £200,000 annually for a period of two years for the purpose of strengthening English resources along the line of defences of the northwest frontier.

The *Times* editorially speaks of this contribution and says that it is absolutely without precedent in Indian history of any such step being taken in time of peace, and that it is significant of the great distrust of the East Asian potentates against Russia. The Nizam is the foremost Mohammedan potentate in the English quarter of Asia, and in the substantial attribute of power he is superior to the Shah of Persia.

FOUND A FORTUNE.

Two Ohio Woodchoppers Discover $10,000 in a Tree.

An Akron, O., telegram says: Washington Reichard and William Snyder yesterday while chopping trees at New Portage opened a log in which they discovered two shot bags full of gold and silver coin, besides a roll of bills containing not less than $5,000. The bills were badly moulded. The men at first kept quiet about their treasure trove, which amounts to fully $10,000, but were so happy over their sudden fortune that they went to town and bought grand suits of clothes throughout, and then returned to New Portage, a coal mining and manufacturing village, and set up drinks until the population of the place was drunk almost to a man.

The source of the money becoming known, older citizens recalled the fact that about fifteen years ago Jacob Trackbach, a miser, died at that place. He was supposed to be wealthy, having done a big business in land speculation. After his death his house and land were turned over to find his cash, but all without avail. It is now claimed that this tree had been the miser's treasury. The tree was cut down to-day, and about six feet from the ground a good-sized hole was found which gave evidence of a plug having rotted in it. The silver dollars rolled out when the log was opened, and the treasure which had for years been searched for was laid before the eyes of poor and now almost crazy men.

What Came of Pulling a Tooth.

A case of a somewhat remarkable character is at the present time in the London Temperance Hospital, under the care of Dr. R. J. Lee. A girl, aged 15, had the last molar tooth in the lower jaw on the right side removed about six weeks ago. No anæsthetic was administered. She was in perfect health at the time. Half an hour after the operation she began to yawn, and has continued to do so since. One yawn succeeds another without interruption and with an interval of two or three seconds. Galvanism had been tried without effect and other remedies previous to admission into the hospital. Three days afterward the yawning changed to sneezing and recently she has suffered from constant and rapidly succeeding fits of sneezing, each of which paroxysms appears to begin with a yawn. She seems to have no power of controlling herself, or only to a very slight extent, and if she attempts to do so the next sneeze is more violent.

A Great Affluence of Bluenoses.

There are 100,000 "bluenoses" from the Maritime Provinces of Canada in this country, against 778,564 in the Provinces themselves. As a matter of fact there are more Canadians from these Provinces now living in this country than the added population of the provincial towns of Halifax, St. John, Portland, Charlottetown and Fredericton. Speaking of this the St. John *Telegraph* says: "These are startling facts. How is this drain of our population to be checked? We have tried confederation for that purpose and it has failed. We have tried protection and it has but aggravated the evil. We have tried building the Pacific Railway and other schemes, but without checking this drain of our maritime life blood. Is it not time we tried reciprocity?" —*New York Tribune.*

Late Scottish News.

A madman entered Elgin Place Church, Glasgow, on Sunday, Sept. 11th, and taking off his coat ascended to the pulpit, and endeavored to embrace the pastor. He declared he had a message from God which he wished to deliver.

Another "big syndicate" in Java sugar has been ventured on in Greenock, Renfrewshire. The purchase is about £400,000, and some 20 vessels will be needed to carry the cargoes.

The death is announced of Francis William Clark, of Ulva. He died on the 13th ult. at his mansion in the island at the advanced age of 87 years. He was the father of Francis W. Clark, Sheriff Principal of Lanarkshire, who died a few months ago.

—There is one free railroad in the world within the limits of a city. When Oakland, California, gave the Central Pacific Railroad Company the right of way through its streets the grant was made on the express condition that fare should not be charged within the city limits. The company has always acted up to this condition, even to the extent admitting additions made to Oakland within the privilege. People for five or six miles get on and off the cars and ride without money and without price.

James G. Flood has resigned the presidency of the Nevada Bank, and ex-Senator Fair has been elected his successor.

CAUGHT AT MALINGERING.

A Very Artful Convict Finds His Match in the Prison Doctor.

A Jackson, Mich., despatch says: Levi M. Brott, a State Prison convict, sentenced a year ago to three years for larceny, began seven months ago to develop symptoms of paralysis. He would suddenly fall to the ground while at work and could not eat for long periods, all of which ended by his taking to his bed. The muscles of his face became rigid, the eyes fixed and he ceased to speak or eat only as food was fed him with a spoon. He was apparently deaf and could not see. Physicians from all parts of the State examined him and all pronounced his malady paralysis. Prison Physician Williams, however, has been satisfied all along that Brott was feigning all his symptoms, but at the same time he deemed it nearly impossible for him to do so. The doctor yesterday determined to play a new card. He called the attendants into the hospital and told them, in the presence of Brott, that the case was a peculiar one and that the convict could not live beyond a few days, anyway, and that the next day he should proceed to chloroform Brott, saw the skull and see what the disease was. The doctor then left and very shortly Brott began to move, and calling the hospital attendant to him, he told that official that he had been shamming from the start in order to get a pardon, and did this for sympathy. Brott was rooted out of bed and was put to work to-day in the paint shop. Dr. Williams says he has heard of one similar case in this country.

TRAVELLING MADE EASY.

The Magnificent Cars in Which President and Mrs. Cleveland Travel.

A Washington despatch says: The special train which is conveying the President and Mrs. Cleveland through the west and south is a marvel of tasteful elegance and seems to lack nothing which money could purchase or human ingenuity devise and construct to make travelling comfortable. Its three Pullman cars are so connected as to form one continuous car, traversable from end to end without opening a door or suffering exposure to the weather. The private quarters of the President and Mrs. Cleveland are in Mr. Pullman's private car, which contains a parlor, bedroom, dressing-room and a commodious "observatory," the walls of the latter being almost entirely of plate glass. This was the rear car till after the train passed Baltimore, affording its occupants from the observatory and the wide safety-railed platform behind it an unobstructed view of the country. The middle car is in general features patterned after the familiar Pullman sleeper model, but embodies in its details all the later improvements made by Mr. Pullman. The first car contains the smoking-room, library, barber-shop and bath-room. Room is found in corners invisible to the passengers for an engine and dynamo which are to furnish electricity for lighting the train and ringing its bells and for the cooking range and entire outfit of a first-class kitchen.

Keeping Apples.

An English periodical says that coal ashes have proved a valuable substance in which to pack apples for long keeping. The ashes are thoroughly sifted, so as to give a soft material, and the fruit is then placed in alternating layers with the ashes. There appears to be one great advantage in the use of this material when kept fresh from the fire—the absence of all dampness. It absorbs any moisture of the apples tending to decay. By using plenty, changes in temperature are avoided, and the outer cold may be excluded, and freezing prevented. Eggs placed on end may be safely packed in layers in the ashes.

Varying Ideas of Politeness.

Well, there are different ideas of politeness. In a ferry-boat a fellow sat and spat against the wall as though firing tobacco juice at a mark. A cabinful of ladies were disgusted. Then an officer came in and asked him what he meant by such conduct.

"Can't you see the notice?" the officer exclaimed.

A framed injunction read as follows: "Out of respect for the ladies, gentlemen will not spit on the floor."

"And that's why I'm spitting on the wall instead of the floor," said the passenger.—*From a New York Letter.*

A Sad Chicago Romance.

Chicago girl—So you are to be married next month? You are more fortunate than I. My wedding has been postponed.

Omaha girl—Why, are you engaged?

"Oh, yes. I was just ready to send out my cards when poor, dear George came in and said we would have to wait."

"How awkward! What happened?"

"He hasn't got a divorce from his wife yet."—*Omaha World.*

A Cannibal.

Little Nephew—"Uncle, you must be a sort o' cannibal, I—" Uncle (on a visit) —"A what, sir? Wha'd'yer mean, sir?" Nephew—"'Cause ma said you was always livin' on somebody!"—*New York Graphic.*

DR. E. SHAKESPEARE, who was commissioned by the Government in 1885 to inquire into the causes of cholera and suggest means for its prevention, has visited the cholera patients on Swinburne Island, near New York city. He says that careless quarantine regulations in Italy may flood this continent with disease.

All the music loving people of the city are anxious to assist in the farewell to Mr. Wm. Peel, solo cornetist of the 13th Battalion Band. At the concert on Tuesday evening next in the Palace Rink Mrs. Vallance, Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. MacKelcan and Mr. Fred. Jenkins will sing, and the band will play. Mr. D. J. O'Brien will play the accompaniments.

There was a difficulty among the singers, and it being rumored as a settled fact that the choir would not sing a note on the next Sabbath, the minister commenced morning service by giving out that hymn of Watts', "Come Ye Who Love the Lord." After reading it through he looked up very emphatically at the choir and said: "You will begin at the second verse:

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God."

They sang that hymn.—*Musical Herald.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

Of the Empress Eugenie, a Paris correspondent writes: "She was lately at Amsterdam, whither she went to consult a noted Dutch physician respecting the rheumatism, from which she is a constant sufferer. An American lady who saw her there tells me she has grown very stout and infirm, and has lost every vestige of her ones dazzling beauty. She is subject to attacks of insomnia, during which she will sit the whole night through before the portrait of the Prince Imperial, and these attacks usually terminate in fits of weeping and acute hysteria."

Chevreul, the French *savant*, has just celebrated his 101st birthday. When asked the secret of his longevity, he replied: "There is no secret; there can be no rule of life; what is good for one man may no be good for another. We must study what is best for us individually. For example, my parents lived to be more than 90 years old, and they drank wine; from my childhood wine has been disagreeable to me. Like Locke and Newton, I have never cared for any beverage but water, and yet I am President of the Wine Society of Anjou."

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has more royal titles than any other European sovereign. He is King of seven countries or provinces, Grand Prince of one, Prince or Margrave of several others, and Archduke, Grand Duke and Duke of half a dozen more. He is considered the richest monarch of Europe, with the possible exception of Queen Victoria. Beside his personal revenues, which are enormous, the Emperor manages on various pretexts to extract about $2,000,000 a year from the public treasury. Altogether Francis Joseph is what is commonly known as "well fixed."

The *British Medical Journal* gives the following interesting particulars of the height, weight and dimensions of Thomas Longley, of Dover, who is said to be the heaviest British subject in the world. Mr. Longley, who is a respectable and intelligent publican, is 40 years of age, being born (of parents not above the normal size) in 1848. As a baby he was not considered large. His present weight is 40 stone; height, 6 feet 4 inch; measurement of the waist, 80 inches; size of leg, 25 inches. He finds considerable difficulty in walking, and does not trust himself in a carriage, for fear of breaking the springs. He is said to be very temperate both in eating and drinking, and has never suffered from any ill-health of a serious nature.

The Sewing Girls of Germany.

The sewing girls of Germany, according to a report which has been sent to the Department of State, have a hard time. Their wages are barely sufficient for subsistence and lodging, leaving all necessary incidental expenses, including clothing, to be provided either by a girl's family or through independent efforts of her own. In the larger cities this condition leads to frightful suffering or degrading immorality and ruin. Their employers are endeavoring to compel them to purchase their thread and other supplies at employers' prices, and the well-to-do girls who want a little extra money for luxuries or fineries compete with the lower classes and do the work at even lower rates than those generally paid. In short, only those girls have a passable existence who have sufficient support in their family ties. The self-dependent girl who lives by herself generally falls an easy prey to designing men and ends in private or public immorality and prostitution.—*Washington Post.*

The Moneyed Girl Who Couldn't Write.

Not long ago a very nicely dressed woman, accompanied by a gentlemanly looking man, walked into one of the banks and asked for a certificate of deposit. The book was passed out to her for her signature. She hesitated a moment, glanced nervously at her escort, then boldly grasped the pen and put her face very close to the paper. When the teller took the book back he saw plainly enough that the girl had simply made some very minute up and down scratches. He looked at her, saw her confusion and decided to be lenient with her. As if unable to read the signature clearly he inquired the name. It was given promptly. Then it was slyly written in the teller's own bold letters, the certificate filled out and delivered. The escort never suspected the difficulty and the girl departed happy.—*Chicago Herald.*

Unlucky Bill.

"Your children all turned out well, I reckon?" said a man addressing an old friend he had not seen for many years.

"Wall, yes, all but Bill, pore feller."

"Drunk licker, I reckon."

"Oh, no, never drunk no licker, but han't amounted to nothin'. Bill wuz deceived and it ruint him."

"Love affair?"

"Yes, an' a mighty bad one."

"She married some other feller, eh?"

"Oh, no, she married him. She wuz a widder, an' let out that she was well off, but she wan't. W'y, she wan't able to get Bill a decent suit o' clothes the week airter they wuz married. Yes, the pore fellow has lost confidence."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

A Line of Study.

Editor (to young assistant)—"Mr. Greathead, I want to map out a line of journalistic study for you!"

Young Assistant (dubiously)—"I am pretty well up to newspaper stuff, as it is, sir."

Editor—"I am aware of that, Mr. Greathead; but you know too much. I would suggest that you devote one hour each day to forgetting something."—*Puck.*

Sad Result.—"Capital articles those of yours on Commercial Union, Mr. Young," said our young man to the hon. gentleman from Galt. "But why do you look so ashamed? You ought to be proud of your work." "Proud! Perhaps you haven't noticed that I'm being praised by the Toronto *World*," was all he said.—*Grip.*

The Pittsburg, Pa., Grand Opera House gives an opera glass with every seat. The glasses are chained to the chairs, the chairs are riveted to the floor, the floor is nailed to the beams, the beams are let into the foundation, and the foundation is sunk into the earth, but one of these fine nights some fellow will dig the whole establishment out and carry it off, rather than let go of his glass.

AN UNHAPPY BRIDE.

Overwhelmed by a Complication of Accidents on the Day of Marriage.

It was reserved for a bride lately to suffer a complication of accidents which fortunately could not occur more than once or twice in a life time. The young lady left the house and got ten blocks away when she discovered that she had not put on her bridal veil. This was no fool of a veil either. It was not the regulation square of blonde lace, but a lovely Brussels net, richly wrought by the nuns in the convent of the Sacre Cœur, in Montreal. Back went the bride for this gorgeous portion of her raiment. It was thrown over her in the carriage and the wedding procession again started. This time a breath of air produced an inclination to sneeze. The poor bride repressed it, but it escaped at last, and oh! horror on horror's head, her white satin waist split from belt to shoulder. Here occurred a halt, this time at a little shop where thread and needle were obtained, and the gaping space with difficulty was covered. At last, much too late, that unfortunate woman reached the church. In stepping nervously from the carriage the lace bottom of an under petticoat caught on the step and she felt the fastening give way. Every step up the aisle she could feel that cruel skirt slip, slip, till she feared she would have to step out of it at the very altar. She took a grip on the side and on she went. During the entire service she clung to it like grim death. She let go for a moment to get her glove off for the ring, and when she resumed her hold she felt that it had gained on her. Like Florence Wallack, she might have been married with the catechism for all she knew. She had these thoughts: "Will that petticoat be dropped in the aisle, or will I shed it on the sidewalk before the mob as I climb into the carriage? Is it the lawn skirt, with three ruffles of valenciennes, or is it that little blue embroidered cashmere ma made me wear so I wouldn't take cold?"

The perspiration started on her pallid brow as she hurriedly made the responses, and, half-fainting, made her way down the aisle.

"Don't lose your presence of mind, dear," whispered the young husband.

"It's my petticoat I'm losing," returned the lady, pettishly.

When once in the carriage the sentimental bridegroom pressed her hand and said: "At last the prize is mine."

She said the same thing as she kicked the dreadful petticoat under the carriage seat. It was the woollen one.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Fresh News Notes.

A bill providing for several importan sanitary reforms will be prepared by the Quebec Provincial Board of Health and submitted to the Legislature next session.

The Dominion Government has been invited to send a representative to the Interprovincial Congress to be held next month in the city of Quebec, but will most probably decline.

At yesterday's meeting of the Montreal boodle investigation committee, counsel for the complainant attempted to put a number of fishing questions on the gas contract charge to witnesses, but they were ruled out by the committee. Nothing important was elicited, and unless something definite is proved at the next meeting the charge in its present form will fall through.

It is stated that Sir John Macdonald will within a few weeks resign the General Superintendency of Indian Affairs, the administration of the Indian Department reverting, as in former years, to the Department of the Interior.

The appointment of Mr. Burbidge, Deputy Minister of Justice, as judge of the new Court of Claims will be gazetted today. It is rumored that the office of Deputy Minister will be abolished, in view of the appointment shortly of a Solicitor-General.

Sir John Macdonald has not yet signified his acceptance of the position of Canada's representative on the Fisheries Commission, nor will the appointment be made by the Canadian Government until it is definitely informed as to the scope of the commission.

Kettles on the Boil.

Here is an advertisement that is appearing in the Utah papers: "Wanted, information of John Edmund Kettle, aged 26, formerly of London, Eng., latterly of Salt Lake City, by the undersigned, Marietta Kettle, Rosa V. Kettle, Lillian O. Kettle, Katharine K. Kettle, Mattie S. Kettle, Susan T. Kettle, Fannie B. Kettle, Constance C. Kettle, Margaret A. Kettle and Julia A. Kettle, all of Salt Lake City." Apparently these Kettles are all boiling; at any rate, it will be pretty hot for John Edmond if he is caught.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Thoughtful Little Boys.

Some boys were playing in an alley off Congress street the other day when a woman came out of her back gate and said:

"Boys, I want you to go away from here with your noise. My husband is very ill."

"Yes'm," replied the leader of the crowd. "Is your husband's life insured?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, then, you don't want him to die, of course. Come, boys, let's go."

A Yankee Solution.

"Jones is getting rich," "Jones is making money." Such remarks are common.—*Hamilton Times.*

Copying the above, the Buffalo *News* wonderingly inquires in a headline, "Who is Jones?" Well, we may not be able to give all the particulars, but we have heard that "Jones, he pay the freight." If he is making money he ought to.—*Rochester Herald.*

Belgian glass-workers are now preparing to make glass into various shapes and patterns by running sheets of it at just the right temperature to work nicely through steel rollers.

Jacob Sharp is to be sent to Sing Sing on Friday and James A. Richmond, one of Sharp's colleagues, is to be placed on trial.

The Greenhorn mountains in Oregon are covered with six inches of snow.

Dark ngs: Looking for a match when aroused at 1 o'clock in the morning

HIT 'EM AGAIN.

The Toledo "Stroller" Takes a Shy at Two Handy Expressions.

Of all the shortening and clipping that goes on in daily conversation, what so meaningless as this exclamation—"Thanks"? If one has done you a favor, why not say "I thank you?" not "I thank ye," but "I thank you," plainly, clearly and distinctly. The exclamation "Thanks," jerked out of some unfathomable depths, savors of too much haste to be polite, and best be omitted.

"Thanks" is only equalled, in my judgment, in straight down wrongness in the idiocy that responds to the polite "I thank you," or "Very much obliged," for a favor rendered or a kindness performed, with "Not at all." I have, I think, written of this before, but it will bear repetition, and I can see no reason why, if you pick up a lady's kerchief, tender her your seat in a car, or save a friend from a dangerous fall on that result of a fool's carelessness, a banana peel, and are rewarded with that exactly proper remark, "I thank you," I say, I can see no good and valid reason why it would not be equally proper and true to say "You're a liar," as to respond with "Not at all." Honest now, can you?—"*Stroller*" *in Toledo Journal.*

The Drummer's Revenge.

A drummer had a spite at a hotel in Palestine, Texas, and resolved on a terrible revenge. So when he went to Galveston he "bagged" a lot of the cockroaches for which the island city is celebrated. Bringing a lot of the largest, commonly called by native Galvestonians "diggerloogers," the drummer took them to the hotel and turned them loose in the halls and corridors. In about two weeks the hotel was swarming with them and they got in the soups, preserves, jams, molasses, in the milk—everywhere—and worked hard all day and sat up at night to help that drummer get even. They have filled the hotel and gone to work on the private houses, and now Palestine is accursed with them.—*Chicago News.*

A Mother's Love.

Teacher—Yes, my children, always remember there is no human love equal to a mother's love.

Little Girl—Womens love their childrens better than their husbands, don't they?

"Very often."

"Yes, indeed. When we gets the hiccoughs mamma gets sorry and tries to cure 'em, but when papa gets the hiccoughs she gets mad."

The Widow's Mite.

She was a widow, and perhaps a little sensitive on that account. When she answered a summons the other day she found a good-looking ministerial chap standing at the door.

"Good day," he began; "I represent a loan association"——

"So do I," she responded shortly, "and I mean to stay alone; good day, sir."

He hasn't thought it out yet to his entire satisfaction.

Learning to Swim.

It is perhaps not generally known that if a child is taught to swim at a very early age it learns much more easily than when it is older. Instinct teaches it exactly what to do. The children of the South Sea islanders almost live in the water from their early infancy and are quite as much at home there as they are on land.—*London Telegraph.*

Bill Nye in the Barber's Chair.

Barber—You are very bald, Mr. Nye.

Nye—That's so.

Barber—What was the cause of your baldness?

Nye—The top of my head grew faster than the hair.—*Texas Siftings.*

Somewhat Indefinite.

Old Friend—Well, good-bye, my boy. I say, why don't you come up to dinner with me some time? My Boy—Why, I will; of course will be glad to. When shall I come? "Oh, come up—er—some time. Well, so long."—*Texas Siftings.*

Nikita, Maurice Strakosch's latest discovered star, about whom he told that wonderful Indian story, and for whom he prophesied a future more brilliant and glorious than that of Patti, has appeared in London at the promenade concerts given at Her Majesty's under Col. Mapleson's management. So far the success of this young lady has been of a rather doubtful nature, if we accept the verdict of some of the leading London papers.

A striking instance of the extent to which saving machinery is carried nowadays, says the *Industrial Journal*, is shown in the tin-can industry. Everybody knows that tin cans are manufactured by machinery. One of the machines used in the process solders the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream. Now, of course, a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside can be easily cleared away, but it is not easy to secure the drop left on the inside. It wouldn't do, of course, to retard the speed of the work—better waste the drop; it is only a trifle, anyhow, and to 999 men in 1,000 would not seem worth a minute's attention. The thousandth man worked for a firm using one of these machines, and he set about devising an ingenious arrangement for wiping the inside of the can, thereby saving that drop of solder and leaving none to come in contact with the contents of the can. He was encouraged by his employers to patent his invention, did so, and has already received several thousand dollars in royalties for its use. As the machine solders twenty thousand cans a day, the solder saved by his invention amounted to about $15 a day. It pays to think as you work.

"Orchard tea" is the name sometimes applied to hard cider by the Connecticut deacons.

A New York despatch says: Preston candidate of the Union Labor party for Secretary of State, has resigned to allow John Swinton's name to be put at the head of that ticket. This makes four parties already in the field. The Republicans have Col. Fred. Grant. The Democrats will nominate to-morrow. Henry George represents United Labor and John Swinton Union Labor. The fall election promises to be lively.

PROFESSIONAL WINDOW-GAZERS.

A Queer Profession Followed by the Young Men in the Quaker City.

Two young men who spend the day and a large part of the evening on Chestnut street are paid to do so. They are both well known figures, and generally travel together. They are professional window-gazers. The young men, in common with everybody else, know that to attract a crowd to a window all one has to do is to stand and gaze into that window. In a short time ten or a dozen people will be gazing with him. They were down to hard pan—on their uppers so to speak. One of them went to the proprietor of a men's furnishing house on Chestnut street and told him that for so much a week he would guarantee to attract more attention to his window than all the displays that could be laid out. The proprietor was struck with the idea and gave it a trial. As a consequence, there was a crowd at his window nearly all the time. The young man would walk up to the window with his friend and stand gazing there until a crowd of a dozen or fifteen were standing with them. To keep the crowd moving he would walk away, and that started the break in the crowd. The performance was repeated every ten or fifteen minutes. The young man went to other stores along the street, unfolded his plan and pointed out the success of it. In a short time he had the whole street from Ninth to Broad on his beat, and he had to take his friend into partnership, and he makes plenty of money. If other window-gazers do not get on to the idea and get into the business, these two originators will shortly establish branches of the 'Gazers' in other cities.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Telephone Craze.

Periodically the public have a craz thrust on their notice; at one time it is a gold-mine, at another a lead company that seeks to draw the hard earnings from the people's pockets. In ancient times it was the South Sea bubble that turned the heads of kings and senators, who were ultimately engulfed in one grand maelstrom that ruined them by thousands. Montreal just now is quietly being flooded with telephonic schemes as flighty in imagination and as dubious in results as the black angel companies floated in the States, to the financial ruin of those who once prided themselves on being in affluent positions. It is against investing in these imaginary companies that we desire to caution our readers. But yesterday a new scheme was afloat to wipe out the Bell Telephone Company by reducing its tariff to $35 per annum for subscribers; to-day another bubble company which wishes to reduce the price to $12 is floating in the air. It is needless to say there is little room for the next fifty years for any competition such as is perhaps intended or intended for sale. From personal inquiry we find that no person, director or otherwise, in the Bell Co., has ever received any bonus on his stock, and that that company has never sold a share below par for stock gambling purposes. It is not to be supposed therefore that any of the new concerns can place the shareholders in a better condition. Again the Bell Telephone Co., with its 4,000 or 5,000 miles of lines, connecting cities and towns, offers to its subscribers facilities which no other Telephone Co. can furnish. The Bell Telephone Co.'s dividends, with the practical monopoly of the past eight years, average about 5 per cent. Therefore it is certain that with its economical and conservative management it has been no special bonanza for its shareholders. Its stock sells to-day at about par. With two or three competitors in the field, and the consequent rate cutting, what prospect is there for dividends from any of them, since it is not to be supposed that the Bell Telephone Co. will retire from the field? This then is a fair financial view of the matter as to the prospect of a new, poor and untried company paying any dividends. Knowing the large number of our subscribers who are shareholders in the Bell Telephone Co., we should be base to our trust did we not try to protect their interests as well as prevent others from losing large amounts of money by investing in new bubbles which cannot by any possibility pay a fair dividend, if any at all. We find on still further inquiry that the Bell Telephone Co. to-day has about 14,000 sets of instruments in use and owns between 4,000 and 5,000 miles of line, connecting cities and towns in Canada and the United States. It has also the exclusive right to connect with the system of the American Bell Telephone Co., in the United States. Any person at all familiar with the business and the cost of construction can readily see that no company could duplicate this construction without a very large capital. Opposition may be a good thing, and where it has a chance of success a creditable thing, but where in common sense is there anything to be made with three or four companies in such a small population as we have in the Dominion of Canada? We have, therefore, two desires in this matter, the first to protect our friends who have already invested in one company, and the second to protect those who may be solicited to invest in certain losses. Finally, what is there to prevent the Bell Telephone Company, with its wealthy and paid-up organization—in case of a doubtful success of their rivals—reducing the price of their subscription to such a point as would wipe out all and sundry who opposed them by a tariff on which none but themselves could subsist?—*The Shareholder and Insurance Gazette.*

—The Paris *Figaro* says that those who must but cannot take quinine should mix the dose prescribed with a very small quantity of fresh butter and spread it under the armpit. The absorption will be as perfect as if introduced into the stomach.

—A witness in a Scott Act case at Paris, describing what he had got to drink at one of the hotels, said: "There was not much whiskey in it. I could drink twenty glasses of good whiskey and never feel it, but I call the mixture I got in the Windsor just rotgut."

According to the Washington *Star*, Secretary Bayard is unable to find suitable men who are willing to take places on the United States section of the Fisheries Commission.

"I say, waiter, this beefsteak is at least three weeks old!" "Can't say, I'm sure; only been here a fortnight."—*Paris Estarette.*

MONSTER MASS MEETINGS

Declare in Favor of Gladstone and Home Rule and Condemn the Police and Government.

A last (Sunday) night's London cable says: A great Liberal demonstration was held at Templecombe, Dorsetshire, yesterday. Twenty thousand persons were present, Somerset, Hants and Wilts sending contingents. Mr. John Morley, who was the chief speaker, replied to Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech at Birmingham. He denied that the Gladstonian position was not perfectly clear. The Liberals, he said, stood with their feet upon a rock. Mr. Gladstone had announced his assent to modifications of his original Home Rule plan, and every one of his colleagues who had been concerned in preparing the Bill had also cordially assented. What more did anybody want to know? He was amazed that Mr. Chamberlain did not produce his own plan. Was Mr. Chamberlain against Home Rule altogether? The Gladstonians wanted to know also what Radicals like Mr. Chamberlain thought about the doings at Mitchellstown, Ennis and other places. As for Chamberlain's urging a postponement of Irish for English legislation, the position of Ireland, the speaker said, would not allow Parliament to deal with other affairs. The ship of State was in a storm and was surrounded by tumultuous waves. There was only one way of making port—to summon back the old pilot. (Cheers.) Resolutions were passed expressing confidence in Mr. Gladstone and demanding justice for Ireland.

A mass meeting, which was attended by 10,000 persons, was held to-day at Tower Hill. The police seized the placards announcing the meeting and demanded the names of the promoters of the demonstration. Speeches were made from six platforms. The speeches condemned the Government's Irish policy and the conduct of the police at Mitchellstown. Appropriate resolutions were put and carried. A strong force of police was present, but their services were not needed, as the proceedings were orderly throughout.

The Canadian Northwest.

A collection of Manitoba exhibits has been sent by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Charlottetown, P.E.I.

A carload of anthracite coal from Banff has been received by the Naval Department at Esquimalt. If the results are satisfactory a large order is expected.

It is stated that Mr. Somerset Aikins, son of the Lieutenant-Governor, is to be married in ten days to Miss Colby, daughter of the member for Stanstead.

At a meeting of the Council of the Board of Trade this afternoon a report was presented by the Secretary in which the total yield of wheat for this year in the Province is placed at 11,000,000 bushels, giving 7,000,000 bushels for export. This, with the surplus of other products, will realize about $7,000,000. The average yield of wheat for the Province will be about 25 bushels to the acre, and may probably reach 30.

One hundred cars of wheat passed through the C. P. R. yards yesterday en route to Port Arthur from points in Southern Manitoba and between this city and Brandon. The railway company reports the wheat movements brisker every day, and their locomotive power will shortly be taxed to its utmost.

The Moosomin Fair ended last night in a banquet to the eastern press representatives, which lasted till 2 in the morning. Prof. Saunders was present and made favorable comment on the Moosomin district. To-day the eastern pressmen were driven here across the prairie to Wapella. There were 260 entries at the fair there to-day. The party leaves for Whitewood by to-night's train to attend the Whitewood Fair.

A municipal election in Emerson yesterday resulted in a small riot. C. S. Douglass, M.P.P., a candidate for mayor, tore up the official voters' list at one of the polling sub-divisions because it was incomplete, he claimed, and a row ensued. In consequence there is no election of mayor.

When the Nelson Valley Railway Company was dissolved by Parliament some years ago the Hudson Bay Company was directed to pay the Nelson Valley Company $10,970 for surveys, etc. This has never been paid, and Mr. S. Drummond, of Montreal, has applied in the Courts here for an attachment of the line of the Hudson Bay Road in order to liquidate the debt.

All the bridges on the Red River Valley Road are now completed excepting the one at Morris, and the construction of the stations have now been begun.

Four mounted policemen arrived at Edmonton last night with a half-breed and his son from Lesser Slave Lake charged with the murder of the wife of the former and the stepmother of the latter. The woman became insane and was inciting to cannibalism and murder. Therefore, in accordance with Indian custom, her nearest relatives killed her.

Major Phipps Free.

The term of imprisonment of Major Ellis P. Phipps, the defaulting superintendent of the almshouse, expired last midnight. His season of mental and physical depression, which invoked the solicitude of his physicians and friends, was followed, as the time of his release drew nearer, by brighter spirits and his old physical vigor. When he left the prison he was as vigorous-looking as when he was first arrested. He has yet formed no plans for the future. It was announced some time ago that he would tell all he knew about almshouse irregularities when he was released, because he fancied that his quondam friends had deserted him in his hour of need. The Major the other day denied any intention of making any statement.

It is understood that the new Exchequer Court provided for by the bill passed by the Dominion Parliament last session is to be started immediately, Mr. Burbidge, Deputy Minister of Justice, being spoken of as the Judge.

A witness in the recent convict inquiry in Georgia said it was necessary to whip the men to get any work out of them. If they were whipped in time, however, it was not necessary to whip them much.

The Illinois State Board of Agriculture declines to recognize the Galloway breed of cattle as a breed, but classes them the same as the Aberdeen-Angus.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Durham *Chronicle* acknowledges that THE ADVANCE man is a "self-sacrificing individual." Thanks; sorry we can't return the compliment.

The Meaford *Monitor* completed four years of its existence last week, under the management of its present Editor & Proprietor, Bro. Sunter. May it live for ever!

A boss barber, wife and family have moved into town; ditto a painter; ditto a tanner. Several new industries have sprung into existence. All we want now is a boot-black and we can shake hands with Owen Sound and other pretentious hamlets!

By the way, we notice that those cable fiends have taken that old European war skeleton out of its closet again. Wish somebody would smash the blamed old "cussarn" into a hundred million fragments and give us poor Americans even a brief season of repose.

What is an independent newspaper? Well, my son, its a kind of journal with political leanings in the direction of the men who have a controlling interest in public money bags. In short, my son, it is a sort of newspaper which can accommodate itself to circumstances—favorable circumstances, of course!

This "Third Party" movement forcibly reminds one of those politicians who sit on the fence inactive while a great national contest, perchance, is being fought out on both sides of them. After the battle they are usually to be found on the side of the victors—mere camp followers as it were. It also reminds one of drones.

Did you ever see a man trying to catch a train as it was moving out of the depot, and while he was yet some distance from the object in view? If you have, then, gentle reader, you have some faint conception of the strenuous efforts the village, yclept Durham, is making to keep pace with Flesherton, Priceville and other progressive places.

The Hanover *Post* is enraged at THE ADVANCE, and with pretty good reason. The *Pilot* finds it a mighty big undertaking to attempt to squash the truth, and so he has crawled into one of the *Post* knot-holes, and will presently come forth with the air of injured innocence worn by the little darkey when he stole the chickens and put them under his torn straw hat. Lying doesn't pay!

When THE ADVANCE clips an item or article from any of its exchanges, it invariably gives credit. But the same can not be said of several of our esteemed local contemporaries, who appropriated the following "editorial note" from THE ADVANCE, of a recent date, without giving credit:

There are some envious mortals in this world, who cannot bear to see anybody get along well except themselves. In grasping for the whole earth, it maddens them to find that somebody else has been getting a few stray chunks as well as themselves.

The attention of our Township Fathers is again directed to the Boyne Water Bridge in this town, which is really in a very bad condition. The wooden butments are beginning to bend towards each other in an alarming manner, and it is only a question of time before there will be a serious collapse, unless immediate steps are taken to prevent such a calamity. The wonder to us is that that somebody has not ventilated the matter at the Council Board before this. [Since foregoing was in type, Reeve Christoe and Councillor Sharp have examined the bridge and will attend to the necessary repairs at once.]

Did it ever strike chronic grumblers that Flesherton is going ahead and rapidly growing into a fine healthy boy, ready to discard short pants at any moment? Well, such is the case, and its growth is not of the mushroom variety either. The said chronic growlers will have to direct their attention to some more congenial atmosphere. As far as Flesherton is concerned, their occupation's gone for a dead certainty.

Bro. Creighton, of the Owen Sound *Times*, is not so easily disconcerted as our smart city contemporary, the Toronto *World*, would have us believe, if we are to credit Dame Rumor's latest and most authentic report, to the effect, that very little more stock is required to float the new Conservative newspaper organ, *The Empire*. Bro. Creighton has a knack of "getting there" in any undertaking he takes hold of.

OUR NEW OFFICE.

The new ADVANCE Office on Sydenham street (nearly opposite the Photograph Gallery) is now ready for occupation, and this week we take up our quarters therein. For over six years and a half, THE ADVANCE has been continuously issued in the old office on Collingwood street, and it seems like parting with an old friend, to leave the scene of many of the trials and vicissitudes incident to pioneer Fleshertonjournalism, if we may be permitted to use the term. But this life is full of changes, and after this date subscribers, patrons and friends will find us established in our new quarters on Sydenham street, prepared, as usual, to give prompt and careful attention to every department of our business. As a sort of celebration of the event, we offer THE ADVANCE from now until the end of next year for One Dollar cash. We shall be pleased to have all our old friends, and as many new ones as possible, call on us in our new office.

AN EDITOR'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The Editor is legally and morally responsible for every utterance—whether written by himself or correspondents—published in his journal. Every article, letter, or news item, comes directly under his notice, and for every opinion advanced, he is, as above stated, legally and morally responsible.

Years ago the following words, italicised, were invariably placed over communications to the Editor (several times, we must acknowledge, they have adorned the columns of THE ADVANCE):—"*The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood, that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed by his correspondents.*" Thus making it appear, that the Editor had discovered a happy idea, whereby the legal consequences following the injudicious, perhaps spiteful, statements of any of his correspondents were placed upon the shoulders to which they morally, though not legally, belonged, and whereby the Editor was relieved from all responsibility in the premises! Why, the Editor might just as well place the italicised words above his editorial columns and expect to relieve himself from responsibility for the opinions expressed by himself!

We see, however, that this stereotyped phrase has been modified somewhat of late, and now reads something like this:—"*The Editor does not necessarily* ENDORSE *the opinions expressed by his correspondents.*" This, at least, shows less childlike simplicity than the former. For, while the Editor may or may not endorse the utterances of others, he tacitly acknowledges his personal responsibility for the same when he gives publicity to them in his paper. Morally, we maintain, he should not be held amenable for the indiscretions or malicious statements ventilated by others through his journal; legally, we are bound to acknowledge, he can be so held. What is morally right is often legally wrong. In other words, "law is not always justice," as many journalists feel convinced, after having passed through a vexatious and costly libel suit, resulting from the spiteful effusions of some impecunious writer.

The law of libel has been somewhat amended in Ontario, so that it might be safely said that Editor's responsibilities are thereby considerably lessened—in so far as this Province is concerned. But more radical amendments are yet necessary of fulfilment before an Editor can truthfully place the stereotyped phrase—quoted near the commencement of this article—as a sort of prefix to his correspondence department. There must be an amendment that will relieve the Editor of responsibility which is not rightfully his, but which, by a curious and amazing legality, is at present fastened on his shoulders like a veritable "load of sin." What right has an Editor to be dragged into a court of justice and made to atone for the misdeeds of others? True, his paper was made the medium, whereby the mischief was wrought. But it might be equally true, and, in nine cases out of ten, really is true, that the Editor—not knowing the circumstances, and having no time to investigate before going to press—is quite innocent of the malicious character of the letter. On its surface nothing libellous is discernable, either to the Editor or to the casual reader: interested parties only can see the poisoned sting concealed beneath an apparently placid and innocent exterior. We could give dozens of instances coming under our personal notice, which would fully sustain the above statement, did space permit.

In view of the peculiarly disagreeable position thus occupied by Editors at this time in this connection, greater caution should be exercised in the correspondence departments of their respective journals—especially as regards the productions of new writers, or those who could have none but selfish ends to gain. Where there is reason to believe a personal attack is intended on some one, it is a good rule not to publish it unless over the writer's *real* name; for many of these anonymous writers, though not all, are nothing better than literary assassins. Where this rule is strictly adhered to, the burden of responsibility is greatly lightened.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

W. BOOTH,
The Boss Barber,
FLESHERTON,
(Late of Shelburne)
Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.
LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.
Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.
Oct. 6th, 1887.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

NOTICE.
GRAY CHAMPION!
A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY- | --OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
—OR—
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.
One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using
Siamese Worm Powders.
Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!
Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**
If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?
IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS
and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.
It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.
It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint
W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 72 to 0 75	
Spring Wheat	0 72	0 75
Barley	0 45	0 60
Oats	0 28	0 29
Peas	0 52	0 52
Butter	0 17	0 20
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes bag	0 60	0 60
Pork	5 60	5 60
Hay, per ton	6 00	6 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 7
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 80
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,
You will find an assortment of
Heavy and Light Harness,
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,
Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.
"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.
Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.
MRS. BULMER.
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.
Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED DR CHASES MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE
HAVE YOU
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.
NATURE'S REMEDY
The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. 500,000 SOLD
Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.
SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE
Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.
TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.
TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton
Meat Market.
S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.
Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

EUGENIA
Real Estate Agency
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.
Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.
HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

FURNITURE

Furniture!

FURNITURE.

The

Flesherton

Furniture

Warerooms

On Durham St. are being constantly resupplied with

NEW STOCK

Which for elegance, design, and workmanship cannot be surpassed in the County, and at prices as

LOW AS THE LOWEST.

—SEE OUR—

CRADLES!

Either Pannel or Spindle. VERY CHEAP.

FOLDING CRIB

BEDSTEADS

At prices never before heard of.

CHILDRENS

Cot & Bedsteads!

Real Beauties, at figures that will surprise you.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE.

BEDSTEADS

Of every design and price.

Another lot of those

Carpet Rockers!

Just arrived to be trimmed to your order.

We have more of those handsome **Bedroom Suites** that are giving so much satisfaction and pleasure, to be sold at close prices.

Ali kinds of

Lumber, Lath, or Shingles

WANTED and will be taken as cash.

J. E. MOORE,

Contractor & Furniture Dealer.

Durham St.,

Next door to M. Richardson & Co.

County News.

Mr. Wm. Harvey, an old an respected resident of Proton, died at Hopeville on the 19th Sept. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his death.—*Dundalk Herald.*

A youthful Dundalk hunter aimed his loaded gun at a pigeon in a tree, one day recently. The pigeon became curious, flew down on the youth's shoulders and proceeded to investigate matters generally. The young hunter dropped his gun in astonishment, when the pigeon flew off into the depths of the forest.

While Mr. Wm. Middaugh, of Melancthon was drawing a load of hay along the back line near Corbetton last week, one of his horses stepped on a burning stick by the roadside where bush fires were raging, and turning quickly, upset the hay into the fire and it was burned up.—*Dundalk Herald*

Mr. Daniel Sullivan, a wealthy Irish Catholic farmer of Albion township, has presented Rev. Father Jeffcott, the popular parish priest of the Roman Catholic congregation here, with a fine horse worth about $150. Most christians think they are doing well if they give a few beggarly dollars a year to the church to which they belong, but Dan. Sullivan does not deserve to be mentioned with that class.—*Orangeville Post.*

Miss Mittie Frane organized a Women's Christian Temperance Union in Dundalk a couple of weeks ago, with Mrs. Newell, wife of the Editor and Proprietor of the *Herald*, as President. Mrs. Newell is spoken of as a very energetic and eminently practical Temperance lady.

South Grey fair was a success.

On Sunday morning last at Silverbrook, Mrs. Henry White, one of the first settlers of Mulmur, passed to the other world. She was well known and much respected. She was the motherof a large family, two of which resides in Shelburne, Robt. and Thomas. Her remains were interred in the Whitfield cemetery on Monday.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

Shelburne village council granted $25 to the Gravenhurst sufferers last week. Good act.

The C. P. R. Co. intend building a million bushel elevator at Owen Sound.

The Thornbury *News* is of opinion, that the Great Northern Exhibition held at Collingwood recently, "was not nearly up to thrt of last year."

Thornbury wants a High School.

Orangeville grain buyers use "grain tests" and now a big storm is brewing among the neighboring farmers.

The rain on Monday formed a pool on Water Street, owing to there being no proper vent for the gutter, whereupon a wag posted a notice on the telegraph post:—"No fishing or boating allowed here."—*Owen Sound Times.*

Mr. Wm. Robertson, of the parlor boot and shoe store, made an assignment on Monday for the benefit of his creditors. Carrying too large a stock these dull times was the cause of his failure.—*Mt. Forest Representative*

Mr. H. H. Stovel, formerly of Mount Forest and now of Winnipeg, has launched out as publisher of a neat little 8-page monthly, called *The North-West Baptist.* We wish friend Stovel success.

While threshing at his own farm on Saturday, Mr. Alex. Chilton of Normanbn, 1st Lieut. of No. 5 volunteer company had the misfortune to get the second finger of his left hand caught in a knuckle of the machine, resulting in the finger being so badly crushed that it had to be amputated at the second joint. On receiving the injury Mr. Chilton drove to Mt. Forest and had the wound dressed.—*Mt. Forest Representative.*

The conundrum fiend dropped in the other day and asked us why a perambulator was like a Collingwood bed. We gave it up and he explained that it was "because it was a little buggy." The funeral was strictly private.—*Meaford Mirror.*

License Inspector Campbell of Thornbury raided Condy's Temperance hotel at Kimberley a week ago Monday. It is reported that he found a quantity of whisky in one of the bedrooms. The case has been placed in the hands of justices Gilray and Stuart and the trial will take place at the office of the latter at Kimberley tomorrow (Saturday.)—*Meaford Mirror.*

The Thornbury *Standard* is in favor of annexation pure and simple with the United States.

The exhibit of articles at our Fall show in Clarksburg was ahead of any former year, there being over 2000 entries. The show of fruit and vegetables was not up to last year, no doubt caused by the long continued dry weather. In grain, cereals, &c., the show this year was up to any former year. In domestic manufactures the show was excellent.—*Thornbury Standard.*

Durham Presbyterian ladies have just sent a chest of clothes—valued at $100—to the North-West, for distribution among the Indians out there.

Constable Noble, of Markdale, was in town on Saturday with a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Luke on the charge of stealing a horse from Mr. Hannah of Flesherton Station. It seems that Mr. Hannah drove over to Markdale on Friday, accompained by a little girl. He went into one of the hotels and left the girl sitting in the buggy to wait for him. In a short time Mr. Luke came along and told the girl to go in and get warmed and he would hold the horse. She did so and he drove off with the horse. Not turning up a warrant was got out for his arrest, but he has not been seen since. The horse was found out in the country where it was left by Mr. Luke who had no intention of stealing it but merely drove it off for a joke.—*Durham Chronicle.* Mr. Luke denies having had anything to do with "spiriting away" Mr. Hanna's horse and rig.

Mysterious Murder!

Correspondence of The Advance.

MIDDLETON, ONT., Sep. 25.—One of the most heartless murders ever published, was committed a little over a mile east of Stewart Station this morning, judging from circumstances, about 2:30 a. m. The night watch-man of Mink Tunnel, while performing his duties, discovered evidence of a terrible struggle in the sand by the side of the track about seven a. m. In his own words: "About two o'clock this morning two half-breed Indians came to my stack and asked for matches, which I gave them, after which they went away. I noticed they went west, but not having any suspicions of their purpose, I did not pay any further attention to them. About seven o'clock, I went out and walked about half a mile west, when I discovered evidence of a terrible struggle in the sand. There was a lot of blood on the sand and stones by the side of the track, and some on the rails.

Looking over the bank, I found the dead body of a half-breed, lying face downward about ten feet from the bank, fearfully mangled—almost past recognition. About the face and head he was so badly disfigured, that I could not say as to whether he was one of the men who were at my stack or not." The murderer is still at large, but strong suspicion points to a certain half-breed Indian named Louie Moses. As to this there is no certainty, but public sentiment is of opinion that the country would be well rid of him. The object of the crime is difficult to determine. It certainly could not have been robbery, although the fact that he had just purchased a new pair of boots and a hat and that they are both gone would suggest that opinion, impossible as it seems. He was said to have been a very quiet and well-behaved half-breed, which would indicate that it was by no act of his that he got into the row, unless as is supposed, that whiskey had something to do with it, which is probable, as he, in company with others, where known to have sold some fish to a dealer at Peninsula Station yesterday. They probably got liquor there. Arrangements have been made for the holding of an inquest. Until then, the case will be wrapped in mystery.

I may further add that I was down at Stewart Station and saw the body of the murdered man. It was a terrible sight.

Cause and Effect.

A few months ago there was an addition to the family of Colonel Percy Yerger, on which occasion Mrs. Yerger's mother, a venerable lady, spent several weeks with the family.

A few days ago Mrs. Yerger received a letter from her mother to the effect that she intended to make another visit.

"Is grandma comin' again?" asked little Tommy, making a disgusted face.

"Yes, Tommy"

"Oh, Lord, that means another squalling baby in the house," sighed Tommy, thinking of the previous visit of the old lady.

An Admiring Little Wife.

Henry George—"My dear, this steak is burned to a crisp."

Mrs. George—"Mercy me! so it is!"

"And the potatoes are not half done."

"So I see now."

"And the bread is sour, and, in fact, there's not a thing fit to eat, and I'm as hungry as a bear. What on earth have you been doing with yourself all the morning?"

"I've been swinging in the hammock, dear, dreaming about how lovely everything will be when your millennium gets here."

Advertise Well.

From the Yonkers Gazette.

Advertise well! 'tis the secret of glory, stick to this principle fast as a leech:
Think of the names that are famous in story; advertise well is the lesson they teach
How have men compassed so wide a connection, made the world swallow their nostrums at will?
'Tis that by constant and serious reflection, advertise well is the principle still.

Advertise well! you will never repent it; nothing more wise can a business man do.
Stick to this motto, and never forget it; advertise well—it will pull you safe through.
Advertise well; do not think what 'twill cost you; publishers' bills are but friends in disguise.
How do you know what your caution has lost you! Would you be wealthy, you must advertise.

Advertise well! though business be waning; those who spend freest must win in the end.
Up and be doing! no need for complaining; act for yourself, and be your own friend.
Advertise well! all lanes have a turning; nothing pays better than paper and ink.
Thousands who daily this motto are spurning, find that it brings them to bankruptcy's brink.

The Doctor's Prescription no Good.

A pretty good story is current on Dr. Race. He was sitting in his office the other day when a big Chinaman rushed in in a state of great excitement.

"Where Doc Lace?" he gasped, his almond eyes popping out of his head.

"I am Dr. Race," said the physician.

"Give medicine for Chinee boy, quick!"

"What is the matter with him?" asked the doctor, reaching for his prescription case.

"Him dead."

A Case of Practical Economy

An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal, and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes," answered the merchant; "I have no reason to complain.

"Well," said the customer, "I have always insisted that honesty was the best policy and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant. And the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend," cried the merchant. "Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

The Judge and the Conductor.

Judge Donohue, of the New York Supreme Court, on one occasion was brought to his bearings in a way as effective as it was amusing. He wanted to stop while the conductor was on the platform collecting fares, and pulling the rope the car was brought to a sudden stop. The conductor rushed into the car and demanded:

"Who rung that bell?"

"I did," said Judge Donohue.

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to get off."

At this the conductor indulged in some remarks which were not complimentary. The judge afterwards complained to the superintendent of the line, who promised to look into the matter. When they next met the judge demanded of the superintendent whether he had reprimanded the conductor.

"I spoke to him," was the reply.

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said that he was coming up some day to adjourn your court."

The irate magistrate saw the point and did no pursue the investigation.

How He Was Made Better Off.

A Scotch tradesman who had amassed, as he believed, £4,000, was surprised by his old clerk with a balance-sheet showing his fortune to be £6,000. "It can not be," said the principal; "count again." The clerk did count again, and again declared the balance to be £6,000. The master counted himself, and he also brought out a surplus of £6,000. Time after time he cast up the columns—it was still a 6 and not a 4, that rewarded his labors. So the old merchant, on the strength of his good fortune, modernized his house, and "put money in the purse" of the carpenter, the painter, and the upholsterer. Still, however, he had a lurking doubt of the existence of the extra £2,000, so one winter night he sat down to give the columns "one count more." At the close of his task he jumped up as though he had been galvanized, and rushed through the streets in a shower of rain to the house of the clerk. The clerk's head, capped and drowsy, emerged from an attic window at the sound of the knocker to inquire the errand of his midnight visitor. "Who's there?" he mumbled, "and what d'ye want?" "It's me, ye scoondrel!" exclaimed his employer, "ye've added up the year of our Lord among the pounds."

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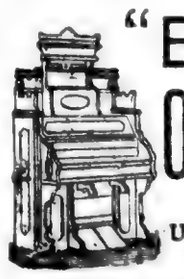

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SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"'Nay,' he said, quietly, 'I am only speaking for your good. You are young, Crystal, but you must be conscious, indeed your manner told me so last night that you have grace, beauty, and talents, triple gifts that the world adores. You will be its idol. Make your own election, then, my child, for you are now a woman. I will never seek to influence you, I am only a humble priest. What has such a one to do with a ball-room queen; the world's ways have never been my ways, for from my youth I have determined that "for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."'

"His calm steadfast voice awed me; every word seemed to rebuke my vanity and presumption. Ah, I saw it all now. Raby was disappointed with my choice; he had hoped—he had hoped otherwise.

"We had reached the end of our walk by this time. Before us was the poor cottage where Lettie White was dying. I took my hand from Raby's arm and sat down on the little stone bench by the beehives. Raby seemed to linger a moment, as though he expected me to speak to him, but I remained silent and he turned away with a quick sigh and went into the house. Soon after I heard his voice through the upper window, where the white curtains were flapping in the breeze, and Lettie's weak tones answering him.

"Before me was a field of crimson clover; some brown bees were busily at work in it. There were scarlet poppies too gleaming in the hedge down below; the waves were lapping on the sands with a soft splash and ripple; beyond was the sea vast and crystalline, merged in misty blue. Did I hear it with a dull whirring of repetition, or was it the voice of my own conscience; 'For me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'

"Raby came out presently, and we walked home, still silent. The dignity of his office was upon him; his lips were moving, perhaps in petition for the dying girl.

"When we reached the house he went up to his room. The evening came. I got out our German books—Raby and I were studying together—and presently he joined me. In his absence of mind he had forgotten all about the ball, as I knew he would, and we were both absorbed in Schiller's magnificent *Wallenstein* when Margaret entered, looking what Hugh Redmond called his 'Marguerite of Marguerites,' his pearl among women.

"Raby started and looked perplexed.

"'What, is it so late? You are dressed, Margaret, and this careless child has not commenced her toilet. Pray help her Maggie, she will be dreadfully late.'

"Margaret gave me a wistful smile.

"'The carriage is here already,' she answered, quietly, 'and Mrs. Montague is waiting. Crystal is not going to the ball, Raby.'

"'Not going?' He turned and looked at me, our eyes met, and then he understood.

"'Does not Margaret look lovely,' I asked in assumed carelessness, when the hall door closed, and he came back to the room.

"For answer he took me in his arms.

"'Not half so fair as my Esther,' he said tenderly, 'though she is not wearing her regal dress. 'I thank God,' and here his voice grew low and solemn. 'I thank God, Crystal, that my darling has chosen the better part that shall not be taken away from her.'

CHAPTER XXV.

GO BACK TO RABY.

O calm grand eyes, extinguished in a storm,
Blown out like lights o'er melancholy seas,
Though shrieked for by the shipwrecked.
O my dark!
My cloud—to go before me every day,
While I go ever towards the wilderness,
I would that you could see me bare to the soul.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"Things went on very happily for a long time after this. The church at Sandycliffe was finished; Raby gave up his curacy, and read himself in; and then came the day when Margaret and I heard him preach.

"Shall I ever forget that day—it was Eastertide—and all that belonged to it? the last unclouded Sunday that was ever to rise on me; the tiny flower-decked church already crowded with worshippers, the memorial window that Raby and Margaret had put in, sacred to the memory of their father, with its glorious colors reflected on the pavement in stains of ruby and violet; and lastly, the grave beautiful face of the young vicar as he looked round upon his little flock for the first time, his eyes resting for a moment as though in silent benediction on the vicarage seat.

"Were I to tell you what I thought of that sermon, you might think my praise partial, but there were many there, Hugh Redmond among them, who commented afterwards on the eloquence and vivid power of the preacher. Hugh Redmond had accompanied us to church, for he and Margaret had been engaged some months, and they were always together. He declared that that sermon had made a deep impression on him.

"Many were affected that day by Raby's deep searching eloquence, but none more so than a lady who sat alone under the pulpit, and who drew down her crape veil that no one might see her tears

"I knew her well; she was a childless widow who had lately come to live at Sandycliffe in a pretty cottage about half a mile from the Grange, and with whom Margaret had become very intimate—a fair gentle-looking woman who had gone through much trouble, and who wished to devote her life to good works; and as I looked at her now, my own eyes misty with sympathy, did I ever imagine that the time was fast approaching when I should wrong her with the bitterest hatred, and even seek to lift my hand against her.

"And yet you were one of God's dear saints, Mona!

"The service over, we lingered for a moment in the shady churchyard, Hugh and Margaret and I, until Raby should join us. He came out at last, a little pale and tired-looking. Margaret met him, her eyes shining like stars.

"'Oh, Raby,' she faltered, 'God has given me my heart's desire.' He smiled, but his hand went out to the lit standing silently behind him.

"'What does my child say?' he whispered, when the others had gone on a little; but I had no answer ready, he was so good, so far above me. With a sudden impulse I lifted the kind hand to my lips as though he were a king.

* * * * *

"Raby was very zealous in his profession. There was little to do in Sandycliffe, but he offered himself as coadjutor to the vicar of Pierrepoint, and as there was a large poor population there, he and Margaret, and Mrs. Grey, found plenty of scope for their energies.

"Mrs. Grey had no ties, she was rich and lonely, and she sought relief from her sick heart in ministering to the needs of others. Her health was delicate, and the air of Sandycliffe suited her—she had taken a fancy to the place; and the pretty cottage she had rented was more to her taste than her house at South Kensington.

"Margaret and she were always together, their natures were congenial to each other, and a warm friendship grew up between them; Raby was also much interested in the young widow. I heard him say more than once that she was a rare creature, and so humble in her own estimation that one would never have guessed how cultivated and accomplished she really was; 'her manners are so perfectly gentle,' he went on, 'no wonder Margaret is glad to have found such a friend.'

"I began to think she was Raby's friend too, for nothing seemed to be done in Sandycliffe without Mrs. Grey—'our Mrs. Grey,' as Raby called her. Scarcely a day passed without seeing her at the Grang, and very often, as I knew, Raby called at the cottage.

"When I was with him their conversation was always about Pierrepoint, about the workmen's club Raby had started and the mothers' meeting that was Mrs. Grey's hobby; she was certainly, in spite of her weak health, a most active creature; Raby always seemed to defer to her opinion. He told Margaret that Mrs. Grey was one of the most clear-headed women he had ever met, that her large-minded views were always surprising him. I used to listen in silence to all this. I liked Mrs. Grey, but I began to be jealous of her influence; I thought Raby was too much guided by her judgment—perhaps he was fascinated by her sweet looks.

"'Small beginnings make large endings.' 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Even in a small country place like Sandycliffe there are busy and mischievous tongues. Presently a whisper reached my ears that fanned the smouldering embers of discontent within to a scorching flame.

"Raby was a young unmarried man, and Mrs. Grey was young and attractive, what if people declared that her heart was buried in her husband's grave, and that she would never marry again; they knew young widows always said those sort of things. Perhaps the vicar would induce her to change her mind some day. It would be such an excellent match, they went on; they were evidently cut out for each other, both so good; and then she was rich, it would be such a fortunate thing for Mr. Ferrers, especially when his sister left him; and then looking at me, they supposed I should go to Redmond Hall with my cousin when she married. People used to talk like this to us both. Margaret used to laugh as though she were amused at the notion, and she seemed to expect me to laugh too; then she got a little indignant, and contradicted the report gravely. Nothing of the kind could ever happen, she said—she wished those busybodies would leave Raby and Mona alone; Mona was her friend not his. But somehow I did not believe her. Fern, you look at me reproachfully, you think I ought to have been wiser; but how could I know; I was Raby's adopted child, his pet, but Mrs. Grey was more his equal in age and she was very pretty. Her fair delicate style of beauty, and her extreme softness and gentleness might be dangerously attractive to a man like Raby, and I feared—I distrusted her.

"Alas! in a little time I learnt to look upon her as my deadliest rival; to hear her name on his lips would send a jealous thrill through me.

"They were always together, at least it seemed so to me; but perhaps I was wrong. By and by I dropped all pretence of parish work; it did not suit me, I said. Raby seemed grieved, but he was true to his word and did not try to influence me. Perhaps he thought I was restless and was pining for excitement and gaiety. Alas! he little knew I would wander miles away, that I might not encounter them coming up the village street together, or witness the frank cordial smile with which they parted. Mona's look, her touch, her soft vibrating voice set every nerve on edge. I was pining with a disease for which I knew no name and no remedy, and which was preying on my health and spirits.

"And worst of all, I was completely misunderstood. When in the unequal struggle my appetite failed and sleep forsook me, and a sort of a fever kept me restless and irritable, and still no physical illness was at the root, they misconstrued the symptoms and attributed my depression to another cause. I saw in their looks that they distrusted me; they thought my old enemy was coming back, and redoubled their gentleness and care. Then Raby would speak tenderly to me, till every word sounded like a caress; and Margaret would follow me from place to place like some guardian spirit, as though she did not wish to lose sight of me. But they never guessed the cause—how could they? for as the weeks went on, a cold forbidding haughtiness hid their child's suffering heart from them. I would die, I said to myself recklessly, before they should guess my secret.

"Raby's face grew sad and then somewhat stern. I knew the old doubts were harrassing him; he feared their quiet life was irksome to my youth, that I was fretting in secret for the gaieties and triumphs I had renounced.

"One day we three were sitting at luncheon together; I was playing with the food on my plate to prevent them noticing my want of appetite, as though I could ever evade Raby's eyes, and longing to escape from the room, for I felt more than usually miserable.

"Raby was watching me, I could see, though his conversation was directed to Margaret. She had been talking about the new schools that Mrs. Grey proposed building at Pierrepoint.

"'She wants to sell her house at South Kensington,' she said; 'she never means to live there again. It is a great pity, I tell her, for it is such a comfortable house and so beautifully furnished. But she will have it that she feels happier in her cottage; how good she is, Raby.'

"'Yes, indeed, hers is almost a perfect character,' he replied; 'she is so strong and yet so womanly, so very, very gentle.'

"Something in Raby's words touched too sensative a chord, and after a vain attempt to control myself, I suddenly burst into hysterical tears, and left the room. They thought it was my strange temper, but I was only miserable that the enemy—my Philistine—was upon me, when he was only lurking in ambush for the time when my weakness would render me an easy prey.

"Let me go on quickly, for the remembrance of that day overpowers me. They never came near me. Raby always treated me himself at such times, and sometimes he would not allow Margaret to come to me; it was so now, and yet her dear face and sympathy might have saved me. I sobbed myself quiet and then I lay on the couch in the morning-room, feeling strangely ill. I was faint and sick. I had eaten nothing, and I wanted food and wine, and to be hushed and comforted like a child; and no one came near me. Of course not! they thought it was a fit of the old passion. No doubt Raby was in the village talking it over with Mona.

"It grew towards evening—cool quiet evening, but there was no quiet in my heart. I was burning with inward fever.

"I had had little sleep the night before, something odd and tumultuous seemed rising in my brain; a gleam of fair hair was blinding me. He loves fair women, I thought, and he calls me his dark eyed Esther. Oh, Raby, I hate her! You shall never marry her! You shall never call her your darling! I felt as though I should kill her first; for, indeed, I was nearly wild with passion, they had left me too long alone.

"Presently the door opened, and Ra came in. He looked very grave, I though as he sat down beside me. His quiet glance recalled me to myself.

"'Crystal,' he said, gently, 'have you been ill again, my dear?' They always called the paroxysms 'illness' now, but the word displeased me.

"'Where is Margaret?' I asked, sullenly. 'I cannot talk to you, Raby. I am weak, and you do not understand. If I am ill, as you say, you should not keep Margaret from me.

"'She is at the schools,' he returned, soothingly, 'I left her with Mrs. Grey—they will be here directly; but, Crystal, my darling, before they come in I want to have a little talk with you. You are better now, are you not? I want to tell you what I have decided to do for my child's welfare. I am going to send her away!'

"I sprang up with an exclamation of dismay, but he put me back firmly and quietly on the couch as though I were a child, and went on with his speech.

"'Crystal,' he said, rather sternly, 'I claim obedience as your guardian; I claim it legally and morally.' Never had he spoken so severely before. 'I am doing what costs me a great sacrifice. I am going to send you away from us for a little while for your own good; for your own peace and happiness. Alas! I see plainly now, how we have failed to secure either.' I tried to speak, but I could not. I crushed my hands together as though they were a vice, as I listened.

"'Heaven knows,' he continued, sadly, 'how I have tried to do my duty by you, and how Margaret has tried too; how we have loved you, prayed and cared for you, never thinking of ourselves, but only of you. What have we done that you should hide your unhappiness from us? Why did you not come to me and tell me frankly, and like a brave girl, that the sacrifice I asked was too great for you to yield; that your youth and temperament demanded a different life to mine; that the quiet and monotony were killing you; would anything have been too hard for your brother's love?'

"I shivered at the word. Oh, Raby, why—why did you utter it? who were, who never could be a brother of mine. He had never used that word before; it bore a terrible meaning to me now.

"'I have spoken to Dr. Connor,' he went on more quickly, 'and his opinion coincides with mine; and so I have arranged it all with Mrs. Grey; surely a kinder or a sweeter soul never breathed, not even our own Margaret. You are to go abroad under her care for six months; Dr. Connor advises it. Yes, it will be hard for us, but never fear, my darling, the time will soon pass.'

(To be continued.)

When to be Married.

In a letter to the *Sunday Herald* on the marriage question, Ella Wheeler Wilcox makes the following sage remarks:

It is an erroneous idea of romantic minds that early youth is the season of deep and passionate emotion. Physicians and the wise men of the Catholic Church, however, know that the emotions of women in our American climate are most fully developed between the ages of 25 and 35. The Church guards during that time with especial care all those destined to a life of celibacy, knowing full well that they are more susceptible to temptation than at an earlier and more undeveloped age.

It would seem, then, from a purely scientific standpoint that an attachment formed after 25 would be far more intense and more enduring than one formed in the unripe period of immature youth.

Physically our American women do not fully develop until the age of 25. Given a healthful mode of life, employment for the mind, and sufficient out-door exercise, and they are far more attractive at that age than at 18. Happy is the man who wins the heart of such a woman, with her ripened beauty, her developed emotions and her wise appreciation of the really worthy things of life.

In the United States Court at Boston, a decision was rendered yesterday morning sustaining the demurrer of the Bell Telephone Company against the Government suit and the case was dismissed.

A Dakota farmer laid upon the nearest editor's table a vegetable that weighed five pounds ten ounces. After all the agricultural sharps of the village had tried to tell what it was, the guesses ranging from a rutabaga to a pumpkin, the farmer told them it was a radish, and proved it to them after the manner of proving a pudding.

At Newport, R. I., yesterday, the Supreme Court granted a divorce to Mrs. Henry A. Hulbert, jun., of New York. This settles an interesting case of fashionable New York society parties.

UNIQUE HOSPITALITY.

A Boston Woman Who Compelled a Caller to Take a Bath.

One of the Providence *Journal's* Boston sketches is appended:

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the west, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y.'s abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially. "We are so accustomed to travellers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel-stained and exhausted, and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready." "But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting you to so much trouble. I——" "Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y.;" "a bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been travelling; and you have come right through from Boston." The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bath-room, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicality of American hospitality. In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him. "I hope you found everything to your mind," she said. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath, and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train." "What?" cried the hostess aghast; "you are not going?" "Unfortunately I must; I only stopped over a train to call on you." "Mercy!" she exclaimed in dismay; "I thought you had come to remain. You certainly cannot go away when I haven't seen you at all!" "I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I shall always remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality." The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the entertainment of her friends, who declared that this fashion of entertaining callers was one which deserved to be widely introduced, as it would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse.

When the Congregation Nods.

A bequest of Richard Dovery, of Farmcots, England, dated 1659, had in view the payment of 8 shillings annually to the church of Claverly, Shropshire, for the payment of a person to keep the people awake.

On the 17th of April, 1725, John Rudge bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, in Shropshire, 20 shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the summer and keep the people awake.

At Acton church, in Cheshire, about thirty years ago one of the church wardens used to go round in the church during service with a huge wand in his hand, and if any of the congregation were asleep they were instantly awakened by a tap on the head.

At Dun church, in Warwickshire, a person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hay-fork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the aisles, and whenever he saw an individual asleep he touched him so effectually that the spell was broken—this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the nape of the neck.

A more playful method is said to have been used in another church, where the beadle went round the edifice during service carrying a long staff, at one end of which was a fox's brush and at the other a knob. With the former he gently tickled the faces of the female sleepers, while on the head of the male offenders he bestowed with the knob a smart rap.

Thackeray's Views of Death.

I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though even so far off. * * * Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will—properties of creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe why not *Ueberall?* and the body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc., go along with the body—a lucid intelligence remains, a perception ubiquitous.—*From the Thackeray Letters in Scribner's for October.*

Seventy-two years ago Robert Tirrell, of Rhode Island, then a soldier in the British army, deserted and came to America. The old man, who is 93 years old, has just received a pardon from the granddaughter of the king he deserted, and is going back to the old country to die among his kinsfolk.

William Milan, a merchant of St. Joseph, Mo., has gone to Australia to marry a young lady whom he has never seen, but with whom the engagement was brought about by correspondence. The young lady is a handsome heiress, and Milan is also rich.

Mrs. Foshay (to prospective nursery maid)—"You are fond of children, of course?" P. N. M.—"Fond of 'em? I should say I was, ma'am. If I hadn't been I wouldn't a nursed my sister's nine young ones that was down with scarlet fever till every blessed one of them died, ma'am, and buried the last of 'em a week come Friday."

SACRED MUSIC.

Some of the Tunes Suspiciously Like Secular Airs.

Says the "Casual Observer" of the New York *Graphic:* A musician who is not much in the habit of taking that kind of exercise went to church on Sunday and, desiring to experience as much novelty as possible, he did not go to any beautifully appointed æsthetic Episcopal service, nor did he feed his spiritual nature on the dramatic embodiment of the Christian religion given by the Roman Catholic Church. No, he wanted to do the thing up brown now that he was in it, and for that end he felt it to be necessary to install himself in the more or less uncomfortable pew of one of the most protesting of Protestant sects. Now, what he found most curious in his unfamiliar experience was the familiarity of considerable portions of it. One of the opening hymns was, "O could I speak the matchless worth," and he was struck all of a heap to hear this sung to the mangled remains of a duet in Mozart's opera, "Die Zauberflote," wherein *Pomina* and the bird catcher, *Papageno* extol "The manly heart with love o'erflowing," posing together before the footlights. It was not such a shock, but it was still a surprise when later he heard "Thou Art, O God, the Life and Light" sung to "Consolation," one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." If there is anything that definitely disproves the Wagnerian theory of the special, intrinsic significance of music in itself and altogether independent of association, it is this habit of hymn-book makers of putting sacred words to all sorts of secular music. Whether or not there is significance in the music itself—and as even the hymn-book makers have not yet turned "Captain Jinks" to account, there is still a little ground for the belief that there is—there is a great deal of significance in it by association, and musical associations are very strong, and it is pretty hard on people of retentive ears to find their most sacred moods broken in upon by tones that have hitherto lightened altogether different hours. "The Lord is my Shepherd" is often sung to a slightly disguised version of that popular air, "Scenes that are Brightest," in Wallace's opera of "Maritana." The air, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," has now become so associated with the hymn that the shock would probably be with most of us to find it reunited with its original mate, "Oft in the Stilly Night." The only explanation of the possibility of this state of things is that the people who go to church don't, as a class, hear any music anywhere else.

They Had Got Used to Babies.

"Say," said a woman wearing a faded yellow dress, as she came out of a Western Dakota house which stood near the road, as we drove up, "you didn't see no young 'uns down the road, I reckon?" "No." "Couple o' mine missin' again, guess," and she surveyed a good sized flock who were playing around the house. "Or, hold on, I guess there ain't, either." She began singling them out with her finger, saying: "One, two, three—stand still, you brats, till I count you!—four, five—come back here, Ophelia, till yer counted—six, seven, eight, an' two at school makes ten, an' the baby is 'leven, an' two out'n the field is thirteen. All right, stranger, they're all here. I 'lowed two or three o' 'em had lit out, but the census is correct!" "You have a large family, madame." "Lawks, family till you can't rest! An' say, do you know what's a fact, gen'l'men, when the fust one, Sheridan—he's out'n the field shuckin' corn now—when he was a baby what d'ye think me an' the old man used to do to him?" "Give it up." "Used to wake him up to see him laugh! Yes, sir; regular thing every time he went to sleep! Sometimes one big fool of us an' sometimes the other would sneak up an' chuck him under the chin an' say: 'Wake ut, oo tootsy wootsy, and' laugh oo cunnin' 'ittle laugh forloo paph!'" "Didn't never wake up any of the other twelve?" "Well, not hardly, stranger—we know a powerful sight mor'n we did. Here, Washington, quit hurtin' yer little sister or I'll give you a switchin' you'll remember till yer 100 years old!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

At the Sunday School.

Teacher—William, what is the Golden Text to-day?

William—Dunno.

Teacher—It is "Watch and—" what else?

William—Dunno.

Teacher—Think again. What did your papa do just before breakfast this morning?

William (with animation)—Kissed mamma! How'd you know?

Why He Whistled.

Old lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the boss told me to do, mum.

Old lady—Told you to whistle?

Boy—Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything, we'd have to whistle for the money.

Some Excuse for Him.

"Oh, no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset with dangers. In short, ma'am, I carry my life in my hands."

"Ah, I see," exclaimed his temporary hostess, "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."—*Boston Transcript.*

A run was precipitated upon a saving bank in Binghamton, N. Y., on Monday last by a "practical joke," and it took the efforts of some of the solidest men in the city to stop it.

A French countryman was asked why he was so bitter against one of his neighbors. "Because he is a boor. He comes to our house half a dozen times a day, and—would you believe it?—he has never asked once to see our pig!"

Surveyors who are sub-dividing the townships near Lake Temiscaming, preparatory to their being opened for settlement, report very favorably on the quality of the land.

Advices from Tangiers say that the Sultan of Morocco is dead.

Col. Blanton Duncan, of Kentucky, in an article in the Toledo *Blade*, proves to his own satisfaction that the second coming Christ will occur A. D. 1913-14.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The contractors have stopped work on the Red River Railway until their back claims are paid.

The Bank of London on Saturday began the redemption of its bills, a considerable number being presented. When the depositors will be paid is still a matter for speculation.

The three nutshells and a bean which one fakir successfully manipulated at the Kingston fair have cost some of the citizens a great deal of money. Their experience cost all the way from $5 to $50.

It is reported that Dan Prault, who received terrible injuries to his leg owing to a draw-bar breaking while coupling cars at Amherstburg a few days ago, is dying from the effects of blood poisoning.

The Committee of the White Cross Guild, who have been making inquiry into the statements as to the debauchery of children at Ottawa find that there is much truth in the statements made, and propose to ask assistance of the Attorney-General of Ontario with a view of stamping out the evil.

Willie, the 8-year-old son of Henry Stanyer, foreman of the Empire Oil Works, London, on Friday evening was sent to call his father to tea. The lad, when in one of the rooms where the oil is pumped into the agitator, became overpowered by the fumes of the liquid and died before medical aid could be procurde

Messrs. J. Milligan and L. McGill, St. Thomas bondsmen for Alex. Perry, the book agent who jumped his bail, were on Saturday compelled to pay sureties of $100 each. Perry represented the house of Bradley, Garretson & Co., Brantford, and was charged with obtaining money under false pretences by sending in bogus orders to the firm, on which he received commission.

The Kingston assessor is nearly through with his work. He states that the change in the law regarding taxable income will make a difference in the assessment of about $200,000, which, however, is more than made up by an increase in the assessment of real estate. The census does not show the increase of population to be such as it is generally believed, but it is nevertheless very material. Between 300 and 400 houses are in course of erection.

Detective Phair on Saturday night arrested John H. Stuart, a London township farmer, on the charge of threatening the life of E. J. Harris, a well-known dentist. Stuart states that his wife was induced to desert him by Harris, with whom she went to live, although Harris has a wife and child of his own. Stuart has been looking for his wife lately, suspecting that she was staying with Harris, and on meeting the doctor threatened to shoot him. Hence Stuart's arrest. The woman is over 40 and Harris is more than 50 years old.

A sad case of suicide has occurred at Chelsea, Ont., under singularly distressing circumstances. Minnie Allan, an attractive girl of 19, daughter of a respectable farmer living near the village, died on Thursday evening from the effects of poison, administered, as subsequent events proved, by herself. She was ill on the Wednesday, and on Thursday morning early medical assistance was summoned as she seemed very ill. Dr. Davis, who was sent for, on arriving found that her recovery was impossible. She would have become a mother in a few months. After the girl's death letters were found stating that she had been betrayed under promise of marriage. A fortnight ago her lover married another woman, and this had such an effect on Minnie Allan's mind that, as the girl herself stated, she preferred death to the disgrace which was about to overtake her.

Four Englishmen recently captured by brigands near Smyrna have been liberated on payment of a ransom of £750.

The Brennan torpedo, purchased by the late British Government for £115,000, is to be submitted to a test in secret at Portsmouth this month. Grave doubts are entertained among torpedoists as to its success.

Complaints are still made of the depredations of French fishermen on English smacks in the North Sea. The Imperial Government are being urged to send superior vessels with electric light to afford adequate protection.

There is no truth in the statement that the Prince of Wales will open the cathedral at Truro. While in Cornwall he will make several visits and show himself amongst the Cornish people, to most of whom he is a stranger.

It is believed that the object of the coming conference between Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, is to renew the military convention between Italy, Austria and Germany and to establish a central European Zollverein.

The Hygienic Congress that has been sitting at Vienna approved of the English method of thorough disinfection in preference to quarantine for the prevention of the spread of epidemics. The Congress also favored cremation for the disposal of the dead.

Advices from West Africa state that the British Consul has caused the arrest of King Jaja of Operbo, for secretly preventing the access of traders to the interior. King Jaja ordered the natives not to do any trading except through his agents, and enforced his order by beheading 150 of his subjects as a warning to others.

The total decrease in the United States debt last month was $14,247,969.

Edwards' lodging house in Detroit was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning and three of the lodgers burned to death.

Three men and two boys were suffocated and thirteen others partially overcome by gas in a mine at Ashland, Pa., on Saturday.

Three deaths from cholera occurred at Swinburne Island, New York harbor, on Saturday, and five new cases were taken there.

Thousands of people were turned away from Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, yesterday, when the place occupied for forty years by Henry Ward Beecher was filled by his intimate friend and possible successor, Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of London. With Dr. Parker in the pulpit was Dr. Beecher's former assistant and the present acting pastor, Rev. S. B. Halliday, D.D. In the pastor's pew sat Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Parker.

A report has reached Brookham, Miss., that serious trouble is brewing between negroes and whites about twenty miles southeast of that place, near Lime and Pike and Lawrence counties. About 300 men of each color are said to be under arms and a collision is feared. Several white men have left here with shotguns for the scene of the trouble.

An unusual scene occurred at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, last night, when Rev. John P. Newman, in a sermon on "Infidelity," alluded in severe terms to the Anarchists. "Could any American citizen," he said, "ten years ago have imagined the circulation of a petition to pardon those whose hands are red with the blood of the defenders of the public peace and safety? What is back of this anarchy—this daredevil movement on the part of these villains, who ought to have been hung long ago?" At this point many of the audience rose to their feet, clapped their hands, and with loud demonstrations announced their approval of the minister's words.

Friday was the Empress of Germany's 76th birthday. The buildings in Berlin and Potsdam were decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the occasion. King Leopold of Belgium, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil and the Baden Princes presented their congratulations to the Empress.

The wife of the late Hon. John MacAuley, of Kingston, died yesterday.

Mr. Smith, C. P. R. yardmaster at Medicine Hat, Man., was killed on Sunday while switching a train.

A man named Acton has been arrested at Neche, Man., for bigamy. He comes from Morden, and an effort will be made to have him extradited.

The inaugural lecture in connection with the establishment of the new medical faculty of the Toronto University was delivered by Prof. Ramsay Wright yesterday afternoon.

A conference on Evangelistic work in connection with the Presbyterian Church was commenced yesterday afternoon in the Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Delegates are present from all parts of the Province.

During the progress of the storm at London yesterday morning the residence of Mr. R. Garner, Colborne street, was struck by lightning. Beyond stunning some of the occupants and shattering a portion of the house no serious damage was done.

Wm. Rowlands, M.C.R. brakeman on an extra east-bound freight, while coupling cars at Rodney on Sunday morning had his right arm frightfully crushed. He was at once taken to St. Thomas and suffered amputation of the injured member.

Mr. Beaugrand's new paper, the *Daily News*, made its first appearance in Montreal yesterday. It is printed on pink paper, has four pages of seven columns each, professes to have been established as a money making enterprise, but is Liberal in politics.

Mr. P. J. U. Beaudry, assistant clerk of the Privy Council, died at Ottawa yesterday afternoon of typhoid fever after a short illness. He had held the position of assistant clerk for three years, and was highly esteemed by all those acquainted with him.

The inquest on the body of Thos. Campbell, who was drowned through the ferry boat collision in Toronto Bay, was concluded last night, when the jury returned a verdict that Campbell's death was caused by the negligence of Capt. Martin, of the Sadie, and a warrant was issued for his arrest.

The two-year-old son of Joseph Grantham, caretaker of Trinity Church, St. Thomas, had a narrow escape from a terrible death yesterday morning. The child toddled into a stable where his father was currying a horse, and was kicked by the animal in the head and thrown through the door, receiving terrible flesh wounds, but nothing more serious.

On Sunday night burglars broke into the Grand Trunk station at Exeter and forced the safe open by breaking off the hinges and driving spikes in by the side of the door, but did not get any booty, as there was no money in the safe. Burglars also broke into Hawkshaw's hotel and stole three overcoats, a revolver, a pair of shoes, a watch and a meerschaum pipe. No clue to the burglars.

Alfred Jones, aged 14, a son of George Jones, of Lambeth, met with a painful accident the other day. He was on the straw stack helping to hang the barn door, when by a sudden movement he was thrown violently to the ground, and striking the hook on which the door was to hang, cut his back severely from the shoulder-blade downwards and across. The cut was about five inches long.

Armandeus Anderson, a Swedish emigrant, aged 17, died from exhaustion and insufficient nourishment on a Michigan Central train while passing through St. Thomas on Sunday night *en route* to Buffalo to join his mother and sister. The rumor spread among other emigrants that the cause of death was Asiatic cholera, and excitement ran high until Dr. Smith, the company's physician in St. Thomas, assured them there was no cause for alarm.

The wife of Charles Carroll, a farmer living on the Mount Brydges road, near Strathroy, was found on Saturday afternoon hanging in the barn dead. Mr. John Carroll, cousin of the deceased's husband, had been ploughing for his relative, and on coming in to dinner saw the body hanging and cut it down. The woman had apparently climbed up into the mow, attached a rope to one of the poles forming a scaffold some eleven feet above the floor, and there hanged herself. There was no apparent motive for the deed.

W. H. Stuart appeared at the London Police Court yesterday to answer the charge of threatening to shoot E. J. Harris, the latter having, according to Stuart's story, enticed away the defendant's wife. The case was referred to in yesterday's TIMES. Mrs. Stuart appeared as a witness for Harris. She said she married Stuart about two years ago, but finding he already had a wife and family, she turned him out of her home, which was left her by her first husband. She took Stuart back twice and then discarded him for "keeps." Harris, on being asked why he did not go and live with his own wife, intimated that he preferred to manage his own domestic affairs. The case ended in Stuart being bound over to keep the peace.

James Gordon Bennett will publish a newspaper in Paris, to be known as the *European Herald*. It will be modelled after the New York *Herald*.

The house in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was born and lived for so many years, at Litchfield, is to be sold. At present it is a draper's shop, and little altered since the ponderous lexicographer lived there.

The Rouvier Cabinet is looking forward to the reassembling of the Chambers with feelings the reverse of agreeable, as questions and interpellations regarding its home and foreign policy threaten it from every quarter.

The Rome *Riforma* says accord between the Church and Italy is impossible unless the Church abandons her pretensions. It would be to the advantage of the Papal See, even in its relations with other States, if it could be brought to comprehend the spirit of the age.

The latest news from Samoa is that the Germans took King Malietoa on board a gunboat for the purpose of exiling him on account of his failure to prevent his people from robbing German plantations. King Malietoa had previously written to the British and American Consuls expressing disappointment at the absence of their support.

Binns, who was Marwood's successor as hangman, has been discharged for drunkenness. He is travelling in Cheshire with a show which depicts an execution scene, with a chaplain, officials, reporters, etc., a wax model of Mrs. Berry, the Oldham prisoner, being dropped through a trap. Great crowds attend the performance, which is disgustingly realistic, and efforts will be made to stop it.

The ultra-Protestant party is by no means gratified at the election of the new Lord Mayor of London. DeKeyser is a Belgian Catholic, but he promised to recognize officially none but the State religion, as was done by his predecessors, who were Quakers or Nonconformists. Mr. DeKeyser, who is the first Catholic Lord Mayor since the Reformation, is a capable man and clever speaker. He is known to Americans as the owner of the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars.

The first contingent of troops which Spain will send to Morocco has been despatched. It consists of 6,000 men. The object of sending this force is to protect the interests of Spain in Morocco in case the country relapses into a state of anarchy, which is feared will follow the death of the Sultan. Eight battalions of infantry, besides cavalry and artillery, have been concentrated at Cadiz and Malaga, in readiness to cross over to Morocco immediately. This force is under command of Gen. Lasso. Several war ships are also in readiness for active service.

For some time Mormon meetings have been held by missionaries from America in Pentonville road, London. These meetings have been held in private houses, but bills have been extensively circulated inviting any one to attend. One of those meetings was held on Sunday night in a small house. A crowd collected outside. Speeches were made about polygamy in Utah and the mob forced an entrance through a window. A scene of great excitement and confusion ensued. The landlord, fearing the destruction of his property, sent for the police, but before they arrived the wall of the garden and that separating it from the next garden were thrown down, and probably worse would have happened but for the arrival of a sergeant and six constables. The Mormon missionaries and their disciples got out at the back of the house.

Decline of Matrimony.

Marriages increase as we approach the lowest grade where there is the least pride, ambition or energy other than animal or self-preserving. They decrease as we ascend to the grades where acquisitiveness, business enterprise, intellectual tastes, political or social opportunities, or what not, induce a larger activity in the individual, involving the necessity of larger preparations and resources outside of mere self-support. And the reason is found not only in the unwillingness of the woman to begin, with her husband, in a lower scale of living in the household and in society, but as well in the unwillingness of the man to change his style of living to suit the conditions of matrimony, to deny his wife any of the advantages she enjoyed before marriage, or even for himself to sacrifice part of his other aims and ambitions to the maintenance of a wife and a home. To come at the point briefly from another direction, a survey of the conditions seems to indicate that the tendency of the times in education, society, habit, life in general, is to unfit women for becoming wives and men for becoming husbands. Domesticity is infringed by the multiplication of social, business and professional cares and responsibilities, the inducements to marriage lessened in number and force, and the family and the home, our national bulwark, threatened with decay through neglect for more selfish individual considerations and ambitions.—*Springfield Union.*

English Literary Notes.

The forthcoming life of Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon will contain many interesting facts not previously published. Professor MacDonald, of Edinburgh, is the biographer. The details of the five years he spent in Canada are supplied by Professor Reyner, Dr. Punshon's son-in-law.

Messrs. Isbister announce the second volume of Dean Plumtree's "Dante," a completion of the work; also "Everyday Christian Life," by Archdeacon Farrar.

Mr. Swinburne has also finished a new drama to be called "Locrine."

"Scenes from the George Eliot Country," by Stephen Parkinson, is the title of a volume now in press, which deals more especially with the early life of George Eliot and identifies characters in her novels with persons of whom she had knowledge in actual life, and places and scenery with portions of the midland counties amid which she spent her youth and young womanhood.

How He Got Those Black Eyes.

Judge, to Pat, who has been arrested for beating Mike—Well, you did pound him, didn't you?

Pat—Yis, yer honor, I struck him on the nose, the ugliest part of his ould face.

Judge, in astonishment—On his nose? Just look at his two black eyes.

Pat—Well, he didn't hould shtill when I struck him.—*Epoch.*

ANOTHER WAR CLOUD.

Will England Become Involved in an Eastern War?

A London cable says: Nobody in the inner official circle would be surprised if within a month British regiments were on the march from Quetta toward Candahar. All the news from Afghanistan shows that the position and health of the Ameer alike are declining. Instead of his quelling the Ghilzai revolt, as reported, it is now wider spread and stronger than ever. His generals are apparently no longer striving to cope with it. The Ameer himself gives very little time to affairs of State, being in a condition of great despondency over his illness, changing his doctors continually, and it is reported that he is making life a genuine burden for each as the failure of his cure becomes apparent. Ayoub Khan is said to be on the road to Candahar himself, but all these reports of his whereabouts are distrusted at the Indian and Foreign Offices as Oriental lies. Nothing is regarded as sure about him, save that he is bound to make trouble. His pretensions to the throne are being aided by the Ameer's illness and unpopularity and the infancy of his son, if not by Russian intrigue. This last is just now an uncertain quantity. In fact, there are reasons for believing that Russia for the present is very anxious to secure English friendship as an offset to Prince Bismarck's Continental combination, and is willing to abandon a good deal in Asia for the sake of securing it; but there are other reasons for believing that Russian agents in Asia are acting in ignorance or defiance of this new imperial policy to undermine the English in Cabul. So the whole thing is in a maze.

Sir West Ridgeway, who succeeds General Buller, is absolutely without experience other than Oriental. Those who know him speak highly of him, and he has certainly done good work on the Russo-Afghan frontier. His article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the frontier ought to encourage faith in Lord Salisbury's old advice to study large maps. He believes that Russia will keep her word respecting the *status quo*. Hitherto, he says, the Russian advance in Asia has been like the gliding of a knife through butter, but now that it touches Afghanistan it has met the hard substance of the dish. He scouts the idea of an invasion of India. It would be madness, he argues, in the Russian Generals, who depend for their supplies upon a single lightly constructed railroad, to leave their rear exposed to the hostile, excited races of Central Asia. Sir West Ridgeway speaks well of the personal regard and friendship of the Russian officers and the bulk of the people toward Englishmen.

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can perceive,
I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescriptions according to directions, will experience a genuine *revelation* in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

An Interesting Diary.

A. Bronson Alcott has kept a journal ever since he was a boy. Among the earliest entries are the following: "Went in swimming to-day. Read Plato while dryin' off and got awfully sunburnt." "To-day began kriticle study of the Greke tragedise, but Ralf Emerson come round and we conclooded to go after Chipmunks."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Polson's Nerviline.

Hundreds who have experienced the wonderful power of Nerviline in subduing pain have testified that it is the most potent remedy in existence. Nerviline is equally efficacious as an internal or an external remedy. Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms, cholera, cramps, headache, sea-sickness, summer complaint, etc., etc. Nerviline is sold by all druggists and country dealers. Only 25 cents a bottle. Try it.

Two Important Questions for Girls.

Here is a postscript to a girl's letter: "When you write next answer me in confidence two questions: Can you lace your boots with your corsets on? And can you put on your bonnet with your bodice on? I want to know. M."—*London Truth.*

Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with a perfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfect harmless

The Decline of the Dance.

The dancing of our youth was really an able-bodied exercise. The original polka fatigued the muscles like wood-chopping or sowing. But now these same muscles have given in to costume. Necessity has laid upon them that they shall have no free motion. Some French writer said that the waltz had killed the dance. Crinoline and tie-backs have in their turn killed the waltz.

Hifalutin.—Young Reporter—"The storm-king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice." Old Editor—"What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?" Young Reporter—"I—e-er—the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old soap factory."

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

A horse that recently fell on and killed an Indian near Garfield, Idaho, was made the subject of a barbecue by the surviving relatives of the departed redskin.

Gold and Silver.

Along her father's field they strayed,
All flecked with cowslips yellow,
A little dainty gold-haired maid,
A sturdy 9-year fellow.
And there love's course they two began,
(Ah, thorny path for treading!)
And vowed when they were maid and man
The town should see a wedding.
Their golden curls were born and blent,
Through wafts of fragrance treading;
"And oh!" they murmured, well content,
"'Twill be a golden wedding!"

"'Tis time," said he, "to claim her vow,"
And forth he went and found her;
But she was grown a beauty now,
And half the town was round her.
"I see," says he, "you don't want me!"
Though tears were ripe for shedding.
"I'm glad your eyes are good," said she—
"Ah, where's that golden wedding?"
He flung away, and left her there,
Such heart-sore tear drops shedding
And gossips cried, in blank despair,
"She spoiled the rarest wedding?"

He sailed the seas, he beat the French,
Two score good years he tarried,
And then he thought, "That little wench—
I wonder if she's married?"
Next week a bluff old tar rolled past,
The gabled High street treading,
And ancient gossips crowed, "At last
We're like to have the wedding!"
She waited for him forty years—
The gray their locks wore threading;
And some with smiles and some with tears,
Beheld their silver wedding.

—GOOD WORDS.

Monkeytown is the name of a new post-office in Yazoo County, Mississippi.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

DCNL 41 87.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Artemesia Show.

Our Township Show was held in Priceville this year, on Tuesday of last week, and, notwithstanding the wet weather, was largely attended by visitors and exhibitors. A good set of officers and an energetic and popular directorate no doubt has had much to do with the success which has yearly attended the Society's fall fairs. However, as the prize list is published in another column, it is not necessary to particularize.

AROUND TOWN.

Brander's well-stocked general store was thronged with customers.

Messrs. M. Reiley and J. Watson each exhibited fine sets of iron harrows, around which a never-failing crowd thronged to examine and hear the various comments passed upon the same by the respective owners.

Mrs. Henry King carried off THE ADVANCE prize for bread.

Mr. T. A. Conkey, of Flesherton Station, exhibited several pairs of handsome boots. Tom's the boy to make a first-class article.

Mr. McGowan, the well-known roller mill man, has moved his plant to Durham.

Mr. W. J. Cooey, of Meaford Road, carried off nearly a dozen prizes for various kinds of beautiful poultry exhibited by him.

Mr. C. C. James is getting things in fine shape in connection with his extensive tannery.

Business hums as usual around E. J. Grier's general store.

THE PRIZE LIST.

Class 1.—Horses.

Span of Draught, R. Stewart, D. McDonald.
Span of General Purpose, H. McPherson & son.
Span of Carriage, J. J. Feeney, J. Lever.
Hack Horse, G. Stewart, J. H. Campaign.
Brood Mare, J. Cornfield, A. Stewart
Draught.
2 year old Colt, C. McKinnon, J. I. Graham.
1 year old Colt, J. McLean, C. McKinnon.
Spring Colt, J. Cornfield.
General Purpose.
2 year old Colt, J. I. Graham, Geo. Stewart.
1 year old Colt, F. Cairns, F. Cairns.
Spring Colt, C. McKinnon, D. McDonald.

Class 2—Cattle.—Durham.

Bull, A. Johnston, J. Lever.
Milch Cow, J. Lever.
Devons.
Bull, R Olliver.
Milch Cow, R. Olliver, R. Olliver.
Ayrshire.
Bull, A. Cairns, A. Cairns.
Milch Cow, A. Cairns, A. Cairns.
Grade.
Milch Cow, T. A. Ferguson, A. Cairns.
2 year old Heifer, T. A. Ferguson, A. Cairns.
1 year old Heifer, T. A. Ferguson.
Heifer Calf, A. Cairns.
Yoke of Oxen, D. McMillen, J McLean.
Yoke of 2 years old Steers, J. Burnett,
Yoke 1 year old Steers, D. Harrow, T. A. Ferguson.

Class 3—Sheep.—Long Wool.

Ram Lamb, R. Oliver.
Pr. Aged Ewes, R. Oliver, R. Oliver.
Pr. Shearling Ewes, G. Swanton, R. Oliver.
Pr. Ewe Lambs, R. Oliver, R. Oliver.
Leicester.
Aged Ram, D. McMullen, J. White.
Ram Lamb, R. Oliver, W. McAuley.
Pr. Aged Ewes, A. Cairns, J. Oliver.
Pr. Shearling Ewes, J. Oliver.
Pen of Fine Wool Sheep, R. Olliver, T. A. Ferguson.

Class 4.—Swine.—Berkshire.

Boar, R. Oliver, T. A. Ferguson.
Sow, R. Olliver, T. A. Ferguson.
Suffolk.
Sow, R. Olliver.
Spring Pig, R. Olliver.

Class 5.—Poultry.

Game, J. Brodie.
Hamburgs, black, T. Atkinson, W. McAuley.
Hamburgs, Gold Pencilled, T. Atkinson, W. J. Cooey.
Hamburg, Silver, T. Atkinson, jr., W. J. Cooey.
Black Spanish, W. J. Cooey, W. J. Cooey.
Brahmas, J. Brodie.
Leghorns, W. Wilcock, W. J. Cooey.
Plymouth Rocks, W. J. Cooey, W. J. Cooey.
Houdans, W. J. Cooey, T. Atkinson, jr.
Aylesbury, Ducks, D. McMillen.
Other Ducks, W. J. Cooey, G. Stewart.
Turkeys, T. A. Ferguson, W. J. Cooey.
Geese, M. Reiley, D. McMillen.

Class 6.—Grain and Seeds.

Fall Wheat, Clawson, J. Brodie, J. Stewart.
Fall Wheat, other kind, J. Stewart, J. I. Graham.
Spring Wheat, Russian, J. Stewart, J. Brodie.
Spring Wheat, Fife, J. Brodie, W. J. Cooey.
Spring Wheat other kind, J. Brodie, J. Stewart.
Barley, J. Brodie, A. Stewart, jr.
White Oats, J. Brodie, W. J. Cooey.
Black Oats, J. Brodie, W. J. Cooey.
Large Peas, J. Stewart, J. Brodie.
Small Peas, J. Brodie, M. Ferguson.
Corn, T. A. Ferguson, J. Hazzard.
Timothy Seed, J. Brodie, J. Hazzard.
Col of Beans, J. Brodie, W. J. Cooey.
Special by Fisher & Pulford, Walkerton, one Root Cutter for best collection of Grain, J. Brodie.

Class 7.—Roots and Vegetables.

Early Rose Potatoes, A. Stewart, sr., D. McMullen.
Other kind, F. Cairns, J. Stewart.
Collection, J. Brodie.
Swede Turnips, A. Stewart, sr., W. J. Cooey.
Other kind, A. Stewart, sr., A. Stewart, jr.
Mangold Wurtzels, J. I. Graham, W. McAuley.
Beets, J. I. Graham, J. Hazzard.
Cabbage, J. Hazzard, J. Brodie.
Cauliflowers, J. Hazzard.
Potatoe Onions, T. A. Ferguson, D. McMullen.
Top Onions, A. Stewart, jr., J. Brodie.
Parsnips, R. Oliver, W. McAuley.
Field Carrots, J. I. Graham, D. McMullen.
Table Carrots, W. McAuley, T. A. Ferguson
Pumpkins, J. I. Graham, M. Ferguson.
Squash, J. I. Graham.
Celery, R. Oliver.
Citrons, J. Hazzard, W. Fletcher.
Water Melons, T. A. Ferguson, A. Stewart.
Tomatoes, R. Oliver.
Col. of Vegetables, T. A. Ferguson, W. Wilcock.

Class 8.—Fruit.

Winter Apples, J. I. Graham, J. Stewart.
Fall Apples, J. Stewart, J. I. Graham.
Col. of Apples, J. Brodie, J. I. Graham.
Crab Apples. J. Stewart, T. A. Ferguson.
Plums, J. Brodie, W. Fletcher.
Pears, J. I. Graham, J. Brodie.
Grapes, J. I. Graham, J. Brodie.

Class 9.—Flowers.

Hand Bouquet, Mrs. J Bentham, Mrs. Wilcock.
Table Bouquet, Mrs. Wilcock, Mrs. J. Bentham.
Col. House Plants, Miss Brown.

Class 10.—Dairy and Other Produce.

Honey in Comb, T. A. Ferguson.
Roll Butter, Mrs. King, Mrs. Fletcher.
Tub Butter, Mrs. King, Mrs. Aussum.
Home Made Cheese, Mrs. G. Stewart, Mrs. T A. Ferguson.

Class 11.—Manufactures.

Horse Shoes, D. McLean, J. H. Campaign.
Iron Harrow, J. Watson, M. Reiley.
Mens Calf Boots, Dougald McLean, T. Conkey.
Mens Kip Boots, D. McLean, W. Conkey.
Womens Boots, T. Conkey, W. Conkey.
Col. of Furniture, J. Simpson.
Full Cloth, J. McMillen.

Class 12.—Ladies Work.

Woolen Yarn, Mrs. McAuley, Mrs. Aussum.
Mens Socks, Mrs. J. Bentham, Mrs. Wilcock.
Mitts, Miss King, Mrs. J. Bentham.
Patchwork Quilt, Mrs. Campaign, Mrs. J. McArthur.
Bread, Mrs. King, Mrs. Mathewson.
Berlin Wool Work, raised, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson.
Col. Berlin Wool, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Simpson.
Hair Flowers, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson.
Gents Shirt, Mrs. Mathewson.
Hooked Mat, Mrs. Wilcock.
Crotchet Work Cotton, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. T. Conkey.
Fancy Knitting Cotton, Mrs. Hazzard, Mrs. Ferguson.
Braiding, Miss Mathewson, Miss Stewart.

Had Forgotten the Shelf.

"I say, Isick, half all dem plankets vrom de pargain-counter marked sheep at $5.50 been solt already?" said Nehemia Exodus to his clerk yesterday.

"Yes, sir."

"Ten vy in te tefful don't you put owut some more?"

"Vell, I vas stutyin' vere ve got te udder vons. I forget me eef day cum vrom te vons vot cost us $2 or vrom te lot vot cost $1.98."

His Excuse was a Good One.

Principal (severely)—"You have been reported to me by your teacher for insubordination. She says she asked you to spell 'Ichthyophagus' and that you sulked and refused to say a word. Have you any excuse?"

Scholar (nervously)—"I—I guess I must have been spell-bound."

STRAY COW.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, Lot No. 5, Con. 4, Osprey, some time ago, one Cow, aged. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

GEO. FISHER,
Osprey, Oct. 5th, 1887. Maxwell, P.O.
329-331.

NOTICE to CREDITORS.

IN the matter of JOHN GORDON, of the Town of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, Saddler.

Notice is hereby given that the above named John Gordon has made an assignment of all his estate and effects to the undersigned Charles Parsons of Toronto in pursuance of an Act Respecting Assignments for the benefit of Creditors 48 Victoria, Chapter 26 and amending Acts thereto and the creditors are notified to meet at No. 79 Front Street East, Toronto on the First day of November, 1887, at one o'clock p.m. to receive statements of his affairs, appoint inspectors, and give directions with reference to the disposal of the estate generally.

All creditors are requested to send forthwith to the undersigned statements of their claims verified by affidavit, and notice is hereby given that after the fifth day of November next the said trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given, and will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or debt he shall not have notice.

Dated this 6th day of Oct., 1887.

CHARLES PARSONS,
329-330 Assignee.

Auction Sale!

Of Valuable Farm, in the Township of Artemesia.

Under and by virtue of the Power of Sale in a certain Mortgage from Andrew Rutledge to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of Sale, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,
—IN THE—
Village —of— Flesherton!
—ON—

Friday, the 28th day of October, 1887.

At 12 o'clock noon, by A. S. VANDUSEN, AUCTIONEER.

The South-West part of Lot number 146 in the Second Concession S. W. of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres more or less of which about 40 are said to be cleared and 36 free from stumps and well fenced and cultivated. On the premises are said to be a good frame Barn and House and an Orchard. The property is within one mile of Flesherton, and is an EXCELLENT WHEAT FARM.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. at the time of Sale, fifteen per cent. within one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by a mortgage or the premises payable at the expiration of five years with interest at seven per cent. yearly or such other terms as may be arranged with the purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,
Vendor's Solicitors.

Toronto, Oct. 10th, 1887. 329-331

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM for SALE

OR TO RENT.

BEING Lots 78 and 79, Con. 8, in the Township of Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less, 40 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; considerable seeded down. For full particulars apply to T. CHISLETT, Collingwood P.O., Ont., or to H. DOWN, Flesherton P.O. 8.f

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 26 & 27, Con. 1st S.D.R., Artemesia containing 100 acres more or less, 65 acres, cleared and in good state of cultivation. 35 acres in grass and hay. Good house and fair barn. Small young orchard. Never-failing spring of water. For full particulars apply on promises, or to SILAS LESLIE,
Priceville P.O.

N.B.—The proprietor is determined to sell even at a sacrifice. 327-330.

AUCTION SALE!

OF VALUABLE FARM IN THE TOWNSHIP of Osprey. Under and by virtue of the powers of Sale in two certain Mortgages by Wm H. Colquet now deceased to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured. There will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

McGIRR'S HOTEL,
—In the
VILLAGE of FEVERSHAM, by
JOHN SPEERS, AUCTIONEER, on

Friday, the 14th day of October, 1887,

At 12 o'clock noon, the following property, viz., Lot number Eleven in the Tenth Concession of the said Township of Osprey, Containing 90 acres more or less of which about 75 are said to be cleared and under Cultivation. On the premises are said to be a Frame House and Barn. Lands are watered by a Spring Creek

TERMS: Ten per cent at time of sale, fifteen per cent within one month thereafter, balance to be secured by a mortgage of the premises for 5 years with interest at 6½ per cent. per annum or such other terms as may be arranged with purchaser at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to
MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,
Vendor's Solicitors.

Toronto, September 23rd, 1887.

OXFORD & NEW GLASGOW RAILWAY.

SEC.—MINGO ROAD TO PICTOU TOWN, BRANCH OF I. C. R.

Tender for the Works of Construction.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1887, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway, at River John, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 1st day of October, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th September, 1887.

STRAY SHEEP.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 9, Con. 19, Proton, two Ewe Sheep. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. ROBERT PATON.
Proton, Sept. 17th, 1887. 326-8

To RENT or for SALE.

BEING North half of Lot 31, Con. 10, Township of Artemesia, 63 acres, 50 of which is cleared and in good state of cultivation. Good barn, house, and pump at the door. For fuller particulars apply to WM. WILSON,
325—1m. on the premises.

FARM for SALE

CONTAINING 50 acres, being Lot 170 in the 1st Con South West of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia; 45 acres well cleared; about ¾ of an acre of good Orchard; splendid well; good log house 18x24, also log barn; near the thriving village of Flesherton. Reasonable terms. For full particulars, apply to THOMAS O'MELLIA,
(324-6) Collingwood P.O., Ont.

FOR SALE or to RENT.

LOT 32, Con. 7, Artemesia, 100 acres; about 65 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation. Situated about half way between Flesherton and Maxwell on the Collingwood road. Good well, good spring at rear of lot; barn, stable and other accommodations. For full particulars and terms, apply to JAMES KESTER,
Aug. 25th, 1887.—1 m. Flesherton.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

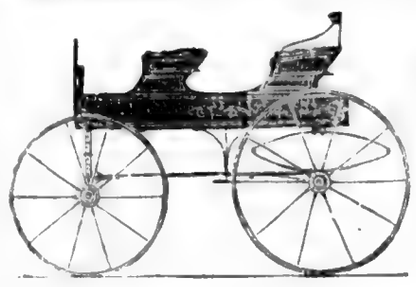

MAXWELL
CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

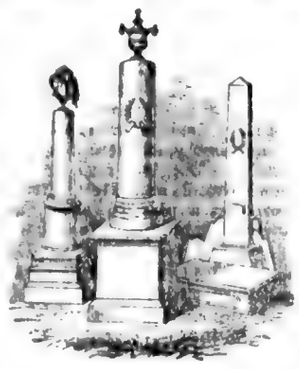

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

FLESHERTON

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

'TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 330. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

The Centre Grey

JEWELRY STORE

Commences Fall Trade with a very complete stock of goods in all lines that First-Class shops carry. If you wish to purchase a Reliable

Watch, Clock, Engagement or Wedding Ring

that will be just as represented in quality and sold only at a fair pay for your goods profit, do business with me. "The People" don't come to me of "necessity" —they come as a fact from "choice" to buy goods and get work done; for which confidence I remain indepted to my many patrons. I am in a position to do better by the "public" cash or credit than any other Jeweler in Central Grey.

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.
Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

A week from Monday evening next is Hallowe'en.

"New Advertisements" will be found on page 5.

Auction sale bills printed while you wait at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton.

Rev. Thos. Watson attended the great Baptist gathering in Toronto last week.

Mr. Thos. Duncan intends moving his tailor shop to the office recently occupied by THE ADVANCE.

The Council has taken action in the matter of the Boyne bridge and has let the job for repairing it.

If you want your Watch to go properly and keep time to the minute, take it to Russell to be repaired

Miss Bert. Jones, of Milton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. W. Bellamy, returned home last Monday.

A drain is to be dug from Durham street to the Boyne, at the rear of the lots on the west of Sydenham street.

WANTED.—Two fair-sized Spring Colts, for which spot cash will be paid. —GEO. BUSKIN, Flesherton P.O. 2t.

Artemesia plowing match takes place to-day on the farm of Robt. Oliver, Esq., Old Durham Road. Report next week.

Keep an eagle eye for Richardson & Co's big announcement next month. It always pays to read their advertisements.

If you want bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, &c. go to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

An immense potato, weighing 2 pounds, was left at our office this week. It was grown on the farm of Mr. Wm. Rutledge, sr., Artemesia.

As will be seen by advt. elsewhere in these columns, Mr. Geo. Moorehouse has the Flesherton Station Mill in good order for Chopping.

Mr. W. W. Trimble keeps the best brands of Roller Flour, Meals, &c. for sale cheap at his store near Clayton's boot & shoe shop. See advt. on this page.

The Station post-office is being very materially improved, by fitting up a neat little store in front. We congratulate friend Purdy upon this evidence of prosperity.

THE ADVANCE will be sent to new subscribers from now until end of 1888 (1 year and 8 months) for ONE DOLLAR. Show this to your neighbor, who does not get THE ADVANCE.

THE ADVANCE and *Hamilton Weekly Spectator* one year for $1.65 spot cash; or THE ADVANCE from now until end of next year for $1. New subscribers added to our list every week.

Mr. Wm. Hewgill jr., (an old schoolfellow of ye Editor's) of Collingwood Twp.,—son of the excellent Deputy-Reeve of that township—called at our office one day last week in the absence of ye Editor.

You will now find THE ADVANCE printing office in one of the new brick buildings recently erected for the Editor—nearly opposite the Flesherton Photograph Gallery on Sydenham street. Call and see us when in town.

Attention is directed to Mr. J. E. Moore's large advertisement in another column. Mr. Moore is selling furniture very cheap and purposes employing a number of workmen for manufacturing purposes, when prices will be still further reduced. His announcements will appear in these columns from time to time, and readers of THE ADVANCE are asked to be on the look-out for them.

Terrible Bargains at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton. Just now they are giving 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over. Come before the thirty days are up and secure one of those fine Watches.

Mr. C. J. Leitch, tailor, of this town, intends building a handsome brick residence and tailor shop on Collingwood street next summer. He has let the job of excavating it to Mr. Geo. Glassford, to be done this fall.

Some people have the idea that the Market Reports in newspapers are never changed and therefore cannot be relied upon. This is a mistake as far as THE ADVANCE is concerned, as they are carefully corrected every week.

Having purchased an immense stock of Statements and Billheads at a great reduction from regular prices, THE ADVANCE Office is the place for wide-awake business men to get stocked in those lines cheaper than any where else.

Several persons, suspected of complicity in the recent burglary here, are still drifting aimlessly (?) around in this neighborhood. Load your guns and pistols to the muzzle and file your bulldog's teeth! These rascals mean mischief!

Mr. W. W. Trimble returned from a pleasant excursion trip to various parts of Michigan last week. He met Mr. D. S. Munro in Detroit and says Mr. M. looks hearty and is filling a lucrative position in a large wholesale establishment.

A Columbus movement watch, purchased by the Editor of THE ADVANCE at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, has not varied *thirty seconds* from standard time during the three months which have elapsed since the purchase was made.

Our heartiest thanks are due Messrs. Will Armour, Joe Field, E. Vanzant, R. Legate, N. Lawrence and others for the assistance rendered us last Friday evening in transferring our presses and other heavy material to our new office on Sydenham street.

Mr. Daniel Hewgill, brother of the universally esteemed Deputy-Reeve of Collingwood Township, Mr. Wm. Hewgill, gave us a pleasant call on Friday last. While in town he was the guest of Wm. Ward, Esq. He (Mr. Hewgill) lives about three miles west of Woodbridge.

Mr. Watson the famous orator and humorist, lectured in the Town Hall here Friday evening last, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church, his subject being, "Mind Your own Business, or the Eleventh Commandment." A curious one truly, but forming the text for the most humorous and instructive lecture, with one exception, ever heard by the Editor in this place. The exception was the splendid address or lecture delivered by Dr. McLellan a few years ago, under the auspices of South Grey Teachers' Association. Mr. Watson is, like Dr. McLellan, a very fluent speaker, but as a delineator of character he is superior to the latter. He has a pleasant but impressive delivery and frequently "rounds up his periods" in a manner approaching the dramatic. Dr. McLellan is a more profound reasoner but Mr. Watson holds a mixed audience more completely under his control than the former. But be these things as they may, the lecture on Friday night was thoroughly enjoyed by nearly every person present. For our own part, we could have sat for hours longer listening to it; and while not prepared to accept every statement expressed, we can sincerely say we put in an evening of real enjoyment, and felt grateful to the Ladies' Aid for the rich intellectual feast provided for the occasion. The lecturer was frequently and heartily applauded, and at the conclusion, on motion by Rev. A. Wilson, seconded by Mr. John Anderson, a cordial vote of thanks was tendered him.

The Boyne Water Bridge was carefully repaired by Mr. Geo. Swanton this week. Councillor Sharp and Reeve Christoe are deserving of credit for the prompt manner in which they attended to this important matter.

Mr. J. W. Bates advertises great reductions in the prices for all kinds of furniture sold by him at his ware-rooms on Toronto street. Read his column announcement on last page of this issue of THE ADVANCE.

Terrible Bargains at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton. Just now they are giving 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over. Come before the thirty days are up and secure one of those fine Watches.

Some young rascals singled out a horse and rig, which was standing in the Methodist church shed last Sunday evening, untied the britchen strap of the harness and contrived to break the top off the new driving whip. There are evidently a number of pretty bad boys in Flesherton just now, some of whom may get an insight of prison life if they do not mend their ways.

David Bates was riding on a horse in the direction of the Boyne bridge last Friday morning, when, in passing another horse, attached to a buggy, the animal managed by some feat of legerdemain to insert its hind leg between the spokes of the vehicle. David dismounted with considerable celerity but the horse finally contrived, after a series of kicks and plunges, to extricate its leg without breaking any bones.

We are always pleased to hear of the success of our Flesherton and district boys abroad. This week it is our pleasing duty to tell our readers that Dr. Geo. Armstrong, son of Squire Armstrong of this town, was recently elevated to the responsible and highly important position of a Professor in the Minneapolis (U.S.) Medical College. Step by step our esteemed friend Armstrong is rapidly climbing the ladder of fame in the medical world. May he soon reach the top!

Master John W. Field will complete his third year in THE ADVANCE Office on the 12th of November. As a token of the estimation in which Johnnie is held by the Editor, he was recently presented with a neat silver watch, purchased at Mr. W. A. Brown's Jewelry store, Markdale. Master Geo. W. LeGard completed the first year of his apprenticeship in THE ADVANCE Office on Tuesday last. Both boys bid fair to reflect credit upon their parents, their native place, and THE ADVANCE Office.

Flesherton has never had a more energetic citizen than Mr. John Gordon. He has always taken the most lively interest in the progress of the town and has sacrificed time and means repeatedly in that connection. As a Temperance worker he stands without a peer in this district. All will, therefore, most sincerely regret that severe losses in the North-West some time ago, have tended to cripple him financially somewhat of late; and all will unite with us in the earnest and sincere wish that he may successfully tide over the difficulties—from which no one can claim immunity—and resume his accustomed position in the ranks of our business men.

The boys who prowl around the Methodist church shed here on Sunday nights, may be introduced to Squire Armstrong one of these days and asked to explain why they get into vehicles, amuse (?) themselves whipping the horses while the owners are worshipping inside, and otherwise meddle with what does not belong to them. If the sexton would arm himself with a good healthy cowhide and "warm their jackets for them," it would only be giving those boys what they richly deserve. Several of them are known and will be watched in future.

ASTHMA.—Persons who have suffered for years with Asthma will find a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure.

—GREAT—

Discount Sale!

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELERY, &C.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

THE ADVANCE is now published from the new office on Sydenham street. Our facilities for the rapid, neat and cheap execution of all kinds of Job Printing are unexcelled in this County

Work is progressing in connection with the Flesherton Roller Mill, which, it is expected, will be in operation about New Year's time. The fine new water wheel has arrived, the tail race has been dug out, and Mr. Bradley and his assistants are putting forth every effort to complete the important improvements necessary as expeditiously as at all possible. Soon the pleasant hum of the new machinery will be heard.

Born.

SULLIVAN.—In Flesherton, on Thursday, Oct. 13th, the wife of Mr. James Sullivan, tinsmith, of a daughter.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, March 3rd, 1887.

To-Day.

O soul, why sittest thou so long
  Beside a dead past, making moan?
Why wring thy pallid hands and cry
  "Too late!" Is not to-day thine own?

Thy harvest fields of life are bare,
  No wealth of ripened grain thou hast,
Thy careless hands were folded close
  Until the sowing-time was past.

But glean among another's sheaves,
  And starve not for thine early sin;
A hired hand within his fields
  Another's harvest gathers in.

Too late, indeed, for thee to build
  The structure of thy visions sweet;
Yet thou, with helpful hands, mayst strive
  Another's labors to complete.

Too late! Thy myrtle branches lie
  All withered by the noon-tide's heat;
Yet thou the nettles mayst destroy
  Which grow within another's gate.

The golden sun of hope fulfilled
  Is hidden from thy skies away;
Yet light serene and fair still lies
  Upon the pathway of to-day.

—*Emma Withers.*

To-Morrow.

The future hours? Ah, no;
  It is the gods' alone!
The hours are ringing low
  "Farewell" in every tone.
The future! Think! Beware!
Our earthly treasures rare,
Hard won through toil and care,
  Our palaces and lands,
Great victories, and all
Possessions, large and small—
But only to us fall,
  As birds light on the sands!

—*Victor Hugo.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"'You shall go to Switzerland and Italy, and see your father's grave, and your beautiful Florence again. You shall see fresh sights and breathe fresh air until this weary lassitude has left you, and you come back to us like our old Crystal.'

"'I will not go, Raby,' I exclaimed, exasperated beyond endurance at the very idea. 'I will never go with Mrs. Grey;' but I might as well have spoken to a rock.

"'I am your guardian, and I tell you that you will go, Crystal,' he returned, severely, but his sternness was only assumed to hide his pain. 'Nay, my child,' as he saw my face, 'do not make it too hard for me, by a resistance that will be useless. Think how the months fly by, and how the change will benefit you, and how good it is of our dear Mrs. Grey to give up her peaceful home and her work just for your sake and mine.'

"His sake! He was driving me mad. Ah, it was on me now. He might talk or he might be silent, but this would make itself heard.

* * * * *

"Oh Mona, lying deep in your quiet grave, where they carried you so soon, it was not I, but the demon who possessed me!

* * * * *

He was very white now. He took hold of my hands and held them firmly.

"'How dare you, Crystal,' he said, sternly; 'how dare you speak of a lady, of Mrs. Grey in that way. Ah, Heavenly Father, forgive this unhappy child, she cannot know what she says.'

"I answered with a mocking laugh that seemed forced from my lips, and then, as though my unhappy fate were sealed, Mrs. Grey entered.

"She thought it was an hysterical attack, nd came at once to Raby's help.

"'Do not be alarmed, Mr. Ferrers,' she aid, gently, it is only hysteria;' and she held out a glass of coldwater to him. The action provoked me. I tore myself from Raby's grasp, dashing the glass aside. I longed to break something. There was a bottle beside me that Hugh Redmond had carelessly left that very morning. I snatched up the vial, for I wanted to crush it into a million atoms, and rush from the room; but she called out in affright, 'Oh, Crystal, don't touch it, it is——' and then she never finished.

"I saw her white hands trembling, her blue eyes dilated with horror; and then my demon was upon me. I knew what it was, and I hurled it at her, and Raby sprang between—he sprang between us, Oh, Raby, Raby!—and then, with a shriek that rang through my brain for months afterwards, he fell to the ground in convulsions of agony.

* * * * *

"I cannot go on. I cannot!

"Was not Cain's punishment greater than he could bear?

"When they came to me as I lay across the threshold of his door, and told me that the light of those beautiful eyes was quenched for ever; that I should never meet that loving glance again, that he was blind—blind—and that it was my hand that had done it; then it was that in my agony I breathed the vow that I would remove their curse from them, that I would wander forth, Cain-like, into the great world, until my punishment was in some degree commensurate with my sin. Fern, I have never faltered in my purpose. I have never repented of my resolve, though their love has sought to recall me, and I know that in their hearts they had forgiven me. I have worked, and wept, and prayed, and my expiation has not been in vain,

"In the Crystal you know you will hardly find a trace of the high-spirited girl that Raby loved, nay, that he loves still. Ah, I know it all now; how he seeks his darling, and makes it his life purpose to find her, and bring her back to peace. I know how even in his intolerable anguish he prayed them to have mercy upon me, and to spare me the awful truth. I have seen his face, that changed blind face of his. I have ministered to him with these hands, I have heard his dear voice, and yet I have not betrayed myself."

"Crystal," sobbed Fern, and indeed she could scarcely speak for her tears, she was so moved by this pitiful story, "if I were you I would go back to-morrow; how can you, how can you leave him, when he needs you so?"

"I go back to him?" repeated the other girl, mournfully. "I who have blighted his life and darkened his days; who have made his existence a long night? I who have robbed him of the glory of his priesthood, and made him what he is, a wreck of his former self?"

"Yes," was the steady answer. "I would go back to him and be his eyes, though his goodness humbled me in the dust. Ah, Crystal, are you worse than she out of whom the Saviour cast seven devils, and who loved much because much had been forgiven her?"

"Hush, hush! you do not know, Fern!"

"My darling, I do know," persisted Fern, gently, "and I tell you that it is your duty to go back to Raby, who loves you so. Nay," she continued, as a deep blush rose to Crystal's olive cheek, "he never cared for this Mona—your own words have proved that. Go back to him, and be the light of his eyes, and take his darkness from him, for I see plainly that he will never leave off seeking you and you only."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TALL YOUNG LADY IN BROWN

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.
* * * * *
In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

Longfellow.

As Fern finished her little speech, Crystal hid her face in her hands, but there was no answer—only the sound of a deep drawn sob was distinctly audible. A few minutes afterwards she raised it, and in the moonlight Fern could see it was streaming with tears.

"Do not say any more," she implored; "do you think my own heart does not tell me all that, but I will not go back yet; the flaming sword of conscience still bars my way to my Paradise. Fern, do you know why I have told you my story? it is because I am going away, and I want you to promise me something, and there is no one else I can ask; no, not your mother," as Fern looked surprised at this, "she has enough to trouble her."

"What is it?" asked Fern, rather timidly.

"I am going away," returned Crystal, "and one never knows what may happen. I am young, but life is uncertain. If I never come back, if anything befalls me, will you with your own hands give this to Raby," and as she spoke, she drew from her bosom a thick white envelope sealed and directed, and placed it in Fern's lap. As it lay there Fern could read the inscription: "To be given to the Rev. Raby Ferrers, after my death."

"Oh, Crystal," she exclaimed, with a shiver, "what could happen to you. You are young—not one-and-twenty yet—and your health is good, and——" but Crystal interrupted her with a strange smile.

"Yes, it is true; but the young and the strong have to die sometimes; when the call comes we must go. Do not look so frightened, Fern, I will not die if I can help it; but if it should be so, will you with your own hands give that to Raby: it will tell him what I have suffered, and—and it will comfort him a little."

"Yes, dear, I will do it;" and Fern leaned forwards and kissed her softly. The moon was shining brightly now, and in the clear white light Fern noticed for the first time how thin and pale Crystal looked; how her cheek, and even her supple figure, had lost their roundness. There were deep hollows in the temples, dark lines under the dark eyes; in spite of her beauty she was fearfully wan. The grief that preyed upon her would soon ravage her good looks. For the first time Fay felt a vague fear oppressing her, but she had no opportunity to say more, for at that moment Crystal rose quickly from her seat.

"You have promised," she said, gratefully; "thank you for that. It is a great trust, Fern, but I know I can rely on you. Now I can talk no more. If your mother comes in, will you tell her about Miss Campion? I think she will be glad for many reasons. Now I will try and sleep, for there is much to be done to-morrow. Good-night, my dear;" and the next moment Fern found herself alone in the moonlight.

When Mrs. Trafford returned, she heard the news very quietly.

"It will be better—much better," she said, quickly. "You must not fret about it, my sunbeam. Crystal is beginning to look ill; change and movement will do her good. Our life is very quiet. She has too much time to feed upon herself. She will be obliged to rouse herself among strangers." And when Fern told her tearfully of the promise she had made, Mrs. Trafford only listened with a grave smile.

"Put it away safely, my dear; you will never have to give it, I hope; only it is a relief to the poor child to know that you have it. Her's is a strange, morbid nature. She is not yet humbled sufficiently. When she is, she will go back, like the Prodigal, and take the forgiveness that is waiting for her. Now, my darling, all this sad talk has made you look pale. You must try and forget it, and go to sleep." But, for the first time in her healthy girlhood, sleep refused to come at Fern's bidding; and she lay restless and anxious, thinking of her friend's tragical story until the grey dawn ushered in the new day.

The little household in Beulah Place were very busy during the next few days. The girls went out shopping together to replenish Crystal's modest wardrobe, and then sat working until nearly midnight to complete the new travelling dress. Fern was putting the final stitches on the last afternoon while Crystal went to bid good-bye to her pupils. The black trunk in the girl's room was already packed, for she was to start early in the morning.

Percy had not yet heard the news; he had been away from town the last week, to Crystal's great relief. She had begged Mrs. Trafford and Fern to say nothing about her movements. He might appear at any moment, and Crystal dreaded a scene if he heard of her approaching departure.

"It will be much better for him not to know until the sea is between us," she had said to Mrs. Trafford. "When he hears I have gone without bidding him good-bye, he will see then that I mean what I say—that my life has nothing to do with his;" and Mrs. Trafford had agreed to this.

It was with a feeling of annoyance and very real discomfort, then, that Crystal caught sight of him as she came down the steps of Upton House. He was walking quickly down the street, and evidently perceived her at once. There would be no chance of escaping him, so she walked slowly on, quite aware that he would overtake her in another minute. As they were to part so soon, she must put up with his escort. Of course he had been to Beulah Place, and was now in search of her; poor foolish boy!

The next moment she heard his footstep behind her.

"Miss Davenport, this is too delightful," and his handsome face wore a look of pleased eagerness. "I thought I should have to wait some time, from Fern's account but I have not been here a moment. There is no hurry, is there?" checking her pace as Crystal seemed inclined to walk fast.

"We are busy people, Mr. Trafford," she answered, pleasantly, "and can never afford to walk slowly. Why did you not wait with your sister? you have not seen her for a long time."

"Has it seemed a long time to you?" he returned, with quick emphasis. "I wish I could believe you had missed me, that you had even given me a thought during my absence;" and he looked wistfully at the girl as he spoke.

"I am sure your mother and Fern missed you," she replied, evasively. She wanted to keep him in good humor, and avoid any dangerous topics. She would like to leave him, if possible, with some kindly memory of this interview. In spite of his sins against her, she could not altogether harden her heart against Fay's brother.

Any person meeting these two young people would have regarded them as a perfectly matched couple. Percy's refined aristocratic face and distinguished carriage made a splendid foil for Crystal's dark beauty and girlish grace. As Percy's eyes rested on her they scarcely noticed the shabby dress she wore. He was thinking as usual that he had never seen any one to compare with this young governess; and he wondered, as he had wondered a hundred times before, if her mother had been an Englishwoman; his mother would never tell him anything about Miss Davenport, except that she was of good birth and an orphan.

"Did you bring Mr. Huntington with you?" she asked rather hurriedly, for she was quite aware of the fixed look that always annoyed her. The admiration of men was odious to her now the only eyes she had cared to please would never look at her again.

"Do you mean Erle?" was the careless answer. 'Oh, no, my dearly beloved cousin has other game to bring down;" and here there was a slightly mocking tone in Percy's voice. "He is with *la belle* Evelyn as usual. I am afraid Erle does not quite hit it as an ardent lover; he is rather half-hearted. He asked me to go down to Victoria Station to meet his visitor, but I declined, with thanks. I had other business on hand, and I do not care to be ordered about; so the carriage must go alone."

"You are expecting visitors at Belgrave House then?" she asked; but there was no interest in her manner. She only wanted to keep the conversation to general subjects. She would talk of Belgrave House or anything he liked if he would only not make love to her. If he only knew how she hated it, and from him of all men.

"Oh, it is not my visitor," was the reply; "it is only some old fogie or other that Erle has picked up at Sandycliffe—Erle has a craze about picking up odd people. Fancy inflicting a blind parson on us by way of a change."

He was not looking at the girl as he spoke, or he must have seen the startled look in her face. The next moment she had turned her long neck aside.

"Do you mean he is actually blind and a clergyman? how very strange!"

"Yes; the result of some accident or other. His name is Ferrers. Erle raved about him to my grandfather; but then Erle always raves about people—he is terribly soft hearted. He is coming up to London, on some quest or other, no one knows what it is, Erle is so very mysterious about the whole thing."

"Oh, indeed," rather faintly; "and you—you are to meet him, Mr. Trafford."

"On the contrary, I am going to do nothing of the kind," he returned, imperturably. "I told Erle that at 6.30, the time the train was due, I was booked for a pressing engagement. I did not mention the engagement was with my mother, and that I should probably be partaking of a cup of tea; but the fact is true nevertheless."

(To be continued.)

All in Fun.

Policeman Allen, of the western district, found a man sleeping on the commons in the vicinity of Broadway and Twenty-third. On getting the fellow to his feet, the officer discovered that he had been badly beaten. "How did you get that black eye?" asked Allen.

"Oh, that's all right; all in fun; we all have to take it some time."

"But your nose is mashed flat; explain, who assaulted you."

"Tut, tut; it an't no odds; it's all right."

"And your right ear looks as though it had been through a sausage mill."

"It don't matter, if she's happy; I can stand it."

"She, who do you mean? Man, there an't ten hairs on your head. Did your wife beat you up?"

"No, no; it was a little family affair. We have 'em often, so it don't matter. Sometimes my wife's mother takes a hand in the shindy; the old gal is always there when she is in the humor for fun, and last night she was boiling over with it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Port Colborne Gas Well.

The gas at the well suddenly disappeared on Tuesday, and no reason can be accounted for it. It is surmised by some that the hole at the vein has by some means filled up, thus preventing the gas from coming up. On Wednesday, men were at work putting down a two-inch pipe inside the casting to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the obstruction. No one thinks it can be possible that the gas has already been exhausted in the well; still it is causing the company considerable uneasiness.

The Dominion Government has been notified that the Canadian sealers seized in Behring's Sea this season have been found guilty at Sitka of illegal sealing and the vessels and skins forfeited. A test case which involves the United States claim to exclusive sovereignty in Behring's Sea is now before the Admiralty Court in Boston, and will no doubt be carried to the United States Supreme Court for a final judgment.

The French war balloon is made in four sections, so that a bullet may go through without dropping it.

Alonzo Whyland, aged 70 years, was gored to death by a bull on a farm north of Albion village, New York, yesterday. He was endeavoring to entice the animal to a barn with a pan of feed. His body was frightfully mangled.

GOOD ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Be Very Careful About the Letters You Write to Married Men.

A habit very common with a number of our thoughtless young ladies who do a great many things quietly which they would not like to have known of at home—a habit deserving of the strongest condemnation—is that of promiscuous correspondence with gentlemen, whether the gentlemen be married or single. The young ladies who find pleasure in this habit use their pens on any pretext that turns up, and sometimes on no pretext at all. We are not really sure that this does not come less under the head of an undesirable habit than a sin, for there is an indelicacy about it quite amounting to immodesty, of which no girl who respects herself, or who desires the respect of others, will be guilty.

These young letter-writers, however, generally get a fit reward for their thoughtlessness or their culpability. If their correspondent is a man of systematic habits, their letters are docketed and ticketed, and his clerks have as much of a laugh over them as they wish; and if he is not a systematic man, then those letters are at the mercy of any and every one who chooses to waste time reading them. If their correspondent is a married man, then his possession of their letters, even of the most trivial kind, places the writers at a disadvantage. Sooner or later the letters fall into the hands of his wife, who reads the folly or the wickedness with clear eyes, and holds the writer not only in contempt, but in her power. No young girl can be sure that her correspondent is not merely amusing himself with her; and it is often the case that her letters are unwelcome and a nuisance, and he does not check them and does reply to them, not from interest in her, but merely manly chivalry. When the writer has recovered from her folly or forgotten about her idleness, there is the letter ready to rise, like an awful betraying ghost, after she herself has possibly undergone a change, that will make her face burn, branded with shame, should the letter ever chance to confront her, or perhaps even the memory of it. Her motive may have been all innocence at the time, but it is left forever under doubt, and, in fact, except in the baldest business affair, there can be no excuse, and therefore no innocence, in the matter of a young girl's writing letters to any man not her personal relative or guardian, for about most of these letters there is an unmaidenliness amounting to indecency, and in the end her correspondent himself never thinks other than light of her on account of them.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"The Editor Knows Everything."

It is encouraging to see how rapidly the friends of our cause all over the country are realizing and acting upon this truth. For one thing, they are making the poverty press do good missionary work. John Smith writes to his county paper expounding the anti-poverty gospel, and requesting to be put right if he is wrong. The editor is only too happy to oblige—and, besides, it's such an easy thing to do. The editor is perfectly at home on the subject—knows all about anti-poverty, united labor party, Henry George, Dr. McGlynn and all the rest of it, and has only been waiting for a good chance to knock the whole concern into a cocked hat. Ever read "Progress and Poverty?" Well, no; but, bless you, he knows the book just as well as though he had read every word of it, has read all about it a hundred times. And so Mr. Editor sits down, and triumphantly proves to his correspondent some such proposition as that even if it were possible to divide the land up so that every man, woman and child should have a piece it wouldn't be a week before some men would be selling their shares, and other men buying them; or, perhaps, like His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, in his famous pastoral, he gives a lot of splendid arguments against the private ownership of land, and then claims that they prove private ownership to be altogether justifiable. In other words, he sets up a figure of straw, christens it Anti-poverty, and demolishes it triumphantly. Now, this sort of argument rarely fails to recoil. Men read the paper and ask themselves if it really can be possible that hundreds of thousands of men—clergymen, mechanics, lawyers, doctors and storekeepers, men of every trade and occupation—can be deluded by such a transparently shallow theory as that which the editor has exploded in a single column article. And, just as a matter of curiosity, these men take up "Progress and Poverty" or the *Standard*, or begin to question their anti-poverty friends, and then — ah! then there's a pretty kettle of fish! They see the truth—see it face to face for the first time, and, seeing it, they can't help recognizing and believing in it. — *New York Standard.*

'Tis the Midnight Hour.

Birdie McHenipin—There is something very weird and mysterious about the midnight hour.

Hostetter McGinnis—Yes, I have noticed that if you wake up in the middle of the night an uncertain feeling comes over you. You ain't sure whether it is yesterday or to-morrow.

—A Philadelphia bridal dress is of cream satin, the back a straight long train, kept up by deft arrangement of petticoats and thick ruches of silk. The front is covered with a fine lace scarf, the two ends parallel with the edge of the skirt and the double portion at the top being carried on to the bodice, the whole making a soft and graceful drapery.

A consignment of thirty or forty Canadian horses, purchased by Colonel Goldie, have just arrived at Woolwich from Montreal. On landing the horses became uncontrollable and almost created a panic in town. They will undergo training at the remount establishment.

It is rumored that Lord Salisbury will shortly visit Prince Bismarck.

At a united labor mass meeting held in the eighth ward of Rochester, N. Y., Wednesday evening, Miss Ella Clementine Rogers, State agent of the New York State Temperance Society, made a speech anouncing her sympathy with the Henry George movement. It is thought that she is the first lady who has taken such a stand on the platform outside of New York city.

—It is only when in love that the gambler is satisfied to hold a small hand.

MISS FAY AT HER OLD TRICKS.

A Seance in London that Ended Disastrously.

Miss Fay, who has received several flattering notices in leading London papers, was giving a "spiritualistic" seance at Blackburn on Tuesday night; but the performance came to a sudden termination, for some people in the audience struck lights. Miss Fay was supposed to be floating across the room in semi-darkness, but as the figure passed over the heads of the audience it was caught, and lo! the spiritualistic object was found to be nothing but a dummy of worsted and gauze, manipulated by wires, while Miss Fay herself was seen to have climbed to the roof. There was a disturbance after this, the platform was stormed and the police had to be called in.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Pressure That Should Be Resisted.

"Knoxonian" writes in the *Canada Presbyterian:* The path of the Church is fairly strewn with the victims of irresponsible pressure. Clergymen suffer from this kind of pressure more perhaps than any other class of men. A few restless, irresponsible spirits surround a pastor and urge him to send for some sensational revivalist and get up a revival. The pastor wants a genuine revival in the congregation much more than any of the restless spirits do. He has worked for it, planned for it, prayed for it, done all in his power to promote it. But he knows very well that many excellent people of conservative leanings in the congregation do not take kindly to some modern revival methods. He knows also that seeds of discord have been sown at many so-called revivals that have brought forth bitter fruit for years. He knows also that more effective and more useful special services might be held under the auspices of the session and by ministers of his own church, but he has a chronic fear of being charged with opposition to revivals; he yields and the sensational unknown is sent for. The result is perhaps disastrous. But when the disaster comes, where are the irresponsibles who brought the pressure to bear? They are snickering around corner groceries gabbling over the affair in much the same spirit as they would gabble over the last lacrosse or baseball match. The Church may lose influence, lose money, lose the inestimable blessing of peace, but the irresponsibles lose nothing, for the best and simplest of all reasons—they have nothing to lose. By all means hold special services, when reasonable and responsible persons desire to hold them. But let such services be begun, continued and ended by men of known and established Christian character, men for whom the Christian people of the community have respect and in whom they have confidence. A revival carried on by persons that no sane man would make executor for an estate worth $100 is not likely to do much good.

"A Grand Nicht" with Carlyle.

Alfred Tennyson at one time often paid a visit to Thomas Carlyle at Chelsea. On one of those occasions these two great men, having gone to Carlyle's library to have a quiet chat together, seated themselves one on each side of the fireplace, and lit their pipes. And there for two hours they sat, plunged in profound meditation, the silence being unbroken save for the little dry regular sound that the lips of the smokers made as they sent puffs of smoke soaring to the ceiling. Not one single word broke the silence. After two hours of this strange converse between two great souls that understood each other without speech, Tennyson rose to take leave of his host. Carlyle went with him to the door, and then, grasping his hand, uttered these words—"Eh, Alfred, we've had a grand nicht! Come back again soon."

Blew Out the Gas.

Edward Moran and Thomas Moran, from Ardoch, Dakota, on their way to Ontario, obtained a room Monday night at the Massasoit House, corner of Central avenue and South Water street, and were found dead in their beds yesterday morning. The gas-jet was open and the room full of gas, which it was presumed they had blown out. They were well-dressed young men. Besides their clothing and other valuables $76 was found in their pockets. The coroner held an inquest, and a verdict was returned of asphyxiation by gas.—*Chicago Times of yesterday.*

Nothing to Fear From that Source.

"George, dear," said the girl, "do you ever drink anything?"

"Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted.

"But, dear," she went on anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?"

"He discovered it this morning."

"Oh, George, and what did he say?"

"He said, 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"

She Might Get One.

Mrs. Peterby (to new servant)—The last servant had a habit of going into the parlor with her young man and sitting there the whole of the evening. Have you a young man?

New Servant—No, mum; but I might get one with such inducements offered.

—Mrs. Cleveland patronizes a Washington tailor when she orders new costumes. She does not like the fuss and bother of the old-fashioned dressmaker, and while in Europe adopted the custom of going to a tailor to have her dress made. The fact that she has clung to this habit has had an effect on Washington sign-boards. Where once the word "Dressmaker" appeared is now painted the legend "Ladies' Tailor."

—Oscar Wilde regrets his son is not a daughter, because, as he says, "girls drape so much better."

A vein of rock salt 40 feet thick has been struck at Ithaca, N.Y., at a depth of 2,230 feet. The salt is clear and pure. The well is to be put down another thousand feet in search of oil or gas.

Most of the buildings burned in the recent fire at Sanford, Fla., were of "fat" pine which blazes like cotton when ignited,

Michigan has a novelty in a bicycle band The musicians play as they ride.

The German Government has handed over $12,000 as indemnity to the widow Gamekeeper Brignon.

DETROIT CHARLEY ROSS.

The Strange Mystery of Little John Connerton.

A Pet Son's Absence For Twenty-five Years—A Fond Mother's Vain Search—A Fortune Awaiting the Missing Heir—Another Sad Chapter of the California Wreck.

A woman with sad, frightened face, and eyes reddened and swollen by weeping, hurried off the Michigan Central train from the north this noon, says the Detroit *News* of Thursday. An undertaker was with her. As they passed forward men were unloading a long pine box from the baggage car. The woman was Mrs. Cornelius Connerton, saved from the wreck of the propeller California. The rough box contained the remains of poor "Con." Connerton, the son who went down before the mother's eyes.

There was reason why she should be sad-eyed and pallid. Not alone from the fearful death struggle she had with the waves, but from the chapter of afflictions which was in her life. This rough box was only the last of a series of bereavements. The strangest feature of them has yet remained untold. It was the first blow which came to the Connerton home, which has stood for 30 years on Sixth street. First it was a rude shanty, but it had a dozen around its table and prosperity followed the thrifty occupants.

Among the brightest members of this family group was little Johnnie Connerton. He was an apt youngster at school, getting along so well that his proud father sent him to the Academy of St. Roches, near Montreal, and then to Toronto. Of course he was the pet of the household when he came home for the summer vacation. Although but 14 years old he was unusually intelligent, and particularly quiet and obedient at home.

One day Johnnie came home in company with another youngster named Cahill.

"May I go down town a little while?" he asked.

The question was addressed to his older sister, now Mrs. Sanpier. She did not readily assent to the request, for the Cahill boy was considered wild.

"Oh, let me go; I'll come right back."

Johnnie was so earnest in his promise and so trusty that his sister finally consented to his going. He ran off chatting and laughing. But he did not come right back. He was not back in an hour. The next day he was still gone. A week passed by and he was still missing. That was twenty-five years ago. He has never been heard of since. Is he dead or alive? That is the question which daily comes to the bereft mother.

Search was made for the lost pet. He was advertised for and traced. But all trails came to naught. The young Cahill boy had also disappeared at the same time, but he finally returned. He told an improbable story of how the two had made their way to New York city, where they had finally got separated. They parted in one of the busy streets of the metropolis. Young Cahill returned here and was the youth who burst a blood vessel with fatal results during a family quarrel in Springwells a short time since.

But the fond mother has never abandoned hope. She had thought that her boy shipped on some man-of-war and she determined to go on a personal search for the lost one. Starting alone she went to New York, where the shipping offices and the wharves were scoured.

"Have you seen my boy?"

That was the question which the rough wharfers heard all one summer as she carried on her search. Then she turned to the navy yards and then to Washington. But it was no use. A whole summer of searching was in vain. The years have gone by and hope has almost given way to despair.

If John Connerton came home to-day he would find himself a rich man. When he left the modest little shanty 25 years ago there was little wealth about it. But the thrifty father soon added to his means, until the Connertons have become well off. They own houses and lots on Howard and Sixth streets, and only recently sold a farm for $17,000 cash. Of this Johnnie is in part an heir, his share being worth something like a hundred thousand dollars. His absence ties up the estate, and the law forbids a division. Perhaps the lost heir may some day return to claim his thousands.

For 25 years this has hung like a pall over the Connerton home. But another and a younger son, Cornelius, cheered the bereft mother, for his devotion was constant and warm. It is this son who was drowned on the propeller California.

She Liked Boys the Best.

Mother—Nursery dialogue—Nellie, I have told you a great many times not to romp with Tommy, and you must obey me.

Nellie—Could I play with him if he was a girl?

Mother—Perhaps.

Nellie—But I wouldn't want to.

A Bright Prospect.

Mother—Has Mr. Goslow offered himself yet?

Harriet—No, not yet; but I think he will soon. Last night he said he was looking around for a wife, and asked me very particularly if I thought I could earn enough to venture to marry on.—*Life*.

She Got Just Punishment.

Mrs. Brown (after exceptionally fine dinner)—I tell my husband that if he will bring gentlemen home unexpectedly, he mustn't complain if every thing isn't right.

Dumley—Pray make no excuses, I wasn't at all hungry.—*Life*

—A most remarkable imitation of black walnut has lately been manufactured from poor pine, the quality and appearance of the article being such as to defy detection except upon very close examination. To accomplish this one part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and with this solution the wood is coated. When the material is half dry a solution of bichromate of polish with water is rubbed on it, and the made walnut is ready for use.

STOOD TO HIS POST.

The Captain of the California Traduced by Cowardly Men.

A Detroit despatch says: The *Free Press* has the following despatch from Mackinac: The opinion is expressed that if Capt. Trowell had been supported by his first officers and the rest of the crew there would have been no loss of life. It has been stated that only one boat could be lowered, but such was not the case. There were two boats lowered. The first, which should have taken the woman, was taken possession of by eight of the crew. Two more of the crew jumped into the water and caught hold of the boat, but they were not taken in, and, after hanging on as long as possible, were forced to let go, and were drowned. It is claimed by the men that were in this boat that they could not lift their companions into the boat, but this is a flimsy excuse. It is probable that the reason they were not taken into the boat was because it was feared they would overload it. The second boat that was launched was taken possession of by the first mate and two of the crew, while the captain was in the cabin after the passengers. When he returned to the deck they were gone and the passengers and remainder of the crew were left to their fate.

It has been charged by one of the crew that the captain deserted his post. The man who makes the charge was one of those that rushed into the boat and left the poor women passengers. Captain Trowell remained on the deck of his steamer until it sunk from under him, and even then he, with the assistance of his brave engineers who had manfully stood by him, succeeded in clearing a boat from the wreck and rescued the lady passenger that was saved and also the stewards. Mrs. Connerton, the lady passenger, and also Mrs. Blood, the stewardess, are loud in their praise of the captain and engineers. From all the facts learned it is evident that Captain Trowell stood at his post like a hero and did all in his power to save his passengers and crew.

THE TUG ORIENT

Founders in Lake Erie in Tuesday's Gale—All on Board Lost.

A Detroit despatch says: Another distressing marine disaster took place on Lake Erie in the great blow of Tuesday. The ill-fated craft was the tug Orient, which went down with all hands near Point au Pelee about 2 o'clock that day. The Orient left Toledo Monday night for Sandusky, expecting to pick up a tow, but retraced her course as far as Dummy Light. On the following morning she was seen by the crew of the tug Oswego making bad weather and flying a signal of distress. The Oswego herself, although a much larger tug than the Orient, was in great danger of foundering, and any thought of attempting to render assistance in the fearful sea running could not be entertained. The violence of the storm increased, and the waves broke over and almost submerged the little craft. The schooner Gleniffer, Captain Robertson, lay behind the Point, and her crew were witnesses of the disaster. Shortly before the tug went down the crew could be discerned baling her out with pails, but their feeble efforts did not count for much against the great mountains of water breaking over and filling her cabin. Her fires had evidently been extinguished, and having no steerage way she wallowed helplessly in the seas. Finally, to the horror of the helpless spectators, she took a header and disappeared from sight, carrying with her the lives of six brave men. They were, D. Lyons, master; John Davis, first engineer; Wm. Panghorn, second engineer; Edward Kane, mate; P. Dillock, fireman; Joseph Sharkey, steward. The crew all belonged to Marine City, where the boat was owned. Captain Lyons and Engineer Davis were both part owners. The crew was composed of young men, all well known and experienced tug men.

A MARRIED MAN

Advertises his Business by Insulting his Wife and She Sues Him.

A St. Thomas despatch says: A singular lawsuit is now pending between John D. Alton and his wife, of West Lorne. Alton, who is a tailor by trade, opened a shop in a house deeded to his wife by her father. His mother-in-law came to live with them, and domestic infelicity ensued, resulting in the husband being imprisoned, in default of payment of $1,200 sureties to keep the peace. During his confinement his wife and her mother removed his fixtures, and rented the building to a dressmaker. The husband, on returning, ejected the dressmaker and turned out his mother-in-law, but his wife accompanied her, whereupon the husband opened out business, posting up all over the village the notice, "My amiable, adorable and most abominable wife having left, and my domestic expenses having been thereby reduced, I am now able to make suits much cheaper than heretofore," etc. He now claims he did not know the meaning of "abominable." Mrs. Alton now brings suit to eject her husband from what she claims are her premises, and Alton enters a counter suit, claiming that whereas he expended $1,100 on the property he has a lien thereon.

What Causes Intemperance?

"Are you familiar with the various causes which bring about so much drunkenness in this benighted land?" he asked.

"I am (hic) quite familiar with some of them, sir," hiccoughed the young man politely: "such as whisky, gin, brandy and beer for (hic) instance."

Mrs. Ezra S. Allen ascended alone in a balloon from the State fair grounds at Narragansett Park, Providence, Wednesday afternoon. She reached a height of three miles, and met with diverse currents of air and a whirlwind. The situation grew so threatening that she pulled the explosion cord and fell with the balloon a mile and a half. The force of the fall was broken by the balloon alighting in a treetop.

Only four cruisers will continue the fisheries protection service after the 10th inst., the rest being withdrawn from commission for the remainder of the season, now nearly closed. So far little or no complaint of the manner in which the service has been performed has been made by the United States authorities.

—Mrs. B. B. Keefer, wife of the clergyman of that name, is lecturing in various places on "The Ruined Temple."

THE COST OF FINE PIANOS.

An Alleged $50,000 Investment—Prices of Wealthy Men's Instruments.

The one subject of which piano dealers and piano manufacturers and workmen in piano factories have been talking for the past few days is the piano said to be for Mr. Henry G. Marquand, with five figures following the dollar mark in the invoice thus: $46,950. No such price as $46,950 was ever paid for a piano before, but no prophet will venture to say that no one will ever pay so much again.

"What do you think about such a piano?" said a reporter to an uptown music dealer.

"Had you arrived at the age of maturity before the war of the rebellion began," said the dealer, "and had you been of a cynical disposition at that time, you would have been interested, not to say astounded, at the large sums of money paid as income taxes by men in this town. It gave one notoriety to pay a large income tax, and no one was debarred from paying as good a tax as he chose. Perhaps a piano could be built with that sum, but it would have to be inlaid with gold and have the monogram set in diamonds before the bill could honestly call for half as much as that."

"What, then, do the elegant pianos of the men of great wealth cost?"

"Ordinarily from $1,500 to $2,000. Mrs. Jay Gould bought one recently that cost $2,500. It was an upright grand and just as fine an instrument in everything that goes to make a piano as ever left the factory of one of the best known makers in the city. C. P. Huntington has recently purchased a piano. His cost $2,000, while Judge Hilton, another millionaire, got one not long ago for which he paid a little more than $2,200, I believe. Now, these instruments were the very best the workmen could produce. The builders knew, of course, that it would help them to sell fine pianos to other families if such people as these had their make of instruments. The choicest woods, seasoned to the exact dot, were used in the cases; extra quality cloth worth $18 a yard, where the ordinary stuff used is worth from $5 to $10, went to the actions; the ivory was selected from perhaps a hundred different tusks, and so on from the casters under the legs to the varnish on top, everything was the best. The monograms were worked out in gold or antique metal, or some other expensive stuff, and when the instruments were set in the parlors of the purchasers there was a richness to the tones that would enchant any one. And the tone was there to remain; such an instrument will last wonderfully. But, after all, you can get just as good an instrument, one with precisely the same tones and one that will last just as well, for less than half the money paid by Mr. Gould."—*New York Sun*.

CURED BY FAITH ALONE.

A Doctor's Ruse to Make a Dumb Woman Resume Talking.

A reliable physician in Danbury relates a remarkable case of curing a woman who had been unable to utter a syllable in two years. She had been treated by a number of doctors for her loss of voice, but to no purpose. This physician satisfied himself that there was no disease of the organ of speech nor any derangement. He concluded that she could speak if only she would be influenced to exert the will power. From a conversation with her carried on in writing he discovered that she had great faith in miraculous cures, and thought she could only be relieved in some such way. He found, too, that she was superstitious. He concluded to try the effect of a little mummery on her. Accordingly, one morning when visiting her he sat down by a table and leaned his head down upon his hands for some five minutes without speaking, as if in rapt meditation. He suddenly jumped up and told the woman that he was now right, and he was going to cure her on a certain day. He then gave her minute directions in respect to it. He told her that on that day he should come to the house at 10 a. m.; that he should first give three raps upon the window, and then he should go to the front door and give two raps; that when the door opened he would be found standing with both hands upon the door-post and his head leaning upon them; that the door to her room must be opened wide, and that he would walk in with measured tread, and when he got to her bedside he should say: "Good morning," and that she would answer in reply, "Good morning, doctor." On the appointed day he did just as he said he should, and when he said "Good morning" to her she promptly made the reply, "Good morning doctor," in a loud, strong voice. She seemed utterly astonished herself, but said she felt that what the doctor said would be true, and firmly believed that he had wrought a miracle in her cure.—*Newhaven News*.

He Drowned the Dog.

"I drowned my dog last night—the spaniel, you know."

"Why, how did you manage it? The dog swam like a duck."

"Well, I tied a loaf of bread to his neck and he went down like a rock."

"A loaf of bread?"

"Yes, my wife does her own cooking and baking now."—*Detroit Free Press*.

This "funny man" must be in league with a bakers' ring.

It Might Have Been Worse.

Husband (reading the paper)—"Another terrible railroad accident!"

Wife (shocked)—"Is that possible! How many were killed?"

Husband—"One killed and four injured!"

Wife (disappointed)—"Is that all?"

—Money flies pretty fast, considering it has no wings.

The dearest object to a man should be his wife, but it is not unfrequently her clothes.

Saturday was the third day of the Mormon conference at Salt Lake. Wilford Woodruff, President of the Twelve Apostles, read a long epistle referring to the state of the Church and the Mormon people and to the death of Jno. Taylor, saying the Church was now in the hands of the twelve, which was supposed to mean that they will not elect a president at this conference. The epistle was very long, and devoted mainly to Church affairs. He bears a personal testimony to Jos. Smith, transmitting to the apostles the keys of priesthood and power and the ceremonies of the Latter Day authority.

LIGHTNING CALCULATION.

Some Feats Performed by the Famous Zerah Colburn.

Zerah Colburn was asked to say what number multiplied into itself would give the number 568,336,125, writes Professor Proctor. The idea was to see how far he would get ahead of a practiced computer, who was set to work finding the cube root of the number—for that was what Colburn was asked for—by the usual process. But before the practiced computer had written down the number Colburn gave the answer, 645. Colburn was at this time only 8 years old, and he had not even so much instruction in arithmetic as most boys of that age have received. He knew nothing of the rules of extracting roots. But even if he had known how to extract the cube root of a number, his feat would not be less marvellous. Let any one who would learn to appreciate Colburn's calculating powers try the following experiment: Set down the number just named, and obtain the cube root by the ordinary method, making no hurry over the work; next copy the figures thus obtained, setting them down—in their order as obtained—as fast as a pen or pencil will travel, noting the time taken in this easy part of the work. Then consider that a child 8 years old obtained the right result, without pen or pencil, in less time than had been taken to copy down the number itself, to which all the calculation thus written out had been applied.

Asked what numbers will divide 36,083 exactly, Colburn at once answered: "None." Let the reader try how long it takes with pen and paper to prove that this is really so; he will have to try the divisors 3, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, 29, 31, 37, 41, 43, 47, 53 and many more, up to 187, before the proof will be complete. Once, and once only, did Colburn have to make any considerable effort in dealing with a number as he had dealt with 36,083. The number was somewhat famous in mathematical annals—viz.: 2,294,967,297, of which the great arithmetician, Fermat, had declared that it had no division. Fermat even gave what appeared to him a proof of this; but the celebrated mathematician, Euler, showed that the proof was incomplete. Euler also, after long labor, found a number, 641, which will divide Fermat's "indivisible." Colburn was set the same task that had foiled Fermat and had occupied Euler for months. The child could not answer that day, nor the next, nor for a week or fortnight; but in the third week he gave the solution. During that time he had kept no record of his work save in that wonderfully retentive brain of his. It may interest the reader to know that the number over which Fermat and Euler had contended is obtained by multiplying two into itself 31 times and adding units. Colburn did the work of thus obtaining the number in a few minutes.

She Couldn't Understand It.

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you?" asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day; "I can't understand it. Then you were pale, haggard and low spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To-day you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and shall I tell you what drove them away? It was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the 'Prescription.' Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy."

—Queen Anne pills are said to be the latest novelty offered by the druggists for interior decorations.

How to Reduce Your Expenses.

You can do it easily, and you will not have to deprive yourself of a single comfort; on the contrary, you will enjoy life more than ever. How can you accomplish this result? Easily; cut down your doctor's bills. When you lose your appetite, and become bilious and constipated, and therefore low-spirited, don't rush off to the family physician for a prescription, or, on the other hand, wait until you are sick abed before doing anything at all; but just go to the druggist's and for 25 cents get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Take them as directed, and our word for it, your unpleasant symptoms will disappear as if by magic, you will have no big doctor's bill to pay, and everybody interested (except the doctors) will feel happy.

—"In one of the old Catholic towns of Louisiana," says the Waco *Day*, "the ceremonies of the Jewish New Year took place in the Baptist Church and the musical services were conducted by a Hebrew lady, wife of a Catholic gentleman, who is himself of mixed Protestant and Catholic lineage."

A Prize of $100,000

is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning $100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous diseases (consumption is one of them) it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

Owing to the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in Italy and Mediterranean ports, the importation of rags into the Dominion from those regions is prohibited.

Imitation

Is sometimes called the sincere form of flattery. This may account for the number of imitations of the original and only positive corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. All such fail to possess equal merit, so when purchasing get the genuine "Putnam's." Safe, sure and painless. All druggists.

A large dog in a neighboring town, says the Boston *Journal*, has a great pleasure in chewing gum. When he sees any one engaged in gum-chewing, he will tease for a piece until he is satisfied. Then he will be quiet for half an hour masticating the gum with an expression of deep satisfaction.

Very Well Satisfied.

"You don't mean to say that you had to pay just as much for your pew during the summer months when the church was closed as when it was open?"

"Certainly."

"How ridiculous!"

"Oh, I don't know; I don't begrudge the money. I enjoyed the pew quite as well as though I was in it; better, if anything."—*Boston Transcript*.

The House of Lords recently held that a horse is part of the plant of a wharfinger, and that viciousness in the horse is a defect in the plant.

A large number of Kingstonians, *en route* to Kingston from New York, in connection with an excursion, had a great shake up on the New York Central, near Rome, where, in some way, a coach got off the track. The prompt stoppage of the train avoided fatalities.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Spalenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It has been suggested that an Academy of Music be started in Flesherton with—well, we won't suggest the name of the head man just yet. The whirligig of time will reveal the fact in due time.

Ras Wiman lectured to a number of Brampton ladies and a few dozen neighboring farmers recently, on the Commercial Union question. It was a cold day—for Mr. Wiman! And it promises to be yet colder.

A four story building in course of erection in New York city collapsed on Monday afternoon last and a number of people were killed and injured. A great many buildings erected in cities on this continent are little better than huge coffins.

Wonder if it wouldn't be a pretty good idea to build a tramway between Flesherton and the Station—to connect city and suburb, as it were? Another good idea—a more practical one, too—strikes us, and it is this: How would a good straight level road, with a nice plank sidewalk all the way, fill the bill? If anybody else has got a better suggestion to offer, let us hear it.

A member of our staff made a couple of rough boxes—the roughest we have ever seen—for use in our new printing office. The painters, carpenters and plasterers kicked them around and soiled their handsome features before we got a chance to take a second mortgage on them. We hated like sin to acknowledge ownership, so when a little boy asked what they were for, the m. o. o. s. gruffly replied—"Oh, them's old boxes we picked up to put spring poets and other vermin in!"

The *pilot* shows his hand in the most unmistakable manner in last week's Hanover *Post*. We knew he would all along, notwithstanding his artful little dodges to screen himself behind the editorial chair. He threatens—the usual subterfuge of cowards! while the craven tool stands with his fingers in his mouth ready to carry out the behests of his crafty ally. Let him threaten to his hearts content: THE ADVANCE has done nothing of which it need be ashamed. But the *Pilot*—what of him? We shall see.

It has always been said that pigs are stubborn animals. So they are. They are also the most contrary brutes on the face of the earth. Tuesday, about noon, we witnessed an interesting illustration of the above on Collingwood street. Several men were most earnestly endeavoring to persuade one of the swine family to go in a certain direction, while, with equal persistence and earnestness, the pig was acting as though some pressing engagement was urgently attracting him in an entirely opposite direction. The men reasoned, coaxed, cajoled, but all to no purpose—the rope to which his pigship was attached invariably pointed in the opposite direction to the one in which he was urged to direct his footsteps. Force was used, with the same result. About the only way to reason with a pig—or a "pig-headed" man—is to adopt their own lines of argument, when, they will quickly veer around and, obeying natural instincts, oppose you still; but you gain your point, and this is just what you have been aiming for!

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. NELLES.

The Estimable Chancellor of Victoria University Passes Away.

Cobourg, Oct. 17.—At 4.30 o'clock this afternoon Rev. Dr. Nelles, Chancellor of Victoria University, died of Typhoid fever after only six days' illness. He was conscious to the last. The town and college is in deep mourning over an irreparable loss.

Samuel S. Nells, D.D., LL.D., for thirty-seven years at the head of the University of Victoria College, was a son of William and Mary Hardy Nelles, and was born at Mount Pleasant, near Brantford, Ont., Oct. 17th, 1823. His paternal ancestors were originally from Germany, and were among the early settlers in the Mohawk Valley, N.Y. In 1839 he went to Lewiston Academy, N.Y., where John G. Saxe, the poet, was his tutor.

In June, 1842, Dr. Nelles was one of the first two students matriculated at Victoria College, Cobourg. After spending two years in this institution he finished his under graduate course at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and received the degree of B. A. in 1846. Returning to Canada Dr. Nelles was appointed to the presidency of Victoria College, and since Sept., 1850, has held that responsible position. Under his administration Victoria College has greatly prospered. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Queen's University in 1860 and that of LL.D. by Victoria University in 1873.

He was held in high esteem by the educators of the province, and was loved and revered by all who knew him. As a lecturer and preacher on educational subjects he had but few peers in the Dominion.

In July, 1851, he married Miss Mary B. Wood, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood of Toronto. Mrs. Nelles and five children, two sons and three daughters, survived the loss of a husband and father who was uniformly kind and good. Dr. Nelles died on the anniversary of his 64th birthday. The funeral will take place at Cobourg on Wednesday afternoon.

DR. NELLES' BIRTHPLACE.

Dr. Nelles had a warm corner in his heart for the old village of Mount Pleasant, five miles from Brantford, where he was born. It is a straggling street, with old houses, and fine old trees on either side of it, running thrugh a rich and beautiful country, settled by the Nelleses, Biggars, Hardys, Ellises and Eadies seventy years ago. The Doctor would go a long piece out of his way to see a Mount Pleasant boy, and once found he would sit and talk with him, altogether unmindful of time, of the chronicles and characters of his native place.

A SON'S SAD JOURNEY.

One of the Doctor's sons arrived in town last night from the west, but not in time to catch the train for Cobourg. He had retired to bed at Thomas' hotel before the news reached the city of his father's death, and consequently had yet to learn of his and his family's bereavement.

If you want your Watch to go properly and keep time to the minute, take it to Russell to be repaired.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN. The largest organ and one that plays a controlling part of the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Receipe book and medicine $1. Sold by all dealers.

W. C. T. U. Department.]

A High License Catechism.

Q. What is high license?

A. It is a law which for a stipulated sum authorizes the rum seller to manufacture drunkards.

Q. What raw material does the rum seller use in such a manufacture?

A. Boys.

Q. Whose boys?

A. Anybody's boys—your neighbors and your own.

Q. What benefit is to be derived from a high license law?

A. It will elevate the business.

Q. What business?

A. The business of making drunkards.

Q. How does it propose to do this?

A. By shutting up the deadfalls and rendering the palace saloons more attractive.

Q. What is the difference between a deadfall and a palace saloon?

A. A palace saloon is where the boys take their first lesson in crime; the deadfall is where they graduate.

Q. What is the difference between a Prohibitionist and a High Licensist?

A. High Licentists believe in putting whiskey into a boy through a $1,000 funnel, and then putting the boy into the gutter; the Prohibitionists believe in putting the whiskey into the gutter and saving the boy.—*Waco Advance.*

If you want bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, &c. go to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

North Grey Fall Show.

The North Grey Agricultural Society held their annual Fall Show on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The show of Grain, Fruit, Vegetables, Dairy Produce, Manufactures, etc., was held in the Town Hall. In grain there was not as many entries as last year, but the quality was good. There was an excellent display of Butter, both as to quantity and quality. A number of Manufantures were to the front with Furniture, Musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Harness, etc., and also a display of Cloth and Gents Furnishings, by C. Hall, and Geo. Eberle. The show of live stock was not up to former years in the number of entries. The Horses were perhaps the best ever shown in the county. The show altogether was not a success, and some steps should be taken by the Society, and all those interested to improve our Exhibitions in the future.—*Owen Sound Advertiser.*

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure insipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25 cents and sure cure. Sold by all dealers.

W. BOOTH,
The Boss Barber,
FLESHERTON,
(Late of Shelburne)
Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop
LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.
Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.
Oct. 6th, 1887.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

NOTICE.
GRAY CHAMPION!
A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY - | - OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
—OR—
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

The
CHILDRENS HEALTH.
One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using
Siamese Worm Powders.
Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!
Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**
If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?
IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS
and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.
It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.
It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint
W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00	to	4	20
Fall Wheat	$0 72	to	0	75
Spring Wheat	0 72		0	75
Barley	0 45		0	62
Oats	0 28		0	28
Peas	0 55		0	55
Butter	0 17		0	20
Eggs, fresh	0 16		0	16
Potatoes bag	0 60		0	60
Pork	5 60		5	60
Hay, per ton	6 00		6	00
Hides	6 00		7	00
Wool	18			21
Sheepskins	0 40		0	50
Geese	0 05		0	05
Turkeys	0 7		0	7
Chickens per pair	0 25		0	30
Ducks per pair	0 40		0	50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,
You will find an assortment of
Heavy and Light Harness,
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,
Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.
"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.
Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.
MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.
Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

THE CELEBRATED Dr CHASES MANDRAKE * DANDELION
LIVER CURE
HAVE YOU
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.
NATURE'S REMEDY
The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.
500,000 SOLD
Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.
SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE
Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 800 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.
TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.
TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
J. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

Flesherton Meat Market.
S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.
Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

EUGENIA
Real Estate Agency
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.
Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.
HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

FURNITURE

Furniture !

FURNITURE.

The

Flesherton

Furniture

Warerooms

On Durham St. are being constantly resupplied with

NEW STOCK

Which for elegance, design, and workmanship cannot be surpassed in the County, and at prices as

LOW AS THE LOWEST.

—SEE OUR—

CRADLES!

Either Pannel or Spindle. VERY CHEAP.

FOLDING CRIB

BEDSTEADS

At prices never before heard of.

CHILDRENS

Cot ❋ Bedsteads!

Real Beauties, at figures that will surprise you.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE

BEDSTEADS

Of every design and price.

Another lot of those

Carpet Rockers!

Just arrived to be trimmed to your order.

We have more of those handsome **Bedroom Suites** that are giving so much satisfaction and pleasure, to be sold at close prices.

Ali kinds of

Lumber, Lath, or Shingles

WANTED and will be taken as cash.

J. E. MOORE,

Contractor & Furniture Dealer.

Durham St.,

Next door to H. Richardson & Co

County News.

Chesley is agitating for a new town hall.

A young woman drew a revolver and deliberately shot at her seducer, during the progress of Euphrasia Township fall show a few days ago. It is to be regretted that her aim was not surer, as the earth would have been well rid of the scoundrel, who belongs to a disreputable race.

A running race arising out of the speeding contests at the Great Northern came off at the Town Park on Wednesday afternoon, between Tyson's "Grey Eagle," and Mahoney's "Black Cloud." Both are Thornbury horses. "Grey Eagle," was ridden by Tweedy, one of the best jockies in Canada, and Arthur Cameron rode "Black Cloud." The race was easily won by "Grey Eagle," in two straight heats.—*Collingwood Enterprise.*

Barrie, Oct. 10.—John Nixon, a farmer living about two miles south of here, was run over and instantly killed near Allandale, on Saturday night by the Hamilton express, The engineer saw him lying across the rails, but not in time to stop the train. Doctors think he fell in a fit while walking on the track, it being the nearest way home. He leaves a widow and four children.

On Thursday evening last, a regular old time *chivari* was got up by the "boys" on the return of Mr. Timothy Chambers and his bride—the wedding having been celebrated at Chatsworth on the previous Monday. Cow bells, gongs, saws and tin pans were brought into requisition to an extent which could not fail to rouse a responsive echo of joy in the breast of the "youthful" bridegroom, who is upwards of 75 years of age.—*Owen Sound Times*

Big Breeders.—An exchange says, a man by the name of Maxwell, Heathcote, has a Toulouse goose which this year has laid 26 eggs from which 41 goslings have been hatched. This can't compare with a brood sow owned by that illustrious character the Laird o' Keppel, She has in the past three years had 87 pigs, and her last litter was 27. He expects in the next three years to double the number. Bravo!—*Wiarton Echo.*

On Friday last Mr. Jas. H. Telfer, auditor for the Norther Railway, was in town and went for a drive with his wife and child, and Mrs. Jas. Telfer. On Sixth street, the horse went through a large hole in a culvert, and falling over broke the shafts. Mr. Telfer was very quick in jumping out and securing the animal, or the consequences might have been serious to the occupants of the rig. The horse was slightly injured. Mr. Telford very properly intends to bill our negligent and culpable Council for the costs. A Council which permits its Board of Works to keep the streets in such a disgraceful condition should be bounced by the electors, who have to pay twenty-two mills on the dollar for this sort of thing.—*Collingwood Enterprise.*

The morning after the show things looked rather curious to some people and especially strange to a few young sports, who thought they saw a bear meandering around in the top of a tree in Breeze's bush. Pitchforks, shotguns, carving knives, bootjack and black bottles were in active demand for a while, and fully armed and equipped the boys started out determined to kill the bear or capture the tree alive. Several halts were called on the way to the bush and the charge of the bottles closely examined and everything found satisfactory. By the time they reached the bear it had transformed itself into a revolving tree, and as revolving trees are becoming rather scarce in this part of the country they concluded to let the bear alone. The tree must have been surrepticiously removed, as it could not be found a short time after on search being made for it by a party of curiosity seekers.—*Chatsworth News.*

On Saturday morning last, about 2 o'clock, burglars entered the residence of Mr. E. Stonehouse, Barrister, of this town, gaining an entrance through the dining-room window. After searching down stairs and not finding anything valuable proceeded upstairs and going into his daughter's bedroom obtained Mrs. Stonehouse's gold chain and a locket. It seems Miss Stonehouse awoke and saw a figure in the room, and as Mr. and Mrs. Stonehouse had been away and returned, exclaimed, "is that you, Ma," when the man decamped, nearly tumbling while in the act of going down the stairs. They also visited a Mr. W. Hills, mason on Main street. They opened the side window where on the table was a number of flower pots and other articles, which they lifted outside, seemingly placing them very carefully on the ground for safety. In attempting to get through the window disturbed a dog inside, which on hearing the noise barked ferociously causing the burglars to make a hasty retreat and awakening the inmates, thus preventing the marauders from getting anything.—*Brampton Times.*

Our British Columbia Letter.

To the Editor of The Advance.

I have just returned from a week's visit to Chilliwhack. You will want to know where on earth that is. Well it is about 45 miles up the Fraser, east from New Westminster. It is a valley of level land extending about 30 miles by 10 to 15 in width, and to all appearance hemmed in by mountains of all conceivable shapes and forms. The land is exceedingly fertile, being mostly made up of a sandy sediment, left after high floods. During the high water of '82 some settlers had to be taken out, or, shall I say, rescued from the windows of their houses in canoes by Indians. Yet here they are again reaping abundant harvests.

This being the time of the Pro. Show, and held at this place, we—I mean my larger half—took boat at Port Haney and after five hours steam-boating—picking up every passenger wherever he showed himself on the river's bank—we got to the much praised Chilliwhack. In passing through the village of Centreville, some one shouted, "Webster!" Turning around—"Were you ever in Markdale—ah! why, yes, I was sure it was you; my name is Bruce—shake, old fellow!" Next we called on John Mercer, who was hammering away as busy as ever Vulcan was. We were a trifle odd on foot, as everybody was either in carriage, buggy or waggon. A turn in the road brought us face to face, and laughing all over at that. Who? Why, Wm. Hall, a former resident of the Valley near Meaford Road, and whom we knew when a child and have not seen for ten years.

"Well, well," says Willie, "I knew it was you the minute I saw you."

We stayed with him all night. He has 18 cows and a lot of young stock. He showed us a patch from which he dug a ton of potatoes and now has a fine appearance for a crop of turnips. Don't think it was over 8 square rods.

Next in order we visit our old friend, Shelton Knight. He has a fine place and some fine well-bred cows. He takes the prize for one, also first for butter, Berkshire pig, carrots and some other articles. Another night spent here. Next morning, in company with Mrs. Knight and Ebby Knight, we are driven some three miles to Fanny's place, where we meet another friendly greeting; and after a pleasant day spent here, her husband will not hear to us walking back, and takes his waggon and drives us to Shelton's, where we stay till the following morning and ride to steamboat landing. I forgot to say Wm. Hall takes first prize for a herd of young stock, and that his sister Jane is now en route for the East again.

Chilliwhack is the garden of the Province. It is well adapted for stock-raising. Root crops grow to an immense size. 3 tons of hay per acre. Land is held from $50 to $100 per acre. Some ranchers have as high as 50 head of cattle. Sheep—I have not seen a good one in the Province. Steam threshers and machinery of all kinds are in common use here.

After 5 hours tedious waiting for the boat, upon which we had return tickets, the rain—well, yes, it can rain here about as good as it does at the equator, sometimes pouring down the while. At last she came, having been delayed at Hope for cattle. Laughing now took the place of some coarser expressions, as some unlucky passengers sat down with a jerk in the soft mud in trying to descend the bank towards the gangway of the boat.

The parties mentioned above are known to many of your readers.

Yours truly,

J. M. Webster.

The only Evidence of Insanity.

The following experience of a Mississippi lawyer was related by himself to the writer many years ago. He said:

"I was defending a prisoner for horse-stealing, and seeing no other means of defending him, under the circumstances, I set up the plea of insanity. I argued it at length, read many extracts from works on medical jurisprudence, and had the patient attention of the court. The prosecuting attorney did not attempt to reply to my argument or controvert my authorities; I seemed to have things my own way, and whispered to the prisoner that he needn't be uneasy. Then came the judge's charge, in which he reminded the jury that there was no dispute between council as to the facts of the case. Indeed there could not have been, for several witnesses swore positively that they saw my client steal the horse. 'But,' concluded the court, 'the plea of insanity has been set up, and I charge you, gentlemen of the jury, that it should receive your very grave and serious deliberation; but I must be allowed to say, gentlemen, that for myself, upon a review of the whole case, I can discover no evidence of insanity on the part of the prisoner, except, perhaps, in the selection of his council.'"

Criticism.—A lady in Brockville states—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a long standing cold in my head that was pronounced Catarrh. The Balm gave immediate relief and permanently cured me. It was so pleasant and agreeable to use that I at first thought it "no good." I now use it with my children for colds and stoppage of the nasal passages.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TENDERS

WILL be received till 16th November, 1887, for building Presbyterian Brick Church in Priceville. Plans and Specifications to be seen with Secretary.

A McCUAIG, Chairman } of Building
REV. D. W. McLEOD, Secretary } Committee.

329-333.

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. George Moorehouse, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

Hamilton Spectator!

MORNING, EVENING, WEEKLY,

The Leading Liberal-Conservative Newspaper of Canada.

—GET THE—

Weekly Spectator

One Dollar a Year.

Bright, Incisive, Able Editorials,
The Complete News of the day,
The Choicest Miscellaneous Reading
Seriel Stories by the Best Authors,
Dr. Talmage's Great Sermons,
The Fullest Market Reports,
The Choicest Humor.

Everything for Everybody.

The Spectator never misses news, is never dull, and never shirks a public question. It is always clean and strong.

$1.00

Will purchase for you for a year the Weekly Spectator, the best Conservative journal and the best weekly newspaper in Canada.

Unusually liberal commissions to agents. Address THE SPECTATOR, Hamilton, Ont.

Auction Sale!

Of Valuable Farm, in the Township of Artemesia.

Under and by virtue of the Power of Sale in a certain Mortgage from Andrew Rutledge to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of Sale, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

—IN THE—

Village —of— Flesherton!

—ON—

Friday, the 28th day of October, 1887.

At 12 o'clock noon, by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer.

The South-West part of Lot number 140 in the Second Concession S. W. of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres more or less of which about 40 are said to be cleared and 36 free from stumps and well fenced and cultivated. On the premises are said to be a good frame Barn and House and an Orchard. The property is within one mile of Flesherton, and is an EXCELLENT WHEAT FARM.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. at the time of Sale, fifteen per cent. within one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by a mortgage on the premises payable at the expiration of five years with interest at seven per cent. yearly or such other terms as may be arranged with the purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK, Vendor's Solicitors.

Toronto, Oct. 10th, 1887. 329-331

STRAY COW.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, Lot No. 5, Con. 4, Osprey, some time ago, one Cow, aged. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

GEO. FISHER,
Osprey, Oct. 5th, 1887. Maxwell, P.O.
329-331.

NOTICE to CREDITORS.

IN the matter of JOHN GORDON, of the Town of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, Saddler.

Notice is hereby given that the above named John Gordon has made an assignment of all his estate and effects to the undersigned Charles Parsons of Toronto in pursuance of an Act Respecting Assignments for the benefit of Creditors, 48 Victoria, Chapter 26 and amending Acts thereto and the creditors are notified to meet at No. 79 Front Street East, Toronto on the First day of November, 1887, at one o'clock p.m. to receive statements of his affairs, appoint inspectors, and give directions with reference to the disposal of the estate generally.

All creditors are requested to send forthwith to the undersigned statements of their claims verified by affidavit, and notice is hereby given that after the 5th day of November next the said trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given, and will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or debt he shall not have notice.

Dated this 6th day of Oct., 1887.

CHARLES PARSONS,
329-330 Assignee.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., Ont.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

Head Office, 761 Yonge St., Toronto.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, Flesherton.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

Offices—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St., Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

Flesherton, Co. Grey.

Division Court Clerk, Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Notary Public.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY.

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

Picture Framing,

Neatly, Cheaply & Quickly Done, by

J. E. MOORE,

Durham St., Opposite Clayton's Harness Shop

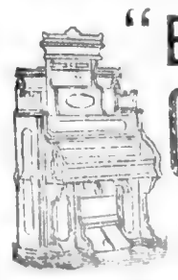

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

HOT TIMES IN IRELAND.

Dramatic Scene at the Trial of the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

HIS WORSHIP ACQUITTED.

The Moonlight Traitor Tells How Policeman Whelehan Was Murdered.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: The Irish situation remains practically unchanged. The Government and the League are in deadly grapple, but as yet it is uncertain which will win. Although Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Lord Salsbury and Lord Ashbourne are ready to go to the utmost extremities, they cannot possibly forget the restraint of public opinion. Conservatives are consoled with the reflection that hitherto the Government have done all they attempted, while the Nationalist resistance is abortive. The disappearance of Mr. Davitt and Mr. O'Brien's escape produced a bad moral effect on their followers.

A last (Thursday) night's Dublin cable says: The trial of Lord Mayor Sullivan and Mr. O'Brien, for publishing in the papers respectively controlled by them reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League, was opened this afternoon at the Mansion House Court. At 2.30 the Lord Mayor was driven to the court, followed by Mr. John Dillon, ex-Lord Mayors Gray and Dawson and ex-Sheriff McDonald and others. The city marshal led the civic dignitaries, who were all arrayed in the full robes of office. Mr. O'Brien joined the procession soon after it started. The streets through which it passed were thronged, and the Lord Mayor and Mr. O'Brien were the recipients of a great ovation. Policemen wandered singly through the crowds. A cordon of police surrounded the Mansion House, and prevented the crowd from approaching the court-room. There were fifty municipal officers in court. After the case had been called a warm dispute occurred between the police attendants in the court and Mr. Sexton, M. P., and High Sheriff of Dublin, arising from the desire of the latter to place the city sword and mace before the magistrate. The police attempted to prevent the placing of the city emblems on the table, whereupon Mr. Sexton and the other municipal officers seized the sword and attempted to place it there by force. The police and municipal officers struggled for possession of the sword, while the spectators in the gallery cheered Mr. Sexton and exhorted him to "Hold on." After a few minutes, both sides desisted, a compromise was effected and the sword was placed on the magistrate's bench.

Mr. O'Brien did not enter the court to answer the summons against him. The case of Mr. Sullivan was proceeded with. Mr. Carsen appeared as counsel for the Crown and Mr. Timothy Healy appeared for the defence. After hearing the evidence the Court dismissed the case on the ground that the Crown had not proved that the meeting reported in the *Nation* was a meeting of a suppressed branch of the National League. The spectators and the crowd outside were wildly enthusiastic over the decision. Mr. O'Brien's case will be called to-morrow.

The Counsel for the Crown has given notice of an appeal against the decision of the Court.

In the trial of moonlighters at Ennis for the murder of Constable Whelehan, Callinan, who turned State's evidence, testified as follows:

On Sunday night, about dusk, we met in a quarry. Two guns and two revolvers were brought by the Learys and were loaded in the quarry. A council was then held. Thomas Leary said that Sexton should be shot dead. He did not believe in scratches. One man shot had more effect than twenty wounded. On leaving the quarry we went through the bogs to Sexton's house. Most of the party wore handkerchiefs or white cloths over their faces. When we got to the bog near to the public road at Sexton's house, Thomas Leary told the parties to stand. He then said: "If we meet any police let nobody run away. Walk on as if we were on business, and if the police stop us let us all turn on them and mob them and kill them." Several spoke at the time. Thomas Leary and Michael Murphy were the chief spokesmen. We then got on the road. Peter Murphy was left in the field near the road, so that in case any police passed he could give the alarm. We then proceeded up the back yard to Sexton's house. I put my hand on the latch and found it bolted. I then knocked, and some one from the inside asked who was there. I said "Police," as had been previously arranged. The door was then opened. I was the first that stepped in. Thos. Leary, Daniel Leary and Murty Curtis were abreast behind me, coming in. Lalor and Hehir were behind them, and Michael Murphy was to stay in the back yard to give the alarm. Michael Murphy had a stick. The moment I entered I wheeled to the right into a bed-room. The visit of our party that night was not to be confined to the Sextons. We were to visit the house of one Callaghan, who did not live far away from Sexton's. The reason for the visit was his taking or grabbing Kelly's land. The particular reason for visiting Callaghan's was that Thomas Leary said if he was not visited that night it could not be done for a long time, as the police would be very busy in the neighborhood after Sexton was shot. Thomas Leary was inside the threshold of the door, and in the scuffle that followed I saw him let go his rifle and force his way out of the back door. I saw the police run down and several arrests were made. Peter Murphy was down in the field the last time I saw him. I had previously asked Thomas Leary to get me a stick to help me to walk through the bog. When we got to the bog where the council was held Michael Murphy said, "Give me the stick, as I have no arms and I must stay in the back yard." I then gave it to him. I would know the stick.

Mr. Lynch, for the defence, gave him a most searching cross-examination, but Callinan displayed the greatest coolness and composure and proved himself a capital witness by the clear and succinct manner in which he answered every question.

The Rev. P. D. O'Reagan, Dean of the Catholic Church at Mitchellstown, has obtained a summons against Capt. Plunkett for trespass for entering the Dean's grounds at the head of a force of police and hussars and dispersing a crowd assembled there on the occasion of the conviction of Mr. William O'Brien.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In a speech at Abeerystwith this evening Lord Spencer said he was satisfied that the League had nothing to do with the crime in Ireland. Referring to the trial of Lord Mayor Sullivan, he said he would not advocate a breach of the law, but in the present state of affairs he could not expect anything different on the part of the Irish people. He was convinced more strongly than ever that Ireland needed Home Rule.

A last (Friday) night's Dublin cable says: The hearing in the case of William O'Brien, who was summoned for publishing accounts of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League in *United Ireland*, has been adjourned pending a decision of the appeal to the Superior Court by the Crown in the case against Lord Mayor Sullivan. Mr. Healey, Mr. O'Brien's counsel, applauded the Magistrate's decision, and said the court had shown itself fair-minded in its disposition of the case. Mr. O'Brien was not present.

The work of eviction at Gweedore was finished to-day. There was no resistance or disorder.

A London cable says: The collapse of the Government's prosecution of Lord Mayor Sullivan and Mr. O'Brien involves a great deal more than mere delay in the enforcement of a single clause of the Coercion Act. Since the Dublin magistrate's decision and free construction of the clause of the Act forbidding the publication of reports of the proceedings of suppressed branches of the National League, the matter has been submitted to the Crown lawyers in England and Ireland, and their opinion thus far given supports Magistrate O'Donnell's finding, making it extremely improbable that the Government will proceed with its appeal from his decision. The discussion of the case in the Dublin court disclosed a road by which the League may drive a coach and six through the Crimes Bill. Judge O'Donnell dismissed the case against Mr. Sullivan on the ground that proof was wanting that the reports published were those of branches that had been suppressed by proclamation. The Crown Counsel pointed to the fact that this decision implied that the Government, in the event of subsequent charges of illegal publication, must prove that the meetings whose proceedings were published were really meetings of suppressed branches of the League, and that the persons present at such meetings were really members of those branches. This construction, he contended, was tantamount to permanently disabling the prosecution, unless the charges could be supported by the admission of incriminated parties, and further than this it would be impossible under such interpretation of the Act to obtain the evidence required to convict. The position, therefore, is that if the decision of the court holds good, not only will press prosecutions be futile, but the Government will have great difficulty in proving that meetings of suppressed branches are illegal.

The Scotland Yard officials profess to have received information to the effect that a number of American Fenians are contemplating a series of dynamite outrages in Ireland and England. Returning ships at both Queenstown and Liverpool are closely watched, and a sharp watch is kept upon the American Fenians by trusted agents in New York. All the special police precautions that were in use during the troublous times of 1881 and 1882 have been revived for Mr. Balfour's protection.

At Ennis yesterday the prisoners under examination for complicity in the murder of Constable Whelihan were, on the testimony of Callinan, the approver, committed for trial. Bail was refused. The populace cheered the prisoners as they were led to jail

The summons obtained by the Rev. P. D. O'Reagan, Dean of the Catholic Church at Mitchellstown, against Captain Plunkett for trespass for entering the Dean's grounds and dispersing a crowd which had assembled there on the occasion of the trial of William O'Brien, has been dismissed by the magistrate on the ground of irregularity.

A League mass meeting was held at Longford to-day. During the proceedings the platform collapsed and a Government reporter was injured. Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., chaffed the reporter on his first trial of a plank bed. Continuing, Mr. Healy said that there would soon be no landlords left in Ireland. He would deal with the landlords in securing their rights as he would in driving rats from a haystack. The landlords were more bothered by the Plan of Campaign than they were by the killing of bailiffs. The deadliest place to hit them was their pockets. He hoped that the mortgages of Lord Granard would not leave him a brass farthing to bless himself with. The Irish were strong enough to subdue the paltry Loyalist crew.

Life in Toronto.

After a night of debauchery Thomas Cunningham, a man about 40 years of age, was found dead in his bed, at 16 Agnes street, Toronto, yesterday morning. His wife was lying beside him speechlessly drunk and could not be made to understand what had taken place.

Woman's Rights.

He—Now that we are married, we are one, and I shall insist that this be the last time you appear in a low-necked dress.

She—We may be one, but you are only half of us, and I shall dress my half as I please.

The New York custom house employs twenty-three women. Their duties are to examine the baggage of ladies arriving from foreign parts, and to search the persons of women who are suspected of attempting to defraud the revenue. Their pay is $3 day.

A complete orchestra of Japanese instruments has lately been presented to the conservatory at Paris by a Dutch government official.

Miss Olive Barr, a wealthy young lady of Odin, Ill., fell in love with W. E. Arrowsmith, a poverty-stricken youth. Her parents chased the young man out of the country, but Miss Barr followed him, and a wedding was the result. The young woman is worth $150,000 in her own right.

The last of the British cavalry are about to be withdrawn from Egypt.

IT READS LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

A Georgia Farmer's Benevolence Rewarded by a Pile of Money.

An Atlanta despatch says: A pretty little romance has just reached an interesting culmination in Rabun county. At the base of the Tiger Mountain, half a mile off the main road leading to Clayton, resides a sober old farmer named Geo. W. Dillard, who has a wife and two sons. Early last summer Mr. Dillard received a letter from his wife's brother, whom he had not seen since 1849. At that time James McCurrie was a young man, as was also George W. Dillard. The news had reached Georgia of the wonderful gold discoveries in California. Among those who were full of the excitement were McCurrie and Dillard. They had perfected all arrangements for going thither, and were bidding the family good-bye when Dillard faltered. The tearful eyes of McCurrie's young sister touched his heart, especially as she was weeping for him and not for her brother. Throwing down his bundle, he declared that he would stay if the girl would marry him. To this she cheerfully agreed, so Dillard remained a Georgia farmer, while McCurrie jumped into the stage coach and was borne away. Since that time he has never been heard of.

It was with mingled feelings, therefore, that Dillard read the letter from his old comrade. McCurrie stated that he had worked against adverse fortune, declining to write to the folks at home until he could strike it rich, but every year found him growing poorer, and now old, feeble and poor, his great wish was to look once more upon his native hills. That he could not do so unless he was sent money enough upon which to return. Mr. Dillard read the letter to his wife and sons.

"We must send him the money," said the old man. So a cow and a mule were sacrificed and the money went on its mission across the continent. Several weeks' time brought another letter, in which the old man expressed his gratefulness for the kindness done him, but he was too ill to undertake the journey. After that no more was heard from him.

On Monday Dillard received a letter which recited that James McCurrie was dead; that he wished to test the fidelity of his sister's family; that their prompt response to his appeal had moved him, and that by his will his property in California, valued at $1,600,000, was willed in equal parts to his sister, her husband and their two sons.

The two young men passed through Atlanta to-night *en route* for California to take possession of the property, which they hope to shortly convert into cash, when they will return.

The Canadian Northwest.

Messrs. Hugh Johnston and W. Gooderham, of Toronto, have addressed a letter to the Victoria, B. C., *Colonist*, with a view of explaining and defending the remarks made by them which gave so much umbrage to the people of that city.

The Home Land & Cattle Company, of Wood Mountain, a company composed of United States citizens, have driven the cattle they intended for this country into the Mills River country in consequence of the refusal of the Dominion Government to give them concessions they desired with respect to duty.

George Butterworth, a waiter on the C. P. R. dining car Kensington, was dragged to death at Gleichen yesterday by a runaway horse.

There is already a grain blockade on the Canadian Pacific Railway at Carberry. Only 10,000 bushels have been marketed out of a yield of 600,000 bushels in that district, and the C.P.R. are unable to transport it. They only supplied one car in the last three days for the four elevators, which are now blocked. There was a demand yesterday throughout the Province for 300 cars and it could not be met.

The Dominion injunction case against the Red River Valley Railway was begun to-day before Judge Killam.

The Chief Justice yesterday gave judgment in the application which was made some days ago for an extension of time in which to proceed with the election petition against Mr. Scarth. He refused the application. This, until reversed, insures Scarth the seat. The judgment will be appealed against.

Ten more cars of rails for the R. R. Valley have arrived.

The first shipment of stock from the Calgary ranches, consisting of fourteen cars, passed through the city to-night. Some thirty-six cars are on the way. They are billed to Montreal.

Detroit's Little Tragedy of Love.

A Detroit despatch says: Hiram Corliss, foreman of the trimmers who look after the street lamps, sustained a fatal shock while working on the crosstrees of an electric-light pole in front of the opera house last night. The network of wires caught him as he fell, and for nearly ten minutes he hung suspended in the air while a great crowd gathered below. When finally he was rescued there was a faint spark of life, but five minutes later he was dead.

"Who is it?" asked a girl, as the body was being removed to the undertaker's. A bystander told her. The girl broke into a fit of hysterical weeping and fell to the sidewalk. It was Emma Cook, who was Corliss' fiancee.

In a sandpit near Omaha two enormous teeth have been dug up. The naturalist who tells the story of their discovery says that they must have belonged to some animal that was at least "six times as large as the modern elephant," and that ate timber as a steady diet. Maybe the existence of such an animal accounts for the vast prairies of the west, and that he starved to death when the supply of timber gave out.

In the Frigid North.—They have a cold time of it in Arthur, according to the *Enterprise*, which this week has the following: "Perhaps somebody will call us an able-bodied prevaricator when we assert that the frost on Sunday night last was severe enough to burst iron pipes. It is a fact, however, that the pipes of two threshing engines were burst by the water in them becoming congealed."

An apple tree on the farm of Capt. T J. Williamson, in Pleasants county, Va., which has borne fruit for a number of years, has never been known to blossom. This year the tree is again full of fine large apples, the strangest thing about which is that the fruit has neither core nor seed.

HOW SHE HID HER MORPHINE VICE.

A School Girl with a Deceptive Pen and an Ink Bottle that Held the Drug.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The ingenuity of morphine victims to hide their vice has never been better illustrated than in the case of a young girl at a fashionable young ladies' boarding-school near this city, who has just been taken away by her parents. She said she learned to use morphine from a young married woman, well known in society in New York, whom she met at a watering place last summer.

The disclosure came about accidentally. When the young student returned to the school this fall she had periods of deep despondency, and often asked the privillege of going to the room in the seminary set apart as a hospital. There she would lie for a day at a time, only rousing herself when any one approached the table, on which stood an ink bottle and a stylographic pen. The nurse having occasion to send a message to the doctor attempted to write with this pen, the young girl at that time being asleep. The pen not only refused to write, but the practised eye of the nurse instantly recognized in the point the puncturing needle of a hypodermic syringe. This led to an examination of the ink bottle. It was a four-ounce bottle, but there was no ink in it. It was painted black on the outside, and contained Magendie's solution of morphia, enough for 128 one-half grain doses, or sufficient to last until the Christmas holidays. The principal of the school was summoned immediately and the sleeping girl's arm bared. It was punctured from the shoulder almost to the hand, and the livid blue marks confirmed the suspicion which was changed to absolute certainty by the small abscess which had begun to form in the forearm just above the wrist. The habit had been formed about two months only, and there is a possibility that a cure can be effected.

A CHILD'S FATAL SHOT.

A Young Man Instantly Killed by an Eight-Year-Old Boy.

A Mattawa despatch says: Ernest Aspect *dit* Desairne, a resident of Buckingham, Quebec, was shot dead here about half-past 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening. The deceased, who was about 20 years old, was in the employ of Mrs. N. Timmins, and was sitting in the kitchen in conversation with Mrs. Sutcliffe, a fellow-servant, when an 8-year-old son of the latter picked up a double-barrelled gun which was standing in the corner of the room, one barrel of which unfortunately proved to be loaded. Pointing the weapon towards the deceased and his own mother, the child cocked both locks, pulling first one and then the other trigger, the second of which caused the discharge of the piece, lodging the whole of the heavy charge of shot in the throat of the unfortunate young man, whose death was instantaneous. Judge Doran, stipendiary magistrate and coroner for the district of Nipissing, was immediately notified, and decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

Animals as Doctors.

An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun.

When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on it completes the amputation with its teeth.

If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound and dressing it with leaves or grass.

A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it. The animal recovered.

A dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days in running water. The animal eventually recovered.

When a dog has lost his appetite he eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, also seek out certain herbs.

Animals suffering from rheumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which M. Dulauney considers to be more certain than any of the other methods.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, airy places, drink water, and sometimes plunge into it.

The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latrelle cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their little mouths.

Many physicians have been observers of animals, their diseases, and the methods adopted by them in their instinct to cure themselves, and have appropriated the knowledge so brought under their observation in their practice.

A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoided heat and light, although habitually kept close to the fire; it adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

A despatch from Cooktown, Australia, says that the German gunboat Adler, conveying King Malietoa, arrived there and transferred the King aboard the Albatross, which sailed, it is supposed, for German New Guinea.

Mr. J. J. McArthur, of Aylmer, who is making a topographical survey of the Rocky Mountains, this summer ascended to the summit of Mount Stephen, the second highest peak in the Rockies, 10,523 feet above the sea level. Mr. McArthur was accompanied by an assistant.

Within the past 40 years numerous attempts have been made to introduce the English skylark into this country. Large numbers of the birds have been brought over and liberated at various points from Delaware to New England, but without exception the birds have disappeared at once and never been heard of again, except occasionally, after intervals of years, reports come of one being heard in some parts of the country. Abroad they flourish from the south of England to Scandinavia. Why they die in this country no one knows. Some think that they do not die, but that the country is so big that they scatter over it as soon as landed, and are swallowed up in its immensity, as it were.

—Church choirs should be permitted to engage in games of chants.

NOVEL CURE FOR A CANCER.

A Connecticut Man's Life Saved by Live Toads.

The usefulness of toads has been a debated question. While the gardener has contended that the batrachian had its place as a destroyer of insects, even this has been pooh-poohed by doubting humanity, and as a medical remedy—why they have not even been dreamed of. It has remained for a Connecticut man to discover a new field of usefulness for the toad as a remedy for what has been hitherto considered incurable—the cancer.

Thomas Gladden, a resident of New Britain, Conn., tells the remarkable story of his experience. Mr. Gladden is a vender of tin, who has followed the occupation of selling from house to house for many years, and is one of the few specimens of Yankee peddler still following his profession. He is known in many towns within a radius of 25 miles from his home, where he had been a regular visitor from time to time.

About five years ago a small pimple on the left cheek of Mr. Gladden developed into a cancer. So he was informed by various reputable physicians whom he consulted. He tried various remedies without success, although some of them succeeded in staying the progress of the deadly scourge, which had increased meanwhile to a great sore which covered a good part of his face. But while the disgusting malady did not increase it did not get much better, and indeed Mr. Gladden was told that he might eventually lose his life. It was very painful at times. Finally, a neighbor suggested a new remedy—live toads. W. S. Campbell was the neighbor. Campbell looks like a man who might suggest a remedy of that nature. He gives the idea of being a man whose ablutions are not of ever-recurring frequency. Nevertheless, it is said that there are a good many things in his head that other mortals have not dreamed of in their philosophy! He studied medicine years ago, but has not practiced.

"Toads will cure it," was the constant refrain of Mr. Campbell, who called often on his neighbor. Finally Mr. Gladden, who resented the theory at first, was prevailed upon to try it. He thought it would not kill him at any rate, and the cancer was sure to do that in time. So the neighborhood was scoured for toads. The neighbors were called into service. They captured them by the dozen. Big fat fellows were at a premium. When they had a large number of them penned up operations commenced. This is the way it was done: The legs of the toads were secured to prevent scratching and he was laid on the centre of the sore. The operation was painful. The sufferer could feel every breath. The toad lived for several hours. The first first dozen who were applied lived perhaps for five. When they had absorbed a certain quantity of poison they would cease to breathe. This process went on for several days until over twenty toads were used. The last one was not visibly affected.

The neighbors watched the case with great interest, and it was a constant theme of conversation in the vicinity. Many will bear witness to the efficacy of the remedy and the truth of the facts above stated. As for Mr. Campbell, he shuffles about in great glee, and will talk by the hour to any one who will hear him discant upon the case. Mr. Gladden was seen yesterday upon his waggon, looking apparently well. He is a man 50 years of age, and, while he has always been a hard worker, has been a man of good habits. The first appearance of the cancer was 25 years ago, but it did not develop until within a few years. It now seems entirely cured, and Mr. Gladden bids fair to enjoy many years. For the present, however, there is a scarcity of toads in the vicinity of South Main street, New Britain.

SPORTS AND A STEER.

Duncan C. Ross and Other Sports Arrested at St. Thomas.

A St. Thomas despatch says: Duncan C. Ross, the world-renowned athlete, together with Robert Wood, the famous cowboy, were arrested here yesterday afternoon. Ross, Wood, Prof. Reid and other noted sports were billed to appear in the Roller Rink yesterday evening in a grand mounted sword contest, cowboy specialties, etc. Yesterday afternoon Ross and Wood procured a steer from Mr. D. McIntosh, drover, for the purpose of advertising their show on the street. After running the steer in a shameful manner and throwing it a number of times by means of a lasso, they finally allowed it to stray away. Mr. McIntosh, on hearing the state of affairs, immediately swore out a warrant, on which they were arrested about 4.30 p.m. They were subsequently liberated on bail, but will appear at the Police Court this morning.

Penalty of the Lash.

A Montreal despatch says: For the fourth time in the criminal record of this city the lash is to be administered at Montreal jail next Thursday upon the person of Damore Desormier, an alleged Catholic clergyman, who recently attempted to assault a young girl of St. Martin. The cat-o'-nine-tails has been applied on three convicts within the last twenty-five years. On the 25th of October, 1875, an Italian named Catabria received thirty-five lashes for indecent assault on a girl under the age of 12 years. The punishment took such an effect upon his physical and moral system that, when he died within a short time afterwards, his death was generally ascribed to the lash. The next one subjected to that punishment was J. Bte. Dubois, who received twenty lashes in August, 1883, without flinching, but when the last stroke had fallen sank to the ground insensible, and awoke to consciousness a maniac. On September 28th, 1883, Ferdinand Verronneau received twenty lashes for rape. He was the only one who seemed able to bear the severe punishment.

Mr. John Hamilton, proprietor of the Kent Brewery, for thirty years a resident of London, died on Sunday at the age of 63 years.

Mr. J. C. Quiggle, the newly-appointed United States Vice-Consul for St. Thomas and Port Stanley, arrived at St. Thomas to enter upon the duties of his office yesterday.

A Michigan Central brakeman named McFadden, who lives in London, had three fingers of his right hand so badly crushed while coupling cars at Essex Centre, on Saturday, that amputation was necessary.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

There is a Cincinnati woman who faints away every time the fire bells ring.

A London West family named Milroy are in a pitiable state. The father is in bed a helpless invalid, while three of the children are down with diphtheria.

Frank Clark, who was injured in the recent accident on the Kingston & Pembroke Railway, is not expected to recover. Several ribs and his left shoulder are broken. He has a widowed mother.

Mr. Delaney, son of the Collector of Customs on Grindstone Island, went out in a boat on Wednesday and has not been seen since. The boat has been found, and it is feared its occupant is drowned.

A petition with 6,000 signatures attached, has been presented to the Government asking that an election for the repeal of the Scott Act shall be held in the United counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry.

A. L. Wilcox, for many years one of the most prominent Reformers of South Oxford, died rather suddenly at his home, in Woodstock, on Wednesday night of typhoid fever. He took an important part im municipal politics.

Miss Fraser, who has been living with her niece, Miss McGee, dressmaker, Imperial Bank Block, Woodstock, accidentally fell down stairs yesterday morning and was killed. Death, which was instantaneous, resulted from dislocation of the neck.

Two young Springfield girls, named Charlotte Atkinson and Edith McCauley, were taken to the county jail at St. Thomas last evening, having been committed for trial on a charge of larceny. The young prisoners, who bear a bad reputation, took possession of a horse and rig which was tied in front of a store, but were overtaken and arrested after a long chase.

Wm. Hetherington, a farmer near Springfield, while insane with drink on Wednesday, brutally beat his wife and then threw her into the well, after which, thinking he had murdered her, he attempted suicide by taking a dose of Paris green. The wife scrambled from the bottom of the well, which was six feet deep, and reached a neighbor's, where she lies under medical attendance. The dose did not prove fatal on the part of her husband, but he lies in a critical condition.

Lawrence Donovan, of New York, dived into the Thames from Waterloo bridge, London, yesterday afternoon at flood tide. The descent was only thirty-five feet, a mere trifle after having leaped from Brooklyn bridge, and but little sensation was caused.

One of the most interesting forthcoming books will be Grenville Murray's Memoirs by his widow. It will be very piquant, and include such episodes as Lord Carrington's horsewhipping of Mr. Murray and the causes of the essayist's attack on the Foreign Office.

The American Club was opened yesterday under distinguished auspices in Albemarle street, London. It is non-political in its basis, the primary object of the club being to foster the various interests of those who have been or are still connected with the western hemisphere.

Club accommodation in London increases by two thousand to three thousand persons per year, and yet the demand is unsatisfied. In the neighborhood of Piccadilly two handsome buildings are almost finished; a third, which will be frequented by Conservatives, is in Regent street.

Rumors are very unfavorable regarding the Crown Prince of Germany. Private reports affirm that the affection of his throat develops a cancerous tendency which is not yet pronounced, but is more than suspicious. His magnificent constitution begins to feel the effects of the continual drain upon his strength. The local disease seems to yield, then it breaks forth again. The most eminent medical men in London feel very doubtful about the result.

A plan has been submitted by Admiral Clone to the French Minister of Public Works for the construction of a bridge across the English Channel at Calais. The bridge is to be similar to the Niagara suspension bridge, and made of iron. There will be passenger-ways and a place for railroad tracks. The structure, if built, will extend from the Dover Heights to the hills at the back of Calais, enabling ships and steamers to pass underneath without difficulty.

It has been finally settled that the Prince of Wales is to arrive at Mount Edgcumbe from London on the evening of Monday, the 31st inst., and he will be the guest of Lord Mount Edgcumbe till the morning of Wednesday, November 2nd, when His Royal Highness will proceed in the Osborne to Falmouth; from there he will go the next day to Truro to attend the consecration and opening of the new cathedral. After the ceremony the Prince is to go to Port Eliot, where he will be the guest of Lord and Lady St. Germans till Friday afternoon, when he is to return to London on his way to Sandringham.

Perhaps people would not indulge in these silly, ignorant speculations as to the marriage between one of the Prince of Wales' daughters and the Czarewitch, or one between Prince Albert Victor and one of the daughters of the Emperor of Russia, if they were aware, first, that the Czarewitch, who is now 19, is so weak both in body and mind that there can be no question of his marriage with anybody; second, that the second son, the Grand Duke George, is only 16; third, that the Grand Duchess Xenia is in her 13th year. Russia has benefitted so much during the last sixty years by her family friendship with Prussia that one cannot doubt that in due time the Emperor Alexander will endeavor to strengthen the bonds which unite him with Berlin by another alliance with the Hohenzollerns. He would gain absolutely nothing by increasing his connection with England.

None of the Italian immigrants from the steamship Alesia, quarantined at Hoffman Island, have been taken sick with cholera since Monday, and the quarantine officials are satisfied the contagion has been conquered.

The Mayor of Guelph was authorized by the Council on Monday night to sign the contract with the Gas Company for lighting the streets with electric light.

F. Mallet, aged 6 years, was sentenced to three hours' imprisonment in the lockup by Police Magistrate White at St. Thomas yesterday morning for throwing stones at passing trains, and James Patterson, aged 8, was locked up for six hours for dropping an iron hoop on a passing train from a bridge overhead.

Messrs. Noonan and Bajns, of Kingston, will build a new steel steamer during the winter to ply between Kingston, Ottawa and Montreal. She will run fourteen miles an hour.

The Kingston assessor finished his work yesterday. The increase in value of assessable property over last year is 303,225. The population has increased 400 during the year, and is now 16,216. There are 176 houses in course of erection.

An employee of the M. C. R. shops at St. Thomas named James Volet was caught in a pulley yesterday morning, whirled around in mid-air for some seconds and then thrown violently to the ground, sustaining serious injuries, besides a number of flesh wounds. His recovery is doubtful.

Lizzie Bloss, a young woman who came to St. Thomas from London, Eng., some months ago, on Saturday evening at a grocery store in the east end of St. Thomas, while waiting during a passing rain shower, formed the acquaintance of a sailor from Sarnia, aged 40, who gave his name as William Hearn. As they recited their past experience each to the other a mutual affection sprang up, resulting in a marriage certificate being purchased, and in an hour from their first meeting Rev. Dr. Archibald, of Knox Church, had made them one. They took rooms at the City Hotel, where they remained till Monday morning, when Hearn induced his wife to raise $5 on her jewellery at a second-hand store, and securing her trunks under pretence of taking them to the station preparatory to moving to Sarnia, decamped. Lizzie's father, who is a street preacher from London, Eng., is well-known in St. Thomas, where he has spent the summer, and but a few days since left for Whitby, where his other daughters, who are most respectable young women, reside. One is a cadet in the Salvation Army of that place.

The coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of Mrs. Vaillancourt, aged 57, wife of a laborer at Charlesbourg, Que., who was found dead in bed last Friday. She had been a paralytic for twenty-three months, never having been out of bed in that time, and had not been fed since the preceding Wednesday week. She had died of filth, starvation and neglect. Her body was covered with vermin. Her husband was arrested, and is now in jail.

The new Methodist Church in the West End of London is an immense cathedral-like stone building in classic architectural style, and is considered the handsomest chapel in the city.

The Odessa garrison has been reduced to its normal strength. The reduction has caused surprise, and is regarded as proof that Russia has abandoned the idea of armed intervention in the Balkans.

Advices from Bajaur, Afghanistan, say that Omera Khan recently defeated Abu Bakar, son of the Akhound of Swat; that the Ameer requested the chiefs of the neighboring tribes to punish the victor, and that the whole of Bajaur has risen against Omera.

Mark Twain is now residing at Buckenham Hall, near Norwich, which he has taken for a year, and is equally enjoying himself yachting on the Norfolk Broads, entertaining a party of Dutch friends and editing his "Library of Wit and Humor," upon which he has been engaged for some time.

The London *Times* yesterday discussed at length the value of the Canadian Pacific route to the east. It has a long article from a correspondent dealing with the chief advantages of the route and tracing the history of the movement to obtain an Imperial subsidy. According to the *Times* fully one-quarter of the £45,000 which the Imperial Government are contributing will be placed on the navy vote as a subvention for Imperial steamers for use in war times.

A secret conference of German Socialists, lasting three days, has been held at St. Gall, Switzerland. Eighty delegates were present. The police were completely hoodwinked and had no knowledge of the meeting until after its adjournment. Reports were read showing that since the previous conference the Socialists of Germany have spent 170,000 marks, of which 100,000 marks were used for election expenses and 50,000 marks for defending members who have been prosecuted.

There is no foundation for the report of a separate establishment for the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry next year. They will continue to reside with Her Majesty, who cannot bear to be separated from Beatrice. The Princess thoroughly understands all the Queen's whims and is well versed in the perplexing court technicalities of which Her Majesty is so tenacious. The Princess Beatrice has far more influence than any of her brothers or sisters, except the Prince of Wales.

The steamship Alesia, which brought the cholera-stricken passengers to New York, yesterday came up from quarantine to her Brooklyn pier. Two more deaths from cholera occurred among the passengers of the Alesia at Swinburne Island yesterday morning and two more will die before night. No new cases are reported.

The mail carrier on the road to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad was stopped by four armed and masked men in a lonely spot about fifteen miles from Fort Apache, Ariz., on Monday. The robbers at once rifled the pouches and carried off money order remittances, then compelled the carrier to wait fifteen minutes while they escaped to the mountains.

The National Farmers' Alliance began its seventh annual convention in Minneapolis yesterday morning, with 50 delegates present from Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota. The Secretary reported a thousand more alliances added since the last session, and there are now 600,000 members in all. The southern alliance has been invited to send delegates and a move for consolidation of the two will be made.

News was received in London that the Sultan of Morocco, who has been critically ill for some time, is dead. His 16-year-old son took the oath of office on his father's corpse and has assumed the Government. He has appointed his favorite uncle Grand Vizier. England has made a proposition to the Powers that they all send men-of-war to Morocco to protect their respective subjects there. The French ironclad Courbet has been ordered to proceed to Tangiers. The Paris *Temps* states that a complete *entente cordiale* exists between France and Spain regarding Morocco. Two Italian war ships have been ordered to Morocco. Extensive preparations are being made at Tarifa for encamping Spanish troops.

At Savannah, Ga., 5,700 bales of cotton in the hold of the British steamship Naples are on fire and the ship is being flooded.

A Washington despatch says the Alaska sealing question will not be referred to any commission.

An investigation made at the instance of the Department of State shows that no infectious disease exists among animals in Nova Scotia. The Treasury Department has therefore revoked its instructions of the 10th ult., prohibiting the landing of animals and hides from that Province.

President Wright, of the Chicago Board of Trade, struck another blow at the bucket shops yesterday. The Commercial Quotation Company, which operates tickets in connection with the Postal Telegraph Company, was denied the privileges and quotations of the Board, and the tickets were stopped. The reason for this action was the belief that the Quotation Company was aiding bucket shops as against the Board.

Marie Antoinette's famous necklace of pearls, which went round her neck in 16 strings, is now for sale at the shop of one of the principal jewellers in Berlin.

United States ladies who are contemplating matrimony, and especially those of them who are no longer young, are inclined not to like the new marriage license law, because now their ages are published in the newspapers. There is a penalty attached to the violation of the law by giving incorrect answers; but where is the man who would not, if occasion seemed to require, take off a year or so at the request of his inamorata?

Sir George Stephen will leave for England early in November to arrange for the building of three powerful steamers to run on the Pacific Ocean between Vancouver, China and Japan. The steamers will be about 4,000 tons burden, capable of steaming eighteen miles an hour.

The customs department at St. Thomas yesterday seized the St. Thomas consignment of Louisiana lottery tickets for the drawing which takes place on the 13th inst., and are holding them pending instructions from Ottawa.

Reports from the back townships of Hastings state that the bush fires have been extinguished by the rains. A very large amount of damage has, however, been done, several settlers having lost their all, and few have escaped without considerable loss.

Messrs. Hepburn & Coughell, proprietors of the Port Stanley Gravel road, while standing in one of their gravel pits on Thursday were suddenly engulfed by the caving in of the pit, and it took an hour to dig them out. They escaped with a few bruises, but the waggon beside them was broken to splinters.

Fred, the 11-year-old son of Mr. John Glen, of London, left his home two weeks ago yesterday, and has not since been heard of by his parents, who are almost distracted with anxiety and grief. The lad, who calls himself "Billy Norton," is light-complexioned, and when he went away wore chequered pants—red and black—a skull cap and an overcoat.

The Windsor authorities announce that they will enforce the saloon closing next Sunday and prevent the disgraceful scenes enacted a week ago, at which time a crowd of thirty Detroiters made the town howl after they had filled up on the liquor which was dispensed freely over every bar. Windsor has not been scandalized so in a long time.

Dr. Labarge, medical health officer, shows that vaccination is on the increase in Montreal. Four hundred vaccinations were performed during the last month. Dr. Labarge stated that the prejudice that existed against vaccination was certainly on the decrease. During the whole month there were only three refusals. Several actions will shortly be instituted against parties for resisting the law.

Mr. J. D. Raymond, who was United States Consul in Ottawa about twenty years ago, was found dead on Thursday morning in McCrady & Sons' tannery at Brockville, in which he was employed. A bullet hole was found in his side and death had evidently taken place early in the night. It is not believed that he committed suicide, but how the shooting occurred is unknown. The family of the deceased live at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

John F. Morrison was found guilty of bigamy at the Assize Court at Ottawa on Saturday morning. Sentence was deferred.

Colonel Oliver, commandant of the Royal Military College at Kingston, whose ten years' term of service has expired, will retain the position till the end of the current college term.

General Lord Alexander Russell, commander of the British troops at Halifax, and Lady Russell were in Montreal on Saturday on their way home after their trip to the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Johnston, a Westminster butcher, was thrown out of his rig on Saturday on Wellington street, London, and seriously hurt. The accident was caused by the horse running away and colliding with a post, badly smashing the vehicle.

A man named Laverdiere, a saddler, 23 years of age, was accidentally shot and killed yesterday afternoon at Levis, Que., in a bush between the two forts, by a companion named Montminy, who was partridge shooting and did not see the deceased. Montminy immediately gave himself up to the police. He bears a good reputation. Deceased had been but four months married.

The total amount of contributions received and promised for the Imperial Institute is $400,000.

The Duchess of Cumberland has been removed from the asylum where she was confined to a villa at Pensung.

About 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening last a Mornington farmer left Spahr's Hotel, Linwood, with a double waggon, in which he had a grist and a barrel of salt, for his home near Carthage, about eight miles distant. About three hours afterward word was brought to the village that he had driven or allowed his team to run into a gully beside the turnpike, whereby his waggon was upset and he had been instantly killed by his head coming under the hub of the waggon wheel.

The Austrian Crown Princess Stephanie, it is reported, has obtained a permanent separation from Prince Rudolph, and has gone to stay with her parents in Belgium.

The Sultan of Morocco is not dead. A despatch received in London from Tangiers says it is officially announced that His Majesty's condition is better than it has been for some days.

Twelve peasants who left Pilesti, 65 miles northwest of Bucharest, to destroy the wolves which infest the district, were overpowered by the beasts and seven of them were devoured. The remaining five escaped badly mangled.

The London Radical clubs are making arrangements to hold a general meeting to urge another trial of the Chicago Anarchists and to consider the advisability of sending a delegation to America to speak in behalf of the condemned men. Several Radical clubs at meetings yesterday adopted resolutions condemning the sentences.

The Berlin police have relaxed their efforts to stop the sale on the streets of extra editions of newspapers. The decree prohibiting their issue has not been withdrawn, but extras are allowed to be sold. The absurd tyranny of the edict was admitted by the Government organ.

The Russian *Invalid*, the organ of the War Office, says Ayoub Khan has reached Ghazni. His influence has so seriously affected the situation in Afghanistan that the Ameer's position in Cabul has become one of extreme difficulty, and he evidently has doubts of ultimate success, for he is sending his treasures and valuables to Khana-I-Bad.

The Conservative Committee of Parliament refuse to accept Col. Hughes-Hallett's resignation as a member of the House of Commons. The feeling against the methods pursued by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in attacking him has plainly assisted the Conservatives in the resolution which they have adopted. Capt. Selwyn writes repudiating all responsibility for the statements made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

A SCENE IN CHURCH.

Emma Abbott, the Actress, Defends Her Profession.

A Nashville, Tenn., despatch says: McKendree Church, the leading M. E. Church of this city, was the scene of a sensation today. The pastor, the Rev. W. A. Chandler delivered a very severe and bitter sermon on the subject of the theatre. Miss Emma Abbott occupied a seat in the rear of the church, and at the conclusion of the sermon arose and in a short speech entered a protest against the very general character of the pastor's denunciation. It produced the greatest sensation and has since been the one source of conversation in the parlors, in family circle, upon the streets and in the public places. Many members of the church uphold the pastor, but many others commend the course of Miss Abbott. Her appearance showed much suppressed indignation, but her words were very clear and distinct and were heard by all present. She declared the minister's charges unfounded and said that her life was as free from blame as that of any living woman. In all the operas of the past week to which the minister referred there was no impure or improper thought. The great lights of the stage, such as Jenny Lind, Modjeska, Albani and countless others had been good women, model wives and mothers. She defied any one to say that aught had ever been said against the fair fame of Emma Abbott. There was considerable applause at the conclusion of her remarks. Before it subsided, Mr. Chandler answered that he could not answer the lady because she was a lady.

Couldn't be Worse.

"Never marry a widower," was the advice of a young matron to a friend.

"But you married one. Why?"

"It's bad enough to have to hear about your husband's mother's cooking, but to have his first wife's biscuits thrown in your face every morning is simply unbearable."—*Tid Bits.*

—The life of Dr. Morley Punshon, which is to be published shortly in England, will be brought out at so high a price (12s. 6d. sterling) that it is probable no special Canadian edition will be issued. The details as to Dr. Punshon's life in Canada were supplied by Dr. Reyner, his son-in law. Efforts were made by several Canadian publishing houses to arrange for a cheaper special edition for Canada, but without success.

Mother (reading)—"France uses peat for fuel." Child (listening)—"What did they burn him for, mamma?" "Burn who, Bessie?" "Why, Pete."

The Toronto sugar combination collapsed yesterday and the Montreal Retail Grocers Association passed resolutions strongly denouncing the one existing in that city.

Woman (to tramp)—Don't you ever take a bath? Tramp (sadly)—I ain't got money enough, ma'am, to buy a bathing suit.

Miss Jessie (to ancient admirer, who always dropping in)—"Ah, good morning, Mr. Wilson! Grandmama will be delighted to see you. You will find her in the library across the hall."

A minister asks, 'Why do the wicked live?" We don't know sure why they do, but we might suggest mildly that if the wicked didn't live it would be a cold day for the ministers.

Advices received at Simla state that the force which captured the camp of the notorious dacoit leader Bokshway and killed him was composed of mounted infantry, under the command of Major Harvey. Ten of the followers of Bokshway were also killed.

A Parliamentary return just published shows a further adoption of continuous brakes on British railways. Of the ten different kinds of brakes in use only four meet the Board of Trade requirements. Of these 52 per cent. are fitted to the engines and 54 per cent. to carriages and other vehicles. Of the brakes not complying with the Board of Trade condition 40 per cent. are applied to the engines and 32 per cent. to carriages and other vehicles. At the present rate of progress, by June of next year, every kind of railway rolling stock will be provided with some sort of continuous brake.

JAILED FOR LIFE.

A Brute Gets a Life Sentence at Chatham for an Atrocious Crime.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chatham despatch says: At the Assizes here to-day George Hewell (colored) was tried on the charge of criminal assault on Mrs. McLean. The evidence on the part of the Crown showed that a most atrocious crime had been committed. Mrs. McLean is a very delicate young woman, the wife of a respectable farmer, and had been recently confined at the time of the offence. The perpetrator of the outrage called at her house, she being alone, and asked her for a drink and a piece of soap. She complied with his request, and as she took the cup from him he rushed upon her, choked her and threw her upon the floor, where a desperate struggle ensued. He flourished a knife and threatened to kill her if she screamed. After a lengthy struggle, her clothes being torn, her breasts bleeding and her eyes blackened, the villain accomplished his purpose, she being then in a semi-unconscious condition. He took her by the shoulders and placed her in a chair, threatening her life if she gave the alarm. She identified the prisoner as being the person. Other witnesses proved that he was in the neighborhood of McLean's house. The prisoner was undefended, and his defence was that he was not the person who committed the offence. The jury after retiring ten minutes returned with a verdict of guilty. His Lordship, in sentencing the prisoner, dwelt upon the heinous character of the crime. He sentenced him to imprisonment for life in the Kingston Penitentiary. The prisoner is a hard-looking character, and it is said hails from Alabama, where he claims he was connected with some travelling show. The prisoner did not evince much emotion when being sentenced, though it was seen he was much surprised at the summary way in which Canadians get rid of monsters whose conduct renders them unfit to be at large. The sentence was a just one, and it was with difficulty the constables kept the large audience in court from expressing their approval of it in a decided manner. Mr. Lister acted for the Crown.

He Didn't Get Away.

"You never drink or smoke, do you, George, dear?" she said. "You know I could never marry a man who drinks and smokes." George, in a broken-hearted tone of voice, admitted that he did smoke and drink a little and turned to go. But a pair of white 27-year-old arms were about his neck in a moment. "Never mind, George," said the girl; "perhaps my wifely influence will induce you to give them up."

Got His Money's Worth.

"Where did you go this summer?" asked one business man of another.

"We boarded in the country."

"Expensive?"

"Not very. We got a good deal for our money. My wife got the malaria and I got the rheumatism. My boy Jimmy got his leg broke and little Mamie got poisoned with ivy. And all we paid was $10 a week apiece."

The Nautical Society of Hamburg has offered a prize of 500 marks for the best essay on the use of oil in calming the sea.

The dairy show now proceeding at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, includes 70 Ontario cheese. Some are excellent specimens and are highly spoken of.

The Spanish Government has issued a decree forbidding foreigners to make topographical studies near the Spanish frontiers. No surveyor or engineer will be allowed to make notes even in behalf of private employers.

Advices from Zanzibar state that the news of Stanley's expedition has spread among the tribes near the Albert Nyanza. King Mivanga, who is still fighting the tribes inhabiting the country south of the Albert Nyanza, sent messengers to Emin Bey to obtain information regarding the expedition. Mivanga seeks to win the support of Emin Bey. The approach of Stanley will therefore tend to pacificate Uganda. Emin Bey has sent two squads of ten men each to meet Stanley. One squad will go to the southern shore of the Albert Nyanza and the other to Mhagi, a military post which Emin Bey established at about the middle of the west shore of the lake.

Two hundred of the poor, homeless, unemployed persons who sleep at night in Trafalgar square, London, yesterday paraded in a body through the principal streets in the West End. They carried a black banner, bearing in white letters the inscription: "We will have work or bread." A large force of police, mounted and on foot, accompanied the procession, which eventually returned to Trafalgar square, and with the followers attracted held a meeting. The orators described the hardships of those whose only resting place in London at night is in a public square and declared that the only means they had of drawing the attention of the public to their condition was by such demonstrations as they had just made. The meeting adopted a resolution to reassemble in the same place next Monday, and to continue to parade daily until relief is afforded.

A despatch from Hurley, Wis., says the story about the finding of the bodies of seven men behind a cabin there is a hoax.

Messrs. Putman and Angell, Secretary Bayard's coadjutors on the Fishery Commission, are in Washington consulting with the Secretary.

The revenue cutter Richard Rush arrived at San Francisco yesterday from the Arctic Sea. She reports that during the season she has seized twelve sealing schooners with a total of nearly 7,500 skins. The Russian authorities have seized three sealers on the Siberian Coast, one American, one British and the third nationality unknown.

A terrible accident occurred at Rencoke's mines at Dillonville on Saturday evening resulting in the instant killing of one man, three others being fatally and twelve seriously hurt. The cause of the explosion was an accumulation of of bituminous coal, dust supplemented by several simultaneous blasts which were fired as usual when each shift leaves the mines. In this instance the blast had been premature, and a number of mines were in close proximity to the explosion, not fewer than sixty men being in the mine at the time.

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New Stock and New Designs!

BEDROOM SUITES!

In Walnut, Oak, Ash & Mahogany finish. My $8.50 and $14 Suites are Extra Value.

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Eight Leg Extension Tables!

CENTRE TABLES & FALL LEAF TABLES—VERY CHEAP.

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LOUNGES!

Cannot be surpassed in the County, either for workmanship or cheapness.

CHAIRS!

Cane, Perforated, and Woodseats, from the best makers in Ontario. Arriving daily,

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From $3 Upwards!

MATTRESSES,
BEDSTEADS,
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CRIB BEDS,
(Folding and open)
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SIDEBOARDS,
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In fact everything you want in the Furniture line at prices and terms to suit you. Come and see!

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See them on exhibition at my Warerooms.

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Wanted!

A quantity of Basswood, Soft and Rock Elm, Birch, Maple, Ash, Cherry, and Butternut Lumber in exchange for Goods. J. W. BATES.

GONE HOME!

A Veteran Christian Woman joins the Great Majority.

Death of Mrs. Wm. Rutledge, sr.

On Thursday last, about midnight, Mrs. Wm. Rutledge, sr.—a veteran Christian woman and one of the first settlers of Artemesia—passed quietly away to the other world. Full of years, universally esteemed and respected in life, and in death, her loss to religious and other circles as deeply and universally regretted, deceased could have left no better heritage to her aged husband and grown up children and grand-children if she had possessed untold worldly wealth. She had been in poor health many months and suffered much, but she never was known to express regret or repine at her lot. Last winter it was thought she would die, and several times since her physician, Dr. Christoe, thought she could not possibly live beyond a certain time. Wonderful to relate, she has been living for nearly a year since all hope of her existing in this life beyond a few short hours at most, was abandoned. In the interval many of her neighbors who stood beside what they believed was her death-bed, have themselves passed on before her into the land of sunshine. What we call death comes just as surely to the young as to the aged—none can escape the deep sleep which shuts out the mortal and reveals the immortal.

Deceased was what might be termed a stalwart Christian. There were, there are, few who have reached the same plane of religious experience. A calm, firm, honest, every-day Christian was she. Every act of her life bore the impress of heaven. She had nothing but good to say of those with whom she came in contact. She never soiled her lips with the breath of slander or idle gossip. The Editor recalls an incident in point. An individual was once referring in disparaging terms to a certain neighbor. Deceased, who was standing by, placed her hand on the shoulder of the speaker and remarked in her kindliest tones :— "Ah, dearie, dearie, who of the best is without fault and blameless?" And it was ever thus she turned aside the heedless jest or the thoughtless or malicious slander. Her unaffected piety, noble example and good life have led more to become useful citizens and true Christians than thousands of sermons abounding in well rounded periods and elegantly worded sentences. After all good example is the greatest of teachers. Write the single word *failure* after the name of the man or woman whose teaching and example are at variance with each other.

The funeral took place on Sunday last, the *cortege* leaving the house shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon. There was an unusually large attendance of sympathizing friends and sorrowing relatives. The coffin was borne into the Methodist church. In a short time that edifice was filled to overflowing, when the occasion was improved by Rev. Mr. Shilton, who preached one of the grandest and most truly eloquent sermons ever heard within the walls of that church, from the words of Paul to Timothy, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," &c. The speaker's words were full of power and pervaded by a deep religious fervor, such as can only come from good and honest hearts. In glowing words he briefly sketched the chief events in the life of the brilliant and scholarly Apostle from the time when the light from heaven shone on him until he came down to the end of the journey. Now a graphic word picture follows and we see venerable, gray-headed stout-hearted Paul immured in the lowest depths of a Roman Bastile, calmly awaiting the time when his head will be placed under the dreadful block. Even at this dark hour, humanly speaking, Paul calmly writes that beautiful letter to Timothy, from which the text is taken, and faces real death with the same unflinching courage and devotion to the cause of his Master he has exhibited many times in the past when apparent death stared him in the face. Now the speaker with kindling eye and with tremendous force and earnestness denounces the great evils of the present day; next moment he draws a beautiful and correct picture of a true Christian, and dwells with cheerful hopefulness on the immortality of the soul, showing that those who lead good lives and walk in the footsteps of Christ are blessed in this life as well as in that beyond, while those who disregard God's laws are cut off from both. Paul did not evidently expect to lie unconscious in the tomb for an indefinite length of time before securing the "crown of righteousness" laid up for him by his Maker. When his course was finished he expected to pass at once into the new life. He had "kept the faith"—not for a day, or a week or a month simply, but from the beginning of his religious career to that moment. "I have heard many people get up to speak in class meeting," said the speaker, "who might have had the grace of God in their hearts forty years ago but they were not in possession of it, he feared, at that moment. I very much fear that many go down to spiritual death from within the very pale of the church! God forbid that such a fate should happen any one present!" Paul was a steadfast every day Christian from first to last—never once wavering in his allegiance to the "King of Kings and Lord of lords." "Many of you," said the speaker with great earnestness, "are never seen within the walls of a church except on such occasions as this, when you come to the house of the Lord as a token of respect for the dead. I am glad you are hear, so that I may speak to you plainly and warn you of the danger of the course you are pursuing." If you can make it a point to attend this sacred place out of respect for an earthly friend how much the more should you attend it on account of the Great Giver of all good, whose merciful dealings toward you have been greater than you have deserved? May God help you to lay these things to heart and prepare for the great future which stretches out beyond the short span of life's horizon.

The remains of deceased were conveyed from the church to Flesherton cemetery and lowered to their last resting place in presence of a large concourse of people. The last sad rites were performed by Rev. Mr. Shilton in a solemn and impressive manner.

NOTE.—Deceased was born in Ireland, was a life long member of the Methodist church, and had resided in Artemesia over thirty years.]

Just received at Richardson's Drug Store, a consignment of the Joseph Thorley's Empire Cattle Food and pure Linseed whole and ground. Also Rock Salt for sea bathing and used by farmers for stock.

Notice of Royal Templars.

Members will please note that the Lodge meets every Tuesday evening. A fine programme is in preparation for Tuesday next. A. M. GIBSON, Secy.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Our new saw mill is in operation again. We have a new industry started here in the butchering line. Messrs. Warling and Gilbert are the proprietors.

The latest excitement here was a couple of runaways last week. As Mr. Shields, cattle buyer, and Messrs. R. Buchanan and J. Weber were driving up to Mr. Buchanan's barn to look at some cattle, the horse got frightened at a steam thresher that was at work in the barn and made a sudden bolt—starting off at a furious rate and throwing Mr. Shields out of the rig. After running some distance the horse just as suddenly came to a full stop, when the other occupants of the buggy very quietly descended, nothing the worse for their ride.

The same evening, as Mr. J. Holly was leisurely driving along the Meaford Road his horse made a sudden bolt, throwing Mr. Holly out and his feet getting caught in the lines brought the horse and rig around on a very sharp curve. A little fright was the only harm done.

We have had a trial of both steam and horse-power threshing machines here last week, Messrs. T. Ross and G. Hutchinson being on the war-path.

Priceville Mill.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—I noticed in your last issue of THE ADVANCE you stated that I had moved my mill plant to Durham. This is false and I have no intention of doing so this fall. Yours respectfully,
R. McGOWAN.

Priceville, Oct. 17th, 1887.

[We were certainly so informed, but are glad to have the error so promptly corrected.—ED. ADVANCE.]

A Matter-of-Fact Message.

A neighbor being dangerously ill, a lady one morning sent her new maid over to inquire concerning her condition

"Go over," she said, "and inquire how Mrs. X. is this morning. And if she is dead" she added, as the girl started, "ask when the funeral is to be."

The messenger went as directed, and soon returned with the air of one who has done her whole duty.

"Mrs. X. is better this morning," was her report, "and they cannot tell when the funeral will be."

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 331. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

The Centre Grey

JEWELRY STORE

Commences Fall Trade with a very complete stock of goods in all lines that First-Class shops carry. If you wish to purchase a Reliable

Watch, Clock, Engagement or Wedding Ring

that will be just as represented in quality and sold only at a fair pay for your goods profit, do business with me. "The People" don't come to me of "necessity" —they come as a fact from "choice" to buy goods and get work done; for which confidence I remain indepted to my many patrons. I am in a position to do better by the "public" cash or credit than any other Jeweler in Central Grey.

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines :—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

500 yds. Grey Flannel at 17 cents yd., at R. Trimble's.

$350 will buy a farm in Artemesia. See advt. elsewhere.

If you want your Watch repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton.

Mrs. Gould, of Walkerton, visited her mother—Mrs. Thos. Osborne—recently.

Drop in and see our All-Wool Tweed Suits from $5 up, at R. Trimble's.

Mr. Chas. LeGard lost a valuable cow last Thursday, supposed to have been choked by a turnip.

Mr. Walter Booth and Mr. W. W. Trimble of this place shot some fine partridges last Tuesday.

Richardson & Co. want a carload of Fowl. Geese, Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, &c., for 1st November.

Carefully read the Flesherton Medical Hall column announcement on another page.

If you want a Watch to keep perfect time, go to Russell's, Flesherton. A very large stock at tremendously low prices.

Tenders will be received till the 16th of November to build a brick church (Presbyterian) in Priceville. See advt. in another column.

The genial face and manly form of Mr. John Wilkerson is to be seen on our streets again. He is home on his annual visit to his aged parents here.

The fine grades of Columbus Watches that keep perfect time, warranted for four and five years, for sale at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

A fine stock of HORSE BLANKETS just received at Clayton's Harness Shop, Flesherton. Selling cheap. Get one next time your are in town.

DR. SINCLAIR.—We remind our readers that the eminent Scottish physician will be at Flesherton Hotel, Monday, Nov. 7th. Consultation Free.

The finest make of Nickle alarm Clocks now selling at Russell's for $2. We will ship one to any address on receipt of price.

An immense number of cattle, sheep, and hogs have been shipped from Flesherton this autumn. Also a vast quantity of grain. For all of which highest market prices were paid.

Richardson & Co's $4.50 Overcoats are well cut and surprisingly good value. They have a large range of cloths in suits and overcoats and can suit everybody.

Mrs. J. H. Duckett, of Eugenia, is burning another kiln of her famous lime this week. Those wanting some will do well to order early as this is likely to be the last of the season. First come first served.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Now can any one properly mind their own business or any other persons if they have spent a wretched night of tossing on a hard or otherwise uncomfortable bed? There are lots of people simply wearing themselves out for want of proper rest. You see them in every walk in life, meet them at every corner and in every store. Men and women prematurely old, who ought to be hearty and strong—in fact just in their prime—a slight accident or sickness over-takes them and for want of vital force and energy, they easily become victims. All this could be easily overcome by calling at J. E. Moore's Flesherton Furniture Warerooms and purchasing one of those cheap Spring Beds.

If you want a Watch to keep perfect time, go to Russell's, Flesherton A very large stock at tremendously low prices.

Call and see our Tweed Overcoats for $4.75, at R. Trimble's.

A fine Walnut eight day Clock for only $4.80, at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mr. R. H. Henderson, of the C.P.R., Peterborough, Ont., gave us a pleasant call on Friday last. He noticed a great improvement in the appearance and growth of Flesherton since his last visit. Of course he subscribed for Flesherton's popular paper, THE ADVANCE, and "went on his way rejoicing."

The most complete equipment to face the rigors of winter's cold and storms can be had at M. Richardson & Co's. Every description of Clothing and Clothing material. No need to blow about prices they speak for themselves and the purchaser is the best judge.

100 acre farm to let in Artemesia, being Lots Nos. 8 and 9, Con. 2, North of the Durham Road. About 60 acres cleared and under cultivation; well fenced. Good buildings; Brick Dwelling House, &c. Easy terms of payment to a good and suitable person. A fine farm. John Stewart, proprietor, Priceville P. O. See bills for particulars.

The finest make of Nickle alarm Clocks now selling at Russell's for $2. We will ship one to any address on receipt of price.

We notice by last week's issue of the Forest *Free Press* that Mr. J. G. Keefer has been elevated to the highest position in the gift of the Canadian Order of Forester's lodge in that town. Friend Jake is also a prominent Royal Templar. Our Flesherton boys always leave their "footprints in the sands of time" when they go abroad.

If you want your Watch repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton.

An examination of The Illustrated London News' (American reprint) for Oct. 22nd, will show the English view of the trial yacht race, illustrations in connection with the State of Ireland, Our Homeless Poor in St. James's Park at Mid Day, the British Mission to Morocco, and Sketches on the River Congo. A Sleeping Beauty represents a handsome tiger at rest, while Christening Sunday presents infancy surrounded by admirers. The price of the number being only ten cents places it within the reach of all. Every newsdealer has it. The office of publication is in the Potter Building, New York City.

Just received at R. Trimble's 80 cases of Men and Boys Long Boots. Cheapest in town.

Plowing Match.

The second annual plowing match under the auspices of Artemesia Agricultural Society was held on the farm of Robt. Oliver, Esq., on Thursday, 20th inst. The weather was fine and the turnout of spectators large. The competitors was not as great as could be desired for there were good prizes offered. For boys under 18 years of age there were no competitors. This is to be regretted as it is to the young we have to look for our future agriculturists. The following are the names of the prize winners: Class I., F. Cairns, E. Lomas, H. King. Class II., J. Oliver, J. Chard, N. McLean. The judges were W. Nichols, H. Arquitt, and W. Smiley.

The fine grades of Columbus Watches that keep perfect time, warranted for four and five years, for sale at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Knew What He was About.

Scene—Jacob Levi's clothing store.

Customer (who wishes a plum-colored coat, but who is shown a green one)—"That is not a plum-colored coat. Why, it is green."

Jacob (not to be disconcerted)—"Vell, my good friendt, don't you know dot blums are green before they're ripe?"

Call and see our Persian Lamb Caps for $2.75, at R. Trimble's.

Teas were never so low in price in the history of the trade. See the extraordinary values offered by Richarson & Co., Direct Importers.

Inistioge.

The weather is becoming cold and winter is apparently coming on at an early date.

Threshing is about wound up and some of the farmers have had to build new granaries.

Quite a number of people here have been on the sick list, but are recovering.

The Sons of Temperance gave an entertainment here on the 6th inst., which was a very pleasant affair. The order has a membership of about 60 and if the Scott Act is voted on in this county we think Inistioge will be in favor of prohibition.

Mr. P. Sander has moved unto Mrs. Millsap's farm, that lady having gone to Priceville to live.

Mr. T. Reid is building a new house.

Mr. J. Moore, of Hamilton, is visiting at Mr. S. Wakeley's.

Mr. W. Taylor saw a bear crossing the townline between Melancthon and Artemesia last week.

The echoes of Inistioge are:

Who stole the oil can from the church?

Who lost the pair of No. 9 half-soles on the side road last Sunday night?

And that some of our bachelors have a grave appearance recently.

Just arrived at R. Trimble's, Flesherton, a magnificent stock of Rubbers, Overshoes and Mens Felt Boots—best value in town.

W. C. T. U. Department.]

Summary of Scott Act Victorys.

Nova Scotia has eighteen counties and one city, of which thirteen counties have adopted the Act.

New Brunswick has fourteen counties and two cities, of which ten counties and two cities have adopted the Act.

Manitoba has five counties and one city, of which two counties have adopted the Act.

Prince Edward Island has three counties and one city, all of which have adopted the Act.

Ontario has thirty-eight counties and union of counties and eleven cities, of which twenty-five counties and two cities have adopted the Act.

Quebec has fifty-six counties and two cities, five counties of which have adopted the Act.

British Columbia has five parlimentary constituencies, none of which have adopted the Act.

In all, up to the present time, 81 cities and counties have voted upon the Scott Act, and 63 have adopted it. Nine counties and cities voted twice and two three times, making an aggregate of 92 contests, out of which we have been victorious in 71.

The aggregate votes cast in all the contests have been :—

For the Scott Act.....	161321
Against " "	111391
Net Scott Act majority...	49930

If we omit all voting but the last, in those places which have voted more than once we get the following as the latest vote :—

For the Scott Act.....	146974
Against " "	102166
	44803

It is more than eight years since the Scott Act was first voted upon and adopted in different localities, and NO COUNTY OR CITY HAS YET REPEALED IT, although many votings have taken place on the question of repeal.

Furs, Fur Overcoats, Fur Mantles, Fur Caps, Fur Robes. See the large stock at Richardson & Co's.

WHAT IS IT?—Not a snuff, powder or liquid, but a preparation peculiar to itself. Easy to use, pleasant in effect, Nasal Balm will positively cure Cold in the Head, Catarrh and kindred disorders.

—GREAT— Discount Sale!

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, &c.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

The Sidwalks.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—As the winter is drawing on apace, something ought to be done in connection with our sidewalks. Couldn't the Council pass a By-Law compelling each citizen or owner of lots to keep the sidewalk shoveled off during the winter months? As a rule, our sidewalks "go into winter quarters" under great banks of snow. This is too bad. It would be very easy for each citizen to keep them clean opposite his own lot and thereby save a great deal of inconvenience to the travelling public. What say our townspeople? Can't something be done? If so, then get it into working order before winter, and not have people of necessity take to the middle of the road.

Respectfully yours,
PLUNKY.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHERTON.

Flesherton, May 30th, 1887.

A Scene in Church.

Bess went to church one sultry day,
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then the moments into hours grew;
Oh dear! oh dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome,
"Please, preacher-man, can I go home?

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound,
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread—
He paused and bent his stately head;
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Smiles.

But give me smiles," the maiden said,
"I like not tears and sobs and sighs;
They silence all life's melodies,
And veil God's sunshine from our eyes;
Smiles wake the soul to love divine,
And make the heart leap like old wine."

"Aye, smiles are best," the matron said,
"My children love them more than toys;
They are the manna of the days
To all my romping girls and boys.
And when with sweet words they are given,
They blessing straightway bring from heaven."

Then though you have naught else to give,
Pray give the world a smiling face;
It will forgive your gravest faults
For this one happy act of grace.
It needs no head with world-lore wise
To sunshine make with lips and eyes.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Crystal did not answer; perhaps she could not. He was coming up to London, actually to Belgrave House, and on this very evening. Erle must have got scent of her secret—how or in what manner she could not guess; but all the same, it must be Erle who had betrayed her. She had thought him a little odd and constrained the last few times she had seen him; she had noticed more than once that his eyes had been fixed thoughtfully on her face as though he had been watching her, and he had seemed somewhat confused when he had found himself detected. What did it all mean? but never mind that now. Raby would be coming to Beulah Place, but she would be hundreds of miles away before that; she was safe, quite safe; but if only she could see him before she went. If she could only get rid of this tiresome Percy, who would stay, perhaps, for hours. Could she give him the slip? She could never remain in his company through a long evening; it would drive her frantic to listen to him, and to know all the time that Raby was near, and she could not see him. And then all at once a wild idea came to her, and her pale cheeks flushed, and her eyes grew bright, and she began to talk rather quickly and in an excited manner.

"Oh! do you know, Mr. Trafford," she said, gravely, "I think it is very wrong of you to encourage Mr. Erle to come so often to Beulah Place. Fern is pretty—very pretty, and Mr. Erle is fond of saying pleasant things to her, and all the time he knows Mr. Huntington wishes him to marry Miss Selby. He has no right to make himself so agreeable to your sister; and I think you ought to keep him in better order."

"Oh! I don't pretend to be Erle's mentor," he returned, a little sulkily; for he thought he saw her drift to keep him from talking of his own feelings. "I never interfere with other fellows."

"Yes, but Fern is your sister," in a reproachful voice; "and I do think you are to blame in this. Why do you not tell him that he must leave your sister alone, and keep to Miss Selby. Your grandfather would be very angry if he knew of these visits to Beulah Place, and then Mr. Erle would get into trouble."

"I can't help that," was the indifferent answer. "Erle must take his chance with the rest of us; he knows as well as I do the risk he runs." And in spite of her preoccupation, Crystal noticed a curious change in Percy's tone.

"Do you mean that he would get into serious trouble? is that what you would imply? I do not think you are doing your duty, Mr. Trafford, if you do not warn him of Mr. Huntington's displeasure. Mr. Erle is weak, he is easily guided, but he has good principles; you could soon induce him to break off his visits."

"I don't see that I need trouble myself about another fellow's love affair; I have too much in my own mind. Of course you look impatient, Miss Davenport, it is a crime to speak of my own feelings; but how can you expect me to take interest in another fellow when I am so utterly miserable myself?"

"Mr. Trafford," she said, trying to control her impatience, "I wish you would let me speak to you for once, as though I were your friend," she would have substituted the word sister, but she feared to provoke one of his outbursts of indignant pleading.

"You know you may say what you like to me," he returned moved by the gentleness of her speech, for she had never been so gracious to him before. "You have more influence over me than any one else in the world. If you could make me a better man, Miss Davenport."

"I would give much to do it," she answered in a low voice that thrilled him strangely. "Mr. Trafford, you will be angry with me if I speak to you very frankly, and earnestly—as earnestly," here she paused, "as though we were bidding each other good-bye to-night for a long time."

"If *you* will call me Percy," he replied, with sudden vehemence, "you shall say what you like to me."

"Very well," she answered, with a faint smile at his boyish insistance, "it shall be Percy then—no, do not interrupt me," as he seemed about to speak. "I am very troubled and unhappy about Mr. Erle's visits; they are doing harm to Fern, and I must tell you, once for all, that you are not doing your duty either to your sister or cousin."

"Erle again," he muttered moodily.

"Yes, because the matter lies very close to my heart, for I dearly love your sister. Mr. Trafford—Percy, I mean—you have youth, health, talents—the whole world lies before you; why do you envy your cousin, because he is likely to be a richer man than you?"

"He has robbed me of my rightful inheritance," was the moody answer.

"It could never be yours," she returned, quickly; "a Trafford will never be Mr. Huntington's heir."

"I would change my name."

"That would avail you little," with a touch of her old scorn, for the speech displeased her. "Mr. Hundindgon would never leave his money to the son of the man he hated, and of the daughter whose disobedience embittered his life. Mr. Erle has to answer for no sins but his own."

"He had better be careful though," was the quick response.

"What, have you done him mischief already? Why—why are you not more generous to the poor boy? Why do you encourage these visits that you know will anger Mr. Huntingdon? Why do you tempt him from his duty? Percy, I implore you to be true to yourself and him. Look into your own heart and see if you are acting an honorable part."

"You are always hard on me," he returned, sullenly. "Who has been blackening my name to you?"

"No one, no one," she answered, quickly; "but you are a reckless talker, and I have gathered much from my own observation. You have told me more than once that you are in debt; sometimes I fear you gamble. Oh!" as a dark flush mounted to his forehead, "I should be grieved to think that this is true."

"You would hate me all the more, I suppose," in a defiant voice.

"Indeed I do not hate you, my poor poy; but you make me very angry sometimes. Do you know me so little as to think I could ever bring myself to love a gambler, or one who tried to rob another of his inheritance—one who was so afraid of poverty that he deserted his mother for the loaves and fishes of the man who was her worst enemy."

"The old story," in a despairing voice; "will you never give me the benefit of an excuse—will you never allow me to defend myself?"

"I am not your judge," was the cold reply; and then, as she saw the misery of his face, she relented. "Indeed it is not too late to retrieve the past. If you have debts, if you are in trouble, own it frankly to your grandfather."

"And be turned out of the house a beggar?"

"What of that" she replied, cheerfully; "you have a profession; every one says how clever you are—what a splendid barrister you will make. You can take pupils; success and money will come to you in time."

"Too late," he muttered; "I cannot free myself." Then, with a sudden change of tone, "Crystal, if I do this—if I leave Belgrave House, will you give me a hope of winning you in the future?"

She shook her head; "I cannot give you that hope."

"Why not?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Because I belong to another," she answered, slowly, and there came a wonderful light in her eyes; "and for his sake I will live as I am to my life's end."

They had reached Beulah Place by this time, and Mrs. Watkins' shop was in sight. There were few passers-by, so no one noticed why Percy stood still and seized his companion's hands.

"You love another man? You dare to tell me this?"

"I tell you this for your own good, and that you may never speak to me again as you have done. You must not be angry with me for telling you the truth; and now will you ring the bell, for there is no need to go through the shop?"

"I am not coming in," he said hoarsely. I cannot trust myself."

"Then we will say good-bye here," was the quiet answer, and she pressed his hands kindly. "Forgive me if I have made you unhappy, but indeed it is your fault, and I thought it better to tell you the truth. Good-bye, my poor boy;" but though her voice was full of gentleness and pity, he scarcely heard it. He had wrung her hands, almost throwing them from him and had turned away without a word.

Crystal had looked after him rather wistfully; her heart felt strangely soft to him to-night. "Was it wrong to tell him, I wonder?" she said to herself, as she quickly retraced her steps. "He is terribly reckless, one never knows how he may take things. It was good of him to listen to me so patiently; and now he has gone away sore and angry."

Crystal was walking very fast now, as though she had suddenly remembered some errand. As an empty hansom passed her she hailed it. "Will you drive me to Victoria Station," she said to the man in a business-like tone; "I want to meet the 6.30 train from Singleton. I think there is time."

"None too much," was the somewhat gruff answer, "but my horse is fresh;" and Crystal drew into a corner and tried to curb her impatience by watching the passers by; but her fear of being too late kept her restless and miserable.

As they drove into Victoria Station a handsome barouche, with a pair of fine bays, attracted Crystal's attention. The footman had got down and was making inquiries of a porter. "Singleton train just due," Crystal heard the man say, as she handed the cabman his fare; and as she quickly passed through the station, the train slowly drew up at the platform.

Only just in time! Crystal pressed eagerly forward, scanning the occupants of all the carriages until she came to the last.

There were two passengers in this compartment; a young lady, with a good-natured freckled face, was speaking to a very tall man who was standing in the centre of the carriage. "You must let me help you out," Crystal heard her say in a pleasant countryfied voice, "and wait with you until your friends find you;" and then came the answer in the deep tones Crystal knew so well.

"Thank you, you are very kind. My unfortunate infirmity gains new friends for me everywhere; so after all, you see, even blindness has its alleviations, Miss Merriman."

"Oh, I will be sure to tell papa what you say; it will be such a comfort to him. Now, will you put your hand on my shoulder—it is a deep step—take care;" but as Raby tried to follow these instructions a little gloved hand, that certainly did not belong to Miss Merriman, gently guided him and placed him in safety.

Miss Merriman nodded and smiled her thanks.

"There, you are all right now. What is the matter, Mr. Ferrers?"

"I thought some one touched me," he returned, with a puzzled look, "and you were on my other side, so I suppose it was some kind stranger."

"Yes, a young lady," as Crystal moved away rather suddenly. "Ah, there is a footman; he seems in search of some one. I will ask him if he be looking for you," and Miss Merriman darted away.

Raby stood quietly waiting, but he little knew that the girl he had come to London to seek was standing a few yards from him, trying to see him through the tears that blinded her.

Many people turned to look after the tall, striking-looking man in clerical dress. The felt hat just shaded the pale, massively cut features. He looked older, Crystal thought, and a little sadder, but the mouth was as beautiful as ever.

Once he looked up as hasty footsteps brushed him, as though he would move aside, but a girlish figure interposed between him and the loaded truck, and again the little hand guided him to safety.

"It is all right—the man says he is waiting for Mr. Ferrers," observed Miss Merriman briskly at this moment. "What horrid things those trucks are; I was afraid one would have knocked you, only the young lady led you away."

"What! a young lady!" asked Raby, quickly.

"Oh, only a tall young lady in brown, who seemed to notice you wanted help. She has gone now—probably a passenger for the down-train."

"I think all young ladies are good to me," returned Raby with grave courtesy, holding out his hand. "I know I have met with a very kind fellow-passenger;" and then, as he took the footman's arm and entered the carriage, Miss Merriman saw the tall young lady in brown walk quickly out of the station, and as she passed her there were tears running down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FLUFF GOES TO SEE GRANDPAPA.

Thou, like a little curious fly
That furses through the air,
Dost pry and pry
With thy keen inquisitive eye.

. . . . . .

And with many questions, ever
Rippling like a restless river,
Puzzling many an older brain,
Dost thou hour by hour increase thy store
Of marvellous lore.
Thus a squirrel, darting deftly,
Up and down autumnal trees,
Sees its hoard of chestnuts growing swiftly
In a heap upon the leaf-strewn leas.

Claude Lake.

"And now, I look almost as smart as the Princess Dove herself."

"I really think you do, Fluff, though you remember her dress was a curious embroidery of rainbows and dewdrops sewn all over with peacocks' eyes; but I assure you I like your white frock much better; and the new hat is very pretty."

"But Fern!——"

"But Fluff!——"

"If I were to be lost—really and truly lost, you know—would the funny old town-crier tell a long story about me, as he did about the dog when we were down by the sea last summer?"

"Of course he would, and mother and I would stand and listen to him and try not to laugh. 'Lost, stolen, or strayed, a little witch-girl in a clean white frock, rather too much starched; a frilled cape that crackles when she moves, and a pretty broad-brimmed hat.' Well, Fluffy, what does that mysterious look mean? you are very rude to interrupt the old crier," and Fern tried to frown, while Fluff nodded her head sagaciously.

"It would not be stolen or lost, it would be strayed, like the sheep in the turnip-field, when the shepherd turned them all out because they had no business there. Supposing I strayed on purpose, Fern, you must send a crier covered all over with gold lace to find me."

"Indeed! have you lost your senses, Fluff?"

"Never mind the senses; I saw them all five in china in Mrs. Watkins' left hand corner cupboard, china images she called them, and I thought them so pretty. Give me the four pence half-penny for buns, Fern—one Bath, two plain, and a half-penny to the sweeper that takes me best over the crossing."

"Oh Fluff, Fluff, do be careful, and mind you do not go too far: come back soon, like a good child."

"Of course I am good on my birthday. What did they do to Ananias and Sapphira, Fern?"

"Dear me, what an odd question, Fluffy!"

"Never mind that; in the Sunday school the teacher always answers the children's questions directly; she is a very nice teacher though she has red hair, but she cannot help that."

"Oh, indeed! so I must tell you about Ananias and Sapphira. What is the matter? how pale you look, my pet. . . . . Well, they fell down dead because they had told a lie."

Fluff shifted her pence uneasily.

"That was the lie they told about the land and money that they wanted to keep themselves. I think they were greedy people, one Bath, two plain, and a half-penny for the sweeper. Here is the four-pence, Fern; I don't think I shall be hungry until tea-time. Now, good-bye, I must go."

"Why, Fluff, what nonsense! here, Fluff;" but Fluff was scutting downstairs as fast as she could go, and Fern was only in time to see her little feet whisking through the shop door.

"I don't believe there is such another child in the United Kingdom," she said to herself, laughing. "She is terribly young for her age, and so amusing; how dull it will be without her this afternoon, and poor Crystal so far away, I wish mother had not let her go, or that she were safe home again;" and Fern sighed as she looked round the empty room.

Now it so happened that Fluff had coaxed her mother to let her take a walk alone on her birthday; this was the treat she had selected for the occasion.

She was to wear her best frock and her new hat that Crystal had trimmed for her as a parting present; and she had promised to be very careful, and not go too far. The fourpence was to be expended in buns—so she and her mother had arranged, but Fluff had secretly intended to put it to another purpose, until her conscientious scruples had obliged her to leave it at home instead of paying the omnibus fare that was to save her poor little legs; they would get sorely tired before they reached their destination.

Fluff ran down several streets, till she was out of breath, and then she fell into a little trot; but first she gave the half-penny to a ragged boy, and begged him earnestly never to tell stories; and after that she asked him the way to Belgravia. Not getting a lucid answer from him, as he only told her that he had been a cripple from his birth and had sold lucifers ever since, which, being brimstone, was bad for rheumatics, Fluff told him she would have repeated the whole story of Ananias and Sapphira to him, only she had no time, and then she resumed her walk with much dignity.

And the method of it was this—if method it could be called which had in its sidelong movements the similitude of a crab. First she went into every baker's shop she passed, and, shaking her head sorrowfully at the fresh currant buns on the counters, asked in a confidential whisper the quickest and shortest way to Belgravia; and when they wished to know what part, or asked her business, she pursed up her mouth and said that was not the question, and would they please confine themselves to facts, or some such speech, in her odd abrupt way.

And she looked such a little lady as she spoke, and held her little head up so proudly, that most of them answered her with civility; and one big baker's boy, just starting on his afternoon round, said he would see her past the dangerous crossing in the next street, and put her a little on her way. Fluff said she was very much obliged to him, and trotted confidingly at his side, adapting her conversation to her hearer as she thought best, for she enlarged in a rambling way on the Miracle of the Loaves, and told him what her teacher said on the subject of the fishes; and then she became confidential, and explained to him that she bore an innocent partiality for the moist peely bits of soft crusts that one could pare off a loaf without showing a sad deficiency, and how she always liked to take in the bread at Mrs. Watkins' for the purpose; and lastly, she told him in a weary little voice that she was going to see grandpapa, who lived in a big house in Belgravia, but that she was getting very tired, for she had a bone in her leg—two bones, she thought—and might she sit please on the top of his little cart to rest her poor legs when he went into the next house?

The baker's boy was a good-natured fellow, but, as he expressed it afterwards, he thought she was the rummiest little lady he had ever met; indeed, he confided his suspicions to a grocer's lad that she "was a bit cracky;" but he let her sit on his cart for all that, and trundled her the length of two or three streets; and further he revived her drooping spirits by a dab of hot brown bread, scooped skilfully out of the side of a loaf which, as he said, would never show.

After that they got facetious, and admired a Punch and Judy show together, and parted with deep regret, when a policeman desired them to move on.

Fluff began to feel rather lonely after this. It was getting late, she was afraid, and those little legs of hers ached dreadfully; but she fell in at the park gates with a playful flower-girl, who ran a race with her, basket and all, and then stood and jeered in broad Irish because she was beaten, while Fluff sat down, sulky and exhausted, on a bench under the trees.

It was nearly tea-time now, she thought: in another hour or so Fern would be sending the old crier after her. She wondered how she was to get back. She was very thirsty, and felt half inclined to cry; and then it struck her that the large splendid-looking building opposite might be Belgrave House, and she ran up to a workman just passing and asked him.

"No," he said, eyeing her wondering, "that was not Belgrave House, it was in the next square;" and when she heard that she clapped her hands joyfully, and went and drank out of a little iron bowl in company with a sweep. She asked him if she might drink first, and he said, "Oh, laws, yes! you aint near so smutty as me," which speech Fluff took as a compliment. But she had fallen down twice, and her nice white frock had got unsightly patches of green on it.

But she felt as though her troubles were over when she stood in front of Belgrave House, its many windows shining like gold.

What a grand place it was—finer than the Crystal Ball Palace where Princess Dove and Prince Merrydew lived; and, oh dear, what joy, the door was open!

The footman had just run out to the pillar box, and another footman was fast asleep in a chair that looked like a baby's cradle turned upside down.

Fluff ran up the steps and looked in.

There was a beautiful scent of flowers as she crept timidly into the hall, such sleepy warm flowers Fluff thought, only they made her head drowsy; and there was a great staircase with carved balustrades and dark slippery stairs, and the doors were all shut, and there was not a sound in the house, except the singing of some birds. Fluff began to feel giddy.

But it was babyish to feel frightened in her own grandpapa's house, so she took courage, and passing the sleepy footman on tiptoe, crept softly up stairs, holding very tightly to the balustrades, for she felt as though she were slipping every step, and presently she came to a sunny landing-place with a conservatory, where some canaries were singing. Here she saw a half-open door, and pushed it open, and then she thought she was in fairy-land.

It was such a large beautiful room, with marble ladies standing in the corners, with wonderful green plants growing in gilded baskets, and satin couches, and lace draperies, and lovely china; and in an arm-chair a gentleman asleep, for he had his eyes shut.

Fluff stole in and looked at him; no, he was not asleep, for his eyes opened, and yet he did not seem to see her, perhaps he was thinking. His face looked very nice and kind, and with the unerring instinct of childhood she laid her hand on his knee.

"If you please, sir, will you tell me where I can find grandpapa."

The gentleman raised his eyes—as Fluff told her mother afterwards, "he looked at me without seeing me;" and then his hand closed quietly over the child's. Nothing ever seemed to startle Raby Ferrers in that strange dreamy life of his.

"Who are you' my child, and who is your grandpapa?"

"My grandpapa's name is Mr. Huntingdon, and he lives in this house—Belgrave House it is called, and I am Florence Trafford, but they call me Fluff at home."

The name aroused him effectually; ah, he was startled now. "Florence Trafford, did you say; do you mean that you live at Beulah Place in the Elysian Fields?"

"Yes, at Mrs. Watkins'—mother, and Fern, and I, and Crystal too, only she went away this morning."

"Away—what do you mean?" and Fluff's poor little hands were held so tightly that they were quite red and sore afterwards.

"Oh, she has gone to America with that horrid Miss Campion; yes, and she is horrid to take our dear Criss-crass away. Fern cried so this morning, and Crystal cried too, but she had to go, she said, so it was no use making a fuss about it; and she does not mean to come back for a long time. What is the matter?" peering uriously in his face, "does your head ache?"—for Raby had uttered a low groan, and had dropped Fluff's hands, and he was pushing back the heavy dead-brown hair as though he were suddenly oppressed.

(To be continued.)

Peach Culture.

The conditions of failure in peach-growing, concisely stated, are:

1. A wet soil, or one that from any cause holds water around the roots of the tree, whether the land is situated high or low.

2. Excessive fertility while the trees are young, whether it be secured in the natural conditions of the soil or by the ingenuity of man.

3. Severe cutting back of the young growth each year, thus dwarfing the tree and robbing it of much natural vitality.

4. Allowing the tree to overbear and thus exhaust the vitality by a single crop of fruit.

5. By deficient and improper cultivation.

On the other hand the conditions of success in peach-growing are:

1. An elevated locality that is not subject to late frosts in the spring or late frosts in the fall.

2. A warm and moderately fertile soil that is well drained by nature. Artificia drainage may prove successful, but its utility has not yet been fully demonstrated.

3. Thorough cultivation, without manure, until the trees come into bearing, then combine the two so as to supply all the depletion produced in the soil by growth of trees and fruit.

4. Never let a tree overbear.

5. Continue cultivation until the close of the dry season every summer, even if it continues until September.

A Clear Case of Predestination.

I well remember one fellow, a fine soldier, too, who scorned the burden of even a blanket on a march, and so at night, when he failed to steal one (which was seldom), he sat up by a fire and made night hideous with mock sermons of wonderful theology and doubtful morality. Strange to say, he survived the war, and is now enlisted in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg this same preacher was responsible for a ready retort under trying circumstances. He was then a firm Calvinist, and was always ready to do battle in defence of his creed. One day he was sitting with a group in an angle of the works, discussing his favorite dogma of predestination. Just then a shell exploded among them and knocked the predestinarian over without hurting him. When he recovered his breath and legs he darted off for the shelter of a traverse just in front of us. His antagonist yelled at him and twitted him for want of faith in his own doctrine. He did not pause in the order of his going, but stuttered back: "Ca-ca-can't stop; its pre-predestination that I must get on the other side of the traverse!" and he fulfilled the decree to the letter and with commendable alacrity.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Greatest Known Cold.

In his report of his mission to the Lena Delta, Lieut. William H. Schultz says: As we approached Verchoyansk (Northern Siberia), the cold was almost unbearable, compelling a stop at nearly every inhabited *yourta* (native hut), not only on account of ourselves, but more owing to the reindeer, which suffered visibly during the low temperatures. Fortunately these inhabited *yourtas* are not far apart as one approaches the village. Breathing was at times difficult, and on January 10th and 11th (1886) the temperature sank to 66° Celsius, corresponding to 86.80° Fahrenheit below zero. This is the coldest temperature ever observed, and I afterward had the satisfaction of establishing it beyond a doubt by the agreement of the thermometers at Verchoyansk, observed by exiles who were furnished with instruments by the Central Meteorological Observatory at Pavlovsk, near St. Petersburg. Verchoyansk thus maintained its reputation of being the pole of the greatest known cold, although its latitude is only 68° north.

A Deserved Thrashing.

E. H. McAlpine, referee in equity at St. John, N. B., was publicly thrashed the other day by Captain Peters, of Quebec, brother-in-law of Miss Beatrice Hathaway, of St. John, for persisting in annoying attentions to that young lady after he had been asked to stop them.

One of the attractions at the Boston baby-show is a red-haired negro infant.

No Chinaman would ever have been betrayed into the ridiculous plight of a venerable Japanese whom a friend of mine once saw parading the streets of Tokio, soberly dressed as to coat and trousers, but his white head surmounted by a child's sailor hat with floating blue streamers.—*Taverner in Boston Post.*

The temperance people of the County of Renfrew have subscribed $1,000 with which to fight the repeal of the Scott Act.

A coming man—The man for his rent.

There has just died at Kendal, Eng., an old pensioner named Wm Lindsay, from whose neck has been abstracted a bullet which he received during the Crimean war. The bullet is the size of a marble, and had been in deceased's neck for 33 years.

One of the latest achievements of science is the measurement of a snail's pace. It has just been demonstrated that a snail can go a mile in fourteen days. Science should now attempt to discover how long it takes the average messenger-boy to go the same distance in marble-playing season.

Murat Halstead's mother-in-law, Mrs. Banks, says: "Mr. Halstead is a good man, for he is good to his mother-in-law, and when a man is good to his mother-in-law he is good to every one else." Mr. Halstead is the veteran editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial.*

A sad looking man has been visiting farmers in Ohio and asking them to sign a pledge not to kill any song birds for a year. Afterwards these pledges returned in the shape of promissory notes.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Sir Henry Tyler's Speech at the Half-Yearly Meeting Yesterday—The Double Tracking—St. Clair Tunnel—The C.P.R. Competition.

A London cablegram of last (Thursday) night's date says: The half-yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk was held to-day at the Cannon Street Hotel, Sir Henry Tyler presiding. There was a large attendance.

The Chairman, before moving the adoption of the report, referred to the great loss the company had sustained by the death of Sir Charles Young, one of the directors, and was sure it would be the wish of the meeting that on behalf of the directors and shareholders he should in fitting terms express their sympathy for Lady Young in her bereavement.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Reviewing the company's history for the past half year, Sir Henry said they had rapidly recovered from the disastrous effects of competition and were now making satisfactory progress. The winter of 1886-7 had been an abnormally severe one in Canada, and the competition facing them constantly was increasing; yet, so far, they had maintained and even improved their position. The results of the past half-year indicated a revival even beyond that which took place in the memorable year 1883. They had carried more passengers and a greater quantity of goods than in any previous half-year, and at the same time, despite the unusually heavy snowfall, had reduced the working expenses to 70 per cent. The effect of the Inter-State Commerce Law had not yet been fully experienced, but as far as the local Canadian traffic went they were not, of course, affected by the Act. They had lost passenger traffic to the Northwest in consequence of the competition of the Canadian Pacific, but only to a moderate extent. They had also lost some traffic from the Baltimore & Ohio line and from the Central Pacific, but had been able to make the losses good in other directions. Their Pullman cars were equal to any running in America, and much superior to those on the continental railways in Europe.

COMPETITION IN CANADA.

They had met increased competition between Montreal and Peterboro' to a greater extent than anywhere else, yet at those points they had taken more traffic in and out during the half year than ever before. They had lost Mr. Squires' hog traffic, and in the last few weeks had temporarily lost the dressed beef traffic, but he thought the quarrel would only be a lover's quarrel and that they would get the traffic back. Adding together all the receipts from their lines, they had £11,500 more than in the corresponding period last year. In the present half-year they had so far done better than in the first half, and up to the latest accounts had an increase of £16,000 in the gross receipts over the corresponding period in 1883.

THE DOUBLING OF THE LINE

between Montreal and Toronto was an important work, and would add to the safety and do away with delays and enable them properly to compete with the Canadian Pacific. It was not their intention, however, to proceed in any way so as to hamper their financial resources to the smallest degree. They hoped to carry on this great work without encumbering the resources of the company. The construction of the Montreal station had been delayed, but the directors were anxious to hurry the work on before winter. The city was now doing what it ought to have done before, namely, making a dyke to keep out the river. Negotiations were proceeding to enable the company to place their rails along the dyke. Last winter was a most extraordinary one, as he had said, and it was, therefore, all the more creditable to their officers that they had been able to reduce the working expenses to 70 per cent.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Chairman then referred to the extensions recently made or now in progress by the Canadian Pacific, characterizing as most extraordinary the action of the Canadian Government in subsidizing that company to make a line across the State of Maine. After their past experience, the competition of the Canadian Pacific had no longer any great terrors for them; yet it required constant watchfulness, and was not to be undervalued. The discovery of gas in a heading has interfered with the construction of the St. Clair tunnel. The main tunnel is now about to be commenced. The probable cost will be half a million pounds, but he was confident the tunnel would be a saving and not a burden on the company's resources. The result of an arrangement with the Atcheson, Topeka & Santa Fe Company at Chicago would be that the Grand Trunk would benefit £17,400 yearly, the route to San Francisco being 3,357 miles, compared with 3,538 miles by the Canadian Pacific. The object of the Grand Trunk Act, which the meeting was now asked to confirm, was simply to save £6,000 yearly by purchasing, for redemption, prior securities bearing a higher rate of interest than the 4 per cent. debenture stock. This Act and previous powers for the conversion of securities would enable them to save altogether £115,000 yearly. Although they were going to spend money liberally, he believed he could promise they would have to pay no more interest on preference charges on the 31st of December next than they did on the same date last year. He moved the adoption of the report.

Mr. Robert Young seconded the motion.

Mr. Landon criticized some of the items of the report, which was then unanimously adopted.

Resolutions were afterwards approved authorizing the exercise of the remaining borrowing powers obtained in the Act of 1884.

Business Troubles.

The following assignments are reported in Ontario: London—S. Turner, carriage-maker. Hamilton—Miss B. Fiset, millinery. Plattsville—E. M. Bell, dentist.

Excitement over the downfall of the Stafford Springs National Bank continues to run very high. The deficit is now placed at $159,000.

The schooner Thomas Tarra, which sailed from Gloucester, Mass., August 19th, with a crew of fourteen men on a fishing voyage, is given up for lost with all on board.

SHOT AT A CHURCH DOOR.

A Chicago Bank President Fired on by His Stepson—The Wounds Fatal—The Assassin's Motive—A Woman with a Remarkable Career.

A Chicago despatch says: In the throng of people at the church door of one of the most fashionable congregations in Chicago, a gray-haired millionaire bank president was remorselessly shot down yesterday by his stepson, to avenge or shield a woman charged with continued adultery. The woman was Mrs. Meeckie Rawson, wife of the banker shot and mother of the assailant. The banker is Stephen W. Rawson, President of the Union Trust Company, of Chicago. William Lee, aged 17, is the stepson. Banker Rawson, with five bullets in his body and apparently in a dying condition, was hastily picked off the blood-spattered curb and bundled into one of the score of carriages that had been waiting for the wealthy worshippers. Young Lee, with the empty and still smoking revolver in hand, was as hurriedly thrown into a strikingly different conveyance, the waggon of the police patrol. Young Lee had been seen for half an hour previous pacing the sidewalk fronting the Third Presbyterian Church, of which Banker Rawson has long been a leading light, and was still an honored member, notwithstanding that he had been charged by his wife with perjury and other offences. He, on the other hand, alleged that she, although prominent in society and a beautiful woman in appearance, was really a disreputable, blasphemous, devilish tempered adventuress who coveted only his money. For a year or more the two have been fighting each other in the divorce courts, and within a week the banker has filed against her additional charges of adultery. Little attention had been paid to young Lee as he stalked backward and forward past the church entrance. He was lost in the crowd when the congregation began to come out. Mr. Dawson was about to step to his carriage when suddenly came the sharp crack of a revolver, followed by a deep groan. A din of screams began, but subsided almost instantly. Lee was seen to quickly, but coolly, steady his pistol with his left hand, while with his right he again and again pulled the fatal trigger. With a stifled cry "I'm killed" the aged millionaire fell prostrate on the stone flags, upturning his agonized white face at the cold, set countenance of his stepson. Lee, turning to an officer who had just appeared on the scene, hoarsely whispered, "Take me to jail, quick," and it seemed scarcely a moment till the patrol waggon bore him away. When the dying banker reached his home six physicians had been called. They probed for the bullets, and found that all had lodged in the legs or arms, save one that entered near the small of the back, and as nearly as could be judged had plunged through his abdomen. If his life was saved it would be little short of a miracle.

A reporter found Mrs. Rawson at the Continental Hotel, where she occupies apartments, shortly after the tragedy, and upon being asked what she had to say in regard to the affair replied, "I am glad of it. He deserved all he got. I intended to do it myself."

Lee declared he had nothing to say except that he was entirely responsible for what he did. The career of the young man's mother is in many respects remarkable. She has been married several times, was divorced once, and as a department clerk in the Government service at Washington is understood to have been concerned in some decidedly sensational incidents. She first became acquainted with Rawson about five years ago, and their marriage soon followed. Rawson is 65 years old.

WHY AM I A HEATHEN?

The Chinese Lecturer Taxed $50 for Coming to Canada.

A Kingston despatch says: On Saturday, before leaving for New York, Wong Chin Foo, the unconvertible Chinaman, ventilated his grievances against the Canadian Government. It had, through the Customs collector at Suspension Bridge, imposed upon him the tax of $50 provided by the Anti-Chinese Immigration Act passed some time ago. Wong Chin Foo has been about fifteen years a resident of the United States. He claims that for thirteen years he has been an American citizen, being naturalized at Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1874. He had been a frequent visitor to Canada ever since the existence of the Act referred to, and until the present he has not suffered by its enforcement. He says that on arriving at Clifton the other day while on a lecturing tour the Customs officer sized him up and declared that he was dutiable. Wong Chin Foo professed to be ignorant of the law and took the action of the officer as a joke, but the officer was not inclined to be at all funny and intimated that upon the payment of the assessment depended his detention or progress. Now Wong Chin Foo, being quite chatty and possessed of an oily tongue, he set about showing the officer the mistake he had made. The officer was not to be subdued in that way. He had learned that Wong was a Chinaman and that was enough. "I didn't deny," said Wong Chin, "that I had been a Chinaman, but I said I was now an American and claimed the rights and privileges of American citizenship. I made affidavit of the facts before the American Consul. I suggested that the New York *World* be asked for proof of my identity and all to no effect. I was told to pay the demand or return to New York. I was at first disposed to return, but I had made engagements for two lectures and was bound to fulfil them, and so I was duly appraised, tagged and taxed," showing the receipt for $50. "Yes," he went on, "$50 for one Chinaman weighing less than 100 lbs., and so more than 50c. per lb." Wong Chin said he would lay the case before the American Government when he went home and he looked for the return of the money.

The New York Socialist leaders on Saturday obtained from the police a permit for 10,000 members of their body to parade to Union square on the occasion of Monday night's meeting.

Mr. Forwood's scheme for placing all the departments of the British navy on a sound commercial basis about to be submitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if approved, will at once be adopted, and will save the country £30,000 annually.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The London West diphtheria cases are all on the mend, and the early opening of the South End school is now looked for.

Benjamin Aluswailt, arrested at Toronto for stealing a team of horses in Prince Edward county, was sentenced at Picton to five years in the penitentiary.

Mr. Willis Russell, proprietor of the St. Louis hotels and for 43 years a resident of Quebec, died on Saturday night after one day's illness of inflammation of the bowels.

Vaillancourt, accused of killing his wife at Quebec, has been acquitted. The Grand Jury has returned a true bill for perjury against Mr. B. Trudel, Chief of the River Police.

The Government have, it is said, received an offer from some English contractors to build a railway between Prince Edward Island and the mainland for a subsidy of $200,000 a year for fifty years.

An old woman named Polson, residing at Mimico, committed suicide on Saturday afternoon by taking a dose of strychnine. As deceased was in comfortable circumstances no cause can be assigned for the deed.

James McLaren, a stockholder in the Central Ontario Railway, who is talking of establishing smelting works in Trenton, asks land, freedom from taxes and $50,000 stock subscribed, and he will secure the balance of the stock, $200,000.

The first arrest under the Charlton Seduction Act which has been made in the neighborhood of Ottawa was effected on Saturday evening by Detective Harry Head. In accordance with instructions received the detective proceeded to Cobden, where he arrested Thomas Morris, of Cumberland, who was then on his way to Bonnechere, on a charge of having seduced a girl under the age of 21.

Bishop Walsh, assisted by Rev. Dean Murphy, of Irishtown; Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford; Rev. Father B. J. Waters, of Goderich; Rev. Father Joseph Kennedy, of London, and Rev. Father Guam, yesterday opened and dedicated the new Roman Catholic church at Petrolea. The building is a handsome Gothic structure, of brick with stone trimmings, and cost $9,000.

Duncan Campbell, the oldest man in Elgin, died yesterday in Southwold, aged 99 years. For fifty years he was known as the strongest man in Elgin. He measured 46 inches around the naked chest. Mr. Campbell was born in Argyllshire, Scotland, and was the last one of the old Scotch pioneers of the county. His children are among the wealthiest residents in the county.

On Friday night some person or persons pried a board of Tallack & Collins' waggon shop window at Dorchester station, raised the sash and abstracted a heavy chisel therefrom. Crossing the street, they gained entrance into Dean's tailor shop and helped themselves to fifteen suits of winter underclothing, a suit of new clothes, a pair of new trousers and a portion of another suit, of the value of $50.

Arthur Fryce, a barber, of Lucan, was enjoying a quiet game of cards with Thomas Anderson the other day. He claims that Anderson played the tricks of Ah Sin, and he rose in his wrath, seized the stakes and proceeded to mark his disapproval of Anderson's conduct on his head with a poker. The latter could not see the joke in this, and caused Fryce to be arrested to answer a charge of assault and wounding.

John James Duckworth, aged 25 years, a bridge builder residing at St. Lambert, Que., and son of Mr. Duckworth, the bridge inspector, was in the Grand Trunk yards, Point St. Charles, on Saturday morning about 3.15 o'clock waiting for a freight train which was about to cross the bridge, when in walking along the track his foot caught in a frog. Just then an engine came along in an opposite direction and knocked him down, cutting him into seven pieces. The coroner was notified and will hold an inquest.

The cash in the U. S. Treasury now amounts to $658,734,680.

A fearful epidemic of typhoid fever is raging at Iron Mountain, Mich. There are over 100 people down with the disease, and from one to seven funerals occur daily. The local physicians are ill and exhausted, and medical aid has been summoned from Chicago.

The story telegraphed from Memphis to Chicago about the attempted wrecking of the President's train by burning a trestle is hooted and laughed at by the correspondents who have been with the President during his trip. They say nothing of the kind occurred at any time.

The convention of social Reformers presided over by Mrs. Belva Lockwood has been in session in Springfield, Ill., for the past few days and has organized a new political party, adopting a lengthy platform and naming a national committee. The name of the new organization is the "Industrial Reform party." Among the participants in the convention was George Francis Train.

On Saturday night John Davis, a laborer, of Gouverneur, N. Y., aged 65, in company with his wife, got on a spree. About 10 o'clock when their son went home he found his mother on the floor dead, having been stabbed in the breast with a butcher's knife. The father was in bed asleep. It is supposed that the old man stabbed his wife in a drunken quarrel. The two were alone in the house at the time.

Fully 300 citizens started out from Charleston, W. Va., on Saturday morning after the robbers who murdered Mr. Ryan near Walton, Roan County, last Thursday night. After the house was robbed and the old man was shot, the robbers, thirty in number, compelled the family to send him upstairs and to get breakfast for them. The officers and citizens ran into the robbers on Saturday night at George Duff's residence, eight miles from Sessionville, and were warned to keep off by the robbers, who had taken refuge in the house, fitted port holes, and made other arrangements for protection. The murderers were fired upon and George Duff, jun., was killed. Jake Coon was captured and lynched. Five of the officers and citizens in the battle were wounded. There are about twenty robbers in the gang. R. M. Duff, George Drake and Frank Shambling are prisoners and await the pleasure of the Vigilance Committee for their disposal. The vigilants are still after the robbers.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

A PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Little Miss Washburn wandered quite a distance from her country home at a well-known summer resort, not many weeks ago, and couldn't find her way back. But she was not a bit dismayed. She immediately lifted up her voice and shouted to the full capacity of her lungs:

"I'm Grace Washburn and I'm lost! I'm Grace Washburn and I'm lost!"

This she repeated until it reached the ears of some one who knew where she lived, and she was escorted home.—*Boston Budget.*

THE RUSTY CRICKET.

A little 3-year-old girl, when her mother was trying to get her to sleep one summer evening, began to ask questions about a noise outside. When told that it was caused by a cricket, she wisely remarked: "Mamma, I think it ought to be oiled."—*Portland Transcript.*

AN EXPERIMENT WORTH TRYING.

One day little Emma's mother reproved her quite sharply for not changing her shoes. After a moment's reflection Emma said: "I wish you would be real dood to me, mamma. I fink you would like it after you got used to it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WANTED TO "BOSS" THE JOB HERSELF.

A little 3-year-old girl was in front of the camera the other day. The photographer had posed her to his mind, had told her what to look at and stepped back to make the exposure. The little chick evidently concluded the preliminaries were satisfactory, for she electrified the photographer with the cheerful advice to "Let 'er go, Gallagher." The protographing was deferred till the merriment subsided.—*Providence Journal.*

HOME TO ROOST.

Mr. Winks (with affected disgust)—Whew! This mince pie is terribly strong.

Mrs. Winks—Yes, Bridget got too much brandy in the mincemeat this time.

Little Nell—Ain't it funny? Smell jist like pa's mustache did when you wasaway.—*Omaha World.*

THE REFORMED ORTHOGRAPHY.

A little boy at a village school had written the word "psalm" in his copybook, and accidentally blotted out the initial "p" with his sleeve. His little sister sitting at his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed: "What if I did leave him out? He didn't spell nothing, and what was the good of him?"—*Presbyterian Journal.*

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or a kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter [with him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.
Its enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friends with a growl

The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

A few months ago Mr. Tartaglia, the bandmaster aboard the United States flagship Richmond, composed a Queen's Jubilee march, which he dedicated to Queen Victoria, and recently he received the following reply: "Sir Henry Ponsonby has received the Queen's commands to thank Mr. Tartaglia for his letter, but to return the enclosure which he forwarded, as it is an invariable rule that Her Majesty should not accept manuscript compositions."

What it Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill, the word "health" is meaningless. But to the one who has suffered and despaired, health appears as a priceless boon. To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the many forms of weaknesses or irregularities peculiar to their sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this "priceless boon."

Miss Anna Whitney, the proprietor of the Chequasset kennels, is one of the most successful breeders of the St. Bernard dogs in America. She spent years in Switzerland studying the dog, and is an authority on the subject.

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems.
Will never trouble with their ills
The man who trust in Pierce's Pills.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets: vegetable, harmless, painless, sure!

The tenth annual convention of the Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union concluded its business yesterday and adjourned, to meet next year in Sarnia. Mrs. Addie Chisholm was re-elected President, and was presented with $150. Prof. Foster was in attendance, and received a great setting out from Mrs. Youmans.

Results Tell.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's Nerviline is the using it. Polson's Nerviline never fails to perform wonders in every case of pain. It cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful pain subduing remedies. It goes right to the bottom, and pain is banished at once. Nerviline cures all kind of pain, internal or external. Go to any drug store and get a 10 or 25 cent bottle, and be delighted by its promptitude in doing its work.

A pet goat, like Mrs. O'Leary's famous cow, kicked over a lamp in a residence at Visalia, Cal., one day recently, and before the fire was extinguished $2,000 damage had been done. The goat escaped.

Thomas Smith, of Virginia, killed an eagle, and George Thomas, a neighbor of his, felt his patriotic impulses so outraged that he turned to and pounded Thomas within an inch of his life.

WORK AND WAGES.

The employing printers of New York whose men are on strike have advertised for 1,000 non-union compositors, and they will make a strong fight against the union.

A Hazleton, Pa., despatch says that the striking miners and mine laborers have not received the assistance that was promised them by the Knights of Labor, and the probability is that the strike will soon collapse.

From 2,500 to 3,000 miners are on strike in Southern Indiana and there is a coal famine.

A communication from Canadian Knights requesting the appointment of a legislative committee of three for Canada was referred to the Committee on Legislation.

The eight-hour question in the cigar trade was brought up. The sentiment of the convention was that as eight hours is the rule of the International Cigarmakers' Union it would not be right for members of the Knights of Labor employed in this trade to work longer hours. It was decided not to issue the label to those who worked longer hours.

It is stated that the convention yesterday afternoon voted to continue the boycott on the New York *Sun*.

About $350,000 has been paid in at Montreal under the Business Tax Law.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNL 43 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

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A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, OCT. 27, 1887.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER AND TEMPERANCE.

We have no desire to introduce the question of the political complexion of Temperance reformers in discussing matters pertaining to the great social evil. But when noted Temperance journals, such as the *Canada Citizen*, are for ever harping upon the subject, and trying to gull the people of this country into the belief that Conservative Temperance workers are extremely few in number, it is high time to come forward and endeavor to nip the polite fiction in the bud. *Grip* has also fallen into the same error, but then *Grip* is rather an inconsistent and wayward bird, whose croakings may safely be estimated at so much per line—ever ready to pick up the fat crumbs, whether dropped from Liberal or Tory tables.

Now, as a matter of fact, two of the leading Conservative statesmen of Canada are amongst the most enthusiastic Temperance workers on this continent, viz., Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Mr. Foster. Then there are scores of M. P's of the same political complexion, who are to be found on the same side; besides thousands and tens of thousands in the more ordinary walks of life. The *Citizen* barely refers to Sir Charles in this connection, gives Mr. Foster a contemptuous passing notice, looks over the heads of the M. P's, and cooly consigns the masses to—oblivion. We sometimes fear that that self-same *Citizen* is a political "woif in sheep's clothing."

But Sir Charles Tupper—what of him? Simply this, he is one of the grandest Temperance workers this continent has ever seen. Just read the eloquent outburst, delivered on the hustings, right in the teeth of the enemies of Prohibition and Temperance Reform, and then remember that the speaker is the greatest statesman in America that has taken hold of the drink curse question manfully, fearlessly, honestly, and *publicly!* Here are Sir Charles' own words to his Cumberland constituents, on the eve of the recent great political struggle—when hundreds of "lesser lights" rendered homage to Bacchus and dishonored their Temperance pledges on the altar of political exigency—here, we say, are Sir Charles' burning, manly, honest utterances:—

"I will tell you what my position is regarding a prohibitary law. I attach vital importance to the great questions I have been discussing, the railway, the fiscal, and the national policies of the Government. They are all of vital consequence to the people of our country: but I attach still greater importance to the restriction of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. (Cheers.)

"Where I had power to prohibit the sale of liquor I used it administratively, and legislatively, and did all that a man could do to carry out the principle. You have the record of my past life as a guarantee of my future course in regard to temperance. In the future, as in the past, I will use all the power I possess, whatever ability God has given me, for the purpose of carrying out, to the best of my ability, the aims and objects of the temperance people of this country. (cheers) Wherever and whenever the friends of prohibition feel that I can promote that great cause I shall be entirely at their service. I say more, that if by resigning my office as Finance Minister and going into opposition, I could give to this country legislation that would prevent the manufacture, importation sale and use of intoxicating drinks, I would not hesitate for a moment. (Cheers.) I would be ready to lay down office, position, anything that the great cause should be successful throughout the Dominion." (Loud applause.)

We have no desire—as we stated before—to introduce politics when discussing questions relating to Temperance reform. We simply wish to show that Conservatives as well as Liberals or Reformers are deeply interested in the question, and prepared to fight shoulder to shoulder with political opponents in the tremendous warfare now being waged against the drinking usages of society. We also desire to show, that it would be infinitely better for the *Citizen* to eschew politics altogether and stick to Temperance. The field is quite large enough for it and all other journals of a like character; but if it, or they, have a strong hankering after political pasture-fields, let them eschew Temperance and get into the political arena as quickly as possible. It can't serve two masters without getting pretty badly entangled in course of time.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Dundalk *Herald* has a very bashful correspondent out at a place called Kingscote. Here is a sample of his modesty: "Some of the lads say that the *Hearld* depreciated in value the past two or three weeks, on account, no doubt, of the absence of *Scribo's* (the cor's) news." Lord help the *Herald* when "*Scribo*" shuffles off this mortal coil or stops sending in those news items so interesting to "some of the lads!" There'll be a big literary famine for a dead certainty! Be careful, friend Newell—"aisy now, me bhoy."

Flesherton is just the place to locate a High School. Of course the school we now have is a *high* one, i.e. it is located on high ground—the schoolhouse we mean; but it's the other kind we allude to. Our town is beautifully situated in the centre of the county, possesses a very healthy climate, has a fine park, beautiful groves, sylvan retreats, splendid public buildings, cultured and refined society, grand natural toboggan slides, superior postal and travelling facilities branching out towards all points of the compass, &c., &c. for a column or more. Nature intended Flesherton to become a *county town* in the near future, have a High School, County Buildings, and all the rest of it. Neighboring places cannot fail to recognize our superior claims in the direction indicated, and, no doubt, will gracefully acknowledge the same.

Our correspondent cannot make out a sufficiently strong case to warrant us publicly alluding to the individual referred to in these columns a couple of weeks ago, and who was charged with committing certain crimes then enumerated. Although convinced that there is something really serious at the bottom of the charges made against the man, there is not sufficient trustworthy evidence available either to warrant exposure in the interests of the public, or upon which to base a criminal prosecution in the courts. In order to prevent a misapprehension, which seems to have arisen out of the publication of the item, we might say that no person in this community is implicated. Further, for the sake of decency and morality, it could be hoped that the charges were fabrications pure and simple.

The Same With a Difference.

Teacher—Yes, my children, always remember there is no human love equal to a mother's love.

Little girl—Womens love their children better than their husbands, don't they?

"Very often."

"Yes, indeed. When we gets the hic coughs mamma gets sorry and tries to cure em, but when papa gets the hiccoughs she gets mad."

TAMARAC—Is the discovery of a leading physician, and after years of experimenting it is now offered you in a perfected state as a never-failing cure for Coughs, Cold and Throat and Lung complaints.

Notes on the Baptist Convention.

(Specially Contributed for The Advance.)

The Baptist Convention which concluded its sittings last Thursday is said to have been the most successful gathering of its kind that has ever been held during the history of the denomination in Ontario. The Convention opened with an hours devotional exercises which proved to all a refreshing inspiring season. There was no vain display of gifts or attainments, but a continued presentation of prayer by men who were trained and tried in earnest Christian work. The President's address was a complete success, expressing in the clearest, briefest possible way, what it is that constitutes "our mission." As to the ground and attitude taken by Christians known as Baptists, he said:—

"What we have espoused is an aggressive gospel. Ours is a positive faith. It make large demands upon the world's attention. We stand out before the eyes of all men as a peculiar people. We insist upon the absolute sufficiency of the Scriptures in all matter of faith and practice; upon the necessity of a wholly regenerate church membership; upon full liberty of conscience and the right of private judgement; upon the absolute separation of church and state. We deny all priestly authority. We demand implicit obedience to God's commands, both in form and substance. How far-reaching are these essential elements of our faith! How can they be held in a half hearted way! They demand unreserved allegiance."

The Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, both reported cheering progress. The Home Mission, voiced by Rev. A. Grant, spoke of many newly opened doors for Christian effort and of encouraging success attending all that had been attempted. He said: "The great demand everywhere was for *men* truly consecrated men who fear God and have no other fear." The income of the Foreign Mission was larger than any previous year, four new missions were appointed during the year to go out to India, and on the field itself. Good results have been brought about.

The Grande Signe Mission—a mission to French Canadians—was represented by an accomplished and consecrated Frenchman, who spoke pathetically of the condition of his countrymen, of the power, wealth, and subtelty of the priesthood, and of their various agencies for weeding out the Protestants of the Province of Quebec.

The McMaster University was one of the leading questions and was from the first only viewed in the light of the great commission as recorded in Matthew 28, 18 to 20. For the said University, the late Wm. McMaster bequeathed over $850,000 to provide a permanent endowment. Over four hours were taken up in earnest discussion before it was decided to accept this trust, as so many felt that it would be wrong to take, however great the money value, if it were in any way to turn our thoughts from the main feature of gospel work. The prevailing idea was, we don't want material riches, but spiritual efficiency. Our mission is not so much to promote higher education as to spread a pure Gospel, and the trust could only be accepted in so far as it would help on this work and be a means of promoting the kingdom of God among men. Finally by an unanimous vote the legacy was accepted and preliminary arrangement heartily entered into. Sunday was a day of special delight. Morning and afternoon we worshipped in the beautiful church edifice in Jarvis st., and between the two services we paid a visit to the Methodist Cathedral, the Metropolitan Church, and as the architect, whose guest the writer was, conducted us through that exquisitely beautiful structure, we felt glad that Canada has reared so many monuments of grateful homage to the Author of all her benefits.

In the evening we went to hear Dr. Wild, and were interested in his novel method of teaching and working. Monday morning we visited several places of interest not the least pleasing of which was the Kindergarten, about which so much might be said, and concerning which we heartily wished that Editors and Pastors in small towns might have something of the kind to help them in one important department. Returning again to the session with most favorable impressions of all we had seen especialy of the Lord's day in the city, we penciled the following acorostic which we give more for its literal truthfulnes than for its poetic value:—

To thee fair City, God has given,
Of all the richest gifts of heaven,
Refinement, Art and Science fair,
Objects of interest every where,
Noblest of all is manifest,
Thy reverence for God's day of rest,
On which thou art so richly blest.

T. W.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT
JOHNSON'S
TONIC BITTERS
and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00	to	4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 72	to	0 75
Spring Wheat	0 72		0 75
Barley	0 50		0 63
Oats	0 29		0 29
Peas	0 55		0 55
Butter	0 18		0 20
Eggs, fresh	0 17		0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40		0 40
Pork	5 60		5 60
Hay, per ton	6 00		6 00
Hides	6 00		7 00
Wool	18		21
Sheepskins	0 40		0 50
Geese	0 05		0 05
Turkeys	0 7		0 7
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40		0 50

AT GORDON'S
HARNESS SHOP
FLESHERTON,
You will find an assortment of
Heavy and Light Harness,
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE., Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,
Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.
"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.
Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.
MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.
Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,
MRS. BULMER.
Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Flesherton
Meat Market.
S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.
Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
—OR—
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monstors of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316 368

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MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.
FARMS bought and sold.
CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.
COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.
Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.
HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT,

—AT THE—

Medical Hall!

May be found those

RELIABLE REMEDIES

Fellow's Hypophosphites.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound.

Chloramine Pastilles!

For Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds.

Liquid Malt Extract.

LEADS!

Of Best Quality.

MIXED PAINTS

in Oil, only.

BRUSHES!

the best stock in town.

Artists Paints & Brushes.

DYES

of different manufactures—the Diamond included. All cheap for cash.

COAL OIL *OF GOOD QUALITY.*

Lamp Burners!

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE IN PATENT MEDICINES.

Our Prescriptions are reliable and now numbers several every day.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS

a large assortment and of best quality.

BOOKS and STATIONERY.

Pass Books, Albums, Pencils, Pens, Inks, and a multitude of articles too numerous to mention.

We will pay CASH for

Clover & Timothy Seed

Delivered at the Hall.

For The Advance.]

FADERINGTON.

BY DEACON SNUKES.

You will not find my Town so named on the map, though it actually exists. I have, for prudential reasons, transposed the name to one which I think more befitting my purpose and the present condition of its surroundings.

Faderington is a one-sided town—that is to say, has but one side, the other being occupied by one of our great lakes. The business centre is is octagonal in form, the Court House in the centre, surrounded by a small park, a broad road with private streets diverging therefrom. Just now an autumnal loveliness is scattered in rich profusion, in the variegated foliage of the trees, which adorn the larger portion of its streets.

On the lakeside, from the path, is obtained a grand stretch of water scenery—the pale blue of the water merging into the deeper shadings of the distant horizon in a magnificent sweep into the impenetrable beyond!

Faderington has been one of the most reputable summer resorts, in the time when visitors took vacations quite naturally; when rest, with moderate exercise—void of intense excitement—was considered its chief requisite. There is a fair proportion of moderately substantial residents, whose chief occupation appears to be divided equally in taking all possible comfort from their present surroundings and in judiciously eking out their means with due regard to their longevity. As a matter of fact Faderington has long been noted as the headquarters of a large variety of extremely sensitive and amiable—old maids. Pardon the abruptness of the confession. Could I but coin a word which would more tenderly give expression to the actual fact, I would gladly avail myself of it—for least of all have I the slightest intention of casting a slur on so honorable a body. However, since the truth is now made public, I am sure that all gentlemen of marriageable proclivities will at once avail themselves of my earnest recommendation, and seek from the midst of so charming a selection, a partner for their joys and a true sympathizer in their sorrows.

There were several interesting features in this excellent body, a few of which were brought prominently under my notice as I sat at dinner engaged—partly in the regulation table duties, and partly in taking stock of my surroundings. Mrs. Smileaby, an attractive elderly lady, sat at the head of the table; at her left side the adorable Miss Jiggilty, the boss milliner, whose slender arms encased in a skin-tight jersey are the wonder of the town. Now, that a party should be so constructed may possibly be accounted for by one of the following reasons:

1st—Either by early misformation or (2nd) an acquired condition, the result of intense activity.

From my own opinion I believe, in this case, it is somewhat of a combination of—both! But to see the way those arms moved in reaching for table requisites, was little short of the miraculous. The curves, the waves, the twisting, the angles, circles and graceful movements were wonderful—not only in their rapidity but in their continuosity also. I can readily understand, that a person for a long series of years engaged in putting the finishing touches to feminine head-gear, this peculiar movement becomes a second nature, and as a remedial measure would respectfully suggest a change in occupation, such as would involve household duties; concentrated in one word—marriage!

There were two other ladies on the right side—Miss Noddington and Miss Vielby—the former so named from the constant nodding of the immensity of plumes which adorned the front part of her hat; and the latter from the thick veil which covered half her face, shading from vulgar gaze her somewhat aquiline nose, her graceful features and other possibilities of more or less importance. Mrs. Smileaby, however, managed to keep up a motherly interest at their table, and, save with a few occasional glances in our direction, their attention was chiefly confined to the duty of the hour.

The walks around Faderington are by no means to be despised. A graceful sward covers part of the roadside in many parts of the town, which forms an agreeable change from the knotty sidewalks. As the shades of evening were approaching a quiet ramble was exceedingly acceptable. Though October, the mildness of the evening was appreciated by the residents, who sat at their windows variously engaged in conversation or in probable meditation of their suggestive environment, as their taste inclined.

The strains of music from an open window drew my attention. I leaned against a maple, whose foliage the breeze was slightly moving, and gave myself to a reverie. A graceful figure sat at the piano in the well-lighted and elegantly furnished room. A white wool wrap was thrown loosely over her shoulders, while her fingers ran over the key board in a dreamy fashion. Her eyes seemed to be scanning some distant object, or possibly her mind was far away. The unconscious melody merged into the minor key, which in its plaintive strains appeared to surge in waves of harmony as if her fingers were the exponents of the soul's musings. Suddenly the tune changed, then in a clear, rich voice, came the words—"'Twas the Last Rose of Summer left Blooming Alone." As the song proceeded, her voice gathered an inspiration of beauty. The song was exceedingly appropriate, for the fading flower, the falling leaf, were all silent yet potent teachers of the truth.

As the song ended, I felt a mournful thankfulness that even Faderington had taught me a practical lesson, as I dashed a tear from my eye and quietly returned to my hotel. D. S.

How Patsy will Arrange it.

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Halloran, "Patsy met wid a bad accident, sure enough. How was it after happenin', ye ask. It was loike this: He was wurrukin', as ye know, on the sewer an' wasn't payin' much attintion to things, an' so happened to have his pick up in the air when the six o'clock whistle blowed, an' av coorse he lets go av it an' looks fer his coat an' the pick come down on his fut! Be gobs it'll not happen so again, for he swears he'll not sthrike a lick wid the pick after a qua-r-r-ter past foive."

An Infant Speculator.

Our little three year old is very fond of oranges. One day when he had eaten a large one he came to mamma and wanted more.

"How many are there in the dish?" asked mamma. He counted them.

"Just three," he said.

"Very well," was the reply, "there is one for papa and one for mamma and one for you. You can have one. He ate it and wanted another.

"How many are left?" said mamma.

"Just two, one for papa and one for me."

"But where is mine?" said the astonished mother. "Oh," he replied quickly, "I've eaten it."

Lesson For Young Writers.

Caller (in newspaper office)- Twenty years ago I wrote a poem.

Yes—Yes.

"I brought it to this office, and you refused to publish it."

"Very likely."

"I remember I mentally put you down then as a confounded idiot who didn't know enough to ache when hurt.

"Naturally."

"I looked that poem over again the other day, and have come to see you about it."

"Aha."

"I have come to say that if I looked as green twenty years ago as that poem proves me to have been, I want to thank you because you didn't cut me up and feed me to the cows. Good day."

The Editor drew a long chalk mark under the table. It was the first case in his experience in which twenty years had begotten sense enough, to understand that it is sometimes necessary to be cruel to be kind.

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Assistant Teacher Wanted.

FOR S.S. No. 3. Euphrasia. Duties to commence Jan. 2nd, 1888 and continue six months. Apply, stating salary, to

J. R. FAWCETT, Sec.-Treas.,

Oct. 21st, 1887—331-4. Kimberley P.O., Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Assessed at $600. Apply to CHARLES GAMON,

331-44. Collingwood.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of Mr. John Porteous, Lot 30, 6th Con., Artemesia, on 10th of Oct., 2 Heifers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

JOHN PORTEOUS,

331-33 Flesherton P.O.

Oxford & New Glasgow Railway Sections.

1st.—Birch Hill Road to Pugwash Junct'n.13 miles
2nd.—Pugwash Junct'n to Pugwash .....5 miles.
3rd.—Pugwash Junct n to Wallace Stat'n. 7 miles.
4th.—Wallace Station to Mingo Road...17 miles.

Tenders for Grading, Bridge and Culvert Masonry, Fencing, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Friday, the 18th day of November, 1887, for the grading, bridge and culvert masonry, fencing, &c.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway at Wallace, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 10th day of November, 1887, where the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, and all conditions are complied with.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 20th October, 1887.

TENDERS

WILL be received till 16th November, 1887, for building Presbyterian Brick Church in Priceville. Plans and Specifications to be seen with Secretary.

A McCAIG, Chairman } of Building
REV. D. W. McLEOD, Secretary } Committee.

330-333.

HAMILTON SPECTATOR!

MORNING, EVENING, WEEKLY,

The Leading Liberal-Conservative Newspaper of Canada.

—GET THE—

Weekly Spectator

One Dollar a Year.

Bright, Incisive, Able Editorials.
The Complete News of the day,
The Choicest Miscellaneous Reading.

Serial Stories by the Best Authors.
Dr. Talmage's Great Sermons.
The Fullest Market Reports.
The Choicest Humor.

Everything for Everybody.

The SPECTATOR never misses news, is never dull, and never shirks a public question. It is always clean and strong.

$1.00

Will purchase for you for a year the WEEKLY SPECTATOR, the best Conservative journal and the best weekly newspaper in Canada.

Unusually liberal commissions to agents. Address THE SPECTATOR, Hamilton, Ont.

Auction Sale!

Of Valuable Farm, in the Township of Artemesia.

Under and by virtue of the Power of Sale in a certain Mortgage from Andrew Rutledge to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of Sale, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

—IN THE—

Village —of— Flesherton!

—ON—

Friday, the 28th day of October, 1887.

At 12 o'clock noon, by A. S. VANDUSEN, AUCTIONEER.

The South-West part of Lot number 146 in the Second Concession S. W. of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, Artemesia, containing 50 acres more or less of which about 40 are said to be cleared and 36 free from stumps and well fenced and cultivated. On the premises are said to be a good frame Barn and House and an Orchard. The property is within one mile of Flesherton, and is an EXCELLENT WHEAT FARM.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. at the time of Sale, fifteen per cent. within one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by a mortgage on the premises payable at the expiration of five years with interest at seven per cent. yearly or such other terms as may be arranged with the purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton, or to MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK,

Vendor's Solicitors.

Toronto, Oct. 10th, 1887. 329-331

NOTICE to CREDITORS.

IN the matter of JOHN GORDON, of the Town of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, Saddler.

Notice is hereby given that the above named John Gordon has made an assignment of all his estate and effects to the undersigned Charles Parsons of Toronto in pursuance of an Act Respecting Assignments for the benefit of Creditors, 48 Victoria, Chapter 26 and amending Acts thereto and the creditors are notified to meet at No. 79 Front Street East, Toronto on the First day of November, 1887, at one o'clock p.m. to receive statements of his affairs, appoint inspectors, and give directions with reference to the disposal of the estate generally.

All creditors are requested to send forthwith to the undersigned statements of their claims verified by affidavit, and notice is hereby given that after the fifth day of November next the said trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given, and will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or debt he shall not have notice.

Dated this 6th day of Oct., 1887.

CHARLES PARSONS,
Assignee.

329-300

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 6 Per Cent.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

STRAY COW.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, Lot No. 5, Con. 4, Osprey, some time ago, one Cow, aged. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

GEO. FISHER,

Osprey, Oct. 5th, 1887. Maxwell, P.O.

329-331.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

The Mitchellstown Policemen Found Guilty of Murder.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: Telegrams from France report that Lord Salisbury's condition causes anxiety. His rest at Dieppe has improved his health, but he can never be robust. It is stated, on what appears to be only too reliable authority, that His Lordship is suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys. For years he has been developing the temperament and some of the habits of a valetudinarian. No English statesman ever lived so much apart from his colleagues as Lord Salisbury. His clever wife plays a great part in the political, as well as the social, relation of Lord Salisbury's position. It is believed that her influence prevents Lord Randolph Churchill's readmission to favor.

There is much anxiety among the Government supporters respecting the outcome of the Dublin Castle appeal in the Lord Mayor's case. Should the verdict be supported the defeat in the new law will be so glaring that the Castle will have to adopt one of two courses, either smuggle informers into proscribed meetings, or refuse to put the law into force. When the measure was passed through the Commons the weak point just revealed was discussed, but the Government showed no disposition to realize the expediency of alteration. The rumors of Mr. Balfour's and Lord Ashbourne's resignation in consequence of the failure of the prosecution are untrue.

There is reason for believing that there is no foundation whatever for the report which has been widely circulated that Prof. Goldwin Smith contemplates returning to England with a view to entering the House of Commons. When Mr. Smith went back to Canada recently he told some of his oldest and most intimate friends that he greatly doubted whether he would ever again cross the Atlantic.

At the inquest in the Mitchellstown shooting case to-day attention was drawn to the fact that the policemen charged with the shooting had been removed from the district on the eve of the jury's verdict. The Police Inspector said the men had been removed because their duties in the place had ceased, but they would return if necessary. The Coroner declared that the removal of the police was illegal, improper, and unconstitutional. After all the evidence had been submitted Mr. Harrington asked that a verdict of wilful murder be returned against Head Constable Brownrigg and the five policemen who fired under his general order. Mr. Harrington accused Constable Brownrigg of deliberately planning the murders.

The Coroner has issued warrants for the arrest of the men found guilty.

The inquest in the case of John Kinsella, the old man who was shot and killed by emergency men on the estate of Mr. Brooke, at Coolgreany, County Wexford, on September 28th, has resulted in a verdict of murder against Captain Hamilton, the agent of the estate, and the men and bailiffs who were engaged in the affair.

A London cable says: Mr. T. R. Buchanan, member for West Edinburgh (Liberal), hitherto opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, has intimated his conversion to Home Rule.

A Dublin cable says: In accordance with the order issued by the Inspector-General of Constables, Inspector Brownrigg and the other constables who were found guilty of murder by the coroner's jury at Mitchellstown have not been arrested. They have, however, been suspended from duty pending the appeal from the verdict of the jury.

Much surprise has been caused by the announcement of the appointment of Mr. Valentine Hinds as a new Land Commissioner. Mr. Hinds is a bailiff on Lord Lansdowne's Luggacurran property. He managed the recent eviction of 80 tenants, Lord Lansdowne on his advice refusing to grant the reduction of 15 per cent. which they demanded.

Mr. E. Walsh, the proprietor of the *People*, a Nationalist paper published at Wexford, has received six summonses to appear in court for alleged illegal publications relating to the National League.

A Belfast cable says: Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Bushmills, County Antrim, yesterday, said that it was not the upper classes, but the poorer classes of Ulster that were opposed to the Parnellite proposals. The artisans and farmers did not see any chance of improving their condition under the rule of men like the Home Rule members of Parliament. The poorer classes rightly looked forward with the greatest dread to the changes that would be involved in the creation of a Parliament at Dublin. He admitted that a part of the north of Ireland was strongly in favor of Home Rule, but he was certain that if he could infuse into the people of Donegal the same resolute, law-abiding disposition as that shown by the people of Antrim, the outcry for great constitutional changes would become little heard of.

Mr. Chamberlain, continuing, referred to the persistent silence which Mr. Gladstone had maintained regarding the form of his new Home Rule Bill. The Gladstonians, he said, made a great parade about vague modifications of Mr. Gladstone's original plan, but many earnest Liberals remained totally unable to gather from Mr. Gladstone's utterances what the changes really were. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") If an amended scheme existed, why did not Mr. Gladstone take the nation into his confidence? It was not fair for a leader to claim the absolute trust of his followers, while refusing to give a clear insight into his intentions upon a matter of life or death. Surely upon a question involving the fate of the Empire, Mr. Gladstone might even at this late hour make a clear, definite statement which plain men could understand.

In conclusion, he declared that it was beyond the competency of the Parliament of the United Kingdom to dispose absolutely of the destinies of any part of the Kingdom. Parliament might relieve Ulster of its allegiance and out it adrift from the Empire, but it was not competent to transfer the allegiance of Ulster to a Parliament at Dublin. In counselling Ulster to offer resistance, he did not mean a resort to physical force. He put that aside. (Cries of "You needn't.") It was constitutional resistance he meant. If it were decided ultimately that Home Rule was desirable for the south of Ireland, that would not justify the imposition of Home Rule on Ulster, which under no circumstances would submit to it. (Cries of "Never.") Animated by this spirit, the time would never come when Ulster men would cease to be citizens of the United Kingdom.

THE RUTH HARLOW CASE.

Dr. J. C. Bright Tried For Murder and Acquitted.

A despatch from Sandwich (dated last Wednesday night) says: At the assizes here to-day the whole of the day has been occupied in trying the case of Queen vs. Bright, murder. The prisoner, Dr. J. C. Bright, of Chatham, was charged with committing an abortion upon Ruth Harlow, a girl from Hamilton. Ruth Harlow was seduced, it is alleged, by George P. Holden, a commercial traveller, of Hamilton. The girl went to Chatham, it is said, under the direction of Holden. The Crown endeavored to show an arrangement between the prisoner and Holden, that the prisoner should perform the abortion. Miss Harlow went to an hotel in Chatham. She was there visited by the prisoner, who procured a boarding place for her, where it is alleged the offence was committed. Several medical men were called to show that an abortion had been committed upon the deceased.

The defence rested mainly on attacking the veracity of the witnesses put in the box by the Crown who spoke regarding the prisoner's connection with the offence. Though the defence called a number of medical men, there was a very slight difference between them and the doctors put in the box by the Crown. The prisoner was defended by Mr. E. Meredith, Q. C., Mr. Pegley and Mr. White. Mr. Lister acted for the Crown.

The prisoner is an old medical practitioner, of Chatham, and is a wealthy man. His wife, who was present during the trial, stepped up and kissed her husband when he went into the box for trial. The doctor is a frail man, upwards of 70 years of age.

At 10 p. m. the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. His Lordship, in discharging the prisoner, remarked that the evidence against him was of such a character that he could not have complained if they had found him guilty. He discharged him with a caution to be careful in the future.

FIRE AMONG THE INSANE.

Cleveland Insane Asylum Scorched by Fire and Six Patients Lose Their Lives.

A last (Wednesday) night's Cleveland despatch says: The horrors of a fierce fire, in the smoke and confusion of which stalked the presence of grim death in his most terrible form, visited the great insane asylum on the southern limits of the city for the second time to-night. It was the occasion of the weekly dance given the more manageable of the patients as a healthy means of recreation. About 250 of them, in charge of their attendants, were enjoying the diversion thus afforded them when the cry of "fire" arose, and flames and smoke poured in upon them with bewildering suddenness. A stampede was the result, and the attendants had scarcely time to realize the situation when the room was filled with leaping fire and dense smoke. As soon as the first excitement had abated the attendants made a courageous rush into the suffocating smoke and rescued all they could of the unfortunates who had been overcome. The bodies of six insane women who had met death by asphyxia and burning were recovered, and three more were found in an injured condition. The fire started at the laundry, a one story building which adjoins the wing in which the chapel is located. The prompt response and active work of the firemen prevented a disastrous spread of the flames. The loss to property will fall below $25,000.

AN EXAMPLE TO THE BOYS.

Trustee and Architect Fight at a School Board Meeting.

A last (Friday) night's Kingston despatch says: Last night's meeting of the Public School Board was one which attached much disgrace to that body. One of the trustees asked the privilege of cross-questioning the architect of the new Central School, and the result was the examination grew so warm that several trustees left the room, when the Chairman declared there was no quorum and dismissed the remaining members. The architect and the trustee who had questioned him went into an adjoining room, where they resumed the discussion. The architect told the trustee he was mixed, when the latter called him a liar. The architect then remarked that if they were outside he would use his fist. Like a flash the trustee let fly his left, and blood came from the architect's nose. The blow was returned, and then the pugilists took hold and wired into each other for several minutes until the other trustees went into the room and separated the combatants and held them till their passions cooled down. The fight created quite a sensation, as both parties are prominent residents. The whole affair rose out of the diameter of a flue.

AN ADOPTED DAUGHTER'S CRIMES.

Smothers a Baby and Sets Fire to a House — Poisons Her Foster Parents' Cow Rather Than Milk Her.

A Manistee, Mich., telegram says: Minnie Demorse, the adopted daughter of James Henderson, was arrested Tuesday for larceny committed several months ago, but the real sensation in the case has just come to light. This spring Mr. Henderson's cow died, and her milk just previous to her death killed nine pigs. The girl confesses she poisoned the cow because she did not want to milk it. Mr. Henderson's house was set on fire five times in one day a few weeks ago, and the girl confesses she did that, too. Mr. Henderson's baby died suddenly, and the girl confesses she smothered it because it cried and she did not want the trouble to care for it. She is 18 years old and was adopted fifteen years ago.

The French Government have decided to place a number of life-saving buoys, supplied with refreshments, on the most dangerous parts of the English Channel.

A scheme is on foot to induce the Highland Crofters to settle in British Columbia.

The boiler of a portable saw mill exploded on Wednesday in Scotia township, Ohio. Kent Evans and James Ervin were torn to shreds.

THE CAFFAREL SENSATION.

Strange Story of a Pair of Parisian Adventuresses—General Caffarel's Arrest—Given an Opportunity to Commit Suicide.

A London cable says: The Caffarel-Limouzin case in Paris is a sad scandal. Madame Limouzin is a vulgar adventuress. She is 41 years of age—a little, yellow, wrinkled, limping, humpbacked creature, with small, piercing eyes, extreme volubility of speech and considerable elegance of language. Last year she lived in the Boulevard Beaumarchais with a companion who called herself Comtesse de Boissier, Baronne de Beauregard, or Marquise de Clemenca, and whose real name is Henriette Boissy, a cocotte of the commercial type, who used to keep a house at Paris where you drank tea, played baccaret and placed a louis under a candlestick each time you took the cards. Madame Limouzin also has a husband, an adventurer of smaller calibre.

This trio carried on the business of an "influence agency" for the benefit of persons desiring employment in the Ministries, promotions, Government contracts, etc. Well in view in the drawing-room were visiting cards of eminent political personages, on which were written a few words, cards and writing being forged if necessary. The dupes on entering were struck by this *mise en scene* and the first interview ended by a deposit destined to grease the palms of the Ministers, Senators, Deputies and other notabilities, with whom Madame Limouzin professed to be on the best of terms. In reality Madame Limouzin and the "Comtesse" passed their time writing politicians—notably M. Thibaudin and General Boulanger—letters containing flattery, threats, calumnies, offers of service and propositions of a most compromising character. Both M. Thibaudin and General Boulanger finally warned the trio, through the police, to cease their manœuvres.

Then Madame Limouzin and the "Comtesse" quarrelled and the former removed to a gorgeous suite of rooms in the Avenue Wagram, where she continued her agency and entered into relations with General Caffarel, an officer who was overwhelmed with debts and had no longer any sense of honor or decency. The "Comtesse," first of all, denounced her former accomplice to the police; then followed complaints from various sources, and at length the police proceeded to watch Madame Limouzin, thinking it was simply a question of one of those innumerable flash agencies which abound in Paris, that paradise of adventurers. The inquiry led further than was expected.

A detective sent to entrap Madame Limouzin was taken by her to the Minister of War and introduced to General Caffarel, to whom the detective handed a sum of money, in return for which, it was understood, he would receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This surprising discovery brought matters to a crisis. The Minister of War, in the presence of M. Rouvier, interrogated General Caffarel, who confessed. Time was then implicitly given him to blow his brains out, but he did not have the courage to take advantage of this supreme privilege. He was arrested and is now in prison with Madame Limouzin.

The case will be a formidable washing of dirty linen in the facts and personages involved. Even the son-in-law of President Grevy, M. Daniel Wilson, is involved in many of Madame Limouzin's tried tripotages. With such a case as this before us, shall we say that corruption in the Republic is less interesting than the depravity of the Empire?

A "CAPITAL" BREEZE.

Interesting Letter of One Ottawa Lady to Another.

An Ottawa despatch says: In the Assize Court yesterday, the local *cause celebre* of Walker vs. Birkett was heard. Both parties are prominently connected in the city. The charge against Mrs. Birkett is of sending letters to Mrs. W. H. Walker with intent to extort money. The prisoner pleaded not guilty. Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q. C., and Hon. R. W. Scott for the Crown; Mr. W. Mosgrove and Mr. T. McVeity for the prisoner. The letter complained of is as follows: "The Lord is the judge of the fatherless and the children." "Tuesday, 26th. Mrs. Walker,—Sister I cannot call you, for you don't deserve that name. Your small pretensions are disgusting, of course, as all sensible people have felt for years in Ottawa, but I must confess that I did not believe you were consummate serpents and thieves until I received your husband's letter. The man or woman who would quietly pick my locks and carry away 25 hundred dollars I feel would be respectable compared to yourself. Now for a little pleasant preaching. 'He that is guilty of breaking the least of these,' viz., the Holy Commandments, 'is guilty of all.' 'A chain is only as strong as the weakest link.' 'Thou shalt not steal.' 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.' Perhaps the angel Gabriel may be bribed to open the heavenly gate, but according to the real regulation order of things it will be impossible. One must not only repent, but make restitution also. I seriously advise your looking up that grand old doctrine. I require five hundred dollars at your hands; if it is not forthcoming in a few days I will give myself the pleasure of treating you to some open letters on the subject, viz., postals.—HENRIETTA M. BIRKETT."

The Loss of the California.

At an investigation into the loss of the propeller California before Capt. Harbottle and W. J. Meneilly, at Toronto yesterday, Chief Engineer Ellis, Second Engineer Mills and Captain Trowell were examined. The only new point of importance brought out was that the steamer had not a full cargo and the officers neglected to put in shifting boards.

Capt. Harbottle expressed himself as not quite satisfied that the most strenuous exertions had been made to save the California, suggesting several things that might have been done; to which Capt. Trowell replied that it was easy enough to plan in an easy chair and carpeted office, but it was a far different matter on a sinking ship tossed by mountainous seas.

Our Toronto correspondent telegraphs to-day: The official inquiry into the loss of the steamer California was resumed this morning before Mr. W. J. Meneilly and Capt. Harbottle. Capt. Trowell detailed the particulars of the disaster much the same as they have already been given in the telegraph despatches. The inquiry was then adjourned indefinitely.

ABOUT THE MANZANILLA.

Particulars of the Wreck—The Captain Saved.

A despatch received Thursday night from Dunkirk, N. Y., says: During the fearful storm on Lake Erie last night the schooner Manzanilla, of Hamilton, Ont., was driven ashore six miles above this city, and has become a total wreck. She was commanded by Capt. Geo. O'Brien, and bound from Cleveland to Toronto with a load of block stone. All the crew were saved. The vessel was built by Jos. Shickluna, of St. Catharines, and owned by R. Williamson, of Hamilton, and J. S. Murphy, timber merchant, of Quebec. The Manzanilla was valued at about $7,000 and is but partially insured.

Another despatch says: The crew left the captain and vessel when the craft was a mile and a half off Brocton, and had great difficulty in getting ashore. They afterwards tried to take the captain off, but the breakers were so wicked and the boat so unserviceable that the perilous undertaking was given up. The crew reported the vessel's port side stove in, and her rigging all gone, and that she is entirely at the mercy of the waves. The Customs authorities made every effort to get a tug to go to the rescue of the captain of the vessel, but all refused. The life saving crew held itself in readiness all day for a tug.

A Buffalo despatch says: No marine disasters of consequence are reported as the result of Wednesday night's gale in this section except the schooner Manzanilla, which was reported ashore last night. The Manzanilla went on between Brocton and Dunkirk, on the southern shore of Lake Erie. A Brocton, N.Y., correspondent sends the following details: The Manzanilla, a three-master, Capt. Geo. O'Brien, of Kingston, master, sprung a leak off Van Buren Point, and was run ashore west of the Point at about 8.30 o'clock yesterday (Thursday) morning. She was bound from Cleveland to Toronto with a cargo of block stone and grindstones. There was a crew of seven men besides the captain. The crew went ashore in a small boat, leaving the captain on the vessel. The boat was smashed by the waves soon after the crew landed. The life-saving stations at Buffalo and Erie were notified by telephone, but failed to respond, and Captain O'Brien remained on the wreck until late in the afternoon, when he was rescued by Sherman Oats and two other men who came from Barcelona in the fishing boat Beecher. The rescuing party were unable to land at Van Buren, and were obliged to bring the exhausted captain to Dunkirk, where they arrived at 8.30 last evening. The vessel is a total wreck. She had an insurance in the Western Assurance, of Toronto, of $4,000. The vessel was built by Shickluna, of St. Catharines, and was one of the fleet owned by Captain James Murray, of St. Catharines, which laid the basis of his fortune before he became a contractor for Government works. She was a mate to the ill-fated Magellan.

THE CAT O'NINE TAILS

Didn't Appear to Hurt Him Very Much.

A last (Thursday) night's Montreal despatch says: For the fourth time in the criminal records of Montreal, the lash was applied to-day at Montreal jail upon the person of a man named Desormiers, who some months ago, while dressed in a priest's garb, committed an indecent assault upon a young girl at St. Martine. Desormiers was tried at the last term of the Court of Queen's Bench and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, with the addition of twenty lashes. To-day Desormiers received ten out of the twenty lashes. The operation took place in the presence of the deputy sheriff and a small knot of spectators. The prisoner was securely tied to a triangle by his arms and legs, his back bared, and a muffler tied around his neck to prevent the lash reaching that portion of his body. The lash was applied by one of the prisoners, and the whole operation only lasted a few minutes. After a few lashes Desormiers was heard to exclaim, "Not so hard!" but no other remarks escaped him, and he took the remainder of his punishment without flinching. The whipping was certainly not very severe in its nature, and did not seem to have much effect upon the prisoner, who, beyond a few bruises on his back, was not much hurt.

Rochefort on the Caffarel Scandal.

A Paris cablegram says: M. Rochefort, editor of the *Intransigeant*, referring to the Caffarel affair, said: I think the affair was originally got up by the Ministry to injure General Boulanger. They did not succeed, so they tried to ruin the President. When they began they had no idea that such big people would be dragged into the scandal, and now every one is afraid and would give the world to hush it up. In reply to the question as to whether he thought Gen. Boulanger would be injured, he said: No, what has he done? How can a public man help receiving shady people who ask to see him? His position compels him to receive all sorts of people. Why, if you were to go on that principle you would convict Mme. Cornet for letting Marchandon, the murderer, into her house. Upon being asked, what will come of the scandal, he replied: It will cause the defeat of the Ministry. It will not upset M. Grevy. He would simply repudiate the people who have compromised only themselves. As for Mme. Limouzin, take my word for it, she will get off with a fortnight's imprisonment—if she goes to prison at all, which I doubt, but whoever else escapes the Ministry will not.

Anything for a Chance.

"Did you ever hear me sing my new solo, Emily, 'Under the Silent Stars?'" "No, I never have. Is it sentimental?" "Pathetically so." "Please sing it. I have the neuralgia so bad that anything will be welcome as a relief."

The Queen Regent of Spain has signed a decree authorizing the construction of six ironclads of 7,000 tons each, capable of attaining a speed of from sixteen to twenty miles an hour, also four large and sixty small torpedo boats.

The Paris *Journal des Debats* says that an official despatch has been received announcing that the Sultan of Morocco is better and that he mounted his horse before the palace and showed himself to the people.

HANGED IN EFFIGY.

The Severe Criticism of Cleveland and His Wife Which Led to Trouble in Minneapolis.

A Minneapolis despatch says: The following is from the article in the *Tribune* on the occasion of the visit of President and Mrs. Cleveland, which has caused a great sensation and indignation among Cleveland's friends: "And it is extremely hard to respect either member of this family now touring for votes. Mrs. Cleveland is a handsome, mature woman, apparently several years older than she is said to be. At least she was old enough to have exercised her own free choice in marrying Grover Cleveland. It is inconceivable that she should have married him except to obtain the position of mistress of the White House. Such a marriage would never have been thought of but for the astonishing political accidents, which, in the course of two or three years, brought Mr. Cleveland out of the obscurity, which is his proper element, to the highest position in the nation.

"It is hard to have respect for a woman who would sell herself to so gross and repulsive a man as Grover Cleveland, and one with a private record so malodorous, for the bauble of a brief social ascendancy. She is now an object of curiosity and remark for gaping crowds, and her photographs are sold almost, if not quite, as freely as Mrs. Langtry's. Such is her reward. If she can secure a re-election for Grover she will have four more years of the gratification which the highest social prominence gives and of the delight of unflagging newspaper notoriety. After that she will simply have to put up with being the wife of as insignificant and obscure a man as an ex-President could possibly be. One cannot help a pang of sympathy for her, but she has chosen her lot deliberately."

About 10 o'clock last night a hundred men and boys, mostly members of an association of the lowest class of the local democracy, known as the Algonquin Club, gathered at a saloon of a rather hard reputation and, after drinking heavily, repaired to a secluded spot in a side street and fired the usual straw man, which had been used on such occasions from time immemorial. The mob was led by Mayor A. A. Ames, who was foremost in the Cleveland reception, and takes no pains to conceal his self-proposed candidacy for the Vice Presidency.

RISKED HIS LIFE FOR $10.

A French Canadian's Feat at the Chaudiere Falls.

An Ottawa despatch says: A remarkable and daring feat was accomplished here yesterday, when a courageous Frenchman threaded his way along the edge of the Chaudiere Falls, passing safely from shore to shore. The man was Francis Potvin, who has worked in the various mills in the summer and the shanties during the winter since he was a boy, and is now a splendid specimen of a French Canadian shanty man. He made a wager with some friends in Hull that he could walk through the big kettle. The wager was taken and the money, about $10 in amount, put up. Potvin, accompanied by a number of friends, proceeded across the large table rocks on the Hull side of the Chaudiere Falls to the brink of the rock over which the water falls. Owing to the phenomenally low water in the river and the addition of the new dam to the former series of dams above the falls, only about four inches of water was passing over the falls, except in one place, near the Ontario shore, where the water was ten inches deep. Potvin, after putting on a pair of raftsmen's boots, well caulked, with the usual sharp nails in the soles, started to walk across the face of the falls. He proceeded very steadily until about three quarters of the way across, when the current became very strong and the water deeper. Steadying himself, he proceeded cautiously, carefully planting one foot on the rocks before lifting the other, and in a few minutes from the time he started climbed up on a pier, below Perley & Pattee's sawmill. The feat was watched by a large number of people, mostly men who were employed in the mill, as it was not generally known that Potvin intended to make the attempt. Notwithstanding the lowness of the water the feat was a dangerous one. Had he missed his footing for a moment he would have been hurled into the cauldron below, with no possible hope of escaping death.

She Saw Through Him.

"Yes," said old Mr. Jones, "the doctors are getting mighty smart nowadays. Why, they've got instruments and things made so that they can see clean through you."

"Humph!" replied old Mrs. Jones, "I don't see anything particularly smart in that. I've been married to you for thirty years, but I saw through you in two weeks after the bridal."

Mr. Jones rubbed his bald head for a moment and thoughtfully resumed his reading.

Handy to Have in the House.

A paste that will hold firmly, and which can be preserved for months in a well stoppered bottle, is made by dissolving a piece of alum the size of a walnut in a pint of boiling water, to which two spoonfuls of flour, made smooth in a little cold water, and a few drops of cloves are afterwards added, the mixture being then boiled.

The Cipher Question.

James—"The papers are full of this discussion about Bacon."

Smith—"I wish they had put it off until winter."

"Why?"

"Because bacon tastes so much better in cold weather."

A Birthright.

Barber (to customer)—You are quite bald, sir.

Customer (who isn't conversationally inclined)—Yes, I was born that way.—*Epoch.*

With regard to the dispute between the militia and the customs department regarding the duty on imported outfits for volunteers, it is expected that a drawback equal to the full duty will be allowed on satisfactory proof being given of the goods being for the sole use of the volunteers in their military capacity.

A MISSING PRETTY GIRL.

Laura Puy, a Former Hamiltonian, Mysteriously Disappears.

Her Mother Fears She is Worse than Dead —She Started for Church, but Never Got There.

The Buffalo *News* of last (Thursday) night says: Detectives have been working for several days on a strange disappearance in this city. It is the story of a girl, pretty, vivacious, interesting, who suddenly dropped out of the routine of her daily life and left not a trace to show whether she is living or dead.

Laura Puy, two weeks ago last Sunday, started from her parents' home at 100 Swan street to go to Rev. P. G. Cook's church in the Fitch Institute, a block away. "Now, Laura," said her mother, at parting, "be sure to hurry back from church; won't you?"

"Yes, mamma, I will," replied the girl, and that was the last the mother saw of her child. Laura is a medium blonde, with luxuriant, curling, brown hair, which that day was clasped behind with a silver pin holding a white stone shaped like a rose. She has a good complexion, gray eyes, heavy dark brows and lashes, a small, straight nose, medium-sized mouth and full lips. She is straight, well-grown for her age and well-formed. She wore a blue polkadot print dress, blue jersey cap fitting tightly to the head, and a sash of the same material as the dress. A brown jacket, No. 3½ button shoes, black stockings and black mitts completed her costume. Her dress reached scarcely to her shoe tops. She was 13 last birthday, but looks older. The missing girl's dress and appearance are described thus carefully so that if she has been seen her parents may be communicated with.

When Laura did not return after church time her friends became uneasy and one of her younger sisters was sent to the rooms of Mrs. Westfall, on Seneca street, over Tiffany's picture store, to inquire if she had been there. Mrs. Westfall was Laura's most intimate friend. She was not at home, said her husband, a driver for Chas. W. Miller, and he said Laura had not been there. His little daughter corrected him, however, and said Laura had been there that morning. Mr. Westfall said he had got up late and did not know of her being at the house. At 4.15 Miss Grein, Laura's Sunday school teacher, called at Mrs. Puy's house to know why Laura had not been to school. On the previous Friday she had promised to be there. Then another messenger was sent to Westfall's. Mr. Westfall said that his wife was still absent, that she had gone to his cousins and that he had not seen Laura. Mr. Puy afterward called and was told by Mrs. Westfall that Laura was there about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning and had stayed but a few minutes. Mrs. Westfall was emphatic in saying she had not seen her since and that she knew nothing of the girl's whereabouts. Other friends in the city were sent to, but not a trace could be found. The last known of her was when after coming out of Mrs. Westfall's Laura stopped for a moment to speak to Mrs. Bryan, who lives near by. Mrs. Puy had sent Laura to a photographer's on Seneca street for some pictures about 10 that morning, and it was during this walk that she must have gone to Mrs. Westfall's. The next day detectives were put on the case, but so far have not found the girl.

"Laura was an affectionate child," said Mrs. Puy to a *News* reporter, "and I do not know of any reason why she should go away. I believe she is secreted somewhere in the city. I am sure Mrs. Westfall knows where she is. She has been Laura's evil genius."

Mrs. Puy has five children, all girls. Her husband works for the Benedict Paper Company. The family came here from Hamilton, Ont., ten months ago. The eldest daughter, Aida, has a good position as book-keeper with a Hamilton firm. She has come on to Buffalo to help her parents find her missing sister.

"We knew the Westfalls in Hamilton," went on Mrs. Puy, "and Laura and Mrs. Westfall were always great chums. They came here two years before we did and she persuaded us to let Laura go to live with her on Chestnut street. I believe now that Mrs. Westfall taught Laura to set my authority at defiance. I always had some misgivings, and when I went to take Laura home to send her to school Mrs. Westfall objected and Laura deliberately refused to come. I boxed Laura's ears, and since then Mrs. Westfall has said that I was a cruel mother, and that she had advised Laura to run away from me. I have been told since my child's disappearance that Mrs. Westfall on that Sunday was not at the place where she told her husband she was going. Mrs. Lann, an aunt of Westfall's, went to call on her that Sunday and Westfall said she was at his cousins. 'I will go there,' said Mrs. Lann, but returned shortly and reported that Mrs. Westfall had not been there. When her husband asked her about it that night she said she had gone there, found the cousin away and had spent the day with a dressmaker friend at 74 Seneca street.

"We have found that the cousin was at home all day, that Mrs. Westfall did not call and, what's more, we can't find that she spent the day at 74 Seneca street. It was during this time, when nobody knows where Mrs. Westfall was, that my child disappeared. If she is not trying to hide something, why does she make such statements?"

Mrs. Puy further stated that she had made inquiries of old neighbors of the Westfalls on Chestnut street, and gave some of their statements, adding that she feared her child had been led wrong. "My poor child!" she exclaimed, "I am almost afraid to find her alive."

"Do you know the whereabouts of Laura Puy?" the *News* man asked Mrs. Westfall.

"I do not."

"When did you see her last?"

"Two weeks ago last Sunday morning. She was at my house for a short time."

"You do not know where she went then?"

"No."

"Was there anybody with her that day?"

"No."

"Did she tell you she was going to run away?"

"No, but I wouldn't blame her if she did run away. Her mother abused her. Once in my house she knocked Laura down and stamped on her. Laura often told me she would run away, but I told her not to. She said she would marry the first one that asked her. Her mother took her home two months ago. When we lived on Chestnut street last winter Mrs. Hughson lived in the front of the house, and some fast young women stayed there. I went out with them once or twice at first, until I found what they were. One of them told Laura one day that she ran away from home when she was 13, and had a good time ever since. I know Laura was greatly taken with her fine clothes and sprightly ways, and she told me she would like to do the same thing."

"Where do you think Laura has gone?"

"I think she has run away and got married. She used to tell me of her lovers."

"Rather young to be a wife, wasn't she?"

"She was a well-grown child. From what she told me several times I think she was older than most girls are at 13."

Latest from the Northwest.

A Northwest farmers' association, similar to the agricultural associations of other provinces, has been organized at Regina. Mr. G. W. Brown, of Regina, was elected President.

The yacht Nettie, of Port Arthur, has been wrecked near Welcome Island, and there is little doubt that the six men who were on board have lost their lives. Among those lost are Mr. Murray, from London, England, and Mr. McKinnon and Mr. Fox and his son, of Fort William.

Concerted action is being taken to secure the taking up of the $300,000 of the bonds issued by the Provincial Government. The proposition is for the City Council to take up $150,000 and the citizens the remainder. Some of the most substantial moneyed men in the city are in this new movement. The bonds will be taken up only on the express understanding that the road will be completed this fall.

Foley Bros., the contractors who have just completed a contract on the Duluth & Manitoba Road, are in the city and have made a proposition to the Government to complete the road and take the Provincial bonds in payment.

Chief Justice Wallbridge is seriously ill of kidney disease and is not expected to live.

Reports received from all portions of the Province show that the wheat crop is scarcely more than started. The weather is only now taking a cold turn, and as soon as ploughing operations are suspended a blockade may be looked for.

The American Government has established a customs office at Pembina and placed an officer in charge to facilitate the transportation of goods to and from Manitoba on the Duluth & Manitoba Railroad.

The *Manitoba Gazette* contains the proclamation of disallowance by the Governor-General of certain Acts of the Local Legislature passed several years ago, but which were not properly proclaimed at the time. In fact, all disallowance Acts have been proclaimed a second time.

Prairie fires have been prevailing in the district between Lesalle and Boyne. The settlers, however, have escaped pretty well, excepting James Sutherland, who lost almost everything.

The total arrival of immigrants to date this year is 15,000.

A syndicate of New York capitalists intend to engage in slaughtering cattle from the Canadian Northwest, and a representative will shortly visit the country for the purpose of making preparations. It is the intention to slaughter the cattle at some point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, probably Medicine Hat or Maple Creek, and ship the dressed meat to New York.

They Told Each Other All.

"Why, Mamie, is it really you?" "Yes, indeed, Sadie; when did you get home?" "Only yesterday, and——" "Where were you?" "Oh, every place—Newport, Bar Harbor, Long Branch and—but where were you?" "Oh, we went to——" "Did you have a good time?" "Perfectly lovely; did——" "Oh, perfectly lovely; I declare, Mame, I——" "So did I, and ——" "I had the best——" "So did I, and oh, Mame——" "Do tell me all about it, for I——" "I will, some time; I just had a perfectly splendid time every minute, and——" "So did I; but isn't it lovely to be at home again?" "Perfectly lovely." "I think so, too; I've had a lovely season of it, but then——" "So have I, but, as you say——" "There's no place like home, after all." "No, indeed; do come soon and tell me all about your season, and I——" "I will, for I have had the loveliest——" "So have I—perfectly splendid!" They separate.—*Tid-Bits.*

How to Make a Man Your Enemy.

I have often thought that people hadn't got borrowing down to an exact science when Solomon wrote, and that when Poor Richard said, "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," he must have meant that one fellow did the borrowing and the lender did the sorrowing. I am older now, my children, than I was when I was younger, and I have learned that there is nothing in the world that will make a man hate you so bitterly as to owe you borrowed money that he cannot pay.

"But why should that make him mad at you?"

I do not know, children; I do not know. —*Burdette.*

Rev. Adirondack Murray, whose specialty is fish stories, crossed the line into Canada the other day and came back crestfallen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canadian he says: "There is a childish enthusiasm about it that captivates you. He smiles as he lies. He lays his hands on his heart; he lifts his eyes upward; he embellishes his little lie with saintly allusions; he lies as if he believed his own lie."

Hidemaro Namboo, of Japan, was graduated at Princeton in 1878. He is now Court astronomer at Tokio. When he accepted the court appointment his name was changed to Hidemaro Okenna. Seeing stars reminds him of the old college days when he took part in cane rushes.

The annual convention of University College, Toronto, took place yesterday afternoon in Convocation Hall. President Wilson in his address dealt with the needs of the college, and urged that the Government should act expeditiously in conferring the benefits which the recent legislation authorized.

A SKETCH

Of a Little Child, an August Rose and an Answered Prayer

The following literary sunbeam is from the pen of Carrie McAyval in *Good Cheer*:

Flirting with the girls, sir? No, indeed! That's something I never do; and as to that lily of a girl just throwing kisses to me, why, bless you, that's my daughter May. And she's the dearest thing on earth to me.

Something special about her makes me have a different feeling toward her from anybody else I ever knew, and if you'd like, sir, I'll tell you about something that happened when she was a wee baby, twelve years ago.

It happened right along this very road between Newburyport and Byfield, and I was then the engineer instead of conductor, and was younger looking than I am now with this white head of mine.

Only 36 years old, sir, and you see I haven't a black hair in my head. That belongs to my story, too, as you will find. You remember that hill with the cottage at the foot of it, and golden rod and wild clematis growing along the stone wall? That's where I've lived ever since I was married, and it was on that embankment around the bend that the most terrible event of my life occurred.

It was one day in August, in the first of the month, and I will never forget how the sky looked, as deep and blue as my baby's eyes, nor how sweet and still the air was that morning as I walked over to the station. The golden rod and ferns hung heavy with dew, and there were clusters of purple grapes on the vines along the hedge. The roses were unusually late that year, and as the fall came on they were deep crimson instead of pink, as they are earlier in the season. I had one in my buttonhole that morning.

Baby had put it there when she kissed me good-by.

"Pitty 'ose, papa, for 'oo. Dod made it, mamma tell me so. Dod live up in 'ky." My wife was a Christian, and although I did not believe in her religion then, I have learned to put my trust in God since baby lisped to me about the rose that morning.

Every pleasant day when I made my down run at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my wife and baby used to be sitting out there on the hill and they would wave their hands at me, and the baby would look so sweet and innocent, waving her little fat arm, I used to have a great longing in my heart that no harm should ever come to her; and I was such a strong healthy young fellow I felt that I should be able to protect and guard her always.

Almost 3 o'clock and the old forty-nine was puffing and steaming fit to burst as we neared the bend. I was already looking toward the hill and sure enough there was the baby's white dress; no, I was mistaken; it was only a piece of newspaper. They were not there. Why, I wondered. Perhaps they would be there before I turned the curve. Somehow it seemed to me I never so longed to have them there as I did that day, and I kept anxiously looking until away in the distance on the track I saw something that made every pulse in my body give a great leap and then stand still.

There, just ahead of me, toddling along, with her yellow hair flying and her little arms stretched out to balance herself, was my baby! A moment more and the wheels would be grinding her body and her precious blood would stain the track. I lived ages in that moment of agony. I waved my arms, shouted, rang the bell like a madman, and as I was pulling the rope the rose fell from my buttonhole on to the seat, and baby's words, "Dod made it. Dod live up in 'ky," came to me. For the first time in my life I poured out my soul in prayer. "God save my child." At that moment she stumbled and fell down the grassy embankment. As soon as I could I ran back to find her, and there she sat in the grass, lifting her blue eyes and dimpled mouth to me, and as I hugged her to my heart she lisped:

"I tied to climb on cars, papa, but somebody pushed me over and I fell down here. Don't ky, papa!"

For I was crying and thanking God at the same time, and when I came alongside of the train, carrying baby on my shoulder, all the men threw up their hats and cheered and most of the women were sobbing. That rose is in the locket with one of her baby curls, and I have never failed to pray for her safety and happiness, as well as for many other things since that day. Isn't she a beauty, too? And you can't blame me for liking this time of year best, and for always wearing an August rose whenever my darling girl pins one in my buttonhole, as she did this one two hours ago.

A Forgetful Boy.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

All the big hotels in this city are run under the strictest discipline. The regulations require that the help shall be attended by a physician employed by the hotel. Under this system Dr. Sargent, for the Windsor Hotel, yesterday vaccinated the 287 employees of that house. It was an all day's job.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Joseph Clark, a boy sent from Kingston to Penetanguishene some years ago, escaped and arrived at his home yesterday, having footed it all the way.

A steam launch has been chartered by the Dominion Government as a cruiser to protect the Bay of Fundy fisheries during the winter.

When Benjamin Disraeli married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis she was his senior by 16 years. Yet five years after his marriage he gave her this character: "The most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

Adam Darling's sudden disappearance from Montreal last year caused a sensation. He is said to be a citizen of Kansas City, and to have made a heap of money since he went West.

A friendly suit, to settle the question of the right of the Dominion or British Columbia to jurisdiction in regard to minerals in the railway belt in the latter Province, has been agreed upon, and a judgment finally settling the dispute is expected in a few days.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Spurgeon's Orthodoxy—The Pope's Jubilee —A Little Mormon's Hymn.

Though Mr. Spurgeon has denied the story of his probable withdrawal if the Baptist Union failed to punish certain heterodox ministers, the *Scotsman* returns to the charge with the accusation that Mr. Spurgeon changed his mind. It justifies its statement by quotations from Mr. Spurgeon's magazine. The address of the President of the Union was a reply to Mr. Spurgeon. Though no direct notice was taken of Mr. Spurgeon's attitude, his recent writings are the main topics of conversation among ministers.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council meets in June next. The American Executive Committee has been called to meet on Wednesday, 26th inst., at New York. At the meeting will be representatives from all parts of North America. Among the delegates will be Rev. Principal Caven, of Toronto; Rev. Dr. McVicar, of Montreal; Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, and others.

A Sunday school hymn book recently issued at Salt Lake City, "to fill a long felt want" (as the preface declares) in the instruction of good little Mormon children, contains the following edifying stanza:

> With Jesus for the standard,
> A sure and perfect guide,
> And Joseph's wise example,
> What can I need beside?
> I'll strive from every evil
> To keep my heart and tongue,
> I'll be a little Mormon
> And follow Brigham Young.

The Pope has intrusted all arrangements in connection with his jubilee celebration to a commission of four cardinals. The Empress of Austria's commemorative gift is a magnificent tiara valued at 70,000 francs. A pilgrimage of French workmen, to the number of 1,200, will shortly set out for Rome for the purpose of offering homage to the Pope.

Rev. Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions for the Northwest, is expected to return to Ontario during the winter months and will visit any congregations desiring his services at missionary meetings or otherwise. Those desiring his services should correspond with the convener of the committee, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford.

Folks often excuse themselves saying they can't afford to give; but if they saw things in a truer light they'd say that they couldn't afford to keep.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

The annual meeting of the Methodist General Conference Sabbath School Board will be held in the parlor of the Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, October 18th, at 2 p. m.

Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, preached at Balmoral on a recent Sunday morning, and had the honor, along with the Empress Eugenie, of dining with the Queen in the evening.

Dr. Alexander Paterson, who has been appointed medical missionary to South Arabia, is grandson of Dr. Chalmers' "Missionary of Kilmany" and son of the Church's first medical missionary to Madras.

Old Truths Newly Told.

How many readers of the *Canada Presbyterian* see the *Standard*, the new organ of Henry George? Those who do not miss a good deal, whether they sympathize with Henry George's theories or not. In an age, when many shrewd practical men seem drifting away from Christianity altogether, and when the gulf between the rich and the poor seems to be growing more and more impassable, it is refreshing to read such addresses as are weekly reported in that paper—addresses spoken to crowded audiences of workingmen in the city of New York, by such speakers as Dr. Pentecost and the great-hearted Dr. McGlynn—an American Pere Hyacinthe—who has sacrificed his ecclesiastical prospects that he might preach, according to his conscience, the old truths of the Sermon on the Mount. It is this and no wild socialism that he and others are preaching to the crowds Sunday after Sunday, and that the crowds, too, listen to, even as the common people did long ago, when the "Galilean Gospel" was first preached. It is an instance also of the uniting power of the great practical verities of Christianity that Dr. McGlynn has been listened to with earnest and sympathetic attention by an assembly of Methodist ministers, as he explained the platform of the Anti-Poverty Society. Has not the Church allowed questions theoretical too much to interfere with her practical unity? and has she been as fathful to her "message to men of wealth" as she should have been?—*Canada Presbyterian.*

An Accommodating Miller.

"You complain of having to pay your pastor's salary," said an old miller. "I will pay it for you and you shall not feel it." At the end of the year he brought in a receipt in full for the salary from the pastor, and then he explained: "I did it by taking a little toll when you sent your grain to my mill, and I took so little that none of you felt it. You see how easily the pastor can be paid."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

A Toronto Divorce Case.

Messrs. Foster, Clarke & Bowes, solicitors, of Toronto, give notice that application will be made to Parliament next session on behalf of Andrew Maxwell Irving, of Toronto, clerk, for a bill of divorce from his wife, Marie Louise Irving, formerly of Toronto, now of Buffalo, on the ground of adultery. This is the fourth divorce case which the Senate will have to deal with next session.

The name of Sir William Meredith, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Lower Canada, is now mentioned in connection with the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec. It is also reported that a new Governor for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories will be appointed within a few days.

At a meeting last night of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League a committee was appointed to telegraph to Arthur O'Connor, M. P., and Sir Thomas Esmonde, asking when it would be convenient for them to visit Toronto. The treasurer was instructed to send $200 to the treasurer of the American League.

A by-law to invest $32,000 in a Holly waterworks system was carried at Welland yesterday by a vote of 155 to 46.

AMONG THE IRISH TENANTS.

A Traveller's Description of Scenes Amid the Starving Poor.

William Hennessy was the only Irish peasant I had met who had no humor in him—or at any rate did not show any. He was horribly in earnest from beginning to end. "Look where he sleeps," he almost screamed; "a place more fit for a brute baste than for a man; there it is, and he and two gossoons (their mother is dead) share it between them." "Gossoons" means "boys," and, striding up to the dark corner where the bed lay, he pulled it roughly about, dragging out the coarse sacks which served as blanket and coverlet, then tossing up the moldy, stale, broken straw. It did not appear to occur to him that in tossing about the things in that manner he was making work for Jas. Walsh when Jas. Walsh returned home at night from the Gombeen man's to his cold-as-death praties. He was, as I have said, horribly in earnest; he was too completely possessed by the idea of the human misery he was depicting in a wild stormy way. "You see that big stone," he said, in a quieter tone, when we went outside. The stone was an enormous boulder, weighing I don't know how many tons, and he told me a story about it. Under that boulder, he said, a noise of hammering had been heard many a time at midnight during a period of forty years. The wise folk about the place said that treasure must be concealed beneath the stone, and that some ancient ghost was notifying the fact to living men; so five of the Corrigeen tenants —William Hennessy among them—resolved to remove the boulder. This they did in the dead of night with the help of a lever. Hennessy was deputed by his four associates to search the hole. He did so, and found a rusty kettle. All this was very superstitious of Hennessy and his friends, but men better educated believe in things as absurd as ghosts and hidden treasures; besides, Hennessy and his friends, in spite of their superstition, are perhaps pretty good judges of the Irish land question

Poor James Walsh's plat of potatoes looked very ragged and scraggy. "The accursed deer!" exclaimed Hennessy again; "the accursed deer!" and he described how they came up at night and in the morning from the beautiful glen opposite and enter the field and garden plots, and how the peasants sit up at night to watch for them, and how very often it seems as if the deer were not coming; the watchers retire to rest, only to find that the deer have committed more ravages in an hour than the sleepers can replace by the wages of a week's toil. All the tenants tell the same story. "Is no allowance made to you in your rent from all that damage?" I ask. "No," is the universal reply.—*London Daily News.*

Properly Rebuked.

I was told the richest thing about a Minneapolis girl. A certain Swedish baron of fine family and education came to this country and, the old story, found himself obliged to obtain any situation to keep from absolute want, so he entered the clothing store of M—— as clerk. Well, this young lady, hearing he was a noble, must have his autograph, so she came into the store one day and requested it, leaving her album. It puzzled him greatly. Why should she want his autograph, a complete stranger? Suddenly the truth struck him and he wrote his name, and beneath, "Clerk in M——'s store." "O," said he to me, you should have seen her face lengthen, and she said, 'I didn't want that. I wanted your name and your title.' 'There it is,' I answered; 'there's the name and clerk at M——'s is the only title I wear in this country.'"—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

He Stood and He Struck.

A Buffalo man who was recently in England tells the *Courier* of a remarkable experience he had at a fair in a small village on the outskirts of London. He was walking aimlessly about the grounds when a man walked up quickly and said: "Are you working, or will you stand?" "I'll stand," said the Buffalonian, and he remained where he was for probably fifteen minutes. During that period the stranger came to him three times and handed him money. At last he began to think he had enough of "standing," and struck out for his hotel. Soon after his arrival there he tumbled to the fact that he had been doing "stool-pigeon" work for a gang of pickpockets, who had evidently made a mistake as to his identity, but he cleared about $10 by the contract.

Very Liberally Rewarded!

The engineers of a heavy double-header train saw a child on the track near the village of Rock Glen, N. Y. They whistled for brakes, and when the train was almost upon the child one of the engineers leaped from his locomotive, and, running ahead, caught the infant from the track. As a reward, the mother has recorded the engineer's name in the family bible! Great Scott!

Obituary.

The death is announced of Sir William Miller, who was largely interested in Northwest land.

Rev. David R. Kerr, D.D., of Pittsburg, editor of the *United Presbyterian*, and one o the foremost preachers in his Church, died yesterday morning after a prolonged illness, aged 70 years.

At the opening of the fall assizes in Kingston, Tuesday, Sheriff Ferguson presented Judge O'Connor with a pair of white kids, according to the old custom when the sheriff has no prisoners for trial. The only criminal case at the assize is a charge of shooting with intent against Wm. Rowley, who is out on bail. His Lordship remarked on the absence of crime on the whole of his circuit thus far.

Evangelist Moody, who completed two weeks' work in Montreal last night, expresses himself as highly pleased with the success of his meetings. He will remain in Montreal until Thursday next, and will then go to Minneapolis to preside at the opening of a large Swedish Church in that city which will hold between 4,000 and 5,000 people. This, Mr. Moody says, is the first invitation he has received from the foreign population of America, or he would not think of going so far west at this time.

The money taken from the Pacific Express Company by Messenger Owen has all been recovered. The amount was $83,000.

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New Stock and New Designs!

BEDROOM SUITES!

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Eight Leg Extension Tables!

CENTRE TABLES & FALL LEAF TABLES—VERY CHEAP.

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Cannot be surpassed in the County, either for workmanship or cheapness.

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Wanted!

A quantity of Basswood, Soft and Rock Elm, Birch, Maple, Ash, Cherry, and Butternut Lumber in exchange for Goods. J. W. BATES.

County News.

Dundalk is agitating for a public cemetery.

A furniture factory in Hanover, Ont., employs 108 hands.

A fine Walnut eight day Clock for only $4.80 at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

An old resident of Sydenham Township says the Manitoba wheat crop will average 30 bushels to the acre this year.

Mr. Colgan, hardware merchant and tinsmith, of Shelburne, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

An unoccupied house and barn in Normanby township was set on fire by an incendiary on Tuesday night of last week and destroyed.

Mr. James Brodie, the popular Secretary of Artemesia Ag. Society, was one of the Judges at the World's Fair held at Rocklyn recently.

Rev. T. Hall, of Lehigh, Iowa,—formerly Editor of the Dundalk *Herald*—visited friends in Markdale recently. He passed his recent examinations with honors.

The Dundalk *Herald* rakes J. B. Watson, "orator and humorist," fore and aft in its last week's issue. Whatever Watson may be otherwise it is certain he isan able lecturer.

Gilbert Isaac, of Thornbury, appeared before Mayor Grier recently, charged with assault and the use of profane language. He pled guilty and was fined $1 and costs, in all about $9.

A man named Wm. Cullen, of Owen Sound, in preparing to leave his house to go to work one morning lately, fell down in a fit and expired before noon, without regaining consciousness.

A Dundalk man says "he has eighteen hens which laid 1625 eggs between last March and the first of Oct. and raised a flock of chickens and a flock of ducks." Although a *fowl* yarn it has a mighty fishy smell!

Bro. Creighton, of the *Times*, says there is always a plentiful supply of laughter in connection with the entertainments given by Mr. J. W. Bengough, Editor and Cartoonist of *Grip*. He ought to know.

Allan's "sink hole," in Glenelg Township, is to be covered by a floating bridge by Mr. C. A. Johnston, of Markdale, for the sum of $380. How would a similar structure answer for the notorious "Cranberry Marsh" in Artemesia?

Anthony Mercy, Sexton of the Roman Catholic church Walkerton, has summoned four or five boys before the seat of Justice, for indulging in profane language and other disorderly proceedings around the church door on Sunday evening last. —*Bruce Herald.*

Thornbury and Meaford papers are frantically agitating for a High School in each of their respectative towns: ditto Durham, ditto Markdale. Flesherton calmly looks on the lilliputian "tug of war" and one of these days will quietly and serenely sail in and carry off the coveted prize.

A child between three and four years of age, belonging to Mr. Kaufman, living near Dunkeld, wandered away from home on Tuesday last, and had not been found up to the time of going to press. The whole neighborhood turned out and spent Tuesday night in an unavailing search for the little one.—*Bruce Herald.*

Our enterprising and intelligent stock farmer Mr. Wm. Fawcett, Deputy Reeve of Eughrasia, took eleven prizes for sheep alone at the Great Northern Exhibition in Collingwood. Mr. Fawcett on Saturday last expressed two pigs to Shunk, the great stock farmer at Aurora. What do you think of that.—*Thornbury Standard.*

Mr. Thomas Cuttell, of Melancthon, was seized with a paralytic stroke on Friday last. As he is an old man, over 88 years of age, he will hardly recover from the effects of the stroke. Mr. Cuttel is considered to be the oldest printer in Canada, and was proprietor of one of the first job printing offices in Toronto. —*Shelburne Free Press.*

Mr. Alex. Brown, sr., of the townline Minto and Arthur' father of Mr. James Brown of Mt. Forest, met with a bad accident last Thursday. The old gentleman with an axe over his shoulder was walking from the bush to the house when he stumbled and fell, the blade of the axe striking him in the back of the head inflicting a deep gash. Dr. Meikle was summoned and dressed the wound and the old gentleman is progressing favorably. Had the axe struck Mr. Brown on the neck it would certainly have killed him.—*Mt. Forest Representative.*

The vault in Mr. Cargill's office was broken into on Thursday night last, and the sum of one hundred and forty-four dollars carried away. The work was done by two disguised robbers, who first tied up the night watchman. It was the day before pay-day in Mr. Cargill's office, and a large haul was no doubt anticipated. In this the robbers were fortunately disappointed, as Mr. Cargill never keeps much money around him. He draws the amount of the pay sheet from the bank always on pay-day, and only happened to have this money in the safe from receiving payment of a bill the night before. Constables Heffernan and Kerney were on the ground next morning.—*Bruce Herald.*

The Sun.

The sun is a vast body, 1,266,000 times as large and nearly 327,000 times as heavy as the earth. That which we see of it ordinarily is a white hot central mass, which is really only a part of the great globe. Next to this is a beautifully-colored envelope from 5,000 to 10,000 miles in thickness, called the chromosphere, while out side this is a comparatively dense atmosphere, or corona, stretching away for at leat 100,000 miles, while beyond that again there is a further atmosphere consisting to a large extent of hydrogen, the lightest substance known, reaching, it may be, a million miles or more farther into space.

Look at the sun shining brightly above us; it seems a picture of quietude and stately grandeur. In point of fact it is something very different. There is nothing with which man is acquainted that is in such wild confusion as the surface of the sun. Talk of startling volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and storms, the violence of all terrestrial commotions since the world was inhabited would not equal one hour's disturbance on the face of that boiling cauldron we call the sun. A cyclone on the earth's surface that whirls around at the rate of 100 miles an hour is a hurricane carrying all before it; but there are solar whirlwinds and fiery floods that sweep along at 100 miles a second. An eruption of Vesuvius entombs Pompeii; but there are momentary and unceasing eruptions on the sun in which the whole earth would melt with fervent heat and be engulfed, so as to leave not a rack behind except an inappreciable addition to the sun's gaseous atmosphere.

Phenomenal.

"Oh, George," cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you."

"No," said George; "what is it?"

"Why don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now baby," says mamma persuasively, "Talk some to papa. Say, 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" shrieks mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain could be?"

George says it is, and tries to think so, too.

"Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, bee, bee."

"Did you ever?" cried mamma. "He can say everything! Now you precious little honey bunny boy, say 'are you well, papa?'"

"Boo, ba, de, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say anything he wants to: can't you, you own dear little darling precious, you?"

Goo, goo, dee, di, fioo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

A Crisp Courtship.

A young man was employed at an office on the Western Union Telegraph Line. In the course of business he ascertained that the person having charge of a station in a small town some 70 miles distant was a young lady and that her name was Sarah. Forthwith, in an interval of leisure, flashed over the wires this message: "My name is Smith. How old are you?"

To which the answer was promptly returned:

"My name is Sarah. None of your business."

The next one ran thus:

"I am not married. What are you worth?"

To which the words came back: "worth a million."

As a climax the youth replied: "Will you marry me?"

The answer was "Yes," and in four months they were married.

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BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

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STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

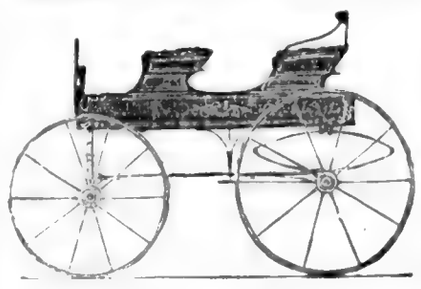

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Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

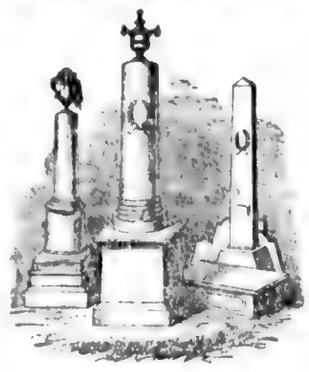

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and, for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

TAMARAC ELIXIR

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE

DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE

INSTANT RELIEF FOR ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS

BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00

ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 332. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

—The Centre Grey—

JEWELRY STORE

Commences Fall Trade with a very complete stock of goods in all lines that First-Class shops carry. If you wish to purchase a Reliable

Watch, Clock, Engagement or Wedding Ring

that will be just as represented in quality and sold only at a fair pay for your goods profit, do business with me. "The People" don't come to me of "necessity" —they come as a fact from "choice" to buy goods and get work done; for which confidence I remain indepted to my many patrons. I am in a position to do better by the "public" cash or credit than any other Jeweler in Central Grey.

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

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CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-304)

o oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Hallowe'en passed off quietly here.

Next Saturday is the 5th of November.

Two weeks from to-day is Thanksgiving day.

Horse Blankets at the Flesherton Woollen Mill.

Council meets in the Town Hall next Monday.

Next Monday is Cattle Fair Day in Flesherton.

Get your Gray Flannel and Colored Yarns at Flesherton Woollen Factory.

If you want your Watch repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton.

Mr. W. A. Brown's new advertisement will appear next week. Look out for it.

An Assistant Teacher wanted for Kimberley School. See advt. elsewhere.

Go to the Flesherton Woollen Mill for your Union Blankets and Twilled Sheeting.

A fine Walnut eight day Clock for only $4.80 at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

A large supply of Mens Frost Proof Boots, Felt Stockings, Gum Rubbers, at Wm. Clayton's.

Mr. John Wright, jr., has purchased the house and lot on Collingwood street recently vacated by Mr. Petch.

Those who intend to bring wood to this office in exchange for THE ADVANCE can do so at any time between now and the 1st of February.

If you want a Watch to keep perfect time, go to Russell's, Flesherton. A very large stock at tremendously low prices.

Get your sale bills and other printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Our new office is located nearly opposite the Photograph Gallery.

When visiting our town, remember you can always get a good square meal at Mrs. A. Thompson's well-known Bakery on Collingwood street.

The fine grades of Columbus Watches that keep perfect time, warranted for four and five years, for sale at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Quarterly meeting services, in connection with the Methodist church, Flesherton, will be held on Sunday morning next at the usual hour.

The neat display of meat, poultry, &c. at both the Flesherton butcher shops, is very creditable indeed to the respective proprietors.

Mr. D. Clayton is doing a rushing business, having been obliged to secure the assistance of a first-class Harness-maker to enable him to fill orders.

If you want a Watch to keep perfect time, go to Russell's, Flesherton A very large stock at tremendously low prices.

LOST.—On Sunday, 16th inst., a Purse containing $6 in bills. Any person returning the same to this office will be suitably rewarded.

We are very sorry to learn of the illness of our respected friend at the Station, Mr. Fred. Gee, but hope he will soon become convalescent.

We are pleased to learn that our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Wm. M. Clark, and family, will shortly take up their abode in Flesherton. We bid them heartily welcome.

Pleasing, soothing, healing, relieving, curing, is the description of Nasal Balm which is receving a national reputation as a cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, &c.

See the Tweed at the Flesherton Woollen Mill.

Mr. G. R. Glassford has started a new bakery here.

See Market Report this week. Prices going up, UP, UP!

We had a pleasant call from Mr. W. H. Thurston, of Toronto, on Monday.

If you want your Watch repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton.

☞Mens and Ladies Oveeshoes and Rubbers in great variety at Wm. Clayton's.

A fine Walnut eight day Clock for only $4.80, at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mr. Hawke has purchased Mr. Robert Clark's fine lot and brick residence in this town. We understand he also intends to run an extensive egg packing establishment in Flesherton next season.

The fine grades of Columbus Watches that keep perfect time, warranted for four and five years, for sale at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Rev. O. Edgelow, pastor of the Church of England congregations at Flesherton Station, Dundalk and Maxwell, has decided to remain where he is. The Rev. gentleman has made many friends since he came, and the fact that he has changed his mind in the connection mentioned, will be highly gratifying to his parishoners and the public generally.

Hear Mr. Watson in his great lecture, '*Pluck, Patience and Perseverance*," in the Town Hall, Flesherton, to-morrow (Friday) evening. No charge at the door. Those not satisfied with the lecture will not be asked or required to contribute to the collection which will be taken up afterwards. Mr. Watson enjoys a continental reputation as an orator and a humorist. Go and hear him to-morrow night by all means.

The finest make of Nickle alarm Clocks now selling at Russell's for $2. We will ship one to any address on receipt of price.

On Friday night last three young men got on the roof of Mr. Sproule's store and threw a pail of water over the corner, where a number of boys were playing. One boy was the recipient of this peculiar kind of baptism. Two or three of his comrades ran around to the rear of the building, took away the ladder by which the young men got on the roof, and left the latter to get down as best they could. How they reached the ground, "history does not tell us."

Mr. J. B. Watson, the talented young Canadian orator and humorist, will give his brilliant, instructive and humorous lecture, "Mind Your Own Business, or the Eleventh Commandment," in Watson's Hall, Priceville, on Monday evening next. This lecture is well worth treble the price of admission charged, and was recently delivered in Flesherton with great acceptance. We can heartily recommend Priceville readers of THE ADVANCE and others to attend the lecture in their town on Monday night.

The constant success of *The Illustrated London News* (American edition) is not by any means a surprise when even the contents of a single week is considered. Take for instance the issue of October 29th, now on the market. The supplement alone, giving an excellent colored portrait of Prince Bismark, is a valuable souvenir to possess, while in addition there are pictures of the Nizam of Hyderabad, two pages devoted to illustrations of the state of Ireland, another page of Our Troops in Burmah, one of Border Sketches in Kelso, one of Bristol Cathedral, and a most attractive picture of a little girl and a dog entitled Speak! The reading matter is as interesting and complete as ever, while the price for all is only ten cents. All newsdealers have it, and the New York office is in the Potter Building.

The finest make of Nickle alarm Clocks now selling at Russell's for $2. We will ship one to any address on receipt of price.

Ye Editor, family, staff, household effects, etc., removed to the new residence on Sydenham street—adjoining the printing office—of which buildings we shall have something to say in a future issue. On the same day Mr. J. Kester removed to the residence of Mr. R. J. Sproule, also on Sydenham street. The day was bright and full of sunshine and everything passed off pleasantly. Mr. Noble Lawrence, our energetic town carter, with the aid of his splendid and well-matched span of heavy draught horses, did the business in fine style.

Mr. Pennington, the well-known life insurance man—General Manager of the Provincial Provident Institution—delivered an interesting and instructive lecture in the Town Hall here on Monday evening, in which the contrast between the "old liners" and the assessment plan was vividly, strikingly and convincingly presented. He spoke very highly of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, of which organization there is a flourishing lodge in this place. The speaker showed that he was thoroughly posted on the great question of life insurance.

At the meeting of the Trustees of the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on Monday evening last, the members of that body were agreeably surprised by the presentation of a handsome silver Communion Service and Baptismal Font—six pieces in all—by Squire Armstrong. It was the wish of the donor that his name should not be publicly mentioned in connection with the matter, but Editors are apt to monopolize items of this kind, "whether or no," and when we accidentally heard of this graceful act of the Squire's, of course we at once dropped it in our "Tit-Bits" drawer, and lo! here it is.

Births.

RYDER.—In Flesherton, on the 27th Oct., the wife of Mr. Fred. Ryder, of a son.

LAWRENCE.—In Flesherton, on the 27th, the wife of Mr. Noble Lawrence, of twins—both girls.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

A very interesting meeting was held in the Methodist church here on Monday evening, being called for saying farewell to Mr. R. Gordon and family, who leave here on Wednesday for their future home in Michigan. The church was filled. Rev. W. Ferrier and Rev. W. E. D'Argent gave short addresses, expressing regret at parting with one so much esteemed by all, and bidding him God-speed to his new home; after which Mr. Gordon was presented with a Watch and Mrs. Gordon with a Butter Dish as tokens of esteem from the many friends in this place. Mr. Gordon replied in a very kindly manner, after which mutual farewells were exchanged.

News has just been received of the death in London, England, of J. R. Stirling, the only son of Mr. Jas. Stirling, merchant of this place. The family are plunged in the deepest grief, as they had no knowledge of his illness. Consumption is said to have been the cause of his death.

Tilly Madden, a daughter of Mr. Thos Madden, died on Sunday evening of typhoid fever, having been sick for several weeks.

The cold weather of the last few weeks has prevented farmers getting their potatoes and turnips secured.

The very good prices for farmer's produce has caused quite a rush of grain to market.

The small boys enjoyed themselves immensely on Hallowe'en, but the noise they made seemed to be their principal enjoyment.

Asthma cured by the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure, is a common remark.

—GREAT— Discount Sale!

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELERY, &C.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. T. Bradbury, of Artemesia, has bought a lot in Kimberley and is building a house and shoemaker's shop which he will open in a few weeks. Success to friend Tom.

Mr. Condy has moved away from Kimberley, and we understand Mr. A. Burritt is keeping a Temperance hotel in Mr. C's old stand.

Mr. W. H. Thurston, of the Toronto *World*, spent Sunday with his parents.

J. F. and Henry Lawrence have gone to the timber shanties near the Severn river for the winter.

Mr. Joseph who has been in Acton through the season is home again for a short time.

FARMERS!

Don't forget that we are good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding the price being cut, so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing in nearly every branch, viz., ROLLING, ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHERTON.

BETTER THAN A DOG FIGHT.

Eight Lions Engage in a Dreadful Combat in a Cage at Liverpool—All Fearfully Injured—One Killed Outright—A Plucky Trainer.

A London cable says: Early on Tuesday morning there was a fearful and exciting battle in the Jubilee Exhibition at Liverpool. Delmonico, the most plucky tamer of beasts, had been exciting the nerves of the visitors for a long time by trifling in a cage with three big forest lions. Five more lions, of a different kind, but very big also, arrived from Africa that day, and were put at once into the big cage with the three already at home there. They had no training, but Delmonico went in among them and thrilled the crowd that filled the managerie by an unusually sensational performance. When he had done, Mlle. Kora, his partner, went in with the lions and took a little dog. This was repeated four times during the day, and the five new lions were too much stunned by the huge, noisy crowd about them and the repeated visits of the lady, gentleman and dog to think of anything else. Their astonishment had not worn off, and they were still quiet when left alone for the night by the attendants at 10 o'clock.

Shortly after midnight, however, the menagerie was filled with a frightful roaring and snarling, and a servant sleeping on the premises rushed in to find the big iron cage rocking and the eight lions fighting furiously, rolled up into a huge dark ball from which the blood-stained fur was flying in all directions. The huge beasts rolled over and over, dashing madly against the sides of the cage, and biting pieces out of each other with a ferocity that was sickening. All the sights organized to ratify man's fondness for fighting would have seemed the tamest child's play in comparison. After a while it became evident that there were two distinct sides in the battle, and the new arrivals were pitted at unfair odds against the lions who had been in possession. The efforts of the servant to separate them only increased their fury, and at last he rushed off for Delmonico, who was asleep near by in Edge lane. The tamer arrived half clad and found his lions bleeding fearfully but still fighting.

The battle was narrowing down to a duel between two of the biggest lions, which were rapidly biting each other to pieces in the middle of the cage. Occasionally the battle became general, and for a few seconds there would be a wild jumble of snarling lions with a savage crunching of teeth to tell how the flesh was being torn. The appearance of Delmonico with a red hot iron produced an effect, and all but the two chief combatants stopped fighting and crouched sullenly down, licking their bloody wounds and snarling encouragement to the two leaders. On these in their rage hot iron was useless, even when applied to raw flesh. The lions responded to the burning sensation only by tearing away at each other more fiercely.

At last Delmonico, fearing he would lose his two greatest actors, took a resolution which would probably not have occurred to any other man if the existence of the entire animal creation had been threatened. He entered the cage half clad as he was and shut himself in. He next opened a door communicating with a second cage and drove into it like so many sheep the six lions that had been looking on. Meanwhile the other lions were still fighting, although much weaker. Delmonico's attempts to separate them were useless. They paid not the slightest attention to him, and although in their struggles they dashed against him, they were evidently unconscious of his presence. Before the tamer could form any plan to separate them the fight ended of itself. The big forest lion, who had been defending his home against the five strangers, rolled over on his back, growled faintly, and died as the other seized him again by the throat. One of the front legs was gnawed off completely, a hind leg was chewed to a pulp, all of the mane and most of the neck was bitten away and the body was covered with blood, as was the entire cage. There was not on the dead lion any unbitten whole piece of skin large enough to have made a glove. He had fought for his rights just as long as he had been able to work his teeth and claws.

The victor seemed at first inclined to dash at the tamer and at the lions in the neighboring cage, but he changed his mind under Delmonico's eye, and after a weak but triumphant roar over the body of his victim he retired into a corner and moaned over his wounds. Although conqueror he was not to be envied. His mane was gone and his body looked as though an especially wicked harrow had been repeatedly dragged over it. Blood trickled from a hundred ugly wounds, and there is little hope that he will live. Curiously enough not one of the lions had its tail bitten off in the fray, which seems to indicate that some code of honor exists among lions which prevents them from making each other ridiculous, even in the deadliest combat. The other six lions will live, but they are badly bitten. The loss, if the second lion dies, will be about £400. In any case he will always remain a damaged lion.

The Quebec Murder Trial.

A last (Thursday) night's Quebec despatch says: The St. Nicholas poisoning case was somewhat unexpectedly brought to a conclusion at noon to-day. At 10 o'clock, when the court opened, the jury, who had been locked up all night, came in and reported that they could not agree, when the judge ordered them to be locked up again until 2 o'clock. It was said at the time that they were ten for acquittal and two for conviction. At noon they had agreed upon a verdict, and coming into court declared Mrs. Legace "not guilty." The result created quite a sensation. "Thank God I am clear!" ejaculated the accused, and Mr. Lemieux, her attorney, immediately moved for her discharge from custody. "You are liberated," said Judge Johnson, addressing Mrs. Legace. Then turning to the jury he said, "I have nothing to say to you about your verdict. It is you who are responsible. You are now free." Mr. Lemieux, who defended the accused, received, it is said, the largest fee ever paid here in a criminal case. His retainer is said to have been $1,500, with $1,000 extra if his client was acquitted.

The new organ for St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, London, has arrived, and will probably be opened next Sunday.

WORK AND WAGES.

Grand Chief Engineer Arthur's Address to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

A Chicago despatch says: The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers met in convention here yesterday. Grand Chief Engineer P. M. Arthur delivered the opening address, in the course of which he said: "Perhaps to some our coming convention will be only a grand meeting of another army of fanatic laborers; but we believe that to most people, and certainly to the reading public, we are known as an organization of honest men, having honest intentions, which we ever have and shall execute in a straightforward, honest manner. We are enemies only to wrong in its various devices and garbs, and political schemes and aspirations have no place nor part in our association. A mighty army of men, representing 365 divisions, has gathered about a nucleus of twelve men who twenty-four years ago assembled in the city of Detroit and started an organization destined to be more than they then knew or dreamed of. To-day we number twenty-five thousand men. Taking all things into consideration, our relations, both to ourselves and with the various rilroads employing members of the brotherhood, are amicable. When we consider the dissatisfaction which is everywhere manifest about us, our few troubles fall into insignificance. The spirit of discontent walks unchallenged from ocean to ocean across our broad continent, whispering greedily into the ears of men, and so the cry is taken up until it becomes a deafening roar. It is but a short stride from the word to the deed, and every day in our papers we may read the result of this discontent. Labor of all kinds, from the most menial to the most skilled, with that cry still ringing in their ears while their judgment sleeps, has risen up and refused to work, preferring no pay to little pay, and with what result? Death, disaster and despair! There have been times and incidents when the strike was the only court of appeal for the workingmen, and the evil lay in the abuse of them. The methods used to bring about a successful termination of strikes, the abuse of property, and even of persons, has brought the very name into disrepute. While the troubles of the laboring man are rapidly becoming mere cant, and sympathy for him is dying out, more and more clearly defined is the line becoming which divides the honest man, satisfied with a just remuneration which he has truly earned, until by his own effort he can rise to a higher position in life, and the loud-voiced bomb thrower who, scarcely able to speak the English language, seeks to win his own comfortable living from those who have worked for it, presuming upon the imagination and arousing false hopes in the hearts of those who are still more ignorant than himself. Among sensible men the day for all this is past. Let 'mercy season justice' and justice be tempered with moderation. A wise arbitration looks to a long result rather than to immediate satisfaction and accomplishes more than intimidations ever can hope to do. Our first father earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and from that ancient time to this enlightened age there has been discovered no honest way other than this. I congratulate you on the success of the past year, and would admonish you to be ever on the alert for the best interest of the cause which you have espoused."

Delegates are present from all parts of the country and Canada. Mayor Roche welcomed the visitors.

AT HYMEN'S ALTAR.

Romantic Wedding—Falling in Love with a Photograph.

A Paris cablegram says: The marriage of Miss Georgette Dana and M. Phillippe Berard, Secretary of Embassy at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, took place at the French Protestant Eglise de l'Etoile, on the Avenue de la Grande Armee, to-day. Miss Dana is the daughter of Mr. Wm. P. Dana, the well-known American artist. The bride wore a handsome white satin gown with long train, trimmed with orange buds, and a long veil fastened with orange blossoms. The marriage was quite a romantic one, M. Berard having fallen in love with Miss Dana's portrait long before he met her. Both are well off in their own right, and it is considered on all sides a happy union.

Twenty Lives Saved.

An Antwerp cable says: The barque Bravo, from Charleston, reports that on September 20th, in latitude 38, longitude 49 west, she picked up Captain Cunha, Captain Cunha's wife, two sailors and sixteen passengers of the American schooner Carrie W. Clark. The Clark was bound from Fayal to Boston. She had encountered a hurricane on September 17th, and after terrific laboring, caused by the tremendous sea, a gust of wind struck the vessel and the mainmast went by the board, breaking off thirty feet above the deck. While the captain thought it best to desert the schooner, the crew and passengers to the number of 36 remained aboard, refusing to leave her, depending upon what was left of the mainmast to rig a sail on and bring the vessel into port. The Carrie W. Clark is a two-masted fishing schooner hailing from Provincetown, Mass.

From London This Time.

A London despatch says: London West was startled yesterday by news of the elopement of Miss Vodden, daughter of Mr. William Vodden, who lives near the corner of Dundas and Center streets, and George Moore, who resided on Oak street, and who leaves behind him a wife and five children. About a week ago Miss Vodden announced her intention of visiting a Mrs. Rogers in the country, and on Saturday last started off. The same afternoon Mr. Moore left ostensibly to visit an uncle at Port Stanley. Inquiry, however, reveals the fact that neither Miss Vodden nor Moore have been seen by the parties they were to visit, nor have the pair been heard of since. The lady in the case is said to be about 30 years of age, small, and not over good looking. Mr. Moore was a popular resident of the village and a property holder.

The official press of Germany in repeating its denial of the report that the Czar was to have a meeting with the Emperor William, uses language of plain and almost ostentatious enmity towards Russia.

THE ROTHSCHILD WEDDING.

An Imposing Ceremony—The Dresses of the Fair Bride and Her Attendants.

A Paris cablegram gives the following additional particulars of the great wedding of the week in that city: The wedding at the Jewish Synagogue of Mlle. Aline de Rothschild with M. Albert Edward Sassoon came off at 1 o'clock to-day with great *eclat*. Shortly before 1 o'clock the bride arrived. Mlle. de Rothschild is a brunette, very tall and finely built, with a thoroughbred patrician presence. She wore a long white satin dress, with flounces of English lace in the form of an apron, trimmed with orange blossoms. Her corsage was straight cut, with four rows of orange blossoms arranged like the braiding of a hussar jacket. Her headdress was a silver Russian diadem, partly covered beneath her long tulle veil.

Ten paces behind the bride walked the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild in *peluche infernale*, opening on an underdress of rose coral *peluche*, embroidered in heavy dead gold, with hood to match. Then came the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, in pansy colored plush over panels of pale mauve, trimmed with gold; the Baroness Alphonse, in grayish blue moire antique, with an apron of electric blue, covered with Oriental designs traced in dark blue velvet. The Princess de Sagan appeared in a tight fitting fourreau dress of velvet and damas that clung to her fair form like a glove.

At the moment when the grand rabbi pronounced the last word of his address a group of eight young ladies dashed forth into the middle of the synagogue like a squadron of cavalry, all dressed alike in taille rose. Each wore a diamond brooch with the five arrows of the maison de Rothschild, with pearl and opal doves bearing an olive branch in their mouths—a present from the bride. Besides these young ladies there were fifteen ladies of honor, all with the same coiffure, namely: A delicious little mouse gray felt hat, trimmed with large pink ribbons and pink feathers.

At the moment when the squadron of eight young ladies collected in the centre of the synagogue a large crystal vase was dashed upon the stone floor and scattered into a thousand fragments by the grand rabbi, as indicative of the fragility of all things human.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA.

The Year's Progress in Population and Wealth.

A Washington despatch says: Mr. Louis K. Church, Governor of Dakota, in his annual report says: "The Territory has had another year of wonderful growth in population and wealth. During the past year 2,067,281 acres of public land have been filed on, and 1,538,672 acres have been acquired by final proof and cash entry. Twenty-three million eight hundred and eleven thousand four hundred and forty-five acres of public land remain unoccupied. The population of the Territory is estimated at 568,477, an increase of about 68,000 during the year. The assessment of property in the Territory amounts to $157,084,365, an increase of nearly $25,000,000 during the year. During the building season of 1885,679 miles of new railroad were constructed, making a total of 4,208."

The report says that the season of 1886 was not altogether favorable to farming interests. The total area in corn, wheat, oats and flax in 1886 amounted to 4,712,764 acres, an increase of about one-third over last year. During the year 1886 there were raised 15,805,000 bushels of corn, 30,704,000 bushels of wheat, 20,651,000 bushels of oats, and 3,844 323 bushels of flax. On January 5th, 1887, the value of live stock in the Territory reached $42,828,338, an increase of nearly $500,000 per year for the last seven years.

A Modern Robinson Crusoe.

A Petoskey (Mich.) despatch says: Captain Bouchard, of the steamer Cummings, brings the following news: Mr. N. Phillips, of Grand Rapids, landed on Hat Island about two weeks ago. He was sailing in a small boat in the neighborhood of the Beavers. While looking over the place, which is uninhabited, he was greatly alarmed to see his craft break loose from its moorings and float out of sight in the direction of Cross village. After remaining on the island four days without food, in a fit of desperation he determined to make a raft and put out into the lake. He hoped some vessel would pick him up. Bits of boards and driftwood formed his materials, and after fastening them together as best he could with switches he launched the raft and floated away from the island. A fisherman named McCauley, of St. James, Beaver Island, happened to sight the raft, and when he reached it Mr. Phillips was nearly dead from hunger and exhaustion. He was taken to St. James and cared for. His boat was washed ashore at Cross village.

A Methodist Minister in Court.

A last (Friday) night's London (Ont.) despatch says: Rev. Wm. Chapman, for 25 years a Methodist minister, was charged at the Police Court to-day with violating the Medical Act. The principal evidence against defendant was that of Wesley Webb, who was appointed by the Medical Council to act as detective in such cases. He saw Mr. Chapman's circular, and went to his place and had some talk about a lump on his leg, which Mr. Chapman agreed to treat for $6. Afterwards he arranged to bring his wife, who had a lump behind her ear, for treatment. Mrs. Webb went there with her husband, and Mr. Chapman, after looking at the lumps, said his specific would cure it. He would give her a tonic to take and some liniment or salve to apply, charging for the latter and for the cure $2. She got a small bottle, paying 25 cents for it, and never went back again. The point was whether Mr. Chapman's dealing with Mrs. Webb constituted the practice of medicine. The Magistrate dismissed both cases.

The Rahway Murder Mystery.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Frank Credeford, also known as Crawford, whose name has been connected with the latest clue in the Rahway mystery as the tramp weaver, and to whom the dead girl was said to have been married, was arrested in this city at a late hour last night.

The Czar's children are recovering so rapidly from the measles that the family will be able to return to Russia by the middle of November.

LONDON'S UNEMPLOYED

Crowd Into Westminster Abbey and Jeer and Interrupt the Canon While Preaching.

A last (Sunday) night's London cable says: Several thousand of the unemployed, with a red flag at their head, marched in procession this afternoon from Trafalgar Square to Westminster Abbey, and although no invitation had been extended, 1,200 of the crowd were admitted. The flag was left in charge of the vergers. Inside the Abbey many of the unexpected visitors remained covered and indulged in whistling, while others mounted the pedestals of the various statues or mingled with the decent people present, who mostly left the building. The crowd, as a rule, chewed tobacco and expectorated everywhere regardless of the surroundings, until the first lesson was announced, when the reader was loudly jeered, completely drowning his voice. The second lesson was similarly received. Canon Prothero then preached a sermon, taking for his text Romans xii. 6. In his discourse he argued that the punishment of the lawbreaker was necessary for the good of the community. This was received with cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Bosh." The preacher earnestly appealed for order, and exhorted his hearers to try and uproot evil and plant good instead. "That's what we are going to do," was shouted, and received with cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers. Canon Prothero now threw his notes aside and addressed himself directly to the roughs. He said, "Legislation could alone provide a remedy for hunger and suffering, but everybody could express sympathy." (Loud laughter, followed by a voice "that's all we shall get.") Canon Prothero continued, "Charitable agencies might do much." (A voice, "We don't want charity, we want work.") The rev. gentleman enlisted the attention of the mob when he advocated State assistance in times of distress. At the close of his remarks the mob hissed and marched out of the Abbey, cordially cheered by their comrades in waiting outside. The whole crowd then proceeded, shouting and hooting, to Trafalgar Square, where the leaders denounced the Church and police. Several arrests were made of brawling persons and thieves.

GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER.

A Quarrel About a Yoke of Steers Results Fatally.

A Brockville despatch says: John Morris, a farmer, was tried before Judge O'Connor yesterday at the Brockville Assizes, charged with the murder of another farmer named Henry Doal. D. B. Maclennan, Q.C., of Cornwall, was for the Crown, and M. Saunders, of Kemptville, for the prisoner. Morris rented from Doal a house and some land in the 10th concession of Augusta. On the 12th of last August Doal went to Morris' house and got into a dispute with him about a yoke of oxen which both were claiming. A man named Thomas Streight was present, also Margaret Morris, aged 14, a daughter of the prisoner. The altercation was followed by a scuffle in which Doal was fatally stabbed, and he died the next day at noon. Doal's account of the affair, as given in his dying declaration sworn to before a magistrate, was as follows: "A difficulty arose between John Morris and myself about a yoke of steers that Morris had got from me to break. We had some words and Morris drew his whipstock to strike me with it. I caught hold of the whipstock and took it from him. Then Morris drew out his knife and I struck him on the arm with the whipstock. Then Morris stabbed me in the left breast or the left lung. It was a long dirk-knife that he stabbed me with." The evidence showed that the actual stabbing was witnessed only by Margaret Morris, as Streight left before the fight commenced. Mr. Saunders contended that the wound was inflicted in self-defence, and to support this called the daughter, who swore that Doal struck her father three or four times with the whipstock before the stab was given. Malcolm Boyd testified that Doal told him he expected a fight. After a brief absence the jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter.

WITHOUT A DOLLAR.

Sad Change in the Fortunes of One of Millionaire Mackay's Partner's.

A Kansas City despatch says: J. F. McKnight, a stranded California millionaire, appeared before the Mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., yesterday, and after representing that he had not a dollar in the world, begged a railroad pass to Kansas City, which was given him and he left for New York city, where he says he has relatives who will care for him this winter. McKnight was a partner of the millionaire Mackay in California for several years, was Mayor of Oakland and one of the most prominent men on the Pacific coast. He was a personal friend of the elder Bennett in New York when the latter had his office on Nassau street, and was Jay Gould's friend when Gould was brought into prominence by Jim Fisk. He had met and been on intimate terms with all the great men of his day, and had interesting anecdotes concerning them all. He lost his millions a short time ago, but was cheerful, although he had not a dollar. He says that he will return to California next year and build up another fortune. His clothes were seedy, and for dinner he had only a bun and a slice of cheese that cost him five cents. All his personal effects were tied up in a big red handkerchief. After he had finished his sandwich he lighted an old black pipe and seemed to enjoy it. In his downfall he retains his polished manner and is still in conversation and deportment the same elegant gentleman he was when he could draw his check for ten millions.

On 20th September last a plank was laid across the M. C. R. track one and one-half miles east of Waterford. It was supposed to be the work of train-wreckers, and since that time notices have been frequently posted up in the neighborhood warning people from travelling on the M. C. R. trains. The company now offer $500 reward for the conviction of parties concerned in the outrage.

Extensive military preparations are being made by both Germany and Russia along their frontier.

The first conference for the negotiation of a commercial treaty between Italy and Austria-Hungary was held on Saturday in Rome.

IN THE FAR WEST.

A Hamilton Traveller at an Assiniboia Fair.

WONDERS OF PRAIRIE PRODUCTION.

SIR,—Moosomin is beautifully situated on the line of the Canadian Pacific. Although five years ago the site where now the town stands was part of the great uncultivated prairie, it has during this brief period steadily grown until now it contains good wide streets, several comfortable churches, a public school which is being enlarged and many good private dwellings. It has recently been made the military station of the Province of Assiniboia. It is also a fine distributing centre for the Moose Mountain district. This trade having grown extensively, Mr. R. D. McNaughton has been compelled to erect a fine stone warehouse, which is an ornament to the town, and a monument to the energy and enterprise of this worthy citizen. The hotel accommodation might have been suitable as a sheltering place for a stray traveller or the noble red man amid the wild storms which used to sweep over this open prairie in days gone, but civilization demands something more modern. There is a large Ogilvie grain elevator, with a storing capacity of 45,000 bushels. It was our good fortune to visit Moosomin during the annual fair, to which representatives of the Canadian press had been invited by W. D. Perley, M.P. for East Assiniboia. During the morning we —I say we, because I had to *press* very hard to procure a room in the Queen's Hotel, and therefore might be considered a fair representative of the press—were driven upwards of twenty miles over the prairie to see two farms and examine the splendid results of the most marvellous crop of wheat, barley and vegetables this Province has ever produced. Mr. Bobier owns 700 acres, and has 170 acres under cultivation. We saw some five sheaves of wheat which the owner assured us had been produced from one grain of Red Fyfe in two years. From here we drove on to see the farm owned by Mr. Neff, which consists of 5,000 acres, with 750 acres under cultivation. It is estimated that the average yield of both these farms will be thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, and the samples we send will show the quality of the grain.

If the Canada Pacific consult their own and the farmers' interests they will so modify their rates as to encourage larger cultivation of land now waiting to surprise its owners and the east with an average yield without a parallel, except in the Province of Manitoba. These farmers deserve every encouragement and consideration which the Canada Pacific can give, for they have risked all and lost much during the past few years, but 1887 has convinced them that this country has a future sufficiently tempting to the most timid agriculturist who is willing to work. Russian wheat has been tried, but given equal advantage the Red Fyfe has nothing to fear. The afternoon was spent visiting the exhibition, which did credit to all interested in getting it up. Mr. Crisp had a fine collection of grain and vegetables, and well deserved the several first prizes awarded him. Mr. Neff came to the front with fine samples of Red Fyfe, while Mr. Babie carried off the palm for barley, every grain of which was perfect for germination. There were also some sample kegs of excellent butter and cheese and a very good collection of fancy needle work.

The Agricultural Society gave a banquet in the evening, and the good things were duly appreciated. The "after dinner" speeches showed that the eastern press generally has very much underrated the possibilities of this country. With a little more attention given to mixed farming the farmer can secure a better competence with the same outlay than he can either in Ontario or Quebec. S. HUXLEY.

The Canadian Northwest.

Michel and Cecil Courtercille, charged with killing Marie Courtercille, at Lesser Slave Lake, were found guilty of manslaughter at Edmonton, yesterday, and sentenced to six years in the Manitoba Penitentiary.

Winter rates for coal have been fixed. American anthracite will be sold for $10.25 per ton, and soft at $8.50. Galt coal is quoted at $8, and Canadian anthracite at $9.50.

A bill of injunction was filed this morning against the city proceeding with their tax sale, advertised for Monday next.

Engineers and other operators have arrived at Pembina and are busily engaged in the building of an elevator depot and round-house on the line of the Duluth & Manitoba Railroad.

Rev. Dr. King, of Manitoba College, has returned from the East.

It is understood that the Rev. D. M. Gordon, pastor of Knox Church in this city, will accept a call to St. Andrew's Church, Halifax.

In the Northwest Council yesterday a resolution was presented asking that the Dominion Government be requested at the forthcoming election in the Territories to sumbit to the people the question of granting licenses or a total prohibition system in the Northwest. The motion was held over.

News has been received in London of the burning of Ketab, a town of Bokhara, Central Asia, in which half the inhabitants perished in the flames.

The men arrested in London on October 17th for participating in the riotous demonstrations of the unemployed workmen have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The two hundred thousand Russian reserves called out at the beginning of October, after a three weeks' drill, have been sent to their homes. The condition of the men, as regards spirit and discipline, throughout the empire is reported to be excellent. The shooting of the troops surpassed all expectations.

The report of the English officer appointed to attend the trial of the Zalinski gun at New York is so favorable that one of the guns is to be acquired for further experiments by the Imperial Government. It is believed the weapon will entirely supersede torpedoes for shore defences. It fires by air 200 pounds of dynamite, and is regarded as one of the most valuable and warlike inventions of modern times.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Latest Fashions at Home and Abroad.

(Aunt Kate's Weekly Budget.)

A Baby Among the Strong-Minded.

The Vermont W. C. T. U., at its thirteenth annual meeting, witnessed a pretty incident. Mrs. Phœbe Stone Beeman came into the meeting while the votes were taking, with her 16-months-old baby. Every mother of them welcomed the baby, little Lelia Stone Beeman. An escort was sent. The baby was brought to the platform. She looked smilingly over the Convention. Miss Willard took her in her arms, and moved that "the white-ribbon baby be made a delegate to this Convention." She passed to Mrs. Greene's arms, who said: "My department of kindergarten has received a baptism." Forthwith they elected Mrs. Beeman Secretary. Who fears that women who vote will cease to care for children?—*Woman's Journal.*

The Jersey Come to Stay.

I expressed some weeks ago my fondness for the jersey, and my hope that all persons of the worthy sex who know that they have fine figures, or fear that they are too lumpy for gracefulness, will go on patronizing it. I am glad to find that the Grand Duchess Vladimir thinks as I do. Her feeling on the subject is that the jersey is the highest effort of the dressmaking art. She has it thin, and she has it thick, with a plushy inside; she has it high, and she has it low. Of the low kind I have this week been shown a specimen. It is in salmon silk. The upper edge is trimmed with a ruche of raveled silk set on an elastic band, which is fastened on at short distances. Nothing can be softer or more fluffy. One would think that with the first zephyr the whole thing would fly off like thistle-down, which in texture it resembles. There are no sleeves, but the ruche forms a shoulder band, and a pair of downy tassels falls from the middle of this part. The meagre-chested should not wear the low jersey; but the plump, or too plump, should adopt and cling to it obstinately. What, you see, is so objectionable to modest persons in a ball-room, is not the stripping of busts, but the forcing up of roundness toward the neck. That frontier line which Miss Rose Cleveland spoke of in her letter about low-cut waists, and which, unfortunately, she did not define, is displaced in the sense of upheaval. This is done not by the corset if it be all well made, but by the corsage. A jersey, low or high, forces nothing, and lends itself to every undulation. For this reason the stout and unstatue-like should wear it both in and out of the ball-room.—*London Truth.*

The Fashionable Girl's New Walk.

The new walk is neither graceful nor pretty. It is a kind of a waddle. The would-be fashionable young lady now walks as if she had no joints nor firmness to her. Every part of her anatomy seems to shake and wiggle as she goes. She comes down hard first on one foot and then on the other, seeming to rest her body alternately on each of her nether limbs. Her cheeks wobble, and so do her arms. I don't know any better way to describe it than to say she waddles like a fat duck. I don't know who is the originator of this fashion, but it is evidently going to be the thing this winter. All the girls put it on with their fall bonnets, and all over the streets you can see the little dears trying their best to be ungraceful in their efforts to be up to the latest "fad."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

Finery Harmful to Children.

Children are overloaded with finery, destroying utterly their childish charm and grace; for they are either pertly conscious of "my best clothes" or they are rendered miserable by the necessity of so comporting themselves as not to rumple, tear or soil their fripperies—this being, with some mothers, the unpardonable sin.

New French Fancies in Feminine Attire.

Mrs. Crawford writes from Paris to London *Truth* as follows: "The ladies' tailors are all busy at costumes de chasse, by which they don't exclusively mean riding habits. Mobilization and autumn manœuvres being on their brain, the costumes have a military savor. Wraps to be worn in going to or returning thence are like hussars' jackets, but of soft flannel. The body of the shooting costume is a la fantassin and the skirt a la cantiniere. Dull colors are used, unless just in the facings. A show of bright red or blue would frighten the birds, who are apt to fly off whenever they see blues, purples or strong greens. Russets are the hues least alarming to the denizens of the forest. But they are not military. However, the ladies' tailors seem to think that they ought to be. The grays and browns and unbleached flax, and, indeed, neutral hues and coleurs rompues in general, have had their day, and a revival is showing itself of the bright, decided tones which were in favor up to 1870. Attempts are being made to adopt the swallow-tailed coat, waistcoat and shirt front to the feminine attire. Those who go in for this adaptation must drop the bustle. Now, I don't object to the bustle being shed; but what I tremble at is the probable lengthening of the skirt. Dress a lay figure with a gentleman's evening coat and short petticoat, and it will at once set you laughing. You will either have to reduce the swallow-tail to the "postilion" size or let down the skirt. The hat to harmonize with this style of garment—and play-goers may rejoice thereat—is to be a crush one, either low and flat, like a sailor's, or three-cornered and feathered, like a French General's. This headgear will, at the theatre, take the place of a fan. It won't last, but don't be surprised if it's the rage for a few seasons.

Revival of the Reticule.

It is understood that opera-glass bags and the dainty little plush pockets for handkerchiefs that our belles have for the past year been wont to carry about with them are to be superseded this season by the regular old-fashioned reticules that our grandmothers used to delight in. And, indeed, this fashion will certainly prove a charming one in many ways. A fashionable woman nowadays is obliged to take so many indispensable articles about with her that it is absolutely necessary to have some convenient receptacle in which to stow them, so that they shall be near at hand. Ordinary dress pockets are becoming almost obsolete, principally because modistes will persist in putting them in such out-of-the-way places that it is impossible to gain access to them. Everybody will surely welcome our grandmothers' reticules as a pleasing change. Of course, one must possess as many reticules as gowns, satin and silk ones to match evening toilets, and others of more sober cast for shopping purposes. They may be ornamented with lace and flowers or fur and feathers, and they may contain anything, from a batiste handkerchief to the latest design in enamel bonbon boxes. At any rate, every woman of taste will admit, that, from an æsthetic point of view, any kind of reticule—even one of the plainest pattern—will be preferable to those monstrosities in leather called shopping bags, and which are to be placed in the same category as ulsters and rubber cloaks. —*Washington Post.*

Fashion Notes.

School dresses for girls are made with a belted waist gathered to a yoke and a full gathered skirt. Serge, homespun, cheviots or gay plaid woollens are used for these dresses.

Coats for girls are made of rough-finished check goods having the Newmarket pleats, a belt clasped with metal clasps and a silk-lined hood. These are made either long or short and have also metal clasps at the throat. A new fancy for trimming for girls' coats, and even for the entire garment, is astrakhan cloth of rich dark red. When the entire jacket is made of this cloth, which almost perfectly imitates the real article, it is cut in plain jacket shape, with black frogs buttoning it down the front and trimming the sleeves.

Dresses for girls from 7 to 10 will show the nautical designs that have been so popular for the past two or three seasons Children of that age will wear pea-jackets and kilt skirts of serge trimmed with wid Hercules braid.

There will be an effort made to revive a modification of the Highland costumes for little boys as a relief from the long regime of the sailor. The pretty plaid velvets being introduced this season have given the idea impetus and one or two very pretty ones have been made. One of them has a kilt of grey velvet plaided in fine lines of red, buttoned upon a white shirt waist. A coat and waistcoat of gray cloth form the upper part of the dress; a red scarf is knotted under a wide white collar, plaid stockings, a little fillibeg and a Glengarry cap complete the costume.

The wide felt hats still popular for every-day wear for children are trimmed with voluminous bunches of ribbons of all shades. Frequently single quills are stuck through these ribbon clusters and sometimes two or three of them. Little close bonnets, without strings of course, and with a decided poke, are worn for dress occasions. These are trimmed with thick folds and poufs of velvet, with breasts of birds or little thick clusters of ostrich feathers. Some of these little bonnets are trimmed with unlimited yards of the narrowest width of point-edged ribbon made into pompons.

Weights in the Kitchen.

Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee A weigh one pound.

Two teacups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter, well packed, weigh one pound.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Two and one-half teacups (level) of best brown sugar weigh one pound.

Two and three-fourths teacups (level) of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoon (well heaped) of granulated coffee A or best brown sugar equals one ounce.

As a help in the absence of any handy means of weighing, the following rules for measuring will be found very convenient:

Miss Parael says one generous pint of liquid or one pint of finely-chopped meat packed solidly weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a dram.

No Cause for Alarm.

Timid Tourist—"Say Cap'n, this boat seems very shaky; was anybody ever lost in her?"

Boatman—"Not ter my knowledge. There was three men drowned from her last Thursday, but we found them all the next high tide."—*Life.*

Helping Those Who Help Themselves.

Aunt Kate—"My dear, don't you think if it had been the Lord's wish that you should have had curling hair He would have curled it for you?" Jessie—"And so he did, Aunt Kate, when I was a baby. He probably thinks I am old enough now to do t myself."—*Life.*

A supposed murder came to light at Quebec yesterday. Joseph Bourbeau, a boatman, at 6.30 yesterday morning, discovered the dead body of Thomas Moran, 45 years of age, lying on its face on a rock under the slip of the wharf in front of the city from which sail the steamers of the Saguenay line. There was a pool of blood on the wharf and others on the slip.

L. M. Chase, of Boston, found a pear tree in his garden which the mice had girdled by eating the bark of the trunk, and it was dying. Mr. Chase planted four small trees around this tree and close to it, cut off the tops, pointed the ends, and, making incisions in the bark, bent the small trees and grafted them above the dead trunk. They all grew, and the tree draws its nourishment from the small ones and "still lives," for a bushel of nice pears has just been taken from it.

Manitoba's surplus wheat has been carrived out of the Province at the rate of five train loads a day, and all fears of a blockade are dispelled.

ONTARIO BUTTER CREAMERIES.

Price Realized for Milk When Made into Butter.

Last spring I addressed a couple of letters to the public press upon this subject, with a desire to call the attention of farmers and the public to the work the Ontario Creameries Association had in hand, and hoping thereby to incite some interest in the matter, not only among the farmers, but also those who handled the butter as middlemen, as well as the consuming public.

With the scarcity of butter that is likely to prevail in Ontario this winter, it is a great pity that we had not ten times the number of creameries that now exist. Again and again it has been stated in the public press that the butter of Ontario, judged as a whole, is a blot upon the fair name of the agriculturists of Canada. It has been justly claimed that in the production of cereals and stock Ontario enjoys a reputation second to no other country in the world; but in the quality of her butter, the majority of "stuff" put upon the market is a disgrace to the Province and to those who produce it. The butter producer, in common with the public, hold in detestation the

OLEOMARGARINE MAKER,

but did they ever consider that the responsibility of enabling oleomargarine to obtain such a foothold in other countries rests with them? At the Fat Stock Show of Chicago I have tasted oleomargarine which was in every way infinitely superior in appearance and flavor to three-fourths of the butter that can be bought on our markets and at our grocery stores. "How, then, are the public and the butter-maker responsible for its introduction?" Had the butter-maker produced a better article than he has been in the habit of doing, no chance would have existed for the introduction of a spurious article to replace a genuine one; but when the spurious article was, to all appearances and taste, superior to the genuine, a ready opportunity was given for the spurious to obtain a foothold. The public, too, I contend, are to blame—the rural storekeeper in that he pays the same price for a poor article as he does for a really superior one, if the makers both happen to be customers; and the public in that they will not pay a sufficient advanced price for a really A 1 butter. In other words—neither the storekeeper nor the public are prepared to pay for butter on its merits. I have had a little experience, through our dairies, in dealings with the public in this matter, and, though time and a "stiff back" have educated many of our patrons to pay us a living price for a really good article, it has required both to bring them to that stage. When more than 30 cents per pound is asked for butter the good and careful housewife raises her hands in horror at such "extravagance;" yet she would consider that 30 cents per quart for good cream was cheap. She may be surprised when I tell her that by her paying 40 cents per pound for butter the butter-maker does not realize as much out of his cream as when he is paid 30 cents for his quart of cream. It is a good gallon of cream that yields three pounds of butter, which will cost at least 15 cents to make and market. Selling cream at 30 cents a quart yields $1.20 per gallon, but made into butter, and selling as such even at 40 cents, it only realizes $1.05 (after deducting the 15 cents for making). For this reason, any one who is so situated that he can sell his cream as such will always prefer to do so rather than convert it into butter. Again, twenty-five pounds to thirty pounds of ordinary milk are required to one pound of butter; twenty-five pounds of milk equal ten quarts. When delivered at your door at 6 cents a quart—or 60 cents for the amount required to make a pound of butter—you do not think it out of the way to pay this price; yet butter at 60 cents a pound would be an unheard of extravagance. The average price received by butter-makers for a really good article will not exceed 20 cents per pound. As it requires ten quarts of milk to one pound of butter, the farmer at this price is receiving but

TWO CENTS A QUART FOR HIS MILK.

I repeat, it is constantly asserted that both the quantity and quality of butter produced in Canada are not what they should be, and wonder is expressed that Ontario does not take a more prominent position as a butter-making country. Farmers and farmers' wives are not singular when they seek to produce that which is most profitable, and though a return in butter of even 2 cents per quart for milk on the farm may appear to be a very small price, yet in these days of small margins of profit in farming it is a living one. Let the public display more willingness to pay a better price for a really superior article, and thereby give to the farmer's wife the incentive of a profitable industry as a stimulus to increase not only the quality but the quantity of butter produced on the farm, and I feel assured a great step will be taken towards helping on the butter industry of this country. I have known farmers' wives who, producing a really gilt-edge butter, owing to an

UNAPPRECIATIVE PUBLIC,

felt that the extra pains necessary in the care of the utensils, milk, cream and preparation and marketing of the butter, was not sufficiently appreciated when they sought to dispose of it.

I give these figures to show how comparatively poorly paid is the milk producer who converts his milk into butter, and that before Ontario can hope to take a rank as a great butter-producing country the farmers have not only to be educated in the art of butter-making, but the consumer must also incite them to the production of what they seek by purchasing good butter on its merits, and paying such a price therefor as means a fair profit to the producer.

VALANCEY E. FULLER.

"Oaklands," Hamilton, Oct. 12th, 1887.

Some interesting law suits are probable between the Bruce County Council and the sureties of the Treasurer. The point involved appears to be how much the former defaulting Treasurer was short and the period of time when the defalcation took place. A joint meeting of the parties interested will take place on November 9th, when the situation will be discussed.

Frankie, a 7-year-old son of Daniel McKellar, a carpenter on Talbot street, St. Thomas, was run over on Saturday evening by a passing waggon and his thigh bone broken.

ALLEGED COAL FAMINE.

Possibility of an Increase of a Dollar P e Ton in the Price of Coal.

Circulars from the Delaware, Lackawana & W. R. R., Delaware & Hudson, Lehigh Valley & Pennsylvania Central Coal Companies have been received by all the local dealers to-day from headquarters, cancelling all existing contracts and withdrawing recent circular quotations. Copies of the same circular have been issued to every dealer in Canada and the United States simultaneously. In Montreal and Toronto stocks are fast running out, and little or no shipments are being made, pending the action of the New York coal barons. Ottawa dealers have a moderate supply of their winter stock in store and but twelve cars of nut are now on track here. It is likely there will be an immediate advance of 50 cents or $1 per ton throughout both countries. Ottawa dealers are short about 10,000 tons to complete orders already booked and for winter trade. The immediate causes of the famine are strikes in the coal regions, limited output, and increased consumption over that of last year.—*Ottawa Journal.*

Anti-Poverty Society.

As a result of the New York Anti-Poverty movement, branch societies have been formed in many places in the United States. The parent society has a by-law providing that twenty members of the society residing in any town or district outside of New York City may form a branch by adopting the constitution and agreeing to affiliate with the parent society. The condition of affiliation shall be the payment to the parent society of a fee of 25 cents for each member admitted to the branch, in consideration of which the parent society shall furnish for each branch member a certificate of membership bearing the autograph signature of the President and Vice-President. It is recommended that the initiation fee of branch members be the same as that of members of the parent society, viz.: $1. The following is the constitution: The time having come for an active warfare against conditions that, in spite of the advance in the powers of production, condemn so many to degrading poverty, and foster vice, crime and greed, the Anti-Poverty Society has been formed. The object of the society is to spread, by such peaceable and lawful means as may be found most desirable and efficient, a knowledge of the truth that God has made ample provision for the needs of all men during their residence upon earth, and that involuntary poverty is the result of the human laws that allow individuals to claim as private property that which the Creator has provided for the use of all.

Overfeeding Infants.

Over one-half of the mothers of children are unable to nourish them naturally, and a great number of the deaths of infants are caused by actual starvation. On the other hand, many deaths of infants are the result of overfeeding. I recollect, in illustration, a story told by Marion Harland of some foundling or orphan asylum which she knew. The mortality there worried the two attending physicians greatly, and they came to the conclusion that the babies were being fed too much. So they issued orders to the nurse to feed each child but once in every three hours, and resolved to try that experiment for a month. At the end of that time they were delighted with the result. The deaths had decreased, and the surviving children all looked rosy-cheeked and vastly more healthy than they had a few weeks before. They were exchanging congratulations, when one of the nurses came to them with an inquiry as to a modification of the rule with a very sick child. Speaking with her about the case they learned with astonishment that the good health of the infants of the institution had followed a misunderstanding of the doctors' directions by the nurses, who, instead of feeding their charges once every three hours, had fed them only three times a day. I have no doubt as to the truth of this, and the moral of the story at least is worth the attention of mothers.

A Liberal Auditor.

We heard the other day of a young minister who was "taken down" very handsomely by a bright little girl. He had been called upon quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday School, and to give himself time to collect his thoughts he asked a question.

"Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?"

A little girl on the front seat who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand and in a shrill voice asked:

"What do you know?"—*Baptist Weekly.*

Marriage of a Missionary.

Rev. Alexander McLachlan, who was recently appointed by a special American Board of Foreign Missions to co-operate with Rev. H. S. Jenanyan, of Tarsus, Asia Minor, in establishing at the latter place an institute for training native mission workers, was married in Toronto on Thursday to Miss Lizzie Stephens. The newly married couple will leave for New York in a few days, where they will be joined by Mrs. Jenanyan, and proceed to the birthplace of the great apostle in Armenia.

A Havana despatch says: A recent rain storm inundated several districts in this section, causing considerable damage. Several persons were drowned.

In addition to a place for the collection money, some of the newest New York prayer books have a small mirror that fits on the inside of the cover.

A 4 year-old child named Langevin has been killed in a field at Laval, Que., by the kick of a horse, and a 14-year-old boy named Gaudiose Bedard has died from a blow in the stomach from a slab in Montmorenci mills.

Mr. Henry Pritchett, of London, who was accidentally shot in the head with a toy pistol on Friday, is still alive and doing well. By an operation the splinters of bone have been removed and also a small shaving from the bullet, which is still embedded in the man's brain. No specially dangerous symptoms have so far been developed, and the medical men say that the chances are slightly in favor of the patient's recovery. A singular circumstance is the fact that until the surgical operation was performed Mr. Pritchett never lost consciousness.

Could I Say Thy Will be Done?

If the angel Death should come,
And enter my door to-night,
And, bending above my baby,
Look into her eyes so bright;
If he should press his fingers
Down on her little breast,
And say to the heart, Be silent,
Forever and ever at rest,
Could I kneel down and say,
"Thy will be done," oh, Lord, alway?

If, when the evening breezes
Sweep over the waving wheat,
I knew they had stirred the grasses
That covered my baby's feet,
How would their softest music
Lengthen into a moan!
In the twilight as it deepened,
How could I here alone
Kneel, and truthfully say,
"Thy will be done," always, always?

Mothers bereaved, to-day,
How can you bear the sight
Of beautiful lips grown pallid,
And cheeks that are waxen white?
How can you let the fingers
Slip from your loving hold?
How can you see dear baby
Pass from your sheltering fold?
Can you kneel down and say,
"Thy will be done," to-day?

I think I could hardly bear
To put my baby away;
To know that my care was over,
And she only beautiful clay.
Maybe, to the heart so stricken,
Is given a strength divine;
But often I sit and wonder,
If trial like this were mine,
Would I have strength to say,
"Thy will be done," always, always?

—*Mrs. M. J. Smith.*

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Dan Rice, then in the zenith of his popularity, taught Jenny Lind to ride horseback when she was in New Orleans in 1850.

Mr. Reub Fax, the comic singer, of Woodstock, is reported to be greatly improved, and there is now every hope of his recovery.

Mary Anderson's next American tour will begin in New York city, on October 1st, 1888. At its close the actress will visit Australia. Henry E. Abbey will be her manager.

R. C. White, who produced the first dramatization of "She" in this country, in San Francisco, is engaging a company to produce the piece in the East. He has already secured Emma Carson for the title role.

McKee Rankin is getting a lot of free advertising out of the fact that he is not going to do "Macbeth," at Niblo's, in New York. Who told Rankin, anyway, that there was a public desire to see him in Shakspearean roles?

The scheme for advertising Minnie Palmer by offering prizes for a "word hunt" on the letters in her name seems to have been attractive, as over 30,000 answers were received. Two competitors tied in making 306 correct words.

Barney McAuley's widow is looking for an opening for her adaptation of "Francillon." Besides having been an actress of note, the lady has done creditable playwriting. "The Actress of Padua" shows the marks of her improving hand.

In "The Circus Rider" the character played by Miss Vokes is a young woman who goes to the rooms of her intended husband and there is mistaken for a circus rider with whom he has an appointment. She impersonates the equestrienne, and carries the deception to a happy termination.

Lawrence Barrett wanted 87½ per cent. of the gross receipts for the Booth-Barrett combination at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville. Mr. Macauley wouldn't stand this, and unless concessions shall be made Louisville will probably see no Booth-Barrett elephant this season.

Miss Flora Irwin, who is known as Mrs. Senator Grady, of New York, in private life, and her sister, Miss May Irwin, who was with the Daly Company for several seasons, have returned to their old song-and dance specialties, and have joined the Howard Athenæum Company.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter refuses to have any fuss made over her when she shall arrive in this country. In a cable to Harry Miner she says: "Don't make any demonstration on my arrival. Have no steamboats or yachts, as I will not leave the steamer till she shall arrive at the dock."

The final curtain fell on the first performance of "The Mousetrap" at Wallack's Theatre last Tuesday night in dead silence. The play is well written, but unpleasant in subject and treatment. A woman tries to poison her husband, is frequently prevented by a good old doctor, and finally poisons herself.

In "Monbars," Mr. Mantell introduces a novel piece of realism. *Robert Monbars*, the hero, played by Mr. Mantell, is bitten by a mad dog. No physician is at hand. He seizes a red hot poker and cauterizes the wound. As the iron touches his arm a hissing sound is heard, and the red and burning flesh is plainly seen by the audience

Minnie Palmer has made a pronounced hit in New York in her new piece, "The Ring and the Keeper," and "My Sweetheart." The first is a pretty trifle, with taking music, which the star sings with infinite archness, and she is said to be very quaint and clever in her two disguises as waiting-maid and page.

Got There First.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, after the momentous question had been propounded, "I am so happy! Papa and brother Frank have been teasing me awfully about you lately, and, besides, I'm the first girl of our graduating class to be engaged!"

Waterford carried the bonus by-law on Friday granting $5,000 to the Brantford Waterloo & Lake Erie Railway by a vote of 161 for to only 4 against.

The Department of Justice is applying for the extradition of Wm. Kaiser Herres, now in custody at St. Paul, Minn., on the ground of forgery committed at Berlin, Ont.

A twelve-pound cannon shot was found imbedded seventeen inches deep in an oak tree in the suburbs of Franklin, Tenn. It was evidently fired from a Federal cannon during the bloody battle twenty-three years ago, as it entered the tree on the side next to the town. The fibres of the oak are still attached to the ball and are nearly as hard as the iron itself.

And now a minister's head has been punched because he did not pay enough attention to another man's wife. This makes the relations of the clergy to the sex more complicated than ever.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it **IN NEW YORK.**

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1887.

THE TRUTH.

Concerning Events Connected with the Flesherton Post-Office Burglary.

At the time of the Post-Office burglary here, some few weeks ago, certain rumors were floating around and certain statements were made, which were far from being creditable to all the parties concerned. So long as things were confined to a few people, it would not have differed very materially from ordinary gossip; but when the facts in the case were deliberately misrepresented to the Editor of this paper—thereby placing Mr. R. Trimble, merchant of this town, in a ridiculous position, and a position he was very far from being entitled to—then it became a serious matter.

Before proceeding further, we wish it distinctly understood, that we had not the slightest intention of injuring Mr. Trimble in any way by the publication of the item specially alluding to him. It was given us as an incident connected with the burglary and as such we published it pure and simple. We also wish to state, that it has ever been our aim to do strict justice to every man referred to in these columns, whether friend or foe. We have never departed from this rule in the past, and we will adhere to it in the future.

As matters were, therefore, misrepresented to us in the matter alluded to, we take this opportunity of giving Mr. Trimble's own version, in order that any rumors or statements in reference to the position that gentleman took in connection therewith may be corrected and even-handed justice done to all concerned. An ADVANCE reporter interviewed Mr. Trimble on Monday and the following is the substance of Mr. T's remarks. If we make any error in reporting, we hope Mr. Trimble will kindly correct us so that it may be set right in our next week's issue. Mr. Trimble said:—

"When the explosion occurred I was in bed. I immediately sprang out and opened the door leading out to the balcony. I fancied I saw the flash of a light in a certain part of Mr. R. J. Sproule's store, as though a lamp were burning. At first thought I imagined Mr. Sproule might have started a gang of men to work preparing the store for Mr. T. Bates, who was expected—at that time—shortly to take possession. Just then the front door opened and a tall, stout man walked out. I thought nothing of this, until he began very cautiously to move, in a listening attitude, towards the corner of Collingwood and Sydenham streets, when my suspicions were aroused. I went back and told my wife that I believed burglars were at work in Sproule's store, and I was going down to see if something couldn't be done to effect their capture. Hastily putting on a few clothes I descended the stairs and proceeded by way of woodshed to the rear of my store. I examined the door to see if it had been tampered with, but it was alright. I then cautiously walked along the platform and peered around the corner of my store. It was not cowardice on my part to do this. I was totally unarmed and singlehanded at that. I proceeded cautiously, simply because I did not wish to alarm the burglars, it being my intention to arouse detective VanDusen as speedily as possible and endeavor to effect the capture of the housebreakers—although, sir, professional burglars is the proper name to apply to them. Well, when I looked around the corner, I had a better view of the outside burglar, and distinctly observed a revolver glittering in the rays of the moon and firmly grasped in his right hand. His face, I also observed, was covered by a dark mask, completely concealing his features. I then returned and aroused Thos. Hollinger, one of my clerks, and despatched him by a short cut in the rear of the lots and buildings facing Toronto street to alarm detective VanDusen, as alluded to. He did so at once. I then passed up the walk between my store and dwelling house to the gate, upon reaching which I perceived the outside burglar had disappeared. At that moment two men came out of Munshaw's Hotel and started across the street in the direction of Sproule's store. I went in the same direction and discovered them to be Mr. Will Johnston and Deputy Sheriff Moore, who both acknowledged having seen the burglar outside, revolver in hand. Deputy Sheriff Moore had a revolver and while watching the burglar was in a quandary whether to shoot or not. He whistled, however, which scared the rascals and they made off. Mr. Sproule was aroused, but in getting ready for pursuit, and in one way and another, half an hour of valuable time was lost, which gave the burglars a good start and as you are aware they eventually eluded their pursuers—who were hot after them—and are still at large."

"Now, sir," said Mr. Trimble, "these are all the facts in the affair in so far as I was concerned, and I leave it to any honorable man whether the course I pursued justified the falsehoods published in the ADVANCE item, and which were manufactured out of whole cloth by your informants, whoever they were. I did everything possible under the circumstances to thwart the burglars. Nobody but a fool would have run up to a desperate professional burglar armed to the teeth, unless they were similarly armed. I was totally unarmed. Was it cowardice to act as I did?"

The reporter replied most emphatically that any sensible person would have acted exactly as Mr. Trimble had done.

"Now, what I blame you for," continued Mr. Trimble, "was that you did not come to me and get the full particulars as I have now given them to you. Then there could have been no mistake in the matter."

The reporter acknowledged that he now perceived it would have been better, but that then he had been assured by no less than three persons that the information furnished was correct, and consequently did not deem it necessary to call on any one else for particulars.

This ended the interview.

The only thing we blame Mr. Trimble for, was that he did not correct the erroneous statements contained in the item complained of the week following its publication. However, better late than never, and we now willingly and gladly give Mr. Trimble's own statements, which we hope will be satisfactory to that gentleman—whom we really esteem as an excellent citizen—and convince the public that THE ADVANCE is always willing to accord justice to everybody, regardless of race, creed or complexion.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The ADVANCE from now till Jan. 1st, 1889 for 1 dollar.

Mr. Watson is a Canadian by birth and education and has very few peers in the lecture field of this country. His humor is irresistably funny, without vulgarity, and is spiced with many beautiful and common sense remarks. To-morrow (Friday) evening the people of this town and neighborhood will have an opportunity of hearing him deliver his brilliant lecture, "Pluck, Patience and Perseverance," in the Town Hall. There will be no charge at the door. After the lecture a collection will be taken up. Those dissatisfied will neither be asked or required to contribute. Nothing could be fairer than this.

Prohibition as a principle is now, we are glad to say, larger than any political party. It will crystallize soon. The party which carries it, it will carry, and the party against whom it arrays itself will be ground to powder; and it will be no great loss.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

A Patent Badly Needed.

Governor Hill has been talking to agricultural fairs in New York about the use of patent milkers. We can give him a pointer. The best milker in the world is a calf. What is needed is a patent to get the milk out of the calf.

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including **Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery,** and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable.

J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to 0 75	
Spring Wheat	0 75	0 75
Barley	0 60	0 70
Oats	0 29	0 29
Peas	0 56	0 56
Butter	0 18	0 20
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 50	5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00	8 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER.

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

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MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
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PRINTING OFFICE

Has been removed to the

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—ON—

SYDENHAM STREET!

Nearly Opposite Photograph Gallery,

Where we shall be happy to give prompt and careful attention to every description of

JOB PRINTING!

With which we are favored.

A Trial Order will convince you that for workmanship, price and rapidity of execution, we cannot be beaten.

Auction Sale Bills Printed while you wait.

This we have been doing during the past two years, and will continue to do so.

STATEMENTS, BILL HEADS,

And other Printing

Nearly at Cost!

During this Month.

Get YOUR PRINTING DONE NOW

THE ADVANCE

Will be sent to any address in Canada or U. S. from now until Jan. 1st, 1889, for 1 DOLLAR. SUBSCRIBE NOW.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

Flesherton, Nov. 1, 1887.

That was Jonah.

Young Artist (displaying a picture)—"This painting is entitled 'Jonah and the Whale.'"

Possible Purchaser—"Where is Jonah?"

Young Artist—"You notice the rather distended appearance of the whale midway between the tail and the neck?"

Possible Purchaser—"Yes."

Young Artist—"That's Jonah."

Curious Result of Curiosity.

Western girl (at Eastern seaside resort)—"It must be terribly desolate here in the winter time."

Native—"It's rather cool mum."

"I mean that after the summer's rush of fashion and life it must be very lonely here when all are gone."

"Oh, there's most as many here in winter as in summer, mum; beach is always crowded."

"Crowded? What on earth do they come for?"

"Each one comes to see what the beach looks like when it's empty, mum."

All Things Have Their Uses.

Philosopher—Yes, there are many useless things in nature. A pig's tail, for instance, is of no use at all.

Patrick—No use is it yez say? Did yez iver say a pig?

"Oh, yes."

"Did yez ever thry till drive a pig intil a new pen?"

"No."

"Yez thry it some day. The tail wuz made to take hold of an' pull. Then the baste thinks yez is thrying till pull him out av the pen an' in he lapes."

The Man For The Work.

A lawyer had a great reputation for collecting bad debts. It was to this lawyer that little Bob Finchley repaired when he was requested to run quick for a doctor, as a neighbor's child had swallowed a coin.

"Bother the doctor!" cried Bob; "run for Lawyer Johnston; he'll get the money out of him quicker than a dozen doctors."

A Popular Weekly.

The Detroit Commercial Advertiser is one of the few old established weeklies that is constantly adding to the value of its columns. Taken in connection with our own paper, our readers would find about every possible requirement in the way of current reading.

A brief summary of the contents of a Detroit Commercial Advertiser shows the following attractions:

The first page has a column or so of first-class poetry and about six columns of well selected matter, mostly of a humorous character.

Page two is the story page, and in the issue of November 4 a continued story opened, and in point of real interest is said to outrival any previous serial. Its announced title is One Woman's Malice.

Page three is the most interesting department of the paper. The Sitting-Room, where at the round table are found letters and contributed articles from all who desire to express their ideas in print. It is really the subscribers' own page.

Pages four and five are the editorial and news pages and give everything of interest in the world's doings for the week, while the editorial columns show a fair and independent treatment of subjects.

Page six treats of Matters of Interest more especially of the new thought of the day on matters religious, social and political. This is a new department recently opened and has proven very popular with readers.

Page seven gives the weeks' market quotations and must be invaluable to the farmer, producer, merchant and business man generally.

Page eight is the farmerstead page and gives a vast deal of practical information on agriculture, poultry, etc.

Well-selected or original poetry appears on the second, third, sixth and eighth pages, as well as the first, and lovers of verse will find all they desire in each week's issue of the Detroit Commercial Advertiser, which, by the way, was established in 1861.

The publishers offer a special inducement for subscribers, in their Twenty-fifth Annual Premiums, January 25th, consisting of $25,000 among 100,000 subscribers, and also offer other privileges to subscribers, all of which can be learned by sending for a free sample copy. Address Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, Mich.

Why his Pa Couldn't Fill the Bag

We were paying a visit to a friend of mine the other day and the small boy of the family was as usual, showing off.

He had wrought the cat to a high state of frenzy: he had worried the canary bird until it looked like a a fretful porcupine on a small scale: he had tumbled his little brother upside down until the latter was red in the face, and it was impossible to tell which end was which end when a new idea struck him.

He produced a lot of paper bags, blew into them, one by one, until they looked as if the bags were blowing him up, and then he would crush them, producing a sound like the bursting of a dynamite factory.

"That's a great boy," said his father, proudly, and we thought so, too, and wished for a five minutes' executive session with him in the woodshed or cellar with nobody there to see.

"You blow one, papa," urged the boy, after a while.

The papa took one and began to blow into it. His cheeks filled out and his eyes bulged, but he couln't fill the bag.

The boy laughed.

Finally, unsuccessful, he threw the bag away and sat down exhausted.

"I know why you couldn't fill the bag, papa."

"Why my son," gasped papa.

"Becos I filled it full of pin holes, and you was tryin' to blow the room full of wind."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAY HEIFER.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, Lot 10, Con. 12, Osprey township, one yearling Heifer, dark red with black strips and large white spot. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

GEO. COOPER,
Feversham P. O.

STRAY STEER.

Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, Lots 37 & 38, E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, on or about October 1st, 1887 one yearling Steer, black and white. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be rewarded; and any person keeping the animal without giving such notice—after publication of this notice—will be prosecuted as the law directs.

J. W. SHORE,
Oct. 28th 1887. Flesherton P.O.

STRAY CALVES.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con. 1st. N. D. R., Artemesia, about Oct. 20th, four Spring Calves—2 heifers and two steers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses

WM. REID,
Priceville P. O.

Artemesia, Oct. 31st, 1887.

STRAY CATTLE.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lots 74 & 75, Con. 3 E. T. & S. R. Artemesia, about a month ago, four yearling Calves. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

HECTOR BOLTON,
Flesherton P. O.

Artemesia, Oct. 29th, 1887.

Auction Sale!

—OF—

VALUABLE

Farm Property!

IN the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey. Under and by virtue of a power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) and subject to a reserve bid, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

—IN THE—

Village —of— Flesherton!

—ON—

Saturday, the 3rd day of December, 1887,

At one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Artemesia containing fifty acres more or less composed of lot number one hundred and sixty-one in the third concession north east of the Toronto and Sydenham Road.

The above property is about two and one-half miles from the Village of Flesherton and has erected thereon a small frame dwelling house. About 35 acres are said to be under cultivation.

Terms and conditions made known on day of Sale. For further particulars apply to

E. M. CHADWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor.

BEATTY, CHADWICK, BLACKSTOCK & GALT,
58 Wellington Street, East, Toronto.

Dated at the City of Toronto, this 28th day of October, A.D., 1887.

Assistant Teacher Wanted.

FOR S.S. No. 3, Euphrasia. Duties to commence Jan. 2nd, 1888 and continue six months. Apply, stating salary, to

J. R. FAWCETT, Sec.-Treas.,
Oct. 21st, 1887—331-4. Kimberley P.O., Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Assessed at $600. Apply to

CHARLES GAMON,
331-44. Collingwood.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of Mr. John Porteous, Lot 30, 6th Con., Artemesia, on 10th of Oct., 2 Heifers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

JOHN PORTEOUS,
331-33 Flesherton P.O.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
Head Office, 761 Yonge St., Toronto.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, Flesherton.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.
J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON
N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
Flesherton, Co. Grey.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Notary Public.

MONEY TO LOAN.
At 6 Per Cent.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
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W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!
THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.
Respectfully yours,
W. H. JOHNSTON.
Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

NOTICE.
GRAY CHAMPION!
A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. Terms, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER

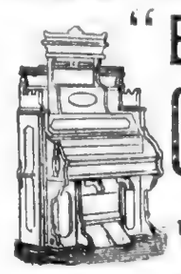
"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Alone in London.

I don't know what we'll do, Jim; the rain's a coming fast,
I haven't got no money, and it's twelve o'clock and past.
Let's sit down in a doorway, the first as we can see,
We can maybe get to sleep there, if the "copper" let us be.

Here, come a little closer, Jim, you're youngest, d'ye see,
And the rain won't get so near you if you shelter behind me;
Put the matches in that corner, lad, and then they won't get wet,
There might be some cove come along as wants to buy one yet.

Does the rain come nigh you there, Jim? It doesn't? That's all right.
I wish we had a crust of bread to eat this cold, wet night;
I don't care much about myself, but I must keep you alive,
And if I can go without at *ten*, you can't at only *five*.

D'ye see that star up there, Jim, a-shining in the sky?
I wonder what the people does as lives up there so high
D'ye think our mother went up there to live inside a star?
I wish we could go too, lad, but it looks so far.

I'm afraid we'll not get there, Jim; but there, we scarcely know!
Tom, what lived in Seven Dials, died not very long ago,
And he said, when he was dying, that he saw a place all light,
And heard 'em singing, and saw folks all dressed in snowy white.

Do you feel the cold a deal, Jim? your hands are just like lead,
And stiff—why Jim! poor little Jim—ah, what!—he isn't dead?
Oh, Jim, it can't be—nay, he's gone—Jim's seen his last wet day,
And his soul's gone flying upward to the star-light far away.

—*The Quiver.*

The Sad Fate of Counting Nick.

Have you ever heard the terrible tale
Of Nicholas Perkins Poppingale
Who counted himself to death?
He began by counting railroad ties,
And then he fell to counting flies,
I'm sure it isn't any surprise
That he finally lost his breath.

A promising boy was little Nick,
But the counting fever made him sick:
I've heard of it before.
When he took a step he counted that,
He counted the purring of the cat,
And counted the inches measured flat
Of everything he saw.

When he tried to play he had to stop,
For he couldn't keep up the count, and hop
As fast as other boys.
It's hard to run and count your strides,
And count the other boys' besides;
And counting the pickets on sleigh-rides
Robs sleighing of its joys.

At every meal he counted each bite,
Which sadly impaired his appetite
And made him very thin.
He counted each cry the baby gave,
When he went to sail, he counted each wave,
He counted the snores of his brother Dave
And the hairs on his grandma's chin.

It's a pitiful tale and yet it's true;
And that counting boy was always blue,
I never saw him smile
It's all very well to count your cash,
But counting the winks of a friend's eyelash
Or the number of bites in a plate of hash
Is really not worth while.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Fluff did not wait for his answer; she chattered on very much at her ease.

"Mother and Fern only think I am taking a walk, but I always meant to come and see grandpapa on my birthday. I should think he ought to be very glad to see me; and if he is not," here her lip quivered a little, "I should tell him he is very naughty to live in this beautiful house while poor mother is so poor, and goes out teaching." But, as she spoke, the door had opened softly, and a tall grey-haired man, with a thin erect figure, walked slowly into the room, leaning on Erle's arm, while Percy followed him.

Fluff gave a little exclamation at the sight of the two young men, and then ran towards Mr. Huntingdon, her broad-brimmed hat falling on her neck, and her dark eyes all aglow with excitement.

"I have come to see you, grandpapa," she said, holding out her hand with the air of a little princess; and then, as he did not take it, she continued rather piteously, "please, dear grandpapa, don't be angry with me, for I have come all this way of my own accord, and I am so tired and hungry."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of that stately room it could not have created a greater sensation.

Erle flushed and looked uncomfortable, a dark frown crossed her brother's face; Mr. Huntingdon's was inscrutable as usual, only a grey tint seemed to spread over his features, and there was a slight trembling in the hand that held Erle's arm.

Fluff looked from one to the other, and then she touched Erle coaxingly.

"Do ask grandpapa to be kind to me, Mr. Erle," she pleaded. "Percy is always cross, but you have been so good to me and Fern." But a stern voice interrupted her.

"Do you know this child, Erle? she seems to recognize you."

"Yes, sir," stammered Erle, losing color now as fast as he had gained it; his embarrassment was not lessened by the look on Percy's face. I have seen her when I have been with Percy. She is Florence Trafford, Mrs. Trafford's youngest child, and I expect what she says is quite true, and that she has come of her own accord, though I have no idea how she found her way here."

"How should you, Mr. Erle," returned Fluff, nestling up to her favorite, "when I never told you a word about it, or any of them either? why, bless me, the stupidest of all those stupid owls in the Zoological Gardens, that we laughed at so much, knew more about it than you did. Oh, you need not frown, Percy, you do not come half so often to see poor mother as Mr. Erle does, and he is far kinder to Fern."

"I think you had better hold your tongue, Fluff," replied her brother; but he evidently enjoyed the sight of Erle's discomfiture. "I don't see why you are to be troubled with this sort of scene," he continued, addressing Mr. Huntingdon, who was eyeing Fluff gloomily all this time. "If you wish it I will ring for Roger to take her home."

"No, no, let her be for a moment," he replied, quickly; and Fluff who had looked terrified at Percy's proposition, came closer and rubbed her curls delightedly against his coatsleeve.

"That's right, grandpapa. I have not spoken to you yet, have I? and I have so much to say, I was that little baby you know whom mother carried through the snow that night. "Yes," as Mr. Huntingdon shuddered, "I heard mother tell Fern all about it one night when they thought I was asleep—only I got sleepy and lost half; but I said to myself, 'I shall go and tell grandpapa that poor mother is very miserable and unhappy, and that he must come and take care of her.'"

"There, there, you have said your lesson very prettily," observed Mr. Huntingdon with a sneer. "Children are apt parrots;" but Erle saw that his sneer was forced, and that he sat down like an old man, and he said, earnestly:

"Oh, sir, do not think so badly of your daughter. She has not sent the child on this errand. I would stake my life on it."

"And how long have you taken upon yourself to defend my daughter, Mrs. Trafford?" asked his uncle coldly. Erle almost repented of his generous impluse when he heard that hard relentless voice. They had not noticed their visitor, and Raby, at the other end of the great room, lost much of what was passing, he was so absorbed with his own bitter disappointment. As Erle was silent a moment, Mr. Huntingdon repeated his question.

"Since he knew I had a pretty sister," replied Percy, carelessly.

Erle turned round and their eyes met, but Percy's fell before that glance of utter contempt; Mr. Huntingdon intercepted the look between the young men.

"I was not speaking to you, Percy," he observed, curtly; "I should have thought it was your place to take your mother's part, but you choose to be silent. Well, it is no affair of mine. Erle, will you be good enough to answer me a question or two, and then I will trouble you to send the child home. How often have you visited at my daughter's house?"

"I can hardly answer that question, sir; I have been several times."

"Did Percy take you?"

"In the first instance, yes; but I have been there alone too," for Erle's truthful nature scorned subterfuge. The crisis he had dreaded had come on him at last; but Percy should not see that he was afraid. He might be weak and vacillating, but he was a gentleman, and a lie was abhorrent to him. Percy's innuendo might work deadly mischief, but all the same he would not shelter himself behind a falsehood.

Mr. Huntingdon's hard look involuntarily softened. This show of manliness on his nephew's part pleased him.

"Of course you went there knowing that I should disapprove of such visits. Tell me, is this Fern of whom my grandson speaks so very attractive?"

"She is very pretty."

"That is all I want to know. Now will you order the carriage to take the child home? No, stop, I think Rodger had better fetch a cab." But at this point Fluff began to cry.

"Oh, I am so tired and hungry," she sobbed, "and all those dreadful bones in my legs, and the crier not come yet. What is the good of a grandpapa if he has no cakes and things, and on my birthday too!"

Mr. Huntingdon smiled grimly.

"Very well, order the child some refreshment, Erle. After all she is but a starved bit of a thing; see she has what children like best. Percy, come with me a moment, I want to speak to you."

"Oh, thank you, grandpapa'" exclaimed Fluff, cheering up at this; and as the door closed on Mr. Huntingdon, Erle knelt down by the child, and wiped the tears from the tired dirty little face that had brought such trouble to him.

And the heart of Fluff was glad within her, for they brought her fruit and cakes and sweet wine on a gold salver, so that she feasted like a king's daughter, or like the Princess Dove herself; and Erle sat by and watched her all the time, though he looked rather grave and unhappy, Fluff thought.

Both of them were rather startled when Mr. Ferrers groped his way towards them. He had been hidden by the curtain, and Erle had not noticed him.

"Mr. Erle, if you will allow me, I should like to take the child home."

"Of course," rousing himself, and looking a little bewildered, "we were both to have gone this evening. I had ordered the brougham, but I am afraid now that I must ask you to excuse me. There are circumstances—and," here Erle paused and bit his lip.

"There is no need for you to go," returned Raby, sorrowfully; "the bird has flown. This child," putting his hand lightly on Fluff's curly head, "told me before you came in that Crystal had gone to America—she started this morning."

"To America?" exclaimed Erle, in an incredulous voice.

"Yes, but she has told me no particulars. It is hard, very hard, is it not? I find one does not get used to disappointment. It is a heavy blow to my faith. I thought that to night we should certainly have met."

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Ferrers, I am indeed. I wish I could have come with you."

"You could not help me. I will take the child home, and talk to those kind friends who have sheltered Crystal; at least I shall hear about her and know her future movements."

"I think I hear the cab, Mr. Ferrers, and Fluff is fast asleep."

"We will not wake her, poor little thing," returned Raby, lifting her up as he spoke. Fluff grunted contentedly as her head dropped on his broad shoulder. Erle watched them as Roger guided them to the cab. How he longed to accompany them. The next moment he turned with a start, as his uncle's slow footstep paused beside him.

"Erle," he said, "look at this," and he held out a costly ring, a half hoop of diamonds. "I have heard all I wish from Percy. His sense of honor is none of the finest, but he is useful to me. You and I need not heat ourselves in a perfectly useless discussion. Miss Selby has a right to expect this ring. You are treating her very shabbily, Erle. Come to me to-morrow and tell me you have placed it on her finger."

"And if I refuse?" Erle's pale lips could hardly frame the question.

Mr. Huntingdon smiled ironically.

"I do not think you will refuse, Erle. You are too much a gentleman to treat a woman badly. All the world is saying you and Miss Selby are engaged. You can hardly allow a girl to be talked about."

"But if I prefer another?" stammered Erle.

"Tut, tut, boy, you will soon get over your fancy," returned Mr. Huntingdon, impatiently. "Most young men have half-a-dozen flirtations before they settle down. I suppose I need not tell you that I strictly prohibit any visits to Mrs. Trafford for the future. If you infringe this rule it will be at your own risk;" and then he continued more earnestly—"Erle, I am determined you shall not disappoint me. You are my adopted son, and, I trust, my future heir. I have a right to count on your obedience. Come to me to-morrow, and tell me you and Miss Selby are engaged, and all will be well between us." Then, pressing his shoulder gently, and in a voice no one had heard since his daughter's loss—"I am an old man, and my life has not been a happy one. Do not let me feel that you have disappointed me too."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I WANT HIM SO."

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run;
But now the stream has reached
A dark deep sea,
And sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Fluff woke up before they reached their destination, very much refreshed by her brief nap. When the cab stopped before the side door of Mrs. Watkins', and she caught sight of Fern standing on the threshold, as though she had been waiting there some time, she gave a little cry, and literally jumped into her sister's arms.

"Oh, Fluff, Fluff! what does this mean?" exclaimed poor Fern, who had passed a most miserable afternoon, picturing Fluff being borne in a policeman's arms to the nearest hospital; but Fluff silenced her by an embrace so vehement that it nearly produced strangulation.

"It is all right, Fern, so don't scold me. Grandpapa was not so very angry—at least, only just at first; but he sent me in the beautifullest supper, such nice things on a big gold plate—really gold you know, like Princess Dove's; and Mr. Erle was there, and Percy—and oh! I forgot the poor man in the cab, who is blind—quite blind, but he is very nice too."

"Will you let me explain about your little sister, Miss Trafford," said Raby in his pleasant voice; and Fern, turning in some surprise, saw a very tall man in clerical dress standing beside her, as she afterwards expressed it to her mother, "with the very nicest face she had ever seen." "I do not know if you have ever heard my name; I am Mr. Ferrers, and your friend Miss Davenport, as she calls herself, is my sister's cousin."

"Oh yes, I know," and Fern's voice grew pitiful all at once; "and you have come just as Crystal has left us; did Florence tell you? Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry."

"Yes, the child told me; but there is much that I want to ask you. May I come in? the cab will wait for me." And then, as Fern guided him up the narrow staircase she told him that her mother was out—an evening class had detained her; and she had been thankful that this had been the case, and that she should have been spared the anxiety about Fluff. Mrs. Watkins' boy was scouring the neighborhood, making inquiries of every one he met; and she had made up her mind to send for her mother when the cab drove up.

"And she really found her way to Belgrave House," asked Fern, in a voice between laughing and crying; "oh, what will mother say," and she listened with eagerness to Mr. Ferrers account of how the child had accosted him, and of her meeting with Mr. Huntingdon.

Raby himself had been much mystified he had known nothing of his host's past history; he had thought that the child was only paying an impromptu visit until she mentioned her name. Erle had told him that Mrs. Trafford was Mr. Huntingdon's daughter, and that he had never seen her since her marriage. This clue guided him to the meaning of the sternness in Mr. Huntingdon's voice; but he had hardly understood in what way Erle was implicated, or why the child should receive so little notice from her brother. When Raby had finished his account, which was annotated in a rambling and far from lucid manner by Fluff, Fern sent the child away to change her frock and make herself tidy, and whispered in her ear that she might stay with Mrs. Watkins for a little; and when Fluff had left them she began to speak of Crystal, and to answer the many questions he put to her without stint or reserve; she even told that Crystal had left them on account of Percy's mad infatuation.

"It was very wrong of Percy to take advantage of her unprotected situation, and I am sure she went to put a stop to it, and because it was so awkward for us. Crystal is not like other girls—she does not care for admiration; people turn round and look after her in the street because she is so beautiful, but she never seems to notice it."

"No; you are right," he returned, with evident emotion. As Fern spoke, a scene rose to his memory—a fresh young voice behind his chair seemed to whisper in his ear, "Oh king, live for ever!" and there she stood, his dark-eyed Esther in her girlish loveliness, her white neck and arms gleaming through lace, a ruby pendant on the slender round throat, the small head looking so queenly with its coils of smooth black hair; and he had turned coldly from her, and she never knew that his was the soul of a lover. "No; you are right," he answered, gently; "she was as guileless and innocent as a child."

Fern looked at him wistfully; all her heart seemed to go out to this sad, noble-looking man. Crystal had not said too much in his praise; but he looked older than she had imagined—for pain and the knowledge of his shorn and wasted powers had aged him, and there was certainly no youth in his aspect.

"Oh," she said, eagerly, for she longed to say something that would comfort him, "I think sometimes that there is no one so good as Crystal—we have all grown to love her so. She has such high-spirited, troublesome pupils; but she is so patient with them. When they are ill, she nurses them, and she has more influence over them than the mother; and she is always so kind and thoughtful, and no one ever sees her cross. She is angry with Percy sometimes; but then he deserves it; and she will not take any pleasure, but all she thinks about is to do little kindnesses for people; and though she is so unhappy that she has grown quite thin from fretting, she tries not to let us see it."

"Has she told you about herself?" he asked, in a very low voice.

"Yes, and it is that that makes her so unhappy. Oh, she told me all about it, and I thought she would never, never stop crying—it preys upon her mind, and her remorse will not let her be happy; she seems to dread even forgiveness. 'I go back to him when I have blighted his life, and darkened his days?' oh! you should have heard the despair in her voice when she said that, Mr. Ferrers," and here Fern's sweet tones trembled. "Mother and I sometimes think it will kill her in time, unless she has help and comfort."

"Do not fear, Miss Trafford, she shall have both soon; it will not be long before I find her."

"But she is in America—at least she is on her way there."

"There are other steamers than the one in which she has crossed," returned Raby, with a smile. "I suppose she means to write to you?"

"Oh yes, she will write from every place—she has promised me long letters, and of course Mrs. Norton will hear from Miss Campion; do you really mean to follow her, Mr. Ferrers?"

"Yes, to the world's end if it be necessary. I have a strong will, and even blindness will not hinder me. Tell me how did she seem last night; did she leave cheerfully?"

"Well, no, Crystal puzzled us last night," returned Fern, quickly; she went out to bid good-bye to her pupils, and Percy waylaid her as usual, but she got rid of him somehow but she was out a long time, and she would not give us any reason; but when she came back her eyes were swollen, and she had a dreadful headache, and yet she said Percy had nothing to do with it."

A sudden, wild idea flashed into Raby's mind. "How was she dressed, Miss Trafford—I mean what colored gown did she wear?"

Fern seemed surprised at the question. "Oh, her old brown gown—she was all in brown, I think;" but she did not understand why Mr. Ferrers seemed so strangely agitated at her answer.

"The tall young lady in brown, who seemed to notice you wanted help;" he remembered the words of Miss Merriman. Good Heavens! it must have been she; it must have been her little hand that guided him so gently; oh, his miserable blindness. Of course she had seen this Percy Trafford, and he had told her all about the guest they expected, and she had come to the station just to see him once again.

But he would not speak of this to Fern; his darling's secret should be kept by him; he would hide these sweet proofs of her love and devotion in his own breast. Fern wondered why the miserable harassed look left his face. He looked quite young—a different man—as he bade her good-bye; his shoulders were no longer stooping, his head was erect.

"Good-bye, Miss Trafford," he said. "I shall come and see you and your mother again before I leave. I shall go back to Sandycliffe next week, and set my house in order, and talk to my sister. I do not doubt for a moment that she will offer to accompany me. I shall not come back until I bring Crystal with me." And Fern quite believed him.

There were restless sleepers that night in Belgrave House. Raby was revolving his plans and wondering what Margaret would say; and on the other side of the wall Erle tossed wakeful and wretched, knowing that his fate was sealed, and that Evelyn Selby and not Fern Trafford was to be his future wife. And now, as he lay in the darkness, he told himself that in spite of her goodness and beauty he could never love her as he loved Fern. He knew at the moment he asked her to marry him, and when she put her hand in his and told him frankly that he had long won her heart.

"You are too much a gentleman to treat a woman badly," Mr. Huntingdon had said to him well knowing the softness of Erle's nature; and yet, was he not treating Fern badly?

He had thought over it all until his head was dizzy; but his conscience had told him that his sin against Fern had been light in comparison with that against Evelyn. What were those few evenings in Beulah Place compared to the hours he had passed in Evelyn's society?

He had been in Lady Ma travers train for months; he had suffered her to treat him as a son of the house. He had ridden with Evelyn in the Row: she had been his favorite partner in the ballroom. When they had gone to the opera, Erle had been their escort. It was perfectly true, as Mr. Huntingdon said, that she had a right to expect an offer from him; their names had long been coupled together, and Erle's weakness and love of pretty faces had drawn the net round him. And there were other considerations that moved him—his dread of poverty; the luxurious habits that had become a second nature; and, above all, reluctance to disappoint the old man who, in his own way, had been good to him. Erle knew that in spite of his hardness and severity his uncle clung to him as the Benjamin of his old age.

No, he could not help himself, he thought, bitterly. And yet how dreary the prospect seemed. He had given up the first young love of his life; and now the barren splendors of Belgrave House seemed to oppress him—the walls closed round him like the walls of a prison.

And yet other men would envy him, and wonder at his luck. Evelyn had many admirers—many a one nobly born and nobly gifted would grudge him his prize; though he knew, and hated himself for the knowledge, that they envied him in vain.

Erle found it difficult to play his part well; but his young *fiancee* was too unsuspecting in her happiness to guess at her lover's secret trouble. His slight gravity spoke well for him, she thought; most likely a greater sense of the responsibility oppressed him. She was too much in love herself to notice how often he relapsed into silence.

Every one thought him a most devoted lover; he was always at his post—always ready to escort them to picture galleries and flower shows, or to stand sentinel at the back of Lady Maltravers' box. His uncle's generosity enabled him to load his betrothed with gifts. Evelyn used to remonstrate with him for his lavishness, not knowing that Mr. Huntingdon had prompted the gift.

"Of course I love you to bring me things," she would say, looking up in his face with her clear candid eyes; "but indeed, dear Erle, I do not need so many proofs of your affection."

"I feel as though I should never do enough for you, Eva," he answered, hurriedly; "you must not refuse to let me give you things. I am always thinking how I am to please you;" and as he clasped the diamond bracelet on the slender wrist, he suddenly remembered what a pretty hand Fern had, so white and dimpled, and a vivid longing came over him, turning him nearly sick with pain, to see that sweet face again, and to hear from those frank beautiful lips that she was glad to see him; but he never yielded to the temptation.

On the contrary, he had put all such visits out of his power; for he had written to Mrs. Trafford within a few days of his engagement, telling her that his uncle had interdicted them, and that he dare not risk his displeasure, deeply as he regretted such a break in their intercourse; and he told her that he and Miss Selby were engaged and would probably be married in the autumn: and then he sent his kind remembrances to her daughter.

Mrs. Trafford thought it a very manly and straightforward letter. He had not acted so very badly after all, she thought; her father's strong will had evidently coerced him, and she knew how strong that will could be. He had meant no harm; he had only said pleasant things because it was his nature to say them; if only it had not gone very deep with Fern.

"I have had a letter from Mr. Erle, my darling," she said, quietly, as she noticed that the girl had turned a little paler, as though she had recognized the handwriting; but she had not spoken, only bent lower over her work.

(To be continued.)

Lively Canadian Horses.

An English paper gives the following account of an occurrence mentioned in our special cables: On Wednesday afternoon an extraordinary scene occurred at Woolwich. Between 30 and 40 Canadian horses arrived at the T Pier, Royal Arsenal, in the steamship Thorndale, from Montreal, to be broken in for military purposes. They had been a fortnight on board in stable fittings, and the scene on arrival at the arsenal being evidently different to anything they had previously experienced they became frightened and uncontrollable. Forty horse artillerymen had been sent down from the barracks for the purpose of leading them to the remount establishment, Woolwich Common, but they could do nothing with them. One of the animals jumped overboard from the vessel and alighted on the pier, causing a panic to seize the whole herd. The infuriated animals broke loose and galloped about the arsenal in the wildest manner. They were ultimately driven to the main gates, where they were stopped. Another attempt was made to capture them; but they kicked and resisted with all their strength, and the attempt had to be abandoned. Passing through the arsenal gates the horses rushed into the streets, where it was feared they would create a general panic. With some determination and presence of mind, the artillerymen made an attempt, which happily succeeded, to turn the affrighted animals into the road leading towards the barracks, and thus confined them to one thoroughfare, limiting the terror of the foot passengers to the one street. On reaching Woolwich common (a square mile of grass land) they were allowed to gallop, and they gradually tamed down. A sufficient force of artillerymen turned out, and they were ultimately secured and taken to the Remount, from whence they will in the course of a few weeks be turned out perfectly docile and tractable.

Good Cause for Alarm.

Occasionally the servant has really reason to find fault. A man appeared at an intelligence office the other day and engaged a girl for general housework. "Have you any children?" asked the maid before she closed the bargain. "Only a few," he replied, and she took this to mean two or three. She arrived at the house just at breakfast time the next morning and was surprised to see nine little ones filing into the dining-room. "Are there any more?" she gasped. "Well, yes," answered the proud father, "there are the twins, who cannot walk yet, and the baby." The girl did not stop to unpack her trunk.

Disestablishment in Wales.

Church disestablishment in Wales is foreseen by many of the strong friends of the Establishment. Bishop Brumby told the Church conference a few days ago that he could see the wave of disestablishment coming nearer and nearer to the shore, and he added, "If the Church has maintained her hold on only 25 per cent. of the population she has no claim to 75 per cent. of the endowments." This sentiment was not applauded.

Mr. Sampson Concluded to Go.

"If I were to tell you, Miss Smith," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "that I am about to start on a long journey, even across the sea, and that it may be months, and possibly years, ere I return, what would you say?"

If the girl drooped it wasn't perceptible. "I would say, Mr. Sampson," she replied, "Ta, ta."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Good Fishing.

"I've just returned from a fishing excursion in the Adirondacks. I had a lovely time!"

"You had good luck, then?"

"Oh my, yes. I caught a Chicago millionaire!"—*Life.*

Wild Rice for Manitoba.

Mr. John Gunn, who has a stock and dairy farm near Gonor Station, has succeeded in growing wild rice, the seed of which was taken up from Ontario.

Some do not know that a tablespoonful of baking soda in a quart of boiling water, thrown into the sink and left to run out, is a disinfectant; and the same put into a pork barrel and thoroughly washed round it will cleanse it and make it as sweet as when new.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A GERMAN steamship recently took to Colon from Africa 700 Liberians, men of gigantic stature and powerful physique. They were half naked, carried queer-looking bundles upon their shoulders and spoke a language which no one else on the Isthmus understood. It is said that 1,500 more will follow, and that these men will work on the Panama Canal.

Rural Canadian: A young and enterprising Canadian, Mr. H. M. Mathewson, who has been carrying on farming operations in Dakota for the past two or three years, states a fact which friends and opponents of freer trade relations with the United States may be invited to make a note of. He has a flock of Shropshire grades, and he sold their clip of wool this year at a village market for 19½ cents per poud. The price paid for the same grade of wool in Toronto was only 14½ cents per pound. The United States duty on such wool is 10 cents per pound. Would the Ontario farmer or any other Ontario man be the worse or better off could an extra 10 cents per pound be procured for our Ontario wools?

MRS. CLEVELAND is winning laurels as a wire-puller, but her "wire-pulling," as it is called, seems to be only the instinctive kindliness of heart that impels her to endeavor to make every one comfortable. A recent incident shows this characteristic: An old man at the St. Louis Fair asked to be introduced to Mrs. Cleveland, as he believed he was related to her. He was presented. "So you are a connection of mine," she said sweetly. "There was an Elisha Folsom some where back four or five generations who was a great-great-grandfather of mine, and, I think, of yours,' the old man answered bashfully. "Now, let me see," she said; "pray, sit down. There was an Elisha Folsom who married ——." The pretty little woman rattled off the names of her relatives, and glibly showed him that of course they were relatives. Five minutes after the old gentleman was relating the incident to everybody. She won him for life.

THE Sultan of Morocco, who was recently reported dead, seems to be alive and kicking. A recent cablegram says he is now engaged in carrying out an original device for preserving discipline in his harem. Having received a bicycle as a present, and being deterred by the appreciation of his own dignity from attempting to conquer it, he used it as an instrument of torture, or a sort of coercion machine, for the unruly among his better halves. A bad wife, if a friend of the Sultan may be believed, is mounted on the machine and condemned to endure from five to twenty-five falls, according to the gravity of the offence. To see such a punishment would be worth travelling miles through the desert, when one considers the helpless rage of a plump lady, transferred from a cushion in the harem to the leather seat of a bicycle, her costume so ill-adapted to such sport, and a picturesque background of the Moorish police force and the black old Sultan laughing until his sides ache at the result of his own cleverness.

HAPPENING to want a place to strike a parlor match to light a gas-stove, says a writer in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, I struck the match upon the stove over the gas. The gas ignited, but the match did not. I laid the match aside, and as the gas-burner was wanted I used the same match until I have lighted it twenty-three times, and the match is apparently as good as ever. Cannot some one invent an improved lighter from this suggestion?

FURTHER investigation shows the New York *Post* that there are thirty-five widows of revolutionary soldiers still drawing pensions, some of them less than 80, in good health and likely to be alive in 1900. It therefore regards it as probable that the United States Government will still be paying pensions in the year 2,000 on account of the war of the rebellion. The marriage of a young woman to an old soldier may come to be regarded as one of the most profitable investments possible.

ASHEVILLE is the only place in North Carolina where the President and his party will stop. Asheville is in Buncombe county. This county was named after Col. A. Buncombe, of Buncombe Hall, near Edenton, who came of a fine old English family. He raised, equipped and led a regiment in the Revolutionary war. Fifty years ago the representative from that county in the State Legislature made a florid speech on a local issue which he innocently explained was especially intended for Buncombe. Thus originated an expression which has now a permanent place in the language.

COL. E. B. DICKENSON, President of the New York State Stenographers' Association, regards Phillips Brooks as the fastest speaker in this country, if not in the world. No one stenographer can report him accurately, and the only way he can be reported with any degree of satisfaction is by two experts who compare their notes after they have written them out. Mr. Beecher, he says, was an easy man to report. He considers ordinary speakers who haven't any idea in their heads and yet think they must speak as giving the hardest work to stenographers.

THE Prince of Wales, when he took his morning draughts at the Homburg Springs, dazzled beholders with an amazing costume. It was made apparently out of a snuff-colored blanket, delicately set off by a red silk handkerchief tied around his neck so as to show above the collar a "thin red line." This striking costume was based on tan leather shoes and crowned by a light gray felt Tyrolean hat. A white Pomeranian dog followed at his heels. His invariable salutation to his feminine acquaintances was: "Are you drinking the watahs this morning."

GOVERNOR OGLESBY, of Illinois, who is just now being watched with particular attention to see what he will do in the case of the Chicago Anarchists, was born in Kentucky in 1824. He began his career as a carpenter at $1.50 a day. He received less than a regular course of common school education, yet after he had worked for some time at the bench he made a strike for the bar. After practising law for a while he fought in the Mexican war, and was one of the California gold diggers of '49. When he came back from digging gold he entered the political arena, and has been three times elected Governor of Illinois.

THE Indian prince, the Thakore Sahib, who recently visited Hamilton and other leading points in Canada, on his departure from here recently, was questioned concerning his impressions of the country. Among other things he said: "I think your women are superior to your men. They are handsomer, better dressed, better conversationalists and apparently better educated; but your men, I believe, are the hardest working and most energetic in the world." The Thakore Sahib may have a hard name, but he evidently has a level head.

IN consequence of the many requests made to Mr. Gladstone for chips from trees felled by him, the following circular has been prepared and is forwarded to applicants: "In reply to your letter to Mr. Gladstone I have to say that, in consequence of the number of similar requests, it has been found necessary to make in all cases a uniform charge for the wood referred to, namely, 1s. 6d. for a small log, or 3s. per cubic foot, exclusive of all railway carriage. Applications should be made to the Bailiff, Estate Office, Hawarden, near Chester, who will attend to any orders as far as he may have the requisite material at hand." It may be explained that the proceeds from the sale of these mementoes go to a fund for the repairs of Episcopal Churches, in which the Liberal leader takes an interest.

IN a recent able address, Sir William Vernon Harcourt remarked that the men who had the best opportunity to judge of the difficulties of ruling Ireland were all in favor of granting Irishmen the right to govern themselves in local matters. He put the case in these telling words: "Why, at present how many men who have been Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland are Home Rulers? Far the greater majority. You will find Lord Kimberley, Lord Spencer, Lord Aberdeen—(cheers)—and I think I may add to them the Tory Lord Carnarvon. (Hear, hear.) How many Secretaries for Ireland who have been responsible for the government of Ireland are Home Rulers? There is Sir George Trevelyan—(cheers)—there is Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and there is Mr. John Morley. (Cheers.) These men, having observed the condition of Ireland, have come to the conclusion, the only possible conclusion, that in a free country you can only govern the people by their own consent."

She Got the Cloak.

When Mr. Montgomery came home the other night he found Mrs. Montgomery weeping. Great, salty tears chased one another down her fair cheek.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked, as he placed a new clove in his mouth and prepared to kiss her.

"Oh, everything is the matter," she sobbed as she placed one arm about his neck and laid her head down on his shoulder. "I want to die."

"Oh no, you don't, dear," he remonstrated. "Tell me what is the matter. Now do."

"Fergy," she questioned, "do you love me as much as you did when you married me?"

"Why, of course I do. What put such a question in your head?"

"Are you sure that you do?"

"What do you mean, Ellen? You know that I love you as much as I ever did, and more if anything."

"Don't be silly, Fergy. How am I to know it? The minister was here to-day and said that a loving husband was continually showing his devotion for his wife. He always bought her everything that she wanted and did everything that she asked him to do."

"Yes. What are you driving at?"

"It pained me when I heard that, and I have been crying all day."

"Have I been unkind to you?"

"No-o-o, but then the minister went from here over to that hateful Mrs. Brown's, and I just know that he said the same thing to her."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing; only Mrs. Brown is going to have a new sealskin cloak, and she will go around and tell what the minister said. Then she will tell how much her husband loves her and hint that you and I are going to separate."

Mr. Montgomery ordered the new cloak the next morning, and incidentally put out a story about the minister having lost a great many friends, and that he had better look for a different field.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

An Awful Record.

Geo. Whitfield, the youthful prisoner at present confined in the jail, has an awful record of crime already against him. Although he is not yet 17 years of age, still he has been charged with various offences over a score of times. Of this number he has been convicted and sent to jail and Central Prison ten times. The offences and the years are as follows: In 1883, committed for horse-stealing; for larceny in 1884, for larceny in 1885, for trespass in 1885, for vagrancy in 1886, for larceny in 1886, for doing grievous and bodily harm in 1886, and for vagrancy and larceny in 1887. For this latter conviction he put in the time at Cayuga jail; for all the previous convictions, either in jail here or Central Prison. Ten convictions from 13 to 17 years of age, a period of four years, is an awful record for one so young.—*Brantford Telegram.*

In the Honeymoon.

She (beaming)—"What first attracted you, dear? What agreeable characteristic did I possess to place me above all others in your sight and estimation?" He—"H-u-m—le'me see—(ponders)—h-m—oh, darling, I give it up. Cu'ious thing, dear—I never could guess widdles!"—*Punch.*

Pressing Him Hard.

In the future, when a reporter goes armed with a vest pocket detective camera and an improved Edison pocket phonograph, the public man who gets himself interviewed for the purpose of denying the interview will disappear from sight.—*Philadelphia News.*

WASTE OF WATER.—It is estimated that every million gallons of water wasted cost the taxpayers of Toronto $75, inasmuch as a million gallons saved lessens the expense at the pumping station by that amount. The sub-committee on waste water estimate that five million gallons of water per day are wasted in Toronto.

—Milton wants a telephone badly, the *Champion* asserts.

GLADYS' CHOICE.

BY FLORENCE GERTRUDE RUTHVEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Remember, to-night you shape your own future."

Mr. Ainsley, a tall, fine-looking man, in the prime of life, addressed these words to his daughter.

Gladys Ainsley was 17 years of age, rather short of stature, but she carried herself with a certain dignity that became her well. She owned a pair of hazel eyes that peeped merrily from beneath her long lashes. The golden-brown hair fell in little waves on her low, broad brow, and the ruby lips, perhaps a trifle too full, formed a pretty little pout. The aristocratic little nose was elevated in the air as her father repeated the words, "Remember, to-night you shape your own future."

"Now, I don't want any of your nonsense," said Mr. Ainsley angrily. The girl's face fell immediately.

"Yes, yes, I know, I understand," faltered Gladys, "but I love Guy Norwood."

"Pooh, love! some ridiculous fancy you have got into your silly little head," said her father. Gladys drew herself up to her full height and her eyes flashed, but she said nothing. "Getting spunky, eh," said Mr. Ainsley, half aside. "Now, I must be off. One last warning, you are aware that Cyril Vane has asked my permission to pay his addresses to you, I gave my consent; when he proposes to-night you accept him. This is Tuesday evening; I am going to town. I will not return till Thursday evening." Kissing Gladys he left the room. She gave a sigh of relief, and, walking slowly down the handsomely furnished drawing-room, she stood before a mirror and surveyed herself from head to foot. She wore a white dress of soft material, which fell in graceful folds around her dainty little figure; at her throat was fastened a cluster of pale pink rosebuds; she wore no other ornament. After surveying a few minutes, she turned away and paced restlessly up and down the room, murmuring to herself, "Oh! Guy, Guy."

Mr. Ainsley was a wealthy merchant, Guy Norwood a clerk in his office, Cyril Vane a wealthy young man who lived on his means. At last Gladys, feeling fatigued from walking so much, sank down on an ottoman. In a few minutes the footman announced Mr. Vane. Gladys went forward to meet him with a charming smile. In the course of the evening Mr. Vane proposed to her. Gladys asked a few minutes to consider his proposal. It was granted immediately. She arose and went to the library. Sinking down on an easy chair and resting her head on her little jewelled hands, she wondered what her father would say if she refused Cyril Vane, and for a moment she wavered, but the image of handsome Guy Norwood arose in her mind's eye, and she remembered that to-morrow night she was to give him an answer; and she wondered how he would feel if she told him she was engaged to Mr. Vane. Why, he might possibly commit suicide. Men had done such foolish things, all for the sake of the women they loved. Oh! no, no, she could never give him up; and then, like a true woman, she felt sorry when she thought of the pain she would cause Mr. Vane. Rising, she returned to her anxiously waiting lover, and told him gently but firmly that she loved another and, knowing that, she could never become his wife. He asked her if she was quite sure that she would never change her mind? Gladys told him her mind was quite made up. He caught her little hand in his, and pressing it passionately to her lips bade her good-bye for ever.

CHAPTER II.

The next evening, at the appointed hour, Gladys walked slowly down the garden path, and Guy Norwood, standing under an immense fir tree, thought he had never gazed on a more beautiful picture. Gladys was looking charming in a pale, blue silk, cut low at the throat, and the moon's rays shining down on her, showed to perfection the dazzling fairness of her skin.

"Good evening, Miss Ainsley; I will not detain you many minutes. Your friend (a mere slip of the tongue) *your lover, Mr. Vane*, would grow impatient if you remained away longer."

Gladys looked at him with eyes of mild surprise, and thought: here is a nice state of affairs. This *poor* man, for whom she had thrown over a *wealthy* one, and for whose sake she intended to brave her father's anger, was insinuating that she was a heartless coquette. But she immediately recovered herself, and shrugging her shapely shoulders, said, "You must be laboring under a strange delusion, Mr. Norwood; I don't see how that could possibly be, as Mr. Vane left home last evening not to return for years. I refused his proposal of marriage."

Mr. Norwood looked at her keenly a moment, and then cried impulsively, "Forgive me, my beautiful Gladys, I have wronged you."

"I have a mind not to," she said, looking at him coquettishly from beneath her long lashes. Guy stepped forward, and, drawing her to his breast, called her his dear little wife, while Gladys hid her happy, blushing face on his shoulder.

"What will my father say; you know you are so poor?" murmured Gladys at last.

Guy burst into a merry laugh. "I am not poor at all. I have been playing a part. You remember Elmwood, a mile from here, the noble-looking old castle that you have so often wished yourself mistress of?"

"Yes" answered Gladys in surprise.

"Well, I'm master of Elmwood. When I returned from my travels on the Continent I had a great desire to go into an office. If I had allowed the public to know who I was, they would have thought me crazy to do such a thing with my means. I had changed a great deal in my travels, and taking precaution to avoid old acquaintances, people passed me by unrecognized. I took a situation in your father's office, and as a matter of course fell in love with you the first time I saw you. Thinking to try your affection, I led you to believe that I was plain Guy Norwood with only my salary to live on; the rest you know. Do you think your father will say very much more?" asked Guy with a smile.

"I should think not," almost gasped Gladys.

When Mr. Ainsley returned on Thursday evening and went into the drawing-room he was greatly astonished to see Mr. Norwood sitting beside his daughter, instead of Mr. Vane as he had expected. But when he heard the story, he made no objections, as Gladys had prophesied, but blessed them both, and calling them his children, soon left them, muttering to himself, "It was the queerest piece of business he ever heard of," and retired, while the two young people made love in the drawing-room.

Latest Scottish News.

The other day, ten stacks of barley at Invertiel, belonging to Mr. Kininmouth, were destroyed by fire through a boy (8 years old) playing with matches.

Rev. Dr. W. Wilson (minister-emeritus of Free St. Paul's, Dundee) preached the other evening in connection with the jubilee of his ministry.

The death is announced of Rev. John Sharp who was for many years minister of Aberdalgie, and was the oldest member of the Presbytery of Perth. He was born in 1800.

J. Weir, the miners' secretary, has been reading a paper suggesting that M.P.'s should be paid £500 each, and the amount (£335,000) simply deducted from the royal grant.

The Aberdeen police on the 2nd inst. suppressed a Socialists' meeting and arrested one of the speakers, who had previously been warned against collecting a crowd on the streets.

The other evening A. J. Gardner, advocate, Edinburgh, fell over his window, three stories, and was killed. He was 30 years of age, and was a son of the Rev. Mr. Gardner, Brechin.

The keystone of the tower of the new municipal buildings in George Square, Glasgow, was put in position on the 5th Oct., and the final touches were given next day to the structure.

The annual returns of exports of linen and cotton goods from Dunfermline to the United States show a marked increase in the year closed in September. In linen goods the increase is £29,152, and in cottons £6,149.

At a meeting of Aberdeen University Court on the 6th inst., a motion by the Lord Rector that the graduation oath in medicine and arts should be abolished was agreed to.

Among the inventories of personal estates recorded in the Commissionary Court books of the County of Dumbarton during the month of September last was that of Henry Brock, of Auchenheglish, Dumbartonshire, turkey-red dyer and manufacturer in Glasgow; amount, £241,398.

The late Mr. William Nelson, the Edinburgh publisher, has bequeathed to his brother James and three sisters the sum of $15,000 each; and the legacies include $5,000 to Rev. John Tait, of Dumbarton; $1,250 to Rev. Dr. Goold, and $2,500 to his old nurse, Minnie Darg. Mr. Nelson provides that his son, William Frederick, shall succeed to his share of the printing and publishing business.

Marriages in church are becoming the order of the day on the Clyde. Recently there have been two notable examples—one in Skelmorlie Church, where Mr. Cameron Corbett, M. P., was the bridegroom, and the daughter of Mr. John Polson, of Paisley, was the bride; the other in Helensburgh Church, where a daughter of the late Major Gells, of Ardmore, was the bride. At Helensburgh it was the first occasion on which a wedding had been celebrated in the church, and the spacious edifice, gaily decorated with flowers, was crowded.

"As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemmed in by hunters, spears and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring,"

So disease, in myraid forms, fastens its fangs upon the human race. Ladies who suffer from distressing ailments peculiar to their sex should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

He was too Popular.

"My dear boy," he remarked with a sigh, "you don't know half the trials of a popular man. Just look at this pile of invitations."

"From whom?"

"My creditors—invitations to come down and settle up."

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

After the fire in Napanee Mr. Leahy, one of the sufferers by it, found in the debris his gold watch and pocketbook containing $65. The bills were singed, but not so as to render them unpassable.

A coroner's jury has returned a verdict of wilful murder in the case of Peter Doyle, of Musquodoboit, N. S., the farmer who was found dead on Friday morning. Doyle's wife and hired man are suspected of the crime.

The Locomotive Works Company, of Kingston, has been awarded the contract to build eleven engines for the Intercolonial Railway.

Financial circles in Toronto were excited yesterday when it became known that Mr. H. R. Forbes, of Forbes & Co., private bankers and agents, had suddenly left the city, leaving numerous creditors behind.

A Horse Who Can Talk!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone have been a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is *not* incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time. The world re-nowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when all other means have failed. Thousands can gratefully testify to this. All druggists.

Miss Annie Chastaine died of broken heart at Birmingham, Ala., last week. Her betrothed broke their engagement last July and her grief proved fatal.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SIZE OF PELLETS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L. 44 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Furniture Booming!

IS

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS!

— AT —

Flesherton

Furniture

Warerooms.

We are showing this week

Parlor

CENTRE TABLES

At $1.75.

Dining and

Extension Tables,

Kitchen Tables

WITH DRAWER.

Dressing, Fall Leaf, and Music Tables.

Work and Fancy Tables in great variety.

Special Line of CHEAP

WASHSTANDS

JUST IN.

SPRING — BEDS!

From $1.75. Solid Comfort!

Handsome

PAPER RACKS

Only 75c.

Good, Strong

Clothes Racks

At 60c.

Rolling Pins and Potato Mashers, 10c. each.

J. E. Moore,

Durham St.

County News.

The new county bridge at Heathcote has been completed.

W. J. Morrison, of Orangeville, was fined $50 for violation of the Scott Act.

The Salvation Army barracks at Thornbury was destroyed by fire week before last.

Last week Thos. Woodyard, of Dundalk, stabbed James Irwin through the hand. The former has been arrested.

An eight year old son of Alex. McLeod, of Melancthon, near Corbetton, while swinging on a door, fell off and broke his leg one day last week.

A Shelburne schoolboy was run over by a horse and rig driven by a reckless Jehu one day last week. The little fellow was not seriously injured.

Mr. Blaney McGuire—once interested in the *Dufferin Post*, and now of Toronto—was married to Miss Jennie Henry, of Orangeville, on Thursday week.

Two Dundalk hunters came suddenly upon a family of bears while out hunting one day recently. They fired one shot and then climbed a tree—to make some astronomical observations probably!

Two Orangeville cows have instituted a sort of a "reign of terror" in that place by breaking into gardens, destroying trees, shrubs, &c. Nothing can keep them out short of a stable or a forty feet stone wall.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Kaufman's child, whose disappearance from its home at Dunkeld, we announced last week, was found alive and well the day after it was missed. The little creature was out during the whole of a very cold night, and was found about five miles from home.—*Walkerton Herald.*

The Grand Trunk freight shed was entered a few nights ago and a small quantity of apples and buscuits carried off. The next night a freight car door was forced and some raisins and canned salmon stolen. No clue has yet been obtained to the perpetrators.—*Durham Chronicle.*

On Wednesday of last week Mr. and Mrs. John Esplin, of Proton, father and mother of Mrs. Robt. Little, of Mt. Forest,, saw the 54th anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Esplin was 23 years of age when married 54 years ago and his wife 18. Few couples have been spared to each other as long as Mr. and Mrs. Esplin—*Representative.*

A sand pit on Mr. Doukes' farm in Amaranth township caved in on Monday week, burying a man named John Milligan beneath the debris—nearly three feet. When rescued it was thought he was dead, but he recovered consciousness. He is so terribly bruised and injured internally that fears are entertained as to his ultimate recovery.

Monday last as Mr. Frank Huggins, a young man who has been living in Shelburne for some time past, was working at a building of Mr. A. B. Noble's, he sustained serious injuries to one of his eyes. He was starting a nail with a hammer, and the nail bounced and pierced his left eye. We regret to have to state that Mr. Huggin's will in all probability lose the sight of that organ.—*Shelburne Economist.*

Those who live fourteen weeks longer will have the privilege which will never occur to them again, viz.: of writing one figure three times in the date of their letters. It will be one hundred and eleven year before it will occur again.—*Chesley Enterprise.* Stuff, Bro. Robb! They'll write "one figure *three* times in the date of their letters" the 8th and 18th of each and every month in the year of grace 1888. And that one figure will be written *four* times instead of three, as stated.

Last Friday while Mr. James Gibson of the 7th line Euphrasia was digging for himself a well, the bucket became detached from the rope and fell a distance of 30 feet striking him on the head breaking his skull and causing instant death. Mr. Gibson was about 40 years of age and leaves a wife and family to mourn his sudden demise. They have the profound sympathy of the whole neighborhood in their severe affliction.—*Markdale Standard.*

She Felt for Fido.

A lady who owns a dog and, incidentally, a little girl, heard a commotion in the adjoining room.

Upon investigation she discovered that the commotion came largely from the dog.

"You naughty child!" she said, are you trying to burn Fido, that you hold his head so near the grate?"

"No, mamma," replied the little girl; "I'm only trying to warm his nose."

The Towers of Silence.

Afar in the realm of India
  The Towers of Silence stand,
These tall and stately towers—
  In the heart of that mystic land.
And oft, with a prayer the Hindoo,
  When day has left the sky,
Goes up to the Towers of Silence
  Where the dead of India lie.

My heart has its towers of silence,
  To the world unseen, unknown,
And often, weary and broken,
  I visit them all alone.
The portals, noiselessly swinging,
  I pass with a solemn tread,
And deep in the gloomy towers
  I wander among the dead.

Into my towers of silence,
  Enters no worldly care:
Over the altar a censer
  Swings in the listless air,
The place is hushed and holy,
  The moment calm and sweet,
And no one hears in my towers
  The patter of busy feet.

By the Indian's tower of Silence
  The Ganges slowly flows,
With a murmur dull and dreary
  Which only the Hindoo knows.
I read in the volumes mystic
  How prays he at his shrine,
Till I feel that the prayer of the Hindoo
  Is nearly akin to mine.

He prays to gods of the rivers,
  To gods of the moon and sun:
He beareth his heart to a thousand,
  And I bear mine to One!
He asks for a strength that saveth
  When fierce temptations try:
He comes from the towers of Silence
  Strengthened, and so do I.

O wonderful towers of Silence!
  O mystical land afar,
Where the prayer of the kneeling Hindoo
  Floats up to the brightest star!
There falls on our towers of silence,
  A light that is all divine,
And thy voice comes over the waters,
  O dark-skinned brother of mine!

—[T. C. Harbaugh.

Those Spicy Breezes.

At the theater.

Mr. Younghusband (after the third pilgrimage)—"I always feel so much better after going out to get the air between the acts. I can always get off some clever things when I come back. Don't you notice I'm a trifle spicer?"

Mrs. Younghusband—"Yes, dear; I thought it was your breath."

The Human Form Divine.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead, is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into 3 equal parts, the first determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The hight, from the feet to the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Oxford & New Glasgow Railway Sections.

1st.—Birch Hill Road to Pugwash Junct'n. 13 miles
2nd.—Pugwash Junct'n to Pugwash.....5 miles.
3rd.—Pugwash Junct'n to Wallace Stat'n. 7 miles.
4th.—Wallace Station to Mingo Road...17 miles.

Tenders for Grading, Bridge and Culvert Masonry, Fencing, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Friday, the 18th day of November, 1887, for the grading, bridge and culvert masonry, fencing, &c.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway at Wallace, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 10th day of November, 1887, where the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, and all conditions are complied with.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 20th October, 1887.

HAMILTON SPECTATOR!

MORNING, EVENING, WEEKLY,

The Leading Liberal-Conservative Newspaper of Canada.

—GET THE—

Weekly Spectator

One Dollar a Year.

Bright, Incisive, Able Editorials.
The Complete News of the day,
The Choicest Miscellaneous Reading.

Seriel Stories by the Best Authors.
Dr. Talmage's Great Sermons.
The Fullest Market Reports.
The Choicest Humor.

Everything for Everybody.

The SPECTATOR never misses news, is never dull, and never shirks a public question. It is always clean and strong.

$1.00

Will purchase for you for a year the WEEKLY SPECTATOR, the best Conservative journal and the best weekly newspaper in Canada.

Unusually liberal commissions to agents. Address THE SPECTATOR, Hamilton, Ont.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,*

THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 333. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"NOVEMBER AD."

I am in a position to do BETTER BY THE PUBLIC,

CASH

—or—

CREDIT!

Than any other jeweller on the C.P.R. between SHELBURNE and OWEN SOUND and as well as any jeweller in those places.

WHY IS IT SO?

1st. *I have a first-class wholesale connection established with 4 of the best Firms in Canada, Jobbers and Manufacturers.*

2nd. *This connection enables me to keep a neat line of* **Watches, Clocks, Etc.,** *to choose from at prices—"quality and warrant" considered—that are not equaled in this section.*

3rd. *I do no "catch" business, never taking from those not posted what I can't make off those who are. Four years in business just finished and an increasing patronage warrants me in assuming that my efforts to establish a reputation for reliability and square dealing in every transaction is fully appreciated by the public. I shall continue to keep a Fine Stock, Sell Close, do Satisfactory Work, and Fit Specks on optical principles by "test" lenses.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale, Ont.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-304)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Is the Reading Room to be established here again?

See W. A. Brown's new advertisement this week.

5th Division Court held in the Town Hall to-day.

The Town Hall is now heated by hot air from a furnace.

Considerable horse-trading was indulged in on cattle fair day.

What about a skating rink here, is there going to be one, this winter?

Keep your eye on "New Advertisements" in another column. Something new every week.

A large supply of Mens Frost Proof Boots, Felt Stockings, Gum Rubbers, at Wm. Clayton's.

Mr. J. E. Moore and his men are rapidly pushing the work on the Baptist parsonage to completion.

Mrs. Jas. Ludlow and family returned home to Artemesia from Michagan on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. W. A. Brown and Mrs. Wm. Brown, of Markdale, were visiting friends in Flesherton this week.

Mr. Wm. Petch, of this town, was kicked on the leg by one of his horses last week. The injury was slight.

☞ Mens and Ladies Oversboes and Rubbers in great variety at Wm. Clayton's.

Presbyterian and Methodist Sabbath Schools making great preparations now for their respective anniversaries.

WANTED.—A quantity of White Ash for Butter Tubs, for which cash will be paid on delivery. Jos. McCormick, Cooper, Flesherton.

LOST.—On Sunday, 16th inst., a Purse containing $6 in bills. Any person returning the same to this office will be suitably rewarded.

CASH FOR WHEAT.—I am paying a few cents more than the market price in Cash for any quantity of Good Spring Wheat at Priceville Mills.—ROBERT McGOWAN.

Great preparations are being made for the formal opening of our handsome new Public School House, which interesting and much-looked for event will take place at an early date.

Cheese has dropped in value during the past few days. The Flesherton cheese factory directors were offered 12½ cents per lb. for their stock on hand but refused. They now likely regret their refusal.

We had the pleasure of meeting two genial travellers on Monday last, viz., Mr. Ives and Mr. Petrie, of Toronto. These gentlemen, like most of their fraternity are sociable, intelligent, well read and excellent conversationalists. Call again, gentlemen.

A large crowd of buyers and sellers gathered into our town on Monday and quite a number of the bovine family changed hands. Our Township Fathers assembled in the Hall, on same day, for the transaction of business; a report of their proceedings appears elsewhere in these columns.

In justice to those ratepayers, who have dug the drain along the base of Flesher's Park, our Township Council should see to it that the trench is continued on to the Boyne. Otherwise the drain in question will discharge its contents into the hollow close beside Sydenham street, thereby creating a public nuisance. Surely there are enough nuisances without adding to the number. We were certainly under the impression that our Council intended to assist in the matter.

It has been noticed that the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock points to the east, three fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side and the heaviest boughs of spruce are on the south side of the tree. Any person can find the different parts of the compass by following these signs.

A certain person put a counterfeit twenty-five cent piece in for collection on the occasion of Mr. J. B. Watson's lecture Friday night last. Mr. Watson desires us to say that he does not like to deprive the poor fellow of his bad money and therefore asks him to kindly call at THE ADVANCE office when ye Editor will return it.

The firm of M. Richardson & Co. is noted far and wide for its straightforward dealings with the public, extending over a period of some twenty years. At present their mammoth store in this town is fully stocked for the fall and winter trade, and their customers observe that the prices are very reasonable, and the quality of goods bought invariably turns out as represented.

The Markdale School Board has engaged a new staff of Teachers for the 1st and 2nd forms of their public schools for next year, without notifying those at present holding those positions. The *Standard* comments very severely on the course pursued by the Board, which is seemingly justified by circumstances. But, no doubt, we shall hear the other side of the affair shortly, when, it is to be hoped, it will not look so bad as it does now.

Mr. Watson's lecture in the Town Hall Friday evening was a grand effort. "Pluck, Patience and Perseverance" proved even more fairthful and interesting than "Mind Your Own Business," which is saying a good deal. Those who have heard the talented young orator cannot but anticipate a brilliant and useful career for him. Of course there will be detractors—there always have been—for no man (or woman) can hope to achieve success, or reach the better land, on "flowery beds of ease."

The illustrations of The Illustrated London News (American editon) for November 5th, present as usual instruction as well as entertainment, and cover the customary broad range of this long established and widely known publication. They are indicated by the following titles: Sketches of the Bulgarian Elections, The Disputes Between Fishermen at Plymouth, State of Ireland, The Late Mrs. Craik, H. M. S. Wasp, Sketches on the River Congo, Sketches at the Cat Show, Crystal Palace, The Late Lady Brassey, Grand Dunbar at Mandalay, In the Semois Valley, Ardennes, A Tame Lion, Algiers, and the Kali Ghaut, Calcutta. Reading matter in abundance is also provided, while now it is becoming quite generally known that newsdealers everywhere sell the paper for ten cents. Subscriptions can be sent direct to the New York office, which is in the Potter building.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS!

Mr. Purdy a Probable Candidate for the Reeveship!

Quite a ripple has been caused by the announcement, that Mr. Purdy, the well-known Station Postmaster, will be a candidate for the Reeveship of Artemesia at the approaching January elections. We did not know what truth there might be in the rumor, but when Mr. Purdy called at our office yesterday morning and made a formal announcement of the fact, all doubt was set at rest.

Mr. Purdy bases his claims to the position on the fact that he has been thirty-six years a resident of the County and has passed through all the trials and vicissitudes incident to pioneer life. He has also cleared one hundred acres of land in the County, which is another of his claims. He maintains that public men should possess an abundance of "mother wit." This is another. He says he occupies a perfectly independent position, politically and otherwise. Another. He does not say why the ratepayers should displace such a reputable County Councillor and Municipal legislator as our present esteemed Reeve, Dr. Christoe, but will probably explain himself later on in his "*Address to the Electors of Artemesia!*"

TAMARAC.—Tamarac Elixir is a preparation containing great curative properties for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Throat and Lung Complaints.

FLESHERTON STATION.

Entertainment in the New Schoolhouse on Tuesday Night.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by those who attended the entertainment held at the Station Tuesday evening, in connection with the opening of the neat and well situated new Public Schoolhouse out there. Before eight o'clock the building was packed to overflowing. Mr. Wm. Hogg occupied the chair—and in our humble opinion Mr. H. was just the right man in the right place.

The first part of the program was devoted to juvenile talent. It proved delightfully interesting and recalled to some present reminiscences of boyhood days. The children recited and sang in a very creditable manner indeed, showing quite conclusively that substantial progress—educationally speaking—has been made since the quite recent formation of the School Section; also reflecting the highest credit on the efficient and popular Teacher, Miss Hopkins. It was also noticeable that the musical education of the children had not been neglected—on the contrary, the various solos, duets, glees, instrumental selections, &c. evinced juvenile musical culture of no mean order. After all, what is more pleasant than the clear, musical voices of children in song, recitation or dialogue!

Next came the heavier artillery, by which we mean the more adult talent. In this part no less than four clergymen of different denominations delivered themselves of brief but pointed and thoughtful addresses—practical and edifying. The gentlemen were Rev. Mr. Edgelow, Church of England minister, Rev. A. Wilson, Presbyterian minister, Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., Methodist minister, and Rev. T. Watson, Baptist minister. Mr. W. Irwin, Principal of Flesherton Public Schools, delivered an excellent address, in which our educational system was referred to in glowing terms. Mr. R. McGill, the genial C.P.R. agent, congratulated the section on the grand success which had attended its efforts in promoting educational interests. Messrs. Wadsworth, White and Phillips gave humorous readings in good style. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Ashdown sang humorous and pathetic songs. Miss Hopkins recited a beautiful piece in her usual faultless manner. Miss Robinson and Miss Hogg gave several chaste instrumental selections, which were charmingly rendered. Our old friend, Mr. Cæsar, of the C.P.R., Markdale, possesses a beautiful and cultured voice, and the duet and solos by himself and Miss Ford—also of Markdale—were among the features of the evening's entertainment. Mr. Cæsar is a capital soloist and the wonder to us is that he is not oftener heard in this locality. His pieces showed a refined taste in the selection and marked ability in the rendering thereof. Even his humorous pieces are marked by an absolute absence of that vulgarity so common in selections of that nature. Miss Ford possesses a voice of much compass and power, under perfect control, and her selections gave evidence of culture and refinement. Mr. Thos. Granger made a very short speech but it was full of good humor and common sense.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.—Mr. John R. Wright, respresenting Messrs. Evans, Sons & Mason, wholesale druggists, Montreal, says—Nasal Balm cured me of a long standing case of Catarrh after many other remedies failing.

—GREAT— Discount Sale! —OF— WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELERY, &c.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

SHOOTING MATCH.

The annual shooting match of the Vandeleur nimrods took place on the 27th ult. with James Sparling and John Weber for captains and fourteen others on each side. The day was all that could be desired for such sport and the slaughter was great. At the close the scores stood, Sparling and men 4385 points, Weber and men 4085 points, leaving the victory with the former.

ROSEBUDS.—Mrs. E. Jones, on the inst. presented her liege lord with a bouncing daughter.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.—On the 2nd inst., Mr. Wm. Richardson, of Euphrasia, and Miss Margaret Buchanan, of Artemesia, started house-keeping together, having that day entered into the necessary bonds.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing it all in our power to please. Cheques in use husband out it is to their interest to deal with us as our Prices are Low and our Goods are Durable, and unfortunately price being cut no cheque on account of hard times. Linked to reduce the manufacture in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 20th, 1887.

Measure for Measure.

They were speaking of mouths, of sizes and shapes,
Which vary from Venus' to one like an ape's;
Of mouths that are feminine, dainty and rosy,
Refreshing and sweet like the morning-dewed posy;
Of masculine mouths, that nature's so good
To provide with a hirsute awning or hood,
Which conceals from the fair one a mouth superfine,
As her drapery hideth the form that's divine.
"I think, Mr. Slim," said Josephine Banter,
"Though your mouth is less obvious than a decanter,
Being shaded profusely with hair on your lip—
It excels the decanter's, for it catches the drip—
I think, Mr. Slim—excuse my remarks—
That men hide their mouths, because, like a shark's,
They're so awfully large they would put you to shame,
Or frighten the ladies, perhaps, with the same.'

"Miss Josephine Banter," quoth Slim, with a sly
And mischievous beam in his twinkling eye,
"There is in all nature—human, at least,
A morbid desire, each moment increased,
To unravel the secrets hidden from view;
And I strongly suspect the same, miss, of you."
"Mr Slim, I declare! You men are provoking!"
"How so?" inquired Slim, with mirthfulness choking.
"You would fain have me think that your mouth is as small
As—mine is for instance." "Ha, ha! Not at all!"
The lady with arch naivete replied,
Though it challenged the smile she endeavored to hide.
"Well, Miss Josephine, since you would banter me so,
I'll suggest that we settle the thing at a blow;
Or by one sweet measure, ascertain whether
Yours is the smaller by putting them together."

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Yes, mother," in a low voice; "and I suppose he has told you the news."

"What news, my pet?"

"That he and Miss Selby are engaged. Oh yes, I knew it directly I saw the letter. It is good of him to tell us so soon. I am glad; you must tell him we are glad, mother."

"Will that be the truth, Fern?" looking at her doubtfully.

"One ought to be glad whenone's friends are happy," was the unsteady answer. "If he loves her, of course he must want to marry her. Crystal says she is very handsome and looks so nice. You must write a very pretty letter to him, mother, and say all sorts of kind things. And it is for us to be glad that he has got his wish, for I think he has not looked quite happy lately." And Fern folded up her work in her old business-like manner, and then went about the room putting little touches here and there; and if she were a little pale, the dusk soon hid it. Mrs. Trafford had no fault to find with her daughter that evening; nevertheless she did not feel easy; she thought girlish pride was bidding her conceal the wound, and that in reality her child was unhappy.

If any one had asked Fern what were her feelings when she saw that letter in her mother's hands she would have answered most truly that she did not know. When a long-dreaded trouble that one knows to be inevitable at last reaches one, the mind seems to collapse and become utterly blank; there is a painless void, into which the mental vision refuses to look. Presently—there is plenty of time; life is over long for suffering—we will sit down for a little while by the side of the abyss which has just swallowed up our dearest hopes.

Numbness, which was in reality death in life, blunted Fern's feelings as she worked and talked, and fulfilled her little duties. When she went up to her room, and looked at Crystal's empty bed, she thought the room had never looked so desolate. She undressed slowly, with long pauses, during which she tried to find out what had happened to her; but no real consciousness came until she laid her head on the pillow and tried to sleep, and then found her thoughts active. And the darkness seemed to take her into its black arms, and there seemed no rest anywhere. They were all over—those beautiful dreams that had glorified her life. No bright-faced young prince would ride out of the mist and carry her away; there would be no more kind looks full of deep wonderful meanings for her to remember over her work; in the morning she would not wake and say, "Perhaps he will come to-day;" no footstep would make her heart beat more quickly; that springy tread would never sound on the stairs again. He was gone out of her life, this friend of hers, with his merry laugh, and his boyish ways, and that pleasant sympathy that was always ready for her.

Fern had never imagined that such sad possibilities could wither up the sweet bloom of youthful promise; she had never felt really miserable except when her father died, and then she had been only a child. She wondered in a dreary, incredulous way if this was all life meant to bring her—every day a little teaching, a little work, quiet evenings with her mother, long streets that seem to lead nowhere; no meadows; no flowers; no pretty things except in the shop windows; would she still live over Mrs. Watkins' when she was an old woman?

"Oh, how empty and mean it all seems," she moaned, tossing restlessly on her hot pillow.

"Are you awake still, my darling?" asked her mother, tenderly. Some instinctive sympathy had led her to her child's door, and she had heard that impatient little speech. "What is the matter, dearest; you will tell your mother, will you not?"

"Oh, mother, why have you come? I never meant you to know. But here she broke down, and clasped her mother's neck convulsively. "I am glad—I will be glad that he is happy; but oh, mother, I want him so—I want him so." And then Mrs. Trafford knew that the wound was deep—very deep indeed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A GLIMPSE OF THE DARK VALLEY.

Not alone unkindness
Rends a woman's heart;
Oft through subtler piercings
Wives and mothers die.

Though the cord of silver
Never feel a strain;
Though the golden language
Cease not where ye dwell,
Yet remaineth something
Which, with its own pain,
Breaks the finer bosom
Whence true love doth well.

O this life how pleasant
To be loved and love,
Yet should love's hope wither
Then to die were well.

Philip Stanhope Worsley.

Every one noticed at the Hall that Lady Redmond was sadly altered in those days—every one but one, and that was her husband.

Had Sir Hugh's indifference made him blind? for he completely ignored the idea of any change in her. She was pale and thin—very thin, they told him. Hugh said he supposed it was only natural; and when they spoke of her broken rest and failing appetite, he said that was natural too.

They must take better care of her, and not let her do so much. That was his sole remark; and then, when she came into the room a few minutes afterwards to bathe his aching head, and read him to sleep, or to sit fanning the teasing flies from him for the hour together, Hugh never seemed to notice the languid step, or the pale tired face out of which the lovely color had faded.

His Wee Wifie was such a dear, quiet little nurse, he said, and with that scant meed of praise Fay was supposed to be satisfied.

But she knew now that all his gentle looks and words were given her out of sheer pity, or in colder kindness, and shrank from his caresses as much as she had once sought them; and often, as she spoke to him, the shamed conscious color rose suddenly to her fair face, and broken breaths so impeded her utterance that her only safety was in silence. Scarcely more than a child in years, yet Fay bore her martyrdom nobly. Unloved, unhelped, she girded on her heavy cross and carried it from day to day with a resignation and courage that was truly womanly; and hiding all her wrongs and her sorrows from him, only strove with her meek young ways to win him yet.

But as time went on her love and her suffering increased, and the distance widened miserably between them.

Sometimes when her trouble was very heavy upon her—when Hugh had been more than usually restless, and had spoken irritably and sharply to her—she would break down utterly, and nestle her face against his in a moment's forgetfulness, and cry softly.

Then Hugh would wonder at her, and stroke her hair, and tell her that she had grown nervous by staying at home so much; and then he would lecture her a little in a grand martial way about taking more care of herself, until she dried her eyes, and asked him to forgive her for being so foolish; and so the pent-up pain that was within her found no outlet at all.

"Oh, if he will not love me—if he will not try to love me, I must die," cried the poor child to herself; and then she would creep away with a heart-broken look on her face and sob herself to sleep.

Ah, that was a bitter time to Fay; but she bore it patiently, not knowing that the days that were to follow should be still more full of bitterness than this.

Sir Hugh was getting better now—from the hour he had seen Margaret there had been no relapse; but he was struggling through his convalescence with a restless impatience that was very trying to all who came in contact with him.

He was longing for more freedom and change of air. He should never grow strong until he went away, he told Fay; and then she understood that he meant to leave her. But the knowledge gave her no fresh pain. She had suffered so much that even he could not hurt her more, she thought. She only said to him once in her shy way, "You will be at home in time, Hugh; you will not leave me to go through it all alone?" And he had promised faithfully that he would come back in plenty of time.

And the next morning she found him dressed earlier than usual and standing by the window of the library, and exclaimed at the improvement; and Hugh, moving still languidly, bade her see how well he could walk. "I have been three times round the room and once down the corridor," he said, with a smile at his own boasting. "To-morrow I shall go out in the garden, and the next day I shall have a drive."

And a week after that, as they were standing together on the terrace, looking towards the lake and the water lilies, Hugh, leaning on the coping, with a brighter look than usual on his wan face, spoke cheerfully about the arrangements for the next day's journey.

He was far from well, she told him, sadly, and she hoped Saville would take great care of him; and he must still follow Dr. Martin's prescriptions, and that was all she said that night.

But the next day, when the servants were putting the portmanteaus on the carriage, and Hugh went into the blue room to bid her good-bye, all Fay's courage forsook her, and she said, piteously, "Oh, Hugh, are you really going to leave me? Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" And, as the sense of her loneliness rushed over her, she clung to him in a perfect anguish of weeping. Sir Hugh's brow grew dark; he hated scenes and especially such scenes as these. In his weakness he felt unable to cope with them, or to understand them.

"Fay," he said, remonstrating with her, "this is very foolish," and Fay knew by his voice how vexed he was; but she was past minding it now. In her young way she was tasting the bitterness of death. "My dear," he continued, as he unloosened her hands from their passionate grasp, and held them firmly in his, "do you know what a silly child you are?" and then he relented at his own words, she was such a child. "I told you before that I should never be well until I went away, but you evidently did not believe me. Now I cannot leave you like this, for if you cry so you will make yourself ill; therefore, if you will not let me go quietly, I cannot go at all."

"No, no," she sobbed; "don't be so angry with me, Hugh, for I cannot bear it."

"Well, will you promise me to be a brave little woman and not fret after me when I am gone?" he went on more gently. "It is only six weeks, you know, Fay, and I have promised to be back in time."

"Yes, yes, I know you will," she answered, "and I will be good—indeed I will, Hugh; only tell me you are not angry with me before you go, and call me your Wee Wifie as you used when you first brought me home; and she held up her wet face to him as though she were a child wanting to be kissed and forgiven.

"You foolish birdie," he said, laughing, but he kissed her more fondly than he had done yet. "There, you will take care of yourself, my own Wee Wifie, will you not, and write long letters to me, and tell me how you are getting on?"

"Yes, Hugh," she replied, quietly; and then he put her down from his arms. She had taken the flower from his button-hole, and stood fondling it long after he had driven off.

"Had you not better lie down, my lady?" Mrs. Heron said to her a little while afterwards, when she found her still standing in the middle of the room; and she took hold of her gently, for she did not like the look in my lady's eyes at all; and then she laid her down on the couch, and never left her until she had fallen asleep, like a child, for very trouble.

And then she went down and spoke out her mind to Janet; and the substance of her speech might be gathered from the concluding sentence.

"And I am sorry to say it, Janet, of any one to whom I am beholden for the bread I eat, and whom I have known since he was a baby; but in spite of his bonnie looks and pleasant ways, Sir Hugh is terribly selfish; and I call it a sin and a shame for any man to leave a sweet young creature like that at such a time. What can he expect if she goes on fretting herself to death in this way?"

Fay could not tell why she felt so strangely weak the next day when she woke up, and Mrs. Heron could not tell either. She did not fret; she did not even seem unhappy; she was too tired for anything of that sort, she said to herself; but day after day she lay alone in her little room with closed eyes and listless hands; while Nero lay at her feet wondering why his little mistress was so lazy, and why she wasted these lovely summer mornings indoors instead of running races with him and Pierre.

No, she was not ill, she assured them, when Mrs. Heron and the faithful Janet came to look after her, and to coax her with all kinds of dainties; she was only so tired, and would they not talk to her, for she felt as though she could never sleep enough; and would some one tell Sir Hugh so when they wrote to him, for he would get no long letters from her now—she had tried to write, but her hand was too weak to hold the pen. But for all that she would not own she was ill; it was only the heat that made her so lazy, she said again and again. No, they must only tell Sir Hugh that she was very tired.

But when a few more days had passed, Mrs. Heron thought she had been tired long enough, and sent for Dr. Martin.

He looked very grave when he saw her, and Fay smiled to herself, for she said, "The time is very near now, and then he thinks that I shall die."

But Margaret's reproachful speech came back to her—"Would you wish to die without winning your husband's love?" and to the alarm of the good housekeeper she suddenly became hysterical and begged her to send for Sir Hugh.

But her piteous request was forgotten for a time, for before night her life was in danger.

Hour after hour the desolate young creature looked death in the face and found him terrible, and called out in her agony that she was afraid to die unless Hugh would hold her hand; and for many a long day after that Fay did not see her baby boy, for the least excitement would kill her, the doctor said, and her only chance was perfect quiet.

And the urgent letters that were sent did not reach Sir Hugh for a long time, for he was wandering about Switzerland. He had carelessly altered his route, and had forgotten to tell Fay so.

But on his homeward route, which was not until the six weeks were past, he found a budget awaiting him at Interlachen.

Hugh was deeply shocked when he heard of his wife's danger, and blamed himself for his selfishness in leaving her.

The trip had refreshed him, but the idea of returning home was still irksome to him. He had enjoyed his freedom from domestic restraint; and he planned a longer route that should end in the Pyramids, when Fay was strong and well again. It would not matter then; but he was a brute, he confessed, to have left her just at that time. Then he added in self-extenuation that he was not quite himself.

And one lovely summer morning, when Fay lay like a broken lily on her pillow, and looked languidly out upon the world and life, they brought her baby to her and laid it in her weak arms; and Fay gazed wonderingly into a dimpled tiny face and blue-grey eyes that seemed to her the counterpart of Hugh's eyes; and then, as she felt the soft breathing of the warm nestling thing against her shoulder, and saw the crumpled hand on her breast, a new, strange flood of happiness came into her starved heart.

"Hugh's little boy," she whispered, and a tender look shone in her eyes; and then she added, "he will love me for my baby's sake."

And she was very happy in her belief.

As long as they would let her, she lay cradling her boy in her feeble arms and whispering to him about his father; and when night came she would lie awake happily trying to hear baby's soft breathing in the bassinet beside her, and if he woke and cried, she would ask the nurse to lay him beside her.

"He will not cry when he is with his mother," she would say, with maternal pride. "He is always so good with me; indeed, I never knew such a good baby," which was not wonderful, considering her experience had been confined to Catharine's baby at the lodge. And if the nurse humored her, Fay would cover the little downy head with noiseless kisses, and tell him not to cry, for father was coming home to love them and take care of them both.

"You will love me now; yes, I know you will, Hugh," she would murmur softly when the baby was slumbering peacefully in his blankets again, and nurse had begged Lady Redmond not to think any more about Master Baby, but to go to sleep. And as she obediently closed her eyes, the happy tears would steal through her eyelids.

Poor innocent child! when she had first discovered that Hugh did not love her, her despair had nearly cost her her life; but no sooner was her baby brought to her than hope revived, for from the depths of her sanguine heart she believed that by her boy's help she should win his love; not knowing in her ignorance that Hugh might possibly care nothing for the son though he desired the heir, and that baby charms that had been so potent with her should possess no magic for him.

CHAPTER XXX.

"IT IS ALL OVER, BABY."

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tennyson.

It was on a hot thundery July afternoon that Sir Hugh entered Redmond Hall, weary and heated and dusty, and thoroughly ashamed of himself.

There are some men who hate to be reminded of their own shortcomings—who are too proud and impatient to endure self-humiliation, and who would rather go through fire and water than own themselves in the wrong. Sir Hugh was one of these. Despite his moral weakness, he was a Redmond all over, and had a spice of the arrogance that had belonged to them in old feudal days, when they had ruled their vassals most tyrannically. And especially did he hate to be reminded by word or deed that his conduct had not been faultless; his conscience made him uncomfortable enough, for he was really kind-hearted in spite of his selfishness; so it did not improve matters when Mrs. Heron met him in the hall, and, quite forgetting her usual stately manners, suddenly burst out, while her tearful eyes gave emphasis to her words:

"Oh, Sir Hugh, I am grateful and thankful to see you again, for we thought my lady would have died in her trouble; for, bless her dear heart, she fretted herself cruelly when you left her, and more's the pity!"

The housekeeper had meant no reproach to her master, but Sir Hugh's uneasy conscience took alarm.

"Thank you, Mrs. Heron," with icy politeness, "I am deeply indebted to you for reminding me of my shortcomings. Ellerton, be good enough to tell Lady Redmond's nurse that I am here, and that I wish to see my wife at once;" and he passed on in a very bad humor indeed, leaving Mrs. Heron thoroughly crest-fallen by her master's unexpected sarcasm.

Ellerton was an old servant, and he ventured to remonstrate before carrying out this order.

"Will you not get rid of a little of the dust of your journey, Sir Hugh, and have some refreshment before you go up to my lady?"

"You have my orders, Ellerton," returned his master, curtly; and he ascended the staircase with the frown still heavy on his face.

He did not like to feel ashamed of himself, and this was his mode of showing it.

Fay lay on a couch in her bedroom looking very lovely, in her white tea-gown trimmed with lace, with her brown hair hanging in long plaits, and a little rose-leaf color tinting her cheeks. She was listening with a beating heart for the well-known footsteps; as they sounded at last in the corridor and she heard his voice speaking to Ellerton, she sat up, flushed and trembling, and under the soft shawl something that lay hidden stirred uneasily as she moved.

"You must not excite yourself, my lady," observed the nurse, anxiously; but she might as well have spoken to the wind, for Fay seemed to have forgotten her presence.

"Oh, Hugh, my darling husband!" she exclaimed, as the door opened; and the tender rose flush deepened in her cheeks as she stretched out her hand to him with her old smile.

Hugh stooped over the couch and kissed her, and then sat down with rather a dissatisfied expression on his face; he thought they had made a fuss to frighten him and bring him home—she did not look so very ill after all.

"I could not come to meet you, love," she said, with a little clasp of his hand, and she kissed it in her old way, and laid it against her face.

"My dear Fay," he remonstrated, and bit his lip. "Nurse, you can trust your patient in my care. I will ring for you in a little while." Then, as the door closed behind her, he said in a vexed tone, "Fay, why are you so childish? you know that I object to demonstration before the servants, and have told you so, and yet you never seem to remember; do try to be a little more dignified, my dear, and wait till we are alone." And this to her who had come back to him through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," bringing his boy with her!

Fay became very white, and drew her hand away. "You do not seem to remember how very ill I have been," she faltered. And then the baby's blind wandering touches over her breast soothed her.

Hugh grew a little remorseful.

"My dear, I assure you I have not forgotten it; I was very grieved to hear it, and to know that you should have been alone in your trouble; but was it my fault, Fay? Did you keep your promise to me not to fret yourself ill when I was gone?"

"I kept my promise," she replied, quietly; "the fretting and the mischief were done before. We will not talk about my illness; it is too bad even to think of it. Have you nothing else to say to me, Hugh? Do you not wish to see our boy?"

Hugh started, conscience-stricken—he had forgotten his child altogether; and then he laughed off his confusion.

"Our boy! what an important Wee Wifie. Yes, show him to me by all means. Do you mean you have got him under that shawl?"

"Yes; is he not good?" returned Fay, proudly; she had forgotten Hugh's coldness now, as she drew back the flimsy covering and showed him the tiny fair face within her arms. "There, is he not a beauty? Nurse says she has never seen a finer baby boy for his size. He is small now, but he will grow; he has such long feet and hands that, she assures me, he will be a tall man. Mrs. Heron says he is a thorough Redmond. Look at his hair like floss silk, only finer; and he has your forehead, dear, and your eyes. Oh, he will be just like his father, the darling!"

"Will he?" returned Hugh, dubiously, and he touched him rather awkwardly—he had never noticed a baby closely before, and he was not much impressed with his son's appearance; there was such a redness, he thought, and no features to be called features, and he had such a ridiculous button of a mouth. "Do you really call him a fine baby, Fay?"

"Fine! I should think so; the smallness does not matter a bit. You will be a big man some time, my beauty, for you are the very image of your father."

(To be continued.)

Crude Oil in Brickmaking.

Crude oil has been applied as fuel by Messrs. P. L. Sword & Son, Cleveland, at their Bessemer avenue brickworks, and with such excellent results that they have already contracted for a one-hundredth-barrel tank to supply their works. The arches in the monster kiln, containing some 250,000 bricks, are heated by twenty-four burners. The oil flow is regulated by an ordinary stop-cock, and at the point of ignition is met by a steam blast, supplied by the boiler that furnishes power for the brickmaking machines. Simple pipe burners are used with good results. Instead of having to heat the brick seven days, as with coal or wood, four days' burning with oil makes a far better quality of material. When the oil is ever so economically fed there is a surplus of heat. Within fifty minutes of starting the fires the water-smoke was started out of the brick. There isn't a cold spot in the kiln. The arches are evenly heated, and one man attends to the firing and regulating of the oil flow where three stokers were formerly employed. The firm is about to start off another mammoth kiln built on the Morrison plan, and supplied with eight burners in place of twenty-four, one burner heating three arches. By an ingenious contrivance the flame is directed against a bridge wall, when it is distributed with equal force into the three arches.

Odd Things in Turkey.

In many villages the young men buy a wife for $50 or $100, for which they get in debt, and in order to pay it they are obliged to leave home and go to Constantinople and work from three to five years. Not unfrequently they never get out of debt. In Constantinople and Smyrna the case is quite different. There parents are generally obliged to give a house, a good round sum of money, or set a young man up in business in order to induce him to take their daughter off their hands. We also meet with some very queer names in this country. I will give you a few specimens, with their translations into English: Mr. Paniryermagin, Mr. Son-of-won't-eat-cheese; Mr. Varyermagin, Mr. Son-of-won't-eat-what-there-is; Mr. Kooroobalukgian, Mr. Son-of-dry-fish-dealer; Mr. Genishian, Mr. Son-of-the-work-of-the-devil; Mr. Luyabotmas, Mr. Son-of-won't-sink-in-the-water; Mr. Koozookebobian, Mr. Son-of-roast-lamb. It is very common to call a man by the name of his trade, or that of his father, as John Son-of-a-merchant, Samuel Son-of-a-teacher, Alexander Son-of-a-slipper-maker. Miriam Papazoloo means Mary Daughter-of-the-son-of-a-priest.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Tenpennyworth of Glory.

There is a movement in England for an increase of the pension of John Divane, the private soldier who won the Victoria Cross by leading the way to the capture of the Cashmere Gate at the storming of Delhi. He lost a leg on that occasion. "There was," he says, "a hitch and then a call for 'Who'll storm the battery?' And the bhoys said, 'Johnny, you go on and we'll be afther ye.' And I said, 'Come on, bhoys, death or glory!' And we went on, and presently I fell down, and when I came to meself I found my leg gone, and I said: 'Never mind, John Divane, my bhoy, here's a shilling a day for ye for life.' And when I heard the list of pinsions read out and heard I'd only tinpince a day I croid." Divane did not get the "death" he challenged, but the tenpennyworth per day of "glory" which he did get does not seem much of a reward for the man who started the turning point of the capture of Delhi, and therefore of the suppression of the mutiny. He is now 64 years old, and gets a living by peddling fish in a donkey-cart at Penzance.—*Ex.*

Among the Mexican Tailors.

"Here I bring you a piece of cloth for a pair of pantaloons," says a customer.

The tailor measures it. "It is not enough."

The customer gathers up the cloth and carries it to another tailor.

"Is there enough of this piece to make me a pair of pantaloons?"

"Yes, sir; day after to-morrow I will send them to you by my son."

The boy comes with the pantaloons two days later. The customer notes that the youth is wearing a jacket made of the same piece of cloth.

"Boy, how is this that the other tailor said that there was not enough cloth for a pair of pantaloons, and your father has not only made my pantaloons but also a jacket for you out of the piece?"

"Sir, the son of the other tailor is a much bigger boy than I am."

A Model Husband.

Model Husband (boastfully)—Yes, gentlemen, I've been married ten years and never spent a night away from home ye:

Doubting Thomas—Large and interesting family, eh?"

"Only three of us."

"Have one child, eh?"

"No, the other is my wife's mother."

The Tailor's Suggestion.

"I see you're printing a good deal about the correct thing in fall styles," said a tailor to an editor.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, while you're going in on that tack suppose you print something about the correct thing in settlement of bills."

The sixth annual Canadian Shipping List was issued yesterday by the Marine Department. Among other valuable statistics, it shows that Canada is the fourth maritime State in the world.

Dr. Bell, who has been up north of the Ottawa, describes the country beyond Lake Temiscamingue as the roughest he has ever seen. This is the territory claimed by Mr. Mercier for Quebec.

The dead body of R. Collison, Secretary of a Conservative Building Society at Hull, has been found floating in the Humber. His books show defalcations to the amount of £20,000.

WHAT'S THE TIME O'DAY ?

Lecture by Rev. Dr. Parker on "Clocks and Watches"

Rev. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, England, lectured in Knox Church, Hamilton, to a large audience, representing almost every denomination and class of people of the city. His lecture was unique, solid and practical, and his style wholly his own, yet not so uncommon as to be in marked contrast with that of other lecturers. Dr. Parker is a short, chunky man, with a very intelligent-looking face and a large head, which looks larger under a crop of thick, wavy hair. He has just enough of the English accent to betray his nationality, even if his general appearance did not give it away. He has a fine command of language, his sentences being beautifully rounded and finished. He says a good deal and implies more, his gesticulations being full of dramatic force and carrying more suggestions with them than his lips give utterance to. He was introduced without ceremony by Rev. Mungo Fraser last night and said:

Once, in speaking to John B. Gough, I asked him what sort of lecture I should deliver in coming to this country, and he said, "No matter how fascinating, a lecturer will have no lasting reputation unless there be a high moral tone and purpose in the lecture." I thought a fairer tribute could not be paid to transatlantic intelligence. I have not come to this country to speak simply to its frivolity. My purpose is a moral purpose, therefore I do not feel out of place in the pulpit to discuss upon the subject of "Clocks and Watches." I know no more than the most ignorant person present about clocks and watches. I know nothing of their mechanism, yet how full of suggestions they are. They do more than tick—they overflow with all sorts of wise teachings. Can a man make anything without putting something of himself into it? How much of the man is there in the horse which he grooms and drives? How much of the man is there in the eagle—none. So it is with watches and clocks—there is so much of the man in them. I look at the watch and see three workers. The second-hand working hard for its bread; surely it deserves whatever it may need. Then here is this long, slim, thin one, like a fastened down young lady. There seems to be no motion to it, or very little; then here is the short, thick hand. The first is always going, the second moves with a languid motion, but the third is absolutely no use at all. So a man might say, to look at the watch, but you could take off the second hand and not miss it, and the languid moving one, but if you touch the apparently motionless one you cannot tell the time. So it is with society. Here is a man always on the alert. You can't find him napping. He is a man of detail. He says he can't have anything to do with sleepy people. Then you have the class who like to do things quietly, who don't like so much fuss, and then you have the slow going ones—slow going as a Scotchman; but if you disturb the slow going ones, where are you? We have people whom we describe as old fogies. They want to take time to consider and will give you an answer day after to-morrow. They may be old fogies but they are the men who keep society healthy. You see them in the church. When you want to call a minister the young people will say one will do if he is young enough, and can speak 150 miles an hour without saying anything. Probably the young folks' fire will be caught by the older ones, but the old fogies will consider and take time—but when they have decided upon a person they will stick to him. So in life we need all sorts. We must wait for some, and always remember that the slow may be the sure; that that which appears to be nothing may be the most important, while that which makes a great show may be of least utility. Come to a chronometer store. What a din, 100 different styles and sizes of watches all striking twelve. So it is in politics, in the ministry and in all classes of life, there are different styles, and we need them all, so long as they tell the right tale. If the clocks are all telling the same tale at 12 o'clock I will be satisfied. I wish people would pay more attention to the message and less to style. In the church we have innumerable pedantic critics all talking of style and forgetting the message. A rich man dies and the time has come for reading the will. The old fogy lawyer adjusts his spectacles and slowly reads John Henry Thompson, $10,000; Sarah, $15,000; Henry Wilkinson, $20,000; and the people interested say, "I don't like that lawyer's style." Do they? Well, no! they don't care about his grunty rhetoric, they want to hear about the dollars—they want the message. So ought we to be in all great matters. Never mind the style, but get at the purpose. But that round clock there, I didn't hear you strike at all. "Oh, no, I don't strike. I am not one of your vulgar clocks: if people want to know the time they must look at me. I am not one of those professing clocks." A man buys that clock and sets him up. The long winter nights come and the man lies awake. He wonders what time it is and wishes his clock struck. He gets up, knocks over a chair and finds only one match is in the case and the sulphur end is off that one. Then he knocks over a vase and resolves to buy a striking clock. So with men. There are those who make no professions. They have no religion, no politics, no ideas. They never say anything. You must look at them to see what o'clock it is; but sometimes it is dark, and then you can't see the face. Oh, for a strong, resonant voice in the time of national darkness! Germany had her striking clock in Luther, and England has in Gladstone. (This sentiment was applauded to the echo.) We want men who can strike at the right time. There are sometimes corruptions and evils, and we need men who can speak out and say, No! in God's name, that's wrong. There is no meanness equal to the meanness that will accept all the privileges of Christianity, and will not venture out to church on a foggy Sunday night, but will allow wrong and oppression to go by default to judgment. Every watch and clock has its place, and if men could learn that we would have more contentment in society than we have, and men would be praising the Lord instead of envying one another. Every man cannot be a Cæsar. Cæsar was more than all Cæsar's legends. We must have eloquent and learned men to fill St. Paul's, but we must also have the shepherd to reveal the kingdom of God to the tear-filled eye. We must have the mother who is Jesus in the family and the father and the little child. They all constitute the ministry of manhood. Why should we envy what our neighbor has? He is our brother. I would like to write a "Hamlet" and "Othello," and even a work as insignificant as "Paradise Lost." I will tell you why I don't. I am not too proud. I could lay aside my pride; the only reason why I don't is that I can't. It is not my place. Then there is one great big clock by which the dealer sets all the others. It is the regulator. The sun regulates the regulator and God regulates the sun. Are there no regulators in society in Hamilton—men who are looked up to as patterns? No clock can be put right by the hands and no man can be made clean by washing his hands. You must make the clock right within. It takes 3,200 operations to make a common watch. Which one of the operations made the watch? No one. Who can tell how many operations it takes to make a man? Was it the environments, or the father so wise, or the mother so good, or the companions so well chosen? Which one? No one. It was the father, the mother, the journalist, the pastor, the school teacher—all. Discipline and sorrow have had their part. Nine o'clock Tuesday night here is about 2 o'clock Wednesday morning in London. So right here may be wrong somewhere else. Therefore let every one see that he is right in his place. The lecturer closed after referring to Gladstone as a regulator and stating that he had suggested as a title for a future lecture, "Gladstone—the man, his opponents and his allies." The sentiment expressed and the suggestion made were received most heartily.

EYES LOST IN CAVERNS.

Animal Life Underground Marked by the Fading Away of Visual Organs.

There is a manifest tendency of all gayly colored forms to lose their hues in the caverns and to become of an even color. This may be explained by the simple absence of sunshine, and on it no conclusions can be based. The changes of the structural parts are of more importance; these, as might be expected, relate mainly to the organs of sense. The eyes show an evident tendency in all the groups to fade away. In the characteristic cavern-fishes they have entirely disappeared, the whole structure which serves for vision being no longer produced. In the crayfishes we may observe a certain gradation. Some species which abound in caverns are provided with eyes; others have them present, but so imperfect that they cannot serve as visual organs; yet others want them altogether. One species of pseudo-scorpion, as shown by Prof. Hagan, has in the outer world four eyes, while in the caves it has been found with two eyes and others in an entirely eyeless condition. Some cavern-beetles have the males with eyes, while the females are quite without them. As a whole, the cavern-forms exhibit a singular tendency of the visual organs, not only to lose their functions, but also to disappear as body-parts. At the same time there is an equal, or even more general, development of the antennæ and other organs of touch; these parts become considerably lengthened and apparently of greater sensitiveness, a change which is of manifest advantage to the individual.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Miss Phelps' Inspiration.

The announcement of Miss Phelps' new "Gate" story, entitled "The Gates Between," recalls the remark of a prominent Kansas City lady who was driving with some guests along the Hesperus Road this summer, between Magnolia and Gloucester, Mass. As a curve of the beautiful driveway disclosed the narrow "Neck" stretching out to sea, the Western woman turned to her companion, saying: "We drove out on the Neck last week when we went to Manchester-by-the-Sea, and had a view of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' summer home. After that visit I understand why she's always writing about gates. Why, there is nothing else as noticeable. They thrust themselves across the road at every turn without the shadow of an excuse; but not one of the six was ajar. And warnings were posted at every one against leaving it ajar 'under extreme penalty of the law.'"—*From Portfolio of the American Magazine for November.*

What the Clergyman Does.

"What do they do when they install a minister?" inquired a small boy. "Do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "Not a bit of it," said his father; "they harness him to a church and expect him to draw it alone."

The majority report of the Utah Commission gives a very intelligible idea of the actual strength of Mormonism. The population of the territory is about 200,000, a gain of nearly 60,000 since 1880, and the property is assessed at a valuation of $35,665,802. The Mormon population is 132,297, with 34,431 church dignitaries, but the Mormon Church in the various territories number 162,383, with 46,639 children under 8 years of age. The strength of the non-Mormon element in the territory is about 55,000, with 62 churches of different denominations, employing 230 teachers and having in their schools 6,668 pupils. Since the passage of the Edmunds law in 1882, 541 persons have been indicted for unlawful cohabitation, and 289 have been convicted, while fourteen have been convicted for polygamy, and many fled to escape arrest. The majority of the Commissioners regard the recent movement to obtain statehood for the territory through the adoption of a constitution in which non-Mormons had no part as a mere effort to free the Church from the control of Government and to give the leaders a freer hand. On the other hand, the minority of the Commission believe that the large class of monogamous Mormons have become convinced that their interests require the abolition of polygamy, and that with its suppression their religious faith will no longer militate against them.

The Moscow *Gazette* demands a neutrality agreement touching Gibraltar similar to the Suez Canal agreement. The paper says it believes if all the powers interested should insist on such an agreement England would yield.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Walter Besant's effort to raise $200,00 to build a Dickens Memorial in London brings to mind the fact that the great novelist in his will emphatically disapproved of any such act on the part of his admirers. He believed, and rightly, that his works were a sufficient monument to his memory.

The London *Echo* notes the introduction in English markets of a new fiber, which is so fine and durable that a new fabric made from it is expected shortly to drive silk almost entirely out of the market. The fiber is in the shape of a pine-apple leaf, and the new fabric has received the name of "pina cloth."

The late Mr. David Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, was an ardent Liberal. When he was in Egypt he wrote: "When this country is governed by liberty as now by despotism, it will be the garden of the Lord. My curse on all forms of tyranny, and our Government on the side of tyranny! But not for long—not for long. Heaven be on the Gladstone side."

Rev. W. Elliot, Vicar of Aston, Birmingham, is trying to collect his tithes from his parishioners by legal proceedings. One man who had lived for twenty-five years on his property without healing of tithes had a levy put on, and in another case a distraint for £3 was put on the Smallheath Liberal Club, but the chairman defied the bailiffs and the warrant was not enforced.

Apropos of the fact that it took eighty soldiers and 150 policemen recently to evict one Irish tenant, the *Pall Mall Gazette* offers the Government the following problem in simple proportion: "If it takes 230 armed men to reduce one Irish patriot to the submission that you call union, how many armed men will it take to reduce the whole Irish people and thus complete Mr. Balfour's promised task of uniting the United Kingdom?"

Educators in America who have recently been engaged in discussion concerning the teaching of the dead languages will be interested to know that an influential committee, representing all the colleges, has decided to adopt the continental pronunciation of Latin at Cambridge University. Whether Oxford will follow this example remains to be seen, but, if it does not, teachers preparing pupils will find themselves in a quandary.

Orchards generally produce full crops only every other year. This is because the full crop of one year so exhausts the fruit-producing qualities of the soil that it is not able to produce a full crop the next year. Give it a good supply of the proper kind of manure and thus make up for the loss of the fruit-producing qualities of the soil, and you may expect good crops every year, provided you treat your trees properly in other respects.

Mrs. Forbes, the wife of Mr. Forbes, the well-known naturalist and explorer, who a year or two ago published an account of his scientific researches in the Eastern Archipelago, has written a narrative of her adventures while she accompanied her husband in his travels. Mrs. Forbes' experiences in the East were in some respects unique. She lived for a few weeks absolutely alone in the mountains of Timor, and was the first European woman who visited Papua. The book is dedicated to the Countess of Aberdeen.

Sir Charles and Lady Dilke have had a jolly time in Constantinople. The Sultan was extremely cordial to them, and they were received by the Patriarch of the Greek Church and by the seven Archbishops in Synod assembled. A Turkish translation of Lady Dilke's "The Shrine of Death" is being made. The noted couple went from Turkey to Greece, and are now on their way to London. They have won a good deal of popularity wherever they have stopped for any length of time.

There has been a royal committee appointed to investigate the Hessian fly ravages in the United Kingdom, twenty counties in England and ten in Scotland having been visited by this insect. It is difficult to estimate the damage, some placing it at two bushels per acre. In Fife there are complaints of losses of three to ten bushels per acre. The treatment in Russia and in the United States has been inquired into, and corn merchants are requested to be on the alert. The general conclusion of the commission favors the dissemination of all information possible, trusting to the vigilance of the British farmer.

The process of welding invented by Mr. De Banardoz, of Russia, is now applied industrially by the society for the electrical working of metals. The pieces to be welded are placed upon a cast iron plate supported by an insulated table and connected with the negative pole of a source of electricity. The positive pole communicates with an electric carbon inserted in an insulating handle. On drawing the point of the carbon along the edge of the metal to be welded the operator closes the circuit. He has then merely to raise the point slightly to produce a voltaic arc whose high temperature melts the two pieces of metal and causes them to unite.

"She who sweeps a room," says *Good Housekeeping*, "makes the action no less fine by the wearing of a pair of old kid gloves during the process, and the same is true of blacking a stove, cleaning kerosene lamps, and many other household duties that fall to mothers and daughters in homes where no servant is kept. 'Mother thinks it so silly,' said a young girl, blushing with shame on being found sweeping in gloves. But why not as well wear gloves to protect the hand as a sweeping cap to protect the hair? The occasional washing of the hands with corn meal and borax soap in tepid water helps to keep them soft and smooth, and glycerine, mixed with lemon juice, is excellent to apply at night."

"There is no longer," says a German paper, "any sword making industry in Damascus. What was once known as the sword trade now occupies itself with converting the blades of old saws and pieces of ordinary iron into daggers, cheap swords and rifles of Solingen and Birmingham make are also bought up, finished and decorated in Oriental style, and then put upon the market as weapons of Arabian and Damascene origin. The famous gold and silver work which once gave this district a reputation throughout the world has fallen into decay. Fine goldsmith's work is no longer asked for, and all that Europe seems to require are cheap specimens of filagree work, such as bracelets, brooches and armlets."

A correspondent of *Chambers' Journal* alleges that recently in Melbourne, with his wife and two children, aged 2 and 4, he went to see the animals in the Royal Park, and that four wolves sleeping in a cage paid no attention to himself and his wife and the eldest child, but the moment the younger one toddled up they sprang to their feet and made for the corner of the cage nearest to her, where they stood against the bars, pushed their paws through, barked constantly and seemed wild to get at her, not viciously, however, but as a dog might have run to play with her. When the child spoke their efforts were redoubled. On a subsequent visit the same thing occurred. From which the correspondent concludes that wolves have a strong maternal instinct and love children.

At the forestry congress in Springfield Ill., last month a Chicago manufacturer of farm waggons said that a waggon had been made of twenty different kinds of timber, all of which was grown from seed planted within forty years. It was by no means necessary to use so many different kinds of wood, as the entire running gear could have come from one log of honey locust eighteen inches in diameter. The waggons which the speaker himself ordinarily made required five kinds of wood, oak, hickory, ash, tulip (which he called whitewood) and pine. The pine, however, was used only because it was cheap, as ash was just as light and more enduring for the same purpose. He maintained that, although forty years was a good while to wait for the return on an investment, the money put into forest planting was prudently used, as a growing forest, which was increasing in value every year, was as marketable as any other property. Moreover, many of the branches trimmed off as the trees grew could be used, as well as the saplings removed in the thinning out process.

Dr. W. A. Hammond, the distinguishe New York medical expert, lecturing on "the use and the abuse of the brain," the other evening said: "Anxiety causes more brain disorders than any other agency I know of unless it be love. It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. Human beings are governed by their emotions, and it is well that they should be, though it is the emotions that wear away the brain, and not honest intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work, and if my memory serves me I do not recollect ever having a mathematician for a patient. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow and love. I consider that eight hours are sufficient for a man to use his brain, because if he exceeds that time he becomes nervous and fretful, and an exhausted brain is an irritable brain. You may not feel the evil effects of the stress of brain work at the time but you will sooner or later, when it will be too late. The men that work at night with their brain are the ones that expose themselves to danger and death which will surely come unless the great strain on the mind is lightened.

Beauty Without Paint.

"What makes my skin so dark and muddy?
My cheeks were once so smooth and ruddy!
I use the best cosmetics made,
Is what a lovely maiden said.

"That's not the cure, my charming Miss,"
The doctor said: "remember this
If you your skin would keep from taint,
Discard the powder and the paint.

"The proper thing for all such ills
Is this," remarked the man of pills
"Enrich the blood and make it pure—
In this you'll find the only cure."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do this without fail. It has no equal. All druggists.

Referring to the recent statement that, at a recent festival held in the Queen's presence in the Highlands, there was excessive drinking, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Her Majesty's Private Secretary, writes to say he was present on the occasion mentioned, and that he did not see any drunken persons.

Worth Ten Dollars a Bottle.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just as rapidly. Small test bottles only cost 10 cents. Why not try it to-day? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure—Nerviline.

The Important Thing.

Eastern man (who has been invited to "take a hand" in the game)—I know very little about poker. I suppose the chief requisite in playing the game successfully is a knowledge of human nature.

Western man—A knowledge of human nature helps, stranger, it helps; but the chief requisite is cash.

By its mild, soothing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of nasal catarrh, also "cold in the head," coryza, and catarrhal headaches. Fifty cents, by druggists.

She Has the Earth.

An esteemed contemporary has a department headed "The Woman's World." That's about the size of it.—*Baltimore American.*

A new line of passenger steamers to ply between Kingston and Montreal is talked of for next season

It is now reported that the Czar has the measles.

King Humbert will visit the Crown Prince of Germany at Baveno.

The Marquis of Lothian has been elected Rector of Edinburgh University.

Lord Salisbury has notified M. Waddington, French Ambassador at London, that the Royal sanction has been given to the enforcement of the Newfoundland Bait Act next season.

How Intelligent Women Decide.

When the question has to be met as to what is the best course to adopt to secure a sure, safe and agreeable remedy for those organic diseases and weaknesses which afflict the female sex, there is but one wise decision, viz., a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is an unfailing specific for periodical pains, misplacement, internal inflammation and all functional disorders that render the lives of so many women miserable and joyless. They who try it praise it. Of Druggists.

The subscriptions in the Toronto District this year to the Methodist Missionary Society amount to $23,403.44, an increase of $4,946.53 over last year.

F. W. Hamilton, whose name has been before the public lately in connection with that of Mrs. Middleton, of Ottawa, who has left her husband, arrived in Toronto yesterday and left for the west on the 1.05 o'clock C. P. R. train. Captain Sherwood, of the Dominion Police, who also arrived in that city yesterday, made inquiries at the railway ticket offices regarding Hamilton's destination, but not finding particulars he also took passage on the 1.05 train west with Hamilton.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNL. 45 87.

1,000,000 Ladies Wanted to use our "Magnetic Hairpins." They Relieve Nervous Headache and the discomfort often caused by all other hairpins. Sample box 10c. Address G. E. M. CO., Vineland, New Jersey.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who may send me their P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

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THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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J. CAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Educationally, Markdale is rather a remarkable town, but then its School Board is composed of a remarkable set of men, who are, to say the least, *remarkably* unlike any School Trustees we have had the delightful honor of coming in contact with. The way they "bounce" teachers and fill the vacancies in an auction-sale-sort-of-style is also remarkable. In fact they are a mighty remarkable lot of gentlemen, and, for the sake of our much abused friend, the Public School Teacher, we earnestly trust that there is not another such a remarkable School Trustee Board in the universe!

The Owen Sound *Advertiser* apes the *Canada Citizen*, *Grip* and other milk-and-water Temperance-Political sheets, who strive to throw dirty water on Liberal Conservative Temperance men, such as Hon. Mr. Foster. Last week the *Tizer* sneeringly alluded to *Grip's* cartoon "illustrating the well "deserved spanking which Mrs. Yeomans administered to Mr. Foster, "who in his speech at the late Napanee Temperance Convention went "back on his old prohibition professions and tried to play fast and loose "with the question." Hon. Mr. Foster never tried to play fast and loose with Temperance—that is a falsehood manufactured out of whole cloth. As to what Mrs. Yeomans did or said, it is a matter of indifference. Temperance people disagree occasionally, and even the leaders of the Reform party have been known to differ in matters of national importance. So with the Conservative party. But for goodness sake don't try to make out that every member of your party is a prohibitionist, Mr. *Tizer*; for it won't work. The people know better. Sir Richard Cartwright knows better. Dr. Landerkin knows better. Yes, and James Henry Little knows better!

The Chatsworth correspondent of the Owen Sound *Advertiser* would make a rather clever editorial writer, but as a reporter he is not a brilliant success. Take his last batch to the *Tizer* for instance, and we find him commencing to write up an item anent Rev. C. Chiniquy's lecture in Chatsworth recently. The beginning is quite newsy, and interesting, but after penning two or three sentences the writer suddenly breaks off into an editorial article of nearly three quarters of a column in length. Well written it is; but the presumption of trying to get into the editorial shoes is—well, rather cheeky.

HAMILTON SPECTATOR!

MORNING, EVENING, WEEKLY.

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One Dollar a Year.

Bright, Incisive, Able Editorials.
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Everything for Everybody.

The SPECTATOR never misses news, is never dull, and never shirks a public question. It is always clean and strong.

$1.00

Will purchase for you for a year the WEEKLY SPECTATOR, the best Conservative journal and the best weekly newspaper in Canada.

Unusually liberal commissions to agents.

Address THE SPECTATOR, Hamilton, Ont.

Our Township Fathers.

Council opened about eleven o'clock, a. m.

Reeve in the chair.

Member all present.

Minutes read and confirmed.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Wm. Wilson waited on Council re deviation of 10th con.

Boland, McArthur—That John Stedwell be paid $1.82 for gravel.—Carried.

Boland, Sharp—That the petition of A. Turner and Henry Hamilton, re H. Offleman and Miss Nethercote, indigents, be entertained and that they shall receive $3 each during the six winter months.—Carried.

Mr. Ginn waited on Council re arrearages of taxes.

Mr. T. Taylor waited upon Council anent a drain on 70 side road.

Messrs. M. Richardson and J. E. Moore waited on Council re the drain at the rear of the Lots west of Sydenham street.

Sharp, Cairns—That the Reeve issue an order for $2.50 to Samuel Irwin being for timber for Boyne bridge, also to Geo. Swanton $3 for repairing said bridge.—Carried.

Boland, Sharp—That Mr. Cairns be appointed to see after a culvert on 70 side road 1st N. T. & S. road, re Thos. Taylor.—Carried.

Boland, Sharp—That Jas. Stuart be paid $3, being Artemesia's equivalent for work done on the townline between Artemesia and Euphrasia.—Carried.

Christoe, McArthur—That Boland and Sharp be a committee to examine the roads on Smith's farm, on the 10th Con., as also the new road, and report to the Council at next session. The committee to examine to-morrow or day following.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That H. Cairns be paid on Valley Road 1½ days, $5, letting and inspecting bridge on Cameron's side road, $2, Miller's bridge letting and inspecting $2, on base line inspecting $1, letting and inspecting Eugenia bridge, 50 cent, total $10.50.—Carried.

Boland, Cairns—That the following accounts be paid—Catherine McArthur for gravel, certifyed by C. C. James, pathmaster, $2, Wm. Sharp for letting and inspecting jobs, $15, John McArthur for letting job to townline between Artemesia and Proton, $2, John Wright for building furnace, &c., $7.13, Reeve, Clerk and Assessor, selection of Jurors, $13, also this day's session of Council and indigents monthly allowance. Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That J. W. Armstrong be paid $15 in full of account rendered, and that this Council think it quite unnecessary for him to go personally to the bank or Treasurer for ordinary deposits or drafts, as we think the medium of express is sufficiently safe. But this does not interfere with necessary attendance yearly, to settle with or rearrange for deposits.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The ADVANCE from now till Jan. 1st, 1889 for 1 dollar.

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L. D. S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

OFFICES: Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT-CLERK, COMMISSIONER In B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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W. J. BELLAMY,

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 10th, 1886.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 142 West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

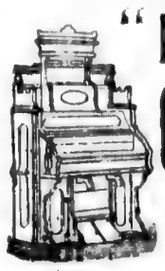

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Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

WHAT IS IT?

IT IS A FACT AND NO CONTROVERSY THAT JOHNSON'S

TONIC BITTERS

and NERVINE is the best remedy in the market for nervous diseases of any sort. Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Debility from loss of fluids or overwork, Paleness of Complexion so often seen in young females and all complaints arising from poverty of blood.

It is a fact and no gainsaying that JOHNSON'S TONIC LIVER PILLS are the very best in the market for diseases caused by Torpid Liver and derrangement of the Stomach or Kidneys.

It is a fact and no one will deny it that JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT is the best in the market for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Salt Rheum, Barbers Itch, Pimples and all Skin Disorders arising from scrofulous taint

W. S. CHRISTOE has been appointed Agent for the above and has them on sale at his Medical Hall, Flesherton. Try for yourselves and be satisfied.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to	4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to	0 75
Spring Wheat	0 75	0 75
Barley	0 60	0 68
Oats	0 29	0 29
Peas	0 56	0 56
Butter	0 18	0 20
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 50	5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00	8 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY— |—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

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MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

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COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

M. RICHARDSON & CO.,

FLESHERTON,

Have Special Drives to offer this Month in

Blankets,
Quilts,
Comforters,
Tickings and
Sheetings,

—And a Full Range of—

Hochelaga & St. Croix
Grey Cottons

SPECI'L GOOD VALUES

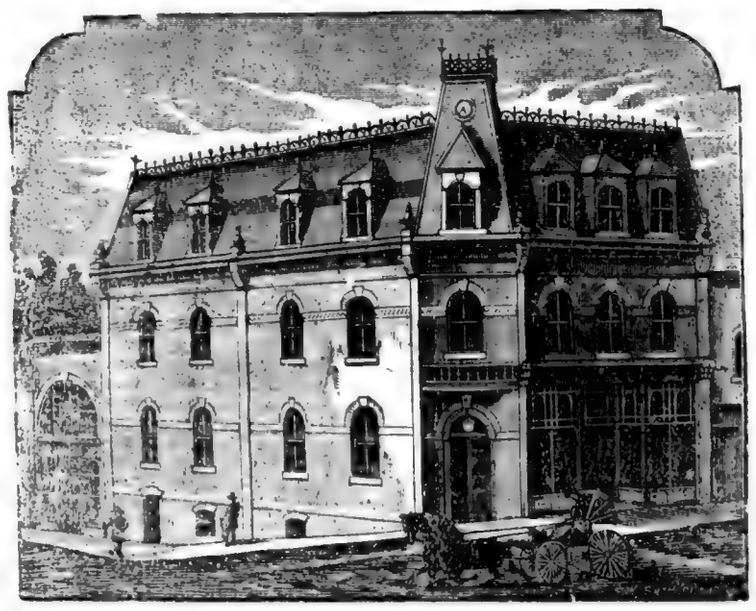

Fresh Consignments of

Gray Flannels,
Scarlet Flannels,
Fancy Stripe, 28 in.

JERSEY FLANNELS
15 Cents per yard.

Heavy All-Wool Checked
Flannel Druggets

AT MILL PRICES!

WE HAVE VERY CHOICE

PATTERNS IN CANADIAN & SCOTCH TWEEDS

Worsted Suitings and Overcoatings.

Our heavy PLAIN & CHECKED FULL CLOTHS are going out fast and will close out several lines this month at prices which cannot be repeated this season.

We Show Novelties IN Dress Goods

For this month, and full range of Colors in Plain Meltons. Silk Plushes in Plain & Check'd to Match all Dress Goods.

NEW MANTLE CLOTHS Imitation Persian Lamb, Sealettes, Ottomans Fancy Jersey, &c. Ready-Made Mantles Ulsters & Jackets in great variety of Style and Fabrics.

READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is replenished with a complete range of Mens and Boys Suits and Overcoats, FUR COATS and FUR MANTLES.

MILLINERY. All the Novelties and Newest Goods of the season. All shades in Millinery, Satins, Plushes, Velveteens, &c. New Hats and New Bonnets in endless variety.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Our stock is very large and well assorted. Mens and Boys Felt Boots, Felt Sox and Rubbers and Overshoes in all sizes; also a fine range of Womens, Misses and Childrens Overshoes. See our very comfortable and neat-fitting Cardigan Overshoes in Womens, Misses and Childrens sizes, just the thing for deep snow and inclement weather.

Teas! Teas! Fresh Fruits and Groceries.

More Fine China and Tea and Dinner Sets always selling, and always something new. 3 crates more just opened.

Another Car Load of COAL OIL, special quotations for quantities or per barrel.
GODERICH SALT, another Car Load, fresh filled barrels.

WANTED BUTTER, EGGS, GEESE, DUCKS, CHICKENS, TURKEYS, & ALL KINDS OF GRAIN, FARM PRODUCE BOUGHT FOR CASH.

Money to Loan at Lowest Current Rate.

M. RICHARDSON & CO.

THE IRISH TURMOIL.

Blunt's Trial—Important League Convention—Balfour's Work in Ireland.

A Dublin cable says: The trial of Sir Wilfrid Blunt, at Woodford, was resumed yesterday. Mr. Harrington, counsel for the defence, applied to the Court for a summons to compel the attendance of Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary, as a witness, in order to show whether any information had been sworn to as stated in the proclamation that the proposed meeting at Woodford last Sunday would lead to a breach of the peace. Mr. Renans, counsel for the prosecution, denied the right of the defence to ask what had happened in Council at Dublin. The Magistrate said Mr. Harrington's application was founded on the assumption that the statements in the proclamation were false, and the Court was not competent to decide the question. The hearing of the evidence was then resumed. The solicitor for the defence wade a formal affidavit in support of the application for the summoning of Mr. Balfour and the case was adjourned.

A Convention of the National League will open at Cardiff on Saturday next and will last three days. Commoners T. P. O'Connor, J. O'Connor Crelly, Foley and Biggar and a number of Welsh members will speak. The resolutions to be presented to the Convention declare that the meeting represents 2,000,000 of the Irish race settled in Great Britain, that "we believe that Ireland will never be peaceful and prosperous until she has control of her own affairs," and that "we will stand with the people at home until their rights are won."

Mr. Balfour's arrival in Dublin has already borne fruit at Woodford and elsewhere. Dublin Castle at one moment was actually in charge of a clerk in the Under-Secretary's office. Coercion in Mr. Balfour's hands will be no rosewater business. Lord Randolph Churchill's prediction at Stockton that Ireland would be got well in hand before next February expresses the real belief of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues. The suppression of the Woodford meeting shows how far they are ready to go. The Irish leaders meant this meeting as a challenge. They doubted whether the Government would venture to prevent an assemblage of the English Home Rule League addressed exclusively by Englishmen. They doubt no longer. They see the policy of repression and suppression is to be tried in grim earnest. Nor need either side regret that this question should be brought to a square issue. If Ireland can be governed from Dublin Castle, it will be governed this winter. If it cannot, so much stronger will be the argument for Home Rule.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: Mr. Gladstone on his way back to Hawarden, at Staleybridge, made a speech, in which he advised the people to settle the Irish question, otherwise no English business could be transacted in Parliament.

James Donnelly, the dynamiter, who was convicted in 1883 in Edinburgh, has died in Chatham prison of consumption.

Earl Spencer, speaking at Bedford to day, said there was no doubt that there were extreme men in both England and in Ireland, who were ready to commit dynamite outrages in order to effect their purpose; but nothing was more mischievous than to attempt to confuse the Irish in one body by mixing up the party of Parnell with the dynamiters. (Cheers.) He was happy to think such efforts had failed. The Parnellites had no greater enemies than O'Donovan Rossa and his crew. (Hear, hear.) If the Liberal policy of conciliation prevailed, it would end these abominable crimes, but if coercion prevailed for any length of time, he saw the greatest danger from secret societies reviving, and extremists with their dynamite coming to the front. The present Liberal policy was not founded on despair—unless it were despair of the old worn-out methods. It was a policy bright with hope in the future, and with confidence in the result of reliance on the Irish people in throwing upon them the responsibility of governing their own country. (Cheers.)

FIENDS UNHUNG.

A Young Girl's Terrible Experience in the Wisconsin Lumber Woods.

A Chicago despatch says: Some time ago Julia Howdan, of this city, a pretty young woman, saw an advertisement in a paper for a girl to do housework in the country, and answered it. She met a woman who gave the name of Cassidy, and was taken by her to Marinette, Wis. At the station Mrs. Cassidy took a carriage and they drove into the country. They stopped at what looked like a farmhouse. Julia went to bed and when she awoke next day she found she had been dressed in short skirts and gaudy hosiery and heard a dance going on downstairs, where there were a number of other girls similarly attired. She tried to escape but was kept a close prisoner for two weeks. She finally got out and reached home yesterday morning. Later in the day she met Mrs. Cassidy on the street and had her arrested. In court Miss Howdan repeated her story in detail. She said that one night she escaped from the den to the woods. Dogs were put on her track and a party of men caught her and dragged her back to the house. Once when she was sick Mike Leahy, the keeper of the place, compelled her to saw wood all day. She told her story to two of the rough woodmen whom she was compelled to entertain and they helped her to escape. Mrs. Cassidy was held for trial.

Schools Closed for Want of Coal.

A Springfield, Ill., despatch says: On account of the scarcity of coal, caused by the strike of the coal miners in this district, the public schools were to-day compelled to close. The price of anthracite coal has advanced $1 per ton, and a 100 per cent. advance in bituminous coal is predicted. A few days of cold weather will cause a shortage of fuel among private consumers, which will undoubtedly result in a vigorous howl. Some of the mines are still being worked, but the coal pool will not receive any orders from private consumers.

In the midst of a driving snowstorm Judge Angers was sworn in at Quebec yesterday afternoon, and inaugurated his reign as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The ceremony was of a more than usually imposing character, and attracted a considerable attendance. A largely attended levee and state dinner followed the swearing in.

THE FISH DISPUTE.

What West and Others Think of Chamberlain's Appointment.

A Washington (D.C.) despatch says: Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has notified Sir Lionel Sackville West that he intends to sail for America to-day. Mr. West is a diplomat. He says that it "amuses him to hear and read of the opposition to Chamberlain." Mr. West is not so well pleased over the outlook as he would appear to be. On the contrary, he is very much dissatisfied with Chamberlain's appointment. No man knows better than the British Minister that there are not ten Senators among the seventy-six in the United States Senate who would dare to vote for any measure which may be opposed by any considerable number of Irish American citizens. Mr. West also relates fully the very unpleasant "hole" into which he is thrust by the appointment of Chamberlain upon the same commission with himself. But Mr. West is too well versed in diplomatic etiquette to suggest to his Government that the gentleman who has been selected as his superior on the commission is unfit for the place. The situation is unfortunate, to put it mildly. In the first place, Congress set the seal of its disapproval upon the idea of a commission so emphatically last winter that there can be no possible hope of the approval of any measure in the House if the terms of the forthcoming convention are such as to require the sanction of that branch. Even if it does not affect the revenues, and can therefore go into effect with the approval of the Senate alone, it is destined to meet with but poor support in that body. One of the best posted men in the Upper House said to-day: "I am exceedingly sorry to learn that the President has decided not to interfere in the appointment of the British Commissioners. The sentiment of more than half the Senate is opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's position upon the Irish question, and the others are generally inclined in a lesser degree to take the same views. Every Irish society in the United States will in all probability oppose any measure in which Chamberlain has a hand. Couple with this state of affairs the fact that the Senate is opposed to the settlement of differences through a joint commission, and it will readily be seen that any treaty which may be negotiated will have a very slim chance of ratification. I have no idea that anything can be accomplished by this commission as it is at present constituted." Messrs. Angell and Putnam, the American members of the commission, have returned to Washington, and are in frequent consultation with Secretary Bayard regarding the approaching negotiations. The English commissioners are expected here about the end of the first week in November. Instructions will be given to the U. S. Customs offices to extend to them the courtesies usually accorded visiting diplomats in the matter of free admission of personal effects, etc. It is the present intention to have the negotiators meet in the Department Building, and the large room near the Secretary's office, known as the diplomatic reception-room, will be set apart for their consultations.

ALLEGED MIRACULOUS RECOVERY

Strange but Well-Authenticated Case of a Michigan Lady.

A Corunna, Mich., despatch says: There has been considerable excitement here over a so-called miracle which occurred to Mrs Andrew Eldridge, wife of a respectable man living for many years in this city. In nearly her own words the following is her version of the matter as given:

"I have been sick for years. Two years ago this month I suffered a stroke of paralysis of the entire right side, including both extremities. For ninety-eight days I was blind and speechless. I was always a believer in the Word of God, and that He was willing and able to heal my body. On Wednesday, the 12th inst., at about 11.30 a.m., I called upon God to either take me to Himself or heal my bodily infirmities as was best. I was lying on my right side and could not move over. God made known to me that he was willing to save me then, and I at once repeated the verse from His Word, 'Whosoever believeth on me,' etc., aloud and sat up in the bed, my husband supporting me. I arose and walked. To God alone be the glory.

"My mind was failing; now it is as good as ever. Since that day I have not taken one drop of medicine, and am each day growing stronger, and fully believe I am healed by the power and goodness of God alone. I will praise Him forever. Amen and amen."

A well-known physician says: "I have no comments to make, but I think Mrs. Eldridge is cured, and I have no doubt of her sanity or her firm belief in the interposition of God in her behalf."

Congregationalists and Union.

A Kingston despatch says: The Eastern Association of Congregational Ministers closed its session yesterday. Among the resolutions passed was the following: "That this association having had their attention called to certain proposals with a view to Christian union, emanating from the Provincial Synod of the Episcopal Church, they would place on record their warm approval of every wise movement towards such a union of all Christian Churches, but they consider that no proposal can be seriously entertained that is not based on a hearty recognition of the validity of the ordination of ministers of other communions. They further consider that the greatest hindrance to the success of such a movement lies in the exclusiveness of the clergy of the Episcopal Church (with a few honorable exceptions), manifested in their refusal to exchange pulpit services or to co-operate in general religious work with ministers of other denominations in the land."

Of a Similar Flavor.

Mrs. Waldo, of Boston (who is entertaining young Mr. Wabash, of Chicago)—I have a treat for you to-day, Mr. Wabash, in the way of some broiled bivalves. My husband is very fond of them.

Young Mr. Wabash (trying one)—They are certainly delicious, Mrs. Waldo. They taste something like oysters.

The late Richard Quain left nearly his entire fortune, amounting to $375,000, to University College, London.

THE DYNAMITE STORY.

Movements of Millen and Melville—Conspiracies to Assassinate.

A London cable says: An inquest was held yesterday on the dynamiter who died of consumption in his lodging house on Lambeth road. The deceased came from America a short time ago, and was seen in frequent communication with members of the Clan-na-Gael, including Melville, the principal agent in London. The revolver found in the deceased's lodging bears a number showing it to have been issued by the Clan-na-Gael. One of the witnesses called to establish his identity was a member of the same body named Hawkins, who with deceased was lately shown around the House of Commons by Mr. Joseph Nolan, a member of the Parnellite party. In the possession of Hawkins the police found a newspaper cutting announcing that Mr. Balfour, the Irish Chief Secretary, was to address an open air demonstration of Conservatives in Birmingham on November 2nd. It is believed a plot exists to attempt Mr. Balfour's murder on that occasion. The Chief Secretary is, therefore, being closely guarded night and day.

A London cable says: In reference to the statement of Commissioner Monro, of the detective department, at the inquest over the body of Cohen, the alleged dynamiter, yesterday, that Gen. Millen, the head of the Clan-Na-Gael Society, was in London during the Jubilee, the police state that Millen has never set foot in England. They say he resided at Boulogne and Paris. A detective called on him at Boulogne before the Jubilee celebration and warned him that he knew of the plot against the Queen. Millen then fled to Paris. From there he went to Brussels, then to Rotterdam and from that city to Amsterdam. At the latter place he took passage, with his wife and daughter, on the 22nd of this month, on steamer Edam for New York. With regard to Melville, the London agent of the society, the police say that when he arrived in London he took lodgings in a mean quarter in Gladstone street, and was in impecunious circumstances. Melville had visited Joseph Nolan, Irish member of Parliament, in company with Michael Hawkins. Both Melville and Hawkins had been seen in Cohen's company. Melville went to Paris and saw Dennehey and Maloney, who sailed for America on Aug. 17th. Dennehey is a member of the Clan-Na-Gael Society and resides in Brooklyn. Melville returned to London in a more prosperous condition. He lived at the Metropole Hotel and spent money freely. He was constantly in the company of a Miss Kennedy, with whom he travelled through Ireland and then to Paris. They lived in grand style. In Paris he called on General Millen at the Hotel du Palais. Melville finally sailed from Havre on Sept. 17th for New York. Miss Kennedy accompanied him. On reaching New York Miss Kennedy was arrested for smuggling. Burchall's address in Philadelphia is 2,521 North Sixth street. The police claim to have proof against him and Hawkins, but it is not known what they will do now that Melville has fled. Melville's address is "Care of Moroney, 925 Tenth avenue, New York."

Mr. Joseph Nolan, M.P., denies emphatically that he has any knowledge of dynamiters. He says he believes a base attempt has been made to implicate him with such persons. The inquest and proceedings in the Cohen case, in his opinion, had been designed to assist the nefarious policy of the Government.

Spurgeon Quits the Baptist Union.

A London cable says: Mr. Spurgeon has withdrawn from the Baptist Union. In announcing his decision to withdraw and replying to his critics he says: "To pursue union at the expense of the truth is treason to Jesus. To tamper with His doctrine is to become traitors to Him. We have before us the wretched spectacle of professedly orthodox Christians publicly avowing union with those who deny the faith, calling the fall of man a fable and denying the personality of the Holy Ghost." Replying to the question why he does not start a new denomination, he says it is a question for which he has no liking; that there are enough denominations already, and that if another were formed the thieves and robbers who have entered the other gardens walled around would enter it also, so nothing would be gained. Baptists generally regret Mr. Spurgeon's decision, and are urging him to reconsider it.

Judge O'Connor at Cornwall.

A Cornwall despatch says: Judge O'Connor has been suffering for some time from a severe cold and cough complicated by dyspepsia and insomnia. The travelling and work on circuit have prevented his getting needful rest and treatment, but he is now much better and is rapidly gaining strength. At the assizes yesterday Joseph Charlebois was charged with shooting Osborne Simpson in the arm and leg at the hotel of M. Bisner in the village of Alexandria last fall. The defence was that Charlebois was protecting the hotel against a mob, and that Simpson was shot by a misconception or accident. Verdict not guilty. Mrs. Julia Lalonde brought an action against D. Dereck, postmaster at Glenwalter, to recover damages for indecent assault. The jury were of opinion that it was a case of blackmail and they found a verdict for the defendant.

An Inter-Provincial Ploughing Match.

A Montreal despatch says: The awards in the County of Hochelaga Agricultural Society's annual ploughing match were only made known at a late hour yesterday. In the senior class there were thirty-seven entries, including several ploughmen from Ontario. The first prize was awarded to Adam Hood, of the township of Scarborough, who wins the handsome gold medal presented by Mr. Hugh Paton, Master of the Montreal Hunt, and $75. Second prize was won by Wm. Milliken, of the township of Markham, Ont., and third by Thomas McLean, of township of Vaughan, Ont., with Amile Delorme, of the county of Hochelaga, fourth. In the young ploughman's class the first four prizes were won by Quebec men, the fifth being won by Ar. McPhail, of Dundas county, Ont. The ploughing was unusually good.

—Wm. A. Woodhouse, who was arrested here for horse-stealing and taken to Simcoe for trial, was Friday sentenced to serve twelve months in Central Prison.

A DIABOLICAL PLOT.

A Brooklyn Lady Fatally Injured by the Explosion of a Package—Her Little Boy Badly Hurt.

A New York despatch says: About 10 o'clock on Friday night a young man, aged about 21 years, dressed in the garb of an American District Telegraph messenger, presented himself at the residence of Mr. Joseph Weischler, of the dry goods firm of Weischler & Abrahams, of Brooklyn, at 329 Washington avenue, in that city. To the servant who opened the door he handed a small package addressed to Mr. Weischler. That gentleman not being home, the package was carried to Mrs. Weischler. On opening it she found two small boxes, one of which was made of paper and the other of wood. The latter had a sliding top and she attempted to open it. She had only pulled the top a little when there was a sudden explosion, and she sprang to her feet screaming with pain, while her boy joined her with his cries. The servants rushed into the room and found Mrs. Weischler in a terrible condition. Her face and hand were badly lacerated and she was almost blinded. The boy, too, was rolling about the floor in agony from the pain caused by lacerations of his face and hands. An examination showed that the faces of Mrs. Weischler and her son were filled with small pices of metal which had been driven into them by force of the explosion. The boy, while painfully hurt, is not considered to be in any danger, but in the case of Mrs. Weischler it is feared that lockjaw may set in and that her death is certain. The most careful and minute examination failed to disclose any trace of the explosion, and the police are unable to say or even to guess what it was. There was no sign of any machinery to have worked an explosion, and none of the little bits of metal about similar to those which were driven into the face of Mrs. Weischler and her son. Where the explosives and the pieces of metal were kept is a thorough puzzle. The only reasonable explanation offered was that some new kind of chemical compound had been used, which, occupying a small space, has tremendous force and is exploded by a slight friction. The boxes will be thoroughly and carefully examined by experts, and it is possible that something may yet be found which will lead to the discovery of just what the explosive was.

Anti-Scott Fire Bugs.

A Peterboro' despatch says: Very recently the residence of Wm. Yelland, in the heart of the town, and the Rev. Mr. Tovell's parsonage and Mr. Rossiter's—the latter being a Scott Act informer—were set on fire by having kerosene distributed freely over the verandah and front door, and last night similar treatment was given to Dr. Fife, President of the Scott Act Association. Dr. Fife has offered a reward of $200 and the Mayor $500 for the conviction of the person or persons guilty of committing the act. The inspector has been fining the hotels to a very considerable extent lately. Over $5,000 has been taken from the violators of the Scott Act since the 1st of January last, and the opponents of the Act have now become exasperated, having been convicted so recently, and these fires are supposed to be the result of their wrath. The damage to all the properties is fully covered by insurance.

The Ottawa Elopement.

An Ottawa despatch says: The outcome of the recent sensational elopement from this city is as follows: Messrs. Gormally & Sinclair give notice that William Henry Middleton, of Ottawa, will apply to Parliament next session for a bill of divorce from his wife, Mary Froude Middleton, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Mr. Fenwick Hamilton, accused of eloping with Mrs. Middleton, is at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, and says he shall sue all the papers which maligned him.

A Montreal despatch says: Mrs. Middleton has telegraphed a local paper to contradict the report concerning the elopement, it being entirely false. "I am here for the purpose of procuring a divorce. Please contradict any statements concerning Mr. Hamilton relative to my affairs. If you do this for me you will greatly oblige.—Yours truly (signed) MARY F. MIDDLETON."

Important Legal Decision.

A Cornwall despatch says: A somewhat new point of practice in criminal cases was developed at the Assizes here. An indictment for assault occasioning bodily harm was being tried before Judge O'Connor. Under such an indictment the defendant cannot be sworn as a witness. At the conclusion of the trial His Lordship, instead of charging the jury in the ordinary way, directed them simply to find whether bodily harm had been occasioned to the prosecution. They found that it had not. This finding reduced the case to one of common assault. The defendant was thereupon sworn and gave evidence, this being allowed in the cases of common assault or assault and battery. Daniel McCourt was the defendant and Mrs. McWhinney the prosecutrix. The matter arose out of a row between neighbors. McCourt was acquitted.

Reckless Extravagance.

You will find Scotchmen where you'll find anybody. Of course everybody knows that. And just at present in San Francisco we can't say that a Scotchman wants nerve or backbone, for there's one of them at the head of the grand jury. They tell a story of a Scotchman who died and went to heaven. St. Peter opened the gate, and he saw the streets paved with gold and the mansions in the skies.

"What do you think of it?" asked St. Peter.

"Weel, I'm a stranger here, an' I dinna ken if I've any richt tae cresticize, but I'm thinkin' a' this is fair extravagance."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

For the past week the surplus grain crop of Manitoba has been exported at an average rate of 105 cars a day. The total export is now expected to reach ten million bushels.

Sir Adam Wilson, Chief Justice of Ontario, has resigned. His resignation takes effect from November 14th.

Bishop Walsh, of London, Ont., is about to visit Rome on official business.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

The Warrant for John Bunyan's Arrest Found Among Some Old Family Papers.

Everybody who has read or has heard read in childhood, as the majority have, John Bunyan's story of his dream of the Pilgrim's Progress will be interested to learn that the warrant for his imprisonment has been discovered among the papers of the descendants of one of Bunyan's fellow victims. The following is the story, as told in the London *Times*, of the discovery, and the text of the warrant:

On the accession of the Danby Ministry, the policy of toleration towards Nonconformists was reversed by proclamation dated February 3rd, 1674-5, all conventicles were suppressed, and all licenses to preach withdrawn. Bunyan was left at the mercy of his enemies, who struck at him with all possible speed.

The movers would be Sir W. Beecher, an M.P. for the borough, Sir George Blundell, and Dr. Foster, Chancellor of Lincoln, three of the magistrates connected with the first imprisonment—bitter harassers of Dissenters. All three had distrained for fines, and Foster, as Commissary of the Archdeaconry Court, had in the year 1668-9 alone inflicted 1,400 of these fines. They collected a strong bench—Sir John Napier, M.P. for the county, six baronets and seven minor luminaries—and under their hands and seals was issued the following warrant:

To the constables of Bedford and to every of them:

J Napier — Whereas information and complaint is made unto us that (notwithstanding the Kings Majties late Act of most gratious goodwill and free pardon to all his subjects for past misdemeanorus that by his said clementie and indulgent guard and favor they might bee mooved and induced for the time to come more carefully to observe his Highness lawes and Statutes and to continue in theire loyall and due obedience to his Majtie) Yett one John Bunnyon of ye said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one month last past in contempt of his Majtie good Lawes preached or teached at a Conventicle Meeting or Assembly under color or ptence of exercice of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practiss of the Church of England These are therein his Majties name to comand you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunnion before us or any of us or other his Majties Justice of Peace within the said County to answer the premisses and further to doo and receave as to Lawe and Justice shall appertaine and hereof you are not to faile Given under our handes and seales this flourthth day of March in the seven and twentieth yeare of the Raigne of our most gracious Soveraigne Lord King Charles the Second.

W Beecher
G Blundell
Hum: Monoux
Will Franklin
John Ventris

Ao que Dne jubta gr 1674
Will Spenour
Will Gery St. Jo Chernoke Wm Daniels
T Browne W Foster
Gatus Squire

The document is so little thumbed or soiled that it cannot have been long in a constable's horny palm. The sufferer was not far to seek. He may even have done now as he did on his first arrest—gone to the constable's house to surrender. With him it was but simple duty. He did not dream of the great and noble use to which he was to turn his captivity nor that he himself would live to see some of the gain to religion and literature to ensue from it. It only remains briefly to indicate how this unknown and unsuspected treasure has been preserved to us, and Mr. Thompson permits me to say that he considers my account of it as reasonable and probable. Among the ministers ejected for Nonconformity in 1662 was one Ichabod Chauncy a son of Charles Chauncy, President of Harvard College. He settled at Bristol as a physician, sparing time to give valuable help to the harassed Dissenters, especially in defending those prosecuted under the Acts relating to religion. He was styled their "Attorney-General," and as such prosecuted and exiled with forfeit of land and goods in 1686. He would have much to do with the success of Bushell's case at the end of 1670, where the full Court of Common Pleas held that a juryman could not be fined nor imprisoned on the ground that his verdict was against evidence or the direction of the judge. As the persons acquitted were William Penn and Mead, Bushell was considered as a second Hampden, and his case would be green early in 1675. It may well be that Bunyan's friends would forward this warrant to their champion in the hope that some use might be made of the very short month between the date of the proclamation (before which there was no legal offence) and the date of the warrant. However, the intervention of the Bishop of Lincoln would soon be known, the sufferer was released in six months, and the warrant would pass into the good physician's pigeon-holes, where it would remain until it passed, with some documents derived from his father, into the hands of his grandson, Dr. Charles Chauncy, by whose family, I am informed by their solicitors, Messrs. Maples, Teesdale & Co., they have now been sold.

A Mormon M.P.

Mr. Stenhouse, member of the British Columbia Legislature for Comox, has resigned his seat, and the Victoria *Standard* observes: "What object he can have in leaving the political field we are at a loss to conjecture, except it is, as rumored, that he has become thoroughly imbued with the religion of the Latter Day Saints and intends to take up his abode with them."

A Philosopher

Young Dempsey has been jilted in love, but he takes it philosophically, as a sensible young man should. "There is one thing about it," he remarked, confidentially, to a friend the other day, "love's labor is never lost. If a fellow saves up his money for the sake of a girl and doesn't get the girl, he has the money."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Henry A. Robinson, a famous dealer in sporting goods, says that Mexico buys more pistols than all the United States put together. The pet pistols there are of the biggest size and calibre.

The case of Gilmour vs. Paradis, which a short time ago excited so much comment from the newspapers, has been appealed by the Gilmours to the Privy Council in England, and will come up for a hearing next spring, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., for the plaintiffs Gilmour & Co.

HE ROBBED HIS BOSS.

Mr. J. C. Rykert Swindled Out of $6,800 by a Dishonest Clerk—"Mort" Burtch Profits by His Tuition Under the Great Boodler.

A startling rumor is current upon the streets of St. Catharines regarding the escapade of a student in Messrs. Rykert & Ingersoll's office named Mort. Burtch, son of Joshua Burtch, who resides on the Great Western Hill, near the city. It seems that Mr. Rykert received two drafts yesterday morning for $3,800 and $3,000 respectively. The former was made on the Quebec Bank, Thorold, and the other on the Bank of Toronto, this city. He desired Burtch to proceed to Thorold and cash the draft drawn upon the bank there, and deposit the proceeds, together with the draft upon the Bank of Toronto, to his account at the Imperial Bank. Burch went to Thorold as directed and secured the $3,800 and then proceeded to the Bank of Toronto and endeavored to cash the other draft. Mr. Leitch, the pay clerk, offered to cash the draft in notes of small denomination, but these Burtch refused to accept, and left. There is little doubt that he succeeded in getting larger notes elsewhere, else he would have taken the $5 bills tendered. This occurred at about 2.30 yesterday afternoon, since which time nothing has been seen of the young man or the money. . Every possible effort was made this morning to ascertain Burtch's whereabouts. Finally Mr. Art. Camp, another student in Mr. Rykert's office, was sent to Lockport to find the young man if possible and procure all or a part of the funds. Young Burtch was in the habit of going to Lockport to visit friends every few weeks, and this is why he is supposed to have gone there now. The offence is not an extraditable one, and if Burtch chooses to hang on to his ill-gotten gains and remains under the protection of the United States the law cannot touch him.

A hundred photographs of the fugitive have been struck off and sent to the Chiefs of Police of the different American cities. The police here have the matter in hand, but the St. Catharines police are not very well up in this work. There is not much chance of there accomplishing much.

Obituary.

A Vienna despatch says Johannes Rodge, the chief founder of the German Catholic party, is dead.

A Philadelphia despatch says Thomas M. Coleman, for more than 25 years city editor of the *Ledger*, died yesterday.

Rev. Philibert Rey, Catholic chaplain in Penetanguishene Reformatory, died there yesterday, aged 54 years.

John B. Cornell, head of the well-known firm of J. B. & J. M. Cornell, the New York iron founders, died yesterday morning.

The death is announced of Rev. Mr. Logie, Presbyterian minister of Valetta, Ontario.

The winds of October have this year proved unusually fatal to London millionaires. The late Hugh McCalmont, banker, who died last week at his house in Grosvenor Place, was one of the richest men in London. Now Baron Herman de Stein has also passed away. Mr. McCalmont's fortune will probably exceed £4,000,000. In his lifetime he gave the late Lord Cairns £100,000 on his becoming Lord Chancellor and is said to have given him a similar sum afterward. He bequeaths about £3,000,000 to a nephew, Mr. McCalmont, a popular subaltern in the Scots Guards, with a weakness for boating, subject to an income till he is 27, while the capital still further fructifies. He gives £100,000 to St. George's Hospital, close to his house, but nothing at all to the present Lord Cairns, whose marriage to Miss Olive Berens will take place at the end of next month or the beginning of December. Baron Herman de Stein, who died in his 63rd year on Thursday, at Hyde Park Gate, has, like Mr. McCalmont, left a fortune of several millions. He was the head of the financial houses in Angel Court which floated successfully a half dozen foreign loans. He did for Portugal what Mr. McCalmont did for America, and was made a baron by the grateful king of that country. He gave large sums to all Jewish charities. He gave his daughter as a marriage portion nearly half a million when she married Sir David Solomon.

The Birthplace of Bonanzas.

The site of the old Con. Virginia mill is to be used henceforth as a dump for waste rock, the mill having been torn down and removed elsewhere. Perhaps there is not another mill in the world that has turned into the coffers of commerce so many dollars as this one has. From beneath its stamps Mackay picked up, it is said, $50,000,000, and Fair, Flood and O'Brien each nearly as much. Hundreds of others were made enormously rich and thousands of miners and employees have received excellent wages for a number of years. Now the mill is pulled down and the site used for a waste dump. "To what base uses do we come at last!"—*Reno (Nev.) Gazette.*

She Knew Her Mamma.

"Pa, won't you give me a new dress? I want one so much."

"I'll speak to your mother about it."

The child's wistful expression was turned into disappointment.

"Surely, mamma will know if it's necessary."

"Yes," replied the child, demurely, "I suppose so. But when you speak to her touch her easy papa, or she might want one for herself."

In Need of the Money.

Manitoba settlers are agitated over an announcement by the Interior Department at Ottawa that all money due on pre-emptions must be paid before the end of December or the entries will be cancelled.

A Cool Tramp.

A tramp coolly walked into a Brantford hotel and without consulting the landlord selected one of the best rooms and went to bed, and was wrapped in a sweet sleep when he was discovered and ejected.

G'adstone is a firm believer in the good of athletics, and his son, Herbert Gladstone, is the President of a National Physical Recreation Society that has recently been organized in Liverpool.

OUR BOUNDARY LINES.

How Canada is Divided from the United States.

(Golden Days, U. S.)

A glance at the map of the United States shows that its boundary adjoining Canada follows, the larger part of the distance, an irregular waterline formed by the great lakes and their outlets.

Thence from the Lake of the Woods, on the north of Minnesota, a more direct course is taken through the wilderness and over the mountains of the wild west to the Pacific coast.

This boundary between the countries is marked at regular intervals by pillars of wood and iron, earth mounds or stone cairns.

Beginning at the Lake of the Woods, cast-iron pillars have been placed alternately by the English and our Government, one mile apart, until reaching the Red River valley.

Those set by our neighbor were brought from over the ocean, while ours were made in Detroit. They are a hollow casting of a pyramidal form eight feet in height, having a base eight inches square and octagon flange one inch in thickness, with a top four inches square, surmounted by a solid cap.

Into these hollow posts are fitted well-seasoned cedar joists, with spikes driven through apertures made for that purpose in the casting. One half of the length of the pillars are firmly imbedded in the ground, so that the inscription on their sides, in raised letters two inches high, face the north and south, the first reading "Convention of London," the latter "October 20, 1818."

Beyond the Red River, earth mounds and stone cairns seven feet by eight generally denote the boundary line. Whenever wooden posts are used they are of the same height as the iron pillars and painted red above the ground.

Through forests a clearing has been made a rod wide, so that the course is plainly indicated. Where bodies of water are crossed monuments of stone have been raised several feet above high tide.

Over the mountains shafts of granite like grim sentinels guard the way. Altogether the fixing of the boundary marks was expensive, but it was well done.

The Canadian Northwest.

McGarigle, the escaped Chicago boodler, is said to be in the city, although there is no certainty as to his whereabouts. A man answering McGarigle's description arrived here on Tuesday evening and was seen in conversation with the police. The latter, however, refuse to talk on the subject.

Stringency in the money market in the east has extended to Manitoba, and all banks are now raising their rates of interest. The general impression here is that the *Globe* was right in its intimation that the Bank of Montreal was trying to block the sale of the Red River bonds by drawing from circulation $3,000,000.

A rich find in anthracite coal has been made in Crow's Nest Pass, just beyond the summit of the Rockies. Twenty men are now developing it. The coal is said to be equal to the Banff anthracite, and there are unlimited quantities of it.

A Triumph of Journalism.

We begin the publication ov *The Rocy Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistaix will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) *The Cyclone* whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphair.—*Rocy Mountain Cyclone.*

Tricycling 2,200 Miles.

An American and his wife, writes a correspondent, Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Lewis, of Philadelphia, on a tandem tricycle, have since Jubilee day travelled all over the south of England; and then, from Dieppe, ridden to Geneva, by way of Rouen, Paris and Dijon, thence over the St. Gothard to Milan, by way of the lakes; back over the Splugen, by easy stages through Switzerland, down the Rhine from its source to the sea; around Holland, only ending their trip of 2,200 miles in Brussels because they found themselves riding, not on the rubber, but on the steel rims of their wheels, the tires being entirely worn out.—*Paris News.*

A Boom in South Africa.

"Twelve months ago," says the *Cape Argus*, "Johannesburg had no existence beyond the ten shanties of prospectors. To-day Johannesburg is as much a town as anything we have to show. It has its wide streets, its hotels, its five newspapers and it is peopled with some of the most energetic and buoyant people in South Africa. In no country has there ever been an example of a new centre of industry more rapidly establishing itself and impressing itself upon the public mind as one of the permanent features of the country."

He Might Have Been Saved.

Doctor—You see, wifey, dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all; a very critical case I can tell you!

His wife—Yes, dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier. I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved.

Father and Daughter.

A young woman giving testimony in a case at Lunenburg, N. S., said: "I do not respect my father more than I would an old dog, because he beat me with a board five feet long."

The London *Standard* advises the people of British Columbia not to breed rabbits, and points to the plague those animals have become in New South Wales.

It is expected that most of the members of the English Peace Commission will meet in Washington on Saturday to arrange for presenting the address on behalf of international arbitration to President Cleveland.

ODD EXPRESSIONS.

How Some Quaint Popular Expressions Came Into Use.

Dido, Queen of Tyre, about seven centuries before Christ, after her husband had been put to death by her brothers, fled from that city and established a colony on the north coast of Africa. Having bargained with the natives for as much land as could be surrounded with a bull's hide, she cut the hide into narrow strips, tied them together and claimed the land that could be surrounded by the line thus made. She was allowed to have her way; and now when one plays a sharp trick, he is said to "cut a dido."

A tailor of Samarcand, Asia, who lived on a street leading to the burying ground, kept near his shop an earthen pot, in which he was accustomed to deposit a pebble whenever a body was carried by to its final resting place. Finally the tailor died, and seeing his shop deserted a person inquired what had become of its former occupant. "He has gone to pot himself," was the reply by one of the deceased's neighbors.

During a battle between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out, "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along," said the officer. "He won't let me," was the response. Investigation proved that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not allow him to move. So "catching a tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

Latest Scottish News.

On the 6th of October Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay-Carnegie, Kinblethmont, Forfarshire, were on the occasion of their silver wedding presented by their servants with a silver epergne.

On returning from Balmoral the Queen will stop at Edinburgh to unveil the memorial to the late Duke of Buccleuch in Parliament Square. Her Majesty is expected to remain over night at Holyrood Palace.

Mr. George Johnston, head gardener at Glamis Castle for the last twenty-eight years, died at Edinburgh on the 30th of September.

Mr. James Moir, bank agent, Portsoy, died on the 3rd of October, aged 75 years. He was an enterprising agriculturist, beside doing much to develop railway communication along the coast. He was hon. colonel of the local Artillery Volunteers.

The Queen has approved of Mr. Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Inverness in place of the late Lord Lovat.

The ancient Town Cross of Stonehaven, which has stood for ages near the steeple, and which was certainly a hoary relic of ancient times long before the steeple was erected, after having fallen into disrepair, has been renewed by Mrs. Knowles, wife of Baillie Knowles, as her Jubilee gift.

Signs of an early and severe winter are noted in all parts of Scotland.

Mr. W. B. Dunbar, Procurator-Fiscal, Dundee, died suddenly at his residence on the 14th of October.

It has been decided to hold at Edinburgh next year an exhibition of relics of Queen Mary.

On the 6th of October Rev. Dr. William Peddie, Edinburgh, entered the sixtieth year of his ministry. His father—Rev. Dr. James Peddie—had attained when he died the 63rd year of his ministry over the same congregation, Bristo U. P. Church.

The hotel on the summit of Ben Nevis has now been closed for the season. Upwards of 4,000 ascended between the 1st of April and the 30th of September.

Mr. W. B. Masson (late of the Inverness telegraph office) has been appointed Foreign Secretary to the Engineering Bureau, and instructor in the Telegraph College at Tokio, Japan.

Mrs. Alex. Carlyle, niece of Thomas Carlyle, has since June of the present year sent down to the birthplace of her illustrious uncle at Ecclefechan several interesting relics from the house in Cheyne Row. On a wall of the apartment in which Carlyle was born hangs the old Dutch clock from the Chelsea kitchen; and in the room there is also a chair from the drawing-room, a reading-table and reading-lamp and shade, a tobacco-cutter from Carlyle's bed-room cupboard, and a medallion of Sartor as he appeared about 1854. Mrs. Gourlay, the tenant, takes great pleasure in showing to strangers what is perhaps the most impressive birthplace of a hero to be seen in Scotland.

The epidemic of measles is assuming serious aspects in Eriskay, Barra and Minglay islands. In Eriskay whole families are down with the disease, and some very distressing cases have occurred in that island.

The late Rev. J. Sharp, of Aberdalgie, was the oldest member of the Perth Presbytery; he was born in 1800.

Mr. T. L. Galbraith, Sheriff and Commissary Clerk, Stirling, has one way and another over £2,166 of an income, exclusive of private practice and conveyancer.

Besides the peerages enjoyed by the descendants of MacCallum More there are no fewer than twenty-eight Campbells in Scotland, each possessing 5,000 acres and upwards; and the total extent of their estates is 538,891 acres.

Among the records of Castle Mona, Isle of Man, was a decree printed in black letters, by which it was ordained that if a man was proved to have wronged a maid the Deemster was to hand her an axe, a rope and a ring, that she might deal with the recalcitrant lover. She had the choice to behead him with the axe, to hang him with the rope, or marry him with the ring. Tradition says the maids were usually lenient.

A few months ago Prof. Fife, Aberdeen, presented to the Established Kirk, Carmyllie, a harmonium. A Carmyllie ploughman's wife went to church to hear it. Immediately when the blessing was said she hurried out in case her young child should be out of temper. In the afternoon a neighbor asked her how she liked the music. She said: "I liked it brawley, but the best o' it was to come when I left. for juist as I cam' oot at the door they began to play 'Pop Goes the Weasel.'"

—American Thanksgiving Day will be November 24th.

A collision between the Federal and State authorities is imminent in California over the eviction of sheep herders and settlers from the Round Valley Indian Reservation.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

AN OLD SUBJECT.

A small American damsel of 4 years being once chided by a grown-up sister for talking of marriage—with the admonition that little girls should not think of getting married—replied, with the utmost amazement at her elder sister's ignorance: "Why, I thought about it when I was only 2!"—*Troy Times.*

A ROUGH TRANSLATION.

The father of a little 3-year-old Boston boy is travelling in the South, and in a recent letter home said that, learning that Georgie had not been a good boy during his absence, he would square accounts with him on his return. The mother read that part of the letter to the youthful misdemeanorist, and the latter subsequently told a neighbor what the father had written. "What did your father mean?" asked the neighbor. "A spankin', I 'spec'," was the reply.—*Boston Budget.*

APPROVED AND ADOPTED.

A Hartford youngster goes to church where the concluding amen of the parson's prayer is sung by the choir. The other night, after he had said his prayers, he produced a harmonica from beneath his pillow and astonished his mother by blowing a blast where the amen came in, remarking, "That's the way we do in church."—*Hartford Post.*

PAPA'S LITTLE WEAKNESS ANNOUNCED.

A West-side 3-year-old showed an appreciation of things the other day. "Won't you give me a kiss, dear?" coaxed a lady. "I don't want to," said the little one. "Oh, give the lady a kiss, Florence," said her father. "Oo kiss her, papa, oo like to."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A CONUNDRUM.

"Mamma," said a little girl of 4, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Papa is just like the moon, isn't he?"

"Why, my dear?"

"Because he comes a little later every night."—*Epoch.*

Canadian Cheese.

Mr. Lathrop, United States Consul at Bristol, makes the following report to Washington, which certainly is very flattering to Canadian cheese producers:

"The import trade of Bristol is largely made up of provisions. In this connection I wish to draw special attention to the way Canadian cheese has supplanted the United States product. The Canadian cheese is imported each year in increasing quantities in the Bristol district, and finds each year increasing favor, both with dealers and consumers. While the import of all foreign cheeses fell off in Liverpool in 1886 by 250,000 boxes, the import in Bristol from Montreal increased by 12,000 boxes—total for year 201,000 boxes, and the receipts from New York fell off considerably. Great Britain manufactures each year 135,000 tons—valued at about $35,000,000. Now, the very prince of English cheese is held to be Cheddar, made in Somerset, and yet Canadian cheese made on the Cheddar principle has actually, right here in Somerset, where I write, been sold for a penny a pound more than a cheese actually made in Cheddar Valley. There is a hot controversy now raging in the English papers as to whether Cheddar cheese is the result of particular herbage and pasturage, or of a particular mode of manipulating the milk; and I think that all but Somersetshire men are pretty well agreed that this toothsome cheese is the result of superior methods rather than of special grasses. And the Canadians have gone on improving until they have surpassed their teachers; but the United States do not appear to have proportionately advanced, or if they have they consume their best makes at home."

Sure Cure for Chapped Lips.

"As soon as the cold winds begin to blow," remarked a New York physician, "I am overrun with patients suffering from chapped lips. The trouble generally manifests itself in one wide cut in the middle of the lip. I used to treat such things as a laughable matter and prescribe some simple emollient, such as glycerine, for instance. But I soon found that such treatment was only a temporary remedy, for after partially healing the cut would reopen at the slightest exertion of the lips. The mere act of biting anything hard, laughing or yawning would make the unfortunate howl with pain. If the patient was addicted to the use of tobacco the chances were that he would have a bad lip all through the winter. In my researches for a permanent cure I ran across an old tramp printer, who had rubbed against the rough side of the world all his life and for whom every season had been a cold day. He told me that if I investigated the matter I would find that the people addicted to chapped lips were in the habit of touching them with their tongues. A sure cure, said he is to keep your tongue in your mouth. I have since followed his suggestion in my practice and never knew it to fail. The rough skin of the tongue scratches the lips, and when they have once become chapped the least contact is enough to keep the cut open."

On the Mount of Olives.

The tower which is being erected by the Russians on the highest point on the Mount of Olives is already several stories high, and but one more is to be added. It is to be so high that both the Mediterranean and the Dead Seas may be seen from its top. A number of bells will be placed in the tower. In digging the foundation seven Christian graves were found together, with an inscription in Greek, in which the words "Stephanus" could be deciphered.

There are, at the present time, 2,400 unmarried women working in the foreign mission field.

John Torrance, who on Friday night was stabbed opposite Barney McKenna's restaurant, 32 Adelaide street west, Toronto, succumbed to his wounds at the hospital shortly after 7 o'clock on Saturday evening.

A Government organ in Montreal, in an article supposed to be inspired, insinuates that the question of the international boundary along the State of Maine will probably be laid before the approaching Fishery Commission by the Dominion Government, with a view to securing some revision of the Ashburton award.

HEARING NEWS OF A MURDER.

A Comical Story of Police Red-Tape in France—Finding the Right Man.

"Now I will show you how they did things in those days. I will tell you about the man who was assassinated. While I was on duty at night in the corps de garde a man came rushing in to say there was a terrible thing—they were assassinating a man in the Rue Cherchemidi. Well, instead of our going out as fast as we could to help this man who was assassinating or assassinated, the officer says to me: 'Go immediately and tell the Commissaire de Police—he lives in the Rue Grenelle, under a red lamp.' Well, away I go and find my Rue Grenelle and red lamp, and I make a great noise at the door for a long time; at last a head with a night-cap comes out of the window and asks me what in the world I want. 'The Commissaire de Police,' says I. 'Well, I am the Commissaire de Police: what do you want?' 'There is a man being assassinated in the Rue Cherchemidi!' 'Which side of the gutter?' says he. Well, I did not know anything about one side of the gutter or the other side, so I say at once boldly: 'The right side as you come down the street.' 'Ah,' he says, 'that is in the other arrondissement; go to the other commissaire, No. —, Rue——.' So away I go, with my man being assassinated all the time, and I find my other commissaire. 'Which side of the gutter?' says he. So I thought at any rate I would stick to my story, and I say: 'The right side coming down the street.' 'Ah! dit-il me regarde. But how long is it since they have been assassinating him?' 'About three-quarters of an hour,' says I. 'Ah! then he is dead by this time; we must get two men and a stretcher to carry him away.' So away we go with our stretcher, and I went with them, for I wanted to see whether the man was on the right side of the gutter or not—and we found him lying stone dead, with his head in the gutter. But he was more on the right side than on the left, and he was stabbed through the heart, so the three-quarters of an hour did not signify. But that is the way they do things here."

Farm and Garden.

The cultivation of bamboo for fencing material has been begun in California. It is said that an acre will produce pickets enough each year to make six miles of fence.

The *American Cultivator* predicts that the time is not far off when many disappointed farmers in the West will return to New England and take up farms, where the land can be worked to a certain profit by resolute and enterprising men.

The average shrinkage of steer going from Texas to Chicago is 100 pounds. The State furnishes an average 400,000 steers, which makes a shrinkage of 40,000,000 pounds, or, putting the average weight of a steer at 850 pounds, 47,058 head.

For keeping small quantities of seeds, paper bags are preferable to cloth, as they are better protection against moisture and insects. Always mark each package with the name of the seed contained in it, and the year in which it grew. Cold does not injure the vitality of seeds, but moisture is detrimental to all kinds.

For a horse that is weak in the knees, rub the limbs briskly with a woollen cloth, then bathe with salt and water, wipe dry and apply a mixture of one pint of alcohol and one drachm of tincture of Spanish fly, rubbing in a tablespoonful twice a day with the hand. Let the horse run in a loose stall deeply littered with sawdust or on an earth floor.

Almost any kind of material left on the ground under fruit trees will act as a fertilizer. It will at least prevent the growth of grass and weeds, and thus check loss of moisture and fertility that the tree needs to perfect its crop. It is as a mulch that the advantage of straw in an orchard consists. Its fertilizing value is very small, none of this being available until the straw has rotted.

Abandoned Corsets.

It is said that years ago Mrs. Scott Siddons' dressmaker advised her to leave off her corsets. "What, lose my stage figure!" she cried. "Impossible!" The dressmaker urged that she was losing her figure anyhow, and the only means of saving it was to take radical measures at once. "Well, here go my stays," said the actress, and the milliner proceeded to fit her a twenty-five inch waist. At the end of the season she came back again. "Make me a twenty-seven inch waist," she demanded, but in the meantime her figure below and above the waist had resumed their normal proportions, her skin had grown two shades fairer and clearer, and she looked younger. Since then she has never worn a stay, and she says that whereas before she abandoned them it was all she could do to drag through the last act, after she had dispensed with them she was so fresh and vigorous that she could have done a sixth act and not minded it. She still continues to wear very gorgeous gowns.

Mrs. Cleveland Growing Rotund.

By the way, a little horseback exercise would do Mrs. Cleveland no harm. It is rather a hateful thing to say, but I am going to tell the truth at all events—Mrs. Cleveland is growing fat. She is no longer the willowy, girlish White House bride, but a solid 170-pounder of the settled married woman type. The gushers who spout about the President's schoolgirl wife will have to revise their opinions if they are desirous of stating the truth. The change in Mrs. Cleveland's figure has added to her beauty, and she never loooked as well in her life as she does to-day.—*Boston Traveller's Washington Letter.*

To Get her Pay Somewhere Else.

Wife to husband—I caught Bridget starting the fire this morning with kerosene, John. Husband—How much do we owe her? Wife—Four months' wages. Husband—Well, let her go on with the kerosene.—*New York Sun.*

In Boston there are nine hundred negroes who were born subjects of the British Crown.

The *Canadian Gazette* anticipates the settlement of the fisheries question by the United States and Canada entering into a reciprocal treaty for the mutual exchang of specific products of the two countries.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Oct. 31st, 1887.

As the time for assembling of Congress draws near, Washington has emerged from her Summer siesta and is in the midst of an era of preparation for the advent of assembled wisdom at the Capitol. The dawn of the approaching "season" is unusually radiant. It already reflects its glow over the whole city, and is prophetic of a reign of politics and gayety such as will cast a shadow over remembrances of preceeding Congressional sessions. Many of the people who possess wealth, culture and leisure, and make Washington their winter resort, have already returned. They will soon be followed by a general rush from all parts of the country. Then the ball begins. Congress and society will vie for supremacy. The former will interest, the latter will dazzle. The power of Society in Washington has to be seen to be appreciated. It exerts a strong control even over official life, and its power cannot be broken or dissembled. It reigns over Congress, in that it lures both Representative and Senator away from their duties at the Capitol. Not infrequently does the House of Representatives await a quorum until its truant members can be arrested in the enjoyment of a "high tea" or ball at Mrs. Secretary So-and-So's, and returned captive by the Sargeant-at-Arms. The monarchs of this power—the society leaders—will strain every nerve this season to increase its magnetism, and they promise a succession of entertainments on a scale that has not heretofore been attempted. Gossip is the ambassador and minister plenipotentiary of the social world. This year she tells of the mysterious costumes and surprises that will astound the oldest inhabitants, and add greatly to the splendor of display. Between Vanity Fair and the National Legislature, there will be nothing dormant in Washington the coming Fall and Winter, from the first whirl after Monday, December 5th, to the intermission which ensues when the mantle of Lent is thrown over society.

All Washington, and by that I mean the combination of social and official life at the Capitol, has been to the races the past week. The race season is indeed a gala time here. Fashion, with its modern tastes, is a great patron of the turf, and fashion nowhere rules with greater away than in her own stronghold at the Capitol of the Nation. Here a comparatively great proportion of the population can afford to enjoy themselves without regard to cost. Ergo, they all go to the races and lose their money. Heads of Departments, Chiefs of Bureau, down to the $900 clerk, may all be seen hovering about the bookmakers, or posing on the quarter-stretch for the admiration of the ladies on the grand stand, while the diplomatic dudes promenade with usual wont in front of the crowd. As they strutted up and down the past week, they seemed to feel that every eye was upon them; nor were they mistaken. The cut of their trousers, the shape of their collrrs, and their kaleidoscopic necties usually afford much amusement. The diplomat must be classed in the eccentric family of the *genus homo*, for both in his face and dress he seems to present in combination the fashions of Paris, London, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

Apropos of the races, the fact is lately developed that there are as many fine teams and handsome equipages in Washington as are to be found anywhere. Time was when a handsome turnout or fine span of horses was a rarity on the streets of the Capitol, and one involuntarily turned to look after the unusual sight. Now, however, such a state no longer exists. The miles of asphalt and smooth pavements are fairly alive during the winter, the elegant teams driven for the best part by their respective owners. General Beall, on his fine farm just outside the city limits, keeps so many fine horses that, were he so minded, it would be possible to appear with a new team every day for a considerable length of time. The President has a handsome team of blacks, and Secretary Bayard's favorite steed is a large powerful bay, mounted upon which it is no unfrequent sight to see him riding quietly along some unfrequented country road, half the time with his thoughts for sole companions.

The President is engaged in the preparation of his annual message to Congress. It goes without saying, that his chief topic will be the tariff problem and the question of a reduction of the surplus. It is also probable that there will again be something said upon Civil Service Reform. While the present Civil Service Reform laws have diminished the howl of the office-seekers and make life endurable at the Departments, they are still regarded as very imperfect, and afford many loop-hools through which the wily office-seeker manages to crawl. L.

County News.

Judge Lane is ill.

All the Thornbury Teachers have been re-engaged.

The teachers and students have moved into the new High School building at Mt. Forest.

An insane old woman named Mrs. Smith, over 90 years of age, died in the Walkerton gaol on Saturday night week.

Several Mt. Forest boys will have to make an appearance at the Police Court to answer to a charge of damaging property on Hallowe'en.

Harrison's planing mill, Owen Sound, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday week, being without doubt the work of an incendiary. Loss about $12,000; insured for $3,000.

The Union hill curling and skating rink, Owen Sound, was destroyed by fire last week. The building was erected 20 years ago and its destruction was the work of an incendiary.

Information has been laid against hotelkeepers McQuillan & Cummins and shopkeepers Pilcher & McEachern, of Mt. Forest, for violation of the Scott Act. The two latter have effected a settlement.

The *Enterprise* says that Chesley boys placed a fine top buggy on the Presbyterian church shed in that town on Hallowe'en The *Enterprise* suggests that such senseless pranks be discountenanced in future.

On Friday week Mr. S. Curry, 3rd Con. Brant, was harrowing a field and one of his youngest daughters was sitting on the harrow. The harrow came in contact with some hard lumps of clay, when one half of it turned over and fell on the child's hand, bruising and crushing it badly.

About 1 o'clock on the 28th ult., the outbuildings of Mr. Wm. Keppler, of Lot 23, Con. 2, Proton, were destroyed by fire, together with 26 tons of hay, 6 loads of unthreshed peas, and 4 loads of unthreshed oats as well as two fine mares. Live stock and contents insured for $500. The fire is supposed to have taken place by children playing with matches.

On Monday week about 4 o'clock in the afternoon James Wilson of Mt. Forest, was engaged shingling a building for Mr. N. Roszel, at Egremont P.O., when he slipped from the roof and fell to the ground a distance of about twenty feet. Compound fracture of the thigh bone and two ugly gashes on the head, and probable internal injuries were the results.

A declaration of war has been issued between John Johnston and Hugh Jones. Jones is not big, but he's dangerous. And Johnston has had long experience in pugilistic encounters with his neighbors. It is therefore hard to say how the battle will end. After a preliminary skirmish, both parties adjourned to the office of the J.P.—*Bruce Herald.*

The conviction of Samuel Bailey for stealing a sheep from Mrs. Lightbody, in the County of Grey a year and a half ago, is a feather in the cap of constable Hefferman. Bailey might have enjoyed his mutton in peace, if Hefferman had not heard of the feast. Since his appointment as a constable, he has secured the conviction of several old offenders.—*Bruce Herald.*

Hallowe'en was not celebrated to any very considerable extent in Thornbury. The boys erected a fine big pyramid, consisting chiefly of barrels, on the centre of the bridge over the Beaver river. Just as the job was nicely completed, a force of constables—specially sworn in for the occasion—abruptly put in an appearance and politely but firmly requested the young men to demolish the elegant structure they had erected and return the barrels to their respective owners. The "boys" complied with considerable alacrity.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL, Washington, D.C.
Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

Assistant Teacher Wanted.

FOR S.S. No. 3, Euphrasia. Duties to commence Jan. 2nd, 1888 and continue six months. Apply, stating salary, to

J. R. FAWCETT, Sec.-Treas.,
Oct. 21st, 1887—331-4. Kimberley P.O., Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA. 100 acres. Assessed at $600. Apply to CHARLES GAMON.
331-44. Collingwood.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stray Calf.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 26, Con. 12, Artemesia, one Spring bull Calf. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. R. PLANTT,
333-5. Eugenia P.O.

Stray Ram.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 13, Con. 1st S.D.R., Artemesia, one aged Ram Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. JOHN WHYTE.
Nov. 8th, 1887.—333-5.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lots 26 & 27, 1st S.D.R. Artemesia containing 100 acres more or less, 65 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. 35 acres in grass and hay. Good house and fair barn. Small young Orchard. Never-failing spring of water. The proprietor is determined to sell even at a sacrifice. For full particulars apply on premises, or to SILAS LESLIE,
Nov. 7th, 1887—333-6. Priceville P.O.

STRAY HEIFER.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, Lot 10, Con. 13, Osprey township, one yearling Heifer, dark red with black strips and large white spot. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
GEO. COOPER,
Feversham P. O.

STRAY STEER.

Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, Lots 37 & 38, E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, on or about October 1st, 1887 one yearling Steer, black and white. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be rewarded; and any person keeping the animal without giving such notice after publication of this notice—will be prosecuted as the law directs.
J. W. SHORE,
Oct. 28th 1887. Flesherton P.o.

STRAY CALVES.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con. 1st, N. D. R., Artemesia, about Oct. 20th, four Spring Calves—2 heifers and two steers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses
WM. REID,
Priceville P. O.
Artemesia, Oct. 31st, 1887

STRAY CATTLE.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lots 74 & 75, Con. 3 E. T. & S.R. Artemesia, about a month ago, four yearling Calves. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

N.B.—Since above was in type, all the cattle but a dark brown Heifer have either strayed or been stolen from my premises. If the latter, the party or parties will not be prosecuted if they return them at once.
HECTOR BOLTON,
Flesherton P. O.
Artemesia, Oct. 29th, 1887

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of Mr John Porteous, Lot 30, 6th Con., Artemesia, on 10th of Oct., 2 Heifers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses
JOHN PORTEOUS,
331-33 Flesherton P.O.

Auction Sale!

—OF—

VALUABLE

Farm Property!

IN the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey. Under and by virtue of a power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) and subject to a reserve bid, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

—IN THE—

Village —of— Flesherton!

—ON—

Saturday, the 3rd day of December, 1887,

At one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Artemesia containing fifty acres more or less composed of lot number one hundred and sixty one in the third concession north east of the Toronto and Sydenham Road.

The above property is about two and one-half miles from the Village of Flesherton and has erected thereon a small frame dwelling house. About 35 acres are said to be under cultivation.

Terms and conditions made known on day of Sale. For further particulars apply to
E. M. CHADWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor,
BEATTY, CHADWICK, BLACKSTOCK & GALT,
58 Wellington Street, East, Toronto.
Dated at the City of Toronto, this 28th day of October, A.D., 1887.

Oxford & New Glasgow Railway Sections.

1st.—Birch Hill Road to Pugwash Junct'n. 13 miles
2nd.—Pugwash Junct'n to Pugwash.....5 miles.
3rd.—Pugwash Junct'n to Wallace Stat'n. 7 miles.
4th.—Wallace Station to Mingo Road...17 miles.

Tenders for Grading, Bridge and Culvert Masonry, Fencing, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Friday, the 18th day of November, 1887, for the grading, bridge and culvert masonry, fencing, &c.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway at Wallace, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 10th day of November, 1887, where the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, and all conditions are complied with.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways & Canals, Ottawa, 20th October, 1887.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON ONT

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 334. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"NOVEMBER AD."

I am in a position to do BETTER BY THE PUBLIC,

CASH

—OR—

CREDIT!

Than any other jeweller on the C.P.R. between SHELBURNE and OWEN SOUND and as well as any jeweller in those places.

WHY IS IT SO?

1st. *I have a first-class wholesale connection established with 4 of the best Firms in Canada, Jobbers and Manufacturers.*

2nd. *This connection enables me to keep a neat line of* **Watches, Clocks, Etc.,** *to choose from at prices—"quality and warrant" considered—that are not equaled in this section.*

3rd. *I do no "catch" business, never taking from those not posted what I can't make off those who are. Four years in business just finished and an increasing patronage warrants me in assuming that my efforts to establish a reputation for reliability and square dealing in every transaction is fully appreciated by the public. I shall continue to keep a Fine Stock, Sell Close, do Satisfactory Work, and Fit Specks on optical principles by "test" lenses.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale, Ont.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

10 per cent. off Spring Beds for 30 days at Bates'.

Extra fine ladies Vest only 85 cents at Brander's, Priceville.

Goat Robes cheaper than the cheapest at Clayton's Harness Shop, Flesherton.

A good heavy winter Overcoat at Brander's, Priceville, only $5.

Portland and Jumper Cutters for sale cheap at Heard's Carriage Works, Flesherton.

This (Thursday) is Thanksgiving Day and should be sacredly observed as a general holiday.

Sign and Carriage Painting neatly and cheaply executed at Heard's Carriage Works, Flesherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clayton, of this town, attended the funeral of a relative at Meaford last week.

Remember 23 lbs. Scotch Granulated Sugar is equal to 24 lbs. Canadian. Brander's is the place you get it.

The weather prophets declare a wet winter. Go to Brander's, Priceville, for your Boots and Shoes and have dry feet.

The *Business Educator*, published from the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, by Mr. Fleming, is a well conducted monthly journal.

WANTED.—A quantity of White Ash for Butter Tubs, for which cash will be paid on delivery. Jos. McCormick, Cooper, Flesherton.

Auction sale farm stock, &c., at Lot 28, Con. 10, Osprey, on Friday, Nov. 25th inst., commencing at one o'clock p. m. Robt. Milligan, proprietor, John Speers, auctioneer. See bills.

Auction sale farm stock, &c., at Lot 139, 1st Con. East T. & S.R. Artemesia, on Monday, Nov. 21st., commencing at one o'clock p. m. Mrs. Calbeck, proprietress; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer. See bills.

A number of our juvenile school-boys are experts in the "manly art" and settle their little grievances with grave deliberation and with great satisfaction to all parties—except, perhaps, the lad who "comes off second best."

Mr. Peter Holman, of this town, showed us two magnificent heads of wheat this week which he had just received per mail from Hampshire, England. The grain was a very fine sample, while the heads were unusually large.

Mr. H. Bull, of the famous Thornbury Pump manufacturing firm of H. Bull & Son, will be in Flesherton on Thursday next, when any orders left with their agent here, Mr. J. W. Bates, will be promptly attended to. Repairing all kinds of Pumps a special feature.

Some people are giving themselves an awful lot of trouble in order to find out whether the coming winter will be a mild one or the opposite. They'll find out soon enough without consulting so-called weather prophets. They do not need even to con over the pages of the almanacs.

Our genial and popular friend, Mr. Joseph Blakely—ex-Councillor of Ward No. 3, Artemesia—gave us a pleasant call in our new office on Sydenham street last Monday morning. Mr. Blakely has been sojourning in Toronto Township for some time, and is now home on a visit to his mother.

We are indebted to our friend, Mr. R. H. Henderson—of the C. P. R.—for recent copies of Peterborough daily papers. That town, with a population of 12,000, has no less than three dailies, and well conducted, well patronized journals they are. Peterborough has chunks of snap.

Great reductions in all lines at Brander's, Priceville.

Buy your furniture from J. W. Bates, where you always get good value for your money.

Mr. N. W. Campbell, I. P. S., visited the junior form of our school on Monday forenoon last.

A splendid stock of Sleigh Bells just received at Clayton's Harness Shop, Flesherton. Cheap.

All kinds of Repairs promptly and satisfactorily attended to at Heard's Carriage works, Flesherton.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. C. W. Rutledge, Editor and Proprietor of the Markdale *Standard*, on Court day.

If you want good Sausage—our own make—just try Petch & Mitchell. Also good fresh Lard and the very best of Beef alway on hand.

The Telegraph Office here has been removed from Richardson's Drug Store to the general store of M. Richardson & Co. The change was effected last week.

Mrs. George Simpson, Priceville, leaves for Calgarry this week to join her husband who has been there working at his trade during the summer. We regret the loss of such orderly industrious citizens.

In Township Council report last week, a typographical mistake was made in saying that Councillor Cairns was paid $5 for 1½ days work in connection with Valley Road. It should have been for 2½ days work.

The furnace in the Town Hall has been working satisfactorily. This, with other recent improvements, places our Town Hall on a footing with those of the best in the county. Dr. Christoe deserves great credit in the matter.

Richardson's Drug Store is stocked with a multitude of pretty things for the Christmas and New Year's Holidays. In Confectionery the stock is a magnificent one as usual. Mr. Will. Richardson is an expert in the selection of this class of goods.

Mr. Will Richardson was showing us some beautiful specimens of Irish Rock Salt, brought direct from the old land, the other day. The salt is obtained along the coast of Ireland and when dissolved in water makes an agreeable and healthy bath. For salting cattle it possesses many interesting properties.

The Canadian Grocer is the name of a neatly printed and well-edited weekly journal published in Toronto. It is devoted to the interests of the grocey, produce, provision and other trades. Mr. J. B. McLean—formerly of the Toronto *Mail*, and well known to many ADVANCE readers—is Sec.-Treas. and Manager.

The Priceville monthly cattle fair was held on Monday. A number of animals were brought out, mostly young. The season for the sale of such is nearly over. There appeared to be a fair demand for good beef cattle and steers broken to work. Prices were low, but notwithstanding, quite a number changed hands.

W. C. T. U. Department).

Complaints have been lodged against twenty-three liquor dealers in St. Thomas for violation of the Scott Act, the majority being for the second offence.

Halton is being rapidly organized to oppose the repeal Scott Act vote, and the Temperance people are confident of largely increasing the majority of the Act.

In the report of Council proceedings last week there seems to have been a number of errors. One in reference to Councillor Cairns is referred to elsewhere. Another error was made in reference to Councillor Sharp, in that he is credited with getting $15 for letting and inspecting jobs, when it should have been $5. More care will be exercised in these reports in future in order to ensure accuracy.

Double extra Scotch Gran. Sugar only 8½ cents at Brander's, Priceville.

The furnaces have been placed in in position in our new schoolhouse.

Mr. John Speers, the popular auctioneer, of Osprey Township, gave us a call this week.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. Guy Blakely yesterday. He returned home on Saturday.

THE ADVANCE Office will be closed today (Thursday). It has always been our custom to observe Thanksgiving day as a holiday.

Auction sale bills printed neatly, cheaply and while you wait at THE ADVANCE. Our facilities for the rapid and neat execution of all kinds of Job Printing are unexcelled in the county. A trial order will convince you.

Sleighriding on the sidewalks has become a favorite pastime with our young people again, but its mighty tough on pedestrians. By the way—wonder if the young people are aware that their is a Township by-law forbidding the practice? There is all the same, but its a dead letter like many other by-laws.

Mr. R. J. Sproule is fitting up a couple more shops in his large block facing Collingwood street. He also purposes constructing a stairway leading from the front of his block to the dressmaking establishment and Templar's Hall on the second flat, which will be a great convenience. The sheds in the rear have been closed to the public and converted into woodsheds and storage rooms. A fence is also being built between the block referred to and Mr. Sproule's residence (occupied by Mr. James Kester) on Sydenham street.

Bro. Newell, of the Dundalk *Herald*, vacated the editorial chair of that journal last week, his place being now filled by Mr. Spurr, of Toronto. Bro. Newell is a gentleman, and, during his brief sojourn in Dundalk, conducted the *Herald* on sound business principles and with considerable editorial ability. We regret his removal from the ranks of Grey county journalists, but wish him unqualified success in Uncle Sam's domains, whither he and his estimable and accomplished wife will shortly remove. At the same time we extend the right hand of fellowship to his successor, Mr. Spurr. No doubt the *Herald* will now be *spurred* on to increased activity.

Division Court drew a large crowd to Flesherton last Thursday. The sitting was prolonged until a late hour at night, and even then a number of cases had to be held over. Our town lawyer, John Frost, Esq., LL.B., had quite a number of important cases; also Messrs. Masson & Masson, of Owen Sound, and Mr. P. McCullough, of Markdale—all of which were cleverly handled. Judge Lane presided in his usual dignified and able manner. Such gentlemen are an ornament to the noble profession. Squire Armstrong, Clerk, and Mr. A. S. VanDusen, Bailiff, occupied their usual seats on the right and left of His Honor respectively. The dull monotony of the Court was occasionally relieved by bright sallies of wit from the Bench, the Bar and the Witness stand.

A colored family, living on the outskirts of this place, have been much annoyed of late by the outrageous and disgraceful pranks of a number of young hoodlums, who, unfortunately curse this otherwise quiet and respectable town by their presence. To hear the language of these young scamps one night recently, one would think colored people were lower in the social scale than animals, for they daren't maltreat the latter without being called to account for it, and they know it. But they seem to think otherwise as regards this colored family. The young hoodlums have been warned once to desist, and if they disregard the caution, the services of the strong stern arm of the law will be called into requisition. A *debut* before Squire Armstrong would probably cool their ardor mighty sudden.

—GREAT— Discount Sale!

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, &C.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

THE ADVANCE from now until Jan. 1st, 1889, for $1.

CASH FOR WHEAT.—I am paying a few cents more than the market price in Cash for any quantity of Good Spring Wheat at Priceville Mills.—ROBERT McGOWAN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

—FARMERS!—

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., OILING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 30th, 1887.

BALFOUR AT BIRMINGHAM.

Ireland to be Scourged Into Submission and Free Speech to be Suppressed.

ORANGEMEN WILL FIGHT.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says; Mr. Balfour went to Birmingham to day and attended the first annual meeting of the Midland Conservative Union. He was accompanied by a detective and the chief of the Leamington police. At Birmingham armed detectives were posted at the depot to watch for suspicious characters. Mr. Balfour received during the day a hundred addresses from Conservative associations, and in thanking the deputations which brought them he gave assurance that the Government was resolved to proceed boldly and firmly with the work they had taken in hand in Ireland and bring it to a good conclusion. He admitted the task was a difficult one, but held that it was perfectly possible and capable of successful accomplishment. Certain incidents in Ireland had caused some of their friends some misgivings, but those incidents were due, not to lack of resolution on the part of the Government, but to defects in the law, which had never contemplated the present system of organized popular rebellion.

Mr. Balfour addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at the town hall this evening. He said he hoped that at the next session of Parliament England and Scotland would get a fair share of legislation. Still, the Irish question would remain the foremost problem in the mind of every one who took an interest in the fortunes of his country. He had noticed that Mr. Gladstone—(hooting, cries of "Chips," and laughter)—although he had mentioned his programme of legislation, did not appear to take a very lively interest in it himself. Except as regards the offer of the plundering of the Scotch and Welsh churches, as a bribe for the dismemberment of the empire, Mr. Gladstone displayed little interest in anything except the Irish question, and no man had done more to make it impossible to ignore the Irish question. Therefore Ireland would be his (Balfour's) topic to-night. The question was not whether Ireland was to be governed under her own or an English Parliament, but whether she was to be governed at all in accordance with any of those principles which had hitherto regulated the action of every civilized State in the world. (Cheers.) Referring to the events of the winter of 1885, he compared the Liberal party to those barbaric ancestors who got baptised because their king embraced Christianity. One morning Mr. Gladstone announced himself a Home Ruler, and forthwith a large section of the Liberals declared themselves Home Rulers. Some of them explained to a scoffing public the reason for their conversion, while others, like Harcourt, evidently believed that "Least said soonest mended," and that it was possible for men to utter their opinions regarding Ireland and yet retain the traditions hitherto governing their party. They might have allied themselves with the Parnellite party so far as the question of Home Rule was concerned and rejected fusion, but they had instead rejected an alliance and accepted fusion, and their principal object now, as evidenced by every paragraph of Mr. Gladstone's shameful speeches, was to render difficult the government of Ireland. In condemning Mr. Gladstone's inconsistency and his present tactics, Mr. Balfour declared that not one of the evictions now occurring could have been prevented, even if the amendment which Mr. Gladstone wanted had been inserted in the Land Bill. Mr. Gladstone's criticisms on land legislation were strange indeed, coming from a man who for sixteen or seventeen years had fruitlessly tinkered with the question. In regard to the unhappy affair at Mitchellstown Mr. Gladstone had attacked him (Balfour) personally for not listening in silence to bitter attacks made on men who spent their lives in defence of the law. The demon of inaccuracy had pursued Mr. Gladstone even to his assertions on this subject. But it was unnecessary to enter into details in justifying the police. If, as the Nationalists and Mr. Gladstone delighted to say, the police were defeated and routed, could any one blame them if they fired? (Cries of "Oh") The truth was, the Nationalists, including Mr. Gladstone, must choose upon which horse they will ride. If they choose to triumph in the defeat of the police, let them not blame the police for firing in self-defence. If they choose to say that the police were brutal butchers and they fired without cause, let us hear no more of this indirect triumph or their defeat. (Cheers.) Mr. Gladstone's attack on the character of Constable Whelehan, who was murdered by moonlighters, was the most monstrous of all his assertions and ought to cause shame to his followers. The statement that the police had paid an informer previous to planning the outrage was totally untrue. In comparison the number of meetings proclaimed by the Conservatives was much less than during Mr. Gladstone's administration.

Continuing, Mr. Balfour said he intended to stop speakers who directly advocated crime, but to tolerate those who only talked nonsense. Earl Spencer, he said, moved uneasily in the Parnellite livery, but Mr. Gladstone as if "to the manner born." He concluded by predicting that a steady application of the present policy of the Government would result in the Irish becoming enthusiastic and loyal supporters of an empire which they by their virtues were fitted to adorn.

Mr. William Johnston, member of Parliament for South Belfast, a Conservative, made a speech to-night at Glasgow. In the course of his remarks he said that every Orangeman in Ireland was determined to take up and use his rifle before he would allow the Empire to be torn up.

Earl Spencer, in a speech at Scarborough this evening, said it ill became Lord Hartington to make insinuations against Mr. Gladstone; that they were as undeserved and illogical as they were unfair. The treatment of Ireland, without regard to her national aspirations, was bound to fail.

—Washington Irving Bishop, whose mind-reading tricks were exposed last season both in Boston and New York, has turned up in San Francisco. He is at present slowly recovering from an attack of epilepsy.

A CANADIAN DEFAULTER.

An ex-Torontonian's Departure from New York—His Deficits.

A New York despatch says: David Scott, one of the ablest and most successful business men in this city in the paper trade, a partner in the old firm of Vernon Brothers & Co., and President of the Ivanhoe Paper Company, has mysteriously disappeared. The mystery is partly solved by the discovery, since Mr. Scott's disappearance, that he has withdrawn considerably over $40,000 in cash from the firm of Vernon Brothers & Co., and that he has involved the firm with the Ivanhoe Paper Company to the extent of $60,000, and with the Lawrenceville Cement Company, of 115 Broadway, for $10,000 more.

Mr. Scott disappeared on October 22nd, after he had had a long and exciting interview with Mr. Thomas Vernon, the senior partner of Vernon Brothers & Co., in which Mr. Vernon obtained from Mr. Scott a partial explanation of his business entanglements. While Mr. Vernon then and since Mr. Scott's disappearance has been able to learn the amount in which Mr. Scott has involved the firm, he has not been able to find out where the money went.

Mr. Thomas Vernon said in an interview yesterday: "Mr. Scott has been with the firm for thirty years. He came to New York from Toronto, Canada, with a letter of introduction, and was given a clerkship at $6 a week. He was bright and intelligent, and he rose rapidly in our esteem. After five years he was admitted to an interest in the firm."

Mr. Scott was also President of the Lawrenceville Cement Company. The directors met in the company's office in the Boreel building yesterday. Mr. Alvah Hall, one of the stockholders, said that the company held $10,000 in Mr. Scott's notes, but they were fully secured and the company would lose nothing. Mr. Hall added that he believed Mr. Scott to be temporarily insane.

Mr. Scott is a son of Mr. Scott, formerly Surveyor of Customs of Toronto. He is about 48 years old, and had been with the firm of Vernon Bros. & Co. for twenty-five years. The New York *Sun* has the following regarding him: An intimate friend of Mr. Scott said yesterday: "Mr. Scott's private charities will never be known. He was generous, charitable and open-handed. There are three tombstones in Greenwood that he has had erected over young men who had died friendless. One of these was the son of William Lyon Mackenzie, the Canadian patriot of 1837. Many men have told me with tears in their eyes of what Scott has done for them. He has been a changed man for a year past, has drank some and been to races, but I can't understand what he has done with his money."

WOMEN FIGHT WITH WOLVES.

Keeping the Desperate Brutes at Bay With a Lantern Till Help Comes.

A Houghton, Mich., despatch says: Dolphie Brunelle, a farmer near here, was called from his home on Wednesday and left his wife and daughter, the latter aged 17, alone. Mrs. Brunelle heard a noise in the calf-pen late in the evening, and she and her daughter went out with a lantern to see what was the matter. They found the barn surrounded by wolves, and before the women had time to retreat the ferocious animals surrounded them. The brutes were afraid of the lantern and retreated whenever it was swung toward them, but Mrs. Brunelle dared not swing the lantern violently for fear it would go out. With remarkable courage she worked her way step by step toward the barn, keeping the wolves at bay with the light. After ten minutes of the greatest ordeal she managed to reach a pitchfork, and while the daughter swung the lantern she attacked the wolves with the fork, finally succeeding in getting into the barn and closed the door. Then both fainted.

FINE FRUIT.

Apple Trees of 1812 Still in Full bearing.

At Dr. Springer's barns in East Hamilton is a sight really worth seeing. In one heap alone is a thousand bushels of apples (Rhode Island Greenings) and here and there are piles containing 100 or 150 bushels of other varieties. The fruit is all good and sound and was raised by the doctor in his splendid orchards. It may not be generally known that there are on Dr. Springer's premises apple trees which were planted in the year 1812. This season two of these bore fruit in abundance. The product of one was thirty bushels and of the other thirty-three bushels. The doctor has given great attention to fruit culture, and has been generally successful.

The Latest Craze in England.

A London cablegram says: We are threatened with a new craze, which, properly worked, deserves to become as popular as walking round the Agricultural Hall used to be. Napoleon Bird is astonishing the North of England with long-distance pianoforte performances. Last week this artist played at Stockport for thirty-six and a quarter hours without stopping, thereby beating his own best previous record by eleven and a quarter hours. Although much troubled by sleepiness during the last hour or two, he seems to have finished very fit, and wound up by singing "Rule Britannia" to his own accompaniment. At present there seems to be no rival in the field. But when we get our two or three men playing against one another on different pianos the sport will become exciting as well as intellectual.

It is stated in Ottawa that Dr. McMichael, Q. C., of Toronto, has been offered a position on the bench of the Queen's Bench Division, and that Judge Armour will be made justice of that division.

Mr. Robert J. Burdette has written as follows to a comedian who desired the humorist to write a play for him: "Thought of it once or twice, but never got quite so far as the title. If ever I do commit the deed, however, I'll tell you the first one. But, seriously, I couldn't do it. It isn't in me. Play-writing demands a peculiar genius, for which I have searched all through my baggage a hundred times, but it isn't there. I think it must have been seized in the custom house."

As a result of the recent investigation into the foundling question in Montreal, the Grey nuns have decided to abandon the farming out system and keep all foundlings in their own establishment.

A KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

A Dissipated Gambler Murders His Wife Child and Brother-in-Law and Commits Suicide.

A Louisville despatch says: At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Mary Bruner, the mother of Mrs. Charles B. Brownfield, who lives at 1,922 West Chestnut street, called at the residence of her daughter. As no one answered her ring she raised the window of the little one-story frame cottage. The sight that met her eyes was a horrible one. In the middle of the door opening between the room occupied by her daughter and husband and their little daughter of 8 or 10 years, and the one occupied by Wm. Bruner, a brother of Mrs. Charles Brownfield, who resided with the family, was the body of Charles B. Brownfield, her daughter's husband, suspended by a strap, dead. At the suicide's back and on a bed in a dark corner reposed the body of Wm. F. Bruner with his throat cut from ear to ear. Facing the self-murderer in the other room was another bed upon which, stiffened in their blood, were the forms of his wife and child. Their heads were almost severed from their bodies. Beneath Brownfield's feet lay the razor with which the awful deeds had been committed. The bed clothing was drenched with blood and the faces of the victims besmeared so that they were almost beyond recognition. On the bureau in the parlor the following letter, dated 6.30 a. m., and written by the murderer in an unusually legible hand, was found:

"To all whom it may concern,—I, Charles B. Brownfield, murdered my dear wife and baby, also W. F. Bruner, my brother-in-law. I killed my wife and baby because I was tired of life and did not want them left penniless in the world and no one to care for them. My cause of being tired of life is gambling. Now let my brothers and friends take warning. I killed W. F. Bruner because I did not think he was fit to live, and now I will make an attempt on my life, so good-bye my father, brother and sister, and friends and relations. All take warning. Good-bye.

CHARLES B. BROWNFIELD.

Charles B. Brownfield was about 30 years of age and very dissipated. He caused his father, Squire Brownfield, a magistrate and highly respected old gentleman, much trouble. He was a mechanic and worked in the shops of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in this city.

DRUNK AND CRAZY.

A Swiss Silk Weaver Shoots His Wife and Fires His House—Two Children Burned to Death.

A last (Wednesday) night's Hebron, Conn., despatch says: John Hodel, a silk weaver, shot his wife last night and then set fire to the house. Two children were burned to death. Hodel fled, but was captured. The murderer says he told his wife last night he was going to kill himself. She said she wanted to die, too. An agreement was then made that the whole family should die together. There were two small children—boys, aged 3 and 6—and the mother expected to be confined again in a month. During the night, Hodel says he brought the children from an adjoining room and placed them in the bed with their mother and set fire to the bed, but the smothering process was too slow, so he got a shotgun and fired both barrels into his wife's breast. The flames then spread and smothered both children. With nothing on but a nightshirt, Hodel ran down the road towards the depot crying "Fire!" The neighbors gathered and put the fire out. Hodel wandered around awhile and then returned to the house, where he was arrested. He was a silk weaver, earning good wages and had a half a dozen barrels of home-made wine and cider in his cellar. Drinking this made him crazy and prompted the crime. He is a Swiss and came from Lucerne eighteen months ago. He is 31 years old.

CANADA AND AMERICA.

New York Chamber of Commerce on International Relations.

A New York despatch says: The Chamber of Commerce yesterday adopted resolutions favoring the attempt now being made by British members of Parliament and others to have urged upon Congress the importance of having all disputes or differences between the United States and Great Britain settled by arbitration when not accomplished by diplomatic proceedings. Resolutions were adopted favoring the peaceful settlement of the Canadian fishery question between Great Britain and this country, and a committee was appointed to investigate the possibility of a material expansion of our commerce in this direction by inviting arguments for and against Commercial Union with Canada, and documentary evidence as to the extent and prospects of the trade between the two countries, and to report to the Chamber such recommendation for its action as would enable it to contribute its influence, not only to the early adjustment of the fishery question, but to aid in procuring the extension of the commerce of this country, should such action be deemed desirable.

The Heroine of a Romance Dying.

A Baltimore despatch says: The report that the beautiful Miss Williams, of this city, was at one time engaged to Mr. Herbert, the owner of the Muckross estate, in Killarney, is slowly dying at her home here, recalls a romance. As is well-known the wedding-day was set, but the ceremony was forbidden by Mr. Williams because Mr. Herbert was a divorced man and his estates were heavily encumbered. Subsequently the young lady fell from her horse, and since then she has been an invalid. She obeyed her father and gave up the man she loved, but the struggle was too much. She pined away gradually, and now they say is slowly dying, surrounded by all the comforts of a luxurious home and the attentions of a devoted family circle.

—Mrs. Sachs, the St. Louis cook who threw the pancake at Mrs. Cleveland, is now on exhibition in a dime museum. From feeding stomachs, she has descended to feeding morbid curiosity.

—A private letter from Los Angeles, California, announces the presence in that city one day last week of Benjamin Cronyn, the missing solicitor of the Ontario Investment Association of London, Ont.

A FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

An Engagement in Which U. S. Cavalry Put the Redskins to Flight—Five Indians and One White Killed.

A Crow Indian Agency, Mont., despatch says: Yesterday morning a scout and interpreter were sent to the Indian village ordering the chiefs to come to Gen. Ruger at headquarters. After the chief had harangued the camp a number of them rode before Gen. Ruger's quarters, where a parley took place, at the end of which the chiefs returned to their camp. The cavalry were down in full field order on the eminence fronting the Indian position. The Indians soon began riding about and singing war songs. At the end of the time allowed the Indians to come in with the bad young men, whose surrender the General had demanded, the cavalry advanced, the infantry took position and the Indians opened fire. At the first volley Corp. Chas. Simpson, of Troop "K," 1st Cavalry, was shot dead. Private Euguene Moller, of Troop K, was wounded four times. The Indians took a position in the rifle pits and in the bush. The Hotchkiss rifle planted the first shot beyond the Little Horn. The next fell in the Indian camp, and one Indian and a horse were killed. The cavalry now advanced upon the Indians, driving them into the bush. Sword Bearer was killed, being shot twice in the skirmish by G Troop, 1st Cavalry, commanded by Capt. F. C. Upham and Lieut. J. B. Aylesacre. The Crow scout, Firebug, also claims to have fired the fatal shot. Nearly all of them came into the agency, only about twenty escaping to the hills. The latter are now being pursued by cavalry. The above names cover all the casualties, except one, who was slightly disabled by a fall. Five Indians are reported dead. There is no danger to the settlements.

SOLD HIS DAUGHTERS.

A Sot Who Bartered Away His Flesh and Blood to Savages for Whiskey.

A special to the New York *World* from Ottawa, Ont., says: While a Victoria schooner was lying at the wharf at Barcley Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, recently, the captain and crew were surprised to see two white girls running towards the vessel, closely pursued by three or four Indians. The girls sprang on board and begged the captain to protect them from their pursuers. The Indians demanded the girls as their property, but the captain refused to give the girls up. The Indians went away and returned largely reinforced. The captain then surrendered the girls for fear of his life. They are daughters of Wm. Thompson, of San Juan. The father became dissipated, and all he earned went for the purchase of liquor. When he could no longer obtain money or liquor he sold his eldest daughter to a wealthy Chinaman, to whom, it is said, she was married at the point of a revolver. His wife died of a broken heart, and in one of his revelries at the Indian camp, it is alleged, he agreed to barter two of his daughters for whiskey. The following night the girls were carried away by a few of the tribe. Since their captivity they have been brutally treated. A younger sister, only 8 years old, was sold to another tribe.

Latest from the Northwest.

The total number of immigrants arrived in this city this season to date is upwards of 16,000.

The weather has taken a very mild turn. The river is open again and ploughing has been resumed.

Thomas Newton, against whom a true bill for the murder of John Ingo has been found, was remanded this morning to the Spring Assizes, owing to the illness of an important witness for the Crown.

Mr. Marshallsay, member of the Northwest Council for Broadview, is dying.

A Victoria special says: The English ship Duchess of Argyle has gone ashore on San Juan Island, opposite Neah Bay, W.T.

Constable Warren, who was sentenced at Lethbridge for refusing to clean an officer's boots, has been released by order of Commissioner Herchmer.

The tug Dryberry, which has been missing on the Lake of the Woods for the last ten days, was found yesterday. She was frozen in during the cold snap of last week.

Rev. D. M. Gordon leaves Knox Church for his new field in Halifax week after next.

Negotiations between the citizens of Winnipeg and the Manitoba Government for the construction of the Red River Valley Railway have been resumed, with reasonable hope of a successful result.

The Manitoba Methodist Mission Board has made the following appropriations: Winnipeg district, for home missions, $1,230; for Indian missions, $5.000. Morden district, for home missions, $1.000. Deloraine district, $1,166. Portage la Prairie district, $600. Burrel district, $1,444. Brandon district, $1,585. Regina district, $2,989. Saskatchewan district, $2,715. The grants to Indian missions in the West amount to $7,975.

A Sleeping Beauty in Court.

A Detroit despatch says: The Coroner's inquest in the case of Mrs. Jane Hoag, of Adrian, who drowned herself on Saturday, was marked by a peculiar episode. Gertrude King, the principal witness, who is given to naps lasting from two to four hours, during which she cannot be aroused, fell asleep in court-room, and the able legal gentlemen present, after shaking her, were perforce compelled to await the pleasure of the sleeping beauty. Finally the inquest was adjourned until to-morrow. The girl is 18 years old and the ablest slumberer in Lenawee county.

A Missing Vessel.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The steam tug Dryberry is believed to have been on Lake of the Woods, as no trace of her can be found. The Dryberry had several passengers on board, including George Heenan, the well-known mining expert.

Dr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, has returned to Ottawa after an absence of six months in the Yukon country with the exploring expedition. The other members of the party will winter in the country and resume their labors as early as possible in the spring. Dr. Dawson has already secured much valuable information regarding the district, and will be occupied all the winter preparing reports and maps.

The present epidemic of diphtheria in Montreal is causing some alarm.

CHASING WILD ANIMALS.

Sensation at St. Louis Over the Escape of Beasts from a Circus.

A St. Louis despatch says: One of the most exciting scenes that ever occurred in this city took place at the Union depot between 3 and 4 o'clock this afternoon, and for a time created not only a tremendous excitement, but the wildest kind of a scene among the people present. During the day a special train of passenger and flat cars bearing John Robinson's menagerie and circus people and their animals from Fort Scott, Kansas, came into the Union depot *en route* to Cincinnati, where they are to winter. About half-past 3 the train pulled out to cross the bridge, and while passing over the "Puzzle switch" in the depot yard a flat car flew the track, followed by others, and ran into a freight train on the side track, demolishing two or three cars and killing George Squires, a canvas man, and badly injuring two other circus men named Fuller and Isle. In the smash-up some of the animals' cages on the flat cars were broken, and a Bengal tiger, two lions, a leopard, an ibex and a vulture escaped. The wildest kind of a commotion followed. The depot officials and policemen ran frantically about shouting warnings, and there was a general and quick stampede from the yards to the streets beyond. The circus and depot men then made search for the animals. The leopard was found crouched under a freight car, and an attempt was made to lasso him, but it failed, and the animal rushed from cover, bit a man severely in the leg on his way out, bounded into the ticket office, and then jumped through a transom into the superintendent's office. He was besieged by the circus men, and after several attempts to capture him and two or three shots being fired at him he was covered with a tarpaulin and secured. One by one the other animals were found, and after more or less trouble were captured and returned to their cages, but it was not until nearly dark that the work was over and the excitement was allayed.

A NOVEL COMBAT.

A Mink and a Hawk Fight in a Barrel of Water.

A fight took place a few days ago on the farm of G. Hanshaw, lot 6, con. 6, West Nissouri, the like of which does not often occur. Mr. Hanshaw had a sunken barrel in a spring on his farm, where the water is very scarce. A mink thought he would go into the barrel to have a little swim, but when in he found he could not get out again. While he was struggling in the water a large hen hawk chanced to fly over, and it seems to have occurred to him that it was a good chance to make a meal of the mink. He went for the barrel and a terrible fight ensued. The hawk, however, succeeded in killing the mink, but during the combat his feathers became so wet that he, too, was unable to get out and was drowned. Both victor and vanquished were found dead in the barrel afterwards

A Father's Plans Frustrated.

The Minnedosa, Man., *Tribune* had the following in a recent issue: A surprise awaited Mr. Campbell, of Merchiston, the week before last, that he little dreamed of. He had made arrangements to send his daughter, Miss Campbell, well known in Minnedosa, to Scotland, but on her arrival at Strathclair she and Mr. John Arch. McDonald, of the Hudson Bay Post, became one, and the trip to Scotland was indefinitely postponed, though Mrs. McDonald passed through Minnedosa the same day on a visit to friends at Rat Creek, while her husband went on a trip west. Although Mr. Campbell was much disturbed at the unexpected turn of affairs, yet he has made up his mind that "what can't be cured must be endured," and forgiven the couple.

Draughts.

William Strickland, of Leeds, champion blindfold player of the world, died recently at Leeds. He was 38 years of age. There is no doubt that the strain of mental force he brought to bear on draughts shattered his nervous system, and made him fall early a victim to any disease which presented itself. Wylie, the "Herd Laddie," in discussing blindfold playing, expressed the opinion that blindfold playing was injurious to the brain, and should never be indulged in. Besides, it was a useless test of ingenuity. Strickland was a splendid player and a genial man. He had many friends.

Assignments.

The following assignments are reported: Ontario—Chatham, W. H. Crow, grocer; Guelph, Chas. Humphries, tea; Napanee, P. S. Hicks, grocer; Oshawa, Smith & Adams, general store; Toronto, Walter R. Over, hotel; Woodstock, J. George Mason, stationery.

Roomy Trousers.

"Now, Job," said Mrs. Shuttle, "those trousers are altogether too big for the boy. They'll have to be changed." "No, they won't. They're all right. I bought 'em where they advertised 'Boys' clothing to play in.' They are just big enough for him to play in without going out of doors. They're so roomy."

The Twenty-Four Hour System.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, originator of the 24 hour system, has received a letter from the Japanese Minister in London stating that the 24 o'clock system will be adopted throughout the Japanese Empire on January 1st. Mr. Fleming is also informed that it is giving satisfactory results in Sweden, and expresses the belief that it is only a matter of a few years before the system will be universally adopted.

There's nothing like being prepared. A man died in Boston the other day who, for over thirty years, greased his nose every time he went out on the street. His idea was that some one might want to tweak it, and having it greased their fingers would slip off. But for his caution his nose might have been a wreck.

Parting with their friends, the Russians use a triple kiss. The parties to the osculatory act cross mouths at about the angle of the letter X, then reverse the angle for a second contact, and for a trinal climax, with faces squarely vis-a-vis, they impart a savory smack that bears considerable evidence of cordiality.

A REPORTER'S LIFE.

Not All Sweetness by Any Means—Good Advice.

(Jersey City Argus.)

There are few people who, as they sit comfortably by their firesides reading their daily papers, are aware of the amount of reportorial labor each column in that paper contains, and the worriment in many cases the never-tiring reporter endured. I can remember very distinctly when but a schoolboy how I tried to outrival my school companions in writing essays, and unfortunately for myself I made this a special study. I was always devotedly attached to newspapers, in fact, there is a streak of printer's ink coursing through my veins, my grandfather at the time of his death being the oldest editor and publisher in the State of Pennsylvania. It is no more than natural that when I left school—which I did very suddenly to avoid being expelled for putting a rat in my teacher's desk—that I should drift into a newspaper office. I did this, and now, as I look at the little clock on the mantel and my wife in bed soundly sleeping, I wish I had not. It is long after midnight, and before me is a note from the city editor, which reads:

Have a column of copy in the city desk by 8.30 to-morrow morning. Imperative.

City Editor.

Now, had the last word been omitted, I might be soundly sleeping, but with that word in the order the column must be given, and in doing so I will tell the city editor what I have been doing, and at the same time let the *Argus* readers take an outside glimpse at the daily life of an average newspaper reporter.

At 7 o'clock this morning the little alarm clock on my mantel made a buzz and a whizz that fairly set my hair on ends, and with the alarm were several well-aimed rib blows inflicted by my wife and her pointed elbow. Every man when so suddenly awakened longs for just forty winks more of sleep, but if he is a reporter and has a wife who sleeps from 7 o'clock in the evening he can't have them. I was soon turned out of bed and after going through my morning evolutions, hurried down stairs to breakfast. Hastily breaking an egg, half of which I spilled on the clean table cloth, I seized a roll so hot that it could not be eaten, sipped my coffee which made me think a "Bob" Davis torchlight procession was going down my throat, glanced lazily at a morning paper that was lying by my plate, but which lack of time would not permit me to read, seized my hat and last year's overcoat and hurried to my office. "A little late this morning," was the salutation from the knight of the blue pencil, as every city editor is dubbed by the reporters who have the pleasure of watching him make sheet music out of his copy. "I understand," he continued, "that there is reason for believing that there is crookedness in one of the city wards; you go see the expert's report, carefully compare his figures and footings with the originals, and get in a good story in time for the first edition. Now hurry."

Out I went and in a very few minutes was poring over columns of figures. Now, if there is anything I detest it is figures, unless on a bank note in my own possession. Until now, I put down and carried over until nothing but figures seemed to exist. I turned in my story, had the pleasure of hearing it pronounced "not what it should be," and sat down for a little rest. The city editor saw me do this and turning to me said: "The police headquarter reporter has sent in a story of a girl missing from Hoboken. Now you go over there, trace her up, and if possible, find her. You can get your lunch when you come back." I am morally certain that a city editor is like an actor, inasmuch, as he never eats, but I do when it comes my way. Well, I went to Hoboken, and after two hours' hard work trying to make the Germans understand English and listening to them try to make me understand German, I succeeded in tracing the girl to her aunt's and finally bringing her home. Thinking I would be credited with a good piece of work, I returned, wrote a half column story and turned it in. The city editor read it, and when he concluded, handed it back to me and said, "Cut that down to ten lines. Anybody could have worked that case up."

My heart sank. I wrote ten lines, handed it to him again and began to chew copy paper to prevent immediate starvation. I have worked on a half a hundred papers since entering the profession and I do honestly believe that it has always been my luck to get the mean assignments. Again the city editor saw that I was resting and he opened his assignment book. "They are holding a post-mortem in the morgue on a body they think was poisoned. Work yourself in and catch all you can, because the doctors won't tell you anything."

A post-mortem, an empty stomach, and the subject having been buried two weeks before being exhumed. It's all in the business and out I went. For an hour I stood by the dissecting table carefully watching the tests made by the doctors, and when they put the stomach in a pail to be analyzed I was happy and returned to the office. There was no result, so aside from the brief mention of the fact there was nothing to write. The forms were soon on their way downstairs and a moment later the boys were on the street shouting the *Argus*. I drew a sigh of relief, for there could be no more work for that day's paper. Evidently the city editor saw the smile of satisfaction and as he drew a cigar from his handsome cigar case called me to his side. Oh, no, gentle reader, it was not for the purpose of giving me a cigar, but some more assignments. "I have cards for a wedding to-night. You take it in, and on your way drop in the theatre, and write up a notice. Before you go to the wedding see what the fire commissioners do, and when you return take a look in police headquarters and see what you can do for early copy," were the orders as he tantalizingly blew some of the smoke from his regina-victoria in my face.

"Is that all?" I asked, as I entered the order in my pocket diary. "That's all I know at present," he generously replied, and kindly told me I might go home for lunch. This was the best order he had given and home I went. My wife kindly told me that if I couldn't get home at the proper time I could get my meals at a restaurant, as she would not be bothered keeping them warm. I did not dispute her suggestion, for she had a peculiar way of arguing that is not by any means as pleasant as it is striking. My luncheon was cold. The chops were dried to a crisp, the muffins were heavy and the coffee all grounds. I did not dare complain, and after trying to eat in vain, I left the table, and throwing myself on the sofa tried to rest until dinner hour. My wife, as usual, noticed I had eaten sparingly, and ventured to suggest that I had been drinking, when the truth was I had not tasted a glass of beer all day. She also noticed that my muddy feet were resting on a tidy that had been carelessly left on the foot of the sofa, and after telling me what she thought of men in general, brought in my slippers that my mother had made and presented to me last Christmas. I put them on and soon fell into a doze, only to be awakened by my wife, who insisted upon telling me the number of creditors that had called to see me during the day. While she was in the midst of her list the fire bell rung. Of course the fire was in that portion of the city for which I am held responsible. I jumped from the sofa, threw off my slippers and started to put on my shoes. I could find but one of them, but after a long search during which the entire city might have burned down I found it out in the back yard, where it had been taken by an ugly yellow dog that my wife's brother had given her. It did not take me long to put it on and as I ran to the fire I could imagine a large tenement house in flames, people jumping from the windows, others burned to death and I sending copy over for an "extra." How I ran when I pushed myself through the crowd and found the chief engineer he very kindly told me there was no fire. He added by the way of consolation that the fellow who sent out the alarm thought there was one. Again I started homeward, and after walking two blocks a tough young fellow met me and wanted to know if I was not the *Argus* reporter. I told him I was one of them and he seemed to be surprised that I had front enough to say that I was a reporter. He wanted to break my face because his name had been in the paper for being drunk. I never saw him before in my life and am not particularly anxious to see him again and besides I have but one face and though that is very nearly worn out, still I want to use it. It cost me fifteen cents to treat him, but I squared things. I arrived home in time to see Mary, that's our girl, clearing off the dinner table and my wife had done as she said she would, let me go without it if I was not home in time. I was now thoroughly tired and my wife wanted me to take her to the theatre. All my reasoning power failed to make her realize that it was an impossibility, and when I hurried out to the wedding, theatre, fire board and police headquarters, she was crying and saying something about going home to her mother. I wouldn't blame her if she did, for I have not a minute to devote to her. Why, honestly, at one time I had not seen her awake for so long, when I met her on the street I did not know her and actually tried to flirt with her, but my wife don't flirt, that is, not with me. Well, I covered all my assignments and when I came in, beside my regular copy, found an order calling for a column. I don't know what time it came. My wife does, however, but I don't think it would be healthy to wake her up to ask her. I am inclined to think I have written nearly a column and will submit it to my city editor, but just one word in conclusion to parents who have sons anxious to become reporters because they don't have to pay to get in the theatre. Should they ever express to you such a desire just tell them—

"Yes, darling, in a minute."

My wife's awake and is telling me her opinion of a man who runs around all day and neglects his work to such an extent that he has to keep a light burning until morning to catch up.

"Yes, dear, I'll put the light out so you can sleep. I'm coming to bed right away."

Light out. J.

To-day's Church Notes.

Rev. Dr. Reid, agent of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, announces the receipt up to date of $2,670 as the result of the tour of the mission bands of Knox and Queen's Colleges.

Bishop O'Mahoney, of Toronto, who has been dangerously ill for some time past with rheumatism of the heart, was reported much better last evening.

Prof. Mon Muller, in a letter to the *Times* (London), suggests that an asylum or an institution should be opened at Bombay or Calcutta for the poor persecuted child-widows of India, of whom there are seventy-nine thousand under 9 years of age. The suggestion furnishes a practical opening for the energies of ladies interested in Zenana work.

Heiress to a Fortune.

Mrs. Ballantyne, wife of Rev. W. D. Ballantyne, Principal of the Ladies' College, Ottawa, has by the death of a near relative become the possessor of £10,000. The deceased gentleman was possessed of £200,000 which was divided amongst his relatives. Each of Mrs. Ballantyne's sisters received £10,000 and her brother £15,000.

Six of the Family Dead by Diphtheria.

A Canajoharie, N. Y., despatch says: Fred. Smith, a farmer living near Oriskany, who recently lost four children from black diphtheria, buried two more on Tuesday. The two remaining members of his family are critically ill.

It is not likely that the Government will adopt the proposal for a reduction in first-class railway fares to a uniform rate of two cents a mile recently made by the French Chamber of Commerce, of Montreal.

Pittsburg *Chronicle*: "A prominent physiologist says that the coming man will be completely bald. Perhaps by that time some inventive genius will build a theatre with every seat in the front row."

—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cold your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

—Nellie King is an expert detective in Minneapolis. She is about 20 years of age. Nellie Bly, of the New York *World*, who has won fame in the same line, especially in showing up lunatic asylum scandals, is only 19.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

The Romance Woven from the Strains of the Piano Next Door.

I wonder why the piano isn't going this evening? My pretty little neighbor must be otherwise engaged. The door-bell rang a moment ago, so Sir Welcome Beau is doubtless in attendance. Ah, me! I believe I'm just a wee bit jealous of that handsome, smiling fellow. It's a little trying for a crusty old bachelor to sit up here in his lonely den and wonder what those two young people are about next door. Humph! They're probably enjoying themselves after the manner of young folks. Sentiment and small talk without limit is doubtless the bill-of-fare. Yes, yes, how silly I am to envy them. Isn't this fresh magazine and my generous pipe of "Lone Jack" far preferable to such nonsense! Of course it is!

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"Ah! there, she's playing now! How she makes that instrument speak! It voices her very feeling more truly than ever tongue could. Yes, he's certainly there to-night; and she's talking to him through that piano just as plainly as can be, the little minx! I wonder if he can interpret her music?

There, now, those quick treble notes—those bird-like runs and trills—don't they say, just as plainly as daylight: "I'm so glad you came to-night—so glad, so glad, so glad, glad, glad, glad, glad;" and now those softer, deeper notes! Can't you hear? "For I love you. O, I love you, love you, love, love, love—" Oh, you young looney, you! Why don't you take her right off that piano-stool and fold her in your arms and kiss her? I have no patience with such a young noodle. What wouldn't I give to be down there in your place for just one minute, young man—just one single minute! Ah! There, now! The music suddenly stops! The youngster's evidently come to his senses at last! Well, God bless them—God bless them!

What! is that a tear? It is, by Jupiter! and I've let my pipe go out, too, and haven't turned a leaf in that magazine yet. What an old idiot I am, to be sure!

* * * * * * *

"Yes, little maid, I know you are very sad this evening. The first plaintive note of the piano told me so; and there's no use in your repeating it so often. You'll make me sad, too, if you don't stop soon. How often has the piano told me, within the past two weeks, that *he* has gone. Oh, so far—far—far away—away—away; across the sea—the sea—the—sea; and you're so lonely—so lonely, that your heart is almost breaking—breaking—breaking—breaking. Poor little girl! I wish I could cheer her up. I'd give my right hand to bring her absent lover back to her this minute. Well, I declare! is that more tears? I'm getting to be as soft as a woman. I must cease this moping here in my den, every evening, listening to that sentimental little woman pouring her heart out at her piano. It's not good for me, I'm afraid.

* * * * * * *

"Great Heavens! I shall go wild if this continues! Every evening since that steamship has been overdue the agonized tones of the piano have almost driven me crazy. And there it goes again, telling me over and over, in weird, distracted tones: 'He is dead, dead, dead; he is drowned, he is drowned. I, too, will die, will die; I, too, will die.' And those wild, piteous chords! Do they breathe a prayer? I think they must. Ah! how they pierce my heart!

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"There is resignation in the piano's tones to-night. The steamer is lost. They have given up all hope. I saw a man of prayer at the house this evening. He has doubtless comforted her. But, oh, what unspeakable sadness there was in her face, as she stood at the window this evening as I passed! Yes, the piano is resigned to-night. In sad, low tones it speaks of heaven, and reunion, and peace and joy unutterable! There are still tears in its notes, to be sure, but they are brightened with hope. And now the hope grows stronger and seems almost ready to burst forth into a hymn of celestial gladness. But there, the door-bell rings, the music stops, and—what was that? A scream?

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"Well, bless me if it isn't almost too good to be true. So he isn't drowned, after all? I wonder what they all thought of me for rushing in where the returned lover and his sweetheart, almost wild with joy, were clasped close in each other's arms, with the rest of the family standing about weeping for gladness. I suppose I had no right to intrude, but that scream justified it.

* * * * * * *

"The old piano seems almost bursting with happiness again to-night. It fairly delights me to hear it. I'm so glad the young folks are not going away from the house next door, now that they are married. I should miss the piano, oh, so much. My! what a divine hymn of gratitude and bliss there is in those simple, soulful measures that the happy little woman is playing now! Heigh-ho! That young fellow got a rare treasure! But I don't envy him. No—I—don't—believe—I—do. But, anyhow, here is his health, and long life to the young couple. 'May they live long and prosper!'"

Physician, Heal Thyself.

"You see," said Mr. Fred Grant to the electors of a New York town the other day, "that, like President Cleveland, I have taken my wife along." Freddy is right. Most of the mistakes made in married life come from men not taking their wives along. A man is never in better company or safer than when he takes his wife along. —*Buffalo Courier.*

The Departmental Committee appointed by the Imperial Government will commence an inquiry to-day, with a view of ascertaining how far State grants can be made to agricultural and daily schools. The question of horse-breeding will be discussed by the committee.

Experience is a good school, but it keeps us too long, and the tuition bills are too costly for a fellow who is in a hurry for a diploma.

Steps are being taken by the Kamper syndicate to have the iron ore of Nova Scotia practically tested, in connection with the proposal to establish an extensive steel manufactory in that Province.

MAGNETIC WIND.

A Remarkable Subterranean Bellows Near a Texas Town.

About 100 miles east of El Paso, near Sierra Blanco, on the line of the Texas & Pacific Railway, there is a strange phenomenon that has just come to public notice. The authority for the statements about to be made is ex-Governor John C. Brown, of Tennessee, receiver of the Texas & Pacific, who visited this city a few days ago, accompanied by several officials of the road, in whose jurisdiction the phenomenon is located. Governor Brown and Superintendent Judy told the story to one or two persons here, and it has just come out. About three years ago the Texas & Pacific Railway Company undertook to sink an artesian well a few miles east of Sierra Blanco, which is a little hamlet, 95 miles east of El Paso. The workmen put the pipe down about 600 feet, when suddenly an underground cavern was struck, the drill dropped about 6 feet and a current of air rushed up the pipe. Drilling ceased and the well was abandoned, the 600 feet of pipe remaining in the ground and giving a connection between the surface of the earth and the subterranean cavity a quarter of a mile beneath. The phenomenon did not at that time attract the attention of any one sufficiently to investigate. Recently, however, Superintendent Judy's attention was called to it, and his personal examination and inquiries have developed peculiar facts and testimony about the wonderful well. Gov. Brown stopped to see it on his way here. Not many people live near the well, but those who do reside in the neighborhood of it are thoroughly acquainted with it. Ever since it was abandoned, three years ago, the people near by have been in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer to enjoy the cool and invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current of air ebbs and flows like the ocean tides. From 10.15 a.m. to 10 15 p.m. a current of air rushes out of the pipe with a sound that resembles the noise made by a locomotive blowing off steam so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At. 10.15 p. m. the overflow of air ceases and a strong suction sets in, which lasts for the next twenty-four hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day. It has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of the well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks are given off if the horse's mane is touched. Recently a man from Sierra Blanco was sitting close to the well, and on taking out his pocket-knife found a nail which he had in his pocket clinging to the knife. He held the knife in the current of the air and found the magnetic property was greatly increased. Several weeks ago Supt. Judy held his pocket-knife in the current of air for four minutes, and the knife is still strongly magnetized from the effect. The overflowing current of air is believed to possess remarkable curative properties. Its efficacy is to be tested by experiments upon cases of paralysis and other diseases. The people who live near the wonderful well call it the "fountain of youth."—*Galveston News.*

As She is Wrote.

The *Gran Establecimiento de Modelos* of Jose Gamero Cruz, Granada, advertises as follows:

Geometricals reductions of the more conspicuous and better conserveds reliefs of the Alhambra Arabian palace.

Windows, porches and models of Generalife Said Palace Tower of Infantas and others Arabian monuments of architectural importance.

Warehouse of the photographs of the Alhambra and Generalife and images in boil-clay of the best famous andalusians exemplars types.

Ornament of edifices in arabian style in all class of works and arabesques flowers pots.

Dont purchases nothing until visit this establishment.

The prices are very reduceds and incredibles.

We remit the demands out Spain with readiness and economy.

Keep this advertisement of the trading-house Joes Gamera Cruz and use it as a pocket in order to place the visiting cards.

The Origin of Man.

In a recent lecture at Rochester, Rev. C A. Johnson, in dealing with the subject of "Evolution," said: "I propose to solve this vexed question and present evolution in its proper light, so that you can understand what evolution is composed of, relative to the material which go to make it up. Evolution is as settled a scientific doctrine as the laws of gravitation. It is of great importance for us to know whether man descended from a stock of primates back to which we may trace the converging pedigrees of monkeys and baboons until their ancestry becomes indistinguishable from that of rabbits and squirrels. We shall have some difficulty in settling the questions that at times arise from the cases of human nature which exists potentially in mere inorganic matter and the chain of spontaneous derivation which connects incandescent moleculus or star-dust with the world and with man himself."

Somewhat Contagious.

"Hello! Ella, my girl, where's your pa? Haven't seen him on the street in a long time."

"He's sick."

"And where's your ma? Haven't seen her lately.

"She's sick."

"Where's your brother George? Don't see him any more."

"He's sick."

"And where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Going to the doctor's. I'm sick."

"What, all sick? What's the matter?"

"Oh, Cousin Nell has come to board at our house, and she's taking music lessons."

The Ontario & Niagara Navigation Company's new steel steamer the Cibola was successfully launched yesterday at Deseronto.

A constitution for the proposed annual Industrial Exhibition in Ottawa has been approved by the Citizens' Sub-Committee, and will be submitted to the general committee for adoption to-morrow.

A USEFUL DEACON.

He Couldn't Pray or Sing, but He Could Keep the Dogs Out of Church.

The Rev. E. A. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?"

"That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for, and having found it put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Blank to lead us in prayer.

"'Taint no use askin' me,' he said, 'I can't do it.'

"'Suppose you start the next hymn, then?'

"'Can't sing either.'

"'How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that?'

"Nop. I'm a bad hand at getting 'round. Better get some one else.'

"Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking stick an idea was suggested.

"'Well, brother, do you think you'll be able to keep out the dogs?'

"'You bet I air,' he confidently replied. Then taking a seat at the door, he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting, and after it was over more than one of the congregation was followed home by yelping curs with broken limbs.

Every man has his sphere of usefulness. —*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Odd Jots From China.

At the recent eclipse of the sun the Chinese authorities, in accordance with the usage of the Empire, ordered the Buddhist and Tavist priests to recite their incantations to rescue the sun from being devoured. It was at the time of the festivities over the Emperor's birthday, when all officials were required to wear embroidered robes, but it is also the law that during an eclipse officials who participate in the ceremonies must wear ordinary garments until the sun is rescued. An edict had to be got from the Emperor to settle it. He ordered the officials to ignore his birthday and attend to the sun, so they all wore ordinary robes.

The pen with which John Chinaman makes his tea marks is a curiosity. It is a hair brush placed in a quill, and is very much like the little brushes sold with toy paints. When he writes he never touches his fingers nor wrists to the paper, but grasps the quill in the middle and begins to paint very much like an artist retouching a picture.

The Chinese Government has applied to the Grand General Staff at Berlin for several German officers to act as instructors and organizers of the Chinese army.

The first American railway engine that has been imported into China left Shanghai on October 8th in the El Dorado for Tien-Tsin.

Ontario Crop Report, 1887.

The November report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries is just out. It states that the yield of fall wheat is 14,440,611 bushels, being 3,630,531 bushels less than last year, and 5,162,693 bushels less than the average of six years. The average yield per acre is 16 bushels. Spring wheat may be set down as a general failure. The estimated yield is 5,633,115 bushels, against 9,518,553 bushels last year, and 9,713,879 bushels for an average of six years. The barley crop was saved with scarcely any injury from discoloration, but the yield per acre is less than for any harvest of the last six years. The total product is 17,134,830 bushels, being 2,377,448 less than last year and 2,031,583 less than the average of six years. The oat crop is below the average in yield. The estimated product is 49,848,101 bushels, against 58,665,608 last year. The estimated yield of peas is 12,173,332 bushels against 16,043,734 last year.

The G. T. R. Tunnel.

At the recent Grand Trunk meeting in England President Tyler stated that the cost of the St. Clair Tunnel would be about £486,000; the traffic that would pass through it would come partly from their ferry at Sarnia and partly from their ferry at Detroit; the traffic which passed over these ferries every day was eight passenger trains and twenty freight trains at Sarnia, and ten passenger trains and twenty-five freight trains at Detroit. Supposing this work cost £500,000, the interest would come to £32,000 a year, and they calculated there would be a saving of at least £10,000, as compared with the present working of the ferries.

Opera Versus Prayer Meetings.

Man—My gracious! We'll be late. Get your things on.

Wife—My dear, it's raining pitchforks and the wind is blowing a hurricane.

"We have strong umbrellas."

"My dress will be ruined."

"Wear your waterproof."

"And you know you have a cold."

"I can wear rubbers; I wouldn't miss that opera for—"

"Opera? This is no opera night; it's prayer meeting night."

"Oh! I wonder if our preacher thinks people are idiots enough to stir out of the house such a night as this."—*Omaha World.*

A Fruitful Vine.

An Oakland, Ill., despatch says: Yesterday Mrs. Samuel Nelson, who lives near Sidell, gave birth to four babies, three girls and one boy. Mrs. Nelson is about 35 years old and about two years ago gave birth to twins, both girls. The four children are doing well but the mother's life is despaired of.

A St. Louis reporter, who counted the number of people with whom the President shook hands at one of his public receptions in that city, says that 70 persons a minute passed for three hours, making 12,600 "shakes" without rest for the President.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A lot of ratepayers are extremely anxious to see Mr. Purdy's address to the electors in print. We don't think Mr. Purdy will disappoint them, now that his star has arisen above the Municipal horizon. O, no!

Four of the Chicago Anarchists were hanged in Chicago last Friday. One committed suicide a few days previous. The other two had their death sentences commuted to imprisonment for life. They were murderers and paid the just penalty of their crimes. No need to shed crocodile tears over the remains of scoundrels who did not hesitate to take life while yet they were in the flesh.

THE SABBATH DAY.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion among Christian people as to the keeping holy of the Sabbath day. This is not to be wondered at. People interpret scripture differently in connection with other things, and it is not at all surprising that they should also differ in this respect.

Some very good people believe in a rigid observance of the Sabbath according to certain rules laid down by men who flourished hundreds of years ago, and who interpreted certain passages in the Bible touching this point with the aid of a very dim intellectual light. And yet, while rigidly observing certain rules, at the same time very inconsistently and absurdly violating God's laws in other particulars. For example, the great Scottish divine, Rev. Norman Macleod, tells an amusing instance of the peculiar inconsistency of this class of "rigid" observers of the Sabbath day. One day, in walking towards a small country chapel, in which he was to preach that morning, he observed a lady bending her steps in the same direction, and carrying a small lap-dog in her arms. Immediately behind her walked a man with unsteady steps, who had only a few moments before emerged from an inn close by. The man was palpably under the influence of liquor. Suddenly the dog leaped from the lady's arms and ran off in an opposite direction. The lady politely asked the tipsy man to whistle for her dog. That worthy looked at her in evident amazement for a moment, then steadying himself with an effort, replied in very severe tones:—"Mem d'ye no ken this is the Sawbath day!" So it is with many people. While they are very scrupulous and hair-splitting in matters of little or no importance, they are equally lax in things of infinitely greater moment.

Another class of people, while faithfully performing their duties, in so far as attending divine worship and other services connected with the church are concerned, do not hesitate to criticise their neighbors harshly, and perhaps most unjustly, as soon as they are beyond the sound of the preacher's voice. Indeed, sometimes the good preacher himself comes in for a share of this idle, and, in many cases, malicious gossip. This love of idle gossip seems to be an inherent weakness of the human family. The disease, morally speaking, is contagious, and some of the very best people have been known to give way to it in moments of forgetfulness. Every man and woman living has some weak point in his or her character—ample food in every life for the satire of the social vampires which abound in every community. But let critics be just in their criticisms, and while exposing the faults of their fellow-men, let them not forget the good to be found there too. Yes, and in tens of thousands of instances it will be found that the good far outweighs the bad. At the same time—

"O wad the power some giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae many a blunder free us
An foolish notion!"

So sang the immortal Burns, who, with all his faults, has given to the world many beautiful and inspiring thoughts, wrapped up in simple but expressive verse.

There are many other classes of Sabbath observers. Mr. A. is of opinion that a little ride out into the country with his wife and little ones—who have been "penned up" in the hot city all the week—would not be contrary to a scriptural observance of holy day. God make the trees to grow and the flowers to bloom. Surely he can study these works of His hands by a drive or a stroll out into the rural district, where the air is pure and scented with the sweet perfume of flowers, or newly mown clover it may be. He cannot afford to take holidays and go to the seashore or to some pleasant country town—such as Flesherton, for instance. Oh, no! he can spare neither the time nor the means for that. It is only some high salaried layman, minister, doctor, lawyer, or editor who can afford such luxuries as *that*. Mr. B. is horrified. "Gadding about the country" on Sunday is simply a detestable practice and wrong in the sight of the Lord. Visiting friends is equally bad. Nothing, except what is *absolutely* necessary, should be done on the Lord's day. But Mr. B. doesn't think it wrong for his wife to stay home from church Sunday mornings and cook a good hot dinner for her liege lord! Mr. C. thinds all is vanity and vexation of spirit. No cooking on Sundays in Mr. C's house. Everybody moves around the house like a funeral procession. Mr. C's face is two inches longer than ordinary and woe betide the unfortunate son whose exuberance of boyish spirits tempts him to give vent to a whistle. No boots blacked. No bangs curled with pipe stems around his domicile. No shaving. Nobody smiles—at least they don't when Mr. C. is around. Mr. C. marshals his family off to church after the manner of a policeman in charge of a gang of desperate young culprits. His spinal column is as stiff as a poker, while his features preserve a grim rigidness suggestive of cast iron or marble. After dinner every member of the family reads his or her bible—still in charge of the policeman! In after years Mr. C. is astonished to find, that with all his *careful* religious training, his sons are far from becoming either distinguished theologians or useful members of the church of his choice. However, it is to be hoped the theological freezing they got in youth will be susceptible to rays of true religious warmth in later life.

Every man has a conscience. God implanted that principle within man for wise purposes. When an individual does wrong, or even *thinks* wrong, conscience immediately makes him cognizant of the fact. Call conscience what you will, "the soul," or "the inner man," that man or that woman who obeys its voice will not make many (if any?) blunders, either in keeping holy the Sabbath day, or in the more commonplace things appertaining to this life.

That the Sabbath should be sacredly observed as a day devoted to the sevice of the Lord, few, but skeptics, will deny; but just *how* it should be observed so as to fulfil our Lord's command, is a question not so easily answered. However, we have no further space at our disposal this week and must leave the matter over for further observations at some future time.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Our mail of last Thursday from Flesherton being delayed for some cause unknown, except to the mail-carrier. We had a number of useless trips to the Post Office for the ADVANCE which did not arrive until about 7 o'clock p.m. Mr. Parks is respectfully requested to select some other day in the week for his late trip.

Our school trustees are reported as having engaged Mr. C. J. Sproule, of Flesherton, as teacher here for next year in place of Mr. Drummond, who is retiring.

One of our leading merchants is very anxious to exchange his stock of goods for a farm. He appears to think farming is a paying business.

We are to have a new Postmaster in our village after a time. But at present he is only a few days old. We wish the new arrival every success.

A new way of disposing of poultry is being introduced. Raffles at farmers houses are becoming numerous. Perhaps they forget that it is only gambling no matter how respectable they may try to make it appear, and the parties bringing home turkeys and geese have generally paid more for them than they would have to pay in a more honorable way.

Mr. Medter Guy is home visiting his friends.

The light fall of snow last week brought out the sleighs and for one or two days it looked as though winter had commenced.

There are many complaining of the wells going dry and water becoming scarce.

CANADIAN CLIMATE.—The Canadian climate is particularly productive of Cold in the Head and Catarrh. In fact Catarrh to-day is more prevalent than any other disease. The discovery of Nasal Balm places within the reach of all a certain mean of cure.

Auction Sale!

— OF —

VALUABLE

Farm Property!

IN the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey. Under and by virtue of a power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) and subject to a reserve bid, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

— IN THE —

Village —of— Flesherton!

— ON —

Saturday, the 3rd day of December, 1887,

At one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Artemesia containing fifty acres more or less composed of lot number one hundred and sixty-one in the third concession north east of the Toronto and Sydenham Road.

The above property is about two and one-half miles from the Village of Flesherton and has erected thereon a small frame dwelling house. About 35 acres are said to be under cultivation.

Terms and conditions made known on day of Sale. For further particulars apply to

E. M. CHADWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor,
BEATTY, CHADWICK, BLACKSTOCK & GALT,
38 Wellington Street, East, Toronto.

Dated at the City of Toronto, this 28th day of October, A.D., 1887.

Oxford & New Glasgow Railway Sections.

1st. Birch Hill Road to Pugwash Junct'n. 13 miles
2nd. Pugwash Junct'n to Pugwash.....5 miles.
3rd. Pugwash Junct'n to Wallace Stat'n. 7 miles.
4th. Wallace Station to Mingo Road...17 miles.

Tenders for Grading, Bridge and Culvert Masonry, Fencing, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Oxford and New Glasgow Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on Friday, the 18th day of November, 1887, for the grading, bridge and culvert masonry, fencing, &c.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the office of the Oxford and New Glasgow Railway at Wallace, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, on and after the 10th day of November, 1887, where the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, and all conditions are complied with.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 20th October, 1887.

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next – door – to – Clayton's – Shoe – Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

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CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 75 to 0 75	
Spring Wheat	0 74	0 74
Barley	0 60	0 71
Oats	0 29	0 29
Peas	0 55	0 56
Butter	0 18	0 20
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 00	5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00	8 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

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PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

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FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY— | —OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

— OR —

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-308

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CENTRE TABLES

At $1.75.

Dining and

Extension Tables,

Kitchen Tables

WITH DRAWER.

Dressing, Fall Leaf, and Music Tables.

Work and Fancy Tables in great variety.

Special Line of CHEAP

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JUST IN.

SPRING = BEDS!

From $1.75. Solid Comfort!

Handsome

PAPER RACKS

Only 75c.

Good, Strong

Clothes Racks

At 60c.

Rolling Pins and Potato Mashers, 10c. *each.*

J. E. Moore,

Durham St.

COUNTY & DISTRICT NEWS.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Gruer's planing factory in Mt. Forest was destroyed by fire on Tuesday week.

Mr. Robert Myles, ex-reeve of Euphrasia, has engaged with Mr. J. B. Watson, the orator and humorist, as advance agent and manager.—*Meaford Mirror.*

Mr. Joseph Stone, of Melancthon, while fixing his well on Saturday last, had one of fingers crushed between two pump logs. The finger was so badly crushed, that part of it had to be amputated.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

The directors of the Melancthon, County of Dufferin, Agricultural Society have determined to pay for the publication of the list of prize winners in the local paper. This is as it should be and we hope Proton will follow suit.—*Dundalk Herald.*

Last Monday four farmers along the gravel road, about four miles west of the town of Collingwood, had their barns and dwellings burned to the ground. The fire caught in the buildings from a neighboring swamp fire.—*Thornbury News.*

About a year ago Mr. Wm. Shilson, doing business as a general merchant in Hanover, removed to Walkerton. It was a sad day for Wm. He is now a bankrupt, having made an assignment a few days ago. He was a non-advertiser.—*Hanover Post.*

Last Friday the four Mt. Forest liquor dealers, mentioned in last week's issue, appeared before P. M. Lowes in the council chamber here at 10 a. m., and in a few minutes afterwards departed to their several homes, each $50 and costs poorer for having sold liquor in contravention to the Scott Act.—*Mt. Forest Representative.*

We learn that a destructive fire has been raging along the lake shore road. The bridge across Silver Creek was burned and also a barn on an adjacent farm. It was reported about town that a young man who was bringing some lambs to town had a narrow escape as he was at one time entirely surrounded by fire.—*Collingwood Enterprise.*

The way of the debtor is hard. The steam barge *Chamberlain* was tied up by the Mate for wages last week. He was no sooner paid off than the Chief Engineer, following a good example, had her tied up on Tuesday morning for his wages $250. Besides, she is held under two Division Court attachments—all because, as the Captain says, "he has not paid them."—*Owen Sound Times.*

As Mr. Joshua Woodland was walking from his house to his stable a week ago yesterday he was suddenly seized with a rush of blood to the head, and fell to the ground unconscious. The doctor was summoned, but before he could arrive Mr. Woodland had recovered consciousness. He is around again as hearty as usual. Some fifteen years ago he had a similiar attack.—*Durham Chronicle.*

On Friday last Fanny Lawden died in the Orangeville gaol at the advanced age of 83 years. She had been in prison for upward of two years, and yet her only crime, if such it can be called, was that she was without means, and had not sufficient strength to earn a livelihood. She was formerly a resident of Mulmur. Truely her life was a blank, an empty dream. The remains were placed in a rude coffin, and consigned to a nameless grave. Vanity of vanity!—*Dufferin Post.*

On Friday Alex. Reid, a tonsorial artist from Wiarton, was handed over to the tender mercies of Mr. Reether, the offence charged was the heinous crime of assaulting an editor. It seems the young man had assaulted his mother and had been fined for the offense, the Echo very properly commented on the facts brought out at the trial, hence the assault. He was brought before His Honor Judge Kingsmill and elected to be tried at the coming December sessions. Bail in two sureties at $150 each were fixed for his appearance.—*Bruce Telescope.*

Tuesday, just after dinner, Mr. James Bailey, of Mulmur, while working at Shepherd's new mill dam, near Primrose, seeing that he was about to fall down the embankment just then being constructed, jumped and alighted on a pile of rocks over twenty feet below. Mr. Bailey had both bones of his left leg broken near the ankle, and when Dr. Norton arrived he found that one of the bones had made a serious flesh wound and was protruding, while the wound was also bleeding very freely. The fractures were adjusted and the wound stitched and dressed, but there is yet danger that amputation may be found necessary.—*Shelburne Economist.*

Mr. Robt. Bull had the top of one of his fingers taken off while running a shaper in his factory last Tuesday, through the piece of wood which he was handling breaking and allowing his hand to run against the knives.—*Durham Chronicle.*

It being thought that the burning of Harrison's Planing Mill on the night of the 1st November, was the work of an incendiary, the Town Council have bills posted up offering a reward of $2000 for the apprehension and conviction of the incendiary.—*Owen Sound Advertiser.*

A youth named Billy Mitchell, in the employ of McLean's livery, met with an accident on Tuesday last. The baggage team ran away. The public have not yet recovered from the effects of this extraordinary occurrence. Neither has Billy. The load slipped forward, and carried him to the ground at the heels of the horses. About a ton of freight fell on his legs, and one of the wheels of the waggon passed over his arm. Yet Billy is alive to tell the tale; and is not much the worse of the accident.—*Bruce Herald.*

Past Grand Bro. Theo. Lawrence has been appointed District Deputy Grand Master for the newly erected district No. 24, I. O. O. F., comprising Collingwood, Stayner, Owen Sound, Flesherton, Thornbury and Meaford. It will be his duty to visit each of these Lodges, instruct them in their work and report to the Grand Master. This will entail a large amount of work, but his love for the order will make it a burden earily borne. His long and faithful services will entitle him to the honor thus laid upon him.—*Collingwood Enterprise.*

About 1 o'clock on Monday morning, fire was discovered issuing from Mr. W. Bernie's barn. In a short time a number of people were present and every effort made to save the property but without avail. The building was totally destroyed together with its contents, consisting of two horses, two head of cattle, three sets of harness, five pigs, one hundred hens, a new reaper, one new horse rake, one fanning mill and about thirty tons of hay. Partially insured. The new barn was on fire several times but was saved. The work was evidently that of an incendiary.—*Hanover Post.*

DUNEDIN.—On Monday night Mr. Andrew Young's house was burned to the ground, with all its contents. Mr. Young and family barely escaped with their lives and only got out of the house when the roof was falling in. Much sympathy is felt for the family at their loss at this season of the year is particularly heavy. —An old man named Isaac Brown died the other day at James Moore's. He was an old soldier, and had no friends in this part of the country. Indeed, no one knows anything about him except what he told himself. If his friends should see this they will know what became of him.—*Collingwood Enterprise.*

Bruce Fall assizes were held in Walkerton last week before Mr. Justice Rose. There was a very heavy docket. Samuel Bailey, of the 2nd concession, Bentinck, was found guilty of sheep stealing, and sent to the Central Prison for six months. Samuel Hughes, the murderer of Mrs. McDougall at Allenford last July, when placed in the dock did not plead to the indictment, and appeared to be ignorant of what was going on around him. A number of medical men stated that they had no doubt but that he was insane. He has had a number of epileptic fits lately and is a total wreck. A verdict of not guilty was entered. He will remain in prison until sent to the asylum.

On Friday last, death again visited our community, and called away one of our oldest and and most respected residents, in the person of Mrs. McCaul, (widow of the late John McCaul.) Deceased was a native of Argylshire, Scotland, and came with her husband to America in 1849 and settled in Glenelg in 1850 when the Tp. was nearly all bush. Deceased was ever hospitable, kindly and obliging, and a constant member of the Methodist church. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Ottawal, of Priceville, in Ebinezer church Glenelg, on Tuesday last. Deceased leaves a family of six children to mourn their loss who have our sincere aymyathy.—*Grey Review.*

Mr. Wm. McIntosh, jr., of lot 3, con. 8, St. Vincent, had his left hand amputated at the wrist joint on Friday last in Meaford. This course was necessitated owing to the bone of the hand being diseased and the disease apparently working its way into the arm. He had been troubled with a weakness in the hand for some three years past, brought about, as he believes, by overstraining it at that time by ploughing when his right was almost useless by reason of a felon. He says he can date the weakness in the left hand from that time, and it has continued to grow worse and worse until it culminated in amputation as stated above. The man is married and has two of a family. He is owner of the farm on which he resides. Since the amputation the young man has been the guest of Mr. John Douglas, Meaford, a relative, and we are pleased to announce that he is recovering from the effects of the operation.—*Meaford Mirror.*

On Friday last as Mr. Gavin Kirkwood of Brant and his son George were engaged in plowing a sad accident occurred ending in the death of the young man. It appears that the team, which is a spirited one, were allowed to stand while father and son were occupied in removing turnip tops, and placing them into the furrow. The horses becoming frightened attempted to run away, when the young man rushed to their head and endeavored to stop them. Losing his footing, he fell under their feet, one of the horses stepping on him, breaking three of his ribs and injuring him internally. The father with the assistance of a neighbor, who happened by at that time, succeeded in getting him home. A doctor was at once summoned, but in spite of all that medical skill could do, he expired next morning, after enduring the most intense suffering. The remains were interred on Monday, the funeral being the largest that ever passed through Chesley. The bereaved family has the heart-felt sympathy of the whole community.—*Chesley Enterprise.*

When Justice Galt learned from the grand jury presentment last week that Robert Fletcher was confined in gaol without any crime being charged him he was justly indignant, and ordered the Sheriff to release the unfortunate man. He also instructed the Sheriff not to receive Fletcher at the gaol if he was ever again committed. On Monday afternoon Turnkey Bowles hired a livery rig and drove Fletcher to the home from which he was ejected about a year ago. The father and brother of the poor idiot reside on lot 29, Con. 5, Mono, and are, although they live in a state of squalor and ignorance, rather wealthy, owning 200 acres of land and having money out on mortgages. They received their relative coldly, and the only one to greet him was his sister. The brother is married and his wife forbade the Turnkey to deposit his burden at the house, saying that they would have nothing to do with him. The neighbors were rejoiced when they saw poor Robert returning, and the Turnkey was heartily cheered as he passed several houses.—*Dufferin Post.*

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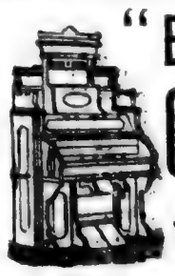

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A Man's a Man for a' That!

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage if sorrow come to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil
But only whitens soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Hugh; he was quite appalled at the notion of any likeness between this absurd specimen of humanity and himself; but happily the little mother did not hear him, for she was adjusting the long robe to her liking.

"There, you must take him, Hugh; I want to see him once in your arms—my two treasures together;" and she held the baby to him.

Hugh did not see how the weak arms trembled under their load, as he retreated a few steps in most genuine alarm.

"I take him! My dear, I never held a baby in my life; I should be afraid of dropping him; no, let him stop with his mother. Women understand these sort of things. There, now, I thought so, he is going to cry; and Hugh's discomfitted look was not lost on Fay, as the baby's shrill voice spoke well for his strength of lungs.

"Oh, hush, hush," she said, nearly crying herself, and rocking the baby to and fro feebly. "You spoke so loudly, Hugh, you frightened him; he never cries so when we are alone."

"You will be alone directly if you do not send him away," was her husband's impatient answer; it is not pleasant for a man to be deafened when he is tired after a long journey. Why, I do believe you are going to cry too, Fay; what is the good of a nurse if you exhaust yourself like this?" And he pulled the bell rope angrily.

"Oh, please don't send my baby away," she implored, in quite a piteous voice; "he is always with me now, and so good and quiet, only you startled him so."

"Nonsense," he returned decidedly; "your illness has made you fanciful; surely I must know what is best for my wife. Nurse, why do you allow Lady Redmond to wear herself out with a crying child? it cannot be right in her weak state."

Fay gave up her baby without a word; she was too gentle to remonstrate, but if he could have read her thoughts. "He does not care for his child at all," she was saying within herself; and then she was very quiet, and shielded her face with one hand. Sir Hugh was rather uncomfortable; he knew he had been out of temper, and that he was disappointing Fay, but he never guessed the stab he had inflicted when he had refused to take their boy in his arms.

"Well, Fay," he said, in rather a deprecating manner, "I meant to have had a little talk with you, now that noisy fellow is gone; but you seem sleepy, dear; shall I leave you to rest now, and come up again after dinner?"

Fay uncovered her eyes and looked at him rather oddly, he thought, but she made no answer. Hugh rose and looked at his watch, and repeated his question.

"No," she said, very slowly; "do not trouble to come up again, Hugh. I cannot talk to you to-night; I shall be better quiet."

"There, I told you so," he cried, triumphantly. "I knew that little rascal had tired you."

"My baby never tires me," she answered, wearily, and closed her eyes. Oh, if she could only close them forever! But then she remembered how terrible death had seemed to her in her illness—a bit of infinite pain.

Hugh looked at her a little puzzled; his Wee Wifie was very much altered, he thought; and then he kissed her two or three times with some affection, and went to his dressing-room.

But when she heard him go down stairs she rang for the nurse to bring back her baby directly. The woman did not like her excited look, or the fierce way she almost snatched him to her bosom.

"You had much better try and get a little sleep, my lady," she said, kindly; but Fay only shook her head. It was not bedtime yet, she said, but she would like to be quiet with her baby for a little. And when nurse had gone to have a talk with Janet, she tottered from the couch, and knelt down beside it, and wetted the white robe with her tears.

"It is all over, baby," she moaned; "he does not care for you or for me either—he only wants Margaret; but you must love your mother, baby, and grow up and comfort her, for she has no one but you to love her in the whole wide world."

Lady Redmond had a serious relapse after this, and it was two or three weeks before she was carried to the couch again.

* * * * * *

Hugh had not learned his lesson yet. Neither his wife's illness nor his own had taught him wisdom; he was as restless and unreasonable as ever.

He grew very impatient over Fay's prolonged weakness, which he insisted was due in a great measure to her own fault. If she had not excited herself so much on the night of his return, she would never have had that relapse. It was a very tiresome affair altogether; for his own health was not thoroughly re-established, and a London physician had recommended him a few months' travel; it was just what he wanted, and now his trip to Cairo and the Pyramids must be indefinitely postponed.

He rather obstinately chose to believe that there was a want of will in the matter, and that Fay could throw off her weakness she liked. Still he was very kind to her in his uncertain way—perhaps because the doctors said he must humor her, or she would fade away from them yet. So he told her that she would never get strong while she lay moping herself to death in that little painted bird-cage, as he called the blue room. And when she answered listlessly that she could not walk—which he was at first slow to believe—he used to carry her down to one of the sunniest rooms in the old Hall—into either the morning-room or library—and place her comfortably on her couch with her work and book before he started out for his ride.

It was a new thing to have those strong arms performing such gentle offices for her. Fay used to thank him gratefully with one of her meek, beautiful looks, but she seldom said anything—his kindness had come too late to the poor child, who felt that her heart was slowly breaking with its hopeless love. For who would be content with the mirage when they are thirsting for the pure water? Or who would be satisfied with the meted grain and the measured ounce when they have given their all in all?

Those looks used to haunt Hugh as he rode through the Singleton lanes; he used to puzzle over them in an odd, ruminative fashion.

He remembered once that he had been in at the death of a doe—where, or in what country he could not remember; but she had been overtaken with her fawn, and one of the huntsmen dispatched her with his knife.

Hugh had stood by and shuddered at the dumb look of anguish in the wild deer-eyes, as with a sobbing breath the poor creature breathed its last, its helpless fawn licking its red wounds. Hugh had not been able to forget that look for a long time; and now it recurred to his memory, and he could not tell why Fay's eyes reminded him so of the dying doe's—it was an absurd morbid idea. And then he touched his black mare a little smartly, and tried to efface the recollection by a rousing gallop. But, do what he would, he could not get it out of his mind that his Wee Wifie was sadly altered; she was not the same Fay whose little tripping feet had raced Nero and Pierre along the galleries with that ringing laugh. This was a tired Fay who rarely spoke and never laughed—who seemed to care for nothing but her baby.

Hugh used to tell her so sometimes, with an inexplicable feeling of jealousy that rather surprised him; but Fay did not understand him.

"What does it matter for whom I care?" she would say to herself. "I must love my own baby." And then she would think bitterly that Hugh seemed to like her better now that she had ceased to vex him with her childish demonstrations. "I am getting very dignified," she thought, "and very quiet; and I think this pleases him. Do old people feel like this, I wonder, when all their life is ended, and they have such feeble, aching limbs? Ah, no; I do not believe they suffer at all. But now I seem as though I can never rest for my longing that Hugh may love me and tell me so, before I die." And so she would prose on in her sad plaintive little way.

No wonder Sir Hugh marvelled at her, so silent of tongue, so grave of look—such an altered Wee Wifie; but all the conclusion at which he had arrived was that the baby had been too much for her, and that, when the summer heat was over, she would grow strong again. And Fay never contradicted him.

And by and by, when the days grew a little cooler, Fay began to creep about the garden a little, and call herself well. Hugh drove her out once or twice in her pony carriage; but she saw he did not like it, and begged him to let her go alone—such reluctant courtesies gave her no pleasure. But presently Erle came for a brief visit, and was her ready escort, and after that she really began to mend.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FAY'S MISTAKE

She loves with love that cannot tire,
And when, ah, woe! she loves alone
Through passionate duty love flames higher
As grass grows taller round a stone.
Coventry Patmore

Never! 'tis certain that no hope is—none?
No hope for me, and yet for thee—no fear,
The hardest part of my hard task is done;
Thy calm assures me that I am not dear.
Jean Ingelow

Erle was quite shocked at Fay's changed appearance, but he said very little about it. He had an instinctive feeling that the shadow had deepened, and that Fay was sick at heart; but he only showed his sympathy by an added kindness, and an almost reverential tenderness; and Fay was deeply grateful for his delicacy, for she knew now that though she had been blind, others had had their eyes open; and she had a morbid fear that every one traced her husband's restlessness and dissatisfaction with his life to the right cause, and knew that she was an unloved wife. Fay was very proud by nature, though no one would have guessed it from her exceeding gentleness; and this knowledge added largely to her pain. But she hid it—she hid it heroically, and no one knew till too late how the young creature had suffered in her silence.

Erle and she were better friends than ever; but they did not resume their old confidential talks. Erle had grown strangely reticent about his own affairs, and spoke little of his *fiancee* and his approaching marriage. He knew in his heart that Fay had read him truly, and knew that his warmest affections had been given to Fern, and he had an uneasy consciousness that she condemned his conduct.

Fay never told him so; she congratulated him very prettily and made one of her old mischievous speeches about "the young lady with the go in her"—but somehow it seemed to fall flat; and she asked him a few questions, as in duty bound, about his prospects, and how often he saw Miss Selby, and if he would bring her to Redmond Hall one day; "for I mean to be very fond of your wife, Erle, whoever she may be," she continued; "and I hear from the Trelawneys that Miss Selby—but I must call her Evelyn now—is very nice indeed, and that you are to be congratulated."

"She is far too good for me," returned Erle, with a touch of real feeling, for his *fiancee's* unselfish devotion was a daily reproach to him. Could any girl be sweeter or more loving, he thought.

Fay sighed as she watched him. Erle had changed too, she said to herself; he was nicer, but he had lost his old-time merriment; he looked graver, and a little thin, and there was not always a happy look in his eyes. Fay sometimes feared that the other girl with the fair hair had not been forgotten; she wanted to tell him that she hoped Evelyn knew all about her, but she lacked the courage, and somehow it was not so easy to talk to Erle this time.

But there was one subject on which he dilated without reserve, and that was on Mr. Ferrers' search for Crystal. He was in New York now, he told Fay, with his sister, and he was waiting for further intelligence before he followed Miss Davenport. "Miss Trafford corresponds with him," he continued, with an effort; "but it seems the travellers have little time for writing." But he wondered, as he talked about the Ferrers, why Fay changed color so often—he had heard it was a sign of delicacy.

"I am tiring you," he said, hastily; "you are looking quite pale; you want a change sadly yourself, my Fairy Queen." And Hugh, entering the room at that moment, caught at the word, and came up quickly to the couch.

"Don't you feel so well to-day, pet?" he asked, kindly; "why are you talking about a change."

"It was only Erle's nonsense, dear," she said, hurriedly. She never could speak to him without a painful blush, and it always deepened if he looked at her long, as he did now.

"I never saw you look better than you do to-day," returned her husband; "she is quite rosy, is she not, Erle? But you are right, and a change will do her and the boy good. I was thinking how you would like to go down to Devonshire, Fay, while I am away."

"Away?" she said, very quietly; "where are you going, Hugh?"—but there was no surprise in her face.

"Oh, you cannot forget," returned Hugh, impatiently, "unless that baby puts everything out of your head. Do you not remember that I told you that Fitzclarence was coming down this week to arrange about our trip to Cairo."

"No," she replied, "you never said anything about it, Hugh;" which was the truth, for he had never taken the trouble to inform her, though Mrs. Heron had had orders to prepare a room for the expected guest.

"Well, well," rather irritably, "I meant to tell you, but one's memory is treacherous sometimes. He will be down here about Wednesday or Thursday, for in another week we hope to start."

"Indeed," returned Fay, in her tired voice, pulling off her baby's shoe; but to Erle's astonishment, she manifested no emotion. As for Sir Hugh, he was relieved to find his Wee Wifie was becoming such a reasonable woman. Why, he could talk to her quite comfortably without fear of a scene.

"What will you do with yourself, dear," he continued, briskly. "Don't you think it would be the best thing to go down to Daintree and show your baby to Aunt Griselda?"

"Just as you like," was the indifferent answer. But Erle interrupted her.

"How long do you mean to absent yourself from the bosom of your family, Hugh?"

"Oh, two or three months; we cannot follow out the route Fitzclarence proposed under that time—about ten or eleven weeks, I should say."

"Three months? Well, all I can say is marriage is not the fettered state that we bachelors imagine it to be. I had no idea that one could get leave of absence for half that time. I hope my wife will be as accommodating as Fay."

"There was a concealed sarcasm in Erle's careless speech that jarred upon Hugh, and he answered angrily,

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense, Erle. Fay has the sense to know that my health requires complete change, and I shall not be the man I was without it. I ought to have had three months last time, only her illness recalled me. But now I can leave her more happily."

"And you expect to make the trip in eleven weeks with Fitzclarence as the leader of the expedition. Fitzclarence, so renowned for his punctuality—so celebrated for never altering a given route at a minute's notice."

Erle was going too far, and Sir Hugh answered him with decided impatience.

"I did not know Fitzclarence was a friend of yours, Erle; but I never listen to the idle gossip one picks up at one's club. I am perfectly satisfied with his arrangements, and so are the other men—we have two other fellows going with us. Fay, my dear, I should like you to write at once to your aunt, and ask her if she can have you and the boy. The cottage is rather small; do you think you could do without Janet, and only take nurse?"

"Oh, yes," replied Fay, in the same constrained voice; but Erle saw that she had become very pale. But just then Ellerton entered and told his master that some one was waiting to speak to him on business; and so the subject dropped.

Erle looked rather wistfully at Fay when they were left alone together. "I am afraid you will be very lonely when Hugh goes away," he said, kindly. "Why need you go to Daintree; you will be dreadfully dull there with only your aunt. I do not see why you should not come to Belgrave House first, while Mrs. Montague is there. She is a very pleasant woman, Fay; and you could do just as you like, and you would see Evelyn, and I am sure you two would soon be great friends. Do come, Fay; and you can go to Daintree afterwards."

Fay shook her head with a faint, dissenting smile; but she was touched by his kind thought for her.

"No, Erle," she said, decidedly, "it would not do at all. Hugh would not like it. He wishes me to go to Aunt Griselda."

"What does it matter to him where you go, so long as he is enjoying himself," burst from Erle's impatient lips; her meekness really provoked him. But he regretted the rash speech as soon as it was uttered, especially as a soft hand touched his.

"Hush! Erle," she said, gently, "you should not speak like that; not to me at least. Do you not know that I have no greater pleasure in the world than to obey my husband's wishes. No," she continued, and her eyes grew misty, "I have no other happiness but that—no other happiness but that."

"But, Fay," interrupted Erle, eagerly, "what possible objection could Hugh have to your staying at our house while Mrs. Montague is there? We would wait on you, and watch over you, as though you were a queen."

"Yes, yes! I know that—you are always so kind to me, Erle; but it would never do for me to come to Belgrave House. Hugh does not like Mr. Huntingdon."

"Very few people do," muttered Erle, "but he has always been a good friend to my mother and me."

"Yes, I know; and he is your uncle, so of course you make allowances for him. But Hugh has told me the story of poor Nea Huntingdon; and, somehow, I feel as though I could never visit Belgrave House until you are master there."

Erle smiled. "When that day comes, Mrs. Trafford shall reap a golden harvest after all her hard work. You do not know how I long to help her, and make life easier for them all. Think of such women living in a place like the Elysian Fields—over that shop too; and yet, if I were to take up their cause now, I should only forfeit my own chances, and do no good. So you mean to be obdurate, my Fairy Queen, and not come to us."

"No, dear," she said, quietly, "I could not come." But she never told him that one of her reasons was that she might possibly meet the Ferrers there, if they were coming back from America; and she felt just now as though she could not have borne such an encounter.

Erle had to go up to London the next day, but the Hon. Algernon Fitzclarence took his place the following evening, and after that Fay had a miserable time; for all day long Hugh and his guest were planning the route for their trip, or talking over previous tours.

Either Fay's knowledge of geography was very limited or her head got confused; but as she listened to them, she felt as though Egypt were thousands of miles away, and as though Hugh would certainly get lost in those trackless deserts, and was cruel to leave her for such dangers, she thought. And sometimes she got so nervous that she would make an excuse and leave the room, that she might not hear any more. And then she would wander about the grounds in an aimless way, trying to throw off the oppression that was growing greater as the days went on. It was not that she did not want her husband to leave her. Her loneliness could not be greater if he went away—so she believed in her wretchedness; but she was so terrified for him. And she had taken a dislike to the Hon. Algernon Fitzclarence. He might be a great traveller, as Hugh told her, and a very amusing companion, but his manners were not to her taste. Fay's innocence instinctively took alarm at the covert admiration conveyed in her guest's looks and words. He was too much a man of the world to pay her open compliments; and indeed her gentle dignity repelled him; but he made her understand that he thought his hostess very charming.

Hugh noticed nothing; he was rather pleased than otherwise that a fastidious man like Fitzclarence should admire his little wife. Fay was certainly very pretty, even in her husband's eyes, and she was so much improved—not half so childish. But it was a relief to Fay when the Hon. Algernon departed. Hugh was to join him in town for a day or two to procure his outfit, and then come back to the Hall to bid Fay good-bye. It was on the second day after their guest had left Redmond Hall that Fay went into her husband's room to dust and arrange his papers as usual.

It was a duty she had taken upon herself from the first. Sir Hugh had a masculine horror of what he called servants' interference—he never allowed them to touch the papers on his writing-table or bureau; and his strictures on the feminine duster were so severe that no one but Mrs. Heron ever ventured even to remove the overflowing waste-paper baskets.

But when Fay came to the Hall she assumed the duty as her right, and took a great pride and pleasure in her task; and Hugh's first marital praise was bestowed on the clever little fingers that tidied without disarranging his cherished papers, and after that the work became her daily pleasure. But this morning there was an unusual amount of disorder and confusion. Sir Hugh had sat up late the previous night sorting and destroying his letters; and not only the baskets but the floor was heaped with a profusion of torn paper. Fay felt weak and tired, and she went about her work slowly; but she would not ring for a servant to help her; it would be a long time before she tidied Hugh's papers again, she thought. And then her attention was attracted by an unfinished letter lying at the bottom of the *debris* which she first believed had been thrown away by mistake—but on closer inspection she found it was torn across. But it was in her husband's handwriting. Fay never knew why the temptation came to her to read that letter. A sentence had caught her eye, and an intense wish suddenly came over her to read the whole and know what it meant. Afterwards she owned that her fault had been a great one; but she was to pay dearly for her girlish curiosity.

It was a mere fragment, and was apparently the concluding portion of a long explanatory letter.

". . . And now I have told you all frankly, and however much you may condemn me, at least you will be sorry for me.

"For, indeed, I have done all that a man can do, or at least the best that is in me, and have only been beaten and humiliated at every turn. I can do no more. My illness has exhausted me, and taken away all strength of resistance; and though it may seem cowardly to you, I am forced to run away, for my present life is unendurable. Just put yourself in my place, and think what I must suffer.

"So you must not blame me, dear, if I have come to the conclusion that the same place cannot hold us both—at least not for a time. One or other of us must be I. The misery of it is too great for my endurance, until I can learn to forget the past; and, as I have told you before, Margaret,"—the word lightly scratched through and "I" substituted, only Fay never noticed this—"I think it right to go; and time and absence will help us both. She is so good and gentle; if she knew all, she would own that this is my duty; but——" here the letter was torn across, and Fay read no more. But as she stood there her fingers stiffened over the paper, and an icy chill seemed to rob her of all feeling. She thought that letter was written to Margaret, and now her despair had reached its climax.

Poor, unhappy Wee Wifie; it was a most fatal mistake. That letter had been written by Hugh one night when he could not sleep, and it was addressed to his wife. He had come to the conclusion that he had lived the life of a hypocrite long enough, and that it would be wiser and more honest if he unburdened himself of his unhappy secret and told Fay why he had thought it better to go away. He had tried to speak to her once, but she did not seem to understand, and he had grown irritable and impatient; it would be easier to make excuses for himself on paper. He could tell her truly that he was very fond of her, and that he wanted to make her happy. "I mean to make you a good husband," he had said in a previous portion; "one of these days, if you are patient with me, you shall be the happiest little woman in the world."

Hugh never finished this letter; something happened to distract his attention, and he never found an opportunity of completing it. The night before he had read it over, and the beginning had not pleased him. "I will write another when I am away," he said to himself; "I am afraid she will feel herself hurt if she reads this, poor little thing. I have not been sufficiently considerate." Unfortunately Fay had come to a different conclusion. She thought the letter had been written to Margaret, and that the "she" who was mentioned was Hugh's wife. Yes, it was his wife of whom Hugh spoke when he said the same place could not hold them both, and for "place" the unhappy girl substituted "house." Hugh could not remain in the same house with her. "She was good and gentle; if she knew all,"—ah! and she did know all—"she would own that it was his duty; his present life was unendurable," and therefore—therefore he was going to Egypt with that dreadful man who would lead him into danger. "One or other of us must leave, and of course it must be I."

"No, no, my bonnie Hugh," she said at last, with a dim smile, as she lifted up her eyes to his portrait; "if one must be sacrificed it shall not be you—no, my dearest, it shall not be you." And then, in her childish ignorance, she made up her mind that Hugh should not go to Egypt.

"You are very unhappy, darling," she went on, pressing the letter in her hands; "you are terribly unhappy because you cannot love me and care for your boy; but you shall not be troubled with us any longer; and, indeed, I could not stop—" and here a blush of shame came to her sweet face—"knowing what I know now. No, baby and I will go, and you shall not leave your beautiful home and get lost in those horrible deserts; you shall stay here and learn to forget all your troubles, and presently you will be happy; and it is I who will go, my dearest."

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary Scene in a Church.

An extraordinary scene occurred in All Saints' Church, Woodford Wells, Essex. It was the occasion of the usual harvest festival and the building was crowded. As soon as the service commenced an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, jumped up from his seat excitedly, and, pointing to a lady who was entering, exclaimed, "Oh, what a bonnet!" He continued muttering to himself, and occasionally starting to his feet during the prayers, as well as beating time with his hands to the music. The churchwardens and others endeavored to pacify him, but when they approached him he placed himself in a threatening attitude, the consequence being that no one was able to lay hold of him. Meanwhile many of the worshippers left the church in a state of alarm. When the first hymn was given out by the vicar, the man again jumped up suddenly, left his pew and advanced toward the vicar, every one expecting something serious to happen. The man, however, went up to a lady, put his arms around her and embraced her, to her great consternation. He then turned and walked out of the church and no one followed him. He is a stranger to the locality, and the supposition is that he is an escaped lunatic.

Mark Twain's Meanest Man Outdone.

The Brookville *Recorder* publishes the following: "The writer was on the road to Farmersville and had to wait some time at the Erbe toll-gate, which was blocked up by a waggon with a hay rack. As we finally drove up and handed over our four cents the old lady in charge of the gate said: 'If you wait long enough I'll tell you why that man was so long here. You see this morning he went past with a load of hay so large it would not go through the gate. To help him out of the trouble my husband and myself got rails from the fence and fixed up the side of the road, so that he could drive around the gate, and he got by without unloading. When he came back just now he refused to pay only one way, as he said he had only gone through the gate once. What do you think of that?' said the old lady as we drove on."

Lessons in Natural Philosophy.

"Yes, Tommy," said the teacher of the infant class, "that is right; vegetables come from the ground; and now can Willie Waffles tell us where meat comes from?"

"Yessum," responded Willie, with the air of one familiar with the subject, "meat comes from the butcher's."

The Place for Our Superfluous Girls.

Keep a close watch to-night and see which of the one hundred young gentlemen of our town escort the six young ladies to the concert.—*Quanah (Texas) Advance.*

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

R. W. Thistle & Co. have bought out a 100 mile limit on the Indian River from Mr. J. R. Booth for $25,000.

Earnest Simpson, who was so fearfully injured at Kingston by falling from a hay loft upon a thrashing machine in operation, died on Saturday.

Edward McCracken, aged 19, son of Joseph McCracken, lumber merchant, Leamington, was thrown from his buggy on Friday and killed.

It is stated on good authority that some of the Sudbury gold quartz assays as high as $30,000 to the ton. In the poorest of it the vein of gold is as large as a leadpencil.

The dead bodies of Wm. Elliott and Wm. Tower were found in a boat adrift on Salmon River, N. S., on Thursday night. The men had been on board one of the river steamers on Wednesday night and left together in the boat. Nothing more was seen of them until their bodies were found. The cause of death is unknown.

It is learned that the postoffice at Thorndale was entered by burglars on Saturday morning between 1 and 2 o'clock, the crooks securing between $90 and $100 worth of stamps, $70 in cash, and probably a number of letters. The authorities think they have a clue to the thieves, who effected an entrance by forcing a window.

The last diphtheria card in the village of London West was taken down on Saturday night, and the Health Officer says the schools can now be opened.

Edwin Shepherd, of Kingston, sent his wife to the country for the benefit of her health, and when she returned on Saturday she found he had skipped after disposing of the furniture.

William Harris, a 14-year-old son of a Metcalfe farmer, was tried before Police Magistrate Noble at Strathroy on a charge of criminally assaulting a young girl about his own age, named Annie Holdams. The Police Magistrate, after a lengthy hearing, sentenced the youth to two years in the Penetanguishene Reformatory.

Two burglars entered a London South residence on Sunday night while the family were away and ransacked the house. Not discovering any valuables they helped themselves to a square meal and left. They were seen by a neighbor, who inquired their business, when one of the intruders presented a pistol and threatened to shoot. The pair then made off unmolested.

Mrs. Boland, living at Cap Rouge, near Quebec, went to call upon a neighbor yesterday morning, leaving her three young children alone in the house while she was absent. The youngest child, a boy of 3 years of age, amused himself by lighting chips at the stove, when his clothing caught fire, and before his mother returned was so badly burned that he died in a few hours, after suffering the most fearful agony.

From this out every officer in the Austrian army who has served thirty years uninterruptedly and gone through one campaign shall be awarded a title of nobility without the payment of the usual heavy fees.

The Prussian budget will show a deficit of 40,000 marks. It is hoped to cover the deficit by increased returns from the State railways and the share of Prussia in the brandy tax from October, 1887, to April, 1888.

The Ameer of Bokhara has informed the Czar that the Bokharans object to a permanent Russian occupation of Kerki and has asked the Czar to postpone the transfer of troops from Charjui to Kerki until the Bokharans shall have been gained over.

The steamer Umbria, on which Mr. Jay Gould is a passenger, arrived at Queenstown yesterday. A hurricane was experienced on Wednesday and the steamer shipped a number of tremendous seas. Five steerage passengers were injured during the storm. One had a leg broken and another was cut on the arm and head.

Baron Wolverton died suddenly at his hotel at Brighton yesterday. He attended the races at Lewes on Friday and at Plympton on Saturday. Yesterday morning he bathed and shaved and appeared to be all right. Some time afterwards he was missed and his room was entered, when his dead body was found. He was 63 years of age.

The London *Observer*, in a leading article yesterday, said that Canada must have a Commercial Union with the United States and should not be interfered with in her attempts to bring it about, but that any attempt on her part to prohibit English imports as a measure of protection to Canadian manufactures will tend to a complete separation of the Dominion from the mother country.

The preparations Italy is making at Massowah indicate the speedy beginning of a serious campaign, the object of which is supposed to be to occupy and fortify Karen, and open trade with the Soudan. The arrival of a supposed English mediation committee at Massowah is interpreted in some quarters as denoting the collusion of England in the Italian project, because the preparations of Italy have gone too far to permit mediation.

The Crown Princess has sent a message to Dr. Mackenzie, requesting him to re-examine the Crown Prince's throat. It is expected that the doctor will reach San Remo on Tuesday. Dr Mackenzie has passed through Paris *en route* to San Remo. His visit to the German Crown Prince is not for the purpose of performing an operation, but for the purpose of considering the advisability of allowing the Prince to return to Germany. Some reports say that the Crown Prince is again suffering from hoarseness.

It is officially announced that cholera has absolutely ceased to prevail in Italy.

The Prince of Bulgaria has found some more men plotting against his life, and has caught one of them, who was maturing a scheme to blow up the entire Bulgarian Government.

It is reported that Ras Aloula has attacked and defeated all the allied tribes south of Dongola, and that he advanced thence to Assaorta. Two Russian officers took part in the battle on the side of the Abyssinians.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, the distinguished traveller, read a paper last night before the London Chamber of Commerce advocating the construction of railways between Burmah and China, to open up new markets for British merchants.

The Indian Government is about to construct batteries at the principal seaports of India. Dhuleep Singh has sent a telegram to the Nizam of Hyderabad, saying that he is mistaken in giving sixty lacs of rupees to England, because India will be taken by Russia.

Advices from Kurrachee say that the tour of the Earl of Dufferin, the Governor-General, along the northern frontier, is associated with the formation of a railway between Kurrachee and Upper India. The establishment of such a railway, it is believed, will enable producers to place wheat in London at one shilling per quarter less than at present.

The programme of the ceremonies attending the celebration of the Pope's Jubilee was made public yesterday. On December 31st the Pope will receive the members of the International Committee, who will present him with a gift of 1,000,000 lire; on January 1st the Pope will celebrate mass in St. Peter's; January 2nd he will hold a public reception at the Church of San Lorenzo; on the 4th and 5th he will receive foreign deputations; on the 6th he will open the exhibition of the gifts presented to His Holiness, and on the 15th the Pope will canonize ten saints.

The trial of Gen. Caffarel, Madame Limousin, Madame Ratazzi and Gen. D'Andlau for selling Legion of Honor decorations, was commenced at Paris yesterday. All the defendants were present except Gen. D'Andlau. Gen. Caffarel was examined and admitted entering into business relations with Mme. Limousin, in order to obtain resources to relieve his embarrassment. He interested himself in the applications for the Legion of Honor decorations solely to oblige Mme. Limousin. He never received any money for them. He denied that he divulged the plan for the mobilization of the Seventeenth Army Corps.

THE CROWN PRINCE WORSE.

Dr. Mackenzie Says There is Another Growth in the Throat.

A Berlin cable says: The *Reichs Anzeiger* publishes a statement from Dr. Mackenzie that the Crown Prince's throat is worse, but that he is in no immediate danger. Dr. Mackenzie telegraphs from San Remo as follows: "Regarding the condition of the German Crown Prince, there has been a recurrence of the growth lower down in the throat. I am issuing an unfavorable bulletin to-night." Dr. Mackenzie says that the general health of the Crown Prince is excellent, that he takes a great deal of exercise in the open air and sleeps and eats well, but that the local complaint within the last few days has assumed an unfavorable character. The Emperor has instructed Prince William to obtain both a written and verbal report from the physicians as to the state of the Crown Prince's health.

At 7 o'clock this morning Prince William, son of the Crown Prince, visited Prof. Bergmann to arrange for a conference of physicians, which was held this forenoon, the Prince being present. At midday the Prince started for San Remo, via Frankfort. At Frankfort he was joined by Dr. Schmidt, the specialist, who is to decide whether an operation is necessary or not. It was reported that the growth is a tumor, and that the Prince's voice is again hoarse. A later despatch from San Remo says: "Dr. Mackenzie found a totally new growth half an inch below the ligaments of the glottis. There is no immediate danger. The doctor thinks that the growth is too low to be operated upon through the mouth, and that an incision will have to be made into the throat." The news of the Crown Prince's condition has caused a great sensation in Berlin and Vienna.

"DARWIN'S LIFE."

A Forthcoming Book Says He Was a Naughty Child and a Lazy Boy.

A London cablegram says: The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes lengthy extracts from a new book entitled "Darwin's Life," which will soon be issued. From these extracts it appears that Darwin as a child was naughty, and as a boy he was lazy. He left Shrewsbury School after seven years very little wiser than when he went there. He frankly avowed that he did not work because he knew that his father would leave him enough to live on. He was placed in charge of Dr. Brother, but his horror of the sight of blood and his repugnance to dissection prevented his becoming a doctor. After two years had elapsed his father concluded that he would not make a doctor and designed him for the Church. He was sent to Cambridge, where he led a dissipated life, gambling and neglecting his studies. The idea of his entering the ministry was ultimately abandoned. Darwin was passionately fond of music. He frequented the concerts in the college chapel and paid the choir boys to sing in his rooms. Yet his ear was strangely defective. He was incapable of perceiving a dissonance and could not hum a tune correctly. In 1839 Darwin became a deist and thereafter remained one. "Never in my most extreme fluctuations," he wrote, "was I an atheist. I never denied the existence of God."

Why He Couldn't Swim.

Little Girl (to visitor, whose business is in a shaky condition)—I say, Mr. Brown, you don't know how to swim, do you?

Mr. Brown—No, I can't swim at all.

Little Girl—I thought you couldn't swim, because I heard Pa say the other day that you had a great deal of trouble in keeping your head above water.

New York city has about three thousand policemen.

Wm. Cash, a Huron constable, was fined $25 at the Goderich Assizes for allowing a prisoner to escape.

Mr. Ijams is running for office in Omaha. The prohibitionists will vote against him, because he comes within one of being Mr. J. Jams.

A family named Turner in the east end of Woodstock early last week lost a child from diphtheria. The following morning two others yielded to the dreaded disease, and another has since died.

An imposing demonstration in honor of Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, was held in Montreal last night under the auspices of the Club Letellier, between 5,000 and 6,000 people being present.

THE GREATEST ART PUBLISHERS.

A Word About Raphael Tuck & Sons, whose Famous Publications Go All Over the World.

If a dozen ordinary men were asked to name the greatest painter now living, the chances are that they would give a dozen different answers. Anybody, though particularly any artist, will tell you that the house of Raphael Tuck & Sons are the greatest art publishers in the world. There can be no doubt of that. Their publications are before you, no matter where you find an art dealer's establishment. Their largest house is in London, but they have others almost equally extensive in Berlin, Paris, Leipzig and New York. Their headquarters in this city, by the way, is in charge of Mr. Samuel Gabriel, at No. 298 Broadway, where the firm's latest productions can be viewed. The collection there displayed of reproductions of the most noted works of all the modern masters is worth going far to see. So extensive have Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' operations in America become that Mr. Adolph Tuck will visit the New York agency about the middle of next month and make arrangements for still further extensions. The factories of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons at Leipzig employ an army of more than three hundred experienced designers, lithographers and transferers. Besides this they have their own paper and card-board mills, where are prepared the materials for their art printing. Altogether the firm employs more than one thousand people in their printing, cutting, embellishing, finishing, packing and shipping departments. They send their publications all over the world. These consist of large and handsome oleographs for framing purposes, artistic studies for painting and drawing, circular and shell plaques, wall pockets, etc., for wall, mantel and cabinet decoration; Christmas and New Year cards, and a thousand and one artistic notions designed to beautify the homes of those who have learned to appreciate the beautiful. Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons may truly claim to have done more to render art popular than any other publishers in the world. They have re-produced and sold at popular prices all the paintings in the world-famous Berlin gallery, and the works of some of the eminent foreign and American artists. In Christmas and New Year cards alone Messrs. Tuck & Son annually print more than 2,000 designs. Among their latest novelties is an exquisite line of Porcelain Studies of superior quality and thickness and bevelled, and each inclosed in a wooden safety box, guarding it against risk of breakage in transmission through the mail. All the designs are by well known artists, and the best that has been thus far brought out is the portrait of Mrs. President Cleveland, generally acknowledged to be the best picture of her extant. —*N. Y. World.*

THREW VITRIOL AT HER.

A Young Lady Teacher of Norwich the Object of a Fiendish Act.

A Norwich, Ont., despatch says: Upon reaching the usually quiet village of Norwich your correspondent was surprised to find the place thoroughly aroused over a case of vitriol throwing which had taken place the previous evening. The subject of the attack was a Miss McMurchie, one of the lady teachers in the public school, a position which she has filled to the great satisfaction of the ratepayers of this town for the past four years. On Friday evening, as was her custom, the young lady went down to the Post-office for her mail and was returning along Stover street about 7.15. Just as she crossed Court street a man, whom she had not previously noticed, and who, she thinks, had concealed himself in the shade of the fence, faced her and threw directly at her head a quantity of vitriol, probably a pint, judged by the marks upon the sidewalk and the grass, which is badly burned for a full yard in length. Fortunately for the young lady, she was wearing for the first time this season a fur coat and cap to match. The collar of the coat was turned up, thus affording very complete protection. As the scoundrel threw the vitriol from the vessel she dodged her head, thus escaping the full effect of the attack in the face, the contents largely passing over her right shoulder, the balance falling upon the shoulder and collar of her coat and slightly upon her right cheek and ear. For the moment she thought that it was a mere joke of some friend throwing water upon her, and turning to ask the scoundrel why he had done that she felt the burning sensation. Her voice failed her and she hurried into the house of Mr. S. Allen, where the acid was washed from the face and lard immediately applied. Search was immediately made for the assailant, but thus far no arrests have been made. Suspicion points very strongly in certain directions. Miss McMurchie, who is one of the most highly-esteemed young ladies of this town and a member of the Presbyterian Church, is wholly at a loss to account for the assault. She has no enemy that she knows of and cannot imagine any ground therefor. At first it was supposed that the vitriol had been designed for another, but maturer judgment is in favor of the idea that her assailant knew well whom he was attacking. Strong feeling is expressed that the Council has not been called in the emergency and a reward offered for the apprehension and conviction of the offender.

Worldly Wisdom.

Don't be a clam, my son; but if an old friend come to you and asks for the loan of $5 until Saturday night, just close your shell for repairs. It may look rude, but under some circumstances it is better to leave than to be left.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Bustle is Already Sat Upon.

As the protective tariff is responsible for the extremest exaggeration of the modern bustle, both ought to be sat down upon.—*Galveston News.*

Phœbe Hicks, of Petersburg, Va., has married a widower with thirty-one children. She is his eighth wife.

Mrs. Anna Sachs, of St. Louis, who threw a pancake at Mrs. Cleveland during the Presidential visit, was released yesterday on the payment of a fine of $15. She protested that her act was unintentional. The original fine was $50. There is so much off for cash, doubtless.

SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL ROMANCE.

A Young Scotchman Whose Faithfulness to His Promised Wife Could Not Be Shaken.

The New York correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle* tells a pretty story, as follows:

Rather a notable wedding took place here the other day, with a romantic story attached. Young James Robertson Blackie, of the great Glasgow publishing house, came over the ocean to take back with him in the guise of a helpmeet Miss Ellen Arthur Botts, of Savannah, Ga., who is a niece of the late President Arthur. He is a tall, blonde young fellow, who is an excellent business man, as the present prosperity of his house shows, and with a heart in the right place, as the following little story proves: His wife was a relative of his stepmother, and came as a schoolgirl to Glasgow to be educated, living in his father's home. He fell in love with her promptly, and they were provisionally engaged owing to her youth. Upon her return to this country she was for some time the devoted nurse of her dying grandfather, and after his death was attacked with fever as a result of her fatigue. While still convalescent the great earthquake that shook Charleston to pieces came to Savannah, and the shock and terror acting upon her enfeebled nerves entirely destroyed her sight. The specialists here, when consulted, declared the case was hopeless, and she must resign herself to life-long blindness. Upon this painful verdict she wrote to her fiancee, releasing him from the engagement, and resigned herself to darkness and loneliness for the rest of her life. The manly young Scotchman, however, refused to submit. He took the next steamer for this country, and on arriving declared that he loved and would marry her whether she ever regained her sight or not. Stimulated by this unexpected happiness she at once began to mend, and with the restoration of her general health her eyes began to improve, and now she has as bright a pair of brown ones as are to be seen anywhere, and no one can see further into a millstone than she. They were married on Wednesday and will return to Scotland some time in November.

A New Sport.

SHAVING AGAINST TIME.

On Tuesday night, at No. 418 King's road, Chelsea, says the London *Telegraph*, an extraordinary shaving match against time was decided, Teddy Wick, the champion barber, being backed to shave 50 persons in 60 minutes for £15 a side. He actually shaved 77 persons in 59 minutes 53 seconds, and thus won the stakes. In the first quarter of an hour he disposed of 21 men; in the second, 14; in the third, 19; and in the last 14 minutes 53 seconds he put on a "spurt" and finished off 23.

A Hint for Teachers.

Miss Gleeson, teacher in an East Middlesex school, has a reading-desk in a corner of the school room, and on it keeps "Treasure Trove" and "Our Little Ones" on file. These are specially useful in stormy weather. During the time of any special event, such as a war, she puts the *Graphic* or odd numbers of other illustrated papers on the reading-desk. The children at noon hours read in turns; sometimes one will read to a group of listeners.

Was America Ever Discovered?

At the time when Columbus started in search of the New World nearly every man, woman and child in Europe insisted that there was no New World to discover. When he came back, crowned with success, a large proportion of these good people adhered to their theory, and if they were alive to-day many of them would doubtless insist that America had never been discovered at all. A man will give up anything in the world more readily than a pet theory. For example, look at the individuals who still maintain that consumption is incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands upon thousands of cases, and will cure thousands more, but these people can't give up their point. Nevertheless the "Discovery" will cure any case of consumption, if taken in time.

—Mr. Edison is unquestionably the smartest inventor of the age, but if he really wants to serve his fellow man let him invent a machine that will take all the little bones out of fish.

For Constipation, "liver complaint," or biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—a gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

Six Months After Marriage.

She—"Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know we are one, now?"

He—"Yes, I've heard that before, but when it comes to paying the weekly board bill the landlord don't seem to think so."

Putnam's Corn Extractor

Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the genuine too often offered.

A Mean Man.

Husband—Getting ready for the opera? Wife—Yes, dear.

H.—D'ye know why a woman getting ready for the opera reminds me of an unplucked fowl?

W.—Not knowing, can't say.

H.—Because she has to be undressed to be dressed.—*Boston Courier.*

Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

Anton von Werner is painting a picture of Kaiser Wilhelm at the age of 90, sitting surrounded by his family. It is to be a jubilee present to Queen Victoria from the Germans resident in England.

There are nearly 5,000 Hungarian voters in the city of New York.

Only two of the thirty best shots at the last Dominion Rifle Association matches have declined to go to Wimbledon if selected for next year's team.

LAURA PUGH FOUND.

In Company With Her Husband She Accosts Her Father.

Advices from Buffalo convey the information that Laura Pugh, the 18-year-old daughter of Mr. Wm. W. Pugh, formerly of Hamilton, who disappeared from her father's house in Buffalo six weeks ago, was found Wednesday afternoon by her father. She was walking on the street in Buffalo with her husband, Fred. W. Adams, to whom she was married in Toronto immediately after her disappearance. They have been in Chicago during the interval and only returned to Buffalo on Wednesday. The law of New York makes it a felony to marry a girl under 16 years of age without the consent of her parents. The penalty is five years' imprisonment or $1,000 fine, or both. Mrs. Adams has her marriage certificate, and it is not known whether there will be any prosecution or not. Mrs. Pugh, her mother, is very ill.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, undescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00,**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNL. 46 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

Flesherton

Is the place to get IMMENSE BARGAINS in all kinds of

SINGLE, DOUBLE & CARRIAGE

HARNESS.

PRICES RIGHT every time.

JINGLE, JINGLE,

JINGLE!

Winter is at hand and the best place to get

Sleigh Bells

(Real Beauties) is at Clayton's Harness Shop. Come and see the stock.

KEEP ❋ WARM

By getting one of Clayton's elegant and comfortable

GOAT ROBES!

Cheap as Dirt!

WHIPS,

TRUNKS,

Sweat Pads,

Brushes,

Curry Combs,

Blankets,

Peerless Hoof Ointment

—and—

Peerless Axle Grease

Everything marked down at bottom prices. Inspection invited.

COME ONE COME ALL.

D. CLAYTON.

Opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

More Accommodation Must be Provided for Farmers.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the accommodation afforded the farming community in Flesherton is far from being adequate to meet the wants of our growing and progressive town. We must advance or retrograde—one or the other. We are advancing and have been for years past, but have at length arrived at a peculiar crisis in the history of the place. There has not been sufficient accomodation for the travelling public—in so far as stabling and shed room were concerned—but now that the large sheds connected with Mr. Sproule's block have been closed to the public and put to other uses, it becomes imperative for the people of this town to open their eyes to the fact, that unless ample accommodation be forthcoming a great deal of the trade of the place will be diverted from its legitimate channel. Prompt action is absolutely necessary in this matter. Every day lost counts seriously against us.

Time and again farmers have approached us and have spoken in most emphatic terms of the meagre accommodation afforded—especially on "big days." One prominent farmer said to us, a short time ago: "I tell you what it is, sir, this thing won't go down with us farmers. Here I have been driving my team around the place for two mortal hours—rain pouring down all the time—and I can't find a single nook or corner in which to obtain shelter for them. I like Flesherton and her business men better than those of any other place in my knowledge, but blank me if I don't do my business elsewhere if you folks do not provide decent accommodation."

Another farmer said: "Look here, boss, you're town's goin' to the mischief. D'ye think I drive my team seven or eight miles for the fun of having to tie them to a lamp post in Flesherton and seein' how they like to stand out in the storm while I'm enioyin' myself in a cosy room. Betcher life I don't. An' I won't do it again."

A traveller informed us not long since, that he could not get his horse into the hotel stable here after ten o'clock without "raising a dickens of a row!" Another alleged that he couldn't get in at all and had to go to the Station.

However, be these things as they may, it is a fact patent to all, that our hotel stable, and especially the shed, does not afford anything like ample accommodation to the public generally. What would have been ample ten or fifteen years ago does not fill the bill now by "a large majority." Flesherton has more than doubled in population in that time and requires greatly increased facilities for the travelling public, in order to retain its vastly growing trade and rapidly developing resources. It rests entirely with the people of this town and community to remedy this matter or not as they choose. It is a serious question and as such must be considered in the most serious manner. We leave it with the people.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The Rev. G. B. Howie delivered a lecture on the Holy Land here on the 4th inst. Considering the state of the roads there was a fair attendance. The Rev. gentleman gave a very good lecture considering he was blind.

Mr. S. Clemis is re-engaged as teacher in S. S. No. 4, Artemesia. During the past year Mr. C. has given entire satisfaction to the section.

The Victoria cheese-factory is closed for this season and the patrons seem to be content with the proceeds.

Mr. G. Gott has just completed on his own premises a frame barn 30x50.

DIED.—Mr. Wm. Gott, aged 80 years after a long illness. His remains were interred in the Methodist cemetery here on Monday.

For the issue of November 12th The Illustrated London News (American Edition) furnish their many readers, in connection with a wide variety of reading, the following timely illustrations: A very spirited picture of the unemployed in London, entitled "The Police and the Mob;" three pictures upon the State of Ireland; one of How Some of the London Poor Spend the Night, and another of the Poor Helping the Poor, as well as the meeting of the unemployed in London. There are also sketches from the Burlesque of "The Sultan of Mocha," at the Strand Theatre, and one page devoted to the Sultan of Morocco, while the opposite page presents G. L. Seymour's drawing of "A Favorite Slave." Besides these attractions there is a double-page picture of Buffalo Hunting in North America. The price remains as usual at ten cents for the complete number. Office of Publication, Potter Building, New York.

Mr. Thos. Duncan has removed his tailor shop to the old ADVANCE Office stand on Collingwood street.

Proton Station.

This place, untill lately, was a mere Flag Station on the T. G. & B. Railway. The Messrs. Neilson erected a steam saw-mill and several other buildings. Mr. J. Stinson, of Toronto, lately put into active operation another steam saw-mill. A Post-office has been established and a general store by Mr. Freeman; another general store will soon be opened by Mr. G. Cannel. An hotel or other place of public accomodation is needed; while a blacksmith, shoemaker and a tailor would be certain of lucrative employment. A very commodious ——Church has been opened, and others are expected in the near future. Success, say we.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Div. Courts!

County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting will be held at 2 of the Clock p.m. on Friday, the Ninth day of December, 1887, at Judges Chambers in Parkers Block, Poulett Street, Owen Sound, to take into consideration the formation of two new Division Courts in the County of Grey, one of which it is proposed to form of the West parts of the Townships of Bentinck and Normanby, and the other of parts of the Townships of Holland, Euphrasia, Artemesia, and Glenelg, in the said County.

Of which all persons interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly. By Order of His Honor,

COUNTY JUDGE MACPHERSON.

WM ARMSTRONG,
Clerk of the Peace, County of Grey.

Dated at Owen Sound, the 8th Nov., 1887.
334-7.

FARM to RENT.

BEING Lot 35, Con. 4, Artemesia, containing 100 acres, 80 acres cleared—75 acres fit for running self-binding machine over; in first-class state of cultivation. Fair dwelling and outbuilding. Two wells water. Easy terms. Good responsible man can have use of implements. For full particulars apply at ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, or to A. DOWN,
Nov. 15th, 1887. on the premises.
334-7.

Stray Horse.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 29, Con. 7, Artemesia, on Sunday 6th, 1 Horse. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. ISAAC SMITH,
334-6. Flesherton P.O.

Stray Ram.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 13, Con. 1st S.D.R., Artemesia, one aged Ram. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. JOHN WHYTE.
Nov. 8th, 1887.—333-5.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lots 26 & 27, 1st S.D.R. Artemesia containing 100 acres more or less, 65 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. 35 acres in grass and hay. Good house and fair barn. Small young Orchard. Never-failing spring of water. The proprietor is determined to sell even at a sacrifice. For full particulars apply on premises, or to SILAS LESLIE,
Nov. 7th, 1887.—333-6. Priceville P.O.

STRAY HEIFER.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, Lot 10, Con. 12, Osprey township, one yearling Heifer, dark red with black strips and large white spot. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

GEO. COOPER,
Feversham P. O.

STRAY STEER.

Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, Lots 37 & 38, E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, on or about October 1st, 1887 one yearling steer, black and white. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be rewarded; and any person keeping the animal without giving such notice—after publication of this notice—will be prosecuted as the law directs.

J. W. SHORE,
Oct. 28th 1887. Flesherton P.o.

STRAY CALVES.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con. 1st. N. D. R., Artemesia, about Oct. 20th, four Spring Calves—2 heifers and two steers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses

WM. REID,
Priceville P. O.

Artemesia, Oct. 31st, 1887.

STRAY CATTLE.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lots 74 & 75, Con. 3 E.T.& S.R. Artemesia, about a month ago, four yearling Calves. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

N.B.—Since above was in type, all the cattle but a dark brown Heifer have either strayed or been stolen from my premises. If the latter, the party or parties will not be prosecuted if they return them at once.

HECTOR BOLTON,
Flesherton P. O.

Artemesia, Oct. 29th, 1887.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of Mr. John Porteous, Lot 30, 6th Con., Artemesia, on 10th of Oct., 2 Heifers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

JOHN PORTEOUS,
331-33 Flesherton P.O.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, , Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

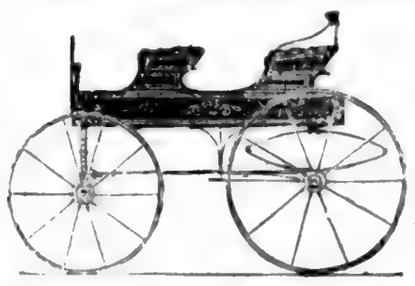

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*

THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 20th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 335. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"NOVEMBER AD."

I am in a position to do BETTER BY THE PUBLIC,

CASH

—OR—

CREDIT!

Than any other jeweller on the C.P.R. between SHELBURNE and OWEN SOUND and as well as any jeweller in those places.

WHY IS IT SO?

1st. *I have a first-class wholesale connection established with 4 of the best Firms in Canada, Jobbers and Manufacturers.*

2nd. *This connection enables me to keep a neat line of* **Watches, Clocks, Etc.,** *to choose from at prices—"quality and warrant" considered—that are not equaled in this section.*

3rd. *I do no "catch" business, never taking from those not posted what I can't make off those who are. Four years in business just finished and an increasing patronage warrants me in assuming that my efforts to establish a reputation for reliability and square dealing in every transaction is fully appreciated by the public. I shall continue to keep a Fine Stock, Sell Close, do Satisfactory Work, and Fit Specs on optical principles by "test" lenses.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale, Ont.

SAY, HALLO THERE! ADVERTISING PAYS! Of course it does. Just plant an advertisement in THE ADVANCE and see for yourself. Hundreds have done so and were benefitted. Have you a farm you want to sell or rent? Advertise in THE ADVANCE. Have you anything under the sun you want to sell or trade? An advertisement in THE ADVANCE will bring you customers every time. Do you want to buy anything or hire help? Advertise in THE ADVANCE every time. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms, &c.

CONSUMPTION IN FLESHERTON.

There being good prospects of a fresh quantity of Flour to be consumed in the village and surrounding country the present season, the undersigned has opened out with a good stock of the following lines:—

ROLLER FLOUR!

Best Brands.

Rolled & Granulated Oat-Meal.

Corn Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Chop,
Shorts,
Bran and Oats,

At Bottom Prices for Cash.

Special Discounts

According to amount of Purchase.

W. W. TRIMBLE,

Next door to Clayton's Shoe Store.

(312-364)

PRINTING! YES, OH, YES! IT WILL PAY all manners of persons who read this advt. to get their Printing done at THE ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. Good work at honest prices every time! A dollar saved is a dollar earned—so the proverb goes. Pamphlets, Posters, Circulars, Programs, Dodgers, Streamers, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Receipts, Note Forms, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Labels, Tags, &c., Plain or Colored. Address or call on A. R. Fawcett, ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, for terms.

ADVERTISE in The ADVANCE

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Central Bank bills taken at par at M. Richardson & Co's.

Flesherton has a population of about 800.

Look out for J. G. Russell's new "ad." next week.

Raffles are the rage among some of the farmers in this township.

Mrs. J. G. Russell, returned home from Hamilton last week.

Look out for W. W. Trimble's new advertisement on this page next week.

There is a rumor afloat that a Temperance house is to be started here in the near future.

A fight occurred on our street this week between a young farmer and one of our citizens. No gore spilled.

Thanksgiving day passed off quietly here. Service was held in the Presbyterian church.

Call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure some of those bargains they are offering. They are doing the business of this County.

We had a pleasant call from Rev. Mr. D'Argent—Maxwell's popular and talented Presbyterian minister—on Saturday last.

Highest cash price is still paid in Flesherton for all kinds of farm produce. Suspension of the Central Bank has in no way affected our market.

We cannot help giving the people bargains. We have the goods and are bound to sell at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mrs. Shilton is visiting friends in Hamilton and Toronto. Rev. Mr. Shilton accompained her and stayed away a few days, returning to Flesherton on Saturday.

Central Bank suspended temporarily. Bill holders may be put to inconvenience for a short time but no one need sacrifice their bills as they will all be ultimately redeemed.

Mr. Robt. Hogg and Miss Gustie Akitt, of Eugenia, were united in marriage on Wednesday, 16th inst. The happy couple have the best wishes of the community for their future happiness.

Auction Sale Stock, Implements, &c., in Flesherton, on Monday, December 5th, Cattle Fair Day, at 11 o'clock a.m. For full particulars, see bills. W. H. Johnston, proprietor; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer.

Credit auction sale of Furniture at the Presbyterian Manse, Maxwell, on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, commencing at 1 o'clock p.m. sharp. See bills for particulars. Mrs. D'Argent, owner; N. A. McLean, auctioneer.

Credit auction sale of farm stock, etc., at Lot 15, Con. 12, Osprey, commencing at one o'clock p.m. sharp, on Thursday, Dec. 1st. Without reserve. Wm. Mullin, proprietor; John Speers & Co., auctioneers. See bills for full particulars. [N.B.—Every sale bill printed at this office is kept on fyle, and intending purchasers can call at our office and see them any time they are in town.]

Look Here.

An Arm Rocking Chair for $1.35, A Swinging Rocker $1, Hollow Seat, 4 Spindle Chairs 40 cents, a Bedstead for $2, F. L. Table $3, Perforated Seat Chairs 75 cents and upwards, Perforated Seat and Rocker $1,25. Don't buy your Furniture till you see J. W. Bates' stock and prices as no person can sell cheaper.

DANGER.—There are some who pay but little or any attention to a cough or cold, and say let nature take its course. This is just the time nature should have assistance. The lungs are threatened. Assist them with Tamarac Elixir.

The Walkerton burglars have been captured.

Always take your Repairs to Russell, Flesherton. It will pay you well to do so.

Don't sacrifice your *Central Bank* bills, they are taken at par at M. Richardson & Co's, Flesherton.

Grain and other produce have been pouring into town this week on account of the good sleighing.

Burglars entered Campbell's drug store, Wiarton, recently and managed to capture $2.50.

We are informed that the next Entrance Examinations (High School) will be held in Flesherton some time in December.

Master Robert Bates returned home from Sault St. Marie last week. He intends to go to school during the winter.

Mr. John O'Melia, of this town, had two of his ribs cracked last week, by coming in contact with the station platform after dark.

The G. N. W. Telegraph Office has been removed from W. Richardson's Drug store to Richardson & Co's Office, in corner of Brick Block. It is in charge of a competent operator and all business will have prompt despatch.

The second letter of our Regular Correspondent at Washington, U. S., appears in this weeks issue. It contains much useful information in reference to the approaching session of Congress, and each succeeding letter will increase in interest.

A Fruit Social will be held at the residence next door to Division Court Clerk's office, Flesherton, on Tuesday evening next, 29th inst., commencing at 8 o'clock, under auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church. Admission 15 cents.

[W. C. T. U. Department].

Mrs. Campbell, Superintendent of W. C. T. U. of Grey, will lecture in the Town Hall, on Thursday, Dec. 1st. Doors open at 7:30, commencing at 8 sharp. There will be no charge at the door but a silver collection will be taken up to defray expenses of lecturer.

M. Richardson & Co's business will not be effected by the Central Bank suspension. They are still on the market to buy all kinds of farm produce for cash. Having placed their accounts with the "Imperial," one of the leading banks in Canada, farmers can have their cash in Imperial Bank bills.

A very full report in connection with the last scenes in the lives of the Chicago Anarchists—who recently paid the penalty for their crimes—will be found in this week's ADVANCE, inside pages; also a full report of the Quebec Conference, and other interesting matter. In fact every page of this week's ADVANCE (or any other week's) will compare favorably with those of any other country paper published in the Province.

Mr. James Armstrong, pathmaster, near Eugenia, had Mr. Wm. Wilson up before Squire Armstrong on Tuesday last, on a charge of obstructing the public highway by placing thereon a fence. It was evident that Mr. Wilson was in ignorance of the existence of a certain Township By-Law in reference to the opening of the roadway alluded to, or he would not have placed the fence there. A nominal fine only was therefore imposed on him.

We would like to see everybody patronize our worthy Barber, Mr. Booth. He keeps a very neat and tidy shop, is an excellent workman, and a steady and industrious citizen. He intends to give the place a fair trial, but unless there is a moderate patronage, of course he may be induced to go to some better place. The business has been run down by dead-beats like the fellow Smyth, but that is no reason why Mr. Booth should not receive a large patronage and do a rushing business. He is well worthy of the people's custom.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS

There not being accommodation enough for farmer's teams, M. Richardson & Co. have made arrangements for the erection of sheds at once adjoining their Hardware Store on Durham street.

The most beautiful stock of Silverware ever seen in this country is to be seen at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

A splendid rich toned New Organ and two famed New William's Sewing Machines for sale at a great reduction for cash or trade at C. Treadgold's residence, Flesherton. 4w.

DISGUSTING CATARRH.—A gentleman from Montreal writes:—For years I have been greatly annoyed by Catarrh. It caused severe pain in the head, continual discharge into my throat, and very unpleasant breath. By a thorough use of Nasal Balm I was completely cured.

CONFIDENCE RETURNING.

The Central Bank Bills to be Redeemed Forthwith.

From The Toronto World. (Monday.)

The financial scare had almost subsided on Saturday, in fact had disappeared before closing hour. The volume of business at the banks was fairly large, and the deposits, especially in the savings branches, as far as could be learned were fully up to the rule. The tone of The World's article was generally commended as tending to allay excitement, and the alarmists were not to be found by noon.

The bankers believe that the scare is over, as they are confident that the banks have decided to stand together whatever the cost may be. Even the strongest institution cannot afford to chance the effects that might follow another suspension. The bankers themselves, though not disposed to talk much, do not deny that some such understanding exists.

But the banks have learned a lesson, viz., that it would have been in their interests to have assisted the Central when it appealed to them rather than to have aggravated the situation as they appear to have done. The banks, too, have learned this lesson: that a little more co-operation and brotherly feeling would not hurt their combined interests.

Mr. Walker, the general manager of the Commerce, in an interview on Saturday said his concern had been too harshly spoken of as "ear-marking" the bills of the Central Bank, and thereby first starting the uneasy feeling. It was not, said he, till large blocks of Central bills were being offered for deposit in the Commerce, and when the other banks were cognizant of the real condition of that institution that the Central notes were earmarked—a term meaning that the bank holds the depositor responsible for these bills should the bank issuing them be unable to redeem them when presented.

But granting all this, it does seem that not only the Commerce, but the other banks were too previous in thus casting suspicion on the notes of the Central, for The World is authorized to say that arrangements are being completed for the immediate redemption of the notes of the bank. Any one who will read the communication at the close of this article on "Bank Note Circulation" will see the need there is for the banks protecting one another's notes.

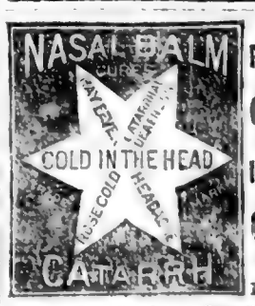

A POSITIVE Cure FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

—GREAT—

Discount Sale!

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELERY, &C.

In order to make room for our large Fall and Winter Stock, we have decided to give 20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1.00 and over for the next

30 DAYS!

This is a rare chance to secure fine goods at Wholesale prices as the stock must be reduced. An $18.00 Watch for only $14.40; a $15.00 Watch for $12.00; a $10.00 Watch for $8.00, warranted from three to five years. These are the goods that received first prize at Flesherton Fall Fair. Come along and get some of the Bargains. Positively for 30 days only, at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

WANTED.—A quantity of White Ash for Butter Tubs, for which cash will be paid on delivery. Jos. McCormick, Cooper, Flesherton.

People wonder at it, but still we give the Finest article for the least money in this section of country at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

FARMERS!

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding the advance in the price of wool we have done so on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., CARDING, ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHERTON.

Flesherton, May 30th, 1887.

QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

The Resolutions Adopted by the Provincial Representatives.

NEW FINANCIAL BASIS.

Unrestricted Reciprocity Endorsed by the Delegates.

DISALLOWANCE CENSURED.

Following are the resolutions adopted at the recent Inter-Provincial Conference at Quebec:

Respecting Amendments of the British North America Act.

Whereas, in framing the British North America Act, 1867, and defining therein the limits of the legislative and executive powers and functions of the Federal and Provincial Legislatures and Governments, the authors of the Constitution performed a work, new, complex and difficult, and it was to be anticipated that experience in the working of the new system would suggest many needed changes; that twenty years' practical working of the Act has developed much friction between the Federal and Provincial Governments and Legislatures, has disclosed grave omissions in the provisions of the Act, and has shown (when the language of the Act came to be judicially interpreted) that in many respects what was the common understanding and intention had not been expressed, and that important provisions in the Act are obscure as to their true intent and meaning; and whereas the preservation of Provincial autonomy is essential to the future well-being of Canada; and if such autonomy is to be maintained, it has become apparent that the Constitutional Act must be revised and amended; therefore the representatives and delegates of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Manitoba, duly accredited by their respective Governments, and in conference assembled, believing that they express the views and wishes of the people of Canada, agree upon the following resolutions as the basis upon which the Act should be amended, subject to the approval of the several Provincial Legislatures:

LIMITING THE FEDERAL VETO.

1. That by the British North America Act exclusive authority is expressly given to the Provincial Legislatures in relation to subjects enumerated in the 92nd section of the Act; that a previous section of the Act reserves to the Federal Government the legal power of disallowing at will all Acts passed by a Provincial Legislature; that this power of disallowance may be exercised so as to give to the Federal Government arbitrary control over legislation of the Provinces within their own sphere; and that the Act should be amended by taking away this power of disallowing Provincial statutes, leaving to the people of each Province, through their representatives in the Provincial Legislature, the free exercise of their exclusive right of legislation on the subjects assigned to them, subject only to disallowance by Her Majesty in Council as before Confederation; the power of disallowance to be exercised in regard to the Provinces upon the same principles as the same is exercised in the case of Federal Acts.

QUESTIONS OF DISPUTED JURISDICTION

2. That it is important to the just operation of our Federal system, as well that the Federal Parliament should not assume to exercise powers belonging exclusively to the Provincial Legislatures, as that a Provincial Legislature should not assume to exercise powers belonging exclusively to the Federal Parliament; that to prevent any such assumption, there should be equal facilities to the Federal and Provincial Governments for promptly obtaining a judicial determination respecting the validity of statutes of both the Federal Parliament and Provincial Legislatures; that constitutional provisions should be made for obtaining such determination before, as well as after, a statute has been acted upon; and that any decision should be subject to appeal as in other cases, in order that the adjudication may be final.

PRIVATE ATTACKS ON FEDERAL AND PROVINCIAL STATUTES.

3. That it is in the public interest, with a view to avoiding uncertainty, litigation and expense, that the constitutionality of Federal or Provincial statutes should not be open to question by private litigants, except within a limited time (say two years) from the passing thereof; that thereafter such constitutionality should only be questioned at the instance of a Government, Federal or Provincial; that any enactment decided, after the lapse of the limited time, to be unconstitutional should, for all other purposes other than the mere pronouncing of the decision, be treated as if originally enacted by the Legislature or Parliament which had jurisdiction to enact the same, and as being subject to repeal or amendment by such Legislature or Parliament.

REFORM OF THE SENATE.

4. That a leading purpose of the Senate was to protect the interest of the respective Provinces as such; that a Senate to which the appointments are made by the Federal Government, and for life, affords no adequate security to the Provinces; and that, in case no other early remedy is provided, the British North America Act should be so amended as to limit the term for which the Senators hold office, and to give the choice, as vacancies occur, to the Province to which the vacancy belongs, until, as to any Province, one-half of the members of the Senate representing such Province are Senators chosen by the Province; that thereafter the mode of selection be as follows: If the vacancy is occasioned by the death, resignation or otherwise of a Senator chosen by a Province, that Province to choose his successor; and if the vacancy is occasioned by the death, resignation or otherwise of any other Senator, the vacancy to be filled as now provided by the Act, but only for a limited term of years.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS' POWERS.

5. That it was the intention of the British North America Act, and of the Provinces which were thereby confederated, that in respect of all matters as to which the Provincial Legislatures have authority, the Lieutenant-Governor of every Province, as the representative of the Sovereign in Provincial affairs, should have the same executive authority as other Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of British Colonies and Provinces; that the Act has practically been so construed and acted upon in all the Provinces ever since Confederation; that it is of essential importance to the Provinces that this right should be maintained, and should be placed beyond doubt or question; that, there being no express provision in the Act declaring such right, and the right being in consequence occasionally denied and resisted, the Act should be amended by declaring its true construction to be according to the intention and practice as herein mentioned.

FEDERAL SEIZURE OF LOCAL WORKS.

6. That the Federal authorities construe the British North America Act as giving to the Federal Parliament the power of withdrawing from Provincial jurisdiction local works situated within any Province, and though built in part or otherwise with the money of the Province or the municipalities thereof; and of so withdrawing such local works (without compensation) by merely declaring the same to be for the general advantage of Canada or for the advantage of two or more Provinces, whether that is or is not the true character of such works within the meaning and intention of the Act; that it was not the intention that local works should be so withdrawn without the concurrence of the Provincial Legislature, or that the power of the Federal Parliament should apply to any other except "such works as shall, although lying wholly within any Province, be specially declared by the Acts authorizing them to be for the general advantage," as expressly mentioned in section 29, subsection 11, of the Resolutions of the Quebec Conference of 1864 and that the Act should be amended accordingly.

FEDERAL ELECTIONS ON PROVINCIAL LISTS.

7. That there exists in each Province the requisite machinery for preparing voters' lists and revising the same for elections to the Provincial Assembly; that, without any detriment to either Federal or Provincial interests, the lists so prepared were used for twenty years at all Federal elections, under the express terms of the British North America Act and of the subsequent statutes of the Federal Parliament; that the preparation of separate voters' lists for Federal elections is cumbrous and confusing, and involves great loss of time and needless expense to all concerned therein; and that in the opinion of this conference the British North America Act should be so amended as to provide that, at all elections to the Federal Parliament, in any Province, the qualification and lists of electors should be the same as for the Legislative Assembly of the Province.

POWER OF LOCAL GOVERNMENTS TO APPOINT MAGISTRATES.

8. That the intention of the British North America Act and of the several Provinces thereby confederated was, that the Provincial authorities should have the power of appointing stipendiary, police and other magistrates, and all officers who are under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures; that ever since Confederation all such appointments have accordingly been made by Provincial authority; that it is just and right in the general interest that the Provinces should have this power; that a question has been raised in some of the Provincial Courts as to whether, by the technical effect of the Act, such power exists; and that, to remove all doubt on so important a matter, an amendment of the Act should be obtained, expressly declaring that the jurisdiction to make such appointments does belong to the Provinces.

REVENUE FROM PROVINCIAL COURTS.

9. That, according to the intention of the British North America Act and its promoters, the Provinces are entitled to all fees paid or payable on legal proceedings in the Provincial Courts; that the Provinces accordingly have always enjoyed or dealt with the revenue therefrom; that, according to a recent decision of Her Majesty's Privy Council, the Provincial Legislatures cannot legislate as to such fees or apply the revenue to Provincial purposes; and that the Act should be so amended as to expressly give this constitutional right.

POWER OF ISSUING COMMISSIONS TO HOLD COURTS.

10. That by the British North America Act the Provincial Legislatures have exclusive jurisdiction to make laws in relation to the administration of justice, including the constitution, maintenance and organization of Provincial Courts, both of civil and criminal jurisdiction; that a judicial opinion has been expressed that a Lieutenant-Governor has the power of issuing commissions to hold Courts of Assize and Nisi Prius, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, but the right to do so is considered to be so open to the question that, when it is deemed necessary to hold such a Court, independent commissions expressed in the same terms have, by arrangement between the Federal and Provincial Governments, been issued by the Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor; that it is expedient that all doubt should be removed and the contrivance of two commissions rendered unnecessary; and that an amendment of the Act should expressly declare that the Lieutenant-Governors have power to issue such commissions, subject to Provincial statutes.

PRIVILEGES OF LOCAL LEGISLATURES.

11. That it has been found by the experience of all legislative bodies to be necessary that they should possess certain privileges and immunities to enable them effectually to discharge the functions entrusted to them; that, for this purpose, Acts have been passed by the Parliament of Canada, and confirmed by Imperial legislation, defining the privileges, immunities and powers of the two Houses and of the members thereof; that Acts in like manner have been passed by several Provincial Legislatures defining the privileges of their Legislative Councils and Legislative Assemblies; that these Acts have not yet been confirmed by Imperial legislation; that doubts have been expressed as to the power of the Provincial Legislatures to pass these laws; that a Provincial Legislature should have the same power to pass Acts defining the privileges of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly and of the members thereof, as the Federal Parliament has to pass Acts defining the privileges of the Senate and House of Commons and of the members thereof; that the Provincial Acts should be confirmed as the Federal Acts were; and that it should be declared by the amending Imperial statute that a Provincial Legislature has, with respect to itself, the same powers as the Federal Parliament has with reference to such Parliament.

ABOLITION OR REFORM OF LEGISLATIVE COUNCILS.

12. That in two of the Provinces of the Dominion there is no second chamber, that in five of the Provinces there is a second chamber; that in one of these five the Legislative Council is elective and for a limited term; that in the other four the appointments are by the Lieutenant-Governor and for life; that the experience which has been had since Confederation shows that, under responsible government and with the safeguards provided by the British North America Act, a second Provincial chamber is unnecessary, and the expense thereof may in all the Provinces be saved with advantage; that under the Act a Provincial Legislature has power to amend the constitution of the Province; that this power includes the abolition of the Legislative Council, or changing the method of constituting the same; that the provision has failed to effect the abolition of the Council in some Provinces where public opinion is believed to favor such change; and that the Act should be so amended as to provide that, upon an address of the House of Assembly, the elected representatives of the people, Her Majesty the Queen may by proclamation abolish the Legislative Council, or change the constitution thereof, provided that the address is concurred in by at least two-thirds of the members of such House of Assembly.

FEDERAL CLAIMS TO PROVINCIAL CROWN LANDS.

13. That by the British North America Act it is provided that all lands belonging to the several Provinces of Canada shall belong to the Provinces respectively in which they are situate; that the claim recently made by the Federal Government to all Crown lands as to which there was no treaty with the Indians before Confederation, is contrary to the intention of the Act and of the Provinces confederated, is unjust, and is opposed to the construction which, until a recent period, the Act received from the Federal authorities, as well as from the Legislatures and Governments of the Provinces; that the Act should be amended so as to make clear and indisputable in its technical effect, as well as its actual intention, that all such lands belong to the Province in which they are situate, and not to the Dominion.

BANKRUPTCY AND INSOLVENCY.

14. That by the British North America Act the jurisdiction with respect to bankruptcy and insolvency is assigned to the Federal Parliament; that there is no Federal law on that subject now in force; that, in the absence of a law for the whole Dominion, it is in the public interest that each Province should be at liberty to deal with the matter, subject to any Federal law which may thereafter be passed; that it is doubtful how far under the present provisions of the Act, the Provincial Legislatures can deal with the subject; and it is desirable that the Act be amended by expressly giving to the Provinces the necessary jurisdiction, in the absence of and subject to any Federal law.

PROVINCIAL POWER TO PARDON PRISONERS.

15. That it was provided by the 44th Resolution of the Quebec Conference of 1864, that "the power of respiting, reprieving and pardoning prisoners convicted of crimes, and of commuting and remitting of sentences in whole or in part, which belongs of right to the Crown, should be administered by the Lieutenant-Governor of each Province in Council," subject as in the said resolution set forth; that all provision relating to this power was omitted from the British North America Act; that by the royal instructions given to the Governor-General subsequently to the passing of the Act, His Excellency is (among other things) "authorized and empowered to grant any offender convicted of any crime, in any court, before any judge, justice or magistrate within the Dominion, a pardon;" that by reason of this language and otherwise doubts have arisen as to the power of a Lieutenant-Governor of a Province to respite, reprieve or pardon prisoners convicted of an offence against the laws of the Province, or of commuting and remitting, in whole or part, any sentence, fine, forfeiture, penalty or punishment in respect of any such offence; that it is presumed this was not the purpose of the instructions; that the power of dealing with all matters relating to the execution of Provincial laws should belong to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council of each Province, leaving (if deemed desirable) the power of the Federal Government to apply to other cases; and that the Act should be amended accordingly.

THE NORTHERN BOUNDARIES OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

16. That the Provinces represented at this conference recognize the propriety of all questions as to the boundaries of the Provinces being settled and placed beyond dispute; that the boundaries between Ontario, Manitoba and the Dominion, so far as the same have been determined by Her Majesty in Privy Council should be established by Imperial statute, as recommended by the order of Her Majesty; and that the whole northern boundaries of Ontario and Quebec should be determined and established without further delay.

THE PRESENT ARRANGEMENT AS TO PROVINCIAL SUBSIDIES.

17. That by the British North America Act all the Customs and Excise duties, as well as certain other revenues of the Provinces, were transferred from the Provinces to the Dominion, and it was provided that the following sums should be paid yearly by the Dominion to the several Provinces for the support of their Governments and Legislatures:

Ontario	$80,000
Quebec	70,000
Nova Scotia	60,000
New Brunswick	50,000

And that an annual grant in aid of each Province should be made, equal to 80 cents per head of the population as ascertained by the census of 1881, with a special provision in the cases of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

INCREASED BURDENS ON THE PROVINCES.

(2) That the revenue of the Dominion, at the inception of Confederation, was $13,716,786, of which 20 per cent. or $2,753,906 went to the Provinces for Provincial purposes, 80 per cent., or $10,962,880, going to the Dominion; that by increased taxation, on an increased population, the Dominion revenue has been raised from $13,716,786 to $33,177,000; that while this increased taxation is paid by the people of the Provinces, and the increase of population imposes upon the Provinces largely increased burdens, no corresponding increase of subsidy has been granted to them, 13 only, instead of 20 per cent., of the increased revenue of the Dominion, or $4,182,525, being now allowed to the Provinces, while, instead of 80 per cent. 87 per cent., or $28,994,475, is retained by the Dominion.

GREATER COST OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT AND LEGISLATION.

3. That the yearly payments heretofore made by the Dominion to the several Provinces under the British North America Act have proved totally inadequate for the purposes thereby intended; that the actual expenses of civil government and legislation in the several Provinces greatly exceed the amount provided therefor by the Act; and that the other expenditure necessary for those local purposes which, before Confederation, were provided for out of Provincial funds, has largely increased since.

NOT READY FOR DIRECT TAXATION.

4. That several of the Provinces are not in a condition to provide, by direct taxation or otherwise, for the additional expenditure needed, and in consequence have from time to time applied to the Federal Parliament and Government for increased annual allowances.

BASIS FOR A FINAL SETTLEMENT.

That this Conference is of opinion that a basis for a final and unalterable settlement of the amounts to be yearly paid by the Dominion to the several Provinces for their local purposes and the support of their Governments and Legislatures, may be found in the proposal following, that is to say:

THE PLAN PROPOSED BY THE CONFERENCE.

(A) Instead of the amounts now paid, the sums hereafter payable yearly by Canada to the several Provinces to the support of their Governments and Legislatures, to be according to population and as follows:

(a) Where the population is under 150,000	$100,000
(b) Where the population is 150,000, but does no exceed 200,000	150,000
(c) Where the population is 200,000, but does not exceed 400,000	180,000
(d) Where the population is 400,000, but does not exceed 800,000	190,000
(e) Where the population is 800,000, but does not exceed 1,500,000	220,000
(f) Where the population exceeds 1,500,000	240,000

PAYMENT ACCORDING TO POPULATION.

(B) Instead of annual grant per head of population now allowed, the annual payment hereafter to be at the same rate of eighty cents per head, but on the population of each Province, as ascertained from time to time by the last decennial census, until such population exceeds 2,500,000, and at the rate of sixty cents per head for so much of said population as may exceed 2,500,000.

THE CASE OF MANITOBA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(C) The population as ascertained by the last decennial census, to govern except as to British Columbia and Manitoba; and as to these two Provinces, the population to be taken to be that upon which, under the respective statutes in that behalf, the annual payments now made to them respectively by the Dominion are fixed, until the actual population is by the census ascertained to be greater; and thereafter the actual population, so ascertained, to govern.

TO BE FINAL BY IMPERIAL ENACTMENT.

(D) The amounts so to be paid and granted yearly by the Dominion to the Provinces respectively to be declared by Imperial enactment to be final and absolute, and not within the power of the Federal Parliament to alter, add to or vary.

EFFECT OF THE PROPOSAL.

(5) That the following table shows the amounts which, instead of those now payable for government and legislation and per capita allowances, would hereafter be annually payable by the Dominion to the several Provinces (the same being calculated according to the last decennial census for the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and according to the limit of population now fixed by statute for the Provinces of British Columbia and Manitoba:

Province	ation, 1881.	llowance for Government and legislation.	The subsidy per head.	Total allowance for Government, etc., and subsidy.
Ontario	1,923,328	$ 240,000	$ 1,536,662 40	$ 1,776,662 40
Quebec	1,359,027	320,000	1,087,221 60	1,407,221 60
Nova Scotia	440,572	150,000	352,457 60	502,457 60
New Brunswick	321,233	180,000	256,986 40	436,986 40
Prince Edward Island	108,891	100,000	87,112 80	187,112 80
Manitoba	150,000	150,000	120,000 00	270,000 00
British Columbia	60,000	100,000	48,000 00	148,000 00

CONSIDERATION BY LOCAL GOVERNMENTS.

(7) That this Conference deems it desirable that the proposal above set forth should be considered by the Governments of the several Provinces of the Dominion, and, if approved of, should be submitted to the Provincial Legislatures.

DUTY OF THE LEGISLATURES.

18. That in the opinion of this Conference, the several Provinces of the Dominion, through their respective Legislatures, should at the earliest practicable moment take steps with the view of securing the enactment by the Imperial Parliament of amendments to the British North America Act in accordance with the foregoing resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS RESPECTING PROVINCIAL LEGISLATION IN CERTAIN MATTERS.

There having been submitted for the consideration of the Conference some matters of inter-Provincial interest and concern in respect whereof no amendment of the British North America Act is necessary, this Conference, as to certain of the said matters, resolves as follows:

PROTECTION OF MAGISTRATES UNDER CONSTITUTIONAL ACTS.

19. That, in view of the doubts which arise from time to time as to the respective powers of the Federal Parliament and Provincial Legislatures, it is expedient and just that it should be enacted by the respective Provincial Legislatures, that no action shall lie against any judge, stipendiary or police magistrate, justice of the peace, or officer for any act done under the supposed authority of a statutory provision which may afterwards be held to have been beyond the legislative jurisdiction of Parliament or the Legislature which enacted the same, provided the action would not lie against him if the statutory provision had been within such legislative jurisdiction.

LAWS RESPECTING THE ENFORCEMENT OF DEBTS.

20. That it is desirable that the laws of the several Provinces for the enforcement of debts should be assimilated as far as may be consistent with the different legal systems prevailing in the respective Provinces; that this Conference is of opinion that such assimilation should include provisions against preferences by insolvent debtors, and provisions for the examination of debtors, and for taking speedy possession of an insolvent's estate for the benefit of his creditors; so far as these subjects can be dealt with by the Provincial Legislatures.

PROBATES AND LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.

21. That this conference approves of there being legislative provision in the several Provinces of the Dominion, rendering effectual in all the Provinces (subject to proper conditions) probates and letters of administration granted in any one of them.

GIVING EFFECT TO IMPERIAL LEGISLATION.

22. That this conference approves of a similar law being passed in all the Provinces (subject to proper conditions) with respect to probates and letters of administration granted in the United Kingdom, to go into effect when probates and letters of administration granted in the Dominion are by Imperial legislation made effectual in the United Kingdom.

CO-OPERATION OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT INVITED.

Resolved, That copies of the foregoing resolutions be formally communicated by the President on behalf of this conference to the Federal Government, and that this conference do cordially invite the co-operation of the Federal Government in carrying into effect these resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS TO BE TRANSMITTED TO THE RESPECTIVE GOVERNMENTS.

That copies of the foregoing resolutions be also transmitted by the President of this Conference to the respective Governments of the Provinces not represented at this Conference, namely, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, with a view to their concurrence in and support of the conclusions arrived at by this conference.

(Signed)

O. Mowat, Prime Minister of Ontario and Attorney-General.

Honore Mercier, Prime Minister of Quebec and Attorney-General.

W. S. Fielding, Prime Minister of Nova Scotia and Provincial Secretary.

Andrew G. Blair, Prime Minister New Brunswick and Attorney-General.

J. Norquay, Prime Minister of Manitoba, President of Council and Provincial Secretary.

C. F. Fraser, Executive Councillor of Ontario and Commissioner of Public Works.

Arthur S. Hardy, Executive Councillor of Ontario and Provincial Secretary.

A. M. Ross, Executive Councillor of Ontario and Treasurer.

Geo. W. Ross, Executive Councillor and Minister of Education.

David A. Ross, Executive Councillor of Quebec.

Arthur Turcotte, Executive Councillor of Quebec and Acting Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Joseph Shehyn, Executive Councillor of Quebec and Provincial Treasurer.

Charles A. Ern. Gagnon, Executive Councillor of Quebec, Provincial Secretary and Registrar.

J. McShane, Executive Councillor of Quebec and Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works.

Geo. Duhamel, Executive Councillor of Quebec and Solicitor-General.

F. G. Marchand, Speaker of Legislative Assembly of Quebec.

J. W. Longley, Executive Councillor of Nova Scotia and Attorney-General.

A. McGillivray, Executive Councillor of Nova Scotia.

David McLellan, Executive Councillor, Provincial Secretary and Receiver-General of New Brunswick.

C. E. Hamilton, Executive Councillor of Manitoba and Attorney-General.

A DECLARATION FOR UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY

The following additional resolutions were also adopted at the Inter-Provincial Conference:

"That, having reference to the agitation on the subject of the trade relations between the Dominion and the United States, this Inter-Provincial Conference, consisting of representatives of all political parties, desires to record its opinion that Unrestricted Reciprocity would be of advantage to all the Provinces of the Dominion; that this Conference and the people it represents cherish fervent loyalty to Her Majesty the Queen, and warm attachment to British connection; and that this Conference is of opinion that a fair measure providing under proper conditions for Unrestricted Reciprocal trade relations between the Dominion and the United States would not lessen these sentiments on the part of our people, and, on the contrary, may even serve to increase them, and would at the same time, in connection with an adjustment of the fishery dispute, tend to happily settle grave difficulties which have from time to time arisen between the Mother Country and the United States." Carried unanimously.

DISALLOWANCE OF MANITOBA RAILWAY ACTS CONDEMNED.

That the Legislature of the Province of Manitoba at its last session enacted a measure providing for the construction of a railway from the city of Winnipeg to West Lynne, known as the Red River Valley Railway; that the line of the proposed railway is within the original limits of the Province of Manitoba as defined by 33 V., c. 3 of the Statutes of Canada; that by the subsequent Act 44 V., c. 14, for the extension of the boundaries of the Province, it was enacted that "the said increased limit and the territory thereby added to the Province of Manitoba shall be subject to all such provisions as may have been or shall hereafter be enacted respecting the Canadian Pacific Railway and the lands to be granted in aid thereof;" that this provision does not apply to the original limits of the Province; that the Province of Manitoba in accepting the extension of its boundaries on the conditions mentioned did not surrender any right, power or franchise which may be exercised by the Province within its original limits; that the Legislature, in passing its measure for the construction of the Red River Valley Railway, acted within its constitutional powers; that the Act has, notwithstanding, been disallowed by the Federal Government; that this conference views with alarm this encroachment of the Federal upon Provincial power, by which the will of the people of a Province in a matter within Provincial jurisdiction is subordinated to the will of the central power; and that this conference desires to express its sympathy with the people and Legislature of Manitoba in their struggle for the rights of their Province.

The delegates from the Province of New Brunswick did not concur in this motion, and wished their dissent to be placed on record.

At a Musicale.

He—"Shall I bring you an ice while Miss Yellfort is singing? Pray take something."

She (a rival of Miss Y.)—"Thanks, no. If I took anything it would be ether."

Mrs. Spilkins says she believes it now—believes that this is to be a year of wonderful phenomena—for Spilkins went to a lodge meeting the other night and came home sober.

It is stated that Dr. Morell Mackenzie admits that the Crown Prince is suffering from cancer in his throat, but deprecates an operation which can do no good and will be attended with great danger.

A number of Baptist Churches and clergymen will follow Mr. Spurgeon's example by withdrawing from the Baptist Union. The Nottingham Tabernacle has passed a resolution of sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon.

All Russians resident in Berlin have been visited by the police and given a list of questions relating to the date and place of their birth, their domestic and business life, etc. Answers to these questions must be sent to the Russian Consulate within twenty-four hours.

THE CAROLINA GOVERNORS.

Wide Fame of the Historical Remark and the Circumstances of It.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Thompson, who as Acting Secretary of the Treasury in the absence of Secretary Fairchild last week, issued the $14,000,000 bond circular, is one of the handsome members of the Government. He is very well made and has a very graceful manner—a manner that his white hair makes courtly. But his white hair is the work of thought, and not of age, for his face is full and ruddy, and his step is quick and youthful. He was formerly Governor of South Carolina, and might therefore be supposed to know more or less about that famous remark of the Governor of North Carolina. He said to me the other day that it was marvellous how far the remark had travelled. During his long tour among the light houses and life-saving stations on the great lakes this summer he heard of it in the most unexpected ways and places. "Why," he continued, "one day Mr. Kimball (the superintendent of the life-saving service) and I went ashore at a little village to get shaved. We found a little barber shop and two inquisitive barbers. The one who shaved me was even more curious than most barbers. He asked me questions about my journeyings until he found out that I was from Washington, and then he asked me whether I had a place in any of the departments. I told him I had, but did not tell him what it was, and he did not think it well to pursue the subject. He got through before the other barber, and I told Kimball, as I surrendered my chair to an old countryman, that I would wait for him outside. No sooner had I gone than my barber asked Kimball who I was. 'That was Governor Thompson, of South Carolina,' he said, 'now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.' With that the old farmer rose up in his chair, all lathered as he was, and said: 'Do you suppose he would tell me what it was the Governor of North Carolina said to him?'" I asked Governor Thompson who those famous governors were and just what occurred at their famous meeting. He said that he did not know them by name, and that the story was old when he was born. The tradition was that the Governor of North Carolina, in the good old days when prohibition was not dreamed of, journeyed, on horseback of course, to make a formal call on the Governor of South Carolina. The latter had a jugful of liquor in the house at the time, and for some inexplicable reason could get no more. When his distinguished guest arrived he set the jug out on the table and invited the Governor of North Carolina to make himself at home. The guest drank copiously, the host moderately, to preserve at once his soberness and his liquor. At last he saw with dismay that his guest had drunk the last drop of the precious liquor. The guest was too drunk to know it, but he missed the familiar invitation of his host to take another drink. So leaning on his elbows he looked across the table reproachfully with the melancholy remark: "Governor, it's a long time between drinks."—*Washington Letter to Philadelphia Record.*

Good Mercantile Maxims.

Never do business for the sake of doing it.

Do not be in a hurry to get rich. Gradual gains are the only natural gains.

It is not the business that elevates the man, but the man who elevates the business.

Never take great hazards, for they are seldom well balanced by the prospects of profit.

The man who has not one-half of his stock paid for is an unsafe customer, provided he has no other available means.

Stick to your business. Let speculators make their thousands in a day. Your increase may be slow, but it is sure and safe.

The honorable merchant who infuses energy, ability, honesty and good sense in his business with moderate capital invariably succeeds.

When trade is dull use every legitimate means to improve it. Some merchants stop advertising when trade is slow. This is just the time it is most needed.

At 3 in the Morning.

He was leaning against the lamp-post, and the watchful guardian of the night came up very respectfully.

"Fine night, Mr. Jones."

"Bootiful."

"You're out rather late, ain't you?"

"No, no—about my usual time."

"Are you waiting for somebody?"

"No, no—going home. A little tired, that's all; a little tired."

"I'll walk down with you and see you to your door."

"Thank you, thank you, but there's no need. The other side of the block will be 'round this way in a moment, and I'll just pop in when my door comes along. Thank you. Good night."

Consolation.

Druggist—"Now, what do you want?"

Boy—"Three cents' worth of paregoric."

Druggist—"What do you mean, waking me up for 3 cents?"

Boy—"Why, I had ter git up fer nuffin?"

Not To-Morrow.

He—Oh, my darling; you will be mine, will you? When may I talk to your mother—to-morrow?

She—Yes—that is—no, no! To-morrow is washday.—*Waterbury American.*

A Profitable Watch.

"Is time money?" asked a gentleman of a jeweller.

"It is said to be."

"Well, I thought so, and here is an evidence of it. I bought this watch here six months ago, and it has gained time enough to pay for itself."

There was a severe shock of earthquake in the northern part of Italy yesterday, but no loss of life is reported.

It is announced that Messrs. O'Brien and Mandeville, on their release, will bring actions for damages against Magistrate Stokes for illegal arrest, and Inspector of Police Creagh for assault.

A pair of Siberian kittens belonging to R. T. Wilson, of East Mottingham, Pa., have each a blue and a gray eye, and one of them has twenty-two toes.

"A PEEP 'ER HEAVEN."

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

The day after an entertainment at the Hospital given several years ago by a few ladies, assisted by talented friends, to obtain funds to start the Flower Mission, an old man, who for many months had been a patient sufferer from a terrible disease—resulting from having had his feet frozen—lay resignedly awaiting death.

Death, to so many a terrible visitant to him seemed a kind friend—looked forward to as a relief from the agony he had suffered for, what seemed to him, years of weariness and pain. The children were at the hospital that day helping to clear away the remains of the previous evening's entertainment. Childlike they soon tired of the unusual work, and stole away to the wards to see the patients and have a chat with old Dick, the sufferer just alluded to, who was a favorite of theirs. The ladies, busy sorting and packing the numerous articles used the evening previous, scarcely noticed the departure of their small helpers, and an hour passed before they returned, brimful of excitement and delight.

"Come! come! see poor old Dick! He is sound asleep, and we have such a surprise for him when he wakes!"

So spoke one conspirator, the others dancing about filled with delight at the thought of the surprise awaiting their poor friend Dick.

So somebody went to see what the children had been doing during their long absence. Well might Dick be astonished at the transformation scene which met his eyes when he awoke—poor old eyes, dim iwith suffering and sleepless nights. The iron bedstead on which he lay was twined with flowers—the decorations of the flower-room the evening before; all around his pillow lay flowers, on the white counterpane and draped over his head.

Dick had awakened, and in the midst of all the floral beauty and fragrance he lay, with such a smile on his worn face,

"Oh Missy!" he said to one of the ladies. That was the name he always called her.

"Oh Missy! I'm having a peep er heaven sure. It can't be nicer than this. The flowers and the children, God bless them. Someways I'm thinkin', Missy, He wants ter show me what it's like up there."

Nobody said a word. Nobody could. Tears in the eyes make tears in the voice, and one by one those ladies stole away to their work again, leaving poor old Dick so happy, waiting for a "peep er heaven"—the real heaven. It was the last time the ladies ever saw old Dick. The last time those poor weary eyes brightened at their coming.

They left him with his eyes closed, a smile on his rugged face waiting, the garlands of flowers over and above the narrow bed and around the pale countenance, drawn by constant suffering.

If there are any who do not believe in the good done by a flower mission, let them read this truthful sketch and learn that it was through the instrumentality of a flower mission that a poor, suffering, friendless, old man had a "peep er heaven."

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Remarkable Discovery of a Long Lost Brother.

Thirty-three years ago last September Hiram Robbins and wife, of Brighton, made a visit to Niagara Falls and on the way home were attracted by a man and wife, accompanied by three small children, consisting of a baby, a girl 2 years old and a boy perhaps 4 years old. They were well dressed and apparently in good circumstances, but the mother was insane. The father, owing to his wife's illness, had the whole care of the family and the baby was somewhat neglected. Mrs. Robbins took pity on the baby and offered to take charge of it until the train reached Rochester. As they neared the city the father said: "If you would kindly take baby and keep him for eight or ten days until I could care for the rest of the family I will return and take him and reward you for your trouble."

Mr. Robbins' people readily consented to do as requested and the father gave the name of the baby as Frank Dyer. When the ten days were up Mr. R.'s people looked for the man's return, but in vain. And when two or three months had passed they began to wish that he would not come and he never did. The child grew up the foster brother of Prof. S. J. Robbins, of Penfield, with whom many of our readers are personally acquainted. S. J. Robbins entered the army with the 108th Regiment from this city and during his absence this youth was the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins. During the rebellion Hiram Robbins died. In September, 1864, S. J. Robbins came home, having left his right arm at Cold Harbor, Va. In a few weeks after his return Mrs. Hiram Robbins died, leaving Frank Dyer twice orphaned. The two orphaned boys fought the battle of life as best they could, Mr. Dyer taking a position on a railroad. In this he was successful, soon becoming a conductor on the Central, and is now a passenger conductor on the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Railroad. Now comes the strangest part of the story. About three weeks ago a conductor on the Central saw a lady in the Syracuse depot looking for a lost brother, and after hearing her story became convinced that Frank Dyer was he. A letter was sent to Prof. S. J. Robbins, who corresponded with the lady in Vermont and found her to be Frank's sister. The mother is still alive and insane, but has never forgotten to ask for her baby. She can tell his exact age and the clothes he wore when she last saw him. The father died soon after leaving the child with Mr. Robbins, and at his death all positive knowledge as to the whereabouts of the babe was lost. The older brother lives in Nebraska. Conductor Dyer is at his old home at Allen's Creek with Prof. S. J. Robbins, who will accompany him to see the relatives from whom he has been separated for 33 years.—*Rochester Herald.*

Detective Phair, of London, went to Eastwood, near Woodstock, yesterday and arrested Maud Sherwood alias Carter on a charge of child desertion. The woman lived in London some six months ago, during which time, it is alleged, she gave birth to a child which she got rid of by leaving on a doorstep.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S FATE.

Doctors Declare That He Has Cancer in the Throat.

HIS PROSPECTS OF LIFE.

A last Saturday night's Berlin cable says: The first whispers of dire news from San Remo, confirming the rumors that the Crown Prince's malady was of a cancerous nature, was unheard in Berlin till towards evening. On the Boerse business was over. Some evening papers had congratulatory articles on the improving prospects of the Crown Prince, when suddenly semi-official reports were permitted to transpire that yesterday evening's advices were false news. These reports created general consternation. The earlier announcements were vaguely put, to the effect that the malady had been found to be of a cancerous nature, and that with regard to the further treatment of the Crown Prince no trustworthy information would be obtainable until a verbal report was received from Dr. Schmidt, who went to San Remo at the command of the Emperor. Nothing was said about the chances of recovery or the condition of the patient, but the official admission was enough to conform the worst fears in the public mind concerning the Crown Prince's fate. Later it became known that Prof. Bergmann had not lectured at the University, being engaged in a consultation on the expediency of performing another operation, and that Drs. Schroeter and Krause were in favor of immediate tracheotomy, while Drs. Schretzer and Mackenzie were opposed to it. At last a decisive examination was made yesterday morning, which resulted in the doctors unanimously declaring that a radical cure was impossible, the only difference of opinion being as to how long the Crown Prince's life could be prolonged. The Crown Prince heard part of the discussion between the doctors. He showed the greatest self-possession when told that his recovery was very uncertain and retired to meet the Princess. He afterwards sent a long despatch to the Emperor, and then, recalling the doctors, he told them that he placed himself in their hands. Dr. Mackenzie communicated the result of the examination to Prince William, who seemed to be more affected by the dreadful news than his father had been. Dr. Schmidt, who will personally read the report of the doctors to the Emperor to-morrow, shares Dr. Mackenzie's opposition to an immediate operation. His relations with the Emperor, therefore, will undoubtedly influence the family decision. Prince William returns to Berlin to-morrow.

The confirmation of the statement that the Crown Prince is afflicted with cancer has revived interest in the methods attempted for the extirpation of the disease. The *National Zeitung*, in an article bearing the stamp of authority, says: "Despite the malignant nature of cancer, the larynx operation is now frequently successful. The most famous German operators are Dr. Hann, of the Friederichshaem Hospital, Berlin, and Dr. Bergmann, who recently performed five operations, and in every case the patient rapidly recovered. Even the extirpation of the whole of the larynx has been effected with complete success." A gentleman named Puher, residing in Prague, has sent letters to the newspapers stating that Prof. Gussenbaum, of Heidelberg, removed the whole of his larynx in 1880, since when he has enjoyed excellent health.

Whatever is done with the Crown Prince, the feeling in the highest quarters is against further reliance upon Dr. Mackenzie. It will be an unavailing and poignant source of regret to all Germany that while the German specialists diagnosed the cancer character of the growth at the outset of the Prince's illness the treatment of the case was committed to Dr. Mackenzie. The opinions of Profs. Tobold, Fraenkel and others, published in the spring, are recalled as proofs of the accuracy of the German specialists. Prof. Tobold's written opinion is now of historic interest. He declared that the removal of the first growth from the Crown Prince's throat with forceps by Dr. Mackenzie's method provoked a vigorous recurrence of the tumor. The only eminent defender of Dr. Mackenzie is Prof. Vertell, of Munich. He maintains that Mackenzie did not select the wrong treatment, that he continued that begun under Bergmann and Gerhards, and that an operation in the spring would have been utterly useless.

The following semi-official summary of the opinions of the physicians in attendance at San Remo is issued to-night: Dr. Schretzer holds that the new growth below the vocal cords is cancerous and advises the complete cutting out of the whole larynx. He claims that an immediate operation would be very advantageous, but says he would consent to a postponement, as in the meantime the malady can be combatted by tracheotomy. Dr. Schroeter is convinced that the life of the Crown Prince might be preserved by the total excision of the larynx. Although the operation is very dangerous and its effect uncertain, it might be attended with good results. An excision from the windpipe, he maintains, would only defer death a few years. Dr. Krause states that the new swelling prevents him from expressing a decisive opinion. The affection appears to be cancerous, but he opposes a complete excision of the larynx and advocates tracheotomy only. Dr. Mackenzie considers the growth to be cancerous and advises that a small piece of it be extracted for submission to analysis by Prof. Virchow, on whose report the final decision of the physicians should be based.

The Emperor is naturally much affected by the serious nature of the Crown Prince's illness, but the rumors that he has had a relapse threatening death are untrue. He has appeared daily at the palace windows at the time for relieving the guard and bowed and saluted the crowd waiting for him. He looks pale and works at his desk for some time before dinner. News comes from Coblentz that the Empress is worse. No bulletins about her condition have been posted, and it is feared her illness is serious.

On the meeting of the Church of England Synod of Nova Scotia at Halifax yesterday, a cablegram was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury stating that he was waiting for additional information before recommending a name for the bishopric. The Synod consequently adjourned for three months.

WHY CHINESE DO NOT DRINK NEW TEA.

Interesting Facts for the Lovers of the Beverage Which Cheers.

The Chinese will not drink new tea because it contains too much alkaloid, and is sometimes actually intoxicating. The "theine" diminishes the waste of the body, enabling them to get along with less nourishment, so that it saves food, and is instinctively valued for this by the poor. The Tartars obtained still more sustenance from their brick-tea by powdering it and boiling with salt and mutton fat, whereby the casine or gluten of the plant becomes extracted. Then they can live for weeks on the tea-leaves which the British housewife throws away. On the other hand, it is distinctly bad to let tea stand too long: that brings on tannin, and too much tannin will turn meat taken at the same time into a sort of leather within the stomach. There can be little need, however, to instruct in the art of tea-making. From the silver gilt equipage of the duchess to the brown-stone pot in which the washerwoman solemnly prepares her evening dish of tea, the art of making it is essentially feminine, and has been profoundly studied. One hundred and eighty million pounds per annum all passed through teapots—what a river to spring from Pepy's first tentative spoonful and the modest investment of the old East India Company.

PRETTY COSTUMES.

Two Magnificent Dresses Just Produced by Worth.

A cablegram to-day says: One of the most magnificent ball dresses of the present season has just been completed by Worth for the Russian Princess Troubetsko. The ample train in grass green velvet is caught back to show side breadths in satin of the palest possible green made very full and caught up slightly. These side widths are met by a plain frontage in pale green satin set on the skirt with scarcely any fulness and embroidered down the centre with a cluster of ostrich feathers—three in each group—and worked in grass green floss silk and silver beads. Around this skirt front runs a ribbon pattern in grass green velvet, outlined with silver spangles, the whole front being edged with silver embroidery.

A very beautiful and artistic evening dress, which was made for the Marquise de Gallifet, is in white faille. The skirt front is cut in deep scallops and edged with a fringe of silver beads. This skirt front is veiled with silver spotted tulle edge, with fringe and silver beads, and drawn up at one side with a branch of yellow roses, with buds and foliage, a longer branch of the same flowers being set at the other side of the skirt. The back is composed of plain full widths of the silver spotted tulle, and at the right side falls a long, white sash in pale yellow satin ribbon.

How the Ameer Punished an Alarmist.

The *Homeward Mail* says: Some strange stories have been told of the way in which Abdur Rahman lords it over his people. There is a humor in his way of playing the lord absolute which can best be appreciated at a distance, as a story which has just reached us will show. Not long ago, we are told, the Ameer was sitting in durbar discussing public affairs. The "home" department had gone through their work. Orders had been issued to release certain persons from the sorrows of existence, when the durbar suddenly dashed into greater things, and began to talk about the English and the Russians. A man who had lately been introduced at court, and was not well acquainted with his sovereign's ways, remarked: "Lord of the earth, let people say what they like, but this humble one has been scanning the political horizon with far-reaching eyes, and the Russians are coming." The lord of the earth smiled a sweet smile—some of the old courtiers who knew that smile also smiled—and, turning upon him with the "far-reaching eyes," said: "Bright jewel of our durbar and sun of our understanding, art thou sure of this?" "The lord of the earth is omniscient and knows everything," replied he. "Well, to be sure, we do see things and know one or two things, but we are old now. Moreover, yon tree obstructs our view. Moreover, thou art young; go thou, therefore, climb the tree, watch the cursed Muscovite's movements, and when he is very close upon us come and inform us. The tree is high, so that thou shalt be enabled to see a long way off." Forthwith the man was led to the tree and made to climb to the topmost branches. To keep up his courage if he grew weary of his post, a guard with bayonets fixed was told off to remain below. It is said the young man felt considerably elevated by his master's humor, and felt very exhilarated at first, but three days' contemplation of the beauties of nature, is apt to tire one, and so he fell. They say he got hurt and died. No one dares to raise alarms in Cabul now.

"Oh, Lineman, Spare that Tree!"

Chief Justice Galt decided an important question yesterday in Queen vs Stonge. Defendant, who was an employee of the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, had been convicted in Barrie for having destroyed trees while at work arranging and repairing telegraph wires. Upon a motion to quash conviction His Lordship held that under the statutes relating thereto the telegraph company and their servants are exonerated from blame in respect of injuries to trees so long as no unnecessary damage is done. The conviction was quashed.

Chicago Pointers.

Fierce looking stranger (just arrived)—I am looking, sir, for the socialist headquarters in this place.

Party addressed—Yes, sir. Saloon straight ahead. Jail directly opposite. You can't miss it, my friend, you can't miss it, if you keep on.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sir Charles Warren's order prohibiting meetings in Trafalgar square, London, has the approval of all but the disorderly classes or fanatics. "Sir Charles," says the *Daily News*, "proposes to stop a public nuisance, and he ought to be vigorously upheld." Other journals write in a similar tone and public opinion in London is unmistakable.

The Northwest Council has passed a resolution in favor of the ballot for the election of its members.

Both outward and inward-bound steamers are delayed in the St. Lawrence by stress of weather.

A BEAUTIFUL TRAIN.

Americans Travelling Luxuriantly From Boston to California.

By long odds the most magnificent train which has ever passed over the Grand Trunk line went west about 3.30 yesterday afternoon. It was conveying one of Raymond & Whitcomb's excursion parties from Boston to California. The vestibuled train is the latest and greatest improvement of the idea put forth in the Pullman sleeping car—that of providing the most comfortable, the most luxurious and the safest transit for the railway passenger, and the newest and unquestionably the finest product of the Pullman shops are these magnificent cars. By an ingenious device the whole train is united under one continuous roof, so that in place of detached cars with exposed platforms, there is, in reality, an elongated suite of elegantly furnished apartments, comprising all the comforts and appliances of the most luxuriously appointed hotels. The passenger passes from his bed room to the bath room or barber shop, and from the dining room to the smoking room or reading room, without the least exposure to the elements or to any risk of soiled hands or garments, such as a passage across the platform of an ordinary car is likely to involve. A child can go from one end of the train to the other without the slightest danger. The vestibules, which constitute the main feature of this model train, are formed by enclosing the platforms. They are as elegantly finished as any part of the car, carpeted so as to entirely conceal the points of connection between the joined cars, and illuminated by means of lights depending from the ceiling, whose rays fall through cut-glass paneled doors full upon the steps. The side doors, opening out on the steps, are barred while the train is in motion, but they can be opened instantly when a stop is made. A vertical buffer between the cars imparts greater steadiness to the train, reduces the tendency to oscillation and equalizes the resistances. The cars' superlative elegance is exhibited everywhere. Several railway men and a TIMES representative had a look through the train during the few minutes it stopped here. The names of the coaches are the Harvard (dining), Whitcomb (sleeper), Holden (sleeper), Raymond (smoker), Pasadena (sleeper), America (sleeper), Delmonte (parlor), Corinthia (dining), Servia (parlor). The passengers number 175. There were two G. T. R. engines to the train, and on this line Conductor Allison, of London, is in charge. The coaches comprising the train are valued at $140.000.—*Hamilton Times.*

A Business-like Offer

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered in good faith $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

The State of Crops in Ontario.

The November report of the Bureau of Industries for Ontario states that the area devoted to rye is small, and that this crop does not appear to be growing in favor. The average new crop of fall wheat in the Province is about the same as that given to the crop of this year. The appearance and general condition of the crop at the end of October may be ranked as fair. Indian corn, sorghum, beans and buckwheat have shared the fate of other crops, the drouth proving too much for them. All accounts unite in placing the crop of clover seed as a complete failure. The general condition of the root crops is about on a par with that of the grains. Despite the extremely hot summer, those portions of the Province which devote any considerable attention to fruit growing report the past season to have been a favorable one for this branch of agriculture. The poor pastures of the past season have had the usual effect upon live stock, notwithstanding that supplementary feeding was adopted to a much greater extent than generally happens. The dairy industry has been much more successful during the past year than might have been expected. The yield on honey was affected by the drouth, but at the latter part of October colonies were much stronger than expected.

When a threatening lung disorder
Shows its first proclivity,
Do not let it cross the border—
Quell it with activity.

Many a patient, young or olden,
Owes a quick recovery
All to Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery.

Not a Pleasant Way of Putting It.

Miss Spinster—Really, Mr. Oldboy, you are so kind!"

Mr. Oldboy—Don't mention it, Miss Spinster. I dance with you, you know, because the others are all too young for a man of my years.

Honest and True.

This is eminently the case with Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, and purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

A GALE AT OWEN SOUND.

The Steamship Atlantic Severely Handled by the Blow.

An Owen Sound despatch of last (Friday) night says: The steamer Atlantic attempted to go to Collingwood this morning, but failed on account of the sea. She got as far as Meaford, but could not make that port or go any farther and had to turn back. While she was passing the Clay Banks a tremendous wave struck her forward, throwing her on her side. At the same time another wave caught her on the other side, sweeping her decks from forward aft, washing movables overboard and washing two of her metallic lifeboats over, breaking the davits and stauncheons like mere straws. She will lie here and repair. The mate has driven down in hopes of finding her two boats. Wind northwest, forty miles.

Would you know the keen delight
Of a wholesome appetite,
Unrestrained by colic's dire,
Headache's curse, or fever's fire,
Thoughts morose, or icy chills?
Then use Dr. Pierce's pills.

Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets—the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial.

Nothing shows greater abjectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor toward inferiors.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HARSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Utica, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *807 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runnan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

DCNL 47 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The above gentleman observes the Sabbath day with becoming solemnity. He never could get his mouth into shape for whistling or any other kind of Sabbath desecration anyway!

The recent dynamite outrage in Orangeville—referred to elsewhere in these columns—should arouse the Ontario Government to a sense of duty. This is the sixth time dynamite has been resorted to in order to intimidate Scott Act officials in that town, and although $1000 has been spent in endeavoring to ascertain the identity of the would-be assasins, nothing has been accomplished. The local papers state that suspicion points strongly to the instigators—and even hint that there is a strong clue—so that there ought not to be much difficulty in speedily bringing the scoundrels to justice. The citizens of Orangeville should not rest until this foul disgrace upon the fair name of their town is fully wiped out by the identification and punishment of the dynamiters.

The cry for more shed accommodation in Flesherton is being echoed and re-echoed by our citizens, and seems likely to take a practical turn. A Temperance house is even talked of, but be that as it may, our business men should provide as much shed accommodation for their customers as possible; and as a matter of fact mine host of the Flesherton hotel should not be slow to follow suit; and no doubt he will. It is important that this matter be continually agitated until the necessary improvements are provided for our farmers and the public generally.

The defeat of Mr. Coulter and election of Dr. Montague as member of the House of Commons for Haldimand is a rather significant incident in connection with the present Commercial Union agitation. So also was the return of the "war horse of the Cumberland," Sir Charles Tupper, by over one thousand majority.

A branch railway between this town and the Station was discussed some years ago. It now seems probable that the agitation will be revived in the near future.

"Grey County Printers are seriously thinking of organizing a Printer's Association in that County."—*Wiarton Echo*. Are they? We once were of the same opinion, but a fruitless journey to Owen Sound, at the invitation of the Meaford *Mirror*, has convinced us that the majority of Grey Publishers really do not know what they want; or, if they do, they have a very unbusiness like way of trying to get it.

ANNEXATION.

Our friend of the Thornbury *Standard* is away out on the annexation question. The "feeling" was growing slightly some years ago, when few poeple understood the nature of the question. But since Commercial Union bobbed up above the political horizon—for it is a political question pure and simple—annexation stock has gone down, down, down—and still going in the same direction!

The *Standard* reports a Mr. Thompson as saying, that "if Canada were annexed a fifty or a hundred thousand dollar grant to a harbor like Thornbury would be common." Strange that the Yankee newspapers are forever pointing to the disgraceful condition of their shipping and naval interests along the Atlantic seaboard, as compared with those of Canada. Evidently Mr. Thompson and the newspapers are at loggerheads. But perhaps Thornbury's claims are of such paramount importance, that—in case of annexation(!)—the Government at Washington would drop an odd fifty or hundred thousand dollars into Georgian Bay and thereby keep out the "East wash," in the meantime allowing the harbors along the Atlantic coast to take care of themselves!

The Erie canal is spoken of by the *Standard* as an evidence of Yankee push and enterprise, and as shadowing the possibility of an early opening of the Georgian Bay canal in case of annexation. Why our Canadian canals beat the Yankee ones "all hollow," and improvements in connection therewith are made every year. The boasted Erie is a shallow creek compared with any of our Canadian ones.

"Were Canada annexed to the U.S. it would not be five years till ocean steamers would come from the gulf of St. Lawrence to Port Arthur. The Georgian Bay canal would at once be built. Millions of treasure would be poured into this now miserable poor country," says the *Standard*. Don't count "your chickens before they are hatched." As it is, our steamship and steamboat lines are away ahead of Uncle Sam's; and instead of millions of treasure being poured into this "miserable poor country," millions of treasure would be taken out of it to enrich the big manufacturers in the States. Our friend of the *Standard* is probably aware that we had a taste of this sort of thing before the advent of the N. P. Of course if Canadians could only move south of the 49th parallel—"bags and baggage"—it might be different!

The *Standard* calls Toronto a "one-horse town." Nevertheless the growth of Toronto has been greater, in proportion, than that of any other city on the continent during the past decade. But of course the *Standard* is jesting on this point: also when it refers to Montreal in similar terms. Equally laughable and nonsensical are its statements in reference to shipping butter, eggs, &c. to the States "at less expense" than to the Canadian cities named. If the *Standard really* is in favor of annexation—which we doubt—it will have to deal more in solid facts and less in "bald-headed" assumptions before it can hope to gain converts to its belief.

"THE PATRIARCH,"

The above is the name of a monthly manuscript journal issued in connection with the Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, with Mr. C. J. Sproule, Worthy Patriarch, as Editor, and Miss Brown as Assistant. The initial number was issued in the Son's Hall on the 16th inst., and contained several interesting communications, clippings, and a well written "Salutatory" by the Editor, from which we gather the following,

"The objects for which we will strive:—(1) By the reading of our pages from time to time to furnish suitable entertainment for the Division. (2) By the contribution of articles, correspondence, &c., to provide a means of mutual improvement for our members. (3) By the consideration of such contributions to suggest instructive themes for debate or discussion, and (4) by all doing a part in this way, it is hoped that our meetings will be made much more interesting, that our Division will be strengthened, and that the benefit thus derived will not be limited to the members only. As sons of Temperance, we belong to an organization, that has done, and, in most places, is still doing excellent work. Then let us avail ourselves of every proper means to help on the good work. Let the pages of *The Patriarch* be used to the best advantage. Let us as members do what we are asked to do by the "Good of the Order," or by the Division, cheerfully, and to the best of our ability."

Orangeville.

Orangeville, Nov. 15.—At 8:30 o'clock this evening the house of Scott Act Inspector Anderson, on Second avenue, was again blown up by dynamite. The charge was placed on the veranda at the front of the house, and the two front rooms were badly shattered. The veranda is a complete wreck. Mrs. Anderson, who was alone in the house, was sitting beside the stove in the dining room and was badly shocked. Her screams could be heard several blocks away. The inspector had just left the house and was only about ten yards away when the explosion occurred. He was stunned by the concussion. A note was found tacked to the fence warning Anderson from his efforts in favor of the Scott Act and saying that he might congratulate himself that he had not been blown to the kingdom come before this. Several Orangeville hotelkeepers have been fined for violating the Scott Act during the past week, and it is a usual coincidence that dynamite explosions always occur after the liquor dealers were fined for breaking the law. The evening is very dark and intense excitement prevails in town. This is the sixth dynamite explosion that has occurred in Orangeville in two years. The perpetrators are unknown.

Boring a Square Hole.

A Halifax paper says that a man has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cuts the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is almost an exact counterpart of the old-style boring machine. It will cut a four-by-four mortice in from one to five minutes—and do it with perfect accuracy—that a carpenter cannot complete in less than half an hour.

Always take your Repairs to Russell, Flesherton. It will pay you well to do so.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.
331-44.

Auction Sale!

— OF —

VALUABLE

Farm Property!

IN the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey Under and by virtue of a power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at the time of sale) and subject to a reserve bid, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

IN THE

Village —of— Flesherton!

—ON—

Saturday, the 3rd day of December, 1887,

At one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular that certain parcel of land situate in the said Township of Artemesia containing fifty acres more or less composed of lot number one hundred and sixty-one in the third concession north east of the Toronto and Sydenham Road.

The above property is about two and one-half miles from the Village of Flesherton and has erected thereon a small frame dwelling house. About 35 acres are said to be under cultivation.

Terms and conditions made known on day of Sale. For further particulars apply to

E. M. CHADWICK,
Vendor's Solicitor,
BEATTY, CHADWICK, BLACKSTOCK & GALT,
58 Wellington Street, East, Toronto.

Dated at the City of Toronto, this 28th day of October, A.D., 1887.

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00	to	4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 75	to	0 75
Spring Wheat	0 75		0 75
Barley	0 60		0 72
Oats	0 29		0 29
Peas	0 55		0 56
Butter	0 17		0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 16		0 16
Potatoes bush	0 40		0 40
Pork	5 50		5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00		8 00
Hides	6 00		7 00
Wool	18		21
Sheepskins	0 40		0 50
Geese	0 05		0 05
Turkeys	0 7		0 8
Chickens per pair	0 20		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40		0 60

AT GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON,

You will find an assortment of

Heavy and Light Harness,

Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs, Sweat Pads, and the celebrated "Harness Oil."

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Cheap for Cash. Call and Examine.

R. J. SPROULE,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

"Shop is Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, &c. &c.
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr. S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK,

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe: in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-308

EUGENIA

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

Valuable Farm Property

In the township of Osprey, in the County of Grey. Under the powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage to the Vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, and in payment of which default has been made, there will be sold by Public Auction at LISLEY'S HOTEL, in the

VILLAGE OF MAXWELL,

—in the County of Grey, on—

Wednesday, the 14th day of December, 1887,

at 1 p.m., the following valuable property:—

Lot Number 22 in the 4th Concession of the said township of Osprey in the County of Grey, containing 100 acres more or less.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. The purchaser must at the time of sale pay one-fourth of his purchase money to the Vendors their solicitors or agents and sufficient within 30 days thereafter with interest at 7 per cent to reduce the balance of purchase money to $500 which amount may remain on mortgage to the vendors for 5 years with interest at 7 per cent. payable yearly. The mortgage to contain a covenant for insurance in the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company to the full insurable value of the buildings. The Vendors will not be bound to account for, produce or show or prove the contents of any deeds or evidence of title not in their possession or furnish copies of the same. The Purchaser must investigate the title at his own expense. The other conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale or on application to the undersigned at Toronto.

For further particulars apply to

HOWLAND, ARNOLDI & MACKENZIE,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, Nov. 14th, 1887. 335-7.

New Div. Courts!

County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting will be held at 2 of the Clock p.m. on Friday, the Ninth day of December, 1887, at Judges Chambers in Parkers Block, Poulett Street, Owen Sound, to take into consideration the formation of two new Division Courts in the County of Grey, one of which it is proposed to form of the West parts of the Townships of Bentinck and Normanby, and the other of parts of the Townships of Holland, Euphrasia, Artemesia, and Glenelg, in the said County.

Of which all persons interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly. By Order of His Honor,

COUNTY JUDGE MACPHERSON.

WM. ARMSTRONG,
Clerk of the Peace, County of Grey.

Dated at Owen Sound, the 8th Nov., 1887.

334-7.

FARM to RENT.

BEING Lot 35, Con. 4, Artemesia, containing 100 acres. 90 acres cleared—75 acres fit for running self-binding machine over; in first-class state of cultivation. Fair dwelling and outbuilding. Two wells water. Easy terms. Good responsible man can have use of implements. Immediate possession given if required.

For full particulars apply at ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, or to A. DOWN,
Nov. 15th, 1887. on the premises.

334-7.

Stray Horse.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 29, Con. 7, Artemesia, on Sunday 6th, 1 Horse. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. ISAAC SMITH,
334-6. Flesherton P.O.

Stray Ram.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 13, Con. 1st S.D.R., Artemesia, one aged Ram. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. JOHN WHYTE.
Nov. 8th, 1887.—333-5.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lots 26 & 27, 1st S.D.R. Artemesia containing 100 acres more or less, 65 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. 35 acres in grass and hay. Good house and fair barn. Small young Orchard. Never-failing spring of water. The proprietor is determined to sell even at a sacrifice. For full particulars apply on premises, or to SILAS LESLIE,
Nov. 7th, 1887.—333-6. Priceville P.O.

STRAY HEIFER.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, Lot 10, Con 12, Osprey township, one yearling Heifer, dark red with black strips and large white spot. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

GEO. COOPER.
Feversham P.O.

STRAY STEER.

Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, Lots 37 & 38, E. T. & S. R., Artemesia, on or about October 1st, 1887 one yearling Steer, black and white. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be rewarded; and any person keeping the animal without giving such notice—after publication of this notice—will be prosecuted as the law directs.

J. W. SHORE,
Oct. 26th 1887. Flesherton P.O.

STRAY CALVES.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con. 1st. N. D. R., Artemesia, about Oct. 20th, four Spring Calves—2 heifers and two steers. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses

WM. REID.
Priceville P. O.

Artemesia, Oct. 31st, 1887.

STRAY CATTLE.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lots 74 & 75, Con. 3 E.T. & S.R. Artemesia, about a month ago, four yearling Calves. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

N.B.—Since above was in type, all the cattle but a dark brown Heifer have either strayed or been stolen from my premises. If the latter, the party or parties will not be prosecuted if they return them at once.

HECTOR BOLTON,
Flesherton P. O.

Artemesia, Oct. 29th, 1887.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL, Washington, D.C.
Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

COUNTY & DISTRICT NEWS.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The Thornbury *Standard* has a libel suit on hand.

James Johnston, of Dundalk, had his big toe cut off by the machinery of a horse-power recently.

Bro. Patterson of the Meaford *Mirror*, has moved his plant into the old Disciple church in that town.

Mr. R. J. Wickham, of Walter's Falls, has been engaged as Teacher of the Orange Valley School, Artemesia, for 1888.

The Thornbury *Standard* is of opinion that the members of Euphrasia Council will all be elected by acclamation next January.

People wonder at it, but still we give the Finest article for the least money in this section of country at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

20 tons of cheese were shipped from the Mt. Forest factory last week. It was sold at 11¼ cents per lb., realizing altogether about $5,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Horton, of Owen Sound, celebrated the anniversary of their fifty-sixth wedding day on the 31st ult. Both are in excellent health.

Call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure some of those bargains they are offering. They are doing the business of this County.

The Markdale *Standard* warns farmers to beware of shoddy peddlars, who, in order to make sales, tell how "they have just sold so many hundred dollars worth to storekeepers in the locality."

Recently Chatsworth business men agreed to close their respective shops every evening—Saturdays excepted—at seven o'clock. It is now urged by one of them that the agreement has been broken several times.

Thos., son of Mr. Andrew Freeborn, of Holland, returned from Manitoba recently having broken his arm accidentally. This is the second time he has had the misfortune of having the same arm broken. —*Markdale Standard.*

Remember our Grand Offer of Fine Engagement and Wedding Rings. A beautiful plush box with each one worth $1.00. A grand assortment of Rings to select from at Russell's, Flesherton.

While in Flesherton last Thursday we had the pleasure of calling on brother Fawcett in his new premises, and found him very comfortable indeed. We sincerely wish him the success which his "Pluck, patience and perseverance," merit.—*Markdale Standard.*

Mr. Justice Rose has pronounced the Courthouse at Woodstock to be a disgrace to the county of Oxford. "Nothing," he said, "marks the progress of education and refinement as does the appearance of public buildings. A stranger standing in front of this Courthouse would form a very poor opinion of the progress of the county. The rooms are most unwholesome. It is the worse Courthouse in the country."—*Ingersoll Sun.*

Miss Bertie Donnelly, eldest daughter of the C.P.R. agent of this town, who recently returned from Bowmanville, where she has held a position as telegraph operator for several months, has undergone a singular experience. She had been troubled for some time with a lame knee which kept gradually getting more painful. The cause of her lameness could not be accounted for until a few days ago when a needle came through the flesh at the knee joint. How the needle came to be in her leg is a mystery to herself and parents.—*Mt. Forest Representative.*

Mr. Alfred Bigger, of North Grimsby, has been an unusually unfortunate young man, meeting with several accidents and troubles of one kind and another through life, but, poor fellow, the culminating point was reached last Saturday forenoon when he accidentallyshot himself, while getting over the fence near his father's house. No one saw the accident occur but it is supposed that when he was getting over the fence, he must have let the butt end of the gun strike the ground heavily causing it to go off. The charge entered his head at the temple killing him instantly.—*Creemore Advertiser.*

The largest congregation ever accommodated by the Guelph Dublin-street Methodist Church gathered into that edifice on Sunday evening last, to listen to a sermon by Mr. W. K. Snider, a well known G. T. R. conductor. As Mr. Snider related the incidents of his conversion, which took place a short time ago in the town of Walkerton, he was listened to with the closest attention by those present, among whom were many of his former associates, who came from Fergus, Palmerston, Harriston, Walkerton and other places along the line of the old W. G. & B. R.—*Orangeville Advertiser.*

We cannot help giving the people bargains. We have the goods and are bound to sell at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Nov. 18th, 1887.

The question of the election of officers of the House of Representatives grows in interest and importance as the date for the assembling of Congress draws near. Up to the present there is no avowed opposition to the present incumbents of the offices of clerk, sergeant-at-arms and postmaster, though now and then a whisper can be heard that some person will be brought out for one or the other of these places. The fight is over the doorkeepership. It has been claimed among the present competitors of Col. Donelson, the present doorkeeper, that he would not have the support of his home delegation—that of Tennessee. In support of this assertion Mr. J. E. Washington, one of the members from that State, has been mentioned as opposing Col. Donelson. In a letter received yesterday, Mr. Washington writes that all reports to that effect are false. He states that he will reach Washington within a few days, and that he will do all in his power for the success of Col. Donelson. There is no doubt that Donelson will have the State delegation, and, as an indication of what is thought of the outcome the betting is now altogether in favor of his election. Unless something now unexpected shall occur to upset present calculations the officers now holding will probably be re-elected. There is some complaint among democrats that all the offices of the house should be held by States almost in a group, Kentucky having the Speaker, Tennessee the doorkeeper, Ohio the sergeant-at-arms, Indiana the Postmaster and Missouri the clerk. It is perhaps now too late to make combinations for the breaking of the "old slate," as it is called, and for the election of new men in place of the old ones. But there are democrats enough willing and ready to enter the race for either of the subordinate positions—below the speakership—if any prospect of success can be discovered. It remains to be seen whether any combinations to work a change, and that in the caucus the present incumbents will all be renominated. A survey of the field now looks that way.

Speaker Carlisle is here to stay until after the first session of Congress. He is hopeful of passing a tariff bill this session and has devoted considerable energy to that end. He has had several talks with the President since his arrival here. Members are coming to Washington in numbers now and many have matters to discuss with him. He has to think about the formation of the committees of the House, and there are many other matters to occupy his attention, so that he will have as much as he can do against the opening of the session. There is some idea that he will be able to announce his committees before the holidays, but it is hardly likely that he can. The rules have to be adopted, and there is likely to be a fight over them that will take up some time. Besides a hundred new members makes it difficult to fix the committees.

Mr. Carlisle was with the President some time Wednesday. Speaking with your correspondent yesterday, he said that, of course, no one could tell what Congress would do. He thought, however, that the chances of passing a tariff bill were better that during last Congress because the exigencies are greater now. When asked if he thought there was a disposition among the democrats to come together on this question, he said he thought so: he knew nothing to the contrary.

One of the features of the Postmaster General's annual report, which is now nearly completed, will be the statement that the Department by the end of next year will probably be self-supporting. The deficit has lessened nearly three millions during the past year, and with a continued increase in the revenues, which last year amounted to about 10 per cent. and a decrease in the expenses which was about 3½ per cent., there is every prospect that the revenues will equal the expenditures by the end of next year. For the year ending June 1st, 1886, the deficit was over eight million, and for the year ending June 1st, 1887, the deficit was over five million, including, of course, the amount credited to the Union Pacific railway for the transportation of the mails. The large increase in the revenues is the result in part of large additions to the population of the country and the activity in business. But it is largely attributable to the use of the mails in carrying merchandise, which, owing to recent regulations of the department, has become very popular.—L.

Disputed Road.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Sir,—As much unnecessary talk is had regarding a deviation for road on the 10th Concession and erroneous opinions formed—the writer deems it expedient to explain:—

Some seventeen years ago, the deviation in question was established, by the Council then in office. After the usual formalities demanded by the statute—the By-law receiving the signatures of the Reeve and Clerk, and the seal of the corporation. Somewhere about ten years ago a bridge was built on it and since then private work and public has been performed on it more or less, and was used by parties for whom it was established.

One Smith, now deceased, bought his farm with the understanding that this road afforded an out-let.

For many years nothing very important transpired to draw particular attention to it. The same Smith going in and out over land belonging to one William Wilson, upon conditions purely their own. But suddenly difficulties arise and the road becomes of great value—Wilson demanding $50.00 for one-half an acre, whose value when taken seventeen years ago was likely more like $5.00. Approaches were made to the Council by both parties. One to demand an exorbitant price, the other to be assured of his right to the road, unmolested. The Council repudiated the claim, upon legal and prudential considerations: Prudential, because if this claim were paid then, every other claim for those old deviations for which nothing was ever intended to be given—whose value was more than met by the convenience afforded—would be presented by the dozen—Legal.

1st—Because this Wilson purchased four years after the road was established and therefore his claim, if any, was against the person from whom he bought.

2nd—Because 17 years ago, the debt if any, was incurred, and by the statute of limitation, could not be recovered after the lapse of six years from time of incurred debt.

3rd—Because undisputed possession of lands of private individuals for ten years is equivalent to a bonafide ownership, and against which the law is powerless.

Ignorance of these transactions, is pleaded as an excuse and therefore the Council is called upon to spend the people's money for extravagant demands, reckoning the present value instead of the value when obtained.

The Council refuses such demands and because they do this, Wilson—advised of course by a very great authority on municipal law—has taken a short cut to compel all and every to submit to his decision. He has put obstructions upon the road to prevent the ingress and egress of the said Smith. But unfortunately for Wilson, the municipality has other laws touching the case, and any Council would fail in their dignity and duty if they permitted *one* man to treat the By-Laws with contempt, and therefore they concluded that he must remove the obstructions. It is a great pity that rashness to blindness characterized his actions.

It will be seen I think that he precludes, and shuts off any considerations the Council were won't to show him. No man or body of men will submit to bullying.

Let me make these statements in conclusion, that of I am correct:

1st—Wilson has no claim whatsoever against the Township in law or in justice. If any claim it must be by the party who sold him.

2nd—The extreme ignorance and folly of his advisers of whom I may have more to say hereafter, are astounding.

3rd—The Councillors are sworn to administer the affairs of the Township, not in accordance with sympathy but according to law.

4th—The public should not listen to those meddlers—for a purpose—but to men, who at the expense of friendships, long enjoyed, will carry out their behests according to the statutes and by-laws of the Council fearlessly.

5th—This ignorance, when facilities for knowledge, were open then as now can be no possible excuse. A man must grin and bear it. Such is the ordinary practice of life.

W. S. CHRISTOE.

Call and have a look at Russell's, (Flesherton) display of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. It will do you good to see their immense stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

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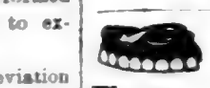

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Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NEW LIVERY!

THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices. Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 14 West T. & S.R. Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25.

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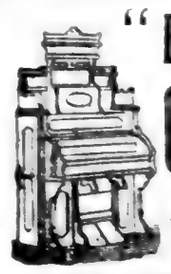

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THE ANARCHISTS.

Spies, Fischer Parsons and Engel Swing on the Gallows.

"JOLLY" TILL THE LAST MOMENT.

Lingg's Suicide and Death and Ghastly Surroundings.

FIELDEN AND SCHWAB REPRIEVED.

His Determination to End His Life.

OTHER SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Suicide of Lingg.

A last (Thursday) night's Chicago despatch says: The scene in Lingg's cell after the explosion was ghastly. Teeth, bits of jawbone, shreds of flesh and blood were scattered all over the narrow compartment. A little trail of blood marked the way over the stone flagging to the room where Lingg was carried. Jailer Folz at once gave orders to have every one of the other cells searched, and Parsons' was the first one a descent was made upon. Three deputies entered his cell, took him by the wrists and shoulders and led him to the jailer's office. There he was detained until his cell was thoroughly searched and nothing found. The ex-editor of the *Alarm* shivered with excitement, fear and curiosity. His face was white and his eyes looked ready to start from their sockets. He was in his shirt and trousers and a wide felt hat shaded his face. He looked as if he would have given worlds to know what had happened, but no information was vouchsafed him. It is believed by some of the reporters that something was found on Parsons, although the jail officials deny this. Parsons was given a new suit of clothes to put on and taken to another cell, where he now is, with two deputies standing guard over him. One of them stands at the back of his cell and the other at the door. The other men and their cells were also searched, but nothing was found. When Engel was being searched he completely broke down and cried like a child. He is still so prostrated that he has not yet been put back in a cell, but is in the jail library in charge of deputies. Sheriff Matson says Lingg was stripped and carefully searched yesterday and the day before. The agent with which he accomplished his work was a fulminating cap a little over an inch long. It had been filled with fulminate of mercury. The news of Lingg's deed created the most profound excitement. When his cell was searched a second candle was found. At the top of it, barely concealed by the end of the wick, a second fulminating cap was found, so it is supposed Lingg's attempted suicide was committed with one similarly hidden. The candles were furnished by the jail, so that the caps must have been put in by Lingg himself.

Captain Black arrived at the jail at 10 o'clock and went to the room where the doctors were working with Lingg. "Lingg, do you know Captain Black?" asked Deputy Sheriff Morgan, Lingg opened his eyes, looked steadfastly at the captain and nodded his head. The rags and strings of flesh that hung to his face waved to and fro, and the captain, almost overcome, left the room.

Lingg died at 2 50 p.m.

Beyond a glance of recognition to Captain Black, who came into the room for a moment and said, "Poor, poor fellow," there was nothing to break the horrible agony of six mortal hours' wait for death's approach. The Rev. Dr. Bolton, a Methodist minister attending Fielden, went in to see Lingg, but got no answering look from him. Lingg's breathing gradually became slower. The pallor on the forehead deepened. A slight glaze was noticed in the sunken eyes. Some one said "He is dying," and the reporters made ready for a rush to the nearest telephones. In a moment the little room was empty of all but the ghastly corpse of the bomb-maker, Louis Lingg. The coroner's inquest will be held on Wednesday in Lingg's case. The members of the jury have been selected, and are all business men.

LINGG'S CAREER.

In 1885 Lingg was forced to leave his native town in Germany. After a good deal of wandering about Germany he landed in Switzerland. There he continued to fight the "Blues," as the Social Democrats are called by the Red followers of Most. It was then that the official organ of the German Socialists published a notice declaring Lingg to be an informer and spy of the German Government. He came to America in 1885, and upon reaching Chicago joined the North Side group of Internationals and soon began the manufacture of bombs, one of which was used at the Haymarket. When two policemen went to arrest him the next day one of them entered his room while the other stayed outside the house. The latter soon heard shouts for help, and running into Lingg's room found that the Anarchist had thrown his partner on the floor, and was only prevented from shooting him by the policeman, who had a grip on the revolver which Lingg was endeavoring to use. The second officer, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in placing handcuffs on his wrists. Placing a pistol to his head the policeman ordered Lim to come on, but Lingg refused to move and said, "Shoot me! Shoot me!" "It's a pity I didn't accommodate him," said the officer who was at the jail this morning as he stood looking at Lingg. "It might have saved all this trouble."

THE GOVERNOR'S STATEMENT.

In his decision on the petitions of the condemned Anarchists Governor Oglesby says: "* * * Satisfied as I am of their guilt I am precluded from considering the question of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, Geo. Engel and Louis Lingg to imprisonment in the Penitentiary, as they emphatically declared that they will not accept such commutation. Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and August Spies unite in a petition for "executive clemency." Fielden and Schwab in addition present separate and supplementary petitions for the commutation of their sentences. While I am satisfied of the guilt of all the parties as found by the verdict of the jury, which was sustained by the judgments of the courts, a most careful consideration of the whole subject leads me to the conclusion that the sentence of the law as to Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab may be modified as to each of them in the interest of humanity and without doing violence to public justice. As to the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. As to all the other abovenamed defendants I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of defendants August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that under the solemn sense of the obligations of my office I have been unable to do so."

LAST INTERVIEWS.

When the news of the commutation of the sentence of Fielden and Schwab was received at the jail there was an extraordinary scene of activity. The news was sent to the relatives of all the condemned men and in a short time they began to arrive at the jail. The first of the women to come in was Mrs. Schwab. Soon after Schwab was brought from his cell to the main office. His wife quickly advanced to him and throwing her arms about his neck burst into tears. Schwab returned the embrace in a calm manner and soon the two were chatting quietly together. After this Spies and Fischer were brought from their cells and taken to the library. Engel was brought to the private office of Mr. Folz. This was done for the purpose of allowing the relatives to take their last interviews. The first of the women to arrive after Mrs. Schwab was Miss Engel, the daughter of the condemned Anarchist. When the two met in the private office there was an outburst of grief which it is impossible to describe. Father and daughter clung to each other and sobbed convulsively. The conversation was in German and listened to only by Deputy Oelsen. Then came Mrs. Spies, the mother of August. She had been waiting outside for an hour and a half. Her sobs could be heard through the corridors of the building. She did not stay long in the library with her son, and on her exit from the jail Mrs. Fischer was admitted. She went into the library, and her lamentations were heard above the tramp of the deputies who swarmed about the place. But the crowning scene of all was the visit of Nina Van Zandt, the proxy wife of Spies. She was conducted to the library by Deputy Oelsen. The moment she saw August a complete change in her demeanor was noticed. There was a look, then a gasp, and in a trice the lovers were in each other's arms. The interview lasted nearly half an hour.

THE NEWS OF LINGG'S SUICIDE.

The explosion in Lingg's cell created a decided sensation in the jail. The jailer approached Parsons' cell with the news. "Lingg has killed himself," said Mr. Folz. "Great God! is that so?" exclaimed Parsons. "Yes, it's a fact," was the reply. "Well, my God," exclaimed Parsons. "I wish I had some dynamite myself, I would kill myself only too quickly."

August Spies was then informed of the tragedy. "I expected nothing else," said Spies quietly. "Ever since the finding of the bombs in his cell last Sunday I was satisfied that if it was possible he would make away with himself. For my own and my comrades' sake I am glad he is out of the way."

According to Jailer Folz all of the remaining Anarchists are completely broken down. They look on the suicide of Lingg as placing him in the category of an extreme Anarchist, which place they do not wish to occupy themselves.

They Sing the Marseillaise.

At 10 o'clock, Parsons, Fischer and Spies asked for twenty minutes each on the gallows in which to make speeches. The Sheriff did not immediately return an answer to the request. Fischer sang the "Marseillaise," in which the other prisoners joined at 10 a. m. The speeches which Spies, Parsons and Fischer spent a portion of the morning in preparing were in part written statements, the nature of which would not be divulged by any of the officials. It was stated by the Sheriff that Spies, Parsons and Fischer had in addition written letters which he had also locked up securely. Parsons' letter was addressed to his wife and children. That of Fischer's goes to his wife, but the address on that of Spies the sheriff refuses to divulge. It is supposed that it is for Nina VanZandt.

About 9 30 a deputation from the Carpenters' Union, to which Louis Lingg belonged, applied to Chief Deputy Knox for Lingg's body. They were referred to the Coroner. The Cabinetmakers' Union also presented an application to the sheriff for the body.

At 10.55 o'clock 250 newspaper men, local politicians and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, had passed through the dark passage under the gallows and began seating themselves. Parsons was given a cup of coffee a few minutes before the march to the scaffold was begun. The chief bailiff began at 11.10 calling out the names of the persons summoned as jurors, and bringing them forward to the row of little stools directly in front of the gallows.

At 11.02 the condemned men ate their final lunch, and at 11.30 the Sheriff read the death warrants. At 11.46, Spies, Engel and Fischer, in their shrouds, were standing at the grated door and saying adieus to friends in the visitors' cage. At 11.49 the death march to the scaffold started.

The Execution.

At 11.55, the condemned men having been placed by the officers in the place assigned them, the trap was sprung. Fischer died very hard, and so did Spiers. Parsons struggled and kicked his feet fearfully.

Fischer's last words were: "Hurrah for Anarchism!"

The pulse of all the Anarchists stopped beating in 13½ minutes.

Their Last Words.

All the Anarchists died of strangulation. None of their necks were broken. The following were the last words of the four condemned Anarchists:

Spies—"There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death now."

Engel—"Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Fischer—"Hurrah for Anarchy! This is the happiest moment of my life."

Parsons—"May I be allowed to speak? Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson? Let the voice of the people he heard."

At 12.17 the coffins for the Anarchists, plain black, with but the silver heads of screws for ornaments, were carried to the gallows. A command to the crowd fronting the gallows that they must stop smoking was given at 11.35. Whether this command was given out of humanity to the doomed or a precaution against the appalling possibility of any treacherous bomb lighting in the corridor when the fatal moment came, no person seemed aware.

When the coffins were brought to the scaffold, Sheriff Matson exclaimed, "His will be done."

How the Bodies Were Disposed of.

The bodies were lowered in the following order: Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons. All looked natural. The coffin lids were screwed down. Paper tabs were pasted on each for identification. Engel's body and Lingg's were taken to 286 Milwaukee avenue. Fischer's wife claimed his. Mrs. Spies took August's, and Mrs. Parsons received that of her husband.

In exactly one hour after the execution took place the work of taking down the scaffold was begun, and in two hours was housed away in the basement of the jail.

Another Report of the Scene.

It lacked just seven minutes and a half of the hour of high noon when a single white shrouded figure, above which was a face of yellowish pallor, the face of August Spies, passed the first post of the gallows. He looked calm and glanced at the reporters with a trace of his old-time cynical smile. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of a deputy, to the furthest edge of the gallows. Following close came Fischer, close enough to touch Spies' shroud had his hand not been pinioned under the white muslin. Fischer's countenance had a peculiar glisten, totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features, and in strange contrast with the dead lack of color in the pinched lineaments of Parsons. The once jaunty, vivacious Texan came last—a withered old man.

Why They Were Hanged.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois in their decision of the case of the Anarchists held that there was a general conspiracy to bring about "a social revolution" by violence and also a specific conspiracy which was to be carried into effect about May 1st, 1886. In pursuance of the general plot, even as early as 1879 as many as 1,000 men were drilling regularly in Chicago, and in 1885 there were 3,000 who were, as Parsons at the time said, "well armed with rifles and revolvers and would have dynamite and bombs when they got ready to use them." May 1st having been selected by the workingmen as the date for introducing the eight hour system, it was chosen by the Anarchists as the time for striking the blow because there would be a large number of men out of work. The proceeds of a ball given by the Carpenters' Union was turned over to Lingg with which to buy dynamite. The court held that it was quite apparent that the manufacture of the bombs by Lingg was under the auspices of the International Workingmen's Association. The bombs were carried by Lingg and Selger, who turned informer, to a hall, where several persons called and helped themselves, as if knowing that they would be there at that time. This was on the evening of the explosion, May 4th, 1886. Two days before Engel and Fischer attended a meeting, and the former submitted a plan for throwing bombs into police stations and shooting down the police. At another meeting which the same men attended the next day a circular written by Spies was distributed calling upon workingmen to arm and avenge the killing of six of their number by the police—as a matter of fact but one had been killed. At this meeting Engel's plan was for a second time adopted, and at Fischer's suggestion, it was agreed that the appearance of the word "Ruhe" in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* should be the signal that the revolution had come, and its duplication would mean that the armed men were to repair to certain places and await instructions from a committee to attack the police stations. The word was inserted in the *Zeitung*, by Spies, its editor, who also had charge of the meeting at the Haymarket. The original plan seems to have failed owing to the appearance of the police at the meeting. Fielden was then speaking and had just used this language, which had determined the police to break up the meeting:

> You have nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it and throttle it until it makes its last kick. Keep your eye upon it, throttle it, kill it, stab it, do everything you can to wound it.

When the order to disperse was given Fielden climbed down from the waggon, saying: "We are peaceable." The bomb was then exploded and several pistols fired at the police, with the result of killing one officer outright, fatally injuring six and seriously injuring nearly fifty. An allusion is made by the Supreme Court to a possible connection between Fielden's remark as he descended from the waggon and the word "ruhe," meaning "peace," but this is clearly a far-fetched idea.

History of the Victims.

Next to Lingg, whose terrible suicide has already been referred to at length in the TIMES' despatches, Adolph Fischer, a printer on the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, was regarded as the most violent of the men hanged to-day. He was under 30 years and had been fifteen years in the country. The Court held that he and Engel "advised and induced a band of seventy or eighty armed and drilled men to enter into a plot to murder the police." There was testimony in the trial that he actively engaged in the distribution of bombs.

Reference has already been made to the suggestion of a plan of attack by George Engel, who was born in Hesse in 1839, and came to the States in 1872. He was a painter by trade, but became business manager and assistant editor of the Chicago *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He was not present when the bomb was exploded. He had contributed incendiary articles to a paper called the *Anarchist*.

Alfred R. Parsons, a native of Texas, where he had lived until he appeared in Chicago fourteen years ago, was always a labor agitator and had often boasted to reporters and others of the strength and organization of the Anarchists and had shown them bombs and dynamite. He had also written articles for the *Alarm*, recommending that workingmen should arm themselves, and had given specific instructions as to the manner of making bombs and procuring weapons. He had also in speeches prescribed the use of the gun and dynamite. He had a part in calling the Haymarket meeting.

August Spies, a native of Hesse, 32 years old and well educated, came to America when 16 and worked at various trades before he became editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* in 1880. He had a share in calling the Haymarket meeting. He also took part in the meeting which culminated in the attack on McCormick's works. He had written violent articles for the *Alarm* and *Zeitung*.

The Reprieved Convicts.

Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the capital sentence of whom has been commuted by the Governor to imprisonment for life, were the least guilty of the party. The former was born in Manchester, England, 1847, and worked in a cotton mill. Then he became a Methodist preacher. He came to America in 1866 and was a teamster in Chicago. He has a gift of rude oratory, which has apparently brought him to his present plight. He was the only one of the number upon whom a clergyman exercised any influence. His offence consisted in his speeches and writings, though some of the policemen testified that he fired a pistol that fatal night at the Haymarket. He himself declares that he never saw Lingg until the latter was brought to jail. Michael Schwab, a dreamy Bavarian of 34, became a Socialist while working at the trade of a bookbinder. He came to America in 1879. He was an editorial writer and foreman of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He is a good deal of a scholar, and probably his recognition of the fact that his talents were not appreciated had much to do with the lurid writing which chiefly led to his conviction.

Mrs. Parsons, with Mrs. Holmes and the two children of the former, were released from the station at 2.10 o'clock this afternoon. She looked very sad and downhearted. In meek tones she asked a reporter, "Is the bloody business over?" When told that it was she made no answer, but proceeded to explain why she was at the jail. She was told by a deputy last night to call at the jail at 8.30 this morning so that the children might see their father. At the appointed time she made the request to be allowed to enter and was sent from one street to another until 10.30 o'clock. Then she made an effort to pass under the rope and was prevented. She frequently broke down and sobbed, and as they passed along took her boy more firmly by the hand and walked more rapidly, keeping her head bent down.

At 2.30 o'clock this afternoon two Anarchists, giving their names as Charles Loberstein and Gustav Hains, were arrested on the front platform of a Randolph street car, with a companion. They were talking in a very loud and threatening manner of what they were going to do to-night, "To get even for the death of their friends and the friends of the laboring man." The passengers on the car became frightened, and many of them got out before the car crossed the bridge. At the corner of Canal street Officer Henry Smith was signalled by the conductor, and jumping on the car he undertook to arrest the men. Loberstein caught the officer by the throat and made an effort to get possession of his revolver. An exciting struggle followed, in which many citizens joined. The two men were at length overpowered and taken to the Desplaines Street Station. Their companion escaped. Both men, who gave their ages as 38 and 27 respectively, wore crape on their hats. Officer Smith was wounded in the Haymarket riots last spring. About 2 o'clock two bombs, reported to be heavily charged, were found in an omnibus which runs between the Union Depot and Lincoln Park. They were of gas pipe, each ten inches long. They were taken to the Desplaines Street Station. Word comes from the West Chicago Avenue Station that Milwaukee avenue is thronged with people, and the officers fear trouble.

In New York.

At the office of the *Leader* another crowd gathered. There was also a profusion of crape, and placards were exhibited on the walls bearing the words: "Martyrs for liberty," "Beware of the insurrection," "The American revolution is at hand." It is the *Leader's* last day of life, Editor Shevitch and his followers having decided that it should cease publication on the day the condemned Anarchists were put to death. By 10 o'clock the editorial room in the rear of the second floor was full of Anarchists. Col. Henton mounted a chair and harangued the assembly on the event of the day in Chicago. He glorified "Lingg's heroic death, the only mercy the bloodhounds of capitalism have left him to enjoy." "The blood that is shed to-day," he continued, "will be amply avenged. They can assassinate these four men, but 4,000 will spring up to emulate them in their fight against tyranny."

A reporter saw Herr Most at his office. In reply to the question whether there would be any demonstration to-day, he said: "There will be no demonstration. We can't demonstrate every day. The newspapers have been the cause of the hanging. They are the real murderers."

A Preacher on an Editor.

(Rev. Mr. Silcox in Winnipeg Sun.)

We who are not editors sometimes think we could make a better paper than our editor does, just as some people think that they could make a better sermon than the preacher. On the same principle, old maids are quite confident that they would make better wives than do the most of those who are elevated to these serene heights. We sometimes think the editor is not religious enough, and that he gives too much space to the baseball brigade, the slugger, etc. We forget that the paper is a condensed history of every day's doings, and must therefore record deaths as well as births, and chronicle the deeds of demons as well as narrate the exploits of angels.

As a special effort is to be made to enable Sir Charles Tupper and the members of the Canadian staff of the Fisheries Commission to leave for Washington on Monday, it is inferred that the commission will meet for business at an early date.

THE BANQUET OF THE LORD MAYOR.

Lord Salisbury Discusses World Wide Public Affairs.

HE PROGNOSTICATES PEACE.

A London cable says: The Lord Mayor's banquet last night was attended by the principal members of the Cabinet.

Lord George Hamilton, responding for the navy, expressed a fear that the British gunboat Wasp would never again reach England. The navy had been strengthened by merchant vessels and the Admiralty were on the eve of an arrangement with the colonies which would materially strengthen our defence.

Lord Salisbury announced that the Government were coming to a decision with France on the subject of the Pacific Islands, and thus a source of quarrel would be removed and the prospect of peace almost assured. The task of adjusting the differences with the States had been undertaken by a statesman of great ability. He was aware that there was a certain uneasiness with respect to peace; but he was unaware of any grounds for it, as every ruler, Minister and President was sincere in his desire to maintain peace. All the influence of England had been and would be cast on the side of the nation which worked in the interests of freedom, legality and peace. Referring to the state of affairs in Ireland, he said there was a marked improvement; and he hoped that during the next session of Parliament more attention could be given to the general wants of the Kingdom. Among other things, the Government intend to reform Parliamentary procedure. Again reverting to foreign affairs, he announced that Ayoub Khan had surrendered himself, thus removing all danger in Afghanistan to the Indian Empire.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A London cable says: Lord Salisbury, in a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet last night, referred to the growing pacific aspect of foreign affairs. He said the agreement with Russia regarding the Afghan frontier, which had been accepted by the Ameer, removed the danger to the world's peace in those quarters. It had also been the good fortune of the Government to come to an understanding with France concerning the New Hebrides difficulty and with regard to some vexed questions concerning the Suez Canal. He announced that Ayoub Khan had surrendered to the Indian Government. He admitted that political uneasiness existed in Europe, but said he knew nothing that would justify alarm. In view of the competition in forming great armaments, it was idle to suppose that peace would be forever maintained, but every present ruler—monarch, president or minister—earnestly desired peace. Referring to Ireland, Lord Salisbury said they were often told that there would be no legislative activity until Home Rule had been granted. But he could assure them that there would be no falling of in activity on the part of those who were upholding the integrity of the Empire. It was the task of the Government to maintain law and order in Ireland. The new powers of the Government had been in existence only a few months, yet there was already a marked improvement in the condition of the country. The law was in the steady course of successful operation. The circumstances at the present time gave additional emphasis to the vindication of the law. The reception accorded to Mr. Balfour showed his hearers' sense of his conduct in following those principles of government which regulate the existence of society. (Cheers.) The Government were convinced that they had the support of the people in restoring to Ireland the blessings of peace, freedom and prosperity arising from the recognition of the principles of order. (Cheers.) He had good hope of adjusting the difficulty with America upon the ancient fishery dispute. The task had been undertaken with great patriotism by one of the most eminent statesmen of the day—(cheers)—a statesman who went to his work with the almost unanimous goodwill of his countrymen, who trusted that the result might be to prevent differences arising again.

Latest Scottish News.

The birth of an heir to the Hopetoun estates in Scotland was celebrated on the 28th ult. by the tenantry by a dinner held at Linlithgow. Lord Hopetoun was present.

Mr. Archibald Stirling-Maxwell, the late Sir Wm. Stirling-Maxwell's second son, who shortly comes of age, will, on succeeding to the Keir property in Scotland, drop the second name of Maxwell.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford, LL.D., F.R.S., will preside at the 223rd anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation, to be held in the Freemasons' Tavern, London, on St. Andrew's Day.

Russell & Co., shipbuilders, Port Glasgow, have contracted with an English firm of shipowners to build the largest sailing ship in the world. She will be upwards of 3,000 tons register, and have four masts.

It is stated that Major-General John Sprot, formerly of the 91st Highlanders, is about to retire voluntarily from the British army service. The gallant officer served in the Indian Mutiny campaign under Lord Clyde.

Aberdeen Synod recently discussed the agricultural depression. Rev. Mr. McQueen said their condition was hopeless, and declared his conviction that the whole system of landlordism would have to be swept away.

Mr. E. M. Griers, photographer, Glasgow, has perfected a process which renders the operator entirely independent of the ordinary sources of light, and which acts so suddenly that the iris of the eyes of the sitter cannot contract as in sunlight or in bright daylight. The process is called Kataplectic photography.

Twelve miles of waterworks pipe have been laid in Belleville, and if the weather continues favorable the contract will be completed by next month. The cost of the work is about $250,000.

A project is on foot to start a German-Canadian journal in Montreal. The idea is to circulate it extensively in Germany, with the object of promoting emigration to Canada.

The Canadian Pacific Railway telegraph line will probably be extended into Alaska

...ong for a Boy I Love.

Keep ahead of the world, if you can, my boy,
'Tis the sly sure way to succeed.
If you do fall behind, 'twill be hard to get back
To the spot where you once had the lead;
And there's no way to win in the battle of life,
So sly, so safe and so sure,
As to have a few dollars ahead of your wants—
For most of life's ills 'tis the cure.

But you never get dollars till first you get pence,
As from acorns the mighty oaks grow;
Work hard, and work ever, and save as you toil
No matter if progress seems slow;
Thus be true to yourself in the years of your youth,
And you'll rest without worry when old.
Save the pennies to-day, into silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Let the fools try to tempt you to pleasures to-

That will take the small coin from your purse;
Store your brain in the hours they give to the world
With knowledge, you'll not be the worse;
For labor, and study, and saving in youth
Will give rest and content when you're old,
And the pennies to-day will be silver full soon,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,
'Tis the place we have dreamed of alway,
But those Alps must be climbed by the stout limbs of youth
Ere by Time we pass age away;
So work, my brave boy, in the years of your strength,
If you want rest and plenty when old;
Take care of the pennies, to silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

L. J. BEAUCHAMA.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

And it was for this that she had come back to him through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," bringing her baby with her.

Some strange feverish power seemed to enter into her and give her a fitful strength. She sat down at her husband's desk and began writing rapidly, and as the thoughts came to her; and when she had finished, she enclosed her letter with the torn fragment, and, after addressing it, sealed it carefully. As she did so she heard footsteps approaching the library, and slipped it hurriedly into the open drawer, and the next moment Sir Hugh entered with a telegram in his hand.

"I have been looking all over the place for you, Fay," he began, hurriedly; "and not a soul seemed to know where you were. Look here; I have just had this telegram from Fitz. He wants me to come up to town at once. I believe we have to start earlier than we intended."

And as Fay seemed to have no answer ready, he went on—"I am so vexed about it, my pet, for I meant to have driven you over to Pierrepoint after luncheon; you looked so pale this morning, and I had to arrange about so many things. Well, it cannot be helped; Raville is packing my 'Gladstone,' and I have not a moment to lose."

"Do you mean you are going off to Egypt now?" asked Fay, hardly able to articulate—her lips had grown quite white. What if she should be too late after all!

"Egypt, indeed! What a child you are, Fay; one can never make you understand things. No, I am going up to London to get what I want, and meet Egerton and Powis, the other fellows who are to join us. I shall sleep at the Club to-night, and you may expect me to be down to dinner to-morrow. The next day——" here he hesitated; "well, there is time enough to talk of saying good-bye then."

"Yes, yes, I understand now. Go and get ready; and, Hugh, don't forget to kiss baby."

"All right," he laughed good-humoredly; and then Fay stood quite still, holding the table, till he came back.

"My traps are in the hall; I must say good-bye quickly, darling." How handsome, how well he looked, as he stooped over her with his plaid over his arm.

He need not be fearful of her detaining him; there was no clinging, no agony of weeping this time. She put her two hands round his neck and held him for a moment, as her cold lips touched his, and then stood quite still and waved to him—sadly, quietly—from the window as he drove past, and that was all.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"GOOD-BYE—GOOD-BYE."

I never will look more into your face
Till God says, "Look!" I charge you, seek me not,
Nor vex yourself with lamentable thoughts
That peradventure I have come to grief.
Be sure I'm well, I'm merry, I'm at ease.
But such a long way, long way, long way off,
I think you'll find me sooner in my grave,
And that's my choice—observe.

E. B Browning.

Fay had made up her mind to be lost.

Could any one imagine anything so utterly ignorant and childish, and yet so pathetic? She was going to lay down her wifely rights and steal away, friendless and unprotected, into the great lonely world, so that Hugh might come back to his old home in peace.

With the rash impulse of despair—of a despair that hoped nothing and feared nothing—she was taking the most terrible step that a young creature could take. She was doing evil that good might come; she was giving up herself in complete renunciation and self-sacrifice in obedience to a miserable and mistaken idea. If she had been older; if her simplicity of character had been less childish, and her worldly knowledge greater, she must surely have hesitated before taking a step that must anger as well as grieve her husband. How would Sir Hugh's haughty spirit brook the publicity and the nine days' wonder of the world when they knew that his wife, Lady Redmond—the successor of all the starched and spotless dames who hung in the old guest-chambers—should so forget herself and him as to tarnish his reputation by an act so improper and incredible.

He might forgive his spoilt trip and all the trouble that awaited him in his empty home; but how will he ever bring himself to forgive that?

But Fay, poor mistaken child, thought of none of these things. She only felt that she must go and take her baby with her. There was no time to be lost, and she must make all her plans very quickly.

Fay's will was a strong one—there was no fear that she would falter in her purpose; but she never remembered afterwards how she carried it out, or from whence came the strange feverish energy that supported her. She was working in a dream, in a nightmare, in a horrible impatience to be gone—to be gone—where? But even this question was answered before many hours were over, for she was to make her poor little plans with the utmost precision. In the quiet evening time, as she paced restlessly through the empty rooms, she thought of a place of refuge where she might rest safely for a little. The moment the carriage had turned the corner, and she could see it no longer, she had taken the letter from the drawer and laid it on the table.

Such an innocent, pitiful little letter it was.

"Darling Hugh," it began, "do not be angry with me when you come back to-morrow and find your Wee Wifie has gone. What could I do—how could I stay any longer after reading your words. Indeed, I think I could have borne anything but this. No, this one thing I could not bear—that you should leave your home and country to free yourself from me.

"'You must go,' you say; of course it must be you," Darling, do you not know me better than that?

"I felt you could not love me, Hugh; but have I ever blamed you in my heart? I was too childish and young for such a man as you. Why did you marry me, dear—that was a great mistake. But perhaps you saw I liked you.

"I tried so hard to please you, but somehow I always failed. And then the baby came—our baby—and you did not care for him; and then, indeed, I thought my heart would break. I wonder if you know how I have loved you? I was not too young for that, though you thought I was. I never lay down to sleep without praying God to bless my dear husband, and sometimes—was it very childish of me, I wonder?—I put baby's hands together and made believe he was praying too.

"I think if you knew what I suffered, when they thought I was dying, and the angels would not come for me; I think—yes, I do think, Hugh—you would have been sorry for me then.

"Good-bye, my darling—I shall never call you that again, for I am going away for ever. You must not trouble about me, for I shall take great care of myself, and after a time I shall not fret so much. I shall take my baby—he cannot do without me, and I love him so. When he is older I will send him back to you. He is so like you, dear—a Redmond all over—and his eyes will remind me of you.

"I shall say good-by to you very quietly. When I try to speak there is a dreadful lump in my throat that seems to choke me; and I feel as though I could blush with shame for being so little and insignificant in your eyes. You are like a king to me, Hugh; so grand, and noble, and proud. Oh, what made you marry me? You did wrong there, darling, did you not?

"Good-bye, good-bye. I shall be quite lost. Do not look for me; only give me a thought now and then—one kind and gentle thought of your Wee Wifie."

She read through the letter dry-eyed, and kissed it, and laid it on the table. It would touch his hands, she thought. Later on she unsealed it, and added a short postscript. "Do not be anxious," it said; "I am going to some kind people who will be good to me and the boy."

She had placed the letter where Hugh would see it at once, and then she went upstairs. She wanted to have her baby in her arms, that its touch might lull the deadly faintness at her heart; and when she felt a little better she sent for Mrs. Heron and Janet.

Sir Hugh had gone off to London, she told them; they had telegraphed for him, and she was to follow him immediately. She would take her luggage with her, of course, for she did not intend to return to the Hall before going down into Devonshire; but they would see Sir Hugh again for a few hours—he would probably run up the following evening to give his final orders.

And would she be long away? asked Mrs. Heron. She thought my lady looked very ill, and required a thorough change.

"Yes," returned Fay, quickly; but she turned away as she spoke. She should most certainly be away all the time Sir Hugh was in Egypt. Janet must set to work at once, for they would have to start early. And then she explained that the cottage at Daintree was very small, and Sir Hugh had begged her to dispense with Janet's services, and only take nurse.

Janet looked very disappointed when Fay said this, for she adored her gentle little mistress. "I don't know what master is thinking about," she grumbled, in confidence, to Mrs. Heron. "This new nurse has only been here six weeks, and does not know my lady's ways. And who will wait on her, I should like to know, if I am to be left behind? but this is all of a piece with his selfishness." But she worked with a will for all that, and all the time her boxes were being packed. Fay wandered about with her baby on her arm collecting her little treasures, and dropping them in the boxes as she passed. Now it was a book Hugh had given her, or a picture, or the withered flower he had worn in his button-hole; an odd glove he had left on his dressing-table, and which she clutched with the greediness of a miser; and even a silk handkerchief he had worn round his neck—she put them all in. Such a strange little assortment of odds and ends. Janet thought she was daft.

And she would have none of her evening dresses packed up, or indeed any of her costly ones—she would not require them in the country, she said, quietly; but she would have all her jewels—not those Hugh had given her, or the old family jewels that had been reset for her, but those that had belonged to her mother, and were exceedingly valuable; there was a pearl necklace that was worth five hundred pounds. Hugh had drawn out a large sum of money that he had given in charge to her—he meant to have left it for domestic expenses while he was away. Fay wrote out a receipt, and put it with her letter. It would be no harm to keep it, she thought; Hugh could help himself to her money. There would be enough to keep her and the boy for more than a year, and after that she could sell her necklace. She was rich, but how was she to draw any more money without being traced to her hiding-place.

The last act before the daylight closed was to go to the stables and bid Bonny Bess good-bye. The groom, who knew that he was to follow in a few days with Bonny Bess and another horse—for Sir Hugh had been very mindful of his wife's comfort—was rather surprised to see her kissing the mare's glossy neck, as though she could not bear to part with her; when she had left the stables, Nero, who had followed her about all day with a dog's instinctive dread of some impending change, looked up in her face wistfully.

"Do you want to come with me, Nero?" she asked, sadly; "poor fellow, you will fret yourself to death without me. Yes, you shall come with me; we will go to Rowan-Glen together."

For all at once the thought had come to her of a beautiful spot in the Highlands where she and her father had stayed many years ago. If she remained in England, Hugh would find her, and she had a dread of going abroad. Besides, what could she do with baby, for of course she must leave nurse behind; she would have to engage a stranger who did not know she was Lady Redmond. And then she bethought herself that she would call herself by her husband's second name St. Clair—she would be Mrs. St. Clair.

Yes, she and her father had had a very happy time at Rowan-Glen. They had been to Edinburgh, and to the Western Highlands, and had then made their way to Aberdeen, as Colonel Mordaunt had some old Indian friends there; and, as they had still some weeks to spare, they had come down to the Deeside, and had fallen in love with Rowan-Glen.

But they could not obtain a lodging in one of the cottages, so the manse opened its hospitable doors to them. The minister, Mr. Duncan, was old, and so was his wife, and they had no children; so, as there was room and to spare, and their income was somewhat scanty, the good old people were quite willing to take in Colonel Mordaunt and his little daughter. Fay had forgotten their existence until now; but she remembered how kind Mrs. Duncan had been to her; and she thought she would go to her, and tell her she was married and very unhappy, and then she would let her and baby stop there quietly in the old grey house.

Nobody ever came there, for they were quiet folk, and Mr. Duncan was an invalid; and there was a dear old room, looking out on the old fashioned garden, where her father had slept, that would just do for her and baby.

Fay had a vague sort of feeling that her strength would not last very long, and that by and by she would want to be cared for as well as the baby. Her poor brain was getting confused, and she could not sleep—there was so much to plan before the next day.

Ah, what a night that was. If it had not been for the soft breathing of her infant in the darkness, Fay must have screamed out in her horror, as thoughts of the desolate future came over her; and yet it was easier for her to go away than to stay on at the Hall an unloved wife—a millstone round her husband's neck.

When Janet called her at the proper time she found her up and dressed and beginning her baby's toilet.

"Here, Janet," she said, with an unsteady laugh, "I don't think I am putting on baby's things very nicely, but I wanted to try, so nurse let me, but he cries so much that he confuses my head." And then she gave him up and went wandering through the rooms, saying a silent good-bye to everything; and last of all she went into her husband's library.

Ellerton found her there when he summoned her to breakfast. She would come in a minute, she said, quietly; she was only arranging Sir Hugh's papers as he liked to have them. Yes, she knew the carriage would be round directly, but Ellerton need not fear that she would be late. And then, when the old servant had closed the door, she went up to her husband's chair, leaning over it and embracing it with her two arms, while she rested her cheek against the carved ebony back. "This is where he will sit this evening," she said. "Good-bye, God bless you, dear; and then she left the room.

But she would eat nothing, and only asked for her baby. But just before she got into the carriage, she called Mrs. Heron to her, and bade her take care of the aged people at the Pierrepoint almshouses, and see they had their little packets of tea and grocery as usual; and then she shook hands with her and Ellerton.

"Good-bye to you all," faltered the poor child hurriedly. "You have been good friends to me, all of you. Good-bye—good-bye; and then she drew her veil over her face, and leant back in the carriage, while Nero licked her little ungloved hand.

Sir Hugh had sworn to love and cherish her until death, and yet he had brought her to this.

The journey was a very short one; but nurse afterwards remembered that Lady Redmond did not appear surprised, when they arrived at Euston, to find that Sir Hugh was not waiting at the station. "What are we to do, my lady?" she asked rather helplessly, for she was young and a country woman, and the din and bustle were overwhelming to her; but Fay was helping to identify her luggage, and did not answer. She told nurse to go into the waiting-room with baby, and she would come to her presently. And then she had her luggage put on to a cab.

"Nurse," she said, quickly, when she came back a few minutes afterwards, "will you give me baby a moment, and go to the refreshment room—it is just a little way down the station. I should like some sandwiches and sponge-cakes, and perhaps you had better get some for yourself, there is plenty of time;" and the woman obeyed her at once. Her lady looked faint, she thought; most likely she was disappointed that Sir Hugh was not there.

As soon as she had left the waiting-room, Fay went up to the person in charge, and asked her to give a sealed note to her nurse when she came back. "You remember her—the young woman with reddish hair who held baby just now; tell her I have gone to look after the luggage, and ask her to read it." And though the woman thought the request a little strange, she took the sealed packet without demur.

As Fay and Nero went outside the station, the porter who had loaded the cab was standing a little way off. Fay told the cabman hastily to drive off to King's Cross, as she wanted to take the Scotch express; and as the porter came up to claim his gratuity he found the cab driving off, but Fay flung him a shilling. By a strange fatality the cabman who drove them met with an accident that very day, from the consequences of which he died in two or three weeks' time; and this one thing checked all clue. When the inquiries were set afloat, the porter certainly remembered the little lady and baby and the big black dog, but he had not heard her instructions to the cabman.

Fay only took her ticket to York; she dared not go straight to her destination. When she arrived there she would not put up at the station hotel, but had herself driven to a quiet little hotel for the night. It was an unpretending place, kept by honest folk; but Fay found herself very comfortable. She made some excuse about not bringing her nurse, and the chambermaid helped her dress baby. She was almost too stupefied with grief and fatigue by this time to do anything but sleep helplessly; but she made the girl promise to call her early, and ordered a fly to the station; and when the morning came she got into it without telling any one where she was going, and took the mid-day train for Edinburgh.

It would be impossible to describe the nurse's feelings when she opened the packet in the waiting room and read her mistress's note. "Dear nurse," it said, "I am really very sorry to treat you so badly, but I cannot help it. I have gone away with baby, and I could not take you. Please go back to Singleton by the next train; you will find your box on the platform, and the porter will help you. Sir Hugh will tell you what to do when he arrives this evening.—Your affectionate mistress, F. Redmond." And enclosed were two months' wages. In spite of her youth, Fay had excellent business capabilities, only her husband had never found them out.

But unfortunately for the bewildered household at Redmond Hall, Sir Hugh never arrived that evening. First came a hazy telegram, informing them of a change of programme, and later on a special messenger came down from him bringing a letter from Sir Hugh—a very affectionate farewell letter.

Fitzclarance had acted on impulse as usual, and he and Sir Hugh had started that very night, leaving Powis and Egerton to follow them.

(To be continued.)

Scholarships for Canadian Universities.

Robert Bruce, a market gardener, who lived on the Ste Foy road, at Quebec, died a few weeks since at the age of 90, leaving a fortune of $120,000. His three daughters, all above middle age, have no children; only one of them, indeed, is married. To them he leaves the interest of his money during their lives; but on their death, without issue, the fund is to be vested in a trust consisting of the principals, or presidents, ex-officio, of Morin College, Quebec; Dalhousie College, Halifax; Bishop's College, Lennoxville; McGill University, Montreal; Queen's University, Kingston; Toronto University and Manitoba College, Manitoba, to establish bursaries and scholarships, of the annual value respectively of $25 and $100 each, to be called "The Robert Bruce Bursaries and Scholarships." The holders must be matriculated students of one or other of the universities named, actually pursuing a regular course of study in arts or science. The scholarships are to be divided into two classes, one for candidates at matriculation and the other for third year's men.

A G. T. R. Brakeman Saves a Lady's Life.

Wm. Jepson, of Niagara Falls, a Grand Trunk brakesman, has been tangibly rewarded by the company for his presence of mind in saving the life of a lady passenger at Prairie siding one day last week. The Pacific Express passes the accommodation at that point, but the former does not stop. The lady was stepping off the accommodation, and, not noticing the approaching express, was standing on the track. Jepson took in the perilous situation at a glance and caught her by the cloak and pulled her back. Her escape from instant death was very narrow, and, as it was, she was severely injured by a blow from the cowcatcher of the express engine.

Heaviest Truss in the World.

The first truss of the Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) bridge was swung into position on the 7th inst. It is 525 feet long between the centres of the towers, 82 feet deep and 35 wide, being the largest and heaviest steel truss in the world. It rests on steel towers 100 feet high, which stand on masonry piers, the foundations of which are 125 feet below high water and rise 30 feet above high water, and its total height from the foundation is 337 feet. It carries a floor system on top for a double-track railway, and is capable of supporting a rolling load of 3,000 pounds to the running foot on each track.

A Small Favor Asked.

Conductor (after the accident)—"Well, sir, we have at last found your valet, but sad to say he's cut in two."

English tourist—"Aw, vewy distressing! Sorry to trouble you, doutcherknow, but I've never travelled in this country before; would you see in which half is the key of my trunk?"

Natural History.

A Quincy teacher recently in giving primary language lessons wrote upon the blackboard the words "Ingrain," "Brussels," "Wilton," and requested her pupils to write each a sentence containing one of these words. One boy displayed his igenuity as follows: "A hedgehog has Brussels on his back."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Easily Suited.

"Will you give me some cold victuals?" asked a mendicant at a Prospect avenue door yesterday. "We have none," was the reply. "Oh, well, hot ones'll do," said the beggar briskly.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Sir Charles Tupper arrived at Ottawa yesterday, and will probably leave for Washington on Monday.

Committees of leading workmen's Radical clubs held meetings in London yesterday, and decided to organize the fullest force to oppose the police edict closing Trafalgar Square on Sunday. Sir Charles Warren, the Chief of Police, demands that the police be reinforced with cavalry. Mr. Robert Graham, member of Parliament for the Northwest Division of Lanarkshire, an Advanced Liberal, will attempt to speak in Trafalgar Square on Sunday next in order to test the legality of the police edict closing the square on Sundays.

LATEST RAILWAY NEWS.

An Appliance to Prevent Accidents from Leaving Switches Open.

Some time since E. E. Springsteen, Michigan Passenger Agent of the Erie Railway, secured a patent on a railroad switch of his invention. The appliance is designed to prevent the accidents which occur almost daily through the carelessness of employees in leaving switches open. The models were submitted to a number of railroad men, including Chief Engineer Masson, of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railway, and he at once ordered one put on at Pontiac for the purpose of testing its adaptability. It is so constructed that the movement of the train of cars operating on a cam placed on the outer side of the rail controls the switch, closing it if it has been left open and locking it as well. A test was made on Thursday on the main line at Pontiac. Four engines were used on the main line. The switch was left open and the engineer tested its working, running at a speed of from 8 to 22 miles an hour. It worked to perfection, and on Monday next a party of local railway magnets will go to Pontiac to witness another test. A company will at once be formed to manufacture the switch.

Twenty-two miles of grading have been completed on the Northwest Central Railway.

To-day's News Notes.

George Russell, formerly of Paisley, Scotland, hanged himself in No. 2 Police Station, Toronto, on Saturday. He came to look for work and could not get it, and got disconsolate.

Louis Goettler, of Sebringville, cut his throat from ear to ear the other day. It is believed the suicidal mania was hereditary in his family, as his father took his own life some years since.

A Bothwell man named James Lesley has an affliction of the nose, called by the local physician glanders, which is said to be very contagious. Lesley is cut off from society as effectually as if he had leprosy.

A delegation from New Brunswick had an interview on Saturday with Sir Charles Tupper and other Ministers on the question of extending trade relations with the West Indies, which Sir Charles promised to bring formally before the Cabinet on his return from attending the Fisheries Commission.

Dissatisfied with the Music.

As an item of interest it might be stated a pile of strength that would reach half way to the moon is wasted in these parts every year by people holding up a hymn-book in church who don't know a B flat from the howl of John Thomas cat.—*Jasper Tex. Hesperian.*

Only One of Her Kind.

Visitor (to dime museum freak)—"Beyond being a very pretty young woman, I see nothing remarkable about you, miss. What is your specialty?" Freak—"I'm the girl who thinks she is homely, sir."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Paris-ite.

"Pa," said little Johnny McSwilligan, "here's a piece in the paper about parasites, what are they?" "Parasites, my boy, are people who live in Paris. I think you ought to know that, and you in the third reader."

Who Supported Atlas?

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?" "It was Atlas, ma'am." "And who supported Atlas?" "The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."

Elegant English.

"Why, Miss Howjames," said the Chicago girl, "you don't mean that it is all over between you and Mr. Grimshaw?"

"What I have told you," replied the Boston young lady, haughtily, "is the—the undraped actuality."

It is proposed to bridge the North River from Hoboken to New York.

James P. McCabe, the murderer of Michael Riley, was hung at Honesdale at 12 p. m. yesterday.

Dr. McGlynn states that he will soon go to Europe, and make addresses on economic questions in England, Scotland and Ireland.

The Central Iowa Railroad was sold yesterday, and bid in by James Thompson, of New York, acting in behalf of the Stickney Reorganization Committee, for $2,400,000.

O. H. Anderson, a lunatic, was being conveyed to the insane hospital in an ambulance at Chicago yesterday morning and heard of Lingg's attempt at suicide. He concluded it would be a good idea for him to do likewise, and took a razor from his pocket and cut his throat. He will die.

UNCHANGED.

In the merry days of boyhood
Of mischief he was full,
And at the teachers faces mad
Behind their backs at school
He's now a portrait painter
Noted for his skill,
And to his predilections true
Is making faces still.

—The Princess Beatrice is convalescent and her infant is in excellent health.

—To-night the Young Men's Liberal Club will meet at 8 p. m. Friends invited.

—The thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.

—The chestnuts are just beginning to fall from the trees and almanac makers are very busy.

—An exchange says: "Never go into the water after a hearty meal." We don't. We go to the restaurant after it.

—Peoria *Transcript*: "The Canadian papers are calling Mr. Chamberlain a 'Jonah.' Well, Jonah perhaps made a more extensive investigation of the inside of the fish question than any other man that ever lived."

—Once everybody used to send silver plate for wedding presents, but now cut glass and bric-a-brac are the rage. A Philadelphia bride received so many of the latter that she can hardly find room for them. Out of two hundred presents she received not one was in the silver line.

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

Flesherton

Is the place to get IMMENSE BARGAINS in all kinds of

SINGLE, DOUBLE & CARRIAGE

HARNESS.

PRICES RIGHT every time.

JINGLE, JINGLE,

JINGLE!

Winter is at hand and the best place to get

Sleigh Bells

(Real Beauties) is at Clayton's Harness Shop. Come and see the stock.

KEEP ❋ WARM

By getting one of Clayton's elegant and comfortable

GOAT ROBES!

Cheap as Dirt!

WHIPS,

TRUNKS,

Sweat Pads,

Brushes,

Curry Combs,

Blankets,

Peerless Hoof Ointment

—and—

Peerless Axle Grease

Everything marked down at bottom prices. Inspection invited.

COME ONE COME ALL.

D. CLAYTON.

Opposite Manshaw's Hotel, Flesherton.

DUNDALK.

Dashes Here and There by an Advance Representative.

A representative of THE ADVANCE paid a flying visit to Dundalk on Friday evening of last week. Just as he got off the train at the depot, the genial and handsome scribe of the Shelburne *Economist* got on, and here he missed opportunity for fraternal greetings with one of his most esteemed brethren of the rural press. However he hopes to meet friend Smith in the neighborhood of his own "vine and fig tree" in the near future. But he had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Newell, who seemed to be lingering fondly around the scenes of his recent editorial labors, and spent an agreeable evening with that gentleman and his lady, who will shortly bid farewell to Dundalk. The best wishes of all will go with them.

As ADVANCE readers are aware, the *Herald* recently changed hands, the editorial chair being now occupied by Mr. Spurr, late of Toronto, and but five years landed from the shores of Old England—the country of his nativity. Mr. Spurr is an intelligent, clear-headed and jolly young gentleman, who is bound to achieve popularity. And—mark you, ladies!—he is handsome. Further, he is unmarried! Since taking charge of the *Herald*, Mr. Spurr has had many amusing experiences, which he narrated to THE ADVANCE man with great good humor—in fact he is the soul of good humor. We wish him unbounded success.

Shortly before six o'clock we left the Herald office and proceeded to call on our friend Mr. Newman Irish, of the Dundalk planing factory. We arrived at the door of the factory only to find it closed and the men gone home to supper. In retracing our steps we had a narrow escape from falling over a large box placed in a dangerous position on the middle of a gore-shaped street. We thought the Village Fathers rather careless in allowing such obstructions to remain on the public thoroughfares of the town and felt like calling on the Mayor and entering a protest. We are now glad we didn't, for on asking a citizen why such things were allowed in an incorporated village like Dundalk, he stared at us for some moments in a peculiar way and then said:—

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, that outrageous big box out in the middle of the street!" we exclaimed with some emphasis.

"Sir, I'd have you to know that's the Dundalk lock-up," he snorted indignantly.

"The WHAT!!!" we fairly gasped.

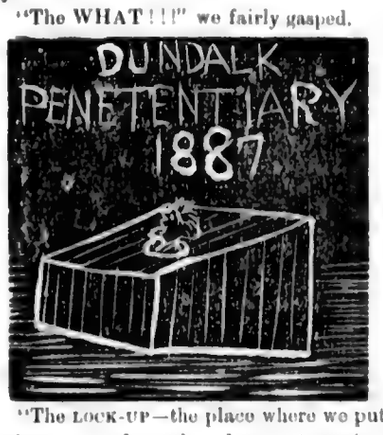

"The LOCK-UP—the place where we put prisoners and people who go tramping around at night axin' impudent questions!" howled the man—significantly emphasizing the last few words—as he strode off down a back street.

THE ADVANCE representative gazed at this remarkable box—beg pardon! lock-up—from every point of view, and finally leaned against the roof and sketched its picturesque outlines on a piece of paper. In imagination he saw a "prisoner"—before retiring—sticking his head out of the stove-pipe hole in the roof and calmly contemplating the starry heavens, while reclining in an easy attitude on his "pallet of straw!" It also occurred to him, that if wheels were placed under the bo-lock-up, the Chief of Police could hitch a horse—(a span of dogs might do)—to it and trundle it around the village on his various "beats." Occasionally he might vary the monotony by converting it into a family "carriage," thereby combining business with pleasure. By guaging it properly, he might be able to hitch it on to a railway train and rattle off to Toronto, where he could make money by exhibiting it as a curiosity at the Zoological Gardens. Or he might put it in his cellar and keep potatoes in it during the winter months. Then, if the Dundalk Village Fathers were so inclined, they could lend the potato box—lock-up, we mean—to Shelburne, Flesherton, Priceville or Markdale on big days. Otherwise, they might occasionally convert it into a hen-coop or mouse trap. Oh, it's just amazing the multitude of uses it could be put to by an enterprising Corporation such as the one in Dundalk! As it was growing quite dark at the time, our Artist could not sketch the background to advantage; so he just left it *in the dark*, as above and groped his way back to the sidewalk.

Mr. J. B. Watson, "orator and humorist," has twice addressed meagre audiences in Dundalk. The train by which we reached Dundalk conveyed Mr. Watson to Shelburne, where he was billed to lecture that evening. He will return again and give a free lecture, that is, no admission will be charged at the door, but a collection will be taken up afterwards.

The streets of Dundalk are not free from mud at this season of the year.

The ADVANCE representative had only time to take a peep at his old friend, Mr. James Deans, as he hurried toward the depot. He was busy selling the celebrated tea "grown for the Emporium of the North," or some other article from his splendidly stocked store. Not certain which. Mr. Dean is one of those straightforward, pushing business men, who reflect credit upon the community in which their lot is cast.

The most beautiful stock of Silverware ever seen in this country is to be seen at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON STATION.

Items of Interest Gathered For The Advance.

ELEVATOR.

It is understood that an agitation is now in progress for the formation of a joint stock company, the object of which is the erection of a forty thousand bushel grain elevator at the Station. The matter is being energetically discussed and it seems probable that building material will be on the ground this winter and operations in connection with the erection of the elevator commenced early next spring.

MATRIMONIAL.

Scarce had the excitement and amusement in connection with the announcement of Postmaster Purdy's intention to contest the Reeveship of Artemesia subsided, when the community was thrown into quite a flutter by another and more important step taken by that gentleman. Early in the week Mr. Purdy led to the matrimonial altar Mrs. Sinclair, also of this place. On Wednesday the newly wedded pair "embarked" on the North-bound C.P.R. passenger train for Owen Sound, where a brief honeymoon was spent. Next evening the train bore bride and bridegroom Southwards. Arriving at Flesherton Station the happy couple perceived an enthusiastic assembly arrayed on the platform, and evidently inclined to accord them a hearty "welcome home." But the newly married couple proceeded farther South and returned on the evening train, thereby disappointing and dampening the ardor of their many friends. Prior to the happy event, it was noticed that the genial groom was even more genial and courteous than usual and wore a happy expression of countenance suggestive of approaching bliss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Station now boasts of no less than three general stores, two hotels, a grocery in prospective, a butcher shop, a steam flour and shingle mill, two blacksmith shops and a shoemaker's shop.

The new schoolhouse is a very creditable structure indeed, and a monument to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. R. Cook, Mr. Wm. Hogg, Mr. Purdy and other residents.

Call and have a look at Russell's, (Flesherton) display of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. It will do you good to see their immense stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Brief Bits.

The appointment of Rev. Dr. Burwash as Chancellor of Victoria University—to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Dr. Nelles—has given universal satisfaction.

The Rotterdam steamer, W. A. Scholten, collided with the steamer Rose Mary of Hartlepool, at 11 o'clock on Friday night last, ten miles off Dover, England, and sunk. A number of the passengers were saved, but one hundred and thirty-two are reported missing.

Hon. John Macdonald, the great Toronto merchant, has given $40,000 towards a new hospital, to be a memorial to his daughter, Amy, not long ago deceased.

Remember our Grand Offer of Fine Engagement and Wedding Rings. A beautiful plush box with each one worth $1.00. A grand assortment of Rings to select from at Russell's, Flesherton.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

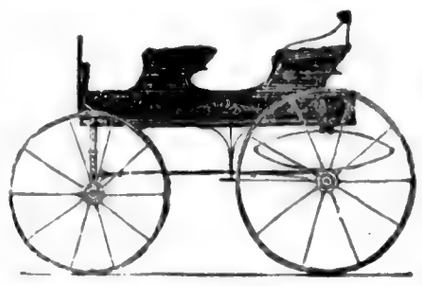

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE. *Blacksmith,*

THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

FLESHERTON ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 336. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"NOVEMBER AD."

I am in a position to do BETTER BY THE PUBLIC,

CASH

—OR—

CREDIT!

Than any other jeweller on the C.P.R. between SHELBURNE and OWEN SOUND and as well as any jeweller in those places.

WHY IS IT SO?

1st. *I have a first-class wholesale connection established with 4 of the best Firms in Canada, Jobbers and Manufacturers.*

2nd. *This connection enables me to keep a neat line of* **Watches, Clocks, Etc.,** *to choose from at prices—"quality and warrant" considered—that are not equaled in this section.*

3rd. *I do no "catch" business, never taking from those not posted what I can't make off those who are. Four years in business just finished and an increasing patronage warrants me in assuming that my efforts to establish a reputation for reliability and square dealing in every transaction is fully appreciated by the public. I shall continue to keep a Fine Stock, Sell Close, do Satisfactory Work, and Fit Specks on optical principles at reasonable prices.*

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller.

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 11th CON., ARTEMESIA. 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

331-44.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Flesherton Cattle Fair next Monday.

Tobogganing and sleigh-riding are the rage now.

Consult our advertising columns every week. It will pay you.

Try THE ADVANCE Office for Job Printing of every description.

Money to lend at current rates of interest on farm security. Charges low. W. J. BELLAMY.

Artemesia Township Fathers meet in the Town Hall here next Monday for the transaction of business.

Mr. F. Bunt, of Markdale—formerly of Flesherton—was in town Wednesday, and gave ye Editor a pleasant call.

A number of farms for sale, numbers of Lots and Concessions will appear next week. W. J. BELLAMY.

Miss Maggie Hannah, who has been visiting friends in the States for some time returned home last week.

New subscribers pouring into THE ADVANCE office these times. Now is the time to renew your subscription for 1888.

Call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure some of those bargains they are offering. They are doing the business of this County.

Mr. Matthewson, an octogenarian, died at the residence of his nephew, Mr. Henry Matthewson, of Artemesia, this week.

Wm. Clayton has received this week a fresh supply of Mens' Frost Proof Boots, Overshoes; Rubbers, &c. Selling cheap.

Two Bridges to be let, to build, on "The Valley Road," on Saturday first at one o'clock p.m., on the forks of the "Beaver River."—BOLAND & CAIRNS.

Mr. Irving E. Gaudin has been engaged as Head Master of the Kimberley Public Schools. We wish our young friend Gaudin all manner of success.

The genial Public School Inspector for South Grey, Mr. Campbell, visited our Schools on Friday. Mr. Campbell is an energetic and competent official.

A splendid rich toned New Organ and two famed New William's Sewing Machines for sale at a great reduction for cash or trade at C. Treadgold's residence, Flesherton. 4w.

Call and have a look at Russell's, (Flesherton) display of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. It will do you good to see their immense stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Auction sale of farm stock and implements in Flesherton on Monday next, Dec. 5th, Cattle Fair Day. Without reserve. James Beecroft, proprietor: A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer.

T. Henderson, Esq., L.D.S., of Toronto, will be at Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, to-day and to-morrow (Thursday and Friday) for the practice of his profession.

Dr. Sproule, M.P. for East Grey, gave us a call yesterday. The Doctor is probably one of the most popular representatives of the people in the House of Commons. A man who has raised himself from the ranks of the people to be their trusted representative in the councils of the nation, is surely deserving of the highest respect and confidence at the hands of the electors—especially when that confidence has never been abused. Such a gentleman is the M.P. for the banner riding of East Grey.

—BARGAINS!—

ENORMOUS BARGAINS!

Immense Bargains!

NOW GOING ON AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON!

WHERE WILL BE FOUND THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Knives, Razors, &c.

EVER SHOWN IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY. OUR GOODS

TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT FLESHERTON FALL SHOW,

And in order to the parties who were not able to take advantage of our discount sale in October, we have decided to again make this Great Offer and give

TWENTY PER CENT. OFF

On all Cash Sales of $1 and over from 1st day of December, 1887, to 1st day of January, 1888.

Now, this is a grand chance to secure fine goods at about wholesale prices. All Watches we sell bear a written guarantee of from three to five years. We will still make another Grand Offer to anyone purchasing one of our LADIES' FINE GEM RINGS or 18 k. WEDDING RINGS which we have for the number of nearly one hundred, we will give a beautiful Plush Ring Box worth $1.00, any color. These bargains everyone should take advantage of. You will never have as good a chance again and remember the only place to get your Watch repaired properly is at

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON.

Mens' Felt Stockings, Gum Rubbers, also Ladies' and Mens Rubbers, Overshoes, &c., a full supply on hand suitable for the cold weather that the weather prophets say is coming, at WM CLAYTON'S.

The High School Entrance Examination will be held in Flesherton on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of December next. Applications may be made to Wm. Irwin, Principal Flesherton P.S. No fees will be charged to attend.

HOLIDAYS.—The new stock of Will Richardson, of this town, is replete with the most varied and rare selection of the Rich and Useful, Fancy and Ornamental articles for holiday presents that has ever been placed before the public in this or any other town in this county. Children's Toys, Lover's Gifts, and Mamma's presents, are there in quantity, quality and originality of design, which requires a personal inspection to comprehend their beauty, and excellence of finish.

When you cannot rest from Asthmatic troubles, Southern Asthma Cure will at once relieve. Double treatment in each package.

Auction sale of farm stock and implements at Lot 7, Con. 13, Osprey, commencing at 1 o'clock p.m. sharp, on Tuesday, Dec. 6th. Wm. Dan, proprietor; John Speers & Co., auctioneers. See bills for particulars.

The question of more accomodation for the farmers and travelling public generally in Flesherton is still the principal topic of discussion in this town. It is to be hoped that something more than mere vapor will be the outcome. True, the erection of several sheds is in contemplation, but there seems to be a general feeling that that alone will scarcely "fill the long felt want," and an agitation is on foot for the establishment of a first-class Temporance Hotel, to be run by some person or persons of undoubted total abstinence principles. Such a house would pay well in a community like this—and the more especially as it is admitted on all hands that another house of accommodation is needed in Flesherton.

NASAL BALM.—The only medicine in the market that will immediately cure Cold in the Head, and permanantly cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc.

FARMERS

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding the price being cut to close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., OILING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

SUNK AT SEA.

The Dutch Steamer W. A. Scholten Collides with Another Steamer.

NEARLY A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERISH.

Passengers' Stories of the Calamity—The Saved.

A last (Sunday) night's London cable says: The steamer W. A. Scholten, Capt. Taat, which left Rotterdam yesterday for New York, was sunk by a collision with the steamer Rosa Mary, of Hartlepool, at 11 o'clock last night, ten miles off Dover. The Scholten carried a complement of 230 passengers and crew. The steamer Ebro, of Sunderland, rescued ninety of the crew and passengers and landed them at the Sailors' Home, Dover. One hundred and forty of the passengers are missing. One passenger and a child of the party brought to Dover were found dead from exposure. It is hoped that passing vessels have rescued the missing ones. The W. A. Scholten's masts are visible from Dover pier. Boats have left Dover bound in all directions for the purpose of saving life and property, if possible. The Rosa Mary is anchored off Ramsgate, with her bows stove in.

RECOVERING THE BODIES.

5 p.m.—Up to this hour 22 bodies from the W. A. Scholten have been landed at Dover. The W. A. Scholten left Rotterdam Saturday morning. At the time of the accident a dense fog prevailed. The Scholten was struck on the port bow by the Rosa Mary. Immediately after the shock was felt the Scholten's passengers, all of whom had retired for the night, rushed on deck in their nightgowns. The boats were promptly ordered to be lowered, but it was found that only two were available. The three others were useless and were not lowered. The water rushed swiftly through the hole in the bow and a terrible scene ensued. The panic-stricken passengers uttered piercing shrieks, and many fell upon their knees and prayed aloud. Little children clung to their mothers, who themselves were shrieking with terror. The officers were cool and self-possessed, and remained on the bridge to the last. Several persons procured life-preservers and leaped into the sea. Within twenty minutes of the shock the Scholten was engulfed. All those who had put on life-belts floated and were rescued by the boats from the steamer Ebro, which cruised around until 4 o'clock in the morning. Many of the rescued lost wives, husbands, brothers and sisters. The survivors were supplied with clothes and everything possible was done to ensure their comfort.

CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS.

The passengers' accounts differ regarding the circumstances of the collision, and the reports of the officers of the Scholten clash with those of the officers of the Rosa Mary. Some of the passengers state that the evening's merriment had ceased, and most of the passengers had retired to their bunks, only a few remaining in the saloon, when a tremendous crash was heard on the port bow. They say it is impossible that the collision could have occurred by the Scholten striking an anchored vessel. The second mate of the Scholten reports that he was on deck, when he saw an unknown steamer coming through the fog. Before anything could be done the Scholten was struck in the fore rigging and port bow. The other vessel, which he now presumes was the Rosa Mary, backed off and disappeared. Within twenty minutes the Scholten sunk. The captain of the Rosa Mary states that his vessel was run into while anchored southeast of South Sandhead by an unknown steamer. Finding that his vessel was damaged he proceeded to Dover Road, where the vessel is now docked. The Rosa Mary was laden with coal for St. Nazaire.

LIST OF THE SAVED.

The following is a list of the persons saved and landed at Dover:

Passengers—Sarah Zuherman, Fred. Stepney, Sarah Gold, Maria Stelser, L. Robinson, Vandam Fogbrum, John Binkie, Reid Brownhof, Albert Hensler, Madelena Simiel, Anna Koney, C. F. Andeastie, Judi Levenses, H. Hastuor, S. Wilnie, E. Siosky, S. Alpser, I. Sibati, E. Suscarich, Charles Mills, A. F. Bergstein, G. Appleby, P. Schatmider, F. Wilma, Francois Reiter, J. Gerung, C. Teske, Mayer Schalsneider, L. Streick, Bara Sputz, Marie Hobeld, Bergen Klev.

Crew—Moutz, Aime, Hulsing, Kennekampf, Meikelbach, Link, Felling, Meyer, Devreis, Stom, Felbert, Wegendon, Chriske, Zetloven, Guber, Hallman, Barto, Flekvois, Konig, Bredius, Kabiengen, Mardevooye, Jacob Devreis, Dreizen, Reekers, Nielsen, Debi, Dohm, Springemaye, Lansperter, Danower, Kake.

According to the latest report there were 210 persons on board the steamer, leaving 132 drowned and missing. The first mate and fourth engineer have been recognized among the dead. The steamer lies four miles from the Admiralty pier. Her three masts are visible. She is in a position dangerous to navigation. A buoy and lights have been placed at the wreck.

PASSENGERS' STORIES.

One of those saved is Monte Collo, from the Tyrol. He states that the scenes on the sinking ship were terrible. The steerage passengers, stricken with terror, ran about the deck in wild confusion. The captain tried his utmost to restore order, but without effect. The passengers rushed for the boats, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the officers could keep them from jumping into and sinking them. Collo was in the water two hours when taken out. He was greatly exhausted, owing to the extreme cold and his efforts to keep afloat. After the vessel sank the cries of persons in the water could be heard for a long time in all directions.

George Moore, a passenger, states that when the crash occurred a general rush was made for the deck. "I was told that nothing serious had occurred," he says, "but I secured a life belt. There were six English passengers on board the vessel, and one of these, a girl, asked us to keep in a group that the English might go down together. I was in the water a long time before being picked up. When the Scholten sank the cries were heartrending. The captain of the Ebro, the rescuing vessel, behaved nobly. He had all his deckload of timber thrown overboard, and this judicious act saved many lives. Only two of the Scholten's boats were lowered. The others could not be got adrift. I do not know whether this was due to any fault on board. The vessel listed over so much that all the boats could not be dropped into the water. The people rushed about in the greatest state of excitement, all trying to get a place in the two boats which had been successfully launched. The scare and disorder prevented many persons being saved. The water was freezing cold. This hastened the death of many, rendering them powerless."

Charles Mills, of Redhill, Surrey, says: "The lifeboats appeared as they had not been used for a long time. They had to be chopped away with axes and with the assistance of the passengers. I called out to those on the bridge to fire rockets. It was a long time before they did. The greatest confusion prevailed. The ship was right over on her port side before they fired the rockets. I waited until the water touched the boilers, putting out the fires. Then I got hold of a belt, but a Dutch sailor snatched it away. We were all mixed together, foreigners and English, clinging to one another in the water. I saw several drowned in this way and had the greatest difficulty to keep clear of them. I gave a spar to a woman to hold on to. The Dutch sailors wanted to save themselves and even thrust women aside. I can swim well, and I swam about till I got to the Ebro, when a rope was thrown to me. After the collision I went down into the cabin and woke two Dutch ladies, but they were paralyzed with terror and wouldn't get up despite all entreaties. I heard other complaints about the conduct of the Dutch sailors. The confusion was extreme. Everybody seemed terror-stricken. This may account for the apparent want of discipline. The frantic passengers unnerved some of the crew, preventing them from acting as bravely as they might have done. The captain did his best to restore order. I believe a good outlook was kept. We had our lights up."

The officers of the Rosa Mary avow that they were lying at anchor and were run into. They say that they did not weigh anchor until morning. It is reported that the captain of the Rosa Mary denies the statement that his vessel was in collision with the W. A. Scholten. He avers that the Rosy Mary was injured by a collision with another vessel while lying at anchor.

A HOLE IN THE GROUND LEFT.

Awful Explosion in a Michigan Factory—Six Men Annihilated.

A Hancock (Mich.) despatch says: This town was greatly shaken shortly before noon yesterday by an earthquake. Houses rocked and the church spires swayed. This was followed by a report like distant thunder. Four miles from the town, on the shore of Portage Lake, and in an isolated spot, were situated the works of the Hancock Chemical Company. Among the other products of the works were dynamite and nitro-glycerine. These explosives were kept in the packing-house, a building 150 by 75 feet in size. It was known that the works had 1,500 pounds of dynamite on hand, and Hancock was shaken. The chemical works were at once thought to have blown up, and a delegation set out for the factory. Arriving there they found that not a vestige of the buildings remained. Where they had stood was a hole 100 feet in diameter, 30 feet in depth and conical in shape. The concussion had packed the sand around the side of the great cavity as hard as cement. The locality was searched for pieces of the works and in the faint hopes of finding the bodies, in part or whole, of the six men employed in the factory, but not even a button from their clothes has been or ever will be found. The monuments in a cemetery about half a mile away were shattered and knocked down. On the further shore of the lake was found a timber, thought to be part of the building—and this was all. Five of the six men were single. They all lived across the lake from the scene of the explosion. Their names are as follows: Willie Renaud, Charles Burkett, Thomas Thompson, Timothy Crowley, William King and William Lapp. The latter leaves a widow and one child.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Financial Embarrassment—Forty Thousand Lives Reported Sacrificed.

A New York despatch says: Private letters received in this city from Panama report as follows: No work of importance is being done on the canal. Two leading firms of contractors are said to be embarrassed financially. Another prominent contractor claims over $900,000 from the company. Several important judgments have been filed against the Canal Company, and several seizures and sales are advertised. The importation of the poor Liberian still continues. They are magnificent specimens of manhood, coal black. It was believed they could resist this death-dealing climate, but events have proved otherwise. Of the 282 who were the first to be brought here 36 died within four months. The statement of Mr. Blanchett, in his work on the Panama Canal, that the canal has already cost over 40,000 lives is believed by careful observers here to be no exaggeration.

Vomited a Snapping-Turtle.

A Chicago despatch says: Miss Rendau, 19 years old, was buried on Wednesday. Her death was unexpected, though the young lady had been subject to violent spasms and fits of vomiting for many days. No doctor was able to discover the cause of her death. On the day before her death she was seized with a more violent paroxysm than ever before. There was a choking sensation in her throat, and finally there was forced up from her stomach a live young snapping turtle with a shell as large as a silver half dollar. The physician in attendance said the patient became unconscious and almost immediately began to swell up in her limbs like one afflicted with dropsy. She never rallied. It is believed the turtle grew from a germ swallowed in water from Lake Michigan.

The Collector of Customs at Quebec has seized $10,000 worth of jewellery smuggled into the country by some Belgian immigrants.

Mrs. Barbara Kaudle, aged 60, was found murdered near her home at Unionville, N. J., on Friday. George Dunham, her son-in-law, who is supposed to be the murderer, has been jailed.

PROTECTION FOR FISH.

Proceedings of the National Fishery Association at New York.

A New York despatch says: The National Fishery Association met yesterday in this city, with President F. B. Babson, of Gloucester, Mass., in the chair. He made an address on American fishing interests, past and present. He claimed that the fisheries and their attendant industries had become a matter of strong national interest, and that it was of vital importance that the Government should at once take action to protect its interests. Reports from different parts of the country were presented, showing that the fishery interest was in need of legislation to save it from destruction. Secretary Wilcox reported that there were 221 firms in the association, and that a movement is on foot to send a fleet of Atlantic fishermen to the Pacific slope, where the trade has not been developed. The mackerel fishermen did fairly well off the New England coast this year, and the cod fishers off Labrador did better than ever before. The demand for fish has been greater than ever. Treasurer Pew spoke against Commercial Union with Canada, on the ground that it would destroy the fishing industry. Canada, he asserted, would never consent to a union that she did not have the best of. The policy of the United States should be to build up its own commerce, not that of another country. The Committee on Plan of Action presented a report recommending that the representatives of the association in each locality interested should be considered a committee to collect money for the support of the association and look after its interests, and that F. L. Babson be appointed as the agent to represent them at Washington. Resolutions were adopted demanding the recognition of the fishery industry as an important national affair, which should be placed on an equality with other industries by protection against the importation of foreign fish, and securing equal rights for fishermen in foreign ports to those accorded to foreign vessels in our harbors. The resolution disavows any desire of the right to fish in foreign waters.

WHOLESALE INTERVIEWING.

Mr. Chamberlain Talks to Newspaper Men and Favorably Impresses Them.

A Washington despatch says: Mr. Chamberlain gave audience last evening to about twenty newspaper men. It lasted nearly an hour and was chiefly remarkable for the affable and cordial manner in which the distinguished envoy declined to enlighten his visitors upon the subject of their more searching inquiries. He was understood to say at one point that the purpose of the commission was to make an entirely new treaty, the existing treaty having proved unsatisfactory, but upon further inquiry, especially as to whether an interpretation of the existing treaty might not be found which would meet the views of both sides, he became non-committal beyond the point of admitting that such might be the possible outcome of the conference. He said that though, as a matter of fact, he supposed that Minister West and himself being a majority of the British Commission, could decide any mooted point, he should consider any arrangement which did not have the full concurrence of Sir Charles Tupper a very lame and unsatisfactory one. He thought it unlikely that the subject of Commercial Union with Canada would come before the commission in any way. There was scarcely a shadow of doubt that any arrangement agreed to by the British Commission would be held binding by their Government. He did not think any sane man on the other side of the water ever thought of war as a remote possibility in connection with the fisheries dispute.

BURNED TO THE WATER'S EDGE.

The Steamer Arizona Cremated—The Crew's Escape.

A Marquette, Mich., despatch says: The steamer Arizona, of the Lake Superior Transit Line, was burned to the water's edge yesterday morning. She left this port at 9 o'clock on Thursday night, bound for Portage, and carrying a full cargo of merchandise. When out thirty miles a heavy sea was encountered, and the boat turned about to come back to Marquette. When she was still five miles out the boat commenced to roll heavily, and a tank of acid set her on fire. Nothing could be done to put out the flames, every man being driven from his post by the fumes of the acid, but the boat kept on moving. When flames were discovered a good fire was put under the boilers and the steamer swept on under full steam without the engineer at his post. Capt. Graser stood at the wheel, and, rounding the breakwater, ran the steamer up to it, while the crew jumped off. She then started up into a narrow slip, chasing the crew, who ran to escape the fumes of the acid. The boat just missed immense lumber piles on the docks. Tugs and the city fire department went to her assistance, but could do nothing and she burned to the water's edge. Ship and cargo are a total loss. The Arizona was a freight boat, valued at $40,000. She was on her last trip for the season.

Norman Lockyer's New Theory.

A London cable says: The scientific world is startled by what seems nothing less than a new theory of the constitution of the universe. This comes before the public with all the sanction derived from a paper read before the Royal Society, and with all the authority attached to the name of the distinguished astronomer, Mr. Norman Lockyer. The new theory, he declares, is the result, not of speculation, but of spectroscopic research. It is summed up in the statement that all the self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites or masses of meteoric vapor produced by heat brought about by the condensation of meteor swarms due to gravity. This hypothesis, if accepted, may, as one eulogist remarks, weld all previous knowledge into one harmonious whole. At present it is received by men of science under all reserves.

—No estimate can be given of the great waste of fertilizing matter that is annually carried off by the water into the sea. But for the fish taken the sea would soon exhaust the land. The great cities are the mediums by which the heaviest loss occurs. The sewers conduct away more wealth than can be found over them.

THE GLENORA LOST.

The Schooner Wrecked and No Trace of the Crew.

A last (Friday) night's Kingston despatch says: The Glengarry, with the Gaskin and Glenora in tow, left Fort William some time ago with grain for Kingston. While on Lake Superior they encountered a gale which blew so hard that the Glenora's tow-line parted and she was left in the rear. She managed to follow up safely, however, and get into Jackfish Bay. After that everything went fairly well until off Presque Isle, in Lake Ontario, yesterday morning at 11 o'clock. A heavy gale came after them all the way down, and at the place named the Glenora's tow line again parted and once more she was left to look after herself. Those on board the Glengarry saw her jibs being carried away, a serious loss in the storm. They also saw her roll into the trough of the sea. She disappeared in the distance and has not been heard of since. A three-masted schooner is ashore at West Point, above Long Point, and it is thought that she is the Glenora. The sea was so high that on one occasion the Gaskin's crew were going to cut the tow line, thinking that because they had not seen the steamer for two minutes she had gone to the bottom. The missing schooner has the following crew: Matthew Patterson, captain; Wm. Patterson, the captain's nephew, mate; John Moreland, Picton; Harry Middleton, Kingston; John Murray, Kingston; Anthony Seabrooks, Seeley's Bay, and a man unknown, seaman; Mrs. Middleton, wife of Harry Middleton, and the cook. The Glenora was built in Kingston two years ago, and cost $18,000. She is schooner-rigged, and was built so that she could take care of herself in a gale. The tug Active, which went to look for the Glenora, has returned without finding any trace of her.

The crews of the Glengarry and Gaskin had a terrible experience. James Crozier, on the Glengarry, was nearly washed overboard on one occasion, and so also was D. O'Connor. The latter clung to a fender and was rescued.

THE FOLGER'S ADVENTURE.

The schooner B. W. Folger arrived from Oswego with coal. Between the Main Ducks and Oswego the schooner sprang aleak and lost one of her mastheads. The water rose above the forecastle. A heavy sea rolled all the while and threatened the destruction of the craft. Six men were kept at the pumps, and their exertions kept the boat from sinking.

BAKER PASHA DEAD.

His Death from Fever at Tel-el-Kebir—Brief Sketch of His Life.

A London cable says: Baker Pasha died at Tel el-Kebir yesterday from fever, contracted at Port Said while proceeding to Cairo.

Valentine Baker, son of Mr. Samuel Baker, and brother of Sir Samuel, was born in 1825. He entered the British Army in 1848, served through the Kaffir war of 1852-3, and in the Crimea during the campaign of 1855. In 1860 he took command of the 10th Hussars, which he resigned in 1873 by reason of seniority. After extensive travels through Persia and on the borders of Afghanistan, he returned to England and published "Clouds in the East." In 1874 he was appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot. In the August of the following year he was tried for assaulting Miss Dickenson in a railway carriage, for which he was fined £500 and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and dismissed the service. In 1877 he began a new military career in the Turkish Empire. He was employed in organizing the gendarmerie, and held the position of Major-General in the Turkish army. In the August of that year he went to Shumla as Staff Military Adviser to the Turkish Commander, and was conspicuous throughout the campaign on the Lom, and shortly afterwards he was given the rank of Pasha. The Prince of Wales was a staunch friend of the banished colonel, and he and other friends made repeated but unsuccessful attempts to secure his reinstatement in the British army. He was considered one of the most brilliant cavalry officers in the service.

A MAGNET MADE OF CANNONS.

It Lifts a Cannon Ball as if it Were a Needle.

A Bridgeport, Conn., despatch says: One of our leading army engineers has brought before the engineer classes of late an experiment of so startling a nature in its inception as to promise wonderful results. It is a monster magnet made of two Rodman guns, which are connected at the breech. Around the magnet thus formed is wound about twenty miles of submarine cable. The cable is some that has been used in the torpedo service. It is wound and fastened in a substantial manner, making a permanent magnet. When electricity is applied some strange results take place. For instance, a bar of railroad iron thirty feet long, if placed in the open cannon's mouth, cannot be drawn out by as many men as can grasp it.

Another instance of the strength of this big magnet was illustrated Saturday with a 350-pound cannon ball. The shot was placed in the mouth of the cannon on the negative side. On reversing the electrical current it fell from its position, but was attracted to the opposite cannon and clung to its side. The positive current was then reversed alternately with the negative, and the heavy cannon ball played between the two cannon like a tack between the poles of a toy magnet.

The Grit of a Nine-Year-Old Boy.

A Kansas City despatch says: About 5 o'clock last evening as a Broadway car was crossing the cable railroad tracks at Ninth street, the 9-year-old son of John Tarsney, attorney for the system, who was riding on the front platform, lost his balance and fell from the car. His right leg went under the wheels and was frightfully mangled, but the little fellow did not lose his nerve in the least, and when carried to his home cautioned the persons with him to break the news gently to his mother, as she was nervous. While the surgeons were amputating the mangled limb the little fellow did not even so much as groan. It is feared that the shock and loss of blood will prove fatal. The father is one of the most prominent attorneys in the section and is a brother of Congressman Tarsney, of Michigan.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The York County Council opened its fall session in Toronto yesterday, when a resolution in favor of Commercial Union was discussed, but no decision was arrived at.

It is reported from Ottawa that the matter of the Canadian Pacific crossing the Grand Trunk at its eastern entrance to Toronto will be left in abeyance till Parliament meets.

Charles Arlein, a boiler-maker in the M. C. R. shops at St. Thomas, had his right eye ruined for life on Monday evening by a rivet flying from a plate when struck and striking him directly in the eye.

Aggie Bell, a servant in the house of Mr. A. McCrimmon, barrister, St. Thomas, had her face burned into blisters and her eyebrows burned off yesterday morning by coal oil igniting while being used for kindling a fire.

At the regular meeting of the Fergus Board of Education on Monday evening it decided to introduce Dr. Richardson's text book on temperance in the High School, and also in the two highest departments of the Public School.

At the adjourned meeting of the shareholders of the Ontario Investment Association at London last night, a proposal to prosecute Mr. Taylor was carried by a show of hands, but a stock vote being demanded the matter was laid over.

A great number of cases of typhoid and malarial fever have appeared in Ottawa recently, and it is believed by many that the disease is due to the continued drouth and the low state of the Ottawa River, from which the city water supply is drawn.

At yesterday's meeting of the Oxford County Temperance Association, held at Woodstock, a full report was presented on the operations of the Scott Act since its coming into force in May, 1885. The report showed that during that period there have been 122 convictions and $7,000 imposed as fines in the county.

Messrs. Miller & Backhouse, of Aylmer, solicitors for Mrs. Mary Ann McKenney, a widow aged 40, living near Richmond, township of Bayham, claims $2,000 from Solomon Moore, a bachelor farmer about the same age, also a resident of Bayham, for breach of promise of marriage. The case will be tried at the spring Assizes.

The wife of John Stokes, a St. Thomas brakesman, narrowly escaped being poisoned on Monday evening. Feeling fatigued after washing she sat down and drank a cup of tea. Shortly afterwards she was attacked by vomiting and has been seriously ill since. Her child, it appears had unnoticed dropped a ball of blueing in the tea pot during the day.

Spain has seized the Island of Peetegil, near Ceuta, on which she intends to erect a lighthouse. The Moors are excited over the seizure.

Advices from Teheran state that the Shah in April will start on a tour of Europe. He will visit Russia, Germany, Austria, France, England, Italy and Turkey.

Private telegrams have been received stating that on October 7th Henry M. Stanley was 400 miles from Emin Pasha, and that he was making half his force on forced marches.

John Bright writes a long letter protesting against any Land-Purchase Act for Ireland. He contends that the Ashbourne Act, improved if necessary, will serve all purposes for a gradual transfer of land to tenants when such is needed.

The British barque Coronet, from Bull River, has arrived at Falmouth. She reports that she signalled on Nov. 5th, in lat. 43 deg. 43 m. north, long. 33 deg 22 m. west, the British steamer Naworth Castle, from New Orleans, Oct. 28th, for Reval. The steamer was leaking badly. Portions of her cargo had been jettisoned. She refused assistance other than to except some pump leather, of which she had none.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, referring to his secession from the Baptist Union, says that when he entered the conflict he made up his mind that even if he were left alone he would be none the less decided as to the propriety of his course. It is pleasing to find, however, he says, that many valued friends approve of his action. He urges that continual prayers be offered that some good may come out of the inquiry which has been aroused.

On Saturday afternoon a deaf and dumb man named David Parmenter, aged 32, while walking on the Grand Trunk Railway track a short distance east of Kingston, was struck by a freight train and injured to such an extent that he died shortly after. Papers on his person showed he was on the way to Toronto and that he was lately out from England.

As Wm. Ogilvie, clerk in the dry goods store of Robertson & Co., St. Thomas, was passing the Grand Central alley on Talbot street abou 11 o'clock on Saturday evening he was felled to the ground by a man who rushed from the passage. In falling on the stone pavement he knocked out several teeth. A deep cut on the left side of his head bled copiously along the pavement as he was carried to a surgery. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the deed.

The French Ministry were defeated in the Chamber of Deputies on Saturday, and immediately resigned, their resignation being accepted by the President.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that Russia is massing 300,000 soldiers near the German and Austrian frontiers. The Polish Jews are said to be keeping Germany and Austria well informed regarding the movements of the Russian troops.

The rumor that the Duke of Norfolk is to be married is untrue. His Grace starts for Rome in a fortnight as Queen's messenger. It is more than probable that he will enter a monastery, as his unnatural asceticism has increased since his young wife's death and the hopeless idiocy of his only son.

Mr. Froude, the historian, has written a letter, in which he says: "Any form of self-government which might be conceded to the Irish people, whether it be local councils or a Parliament, would be used to increase England's difficulty in keeping Ireland attached to the Kingdom. The Irish can be governed more easily than any other people in the world under military or quasi-military rule. The police are uniformly faithful and loyal. England has never yet succeeded in governing Ireland constitutionally and never will."

UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

It was a cold December twilight, but the room was cosy where Harry Cutter was seated in an easy-chair before the grate. Winnie was standing beside the chair, with one hand resting lightly upon brother's shoulder, the other hanging listlessly by her side.

"Come, Harry, why don't you speak? You have been silent at least ten minutes. What are you thinking about?" questioned Winnie, trying to rouse her brother from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"I was thinking, Winnie," he replied, "what you and Walter are going to do if you get married. He has only his clerkship."

"I know it, Harry," said Winnie, "but we intend to wait a year at least. You will consent to our union then, will you not?"

"Yes, Winnie, and I should not withhold my consent now if you wished to be married, for I know of no man more worthy of my precious sister than Walter Adams."

"I am happy to hear you speak so, Harry, for your manner toward Walter has always been so reserved that I did not know whether you liked him or not."

A silence ensued for a few moments, which was broken only by the monotonous ticking of the old clock on the mantel. At length Harry spoke.

"Would you and Walter like to be married now?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Winnie, the rose tint deepening upon her cheeks, while her brother smiled at her earnestness. "Walter said last night," she continued, "that he did not wish to wait a year, but we cannot do otherwise."

"Yes you can, Winnie. Half of the fortune our father left us is yours. Next Thursday will be Christmas. You can be married then and live here with your husband. What do you say to this arrangement?"

"Oh, happy we shall be!" murmured Winnie, almost audibly.

After a pause of a few moments she asked:

"How old are you, Harry—37?"

"Yes, Winnie," was the reply.

"Were you ever in love, Harry?" was the next question.

"Yes, Winnie, I loved once. But we will not talk of that now; some time I will tell you all about it."

"Please tell me now," said Winnie, coaxingly.

"Well, I will, since you desire it.

"When I was a young man I loved a woman named Lucy Alcott, and her parents had appointed a day for our marriage. She was 20 years of age, beautiful and accomplished, with a kind word and a smile for everybody. She was the only woman I have ever loved, and I think she reciprocated my love; but I am not sure. Once I was absent from home a week, attending to business in a distant city. While I was gone Lucy attended a party with a young man who did not bear a very good reputation. On my return I heard of it and immediately called to see her. She greeted me affectionately, as was her wont, but I was angry and upbraided her for her thoughtless conduct.

"'Why did you attend Mrs. Loring's party with Charles Baker?' I asked.

"'Because I wanted to. I did not think there was any harm in it,' she replied.

"'You knew it was against my wishes,' I said, sternly.

"'You might have delayed your business, for you knew I wished to attend that party,' she replied, a little wilfully.

"'My business was of importance and could not be delayed.'

"'Well, Mr. Cutter, I am not your wife, and am not bound to obey you,' she said, in a voice mingled with anger and pride.

"'Lucy Alcott, do you mean this?' I asked.

"'I do,' was the reply.

"'Very well, Miss Alcott. Henceforth you are free from all engagements with me,' I said, calmly, and rising, took up my hat and prepared to depart.

"She accompanied me to the door, and there was a perceptible tremor in her voice when she bade me 'good evening,' and I think she regretted the words she had uttered as badly as I did mine; but I was too proud to seek a reconciliation. Now you know, Winnie, why I never married."

"Have you ever seen Lucy Alcott since you parted with her that night?" asked Winnie, after her brother had concluded.

"No, Winnie, I have not; but I have heard she still continues to reside in this city, but in seclusion. Let us drop this subject now. Isn't it most time for your lover to be here?"

"Oh, Harry! I forgot to tell you about Walter's aunt—his mother's sister. He has lived with her ever since his mother's death, which occurred about ten years ago. Perhaps she will not like to be separated from him."

"She shall not, Winnie. You can tell one of the servants to prepare a chamber for her. How old is she? Do you know?

"Thirty-five, I believe," replied Winnie, and, with a happy face and a light heart, she left the room, while Harry relapsed into thoughtful silence.

It was clear, cold Christmas afternoon.

Harry Cutter was seated in his own room, deeply engaged in the contents of a book.

Everything had been arranged for the marriage of his sister, which was to take place in the evening.

The opening of the door of his room roused Harry, and Winnie came in exclaiming:

"Come down into the library and let me introduce you to Walter's aunt. She has been here nearly three hours, but you have kept yourself aloof as if you did not desire to see her."

"Well, I do not, to tell the truth, Winnie," replied Harry, reluctantly rising and closing his book.

"I think you will when you know who she is," said Winnie, while she vainly tried to repress the merry light that danced in her blue eyes.

"Winnie!"

The voice was grave, and Harry looked inquiringly at his sister.

"Oh, Harry! it is Lucy Alcott!"

"I cannot see her, Winnie," was the reply.

"You must, Harry! She loves you. Why do you wish to wreck two lives?"

For an hour Winnie reasoned with her brother, and at last she persuaded him to seek a reconciliation with Lucy Alcott.

Need I add more? Need I tell the reader there was a double marriage in this mansion that night?

And Harry Cutter often says he is glad his bachelor life is over, while his sister tells him if it had not been for her he would have been a bachelor to this day.

Bill Nye and His Servant Girl.

Personal—Will the young woman who edited the gravy department and corrected proof at our pie foundry for two days and then jumped the game on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us, please come back, or write to 32 Park Row, saying where she left the crackers and cheese?

Come back, Wilhelmina, and be our little sunbeam once more. Come back and cluster around our hearthstone at so much per cluster.

If you think best we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong to your set.

We will also strive, O so hard, to make it pleasanter for you in every way. If we had known four or five years ago that children were offensive to you, it would have been different. But it is too late now. All we can do is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot hole. If they shriek loud enough to give pain to your throbbing brow, let no one know, and we will overcome any false sentiment we may feel towards them and send them to the Tombs.

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your Tennessee marble cake and your slat pie. We have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife the other half.

Where we erred was in dividing up the blame on the basis of tenderloin steak or peach cobbler, compelling you to bear half of it yourself. That will not work, Wilhelmina. Blame and preserves do not divide on the same basis. We are now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We think you will like this better

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air and would go a long distance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now it is time for me to remain indoors and give young people like yourself a chance, Wilhelmina.

So if I can do anything evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples or grind coffee, or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us and the old sunlight come back to our roof-tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close this humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said that you sang like a shingle mill, but I was mad when I said it, and I wronged you. I was maddened by hunger, and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain-worker, and you refused to give me any dope on my dumpling. Goaded to madness by this, I said that you sang like a shingle mill, but it was not my better, higher nature that spoke. It was my grosser and more gastric nature that asserted itself, and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shingle mill—at least so much as to mislead a practiced ear.

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellower than any shingle mill I ever heard.

Come back, Wilhelmina. We need you every hour.

After you went away we tried to set the bread as we had seen you do it, but it was not a success. The next day it came off the nest with a litter of small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids.

If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along and how you contrive to insert air holes into home-made bread?—*Bill Nye in N. Y. World.*

A Curious Nurse.

In India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in it.—*St. Nicholas for November.*

A Romantic Engagement.

"Whom did you say he was going to marry?"

"Twenty millions."

"Oh, how perfectly sweet!" And then the car stopped.—*Boston Herald.*

A Mean Man.

He—"My dear wife, I love thee so fondly that when I am near thee I feel not the cold blast of winter." She—"Me, too." "Glad to hear it. Then you don't need any sealskin sacque this season."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Here's a free advertisement for Miss Martha Cosgrove, of Chicago, and she deserves it. She found it hard work to make a living with the needle in the usual way, so she opened a mending establishment where she sews on buttons for 10 cents a dozen, darns stockings at 10 cents a pair, and does mending at the same low rates. She furnishes material for darning and mending and farms out the work, claiming one-half of the price paid.

Mr. Robert Kennedy, eldest surviving son of the late Mr. David Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, is giving a series of entertainments of Scottish song in Australia. He is everywhere meeting with great success

BUGS THAT BURROW.

Parasites Said to Cause Many Mysterious Complaints.

A young peasant woman from a village near here has a new theory and cure for rheumatism, writes a Japanese correspondent to the St. Louis *Globe*. Many of those short-tempered people, who have had rheumatism in their knees and gout in their toes, have declared that the sensation was as if something were gnawing at their muscles, and this Japanese woman says that it is so in reality. Rheumatism, according to her, is a growth of small parasites under the skin, a small insect that gnaws and bites and causes the untold misery and all the twinges of that ailment. She has had for one of her patients here a grizzled and sceptical sea captain, and as sea captains may always be believed, except about the sea serpent, his case ought to settle it. The mariner was completely laid up with his ailing knees, and the Japanese woman was sent for. She claimed to see the movement of the parasites under the skin, ordered foot baths of bran and hot rice brandy, and came another day with a little steel hook and nipped small white insects out by the dozen. By the stories, it must be a large white flea, for one of them when brought out to the surface made a spring and was lost to sight. One of the bystanders felt a sting, and the next day had a sore place on his arm, and cutting into it, it was found that the rheumatism bug was there burrowing like a tick. The regular practitioners are sceptical about this new theory of rheumatism. They put one of the insects under a miscroscope and decided that, by its organism, it never could have lived under the surface of the skin away from the air, and that she must have carried it under her finger nail and introduced it at the proper moment. To this the sea captain enters a vigorous denial. She says that she has taken the insects from his knees and ankles by the hundreds now, and that all have been killed in his sight, and that he is growing better and can find relief after each treatment. A deaf man was persuaded to go to her after suffering pain in his ears, and she promptly took a dozen or more parasites from one ear. The idea was so repulsive to the man that he would not continue the treatment. Those who believe in the woman and her strange discovery are anxious to have her go to Tokio and be made famous and given a chance to operate upon the Mikado, who suffers grievously from kakke, a disease of the legs peculiar to Japan, and something akin to rheumatism in its excruciating pain. If this Nagasaki woman's idea is proved to be the right one, there will be a grand upsetting of medical theories and a closing of hot springs and other rheumatic resorts; and if they prove her to be an imposter, Japanese jugglers again come to the fore as the cleverest in the world.

Among the Clergymen.

Rev. A. M. Phillips, M. A., B. D., of St. Mary's, has accepted the unanimous invitation of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Avenue road, Toronto, to become their pastor for the ensuing year, subject to the action of the Transfer and Stationing Committees.

The Detroit *Free Press* says that the Rev. T. B. Reid, of St. Thomas' Church, Detroit, has received call from Trini y Church, Toledo, Ohio. The paper speaks very highly of Mr. Reid's labors in Detroit. Mr. Reid was not long ago a minister of the Mono Road circuit of the C. M. Church.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York, on one occasion said at the close of the service after the usual formula, "Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant." "When I say militant that doesn't mean only the Episcopal Church; remember we are praying now for Presbyterians and Catholics and every human being who calls on Christ's name." Two or three were a good deal shocked by his unconventionality, but the major part of his congregation liked him all the better for the reminder.

New Remedy for the Potato Bug.

A new remedy for the potato bug pest has been discovered by Major-General Laurie, of Nova Scotia. The General informs the Secretary of Agriculture of that Province that, on the farm of one of the most enterprising farmers of Newport, his attention was called to a milk-weed which grew among the root crop, and to which the potato beetle is much attracted. It lays its eggs on the under side of the leaf, and the larvæ, when hatched out, feed on the plant and die, being apparently poisoned by it. Where this plant grows the potatoes are apparently not touched by the beetle. The milk or juice is very powerful, giving a burning sensation down the throat and into the stomach, and the weed proves to be *Euphorbia Helioscopia*, a common weed of gardens and fields in England.

Senator Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, was married yesterday in Philadelphia to Miss Edith Horner, of England, who has been for several years one of the head nurses at the Blockley Hospital in Philadelphia. There was a large and distinguished assemblage present.

The Arrow Steamship Company, of which Robert M. Fryer is the head, claims to be building a steamer of extraordinary strength and speed at Alexandria, Va. The New York *Herald* of yesterday says it is doing nothing of the kind, and accuses the company of fraud.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Atkinson, a Dundas street (London) grocer, stepped out of his shop for a minute to assist a farmer's wife in packing her purchases into her waggon, when a sneak-thief got into the store and robbed the till of nearly $40 in cash.

—A magazine writer says: "Should fortunes be limited?" The trouble with most people's fortunes is that they are limited—very limited.

—"Six Hundred Medical Don'ts" is the title of a book recently published. One of its most striking omissions is expressed by the words: "Don't overcharge or overdose a patient."

—A bride may be robed in yellow and stand with her bridegroom in a bower of yellow flowers and all that, and even be married by a minister who has the jaundice, but no amount of decoration will prevent the discovery of the couple's greenness at the first hotel they put up at.

HOW THE SULTAN LIVES.

Lots of Wives, Concubines and Slavish Courtiers.

The Sultan makes his rigid fast of forty days at Ramazar, like any other good Turk, and at the end of the fast he receives every year a new young wife from his mother, according to the say of the prophet, or if his mother be not alive, the oldest woman in the harem presents the wife. This young girl is chosen six months before from among hundreds of candidates, who are chosen in infancy and educated expressly for that purpose, and then some ten or fifteen are chosen and put under a course of purification with baths of balm of Gilead and Sukys tea with milk and rice for the principal diet. The last day of the feast the bride is selected from among the others, and led to the Sultan's room and divested of clothing, and left standing there, with bowed head and folded arms, until the Sultan enters. Sometimes the Sultan never sees her again, and sometimes the new bride becomes prime favorite. It is not always the most perfect beauty which renders a wife the favorite, but generally the most intelligent one who gains the coveted position. No ceremony is considered necessary when the Sultan takes a wife. She is considered sufficiently honored by his choice. In the afternoon the Sultan receives his sons. They are brought into his august presence by their respective "dadas" or tutors, who each have entire charge over one boy, and each boy is made to believe that whatever he wants he must have. Murad Effendi, once when but 5 years old, declared that he would neither eat nor sleep until they had brought a man-of-war to fire a salute in front of the palace, and they had to send for one, gather a crew, buy and take on board powder and then get through the bridge and come down in front of the palace to fire the salute and scare Murad nearly to death. If during the day a new son arrives the news is announced to the Sultan, who, bored though he may be by the constant repetition of the news of new arrivals, must give order that a salute be fired at Tophane first, and then on every fortress in Turkey, seven guns for a girl and 21 for a boy. The slave who first reaches the Sultan with the news receives a handsome present, and then the monthly nurse, who is a power in a Turkish palace, as well as a poor American's home, brings the new born baby for the Sultan to look at. She also receives a valuable gift. The event means much to the mother, for it often lifts her from slavery to the position of legitimate wifehood. The Sultan shows little affection outwardly, at least, for he children, girls or boys, but they are taught to respect him as a superior being. The Sultan has over 6,000 souls attached in some manner or capacity to the palace and in his personal service, aside from the soldiers, and the amount of money the Sultan orders spent daily would bankrupt England in a month, only, as he is not very good at calculating, and his chief eunich, chamberlain and treasurer are, they put their heads together to cut down everybody's expenses but their own, and of late years an effort has been really made toward economy, though still volumes might be told of how money is lavished, for each wife must have her own separate establishment, and each as good as the other, and each new child its separate nurse and tutor, and all the caprices of the Sultan and his imperial family must be humored.

Latest from the Northwest.

Winnipeg's local grain market is increasing in volume of business. Over two thousand bushels of grain are now marketed daily by farmers from the districts around the city. Large quantities of oats are daily being shipped to points in Eastern Ontario and also to British Columbia.

James G. Dunlop, manager of the Cochrane Ranche, died yesterday, at McLeod, from the effects of exposure a few weeks ago, when he was thrown from his waggon and left on the prairie on a bitter night. He was one of the best cattlemen in the Northwest.

Rev. D. M. Gordon, late pastor of Knox Church, left with his family this evening for his new field of labor at Halifax.

Farmers are complaining that the Dominion standards for judging wheat, as applied to Manitoba, are altogether too high as compared with Duluth, and it is proposed bringing the matter before the next session of the Dominion Parliament, with a view to having the grading changed.

The flour mill at Dominion City, owned by James Spence, of Winnipeg, was totally destroyed by fire at 5 o'clock this morning. Loss, $7,000; uninsured.

There has been a slight fall of snow in the eastern portion of the Province, but in the west the prairies are still perfectly bare.

The local banks have advanced the rate of discount from 7 to 8 per cent.

The death is announced at Donald, from drink, of a man named Dean, formerly a Lieut.-Colonel in the British army, and richly gifted in many ways. Gen Middleton, during the Northwest campaign, recognized him as an old acquaintance.

That Bitter Rivalry.

"The Education Board of Minneapolis has excluded the Bible from the public schools."

"What for?"

"There was too much about St. Paul in it."—*New Age.*

—Beautiful autumn leaves have made gorgeous albums which have been sent abroad to give foreigners a correct idea of Canadian foliage. Leaf mosaics, columns of leaves and pictures of leaves fringed with pressed sedges are some of the arrangements made by artistic designers.

—The English sparrows which were allowed to come into this country on the distinct understanding that they would work for their board and clothes and free the land of caterpillars haven't done anything of the sort. This shows how little dependence can be placed on imported contract labor.

The anniversary of the battle of Slivitza was celebrated in Sofia on Saturday with religious and civic ceremonies.

—A physician says that the best breakfast to prepare for a day's work is that of "steak or chops, with good coffee, hot rolls and eggs." He declares that recent experiments have shown that to digest oatmeal properly hard out-door labor seems to be necessary, and he believes that the only nutritive value it has is found in the cream which is eaten with it.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

"Cut a Dido," "Gone to Pot," "Done to a Turn," and the Like."

There is probably more of the poetry of tradition than truth of history in the following paragraphs from the *Christian Union*:

Dido, Queen of Tyre, about seven centuries before Christ, after her husband had been put to death by her brother, fled from that city and established a colony on the north coast of Africa. Having bargained with the natives for as much land as could be surrounded with a bull's hide, she cut the hide into narrow strips, tied them together, and claimed the land that could be surrounded with the line thus made. She was allowed to have her way, and now, when one plays a sharp trick, he is said to "cut a dido."

A tailor of Samarcann, Asia, who lived on a street leading to the burying ground, kept near his shop an earthen pot, in which he was accustomed to deposit a pebble whenever a body was carried by to its final resting place. Finally the tailor died; and seeing the shop deserted, a person inquired what had become of its former occupant. "He has gone to pot himself," was the reply by one of the deceased's neighbors.

During a battle between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along," said the officer. "He won't let me," was the response. Investigation proved that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not allow him to move. So "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

While lying on the gridiron over a slow fire, St. Lawrence—in whose honor the Escurial was built by Philip II.—said to the Emperor, who was watching his sufferings: "*Assatus est; jam versa et manduca*," which one translator, not quite literally, but appreciatively of the grim humor characterizing the original, rendered:

> This side enough is toasted,
> Then turn me, tyrant, and eat;
> And see whether raw or roasted
> I am the better meat.

Hence, "Done to a turn."

Formerly in London, when a small dealer bought bread of the baker, for every dozen loaves purchased he was given an extra loaf as his profit, from which circumstance "a baker's dozen" signified thirteen. Various origns have been assigned the phrase, but the above is the only one that is based on a sure foundation.

In a work, "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," published in 1815, the author, C. Miner, tells the story of a boy who, by the offer of liberal compensation, was induced to turn a grindstone for a man who desired to sharpen his axe. The promised compensation was never paid, and of one who disguises his own selfish aims under an appearance of generosity or disinterestedness it is remarked "He has an axe to grind."

Favors.

"It's nothin' but perliticle parties in my house, Sarah. There's Jimmy, he's a pro'bishunist; Eddy's a Hinry Georger; Patsy's a Jimmercrat—same as his father was, God bless him; Tommy, he's jined the Pergressive Labor Party; an' would you believe it, Clementina, my only gal Clementina, come last night an' axed if she might join the Pergressive Ewker party just formed in the neighborhood, an', as she said it was no end of favors she was to get, I let her jine."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A covered waggon drawn by a somewhat weary-looking pair of horses crossed the ferry at Detroit to Windsor on Saturday. Upon the side was a rudely painted legend: "In Dakoka we trusted. In Dakota we busted." Within were John Ainslie, an intelligent farmer, his wife and six children, who have been drawn from Douglas County, Dakota, a distance of over 1,000 miles, *en route* for Garfield, Essex County, Ont., their former home. In spite of their long journey all looked clean, comfortable and in good health.

Diphtheria is alarmingly prevalent in the neighborhood of Ottawa. At Lake Opinicon a number of cases are reported, and at Aylmer Dr. Woods, the local health officer, has ordered the closing of the convent schools in consequence of the prevalence of the disease. In that village three children of Mr. Granville died in three days. One was buried on Monday, a second on Tuesday and a third on Wednesday. Two others are in danger of death, while the dread disease has entered the families of Mr. Portelance and Mr. Rivals.

Vessels are leaving the Neva to avoid being closed in by ice.

—In the earlier editions of Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" the dedication was "To the Wife of My Youth." He received so many letters of condolence on his supposed widowerhood and so many offers of adequate consolation that latterly he added the line: "Who still abides with me."

—A yellow wedding is one of the latest freaks. The bridesmaids are in yellow, the decorations yellow, the laces yellow, the flowers yellow—everything, in short, but the bride, who is of course all white, wears that jaundiced hue. The effect is somewhat trying and more suggestive of a rousing bilious attack than a gentle, amorous scene a fashionable marriage ceremony seeks to be.

An influential committee has been appointed by the citizens of Meaford to secure the establishment of a High School in the town.

LIFE IS SWEET.

> He sang with vigor,
> He sang it each day,
> "I would not live always,
> I ask not to stay."
> But when with a fever
> And chills taken down
> He quickly had in all
> The doctors in town.

—The pocket sewing machine, to introduce which a company has been formed in England, and shares sold for general investment under a very glowing prospectus, is now said to be a failure, and the manipulators of the company are charged with deliberately getting up the scheme to swindle investors.

If Rubinstein can be said to have a rival as a pianist it is Eugene d'Albert, who for about five years is the only one of the thousand and one virtuosi whom the critics have dared to compare with that master. At present, however, everybody is talking of a young man by the name of Stavenhagen, and d'Albert is beginning to feel a little uncomfortable.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau 10 Spruce St., where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1887.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—GREETING.

In looking over our list of subscribers, it is gratifying and highly satisfactory to notice the great improvement in two particulars:—(1) We never had such a splendid list of prompt paying subscribers since THE ADVANCE was first issued, six years and a half ago to-day, as we have now. (2) We never had as "clean" a subscription list as we have at this moment. To those subscribers, who have so promptly and generously responded to our appeal during the past few months, we return our most sincere and heartfelt thanks. We hope that the pleasant relations now existing between the Editor and his numerous readers may ever continue. For our own part—as outlined in our prospectus issued over six and a half years ago—we are determined to leave no stone unturned to merit a continuance of that generous and unstinted patronage accorded THE ADVANCE since its inception. As the years roll on, may the ties which unite Editor and Reader become stronger and stronger. Here and there along the way, a veteran or a cadet drop out of the ranks of ADVANCE readers and nevermore on earth are their friendly faces seen. Their places are filled with new faces and onward, still onward, we go—dropping, perchance, a tear here and a tear there; for dearer to the heart of the Editor than many people might imagine are the departed and departing readers. By and by the Editor himself will drop out of the ranks and be laid to rest in the quiet churchyard side by side, perhaps, with many of our readers, who have crossed the mysterious "Styx" before him. Then a new face will appear in the editorial position and the whirling of time will bring its changes as before—now sunshine, now darkness, now light, drifting, forever drifting, with the great rolling tide of human

People wonder at it, but still we give the Finest article for the least money in this section of country at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Priceville Pickings.

The excavation of the new Presbyterian church is completed and the stone is nearly all on the ground.

The Ladies Aid Society expect Miss Frame to give an entertainment here soon.

Lots of sleighs on the streets on Monday.

The Methodist church has had an addition built to it this fall, and several improvements have been added, a street lamp among the rest.

John Brown has lately added a lath mill to his saw mill.

Remember our Grand Offer of Fine Engagement and Wedding Rings. A beautiful plush box with each one worth $1.00. A grand assortment of Rings to select from at Russell's, Flesherton.

TAMARAC
ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS
THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

There has been quite an exodus from our very quiet village in a very short time. Mr. S. Tuck has moved his family to Markdale, Mrs. Woodruff has removed to Port Huron in Michigan, Miss E. Sterling has taken up her abode in Toronto where she expects to remain for two years, Wm. Long, T. Beamrose and W. Saigeon have gone to the lumber woods in Muskoka.

Quite a number congregated in the Presbyterian church on Saturday evening last, when Mr. John Madill, through Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Markdale, presented Mrs. W. E. D'Argent with a handsome piece of money as a token of esteem before leaving this place to visit her friends in Kingston.

On Sunday morning when Mr. W. H. Guy went to his barn he found his father's cow had by some means opened the door and got into the barn, and was enjoying a good feed of grain. When he picked up a short piece of board and struck the cow as she attempted to run out, she fell dead at his feet. Mr. Guy was of course much astonished as he says he did not strike very hard.

An agent was here a few days ago soliciting subscriptions for weigh scales for our village. The villagers concluded that there was not enough business here to encourage such an undertaking. The agent passed on.

Our school trustees are intending to have a well in connection with our school here.

Rev. W. Ferrier is conducting special services in the Methodist church here.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Markdale, preached a very interesting sermon in the Presbyterian church on Sunday last.

Dr. Kerr has been laid up for some time with a severe cold.

Fire at Eugenia.

Quite a conflagration has been going on at Eugenia lately, although not a single building has been destroyed. It was simply a splendid kiln of lime burned for Mrs. Louise Duckett, who keeps a fine supply of the very best lime constantly on hand.

Journalistic Discourtesy.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Mr. Editor.—Owing to a casual remark of a friend concerning a Marriage notice in last week's *Standard*, I was led to hunt up the paper (which is usually relegated to the back ground of fire lighting, etc.) to see what the worthy man had to say, but was not prepared for the impertinence and discrimination therein displayed. The distinguished Editor says of those contracting parties, they were married on Friday left on Tuesday, with other particulars also incorrect. Who was his informant or accomplice, or did he concoct it in his capacious noddle? He should not think it devolving upon him to be commentator for all the neighborhood, as that is only relished by a few, and I would counsel him for the future to refrain from further mention of either name or any transaction of the family in his reputable(?) paper as people of principle, (not puff) can't tolerate the effusions of his mighty brain. To soften the severity of this restriction, I would say, take courage friend Rutledge, there is always a little news floating round which the gossips will assist you in preparing. In the meantime, consult "Campbell Language Lessons," rudimentary spelling, study the best works on "common sense." Were I to consult my own feelings the matter would be treated with silent contempt. I would further add that said Editor would benefit by Burns' couplet:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourseis as ithers see us."

FROM A HENRY.

N.B.—Will the editor of the Markdale *Standard* please copy as he may be short of news.

People wonder at it, but still we give the Finest article for the least money in this section of country at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

The most beautiful stock of Silverware ever seen in this country is to be seen at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Call and have a look at Russell's, (Flesherton) display of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. It will do you good to see their immense stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Commercial Union

—— Has nothing to do with the Big Sale of——

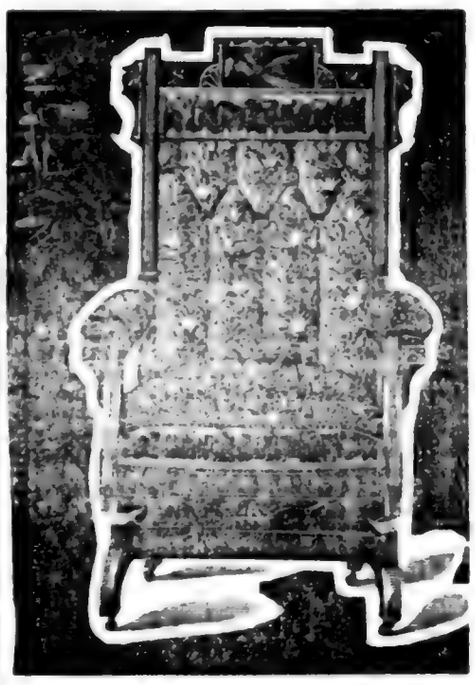

FURNITURE!
AT
J. W. BATES'.

It is Good Goods at Low Prices that tells and has told for the last seven years. This season I am in a position to give both old and new Customers Furniture of the Best Make and Latest Designs.

FROM TEN TO THIRTY PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Below I quote a few prices to show I mean business:

Parlor Suites in Hair Cloth, Sofa, Ladies Platform Rocker, Gents Easy and 4 small Chairs for $38.00.

Bedroom Suites $8.50 to $30.00. A beauty for $14.00.

Bureaus $5.00; Cupboards $5.00; Lounges with springs $5.00; Spring Beds $1.25 to $1.50; Perforated Seat Chairs 75c.; Perforated Seat and Back Rockers $1.25; Wood Seat Bent Arm Rocker $1.85.

My Hollow Seat 4 Spindle for 40c., cannot be beaten.

Hand Sleighs 85 to 75c., and in fact anything you want in the Furniture line, price and terms to suit you.

AGENT FOR THE KARN ORGAN!

See them at my Warerooms.

Picture Framing Neat and Cheap.

J. W. BATES,

FURNITURE DEALER, UNDERTAKER &c., FLESHERTON.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?
Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to	4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 73 to	0 76
Spring Wheat	0 73	0 76
Barley	0 60	0 72
Oats	0 30	0 30
Peas	0 56	0 56
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 50	5 50
Hay, per ton	8 00	8 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

W. BOOTH,
The Boss Barber,
FLESHERTON,
(Late of Shelburne)

Next – door – to – Clayton's – Shoe – Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S
HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK
PUMP WORKS!
C. R. PHILLIP'S,
Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.
Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Tin-Smith, AGENT,
FLESHERTON.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,
Photographer,
Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr S. J. Dixon—where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited.

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885

Flesherton
Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY— |—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-356

EUGENIA
Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,
AGENT.

X-MAS IS COMING—LOOK OUT FOR SANTA CLAUS.

—TO BE—

GIVEN AWAY.

—AT THE—

FLESHERTON

Furniture Warerooms

SPECIAL

INDUCEMENTS!

DURING

X-MAS!

—AND—

Holiday Season.

We have bought especially for the Christmas trade, a lot of very handsome

Sofas & Lounges

Which will be sold at a

Small Advance on Cost.

Small Arm Rocking Chairs,

Perfect Little Beauties,

Gents Easy Stuffed Chairs,

Just the thing for father's X-mas box.

Childrens Chairs

In great variety.

BEDSTEADS,

A special line of low priced, very cheap,

SPRING BEDS LOWER THAN EVER.

MATTRESSES CHEAPER THAN HAVE EVER BEEN OFFERED.

We still take the lead in

Picture Framing.

A beautiful stock of MOULDINGS and FRAMES to select from.

☞ In order to meet the wish of our patrons we have arranged to deliver goods on the eve of Christmas day, in company with Santa Claus. Call and select your presents early.

Wishing you a very Merry Christmas.

J. E. MOORE.

COUNTY & DISTRICT NEWS.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Sneak thieves are at work in Keppel township.

Orangeville High School Teachers have all been re-engaged by the Board.

Mr. S. W. Squire has sold Parham House farm, Derby Township, for $10,000.

Always take your Repairs to Russell, Flesherton. It will pay you well to do so.

The new furnace in the Shelburne school buildings is not working satisfactorily.

Blount is the name of a new post-office to be opened at Lot 4, Con. 6, Mono township, shortly.

Mr. John Whitby, for many years Assessor of Artemesia township, has retired from farming.

Mt. Forest High School was formally opened on Friday week by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education.

Lesslie Jackson, of Chatsworth was fooling with a revolver the other day when he shot himself in the hand.

Diphtheria has broken out in Durham. Mr. A. Wherry, principal of the public school there, is down with it.

Dufferin Post: "King Alcohol is shrewd, seductive and imperious, but his Orangeville auxiliaries are a lot of brainless assess."

Call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure some of those bargains they are offering. They are doing the business of this County.

Two Wiarton hotel-keepers and one druggist have been summoned before the magistrate to answer to a charge of selling liquor to Indians.

The *Echo* says: "It is understood that the prohibition ticket will be run in every municipality in the county (Bruce) at the January municipal election."

We cannot help giving the people bargains. We have the goods and are bound to sell at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Sneak thieves have been making themselves free recently with whips, etc. taken from vehicles in the Methodist church sheds, Mt. Forest, on Sunday evenings.

Sammy White, a Shelburne juvenile lacrosse player, got his arm broken on Thanksgiving day, while practicing with some other boys on the main street of that place.

Meaford council has decided to let the town remain in darkness yet awhile—in so far as lighting the streets is concerned. Collingwood town council is equally economical.

Remember our Grand Offer of Fine Engagement and Wedding Rings. A beautiful plush box with each one worth $1.00. A grand assortment of Rings to select from at Russell's, Flesherton.

Mr. J. Brown, shoemaker of Dunedin, Co. Simcoe, was out hunting one day recently, when his gun exploded. One piece of the weapon penetrated his ear near the head, but no serious wound was inflicted.

The new Methodist church at Epping (Euphrasia) is to be opened for divine service on Sunday, Dec. 11th. Rev. Dr. Potts, of Toronto, will preach morning and evening, at 11 and 6 o'clock respectively.

Dufferin Post: "The men who will descend to the use of dynamite would commit murder if they were not afraid of having their necks stretched."..... "There were no paid tools in the recent outrage; the head of the felon plot was also its arm."

Archie Nixon was digging a well for Phillip Sparling, of Goring, Euphrasia on Friday week, when the bucket became detached and fell a distance of 20 feet, striking Nixon on the head and fracturing his skull. Small hopes are entertained for his recovery.

A woman named Mrs. Chas. Whicher committed suicide on Sunday night by jumping off the wharf at Colpoy's village into the bay—near Wiarton. She was 34 years of age. It is thought she was insane, as no other reason could be assigned for the terrible act.

Hy. Manley, of Meaford, second son of Dr. Manley of this town; Thomas Young, an old resident living near Chatsworth; Clark, and another fisherman near Meaford, left about four weeks ago in an open boat, on a hunting trip up the peninsula, and have not been heard of since. They were known to have left Dyer's Bay all right and have not touched any of the places they set out to go. A thorough search has been made along the shore from Dyer's Bay to Tobermoray, but no trace of them has been found. They are almost given up as lost.—*O. S. Times.*

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

There has been three new arrivals in this neighborhood lately. A boy at Mr. D. Johnston's, and two girls, one at Mr. L. Warling's and the other at Mr. J. Cooey's. All parties concerned happy and proud of their fresh arrivals.

Again we have to report the death of one of our citizens. Miss Margaret J. Foley who twelve months ago, bid as fair to long life as any of us, but that fell destroyer, consumption, marked her for its victim. This affliction is the more severe as she was the only child of her widowed mother.

Mr. John Warling's house had a narrow escape from fire last week. A spark from a stove pipe setting fire to the roof. It was seen and extinguished.

Wood bees are all the rage here just now.

Grip's Comic Almanac

For 1888 has been received, and is certainly a credit to the publishers. The six calendar pages are from designs by J. W. Bengough, and the whole series are about the best specimens of caricature drawing that we have ever seen from the pen of this clever artist. A. H. Howard, W. Bengough and other artists contribute sketches—a series of pictures illustrating the House that Hash Built being particularly good, while the reading matter throughout is even better than has appeared in previous years. The price is only 10 cents a copy, and you can get it at the bookstores or send direct to GRIP Office, Toronto.

The most beautiful stock of Silverware ever seen in this country is to be seen at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

They Came from Orangeville.

From the Dufferin Post.

The dynamite fiends little realize how much harm their Satanic work is doing the town. Towards the end of last week a young man from Orangeville applied for a situation in a Toronto shop. When he stated that he was from Orangeville he was told by the shop keeper that he would have nothing to do with him because he hailed from such a dynamite locality, and was ordered to leave the premises. We have the very best authority that this actually occurred. People at a distance think that Orangeville is a terrible place, whereas the people here are honest, industrious and law-abiding. It is the fiends who are disgracing and injuring the town. Two instances have come under our notice in which persons declined to purchase farms in this vicinity because of their proximity to Orangeville. When will the fiends either behave themselves, or fold their tents and leave? They are a disgrace to civilization.

Benighted Collingwood.

From the Collingwood Enterprise.

Orillia electric light would not obey the operator last Sabbath evening, and the churches had to go back to coal oil lamps. All the people grumbled because they had to exist at night without the electric light. If they lived in this town they would have to be satisfied all the year round with fifteen coal oil lamps, so far apart that a telescope is almost required to discover them. They remind one of the signal fires kindled in ancient days by the clans, on the hills of Scotland, to warn their distant friends of danger. One was placed on every hill top.

We cannot help giving the people bargains. We have the goods and are bound to sell at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Gertrude Thompson, who has been teaching music in Stayner for some time is now home.

Mis Baker of Stayner is visiting at J. M. Thurston's Temperance House.

Miss Myrtle Thurston left last week for Stayner where she is engaged for some months.

Mr. Geo. Thompson who has been in Bolton through the season is home again.

Mrs. Doharty, of Barrie, is visiting her brother Mr. W. Scott.

The people of "New England" are having a revival in the Methodist church with good success. Rev. Mr. Hosking, pastor, Rev. Mr. Wilson, Markdale, were present last Monday evening.

Mr. J. B. Watson, orator and humorist, gave two of his lectures here and the Kimberleyites are trying to get him back again.

Mr. Henry Hurlbert has rented a farm near Thornbury and will move this week.

W. C. T. U. Department.

Mrs. Campbell, of Owen Sound, lectures in Town Hall this (Thursday) evening. Admission Free.

Kimberley.

Mr. Editor, Sir.—Since the liquor license has been withheld from Kimberley, it seems as though a dark pall has been lifted from it, and the people have concluded to arise and build. There are six new buildings, stables and one shoe shop gone up. The old part of the Temperance house is getting a covering of new boards. The farmers near by are also building. Our saw mill is kept busy. The farmers have found that it pays to raise good hogs for live marketing. Mr. Bradbury, the shoemaker, has again come to work here.

Always take your Repairs to Russell, Flesherton. It will pay you well to do so.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOUND.

ON Flesherton Show Fair Day, a Pocket Book containing a sum of Money. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement, on application at ADVANCE Office.

WANTED!

A quantity of WHITE ASH for Butter Tubs, for which CASH will be paid on delivery. JOS. McCORMICK, Flesherton.

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 13, Con. 13, Osprey, about 1st of October, one red and white yearling Steer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.
WM. PAUL,
Lady Bank P.O.
Nov. 24th, 1887.

THE NEW PAPER

THE new Conservative Journal about to be started in Toronto, to be called

The Empire,

Will make its appearance on or about the 15th of December. No pains are being spared to make the paper worthy of Canada, and of the great party of whose views it will be the exponent. It will start with a

Staff of Brilliant Writers,

And able Journalists in every department. The public may expect

Full News from all quarters,
Able Editorials,
Accurate Reports,
Fair Comments,
Reliable Commercial News,
Interesting Sporting Intelligence.

And all other Departments well sustained. In short, THE EMPIRE will be a Bright, Readable, and Reliable Paper.

Everybody Looks for it. All should Read it.

DAILY EMPIRE, $5 per Annum. | WEEKLY EMPIRE, $1 per Annum.

Send in your Subscriptions now, accompanied by the cash, so as to commence with the first issue. Address, D. CREIGHTON, Manager EMPIRE, Toronto.

The Advance and Weekly Empire Till Jan., 1889, for $1.65!

FARM to RENT.

BEING Lot 35, Con. 4, Artemesia, containing 100 acres, 80 acres cleared—75 acres fit for running self-binding machine over—in first-class state of cultivation. Fair dwelling and out building. Two wells water. Easy terms. Good responsible man can have use of implements. Immediate possession given if required.
For full particulars apply at ADVANCE Office, Flesherton, or to A. DOWN,
Nov. 15th, 1887. on the premises.
334-7.

Stray Horse.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 29, Con. 7, Artemesia, on Sunday 6th, 1 Horse. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. ISAAC SMITH,
334-6. Flesherton P.O.

Stray Ram.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 18, Con. 1st S.D.R., Artemesia, one aged Ram. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. JOHN WHYTE.
Nov. 8th, 1887.—333-5.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lots 26 & 27, 1st S.D.R. Artemesia containing 100 acres more or less, 65 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. 35 acres in grass and hay. Good house and fair barn. Small young Orchard. Never-failing spring of water. The proprietor is determined to sell even at a sacrifice. For full particulars apply on premises, or to SILAS LESLIE,
Nov. 7th, 1887.—333-6. Priceville P.O.

New Div. Courts!

County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting will be held at 2 of the Clock p.m. on Friday, the Ninth day of December, 1887, at Judges Chambers in Parkers Block, Poulett Street, Owen Sound, to take into consideration the formation of two new Division Courts in the County of Grey, one of which it is proposed to form of the West parts of the Townships of Bentinck and Normanby, and the other of parts of the Townships of Holland, Euphrasia, Artemesia, and Glenelg, in the said County.
Of which all persons interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly. By Order of His Honor,
COUNTY JUDGE MACPHERSON.
WM. ARMSTRONG,
Clerk of the Peace, County of Grey.
Dated at Owen Sound, the 8th Nov., 1887.
334-7.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

MASSON & MASSON,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
OFFICES—Owen Sound, in Vicker's block, Poulett St.; Branch office in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week.

J. MASSON, Q.C. S. MASSON. W. MASSON.

N.B.—Private & Company's funds to invest at from Six to Eight per cent.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co., and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:-FROM-:—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS.

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

GRAY CHAMPION!

A THOROUGH-BRED DURHAM BULL, with good pedigree, will stand for service at Lot 14a West T. & S.R., Artemesia. TERMS, $1 if paid on or before Jan. 1st, 1888; otherwise, $1.25
Also thorough-bred BERKSHIRE BOAR at same place. JACOB A. LEVER.

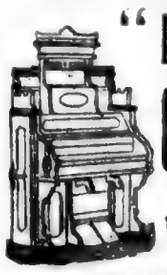

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MANSE AT ROWAN-GLEN.

Weary I am, and all so fair,
Longing to clasp a hand;
For thou art very far, sweet love,
From my mountain land.

Dear are the clouds yon giant bens
Fold o'er their rugged breasts,
Grandly their straggling skirts lift up
Over the snow-flecked crests.

Bear are the hill-side glooms and gleams,
Their varied purple hew,
This opal sky, with distant peak
Catching its tender blue.

Dear are the thousand streams that sing
Down to the sunny sea,
But dearer to my longing heart
Were one bright hour with thee.

Helen Marion Burnside.

It was towards evening, at the close of a lovely September day, that a rough equipage laden with luggage, with a black retriever gamboling joyously beside it crept rather slowly down the long lovely road by the Deeside leading to Rowan-Glen, one of those rare gems of Highland scenery that are set so ruggedly in the Cairngorm mountains.

Fay had just sheltered her sleeping baby from the rays of the setting sun; and sat wearily in the jolting carriage, trying to recall all the familiar landmarks that greeted her eyes.

There were the grounds and preserves of Moncrieff, with their lovely fringes of dark pine trees and silvery birches, and a little further on the wicket gate that led down to the falls or linn of Rowan-Glen.

By and by came a few low cottages built of grey stone, and thatched with heather fastened down with a rough net-work of ropes. One or two of them were covered with honeysuckle and clematis, and had tiny gardens filled with vegetables and flowers, pinks and roses mingling in friendly confusion with gooseberry bu es and cabbages.

A narrow planked passage ran through the cottages, with a door at the other end opening on to a small field, with the usual cow-house, peat and straw stacks, and a little shed inhabited by a few scraggy cocks and hens which with "taa coo" herself are the household property of all, even the poorest, of the Highland peasants.

Fay looked eagerly past them, and for a moment forgot her trouble and weariness; for there, in the distance, as they turned the corner, stretched the long irregular range of the Cairngorm mountains, with the dark shadow of the Forest of Mar at their base; while to the right, far above the lesser and more fertile hills, rose the snowy heads of those stately patriarchs—Ben-muich-dhui and Ben-na-bourd.

Oh, those glorious Highland mountains, with their rugged peaks, against which the fretted clouds "get wrecked and go to pieces." What a glory, what a miracle they are! On sunny mornings with their infinity of wondrous color so softly, so harmoniously blended; now changing like an opal with every cloud that sails over them, and now with deep violet shadows hunting their hollows, sunny breaks and flecks, and long glowing stretches of heather. Well has Jean Ingelow sung of them:

". . . . White raiment, the ghostly capes that screen them,
Of the storm winds that beat them, their thunder rents and scars,
And the paradise of purple, and the golden slopes atween them;"

for surely there could not be a grander or fairer scene on God's earth than this.

A moment later the vehicle stopped before a white gate set in a hedge of tall laurels and arbutus, and the driver got down and came round to the window "Yonder's t' manse. Will I carry in the boxes for the leddy?"

"No, no, wait a moment," replied Fay, hurriedly. "I must see if Mrs. Duncan be at home. Will you help me out?" for her limbs were trembling under her, and the weight of the baby was too much for her exhausted strength. She felt as though she could never get to the end of the steep little garden, or reach the stone porch. Yes; it was the same old grey house she remembered, with the small diamond-paned windows twinkling in the sunshine; and as she toiled up the narrow path, with Nero barking delightedly round her, the door opened, and a little old lady with a white head drawn over her white curls, and a gardening basket on her arm, stepped out into the porch.

Fay gave a little cry when she saw her. "Oh, Mrs. Duncan," she said; and she and the baby together seemed to totter and collapse in the little old lady's arms.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the startled woman; then, as her basket and scissors rolled to the ground, "Jean, lass, where are you? here are two bairns, and one of them looks fit to faint—ay, why, it is never our dear little Miss Mordaunt? Why, my bairn——" But at this moment a red-haired, freckled woman, with a pleasant, weather-beaten face, quietly lifted the mother and child, and carried them into a dusky little parlor; and in another minute Fay found herself lying on a couch, and the baby crying lustily in Jean's arms, while the little old lady was bathing her face with some cold, fragrant water, with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Ay, my bonnie woman," she said, "you have given Jean and me a turn; and there's the big doggie, too, that would be after licking your face—and for all he knows you are better now—like a Christian. Run away, Jean, and warm a sup of milk for the bairn, and maybe his mother would like a cup of tea and a freshly-baked scone. There, give me the baby, and I'll hold him while you are gone."

"There's Andrew bringing in a heap of boxes," observed Jean, stolidly; "will he be setting them down in the porch? for we must not wake the minister."

"Ay, ay," returned Mrs Duncan, in a bewildered tone; but she hardly took in the sense of Jean's speech—she was rocking the baby in her old arms and looking at the pretty, white, sunken face that lay on the chintz cushion. Of course it was little Miss Mordaunt, but what did it mean—what could it all mean?

"Mrs. Duncan," whispered Fay, as she raised herself on her pillow, "I have come to you because I am so unhappy, and I have no other friend. I am married, and this is my baby; and my husband does not want me, and indeed it would have killed me to stop with him, and I have come to you, and he must not find me, and you must take care of baby and me," and here her tears burst out, and she clung round the old lady's neck, "I have money, and I can pay the minister; and I am so fond of you both—do let me stay."

"Whisht, whisht, my dearie," returned Mrs. Duncan, wiping her own eyes and Fay's. "Of course you shall bide with me; would either Donald or I turn out the shorn lamb to face the tempest? Married, my bairn; why you look only fit for a cot yourself; and with a bairn of your own, too. And to think that any man could ill-use a creature like that," half to herself; but Fay drooped her head as she heard her. Mrs. Duncan thought Hugh was cruel to her, and that she had fled from his ill-treatment, and she dare not contradict this notion.

"You must never speak to me of my husband," continued Fay, with an agitation that still further misled Mrs. Duncan. "I should have died if I had stopped with him; but I ran away, and I knew he would never find me here. I have money enough—ah, plenty—so you will not be put to expense. You may take care of my purse; and I have more—a great deal more;" and Fay held out to the dazzled eyes of the old lady a purse full of bank notes and glittering gold pieces, which seemed riches itself to her Highland simplicity.

"Ay, and just look at the diamonds and emeralds on your fingers, my dearie; your man must have plenty of this world's goods. What do they call him, my bairn, and where does he live?" But Fay skilfully fenced these questions. She called herself Mrs. St. Clair, she said, and her husband was a landed proprietor, and lived in one of the midland counties in England; and then she turned Mrs. Duncan's attention by asking her if she and baby might have the room her father slept in. Then Jean brought in the tea and buttered scones, and the milk for the baby; and while Mrs. Duncan fed him, she told Fay about her own trouble.

For the kind, white-headed minister, whom Fay remembered, was lying now in his last illness; and he had had two strokes of paralysis, and the third would carry him off, the doctor said.

"One blessing is, my Donald does not suffer," continued Mrs. Duncan, with a quiver of her lip; "he is quite helpless, poor man, and cannot stir himself, and Jean lifts him up as though he were a baby; but he sleeps most of his time, and when he is awake he never troubles—he just talks about the old time when he brought me first to the manse; and sometimes he fancies Robbie and Elsie are pulling flowers in the garden—and no doubt they are—the darlings, only it is in the garden of Paradise; and maybe there are plenty of roses and lilies there, such as Solomon talked about in the Canticles."

"And who takes the duty for Mr. Duncan?" asked Fay, who was much distressed to hear this account of her kind old friend.

"Well, our nephew, Fergus, rides over from Corrie to take the services for the Sabbath. He is to be wedded to Lilian Graham, down at the farm yonder, and sometimes he puts up at the manse and sometimes at the farm; and they do say, when my Donald has gone to the land of the leal, that Fergus will come to the Manse; for though he is young, he is a powerful preacher, and even St. Paul bids Timothy to 'let no one despise his youth;' but I am wearying you, my bairn, and Jean has kindled a fire in the pink room, for the nights are chilly, and you and me will be going up and leaving the big doggie to take care of himself."

But "the big doggie" was of a different opinion; he quite approved of his hostess, but it was against his principles to allow his mistress to go out of his sight. Things were on a different footing now; and ever since they had left Redmond Hall, Nero considered himself responsible for the safety of his two charges; so he quietly followed them into the pleasant low-ceilinged bedroom, with its window looking over the old-fashioned garden and orchard, and laid himself down with his nose between his paws, watching Jean fill the baby's bath, to the edification of the two women.

Jean helped Fay unpack a few necessary articles, and then went down to warm the porridge for her master's supper; but Mrs. Duncan pinned up her grey stuff gown and sat down by the fire to undress the baby, while Fay languidly got ready for bed.

It was well that the mother and child had fallen into the hands of these good Samaritans. In spite of her wretchedness and the strange weight that lay so heavy on her young heart, a sort of hazy comfort stole over Fay as she lay between the coarse lavender-scented sheets and listened to her baby's coos as he stretched his little limbs in the warm firelight.

"Ay, he is as fine and hearty as our Robbie was," observed Mrs. Duncan with a sigh; and so she prattled on, now praising the baby's beauty, and now commenting on the fineness of his cambric shirts, and the value of the lace that trimmed his night-dress, until Fay fell asleep, and thought she was listening to a little brook that had overflowed its banks, and was running down a stony hillside.

She hardly woke up when Mrs. Duncan placed the baby in her arms, and left them with a murmured benediction, and went down for a gossip with Jean. "And a lovelier sight my old eyes never saw," she said, "than that young creature, who looks only a child herself, with the bonnie boy in her arms, and her golden-brown hair covering them both. 'Deed, Jean, the man must have an evil spirit in him to ill-treat a little angel like that. But we will keep her safe, my woman, as sure as my name is Jeanie Duncan;" and to this Jean agreed. They were both innocent unsophisticated women who knew nothing of the world's ways, and, as Mrs. Duncan had said, "they would as soon have turned a shorn lamb away, and left it exposed to the tempest," as shut their door against Fay and her child.

Fay was not able to rise from the bed the next day; indeed for more than a week she was almost as helpless as a baby, and had to submit to a great deal of nursing.

Mrs. Duncan was quite in her element—petting her guest, and ordering Jean about; for she was a brisk, bustling little woman, and far more active than her three-score-and-ten years warranted.

It was a delight to her motherly nature to dress and undress Fay's bonnie boy. She would prose for hours about Robbie and Elsie as she sat beside the homely cradle that had once held her own children, while Fay listened languidly. It was all she could do to lie there and sleep and eat. Perhaps it was bodily exhaustion, but a sort of lull had come to her. She ceased to fret, and only wondered dreamily if Hugh were very pleased to get rid of her, and what he was doing, and who dusted and arranged his papers for him now she was no longer there. But of course Mrs. Heron would see to that.

Jean had plenty of work in her hands, but she never grumbled. There was the baby's washing and extra cooking, and the care of her old master. But in spite of her hard work, she often contrived to find her way to the pink room; for Jean worshipped babies, and it was a proud moment when she could get the boy in her arms and carry him out for a breath of air.

Mrs. Duncan told Fay that she had had great difficulty in making her husband understand the facts of the case. "His brain was just a wee bit clouded to every-day matters," she said; but he knew that he had guests at the Manse, and charged his wife to show every hospitality.

"There's a deal said about the virtue of hospitality in the Bible," he continued. "There was Abraham and the fatted calf; and the good widows in the apostles' time who washed the feet of strangers; and some have entertained angels unaware; and it shall never be said of us, Jeanie woman, that we turned anybody from the Manse."

Fay went to see the old man when she was strong enough to leave her room, which was not for a fortnight after her arrival.

She found him lying on one side of the big bed with brown moreen hangings that she remembered so well, with his head pillowed high, and his fine old face turned towards the setting sun.

He looked at her with a placid smile as she stood beside him—a small girlish figure, now sadly frail and drooping, with her boy in her arms—and held out his left hand—the right arm was helpless.

"Mother and child," he murmured; "it i always before our eyes, the Divine picture; and old and young, it touches the manhood within us. So you have come to bide a wee with Jeanie and me in the old Manse, my dear young lady; ay, and you are kindly welcome. And folks do say that there is no air so fine as ours, and no milk so pure as our brindled cow gives, and may be it will give you a little color into your cheeks."

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Duncan?" asked Fay, somewhat disappointed to find herself treated like an ordinary visitor. "Don't you remember Fay Mordaunt, the little girl who used to play with you in the orchard? but I am afraid I was older than I looked."

"Elsie used to play with me in the orchard," replied the old man, wistfully; "but Jeanie says she has gone to Heaven with wee Robbie. Nay, I never remember names, except Jeanie—and may be Jean comes handy. And there is one name I never forget—the name of Lord Jesus;" and he bowed his old head reverently.

"Come away, my bairn; Donald will have plenty to say to you another time," said Mrs. Duncan, kindly. "He is a bit drowsy now, and he is apt to wander at such times."

But the minister heard her and a sort of holy smile lit up his rugged face.

"Ay, but He'll no let me wander far; I have always got a grip of His hand, and if my old feet stumble a bit I am just lifted up. No, I could not forget His name, which is Love, and nothing else. But perhaps you are right, Jeanie, lass, and I am a bit sleepy. Take both the bairns away, and watch over them as though they were lambs of the fold—and so they are lambs of His fold," finished the old man. "And may be the Shepherd found them straying, poor bit creatures, and sent them here for you and me to mind, my woman."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TRACKED AT LAST.

Thus it was granted
To know that he loved me to the depth and height
Of such large natures; ever competent,
With grand horizons by the sea or land,
To love's grand sunrise.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It was at the close of a lovely September day that Raby Ferrers sat alone in the piazza of a large fashionable boarding-house in W——. This favorite American watering-place was, as usual, thronged by visitors, who came either to seek relief for various ailments from the far-famed hot springs, or to enjoy the salubrious air and splendid scenery that made W—— so notorious.

The piazza was always the favorite lounge at all hours of the day, but especially towards evening. A handsome striped awning, and the natural shade of the splendid tropical plants that twined round the slender pillars, gave a pleasant shade even at noonday. Broad low steps led to the gardens, and deck-chairs and cushioned rocking chairs were placed invitingly at intervals.

A gay bevy of girls had just taken possession of these coveted seats, and were chattering with the young men who had just followed them out of the hot dining-room; but no one invaded the quiet corner where the English clergyman had established himself, though many a pair of laughing eyes grew a little sad and wistful when they rested on the grave, abstracted face of the blind man.

"He looks so dull," observed one girl—a fair delicate blonde, who was evidently the belle, for she was surrounded by at least half a dozen young men. "I have half a mind to go and speak to him myself only you would all be watching me."

"Miss Bellagrove cannot fail to be the cynosure of all eyes," returned a beardless dapper young man with the unmistakable Yankee accent; but to this remark Miss Bellagrove merely turned a cold shoulder.

"His sister has been away most of the afternoon," she continued, addressing a good-looking young officer who held her fan. "It was so clever of you to find out that she was his sister, Captain Maudsley. I had quite made up my mind that they were married; yes, of course, every one must notice the likeness between them; but then they might have been cousins, and she does seem so devoted to him." But here a whispered admonition in her ear made Miss Bellagrove break off her sentence rather abruptly, as at that moment Miss Ferrers' tall figure, in the usual grey gown, was seen crossing one of the little lawns towards the piazza.

"She is wonderfully distinguished looking," was Miss Bellagrove's next remark. "Most English women are tall, I do believe; don't you think her face beautiful, Captain Maudsley;" but the reply to this made Miss Bellagrove change color very prettily.

Raby was profoundly oblivious of the interest he was exciting; he was wondering what had detained Margaret all these hours and if she would have any news to bring him.

As yet their journey had been fruitless. They had reached New York just as Miss Campion and her companion had quitted it; they had followed on their track—but had always arrived either a day or an hour too late. Now and then they had to wait until a letter from Fern gave them more decided particulars. Occasionally they made a mistake and found that Miss Campion had changed her plans. Once they were in the same train, and Margaret never found it out until she saw Crystal leave the carriage, and then there was no time to follow her. Margaret shed tears of disappointment, and blamed herself for her own blindness; but Raby never reproached her.

He was growing heart-sick and weary by this time. They had spent six weeks in this search, and were as far from success as ever—no wonder Raby's face looked grave and overcast as he sat alone in the piazza.

Even Margaret's protracted absence raised no sanguine expectations in his mind; on the contrary, as his practised ear recognized her footstep, he breathed a short prayer for patience.

"Dear Raby," she said, softly, as she took a seat beside him and unfastened the clasps of her long cloak; "I have been away a longer time than usual; have you been wanting me?"

"Oh, no," with a faint smile; "Ferguson took care of me at dinner, and I had a pleasant American widow on the other side who amused me very much—she told me some capital stories about the Canadian settlers; so, on the whole, I did very well. I begin to like Ferguson immensely; he is a little broad, but still very sensible in his views. He comes from Cumberland, he tells me, and has rather a large cure of souls."

"Yes, dear,"—but Margaret spoke absently—"but you do not ask me what I have been doing, Raby."

"No,"—very slowly; and then, a touch of sadness, "I begin to think it is better not to ask."

"Poor fellow,"—laying her hand on his arm caressingly. "Yes, I understand you are beginning to lose hope. What did I tell you last night—that it is always the darkest hour before the dawn. Do you remember how fond Crystal was of that song? Well, it is true, Raby; I have been stopping away for some purpose this afternoon. Crystal and Miss Campion are here."

"Here!" and at Raby's exclamation more than one head turned in the direction of brother and sister.

"Yes, in W——. Do not speak so loud, Raby; you are making people look at us. Take my arm, and we will go into the shrubberies; no one will disturb us there." And as she guided him down the steps, and then across a secluded lawn, Raby did not speak again until the scent of the flowering shrubs told him they had entered one of the quiet paths leading away from the house.

"Now, tell me, Maggie," he said, quickly; and Margaret obeyed at once.

"I was at the station, as we planned, and saw them arrive; so for once the information was correct. Crystal got out first, and went in search of the luggage. I concealed myself behind a bale of goods—wool-packs, I believe—and she passed me quite closely; I could have touched her with my hand. She looked very well, only thinner, and I think older; it struck me she had grown, too, for she certainly looked taller."

"It is possible; and you really saw her face, Margaret?"

"Yes; she was looking away. She is as beautiful as ever, Raby. No wonder people stare at her so. She is as much like your ideal Esther as she used to be, only there is a grander look about her altogether—less like the girl, and more of the woman."

"Ah, she has suffered so; we have all aged, Maggie. She will think us both changed."

Margaret suppressed a sigh—she was almost thankful that Raby's blind eyes could not see the difference in her. He was quite unconscious that her youthful bloom had faded, and that her fair face had a settled, matured look that seldom comes before middle age; and she was glad that this was so. Neither of them spoke now of the strange blight that had passed over her young life. Margaret had long since ceased to weep over it; it was her cross she said, and she had learnt its weight by this time.

"Well, Margaret?" for she had paused for a moment.

"I did not dare to leave my place of concealment until she had passed. I saw Miss Campion join her. She is a pleasant, brisk, looking woman with grey hair, and rather a young face. I followed them out of the station, and heard them order the driver to bring them here."

"Here! To this house, Margaret?"

"Yes—wait a moment—but of course I knew what Mrs. O'Brien would say—that there was no room; so I did not trouble to follow them very closely; in fact I knew it would be useless. When I did arrive I went straight to Mrs. O'Brien's parlor and asked if she had managed to accommodate the two ladies."

"'I did not know they were friends of yours, Miss Ferrers,' she said, regretfully. 'But what could I do? There is not a vacant bed in the house, and I knew the hotel would be just as full; so I sent them down to Mrs. Maddox at the corner house, down yonder—it is only a stone's throw from here. And, as I told the ladies, they can join us at luncheon and dinner, and make use of the drawing-room. I knew Mrs. Maddox had her two best bedrooms and the front parlor empty.' Of course I thanked Mrs. O'Brien, and said no doubt this would do excellently for our friends; and then I walked past the corner house and found they were carrying in the luggage, and Miss Campion was standing at the door talking to a colored servant."

"You actually passed the house? Oh, Margaret, how imprudent. Supposing Crystal had seen you from the window?"

"Oh, my cloak and veil disguised me; besides, there is a long strip of garden between the house and the road. I could hardly distinguish Crystal, though I could see there was some one in the parlor. And now, what are we to do, Raby? It will never do to risk a meeting at *table d'hote;* in a crowded room, Crystal might see us, and make her escape before I could manage to intercept her; and yet, how are we to intrude on Miss Campion? it will be dreadfully awkward for us all."

"I must think over it," he answered, quickly. "It is growing dark now, Margaret, is it not?"

"Yes, dear, do you feel chilly—shall we go in?"

"No, I want you to take me farther; there is a gate leading to the road, is there not? I should like to go past the house; it will make it seem more real, Maggie, and you shall describe exactly how it is situated."

Margaret complied at once—not for worlds would she have hinted that she was already nearly spent with fatigue and want of food. Cathy, the bright little Mulatto chambermaid, would get her a cup of tea and a sandwich presently. Raby's lover-like wish must be indulged; he wanted to pass the house that held his treasure.

It was bright moonlight by this time and the piazza had been long deserted. The shadows were dark under the avenue, or the road was thickly planted with trees. Just as they were nearing the corner house—a low white building with a verandah running round it—Margaret drew Raby somewhat hastily behind a tall maple, for her keen eyes had caught sight of two figures standing by the gate. As the moon emerged from behind a cloud, she saw Crystal plainly; Miss Campion was beside her with a black veil thrown over her grey hair.

Margaret's whispered "hush!" was a sufficient hint to Raby, and he stood motionless. The next moment the voice that was dearer to him than any other sounded close beside him—at least it seemed so in the clear resonant atmosphere.

"What a delicious night; how white that patch of moon-lighted road looks where the trees do not cast their shadows so heavily. I like this quiet road. I am quite glad the boarding-house was full I think the cottage is much cozier."

"Cozier, yes," laughed the other; "but that is a speech that ought to have come out of my middle-aged lips. What an odd girl you are, Crystal; you never seem to care for mixing with young people; and yet it is only natural at your age. You are a terrible misanthrope. I do believe you would rather not dine at the *table d'hote* only you are ashamed to say so."

"I have no right to inflict my misanthropy on you, Miss Campion; as it is, you are far too indulgent to my morose moods."

"Morose fiddlesticks," was the energetic reply. "But there, I do like young people to enjoy themselves like young people. Why, if I had your youth and good looks; well,"—with a change of tone sufficiently explicit—"it is no use trying to make you conceited; and yet that handsome young American—wasn't he a colonel?—tried to make himself as pleasant as he could."

"Did he?" was the somewhat indifferent answer; at which Miss Campion shook her head in an exasperated way.

"Oh, it is no use talking to you," with good-natured impatience. "English or American; old, ugly, or handsome; they are all the same to you; and of course, by the natural laws of contradiction, the absurd creatures are all bent on making you fall in love with them. Now that colonel, Crystal, I can't think what fault you could find with him; he was manly, gentlemanly, and as good looking as a man ought to be."

"I do not care for good looking men."

"Or for plain ones either, my dear. I expect you are romantic, Crystal, and have an ideal of your own."

"And if I answer, yes," returned the girl, quickly, "will you leave off teasing me about all those stupid men. If you knew how I hate it—how I despise them all."

"All but the ideal," observed Miss Campion, archly; but she took the girl's hand in hers, and the shrewd, clever face softened. "You must forgive an impertinent old maid, my dear. Perhaps she had her story too, who knows. And so you have your ideal, my poor, dear child; and the ideal has not made you a happy woman. It never does," in a low voice.

"Dear Miss Campion," returned Crystal, with a blush; "if I am unhappy, it is only through my own fault; no one else is to blame, and—and—it is not as you think. It is true I once knew a good man, who has made every other man seem puny and insignificant beside him; but that is because he was so good, and there was no other reason."

"No other reason, except your love for him," observed the elder woman, stroking her hand gently. "I have long suspected this, my dear."

"Oh, you must not talk so," answered Crystal, in a tone of poignant distress; "you do not know, you cannot understand. Oh, it is all so sad. I owe him everything. My ideal, oh yes; whom have I ever seen who could compare with him—so strong, so gentle, so forgiving? Oh, you must never let me talk of him; it breaks my heart."

"Come away, Margaret," whispered Raby, hoarsely, in her ear. "I have no right to hear this; it is betraying my darling's confidence. Take me away, for I cannot trust myself another moment; and it is late—too late to speak to her to-night."

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Geo. Harvey, Port Huron, wife of Grand Trunk Conductor Harvey, took an overdose of laudanum on Wednesday night and died on Friday. She was in the habit of taking the drug to make her sleep, and when discovered was beyond help.

The Farmer's Seventy Years.

Ah! there he is, lad, at the plough;
He beats the boys for work,
And whatsoe'er the task might be
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful tears,
And sing full many an old-time song,
In spite of seventy years.

"Good morning, friends! 'tis twelve o'clock;
Time for a half-hour's rest,"
And farmer John took out his lunch
And ate it with a zest.
"A harder task it is," said he,
"Than following up these steers,
Or mending fences, far, for me
To feel my seventy years.

"You ask me why I feel so young,
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault,
Who kept me up so well;
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love and hope and strength
For more than forty years.

"And then my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood
And helps him up and on;
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears;
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years.

"Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit and rest?
Ah! friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best.
They have their duty; I have mine,
And till the end appears
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,"
Said the man of seventy years.

"John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme."

(Extracts from Max O'Rell's first lecture in the States.)

"The two words 'pauperism' and 'workhouse' are unknown in the French language."

"Glory and conquest Jacques has had enough of. It is peace, peace that he now calls for at the top of his voice."

"It takes a French peasant five minutes to open his purse."

"The wife of Jacques is the fortune of France. Hard working, always busy, she is the personification of the idea of industry."

"The proudest jewel in the crown of John Bull is the Indian Empire, an empire of two hundred and forty millions of people governed by princes arrayed in gold and precious stones who black his boots and are happy."

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole earth and lose his own soul? John Bull has thought of that, and has consequently made of heaven an incontestably British possession. His favorite hymn runs:

Oh, paradise! oh, paradise!
I dearly long to see.

"I doubt that longing, however.

To see and know thy special place
My Lord prepares for me.

"The French fight for glory, the Germans for a living, and the Russians to divert the people's attention from home affairs. John Bull alone fights for trade and to benefit humanity. He fights to improve the condition of the vanquished in this world and secure their welfare in the next. He is a curious mixture of the lion, the mule and the octopus. If you are showing him about your country there is always danger that he will run the Union Jack to the top of your favorite tower when your back is turned."

"Everything he does—imperfect. When anything goes wrong he always knows where to lay the blame. He keeps Scotchmen, Irishmen and Welshmen for that purpose."

"Unfortunately (speaking of French officials) we made our country a Republic before we had made ourselves Republicans."

"Both the Liberals and the Conservatives want to go hand and hand with the Irish, but not in the same way. The Liberals like this. (Clasping his hands together.) The Conservatives like that." (Seizing his left wrist with his right hand.)

To illustrate the difference between French impulsiveness and English sang froid he told two anecdotes. An old French gentleman attending the opera heard the tenor in the "Huguenots" sing out of tune all the evening. In the course of the opera the tenor was shot dead. The old gentleman sprang to his feet exclaiming as he shook his fist at the theatrical corpse, "Serves you right, you donkey. You have sung false all the evening."

An English lady at a country house overturned a tea stand in rising and broke a $400 set of porcelain to fragments. Touching a bell she called a servant, pointed at the pieces and said quietly, "Bring some more tea."

Samples of False Economy.

It is false economy to do part of to-morrow's work to-day; living cheaply so that you can dress well; going to law about anything you can compromise; to employ a botch because he doesn't charge much; sitting in the twilight doing nothing in order to save oil; buying things you don't want because they are cheap; marrying your daughter to an adventurer so as to have her off your hands; to take your money out of the bank and invest it in a wildcat scheme; taking your boy from school and allowing him to grow up in ignorance for the sake of the $2 a week he can earn.

Life's Compensations.

Life is full of compensations. The man who is short usually has a long face.

The man who comes into the city green generally goes back blue.

The woman who loses her temper finds her tongue.

The man who has no opera glasses at the theatre is just as well off as the man who has one and is seated behind a row of women wearing high crowned hats.

The bald man never has his hair pulled. —*Boston Courier.*

The Serjeant and the Butler.

Serjeant Ballantine went to dine with an acquaintance of his whose position in society was not too long assured. The butler asked the learned Serjeant whom he should announce. "Serjeant Ballantine, please." Whereupon the door was flung open, and the servant announced "Captain Ballantine," informing the guest in an aside, "We never have sergeants here."—*Vanity Fair.*

A newly-arrived emigrant named Thos. Leahy was found drunk on the street at Montreal and taken to the police station, where he was a few hours afterwards found dead. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from alcoholic poisoning.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A Story of Man's Weakness, and Woman's Cruelty, With Several Morals.

I.

"Did you notice that man?" asked a leading pawnbroker of a friend who chanced to be in his shop. "Poor fellow, my heart bleeds for him. He has just left his wedding ring with me—the last tie which bound him to happier days. His is a sad story."

"I did not observe him particularly," said the gentleman addressed. "Who is he?"

"He is the husband of a well known actress," replied the pawnbroker with some warmth, "and he is the victim of intolerable cruelty. Would you believe it, the woman who but a few short months ago swore to cherish and protect him now absolutely refuses to contribute more than $25 a week to his support. You seem incredulous, but I assure you it is true."

"Who is the man?"

"His name is Brockholst O'Flynn, and he is the husband of Miss St. Elmo, the burlesque actress."

A cry of horror escaped the gentleman's lips.

"My old friend O'Flynn!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that he has come to this! Strange that I did not recognize him."

"Ah, sorrow and privation have altered him greatly."

"I must haste and overtake him; perhaps something may be done ere it is too late."

So saying, the gentleman hastened from the shop and in a few moments had overtaken the unfortunate man.

"Brockholst," he said gently, "what is all this I hear? You reduced to poverty; you, whose wife could gratify your every wish!"

"I know not how you have learned my sad story, dear boy," said O'Flynn, brokenly, "but it is true. I have borne all patiently, uncomplainingly, for her sake; for I shrank from the thought of exposing her to the censure of the world. This morning I pawned my last article of jewellery, our w-w-w-wedding ring," and the unfortunate man burst into bitter tears.

"Cheer up, cheer up!" cried his friend. "All will yet be well. I will see her and intercede for you."

"You—you do not think," asked O'Flynn in tremulous tones, "that she would have the heart to require me, who have been so delicately reared, to—to work?"

"No, no, not that," replied his companion, shuddering. "She is not capable of such baseness."

"You have given me new hope," exclaimed O'Flynn, "and now let us step into yonder sample room, and I will set 'em up."

"Good enough."

II.

"It is useless to say any more, Mr. Maginnis; $25 per week and his board are all I will allow my husband."

The woman who uttered these words in a cold, hard tone of voice was Miss St. Elmo, the actress; the person addressed, the friend of Brockholst O'Flynn, to whom the reader has already been introduced.

"Come with me, then," said Maginnis, sternly.

"Where?" demanded the woman.

"No matter; come. I would teach you a useful lesson."

In silence Miss St. Elmo followed him from the house. He led her to a narrow, dingy street in one of the lower wards of the city, and finally paused before a building upon which was painted in large letters, "THE NEW YORK WEEKLY HUSTLER."

"We have reached our destination," he said. "Be attentive and you will gain much by this morning's experience. Come."

She followed him up six flights of stairs and into a small, dingy room, where, at a desk, half buried in exchanges and MSS., sat a pale, haggard man. He did not observe their entrance, for he was writing at the rate of one hundred words per minute."

"Copy!" howled a phenomenally dirty boy, rushing into the room.

"Great Scott!" shrieked the editor, for, as the talented reader has already guessed, he was one of the fraternity. "I've got to have two columns ready in fifteen minutes, and I haven't got a stickful yet. Jim, get some ice and tie on my forehead, and then send out the growler. Quick!"

"Who is this wretched being, and what is he doing?" demanded Miss St. Elmo.

"He is a journalist, and he is working," replied Maginnis. "This is work, and this is what you will drive O'Flynn to!"

"No, no," shuddered the woman, "I did not know what I was doing. I was mad, mad!"

"Now you're shouting. You will give him an order for your entire salary every Monday in the future?"

"Yes, yes."

"Good enough. Now let us go out of this."

Miss St. Elmo never forgot that ten minutes' visit to the *Hustler* office; and to-day there is not a husband in New York who is supported in greater luxury than Brockholst O'Flynn.

Steam Generated Without Smoke.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Examiner* writes that an invention of the very highest importance to steam users has been patented by Messrs. Ashworth & Kneen, of Dalton-in-Furness, which, while bringing about an economy of something like 40 per cent. in the consumption of coal, also secures the total abolition of smoke. Careful tests have demonstrated that the new regenerative furnace will make more steam at about one half the quantity of coal required to be used at present. It can be fitted readily to any boiler, marine included. Further, the application of the new furnace to any boiler means the complete abatement of all smoke, a matter in which most of our large towns are deeply interested. Many scientific men, including some of the Naval Dockyard authorities, have inspected the furnace, and all speak of it in eulogistic terms.

Jack—Ethel, I am ashamed of you. I saw that Frenchman in the conservatory kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop? Ethel—I couldn't, Jack. Jack—You couldn't? Why not? Ethel—I can't speak French.—*Judge.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

DR. BLACHE states in the *Bulletin Therapeutique* that in chronic and simple bronchitis petroleum in doses of a teaspoonful before meals produces satisfactory results. In phthisis the experiments have not yet been long enough continued to ascertain whether the results are permanently beneficial, but it diminishes the expectoration, which also loses its purulent character.

MISS PHŒBE COUZINS, who was appointed to succeed her father as United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Missouri, has been turned out by the President. The office has been given to a Democratic worker named John E. Emerson. And they do say that Phœbe made a good Marshal. She had performed all the duties of the office during her father's illness, and under the rules of Civil Service Reform was entitled to succeed him.

A PICTURE of Niagara Falls, which is to be taken to London for exhibition, is one of the largest ever painted, being 380 feet in length by 45 in breadth. The artist, Paul Philippoteaux, with a dozen assistants, has been engaged constantly on the work for the past six months, and some idea of its magnitude can be gained from the following list of materials consumed: White lead, 3,000 pounds; oil, 3,322 gallons; essence (turpentine), 3,240 gallons and a car load of colors.

EXPERTS say that curtains and fine laces can be made of malleable iron or steel. At the centennial exhibition a piece of steel rolled by a mill in Pittsburg was so thin that it weighed less than a book leaf and could be blown off the hand easier than paper the same size. The sheets for steel lace will be rolled down to a low gauge and the patterns pressed into them. The lace can be made light or heavy, and is suitable for ladies' and children's underwear, and perhaps for trimming hats, wraps and dresses.

THE word "dude" is about to receive official recognition from lexicographers Ex-President Porter, of Yale, who is in charge of the revision of Webster's Dictionary, says: "The word 'dude' I believe to convey a specific idea, expressed by no other word, and though it may be hard to give the meaning which the word conveys, I think it will be incorporated in the system." It will thus be seen that from President Porter's standpoint the word "dude" is much more energetic than the thing itself. Who ever heard of a dude conveying "a specific idea?" It would make him tired.

A VERY singular incident was noted in connection with a recent mill fire in Carlton, Mich. The building was burning fiercely; but the big engine which drove the machinery continued to run all through the blaze, and by that means was saved from destruction, though there was not a wall standing on either side of it when the fire had finished. The pumps were also running and had kept the boiler supplied, so there could be no explosion. It was a peculiar spectacle to see the engine driving away at a slashing speed in the midst of the flames, but the motion somehow saved it from fire. All the rest of the machinery was a total loss.

How to Break Up Baby's Cold.

When I find baby has taken cold, not so feverish and sick as to require packing, which one dreads to do because of the increasing danger resulting from any exposure afterwards, but a smart cold in its first stages, with red eyes and running nose and stuffed head, I take the little one in my lap several times through the day, and again at bed time, and, removing boots and stockings, rub the little feet—soles and tops and ankles—with sweet oil or goose oil, and then heat them long and well before an open fire till the skin will absorb no more oil. Then I bathe and rub the little bared back from neck to hips, especially along the spine, with oil also; shielding baby's back from cold draughts and letting the warm rays of fire light and heat it just right, chafing and thoroughly heating till skin will absorb no more oil. Wrapped in flannel and tucked away in her warm nest for the night, baby often wakes in the morning with but little trace of her cold. If there is hoarseness with other symptoms of an oncoming cold, for a simple remedy I like to give baby boiled molasses with a bit of butter or sweet oil or hen's oil in it, or a few teaspoonfuls of onion syrup made of sliced onions and brown sugar, which helps soothe the throat and clear the bowels, carrying away perhaps, the aggravating source of the cold.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Whole World Learning English.

"I sat down to dinner one stormy night in a Swiss inn with sixteen people," said President Eliot, of Harvard. "Six different nationalities were represented by these sixteen people, and the only language that they could all speak was English. One may travel now, as I have just travelled, through southern Spain, through northern Africa, through Greece and Constantinople, and back by Vienna and the more usual routes, with nothing but English. I do not mean to say that you may not occasionally feel the need of some French words; but you can travel comfortably through all of these countries with no language but English. That, I am sure, could not have been said twenty-five years ago. The spread of the language within that time for purposes of commerce is most noticeable, as is also the increased knowledge of the language and literature among educated people on the continent of Europe."

Personal Points.

It is announced that Rev. Francis L. Patton will succeed Dr. McCosh as President of Princeton College.

Lieutenant Wangen, who was so seriously wounded recently on the Franco-German frontier, belongs to one of the oldest and at one time one of the most powerful families of Alsace.

Mr. Gladstone has in his library three desks. At one he transacts public business, at another he conducts his private correspondence, and at a third he communes with his "old friend Homer."

Sized Her Up.

Sharp-visaged female to grocer's boy—I've waited here so long, young man, that I forgit what I cum for.

Grocer's boy (meekly suggestive)—P'raps it's vinegar, mum.—*Texas Siftings.*

REALLY ROMANTIC.

The Manner in Which a Millionaire Long Lived a Dual Life.

Last Tuesday Samuel C. Tatum, of Cincinnati, died at the family mansion in Avondale, an aristocratic suburb. Tatum was but 30 years of age, but was reported as being worth a million at least. He was peculiar in many ways, and by his friends was considered a woman hater. Since his death a strange lady has been seen about the mansion, and it now leaks out that she first appeared there after Mr. Tatum's death and demanded to see her husband. She showed a marriage certificate that was issued by Samuel C. Tatum and Marie Frances Emonnin on July 5th, 1885, and was admitted as the wife of the deceased. Learning that the lady came from this city an investigation was made here, and a more romantic story than hers it would be hard to conceive. She is the daughter of poor but respectable parents. Four years ago she went to Cincinnati, where she entered a hospital to die, from the effects of a tumor. Here she first saw Samuel Tatum, and it was the old story of acquaintance, love and marriage, all of which was secretly accomplished. They were married in Cincinnati under the fictitious names of Herbert Linton and Fannie Thrasher. The young lady's parents never knew their son-in-law by any other name. However, the young wife induced him to remarry her by his and her right name, and to do this they went to Buffalo, N.Y., where, on July 5th, 1885, they were married under their proper names. They returned to Cincinnati, where they have since been living, but still under the name of Linton. The husband, of course, carried on the dual *role* of Herbert Linton and Samuel Tatum. The couple have visited the Emonnin family in this city, but they never knew their son-in-law by any other name than Linton, until after his death, when the mother of the young wife received a letter from her daughter explaining the above facts. The Tatums have received the wife into their family, and she is now with them in Avondale. The couple have had a child, which, however, lived but a few months. The affair has created a big sensation in the upper tendom circles in Cincinnati and here.—*Dayton, O., Special in the Pittsburg Dispatch.*

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A Masher Crushed.

Would-be masher, addressing a young lady coming out of the matinee—Would you like a carriage, miss?

Young Lady (pretending to mistake him for a coachman)—No, thank you, driver; my own coachman awaits me around the corner.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Effect of the Coal Famine.

Hotel Clerk—"No, sir, we can't accommodate you. You have neither baggage nor money."

"I know I haven't; but I came to town in a freight car, and there is considerable coal dust in my hair."

"Well, comb it out carefully, and that'll do."—*Scranton Truth.*

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from a commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

Good Enough for the Price.

Tenant—Say, there's a million rats in that house of yours.

Landlord—Well?

Tenant—What are you going to do about it?

Landlord—Do about it? Nothing. You don't expect me to stock the place with white mice for $18 per month, do you?

A Pill in Time Saves Nine!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants" taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconvenience, will accomplish what many dollars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once holds you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and all contagious diseases. Persons intending travel, changing diet, water and climate will find invaluable Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, In vials convenient to carry.

General Middleton's Retirement.

Sir Fred Middleton has received a private letter from His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, commanding Her Majesty's forces, complimenting him for his able direction of the Canadian militia, and expressing regret that owing to the compulsory retirement system the Imperial army should lose so valuable an officer.

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of POLSON & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

☞ Nearly 200 students in 1886. 16 graduates and certificated teachers in the faculty. Total expenses from $40 to $60 per term or from $150 to $250 per year in advance, including Music and Fine Arts.

☞ Half the Music and Art graduates of this school are now employed as teachers in other Colleges. Address, B. F. Austin, Principal.

What Becomes of Bad Boys.

Old Lady—I'm sorry to hear a little boy use such shocking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?

Urchin—Yes'm. Dey gits ter be hoss car drivers.—*Tid-Bits.*

Max O'Rell, the well known French writer, arrived in New York from Liverpool on Saturday.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D O N L. 48 87.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

THIS COLUMN TAKEN FOR

Gordon's

HARNESS SHOP.

FLESHERTON!

Look out next week for announcement of New Goods at LOWEST CASH PRICES!

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

If you want the Editor of this paper to attend and write up your entertainments, socials, concerts, lectures, &c. always send him a couple of complimentary tickets.

Mr. W, H. Elder has purchased Mr. Johnston's Livery here. which is a guarantee to the travelling public that the business will be continued in first-class style. Mr. Wm. Mitchell has been installed as Manager. Mitchell is a first-class man for the position.

A pleasant time was spent by those who attended the fruit social last Tuesday evening. It was held at the residence of Mr. J. H. Heard, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church here. There was a good attendance.

Members of Fountain Council, R. T. of T., participated in a very interesting debate recently in connection with the Scott Act. Affirmative and negative sides of the question were well sustained. It was a source of profit and pleasure to debaters and hearers.

Remember the grand Concert in Priceville, under the auspices of the Methodist church, to be given by the Flesherton Brass Band, in Watson's Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 20th. Music will be interspersed by dialogues, readings, recitations, &c., by local and imported talent. Proceeds in aid of the organ fund.

Parties having money from the North of Scotland Mortgage Company, whose mortgages expire this year, will please remember that it will only cost $3.50 to have time for payment of principal extended, interest reduced to current rates, which is at present seven per cent. As money is likely to advance, it will pay parties to make application at once to W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton.

People who do not make it a practice to read advertisements, often lose money through their neglect in this respect. The newspaper is a business directory as well as a collector of news and general reading matter, and to overlook either department is like eating meat without salt. Notice the bargains advertised by pushing Flesherton business men in this week's ADVANCE. Rest assured it will pay you to consult our advertising columns every week.

The Bruce *Herald*, Bruce *Telescope* and Hanover *Post*, of the 17th Nov. reached THE ADVANCE office on Nov. 28th. Curious enough, copies of the above named papers, issued on the 24th Nov.—a week later—reached this office on 26th Nov., *two days earlier* than the previous week's issues of those journal. Possibly the issues of the 17th inst. were off rusticating in Muskoka in the interval. "More" possibly Postmaster Purdy can explain the cause of delay.

We are informed that two petitions are in circulation among the residents of the Station and neighborhood—one praying that Mr. Wm. Hogg be appointed Postmaster and the other praying that Mr. W. Wood be appointed to that position instead. Either of these gentlemen would be quite competent to fill the position. But is the report true, that Mr. Purdy has resigned the Postmastership? If not, why not? And if so, why so be it; and may the best man get right into his number nineteens.

SPOT THIS!—Most people are shrewd and keen enough to know when they get a good article, at a rock bottom price. D. Clayton, Harness Maker, Flesherton, has been selling goods very cheap but he proposes to give his customers the benefit of a greater reduction still, viz., he will throw TEN PER CENT. OFF on all goods purchased at his shop (opposite Munshaw's Hotel) between this date, Dec. 1st, and the 1st of January, 1888. Now's your time if you want bargains in downright earnest.

We have pleasure in announcing that the initial number of the long-looked for new Conservative Daily and weekly Newspaper, *The Empire*, will be issued about the middle of this month. Particulars in connection therewith will be found in our advertising columns to-day. We have made arrangement to club *The Weekly Empire* with THE ADVANCE, whereby we are enabled to offer both papers until Jan. 1889, for $1.65. Subscribe now and get the best local and metropolitan journals at *less than cost.*

FLESHERTON STATION.

Interesting Items Collected for The Advance.

POST OFFICE EMBROGLIO.

Considerable dissatisfaction exists in this neighborhood, as well as in Flesherton, in reference to the manner in which the Post Office here is conducted. Of late this feeling has been intensified by the extraordinary position taken by the Post-Master relative to the distribution and despatch of Her Majesty's mails. Complaints are of daily occurence. It seems Mr. Purdy has invited the Post Office Inspector to "come up and straighten things in connection with his office," and pending the arrival of that official, refuses to give some people their mail matter, hands it out to others—in fact allows the Post Office to take care of itself. Sometimes he suggests that people take their registered letters to Flesherton Post Office. Occasionally letters mailed here never reach their destination but are returned to the senders, for the simple reason that the Post Master declines or neglects to forward them. Only last week several money letters were forwarded from Flesherton to the Central Bank at Durham to pay off certain notes maturing in that concern. The mail bag containing these important letters was, by a most egregious and unpardonably stupid blunder, returned to Flesherton Post Office. Again they were sent and this time they did reach their destination, but a few hours too late. Result: several notes protested and considerable just indignation experienced on account of having to pay costs of protests—some $1.06 in each case!—besides the annoyance occasioned by having that commercial integrity and punctuality, so dear to every honorable business man, impugned, through the stupidity of an official who is unqualified for the position he now occupies. It is scarcely necessary to inform rational mortals that the Post Office Department is undoubtedly to blame—to a large extent, at least—for the condition of things obtaining here now and for years past.

A MATRIMONIAL FLUTTER.

The fair goddess, "Hymen," seems to have taken up her abode permanently here, to judge from the ceaseless activity in the matrimonial market of late. Thursday last a C.P.R. newsboy, aged some 16 or 17 years, married a Flesherton Station young lady of about the same age. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Mr. Edgelow, of the Church of England, at Dundalk. The juvenile couple went away on the orthodox honeymoon trip. The affair almost eclipsed Post-Master Purdy's matrimonial venture in point of interest, and has established quite a dangerous precedent for the young people of Artemesia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

$5,000 worth of cheese was shipped *via* C.P.R. last week—all from the far-famed Flesherton Cheese Factory.

The grain-buyers report great activity in the movement of all kinds of farm produce. The traffic on the C.P.R. is unprecedented in the history of this branch of their system The gentlemanly agent here, Mr. R. McGill, also reports the local traffic unusually brisk and healthy.

The new Temperance hotel here is highly spoken of and is largely patronized by the travelling public.

It is regretted, that Postmaster Purdy has been suffering of late with a violent attach of neuralgia' He visited Dr. Carter on Friday and requested that gentleman to cure him. The Dr. took him at his word and cured him forthwith.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

Valuable Farm Property

In the township of Osprey, in the County of Grey. Under the powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage to the Vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, and in payment of which default has been made, there will be sold by Public Auction at LINLEY'S HOTEL, in the

VILLAGE OF MAXWELL,

—in the County of Grey, on—

Wednesday, the 14th day of December, 1887,

at 1 p m., the following valuable property:—

Lot Number 23 in the 4th Concession of the said township of Osprey in the County of Grey, containing 100 acres more or less.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. The purchaser must at the time of sale pay one-tenth of his purchase money to the Vendors their solicitors or agents and sufficient within 30 days thereafter with interest at 7 per cent. to reduce the balance of purchase money to $800 which amount may remain on mortgage to the vendors for 5 years with interest at 7 per cent. payable yearly. The mortgage to contain a covenant for insurance in the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company to the full insurable value of the buildings. The Vendors will not be bound to account for, produce or show or prove the contents of any deeds or evidence of title not in their possession or furnish copies of the same. The Purchaser must investigate the title at his own expense. The other conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale or on application to the undersigned at Toronto.

For further particulars apply to

HOWLAND, ARNOLDI & MACKENZIE,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, Nov. 14th, 1887. 535-t.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKER'S EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,*

THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 337. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

"DECEMBER AD."

$1,600

IN GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES!

Walnut and Nickle Clocks, Roll Plate and Fine Gilt Chains, Gem and Wedding Rings, Jewelery and Fine Silverware for

Holiday * Trade!

If I felt the public were fools enough to believe me and knew "myself" to be "knave" enough to beat the wholesale, I would talk big discount and wholesale prices for above goods. Wholesale prices in a retail store won't pay rent, light taxes, etc. Continuous discounts 5 times in 1 year, either pays by marking goods away up, or else by using deception as to quality of goods. There are Jewellers who have 14 k. wedding rings stamped 18 k. My Plain Rings are made by P. W. ELLIS & CO., and after this will have my initials, W.B. stamped on.

Goods as represented every time.

Prices at "whisper" mark. Discounts as usual, 5 per cent.

Warrants cover Breakages!

Don't accept any other kind. Everybody invited to call when in town and get my prices.

For 4 Years

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

os141.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent cases in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

He downs them all! Booth, the "Boss" Barber, of Flesherton.

Magnificent Fur Caps only $1.75 at Brander's, Priceville.

Mr. George Stewart, of this Township, lost a valuable horse last week.

Another immense stock of Mens' Felt Boots just arrived at R. TRIMBLE'S.

Always take your Repairs to Russell, Flesherton. It will pay you well to do so.

Do you want X-mas Toys? Then go to the Medical Hall, Flesherton

Do not purchase until you see Russell's grand display of Fancy Goods, Etc. It will eclipse everything in this country.

We had a pleasant call from our genial friend, Mr. Wm. Guy, of Maxwell, on Monday.

Mr. John Bellamy purchased the well-known Boyles property, on Church street, a short time ago. He moved into his new premises last week.

Call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure some of those bargains they are offering. They are doing the business of this County.

Wm. Clayton has received this week a fresh supply of Mens' Frost Proof Boots, Overshoes; Rubbers, &c. Selling cheap.

What does B.B.B. stand for? Why Booth the Boss Barber, of course. Shop, opposite Leitch's tailoring establishment.

Do you want a choice from best assortment of X-mas Cards? Then go to the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Don't forget the great Band Concert, evening 20th, and be sure to call at Brander's, Priceville, and get one of those nobby suits from $5 up.

Our young friend, Mr. David Meldrum, of Toronto, was in Flesherton on Monday and called at THE ADVANCE office in ye Editor's absence. Call again, friend David.

Mr. C. Treadgold, of Flesherton, has been engaged as Teacher of the Berkely Public School, and will enter upon his duties in January. We congratulate friend Treadgold.

FURS, FURS, FURS!—Having bo't a very large stock of Furs, such as Mens' Fur Caps, Ladies' Muffs, Boas, and Ladies' Caps, I have decided to clear out the entire stock regardless of cost.—R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

Members of Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, are requested to meet in their hall on Wednesday evening Dec. 21st, for Election of Officers and other important business. N. B—No meeting next week.

A Oyster social will be held in the basement of the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 14th, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. A musical and literary program is being provided for the occasion. Popular prices of admission.

Mr. Watkins, of Detroit, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. W. Shilton, at the Methodist parsonage here. This gentleman is manager of the champion Base Ball team of America, viz., the Detroits. We might also add, that he is a Canadian by birth and education. Flesherton extends a most cordial welcome to the distinguished visitor.

Call and have a look at Russell's (Flesherton) display of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. It will do you good to see their immense stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.

—BARGAINS!—

ENORMOUS BARGAINS!

Immense Bargains!

NOW GOING ON AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON!

WHERE WILL BE FOUND THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Knives, Razors, &c.

EVER SHOWN IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY. OUR GOODS

TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT FLESHERTON FALL SHOW,

And in order to give parties who were not able to take advantage of our discount sale in October, we have decided to again make this Great Offer and give

TWENTY PER CENT. OFF

On all Cash Sels ofa $1 and over from 1st day of December, 1887, to 1st day of January, 1888.

Now, this is a grand chance to secure fine goods at about wholesale prices. All Watches we sell bear a written guarantee of from three to five years. We will still make another Grand Offer to anyone purchasing one of our LADIES' FINE GEM RINGS or 18 k. WEDDING RINGS which we have for the number of nearly one hundred, we will give a beautiful Plush Ring Box worth $1.00, any color. These bargains everyone should take advantage of. You will never have as good a chance again and remember the only place to get your Watch repaired properly is at

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON.

Difference Between George and the Bear.

"George, dear," said Emily to her shy lover, who had been sitting at the other end of the sofa for an hour, "George, what's the difference between you and a bear?"

"The bear climbs trees," said George absently.

"No, George. The bear hugs and you d—"

George's similarity to a bear the next moment was so touching that Emily's father, who chanced into the room, hunted the young man out of the house with his grandfather's revolutionary musket.

Knew the Meaning of Gibbous.

Education in the South—"Now, try and remember," said the teacher before dismissing the class in celestial geography, "that when the moon is nearly full it is called gibbous, and when less than half full it is crescent."

Twenty woolly heads nodded vigorous assent.

"What d'ye s'pose the moon am called dat way foh?" questioned one puzzled seeker after knowledge on the way home.

"Huh! dat's easy nuff," loftily replied another. "Doan yo' see dat wen de moon is mos' full it gibbus moah light, 'en wen its less 'en half full?" You nebber ken git nuffin fru yer fool head."

Do not purchase until you see Russell's grand display of Fancy Goods, Etc. It will eclipse everything in this country.

"Look Pleasant, You Villain."

Some philanthropists always make us think of a story that is told of Frederick, of Prussia. The king had a way of going around like a common mortal and holding brief conversation with his subjects, which were pretty sure to terminate in some decidedly unpleasant remark by the monarch. One day he paused to speak to a Jew, but the wary Hebrew took to his heels. The king pursued, and after a brisk chase overtook the flying subject. "Why did you run away from me, rascal?" "Because," frankly admitted the Hebrew, "I was afraid." "Fritz" hit him a tremendous whack with his cane. "Villain!" he roared, "I don't want to be feared; I want to be loved."

Call at Russell's, Flesherton, and secure some of those bargains they are offering. They are doing the business of this County.

FARMERS

WOOLEN FACTORY

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and guaranteed as represented. Prices being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to run the manufacturing part of it nearly every month, viz., ROLLING, ROLL CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHERTON

Flesherton, Nov. 1st, 1887.

BAPTEEZEMENT OF THE BAIRN.

A Royal Baby Christened into the Scotch Presbyterian Church—Simple but Interesting Ceremony—The Baby's Name.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: One year ago yesterday was born a son to the Princess Beatrice, and the first anniversary was selected by the Queen as christening day for the Princess' little girl. The ceremony throughout was simple and indeed democratic. Little about it suggested royalty. Doubtless as a special compliment to Scotland, the Queen chose the baptism formula of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and selected to officiate at the font Dr. Lees, only three days home from his visit to New York. He is the minister of St. Giles', Edinburgh, a dean of the Thistle and principal Scottish chaplain to the Queen. Thus, for the first time—because the Stuarts were Catholics—a royal infant has been baptized into the Scotch Presbyterian Church.

One o'clock was the hour selected, the place being that drawing-room so often referred to in the Queen's books, with windows overlooking the picturesque valley of the River Dee, in the background of which rise the shadows of the historic Grampian Hills. It is a plainly furnished apartment such as a successful merchant might plan—a long room, rich in windows, light and views, with curtains of the Balmoral tartan dropping upon a carpet of the Stuart hunting tartan. There is not one very luxurious belonging about the room. Upon the walls hang proof engravings of Landseer's famous deer scenes of his suggestions of hunts over heather and hills.

At one extremity of the drawing-room stood groups of Balmoral tenants, keepers and attendants—good, sturdy Highlanders—with their families, all in picturesque and variegated costumes. At the other extremity was ranged an aristocratic group of guests—the Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh and the Marchioness of Ely, Court ladies-in-waiting; the Countess of Erroll, the Earl of Hopetoun, who is the Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland; the Right Hon. C. Ritchie, Cabinet Minister in waiting; Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's confidential secretary; Prof. and Mrs. Profei, the Queen's particular neighbors and her family friends, together with many other favorite guests. Several deer looked in from the lawn and seemed startled when the exercises opened with the singing of a Scotch hymn by a selected Aberdeen choir.

In the centre of the room stood the Royal grandmother, surrounded by her Indian servants—dark Orientals blazing in red and gold. It did not seem that a Queen and Empress stood there, but rather a woman and a mother, wearing a smile which suggested youthful tenderness. She wore a dress of black silk, trimmed with black lace. Across her breast she wore a narrow scarf of the Balmoral plaid. Beside her stood the father, mother and nurse, who held the cooing cause of the assemblage, all fronting the chaplain, who in dress suggested the well-known picture of John Knox. Not far away was another nurse holding the year old prince, who looked around with dawning wonderment. There was nothing royal or pretentious in the dresses of either baby, although the christening robe, with its wealth of bottom embroidery and adornments of lace crossed with a Scotch ribbon, was the object of much admiration.

Curiosity was visible upon all faces as the minister approached the naming, because as yet the name was a secret. He finally announced it as "Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena." Eugenie, after the ex-Empress; Julia, after the Princess Battenberg, the German grandmother, and Ena as a Scotch name.

The water used was from the River Jordan. After the baptism was sung the new hymn by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the service concluded with the singing of a chorale known as the "German Hallelujah."

What followed? What follows at any well regulated christening? The whole affair passed off in a thoroughly domestic way, and next came luncheon for the "classes" and afternoon jollity for the masses.

ANARCHISM IN THE PULPIT.

The Chicago Execution Compared by a Clergyman to the Crucifixion.

A Hartford (Conn.) despatch says: An excited meeting of the Society of Unity Church (Unitarian) was held to-night, having been called to dismiss Rev. John C. Kimball because of his anarchistic sympathies. His sermon on the Sunday following the hanging of the Chicago anarchists compared the affair to the crucifixion of Christ and gave great offence to many of his congregation. After a sharp debate of two hours this evening Mr. Kimball secured the floor, and said the sermon was inspired by "a strange power." He said also that the principles of the anarchists were destined to triumph, and that he could not take back a single sentiment he had uttered, however unpopular or whatever the result might be to him personally. The vote to dismiss him was lost—yeas, 38; nays, 49. The lady members of the society, who compose nearly half of it, voted almost solidly for Kimball and secured this result.

THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP CALAMITY.

Another Sad Case of the Loss of Nearly a Whole Family.

A Cleveland (Ohio) despatch says: A German workingman named Friedel, who came to this city a few years ago with a young son, having managed to lay up some money, recently sent for his wife and his five other children, who had remained in the Fatherland. Mrs. Friedel and her little ones sailed for America on the steamer Scholten, and they were all among the lost. The unfortunate man learned of his loss to-day through friends and is crazed with grief.

An Elephant as a National Bank.

A Bridgeport, Conn., telegram says: Prof. Seguin and Dr. Godfrey have dissected the carcass of the elephant Alice, burned in Sunday's fire at the Barnum & Bailey winter quarters. In the stomach were found over 300 pennies, part of a pocket knife, four cane ferules, a piece of lead pipe and some pebbles.

—If all the Presidents elected in the United States could be placed in a row they would reach from Washington to Cleveland.

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

The Speech from the Throne—Germany Strong and Ready, but Anxious for Peace—Sorrow for the Crown Prince.

A last (Thursday) night's Berlin cable says: The Reichstag was opened to-day. Minister Von Boetticher read the Speech from the Throne. The speech was substantially as follows: "Germany in her foreign policy has successfully endeavored to strengthen the peace of Europe by the cultivation of friendly relations with all of the Powers, by treaties and alliances aiming to avert the dangers of war and to jointly oppose any unjust attacks. Germany has no aggressive tendencies. She has no wants to be satisfied through victorious wars. An unchristian disposition to surprise neighboring peoples is foreign to the German nature and to the constitution of the Empire. The military organization of the country is not calculated to disturb the peace of her neighbors by arbitrary attacks. Germany is strong in parrying surprises and in defending her independence. She wishes to become so strong that she can face with composure every danger. The resumption of the Reichstag comes at a serious time. The grave complaint with which the Crown Prince has been visited fills the mind not only of the Emperor, but also of his august allies and the whole of Germany, with anxious care. Nothing that human service, knowledge and careful tending can do will be left undone. Our eyes and prayers, however, are directed toward God, whose decrees rule the destinies of nations as well as the life of the individual man. Firm confidence in God and the faithful fulfilment of duty have been in all especially grave moments the tried support of our people, and they now also enable us to do justice to the labors awaiting the Legislatures. There has been a gratifying improvement in the condition of the country, and it is expected that next year will show a surplus of nearly fifty million marks. Bills will be introduced, abolishing compulsory contributions on the part of officers and Imperial officials to the widows' and orphans' funds, increasing the corn duties, modifying the Landwehr and Landsturm system so that it will be considerably strengthened, relating to the insurance of artisans in cases of old age and sickness, modifying the friendly societies law with regard to the sale of wine, temporarily prolonging the Austro-German treaty and ratifying treaties of commerce with some American States."

One hundred and fifty deputies were present. The places reserved for members of the court were not occupied. In the diplomatic gallery there were only a few military attaches, but the public galleries were crowded. At noon the members of the Bundesrath entered the White Hall, which was illuminated, and took positions on the left of the throne. During the reading of the speech the Minister was often interrupted by applause and enthusiastic cheers. At the close he declared the Reichstag open, and Herr Wedell Piesdorff, the President of the body, called for cheers for the Emperor, which were given with enthusiasm. The President, in his opening address, alluded to the serious nature of the illness of the Crown Prince, and the grief of the country over his fate. Anxiety concerning his condition relegated all other thoughts to the background. The members would join, the President said, in expressing their sorrow and declaring that they placed their confidence in God's grace and mercy. He asked authority to convey these sentiments to the Emperor and send the following telegram to the Crown Prince: "The Reichstag, in profound reverence and cordial love, thinks of Your Imperial Highness. May God protect your precious life and preserve it for the salvation of the Fatherland." The Deputies listened to the address standing, and unanimously approved the President's suggestions.

TANNING A BOY'S HIDE.

Private Justice Overtakes a Young Georgian with Legal Consent.

An Atlanta (Ga.) despatch says: Macon officials have adopted a novel but cruel method of inflicting punishment on juvenile criminals. A young negro named Parker was arrested yesterday on the charge of abstracting a sack of corn from the barn of a farmer by the name of Davis. The latter withdrew his complaint with the consent of the authorities, the boy's father agreeing to flog him if leniency was shown. At noon the parent appeared at the barracks with a long, ugly strap that had done service as a buggy trace. The boy was not apprised of what was coming, and when it was announced that his father had come the youthful offender was about to jump with joy, but when the door of the cell opened and the strap was noticed he "wilted." The father was not disposed to stand upon ceremony, and at once commanded the lad to relieve himself of his coat and shirt. This was done, but with great reluctance. As soon as the body was bare the strap swung high in the air, quivered for a second and then came down with a swish and a swack that caused the black skin on the boy's body to turn white in stripes. Thirty-nine times did the strap come down with swishes and swacks. The son was exhausted by this time, and his bare back had a sickening appearance. The bystanders interfered at this point, fearing that the exciting father would kill his offspring. When the last lash fell the fainting boy was forced to assume his shirt and coat and was led home. He will probably not steal any more corn, for a while at least.

A Terrible Bereavement.

A Syracuse, N. Y., despatch says: The wife and eight children of John P. Frost, a laborer in the salt mills in this city, were lost with the steamer Scholten. Frost came from West Prussia about nine months ago and saved all his money to pay for the passage of his wife and children. It took all his savings, $153, to buy the tickets. His wife was about 45 years old, and the children ranged from 8 months up to 22 years of age.

A prisoner in the Franklin (Pa.) jail named Joseph Reed, is but 7 years old. He was arrested for "maliciously trespassing."

It is denied on authority that the widow of Henry Ward Beecher is showing signs of mental decadence.

FLAYED HIS BOY ALIVE.

Inhuman Crime of a Chicago Stepfather—Ending in Murder.

A Chicago despatch says: A neighbor who had wanted to adopt little Max Gillman, the 11-year-old stepson of August Hatzka, sat by his corpse on Lincoln street to-day and sobbed as if her heart would break. The child had been beaten to death by Hatzka. His poor, frail little body was literally flayed. The boy was the son of Hatzka's first wife, whom he married in Germany and who died there about five years ago. He married again within three months after her death, and his second wife died June 15th last in Chicago. Since then it appears the poor little waif of a step-son has received more kicks than crusts and was half-starved all the time. The neighbors say the boy was a nice little fellow. He could not stay at home to be beaten and starved, but last night he returned when Hatzka was out. Hatzka went up to the boy's bed when he returned, and, taking a leather strap to which was attached a buckle, simply flayed the helpless boy alive. This was about 10 o'clock last night. The neighbors heard the screams of the boy then, and later, about midnight, they were awakened by a fresh attack of the insensate brute. Nothing further was heard until this morning, when the sound of blows and groaning could be heard once more.

About 9 o'clock this morning Hatzka told one of the neighbors that the boy had died suddenly, and they sent word to the Coroner and notified the police. Detectives found the body of the boy, yet warm, at 10 o'clock, showing that he had died this morning, after what was at least the third beating. The body of the little victim is a mass of lacerations where the sharp buckle ploughed up the quivering flesh. On the back of the head are frequent imprints of the buckle, and it is supposed that concussion of the brain from the blows there caused the boy's death. Examination of the premises showed that Hatzka had wiped the blood off the bleeding body of the boy and burned the rags with which he did it. The shirt the boy wore when he was whipped was found hidden away in a shed back of the house. It was all caked with dry blood, and the clean shirt which Hatzka put on the poor little fellow is almost as bloody.

Hatzka is 38 years old, and was employed in a furniture factory. He has two little sons of his own, aged 4 and 3 years respectively. Hatzka obtained an unenviable reputation in the neighborhood some time last summer by his treatment of a young woman whom he engaged as housekeeper. He made proposals of marriage to her after she had been working for him four days, and was very much enraged at her because she was already betrothed to another man and declined the honor of being his wife. It is related that he charged her with stealing half a shawl of his late wife and some pieces of table linen, but she not only proved her innocence, but showed that he had cut the shawl himself and hidden away the linen.

When officers arrived at Hatzka's house they found him seated in the kitchen smoking. He was promptly arrested. The man had evidently been drinking, but whether before or after the tragedy was not apparent. He was very reticent, and pretended not to understand English.

KING OF HIS CASTLE.

An Amusing Sketch of Mr. Pyne, M.P., in Lisfinny Keep.

A London cable says: A correspondent now in Ireland sends a whimsical account of a visit he paid the other day to a castle near the Blackwater, in which Mr. Douglas Pyne, M.P., now resists the service of a writ. Lisfinny Castle consists of a single tower or keep, about ninety feet high, dating from Sir Walter Raleigh's time, and surrounded by a large farmyard. It has only one narrow door at the bottom and a small window near the top on the same side. The other openings are tiny slits or loopholes too small to admit a man's head. The lower half of the castle has been completely separated from the upper part by logs and masonry, and the staircase is said by Pyne to be so undermined that many lives will be lost if an attempt is made to force it. My friend hailed Pyne from a haystack outside. Pyne was too shortsighted to recognize him, but he knew his voice and let himself down on a rope inside to a loophole some thirty feet above the ground, whence he conversed for a long time. He is in high animal spirits, and says the exercise he gets in going up and down the rope keeps him in splendid health. The only difficulty was the cold, but he had stuffed the loopholes with hay, and when a stove was lighted he was quite comfortable, barring the fact that the stovepipe was too short and filled the top of the chamber with smoke. He had plenty of whiskey and tobacco and cannes meats enough to last till spring. When deputations come to visit him he lowers himself down to the outside in an armchair, suspended from a windlass, to about fifteen feet from the ground, where he listens to their speeches and replies. He confided to my friend that it was impossible he could be captured, because, even if the police effected an entrance, he had secret means of exit. The interview was ended by Pyne lowering a bottle and a tumbler by a long chord, and his visitor pledged him health and success in good Irish whiskey. Nothing could show better the saddened seriousness of the situation in latter day Ireland than the fact that this comical episode awakens no smile anywhere.

A Wild Goose Experiment.

An Ottawa despatch says: Six wild geese caught near Grosse Island, river St. Lawrence, arrived by Dominion Express for the Central Experimental Farm. They will be added to the live poultry collection, and efforts will be made to see if they can be domesticated. Specimens of all the wild birds, including many aquatic birds, will also be obtained.

A Texas candidate for Congress wrote his compaign speech on sheets of paper and pasted them together. He carried the roll of manuscript to a meeting, and in the excitement of the occasion allowed the unread part of the roll to become unwound upon the floor. When he came to the railroad issue he discovered that some of his impatient hearers had cut off that part. For a moment he stood amazed, and then he thundered: "Who the —— has stolen my railroad?"

NOT A WORD TO HIS WIFE FOR YEARS.

The Couple Then Quarrelled and the Woman Was Fatally Shot.

A Chicago despatch says: William Myers, who shot his wife and child, ran away and afterwards gave himself up to the police, has made a statement of the causes leading to his crime.

"I don't know how I came to do the shooting," he said. "I don't mean to say that I was not aware of what I was doing, but rather that I had not premeditated it. The trouble has been brewing for two years. I have been married for about twenty-four years, but for the past two years I had not, up to Sunday last, spoken a word to my wife. In fact, I had not even seen her more than three or four times. We lived in the same house, but whenever she would hear me enter she would shut herself in her room and remain there until I left. About three years ago she began to treat me with a sort of silent contempt, which began finally to be so unbearable that I couldn't stand it, and I left her comparatively to herself. I furnished the means of support, however.

"Well, everything went along in that way until Sunday afternoon, when I went home, and, going upstairs, went to a storeroom to get something. I found the door locked, and was about to go for a key when my daughter, seeing me, told me I should not go into that room. I asked her why, for inasmuch as it was my house I supposed I had a right to go where I would in it. Just then my wife appeared on the scene with a poker in her hand and declared I should not enter. I then went out and bought a revolver, intending it for self-defence only, for I feared there might be a man in the house who would create a disturbance, for which I wished to be prepared.

"I returned home about 8 o'clock, and, going into the parlor, saw a number of strangers there. I said good evening and sat down. Some time after my wife turned to me and asked if I had not been there long enough, at the same time slapping me. I left the room, and after the company had gone I went to where my wife was and shot her. Not knowing what the result of my work would be I left the house."

There is very little hope of saving Mrs. Myers' life.

Personal Points.

Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, carries life insurance to the amount of $125,000.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the artist and poet has become a convert to esoteric Buddhism.

The young English woman who figured in the Valentine-Baker affair is still alive and unmarried.

Robert Manchester is perhaps the oldest song-and-dance man on the American stage. He is worth more than $50,000.

English newspapers announce the death of Hon. Captain Byng, the popular A.D.C. of Lord Lansdowne at Ottawa a year or two ago. He had only been recently married.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons told a friend in Kingston that her husband was in a lunatic asylum in Australia, and that she has not heard about him for some time.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, in a recent letter to a friend, says: My writing days are done. The public must be contented with what I have written in prose and verse.

Mr. John Greig, M.A., of Edinburgh, is the first Scotsman who has achieved the distinction of passing the examinations for the degree of doctor of music at Oxford.

The documents and plans for the chapel built in Bury street for Dr. Watts, the father of modern hymnology, lately came into the hands of Dr. John Stoughton, who mentions that the total cost of the building was only $3,560. That no doubt looked a large sum to be expended for such a purpose in the days of Queen Anne.

The new Canon of Wells, England, who adds to his other distinctions that of being father of the accomplished editor of the London *Times*, is a ripe scholar, and obtained his fellowship more than forty years ago. It is understood that Canon Buckle leans to moderate broad Church views, but he has never been in any sense a party man.

Killed Two Men at One Shot.

A painful sensation was caused yesterday in Rangoon by the news that two corporals of the Royal Scots Fusiliers had been shot by Private Mulligan, of the same regiment. Some trifling quarrel had occurred on the previous day between Corporal Thomas and Mulligan. While Thomas was seated on Corporal Crisp's bed Mulligan, without warning, fired his rifle at a distance of a few feet. The bullet passed through Thomas' head and entered Crisp's chest above the heart. Death was instantaneous in both cases. The murderer narrowly escaped being lynched by the soldiers. The murdered men were buried yesterday with full military honors. Gen. Gordon and his staff, with the entire regiment of the Royal Scots Fusiliers were present.—*London Times.*

Irreverent Quakers.

Apropos of Quaker bonnets, I was told last year that some antiquarian, wishing to obtain a complete dress belonging to this sect, asked the younger members of an old Friend family for some of their grandparents' garments. One can hardly imagine the horror inspired by the answer: "Oh, you can have all the broad-brimmed hats, but there are no bonnets left, as we took off the silk and used them as footlight shades in our theatricals last holidays. I am so sorry, but they did capitally!" Oh, that the descendants of the old Quaker stock should have so little reverence left for the memory of their ancestors!—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

A reverend canon of the church relates that on one occasion it fell to his lot to marry his footman to his cook. The footman would persist throughout the service in putting his finger to his forehead every time his master addressed him, in accordance with custom. The rev. gentleman remonstrated in an undertone: "Don't touch your forehead, John, but say the words after me." Then aloud: "Wilt thou take this woman?" etc. John, bearing in mind the vicar's hint, replied: "After you, sir," and the assembled friends burst into laughter.

Members of the Vegetarian Society assert that fruit is a perfect food, the apple alone being able to sustain life and health for a long time.

Walt Whitman's Thanks.

A New York despatch says the papers yesterday published the following Thanksgiving poem:

Thanks in old age—thanks ere I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for life, mere life,
For precious ever-lingering memories (of you, my mother, dear—you, father—you, brothers, sisters, friends),
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the days of war the same,
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands,
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet appreciation,
(You distant, dim unknown—or young, or old—countless, unspecified, beloved,
We never met, and never shall meet—and yet our souls embrace, long, close and long),
For being, groups, love, deeds, words, books—for colors, forms,
For all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men—who've forward sprang in freedom's help, all years, all lands,
For braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a special laurel ere I go to life's war's chosen ones,
The cannoneers of song and thought—the great artillerymen—the foremost leaders, captains of the soul),
As soldier from an ended war return'd—as traveller out of myriads, to the long procession retrospective,
Thanks—joyful thanks!—a soldier's, traveller's thanks.

WALT WHITMAN.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Five Families of Children Brought Together Under One Roof.

A marriage ceremony was performed Tuesday at the Ohio House, on Carter street, says the Chattanooga *Times*, that attracted a great deal of attention. The bride was a mother and the groom had already lost two wives. The marriage was the outcome of an inquiry which the lady made several months ago for a correspondent through a Cincinnati paper. The lady was Mrs. Mamie C. Doyle, of Cincinnati. The man who saw the inquiry and replied to it with success was John R. Wandell, of Scottsboro', Ala. They made love by letter, she accepted by letter, he proposed to her by letter, she accepted by letter, and they made arrangements by letter to meet and be married at Chattanooga. Mr. Wandell arrived in the city yesterday and procured the license and made all the arrangements to have the ceremony performed by Squire Snyder at the Ohio House as soon as his intended should arrive. Mrs. Doyle arrived here in company with her 14-year-old son on the Cincinnati Southern train. Mr. Wandell had exchanged photographs with Mrs. Doyle, and he was at the depot ready to recognize his bride. And he did. It was the first time they had met, but they were fast friends at once and quite anxious that the brief ceremony that was to make them twain should be performed at once. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon Squire Snyder tied the nuptial knot and a little later the couple, in company with Mrs. Doyle's son, left for Scottsboro'. She is about 35 years of age. Mr. Wandell is a business man at Scottsboro' and is 40 years of age. She has been married once and has one child. He has been married twice. Each time he married widows with children, and he had children by each wife. His present marriage therefore brings together five sets of children, who are brothers, sisters, stepbrothers and stepsisters, and some of them although brothers and sisters by the marriage of their parents are after all not related to each other at all.

A Lesson in Chemistry.

This is the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the sand used in making the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the chlorine of yellowish hue, contained in the salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the sodium, light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the atom that weighs twenty-three, consisting of sodium so light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

This is the science of chemistry, that teaches of atoms weighing twenty-and-three, and of sodium metal so light and free, that united with chlorine of yellowish hue to form common salt, as a molecule new, that furnished the soda that, melted with sand, compounded the glass that lighted the window in the laboratory that Jack built.

A Story of Three Ladies.

Two ladies in Dover, Me., saw a man lying drunk in the ditch one hot summer day, while his wife sat by his side knitting. She had been walking home with him, and when he succumbed and fell she had coolly taken out her knitting kneedles and gone to work, so as to lose no time. One of the ladies anxiously said to the knitter: "What would become of him if he should die in this condition?" "I declare," said the wife, as she was toeing off the stocking, "I don't know what his destiny would be in the future, but he seems to be having a good time now."

That's So.

On the deck of the Dutch steamer Scholten, as with a horrible hole in her bow she rapidly filled with the waters of the English Channel, an English girl stood composed and said to her countrymen about her, "Let us stand side by side and go down together." The spirit of that girl is the spirit that forms the hollow square in the last desperate rally on the bloody field. It is the spirit that makes the loneliest trader or missionary in the isles of the sea look up to the flag and fear not in his hardship. It is the spirit that brings the Victoria Cross to the breast of an obscure miner and nerves a Gladstone to await a new day for all of Britain.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Man in the Moon.

O the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run,
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun;
So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors advise;
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise
To just dream of the stars as the doctors advise?

And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear,
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear—
There's a boil on his ear, and a c rn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know;
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be;
So whenever he wants to go north he goes south,
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all 'round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan;
Whing!
Whann!
What a marvellous man!
What a very remarkable marvellous man!

—*J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion and Other Domestic Gossip.

Corsets Fastened by Machinery—Buying Wedding Presents—The Bustle About to Collapse.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Economy in Bridal Presents.

"It is scarcely the right thing," said a young bride, "to look a gift horse in the mouth, and yet it's hard not to speak one's mind on a matter of this kind. It does seem to me that people might think awhile before buying wedding presents. I am sure if they had done so I would never have received seven pickle castors. What in the world am I to do with them all? I can only use one at a time, or, at the most, two. Now what is to become of the other five? It's just too perplexing for anything. If I could only show them it wouldn't be so bad, but I can't even do that." "Dear me, I don't know why you want to worry over such a little thing as that," observed her sister, who had been married nine years. "Those extra pickle castors will come in handy by and by. Select the one you want to keep and then put the others carefully away. Whenever any of your friends marry let a pickle castor be your gift. It'll save you lots of money. When I was married I received four fish knives among my presents. I was cross until some one gave me the hint that I have just given you, and then I was happy. It wasn't long before I had made good use of three fish knives."

What Will the Bustle Be?

Ladies who are having new winter suits seem perplexed concerning the bustle arrangements in their efforts to ascertain whether it is to be large or not. Whenever these unavoidable discussions are overheard in dressmakers' rooms it is always a matter of surprise that any woman can hesitate an instant as to the advisability of wearing such a hideous, uncomfortable appendage on her back, even when it is considered the fashion. Often this order has been given to the dressmaker: "Put in a bustle large enough to sway back and forth as I walk; it's an awfully stylish effect." The effect is certainly "awful," and if any one of those women who gave these directions fully realized the ungraceful, vulgar spectacle they make of themselves by a huge bobbing bustle, and the uncomplimentary criticisms they call forth, they would discard these abominations so detrimental to comfort and artistic outline. However, violent extremes of fashion never last. A reaction always sets in. Thanks to the law of universal change the collapse of the bustle has already arrived. Mrs. Sherwood writes from Paris that "tight lacing, large bustles and the high hat are doomed," and "Madge" writes from London that "the hump at the back of dresses is fast diminishing, and that the protuberances are only worn by the sort of women who love exaggeration in dress, and always cling fondly to absurdities and eccentricities, seeing in them their only chance to be what they call stylish."—*Hartford Times.*

A Little Illogical, But Not Less Lovely.

A woman jumps on a chair, holds her petticoats round her legs and yells like a small cyclone at the sight of a mouse. But she runs up three flights of stairs in a burning building to rescue another woman's baby. She's afraid of a book agent in broad daylight, yet pistol in hand follows up a burglar at midnight. She cowers when the furniture creaks, and is a lioness if a drunken man assaults the front door. She tells tales out of school, yet is the first to do a kindness to the woman she's talked about. She steals a car ride with a crystal conscience, if the conductor forgets her fare, and then opens her purse to its widest to help a man out of a tight corner. She haggles at the remnant counter for herself, and then tribles the money on flannels for her washerwoman's sick boy.—*San Francisco Report.*

Fastening Corsets by Machinery.

An interesting fact was educed in the course of a lecture on tight-lacing delivered by Miss Heffler-Arnim. The lecturer said "she had heard of instances where ladies were so determined not to exceed the fashionable measurement that they had actually held on to a crossbar while their maids had fastened the fifteen-inch corset. A combined body-stretcher and waist-compresser would supply a decided want. Indeed, it ought to have been invented before fashion decreed the fifteen-inch corset. It is surely very thoughtless to order people to make themselves measure fifteen inches around the waist without providing them with the necessary machinery.

A Little Longer Month by Month.

The evolution of the ladies' pocket-books is wonderful. One year ago the ladies were satisfied with a diminutive affair they could hide in the palms of their hands. In 365 days the pocket-book has grown to the length of a good-sized healthy ear of corn. Here are illustrations showing the length the pocket-book has grown every three months:

January 1st, 1887.

April 1st, 1887.

July 1st, 1887.

October 1st, 1887.

January 1st, 1888.

If this thing keeps on the pocket-book will grow in another year long enough to be used as a walking-stick.—*Albany Argus.*

What the Women Will Wear.

Soft woollen goods will be the prevailing fall material for street wear. Not only will plain materials be used, but fancy goods in stripes and large plaids. The latter are very popular, being used in combination with plain material. The basque is made of some soft twill, with fancy cuffs and collars, in combination with a skirt of plaid, with full heavy draperies of the same. Among some of the latest French importations are many woollens, with fancy stripes of velvet. The Jacquard looms are furnishing the market with this class of goods, with elaborately flowered stripes of velvet. The Princess of Wales has set the style of using watered silk basques, with skirt and draperies of plain cashmere—a combination which is very taking. Many importations for fall wear are of plain ladies' cloth and serge in an almost endless variety of colors. The navy-blues have more purple in them than formerly, the porcelain-greens more blue, and reds are as dark as the Jacqueminot rose. For stylish costumes striking combinations are used, as red and green, brown and blue, and gray and blue The prevailing color, and that which seems to be most fitting for the autumn season, is brown, and this will be used in all shades; wood, bronze and tawny being most in favor.—*Wade's Fibre and Fabric.*

Suggestions to Housewives.

The color of the jelly is spoiled by boiling too long.

Put very little lard in your bread if you wish it to be white.

Do not fill the soup plate. A half-ladleful is generally enough.

If you moisten your broom in warm water every time you sweep you will find the dust will not fly so badly.

To remove grease from garments, dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, shake well and apply with a sponge.

A good wash for the hair, to prevent it from falling out, is made by mixing one teaspoonful of salt, 30 grains of quinine and a pint of common whiskey or bay rum. Rub the hair thoroughly every night.

Another good wash for the hair is: One cupful of salt, one quart soft water. After it stands for twelve hours commence to use. Take a cupful of the brine and a cupful of hot water, wash well with that, rinse once and rub dry as possible with towel.

When the feet are swollen from walking or long standing, the soreness may be relieved by soaking them in the following: Take some wood ashes and cover with water; let it stand for two or three hours; strain off the water and place the feet in it. The soreness will disappear almost immediately.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Pretty blankets, with a thick fleece and striped in dull blue or pink on cream or gray ground, are used for making dressing wrappers, and are very warm and inexpensive.

The latest novelties in slippers consist of an open-work pattern stamped out in patent leather over a white or tan-colored ground. These slippers come quite high up on the instep and have a big bow set across them in the Louis XIV. fashion.

Stripes are favorites in every fabric. Pretty pearl-colored moires have fine wrinkled stripes, which are set four inches apart, and are in electric blue, Charles X. pink, or a dull apple green. They resemble the fabrics of thirty years ago and are exquisitely pretty.

The old-fashioned watered silk is coming back into style, and is much richer in effect than the modern moire. It is shown in the shops in black, with the broad, delicate effects of the old watering, which is interspersed with fine, wavy lines, and forms the foundation of dresses draped with velvet or camel's hair, being made plainly, with little draping and less trimming.

For a walking-dress, and useful in all weather, nothing is better than dark blue smooth-faced lady's cloth, made with a plain round skirt, a panel braided in black on the left side, and simple drapery. The basque is braided in black, and is quite round, without pleats in the back. A plain braided jacket of the same material forms the outer wrap.

The jersey in its re-formed state grows constantly in popularity. It comes in all shades and divers shapes. Pretty gray ones have a yoke, heavily embroidered with narrow, flat braid set on edge, and the same is repeated on the sleeves. Red ones have the yokes made in multitudinous tiny tucks, and a bunch of tucks slightly wider immediately back and front in the tunic. These are confined about the waist with broad silk belts, fastened with a long, narrow buckle either of metal or smoked pearl. Still another fashion is to have a plain yoke and a tunic laid in broad box-pleats, and very expensive ones have cuffs, collars and vests of velvet braided with tinsel.

Plush is made into beautiful tea gowns of *gris de perle*, with tiny touches of very pale *crepe de chine* to relieve the gray. These are very plain in design, with demi-trains and a little pleating of gray satin set underneath the edge, lined with a deep lace balayeuse. The front has a vest of heavy gray satin, forming a sharp point and giving the effect of long-waistedness, which all French gowns show. The pleats of the vest are lined with pink, making thus many very fine lines of the color, and the tight plush sleeves come half way below the elbow, the flare being filled in with the crepe, which faces the high, half-open collar at the throat.

Boulanger hats are seen occasionally, but it is far too flamboyant a style to be worn by well-dressed women. It is made of dark brown, blue, gray and black felt, and much resembles in shape the head-gear of the Knights Templar. On the front is a rosette made of many loops of velvet ribbon, under which is set the stem of a long ostrich plume, sometimes two of them, which wave backward over the top of the hat and are held to it with a stitch or two in the back. They are handsome, but fast looking, and in Paris are worn only by that class of women whose principal desire is to attract attention.

Among the Churches.

The Spurgeon family, in London, is represented by three clergymen. The membership under their care, it is said, constitute more than one-sixth of the membership in the London Baptist Association, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, son of Charles H., is pastor of one-fourth of all the Baptists in New Zealand.

Principal Tulloch was, after the death of the late Dr. Norman McLeod, the man in the Scottish Church whom Queen Victoria most trusted. His son has been allowed to write for boys and girls a life of herself and a life of the Prince Consort. By command of the Queen a marble bust of the late principal has been placed in the hall at Balmoral Castle.

Mr. Spurgeon is not to be left alone in the position he has assumed toward the Baptist Union. The Rev. Archibald Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, an institution on a scale of similar magnitude to that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has also withdrawn from the Union, and among many others who have taken the same course is the Rev. T. Ballimore, of the Gildencroft Baptist Church, St. Martin's Lane.

Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield Cottage, Oxford, has commenced a course of lectures on subjects of general interest to university men. The latest lecture was on "Pessimism and Life," and was largely attended, the dons being present in considerable strength, some of them contented with seats on the floor of the lecture room. The lecture treated of the pessimism of East and West, of Schopenhauer and of Buddha. The conclusion reached was that if life itself was bad, then pessimism was justifiable; but that if the goodness of God was admitted, then all theories of pessimism fell to the ground.

A sad tragedy has occurred near Birmingham. Rev. Lindsay Taplin, a Unitarian pastor at Kingswood, committed suicide by drowning himself in a pond near his residence. Before going to Kingswood the reverend gentleman had been for a quarter of a century in charge of the Unitarian church at Tolsmordon. He was a highly accomplished scholar. Latterly his health had not been good and he was depressed in spirits. He was a little over 60 years of age. The manner of his death has caused much local excitement and regret.

Cremation and Religion.

Once, when the late Lord Shaftesbury was told that a certain High Church bishop had opposed the burning of the dead on the ground of religious principle, and had declared that the practice would militate against the idea of the resurrection, he exclaimed, "What an audacious limitation of the power of the Almighty! What has become of the blessed martyrs who were burned at the stake?" Of all the objections raised against this method of disposing of the dead, perhaps there is none so foolish as that which says that the act would be an irreligious one. Everyone has a perfect right to think what he likes with regard to such a subject, but whatever arguments may be introduced, sensible religious people have a right to ask that religion shall not be dragged in to the contest to support either side. Considering how many of the early Christians were destroyed by fire, and how many noble Protestant heroes in later days sealed their testimony to the faith at the stake, it is impossible for any sober-minded believer in the grand truths for which these martyrs died to reject cremation on the grounds associated with religion.—*Rock (Episcopal Church paper).*

A Warning to "Dunners."

A curious case, showing to what extent a debtor may and may not be dunned, has been decided by the Recorder of Montreal. A collector who had several times called on one George Baillie, was at last told by the debtor not to return. Not heeding this injunction, he did return, and was ejected. Baillie was arrested, presumably for assault, and the Recorder dismissed the case with costs against the too industrious collector. And the Recorder laid down the law in these words: "No collector has the right to come to a house for the purpose of collecting, if the one from whom he wants to collect has once told him not to come again. He may seek redress in the court, but not otherwise."

Not Altogether Friendless.

The small child is to the front again. He had been naughty. The naughtiness of youth and the naughtiness of age are widely different.

"If you do that, nobody will love you," the tender mother told him.

"'Tain't so. I know one who'll like me," he answered.

"Who?"

"Satan. He likes the bad ones."

The Genuine Article.

At a restaurant. A customer in a disgusted tone of voice:

"Why, this milk is turned."

"Well, sir!" returned the delighted vendor of comestibles, "and what does that prove, sir? Why, sir, it proves that the article served to you was, like everything else sold in this restaurant, genuine, and not a deceiving combination of chalk and water, sir."

He Was No Puppy.

He—Do you want a little puppy, Miss Edith?

She—Am I to consider that as a proposal?

He—Not at all; good-bye.—*The Earth.*

Mrs. Breesy (to daughter)—Did you tell young Mr. Waldo, dear, that you would correspond with him on his return to Boston? Miss Breezy—Yes, mamma, he has been so polite to me while in Chicago, you know, and seemed so seriously in earnest when he asked me if he might not hear from me occasionally that what could, I say, mamma, but "Let her go Gallagher."

—The young lady in the glove store always says, "Put up your hands," yet nobody imagines her to be a footpad.

A NERVE REST.

Going to Bed to Get a Sufficient Holiday.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise, says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for November. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

National Anthems.

There never was a more rousing composition than "La Marseillaise." "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death and despot." It had a great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was first made known every one was singing it, and the words "To arms! March!" were resounding in all parts of France. At every season of disorder since its strains have excited the passions of the people, and if immortality can be predicted for any tune known to man this is, beyond a question, the one. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were the production of one night. They were composed in 1792 by a person whom Carlyle calls "an inspired Tyrtæn colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's "French Revolution" was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseilles, but it was a force of Marseillaise which first marched to it, and hence the title.

The origin of the British national anthem has proved a source of uninterrupted vexation for many years past. There is almost as much mystery regarding it as there used to be about the source of the Nile. The common account attributes it to Dr. Bull, King James I.'s organist, but it has also been claimed for Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley." Between these two the authorship and composition almost certainly rest, but it has been found impossible to decide definitely for the one or the other. The music of "God Save the Queen" is comparatively tame and uninteresting, but it agrees well with the comparatively peaceful, regular course of events which has marked public affairs in England for over two hundred years past.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand Theatre, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the Czars usually contented themselves with "God Save the King." The composer was Col. M. Lwoff, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds. The music is distinctly national, but the words, as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people: "God Save the Czar! Mighty autocrat! Reign for our glory," etc. It is, properly speaking, an official hymn, and is unknown to the vast majority of Russians.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn and performed for the first time at the celebration at the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore a ready acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartmann, about the year 1770. The "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," though it can hardly be called a national anthem, is a favorite air with the gondoliers of Venice, who sing it frequently.

A Jail for a Family Residence.

A Mrs. Fitzsimmons has a new lot in the new town of Delano, Kern county, adjoining one owned by the county. The county ordered a jail built on its land, but by mistake it was erected on Mrs. Fitzsimmons' lot. The lady immediately moved into what she naturally claims as "improvements" on her land, and was holding the fort at last accounts.—*Nevada City (Cal.) Transcript.*

Fashionable Charity.

Aunt Minerva (to fashionable niece)—Do you expect to do anything in the direction of charity this winter, Clara?

Miss Clara (brightly)—Oh, yes, aunty, I am already planning my costume for the charity ball.

—Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to kepp the preserved pears on the top shelf.

—One of the things which strikes the average man who receives a circular from a Wall street shark telling him of a new and improved plan for getting rich, is that he does not utilize it himself.

—Keeps still—the moonlight whiskey manufacturer.

—Angelina seeks for a definition of volubility. "Volubility, Angelina dear, is the distinguishing feature of a horse-car driver when he is ten minutes behind time on his supper trip and an overloaded coal team breaks down in front of him on the rail."

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

BOBBY PLAYS A TRUMP.

Father—Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurry off to bed.

Bobby (with a slow and reluctant movement)—Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry up when he's all tired out.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE LINE DRAWN.

It is the father of a precocious 2½-year-old who tells that the child was once watching an old lady making her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and her teeth, when the astonished small boy said:

"Bet yeh can't take yez neck off!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WHEN THE ANGELS SMILED.

Passing down Sixteenth street yesterday we noticed a little incident worth recording. A little crippled boy, 10 years old, a poor chappie from the river bottoms, was being hauled along in a little waggon by two other ragged urchins.

"What's the matter with him?" said a little fellow, stopping as he went along.

"He's paralyzed and can't walk a step and we're helping him home," they answered.

Instead of running on the little fellow went into a store and soon caught up with them, handing the cripple a paper bag.

"I got a nickel for blackin' my father's shoes this morning and was going to buy some candy, but you can have it, and here's some ginger-snaps," and the little "Good Samaritan" was around the corner and out of hearing, with tears in his eyes, before the cripple could thank him—*Omaha Herald.*

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

Lady (recently moved into the neighborhood)—I am very anxious to rent a pew in the church, Deacon Jones. My children are large enough to attend. Absent-minded deacon (who is also a landlord)—I am very sorry, madame, but we don't take children.—*New York Sun.*

CLOSE OF THE INQUISITION.

In New Jersey there had been some illness in a family, and an inquisitive neighbor asked little Johnny, the youngest son of the family, who had been sick, and he answered: "Oh, it's my brother, that's all." "What was the matter with him?" "Nuffin', only he was just sick." "I know; but what ailed him?" "Oh, I dunno." "What did he have?" "He had the doctor."—*Troy Times.*

Floating Gardens of the Aztecs.

During all their wanderings, wherever they stopped the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies in the midst of a lake where there were but few fish, necessity and industry compelled them to form floating gardens on the bosom of the waters. They wove together the roots of aquatic plants intertwined with twigs and branches until they formed a foundation sufficiently strong to support a soil they drew from the bottom of the lake, and on it they sowed their needed maize and chilo. These floating gardens were about a foot above the water and of various forms, the most effective being long and narrow, called cintas, or ribbons. With their natural taste for flowers, they added the ornamental to the useful, and these small gardens, multiplying, were covered with flowers and aromatic herbs, which were used in the worship of their gods or sent to decorate the palace of the Emperor.

What a picture of delightful independence!

The peaceful Indian could anchor his flowery home where he willed, float beyond social cares or political burdens, and from prying neighbors and poll-parrot gossips he could quietly paddle away! In these secure retreats the spendthrift could elude his creditors, the bank defaulter hide from the minions of the law.—*Outing.*

Choked to Death With a Peanut.

A very sad death took place in Galt on Thursday morning about half-past 11 o'clock, the victim being a young son of Mr. John Flynn, living on South Water street. The poor little fellow had been playing about the house during the morning, and while doing so had been eating some peanuts. Suddenly the boy started to cough as if choking; and those present seized the child and endeavored to relieve it. Medical aid was also obtained, but by that time it was evident that the child was dying. The doctor as a last resort opened the windpipe, but this endeavor to save its life failed, and in a few moments the heart ceased to beat. The little fellow was about 4 years of age, and was a bright and interesting child.—*Galt Reporter.*

An Interesting Village Under Water.

A gentleman arriving from Tarboro yesterday reported that Princeville, a colored settlement just across Tar River from Tarboro, is under water. The water is higher there than it his been since 1842. The water is standing around the houses halfway to the top of most of them, and the state of affairs is generally very unpleasant. Princeville is strictly a negro settlement, having a colored Mayor, colored police and colored town council.—*Raleigh News and Courier.*

Brown to the Rescue.

Wife—My dear, I don't know what I am going to do; the company is only half served and the refreshments are giving out. Hubby—Well, if Browne is here we are perfectly safe. Wife—But I don't see how it is going to remedy the difficulty. Hubby—Why, get him to read that theory of his on "Coming Man," and you will see the guests disappear like smoke.

—It is said that H. Rider Haggard contemplates writing a sequel to "She." As he totally annihilated the old lady at the end of his former novel, a sequel seems to be an impossibility. But Haggard's ingenuity is equal to almost any feat. He could doubtless revive "She" with a few chemicals.

—Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, is within two years of the age of our century. Yet he is still so vigorous, in body as in mind, that, on a recent Sunday, when assisting Mr. Wells, of Pollokshields, at the communion, he was able to deliver three powerful discourses. He also preached on Saturday evening the preparatory sermon.

—Should pigs that run at large in the streets be considered public pen-shunners?

THIS PAPER may be found on file at P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1887.

THE GAME OF POLITICS.

The thoughtful and "unbiased" student of politics must be immensely amused in conning over the pages of party newspapers, which are always accusing their political opponents of being actuated by impure motives and an unholy desire to get their individual and collective fingers into the public money bags. He will find those journals—especially if they claim allegiance to a party which has been relegated to the cold shades of opposition (and they usually do)—referring in sarcastic and self-righteous terms to "Government pap," and violently declaiming against the extravagance of a government which thus "squanders the people's money."

We need not go outside the County of Grey for examples. The *Grey Review* has been particularly zealous in this respect. Occasionally the spirit moves it, and then the gods are constrained to pause in wonder, while Sir John and his satellites tremble in their high positions at Ottawa, as the *Review* hurls the thunders of its invective "against the powers that be!" Not long since the *Review* bitterly assailed the Government for its extravagance in giving out occasional advertising contracts to country newspapers. But the *Review* evidently wants its contemporaries to do as it says and not as it does: for it has never yet shown an inclination to refuse accepting government advertisements on the score of extravagance. Good Mr. Mowat's contracts are accepted without a murmur, and even the work allotted to it in connection with that terrible Franchise Act—work given out through the medium of the corrupt Tories, too—was done and pay accepted therefor. Was it refused on the score of extravagance? We trow not. Here was a chance for the *Review* to have immortalized itself by refusing to take money from the people's pockets! Did it do it? Bless your dear heart—no! It could have gulped down fifty times as much Tory "pap" without a solitary protest! Yes, and it would gladly do so at this moment if it had the chance.

Then there is the Owen Sound *Advertiser*. It has always preached political purity, and denounced the system of doling out "pap" to country papers. But what the *Advertiser* preaches is quite different to that which it practices—in this connection at least. It swallows every chunk of this same "pap" which comes in its way as gracefully as it is possible under the circumstances. One would naturally suppose the operation would require some effort on the part of the *'Tixer*, which is wont to preach such an entirely different doctrine. But not so; the "fleshpots of Egypt" possess a wonderful charm—even if the pottage is supplied by that rascally Sir John. Let us just quote the following figures from the Blue Book, entitled,—"Statement of Expenditure in connection with the Dominion Election, 1887. Printed by Order of Parliament." We will then see whether the "non-corruptible" journals referred to refused to accept any of the people's money, which, as they allege, was "squandered" in connection with that "outrageous" Franchise Act. We quote the full amounts paid out to the different newspaper offices in Grey in this connection, from pages 10 and 11 of the Blue Book above designated:—

John Rutherford, Owen Sound,	$2,755.62
Meaford Mirror, (Conservative)	633.09
OWEN SOUND ADVERTISER, (Reform)	21.08
Owen Sound Times, (Conservative)	30.42
MEAFORD MONITOR, (Reform)	10.76
Chatsworth News, (Ind.)	14.00
Durham Chronicle, (Conservative)	13.50
DURHAM REVIEW, (Reform)	13.30
HANOVER POST, (Reform)	13.00
Dundalk Herald, (Ind.)	9.60
Thornbury Standard, (Ind.)	6.50
Shelburne Free Press, (Conservative)	5.50
Thornbury News, (Conservative)	5.00
Flesherton Advance, (Conservative)	4.40
Ayton Fama, (Ind.)	4.16

Mr. Rutherford's "pap" is large, because he did the bulk of the job printing in connection with the voter's lists; although why the patronage was not more evenly divided in this respect, is a profound mystery locked up in the breasts of "their Worships," Judge Macpherson and Judge Lane. The Meaford *Mirror* got a share of the job printing, which accounts for its large lump of "pap." The other newspaper accounts were for inserting the very same advertisement which appeared in THE ADVANCE, and for which we received $4.40, while the "simon pure" *Advertiser* was paid $21.08, the goody-good *Review* $13.30, the sanctimonious *Monitor* $15.76, and the "newly-fledged" *Post* $13.00!!! While preaching vigorously against "squandering the people's money in this way," these self-styled political purists did not hesitate to delve down deeply into the public money bags themselves! Which teaches us, that the men who cry loudest, "Wolf! wolf!" are often wolves themselves, clothed in the garb of hypocritical self-righteousness.

It is extremely interesting to watch this "game of politics," but, alas! the great jewel, *consistency*, seldom takes up its abode for any length of time in the sanctums of its most ardent and loud-mouthed devotees. And without that jewel, the smooth sentence, the elegant language, and the well-rounded periods become stale and nauseating.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following is clipped from the Dundalk *Herald*. We are at a loss to divine the writer's meaning, as no formal opening of our new school "in the town hall" ever reached our editorial ears. But we give the paragraph for what it is worth:—

"The new school house at Flesherton still remains unopened. We hear that the trustees proposed having a formal opening in the town hall last Thanksgiving day, but owing to the architect being some miles away, his presence could not be secured to give the necessary certificate of its being satisfactorily finished. The ADVANCE man may smile at the idiosycrasies of what he likes to term "our village fathers." But are the Flesherton fathers free from comment themselves. The idea of opening a school house in the town hall is too utterly utter for anything. We should like to see them carry it there to open, and if there should be any room for us in the spacious hall to witness the event of opening after it has been taken there, we should feel most thankful for a complimentary ticket."

We are afraid the writer was an inmate of his imposing penetentiary when he penned the above!

Municipal matters are unusually quiet in this Township—notwithstanding the ripple caused by Postmaster Purdy a short time ago. The Fathers have evidently given a good account of their stewardship, and satisfied the ratepayers that it would be unwise to make any changes. This, we say, appears to be the feeling prevailing just now. But we cannot tell what a week may bring forth! In the meanwhile, where is Mr. Purdy?—Has he been unhorsed so early in the battle?

We cannot help giving the people bargains. We have the goods and are bound to sell at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Remember our Grand Offer of Fine Engagement and Wedding Rings. A beautiful plush box with each one, worth $1. A grand assortment of Rings to select from at Russell's, Flesherton.

Always take your Repairs to Russell, Flesherton. It will pay you well to do so.

Commercial Union

—— Has nothing to do with the Big Sale of——

FURNITURE!

AT

J. W. BATES'.

It is Good Goods at Low Price that tells and has told for the last seven years. This season I am in a position to give both old and new Customers Furniture of the Best Make and Latest Design.

FROM TEN TO THIRTY PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Below I quote a few prices to show I mean business:

Parlor Suites in Hair Cloth, Sofa, Ladies Platform Rocker, Gents Easy and 4 small Chairs for $38.00.

Bedroom Suites $8.50 to $30.00. A beauty for $14.00.

Bureaus $5.00; Cupboards $5.00; Lounges with springs $5.00; Spring Beds $1.25 to $4.50; Perforated Seat Chairs 75c.; Perforated Seat and Back Rockers $1.25; Wood Seat Bent Arm Rocker $1.35.

My Hollow Seat 4 Spindle for 40c., cannot be beaten.

Hand Sleighs 35 to 75c., and in fact anything you want in the Furniture line, price and terms to suit you.

AGENT FOR THE KARN ORGAN!

See them at my Warerooms.

Picture Framing Neat and Cheap.

J. W. BATES,

FURNITURE DEALER, UNDERTAKER &c., FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?

Where?

To W. S CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of W. S. CHRISTOE, Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to	4 20
Fall Wheat	$0 73 to	0 78
Spring Wheat	0 73	0 78
Barley	0 55	0 73
Oats	0 30	0 31
Peas	0 56	0 56
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 80	6 00
Hay, per ton	8 00	8 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 56
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

CLAYTON'S

HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c., made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

DUNDALK

PUMP WORKS!

C. R. PHILLIP'S,

Manufacturer of all kinds of PUMPS.

Cylinder Check Valve & Cistern Pumps.

Orders Respectfully Solicited and satisfaction Guaranteed.

JAMES SULLIVAN,

Tin-Smith, AGENT,

FLESHERTON

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer Mr S. J Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on Land for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—, —OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

OR

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

EUGENIA

Real Estate Agency

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest and on terms of repayment to suit borrower.

FARMS bought and sold.

CONVEYANCES of all kinds properly executed.

COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits in H.C.J., Agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society. All business promptly, carefully and confidentially attended to.

Office, Corner of Inkerman and Napoleon Streets.

HENRY MELDRUM,

AGENT.

OUR TOWNSHIP FATHERS.

Last Meeting in 1887 of the Assembled Wisdom of Artemesia.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Communications.—From Geo. Moorehouse, Flesherton Station, asking rebate of taxes on grist mill: Wm. Wright asking rebate of taxes on house in Flesherton: J. H. Heard, acct. $5, for lumber for bridge.

Petition from John Armstrong and others, re closing deviation between 9th and 10th consessions, was placed on the table and considered by Council.

Moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Sharp—That Wm. Meade be refunded the sum of $4 for statute labor performed on Lot. 28, Con. 1st N.D.R., and Thomas Rawson be refunded six dollars, being an over-charge of statute labor against Lots 3 Harvey street south and Lot 3, Elgin street north in the village of Priceville for the years 1884-85.—Carried.

Boland, McArthur—That Benjamin Coleman be paid $8 for repairing bridge on townline Artemesia and Glenelg, being Artemesia portion.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Clerk be and is hereby instructed to erase the taxes against Lot No. 7, Kincardine street South in the village of Priceville, amounting to $4.08, the same being church property.—Carried.

Report of Committee—appointed at last session of Council to examine road, A. D. Smith's, Lot 31, Con. 10, and road between 9 and 10 concessions—was presented and read.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Committee's report re deviation on Lot 31 on the 10th con. be adopted.—Carried.

Messrs. Hawkins, Gilliland and Pedlar appeared before Council Board re deviation between 9th & 10th concessions.

Cairns, McArthur—That Mr. Gilliland be remitted $14 being rebate of statute labor for 1884.—Carried.

McArthur, Boland—That the petition of Geo. Moorehouse, re rebate of taxes, be not entertained.—Carried.

Boland, McArthur—That the petition of John Armstrong and others, regarding a road between 9th and 10th con. of Artemesia, cannot be granted for the following reasons:—(1) Because the petition itself, from its wording and composition, denotes insincerity and lack of candor. (2) Because this council cannot exceed the statute in the case, which prevents the shutting up of any ingress or egress to the parties using its. (3) Because, independent of the Council, any one requiring a repeal by-law tested can do so by applicant paying reasonable expenses therefor to the Clerk of the Municipality. See sub sec. 4, sec. 506, of Municipal Institution Act. (4) Because the present Council was not a party to confirming said deviation and therefore deem it inexpedient for them to interfere in the matter. (5) Because we believe that if the bulk of the petitioners had known the true position of this road, they would never have affixed their names thereto. (6) Because a Report from a Committee, comprised of members of this Council, find any other outlet impracticable without an unreasonable expense to parties requiring this road, seeing that he holds the present road legally.—Carried.

McArthur, Cairns—That the communication re rebate of taxes against the property of William Wright be not entertained, as this Council lost part of the taxes on the same property last year.—Carried.

By-Laws 416, 417 and 418 were carried through the various stages and passed.

Messrs. Alex. Brown, Thos. Boland, W. J. Bellamy and Henry Meldrum were appointed Deputy Returning officers for Wards 1, 2, 3 and 4 for the year 1888.

McArthur, Christoe—That the following bills be paid, John Boland, $4; Henry Cairns, $1.50; Wm. Sharp, $1: for letting and inspecting jobs.—Carried.

McArthur, Boland—That the thanks of this Council are due and are hereby rendered to the Reeve, Dr. Christoe, for the fair and impartial manner in which he has presided over the Council during the year 1887 and for the able and impartial manner in which he has in all cases discharged the onerous duties of the Reeve of this Municipality.—Carried unanimously.

Dr. Christoe replied briefly to the vote of thanks, in which he expressed himself pleased with the confidence placed in him by his *confreres*, and assuring them that he had always aimed at rendering strict justice to every ratepayer without distinction, and to keep down the rate of taxation as much as was consistent with the proper care of our highways and the interests of the ratepayers as a whole.

McArthur, Sharp—That W. T. McKee, Thos. Gamey, and Will. Wilcox, arbitrators in the matter of the Valley Road, re-Lever, be paid $4 each; also A. Hislop, witness, $1; Geo. Latimer, witness $1; also drawing gravel, McKee for notices, &c., $2; Geo. Latimer, for attendance, $1; re Valley Road $1.—Carried.

McArthur, Boland—That the Reeve endeavor to find out the necessary amount requisite to finish job partly done by Messrs. Allen & Pedier and if bonds be not given for its completion in a reasonable time, to adopt such means as may appear expedient to compel them to fulfil their agreement.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

For The Advance.]

"Look on This Picture and Then on That."

BY S. L. M. LUKE.

There was a time, not long distant, when the Toronto *Globe* could lay undisputed claim to the championship of Canada in the art of tergiversation and false issues; but, a rival has arisen which bids fair to endanger the questionable laurels of the *Globe*. The Toronto *Mail* has shewn itself an apt scholar, and "ring the changes" with a hypocritical sincerity that would do credit to any of the old masters in the *Globe* school of scandal. Take '57 of the *Globe*, and '87 of the *Mail*, and we find both papers riding the high Protestant horse; hence it would appear the *Mail* is about to parody the *Globe* in its absurdly inconsistent career; and if so, the year '88-'89 will find the *Mail* motto, as was that of its mentor in '58-59, "Down with King William, and up with the Pope." Our readers may recollect the utterances attributed to Mr. Chamberlain, relative to Commercial Union between Canada and Yankeedom, that "unless the desire for such Union was universal on the part of Canada, such action would be disallowed by the Home Government," meaning thereby that the interests of the minority would be protected when it came to a national, or *de*-nationalizing, issue. "The "Rights of Minorities" is a recognized principle in British political ethics; and it is a gratifying assurance that we have the all-powerful arm of the Empire to shield the industrious portion of Canada from the machinations of enemies abroad, with ignorant dupes and purchasable tricksters at home. Speaking of our brethren in the British Isles, the *Mail* asks: "Are we to impute to them, then, a determination to injure us, by retarding our prosperity, for the sake of the relatively paltry profits they derive from their trade with Canada." The foregoing is a base fabrication. No sentiment has been expressed either publicly or privately in Britain as would justify the language used by the *Mail* in the foregoing quotation. Its aim and object is to create ill-will against the Mother Country, that being the initiatory step to cultivate treason, and then rebellion. The seditious language of the *Globe* fall harmlessly upon the public ear: but the *Mail* has hitherto been a trusted exponent of the better class of Canadian sentiment, but, when it sells its British birthright for a mess of Yankee pottage, it may reasonably expect to find itself, in the near future, another Esau. Again it says: "Mr. Chamberlain is for compelling (1) us to choose between being loyal to the British exporter (2) and retaining British connection." (1) The word *compelling*, or compulsion, or any word bearing its equivalent signification, was not expressed by Mr. Chamberlain. Converts are generally zealous, and in this instance the *Mail* has succeeded in beating the *Globe* record in falsification. (2) "British exporter."—Let the reader turn back to his fyles of three weeks ago—even the *Mail*—and he will there see in the report of Mr. Chamberlain's words on the occasion alluded to that no word or expression of his bore the slightest allusion either to the British exporter or British trade, other than that if we shut our ports against British commerce we could not consistently expect British protection.

Commercial Union means that we will close our ports against the Mother Country; adopt the Yankee Tariff: all revenue to be funded at Washington, and get back such share as the Yankees deem us entitled to; in short, place ourselves in the unenviable position the *Mail* occupies today.

Remember our grand offer of Fine Engagement and Wedding Rings. A beautiful plush box with each one, worth $1. A grand assortment of Rings to select from at Russell's, Flesherton.

COUNTY & DISTRICT NEWS.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The Standard Bank commenced business in Durham last week.

Mrs. Scott-Siddon's recitals in Owen Sound attracted a large and fashionable audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Johnston, of Honeywood, have gone to England on a two months pleasure trip.

The *Herald* man suggests that the Dundalk Village Fathers sell their famous lock-up to him for a wood-shed.

74 candidates will write at the High School entrance examinations in Thornbury, of whom 19 are from Clarksburg and 19 from Thornbury.

People wonder at it, but still we give the finest article for the least money in this section of country at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

The hunting party from Meaford about whom there was so much anxiety felt and expressed last week have turned up all right.—*Meaford Mirror*.

Messrs. Carroll & Pedwell, of Thornbury, have purchased 1,250 acres of timbered land in the township of Keppel, within three miles of the bay.

Mr. David Fleming, of Collingwood—brother of Sir Sanford Fleming, the celebrated Civil Engineer—died suddenly of heart disease on the 24th ult., aged 63 years.

Ward Beecher Smith has struck Meaford, and, as the *Mirror* puts it, he "made Rome howl." He usually does: but if "Rome" was any good it would transfer the "howl" to W.B.

Mr. Nathaniel Jamieson, of Mono township, died on the 28th ult., aged 90 years. He was a native of County Leitrim, Ireland, and emigrated to Canada in 1850. His wife died 23 years ago. He leaves two daughters and three sons.

Mrs. W. C. Myers, of Thornbury, died on the 28th ult., under sad and melancholy circumstances. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. A. Bull, of that town, and passed away at the early age of 22 years. She had not been married a year.

On Saturday afternoon last, Mr. Geo. Nahrgang, employed in the cabinet factory, met with a most painful accident. The job at which he had been working during the day, it is said, run out and he thought the buzz planer wouldn't be a bad machine to handle and he went at it. In a few minutes Geo. was minus a little finger and a portion of the side of his hand.—*Hanover Post*.

Early on Friday morning last a colt belonging to Mr. Wm. McMannus jumped out of the field, and then leisurely walked over the cattle guards on to the railway track. Shortly after the morning express came along, the engine striking the colt, which it knocked a distance of fully six rods. Strange, to say, that although the colt was killed, no external marks were visible.—*Chesley Enterprise*.

A Bad Cut.—A few days ago a young man, son of Mr. Robt. Carr, one of the old pioneers of Shelburne, had a very narrow escape. He was returning from the woods with his axe over his shoulder, and in getting over the fence the top rail rolled with him, and in trying to save himself the axe slipped and inflicted an ugly gash on the side of his neck. It required several stitches to close the wound. He is now getting along pretty well.—*Shelburne Free Press*.

Rowe.—A most distressing event occurred on Sunday evening last, when little Ernest Rowe was choked to death. The boy who was not quite seven years old was at tea with the family, and after finishing was playing with a small collar button. Suddenly Capt. Rowe heard the child gasping, and on examination found he had swallowed the collar button. Drs. Stephen and Aylsworth were immediately summoned, and found that nothing but an operation would save the boy's life as the button had lodged in the windpipe. But before the proper instruments could be obtained the child was dead, the whole sad affair not occupying more than twenty minutes. The afflicted parents have the sympathy of all in their very severe trouble. The funeral took place on Tuesday.—*Collingwood Enterprise*.

People wonder at it, but still we give the finest article for the least money in this section of country at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Tamarac Elixir is not advertised to cure consumption, but is has made some remarkable cures of persons supposed to be in the first stages of that disease.

CLUBBING OFFERS.

The Advance and Tororto *Daily World* until Jan. 1st, 1889, for $2.50. This is the best offer we have ever made, as the *Daily World* is one of the spiciest papers published on the continent.

The Advance and *Weekly Empire* until Jan. 1st, 1889, for $1.65. The *Empire* is the new Conservative paper about to be published in Toronto, with D. Creighton, Esq., M.P.P.—a popular and highly esteemed Co. Grey journalist—as manager. The first number will be issued next week and now is the time to hand in your subscriptions.

The Advance and *Weekly Hamilton Spectator* until Jan. 1st, 1889, for $1.65. The *Spectator* is a splendid paper in every respect.

The Advance and *Grip* until Jan. 1st, 1889, for $2.60.

The most beautiful stock of Silverware ever seen in this country is to be seen at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mr. W. E. Carter, Advertising Agent for the Toronto News, says—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a severe and troublesome cold in the head. Once using it literally washed out the clogged secretions, and left my head clear as a bell.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRIP

CANADA'S COMIC PAPER.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Artist and Editor.

$2 a Year; $1 for 6 Months.

GRIP is increasing in popularity every year. It is a supreme household favorite, while every Professional and Business man finds every issue. Subscribe now!

See our Premium and Clubbing List. Circulars giving full particulars sent on application.

Look out for Grip's Comic Almanac for 1888. Price 10 cents.

Address,

GRIP PUBLISHING CO.

TORONTO, ONT.

FOUND.

On Flesherton Show Fair Day a Pocket Book containing a sum of Money. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at this Office.

WANTED!

A quantity of White Ash for Butter Tubs for which CASH will be paid on delivery. JOS. MCCORMICK, Flesherton.

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, Lot 3, Con. 13, Osprey, about 1st of October one red and white yearling Steer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

WM. PAUL,
Lake Bank P.O.

Nov. 24th, 1887.

THE NEW PAPER.

THE new Conservative Journal about to be started in Toronto, to be called

The Empire,

Will make its appearance on or about the 15th of December. No pains are being spared to make the paper worthy of Canada, and of the great party of whose views it will be the exponent. It will start with a

Staff of Brilliant Writers,

And able Journalists in every department. The public may expect

Full News from all quarters.
Able Editorials.
Accurate Reports.
Fair Comments.
Reliable Commercial News.
Interesting Sporting Intelligence.

And all other Departments well sustained. In short, The Empire will be a Bright, Readable, and Reliable Paper.

Everybody Looks for it. All should Read it.

DAILY EMPIRE, $5 per Annum. | WEEKLY EMPIRE, $1 per Annum.

Send in your Subscriptions now, accompanied by the cash, so as to commence with the first issue. Address,

D. CREIGHTON,
Manager Empire, Toronto.

The Advance and Weekly Empire Till Jan., 1889, for $1.65!

New Div. Courts!

County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting will be held at 2 of the Clock p.m. on Friday, the Ninth day of December, 1887, at Judges Chambers in Parkers Block, Poulett Street, Owen Sound, to take into consideration the formation of two new Division Courts in the County of Grey, one of which it is proposed to form of the West parts of the Townships of Bentinck and Normanby, and the other of parts of the Townships of Holland, Euphrasia, Artemesia, and Glenelg, in the said County.

Of which all persons interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly. By Order of His Honor.

COUNTY JUDGE MACPHERSON.
WM. ARMSTRONG,
Clerk of the Peace, County of Grey.

Dated at Owen Sound, the 8th Nov., 1887.

334-7.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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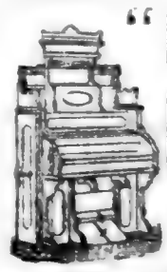

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The Old Woman of Peterhead.

BY DAINTY DAVIE.

There was an old woman of Peterhead,
Who blundered in almost all she said;
In talk at morn and talk at night
She used long words with great delight,
But seldom could get her syllables right,
That woman of Peterhead.

When notes on the stars were being read
This quaint old woman would shake her head,
And say, "No gas-tro-nomy for me,
I never could bear those commas to see,
And I don't believe there ought to be
Such ferments overhead."

When told a King or Queen was dead,
This quaint old woman of Peterhead
Would sigh, and say with plaintive air,
"A sovereign gone I do declare,
I fear that gold is growing rare
Down here in Peterhead."

When her hens and ducklings must be fed,
This quaint old woman of Peterhead
Would cry as she thinly spread the wheat—
"Now, don't voraciously grab your meat,
And mind you castigate what you eat,
Or else you'll soon be dead."

When her boys declined their meat or bread,
She would say, "Now, don't vibrate your head,
But speak out clearly what you mean;
Boys should be heard and not be seen,
And should keep their physiology clean,
So my preceptor said."

She cried, ere mingling with the dead,
That quaint old woman of Peterhead,
"I'm stepping off life's mortal stage,
I'm writing 'finis' on the page;
Don't let my death your grief assuage,
Nor fill your hearts with dread."

The earth no longer feels her tread,
That quaint old woman of Peterhead;
But from her life there comes to hand
A lesson all may understand—
Don't favor words too big and grand;
Be clear in all tha 's said.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Hush! they are going in; we must wait a moment. Crystal is crying, and that kind creature is comforting her. We did not mean to listen, Raby; but it was not safe to move away from the trees."

"You heard what she said, Margaret—her ideal. Heaven bless her sweet innocence; she is as much a child as ever. Do I look like any woman's ideal now Margaret. I always think of those lines in *Aurora Leigh*, when I imagine myself

> A mere bare blind stone in the blaze of day,
> A man, upon the outside of the earth,
> As dark as ten feet under, in the grave—
> Why that seemed hard.

And yet, she really said it; her ideal. Ah, well! A woman's pity sometimes makes her mad. What do you say, Maggie?"

"That you are, that you ever have been, Crystal's ideal." And after that they walked back in silence.

"You and I will go again to-morrow morning," Raby said to her as they parted for the night; and Margaret assented.

Raby had a wakeful night, and slept a little heavily towards morning.

Margaret had already finished her breakfast when he entered the long dining room, and one of the black waiters guided him to his place. Raby wondered that she did not join him as usual to read his letters to him, and make plans for their visit; but a few minutes later she joined him in walking dress, and sat down beside him.

"Have you finished your breakfast, Raby?" and as he answered in the affirmative, she continued, with a little thrill of excitement in her sweet voice—"Miss Campion has gone down to the springs—I saw her pass alone. Crystal is writing letters in the parlor—I saw her. Shall we come, my dear brother."

Need she have put the question. Even Charles, the head waiter, looked at Mr. Ferrers as he walked down the long room with his head erect. A grand-looking Englishman, he thought, and who would have imagined he was blind. Margaret could hardly keep up with the long strides that brought them so quickly to the corner house; at the gate she checked him gently.

"We must be quiet, Raby—very quiet—or she will hear our footsteps. She is sitting with her back to the parlor door—I can see her plainly. Tread on this grassy border." And as Raby followed her directions implicitly, restraining his impatience with difficulty, they were soon standing in the porch. The door stood open for coolness, and the little square hall, with its Indian matting and rocking-chairs, looked very inviting. Margaret whispered that the parlor door was open too, and that they must not startle her too much; and then, still guiding him, she led him into the parlor and quietly called Crystal.

"We are here, dear Crystal." And as Crystal turned her head and saw Margaret's sweet, loving face, and Raby standing a little behind her, she sprung from her chair with a half-stifled scream. But before she could speak, or Margaret either, Raby was beside her; and in another moment his arms were round her, and his sightless face bent over her. "Hush, darling, I have you safely now; I will never let you go again," Margaret heard him say as she left the room, quietly closing the door behind her. Her turn would come presently, she said to herself; but now she must leave them together.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RABY'S WIFE.

> Yet, in one respect,
> Just one, beloved, I am in no wise changed;
> I love you, loved you, loved you first and last,
> And love you on for ever, now I know
> I loved you always.
>
> *E. B. Browning.*

Crystal never moved as she heard the sound of the closing door. Only once she tried to cower away from him, but he would not release his hold; and as his strength and purpose made themselves felt, she stood there dumb and cold, until, suddenly overcome by his tenderness, she laid her head on his breast with a sob that seemed to shake her girlish frame.

"Raby, Raby! oh, I cannot bear this." Then in a tone of anguish, "I do not deserve it."

"No," he said, calmly, and tried to soothe her with grave kisses; "you have been a faithless child, and deserve to be punished. How do you propose to make amends for all the sorrow you have caused me?"

"Oh, if I could only die," she answered bitterly; "if my death could only do you good. Raby, the trouble of it has nearly killed me; you must not, you must not speak so kindly to me."

"Must I not, my darling; how does a man generally speak to his future wife?" and as she trembled and shrank from him, he went on in the same quiet voice, "if you are so ready to die for me, you will not surely refuse to live for me. Do you think you owe me nothing for all these years of desertion, Crystal; was there any reason that, because of that unhappy accident—a momentary childish passion—you should break my heart by your desertion?"

"I could not stay," she answered, weeping bitterly; "I could not stay to see the ruin I had made. Oh, Raby, let me go, do not forgive me; I have been your curse, and Margaret's too!"

"Then come back and be our blessing; come back in your beauty and youth to be eyes to the blind man, and to be his darling and delight. Crystal, I am wiser now—I shall make no more mistakes; indeed, I always loved you, dear; poor Mona was no more to me than any other woman."

"You loved me, Raby?"

"Yes, most truly and deeply; but you were so young, my sweet; and I did not think it right to fetter your inexperienced youth—you were so unconscious of your own rare beauty; you had seen so few men. 'Let her go out into the world,' I said, 'and test her power and influence. I will not ask her to be my wife yet.' How could I know that you would never change, Crystal—that your heart was really mine."

"It has always been yours," she murmured; but, alas! those sweet blushes were lost on her blind lover.

"Yes, I know it now; Margaret has helped me to understand things. I know now, you poor child, that you looked upon Mona as your rival; that you thought I was false to you; that in my ignorance I made you endure tortures. It is I who ought to ask your pardon, love, for all I made you suffer."

"No, no."

"We must both be wiser for the future. Now put your hand in mine, Crystal, and tell me that you are content to take the blind man for your husband, that the thought of a long life beside him does not frighten you; that you really love me well enough to be my wife;" and, as he turned his sightless face towards her, Crystal raised herself and kissed his blind eyes softly.

"'She loved much,'" she whispered, "'because much had been forgiven her.' Oh, how true that is; I deserve only to be hated and you follow me across the world to ask me to be your wife. Your love has conquered, Raby; from this day your will shall be mine."

* * * * *

Miss Campion had passed a long morning at the springs, wandering about the grounds with an American friend. Crystal would have finished her letter to Fern Trafford long ago, she thought, as she walked quickly down the hot road, and would be waiting for luncheon. She was not a little surprised then when, on reaching the cottage, she heard the sound of voices, and found herself confronting a very tall man in clerical dress, whose head seemed almost to touch the low ceiling, while a sweet-looking woman, in a long grey cloak and Quakerish bonnet, was standing holding Crystal's hand.

"Dear Miss Campion," exclaimed Crystal, with a vivid blush that seemed to give her new beauty, "some English friends of mine have just arrived. Mr. Ferrers and his sister." But Raby's deep voice interrupted her.

"Crystal is not introducing us properly; she does not mention the fact that she is engaged to me, and that my sister is her cousin; so it is necessary for me to explain matters."

"Is this true, child?" asked Miss Campion in a startled voice; and, as though Crystal's face were a sufficient answer, she continued archly, "do you mean that this is 'he,' Crystal—the ideal we were talking about last night in the moonlight."

"Oh, hush!" returned Crystal, much confused at this, for she knew by this time that there had been silent auditors to that girlish outburst. But Raby's hand pressed hers meaningly.

"I am afraid that I must plead guilty to being that 'he,' Miss Campion. I believe, if the truth must be told, that Crystal has been engaged to me from a child. I know she was only nine years old when she made me an offer—at least she informed me in the presence of my father and sister that she meant to belong to me."

"Oh, Margaret, do ask him to be quiet," whispered Crystal; but her glowing, happy face showed no displeasure. Something like tears glistened in Miss Campion's shrewd eyes as she kissed her and shook hands with Mr. Ferrers.

"It is not often the ideal turns up at the right moment," she said, bluntly; "but I am very glad you have come to make Crystal look like other girls. Now, Mr. Ferrers, as only lovers can feed on air, I propose that we go in search of luncheon, for the gong has sounded long ago;" and as even Raby allowed that this was sensible advice, they all adjourned to the boarding-house.

The occupants of the piazza were sorely puzzled that evening and Miss Bellagrove was a trifle cross. Captain Maudsley had been raving about the beauty of the wonderful brunette who was sitting opposite to him at dinner. "She must be an Italian," he said to Miss Bellagrove, who received his confidence somewhat sulkily; "one never sees those wonderful eyes and that tint of hair out of Italy or Spain. Tanqueville, who is an artist, is wild about her, because he says he has never seen a face with a purer oval. He wants to paint her for his Rebecca at the Well. It is rather hard lines she should be engaged to a blind clergyman," finished Captain Maudsley, rather incautiously. Miss Bellagrove's fair face wore an uneasy expression. "How do you know they are engaged?" she said, impatiently; "I do not believe they are. Miss Ferrers does not wear any ring."

"Nevertheless, I should not mind betting a few dozens of gloves that they are," replied Captain Maudsley, with a keen, mischievous glance that rather disconcerted Miss Bellagrove. He was quite aware that he was teasing the poor little girl; but then she deserved punishment for flirting with that ass Rodgers all last evening. Jack Maudsley was honestly in love with the fair-haired beauty, but he had plenty of pluck and spirit, and would not be fooled if he could help it. Perhaps Miss Bellagrove, in common with the rest of her sex, liked a lover to be a little masterful. It was certain that she was on her best behavior during the rest of the evening, and snubbed Mr. Rogers most decidedly when he invited her to take a turn in the shrubberies.

Crystal attracted a great deal of notice in the boarding-house, but she gave no one any opportunity of addressing her. Raby was always beside her, and she seemed completely engrossed with his attentions. As Miss Campion observed to Margaret, she might as well look for another companion for all the good Crystal was to her.

But one evening Margaret found Crystal sitting alone in a corner of the large drawing-room. Most of the company had gone into the tea-room, but one or two, Raby among them were lingering in the garden. Raby was talking rather earnestly to Miss Campion.

"Alone, Crystal!" sitting down beside her with a smile. "Do you mean that Raby has actually left you." But Crystal's face wore no answering smile—she looked a little disturbed.

"I asked him to go and let me think it over. I cannot make up my mind, Margaret. Raby wants me to marry him at once, before we go back to England; he will have it that it will be better for me to go back to the Grange as his wife."

"Yes, darling, I know Raby wishes this, and I hope you mean to consent."

"I—I do not know what to say—the idea somehow frightens me. It is all so quick and sudden—next week; will not people think it strange. A quiet little wedding in Sandycliffe church seems to me so much nicer. But Raby seems to dread the waiting so, Margaret," and here her eyes filled with tears. "I think he does not trust me—that he is afraid I may leave him again; and the idea pains me."

"No, dearest," returned Margaret, soothingly; "I am sure such a thought never entered Raby's head; but he has suffered so, and I think all the trouble, and his blindness have made him nervous; he was saying so last night, and accusing himself of selfishness, but he owned that he could not control a nervous dread that something might happen to separate you both, Crystal," looking at her wistfully. "Is the idea of an imediate marriage so repugnant; if not, I wish you would give way in this."

Crystal looked up, startled by her earnestness, and then she said with sweet humility, "It is only that I feel so unworthy of all this happiness; but if you and Raby think it best, I will be guided by you. Will you tell him so? but no, there he is alone; I will go to him myself."

Raby heard her coming, and held out his hand with a smile.

"You see I never mistake your footsteps," he said, in the tone he kept for her ear; "I should distinguish them in a crowd. Well, darling?" waiting for the word he knew would follow.

"Margaret has been talking to me, and I see she approves—it shall be next week if you wish it, Raby; that is, if Miss Campion can spare me."

"She will gladly do so, especially as Margaret has offered to keep her company for a fortnight; after that we will all go back on the same steamer. Thanks, my darling, for consenting; you have made me very happy. I knew you would not refuse," lifting the little hand to his lips.

"I feel as though I have no power to refuse you anything," was her loving answer; "but I know it is all your thought for me, Raby," pressing closer to him in the empty dusk, for there were no curious eyes upon them—only night-moths wheeling round them. "Are you never afraid of what you are doing; do you not fear that I may disappoint you?"

"No," he answered, calmly, "I fear nothing."

"Not my unhappy temper?" she whispered and he could feel the slight figure trembling as she put the question.

"No," in the same quiet tones that always soothed her agitation, "for I believe the evil spirit is exorcised by much prayer and fasting; and, darling, even if it should not be so, I should not be afraid then, for I know better how to deal with it and you; no angry spirit could live in my arms, and I would exorcise it thus"—touching her lips. "No, have faith in me, as I have faith in you, and all will be well." And so he comforted her.

There was a great sensation in the boarding-house at W—— when news of the approaching wedding was made known. Captain Maudsley triumphed over Miss Bellagrove. "I told you the Italian beauty was engaged to the blind Englishman," he said to her; "but after all she is only half an Italian—her mother was a Florentine, and her father was English. Fergusson told me all about it—he is to marry them; and old Dr. Egan is to give her away. There is some romantic story belonging to them. I think he has been in love with her from a child. Well, Heaven gives nuts to those who have no teeth," grumbled the young officer, thinking of the bridegroom's blindness.

Crystal remained very quietly in the corner house during the rest of the week. Raby spent most of his time with her. On the eve of her wedding she wrote a little note to Fern, telling of her intended marriage.

"I am very happy," she wrote; "but there are some kinds of happiness too deep for utterance. When I think of the new life that awaits me to-morrow, an overwhelming sense of unworthiness seems to crush me to the ground; to think that I shall be Raby's wife—that I shall be permitted to dedicate my whole life to his dear service. I have told you a little about him, but you will never know what he is really; I sometimes pray that my love may not be idolatry. When he brings me to the Grange—that dear home of my childhood, you must come to me, and your mother also. Raby says he loves you both for your goodness to me; he has promised that you shall be our first guests.

"Do you know our dear Margaret will not be long with us? She intends to join a community in the East End of London, and to devote herself for the remainder of her life to the service of the poor. I could not help crying a little when she told me this; but she only smiled and said that she was not unhappy. And yet she loved Hugh Redmond. I talked to Raby afterwards, and he comforted me a little. He said that though Hugh loved her with the whole strength of his nature, that he could never really have satisfied a woman like Margaret—that in time she must have found out that he was no true mate for her. 'A woman should never be superior to her husband,' he said. 'Margaret's grand intellect and powers of influence would have been wasted if she had become Hugh Redmond's wife. Oh, yes, he would have been good to her—probably he would have worshipped her; but one side of her nature would have been a mystery to him. You must not grieve for her, my child, for she has ceased to grieve for herself; the Divine Providence has withheld from her a woman's natural joys of wifehood and maternity, but a noble work is to be given to her; our Margaret, please God, will be a mother in Israel.' And, indeed, I feel Raby is right, and that Margaret is one of God's dear saints."

It was on a golden September day that Crystal became Raby Ferrers' wife; the company that had grouped themselves in the long drawing-room of the boarding-house owned that they had never seen a grander bride.

The creamy Indian silk fell in graceful folds on the tall supple figure; the beautiful head, with its coils of dark glossy hair, was bent in girlish timidity. Margaret had clasped round her white throat the pearl necklace and diamond cross that had belonged to her mother, and which she was to have worn at her own bridal. "I shall not need it; it is for Raby's wife," she said, as Crystal protested with tears in her eyes; "it must be your only ornament. Oh, if Raby could only see how lovely you look."

But the calm tranquil content on the sightless face silenced even this wish. Crystal ceased to tremble when the deep vibrating voice, vowing to love and cherish her to her life's end, sounded in her ears; but Raby felt the coldness of the hand he held.

When they had received the congratulations of their friends, and Margaret had tenderly embraced her new sister, and they were left alone for a little, Raby drew his young bride closer to him.

"You are not afraid now, my darling?"

"No," she answered, unsteadily; "but it is all so like a dream. A fortnight ago—only a fortnight—I was the most desolate creature in God's earth; and now——"

"And now," echoing her words with a kiss, "you are my wife. Ah, do you remember your childish speech—it used to ring in my ears; 'I am going to belong to Raby all my life long; I will never leave him, never.' Well it has come true, love; you are mine now."

"Yes," she whispered, leaning her forehead against him, "you will never be able to get rid of me; and oh,"—her voice trembling—"the rest of knowing that it will never be my duty to leave you."

He laughed at that, but something glistened in his eyes too. "No, my wild bird; no more flights for you—I have you safely now; you are bound to me by this"—touching the little circlet of gold upon the slender finger. "Now, my darling—my wife of an hour, I want you to make me a promise; I ask it of your love, Crystal. If a shadow—even the very faintest shadow, cross your spirit; if one accusing thought seems to stand between your soul and mine; one doubt or fear that, like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, might rise and spread into the blackness of tempest, will you come and tell it to me?"

"Oh, Raby, do not ask me."

"But I do ask it, love, and I ask it in my two-fold character of priest and husband, and it is the first request your husband makes you. Come, do not hesitate. You have given me yourself; now, with sweet generosity, promise me this, that you will share with me every doubt and fear that disturbs you."

"Will you not let me try to conquer the feeling alone first, and then come to you?"

"No, I would not undertake the responsibility; I know you to well, darling. Come, I thought you promised something that sounded like obedience just now."

"Ah, you are laughing at me. But this is no light matter, Raby; it means that I am to burthen you with all my foolish doubts and fancies—that I am never to keep my wrong feelings to myself."

"Promise!" was his only answer, in a very persuasive voice.

"Yes, I will promise," hiding her face on his shoulder; "but it will be your own fault if I am ever a trouble to you. Oh, Raby, may I always tell you everything; will you help me to be good, and to fight against myself?"

"We will help each other," he answered, stroking her soft hair; "there shall never be a shadow on the one that the other will not share—half the shadow and half the sunshine; and always the Divine goodness over us. That shall be our married life, Crystal."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SIR HUGH'S REPENTANCE.

> And by comparison I see
> The majesty of matron grace,
> And learn how pure, how fair can be
> My own wife's face;
>
> Pure with all faithful passion, fair
> With tender smiles that come and go,
> And comforting as April air
> After the snow.
>
> *Jean Ingelow.*

Sir Hugh began to wish that he had never gone to Egypt, or that he had gone with any one but Fitzclarence—he was growing weary of his vagaries and unpunctuality. They had deviated already four times from the proposed route, and the consequence was, he had missed all his letters; and the absence of home news was making him seriously uneasy. He was the only married man; the rest of the party consisted of gay, young bachelors—good enough fellows in their way, but utterly careless. They laughed at Sir Hugh's anxious scruples, and secretly voted that a married man was rather a bore in this kind of thing. What was the use of bothering about letters, they said, so long as the remittances came to hand safely?

Sir Hugh thought of Fay's loving little letters lying neglected at the different postal towns, and sighed; either he was not so indifferent to her as he supposed himself to be, or absence was making his heart tender; but he had never been so full of care and thought for his Wee Wife as he was then. He wished he had bidden her good-bye. He remembered the last time he had seen her, when he had gone into his study with the telegram in his hand; and then recalled the strange wistful look she had given him. He could not tell why the fancy should haunt him, but he wished so much that he had seen her again and taken a kinder leave of her. It had not been his fault, he told himself a hundred times over; but still one never knew what might happen. He wished now that he had taken her in his arms and had said God bless her; she was such a child, and he was leaving her for a long time.

Sir Hugh was becoming a wiser man, and was beginning to acknowledge his faults, and, what was better still, to try and make amends for them.

It was too late to undo the effects of Fitzclarence's reckless mode of travelling, but he would do all he could; so in his leisure moments, when the other men were smoking and chatting in their tent, he sat down in a quiet corner and wrote several letters, full of descriptions of their journey, to amuse Fay in her solitude; and one Sunday, when the others had started on an expedition to see some ruin, he wrote the explanation that he had deferred so long. Hugh was an honest, well-meaning man, in spite of his moral weakness; if that letter had only reached the young wife's eyes it would have healed her sore heart and kept her beside him.

For he told her everything; and he told it in such a frank, manly way, that no woman could have lost confidence in him, though she read what Fay was to have read in the first few lines—that he had not married her for love. Hugh owned his unhappy passion for Margaret, and pleaded his great trouble as the excuse for his restlessness. He had gone away, he said, that he might fight a battle with himself, and return home a better man; it would all be different when he came back, for he meant to be a good husband to her, and to live for her and the boy, and to make her happy, and by and by he would be happy too. And he ended his letter as he never ended one yet, by assuring her that he was her loving husband. But, alas, when that tardy explanation reached the cottage at Daintree, Aunt Griselda only wrung her thin white hands and cried, for no one knew what had become of Fay, and Erle was rushing about and sending telegrams in all directions, and Fay, with the shadow always on her sweet face, was sitting in the orchard of the Manse, under the shade of the mossy old apple-trees, and baby Hugh lay on her lap, gurgling to the birds and the white clouds that sailed over their heads. When Sir Hugh had written that letter, he felt as though a very heavy weight were off his mind, and he began to enjoy himself. Not for long, however, for presently they reached Cairo, and there he found a budget awaiting him. Every one seemed to have written to him but Fay; and when he saw that, he began to tear open the letters rather wildly, for he feared she must be ill. But by and by he came to her letter.

He read Erle Huntingdon's first—an indignant letter, evidently written under strong excitement—"Why had he not come home when they had sent for him? He must know that their search had been useless; they had no news of either Fay or the child. Miss Mordaunt was very ill with worry, and her old servant was much alarmed about her. They had written to him over and over again, and directed their letters to every possible place he could not have missed. If he had any affection for his wife and child, and cared to know what had become of them, he had better leave Fitzclarence and the other fellows and return at once," and so on.

Hugh dropped the letter—he was pale to the lips with apprehension—and turned to the others.

They were from Miss Mordaunt, and Mrs Heron, and Ellerton, and the lawyer, but they only reiterated the same thing—that all efforts had been in vain, and that they could hear nothing of either Lady Redmond or the boy; and then they urged him to come home at once. Lastly directed by Mrs. Heron, as though by an afterthought, was the letter Fay had left him upon the study table; but, in reality, it had been forwarded before the alarm had been given, for the seal was still unbroken. Mrs. Heron, on learning from the messenger that Sir Hugh had started for Egypt, had redirected it, and it had only just been posted when the distracted nurse made her appearance at the Hall and told her story. When Hugh read that poor little letter, his first feeling was intense anger—all his Redmond blood was at fever heat. She had sinned beyond all mercy; she had compromised his name and his reputation, and he would never forgive her.

He had confided his honor to a child, and she had played with it and cast it aside; she had dared to leave him and her home, and with his child, too, and to bring the voice of scandal about them; she—Lady Redmond, his wife—wandering like a vagabond at the world's mercy! His feelings were intolerable. He must get back to England; he must find her and hush it up, or his life would be worth nothing to him. Ah, it was well for Fay that she was safely hidden in the old Manse, for, if he had found her while this mood was on him, his anger would have killed her.

When his passion had cooled a little, he went to Fitzclarence, and told him rather abruptly that he must return home at once—affairs of the utmost importance recalled him.

Fitzclarence thought he looked very strange, but something in his manner forebade all questioning. Two hours afterwards he was on his way to England.

There is an old proverb, often lightly quoted, and yet full of a wise and solemn meaning, "*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" Poor, angry Hugh, travelling night and day, and cursing the tardy railways and steamers, was soon to test the truth of the saying.

He had reached Marseilles, and was hurrying to the post-office to telegraph some order to Mrs. Heron, when he suddenly missed his footing, and found himself at the bottom of a steep, dark cellar, with his leg doubled up under him; and when two passers-by who saw the accident tried to move him, they discovered that his leg was broken; and when he heard that he fainted.

And so fate, or rather Providence, took the reins from the weak, passionate hands that were so unfit to hold them, and threw him back, helpless and baffled on his bed of pain; there to learn, week by week, through weary sickness and still more weary convalescence, the lesson that only suffering could teach him—that it were well to forgive others their sins, even as he hoped his might be forgiven.

(To be continued.)

—The English language sounds funny to a foreigner. "I will come by by-and-by and buy," said a Canadian, and the shopkeeper had an attack of brain fever trying to make out what he meant.

CURRENT TOPICS.

FRENCH statistics of 1886, which have just been published, are, to use the words of a contemporary religious journal, "truly alarming." Year by year the number of births goes on decreasing, while the death rate increases. In 1886 there were 74,532 illegitimate births, as against 70,079 in 1881. The total increase of population was in 1886 52,560, in 1885 it was 85,464, and in 1881 it was 108,229.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER has been requested by His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram to publish a new edition of the sacred book of the Brahmans, the Rig Veda, with the commentary of Sayanacharya. The Maharajah will bear the whole expense, and the book is to be printed at Oxford University press. The first edition has been out of print for some time. It consisted of six quarto volumes.

MR. EDISON has completed his phonograph, and unless he talks at random it is the most marvellous of his inventions. The phonograph will be about the size of a typewriter and will work automatically by a small electric motor, which is noiseless, and stops at the touch of a spring. These wonderful instruments can be manufactured so that they may be sold for $60, and 500 will be on the market within two months.

A SINGULAR petition has been addressed by a group of Vienna citizens to the municipal council. They propose that in order to procure permanent relief for pauper school children there should be a tax on bachelors. This tax would only be applied to unmarried men in a position to keep a family. The petition says: "If all those who are exempted from military service on account of physical infirmity are obliged to pay a tax why should those be spared who voluntarily shirk other obligations to the State?"

LADY vocalists and others will be glad to know that tea, coffee and cocoa are three admissible drinks, but none in excess. For the voice cocoa is the most beneficial. Those cocoas are best that have been deprived of their oil. A cup of thin cocoa, just warm, is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong. It has a bad influence upon the mucous membrane. There is always a dry sensation after taking a cup of tea that has been allowed to stand too long. A vocalist had better do without sugar in tea and only take milk with it.

OTTAWA *Free Press*: When the Liberals redeemed Ottawa County by an overwhelming majority a few weeks ago the Tory organs grew very philosophical over the result. One of them sagely remarked: "What is an election lost or won; merely a drop of water in the vast ocean of human events." But judging from the way they are yelling over Dr. Montague's majority of sixteen votes in Haldimand the subsidized organs have abandoned the philosophy of a few weeks ago. Still they should keep it in stock as they will want again before long."

DR. MORELL MACKENZIE has a high opinion of Unser Fritz's courage. He personally broke the news to the unfortunate Prince that his throat trouble was the result of malignant cancer. "It was received with the most perfect calmness," says Mackenzie. "The Prince, after an instant of silence, put up his hand with his usual winning smile and, grasping mine, said: 'I have been lately fearing something of this sort. I thank you, Sir Morell, for being so frank with me.' At dinner that evening he was the most cheerful of the party. In all my long experience I have never seen a man bear himself under similar circumstances with such unaffected heroism.

SIR WILLIAM MACARTHUR, who died last week in a carriage of the London Underground Railway, was once a business partner of William Wilkinson, formerly a well-known merchant in Troy, N. Y., and now a resident of California. MacArthur and Wilkinson were in the linen business at Belfast, Ireland. When they dissolved partnership Wilkinson came to the States and MacArthur went to London. The latter had great success, became many times a millionaire, was made Lord Mayor of London and finally created a baron by Queen Victoria. He belonged to the same family in the north of Ireland from which the late President Arthur was descended, and he was a prominent member of the Methodist Church.

THERE are wonderful phosphate beds in the neighborhood of Charleston, S.C. It has occurred to an ingenious advertiser of this desirable natural wealth that such prodigious deposits of fertilizing material indicate conclusively that Charleston and its vicinity are the original site of the Garden of Eden, out of the ground of which the Lord made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. In further verification of this new geographical theory is the fact that the bones of the behemoth, and of all the other extinct saurians and lesser pachyderms which Adam found names for, can be dug from the Charleston alluvium, where they have lain since the floods covered them. Those who are not convinced by the phosphates are respectfully asked to account for the bones.

THE compartment car continues to develop undesirable possibilities for the traveller to offset the luxury of "privacy" for which Europeans still cling to it. Thus, recently, a wealthy traveller on a Russian railway formed the acquaintance of a lady with whom he chanced to be journeying alone in a first-class compartment. He became very favorably impressed with his companion and finally accepted a cigarette which she offered, the fair traveller also lighting one herself, according to a common custom with Russian ladies. Soon after commencing his smoke the traveller fell into a deep slumber, and when he was aroused his charming fellow-traveller had disappeared, as had also his pocket-book containing $2,500. Now if this wealthy Russian gentleman had been travelling in a Pullman car in this country the porter would never have been mean enough to make him pay as much as that.

Modern readers have become familiar with three great revolutions—the English revolution, the American revolution and the French revolution. Next year it will be two hundred years since James the Second was compelled to flee for refuge to a foreign land, abandoning the throne of his ancestors, and since William of Orange and his Queen mounted the vacant throne. It is called "the glorious revolution of 1688." It has been glorified by many writers, but chiefly by Sir James Mackintosh and by Lord Macaulay. It is called the Protestant Revolution, because it established and confirmed the Protestant succession. Arrangements have been made by the Protestant Alliance of Great Britain to suitably celebrate the event. The bicentenary of the Revolution happens to be the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. An effort will be made to make 1888 a jubilant year throughout Great Britain.

PH. DELAHAYE, in the *Revue Industrielle*, describes some experiments recently made in Germany, on the action of cold on hydraulic cements. The stones used were 2¾-inch cubes. Some of the stones were joined with the cement mixed with pure water, others with cement mixed with water which contained two per cent. of salt, and others again with cement mixed with water containing eight per cent. of salt. While the cement was still fresh the stones were placed out of doors, and left exposed twenty-one days in a cold of 20° to 32° Fah., after which the stones were kept in a warm room for a period of seven days. At the end of this time it was found that the cement mixed with pure water was completely disintegrated and had no holding power. The cement containing two per cent. of salt was in a better condition, but not good. Whereas the cement the water of which had had eight per cent. of salt had not suffered in the least.

RECENT telegrams from Russia show that the Government of that country is still pursuing the policy of arbitrary and despotic repression which is described by Mr. Kennan in a paper entitled "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals" in the November "Century." A number of young army and navy officers in St. Petersburg have just been sentenced to penal servitude in the Siberian mines for merely setting forth in the course of a debate the advantages which another governmental system would have over the present one. There is said to be much excitement and indignation among the friends of the young officers in military circles, and the circumstance furnishes another illustration of the way in which the Russian Government, by punishing with excessive severity natural and peaceful discussion, excites and keeps alive the revolutionary spirit. As the Liberals of Moscow say in the interesting appeal to the Tsar, quoted in Mr. Kennan's article, "The principal reason for the morbid form which the contest with the Government has taken is the absence in Russia of any opportunity for the free development of public opinion and the free exercise of public activity."

IT may not be generally known, writes the Edinburgh correspondent of the *Scottish American*, how many of the best and most successful *literati* of the day hail from "the richt side o' the Border." Perhaps foremost amongst them stand R. Louis Stevenson, William Black and W. S. Gilbert, of operatic fame. The first-mentioned, who is certainly the most original writer alive, was born in Edinburgh, his father having been the head of the celebrated Stevenson firm of lighthouse engineers. Mr. Stevenson, who is as capable at poetry as at prose, as his recent volume "Underwoods" show, is at present in the United States. Andrew Lang is also a Scotsman and a graduate of St. Andrew's. Then there are George Macdonald and Mrs. and Lawrence Oliphant, the latter of whom spends most of his time on Mount Carmel, where he has built a residence. It is, of course, unnecessary to mention that Archibald Forbes, the prince of war correspondents, belongs to Auld Scotia; and quite as unnecessary to give the same news regarding Robt. Buchanan, the novelist, poet and playwright, and Charles Gibbon. Grant Allen, the scientist and novelist, though born in Canada, is of good Scotch stock. David Christie Murray, another rising man who is a native of Scotland, was for a time war correspondent to the *Scotsman*, but has now settled down to fiction. Last of all may be mentioned Wm. Sharp, a Paisley man, who is making his mark as a poet, biographer and art-critic, and who, notwithstanding that he is one of the busiest literary men in London, has lately taken to novel writing.

English Car Heaters.

A returned tourist said last evening: "So Charles Dickens doesn't like the way we heat our railway cars. We really must adopt the English way. And what is that? Why, a rather large flattened tomato-can is filled with hot water and put on the floor of the carriage and you're supposed to keep warm on it. The only way to get any warmth out of it at all is to hold it on your lap and then your back freezes. One of these hot-water cans is expected to keep you warm for twelve hours. It gets stone cold within two, and ice-cream may be kept from melting on it. If our English friends don't admire our way of heating cars let them go home."

Lord Fife's Idea of Temperance.

The Earl of Fife is not only the boon companion of the heir apparent, but is also a great favorite with Her Majesty. The father of the present Earl was a curious specimen of the kilted race. He was one day dining with the Queen, and attracted her attention and surprise by saying: "Your Majesty will be glad to hear that I have left off drinking soda and brandy." The Queen, smiling, said: "I am glad to hear it, Lord Fife." His Lordship thereupon made the further remark: "Your Majesty will also be pleased to learn that I have taken to soda and whiskey instead."—*London Modern Society*.

Bill Nye's Introduction.

Probably Mr. E. W. Nye will never forget the time he lectured in Indianapolis. That is the home of Riley, the humorist and poet, and it had been arranged that Riley was to introduce the lecturer. Well, Riley did introduce him. He made an introductory address of one hour and a half, during which time E. W. Nye sat and perspired and got ready to get up and cracked his fingers and smiled outside and cried inside. The only thing that E. W. Nye got a chance to deliver that night was his peroration.—*Omaha World*.

THE DEAD ANARCHIST'S SWEETHEART.

Nina Van Zandt's Father Tells What He Knows About Her Infatuation.

James K. Van Zandt, the father of the wretched Nina, tells a reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* that he is a hard working chemist, who has no sympathy with the visionary dreams of either Socialists or Anarchists. He became convinced that his daughter was in love with Spies with her mother's support and sanction. He knew that to oppose the girl's folly would drive her from his house, and he would thus lose entirely his influence over her. He argued with both mother and daughter until convinced that it did no good. Then he decided to do nothing, refusing to talk with newspaper men and trying to induce his wife and daughter to adopt the same course. He did, however, join to some extent in the effort to save Spies, not because he sympathized with him, but to avert an overwhelming grief from his daughter. But, as if the state of things in his household was not bad enough, the newspapers, he says, have persistently printed false reports about it. The girl is not contemplating suicide and is not starving herself to death. She is perfectly sane, and time and rest will cure her of the prostration under excitement and grief from which she suffers. A reporter recently got into the house under false pretences and worked upon the feelings of the women until they talked unreservedly, not dreaming that he was a newspaper man. Even what they did say he grossly exaggerated, representing the girl as crying for blood and vengeance. Her father says that both she and her mother were as much shocked as himself at seeing such sentiments attributed to her. On the contrary, it was her tenderness of heart that got her into all this trouble. He does not think that she really has any sympathy with the doctrines of the executed men, but she saw so much of Spies that under the excitement she has caught up their jargon and talks it in spite of herself.

Blessed Forgetfulness.

Do we ever pause to think as we hurry through our daily tasks—nearly all of us have some duties to perform each day—how, if we were to pass out of existence, some one else would take up our work, and in a very short time we would scarcely be missed, even by those who love us and whom we love? Some other hand would wind the skein, sometimes sadly tangled, which we have labored over so long. Some other voice would advise, chide and encourage. Some other feet would take the many steps, tread the path we have trod so long. Ah! 'tis a blessed thing to forget. A life all tears, all regret for the past, all sighs for the ones we have lost, would be a sad life indeed. 'Tis a soft touch of an angel's wing that soothes us—the angel of forgetfulness. Mother, our mother; she sleeps very soundly now in God's acre, very calmly, very peacefully; yet we can remember when she was all in all—leader, toiler, adviser, all in one. She passed away one day; what a great blank place there was in heart and home. But time wove his web of forgetfulness, so slowly, so gently, that the great black void filled imperceptibly, and we scarce missed the dear soul, who once was the motive power of our home. Ah, yes, the world goes on just the same. The new made grave, the bitter tears; healing time, smiles again. Yet those who sleep beneath the green sod, the dazzling snow, sleep no less soundly for our forgetfulness.

F. H. HOLLAND.

National Flowers.

I think I am correct in saying that the larger proportion of those blossoms selected as national or political symbols have been taken from the "hardy brigade." Of such are the rose, the thistle, shamrock and leek, the broom (planta-genista), the white iris of Florence, the fleur-de-lis of France, the lily alluded to by Chaucer. This last is supposed to have been the white or Madonna's lily, but in the north of Ireland the Orange lily is not unfrequently degraded on July 12th as a symbol of party feeling. The violet of the Napoleon dynasty is even yet worn in France, and at Fontainebleau the apartments of the ex-Empress Josephine are redolent with an exquisite ordor. In China and Japan the chrysanthemum has taken the place of honor as the national flower, but one of the latest and strongest of party badges is the "pale primrose" of Shakspeare, now the ensign of the "Primrose League," an order of Conservatives founded in honor of the late Lord Beaconsfield, who gave us the sweet picture of Lady Corisande's garden in "Lothair." This league now numbers four hundred thousand members.—F. W. BURBIDGE, in *Harper's Weekly for December*.

The Meaning of "Mugwump."

I find the word "mugwump" is not in Encyclopedia Britannica, but is in the American supplement, third volume, page 783. I send you an extract giving the derivation and use of the word:

"The word belongs to the Algonquin dialect of the Indian language of North America, and is used by John Elliot in his translation of the Bible (Cambridge, Mass., 1661) to translate the Hebrew word alluph, a leader. Elliot used it in a sense of 'big chief,' a term more comprehensive to the Indian mind than that which appears in the King James' version, 'duke.' The word was spelled 'mugquomp' in the singular, and 'mugquampoag' in the plural. It appears in many places throughout the Algonquin translation of the Old Testament, a notable place being in I. Chron. i, 51, 53; also Gen. xxxvi. 15, given herewith:

"'Young mugquampoag wunnaumonuh Esau; wunnaumonuh Eliphaz; montomegheunche Esau; Mugquomp Teman; Mugquomp Omar; Mugquomp Zepho; Mugquomp Kenaz.'

"'These were dukes of the sons of Esau; the sons of Eliphaz; the first born son of Esau; Duke Teman, Duke Oman, Duke Zepho, Duke Kenaz.'"—*Fulton Republican*.

Now You Know It All.

A bibliopegist is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings. A bibliotaph is a book miser. A bibliophole is a bookseller for bibliophiles. A biblioklept is a stealer of valuable books. Mr. Lenox, who would not let Prescott see his Mexican manuscripts, was a bibliotaph, and Sam Pepys was a biblioklept. Bibliolatry is the worship of books.—*Art Review*.

IRISH WOOLLENS.

Enthusiastic Testimony to Their Merits.

Sincerely do I hope that the proposal to have an Irish section at the Glasgow exhibition will be carried out, says the editor of London *Truth*. What the Irish woollens want most—in fact, the only thing they want—is advertisement. If the English lower middle class—the people who have ten children, and expect each boy to wear his elder brother's knickerbockers in succession until nothing remains but the buttons and braces—knew the indestructible quality of the Blarney tweeds and friezes, there would be such a run on Blarney as would double the population of the place in a fortnight. Unfortunately, the Blarney people don't advertise in the way that many English manufacturers do. The Irish manufacturers deal only "with the trade," and they take no steps to bring the excellence of their wares home to the individual. They do not seem to have realized the immence opening which the parcel post has made for them. The excellence of their goods is only known in this country to tailors and haberdashers. We buy the Irish goods without knowing them to be Irish, wonder why they wear so well, but don't know what to ask for the next time we order a suit. I have—not, indeed, in my actual possession, but within reach and easily accessible, if wanted for exhibition or other (honest) purposes—a specimen of Irish woollen manufacture which was woven at the Marquis of Waterford's mills, Kilmacthomas, some time prior to the year 1877, in which year it was confectioned into a garment (the nature signifies not) in which, for a considerable time, I took, I trust, a modest, but very sensible pride. It then, some years ago, passed into the hands of a humble (but most respectable) friend, whose Sunday best it still continues to be. I see it constantly, and, although I should be exaggerating if I were to describe it as still smart, yet, so far as I can observe, there are no holes in it. Now, Kilmacthomas, though it does things pretty decently, can't hold a candle to Blarney in the matter of frizzes and tweeds. Why, then, don't the Blarney people wake up to a knowledge of their own excellence, and post an announcement thereof, with prices and specimens, direct to the British householder?

A Needle in Her Knee.

The Mount Forest *Representative* said in a recent issue: Miss Bertie Donnelly, eldest daughter of the C. P. R. agent of this town, who recently returned from Bowmanville, where she has held a position as telegraph operator for several months, has undergone a singular experience. She had been troubled for some time with a lame knee, which kept gradually getting more painful. The cause of her lameness could not be accounted for until a few days ago, when a needle came through the flesh at the knee joint. How the needle came to be in her leg is a mystery to herself and parent

Inventions of the 19th Century.

The steamboat, the reaper, the sewing machine
Cars running by night and by day,
Houses lighted by gas and heated by steam,
And bright electricity's ray.

The telegraph's click speeds like lightning released.
Then the telephone comes to excel it,
And, to put on the finish, the last but not the least
Is the famed little Purgative Pellet.

Last but not the least is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, because it relieves human suffering, adds to the sum of human comfort, and enables the relieved sufferer to enjoy all the blessings and luxuries of the age we live in.

A New York correspondent claims to have investigated and ascertained that all this talk about fashionable girls working in gymnasia, fencing, boxing and taking long walks is pure nonsense. She says that there are not forty women learning to fence in the city, and most of them are actresses; that the average woman's clothes won't let her walk, and as to boxing there is absolutely none of it done.

Yes, he loves you now, 'tis true,
Lass with eyes of violet blue,
Lips as sweet as honey-dew,
Bonny little bride!
Will he love you as to-day,
When your bloom has fled away,
When your golden locks are grey,—
Will his love abide?

Yes, if it is the true kind it will survive all the inevitable wastes and changes of life. But, it is every woman's desire and duty to retain, as long as she can, the attractions that made her charming and be loved in youth. No one can keep her youthful bloom or equable temper if weighed down and suffering from female weakness and disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy for these troubles. Sold by druggists.

He Would do His Part.

George—Blanche, I think I will get married.

Blanche—Yes, George, and does your heart beat responsively to some one's?

"Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost support myself, and I think it's a pretty mean girl that won't help a little bit."

Nerve Pain Cure.

Polson's Nervilire cures flatulence, chills and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhœa, cholera and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

Where the Rawhide Was.

"Did she have a rawhide when she assaulted you?" asked His Honor of a meek gentleman who accused his wife of assault with intent to kill. "No, Your Honor," said the poor man, feeling of himself tenderly, "I'm the one that had the rawhide; in fact, Your Honor, I have it still."—*Buffalo Courier*.

—A lease of 999 years, made in the days of King Alfred, has just expired in England. The land was leased by the Church to the Crown, and reverts now to the Church of England.

—Mrs. Partington says of her new cook book: "Now, a book like this will come into a house like an oasis in the great desert of Sarah and be a quarantine of perpetual peace."

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO,

Has students from British Columbia, Texas, Arkansas, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Chicago, Duluth, New York and other distant points. Its low rates, excellent staff of teachers and fine accommodation have so filled its halls that a new building to cost $20,000 will be erected next year. Students can enter any time. 65 pp. calendar free.

Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Cold Comfort.

Customer (in restaurant)—Waiter, these are very small oysters for the price.

Waiter—Yes, sah.

Customer—And they don't look very nice, either.

Waiter—Den dey is all de betah, sah, for bein' small.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. DR. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

—The Northwest doesn't care what the wide world says so long as nobody hits it below the wheat belt.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DON L. 49 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

GORDON'S

OLD RELIABLE HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON!

Is still open and Old Customers will find it Stocked with

Carriage & Team

HARNESS!

Which has become celebrated throughout this vicinity for superior quality, finish and durability. All guaranteed as heretofore. At

Reduced Prices for Cash,

Also a large stock of Winter Goods in the line of

HORSE COVERS!

of superior quality, at the lowest prices ever offered in Flesherton. A fine selection of

Sleigh ❋ Bells!

at a slight advance on cost for the next 30 days. If you want a first-class

WHIP!

It is to be found at Gordon's. Also

TRUNKS,
VALISES,
RUGS,
HORSE BRUSHES,
CURRY COMBS,
SWEAT PADS

and all other Horse Furnishings found in a first-class Harness Shop.

The Celebrated Harness Oil!

Kept constantly on hand. But the Crowning Specialty is the perfect fitting

Scotch ❋ Collar!

Warranted not to gall your horses and for which this establishment has become so well known throughout this County. Repairing attended to promptly, carefully and cheaply.

A Call is Respectfully Invited at

GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Come right along at once and secure the big Bargains in Fur goods at R Trimble's, Flesherton.

When in town get Booth, the "Boss" Barber, to cut your hair, shampoo you, or shave you.

The Ladies say the sweetest thing on earth, except a new bonnet is the Scotch Granulated Sugar, they get at Brander's, Priceville.

The most beautiful stock of Silverware ever seen in this country is to be seen at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mens' Felt Stockings, Gum Rubbers, also Ladies' and Mens Rubbers, Overshoes, &c., a full supply on hand suitable for the cold weather that the weather prophets say is coming, at Wm Clayton's.

Oor thanks are due to Mr. Will Richardson for handsome *Graphic* supplement picture. Richardson's Drug Store is well stocked with Xmas numbers of the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*, and all kinds of pretty things for the holidays.

Mr. Wm. M. Clark, of Toronto, and family, have moved back to Flesherton again. We welcome our esteemed old friend right heartily to our town. Socially, intellectually and spiritually he is a great addition to our society.

Do you want a choice lot of Confectionaries? Then go to the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Mr. A. Down, of Artemesia, advertised a farm to rent in The Advance a short time ago. The advertisement caught the eye of Mr. Thos. Meadler Guy, son of our respected Maxwell friend, Mr. Wm. Guy, and he proceeded to answer the same. Result: Mr. Guy rented the farm on Monday last for a term of years. Advertising always pays, when the article, or whatever it may be, advertised is marketable.

A grand stock of Fancy Goods just arriving at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

An immense number of cattle have been shipped by buyers from Artemesia during the past season.—There was, therefore, few marketable animals offered on fair day to what there usually is. This is one of the best stock-raising districts in Canada, and if our farmers would turn their attention still more in that direction it would pay them infinitely better than by confining their operations so closely and exclusively to growing grain.

Splendid value in Grey, Navy Blue Factory and Canton Flannels, at R. Trimble's, Flesherton.

Mrs. Campbell, of Owen Sound, delivered a most eloquent and sensible lecture in the basement of the Methodist church, Flesherton, last Thursday evening, in connection with the W.C.T.U. of this town. The lady lecturer evidently does not believe in dropping into the well worn ruts when discussing the Temperance question. What she said was decidedly practical and fresh to the majority of her hearers, and should she again favor Flesherton with a visit, she will be greeted by a crowded house.

The Medical Hall, Flesherton, is full of variety and every thing cheap for cash.

READ THIS.—The undersigned wishes his friends a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and takes this opportunity to thank them most sincerely for the hearty patronage accorded him in the past. He would also respectfully suggest to those owing him, that he is in need of money and that prompt payment of all outstanding accounts within the next two or three weeks will help him to commence the new year with a clean sheet. Bring along your money and I will gladly receipt your bills.—JAMES SULLIVAN.

We cannot help giving the people bargains. We have the goods and are bound to sell at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

A splendid rich toned New Organ and two famed New William's Sewing Machines for sale at a great reduction for cash or trade at C. Treadgold's residence, Flesherton. 4w.

Call and have a look at Russell's (Flesherton) display of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. It will do you good to see their immense stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.

The best place to buy your Raisins, Currants, Spices, &c., for Christmas is at R. Trimble's.

Booth, the "Boss" Barber, of Flesherton, does first-class work. Shop opposite Leitch's Tailoring establishment.

Do not purchase until you see Russell's grand display of Fancy Goods, Etc. It will eclipse everything in this country.

A resident of Artemesia—whose nimble-fingured propensities have rendered him notorious—recently visited a farmer's barn in the silent watches of the night and abstracted therefrom a bag of grain. Coming out of the building he chanced to stumble into an old well, some ten or twelve feet in depth. Much against his will, the thief was obliged to remain all night and until the following day in the well—a prisoner!—when the people of the farm chanced to hear his cries and rescued him. No doubt he disgorged and promised never to do the like again, for the matter has not come before a Magistrates Court. The old well ought to get a medal.

A grand stock of Fancy Goods just arriving at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Flesherton, Dec. 2nd, 1887.

At the last regular meeting of Flesherton L.O.L., No. 429, the following officers were duly elected for the year 1888:—

W. P. Crossley, W.M.
R. McGruther, W.D.M.
J. W. Bates, W. Chaplain.
D. Clayton, W. Secy.
W. E. White, Fin. Secy.
J. A. Heard, W.T.
H. C. LeGard, D. of C.
W. D. Varty, Lecturer.

Committee men—(1) Thos. McArthur, (2) Robt. Clark, sr., (3) William Clark, (4) J. E. Moore, (5) R. J. Sproule.

The above Lodge meets every Friday evening preceding every full moon in each month, in Strain's Block at 8 o'clock sharp. All visiting brethren made welcome.—D. Clayton, Rec. Secy.

A grand stock of Fancy Goods just arriving at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Died.

Rutledge.—In Markdale, on Wednesday, 30th Nov., 1887, after six months illness of consumption, Mrs. C. W. Rutledge, wife of the Editor and Proprietor of the *Standard*, aged 42 years, 3 days.

[Our esteemed friend and brother journalist, Mr. Rutledge, has the deep sympathy of a very large circle in his sad bereavement. Deceased was a loving wife and tender-hearted mother, and her married life was a very happy one. Her early death—although, perhaps, not unexpected—was a terrible shock to her respected husband and the community in which she lived. She died a true Christian. We tender our respectful sympathy to our dear friend Rutledge, in this the darkest and most solemn hour of his life.—Ed. Advance.]

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Mortgage Sale!

—OF—

Valuable Farm Property

In the township of Osprey, in the County of Grey. Under the powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage to the Vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, and in payment of which default has been made, there will be sold by Public Auction at LINLEY'S HOTEL, in the

VILLAGE OF MAXWELL,

—in the County of Grey, on—

Wednesday, the 14th day of December, 1887,

at 1 p.m., the following valuable property:—

Lot Number 23 in the 4th Concession of the said township of Osprey in the County of Grey, containing 100 acres more or less.

Terms and Conditions of Sale.

The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid. The purchaser must at the time of sale pay one-tenth of his purchase money to the Vendors their solicitors or agents and sufficient within 30 days thereafter with interest at 7 per cent. to reduce the balance of purchase money to $500 which amount may remain on mortgage to the vendors for 5 years with interest at 7 per cent. payable yearly. The mortgage to contain a covenant for insurance in the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company to the full insurable value of the buildings. The Vendors will not be bound to account for, produce or show or prove the contents of any deeds or evidence of title not in their possession or furnish copies of the same. The Purchaser must investigate the title at his own expense. The other conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale or on application to the undersigned at Toronto.

For further particulars apply to
HOWLAND, ARNOLDI & MACKENZIE,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, Nov. 14th, 1887. 335-7.

Having opened out a lot of

Fall & Winter Goods

Personally selected by myself, I can confidently recommend them. I have a large assortment of

Mens, Ladies, and Childrens

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Also a full supply of Mens and Ladies RUBBERS, and Mens FROST PROOF FELT BOOTS. I hope to receive a liberal share of the trade in this vicinity. I will endeavor to satisfy my customers in QUALITY and PRICES.

WM. CLAYTON, . Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

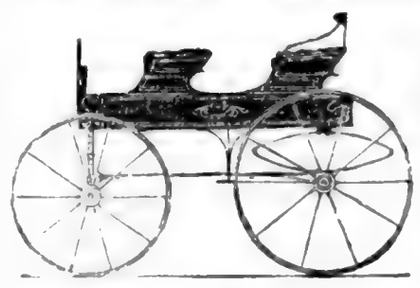

MAXWELL

CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,*
THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

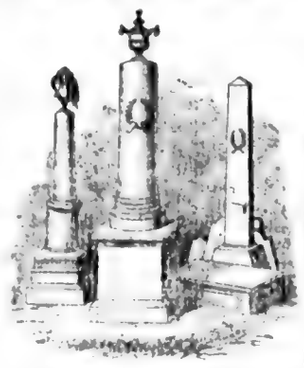

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. George Moorehouse, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

FLESHERTON ONT.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 338. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

"DECEMBER AD."

$1,600

IN GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES!

Wainut and Nickle Clocks, Roll Plate and Fine Gilt Chains, Gem and Wedding Rings, Jewelery and Fine Silverware for

Holiday Trade!

If I felt the public were fools enough to believe me and take "myself" to be "knave" enough to beat the wholesale, I would talk big discount and wholesale prices for above goods. Wholesale prices in a retail store won't pay rent, light taxes, etc. Continuous discounts 5 times in 1 year, either pays by marking goods away up, or else by using deception as to quality of goods. There are Jewellers who have 14 k. wedding rings stamped 18 k. My Plain Rings are made by P. W. ELLIS & CO., and after this will have my initials, W.B. stamped on.

Goods as represented every time.

Prices at "whisper" mark. Discounts as usual, 5 per cent.

Warrants cover Breakages!

Don't accept any other kind. Everybody invited to call when in town and get my prices.

For 4 Years

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 13th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

361-44.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE,

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Judgement was given on Monday unseating Dr. Willoughby, M.P.P. for East Northumberland.

The Reeve and Deputy Reeves of Artemesia, are attending County Council in Owen Sound this week.

A beautiful stock of Xmas Cards at Russell's, Flesherton, at very low prices, don't fail to see them.

The post office safe at Norwood, Ont., was blown open with dynamite on Saturday morning last and $11,000 stolen.

Rev. Mr. Shilton is conducting special meetings in Wesley Church, Meaford Road. The services commenced last week.

Call and see Russell's immense display of fancy Plush Wall Pockets, Dusters, Whisk Holders, &c., they are beautiful and cheap.

On dit: That the Flesherton Station hotel is about to change hands, with Mr. Jennings, of Shelburne, as the "coming man."

Mr. Albert Purdy now has charge of the Station Post-Office and a better order of things obtain. Mr. Purdy, sr., is confined to his room through sickness.

Don't fail to call and inspect our immense stock of Fancy Plush Goods, Xmas Cards, &c., at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the High School Entrance Examinations will be held in Flesherton. It seems strange that this fact has not been advertised in any of the local papers.

Don't forget to attend the grand concert in Watson's Hall, Priceville, on Tuesday evening next, 20th inst. Should the roads be in good condition, quite a number of our citizens purpose going over.

Call and see Russell's immense display of fancy Plush Wall Pockets, Dusters, Whisk Holders, &c., they are beautiful and cheap.

Don't forget the Concert in Watson's Hall, Priceville, on Tuesday evening next, 20th inst. Flesherton Brass Band will be there. A good program throughout. Admission 20 cents; children half price.

The C.P.R. Co. is about to furnish Flesherton with another Telegraph Office. The posts are to be put down between here and the railway station this week. Their office in this place will be located in the Post Office.

Special attention is directed to M. Richardson & Co's mammoth announcement on page five, this issue of THE ADVANCE. This firm has a county reputation at stake and what is advertised by them in the public press may always be safely relied upon.

Don't fail to call and inspect our immense stock of Fancy Plush Goods, Xmas Cards, &c., at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

A splendid rich toned New Organ and two famed New William's Sewing Machines for sale at a great reduction for cash or trade at C. Treadgold's residence Flesherton. 4w.

If you want any Book-binding done, try THE ADVANCE office. All work in this line, as well as in our Book and Job Department, executed on the very shortest notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Farmers can get their auction sale or stock bills printed at THE ADVANCE office while they wait. We have every facility for the rapid execution of all kinds of work. Prices right.

—BARGAINS!—

ENORMOUS BARGAINS!

Immense Bargains!

NOW GOING ON AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON!

WHERE WILL BE FOUND THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Knives, Razors, &c.

EVER SHOWN IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY. OUR GOODS

TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT FLESHERTON FALL SHOW,

And in order to give parties who were not able to take advantage of our discount sale in October, we have decided to again make this Great Offer and give

TWENTY PER CENT. OFF

On all Cash Sales of $1 and over from 1st day of December, 1887, to 1st day of January, 1888.

Now, this is a grand chance to secure fine goods at about wholesale prices. All Watches we sell bear a written guarantee of from three to five years. We will still make another Grand Offer to anyone purchasing one of our LADIES' FINE GEM RINGS or 18 k. WEDDING RINGS which we have for the number of nearly one hundred, we will give a beautiful Plush Ring Box worth $1.00, any color. These bargains everyone should take advantage of. You will never have as good a chance again and remember the only place to get your Watch repaired properly is at

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON.

Not Much on Education, But—

One evening when in the neighborhood of Sydney, Neb., we went over to make a friendly call on a farmer near whose house we were camped, says Fred Carruth. Something was said about a new schoolhouse which was being built a half-mile away, and the agriculturist said:

"Yes, the old one got kinder shackelly an' we sold it to old man White for a calf barn, an' are puttin' up a new one. It's my private opinion that it'll furnish schoolin' jes' 'bout good enough for the rest o' my young 'uns."

"Don't believe in higher education, then?"

"Naw, I been filled up on higher edication once, an' I know when I got enough."

"How did it happen?"

"You see, I sent my oldest son, Mifflin—named after the county we lived in back in Pennsylvania—to school down at Sidney. He hadn't been there mor'n a month when he came home one Friday evenin' an' says I to him: 'Miff, we'll butcher them six shotes to-morrow.'

"'Pap,' says he, 'better let it go till to-morrow a week—mebby be colder weather then.'

"'It won't do,' says I, 'the moon is full next Wednesday, an' we want to butcher them shotes when the moon is growin' so the pork will swell when we fry it—got an idee we want to wait until after the moon changes an' have that pork all shrink up when its fried?'

"'Hah, pap,' says Miff, 'you mean all right, but you're away off—it's been proved the moon don't have no influence on terrestrial things. You're antequaked, pap; this influence of the moon is a miff—the idee is exploded long ago.'

"'Young man,' says I, "mebby it is, but your old pap, didn't hear the explosion! Mebby I'm some antequaked on the moon, but I'm right up to the times on swingin' a coal-oil bar'l stave, an' if you'll jes' follow me out to the woodshed I'll finish up the other three years an' six months o' your edication in 'bout three minutes?'

"That settled it for him, an' the next day we hung up them six shotes by the hind legs, an' when the old lady put a piece of the pork into the fryin'-pan it jes' swelled right up every time! You can run down the moon all you want to but I tell you it's good enough for me to go by!"

Don't fail to call and inspect our immense stock of fancy Plush goods, Xmas Cards, &c., at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

FARMERS

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., OILING, SCOURING, WEAVING, CARDING, SPINNING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 20th, 1887.

THE QUEBEC MOB.

The Frenchmen Disperse Without Doing Any Mischief.

A Quebec despatch says: The expected riot last night ended in a complete fiasco. From 7 o'clock crowds could be seen wending their way towards Dufferin Terrace, undoubtedly bent upon mischief. Probably three-quarters of an hour had elapsed before the local "bouters" made their appearance upon the band stand. At about 8 o'clock a few juniors presented themselves in front of the platform and harangued the crowd. Their chief aim was that the crowd should disperse and not trouble further, because the local authorities intended making a thorough test case of the Salvation Army parades. Notwithstanding the most vehement appeals upon the part of the haranguers, about one thousand persons assembled and proceeded towards St. Rochs. In passing the Army barracks *en route* a number of thoughtless youths in the procession emptied the chambers of their revolvers in the air, hoping to frighten the inmates of the barracks. The police made no endeavors to arrest the criminals. From this point to St. Rochs the crowd was momentarily augmented until its numbers reached fully six thousand, when all together proceeded through the various streets of St. Rochs singing national songs and then headed towards Upper Town, vowing vengeance on the Salvation Army and with the full intention of wrecking their barracks. The crowd in their procession were completely disorganized. One feature which was principally noticed was the absence of the English-speaking classes. After leaving St. Rochs the mob wended their way up one of the by streets until they reached St. John street, when, as though a thunder-clap had fallen, almost the whole crowd broke up. Not more than 200 proceeded further.

SLOWLY ROASTED TO DEATH.

A Prisoner Burned Alive in the Presence of a Crowd of People.

A Webberville, Mich., despatch says: The cry of "Fire!" aroused the people shortly before midnight last night, and they rushed from their homes to find the town lockup in flames. It was a one-story wooden structure standing alone in an open square. Above the crackling of the flames cries were heard from an inmate of one of the cells. When the citizens arrived the doomed man was seen frantically beating the bars of his cell and crying for help. The people were powerless to rescue him and in the presence of the crowd he slowly roasted to death. Some of the crowd made ineffectual attempts to rescue him, but were driven away by the heat. The pale face and glaring eyes of the miserable wretch were framed by the black, unyielding bars of his cell door. Little by little he was forced back, but only when the bars became red hot did he abandon all hope of escape. The horror of the situation proved such a frightful mental strain on the prisoner that he became insane, tearing his scorched clothing off. He dashed himself against the bars and grabbed the red-hot irons in the vain effort to escape. An odor of burned flesh pervaded the air and made many of the people sick. Frantically cursing the crowd for not helping him, the roasting man rushed madly around the narrow inclosure while the spectators stood rooted by horror to the spot. Gradually his cries grew weaker and he was seen to sink to the floor and soon all was over. The prisoner was Newhall Tyler, 38 years old. He had been jailed for striking a boy on the head. Tyler had been on a spree, and the boy had annoyed him. He fired the prison, hoping that he would be released thereby.

SAVED BY RUNNING A MILE A MINUTE.

An Engineer's Race Down a Steep Grade to Escape a Runaway Train.

A Youngstown, O., despatch says: Allan Cowden, a well-known locomotive engineer, has just had a thrilling experience. While coming down a steep four-mile grade into Marquette the train broke in two. Realizing the danger of a collision, Engineer Cowden endeavored to pull away with the cars that remained with the engine, but the rear section steadily gained, until the pace of the flying trains became fearful. A mile out of Marquette he thought of the many men at work in the yard who might be killed by the runaway train and devised a plan to save them. Ordering the fireman to cut loose from the train he crowded on every pound of steam. As the locomotive shot forward he sounded three long blasts of the whistle, indicating that he wanted to keep the main track and for the switchman to send the train on the siding. The switchman on duty responded, and as the engine passed over the frog at a mile a minute, he turned the lever and the two sections of the train dashed into the siding and piled the cars up in an indescribable mass. Cowden had saved his life and that of his fireman, besides twenty employees in the yard, but the train was a total wreck, which, however, it would have been in any case.

An A. O. U. W. Insurance Case.

A London despatch says: Susan Drury, formerly of this city, now the wife of Mr. O'Connor, also formerly of this city, was at one time engaged to be married to Geo. W. Child, of Detroit, who, at the time of their engagement, became a member of the A. O. U. W., and had named his fiancee as his beneficiary. Child afterwards married another woman, and made an attempt to change the policy, so that his wife would receive the benefit of it at his death. Mrs. O'Connor protested against any such change being made, and the officers refused to make any alteration unless the original policy was produced, and as it was in Mrs. O'Connor's hands she refused to give it up. Child now granted power of attorney to one Galloway in the hope that he would be able to get the policy from Mrs. O'Connor, but before the attempt was made Child died. The Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. filed a bill in Wayne Circuit Court to determine to whom the benefit was to be paid. Judge Look decided in favor of Mrs. O'Connor.

It is no longer fashionable for girls to kiss each other. This will naturally enlarge the sphere of man's duties in this respect, but we guess the men can stand it.

H. Rider Haggard denies that he is coming to America immediately. He may come over next fall.

HOT SHOT FROM POWDERLY.

Grumblers in the Knights of Labor Get a Severe Drubbing in Print—The General Master Workman Says the Men who Talk so Much About Forming a New Order are Just the Men who Would Destroy it if Formed.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Powderly's second letter to the Knights, published here in the *Journal of United Labor* to-day, is considered a "corker." He gives the growlers and so-called secessionists a sound drubbing. Mr. Powderly seldom indulges in talk of this kind, but when he does hit a blow it comes straight from the shoulder.

"When I hear men talk of seceding from the organization, with the threat of starting an improved Order," he says, "I fancy that they know but little of the trials, the dangers, the odds against which they will have to contend, and I feel that the amount of energy necessary to build up a new Order, if properly applied in the old one, would make it invincible.

Powderly pitches into the "assassinators of character" with much vigor, and asks that slander shall cease and honest criticism take its place. "Let me ask a question of the member who now and then publishes a column or half column of abuse of the general officers, charging them with all sorts of shortcomings. What are you doing in your own locality to make the lot of the toiler easier? Can you expect of me to give my whole, undivided and cheerful attention to my work while those who should be my lieutenants are furnishing the enemy with the ammunition with which to attack me?

"Attack if you will, criticise if you please, abuse if you choose, but do not forget that right where you live, in your own town or city, within sound of your own voice, you will find the degradation of the workshop or factory. You will find the curse of poverty in the tenement house. You will find the evils of child labor; yes, if you listen, you will hear the moan of starvation, and the wail of men and women urged to sin because of hunger and cold.

"From an organization numbering less than 10,000 members when the first General Assembly was held, we have seen the Knights of Labor grow until over 700,000 men and women claim membership at one time. While that vast and industrial army was being gathered together, while the seed was being sown, men who were pioneers were making sacrifices that the Order might live in history as a power for good. They never found fault with the Order because of their misfortunes, for the reason that they felt that it was theirs to do or to die. They were not working for self nor the present, they worked for posterity and the future."

WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

How a British M. P. Got Into Difficulties With His Creditors and His Mistress.

A London cable says: The examination of Mr. Borlase, ex-Under-Secretary of the Local Government Board, was continued in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday. He admitted having borrowed £1,000 from Madame de Quiros, who was formerly his mistress, but he said the money was his own, and she had simply restored it to him. He had never promised to settle £1,500 upon her. She asked him, he said, for £500 down and £1,500 a year, saying that she was going to get the same amount out of another man. He dined at her house after borrowing the £1,000, when she tried to murder him. After getting the sum mentioned he borrowed £2,700 from her, giving his acceptance for that amount. He heard afterward that this money had been given to her by another man. Mr. Borlase said that his average income was £2,000, and that his money had been largely expended in political life for elections, dinner parties, etc. Ever since he entered Parliament he had been involved in financial troubles. The further hearing of the case was adjourned.

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS TRIAL.

Men and Women Who Lived in a Nude Condition—Good Subjects for Hypnotization.

A London cablegram says: The *Chronicle* gives a strange account of a trial in Tolax, a village in Malaga, Spain, of some religious fanatics of strange practices. They originally went naked like Adam and Eve before their fall, but the authorities interposed. Since then they have inflicted wounds upon themselves in imitation of the crucifixion, and burnt all their goods, believing a higher power would provide food. When put on trial they were hypnotized in court by medics, specialists like Irving in "The Bells," and proved good subjects. It is even alleged that, on being ordered to perspire, they broke out into a profuse perspiration. Others, pricked with pins, gave no sign of pain. This is the first time such a scene has happened in a court of justice in Spain. The probable result of the trial will be a nominal punishment.

Somewhat Discouraging.

A city gentleman imagines that he has a great talent for painting. He has painted for many years, but with very little success. An old friend called at the would-be artist's studio, not long since, and said candidly:

"Why don't you stop spoiling canvas and wasting good paint?"

"I'm not discouraged," was the reply; "in a few years more I may eclipse even Raphael."

"Eclipse Raphael," sneered the candid old friend; "Why, you are 40 years old at least, and nobody has bought one of your pictures yet. Don't you know that at your age Raphael had been dead five years?"

A Sensational Death in Monck.

Very sensational rumors are afloat concerning the death of Mr. C. J. Cook, a merchant of North Pelham, which occurred a week ago. The cause of his sudden death was variously attributed to blood-poisoning, the bursting of a blood-vessel and a convulsive fit. It is now stated there are strong suspicions that he was poisoned. The rumors have not yet taken definite shape, but there is a prospect of some sensational developments within the next few days.

"How deliciously clean he looks," said a Washington (D. C.) belle of Joseph Chamberlain.

LOVE MADE HIM A WANDERER.

The Romantic Story of a Ragged Old Nobleman in Evansville, Ind.

An Evansville, Ind., despatch says: A few nights ago the police found Henry Gabling unconscious in the gutter. Gabling has long been an inmate of the almshouse, and often, when away from the institution, has been seen tapping kegs in front of the saloons in an effort to wring out a drink of stale beer. When taken to the station-house the officer found an ugly wound on his head. They told the poor wretch when he came to consciousness that his days of life were few and sent for a preacher to visit him. To the clergyman Gabling told a romantic story. He is an Austrian by birth, a Count in rank, was carefully educated and had a wife picked out for him. But he didn't marry her. All unknown to his aristocratic relatives, the scion of an old nobility had quietly fallen in love with a peasant girl. Have her he would, and his parents, finding all other methods unavailing, secretly had the girl gotten out of the way. One morning the young Count left home without saying aught to any one of where he was going. The hour grew late and [illegible] hope of the household did not return. Messengers were sent in all directions but returned without tidings of the missing one. The fleeting days, months and years brought no word of him. Gabling had discovered the trick played on him and had started out into the wide world, hunting for his girl and hoping to find her. For years he went to and fro among the capitals of Europe, but he didn't find her. He roamed over country roads in all quarters of the continent and the isles of the sea, but the fair face of which he was in quest lived only in hope and memory. Then he came to America, where he went to work as a book-keeper. From Cincinnati he went to Louisville and then came here, where for years he held responsible positions. In despondency he took to drink and it has wrecked him. He is 80 years old. Of his childhood's friends he knows nothing and of his lost love he hasn't found a trace.

VITRIOLIC VENGEANCE.

A Young Man's Face Disfigured by His Discarded Sweetheart.

A Reading, Pa., despatch says: Miss Maggie Lloyd until a short time ago was the pretty cashier in the largest dry goods house in this city. She resides with her aunt, the wife of Dr. Frank Rieser. Miss Lloyd is well connected and highly respected. In the same establishment was Mr. Howard Potter, nephew of the leading member of the firm. He held a responsible position also. The young people became lovers, and finally their friends were told they were engaged to be married. Recently it was noticed that Mr. Potter's attentions to Miss Lloyd were falling off, and finally he informed the young lady that their engagement must be cancelled. This happened last Sunday night. He called on Miss Lloyd at Dr. Rieser's and said he would not marry her. This was in the parlor. The young lady was laboring under a high state of excitement, and she handed Potter a glass filled with dark liquid and asked him to take a drink of wine. He refused in alarm. He refused a second time. She then pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and with her left hand [illegible] it over his eyes, and dashed the glass, which was full of vitriol, into Potter's face. Frenzied with pain he rushed into the kitchen, washed his face and hurried out toward his home. He got no further than a neighboring restaurant, when a doctor was called. Since then he has been confined to his room. The doctor was with him three hours this day. Potter will probably be disfigured. Miss Lloyd is quite melancholy and does not know the extent of Potter's injuries. Dr. Rieser says he found the lady afterward entirely out of her mind in the parlor, wondering where she was.

STOOD ON A HOT STOVE.

Inhuman Punishment of a Child Who Went Skating Without Leave.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: Little Willie Van Houtrie, a colored boy, 6 years old, hobbled into the Municipal Court on Friday and told Judge Curtis how John Williams, of No. 40 Grove street, had punished him for going skating. The child's mother is a domestic in a family at the Back Bay, and pays the boy's board and lodging at Williams'. The child went out skating on Thursday, and when he returned Williams took off his shoes and stockings and stood him on a hot stove until both feet were blistered. Williams confessed the deed and said he must do something to keep the child at home.

The Bones of John Knox.

Although a Scotchman, I am free to confess that my countrymen do not deserve to be held up as examples of how people should reverence great men and the places with which they have been associated, as the case of Knox will show. The place of his birth is disputed, and the house in which he lived and died was wantonly razed to the ground. The precise spot in which his bones repose is unknown, although it is said to be somewhere in Parliament Square, and under the uplifted hoof of the leaden horse of which Charles II. sits in the guise of a Roman Emperor. No monument marks the grave of the great reformer, and lawyers and their clients, as they bustle out of and into the Court of Session probably trample every day on his unhonored head.—*Edinburgh Letter in London Standard.*

To Give a Better Grip.

A Boston inventor named Swinterton has brought into successful use a new form of locomotive driving wheel. The tire is not turned round, but is polygonal, the facets being from one to two inches long. A new and powerful locomotive has just been constructed in Boston, with but one driving wheel on a side; the wheels are 210½ inches in circumference having 105 flat facets two inches long. The theory is that the bearing of two inches on the rail gives increased grip in starting or stopping a train. It is estimated that one driving wheel with the facets is more powerful than the two or more which are usually employed, and the parallel rods are dispensed with.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Henry August von Bulow, a nephew of Herr von Bulow, the famous German pianist, is soon to marry Miss Annie Snyder, of Philadelphia.

RAN AWAY WITH A BARMAID.

A Romantic Elopement of an Aristocratic Youth and a Poulterer's Daughter.

(From the Birmingham Post.)

A romantic elopement has just occurred in connection with one of the oldest aristocratic families in the kingdom. The chief actor is a high-spirited youth, whose age is given as not more than 17, and who is the only son and heir of one of the county families of East Worcestershire, and whose name occurs in Domesday Book. The father of the youth is a retired captain of dragoons and his mother is of a distinguished Scotch family, a member of which, for his services in the Indian mutiny, was raised to the House of Peers. Three months ago the young heir was introduced at the close of a boating excursion by the private secretary of his father to a barmaid aged between 21 and 22, at a wine and spirit vault in Stourbridge, whom the secretary pronounced "the prettiest girl in England." It was an affair of "love at first sight," and the young fellow declared he would never marry any one else. A friendship sprang up, and family entreaties and threats were alike in vain. The young man declared that if his wishes were thwarted he would end his life with a revolver. At this time he was on a vacation from his college at Cirencester. The family communicated with the detective police of Birmingham, and for weeks past private detectives have watched the barmaid's movements night and day. She is the daughter of a poulterer living in Wolverhampton. Detectives, solicitors, and clergymen have also visited the girl's home on behalf of the family to try to obtain information of the heir's whereabouts, for it was discovered that he had run away from college. Very little information was, however, forthcoming, and, though one interview was secured at the hotel between the young man and his mother, the only result was his declaration that if he were taken by force he would be taken home on a stretcher. Authentic news was received on Sunday that the couple had eloped and had been married at, it is believed, a country church near Liverpool. The bride has herself communicated this information and has asked for forgiveness. The young heir's family are naturally greatly concerned. The young fellow has, during the latter part of the proceedings, backed up his independence by putting forward "his solicitor" when it has been threatened by his family. An attempt to secure a special license only a few days before the successful elopement was frustrated by the registrar happening to possess private information of how the matter stood. In his second attempt, however, he seems to have been more fortunate.

In connection with the announcement of the romantic elopement the following advertisements, taken from local papers, will be read with interest, as supplying the needed key: "Foster-Devitt—On the 26th inst., at St. Mark's, Winshall, Derbyshire, by Rev. G. Clarke, Percy Reginald, only son of Capt. Foster, Stourton Court, Stourbridge, to Alice Dora, youngest daughter of John F. Devitt, Wolverhampton." "Notice—Capt. Foster, of Stourton Court, near Stourbridge, hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible for any debts his son, Percival Reginald Foster, may contract."

Some Christmas Novelties.

Large fans in the stiff coque feathers are made to resemble tulips in different colors.

A high lamp to stand on the floor is shaped like a helmet, and rests on a tripod of three battle axes.

A turkey's claw in brass clutches a glass inkstand that has an owl's head in oxidized silver as cover.

For a smoking set, a brass tray holds three brass cuffs of different sizes, and a collar, in imitation of linen.

A fan in pale blue gauze is a mass of loops of narrow, pale blue satin ribbon. The sticks are of wood inlaid with silver.

A silver lamp suspended from a standard has a design in perforated holes and jewels, through which a candle shines.

A low silver candlestick has an attached screen of copper. It is studded with jewels, through which the light shines.

An oxidized silver paper-cutter has a handle formed of two monkeys, one upholding another who holds the blade.

A novel holder for a whisk brush is half of an ornamental drum fastened to a brass shield. A chain hangs it on the wall.

A small ornamental mirror is upheld by two oxidized silver kittens, while a third climbs up behind and looks over the top.

A clock about a foot in diameter has a wheel on the face. The figures are between the spokes. The hands are fastened on the hub.

A large silver disk has a small clock in the centre; above is an oxidized silver star, and on the edge of the disk, the crescent moon and face.

Small snowshoes have satin bags stuffed with horsehair fastened to them, in which to stick hairpins, and are to be hung beside a lady's dressing table.

In silk purses, gray with steel beads is the newest style. A gold ring is fastened securely in the middle of the purse, and is intended to be hung on a chatelaine.

Finishing His Education.

"You are quite a linguist, I believe?"

"Yes, I am familiar with four or five languages."

"What are they?"

"I speak French, German, English and Greek, and I can read and write in several languages that I cannot speak fluently."

"Do you write Russian?"

"No, but I do the next thing to it."

"What's that?"

"I'm practising on a typewriter."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Mrs. Dinah Mulock-Craik was unique among authors as regards her habits of work. She never began a work for publication which she did not finish before beginning another. It is thought that she did not at her death leave a line of unfinished manuscript.

In a forthcoming novel Walter Besant, the popular English writer, gives a description of the millennium. It is interesting as offering a striking contrast to affairs in England at present.

A frightened deer dashed through the main street of Salina, Pa., the other day, and although all the sportsmen in town turned out as soon as they saw it, the deer escaped.

SUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

He Prescribed While in a Trance, but the Patient Died.

Judge Courtney, of Brooklyn, had a very peculiar case before him yesterday. It was brought by Geo. W. Parrett, a clairvoyant and manipulator, who holds forth at No. 17 Willoughby street, against Joseph Mann, who has a boot-blacking establishment on Washington street, near the bridge. Parrett wanted to collect the sum of $22.50 for clairvoyancing Mann's young son, and being unable to collect the same, brought suit to recover it.

When the case was called Parrett testified in his own behalf. He said that he was called to treat the child, and after going into a trance prescribed for it. When asked, however, by Mann's lawyer to go into a trance and show the Court its effects, he declined, saying that there were too many influences present. Judge Courtney suggested that perhaps it would be better to adjourn the case until some time when the "influence" would be numbered among the absent, but as neither side desired this, the case proceeded. Mann testified that his child was taken sick and upon the advice of his friend, George W. Brooks, he called in Clairvoyant Parrett. Then, to the amusement of the Court and spectators, he told how the "doctor" sat in a chair and, after shaking and shivering for some time, went to sleep and then began to talk. The witness said that he had paid Parrett $5 for some medicine furnished for the child, but which had not done him any good. The child, who was about 11 months old, died soon after.

George W. Brooks testified that when Mr. Mann's child was taken sick he advised calling in Mr. Parrett. He was present and Parrett's actions during the trance frightened them all.

Judge Courtney dismissed the case.—*N. Y. World.*

Hang This Up.

Farm animals are hurt more by medicine than by the lack of it. When an animal needs medicine it needs a competent physician.

Pure water and a variety of wholesome food regularly given, with comfortable shelter and kind treatment, are the best preventives of disease.

A mortgage on the home makes the fireside gloomy, for it shuts out the sunshine of prosperity and freeheartedness.

Some men look at the sky only to forecast the weather, see more beauty in a dollar than in a bed of flowers, and will hear the crow in a cornfield quicker than the lark in the air.

Better is it to have one pair of trousers with money in the pockets than two pairs with empty pockets.

The horse knows all that the colt learned, and boys tormenting the colt are not teaching it what it should know.

System worked ten hours a day and was done. Hap-hazard got up at 4 in the morning, hurried all day and was doing the chores at half-past 9 at night.

Job had much patience, yet it was fortunate for him that he did not join fences with a neighbor who kept breachy stock.

The man who fills his ice-house provides himself with a conservator of health and a servant of pleasure.

The man who is too poor to take the TIMES or to buy his wife a new dress without grumbling is rich enough to afford fine picking for Bohemian oat swindlers and patent gimcrack frauds.

What "America" Means.

The meaning of the name Amerigo has been often discussed, the only thing certain being that it is one of those names of Teutonic origin, like Humberto, Alfonzo, Grimaldi or Garibaldi, so common in northern Italy, which testify to the Gothic or Lombard conquest. Americ, which occurs as early as 744 A.D., is probably a contracted form of the name Amalaric, borne by a king of the Visigoths, who died in 531. A Bishop Emrich was present at the council of Salisbury in 807, and Americus Balistaurius is mentioned in the Close Rolls (thirteenth century). It has been conjectured that the stem is *am*, from which we get the name of Emma. The meaning of this is not known with certainty, though Ferguson thinks it may denote "strife" or "noise." Since, however, the name is probably of Gothic origin, and since the Amalungs were the royal race of the Ostrogoths, it is more likely that the stem is *amal*, which was formerly thought to mean "without spot," but is now more plausibly connected with the old Norse *amal*, labor, work. The suffix *ric*, cognate with *rex*, *reich* and *rick*, means "rich" or "powerful," and, therefore, the most probable signification of Amerigo is "strong for labor."—*Isaac Taylor, in Notes and Queries.*

A Profound Reflection.

"Grandpa," inquired Johnny Bliss, "must everybody die?"

"Yes, my child. Everyone in this world must die when his time comes."

"Well"—long pause—"what I'd like to know is, who'll bury the last man?"

A Frivolous Question.

A.—"How is it that you seem to be always in such good health?"

B.—"I make it a rule never to go to bed with a full stomach."

"Well, if your stomach is full, do you sit up all night with it?"

Two of Boston's Greatest Men.

Miss Wabash (from Chicago, to Boston friend whom she is visiting)—"I do want so much to see Mr. Lowell before I return."

Mrs. Culture (of Boston)—"How unfortunate that both Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Lowell are in Europe at this time."

It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted men of the past who came into the world on that day of the week may be mentioned Luther, Sir Isaac Newton George Washington and Winfield Scott.

—The man who says "I will" will succeed nine times, while the fellow who says "I'll try" fails once.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has decided to send squads of his soldiers to Zululand and South America. Some of his forces have already reached Jerusalem, and the streets of the holy city resound with their "amens" and the jingle of their tambourines.

CURRENT TOPICS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND sent back the deed for a corner lot presented him by his admirers in St. Paul, and it has taken two-thirds of the time of the good wives of Minneapolis to keep buttons sewed on the vests of tickled Minneapolitans.

WONG CHIN FOO, the naturalized Chinaman who was recently taxed $50 on the Canadian border by the Dominion Government, is in receipt of a letter from Secretary Bayard saying that he has forwarded Wong Chin's formal complaint to Minister Phelps in London, who will lay it before the British Government for explanations.

NATURAL gas has been known and extensively used in Asia and China for a long time. History tells us of a well in France in the time of Julius Cæsar. The first in the United States was in Charleston. The Taylor House, in Fredonia, N. Y., was illuminated in 1824 in honor of Lafayette. A few years ago a gas well was discovered in Ocean Spray, near Boston. The nature and efficiency of natural gas is but partly understood.

JOAQUIN MILLER has had a vast amount of trouble in his domestic affairs. Not long ago his favorite daughter married an actor against her father's will, and now "Hal" Miller, a son of the famous poet, is in jail in Nevada City for horse stealing. "Hal" is a young fellow not yet 18 years of age. He offers another illustration of the fact that his father's life has been one of verses and reverses.

THE first statue of Longfellow to be erected will be set up in Portland, Me., the poet's birthplace, and will be the work of Franklin Simmons, a Maine sculptor. The clay model has just been finished in Rome, and represents the poet in a sitting attitude, the right arm resting in an easy position on the back of a richly carved and ornamental chair, while the other is thrown carelessly forward on his lap and loosely holds a mass of manuscript.

M. PASTEUR, of France, has perfected a scheme which he thinks will result in the extermination of the pestiferous rabbits of Australia and New Zealand. He proposes to introduce chicken cholera among the animals by means of microbes. But who can establish the fact that the microbes will not be a greater nuisance than the rabbits? Chicken cholera microbes do not bear a very good general reputation. They might kill all the rabbits in Australia, but would they stop there?

IF the condensed breath collected on the cool window-panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell as of a singed hair will show the presence of organic matter; and, if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days it will be found, on examination by microscope, that it is alive with animalculæ. The inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter causes untold complaints, which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

THE Compulsory Education law in New York State is a failure. The Superintendent of Public Instruction gives two conclusive reasons for it. He says: "School trustees elected to supervise the schools, and serving without compensation, naturally object to being turned into constables and police officers for the purpose of apprehending delinquent children or the children of delinquent parents. Moreover, the schools are full." The number of children who attend the schools in New York as compared with the number entitled to attend has been decreasing since 1870.

MEN have often been driven to crime by hunger. Dr. Charles Bradley, formerly of Chicago, became a forger and thief through his passion for cocaine. A victim of the use of the drug, he reduced himself to poverty, lost a good practice, went to New York, and was the other morning placed in the hands of the police. His practice was to write letters from doctor to another, asking the loan of a hypodermic syringe and some cocaine for immediate use. His condition induced his committal to the penitentiary. The saddest part of the story is the fact that he made his wife and six children also victims of the drug.

NORTH CAROLINA takes the palm for negro mechanics. Within her border are to be found wholesale merchants, wholesale manufacturers and dealers in tobacco, architects, silversmiths, locksmiths, boot and shoe dealers and auctioneers. Stewart Ellis, of Raleigh, has filled a Government contract for carpentering on a building worth $300,000. W. C. Coleman, wholesale and retail merchant at Concord, owns several of the finest breed of horses in the State. Miss Drake, an Africo-American, of Nash, took the prize at all the State fairs for the best production of cotton. There are twenty individuals in the State worth from $10,000 to $30,000 each.

ACCORDING to recent experiments of MM. Haurlot and Richet, of which an account has been given to the French Academy of Sciences, the ventilation of the lungs is increased by muscular labor. In moderate work the ventilation is more than sufficient for the excretion of the carbonic acid produced, and above all for the absorption of the necessary oxygen. In hard work the proportions of carbonic acid produced and oxygen absorbed rise slightly the harder the work; but it is chiefly the proportion of carbonic acid which increases. During muscular exertion the ratio of carbonic acid produced to oxygen absorbed tends to become unity, although normally it is less than unity.

A NEW magazine rifle is to be adopted by the Italian army which seems in some respects quite as effective as the French arm. It is called the Freddi rifle, after its inventor, Capt. Freddi, who has just made known his invention. The rifle weighs but seven pounds four ounces; the bore is .315 calibre or a trifle larger than an ordinary lead-pencil; the bullet weighs but 225 grains, or half the weight of the Springfield bullet; the charge of powder is eighty-three grains, which is heavier than the Springfield, and the muzzle velocity is 1,640 feet a second, 300 feet greater than that of the Springfield. A soldier can carry 200 cartridges, which weigh but eleven pounds four ounces, and he can fire twenty-four rounds in a minute.

CARTER H. HARRISON, ex-Mayor of Chicago, writes from Japan that he is sorry that the women of that country have adopted the European style of dress. He says they might much better have chosen the costume worn by the ladies of China. I would like to build a wall around China," he says, "out of which no almond-eyed Celestial could escape, but I would be delighted if the costume of their ladies could be introduced among Western nations. We would then have our better halves dressed to please an artistic eye, without the present waste of female health and strength." Mr. Harrison does not mention "feet," but doubtless he does not wish the ladies of Chicago to follow the example of the Chinese belles in keeping down the size of their pedal extremities.

A TOPIC of no small importance from the standpoint of public health has been exercising the wits of the leading medical men of New York. The discussion began in an article in the *Medical Record*, which maintained that cholera was stopped by cold weather and that an epidemic at this time of the year would be impossible. Dr. Reginald H. Sayre, of New York, holds, on the contrary, that cholera is a scourge of which the march cannot be stayed by either cold or heat, dry or damp, and, in support of his views, he gives the dates of the various visitations from 1830 onwards. In that year it appeared at Moscow in October, and in 1831 in Great Britain in the same month, being most fatal in December. In March, 1832, it was at its worst in Paris, 861 persons dying in ten days. From these and other statistics Dr. Sayre argues that it is madness to trust to any notion of the cold season being less susceptible of its ravages. In matters of sanitation, indeed, there is only one safe principle, that is being always prepared, so far as human precautions can avail.

THE other day, Field-Marshal von Moltke delivered himself of the following opinion concerning the French and German armies. At a military gathering at Berlin, held in honor of the veteran's 87th birthday, he said: "The next war will be above all a war in which strategic science and the art of commanding will play the greatest part. Our campaigns and our victories have taught our enemies, who, like us, have numbers, armament and courage. Our strength will lie in the handling, in the commandment—in a word, in the head-quarter's staff, to which I have devoted the last days of my life. Our enemies may envy us this force, but they do not possess it." This speech, which is not over-modest, does not seem to have given any offence in France: at least one of our Paris contemporaries, after quoting it, simply observes: "If the opinion of M. de Moltke is correct, let us try to acquire the only quality in which, according to him, we are still wanting." Previous to the war of 1870-71 the French military attache at Berlin, Baron Stoffel, frequently warned his Government to beware of the Prussian staff. His warnings were disregarded. Will those of the old Field-Marshal meet with more serious consideration?

THE transmission from the cow to man of scarlet fever and tuberculosis was the subject of the opening address of Professor Hamilton at Marischal College, Aberdeen, in which the lecturer gave an excellent account of the investigations conducted by Mr. Power and Dr. Klein into the relation of a cow malady to scarlet fever in man. He referred also to the observations of Copland, who believed that both the dog and the horse could suffer from the latter affection, and stated that a febrile condition of some kind can be communicated to animals by inoculating them with the blood of persons who are the subjects of scarlet fever. He further expressed the opinion that tubercle could be conveyed to man by means of milk from tuberculous cows. While the possibility of such occurrence cannot be denied, it must be borne in mind that Klein has pointed out that there are certain important differences between bovine and human tuberculosis; and again, Creighton has shown that man occasionally suffers from a form of this disease which resembles the bovine malady, making it probable that by far the greater number of cases are not of bovine origin. Nevertheless, the subject deserves much greater investigation, and certainly every effort should be made to prevent the distribution of milk from turberculous cows.

A Lady's Outfit for Manitoba.

"Felix" in London *Queen* writes: The warmest of clothing will be requisite, the cold being intense the greater part of the year. Every article of dress should be made as simply as possible, dresses in thick woollen materials, and bodices sufficiently loose to enable plenty of wraps to be worn underneath, such as a knitted bodice; those in pine wool are warmest. Shetland veils, boots and shoes should be large enough also to allow of thick stockings, and woollen leggings even over these; nightdresses in flannel, and knitted night-socks; an indiarubber hot-water bag, and a good-sized square of mackintosh; some yards of flannel, thick-lined gloves, strong calico sheets, blankets and pillows—the latter are a comfort to have amongst the wraps on the long railway journeys. The midges are a real plague, and mosquito netting is useful to have. Do not forget to take a good supply of cottons, pins, hair-pins, tapes, stationery and all such etceteras—daily articles one is so accustomed to have at hand at home, and become a considerable inconvenience when unprocurable. Warm weather must also be considered, though of short duration. Some print dresses. Norfolk jacket bodices; as a better dress, black in alpaca, a washing silk or cashmere. A few pieces of unmade prints will be useful, a folding deck chair, plenty of wraps and some light literature.

An Oft-Worked Dodge.

Ex-millionaire—My son, you have ruined me.

Son—Have I?

"My whole fortune has been squandered in paying your debts."

"Haven't you any real estate you can mortgage?"

"Nothing. We must move next week to a rented house. I can no longer support you. You must go to work."

"Well, I'll go into politics."

"Papers which know your record will oppose you."

"That's all right. I'll claim they are opposing me because I am poor."

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, is said to have struck another gold bonanza near the Matchless mine at Leadville. The Matchless has already yielded $1,250,000, and the new mine gives promise of equaling its record.

CUTTING OUT CANCERS.

Cases of Especial Interest in View of the Crown Prince's Malady.

In the amphitheatre at the New York hospital the other day Professor R. F. Weir wore a long white operating gown, which reached almost to his feet, says the New York *Sun*. A square table, set on wheels, and having a shelf half way from the floor, bore a glass tray filled with a solution of carbolic. In this liquid lay the professor's instruments. "The case for operation to-day," said the professor to the 100 medical students and 25 doctors present, "are of peculiar interest, both being cases of epithelioma, which first attracted such general attention in the case of General Grant, and is at present creating great interest in the case of the Crown Prince of Germany. I have not studied the case of the prince so as to be able to criticise the diagnosis made in it, but one thing is certain, his case proves that we must not trust too much to microscopic tests. In his case several sections of the growth were examined, which, according to the microscopist, were non-malignant. Later sections were undoubtedly cancerous. We must judge for ourselves as to the advisability of operating, even when the microscopist pronounces it non-malignant." The professor signalled to his assistants, and they wheeled in a stretcher on which lay the patient. He was under the influence of ether. On his right cheek was the growth. It was about the size and shape of a big egg and looked like an ulcer. "Eighteen months ago," said the professor "a small pimple appeared on this man's cheek. It enlarged and he consulted a physician, who burned the growth with caustic. This treatment, according to modern authorities, is not good practice, as it irritates the tumor and promotes its growth. Within the last year it has grown to its present size." The patient's face had been carefully cleansed by the professor's assistants with a diluted solution of bichloride of mercury. "Give me a scalpel," said Prof. Weir, "a sharp one." Taking the knife handed him, he carefully cut out the tumor, removing about one quarter of an inch of healthy tissue on all sides of the growth, in order to thoroughly extirpate it. Each artery as it was severed was seized by a pair of self-clamping artery forceps, until six or eight pair were hanging to the wound. The big tumor was removed, together with a small section of the masseter muscle and a portion of the parotid gland, with which the tumor seemed to be incorporated. Some exfolliations on the molar bone were removed with a pair of forceps, and the cutting was dressed as an open wound, to bring the edges together would distort the mouth. Gauze or cheese cloth, impregnated with iodoform and covered with a mass of cotton retained by a bandage, completed the dressing, after which the patient was removed. Professor Weir retired to don a clean white gown, and then his second patient was brought in. He, too, was under the influence of ether. He had an epitheliomatous growth on the left side of his tongue. "This man," began the professor, "has confessed to the immoderate use of tobacco, but I do not believe that caused his trouble. Epithelioma seems to be contagious. Houses appear to become affected with it, as cases occur which can be explained in no other way. We know two or more members of the same family become victims to this disease, when there is no previous history of the malady in the family, and the only reasonable explanation of the theory is contagion. Two years ago this patient bit his tongue, and this cancer seems to have developed from the wound." A stout silk ligature was passed through each side of the tongue by means of curved needles. Then the tongue was pulled forward by the silk threads by an assistant. The professor made a small incision down the middle of the tongue. He then tore the tongue with his fingers down nearly to the base, as if it were a piece of cloth. He cut off the half which contained the tumor. As quickly as possible the severed arteries were seized and tied up with strong silk ligatures. After passing a stout silk cord through the stump so as to enable him to control it in case of secondary hemorrhages, the professor skilfully cut off the other half of the tongue and also tied up the arteries. This patient, he said, would have had the same lingering death as General Grant if the cancer had not been removed, as it was increasing in size, and would in time have eaten away the tongue and throat.

A Vexatious Tax in Paris.

One of the greatest impositions in Paris is the octroi or duty on eatables and drinkables collected at the various barriers or gates. As each market-cart passes through the fortifications in the morning it is stopped and a small tax charged on each and every article brought into Paris. The same system is vigorously practiced for all articles going out of Paris. The suburbs are now composed of some dozen townships lying outside of the fortifications, and numerous straggling villages which extend for miles around Paris. Each of these places has its barrier and custom house. An English friend of mine, recently settled here, had a dreadful experience with this system yesterday. He lives at Connelles, a suburb some three miles out of the city proper, and to reach which he is obliged to pass through six different townships. He had purchased at an English butcher's, on Rue Sainte Honore, a leg of Southdown mutton as a treat for his wife. He was stopped at each of the six custom houses on his way home, and was obliged to pay a sum equivalent to 10 cents every time on the unfortunate leg of mutton.—*New York World.*

Mme. Grevy thinks that her husband and son-in-law are the victims of a political conspiracy.

A lady in Milton, Pa., who was accosted by a rascal just at dusk the other evening, defended herself in a novel way. She was returning from marketing and had in her basket a piece of bologna sausage, which she pointed at the fellow, crying out, "You scoundrel, if you touch me I'll shoot you." Supposing it was a pistol she had, the man took to his heels.

Professor Wiggins has returned to the prophetic business. He is of opinion that there will not be a recurrence in North America of the disastrous earthquakes of the Southern States and Central America before the year 1900. He cannot say the same of Europe and the Far East.

A WASTED LIFE.

The Old Man Who Heard a Song in the Night and Thought of Mother.

In the quiet waiting room of the Grand Trunk depot in Lewiston sat a gray whiskered old fellow in a broad-brimmed hat. He had been studying a time-table with some perplexity and had just laid it aside. A question from him relative to the starting of the trains for Oxford county was introduction enough. His voice was hoarse, but not unpleasant. His inflection was odd. Being a Down Easter, it was safe for the writer to guess that the stranger was from the West.

"From the West?"

"You bet," was the reply.

"Going to Oxford County?"

"That's where I'm going."

Conversation was desultory until the Westerner opened up.

Said he, "It's thirty-two years since I see the hills of Maine. I was raised up in old Oxford County. I reckon I ain't thought o' these hills since I were a boy in copper-toed boots with a good old daddy—too good, God bless him, for nary such a youngster as I were, I left home when I was 16 and went out West, then I came back and went to sea. I coasted eight years and in '55 went on a deep-sea voyage and brought up in California. I've been there ever since. Have come back now."

"Alone?"

"Alone? Yes, alone! That's the bother of it, my boy. Nary a darned soul there nor here as I know of that cares whether I get here or not—a lonesome old man. Don't you do it. Take my word for it, it's awful. For thirty-five years nothing to think of but work and dig and dive. No wife. Never had none. No friends, except boys in the diggings when I first went there, and in town where I've been runnin' a little business of my own for the past eight years. Nothing ahead of me for the past twenty years but getting rich. No letters from anybody as I knows of. Nothing in my dreams but money. Nothing else in the visions of the mountain peaks, nothing else in the changin' surface of the Pacific whenever I've caught a glimpse of it. I've been a sordid, mean, low-lived skinflint part o' the time, and a roisterin', tearin' fellow rest of it. Lookin' back it makes a lump in my throat, boy, it do honest, and I agree that a wasted life is the awfullest thing beneath the canopy of blue. It makes me sick. I don't like to think of it, I like to talk, ye see, to keep away from thinking of it.

"Goin' back to the old place?"

"The old place?" Eh! Yes, the old place. Leastwise that's what I reckon on. What do you suppose made me? Hadn't thought o' home for forty-five years. Hadn't been to church any to speak of. It were only just a song as did it. A little old fashioned song that I heard in the evening, three months ago 'bout a mother who wanted to know where her wanderin' boy was. It came up out o' the night way off there beyond the mountains and I thought of my old mother. God bless her, and of the old place. I couldn't sleep for a cent that night. I turned and twisted and sweat great drops. I kept thinkin' about home and about all I'd ever read or heard about it. Seems as though I could see the old lady's face looking into mine, with eyes full of love, as good as she did when I was a kid. I thought it over for a day or two. Life didn't look half so rosy out there. Fact is I wanted to go home, just home, nowhere else, and you bet I started when I made up my mind. I think I only kind o' want to see the grave of my mother and fix up the family lot, you know, and, do you know, my boy, I been sort o' holdin' on to have a good cry (somethin' I ain't known for thirty years), and when I'm done with that, and when I've shied around and seen all I want to of the old place, I'm goin' to Boston and see a brother of mine, and go back again beyond the Rockies and die there with my face toward the East. I could afford to do it and I ain't the sort to be ashamed of it. Le' me tell you one thing, though—all of life and all its gold ain't worth the loss of your mother's love. Put that down to keep; for if you was me you would be able to prove it, and wouldn't run any risk of being lured away from it by any of the other things of earth. It's the best thing the Lord gives us, and the last thing, I'm thinkin', He ought to take away."—*Lewiston Journal.*

How the Sparrows Keep Warm.

How do the sparrows keep warm these nights? From the way they chatter in the trees and about the leaves, it may be supposed that they have comfortable nights somewhere. But sometimes they make a bold and desperate shift. A citizen says that one evening while passing a pole upon which a number of fowls roosted, he was surprised to see several sparrows fly away from the roost. Not fully satisfied with his conclusion—that the birds were roosting under shelter of the fowls—he stepped behind a board fence to watch for a verification. Presently the birds began to return and alight within a few feet of the roost; then one, with more courage than any of the others, flew over and alighted squarely on the back of a large rooster, and a moment later disappeared between the feathers of the rooster and a hen at his side. Soon the other sparrows began to settle between the fowls, and in a short time all had found a warm shelter from the storm, and protection from noxious animals beneath the soft feathers of the good-natured fowls. —*London Free Press.*

Lord Dufferin's Gift to the Shah.

From Teheran comes the news of the arrival of an elephant from India as a present from Lord Dufferin to the Shah of Persia. The animal is described as a very fine one, handsomely caparisoned and attended by some thirty Hindoos. This, insinuates a Tiflis newspaper, is not the only English gift and attempt to curry favor with the Persian Court which has lately been made by the English. In view of the Shah's recall of his late Minister and another functionary from exile, into which they were sent for conniving at the escape of Ayoub Khan, and the bestowal of honors upon them on their return to Teheran, these English presents do not seem to have much effect.—*London Times.*

P. T. Barnum says that his favorite novel is "Ivanhoe." He is, of course, especially interested in the scene which describes the burning of Front-de-Bœuf's castle.

CHINESE MASONS.

A Curious Lodge of them in New York City.

(New York World.)

Old Masons were, until late, of the opinion that no such a thing as a Chinese Mason existed. One gentleman said he had seen Arabs and Turks who were good Masons, but to the best of his knowledge, no Chinaman was in the Order. Nevertheless, there are not only Chinese Masons, but right here in New York there is a Chinese Masonic lodge in full blast with a membership of over three hundred. It is a native organization, not allied directly to the Free and Accepted Masons, but said to be founded on principles very nearly akin. The lodge-room is at No. 18 Mott street, second floor, front, and has recently been remodelled and refitted in very good shape, all newly painted and cleaned. The lodge furniture is of Chinese design, and imported from China expressly for the society at a great expense. A tall flagstaff with a rope for running up colors is on top of the building. Above the door as one enters the lodge-room is a red sign in native characters signifying "Chinese Masonic Society," and down the sides are two long slips of red paper bearing mottoes. One of these is "Do good to one another," and the other relates to the business of the Order. The interior is like most Chinese quarters, only lighter, and not full of odd turns and unsuspected corners. Immediately on entering one is led into a sort of ante-room and thence into the main or lodge-room. At the lower end of this room is the altar, and a very valuable one it is, costing in China $1,500. Above it is an alcove in which a colored drawing is suspended. It is not the least curious thing in the place, the design being three figures, one seated and two others bending over his shoulder. The seated figure represents the venerable father of Chinese Masonry. The face is heavy, placid and adorned with a long black beard. The other two are respectively the spirits of light and darkness, who are supposed to be giving him counsel. In front of the altar a lamp is hung. It is never extinguished, and burns in commemoration of the dead of the Order. Another emblem is two sticks of sandal-wood punk thrust into a box of sand. They keep smouldering away and fill the air with a faint but sweet perfume. On the wall is a long board, and on this are pasted a great number of sheets of paper covered with Chinese hieroglyphics. These are the lists of members voted on in the New York lodge. Near the roster hang two books. One of these is sent out from the Supreme Lodge at San Francisco, and gives a detailed account of a number of cases of those in distress and sickness, and the whereabouts of each one who needs help. The other is a subscription book in which the various amounts subscribed are entered. At intervals these two books and the amount raised are transmitted to the Supreme Lodge, from which the dependent members are relieved. Meetings are not held upon regular nights, but at intervals decided upon by the dignitaries of the Order, as the necessities of business may demand. The members are notified of meetings, held generally on Sunday nights, by the appearance of a triangular flag at the top of the pole on top of the house. This flag is white and bears the picture of a huge red dragon with its tail towards the point. There are grips, signs and passwords exactly as in an American lodge. "The travelling card" of this society is quite a curiosity in itself. It is a square of red silk inscribed with Chinese characters, and is a document highly prized by all its possessors.

Perilous Work on Great Bridges.

"In a lecture given at Dundee, Scotland, Mr. Baker, one of the Forth Bridge engineers, tells a fine story of modern heroism," says the *St. James' Gazette*: "Six men were one day working at the bridge, standing on a plank 140 feet above the sea level. One of the hooks supporting the plank gave way. With great presence of mind three of the men sprang at the steel works of the bridge and held on; a fourth dived, was rescued, and, it may be added incidentally, almost immediately resumed work. Of the three hanging to the steel work by the arms, two were in particular danger; yet when the rescue party reached the first of them, all he said was, 'I can hold on; go to the other man; he is dazed.' In all, thirty-five men lost their lives during the five years the bridge has been building, and 2,300 is the average number of workmen employed at a time. Mr. Baker says that though many superior workmen were needed, there was no lack of them. As for the magnitude of the undertaking, 'as a grenadier guardsman is to a new-born infant, so is the Forth Bridge to the largest bridge yet built in Great Britain.'"

Some Natural Differences.

Between France and England there is as much difference as between a man and a woman—both capital in their own way, and neither understanding the other. Frenchmen imitate Englishmen; Englishwomen copy Frenchwomen. Frenchmen drink coffee and eat veal; Englishmen drink tea and eat beef. France has but one religion; Frenchmen are prepared to die for it, but refuse to live up to it. In England we have 365 different religions—and practise them all—on Sundays. French newspapers fill their columns with romances; English newspapers fill theirs with facts. Frenchmen marry their daughters by contract; we marry ours by auction—to the highest bidder. These are but a few and the less important of the contradictory characteristics that exist between the two nations. It is not, therefore, surprising that constant petty disagreements should occur, any one of which might, if not treated with straightforwardness and tact, lead to deplorable results. Like lovers' quarrels, what begins in a pout may end in a bout.—*Vanity Fair (London).*

Rev. F. W. Warne, of the late Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Church of Canada, now of Austin, Ill., Conference, and son-in-law of the Rev. T. M. Jefferis, Niagara Conference, has been appointed by the Board of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church, U. S., to Calcutta, India.

Prof. Bell has constructed a machine on the general principles of the typewriter, for facilitating conversation with deaf mutes.

Premier and Madame Mercier have returned to Montreal from Quebec. The Premier is still very ill, and it is expected that he will have to take a trip south.

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A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Thornbury *Standard* calls J.B. Watson the "Henry Ward Beecher of Canada." If there is such a marked similarity between the great Brooklyn preacher and Mr. Watson, as the *Standard* intimates, then all THE ADVANCE has got to say about it is, that its opinion of the late Mr. Beecher has undergone a mighty big change.

The Forestry Report for 1886, compiled at the instance of the Ontario Government, by Mr. R. W. Phipps, of Toronto, has been received. It is a very interesting pamphlet and contains a great amount of practical information. Next week we will give a synopsis of contents. In the meantime, those desiring to secure a copy free of charge, can do so by simply sending their name and Post Office address to Mr. R. W. Phipps, 283 Richmond street, Toronto.

There was heaps of excitement in Dundalk last week. A drunk was run into the famous lock-up there. The lock-up has two cells and a front room where the stove is kept. It is possible that the drunk thought his last day had come when he was thrust into one of those cells: it reminded him of a coffin, no doubt, and this was possibly the reason he didn't attempt to make his escape by means of the stove-pipe hole. Then a poor Italian, who couldn't speak a dozen words of intelligible English, was immured in one of the dungeons. Here the philanthropic Artist of the *Herald* found the drunk and attempted to carry on a conversation with him. He succeeded. The Italian occupied his cell only a short time. He didn't have time enough to cut a little out of the wall with a jacknife and thereby effect his escape. The drunk remained some time in durance vile. When meal time arrived the Chief Constable unlocked the outer door, squeezed past the stove, opened the door of the cell, dragged forth the inmate and escorted him to the hotel, where the prisoner fared sumptuously and was afterwards brought back to his cell. This operation was repeated as often as the "drunk got hungry or wanted to "go out and see a man."

A number of blackboard sketches appeared in last week's Dundalk *Herald*, in connection with a batch of dog tax "Court Notes." No. 1 was composed of a series of hieroglyphics, supposed to represent the Chief Constable in the act of slaughtering a tagless dog. The dog looked sick, and the man had an unearthly looking grin on his face. No. 2 looked, at first sight, like an overgrown cabbage. A closer inspection—aided by the capital letters underneath—revealed the fact that this was supposed to be a good picture of John Hagan's dog. John ought to club the artist and then shoot his dog—that is, if the picture is anything like his dog—or, rather, if his dog resembles the picture. No. 3 looks like a full grown John Thomas cat in the act of serenading his Mariar. But the reading matter below informs us that it is a big Newfoundland dog! Thus are the idle phantasies of the brain disillusioned. No. 4 represented a dog in the act of walking off with a building attached to his neck—probably the lock-up! This is designated, "Harry Ball's Pup." It is decidedly wrong to insinuate anything or harbor suspicions in one's mind. But it *does* occur to us that our friend of the *Herald* wanted to get that lock-up for a wood-shed. Did he hire "Harry Ball's Pup" and hitch him to the—but no! we *won't* insinuate and we *will* crush those suspicions under our heel!

"Miss Mythology" applies "Styx" to to editorial back this week with considerable effect. It shows that she is an observant young lady, who does not hesitate to haul forth the encyclopaedia on extraordinary occasions, and proceed to make the unfortunate commentator feel like crawling into a key-hole and drawing the hole in after him. We admire Miss Mythology's letter. It is cleverly written and seemingly puts the Editor in a hot corner of the world—so to speak. We did not want our readers to think that we intended becoming an angel of darkness some day. Quite the contrary. But along comes Miss Mythology with her 'cyclopaedia and the climate becomes too sulphurous for us altogether. We retreat. We think. Happy thought! It suddenly occurs to us to haul forth our 80-ton encyclopaedia and go on a "Styx" hunting pedition. We did so, and found that there was actually a waterfall and cataract of that name in ancient Greece; it still exists but is known by another name. It was regarded with superstitious awe by the Greeks. Then we find in mythology that the "Styx" was a river of Hades, over which Charon conveyed the shades of the departed. Miss "Mythology" substitutes "Hell" for "Hades," which is wrong, as Hades, in Greek mythology, "was the god of the lower world, more commonly spoken of as Pluto." Of course the name was also given to his kingdom, but "devil" or "hell" is not even hinted at. Nevertheless our fair correspondent has taught us the necessity for exercising more care in this particular department of THE ADVANCE, or we'll get scorched sure. Verily we are singed as it is!

L.C.A. OF EAST GREY.

The annual meeting of the Conservative Association for East Grey was held in Markdale on Friday last, 9th inst., when the following were elected officers for the current year, viz., Wm. McLaughry, President; Dr. Oldham, Vice President; Adam Turner, Recording Secretary; James Brodie, Treasurer; James Lamon, Corresponding Secretary for Southern Division, and Alex. Erskine, Corresponding Secretary for Northern Division; Nicholas Reid, Vice-President of St. Vincent; James Patterson, Vice-President of Meaford; S. Hislop, Vice-President of Collingwood; Thos. Lowe, Vice President of Thornbury; Wm. Norton, Vice President of Holland; A. B. Fawcett, Vice President of Artemesia; John Sparrow, Vice President of Sullivan; Wm. Brady, Vice President of Euphrasia; John Clinton Vice President of Osprey; Dr. Barr, Vice President of Melancthon; Samuel Edgerton, Vice President of Proton; R. Cornell, Vice President of Dundalk; C. W. Rutledge and J. Foster, Auditors.

Votes of confidence in Dr. Sproule, M.P. for East Grey and Major Rorke, M.P.P. for Centre Grey were carried unanimously. The former was absent attending the New Division Court meeting in Owen Sound, but Major Rorke made a brief and very happy speech on behalf of the Dr. and himself by way of reply. A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was then tendered the retiring officers of the Association, to which Mr. Kells and Mr. Lyons very gracefully replied. The meeting passed off harmoniously, after which all adjourned to the spacious dining-room of the Marsh hotel and did ample justice to a bountiful spread of good things, provided through the hospitable instrumentality of Dr. Sproule, M.P.

The Cheapest Morning Paper in Canada.

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Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a [illegible] minutes, and that, on its way, it [illegible]s bone and muscle, brain and nerve and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

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Lady Bank P.O.

Nov. 24th, 1887.

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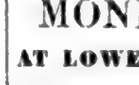

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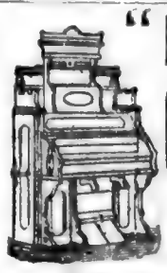

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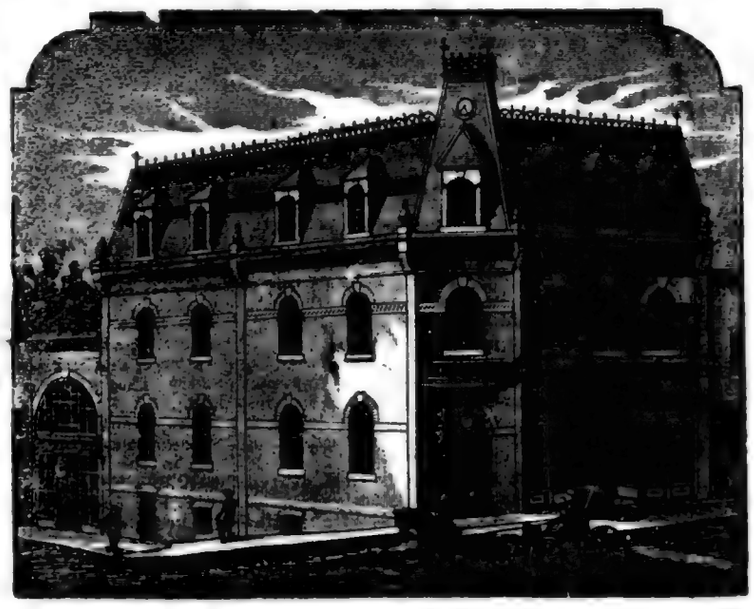

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"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL."

M. RICHARDSON & CO.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

And he learnt yet another thing, as his anger slowly burnt itself out and only profound wretchedness and intolerable suspense remained as to his wife's fate—something that startled him with a sense of sweetness, and yet stung him with infinite pain; when the haunting presence of his lost wife seemed ever with him and would not let him rest; when his remorse was terrible; and when he would have given up all he had in the world just to hear her say in her low fond voice that she forgave him all.

For he knew now that he had wronged her and that his neglect and coldness had driven her from her home.

The uncertainty of her fate sometimes nearly drove him wild. How could she have laid her plans so accurately that no traces of her and the child could be found? Could evil have befallen them? God help him if a hair of those innocent heads had been touched. In his weakness he could not always control the horrible imaginations that beset him. Often he would wake from some ghastly dream and lie till dawn, unable to shake off his deadly terror. Then all of a sudden he would remember that hasty postscript, "Do not be anxious about me. I am going to some kind people who will be good to me and the boy;" and he would fall asleep again while vainly trying to recall if he had ever heard Fay speak of any friends of her childhood. But though Erle and Miss Mordaunt tried to help him, no name occurred to any of them.

It was an added burden to him that Erle could not come to him; but there was trouble in Belgrave House, and the shadows were closing round it. Erle could not leave his uncle, but wrote very kindly to poor conscience-stricken Hugh, and said all he could to comfort him.

It was in those hours of dreary helplessness that Hugh learnt to miss his Wee Wifie. In those long summer afternoons, while his foreign nurse nodded drowsily beside him, and the hot air crept sluggishly in at the open window, how he longed for the small cool hand that used to be laid so softly on his temples, or put the drink to his parched lips before they could frame their want. He remembered the hours she had sat beside him, fanning the flies from his pillow or bathing his aching head. She had never left him—never seemed tired or impatient, though her face had grown so pale with watching. Others would have spared her; others told him that she was spent and weary, but he had never noticed it. "And, brute that I was," he thought, "I left her alone in her trouble with only strangers and hirelings about her, to fight her way through the very Valley of the Shadow of Death." He took out her letter and smoothed it out—it was a trick of his when he thought no one would see him. He had read it over until he knew it off by heart. Ah! if Heaven would but spare him this once and give him back the strength he had misused, that he might find her, poor child, and bring her home, and comfort her as only he could comfort her. He would love her now, he thought; yes, if she would only bear with him and give him time, he knew from the deep pity and tenderness which he felt that he would love her yet, for the merciful Providence that had laid the erring man low was teaching him lessons that no other discipline could have inculcated.

The cold December wind was whirling through the bare branches of the oaks and beeches in the Redmond avenue when Sir Hugh came home, a changed and saddened man.

Yes, changed outwardly as well as inwardly. Good Mrs. Heron cried when she saw him enter the hall on Saville's arm, looking so thin and worn and leaning on his stick.

His youth seemed to have passed away; his smooth forehead was already furrowed like that of a middle-aged man, and his fair hair had worn off it slightly, making him look ten years older; and yet there was that in Hugh Redmond's face, if Margaret could have seen it, that would have filled her pure heart with exceeding thankfulness.

For though the pallor caused by suffering was still there, and those who saw him said that Sir Hugh was a broken man, yet there was a nobler expression than it had ever worn in happier days. The old fretful lines around the mouth were gone; and, though the eyes looked sadly round at the old familiar faces, as though missing the truest and best, still, there was a chastened gravity about his whole mien that spoke of a new and earnest purpose; of a heart so humbled at last that it had fled to its best refuge, and had found strength in the time of need.

Many years afterwards he owned, to one who was ever his closest friend, that a whole lifetime of suffering had been compressed into those few short years that had followed his father's death. The whole plan and purpose of his youth had been marred; his heart wasted by a passion that was denied satisfaction; and lastly, just as he was beginning to turn to his neglected wife with a sympathy and interest that promised well for her future happiness, suddenly he found his name outraged and his home forsaken, and the load and terror of an unbearable remorse laid heavily upon him.

That was a strange winter to Hugh Redmond—the strangest and saddest he had ever passed; when he spent long, solitary days in the old Hall; and only Erle—generous, kind-hearted Erle—came now and then to break his solitude.

Ah! he missed her then.

Sometimes, as he wandered disconsolately through the empty rooms, or sat by his lonely fireside in the twilight, the fancy would haunt him that she would come back to him yet—that the door would open, and a little figure come stealing through the darkness and run into his arms with a low, glad cry. And sometimes, when he stood in her room and saw the empty cot over which she used to hang so fondly, a longing would seize him for the boy whom he had never held in his arms.

By and by when the spring returned, some of his old strength and vigor came back, and he was able to join personally in the search, when a new zest and excitement seemed added to his life; and in the ardor of the chase he learnt to forget Margaret and the shadows of a too sorrowful past.

When the sweet face of his Wee Wifie seemed to lure him on, with the sad Undine eyes that he remembered so well; when, with the contrariety of man ever eager for the unattainable, he began to long more and more to see her; when his anger revived and impatience with it. And, though hardly owned it to himself, both anger and impatience were born of love.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VANITAS VANITATIS.

And is there in God's world so drear a place,
Where the loud bitter cry is raised in vain;
Where tears of penance come too late for grace,
As on the uprooted flower the genial rain
Keble.

St Luke's little summer was over, the ripe golden days that October binds in her sheaf, the richest and rarest of the year's harvest, had been followed by chill fogs—dull sullen days—during which flaring gaslights burnt in Mrs. Watkins' shop even at noonday, and Fern's busy fingers, never willingly idle, worked by the light of a lamp long before the muffin boy and milkman made their afternoon rounds in Elysian Fields.

Anything farther removed from the typical idea of the Elysian Fields could scarcely be imagined than on such an afternoon. It was difficult, even for a light-hearted person, to maintain a uniform cheerfulness where damp exuded everywhere, and the moist thick air seemed to close round one in vaporous folds. Somewhere, no doubt, the sun was shining, and might possibly shine again; but it was hard to realize it—hard to maintain outward or inward geniality under such depressing circumstances.

Fern had turned from the window with an involuntary shudder. Then she lighted her lamp, stirred the fire, and sat down to her embroidery. As her needle flew through the canvas her lips seemed to close with an expression of patient sadness. There were sorrowful curves that no one ever saw, for Fern kept all her thoughts to herself.

Never since the night when she had sobbed out her grief on her mother's bosom, when the utterance of her girlish despair and longing had filled that mother's heart with dismay, never since then had Fern spoken of her trouble. "We will never talk of it again," she had said, when the outburst was over; "it will do no good;" and her mother had sorrowfully acquiesced.

Mrs. Trafford knew that only time, that beneficent healer, could deaden her child's pain. Fern's gentle nature was capable of quiet but intense feeling. Nea's faithful and ardent affections were reproduced in her child. It was not only the loss of her girlish dreams over which Fern mourned. Her woman's love had unconsciously rooted itself, and could not be torn up without suffering. An unerring instinct told her that Erle had not always been indifferent to her; that once, not so very long ago, his friendship had been true and deep. Well, she had forgiven his fickleness. No bitterness rankled in his heart against him. He had been very kind to her; he would not wish her to be unhappy.

But she was very brave. She would not look at the future. The cold blankness, the narrow groove, would have chilled her heart. She only took each day as it came, and tried to do her best with it.

With her usual unselfishness she determined that no one else should suffer through her unhappiness. Her mother's brief hours of rest should be unshadowed. It was a pale little sunbeam whose smiles greeted her of an evening; but it was still a sunbeam. The sweet looks and words and loving attention were still always ready. As Nea watched her child her heart would swell with pride and reverence. She recognised the innate strength and power of self-sacrifice that Maurice had left her as his legacy. "Of all my children, Fern is most like her father," Mrs Trafford would say; "she is stronger than she looks—she would rather die than tell me again that she is unhappy."

But Fern would not have owned that her life was unhappy as long as she had her mother to love her. She was taking herself to task this afternoon as she sat alone—for Fluff had escaped as usual to Mrs. Watkins'—and was blaming herself for her discontent; and then she sang very softly a verse of her favorite hymn—

He that thou blessest is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be Thy sweet will.

but almost before she had finished the last line, she was startled by her brother's abrupt entrance.

"Percy! oh, I did not hear you," she faltered, and she turned a little pale, and her heart began to beat more quickly. It was foolish of her, but she never heard Percy's step without listening involuntarily for the quick light tread that used to follow it, but that never came now.

"You are alone," he said quickly, with a keen glance round the room. "Well, it is best, because I wanted to speak to you. Have you heard from Miss Davenport lately, Fern?"

"Yes," she stammered, raising her soft eyes to his face with a pitying expression; "I had a letter the other day."

"Well," impatiently, "does she say when they are coming back?"

"In another fortnight—at least they mean to start then;" and there she stopped, and looked at him very piteously. "How I wish mother would come; she will not be very long, and—and I would rather that you heard it from her."

"Do you mean that you have anything special to tell me?" he asked, struck by her manner.

"Oh, I wish you had not asked me," she returned, clasping her hands; "you are so fond of Crystal, and it will make you terribly unhappy; but mother said we ought to tell you, Percy, dear. There was never any hope for you—you know she always told you so; and now Crystal is married."

"Married!" he almost shouted, and his handsome young face seemed to grow sharp and pale. "Married! Pshaw! you are jesting, Fern."

"Dear Percy," she answered, gently, "do you think I would jest with you on such a subject. Indeed—indeed it is true. She was married some ten days ago to Mr. Ferrers, the blind clergyman, who was staying at Belgrave House. He had come there to look for her. He had known her from a child, and they had long loved each other."

"Married!" he repeated, in the same dull, hard voice, and there was something in his face that made Fern throw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, it is hard," she sobbed; "I know how hard it is for you to hear me say this, but it has to be faced. She never deceived you, dear—she never let you hope for a single moment; she was always true to herself and you. Try to bear it, Percy; try to be glad that her unhappiness is over, and that she is married to the man she loves. It is the only thing that will help you."

"Nothing will help me," he returned, in the same muffled voice; but she would not be repulsed. She swept back the dark hair from his forehead and kissed him. Did she not share his sufferings? "Oh, if mother were only here," she sighed, feeling her inability to comfort him. "Mother is so sorry for you, she cried about it the other night."

"Yes," he answered, "mothers are like that;" and then was silent again. What was there he could say—he was in no mood for sympathy. The touch of Fern's soft arms were torture to him. His idol was gone in another man's possession. He should never see again the dark southern loveliness that had so enthralled his imagination; and the idea was maddening to him.

In a little while he rose, but no speech seemed possible to him. A wall of ice seemed to be built up across his path, and he could see no outlet. "I cannot stay now," he said, and his voice sounded strange in his own ears. "Will you give my love to my mother, Fern?"

"Oh, do not go," she pleaded, and now the tears were running down her face. "Do stay with me, Percy."

"Not now; I will come again," he answered, releasing himself impatiently; but as he mounted his horse, some impulse made him look up and wave his hands. And then he rode out into the gloom.

It was too early to go home; besides, he did not wish to face people. The fog seemed lifting a little. His mare was fresh, and she might take her own road, and follow her own pace—a few miles more or less would not matter to him in this mood.

Black care was sitting behind him on the saddle, and had taken the reins from his hands; and a worse gloom than the murky atmosphere was closing round him.

She had told him that his life was before him—that he could carve out his own future; but as he looked back on his past life—on the short tale of his four-and-twenty years—his heart was sick within him.

What a pitiable part he had played. Was it possible that such a woman as Crystal could ever have loved him? Had not his cowardly desertion of his mother only won her silent contempt? And now it was too late to redeem himself in her eyes.

His fate was frowning on him. His position at Belgrave House had long been irksome to him. His grandfather loved him, but not as he loved Erle; and in his heart he was secretly jealous of Erle—if it had been possible he would have supplanted him. Only he himself knew how he had tempted him, and the subterfuges to which he had stooped. He had encouraged Erle's visits to Beulah Place from motives of self-interest, and had been foiled by Erle's engagement to Evelyn Selby.

How he loathed himself as he thought of it all. Oh, if he could only undo the past. Young as he was, ruin seemed staring him in the face. He had squandered his handsome allowance; his debts were heavy. He had heard his grandfather say that of all things he abhorred gambling; and yet he knew he was a gambler. Only the preceding night he had staked a large sum and had lost; and that very morning he had appealed to Erle to save him from the consequence of his own rashness.

As he rode on, his thoughts seemed to grow tangled and confused. His life was a failure; how was he to go on living? All these years he had fed on husks, and the taste was bitter in his mouth. Oh! if he could make a clean breast of it all. And then he repeated drearily that it was too late.

His reins were hanging loosely on his horse's neck. His high-spirited little mare had been following her own will for more than an hour now, and had relapsed into a walk, as Percy roused himself to see where he was. He found himself on a bridge with the river on either side of him. He was miles away from Belgrave House; and for the moment he was perplexed, and drew up to ask a boy who was loitering on the footpath what bridge it was.

There was a steamer passing; and a little lad had clambered on the parapet to see it go by. Either he overbalanced himself or grew giddy, but, to Percy's horror, there was a sharp scream, and the next moment the child had disappeared.

In an instant Percy was off his horse, and, with the agility of a practised athlete, had swung himself on the parapet. Yes, he could see the eddy where the child had sank; and in another moment he had dived into the dark water.

"It was a plucky thing to do, sir," observed a navvy who had seen the proceeding, and who afterwards detailed it to Erle Huntingdon; "I don't know as ever I saw a pluckier thing in my whole life. Ay, and the poor young gentleman would have done it too, for any one could see he knew what he was about; for he dived in straight after the child; and then, that dratted steamer—you will excuse me, sir, but one's feelings are strong—what must it do but back to pick up the child; and the poor fellow, he must have struk his head against it, for he went down again. Oh yes! the child was all right, and the young gentleman would have been all right too, but for that nasty blow, it stunned him you see."

Yes, it had stunned him; the young ill-spent life was over. Did he call upon his God for succor as he went down into his watery grave? Who knows what cry went up to heaven? The old epitaph that was engraved on the tomb of a notorious ill-liver speaks quaintly of hope in such cases,

Betwixt the saddle and the ground
He mercy sought and mercy found,

and Raby quoted them softly to Crystal as she wept over the fate of her unhappy lover.

"His last act was to try and save another; God only knows how far this would go to redeem a faulty past—God only knows. Do not cry so bitterly, darling. Let us trust him to the All Merciful; and, as the good bishop said to the mother of St. Augustine, 'the child of so many prayers cannot be lost.'"

Erle Huntingdon had passed an anxious, uncomfortable day. Percy's confession of his gambling debts had made him seriously uneasy. It was in his power to help him this once, he had said, with unusual sternness, but he would soon be a married man, and then Percy must look to himself; and Percy, nettled at his tone, had answered somewhat shortly, and in spite of Erle's generosity they had not parted friends.

But this was not all. After luncheon Mr. Huntingdon had called Erle into his study, and had shown him a letter that he had just received from some anonymous correspondent. Some unknown friend and well-wisher had thought it advisable to warn Mr. Huntingdon of his grandson's reckless doings. Erle looked deadfully shocked as he read it; and the expression of concentrated anger on Mr. Huntingdon's face frightened him still more.

"Perhaps it is not true," he stammered, and then the remembrance of his conversation with Percy silenced him.

"True," returned Mr. Huntingdon, in his hard rasping voice; "do you not see that the writer says he can prove every word? And this is my grandson, whom I have taken out of poverty. Well, well, I might have known the son of Maurice Trafford would never be worth anything." Strangely unjust words to be spoken of Nea's idolized Maurice, whose pure soul would have revolted against his boy's sins. Erle felt the cruelty of the speech; but he dare not contradict his uncle. What were the Traffords to him now?

There was to be a large gentlemen's dinner-party at Belgrave House that evening. Some East Indian director was to be feted, and several city magnates were to honor it by their presence. Erle wondered that Percy did not make his appearance, for he was always punctual on such occasions; but Mr. Huntingdon did not seem to notice his absence. The guests thought their host looked greyer and more bowed than usual, and that his step was feebler. He was getting an old man now, they said to themselves; and it would not be long before there would be a new master at Belgrave House. Any one could see he was breaking fast, and would not last long. Well, he had done well for himself; and his heir was to be envied, for he would be a rich man, and scarcely needed the splendid dowry that Evelyn Selby would bring him.

The banquet was just drawing to its close when there were signs of some disturbance in the household. The butler whispered to Erle, who immediately left the room, and a few minutes later a message was brought to Mr. Huntingdon.

Something had happened—something dreadful had happened, they told him, and he must come with them at once; and he had shuddered and turned pale.

He was growing old, and his nerves were not as strong as they used to be, and he supported himself with some difficulty as he bowed to his guests with old-fashioned politeness, and excusing himself, begged his old friend Sir Frederick Drummond to take his place. But as the door closed behind him, and he found himself surrounded by frightened servants, he tottered and his face grew grey.

"You will kill me among you," he muttered. "Where is my nephew? Will none of you fools tell me what is the matter."

"He's in there," returned the butler, who was looking very scared, and pointing to the library; and the next moment Erle came out with a face as white as death.

"Oh! uncle, uncle, don't go in till they have told you. Percy is there, and——" but Mr. Huntingdon only motioned him aside with his old peremptoriness, and then closed the door upon them.

He knew what he should find there—he knew it when they whispered into his ear that something had happened; and then he walked feebly across the room to the couch, where something lay with strange rigid lines under a satin coverlid that had been flung over it; and as he drew it down and looked at the face of his dead grandson, he knew that the hand of death had struck him also, that he would never get over this—never!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NEA AND HER FATHER MEET AGAIN.

Whence art thou sent from us?
Whither thy goal?
How art thou rent from us
Thou that were whole?
As with severing of eyelids and eyes, as with sundering of body and soul.
Who shall raise thee
From the house of the dead?
Or what man shall praise thee
That thy praise may be said?
Alas thy beauty! alas thy body! alas thy head!
What wilt thou leave me
Now this thing is done?
A man wilt thou give me,
A son for my son,
For the light of my eyes, the desire of my life, the desirable one
Algernon C. Swinburne.

Erle had followed him into the room, but Mr. Huntingdon took no notice of him. If he could, he would have spoken to him and implored him to leave him, but his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth. He wished to be alone with his grandson, to hide from every one, if he could, that he was stricken down at last.

He had loved him, but not as he had loved Erle—the Benjamin of his old age; his son of consolation. He had been stern with him, and had never sought to win his confidence; and now the blood of the unhappy boy seemed crying to him from the ground. And it was for this that he had taken him from his mother, that he should lie there in the prime of his youth with all the measure of his sins full to the brim. How had he died—but he dared not ask, and no one told him. Erle had indeed said something about a child; but he had not understood any more than he understood that they had sent to tell the mother. Erle's voice, broken with emotion, had certainly vibrated in his ears, but no sense of the words had reached him. If he had known that that mother was already on her way to claim the dead body of her son, he would have hidden himself and his gray hairs.

What a beautiful face it was, he thought; all that had marred it in life was softened now; the sneers, the hard bitter lines, were smoothed away, and something like a smile rested on the young lips. Ah, surely he was at rest now! Some stray hairs clung damply to his temples, and Mr. Huntingdon stooped over him and put them aside with almost a woman's tenderness, and then he sat down on the chair beside him and bowed his grey head in his hands.

He was struck down at last! If his idolized Erle had lain there in Percy's place he could have borne it better. But Nea's boy! What if she should come and require him at his hands! "Come home with your own Nea, father" had he ever ceased to hear those words?

Had he ever forgotten her standing there in the snow with her baby hidden under her shawl, and her sweet thin face raised to his? Had he ever ceased to love her and yearn for her when his anger was most bitter against her? Surely the demons must have leagued together to keep possession of his soul, or he would never have so hardened himself against her! He had taken her boy from her; he had tempted his youthful weakness with the sight of wealth, and then he had left him to his own devices. He had not taught him to "wash his hands in innocency, or to take heed to the things that were right." Day and night that boy's dead face, with its likeness to his mother, would haunt his memory. Oh, Heaven! that he were indeed childless, that none of these things might have come upon him.

"Uncle Rolf, will you not come away with me?" implored Erle; "the house is quite quiet now, and all the people have gone;" but Mr. Huntingdon only shook his head—he had no strength to rise from his chair, and he could not tell Erle this. The poor boy was terribly alarmed at his uncle's looks; he did not seem to understand anything he said; and what if Mrs. Trafford should take it in her head to come—if only he could get his uncle away.

But even as he framed the wish the door opened noiselessly, and Mr. Huntingdon raised his eyes. A tall woman with grey hair like his, and a pale, beautiful face with an expression that almost froze his blood, looked at him for a moment, then silently passed up the room, and with her dress brushing him as he sat there motionless, paused beside the couch. And it was thus that Nea and her father met again. But she did not notice him; there was only one object for her eyes—the still mute figure of her boy. Silently, and still with that awful look of woe on her face, she drew the dark head into her arms, and laid the dead cheek against her breast; and as she felt the irresponsive weight, the chilled touch, her dried-up misery gave way, and the tears streamed from her eyes,

She was calling him her darling—her only boy.

She had forgotten his cowardly desertion of her; the faults and follies of his youth. Living, he had been little to her, but she claimed the dead as her own. She had forgotten all; she was the young mother again, as she smoothed the dark hair with her thin fingers and pressed the cold face to her bosom, as though she could warm the deadly chill of death.

"Nea," exclaimed a feeble voice in her ear. "Nea, he was my boy too." And looking up she saw the tall bowed figure of her father, and two wrinkled hands stretched out to her. Ah, she was back in the present again. She laid her boy down on the pillow, and drew the quilt tenderly over him; but all the beauty and softness seemed to die out of her face, as she turned to her father.

"My boy," she answered, "not yours; for you never loved him as I did. You tempted him from me, and made him despise his mother; but he is mine now; God took him from you who were ruining him soul and body, to give him back to me."

"Nea," returned the old man with a groan; "I have sinned—I know it now. I have blighted your life; I have been a hard cruel father; but in the presence of the dead there should be peace."

"My life," she moaned; "my life. Ah, if that were all I could have forgiven it long ago; but it was Maurice—Maurice whom you left to die of a broken heart, though I prayed you to come with me. It was my husband whom you killed; and now, but for you my boy would be living."

"Nea, Nea," he wailed again; "my only child, Nea;" but as she turned, moved by the concentrated agony of his voice, he fell with his face downward on the couch, across the feet of his dead grandson.

* * * * *

The doctors who were summoned said that a paralytic seizure had long been impending; he might linger for a few weeks, but it was impossible to say whether he would ever recover full consciousness again.

Erle heard them sadly; he had been very fond of the old man in spite of the tyrannical sway that had ruled him from boyhood. His uncle had been his generous benefactor, and he could not hear of his danger without emotion.

Mrs. Trafford had not left the house from the moment of her father's alarming seizure; she had taken quiet possession of the sick-room, and only left it to follow her boy to the grave. Fern was there too, but Erle did not speak to her; the crape veil hid her face, and he could only see the gleam of her fair hair shining in the wintry sunlight. The two women had stood together, Fern holding her mother's hand; and when the service was over, Mrs. Trafford had gone back to Belgrave House, and some kindly neighbor had taken the girl home. Erle would gladly have spoken some word of sympathy, but Mrs. Trafford gave him no opportunity. Neither of them knew how sadly and wistfully the poor girl looked after them. Erle's changed looks, his paleness and depression made Fern's heart still heavier; she had not known that he had loved Percy so. She had no idea that it was the sight of her own slim young figure moving between the graves that made Erle look so sad. She was dearer to him than ever, he told himself, as they drove away from the cemetery; and he hated himself as he said it.

He had not seen Evelyn since Percy's death. She was staying at some country house with her aunt, Lady Maltravers, where he was to have joined them; but of course this was impossible under the circumstances; and though he did not like to own to himself that her absence was a relief, he took the opportunity of telling her not to hurry back to London on his account, as his time was so fully occupied with necessary business and watching his poor uncle that he would not be free to come to her.

(To be continued.)

The Man in the Case.

Since a woman was created there has been an awful stir
About the part she plays on earth—all blame is laid on her.
Let any wickedness be done, at any time or place,
And saints and sinners do declare, "A woman in the case!"

Some fool to suicide inclined blows out his little brain,
"Now, mark my words—a woman!" every prophet will exclaim,
Or if some fool another fool despatches from this life,
It's significantly mentioned, "He has a pretty wife."

If a man, a thief my nature, steals his employer blind,
And goes alone to Canada, the girl was "left behind,"
Or "he's been a-talking with a woman on the way
The woman in the case goes, too," the daily papers say.

Now this thing makes us women all too miserably feel,
But for our dire existence, men would never kill nor steal;
In fact if Eve to Adam the Lord had never given,
This earth had so continued a suburban sort of heaven.

It occurs to me, however, from another point of view,
Had we ne'er been given Adam, we could have a heaven, too.
If this world were only women, we could keep it free from crime,
For doesn't the "old Adam" work the mischief every time?

It was Eve who gave the apple that has brought us all our woe;
But with no one there to take it, she could never have done so.
Though men will kill and steal for us, because we are so dear,
You should mind they fix our value by their own existence here.

When you come to think it over, one conclusion's very sure,
Had they never been created we would ne'er have sought to lure
Their poor souls from paths of virtue; they from blame are not exempt—
Do we lead them to temptation, they have tempted us to temp..

With this new light on the subject, rather singular it seems;
But instead it's plainly plural, in reality it means,
When the blame for any action to its fountain head you trace,
You will ever find a woman and a man are in the case.

—*Flora McDonald.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget of Domestic Gossip.

CHRYSANTHEMUM DRESSES

Miraculous Court Costumes to be Worn by Japanese Ladies.

Some Remarkable Dresses.

Mrs. Crawford's first November letter from Paris to London *Truth* contained the pleasing paragraph that follows:

I have been seeing some miraculous court dresses for the Empress of Japan and her ladies, which are to be sent out next week to Yeddo. They are to be worn at the flower fetes which will come off in 1888. Each flower that gives in spring, summer and autumn the prevailing flush of bloom to the Japanese groves and gardens has its day. Instead of Easter, Whitsun Monday, Michaelmas, etc., the Japs have Lilac day, Maybloom day, Laburnum day, Rose day and the culminating festa is Chrysanthemum day. The dresses had worked into the ribbons, tabliers, and so on, the flowers of the day on which they were to be worn. The Empress and the ladies of honor, in point of floral motifs, are to be in the same livery. The differences showing the gradations of rank will be in the quality and quantity of the trimming. The laburnum toilets must be miracles of gorgeousness and beauty when their wearers are to appear in them in the throne-room. Chrysanthemums are disposed of in separate colors for the several dresses or groups of dresses. There will be a group of yellow, another of white, another of violet, another of ruby and another of rose. The rosy ones are to belong to maids of honor of the lowest grade, and her Imperial Majesty, as representing all ranks, will be gorgeous in chrysanthemums of all colors. The flowers are "grown" in Paris workshops. The taste with which they are brought into *fioriture* of ribbons, lace and hand embroidery is inconceivable. Japanese ladies abhor the tailor-made style of dress. They like bright fancies to be expressed in raiment, and are fond of what is in keeping with mirthful conversation.

Women Too Tired to Dress Well.

If a woman works for her living or toils at home all day to help her husband earn one, she is likely, at the present rate of pressure and struggle, to be too weary to pay more than a fitful and careless attention to dress, and the careful consideration of harmony and of the suitableness of one garment to another is often pressed out of her mind by matters of more importance. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but it is. The small refinements and thoughtfulnesses of dress, which give it, as it were, its grace and wit, maybe cost little money, but much thought and care; and so a woman, who is keenly sensitive to beauty or raiment, often shows little sign of the instinct, and is dreary, even if neat, in her attire; she has so many other things of which to think that dress gets "crowded out." And yet it is a pity, for to most women dress is a pleasure, and a right one; and when the feminine instinct is crushed or lacking in a woman, so that she does not care how she looks, it shows a want in her nature. I am not speaking of slovenly women; they are rightly an abomination in all eyes, but of the women who, from economy or carelessness, or want of time or taste, or from religious opinion, may be and most likely are neat—painfully neat, but whose gowns are dreary, dull, unfitted to the wearer, or possessed of no individualities whatsoever.

Wash the Dishcloth.

Now that diseases are known to be caused by germs, one is on the lookout for death in almost anything. Even a dishcloth may generate the germs that cause sickness and death. If it is black and stiff and sour, throw it into the fire. Keep your dishcloth clean. If you have to eat without a tablecloth, do without curtains to your windows and cake for your tea, and have to let your face dry after washing it. Let the weeds grow in your garden, let the holes in the heels of your husband's or children's hose go undarned, let the shoes go, but do not neglect to wash the dishcloth.

A tidy housekeeper writes: "I have smelled a whole house full of typhoid fever in one dishcloth. I had some neighbors once—clever, good sort of folks. One autumn four of them were taken sick with the typhoid fever. The doctor ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and threw about 40 cents' worth of carbolic acid into the swill pail department. I went into the kitchen and made gruel, I needed a dishcloth, looked around for one and found several. And such rags! I burned them all and called the daughter to get me a dishcloth. She looked around on the table. 'Why,' said she, 'there was about a dozen here this morning.' She looked in the woodbox, on the mantelpiece, and felt in the cupboard. 'Well,' I said, 'I saw some old, black, rotten rags lying around and I burned them, for there is death in such dishcloths, and you must never use such again.' I took turns in nursing that family for weeks, and I believe those dirty dishcloths were the cause of all that hard work."—*Good Housekeeping.*

To Train the Girls to Work.

Girls instilled with habits of industry are more safely provided for than if they had had a fortune given them, for there is no art or science too difficult for industry to attain. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy." Industry qualifies us in all our various classes for the highest and lowest employment; it inspires us with fresh vigor in the performance of social and religious duties, and it gives a wider scope for the display of our talents. The habit of constant useful occupation is as essential for the happiness and well being of woman as of man.

Two Imported Recipes.

A delicious way to warm up cold beef or mutton is to mince it carefully in the machine, excluding all bits of sinew or gristle, lay it in the bottom of a pie-dish, scatter pepper and salt over it to taste; cover the meat with a layer of peeled tomatoes; add more salt and roof in the whole with mashed potatoes. Only a very little stock is needed, as the tomatoes make excellent gravy. Bake in a not too quick oven for three-quarters of an hour. Brown the pie before the fire for another quarter of an hour.

Try the next pair of fowls stuffed with real forcemeat, chopped ham and button mushrooms. — *Cousin Madge in London Truth.*

Fashion Notes.

A variation on the plush wraps so popular just now is to have the outside of cashmere edged with fur and the lining of plush of a contrasting shade. A pretty one is of pale brown, edged with brown fur and lined with emerald green plush.

A novelty in cloth for long coats is called "shadow cloth." It is soft and furry on the reversible side, but smooth, in dark brown, green and Gobelin blue shades, covered with figures in shadow or only seen in certain lights. A fichu collar of light, long fur and a muff to match are the fashionable accompaniments to these cloaks.

An economical use can be made of the lace dresses made up last summer over black silk which have lost their freshness by putting them over a cheap silk of some evening shade, either rich red, bright blue or yellow. They make charming toilets for unceremonious occasions, and the lace being over a color does not show its loss of freshness.

Curled lamb's wool is something like Astrakhan, but is much softer and finer and more expensive. It is much used in its natural white tint for trimming evening and opera cloaks, and is shown in brown, black and gray for street wear. Several of the imported London tailor gowns are of Lincoln green, trimmed with black lamb's wool. These have usually a muff to match made entirely of the fur, while the little, low English toque of green velvet is trimmed with it.

"Mufflom" and "Labrador" are the new names for fur. The Labrador is a rich brown fur, with a deep pile, not glossy, and very suitable for trimming brown cloth or velvet. A brown costume has a plain skirt of velvet, on which a band of Labrador fur a foot and a half wide is set on about two inches from the edge. The short brown drapery and bodice are of smooth-faced cloth, and a velvet wrap is trimmed with the fur. Both muff and velvet toque also have a fur border.

In evening dress it has become very much the fashion to veil the neck and arms with tulle. A single thickness does not conceal them at all, but adds much to the appearance of whiteness and smoothness and greatly to be desired. The sleeves are of one thickness, made perfectly plain and edged where they finish slightly below the elbows with a bit of lace laid on flat. The shoulders are veiled with it by tucking two narrow breadths of the tulle into the corsage behind and crossing and tucking the ends in front.

A new use for camel's hair shawls is to cut them into long dolmans. These are wadded with a layer of gray cotton wadding and lined with heavy silk. They are most effective when the shawl is made entirely of mosaic without the plain centre, but a very handsome evening wrap is composed of one whose centre is a creamy white from age, with much red in the border. It was lined with white silk and so cut that the scarlet border and fringe formed the edge of the cloak, which also had a long fichu collar of the same.

Miss Nettie Hooper, daughter of the well-known Paris correspondent, Lucy Hooper, wore at a reception lately an ideal *jeune fille* costume. The white silk skirt was of dancing length and frilled at the edge with a little plaiting. The long tablier overdress was of white crape drawn high on the hips. The low-pointed silk bodice was covered with a little kerchief of the crape that crossed on the bosom, and wreaths of the palest pink roses completed the costume. She wore long primrose gloves, white slippers and pale pink silk stockings.

A pretty evening gown is composed of ecru silk mull made over the same shade of China silk. The skirt was trimmed with a deep double box plait of the mull, on which was set six rows of narrow scarlet ribbon. The drapery was of ecru China silk, which had a little red figure of the same shade of the ribbon. The low-neck bodice was of plain ecru silk and with bretelles of the mull barred with the red ribbon. The stockings were scarlet with black patent-leather slippers, and long red loves and an ecru gauze fan finished his pretty dress worn by a still prettier brunette.

Famous Unmarried Men.

Bacon says that "certainly the best works and those of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from unmarried or childless men."

Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, appears to be of the same opinion: "For men of higher intellectual avocation, for poets, philosophers, for all those in general who devote themselves to science and art, celibacy is preferable to the married life, because the conjugal yoke prevents them from creating great works."

Moore has expressed the same belief, asserting that in looking back through the lives of the most illustrious poets it is evident that they have been, with scarcely an exception, "restless and solitary spirits, with minds wrapped up, like silkworms, in their own tasks, either strangers or rebels to the domestic tie."

Dante, Milton, Shakspeare and Dryden are instances of the saddening effect of married life upon poets. Dante went through life away from his wife and children, nursing in his mind the immortal dream of Beatrice. There is that oft-told jest of Dryden, which sufficiently exhibits his view of the subject; when his wife told him that she wished she were a book in order that she might have more of her husband's companionship, he said: "Be an almanac, my love, so that I can change you every year."

Scott's remark about Dryden was that "on no occasion when a sarcasm against matrimony would be introduced has he failed to season it with such bitterness as spoke of an inward consciousness of domestic misery."

But the same is true of other artists as well—of musicians and painters as well as poets. Wagner, when a young man, married an actress, "pretty as a picture," but she appears to have had but little sympathy with his aims, and he lived apart from her. He afterwards married a daughter of Liszt, who did appreciate his genius, and with her he was very happy.

The girl whom Haydn married turned out a shrew. Berlioz wrote: "O, that I could find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart call to, that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows! Could I but rest in her arms one autumn evening, rocked by the north wind on some wild heath and sleeping my last sad sleep!"

We are told that a few years after these effusions were written he arranged an amicable separation from his wife, his former divinity, and he left her to die in misery and solitude.

Handel was never in love, and had an aversion to marriage. In 1707 he went to Lubeck to compete for a position as organist, but, finding that one of the conditions for obtaining the place was that he should marry the daughter of his predecessor, he fled precipitately.—*Brooklyn Eagle*

He Mistook His Man.

Two men were standing on the corner, talking. Both were well dressed and seemed to be gentlemen. One was a quiet, undemonstrative man, while the other was a very enthusiastic personage.

A man passed by, saluting the enthusiastic individual, who failed to recognize the courtesy, but continued talking to the quiet gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but a gentleman spoke to you just now."

"Yes, I noticed it. He is a carpenter, who did some work for me recently. Those fellows are such a nuisance; if they happen to do a little job for you they presume to speak wherever they meet you. I don't like it, eh?"

"If he is a gentleman, I would not hesitate to speak to him, no matter where I met him," mildly observed the other.

"Oh! You wouldn't, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't; but pardon me again if I am presumptuous, but I would like to know if you paid that carpenter for the little job he did for you?"

"I don't see how that can interest you, or why I should make you my confident."

"Perhaps not; men who talk as you do don't generally see very far."

"Will you explain yourself, sir?".

"Cheerfully! You see I know you; you didn't think so, but I do. You want to be so much better than that carpenter, and I know you are not half as good or near so deserving of the title of gentleman as he is."

"You know this, eh?"

"Yes, and I know more. I know your history from away back, and I can assure you that my opinion of it would not be at all complimentary. When I worked at the bench I was just as much a gentleman as I am now; and if I had known it was for you that my workman, who just passed, did the work, he wouldn't have done it until you had paid for it. Do you want to know why? No? I thought so."

Vagaries of the Law.

"City of Muskegon vs. a red heifer," is the title of a civil suit in a Muskegon (Mich.) Court.

Sam Thomas, of Benton county, Tennessee, was arrested and taken to the Federal Court for holding a funnel for another man to pour whiskey into a bottle.

Dogs are dogs in Texas. A jury in that State recently gave a verdict of $19.75 to a man whose favorite hound had been run over and killed by a railroad train.

Three months' imprisonment was the sentence given an Englishman who attempted, but failed, to steal a hot plum pudding, but found it too hot to carry and dropped it on the floor.

FEMININE RHYMES.

And all afresh each morning,
Her braided locks adorning,
My prudent counsel scorning,
The precious time she's pawning.

But ever through her dreaming,
She has been deftly scheming,
How, in this idle seeming,
The hours she'd be redeeming.

For thus she says and sigheth:
"Ah, me, who these locks spieth,
He straightway hither hieth
And yields him here or dieth."

—A man in this city calls his wife Ann Archy, because she is always blowing him up.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" MODERNIZED.

What Was Revealed in a Recent London Tragedy.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that many people have thought that Shakspeare strained probability a little too far in the incidents which close the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." A case investigated before the coroner for Central Middlesex on Wednesday shows that similar incidents actually occur in real life. An elderly Frenchman, separated from his wife, took a young French lady vocalist into his house at Euston Square as his mistress. On Tuesday morning early the man swallowed poison, and seemed to be dying. His mistress, terrified at being left alone in the world in a discredited position, seized the poison bottle and drank a deadly draught. She died. The man recovered, and discovered to his horror that his Juliet was dead. After trying in vain to resuscitate her he seized a revolver and shot himself through the heart. This occurred, not in the tombs of the Capulets in the ancient city of Verona in the middle ages, but in 12 Euston Square last Tuesday morning. Romeo's name was Ernest Carlin and Juliet's Jane Hures.

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, "dragging-down" sensations, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, have an unfailing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Mrs. Cleveland's Able Move.

Mrs. Cleveland has been making all of her bonnets this fall, thus setting an example which will alienate the support of every milliner in the land. But it makes all the husbands solid, and, mind you, it's the husbands that have the votes, not the milliners.—*Chicago Herald.*

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Do dly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, development and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

In Maine.

Mrs. Brailer—Here's Deacon Cudds right in front of us, Tom. See what he's reading, and when the train-boy comes in buy the book for me. It's sure to be interesting and instructive.

Mr. Brailer (looking over the deacon's shoulder)—Larry Donahue's "Bar-Keeper's Guide."—*Puck*

Suit Yourself,

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, biliousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

They Leave Nothing.

First Burglar—"Wot'll I do with this burglar alarm, Bill—take it along?"

Second Burglar—"Yes, slip it in the bag. We can get something for it."

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

He Knew His Business.

Lady (in a bric-a-brac store)—"Let me see something handsome but cheap."

Clerk—"Yes'm; something for a wedding present?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Far Reaching

Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At druggists.

Considerate Grocer.

Pretty Servant Girl—You don't give full weight.

Grocer (sighing)—I know it, but you alone are to blame for that.

Servant Girl—How's that.

Grocer (beaming on her)—I want to make your burden as light as possible, my dear.

Our lady friends will be interested in knowing that by sending 20c. to pay postage, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated Cook Book, *free*. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly.

Postmaster English, of New Haven, Conn., recently received a letter addressed "To the most beautiful and intelligent lady in New Haven of from 18 to 24 years of age." Not feeling competent to make the decision Mr. English consulted the postal authorities at Washington, and has just been directed to send the epistle to the Dead Letter Office. How little romance there is about a Government bureau!

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the President's sister, will spend Christmas with brother Grover.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution which had last year the largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates.

Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Prima Facie Evidence.

"Mamma," said a young lady just home from school and gazing upon Alexander Harrison's "Open Sea," "is this an oil painting or a water color?"

"Sh," answered her mother, with a look of surprise and chagrin. "It's a water color. Don't you see the water?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mr. Seth Cohoe, foreman of the oatmeal department of Mr. H. S. Moore's roller flour mills at Norwich, is about to leave for Rockton, where he will start in business for himself.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2908 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

DUNN. 50 ct.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

GORDON'S

OLD RELIABLE HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON!

Is still open and Old Customers will find it Stocked with

Carriage & Team

HARNESS!

Which has become celebrated throughout this vicinity for superior quality, finish and durability. All guaranteed as heretofore. At

Reduced Prices for Cash,

Also a large stock of Winter Goods in the line of

HORSE COVERS!

of superior quality, at the lowest prices ever offered in Flesherton. A fine selection of

Sleigh Bells!

at a slight advance on cost for the next 30 days. If you want a first-class

WHIP!

It is to be found at Gordon's. Also

TRUNKS,
VALISES,
RUGS,
HORSE BRUSHES,
CURRY COMBS,
SWEAT PADS

and all other Horse Furnishings found in a first-class Harness Shop.

The Celebrated Harness Oil!

Kept constantly on hand. But the Crowning Specialty is the perfect fitting

Scotch Collar!

Warranted not to gall your horses and for which this establishment has become so well known throughout this County. Repairing attended to promptly, carefully and cheaply.

A Call is Respectfully Invited at

GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Call and see Russell's immense display of fancy Plush Wall Pockets, Dusters, Whisk Holders, &c., they are beautiful and cheap.

Auction sale farm stock and implements at Lot 34, Con. 9, Artemesia, commencing at 12 o'clock, noon, on Wednesday next, Dec. 21st. Scott Jamison, Proprietor; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer. See bills for particulars.

We see by the Sault Ste Marie *News* that Mr. Thos. Bates—formerly of this town—is connected with a Mining Association, which has been organized in that place with the view of working a rich gold and silver mine located on the Canadian side of the river.

The Flesherton Skating Rink is being flooded by Lieut. Field, and, it is expected, will be in good running order by Christmas. We hope to see the rink well patronized by our young people—indeed it is good healthy exercise for the more adult population, when not indulged in to excess.

An announcement has been received from Mr. A. Dinsmore, Markdale. It came too late for this week's ADVANCE, but will appear in our next. It is headed:—"Grand Gift Sale for the Christmas Holidays at the Markdale Book Store." He offers great reductions in Books, Toys, Fancy Goods, and Wall papers.

Credit Auction sale of farm stock, implements, &c., at Lot 20, Con. 10, Meaford Road, Artemesia, on Tuesday, Dec. 20th., commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. sharp. 10 months credit on all sums over $5. See bills for particulars. David Thompson, proprietor; J. W. Morrow, auctioneer.

On account of the big rush of holiday advertising this week we are obliged to issue an extra page. We furnish our readers with their regular quota of reading matter all the same. Everybody patronizing THE ADVANCE—whether reader or advertiser—get good value for their money.

Temperance people will read with interest "Deacon Snuke's" lengthy but stirring letter, entitled—"The Good Time Coming"—which will be published shortly in the ADVANCE. We welcome our esteemed and talented friend, "Snukes," to the ranks of the great Temperance Army, which is making its influence for good felt in every portion of the civilized world.

The patrons of Flesherton Cheese Factory ought to be happy. On Thursday last Messrs. M. Richardson & Co. paid out $4,546.12 to them, being the proceeds of last sale of cheese for the season just closed. A large sum of money is thus put in circulation, which will have a tendency to relieve the financial stringency caused by the suspension of the Central bank.

D. G. Meldrum, having completed his apprenticeship with F. T. Burgess, druggist, and successfully passed his examination, left this morning for a week's visit to his home at Flesherton. He started away a bachelor, but it is reported he will return a benedict and take the management of Burgess' Wilton avenue branch drug store.—*Toronto News.* David denies the soft impeachment contained in the foregoing, to the effect that "he will return a benedict."

Dundalk, Dec. 8.—Some person unknown about ten o'clock last night fired three rifle shots through the upper storey of Graham & Co's store here. The shots penetrated through the inner portions of the building and narrowly missed Mr. C. Graham who was sitting reading in one of the apartments. No steps have been taken to find the perpetrators. Magistrate McGregor to-day committed Edward Bemish to the Central Prison for threatening to shoot his mother. Bemish is a hard citizen and has frequently been arrested for drunkenness.

We visited Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, this week and found Mr. J. G. Russell and his two smart assistants busily engaged selling goods, repairing watches, clocks, jewelry, &c., and opening out a vast quantity of beautiful new holiday goods, consisting of elegant designs in plush, jewelry, paper mache, etc.—both ornamental and useful. The store is literally packed with pretty things. In silverware, the display is unusually large and magnificent in every particular. The display throughout is the largest and best ever seen in a jewelry store in Flesherton.

There was a man once who approached a lovely maiden and asked her hand in marriage. His shaggy head of hair and disreputable looking beard of a week's growth had a chilling effect upon the lovely maiden and she coldly repulsed his advances. The man felt bad, but if he had placed himself in the hands of Booth, the Boss Barber, of Flesherton, and got his hair cut and his beard shaved *before* "popping the question," no lady could have resisted his charms.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions to the ADVANCE for 1888. Most of our subscribers can show a clean sheet. Will all of our readers kindly commence the New Year in the same way? It is only a small amount and will cause you no inconvenience; at the same time you will have the consciousness that you are aiding your Editor to meet large payments now maturing in connection with recent building operations. If every subscriber on our list would only pay in advance before the 15th January, we would feel like sending THE ADVANCE *free* to them for six months during the year 1889!

Prepare for the holidays by getting a first-class hair cut, shave, and shampoo at Booth, the "Boss" Barber's, Flesherton. It is worth the money to sit in his magnificent easy chair, without counting in the hair cut, shave or shampoo. Ladies can get their hair trimmed in the latest styles of the tonsorial art. Gentlemen with long and unkempt beards will scarcely recognise themselves in the looking glass after having subjected the said beards to the dexterous manipulations of Booth, who will trim them in the most elegant manner and in any style they may require. Remember his shop is next to Clayton's boot and shoe emporium and just opposite Leitch's tailoring establishment.

A most absurd mistake crept into our "Tit-Bits" columns last week, in which it was announced that Mr. Watkins, brother of Mrs. Shilton, was visiting at the Methodist parsonage. The mistake was the Editor's this time, and not "that terrible compositor's," We noticed a gentleman walking up street with the esteemed Methodist clergyman here, just before going to press on Wednesday, and having understood a week or two previous, that Mr. Watkins was expected to visit Canada shortly, fell into the blunder quite readily—and the more especially as a certain young gentleman confirmed our impression; and, besides, we had no time for making enquiries before printing the papers. A fellow can be too previous sometimes in his endeavors to furnish his readers with live news.

A large and pleasant gathering of members and others assembled at the Baptist parsonage, Flesherton, on Friday evening. The pastor, Rev. T. Watson, is a very sociable gentleman, and he was pleased with the friendly visit, although unable to divine the cause. At length Mr. R. Knight and Mr. J. E. Moore approached him—the former bearing a splendid fur coat on his arm—and in the most informal and graceful manner, the coat was transferred to the popular Baptist pastor, accompanied by a few pleasant and appropriate words by each of the gentlemen, on behalf of members of the congregation. Mrs. Watson was also made the recipient of a nice present in an equally informal manner. Later in the evening, Rev. Mr. Watson made one of his happiest speeches in alluding to the presentation. Those present spent a pleasent evening.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

DIED.

ELLIS.—In this village, on Tuesday, 6th Dec., 1887, after a short sickness, Mrs. W. Ellis, aged 21 years, 1 month and 15 days.

Our young and esteemed friend, Mr. Ellis, has the deep sympathy of many friends, in his sad bereavement. Deceased was a loving wife, and though her married life was very short, still it was a very happy one. She lived a christian, and passed away trusting in Jesus.

Scarcely had we greeted the twinkling of the sleigh-bells, when the rumbling of the wheels was heard.

Mr. F. Thurston, of Toronto, is coming home in a few weeks to spend his Xmas holidays.

Come one, come all, but don't forget to bring the "fleecy mantle" with you.

Our friend, Mr. J. B. Watson, intended to give us another of his much "appreciated lectures," on the evening of the 6th inst. However, he was not able to do so on account of sickness. No doubt, under the fostering care of a Griersville inn-keeper, he will soon be able to resume his daily vocation; and at some early date again visit our cosy little village, when we shall, as on former occasions, give him an audience and if neccessary, passed around the "toast," but we cannot say that it will be of a stronger nature than the pure juice of the grape.

LEADING! LEADING!!

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store in Flesherton Still Leading the Trade in this County!

The people ask, how is it that OTHER JEWELERS GET MAD and say naughty things about us? The reason is very simple, namely, WE ARE A TERROR TO HIGH PRICES—*selling finer goods at lower prices than they can* and of course the public appreciate our efforts to give them first prize goods at prices away down. OTHER FELLOWS *will get mad when they cannot gull the people into buying goods 26 per cent. higher than ours.* We would suggest to them to buy from us as it would enable them to sell at a small living profit. Another IMMENSE STOCK just received of gold and silver ladies' and gents' Watches, fine rolled gold ladies' and gents' Chains and Guards, Gold Lockets, &c. A-1 solid 18 K. wedding Rings, the finest stock of ladies' diamond and gem Rings, fine Silverware, gents' fine heavy Waltham, Elgin, Illinois, Springfield and Columbus Watches from $10 to $20, sold elsewhere from $15 to $25, 18 k. Wedding Rings from $3.99 to $5, sold elsewhere from $4.50 to $6. All watches bear *written warrents from 3 to 5 years*, WARRANTS COVERING ALL BREAKAGES. We have done great business in the past and we intend to do even more in the future by giving the people genuine bargains and we take this opportunity to thank our friend for advertising us so well. We are well pleased, it saves us money and increases our business every time. A few more of those famous 8 day Walnut Clocks still going at $4.80; other dealers ask $6 for the same clock.

A fine stock of FANCY GOODS and XMAS CARDS to hand now. Be sure you see them.

And always take your Watches, &c., to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, to be repaired. IT WILL PAY YOU. 2t.

No one can describe the suffering caused by Astpma except those troubled with the complaint. One package of Southern Asthma Cure will relieve any case. Double treatment in each package.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Practice is going on lively here for the Methodist S. S. anniversary which comes off shortly.

Mr. T. Maquay met with an accident in his saw-mill last week while he was handling a lever. It threw him against a wheel while in motion which hurt him severely, but we are glad to learn that he will soon be around again.

The Rev. G. B. Howie will give a lecture here on the 23rd inst., on the eastern modes of "courtship and marriage." wonder if it will be as instructive as the last one he gave here?

Mr. W. Hames has rented his farm here and has purchased the Victoria cheese factory.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

—TO BE—

GIVEN AWAY.

—AT THE—

FLESHERTON

Furniture Warerooms

SPECIAL

INDUCEMENTS!

DURING

X-MAS!

—AND—

Holiday Season.

We have bought especially for the Christmas trade, a lot of very handsome

Sofas & Lounges

Which will be sold at a

Small Advance on Cost.

Small Arm Rocking Chairs,

Perfect Little Beauties,

Gents Easy Stuffed Chairs,

Just the thing for father's X-mas box.

Childrens Chairs

In great variety.

BEDSTEADS,

A special line of low priced, very cheap

SPRING BEDS LOWER THAN EVER.

MATTRESSES CHEAPER THAN HAVE EVER BEEN OFFERED.

We still take the lead in

Picture Framing.

A beautiful stock of MOULDINGS and FRAMES to select from.

☞ In order to meet the wish of our patrons we have arranged to deliver goods on the eve of Christmas day, in company with Santa Claus. Call and select your presents early.

Wishing you a very Merry Christmas.

J. E. MOORE.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 339. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"DECEMBER AD."

$1,600

IN GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES!

Walnut and Nickle Clocks, Roll Plate and Fine Gilt Chains, Gem and Wedding Rings, Jewelery and Fine Silverware for

Holiday * Trade!

If I felt the public were fools enough to believe me and knew "myself" to be "knave" enough to beat the wholesale, I would talk big discount and wholesale prices for above goods. Wholesale prices in a retail store won't pay rent, light taxes, etc. Continuous discounts 5 times in 1 year, either pays by marking goods away up, or else by using deception as to quality af goods. There are Jewellers who have 14 k. wedding rings stamped 18 k. My Plain Rings are made by P. W. ELLIS & CO., and after this will have my initials, W.B. stamped on.

Goods as represented every time.

Prices at "whisper" mark. Discounts as usual, 5 per cent.

Warrants cover Breakages!

Don't accept any other kind. Everybody invited to call when in town and get my prices.

For 4 Years

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

351-44.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE,

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Miss Ada M. Sproule has returned to Flesherton to spend the holidays.

Bargains in Tweeds this week at M. Richardson & Co's.

Mr. C. W. Rutledge, of the Markdale *Standard*, was in town Thursday last.

Just think of it, all wool Grey Flannel 28 inches wide for 25c. yard at R. Trimble's.

Mr. Geo. Blakely returned home on Wednesday of last week, and did not forget to pay ye Editor a visit.

Mr. Earle Strain, who has been attending the Toronto School of Medicine, is home for Xmas' holidays.

THE ADVANCE sent for one year to the address of some of your friends would be a very suitable Xmas present.

Another very large stock of mens Felt Boots, Rubbers, and Overshoes just received, selling cheap at R. Trimble's.

Lemons and Oranges at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

A toilet luxury in every respect, Ayer's Hair Vigor never fails to restore the youthful freshness and color to faded and gray hair. It also eradicates dandruff and prevents the hair from falling.

Grand Christmas entertainment in the Methodist church, Maxwell, next Monday evening, 26th inst. Tea served from 5:30 p. m., chair taken at 7:30. See bill for particulars.

Monday next is Nomination day in Flesherton. There should be a large turnout in the afternoon to hear the Fathers give an account of their stewardship.

Furs, Furs, Furs.—I have decided to clear out my entire stock of Mens Fur Caps, ladies Fur Caps, Muffs, Boas, Goat Robes, Fur Trimming, &c., regardless of cost at R. Trimble's.

Cards, Cards, Cards, Come and see them at the Medical Hall.

The High School Entrance Examinations commenced in the new Schoolhouse, Flesherton, yesterday afternoon and will continue to-day and to-morrow. A large number of pupils are in town.

Just arrived at J. W. Bates:—Another of those beautiful Parlor Suites in Hair Cloth and Plush Bands. Will be sold cheap for cash. Just the thing for an Xmas present.

Please call and see my nice selection of Mossware, Chinaware, Colored setts glassware engraved or plain. Just see my $2.50 Colored Tea Sett, best value in town at R. Trimble's.

Wareham Public School children to the number of sixty or seventy sat for group photographs at Mrs. Bulmer's gallery, Flesherton, one day last week. Mrs. Bulmer is gaining wide and well deserved popularity as a painstaking and clever artist.

All sorts of Knick-knack at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Rev. Mr. Ranton, a well-known evangelist, has been assisting Rev. Mr. Shilton at the special services now being held at the Meaford Road appointment. Sunday week Mr. Ranton delivered an excellent discourse in the Methodist church here.

We are pleased to notice that the Trustees of Flesherton Public Schools have re-engaged the old Teachers, Mr. Wm. Irwin and Miss Ganton. This fact will be equally pleasing to the ratepayers generally of this school section. Mr. Irwin has proved himself a most painstaking and efficient Principal, while Miss Ganton is well spoken of.

Please call at once and get your supplies of Raisins, Currants, Peels, Spices, Icing Sugar, Coffee and Tea at R. Trimble's. My 25 cent Tea is the best value ever offered in Flesherton.

TAMARAC is an Elixir carefully prepared by an experienced chemist, which the well-known Tamarac as the fundamental principal, and all the other ingredients in its composition are of the purest, and best calculated to relieve all cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles.

—BARGAINS!—

ENORMOUS BARGAINS!

Immense Bargains!

NOW GOING ON AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON!

WHERE WILL BE FOUND THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Knives, Razors, &c.

EVER SHOWN IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY. OUR GOODS

TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT FLESHERTON FALL SHOW,

And in order to give parties who were not able to take advantage of our discount sale in October, we have decided to again make this Great Offer and give

TWENTY PER CENT. OFF

On all Cash Sales of $1 and over from 1st day of December, 1887, to 1st day of January, 1888.

Now, this is a grand chance to secure fine goods at about wholesale prices. All Watches we sell bear a written guarantee of from three to five years. We will still make another Grand Offer to anyone purchasing one of our LADIES' FINE GEM RINGS or 18 k. WEDDING RINGS which we have for the number of nearly one hundred, we will give a beautiful Plush Ring Box worth $1.00, any color. These bargains everyone should take advantage of. You will never have as good a chance again and remember the only place to get your Watch repaired properly is at

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON.

Royal Black Preceptory.

At the last meeting of Victory Royal Black Preceptory, No. 282, Markdale, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

J. Brodie, W.P.
W. Brady, D.P.
J. Gillespy, Chap.
T. Elliott, Registrar.
J. Elliott, Treasurer.
J. Erskin, 1st Lecturer.
T. Abbitt, 2nd "
J. McMaghan, 1st Censor.
J. H. Carson, 2nd "
T. Gilray, 1st Standard Bearer.
J. McFadden, 2nd "
J. Gibson, Pursuivant.
T. Abercrombie, 1st Com.
J. Trickey, 2nd "
W. Rutledge, 3rd "
W. H. Johnson 4th "
J. H. Heard, 5th "
G. Ritchie, 6th "
R. W. Blakely, 7th "
T. McArthur, Tyler.

This Preceptory meets on the 1st Friday in each month in the Orange Hall.

THE ADVANCE and the Toronto *Daily World* for $2.50—two papers for less than the price of one.

Physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla in cases of scrofula, and in every form of chronic disease, because this medicine is safer to take, and is more highly concentrated, than any other preparation. It can always be depended upon as an effective blood purifier.

Beneath the Pines.

O sunless deeps of northern pines!
O broad, snow-laden arms of fir!
Dim aisles were wolves slip to and fro,
And noiseless wild deer swiftly shirr!
O home of wind songs wild and grand,
As suits thy mighty strains! O harp
On which the North Wind lays his hand!
I walk the pungent glooms once more
And shout amid thy stormful roar.

As in deep seas is a haven found,
No wintry tempest stirs, though high
As hills the marching waves upbound
And break in hissing foam, so I
Walk here secure; though far above
The Storm King with his train of snows
Sweeps downward from the bitter north,
And shouts hoarse fury as he goes.

I laugh in tones of chiming glee
To see the shaking of his hair,
And hear from out his cloud of beard
His voice immerial sweep the air.
The dark pine shower their lofty crests,
As warriors bow when chieftain grim
Rides by and shouts his stern behests,
And with swift answers echo him.

—Hamlin Garland.

STOP IT.—Continual hawking and spitting caused by Catarrh is permanently removed by Nasal Balm.

THE ADVANCE and *The Empire* one year for $1.65. Subscribe now and get the first number of the *Empire* which will be issued next week. *The Empire* is the new Conservative newspaper, and will be the same size as the Toronto *Mail*. It will contain several departments, however, far superior and much more interesting to country readers than the latter.

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W. H. FLESHER.

ELOPED WITH A BRAKEMAN.

An Heiress Braves Her Family's Displeasure and Marries Her Choice.

A Pulaski, N.Y., despatch says: The disappearance of Miss Alice Wrightson, of Parish, in this county, heiress of the late Philip Wrightson, together with that of Henry McAulay, a railroad brakeman, has caused a great sensa ion in this section. Miss Wrightson inherits about $80,000 from her father. She is a pretty blonde, has fascinating manners and a superior education, having been attendant at Mount Holyoke Academy for two years. She is 19 years of age and has been the belle in society at Parish for two years. She came home on vacation from school six weeks ago and became acquainted with Henry McAulay, a railroad brakeman, at Parish. The acquaintance very quickly ripened into a love match. The young lady's mother was scandalized at her daughter's intimate acquaintance with McAulay, whom she considers far beneath the young lady in social position, and forbade McAulay to call upon or speak to her daughter. Miss Wrightson's brothers guarded her almost constantly and refused to have McAulay visit the family residence. Notwithstanding this the young lady had many clandestine meetings with him and an elopement was arranged. She started ostensibly alone for a prayer meeting last evening, and has not yet returned. It is known that McAulay met her and, hiring a carriage from a farmer, drove to Mexico, where cars were taken for the west. Miss Wrightson mailed a letter at Parish last evening announcing her elopement. She said she could not live without McAulay, and no matter what his lot she would share it with him. Her brothers vow they will shoot McAulay on sight, but have made no effort to find him or their sister. Many people at Parish say that McAulay has a wife and child in Brooklyn. He is 34 years of age, far from prepossessing, and can scarcely read. Miss Wrightson will come in possession of her fortune in three years. She had $90 with her when she fled last night.

AWFUL MINE DIS STER.

Ten Miners Thrown Down a Shaft—Four Killed and Six Seriously Injured.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: Intelligence has reached this city of a frightful accident at Luzerneborough, four miles distant. The carriage at Waddell's shaft, used for hoisting coal, was about to be lowered into the pit, 300 feet deep. Upon it were ten miners. When within 100 feet of the bottom the carriage became stationary and the rope began to slacken. Before the engineer could take up the slack the carriage suddenly descended with great force, throwing four of the men off, and they fell to the bottom of the pit. James Johnston and Hugh Monaghan were horribly mangled and instantly killed. Wm. Boyd and John Blight were picked up fatally injured. The legs and arms of each were broken in several places and they were badly crushed. The six others were seriously injured and badly shaken. Wm. Boyd and John Blight were still alive at 8 o'clock, and Chase Conningham and John Lloyd, who were also frightfully injured, still live, but the death of all these men is expected at any moment.

THEY LICKED AN EDITOR.

High School Girls Whip a Newspaper Man.

A Hammond, Ind., despatch says: Misses Belle Guthrie, Bertie Hammond and Julia Potter, high school girls, published a communication in the *Weekly Independent* on Tuesday, saying that Porter B. Towle, editor of the *Evening Echo*, had a silly brain, was a mass of conceit and belonged to a club-footed race. Towle replied in Thursday's issue of the *Echo* by denouncing the high school girls. He said the writers of the article were things and readers of immoral papers. Last evening seven young women of the high school met Towle in the street and threw red pepper in his eyes, while three of them horsewhipped him most unmercifully. He threatened to shoot, but fled instead and took refuge in an outhouse in fear of his life. Citizens had prepared to pelt Towle with rotten eggs, but they arrived too late. Much indignation is felt here, all endorsing the action of the high school girls, who are of the best families. Porter B. Towle is a brother of the millionaire mayor of this city.

Counterfeiters in the States.

A Washington despatch says: The annual report of the Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury was made public to-day. It shows that there were 355 persons arrested by officers of the service during the past fiscal year for violations of laws against counterfeiting, etc. Of this number 70 were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. The report says that the counterfeiting now being done is principally the work of Italians, who operate in bands in different portions of the country. The counterfeiting done during the past year amounted practically to nothing, the only attempts in that direction being a $10 silver certificate and a $2 silver certificate, and these were such poor imitations as to be practically harmless. The report refers to the fact that all but two of the many skilled operators arrested since the war for counterfeiting United States bonds are now at liberty, and says they may be expected to resume their nefarious operations at any time.

Caught a Wolf in the Streets of Chicago

A Chicago despatch says: As John Steller, a night-watchman, was returning home at an early hour yesterday, he was met at the gate by a strange-looking animal that he drove away. Mr. Steller entered his house, only to be called out shortly after by the cry of "Wolf!" The animal that had met Mr. Steller at the gate had returned to his doorstep. A lively chase ensued and resulted in the capture of the wolf. He was a young one, dark gray, with shaggy hair and alert ears. Not being satisfied with the blood of a cow which he had bitten he put his teeth into Mr. Steller and drank briefly of that gentleman's life current, but was finally secured. The wolf was bound with a heavy rope, but he promptly severed it with his sharp teeth.

—The proof of a weather prediction is in the patience that waits long enough for it to come true.

A CLERICAL WINDFALL.

A Poor Methodist Preacher Secures a Fortune by Accident.

A Middletown, N.Y., despatch says: The poverty of Methodist ministers who serve on country circuits is proverbial. Rich men among them are as scarce as hens' teeth. When one does get rich it is not by accumulations from his scanty salary, but by some such lucky windfall as has just now blessed the lot of Rev. A. J. Van Cleft, the esteemed pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of the neighboring village of Norwich. Seven years ago Rev. Mr. Van Cleft was officiating as presiding elder of the Wyoming district, and as pastor of the principal church of the denomination at Scranton, Pa. Among his associates in the ministry of the district was the Rev. William Stevens, an Englishman, who in his youth had worked in the tin mines of Cornwall, in that country. The elder was something of an enthusiast in mineralogy, and one day he exhibited to his brother clergyman some curious specimens of tin ore that had been presented to him by a friend from the Black Hills of Dakota, and that came from an undeveloped lode in that region. Rev. Mr. Stevens was struck with the apparent richness of the specimens, and impressed his views of the probable value of the mines from which they came on Elder Van Cleft. The result was that the elder and two friends made up a moderate purse and sent Rev. Mr. Stevens to Dakota, with instructions to buy the property if his judgment and experience approved of the venture; under these instructions they became the owners of seventy acres of land covering the supposed valuable lodes. But the purchase had exhausted all their means, and the property has since lain idle and unproductive to the owners. Last summer, however, the attention of a party of English capitalists was attracted to the property, and they sent over Captain John R. Cook, a Cornwall mining expert, to examine it with a view to its purchase. The expert's report was favorable, and the Englishmen have now paid Rev. Mr. Van Cleft and his associates $250,000 for the property.

BEATEN TO DEATH.

A Father Charged With Revolting Cruelty to His Own Child.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., despatch says. Oragon Hamilton, of Woodville, is under arrest at Newaygo for the murder of his infant child. Hamilton is a man of vicious character, and the facts, as nearly as can be ascertained, are that the child was brutally beaten and literally whipped to death, and the verdict of the coroner's jury is that the child came to its death by violent means. Hamilton's wife, the mother of the child, died about a year ago, and this child was being kept by Mrs. Ellsworth, who came here under the name of Marsden. Nellie Oberholzer, wife of the constable who had Hamilton in charge at the coroner's inquest, covered him (Hamilton) with a Winchester rifle during the proceedings. It is the prevailing opinion that the relations of Hamilton and the woman who took care of the child were not the most savory. The body of the child presented a sickening sight when viewed at the inquest. It was black from its little arms to its knees. Its father manifests no sorrow in the least, but since his imprisonment has been trying to throw the whole crime upon the woman who had it in charge, while it is the general belief that both are equally guilty, and a warrant has been issued for her arrest. Had the prisoner not been removed immediately after the inquest the county would have been saved any costs in trying the wretch, as forces from mills and camps were concentrating and would have lynched him.

HURT BY AN ACCIDENT.

Passengers and Brakeman Injured by a Mishap on the K. & P.

A Kingston despatch says: The regular passenger train on the K. & P. Railway, going north, was derailed by an accident near Clyde Forks. A car on the track was caught by the catcher and thrown on one side clear of the engine and tender, but must have rolled back from the side of the cutting to the track, derailing the passenger car and detaching it from the other part of the train. In its descent the car, it is said, rolled completely over two or three times, of course overturning all the passengers, of whom Mr. MacLean, a student of Queen's University on his way to preach at Arnprior, was badly cut. Only one passenger escaped without injury. The brakeman was badly burned by the stove being upset. It pinned him down until the other train hands recovered themselves sufficiently to go to his assistance. His hands were badly burned in his efforts to release himself. The car caught fire, but the flames were soon quenched.

Another Child of Satan.

A Jersey City, N.J., despatch says: Fred. Riley, aged 10, is an inmate of the Home of the Sisters of the Peace, in which are living over a hundred children. Riley is a very vicious boy and the other inmates fear him and avoid him as much as possible. Yesterday Riley found little Tommy Jones, 3 years old, playing in the kitchen alone. Riley caught the little fellow, gagged him with a handkerchief, and then after removing his clothing, held him down on the top of a red-hot stove. Jones succeeded in getting the handkerchief from his mouth and his cries brought Sister Evangeline to his assistance, but not until he was terribly burned and it is thought that he will die. Riley was turned over to the police. His father is dead, and his mother, being unable to control him, had put him in charge of the institution.

An Old Lady's Enterprise.

Mrs. Charlotte Forse, of Windham, Norfolk County, in the last three months of her 78th year, pieced and quilted a quilt which contains 1,598 pieces. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, and considering the lady's age is a remarkable achievement. Who can beat it? Mrs. Forse is an old Norfolk girl, having been born in the Township of Charlotteville, and has resided in Norfolk county ever since.

A Scene in the United States Senate.

Gorman, George and Edmunds signed together, and George blew his nose with his fingers while waiting his turn for the pen, to the horror of Mrs. Cleveland, who whispered vehemently to her spectacled companion about the matter.—*Washington Special.*

TRAIN ROBBERY.

Three Masked Men Get Away With About $40,000 Worth of Valuables.

A Little Rock, Ark., despatch says: The train bound north over the St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas Railroad was stopped by train robbers ten miles this side of Texarkana, Ark., last night, and the express car was robbed. The mail and passengers were not molested.

The robbery occurred at 7 o'clock. R. P. Johnson, the post clerk on duty at the time, says the train was suddenly stopped when moving out of Geneva station. He saw three rough-looking men board the engine, and he knew something was wrong, so he blew out the lamps in his department and locked the doors. The express messenger did the same thing. The three robbers were armed with a Winchester rifle and a couple of pistols each. They ordered the doors open, and fired several shots through the windows. They then used a pick-axe and Johnson fired one shot out through the window, which was answered by a volley.

Finding resistance useless, and the lives of the engineer and fireman at stake, the express messenger opened his doors, when a light was struck, and search by the robbers began. The leader of the robbers was much agitated, and the mail clerk told him he was more scared than he (Johnson) was. Johnson says he would know one of the men anywhere. The leader weighs 200 pounds, and is thick and heavy set. There was a panic among the passengers, who seemed paralyzed with fear.

After going through the express car the men entered the mail car. Johnson expostulated that that was Uncle Sam's dominion and that they already had a good deal of booty, and if they disturbed the mails it would go hard with them. One replied, "That's so," and that they would not touch the mails.

Great excitement prevails in the region of the robbery, and mounted men are scouring the woods everywhere. Gov. Hughes has offered $200 for the arrest and conviction of each robber. The railroad company also offers several thousand dollars reward The amount taken is said to reach $40,000.

The Canadian Northwest.

The Pine Portage Mine, Lake of the Woods, has been sold for $200,000. On the property is a ten-stamp mill.

Kupferschmidt, the alleged Catholic priest who eloped from Dakota to Langenburg, N.W.T., with a young lady of 18, became partially insane after the lady returned home with her mother, and yesterday, while being taken before a justice of the peace for trial, committed suicide by cutting his jugular vein. He was in the back part of the sleigh and committed the act before the man in charge had any suspicion of his intention.

Sir Adolphe Caron and General Middleton inspected the infantry school barracks to-day and left for the East to-night. Sir A. Caron called upon Archbishop Tache to-day. While at Victoria, B.C., the Minister of Militia selected a site for the infantry school barracks. At the Victoria banquet he spoke in opposition to Commercial Union, saying he believed it meant annexation to the United States.

A meeting of citizens was held yesterday to take preliminary steps towards petitioning the Dominion Government for the immediate improvement of the Red River, so as to render navigation between this city and Lake Winnipeg practicable.

G. Rushbrook, a Moose Mountain settler, set out on November 22nd in search of a band of ponies and has not since been heard from. He is supposed to have missed the trail and perished on the prairie. He is a young Englishman of 22.

Intelligence received from Cumberland House states that influenza and measles have caused a great amount of sickness, and starvation is threatening the residents of that district. The Dominion Government will be applied to for relief.

Gossip of a Day.

A single foggy day in London costs the town something like $40,000 for extra gas.

A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

"Jernmantfakturbolagsforsjalningsmagagin" in Swedish means, in English, "The Iron Manufacturing Company's sale shop."

Old Temple Bar was being removed on the 25th ult. from Farringdon street, London, to Theobolds Park, Cheshunt, where it will be erected on Sir Henry Meux's estate.

Lord Stanley, of Preston, who is spoken of as the probable successor of Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada, is heir presumptive to the earldom of Derby.

While a lady of Xenia, O., was preparing feed for her chickens recently the diamond in her engagement ring dropped into the mixture, and the loss was not noticed until the feed had been eaten by the fowls. It became necessary to massacre ten chickens before the stone was found, but it was found at last.

Thomas Randall, of Buffalo, owes his life to the reprehensible habit of wearing celluloid collars. In a quarrel which he had with a laborer named McNerney, the latter drew a knife and made a lunge at Randall's neck, but the collar broke the force of the blow and he escaped with slight injuries.

Rev. Dr. Malcolm Douglass, who was buried at East Wareham, Mass., the other day, provided in his will that his body should go to the earth in a pine box, and that nobody should run the risk of catching cold by standing bareheaded at his grave.

Don't Forget That

Every time you borrow you take a hack at your self-reliance.

Every time the mercury drops the price of coal goes skyward.

Every time you gush over classic music you play the hypocrite.

Every time you snub a reporter the gods will unite and smite you.

Every time you do good and tell of it you lose the fruit of the action.

Every time you buy that which you can't afford you prove yourself a fool.

Every time you throw a banana-peel on the sidewalk you endanger somebody's neck.

Every time you call a man a liar he will knock you down—if he has any style about him.

Every time you talk about your own worth you convince your hearers that you have none.

"THE LAND O' CAKES."

Latest Scottish Jottings from All Over.

Wm. Rae, forester to Colonel Stirling, of Kippendavie, has been appointed custodian of Dunblane Cathedral.

The other day a kingfisher, in full plumage, was captured by a cat at Rutherford boathouse, in the parish of Maxton.

Mr. Wm. Renwick, a native of Jedburgh, who went to Peru many years ago, has recently died, and left a silver mine as a gift to his native town.

Mr. C. S. Parker, M.P., addressing his constituents at Perth, recently, spoke strongly in favor of granting Home Rule to Ireland.

There died on the 12th ult. at Pittyvaich, Dufftown, Henry Gordon-Cumming, eldest surviving son of the late Sir W. Gordon-Cumming, Bart., of Altyre and Gordonstown, aged 65 years.

In memory of the late Rev. John Murker, for half a century minister of the Congregational Church in Banff, a memorial stone has been erected over his grave in the churchyard there.

Mr. John Collier, Hatton of Carnoustie, died on the 13th ult., aged 83 years. He was a well-known and highly-respected agriculturist, and his services as a valuator were much sought after.

Rev. Andrew Douglas, Arbroath, in a soiree speech, condemned the proposal to appoint lady deaconesses as most absurd. Its authors, in his opinion, showed an extraordinary want of knowledge of human nature.

Major-General A. L. Littleton-Annesley, who will have the command of the military forces in Scotland in a short time, on the retirement of Major-General Elliot, C.B., is a cavalry officer, having joined the 11th Hussars in 1854, in time to have a share in the Crimean campaign.

A new underground railway is projected from Glasgow and suburbs. Starting from St. Enoch Square it goes up Buchanan street, Cowcaddens, Great Western Road, then to Dowanhill and Partick, crosses the river to Govan, and strikes eastward to Ibrox, Kinning Park, Shields Road, West street, Bridge street, and completes the circle by again crossing the river to St. Enoch Square.

The Seaforth Highlanders, whose chief depot is at present at Edinburgh Castle, will be removed soon either to Glasgow or Dublin, and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders will take possession some time in March or April. The entire regiment is at present stationed at Devonport. The Royal Scots will leave Glasgow for Aldershot, and the Scottish Rifles (Cameronians) go from Curragh to Cork.

The following recent advertisement is beyond comment: "Stonehaven Free Church.—Rev. John Robertson will (*D.V.*) preach on Sabbath as under: 11.30 a.m.—Children's sermonette, 'The Biggest Rock in the World;' sermon, 'God with His Coat Off;' 6 p.m.—First monthly sermons to young men, 'Make Room for Your Uncle;' 7.30 p.m.—Old Mission Town Hall, 'Unclaimed Cash of Yours.'"

A good story regarding the shortness of the straw this season comes from Strathmore. In a small town not far from Forfar two farmers met, and in the course of their remarks began to speak about the exceedingly bad crops of corn. First Farmer: What like's your crap the year, M——? Second Farmer: Oh, it's naething ava; the langest o't is just aboot that length (indicating on his staff about eight or nine inches). First Farmer: Ay, weel, you've nae need to complain. If you only saw mine; the very craws hae to gang doon on their knees to get a peck at the heads o't.

Shortly before the forenoon service began in Stockbridge Free Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 13th ult., a young man named James Fairbairn came quietly in at the church door, and as soon as he had got inside he rushed with outstretched arms along the passage and up into the pulpit. Coming to the front, he cried out in a loud voice, "I am Elijah the prophet." This caused much commotion among those of the congregation already assembled. Several attempts were made to remove the intruder, and at length force had to be used. It seems Fairbairn is liable to mental derangement. His family are connected with the Church.

The Clyde-built steamer Ormuz, of the Orient Line, has made the passage to Australia in 24 days.

The Clyde Locomotive Company have secured the contract for the locomotives for the Midland Uruguay Railway.

Colonel Balfour, of Balfour, died in Edinburgh on the 19th ult., aged 76 years. He was an extensive landowner in Orkney.

Wiman's deer forest extends across Scotland, from Beauly Firth on east to Kintail on west coast, 346 square miles, 221,700 acres.

President Meiklejohn, St. Andrews, has again been selected as the candidate in the Gladstonian interest for the Tradeston Division of Glasgow.

The order for the closing of Dingwall prison on March 1st has been received, and the prisoners will be transferred to the prison at Inverness.

Rev. P. Mackercher, the deposed minister of Kilmore, preached a valedictory sermon to his old parishioners recently in the schoolhouse at Dunach.

The Lord's Supper has been this year dispensed in two parishes, Barvas and Lochs, in the Lewis, for the first time perhaps since the Disruption.

The author of a remarkable forthcoming volume against teetotalism is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and a probationer of the Free Church of Scotland.

Norman Macleod's old church at Newmilns was the only one in that parish which had services on the Fast-day last month, all the other churches having ceased to observe it.

Mr. Wm. Macdonald, editor of the *North British Agriculturist*, died on the 19th ult., after a short illness, at his residence in Sylvan Place. He leaves a widow and four children.

Rev. Dr. Alex. Whyte, discoursing on "Some Autobiographies," declared that of all works in this department religious autobiographies were infinitely and incomparably the best.

Prof. Mackinnon, the occupant of the Gaelic chair at Edinburgh, says the name of the Clyde is derived from *cleuse*, "to wash," so that in modern Gaelic the name signifies "the clear or pure river."

There were three appeals before the House of Lords the other day relating to the will of the late Dr. Boyd Baxter, Dundee. Strange that so celebrated a lawyer could not make his own will explicit.

The ministerial jubilee of the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D., of Edinburgh, which was to have been celebrated this month, has been postponed, on account of the venerable doctor's indisposition, till March, 1888.

Rev. Herbert Bell, of John Knox Church, Aberdeen, threw himself on the 21st ult. in front of the afternoon express as it was passing Kittybrewster and was cut to pieces. Recently he had been in poor health, caused by severe domestic affliction.

At a meeting of the Lord Provost's Committee of the Edinburgh Town Council, held on Nov. 23rd, it was unanimously agreed to recommend to the Council that Dr. Chambers' statue be erected in the centre of Chambers street, opposite to the Industrial Museum.

Considerable excitement was caused in Glasgow Royal Exchange on the 24th ult. by the discovery that 15,000 tons of pig iron had been sold at the afternoon market, in compliance with a forged order purporting to be signed by James Watson & Co. A searching investigation will be made int the scandalous affair.

A laird of Speyside, who had just received a commission as a County Magistrate, said to a half-witted individual who had been sent on an errand on horseback, "Oh! Josie, you are riding on a horse today; would not an ass suit you better?" "Ou aye," returned Josie, "but asses are unco scarce noo-a-days—they've a' been made Justices o' the Peace."

A curious sacrilege case has caused some talk in Glasgow lately. Jane Watson, 25 years of age, who is employed in a Glasgow warehouse, was arrested one Sunday recently at Adelaide Place Baptist Church on a charge of having stolen £2 from the collection plate at the door when she was entering. The young woman, who is respectably connected, has been for several years an adherent of the church. After being two days in prison she was dismissed by the Magistrate (Bailie Colquhoun) with "an admonition."

Cute Sayings by the Little Ones.

TOMMY'S EXPERIENCE IN SCHOOL.

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" asked his auntie.

"Didn't learn anything," said Tommy.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Didn't do anything. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."

WHAT CHARLEY OBJECTS TO.

Little Charley puzzled his mamma one day with the inquiry, "Mamma, do all good people go to heaven when they die?"

"Yes, my son."

"And will grandpa go to heaven, too?"

"I hope so, my boy."

"Then I don't want to go to heaven."

"Why not?" asked the astonished mother.

"Because grandpa will say, when he sees us boys there, 'Whew! whew! whew! What's all these boys doing up here."

CLOSE REASONING.

A little chap uptown who called himself Doctor Sol says wiser things than one would expect from a three-year-old.

"When will baby talk?" he said to his mother the other day.

"When she gets her teeth," said his mother.

"All her teeth?"

"All."

"Well, I don't believe it," said the little fellow after reflection. "Grandfather has only one tooth and he talks you to death."

Something About Footwear.

Fifty years ago boots had the preference. To-day shoes. Formerly, in all weathers, the boot was worn outside of the trousers. To-day, when worn at all, the legs of the boots are covered by the legs of the trousers. The whirligig of time is bringing boots into the fashion again, at least for winter wear, and it seems to be in the interest of good health. It stands to reason that it should be so. Everybody respects the force of the general hygienic principle that it is necessary to keep the head cool and the feet warm if good health is sought. Boots cover not only the feet, but the ankle and the lower leg, and hence fight off rheumatism that delights in attacking those parts. Woolen stockings are possibly too heating and make the feet perspire. With a pair of good boots, cashmere socks are better. The sole of a winter boot should be thick, but, being thick, it isn't necessary that it should be heavy. Cork soles are excellent, and they make a light-weighted boot, while protecting the foot from the wet. A pair of fancy leather tops, say of the best morocco, will last many years, and so, with footing, boots eventually cost as little as shoes. The boot legs should fit as snugly to the limbs as the size of the feet will permit. This makes the legs of the trousers fit the better. Eschew galoshes. They injure by "drawing." Let thick soles serve their purpose. If the feet get wet put them into cold water, next dry them thoroughly, and then, with a change of socks, they will fairly glow with warmth.—*New York Times.*

Nearly a Checkmate.

They tell it on a member of the club, but it may only be a gross slander. He had been playing chess at the club-rooms until a late hour, and after he got outside he stood on the sidewalk meditating. A policeman, unperceived, made his approach. "Move on," he said, gruffly. "It's your move," said the absent-minded citizen, and if mutual recognitions had not occurred it might have been the policeman's.

Many years ago—it was when the four Harper brothers, of New York, were living—a well known physician came into their office one day and was talking with one of them, who noticed that his visitor's coat sleeve was torn. He called his attention to it, saying that it would be well if he would ask his wife to mend it, as it did not look well for a gentleman to go about with his clothes in that condition. "Sir," announced the doctor, sternly, "I prefer that it should remain as it is. A tear may be the accident of a day, but a darn is the sign manual of penury."

Too Late.

In dust of roses in an antique jar,
With rare sweet savors round and over it
Of spicy odors Time can never mar,
I find a letter by a woman writ.
No ghost could make me shudder as the sight
Of this poor missive all so long unseen,
Wherein I read of all my lost delight
And all the sweetness of what might have been.

A woman's face, a woman's tender touch,
A woman's gentle voice and soft caress—
Yourself, my darling, whom I loved so much,
Forever by my side to soothe and bless—
All mine for but one poor unspoken pray'r
My faint lips might have uttered long ago—
All lost (and surely this is hard to bear)
Because I did not hope and could not know!

I hold the crumpled sheet that tells it all,
And, looking on your gracious loving words,
One dead sweet hour my dreaming thoughts recall,
Made glad by whisp'ring leaves and song of birds.
And in a green and shady woodland place
I see the Spring's pale sunshine on your hair,
The matchless marble beauty of your face,
Beyond all other women's cold and fair.

Across a dreary gulf of tears and pain
You come, a radiant vision of the Past,
And all unchanged, unwithered, still remain,
O love, as when I looked upon you last!
Ah, had I told you in that hour, my sweet,
Of all the true deep love you could not guess,
And poured my soul's wild passion at your feet,
I might have heard your soft and whispered "Yes!"

But, fool and blind, I did not dare to speak;
No tender glance or word would fear allow
Because my love had made my heart so weak!
I wrote my pray'r, and read the answer—now!
Now—and I waited, oh, with that despair
In that dead time of bitter loss and shame;
And while I deemed my grief too hard to bear,
You watched and wondered, and I never came!

Some wayward chance, some pitiful mistake—
Ah me, could sadder destiny appear?—
Two hearts were ruined and two hearts might break—
This letter lay among the roses here!
Oh, cold and cruel irony of Fate,
That, having held most precious gifts unseen,
Then mocks us with the bitter words, "Too late,"
And hardest taunt of all, "It might have been!"

Here and There.

California has sent east seven solid train loads of raisins, each train composed of twenty cars, thus far this season.

It is a singular fact that the recent cold snap in Georgia froze up the ice factory at Griffin and deprived the town of ice.

A man in Paineville, Ore., bit off an adversary's nose in a qurrrel and the local paper says that he was fined $250 and placed under bonds to keep the piece.

Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, is worth anywhere from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. He began life as a clerk on a canal boat at the age of twenty.

A ferocious panther rushed through the streets of Montgomery, Pa., pursued by a pack of dogs, the other day. A score of men turned out with guns to kill the animal, but it escaped into the woods.

Whenever Ben Mann, of Terrell county, Ga., returns from a hunting trip he throws a nickel to his favorite pointer and the dog picks it up in his mouth, trots over to the butcher's and buys a piece of meat for himself.

When the fire department at Brunswick, Ga., is called out at night Mrs. M. C. Rowe hangs a lantern on the piazza of her house to notify the firemen that there is hot coffee awaiting them there when they have finished their labors.

A Kansas City oculist says that nearly two-thirds of the spectacles and eyeglasses which near-sighted people pay good prices for are merely bits of common glass treated with a coating of chemicals, which gives them the appearance of being genuine pebbles.

The largest diamond ever found in the United States was picked up by a laborer employed in grading a street in Manchester, Va. It weighed 23½ carats in rough, and 11½ carats when cut. It passed into the possession of Capt. Samuel Dewey, and John Morrissey once loaned $6,000 on it.

A young man in Tallahassee, Fla., who in calling on his sweetheart stayed until past midnight, found the front door of the house fastened when he was ready to go. He made his exit through a window, and fell into the hands of the town marshal, who mistook him for a burglar and marched him off to the lock-up.

Mrs. Johnson Newman, of Jasper, Tex., heard dogs baying the other evening, and going out of doors she found that they had driven a handsome buck deer into a corner of the fence near the house. Procuring an axe, she dealt the animal two powerful blows on the head and killed it.

The Piute Indians of Nevada are just now engaged in their annual rabbit hunt. It is their custom to form a circle ten or twelve miles in diameter and gradually contract it until large numbers of rabbits have been driven together in the centre. Then the slaughter begins, the little animals being killed in thousands.

How the Bank of England is Protected.

The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion department of this and other banks are nightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-room, and an entrance can not be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion a alarm. If a visitor during the day should happen to knock off one from a pile of half sovereigns the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking its place.

Novel Remedy for Rheumatism.

A lady residing on South Main street arose from her bed last night in response to the appeals from her daughter, who was suffering from rheumatic pains, to give her a vigorous application of some effective liniment which the family had been in the habit of using on such occasions. The fond mother rubbed her daughter's limbs and applied the remedy without stint. The pains soon disappeared and the daughter slept well until morning, when she discovered that nearly 50 cents worth of cough medicine had been wasted on her rheumatism. Her pains returned as quickly as they had disappeared.—*Jacksonville (Ill.) Courier.*

The Child of the Period.

Small girl—Why did that policeman touch his hat to you, aunty? Have you got one as well as nurse?—*London Punch.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget of Fashion and Other Gossip.

The Men Need Comforters.

The road along which the man of business travels is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bits" thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the watchful cares of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the husband who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it, these and little tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and then compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

A Slipper-Hint.

No person should run about sleeping-rooms or into halls from bed in bare feet. Air currents are constantly in motion near the floor, and circulation is more easily retarded in feet and legs than near the heart. It is therefore a good plan to have a warm pair of slippers always close to the bed, that may be slipped on quickly before one's feet touch the floor; made loose enough to be kicked off when climbing into bed again. For one who is liable to be called up frequently, as in cases of illness, the slipper-hint will prove valuable if followed.

The Latest Freak in Feminine Fashion.

When last season a young debutante appeared at a fashionable dance in a dress trimmed with a flight of stuffed canaries, and another lady flitted about with parrots' heads glaring at the beholder from all parts of her gorgeous costume, it was thought that the fashion could not go much further in its use of the "dumb creation." The summit, however, was not yet reached, as an item of news from Paris plainly shows. A favorite dress at fancy dress balls this winter, we are told, will undoubtedly be the black cat costume—a low necked and sleeveless corsage—tunic in gold yellow satin cut in one, in the Princess style. The latter is looped over a short underskirt in black velvet, and is bordered with a row of little figures of Napoleon cut out of black velvet. On the left side of the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the tail curving over the wearer's shoulders, while the outstretched forelegs of the animal claw up one side of the overskirt. Long black gloves reaching above the elbow, gold yellow silk stockings, and black satin slippers complete the toilette. It is bad enough to butcher the birds of the air in the service of fashion, but there is at least some beauty in brilliant and gracefully arranged feathers, while a "large black cat" calls forth nothing but thoughts of ghastly tales of witches and sorcerers.

Household Hints.

Clean zinc with kerosene.

Painted chamois skin tidies now decorate chairs and sofas.

Silver continues to be the rage for every description of costly toilet articles.

"Save cold tea for the vinegar barrel," says a housewife. "It sours easily and gives color and flavor."

To soften water for dish washing and laundry purposes thoroughly dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated lye in four gallons of water.

Oscar Wilde on Fashions.

In an article on dress, Mr. Wilde observes: "Without freedom there is no such thing as beauty in dress at all. In fact, the beauty of dress depends on the beauty of the human figure, and whatever limits, constrains and mutilates is essentially ugly, though the eyes of many are so blinded by custom that they do not notice the ugliness till it has become unfashionable."

Latest Fashion Notes.

Shoulder capes of fur have taken the place of boas.

With the gobelin-blue costumes, almost as fashionable now as heliotrope used to be, are worn gloves of the same color in dressed kid, with broad stitchings on the back in a lighter shade.

Bonnets are growing much smaller, and before the winter is over there will be few of the high ones left. The new ones are round and low and the exact opposites of those of last winter. They are not nearly so becoming as the ones they supersede.

A morning gown for an invalid is made of old blue cashmere, opening at a point from the throat over a loose front of the same shade of plush. Broad gros-grain ribbons of old-blue confine it loosely at the waist and the deep turned over collar and cuffs are of the plush. An edging of a double fold of blue and of white ribbon finishes the inside of the sleeves and collars.

A pretty morning gown for a lady in mourning is of black cashmere made with train and Watteau pleat. The front is of white surah, over which is a loose Fedora front of black embroidered net. This is slightly confined with a broad black watered ribbon sewed to the under arm seams and knotted in front some distance below the waist. The close sleeves have loose puffs of the net-covered surah appearing from beneath them at the waist, while the collar is of watered ribbon.

A very pretty dress for a child has a guimpe and sleeves of tucked nainsook, the frock itself being brown cashmere, with four deep tucks in the gathered skirt. The waist is laid in narrow tucks forming a V shape in front. It is corded on both edges and pointed back and front. The sleeves are only three inches long and have three tucks, being considerably frilled in the armhole. Around the waist is passed a very broad stip of brown Hercules braid and knotted loosely on one side having fringed ends.

Red and black are the favorite colors of the season in theatre and street bonnets. A charming bonnet just imported from London was smoothly covered with poppy velvet, and planted erect in front were a cluster of narrow, silky wing feathers of the black cock. Black lace about three inches wide was ruffled among the feathers and hung in a frill over the pointed front of the bonnet. Red velvet strings were cut flaring at the ends and pinned across with little gold pins, making thus a broad bow beneath the chin.

For travelling round hats are preferred to bonnets. These new felt sailor shapes are very much liked because their brims are turned up sharply in the back and admit of leaning back against the side of the car without damage to their appearance. For travelling these are simply trimmed with big loops of wide ribbon with a couple of quills thrust through them; but for street wear the cluster of ostrich tips are preferred. Nothing can be more becoming for either blonde or brunette than a black sailor hat trimmed with black plumes.

Silks striped lengthwise at broad intervals with velvet are seen in some of the newest costumes. A handsome one of dull green has a skirt striped with velvet, with the stripes alternately broad and narrow. This is made without trimming. The draperies are of plain silk and are in two pieces, being drawn back from the front, showing a section of the skirt up to the edge of the velvet-striped bodice, which is cut basque shape back and front, and on the sides is long, forming two panels reaching to the edge of the draperies. The bodice has a vest of the plain silk.

Many of the new bonnets are made with crowns of embroidered felt. These come in round pieces of felt in all shades, in open work and embroidered in contrasting colors, or else silver, gold or copper. They are set upon frames whose brims have been covered with velvet, and are trimmed either with feathers or ribbon. Some of the felt bonnets are made of narrow edging of felt embroidered in scallops, and this is set in close over-lapping rows over the entire bonnet. A pretty gray one is embroidered with scallops of silver and trimmed with gray feathers and poppy velvet.

"Poor Jim."

At the Brompton county court yesterday His Honor Judge Stonor heard a case in which Mrs. Silverton, a laundress, sued Mme. Corner, a lady residing in Montpelier square, for £15 13s. 2d., being the balance of amount due for the board and maintenance of a cat. Mr. Robinson appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Richards for the defendant.

Mr. Robinson stated that the cat, which was a favorite and very valuable, came into the possession of the plaintiff in June, 1883, when an agreement was entered into by which she undertook to keep the animal and supply it every day with half a pound of liver and a pint of milk, for which she was to receive 2 shillings per week, payable by instalments of £1 in advance. The defendant paid various sums up to Aug. 1st, 1884, and several letters passed, one of which ran as follows:

"Dear Annie,—Inclosed is £1 off James' (the cat's) account, and a tin of sardines for his dinner, which I hope he will enjoy. I inclose you also a loin of pork, which I trust will be equally acceptable to yourself."

In August last the defendant became desirous of having "Poor Jim" poisoned, and sent a messenger with a letter begging that the cat should be handed over to him for that purpose. The plaintiff stated that in 1883 Mme. Corner, who was a wealthy lady, lived in Sussex street, Pimlico, and the witness was her charwoman. On changing her residence she asked the witness to take care of the cat, and the witness was to feed it as stated.

Mr. Rickards (in cross-examination)—"Have you a receipt for what you fed that cat on?"

The witness—"No; but my solicitor has. Very often my husband and I have fed that cat when we were hungry ourselves. We did it out of respect to Mme. Corner. She sent us many valuable presents, such as a loin of pork."

Mr. Rickards—"It was a very valuable cat, was it not?"

The witness—"Yes."

Mr. Rickards—"I should think so. He ate almost enough to keep a man."

The witness—"I would not like to keep you on it long."

"Not on loins of pork?"

The witness—"We ate the pork. 'Jim' ate the sardines."

Ultimately His Honor gave judgment for the plaintiff for the amount claimed.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Momentous Domestic Event.

Young Mrs. Tupper rushed into Tupper's office the other day, all out of breath, her bonnet on one side of her head and her bangs drifting in wild disorder over her alabaster brow. "Caught a car and came down just as soon as I could," she gasped. "Oh! Reginald, you——" "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?" gasped Tupper, pale as a ghost. "Why, you poor, unsympathetic man! Baby's got his first tooth!"—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

A Little Information About Maine.

More than half the area of Maine is north of the northern line of New Hampshire and Vermont. The northern part of the State is farther north than Quebec. More than half of Maine is still an unsettled wilderness. It almost deserves the name of "the empire state."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

The Empty Barn.

"If I were as bald as you," said Gus DeSmith to one of the most prominent citizens of Austin, "I would wear a wig." "I don't see why you should ever wear a wig if you were bald," was the quiet response, "an empty barn doesn't need a roof."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE HANDSOME WOMAN.—No woman can be handsome by the forse of features alone, any more than she can be witty by the help of speech alone. Character must shine through the looks, and beauty or its absence will depend on what the character may be.—*Hughes.*

SICKNESS HEALED BY FAITH.

Convention of People Who Believe in Personal Appeal to God—A Former Hamilton Pastor's Experiences.

(Chicago News.)

"The prayer of faith heals the sick," was the motto that guided the band of believers assembled to-day in the First Methodist Church audience room. When the hands of the big clock, that looked silently down on the assembly, had crept along to the hour of 10 a large, elderly gentleman stepped behind the pulpit and opened the devotional exercises. It was the Rev. Glen Wood. His locks are like the snow, and his tremulous voice thrilled the large audience as he prayed for the sick and needy, and declared his consecration to the work of God.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, editor of "Word, Work and World" (formerly of Knox Church, Hamilton), made the opening address. Mr. Simpson visited Chicago two years ago, and has long been associated with those who have devoted their labors and time to reclaiming unfortunate women in the great metropolis, New York. He is a tall man, slightly built, with a high forehead, a dark complexion, and hair and whiskers as black as coal. His manner of address is very impressive, the speaker emphasizing his earnest language by bringing his hand down emphatically on the desk.

Mr. Simpson said that the Greeks of old were continually looking for a new philosophy. The Apostle Paul brought that philosophy. It was the wisdom of Jesus Christ. That philosophy was both practical and complete. The speaker believed physical redemption to be the direct touch of God. It was a necessary part of a complete redemption. It was as necessary to-day as a century ago, and was a special manifestation by the Son of God of the truth of the scriptures. We needed faith in the Lord as an answer to skepticism as well as a means of approaching the throne of grace. The second coming of the Lord was another necessary adjunct to the theory of redemption. If it was cut off the highest incentive of life was destroyed. The second coming is an eternal complement to our righteousness, sanctification and physical redemption. The healing of the body was of the same Christ. It was the breath of Christ, and was nothing when not connected with Him. Jesus imparted to us the precious transfusion of his life and blood, not in a physical but a spiritual sense.

A few weak bodies, wasted with disease, had wended their way up the flights of stairs and into the audience room to listen to the words of hope that fell from the lips of the speakers. Just as Mr. Simpson had finished his address a lady grown prematurely aged from disease slowly mounted the tiresome steps, holding to the banisters to keep her tottering body from falling.

"Which is the door?" the feeble voice asked. "I want to hear a single word of hope." A strong hand guided her to the place of worship, and as Bishop Fallows' earnest voice rang throughout the room that weak frame earnestly drank in every word and feebly murmured: "Amen." By her side sat an old man suffering with disease of the spine. The pink of youth had fled from his cheek, but his pale features shone with joy as he contemplated his probable restoration to health.

American Cotton.

Bradstreet's calls attention to the fact that there has been a steady decrease in the yield of cotton in the Southern States, and that this decrease has gone on in the face of a yearly increase of acreage. It is stated that the average yield per acre is thirty-one pounds less than it was five years ago. This decrease amounts to about 15 per cent., while the decline in price has been 24 per cent. The cotton crop of 1882 amounted to 7,000,000 bales, which were grown on 16,134,000 acres. The estimated crop for the present year is 6,300,000 bales, and the area 18,698,000 acres. This decline of late years in the yield of cotton is supposed to be due in part to the fact that the soil of late years has been deprived of its natural fertilizer, the cotton seed, which has become a marketable commodity, and artificial fertilizers have not as yet been introduced to a sufficient extent to compensate for the loss.

Sayings by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Numerous little excuses always prove the absence of any real excuse, or a desire that it shall not be discovered.

It is an acknowledged fact that one pretty woman never sees any beauty in another. It would not be human nature if she did.

So much a man will do where nothing is needed—so much time and money he will spend for a woman who needs neither!

If I were a man I would never want to marry a blonde, for I know she would be a faded and washed-out woman before she reached maturity. It hardly pays to be pretty for so short a time.

No woman who lives rightly, and means rightly, insists upon keeping an engagement secret.

A man will do so much where nothing is needed.

Two Fine Country Families.

Mrs. Waldo, of Boston—I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm. Penelope, dubiously—Is there any society in the neighborhood? Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people.

Not Deceived.

Papa (to little Tommy, who has been to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin")—I suppose you saw little Eva die and go to heaven?

Tommy—I saw her die, but I don't believe she went to heaven, 'cause I saw her come out after the performance.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—A writer on the care of canary birds says that a raw apple, cabbage leaf and plantain should be provided. Aim to give one or the other of these things every day the year round. Occasionally give a piece of bread soaked in milk, but never cake or candy. Once a week give boiled eggs mixed with cracker. Never hang any birds in a draft or wind, and never set them out of their cages. In moulting time give a dusting of cayenne pepper to their egg and cracker, or bread and milk.

Ira Sankey, Moody's former co-laborer, is working on a new hymn book.

The Sick Child.

CHILD.

O mother, lay your hand on my brow!
O mother, mother, where am I now?
Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

MOTHER.

Fear not at all, the night is still,
Nothing is here that means you ill—
Nothing but lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

CHILD.

Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,
Some of the things are so great and near—
Some are so small and far away
I have a fear that I cannot say,
What have I done, and what do I fear
And why are you crying, mother dear.

MOTHER.

Out in the city the sounds begin;
Thank the kind God, the carts come in!
An hour or two more and God is so kind,
The city shall be blue in the window blind.
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep
And dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.
—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Sentiment at an Auction.

There was a bit of sentiment in an auction sale this week. Although it was a disposal of the effects of Henry Ward Beecher, little interest was excited outside of his personal friends, who attended for the purpose of buying souvenirs of their beloved pastor. Books and bric-a-brac went one after another at about their original cost until a tiny paper-bound copy of Mrs. Browning's poems was offered. The auctioneer regarded it carelessly, but one person had discovered written on a fly-leaf: "Theodore Tilton to Henry Ward Beecher," and he bid it up slowly to $1, $2, $3, finally losing it to somebody who gave $5.

"Glad I didn't get it," he remarked. "It isn't worth any such ridiculous price."

Who had paid $5 for a thing intrinsically worth not more than five cents? Elizabeth Tilton. The ostensible purchaser was an intimate friend. Presumably Mrs. Tilton desired it as a joint memento of the two remarkable men who have made such an awful commotion over her. What particular memory was to her associated with this gift of her husband to her pastor I do not know, but I do know that the little volume is now at a bindery being covered handsomely with morocco. It used to be predicted that Theodore Tilton would take his wife back, but he has never done so, and he is living in Paris, where he earns a modest living with his pen. Nor did the Plymouth Church people ever forgive her. So far as known neither Tilton nor Beecher ever communicated with her after the scandal.—*Chicago Tribune's New York Letter.*

The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.

A clearer case of the ups and downs which may befall the parties to a legal contest has seldom occurred than that which will appear by the following *resume*

1. On the 31st day of May, 1883, the plaintiff, Henry Beatty, brought an action against the defendants, the Northwest Transportation Company, to set aside the sale of a steamer called the United Empire. The matter first came before the Chancellor of Ontario (Boyd), who on the 9th day of May, 1884, decided in favor of the plaintiff. The plaintiff goes up and the defendants come down.

2. The defendants appealed to the Court of Appeal of Ontario, composed of Hagarty, C.J., Burton and Osler, J.J., and were successful. The plaintiff comes down and the defendants go up.

3. The plaintiff then appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada, composed of Ritchie, C.J., Fournier, Henry, Taschereau and Gwynne, J.J., and was successful. The plaintiff goes up and the defendants come down.

4. The defendants finally appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of the United Kingdom, composed of Lord Hobhouse, Sir Barnes Peacock, Sir Richard Baggally and Sir Richard Couch, and were successful. The defendants go up for good and the plaintiff comes down to stay.

A layman's advice is—Never go to law unless you know.—*Ottawa Journal.*

The Passover in Algeria.

A correspondent sends to London *Notes and Queries* particulars of a curious Passover custom in Algeria. He says: "During the Passover week, in the present year, I noticed that many of the houses in the Jew quarter in Oran and in Tlemcen were marked on the outside with the impressions of the human hand. These impressions were in different colors—red, black, yellow or blue; and in no instance, as well as I can recollect, were they either upon the sideposts of the doors or upon the lintels, but always upon the walls of the houses. In some cases there was one impression only, in others there was as many as five; and, further, in others, they were arranged somewhat in the form of a branch, having three hands at the summit and three at each of the sides. At Tlemcen I saw a man making an impression with a brush and ordinary red paint. This custom does not appear to be known among the English Jews, for, after many inquiries, I have met with none who has ever heard of it." The correspondent asks. "Is it not an outgrowth or survival from that ceremony which was performed on the night of the flight of the Israelites from Egypt? and may not the branch-like figure be symbolical of the bunch of hyssop?"

Cock-Fighting at Macassar.

The spurs used were about three inches long and made of the blades of razors ground down to excessive thinness. With such weapons there is but little cruelty in the affair. We waited to see a main fought before we left. The king and other royal personages made their bets, the combatants were placed opposite to one another, they made two feints, and in less than half a dozen seconds the vanquished bird lay motionless on the ground. Had he met his fate legitimately at the hands of the poulterer his death could not have been more rapidly effected.—*The Cruise of the Marchesa.*

No Sham for Him.

Barber (to rural customer)—Have a shampoo, sir?

Rural Customer—Not much. What d'ye take me for? I may be from Squedunk, but I don't take no shampoo. I take the real thing every time.

Rev. John Wakefield, of Brantford, has accepted the invitation from the Quarterly Official Board of Washington Church to become their pastor for the ensuing year, subject to the approval of the Stationing Committee.

THE ADVANCE.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, DEC. 22, 1887.

A SPUR RAILWAY?

The time has now arrived, we think, when Flesherton should do something towards bettering her railway facilities. It is simply loss of time waiting for some line of railway to run across the County from West to East, and risk the chances of its touching Flesherton *en route* for some port on the Georgian Bay. Other places are waiting for the same "chance" Let us drop *chance-work* and turn our attention to *certainties*.

Some years ago a mild agitation arose here in reference to the necessity for a spur railway from the Station to Flesherton. A public meeting was held, when it was resolved to have the road surveyed. This was done—the expenses in connection therewith being chiefly borne by Mr. R. J. Sproule, a gentleman who has been most untiring in his efforts to advance our mutual interests. But after the road was surveyed, the scheme fell through.

There is now nothing impossible or impracticable about that spur railway project. Private individuals have been known to build lines of railway, *for their own accomodation*, three times the length. Surely a wealthy and growing place like Flesherton will not allow itself to be thrown into the shade by the enterprise and pluck of a single individual? We trow not. Besides it is not necessary to have a branch line more than about one mile in length, which would bring the terminus to a distance of not more than half a mile from the centre of the town. This would be quite near enough, and we do not think the slightest difficulty need be feared in regard to the C.P.R. Co. furnishing rolling stock. Indeed they have shown a disposition to secure as much of the business of this town as possible, in that they have already decided to run a telegraph line from the Station to Flesherton. Mt. Forest, for instance, is connected with the main line by a branch railway. Why not Flesherton?

What say our citizens? If they condemn the scheme, then we must—as the next best thing—fall back upon the much-talked-of straight level road. Which shall it be?

Flesherton Cheese Factory,

On Thursday 8th inst. the patrons of this factory met in Flesherton, to close up the business of the present year and to make some arrangements for the next. The output of the factory this year has been 88102½ lbs. of cheese made from 926,863 lbs. of milk realizing in all $9045.37, the total expenses was $1876 20, leaving for the patrons $7169.17. There was paid for making cheese $1101.28, milk drawing $720.92, to president and secretary $40, Telegraphing, postage and stationery $14. The following were elected directors for next year: J. McKee, D. Thompson, J. Teeter, T. McArthur, T. Wright, D. McMullin, R. Oliver, W. Wilcock, and S. Pedlar.

The next meeting will be held on the 1st of March.

The *Illustrated London News* (American Edition) is the handsomest weekly newspaper in the world and, considering the vast expense entailed in getting up a single number even, it amazes one to think that this superb journal can be sent to any address in this country for one year for the paltry sum of $4. or single copies 10 cent each. And yet such is the case. One can scarcely imagine a more appropriate Christmas present than a year's subscription to this splendid journal, or even a copy of the Xmas number of the same, recently issued, and which—pictorial and typographical excellence considered—is the finest holiday number we have ever seen. Address:—THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS Co., Potter Building, N.Y.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Forestry Report,

Mr. Phipps very interesting and excellent Forestry Report—noticed in our last issue—should be in the hands of every farmer, as well as every person interested in the culture and preservation of our forests. Following is a brief synopsis of the contents:

A report from 160 townships, giving the amount of wood fit for fuel yet standing in the older settled portions of Ontario.

A report of a careful examination of two townships, in Ontario, one lying northerly and one southerly, with the view of obtaining an accurate idea of the effects of woods, or lines of trees, on the growing crops, and the climatic differences observed since the clearing up of the country.

Notices of the progress of forestry in other countries.

Result of experiments in sowing evergreens in large quantities in Ontario, and directions as to how similar results may be obtained.

Complete directions as to raising all trees from seed, and planting them out.

Carefully prepared statements as to the lumber district of Ontario, the Value and Uses of Woods here, Planting in School Grounds and on Arbour Day, Value of Woods in Preserving Humidity in adjacent fields, Proposed Forest Reservations, Management of Trees in Cities, Overclearing in Ontario, Plantations Advisable in Ontario Farms Preservation of Birds, Forest Work in India, Evergreen Hedges, and many kindred subjects, as well as suitable reports from gentlemen who have of late years started plantations here.

Money to be Made.

It is said that dull times are not known by the agents for the great publishing house of George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Maine. The reason of this exceptional success is found in the fact that they always give the the public that which is keenly appreciated and at prices that all can afford. At present we understand their agents are doing wonderfully on several new lines. They need many more agents in all parts of the country. Those who need profitable work should apply at once. Women do as well as men. Experience is not necessary, for Messrs. Stinson & Co. undertake to show all who are willing to work, not hard but earnestly, the path to large success. It should be remembered that an agent can do a handsome business without being away from home over night. Another advantage—it costs nothing to give the business a trial, and an agent can devote all his time or only his spare moments to it. Stinson & Co. guarantee grand success to all who engage and follow simple and plain directions that they give. We have not space to explain all here, but full particulars will be sent *free* to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was last losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton,

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than those for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 73 to 0 78	
Spring Wheat	0 73	0 78
Barley	0 55	0 75
Oats	0 30	0 31
Peas	0 56	0 56
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	5 80	6 00
Hay, per ton	8 00	8 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 56
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

A Positive Cure. ✝ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, restlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✝ A Pleasant Cure.

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. BULMER,

Photographer,

Flesherton - Ont.

Having spent some time in the studio of the famous Toronto Photographer, Mr S. J. Dixon, where I acquired valuable knowledge in Retouching, I feel assured I can give good general satisfaction. A call respectfully solicited,

MRS. BULMER.

Flesherton, Sept. 17th, 1885

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

OR

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316388

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE.
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Flesherton Station Mill.

The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

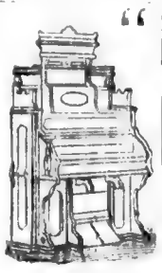

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.
FLESHERTON ONT.

A splendid rich toned New Organ and two famed New William's Sewing Machines for sale at a great reduction for cash or trade at C. Teadgold's residence Flesherton. 4w.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Executor's Notice

IN pursuance of sect. 1, Chap. 9, 46 Vic., notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of W. H. Colquett, deceased, late of the township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, and Province of Ontario, who died on or about the 26th day of May, 1886, are to sent by post prepaid or delivered to William S. Christoe, M.D., on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, a statement containing their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them and after the said, last mentioned date, the said W. S. Christoe, for the personal Estate and effects, rights and credits of the said W. H. Colquett—will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whom claims have not been received by the said W. S. Christoe.

And further, all parties who are indebted to the said Estate of the said W. H. Colquett, deceased, are to pay as the same becomes due, to the said W. S. Christoe.

W. S. CHRISTOE,
for the Executors.
JAMES LOVE, SAMUEL COLQUETT, and MRS. COLQUETT.

Dated, Flesherton, this 20th day of Dec., 1887.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

SANTA CLAUS IS HERE!

You will Find Him Busy in Richardson's Drug Store.

Yes! Santa Claus and his reindeers and all the rest—jingle, jingle, jingle! tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! On Prancer, on Blitzen—ah! here we are! Where? Why at Richardson's Drug Store to be sure, where all the pretty things in Vases, Xmas Cards, Toys, Wax Dolls, Toy Guns, Tin Whistles, Swords, Trumpets, Velocipedes, Bicycles, Banks, Humming Spinning Tops, Flags, Engines, Kaleidoscopes, Stoves and Furniture complete, Drums, Valises, Boats, Full sets Furniture, Shell Goods. Chinaman and Baby, The Wonderful Clacking Hen, Steamboats, Pretty Little smoothing Irons, Alphabetical Blocks, Chinese Lanterns and Wax Candles, Building Blocks,—well, really, there is such a tremendous stock—such a bewildering display of beautiful and cheap holiday goods that it is impossible to give a detailed description—it would puzzle old Santa Claus himself to do so. See the comical banks—funny enough to make an owl laugh. And the sweets—oh! my! they say it even made Santa Claus' mouth water as he parcelled up Lozenges, Candies, Mixed Sweets, Gum Drops, Caramels, &c., &c. Yes, and the dear old fellow just nibbled a few on the sly—they were so good, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Sly old boots—just knew he liked sweets as well as little folks. And do you know—whisper—I hear that old Santa has made Richardson's Drug Store his headquarters! Fact! Wouldn't it be just jolly to slip quietly in some night and catch the old chap at work buying piles of goodies and pretty things from Will Richardson! Splendid! And *we'll do it to.* Let us go right off now.

Born.

KERR.—In Artemesia, on the 16th inst., the wife of John F. Kerr, of a daughter.

LEADING! LEADING!!

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store in Flesherton Still Leading the Trade in this County!

The people ask, how is it that OTHER JEWELERS GET MAD and say naughty things about us? The reason is very simple, namely, WE ARE A TERROR TO HIGH PRICES—*selling finer goods at lower prices than they can* and of course the public appreciate our efforts to give them first prize goods at prices away down. OTHER FELLOWS *will get mad when they cannot gull the people into buying goods 26 per cent. higher than ours.* We would suggest to them to buy from us as it would enable them to sell at a small living profit. Another IMMENSE STOCK just received of gold and silver ladies' and gents' Watches, fine rolled gold ladies' and gents' Chains and Guards, Gold Lockets, &c. A-1 solid 18 k. wedding Rings, the finest stock of ladies' diamond and gem Rings, fine Silverware, gents' fine heavy Waltham, Elgin, Illinois, Springfield and Columbus Watches from $10 to $20, sold elsewhere from $15 to $25, 18 k. Wedding Rings from $3.90 to $5, sold elsewhere from $4.50 to $6. All watches bear *written warrents from 3 to 5 years,* WARRANTS COVERING ALL BREAKAGES. We have done great business in the past and we intend to do even more in the future by giving the people genuine bargains and we take this opportunity to thank our friend for advertising us so well. We are well pleased, it saves us money and increases our business every time. A few more of those famous 8 day Walnut Clocks still going at $4.80; other dealers ask $6 for the same clock.

A fine stock of FANCY GOODS and XMAS CARDS to hand now. Be sure you see them.

And always take your Watches, &c., to Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, to be repaired. IT WILL PAY YOU. 2t.

Journalistic Discourtesy.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR.—A communication under the above heading appeared in a recent issue of the ADVANCE signed "From a Henry" and as the writer failed to convey any specific idea of the nature of the offence, your readers would naturally wonder what the Standard had been doing to merit such an invective; we therefore reproduce the offensive item, which was given without any motive other than complimentary, but which has been misconstrued into the opposite. Our type accidently set up *Friday* instead of *Tuesday*, which mistake we did not detect until a week afterwards. Following is the item:

"FOR BETTER FOR WORSE—On Friday last Mr. James R. Cunningham, son of Mr. Wm. Cunningham, of Artemesia, took unto himself a partner for life in the person of Miss Susan Henry, daughter of the late Wm. Henry of the same township, and formerly of Albion. Mr. Cunningham has been employed in Toronto at the carpenter business for some time and had his house furnished and ready for the girl of his choice. They left per evening train on Tuesday for said home in Toronto. They have the best wishes of the Standard."

We will leave your readers to judge of its merits.

In a further correspondence which appeared last week, this "Henry" says, it was not the first offence. All we have to say in reply to this charge is, that we never knowingly or intentionally published any remark or item in the least discourteous to any member of the family. It is to be regretted that they should make such a glaring exposition of want of common sense, which has certainly placed them in the mortifying position of having gained the universal contempt of both neighbors and friends.

C. W. RUTLEDGE, Ed. *Standard.*

Eugenia.

Correspondence of The Advance.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, the autumn is flown, winter is here. The weather very changeable, a little snow the last few days gave us the music of the sleigh bells once more. Yes, seasons come and go, so do the people. Several of our young men of this neighborhood have been in distant lands for the summer months, have returned to winter quarters at home sweet home. There's a welcome home, boys, aint there? Cupid has made a recent triumph in our town, friends wish the bride and groom many anniversaries of the day. But yet we have some estimable citizens that say, "Let the world jig along as it will, I'll be free and happy still."

A change of teachers in our public school is to take effect at the New Year, the Trustees having engaged Mr. Clemis for the next year. He comes well recommended, and we trust a revolution will take place in the scholars simultaneously with his taking command.

A reign of terror having prevailed for some time past such as might be expected from so many (not all) heathens in the dark continent. The genial P.S. Inspector paid his regular visits and expressed much dissatisfaction at the conduct and progress of the scholars. Now we hope the lane will turn and give us brighter days in these matters.

Our town Yankee has protected and ornamented his orchard and garden grounds by erecting a very creditable picket fence around it. Ya, ya, boys, look at those posts, they are s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t as a line.

Talk about road deviations, blockades, &c. Excitement run high in this vicinity lately in this line. But one thing shines out amusingly. What a host of devotees of Blackstock spring into prominence from the "wee wee Lilliputian to the big overgrown Brobdignagian. Each Saturday asserting the legal point at issue according to their profound rendering of the intricacies of the consolidated statutes of our great Dominion. But if mine client would use the same judgement, he would if choosing cloth according to the price, he would pronounce it shoddy and throw it in the waste basket.

On Saturday, a number of people gathered at the forks of the Beaver river, Valley Road, incident to the letting of the bridges to be built there. After a spirited contest, F. Carr & Co. took No. 1 and Mr. D. McMullen & Co., No. 2. They expect to have them completed soon.

The old folks are getting the Christmas goose ready.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

TAMARAC ELIXIR
NATURE'S REMEDY.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS THROAT & LUNG COMPLAINTS
INSTANT RELIEF. POSITIVE CURE

SOUTHERN ASTHMA CURE
DOUBLE TREATMENT IN EACH PACKAGE
INSTANT RELIEF FOR
ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS
BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.
SAMPLES, 25c.; REGULAR SIZE, $1.00
ADDRESS FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act: they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Commercial Union

—— Has nothing to do with the Big Sale of ——

FURNITURE!

— AT —

J. W. BATES'.

It is Good Goods at Low Prices that tells and has told for the last seven years. This season I am in a position to give both old and new Customers Furniture of the Best Make and Latest Designs.

FROM TEN TO THIRTY PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Below I quote a few prices to show I mean business:

Parlor Suites in Hair Cloth, Sofa, Ladies Platform Rocker, Gents Easy and 4 small Chairs for $38.00.

Bedroom Suites $8.50 to $30.00. A beauty for $14.00.

Bureaus $5.00; Cupboards $5.00; Lounges with springs $5.00; Spring Beds $1.25 to $4.50; Perforated Seat Chairs 75c.; Perforated Seat and Back Rockers $1.25; Wood Seat Bent Arm Rocker $1.35.

My Hollow Seat 4 Spindle for 40c., cannot be beaten.

Hand Sleighs 35 to 75c., and in fact anything you want in the Furniture line, price and terms to suit you.

AGENT FOR THE KARN ORGAN!

See them at my Warerooms.

Picture Framing Neat and Cheap.

J. W. BATES,

FURNITURE DEALER, UNDERTAKER &c., FLESHERTON.

Grand Gift Sale

—— *FOR THE* ——

CHRISTMAS × HOLIDAY'S

—— AT THE MARKDALE ——

Book Store.

As I have been carrying a stock of goods the past year double the quantity necessary for the Trade of the Locality. I have determined to reduce same by offering the following liberal inducements:—

To all purchasers of BOOKS, TOYS, FANCY GOODS, or WALL PAPERS, amounting to 50 cents and upwards choice of a Book worth 15c. One dollar and upwards 25c. One dollar and fifty cents 35c. Two dollars and upwards 50c., and so on in proportion equal to a discount of nearly 25 per cent. off all purchases in the above Lines.

THIS IS A BONA FIDE OFFER,

and as my object in making it is to induce Sales, I invite the general public to come along in force and participate in the large Reductions. I will still allow twenty-five per cent. off straight to School Trustees and Sunday Schools requiring Books for prizes or Library's NOW IS YOUR TIME to replenish or purchase a New Library. Hundreds of Books to select from.

This Sale will continue from now till the 1st January, 1888.

A. DINSMORE,
PROPRIETOR.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Evelyn sighed as she read the letter; it sounded a little cold to her. If she had been in Erle's place she would have wanted him to come at once. Was it not her right as his promised wife, to be beside him and to try to comfort him? How could she have the heart for these hollow gaieties, knowing that he was sad and troubled? If it had been left to her, she would not have postponed their marriage; she would have gone to church quietly with him, and then have returned to Belgrave house to nurse the invalid; but her aunt had seemed shocked at the notion, and Erle had never asked her to do so.

Evelyn was as much in love as ever, but her engagement had not satisfied her; every one told her what a perfect lover Erle was—so devoted, so generous. Indeed, he was perfection in her eyes, but still something was lacking. Outwardly she could find no fault with him, but there were times when she feared that she did not make him happy; and yet, if she ever told him so, he would overwhelm her with kind affectionate speeches.

Yes, he was fond of her; but why was he so changed and quiet when they were alone together? What had become of the frank sunshiny look, the merry laugh, the careless indolence that had always belonged to Erle? She never seemed to hear his laugh now; his light-hearted jokes, and queer provoking speeches, were things of the past. He was older, graver; and sometimes she fancied there was a careworn look on his face He was always very indignant if she hinted at this—he always refuted such accusations with his old eagerness; but nevertheless Evelyn often felt oppressed by a sense of distance, as though the real Erle were eluding her. The feeling was strong upon her when she read that letter; and the weeks of separation that followed were scarcely happy ones.

And still worse, their first meeting was utterly disappointing. He had come to the station to welcome them, and had seen after their luggage, and had questioned about their journey; his manner had been perfectly kind, but there had been no eager glow of welcome in his eyes. Lady Maltravers said he looked ill and wearied, and Evelyn felt wretched. But it was the few minutes during which her aunt had left them together that disappointed her most; he had not taken the seat by her at once, but stood looking moodily into the fire; and though at her first word he had tried to rouse himself, the effort was painfully evident. "He is not happy; there is something on his mind," thought the poor girl, watching him. "There is something that has come between us, and that he fears to tell me."

Just then he looked up, and their eyes met.

"I am afraid I am awfully stupid this evening, Eva," he said apologetically; "but I was up late with Uncle Rolf last night."

"Yes," she answered gently; "I know you have had a terrible time; how I longed to be with you and help you. I did not enjoy myself at all. Poor Mr. Huntingdon but as you told Aunt Adela, he is not really worse."

"No, he is just the same; perhaps a trifle more conscious and weaker; that is all."

"And there is no hope '"

"None; all the doctors agree in saying that. His health has been breaking for years, and the sudden shock was too much for him. No; it is no use deceiving ourselves; no change can happen but the worst."

"Poor Mrs. Trafford."

"Ah, you would say so if you could see her; Percy's death has utterly broken her down; but she is very brave, and will not spare herself. We think Uncle Rolf knows her, and likes to have her near him; he always seems restless and uneasy if she leaves the room. But indeed the difficulty is to induce her to take needful rest."

"You are looking ill yourself, dear Erle," she returned, tenderly; but at that moment Lady Maltravers re-entered, and Erle looked at his watch.

"I must go now," he said hastily; and though Evelyn followed him out into the corridor there were no fond lingering words. "Good-bye, Eva; take care of yourself," he said, kissing her; and then he went away, and Evelyn went back into the room with a heavy heart. He had been very kind, but he had not once said that he was glad to see her back; and again she told herself that something had come between them.

But there was no opportunity for coming to any understanding, for the shadows were closing round Belgrave House, and the Angel of Death was standing before the threshold.

Ah! the end was drawing near now. Mr. Huntingdon was dying.

He had never recovered consciousness, or seemed to recover consciousness, or seemed to recognize the faces round him; not even his favorite Erle, or the daughter who fed and soothed him like an infant; and yet in a dim sort of a way he seemed conscious of her presence. He would wail after her if she left him, and his withered hands would grope upon the coverlet in a feeble, restless way, but never once did he articulate her name.

He was dying fast, they told Erle, when he had returned home that night; and he had gone up at once to the sick-room and had not left it again.

Mrs. Trafford was sitting by the bed as usual. She was rubbing the cold wrinkled hands, and speaking to him in a low voice; she turned her white, haggard face to Erle as he entered, and motioned him to be quiet, and then again her eyes were fixed on the face of the dying man. Oh! if he would only speak to her one word, if she could only make him understand that she forgave him now!

"I have sinned," he had said to her, "but in the presence of the dead there should be peace;" but she had answered him with bitterness; and then he had fallen across the feet of his dead grandson, with his grey head stricken to the dust with late repentance. And yet he was her father! She stooped over him now and wiped the death dews from his brow; and at that moment another scene rose unbidden to her mind

She was kneeling beside her husband she was holding him in her arms, and he was panting out his life on her bosom.

"Nea," she heard him say again in his weak, gasping voice, "do not be hard on your father. We have done wrong, and I am dying; but, thank God, I believe in the forgiveness of sins;" and then he had asked her to kiss him; and as her lips touched his he died.

"Father," she whispered as she thought of Maurice. "Father!"

The fast glazing eyes turned to her a moment and seemed to brighten into consciousness.

"He is looking at you—he knows you, Mrs. Trafford."

Ah, he knows her at last; what is it he is saying?

"Come home with your own Nea, father—with your own Nea; your only child, Nea;" and as she bends over him to soothe him, the old man's head drops heavily on her shoulder. Mr. Huntingdon was dead.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EVELYN'S REVENGE.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked a whole
Let no false pity spare the blow.
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake, or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Evelyn Selby stood at the window, one afternoon about three weeks after Mr. Huntingdon's death, looking out on the snowy gardens of the Square, where two rosy-faced lads were pelting each other with snowballs.

She was watching them, seemingly absorbed in their merry play; but every now and then her eyes glanced wistfully towards the entrance of the Square with the sober expectancy of one that has waited long, and is patient; but weary.

Erle had once owned to Fay, in a fit of enthusiasm, that Evelyn Selby was as good as she was beautiful; and it was true. Placed side by side with Fern Trafford, and deprived of all extraneous ornament of dress and fashion, most people would have owned that the young patrician bore the palm. Fern's sweet face would have suffered eclipse beside her rival's radiant bloom and graceful carriage; and yet a little of the bloom had been dimmed of late, and the brown eyes had lost their brightness.

As a well-known figure crossed the Square, she turned from the window with a sigh of relief; "at last," she murmured, as she sat down and made a pretence of busying herself with some fancy-work; but it lay unheeded on her lap as Erle entered and sat down beside her.

"I am afraid I am very late this afternoon, Eva," he said, taking her hand. "Mrs. Trafford wanted to speak to me and so I went up to her room; we had so much business to settle. She has given me a great deal of trouble, poor woman, but I think I shall have my way at last."

"You mean about the money?"

"Yes; I think she will be induced to let me set aside a yearly sum for her maintenance. She says it is only for her children's sake if she accept it; but I fear the truth is that she feels her strength has gone, and that she cannot work for them any longer."

"And she will not take the half?"

"No; not even a quarter; though I tell her that so much wealth will be a heavy burthen to me. Eight hundred a year that is all she will accept, and it is to be settled on her children. Eight hundred; it is a mere pittance."

"Yes; but she and her daughters will live very comfortably on that; think how poor they have been; indeed, dear, I think you may be satisfied that you have done the right thing; and after all, your uncle wished you to have the money."

"I do not care about it," with a stifled sigh. "We shall be awfully rich, Eva; but I suppose women like that sort of thing. I shall be able to buy you that diamond pendant now that you so admired."

"No, no; I do not want it; you give me too many presents. Tell me, Erle, does Miss Trafford come to see her mother, now she is ill?"

"Yes, of course; but I never see her," he answered so quickly that Evelyn looked at him in surprise. "I have not spoken to her once since Uncle Rolf's death—the lawyers keep me so busy; and I never go into the sick-room unless I am specially invited."

"But poor Mrs. Trafford is better now."

"Yes; and Dr. Connor says that it will be better for her to be anywhere than at Belgrave House. We want to persuade her to go down to Hastings for the rest of the winter. When I see Miss Trafford, I mean to speak to her about it; but" interrupting himself hurriedly—"never mind all that now; you told me in your letter that you wanted to speak to me particularly. What is it, Eva?" looking at her very kindly.

"Yes; I have long wanted to speak to you," she returned, dropping her eyes, and he could see that she was much agitated. "Erle, you must not misunderstand me; I am finding no fault with you. You are always good to me—no one could be kinder; but you are not treating me with perfect frankness."

"What do you mean?" he asked, astonished at this, for no suspicion of her meaning dawned upon him. "You have no fault to find with me. Surely want of frankness is a fault?"

"Yes, but I think it is only your thought for me. You are so anxious that everything should be made smooth and bright for me, that you do not give me your full confidence, Erle"—pressing closer to him, and looking up in his face with her clear, loving eyes. "Do you think that I can love you so and not notice how changed you have been of late—how pale and careworn? though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."

He pulled his moustache nervously, but he could not answer her.

"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, as though my presence had dispelled the cloud."

"And why not, Eva? do you think your bright face would not charm away any melancholy mood?" But she turned away as though not noticing the little compliment. He was always making these pretty speeches to her, but just now they jarred on her. It was truth—his confidence—that she wanted; and no amount of soft words could satisfy her.

"You are always good to me—always," she went on; "but you do not tell me all that is in your heart. When no one is speaking to you, I often see such a tired, harassed look on your face, and yet you will never tell me what is troubling you, dear; when we come together—when you make me your wife, will our life be always unclouded; am I to share none of your cares and perplexities then?"

He was silent; how was he to answer her?

"It would not be a true marriage," she continued, in a low, vehement tone, "if you did not think me worthy to share your thoughts. Erle, you are not treating me well; why do you not tell me frankly what makes you so unlike yourself. Can you look me in the face and tell me that you are perfectly happy and satisfied?"

"I am very fond of you; what makes you talk like this, Eva," but his eyelids drooped uneasily. How was he to meet those candid eyes and tell her that he was happy—surely the lie would choke him—when he knew that he was utterly miserable.

"Erle," she said in a low voice, and her face became very pale, "you do not look at me, and somehow your manner frightens me; you are fond of me, you say—a few months ago you asked me to be your wife; can you take my hand now and tell me, as I understood you to tell me then, that I am dearer to you than any one else in the world?"

"You have no right to put such a question," he returned angrily. "You have no right to doubt me. I have not deserved this, Eva."

"No right!" and now her face grew paler. "I think I have the right, Erle. You do not wish to answer the question; that is because some one has come between us. It is true, then, that there is some one dearer to you than I?"

He hid his face in his hands. No, he could not lie to her. Was not Fay's miserable exile a warning to him against marriage without confidence. He would have spared her if he could, but her love was too keen-eyed. He could not take her hand and perjure his soul with a lie; he loved her, but he could not tell her that she was the dearest thing in the world to him.

It all came out presently. He never knew how he told it, but the sad little story of his love for Fern Trafford got itself told at last. Poor Erle, he whose heart was so pitiful that he forbore to tread on the insect in his path, now found himself compelled to hurt perhaps wound fatally—the girl who had given him her heart.

Evelyn heard him silently to the end. The small white hands were crushed together in her lap, and her face grew white and set as she listened; but when he had finished, and sat there looking so downcast, so ashamed, so unlike himself, her clear, unfaltering voice made him raise his eyes in astonishment. "I thank you for this confidence; if—if—" and here her lips quivered, "we had been married, and you had told me then, I think it would have broken my heart; but now—it is better now."

"And you can forgive me, dear; you can be sorry for me? Oh, Eva! if you will only trust me, all may yet be well. I shall be happier now you know the truth."

"There is nothing to forgive," she answered quickly; "it is no fault of yours, my poor Erle, and you were always good to me—no," as he tried to interrupt her, "we will not talk of it any more to-day; my head aches, and of course it has upset me. I want to think over what you have said. It seems"—and here she caught her breath—"as though I can hardly believe it. Will you go away now, dear, and come to me to-morrow. To-morrow we shall see how far we can trust each other."

"I must go away if you send me," he answered humbly, and then he got up and walked to the door. He had never felt more wretched in his life. She had not reproached him, but all the color and life had gone out of her face. She had spoken so mildly, so gently to him. Would she forgive him, and would everything be as though this had never happened? "Oh, Erle, will you not wish me good-bye?" and then for a moment the poor girl felt as though her heart were breaking. Was she nothing to him after all?"

At her words Erle quickly retraced his steps. "Forgive me, Eva," he said, and there were tears in his eyes; "I am not myself, you know; all this takes it out of a man." And then he stooped over her as though to take her into his arms.

For an instant she shrank from him; then she lifted up her face and kissed him. "Good-bye, Erle," she said, "good-bye, my darling. No one will ever love you as I have loved you." And then as he looked at her wistfully, she released herself and quietly left the room, and no one saw Evelyn Selby again that night.

* * * * *

The following afternoon Fern stood by the window, looking out on the white snowy road sparkling with wintry sunlight. Her little black bonnet lay on the table beside her, and the carriage that had brought her from Belgrave House had just driven away from the door. Erle had given special orders that it was to be at Miss Trafford's service, and every morning the handsome bays and powdered footman drew a youthful crowd around the side door of Mrs. Watkins'. Sometimes Fern entered the carriage alone, but very often her little sister was with her. Fluff revelled in those drives; her quaint remarks and ejaculations often brought a smile to Fern's sad lips.

Those visits to Belgrave House were very trying to the girl. Mrs. Trafford used to sigh as she watched her changing color and absent looks. A door closing in the distance, the sound of a footstep in the corridor, made her falter and turn pale. But she need not have feared; Erle never once crossed her path. She would hear his voice sometimes, but they never once came face to face. Only one day Fern saw a shadow cross the hall window as she got into the carriage, and felt with a beating heart that Erle was watching her.

That very morning her mother had been speaking to her of Erle's generosity; indeed the subject could not be avoided. "He wanted me to take half his fortune," Mrs. Trafford had said with some emotion; "he is bitterly disappointed at the smallness of the sum I named; do you think I am right to take anything, Fern? My darling, it is for your sake, and because I have no strength for work, and I feel I can no longer endure privation for my children."

"I think you are right, mother; it would not be kind to refuse," Fern returned quietly; and then she tried to feel some interest in the plans Mrs. Trafford was making for the future. They would go down to Hastings for the rest of the winter—Fern had never seen the sea—and then they would look out for some pretty cottage in the country where they could keep poultry and bees, and perhaps a cow, and Fern and she could teach in the village school, and make themselves very busy; and the mother's pale face twitched as she drew this little picture, for there was no responsive light in the soft grey eyes, and the frank, beautiful mouth was silent.

"Yes, mother," she at last answered, throwing her arms round her mother's neck; "and I will spend my whole life in taking care of you."

She was thinking over this conversation now, as she looked out at the snow, when her attention was attracted by a private brougham, with a coronet on the panel, that stopped before Mrs. Watkins', and the next moment a tall girl, very quietly dressed, entered the house.

Fern's heart beat quickly. Was it possible that it could be Miss Selby? But before she could ask herself the question, there was a light tap at the door, and the girl had entered, and was holding out both her hands to Fern.

"Miss Trafford, will you forgive this intrusion? but I feel as though we knew each other without any introduction. I am Evelyn Selby; I daresay you have heard my name from"—with a pause—"Mr. Huntingdon."

"Oh, yes, I have heard of you," returned Fern with a sudden blush. This was Erle's future wife, then—this girl with the tall graceful figure and pale high-bred face that, in spite of its unusual paleness, looked very beautiful in Fern's eyes. Ah, no wonder he loved her! Those clear brown eyes were very candid and true. There could be no comparison between them—none!

She had little idea that Evelyn was saying to herself, "What a sweet face! Erle never told me how lovely she was. Oh, my darling, how could you help it? but you shall not be unhappy any longer!"

"Of course I knew who it was," went on Fern, gently; "you are the Miss Selby whom Mr. Erle is to marry. It is very kind of you to come and see me."

Oh, the bitter flush that passed over Evelyn's face; but she only smiled faintly. "Do you know, it is you who have to do me a kindness. It is such a lovely afternoon, and you are alone. I want you to put on that bonnet again and have a drive with me; the park is delicious, and we could have our talk all the same. No, you must not refuse," as Fern colored and hesitated at this unexpected request; "do me this little favor—it is the first I have ever asked you." And Fern yielded.

That drive seemed like a dream to Fern. The setting sun was shining between the bare trees in the park, and giving rosy flushes to the snow. Now and then a golden aisle seemed to open; there was a gleam of blue ice in the distance. Miss Selby talked very quietly, chiefly of Mr. Huntingdon's death and Mrs. Trafford's sudden failure of strength. But as the sunset tints faded and the grey light of evening began to veil everything, and the gas lights twinkled, and the horses' feet rang out on the frozen road, Evelyn leant back wearily in her place and relapsed into silence. Either the task she had set herself was harder than she thought, or her courage was failing; but the brave lips were quivering sadly in the dusk.

But as the carriage stopped, she suddenly roused herself. "Ah, are we here?" she said with a little shiver; "I did not think we should be home so soon." Then turning to the perplexed Fern, she took her hand gently. "You must have some tea with me, and then the brougham will take you back;" and, without listening to her frightened remonstrance, she conducted her through a large, brilliantly lighted hall and down a narrow corridor, while one of the servants preceded them and threw open a door of a small room, bright with firelight and lamplight, where a pretty tea-table was already set.

Fern did not hear the whispered order that Miss Selby gave to the servant, and both question and answer were equally lost on her. "Do not say I have any one with me," she said, as the man was about to leave the room; and then she coaxed Fern to take off her bonnet, and poured her out some tea, and told her that she looked pale and tired. "But you must have a long rest; and, as Aunt Adela is out, you need not be afraid that you will have to talk to strangers. This is my private sanctum, and only my special friends come here."

"I ought to be going home," replied Fern uneasily; for the thought had suddenly occurred to her that Erle might come and find her there, and then what would he think? As this doubt crossed her mind, she saw Miss Selby knit her brow with a sudden expression of pain; and the next moment those light ringing footsteps, that Fern often heard in her dreams, sounded in the corridor.

Fern put down her cup and rose; "I must go now," she said unsteadily. But as she stretched out her hand for her bonnet, Erle was already in the room, and was looking from one pale face to the other in undisguised amazement

"Miss Tarfford!" he exclaimed, as though he could not believe his eyes; but Evelyn quietly went up to him and laid her hand on his arm."

"Yes, I have brought her. I asked her to drive with me, and she never guessed the reason; I could not have persuaded her to come if she had. Dear Erle, I know your sense of honor, and that you would never free yourself; but now I give you back this"—drawing the diamond ring from her finger; "it is Miss Trafford's, not mine. I cannot keep another woman's property."

"Eva," he remonstrated, following her to the door, for she seemed about to leave them; "I will not accept this sacrifice; I refuse to be set free," but she only smiled at him.

"Go to her, Erle," she whispered, "she is worthy even of you; I would not marry you now even if she refused you, but"—with a look of irrepressible tenderness—"she will not refuse you;" and before he could answer her she was gone.

And Fern, looking at them through a sudden mist, tried to follow Evelyn, but either she stumbled or her strength forsook her. But all at once she found herself in Erle's arms, and pressed closely to him.

"Did you hear her, my darling?" he said, as the fair head drooped on his shoulder; "she has given us to each other—she has set me free to love you. Oh, Fern, I tried so hard to do my duty to her; she was good and true, and I was fond of her—I think she is the noblest woman on God's earth—but it was you I loved, and she found out I was miserable, and now she refuses to marry me; and—and—will you not say one word to me, my dearest?"

How was she to speak to him when her heart was breaking with happiness—when her tears were falling so fast that Erle had to kiss them away. Could it be true that he was really beside her; that out of the mist and gloom her prince had come to her; that the words she had pined to hear from his lips were now caressing her ear.

But Evelyn went up to her room.

It is not ordained in this life that saints and martyrs should walk the earth with a visible halo round their heads; yet, when such women as Margaret Ferrers and Evelyn Selby go on their weary way silently and uncomplaining, surely their guardian angel carries an unseen nimbus with which to crown them in another world.

CHAPTER XL.

AUNT JEANIE'S GUEST.

The cooing babe a veil supplied,
And if she listened none might know,
Or if she sighed;
Or if forecasting grief and care,
Unconscious solace then she drew.
And lulled her babe, and unaware
Lulled sorrow too.

Jean Ingelow.

All the winter Fay remained quietly at the old Manse, tenderly watched over by her kind old friend and the faithful Jean.

For many weeks, indeed months, her want of strength and weary listlessness caused Mrs. Duncan great anxiety. She used to shake her head and talk vaguely to Jean of young folk who had gone into a waste with nought but fretting, and had been in their graves before their friends realized that they were ill; to which Jean would reply, "'Deed and it is the truth, mistress; and I am thinking it is time that Mrs. St. Clair had her few 'broth.'" For all Jean's sympathy found expression in deeds, not words.

Jean seldom dealt largely in soft words; she was somewhat brisk and sharp of tongue—a bit biting, like her moorland breezes in winter time. In spite of her reverential tenderness for Fay, she would chide her quite roughly for what she called her fretting ways. She almost snatched the baby away from her one day when Fay was crying over him.

"Ah, my bonnie man," she said indignantly; "would your mither rain tears down on your sweet face, and make you sair-hearted before your time? Whist, then, my bairn, and Jean will catch the sunshine for you;" and Jean danced him vigorously before the window, while Fay penitently dried her eyes.

"Oh, Jean, give him back to me. I did not mean to make him cry; the tears will come sometimes, and I cannot keep them back. I will try to be good—I will, indeed." But baby Hugh had no wish to go back to his mother; he was crowing and pulling Jean's flaxen hair, and would not heed Fay's sad little blandishments.

"The bairns are like auld folks," remarked Jean, triumphant at her success, and eager to point a moral; "they cannot bide what is no bright. There is a time for everything, as Soloman says, 'a time to mourn and a time to dance;" but there is never a time for a bairn to be sair-hearted: neither nature nor Soloman would hold with that, as Master Fergus would say. Eck sirs! but he is a fine preacher, is Master Fergus."

Fay took Jean's reproof very humbly. She shed no more tears when her baby was in her arms. It was touching to see how she strove to banish her grief, that the baby smiles might not be dimmed. Jean would nod her head with grim approval over her pile of finely ironed things as she heard Fay singing in a low sweet voice, and the baby's delighted coos answering her. A lump used to come in Jean's throat, and a suspicious moisture to her keen blue eyes, as she would open the door in the twilight and see the child-mother kneeling down beside the old-fashioned cradle, singing him to sleep. "He likes the songs about the angels best," Fay would say, looking up wistfully in Jean's face. "I sing him all my pretty songs, only not the sad ones. I am sure he loves me to do it."

"Maybe the bairn does not know his mither apart from the women angels," muttered Jean in a gruff aside, as she laid down her pile of dainty linen. Jean knew more than any one else; she could have told her mistress, if she chose; that it was odd that all Mrs. St. Clair's linen was marked "F. Redmond." But she kept her own counsel.

Jean would not have lifted a finger to restore Fay to her husband. The blunt Scotch handmaiden could not abide men—"a puir-hearted, feckless lot," as she was wont to say. Of course the old master and Mr. Fergus were exceptions to this. Jean worshipped her master; and, though she held the doctrine of original sin, would never have owned that Mr. Fergus had a fault. But to the rest of mankind she was suspiciously uncharitable. "To think he drove her from him—the puir bit lammie," she would say; "and yet the law can't have the hanging of him. Redmond, indeed! but we won't own to any such name. It is lucky the old mistsess is not ower sharp-sighted—but there, such an idea would never get into her head."

(To be continued.)

Better Times.

Men talk of it being hard times for the poor, and yet a poor man can to-day buy a locomotive for $9,000, which would have cost him $30,000 ten years ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

PRINCIPAL CUNNINGHAM, of St. Andrew's University, says there never would have been a union between England and Scotland if the conditions had been imposed that the latter should renounce its church and its laws.

No one knows the exact nature of electricity. Its effects and the laws overning its action are well understood, but what it s is still a mystery. Probably it is a mode of motion, like light and heat. The causes which produce the electricity of thunder storms and auroras are still a matter of doubt.

THE human cuticle is fine, supple, tough and durable. It is easily tanned in the usual way, and keeps out water, cold and heat. Medical students are in the habit of tanning it or having it tanned and getting useful and ornamental articles made of it. They send it to their friends as purses, pocket-books, card-cases, slippers and covers for books, music, footstools and handbags.

SIX thousand kangaroo skins are received at Newark, N. J., every week. They are brought from Australia, 300 miles from the coast. There are twenty varieties of this animal, and the skin is worth 70 cents a pound. Parisian and London shoe manufacturers, as well as buyers in Greece, Spain, and even Australia itself, are said to purchase tanned skins from Newark tanneries.

THERE are many authentic examples of French history of the fancy for human skin. Many great persons have shown a predilection for that leather. Carnot, Robespierre, Billaut and many others dressed themselves with garments made out of human skin. They had slippers, boots, hats, gloves, robes, vest and breeches made out of this stuff, and they not only wore them openly, but boasted of them.

THE experiment is being made in Chicago of paving a street with steel rails 16 feet 10 inches in length, with a grooved surface on top, so that the horses will not slip on them. The rails will be placed a few inches apart, and the space between will be filled with a patent composition that is said to be very hard and durable. A trial lot of fifty tons has been made at the Bay View Iron Works, Mich.

IN 1840 the tonnage of British shipping entered and cleared from the ports of the United Kingdom was 6,505,000; in 1885 it was 46,390,000. In 1840 there was 58 per cent. British to 42 per cent. foreign; in 1885 the percentages were 73 and 27. The era of free trade has thus been one of phenomenal progress not only in manufacturing industries but in the twin industry of the carrying trade.

THE authorship of the poem "If I Should Die To-night" has been a subject of dispute for a long time. It was not written by Henry Ward Beecher, as has been supposed by many. The Hartford *Times* says that the authorship "has been traced to Miss Belle E. Smith, at present a teacher in Tabor College, Tabor, Ia. It first appeared in the *Christian Union*, June 18th, 1873. The authorship is vouched for by President Brooks, of Tabor College."

DR. CAMMON LANG, minister of St. Giles', Edinburgh, before leaving Melbourne, threw out the suggestion that Scotsmen in Australia should assume the responsibility of erecting a monument to John Knox in St. Giles', where the reformer so often thundered from the pulpit. The suggestion has found much favor and is likely to take a practical shape. Mr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, has sailed for Melbourne to continue the pacific work begun by Dr. Lees.

MRS. GLADSTONE, despite her 75 years, is one of the most active and energetic of women. The improved condition of the cottagers all about Hawarden attest her influence. In the schools she has placed teachers who instruct the children in serving, cookery, etc., and in various handicrafts suited to boys; she has also founded an industrial school for boys at Clapham, and a home for aged and incurables, both of which are model charities and under her direct supervision.

A NUMBER of Bradford, Eng., firms have received notice from their correspondents in Germany and other countries on the continent that "Volapuk," the new universal language, will be used after a certain date. The attention of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce has been drawn to the matter, but the Chamber has not yet determined to assist in spreading the knowledge of "Volapuk." Its study has been taken up, to a certain extent, privately, and a class will soon be formed in Bradford.

THE great cottonwood trees in the swamps of Tennessee contain veins of clear, sparkling water, which tastes somewhat like unsweetened soda water, and which spurts forth as if under gaseous pressure when a vein is punctured. It is said to be deliciously refreshing, and hunters are in the habit of carrying gimlets with which to pierce the veins when they are thirsty. It is a point of honor with them to plug up the orifice when their thirst is satisfied, so that the next comer may not be disappointed.

A POWDER of pine needles is now prepared in Germany, and is becoming popular for use in baths. A half pound or a pound of the powder is allowed to dissolve in lukewarm water for a few minutes, when the bath is ready. The principles extracted act upon the skin as a tonic and antiseptic, and the baths are prescribed for rheumatic complaints, gout, certain skin diseases, and for invigorating the system generally. The powder is also used for fumigations in chest affections, etc., or, as an antiseptic, a little may be placed on a hot shovel and carried about the room.

THE chances of life are thus set down: Out of every 1,000 men 25 die annually. One-half of those who are born die before they attain the age of 7 years. The men able to bear arms form a fourth of the inhabitants of a country. More old men are found in elevated situations than in valleys and plains. The number of inhabitants of a city or county is renewed every thirty years. The proportion between the deaths of women and those of men is 100 to 108. The probable duration of female lives is 60 years, but after that period the calculation is more favorable to them than to men.

PAVING blocks called iron brick are now being introduced by Louis Jochum, of Ottweiler, near Saarbrucken, Germany. This brick is made by mixing equal parts of finely ground red argillaceous slate and finely ground clay, and adding 5 per cent. of iron ore. This mixture is softened with a solution of 25 per cent. of sulphate of iron, to which fine iron ore is added until it shows a consistency of 38 degrees Baume. It is then formed in a press, dried, dipped once more in a nearly concentrated solution of sulphate of iron and finely ground iron ore, and is baked in an oven for forty-eight hours in an oxidizing flame and twenty-four hours in a reducing flame. The German Government testing laboratory for building materials has reported favorably on this brick.

THE advertisement of a divine in London, England, that he is prepared to loan his sermons at the rate of 5s. apiece, or three for 10s., is our excuse for directing attention to the striking titles of some sermons printed in the British capital in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: "Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace," "The Snuffers of Divine Love," "The Church's Bowel Complaint," "Cuckoldom's Glory, or the Horns of the Righteous Exalted," "A Pack of Cards to Win Christ," "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "A Funeral Handkerchief," and "Baruch's Sore Gently Opened and the Salve Skilfully Applied." Nobody in those times regarded any of these as irreverent, and they were not meant to be funny.

INDIANS on the Pacific coast in times of scarcity of food sometimes eat pine bark. Around many of the watering-places in the pine forests of Oregon and California the trees may be seen stripped of their bark for the space of three or four feet near the base of the trunk. This has been accomplished by cutting with a hatchet a line around the tree as high as one could conveniently reach and another lower down, so that the bark, severed above and below, could be removed in strips. At certain seasons of the year a mucilaginous film separates the bark from the wood of the trunk. Part of the film adheres to each surface and may be scraped off. The resulting mixture of mucilage-cells and half-formed wood is nutritious and not unpalatable, so that, as a last resort, it may be used as a defence against starvation.

PROFESSOR ELMSLIE, of the London Presbyterian College, yet a young man, is one of the most accomplished Hebrew scholars of the day. Although he does not go in for literalism in the interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures, he gives his whole strength to the maintenance of orthodoxy in the Church. According to him, liberal interpretation does not necessarily conflict withthe old and accepted views regarding the great fundamental truths of Scripture and the general scope and purport of Divine revelation. Professor Elmslie, in the December "Contemporary Review," gives a new interpretation of the Mosaic account of creation. He sees in the Mosaic account what he calls a theologico-literary device. The days stand, not for definite periods, but for achievements, and, these in agreement with Hebrew parallelism, are broken up into two sets of three each, the first set dealing with untenanted spheres and the second with the inhabitants of those spheres. The whole narrative, he says, is a poetic description of the character, being and glory of God.

THE new electric type-writer relieves the operator of every duty except pressing down the keys. The carriage moves automatically to the starting point whenever the end of a line has been reached, and also moves up one notch or line at the same time. But the most important office of the new instrument seems to be its use in receiving and transmitting telegraphic despatches. It is said at the Patent Office that the instrument can be used both as a transmitter and receiver of intelligence over a single wire, no matter how great the distance may be. The receiving instrument does not require the attendance of an operator, but prints the despatch automatically. The instruments at both ends of the line print the despatch sent, and so a safeguard against mistakes is provided. It is claimed that the electric type-writer will be valuable as a local aid to business and offers many advantages over the telephone. One advantage claimed for it is that no matter whether a person called up is at his place of business or not, the message can be printed through the medium of his type-writer and will be there for perusal on his return. The despatches printed are in letter form, and not an endless tape. The instrument has been christened the dynamograph.

For Ambitious Boys.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth $5 in its natural state is worth $12 when it is made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles its value is increased to $350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth $3,000, and into balance wheels for watches $250,000. Just think of that, boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so, if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watchspring? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any interval for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time, but you have ample opportunity for study and play too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Explained.

"My sister Calra," said Bobby to young Mr. Sissy, "was talking to ma about your leaving so early last night."

"Did she say she was sorry, Bobby?" whispered young Sissy.

"No; she said she s'posed you went home so early because very likely your mamma won't let you carry a night-key."—*The Epoch.*

Truths in Business.

Men who have company must have money.

Some men carry too much sail, some too little.

Great men when analyzed usually prove to be very small men.

Men trade on borrowed reputation as they trade on borrowed capital.

Good intentions will not help a man on his way if he takes the wrong road.

The history of trade shows that failure is the rule and winning the exception.

Money moves the crops that make the great west the granary of the world.

One man is overnice and becomes fussy; another is careless and loses his trade.

The same great lesson of failure is taught in the professions that is taught in trade.

One man ruins his business because he is a sloven; another ruins it because he is a fop.

Men neither win nor lose in the same way. One fails and is smart; another wins and is dull.

Talent and temper often go together. It is rare to find a sharp, bright man that is a courteous man.

The merchants of old Tyre were "princes, and her traffickers were the honorable of the earth."

Integrity, honor and piety do not save a man from disaster if he fails to observe the law of success.

The law of success is as certain as the law of the tides. All must obey these laws if they would prosper.

A diamond with a flaw is better than a pebble without. But the flaw adds nothing to the value of the diamond.

Mormon Superstition.

"You can tell a Mormon house by the number of doors," I heard some one say as we approached Salt Lake City, writes a Minneapolis *Tribune* correspondent. Sure enough! There they were, two doors side by side, even in the smallest houses. Sometimes there were two woodsheds, or two wells; and we saw one house that had begun with a single room, and been lengthened out room by room and door by door. That patriarch must needs look about him sharply on the resurrection morn, or he will overlook some poor wife and have her sleeping through all eternity. The Mormons have a doctrine that in the resurrection the men rise, but the women lie in their graves until their husbands please to call them. If the liege lord pleases to be so gracious he goes to the grave side of his spouse and speaks the new name he received in the endowment house at the time of his marriage, which has never before crossed his lips. She answers with the name which she received at the same time and rises. One of the most potent means of domestic tyranny among the ignorant Mormons is the threat, frequently resorted to by the head of the house, that he will not raise his wife on the resurrection morn "unless," etc., etc.

When the Modest Girl's Alone.

Most men like modest girls best. Modesty is discretion; that's all. The modest girl won't let you hold her hand when there's anybody to see; but she's wholesouled when there's nobody looking, and gives you both her hands. I have known young ladies who would squeeze your hands tenderly, look into your eyes and do everything that was agreeable in the most shameless manner before other people; but when they are alone with you they'll sit a half a mile off and talk primly about the weather. I don't think those girls would make good wives. At all events they don't make good sweethearts, and about marrying it is much the same as with boys eating cherries. They lay aside the best to finish up with, but when they get to what they've laid aside they're so full of cherries that they can't enjoy any more. Of course there are other boys who eat all the good ones first. But it seems to me all rules work both ways anyway, and end in discomfiture of some kind. The only rule of life experience brings to is never to lose a chance for fun when we can get it.

Sixty Thousand Useless Words.

"There is no man living," said a public school teacher the other day, "that knows every one of the 75,000 words in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, nor half, nor a third of them. Nor is there a man that could define them if he were asked. Shakespeare, who had the richest vocabulary used by any Englishman, employed only 16,000 words. Milton could pick out from 8,000, but the average man, a graduate from one of the great universities, rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3,000 or 4,000 words. Right here in Buffalo there are Americans born and bred who contrive to express all their wants and opinions in 300 words, and in the rural districts the knowledge of 150 or 200 words is sufficient to carry a man through the world. So the unabridged dictionary is cluttered up with 60,000 or more technical or obsolete words that you never hear in ordinary conversation or see in ordinary books and newspapers.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The Palate-Tickling Oyster.

On the subject of oyster eating the writer recently saw a rhyme something after this order, entitled "How to kill an oyster:"

Don't drown it deep in vinegar, nor season it at all,
Nor cover up its glistening form with pepper like a pall;
But raise it gently from its shell, and firmly hold your breath,
And then, with eager tooth and tongue, just tickle it to death.

The Merciful Wife is Merciful to "Him."

When a man comes home late at night, after working hard all the evening at the office on the books, it is mean for his wife to require him to say, "Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?" before she will unbolt the front door.—*Journal of Education.*

OUR lady friends will be interested in knowing that by sending 20c. to pay postage, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated COOK BOOK, *free*. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly.

—A man's life may be like an open book, but it is bound to be closed.

"A THREE-TIME WINNER."

Has Hanlan Lost His Grip?—Philosophical Training Demanded.

The defeat of "Ned" Hanlan by Teemer at Toronto in August indicates the "end of the glory" of the doughty champion.

He has sustained his record with admirable pluck and success, but the tremendous strain of years of training must certainly some day find its limit.

Apropos of this we recall the following interesting reminiscence of aquatic annals:

On a fine bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 to 20,000 persons lined the shores of the beautiful Kenebecasis, near St. John, N.B., attracted by a four-oared race between the famous Paris crew, of that city, and a picked English crew, for $5,000 and the championship of the world. Wallace Ross, the present renowned oarsman, pulled stroke for the Blue Nose crew, and "Jim" Renforth, champion sculler and swimmer of England and of the world, was stroke in the English shell.

Excitement was at fever heat.

But three hundred yards of the course had been covered when the Englishmen noticed that their rivals were creeping away.

"Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran Harry Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3 oar.

"I can't, boys, I'm done," said Renforth, and with these words he fell forward, an inanimate heap in the boat.

"He has been poisoned by bookmakers," was the cry, and belief.

Everything that science and skill could suggest for his restoration was tried; but after terrible struggles of agony, the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of his countrymen, passed away.

The stomach was analyzed, but no sign or trace of poison could be found therein, though general examination showed a very strange condition of the blood and the life-giving and health-preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect the heart and kidneys were badly congested.

The whole system was, therefore, in just that state when the most simple departure from ordinary living and exertion was of momentous consequence. His wonderful strength only made his dying paroxysms more dreadful and the fatality more certain.

Hanlan is now in Australia. Beach, champion of that country, is a powerful fellow, who probably understands the liability of athletes to death from over-training, the effect thereof being very serious on the heart, blood and kidneys, as shown by poor Renforth's sudden death.

Within the past three years he has taken particular care of himself, and when training, always reinforces the kidneys and prevents blood congestion in them and the consequent ill-effect on the heart by using Warner's safe cure, the sportsman's universal favorite, and says he "is astonished at the great benefit."

Harry Wyatt, the celebrated English trainer of athletes, who continues himself to be one of the finest of specimens of manhood and one of the most successful of trainers, writes over his own signature to the English *Sporting Life*, September 5th, saying: "I consider Warner's safe cure invaluable for all training purposes and outdoor exercise. I have been in the habit of using it for a long time. I am satisfied that it pulled me through when nothing else would, and it is always a three-time winner!"

Beach's and Wyatt's method of training is sound and should be followed by all.

A Large Estate.

A broad land is this in which we live, dotted so thickly with thirfty cities, towns and villages! Amid them all, with ever increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, giving hope and cheer where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity there is suffering; wherever there is suffering there is the best field for this greatest American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scrofula) yields to it, if employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh yields to it; Kidney and Liver diseases yield to it! If you want the best known remedy for all diseases of the blood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and take no other.

Making Hay While the Sun Shines.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself, Bobby," remarked one of the guests at a dinner party.

"Yes," assented Bobby, with his mouth full, "I am making the most of it, 'cause after pa an' ma give a big dinner like this, it's always cold pickin' for the next thirty days."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Always Prompt in Action.

This is just what every sufferer wants—prompt action and rapid relief from pain. The grandest discovery of the age, the great pain cure, is Polson's Nerviline—prompt, powerful, pleasant to the taste, and yet so pure that it may be given to the youngest infant. Try a 10 cent sample bottle, which you can purchase at any drug store. Nerviline, the great, sure, and prompt pain cure. The large bottles are only 25 cents.

Who Told You So?

It is a solemn hour with a rose-lipped society bud when she begins to wonder vaguely how a mustache feels on the face.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Popular Preparation!

Pure, Potent, Powerful! Pallid People Praise, Progressive People Purchase! Positively Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Properly Partaken, Preserve Physical Powers, Produce Permanent Physical Perfection. Purchase, Prove!

There Was Wire Enough.

Friend (to happy father)—Hello, Jones, let me congratulate you. I hear you have a new boy at your house.

Happy Father—By George, can you hear him all this distance?—*Pittsburg Chronicle*

Isaiah Williamson, of Philadelphia, is the richest bachelor in the United States. His fortune of $20,000,000 was made in the dry goods trade, and yields him an annual income of a million and a half.

—Notice is given by Bennet Rosamond, of Almonte, of application for divorce from his wife, Adair M. Rosamond, on the grounds of adultery and desertion.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution which had last year the largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates.

Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

The Longest Word in the Dictionary

is incompetent to communicate the inexpressible satisfaction and incomprehensible consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a preparation designed especially for the speedy relief and permanent cure of all Female Weaknesses, Nervousness and disease peculiar to the female sex. The only remedy for a woman's peculiar ills, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, to give satisfaction. See guarantee on wrapper of bottle. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years by the proprietors.

Doggishness Acknowledged.

Passenger (in crowded car)—Is this seat engaged?

Occupant—Don't yer see it is?

Passenger (forcibly removing bundles, placing them on the floor, and sitting down)—Pretty comfortable kind of a sty, ain't it?

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUN L. 51 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE BAKING POST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P.O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

GORDON'S

OLD RELIABLE HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON!

Is still open and Old Customers will find it Stocked with

Carriage & Team

HARNESS!

Which has become celebrated throughout this vicinity for superior quality, finish and durability. All guaranteed as heretofore. At

Reduced Prices for Cash.

Also a large stock of Winter Goods in the line of

HORSE COVERS!

of superior quality, at the lowest prices ever offered in Flesherton. A fine selection of

Sleigh ❋ Bells!

at a slight advance on cost for the next 30 days. If you want a first-class

WHIP!

It is to be found at Gordon's. Also

TRUNKS,
VALISES,
RUGS,
HORSE BRUSHES,
CURRY COMBS,
SWEAT PADS

and all other Horse Furnishings found in a first-class Harness Shop.

The Celebrated Harness Oil!

Kept constantly on hand. But the Crowning Specialty is the perfect fitting

Scotch ❋ Collar!

Warranted not to gall your horses and for which this establishment has become so well known throughout this County. Repairing attended to promptly, carefully and cheaply.

A Call is Respectfully Invited at

GORDON'S HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

LOST DOG.—Any person or persons giving information which will lead to the recovery of a large black Newfoundland dog, with curly hair, white throat, and white tip on each foot, which went away from my premises on the evening of the 14th inst., will be suitably rewarded.—A. Down, Flesherton P.O. Or information may be left at Advance Office.

All the leading lines in Tobacco's and Cheap at M. Richardson & Co's Tobacco Counter. McDonald's bright Smoking Tobacco only 37½ cents per lb.

Mr. W. T. Paul, late Postmaster at Lady Bank, Osprey township, has removed to Maxwell. The vacancy caused by his removal has been filled by the appointment of Mr. John Pool, who, it is believed will prove an efficient successor. Mr. Paul was an excellent official and made many friends in the neighborhood of Lady Bank.

The latest, the safest and the best *Lantern* on the market is the Electric Lighting Lantern. No matches needed. For sale at M. Richardson & Co's.

The first number of *The Daily Empire* will be issued on Tuesday next. The weekly edition of *The Empire* will be issued on Thursday next. Now is the time to send in your clubbing subscriptions to The Advance and commence with the first number of this truly representative Canadian journal. Fuller particulars in reference to *The Empire* in next week's Advance.

Be sure you call and see my immense stock of Ladies Dress Goods, Plushes, Velvets, Velveteens and Cashmeres at R. Trimble's.

Confectionery and Nuts at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Mr. Will. Campbell is now operator at Dry Fork, Montana, U. S., on the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba R. R., at an increased salary. He says:—"I can't say I'm in love with the country so far; although the land is said to be good. There are no settlers here, this being an Indian reserve..... The nearest town of any importance is Fort Benton, which is 28 miles West. The Advance is a more welcome visitor now than ever."

Don't have your barns and stables burned by using matches. Get one of those Electric Lighting Lantern's at M. Richardson & Co's.

On Thursday last, an Osprey farmer had an upset while driving a team of horses attached to a wagon with a load of grain, down the hill opposite the Speetson mill road. It seems that some person left a sleigh and a load of wood on the side of the road the night before which took up nearly all the road, and, while driving past, the hind wheels of the wagon slid down a steep embankment taking with them the wagon and the horses. Fortunately, nothing but the spring seat and one of the horse's mouths were damaged.

The largest, cheapest and best selected stock of gents Fine Boots, ladies Fine Boots, and Childrens Boots in town at R. Trimble's.

Mr. Wm. Ward, sr., was in the act of riding out of town last Thursday morning mounted on his well-known gray mare—when Mr. Cole came along and got on the animal behind the former. The old mare strongly objected to this unusual proceeding and made several frantic efforts to dislodge the intruder, by kicking her heels up in the air. But it was no use—Cole stuck to Ward and Ward stuck to the old mare like a burr to a sheep's back—and finally the animal started off for home with her double burden, much to the amusement of a number of spectators.

M. Richardson & Co. offer extraordinary Bargains in Ladies Fur Goods and Astrachan Mantles this and next week. Call and see.

Mr. Will Breen returned home to Flesherton from the North-West on Monday evening last. He has grown fat during his stay in the great lone land, and some scarcely recognized him at first, so great was the change. Will has seen considerable ser ice on the Mounted Police force. Those who should know say he was one of the sturdiest and most splendid specimens of men, physically, on the force. His visit home was a pleasant surprise to his esteemed and respected parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Breen, as well as to a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Large Presents given with Mayell's Baking Powder, you will find them at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Mr. Ranton, the evangelist, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church here last Sunday evening. He delivered an interesting discourse to a large congregation. He is a fluent speaker, does not hesitate to call things by their proper names, and deals with the question of a material hell without gloves. His remarks on the evening in question secured the close and earnest attention of his auditors. Mr. Ranton is a tall, slim young man, with very fair complexion, prominent nose, keen, clear eyes, light curly hair, and with a very pleasing address. We understand that he is a member of Savage's celebrated band of evangelists.

An attempt was made to break into M. Richardson & Co's store here late last Saturday night or early on Sunday morning. The burglars broke the lock and bolt but an additional fastening on the inside rendered their efforts to effect an entrance abortive. Next time they visit these premises their ardor will probably be cooled by a dose of lead. The time has now arrived when the services of a Vigilance Committee or a good sharp detective will have to be called into requisition, as it is evident the burglars are located in the immediate neighborhood. Suspicion points strongly in a certain direction and we don't think a smart detective would have much difficulty working up a clear case.

Immense Bargains now going on for the holiday trade, such as gents Scarfs, Silk Hdks., Fancy Ties at R. Trimble's.

The children of the Methodist Sabbath School, Flesherton, are undergoing a thorough drilling at the hands of Squire Armstrong, in view of the approaching New Year's Anniversary, which is so eagerly looked forward to by young and old. The Squire has for many years been a prominent figurehead at these pleasant annual re-unions, and under his careful and experienced management the children have made rapid progress in musical culture and in that more important branch of Sabbath School training, viz., the study of the Word of God. The Anniversary will be held on the evening of the 2nd January. Tea will be served in the basement of the church, and the program will be presented in the lecture room.

Everything cheap for cash at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Rev. John A. McDonald will preach the Anniversary sermon, in connection with the Presbyterian Sabbath School, Flesherton, on Sunday afternoon next (Christmas day) at 2:30 o'clock. On Monday evening following, 26th inst., the Sabbath School Anniversary will be held in the same church. Tea will be served in the basement from 4 to 7 o'clock, after which a carefully prepared program will be presented in the lecture room. One of the features of the Anniversary will be the rendering of a charming cantata, entitled, "*The Star of Bethlehem*," in which some twenty persons take part under the efficient leadership of our popular tenor singer, Mr. J. G. Russell, whose services in connection with the now famous "Flesherton Glee Club" have obtained for him a wide and well-deserved popularity. See bills for particulars.

A choice stock of New Fruits and Christmas Groceries to suit everybody at M. Richardson & Co's.

Over two dozen Fleshertonians visited Priceville on Tuesday evening as spectators of and contributors to the entertainment held in Watson's Hall, under the auspices of the Methodist church in that place. Our popular Band, under the excellent leadership of Mr. E. Vanzant, turned out almost in full force and furnished a great variety of choice music, which was rendered with a faultlessness of execution that won for them the hearty and unstinted praise of all present. Rev. Mr. Ottewell, Superintendent of the circuit, occupied the chair. His quaint and droll sayings, his brief and appropriate comments, his untiring patience, and his dignified manner, formed a most pleasing contrast when compared with the long-winded, tiresome utterances and lack of tact displayed by some chairmen we wot of. The Flesherton Glee Club gave a splendid account of themselves, winning golden opinions on all hands; so also did the Priceville Quartette—with Miss Bella Christoe and Mrs. Dr. Hixon as organists respectively. Miss Christoe's solo, which was most charmingly rendered, was a feature of the concert. Her accentuation was clear and distinct—not a word being lost to the audience. Recitations and dialogues by Master Grier and others created great amusement. Mr. Brander read well, his selection showing good taste. Miss Hopkins recitation was so excellently rendered that you could almost have "heard a pin drop." This splendid recital created a most profound impression and elicited a hearty burst of applause. Dr. Christoe delivered an energetic and strikingly original impromptu address. Rev. Mr. McLeod made a neat little speech. Dr. Hixon, in a few well chosen words, moved, and Mr. Robt. Watson seconded, a vote of thanks to the various performers, which was manifested by a vigorous and hearty clapping of hands. At the close of this most enjoyable evening's entertainment, Rev. Mr. Ottewell invited the Flesherton visitors and others to the parsonage, where a splendid spread of cold turkey and other substantial viands had been prepared and to which ample justice was done. To say the least, the visitors were treated in a most royally hospitable manner by the kind people of Priceville. The proceeds of the concert amounted to something over $31.

Perfumery in great variety at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BOOTS & SHOES!

—I have a Full Supply of all Lines of—

WINTER GOODS!

RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, FELT BOOTS and FELT STOCKINGS SELLING CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

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Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

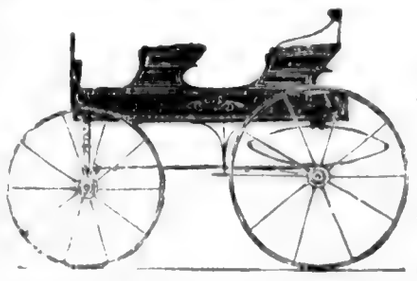

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Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,*

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Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

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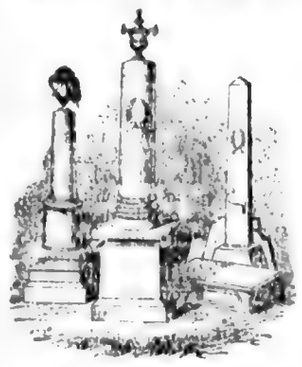

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

I an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 340. FLESHERTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1887. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"DECEMBER AD."

$1,600

IN GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES!

Walnut and Nickle Clocks, Roll Plate and Fine Gilt Chains, Gem and Wedding Rings, Jewelery and Fine Silverware for

Holiday Trade!

If I felt the public were fools enough to believe me and knew "myself" to be "knave" enough to beat the wholesale, I would talk big discount and wholesale prices for above goods. Wholesale prices in a retail store won't pay rent, light taxes, etc. Continuous discounts 5 times in 1 year, either pays by marking goods away up, or else by using deception as to quality of goods. There are Jewelers who have 14 k. wedding rings stamped 18 k. My Plain Rings are made by P. W. ELLIS & CO., and after this will have my initials, W.B. stamped on.

Goods as represented every time.

Prices at "whisper" mark. Discounts as usual, 5 per cent.

Warrants cover Breakages!

Don't accept any other kind. Everybody invited to call when in town and get my prices.

For 4 Years

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

331-44.

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Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

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ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE,

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

The North-bound C. P. R. train was two hours late on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Chislett, of the town of Collingwood, is visiting friends in Artemesia.

No blow, no puff, my watch repairing gives satisfaction and charges are never extortionate. W. A. Brown, Markdale.

Mr. Will Wright, who has been attending the Toronto School of Medicine, is home for the holidays.

Mr. J. J. Heron, an old schoolfellow of ye Editor's, paid us a brief visit one day last week.

Mr. Edwin Richardson, who has been studying at Toronto University, is home for the holidays.

Miss Lilly Carberry and Mr. Albert Carberry, of Toronto township, are holidaying at the residence of ye Editor and wife.

My 18k. Rings are made P. W. Ellis & Co., Toronto. Trade mark, the maple leaf with E. in centre. W. A. Brown, Markdale. 2t.

Mr. J. B. Sloan, of Eugenia, bought a lot of turnips the other day. Two of the turnips were found to measure 2 ft. 10 in. and 3 ft. 2 in. around respectively.

Subscribers of THE ADVANCE, who may chance to be in Toronto a few days after publication, will find copies of the paper on fyle at the reading room of the Public Library there, on Church street.

Mr. Richard Heron, of the well-known Osprey Woollen Mills, has been nearly forty years a member of the Sons of Temperance, having joined Harvest Home lodge in the Co. of York when he was sixteen years of age.

The carol singers were out early on Christmas morning, and the sounds of sweet music evolved on the occasion caused a temporary illumination of many residences in Flesherton. We are glad to notice that this beautiful and time-honored custom is still kept up in this town. May it ever be thus.

Mr. A. W. Rowe, of Dundalk, will visit Flesherton in the course of a few weeks for the purpose of organizing a Young Mens Protestant Benevolent Association lodge here. He has asked us to tell those who are desirous of becoming members of the Society to leave their names with the Editor of THE ADVANCE as soon as possible.

Rev. John A. McDonald, of Horning's Mills, preached the Sabbath School Anniversary sermon in the Presbyterian church, Flesherton, last Sunday afternoon. There was a large congregation and the sermon—which partook more of the nature of a conversation between preacher and juvenile hearers—was listened to with much attention.

NEWDALE, Dec. 20.—Dear Sir, you will find enclosed $1 to pay for THE ADVANCE for the year 1888. I have had copies sent me during part of this year and like it very well. I hope your Maxwell correspondent will keep his ears open as that is the part which interests me most. I was going to send you some Newdale items, but I am very busy and besides they could not be of interest to most of your readers. However, this part, and I think the whole province, is enjoying unusual prosperity. Farmers have had abundant crops and fair prices. It is useless for me to give the yield as Ontario farmers would not believe it. The best thing they can do, is to come out and see the country. If they would, Ontario would soon be depopulated.—JOSIAH GAMBY, jr.

—BARGAINS!—

ENORMOUS BARGAINS!

Immense Bargains!

NOW GOING ON AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON!

WHERE WILL BE FOUND THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Knives, Razors, &c.

EVER SHOWN IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY. OUR GOODS

TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT FLESHERTON FALL SHOW,

And in order to give parties who were not able to take advantage of our discount sale in October, we have decided to again make this Great Offer and give

TWENTY PER CENT. OFF

On all Cash Sales of $1 and over from 1st day of December, 1887, to 1st day of January, 1888.

Now, this is a grand chance to secure fine goods at about wholesale prices. All Watches we sell bear a written guarantee of from three to five years. We will still make another Grand Offer to anyone purchasing one of our LADIES' FINE GEM RINGS or 18 k. WEDDING RINGS which we have for the number of nearly one hundred, we will give a beautiful Plush Ring Box worth $1.00, any color. These bargains everyone should take advantage of. You will never have as good a chance again and remember the only place to get your Watch repaired properly is at

RUSSELL'S Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON.

The Presbyterian Sabbath School Anniversary held here last Monday evening was a success in every particular. The fine large lecture room of the church was filled to the doors. The decorations displayed excellent taste. S. S. banners were hung on the walls along with several neatly lettered and appropriate mottoes, and on the wall just behind the pulpit—in beautiful rustic letters—was the cheering word "*welcome.*" The platform occupied central position at the front of the room, from which the merry eyes of a large number of bright children looked out upon the audiitorium. To the right of the children arose the tall and graceful form of an evergreen, which was covered with Christmas presents for the little folk. As a finishing touch to this charming scene, the well-known and kindly features of the pastor, Rev. A. Wilson, and the superintendent, Jos. Blackburne, Esq., looked forth upon the smiling faces of the vast assembly of people. The singing by the children was simply beautiful, while the recitations and dialogues were rendered in an excellent manner. Miss Damude presided at the organ, and the musical exercises were conducted by Mr. J. G. Russell in a very creditable manner. An exceedingly well rendered recitation by Mr. Thompson, and a grand Scottish song—"*My ain Countree*"—by that prince of vocalists, Mr. Anderson, are deserving of special mention; also a thrilling recitation by Miss Hogg, of Flesherton Station. The cantata, "*The Star of Bethlehem,*" was charmingly rendered. Those who particularly distinguished themselves in the cantata were Miss VanDusen, Miss Damude, Miss Cole, Miss Gordon, Miss May Damude, Mr. J. G. Russell and Mr. J. H. Anderson. Miss Christoe presided at the organ part of the time. Shortly after nine o'clock this interesting entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of the doxology, after which the fruits of the Xmas tree were distributed among the children. The Librarian's and Secretary's report gave a very healthy showing. There are now 187 scholars on the roll and a cash balance on hand of over $60.

We are thankful to those who have renewed their subscriptions to THE ADVANCE so promptly for 1888. Will others kindly follow the good example thus set by doing likewise.

The Advance and Weekly Empire Till Jan., 1889, for $1.65!

FARMERS

Don't forget there is good work done at the Flesherton

WOOLEN FACTORY

And we are doing all in our power to please. Customers are finding out it is to their advantage to deal with us as our Prices are Low and Our Goods are Reliable, and notwithstanding the price being cut so close on account of hard times, I intend to reduce the manufacturing prices in nearly every branch, viz., OILING, ROLL-CARDING, SPINNING, WEAVING, &c., &c. Give us a trial and see for yourself.

W. H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, May 30th, 1887.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Fay's secret was quite safe with Jean, and, as the weeks and months went on, a feeling of utter security came over her. She hardly knew how time passed. There were hours when she did not always feel unhappy. The truth was, she was for a long time utterly benumbed by pain; a total collapse of mind and body had ensued on her flight from her home. She had suffered too much for her age and strength. Sir Hugh's alarming illness, and her suspense and terror, had been followed by the shock of hearing from his own lips of his love and engagement to Margaret; and, before she could rally her forces to bear this new blow, her baby had been born.

Fay used to wonder sometimes at her own languid indifference. "Am I really able to live without Hugh?" she would say to herself. "I thought it must have killed me long ago, knowing that he does not love me; but somehow, I do not feel able to think of it all; and when I go to bed I fall asleep."

Fay was mercifully unconscious of her own heart-break, though the look in her eyes often made Mrs. Duncan weep. When she grew a little stronger her old restlessness returned, and she went beyond the garden and the orchard. She never wandered about the village, people seemed to stare at her so; but her favorite haunt was the falls. There was a steep little path by a wicket gate that led to a covered rustic bench, where Fay could see the falls above her shooting down like a silver streak from under the single graceful arch of the roadway; not falling sheer down, but broken by many a ledge and boulder of black rock, where in summer time the spray beat on the long delicate fronds of ferns.

Fay remembered how she used to stroll through the underwood and gather the slender blue and white harebells that came peeping out of the green moss, or hunted for the waxy blossoms of the bell-heather; how lovely the place had looked then, with the rowans or witches, as they called them—the mountain ash of the south, drooping over the water, laden heavily with clusters of coral-like berries, sometimes tinging the snowy foam with a faint rose tint, and fringed in the background with larch and silver birch; the whole mass of luxuriant foliage nearly shutting out the little strip of sky which gleamed pearly-blue through a delicate network of leaves.

It was an enchanting spot in summer or autumn, but even in winter Fay loved it; its solitude and peacefulness fascinated her. But one day she found its solitude invaded. She had been some months at the Manse, but she had not once spoken to the young minister during his brief visits. She had kept to her room with a nervous shrinking rom strangers; but she had watched him sometimes between the services, pacing up and down the garden as though he were thinking deeply.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a plain, strong-featured face as rugged as his own mountains; but his keen grey eyes could look soft enough at times, as pretty Lilian Graham knew well; for the wilful little beauty had been unable to say no to him as she did to her other lovers. It was not easy to bid Fergus Duncan go about his business when he had made up his mind to bide, and as the young minister had decidedly made up his mind that Lilian Graham should be his promised wife, he got his way in that; and Lilian grew so proud and fond of him that she never found out how completely he ruled her, and how seldom she had her own will

Fay heard with some dismay that Mr. Fergus was coming to live at the Manse after Christmas; she would have to see him at meals, and in the evening, and would have no excuse for retiring into her room. Now, if any visitor came to the Manse, Lilian Graham, or one of her sisters—for there were seven strapping lasses at the farm, and not one of them wed yet, as Mrs. Duncan would say—Fay would take refuge in the kitchen, or sit in the minister's room—anything to avoid the curious eyes and questioning that would have awaited her in the parlor; but now if Mr. Fergus lived there, Lilian Graham would always be there too.

Mr. Fergus was rather curious about Aunt Jeanie's mysterious guest. He had caught sight of Mrs. St. Clair once or twice at the window, and had been much struck with her appearance of youth; and his remark, after first seeing her in the little kirk, had been, "Why, Aunt Jeanie, Mrs. St. Clair looks quite a child; how could any one calling himself a man ill-use a little creature like that;" for Mrs. Duncan had carefully infused into her nephew's ear a little fabled account of Fay's escape from her husband, to which he listened with Scotch caution and a good deal of incredulity. "Depend upon it, there are faults on both sides," he returned obstinately. "We do not deal in villains now-a-days. You are so soft, Aunt Jeanie; you always believe what people tell you. I should like to have a talk with Mrs. St. Clair; indeed, I think it my duty as a minister to remonstrate with a young wife when she has left her husband."

"Oh, you will frighten the bit lassie, Fergus, if you speak and look so stern," replied his aunt in an alarmed voice. "You see you are only a lad yourself, and maybe Lilian wouldn't care to have you so ready with your havers with a pretty young thing like Mrs. St. Clair. Better leave her to Jean and me." But she might as well have spoken to the wind, for the young minister had made up his mind that it was his duty to shepherd this stray lamb.

He had already spoken out his mind to Lilian; the poor little girl had been much overpowered by the sight of Fay in the kirk. Fay's beauty had made a deep impression on her; and the knowledge that her betrothed would be in daily contact with this dainty piece of loveliness was decidedly unpalatable to her feelings.

Lilian was quite aware of her own charms; her dimples and sweet youthful bloom had already brought many a lover to her feet; but she was a sensible little creature in spite of her vanity, and she knew that she could not compare with Mrs. St. Clair any more than painted delf could compare with procelain.

So first she pouted and gave herself airs when her lover came to the farm, and then, when he coaxed her, she burst into a flood of honest tears, and bewailed herself because Fergus was to live up at the Manse, when no one knew who Mrs. St. Clair might be, for all she had a face like a picture.

"Oh, oh, I see now," returned Fergus, with just the gleam of a smile lighting up his rugged face; "it is just a piece of jealousy, Lilian, because Mrs. St. Clair—to whom I have never spoken, mind you—happens to be a prettier girl than yourself," —which was wicked and impolitic of Fergus.

"But you will be speaking to her, and at every meal-time too, and all the evenings when Mrs. Duncan is up in the minister's room; and it is not what I call fair, Fergus, with me down at the farm, and you always up in arms if I venture to give more than a good-day to the lads."

"Well, you see you belong to me, Lilian, and I am a careful man and look after my belongings. Mrs. St. Clair is one of my flock now, and I must take her in hand. Whisht, lassie," as Lilian averted her face and would not look at him, "have you such a mean opinion of me that you think I am not to be trusted to look at any woman but yourself, and I a minister with a cure of souls; that is a poor lookout for our wedded life." And here Fergus whispered something that brought the dimples into play again; and after a little more judicious coaxing, Lilian was made to understand that ministers were not just like other men, and must be suffered to go their "ain gait."

And the upshot of this conversation was that Fay found herself confronted at the wooden gate one day by a tall, broad-shouldered young man, whom she knew was the young minister. Of course he was going to see the falls, and she was about to pass him with a slight bow, when he stopped her and offered her his hand. "I think we know each other, Mrs. St. Clair, without any introduction. I am Fergus Duncan, and I have long wanted to be acquainted with Aunt Jeanie's guest;" and then he held open the gate and escorted her back to the Manse.

Fay could not find fault with the young man's bluntness; she had no right to hold herself aloof from Mrs. Duncan's nephew. He must know how she had avoided him all these months, but he seemed too good-humored to resent it. He talked to her very pleasantly about the weather and the falls and his uncle's health and Fay answered him with her usual gentleness.

They parted in the porch mutually pleased with each other; but the young man drew a long breath when he found himself alone.

"Ech, sirs! as Jean says, but this is the bonniest lass I have ever set eyes on. Poor little Lilian! no wonder she felt herself a bit upset. Come, I must get to the bottom of this; Aunt Jeanie is too soft for anything. Why, the sables she wore were worth a furtune; and when she took off her gloves her diamond and emerald rings fairly blinded one."

Fergus arrived at the Manse with all his traps about a fortnight after this; and when the first few days were over, Fay discovered that she had no reason to dislike Mr. Fergus' company.

He was always kind and good-natured, and took a great deal of notice of the baby. Indeed, he never seemed more content than when baby Hugh was on his knee, pulling his coarse reddish hair, and gurgling gleefully over this new game. Fay began to like him very much when she had seen him with her boy; and after that he found little trouble in drawing her into conversation.

His first victory was inducing her to make friends with Lilian. Fay, who shrank painfully from strangers, acceded very nervously to this request. But when Lilian came her shy, pretty manners won Fay's heart, and the two became very fond of each other.

Fergus used to have long puzzled talks with Aunt Jeanie about her protege. "What is to be done about Mrs. St. Clair when Lilian and I are married?" he would ask; "the Manse cannot hold us all."

"Eh, lad, that's what Jean and me often say; but then the summer is not here yet, and maybe we can find a cottage in Rowan-Glen, and there is Mrs. Dacre over at Corrie that would house them for a bit. Mrs. St. Clair was speaking to me about it yesterday. 'Where do they mean to live when they are married?' she says quite sensible-like. 'Is there anywhere else I can go to make room for them?' And then she cried, poor bairn, and said she would like to stay in Rowen-Glen."

"Mrs. St. Clair," observed Fergus one day, looking up from his writing, "don't you think people will be talking if you stay away from your husband any longer?" for he had once before said a word to her on the subject, only Fay had been hysterical and had begged him not to go on.

"Oh," she said, turning very pale, and dropping her work, "why will you speak to me of my husband, Mr. Fergus?"

"Because I think you ought to go back to him," he replied, in a quiet business-like tone; "it is a wife's duty to forgive—and how do you know that your husband has not bitterly repented driving you away from him. Would you harden your heart against a repentant man?"

"My husband does not want me," she returned, and a spasm crossed her face. "Should I have left him if he wanted to keep me? 'One of us must go,' that is what he said."

"Are you sure you understood him? asked Fergus; but he felt at the moment as though it would relieve his feelings to knock that fellow down; "a man can say a thing when he is angry which he would be sorry to mean in his cooler moments."

"I saw it written," was the low answer; then, with an effort to silence him, "Mr. Fergus, you do not know my husband; —you cannot judge between us. I was right to leave him; I could not do otherwise."

"Was his name St. Clair?" he asked somewhat abruptly; and as Fay reddened under his scrutinizing glance, he continued rather sternly, "please do not say 'yes' if it be untrue; you do not look as though you could deceive any one."

"My husband's name is St. Clair," replied Fay, with as much displeasure as she could assume. "I am not obliged to tell you or any one else that it is only his second name. I have reasons why I wish to keep the other to myself."

"Thank you, Mrs. St. Clair," answered Fergus, moved to admiration by this frankness and show of spirit; "believe me, it is through no feeling of idle curiosity I put this question, but because I want to help you."

"Yes, I know you are very good," replied Fay, more gently.

"If you would only trust us, and give us your confidence," he continued earnestly. "Aunt Jeanie is not a woman of the world, but she has plenty of common sense; and forgive me if I say you are very young and may need guidance. You cannot hide from us that you are very unhappy, and that the husband you have left is still dear to you ——" But Fay could hear no more; she rose with a low sob and left the room, and Fergus' little homily on wifely forbearance was not finished.

It was so each time that he reopened the subject. Fay would listen up to a certain point, and seem touched by the young minister's kindness and sympathy, but he could not induce her to open her heart to him. She was unhappy—yes, she allowed that; she had no wish to leave her husband, but circumstances had been too strong for her, and nothing would induce her to admit that she had done wrong.

"Who would have thought that little creature had so much tenacity and will," Fergus said to himself, with a sort of vexed admiration, after one of these conversations; "why, Lilian is a big woman compared to Mrs. St. Clair, and yet my lassie has not a tithe of her spirit. Well, I'll bide my time; but it will not be my fault if I fail to have a grip of her yet."

But the spring sunshine touched the rugged tops of Bemuich-dhu and Ben-na-hourd before Fergus got his "grip."

He was taking his porridge one morning, with an English paper lying beside his plate, when he suddenly started, and seemed all at once very much absorbed in what he was reading. A few minutes afterwards, when Fay was stooping over her boy, who lay on the carpet beside her, sprawling in the sunshine, he raised his eyes, and looked at her keenly from under his bent brows; but he said nothing, and shortly afterwards went off to his study; and when he was alone, he spread out the paper before him, and again studied it intently.

A paragraph in the second column had attracted his attention—

"A reward of two hundred pounds is offered to any person who can give such information of Lady Redmond and her child as may lead to them being restored to their friends. All communications to be forwarded to Messrs. Green and Richardson, Lincoln's Inn."

And just above—

"Fay, your husband entreats you to return to your home, or at least relieve his anxiety with respect to you and the child. Only come back, and all will be well.

HUGH."

"And Hugh is the baby's name. Aye, my lady, I think I have the grip of you at last," muttered Fergus, as he drew the ink-stand nearer to him.

The next morning Messrs. Green and Richardson received a letter marked "private," in which the writer begged to be furnished without delay with full particulars of the appearance of the missing Lady Redmond, and her age and the age of the child; and the letter was signed. "Fergus Duncan, the Manse, Rowan-Glen."

CHAPTER XLI.

UNDER THE ROWANS.

My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.
Tennyson's "Princess."

Fergus was not kept long in suspense; his letter was answered by return of post. Messrs. Green & Richardson had been evidently struck with the concise, business-like note they had received, and they took great pains in furnishing him with full particulars, and begged that, if he had any special intelligence to impart, he would write direct to their client, Sir Hugh Redmond, Redmond Hall, Singleton.

After studying this letter with most careful attention, Fergus came to the conclusion that it would be as well to write to Sir Hugh Redmond. He was very careful to post this letter himself, and, though he confided in no one, thinking a secret is seldom safe with a woman, he could not hide from Lilian and Aunt Jeanie that he was "a bit fashed" about something.

"For it is not like our Fergus," observed the old lady tenderly, "to be stalking about the rooms and passages like a sair-hearted ghost."

Sir Hugh was sitting over his solitary breakfast, with Pierre beside him, when, in listlessly turning over his pile of letters, the Scotch postmark on one arrested his attention, and he opened it with some eagerness. It was headed, "The Manse, Rowan-Glen," and was evidently written by a stranger; yes, he had never heard the name Fergus Duncan.

"Dear Sir," it commenced, "two or three days ago I saw your advertisement in the *Standard*, and wrote at once to your solicitors, Messrs. Green & Richardson, begging them to furnish me with the necessary particulars for identifying the person of Lady Redmond. The answer I received from them yesterday has decided me to act on their advice, and correspond personally with yourself. My aunt, Mrs. Duncan, has had a young married lady and her child staying with her all the winter. She calls herself Mrs. St. Clair, though I may as well tell you that she has owned to me that this is only her husband's second name"—here Hugh started, and a sudden flush crossed his face.

"She arrived quite unexpectedly last September. She had been at the Manse as a child, with her father, Colonel Mordaunt;" here Hugh dropped the letter and hid his face in his hands. "My God, I have not deserved this goodness," rose to his lips; and then he hastily finished the sentence, "and she begged my aunt to shelter her and the child, as she had been obliged to leave her husband; and as she appeared very ill and unhappy, my aunt could not do otherwise.

"The particulars I have gleaned from Messrs. Green & Richardson's letter have certainly led me to the conclusion that Mrs. St. Clair is really Lady Redmond. Mrs. St. Clair is certainly not nineteen, and her baby is eleven months old; she is very small in person—indeed, in stature almost a child; and every item in the lawyers' letter is fully corroborated.

"We have not been able to gain any information from Mrs. St. Clair herself; she declines to explain why she has left her home, and only appears agitated when questions are put to her. Her fixed idea seems to be that her husband does not want her. Her health has suffered much from ceaseless fretting, but she is better now, and the child thrives in our mountain air.

"As the sight of your handwriting would only excite Mrs. St. Clair's suspicions, it would be as well to put your answer under cover, or telegraph your reply. I need not tell you that you will be welcome at the Manse, if you should think it well to come to Rowan-Glen.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully, FERGUS DUNCAN."

A few hours later a telegram reached the Manse.

"I am on my way: shall be at the Manse to-morrow afternoon. No doubt of identity; unmarried name Mordaunt.—H. REDMOND."

"Aunt Jeanie must be taken into counsel now," was Fergus' first thought as he read the telegram; his second was, "better sleep on it first; women are dreadful hands at keeping a secret. She would be fondling her with tears in her dear old eyes all the evening, and Mrs. St. Clair is none so innocent, in spite of Jean and Lilian calling her a woman-angel. Ay, but she is a bonnie lassie though, and brave-hearted as well," and the young minister's eyes grew misty as he shut himself up in the study to keep himself safe from the temptation of telling Aunt Jeanie.

He had a sore wrestle for it though; but he prided himself on his wisdom; when, after breakfast the next morning, he led the old lady into the study, and, after bidding her prepare for a shock, informed her that Mrs. St. Clair's husband, Sir Hugh Redmond, would be down that very afternoon.

He might well call Aunt Jeanie soft, to see her white curls shake tremulously, and the tears running down her faded cheeks.

"Eh, my lad—eh, Fergus," she sobbed, "Mrs. St. Clair's husband—the father of her bairn. Oh, whatever will Jean say? she will be running away and hiding them both—she cannot bide the thought of that man."

"Aunt Jeanie," broke in Fergus in his most masterly voice, "I hope you will not be so foolish as to tell Jean; remember I have trusted this to you because I know you are wise and sensible, and will help me. We have made ourselves responsible for this poor child, and shall have to account to Sir Hugh if we let her give us the slip. I have said all along that no doubt there were faults on both sides, only you women will take each other's parts. Now, I am off to the farm to see Lilian. Just tell Jean that I am expecting a friend, and that she had better choose a fine plump pair of chicks for supper; she will be for guessing it is Lothian or Dan Ambleby, or one of the old lot, and she will be so busy with her scones and pasties that one will hardly venture to cross the kitchen." And then, begging her to be careful that Mrs. St. Clair might not guess anything from her manner, Fergus strode off to the farm to share his triumph and perplexities with Lilian.

It was well for Aunt Jeanie that Fay was extremely busy that day, finishing a frock for her baby; so she sat in her own room all the morning at the window overlooking the orchard, and baby Hugh, as usual, crawled at her feet.

He was a beautiful boy now, with the fresh, fair complexion of the Redmonds, with rough golden curls running over his head, and large, solemn grey eyes. Fay had taught him to say "dada," and would cover him with passionate kisses when the baby lips fashioned the words. "Yes, my little boy shall go home to his father some day, when he can run about and speak quite plain," she would tell him; and at the thought of that day, when she should give him up to Hugh, she would bury her face in the fat creasy neck, and wet it with her tears. How would she ever live without her child?" she thought; but she knew, for all that that she would give him up.

When Fergus returned to luncheon, he found Aunt Jeanie had worked herself almost into a fever—her pretty old face was flushed and tremulous, her eyes were dim when Fay came into the room carrying her boy.

"He is far too heavy for you, Mrs. St. Clair," exclaimed Fergus, hastening to relieve her. "I know mother's arms are generally strong, but still this big fellow is no light weight. What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon? Aunt Jeanie always takes a nap in Uncle Donald's room, but I suppose you have not come to the age of napping."

"No," returned Fay with a smile; "but Jean has finished her preparation for the strange gentleman, and she wants to take baby down to Logill; Mrs. Mackay has promised her some eggs. It will do the boy good, will it not, Mrs. Duncan?" turning to the old lady; "and as I have been working all the morning, and it is such a lovely afternoon, I think I will go down to the falls."

"That is an excellent idea," returned Fergus with alacrity before his aunt could answer. He had to put down the carver to rub his hands, he was so pleased with the way things were turning out—Mrs. St. Clair safely at the falls, where they knew exactly where to find her; Jean, with the boy and her basket of eggs comfortably occupied all the afternoon, and Aunt Jeanie obliged to stay with Uncle Donald. Why, he would have the coast clear and no mistake. Sir Hugh would have no difficulty in making his explanations with the Manse parlor empty of its womankind.

He had received a second telegram, and knew that the expected visitor might be looked for in an hour's time; but it was long before that that he saw Jean with the boy on one arm, and the basket on she other, strike out bravely down the Innery road, from which a cross lane led in the direction of the village where the accommodating Mrs. Mackay lived.

A few minutes later Mrs. St. Clair passed the parlor window. It was a lovely May day, and she wore a dainty spring dress—a creamy silk fabric—and a little brown velvet hat, which particularly suited her. As she saw Fergus, she looked up and smiled, and then called Nero to order as he scampered amongst the flower beds.

"Ay, my lady, I have my grip of you now," he observed, with a gleam in his eyes, as he turned away.

About twenty minutes later he heard the click of the gate, and saw a tall, fair-bearded man, in a tweed travelling suit, walking up the steep little path, and casting anxious glances at the windows. Mrs. Duncan saw him too.

(To be continued.)

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Faure, the baritone, is going to Vienna to sing in opera and concerts.

Anton Rubinstein has endeavored to fuse the operatic and oratorio styles in a new work entitled "Moses."

Cowen, the composer, has taken the place of Sir Arthur Sullivan as conductor of the London Philharmonic concerts.

A posthumous opera of Flotow's, entitled "The Musician," has been applied, with fair success, to the patient people of Hanover.

Rev. Dr. Warren claims that if there were no women on the stage no men would go to the theatre. How does he account for the time-honored popularity of minstrel shows?

Mme. Patti sends word to her American friends that she loves them all and longs to return to them—"they are so enthusiastic." This is the first authoritative announcement that Patti contemplated another farewell tour in this country.

In order to try the extent to which a tragic actress is moved by the whirl of stage passion, Sarah Bernhardt's pulse was once tested at the wings immediately after a scene of great intensity. It ticked as regularly and normally as an eight-day clock.

Wilson Barrett proposes to revive the Princess successes from "Lights of London" and "Romany Rye" onward. In the same way Grace Hawthorne talks of reviving all of Boucicault's dramas on a scale of magnificence not yet attempted here. It is reported that Boucicault himself will appear in well known characters.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, the comedian, is about to take a long rest from the stage, and will travel in Europe and otherwise court leisure for a year at the close of this season. During fifteen years of continued work the actor has accumulated a large fortune, one of the largest among men of his profession, and now he will rest awhile, content with both fame and fortune.

Patti is going on a South American tour in the spring. She says the birth of children has spoiled Gerster's voice, as it will any woman's. Patti has no children. "Mme. Nilsson's voice is as good as ever," added Patti, "only she prefers not to sing. Then I hear that Mlle. Arnoldson, who is young and pretty, has a remarkably sweet voice; but what is this I hear about her engagement to Robert Strakosch? Is it true?" "I think not," the correspondent replied; "I heard M. Strakosch himself deny it to-day."

Little Josef Hofmann a few months ago was asked by an English lady of high degree to spend a week at her country seat. He was too well bred and too knowing to decline the invitation. To his father, however, he whispered: "I don't want to go, and I won't go!" "Why not?" asked his father, not a little dismayed. "Why? Because there are too many ladies in those English places. And they cut off my hair and they ask me to write in their albums all day long, and—they kiss me and hug me from morning till night—and I don't like it, there!" Just you wait ten years, little Master Josef, and then——.

A Steamboat Race on the Pacific.

From a gentleman who arrived here yesterday we lean the particulars of a great steamboat race which took place on Monday between the sidewheel steamer Yosemite, late pride of the Sacramento River, and the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's new steamer Premier. Ever since the latter arrived from San Francisco there has been a great rivalry between the captains of the two boats as to which is the faster. About a week ago they had a little brush for about ten miles, when it was claimed that the Yosemite gained on the propeller, and a great deal of talk was made about it at Victoria and elsewhere. Last Monday the Yosemite came down out of the Fraser River into the Gulf, and rounded the buoy about half a mile ahead of the Premier. Both boats were on the alert, expecting to meet at that point and it is needless to say were all ready for a big race. As soon as the Premier sighted the sidewheeler she gave chase and for a time it seemed as though she would be unable to overtake her rival, but as steam came up to the full amount allowed by law and her screw began to turn over at the rate of 124 revolutions per minute she commenced to come up on the Yosemite and passed her. As she came along the sidewheeler was making 24 turns per minute and fairly flying through the water. The new boat proved too long-winded for her rival, and in the fourteen-mile race across the gulf led the sidewheeler fully two miles. It is stated that the Premier developed a speed of over sixteen miles per hour during the race. Considerable money changed hands on the result.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer of Dec. 7th.*

Christmas Among the Esquimaux.

For the benefit of such of our readers as have never spent a winter in Labrador, Alaska or other countries of the far North, we will relate some interesting facts illustrative of their manner of keeping Christmas.

The winter residences of the Esquimaux are made of blocks of solid snow with thin sheets of ice for windows. Thus the glazier in that country carries his materials for patching up windows in an ice waggon.

Esquimaux children hang up their seal-skin socks on Christmas Eve. They, like our own little folks, appreciate a pair of skates or a sled, but in place of candy they long for blubber. When a young Esquimau wakes up in the morning and finds his stocking full of blubber he is happy. If he doesn't—well, he blubbers all the same.

Their Christmas dinner is a rare feast for them. It consists of a chunk of raw whale with a sauce of rose-colored hair-oil, washed down with a flagon of seal's blood. Tallow candles with dip are served as dessert.

Rev. Daniel P. Pike, whose death has lately been announced at Newburyport, Mass., is credited with preaching 5,000 sermons, marrying more than 2,000 persons, conducting more than 2,000 funerals, and baptising (by immersion) nearly 1,100 converts.

According to Sir John Lubbock, the negroes knew nothing of the art of kissing until it was taught them by Caucasians.

Go Slow.

I planted trees at twenty,
And gave them time to grow
And now good fruit in plenty
I pluck from every row.
Enough for you, boys,
Enough for me, boys,
There'll always be, boys,
If we let it have time to grow.
There's neighbor Hale, the rich man's son,
He could not wait till fall;
He ate his apples green poor chap,
And now has none at all.
Ha, ha, my boys, ho, ho!
I tell you what I know;
'Tis fortune's waste when fools make haste;
You'd better go it slow.
I got my wealth by saving;
I always worked my way;
And I never cared a shaving
For "luck" in trade or play.
I never drank, boys,
Nor lived too high, boys,
And that's just why, boys,
I'm a hearty old man to-day.
There's rapid Ned, who sowed wild oats,
(As most young fellows can)—
Now tramps a beggar on the street,
Where once he drove a span, a span.
Ha, ha, my boys, ho, ho!
I tell you what I know;
'Tis fortune's waste when fools make haste;
You'd better go it slow.

Let the World Talk.

Oh! the world will talk,
However you walk;
'Tis an Argus-eyed, sleepless thing;
It will misconstrue
Whatever you do,
And its words have a poisoned sting.

"But it has no right,"
You exclaim, "save might
Thus to slander and carp and jeer;
So I'll keep my walk
And not heed its talk
Though it shriek in my very ear."

Ah! my friend, though gall
Are the words that fall
From its lips, yet they oft are truth;
They're the sense combined
Of all human kind
And are worth the respect of youth.

The world has a right
To keep you in sight
And remark upon what you do,
For you are a part
Of its own great heart,
And its throbbing depends on you.

Let me tell you this,
Not the vipers hiss
Till they see there is danger rife;
So, if not quite sure
Your designs are pure
Let the world be your guide in life.

It will cry "Beware"
Ere you see the snare
That is set in your life's pathway;
All your friends it knows,
It will name your foes
And their merciless plots betray.

Yet if you are sure
Your designs are pure,
Of its snarls be unmindful quite,
For the time will come
When, ashamed and dumb,
It will fawn where it sought to bite.

—*Arthur Weir in Montreal Star.*

Around the Circle.

A novel sight witnessed near Mount Vernon, Me., last week was that of a man mowing on the ice. A portion of his farm is in swamp land, which is too wet to mow in summer, but by waiting until it freezes he is enabled to harvest a large crop of hay from it.

While using stove blacking on her kitchen range the other day Mrs. Margaret Twibell, of Montpelier, Ind., got a small quantity of the polish in a cut on her hand. Blood-poisoning ensued, the hand swelled to great size, and it is thought that it will be necessary to amputate it.

The French Academy, by its recent annual distribution of "prizes of merit," has proclaimed Jean Adolphe Delannoy, a Calais pilot, the most heroic of Frenchmen. He has risked his life twenty-one times in saving shipwrecked crews and is loaded with medals. He also wears the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The city of Lecompton, Kan., which thirty years ago was one of the most promising towns in the west, is to-day a striking example of a "busted boom." Town lots that sold readily for $1,000 each in 1864 cannot now be disposed of at $50, and the half a million dollar State House then under way is now a mass of ruins.

John Sheetz, of Reading, Pa., brought suit before the Aldermen to recover 10 cents from a man named Wentzel. The case grew out of a dispute about the value of an apple butter jar, which Sheetz declared to be worth 10 cents, while in Wentzel's opinion it was worth only eight. The Aldermen gave judgment in favor of Sheetz for 10 cents and heavy costs.

Chatter of the Children.

SLOWED OUT THE SUN.

I have a little boy, 3 years old, named Leonard. One day he was out at play and the sun became clouded. He came into the house and said to his grandmother:

"Well, gamny, I have come in."

"What have you come in for, Lenny?"

"Well," he says, "they have blowed the sun out, and I thought I would come in and go to bed."

ONE WAY TO GET MORE PUDDING.

After the mid-day meal was over little Ethel was observed with her head hung down and her hands clasped, motionless in her place.

"Why, Ethel," said her mother, "don't you know dinner's over now?"

"Don't talk, ma," said Ethel. "I'm a prayin' for more puddin'."

She got it.

Dog Sense Sized Up.

Robinson—"That's a fine dog you have, Dumley. Do you want to sell him?"

Dumley—"I'll sell him for $50."

Robinson—"Is he intelligent?"

Dumley (with emphasis)—"Intelligent? Why, that dog knows as much as I do."

Robinson—"You don't say so! Well, I'll give you 25 cents for him, Dumley."—*New York Sun.*

Rose Coghlan smokes a cigarette on the stage with ease and elegance. Langtry, it is said, has too big a fist to do the thing neatly, although she has to do it as *Lena Despond* in her new play, "As in a Looking-Glass," but Bernhardt, on the other hand, is said to be a mistress of the art of elegant smoking. She holds the cigarette lightly between her slender fingers, so a gossiper says, and takes long whiffs, looks at the lighted end, seems to smile at it, and then takes some more lazy whiffs. Modjeska is likewise said to be an adept in the manipulation of the dainty weed, and the story goes that when its fumes mingle with the aroma of tea the great actress is at her best and wittiest.

The further a man gets away from dollar the bigger it looks.

A GREAT DETECTIVE STORY.

Startling Revelations Regarding Montreal Detective Robberies.

HOW BIG BURGLARIES WERE PLANNED.

Mr. Frank Hayner, special Deputy Sheriff of New York, who has been on a visit to Toronto, was interviewed by a *Globe* reporter. Mr. Hayner has been engaged for the past fifteen weeks working up the robberies alleged to have been committed by Detectives Fahey and Naegele and Constable Bureau, of Montreal.

"When were you first sent for to Montreal and by whom?" asked the reporter.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Hayner, "if I don't answer that question. I will not divulge the name of the gentleman who brought me there, but he is one of the wealthiest of Montreal's citizens. I first went to Montreal on the 17th of August. The gentleman who brought me told me he believed Fahey and Naegele to be crooked. He backed me up, paid the most extravagant expenses and told me to hang on to them if possible. I was introduced to Fahey in his own office the day I arrived. He took me for a sporting man, and thought I was a right good fellow. I made the Richelieu Hotel, Montreal, my headquarters; but Boston was my base of operations, and I was seven or eight times between Boston and Montreal during the first eight weeks. While in Montreal Fahey and I were together always. I worked into Fahey's confidence and he eventually took me for a first-class crook. The first plan of robbery he ever proposed was to steal Sir Donald Smith's picture, "Les Communicants," by Jules Breton, which was purchased for $45,000. He said he would give me a water-inspector's uniform and get me into the house to locate the picture and plan the robbery, but I told him it would be too difficult and he abandoned the project. He next drove me out towards the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary after night. He showed me the residence of a wealthy widow who collected immense rents once a month and took the money home with her. He wished to arrange the robbery of the lady or of the house, and planned the cutting of the telephone wires, etc., in order that the police could not be communicated with quickly. It was a ludicrous scene the night we went to the widow's house in the darkness. About a dozen of big bulldogs came after us and we had to run for our lives. We didn't rob the widow. Three days afterwards he planned the robbery of the Grand Trunk paymaster. He then introduced me to Naegele and informed me that he had the watchman of the Grand Trunk station under his power. The plan was to knock the paymaster on the head, but I disagreed to that, as I felt that if a murder were committed I would get into a mess and be unable to clear myself. I therefore advised them to commence on a smaller scale. The next day he planned the vault robbery and I agreed to that. The watchman gave the key of the safe and we took an impression of it and had another key made. Thirty-one bags were taken from the safe, containing $1,210, but several thousand dollars which might have been taken were left. The money was divided and they were very anxious that I should leave the city, so I took the 9 30 train for Boston. From there I went to Chicago and communicated with the Grand Trunk authorities and Detective Flynn met me in Detroit and we returned to Montreal and then went again to Boston. Here Flynn dictated letters which I wrote to Fahey regarding the robbery and thus extracted from him a thorough confession of the crime. Then Fahey planned another and more extensive robbery and wrote to me to engage a first-class crook and secure burglar's tools with which to commit a series of burglaries which he would point out. Flynn and I then returned to Montreal, and according to my instructions a man was sent to me for further assistance in the case. He came under the name of Cray. He had a first-class kit of burglar's tools (but was no other than Chief Detective Maxwell, of Chicago), and looked every inch a first-class crook. I introduced him to Fahey, Naegele and Bureau. They took the bait, and Fahey took him around the city and pointed out the places he wished the crook to operate upon, and assured him every protection. Maxwell verified all the evidence of Fahey's guilt and his accomplices' guilt that I had gathered, and with the letters sent to me in Boston and opened and inspected by Detective Flynn a splendid case was made out."

An unsuccessful attempt was made on Friday night to rob the safe in the office of Wm. Connor's paint and color works, Troy, N.Y. The burglars attacked the safe in one corner of the office, and broke to pieces the dial over the lock by using a chisel and steel punches, but were unable to open the safe because of the breaking of their tools. They left a note for the proprietor saying, "Our tools are N.G."

The case of Wm. Showers, who has been on trial at Lebanon, Pa., for several days charged with having murdered his two grandchildren, was left at the mercy of the jury at 10 o'clock on Saturday night. Yesterday morning they brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. Showers will carry the case to the Superior Court. A dramatic scene occurred during the closing hour of the trial, when Stephen Showers, a son of the accused, took the stand, and testified in reference to the letters which his father had written him from prison asking him to swear falsely so as to clear the old man. The son said he could not take a false oath even to save his father's neck.

Four weeks ago a plumber named Thos. Sheridan, while in *delirium tremens*, jumped from the fourth story of a tenement house in New York and was killed. Daniel Sheridan, a brother of the dead man, went to the funeral in the same carriage with a pretty girl of 22 named Lillian Trinneer, who had been engaged to Thomas. On the return from the grave Daniel told his parents he was going to marry Lillian and that henceforth she would be a member of the family. On Saturday night Daniel went home drunk and made an insulting proposal to the girl. When he approached her she jumped out of the window and sustained injuries which may cause her death. Sheridan is in jail.

REMARKABLE CASE.

A Lady Sues a Dead Man for Breach of Promise of Marriage.

In the Appeal Court at London the other day was heard the suit of Finlay vs. Chirney and another. The action was brought by plaintiff, Mrs. Isabella Finlay, a widow, living at Hepscott, near Morpeth, against the executors of the late Alderman George Beaumont Chirney, of Morpeth, for an alleged breach of promise of marriage. The deceased, who was formerly an alderman and mayor of Morpeth, had carried on the business of a butcher in that town and had realized a considerable fortune. The plaintiff had had three children by her late husband, who died in 1880, and a fourth by the deceased, who had been an elder in the Presbyterian Church. In the beginning of 1881 the deceased purchased a small farm at Stob Hill, two or three miles from Morpeth, and engaged the plaintiff as superintendent and manageress of his dairy. According to the plaintiff's case, shortly afterwards he, being then about 60 years of age, and she 40, made her a promise of marriage, under which it was alleged he had seduced her. The deceased subsequently broke off the engagement, and he died in April, 1886. After his death the plaintiff brought the present action against the executors of the deceased. When the trial came on at Durham, before Mr. Justice Cave, his lordship nonsuited the plaintiff on the ground that there was not sufficient corroborative evidence of the promise of marriage. On an application for a new trial before Mr. Justice Field and Mr. Justice Wills, sitting as a divisional court, their lordships held that the learned judge had improperly nonsuited the plaintiff, and ordered a new trial. The matter now came before this court on appeal from their decision. Their lordships reserved judgment.

Christmas Gifts.

The secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe.
—*Dryden.*

Chinese toy books and Jap dolls flood the counters.

Objects in antique wrought-iron are much sought for holiday gifts.

Small clocks in fancy framings of metal are pretty and inexpensive holiday gifts.

Aqua marine, topaz or other colored jewels set in small diamonds are quite in favor for gift rings.

Moonstones and tiger's eyes are popular semi-precious stones or rings, scarf, shawl and lace pins.

Pieces of silver, white and frosted, enameled and decorated with niello work, make very choice Christmas gifts.

Flocks of geese and ducks, droves of pigs, teams of horses and mules and groups of goats compose some of the new metal bisque paper weights.

All kinds of furs will be acceptable as holiday presents, but sets of fox furs, black and silver, red, blue and gray, are the first favorites with young ladies.

Shoe-horns with fanciful heads are new and make very good Christmas gifts for those very difficult persons to satisfy, the men and women who "have everything." Some are of carved wood, some of silver, and some of metal.

It is said—but one can hardly believe it—that the most acceptable of all holiday presents to a lady from her husband or brother, or any friend who has a right to give it, is a long narrow strip of tinted paper on which is written: "Pay to the order of —— $— —c."

The favorite jewel ornaments for Christmas gifts are diamond or "rose diamond" paste brilliants in the form of suns stars, crescents, flowers, butterflies, flies and leaves or balls or other forms, mounted on hairpins, which can be utilized for other purposes as well as the coiffure.

Novelties for the Christmas tree consist of silver and gilt paper bonbonieres in the shape of helmets, bird cages, boats, ships, yachts, fishes, ducks and geese, inclosing tiny silken bags—red and blue, lilac and yellow—with narrow ribbon draw-strings to attach them to the tree, after closing the bag over the bon-bons within.

Patience Not a Virtue Just Then.

She (to George, who is taking her out for a ride and whose horse has balked)—Don't be annoyed, George; have patience and he will move on presently. He—Patience, my dear! Why, I am paying for this measly animal by the hour.—*N. Y. Sun*

Not In.

Visitor—You say your mistress is not in Fresh domestic—She was in the sitting-room a little while ago, but I can't find her now. I guess she saw you coming, put on her bonnet and skipped out the back way.

Paris journals state that on the 1st of January President Carnot will pardon all political prisoners.

The Masonic fair in New York was closed on Saturday night. It was the most successful ever given by the fraternity. The proceeds will amount to over $60,000.

A young man who was arrested at Springfield, Ill., Friday, and gave the name of Wm. Clark is without doubt John H. Webber, the embezzling messenger of the Northern Pacific Express Company. Webber stole $33,000, and spent it in fast living.

Diphtheria has been doing deadly work in Schoharie, N. Y., and vicinity recently, and there have been twenty-eight fatal cases. In one family there were four deaths. Most of the fatal cases were among young children, but three persons of ages from 16 to 20 years have fallen victims to the disease. It is now thought that the danger is past and that the disease is abating.

Robert Montgomery, formerly an actor and at present a clerk at the Mott iron works, New York, was arrested yesterday morning on suspicion of having murdered his wife in their apartments on 25th street. The body of the young woman was found in the yard at the rear of the dwelling half dressed. There was a pistol wound in the left breast, and as there was little blood to be seen it was evident that death had been almost instantaneous. Montgomery was asleep in his bed when the officers went to arrest him. He is 35 years old and the woman was 25. At the station house the prisoner said the dead woman was not married to him but had lived with him for a year. The young woman's name was Nellie Southwick. She came from Seneca Falls, N. Y., and worked as a dressmaker. Montgomery was discharged for lack of evidence.

ON THE WHEEL!

What 'Round-the-World Stevens and Champion Howell Say of the Sport.

The popularity of 'cycling is growing.

Thomas Stevens, who has just been around the globe on a wheel, says that the best roads in the world are found in British India. The Grand Trunk road is 1,600 miles, an unbroken highway of marvellous prefection, from Peshawur on the Afghan frontier to Calcutta. It is made of smooth, hard, natural concrete, beds of which lie along the line.

How such roads would be appreciated by the enthusiastic 'cyclers of this country!

The wonderful achievement of Mr. Stevens, in the face of myriad dangers, entitles him to all his honors.

The fast riding champion of the world, however, is Richard Howell, of Leicester, England. He is a splendidly made fellow, between 25 and 30 years of age, six feet high, and weighing, in training, about 160 pounds.

He commenced riding in 1879 and in 1881, at Belgravia grounds, Leicester, he won the one-mile championship of the world, beating all the best men of the day.

From that time his career has been one of almost unbroken successes. He came to the United States is 1884 and 1885, and at the great Springfield tournament in 1885 won seven out of eight races.

In the *'Cycling News* (Eng.), October 1st, 1887, is the following interview with him.

"What are your best performances?"

"This year I did a full mile on the track at Coventry in 2 minutes, 35 seconds. Good judges think, with everything in my favor, I could do 2 30 for the distance."

"What is your system of training?"

"I eat plain, good food, and plenty of it. I take a little walk before breakfast, and then, after that meal, if I am foggy, ride eight or nine miles on the track here, in thick flannels. After dinner I do some more 'slogging' work, and may be a walk and early to bed.

"But there is one idea of mine which I have found invaluable. If I have done too much work, or my system is out of order, or if I don't feel quite sound, I take what I have used since I was 'queer' in 1883. I have always found that Warner's safe cure sets me up and puts me to rights again, and it is a remedy which I believe in and tell all my friends about.

"In the winter-time especially, when you can easily understand I am not so careful of my health as in the spring, summer or autumn, I have found it invaluable.

"All I want, to beat the fastest bicyclist in the world, is plenty of practice, an occasional dose of my favorite, and my machine.

"When I am about right in weight I content myself with short, sharp bursts as hard as ever I can go on the track, and when I can cover 440 yards in thirty seconds with a flying start, I reckon to be moving as well as I want to."

Bicycling is glorious sport, but it has its physical ill effects which, however, can be easily overcome by the method used by Champion Howell.

Better Than a Hero.

"What a coward that Major Smith is," said Jones to Robinson, "why, the very sight of gun powder would make him ill. How did he ever manage to become an officer in the army?" "Don't say anything against Smith," answered Robinson, "he once saved my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impossible! What do you mean?" "I mean that I was in the first stages of consumption; I was losing strength and vitality every day with the terrible disease, when Smith advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical discovery. I had tried all kinds of medicines without success, and my physician had given me no hope, yet here I am, as well as ever a man was, and I owe my life to Smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended."

—The handsome editor of the Milwaukee *Journal* says: One of the most trying things to the patience of an observer is to see a pretty woman in love with an ugly dog.

A Young Girl's Grief

at seeing her charms of face and form departing, and her health imperilled by functional irregularities, at her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude after a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave a healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels and organs, and her return to robust health speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years

A lady in Saline county, Mo., came within sixteen votes of beating the most popular man in the county for the office of Register of Deeds.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Son and Hair.

Mrs. Youngmater—Do you know, Emily, I think baby has inherited his father's hair. Mr. Y. (prematurely bald)—I'm glad to hear somebody inherited it, my love, for I have often wondered what became of it.—*Texas Siftings.*

Don't hawk, and blow and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It is said that Lady Randolph Churchill is going to write an article for Oscar Wilde's magazine.

The Fire Bells

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the great, sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get "Putnam's."

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that organ, blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a Pimple, or Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00**, or Six Bottles for **$5.00**.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

for us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

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A CHOICE GIFT

For Pastor, Parent, Teacher, Child, or Friend, both elegance and usefulness will be found combined in a copy of **Webster's Unabridged.**

Besides many other valuable features, it contains

A Dictionary
of 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,
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locating and describing 25,000 Places,
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of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons,
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3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As the Editor of THE ADVANCE does all the editorial writing in connection with his paper, and does not leave such important work in the hands of the devil, after the manner of the Dundalk *Herald* and Creemore *'Tizer*, Master "Toby" of our first named cotem. is hereby informed that he can murder the English language to his heart's content. We won't molest him, neither will we hire our devil to do so. Wade right in, sonny.

The Meaford *Monitor* gently intimates that it was "sour grapes" that induced us to publish the printing expenses in connection with the Franchise Act and incurred just prior to the last Dominion elections. Wrong, friend Sunter. We opposed the Franchise Act from first to last, and neither sought or asked for any printing pap in connection therewith. Had it been offered we would have accepted it just as we would any other printing. But we would scorn to go begging for work which was the outgrowth of a measure we all along condemned as having a tendency to unnecessarily burden the people with taxes, for the sake of aidling briefless barristers and impecunious newspaper publishers and printers.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions to THE ADVANCE for another year.

Attention.

Attention all, both great and small,
To what I'm about to say
The summer is gone and winter is on,
And the builder wants his pay.

Those who are indebted to me by book account will please call and settle the same by cash or note on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, as I must have my book acct. settled up. Thanking my friends for past patronage, I would solicit a continuance of the same.
—JOHN WHITTEN.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

ARTEMESIA'S GRAND OLD MAN.

DR. CHRISTOE,

Reeve of Artemesia and ex-Warden of the County of Grey.

We have much pleasure this week in presenting our readers with a portrait of one of the most prominent municipal figureheads in the County of Grey, viz., Dr. Christoe, Reeve of Artemesia, and ex-Warden of the County. The cut was taken from a photograph of the Doctor when he was a somewhat younger man than he is now; nevertheless those to whom his features are familiar will at once perceive that the above is really an excellent picture. We obtained the photo rather surreptitiously, and hence this explanation.

Dr. Christoe was born in England in the year 1825, and, at the early age of 17 years, sailed across the Atlantic to Canada. He was self-educated—not having received any instructions from a teacher after 12 years of age, until entering a Medical College. He taught school in Cornwall, England, at 15 years of age. He also taught school in Canada for six or seven—his certificate having been endorsed by the father of the present Judge Armour and the celebrated Presbyterian minister, Rev. Wm. Ormiston, now of Brooklyn, N.Y. After this he was book-keeper for a firm several years. The firm failing—and not caring to teach in the Common Schools again—he went into the Medical profession, matriculating without aid of teacher. He graduated as M.D. in 1866, practiced for a short time in Clarke Township, then removed to Owen Sound, and finally located at Flesherton in the year 1867.

He entered the Municipal Council of Artemesia in 1874 as Ward Councillor; was elected Reeve the following year, and has been Reeve continuously ever since. He was elected nine times by acclamation, and had five contests, but always secured large majorities against his opponents. Elected Warden of Grey in 1881.

Under his Reeveship the Township came rapidly to the front and now stands foremost with any in the County. His policy—invariably carried out with that persistence, energy and determination for which he is everywhere noted—has been to keep down the taxation of the Township as well as the County. Fierce opposition he has had time and again—not merely on the hustings but elsewhere—but he has ever been equal to emergencies and, backed by the sturdy support of at least three-fourths of the electorate, he has been enabled to carry out his policy most successfully in the face of all opposition thereto. The celebrated R.R. bonus controversy was a notable example, and developed the well-known fighting abilities of the Dr. (intellectually speaking).

His extraordinary force of character and marvellous vital energy have long since stamped him as a man who occupies a position far above the ordinary level; while his untiring and successful efforts in behalf of the *best interests of the people of the whole Township* have obtained for him the warm esteem of four-fifths of the ratepayers, and the respect of his most violent opponents.

In the County Council, none stand higher, nor are there any who are more respected. He is now one of two of the oldest continuous members in it, and, as might be expected, he ranks among the best authority on Municipal government in it. Firmness characterizes him. Defending the right with all the energy of his nature, he is equally fearless in exposing and denouncing that which is wrong.

All the moral reforms find in him a staunch and unflinching advocate. He is a faithful, earnest and consistant member of the Methodist church, and one of the foremost Temperance workers in the Province. His speeches are characterized by an originality of ideas and an earnestness in the delivery thereof which never fail to command the close attention of his auditors. Frank and outspoken—sometimes blunt—as he is, he is a true friend, a generous though determined opponent, and honorable in his dealings with his fellow-mortals.

Although his hair is whitened by the frosts of sixty-two winters, and his life has been one of unceasing activity from early boyhood, the Doctor still possesses that wonderful vitality, energy, clearness of mental vision, sprightliness and vivacity, which have been prominent characteristics throughout his long and eventful career. May he long be spared to the people, who have for many years benefitted by his wisdom, his straightforwardness, and his uprightness of character as their Chief Magistrate.

BIG CLUB OFFER.—We will furnish that excellent religious paper, THE METHODIST OBSERVER, and this journal for 1888, both papers for only $1.50. The *Observer* is an 8-page 40-column, weekly paper and is cheap at one dollar a year. Each issue contains a 5 to 6 column summary of Methodist Church news, and a great variety of choice reading matter. Send your address to JAMES PUBLISHING HOUSE, Bowmanville, Ont. for a free sample copy, or call at this office and see one.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the People

Of Artemesia, Osprey, and Surrounding District.

The undersigned respectfully tenders his sincere and grateful thanks to the general public for the excellent patronage extended to him since opening out in the Boot & Shoe Business in Flesherton, and trusts he has merited their continued support.

At the same time, he wishes to state that he has a good stock of Mens Long Boots, Ladies Boots & Shoes, &c., of his own make, which will be sold at Cost Prices. Must clear out the stock—come and get bargains! Wishing one and all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy new year."

Flesherton, Dec. 21st, 1887. JOS. SMITH.

Executor's Notice

IN pursuance of sect. 1, Chap. 9, 46 Vic., notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of W. H. Colquett, deceased, late of the township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, and Province of Ontario, who died on or about the 20th day of May, 1886, are to sent by post prepaid or delivered to William S. Christoe, M.D., on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, a statement containing their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them and after the said, last mentioned date, the said W. S. Christoe, for the personal Estate and effects, rights and credits of the said W. H. Colquett—will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whom claims have not been received by the said W. S. Christoe

And further, all parties who are indebted to the said Estate of the said W. H. Colquett, deceased, are to pay as the same becomes due, to the said W. S. Christoe.

W. S. CHRISTOE,
for the Executors.

JAMES LOVE, SAMUEL COLQUETT, and MRS COLQUETT.

Dated, Flesherton, this 20th day of Dec., 1887.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Reroofing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

'The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?

Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 78	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 78
Barley	0 55	0 73
Oats	0 33	0 33
Peas	0 57	0 57
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 80	4 60
Hay, per ton	8 00	8 00
Hides	6 00	7 00
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 40	0 50
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 25
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct 6th, 1887.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

READY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-309

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards where ever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

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FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

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A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

THE FLESHERTON

FURNITURE

Wareroom's

Last Announcement for 1887.

WE WISH A

Happy New Year To All,

And in order to make it so in every home in Artemesia and Surrounding Townships, we have decided to make still further

REDUCTIONS

In all the Leading Lines of Furniture.

For the New Year Festivities we have a most

COMPLETE STOCK

To select from notwithstanding the great rush of the past weeks. We were so fortified with reserves of stock that our Showrooms are again full and must be cleared (in order to make room for Undertakers Goods which will shortly arrive) at a

Very Small Advance on Cost.

We are satisfied with the policy upon which we have commenced Business and shall continue to use the same Motto, viz.,

Small Profits and Quick Returns.

Our Stock is all new and being almost daily replaced.

To Close, Cash Buyers we would say call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as

It Will Pay You.

We manufacture and buy close for money and

Sell Quick on a very small Margin.

COME AND GET PRICES.

SAW LOGS

—AND—

LUMBER

of all kinds Wanted for which highest price will be paid.

J. E. MOORE'S

Furniture Warerooms, Durham St. Flesherton.

New Railways.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Notice is given in the Canada Gazette of application to parliament for an act to incorporate the Collingwood and Bay of Quinte Railway company, with power to construct a line of railway from the town of Collingwood, in the county of Simcoe, to some point in the bay of Quinte, in the county of Hastings, and for other purposes in connection therewith.

Mr. Charles Drinkwater gives notice that the Ontario and Quebec Railway company will apply to the Dominion Parliament, at the next session, for an act extending the time for the completion of its western extension; and also of its Don branch into the city of Toronto, authorized to be constructed by order in council, dated 25th January, 1887.

Notice is given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a charter to construct and operate a line of railway, commencing at or near Port Hope, county of Durham, thence through the counties of Ontario, York, Simcoe and Dufferin to a point at or near the town of Durham, county of Grey, with power to extend to Lake Huron, at or near Kincardine and Southampton, county of Bruce.—*Winnipeg Call.*

The above notices I find are not generally known by the people, even the people who should be very much interested in the matter. Therefore I beg to submit them through your columns to whom it may concern, and just here I would advance a few ideas, wise or otherwise. It is now an established fact that railways passing through any part of country raises the value of land and bring business, capital and markets right along the route. Although there may be extensive outlay and expense by the municipality through which it passes, by way of bonuses or otherwise, yet it has been demonstrated that the expenditure has been a good and paying investment in most cases. Now let us look at the notices that will most immediately concern us. Collingwood & Bay of Quinte railway with intimations of a possible extension from Collingwood westward. That will be into or through Grey. Just think where Artemesia is situated in such an event, and what might be ours if we took time by the forelock and bestirred ourselves to secure the best obtainable situation. But in regard to the new railway which most concerns us is the one commencing at Port Hope, through Ontario, York, Simcoe and Dufferin to or near Durham, county of Grey, with a possible extension west to Lake Huron. Now has not every intelligent thinking ratepayer of Artemesia recognized the urgent need of a railway stretching across the railways already running through the country. Such a one the Port Hope line would be. It would give us here in Grey easy and rapid access to the lakes on the west. But better still to the markets to the East of Toronto. Think of the competition in R. R. traffic and consequent reduction in freight rates, &c., and making easy connection with the railways it would cross. But one objection Artemesia should make to the route proposed to be chartered for is that instead of passing through Dufferin it be carried further north through South Grey, Good reasons can be assigned for this. Dufferin is too far south to open up a portion of country that needs it most, where forests, streams and products abound, and await developement. Dufferin is already well, supplied with R.R. facilities and conveniently near the markets to the south. Heavier grade and engineering difficulties would be met with to pass through Dufferin than through South Grey. Let South Grey be on the alert and if Port Hope shoots up a railroad in our direction, see to it that its rails run through South Grey, say from east to west. Why not? South Grey can challenge the continent along her Beaver and Saugeen rivers for water powers that cannot be excelled, and manufacturing, capital and industry, only await the snort of the iron horse to allow them to operate in full blast. With regard to the objection we hear from some selfish individuals, that a bonus would be required, we say, wait till you are asked for one and then think if past experience has not resulted in such being a good paying investment and should establish confidence in judiciously granting others.—F.T.C.

A PERSON Unable to sleep in bed, unable to work, unable to take ordinary exercise from the effects of Asthma until using Southern Asthma Cure. A sample package relieved, three packages permanently cured.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The holiday season is upon us and happy faces are seen everywhere, especially among the juveniles, where Santa Claus seems to have been most interested in trying to please, and in which he appears to have been most successful.

The nominations of our Township Fathers came off on Monday and a large number congregated to hear the old Council give an account of their stewardship, which was done to the satisfaction of nearly all present. There were four nominations for Reeve but two withdrew—leaving D. K. Preston and J. Douglas in the field. These aspirants are looked upon as first-class men and are both pledged not to canvas for votes, but will abide the decision on their merits.

The tea meeting in the Methodist church on Monday evening was as usual a grand success. The chair was occupied by Rev. W. Ferrier, and it is only necessary to say that the eating, speaking and music were first-class and everyone seemed well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

A Ball was also announced for Monday evening at the hotel and a few noted worthies did attend and bawl, and such a bawl But no need of anything more on this item.

Wood bees are all the rage here, each one making a bee gets all his winter's wood cut in one day, and the boys are always jolly over their work.

We are pleased to see our old friend Mr. J. Blakley, back to our village. Buf he seems to think he has had plenty of Nebraska, and there is no place like Maxwell after all.

WANTED.—Local & travelling salesmen to sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commisson. Permanent employment to the right men, no room for lazy ones, upright and honest are the ones we are looking for. Address with references, May Brothers, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

"I was troubled with an eruption on my face, which was a source of constant annoyance when I wished to appear in company. After using ten bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the humor entirely disappeared."—Mary M. Wood, 40 Adams st., Lowell, Mass.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

Grand Gift Sale

—FOR THE—

CHRISTMAS × HOLIDAY'S

—: AT THE MARKDALE :—

Book Store.

As I have been carrying a stock of goods the past year double the quantity necessary for the Trade of the Locality. I have determined to reduce same by offering the following liberal inducements:—

To all purchasers of BOOKS, TOYS, FANCY GOODS, or WALL PAPERS, amounting to 50 cents and upwards choice of a Book worth 15c. One dollar and upwards 25c. One dollar and fifty cents 35c. Two dollars and upwards 50c., and so on in proportion equal to a discount of nearly 25 per cent. off all purchases in the above Lines.

THIS IS A BONA FIDE OFFER,

and as my object in making it is to induce Sales, I invite the general public to come along in force and participate in the large Reductions. I will still allow twenty-five per cent. off straight to School Trustees and Sunday Schools requiring Books for prizes or Library's NOW IS YOUR TIME to replenish or purchase a New Library. Hundreds of Books to select from.

This Sale will continue from now till the 1st January, 1888.

A. DINSMORE,

PROPRIETOR.

Commercial Union

—Has nothing to do with the Big Sale of—

FURNITURE!

—AT—

J. W. BATES'.

It is Good Goods at Low Prices that tells and has told for the last seven years. This season I am in a position to give both old and new Customers Furniture of the Best Make and Latest Designs.

FROM TEN TO THIRTY PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Below I quote a few prices to show I mean business

Parlor Suites in Hair Cloth, Sofa, Ladies Platform Rocker, [illegible]nts Easy and 4 small Chairs for $38.00.

Bedroom Suites $8.50 to $80.00. A beauty for $14.00.

Bureaus $5.00; Cupboards $5.00; Lounges with springs $5.00; Spring Beds $1.25 to $4.50; Perforated Seat Chairs 75c.; Perforated Seat and Back Rockers $1.25; Wood Seat Bent Arm Rocker $1.35.

My Hollow Seat 4 Spindle for 40c., cannot be beaten.

Hand Sleighs 35 to 75c., and in fact anything you want in the Furniture line, price and terms to suit you.

AGENT FOR THE KARN ORGAN!

See them at my Warerooms.

Picture Framing Neat and Cheap.

J. W. BATES,

FURNITURE DEALER, UNDERTAKER &c., FLESHERTON.

A CHINESE FLOOD.

The Yellow River Overflows and Inundates Seven Thousand Square Miles—Terrible Loss of Life and Property and Great Suffering.

A San Francisco despatch says: The steamship City of Sydney arrived to-day from Hong Kong and Yokohama. Chinese papers give details of a disaster occasioned by the Yellow River overflowing its banks in the Province of Honan and describe it as one of the most appalling occurrences in loss of life and property recorded in recent times. The river broke its banks on the evening of September 28th, southwest of the city of Ching Chow, and not only completely inundated that city, but also ten other populous cities. The whole area is now a raging sea, ten to thirty feet deep, which was once a densely populated and rich plain. The former bed of the Yellow River is now dry, and the present lake was the bed of the river centuries ago.

The loss of life is incalculable and the statement is made by missionaries that millions of Chinese are homeless and starving. Thos. Paton, one of the American missionaries, writing from Honan Province, under date of October 28th, says: "The newly gathered crops, houses and trees are all swept away, involving a fearful loss of life. The country was covered with a fine winter braidy, which is gone and implies complete destruction of next year's crop. "Bread, bread," is the cry of thousands who are on the river bank. Benevolent people go in boats and throw bread among the masses here and there, but it is nothing compared with the requirement. The mass of people is still being increased by continual arrivals even more hungry than the last. There they sit stunned, hungry and dejected, without a rag to wear or a morsel of food. Huts are being erected for them. What it will be in two months I cannot conceive." The misery is increased owing to the bitter cold weather."

Yellow River has long been known as China's sorrow, and the present disaster has served to reassert its right to the terrible title. As yet details of the disaster are very meagre. It has occurred in a district where but few foreigners are, and the reports furnished by the officials and published in the Pekin *Gazette* convey a very inadequate account of the extent of the loss of life and property and the sufferings of the survivors. The Governor in Honan reports to the throne that "nearly all the people have been drowned in the district reached by the water, the survivors being those who escaped to the high ground or took refuge in the trees, where they remained till they were rescued." This gives but little impression as to what the extent of the disaster really is.

The Chinese *Times*, in the Province of Chihli, where disastrous inundations have also occurred, says there are 270 people homeless, representing those whose lives were destroyed, and adds that the misery in that Province is trifling as compared with that caused by Huango-Ho, or the Yellow River. The extent of ground swept over by the overwhelming flood given in English figures is over 7,000 square miles, and the land thus submerged formed a part of one of the richest and most densely populated plains in Northern China.

The necessity for liberal aid may therefore be imagined. Already considerable sums have been contributed towards the relief of the sufferers. The Emperor of China has given two millions of taels and the Chinese have started subscription lists in Shangai, to which foreigners have liberally contributed. Millions have been rendered houseless and entirely deprived of all chances of earning their livelihood, for their fields will either become permanent lakes or uninhabitable swamps. It is feared that the distress which will be felt during the coming winter will equal in intensity the famine of ten years ago, when charitable donations contributed from all parts of the world were utterly inadequate. It is stated that owing to the action taken by the Yellow River, it no longer flows towards the sea, but seems content in converting Eastern Honan and Northern Nganwhui into a lake. It may ultimately flow into the sea through the Kiangon, or it may even possibly join the Yangtse.

A PHYSICIAN'S FATAL BLUNDER.

He Introduces Diphtheria Germs in His Family—Three Deaths Result.

A Wellsville (O.) despatch says: Diphtheria is epidemic here. After a post-mortem examination on one of the victims, Dr. C. N. Kale took a portion of the diseased membrane of the throat to his home for microscopic investigation. His research was conducted with the utmost carelessness, even some of his children being allowed to view the germs. Two died on Monday, and yesterday the doctor himself succumbed to the disease, while five remaining children are at the point of death. To add to the misery of the situation, some time ago Kale became insanely jealous of his wife and drove her from his home. She sought refuge in Pittsburg, and is entirely ignorant of her loss.

Piano-Playing Led to the Murder.

An Enterprise, Fla., despatch says: At Titusville, Aug. 26th, C.R. Cook walked up to a man on the street and asked him if his name was G. R. Hoyt. On receiving an affirmative reply, Cook told him that Mrs. Hoyt kept him awake the night before by playing on the piano at her house until an unseasonable hour. He finished his complaint by telling Hoyt that he would kill him if the occurrence was repeated. Hoyt replied that the piano was the property of his wife's sister and that he could not control it. Cook flew into a rage, said he could not have any more piano-playing and shot Hoyt dead. He barely escaped lynching. A change of venue was obtained and he was tried here to-day and convicted, with a recommendation to mercy. A plea of alcoholism was his only defence. The people of Titusville are indignant that he should have been recommended to mercy.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed a Scotch elder, in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a *powerfu'* preacher; for, i' the short time he delivered the word amang us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the insides out o' five Bibles!"

The Ontario Legislature will be called together on Wednesday, January 25th.

A WIDOW AMONG THE FARMERS.

She Got Pledges to Save the Song Birds, and Made Promissory Notes of Them.

A Seneca Falls, N.Y., despatch says: Two weeks ago a little woman, about 35 years of age, arrived in Seneca Falls. She was in mourning. She had an unusually fair complexion, dark blue eyes and brown hair, and her face was attractive and expressive of modesty and refinement. She said she was Mrs. Ruth Armstrong, of New York, and was one of twelve agents whom the Society for the Prevention of Killing Song Birds in New York had sent out into the rural districts of this State for the purpose of getting pledges from influential people that they would do all in their power to suppress the slaying of the birds. She obtained several pledges from people in Seneca Falls, and on the next day drove over to the hamlet of East Varick, Seneca county, where she went to Elder Colton, a pillar in the church there, and the richest farmer in the town. She stated her errand to the elder, and was invited to his house to spend the night. The Colton family were delighted with her, and Elder Colton not only signed a pledge, which Mrs. Armstrong presented, but presented the lady with three $10 bills for the treasury of the society in New York. Deacon Skinner, of Lodi, was also visited and moved by the fair lady's words to sign a pledge for checking the slaughter of song birds. Hezekiah Bishop, Justice of the Peace in West Varick, and Daniel Simpson and Peter Henson, of Tyre, also gladly signed. Next day the pretty widow received a telegram from Albany, and with tears in her eyes she hastily packed her trunk at her boarding house in Seneca Falls. Her only brother was dying in Albany, she said, and she took the first train for that city. Several days later there were some pretty mad men in Seneca county. The pretty little widow's bird pledges all turned up as promissory notes. Albert Hall, a banker and merchant at Sheldrake, bought the notes to the amount of $940, which purported to have been given by Elder Colton and Hezekiah Bishop. Mr. Hall bought them of a middle-aged man, who pretended to have sold farm machinery in this region, and thus to have obtained the notes. They had been ingeniously constructed from the pledges to protect the birds. Similar notes, varying in amount from $1 50 to $300 each, have been sold by the man in other parts of the county during the past five days, and it is reckoned that the total amount of notes constructed from the song-bird pledges and sold in this region is $1,500 or $1,600.

To-day it has been learned that a woman exactly answering the description of Mrs. Armstrong, worked the song bird-pledge swindle in Genesee and Livingston counties several months ago. The result of the work at that time was over $2 700. An old gray-haired man negotiated the promissory notes then.

TWO REMARKABLE JUSTICES.

One Awards Himself Damages, the Other Believes a Witch Story.

A Vincennes (Ind) despatch says: At Murphreysboro', in Jackson county, Ill., William Bonner, a justice of the peace, brought a suit against his son-in-law, Samuel Derrington, for slander. Bonner and his regular constable served the papers and brought the case into his own court. At the trial Bonner heard all the evidence, and then called Constable Woolsey to the chair. The latter administered the oath, and the justice took the witness stand to testify in his own behalf before his own court. He then resumed his judicial chair and heard with patience the arguments of the attorneys on both sides. He finally summed up the evidence and rendered a decision against Derrington, his son-in-law, allowing himself damages in the sum of $5.000.

A Vincennes (Ind.) despatch says: A most remarkable case occurred in a justice's court in Mifflin township, which is attracting very general attention. Mrs. Seiler sued John Wahl for assault and battery, claiming that he knocked her down. The defendant set up as his defence that the woman was a witch, and by her machinations had caused sickness and death in his family. In order to keep her away from his premises he had, in the name of the Holy Trinity, hung a cross on the gate through which she was to enter, and the holy power thus exerted had knocked her down when she attempted to pass the gate. No other witnesses were examined, and the defendant was dismissed though the plaintiff was badly hurt.

Novel Contest.

Another hair-dressing competition took place last night in Paris, says a telegram of a recent date. Thirty young women with blonde tresses sat down in the hall of the Grand Orient, and for the space of about forty-five minutes the fingers and hands of the perruquiers were busy among their locks. The first prize of £20 and a cross for professors was awarded to a M. Nessi, while a pupil won a gold medal and £12 for turning out the best coiffure in the shortest space of time. After the competition "fantasias" in hair-dressing were executed, old styles being temporarily revived or new ones exhibited to the delighted gaze of a crowd of coiffeurs and their friends. The proceedings were terminated by a ball, in which the victorious barbers selected the prettiest of the damsels who had been operated upon, and danced away with them until the small hours of the morning.

Not as Strange as It Might Have Been.

The wife of one of X's friends, having lost her husband, wrote him a detailed account of the melancholy event.

"My poor Edward had three attacks; it was the last that carried him off."

"It would have been still more remarkable," thought X to himself "if it had been the first."

A New England parson announced to his congregation on a recent Sunday, "You will be sorry to hear that the little church at Jonesville is once more tossed upon the waves, a sheep without a shepherd."—*Christian Advocate.*

—A little child, eating her breakfast, asked her mother to remove the "bark" from her sausage. She hinted at a great canine truth very closely.

The Hotel Iturbide (once the palace of Emperor Iturbide) in the city of Mexico is to have an elevator and electric lights. The latter will be quite an advance from tallow candles.

AN HEIRESS STRANGELY DISAPPEARS.

After Twenty Years' Absence She Returns and Claims Her Estate.

A Sharon (Pa.) despatch says: Dr. Edgar and his wife were among the wealthiest people of the county twenty years ago and lavished great affection on an only daughter, about 18 years old Suddenly, to the astonishment of the fashionable circle in which she moved, the girl left the parental mansion, saying her father or mother would never see her again. True to her word, they did not. The parents succumbed to their great blow without ever permitting the community to know the nature of the family skeleton which caused the mysterious separation. Death soon removed from trouble the grief-stricken couple, and after months of advertising for the lost heiress the estate was put up at administrator's sale and converted into cash, which, in the absence of the daughter, supposedly dead, drifted into the hands of distant relatives. The latter were astonished recently by the reappearance, after twenty years' absence, of a portly, middle-aged woman, who, with legal assistance, established her identity as the doctor's daughter. Her identification was placed beyond doubt by a peculiarly crippled hand. Judge Blandin, of Cleveland, with several local attorneys, will to-morrow commence the trial of the plaintiff's case for the recovery of the estate.

A PECULIAR STORY.

An Old Soldier and His Three Wives.

A Detroit special to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: The Pension Department has unearthed the following singular story: A veteran in Pennsylvania applied for a pension as Daniel Tenney, of the 83rd Pennsylvania volunteers, company F. A woman in Stanton, Mich., applied at about the same time as the widow of the same soldier. An investigation was instituted, and resulted in showing that the woman was acting in perfect good faith and believed that she was a widow, and that, furthermore, she was a good and honest person. Her husband was a worthless man, who one day started out for a hunt and never came back. The neighbors at Stanton concluded that he had perished in the woods. When the snow went off the next spring they found the mangled body of a man, a black bear and a cap, lying in the woods near Farwell. It was supposed Tenney had been killed by the bear. It is now found that Tenney was not killed by the bear, but had gone to Pennsylvania, where he took up life with another woman, who was his first and lawful wife, of whose existence, it is presumed, the Michigan woman knew not. Finally the Pennsylvania wife went to Nebraska to get rid of him. Then he married another woman. Now the question arises, "Who killed that bear and the man who was found dead by the bear?" The man certainly had on Tenney's clothes. Suspicion looks toward Tenney, and the natural conclusion is that he may know more about the matter than any one else. Meanwhile no one has got the pension, and there are three women who think they have an undivided interest in the husbandship of Daniel Tenney. Mr. Tenney is in Pennsylvania and saying nothing.

THE GERMAN MILITARY BILL.

Germany's Preparations for War and Wish for Peace.

A Berlin cable says: According to the *Reichsanzeiger's* version of General Von Schellendorff's speech on the Military Bill yesterday, the Minister of War said that the object of the Bill could be perfectly summed up in the words of the Emperor on the opening of Parliament—that the Empire, by God's help, should become so strong that it could meet every danger with calmness, from whatever quarter it might be attacked. The Minister, continuing, said that danger threatened, not from the warlike disposition of the allied Powers, for the German people always leaned towards peace, but from attacks by other people. The Empire was strong and it had allies, but in war its might depended only upon its own strength. The Bill aimed to increase considerably the numerical strength of the army through the extension of the term of service in the Landstrum. The additional strength given would be of great value, and with the physical hardiness of the Germans no difficulty will be experienced in giving effect to the provisions of the Bill. The Germans, he felt sure, would not be sparing of their powers when the time came for beating off the enemy. After referring to the technical military arrangements required under the Bill, the speaker concluded by expressing the wish that the day when it would become necessary to put the measure to practical use was far off. Still, he said, everything must be ready, if an attack were made, for the German army to enter upon the war-path armed in the most perfect manner, so that their flags would again lead the German people to victory.

Among the Churches.

Dr. Hamilton's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland" has been issued in a cheap edition. In three days from its issue nearly 9,000 copies were sold.

Rev. Moffat Jackson, of Sligo, who died on the 17th ult., had a brilliant college career, and was among the earliest alumni of Queen's, Belfast, founded in 1849. Sligo was his only charge. He was a man of retiring disposition and of a cultured mind. His son, Rev. Wm. J. Jackson, is the successor of Dr. T. Y. Killen in the pastorate of Duncairn Church, Belfast.

A Martyr.

"My dear," said he, reflectively surveying the piece of meat he had been trying to mutilate, "I can see how it is possible for a man to die at the steak, and surely none more richly deserves the name of martyr."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Three petrified toads were found in a bucket in the cellar of the Cumberland Valley Railroad station at Chambersburg, Pa., recently. The bucket was placed in the cellar last summer, when the toads are supposed to have hopped into it.

Atlanta *Constitution:* The sober, industrious young man who killed his whole family, including himself, at Louisville the other day, because he was afraid of poverty, belonged to a class daily increasing in numbers.

A LITTLE WIDOW'S REAL GRIT.

Gaining Her End After Years of Toil and Privation.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch says: A determined little Washington County widow named Bufford, after a quarter of a century of admirable perseverance and sacrifice, has accomplished no ordinary feat.

At the breaking out of the war her husband, an overseer in Macon County, enlisted in a Georgia regiment and left his wife and eight small helpless children, with no funds, on a small estate, against which there was an indebtedness of $3,000. When her husband was killed, a year or two later, the eldest of her children was less than 12 years of age. She realized that the responsibility of their maintenance and education devolved upon her, and she did not shrink from it. Thrown entirely on her own resources she applied herself to the spindle and supported her family by spinning thread and weaving cloth. This she did successfully until "store bought" goods forced her to turn her energies in a more profitable direction. Uneducated and without capital there was no opening for her but the field. She rented a mule and some neglected land and began farming, actually doing the laborious work incident to farm cultivation. Her children could not aid her, and for several years the brave little woman ploughed her ground, sowed her seeds and reaped her harvests. She was exceedingly energetic and economical, and finally had saved sufficient money to purchase a home. Now she has a well paying estate, mules, cattle and other stock and a comfortable little fortune laid aside. Her children are grown up and command the respect of the community. A few days ago the successful "farmer" made overtures to secure the ancestral plantation, and to-day the prosperous little family returned to the home of a quarter of a century since.

Latest Scottish News.

The City Parochial Board of Glasgow has resolved, by a large majority, to send 93 Irish-born paupers back to their native country.

The existing Old Kirk at Montrose was built in 1791, but it stands on the ruins of one built early in the 13th century, of which the spire is intact, but built at a later date, about 1641.

Mr. Archibald, senior pastor of Udny church, where he was settled in 1843, is dead. When still a probationer he took part with Dr. Chalmers in the great service at Banchory House before the Disruption. He was buried on the 21st ult.

The late Miss Jane Jeffrey, Portobello, bequeathed £5,000 to the University for founding two bursaries or scholarships for young men attending the University of Edinburgh, and studying for the ministry in connection with the Church of Scotland.

The Commission of Assembly has deposed Rev. Mr. McRae, Cross parish, Lewis, who was found guilty at last Assembly of slander, falsehood, the use of profane language, and scandalously inefficient and irregular conduct of the services of the sanctuary.

On the night of the 1st inst. Alexander Robertson, better known as "Dundonnachie," began a lecture in the lesser of the National Halls, Glasgow, on "The Absurdities of our Land Laws." The proceedings were suddenly terminated by the announcement that a man named Laurence Rough, well known to many of those present, had dropped dead at the hall door.

An apprehension has been made by the Glasgow police in connection with the fraud which was committed the other day on the pig iron market. George Robertson, a young man employed in an iron merchant's office in Glasgow, was arrested charged with having forged the order on John F. Alexander, iron broker, to sell 15,000 Scotch iron warrants on behalf of James Watson & Co., iron merchants. The sale following upon the forged order depressed the market and resulted in a considerable loss.

As a minister of a country parish was going along the road, he met the blacksmith of the village getting home pretty much under the influence of liquor. "Ah, Tam," said the minister, "if, instead of drinking your sair-won siller that way, ye had ta'en a good drink o' milk, it would have done you more good, and saved you a bit of money." Tam drew himself up to his full height as well as his unsteady legs would admit, and, with a look of supreme contempt, said: "Milk! milk! (hic)—ye may drink milk till ye burst, but it will never gar ye think yersel' a king!"

How They Do It In Boston

The modern girl doesn't give herself away when she allows herself to be wooed and won. She compels her adoring swain to surrender himself. Per example, says the Boston *Transcript*.

He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply and took the lily white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.

"Katie," he murmured, "I have waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity. Will you, Katie, will you, darling, be mine?"

"Henry," she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, "it can never be."

"Never be! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?"

"I am sorry, Henry, but I can never be yours. I have other objects in view."

"Other objects?"

"Yes, Henry; I cannot consent to belong to any man. I intend that you shall be mine."

But Nero Was an Office-holder.

Nero was an emperor, and yet he fiddled for fun while Rome was burning. In these days you can't get a high toned fiddler to fiddle for less than $1,000 a night.—*Boston Courier.*

Bronson Alcott celebrated his 80th birthday on the 29th of last month. His gifted daughter, Louisa M., celebrated her birthday the same day.

—The girl with the highest hat is reckoned at the lowest figure.—*New Haven News.*

—A spruce young fellow is very often pop'lar with the ladies.

EUROPEAN TROOPS.

Praise for the Germans, Italians and Swiss, but England Has the Model Soldier.

Col. Clark, of the 7th Regiment, who has just returned from a three months' leave in England and the continent, had his eyes on things military while across the water, says the New York *Herald*.

Soldiers are met so frequently over there as to impress him with the magnitude of the burden their support must entail. The English soldier, he says, is a model in appearance. He is strong and athletic, very erect, with a most soldierly carriage. His uniform is clean, handsome and well-fitting, and when seen off duty, with a natty little cap perched jauntily on the side of his head, cane in hand and well gloved, "he is in appearance the most distinguished soldier in the world." Distinctive uniforms add greatly to the *esprit de corps* of the army, for every uniform has a history and a record that is to be maintained. While he deems the English volunteers a powerful adjunct for national defence, he thinks their organization and system in many respects inferior to our National Guard.

The armies of Holland and Belgium are small and insignificant, he thinks, compared with those of the great powers of Europe. The soldiers of these countries seem to have no pride in their military duties, are not very muscular or well set up, are clean but very slouchy, and their uniform, which greatly resembles the service uniform of this State, is in strong contrast with the handsome and close-fitting dress of the English troops.

Mr. Clark's reference to the French soldier is very timely, and in view of the present condition of affairs they are very interesting: "French soldiers are a disappointment, for they seem spiritless, dull and despondent. They move about listlessly, are slouchy in gait and appearance, are not always neat and clean, do not appear to be educated or specially intelligent; in short, are not at all the ideal soldiers of the period. Their drill, as observed in and about Paris, was careless and indifferent, and their discipline is inferior."

"The German soldier, as seen at Strasburg and in other parts of the empire, is the result of a most careful and thorough military organization for a long series of years and of a military system that has reached perfection. He is an educated man, physically and mentally, and a part of his education is acquired under military discipline. He is not so dashing in his appearance as the English soldier, but he shows in his figure the result of thorough training in athletic and gymnastic exercises, and there is an air and expression of intelligence and mental culture about the German soldier not seen in the army of any other nation. His uniform is scrupulously neat and clean; he is sober, quiet, respectful and obedient; he is faithful, loyal and patriotic. My observation of the German soldier leads me to think that in physical development, in military education in every detail, and in general education, which includes the knowledge of several languages, the German soldier has no superior or equal."

The Swiss establishment he considers something like our National Guard. The men "are plainly but comfortably uniformed, passably well drilled, of good physique, and are active, sprightly and patriotic."

"The Austrian army is large and imposing, but its material does not compare favorably with that of the English or German armies, physically or intellectually, except in some favorite or select battalions. The soldiers of Austria proper are superior in appearance, more elegant and cleanly in dress, and more soldierly in bearing than those from Bohemia, Hungary and other parts of the Austrian empire, but there is a servile manner about most of them which must be the result of the despotic character of the Government, rather than good military discipline. Some soldiers from the Austrian Provinces are so poorly and cheaply uniformed, so untidy in person, and so very slouchy and unsoldierly in carriage and bearing that 'a looker-on in Vienna' is obliged to doubt the military efficiency and success of an army composed in part of material of that character."

The Italians he likes better than the Austrians, and thinks they will compare "favorably with those of France and Austria, and, considering the brief existence of the Kingdom, resulting from Italian unity, deserve special notice. They are active and sprightly, well uniformed and equipped, and appear to be in a fair state of drill and discipline. In appearance and in spirit they well represent a country that is rapidly improving and developing under its present Government, but why it is necessary to burden this fair, sunny land, so very old, and yet so very young in modern civilization, with the support of so large an army only those wise in European statesmanship can explain."

His Objection to Dogs.

She—And you don't like big dogs, Mr De Garmo?

He—No, I can't say I have very much love for them.

She—But they have such large hearts.

He—It isn't their hearts I object to; it's their mouths.

Enough for the Money.

Deacon Jones (to country minister)—Some of the members of the congregation, Mr. Goodman, complain that you do not speak quite loud enough.

Country minister—I speak as loud as I can afford to, Deacon, at five hundred dollars a year.—*Epoch.*

A Gentle Hint.

He—What will you have, dear, candy or ice cream?

She—No, Edward, get me some pop-corn, please.

He—Do you like that stuff?

She—Yes; I like every thing that pops.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Tired Enough to Sit Down.

He had been out very late the night before, and it was 10 o'clock when he came down to breakfast.

Husband—What makes the coffee so weak?

Wife—Because it has been standing so long.

—From a sleepy industry the sleeping-car business has made lots of money.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Aunt Kate's Weekly Budget of Fashion and Other Gossip.

A Family of Blondes.

An enthusiastic young lady, writing from London, says:

The Queen's grandchildren are nearly all remarkably pretty blondes, and she can be proud of her sons and sons-in-law, splendid men, all of them. The daughters, Princesses Christian, Louise and Beatrice, and the Crown Princess of Germany, are all very large, fine women, and Beatrice has a charming face. The Princess of Wales is a snowflake, or a white lily leaf, and there is a combination of stateliness and gentleness in the poise of her dainty head and the contour of her flower-like face. She does not look over 20, and though very slender her form is beautifully rounded. Her complexion is as smooth and pale as white marble, eyes very large and of a violet color, hair softly curling and pale brown, golden when kissed by the sunbeams. She is a woman to be adored—a creature of saintly life, and with a beautiful face. The Prince of Wales is charming. He is very handsome, only a little too stout, and is so graceful. His wonderful personal magnetism extends even to a great multitude, and when the crowds roar, as they do the moment they spy him, he lifts his hat and bows and makes every one feel as if he or she had been personally thanked. Prince Albert Victor, his eldest son, is a tall slender youth, very like his mother, giving promise of a handsome man when matured. The Queen is not good-looking, and is very stout, but there is something regal in her presence and in her stern, grave face, with its sad lips, and the cold blue eyes of her family. She bows sweetly and graciously, but seldom smiles, although in the jubilee procession she smiled a little to the old pensioners when they bared their grey heads to her, whom they had so nobly served when her life was young.

Origin of Ugly Fashions.

Charles VII. of France wore long coats to hide his ill-made legs.

Queen Elizabeth patronized immense ruffs because her neck was not handsome.

It was to hide the short stature of Louis XIV. that high heels and towering perruques were introduced.

Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, had his shoes made with long points to screen from observation an excrescence on one foot.

Short hair became fashionable in France when an accident to the king's head during a snowball fight necessitated the removal of his flowing locks.

Full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber named Duvillier to conceal the fact that one shoulder of the dauphin was higher than the other.

The Latest Fashion Fads.

Gray in every shade is considered in Paris just now the most stylish of all colors.

A pretty bonnet called the "Florentine" is entirely covered with real applique lace.

The holiday dolls may be said to canture the Charlotte Russe, for they are exquisite.

Emeralds are sought after more and more every day, the finer grade being very scarce.

Young matrons have re-adopted fanciful breakfast caps for home wear in the morning.

India embroideries in metal trim evening wraps made of the new changeable velvets and plushes.

Coronet fronts will appear on most fashionable bonnets. They will be of beads, feathers or velvet.

On invitation cards the initials R.S.V.P. have been superseded by the plain English, "An answer is desired."

Fairy lamps, placed in the centre of a large dish of flowers is a table ornamentation now on the occasion of a fashionable dinner party.

A present style consists in wearing four gold-wire rings on the same finger, each being set with a single small stone, as a sapphire, emerald and ruby.

Long black cloth ulsters trimmed with astrachan on collar and cuffs and lined with fur are shown for men, "to be worn over the dress suit only."

Champagne pitchers of glass in the form of a tulip are new, and, if not always useful in prohibition families, are certainly ornamental. They come from Vienna.

Large breastpins, containing a picture of some ancestor, are more or less fashionable among "pedigree people," who, if they've no ancestor of their own, use somebody else's.

Black velvet basques, with long skirts and almost completely covered with jet of the most costly kind, are already seen on ladies who do not buy their finery at the bargain stores.

Some of the women of Vanity Fair are wearing button shoes with tops of the same material as their dress, which, of course, must be made to order; and thus do we get our exclusive footwear.

Plain plush wraps are to be exceptionally popular. They will be trimmed with flat-beaded trimming and with rich ornaments at the front of the collar, on the sleeves and at the lower ends of the fronts.

A Capital Recipe for Cheese Fritters.

The following is a capital recipe for cheese fritters: Grate very finely three ounces of cheese. Beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth: throw the cheese into this, adding a little salt and pepper. Mix well and lightly by beating with a fork. Take up dessert-spoonfuls of the mixture and fry them in boiling lard until they become a nice brown complexion. The fritters must be sent to a table immediately they are cooked, and eaten at once.

For Young Housekeepers.

A much worn broom is very hard on the carpet.

If possible, keep one utensil sacred to onions alone.

Breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid is said to relieve whooping-cough.

Clam broth is said to be excellent for a weak stomach, and ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Do not allow the spice boxes to become disorderly. Have each division carefully labelled and permit no mixing of the contents.

To take grease spots out of clothing wet them thoroughly in ammonia water, then lay white soft paper over them and iron with a hot iron.

Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted upon by water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Honey sometimes has an onion flavor, from the bees gathering from fields of onion seeds. If allowed to set a few weeks the unpleasant flavor will soon pass off.

A remedy for catarrh is to gather hops when perfectly dry and sift the pollen or "flour" through Swiss muslin. Use as a snuff early in the morning or on retiring at night.

If the stove is cracked, take wood ashes and salt, equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water, and fill in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

It is said that in canning fruit, after the jar is filled, if the fruit is stirred with a spoon that reaches the bottom of the jar, until air bubbles rise to the top, the contents will never mould on top.

For bunions get 5 cents worth of saltpetre and put it into bottle with ufficient olive oil to nearly dissolve it; shake up well and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if painful.

A starch superior to gloss starch for calico and cambric can be made of flour by wetting the flour up with very warm water a day before you need the starch; add boiling water and cook when you want to use it.

To keep moths out of closets, clothes and carpets, take green tansy. It is better before it goes to seed. Put it around the edges of carpets and hang it up in closets where woollen clothes are hung, and no moth will ever come where it is.

To prevent pie juice from running out in the oven, make a little opening in the upper crust and insert a little roll of brown paper perpendicularly. The steam will escape from it as from a chimney, and all the juice will be retained in the pie.

A carpet, particularly a dark carpet, often looks dusty when it does not need sweeping. Wring out a sponge quite dry in water (a few drops of ammonia help brighten the color) and wipe off the dust from the carpet. This saves much labor in sweeping.

A Novel Substitute for Morphine.

"Pretty near time to go home, ain't it?" said one Ninth Warder to another, as the two stood at the four corners waiting for the last car.

"Well, I guess it is, though I have already been to bed to-night," replied No. 2.

"How is that, do you say?"

"Well, for years I have been troubled with insomnia, and I used to take quantities of morphine to invite sleep, but that lost its virtue. Then I tried dumb-bells and Indian clubs and other violent exercise, but as I had Aldermanic ambition I was afraid I would hurt my chances, and so one night I hit upon a substitute that never fails—riding on the street cars. Before I can get to sleep at night I ride a bob-tail to the four corners and back as regularly as I used to take morphine. Sometimes I find it necessary to take two, and I have taken as many as three trips, but usually 10 cents' worth of street car puts me in such a condition that I fall asleep as soon as I strike the bed. The only time it has failed me was the Saturday night before it was announced street cars would be ordered off Sunday to comply with Sunday laws. Then I suppose I worried at the thought of returning to Indian clubs.

"No, sir; for suicidal purposes I suppose morphine has its friends, but as a cure for insomnia give me the bob-tail car."—*Rochester Democrat.*

Two Faith Cures.

Mr. Eli Forsythe, one of the most prominent citizens of Hannibal, Mo., hobbled into a faith cure meeting in that city recently on a cane and knelt at the altar to be cured. For forty years, as his neighbors could testify, a stiff knee had made walking a most painful thing for him. After remaining in prayer a few minutes Mr. Forsythe arose, declared himself cured, threw away his cane and walked around the church like a young athlete.

A wonderful case of faith cure is reported from Toledo, where the Christian Science Convention was recently in session. Miss Edna Coffin lost her voice last January, and from that time until last week she could not speak a word, although the best physicians treated her. On Monday, December 5th, she was converted to the faith cure doctrine, and on the following morning she walked into the convention hall at Toledo and astonished everybody by speaking in a loud voice.

It Depended on His Luck.

A young wag uptown started out with his gun incased in canvas to take a train for Sullivan County the other day, and met a lady of great heart and age.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you are deliberately going to shoot little birds and timid, inoffensive animals?"

"No, ma'am," he replied, "I will not go so far as to say that. If I have my usual luck I shall shoot nothing but my gun."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

A man must follow his heart, my dear,
And I must follow mine,
Until it's parcel and part, my dear,
Of thine.

A man must follow his heart, my love,
When it leaps from his breast,
And seeks, with passion and art, my love,
For rest.

A man must follow his heart, sweetheart,
Night and day; for, in short,
Man without heart is a part, sweetheart,
Of naught.

Mr. O'Meara, the Irish dentist, is in Afghanistan, where he recently fixed up the mouths of three of His Majesty's wives.

During her twenty years of married life Mrs. John Guest, of Wichita, Kan., has presented her husband with twenty-two children. She has twice given birth to twins and once to triplets.

A Chicago physician recommends hypodermic injections of the sulphates of strychnine and atropine as a sure cure for seasickness.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Mme. Adam said the other day that since Oscar Wilde had cut off his hair and become a father London was no longer picturesque or amusing. He is a proud parent of a baby who is less like him, happily, than its beautiful mother, who has lost none of her girlish loveliness in matronhood. She was at a swell reception the other day in a gown designed by her husband. It was a thick brocade of dull, delicate pink, made in the empire fashion, with the waist under the arms and long, loose sleeves hanging from the shoulder, lined with that soft, quiet shade known as old-blue. There was a Medici collar lined with the same blue and edged with pink pearls. Her dark curling hair was heaped high on her head, with little Recamier curls on the brow. In her hand she carried a big fan of pink feathers with silver sticks.

It is a favorite phrase of the Irish landlord, remarks the London *Truth* this week, that the Irish peasant is impoverished because he is idle and dishonest. No more effective repudiation could be desired than was given at the private view of the exhibition and Christmas sale of Irish handwork in embroideries, laces and homespuns at the Donegal Industrial Fund, 43 Wigmore street, on Saturday. It is only four years since Mrs. Har[illegible], finding the Gweedmore peasants starving, set herself to improve their skill in spinning and weaving, and to teach them the arts of vegetable dyeing. Within that time she has developed what was a private charity into an important public enterprise, and now the embroideries, homespuns and all-wool underwear of the fund make their own way into the wholesale markets. The Irish peasants have shown themselves deft, skilful, laborious and honest. Eight hundred persons now find a living in these delightful hand-wrought stuffs, among whom some eighty distressed Irish ladies are employed.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of the seven Bibles, and not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhist's contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, king meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in place. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century before Christ. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen centuries before Christ.

Christmas Tide.

A boy may be persuaded to go to bed early Christmas Eve, but he makes his presents known in the morning. By the way, speaking of presents, we read the other day that a Mexican family has thirty-eight children. Wonder how the chimney looks when all those stockings are hung up!

There is more pleasure in giving than receiving, according to the proverb, but the boy who is given a dose of castor-oil don't believe it, and it is one of the hardest things in the world to persuade him that he is mistaken.

There are Christmas presents that do not overwhelm the recipient with joy; for instance, when a poor man's wife presents him with a worked canvas for a nice traveling bag and he has to squander the money he needs for cigars in having it made up.

The Norristown *Herald* man is of the opinion that women should not aim merely to give their husbands acceptable gifts, but they should also practice a wise economy in purchasing such gifts. He suggests that a good way to achieve this object all sublime is to borrow the money from their husband's pockets, while he is asleep, and buy him a smoking-cap. He would never wear it, of course, but that's no objection. On the contrary, it would last all the longer for not being worn—and that is economy.

The journals abound in Christmas stories, but the most generally circulated Christmas story is: "I don't expect anything this year."

If a man's expectations in this direction are realized—and they frequently are—he can act like a philosopher, fill his socks with contentment, and go about his affairs as usual on Christmas Day.

One of the most discouraging features is bills. Christmas bells would be very nice if they were not so suggestive of Christmas bills.

An unidentified poet has written the following beautiful lines on "Christmas Tide:"

Out of the four great gates of day,
A tremulous music swells;
Hear, hear,
How sweet and clear,
Over and under, far and near,
A thousand happy bells.
Joy, joy and jubilee!
Good will to men from sea to sea,
This merry Christmas tide.

Yes, Christmas Tide would be very nice if the idiots with guns and fish horns could be tied and gagged.

—A little Burlington boy who saw an open-faced watch for the first time, exclaimed, "Look, mamma! There's a watch that has lost its hat."

—A dream of fair women is most pleasing if the dream be not of women who made you buy things you did not want at the fair and gave no change back.

Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia clothier, was employed for years in his father's brickyard at scant wages, and his first work away from home brought him only $1.50 a week. He now has 3,000 clerks to do his business.

N. K. Fairbank, the big soap and lard manufacturer of Chicago, is a New Yorker by birth. He began life as a bricklayer's apprentice at the age of 15. He is now worth several millions, and is considered one of the handsomest men in Chicago.

TWO ABYSSINIAN CHIEFS.

King John and Ras Alulu—Interesting Orientals who Always go Barefooted.

Except the king himself, the most noteworthy Abyssinian is the commander of the army, who this summer has defied the Italians at the very gates of Massowah. Ras Alulu is described by Europeans who have seen him as one of the best-bred and handsomest of his race. "Are you a Christian?" is the first question this impetuous warrior addresses to his white visitors, all of whom he would willingly consign to perdition if he mistrusted them of coveting an acre of his native land. Less than 50 years of age, he has long been one of the chief agents of the king's absolute will. Last week's despatches indicate that Ras Alulu is up and doing, determined to maintain his fame as a hard fighter, everywhere at once, and very difficult to catch. The coast tribes promised Italy 10,000 warriors, many of whom are now in camp near Massowah. The dashing Abyssinian improved the opportunity early this month to swoop down upon the coast, knocking to pieces all the native forces brought against him and advancing to Assaorta, about fifty miles south of Massowah. It has been Italy's policy to make no aggressive movement until prepared to take the field in earnest and settle the quarrel once for all. For five months, therefore, Ras Alulu's cavalry has amused itself so frequently by charging through the environs of Massowah that no soldier has been permitted beyond the protection of the guns.

Barefooted like his sovereign, Ras Alulu is noted for the elegance of his attire and the richness of his belongings, both at home and in camp. His cheerful and lively manner is in striking contrast to the demeanor of the gloomy, morbid and fanatical king. Scarcely older than his general-in-chief, and himself a noted fighter, King John has all the fears for his personal safety that usually torture a despot. A king who denies tobacco to his pipe-loving subjects because the smell of it offends him is probably justified in fearing that internal plots may some day prove his overthrow. The best picture of King John represents him on a spirited charger, carrying a lance, the chief weapon of his army, and looking like the brave soldier and the leader of men he has proved himself. His big toes alone rest in the stirrups. Perhaps it was this picture that induced Queen Victoria upon a certain occasion to send a pair of scarlet-topped boots to the barefooted king. By way of compliment to his distinguished friend, the king with great difficulty pulled them on. He had never enjoyed the civilized luxury of tight boots before, and as his attendants could not pull them off again his majesty went to bed with his boots on. It was not long before the king's discomfort became insupportable, and, with all due respect to Queen Victoria, her present was removed from his feet in pieces.—*New York Sun.*

The Canadian Northwest.

Over one hundred excursionists left for Ontario to-day to spend the Christmas holidays.

At a meeting of the officers of the Central Congregational Church this evening Rev. J. B. Silcox tendered his resignation, taking effect at the end of January. He will probably accept a call to a California church.

The buildings of the Winnipeg Gas Works Company were entirely destroyed by fire at 9 o'clock to-night. The blaze was started by an explosion of gas near the furnace in the centre of the main building and the large structure was soon a mass of flames. By hard work the firemen managed to save the large gasometer fifty feet away, in which the supply is stored. This will last but a few hours, when the city will be in darkness. Harry Avery, the engineer, is missing and, it is supposed, perished in the flames. The loss is $60,000; no insurance. Guelph parties are heavily interested.

The exodus of pastors continues. Following up on the announcement of Rev. Mr. Silcox's call to California comes the news that Rev. Mr. Pitblado, of St. Andrew's Church, has received an offer to accept the pastorate of a prominent Presbyterian congregation in San Francisco. Rev. Hugh Pedley, of Cobourg, is spoken of as Mr. Silcox's successor.

John Lee, a Chinaman, who had been running a laundry here, and who was killed by being struck by a hand car, was buried to-day by the Presbyterian ladies of this city, whose class he had been attending for religious instruction. The other Chinamen in the city were all present.

Coal is being mined at Edmonton for $1 per load.

The first through train for four days arrived from the coast last night. Landslides have been the cause of delay.

An Indian just in from 100 miles west of Battleford reports having seen four buffalo and tracked fourteen others in that neighborhood.

The city carpenters have resolved to demand thirty cents per hour and nine hours per day after February 1st.

Girls Had Dolls in Pharaoh's Time.

Dolls have amused the girls for ages and seem to have been well known in the days of the Pharaohs; for, in the tombs of ancient Egypt, figures of painted wood, of terra-cotta, of ivory and of rags have been found whose limbs were made moveable for the delight of children. It is quite probable that Pharaoh's daughter threw aside a mimic child for the real baby which she discovered in the famous bullrush basket. In the tombs of Etruria—by the way, where was Etruria?—similar toys have been discovered; they were spread in the East, and in China, as well as in India, moveable figures were made to act from time immemorial by hand and on strings, or as shadows behind a curtain. The ancient Greeks were experts in the manufacture of puppets, including wax dolls, and several of their poets allude to offerings of dolls to Artemis and Aphrodite made by maidens before their marriage.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Shadow of Coming Care.

Mary to Alice—Your doll looks very poorly. What ails it?

Alice—It frets a good deal. Alfred knocked out one of its eyes last week, and it lost a great deal of sawdust, and hasn't been the same doll since.—*Boston Herald.*

—About the fastest men in the West are the cowboys who hold up express trains.

LIFE IN THE PENITENTIARY.

Reflections After a Visit to the Inmates of Sing Sing.

Think what it is to enter these walls and face that clock, whose slow pendulum shall beat out—not seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks or months—but years of your precious youth and manhood before you again see the world which has discarded you! Think of the unrelieved round of toil, succeeded by the solitary cell and miserable hours of thinking what might have been and what is! How slow the hours to him without hope, without profit in his bitter toil, without respect in his solitude, without honor, without comfort, without liberty! How slow the days make the week, and the weeks the month, where each is drearily the same, season in and season out, till the doleful year is told!

To be the companion of the vilest, cheek by jowl; to wear the garb of infamy; to be driven from the cell to labor, and from the labor to the cell; to see on all sides the high walls and the redoubts, where gleam the rifles ready to kill the insurgent; to know that however skilfully the escape is planned, however bravely executed, there are keen-scented and lynx-eyed pursuers to track and the strong arm of the law to recover; to feel that by no power can relief come until the long distant day appointed, save the power which can bless an unhappy life by ending it.

What a record of hopelessness, of despair, remorse and gnawing misery the pitiless stone of those cells could tell! Small wonder that after years of confinement every kindly trait of nature is withered, root and branch, and only sullen desperation and hatred of society remain.

Look at their faces to read their story. Not one in a hundred has the face of shame, of unhappiness, but of stolid resignation to inevitable privation and disgrace. See that long line of gray misery marching to its noonday meal—a human centipede—a hundred locked together—shuffle, shuffle, shuffle—the very step is a degradation. Slowly they file into the cheerless room, and in silence, and with bowed head, each sits to devour his portion. Not a word, not a whisper, all wants expressed by signs. Long lines of keepers, each coldly and keenly watchful, each ready with pistol to suppress the slightest token of revolt, for this is the time of danger in a State prison. The meal is soon over. At a beckon they arise and look together—shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle—back to labor again.—*Henry Guy Carleton.*

A NEW SWINDLE ON THE RAILWAY.

The Man With Safety Match, Who Can Light it Anywhere.

General W. F. Walsh, of Arkansas, who is now at the Hoffman House, New York, has recently made an extensive tour in the West, and he says that the safety match has become a substitute for the three-card monte game as a swindling device upon railroad trains in the West. General Walsh says that on his way East from California two weeks ago a typical looking frontiersman got on the train at a station in Wyoming. The man seemed utterly uncivilized and the other passengers began to comment upon his strange appearance.

Finally the man took a safety match from a box attached to the side of the car and tried to light it upon the sole of his boot. He scraped away for some time without the match showing any sign of igniting, and then attempted to light it against the woodwork of the car. In the meantime every one was laughing at the fellow's apparent ignorance. Finally a passenger, whose egotism had made him conspicuous, told the man that the matches were of a kind that could only be lighted upon the box.

"I bet you $10 I can light one without the box," said the man.

"I'll go you," said the egotistical passenger, as he selected a ten-dollar bill from a roll.

The strange-looking man covered it, and then, taking a match, lighted it against a groove in the car window. Of course most of the other passengers knew this was possible. General Walsh afterwards learned that the man was a regular bunco man.

Living After Decapitation.

A very peculiar argument was once urged against the guillotine. It was said that a man could feel after his head was off. The instant the head fell the trunk ceased to feel, because cut off from the brain, the seat of sensation; but it did not follow that the head immediately lost all feeling or even consciousness. Ridiculous as it may seem, it is asserted that the lips of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots moved for a full half hour after she was beheaded. Guillotine himself was present at an execution, and attests the fact that a criminal's decapitated head being addressed by name the eyelids were raised and the eyes turned from side to side. Another case occurred at Coblentz, when the half-closed eyes opened wide and looked with reproach at those standing around. These instances are hardly to be classed with the cases of the Irish knight beheaded by Saladin in the holy war, whose head got up and avowed that it was never cut off by so sweet a cimeter before; or the case of Legaro, the assassin, whose decapitated head swore roundly at the executioner for not keeping a sharper axe.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Ferry Boat Collision.

A Jersey City despatch says: A collision occurred in the North River last night between the steamship Breakwater and the ferry boat Pavonia. The guards and a portion of the stern cabin on the gentlemen's side of the Pavonia were demolished. Three men were caught in the wreck and seriously injured. Frank Moriarty, 30 years old, of Medford, Mass., was hurt about the hips and chest; ex-Assemblyman David Henry, aged 50, was crushed about knees and abdomen; Richard Coughlin, 75 years old, was hurt about the side and head and both of his ankles were broken. The excitement among the uninjured passengers on the ferry boat quickly subsided when it was ascertained that she was in no danger of sinking. Several of those who were slightly hurt left the boat at Jersey City with improvised bandages of handkerchiefs.

Many of the farmers and lumbermen in Northern Michigan are making use of dogs this winter to draw their sleds. It is said that the dogs become very expert at the work after a little training and in many ways equal to the Esquimau dogs.

GORDON'S

OLD RELIABLE HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON!

Is still open and Old Customers will find it Stocked with

Carriage & Team

HARNESS!

Which has become celebrated throughout this vicinity for superior quality, finish and durability. All guaranteed as heretofore. At

Reduced Prices for Cash,

Also a large stock of Winter Goods in the line of

HORSE COVERS!

of superior quality, at the lowest prices ever offered in Flesherton. A fine selection of

Sleigh Bells!

at a slight advance on cost for the next 30 days. If you want a first-class

WHIP!

It is to be found at Gordon's. Also

TRUNKS,
VALISES,
RUGS,
HORSE BRUSHES,
CURRY COMBS,
SWEAT PADS

and all other Horse Furnishings found in a first-class Harness Shop.

The Celebrated Harness Oil!

Kept constantly on hand. But the Crowning Specialty is the perfect fitting

Scotch Collar!

Warranted not to gall your horses and for which this establishment has become so well known throughout this County. Repairing attended to promptly, carefully and cheaply.

A Call is Respectfully Invited at

GORDON'S

HARNESS SHOP,

FLESHERTON.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Overshoes and Rubbers selling off very cheap at Wm. Claytons. 2t.

Mr. John Blakely has returned home from Nebraska. Canada first, last and all the time—hurrah!

A fine assortment of open face silver Watches for teachers use, special discount at W. A. Brown's, Markdale. 2t.

The ADVANCE and the Hamilton *Weekly Spectator* one year for $1.65. The *Spectator* is one of the best weeklies on the continent.

One of Taylor's latest improved combination safes has been placed in Russell's Noted Jewelry Store here. This is an important addition to our popular jewelry establishment.

The annual school meeting was held yesterday. The Trustees elect for 1888 are, Messrs. M. Richardson, S. Damude and Geo. Swanton—the first named being Sec.-Treasurer.

Mr. Thos. Clayton and Mr. Will. Clayton—both of Toronto—are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clayton.

I don't do the business of this "county," only of this section. 16 clocks and 12 fine watches sold since Oct. 3rd this year by W. A. Brown, jeweller, Markdale. 2t.

The first number of the *Daily Empire* appeared on Tuesday. The weekly edition will be issued to-day. The general make-up of the daily is decidedly prepossessing.

A meeting of Centre Grey Farmer's Institute will be held at Rocklyn, on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. Professors Brown and Grenside, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, will deliver addresses.

We are informed that the Flesherton Station hotel has been rented—but not to Mr. Jennings of Shelburne. Another gentleman made a better cash offer and the bargain was closed. One gentleman—a noted grain dealer—told us not long since, that if Mr. Jennings leased the hotel he would invest $500 or $1000 in an elevator or grain warehouse at the Station forthwith. Perhaps he will do so anyway.

Sabbath School Anniversary sermons will be preached in the Methodist church, Flesherton, Sunday next. The pulpit will be occupied by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Shilton, B.A., in the morning, and by Rev. Josias Green, a former pastor, in the evening. On Monday following the Anniversary entertainment, in connection with the School, will be held. Tea will be served from 5 to 7 o'clock, after which will come the splendid and carefully prepared musical and literary program.

Miss Hopkins has severed her connection with Flesherton Station school. On the occasion of her departure, the boys of the school presented her with a handsome silver napkin ring and dressing case; while the girls followed up this graceful tribute to her ability and popularity, by making her the recipient of a beautiful whisk holder. Miss Hopkins is held in very high esteem wherever she has taught—in the social circle as well as in the schoolroom—and the best wishes of a very large circle of friends go with her to her new sphere.

The Maxwell gentleman who got one of my 18k. Wedding Rings, initialed W. B., on the 24 inst., will find it to be a golden bond always. Fine stock, sizes 5 to 8. W. A. Brown, Markdale. 2t.

Nomination Day.

ARTEMESIA.

Dr. Christoe was re-elected Reeve by acclammation. He has now been in the Reeve's chair for thirteen years in succession—having been elected nine times by acclammation and four times in contests with prominent gentlemen. Messrs. John McArthur, John Boland and Wm. Sharp were re-elected Councillors by acclammation for Wards 1, 2, and 3 respectively. For Ward No. 4, Mr. Arch. Cairns and Mr. Wm. T. McKee were nominated.

Dr. Christoe spoke at length thanking the people for the confidence again reposed in him and proceeded to discuss municipal matters in that frank, clear and easy manner for which he is noted.

Mr. A. S. VanDusen took the platform and said a few words in favor of the proposed new railway from Port Hope to Durham or some other point near thereto, and asked if the Council would do anything for such a scheme should it be pushed.

Dr. Christoe said he had heard little about the scheme, but he did not hesitate to express his belief that if a bonus were asked it would not be granted.

Mr. John McArthur, Deputy Reeve, thanked the people for the honor conferred and expressed his belief that if Deputy Reeves were elected by popular vote it would be much more satisfactory.

Mr. John Boland, Deputy Reeve, endorsed what Mr. McArthur had said in reference to the Deputy Reeveship, and concluded by thanking the ratepayers for the honor conferred upon him.

Mr. Sharp made a brief but really good speech, in which he also returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him. He had not found the Ward [illegible] adequate to the requirements of his section, but would make next year's appropriation cover the portions not covered during the past year.

Mr. Henry Cairns gave a detailed account of the manner in which he had expended the money appropriated to Ward No. 4, and defended his distribution of the same as being in the best interests of the ratepayers of Ward No. 4.

Mr. Wm. T. McKee said that he was the only intruder on this occasion, as the gentlemen who had preceeded him were all members of the Council Board of 1887, and some of them members for 1888. However, it was evident Mr. Cairns had not given satisfaction or the speaker would not be where he was. He had been accused of being a prime mover in the Valley Road scheme. He was not, although he believed that road would be a benefit to the travelling public.

Dr. Christoe got up to say a few words relative to the election or selection of Deputy Reeves. He referred to the importance of sending good, intelligent men to the County Council. He also said he did not believe in appropriating amounts to the Wards as had been the custom in past year. Every dollar expended should be under the direct supervision of the Council as a whole.

Several questions asked and answered.

Councillor McArthur moved and Mr. John Hazard seconded That the thanks of the ratepayers of Artemesia be tendered the Editor of THE ADVANCE for his services as reporter of proceedings of Council during the past year.—Carried.

Mr. John Hazard occupied the chair in a dignified and impartial manner.

OSPREY.

For Reeve,—Messrs John Douglas and D. K. Preston. For Deputy-Reeve,—Messrs. Arch. McIntyre and Edw. Potts. For Councillors,—Messrs. Joseph Brown, John Hudson, Wm. Monaghan, J. Speers, Robert Sprott and Joseph Taylor.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

BOOTS & SHOES!

—I have a Full Supply of all Lines of—

WINTER GOODS!

RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, FELT BOOTS AND FELT STOCKINGS SELLING CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

HEARD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION *Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.*

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

CHEAP AND DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

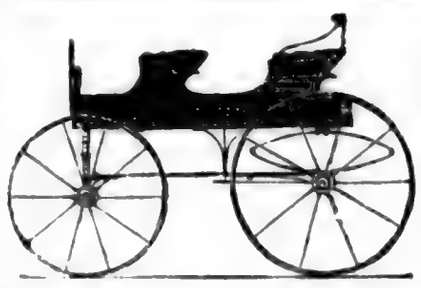

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CARRIAGE WORKS!

LITTLE & BLAKELY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Democrats, Wagons &c.

Repairing, Painting, Horse-Shoeing, and General Jobbing

Done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices.

JOHNSON LITTLE, *Blacksmith,* THOS. A. BLAKELY, *Wagon-Maker & Painter.*

Maxwell, May 26th, 1887.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

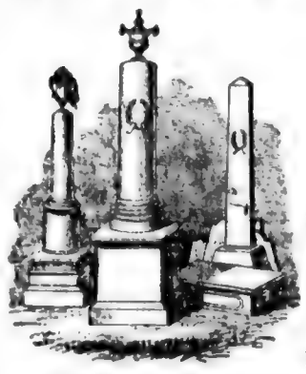

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 341. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"DECEMBER AD."

$1,600

IN GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES!

Walnut and Nickle Clocks, Roll Plate and Fine Gilt Chains, Gem and Wedding Rings, Jewelery and Fine Silverware for

Holiday * Trade!

If I felt the public were fools enough to believe me and knew "myself" to be "knave" enough to beat the wholesale, I would talk big discount and wholesale prices for above goods. Wholesale prices in a retail store won't pay rent, light taxes, etc. Continuous discounts 5 times in 1 year, either pays by marking goods away up, or else by using deception as to quality of goods. There are Jewellers who have 14 k. wedding rings stamped 18 k. My Plain Rings are made by P. W. ELLIS & CO., and after this will have my initials, W.B. stamped on.

Goods as represented every time.

Prices at "whisper" mark. Discounts as usual, 5 per cent.

Warrants cover Breakages!

Don't accept any other kind. Everybody invited to call when in town and get my prices.

For 4 Years

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA, 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

331-44.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES. APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

TO VILLAGE SUBSCRIBERS.

The Editor of THE ADVANCE will call on many of you next Saturday in person. He has a large sum of money to meet this month and trusts that all called upon will be ready to renew their subscriptions for 1888 and pay off arrearages, as the case may be. The Editor relies upon the generosity of his readers generally to enable him to discharge his obligations promptly, and earnestly hopes that no one will feel offended because he has adopted this plan.

Jannary 5th, 1888.

Cattle Fair here next Monday.

If you want a fine Wedding Ring, full 18k., you have to go to Russell's, Flesherton, for it.

Mr. J. W. Henderson, Inspector of the North of Scotland M. Co., is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. McCannell, of Collingwood, are the guests of Mr. James Beecroft, of this town.

McCall Bros.—the well known Lardine and Machine Oil men, of Toronto—have published a neat calendar for 1888.

A fine assortment of open face silver Watches for teachers use, special discount at W. A. Brown's, Markdale. 2t.

Miss Alice Leitch, of Owen Sound is spending the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Leitch.

Our Township Fathers meet in the Town Hall here next Monday, for the first time in 1888, for the transaction of business.

The annual Orange Soriee, held under the auspices of Kimberley L.O.L., will take place in that thriving village on the 13th inst. Go, by all means.

My 18k. Rings are made P. W. Ellis & Co., Toronto. Trade mark, the maple leaf with E. in centre. W. A. Brown, Markdale. 2t.

It was a Goldie & McCullough instead of a Taylor safe—as stated last week—that was placed in Russell's Noted Jewelry Store here. It is a beauty.

A large number of people from near Thornbury attended the Methodist entertainment here on Monday evening last.

We have just received a beautiful Calendar for 1888 from Mr. A. J. Taylor, Travelling Passenger Agent at Toronto for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R.

The dealer that only sells twelve watches and sixteen clocks in three months, must have large profits to be able to pay taxes, rent, &c. It is quite different at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Squire Armstrong and the officers and teachers of the Methodist Sabbath School here, are to be congratulated upon the brilliant success which attended their efforts in connection with the recent Anniversary. The church was crowded to the doors, and the singing, recitations and dialogues by the children were all that could be desired or expected, Rev. J. W. Shilton occupied the chair, and introduced the program by a nice little speech. Rev. Mr. Green said a few words, which were very appropriate. The decorations were handsome and reflected the good taste and artistic ability of Mr. W. H. Flesher, who superintended the work in this department. The Librarians', Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports were, as usual, very interesting and showed a healthy state of things in all the departments of the School. Over $80 were realized at this Anniversary.

No blow, no puff, my watch repairing gives satisfaction and charges are never extortionate. W. A. Brown, Markdale.

If you want a fine Wedding Ring, full 18k., you have to go to Russell's, Flesherton, for it.

Kimberley Sabbath School Anniversary will be held this evening. A splendid time expected. Addresses, music, recitations, dialogues, &c. Tea served from 5 to 7 o'clock. Go!

If you want a first class Gold or Silver Watch in Ladies' and gents' sizes, Russell's, Flesherton, is the place to go. Warrants from three to five years covering all breakages at lower prices than elsewhere.

At the last regular business meeting of members of Flesherton Methodist Choir, it was moved by A. R. Fawcett, seconded by Mr. Campbell, and carried unanimously, "That the hearty thanks of the members of this Choir be and they are hereby tendered to Mr. C. J. Sproule—who is shortly to remove to Maxwell—for his faithful and efficient services as Leader of this Choir during the past three years; and, at the same time, taking this opportunity to express our sincere regret at losing such an esteemed and valued member."

NOTICE.—I shall be in Flesherton until Saturday. Anyone wanting their Sewing Machines repaired or cleaned, please leave word at Clayton's Shoe Shop, or drop me a postal card and I will call.—C. H. THOMPSON.

The municipal contest in Euphrasia resulted as follows:—For Deputy Reeve, Peter McAusland polled 248 votes, Wm. Fawcett 236; for Councillors, J. Erskine 236; Wm. Stuart, J. P. 228, J. Boyd 191, W. Paton 175, and T. McAfee 152. Mr. Thos. Gilray was re-elected by acclamation—an honor he richly merited. The Council for 1888 is composed as follows:

T. Gilray, Reeve.
P. McAusland, Deputy Reeve.
J. Erskine, W. Stewart, J. Boyd } Councillors.

Business at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, has increased so largely during the past year they have had to add new nichol show cases, &c., to contain their magnificent stock of fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. We have also added a fine burglar proof safe from the well known firm of Goldie & McCullough.

Our Watch repair trade is increasing every day. Thirty-nine watches into repair at the present time and the people come over twenty miles around to get their work done at Russell's, Flesherton, as they have proved by experience that is the only place to get them done properly.

Two fine new brick residences are to be erected in Flesherton early next spring, viz., one by Mr. Joseph Blackburne, on the vacant lot opposite the Town Hall, and another by Mr. C. J. Leitch, on the lot opposite Dr. Christoe's Medical Hall, on Collingwood street. Others are already being talked of. Oh, Flesherton is getting to be a real big boy and no mistake about it.

We can easily lay claim to doing the business of this section for 25 miles around, having sold from Oct. 3rd, 1887, to Dec. 29th, 1887, eleven fine gold watches, thirty-two silver watches and twenty-nine clocks, against another dealer's blow of twelve watches, and sixteen clocks. There is no doubt about it that the people will come to us to buy as they know they can do far better than elsewhere at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

THIS SPACE

Is Reserved for

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON,

The Place where the People of Grey get Genuine Bargains in

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SPEX &C.

We are just Taking Stock so look out for Great Bargains in our New Ad. shortly, they will astonish you.

Life's Lessons.

Gin the warld be dark an' drearie,
Dinna sit thee doon an' sigh;
Ye maun still be bright an' cheerie,
T'ill make sunshine by-and-by.

Gin the warld look brighter, dearie,
Dinna sit thee doon content;
Ye maun still be chirp an' cheerie,
Lest the sunshine soon be spent.

Bear in mind an' a' remember,
Drearie skies nor sunshine gay
Wi' na' last fore'er an' ever—
A' keeps changing day by day.

A' keeps changing, 'tis God's bidding,
And the chances wi' na' cease,
Till our lessons are completed,
An' our teacher whispers "Peace."

FLORA N. MONTGOMERY.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Ay, but he is a goodly man," she said, half aloud. "I like a man to walk as though all the world belongs to him;" and for the first time a doubt crossed her mind, whether Fay's childishness may not have been to blame; for Hugh Redmond's handsome face and frank, careless manner always found favor in women's eyes.

Fergus felt himself impressed by Sir Hugh's lordly bearing; he felt an awkward, raw-boned Scotchman beside this grand-looking aristocratic man. As he went out into the porch Sir Hugh put out his hand and said, in a quick, agitated voice, "Mr. Duncan, you have made me your debtor for life, but we will talk of that presently. Will you take me to my wife, please?"

"Certainly, but Mrs. St. Clair—Lady Redmond, I mean—has gone down to the Rowans—the falls over yonder; shall we walk there at once, or will you come in and rest a little?" moved by the pale, harassed look of the face before him. "You have had a long journey, Sir Hugh, and perhaps you would like to get rid of the dust."

"No, I cannot rest until I have seen my wife; you will understand my feelings, I am sure, Mr. Duncan;" and Fergus took down his hat from the peg and said gravely that he could well understand them. "It is only a step," he continued, "and I will just walk with you to the gate. The Rowans is Lady Redmond's favorite haunt; she thinks there is no place to compare with the falls. You will find no difficulty if you follow the little path"—but with that rare intuition that belongs to a sympathetic character, Fergus said no more. He could see that Sir Hugh was much agitated at the thought of the impending meeting, and directly they reached the wicket-gate leading to the falls, he pointed to the path and retraced his steps to the manse.

Hugh gave a sigh of relief as he found himself alone. His hand shook a little as he unlatched the gate. As he passed the covered rustic seat he noticed a few sprays of withered heather that had been lying there since last year. Perhaps Fay had gathered them.

He hesitated a moment—should he wait for her here or seek her farther? A trifle decided him. Among the raspberry bushes that tangled the underwood was a little bunch of wild flowers caught on a bramble. The floral message seemed to lure him onward, and he followed the narrow winding path. By and by he came to a little green nook of a place as full of moss and sunshine as a nest; there was a great pool near it, where some silver trout were leaping and flashing in the light. The whole spot seemed to come before him strangely. Had he seen it in a dream?

He crept along cautiously. He fancied he had caught a white gleam between the trees that was neither sunshine nor water. He groped his way through the underwood, putting the branches back that they might not crackle, and then all at once he stood still; for he saw a little runlet of a stream making dimples of eddies round a fallen tree, and a great silver birch sweeping over it; and there, in her soft spring dress, with the ripples of golden-brown hair shining under her hat, was his lost Wee Wifie. She had floated a rowan branch on the stream and was watching it idly, and Nero, sitting up on his haunches beside his little mistress, was watching it too.

Hugh's heart beat faster as he looked at her. He had not admired her much in the old days, and yet how beautiful she was. Either his taste had changed or these sad months had altered her; but a fairer and a sweeter face he owned to himself that he had never seen, and all his man's heart went out to her in a deep and pitiful love. Just then there was a crackling in the bushes and Nero growled, and Fay, looking up saw her husband standing opposite to her.

In life there are often strange meetings and partings; moments that seem to hold the condensed joy or pain of years. One grows a little stony—a little colorless. There are flushes perhaps, a weight and oppression of unshed tears, and a falter of questions never answered; but it is not until afterwards that full consciousness comes, that one knows that the concentrated essence of bitterness or pleasure has been experienced, the memory of which will last to our dying days. It was so with Fay when she looked up from her mossy log and saw Hugh with his fair bearded face standing under the dark larches. She did not faint or cry out, but she clasped her little hands, and said piteously, "Oh, Hugh, do not be angry with me. I tried so hard to be lost," and then stood and shivered in the long grass.

"You tried so hard to be lost," he said in a choked voice. "Child, child, do you know what you have done; you have nearly broken my heart as well as your own. I have been very angry, Fay, but I have forgotten it now; but you must come back to me, darling, for I cannot live without my Wee Wifie any more;" and as she hid her face in her trembling hands, not daring to look at him, he suddenly lifted the little creature in his arms; and as Fay felt herself drawn to his breast, she knew that she was no longer an unloved wife.

* * * * *

She was calmer now. At his words and touch she had broken into an agony of weeping that had terrified him; but he had soothed her with fond words and kisses, and presently she was sitting beside him with her shy, sweet face radiant with happiness, and her hands clasped firmly in his. He had been telling her about his accident, and his sad solitary winter, and the heart-sickness that he had suffered.

"Oh, my darling, will you ever forgive me?" she whispered. "It was for your sake I went. How could I know that you would miss me so—that you really wanted me? it nearly killed me to leave you; and I do not think I should have lived long if you had not found me."

"My child," he said very gravely and gently, "we have both done wrong and must forgive each other; but my sin is the heavier. I was older and I knew the world, and I ought to have remembered that my child-wife did not know it too. If you had not been so young you would never have left me, but now my Wee Wifie will never desert me again."

"No, never. Oh," pressing nearer to him with a shudder, "to think how you have suffered. I could not have borne it if I had known."

"Yes," he said lightly, for her great, beautiful eyes were wide with trouble at the recollection, and he wanted to see her smile, "it has changed me into a middle-aged man. Look how my hair has worn off my forehead, and there are actually grey hairs in my beard. People will say we look like father and daughter when they see us together."

"Oh," she returned shyly, for it was not quite easy to look at him—Hugh was so different somehow—"I shall not mind what people say. Now I have my own husband back, it will not matter a bit to me how grey and old you are." Then, as Hugh laughed and kissed her, she said in a very low voice, "Do you really mean that you can be content with me, Hugh; that I shall not disappoint you any more

"Content," he answered ondly, 'that is a poor word. Have I ever really deserved you, sweetheart; but I mean to make up for that. You are very generous, Fay; you do not speak of Margaret—ah, I thought so," as her head dropped against his shoulder—"she is in your mind, but you will not venture to speak of her."

"I am so afraid you must regret her, Hugh."

And Hugh, with a shade of sadness on his fine face, answered slowly:

"If I regret her, it is as I regret my lost youth. She belongs to my old life; now I only reverence and cherish her memory. Darling, we must understand each other very clearly on this point, for all our unhappiness springs from that. We must have no secrets, no reservations in our future life; you must never fear to speak to me of Margaret. She was very dear to me once, and in some sense she is dear to me still, but not now, thank God, so precious in my eyes as the wife He has given me." Then, as she put her arms round his neck and thanked him with innocent, wifely kisses, he suddenly pressed her to him passionately, and asked her to forgive him, for he could never forgive himself.

Then, as the evening shadows crept into the green nest, Fay proposed timidly that they should go back to the Manse, for she wanted to show Hugh their boy; and Hugh consented at once. And hand in hand they went through the tangled underwood and past the shimmering falls; and as Hugh looked down on his little wife and saw the new sweet womanliness that had grown on her with her motherhood, and the meek purity of her fair young face, he felt a proud happiness thrilling within her—knew that it was God-given, and that its blessing would last him throughout his whole life.

CHAPTER XLII.

KNITTING UP THE THREADS.

Day unto day her dainty hands
Make life's soil'd temples clean,
And there's a wake of glory where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight through that shadow land
Her living face doth gleam,
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The dead smile in their dream.

Gerald Massey.

A little later, Jean, honest woman, suffered an electric shock. She was brushing out baby Hugh's curls, that had been disordered by the walk, when she thought she heard Mrs. St. Clair's footsteps, only it was over quick like, as she remarked later, "like a bairn running up the stairs," but she fairly shook with surprise when the door opened, and a rosy, dimpled, smiling little creature stood before her.

"Give me the baby, Jean, quick—no, never mind his sash; he looks beautiful. My husband has come, and he wants to see him. Yes, my boy! Father has come"—nearly smothering him with kisses, which baby Hugh returned by mischievous grabs at her hair.

"Ech sirs," began Jean, turning very red; but before she could give vent to her surprise, a big, grand-looking man suddenly entered the old-fashioned room, and took mother and child in his arms before her very eyes.

Jean vanished precipitately, and Mrs. Duncan found her an hour afterwards, basting the fowls with a skewer, while the iron ladle lay at her feet, and with a stony, impassive expression on her face which always meant strong disapproval hith Jean.

"Well, Jean," remarked her mistress cheerily, while her white curls bobbed with excitement, "have you heard the news, my woman? That pretty creature has got her husband, and he is as fine a man as one could ever set eyes on, and that is all a mistake about his not wanting her—a parcel of childish rubbish."

"Hoots, lass," as Jean remained glum and silent, and only picked up the iron spoon with a toss of her head, "you do not look over-pleased, and yet we are bidden to rejoice with them that do rejoice. Why, he is a baronet, Jean, and as rich as Crœsus, and she is Lady Redmond, bless her dear heart! Why, I went into the nursery just now, and it was just a lovely sight, as I told Fergus. The bairn had been pulling at her hair, and down it came, a tumbling golden-brown mass, over her shoulders like the pictures of a woman-angel, and she just laughed in her sonsie way, and tried to gather it up, only Sir Hugh stopped her. 'Let it be, Fay, you look beautiful so,' he says, worshipping her with his eyes. Oh, it was good to hear him; and then he looks up and sees me, and such a smile comes to his face. Oh, we understood each other." But to all this Jean turned a deaf ear, only when her mistress had finished, but not a moment before, she answered crossly, how was the tea-supper to be ready for the gentry if folks hindered her with their clavers, at which hint Mrs. Duncan, judging which way the wind blew, prudently withdrew.

But the moment the door closed on her mistress, Jean sat down, and throwing her rough apron over her head, had a good cry.

"Woman-angel indeed," she sobbed, "and how am I to bide without herself and the bairn, and they the verra light of the house—as the saying is?"

But Jean's grief did not hinder long. The fowls were done to a turn, and the rashers of ham grilled to a delicate brown; the tea-supper, always an institution at the Manse, looked a most inviting meal, with piles of oat-cake, freshly baked scones, and other bread stuff, the best silver tea-pot hooded in its satin cosy, and the kettle singing on its brass tripod.

Sir Hugh looked on at the preparations with the zest of a hungry traveller as he sat in the old minister's arm-chair talking to Fergus; but every moment his eyes turned expectantly to the door. The young Scotchman smiled as he patted Nero, for he knew their guest was only giving him scant attention.

"I hope Aunt Jeanie is content with 'the brutal husband' now," he thought, with a chuckle of amusement. "I wonder what my lady is doing all this time."

My lady had been extremely busy. First she had put up the hair that baby Hugh's naughty little fingers had pulled down; then she had gone in quest of a certain dress that reposed at the top of one of the trunks. Janet had insisted on packing it, but she had never found an opportunity of wearing it. It was one of those dainty, bewildering combinations of Indian muslin and embroidery and lace that are so costly and seductive; and when Fay put it on, with a soft spray of primroses, she certainly looked what Fergus called her, "Titania, queen of all the fairies."

Both the men absolutely started when this brilliant little vision appeared in the homely Manse parlor. Fergus clapped his big hands softly together and said "Ech sirs!" under his breath; but Sir Hugh, as he placed a chair for her, whispered in Fay's ear, "I am afraid I have fallen in love with my own wife"—and it was delicious to hear Fay's low laugh in answer.

What a happy evening that was; and when, some two or three hours later, Fay stood in the moonlight watching Hugh go down the road on his way to the Inn, for there was no room for him in the Manse, the parting words were ringing in her ears, "Good-night, my dear one, and dream of me."

Ah, they were happy tears that Jean's woman-angel shed by her boy's cot that night; what prayers, what vows for the future went up from that pure young heart, that at last tasted the joy of knowing itself beloved.

As for Hugh, a waking dream seemed to banish sleep from his eyes. He could see it all again—the green sunshiny hollow, and the shining pool—a little listless figure standing under the silver birch. A tremulous voice breaks the silence—"oh, Hugh, I tried so hard to be lost, do not be angry with me"——No, no, he will not go back to that. Stay, he is in the Manse parlor—the door opens—there is Titania in her spring dress, all smiles and blushes; his Wee Wifie is transformed into the queen of all the fairies. "God bless her, and make me worthy of her love," he thinks fervently, as he [illegible] and words; and with that brief prayer he slept.

Fay would willingly have remained for a few days with her friends at the Manse; she wanted to show Hugh all her favorite haunts, and to make him better acquainted with the good Samaritans who had so generously sheltered her; but Hugh was anxious to have his wife to himself and to get over the awkwardness of the return home. He would bring her back in the autumn he promised her; and with that Fay consoled poor Jean.

As for Fergus, he had reason to bless Aunt Jeanie's hospitality; for Sir Hugh overwhelmed the inhabitants of the Manse with liberal tokens of his gratitude—Aunt Jeanie, Fergus, Jean, even pretty Lilian Graham, reaped the effect of English munificence. Fay had *carte blanche* to buy anything or everything she thought suitable. Silk dresses, furs, books, and a telescope—long the ambition of the young minister—all found their way to the manse; not to mention the princely gift that made the young couple's path smooth for many a year to come. Want of generosity had never been a Redmond failing. Hugh's greatest pleasure was to reward the people who had sheltered his lost darling.

It was a painful moment for Hugh's proud nature when he first crossed the threshold of his old Hall, with Fay looking shy and downcast beside him, but Fay's simplicity and childishness broke the brief awkwardness; for the moment she saw Mrs. Heron's comely face she threw her arms round her neck with a little sob, and there was not a dry eye among the assembled servants when she said in her clear young voice, "Oh, how glad I am to be amongst you all again! Was it not good of my husband to bring me back? You must all help me to make up to him for what he has suffered."

"It was too much for the master," observed Ellerton afterwards; "he just turned and bolted when my lady said that—a man does not care to make a fool of himself before his servants; he would have stood by her if he could, but his feelings were too much for him, and you see he knew that he was to blame."

But Fay would allow nothing of the kind, when she followed him into the library, and saw him sitting with his face hidden on his folded arms, and the evening sunshine streaming on his bowed figure.

Fay stood looking at him for a moment, and then she quietly drew his head to her shoulder—much as though he were baby Hugh, and wanted her motherly consolation.

"My darling husband," she whispered, "I know it is all my fault, but you have forgiven me—you must not let me make you unhappy."

"Oh," he said bitterly, "to think I have brought my wife to this that she should need to apologise to her own servants. But then they all know you are an angel."

But she would not let him talk like this. What were his faults to her—was he not her husband? If he had ill-used her, would she not still have clung to him? "Dear, it is only because of your goodness and generosity that I am here now," she said, kissing his hand; "you need not have looked for me, you know;" and then she made him smile by telling him of Ellerton's quaint speeches, and after that he let himself be consoled.

Years afterwards he told her that the days that followed their return home were their real honeymoon, and she believed him, for they were never apart.

Bonny Bess hailed her mistress with delight, and Fay resumed her old rides and drives; only her husband was always with her. Hugh found out, too, that her clear intelligence enabled her to enter into all his work, and after that he never carried out a plan without consulting her; so that Fay called herself the busiest and happiest little woman in the world.

And what of Margaret?

In one of the most crowded courts of the East End of London there is a Sister who is known by the name of "Our Sister," though many patient, high-souled women belonging to the same fraternity work there too.

But "Our Sister" is, *par excellence*, the favorite, from the crippled little road-sweeper who was run over in Whitechapel Road to the old Irishwoman who sold oranges by day and indulged in free fights with others of her sex at night. "And the Heavens be her bed, for she is a darlint and an angel," old Biddy would say; and it would be "tread on the tail of my coat"—for it was an Irish quarter—if any man or boy jostled "Our Sister" ever so lightly.

"Our Sister" used to smile at the fond credulity and blind worship of these poor creatures. She was quite unconscious that her pale, beautiful face, bending over them in sickness, was often mistaken for the face of an angel. "Will there be more like you up yonder?" exclaimed one poor girl, a Magdalene dying, thank God, at the foot of the Cross; "if so, I'll be fine and glad to go."

"What do they do without you up there, honey?" asked another, an old negro woman whose life had been as black as her skin, "they will be wanting you bery much, I'm thinking;" and little Tim, dying of his broken bones, whispered as "Our Sister" kissed him, "I am wishing you could die first, Sister, and then it would be first-rate, seeing you along with the gentry at the Gate;" for, to Tim's ignorant mind, the gentry of heaven were somewhat formidable. "And what must I say to them, plase your honor? when they come up and says 'Good morning, Tim; but if Sister were along of them she would say, 'It is only Tim, and he never learnt manners nohow.'"

Raby would come down sometimes, bringing his wife with him, and talk to Margaret about her work.

"You are very happy, dear," he said one day to her; "I have often listened to your voice, and somehow it sounds satisfied."

"Yes," she returned quietly, "quite satisfied. Does that sound strange, Raby? Oh, how little we know what is good for us. Once I thought Hugh's love was everything, but I see now I was wrong. I suppose I should have been like other women if I had married him; but I should not have tasted the joy I know now. Oh, how I love my children—dirty, degraded, sinful as they are; how I love to spend myself in their service. God has been good to us, and given us both what He knew we wanted," and Raby's low "Amen" was [illegible]

There was one who would willingly have shared Margaret's work, and that was Evelyn Selby; but her place was in the world's battlefield, and she kept to her post bravely.

Fern, in her perfect happiness, often thought tenderly of the girl to whose noble generosity she owed it all; but for some years she and Evelyn saw little of each other. Fern often heard of her visits to the cottage where her mother and Fluff lived. She and Mrs. Trafford had become great friends. When Evelyn could snatch an hour from her numerous engagements, she liked to visit the orphanage where Mrs. Trafford worked. Some strange unspoken sympathy had grown up between the girl and the elder woman.

Evelyn's brave spirit and dauntless courage had carried her through a trial that would have crushed a weaker nature. Her life was an uncongenial one. Often she sickened of the hollow round of gaiety in which Lady Maltravers passed her days; but she would not waste her strength by complaint.

But by and by, when she had lost the first freshness of her youth, and people had begun to say that Miss Selby would never marry now, Hedley Power crossed her path, and Evelyn found that she could love again.

Mr. Power was very unlike the bright-faced young lover of her youth. He was a grey-haired man in the prime of middle-age, with grave manners, and a quiet thoughtful face—very reticent and undemonstrative; but Evelyn did well when she married him, for he made his wife a happy woman.

"Evelyn is absurdly fond of Hedley," Lady Maltravers would say; "but then he spoils her, and gives her [illegible] way in everything." Every one thought it was a pity that they had no children, but Evelyn never owned that she had wish ungratified. She contented herself with lavishing her affection on Erle's two boys. To them Aunt Evelyn was a miracle of loveliness and kindness; and the children of the orphanage had reason to bless the handsome lady who drove down often to see them.

"I do think Evelyn is happy now," Fern said one day to Erle, when they had encountered Evelyn and her husband in the Row.

"Of course she is," he would answer; "much happier than if she had married your humble servant. Hedley Power is just the man for her. Now, dear [illegible] must go down to the House, for Hugh and I are on committee;" and the young Member ran lightly downstairs, whistling as he went, after the fashion of Erle Huntingdon.

Yes, Hugh Redmond represented his county now, and Fay had her house in town, where her little fair-haired son and daughters played with Erle's boys in the Square gardens.

The young Lady Redmond would have been the fashion, but Fay was too shy for such notoriety, and was quite content with her husband's admiration. And well she might be, for the face that Hugh Redmond loved best on earth was the face of his Wee Wifie.

FINIS.

The Mexican Government has granted 55,000,000 acres of land to a company for colonization purposes.

BALL-PLAYING BLIND BOYS.

A Remarkable Scene Described by an Eminent Educator.

(C. M. Woodward in American Teacher.)

When I was in Louisville, Ky., a while ago I visited the Institution for the Blind. While walking across the grounds I saw some boys under the trees playing with a ball and bat. I asked, "What boys are those?" "They are blind boys," said the Superintendent. "But what are they doing?" said I, thinking there must be some mistake. When he told me that the blind boys regularly played ball I could hardly believe him, and begged that I might be allowed to see them play. He said the boys would play after dinner for my special benefit. Five or six of the best players were to play, and I believe that all but two of them were stone blind. The two could only see large objects, like the trunk of a tree, a man or a gravel walk. I do not think they could see a ball on the ground or in the air.

They took turns at the bat, and each one was anxious to make his bases. Their way of pitching and catching was this: The pitcher stood about six paces from the batter, while the catcher sat squarely on the ground immediately behind the bat. When all were ready the pitcher would count, "One, two, three," and gently toss the ball. The batter would, at just the proper moment, swing his bat, and the catcher would spread out his hands and feet to stop the ball. He seemed to hear the ball as it passed the batter (and it generally did) and struck the ground, and it was most surprising to see him catch it in his arms on the first bound, and yet perfectly blind! If he failed to stop the ball he would pursue it on his hands and feet as spry as a dog and almost as keen on its track. Either he could hear the ball roll along the grass, or he could judge from the nature of the surface and the known speed of the ball just how it would roll. His hands would sweep the ground with great rapidity, and when he had the ball he would jump on his feet and rush for the home base.

With the exception of the home base, all the bases were trunks of large shade trees. I was astonished to see how rapidly the boys could run. They just flew over the ground, making a great stamping on the smooth earth until they were within five or six feet of a base, and then they would feel up to it. Not once did they run against a tree, though it made me shudder to see how near they came to doing so. I suppose they knew when they were near a tree by hearing the echo of their steps. Occasionally the batter would make a good hit; then all hands but the runner went in search of the ball. As soon as he had made his run he would join in the hunt. They always started off in the right direction, and did not hunt in each other's tracks. Once the superintendent helped them find a ball that went some fifty yards, but generally they found it themselves. Though the game was played for my benefit the well-worn turf gave abundant proof of the fondness of the boys for the sport during their hours of play.

Expensive Christmas Gifts.

Nashville *American's* New York Letter Somebody showed me an ostrich feather fan in a Broadway store yesterday. Its sticks were of chosen pieces of mother of pearl inlaid with gold. On each was set a tiny gold rose, and in the heart of each rose sparkled a diamond. The ostrich plumes were thick and heavy, such feathers as one seldom sees. Each was chosen expressly for its position, and the whole made the daintiest white toy that ever a woman played with. It was to cost $1,000, and was meant, I was told, for a Christmas gift to Mrs. George Gould. It was ordered by a friend of the family or by one of the younger Gould boys, and will outshine anything in Pauline Hall's famous collection. People not so rich as the Goulds, plain, ordinary every-day millionaires, are putting a year's income for many hard-working folk into similar toilet trifles. I have seen within a week an umbrella which is to belong to a woman unknown to fame, but which has eaten up money at an extraordinary rate. It has a cover of silk, hand woven by a Brooklyn man who alone possesses the secret of its peculiar sheen. Its handle is a long hook, overlaid with oxidized silver, upon which are set curios of all sorts, each in its way an artistic gem. There are daintily cut cameos, old gold coins, snakes outlined in rubies, a toad in emeralds, a head of Bacchus etched in silver—every odd notion that fancy can devise, all to make an umbrella such as no woman carried before. A jewelled watch is set in the end of the stick, and the price is counted in the hundreds.

John Wesley's Pulpit for Sale.

The freehold Episcopal chapel in West street, close to Shaftesbury avenue, which connects Oxford street with Charing Cross, is to be sold by auction on Dec. 15th.

There is a record that about the year A. D. 1700 it was built on the site of a former Episcopal chapel, which had been used for the performance of divine worship in Irish.

John Wesley's diary contains many references to his ministry in West street chapel from Oct. 29th, 1743, when he preached his first sermon there, to Feb., 1790, when he made his last record about preaching there.

Whitfield, Romaine and Fletcher (of Madeley) were other equally gifted and favorite divines of the last century who, on various occasions, preached in West street chapel.

Besides the church pulpit and fittings there remains in the vestry the portable pulpit which Wesley was accustomed to use when preaching in the open air.—*London Times.*

The Way With Most of Them.

Wife (pleadingly)—I'm afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to do.

Husband—Why?

W—Because you always let me get up to light the fire.

H—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you the more.

Still Uncertain.

"Go," she said, and inquire how Mrs. X. is this morning. And if she is dead," she added, "ask when the funeral is to be." Mrs. X. is better this morning," was the report, "and they cannot tell when the funeral will be."

What the Poets Say about Christmas.

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly 'round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth
And sadly fell on Christmas eve.
Tennyson.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the babe was born,
Sang with many a change
Christmas carols until morn.
Longfellow.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball
To welcome Merry Christmas.
Spencer.

It is the Christmas time,
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.
D. M. Mulock.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.
Milton.

BYGONES.

(Charles Mackay in "Temple Bar.")

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words, of anger born;
Ye thoughts unkind, and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn;
Against your memory we rebel—
We have outlived your foolish day;
No longer in our hearts you dwell—
Bygones! Bygones! pass away!

But oh, ye joyous smiles and tears,
Endearments fond, and pleasures past,
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to last—
Ye charities and words of peace,
Affection's sunshine after rain;
Oh never let your blessings cease,
Bygones! Bygones! come again.

Not Altogether Friendless.

The small child is to the front again. He had been naughty. The naughtiness of youth and the naughtiness of age are widely different.

"If you do that nobody will love you," the tender mother told him.

"Tain't so. I know one who'll like me," he answered.

"Who?"

"Satan. He likes the bad ones."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

An Unnatural Mother.

"I believe I've got the meanest ma in Texas."

"What did she do?"

"Just before Christmas she put me into long trousers. She did that so I would have to wear short stockings that wouldn't cost much to fill. What do you say to that for meanness? She'd make a nice stepmother, she would."—*Texas Siftings.*

Adding Insult to Injury.

Mr. Oldboy (a bachelor)—It's all over, Gussy, my boy. Miss Smith has refused me.

Gussy—I suppose she let you down easy by promising to be a sister to you?

Mr. Oldboy (bitterly)—No, b' thunder; she said she would be a daughter to me!

"Without Point or Epigram."

Sheridan used to pretend that he put Law down effectually. "When Law said, 'Pray, Mr. Sheridan, do answer my question without point or epigram,' I retorted, 'You say true, Mr. Law; your questions are without point or epigram.'"

What She Would Call Him.

Young Mr. Cilly—I say, Cousin Amanda, would you—aw—call me a dude?

Amanda—No, dear; just a little harmless dudelet, that's all.

The Year of Jubilee.

The Prince of Wales is delighted with John L. Sullivan. And Sullivan is pleased with the Prince. This is a year of international amity.—*Athens Banner Watchman.*

Miss E. M. Voth, a young woman, who some time ago took up a claim near Aberdeen, Dak., recently rescued from death a young man who had been caught in a blizzard on the prairie and had taken refuge in a deserted claim shanty near her farm.

—Anxious father—"I wish you would tell me what to do with my boy. He is wilful, disobedient and surly. I dress him down with a horsewhip a dozen times a week, and sometimes lock him in the coal-house for half a day to discipline him, but it does no good. He comes out as defiant as ever. What does such a boy need?" The Rev. Mr. Surplice (decidedly)—"He needs a change of fathers."

THE *Shoe and Leather Reporter* points out that the feet can be kept warmer in cold weather by wearing a shoe with a light sole than a thick one; with the former the foot has a chance to work, thereby keeping up a circulation; this, of course, applies only when the weather is dry. But when it is wet and rubbers are necessary, it is best to wear a single-soled shoe inside. In the summer the thick sole should be worn, for it keeps the heat from striking through to the foot. This is all so contrary to the preconceived opinions of the public that it is doubtful whether it will receive much credence, but it is the fact, all the same.

A traveller, recently returned from a trip to New Mexico, says that in a little valley in the south of the territory he saw ripe apples, green apples and apple blossoms all growing in the same orchard.

Says the Boston *Journal:* A picturesque street scene is made by the yoke of pure white oxen drawing the advertising cart. As the farmer in frock and broad brimmed hat guides the slow beasts along the pavements a characteristic bit of the country draws many affectionate glances from the city crowd.

In an envelope recently opened at Washington was a $5 bill, which the sender said had been exposed to a contagious disease, and, although fumigated, had better receive careful handling. When the young woman who received it read the warning, it is told, she dropped the bill with a scream, which brought fifty other young women in the division crowding around her desk.

The fair at the Masonic Temple, New York, in aid of the erection of an asylum for aged Freemasons and the widows and orphans of deceased members of the fraternity, has now closed. The result is that over $70,000 in cash has been deposited in bank in favor of the building fund, while promised donations, and outstanding claims in connection with the fair, will bring the total amount very nearly to $100,000.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

A Christmas Incident.

Ushered in by a heavy fall of snow, at last Christmas Eve had come, after long and anxious waiting on the part of the little ones throughout the city; and even the older people welcomed it with feelings of pleasure as they saw the hopes of their own youth revived again in the faces of the children, bright with thoughts of the morrow. Happy fathers and mothers, laden with presents, were hurrying homeward; their purses were perhaps almost empty, but their arms were full, and their hearts were fuller yet. Now and again, far away through the falling snow, would be heard the faint but clear tinkle of the chiming sleigh bells, then a rush of horses, a flurry of snow and a peal of silvery music dying away in the distance. The markets were filled with people buying provisions for the holidays. The tradesmen were busier than they had ever been before. Joyous laughter kept breaking forth from the groups surrounding the gay shop windows, as some object more amusing than the rest caught their eyes. Every one seemed to be full of enjoyment. No one, as he looked at the others, could help involuntarily voicing the thought, "All Christendom must be happy at this time." For there is scarcely ever a joy existing in this world without a sorrow to equal it; great indeed is the burden, therefore, when it falls on a few saddened hearts to counter-balance the happiness of a city. So it was in this case.

In the attic room of a many-storied tenement, in the humbler part of the great city, sat an aged man. It was a poor little room. There was no furniture in it, unless the little three-legged wooden stool on which he sat, or the black case on the one shelf that had not been burnt for fuel, might be termed furniture. Off one corner of the roof the rafters had been swept away in the storm of the previous night, and the snow was slowly drifting in along the bare floor. There were holes in the window panes; some he had filled with straw from his bed, but now there was no more straw, and the wintry wind blew keenly through the others. It tossed his long white hair over his forehead. He shivered, and drawing his ragged coat closer round him, he bent forward on the rude stool toward the meagre fire of coke. His face, sad and careworn, was ghastly thin and drawn with the pangs of hunger, for "Old Franz," as the neighbors had nick-named him, had not tasted food for days. Down stairs in the flat below he could hear the voices of the children, as they gaily hung up their stockings, well-darned to hold carefully the presents that Father Christmas might give them. He heard their childish prattle and sighed, as memory wandered back to his own early days in the dear old home in the country. Nine, 10 and 11 rolled out the city clocks, and gradually all the sounds ceased except, now and then, the muffled footfalls of a late traveller hastening over the snow-covered sidewalk to his home. The old man dozed. His dreams were sorrowful for a tear glistened for a moment in his eye, and then trickled over his wrinkled face; even while he slept his sorrows were with him. The fire went out, but the wind grew bitterly cold and the old man moved uneasily in his sleep; he moaned once or twice, and sometimes he would mutter indistinctly.

Thus the night passed and the morning came. Christmas morning! and the children were joyfully examining the toys and playthings that Santa Claus had brought them in the night. Still 'Old Franz' dreamed on. The sunbeams creeping farther and farther over the floor made the room feel warmer, and as at last they played over his face, he smiled in his sleep and awoke. The smile changed as he remembered he was starving. He rose up with difficulty, and immediately fell back exhausted; he waited a little and then, slowly rising, he staggered to the shelf and took down his last, his only friend, his violin. For Franz was a musician; ay, he had been a great master once, but for years his hands had trembled so much to play, and he had been forced to teach for his daily bread. And now his pupils had left him; they said he was too old even to teach. Poor Franz! He held the violin tightly in his arms as though he thought some one would take it from him. "Shall I sell thee for bread, my own? Shall I beg?" he murmured. "No! No! 'Old Franz' may be poor, but he would rather die than become a beggar, and he will never part with thee." Then his mind wandered. The past came before him. He hugged more closely his violin to his breast. It was for love of music that he had left the happy farm home of his boyhood. It was for music he had braved his father's anger and the tears of his mother, and had gone to the great city to had suffered so much. Perhaps there is a moment in the life of an unsuccessful man so full of sadness and of joy, so filled with a longing that is strangely sweet and yet so full of the most intense regret as that in which he reviews the years that are told. He sees again the triumphs of his boyhood; the well-earned prizes of his college life; he had worked hard to gain them, and, as he received them from the hands of his old masters, what hopes did he not form, what ambitions did he not cherish, what fame did he not see crowning his after life? Ah! all that is passed now; the hopes were soon blighted, almost in their youth, never were the ambitions fulfilled, the fame always fled away before his eager grasp. True he can remember some of his companions, at how few they are, who have attained the goal of their wishes; they have indeed achieved success; but for him life has been a failure. In the years of his past can see only disappointment succeeding disappointment, misfortune rushing on misfortune; once more, as long ago, can hear the bells ringing in each new year full of promise for the future. Ah! they were also tolling the burial of the hopes of the year before. Franz thought of the past. He remembered again his early struggles; the old master that had had faith in his genius; his brilliant successes won at last after many years.

With his shaking hand he placed the violin to his shoulder, and drew the bow across its strings. The tone was rich and pure. His hand gained strength. Again he was before great audiences; again bouquets were showered upon him; again he heard their plaudits and he bowed his head to thank them. The bells of the city churches began to ring for the morning service. He started and murmured "It is Christmas." He thought of Christmas on the old farm, of his gray-haired father, of his tender, loving mother, of her teachings, of the holy service in the quaint old church, he was happy then but now—he bowed his head, overwhelmed with anguish. There comes a time in our lives when we near the final goal; behind us stretches the past with its mingled shadow and sunlight, but round us the mists of the evening are gathered, the shades of darkness deepen, sorrow after sorrow falls upon us with crushing force, the gloom increases, the light fades away and the night ensues, the darkness is intense, black heavens frown upon us, earthly supports give way beneath us and we feel we are sinking. In that moment, if never before, we remember our Creator. Franz thought of his God, and bowed his head in prayer. Presently he took up his violin and began to play again. The neighbors in the rooms below stopped their gossip to listen.

"It is the angels," whispered the children.

"It must be 'Old Franz,' said one of the men.

"Hush," said another. And silently one by one they stole up the stairs and stood with listening ears at the door of the garret room. They held their breath as the music, rising upward, swelled into an anthem of praise. It seemed like the morning carols of the birds returning thanks to their Maker that the day had come. Then the melody slowly died away into a wail of anguish, and as it rose again more softly they thought they heard a sorrowful child sobbing itself quietly to sleep in its Father's bosom. It ceased and all was still.

There were tears in the eyes of the neighbors as they opened the door and looked in. The old master leaned forward. His head fell upon his violin. "He is sleeping," they whispered to each other. Ay! they were right. "Old Franz" was sleeping—forever. And presently the choir in the neighboring church began to chorus the Christmas anthem, "Peace on earth! Good will to Men." It was his requiem. ERNEST L.

A Difference in Dudes.

Fashionable Americans are often reproached with Anglomania, but the dude is occasionally capable of an original idea. It would never occur to an English dandy to wear an insect round his neck with a gold chain attached to one of his legs. Yet here in New York you will sometimes see a Mexican beetle crawling lazily over an expanse of shirt-front. The Mexican beetle is a large creature, with yellow head and back, and black legs. He was offered to me in a shop the other day for $5, having enjoyed two or three days of freedom on the floor. "Is he expensive to keep?" I inquired. "Not at all," was the reply "Give him a little sugar about once every two months, and he'll be quite happy. This insect has an affectionate disposition and never bites.—*St. James Gazette.*

A Mayor in a New Role.

The following letter, addressed to "Santa Claus, City Hall," found its way into Mayor Hewitt's official mail in New York

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I am writing to you to tell you that my sister Maggie is very sick, and she says that you sent her a dollar, and she wants a big French doll and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy; and Santa Claus will you please send me the game of Chit Chat and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy, and send my sister Nellie a doll and a bank and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy, and my brother John wants a hobby-horse and a velocipede and a stocking full of sugar plums and candy. My name is Mamie Lyons, No. 8 Gansevoort street.

Before the Battle.

Fogg—Who was the man that just bowed to me, do you know?

Blogg—Which? The one who is raising his hat to that servant girl in the doorway opposite?

Fogg—Yes; who is he?

Blogg—Why, he is one of the new candidates for alderman. There he goes, shaking hands with a policeman on the corner.

Her Standby.

Happy man (to widow of three husbands)—Whom shall I ask to perform the ceremony, darling? That matter, of course, I shall leave to you.

Widow (hesitatingly)—Well, dear, I haven't any very particular preference, although I've always had the Rev. Mr. Goodman.—*New York Sun.*

Go One Voyage to Learn.

Mrs. Honeydove—Dear me. I can't see what can keep Charles out so late! Here it is 11 o'clock. He's a regular slave to his business.

Mrs. Twicemarried (pityingly)—That's what I thought of my first husband, dear; but the second knows it's always best to get home by dinner time.—*Judge.*

Well Supplied With Grandparents.

A son of Mr. William Strader, of Morrisburg, is burdened with grandparents. He has five living grandfathers, the eldest of the five being Mr. Strader, of Matilda, aged 101 years. He has six living grandmothers, the eldest of these being Mrs. Reddick, of Williamsburg, aged 93 years.

A Female Kilrain.

A Galena grocer named Scott offered to let a woman named Taylor strike him with a codfish for 25 cents. It was all a joke, you know, but she paid the money, gave the codfish a whirl or two, and when it hit Grocer Scott it broke his jaw and tore off part of his ear.—*Lee County (Ill.) Times.*

Not Dimmed by Time.

Caller, to little Bobby—Bobby, what makes your eyes so bright?

Bobby (after a little thought)—I des it's tause I haint had 'em in very long."

—The *War Cry* reports "a wonderful defection from the devil" at Hamilton.

—Agent (to man at the door)—"Is the head of the house in sir?" Man at the door—"Yes, she's in. What do you want o' her?"

BUFFALO BILL ABROAD!

A Little Love Affair—What the Cowboy Think of It.

The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill—W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying to his thousands of admirers on this side.

There was more truth than many imagined in his reply to the inquiry:

"What are you doing in England?"

"Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses."

The English nobility quickly "cottoned to" Buffalo Bill because they recognized that he belonged to a higher order than their own—Nature's nobility. Despite his wild life he early managed to acquire an education and the polish which makes him easy even in royal society.

His polish is the bitter fruit, it is said, of a young love experience. When a young man on the plains, wild, woolly and unkempt in appearance and character, he fell in love with a dashing little school teacher. Full of pluck and faith in himself, he proposed to her. She laughed at him and he—collapsed.

After a time he braced up, bought some books and began to study.

His defeat proved his victory. The girl was his mascot, and his successes are due to her.

Magnificent specimens of manhood though they be "Bill's boys" are not perfection. Under date: "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co., London, Sept. 19th, 1887," D. W. Shoemaker, of the Cowboy Band, writes: "Some weeks ago I was suffering from great disorder of the liver and kidneys and general prostration. I was forced to quit work and take my bed. I called in a physician, who only afforded temporary relief. A friend induced me to take Warner's safe cure, which afforded almost instant relief, and after taking three bottles, I find myself in as good health as at any time in my life."

Two other members of the Wild West Show, Mawe Beardsley, pony express rider, and Jim Mitchell, a cowboy, add to this statement of Shoemaker's, that in their long experience on the plains, from change of water, climate and mode of life, and severe riding, they became subject to liver and kidney diseases, and they have found a sure remedy for these troubles in Warner's safe cure. Mawe Beardsley says: "I constantly recommend it to my friends."

Buffalo Bill has pluck and courage and hard sense, and not only controls all the wild elements that make up the Wild West Show, but controls himself.

His experience as a scout makes him wary, discreet and shrewd. He quickly learns the best way to secure results, and, like a true man, has no prejudices against anything that proves its merits.

Buffalo Bill is so popular in England he may come home a "Sir William." But if not he will probably enjoy himself quite as well, having secured a fortune ample enough for all his wants, title or no title.

A Baby in the House

is the source of much sunshine and joy, brightening many a dark cloud and lightening many a heavy load—but joys continual abide only in a healthy body. The Creator with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvellous Laboratory reveals its secrets to man only by long and [illegible] attained greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce: nor devised for suffering humanity a greater production than his "Golden Medical Discovery," the unfailing remedy for consumption in its earlier stages, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

A Pedler Puzzled.

Pedler—Does Mr. Smith live here? Mrs. S.—Yes. Pedler—Is his wife in? Mrs. S.—Certainly, I am Knott Smith's wife. Pedler—Well, is his wife in? Mrs. S.—Certainly, I am Knott Smith's wife. Pedler—Who said you was? Where is his wife? I want to see her. Mrs. S.—I am Mrs. Knott Smith. Pedler—Ah, yes, you are Mrs. Knott Smith, are you not? Beg pardon.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure every time.

Would Rather Have Her Sister.

A Scotch Presbyterian minister who married a couple of his rustic parishioners felt exceedingly disconcerted on his asking the bridegroom if he were willing to take the woman for his wife by his scratching his head and saying, "Ay, I'm wullin' but I'd rather hae her sister."—*The Thistle.*

Have You Thought About It?

Pain is one of the sure things of life, and it becomes then a most important question to have at hand the quickest and most efficient remedy. Polson's Nerviline cannot fail to cure cramps, toothache, neuralgia, headache and all pain, internal or external. Nerviline is the most perfect combination ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. It will not cost you much to try it, for you can buy at any drug store for 10 cents a trial bottle, which will convince you of its mighty pain relieving power.

More Ways Than One.

The City Clerk of Ashland, Wis., shot a deer and wished to send it to some friends at a distance, but the express company refused to receive it. He thereupon placed the deer in a cheap pine coffin, marked it "John Deer, deceased, aged 1," and shipped as a corpse.

—"Know all men (and women) by these presents"—— that Christmas is at hand.

—Mr. Fred. Carling, son of the Minister, is down with a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Ah, Pat, my friend, they tell me,
You've donned the matrimonial chain;
All fools are thus not dead, I see,
"No, sur," said Pat, "you still remain."

In the Brampton branch of the Central Bank over $180,000 belonging to the people of the place is locked up.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

No other term than the above would apply to the woman who could see her youthful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and haggard because of functional derangement. What a pity that all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them youthful and beautiful once more! For the ills to which the daughters of Eve are peculiarly liable the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

A Long Ten Years.

Miss Prime—Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?

Doctor (meditatively)—Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between 29 and 30. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her 29th and 30th birthday.—*Judge.*

Gout, Rheumatism and No Dog.

"How is it you have so many young men call on you?" asked a jealous girl.

"Because," was the reply, "father has the gout in one foot and the rheumatism in the other; besides, we don't keep a dog."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2909 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

DON'L, 1-8

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE ADVANCE.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1888.

INCORPORATION.

Incorporation is a popular theme for discussion in Flesherton now-a-days. And it becomes more popular every day. Time was when this was not so, and not so long ago either. Men who regarded the very idea of such a thing with suspicion twelve months ago, are now thinking seriously about it. And the question naturally arises—

Why this sudden change?

Well, there are several reasons, and we have taken the pains to jot down a few, which are hereby submitted to the public for perusal and consideration.

(1) The precedent established by our sister village to the South, Dundalk, and the energetic move now being made by our ambitious neighbor to the North, Markdale.

(2) Many Flesherton ratepayers are of opinion, that the amount of money expended in the place by the Township is not proportionate to the sum of money paid into the treasury by the citizens.

(3) It is believed that incorporation would put it within the power of the villagers to improve the facilities nature has bestowed with such a lavish hand upon Flesherton.

(4) That incorporation would add to the dignity of the place, would tend to improve our sidewalk system, and offer inducements for the location of manufacturing industries.

(5) That the village would have a distinct voice in County Council legislation.

(6) That a suitable lock-up—not a big box—would be provided for the accommodation of offenders against the majesty of the law.

(7) That the village would be less hampered than it now is in the matter of improving leading public highways and in bettering its travelling facilities generally.

(8) That the interests of Flesherton would be of paramount importance—first, last and all the time—which would have a tendency to attract new business enterprises to the place.

There! We've produced no less than eight reasons in favor of incorporation, which will be sufficient for the present. Enough has been given to show that the agitation, now in its infancy, is more likely to grow than to diminish. But what is more likely to fan this little blaze into a fierce flame, is the rapidly growing feeling, that it is the great panacea for all the ills Flesherton is heir to. "Give us incorporation," said one gentleman, "and we'll show you what Flesherton can do; we'll wipe out the mistakes and blunders of the past as quick as you could say Jack Robinson!" "Ah! but, sir—the taxes, the taxes!" groans another. "Bah!" snorts a third, "you're an old—goose, sir! if it improves your property fifty per cent. what need you care if you have to pay a few paltry dollars into the town treasury!"

On the whole, however, a tide has set in in favor of the scheme, and it is useless to pretend to ignore it. It simply remains for those interested to discuss the question calmly and dispassionately. Let both sides of the scheme be fairly considered. It is a grave mistake to indulge in superficial reasoning or to jump at conclusions. Every objection should be weighed well; every argument advanced in favor of incorporation should be critically considered—from every possible standpoint. After having thoroughly analysed the subject, it is well to finally ask the question—Would the change be beneficial to the village *as a whole*? First, "be sure you are right, and then go ahead!"

We can easily lay claim to doing the business of this section for 25 miles around. having sold from Oct. 3rd, 1887, to Dec. 29th, 1887, eleven fine gold watches, thirty-two silver watches, and twenty-nine clocks, against another dealer's blow of twelve watches and sixteen clocks. There is no doubt about it, that the people will come to us to buy as they know they can do far better than elsewhere at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The Annual Public School Meeting of this section was held in the school room on Wednesday last, and as there were a few dissatisfied parties who would be pleased to have our school closed, merely for the purpose of saving a few cents. An attempt was made to elect Mr. James Buckingham as Trustee in place of Mr. W. Long, retiring. But the majority of the ratepayers being in favor of maintaining a good school and employing also a good teacher, turned out in force and elected Mr. D. K. Preston as Trustee by a large majority.

Our Municipal Elections on Monday resulted in electing J. Douglas, Reeve, by a majority of 37 over D. K. Preston. Deputy Reeve, A. McIntyre; Councillors, Hudson, Monaghan and Taylor.

One of our leading merchants is very anxious to trade his stock of goods for a farm, and thinks farming a very profitable business.

Our prophet says war in Europe is now inevitable and that it will extend to Maxwell But money will be plentiful.

Our new school teacher commenced his duties on Tuesday. We wish him every success and from recommends received we expect to receive entire satisfaction.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The Methodist S. S. Anniversary was held on Wednesday the 26th ult., owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not as large as might have been. After tea came the literary program. Miss Hutchinson presided at the organ, speeches were delivered by Messrs. McQuay, Burton and Strongman. The dialogues, recitations and readings were generally well rendered. Proceeds about $30.

Miss M. Johnston and Mr. C. Russell, who have been attending the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute are spending the vacation with their parents here.

Mr. W. Hames is building a new house here opposite the Victoria cheese factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Creemore, are visiting at Mr. and Mrs. W. Ludlow's.

The Inistioge Division, Sons of Temperance will give an entertainment here on Friday, Jan. 6th, commencing at 7 o'clock. A good time is expected, as there is a select program for the occasion. Admission free.

TAMARAC.—A cold will often cause an irritation, dryness and soreness inside the throat. The first dose of Tamarac Elixir will afford relief.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Mrs. Geo. Bath, of Euphrasia, sold a turkey to a Thornbury merchant the other day, which weighed 26½ pounds.

Mr. Hugh Fraser, father of Mrs. Chas. Pye, of Clarksburg, was killed by a train in Chicago last night—*Thornbury Standard.*

Dr. James Kennedy, of Owen Sound, is dead, aged 64 years. He was born in Co. Armagh, Ireland. He was a Presbyterian in creed, a Reformer in politics, and a Prohibitionist in temperance.

George Small, of Riverview, was fooling with a revolver cartridge the other day, when it exploded and inflicted severe injuries on his head.

Two prominent Mt. Foresters, who were attending County Court at Guelph, were taken for burglars not long since. Surely they weren't newspaper men?—er—um—why, of course not!

A farmer drove into Markdale with his wife last Sunday, having on poultry and other produce for market. They were both surprised and astonished to see Markdale market so quiet, and returned home in disgust, not with the town but with themselves.—*Standard.*

There is discord in Markdale on account of the recent rather inexplicable educational revolution.

MARRIED.—By Rev. O. Edgelow, Church of England minister, Dundalk, Mr. Thos. Bannon, to Miss Maria Ann, daughter of Mr. Alfred Ward, both of Artemesia. THE ADVANCE tenders its congratulations.

Counterfeit 25 cent pieces are in circulation in Dundalk.

Mrs. Symington, wife of the late C.P.R. station agent at Dundalk, died at Galt on Tuesday week.

Division Court will be held monthly in Owen Sound in future.

Daniel Hamilton of Sydenham township, a young man 22 years of age, was kicked in the ribs by a horse belonging to James Buckly of Owen Sound. Two of his ribs were broken and it is feared he is also injured internally.

Mr. Briggs, of Collingwood, was splitting wood in that town one day recently, when his axe came in contact with a clothes line and bounced back against his head, inflicting a wound just above his eyes.

Mrs. D. T. N. Mitchell, of Collingwood, got a rusty sewing needle in her throat, while eating some baker's bread one morning last week. The needle was removed with some difficulty, although it nearly cost the lady her life.

On behalf of the Marine department, the Mayor and town Councillors of Collingwood recently presented Miss Marie Collins of that place with a beautiful gold locket and chain, for rescuing Mr. Manning Brown and his nephew from drowning in August last. The brave young

---

Our Watch Repair trade in increasing every day. Thirty-nine watches in to repair at the present time, and the people over twenty miles around come to get their work done at Russell's Flesherton, as they have proved by experience that is the only place to get them done properly.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED!

A Quantity of WHITE ASH for Butter Tubs, for which CASH will be paid on delivery.
JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

OWEN SOUND

Collegiate ✠ Institute

WILL open on MONDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1888. Excellent Staff of Teachers. Inspector officially reports it the

× *Best Equipped School in Ontario.*— ×

Classes for First, Second and Third Class Certificates, Junior and Senior Matriculation with honors, and Law and Medical Examinations.

At the Examinations, 1887, all the University Matriculation Candidates were successful, one obtaining honors in all departments, and a proficiency scholarship of $100. The Candidates from this School obtained

The Largest number of Teacher's Certificates in the Province.

FEES—Winter Term, $2; Spring Term, $2.

Apply to
F. W. MERCHANT, M. A., Principal,
or D. R. DOBIE, Sec. Board of Education.
Owen Sound, Dec. 15th, 1887.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 5c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.,

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.
Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	74	to 0	78
Spring Wheat	0	74	0	78
Barley	0	55	0	70
Oats	0	34	0	35
Peas	0	57	0	57
Butter	0	17	0	17
Eggs, fresh	0	17	0	17
Potatoes mush	0	40	0	40
Pork	6	40	6	50
Hay, per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	6	00	7	00
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	40	0	56
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	7	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	25
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next – door – to – Clayton's – Shoe – Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

R. CHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland Maine

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

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DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Made of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, manic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the semen fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, arrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently tered. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send for address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a foretaste. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

"The Good Time Coming."

For the Advance.

It was a comical sight, which all the intervening years with its wear and tear of life have not obliterated from my memmory. In all the vivid freshness of the present, the past, becomes again a living reality. It was a temperance meeting to which I refer; it was held in our Town Hall—a large and somewhat gloomy building—in which justice was presumed to be dispensed to the lawless, though from the magistrate on the bench, to the legal fraternity in their pomp of wig and gown immediately before him, I fear there were times when very little mercy mingled with it.

John Damper Parks was the leading Temperance light in our town, he was a retired florist at the time I write. He stood nearly six feet high, with a slight stoop. He had an expansive forehead, long flowing white hair, a Roman nose, large shaggy eyebrows, beneath which his keen bright eyes shone like diamonds. Brother John Collins, was a slim dapper little man—a silk printer by trade—officiating on Sabbath as minister to a Baptist congregation at "Antioch Chapel." He had a bright pleasing face, which his gold-rimmed spectacles set off to advantage. He was so exceedingly neat, as to impress you with the idea that he had just stepped out of a hat box.

Joseph Blackburne was a short thick-set individual of alderman ic proportions. His hair stubbornly resisted cultivation, and in its general uprightness, bristled with suggestions of strong determination. William Wheatly was a peculiar specimen—slim, tall and awkward—a pale face with sharply defined cheek bones. When his long arms were at rest, the tips of his attenuated fingers reached his knee joints. With his frock coat closely buttoned, he was a model which any undertaker might well have envied.

On this occasion Bros. Park and Collins occupied the centre of the platform, with *short* Bro. Blackburn and *long* Bro. Wheatly on their right and left. Bro. Parks gave out a Temperance hymn, in which the audience—not having books—were unable to join. Bro. Blackburn casting an upward glance at a distant fly spot on the ceiling proceeded, in measured tones to "raise" the tune. Bro. Collins gave a few feeble notes interspersed with sundry side-glances at Bro. B., as the varied grace notes of the latter issued from his stentorian voice. Bro. Parks was *not* musically gifted, but the continuous hum of his *one* note, was heard at the farthest end of the hall. Bro. Wheatly clasped his hands behind him, and with a half-frightened look, added his quota of supulchural bass.

From a critical standpoint the singing was *not* a success, as an unsypmpathetic audience left it chiefly to the quartette on the platform. Bro. Collins followed in prayer which had a mollifying effect in quieting the audience for the speeches which followed.

I shall not pursue these friends further, my purpose is to give you an idea of my first introduction to the movement, and to show you the kind of men, who, under tremendous difficulties, in years gone by, began to stem the tide of the drink traffic.

While we gaze in wonder and amazement at the majesty and beauty of the gilded spire, we are apt to overlook the fact, *that it owes all its stability to the rugged foundations hidden beneath the surface.* Even so let us overlook the *moral heriosm* of the men, the fruit of whose labours we now enjoy—men who bravely stood in the breach—men who *dared*, when the stream of popular derision was *against* them, to stand true to their colors, who fought inch by inch for their vantage ground—men who only laid down their labors with their lives, of whom it may be truly said "these all died in Faith not having received the promise, but having *seen* them afar off, and were persuaded of them."

They fell, but the work continued, being dead they yet speak, for their works do follow them. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and *die* it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." As in the natural so in the moral. The frail bodies of these noble men have long since mingled with the mother earth "but their souls are marching on" to the glorious position of the good time coming.

Yes, thank God, the good time *is* coming, darkness has covered the earth and *gross* darkness the people, yet the dawn is breaking. Long indeed, has the demon bound in fetters the victims of the bowl, long indeed has their "imprisoned spirits laid *fast bound* in sin and errors night," yet a clarion blast has sounded from sea to sea, swelling louder and stronger, wafting upon every breeze to every clime the question, Watchman what of the night? While from the lofty mountain top, reverberating across the valleys, no longer in prophetic vision but in glorious fruition comes the glad reply "The Morning Cometh."

The little one *has* become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. The time was—and not many years since—when an abstainer was pointed out as a veritible crank, but the crank has kept turning, until the moral verdict of public opinion regards him as a *benefactor* of the race. Keep the crank turning, brethren, until the poor *mulbry-nosed muddled brained cranks* of the whiskey bottle are rescued from their thraldom and are again "*clothed and in their right mind.*"

We speak of the dangers to which those noble men are exposed, who "go down to the sea in ship," and "who do business upon the great waters" we carefully inspect their craft, we see that they are duly provided with belts and life boat—we survey the ocean and on our charts, mark plain the dangerous and hidden reefs—we carefully locate the quicksands and the shallows—along our coast we erect the lighthouse, whose friendly beacon, shines out its welcomed light, alike in calmest night or blinding storm, so that in "the perils off" to which they are exposed, all help is given, that in safety they may reach "the desired haven."

What Philanthropy has done for the sailor, Temperance aided by Christian patriotism is doing for humanity in order to save the millions of moral wrecks, whose broken and shattered barks, are dashing on the shores of time, and whose priceless souls are nearing the dreaded rocks of eternal darkness.

True, the beach is strewn with the whitened bones of the fallen, true it is that God's great Phonegraph is full of the widow's groans, and His vial full of the orphan's tears; the blood of the slain crieth from the earth for vengeance, while the smoke of their torment, and the wail of the lost—"where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,"—ascended before him forever.

But the good time is coming, to the perishing, a noble army has arisen, no longer a scattered few, but "clothed" in a panoply of strength, backed by the power of omnipetence, led by the word and will of God, they go forward conquering unto conquer, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. The world may deride, and the people scorn the movement as fanaticism.

"But the might and the right and the truth shall be,
Let there come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

In that day it shall no longer be asked "who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?" for the curse shall be removed, old things shall have passed away, behold all things shall have become new. These are not dreams of an enthusist, but the outgrowth of the sober facts of our own present surroundings. Drink is doomed, already the passing bell is tolling its downfall. In the towns where the Scott Act is in operation, where are the crowds of lazy loafers and helpless sots, who daily frequented the place?—ABSENT. No longer the sound of drunken revelry and licentious blasphemy rings through the place, a change has come "o'er the spirit of the scene." True there are yet those who in darkened rooms, in cellars, holes and corners get their liquor, yet since it has been relegated to the darkness—its own appropriate type—the remnant of self respect even in a drunkard, revolt at the sneaking proceeding. What will not stand the light of day is not worth supporting. The well worn statement "that there is more drinking done under the Scott Act than prior to its introduction," is as false as the system it endeavors to uphold, as personal experience and reliable statistics clearly prove. It is the dying wail of a dying cause, kept up by the sattolites of the landlord, whose dying profits from the dying souls, are daily growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the liquor interest "the good time is coming." Strong drink leads to uncleanliness, adultery, to covetness, to idolitry, to all manner of evil, to death physical and to death eternal. "Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." Therefore be not partakers with them, touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." The good time is coming when the raggedness, the squallors, the wretchedness and misery of the outcast shall cease. While we view the abodes of the drunkard in all its dismal depravity and lack of comfort, when we look on the pinched faces of the helpless, when we gaze on the woe-begone dishevelled form they call Mother, do we not feel our hearts burn within us? do we not feel our heart of hearts silently breathe out the prayer, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" Let the wreck of what was once a handsome man, with his bleared eyes and tattered garments drivilling in his semi-idoicy the name he once reverently worshiped and adored, is it possible? What has transformed he that was made in the moral image of God, to a condition below the level of the brute creation? What is it that so deadened all the finer sensibilities of his nature, that with oaths and curses, and ofttimes with blows, he spurns from him the form of her he once swore to love and cherish. Oh the unutterable woe, oh the cloud of sorrow and anguish which alone Almighty God can fully know, which at this moment is surging throughout the land.

But the good time is coming when "instead of the thorn shall come up the fig tree and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree"—the day of rejoicing the world's grand jubilee.

In the good time coming we may all have a share, and this is a mighty incentive for individual action. Tis the many strokes that fell the oak, and the accumulated labors and prayers of the glorious army who have died in the field, can be utilized for the advancement of present success. Let us remember that they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent, and they that turn many to righteous as the stars for ever and ever.

While we are surrounded by such glorious possibilities of selfishness, let us lay under contribution ever power of our being for so grand an object. While our heart's deepest sympathy is drawn out for the heathen millions who dwell on the dark places of the earth, let us not lose sight of the worse than heathen of our own surroundings "eyes have they but they see not, ears have they but they hear not," upon whom the full blaze of the light shineth, giving freedom to the captive, who yet, as willing slaves, hug their chains and abide in darkness—Christianized in name yet in works they deny him. Let us arise in the majesty of our Heaven-born strength—let us buckle on the armour—let us push the battle to the gate, until the demon be overthrown, until from the hearts and homes of our fair Dominion shall arise, no longer the wail of misery and woe, but songs of thanksgiving and praise—that He may reign, whose we are and whom we serve "From the river unto the ends of the earth."—D.S.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

On Friday evening, 23rd ult., an Xmas tree entertainment was held in the stone school house which was a most decided success, and was most heartily enjoyed by all present. The school room was beautifully decorated with evergreens and appropriate mottos. The tree was well laden with all manner of presents. Mr. Kells acted as chairman and under his direction a most attractive program consisting of readings, recitations, dialogues, music, &c., was carried out. The teacher, Miss Ford, deserves great credit for the pains taken by her to make the entertainment a success.

At the annual school meeting held last Wednesday, Mr. Thos. Kells was re-elected school Trustee.

There has been another new arrival at Mr. Geo. Pitchard's, it is a daughter.

Mr. James Hanson has sold his farm to Mr. James Brodie and is going to Toronto to learn the veterinary business.

If you want a first-class Gold or Silver Watch in Ladies' or Gents' sizes, Russell's, Flesherton, is the place to go. Warrants from three to five years covering all breakages at lower prices than elsewhere.

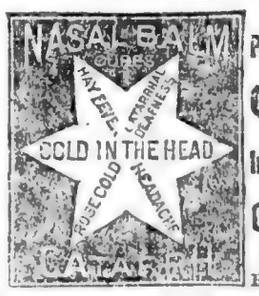

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Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price ... cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address ... FORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Feversham.

To the Editor of The Advance.

I suppose some of the readers of the ADVANCE will be thinking that Feversham has gone out of existence. It is a long time since there has been any news from here. Well, I can assure them such is not the case as they would have been led to see had they been here on Friday evening, 23rd inst., it being the occasion of a Farewell Entertainment and Presentation to Mr. Geo. Mitchell, who is leaving this section after completing a very successful term of three years teaching. The Parents, Children and Friends of Mr. Mitchell turned out *en masse*. At 7:30 p. m. Mr. Chas. Neil, the popular merchant here, was voted to the Chair when an excellent programme consisting of Recitations, Dialogues, Vocal and Instrumental Music &c. was rendered by the pupils and young people of the section after which the pupils presented Mr. Mitchell with a beautiful Gold Headed Cane and the accompanying address.

To Mr. Geo. Mitchell:—

Respected Teacher,—We, the Pupils of S.S. No. 7, Osprey, who have been so much benefitted by your tuition during the past three years and learning with deep regret that you are about to leave us, desire to present you with this cane as a token of our esteem for you, not on account of its intrinsic value but as a souvenir of respect and as you look on it in days to come you may think of those you leave behind, and rest assured that whatever our lot may be in this life we shall not forget the happy hours we spent with you and if we should not be permitted to meet again in this world we hope and trust that it will be our happy lot to meet in that better land where parting is unknown.

LIZZIE HALE,
MARY A. NEIL,

In behalf of Pupils of S.S. No. 7, Osprey.

Mr. Geo. Mitchell made a suitable and feeling reply.

After the presentation, Rev. W. F. Ferrier, of Maxwell, was called on and gave a very pleasing and able address on the occasion, after which, the entertainment was brought to a close by the children singing, "Farewell to a Teacher."

NOTE.—The cane was furnished by the celebrated jeweller, Mr. J. G. Russell, of Flesherton.

Commercial Union

—Has nothing to do with the Big Sale of—

FURNITURE!
— AT —
J. W. BATES'.

Good Goods at Low Prices that tells and has told for the ... years. This season I am in a position to give both ... Customers Furniture of the Best Make and Latest Designs.

FROM TEN TO THIRTY P... ... B...
THAN EVER.

Below I quote a few prices to show I mean business:

Parlor Suites in Hair Cloth, Sofa, Ladies Platform Rocker, Gents Easy and 4 small Chairs for $38.00.

Bedroom Suites $8.50 to $30.00. A beauty for $14.00.

Bureaus $5.00; Cupboards $5.00; Lounges with springs $5.00; Spring Beds $1.25 to $1.50; Perforated Seat Chairs 75c.; Perforated Seat and Back Rockers $1.25; Wood Seat Bent Arm Rocker $1.35.

My Hollow Seat 4 Spindle for 40c., cannot be beaten.

Hand Sleighs 35 to 75c., and in fact anything you want in the Furniture line, price and terms to suit you.

AGENT FOR THE KARN ORGAN!

See them at my Warerooms.

Picture Framing Neat and Cheap.

J. W. BATES,

FURNITURE DEALER, UNDERTAKER &c., FLESHERTON.

Photos,
Photos,
Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

THE GLOBE

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DAILY GLOBE, Morning Edition, -	$6.00	per annum.
" " 12 o'clock " - -	3.00	" "
" " 3 " " - -	3.00	" "
WEEKLY GLOBE, - - - - -	1.00	" "
SATURDAY DAILY GLOBE, - -	1.00	" "

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between Toronto and London, which has been running daily since 3rd March last, will be continued throughout 1888. This train arrives at London at 6.40 a.m., making connection with all the early trains from that point, securing for The Globe a delivery throughout Western Ontario hours in advance of all Toronto papers.

--- TO ADVERTISERS ---

As an advertising medium, The Globe has no equal in Canada. Its circulation, which appears at head of its editorial columns daily, is far in advance of all other Canadian papers, and it is the intention of the management to always keep The Globe in its proud position as the LEADING NEWSPAPER OF CANADA, both in point of circulation and influence.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO.
TORONTO

SPEECH BY MARK TWAIN.

An Oration That Fits Either a Wedding, a Funeral, a Political Meeting or Even a Dinner of Boston Puritans.

A Boston despatch says: Mark Twain was one of the speakers at the banquet in Music Hall last night to celebrate Forefather's Day. He responded to "Post Prandial Oratory," and said: "In treating of this subject, a subject which I have long been familiar with, and may be called an expert in observing it in others, I wish to say that a public dinner is the most delightful in the whole world to the guest. (Laughter.) A public dinner also is the most unendurable suffering in the whole world to the guest. (Laughter.) These two facts don't seem to jibe, but I will explain:

"Now, at a public dinner when a man knows he is going to be called upon to speak and is thoroughly well prepared, got it all by heart, and the pauses marked in his head where the applause is going to come in—(laughter)—that man is simply in heaven. (Laughter.) But when at a public dinner it is getting way along towards the end of the things, and a man is sitting over his glass of wine or his glass of milk—(laughter)—according to the kind of banquet it is, with somebody at his elbow bothering him with talk and talk about nothing, that is just as nearly in the other place as can be. My scheme is this, to carry in my head a connected and tried and thoroughly and glibly emphasized speech that will fit every conceivable occasion in this life, fit it to a dot and win success and applause every time. (Laughter.) Now, I have a fitted speech of this kind and have brought it along as an example."

Twain then showed how such a speech is appropriate at a wedding breakfast, a granger gathering or a theological assembly or a political blow-out or an inquest or funeral anywhere in the world, simply by changing a word here and there, making his delivery tearful or anguishing, chirpy and facetious, or luridly and thunderously eloquent, turning himself loose.

"Suppose we are at a granger gathering," said he, "and are suddenly called upon. We come up with some lively hesitancies and deferences, so as to give the idea that the speech is impromptu. We can venture an impromptu remark to begin with: for instance, if a distinguished person is present we can make a complimentary remark about his great talent or his clothes. (Laughter.) This gives us an opening, and about the time the audience is pitying him we open our throttle-valve and go for those grangers. (Laughter.) The person wants us to be gorgeously eloquent. He wants to fire the granger's heart and start him from his mansard to his cellar. That man may say:

"'Sir: I am suddenly called up and am indeed not—not prepared to—was not expecting to be called up, sir; but I will, with what effect I may, add my shout to the jubilations of this spirited, stirring occasion. (Laughter.) Agriculture, after all, approximately speaking, may be [illegible] be the palladium of our economic [illegible]s. By it, approximately speaking, [illegible] be said to live and move and acquire [illegible]ng. All that we have been, all that [illegible] to be, was, is, and must continue [illegible]

[illegible] a wedding [illegible]as got to be [illegible] on, but must [illegible]e say: 'I am [illegible]., and am indeed not pared to-day. I was not expecting to be called up, sir, but with what effect I may I will add my shout to the jubilations of this spirited, stirring occasion. Matrimony, sir, is after all the palladium of domestic liberty (great laughter) by it, approximately speaking, we may be said to live and move and acquire our being, all that we have been, all that we are, all that we hope to be, was, is and must continue to be by the sublimest of the mighty interests of men. Thrice glorious matrimony.'" (Laughter.)

SUIT OVER A KISS.

A Young Wife Wants $5,000 for Osculation Without Leave.

A Lyons, N. Y., despatch says: Jennie Walker, the pretty young wife of Daniel Walker, in Ontario, this county, has begun action against Henry Elman, the wealthiest man in that locality, for $5,000 damages because of a kiss he gave plaintiff upon the cheek last August. Mrs. Walker alleges that Elman called upon her husband, and that while her husband was in an adjoining room he stooped over her chair and kissed her. She was so terribly shocked and grieved at his hasty action that she was confined to bed several weeks and was unable to do household work. Elman admits the kiss, but will defend the suit. Seven lawyers have been retained in the case.

A Royal Christmas Gift.

A Vienna despatch says: Emperor Francis Joseph yesterday presented Count Andrassy with a magnificent portrait of himself as a Christmas gift. In the letter which accompanied the gift, the Emperor says the present is given in recognition of the hospitality to the Emperor by Count Andrassy during the military manœuvres. The gift is generally believed, however, to have a political significance, the opinion being that the Emperor wished to express his approval of Count Andrassy's energetic policy. It is stated when the Count returned from the Berlin Congress, the Emperor wished to raise him to the rank of prince, and asked several of the Hungarian Ministers to try and induce him to accept the honor. Count Andrassy, however, refused the title and also declined to accept an order, so that the Emperor's only way to honor the Count was to send him an autograph letter, which is the highest Austrian distinction.

A Horse Eats Itself to Death.

A Camden, N.J., despatch says: Hugh McLaughlin, a milkman, of Sixth and Live streets, lost a horse from gluttony last night. The horse broke its halter, got out into the stable, opened the lid of the feed chest and cleaned it of all the corn and oats, something over two bushels. This morning the milkman found his horse dead beside the feed chest.

The mother of ex-President Garfield is now over 87 years old, but still remains bright and strong in mind and body.

—Waterbury *American*: A Christmas belle—The girl with the ring in her voice who will always chime in when anything tolled.

A SAD CHRISTMAS FOR HER.

Widowed Within a Year, Children in an Asylum and Herself in a Cell.

A New York telegram says: Jacob Baumann, of the firm of Baumann Bros., furniture dealers, appeared as complainant in the Yorkville Court before Justice O'Reilly yesterday against Kate Gibbons, 31 years old, of No. 518 West Fifty-first street, whom he charged with selling mortgaged property. The complainant alleged that Mrs. Gibbons purchased on the instalment plan from Baumann Brothers furniture of the value of $134.15, giving a chattel mortgage as security. Last fall she had paid $85 on account and then ceased making payments. When the firm demanded the goods it is said she asknowledged she had sold them. Mrs. Gibbons told a pitiful tale to the Judge, saying that when she purchased the furniture she was in good circumstances and able to make the payments as they came due. Then her husband died and she was left without support for herself and her three little children. She struggled along until she fell sick with erysipelas and was bedridden. She had no friends to whom to appeal, her children were starving, and she sold the furniture piecemeal to buy them food. When all was gone she appealed to Justice Murray at the Yorkville Court two weeks ago and had her little ones sent to an institution. She begged the complainant to give her an opportunity to pay the balance as soon as she was recovered sufficiently to go to work, but he was inexorable and insisted that she should tell him where the furniture was or go to prison. She said she could not tell what had become of the property, and again pleaded through her sobs for mercy, and was again refused. Justice O'Reilly very reluctantly complied with the law and held the poor woman in $300 bail to answer. Having no friend in her extremity she went to prison, moaning in her agony, and the final scene in the destruction of the happy home of a year ago was completed—children in an asylum, father dead and mother in a felon's cell.

TRAGEDY AT SEA.

Steamer Burned to the Water's Edge—Loss of Part of the Crew.

A last (Wednesday) night's San Francisco despatch says: The freight steamer San Vincinte, plying between this city and Santa Cruz, took fire last night off Pigeon Point, about forty miles south of the Golden Gate and burned to the water's edge. The crew consisted of nineteen officers and men. The burning vessel was sighted by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's steamer, Queen of the Pacific, which was bound from San Diego to this port. Sever lboats were lowered and went to the rescue of the San Vincinte's crew. Capt. Chas. Lewis and the second mate were found on the deck of the steamer, preparing to jump into the sea, as the flames were rapidly surrounding them. The first mate and four sailors were found drifting in a small boat, in which they had escaped, and another sailor was discovered clinging to the bottom of an upturned boat. These men were all rescued and taken on board the Queen of the Pacific. Several of them had suffered severely from exposure and one of the sailors died in a few hours. No trace could be found of the other eleven men who composed the crew, and it is supposed they were all lost. Captain Lewis stated that when the fire was discovered the men became panic stricken. Most of them jumped into one of the boats and before it could be lowered the tackle which held it burned away and the boat fell, throwing the men into the water. The San Vincinte was a small vessel and was valued at $30,000; no insurance. The loss on the cargo is light.

The Deacon's Green Goods.

A New York despatch says: Anthony Nelson, one of the "green goods" men recently arrested, was put on trial yesterday. Allen Gilliland, the deacon of a church at his home in Tennessee, or "Sucker No. 82" as the "green goods" gang termed him, identified the letters he had received inviting him to come to New York, where he could purchase $10,000 for $650. Counsel for the prisoner asked to have the case taken from the jury and his client discharged, on the ground that there was no proof that the "goods" mentioned in the circular and letters were counterfeit money. Judge Cowing held that the point was well taken and discharged the prisoner. Before letting him go he warned him that if he was brought before him again and convicted he would receive every minute that the statute would allow. Turning to the deacon, who had been locked up in the House of Detention as a witness since he made his complaint, Judge Cowing lectured him severely. "The best thing you can do," he said, "is to hurry back to Tennessee, and don't come here again. Go back and leave the church, and tell your congregation how you fell." The deacon said he was going to-night.

Trusting to Faith to be Cured.

A Lakewood N. J., despatch says: Miss Violet Hopkins, daughter of David A. Hopkins, the Jersey City manufacturer of railway supplies, who places implicit confidence in the faith cure, has come to this winter retreat to reside temporarily. She is an accomplished young woman and a fine linguist. Her father is proprietor of the *American Sentry*, a devout follower of Swedenborg, and is said to have spent an immense sum of money in his religious zeal to disseminate the teachings of that noted leader. Miss Hopkins shared her father's religious enthusiasm, and when, a year ago, she was attacked with acute pneumonia she determined to test the efficacy of prayer and faith, refusing to accept the services of a physician. She has not improved, and her health is now so seriously impaired that grave doubts are entertained for her recovery.

On the Tobogg n Slide.

Steersman—All ready, Bascom?

Bascom—Yes; or-er wait a moment. If Miss Kittyman will kindly tuck her feet in a little closer, I think we shall find less wind resistance.

—It is singular that, notwithstanding the great variety in the bill of fare at club dinners, there are some men who always want a little game after the dinner is over.

"The world is growing better every day,
And honest men abound," some people say,
But still the finest apples of the crop,
When packed in barrels, somehow get on top.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

She, Who Can Neither See, Talk Nor Hear, Enjoys the Presence of Friends, Their Addresses and the Music of a Blind Boys' Band—Her Fifty Years in an Asylum.

Miss Laura Bridgman, the blind, deaf and dumb inmate of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston, has just given a reception to her friends to mark the 50th year of her residence in that institution, as well as the 58th anniversary of her birth. She enjoyed the music, the addresses of the guests and the presence of those she knew, after her own fashion, and expressed her approval of the remarks by clapping her hands.

Miss Bridgman entered the institution when she was 8 years old. When an infant sickness deprived her of eyesight and the powers of speech and hearing. The sense of smell was entirely destroyed and that of taste much impaired. She was a girl of quick sensibilities, a fact which aided her vastly in acquiring that wonderful comprehension of the 'things around her which has made her, her benefactor and the institution famous the world over. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, now dead, the husband of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, took charge of the girl when she came to Boston fifty years ago. She was taught, after indomitable and painstaking effort on the part of her preceptor and his assistant, Miss Drew, to write, read, spell, knit, and to converse with her teachers and with those who knew the mysterious language of the blind and the mute. The one sense left her, that of touch, enabled her to do this. Talking is carried on with her fingers. She places her hands in those of a person acquainted with the language, and conversation is successfully carried on by means of a finger alphabet. As her studies progressed, this child of unknowable world was taught geography, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, history and philosophy, until now she is as proficient in the ordinary branches of learning as the average person not handicapped by the loss of natural powers.

On Wednesday she sat in the hall of the institution with her tutor at her right hand. There was singing by a chorus of fifty little children in attendance at the institution, a recitation by a young blind girl, a voluntary on the organ by Miss Black, also blind, and an overture by a brass band composed of blind boys. So keen and refined is her sensibility that it is said Miss Bridgman can appreciate, in a small way, of course, the beauty of music by means of the sound vibrations on the floor. The exercises this afternoon were translated to her by her tutor in the mute language of the fingers, and Miss Bridgman attested her feelings by clapping her hands and smiling.

Miss Bridgman was 58 years old to-day, and so the reception had a double significance. During her earlier years she made a practice of keeping a journal, and for ten years, from 1840 to 1850, wrote page after page of notes, so that to-day she has forty or more manuscript books of her own make, the number of pages being about six hundred. She has also written three autobiographical sketches, several poems and numerous letters.

AN ENRAGED FATHER

Attempts to Murder the Seducer of His Daughter—History of the Masher.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: Captain Dunne, lately Governor of Castlebar Jail, and an ex-officer in the United States Army, has been committed for trial in this city for firing a revolver at the Rev. Henry Melville, whom Dunne charges with seducing his daughter while she was residing with Mrs. Melville. Melville eloped with the girl to the Continent and travelled with her to different places. The pair finally returned to London and were discovered by Dunne. Melville fled to Ireland and was pursued by Dunne, who traced him to Dublin, and seeing him seated in a cab fired at him. Melville, however, held a travelling rug before him and stopped the bullet. The affair has created a sensation in Dublin society. The sympathy is with Dunne.

Melville, on being examined, said his real name was Peter Higginson. He had been a customs clerk and a horse dealer. His first wife, who is still alive, was named James. He was divorced from her in America. On marrying the widow of Mr. Whyte, an author, he assumed his present name. Captain Dunne's daughter was the companion and friend of the widow. Melville said he was ordained in South Africa, but did not perform clerical duties except to conduct the service in his household. The widow was wealthy enough to be able to keep fifteen servants. He acknowledged that he had been assaulted and beaten on two occasions for insulting women. He admitted having seduced Miss Dunne. He said that Dunne thrashed him before firing at him. Heavy bail was offered by Dunne, but it was refused.

A Mad Jap.

A San Francisco despatch says: The Bolivian bark Remegio, which arrived from Hakodate, reports that last Tuesday night a Japanese who had the watch on deck suddenly became insane. All the crew were below and at midnight he called them on deck stationing himself at the door of the forecastle with a hatchet in his hand and prepared to give a lively reception to whoever ventured above. The first who appeared, a Japanese, was saluted with a blow upon the head. Next was a negro, who was also struck and dangerously wounded. The insane Japanese then jumped overboard and was seen no more. It was found also that the cook of the vessel had been almost killed prior to the assault upon the crew and his recovery is doubtful.

Illustrated Snobocracy.

Bessie—Ma, dear; Mr. Spoonbill has to kiss me twice in the play we are doing for Mrs. Jamery's charity. Do you think I ought to let him?

Ma—Certainly not, child! What can you be thinking of?

Bessie—I was thinking he was a millionaire.

Ma—Why did not you say so before. It is for charity's sweet sake.

—Some one has written a book on "How to Save Money." No use. The only way to save money is not to spend it, and that knocks all the fun out of saving.

"LOVELY WOMAN."

She is Sized Up Differently in Public and at Home.

"Oh, woman, woman!" shrieked an orator in a speech the other night, "thou art the light, the life, the salvation of the world! I shudder when I think of what this world would be without thy gentle, refining, ennobling influence. I bow at thy shrine, acknowledging thy purity and truth! There is nothing, no nothing so beautiful, so true, so perfect as a woman! I reverence and bow down before them!"

And when he went home he said to the woman who was so unfortunate as to be his wife:

"What you let the fire get so low for? You knew I'd come home half froze. You're just like the rest of the women, you haven't a thought beyond your nose. Stir around and get me a cup of hot tea, can't you. See if you can do that much for a fellow. I'd just like to know what you women think you're good for, anyhow!"—*Tid Bits.*

The Lady and Her Maid.

Some light was thrown on the duties of a lady's maid in a case which was heard at Westminster Police Court, London, in which Felicia Vincent was charged with stealing some articles, the property of Mrs. Sebright, of No. 33 Lowndes street. It was stated by the prosecutrix that the prisoner had been discharged for impertinence. In reply to Mr. Dutton, who defended, prosecutrix said the prisoner declined to lace her boots, and was very impertinent. It was a maid's duty to put on her mistress' boots. Mr. Dutton—"On one occasion do you recollect putting a 'beauty-spot' on your face when you were going out to dinner?" Witness—"No, Mr. Dutton." "And were there not words between you and defendant because 'the spot' fell off into your soup at the dining table? (Laughter.) You put it down to the defendant's carelessness?" Mrs. Sebright—"The whole story is a fabrication. I never allowed the prisoner to put sticking-plaster on my face, and she was not discharged for carelessness in this particular." Other evidence having been given the prisoner was remanded.—*St. James' Gazette.*

She Wanted Smuggled Goods.

She asked for lace of a certain kind, and the clerk took down a box and excused the small quantity in it by saying:

"We sold a great quantity of this the other day at wholesale."

"This is exactly like my sample, isn't it?"

"Yes'm. You must have bought that here."

"Oh, no, sir—I bought it of a peddler."

"Ah!"

"And I paid him fourteen cents per yard, while you only charge six."

"I see. He told you—?"

"That it was smuggled over from Canada."

"Exactly. We sell to a number who go about telling the same story, but of course we are not responsible."

"I—I—!"

"Just so, ma'am. I know just how you feel about it; but, being a woman, you can neither swear at yourself nor kick the man for a liar. Will you sit down in the back end of the store until your emotion subsides? No? Ah, well, call again. Nothing else to-day?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

About the Size of It.

Austria—What are you taking your coat off for?

Russia (hesitatingly)—Well because it is hot, and——

Austria—You're a liar; it isn't hot. If you don't put your coat on again I'll take mine off, so there!

Russia—Bah!

Germany—What are you two fellows racketing about, anyway? Say, Russia, if you don't stop soaring that little fellow I'll help him to lick you. Put your coat on; d'ye hear me?

Austria—There, now; you'll have to put it on; yah!

Russia (with enthusiasm)—God save the Kaiser! (Proceeds to strip himself to his undershirt).—*Chicago Journal.*

Coming Home Christmas Morning.

New Boarder (who has got into wrong room)—"Thish izh very ext'r'orr-rd'nary, for if thish izh my room an' that izh my bed an' there I am in my bed, then who the mischief izh carryin' 'roun' thish lamp, I want er know?"

When an eminent man g ts himself in a hole
Through an interview hastily caught, or
When his ideas don't flow—through too much
the bowl,
It's always the wicked reporter.
If he says a good thing and it's off the third
page,
He's as mad as a Hun or a Tartar;
But when his wild drivel's made clever and sage
Why, it's never the thoughtful reporter.

When Midas, on Christmas eve, ringing his bell
Tips the clerks with his usual bantour,
And the office b y visits the sanctum to tell,
It's always the prying reporter.
But when Midas falls, his son goes to the deuce
Or the c achman runs off with his daughter,
And the story's told shortly—with every excuse—
It's never the kindly reporter.

—*Judge*

In the death of Rev. Heriot Mackonochie, of London, a clergyman who caused a great stir in English religious circles is removed. His name was as familiar to the British public as that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. For fifteen years he continued at St. Albans Church, London, ritualistic practices in defiance of the Ecclesiastical courts, and went so far as to have the church guarded on Sundays by strong bodies of men with stout sticks to prevent the officials carrying out the decisions of his ecclesiastical superiors. This ended, on the suggestion of the late Archbishop Tait, in a compromise. Mr. Mackonochie exchanged places with the incumbent of St. Peters, London Docks. Latterly, however, he returned to St. Albans as curate, where previously he was incumbent. He was universally esteemed and devoted to the work of relieving the poor, of whom there are large numbers in the neighborhood of St. Albans. His only fault appears to have been his obstinacy in not retiring from the Church of England, although refusing to submit to its mode of worship and jurisdiction.

Vermont grocers do not sell sweet cider but they keep "new apple juice."

There are seventy-one locks in the Erie canal.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE WHITEHEADS.

"My love," said Mr. Simeon Whitehead, as he sat before the fire on Christmas Eve, "this is a glad and joyful time; a time to draw fond hearts nearer to each other and make them throb in loving unison."

"Yes, Simmy," said his wife.

"And withal, he went on oracularly, "it is a rollicking, merry time, and just to carry out the spirit of the hour, let's hang up our stockings."

"O, what fun!" chirped Mrs. Whitehead, though I haven't a thing for you, Simmy, dear, so you mustn't be disappointed," with a delusive smile.

So with many childish gurgles of glee they went off to bed arm in arm, leaving what looked like a long black sausage-bag suspended from the chimney-piece by the side of a short striped sock with a hole in the heel.

In the silent watches of the night Mr. Simeon Whitehead sneaked guiltily down stairs with a sealskin sacque under his arm. He groped his way to the yawning black stocking, and there ensued a wild and ineffectual struggle to stuff it in the sacque, but though he rolled it into its smallest possible compass and stretched the sausage-bag to the form of a peck measure, it was clearly a hopeless case, and wiping his perspiring face with a convenient portion of his attire, he hung the garment on the chimney-piece and left it, hugging himself as he thought of the surprise it would create in the morning, for he wot not that the descendant of Eve who shared his joys had opened his drawer with a false key and torn a hole in the paper wrapping with a hairpin.

Meantime Mrs. Whitehead awoke, and taking a tiny white box from under her pillow, slipped stealthily out of the room.

At the top of the stair she came in violent collision with her husband coming up, and with womanly presence of mind she grasped his bushy beard and screamed, "Burglars Murder! Simmy!"

Taken off his guard and his feet at the same time, Mr. Whitehead suddenly sat down, and, his wife clinging to him desperately, they coasted together down the stairs, landing in a confused heap at the bottom.

A loose carpet rod had played havoc with his abreviated garment, and scraped the porous plaster and a considerable portion of epidermis from his back.

As he struggled to his feet with a volley of choice expletives, his wife, who had escaped without a scratch, recognized the familiar tones and cried, "O, Simmy, are you hurt?"

"Hurt? No! Dangfest it, no!" hopping about in an agony of pain, "its rare sport to be used as a toboggan by a fat old porpoise that weighs three hundred! Perhaps you will inform me, Madam, where the humorous part of this performance comes in, for Mrs. Whitehead had turned up the gas, and now stood giggling hysterically at his capers. "Must you stand there grinning like a dangfested idiot, because you've knocked your husband down stairs and peeled his blasted back for him? Took me for a condemned burglar, did you? Well, if I ever burgle in this way again you may have the rest of my blame skin."

"O, Simmy, dear, don't swear. You said Christmas was a joyful, loving time."

"I did, did I? Well, ain't we enjoying it? Ain't we out in full dress in honor of the occasion?" glaring wildly at his tattered garments. "Haven't I sacrificed half a yard of cuticle to make this thing a howling success? Want to try another whirl? Perhaps I'm too slow for you?" Maybe you'd like to rig me up with a set of wheels and an air-brake for a dangfested roller-coaster. Anything to carry out these joyous festivities in rattling style. There, madam," he continued, kicking the sacque savagely about the room, "there's the condemned institution that has brought such an overflow of joy into this family. There's the last blame Christmas present you'll ever get from me. There's the dangfested article." Here he kicked a table leg. He didn't injure the table leg but spoiled the shape of his largest corn, and he limped groaning up-stairs.

"Simmy, dear," his wife called softly after him, "shall I come up and bathe your poor back with arnica?" but a vicious slam of the door was the only reply, so she tried the effect of the sealskin sacque over her *robe de nuit* and said, as she paraded before the glass, "I don't care, he can't take this back, any way, and if he won't have the diamond stud I'll trade it for a bracelet."

EMMA S. OLDS.

Still She Admired the Sermon.

Wife (returned from church)—You should have heard Mr. Goodman's sermon this morning, my dear. I don't know when anything has made such a profound impression upon me.

Husband—Did you walk home?

Wife—No, I took a street car; and do you know, John, the conductor never asked me for my fare. Wasn't I lucky?

—Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but it is not its regular business.

Mother and Son.

A beautiful story is told in connection with that wonderful book, "Ben-Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace. It is said that Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace, in answer to the author's wish for her opinion on the appearance of the volume, replied: "O my son, it is a none-such of a story; but how did you ever invent that magnificent character, the mother?" "Why, you dear simple heart," he answered with a kiss, "how could you fail to know that the original of that picture is your blessed self?"

Chinese in the Canadian Northwest.

The Banff correspondent of the Calgary *Tribune* says: A small gang of Chinese have arrived at the mines and are at work screening coal. According to many expressions heard, it is evident that there is great dissatisfaction among the outside hands at this importation. More are to come.

A Bogus Santa Claus.

Patriarchal tramp (addressing small boy in doorway)—"Hush! Not a word! Don't you know me, little boy? Why, I'm dear, old Santa Claus, and I'm kinder cold. Just hand me out them two overcoats in there, and I'll fetch them back when I bring you your Christmas tree to-night."

—Table beds are new. They are converted from one to the other readily, and may be used as either.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PINE.

Christmas Dreams on Christmas Eve.

The winter winds blustered through the pine woods. The soft snow fell on the dark-green foliage, and all but covered it. Through the clouds the moon peeped down on the scene and cast a silver sheen over the white-topped kings of the woods and their smaller companions, making a fairy scene far away in those distant States designated as "down East." It was hearty Christmas time. The spirits of the pines were abroad, and whispered together in the wind. At once a voice, loud and imperative, broke in upon their murmuring. It was the spirit of the oldest and most weather-beaten of the group, which thus addressed the others:

"Harken, O my sisters! The frost, the snow, the piercing wind, all tell us that the time of the holy Christ-child is about to come. I, your king, bid you be ready, if a mission to mortals be given you. The fatal axe will fell some of you; the sap which fills your limbs will be stopped forever in its course, but back here, O ye spirits, ye will come! If to mortals you have done all in your power to brighten the feast of the holy Christ-child, I, your king, will give a new lease of life to you. With spring's first breath you will begin a new life, and aid your sisters in beautifying the landscape once more."

The great voice paused; in soft, low, quavering accents, a small bent tree at its feet broke the silence which followed.

"What could I do, O king, if I am taken from you, misshapen, small, as I am?"

"Your best! your best!" sang out the spirit of the great tree, and the other trees, joining in, sent forth on the wings of the wind a repetition of their great king's command,

"Do your best! Do your best!"

* * * * *

The horse, the stir of a great city. Towards one of the large markets a country cart is being drawn by a stout pair of horses. Many people as they hurry along pause to look at the pretty sight—the sight of a cart load of green in the dark, dingy streets. How many thoughts it conjures up in the minds of the onlookers. Christmas is coming, is all but here. Visions of pleasure and festivity fill the minds of some; others, too poor, too wretched to be affected by anything, scarce glance at the load as it passes its way market-ward. A jam in the roadway. Ah! A small bent piece of green has fallen off. It would be crushed under foot but for the little street Arab, who, almost at risk of his life, plucks it from under the horse's feet and hurries away with his prize.

Christmas Eve! What a world of joy and happiness those words imply!—to some, but not to all. Alas! Little Jim, the street Arab, who lived no one knew how, crawled up the ladder to his wretched quarters, on that blessed night, as cold and as hungry as usual. He had made no money for more than two days. No one had called him from his usual post on the sunny side of the street, by the high church railing, to hold a horse or run a message. He was literally starving to death, and his teeth chattered as, arrived in the cold attic where he spent his nights, he covered himself as best he could with the few thin, tattered pieces of carpet which, with a scant supply of straw, formed his bed. From among these uninviting bed-clothes he carefully extracted a long branch of pine. Then, hunting in his pocket, he produced a match and a small end of candle, such as are used on Christmas trees. Feeling about him he found a wide crack in the floor, into which he stuck the green bough, and producing a pin from his ragged coat he carefully fastened the candle on to the bough.

Now came the business of the evening. How carefully, poor lad, he struck the one match; it flickered—the attic was very draughty. Was it out? No! The candle was lighted, burning beautifully. Jim clapped his little wasted hands in ecstacy. "By gum! don't he burn nice, though," he said aloud. Then sinking back on the wretched apology for a bed, he watched the little candle splutter and burn with delighted eyes.

Soon, with hunger and cold, the poor little urchin fell asleep. The candle burnt on for a while, then, after a few flickering efforts, went out.

A lovely presence filled the lonely attic room. It bent over the little sleeping boy, and laid a soft, shadowy hand on his head. It was the spirit of the pine—of the bent, misshapen pine, which had been told to do its best in the mission to mortals on the Christ-child's holy night.

What dreams the poor, neglected, lonely child had, to be sure. Such dreams! The thin, drawn lips shaped themselves into a smile; he even laughed aloud; and by his side stayed the gentle spirit and watched him with loving eyes. The sweet odor of the pine penetrated the room, no doubt the child's dreams were leading him among the lovely forest trees, by babbling brooks, in summer time, strange scenes which he had never even imagined, having never seen. His short, pitiful life had been spent in the by-ways and alleys of a great city; his master want, his teacher neglect.

The night, the Christ-child's Eve, wore on. Ere dawn a chill presence filled the attic room. It was Amaranth, an angel of Death. Softly she gathered the sleeping child to her bosom. The spirit of the pine fell at her feet, awed at the dread presence. Amaranth pointed to the pale face of the little sleeper. "He smiles," she said softly. 'He smiles, and it is thy doing. Henceforth, O! Spirit, be thy mission one of healing. Sweet fragrance shalt thou distill, thou and thy fellows. Thou hast woven dreams to cheer the poor outcast, to his face thou hast brought a smile with which he will enter the presence of God! Adieu!" Amaranth was gone! Joyously through the wintry air flew the spirit of the pine, distilling sweetest fragrance as she went. Many others joined her, their sister, in her flight. Their several missions done, they hastened back to their forest home to report their various happenings to their king. And the spirit of the misshapen, small tree had done her best and received a reward above all the others; the reward of perpetual fragrance above her species. And long after, as she raised her graceful head above her fellows and looked up hard to the sky, the spirit of that fragrant pine was given a vision, in the stillness of the night, of the beautiful green pastures far away above the sky, where the little children play through the long, endless beauties of the New Jerusalem. A little, smiling face was always there; the face of him who once on earth was neglected, cold and starving—Jim, the street Arab.

* * * * *

"Dear me! I must have been asleep; and *such* a dream as I've had! All about the fragrant pine. You see, I fell asleep with the pine cushion that your mother sent me under my head. What strange fancies our surroundings cause. Pick up my specs and hand me my knitting, there is a dear grandchild. The Spirit of the Pines! Ah me! It is a lesson to all to do the best they can for every one this merry Christmas time."

F. H. HOLLAND.

Men Who Distribute Money by the Carload Once a Month.

The paymasters of the several railroads running into the city are getting ready for their regular monthly trip over the lines. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Pennsylvania Company have the largest number of men on their pay-rolls. The latter company have in the neighborhood of 11,000, who draw over $500,000 monthly. The men are paid in cash—generally gold. The car, after paying all the employees in Pittsburg and Alleghany, goes out upon the road about the 11th of each month. They reach Chicago about the 21st. The men along the road are given notice that the car is coming by the train preceding it carrying blue flags on the engine. On the flags are the letters "P. M.," meaning paymaster. To guard against attacks of robbers at night very little money is kept in the car. Before the paymaster starts out he telegraphs to banks at different points along the line that he will be there at a certain hour on a certain day with cheques to be cashed. The cheque is just for about the amount that is to be paid that day. The first point cheques are given is at Salem, Ohio, where very often the amount is $60,000. A representative of the bank meets the car at the station and exchanges the money for the cheque. There are always three or four men besides the train crew on the car. The paymaster and his assistants go heavily armed, and it would be a hard matter for anybody to rob the car. The car stops at all stations along the line, and the employees in the immediate vicinity are supposed to be on hand to receive their money. The paymaster counts the money out before them and they sign the roll in his presence. J. H. Fredericks, one of the oldest employees of the Pennsylvania Company, is the paymaster. The Pennsylvania Railroad have about 10,000 men on the three divisions between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. All the employees in this city are paid in checks on the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank. The cheques are received by mail and distributed by the officials of the various departments. Those out on the road get their cheques from the pay cars. There is one car for each division. They pay out about $500,000 monthly. If the employee wishes to get his money, for good cause, before the regular time, he is paid out of the contingency fund. The Baltimore & Ohio road pay about 2,500 men between Pittsburg and Cumberland. The officers and others in this city receive cheques and the employees on the road are paid in cash. About $200,000 is paid out. The Pittsburg & Lake Erie has about 1,500 men on their rolls who are paid about $75,000 in cash. Each man's money is put in an envelope with his name, number of days he worked and amount of money he is entitled to. It takes two and one half days to pay them. The Panhandle railroad car disburses about $160,000 between this city and Columbia. It also pays the Cleveland & Pittsburg employees. —*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Objected to Her Photograph.

A case which created some interest was adjudicated upon at the Woolwich County Court by Mr. Powell. Messrs. Long & Faulkner, photographers, Woolwich, sued Mrs. Pearson, wife of an arsenal employee, for £2 6s. 6d. for portraits supplied to her order. Plaintiffs stated that when the photographs were complete Mrs. Pearson called with her husband and saw them, promising to call again and pay for them. No complaints were made, and as she did not call the likenesses were sent home, and subsequently returned with some frivolous complaints. An action was then brought against the husband, but it fell through, the wife asserting that she had a separate income. Two photographers now attended and expressed an opinion that the likenesses were correct, but admitted that the negative had been "touched up" to meet a common requirement of customers to look their best. Mrs. Pearson said she did not wish to be "flattered and tittivated up." In trying to make her look younger they had almost wholly lost the likeness. They had made her hair waved, whereas it was not so. Plaintiff, in reply to the judge, said it was not within the photographic art to make hair which had been photographed plain appear to be waved. The judge said the photograph certainly made the lady look younger than she now appeared to be. She did not give the photographer any specific orders to make her appear "just as she was," and the ordinary course of procedure—viz., to make the customers look their best—was followed. He considered that they were reasonable likenesses, and ordered the payment of the amount sued for.

Putting His Foot In It.

She—"And do you still squeeze up the ladies' feet in your country?" He—"On the contrary, madam! That is a Chinese custom. We in Japan always allow the ladies' feet to grow to quite their full size. Not that any would ever rival yours, madam!" (Is delighted with his neat little compliment!)—*Punch.*

A Philadelphia grocer who had three hams stolen from his store wrote and pasted up a paper which read as follows: "I know who stole the three hams from the front of my store. They are worthless to any one but myself. If returned in twenty-four hours no arrest." When the clerk opened the store the next morning the hams hung outside. They were made of sawdust and only for show.

"You cannot," said the schoolmaster, place *a*, the singular article, before plural nouns. No one can say *a* cows, *a* women." "Why not?" said the good boy. "When we go to church we say *a*-men!"—*Judy.*

OLD WORLD GOSSIP BY MAIL

From England.

Mr. Joel Walker, farmer, Heanor Gate Farm, Heanor, has just gathered a fine crop of Swede turnips on his land. Three turnips filled a large wheelbarrow. One of the turnips weighed 25 lbs.

As some men were pulling down an old shop at St. Mary Cray, recently, they discovered a very large number of Bank of England notes of a generation ago. Their disappointment was great on discovering that all the notes were cancelled a short time ago.

The Lord Mayor of London is said to have singled out two days of next year for his grand efforts. He will make them renowned in civic annals. They are the Jubilee Day on the Queen's coronation, and the day on which the Prince and the Princess of Wales will celebrate their silver wedding.

A man got into a London theatre the other night in a curious way. He had gone out between the acts, but having lost his check, the attendants who did not remember his face, would not readmit him, so he asked them to look at his coat-tails. The paint on his seat had adhered to them. The attendants were convinced, and passed him in.

One morning recently a little boy, aged 3 years, and his sister, aged 5 years, the children of a beerhouse-keeper named Eastenby, at Blackburn, went into the kitchen in their night-dresses. The boy lighted a piece of paper and set fire to his sister, who was so shockingly burned that she died in Blackburn Infirmary the same day.

From Ireland.

The Duke of Abercorn has been invited to accept the office of President of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland for next year.

An old woman named Lyons was found dead one day recently at her cottage in a lane out of Lower Leeson street, Dublin. Her skull was fractured, and there was a quantity of blood in the room. She was supposed to possess money, but except some trifling articles nothing seems to have been stolen.

At a Dublin Police Court one day recently a man named Walsh was charged with drunkenness. The evidence showed that when he was arrested his 4-year-old son was lying dead drunk beside him in the street. The father had taken the child around to a number of taverns and given him liquor to drink. By means of a stomach pump the child's life was saved and the father was fined ten shillings.

From Scotland.

The epidemic of measles is still raging in the island of Eriskay. There have been eleven deaths from measles in the island within about two months.

One afternoon recently when the inspector of the Port Glasgow Waterworks examined the filters at Parkhill he found the supply from Auchendores almost completely stopped. On further examination at the valve he found the pipe choked with a large eel 3 feet 2 inches in length, and weighing 4½ lbs.

Most of the suburban burghs of Glasgow are showing much activity on the Boundaries question. They have united in stating a general case in opposition to the elaborate annexation scheme. The Secretary for Scotland has appointed the Earl of Elgin and Mr. Crum, of Thornliebank, additional members of the commission. Pollokshields has voted in favor of annexation to Glasgow.

A Remarkable Ferry Steamer.

There will soon be launched at Detroit a vessel which, aside from her size, is one of the most remarkable ever built on the lakes. It is a car ferry boat for the Mackinac Transportation Company, and when completed is to ply on the Straits of Mackinac between Mackinac and Point St. Ignace. She is 235 feet in length, 52 in breadth, and 25 in depth, and is to carry ten freight or eight passenger cars. But it is as an ice breaker that the new boat is expected to be remarkable. Everything that modern ship-building, practice and experience can suggest to make her successful has been done. She has fine lines, bow and stern being nearly the same form, and it will be an impossibility for the soft ice, which so often hinders the passage of ordinary ferry boats, to cling to her sides. Her bow, on the inside, is a mass of framing as strong almost as solid timber, and the outside planking is six inches thick. Besides this, the hull is to be sheathed outside with steel plates one-quarter of an inch in thickness, which will effectually prevent the ice from scoring her sides.

Terrible Ravages of Diphtheria.

Reference was made the other day to the sad affliction of a family living on Metcalfe street that recently moved to town, the members of which were all down with diphtheria. Three of a family of six have already succumbed and the others are in a dangerous condition. The two who died yesterday were the two eldest of the family, aged 17 and 14 years respectively. The family, whose name is Smith, removed here from Burford.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review.*

Brought His Man Down.

Rogers used to tell this story: An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. "When I tell this story in France," pleasantly added the relator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

A Disguised Statesman.

Hon. William Elvin, of Hamilton, Ont., is a guest at the Hall.—*Montreal Star.*

Now, who is the "Hon. William?" Hamilton has not many "Hons.," but the crop seems to be larger than the directory makes out.

Cotton Mill Shut Down.

The Kingston cotton mill has closed for three weeks in accordance with an agreement between the mill owners in Canada to prevent over-production.

Emperor William, according to a prophecy based on his handwriting, is to live to be 100 years old.

A clam weighing a pound and five ounces was dug up at Plymouth, Mass.

ORIGIN OF OLD PHRASES.

"Cutting a Dido," "Catching a Tartar," and "He has an Axe to Grind."

Dido, Queen of Tyre, about seven centuries before Christ, after her husband had been put to death by her brother, fled from that city and established a colony on the north coast of Africa. Having bargained with the natives for as much land as could be surrounded with a bull's hide, she cut the hide into narrow strips, tied them together and claimed the land that could be surrounded with the line thus made. She was allowed to have her way, and now, when one plays a sharp trick he is said to "cut a dido."

A tailor of Samarcand, Asia, who lived on a street leading to the burying ground, kept near his shop an earthen pot, in which he was accustomed to deposit a pebble whenever a body was carried to its final resting place. Finally the tailor died, and, seeing the shop deserted, a person inquired what had become of its former occupant. "He has gone to pot himself, was the reply by one of the deceased's neighbors.

During a battle between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along," said the officer. "He won't let me," was the response. Investigation proved that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not allow him to move. So "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

While lying on the ground over a slow fire St. Lawrence—in whose honor the Escurial was built by Philip II., said to the Emperor who was watching his sufferings: "Assatus ess, jam versa et manduca;" which one translator, not quite literally, but appreciatively of the same grim humor characterizing the original, rendered:

This side enough is roasted,
Then turn me, tyrant, and eat;
And see whether raw or roasted
I am the better meat.

Hence, "Done to a turn."

Formerly in London when a small dealer bought bread of the baker, for every dozen loaves purchased he was given an extra loaf as his profit, from which circumstances "a baker's dozen" signifies thirteen. Various origins have been assigned the phrase, but the above is the only one based on a sure foundation.

In a work, "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," published in 1815, the author, O. Miner, tells the story of a boy who, by the offer of a liberal compensation, was induced to turn the grindstone for a man who desired to sharpen his axe. The promised compensation was never paid, and of one who disguises his own selfish aims under an appearance of generosity or disinterestedness it is remarked: "He has an axe to grind."—*Christian Union.*

People who Never Eat Meat.

There is no abstemiousness in the world, and no thrift, like the thrift and abstemiousness of the average native of India. Almost alone among the workingmen of the world he has raised himself nearly above wants, has stripped himself of all the impediment of luxury. Millions of men in India, especially on the richer soils and in the river deltas, live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above 2s. a week, and frequently sinks to 1sd., says the London *Spectator*. The Indian is enabled to do this, not so much by the cheapness of food—for, though it is cheap, a European who ate the same food would want five times the money merely to feed himself—as by a habit of living which makes him independent of the ordinary cares of mankind. He goes nearly without clothes, gives his children none, and dresses his wife in a long piece of the most wretched muslin. Neither he nor his wife pay tailor or milliner one shilling during their entire lives, nor do they ever purchase needles or thread, which, indeed, it is contrary to a semi-religious etiquette ever to use. The poorest peasant inhabits a hut containing a single covered room of the smallest size, with an earthen platform or two outside it, and as he constructs or repairs his own dwelling, he virtually pays no rent except for the culturable land. He never touches alcohol or any substitute for it. There is an idea in England that he eats opium or hemp, but he as a rule swallows neither—firstly, because he regards them with as much moral antipathy as any English gentleman, and secondly, because he could not by any possibility pay for articles which in India, as everywhere else, are exceedingly expensive. He eats absolutely no meat nor any animal fat, nor any expensive grain like good wheat, but lives on millet or small rice, a little milk, with the butter from milk, and the vegetables he grows. Even of these he eats more sparingly than the poorest Tuscan. Once a quarter, perhaps, he eats enough, during some festival, but, as a rule, he knows accurately what will sustain him, and would be enraged with the wife who cooks for him if she prepared more. He is assisted in this economy by a religious rule which we have never seen a Hindoo break, and which is undoubtedly, like the rule against killing oxen, a survival from a military law or custom of the most remote antiquity.

An Accomplished Wife.

"Well, Nellie, does your husband still drink?" "Yes, mother, and it's worrying the life out of me." "Did you try the plan of breaking him of the habit that I suggested to you?" "Yes." "Did you put whisky in his coffee?" "Yes." "What did he say?" "He said I was the only woman he had seen since his mother died who knew how to make coffee as it should be made."

A Stylish Christmas Present.

"What are you going to buy your wife for a Christmas present?"

"I am thinking of getting her a piano."

"Can she play?"

"Of course not. Do you suppose I'd be such a fool as to buy her a piano if she could play? I am going to get her a piano because it makes the parlor look so stylish."—*Texas Siftings.*

Christmas Preferences.

Tailors prefer a Christmas turkey; they have a goose all the year round.—*Toronto World.*

The engaged young man has a similar preference; his general "table fair" is duck.

GUARDING RUSSIA'S CZAR.

He is Constantly Surrounded by Swarms of Soldiers and Detectives.

A few nights ago I attended the illuminations at Peterhoff in honor of the Czarina's birthday. The Czar's palace is on a peninsula and the grounds and buildings occupy almost a mile square—the most superb structures, fountains, and miles of the finest parking and drives in the world. Scores of buildings and fountains, hundreds of trees and great crowns, crosses and figures, besides miles of high walls, were covered with colored lamps. There were millions of lights, and it required a regiment of soldiers and hundreds of civilians weeks to put them in place. All was paid for from the public treasury, or rather a Czar's treasury repleted by the people.

At a time in the evening when the fountains and lights glistened most, the bands played the loudest, and the pyrotechnics and cannon from the men-of-war in the gulf glared and roared best, the royal family gave the assembled multitude a rare treat. It showed itself. Seldom it is that people in Russia see their Emperor, their Czar, because he suspects them of designs. I was making my way between two of the great blazing walls of colored lights, through one of the drives, when a detachment of Cossacks came dashing along, slashing their sabres and driving the people out of the way. In their wake came soldiers on foot and great detachments of men in citizen's clothing. The latter stationed themselves in front of the lines of the masses. A din of voices—lusty cheering is heard in the distance. It comes nearer, then nearer. More Cossacks, more soldiers, more men in citizens' clothing, and farther back we are crowded. The tier of officious citizens is re-enforced in our front and many linger in the driveway. Finally the caravan comes in view. More Cossacks, soldiers, citizens. Eight white horses, each one on the left bearing a liveryman, are next seen; then the royal equipage, an immense, gold-mounted chariot. The Czar, a great burly fellow, with full beard, crown and uniform, is on the left seat in front. The brother, the Crown Prince, the Czarina and grand dukes, etc., make up the load. On every hand of the carriage, four deep, are Cossacks, while the driveway in front and rear is blocked with soldiery, making a perfect shield against violent attack.

The "citizens" who were so very plentiful and officious were the most experienced detective and body-guards in the empire. There were thousands of them. It would have been impossible for one to raise his or her hand against the Czar or any member of his family. It is the boast of the Russian authorities that their detectives have eyes in every portion of their heads and bodies. The whole service of protecting the Crown and members of the family, and suppressing all thoughts of dissatisfaction with the present form of government, is in full charge of Gresser, chief of the secret service. The authority of this officer is appalling. He can order into exile or [redacted] execution yard any one suspected [redacted] lawful or disrespectful acts or [redacted] He attends t[redacted] to run all p[redacted] displeased w[redacted] and there is [redacted]

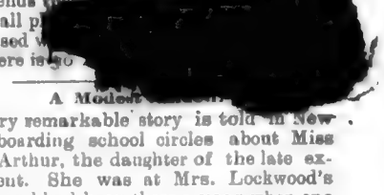

A Modest [redacted]

A very remarkable story is told in New York boarding school circles about Miss Nellie Arthur, the daughter of the late ex-President. She was at Mrs. Lockwood's school, and had been there a year when one day she was missed by her little chums, who crowded around the Principal after the opening exercises to ask where she had gone. "Where's Nell?" they said. "Why, don't you know?" said the lady. "Her father, Gen. Arthur, died last night." "Was her father Gen. Arthur?" all asked as with one voice; "was she the President's daughter?" Miss Nellie had never hinted at what most girls would have told before anything else.

Comfortable All Round.

"You want something to buy mamma a Christmas present, do you?" said papa; "and want to buy it yourselves, hey? Well, well, that is right, my children. You shall have it. She has been a good mother to you all these years. If you could only find something," continued papa, as his blue eyes filled with tears, "that would keep your mamma's feet warm this winter I wouldn't begrudge $50."—*Chicago Tribune*

Those Good Old Times.

Wife (on Christmas Eve)—"Whew! What a lot of money it costs to get Christmas presents for all these children!"

Husband—"Yes, it's a pity we didn't live in the days of Henry the Eighth."

"Why so?

"Because it was not until after his reign that stockings became fashionable. Christmas didn't bankrupt a man in those days.'

A Hidden Sting.

A little three-year-old Rocklander went into market last week, and, helping herself to a green pepper, tried to eat it. After she had failed the marketman asked her what the matter was with the fruit, and she replied, between sobs, "Vere was a bumble bee in it"—*Middleboro News.*

Commercial Item.

"Pa," asked a bright-faced boy of his parent, "what is reciprocity that I hear you talk about so much?"

"Reciprocity, my son, is the very life of trade—especially the Christmas gift trade."

A Religious Man.

First Citizen—What makes you think your neighbor, Towson, is a religious man? Second Citizen—He always sifts his ashes on a still day.

The study of Volapuk, the new universal language, is obligatory upon the students of the Royal Gymnasia of Munich. In Russia it is permitted to be used in telegraphic transmission.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, never goes to the theatre, and has read but two novels, "Jane Eyre" and the "Scarlet Letter." Her tastes are perfectly simple. She has a great liking for bread, milk and apples. It is doubtful if society ever heard of her. But she is the only woman who has the freedom of the floor of the House of Representatives, at Washington, a right which even the President's wife does not have.

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Flesherton Station Mill.
The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. GEORGE MOOREHOUSE, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,
FLESHERTON ONT.

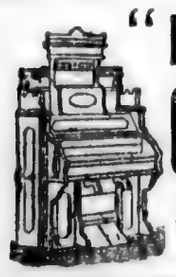
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CATALOGUES FREE.
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Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Overshoes and Rubbers selling off very cheap at Wm. Claytons. 2t.

Mr. Henry Cairns was re-elected Councillor for Eugenia Ward on Monday last by a majority of six votes. So that this leaves our Township Fathers "as you were."

Remember lecture by Rev. John Stuart, D.D., of Owen Sound, in the Baptist Chapel, Flesherton, to-morrow (Friday) evening at 7 o'clock. Collection to be taken up in aid of Building Fund.

Auction sale of Farm Stock and Implements at Lot 32, Con. 6, Artemesia, on Thursday next, Jan. 12th, at 1 o'clock p.m. Arch. McLean, proprietor; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer. See bills.

PHYSICIANS are usually averse to proprietary medicines, Nasal Balm is a specific for cold in the head and catarrh and having faith and evidence that it will cure those troubles, we ask and court a fair trial of the discovery and a a full investigation at their hands.

Business at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, has increased so largly during the past year, they have had to add new nichol show cases, &c., to contain their magnificent stock of fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. We have also added a fine burglar proof safe from the well known firm of Goldie & McCullough.

A copy of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magaziue," of London, Ont., has come to hand—an agricultural journal which is excellent in all respects. It is well edited, and includes every subject of importance to the farmer or stockman, the truthful and independent tone of the paper enhancing the value of its information. It is handsomely printed on fine paper, and got up in library form. It is indeed a very comprehensive journal. We recommend it.

At the last regular meeting of L.O.L., No. 1118, the following were elected officers for the year 1888:

Jas. Brodie, W.M.
Robert Campbell, D.M.
Rev. J. S. Corcoran, Chap.
James Carson, Rec. Sec.
Henry Weber, Fin. Sec.
Ephraim Brodie, Treas.
John Williams, D. of C.
Thos. Crow, Sec.

Samuel Pedlar, Josiah Cooper, Joseph Williams, Robert Williams and Joseph Fenwick, committeemen. This lodge meets in the Orange Hall, Eugenia, on the Wednesday on or before the full of the moon in each month.

The brethren of L.O.L., No. 244, held their thirty-seventh annual meeting in their Hall on the evening of the 27th Dec., of which the following brethren were elected officer for the ensuing year:

Joseph A. Blakeley, W.M.
W. J. Henderson, D.M.
S. Sheardown, Chap.
T. J. Stinson, R.S.
Wm. Sharp, F.S.
Jas. Best, Treas.
J. Hales, Lec.
D. A. Stinson, Tyler.

Wesley Breen,	1st Com.
Jos. Watson,	2nd "
E. Lomos,	3rd "
R. Sample,	4th "
J. Lyons,	5th "

Rev. Mr. Green—now of Port Elgin and formerly pastor of the Methodist church here—has been visiting friends in this locality. He delivered a very sensible and practical sermon to the young people in the Methodist church on Sunday evening last, from the words found in Genesis 41c. 38v., "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is." He spoke at length, reviewing the character of Joseph, his unswerving devotion to that which was right in the sight of God—suffering persecution rather than do that which was wrong—and drawing therefrom many practical and useful lessons, which should be a guide to the youth of the present day. There was a very large congregation, composed largely of Sabbath School children, to whom his remarks were more particularly addressed. Rev. Mr. Shilton delivered a short but most excellent address to the children in the morning.

Health is impossible when the blood is impure, thick and sluggish, or when it is thin and impoverished. Such conditions give rise to boils, neuralgia, rheumatism and other disorders. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies, invigorates, and vitalizes the blood.

We can easily lay claim to doing the business of this section for 25 miles around, having soldfrom Oct. 3rd, 1887, to Dec. 29th, 1887, eleven fine gold watches, thirty-two silver watches and twenty-nine clocks, against another dealer's blow of twelve watches and sixteen clocks. There is no doubt about it, that the people will come to us to buy as they know they can do far better than elsewhere at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Married.

GAMEY—CLARK.—On Wednesday, 28th ult., by Rev. W. F. Ferrier, Maxwell, Mr. Thos. Gamey, to Miss Frank Clark, both of Osprey.

PIPER—HILL.—On Monday, 26th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. A. Wilson, Markdale, Mr. Harry Piper, to Miss Leetie Hill, both of Artemesia.

Died.

WILKERSON.—In Flesherton, on Friday, Dec. 30th, Mrs. H. L. Wilkerson, aged 67 years, 8 months.

The funeral took place on Sunday last, the remains being interred in Flesherton cemetery. After which the occasion was improved by Rev. A. Wilson by an impressive and powerful sermon in the Presbyterian church.

Strange Occurence in Ward No. 4, Eugenia.

To the Editor of The Advance.

It is alleged that a Mr. Hogg of Eugenia, kept an open house, during the Municipal Election there for Mr. Henry Cairns, the member elect. If it be true, then there is a violation of Subsection one, two and six of Section 201 of the Municipal Institution Act—which Sections speak for themselves—and plainly would not only forfeit the Election, but disable the person from again holding any such position for two years—and the law is quite as binding, after having voted as before it. It is a pity that Mr. Cairns or his friend, should so far have forgot his or their duty to the Electorate, at large, as to cause a breach of the Statute, and do what is so clearly intended to be avoided, whether it be, giving of dinners or anything else, either to induce a man to vote, or as a thank gift for having voted. I shall be glad if the report is false.—LAW.

Attention.

Attention all, both great and small,
To what I'm about to say
The summer is gone and winter is on,
And the builder wants his pay.

Those who are indebted to me by book account will please call and settle the same by cash or note on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, as I must have my book acct. settled up. Thanking my friends for past patronage, I would solicit a continuance of the same. —JOHN WHITTEN.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is recommended by eminent physicians, on both sides of the Atlantic, as the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary disorders. Inquire of your druggist for Ayer's Almanac.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began takirg Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

BOOTS & SHOES!
—*I have a Full Supply of all Lines of*—
WINTER GOODS!
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, FELT BOOTS AND FELT STOCKINGS SELLING CHEAP.
WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

HEARD'S!
Carriage Works, Flesherton,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.
SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.
Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

To the People
Of Artemesia, Osprey, and Surrounding District.
The undersigned respectfully tenders his sincere and grateful thanks to the general public for the excellent patronage extended to him since opening out in the Boot & Shoe Business in Flesherton, and trusts he has merited their continued support.
At the same time, he wishes to state that he has a good stock of Mens Long Boots, Ladies Boots & Shoes, &c., of his own make, which will be sold at Cost Prices. Must clear out the stock—come and get bargains! Wishing one and all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy new year."
Flesherton, Dec. 21st, 1887. JOS. SMITH.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Executor's Notice

IN pursuance of sect. 1, Chap. 9, 46 Vic., notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of W. H. Colquett, deceased, late of the township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, and Province of Ontario, who died on or about the 26th day of May, 1886, are to sent by post prepaid or delivered to William S. Christoe, M.D., on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, a statement containing their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them and after the said, last mentioned date, the said W. S. Christoe, for the personal Estate and effects, rights and credits of the said W. H. Colquett—will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whom claims have not been received by the said W. S. Christoe.

And further, all parties who are indebted to the said Estate of the said W. H. Colquett, deceased, are to pay as the same becomes due, to the said W. S. Christoe.

W. S. CHRISTOE,
for the Executors,
JAMES LOVE, SAMUEL COLQUETT, and MRS. COLQUETT.
Dated, Flesherton, this 20th day of Dec., 1887

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 342. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I desire to extend best thanks for the continued confidence and support received from the public during 1887. *I hope* 1888 *will bring to all many helps over hard places. Bear in mind my business principles which have been carried out for* 6 *years next March, in Grey Co., viz., Honest Goods in quality, Fair Profits, Reliable Warrants. I have the "only" Full Stock of Watches, Clocks, Etc. in this section to select from. My prices so close that small Jewellers doing a hand to mouth business are compelled to resort to big adjectives and fictitious discounts to draw sufficient trade to enable them to pay rents, taxes, etc. It will pay to do business with Jewellers who "have a reputation" to sustain for "reliability."*

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

331-44.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Mrs. James Deens, of Dundalk, is the guest of Mrs. J. G. Russell.

Mr. Wm. Fawcett, ex-Deputy Reeve of Euphrasia, was in Flesherton on Monday, *en route* for Toronto.

ONE DOLLAR will buy a lady a nice Trimmed Hat now at M. Richardson & Co's discount sale of Millinery.

A curious coincidence in regard to the village election, is that all the elected councillors and reeve are members of the A.O.U.W.—*Dundalk Herald.*

Mr. Fred. Leitch, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, is home on a visit. His many friends were glad to see him well and happy.

TENDERS WANTED.—For Heating and Caretaking of the Public School building, Flesherton. Apply to M. Richardson, Sec.-Treas. School Board.

Remember the Grand Orange Soiree in Kimberly to-morrow evening. Splendid array of speakers, refreshments, &c. And a paltry 25 cents pays the bill.

Lieut. Field has the Flesherton Skating Rink in good running order. Go and have a slide on the ice. Its better than medicine when not overdone.

FOR SALE.—One bay Mare in foal to Lord Derby. Also one Colt rising 2 years, sired by Black Prince. C. EKINS, Flesherton.

M. Richardson & Co. are advertising bargains, clearing out balance of Winter Stock in their Millinery and Mantle department. Those calling early will find bargains.

Auction sale farm stock and implements at Lot 16, Con. 12, Osprey, on Friday, Jan. 20th, commencing at 1 o'clock p.m. John Speers, proprietor; John Speers & Co., Auctioneers. See bills for particulars.

If you want a first-class Gold or Silver Watch in Ladies' or Gents' sizes, Russell's, Flesherton, is the place to go. Warrants from three to five years covering all breakages at lower prices than elsewhere.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE ADVANCE and get the splendid New Story, which will shortly be published. THE ADVANCE stories are always pure in tone and of a high character generally. One Dollar foots the bill for one year. "Come one come all."

C. Treadgold, Flesherton, dealer in the best Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Fruit & Ornamental Trees. Three second-hand Sewing Machines on hand to sell for Wood or Hay.

A mistake occurred in setting up the names of the officers of L.O.L., No. 244 last week. The name of Mr. John Wright should have appeared as Lecturer, while Mr. John Hales should have had the words, "Director of Ceremonies" after his name.

We can easily lay claim to doing the business of this section for 25 miles around. having sold from Oct. 3rd, 1887, to Dec. 29th, 1887, eleven fine gold watches, thirty-two silver watches, and twenty-nine clocks, against another dealer's blow of twelve watches and sixteen clocks. There is no doubt about it, that the people will come to us to buy as they know they can do far better than elsewhere at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

REMOVES THE CAUSE.—Many persons suffer from a symptom of Catarrh that nausea, more especially after eating in the morning. Nasal Balm will cure by removing the cause.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fawcett, sr., are visiting friends and neighbors in Euphrasia and Collingwood Townships.

Members of the Royal Templars' Gospel Band will be in Flesherton next week, and from this point will proceed to make a tour of the County.

M. Richardson & Co's sale of Cheap Furs attracted the attention of a large number of purchasers. But a few lines are left: Muffs, Caps and Mantles, which will be cleared out at still lower prices. Come and see.

Our Township Fathers did not meet on Monday. Next Monday they will assemble for the transaction of business in the Town Hall. It seems that they always meet the third Monday in January but the first Monday in each and every other month during the year, except on special occasions.

Our Watch repair trade is increasing every day. Thirty-nine watches into repair at the present time and the people come over twenty miles around to get their work done at Russell's, Flesherton, as they have proved by experience that is the only place to get them done properly.

Discount sale of Millinery, Mantles & Fur Goods at Richardson & Co's. Come early and secure bargains.

WOOD WANTED.—Will exchange Sett of single Harness (new) for Green Stove Wood.—W. W. TRIMBLE.

The Toronto Trader of this month contains the following: "A live Winnipegger, Mr. W. F. Doll, our old Toronto friend, (who may now be considered a real Winnipegger) is decidedly making his mark in the commercial metropolis of the Northwest. Mr. Doll has shown a great deal of foresight in locating himself in Winnipeg, for there is no doubt that at no distant day the fertile prairies of Manitoba and the sister provinces westward to the Rockies will not only be the granary of the world, but support millions of people in easy circumstances. Mr. Doll has the go in him to make his business keep pace with the growth of the country."

Osprey Municipal Elections, 1888

Office	Candidates	Polling Sub-divisions 1	2	3	4	5	Totals
Reeve	Douglas John	29	48	60	42	86	274
"	Preston D. K.	49	84	27	51	26	237
Dep. Reeve	McIntyre A.	26	77	59	60	66	288
"	Potts Edward	48	42	17	30	47	184
Councillors	Brown Jos.	14	15	5	51	20	105
"	Hudson John	17	70	73	34	21	215
"	Monaghan Wm.	57	64	29	22	78	250
"	Speers John	18	64	60	21	12	170
"	Sprott Robt.	6	22	7	17	34	86
"	Taylor Jos.	36	69	27	55	61	248

Wm. Milne, R.O.

The following candidates at the December entrance examination in Flesherton, have been provisionally admitted by the Local Examiners:

Name	Marks	Where educated	Teacher
Annie Bemrose	381	9 Osprey	Mr. Drummond
Minnie Brander	528	12 Artemesia	Mr. Kerr
Lizzie Hale	428	7 Osprey	Geo. Mitchell
Grace Johnston	416	12 Artemesia	Mr. Kerr
Frances James	414	12 "	"
Mary E. Large	400	Markdale	Mr. Porter
Minnie McNea	381	Markdale	"
Minnie McKee	382	4 Osprey	Miss McIntyre
Etta Spotfard	419	9 Osprey	Mr. Drummond
Lizzie A. White	385	6 Glenelg	Miss White
Josiah Hudson	394	7 Osprey	Mr. Mitchell
Herbert Hull	439	Markdale	Mr. Porter
Robert Keefer	473	Flesherton	Mr. Irwin
John Knapp	370	Markdale	Mr. Porter
George Shore	476	Markdale	Mr. Porter
Wm. A. Sinclair	372	Flesherton	Mr. Irwin
Frank VanDusen	371	Flesherton	Mr. Irwin

THOMAS GORDON, Insp.

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ASTHMA.—Persons who have suffered for years with Asthma will find a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure.

THIS SPACE

—Is Reserved for—

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON,

The Place where the People of Grey get Genuine Bargains in

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SPEX &C.

We are just Taking Stock so look out for Great Bargains in our New Ad. shortly, they will astonish you.

A Voice From the Farm.

You say that my life is a round of toil?
The stalwart farmer said,
That I scarce can wrest from the oft-tilled soil
My pittance of daily bread?
Well, what you tell me in part is true,
I am seldom an idle man,
But I value the blessing of rest, as you,
Who have much of it, never can.

And surely I have never worked in vain,
From the spring to the golden fall;
The harvest has ever brought waving grain,
Enough and to spare for all.
And when in the evening free from care,
I sit at my farm house door,
My wife and little ones waiting there,
Oh, what has the millionaire more?

My children may never have hoarded wealth;
Their lives may at times be rough;
But if in their homes they've love and health,
They will find these riches enough.
The only land they will ever own,
Is the land that the strong right arm
And the patient fearless heart alone
Can till to a fertile farm.

I have nothing beyond my simple wants,
And a little for cloudy days;
But no grim spectre my threshold haunts,
Such as silver and gold might raise,
Around me are eyes that with sparkling mirth
Or with placid contentment shine—
And no wealth-clogged lord upon all the earth
Has a lot more blessed than mine.

To-morrow.

Bind up a wreath and give it me
Before this dull day closes,
And in the garlands let there be
The thorns as well as roses;
Wreathe violets in and greenest bays,
Weave willow for my sorrow,
Sad flowers for the yesterday,
White lilies for to-morrow.

White lilies, for they tell of peace
Beyond the gates of even,
Where whispers of the soul's release
Seem mystic hints of Heaven.
And yesterday, but that has gone,
And so I needs must borrow
A hope of that swift coming dawn,
The promise of to-morrow.

Forever more to-morrow lends
Bright visions of completeness;
True lovers, and the steadfast friends
With faces full of sweetness;
That backward all seems dim and gray,
And vaguely touched with sorrow;
I care not for your yesterday
If I may have to-morrow.

The past is past—ah! dead indeed,
I weep not for its going,
Its phantoms weird no more I heed
Than west-winds wildly blowing;
Press outward, aye, and upward heart,
While I my gladness borrow,
For hope and I shall never part
While I can have to-morrow.

—*Ernest McGaffney.*

Mothers-in-Law as They Are.

I was young one't myself—and I think, like as not,
I was smart as the best of 'em then!
I knowed no blame much that I'm glad I've forgot
And can't recollect it again!
But as smart as I was—and I'm certain of that—
I was never so smart that folks saw
Any brains sproutin' up through the top of my hat,
When I laughed at the mother-in-law!

The mother-in-law was a *woman*—but we
Didn't *count* that, and neither do you,—
One had a young daughter I use to go see,
And play the accordion to;
But that arctic old woman, half gloom and half glare,
That would neither freeze solid, n'er thaw,
Knowed what she was doin', and why she set there,
And 'ud not be *my* mother-in-law!

She was sound, like the most of 'em is, and she meant
Just a havin' full justice 'er none;
And as for this mother-in-law foolishness went,
She remembered *her* mother was one.
I remember, myself, doin' struck that way
At a gatherin' one't, where I saw
My wife weepin' over the clods and the clay
At the grave of *her* mother-in-law!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Hot Fomentations.

We all know the value of hot applications, but the mode of making and the applying differ in almost every house. An exchange gives the following: "Wring several thicknesses of flannel out of cold water, so it will not drip; place between two folds of paper, and lay it upon a hot register or top of a stove. Steam will generate and permeate the whole cloth, and thus the required temperature will be obtained. In this way there is no running long distances to a kitchen, no burning of the hands, no uncomfortable moisture in the bed and no ruffled tempers. A hot fomentation is beneficial in almost every acute disease accompanied by severe pain, and is often of great service in chronic inflammations. It is more effectual and more accessible than any other therapeutic agent. By quick, prompt and thorough use severe attacks of illness are often prevented."—*Herald of Health.*

A One-armed Ruler of Germany.

There is a prophecy which is widely believed in by the German people, who are somewhat superstitious. Germany is to be the greatest, it says, under a young ruler who has but one arm, and has four sons. He is to succeed an aged sovereign, carry on a great war successfully, and prove another Frederick the Great. The Germans see in this the destiny of Prince William, who was born with one arm partly deformed—short and stiff. And they see in his character all the requirements of the prophecy, even down to the four sons. But the power of Germany will wane after this ruler, and she will go down and become an insignificant nation. So runs the prophecy.—*St. Stephen's Review.*

Not a Parallel Case.

The minister was dining with the family, and he said to Bobby, with an amused smile:

"I'm afraid, Bobby, that you haven't the patience of Job."

"No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry, "but Job wasn't always helped last."

Another Great Living Curiosity.

"What is your specialty, my friend?' inquired the visitor of a dime museum freak.

"Phenomenal intelligence."

"In what direction does it lie?"

"I'm the man who always 'shuts the door.'"

A young German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits and gave the word of command, "Lift the right leg." One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor. "What jackanapes has lifted both legs?" exclaimed the officer.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

The old brick church at Smithfield, Va., built in 1632, is still in use for divine worship. It has recently been repaired and gives evidence of lasting a century or two longer.

CURRENT TOPICS.

From an examination of 100,000 persons, Prof. Erismann, of St. Petersburg, finds that those engaged in textile manufactures, especially spinners, are inferior to other workingmen in stature, chest measurement, bodily weight and muscular strength.

After more than a quarter of a century of active and distinguished service, James H. Stoddart, LL.D., retires from the editorship of the Glasgow *Herald*. He has made it the most widely circulated of North British newspapers.

Miss Frances E. Willard, the temperance orator, recently declared that she has "never known a single physically reasonable day since that sweet May morning" in her 16th year when she was first clothed upon with long petticoats, corsets, high heels, crinolines and the other instruments of female torture.

History repeats itself. President Grevy lost his position in France because he defended his son-in-law, and now King Kalakaua's crown is in danger because the Hawaiian monarch is sticking by his brother-in-law. He is the wise ruler who places his relations to the people above his relations by marriage.

As another of the many evidences we are now having of the revival of British shipbuilding, London cablegrams state that orders have recently been placed for new steamships of an aggregate of eighty thousand tons. This in itself is no inconsiderable fleet—say, twenty ships of 4,000 tons each, all of steel.

Dr. Charles Mackay has in hand a dictionary of Lowland Scotch, forming a vocabulary of leading words in the Scottish language, with etymological derivations. It is intended to be a volume of interest to readers of Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Allan Ramsay and others. The book will be published by Whittaker & Co., London.

A sewing-machine of solid silver and enriched with sapphires was recently received by the Empress of Russia. It was a present from the Society for Promoting the Use of Russian Materials. The Czarina has taken great interest in this organization. Her enthusiasm, however, will not cause her to use the sewing-machine in all probability.

Last Christmas ex-Gov. Alger, of Michigan, gave a suit of clothes to each of 500 Detroit newsboys. This year, he has supplied 1,500 boys of Detroit with a similar outfit, and in addition sent a ton of coal and a barrel of flour to each of 1,000 needy families in the same city. This is charity of a practical kind. Three cheers for Alger!

Alas for the big Nova Scotia lumber raft! The U. S. vessel Enterprise, which was sent out to cruise for the derelict, has returned to New London with the announcement that she encountered during her brief voyage no end of logs dancing around upon the agitated bosom of the wild and wasteful ocean. This seems to be conclusive as to the breaking up of the big raft.

A Chicago clothing manufacturer says that he is obliged to pay particular attention to the hip pockets which he puts in trousers destined for the Western trade. His Kansas and Iowa customers demand a pocket capable of holding a quart flask, but for the far West trade the pocket is made deep and narrow, with an unusually strong lining, so that a pistol will fit snugly in it.

John Benson, a friendless man living at Indianapolis, has asked the County Commissioners to allow him to pass the remainder of his days in the poorhouse, promising on his death to bequeath to the county $8,000 in 4 per cent. Government bonds. He says that he has lost all confidence in humanity and has concluded that he would be safer in the poorhouse than anywhere else.

A brick, says a technical paper, being about as porous as a lump of sugar, and having six sides, needs a careful filling for water-tight work in cess-pools, etc., and a thin grout or porridge of cement is commonly used. Heating the brick and soaking beforehand in thick coal-tar has been recommended. A man may lay common wall all his life without learning how to make brick water-tight.

Prof. Blackie, the well-known Scotchman, has raised an admiring laugh this week by his response to one of the numerous inquiries now going the rounds for opinions as to the best books. He was invited by an editor to name three of the best works for young men, and he picked out Green's "History of the English People," Nasmyth's "Autobiography," and Blackie's "Self-Culture." He adds a whimsical apology for naming his own book, but declares he honestly knows of no better.

The authorities of Dresden, Germany, will not allow a piano to be played in a private house after 10.30 at night, and they punish with a fine any person found throwing an article of refuse, however insignificant, into the street. Flagmen are stationed at the corners of streets intersected by horse-car lines to warn persons of the approach of a car. Drug stores are closed at sundown, and when a druggist is called up in the night he appears with all the politeness of a dancing-master to thank the customer for his courtesy in patronizing his store.

Prof. Warman, in his treatise on oaths, says: All forms of oath-taking are immaterial. The Jew ends with, "So help me, Jehovah." The Scotchman says, "I swear by Almighty God as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment." A Mohammedan is sworn on the Koran; a Chinese witness is sworn by kneeling and breaking a china saucer against the witness box; the Quaker simply says he will tell the truth because he believes the command to be truthful is divine. The essential thing, however, is that the witness acknowledge some binding effect derived from his belief in a God or in a future state.

Col. George P. Bissell, of Hartford, Conn., spent last summer in Japan. The most remarkable feature of that country, he says, lies in the fact that its language contains no profane or blasphemous words. "I can readily understand," he remarks, "why the practice of 'hari-kari' is so common in Japan. When a man is abused or loses his collar button and is mad all the way through, so mad that his very soul boils within him, if at such time he is the victim of a language which will not let him vent his rage even in 'darn it' or 'by thunder,' why then I can readily see how suicide might be a soothing relief."

The chances of war in Europe may alter the plans of Madame Modjeska and her husband relative to a holiday in their Polish home. "Should the war come on," said the actress a few days ago, "the greater part of the fighting would be in our immediate neighborhood—where our home is, you see—and that would not be pleasant. Our residence is in Cracow, and Cracow is situated where the Russian, German and Austrian frontiers meet. Our residence is in the very midst of the fortifications. So, you see, we would be in trouble if we went there." Her countrymen like the Austrians much better than the Russians, she thinks, and for cause.

A memorial cairn has been raised at Aberfield, Scotland, to the deeds of the gallant "Forty-Twa," or "Black Watch," Highland regiment. The north panel bears the names of the engagements in which the corps has borne part as follows: Fontenoy, Prestonpans, Fort Sandberg, Ticonderoga, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Havannah, Busby Run, Brooklyn, Fort Washington, Charlestown, Aboukir, Alexandria, Egypt-1801, Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Cindad Rodrigo, Burgos, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Vittoria, Niville, Nive, Toulouse, Orthez, Waterloo, Alma, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Egypt, Ashantee, Nile, Tel-el-Kebir, Kirbeckan.

According to one authority one pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meal or as many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense superior to the wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat or over one hundred acres of potatoes. It is not generally understood that bananas—fried, baked or roasted—are very appetizing, and that sliced and placed in a dish with alternate slices of orange they make a most delicious dessert.

San Remo, where the German Crown Prince is staying, about 7 miles east of the frontier dividing Italy from France, 16 from Mentone, 31 from Nice and 85 from Genoa, is a town of 16,000 inhabitants. Its bay, protected at the western extremity by Cape Nero, 800 feet high, and by Cape Verde, 350 feet high, at the east end, is too shallow for a commercial harbor, but is perfectly sheltered, except to the south and southeast; while behind the town, a complete amphitheatre of hills, rising to 4,300 feet in Monte Bignone, and nowhere less than 3,500 feet, shuts out all northerly winds.

The famous Children's Christmas Club, of Washington, of which Miss Nellie A. Arthur was once President, supplied a Christmas dinner to be given to the children of the poor. The members wear badges of white ribbon, with a diminutive sleigh bell attached to each. The club is one which could well be imitated in other cities for its useful and charitable purposes. It might be added, says the Boston *Journal*, that one Christmas club organized in a neighboring city has grown from its first work of preparing a Christmas tree and dinner to a charitable organization covering the wide field of visiting and relieving the poor all the year round.

Euston Square, in London, England, is lighted by a new light which is believed to possess many advantages. Ordinary coal gas, mixed in about the proportion of one to eight of common air, is supplied under the usual gas-service pressure to burners over which are placed caps of platinum wire gauze. The mixture, when lighted, burns without flame around the cap, which is raised to a brilliant white heat by the combustion. The light is perfectly steady, there being no flame, and is not affected by wind or rain. More than twice as much light, it is said, is obtained, with a given consumption of gas, as by the old system. Twenty burners replace fifty of the old kind, and light a platform 900 feet in length.

Lord Brassey, who was one of the most prominent members of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, and who has just returned from a yachting expedition around the African and Australian coasts, is a great admirer of the colored race. In a letter to the London *Times* he writes: "The capabilities of the colored race are nowhere seen to greater advantage than at Sierra Leone. They supply the official staff of the Government. A colored barrister of marked ability is the leader of the Bar and makes a professional income of $15,000 a year. The day seems drawing near when it will no longer be necessary to send out Englishmen to administer the Government in a climate so often fatal to Europeans."

Leading men in the lumber trade have under consideration the necessity of an important reform. It is estimated that the reduction of a log to boards averages the turning of fully one-sixth of the whole into sawdust. For every 1,000 feet of lumber that are turned out by the mill 200 feet are now reduced to powder, which used to have no known value and now is employed only as fuel. This waste was of little consequence a few years ago, when the forests of pine seemed to be inexhaustible, but now that a scarcity of the raw material threatens the trade it is asked if a large part of this cannot be avoided. The economical views of the thinkers at present are turned to the bandsaw as the one which will save at least a quarter of the waste that is inseparable from the forms of saw now in use.

Can a man cough himself to pieces? At an inquest recently held on an inmate of the Borough Asylum, considerable interest was attached to the finding of a broken rib in the body of the patient. The doctor who gave evidence endeavored to point out that under some abnormal conditions bones may be broken during life by muscular efforts, or even by the act of violent coughing. The coroner, in commenting upon this, appeared to have much difficulty in recognizing the existence of such an unusual occurrence, and naively stated to the jury that they would doubtless have equal hesitation in appreciating the learned theory that it was possible for a man to cough himself to pieces! A perusal of the writings of Dr. Weir Mitchell and Professor Charcot will show that spontaneous fracture of the bones in locomotor ataxy is not uncommon; the importance of this in medico-legal inquiries is worth remembering, and throws much light upon questions affecting the treatment of the insane.

A most wonderful invention is reported from Vienna. An Austrian engineer has, it is said, designed a truck to run before every railway train, being maintained always at a fixed but adjustable distance in front by the force of an electric current transmitted along the metals from a dynamo on the engine. The current is conducted through mercury contained in glass tubes on the pilot truck. If, therefore, the truck comes into collision the tubes are broken and the contact consequently destroyed. The interruption of the current instantly and automatically applies the brakes on the following train. It is claimed by the inventor that two expresses, fitted with this system, might with impunity be set to run full tilt at each other. The collision of their pilot trucks would arrest the progress of both trains before they could meet. The element of human fallibility is accordingly entirely eliminated and drivers may dash through a whole series of danger signals without risk, being automatically arrested the moment they reach the spot that is really dangerous.

A Washington correspondent writes: Everybody knows the poem beginning, "'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house," but very few know anything about its author or his family. The poem is brought to mind by the fact that Mrs. James H. Young, who died recently in Washington, was the widow of the gentleman who wrote the familiar lines. Mr. Young was born in Laurel, a little town in Maryland, about twenty miles from this city, and was first a doctor and then an artist. Finally he entered the Episcopal church and became a clergyman. He died in Washington some years ago. When his widow died recently she left all her husband's manuscripts to Dr. Noble Young, of this city, her brother-in-law, and they are being examined with the view of seeing what can be done with them. There are some unpublished poems among the papers, but none of them are likely to be as famous as the story of Santa Claus.

Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson is the only woman in this country, probably the only woman in the world, who is proprietor and editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper. Mrs. Nicholson was the widow of Col. Holbrook, editor and proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, who, at the time of his death, left that paper with a debt of $85,000. His wife had done regular editorial work on the paper during his lifetime, and as she was devoted to journalistic work she determined to continue it, contrary to the advice of all her friends, who wished her to take the $1,000 allowed her by law and abandon the paper. The business manager, Mr. Nicholson, alone counselled her to go on, and stood by her with the staff. Within two years her conduct of the paper not only put it on a paying basis but wiped out the $85,000 debt. She afterward married Mr. Nicholson, who became a widower shortly after her husband's death. She is a fragile little woman.

Latest from Scotland.

A girl named Glen residing at Cotton Row, Irvine, drank vitriol in mistake for medicine and died in agony.

The attempt to import Indian and Ceylon tea direct to Glasgow has proved very successful. London, up till now, has had the entire monopoly of the tea trade.

A man named Grieve died in the poorhouse at Glasgow. His friends agreed with an undertaker to bury him decently for £1 16s. 6d., and £1 was handed over in part payment. The undertaker did not bury Grieve because the rest of the money had not been paid, and declined to return the £1 on the ground that it was due for the unused coffin and coach. The case was brought up in the Small Debts Court in Glasgow and the Sheriff decided that the £1 must be returned.

One day recently while Samuel Cowan, brakeman, aged 26 years, residing in Glasgow, was working in the Steel Company of Scotland's Works at Blochairn at a weighing machine, one of the employees in a joke ignited the fuse of a detonating cap and threw it on the ground. Cowan, hearing a cry of "fire," and not knowing that the matter was a joke, picked up the cap, which exploded in his hand, blowing off a portion of several of the fingers of his right hand and cutting and scorching him about the eyes.

Fancy and Realism.

Little Nell—Mamma, I wish you'd let me read a novel.

Mamma—Don't mention such a thing.

"But novels tell things just as they are in life, don't they?"

"Yes. Now ask no more questions."

"Susie Minx has got such a lovely novel, and——"

"What? Did you read any of it?"

"Only the last line. It said: "And so they got married and were happy ever after."

"Oh! that isn't a novel, dear; it's a fairy story."

Why Don't You Advertise?

She was an editor's daughter and he was a young merchant whose business was not alarmingly great. Said he:

"Darling, my heart yearns for you. I dream of you by night, and think of you by day. Will you be mine, Nellie? You know the bible says it is not well for man to live alone."

"Then, why don't you advertise?"—*Lincoln Journal.*

It Was the Number He Thought Of.

Brown (with a sigh)—That Robinson is a lucky dog. He has been married eight years and has got two as handsome children as I ever saw.

Smith—You ought not to envy Robinson, Brown. Your children are as fine as his.

Brown (with another sigh)—Ah, yes; but there are seven of 'em.

Something Appropriate.

"I'm in search of a useful present for a literary gentleman," said a prim young lady entering a book-store.

"In what branch of literature is he interested?"

"He's a paragrapher on a religious paper."

"In that case," returned the bookseller, "I would suggest an almanac."—*Judge.*

A QUEER AMBITION.

A Rich California Girl Who Married a Consumptive to Gain Social Freedom.

The death at the little town of Mayfield, near the Stanford University, of a young and consumptive printer named Frank McKee, completes a curious story of a rich young girl's folly. Seven years ago Abram Brown, of Oakland, died, leaving property to his only daughter, Frankie, valued at $50,000. She attained her majority a little over a year ago, and then assumed control of the property, which brought in an annual income of about $5,000. She took a trip to Highland Springs, and there a lively widow persuaded her that she ought to become a widow herself in order to enjoy the social freedom that an unmarried woman can never hope to gain. Full of the project, she returned to Oakland and formed the acquaintance of Capt. and Mrs. K. M. Apgar. To them she confided her longing for social emancipation. She declared she was bound to become a widow, and thought if she could marry some man who was on his death-bed it would be about the right thing. Apgar agreed that if she was determined to marry, and for the purpose stated, it would be advisable to have the thing settled with as little publicity as possible. He accordingly introduced this peculiar young woman to Dr. Dupuy. Dr. Dupuy declared that he knew of just the man to suit Miss Brown's wish in the person of a poor printer named Frank McKee, who had a beautiful case of consumption, and who could not possibly live more than a month. Miss Brown thought that she had found just the man she wanted, and agreed to look at the subject. On the following day she and Apgar went to the office of Dr. Dupuy, where the medical man exhibited his consumptive. Miss Brown looked him over with a critical eye, thumped his chest vigorously, and made him cough several times for the purpose of ascertaining if the investment was a safe one. She finally concluded that she would take the chances of his living. McKee consented to marry the girl for a money consideration and the pair were wedded by Justice Wood. They did not depart together. It had been agreed that the husband should go and die by himself. The wife gave him $100 before the ceremony took place, and agreed to pay Dr. Dupuy $100 with which to defray the expenses of a comfortable death-bed for her husband. McKee failed to keep his promise, however, and strangely insisted on living. In fact, he grew alarmingly healthy. He met his wife a few months after and got some money from her. Dupuy received a liberal commission, and it is charged that Apgar got a fee. Finally Mrs. McKee refused to be bled any more and departed for the East. The story leaked out and created a great sensation in Oakland. McKee followed her to Indiana, but she refused to see him. She then departed this fall for Europe, and is said to be in Carlsbad. Another curious feature of the affair is that Apgar died on the same day as McKee.—*San Francisco despatch to Chicago Herald.*

How the Air Brake Works.

Said a railroad man to me to-day: "I'll bet not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train. When the air brake was first invented the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes up against the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train the air is let out, and then the springs apply the brakes and stop the train. This last method of using air pressure has great advantage over the old way on the score of safety.

"Whenever an accident happens to a train, one of the first effects it is apt to have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for everybody to understand this matter, because a child 5 years old can stop a train in thirty seconds from any car in the train, if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet-room of every car. That connects with the air pipes under the train. If you catch hold of it, and give it a little jerk, it will stop the train before it has gone 200 yards."—*Chicago Journal.*

One Woman Appreciated.

(Kansas City Times.)

In an unfrequented spot in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, there are two graves, over one of which is a modest tombstone with the following inscription upon it:

Here rests that angel of a woman,
Isabella Graham Condit,
Wife of Thomas Brooks,
Born in New Jersey in 1825;
Died in St. Louis in 1865.
You were always satisfied, always content with what you had.
I did not have to rob my employers to keep you in extravagance.
How pleasant it was to meet you on returning home! God bless you! Your Husband.

How Glad.

Mr. Smith (with a sigh of relief) holding it aloft—Thank Heaven! the long agony is over! This asking for money every day or two—these whispered consultations—these mysterious looks—this running down town every day—this restraint in my presence has come to an end at last. Christmas and Santa Claus are here, and I am the proud recipient of—a pen-wiper!

The Petaluma (Cal.) *Courier* tells of a curious fight between an eagle and a coyote. The prize was a large hare, still alive, which had just been caught. The eagle would flap his wings and try to rise from the ground with his prey, but the coyote, which had hold of the other end, would pull him back every time. Then they would have a regular tussle and the feathers and fur would fly. There is no telling how the fight would have ended had not a pistol bullet frightened them both off.

A little Sunday-school girl, whose lesson had been about the story of the fiery furnace, was telling her mother about it. "And, mamma," she said, "that naughty king heated an oven just as hot as he could get it, put three good men in, and they wouldn't cook a bit!"

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Fat Woman's Complaint.

"There is a fortune for anybody who will start a 'Fat Woman's Journal,'" said a woman who weighed more than 200 pounds, "or if you want to be more euphemistic and euphonious, a fashion magazine, and christen it 'A la Jolie Embonpointe.' In this there shouldn't be a fashion or a fashion plate that did not pertain to a woman weighing at least 175 pounds—and upward, as they say in the cheap stores. At present you can't find a fashion plate that does not represent a slender, long-waisted woman. For this sylph everything is designed—gowns, wraps, bonnets. It is impossible to find anything intended for large women. Apparently nobody gives us any consideration, and we clothe ourselves, as it were, by faith. It is absurd," continued the lady, "for the fact is well-established that American women have lost the reproach of scrawniness. Go where you will, at least among the leisure classes, and you will find the large proportion of women broad shouldered, well-developed and a generous overflow of figure. And we are worth considering. There is a fortune in avoirdupois for whoever is far enough sighted to perceive it. Send out the prospectus 'A la Jolie Embonpointe' or the 'Fat Woman's Journal' and see how quickly we will rally to its support from every part of the land."
—*New York Sun.*

Cost of a "Coming Out" Dress.

Next to the bridal dress of a young girl, her "coming out" costume is the crucial test of taste and income. Miss Morgis' "sweet simplicity" of costume was an example. The foundation was a low-necked, no sleeved-slip of what one would call rose white. If yellow white be ivory, or cream, then pinkish white is rose white. The material was corded silk, heavy and lustrous. About the walking-length skirt was a box-plaited row of Valenciennes four inches deep at $5 a yard. In each plait of the lace hung pendant an artificial half-blown blush rose. Up one side like a panel went row after row of lace and buds. Draped over the silk was a mass of ethereal silk gauze, with satin stripes in pure white. Opposite the panel, on the right side, was a big pocket arrangement made of satin folds interlaced like basket work, and springing out of the top was a splendid cluster of blush roses, half-blown and buds. The girlish chest of the debutant admitted of the upper half the corsage being made of overlapping rows of Valenciennes and interminglingbuds, and a hip-corset of satin, laced behind, showing the slender waist. There were certainly fifty yards of lace on the dress, and 500 roses. The material that formed the overdress was $100 for [illegible] yards, the slip cost $50, the roses and the making were $100, and so the simple rosebud dress of a miss in her teens, without any jewellery or display, cost $500.—*From Clara Belle's New York Letter.*

Fashion Notes.

Pinked edges are becoming very popular on tailor gowns of heavy cloth.

Gloves with evening gowns are not worn much above the elbow, and they are not as heavily wrinkled, but pulled up plain and smooth if the arm is plump enough to admit of it.

Very many of the newest tailor gowns show two colors of the same cloth, the darker, strange to say, forming the accessories—collar, cuffs and so on—and the brighter the body of the gown

The dancing gown grows shorter, rather than longer, as the season advances, and there is more and more a tendency to make it full and undraped in the skirt, low or V-shaped in the neck and sleeveless. Debutantes, however, and brides wear their gowns high, or half-high in the neck, with half or three-quarter length sleeves, and debutantes, like brides, wear white, cream and ivory-tinted fabrics.

There is an effort being made to return to satin for evening wear. When it is rich nothing is so handsome, but its vulgarization a year or two since by cheap qualities made it fall into disfavor.

White and gold is the popular combination for evening wear. White tulles have their crisp voluminousness held in place by thick gold brai[illegible] that comes made up in patterns. White [illegible]s and silks are embroidered in gold upon the material and some charming London gowns of silky white cashmere are prettily edged above their hemmed borders with deep gold thread embroideries in arabesque designs. One handsome opera cloak is of a heavy white cloth brocaded with gold leaves. The border is of white curled Persian lamb, and it is lined with yellow silk. One of the most charming of these white and gold gowns has a foundation slip of golden yellow faille Francaise, and over it is draped many yards of white Indian tissue.

There is an ever-growing tendency to have everything to match in evening dresses. Gloves are shown in every possible tint, and of late in all the shoe shop windows have appeared satin shoes of varied colors. Women of a pronounced type have for a long time had a leaning toward scarlet satin shoes, but now they are quite universally worn with the poppy red tulle dresses that are so frequently seen this season. Beside these are Louis XV. slippers in pale blue, pink, bronze, copper, green and yellow satin, and silk stockings come to match them in every shade. The feather or gauze fan repeats the colors of the dress, shoes and gloves.

New and lustrous French failles are imported, striped or plaided, with fancy velours or plain velvet. These materials come in exquisite evening shades of Nile green, cameo, pale golden, terra cotta, apricot, baby blue and the rosy lilac that does not grow gray and dull by candle-light. There are others in deep, rich tones for dinner and carriage gowns in golden bronze, fawn color, shot with russet brown; olive, venetian green, "winter-sky" and heliotrope. Another novelty is an India silk broche, with pompadour designs in pale shaded velvet upon its rich surface, the patterns being borrowed from ancient Gobelin tapestries and from Oriental designs.

A young man named Swank, of Beaver Falls, Pa., a student at Geneva College, ran at full speed against a clothes-line while chasing a goat out of a yard. The line caught him just under the nose, tearing out his upper teeth and splitting the mouth from ear to ear.

THE WONDERFUL KOLA NUT.

It is Said to be Capable of Performing a Great Many Remarkable Things.

Planters in tropical climes are recommended to cultivate the kola tree, the nut of which seems to possess some marvellous qualities. If the prophecies regarding the beneficent services of certain preparations of it are realized an unspeakable boon will be conferred on millions of the human race. For many years it has been extensively used as an excellent beverage and sacred symbol in the interior of Africa, but now its properties have every reason to be far more entensively utilized. There is no doubt from what is already known that it has the extraordinary property of counteracting the influence of alcohol, of giving a stimulant in wasting diseases, of acting as a powerful tonic in cases of deep-seated injuries on the digestive organs, of purifying foul water, of overcoming the sense of fatigue, and of exciting to arduous work with the least injury to the frame. It appears that kola nuts were originally found in the western territories of Africa, and that soldiers stationed along the coast were the first white men who became aware of their peculiar property. They found, for instance, that the chewing of these nuts prevented a drunken headache. Not only so, but some who have used the nut paste as a "pick-me-up" assert that, while removing the nausea, it gives them quite a "skunner" at the smell of whiskey and removes the irritating desire for a "morning" to keep the stomach hearty. If the paste be mixed with cocoa paste, which it resembles closely, it produces a much finer and more nutritive chocolate. It has been shown by repeated experiments that the nerve energy produced by partaking of the chocolate made with kola paste is ten times greater than that produced by an equal quantity of ordinary cocoa chocolate. So nutritious is this kola that with a single cup of it a laborer can undergo a day's work without any sense of weariness. Though it may not directly feed the muscular system, it has the property of preventing the rapid waste of the tissues. So much have the manufacturers of chocolate, both in this country and abroad, become alive to the excellent properties of the new paste that they are making arrangements to procure it for mixing purposes as soon as its price becomes reasonable. The British Government, too, has gone the length of making experiments upon the paste in a pure state, so as to ascertain the saving which would be made in the transit of provisions in time of war by giving this beverage to the army. It is of great service for purifying the foul water which is so prevalent in hot climates; this will be the preventive of many diseases, especially to Europeans. It has also been found very useful in clarifying beer and spirits, acting much like the white of an egg or isinglass.—*Scotsman.*

The Canadian Northwest.

A partial settlement of Ryan & Haney's claims in connection with the Red River Valley Road has been effected, Haney receiving a cheque from the Government for $89,226 and immediately purchasing therewith Provincial bonds to the amount of $89,200.

Although the one-man-one-vote principle was passed last session it is claimed that it cannot come into effect till new voters' lists are prepared. The Government, fearing the outside votes would defeat their candidates in Assiniboia and St. Francois Xavier, are preparing new lists for those constituencies.

Hough & Campbell have been appointed city solicitors to succeed Solicitor D. Glass.

The sale of school lands throughout the Province, to commence January 10th, is already being advertised. Sales take place at Manitou, Winnipeg and Minnedosa.

Mrs. McBean, of Winnipeg, is one of the nearest heirs to the immense Weber estate, which comprises sixty acres in the heart of New York city, and which has been in litigation for the past fourteen years.

A sectionman named Nelson was stabbed in three places last night at Cassil's Station by a Hungarian.

A party to go to the Yukon next spring is being organized at Edmonton. The idea is to go down the Athabasca and Mackenzie and up either the Liard or the Peel River to reach the waters of the Yukon.

It was 40 below zero this morning.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land has appointed Rev. O. Fortin, rector of Holy Trinity Church, to the Archdeaconry of Winnipeg.

It is rumored that the new Government of Manitoba will ask the Legislature for power to expropriate Dominion lands.

Manitoba grain men propose sending a strong deputation to Toronto to uphold the new grain standard in the event of a meeting of the Dominion Grain Board being held before the new standard comes into force.

The municipalities and towns along the line of the Manitoba & Northwestern Railway have appointed a number of residents to visit points in Ontario with the view of assisting immigration to Manitoba.

Senator Schultz has been appointed to succeed Mr. Aikins as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, on the expiration of the latter's term next May, and Mr. Royal, M. P. for Provencher, will succeed Mr. Dewdney as Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories.

Mr. Richard Hardisty, Hudson's Bay factor at Edmonton, will be appointed to one of the two Northwest Senatorships.

Beginning the New Year.

Wife—"Here I've been sitting up till daylight for you, you wretch! Haven't slept a wink all night."

Husband (who has been seeing the old year out and the new wine in)—"Norri auther, my dear. Lesh go bed."

Pinned His Faith to the Directory.

Intoxicated Guest—Wai—waiter—look in the directory and see where (hic) I live.

Waiter—But your name, sir?

Guest—You must find that (hic) in the directory, too.

The Effect on St. Nicholas of "Highe Education."

American youth (aged 6)—Now if the effect of eighty bolts of electricity is equal in applied force to——

Santa Claus—Holy Grail! is this the youngster that I've brought a yellow monkey on a red stick for?

AN ODD MISTAKE.

The Man Who Attended His Own Funeral—A Fact.

A New Yorker writes to the *Evening Post*: One day, while I was in the country, I said to myself, as I dropped the newspaper: "Ah! my old friend Peter has gone at last." For I observed in the obituary notices the following: "Died at Milton, N.J., on the 5th inst., in the 50th year of his age, Peter Umfree, late of the city of New York. His funeral will take place on the 6th inst., at 10 o'clock a.m., at the Presbyterian church on Eleventh street, New York."

As the name of the deceased was an unusual one, and as his age and the church he attended were as above stated, and as I knew also that my friend was spending the summer and fall in that part of New Jersey, I was satisfied that the Peter Umfree above-named as having departed this life was my old acquaintance, and as I could not attend his funeral I determined to pay a visit to his widow and family as soon as I possibly could. Accordingly, on the 7th, I went to his place of business in this city, expecting to find it closed, but to my astonishment it was open and my friend Peter was busily engaged in it. "Why," said I, "Mr. Umfree, I thought you were dead." "Well," said he, "I almost thought so myself. You see, however, I am not. It happened to me that I attended my own funeral services; for, noticing the advertisement, I thought I would step over to the church, and when I walked up the middle aisle, the ceremonies being nearly over, my appearance seemed to frighten everybody. I took a seat in a pew where there was a young lady of my acquaintance, who tried to get away as far as she could from me, and I said: 'Mary, don't you know me?' 'Yes,' said she, 'but I thought you were in that coffin and that you must be a ghost.' However, she became satisfied of my vitality, but looked at me with wondering eyes."

As my friend Peter was generally known in this city and the neighboring places, quite a number of his acquaintances attended the obsequies, and three of them from Brooklyn went to the church, and, standing in the vestibule, heard the clergyman speak of the mother of the deceased, and one of them said: "There must be some mistake, as our friend lost his mother years ago; however, we will go in." As is usual, on such occasions, the congregation were informed that they could view the corpse, and on doing so one lady said to another, "Why, that is not the face of our departed friend," to which was replied: "Oh, you know, death makes a great change in the looks of a person."

The next day appeared in the religious paper of the denomination to which Mr. Umfree was attached a long and well deserved eulogy of him and his useful career, but our Peter is still among the living, and will be happy to see any one who wants articles in his "line."

The mistake occurred from the fact that a man of the same name died, and his friends, desiring to bury him in the city, asked the privilege of the trustees of said church to have the services performed in it. This was granted, but it led to the wonderful result of a man attending his own funeral.

The Society Girl.

He was an anomaly among his kind—a modest reporter. He had dropped into the Elite Club ball-room, to write a ten-line notice of the affair.

Suddenly he found himself confronted by a bejewelled and bedecked lady, who said sweetly:

"Ah, I know you; you're one of those horrid reporters, aren't you?"

"I'm a reporter, madam."

"I knew it. And you've come to write all sorts of horrid things about us poor ladies, who can't help ourselves!"

"Indeed, madam, I——"

"Oh, yes, you will! I just think you reporters are too horrid for anything!"

"I am not——"

"You go and put all sorts of things in the papers about us. It's just dreadful! I get real cross about it!"

"I assure you, madam, that——"

"Oh, well, I suppose it is your business to be so horribly awful! I suppose now you have come to write up all the costumes in your horrid way, and you'll have all our names in the paper, too!"

"No, madam, I——"

"Oh, I know you will! You always say you won't, and then you do! You're just so dreadful! I do think it's too provoking in you! We poor ladies can't do a thing that you don't put it in the paper!"

"I intend writing but a brief notice of this ball."

"Oh, well, I suppose you'll put in some names; so here is my card, so that the name won't be spelled wrong, as it was in your account of Mrs. De White's party. And there's a good description of my costume on the back of the card. Don't forget to write 'diamond ornaments.' I think I'm real good to take so much trouble for you when you are so perfectly horrid as to go and put it all in the papers. Oh, you wicked, naughty, horrid man! It makes me cross to look at you. Good-bye! Be sure you get my name right this time. You'll be more horrid than ever if you don't."—*Puck.*

A Child's Logic.

A little girl was teasing her mother for more indulgence, and was put off with "Wait till to-morrow."

The following day she renewed her teasing, and was reminded that she had said the same thing yesterday.

"But, mamma," said the child, earnestly, "this isn't yesterday; it's to-morrow."

This reasoning was successful.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Working Him Nicely.

Wife (at breakfast)—You came in very late last night, John."

Husband (who plays poker)—Yes, I was-er-er at the office.

Wife (anxiously)—Really, John, I'm afraid to have you work so hard. You are over-taxing your strength. Can you let me have twenty dollars this morning?

Husband—Certainly, my dear.

He Didn't Know.

"Say, Bigsby, do you know how to get rid of a bore?"

"No. I regret to say that I don't. If I knew a good plan I would utilize it immediately."

ADVICE TO TENDERFEET.

Some Points for Young Men Going West to Get Rich.

If we are to believe the highly colored reports sent out from Prescott, Arizona, a gold mine "richer by far than anything ever discovered in the world" has just been developed ten miles from that point. We are told that the pure gold clings to the rocks in scales and can be taken off by the handful, and that two men in less than an hour secured $800. And further, the report says that the ore averages $1,000 per ton. Before any young men of Wilmington pack their satchels and prepare to hasten to the Hassayampa River gold fields we would suggest that they await further developments and fuller particulars of the new Eldorado to which people are said to be flocking in great numbers. There are always two sides to the wonderful stories of gold and diamond fields that come from the far, far west. There are such things as salted mines and gold mining companies that sell thousands of stock not worth the paper on which their lying words are printed. Of course it is a great temptation for an ambitious young man to start out from home with a large gripsack containing his old clothes, with the expectation of throwing away the old clothes in a few weeks and returning with the gripsack so heavily laden with gold nuggets that an express car has to be chartered. Such dreams of gold have flitted through the head of every young man, and some old ones, too, and will as long as time is. But how many young men of your acquaintance have started west to make a fortune in a few months or years have succeeded except by hard work at some legitimate business? How many men do you suppose come from the gold mines laden down with the precious stuff? Not many. There are exceptions to the rule, but the chances of becoming a millionaire by rushing into every new gold field that is opened are just about as good as is the chance of drawing the capital prize in a lottery. If you want to hasten to the new gold fields of the Hassayampa River, young men, heed our advice. Take with you half a dozen pairs of good, stout comfortable walking shoes in addition to your regular equipment. When you reach the nearest settlement to the mines leave your extra shoes in the hands of some reliable person to be held until called for. Then, when you start to walk back home to the east and the firesides of your parents you will be prepared for the journey. Like Sherman's troops on their way through Georgia, you will have to depend upon the country along your route for supplies. Walking is very good exercise for the young. When you make up your mind to dig for gold, don't. There is just as much money in digging potatoes, if you dig enough of them.
—*Wilmington News.*

Old Father Time.

A new year! The old story over again. What a weird and wonderful enchanter is Time. Each of his years; yea, of his hours, though but a mote on the track of eternities, clasps our opportunities, and it may be our doom, and yet it springs forth as fair and welcome as though never an hour or a year had recorded a human wrong, or crime, or sorrow, or despair.

Weird and wonderful, and so priceless that not all the wealth, and eloquence, and power of the human race can bring back a moment gone nay, not though the lost opportunity buried with it were fraught with the salvation of the world.

Time! evanescent as a shadow, yet everlasting; briefer than a dream, yet eternal as the stars. A new year—what a mingled record each has borne, or shall bear, between the first of Adam and the last of the last man! What conquests and defeats—what progressions and decadences—what wailings and jubilees!

Now an age of light and now an age of darkness—wars, persecutions, pestilences and famines—tribes and nations, kingdoms and republics—all the griefs and gladness, all the misfortunes and propensities, all the crimes and heroisms of our race, are written on the brows of the dead six thousand years that lie out there in the damp and mould.

And thither must this new year quickly hie to the oblivion of its thousands of predecessors. God grant that it may be remembered by its virtues! God forbid that it should be remembered for its crimes and desolations! But whatever be the fate that awaits it in our "heart of hearts" we wish it may be a peaceful, prosperous and happy year to all mankind.

Fresh News Notes.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain arrived in Toronto from Ottawa last night, and is the guest of Sir David Macpherson at Chestnut Park.

Lord Lansdowne, while skating near Rideau Hall the other day, fell, inflicting painful injuries to his head. One eye was also unfortunately blackened.

A number of the employees in the Toronto Custom House have been granted increases of salaries, and two have retired on account of ill-health, receiving the usual gratuities.

The Government has commissioned Mr. Simeon Jones, ex-M.P., of St. John, N. B., to visit South America and the West Indies with a view to working up closer trade relations with Canada.

The dispute between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways over the former's eastern entrance to Toronto has been decided by the Railway Committee of the Privy Council in favor of the Canadian Pacific.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada was held in Toronto yesterday, when officers were elected for the ensuing year. A by-law to exempt transportation companies from liability for baggage was defeated.

Certain statements seriously reflecting upon the Toronto City Auditors, regarding grave irregularities in the Waterworks Department, were made by the Chairman of the Executive Committee yesterday, and a special committee is investigating the matter.

One Very Just Tax.

A few months ago a Pennsylvania girl married a bogus Count who has just been arrested for swindling. We pay a tax on imported noblemen, but it falls on the girls who marry them.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

SINGULAR CAPTURES.

Clews That Have Brought Criminals to Justice.

It is a curious fact that those who have committed crimes are very frequently arrested with the evidence upon them, writes a London correspondent. Lefroy, who killed Mr. Gold on the Brighton railway some years ago, was discovered with the old gentleman's watch in his boot. Often, too, is it some article of personal apparel which brings about a conviction.

Franz Muller, Lefroy's predecessor, who killed Mr. Briggs on the North London Railway, wore a straw hat with a lining having a broad blue strip edged with black and white. This he left in a railway carriage, and many of our readers will remember how, little by little, the structure of evidence, of which this straw hat was the foundation, was built up.

In a recent burglary in Dublin the thief was arrested on suspicion founded on one or two very small links. He had entered a library in which on a table was a small piece of wedding cake which happened to be wrapped in such a manner that it might reasonably have been suspected to be a packet of coin. When the room was opened the following morning the cake was found scattered on the carpet as though thrown down in rage. It was observed, too, that a chair had been used for assistance in reaching a despatch box from a not very tall article of furniture. The smart detective who had the case in hand put two and two together and came to the conclusion—first, that the burglar was not a young man or he probably would have eaten the cake, and, second, that he was of small stature and had been obliged to mount the chair in order to get at the box. Acting upon these hints, the detective boldly accused "a well-known character," who had been observed watching the house, and eventually traces of the stolen property were discovered in the burglar's possession and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. As the detective had surmised, he was a very short man indeed.

Rather more than sixty years ago the Red Barn mystery first aroused public attention. There was something so extraordinary in this strange story, and in the fact that the secret was unraveled by dreams, that for years it was a favorite fireside chapter of horrors among the poorer classes. A certain William Corder was engaged to a young woman of his own county, Suffolk, and they agreed to get married secretly on the 18th of May, 1824. The girl started forth disguised as a man, the arrangements being that she should resume her ordinary costume at a place on Corder's farm known as the Red Barn. Thence they were to proceed to Ipswich, where they were to be married.

Some time afterward Corder wrote from the Isle of Wight, saying that he and his wife were living very happily. But the girl's mother, not hearing personally from her daughter grew alarmed, and in March, 1828, dreamed on three successive nights that her daughter had been murdered and buried in the Red Barn. So convinced was she of the truth of the augury that she persuaded her husband to apply for permission to examine the spot. He did so, and on digging a few feet found the remains of his daughter enveloped in a sack. Corder was traced to Brantford, where he was found married to the proprietress of a ladies' school. The dreams of the girl's mother can scarcely be called a clew in the accepted sense of the word, but that they were instrumental in bringing about Corder's arrest is beyond a doubt.

Honesty the Best Policy.

We all know that honesty is the best policy. But I warrant you this if you knew a man whose honesty had no deeper foundation than a firm conviction of the truth of the proverb, you would count your silver spoons before you left him alone with them.—*Dr. F. C. Colby.*

No Use Asking Him.

"No; don't ask Robinson to say a good word for me. He wouldn't do it."

"Doesn't he like you?"

"No; he has owed me $10 borrowed money for more than six months."—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Comes Low, But She Must Have It.

Jiggs—Miss D'Bonair has grown considerably since I saw her last winter.

Wiggs—How so?

Jiggs—When I saw her last her dress came way up to her neck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Visitor—Is the baby very sick, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, I guess she is, for such a little bit of a thing.

—A great many people who are crazy to get into the social swim are drowned before they can get out.

—In polite circles the word "drunk" or "intoxicated" is no longer used. "Overestimated his capacity" is the proper thing.

OUR EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.

She's a genuine New Year's fairy,
Just the kind that I would marry,
If I ever should select a wife;
Yet I cannot marry her,
For her dainty cloak of fur,
Cost more than I've earned in my whole life.

Without winning, I resign her,
Like the Emperor of China,
Who can't wed without three million dollars
Though it seems extremely funny,
Yet I think he'd need the money,
And have nothing left to buy his collars.

—Nature seems to have made one sorry mistake in not fixing things so that a people may grow in wisdom as rapidly as in numbers.

—It is understood that Col. Villiers, of Kingston, will succeed Col. LaMontagne as Deputy Adjutant General of the Ottawa Military District.

—The best New Year's gift which many men could make to their families would be a more amiable mood in themselves. The kind of curmudgeon who is affable to everybody outside but "cross as a bear" at home is altogether too common. Let him turn over a new leaf now and glue it down.

The wife of John Bradford, of Wilmington, Del., left her bed while fast asleep, walked from the chamber into the hall and fell downstairs, breaking her nose and sustaining other severe injuries. She had been dreaming at the time of a similar accident which had occurred to an acquaintance, a lady, a year ago.

THE ADVANCE.

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Every Thursday,

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Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Empire* is a splendid newspaper in every respect. Of course it ought to be Creight-on everything. Next!

The Thornbury *News* man has been devoting his spare moments to the discussion of bustles. The subject is a weighty one in some respects--especially if some bustle-wearer should chance to drop into the Editor's sanctum and proceed to interview him with a cordwood stick and an umbrella.

The incorporation scheme is likely to meet with a strong and spirited opposition. It has two sides, each with a following of enthusiastic disciples. THE ADVANCE occupies neutral ground, although it has opinions of its own and will give expression to them at the proper time. This is a matter in which it is well to sound public opinion before sounding one's own!

Bro. Mitchell, of the Durham *Chronicle*, combs down the fiery auburn locks of a recent proprietor of that journal in great shape. The r.p. lately visited Durham and painted the town red. It is needless to add that he did not do so at his own expense. And now the r.p. is after friend Mitchell with the jawbone of an ass, because the latter alluded to the r.p's peregrinations in his paper.

We received the names of the successful candidates at the recent entrance examinations just a few hours too late for last week's ADVANCE. But of course the County town newspapers stole a march on their contemporaries by publishing the lists *a week in advance*. There is no excuse whatever for this sort of thing. The gentleman or gentlemen, whose duty (or duties) it was to prepare the lists for the press, could just as easily have arranged to publish them simultaneously in all the papers as not.

Last week's Thornbury *Standard* gives an interesting account of the formation and destructiveness of those Yankee cyclones we hear so much about. Are cyclones among the benefits (?) likely to be conferred upon Canadians in case of annexation, friend Farewell? The Yankees seem to have an exclusive monopoly in cyclones. In case of annexation they would probably become less selfish and give us a few chunks! In that event we would generously donate our share to Bro. Farewell!!

Several towns and villages in Grey have been boasting pretty freely about their markets. It is about time this stale old Chestnut was dropped. The difference in prices at any of our County markets is not sufficient to warrant farmers driving from five to ten miles out of their way and away from their nearest place for doing business. Occasionally, of course, some buyer is foolish enough to pay a few cents higher than market price, in order to gain a little cheap notoriety. It does him no good in the end, for a buyer in a rival town can usually go him one better on the old Chestnut, and thereby leave things pretty much as they were before.

While in a neighboring village one day, a few weeks ago, we noticed two or three grain buyers performing a worn out old dodge, in order to pull wool over the eyes of innocent and unsuspecting grangers. A farmer is seen coming into the place, and while he is yet some rods from the business centre, the grain buyers suddenly dart forth from their several places of location and make a race for his load - yelling, gesticulating and hopping around the astonished agriculturist like so many jumping jacks. The object of all this *forced acting* is to impress the farmer with the idea that the buyers are terribly keen to purchase his produce, and ready to give "the very tip-top price." It is worthy of remark, that a very good understanding exists between these apparently keen rival buyers in the same village.

If there is one thing more than another, which jars upon the feelings of the earnest theological student, it is to hear a preacher speak of God as a loving Father, merciful and kind to the creatures of His Will, and then—almost in the same breath—speaking of Him as an awful Being, whose anger against the wicked is so terrible that He dooms them to the lake of brimstone and the pit of darkness for ever and ever! Would an *earthly* father—with all his weaknesses and infirmities—doom his child to such punishment, or anything approaching it, for similar offences? How much less our Heavenly Father, who is all perfect, wise and good?

The defeat of Mr. Elias Rogers, in the Toronto Mayoralty contest, was more than a gentle surprise to that gentleman's supporters in, and sympathizers outside, the Queen City. One lesson at least is to be learned from it and it is this: There is a point beyond which the public will not tolerate clerical interference. Ministers of the Gospel have no right to prostitute the pulpit, by converting it into a rostrum, for the purpose of dictating the course they would have their parishoners pursue in matters of a purely secular character. Their mission is one of "Peace and good-will toward men," but in many instances they forget the dignity of their high calling and cast in their lot with the Phillstines.

In Jerseys, Clouds and Knitted Wool Shawls, clearing out at a big discount at M. Richardson & Co's.

Business at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, has increased so largly during the past year, they have had to add new nichol show cases, &c., to contain their magnificent stock of fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. We have also added a fine burglar proof safe from the well known firm of Goldie & McCullough.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 282 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

INVENTION has revolutionised the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The Thornbury *News* has entered upon the third year of its existence in good shape.

The *Grey Review* has commenced Volume 11, and is in every sense a good local journal. Long may it flourish.

The Hanover *Post* has completed another year of its existence. The *Post* is always neatly printed and newsy.

Miller's liquor and provision store in Markdale was destroyed by fire on Sunday week.

A cow hooked Donald Cowan, of 6th line Erin, in the eye a week or two ago. It was found necessary to remove the injured optic.

Residents of Dundalk are after Bro. Spurr's scalp because he said the Public School building there was unsafe. Nevertheless Bro. Spurr told the truth, and told it like a gentleman.

On Christmas day a young lady at Matchett's Hotel, Creemore, struck a young man from Lavender on his nasal organ and made him see stars and feel as though a 40-tow blizzard had hit him.

The Owen Sound *Times* has passed under the magagement of Mr. Geo. D. Howell, who has been connected with the office for some time. Mr. Creighton still retains a proprietary interest in the paper.

On Monday afternoon a Walkerton brass band serenaded Hanover by telephone. All the subscribers here were switched on and called up by Walkerton, and when placing the 'phone to their ears the sweet strains of music were distinctly heard. Every note could be heard as plainly as though but a block away.—*Hanover Post.*

269 pupils of Public Schools wrote at the recent High Rchool Entrance Examinations in this county, of whom 111 were successful; at Flesherton 54, of whom 17 passed; at Neustadt 20, of whom 8 passed; at Thornbury 84, of whom 27 passed; and at Owen Sound 151, of whom 59 passed. Miss Minnie Brander, of Priceville, took the highest number of marks.

Mr. Wm. Allison was putting in a pump for an Owen Sounder named Boyd one day recently. Allison was working down at the bottom of the well and a young fellow named McCoy was engaged driving down the pump, when the latter accidentally let a shantling fall down on the former's head, which rendered him unconscious. A fur cap broke the force of the blow, and saved Allison's life. The well was 30 feet deep.

ESTEEMED.—When Mr. Samuel Clemes was about to leave his school at Inistioge, a social was got up by the people in the school house. A program consisting of readings, recitations, songs, &c. was gone through with and then the following address was presented to the teacher:—

Mr. Clemis,—

Most worthy and esteemed teacher, we your pupils of S.S. No. 4 here present you with this Album and Hymnal as a small token of our esteem not for their value but hoping they may recal to your memory some hours of pleasure and profit to both us and you while you have labored among us.

We are sorry to part with you. Since your coming amongst us one short year ago, you have by your amicable disposition so completely won our affections that we recognise with gratitude your ability and assiduity as an instructor of the youthful mind and moulder of youthful morals. Your deportment in social life has been a moral and Christian guide to the youth of our vicinity.

The admiration of parents and general companionship of manhood and youth.

Wishing you success in your new field of labor, we join in wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Your Pupils.

Mr. Clemis, whose parents live in town has taken charge of the Eugenia School for 1888.—*Collingwood Bulletin.*

If you want a fine Wedding Ring, full 18k., you have to go to Russell's, Flesherton, for it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned in Flesherton, one spotted Heifer, on Monday night last. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

Jan. 11th, 1888. PETER HOLMAN.

WANTED!

A Quantity of WHITE ASH for Butter Tubs, for which CASH will be paid on delivery.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

OWEN SOUND Collegiate Institute

WILL open on MONDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1888. Excellent Staff of Teachers. Inspector officially reports it the

×—*Best Equipped School in Ontario.*—×

Classes for First, Second and Third Class Certificates, Junior and Senior Matriculation with honors, and Law and Medical Examinations.

At the Examinations, 1887, all the University Matriculation Candidates were successful, one obtaining honors in all departments, and a proficiency scholarship of $100. The Candidates from this School obtained

The Largest number of Teacher's Certificates in the Province.

FEES—Winter Term, $2; Spring Term, $2.

Apply to

F. W. MERCHANT, M. A., Principal,
or D. B. DOBIE, Sec. Board of Education.

Owen Sound, Dec. 15th, 1887.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?
Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 74 to 0 78	
Spring Wheat	0 74	0 78
Barley	0 55	0 72
Oats	0 37	0 37
Peas	0 57	0 57
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 40	6 50
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 25
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

W. BOOTH,
The Boss Barber,
FLESHERTON,
(Late of Shelburne)
Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

R. CRLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—!—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

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Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

THE FLESHERTON

FURNITURE

Wareroom's

Last Announcement for 1887.

WE WISH A

Happy New Year To All,

And in order to make it so in every home in Artemesia and Surrounding Townships, we have decided to make still further

REDUCTIONS

In all the Leading Lines of Furniture.

For the New Year Festivities we have a most

COMPLETE STOCK

To select from notwithstanding the great rush of the past weeks. We were so fortified with reserves of stock that our Showrooms are again full and must be cleared (in order to make room for Undertakers Goods which will shortly arrive) at a

Very Small Advance on Cost.

We are satisfied with the policy upon which we have commenced Business and shall continue to use the same Motto, viz.,

Small Profits and Quick Returns.

Our Stock is all new and being almost daily replaced.

To Close, Cash Buyers we would say call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as

It Will Pay You.

We manufacture and buy close for money and

Sell Quick on a very small Margin.

COME AND GET PRICES.

SAW LOGS

—AND—

LUMBER

of all kinds Wanted for which highest price will be paid.

J. E. MOORE'S

Furniture Warerooms, Durham St. Flesherton.

Incorporation.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR,—One paragraph, or rather, sentence, in your "Incorporation" editorial last week, caught my eye and sent my "minds eye" revolving back into the past. The sentence suggested that incorporation was considered a kind of "panacea for all the ills Flesherton is heir to." Pardon me, sir, if I dispute that opinion as erroneous.

What are those "ills"? I know of but one, namely, the mile and a half of road that separates Flesherton from the railway station. And that "ill" has been talked about and magnified until outsiders begin to imagine we live near the North Pole, where there are no railroads at all, when the truth is we are only 1½ miles distant from the finest system in the world. Why don't Flesherton people talk up the straight road you have written so much about, and get it established without wasting so much senseless jabbering about railways, incorporation and other things? But no: they want a railway through the place, with a station at every man's front door! Then they grumble and abuse their business men, and run down everything and everybody in the place, and deal in other places, and then expect their neighbors to deal with them!

I tell you, Mr. Editor, it makes me sick to hear some of these poll parrots spinning their crazy yarns into the ears of ready listeners from rival places, and then bemoaning a lack of energy when they are the cause of it all and a good bit more. Why don't they shut up their clatter and unite with their neighbors in bettering the condition of things, by united action. Things are alright in Flesherton, and with a straight level road and a few minor improvements, we could soon distance all competitors, notwithstanding the growlers and snarlers. There are men in the world, who, if there were enough of them would kill the best town you ever saw. The reason they haven't killed this place is because it isn't of the killing kind and is bound to overleap all stumblingblocks. It can't help it. Its built that way, you know, sir.

Yours for the present,
"FLESHERTON FOR EVER."

We can easily lay claim to doing the business of this section for 25 miles around, having soldfrom Oct. 3rd, 1887, to Dec. 29th, 1887, eleven fine gold watches, thirty-two silver watches and twenty-nine clocks, against another dealer's blow of twelve watches and sixteen clocks. There is no doubt about it, that the people will come to us to buy as they know they can do far better than elsewhere at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

What Became of the Missing Shirts.

Man (to colored washerwoman)—"Look here, Aunt Millie, I gave you ten white shirts, but you have only brought back eight."

Aunt Millie—"Dat so, honey? W'y how come dat?"

Man—"You are the one to give the explanation."

Aunt Millie—"Yas, an' it's plain ernuff, too, sah. I washed de shirts dis week in rain water."

Man—"But why should the rain water cause two shirts to be missing?"

Aunt Millie—"W'y de shirts shrunk, dat's why. Ain't yer got jogerfy an' rifmertic an' edycation ernuff ter know de shirts shrink awful w'en yer washes 'em in rain water?

Business at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, has increased so largely during the past year they have had to add new nichol show cases, &c., to contain their magnificent stock of fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. We have also added a fine burglar proof safe from the well known firm of Goldie & McCullough.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

Everything has quieted down after election.

Mr. Geo. Mitchell, school teacher, has left, and Mr. John Parks has taken his place and is giving complete satisfaction. So far the pupils all seem to like him.

Feversham L.O.L. met on Wednesday, 4th, inst when the following officers:—

Bro. James Elliott, W.M.
" Ira Perigo, D.M.
" C. E. Neil, Chaplain.
" S. Colquet, R.S.
" A. McGirr, F.S.
" R. Kernahan, Treasurer.
" R. T. McGirr, Lecturer.
" James Mullin, D. of C.
" C. Edwards, jr. First Com. Man.

Mat. Wood drove the stage a few days last week. It seems to make a man of him to get away from home.

By the way, Mr. Editor, you have a Boss Barber in your town if we should judge by the way he trimmed our post-office official.

Some of the Maids in this place are talking of making the best of leap year as if it were their only chance. I think Auntie will run her chance with the rest. Wishing them all a Happy New Year.

The dealer that only sells twelve watches and sixteen clocks in three months, must have large profits to be able to pay taxes, rent, &c. It is quite different at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Closing Exercises of S. S. No. 7, Artemesia, 1887.

It was the pleasing privilege of the writer to be present at the closing exercises of the school above mentioned, and presided over during the last three years by Mr. D. Currie, whose success in moulding the minds of his pupils according to a high moral standard, as well as imparting a rare fund of intellectual worth, stamps him as one of our foremost instructors. The examination of the different classes in the various branches of study exhibited that profound thought and the spirit of investigation were principles deeply implanted in their youthful minds.

As a token of esteem the pupils presented the teacher with a number of costly and appropriate presents as mementoes. Mr. Currie delivered a few well-timed remarks expressive of his sentiments toward his pupils, all of whom were visibly affected—even to tears. Such are the conditions which should exist between teacher and pupil the country over; and it is reasonable to believe that such a happy consummation is largely in the power of parents and guardians. Mr. Currie has given up the profession for a short time, in order to take a further course of study at the High School.

If you want a first class Gold or Silver Watch in Ladies' and gents' sizes, Russell's, Flesherton, is the place to go. Warrants from three to five years covering all breakages at lower prices than elsewhere.

Kimberley.

According to announcement, the Sabbath School Anniversary come off on Thursday evening, 5th and was a grand success. The speeches by Rev. Mr. Buggins, of Markdale; Rev. Mr. Corcoran, pastor in charge; Mr. D. R. Ellis and Mr. Wm. Stuart, J.P., short but interesting. Music by the children was good, under the leadership of Miss S. A. Thompson, as also were the recitations and dialogues by the children under the leadership of the superintendent, Mr. S. D. Gaudin. Mr. R. D. Carruthers roused the feeling of the audience in his farewell sermon. At the close of this very sociable meeting the school made a present to their superintendent, Mr. S. D. Gaudin, to which he replied with much feeling.

ADDRESS.

Whereas in the providence of God we are soon to part with you. You will be missed both in Sunday school and church work. And as a token of our esteem and gratitude and appreciation of your labors with us, we wish to present you this toilet set, as a token of our esteem and trusting that while you are absent in the body you will be present in mind. We bid you God speed.

Signed in behalf of S. S. Kimberley.
MRS. ELLIS,
H. J. ELLIS,
T. B. CARRUTHERS.

Stop that cough, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the best specific for all throat and lung diseases. It will allay inflammation, aid respiration, and strengthen the vocal organs. Ayer's Almanacs are free to all. Ask for one.

Our Watch Repair trade in increasing every day. Thirty-nine watches in to repair at the present time, and the people over twenty miles around come to get their work done at Russell's Flesherton, as they have proved by experience that is the only place to get them done properly.

If you want a fine Wedding Ring, full 18k., you have to go to Russell's, Flesherton, for it.

No sufferer from any scrofulous disease, who will fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need despair of a cure. This remedy purges the blood of all impurities, destroys the germs of scrofula, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the physical organization.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

THE GLOBE

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED
AND THE LEADING NEWSPAPER OF CANADA

DAILY GLOBE, Morning Edition, -	$6.00	per annum.
" " 12 o'clock " - -	3.00	" "
" " 3 " " - -	3.00	" "
WEEKLY GLOBE, - - - - -	1.00	" "
SATURDAY DAILY GLOBE, - -	1.00	" "

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between Toronto and London, which has been running daily since 3rd March last, will be continued throughout 1888. This train arrives at London at 6.40 a.m., making connection with all the early trains from that point, securing for The Globe a delivery throughout Western Ontario hours in advance of all Toronto papers.

--- TO ADVERTISERS ---

As an advertising medium, The Globe has no equal in Canada. Its circulation, which appears at head of its editorial columns daily, is far in advance of all other Canadian papers, and it is the intention of the management to always keep The Globe in its proud position as the LEADING NEWSPAPER OF CANADA, both in point of circulation and influence.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO.
TORONTO

Commercial Union

—— Has nothing to do with the Big Sale of ——

FURNITURE!
— AT —
J. W. BATES'.

Is as Good Goods at Low Prices that tells and has told for the last seven years. This season I am in a position to give both old and new Customers Furniture of the Best Make and Latest Designs.

FROM TEN TO THIRTY PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Below I quote a few prices to show I mean business:

Parlor Suites in Hair Cloth, Sofa, Ladies Platform Rocker, Gents Easy and 4 small Chairs for $38.00.

Bedroom Suites $8.50 to $80.00. A beauty for $11.00.

Bureaus $5.00; Cupboards $5.00; Lounges with springs $3.00; Spring Beds $1.25 to $4.50; Perforated Seat Chairs 75c.; Perforated Seat and Back Rockers $1.25; Wood Seat Bent Arm Rocker $1.35.

My Hollow Seat 4 Spindle for 40c., cannot be beaten.

Hand Sleighs 35 to 75c., and in fact anything you want in the Furniture line, price and terms to suit you.

AGENT FOR THE KARN ORGAN!

See them at my Warerooms.

Picture Framing Neat and Cheap.

J. W. BATES,

FURNITURE DEALER, UNDERTAKER &c., FLESHERTON.

Photos,
Photos,
Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

AN IRISH MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

Scenes and Incidents in the Great Struggle Against Landlordism.

A LONDON JOURNALIST'S DISCOVERIES.

In walking over the battlefield of Bodyke the other day, and seeing its results everywhere in the form of breaches newly rebuilt, roofs propped up and fragments of broken furniture, I entered one house which was known as "the Castle," from the desperate defence it had made against the invading enemy. To my surprise I found among its inmates a stout young woman, with a comely, good-humored face, who was dressed in a new gown of plain blue cloth. I inquired how she got it, and was told that she was the girl who had animated the garrison in the defence of her father's house, and when it was breached and taken by assault had only succumbed after a hand-to-hand struggle with three crowbar men. She had undergone a month's imprisonment in jail, and on her liberation had received a donation of £5 and a silver medal, which she produced with as much pride as if it had been the Victoria Cross. For, strange to say, these hardened offenders are not in the least penitent, and any allusion to hot water invariably produces a broad grin. I asked this girl if it was true that she had thrown hot water over the bailiffs. She replied, "Shure, sir, I never threw a dhrop of water at all; it was the boiling meal." The priest suggested that, as she was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, it was a fine chance for some young fellow to marry her, as he would be safe of a quiet life for the first nine months. She blushed up to the roots of her hair and disclaimed any matrimonial thoughts. But the blush changed into a smile that lightened up her whole face when I suggested that, as she was a redoubtable warrior, it would only be a prudent precaution for any young man to take. There were, perhaps, half a dozen other girls, with their new gowns and medals, and what impressed me was the utter imbecility of supposing that the population of two-thirds of Ireland could be converted or coerced by such proceedings. Why, there is hardly a girl in Ireland who is not envious of the fame of those heroines of Bodyke, and who would not be only too glad to imitate their example. Only last month I read the report of a case in which two little boys and a respectable young girl of 14 were tried before a resident magistrate for the crime of intimidating a man who swore that he was not a bit intimidated. The magistrate, who was evidently a kindly man, suggested that she should be discharged on giving security not to repeat the offence, so as to avoid what he called the stigma of having been sent to jail. But the little girl fired up, and said she would give no promise not to "boo" at an Emergency man, and would go to jail rather; and to jail she accordingly went as a common criminal for a fortnight. This illustrates not only the strength of the popular feeling, but also another thing which has greatly impressed me—the utter want of touch and sympathy of the justices and magistrates, which makes them blind to the most obvious facts going on before their eyes. Here was evidently a kindly man in the seat of justice, and yet he actually believed that being sent to prison in such a cause would affix a stigma on the little girl for life, whereas it was perfectly obvious to any outsider that the danger was all the other way—that the girl's head might be turned by being placed on a pedestal of fame by her admiring neighbors. I may recall an anecdote which made a great impression on me as illustrating the want of sympathy between the governing classes and the people, which is one of the worst evils in the administration of law in Ireland. I was talking to a resident magistrate who had been an officer in the army, and was a perfect gentleman and rather popular than otherwise in his district, and I happened to let fall some expressions which implied that I took him for an Irishman. He fired up at once, and said, "Surely you don't take me for Irish?" I replied, "Why, I thought you were one of an old Irish family." "No, sir," he said; "I am English. My ancestors came over with Cromwell." I could not help thinking how Scotchmen would feel if their resident sheriffs were taken from a class who, after their ancestors had lived in Scotland for more than two centuries, thought it an insult to be taken for Scotch. To return to the Homeric combat at Bodyke, it would not be complete without adding that our heroine was defending her father's house, built with his own money, and for which he paid more than its value to the landlord in the form of excessive rent beyond any fair valuation for twenty years. The only difference I see between her and the "Maid of Saragossa" is that the one was fighting against a writ of eviction served on her native city by the King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte, backed by a French army, and the other in defence of her father's house against a writ backed by British soldiers and policemen. If the poor girl acted wrongly, I suppose it was because she had been taught the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," as it reads in the Bible, and not with the addition—"except in the case of an Irish tenant whose improvements a landlord may confiscate, and it is a sin to resist him."—*London Society.*

Goat Island being Washed Away.

A Buffalo despatch says: In his annual report Superintendent Welch, of the Niagara reservation at the Falls, says: "It has been found by examining the shores of Goat Island that the river has worn it away for a distance of 1,800 feet, and as the island is composed largely of gravel and quicksand a plan has been formed for saving the rest of the island. This protection consists of cribs filled with stone, the cost of which, exclusive of the stone, is estimated at $3.15 per running foot. The Three Sisters Islands are also found to be gradually wearing away."

An Irish paper mentions the general dimensions of the unmentionables that were smuggled to William O'Brien to show that a suspected friend of O'Brien's couldn't have been the man who wore them in, as he couldn't possibly inhabit them.

Husband—My dear, do you think that I am conceited about my personal appearance? Wife—Well, yes, John, a little. Most homely men are, you know.

BLINDED BY A COWHIDING.

A College Graduate Publicly Whipped by a Girl Whom he Traduced.

A Seneca Falls, N. Y., despatch says: For over a month the young people of Lodi have prepared for a grand Christmas celebration in the public hall. Marvin Phillips, a young school teacher in the place, a recent Harvard graduate and the son of Rev. W. P. Phillips, of Poughkeepsie, was chosen to conduct the exercises. On Saturday the young ladies of Lodi chose Miss Jennie Baxter, a prominent society young lady and daughter of the oldest physician in the place, to assist at the exercises. Phillips declined her assistance, and told several people she did not have a correct moral character. Miss Baxter heard of his words, but kept silent. At the Christmas tree exercises last night Phillips was the sole conductor. The hall was crowded and the scene was a merry one.

Phillips arose near the close of the exercises to address the Sunday School children, when Miss Baxter, who sat quietly a few feet away, suddenly rushed forward and, drawing a rawhide whip from beneath her cloak, beat Phillips unmercifully about the head and shoulders. One of the first blows was across his nose and eyes, and he stumbled forward blinded. Miss Baxter hit more severely then. Two men held her back and her cousin, Miss Lulu Young, snatched the whip from her hand only to beat Phillips the more. Phillips was led away by his friends. There was great excitement in the hall. Women and children screamed and everybody stood up. The Christmas tree was nearly overturned in the excitement. Phillips, who could not see because of the injury to his eyes, was led out to his room, where a physician applied liniment to the cuts and lacerations about his face and neck. Misses Baxter and Young were surrounded by the young women and left the hall in their company.

THE BERNHARDT WEDDING.

All Paris Present to See the Divine Sara's Son Marry the Princess.

A Paris cable says: Mme. Bernhardt constantly contrives to be the centre of a sensation, and to-day the slender, graceful lady, elegantly dressed, attracted more attention in the Church of St. Honore than a crowned head would have done. The occasion was the marriage of her son Maurice to Princess Jablonowski. From an early hour crowds surrounded the church, and when Mme. Bernhardt appeared she was given a grand ovation. The small church was filled to the doors, and had it been as large as the Place de la Concorde, the space would have been insufficient, as all Paris desired to be present.

The wedding cards were delicately engraved on parchment. On one Her Highness Princess Louise Jablonowski informs her friends of the marriage of her daughter Princess Zerka Jablonowski with M. Maurice Bernhardt, and begs them to assist at the marriage ceremony in the Church of St. Honore d'Eylau on the 28th December. This reading is surmounted by a ducal coronet. On the other card are the arms of Mme. Sara Bernhardt, the well-known mark of death crossed by a dagger and a jester's bauble, the initials "S. B." and the famous motto "Quand meme" and the same invitation. The envelope was of the same bis parchment, and it was sealed with Mme. Bernhardt's crest in red wax.

CUT IN TWO.

Mr. and Mrs. Grass Secures a Severance in Less Than Three Hours' Time.

A Chicago despatch says: When Detroit boasted of a divorce case where J. B. Book and his wife Alice were made two within 24 hours after filing the bill, society was aghast at the haste of the case; but a divorce case in Chicago, in which even quicker time was recorded, has been kept secret for several months. Although the divorce was granted some time ago it was never given out. John C. Grass, who had reached the age of 65 years, married a girl of 14 two or three years ago, but the union was inharmonious, and in a few months Mr. Grass was after a divorce. He retained ex-Judge Barnum, who filed his bill one morning, had a quiet hearing before Judge Sheppard, at which the bride said she was just as anxious for a divorce as Mr. Grass was, and that afternoon Mr. Grass was a free man. The actual time taken for the filing of the bill and getting the decree is said to have been between two and three hours.

The Prune in British Columbia.

The New Westminster *British Columbian* has the following: Mr. E. Greyell, one of Chilliwhack's most enterprising and wealthy farmers, called at this office and laid a package of prunes, grown by him, on our table. It is only a few days since the *Columbian* called the attention of fruit-growers in this Province to the fact that prunes could be successfully grown along the coast, and now the assertion has been practically demonstrated. The prunes grown by Mr. Greyell are of the Russian variety; they are large, well formed, fully ripened and equal in flavor to any cooking prunes on the market. The tree which bore them is eight years old, and stands the climate fully as well as the plum tree. A frost which occurred in the earlier part of the season damaged the plums on the neighboring trees, but did not injure the prunes in the least. Mr. Greyell is making arrangements to plant five acres of prunes next spring.

An Amateur French Scholar.

Two lads who were standing a few days ago before a store window, in which the sign "Ici on parle Francaise" was displayed, were overheard trying to decipher the legend. Finally the younger of the boys, with an accent that would make ordinary hotel *menu* French seem classic, read the line over aloud and said, in a superior conclusive way: "I tell you, Billy, it's a kinder French skatin' parlor they keep in there." Billy seemed entirely satisfied.

Boys to Look Up To.

August Shields, of Hunt county, Texas, is seven feet ten inches tall and is still growing as we go to press. He comes from a high bred family, having six brothers, two of whom are taller than August. There are about a mile of the boys, considered from a linear point of view.—*Fargo Argus-Leader.*

LATEST SCOTTISH NEWS.

Professor Blackie and "The Deil Ran Awa' Wi' the Exciseman"—Extraordinary Doings in Greenock—Death o a Daughter of Dr. Chalmers.

Lord Shand, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, has been seriously ill at his home in Edinburgh.

The Earl of Galloway, it is said, will probably receive the K. T. vacant by Lord Dalhousie's death. He is married to Lord Salisbury's sister.

Mr. H. E. Crum Ewing, late Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Dumbarton, has left personal estate amounting to upwards of £116,000.

The new railway station at Gilmour street, Paisley, Renfrewshire, was opened for traffic on the 5th instant. The cost is estimated at £100,000.

There died at 75 Leamington terrace, Edinburgh, on the 2nd inst., Helen, aged 61 years, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., D.C.L. Three still survive.

The directors of the Clydesdale Bank in Scotland have appointed Mr. David Wilson general manager of the bank. Mr. Wilson has been assistant manager for the last seven years.

The accounts in connection with last year's International Exhibition at Edinburgh show that there remains on hand a surplus of £5,564 over the expenditure, which amounted to £104,803.

At Dunbar, Haddingtonshire, the captain of a Lowestoft vessel has been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for hoisting a boy to the mizzen-masthead and leaving him hang there for an hour.

Private Mulligan, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who shot two of his comrades at Rangoon recently—one of them being a son of the late Mr. James Christie, Saltcoats—has been sentenced to death.

A meeting of the subscribers to the memorial proposed to be erected to the memory of the late John Elder, of Fairfield shipyard, Glasgow, was held at Govan on the 5th inst., when it was agreed that the memorial should take the form of a statue by Boehm to be placed in Elder Park.

A newly placed country minister entered a bothy where a number of ploughmen were busily engaged at dinner, which consisted of brose. "What do you generally take for breakfast?" he inquired. "Brose," was the ready reply. "And for dinner?" "Brose, of course." "And for supper?" "Brose." "And do you never tire of brose?" he asked, kindly. "Goverdick, hear the man," exclaimed one of the ploughmen. "Does he think we tire o' oor meat?"

The strained relations that have existed between the Greenock School Board and some of their teachers culminated on the 5th inst. in a display of popular feeling against the majority of the Board, on the occasion of the formal opening of the new Highlanders' Academy. Mr. Wilson, the head teacher, who has been superseded, marched to the school at the head of his scholars headed by three Highland pipers and a kettle-drummer, and followed by an immense crowd (about 8,000) of the public. An attempt to keep the processionists from entering the school building was frustrated, and the crowd literally took possession, the majority of the School Board and the new head teacher they had appointed locking themselves into a side room, which was further guarded by a body of police. Subsequently an indignation meeting was held in the playground, when resolutions were passed protesting against the action of the School Board in wantonly disregarding the popular wish in regard to the transference of the teachers.

Some Banffshire folk having recently objected to Burns' song of "The Deil Ran Awa' wi' the Exciseman," the matter was brought under the notice of Professor Blackie, who then wrote to a gentleman there as follows: "I am sorry you should have people in your neighborhood so destitute of the Scotch virtue of humor as to call Burns' comic song about the Exciseman 'blasphemous.' Such language tends to make religion ridiculous and Scotsmen contemptible. As for persons in 'fashionable society,' who despise their native Scottish songs, and prefer to soak their stomachs with the sentimental syllabubs of the most recent London market, one can only pity them, and pray for their conversion to a better mind. It is a sad fact that the upper classes, whom the crowd are fond to imitate, are often the most denaturalized and denationized part of the community; but men of sense should know that the real value of Scottish national song, acknowledged by all the greatest poets and musicians of Europe, cannot be permanently affected by the squeamish conceits of a few provincial worshippers of the gilded idol called fashion."

The Latest Princess.

The *Musical Herald* furnishes a poem in honor of the recently arrived member of a royal family, the Princess of Battenberg. The last stanza is especially pathetic and realistic:

She has a dimple on each cheek,
And one below the chin.
At balmy eve she goes to bed;
The nurse then tucks her in.
Her little nose is some times pink,
Occasionally blue;
And who shall paint her tootsicums?
Oh, bless the baby now!

A Hoary Old Time Server.

"Ma," said Bobby, after a thoughtful silence, "do you know that I don't believe Santa Claus is really as good as he is cracked up to be?"

"Why, Bobby, what makes you think that?"

"Because he gives his nicest presents to little boys and girls that have rich pas."

The Retort Courteous.

Managing mamma to eligible bachelor—"Your parlors are beautiful, Mr. Balsaam, but your domestic melange, your—your—my dear, sir, who darns your stockings?" Old bachelor (emphatically)—"I do."—*Boston Globe.*

The Association of Grand Works of Panama has made a contract with a business house of Haiphong for the supply of 1,200 coolies, who will be put to work on the Panama Canal. They are to receive $20 a month and free board and lodging.

Judge to pickpocket—Who are your accomplices? "Your Honor, you would not have me divulge a professional secret!"

THE MINOR MISERY OF LONDON.

Some of the Hundreds who Spend Their Nights in London's Streets.

When they told me at the railway station the last train to the suburb where I lived had gone, I determined, mindful of the pleasures of night wandering in Paris, to seek shelter in no hotel, but to see what sights the streets of the sleeping city might afford. It lay in the gutter of that narrow street there, where any passing cab or yonder fruit-laden dray might, without blame to the driver, have crushed its life out. It was a little child, so light in my hand as I picked it up that for a moment I wondered whether indeed it was a living thing. Had it learned at so early an age to suffer and be still? It seemed so, for it made no cry. Not an abandoned babe, moreover; for there, coiled up asleep in a doorway, lay its mother. The child had dropped from her relaxing arms and had rolled into the kennel. In the Strand now, vacant of all traffic, save of the walking lepers of the street, insolent grown since a piqued police curtails not their so repulsive aggressions. "Our new instructions bid us leave them alone," said a constable to me; "and very glad we are to be relieved of the trouble of chivying them about." There is that danger in applying the rebuke of Talleyrand—that he to whom you forbid over-zeal will sink into inaction.

In every doorway of the side streets of the thoroughfare single misery has taken refuge. Misery in company is here in Trafalgar square. A curious sight, indeed, the "finest sight," as I then saw it. It was all dark, with a couchant mob of homeless vagabonds taking their rest on the stone. Not all in rags there, much black-coated misery was here. Such was he who presently tells me he was a city clerk, and who, to judge from his tongue and manner, may indeed have once done clerkly work. His pillow is a *Daily Telegraph*. This paper bedding affords a curious study. Most have such furniture to their resting place, and as I walk round I take notice what papers are most in use. The *Echo* pillows most of those who are in rags. Black-coated misery takes its bed-fittings from the Conservative press. One is a starving and homeless outcast, but one respects the institutions of one's country. Four hundred sleepers, men and women promiscuously side by side, I count in the shadows of the finest hotels in the world. High up on his column stands over all one who spoke once of England and her expectation. That 400 men and women and their children should thus be flung on the pavement—starving, abandoned in the very heart and centre of the luxury of the world—who has failed in his duty? Far off gleams the light high up that tells us that the people of England are even now being cared for. Her Majesty's Commons are at work, and provision is being made for the commonwealth. It is a sorry beacon, seen from a sorry sea.

Back to Covent Garden, where no misery is to be seen. No sleepers here, but men standing shivering under arches—a mother yonder munching some garbage picked from the refuse of the street. Hunger in the centre of the plethora of London! But one lives by contrast, and society loves the antithesis. "A penny, sir, for a cup of coffee. It's terribly cold." How often do I hear those words as I pass a now open coffee house, filled with prosperous marketmen. "Can one get soup anywhere here?" "No, sir—coffee, cocoa and ginger beer. "Are there no soup kitchens open now? "They don't have none, save in winter." It is true one is hungry in the winter only; the other nine months one is not, or should not be. In Paris one can always and at any hour buy for a penny a good bowl of soup, nourishing and comforting. Often at the Halles, where chiefly the soup merchants ply their trades, have I thus breakfasted. It is infinitely better than coffee, tea or cocoa, and it is a matter of wonder that the minor industries of London do not number soup stalls. In Paris these pay very well, and are greatly appreciated by the customers for whom they cater.

As the day dawns I am back in Trafalgar square, where the silent reveille of a cold wind has waked the sleepers. Some are sitting staring at the world; others are occupied over their sad toilets; a woman there with a needle and thread; and a man here with a tooth brush and the water of the fountain—it is my ex-city clerk. To what another day are these arising? As I stand on Westminster bridge the thought of that line comes to me which speaks of the lying still of all this mighty heart. Lie still, the warmly bedded and the well fed. As for the others? Well, for them

Still there clings
The old question: Will not God do right?

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Sisterhood Too Close.

She—I cannot marry you, George, but I will always be a sister to you.

He—Always?

She—Yes; always.

He—You are very kind, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do. The man you marry might object to it and make things disagreeable for both of us. I know I wouldn't like to have my wife playing the role of sister to an old beau of hers. Indeed I should decidedly object to her having any brothers of that kind. You can be a sort of second cousin to me or something like that, but a sister is out of the question; it is too risky, altogether too risky.—*Boston Courier.*

Rewarded.

"Why, how is this, Mr. Beat? I hear you've got the nerve to go around telling people that you're doing a better business that you ever did before; and yet you know you haven't paid me a cent of rent in the past six months."

"Well, I think that's doing pretty well. You're the first man I've struck who'd let me get into him more than three weeks. That's the reason I'm making such a long stay with you."—*Puck.*

A Youthful Financier.

Mother (to Bobby, who is slightly under the weather)—Papa will be sorry to hear that his little boy is sick, Bobby.

Bobby—Do you think he will give me anything, ma—a penny, perhaps?

Mother—I shouldn't be surprised.

Bobby—Then I hope I won't get well until he comes home.

—Wonder if a balloon would be more effective if it were made of fly-paper?

THE COMMON HEADACHE.

What Causes Them and the Only Way to Prevent Their Recurrence.

Probably one of the most common headaches, if not the most common, is that called nervous. The class of people who are most subject to it are certainly not your out-door workers. If ever my old friend and gardener had had a headache, it would have been one of this description. Nor does Darby, the ploughman, nor Jarvey, the 'busman, nor Greatfoot, the granger, suffer from nervous headache, nor any one else who leads an outdoor life, or who takes plenty of exercise in the open air. But poor Mattie, who slaves away her days in a stuffy draper's shop, and Jeannie in her lonesome attic, bending over her white seam—stitch, stitch, stitch—till far into the night, and thousands of others of the indoor working class, are martyrs to this form of headache. Are they alone in their misery? No; for my Lady Bonhomme, who comes to have her ball dress fitted on, has often a fellow-feeling with Jeannie and Mattie. Her, however, we cannot afford to pity so much, because she has the power to change her *modus vivendi* whenever she chooses.

What are the symptoms of this complaint that makes your head ache so? You will almost know it is coming from a dull, perhaps sleepy feeling. You have no heart and little hope, and you are restless at night. Still more restless, though, when it comes on in full force, and then for nights, perhaps, however much you may wish to, scarcely can you sleep at all.

"How my poor head does ache!" This you will say often enough; sadly to yourself, and hopelessly to those near you, from whom you expect no sympathy and get none. And yet the pain is bad to bear, although it is generally confined to only one part of the head.

The worst of this form of headache lies in the fact that it is periodic. Well, as it arises from unnatural habits of life or peculiarities of constitution, this periodicity is no more than we might expect.

Overwork indoors.

Overstudy.

Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.

Want of fresh air in bed-rooms.

Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.

Neglect of the bath.

Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimulating character.

Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.

Nervousness, however induced.

The excitement inseparable from fashionable life.

Exciting passion, anger and jealousy in particular.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

SIR THOMAS ESMONDE.

His Pedestrian Trips—The Baronet's Income and Views.

The eleventh baronet of the house of Esmonde (who spoke in Hamilton the other day) is a great pedestrian, and when at home walks eight Irish miles daily for his mail. He and Mr. O'Connor while in Buffalo refused utterly to have anything to do with hackmen. Sir Thomas represents Dublin county, and formerly received as high as £50,000 in rents. This year they have been so cut that he does not expect his income to exceed half that amount. He supports his two younger brothers, both of whom are now in school, and gets along nicely with his people, taking such amounts of rent as he can get, without turning the screws. He and Parnell are the only heavy land-owners of the Irish party, and it was considered a great victory when Sir Thomas chose his stand with the people. He says he believes that men should stand and fall with the people among whom they live at any sacrifice. If he had lived in the south he thinks he should have been a rebel in 1861, and if in the north he would have taken his musket in the ranks with the boys in blue. His mother was the great grand-daughter of Thomas Grattan, the tribune of the College Green Parliament. He says that the Irish party demands the return of the same Parliament, wrested from the people by force and bribery, and that if there are any improvements to be made they can be considered afterwards.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The Boy and the Big Bridge.

As I was ascending the bridge steps to take a train for New York the other afternoon, I noticed just ahead of me a woman leading a little boy by the hand. The boy, who appeared to be about 4 years old, was trying to hold back and crying bitterly. "I don't want to go on the bridge," he yelled, while he tugged away to get back to the street. It was with great difficulty that the woman got him on the train. When she sat down he climbed into her lap, and throwing his arms around her neck, moaned and cried most piteously. "I don't want to go on the bridge," he kept repeating all the way over. I asked the mother why the boy was afraid to go on the bridge, and she replied that there was only one way to account for it. "The boy," she said, "was born a few months after the great accident on the bridge just after the opening in 1883. My husband was killed in the crush that day. I was with him but by some miracle I escaped. Very early in life my son evinced great fear of the bridge, and always cried when crossing it. I generally use the ferry, as I hate to make a scene, but I am in a hurry to-day and so came over this way. I hope he will recover from this fear as he grows older, but I am beginning to think otherwise. He has no idea how his father died, and no one has ever spoken of the bridge accident in his hearing."—*"Rambler" in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Might Have Done Better.

"No, sir," said a pompous little merchant, "I can't be trifled with. I know the world; I've been through it."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the travelling man to whom these remarks were addressed.

"I'm a self-made man; entirely self-made. What do you think of that, sir?"

"It strikes me that you might have done a good deal better to let out the contract."

Timely Warning.

Persons intending to make New Year's calls will register their names at the Bureau of Police. This is to secure proper attention in case of accident or intoxication.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Little Comedy.

Is the world the same, do you think, my dear,
As when we walked by the sea together,
And the white caps danced and the cliffs rose sheer,
And we were glad in the autumn weather?

You played at loving that day, my dear—
How well you told me that tender story—
And I made answer, with smile and tear,
While the sky was flushed with the sunset's glory.

Now I shut my eyes, and I see, my dear,
That far-off path by the surging ocean—
I shut my eyes, and I seem to hear
Your voice surmounting the tide's commotion.

It was a comedy slight, my dear—
Why should its memory come to vex me?
Can it be I am longing that you should appear
And play it again? My thoughts perplex me.

'Tis the sea and the shore that I miss, my dear—
The sea and the shore, and the sunset's glory—
Or would these be nothing without you near,
To murmur again that fond, old story?

I know you now but too well, my dear—
With your heart as light as a wind-blown feather—
Yet somehow the world seems cold and drear
Without your acting this autumn weather.

The Schoolmaster's "We."

Writing lines is the usual penance at Harrow for all offences committed in or out of school. There was one clever boy who escaped writing half the ordered quantity, and the masters tell the story of how he did it to this day. He was an untidy boy, and was often taken to task for his carelessness and disorder. One day his master, who had very dignified and impressive manners, and who always said "we" instead of "you" when talking to the boys, found occasion to reprove him.

"We do not look very clean," he said with severity. "We have not washed our hands this morning have we?"

"I don't know about yours," was the impudent boy's answer; "but I've washed mine."

"Ah," said the master, "we are very impertinent to-day. We will have to write a hundred lines before the next bill."

"Bill," at Harrow is the calling over of the boys' names during half holidays, in the high-walled yard in front of the old school building. Every boy must answer to his name.

When bill time came the master sent for the boy.

"Have we written our lines?" he asked.

"I've written my fifty," answered the boy very promptly, handing in his paper; "but I don't know whether you've done your half."—*Liverpool Courier.*

Good Advice for the New Year.

The beginning of the new year is an especially appropriate season in which to impart hints intended for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Perhaps there is no other habit that causes as much misery as that of worrying and fretting. It is true that we, ourselves, editorially speaking, have not given up worrying and fretting, but that is no reason why we should not advise our patrons to be calm and collected.

Don't fret. It is useless; it sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk, repairs no broken glass, cures no spoilt hay, and has no effect whatever on the thermometer.

As regards the "career of small anxieties," one great art of mangling them is to cease thinking about them just at that point where thought becomes morbid. There comes a time when thought is wasted upon these anxieties.

Another method of avoiding worry and trouble is not to expect too much. There is a great deal of solid truth in the saying, "Blessed are those who don't expect much, for they are not liable to be disappointed."

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

Unavailable Assets.

Johnnie, a bright boy of 6 years, while being fixed up for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear and having more mended places than he admired, turned quickly to his mother and asked:

"Ma, is pa rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie; he is worth two millions and a-half."

"What in, ma?"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at one million and baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said: "Ma, tell papa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes."

Better Late Than Never.

Mamma—Harry, you have taken a cake. Always ask mamma when you want a cake.

"Please, mamma," said the rogue meekly, pointing down his throat, "may I have dis one?"

At His Fingers' Ends.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive that you can discover a man's thoughts by your touch."

A countryman who visited a New York theatre the other evening and went out between the acts, became greatly troubled on his return because he couldn't find his wife. He had lost his seat checks and didn't know what to do. Finally a sympathetic usher took pity on him and went through the house asking each lady he came to if she had lost a husband, until he discovered the rural gentleman's bride.

In one of the Sabbath schools in the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy the other Sabbath, one of the teachers had occasion to refer to the posture at table the Jews assumed when partaking of food. He remarked that they reclined on couches instead of sitting upright as people in this country do; and concluded by asking the children what they thought of that? One little fellow promptly replied: "I think naething o't ava; I can lie on my belly and sup my parritch!"

The latest device of the London publican to aid his thirsty customers to drink wisely and well has just been exposed by the excise authorities. The beer is not diluted with water—that was a little too dangerous; but a little engine was found in connection with the beer pump by which water could be run into the pewter pots along with the beer. In all such cases the full penalty of £50 has been imposed.

EITHER BEAN OR BUTTON.

The Freiheit Family Disagree, but the Doctor Got the Case.

The question whether it was a bean or a button was the subject of conjugal polemics in which Sigismund Freiheit and his spouse were seriously involved last Monday. While Dr. Johnson, the assistant secretary of the health board, was sitting in his private office with a brother physician, they heard an energetic discussion in German between two persons on the stairway outside. Presently the door opened and a man and his wife, both approaching middle age, entered. The man had a child in his arms, and shared his wife's distress over something dreadful that had happened to it. Both started in at once to present the case to the kind-hearted doctor.

"One at a time, please," said the doctor.

"Yes, yes; now you just keep still, Meena," said the man to his wife, "and I will tell what is the matter. Why, you see this little child got a shoe button"——

"A bean," interrupted his spouse.

"Now you keep still, Meena," said the husband, with considerable acerbity. "Doctor, he's got a button up his nose."

"No, no, doctor," quickly broke in his wife; "it is not a button, it is a bean."

"Meena," shouted the man, "what are you talking about? I say it was a shoe-button."

"It wasn't a button, doctor; it was a big, blue bean," the woman replied with vigor.

"What do you kick up this row in the doctor's office for, Meena?" said the man in anger. "These women are all so stupid."

"Oh, you're stupid, Sigismund; you don't know anything," retorted the wife.

"Doctor, don't mind that fool; she don't know a cow from a head of cabbage."

"Come, come, my good people," interposed the doctor, "don't quarrel over it. The child has got something up its nose, has it?"

"Yes, doctor, a button," said the man.

"No, doctor, a bean, immediately broke from the woman, who was now thoroughly aroused.

"Well, bean or button, it must come out," said the doctor.

"Yes, the button," said the man.

"You lie, Sigismund; it's a bean," said the wife.

The doctor quelled the riot by asking the parents to place the child in a chair, and then laid out an array of about seventeen instruments, only one of which he had any use for. Selecting a bright delicate hook with a long shank, he advanced toward the infantile patient.

"What's that? What's that?" broke in the father. "I never had such a thing put into my body and I won't let such things be put into the body of my offspring," and seizing the child in his arms the couple left the office.

As they were going downstairs the young one sneezed, and out came the bone of contention—a little shoe button. The father picked it up and rushed back to the office.

"There, doctor, didn't I tell you it was a button?"

The woman being thus forced into acquiescence has nothing more to say, but the husband proceeded to explain to the doctor how the button got up the child's nose, and placing it in his own nostril by way of illustration he gave a sudden sniff and up went the button into his own nose. A spasmodic effort to blow it out failed in its purpose, and the man now became alarmed for himself.

"It must come out," said the doctor, "or it will be likely to produce a cancerous affection or cerebral inflammation."

"What's that? My God! Take it out, doctor, take it out!"

Once more the doctor produced his hook, and in a moment landed the little black button in the palm of his hand. Then he collected his fee, and the Freiheit family departed, wiser and happier for having the question, "bean or button?" settled.—*San Francisco Call.*

Knew His Verse.

"I know my verse," said a small Sunday school scholar to his teacher one Sabbath when it came to his turn to recite a verse from the Bible. "It is a bully one too; I was so afraid some other felle would say it before me."

"Let us hear it, then, James."

At the top of his voice the little boy shouted; "Meany, meany, tickel up his shin." *(Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.)*—*Bazar.*

Unreliable Elephants.

Gent—"I believe you are the man of whom I bought this cane."

Proprietor—"Yes, I sold you that cane."

"And you said the handle was of genuine ivory, and I find that it is artificial."

"I can't help it, sir. I import my ivory direct from Ceylon, and the only explanation I can give is that the elephants have a ken to wearing false tusks."

A Valuable Communication.

Assistant Editor—Here is a letter from a correspondent, who writes regarding a matter of no earthly interest to anybody. He says: "While loath to encroach upon the very valuable space of your brilliant and widely influential journal —"

Editor-in-Chief—Let it go in.—*From Epoch.*

Heron Allen has just completed a novel entitled "Ashes of the Future." We warrant they will be just as hard to sift as the ashes of the present.

THE BELATED HUSBAND.

Oh, the beautiful snow—
Not the chestnut of old,
But the sort which, you know,
Amid bluster and blow,
Heaps up on the wold.

Its crystals invade
Every cranny in sight—
An excuse ready-made,
For the cars are delayed
Until late in the night.

Oh, the beautiful snow,
Piling up in a ridge!
Let it fall, let it blow,
For it serves us, you know,
In lieu of "The Bridge."

The London Zoological Gardens have received a new accession in the guise of a gorilla. The distinguished brute bears but one-half of a once distinguished name in zoonic circles, being labelled "Mumbo," instead of "Mumbo Jumbo."

Hon. Francis Brinley, the orator selected to deliver the address at the opening of the Boston Historical Society's new building, is over 90 years old.

RICH GROWING RICHER.

Colossal Fortunes of Men Who Reside in the States Metropolis.

Near the close of 1885 there died in New York city a citizen of that place who left to his children a fortune estimated at $182,000,000, besides making a number of minor bequests. It will help us to form an idea of the magnitude of this sum if we consider that it would have sufficed to give a Christmas present of $140 to every inhabitant of the city or at the rate of $700 to every family of five persons, supposing the population at that time to have been 1,300,000. A political committee of 100, appointed in the same city in October last, comprised eight members whose estimated wealth reached an aggregate of somewhat more than three hundred million dollars, and at least two of the most colossal fortunes were unrepresented in the number. Estates rising into the tens of millions are to be found in various other cities, and, taking the country through, one might designate 25 persons whose united wealth, according to current estimates, are not less than two thirds of $1,000,000,000, or about 1 per cent. of the total wealth of the United States, supposing this to have increased over 50 per cent. since the census of 1880. Were all the property in the country held in equally large amounts, the whole would barely suffice for 2,500 proprietors; or, supposing these to have families averaging four persons each beside themselves, it would supply a population a trifle larger than that of the little town of Yonkers, as stated in the last census. There are no authentic statistics showing the distribution of property among different portions of our people; but whatever the facts may be as to the comparative diffusion of such wealth as is held by the classes outside the circle of the extremely rich, it will hardly be disputed that the latter now hold a much larger proportion of the total wealth of the country than was held by a like percentage of people twenty-five or thirty years ago, for the proofs that this is the case lie upon the surface and thrust themselves upon general observation. Moreover, I see no reason to believe that the tendency to increasing accumulation at the upper end of the possessory scale has reached or is approaching its limit. A great fortune, with ordinary careful management, possesses an enormous power of accretion. Even when invested in good securities, at a very moderate rate of interest, a fortune that rises into the millions affords ample means of making yearly additions to the principal. If invested in real estate in any of our growing cities, it yields increasing income from decade to decade as the land advances in value, putting it in the power of the owner to lay aside an increasing surplus; while in the hands of a shrewd speculator, not over scrupulous in his dealings, its power of increase may be still greater. In January, 1880, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* reported the rumored additions during the preceding year to ten or twelve of "the great fortunes identified with Wall street" at $80,000,000.—*Forum.*

She Knew All About Peter.

It was a Sunday school exhibition, and the Superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand. "Well, my dear," said the Superintendent, "that's right; I am glad there is one little girl who will put these larger boys and girls to shame." The little girl came forward to the platform and was told to tell the audience all she knew about Peter. She put her finger in her mouth, and looking very smilingly, said:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Amid the roar that followed she hurried gayly to her seat.

Don't Give up the Ship.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure-all, nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means have failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

Fallen From Its High Estate.

How swiftly degradation follows honor! How sad, oftimes, the mutability of worldly things! The stocking that erstwhile dangled haughtily from the glittering mantle to woo the touch of august St. Nicholas, now serves again in its humble capacity of protecting a motley crowd of corns, bunions and chilblains.

Doctoring a Cough.

Wife—I am so worried about that cough of yours, John, dear.

Husband (fondly)—Don't be foolish, little one. It *is* a mere nothing.

Wife—It may be a mere nothing, John, but I do wish you would see the—the insurance man to-day.

What is Needed.

To render marriage ceremonies more impressive the audience now remains standing until the minister concludes. What is needed very much in these days of divorces is something to make the marriage remain standing after the minister concludes.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

It Never Fails.

Marriageable young girls in Kansas make it a point to take up a land claim as the first step towards securing a husband. They have level heads. Any girl in the West with plenty of land can always land a husband.—*New Orleans Picagune.*

Honoring His Memory.

Caller—Isn't Carlo a curious name for a baby, Mrs. Hobson?

Mrs. Hobson (sadly)—Yes, but I had a little dog called Carlo, who died not long ago, and I've named the baby in his honor.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

Both Sides of an Absorbing Controversy Clearly Stated.

According to "Scribner's Statistical Atlas of the Census of 1880," there was not a single death from kidney disease in the entire United States from 1870 to 1880.

But can this be possible? If we are to believe the articles of one of our best advertisers, kidney disease, and diseases arising from kidney derangements, is actually responsible for the majority of deaths.

Why, then, such a discrepancy?

Fortunately for these people their statements are confirmed.

The suspicion is nourished by them, and we confess with good reason, that because the medical profession is not able to cure extreme kidney disorders, the profession officially disguises from the public the fact of their prevalence; meanwhile its journals are filled with regrets at this prevalence and the impotency of the profession to treat it successfully!

Why is the public misled?

These advertisers shrewdly say it is because the profession, if it concedes what they claim that kidney disease is universal, fears that the people will desert the powerless doctors and use the advertised preparation!

We do not know but they are right! But what should the people do?

Do? Read the evidence and guide themselves accordingly!

The advertisers claim to have cured hundreds of thousands of cases of Bright's disease and all lesser forms of kidney, liver and blood derangements. They offer $5,000 for proof that their statements of cures, in every quarter of the globe, are not true, so far as they know. These statements are from prominent men and women all over the world, and the closest scrutiny is invited!

If a physician cures a man and he knows it and says it, people believe him. If Warner's safe cure cures a man and he knows it and says it over his own signature, it is just as conclusive evidence in the latter case as in the former.

A few years ago, after having broken down prejudice in England, Canada, the United States, Australia, India and China, the owners of this great remedy applied for the privilege of its manufacture and sale in Germany. The laws of that great country are very stringent, and nothing can be manufactured or sold until it wins permission from the Government, and this will not be granted until the Government is satisfied that the best interests of the public and its individuals will be served by such a preparation

The medicine was chemically and microscopically analyzed (as accurately as possible), the formulæ were examined (with perhaps a secret prejudice against them) by the Government chemists, searching inquiry was everywhere made at home and abroad to verify its past record and reputation. Finally, it was triumphant even under the most critical examination, and full permission was given to make and sell Warner's safe cure in the Fatherland—the only life privilege of the kind ever granted to any American proprietary preparation.

Unprejudiced people will say that this favorable consideration of the merits of Warner's safe cure by the German Government was a very significant as well as a very distinguished compliment to its merits, and so it is.

The evidence is all in favor of these intelligent advertisers, who have certainly won universal public approval, because of their straight forward course in proclaiming the merits of their remedies.

New Year's Shopping.

Devoted Wife—Have you any embroidered slippers?

Dealer—Plenty of them. You wish handworked, I presume?

"Yes, I want a pair that will look as if it took all summer to do them."

"Yes, madam, we have that kind; they make a man almost weep when he thinks of the days and weeks and months of silent labor all for him."

"Well, here is my husband's measure. Don't send any bill except for the soles. Charge him a few dollars extra for his next pair of boots."

A Dish of New P's.

P stands for Pudding for Peach and for Pear
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! These are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

—"I was never exactly buried alive," said an old clerk, recounting his experience, "but I once worked a week in a store that did not advertise. When I came out my head was almost as white as you now see it. Solitary confinement did it."

She was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Truthfully Said—and the Only Time.

Adam (just after getting acquainted with Eve)—Will you go with me to-night to see the animals?

Eve—I have nothing to wear.—*Boston Courier.*

The Man and the Petticoat.

A dress magazine says the petticoat must go. So be it, then; but if the petticoat goes so will man also and on the same train.—*Chicago Herald.*

That's What It's For.

Let people with heart affections beware of the toboggan slide.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Lady Granville Gordon, of London, is the only titled milliner of the metropolis.

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Earl Dunraven proposes to reform the British House of Lords by creating life instead of heritage peers and making the legislative body of the lords elective by the peerage for nine years. This would reduce the chamber of peers to 150.

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

The Artless Child.

Mamie (6 years old to lady caller)—"Mamma said to ask you to sit down a few moments, and she would be right in. It isn't raining, is it?"

Lady Caller—"Why, no, Mamie. Why did you think it was?"

Mamie—"Because, when mamma saw you coming, she said, 'It never rains but it pours.'"

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNN'S

[illegible]

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, free, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

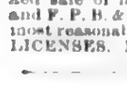
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Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

Head Office, 761 Yonge St., Toronto.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office, Strain's Building, Flesherton
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
Flesherton, Co. Grey.
Division Court Clerk, Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE ACT, &C
Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.
Flesherton Station Mill.
The above mill is now in good running order for Chopping. George Moorehouse, proprietor, will be pleased to see all his old friends. Quantity of four feet Cedar Logs Wanted. Farmers will do well to make a note of this

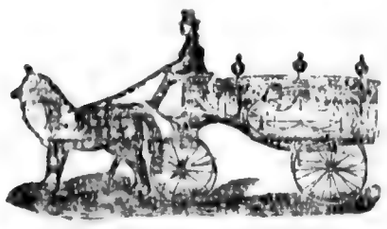
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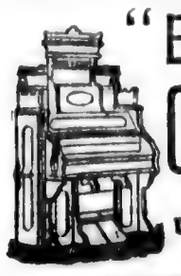
"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Another consignment this week of Choice New Season Tea, very cheap at M. Richardson & Co.

TENDERS, for the erection of a Brick Dwelling in the village of Flesherton will be received up to Saturday, January 21st 1888, by Joseph Blackburne, Esq. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of M. Richardson & Co., Flesherton. Tenders may be given for the whole or part of the contract.

Rev. Dr. Stuart, of Owen Sound, lectured in the Baptist chapel here on Friday evening last. Unfortunately, a pressing engagement elsewhere prevented us attending what was, no doubt, a rich feast—intellectually speaking. Moreover the hour for commencing the lecture—7 o'clock—was too early to ensure a large attendance, especially on Friday evenings.

Rev. Mr. Shilton exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Burton, Methodist minister of Dundalk, on Sunday last. The latter gentleman is a fluent speaker, with a peculiar but rather striking style of delivery. His text on Sunday evening was, "All things work together for good to them that love God," from which he preached an interesting sermon to a large congregation.

Principal Irwin is to be congratulated upon the success of his pupils at the recent Entrance Examinations. Robt. Keefer, Willie Sinclair, and Frank VanDusen passed creditably—the first named standing high up on the list. This showing is all the more creditable when it is considered that Mr. Irwin has been actually doing the work of two teachers and had very little time to devote to the special work necessary to prepare pupils for such Exams.

We beg to congratulate Miss Minnie Brander, of Priceville, upon the brilliant success achieved by her at the recent Entrance Examinations, in obtaining the highest number of marks and thereby heading the list of 269 candidates, of whom 111 were successful in passing. We also congratulate her excellent teacher, Mr Kerr, as well as her esteemed parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Brander, who ought to be proud of their daughter's success, as no doubt they are.

A cow belonging to Mr. Samuel Pedlar, sr., of Artemesia, swallowed a broken piece of a whipstock about a year ago. The other day one end of the whipstock was noticed protruding from the cow's side, when it was pulled out. The animal is now none the worse for the remarkable transit of the piece of wood, which was *twenty-three* inches in length. Mr. Joseph Pedlar, a respectable farmer and brother to the owner of the cow, vouches for the truthfulness of this extraordinary occurrence.

In renewing his subscription to The Advance, Mr. T. E. McGirr, of Emerson, Manitoba, says:—"The year that has just closed has been one of prosperity in Manitoba. . . . Weather clear and cold at present (Jan. 3rd.) but very little snow, and what there is has been blown into heaps; so that there is scarcely either sleighing or wheeling. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, business has been good. Our cash receipts for the past three months amounts to about $7000."

Our young friend, Mr. W. J. Blakeston—a keen, smart and clever educator of Public School children in Proton—renews his subscription to The Advance, and adds;—"Could not do without your newsy and interesting paper." Scores speak in a similar strain, and, like friend Blakeston, they come forward with the needful every time. A large number of new subscribers have been added since New Year's, while a half dozen or so old subscribers have seen fit to discontinue their subscriptions, a fact we regret. An Editor cannot suit everybody, however, and we do not intend to try to do so.

Big Club Offer.—We will furnish that excellent religious paper, The Methodist Observer, and this journal for 1888, both papers for only $1.50. The Observer is an 8-page, 40-column, weekly paper and is cheap at $1.00 a year. Each issue contains a 5 to 6-column summary of Methodist Church news, and a great variety of choice reading matter. Send your address to James Publishing House, Bowmanville, Ont., for a free sample copy, or call at this office and see one.

Miss Mary Wright had a most miraculous escape from death in the woollen factory here, on Saturday afternoon last about four o'clock. She was stepping over a rapidly revolving shaft, when her dress caught on a projecting bolt. Instantly she was drawn around the shaft, and, as it was within a foot or so of the floor, the unfortunate young lady's head came with terrific force against it. A severe wound was inflicted on the back of her head, while there is a probability of internal injuries. The prompt stoppage of the machinery no doubt saved her life.

Our young friend, Mr. J. G. Keefer, of the Forest *Free Press*, writing to us under date of Jan. 2nd, says:—"The Advance is always a welcome visitor to me. I go to the post office every Friday evening and there find it always waiting for me. The people of Flesherton should feel proud that they are able to have a paper to represent their local, and not only local but outside interests. Some people will say to me, "Why, where is Flesherton; I never heard of it before." They pick up The Advance, look over its columns, and are quite surprised to find such a flourishing place and so well represented in your advertising columns."

Still at the Helm.

The "Old Man," according to to his own account, enters on his seventh-fourth year to-day, but those who claim to know him better say that he is really 76. We would not be surprised if the latter figure is the correct one. But still more surprising is the fact that Sir John is as young, indeed, appears younger, than he was ten years ago. Within the last five years, so his doctors say, he has acquired a new constitution, and the restrictions enforced in the matter of diet some years ago have been removed without injury. He attaches great store to a prophecy made by an old gipsy woman whose son he prosecuted in a horse case at Belleville some forty-five years ago. The old dame pointing her finger in anger at John A., exclaimed: "May the devil an' you go hunting together for sixty years to come."
—*Toronto World.*

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,
Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.,
Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:
My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral within 24 hours.
Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,
C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

GRIP
CANADA'S COMIC PAPER.
J. W. BENGOUGH, Artist and Editor.
ISSUED WEEKLY.
$2 a Year; $1 for 6 Months.
GRIP is increasing in influence and popularity every year! It is a supreme household favorite, while every Politician and Professional and Business Man enjoys the clever hits which appear in every issue. Subscribe now!
See our Premium and Clubbing List. Circulars giving full particulars sent free.
Look out for Grip's Comic Almanac for 1888. Price 10 cents.
Address,
GRIP PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

BOOTS & SHOES!
—I have a Full Supply of all Lines of—
WINTER GOODS!
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, FELT BOOTS and FELT STOCKINGS SELLING CHEAP.
WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

HEARD'S!
Carriage Works, Flesherton,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.
SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.
Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

CHEAP AND DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

To the People
Of Artemesia, Osprey, and Surrounding District.
The undersigned respectfully tenders his sincere and grateful thanks to the general public for the excellent patronage extended to him since opening out in the Boot & Shoe Business in Flesherton, and trusts he has merited their continued support.
At the same time, he wishes to state that he has a good stock of Mens Long Boots, Ladies Boots & Shoes, &c., of his own make, which will be sold at Cost Prices. Must clear out the stock—come and get bargains! Wishing one and all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy new year."
Flesherton, Dec. 21st, 1887. JOS. SMITH.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Executor's Notice

In pursuance of sect. 1, Chap. 9, 46 Vic., notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of W. H. Colquett, deceased, late of the township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, and Province of Ontario, who died on or about the 26th day of May, 1886, are to sent by post prepaid or delivered to William S. Christoe, M.D., on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, a statement containing their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them and after the said, last mentioned date, the said W. S. Christoe, for the personal Estate and effects, rights and credits of the said W. H. Colquett—will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whom claims have been received by the said W. S. Christoe.
And further, all parties who are indebted to the said Estate of the said W. H. Colquett, deceased, are to pay as the same becomes due, to the said W. S. Christoe.
W. S. CHRISTOE,
for the Executors.
JAMES LOVE, SAMUEL COLQUETT, and MRS. COLQUETT.
Dated, Flesherton, this 20th day of Dec., 1887

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 343. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HAMPDEN

WATCHES

I desire to extend best thanks for the continued confidence and support received from the public during 1887. I hope 1888 will bring to all many helps over hard places. Bear in mind my business principles which have been carried out for 6 years next March, in Grey Co., viz., Honest Goods in quality, Fair Profits, Reliable Warrants. I have the "only" Full Stock of Watches, Clocks, Etc. in this section to select from. My prices so close that small Jewellers doing a hand to mouth business are compelled to resort to big adjectives and fictitious discounts to draw sufficient trade to enable them to pay rents, taxes, etc. It will pay to do business with Jewellers who "have a reputation" to sustain for "reliability."

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, 331-41. Collingwood.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C

Opposite U.S. Patent Office

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE,

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Mr. James Beecroft is reported to be seriously ill.

Miss McKim, of Toronto, is the guest of Dr. Christoe.

County Council next week in Court House, Owen Sound.

District Council of Royal Templars meet in Flesherton to-morrow.

The Fighting Editor has already got his club on hand for Spring Poets.

The Flesherton Division Sons of Temperance meetings are increasing in interest every meeting.

FISH, FISH, FISH!—25 bbls. of No. 1 Salmon Trout and Labrador Herrings just received at R. Trimbles.

We want a good regular correspondent at Priceville. Write Editor of this paper for particulars.

"Shirley Ross; a Story of Woman's Faithfulness," is the name of the New Story commenced in this week's ADVANCE.

East Grey Agricultural Society's Annual Meeting was held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, yesterday afternoon. Particulars next week.

Grand clearing sale of Flannels, All wool. Grey Flannells 28 in. wide, 25c. per yd., White Flannelliextra wide only 12½ cents per yard at R. Trimble's.

A number of youths from Dundalk drove up to Flesherton skating rink on Saturday evening. The foreman of the *Herald* was amongst the number.

Orange Social in Kimberley to-night. Admission 10 cents only, and besides the refreshments there is a musical and literary program worth a quarter. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

Last week, Mr. D. L. White was driving swiftly around the corner of Mr. R. J. Sproule's store, when the hind part of his sleigh slid around on the ice and turned the horse and sleigh completely around.

C. Treadgold, Flesherton, dealer in the best Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Fruit & Ornamental Trees. Three second-hand Sewing Machines on hand to sell for Wood or Hay.

At the promotion examinations in the Flesherton Public Schools, on Friday, Jan. 6th, 1888, the following pupils were promoted to the third book;—Bert. Bellamy, Ida LeGard, Minnie LeGard, Annie Legate, Fred. Sproule, Lena Wright and Ethel Gordon.

We sell more watches in two weeks than the would-be honest and reliable dealer did in three months, which makes him feel very bad and and we still have any amount of watches left yet at 20% less than elsewhere in this section of Grey at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Mr. Claude W. Lawton, Editor of the Beeton *World*, got married last week. In his absence on the usual honeymoon trip, his satanic majesty of the printing office wielded the quill: so it is said. Strange and startling as this statement may seem, the *World* seemed to be edited quite as well as usual—notwithstanding Editor Lawton's absence—which leads us to infer that the "devil" is a rising youth in the journalistic world. Here's long life to the great and only original "Clawed," champion inkslinger of Simcoe!

TAMARAC—To effectually cure a bad Cough or Cold, and do it quick, use Tamarac Elixir. It strikes at the root of the trouble and gives immediate relief.

We are informed that Mr. McConnell, of Kimberley, has bought out Mr. S. Spirit's butchering business here.

All the new SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES at *Richardson's Drug Store*, Flesherton.

Crowds on Flesherton Skating Rink every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night. Brass Band in attendance every Thursday and Saturday evenings.

Call at once and secure some of the Great Bargains now offering in Furs. My entire stock must be cleared out regardless of cost.—R. TRIMBLE.

As Mr. Wm. Milnor, a young man working for Mr. J. Gordon, was going into his employer's shop on Monday evening, he slipped and his arm went through one of the front windows and broke the pane. His arm wasn't hurt.

Mr. Thos. Osborne, who lives one mile east of Flesherton, is seventy-eight years of age, and still hale and hearty. As one of Artemesia's pioneers, he has seen much hard work; but his temperate habits and even disposition have successfully tided him over nearly all the diseases flesh is heir to. Mr. Osborne is also one of our oldest and most esteemed subscribers.

HARNESS FOR SALE.—1 sett single Harness, new, will exchange for Wood or Furniture at a bargain.—R. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton Skating Rink will be open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. The Brass Band will be in attendance on Thursday and Saturday evenings. See bills for particulars.

Mr. Findlay, of the 12th concession of Osprey, left a monster turnip at Richardson's Drug Store that weighed 13½ lbs. It can be seen there yet. The turnip was grown from seeds purchased at Richardson's.

A handsome new Taylor Safe has been added to THE ADVANCE office outfit. We still keep our bull dog loose in the cellar for the enlightenment and edification of burglars, lightning rod men, book agents, peddlars, and spring poets!

The piece of whipstock that was taken from the side of Mr. Samuel Pedler's cow, has formed a theme for much wordy and learned discussion. But if you want to be charmed as well as astonished, just go to Booth the Boss Barber, of Flesherton, and get a hair cut, shave or shampoo. He downs them all.

The 5th Division Court is being held in the Town Hall here to-day.

Married.

GAUDIN.—BREEN.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Breen, on Tuesday, Jan. 16th inst., by Rev J. W. Shilton, Mr. H. V. Gaudin, late of Kimberley and now of Boston, U. S., to Miss Lizzie Breen, of Artemesia.

WRIGHT.—BREEN.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Breen, on Tuesday, Jan. 16th inst., by Rev. J. W. Shilton, Mr. John Wright, jr., to Miss Sarah Breen, both of Artemesia.

Died.

LEGARD.—At High Santon, Lincolnshire, England, on Dec. 21st, 1887, Mr. Wm. LeGard, aged 67 years.

Deceased was the youngest brother of Charles and Joseph LeGard, of Artemesia.

REDEEMING POINTS.—Nasal Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing, does not require any instrument for its use, does not have any ill effects, relieves from the first, and one 50 cent bottle will cure an ordinary case, with no other expense attached.

STOCK — TAKING — SALE!

Great Sweeping Reductions

AT

J. RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

We have decided to go out of the Fancy Goods business and for the future handle only

Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex &c.,

— SO WE WILL SELL FOR THE —

NEXT — SIXTY — DAYS

Our whole stock of Berlin and Zepher Wools at 8c. per oz. worth 12½; Filloselle 5c. a knot worth 10c.; Arrasen at 10c. now worth 15c.; Chinelle at 8c. yard worth 15c. Fancy Plush Goods &c. all below cost as we are bound to clear them out. Macraime Cord all colors at 10c. ball or 3 for 25c. We will also clear out our entire line of PIPES at away below cost. Your choice of 1 lot of Pipes worth from 50 to 85c. for 35c.; your choice of Pipes worth 30 to 50c. for 20c.; your choice of Pipes worth 20 to 30c. for 10c. A lot of PURSES ranging in price from 35 to 85c your choice for 25c. We have also decided to clear out some lines in Brooches, Earings, Cuff-Buttons. Your choice of 1 beautiful lot of Brooches valued from 25 to 40c. at 15c.; your choice of another beautiful lot valued from 40 to 60c. at 25c.; another lot valued from 60c. to $1.00 for 40c.; Earings and Cuff-Buttons at the same terrible Reductions.

Come along and get First Choice as they will go like Hot Cakes

As they are all Fine and Good, Warranted to Wear and Keep Color for years. Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. still **20 Per Cent.** lower in prices than elsewhere in this section.

The dealer who tells the people so often about his honesty &c. must have come to the conclusion that they are very suspicious of him or he would not need to advertise his honesty instead of his goods.

— IF YOU WANT A GOOD ARTICLE AT LOW PRICES ALWAYS GO TO —

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON.

Graphic Details of the Terrible Calamity in China.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HOMELESS,

And at Least 750,000 Drowned by the Mighty Waters.

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF SURVIVORS.

Late details of the Chinese floods make the story one of the most terrible in history. What was a beautiful populous district of ten thousand square miles is now a rolling sea. At least three million people are homeless and absolutely destitute of the barest necessities of life, while it is thought that the loss of life will reach 750,000. Everything in the way of figures is as yet, however, pure speculation, with the chances of a total mortality far greater than the present estimate. Court and business circles in Pekin, Canton and other centres are doing all in human power to cope with the disaster.

The *World* has the following from London: The special correspondent of the *Standard* at Shanghai sends a graphic picture of the tremendous loss of life in China from the overflow of the Hoang Ho river and of the tremendous famine now threatened. About one-sixth of the entire area of the "Garden of China," as Honan is styled, is now converted into a vast lake, with here and there a pagoda top or the gable of some higher wall rising over the ever increasing waters, to mark the sites of what were a short time ago prosperous cities of many thousand inhabitants. The rest of the country is overrun with wretched refugees who were fortunate enough to escape with their lives, though with naught else. In hundreds of instances men who three months ago were men of wealth to-day sit gazing on the inland sea, stunned and hungry, stupid and dejected, without a rag to wear or a morsel of food to eat. The inundation commenced a little distance from Kaifung Fu, one of the largest cities of the Province, and in one instant some four miles of solid embankment of stone, brick, sand and clay were swept away with innumerable moles and fascines. In the districts of Ching Chow and Chen Chow no less than three thousand large villages are stated to have been engulfed in a very few moments and scarcely any of their ill-fated people had time to save themselves, as the breach occurred in the night time. An extent of country much larger than the whole principality of Wales and much more thickly populated is now a raging sea, and all the inhabitants are either drowned or have fled. The people so terribly visited cannot number far short of the whole population of Ireland, as the Province includes about twenty-five million inhabitants with an area of 65,000 square miles, and the waters of the river now cover between eight and ten thousand square miles. The accounts published in the native and foreign papers and in the Pekin *Gazette* reveal most horrible sufferings undergone by the survivors, who are perishing of famine. In hundreds of instances when the waters rushed into the cities, sweeping walls, houses and everything down before them, the people refused to stir and met their deaths with that wonderful indifference which characterizes the Chinese. According to the best authorities the loss of life will be numbered by hundreds of thousands, while there are millions of starving people who are now depending for subsistence upon the charity of others. The Emperor has already contributed 100,000 teals, besides ordering 2,000,000 teals out of the imperial treasury toward the relief of the sufferers.

FREE FISH.

The International Dispute May be Settled on Such a Basis.

A Washington despatch says: It is the general opinion among New England and Eastern members of the House that the Committee on Ways and Means, which has charge of all revenue legislation, will do what Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain have failed to do, that is to say, that this committee will report a Bill in favor of the admission of Canadian fish to American markets without payment of duty. The majority of the committee is made up of Democratic members from points remote from the seaboard, who have no interests at stake in connection with the fisheries. Free fish is a cry which meets a responsive echo in all sections of the United States away from the New England and lake ports, and a proposition looking to the cheapening of this article of food would certainly be well received. It is likely to come up in the General Tariff Bill. Mr. Cameron, official private secretary to Sir Charles Tupper, arrived in the city to-day. Sir Charles is expected to-morrow. Congressman Butterworth has been too ill to attend the sessions of the House lately, so that he had no opportunity to introduce his Commercial Union Bill. He will do so as soon as he is able to get out.

A VILLAINOUS ONSLAUGHT.

Murderous Attack Upon a Husband and Wife—The Woman Fatally Wounded.

A Brooklyn, N. Y., despatch says: C. Stiger entered the house of L. Cobert on Harmon street early yesterday morning and attempted to murder Cobert and his wife. Cobert got up at 6 o'clock and went down stairs to make a fire. Stiger, who had entered by the back door and secreted himself in the hallway stairs, then attacked Mrs. Cobert, who was in bed, with an iron bar. She screamed and called for her husband, but Stiger struck her several times and inflicted injuries which will probably cause her death. As Cobert entered the room Stiger struck him on the head with the iron bar, saying he would kill him so he could not tell the story. Stiger rained blow after blow upon Cobert's head until he fell senseless to the floor. Subsequently he revived, and gave information to the police, who arrested Stiger while he was removing his bloody clothes in his own house. Mrs. Cobert had on several occasions helped Stiger's family. Stiger says the Coberts were living on the money his wife had earned for them, and he was sorry he had not killed them outright.

ROMANTIC BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

A Maiden Demands $100,000 Damages for a Broken Heart—The Defendant a Millionaire.

A New York telegram says: Miss Clara Campbell is plaintiff in the Supreme Court for $100,000 damages for breach of promise against Charles Arbuckle, the wealthy coffee merchant. The plaintiff's counsel in his address to the jury to-day stated that his client for twelve months prior to 1879 had studied music at Milan, Italy, with the expectation of going upon the operatic stage. On her return to this country she met Mr. Arbuckle by means of a letter of introduction. He soon showed that he was deeply smitten with the plaintiff. He professed the most ardent love and the result was an engagement. He gave her a $690 engagement ring and many other presents, and this engagement was not broken off until Mr. Arbuckle learned that the plaintiff's father had failed. Miss Campbell, being a non-resident, had to give security to bring this action. Having no money, she was compelled to pledge her diamond engagement ring for the costs. Mr. Arbuckle testified that he had promised to marry the lady on her asking him to do so. The witness stated that in addition to the diamond ring he gave Miss Campbell $500 because she asked for it. "That was in the summer of 1883," he added. "She wrote me a letter asking for it." On cross-examination he said he met Miss Campbell on a steamboat plying between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. The clerk introduced them. After an acquaintance of two weeks she asked him to marry her. At that time he was in very bad health and took a great deal of whiskey and quinine, so that he was not always himself. Counsel for the defendant read three letters from plaintiff to Arbuckle. They opened with "Dear Baby Bunting," and were signed "Bunnie" and "Bunnie C." In one of the letters she desires to know his purposes concerning herself. The plaintiff then took the stand and told her story. She said she was 39 years old and was born at Hanging Rock, Ohio. Her father was John Campbell, an iron manufacturer. She related at length her relations with the defendant.

Some of the letters were decidedly rich. Here is one from the defendant to the plaintiff:

"N. York, Feb. 17th, 1884.

"Dear Bunnie,—* * * My stomach with that of malaria and bronchial trouble has been all and more than I could bear for the past two years and makes me blue. I am not and have not for a long time been able to retain a good breakfast or dinner. * * *

"It has been my desire to go and pay you a visit. Bun, I did not have the nerve to meet those that I had never met, and look and feel blue. I am blue and have been blue, and I am completely broken down. Now, Bun, when am I to hear from you?

"If you were to feel as wretched as I am and have been for the past year I would write you more oftener than you write me. * * *

"Oh, Bunnie, I am worried. If I could rest my head on your lap and have a good cry I imagine I would feel better, but I know not.

"I do not want you to want for any comfort? Do you know that I have a heart? * * * I must close. I am blue and sick, and with h'gs and k'ss must close and remain your "K. M. Q."

KILLED WHILE COASTING.

Alarming Accident to a Gay Party of Thirteen A "Double Ripper" Wrecked.

A Holyoke, Mass., despatch says: In a coasting accident last evening Miss Eugenie Pentland, of Brooklyn, N.Y., was killed. The street through which the slide runs is fully a mile long and crosses at least twenty streets from the top to the end. The double ripper contained the unlucky number thirteen when the start was made from the top of the hill. The boys and girls on the slide were of all ages from 8 to 25. The boy who steered was about 11. When about half a mile down the hill he saw a team coming against him. He endeavored to avoid the team and ran right into a telegraph pole. He jumped off and escaped with a broken leg. The second seat on the sled was occupied by Miss Pentland. She was instantly killed. The occupants of the next six seats were bruised and scratched more or less, but it is thought now that all will recover.

Another Sad Coasting Collision.

A Torrington, Conn., despatch says: In a coasting accident last night Miss Kittie Miller had a hip broken and was probably internally injured, and Miss May Marian and Willie Cooper were painfully bruised. The victims were among a party who were on a "double ripper," when the steering apparatus became disarranged, causing a collision with a post.

The Rats Had a Bed of Greenbacks.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch says: John Beck, a druggist here, has been the victim from time to time during the past seven years of systematic and mysterious robberies. The thieves were discovered last Saturday. They were rats. At the back end of the money drawer an opening of about two inches from the top of the counter, and through which any small sized rat could climb, was found. In it was a bed or nest made of a pile of greenbacks and other small articles, and in it were eight small rats, which were too young to make their escape. Several hundred dollars are supposed to have been lost in this way.

Samaritans Taken In.

A Montreal telegram says: A woman named Parker, who came to Montreal from Boston, pretending to have been betrayed and deserted by a man she discovered to have been previously married, and substantiating this doleful tale by apparently authenticated letters, obtained the confidence of a good family in this city. She was given full charge by her too confiding friends, and yesterday while they were absent the lady from the Hub disappeared, taking with her $200 worth of jewellery and $20 in cash.

The mule has ground for a slander suit against the Louisiana orator who called him "the Mugwump of the animal kingdom."

OLD WORLD NEWS BY MAIL.

Latest Scottish Gossip.

There died at Edinburgh, on the 15th ult., suddenly, Prof. Wm. Robertson, Principal Royal Veterinary College, aged 56 years.

On the 11th ult. Widow Mary Brandy or Kennedy, Longacre, died, aged 101 years. Her sister Agnes died last year, aged 106 years.

Dr. Thomson, medical officer of health, Aberdeen, has been appointed medical officer of health for Sheffield. Salary, £500 per annum.

Mr. Alex. Anderson (known as a poet as "Surfaceman") has accepted the post as sub-librarian in the University Library, Edinburgh.

At a concert in the Trades' Hall, Glasgow, the other night some miscreants utterly destroyed several dozens of silk hats in the cloak room.

There were great rejoicings on the 14th ult. at Tillyfour, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Begg to Mr. W. R. Reid, advocate, Aberdeen.

The Queen has intimated that the prerogative of mercy, so far as Scotland is concerned, should in future be exercised by the Secretary for Scotland.

Mr. Cochran-Patrick, ex-M. P. for North Ayrshire, has been appointed to the permanent Under-Secretaryship for Scotland in succession to Sir Francis Sandford.

Rev. J. Robertson, Stonehaven, continues to announce his sermons in a sensational way. On the 11th ult. his subjects were—"Have you had your photo taken?" and "A 1 at the Devils."

On Dec. 17th the remains of the late Sir Francis Grant, Bart. of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, were interred in the family vault in the churchyard of Monymurk. The pall-bearers included the Earl of Aberdeen.

The other day, at Westerhall, Dumfriesshire, Sir F. J. W. Johnstone, Lord Dudley, Lord Gray de Wilton and Mr. Baring shot in five hours 1,000 pheasants, eight woodcock and seventy hares and rabbits—about one kill per minute to each gun.

Mr. Robert Inglis, of Gall & Inglis, publishers, Edinburgh, died at his residence in Dick Place on the 21st ult. Mr. Inglis took a great interest in the working classes, and for many years took a leading part in the work of the Canongate Institute.

The late Mr. James Smith, the poet and story writer, was a member of Buccleuch Church, Edinburgh. Dr. Adamson conducted the service at his funeral, which was largely attended by representatives of all classes. He was interred in the Grange Cemetery.

The result of the recent heavy orders for shipbuilding on the Clyde has been to stiffen the steel market, and an advance in the price of all classes of steel is now quoted. It is estimated that contracts are now in hand on the Clyde for 150,000 tons of new steel shipping.

Latest From Ireland.

Rev. Samuel Finlay, for thirty-seven years minister of Kilraughts, county Antrim, is dead.

The death is announced of Sir Robert Montgomery, K. C. B., formerly Chief Commissioner of Oude and Lieutenant Governor of the Punjaub. He was born in Londonderry in 1809.

The remains of the late Prof. Balfour Stewart, formerly professor of Natural Philosophy in Owen's College, Manchester, were on the 23rd ult. interred in Ballymagarvey, near Drogheda.

There has been a fatal outbreak of measles in the small population of the island of Cape Clear. In one family all have died but one, and in another all the male members have succumbed.

The trial of Dr. Philip Henry Eustace Cross, of Shandy Hall, for the murder, in June last, of his wife, closed in Cork on Dec. 17th. He had administered in successive doses arsenic and strychnine. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to be hung.

JUBILEE PRESENTS.

Odd Offerings Made to His Holiness—What the Pope Will do With Them.

A London despatch says: The catalogue of the offerings presented to the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee is in course of preparation. It will include a list of articles that seem better fitted for the nursery than the Vatican. Babies' bassinettes, shoes, bundles of tiny garments, cots, cradles, bed clothing for children, etc., have come in large quantities. One offering takes the form of 16,000 pounds of suger from America. It must be remembered that the Pope expressed a wish to receive articles in kind that would enable him to give large alms and meet the various needs of the Church and missionary work all over the world. The offerings of babies' and children's belongings are to be distributed among lying-in hospitals, creches and orphans throughout Catholic Christendom; other presents, such as those of sacred vessels, will be given to churches in need of plate for their altars. Of these, thousands of gold chalices were sent to Leo XIII. from Vienna alone. The list of presents of gems, etc., which have come in profusion from heathen countries, as also from those within the pale of the Church, makes the pages of the catalogue glow as a chapter from the "Arabian Nights."

Death of Prof. Dickson.

An Edinburgh cable says: Very deep regret has been caused in Edinburgh by the terribly sudden death of Dr. Dickson, the well-known Professor of Botany, who died on Friday afternoon while engaged in "curling" on the ice at Hartree, his place in Peeblesshire. Prof. Dickson, who was only 52, has held the chair of botany at Edinburgh for nearly nine years, and he was also the Regius Keeper of the beautiful Botanical Gardens, which are one of the great sights of the city. He had attained to a first place among the practical botanists of the age, and few scientific men who are engaged in active and public work have been so universally popular. He was a most thorough worker, and his accomplishments were not confined to his own particular line, for he was an excellent draughtsman and a most skilful musician.

A private pet-cat show will be given shortly at New York for the benefit of charity.

TORN BY FIERCE MASTIFFS.

Their Owner, His Wife and a Child the Victims of the Savage Beasts.

A Camden despatch says: Two huge mastiffs, owned by Lawyer Thomas H. French, Col. Charles S. Garrison's partner, nearly killed three persons Sunday afternoon. Mr. French lives at 47 York street. Between 4 and 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon Jennie Young, the 8-year-old child of a neighbor, was playing in the kitchen with the dogs, as she had often done before. Suddenly Mrs. French, who was in the sitting-room, heard piercing screams from the child. There was no servant in the house, and Mrs. French ran quickly to the kitchen. Little Jennie had been knocked to the floor and the dogs had attacked her ferociously. Mrs. French endeavored to drive them off, but for the first time in the two years Mr. French has owned them they refused to obey her and instead sprung at her throat and bit viciously at her face. She was quickly knocked down, and both animals attacked her afresh. Her screams brought Mr. French downstairs, and he made for the dogs. No sooner did they see him than they sprang upon him, and despite all his efforts the fierce beasts knocked him down close behind his now unconscious wife and attacked him ferociously. He finally struggled to his feet, seized a poker and drove the beasts out of the kitchen and locked the door. Then he fell fainting to the floor covered with blood and his clothing torn in a dozen places. Drs. Godfrey, Pain and Walsh were summoned. The child was badly bitten about the throat, face and arms, and was one mass of torn flesh and blood from her shoulders up. Mrs. French's face was terribly lacerated, her right arm torn and one ear bitten half off. Mr. French was terribly cut and torn; part of his nose was gone, and it will be necessary to graft skin from his arm to preserve it. His face and neck were bodly torn and cut by the fangs and claws of the brutes, and he is suffering very much from the shock. Mrs. French is prostrated, and the physicians fear serious results in her case. The child has many spasms, and there are grave fears for her. The mastiffs have been in Mr. French's possession for two years and never before exhibited any tendency to harm any one. He thinks they must have frightened the child, who, becoming alarmed, caused them to lose their heads. He ordered them shot at once.

WHAT A FALL.

An English Scapegrace Comes to America to Swindle a Domestic Servant Out of $10.

A New York despatch says: A young Englishman, who is at present held in $500 bail on a charge of defrauding a servant of $10 and forging a cheque for $18 on a man named A. C. Couch, is—if his own account be true—a member of the highest circles of British aristocrocy. His name is Wm. J. Ritchie, and he represents himself as the son of the well-known member of Parliament of that name. He says that he was an officer in the First Life Guards, with which he served in Egypt, and bears numerous scars of the wounds he received in the Soudan campaign. According to his own account he quarrelled with his captain, the present Colonel Lockhart, and struck him in a discussion about a scandal connected with the name of Lady Lawrence. For this offence he was court-martialed and fled to this country to avoid the disgrace. He claims to have lost $125,000 in speculations which he was led into by the man Couch, whose name he forged, but says he will make it all right when his monthly allowance of $125 comes in February.

Will 1888 Be a Year of War?

The present year is the fifth year of modern times in which the aggregate of the figures is twenty-five, and there will be but five more years in which such a combination is possible prior to the year 2599. Probably but few have ever read of the old prophecy, which runs as follows:

In every future year of our Lord,
When the sum of the figures is twenty-five,
Some warlike kingdom will draw the sword,
But peaceful nations in peace shall thrive.

Students of modern history will readily recall how faithfully this prophecy has been fulfilled in the four previous years to which it applied.

In 1699 Russia, Denmark and Poland formed the coalition against Sweden which inaugurated the great war that ended in the disastrous defeat of Charles XII. at Pultowa.

The year 1789 will ever be memorable on account of the breaking out of the French Revolution.

1798 witnessed the campaign of Bonaparte in Egypt and the formation of the second European coalition against France.

In 1879 war broke out between England and Afghanistan, followed by the invasion of the latter country by British troops.

In what manner the prediction is to be verified in 1888 remains yet to be seen, but the present condition of Europe seems to promise an abundant fulfilment of the prophecy.

Latest Paris Fashion Notes.

A Paris cablegram says: Colored waistcoats are much worn at present by the "Copurchics." I saw one at one of the fashionable Boulevard tailors' a day or two ago. It was composed of alternate squares of red and blue plush. It was destined to be worn with pearl-gray trousers, a black cutaway and a box coat.

Long boas are at present all the vogue for adies, and are being made in every kind of fur, from beaver to rabbit, and of all kinds of feathers. Beaver is the favorite fur this winter.

What He Thought.

Fred—I am surprised at Brown's slanders, for I supposed he thought everything of me.

Ned—So he does—everything that's bad. —*Tid-Bits.*

The Liverpool *Post* is informed on the very highest authority that the Great Eastern has been purchased by a Liverpool firm of metal merchants, and that it is their intention to break her up in the course of the next few months and sell her as old metal. This magnificent vessel, whose gross registered tonnage is 18,915 tons, whose length is 692 feet, breadth 83 feet, and depth 60 feet, has been sold at the price of £16,100, or very little more than one-fourth of the sum it cost to launch her.

HYPNOTIC TEST.

Wonderful Experiments of a Parisian Doctor on His Subject.

The amphitheatre of the Charite Hospital in Paris was crowded the other day with persons who had been invited to witness the experiments of hypnotism made by Dr. Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine. Before introducing Mlle. Esther, his subject, the doctor showed his auditors photographs illustrating the effects produced on her in his laboratory. Mlle. Esther was then brought forward. By the means of magnetic passes the doctor throws her from a state of lethargy into a cataleptic condition, and then into a state of lucid somnambulism. Dr. Luys placed a tube containing hashish on her neck, and she seemed instantly to feel the effect of the narcotic preparation. She assumed a natural air and soon went straight toward Dr. Reclus, who was present, and proposed to perform the "Mascotte" with him. The doctor was rather annoyed by the preference shown him by Mlle. Esther, so Dr. Luys diverted her attention from him to Dr. Segond, who consented to play the part of *Pippo*, while Mlle. Esther took the part of the *Mascotte*. He sat down beside her, whereupon she promptly kissed him. "Now sing," said Dr. Luys, holding the tube to her neck, and she began at once, stopping short when the tube was withdrawn.

Dr. Luys then begged Dr. Reclus to place himself behind the young woman, and to put the tube on her neck and then gradually take it away. Mlle. Esther began again to sing; but in proportion as the tube was taken further and further from her her voice became fainter and fainter, till it died away entirely. She then fell, in a cataleptic condition, into the arms of the hospital assistants, who were behind her. Dr. Luys made other experiments upon Mlle. Esther. By looking at her he made her follow with her eyes an imaginary bird in the air, and at last she thought she had caught it in her hands. Then, by making her look down, the doctor frightened her by making her imagine there was a serpent at her feet. The most remarkable display was when Dr. Luys placed a tube containing 10 grammes of essence of thyme on Mlle. Esther's neck. In a few moments her face became purple, her arms and hands stiff, and the neck swelled out in a most extraordinary manner. From 31 centimetres it grew by the contraction on the muscles to 35. The suffering seemed to be intense, and when the tube was taken away the patient was two minutes at least before returning to a state of lethargy.—*London Standard.*

How the Western Editor Got Married.

Eagle Gulch *Warwhoop*: The good book has said that it is not well for man to be alone. It has been saying so for about 2,000 years, more or less, but it was only yesterday we conceded that such indeed was the case, and proceeded to get us a wife. Our readers are no doubt well acquainted with the Widow Plodger, who keeps the boarding-house just around the corner from this office—good clean bed and a square meal for 50 cents. There in that mansion it was that the shot from Cupid's bow was shot clean through our two tender hearts.

Yes, there we saw the Widow Plodger, and it was there we wooed and won and wedded her. It was a moonlight night; she approached us with a board-bill in her hand, but, all undaunted, we fell at her feet and poured forth the tale of affection that filled our bosom. Need we say that the moon looked down with watery eyes through the dark, swaying boughs of the oak? Need we say that the fair head nestled upon our editorial shoulders, and she said she would be ours? No; but such was the case, and to-night we are a married man.

The ceremony! Who can tell about it? There was the parson—we promised him $2; there was the bride, all white flubduds and veils and flowers and ribbons and smiles, and there was we—the whole is summed up in the confession that we hereby breathe forth to the brethren of the press—we are no longer we—we are us.

Cossacks Routed by Women.

A squadron of Cossacks were quartered at Tatio, near Yelisavetpol (Gendje), in Armenia, Russia. They said they had come to draft the whole male population of the village and make them soldiers. That was too much for the patience of the females to stand. They took up sticks, brooms, hoes, hatchets, pokers, anything they could lay hands on, and marched against these wholesale manufacturers of grass-widowhood. The Cossacks, declining to fight the women, were put to flight. The women, encouraged by their success, proceeded to lay siege to the Government building, and the Mayor was not able to appease their wrath. He telegraphed to the Governer, who despatched a few more quadrons of horse to restore peace. During the night, however, the excitement of the women had cooled down and there was no more fight in them.

He Was Put Down.

"I'm no vagrant!" he exclaimed, as he was being registered at police headquarters. "Do you know what a vagrant is?" asked the sergeant. "I—I guess so." "It is a gentleman out of work." "O-o-h! That's it! Then put me down. I thought you took me for a gentleman who didn't want to work." —*Detroit Free Press.*

Sufficient.

First Citizen—Do you know anything about Bullwinkle, the butcher, Brown, if he is a reliable man or not?

Second Citizen—Well, I say this much for Bullwinkle. I've bought sausages of him for over five years.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The statement of the public debt of the Dominion on December 31st shows total liabilities of $274,710,702, with alleged assets of $47,290,792, leaving a total net debt of $227,419,910.

Barrels are made in Jersey for the use of the Channel Islands farmers which will fold up when empty, and thus, having been sent to market, can be packed into a small space on the return. The staves are fixed upon the hoops so that the heads being removed, they may be rolled up. They are made perfect cylinders, and therefore occupy less space for the same capacity than ordinary barrels.

—We have always pitied the calendar. It could never get a day off.

After the Day—Night.

Love knocked early at my door,—
  In the morn he came to find me,—
Saying, "Let me cross thy floor,
  And thy chains shall ever bind me."

But I turned away my heart,
  Who was Love that he should find me?—
Saying, "Well, thou play'st thy part,
  But perchance thy chain would bind me."

Noontide passed. He sought my door,
  "If thou wilt thou still may'st bind me,
And I will yet cross thy floor;
  Here again you never find me."

But I madly chose my part;
  What cared I to stay and find him?
Love should never win my heart;
  Wherefore should I pause to bind him?

Night is here, and at my door
  Vainly now I seek to find him;
Could he only cross my floor,
  I would give all else to bind him.

But again without my door
  I shall never waiting find him;
He will never cross my floor—
  No one thrice has power to bind him.

HER TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

Why a Young Lady Made Three Round Trips in the Street Car.

I heard a yarn yesterday that may or may not be true. If not, no harm in its relation; if it be true, however, will the heroine of my tale please forgive me? I do not know her name or I would apologize in advance. A sprightly lass, 18 perhaps, stood on the corner of Fifth and Wabash waiting for a University avenue car. Her face wore a pained expression, and there was an uncertainty, a sort of hesitancy in her movements as she advanced to the car that stopped at her hail. As she lifted her skirt and stepped on the rear platform, the cause of her uneasiness became apparent to a group of interested onlookers. About her ankle, almost hiding her boot, a silken stocking hung, and to it was attached a fragment of stocking support. She made her way to a seat, gracefully hoisted the foot so she could sit upon it, and waited patiently until the car should be emptied so that she could arrange her hosiery. But the passengers were obdurate and refused to leave the car. The end of the line was reached, but before the car was emptied two gentlemen entered to make the down trip. The lady paid her fare again and resigned herself to her fate. Believe it or not as you please, but my informant says that she made three round trips before the desired opportunity came, and then she was so lame from sitting in such a posture for so long a time that she had to ride a dozen blocks beyond her destination before she got the "sleep" out of her foot. The poor girl told her sister, and she told my sister, and my sister told me. Isn't that straight enough to be correct information? —*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

A Barbaric Amusement.

Annie Wakeham, writing to the Philadelphia *Record* from London, Eng., about prize-fighter Sullivan, adds:

Pugilism in the prize-ring is illegal in England, and has been for many years, hence the brutes have to go on the continent to train for their contests. Spanish bull-fights and prize-fights are regarded by refined people as barbaric amusements. Yet this creature Sullivan is feted as though worthy some great honor. His laurels are blood and bruises. A noble showing, is it not? War is bad enough in all conscience; at least, though, it is in a measure scientific. Norman Proctor, an ex-prize-fighter here in London, has suggested that when nations should quarrel the better way than to train armies to kill would be send two prize-fighters, one from each country, to fight it out, the victorious one to settle the issue. At least this method would rid the earth of these disgusting objects one at a time.

I appeal to the women of America to put down such degrading shows as Sullivan and his tribe are reviving this season. How can it be done? Well, let every woman refuse to speak to every man of her acquaintance who indorses these revolting "sports" or attends their public exhibition. Let her brand as a "coward" a man who presumes to call such sports courageous. Soon the prize-fighter would find his occupation gone. Let such men as Sullivan be hissed off the public streets and treated as outlaws, wild beasts or highway footpads. And as for the women of England, let them implore their gracious Queen to administer a public reprimand to her son, who has so far forgotten his princely training as to speak to professional prize-fighters save in terms of withering scorn. I am sure she is ashamed of her eldest son in this last exploit. Indeed, I almost hope she does not know of it.

'Lion?" I insult the proud beast of the jungle and desert when I call John L. Sullivan "London's Latest Lion."

An Adventure With Panthers.

It is an old saying, "what strange things a person sees when he hasn't got a gun," says the *Columbian*. This was exactly what Constable Carty said the day before yesterday when he met a couple of panthers. Mr. Carty was driving along the road leading from Clover Valley in the Serpentine Flats, and while passing through some timber was surprised to see two large beasts walk quietly out of the bushes and stop on the middle of the path. The panthers, for such they turned out to be, were only twenty paces ahead of the horse, and as the constable did not have a gun, he was puzzled for a moment as to the best course to adopt towards them. After a moment's thought he decided to keep right ahead, and if the panthers molested him in any way he would arrest them for obstructing the highway. The scheme proved successful, and although the beasts cast a longing eye at the nice fat horse, they saw it would be useless to make any attempt to devour it while the constable was on the ground. The panthers were both very large and appeared to be in good condition; they have been seen in the neighborhood several times of late and it is probable they will soon fall victims to their own temerity.

The Poor Man's Grievance.

Beggar—Oh, yes, the charitable association gave me a present for Christmas.

Charitable young lady—But you don't appear to be very grateful for it.

"To tell the truth, miss, I ain't very grateful. When I think of the fact that my legs are both cut off at the knees and then think of the present I got, I can't rake up much gratitude."

"What was your present?"

"A pair of roller skates."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

PEOPLES ON THE GOLD COAST.

Their Savagery Equals That of Any Known Community—Terrible Punishment.

Although a great portion of the Tshi-speaking peoples have for two centuries been under our rule we know comparatively little about them—a fact which is, no doubt, attributable to the deadly climate and impenetrable forests in which they live. Maj. Ellis tells us much concerning these peoples which will be found interesting; but he has gone so completely into the grosser customs of native life that his book is more suited to the anthropologist than the general reader. The low condition which they occupy in the intellectual scale is, we are told, probably owing to the enervating influences of the climate, which renders any great amount of mental labor out of the question, and to the readiness with which the necessaries of life can be produced. That the climate is unhealthy even to them there can be no doubt, as it is the cause of diseases unknown elsewhere.

Their religion is not allied with any moral ideas, sin being limited to insults offered to or neglect of the gods; murder, theft, etc., are merely offenses against the person, and in which the gods take no interest. The deities may be divided into four classes, viz.: 1. General, those worshipped by a whole tribe or several tribes. 2. Local, those worshipped by the inhabitants of certain towns or districts. 3. Family. 4. The tutelary deities of individuals. The priesthood forms a large and powerful class, without whose aid nobody can hold any intercourse with deities of the first, second or third class, large sums being frequently paid for their services; they have to take care, however, to make their communications ambiguous, as in case of their predictions being falsified they are not infrequently put to death.

In chapter 11 it is stated that the practices of sacrificing human beings at funerals does not arise from the bloodthirstiness of the people, but rather from affection for the dead. This may be true, but the frightful cruelty shown in their executions seem to contradict this theory. We quote the following as an example:

"On June 5th a murderer, with his hands bound behind him, a knife through his cheeks and two forks piercing his back, was dragged past our rooms. Commencing at midday, the punishment increased in intensity till 8 o'clock, when the poor wretch was gashed all over, his arms cut off, and himself compelled to dance for the amusement of the king before being taken to the place of execution. If he could not or would not dance lighted torches were applied to his wounds. To escape this excessive torture he made the greatest efforts to move, until the drum was beaten and the head cut off."

Strange to say, in spite of the frightful punishment, murder is more frequent in Ashanti than in the British protectorate.

The ceremonies at birth, marriage and death are, we think, rather too fully gone into. The criminal laws appear to be extremely severe, and the following ridiculously trivial offences are punishable by death: Whistling in Coomassie, suffering an egg to be broken in the town, looking at the king's wives, or not hiding when the king's eunuchs call to announce their approach, and picking up gold that has been dropped in the market place. From this it will be seen that every-day life in Coomassie must have its drawbacks.—*London Light.*

Winter Styles in Suicide.

"The winter styles of suicide for 1888," said Coroner Hertz, "will differ but little from that of last year. Hempen ties still continue in favor for neckwear, and throats will be cut a trifle deeper as spring approaches. This latter fashion, however, is far from popular, and is affected only by the outre, such persons, for instance, as try to make a sensation by the use of 'rough on rats.' These things, I need scarcely say, are not counted good form—in fact, are vulgar. The most fashionable modes are those of legitimate poisoning and by shooting. If you want to be in style, dear boy, just stick to those two fashions. They are affected by the elite, and you cannot go wrong in following them. There is nothing like a good reliable revolver for this sort of thing. By referring to my annual report, just handed in, you will find that exactly 33 per cent. of the suicides for the fiscal year adopted this mode of departing for the other shore. True, an equal number tried the poison route, but there are poisons and poisons. There are poisons that allow a man to slip quietly out in a gentlemanly way that excites the admiration of every man on the jury, and again there are others which cause a man to shuffle off his coil in a way that is decidedly bazarre, not to say fussy. I am sorry to see the growing tendency to use 'rough on rats' and paris green. These can never find devotees in the best circles, and you can safely set down those addicted to them as decidedly 'loud.' If you go in for poisons, try laudanum, or morphine, or pure strychnine."—*Chicago Times.*

A Pointed Rebuke.

"Georgey, behave yourself!" said the little girl, severely, to her younger brother who was throwing snowballs at people on the street, yelling like a young Indian, squaring off at imaginary foes, and otherwise conducting himself in a boisterous manner; "Behave yourself! Folks will think you're a member of the Board of Trade!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sleeping Car Gymnastics.

The Minnesota Railroad Commissioners have not yet got to that part of the sleeping car trouble by which a man travelling rents a lower berth only to be expected to give it up to a lady. Gander-legged gentlemen who have delicacy about displaying their limbs in mounting to the upper perch are still hoping for some sweeping reform.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Enterprise on the Prairies.

In the west they don't think that a town is enjoying much of a real estate boom unless people are wandering around with lanterns at night ready to close desirable bargains.—*New York Sun.*

An Official View.

Reporter—How many criminal cases have you for the next assizes?

Deputy Sheriff—None.

Reporter—That's good.

Deputy Sheriff—Well, not so very good.

ODD SIGHTS IN JAPAN.

What an American Traveller Saw That He Considered Curious.

A gentleman, who formerly resided in Washington, but who now lives in Japan, has recently written a letter giving some descriptions of odd sights to an American visitor. He says: "If you could go out with me in the morning I think the first thing to startle you would be the newsboy. The newsboy here is usually an old man. He trots around with wares that look as if he had torn the wrappers from a lot of tea chests. He rings a little bronze bell as he goes. The bell would be thought an art treasure at home, for it is chased, and has undoubtedly done service in some temple before now. Then the postman would surprise you, for you would hardly believe that the free 'delivery system' exists here, not as we have it at home, where it is confined to the large cities, but going to every little hamlet and isolated farm-house. Perhaps we would see a carpenter holding his work with his toes and drawing his plane and saw toward him. We would certainly see the 'false-hair reviver,' for our Japanese sisters are like the rest of the world, bound to be in fashion, and the elaborate style of coiffure compels them to supplement the natural growth. When the switch becomes rusty it is handed out to a peripatetic hair-dresser, who pushes a cart containing a small furnace, a covered kettle, and several bottles of dyes, and on the front of which, from a small gallows frame, hangs a switch as a sign of his trade. He boils the switch in his dye-kettle—goodness knows how many others have passed through it!—and returns it as good as new. Just now the children are playing with dolls, and every little girl who does not have a live baby tied to her back will have a toy one. I've often seen a mother carrying her own child pick-a-back and to the little one's back would be tied a dolly. The dolls are wonderfully cheap and, generally speaking, good ones. The Japanese boys spin tops, but, of course, differently from our American boys, for everything is done differently here. They usually put a bit of matting over a tub so as to form a shallow basin; then one little chap throws his top spinning into the centre. Immediately another sets his on, and whichever 'knocks the other out' wins, the successful spinner pocketing both. Mild gambling? Yes; but they always gamble here when they have anything with which to gamble. Travelling kitchens are plentiful, but not in the morning or during the day, when the cook shops are open. After dark you would see plenty of them, and I suppose they are going all night, for I have never been out too late for them. The linrickishas are legion, and one is importuned by them at every turn. The children all seem to live in the street, and the passers give way to them always. I have seen porters dragging heavily loaded trucks swing out of the way to avoid a little tot when it cost them no small effort to do so."—*New York Times.*

HE GOT HIS FEE.

How a Syracuse Bridegroom was Forced to Settle with the Sexton.

A novelty in law suits has been adjudicated in Syracuse as a sequel to a fashionable wedding. The parties to the suit were a church sexton and a physician who was a bridegroom not a great while ago. On the 23rd of September, Dr. Amos W. Jennings was married by Rev. Dr. George B. Spalding in the First Presbyterian Church and the elegant and stately edifice was elaborately decorated for the occasion with flowers. In order that the ceremony might pass off smoothly and impressively, there were two rehearsals before the actual ceremony. The groom and bride-elect, and bridesmaids, the groom's best men and the ushers all turned out to these full dress evening rehearsals for which the great church was heated and lighted by Sexton Henry A. Tompkins. The wedding ceremony was witnessed by a large throng, and the affair was a fashionable success. Sexton Tompkins himself thought it was a pretty nice wedding, and worth a fat fee. He waited for his fee for a month, and then began dunning the bridegroom. The second letter brought the reply that Dr. Jennings would pay when he "got good and ready." The sexton then referred the matter to a lawyer, and a lawyer to a justice of the peace. There was no defence, and the sexton got judgment for $40.

A Terrible Strain.

Omaha employer (anxiously)—Does Mr. De Goode drink?

Confidential clerk—Not a drop.

"He has been two hours late for three mornings and he looks as if he had been on a terrible spree."

"It's all right. On Christmas he gave his boy a drum."—*Omaha World.*

"THE EUROPEAN SITUATION."

Says France unto Bismarck
  "Morbleu!" and sacre!
For Alsace and Lorraine I'll
  Get even—some day!"
To Russia says Austria:
  "Hands off, and beware!
There's death on your borders.
  There's wrath in the air!"
Says the Czar with a bluster
  Of trumpet and lance:
"My Cossacks shall pipe and
  Young Ferdinand dance!"
Bulgaria's princeling,
  As still as you please,
Is courting the shade of
  Umbrageous trees.
And Bismarck, the crafty,
  Phlegmatic in mood,
As mum as an oyster,
  Keeps on sawing wood.

Recent experiments with thirty-six-pounder quick-firing guns showed that twenty-two rounds could be fired in two minutes and a half. Seventy pounders are now being made.

Dunley (at the supper table)—"Yes, I have spent most of the day at the dentist's." Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—"Are you having your teeth filled, Mr. Dumley?" Dumley (struggling with a steak)—"Yes, ma'am; filled and sharpened."—*New York Sun.*

A confectioner of Newport, England, having missed from the bakehouse time after time dainty morsels, set a watch, and a form resembling that of a boy was seen stealthily creeping along the roof of the adjoining bakehouse. No attention was paid to cries to come down, and a gun was fired. The aim was good and a dead monkey rolled from the roof into the road.

AN ENGLISHMAN INSULTED!

The Difficulty of Rooting Up Prejudices Learned at the Mother's Knee.

One bright June morning, some years ago, a party of travelling men were gazing out upon one of the most charming landscapes in the Susquehanna valley.

In the party was an English gentleman, whose prejudices were stirred by the laudatory tone of the conversation. He grew restless and exclaimed:

"This may seem to you rawther a pretty scene, but if you want to see really beautiful scenery you must go to England, where the air is softer, the grass greener and the flowers more fragrant than here."

As he finished, one of the party, whose ancestors were of good old revolutionary Yankee stock, turned to him, and, with more candor than politeness, said:

"My friend, in childhood, at my mother's knee, I was taught three things: First, to revere the great Creator; second, to love the stars and stripes; and third, to hate a Britisher. This is one of the many occasions when I fully realize the beneficial influences of early training."

Among the obstacles that obstruct a man's upward progress in this world are the prejudices which, planted in the character-forming period of early youth, he finds have become firmly fixed in his maturer nature.

It is difficult to root them out. Men may battle as they will; they can seldom entirely overcome their early impressions.

The progressive man discovers that he must leave his prejudices behind, if he would "keep step" in the ranks.

The barriers in the way of the truth-seeker have been broken.

Do you doubt it? Wend your way to the sanctuary some Sabbath morning, and behold! Universal and Methodist clergymen occupying the same pulpit!

Do you doubt it? See, as may now frequently be seen, physicians of different schools joining in consultation over their patients. See eminent members of the medical profession, like Dr. Rabson, of London, and Dr. Gunn, of the medical college, of New York, publicly recommending a proprietary medicine, like Warner's safe cure, the only sure specific for kidney disorders and the many diseases caused by such disorders, and their views attested by hundreds of regular practitioners of various schools.

Note the fact, too, that the leading clergymen, like Rev Dr. Rankin, ex-Chaplain of the U.S. Senate, and Rev. Dr. Kendrick, of the Rochester University, one of the international revisers of the New Testament, and thousands less well known, publicly recommend this remedy, because it not only cures kidney diseases, but the many common-named diseases caused directly by them.

When medical men and ministers unite in such a course, who can doubt that intolerance has ceased to rule in the learned professions at least?

She Had Heard of It.

First Omaha Lady—Have you seen the new crematory?

Second Omaha Lady—No, I haven't, but I hear they make lovely butter there.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"Just Hear that Child Scream!"

said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house. "What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor? Does she abuse her children?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see, she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose till he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then come the yells." "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

Four Satisfy Them.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called "Five Kings." A work of only four kings is sacred enough for a great many people in this country—though a man often wishes he had five kings when the other fellow holds four aces.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the carter's path
A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath.
A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast.
Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—twas only light
A little chill shivered the hours of night.
A little pain came and began to grow,
Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little chill, dispel the little pain, ere the little ailment becomes the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

An English Sensation.

Cardinal Manning has astonished his friends by announcing himself a convert to the teachings of Anarchy. "Every man," he says, "has a right to life and a right to the food necessary to sustain life. Necessity has no law and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbor's bread."

A Startling Discovery.

A startling and important discovery was made when, after long and patient experiments, the combination of Nerviline was reached. A grand victory, indeed, for the suffering have an ever-ready, prompt, efficient and cheap remedy at hand. Do you know that for 10 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Polson's Nerviline and test its great power over pain of every description? Polson's Nerviline cures chills, pain in the stomach, side and back, rheumatism—in fact, all pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

Strong Evidence.

A Baltimore bookkeeper has committed suicide and left his accounts all straight. It is regarded as certain that he was insane.—*Manchester Union.*

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

Highly Recommended.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it?"

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

"afted Using thee automatig Back-actionn atype writ,er for thre emonth$ an d Over, I unhesitattinggly pronounce it prono nce it to be al ad even more than the Manufacturs claim? for it. During the time been in our possessio n e. i. th ree monthz! id has more th an paid paid for it$elf in the Saveing oF time an d labrr"?

john ¶ Smith.

"There you are, sir"

"Thanks," said the agent, dubiously.

—The Mormon question—Will you be my second?

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Will our esteemed Township Fathers pardon us if we assure them that two of their most faithful officers are not sufficiently remunerated for their services? In order to render him an independent as well as an efficient officer, would it not be wise to pay the Assessor a trifle more for his services? It would be money judiciously spent. Then there is the Treasurer—than whom there is no more careful nor efficient officer in the Province—are not the long and faithful services of this gentleman worthy of at least equal remuneration to that received by neighboring Township Treasurers? We certainly think they are. But some one might say, "Oh, I'll take the office for the same money?" Indeed; so would many others equally inexperienced and incapable. But it is right and proper to pay good officers well for their work, and what Township has better officers than Artemesia.

And now the Agricultural Editor is informed by his farmer friends that the shed accommodation is still inadequate. Dear brethren of the plow and self-binder, have patience and the business men of this town will provide ye with sheds and to spare. The busy hum of our manufacturing industries and the steady increase of business in all departments renders it somewhat difficult to keep pace in the matter of sheds; but our enterprising townsmen will do it, never fear. A little time, a little patience are all that is required. The Agricultural Editor will look after all your interests with parental solicitude.

People often ask the question, "What ought a Christian to do, or what should he not do?" Well, we can tell a few things he ought *not* to do: (1) He should not put the biggest apples on top of the bag or barrel, for that is deceitful. (2) He should not sell dozy, rotten wood, neatly mixed up with the genuine article, and say it is all good, for that would be a lie. (3) He should not make great big apertures in piling wood—"expanding" two cords into three, as it were—for that would be cheating, and a cheat can never hope to enter the pearly gates. (5) He should not sell you five-sixths of a yard of cloth and call it "full thirty-six inches," for that would be a measly falsehood. (5) He should not print a customer 400 bills and say there was 500 in the pile, for that would be just 100 bills short of the truth. (6) He should not accept an invitation to dine out with a neighbor, and then, because of some imaginary grievance, pretend he was sick, and make this an excuse for not going, for that would be what society calls a "polite fiction." (7) He should not invade his neighbors woodyard in the silent watches of the night and "borrow" a few sticks, for he has no guarantee that he will get off as easily as the "thief on the cross." And so forth, et cetra. More anon perhaps!

Markdale as a town would remind one of a boy who had got inside his father's pantaloons and coat. Draw your own inference, gentle reader.

Rev. Mr. Shilton preached a sermon in the Methodist Church last Sunday Morning of a very lofty and inspiring character, and one likely to create a lasting impression for good. It may be said without the slightest degree of flattery that Mr. Shilton is one of the most logical and original speakers in the Guelph conference. His delivery, too, is of that earnest, sincere and kindly character, which secures the close attention of the most thoughtless; leading them, perhaps, to elevate their thoughts above the sordid things of life and directing the whole current of their existence into newer and better channels.

J. G. Owen has disappeared from the financial circles of Streetsville, and now a cry has gone abroad throughout that district, "What must we do in order to force the truant to disgorge?" And darkness reigns over the country round about, and thick darkness around the village of Streetsville. The howl of the angry multitude can be heard even afar off. Let them howl and weep and wail, for verily Owen hath gone to the land of cyclones, fevers, agues, defaulting bank clerks, anarchists, &c., and will nevermore return to thy fair shores, O, Canada! He was a stranger and they took him in: they were soft and pliable fools, and *he took them in.*

The Toronto *World* has done a great work in smashing the Commercial Union business into little bits. The *World* has a big head and a mighty smart intellect.

Will some well-informed Flesherton politician or legislator tell us what advantage the citizens of this place derive from the fact that this is a Police Village?

Always talk up your town. You know how easily reputations are injured by adverse and cruelly unjust criticisms, in so far as individual character is concerned. Well, a town or village is equally susceptible to injury under similar circumstances. Be loyal to your town or village every time. It pays.

When the Port Hope railway company (now *in futuro*) has laid the rails through Flesherton and across the C.P.R. track at the station; when the straight road has been completed; when the Valley Road has been put in first class shape; when County Buildings have been erected on one of our many handsome sites; *then* will we make extensive preparations for absorbing surrounding suburbs, and will batter our swords into pruning hooks and scissors and smoke the pipe of peace. Then will we give up yanking the "Archimedian Lever" and squander money in purchasing a Webb perfecting press for printing thereon the Daily and Weekly editions of THE ADVANCE.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

The annual meeting for the purpose of appointing officers and teachers for the Sunday School was held in the Methodist Church on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4th, when the following officers were elected:

Mr. J. B. Sloan, Superintendent,
" E. Paul, Assnt. "
" S. Clemes, Secretary.
" R. McLean Purdy, Treas.
" W. Sloan, Librarian.

Messrs. R. J. Hogg, H. Fenwick, Leonard Latimer, Jonathan Latimer and Misses E. Paul, A. Smith and Eliza Crow were appointed teachers.

The Methodist congregation is contemplating building a new parsonage next summer. This is a move in the right direction.

When Mr. Sloan was going up into his stable loft the other day, the ladder broke and Mr. Sloan fell hurting his back severely.

A fine, large evergreen that stood in the school ground was blown down by the storm on Friday last.

When the eyes become weak or the lids inflamed and sore, a disordered system or a scrofulous condition of the blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy. It invigorates and vitalizes the blood and expels all humors.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Markdale has a Mechanics Institute, with a membership of nearly one hundred.

His Honor, Judge Macpherson, celebrated the anniversary of his 24th year as Judge last week.

An old Collingwood man, named Gilbert McCaffery, dropped dead on Thursday week. He was buried by the town.

An old man, unknown, was run over by a Northern passenger train, near Angus, and killed, on Friday week.

Five Mt. Forest hotel keepers appeared before the Police Magistrate last Friday to answer to a charge of violating the Scott Act.

The barn of Mr. R. Irvine, near Varney in the Township of Normanby, was destroyed by fire one night last week. Loss $900. Insurance $6.25.

Mr. Wm. Brown has received his appointment as Division Court Clerk of the new D.C. at Markdale. Mr. W. G. Pickell has been appointed Bailiff.

It is alleged that a petition will be got up and forwarded to the License Commissioner, praying that license may not be renewed to the City Hotel, Markdale, owing to its disorderly character.

Geo. Jones accidently stepped off the sidewalk in front of the Seldon House, Owen Sound, the other day, dislocating his ankle and breaking the small bone of his left leg. George will probably be laid up for a few weeks.

Owen Sound, Jan. 14.—A heavy wind and snowstorm prevailed here yesterday. About 1 p.m. a terrific gust swept through the town and blew out the temporary battened fixtures of boards from one of the third storey windows of Butchart's new block, corner of Poulett and Baker streets. Mrs. George Fleming, of Sydenham, with her little girl, passing up Baker street at the time, were both knocked down by the falling boards. The child was unnjured, but the mother received a severe cut on the side of her head and her arm badly bruised. It is a wonder she was not killed, but she appears to have received but a glancing blow.

Pat Hefferman, the renowned Scott Act constable of Bruce County, was serving some papers in Chesley on Monday when he was ordered to leave the village by a livery stable keeper named Henry. Pat paid no attention to the order but went on with his work. Henry followed him around for some time and finally drew a revolver and fired at Hefferman at close quarters, but missed him. The constable was unarmed, but being an active and courageous man, he instantly jumped on Henry and downed him. In a few seconds he had his man handcuffed and took him to Walkerton, where he was lodged in jail.

The Flesherton Advance is advocating incorporation, and among the reasons given for advocating such a scheme, the first is, "The precedent established by our sister village to the South, Dundalk, and the energetic move now being made by our ambitious neighbor to the North, Markdale." While as a further inducement it says, "That a suitable lock-up—not a big box—would be provided for the accommodation of offenders against the majesty of the law." This is really a great inducement to the leaders of public thought in that place. They will no doubt go in for incorporation at once, even if it is for the honor of building a penitentiary. Toby is already looking to a future sketch.—*Dundalk Herald.*

Ayer's Hair Vigor Improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It prevents the accumulation of dandruff, cleanses the scalp, and restores a natural color to grey hair. Have you received Ayer's Almanac for the new year?

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned in Flesherton, one spotted Heifer, on Monday-night last. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

Jan. 11th, 1888. PETER HOLMAN.

WANTED!

A Quantity of WHITE ASH for Butter Tubs, for which CASH will be paid on delivery.

JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & Co.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all SKin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to $ 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	74	to 0	78
Spring Wheat	0	74	0	78
Barley	0	55	0	72
Oats	0	40	0	40
Peas	0	57	0	57
Butter	0	17	0	17
Eggs, fresh	0	17	0	17
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	40
Pork	6	40	6	50
Hay, per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	50	1	00
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	7	0	8
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	25
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	50

W. BOOTH,
The Boss Barber,
FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton"

REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person; many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special abilities required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Flesherton Meat Market.

S. SPIRIT, - PROPRIETOR.

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY -- OUR NEW BOOK

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

OR

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 400 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

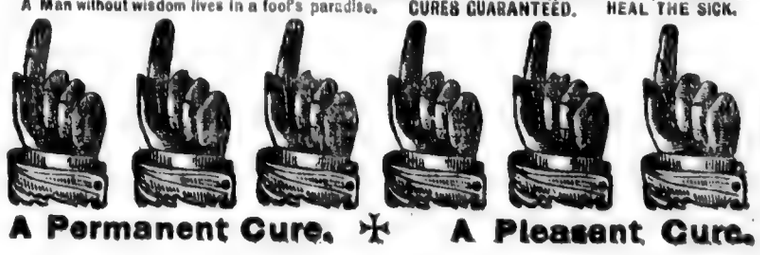

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

A Consecration Hymn for the New Year.

BY REV. T. WATSON.

Dear Saviour reveal Thy great name unto me,
Accept a poor sinner that trusteth in Thee;
My hope is now fixed no more to remove,
Oh flood my whole life with Thy infinite love.

Henceforth for Thine honor my powers employ,
Thy Cross is my glory, Thy service my joy;
My time and my talents to Thee do I give,
My motto in life is "for Jesus to live."

Thy promise and presence shall banish my care,
And give me the strength each day's burden to bear,
Though lowly my lot I will never repine,
But "spend and be spent" in Thy service Divine.

Then seal me Thine own through each day of the year,
Through all its confusion my duty make clear,
Inspire by Thy Spirit and teach by Thy word,
And help me to tread in the steps of my Lord.

Flesherton, Jan. 9th, 1888.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

The storms of the past week have made our usual lively town very quiet. Not many of the farmers putting in an appearance on account of the state of the roads which are badly drifted.

The L.O.D.L. of Osprey met at the village of Singhampton on Tuesday, 10th inst., and although the day was very stormy their was a good representation from the primary Lodges which compose the District.

Bro. James Stinson was re-elected W. Dis. Master.

Bro. C. E. Neil, Deputy Dis. Master.
" Joseph Stinson, Dis. Sec.
" A. McGirr. Dis. Treasurer.

The Lodge adjourned to meet at Maxwell on the 18th, to finish up the business of the year.

The annual meeting of the Osprey Agricultural Society met here on the 12th inst., when the Farmers turned out in mass there being about seventy-five voters present after the reading of the Auditors' Report by the Secretary. There was an exciting contest for President between Mr. W. Guy, S. Taylor and Mr. J. Stinson, which resulted in John Stinson, of Singhampton, being elected. Dr. Ottowell was elected 1st Vice-President, and Mr. Guy 2nd Vice-President. Afterward the usual number of Directors were elected and the meeting closed, nothing being done to mar the progress of the business.

Their Nichol Night Watch.

In the colored settlement of Timbuctoo, Mount Holly, N. J., an event occurred New Year's Eve that will long be remembered by the dusky worshippers in the little old meeting house there.

The occasion was the annual watch meeting service. It had long been the custom to hold service in the church on the last night of the year and welcome the advent of the new year with prayer and song. The church was crowded.

Owing to the absence of the regular preacher a stranger was invited to preside. He was a tall spare man, black as ebony, with gray eyebrows that hung like a dissipated whisker over his eyes. A Prince Albert coat reached down nearly to the tops of his shoes, and when he spoke the small children shivered at the deep tones of his voice.

At the appointed hour the service began with singing, after which the congregation listened to an exhortation that all admitted was the most powerful one ever heard within the walls of the church. Then the minister suddenly stopped. "Hadn't we better know how de time's agon'?" he said. "'Pears to me as if dar orter be a clock to run dis watch meetin' by."

"De church ain't got no clock," answered Elder Lewis Armstrong after a moment's pause. "but if you wants ter borrow my watch yer kin have it," at the same time holding up to the view of the audience a new nichel watch that Santa Claus had given him.

"Dat's all right, Brudder Armstrong" said the preacher, "yo' jess keep yer eye on de watch so we'll know how de time's a-goin'."

The meeting went on, and as often as the choir would become weary of singing the preacher would start in on a new sermon. He was inexhaustible. It seemed as if the meeting would never come to an end. At last even the preacher got weary.

"Elder Armstrong," he said with a slight shade of doubt in his voice, "please ter oblige de meetin' wid der time o' night. Hit seems like as if de new year orter be here by dis time."

At this Elder Armstrong again consulted his watch, "jess 'leven o'clock precisely" he said. "Don't yer worry about de time. Dis yer watch'll git you dar all right if you depends on it."

The doubters, silenced, listed to fresh exhortations which occupied nearly three quarters of an hour. At the expiration of that time the choir was asleep and the sitters on the back bouches were snoring loudly.

Then the preacher halted. As he did so the crowing of a number of neighboring roosters caught his ear.

"Elder Armstrong," he said, sternly, "what time is you now?"

"Ten minutes arter 'leven," responded the elder.

This rousen the ire of Elder Ben Deekin, who said, "Dat air watch ain't a-goin', dat's my opinion!"

Putting the timepiece to his ear, Elder Armstrong listened a moment. Doggone dese waterpower watches!" he said, "Hits stopped sure." In the silence of their deep indignation he tiptoed out.

As he opened the meeting-house door they saw that day was breaking. The elders watch had fooled them all, and the new year had stolen a march on them.

Elder Armstrong has lost the confidence of the community.

Artemesia Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting was held last Tuesday. The attendance was not as large as could be desired, but those present manifested a lively interest in the prosperity of the Society. The annual report showed that there had been raised from all sources, the plowing match included, the sum of $343.08. Of this amount $251.78 was expended leaving a balance to the credit of the Society of $91.30, of this $16.86 belong to the plowing match account.

The following were elected officers for the present year:

President, R. Olliver.

Vice President, Alex. Stewart.

Directors, John McArthur, James Brodie, Thos. A. Ferguson, Duncan Lamont, Geo. Stewart, John I. Graham, D. McMullen, Daniel McLean and David Harrow.

Auditors, Wm. Clayton and John Gordon.

At a meeting which followed, James Brodie was re-elected Sec. Treas.

Dundalk Jan. 11th, 1888.

The annual meeting of the County Grand Black Chapter of Grey was held here to-day, in the Orange Hall. There was a goodly number of the Sir Knights present. After the transaction of the usual routine business, the following were elected officers for 1888:

Sir Knight,	Jas. Brodie,	C. G. M.
"	Jas. Elliott,	D.C.G.M.
"	Thos. Hanbury,	C.G.Chap.
"	G. Hales,	D. C. G. Chap.
"	Thos. Elliott,	C.G. Reg.
"	Jas. Erskin,	D.C.G. Dr.
"	Jos. Gibson,	C.G. Treas.
"	Thos. Akitt,	D.C. G. Dr.
"	R. A. Parks,	C.G. Lect.
"	C. Little,	D.C.G. Dr.
"	J. H. Carson,	1st C.G. S.B.
"	A. R. Dodds,	2nd "
"	G. Rutherford,	1st C.G. C
"	T. McArthur,	2nC "
"	J. Little,	C.G. Pur.
"	W. Todd,	D.C.G. Dr.
"	T. Gilray,	1st C.G. Com.
"	W. Brady,	2nd "
"	W. S. Griffen,	3rd "
"	J. McFadden,	4th "
"	W. R. Madill,	5th "
"	W. Gott,	6th "
"	W. Rutledge,	7th "

The next meeting will be held in Markdale on the second Wednesday in January, 1889.

Reasoning from Observation.

"When will baby talk?" asked a three year old of his mother.

"When she gets her teeth," said his mother.

"All her teeth?"

"All."

"Well I don't think so," said the little fellow after reflection. "Grandfather has only one tooth and he talks you to death."

Economy is Wealth.

Little Ikey Schaumburg having fallen and raised a lump on his forehead, somebody suggested to his mother that she press a silver dollar on the bruised place, which would cause the swelling to subside.

"Rebecca," said Mose Schaumburg, "you don't need a whole tollar. Schoost press a haluf a tollar dot lump on. Vat for you vant to indulge in so many extravagance."

Wills.

Editor Advance: If a man wills his property, and does not leave any to his eldest son, can he (the son) claim anything? SAM.

[Ans.—He cannot claim anything legally.—Ed.]

Our Township Fathers.

Members of Council met before dinner in the Town Hall, subscribed their names to the declarations of office, and took their seats around the green table. The following gentlemen constitute the Council Board for 1887—there being no changes in the *personnel* since 1887:

Dr. Christoe, Reeve.
J. McArthur, Ward 1.
J. Boland, Ward 2.
W. Sharp, Ward 3.
H. Cairns, Ward 4.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Sharp, McArthur,—That Mr. McArthur and Mr. Boland be Deputy Reeves for 1888.—Carried.

Report of Arbitrators, re Graham vs. Township, read.

McArthur, Boland—That Ronald McPherson be refunded $1, being an overcharge in statute labor for 1887.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the accounts of arbitrators in the matter in dispute between the Twp. of Artemesia and R. Graham, re Valley Road be paid.—Carried.

By-Laws 419, 420 and 421, were introduced, carried through the various stages and passed.

Accounts ordered to be paid:—John Rutherford, printing, $7.30; A. R. Fawcett, printing, &c. $4.15; John Noble fixing Scraper, $1; Ward No. 4, Election expenses, $7.50; C. Treadgold, hauling furnaces and brick to Town Hall, $1; R. J. Sproule, postage, $1.11.

Auditors,—Henry Meldrum and James Brodie.

Board of Health,—Dr. Christoe, W. J. Bellamy, Geo. Buskin, Wm. Ferguson, and Wm. Douglass.

Assessor,—Wm. McLaughry.

Sharp, Cairns—That this Council in view of the County Council at its first session in 1888 establishing High Schools in several parts of the County, do deem it expedient to ask, desire and request the County Council to set apart the Township of Artemesia as a High School District and for High School purposes.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Jan. 13th, 1888.

A conference between a number of republicans was held Wednesday night, at which there was a general discussion of the President's message and of the policy of the party. A member who was present expressed the opinion to your correspondent that they (except probably two or three members) would all act together and follow their leader. Both parties are feeling about them on all sides with great caution, and the individual members are keeping their own council more than usual. Generally the republicans have been able to find out about how Mr. Randall would stand, and could make their calculation accordingly. But he is entirely non-committal now and they can make nothing out of him. If the tariff debate is got up in the House early the democrats will get their opponents at a greater disadvantage than they would if they were given more time, and therefore it is the purpose of the ways and means committee to get ready for the fight as soon as possible. Their chances for getting a bill through depend much upon promptness.

The reason the resolution referring the President's message to the ways and means committee passed through the House yesterday without provoking the expected discussion of the message, was that the republicans were not prepared to enter into such a discussion.

It is believed by the leaders that they will be able before long to agree upon a line of policy which will enable them to meet the democrats with almost an unbroken front. As yet, however, they have accomplished no such agreement.

A bill introduced in the House this week by Representative Bliss, of New York, to dispose of the surplus in the Treasury of the United States and to prevent the accumulation thereof, provides that whenever and as often as there shall be an accumulation in the Treasury of the United States a sum exceeding the sum of $10,000,000 over the sum necessary to pay the regular and contingent expenses of the Government, the Secretary of the Treasury shall immediately report the fact and the exact amount of the surplus to the President. Within thirty days after the receipt of the report the President shall cause the Secretary of the Treasury to advertise in two or more newspapers in each city of the United States containing a population of over 200,000 inhabitants for the purchase of bonds of the United States to the full amount of the then existing and declared surplus; said advertisements to be made for the space of thirty days; said advertisements shall set forth the number and character of bonds required to be purchased, and shall invite sealed proposals for the purchase of said bonds under such ordinary regulations as the President may direct. Within ten days from the close of the thirty-day advertisement for proposals the Secretary of the Treasury and Controller of the Currency and Treasurer of the United States shall proceed to open and declare publicly all the bids received, with the names of the bidders, the amount of bonds offered and price, and they shall then adjudicate the purchase to the person or persons who have offered bonds at the lowest rate; provided, however, that the President of the United States shall have a right to reject proposals, if in his opinion their acceptance will be disadvantageous to the Government.

It is understood that there will be a strong effort made in the House to dispense with the rule which sets aside Friday evening sessions for private pension bills. At these night sessions but few members are present, and the bills passed do not by any means, receive the consideration of a quorum of the House. The result of this inconsiderate passage of bills by a few members was what led to the veto of so many private pension bills by President. There will probably be members who will attend these sessions and insist upon the presence of a quorum. In that event it would most likely be as it was in the latter part of last session, and no bills would be passed. It is thought by many to be better that these bills should take their chances with all the rest in the House.

The deficiency appropriation bill reported to the House Wednesday, is one made necessary by the failure of the deficiency bill of last year, making appropriations for deficiencies for 1887, and prior years. Owing to changed conditions the present bill omits or alters, in their terms, a number of items in last year's bill. The appropriation for printing silver certificates, and $1 and $2 notes is increased from $27,000 to $49,800, to meet the expenditure during the remainder of the fiscal year. The bill appropriates in all the sum of $2,952,303, while the last bill, as agreed upon in conference, carried a total appropriation of $4,275,023—L.

Notes.

Editor Advance: When a man holds a note against a person, is he bound to let the debtor know where it is? If not, how is the maker to know where to find the note? ENQUIRER.

[ANS.—The holder of the note should give the maker of it a week's notice, unless the latter made the note payable to the holder.—ED.]

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood,** a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple

That insidious disease, **Scrofula,** is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills,** in connection with the **Vigor,** may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Photos,
Photos,
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We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

From Day to Day.

Only from day to day
We hold our way,
Uncertain ever,
Though hope and gay desire
Touch with their fire
Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day
We grope our way
Through hurrying hours;
But still our castles fair
Lift to the air
Their glistening towers.

And still from day to day
Along the way
Beckon us ever,
To follow, follow, follow,
O'er hill and hollow,
With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay,
The bugles play
And trumpets sound
From out those glistening towers,
And rainbow showers
Bedew the ground;

Then "sweet, oh, sweet the way,"
We smiling say,
And forward press
With swift, impatient feet
And hearts that beat
With eagerness

Yet still beyond, the gay
Sweet bugles play,
The trumpets blow,
How'e'er we flying haste,
Or lagging waste,
The hours that go;

Still far and far away,
Till comes the day
We gain that peak
In Darien; then, blind
No more, we find,
Perchance, what we do seek.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER I.

"What station was that, Shirley?"

"That was Amiens, dear; we are quite half way there now."

"Half way to Boulogne, perhaps, but our journey will not end there."

"I am afraid you are very tired, darling," the girl said, in a pitiful tender voice; and the invalid answered wearily—

"Yes, very tired—very, very tired."

They were the only occupants of a first-class railway compartment in the tidal train from Paris to Boulogne on a gray October afternoon in the year of grace 187—, and both were weary and sad. There was something besides fatigue and sadness on the elder woman's face, as she lay back half resting on her daughter's strong young arm, half upon the cushions which had been piled one upon another to give her support.

It was not pleasant weather for traveling; the sky was gray and forbidding, and a chill wind blew against the carriage windows, bringing with it occasionally a swift sharp shower of rain, which made Mrs. Ross shiver. Shirley drew her mother's wraps more closely around her, and pulled the blind over the window to keep out the draught, while the tender pity on her young face deepened as she watched the invalid resting with closed eyes and faintly drawn breath upon the cushions.

Such a lovely face it was! Years of sorrow and privation and months of suffering had not been able to rob it of its beauty; it was beautiful, and would be beautiful to the last. Delicately regular features, large lustrous eyes, and soft dark hair without a silver thread among its glossy braids, made up a *tout ensemble* of rare loveliness, even beside the fair young face near her. Mrs. Ross was still in the prime of her womanhood—she wanted yet three years of forty; but she was dying, and she knew it well—ay, and Shirley, although she tried to blind herself, knew it also—dying, and at a period when to many life is at its best and brightest, when the stormy troubles of youth are over, and calm settled sunshine has succeeded—at a time of life when many a happy mother sees her children growing up around her, able to appreciate her care and love, and to repay them by their own—when many years of health and happiness may be anticipated—dying, yes, and glad—oh, so glad to lay down the burden of life!

The gray October day wore on—the clock at the last station they had passed had pointed to the half hour after two. Mrs. Ross raised herself slightly, and opened her heavy eyes.

"Has it grown much colder, Shirley," she said, in her low faint tones, "or is it my imagination?"

"It always seems to grow colder traveling, I think, dear," answered Shirley, in her brave cheerful voice, although the question struck her painfully, "especially as one gets nearer the sea. Let me get the plaid, darling, and wrap it round you."

"But I am like a mummy already, little daughter," said Mrs. Ross, with a faint laugh.

"Never mind; there is no one to see you but me."

As she spoke, the young girl left her mother's side for a moment and moved to the other end of the carriage, where some supplementary rugs and shawls were strapped together. The straps were easy enough to unfasten, but somehow Shirley was a long time over the task, perhaps because her little fingers were so unsteady, and because her eyes were so full of great unshed tears, which she would not let fall. When she returned to her mother, the tears had been resolutely forced back, and there was a brave little smile on the sweet red lips. Mrs. Ross tried to smile also, struggling against the feeling of faintness which was stealing over her, and which made the closed carriage, into which no draught penetrated, seem so chilly. But her daughter's quick eyes saw the increasing pallor of her face, and she bent over her in grievous alarm.

"Mother darling, what is it? You are faint—let me give you something," she said hurriedly; but Mrs. Ross' gentle hand detained her.

"It is nothing," she returned faintly. "I am a little tired, a little faint. Don't be frightened, Shirley. See—I am better now."

She strove to smile into the loving anxious face; but the beautiful eyes were dim, and the faintness seemed to shut out the lovely startled face bending over her so tenderly, as she lay back almost breathless against the cushions.

With swift deft hands and the self-possession of an experienced nurse, Shirley applied restoratives, and presently Mrs. Ross was able to open her eyes and thank her smilingly; she was better—she was much better. And then Shirley sat down once more beside her, supporting her in her arms and resting the weary head upon her shoulder; and the train sped on through the chill gray October day, drawing nearer the sea momentarily, the sea which lay between them and England.

Mrs. Ross remained with closed eyes, her face resting against Shirley's shoulder, and looking deathly pale in the gray light against the dark brown sealskin of her daughter's coat; but her breathing was more even, and Shirley hoped that she slept.

It would have been a touching and pathetic sight to any one who could have seen it—the girl, frail and pale herself, with no color in her sweet face, save in the vivid red of her lips, bending with such tender protection and fostering love over the frail pale mother, who needed all her care and love, and who was totally unfit for the journey she had undertaken. Would she ever reach her destination? Would the spirit, which was so brave and high, support the weak body until she had performed the task she had appointed for herself? Looking down at the still face, with eyes sharpened by love and pain, Shirley thought that it was very likely, terribly likely, that her mother would not live to reach Scotland, that she would die before her eyes rested once more upon her native land.

They had left Paris at midday, having rested there for one week, which had seemed like months to the impatient woman, who felt that her days were numbered, and who wanted to leave her child in safety ere she passed away. The kindly old French physician, who had at length consented to their undertaking the journey, had only done so because he saw that the fever of unrest which burned in Mrs. Ross' veins was consuming what little strength she had, and his science told him that, even if the journey accelerated her end, it would only hasten what must be rapid and certain, no matter what care, or repose, or skill could do.

Very sad were Shirley's thoughts, as she sat holding her mother in her arms, and the train sped on through the grey uninteresting country; very heavy was the young heart which beat close to Mrs. Ross' pale cheek as it lay on her daughter's breast. Shirley had tasted the cup of sorrow many a time during her short life: but now it seemed to her as if she were draining it to the dregs. But, although her mother's death would leave her lonely and forlorn, would leave her and her brother dependent on the charity of their relatives, whom she had never seen, and who had treated them with but scant kindness hitherto, Shirley was too unselfish to wish to keep her. She knew that she longed, with a great unspeakable longing, to be at rest, and that she was weary—oh, so weary!—of her life. For Marian Ross had known suffering such as falls to the lot of few.

As she sat watching her mother's face with loving pitiful eyes, Shirley Ross was thinking that she could never remember it without the look of suffering and resignation which it wore now. Even during her father's life-time—although husband and wife had loved each other with a great love when the beautiful face had brightened visibly when he entered the room suddenly, in repose it had always been grave and sorrowful; there had been no frequent smile on the sweet lips, no brightness in the lustrous eyes, no gay music in the low sweet voice. It seemed to Shirley that her mother could never have been happy, even when she loved her husband and lived in perfect harmony with him.

And yet what could have been the cause of her sorrow? Looking back into the time which preceded her father's death, Shirley could think of nothing to bring that troubled look to the beautiful eyes, that droop to the sweet lips.

They had loved each other—ah, how deeply and truly! Never in the ideal of books could husband and wife have been dearer to each other than these two; but the shadow had always been there, and Shirley even in her childhood had felt it, dim and impalpable.

It was not want of means. Roland Ross had been an artist, and he had earned more than sufficient money to support them in their simple unpretentious mode of living. They had had every comfort, every luxury even, in the old foreign towns in which they had lived, and the life had been a pleasant and picturesque one. Shirley and her brother had had first-rate professors and every educational advantage, and they had never been denied any reasonable enjoyment; but, although they had had many foreign friends in their wanderings, they had never settled in any place where there had been many English residents. They had seemed to avoid their own country-people—and Shirley was not sorry; for, if English people at home were like English people abroad, she could very well dispense with any further knowledge of them. As a rule, such specimens of her country-people as Shirley saw at hotels and railway-stations were noisy, ill-bred, and badly dressed; and this girl, English though she was, had never passed an hour on English soil during all her seventeen years of life.

Three years before she had lost her father; and then Mrs Ross had obtained, through the interest of her brother, Sir Gilbert Fairholme, a situation for her son, who was two years his sister's senior, in the counting-house of a wealthy English merchant; and there Jack Ross had spent two long years, seeing his mother and sister only during the fortnight's holiday which he was allowed, and which he spent with them at the little German town where Mrs. Ross had settled for economy's sake, for her own income was but small, and it would die with her.

Thus it happened that, though Shirley was going home to England, it was a strange land to her—although she was far too absorded in her care of her mother now to give that a thought; besides, Jack was to meet them at Charing Cross, and it would be so good to see him again—dear Jack, with his sunshiny blue eyes and curly yellow locks, who had always a jest and a merry word ready! Shirley thought that the sight of him would be the best cordial her mother could have; she loved Jack so dearly, she was so fond of her "dear boy."

Paler and paler grew the beautiful still face, darker and darker the shadows under the long-lashed eyes, heavier and heavier the weight on Shirley's shoulder. Once or twice the invalid moved slightly, but she did not speak; and for a time Shirley hoped that she was sleeping; then, as the train sped on, the white lids were slowly lifted, and her dark eyes—lovely eyes still, and the counterpart of Shirley's—went straight to her daughter's face, with a look of unutterable anguish and pity in their depths.

"You have been asleep, dear?" said Shirley tenderly.

"No," came from the faint pale lips. "But I have been thinking, Shirley."

"Pleasant thoughts of home and Jack, I hope, darling?" Shirley said tremulously, for she had read the look in the beautiful eyes, and guessed its meaning.

"Oh, Jack, Shirley—I cannot die until I have seen Jack," she said, with sudden eagerness, as she raised her head from the girl's shoulder. "Heaven would not be so cruel; I must see Jack."

"Of course, mother darling! Don't you remember? Jack is to meet us at Charing Cross when we arrive."

"Yes—I have not forgotten; but, Shirley, I am so cold and faint and tired," said the invalid wearily, as she sunk back upon the cushions, gasping for breath; and Shirley hastened to pour out some of the restorative which the doctor in Paris had given her, and held it to the pale parched lips, watching anxiously for a shade of color, which stole into them as the restorative took effect.

"It was cruel to let you come with me alone," Mrs. Ross sighed faintly. "Poor little girl, what a terrible journey for you!"

"Don't, mother darling!" the girl said pitifully. "You feel tired and languid now, because you have been traveling; but when you have had a rest you will feel better and more cheerful."

"Do you think it is merely the fatigue of travelling, Shirley?" was the feeble answer, given with a sorrowful smile, which went to her daughter's heart. "I hope it is; because I have so many things to tell you, dear, before I go."

"You will tell me when we are in Scotland, mother?" Shirley said cheerfully, choking back a sob which rose in her throat.

"When we are in Scotland! I wonder if I shall ever see Scotland again?" the elder woman said faintly. "My ain countrie! How I loved it! How I love it even now, although it was so cruel to me—so cruel!" she repeated drearily, with a terrible anguish in her dark eyes.

"Is it wise for you to talk, dear?" Shirley, whispered fondly, bending down to the sweet pale face.

"I think it is," answered her mother, smiling. "It prevents thought, and it does not tire me much. Your uncle's letters are quite safe, Shirley"

"Quite safe, dear."

"And you will take great care of them, Shirley? I think he will be good to you, my child."

"He writes very kindly, mother," Shirley faltered; "and Aunt Geraldine, he says, sends her love. Did you know her, mother?"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Ross answered, the pain deepening about her lips and in her dark eyes; "I knew her a little, years ago, before she was married."

"Is she nice, mother?"

"She was very beautiful then, Shirley," said her mother wistfully, with a far-away look in her eyes and a quiver of the lips—"very beautiful."

"Were you married first, mother, or Uncle Gilbert?" Shirley asked innocently, encouraging her mother's wish to talk and unconscious of the pain her questions might give.

"I—I was married first," her mother answered.

"Then Cousin Gracie is about my age, *madre*?" Shirley asked.

"No, your cousin is a year older than Jack," said Mrs. Ross steadily; but the effort to speak without showing her daughter the emotion it caused her made her slight frame tremble: and Shirley took alarm

"You are cold still, darling," she said tenderly drawing her wraps round her, when her hand came in contact with her mother's, and she felt the burning heat of the slender attenuated fingers. "Indeed you must not talk, mother," she added hurriedly. "Let me make you more comfortable."

"I am quite comfortable, Shirley, and resting nicely. What a careful little nurse you are!"

"But, if you were to lie down, mother, and place your head here upon my lap, you would be more at rest. There—is not that better?"

"It is very nice, dear," the invalid answered gratefully, guessing that Shirley had suggested the change of posture so that her own face might be hidden.

For a short distance they went on thus; Shirley's hazel eyes, blinded with tears, looked steadily out of the window, seeing nothing of the country through which she was passing, only picturing to herself the pale still face at which she dared not look, while her mother lay with closed eyes thinking of the past and wondering dimly if life, which had been so cruel to her, especially the fair young daughter who possessed, even as she had possessed, the "fatal dower of beauty."

Presently Shirley was aroused by a quick gasping sob from her mother.

"Lift me up, lift me up!" she said faintly. "I cannot breathe."

Shirley obeyed instantly. Startled as she was at the terrible change which had passed over her mother, she did not lose her presence of mind. She dropped the window to let the chill wind blow upon the pale pinched face, and forced some of the cordial through the white lips. For a moment she thought that this must be death, and became ill and faint herself at the thought of her mother's condition and the impossibility of obtaining assistance; but in a few minutes the death-like pallor vanished, and the invalid's breathing became more regular.

"It is nothing," she said feebly, and tried to smile into the startled anxious face bending over her. "I am better, Shirley."

Trembling now in every limb, and almost entirely unnerved, Shirley sunk upon her knees by her mother's side, half supporting her; and Mrs. Ross put both her feeble arms around the girl's head and drew it close to her breast.

"Mother—oh, mother!" Shirley said, trying to stifle the great choking sobs which rose in her throat; and Mrs. Ross drew her closer and rested her own wan cheek on the girl's soft chestnut hair.

"Shirley—my darling!" her mother whispered tenderly. "No—do not move, childie. Let me hold your head upon my breast a little while. It does not tire me. It makes me think of the day when you were a happy little baby, with big eyes and such rings of curly hair, Shirley!"

"Yes, dear," the girl said firmly enough, although even her lips whitened in the effort to retain her calmness.

"Can you be very brave, dear, and let me tell you now what I have to tell?"

"But, mother, it will tire you!" the girl opposed. "And you need all your strength now. Let us wait."

"Dear, I dare not wait," Mrs. Ross said tremulously. "There may not be time."

"Mother"—there was no mistaking the heart-broken anguish in the girl's voice—"mother, not now—I can not bear it—not now. We will rest at Boulogne."

"No—I must go on. Shirley, I insist"—and in her eagerness the dying woman lifted herself up and stood resting her hand upon her daughter's shoulder—"I insist on going on. You hear me? I will not stay—I will not rest anywhere until I reach London. Shirley, you promise?" she added, as she sunk back again exhausted.

"Yes, yes, mother, I promise," the girl said earnestly; and once more she drew her mother's head upon her shoulder and supported her tenderly in her arms.

The train sped on. The gray October twilight would soon spread over the face of the earth; in the stations through which they passed lights were beginning to glimmer, while the trees on the road side now stood up grim and ghost-like. There was a lamp in the carriage, and Shirley closed the blinds to shut out the gloomy landscape, which looked so dreary under the falling rain and lowering sky.

"We shall soon be there now, mother," Shirley said cheerfully. "It seems absurd to say so, shut up in this carriage, but I think I can smell the sea already."

"Do you, dear?" her mother said with a faint smile, remembering how often she had fancied that she could smell the heather and wild thyme of the Scotch moors when the sea and land lay between her and them.

"It is wet, but there is not much wind," Shirley continued. "We shall not have it rough, dear."

"I dare say not, Shirley. Darling"—and Mrs. Ross' eyes went wistfully to her daughter's face—"will you listen now?" I feel much stronger. Let me tell you what I have to tell."

"There is not time for anything now," Shirley said cheerfully. "These lights mean Boulogne station, dear. We stop here for a few minutes, you know, to set down any travellers for Boulogne; then this nice good-natured train takes us right down to the boat. Do you really feel stronger, mother?"

"Really, Shirley. The sea air, you know!" Mrs. Ross replied, smiling a little. "Will you collect the wraps, dear? And don't you think you had better give me a dose of that nice mixture of Doctor Lejeune's before we get out?"

The train glided into the Boulogne station and set down some of its passengers there. There were a cheerful sound of voices, a bright glimmer of lights, and quick footsteps hurrying by; then the train left the station again, and went slowly along the quay to the boat, the masts of the ships in the docks and harbor rising grim and ghostlike in the gray autumnal twilight, the lights glimmering feebly through a haze of fog and mist.

(To be continued.)

Imaginary Ills.

Physicians are just now having a crush of patients who have, or think they have, throat troubles and are afraid of cancer. The trouble of Germany's Crown Prince has started up a regular cancer scare, and physicians are profiting thereby. Some years ago, just after the death of Charley Backus, Ricardo, and Floyd, all from kidney troubles, there was a similar scare among theatrical people about kidney diseases. They went to the doctors in flocks, many of them possessed with the idea that they too had kidney troubles. A singular fact in the experience of one physician was that of the scores of actors who visited him none of those who were sure they were afflicted had any trouble. Three actors there were, however, who submitted to the customary examination in a spirit of fun. Every one of them had the trouble they hadn't expected to find, and two of them have since died of Bright's disease. The physician in question does not know what became of the third.—*N. Y. Times.*

An Artist's Dilemma.

Henry Sharstein, the artist employed to make the life-size emblematic figures over the boxes in the new Music Hall at Buffalo, N.Y., has been surrounded by grave difficulties since he began the work. He wished to make designs for certain nude figures and advertised for female models. Modest Buffalo did not seem to comprehend his requirements. Various women answered his advertisement, but when they finally comprehended the full duty of an artist's model they were shocked and angered. The unlucky Sharstein was nearly thrashed by the elder brother of a young woman who wished to be a model only so far as her face was concerned. A maiden lady of an uncertain age went into hysterics when she realized what was required of her. One enraged mother threatened to have Sharstein arrested for insulting her daughter. Finally the perplexed artist was obliged to send to New York city for models.

A Great Lodge Man.

First Dame—Mrs. Crossly, my husband tells me that Mr. Crossly is very popular among the society gentlemen.

Second Dame—Yes, he is. If I do say it, my husband is a great lodge man.

"Indeed.'

"Oh, yes, he goes downtown to lodge about 7 o'clock every night and comes home to lodge about the same time every morning."

It is said that early in the war a woman from Virginia appealed to Mr. Lincoln to return her slaves to her on the ground that she was a Christian and had always treated them with great kindness, and that he replied: "I have a poor idea of religion that gets one's bread out of the sweat of another man's brow."

FUNNY BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.

A Bachelor, Aged 74, Sued by a Maiden Schoolmarm of 38 for $5,000 Damages.

Miss Sarah H. Chellis, 38 years of age, and a teacher in one of the public schools of Watertown, New York, has sued John B. Chapman, aged 74, for $5,000 damages, alleged to have been sustained by reason of his refusal to make her his bride. Miss Chellis is a rather prepossessing lady and quite prominent in social circles. She alleges that her aged lover agreed to marry her in June, 1886. Afterward it was arranged between them that the affair be postponed until Sept. 15th. From that date it was again set down for the 22nd day of the same month. Then she learned that he had taken it upon himself to break off the match entirely. So she sued him. Mr. Chapman is a bachelor, and lives with a maiden sister, on a farm in the town of Rodman, 12 miles from the abode of Miss Cnellis. He has got lots of land and plenty of money, yet he has the reputation of being the most parsimonious individual in his town. He is afflicted with rheumatism, bowed with age, and his dress on most occasions would stamp him as an inmate of the county house. Altogether, he is one of the most unattractive and ungainly lovers that Cupid has ever tackled. The people of Watertown are quite familiar with the face and figure of Mr. Chapman. His custom in years past has been to come to town in summer barefooted and ragged. When the cold blasts of winter swept down from the Adirondacks he did not surprise those who knew him because he put in an appearance without an overcoat, and wearing a straw hat. While courting Miss Chellis he thought a new suit of clothes was necessary to help along his little affair of the heart, so he bought or hired them. As the new outfit was only for the eyes of the lady in question, very few people saw him well-dressed. His custom was to come to town in his old and tattered clothing, which he exchanged for the new only long enough to pay his respects to his lady love; so Miss Chellis saw him in one garb and the people saw him in another. These are only a few peculiarities of the aged wooer. In his answer to the complaint of Miss Chellis, Mr. Chapman denies the promise to marry, and says he is afflicted with rheumatism, disease of the kidneys, has fits, falls down unconscious, remaining so several minutes at a time. In spite of all these alarming symptoms it is believed that the defendant will be on hand and make a vigorous defence when the case comes to trial at the March term of the Supreme Court.

The Queen's Message to the Pope.

The following is the address of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the Queen's Special Mission to the Pope, His Holiness' reply to which has been published:

"Holy Father,—Her Majesty the Queen, my Most Gracious Sovereign, having been pleased to select me as Her Majesty's special Envoy to express to your Holiness, in a public and formal manner, her sense of the courtesy shown by the mission of Monsignor Ruffo Scilla to convey your Holiness' congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign, I have the honor to present to your Holiness Her Majesty's letter accrediting me for that purpose. Her Majesty has commanded me to say that, in confiding to me this high mission, she has been moved not only by a desire to acknowledge this proof of your Holiness's good-will towards her, but also to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom which you have displayed in your high position. The temperate sagacity with which your Holiness has corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might otherwise have arisen inspires Her Majesty with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your beneficent action may be long continued. In conclusion, I beg leave to be permitted to express to your Holiness how very sensible I am of the honor which has been conferred upon me by my gracious Sovereign in selecting me for this high mission and in making me the interpreter of Her Majesty's sentiments on this occasion."

How Modesty is Produced.

At a ball the following conversation between mother and daughter was overheard:

Mother—Just look at Miss Smithers, Caroline,

Daughter—I see her.

"Just see how modest she manages to look. Why don't you look that way?"

"How simple you are, mother! Her modest look is owing to her long eye-lashes. That's the secret of it. You can't look demure when you have got short eye-lashes. I've tried it too often not to know."

A Georgia Society Item.

We learn, in a semi-reliable way, that Miss Katie Lee, formerly of this place, was married in Monticello last Sunday to a Mr. Ezell. Whether Miss Katie was married or not she is a beautiful young lady of rare accomplishments and would make a charming companion. We wish Miss Katie, or Mrs. Ezell, as the facts may warrant, a merry Christmas and many, many happy New Years.—*Canton Advance.*

Excess of Politeness.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeavored to dissect the turkey, "if you aren't the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's old as Methuselah." "Possibly," said Fogg, unabashed, "but my dear, it is a female bird and courtesy to the sex prevented me from inquiring about her age."—*Manchester Union.*

Girlish Arithmetic.

Laura—So you are really engaged to him, dear? He is 40, you say, and you are 20—just twice as old as you, love. Dear me, when you are 40 he will be 80!

Clara—Good gracious! I hadn't thought of that.

Expert Testimony.

"Do you think the night air is unhealthy?" asked Mrs. Cumso of her husband.

"People who have been on a night tear tell me it is," was the reply.—*New York Sun.*

Miss Skeen—"Where did you graduate from, Mr. Gill?" Mr. Gill—"From the School of Pharmacy." Miss Skeen (with surprise)—"Is it possible? What a strange choice for a young man brought up in the city! But, if I remember rightly, your grandfather was a farmer, too."

Her Life.

A little corner with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth so pearly white,
A little rubber ring to bite.

A little plate all lettered round,
A little rattle to resound;
A little creeping—see, she stands!
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair,
A little willow rocking-chair,
A little dress of richest hue,
A little pair of gaiters blue.

A little school day after day,
A little "school ma'am" to obey,
A little study—soon 'tis past,
A little graduate at last.

A little muff for wintry weather,
A little jockey-hat and feather,
A little sac with funny pockets,
A little chain, a ring and lockets.

A little while to dance and bow,
A little escort homeward now,
A little party somewhat late,
A little lingering at the gate.

A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while shines the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little planning with mamma.

A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on the lawn,
A little kiss—my girl is gone!

A CHICAGO CYNIC.

The Gush which Greets the Giddy Debutante.

This is about the time of the year when debutantes make their appearance in Washington society and ensnare the affections of the young men who write for the western papers. One of the buds is described this way in a morning journal today: "A trifle over medium height, she has a slender, willowy form, and her cheeks are full of the warm, red blood of the western plains. She has beautiful dark-brown eyes and her rich growth of hair hangs down in fluffy waves above a forehead intellectual in its cast. She has a beautiful mouth and her face is full of soul. She thinks 'The Marble Faun' is one of the prettiest things in literature. She likes both Shelley and Longfellow very much," etc. O paragon of female loveliness and intellectuality! Stately girl, with lissome figure! Are your cheeks full of the "warm, red blood of the western plains" because your papa quenches his thirst in that liquid? Or is the blood of the western plains redder or warmer than any other blood? Where did your face acquire the soul it is full of? Is it pleasanter to have one's face full of soul than full of gum? At what foundry was your intellectual forehead cast? Do you really think "The Marble Faun" is "pretty?" And isn't "Paradise Lost" nice? And did you ever read a lovelier poem than the "Odyssey?" No wonder you like Longfellow and Shelley. They so much resemble each other. And how does the "Children of the Abbey" strike you for classical prose? And what do you think of the young genius who gave you the above-mentioned startling send-off, if we may use a term which is popular among your father's constituents in far-away Kansas, who know more about warm-blooded, red-blooded steers, grasshoppers, drug stores and cyclones than they do about Shelley, Longfellow and the "pretty" works of Hawthorne?—*Chicago News.*

Origin of Natural Gas.

A correspondent sends the following notes from which, he explains, a possible explanation of the formation of natural gas might be elaborated:

1st. A temperature of about 960 degrees F. will convert water into oxygen and hydrogen gases.

2nd. The temperature of the earth increases at the rate of one degree F. to every fifty feet downward from the surface.

3rd. At a depth of less than 10 miles the temperature will be sufficiently high to decompose water.

4th. The difference in composition of natural gas (from that of decomposed water) may be accounted for by its coming in contact with a variety of different elements after formation.

This theory is not new but is still held by many, though rejected by some of its old-time adherents. Our correspondent says: "It may be difficult to show that water reaches that depth," and he adds: "Would the pressure of surrounding elements prevent the decomposition of water?" Has any one any explanation to offer?

Sausage a Cure for Dyspepsia.

"Everything I eat in the morning disagrees with me, doctor," remarked a patient a few days ago. "It has come to a point at last when, if I take any solid food before noon, it becomes a source of heavy discomfort." "Have you ever tried any home-made sausage?" "No, why I could never digest that, doctor, it is too greasy." "Well, perhaps so," was my answer, "but, as some really good results have shown up lately, I would like you to try it." And, sure enough, the highly seasoned fatty food was quietly digested, and proved just the required morning meal. It is worth trying in every case of forenoon dyspepsia when ordinary diet fails.—*Dr. Richardson, in American Magazine.*

An $800 Egg.

At Mr. J. C. Stevens auction rooms, in King street, Covent Garden, this week, a large number of ornithologists assembled to witness the sale of an egg of the great auk. Before offering the lot Mr. Stevens remarked that in 1880 two eggs of this bird, both of which had been broken, were sold by him, and that they fetched 100 and 102 guineas respectively. Of the recorded eggs twenty-five were in eighteen museums and forty-one in nineteen private collections—forty-three out of sixty-six being in Great Britain. The first bid of 50 guineas was made by a well-known ornithologist, and this was followed by 60 guineas from Mr. L. Field, to whom the egg was eventually knocked down at 160 guineas.—*London Times.*

Dr. Gross, of Geneva, has lately experimented with himself in hanging. His experiments established that the sensations were only warmth and a burning in the head, without convulsions. Of course, his experiments didn't go very far.

Big Lake, near Osceola, Ark., usually forty miles long and eleven wide, has shrunk, in consequence of a protracted draught, to dimensions of less than two miles, and the water is so shallow that men wade in and kill the fish, which are very numerous, by means of clubs.

THE LITTLE VIDETTE.

In 1859, during the war for the liberation of Lombardy, a few days after the battle of Solferino and San Martino, won by the French and Italians over the Austrians, on a beautiful morning in the month of June, a little band of cavalry of Saluzzo was proceeding at a slow pace along a retired path in the direction of the enemy, and exploring the country attentively. The troop was commanded by an officer and a sergeant, and all were gazing into the distance ahead of them with eyes fixed, silent and prepared at any moment to see the uniforms of the enemies' advance posts gleam white before them through the trees. In this order they arrived at a rustic cabin surrounded by ash trees, in front of which stood a solitary boy, about 12 years old, who was removing the bark from a small branch with a knife, in order to make himself a stick of it. From one window of the little house floated a large tri-colored flag. There was no one inside. The peasant had fled after hanging out the flag, for fear of the Austrians. As soon as the lad saw the cavalry he flung aside his stick and raised the flag. He was a handsome boy, with a bold face and large, blue eyes and long golden hair. He was in his shirt sleeves and his breast was bare.

"What are you doing here?" the officer asked him, reining in his horse. "Why did you not flee with your family?"

"I have no family," said the boy, "I am a foundling. I do a little work for everybody. I remained here to see the war."

"Have you seen any Austrians pass?"

"No, not for these three days."

The officer paused a while and thought. Then he leaped from his horse, and leaving his soldiers there with their faces turned toward their foe, he mounted to the roof. The house was low. From the roof only a small tract of country was visible. "It will be necessary to climb the trees," said the officer, and descended. Just in front of the garden plot rose a very slender and lofty ash tree, which was rocking its crest in the azure. The officer stood a brief space in thought, gazing now at the tree and then at the soldiers. Then suddenly he asked the lad, "Is your sight good, you monkey?"

"Mine?" replied the boy. "I can spy a young sparrow a mile away."

"Are you good for a climb to the top of this tree?"

"To the top of this tree, I? I will be up there in half a minute."

"And will you be able to tell me what you see up there, if there are Austrian soldiers in that direction, clouds of dust, gleaming guns, horses?"

"Certainly I shall."

"What do you demand for this service?"

"What do I demand?" said the lad, smiling. "Nothing. A fine thing that would be, indeed! And then, if it were for the Germans, I would not do it on any terms. But for our men! I am a Lombard!"

"Good! Then up with you!"

"Wait a moment till I take off my shoes."

He pulled off his shoes, tightened the girth of his trousers, flung his cap on the grass and clasped the trunk of the ash.

"Take care now," exclaimed the officer, making a movement to hold him back, as though seized with a sudden terror.

The boy turned to look at him, with his handsome blue eyes, as though interrogating him.

"No matter," said the officer. "Up with you!"

Up went the lad like a cat.

"Keep watch ahead," shouted the officer to the soldiers.

In a few moments the boy was at the top of the tree twined round the trunk, with his legs among the leaves, but his body displayed to view, and the sun beating down on his blonde head, which seemed to be of gold. The officer could hardly see him, so small did he seem up there.

"Look straight ahead and far away," shouted the officer.

The lad, in order to see better, removed his right hand from the tree, and shaded his eyes with it.

"What do you see?" said the officer.

The boy inclined his head toward him, and making a speaking trumpet of his hand, replied, "Two men on horseback on the white road."

"At what distance from here?"

"Half a mile."

"Are they moving?"

"They are standing still."

"What else do you see?" asked the officer, after a momentary silence. "Look to the right."

The boy looked to the right. Then he said, "Near the cemetery, among the trees, there is something glittering. It seems to be bayonets."

"Do you see men?"

"No; they must be concealed in the grain."

At that moment the sharp whizz of a bullet passed high up in the air and died away in the distance behind the house.

"Come down, my lad," shouted the officer; "they have seen you. I do not want anything more. Come down."

"I am not afraid," replied the boy.

"Come down," repeated the officer. "What else do you see to the left?"

"To the left?"

"Yes, to the left."

The lad turned his head to the left. At that moment another whistle, more acute and lower than the first, cut the air. The boy was thoroughly aroused.

"They are actually aiming at me!" he exclaimed. The bullet had passed at a short distance from him.

"Down!" shouted the officer, imperious and irritated.

"I will come down presently, but the tree shelters me. Do not fear. You want o know what there is to the left?"

"Yes, to the left," answered the officer, "but come down."

"To the left," shouted the lad, thrusting his body out in that direction, "yonder, where there is a chapel, I think I see"——

A short, fierce whistle passed through the air; and, almost instantaneously the boy was seen to descend, catchin for a moment at the trunk and branches, and then falling headlong, with arms outspread. The officer ran up. The boy lay stretched upon his back, with arms outspread. A stream of blood flowed from his breast on the left. The sergeant and two soldiers leaped from their horses. The officer bent over and opened his shirt. The ball had entered his left lung. "He is dead!" exclaimed the officer.

"No, he still lives," replied the sergeant.

"Ah, poor boy, brave boy!" cried the officer. "Courage, courage!" But while he was saying "courage" he was pressing his handkerchief on the wound. The boy rolled his eyes and dropped his head back. He was dead. The officer turned pale, and stood for a moment gazing at him. Then he laid him down carefully on his cloak upon the grass, then rose and stood looking at him. The sergeant and two soldiers also stood motionless, gazing upon him. The rest were facing in the direction of the enemy.

"Poor boy," repeated the officer, "poor, brave boy!"

Then he approached the house, removed the tri-color from the window and spread it in guise of a funeral pall over the little dead boy, leaving his face uncovered. The sergeant collected the dead boy's shoes, cap, his little stick and his knife and placed them beside him.

They stood for a few moments longer in silence. Then the officer turned to the sergeant and said to him: "We will send the ambulance for him. He died as a soldier, and soldiers shall bury him." Having said this, he wafted a kiss with his hand to the dead boy and shouted, "To horse!" All sprang into the saddle. The troop drew together and resumed its route. A few hours later the little dead boy received the honors of war.

At sunset the whole line of Italian advance posts marched forward toward the foe. Along the same road which had been traversed in the morning by the detachment of cavalry there proceeded in two files a heavy battalion of sharpshooters, who a few days before had valiantly watered the hill of San Martino with blood. The news of the boy's death had already spread among the soldiers when they left the encampment. The path flanked by a rivulet, ran a few paces distant from the house. When the first officers of the battalion caught sight of the little body stretched at the foot of the ash tree and covered with the tri-colored banner, they made a salute to it with their swords; and one of them bent over the bank of the streamlet, which was covered with flowers at that spot, plucked a couple of blossoms and threw them on it. Then all the sharpshooters, as they passed, plucked flowers and threw them on the body. In a few moments the boy was covered with flowers, and officers and soldiers all saluted him as they passed by: "Bravo, little Lombard!" "Farewell, my lad!" "I salute thee, gold locks!" "Hurrah!" "Glory!" "Farewell!" One officer tossed him his medal for valor, another went and kissed his brow; and flowers continued to rain down on his bare feet, on his blood-stained breast, on his golden head. And there he lay asleep on the grass, enveloped in his flag, with a white and almost smiling face, poor boy, as though he heard these salutes and was glad he had given his life for his Lombardy.—*Cuore.*

Pleasure Is Cheap.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face—say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded mart where the men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an extremely cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

Men's Belongings.

Deerskins are in demand among glove-makers, who find the glove made of this material very popular just now. These skins when made up look like undressed kids, but are extremely soft and pliable.

White vests are growing numerous in full dress evening assemblies of men, and while most of them are plain, many are elaborately embroidered in white. They are cut very wide and low, so as to amount to little else than a frame around the shirt bosom.

Umbrellas are not the most abused of man's belongings, after all. They are not mislaid or lost half as often as goloshes are, if the statements of those who keep public resorts be true. Men leave their rubbers and arctics everywhere that they stay any length of time, in the theatres, hotels, cafes, barber shops, and even the railroad waiting rooms. For every umbrella left in such places many pairs of foot covering are gathered up on every day that it rains.

Late Church Notes.

In the Irish Presbyterian Church the Rev. Dr. Carson, Keady, commenced his jubilee year in September, Rev. Thomas Beare in February, Rev. Alexander Canning in October; Rev. James Budd completed his jubilee in February, and Rev. James White, Carrickfergus, entered his on the last day of December, 1887.

Application was made recently on behalf of Rev. Henry Bartram, vicar of St. George's, Ramsgate, for a license to perform stage plays at a theatre which has been transformed into a parish hall. The exits being good, a provisional license for three months was granted. The vicar has this week commenced his career as a responsible theatrical manager.

Personal.

Jay Gould has left Rome and will go to Palestine on his yacht.

The Princess Metternich, famous in Paris for her magnificent attire, is now astonishing the French capital by her shabby dress.

John Jacob Astor has given his son, the ex-Minister to Italy, a magnificent summer residence at Newport, facing the ocean. The gift is valued at $400,000.

The city of Santa Barbara, Cal., is paving State street with bituminous rock at cost of $160,000.

FLUSH TIMES IN "FRISCO."

When Hack Drivers Made $50 a Day an Theatre Boxes Were $1,200.

Col. Mike Brannigan, the celebrated guide and hackman of El Paso, Tex., is on a visit to this city, Mr. Brannigan said yesterday:

"I have come back to San Francisco for the purpose of seeing some of my old friends of the Argonaut days of 1849, that is, as many of them as are alive. I can tell you some interesting things about early times in this city. I owned and drove the first hack that ever rumbled over the streets of San Francisco. In 1851 I got $50 a night to drive Catherine Hayes, the famous singer, and her mother, between the Razette House and Tom Maguire's Theatre, which was then situated on Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearney. I also got the same sum from several others at the time for the same trip. Those were good old days, and I as well, I suppose, as very many others, would wish to see them back again. I saw $1,200 paid for a box in Maguire's theatre on the opening night of Catherine Hayes' season. A Limerick butcher at Sacramento paid $1,300 for a box when she went to the capital city to sing. Dollars in those days were more plentiful than nickles are now. When the mail steamers would arrive I have seen a gambler give a man an ounce of dust (that is $16) for his place in the long line of anxious people waiting their turn outside the old post office, which was then at the corner of Brenham place and Clay street. Then you would have to pay $12 a dozen for articles to be laundered, and men used to throw soiled underclothing away and buy new articles rather than pay for washing.

"I remember when Lotta Crabtree first appeared in this city. She used to play a banjo and dance jigs at Gilbert's Melodeon at the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, and got $6 a week. I think that was in 1854 or 1855. She went to Virginia City in 1860, and made a hit. Twenty dollar gold pieces were showered on the stage for her benefit. My charges then as a hack-driver were $50 a day and all expenses paid. I would like to see that state of things again, and we would have less complaints about capitalists and the like. Everybody was a capitalist in the old days, and if only a few of the wealthiest exist now I don't know why they ought to be blamed. We all had a chance to become millionaires, and if we did not, it cannot be helped, and there is no use repining.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

The Approaching Anniversary of the Marriage of England's Heir Apparent.

How fast the world does run away with one! It seems as if it were only yesterday that the Prince of Wales brought his charming bride home from Denmark, and yet, on the 10th of March next, they will celebrate their silver wedding—the 25th anniversary of their marriage. It was in the darkest days of our civil war, the 10th of March, 1863, that they married; yet America took pleasant cognizance of it. Tennyson, too, the poet laureate, writing to order and to measure, did grandly—one of the finest productions of his powerful days. The very opening of his greeting ode was a study of rhythm and of beauty

Sea Kings daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

She was lonely then, and is lonely now, though the mother of many children. She is, and deservedly, the most popular of all the royal family, and her silver wedding will meet with warm applause from all English-speaking people.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Lady's Dilemma.

New York Letter

It's all very well to go on discovering new tricks in electricity, and new laws in political economy, and new cures for dyspepsia and things like that, but science has to turn its attention to finding out some new kind of patent which will enable a woman to tell when she has her hat fixed on her hair or her cloak fixed to her figure. It's a good thing women are not absent-minded about dress, or many of them would go home looking like guys. It was in a fashionable restaurant last week. A lady was sitting eating lunch, and the place was full. Suddenly there was a commotion. The waiter came up. The lady was looking under the chair, and the table, and at all the hats and cloaks hanging up. She had lost something.

"Waiter, where is my cloak?"

"Your cloak, madam? I do not know."

"I took my cloak off when I sat down. It has been stolen. I have been robbed."

Everybody was attracted to the scene. Everybody looked up and down, all over the house. No cloak! The lady was in a rage. Suddenly somebody happened to catch hold of something on the back of her dress. It was her cloak, and it was tied around her waist, and hung where she had thrown it off, gracefully on her bustle. There's an awful lot of human nature in very small episodes.

How to Treat Frost Bites.

A doctor in the Kansas City *Star* says: During the past two days I have treated several people for frozen hands and feet. In one or two cases I have found it very difficult to treat them on account of their plunging their frozen members in hot water or holding them in close proximity to a red-hot stove. The best possible way to draw out cold from frozen parts is to plunge them into ice or snow-water containing a liberal supply of saltpetre or common salt, and then submitting them to a rigorous rubbing with a coarse towel or slapping with the hands to restore circulation. In many cases amputation has been found necessary where the patient has foolishly applied hot water.

An Amended Verdict.

In a Kentucky court of justice: Judge—"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

Foreman of the jury—"Gui——"

Prisoner—"Hold on a minute, Judge. I simply want to state that there are fourteen barrels of apple-jack down at my place and a darn big straw-stack, and——"

Foreman—"We find the prisoner not guilty, your honor."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Grand Trunk Railway Company have donated $400 to the Montreal General Hospital.

A BUCKETFUL OF TARANTULAS.

A Fearful Fight Between Two Bull Reptiles Near Pomona.

"Talking about centipedes, tarantulas and all the poisonous bugs and reptiles that infest the southern deserts," said Henry Carmello, of Pomona, at the Grand yesterday, "I never did see so many things of this sort as I did late one evening just east of Pomona, in Los Angeles county, last August. It beats anything I ever read about. Myself and three or four others were coming from Silverton Creek, where we had been fishing. We were passing over the sandy plain, where small vineyards here and there dotted the surface. Suddenly, as we drove along, one of the boys uttered an exclamation of surprise and let his gun go at something. Then he leaped out, and crack went his gun again, as though straight into the ground. Again he shot, and, to our exclamation of surprise—for we could not divine what he was shooting at—said:

"'Why, there! Don't you see! Tarantulas?'

"And, sure enough, there they were, thick and fast upon the ground, crawling hither and thither, as though an army of them were loose, and devastating the country. Now, this sounds to you like a fish story, but it is true. That section was just swarming with these poisonous reptiles. Every one of us began firing. We shot and shot, and must have killed scores of them. Then, by deftly using some sticks we had, we got about sixty of them into a bucket. Fight? You ought to have seen them. At first they wouldn't fight. We put two or three of them together and tried to egg them on. No go. They seemed slow about beginning to use the poison on each other. Then we put in some more and began stirring them up with a stick. You ought to have seen them launch into each other. The more we put in the more they fought until when we had put in the three score I have told you about, and had the bucket half full, we had just a writhing mass of poison. Sting and fight! My land, how they did do it, though. They kept it up for quite a long time, until we got tired of watching them. The little ones died the soonest, and sunk to the bottom amidst a mass of blood, while the old and big ones stayed on top.

"At length two old bull tarantulas held the field. All else had sunk down. These were two veritable Napoleons. Fight? You ought to have seen the blood fly now. Such awful and vindictive thrusts, and such merciless belligerents I shall never see again if I live a thousand years. The battle lasted about five minutes more, and then they went down together. Which was the stronger, more enduring or gamier it would be hard to say. When they got through we just had a bucketful of dead spiders. That was all.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Chronological Curios.

Paisley handkerchiefs were first made in 1743.

The first public school for the blind was established at Paris, by Valentine Haug, in 1784.

The first sea fight on record was that between the Corinthians and the inhabitants of Corcyra, 664 B. C.

Before the middle of the seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

Deeds in England were formerly written in Latin or French; the earliest known instance in English is the indenture between the Abbot of Whitby and Robert Bustard, dated at York in 1343.

What is known in English history as the "short-lived" administration, was the ministry which William Poultenay, Earl of Bath, undertook to form Feb. 10th, 1746, and whose term of office closed in two days.

England obtained formal possession of Gibraltar by the treaty of Utrecht, April 11th, 1713. The great fortress had been taken from the Spaniards by the English nine years before, and held in spite of repeated attempts at recapture.

An Educated Cat.

Said Mr. Bowditch, the druggist, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "I've got some knowing cats. A fellow was giving me some pretty stiff talk about a trained dog of his, so I told him I had a cat that could tell the different denominations of money. He didn't believe it, so I took a dollar bill and a five dollar bill, and unbeknown to him scented the five with catnip. I then laid them on the floor and said to the cat: 'Now, Tom, take your choice, but you are a fool if you don't take the five.' That cat jumped down and smelled the bills, and finally with his paw poked out to one side the one with the catnip on it. Well, sir, that fellow hasn't recovered yet from the surprise that cat's sagacity gave him."—*Augusta Me. Journal.*

Worse than Volapuk.

The eyes were made to read from right to left. Try it and see how much more easy it is. It is natural, and the mode of writing and reading should be changed back to the ancient practice that conforms to nature.—*Oakland Tribune.*

At the Zoo.

The keeper gave the lion a large piece of meat. Poet—Does he get that often? Keeper—He gets it regularly twice a day. Poet (with clasped hands)—What a boon it would be if I could only get a position as lion here.

Answered from Experience.

"Papa," said little Johnny McSwilligen, "when is a person in his dotage?"

"A man is in his dote age, Johnny, when he is going with his first girl," replied McSwilligen.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Holiday Tragedy.

The song that the snowbirds sing just at present is:

A little boy, a pair of skates,
A hole in the ice and golden gates.
Pittsburg Commercial.

Among the men who promised to turn over a new leaf on New Year's Day was "Black Bart," the hero of more than a score of stage robberies on the Pacific coast. His term of imprisonment at San Quentin, Cal., expired on Sunday. In spite of "Bart's" promises, California stage drivers will not be surprised to hear his familiar voice again.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block, Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON
V. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as hereto fore

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE.
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rate.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,
FLESHERTON ONT.

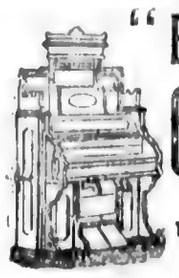
"BELL" ORGANS
Unapproached for Tone and Quality.
CATALOGUES FREE.
BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

THE ADVANCE and Toronto Daily *World* one year for $2.50.

THE ADVANCE and Weekly *Empire* one year for $1.65.

THE ADVANCE and Hamilton Weekly *Spectator* one year for $1.65.

THE ADVANCE and *Methodist Observer* one year for $1.50.

Somebody left a load of wood at the ADVANCE office and forgot to leave his name and address, so that we do not know whom to credit. Always call at the office when you bring wood and get a receipt, when the proper credit cannot fail to be given.

We sell more watches in two weeks than the would be honest and reliable dealer did in three months which makes him feel very bad, and we still have any amount of Watches left yet at 20% less than elsewhere in this section of Grey at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

The following names were omitted from the list of successful pupils published in last week's ADVANCE, through some mistake of the Examiner's:—Lizzie Mason, 380 marks, S.S. 11, Artemesia, Miss Ford, Teacher; Lizzie Martin, 379 marks, S.S. 12, Artemesia, Mr. Kerr, Teacher.

The celebrated Emerald Duett, Royal Templars of Temperance, Revival Band, will commence a series of Christian Temperance Revival Meetings in the Methodist church, Flesherton, Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock, and in the Presbyterian church on Friday evening at the same hour. Further announcements will be made of future meetings.

B.B.B. Everybody says he is more deserving of the title than the patent medicine quack nostrum vendors who have appropriated it. We mean Booth the Boss Barber, of Flesherton, of course. He is no quack as he gives full value for your money every time. Shop next to Clayton's shoe store.

A motion was passed at last meeting of our Township Council, requesting the County Council to set apart Artemesia for High School purposes. This is a move in the right direction, for which our Fathers deserve credit. Some day we will have a flourishing High School in our midst, when we will appreciate their considerate action at its true value.

Mr. S. D. Gaudin, who has for some years most acceptably filled the position as principal of Kimberly Public School, is attending High School at Listowell. Mr. Gaudin purposes entering the Methodist ministry. He is a pious son of pious parents, and, intellectually, is one of the brightest of the many bright and promising young men, who have commenced careers of usefulness in the county of Grey. We wish him God-speed.

Those who have promised, or who intend to bring wood to this office in exchange for THE ADVANCE, will please do so now, while the good sleighing lasts. Remember we accept one cord of first-class green or dry wood—green wood preferred—solidly and honestly piled, for THE ADVANCE for one year. Dozy or partially rotten wood will only be received by us at the rate of 75 cents per cord. We are giving more than market price, and must insist on *good* quality and *honest* measurement.

At the open meeting of the Inistioge Division, Sons of Temperance held there on the 6th of January, the following officers were publicly installed:

J. F. Hutchinson, W.P.
N. Duncan, W.A.
C. Atcheson, R.S.
C. Russell, A. R.S.
W. Hutchinson, F.S.
W. Reddie, Treas.
H. Gardiner, Chap.
S. Atcheson, Con.
R. " A. "
Geo. Johnson, I.S.
Geo. Bannon, O.S.

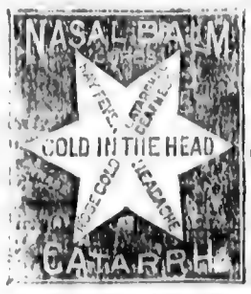

POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH.
GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.
EASY TO USE.
Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price [illegible] and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address
[illegible]LFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

The officers of Flesherton Lodge No. 142, A.O.U.W., were installed at the last regular meeting of that lodge, by Deputy Grand Master Workman, S. Damude, Esq. The Lodge is in excellent working order, growing steadily in membership, with the following staff of officers, duly elected and installed, for the year 1888:

Wm. Irwin, *Master Workman.*
C. W. Bellamy, *Foreman.*
Jas. McMullen, *Overseer.*
W. J. Bellamy, *Recorder.*
S. Damude (D.G.M.W.) *Financier.*
John Whitten, *Receiver.*
W. P. Crossley, *Guide.*
J. W. Large, *Inside Watchman.*
A. R. Fawcett, *Outside Watchman.*
J. W. Bates, Esq., *Past Master Workman* was duly elected at a previous meeting *Representative to the Grand Lodge.*

Little Mills.

Many readers of THE ADVANCE are possibly not aware of the fact that the far-famed "Little Mill"—near Flesherton—has passed into the hands of P. Loucks, but such is the case. Further, Mr. Loucks has greatly improved the milling facilities and now turns out the most beautiful Flour. Graham Flour is one of his specialities. Chopping done every day. Farmers come in from all directions and are loud in their praises of the splendid work done in every department. Mr. Loucks is a first-class miller, and courteous and fair in his treatment of customers. Give him a trial and you will be convinced. Remember place: LITTLE MILL, or sometimes called "*Speeton Mill.*"

A Hotel Owner's Illicit Still Seized

Owen Sound, Jan 16.—On Saturday afternoon W. J. Graham, collector of Inland Revenue, at this port, made a raid on an illicit distillery in the township of Amabel, county of Bruce, run by a man named Thomas Martin. He arrested Martin and seized his still, two fermenting tubs and a quantity of molasses. Martin was tried at Allenford before Justices James Allen and John Devard today, and was fined $100 and sentenced to one month in Walkerton jail. Martin hails from the county of Waterloo, where he owns considerable hotel property, and appears to have conceived the idea of getting whiskey at first cost and evading the duty.

An Elgin Centenarian's Death.

ST. THOMAS, Jan. 16.—Ewen Cameron, the oldest resident in Elgin county, died on Sunday. Deceased was born in Scotland in 1787 and is consequently 101 years old. He came to this country in 1821 and taught school in Elgin for three or four years. He then settled on lot 13, 1st range, North Lake road, Southwold, and there resided until his death. He was a full grown man when the British troops returned from Waterloo and was personally acquainted with the historic Lochiel of Culloden, deceased's brother having been a member of Lochiel's regiment and presented with the hero's sword on its disbandment. Four sons and one daughter survive the centenarian.

Falling Trees Again.

Wallaceburg, Jan. 16.—Edward Benoit, while engaged with a companion in sawing down a tree, met with an accident which resulted fatally. The tree began to fall, and Mr. Benoit, noticing that his dog was in danger of being struck, ran after him to drive him out of the way. In doing so he was struck on the head by a branch, which killed him instantly. Deceased was a young man about 21 years of age, and resided two and a half miles from Port Lampton.

Marshall Benn, while loading wood on Thursday morning in Mr. F. McLennan's bush, about four miles from Wallaceburg, was struck by a falling tree blown down by the high wind. He was knocked insensible and his face badly cut. His companions drove him to town and a physician sewed up the cuts, and he is now doing well.

G·R·I·P
CANADA'S COMIC PAPER.
J. W. BENGOUGH, Artist and Editor.
ISSUED WEEKLY.
$2 a Year; $1 for 6 Months.

GRIP is increasing in influence and popularity every year! It is a supreme household favorite, while every Politician and Professional and Business Man enjoys the clever hits which appear in every issue. Subscribe now!
See our Premium and Clubbing List. Circulars giving full particulars sent free.
Look out for Grip's Comic Almanac for 1888. Price 10 cents.
ADDRESS,
GRIP PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

BOOTS & SHOES!
—I have a Full Supply of all Lines of—
WINTER GOODS!
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, FELT BOOTS AND FELT STOCKINGS SELLING CHEAP.
WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

HEARD'S!
Carriage Works, Flesherton,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.
SPECIAL ATTENTION *Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.*
Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,
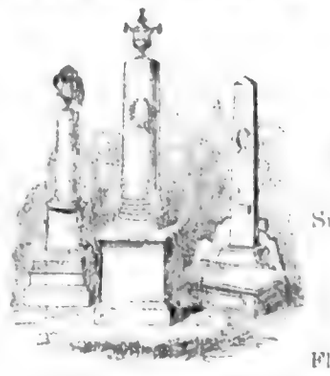
ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

To the People

Of Artemesia, Osprey, and Surrounding District.

The undersigned respectfully tenders his sincere and grateful thanks to the general public for the excellent patronage extended to him since opening out in the Boot & Shoe Business in Flesherton, and trusts he has merited their continued support.

At the same time, he wishes to state that he has a good stock of Mens Long Boots, Ladies Boots & Shoes, &c., of his own make, which will be sold at Cost Prices. Must clear out the stock—come and get bargains! Wishing one and all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy new year."

Flesherton, Dec. 21st, 1887. JOS. SMITH.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Executor's Notice

IN pursuance of sect. 1, Chap. 9, 46 Vic., notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of W. H. Colquett, deceased, late of the township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, and Province of Ontario, who died on or about the 20th day of May, 1886, are to sent by post prepaid or delivered to William S. Christoe, M.D., on or before the 15th day of January, 1888, a statement containing their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them and after the said, last mentioned date, the said W. S. Christoe, for the personal Estate and effects, rights and credits of the said W. H. Colquett—will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whom claims have not been received by the said W. S. Christoe.

And further, all parties who are indebted to the said Estate of the said W. H. Colquett, deceased, are to pay as the same becomes due, to the said W. S. Christoe.

W. S. CHRISTOE,
for the Executors,
JAMES LOVE, SAMUEL COLQUETT, and MRS. COLQUETT.

Dated, Flesherton, this 20th day of Dec., 1887

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 345. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

1ST

Clearing ✱ Sale!

1,100

In Fine Goods to select from. Must be reduced to $1,000 if possible by March 1st. The sale will be "genuine" and carried out on the following basis: One-Fifth of all grades Watches and Clocks, ¼ of Silverware, Hollow and Flat, ⅓ of Chains, Jewelery, Pins, Buttons, Spex and Rings, 18 k., plain excepted. Unchanged prices in plain figures. If you ever intend investing in any of above mentioned goods, this opportunity to get them near *cost*, at *cost* and *below cost* is the best ever given in this section. No foolish blowing. Adjectives very small. By calling you will find prices so low as to lead you to buy. TERMS CASH. Warrants as usual, signed W.A.Brown. My watch work gives satisfation.

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.
731-44.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C
Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Miss Leek, of Toronto, is visiting friends in this locality.

Quarterly meeting services in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, next Sunday forenoon.

WOOD WANTED.—In exchange for Harness at Clayton's Harness Shop, Flesherton. Apply early—first come first served.

"Have a smoke, Simson?"

"No, thank you; I've sworn off."

"Well, put one in your pocket for to-morrow."—*Hartford Post.*

Mr. Climo, Flesherton's new general merchant, is opening out a fine stock of goods in Wright's old stand. Look out for announcement next week.

FOR SALE.—Fine Hotel Property in the County of Grey. For further particulars apply to "R. S. C.," ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. 8t.

Grand Masquerade Carnival on Flesherton Skating Rink to-night (Thursday). Under auspices of the Brass Band. Good prizes, good ice, good music, good everything, Come!

Booth the Boss Barber has moved into his new shop and premises in Strain's block, (next door to Mr. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop) where his customers will find him in future.

C. Treadgold, Flesherton, dealer in the best Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Fruit & Ornamental Trees. Three second-hand Sewing Machines on hand to sell for Wood or Hay.

Mr. Thos. Bates—an old Flesherton boy—started a clothing and boot and shoe store at the Sault last fall. He is doing well. Speaking of THE ADVANCE, he says:—"THE ADVANCE is always a welcome visitor to me, and I assure you that I would willingly pay thrice the amount rather than be without it."

Several Fleshertonians have given up the use of tobacco during the past week or two. Most of them are prepared to acknowledge that a man actually does require a couple of backbones to successfully quit the habit. Nevertheless they are all holding out bravely. Few people understand or know anything about the power of habit.

Special attention is directed to the 5th page of this week's ADVANCE, where a very important communication to the public—from the popular firm of M. Richardson & Co.—is made. It is only necessary to draw attention to the fact, as ADVANCE readers know from experience that the enterprising mercantile firm named always publish something of interest and profit to the entire community.

Croup, whooping cough, sore throat sudden cold and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take and certain in its action.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Master George LeGard, of THE ADVANCE office, goes to Uxbridge this week to take a position on the *Guardian* newspaper, which is probably the best appointed office in Ontario County. We wish our bright young apprentice all success and have no doubt but that he will achieve it.

A steady wave of prosperity has set in for Flesherton. Our population, also, is rapidly increasing. As a gentleman said to us the other day—"I tell you what it is, sir, everything in and about Flesherton denotes thrift and business activity. Morally and physically you have a *clean* town, sir."

There is some talk of organizing a Forester's Lodge and a Y.M.P.B.A. in Flesherton. Our devil says he thinks it would'nt be a bad idea to start an "Anti-Tobacco Society, an Anti-Chewing Gum Club, an Anti-Bustle—Paint-Powder—Tight-Lacing Combination, and various other kinds too numerous to mention."

I N. Marshall, Barrister, Brockville, Ont., states:—I was so troubled with cold in the head that I could not speak plainly. One application of Nasal Balm gave immediate relief, and thoroughly cleaned out my head.

FOR SALE.—Two Houses—one Brick and the other frame—and Lots on Beechel Street, Flesherton. Will be sold cheap for cash or on time. Good fruit bearing Orchard; well located. Good commodious Baker's Oven in connection with frame house. For particulars and terms, apply to GEO. GLASSFORD, on the premises.

Sons of Temperance, Flesherton Division, meet next Wednesday evening in their Hall, Christoe's block, at the usual hour. Literary and musical program. N. B.—The meetings are now held every other Wednesday evening. The one held last week was the most interesting and edifying meeting we had for the past eighteen months. WALTER LEITCH, *Recording Scribe.* 1t

The average attendance at the Flesherton Public Schools for the month of January was 110. The following names appear in the Visitor's Book for the same month:—Messrs. S. Damude, M. Richardson, J. Gordon, and A. R. Fawcett, Rev. T. Watson, Mrs. Gjerdrum, Mrs. Keefer, and Miss Katie Bellamy, of Flesherton; Messrs. James Smith and Charles Irish, of Hamilton; Mr. Harry Iredale, of Burlington; and Mr. Fred Leitch, of Winnipeg.

Do you smoke? If not, do you chew gum?

Council meets on Monday. It is also Cattle Fair day.

Carnival on Flesherton Rink to-night. Go! The Band will be there and everybody else.

Trains have been slightly delayed on the C.P.R.—T.G. & B. line—during the past week.

ADVANCE and Toronto *Daily World* one year for $2.50. Two papers for less than the price of one!

The Central Bank affairs are in a terrible state; but Booth the Boss Barber, of Flesherton, never was in better shape for doing business.

See Jos. McConnell's announcement in our advertising columns. He has bought out S. Spirit's butchering business in Flesherton.

We thank our subscribers for the hearty and prompt manner in which they have renewed their subscriptions to THE ADVANCE for 1888. At no time in the history of this paper have there been so many cash-in-advance subscribers.

STOCK = TAKING = SALE!

Great Sweeping Reductions

AT

J. RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

We have decided to go out of the Fancy Goods business and for the future handle only

Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex &c.,

SO WE WILL SELL FOR THE

NEXT = SIXTY = DAYS

Our whole stock of Berlin and Zepher Wools at 8c. per. oz. worth 12½; Filloselle 5c. a knot worth 10c.; Arrasene at 10c now worth 15c.; Chinelle at 8c. yard worth 15c. Fancy Plush Goods &c. all below cost as we are bound to clear them out. Macrame Cord all colors at 10c. ball or 3 for 25c. We will also clear out our entire line of PIPES at away below cost. Your choice of 1 lot of Pipes worth from 50 to 85c. for 25c.; your choice of Pipes worth 30 to 50c. for 20c.; your choice of Pipes worth 20 to 30c for 10c. A lot of PURSES ranging in price from 35 to 85c. your choice for 25c. We have also decided to clear out some lines in Brooches, Earings, Cuff-Buttons. Your choice of 1 beautiful lot of Brooches valued from 25 to 40c. at 15c.; your choice of another beautiful lot valued from 40 to 60c. at 25c.; another lot valued from 60c. to $1.00 for 50c.; Earings and Cuff-Buttons at the same terrible Reductions.

Come along and get First Choice as they will go like Hot Cakes

As they are all Fine and Good, Warranted to Wear and Keep Color for years. Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. still **20 Per Cent.** lower in prices than elsewhere in this section.

The dealer who tells the people so often about his honesty, &c., must have come to the conclusion that they are very suspicious of him or he would not need to advertise his honest instead of his goods.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD ARTICLE AT A LOW PRICE ALWAYS GO TO

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON.

PRAYING FOR HEALTH.

Scenes of Excitement at a Faith Cure Convention.

A Reading (Pa.) despatch says: Believers in the faith cure created strange scenes in the handsome new Mennonite Church on North Tenth street to-day. The church was packed to suffocation. The excitement was of a character that might cause onlookers to imagine themselves living in the days of miracle. There probably was not greater faith, even in Isreal, than was manifested by some of the people in attendance upon the faith cure convention.

A sermon by Rev. F. W. Berkheiser opened the proceedings. Then Rev. Mr. Musselman, of Bethlehem, delivered a stirring address u ging reliance upon the Lord instead of upon doctors in times of sickness.

SEEKING DIVINE AID.

In the midst of an appeal to the people to have greater faith, coupled with an assurance that prayer can heal all ills, a young man named Mahlon Neischwender, from Auburn, rushed to the altar, which was now surrounded by half a dozen clergymen. The young man exclaimed:

"I am suffering from consumption. I gave up medicines, and now I rely on the Lord to cure me. I want your prayers, all of you."

Sobbing aloud he sank on his knees, and the clergyman called for prayers. Then three women left their seats and went forward. A woman named Mrs. Breniser said:

"I have suffered twenty years in my head. I believe in prayer. I have faith and I believe Jesus will cure me."

She, too, fell upon her knees in prayer, while the people sang a hymn.

AN EMOTIONAL SCENE.

Mr. Musselman made another appeal to the audience and a number of clergymen offered fervent prayers. Strong men wept, women swooned and the congregation was excited. The ministers gathered about the sick and laying hands upon their heads implored the Spirit of God to descend and heal the afflicted, penitently kneeling at the altar.

During this time strong personal appeals were made by other ministers to sick people in the audience to come forward and be healed.

"Here's one who cannot get through the crowd!" exclaimed a voice in the rear of the church.

The deacons at once responded and carried a young woman suffering with spinal disease to the excited, weeping, praying throng about the altar.

Meanwhile the choir sang, the consumptive young man was overcome under his great mental strain, and he fell prostrate on the floor. A half-hour of prayer service was kept up while the clergymen urged the applicants for cure to continue strong in their faith. Several women testified to their renewed strength and expressed belief that they would be cured.

For an hour at least this exciting service was continued. At its close the sufferers departed with light hearts and were told to come again to-morrow. The convention will be in session all the week.

"RUN FOR YOUR LIFE."

A Heroic Miner's Daring Act Saves Hundreds of Lives

A Halifax despatch says: At the Mount Uniacke gold mines yesterday Minre Reseigh performed a most heroic act. The night men were startled by a cry, "Run for your life, the dynamite stores are on fire." Knowing there were 200 men in the shaft a few feet distant, Reseigh ran back and at the imminent risk of his own life extinguished the flames. He was not a moment too soon as a box containing detonators was scorched.

Latest Northwest News.

A Winnipeg telegram says: It was announced late to-night that Mr. J. A. Prendergast had been decided upon as the fifth and French member of the new Greenway Cabinet.

Mr. Thomas Mitchell, keeper of the stopping place at the Swift Current trail, has been found dead. Cause unknown.

Another Winnipeg pastor has received a call—Rev. Mr. Cameron, of the Baptist Church—but has declined it.

The inquiry into the alleged irregularities in connection with the 91st Battalion drags along. Several officers have been examined and more remain to give evidence. The commissioners are very reticent about expressing an opinion.

The body of Edward Meers, who strayed from Saskatoon during the recent storm, was found yesterday, four miles east of the village.

A man named Thos. Mitchell was found dead on the roadside near Battleford. He was employed as a teacher on the Indian reserve.

A Crystal City, Man., special says: Lewis Torsie, who resided in Dakota, twelve miles south of this place, has been missing since the 9th inst., and is supposed to have been frozen to death. He left here for home on that date, and has not arrived home. Torsie was a Frenchman, 60 years of age, and came from Elmwood, Ont., last spring.

The Tragic in Real Life.

A really dramatic incident is reported from Newark. A ruffian named Leary cut the throat of a boy 18 years old last Saturday night because he refused him money to buy beer. Leary fled, and in a distant part of the city knocked at the door of a house where he was unacquainted, and asked permission to wash his hands, which were stained with blood from his victim's wound. The permission was granted him, and, when he was afterward arrested, it was discovered that the woman who assisted him to wash away the traces of his crime was the mother of his victim.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Civil Engineer Weissmantel took a bath in the sea at Trieste, Austria, on the 21st of September, and, being a good swimmer, ventured far out into the sea. Suddenly a shark came upon him. He turned and swam as rapidly as possible toward the shore. But the fish was quicker, and before the boat which, in answer to his cries for help, had been immediately started for his assistance had reached him, the monster had bitten off his right leg. He is now lying in the hospital, and there is little hope of saving his life.

THE IRISHMEN'S CONTENTIONS.

Mr. O'Brien's Strong Opinions—A Couple of Arrests—Proclaimed Meetings.

A Dublin cable gives the conclusion of Mr. O'Brien's speech as follows: Having paid a warm tribute to the prison chaplain, Father MacElroy, Mr. O'Brien continued: I dare say Mr. Balfour has not changed his mind. I know that I have not changed mine. We are a pair of highly obstinate persons, and it is possible, nay, more, it is more than probable, that there may be no alternative except that Mr. Balfour should go out or that I should go in. However, all that is written in the decrees of a higher power than Mr. Balfour's. But be that as it may, whether we return to Tullamore now as prisoners or hereafter as victors, of one thing I feel assured, that the days are coming when Irishmen, aye, and Englishmen, even those who distrust and hate us at the present moment, will look back with astonishment and shame upon the fact that in this year of grace 1888, after seven centuries of British rule, the highest place of honor that the State can offer to an Irishman who loves his people and his land is a plank bed in the historic jail of Tullamore. (Prolonged cheers.)

Mr. O'Brien, who is almost prostrated with emotion, intends to attend the banquet to be given in his honor by his constituents, and then to rest for a few weeks, in accordance with his doctor's advice. In spite of the endeavor to prevent his whereabouts from becoming generally known, every mail brings him congratulatory letters. He is residing with a friend in Dublin. In an interview to-day he says: "I felt so well on leaving prison that I have overtaxed my strength, and as a result I am sleepless and worn out. There was a portmanteau full of letters awaiting me at the prison on leaving and the number I have received since is so great that I am quite unable to deal with them. Those I have read affected me more than I can describe, but it is surprising that I have received not one threatening letter. I have formed no plans for future action yet, but it matters little, because the spirit of the country among all classes has amounted to a degree altogether beyond former experience. The National League, he continued, instead of being effaced, as the Coercionists prophesied, was more firmly rooted than ever. The action of the Land Commissioners has been equivalent to censuring the moderation of the Plan of Campaign. Mr. Balfour had found that the League could only be suppressed by suppressing society. The action of the Government in prosecuting priests showed that the hopes of muzzling them by means of intrigues at Rome had been frustrated. It was an attempt to outrage the people into an exhibition of violence as a set-off against Mr. Balfour's wanton brutality. If Mr. Blunt had never revealed Mr. Balfour's intentions toward the Parnellites, the course pursued by the Chief Secretary was evidence enough. He believed that Mr. Balfour would push matters to extremities until public opinion daunted him.

Patrick O'Brien was arrested at Athlone yesterday charged with having made a seditious speech on New Year's day. He was bailed. Bail was refused for Father McFeggan.

Thomas Byrne, President of the Ballinasloe Branch of the National League, has been arrested for inciting tenants to refuse to pay rent.

The authorities have proclaimed a number of meetings of the National League which it was proposed to hold at Kilrush, county Clare, and in the vicinity.

Kilrush was illuminated this evening and the streets were crowded with people. The Government's proclamation, prohibiting the meeting announced to be held there to day, was publicly burned. All the bonfires and blazing tar barrels were extinguished by the police. There was a conflict at Kilkee between the police and the people, and one policeman was severely injured.

Why Angelina Will Not Become Engaged During Leap Year.

"I have long wished for this opportunity."

Such were the words of Adelbert Margaraway, the young entry clerk in the great establishment of Fitzsimmons & Flanderson. "I have long wished for this opportunity, he said, dropping recklessly upon the sofa that was now beautified by the presence of the lovely Angelina Vane, "and now must I hear the answer which is to raise me to the pinnacle of bliss or to sink me to the very dregs of despair! Angelina, dearest, will you——"

"Adelbert!" and the voice sounded like entrancing music, notwithstanding its sad, sad undertone; "Adelbert, it has been the dream of my life to be able to place my hand in yours and say, "Adelbert, take me; I am wholly yours; but it cannot be, it cannot, cannot be."

"And why not, dearest?"

"Because, Adelbert, this is leap year, and everybody would declare that I asked you. No, dear Adelbert, I must not, I will not, be compromised."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Social Dilemma.

In society:

Fashionable daughter to plain mother—Oh, mamma, my fiancee has caused me much pain to-day.

Plain Mother—Well, why don't you take something for it? I'll make you a mustard plaster. It won't never do to be gettin' sick right as the society season opens.—*Washington Critic.*

At the Police Station.

Lieutenant to officer—What have you got?

Officer—Plain drunk.

Lieutenant—How many does this make

Officer—Only ten for to-night.

Lieutenant—Who is he?

Officer—Another one that swore off on New Year's.

The British Parliament will be opened, not by Her Majesty, but by Royal Commission in eighteen days. The interval, it is said by good authorities, will show whether or not the peace of Europe is to be broken this year. Except the visit of Mr. Morley and Lord Ripon to Dublin, which still stands as a promise for this interval, there are no political demonstrations of peculiar importance to be expected.

Henry Markle, of Welland, who made such a determined attempt to take his life on Wednesday by cutting open his abdomen with his pocket knife, died at 11 o'clock on Friday night.

ASLEEP FOR ELEVEN YEARS.

A Wisconsin Rip Van Winkle Goes to Bed in 1877 and is Still Napping.

A Milwaukee, Wis., despatch says: The case of Herman Harms, a Buffalo County farmer, who has enjoyed a Rip Van Winkle sleep of eleven years, completely puzzles the physicians. In 1877 Harms moved to this State from Illinois, taking a farm on the Mississippi River, opposite Winona, in Utica Township. While attending his sick wife one day he suddenly fell asleep and dropped to the floor. He was picked up by his friends and placed upon the bed, and has not since been off it. He sleeps soundly all day, and at 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening rises, takes a little nourishment and at once lies down and goes to sleep again. During the time he is awake he pays no attention to anybody, but drinks a little soup or coffee without making any remarks, and at once goes sound to sleep. His sleep is quiet and without any apparent pain or discomfort.

When he first fell asleep he weighed 180 pounds, but he has now dwindled down to ninety pounds. His pulse is regular and very strong, rather more vigorous than the pulse of the average wideawake man. His head is very warm, while the flesh of his body is cold and has the appearance of a dead man's flesh. While he sleeps one hand is closed tightly in front of him, and the other presses firmly against the right temple, and he invariably sleeps in the same position. His eyelids are seen to blink very fast at times as if the light hurt him.

The opinions of physicians as to his trouble are very various. Some say it is kidney trouble, some say he is crazy, and others assert that his heart is in a dormant state, and that he will never recover from his present condition. Mr. Harms is 49 years old, and, up to the time he was taken in 1877, had not been sick a day in his life. He has five children.

When the story of his peculiar ailment was first published it was so ridiculed that no one took the trouble to investigate the case. It is a fact that this man has slept eleven years, and only once has he dressed himself and gone out of the house. The doctors say he will soon die, because he is losing flesh so fast. At the time he awoke in 1882 he was told he had been asleep for four years, but he would not believe it. He was led to the mirror, and when he saw his gray whiskers and long hair his surprise was very great. His hair, which has not been cut, is now over two feet long and very black. His flesh is of a yellow color and is very flabby. Harms came to this country from Hanover in 1869.

SEEN IN THE SPIRIT.

A Charlottetown Servant Girl's Vision of the Fate of a Missing Man.

A Charlottetown, P. E. I., despatch says: Eighteen months ago Charles H. Yeo returned from Winnipeg to visit his relatives in Prince Edward Island. On New Year's day, a year ago, he was in Charlottetown on his return to Winnipeg. While here he visited the house of a relative, and after leaving it disappeared as mysteriously and completely as if the earth had swallowed him. He had several hundred dollars on his person, and, no trace being obtainable, his parents offered $500 for information of his whereabouts, dead or alive. That was last summer. Nothing more was heard of it till this week when the Grand Jury met, and Miss Tuck, a domestic, appeared and told a most extraordinary story. Upon hearing of the reward offered for Yeo's whereabouts she prayed that she might discover the secret. In aswer to her prayer she had a vision. In the spirit she saw a man walking up and down in front of a certain house. Her description of the man tallies completely with that of Yeo. A man, whom she minutely describes, came out of that house and asked Yeo to go to the rear stable to see a horse. The two were joined by two others while there. The first-mentioned stranger drew a knife and stabbed Yeo to the heart. The murdered man's pockets were searched and a large amount of money obtained and divided among the three men. The body was stowed in an oatbin, and subsequently the bin and the body were taken some distance away in a sleigh, a hole cut in the ice by the same three men and the body thrown in, when the men returned to the city. This story of her vision has produced a profound sensation. The investigation is still proceeding.

The Man Who Swore Off.

Wife—John, I suppose you have some money saved up, haven't you?

John—Not a cent.

"Why, John! It is a year since you stopped drinking, and you have worked like a slave every day since."

"That's true."

"Where is your money, then?"

"The money I saved by swearing off I had to loan to old friends who didn't swear off."

The Woes of the Bachelor.

A married man earning from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year has no place in this city. He has either to live in very unsuitable parts of the city, in two or three rooms, or in a house far beyond his means. In this fact lies very largely the reason why the young men do not marry.—*Montreal Witness.*

What Kept Him Out Late.

Two Mormon Wives (speaking together)—Husband, what in the world has kept you out so late?

Mormon Husband—I have just been proposing to a few of Elder Jones' daughters. I tell you, that little Kittie Jones is a daisy.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Marriage is the salvation of a car-driver," said one of that brotherhood. "I average about $12 or $14 a week, and when I was single I never had a cent after I paid each week's debts. I had nowhere to go when I laid off, and so I would loaf in a beer saloon and spend 50 cents or $1 at a time. Now I go home, chuck myself on a lounge, have a cup of hot coffee always ready and a good woman to talk to, and I get along on less than $10 a week."—*New York Sun.*

A report has reached Scotland Yard of a horrible murder and suicide. Richard Glaister discovered his wife faithless and chopped off her head, then killed himself. Their 2-year-old child was found half smothered with blood, playing with and caressing the head of its mother.

MR. BUCHANAN'S LOST LOVE.

A Pathetic Chapter in the History of the Late President.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says: The *Globe* publishes a dozen letters from the late President Buchanan to Letitia Duncan, the sweetheart of his youth, who died here a week ago in her 94th year. The letters are accompanied by a sketch of the late President's love affair. Miss Duncan was born at Erie, Pa., on August 29th, 1794. Her father was a tavern keeper and she was the belle of the place. Buchanan, who was an apprentice in a printing office across the street, boarded at the tavern, and fell in love with Letitia. Her father objected and forbade him the house. The lovers met in secret until the handsome person and showy uniform of Second Lieut. Daniel Turner, of the United States navy, appeared on the scene and charmed the fair one's affections away from the future President.

After being repulsed by the girl's father Buchanan stumbled to his room and wrote to Letitia the following letter:

MY DEAR LETITIA,—I shall never link my fortunes with any one, my dearest girl, unless they are with you. Your father's cruelty is measured by the depth of my pocket. I shall never marry, Letty dearest, so fare thee well until death.

BUCHANAN.

But a few days before penning this letter Buchanan dedicated the following lines to Miss Duncan:

Her lovely hair in rings wave, and hanging over her shoulders.
She was fit to entice the heart of any man who'd behold her.
Her teeth were white as the ivory showed,
And her breath was spice wherever it flowed.
Her father was cruel, a sight of me he couldn't endure:
The reason why, because I was poor.
I dare not enter the dwelling where dwells my lovely jewel.

Finally Buchanan desired to go away and wrote this farewell letter:

MY DEAR LETITIA.—I can no longer endure a sight of the place that held my happy hours, as even the budding flowers remind me of you, whom I shall never see again. The place is blest to contain a flower like you, dear Letty, but weeds like I must seek some other habitation, so, dear girl, I send you this time-piece as a remembrance that poor Jemis loved you and never shall love another.

Good-bye, my love may you be blessed by God is the wish of your heartbroken

JAMES BUCHANAN.

With the letter was an elegant gold watch, the cases of which were set with ten amethysts and one turquoise. This watch, the above letters and verses and a dozen letters from young Turner are among the effects of Miss Duncan.

SAD BUT ROMANTIC.

The Vicissitudes of the Once Wealthy Dr. Gordon, who Died in Poverty.

A Texarkana (Ark.) special says: Dr. John Gordon died on Monday night in a little box cabin which charitable neighbors here had provided for him. His life was sad but romantic. He was born in Scotland in 1813. George Hamilton Gordon, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, was his cousin. In the year of his birth his cousin was created a British peer, with the title of Viscount Gordon, for the successful negotiation of the treaty of Toplitz, by which he induced the Austrian Emperor to join the alliance against his son-in-law, Napoleon.

Dr. John Gordon came to America in 1843 and engaged in business for a short time successfully in New York, and then moved to St. Louis. He was an intimate personal friend of Senator Thomas H. Benton and an influential factor in the politics of St. Louis. Here he was also prosperous, and he became wealthy in the management of a wholesale business. Reverses finally overtook him, and he surrendered all to the liquidation of claims against him.

The doctor then came to Texarkana, and hoped to make a living for himself by the sale of medicine which he manufactured, but was harassed by persecutions on account of not having a license. The old gentleman struggled along bravely and held the respect of those who knew him to the last.

The doctor's claim to the earldom of Aberdeen he never discussed, but others assert that the obstacle to the succession was a refusal to take the "burgess oath," a requirement growing out of the establishment of the state church of Scotland.

Lord Byron's father, "Mad Jack Byron," married Katharine Gordon, of Aberdeen, and the doctor was therefore related to the poet Byron.

Take It Easy.

Chambers' Journal makes the sensible suggestion that it is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary man, for instance, once said to one of his lady friends: "Will you accept my hand"—Gushing maiden: Why, er—so sudden—so unexpected." Literary man (proceeding, unmoved)—"book on political economy?" Somewhat similar is a story told of another couple. He—"How bright the stars are to-night! They are almost as bright as"— She (expecting "your eyes")—"Oh, you flatter me!" He (proceeding)—"they were last night."

Death of a Famous Quoiter.

Mr. John Rennie, who for a series of years held the champion quoiter's belt for Scotland against all comers, died at Alva on the 2nd inst. Mr. Rennie (who was a weaver to trade) did not indulge much in his favorite game for about twenty years back. Deceased (who was about 66 years of age) died in the same house in which he was born.

At the Church Sociable.

Vivacious young lady—Guess what we are going to have to-night, Mrs. Bascom—charades.

Mrs. Bascom—I knowed it! I smelt 'em clear out to the gate.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The husband of a woman who left him to follow the so-called Latter Day Saints in Bruce district, near Morley, Mich., organized a tar and feather brigade to decorate the missionary. He appealed to the Howard City officials for protection. While the brigade were awaiting developments the blind teacher having already folded his tent, a notice was served on Leader Smith, advising him to leave the district within twenty-four hours or take the consequences. He left on Wednesday. It is understood tar and feathers were ready for application, and would have been used on Wednesday night had the missionary remained.

TWENTY YEARS IN BED.

Heart Disease Produces One of the Most Remarkable Cases in Medical History.

A gentleman resides in Cleveland, who is afflicted with a heart disease which is probably the most remarkable in the annals of medical history. Dr. J. G. Smith, a prominent physician, has for twenty years been compelled to retain a recumbent position. His case has attracted much attention in medical circles, both in this country and in Europe.

Thirty years ago Dr. Smith was an active practitioner in Cleveland. About that time he was prostrated by overwork, and in 1867 he was taken to his bed with a peculiar trouble of the heart. Since then he has never been on his feet or for any length of time sat in an upright position. His trouble lay in a peculiarity of the valves of his heart, which refuse to act when he is in an upright position, but which organ performs its functions perfectly when he is recumbent.

Though for the best part of his life confined to his bed, Dr. Smith has wonderfully improved his time, devoting himself to literary work, mastering foreign languages and perfecting several inventions, which latter have proved sources of large incomes to himself and associates in their manufacture.

Dr. Smith is a large and robust appearing man, and aside from the peculiar action of his heart, is in perfect health. He occupies the remarkable position of being able to commit suicide by simply standing upright.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Latest Scottish News.

It is stated that Col. Murdoch Smith, R. E., Director of the Museum of Science and Arts, Edinburgh, has been created a K. C. B.

On the 31st ult. the foundation stone of the new Jubilee Town Hall at Linlithgow, was laid with Masonic honors by Mr. Peter McLagan, M. P.

The managers of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane have resolved to erect on their Craig House estate a new asylum at a cost of £60,000.

It is understood that the succession to the Lovat Peerage is again to be contested. Mr. John Fraser, Carnarvon, Wales, the claimant, is at present in Scotland arranging about his case.

A St. Andrew's Club is to be established in South London. The object of it is to give opportunity to Scotsmen to meet and engage in debates which are opportune to Scottish interests politically and socially.

At the British War Office it is understood that the Seaforth Highlanders on their departure for Ireland some time this year will be succeeded at Edinburgh by the Cameron Highlanders, now at Devonport.

The death is announced at Montrose on the 1st inst. of Mr. James Ross, Sheriff-Clerk of Forfarshire, in the 67th year of his age. He had been intimately connected, professionally and otherwise, with public affairs in Montrose for forty years.

While digging a grave in the churchyard of Coupar Angus the sexton came upon a portion of the floor of the ancient Abbey of Coupar. Underneath the pavement were found two stone coffins, each containing skeletons, the bones being entire.

There has just been completed the erection of a stained glass window in St. Cuthbert's Free Church, Edinburgh, to the memory of the late Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, who for thirty-one years discharged the pastoral duties of the congregation.

Rev. Donald Mackenzie, D. D., minister of the parish of Strath, Inverness shire, died suddenly at Kilbride Manse on the 3rd inst., in the 71st year of his age. The father and grandfather of the deceased clergyman preceded him as ministers of the same parish.

The annual meeting of the Glasgow Savings Bank, stated to be the largest savings bank in the world, took place on the 6th inst. The Lord Provost, who presided, said the total funds were £4,680,000, and the liabilities due to depositors £4,622,000, leaving a balance of £58,000. The depositors number 137,204, being an increase of 3,541 for the year.

Elgin boasts of a centenarian of the name of Peter Laing, who on Thursday last entered upon his 104th year, and was on that day entertained to a dinner by his fellow-citizens. Peter is still hale and hearty, and during the evening he sang several songs. The following resolution was adopted: "That this meeting of the citizens of Elgin warmly congratulate Peter Laing upon the attainment of his 104th year, and that a committee be appointed to obtain funds in order to maintain the venerable gentleman in comfortable circumstances during the remainder of his life." A considerable sum has already been collected.

On Monday of last week passed away Mr. John Smith, farmer, Holnapiat, Glenlivet, at the venerable age of 79 years. The deceased was a bachelor, and, aided by his sister, his senior, and a brother, who is also verging on fourscore, wrought away most industriously on the upland and exposed holding until severe illness laid him aside for the last four or five years from active work. Of a genial and obliging disposition, John was held in high esteem by old and young, and many a friendly meeting took place at his ingle neuk, especially in the celebration of rural social customs now seemingly doomed to pass away. It is worthy of remark how closely the deceased kept to his native heath, for in all his long life only three nights did he spend from home, and never put foot on the iron horse.—*Elgin Courant Courier.*

Dr. John Gordon, who died at Texarkana, Ark., on Sunday, was a native of Scotland, who went to St. Louis in 1843. His friends claim that he was the rightful heir to the Earldom of Aberdeen, Scotland, to which he failed to succeed because his father refused to take the burgess oath. He was a second cousin to Lord Byron and Miss Millbanke, whom Lord Byron married, and from whom he was afterwards divorced. Deceased was a remarkable-looking man, having a massive head and fine features and possessing wonderful vitality and fortitude.

The Emir of Afghanistan has fallen in love with bagpipes and has ordered 200 of them for Cabul. The Shah of Persia has also ordered a brass band. Thus music soothes the savage breast.

The Present Days are Best.

The past is dead and buried, and I have locked the door
Upon its joys and sorrows, to open nevermore;
He key is safely hidden on memory's faithful breast,
And to my heart I whisper, "The present days are best."

Think not I have forgotten the cherished friends of yore;
Call them not lost, my loved ones—they're just within the door;
And often, when I'm lonely, they share my evening rest,
And their dear voices whisper, "The present days are best."

O golden days of childhood! O girlhood's sunny hours!
When in the fragrant wildwood I plucked the summer flowers,
Your very memory cheers me like some dear, welcome guest;
Yet chide me not for saying, "The present days are best."

Dear are the friendly faces that meet me on the way,
Sweet are the roadside blossems that smile on me to-day;
A few bright sprays I'll gather and wear them on my breast,
For they will softly whisper, "The present days are best."

To do the work appointed by Him who rules my life;
To face, with dauntless spirit, the world's opposing strife;
Or if, in utter weakness, o'er noonday I must rest,
God wills it and I answer, "The present days are best."

O friends! who count your dearest among the silent dead,
Sit not within the shadows, mourning the joys now fled;
The living claim your service, and they indeed are blest:
Who help to make for others the present days the best.

ANGELIQUE DE LANDS.

Railroading in a Blizzard.

I talked with the engineer as I came down, and he told me that the storm in Dakota was the fiercest ever known. He had seen several of the train hands as they came into St. Paul, and they gave a terrible account of the state of affairs. All freight trains had been abandoned, as it was utterly impossible to find men to man them. It is hard to see how any one could stand the exposure to which the freight brakemen are now subjected. The brakes must be put on constantly, which involves crawling along the narrow footboards on top of the cars, which are coated with ice and snow and exceedingly slippery. With the wind blowing at fifty miles an hour, and the train butting its way through the snow, it is impossible for the brakemen to maintain an upright position, and they are obliged to crawl from car to car on their hands and knees, handle the cold iron, with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, and remain exposed to the storm for hours, as they never have time to go to the caboose. The men have no shelter beyond what they can find by clinging to the ladders between the cars, and suffer fearfully. The engineer told me that dozens of men had frozen their hands and feet, and that finally several crews had refused to work longer and had taken shelter in the caboose. It is a well known fact in the Northwest that scarcely a freight brakeman works more than a year, as the experience of one winter is such as to make them prefer anything to repeating it.—*Interview in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Neighboring Wit.

Whereas, we spell jail with a j, an a, an i and an l, the Canadians perversely make it gaol—but they get there all the same.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Whiskey lowers the man and raises the devil.—*Whitehall Times.*

How to give cats the typhoid fever is the latest medical discovery. What next?—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.* How to keep them from running around nights.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* And to keep them from singing.

Copper, gold and lead are found in the wells of Wolfe county, East Kentucky. Lead can be found almost anywhere in that region, though we do not like the way they have of passing it around.—*Jacksonville Herald.*

A man who wanted to advertise in the Worcester *Spy* for a "fawn-colored bull terrier pup" was surprised to find that the compositor had made him advertise for a "fire alarm bell tower key."

Shaving While Asleep.

A barber who keeps a shop in Palace Road, Lambeth, London, is reported to have performed a rather clever feat on Tuesday night. The shop was full of customers, and one of them was undergoing the operation of shaving, when it was noticed that the barber had his eyes closed, though he still kept passing the razor over the face of his visitor. After some time, and when the operation was finished, what was the surprise of those in the shop to hear the barber exclaim, "Oh, no; not yet," at the same time opening his eyes. It then became evident that he had been fast asleep, and had shaved the man while in that condition. He explained that he had been up the two previous nights, and that that would account for his sleepiness, but the practice in shaving had so grown upon him that he was even able to perform his duty while asleep.—*London Letter.*

The Letter, but Not the Spirit.

Hotel porter (to countryman)—See here sir, don't you see that notice?

Countryman—Yes; "Gentlemen not spit on the floor." I ain't spittin' on the floor, mister; I'm spittin' agin the wall.

A Hunter's Ill-Luck.

First city sportsman—Just back from a hunting trip, I see. Get any game?

Second city sportsman (who did considerable unintentional killing)—N—o, I had to come home; ran out of dogs.

The ten most successful race horses in United States, England and France last year won the following amounts respectively: $306,770, $304,050, $218,450. The largest winners were Hanover $89,770, Reve d' Or $51,800 and Tenebreuse $59,000.

"So you always manage to put up with your Tartar of a wife!" "Oh, yes! We have lots of fun together." "How is that?" "Well, you see, my wife, when she gets into a passion, is in the habit of throwing at me anything that comes in her way. Every time she hits me, she is pleased, and every time she misses, I am pleased; and thus we are never short of amusement."

LATEST FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

Novelties of the Season Now Favored in Female Circles.

A fashion now is to veil the front of decollete bodices with a fichu; this is caught in a sharp point at the back, making the opening V-shaped. It does not cover much of the shoulders, and crossing at the front fastens at the waist in another point.

Many of these fichus are made with the two sides differing. Some have one side of plain gauze and the other of gauze dotted with tinsel. Another fancy is to have one side plain and the other striped with the narrowest width of picot-edged ribbon. Some of them, made of silk mull, have one side of the fichu elaborately embroidered in gold.

The new sashes displayed in the windows of the shops are extremely rich and gorgeously colored. They show large designs, brocaded in velvet upon gros grain, of fruits, flowers, feathers and birds. The flower designs are the prettiest; one has big shaded scarlet poppies in their foliage, brocaded on a corn-colored ribbon twenty inches wide. Another beauty shows bluettes upon a sash of the palest blue. Silken spears of wheat upon pale green, and masses of pink, cream and crimson roses upon coral color are among those most admired.

One of the prettiest of the new French long cloaks, and one eminently becoming to young faces, is of smooth gray cloth bordered with a deep band of gray astrakhan. It fits smoothly and closely to the figure in the back, the fulness over the tournure being so deftly plaited in underneath that the smooth lines are not broken. In front it is slightly full over the bust, this fulness being gathered in at the waist low down and concealed under the astrakhan, giving a slim, long-waisted effect to the figure. It buttons down to this point and from there falls open, bordered on either side with the astrakhan. The sleeves, quite full below the elbow, are gathered into a broad band of the fur at the wrist. A silver clasp and high fur collar complete it at the throat.

On nearly all handsome gowns is to be more and ever-increasing application of tinsel braid of some sort. Some have the whole front of the bodice covered with it.

These tinsel braids so much in use are usually in the form of flat half-inch-wide galloon, of the color of the dress upon which it is applied, into which is woven the tinsel threads—either gold, bronze, copper or silver—so thickly that the original color is hinted at rather than seen.

All evening dresses this winter have sleeves. Those of black lace and gauze for matrons have generally a little arrangement of the gauze, puffed and be-ribboned and called by courtesy a sleeve, which comes down half way between the shoulder and the elbow. Others have a puff of the material for the sleeve which is caught up to the shoulder-strap on the outer side of the arm, of which member they conceal but a very small portion.

Fur-trimmed bonnets make their appearance at this season of the year, and for this purpose sable, beaver and black Persian lamb are much used in borders, in loops for trimming, in tabs on the crown and in miniature heads set about in the trimming. These are seen alike in both bonnets and turbans of velvet or of the soft piece felt. A green embroidered felt turban has a soft crown edged with sable; the back of the crown has white ribbon loops coming up towards the front. A shirred round turban of brown velvet has a natural beaver band, while one of green velvet, with two rows of gathers on cords around the middle of the crown, is edged with black Persian. A black watered bow in front has gilt pins thrust through it.

Redfern is making tailor gowns of dark blue diagonal cloth, with a vest, collar and cuffs and border to the plain underskirt of the same material, striped with narrow diagonal lines of white. The draperies of these gowns are much less voluminous than has been common in the last season's tailor suits and with them comes a walking-jacket of blue cloth with a rough finish. These jackets have a vest that is elaborately braided with blue and silver tinsel braid, a little of it showing on the collar, and the muff worn with it is of blue fox fur, which harmonizes charmingly with the blue and white gown.

A pretty toilet made recently for a debutante had a petticoat of white moire. Over this was a drapery of copper-colored cashmere of very fine quality, caught up on the right hip with a big mother-of-pearl buckle, which held multitudinous loops and ends of broad watered ribbon of the same shade, with a picot edge that fell to the hem of a white petticoat. The bodice had a V-shaped front of the moire, without an opening, the fastenings being concealed under the folds of the cashmere, which was gathered on the shoulders and drawn to a sharp, shirred point below the waist, where a smaller buckle confined more flots of ribbon. A broad sash of copper-colored watered ribbon was fastened to the back of the basque, and the sleeves and throat were filled in with thickly plaited frills of lace.

An economical way of disposing of old wrappers of silk or cashmere, when they do not happen to be of pale colors and are worn out in the waist, is to cut off the body and set the skirts upon a yoke, making them serve for a petticoat to wear in bad weather when white skirts cannot preserve their purity for ten minutes. Pale colored wrappers are nearly always extravagant, as they fade and soil so easily, and there are now so many beautiful and becoming shades among the darker tints that any complexion can be suited.

A charming and not very expensive tea gown is of tearose Indian cashmere, cut in princesse shape, with a long train and rather a big dress improver in the back. The front is cut out square, but only about three inches down from the throat, and a high rolling collar of the Medici shape is set on to this square, which is filled in with delicate ivory-colored lace. To the lower edge of this square is set on two very wide scarfs of the same shade of china crape, the fulness held in place by a band of silver tinsel braid. These scarfs fall to the foot of the gown and are held at the waist by a loose silver girdle, such as is much worn now. The elbow sleeves of the cashmere are finished by a puff of lace tied half way between elbow and wrist by narrow picot-edged ribbon.

Bonnets grow every day more and more shapeless, crumpled masses of velvet that convey no distinct impression to even the feminine mind, and no man even attempts to comprehend them. Their progress is ever downward also, and the reproach of the theatre-goer by next season will be a thing of the past. Nearly all are edged with narrow, curling bands of ostrich feathers, which are infinitely becoming. Those who can dispense with strings do so, but it is only broader faces that look well without them. Oval outlines are greatly aided by the little narrow velvet straps, held with fancy jewelled pins under each ear. For fresh young faces are crisp little bonnets, made of shirred pink China crape, adorned with erect and multitudinous loops and ends of picot-edged ribbon, pink roses and algrettes, and tied daintily under the chin. They are worn to concerts, late teas and for evening calls.

A handsome imported gown is of shot moire in white and gold. The dress is cut in princesse fashion, the skirt gored closely in front and very full in the back, this fulness being held in many narrow thick plaits over the tournure. The bodice is sleeveless and is veiled by an odd fichu, one side of which is of point applique lace lapped diagonally from the right side to the left, while the other is of loops of gold satin and white moire ribbon laid one above another, terminating low on the right hip in a point to which is fastened long loops and ends of both sorts of ribbon which reach to the end of the moire skirt. The lace side of the fichu widens into two ends a yard in width and three yards long. These ends are drawn on each side into long loose panniers that fall to the skirt's edge, the ends being concealed under the plaits in the back.

The very nicest and most stylish wear in the way of cloaks for bad January weather are the long, close-fitting garments that cover the entire figure. These are made of black, dark blue and green diagonal cloth, lined in waist and sleeves with chamois skins, which gives warmth without bulk, and faced throughout with a good quality of satin. These coats must be very carefully and smoothly fitted, and are usually trimmed either by being braided, the braid set upon edge and stitched to the cloth, or silk passementerie is set on all the way down the front. This latter trimming is made of smooth silk cords worked into round designs, and is very rich in effect. The wrap covers the entire skirt, and, while plain in front, is very full in the back below the waist. The collar is plain and high and is covered with braid. The braided sleeves flare a good deal at the wrist, but there are inner sleeves below the elbow which fit close for the sake of warmth.

They Went Out.

"I think the rooms are exactly what we want, don't you, my dear?" said a gentleman to his wife after they had looked at a suite of rooms in a fashionable house.

"Yes, indeed," replied the wife with great enthusiasm, "they are just what I want."

"Then we'll take them?"

"Oh, yes, do; I'm so tired of dragging around looking at apartments."

"I'm sure you'll like them," said the landlady, blandly, "and I'll make it as pleasant as possible for you."

"Oh, thank you!"

"Yes; they are really very desirable and it isn't everybody I let them to, but—I suppose you'll call it mere flattery—the moment you asked to look at them I hoped you'd take the rooms. I—I—really I was so pleased with your appearance and I'm delighted that the rooms please you."

"Our references are satisfactory?"

"Oh, perfectly. I hope the terms are quite satisfactory to you?"

"Quite—very reasonable, indeed."

"Ah, I think so myself. I've been geeting sixty-five for the rooms and they have rented for seventy, but to you I——"

"You're very kind, I'm sure," murmurs the lady. "O, George, what a sunny, cosy corner for the baby's crib!"

"The—baby's—crib!" gasps the landlady.

"Yes, indeed; we have the dearest, sweetest, cunningest, loveliest little darling, only 6 months old and"—

The landlady's bell rings sharply, a white-capped maid appears.

"Sally," says her offended and insulted mistress, "show these persons out!"

"Why, madam, we—we——"

"Show them out, Sally! A baby indeed! Thank heaven I found you out in time! How could I have been so deceived and imposed upon? Good day, sir; Sally, show them out!"—*Zenas Dane in Detroit Free Press.*

Dan Rice Entrapped.

Dan Rice, the veteran showman, was nicely fooled one day, as he was engaged announcing the wonders of his circus outside the tent. A man standing with a little boy in the crowd near by cried out: "I'll bet you a dollar you cannot let me see a lion." "Done!" said the showman, eagerly; "put down the money." The man placed a dollar in the hand of a bystander, and Dan did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There you are," said he triumphantly; "look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion." "I don't see any," responded the man. "What's the matter with you?" asked the showman. "I'm blind," was the grinning reply, and in a few minutes the man pocketed the two dollars and went away.

Stiff and Proud.

Wife—Well, our new girl is going to leave, John.

Husband—Why?

"She says your manner toward her on the street is entirely too cool; that we haven't our family arms on the kitchen stove lids and broom handles, and that on the whole we're not of her set."

All It Was Worth.

Young Man (to editor)—What do you think I ought to get for the poem, sir?

Editor—You ought to get $10.

Young Man (overjoyed)—Oh, that is fully as much as I expected.

Editor—Yes, $10 or thirty days.

That was more than he expected.

Influential citizens of Sydney have raised a valuable testimonial for Beach, the retired champion.

Hanlan's race with Edward Trickett in Australia does not take place till the 3rd of May.

"ALL NATIONS WITNESSES."

The Wonderful Mistakes of Scientists and Educators.

"Prove all things" seems to be the guiding maxim of the people of this age.

This would be all right, were it not for the "know-alls" in every community, who are sure that every introducer of a new idea is a "crank," and that every new invention is "utterly impracticable."

The astonishing fact is that in this class educated men and scientists are found. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains all over the world show how mistaken they were. There went up a guffaw of laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world by Associated Press, put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

Rev. Dr. Talmage in one of his sermons says: "If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it; but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" "Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry "We are witnesses!"

The proprietors of Warner's safe cure have received over 10,000 voluntary testimonials to the efficacy of that medicine. These have come from almost every civilized country, and they may fairly claim "it has made all nations witnesses."

The evidence comes from all classes. The highest medical authorities, like Dr. Robson, late surgeon in the English navy, and Dr. Wilson, editor of "Health," of London, Eng.; and clergymen of the highest reputation like Rev. Dr. Rankin, ex-chaplain of the U. S. Senate, and Dr. Kendrick, of the Rochester University, one of the international revisers of the New Testament, are among the published witnesses.

Hundreds of these testimonials have been and are being published. They can be easily verified. A standing offer of $5,000 for proof that any one of them is not true, so far as the proprietors know, is a fair guarantee of their genuineness.

If a man suffering from any one of the ailments, of which there are so many, growing out of kidney derangement, is it not more than foolish for him to refuse to try Warner's safe cure when thousands testify they have been cured by it?

Think of it!

The men who refuse to believe that anything can be valuable because it is in conflict with old ideas and methods are the men who "get left" in this world and go before their time to try another.

Her Two Sets.

Mr. Featherly—What beautiful teeth Miss Smith has!

Miss Sharptongue—Yes, I think this set much prettier than her other.

"I am weary of living," moaned poor Mrs. Black. "For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back."

My nerves are a chain
Of weakness and pain,
And my poor head aching as if it would crack."

"Now, don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs White.

"It is never so dark but there's promise of light:
I can tell you, in brief,
What will give you relief—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right."

It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottle (100 doses) $1. Six for $5.

The Lady in the Horse-Car.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; enters conductor, asks fare; woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel; stop the car, please.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

Pocket Phlebotomy.

Dr. Bigbill—You may thank your stars, sir, that physicians in these days don't bleed patients afflicted with your malady as they used to. Patient (dubiously)—I'm not so sure that they don't, doctor.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Boundary Line

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pains? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's Nerviline, or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerviline, the sure pain cure.

At the Restaurant.

Guest—These eggs remind me of the miracle of the raising of Lazarus.

Waiter—Well, eggs four days old are fresh enough, ain't they?

Guest—I'm not complaining of the eggs; it's the odor that accompanies them.

Can a Man Swallow a Cannon-ball?

Well, "that depends." He can if his throat is large enough and the cannon-ball not too large. The question really seems worthy of some consideration in view of the size of some of the pills that are prescribed for suffering humanity. Why not throw them to "the dogs," and take Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? Small sugar-coated, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, in glass, and always fresh.

It is rumored in British society that the Queen's health is much less satisfactory than is commonly supposed, and that if an improvement is not visible after her forthcoming visit to the continent her physician will feel much anxiety concerning her. It is said, indeed, that Her Majesty's health has been breaking up for the past three years, and that accordingly she has been compelled to give up all the occupations in which she used to delight.

—There are 10,548 more men than women in Manitoba.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNL. 5 18

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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will give me their P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THE ADVANCE.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, FEB. 2, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our contemporary, the Dundalk *Herald*, gets off some good things every week under the heading, "among our Exchanges." Last week it contained the following pungent and sensible paragraph:—

"The Markdale Standard of last week contains a letter from "A Granger" in answer to the Flesherton paper's insinuation regarding "the buyers in a neighboring village." He gives the Advance man no opportunity for disclaiming the insinuation, but positively takes to heart that Markdale is the intended show ground and circus where these hopping clowns and jumping jacks referred to by the Advance are to be seen. Well, we have no wish to dispute their claim, though we did dispute the insinuation and whilst we congratulate the Markdale buyers on their acrobatic performances, we desire to take a back seat for the future merely looking on at the remainder of the "shin-dig." An item in regard to a Granger's letter worthy of notice is that he attempts to speak with authority under a *nomme de plume*, he says: "If an editor or town considers they are raising themselves by speaking evil of or ridiculing others, I consider their judgement exceedingly faulty." Who is I? A Granger. Who is a Granger? Nobody. Then what weight does he suppose his judgement and consideration can have? Verily none. The Advance man is known and respected; his utterances have weight in proportion to the circulation of his paper. But a Granger, who is he? It may be the editor in disguise, it may be Tom Tootle or Bill Tinker. No one knows and no one cares. But let us here inform a Granger that if he desires to speak with authority he must disclose his name so that people may at least know whose ideas they are following, otherwise his articles can have no weight, and the Advance man may turn the tables and say that your "article in itself is not worthy of attention."

Dundalk has a District Grand Council of "Ancient Order of Redmen." Some people may imagine, when they read this, that Dundalk is located somewhere on one of the late "Big Bear's" plantations, away out in the "great lone land, beyond the setting sun." As a matter of fact it is situated within ten or eleven miles of civilization!! [N.B.—That last word is a delicate allusion to Flesherton.

Dominion Councillor Buchanan, of Hamilton, strongly advocates the union of the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and Royal Templars, on the principle that "union is strength." We like the idea very much, and hope the scheme will be put into practical shape at an early date. It seems the chief objections come from the Good Templars. We have heard objections from other sources, but they can readily be met. If the more important obstacles can be as successfully dealt with, the union will only be a question of time. But, in this age of innovation, what guarantee have we that other temperance organizations would not spring into existence in case of the contemplated amalgamation taking place?

The Dundalk *Herald* has a sensible editorial, in its last week's issue, anent "Religious Instruction in Schools." We quite agree with the *Herald* that politicians indulged in a senseless warefare, when they introduced the question at the last provinciale lections. Whether the Ross Bible, or the one more particularly identified with the reign of that illustrious monarch, good King James I of England and VIth of Scotland, be used in our schools, the Teacher will be obliged—if he consults his own safety—to avoid comment for fear of giving a coloring to his interpretation which might be at variance with that of some of the pupil's parents. And to avoid explaining the Scripture would defeat the very object of their introduction into our common school curriculum. It would soon become a mere matter of form. Unless taught in a more practical manner than at present, we cannot see what good it will do.

The following item has appeared in the Collingwood *Bulletin* for over two months in succession—never missing a week—

"Flesherton's new Roller Mill is expected to be in operation about New Years."

Of course we have no very strong objections to seeing it in the familiar old "Select paragraphs" column, sandwiched among patent medicine locals; but really a news item two months old is rather stale reading. If our friend of the *Bulletin* wishes to use it any longer to separate the "soothing syrup" item from the "Asthma" one, will he kindly change the wording somewhat. It would brighten those "select paragraphs," and would also help to boom us in better style.

Maxwell School Matters.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—I noticed in the ADVANCE of last week, an epistle over the signature of James Buckingham regarding school matters in this place, and, only that people unacquainted with the circumstances of the matter might be led to think there was some foundation for his attack, I would treat his effusion with silent contempt which is the only merit it deserves. But in the first place he says he never did nor does not wish to say anything disrespectful of any of the Trustees. But what was his language one year ago? Why, that the Trustees were only a nest of rotten eggs, and other equally as bad names, and when called to task through THE ADVANCE he was not manly enough to even attempt a defence. I would like to know if there is any one who will say that his statements and actions are not disrespectful.

He only wished to know why the Trustees did not keep the late Teacher who gave such good satisfaction. Well in the first place Mr. B. never asked such a question either of the Trustees, nor at the annual school meeting. Neither did he ask any other question nor find fault in any way with the actions of the Trustees. But when he gets away privately with some of his kind there is nothing done to suit him. The question referred to was asked by another person at the annual meeting and answered to the satisfaction of all present, or at least such appeared to be the case as there was not a dissenting voice. He also says we had a ring formed. Well this is only another of his false insinuations got up to suit his evil mind. But if there was a ring formed I would like to know who was more anxious to join it than James Buckingham as he got himself set up as a candidate for Trustee and done his own canvassing and got beaten about 3 to 1, and even some of those who voted for him are ashamed of it. He does not want the school closed nor a cheap teacher employed, and so on; well, I am pleased to hear that he has become partially converted, as it is only two years ago since he took me to task as being guilty of giving a teacher too much salary when a much cheaper one would do just as well. But further comment is unnecessary although much more might be said. But in conclusion I would say to James Buckingham that if in the future he has any grievance in school matters to go to the trustees like a man, and I am satisfied that the gentlemen now composing the school board will give him justice every time, and if he has anything to say or write, to at least try and be truthful. Unless something of more importance comes up I shall in future treat his sayings by being silent.

W. LONG,
Ex-Trustee.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Our mails from the east did not arrive between Wednesday of last week until Monday of this week owing to the bad roads which were never in a worse condition.

The mails between here and Flesherton were delayed two days, but this should be enquired into as the roads between Feversham and Flesherton were passable every day.

The Gospel Temperance Workers have been holding meetings here but owing to the stormy weather the attendance was small until Saturday night when it began to improve. The proceedings were much appreciated but talking to a scanty audience seemed discouraging.

A letter by Jas. Buckingham appeared in your paper criticising some remarks made by your correspondent a few weeks ago, but as your cor. only gave what appeared at the time to be public sentiment it was not injustice to any one.

It is reported that our Township Clerk has resigned his position on account of too low salary.

Miss Ella Kerr, who has been attending the Collegiate Institute at Collingwood, is home, being ill, it is said, from overstudy.

Mr. Smith, one of the Gospel Temperance Workers gave one of his feet a severe cut on Monday last, having gone to the bush to enjoy a little exercise. He will likely be laid up for a few days.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."**

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A Physician

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"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

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Peas	0 57	0 58
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 70	6 80
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
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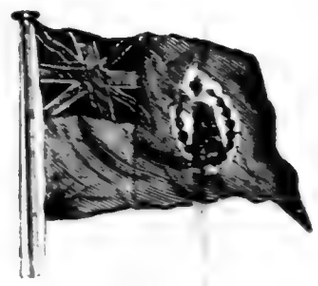

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SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Shame touching our mother? That is absurd, Shirley!" the lad said, flushing to the roots of his curly yellow hair.

"Not touching her, I trust, Jack, but touching something we ought to know," she whispered low. "I hope she may be able to tell us."

"Is she asleep?"

"No; she is in a stupor, I think."

"You have Uncle Gilbert's letter," Jack Ross said, after a pause. "Does he say nothing, Shirley?"

"There is much that I do not understand," the girl replied. "And I have a long letter for him which mother wrote before we left Heidelberg—a very long letter, Jack. It seemed almost as if she had a presentiment. Oh, I wish—I wish she had not come!"

The hot burning tears rose quickly to her eyes; but she ohocked them back. Jack put his arm around her and drew her fondly to him.

"Poor little Shirley, it has been terrible for you; but, dear, Dr. Graham tells me that the travelling has made no difference, or very, very little."

"And she was so anxious to come."

"Could you let me see Uncle Gilbert's letter?" said Jack, presently. "There may be something in it which would help us to understand what our mother tells us."

Shirley took some letters from the inner pocket of her sealskin coat, which she was still wearing, and, selecting one, handed it to her brother. As he took it from her she showed him mutely another letter, or rather a thick, weighty packet addressed in his mother's handwriting to her brother, Sir Gilbert Fairholme, Fairholme Court, Dumfife. Jack's lip quivered slightly as he saw the pretty, graceful Italian handwriting; then, turning away, he carried his uncle's letter to the mantle-piece, where a dim light was burning, and read as follows:

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I have received both your letters; and I did not answer the first because it required consideration; and, before I had thought over it sufficiently, your second letter came. When your husband died—three years ago, I think—I made you a proposal to return to Scotland and live there quietly; but your reply was decided, and you shrunk so unmistakably from my proposal, that I did not repeat it. Even when your son settled in London you did not seem to see the necessity of making a home for him there by settling there with Shirley; but that was no affair of mine. You preferred living abroad, and perhaps, in all the circumstances, it was just as well. You might have met persons who knew your history, you said. I should have fancied that you were far more likely to do so wandering about the Continent than living quietly at home in England or Scotland. But you said Scotland had been cruel to you; well, of that I cannot judge. You have been cruel to yourself, I think; but you were always wilful, and it is too late now to alter or regret the past. You wish to return home, your health is failing, you tell me; but you are so young that I hope your weakness is only temporary, and that our more bracing air will set you up again. Should you not wish to come to Fairholme Court, where, however, you shall be made very welcome, I will take a small house for you and my niece at Dumfife. Your story is well-nigh forgotten now, and, even if it were not so, the fact that Lady Fairholme and myself consent to forget it will be sufficent. We are still the Fairholmes of Fairholme, my dear Marian; although you have been so long absent, that you may have almost forgotten that fact.

"My son Oswald is with his regiment at Chatham. Gracie is now at home, but she has been spending some weeks at Edinburgh, where she has been much admired. The two younger girls, Maud and Jean, are still in the school-room; and Shirley is, I suppose, still young enough to share their studies. You may rest assured that all that can be done to make you comfortable in your old home, or a new one if you prefer it, will be done. Happiness, perhaps, you cannot expect—wrong-doing always brings its own punishment; but you may find quiet and peace here. You tell me that your children do not know your story; nor is it necessary that they should, so far as I can see. Let it die now, and be buried and forgotten. We will not disinter it.

"I inclose a check for your travelling expenses, as I wish you to have every possible comfort. Do not spare expense. Lady Fairholme joins me in love to you and Shirley. I have very good accounts of your son, and at my request Mr. Burnett is going to give him a post in the Glasgow branch of his establishment.

"Your affectionate brother,

"GILBERT FAIRHOLME."

It was not an unkind letter, but somehow, as he read it, a hot feeling of anger rose in Jack's heart against his uncle. What did he mean by his cruel sentences that it was too late to regret or alter the past? His mother's married life had been a happy ones why should she regret? What did he mean, too, by the phrase that wrong-doing must always bring its own punishment? What wrong had his mother done—his dear mother? There was something strange and incomprehensible about it all, something which made Jack anxious and uneasy, and made him wish with as great an earnestness as Shirley's own that his mother would awake from her stupor and find strength to tell them herself what they so much wished to know.

He folded up the letter and gave it back to his sister in silence. Perhaps Sir Gilbert meant kindly; but he had an unfortunate way of showing kindness. The letter was like his uncle, Jack thought. He had seen him only once, in London; but he had felt that there was no sympathy between them. Sir Gilbert was many years older than his mother, tall and grave and pompous and dry, and Jack could not guess how much he had loved his beautiful young sister in the days gone by, before she had caused him such grief.

"He calls Aunt Geraldine 'Lady Fairholme,'" said Shirley, huskily. "Is it not strange and cold, Jack?"

"Perhaps they don't get on very well", Jack answered, bitterly. "Or perhaps he wanted to impress our mother with the thought that it was not a sister she was going to, but only a sister-in-law."

"But he meant to be kind, Jack," Shirley whispered, softly. "He sent the cheque, you know, and he would have come himself to London if he had not been laid up with the gout."

"I dare say he meant to be kind, dear," said Jack, sorrowfully. "But I wish—oh, how I wish, Shirley, that we had no need to accept his kindness!"

"Hush, hush, Jack!" the girl said, quickly, thinking that she saw her mother move; but it was only the flickering shade cast by the lamp upon her face. There was no change in her death-like calm.

All was very still now. The city was sleeping; its great passionate heart was stilled for a brief space. Not a sound was to be heard, not the wheels of a passing vehicle or the echo of a hurrying footstep; and the stillness fell heavily upon Shirley's heart like the calm which comes before a storm.

So, minute by minute, the long night hours passed away, and the time crept on toward the dawn. The night seemed to have grown suddenly chill and even yet more quiet. It was as if an icy breath passed over the quiet earth for a moment. Any one who has watched by a sick bed knows that the moment when the one day seems to breathe its last, and there is a strange tremulous pause before the new day dawns upon the world. Shirley had read a description of it, and had been struck with it. It came back to her now, and she felt its truth:

"Do you know that moment in the night—the passage, as it were, from day to day—when a chill breath seems to pass over the earth, and for a space all the world is hushed as if in death? You may feel it by sea or by land. I have shivered and trembled under its spell while gasping for breath in the sulphurous Red Sea. Or in the heart of London, should you be awake, you lie and feel that yesterday is dead indeed, and the new day not yet fully born. This is the time when feeble old men and children, and death seems most terrible."

For this moment Shirley had been waiting with a strange thrill of superstitious dread. Would her mother die then—die without giving them a word or sign—die without telling them that secret in her past life, which, unless she told them, they would not know? As the "chill breath" swept over the room Shirley leant forward eagerly. The long lashes on the sunken marble cheeks flickered slightly, and the girl held her breath in agony. No, it was not the shade of the lamp now; the white lids were lifted slowly and heavily, and

Unto the dying eyes
The casement slowly grew a glimmering square.

At the same moment, even as the white lips parted to speak, the gray dawn of another October day stole slowly and stealthily over the east.

"Shirley," Marian Ross said, faintly, in a voice so low that it hardly reached the girl's quick ears, "where am I?"

"We are in London, dear, and Jack is with us," the brave girl answered, in her calm, brave, gentle voice.

"Jack!"

A glimmer of joy flashed into the dying eyes as they fell upon her son. Jack bent down and put his lips to hers in silence. Shirley, kneeling, lifted the beautiful head upon his arm.

"Have I been very ill?" said Mrs. Ross, feebly. "I think it must be near the end now, Shirley; but—I can not—I can not—"

Her voice died away upon her lips; but the dying eyes, growing wild in their intense eagerness, went from one young face to the other in piteous entreaty; and Shirley brought some of the restorative and held it to her lips. She could hardly swallow, but she drank it eagerly, and it seemed to give her a momentary strength.

"Lift me, Shirley—lift me higher," she said, in a somewhat stronger voice. "I can breathe more easily so. And I must tell you both, because you will hear it better from me; but it is a long story," she added faintly, "and the time is so short. Oh, Shirley, why did you not let me tell you in the train?"

"Tell us now mother," the girl said, through her tears. "Is it anything about Uncle Gilbert?"

"Oh, no—oh, no! But it is a long story, and I am so tired!" wailed the dying woman, with bitter anguish, almost as keen as if she could see into the future and know what misery ignorance of her story would bring upon her daughter.

"Never mind, mother darling," Jack said, soothingly. "Uncle Gilbert will tell us."

"Ah, but he will tell it so differently!" she moaned. "I must—I must—tell you—"

She struggled to a sitting posture again, resting on Shirley's shoulder and supported in her arms, and began to speak hurriedly, yet faintly, making pitiful efforts to gather her strength.

"It was so long ago—in Scotland—and I was so young," she said, brokenly. "I did not know—who could have guessed?—it was all like a play—and—no church—and—" Her voice failed, her head fell back wearily. "I can not—I can not!" she said piteously, as her eyes went from one to the other wildly; and Shirley bent down, tears falling as she did so, to utter some soothing words.

"Never mind dear; we shall know by and by. Meanwhile lie still and rest; you are so weary."

"So weary—yes. We have travelled a long way, you know; but we can rest now," murmured the dying lips, with the ghost of a smile passing over them. "Rest—you know the doctor said I was to rest. There was some one who—who was very kind, Shirley. I could not walk, you know."

"You mean the gentleman who carried you into the boat, mother. Am I to thank him for you?"

"Yes—thank him and the doctor."

The painful eager look was fading from her face now; she seemed to have forgotten the story which but a few minutes before she was so anxious to tell them. She lay back on her pillows calmly enough, and the smile which had crept to her lips crept up yet further into the depths of her dark eyes.

"I can smell the heather," she said clearly and sweetly. "Cannot you, Roland? How sweet it is! Listen—how prettily the book murmurs among the stones!"

There was a silence; the dawn crept higher over the eastern sky, and a faint roseate tingle stole into the dark gray. Over the beautiful face on the pillows the shadow of death crept slowly and darkly.

"They say that I am his wife," she said then, with a sudden pitiful cry of pain; "but that is impossible. I was not married, Roland—tell me I am not his wife."

The two pairs of watching eyes met across the pillows, the blue ones dim with tears, the hazel eyes wide and startled and miserable.

"What does she mean?" Shirley whispered.

"Nothing dear—she wanders," Jack answered, a new gravity and tenderness on his handsom boyish face.

"Not his wife—oh, no, we never went to church!" continued Marian Ross, in her low feeble tones. "But you are my husband, Roland!"

"She thinks she is talking to father," Jack said tumulously. "Mother, don't you know us Don't you know Shirley and Jack?"

"Shirley!" she repeated vacantly. "Little Shirley and Jack! Jack, take care of your sister or she will fall."

She had gone back to their childhood Shirley guessed, as the great hot tears fell on the soft dark hair, and the girl's whole frame trembled with the violence of her emotion.

The minutes slipped by. Jack went to the window and drew back the curtain; a streak of morning sunshine, the herald of a fine day, fell across the carpet and touched the foot of the bed.

Suddenly the large dark eyes opened; the painful, eager, puzzled look had faded from them, and they had become dim and glassy; but they smiled.

"Never mind," she said, in a faint clear happy tone. "Shirley will not judge her mother. I do not mind Shirley. It is getting dark now, and I am—going home. It is dark—so dark!"

Dark! And the sun-rays were streaming into the room in a flood of golden light! But she could not see it, for she had gone home.

Gone home without telling the secret which had weighed upon her for a score of years, without warning her daughter against the fate which had fallen upon her! Ah, if she could have seen into the future, she could not have gone home with that peaceful smile upon her face!

CHAPTER IV.

To go, or not to go—that is the question; and, upon my word, it seems such a kindly hospitable invitation that I should not hesitate about accepting it!"

As he spoke Guy Stuart poured out a second cup of coffee, sugared and creamed it with due deliberation, and proceeded to discuss his breakfast, as if it were of far more importance than the subject under consideration while the other man, his friend and host, Sir Hugh Glynn, sitting opposite him at the long dining-table, looked meditatively at a note lying before him.

"Of course it is very civil and all that," he said, in rather a plaintive tone; "but we are quite strangers in this part of the world, and we do not know what we should be committing ourselves to by accepting."

"At the most to a few days of uncongenial society," Major Stuart answered carelessly—"and perhaps bad dinners."

"The last is a very serious condition. My predecessor here had evidently some notion of comfort and good cooking. The cook has been at Maxwell for twenty years, the butler tells me, and I hope she may remain here for twenty more. Those outlets she gave us last night," continued Sir Hugh, in his languid, rather drawling voice, "made mutton seem like meat from some other sphere."

Major Stuart laughed; he did not possess his friend's delicate appreciation of the art of cookery, and to him Brillat-Savarin was nothing more or less than a rather contemptible gourmand.

"The cutlets were very good, and so is this game pie," he said carelessly, still devoting himself to the fortification of his inner man. "Will the answer to Sir Gilbert's note, then, hinge on the abilities of his cook?"

"I am afraid we shall not be able to ascertain what his or her abilities may be," replied Sir Hugh, laughing. "It is more likely to hinge on his womankind, if one could find out anything about them."

"I should think that was pretty easy. They must be people of some consequence about here—and your servants are old stagers; I have no doubt they know all about them."

"Fairholme is about seven miles from here," Sir Hugh said meditatively; "so that I could ride over and see how things went on here—and certainly it would be a change. Aren't you getting just a little bit tired of my society, Guy?"

"Not a bit," Major Stuart answered heartily. "I have not had a glimpse of you for nearly three years, remember, until that lucky meet at King's Cross."

"A lucky meeting for me!" said Sir Hugh cordially. "To think that you had returned, and that you had been in England for nearly three months without giving me a notice of your existence! It was too bad, Stuart!"

"My dear fellow"—and Major Stuart's dark gray eyes, with a warm kindly light in their depths, went over across the breakfast-table to Sir Hugh's handsome face—"I could not discover your whereabouts. You were to be heard of everywhere; but, whenever I followed you up, you had disappeared like a meteor. Sir Hugo Glynn is evidently a person of some importance in the world of fashion and distinction."

Sir Hugh laughed carelessly. He was a singularly handsome man, with a complexion as fair as any girl's, wide sleepy blue eyes, a heavy fair mustache, and soft fair hair. His movements were slow, listless and languid, and, had he been a man of less size and presence, the charge of effeminacy might have been laid at his door.

"Well, what are we to do about this invitation?" he said, reverting to the subject once more. "Sir Gilbert evidently takes it for granted that we are tired of our own society, and should like a change. He says he would call if he were not laid up with the gout, but that his son called a day or two since. I don't remember the circumstance."

"Don't you? I do. It was the day we went into Dumfife. On our return we found his card in the hall, and Martin said he had ridden over. He is in the —th Hussars."

"Oh, well, I wish her ladyship would let us have her *menu* and a list of the members of her household!" said the young baronet, laughing. "I find that ladies who have marriageable daughters are generally very civil to me, Stuart, and I dare say you have found the same."

"I? *Hugo mio*, you forget. I am not a baronet with an unlimited rent roll," answered Major Stuart, laughing.

"Unlimited! I find mine limited enough," Sir Hugh said lightly. "I assure you that I did not find old Uncle Robert's legacy come at all amiss. It added this place and nearly five thousand a year to my possessions, and I needed it."

"Not a legacy to be despised," observed Guy Stuart. "At the same time, you could have done quite well without it! However, you'll be able to give me some good grouse-shooting here in the season, and you must be content to submit to the feminine maternal persecution which invariably follows such an eligible unmarried man as yourself." And again Guy Stuart's eyes, with a laugh in their depths, sought his friend's face, and Sir Hugh, meeting the glance laughed also.

As they sat opposite to each other in the dining-room of Maxwell House, no greater contrast could have been found than these two men, and yet they had been friends for many a year. Sir Hugh was exceedingly handsome, and he had used his great wealth to add to his prestige which his good looks gave him in the fashionable world. He kept a first-rate stud, lived in the most luxurious manner, gave the best dinners and the most charming entertainments of the London season; his horses and carriages were the best appointed in the Park, his drag the cynosure of all eyes at Epsom. It was no wonder that all men spoke well of him, that the great ladies of his set smiled upon him, and that a shower of invitations poured down upon him all through the season. He was such a charming flirt, the great ladies said languidly—and, his waltzing was as near perfection as waltzing could be; and his taste was so unexceptionable that no belle would have deemed her court complete unless he formed one of her courtiers, and "Handsome Hugo" was a household word in many a dainty boudoir.

Life had always been a very pleasant thing to this petted prosperous favorite of fortune; he had never known a care or a sorrow; but the thirty years he had lived had not fitted him to bear the storm which breaks almost inevitably, and more or less heavily, over every life, and which broke over Hugh Glynn with additional fury.

The friendship which had existed for so many years between Sir Hugh and Major Stuart had been a source of surprise to more than one of their acquaintances. The young baronet's life and tastes seemed so directly opposed in their luxurious indolence to the brave, simple, self-denying life of the soldier. But those who wondered did not know that the foundation of that friendship had been laid in their school days, when Guy, a few months the elder and considerably the stronger, had defended the more delicate boy from the bullying which seems inseparable from a public school. Nor did they know that the friendship thus begun had been cemented by a life saved. The occurrence had taken place many years previously, but Hugh Glynn's gratitude was warm and living still. He had not forgotten that at the risk of his life Guy had thrown himself into the angry waves which were hungering to make Hugh their victim, and had brought him with great difficulty safely to land.

The passionate gratitude which had welled up in the boy's heart as he lay, faint and bruised, watching the endeavors of two or three rough sailors to restore his friend to consciousness had never died away. Even when, later on, both men were dazzled by one woman's face and the death-blow to their friendship was struck, even when one of them stooped to the blackest treachery, the basest betrayal, that gratitude did not quite fade; it lived to add the bitterest sting to the remorse of the betrayer, the most poignant anguish to the traitor's suffering.

Very different in physique were the two men. Beside Guy Stuart, Sir Hugh, although by no means a short man, became almost insignificant, for Guy was unusually tall and strong, towering, like Saul of old, above all his fellows. For the rest, his features were irregular and almost rugged, and, if they were not plain, it was because his eyes were unusually beautiful—dark deep gray, with long lashes, which gave them at times almost a feminine softness.

"It is not such a very severe penalty after all," Major Stuart said, laughing. "I'm not an eligible, so I have never been obliged to submit to it; but we had one or two rich fellows in the regiment, and it used to be very amusing to see how sweetly the mothers used to smile upon them—ah, and the daughters likewise! There was a handsome young 'detrimental' amongst us too, and one or two of the girls were inclined to favor him; but—"

"The mammas were too wise," put in Sir Hugh, laughing. "I wish you'd decide about this, Guy. You're my guest, and I am at you disposal. Go or stay, just as you like best."

"I'm perfectly happy here," said Guy Stuart, laughing—"excellent quarters, and commissariat department perfectly managed."

"Then we'll stay at home."

"But," Major Stuart said thoughtfully, as he pushed his chair from the table and sauntered over to the mantel-piece, where he had left his cigar-case, "perhaps Sir Gilbert might be huffed; and it will not do for the new master of Maxwell to get into bad repute in the neighborhood."

"No, perhaps not; but even that would be better than being bored."

"Of two evils choose the lesser," said Major Stuart laughingly, as he selected a cheroot. "Suppose you toss up, Hugo?"

"Not a bad idea!" responded Sir Hugh, looking up eagerly. "Upon my word, I have a mind to adopt your suggestion!"

"Do," said Major Stuart carelessly. "Let chance decide it."

Sir Hugh took half-a-crown from his pocket and looked at it meditatively; then, meeting his friend's glance, he laughed lightly.

"I don't suppose it is the first time in our lives that we have let chance decide for us," he said gaily. "What will it do for us now, do you think? Will the fates be propitious?"

"I wonder if there is such a thing as chance?" said Major Stuart, coming to the table, cigar in hand, with some interest lighting up his dark face.

"We won't discuss that question," answered Sir Hugh, laughing, as he played with the coin between his fingers. "It is far too deep for you or for me. But"—he lifted his eyes for a moment to his friend's face—"you are strangely in earnest, Guy!"

"Am I?" said the other, turning away with a laugh and a flush on his cheek. "Well, perhaps I was. For a moment I had a kind of feeling that something serious would come of it; but it's all nonsense of course!" he added, as he lighted his cheroot; then, suddenly coming back to the table, he went on with a strange earnestness. "Put back the half-crown, Hugh, and let us discuss the *pros* and *cons* dispassionately, and decide accordingly."

Sir Hugh looked at him for a moment in silence.

"No," he said quietly, "we'll trust to chance. 'Heads'—we will accept Sir Gilbert Fairholme's invitation. 'Tails'—we will refuse it!"

"Come in," said Sir Hugh sharply, covering the coin with his hand as he turned toward the intruder.

The door opened quietly, and a servant out of livery came in and walked slowly up the long room toward his master.

Major Stuart glanced at him indifferently, but, almost as he looked, the indifference faded out of his gray eyes, and something like interest replaced it.

He was a man of Sir Hugh's height, and very much the same build, a trifle narrower across the chest perhaps, but with no material difference. He was fair, too, like his master, but with no pretensions to good looks; and altogether between the two men there was a *faux air* or resemblance which might easily exist between two persons of the same height and complexion, and having the same colored hair. For a moment the resemblance struck Guy Stuart, but the impression was a fleeting one.

"What is it, Latreille?" demanded Sir Hugh, with some impatience.

"The stud-groom is here, Sir Hugh," said the man, quietly. "He is just leaving for town, and he desired me to ask if you had any directions for him."

"For Willis? No—tell him to let me hear from him on arrival," Sir Hugh answered quietly. "That is all."

The man bowed low, with an air of extreme respect which had something foreign in its courtesy, and turned to leave the room. But Sir Hugh recalled him.

"Latreille!"

"Yes, Sir Hugh."

"I suppose you know nothing about Fairholme Court?"

"Only that it is a fine building, Sir Hugh, with handsome grounds, situated about eight miles from here."

"I know all that; but you know nothing of the family?"

"No, Sir Hugh."

"Do you think the butler could give you any information?"

"I have no doubt on the subject, Sir Hugh," the man answered, a slight fleeting smile crossing his face.

"Then go and make inquiries," said his master quietly, "and come back here and tell me the result."

"Yes, Sir Hugh."

With another low bow, Latreille turned away and left the room. Sir Hugh, with a laugh, selected a cigar.

"That fellow bows like Beau Brummel," said Major Stuart, laughing, "and moves like a prince."

"He is an odd fellow," Sir Hugh answered lightly—"Claude Melnotte style, you know."

"Where did you pick him up? He was not in your service when I went to India."

"No, I got him on the continent last year."

"And you find him trustworthy?"

"As trustworthy as most men in his position," said Sir Hugh carelessly. "I dare say that he robs me, but I have not succeeded in finding it out. He told me a long story when I met him first, which may or may not be true."

"What is it? Will it bore you to repeat it?" asked Major Stuart, who had been struck by the valet's appearance and unusual air of refinement.

"Not at all. You are welcome to as much of his history as I can remember. He has knocked about, and seen a good deal of the world, and is an amusing fellow enough."

"He is a Frenchman, of course?"

"Not a bit of it. He is a Scotchman. Yes, you may well look surprised, but it is nevertheless quite true. His father was a hair-dresser in Edinburgh, who was, I believe, unfortunate, as many men are, in his domestic relations. He left Edinburgh and settled in Paris, where he had not much success apparently, for, when he died, he left his son for a legacy some wigs, hair brushes, razors and some bad debts."

"Not much of a capital to begin the world upon," said Major Stuart, laughing.

"So our friend soon discovered. However, he converted his stock in trade into money and joined a circus, where for some months he distinguished himself by standing on his head and contorting his limbs; then he became a public singer—comic, of course—and went the round of the *cafes chantants*. When that failed, he was 'general utility' at a minor provincial theatre," Sir Hugh continued; "and I am convinced the stage is his vocation. He is a first-rate actor, and makes up capitally. It was at Poitiers that I first made his acquaintance. I was travelling, and had met at a cafe the manager of the theatre there, a pleasant gentlemanly fellow enough. There were one or two pretty actresses belonging to the company, and one night I invited the troupe to supper. Latreille was among them, and I confess he attracted me. He was so frankly insolent, so amusing, and so independent that I found him irresistible. The next morning, to my surprise, he called upon me, said he was sick of the stage, and offered his services as valet and courier; and I engaged him."

"And you have not repented?"

"Not once. He is a most useful servant; his only fault is an occasionally slight freedom of manner, which never approaches insolence, but at times is somewhat familiar. But he is far too valuable an acquisition to dismiss for so trifling a fault. I dare say he robs me, for we are of the same size and build, and my clothes fit him perfectly; but he is perfect in his own line and he never chatters."

"And he entertains a profound admiration for his master."

(To be continued.)

—Deputy-Reeve McEvoy, of Amherstburg, weighs 390 pounds.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Major E. G. Prior, Conservative, was elected by acclamation yesterday to represent Victoria, B. C., in the House of Commons.

The Brantford Burns' Society will celebrate Burns' anniversary by a supper on Wednesday. Dr. Cochrane will deliver an address on the poet.

During the past three months there were 124 prisoners in the county jail at Brantford, showing an increase of 26 over the same period last year.

Customs Officer Stayner made a seizure yesterday at Brockville of $160 worth of goods that were being smuggled across the river by a local merchant.

The preliminary trial of Henry Taylor at London came to an abrupt termination yesterday, owing to the Mayor's refusal to have it conducted in open court.

Preparations are being made for the removal of the National Picture Gallery from the Supreme Court building at Ottawa to its new quarters in the old Orange Hall.

The first commitment to the county jail at Kingston on account of the Scott Act has occurred, the prisoner being a Verona hotelkeeper who persistently violated the law and would not pay a fine.

According to the official statement, the total number of persons in Montreal entitled to vote at the next municipal elections is 31,505, an increase of 4,160 over last year.

During the month of December last the amount deposited in the Government savings banks was $314,967. The amount withdrawn during the same period was $366,920, thus showing a decline of $41,953 in savings bank deposits during the month.

The charges against Detective Naegele and Constable Plante, of Montreal, of robbing Dufresne of his diamond ring and of the Lefebvre robbery have been dropped. Without Wilson's evidence nothing was proved, and the only charge against Naegele now is the Grand Trunk robbery.

Mr. Len Smith, who lately started a tobacconist's store on St. Paul street, St. Catharines, is reported missing from that city since last Friday afternoon, with no definite knowledge of his whereabouts. Mr. Smith was last seen at the Falls, inquiring regarding a train for Buffalo.

A rumor was in circulation in St. Catharines yesterday that Mr. Frank Phelps, who for the past two years has been secretary to the board of water commissioners, has left the city under a financial cloud. His duties were to keep the books of the commission, collect the water rates and pay them to the city treasurer. It is reported that he has not made any payment since Thursday 1 st, and the extent of his defalcation cannot be estimated until his books and vouches are examined.

Reports from San Remo say that bits of dead cartilage are coming away from the Crown Prince's larynx.

The movements of Russian troops in Galicia have been suspended owing to the snow impeding railway traffic.

The Spanish Government have given orders to English houses for camp equipage, hospital and other stores, sufficient for a force of 25,000 men.

The debenture capital on the reconstruction of the Bass Brewing Company of nearly a million pounds is reported to have been subscribed fifteen times over.

A story is being revived in diplomatic circles of the Czar's intention to have himself proclaimed Emperor of Asia, and, it is said, the ceremony is to take place shortly at Merv.

It is whispered in Munich that the mad King Otho has become suspicious of his attendants, refuses to eat or drink, and is dying fast. Simultaneously the ghost of his late insane brother and predecessor is reported abroad nightly.

Advices from the Samoan Islands say that the Germans are enforcing the payment of taxes, and that a German judge is soon to arrive at Apia. The proclamation of a German protectorate is expected.

An explosion of gas occurred yesterday in the Bankruptcy Court, Dublin. The force of the explosion was so great that the roof of the building was hoisted from the walls and the windows were smashed. One workman was killed and another was injured.

It is reported that the Russian legation at Bucharest has ruptured its relations with Roumania, owing to a series of insults to which it has been subjected, and which was crowned by the recent arrest of a legation official, who was subsequently released without explanation.

A naval force has been organized at Cherbourg for the protection of the French interests on the Banks of Newfoundland. This intelligence is important to British vessels engaged in the Newfoundland fishing, as significant of the determination of the French Government to disregard the provisions of the Baits Bill.

Antiquarians exploring Canterbury Cathedral, by permission of the Archbishop, on Friday unearthed the long lost coffin of Archbishop Profundus, who reigned and said mass just 200 years before the Reformation. Nothing is sacred to antiquarians, so they opened the coffin. Five hundred years had played less havoc with the mighty Archbishop's remains than might have been expected. The skull was perfect, and also some of the bones. Sad to say, the tomb had been rifled of the many valuables it must have contained.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, in a speech before the Bradford Chamber of Commerce last evening, said that the wave of protection which had passed over Europe during recent years had not yet spent its force. Its movement was coincident with and dependent on the increase of military feeling, which represents an exaggerated notion of nationality. He was confident that before long the world would see serious conflicts between the various Powers. The fact that German manufacturers were trenching upon British trade was due to their being better informed and having a closer connection with their customers. It was needful, he said, for England to remedy this state of things.

The President has nominated Marshal McDonald, of the District of Columbia, to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

The doors of the First National Bank of Auburn were closed yesterday morning until further notice, pending an examination of the affairs of the bank in the absence of the cashier.

The sentence of death passed on Brooks, alias Maxwell, for the murder of Preller at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, on April 5th 1885, was confirmed yesterday by the United States Supreme Court.

W. W. Lawson, ex-sheriff, formerly member of the State Legislature, a prominent political and business man of Buffalo, was instantly killed by falling down a flight of stairs into a cellar yesterday afternoon.

Charles F. Tonjas, of Brooklyn, N.Y., after having run through a fortune of $200,000 in speculation, is said to have forged his mother's name to a number of notes, borrowed largely from friends and departed for parts unknown.

The explosion of a blast of powder in a sewer being constructed on Dewitt street, Buffalo, at noon yesterday, seriously, if not fatally, injured two workmen. One of them had both arms broken in several places and one leg broken. The other was seriously cut and bruised.

At the meeting of the Methodist preachers at Baltimore yesterday, the resolutions offered at a previous meeting censuring President Cleveland for sending a copy of the constitution of the United States to Pope Leo came up after the regular business. There was much discussion, but the resolutions were finally adopted by a vote of 19 for to 10 against.

SOME ODD SIGHTS IN CHINA.

Where Black Cats and Dogs Are for Sale in the Markets.

A traveller, in writing from Canton, China, about that city, says: "The streets are paved with stone and narrow, not more than six or seven feet wide at the most, with just room enough for two chairs to squeeze by each other. The foot-passers were jammed against the wall without ceremony and stared at us, muttering: 'Fanqual! Fanqual!' We went down the street of 'One Hundred Grandsons' and up the street of 'Everlasting Love' and through the street of 'Refreshing Breezes,' which is certainly a misnomer, for Canton beats the world in abominable odors. Both sides of the streets are crowded with shops and stalls.

"Restaurants abound where cats and dogs, dried rats and black cats' eyes are served up to all who can afford to pay for these luxuries. They are expensive. The flesh of black cats and dogs is much more highly prized than that of cats and dogs of any other color, and the unskinned tail is left on the animal to prevent any deception being practiced upon the purchaser. I had a black chow dog, to which I had become much attached, but the hungry glances cast by the coolies upon that unoffending quadruped whenever we took our walks abroad compelled me to part with it. In the fish market the fish swim about in little tanks. I saw a Chinaman select one, from the side of which the vendor cut a pound or two and then returned the poor, bleeding, gasping object to the tank to swim about until some other customer bought the rest of it, or death relieved its sufferings. During our ramble we met Mr. Howqua, one of the richest mandarins in China, and he took us to his house and introduced us to his wives. They were much powdered and rouged. Their feet were about three inches in length and their finger-nails from five to seven inches longer. In order to keep the nails from breaking they are slipped into gold sheaths, which dangle aimlessly from the little, skinny fingers. Howqua's wives are not things of beauty, though I am quite prepared to believe that they may be joys forever.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Shocking Disaster on the Delaware & Hudson Railway—Four Men Fatally Injured —Several Passengers Seriously Hurt.

A Troy, N.Y., despatch says: A terrible railway accident occurred yesterday afternoon on the Salem branch of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, from the results of which four men will probably die. Many others are seriously injured. The accident occurred on a curve about a mile west of Baxterville, between Shushan and Salem. The train was 45 minutes late leaving Salem, and an attempt was being made to make up some of this before reaching Eagle Bridge, where it connects for Troy. The train was composed of the engine, one baggage and mail car and two passenger coaches. As the train rounded the curve the coach which was next to the last car of the train left the track, and bumped over the ties for about eight feet before leaving the track altogether. This it did in a wild series of somersaults, turning over at least three times before reaching the bottom. The car behind followed and the scene was one of horror, in which the frightful cries of the injured women and men were mingled with the crashing of glass and timbers. In the car first mentioned were seated about sixteen passengers. When the plunge occurred they were all injured. David Owens, a Western Union lineman, was fatally injured; the recovery of Conductor Charles Frost is impossible; and Clark Rice, of Cambridge, N.Y.; Clarence Stoddard, of Granville, and Martin H. Stevens, of Shushan, are seriously and perhaps fatally injured. John H. Shields, Miss Annie Shields, Nellie Tierney and several others whose names were not ascertained are seriously cut and bruised.

Striving After the Ideal.

Grandpapa—Ah, Johnny! There are few better things than Irish stew! Johnny—What are the few better things, grandpa? —*Punch.*

After a Club Dinner.

At all events our stomachs seem to be full of all sorts of terrible possibilities.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Sydney *Morning Herald* quotes an official report relative to attempts to suppress the rabbit plague in Australia and says: "The evidence goes to show that the present system for the destruction of the rabbits has been a complete failure. There has been £361,493 spent and 7,858,787 rabbits have been killed. That is, every rabbit has cost nearly a shilling to kill, while the lamentable fact remains that the rabbits have not decreased in numbers, but have rather increased."

PAPA'S CONSENT.

How it Happened that Mamma Obtained it.

Scene I.—Place, parlor. Time, 12 midnight. She is in her arms. He hugging her with an elaborate intensity damaging to the strings of her upholstery.

He—Darling, I love you better than life. Be mine, sweet one, forever. Be my wife, angel of my existence—will you, pet?

She (softly murmuring)—Yes, dear Johnnie.

Nineteen double esthetic distilled kisses in one minute by the clock. Grand tableau. The cats sing in joyful unison on the fences in the rear.

Scene II.—Place, family sitting-room. Time, 12.45 a. m. She blushing by the stove. Her mother, rather wrathy, sitting in the straightest back chair in the apartment.

Mother — Good gracious, Clara, what made him stay so late? I have been sitting up waiting for you until I am half dead for sleep. Why, it's nearly 1 o'clock.

She—Well, ma, don't blame him. It was all my fault. (Ah! the dear girls; they always defend the men they love—until they legally get them.)

Mother—Why, Clara, what makes you look so funny? So you love this young man?

She (blushing more so, and speaking with the verbal difficulty of heartfelt emotion)—Yes, dear ma, and he loves me, and I promised to-night to be his wife.

Mother — Good gracious sakes alive, child! Why, he is too poor to marry you. What does he make a week now?

She—Twelve dollars, ma; but, oh! his prospects are so bright, and we are both young and can wait, and will, ma.

Mother—Well, you can never marry him. He is too poor, Clara.

She weeps, not only in a wholesome manner, but with elaborate hysterical ornaments.

Mother (relenting a little)—Well, go to bed now, my child. I will talk to your father about this matter.

The cats sobs in painful harmony on the roof of the extension.

* * * * *

Scene 3.—Place, bedroom of the head of the family. Time, 1.15 a. m. The mother in bed and husband asleep deeply snoring musically.

Mother (to husband)—Say, father, John Denny has proposed to our Clara.

Old man stands the assault for a few moments, and then, waking up, exclaims profanely, "Oh, it's you, is it? Pretty time to get in bed with cold feet. What the mischief do you want now?"

The mother—Ain't you ashamed of yourself to talk that way to me? I say that John Denny has proposed to our Clara, and she loves him, too.

Old man—You don't tell me so, Sarah. He's too poor. Do you know what he makes a week now?

The mother—Only $12.

Old man—Oh! he's too hanged poor. She can't marry that church mouse.

The mother (now taking sides with her daughter)—Daniel Webster Jones, I want to ask you what salary you were getting when you cried and blubbered for me some twenty odd years ago?

Old man (in a November tone of voice)—You know, Sarah Jane, I told you then, and you have not forgotten it.

The mother—Well, tell me now, Daniel. You hear me?

Old man—Oh, $8 per week.

The mother—Well, you got me in time, and I guess our Clara can have the young man she loves. He now beats you by $4 a week. We give our consent. You hear me, Daniel?

Old man—Yes, yes, dear. All right. Now go to sleep. It's late. Good night, dear.

The cats executed a regular breakdown of hilarity on the outer window ledge of the bath-room.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Painlessness of Drowning.

A medical book entitled "Euthanasia," recently published in England, thus discusses the sensations of drowning: "Even in death by drowning, where the mind is keenly alive and active throughout there is an entire absence of suffering of any kind. The famous letter of Admiral Beaufort, describing his symptoms when more nearly drowned than probably any living man has ever been, is quoted from Sir John Barrow's memoir. 'I no longer thought of being rescued,' he writes; 'nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable sort, partaking of that dull, but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue.' It is on this letter, though there is much evidence of the same kind, that the popular idea is based that drowning persons, within a minute or two, seem to have presented to them every incident of their lives. 'The whole period of my existence,' says the admiral, 'seemed to be placed before me in a panoramic review, and each act of it accompanied by a consciousness of the right or wrong, or by some reflections as to the consequences;' though two minutes did not elapse between the moment of suffocation and his being hauled up, and, according to the lookers-on, he was very quickly restored to animation. On the other hand, I have myself known half-drowned men, who tell me they have had no consciousness of any thing save the agony of being restored to life."

A Slap at Six-Footers.

It isn't the tree with the loftiest head that throws the most shade.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Advices this week from Scotland show the strong feeling of the crofters against the emigration scheme. A series of meetings was held under the auspices of the Highland Land League. Emigration was generally disapproved till all the good lands are occupied. The Government was urged to spend money in trenching and draining the straths and glens at home and assisting crofters to stock the land when they get it.

As a consequence of the recent turf scandals the London (England) Jockey Club has refused to renew the license of Jockey Wood, who rode for Sir George Chetwynd, and who was charged by Lord Durham with selling races. The club has also refused to renew the license of George Barrett, another well known jockey, on the ground that he had been guilty of foul riding in the races at Brighton.

A SALESMAN'S MISTAKE.

Courts of Law Not Established to Enforce Sharp Contracts.

A case of interest to the proprietors of large retail stores is related by the Philadelphia *Record*. It was tried last week before Judge Gordon in the Common Pleas Court. It appeared that Ella Goodrich entered the store of Strawbridge & Clothier and found a notice placarded offering buttons at 60 cents a gross. She was directed to the wholesale department of the store and picked out fifty gross, for which she was to pay $30. After she left the store it was ascertained that the goods she picked out contained mostly goods worth more than $4 a gross. A letter was written her informing her of this discovery, which was the result of a mistake of the clerk, and an offer was made to deliver such buttons worth 60 cents a gross as were selected, and the balance at the proper market price. Mrs. Goodrich refused to accept any of the goods, went into the market and bought others at a greater advance, and sued Strawbridge & Clothier to recover $245, the amount which she claimed she was obliged to pay for buttons equally as good as those offered to her by Strawbridge & Clothier for $30. When these facts were submitted yesterday Judge Gordon nonsuited the lady's claim for damages, holding that the firm could not be held for the glaring mistake made by the clerk. The Judge said:

When a salesman makes a mistake and sells goods at an extremely low figure, and at a price nine-tenths below the market value, and far below the real value, the employer, upon discovering the fact, may rescind the sale, and is not obliged to deliver the goods. In this case the plaintiff knew she was getting the buttons far below the market value. There was no unanimity of mind between the buyer and seller in the making of the contract, and courts of law are not established to enforce any such sharp contract as this.

The Kilt Threatened Again.

It is believed that the British army officials, having nothing better to do, have turned their attention again to the kilt worn by the Highland regiments, and the lace which adorns the scarlet jackets of the Horse Guards. Lord Wolseley, it is said, regards the Highland and Guard uniforms as being absurd and theatrical, and unfit for active service. The uniform of the Guards is probably too conspicuous for the operations of the field, but if Lord Wolseley proposes to abolish the kilt he will get into difficulties. In India, at any rate, the kilt is not an unsuitable dress, and it has been so long associated with the fame and name of the Highland regiments that any proposal to do away with it would lead to much opposition. A good deal may be said in favor of toning down the showy uniforms of the Guards, but there is no reason why the kilts should be sacrificed. A tartan uniform need not necessarily be glaring in color.—*Scottish-American.*

The Biggest Locomotive Yet.

The largest passenger engine ever constructed is now being built in the Schenectady Locomotive Works for the Michigan Central Railroad, and is calculated for express and passenger purposes. It is almost completed, and will be sent out in a few days. It is a ten-wheel engine, having three pairs of coupled driving wheels and a four-wheeled truck. The drivers are 68 inches in diameter. The cylinders are 19 inches in diameter, with 24-inch stroke. The boiler, which is of Ohio steel, is 58 inches in diameter, and has 147 two-inch semi-steel flues. The fire box is 8 feet long by 48½ inches wide, and, like many recently built, is placed above the frames, which gives increased width. The tank is carried on two four-wheel channel iron trucks. The capacity of the tank is 3,800 gallons, and the tender has a capacity of eight tons of coal.

Not Altogether Inexcusable.

A young clergyman in a western town preached the other day on "The Relation of Ministers to their Parishes." The local paper the next morning had it: "The Relation of Ministers to their Pharisees."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

His Wife Took Him.

"I tell you these leap-year dances are a fine thing—my wife took me and paid all the expenses herself."

"Where'd your wife get the money?"

"Oh, I let her have it."—*Whiteside (Ill.) Herald.*

Speed the Parting Guest

Host (who has trod on the lady's skirt)—Oh! Forgive me! You see, it's my natural instinct to detain you!—*Punch.*

Feminine Titles.

The degree of M. A. is one that any learned female may be proud of, but many true women have probably found as much comfort in the plain title of ma.—*Scranton Truth.*

Miss Katie Ambherst, a former resident of St. Catharines, while coasting with a party of young people in the vicinity of Ridgeville met with an accident which may terminate fatally. The sleigh upon which Miss Ambherst was seated in company with two lady friends was coming down hill at full speed when it slewed, striking a barbed wire fence, and throwing the party off. The faces of her two friends were badly scratched, but they were otherwise unhurt.

Arthur J. Sharman, of the township of Oakley, about 12 miles from Bracebridge, committed suicide on Tuesday by blowing his brains out with a revolver. He went into the bush about half a mile with a looking glass and a revolver, placed the looking glass on a stump to see what he was doing, and deliberately shot himself through the head. His body was found three days afterwards frozen stiff, with the revolver still in his hand. Sharman was about 36 years of age and unmarried.

The wife of Henry Stennett, a prominent farmer and beekeeper of the township of Blanchard, was killed on Main street, St. Marys, yesterday by being thrown from a sleigh while returning home from church. The horse became unmanageable and Mr. Stennett losing control was first thrown out. The horse then ran away and Mrs. Stennett was thrown against a post. She lived a very few minutes after the accident.

Our Minister's Sermon.

(New York Star.)

The minister said one night, said he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
For your life ain't worth no more'n 'tother fellar,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I says to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, the miser ble sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister is prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a givin' to right and left
Just who was hi. by his sermon
Of course there couldn't be any mistake
When he talked of long winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

An' the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to the meetin'.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amen at preachin',
And spends his time the follow'in' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'.

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow.
But I noticed that he didn't open his mouth
But once after that to holler
"Hurrah," said I, "for the minister,"
Of course I said it quiet—
"Give us a me more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things
As woman's ruling passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin
And a nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it set her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
But man's a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application."
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas;
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of hunting your brothers',
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' looking at our pew,
It set my blood to bilin';
Says I to myself, "Our minister
Is gittin' a little bitter,
I'll tell him when the meetin's out that
I'm not that kind of a critter."

Weary.

Yes, the mother's arm is weary
Where the baby's head has lain,
And the daily round of duty
Ceases, to begin again.
But if you your lives could fashion,
Or could alter at your will,
Would you choose the tired aching
Or the empty arms and still?

Better noise and healthy clatter
Than an echo in the room
Better floors beyond suspicion
Of the housemaid's brush and broom,
Than to have the nest all empty,
All the darling nestlings flown,
And to sit in idle quiet,
But to sit and muse alone.

Angel forms that watch above us,
O'er our lives that vigil keep,
Often look in pitying wonder—
Wonder that we sit and weep;
Knowing that our Father gives us
Barest treasures, richest joys,
Much of earth and some of heaven—
In our baby girls and boys.

—*Elizabeth Schirmer*

Jack and I.

I was so tired of Jack poor boy,
And Jack was tired of me;
Most longed for sweets will soonest cloy,
Fate had been kind, and we,
Two foolish spendthrift hearts, made waste
Or life's best gifts with eager haste.

Oh! tired we were. Time seems so long
When everything goes well!
The walls of home rose grim and strong;
Like prisoners in a cell
We clanked our marriage chain, and pined
For freedom we had left behind.

Tired, tired of love and peace were we,
Of every day's calm bliss;
We had no goal to win since he
Was mine, and I was his;
And so we sighed in mute despair,
And wished each other anywhere.

But sorrow came one day—the pain
Of death's dark, awful fear.
Oh, then our hearts beat warm again,
Then each to each was dear.
It seemed that life could nothing lack,
While Jack had me and I had Jack!

—*Madeline S. Bridges in Frank Leslie's*

Ice Bridge at the Falls.

The Niagara Falls, N. Y., *Courier* says: The ice bridge that formed in the lower river, at the ferry, last week, Friday night, is a fixture evidently for some time to come. The masses of ice constantly coming over the falls cause changes in the contour of the upper line of the bridge but the main mass remains undisturbed. Six "shanties" have already been erected in the centre of the river, where anything from a lunch to a photograph may be procured. Great numbers of people visit the bridge daily to see the magnificent spectacle.

An Epigram.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, while trying a case recently, experienced great difficulty in swallowing a lozenge, but a young member of the bar experienced no trouble in composing off-hand the following epigram:

His lordship's a little unhappy
In what enters and comes from his jaw;
For he cannot swallow his lozenge,
And we cannot swallow his law.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Both of the Same Mind.

Mrs. Chargeitplease—Good morning, Mr. Tapemeasure; I should like to see something in the way of a small check. Mr Tapemeasure (fervently)—So should I.

An Enterprising Undertaker.

Rochester, Pa., has an enterprising undertaker who distributes cards at his rivals' funerals, announcing that he is prepared to furnish coffins, hearses, carriages and bearers at the very lowest rates. This is a case of running a business to the ground.

Had Sized Her Up.

Madame is scolding her cook.

"It really seems impossible nowadays to get decent help."

"Quite true; and if madame herself were a servant she'd be discharged even quicker nor me."

A little boy was told that Rev. Mr. Goforth, the missionary to China, would be the only Christian minister in charge of a district having as many people as are in the whole of Canada. "My!" he said, "won't he have to holler."

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

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Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Petch & Mitchell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

J. W. BATES,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

FLESHERTON ONT.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Auction sale farm stock, &c,. at Lot 34, Con. 7 Artemesia, on Wednesday next, Feb. 8, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. sharp. John Kinghorn, proprietor; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer. For particulars see bills.

TAMARAC.—When so hoarse your voice seems unatural. Get thee to your druggist for a bottle of Tamarac Elixir. It never fails to cure Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, etc.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Colonel W. D. Pollard, of Meaford, is recovering from a severe illness.

Mr. Patrick Ryan. of Kingscote, was found dead in his bed Tuesday morning of last week.

Mr. John Clark, deputy reeve of Keppel, has been elected Warden of Grey County for 1888.

School matters in Chatsworth are being vigorously ventilated through the columns of the *News*.

Mr. Neil A. McLean, the well-known Osprey township auctioneer, died on Tuesday week, after a short illness.

Two sons of Mr. Wm. Madill of Craigleith (near Thornbury) died last week from diptheria.—*Union Standard.*

The *Union Standard* of last week says:—"Mr. Overland, formerly of Euphrasia, perished in the late great blizzard in Dakota."

A continued story on Mormonism is now distracting readers of the Dundalk *Herald*, as well as the Editor of that journal.

A county exchange thinks THE ADVANCE has struck a gold mine. True, O scribe! but it is the kind of a mine which comes of hard work and a considerable quantity of stick-to-ativeness.

They are agitating for the formation of a "Gun Club" in Collingwood. Wonder what kind of a thing it is. Say, Bro. Brady, what kind of an article would it be for hashing up Spring Poets with?

They put a fire on in the Dundalk penitentiary stove one night a week or two ago for the benefit of a prisoner. The *Herald* does not state whether the prisoner slept under the stove or just above it.

Robert Million and family, of Owen Sound, were nearly suffocated by gas recently. It was thought the gas escaped through some old rotten drains laid down on Water street some twenty years ago, but this is only conjecture.

The Corbetton young ladies are to hold their leap year meeting shortly. So says the Dundalk *Herald*. We advise the young and handsome Editor to send some unsuspecting red-haired, freckled-faced reporter to write up the affair.

The Editor of the Collingwood *Enterprise* says the Editor of the *Bulletin* "throws in a speech with every set of tea meeting bills" printed at the latter office. A good deal depends upon the kind of a speech one "throws in." It would pay to give some people a bonus to keep off the platform altogether.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McLean, of Kimberley, celebrated their "golden wedding" on the 18th ult. 31 children and grandchildren, including the venerable couple, sat down to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. McLean have been residents of Kimberley for the past 35 years. THE ADVANCE extends congratulations.

Rev. E. Roberts announced the following subjects in the Meaford *Mirror* of last week, as being the themes of the discourses he purposed delivering in the Methodist church there the Sabbath following:—"Weather probabilities and some others that are more significant;" also "Ironical permission and soul-stirring declaration."

"It is worth its weight in gold," is a common expression. But, while the value of gold is easily affected, the worth of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier, deprecates. It will eradicate scrofula from the system when everything else fails.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Jan. 27th, 1888.

The democrats of the ways and means committee have almost completed their tariff bill. They have reached a point now where they are in perfect agreement and the bill in a general form is completed. There remains now little for them to do beyond the manual labor of getting the bill in form, and some "missionary work" to strengthen the bill. They are advancing in a way that is more satisfactory than they had hoped for. The "missionary work" to be done is simply the yielding of little points here and there, when they can thus gain strength for the bill without making any serious sacrifice. The bill as reported will put wool on the free list, will, by way of compromise, make a material reduction in the tax on tobacco and fruit brandies, and will make a reduction of 20% on sugar. Salt, lumber and other raw materials will go on the free list. There will be a general revision and adjustment of the tariff schedule and the administrative features of the bill will be practically that formerly advanced by Mr. Hewitt.

At every step they have consulted expediency to a great extent and have so managed as to gain strength in many directions. They have perfect confidence that they will be able to pass the bill almost as reported. An exception may be made as to the wool clause. After a fight they may compromise on this by putting coarse wools only on the free list, if they can gain some decided advantage by so doing. They appear, however, to think that they will not have to make any change in the bill in this respect.

A few days ago a face which still retained traces of great former beauty was pointed out to me upon the Avenue, and the following story was told me of its possessor. During the war her betrothed lover, while serving as an officer under the banner of Confederacy, learned incidentally of her serious illness in Albany, N.Y. Nothing daunted by the dangers which encompassed such an undertaking he obtained a leave of absence, passed through the lines and after almost incredible escapes and hardships, succeeded in reaching her side in her Northern home. Upon her recovery, he attempted to retrace his steps, but was seen and recognized in New York City and arrested as a spy. After due trial before a competent tribunal he was found guilty and condemned to be shot. The lady in question was a niece of Cardinal, then Archbishop, Manning, and the whole force of the Catholic clergy was brought to bear upon Mr. Lincoln in order to secure a commutation of the sentence. This was done in effect, for the unfortunate lover was permitted to marry the woman of his choice, and then both were *banished* to Paris, where they lived under the surveillance of the American Minister until the close of the war. Such, indeed, was the condition upon which his life was spared by the President. The brave Confederate's wife is now a widow and her eldest son, through the assistance of Mr. Cleveland to whom he is said to have told his mother's story in an accidental meeting which happened in the grounds in the rear of the White House, is a cadet at West Point.—L.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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WINTER GOODS!

RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, FELT BOOTS AND FELT STOCKINGS SELLING CHEAP.

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STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

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Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

WANTED!

A Quantity of WHITE ASH for Butter Tubs for which CASH will be paid on delivery.

JOS. McCORMICK,
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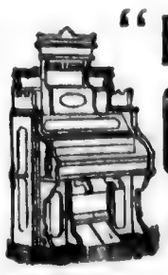

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INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 346. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

18'T

Clearing ❋ Sale!

1,400

In Fine Goods to select from. Must be reduced to $1,000 if possible by March 1st. The sale will be "genuine" and carried out on the following basis: One-Fifth of all grades Watches and Clocks, ¼ of Silverware, Hollow and Flat, ⅓ of Chains, Jewelery, Pins, Buttons, Spex and Rings, 18 k., plain excepted. Unchanged prices in plain figures. If you ever intend investing in any of above mentioned goods, this opportunity to get them near *cost*, at *cost* and *below cost* is the best ever given in this section. No foolish blowing. Adjectives very small. By calling you will find prices so low as to lead you to buy. TERMS CASH. Warrants as usual, signed W.A.Brown. My watch work gives satisfation.

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

$350

WILL BUY LOT 37 IN 14th CON., ARTEMESIA 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

c741.

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Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

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OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Mr. Purdy, of the Station, is still seriously ill.

A few Robes and Mens Fur Coats left at Richardson & Co's.

Miss M. Wright, is visiting her parents in Flesherton.

Mr. Jas. Brander, merchant of Priceville, was in town on Monday.

Mr. James Beecroft has much improved in health, although still unwell.

Ladies Furs are specially low at Richardson & Co's clearing sale.

Mr. Ephraim Shaw, of Collingwood Township, was in town on Monday.

A lot of Overcoats and complete Suits from $3.95 up at Richardson & Co's.

HARNESS FOR SALE.—1 set new Single Harness for sale. Will exchange for wood or furniture. R. TRIMBLE.

FOR SALE.—Fine Hotel Property in the County of Grey. For further particulars apply to "R. S. C.," ADVANCE Office, Flesherton. 8t.

The cattle fair on Monday was a fizzle. Not much more than half a dozen bovines were offered. There were lots of buyers.

FISH, FISH, FISH.—Just received a consignment of No. 1 Salmon Trout. Fresh Water Herring, Labrador Herring, at R. Trimble's.

SOMETHING NEW IN [illegible] specialty by Miss Edith B. VanDusen, Owen Sound, for sale at Richardson's Drug Store, Flesherton.

Don't forget Richardson & Co's sale. It is not an auction but a sale for one month, or while stock lasts, of Winter goods at whatever prices they will bring.

As a result of the efforts of the Royal Templars Gospel Temperance Band in Flesherton, forty-three names were added to the membership of Fountain Council.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to S. Spirit are requested to call and settle their accounts with W. J. Bellamy, Esq., in whose hands they have been placed for collection.

An esteemed patron of THE ADVANCE, who lives at Kimberley, speaks thus of some work done for him recently in our Job Department:—"I like them (bills) well. They are neat, attractive, and artistic." We may add, that our Job Department has long enjoyed an enviable reputation for artistic work.

Just look at J. E. Moore's column this week. He has another common sense chat with his patrons and the public generally. He is determined to give the public full and honest value for their money, and he uses THE ADVANCE as a medium to let the people know all about it. He believes in using printer's ink.

"My little son, three years of age, was terribly afflicted with scrofula. His head was entirely covered with scrofulous sores, and his body showed many marks of the disease. A few bottles of Ayer's Sasaparilla cured him."—W. J. Beckett, Hymera, Ind.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Sweeping reductions in Furs. My entire stock of Furs must be cleared out regardless of cost. R. Trimble.

The Band Concert in Priceville last week was not so largely attended as the first one, owing to a counter attraction in the neighborhood.

I have 50 pairs Boots, which I will exchange for wood. Come right along as this chance will not be open long.

WM. BARRETT, Flesherton.

Any bargains in Dress Goods at Richardson & Co's sale? Well, yes, I should say so; what would you think of a nice fine Cashmere, black or colors, at 25 cts. and down as low as 15 cents per yard. How's that for h—ahem!—*low!*

The *Business Educator* gets better with each succeeding number. Bro. Fleming of the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, is not in the habit of letting the grass grow under his feet. His College is now the largest and most complete of its kind in Canada: its growth has been something phenomenal.

James H. Gilmour, of T. Gilmour & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Brockville, says—I have used Tamarac Elixir for a severe cold and cough, which it immediately relieved and cured.

Wide-awake buyers are picking up some bargains at M. Richardson & Co's. One Fur Mantle left—*who'll* have it?

25,000 lbs. of Corn Meal, Roller Oatmeal, Standard Oatmeal, just received at R. Trimble's.

WANTED.—The name of any purchaser of Richardson's Japan Tea at 5 lbs. for a dollar, who is dissatisfied with the purchase: money will be refunded.

A social will be held in connection with the Union Sunday School, Eugenia on Wednesday evening next, 15th inst. Tea served 5 to 7 o'clock, entertainment to commence at 8 sharp. Admission 15 cents. See bills for particulars.

A handsome gold watch belonging to Mr. R. McGill, the popular C. P. R. station agent here, passed through the fiery ordeal during the recent fire. The works were rendered useless, but the fine 18k. gold cases are little if any the worse for their "baptism by fire."

No other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for the cure of coughs, colds, and all derangements of the respiratory organs. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease.

Mr. Milburn and Mr. Armour, of the township of Sullivan, paid a brief visit to their sons—Mr. W. A. Milburn and Mr. William Armour respectively—this week. Both gentlemen called at THE ADVANCE office. They spoke highly of Flesherton, being very favorably impressed with its general appearance.

If there is anybody visiting at your place, quietly inform the Editor of the fact; he cannot find out about everybody that may be visiting in the neighborhood without being told. So if the name of your [illegible] does not appear among the personals, just remember that it was your own mistake in not casually or otherwise informing the Editor of the fact. These little personal items are interesting to hundreds of readers.

Mr. C. Treadgold is agent for the best Lamp ever introduced into this section of country. It gives a very brilliant and steady light, requires no lamp glass burns the same amount of oil an ordinary lamp will, gives forth no offensive odor, and is simply invaluable in a sick room or where there are children. We bought one from Mr. Treadgold and found it just as represented.

STOCK = TAKING = SALE!

Great Sweeping Reductions

[illegible] will be patiently [illegible] each here MUST be attended if they will be [illegible] and have [illegible] ing. Sales [illegible] Sabbath [illegible]

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We have decided to go out of the Fancy Goods business and for the future handle only

Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex &c.,

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Our whole stock of Berlin and Zepher Wools at 8c. per. oz. worth 12½; Filloselle 5c. a knot worth 10c.; Arrasene at 10c now worth 15c.; Chinelle at 8c. yard worth 15c. Fancy Plush Goods &c. all below cost as we are bound to clear them out. Macrame Cord all colors at 10c. ball or 3 for 25c. We will also clear out our entire line of PIPES at away below cost. Your choice of 1 lot of Pipes worth from 50 to 85c. for 25c.; your choice of Pipes worth 30 to 50c. for 20c.; your choice of Pipes worth 20 to 30c for 10c. A lot of PURSES ranging in price from 35 to 85c. your choice for 25c. We have also decided to clear out some lines in Brooches, Earings, Cuff-Buttons. Your choice of 1 beautiful lot of Brooches valued from 25 to 40c. at 15c.; your choice of another beautiful lot valued from 40 to 60c. at 25c.; another lot valued from 60c. to $1.00 for 50c.; Earings and Cuff-Buttons at the same terrible Reductions.

Come along and get First Choice as they will go like Hot Cakes

As they are all Fine and Good, Warranted to Wear and Keep Color for years. Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. still **20 Per Cent.** lower in prices than elsewhere in this section.

The dealer who tells the people so often about his honesty, &c., must have come to the conclusion that they are very suspicious of him or he would not need to advertise his honesty instead of his goods.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD ARTICLE AT A LOW PRICE ALWAYS GO TO

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON.

Her Title Deeds.

Inside the cottage door she sits
  Just where the sunlight, softest there,
Slants down on snowy kerchief's bands,
  On folded hands and silvered hair.

The garden pale her world shuts in,
  A simple world, made sweet with thyme,
Where life, soft lulled by droning bees,
  Flows to the mill-stream's lapsing rhyme.

Poor are her cottage walls, and bare,
  Too mean and small to harbor pride,
Yet with a musing gaze she sees
  Her broad domains extending wide.

Green slopes of hills, and waving fields,
  With blooming hedges set between,
Through shifting veils of tender mist
  Smiles, half revealed, a mingled scene.

All hers—for lovingly she holds
  A yellow packet in her hand,
Whose ancient, faded script proclaims
  Her title to this spreading land.

Old letters! On the trembling page
  Drop unawares, unheeded tears,
These are her title deeds; her lands
  Spread through the realms of bygone days.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"You have noticed that, have you?" Sir Hugh laughed. "Yes—I believe he flatters himself that we are somewhat alike, and indeed so we are, so far as complexion and size and the color of hair go—and he has particularly good feet. This resemblance, light as it is, proved very useful once. I had made an engagement to meet a man at the Bal de l'Opera, in Paris, but, when the time came, I was more agreeably engaged," Sir Hugh continued, with a laugh at the recollection, which Guy Stuart recalled long afterward. "I made Latreille don my costume and sent him to the masked ball where he personated me with perfect success."

"And without detection?" Major Stuart, asked, in surprise.

"Quite so. He did not unmask, but he managed to lose three hundred francs at *ecarte* afterward, at my expense, of course, and he told me that he had enjoyed himself most thoroughly. He is the coolest, most self opinionated fellow in existence—quite amusingly so."

"He is rather a character, evidently," remarked Guy, laughing. "But here he is," he added, as the door opened and Latreille came quietly, with his usual noiseless step.

"Well, Latreille," said his master, from his place on the hearth-rug, and without removing his cigar from between his lips, "what have you gleaned?"

"The family is one of the most ancient and distinguished in this part of Scotland, Sir Hugh," Latreille answered quietly, not at all intimidated by the scrutiny with which his master's friend was honoring him. "Sir Gilbert has one son, the gentleman who, Martin says, called upon you on Tuesday, and who is in the army, and three daughters."

"Three daughters," repeated Sir Hugh, with a swift glance at his friend, who hid a smile under his heavy, dark moustache.

"Are they grown up, Latreille, or children?"

"Miss Fairholme is grown up and very beautiful, Sir Hugh, quite a belle in the county; but the other two young ladies are in the school-room."

"That will do," said Sir Hugh slowly. "Is there anything else?" he asked, seeing that the man lingered.

"There is another young lady at Fairholme Court, Sir Hugh."

"Another young lady!" repeated Sir Hugh, with a laugh. Who is she—the governess?"

"Oh, no, Sir Hugh. She is Miss Rose, a niece of Sir Gilbert's; and she is as beautiful, Martin says, as Miss Fairholme herself."

"Oh, very well. We will ride this morning. Order the horses for twelve, Latreille. What did I tell you, Stuart?" he added, when the man had disappeared. "Two marriageable young ladies—a daughter and a niece."

"But both equally charming. I feel rather curious to see the Scotch belles."

"I know the style reddish hair and freckles, high cheek-bones and thick waists," said Sir Hugh contemptuously. "However, we'll trust to chance. Guy, are you ready?"

As Sir Hugh spoke he came up to the table with a little laugh and held out the half-crown.

"Still harping on that nonsense?" said the soldier, with a smile.

"It was your own proposal," answered Sir Hugh. "You said 'Let us toss up,' and I am quite willing to do so, and trust to chance."

"If there is such a thing," supplemented Major Stuart lightly. "Well, go on and let us see what chance will decide."

"How did we say?" Sir Hugh asked, with the coin suspended between his forefinger and thumb. "If it is 'heads,' Fairholme Court carries the day; if 'tails,' we remain here."

"Very well. Fire away."

Sir Hugh spun the coin, and simultaneously both young men leaned forward to see the result. The silver glittered as the winter sunlight fell upon it, spun round rapidly for the space of a few seconds and then settled down.

"Head!" exclaimed Sir Hugh.

"Head!" echoed Guy Stuart. "Fairholme Court has carried the day. Who knows, *Hugo mio*, but that you may meet your fate, one of the two sandy-haired, freckled damsels you described so eloquently."

"Who knows?" echoed Sir Hugh. "I'll write the acceptance at once so that there may be no drawing back."

Light words, lightly spoken, and forgotten almost as soon as said. And yet, if they could have foreseen the events which were to grow out of such a trivial occurrence as the spinning of a coin Sir Hugh's hand would have fallen powerless to his side before it twirled the silver, and Guy Stuart would have never suggested to trusting to chance. Ah, with what useless regrets they recalled the occurrence in after years.

CHAPTER V.

"Shirley, did you know that Sir Hugh Glynn is coming to-day?"

"I heard Aunt Geraldine say so," Shirley Ross answered indifferently, without lifting her head from her drawing.

"Aren't you curious to see him?" Jean Fairholme asked, in her clear, childish treble.

"Not a bit. Why should I be? He is not unlike anybody else, I suppose?"

"I suppose not," Jeanie said dubiously—she had heard so much of the new master of Maxwell that she was not quite certain but that he was very unlike anybody else.

"He hasn't got two heads, I presume," said Maud, the elder of Sir Gilbert Fairholme's two younger daughters, with a touch of contempt, "nor four arms, nor any other peculiarity of that kind; has he?"

"Of course not, Maud," said Jean indignantly. "How can you say such silly things?" But Alice was so curious to see him that I thought Shirley would be sure to be curious also."

"I don't see what reason you have for thinking so," said Maud Fairholme, with a toss of her pretty fair head. "Alice is generally curious about men, if they're rich; but I have never seen Shirley similarly afflicted. The only men she ever feels any interest in are Jack and Oswald."

"Probably because they are the only men who take any interest in me," Shirley remarked laughingly, turning her face with a bright glance to Maud. "Jack is my brother and Oswald is a very kind cousin."

"Pray had you ever a cousin, Tom?
  Did your cousin happen to sing?
Sisters we have by the dozen, Tom,
  But a cousin's a different thing!"

Quoted Maud saucily. "Did you ever hear those lines, Mistress Ross?"

"Fortunately for you, Miss Martin is not within hearing," said Shirley, laughing. "I wonder how she would reprove such flippancy."

"Miss Martin is at present in the bosom of her family," rejoined Maud, laughing; "at least I hope so. She intended to get there by this time when she started this morning, and she is welcome to remain there as long as she wishes."

"I am afraid that would not suit Aunt Geraldine."

"I am afraid not; but it would suit me. Jean, will you race me down the covered walk before it gets dark?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Jean; and the two children vanished out of the glass door.

The wintry twilight was filling the room, but the fire burned red and clear, and threw a warm pleasant glow over the rather bare, bald-looking apartment. Shirley liked the fire-light; she put away her drawing carefully—it was a sketch she was doing for Jack—and, leaving the table, went and sat down on the rug before the fire, such a weary tired face it was, with such great yearning hazel eyes, and such tender sorrowful crimson lips.

Crouching there upon the rug, looking into the red glow of the burning coals, she saw no pleasant "fire-castles" to brighten the cheerless room; she was too dispirited for that, she felt too sick at heart and desolate. And yet a casual observer would have thought that there was no excuse for her depression. Outwardly Shirley's life at Fairholme Court was pleasant enough. She was neither starved, nor beaten, nor ill-treated; she had food to eat—the same luxurious living to which Sir Gilbert and Lady Fairholme were accustomed; she had clothes to wear—not quite so costly and pretty perhaps as her Cousin Alice's, but then Alice was a grown up young lady who had been presented to Her Majesty, and was "out," and Shirley had not long been emancipated from the school-room, and was but young yet; she h[illegible] the sch[illegible] service when Miss Martin [illegible] girls did not want it for a music lesson or for practicing purposes, and she could take her walks abroad with the governess and her pupils whenever it pleased her so to do.

What more could any reasonable being want? Many a girl not half so comfortably circumstanced was perfectly happy and contented with her lot, while Shirley's great sorrowful haunting eyes seemed so mutely, yet so eloquently, reproachful that Lady Fairholme often felt a very strong inclination to box her ears.

And Shirley herself would have eaten dry bread with a sunshiny countenance and laughing, happy hazel eyes if that dry bread could have been eaten in the society of one person who loved her. She would have worn the shabbiest of garments if loving eyes had told her that the dingy setting did not matter, that the picture was as pleasant in its tarnished frame as it could have been in one gorgeous with gilding and carving. She was a contented little mortal naturally; she was not conceited, or ambitious, or anxious to outdress or outvie her neighbors, and a very little sunshine would have sufficed her—but even that little seemed to be denied to her.

They were not actively unkind to her at Fairholme Court; no one, except perhaps Alice Fairholme, disliked the beautiful girl who was so gentle and quiet and unobtrusive, and never in the way; but they did not care for her, and in that lay the sting. No one cared whether she was glad or sorry, well or ill, rested or tired; no one sympathized, no one heeded. She was so lonely in the great cheerful bustling household; she was neither useful nor ornamental, as Alice had told her one day. It would make very little difference to any one's comfort and happiness if she were to fade away and die. No one would care much but Jack.

And even Jack would not miss her very much, Shirley thought pitifully, if she were to die. He had many friends and companions in London now; and, though when he came to Scotland for the short annual visit which was all Sir Gilbert would allow, he was kind and tender as of old, Shirley felt that she was no longer necessary to him, as she had been in the past. Jack was a man now, a tall handsome fellow with a smart little mustache and particular as to the cut of his coat. What foolish nonsense people talked when they said women were older than men for their years! Jack was only a year or two Shirley's senior, but he had left her far behind, and while he was a man, she was a child.

Nobody at Fairholme Court wanted her—that was evident. Her uncle treated her with careless kindness, her aunt gave her a smooth fair cheek to kiss night and morning, and occasionally reproved her for some trifling fault of deportment or manner. Alice snubbed her perpetually, and the children were fond of her in their fashion—a rather selfish, cruel fashion, for they tyrannized over her unmercifully. Her Cousin Oswald was kind to her when he was at home, which was but rarely, for he did not care to ask for much leave. Even Miss Martin, the children's governess, was cold and distant, while the servants neglected or patronized her—and the patronage was infinitely harder to bear than the neglect.

Altogether Shirley Ross felt herself a very lonely, sorrowful little waif upon the wide, wide world, and already, at the very outset of her voyage, she was tired and worn and longing for its end.

When Shirley came first into her new home, fresh from her mother's funeral, she was far too miserable to heed any of her surroundings. All her faculties seemed to be dulled by the terrible grief which had fallen upon her. She could think of nothing but the sorrowful journey and its end, of the dear gentle mother who had always been so careful and tender over her. But youth is very elastic, and it soon recovers even from the bitterest grief; and, as the first numbed deadness of despair wore off, she began to feel the want of some sympathy, some affection from those around her; but she found her timid advances ignored or repulsed, and she was thrown back upon herself, chilled and dispirited, and during the two long years she had lived at Fairholme Court she had lived as solitary a life as it was possible to lead.

Fairholme Court was a stately and commodious mansion built in the end of the last century, but fitted up with every modern convenience. It possessed no haunted passages, no secret chambers. All was bright, cheerful, and modern within; the small windows had been removed and wide panes of plate glass substituted; the rooms were spacious and well ventilated, the drawing-rooms extremely handsome. To Shirley the house was neither so beautiful or so interesting as a humbler but more antique and less pretentious abode would have been; but the grounds were lovely, and the view from the upper windows was so beautiful that it often made Shirley forget her troubles.

The school-room, the only sitting-room really free to the little dependent, and that only out of lesson hours, was a lofty square room, lighted by two long windows which opened on to a lawn; round this side of the house there was a veranda, and Maud and Jean Fairholme were fond of taking their lessons out there on the hot summer days. Within, the room gave most unmistakable signs of the use to which it was put. There were a long-enduring Broadwood piano, the most uncompromising-looking sofa in one corner, and a reclining board in another; the carpet showed signs of hard service, and there was many an ink-plash on the red cloth table cover. Two recesses were filled with book shelves, and on the walls were hung some simply-framed water-color pictures, Oswald's and Alice's productions, and some few of Shirley's own. It was neither a picturesque nor a pretty room, nor a fitting background for the little figure sitting alone in the fading fire-light in an attitude of unconscious grace, and so still that it was quite possible for any one to enter the room without being aware of her presence.

Presently the door was pushed open noisily, and a young man entered, a slight dark man, with a black mustache and something of Shirley's own regularity of feature. He was handsome and graceful and rather foreign looking, and Shirley's affection for her Cousin Oswald had partly originated in the fact that there was much resemblance between him and her [illegible]

"Is that you, Oswald?" Shirley said, turning round from the fire and speaking in such a pretty pathetic thrilling voice. "Do you want me?"

"Want you? Of course I want you!" he replied, as he advanced towards the fire. "What do you mean by moping there in the dark when there are two delightful eligible young men having afternoon tea with Alice and her ladyship in the oak parlor?"

Shirley laughed lightly, turning her face toward him as he threw himself into the low chair by the fire, which was Miss Martin's favorite seat, and, bending forward, looked at her by the light of the fire.

"They don't want me, and I don't want them," she said carelessly. "Who are the delightful eligible young men, Oswald?"

"Not to know them argues yourself unknown, little coz.," he rejoined lightly. "I am sure their names have been household words here for the last twenty-four hours. At first it was 'Will they come or won't they come?' Then it was 'Oh, here they are'—'No, it isn't'—'Yes, it is!' I am sure I should think Alice has lost considerably in weight since the morning, she has undergone such an agony of expectation."

"I wish Alice could hear you," Shirley remarked lightly.

"I am glad she can't. What an awful wigging I should get. But, little woman, look here; there are two young men, I tell you, and you are welcome to one—not to 'the one,' you know, but to the other; so I have come to fetch you."

"Hadn't you better tell me which is the one and which is the other?" said the girl merrily—"or I may be inclined to appropriate what was not intended for me."

"You would soon be enlightened," Oswald Fairholme said laughingly. "If you were in the oak parlor for five minutes, you would have no need to ask that question. To the one we are all sweetness and smiles and *empressement*, to the other we are merely civil and gracious. Shirley, when are you going to fall down and worship the golden calf?"

"Whenever I get the chance," she replied, with sudden earnestness.

"Do you mean to say that you, Shirley Ross, would marry for money?" said her cousin lifting up his hands with affected horror

"I do, most certainly."

"You mercenary little wretch!" he said, laughing. "I thought you were above such a thing. But you're just like the rest of the sex. I shall never find a woman to marry me because I am the best looking fellow in Her Majesty's —th Hussars, but because I am heir to Fairholme Court and Sir Gilbert's only son. So says the world."

"Poor Oswald! What a misfortune it must be to be an only son and heir!" Shirley said, laughing. "But you have not yet told me who the eligibles are."

"One, my dear and curious cousin, true daughter of mother Eve, and 'the one' is Sir Hugh Glynn, the new owner of Maxwell, who has come to Scotland to see about the alteration and restoration of his mansion; the other is his friend Major Stuart, of the Royal Bluffs, at your service."

"Hugh Glynn—what a pretty name!" said Shirley dreamily.

And an awfully good-looking man—as handsome for a man as you are for a girl, Shirley—and you are unusually lovely, you know. Stuart is a *sabreur* of the Guy Livingston style, just the fellow to fetch a romantic lassie like yourself."

"Am I tidy?" Shirley asked, as she rose slowly and stood upright, turning to her cousin to be inspected; and Oswald Fairholme, as he looked up at her, thought in his heart that no lovelier vision than his Cousin Shirley had poet ever dreamed of or artist painted.

She was a slim slight girl, whose every movement was rarely graceful, who walked as few Englishwomen ever walk, who carried herself with an unconscious grace which had she been less beautiful, would have made her remarkable anywhere. When her cousin spoke of her as unusually lovely, he did her no more than justice. She was pale, with the beautiful marble-like pallor which is as far removed from the sallowness of ill health as light from darkness; her hair curling over her brow and gathered into a soft wavy knot on the nape of her neck, was of a fair chestnut brown, golden where the sun kissed it; her eyes were of the purest, darkest hazel, shaded by long eyelashes which, like her straight clear eyebrows, were many shades darker than her hair, being almost black; and the sweet mouth with its pouting tender crimson lips was as perfect a mouth as lover ever kissed. She was dressed in a black, closely fitting serge dress, with a plain linen collar round her throat and a bunch of mountain ash berries at her breast.

"I don't think there is much amiss with you," said the young officer, surveying her critically. "I like your gown much better than that elaborately made garment which Alice has donned in honor of Sir Hugh. I say, Shirley" he added, as he rose also, and they stood for a moment side by side on the hearth-rug, "is it not an awful nuisance? I can't get my leave renewed; so that I shall have to be off on Friday."

"Oh, Oswald"—and Shirley's face, as she raised it to his, was full of unfeigned distress—"what a pity!"

"Yes, it is a nuisance. I was looking forward to a waltz with you at the ball on New Year's eve. But it can't be helped. The regiment cannot get on without me."

"Oswald, I am very sorry," the girl said, in a regretful tone. "Your mother will be so disappointed—and so will some one else," she added, smiling.

A slight color rose in Oswald Fairholme's clear dark cheek.

"Do you think so?" he said, eagerly. "Well, that is some consolation; and, Shirley, if you get an opportunity, don't let her forget me."

"Ruby is not likely to forget you, Oswald," the girl answered gravely. "You know that."

"I don't," he answered moodily. "She is so young, and I don't get a chance, you see. However it can't be helped," he added, philosophically; "so I must grin and bear it. Come along, coz, and make an impression on Major Stuart and cut Alice out if [illegible]"

[illegible] Geraldine does not like you to talk in that manner." Shirley said severely, as they went out of the school-room together, Oswald's hand through his cousin's arm."

"But she can't hear it, child, so it does not matter," he returned carelessly. "Now prepare to make your *entree* in style."

They both paused for a moment at the door, and the young man looked down laughingly at his cousin.

"Oswald, you will not be foolish?" she said entreatingly. "Aunt Geraldine will be vexed, you know."

"I will behave with all due decorum, *mignonne*; don't be afraid," he answered, laughing. "Go in, little coz, and meet your fate."

And Shirley went in quietly, in her soft unrustling serge, with her sweet innocent hazel eyes, to meet her fate.

To Shirley's artistic eyes the oak parlor was by far the prettiest and pleasantest room at Fairholme Court. The ceiling was of oak, and its elaborate carving would have delighted a connoisseur. The walls were paneled and wainscoted in the same wood, and the mantel-piece was high and equally elaborately carved. Just now the room presented an aspect both comfortable and picturesque. It was lighted only by the great blazing fire; but its flames as they roared up the wide old chimney were quite sufficient to make it light, and not even the furthest corners were in shadow.

The curtains were of deep crimson damask, and here and there about the room were placed Bohemian glass vases, the deep rich hues of which harmonized with the hangings. Lady Fairholme, a tall, slender graceful woman, was sitting on a low chair near the fire, sipping her tea, while Alice, a beautiful blonde, very unlike Sir Hugh's picture of a Scotch belle, was presiding over a dainty tea-equippage of Sevres china and silver, which stood on a gypsy table by her side. Near her, in an attitude of easy, careless grace, stood Sir Hugh Glynn, bending slightly toward her as he spoke, and smiling with that air of devotion that he habitually wore when speaking to a pretty woman; while leaning against the carved support of the mantel stood Guy Stuart, looking with amused yet admiring eyes at Alice, as she sat in her coquettish Watteau tea gown of pale blue and pink, pouring out tea and flirting with Sir Hugh.

It was a pretty picture, Shirley thought, as she stood for a minute at the door, Oswald's handsome smiling face peering over her shoulder—the quaint fire-lit room, the graceful women, the high-bred-looking men, Alice's white hands moving so deftly among the delicate cups and shining silver, Sir Hugh bending over her, with the fire-light falling full upon his handsome face and fair hair.

As the door opened, however, both men glanced toward it, and into Sir Hugh's handsome blue eyes there came a sudden swift glance of admiration, while on Guy Stuart's face grew a look of bewildered recognition and surprise and pleasure.

Surely he had seen that lovely girl's face before! Surely those great lustrous eyes were familiar to him! Had they not haunted him during the first part of his voyage to India two long years before? Did they not bring before him a grey October evening, with light shining upon the water and a steamer ready to leave her moorings, a steep ladder, and another beautiful face, wan, and pale, and haggard, which had rested for a few moments against his shoulder as he carried the slight form in his strong arms?

Did those soft, haunting, sorrowful eyes not remind him of other things—of a crowded railway station, with passengers hurrying to and fro, and porters shouting and guards bustling by, and of a young man's eager sorrowful face, which had lighted up suddenly, and then shadowed again? Did he not seem to hear a quick joyful cry, echoed by one equally quick, but low and terrified, and to see again the group which so promptly surrounded the motionless figure and bore it away?

All these things he saw again and heard, as in a waking dream, as his eyes dwelt for a moment on the lovely shy face and graceful figure framed in the oaken doorway; then Lady Fairholme's quiet voice aroused him.

"Ah, Shirley!" she said, languidly. "Have you come at last? Where have you been hiding yourself? I thought you would give us some music."

Shirley came forward, coloring slightly, with her beautiful eyes downcast. Oswald Fairholme, glancing from one man to the other, saw the same look of eager admiration on both faces, and smiled to himself. Alice went on indifferently pouring out the tea, and measuring the cream and sugar daintily into the delicate cups.

"Sir Hugh Glynn—my niece, Miss Ross," continued Lady Fairholme, in her low, soft languid tones; and Sir Hugh bowed low, while Shirley inclined her pretty head, shyly it might be, yet with a grace and self-possession any other woman might have envied.

"Major Stuart—Miss Ross," continued Lady Fairholme; and the young man made a step or two forward.

Shirley raised her graceful head, and their eyes met. There was a moment's silence. Alice glanced up anxiously. Was Major Stuart petrified at sight of her cousin's beauty, she wondered.

"I think we have met before," he then said, gently, in those grave rich tones which Shirley remembered so well; and, without a word, but with her lips quivering at the remembrance, the girl put her hand in his.

CHAPTER VI.

A week passed, and a second week was entered into, and Sir Hugh Glynn and Guy Stuart were still at Fairholme Court, and apparently so well satisfied with their quarters that they were in no haste to leave them. They had gladly accepted Sir Gilbert's cordial invitation to remain with them over the Christmas and New Year weeks, when several other guests were to assemble at the court.

Oswald Fairholme had gone back to his regiment, grumbling not a little at his hard lot, and leaving many a parting injunction with his cousin that she was not to encourage Major Stuart if she saw that Sir Hugh Glynn was attainable; and Shirley had laughed and crimsoned, with a sudden conscious light flashing into her eyes, which were half glad and half sorry just then—sorry because Oswald was going, yet glad with a gladness new and strange to her, poor child, the source of which she did not try to discover.

Life was very pleasant at Fairholme Court just then; and even a letter from Jack, saying that he could not get the week's holiday he had wished for, hardly marred Shirley's pleasure for longer than a few minutes. Never had the Court seemed such a kindly, friendly place to her as it did now. Lady Fairholme, pleased at the impression that her daughter had made on Sir Hugh, was gracious and kindly to her husband's niece, and Alice was too much occupied by her endeavors to make a conquest of Sir Hugh Glynn to take much heed of Shirley during those short December days.

Thus Shirley was left free to follow her own devices; and the use she made of her leisure time was—to fall in love. Poor lonely Shirley! Not that she had any idea that it was so with her. She only knew that the world seemed to have grown far more beautiful during these days than it had ever seemed before. Her life had become suddenly filled with a great golden light which touched and glorified everything. She did not know whence or how it came, she did not know what she felt or what had come to her. She knew dimly that she was not the same Shirley, and that she could never be the same again; strange new thoughts came to her, wishes and aspirations and longings. She felt sometimes that her eyes filled with tears which were not tears of sorrow, and that there was a strange stir, half pain, half pleasure at her heart which she could not analyze.

If the girl had had a mother or sister or any woman who cared for her then, she might have guessed what had befallen Shirley. Never in all her life which was past and never in all her life to come had she been or would she be so lovely as she was during those brief winter days. There was a bright, shy light in her hazel eyes, a sweet, soft color flickering in the creamy pallor of her cheeks; a step in the corridors would make her start and tremble, a deep rich voice would make her eyes droop and her lips quiver.

She was glad and sorry, happy and miserable at once. Shirley's capacities for happiness were great, and her capacities for misery were equally large. The earth seemed a paradise of sunshine and music and joy to her; the roses of her life were all in blossom, strong and fragrant and sweet; and they reached their fullest bloom one fine day before Christmas, when Guy Stuart came into the oak parlor where she was sitting alone and told her that he loved her and asked her to be his wife. Shirley—tremulous and startled, but oh, so happy!—put both her hands into his without a word, as she had done on that afternoon when they had met again. But this time the little hands were not empty; they were full of the riches of a great, deep, passionate enduring love; and, with a tender "My darling!" Guy took her to his heart.

(To be continued.)

Wife—"John, the doctor is downstairs with his bill." Husband—"Tell him I'm not well enough to see him."

The Spanish Senate yesterday voted in favor of the principle of trial by jury.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Oscar Wilde on Dressmaking as a Fine Art.

PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD CLOTHES.

Some Plain Talk to Husbands—Latest General Fashion Notes.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Costumes for the Princess of Wales.

A Birmingham firm has received an order for tailor-made costumes, etc., from the Princess of Wales. Among these costumes is one of navy-blue faced cloth, the bodice being habit-shaped, with a waistcoat of tan Swede leather, elaborately embroidered in blue and silver. An outdoor jacket of the same cloth is made to button diagonally with military buttons and loop, the edges being trimmed with black Astrachan fur. There is also a costume made plainly of faced cloth in a new shade of bright red, specially dyed for the Princess. The outdoor jacket to this costume is trimmed with otter fur. A shooting-gown is made of soft long-wool vienna cloth, in fawn and brown check, with a loose fronted overjacket. Another gown is made of black-faced cloth, the skirt having revers of black corded silk; the bodice, of a Zouave shape, has a full waistcoat of striped grey silk, the collar and cuffs being trimmed to match the skirt. For outdoor wear a dolmanette of the black cloth, braided and trimmed with Astrachan fur, has been made. There is also a boating jacket, in navy blue, the edges being piped with red cloth.

A Pretty Corner.

You can make a corner in washstands thus: Have an enameled board, with hole cut for the basin, fitted in at a convenient height; above on one side put a small shelf for bottles and so on, on the other the towel-rail, and in the corner a basket for sponges; then at about seven feet from the floor fix a brass rod, on which hang two cretonne curtains that will hide the fixtures when not in use. Above that, and it please you, can be a bracket of light wood holding a clay statuette, and your corner becomes a thing of beauty as well as of use.

The Philosophy of Good Clothes.

It is curious what an influence good clothes have upon a man and especially a woman. A man with his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes on won't do questionable things that he would do in his everydays. And as for a woman she is nobody if she is not dressed neat and clean. Just let her get sloven and her ears be dirty and she will go to abusing the neighbors right straight. I don't allude to finery and frills and flowers and furs and tomfooleries, for all the women can't afford them, but every woman can look neat. A snow white colea sets off a woman more than a whimadeedle hump in the background. We can see the one and admire its surroundings, but the other is a terra incognita.

Dressmaking as a Fine Art.

I am sorry to see that Mrs. Fawcett deprecates the engagement of ladies of education as dressmakers and milliners, and speaks of it as being detrimental to those who have fewer educational advantages. I myself would like to see dressmaking regarded not merely as a learned profession, but as a fine art. To construct a costume that will be at once rational and beautiful requires an accurate knowledge of the principles of proportion, a thorough sense of color and a quick appreciation of the proper use of materials, and the proper qualities of pattern and design. The health of a nation depends very largely on its mode of dress; the artistic feeling of a nation should find expression in its costume quite as much as in its architecture, and just as the upholstering tradesman has had to give place to the decorative artist, so the ordinary milliner, with her lack of taste and her lack of knowledge, her foolish fashions and her lack of inventions, will have to make way for the scientific and artistic dress-designer. Indeed, so far from it being wise to discourage women of education from taking up the profession of dressmakers, it is exactly women of education who are needed, and I am glad to see in the new technical college for women at Bedford millinery and dressmaking are to be taught as part of the ordinary curriculum. There has also been a Society of Lady Dressmakers started in London, for the purpose of teaching educated girls and women, and the Scientific Dress Association is, I hear, doing very good work in the same direction.—*Oscar Wilde, in the "Woman's World" for February.*

Plain Talk for Husbands.

(From the Chicago Journal.)

Then there is another thing, sir! Often and often have I marked you turning to watch a pretty face, or commenting with your men companions upon the outlines of a handsome form or slender foot. Have you any more business to do this than she has? What a rumpus there would be about the family hearthstone if you were to catch her flirting with a man or following a bearded face through the streets to see where its owner belonged! What particular blazes would play about the walls of "Home, Sweet Home," if she indulged in such harmless foibles. Yet I say unto you, yea and verily, her latitude in that direction is just as wide as yours.

What if the wife you married is getting faded, like a fabric that has been often washed; what if the lines have come where he smile in its dimplement was, and the ugly crow tracks, like birds' feet on the wet and shining sands, have traced the skin that once was softer than a rose leaf; what if the graceful shoulders are bent a little and the laughter has left her eyes! If you have the chivalry of a true man in your soul, you will revere and honor that wife with greater and increasing tenderness as she grows old and wan and faded; for what is it that has aged her? What has stolen away her bloom and robbed her glance of its sunny light? What but ministering to you, and toiling for you, and serving you? Your children have stolen the rose tint from her cheeks and lips, and tending to their wants by night and day, ministering to them in sickness and health, if she be a fond mother, has deprived her of the grace and bloom of youth.

Something About "Made" Dishes.

"It's all very well to talk of 'made dishes,'" broke out a woman one day in a council of housekeepers, "but what is one going to do if her family won't touch them? Now, there's my husband; he won't eat hashes or stews or made-overs of any kind. He always wants steaks or chops or veal cutlets for his breakfast, and the boys are just like him. If I were to put a scallop on the table, he'd call it baked hash or boarding-house fare, and it would be just the same with croquettes or anything else of the kind. He says he wants something solid for his meals."

Undoubtedly many women have to battle with this sort of opposition in their endeavors to raise the standard of cookery in their homes. Still there are many men who relish made dishes, and there are others who can be brought to do so by a little innocent diplomacy. It is not worth while to advertise by blowing trumpets before it that the ragout or plate that presents such an attractive appearance is composed of scraps from yesterday's roast, the gravy made of the bones and a little boiled rice or macaroni. It would be no gratification to most men to know that the whole dish cost just 37½ cents. With the woman, on the other hand, the knowledge of the fact causes her to thrill with mild exultation and imparts a flavor to the food that wou'd be quite missing in a meal three times as expensive.

TOBACCO AND RELIGION.

How the Virginia Weed Helped to Support and Spread the Gospel.

A later vestry-book extending from 1723 to 1771 is still carefully preserved, having been rescued from some old county records by Mr. Young. From this chronicle one can get a glimpse of the state of society and its economic condition. Ecclesiastical currency, as is well-known, was tobacco. For the service of the church, each "tithable" was assessed every year so many pounds. We find such entries as these:

To Mr. Barlow for 17 sermons at 450 lbs. tobacco	7,950 lbs.
To Rev. John Reid salary	16,000 "
To ditto for board	1,500 "
To ditto for clerk	1,000 "
To Mary Clark, sexton	400 "

Agreed with James Briggs to keep Eliza Mipet for one year and to find her in clothes for 1,260 lbs. tobacco.

To widow Lawrence being poore 300 lbs. tobacco.

From an entry before the book closes, it appears that 16,000 pounds of tobacco sold for £101 11s. 11d.

The church expenses averaged about 70,000 pounds tobacco a year, or in the neighborhood of £450. The price of tobacco varied; but that there should not be an unlimited currency, as it were, the parish was divided into districts, and each year appeared such records as:

Samuel Davis and William Bridger are appointed viewers of tobacco from the river to Blackwater.

It was the business of these viewers, or tellers, as they were sometimes called, to estimate and restrict the number of young plants, that there might not be over-production, lest the church income suffer from too low prices.—*American Magazine.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR.

The Importance of a Stiff Brush and "Elbow Grease."

There is nothing so injurious to the hair as wearing it for any length of time pinned to one particular part of the head. Slowly, but surely, it begins to fall, losing ... until in the end a hateful little spot appears, showing the scalp without the lightest veil to cover its shining surface. Every day some one is heard marvelling over the loss of former heavy suits, splendid locks they keep till 14 and 15 years of age, when the handsome plait gradually shrinks and grows beautifully less. As a rule the loss of one's hair may be traced directly back to neglect and bad treatment. Half the young girls who should wear it braided down their backs mass it in tightly twisted coils held fast to the crown of their heads by a dozen or more rough pins. This is not done for the day time alone, but at nights, when perspiration adds to other injurious effects. The hair falls, of course, splitting and breaking in every direction, and when one fails to use the brush the ugly work of destruction is slightly accelerated.

Volumes have been written on the care necessary to keep the hair soft, glossy and rich in color, but the best receipt is an abundance of elbow grease. Where it is brushed morning and evening with moderately stiff bristles little else is required.—*Woman's World.*

Queer English Advertisements.

I wonder who "B.D." is? He advertises in the *Morning Post* for a governess, "a thorough disciplinarian and well able to administer corporal punishment," and she is asked to write full particulars as to the mode of inflicting punishment. Another advertisement is equally strange. The Rev. R. Dott Thompson, Angel Hotel, Knutsford, Cheshire, wants a valet who "must know a bit about boxing and, if necessary, be able to put up the raw 'uns." I should almost think that "B. D." and the Rev. Dott would do well to open up communications with each other, as either the governess or the valet might suit both their requirements, and they would thus save the double expense.—*London Times.*

Experience Had Taught Him.

Dame—Charley, I like light housekeeping, but this bed-room is too crowded to suit me. I've filled every nook and corner in it, and now I've got to put that dirty linen under the bureau.

Charley—Don't you put anything under the bureau, my dear.

"Why not?"

"Leave that place empty and I shall always know where to find my collar button."

A Satisfactory Explanation.

Wife—What is meant, John, by the phrase, "carrying coals to Newcastle?"

Husband—It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary.

W.—I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration, a familiar one.

H.—Well, if I was to bring you home a book entitled "How to Talk," that would be carrying coals to Newcastle.

A writ was issued on Saturday, on behalf of the corporation of York township, against Mr. H. R. Frankland, the late Reeve, claiming fifty thousand dollars damages for dereliction of duty.

CURRENT TOPICS.

JOHN BRIGHT criticises Gladstone because of his silence regarding the disturbances in Ireland. Mr. Bright need not worry. Gladstone is not in the habit of failing to express himself when time and occasion are ripe. He will be heard from, and the supporters of Balfour's despotic policy are likely to regret that they were in any hurry to stir up the "old man."

ANOTHER gas well has been struck on the shore of Lake Michigan at Chicago, and three big blazes at three widely-separated points are regarded as confirmatory proofs of the theory that a big deposit of natural gas underlies the city. We hope that the gas is there. Chicago without natural gas has been great, but Chicago with natural gas will be greater.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., has enough pulp mills to consume all the spruce in the big woods inside of fifteen years. The amount of wood turned into paper in this country is enormous. The Rochester Paper Company uses seven cords a day for its pulp mill in this city, and as much more for its pulp mill it owns in Lockport

AN interesting tariff contest is in progress on the other side of the Atlantic. The high tariff countries, France, Germany, Spain, Italy and Russia, are struggling to protect their "pauper labor" against the better paid labor of free trade England! Yet England holds her own, and on the continent there are signs of reaction against the high tariff policies.

THE Chicago *News* makes a comparison of the salaries received by judges in Great Britain and in the United States respectively. Thirty-four judges in England, receiving from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, aggregate $910,000, or nearly a million annually, while eighty judges in the United States draw from $3,500 to $10,500 annually, or $318,000 in the aggregate. "It is about time," says the *News*, "that the American people recognized the wisdom and economy of paying judicial salaries adequate to secure the best talent for judges."

"FICTION hath in it a higher aim than fact" is not sustained by the recent ruling of the Iowa courts relative to the Glidden barb wire fence patent. It appears that in 1859 Alvin Morley, an insane man of Delaware county, who before and since that time resided in an asylum, twisted a barbed wire fence, sections of which were exhibited at an obscure county fair. Fifteen years later Joseph Glidden obtained letters patent for the barb wire fencing that he subsequently assigned to a large company, who have recently invoked the law to protect their rights. Readers of current fiction will recall Holland's "Seven Oaks," the story of which turns on the wrongs of an insane patentee.

BEFORE the fisheries question is settled our Canadian neighbors will probably have reason to suspect that they are not the free and independent nation they fondly imagine themselves to be. Canada's demands are so outrageously selfish and unjust that they would not be for a moment considered by the United States Congress, and the British Commissioners are now fully convinced of this fact. Under pressure from the home Government, Canada will doubtless feel impelled to abate materially her unfair exactions. Great Britain is not going to get into will or patiently [illegible] each here must [illegible] if they [illegible] and it or not.—*Chicago Times.*

MRS. LANGTRY'S board fence in front of her residence, No. 361 West Twenty-third street, New York, did not come down yesterday as announced. Mrs. Langtry's lawyer, Mr. Bowers, of Platt & Bowers, called on Deputy Commissioner of Public Works Smith yesterday morning and stated that the objectionable fence was only temporary. Mrs. Langtry intending to keep it only until some repairs and alterations are to be made to her house. It will then be taken down and replaced by a neat iron structure, which, while it will not obstruct her neighbor's lights, will be sufficient to screen her from the public gaze. Mr. Smith gallantly consented to allow the fence to remain. The first complaint made to the Public Works Department was from a Mr. McLean, who is the owner of two flat houses almost adjoining Mrs. Langtry's. Mrs. Livingston, who lives opposite, and Mrs. De Vivo, who resides at No. 359, have both cause of annoyance, the latter alleging that she is damaged to the extent of $5,000, but neither has made any formal complaint. Mrs. Langtry is at present in Philadelphia. —*N. Y. World.*

THE other day a memorial slab was placed in the Church of Catshoge, Leicestershire, recording the death of Rev. Mr. Hagamore, a very singular character of the county, who died in January, 1886. He left property behind him valued at £700 ($3,500) per annum and £1,000 in sovereigns, all of which went to a railroad porter, Mr. Hagamore's heir-at-law. The queer old man kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him and threw him into a pond, where he was found breast high. His servants heard him call for assistance, but, being locked up, could not assist him. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pairs of trousers, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair; 58 dogs, 80 waggons and carts, 80 ploughs, and used none; 50 saddles and furniture for the menage, 30 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks that a toy man offered £8 for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes and shovels, and 249 razors.

A worthy Catholic clergyman of New York city has suggested to Mayor Hewitt that saloons be absolutely closed on Sunday, but that beer and other mild drinks might be sold from a porthole through a rear entrance. It is pointed out by this reverend gentleman that some such arrangement as this would add to the number of those who are in favor of enforcing the Sunday liquor law and conveniencing the large mass of people who drink at their homes, and who have no means of storing or keeping a supply, especially during the summer months. Mayor Hewitt considers this suggestion a good one, and has forwarded it to the Commissioners of Excise, who are preparing a bill upon the subject.

INDEPENDENT GOTHAM GIRLS.

They Are Not Afraid to go to the Theatre and Opera Alone.

The question as to the propriety of ladies going out in this city to places of entertainments unattended by male escorts has ceased to be a question. They simply go when they wish to and say nothing about whether it is proper or not, and that is exactly what they ought to do. A civilization which does not insure safety and respect to women as well as men after night is in need of improvement. Not every woman who likes concerts and theatres has male relatives ready to escort her. New York is full of independent, self-supporting women, who like to go when and where they please and ask no man's leave or aid, since they belong to no man. They go in twos, threes and fours to whatever entertainment they wish to see, and nobody respects them any the less. In truth, it would be a sorry day for theatrical managers when they made their theatres less than pleasant for unattended women. They know very well that the bulk of their patronage comes from the beautiful and emotional sex, and ladies who are in the habit of going accompanied only by other ladies pronounce in favor of that habit. Sometimes they say they "don't like the care of a man." Of course, when the man goes along and pays all the expenses and acts in the capacity of a conductor, it is necessary to make him feel repaid by the lady devoting herself to his eyes, ears and tongue, if not heart. This "having to be agreeable" becomes irksome unless she is much interested in the man. That is why she prefers a companion of her own sex.—*N. Y. Press.*

Mexican Cowgirls.

As we neared a neighboring ranch, however, our glance forsook the surrounding country to wander after two herders, a man and a woman, driving a herd of cattle across the flat. As one little bull determined to go back to the corral, the cowboy went on with the herd, while the lady gave chase. Round and round the corral they raced, until, wheeling suddenly, she met her victim face to face, when a few sharp cuts from her rawhide sent him scampering after his brethren. These cowgirls, when encountered by chance on lonely trails, may be observed riding with a foot in each stirrup, *a la* clothespin.—*Rochester Democrat Correspondence.*

Beginning a New Life.

"My beloved brethren," said a Western minister, "it fills my heart with joy to inform you that the Mayor of our little city has experienced a change of heart, and hereafter will labor with us in advancing our great and glorious cause."

Murmurs of approval among the congregation.

"And as a mark of the respect and esteem we hold for him, and the high confidence we repose in our new brother, the taking up of the collection will be intrusted to his care on this blessed Sabbath morn."—*New York Sun.*

An Easy Place to Find.

A sympathetic female visiting the Texas Penitentiary at Huntsville said to one of the [illegible] ing. "Sabbath [illegible] have [illegible] Sabbath [illegible] did you come here?"

"I didn't have no trouble, marm, finding my way here. I couldn't have lost the way if I had been as blind as a bat. Two deputy sheriffs brought me here on the cars, one holding on to each arm. I never had less trouble in finding a place in my life."

"Did whiskey have anything to do with your coming?"

"Yes. Both deputies were drunk.

A Good Recommendation.

Jones—Hello, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner & Co. Bill—Oh, yes, I have a position as collector there. Jones—That's first rate. who recommended you? Bill—Oh, nobody: I told them that I once collected a bill from you, and they instantly gave me a place.—*Judge.*

The Professor's Joke.

"I have discovered why some eyes are cross," remarked the Professor.

"Why is it?" asked the Judge.

"You know that there is an aqueous humor in the eye?"

"Yes."

"Well, when this is an ill humor it naturally follows that the eye is cross."—*Tid-Bits*

For Papa's Sake.

"Give us this day our daily beer," said Flossie as she was repeating her nightly prayer. "What do you mean by that, Flossie?" sharply demanded her mother. "I was praying for papa. I didn't care much for bread, anyhow."—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

According to the New York *World* it was so cold at St. Vincent, Minn., a few days ago, that people kept their hands warm by holding pieces of ice.

A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stock broker, says an exchange, to execute some repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work, when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once." But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," said he to his apprentice, who accompanied him, "take my watch and my chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be dishonest people about this house."

It is rumored that ex-Lieut.-Governor Masson will shortly be called to the Dominion Senate.

It is interesting to trace the evolutions of words and expressions. Cultivated people say "How do you do?" Those who are less precise say "Howdy do?" In the backwoods of Tennessee they say "Howdy?" The noble red man of the west says "How?" While the cat on the fence says "Ow?"

Petitions from the counties of Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry and Stanstead for the repeal of the Scott Act have reached the Secretary of State's Department.

A Strange Courtship.

Pretty Bridget Malony, just returned from an evening visit, tripped lightly down the basement steps.

She was making her way toward the match-safe to get a match to light the lamp, when a voice very close to her ear said in muffled accents: "Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you, and have only come to ask you a question."

The tone of the speaker, as well as the words, were meant to be reassuring, but they failed of their effect upon Bridget, who shrieked a series of little shrieks that would have done credit to a female of far more culture.

"Don't do that," and a hand was laid firmly but kindly upon her mouth. "I promise to do you no harm, but only want you to tell me where I can find the silver ware."

Bridget had continued to struggle while he was speaking, but finding she could not shake off his grasp managed to remove his hand from her mouth long enough to say: "How can I tell you when you hold my mouth shut?"

"Promise me you will not scream again and I will instantly release you."

Bridget nodded assent, but as it was dark he only knew it by the motion of her head between his hands.

"How would it be to light the lamp?" asked she.

"As you choose," he replied; "but remember that I have trusted you, and I believe you will not betray me."

As the light flashed upon him she saw a tall form, so gaunt that he looked taller than he really was; a pale face, dark eyes, somewhat sunken in their sockets, and the sweetest mouth she had ever seen, just shaded by a faint black moustache.

That she daily attended to pots and pans and wielded brooms and brushes did not interfere with Bridget being a little sentimental. He did not look at all like a common house-breaker, and he did look almost famished for want of nourishment.

"Sit down," she said, pointing to a chair, "and if any one comes in just now I will say you are my cousin Thomas, and may the saints forgive me for lying."

He did as she bade him, looking at her the while to discover her meaning.

"Would you like me to get you some thing to eat?" she said.

The handsome mouth quivered as he replied: "I have not tasted food for two days."

It did not take Bridget long to spread before him some cold meat, bread, pie and some milk.

He ate ravenously at first, but as his hunger became a little satisfied Bridget ventured to say

"Now tell me what you really came here for. If it was to steal the silverware, I do not intend to let you do it."

It is not only for myself I was about to commit a crime, but for two others dearer than life to me."

"You're young lookin' to have a wife and child," she said.

This time he smiled as he answered: "I have neither. It is a little sister and brother I am speaking of. I have sought for weeks to find employment and I cannot. I have kept them as best I could until now, and this morning I gave them the last food that remained in the house

"Well," said Bridget, "you can go, but not until I have given you something for the little ones who came near to making a burglar out of you." She took a basket from its peg in a closet and filled it well with articles of food such as children would most like. "I will make this up to the mistress, she said, for she is a good one to me, and I would n't take the value of a pin from her, but the children have gone hungry long enough."

In a more hopeful frame of mind he started out on his daily search, the next morning, and whether it was the increased brightness of his face, or the more assured tones of his voice that were produced by the fact that he had breakfasted before going out, at any rate he at last found something to do that would help him to keep the wolf from the door.

That night there was a knock at the door opening into the basement kitchen, which he had entered the night before without that formality. It was opened instantly by Bridget, who took the basket he extended to her with an inquiring look that he at once understood.

"Perhaps it was your good wishes that followed me," he said, with the rare smile she had noticed on his face the night before; "but I am glad to be able to tell you that I have succeeded to-day in finding the employment I have so long searched for."

"Good luck to you in it then," she said, smiling: "and nobody but ourselves shall ever know of the bad intentions that brought you here first. Be the good man you look like and you will prosper in time."

She said this almost like uttering a prophecy, and he accepted it as such.

"Thank you with all my heart," he replied, "and, if good fortune awaits me in the future, may I come once in a while to tell you of it?"

"Why, I don't even know your name," said she, "and I don't believe you know mine, and the mistress don't like me to have callers, anyway."

"My name is Clarence Brown, and I really would like to know the name of one who has been to me like a good angel of mercy."

"Well, then, it's Bridget Maloney, and if you feel as if it would do you good to tell me once in a while how you like your place, you may come with that intention."

All this happened quite a good while ago. In the fine-looking young man and the pretty, rosy young woman sitting side by side in front of the grate in their neat sitting-room we recognize Clarence Brown and she who was Bridget Malony, now Mrs. Clarence Brown.

—"Didn't I order molasses?" she shouted to the grocer through the telephone yesterday. "Yes'm." "And you sent me vinegar?" "Yes'm, so I did. We are out of molasses and won't have any until Thursday. Try and make the vinegar answer for a few days." And as he hung up the trumpet he growled to himself: "The people of Detroit are getting so particular that nothing will suit 'em!"

Bradstreets' reports a total of 319 failures throughout the country for the week ending January 27th, against 350 for the week previous. Sixty of the number were in Canada, eighteen more than the preceding week.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An article on "independent Journalism" in last week's Dundalk *Herald*, clearly explains to us how readily and gracefully several representatives of that class of papers have altered their political complexion with every change in the *personnel* of the Provincial and Dominion cabinets. To blow hot and then cold; to support Sir John to-day and Mr. Mowat to-morrow, and blow them both up the day afterwards—well there is heaps of elasticity about independent journals after all, and no inconsiderable quantity of diplomacy is required in order that everything may be done decently and in order. We shall study the question more closely in future.

As a rule, independent newspapers are not such from principle. It is purely a matter of dollars and cents an endeavor to ride Tory and Grit horses *profitably* at the one time, and in such a manner as to leave the impression that no partiality or unfair division of the "corn" has been made. To ride two horses which are always pulling away from each other requires the skill of a most accomplished diplomat, and even then, it sometimes happens that the rider gets a pretty rough tumble. It is a very good thing to be independent or act independently, but everybody must perceive that there is a point at which independence ceases and partyism—clearly and unmistakeably defined—begins. As the *Herald* very truly observes, he—as an independent journalist—may sometimes "express reform views," while it is equally possible that he may occasionally "join in with Conservative views." But the *Herald's* independence (politically speaking) ceases just as soon as it takes sides with one or the other of the two great parties. If it does not express itself with sufficient definiteness on either side to be clearly understood, however, its remarks have little or no weight, but are likely to bring down upon its head the scornful epithet—"Straddle-the-fence." It is a curious fact, that every independent newspaper (so-called) has strong and decided leanings in the direction of either the Reform or the Conservative party.

The *Herald* says that it may occasionally not agree with the views of either political party and take "neutral" ground. Bless your heart! why if that were good grounds for neutrality—which is a mental, though perchance not an *apparent*, impossibility—a great many of both parties could be safely set down as neutral; for, while agreeing with the general policy adopted by the leaders of their respective parties, they often—and not unnaturally—disagree on points of minor importance. But that does not furnish sufficient excuse for *outward* or *apparent* neutrality: there is really no such thing as taking a strictly neutral position, mentally. It is one of the tendencies of human beings, that they invariably take one side or the other in all the questions which effect our existence in this world or the world to come. They may not manifest their predilections by any outward signs, but in their heart of hearts, or, if you will, in their mind of minds, the invisible and mysterious ballot marker of that intellect never fails to record its "vote" *for* or *against*.

The Editor of the Creemore *Advertiser* has got his elastic back up because several papers published an item referring to him and which appeared first in the *Empire*. The *Tizer* talks very learnedly about biography, but we can assure him that we could go him several better than the "Vortex" racket.

The man who doesn't advertise in the newspapers might just about as well take down his sign and follow some other calling where the use of printer's ink is unnecessary: otherwise he will only do a "from hand to mouth" business, with the possibility of ultimately joining the army of bankrupts and boodlers, whose homes are chiefly found in the neighboring republic.

It is rumored that THE ADVANCE man has re-considered his resolution to "quit smoking forever." When that rash vow was made, he had no idea of the power of habit—and especially that seductive and soothing one called smoking: chewing tobacco is a bird of another kind, and may be very properly designated as *condensed nastiness*. Well, THE ADVANCE *never* was a heavy smoker, as asserted by an esteemed contemporary, and never having felt any of the ill effects attributed to the practice, has consequently come to the conclusion to publicly declare the word "forever" annulled, in so far as it refers to ourself personally in this connection. In conclusion let us say to our young readers: *The best way to quit any habit, is never to begin it!* An ounce of prevention is worth ten thousand pounds of cure.

MASQUERADE CARNIVAL.

Our Band boys may safely congratulate themselves upon the success which attended the Carnival held on the rink here last Thursday evening under their auspices. The attendance of spectators was large; and although the masquers did not turn out in as large force as might have been expected, the proceedings were nevertheless pleasant and interesting.

The following gentlemen acted as judges, viz.: Mr. Wm. Moore, of Priceville; Mr. Wm. Moore, of Owen Sound; Mr. J. G. Russell, of Flesherton.

PRIZES AWARDED:

Best Lady Skater—1st Miss Sarah Smith, 2nd Miss Hattie Cole.

Best Costume (lady)—Miss M. Damude

Best Gent Skater—1st A. R. Fawcett, 2nd D. Clayton.

Best Clown—J. Gibbons.

Best Costume (gent)—Wm. Armstrong

Best Lady and Gent Skater—Miss S. Smith and Joseph Field.

Best dressed Military Man—Thomas Hollinger.

Fat Man—Wes. Armstrong.

Fastest Skater (gent)—J. Gibbons,

Best Dressed Little Girl (special)—Miss Lizzie Strain.

We were pleased to notice the pleasant countenances of a goodly number of young people from Dundalk, Markdale, and Priceville always glad to see visitors from sister villages. Come again.

Heathenism in Canada.

"What! is it possible you don't know anything at all about the Scriptures?" said the surprised Methodist Sunday School Teacher to the new boy in her class last Sabbath.

"No, never heard of 'em," replied the boy, "we have just moved here from Markdale: but pa is going to buy one of R. Trimble's overcoats for five dollars and be real genteel."

Wheezing, gasping suffererers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by druggists or by mail on receipt of price.

WANTED!

A Quantity of WHITE ASH for Butter Tubs, for which CASH will be paid on delivery.
JOS. McCORMICK,
Flesherton.

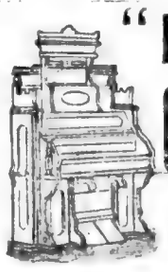

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetrouching, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

HEARDS

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

Given to SHOEING and GENERAL JOB WORKING, TRIMMING, &c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	80 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 78
Barley	0 60	0 70
Oats	0 38	0 38
Peas	0 58	0 58
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 50	6 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 70	1 06
Geese	0 5	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirit's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.
Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888.

W. BOOTH,

The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

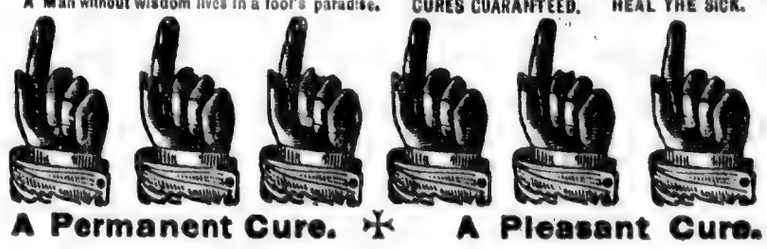

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

The Reason Why.

The question is continually being asked, why do so many buy their

FURNITURE

— AT —

J. E. Moore's

FURNITURE WAREROOMS, FLESHERTON.

The answer is simply this, we keep just what the people need and sell at fair prices.

— We are selling —

BEDROOM SUITES

of Beautiful Designs and Workmanship at Prices that Challenge Competition.

MATTRESSES AND SPRINGS

In great variety. Cheap. Very Cheap.

CHAIRS,
TABLES,
BUREAUS,
SIDEBOARDS,
CUPBOARDS,
LOUNGES,
SOFAS,
WASH STANDS,

DRESSING CASES,
WATNOTS,
CRADLES,
CRIBS,
COTS,
BEDSTEADS.

In fact everything usually found in a First-Class Furniture Establishment constantly in stock. Having on hand a stock of well-seasoned Lumber and keeping a staff of skilled Workmen we are enabled to make a specialty of

Ordered Work

— AND —

Repairing

In all its Branches. Our

Picture Framing Department

Is again well filled up with New and Beautiful Designs of Mouldings. In this particular branch it is acknowledged by all that we X. L.

Note well the address as it may save you money.

J. E. MOORE,

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms

On Durham St.

For The Advance.]

A Leap for Life.

Lords of creation lend an ear,
I'm to marry a week from to-day!
Pity me, pity, ye scores of men
I was trapped in an innocent way
I knew Miss Jones for a few short weeks,
And I went one day to call,
And the servant shewed me in, you know,
But I met Miss Jones in the hall.
"I hope you are not engaged," I said
In an easy, careless tone,
Judge my surprise when she whispered "No!"
And called me her "loved, her own."
Then she set the week, she set the day,
And she set the hour and all,
While I felt like one who has lost his head,
As I stood there in the hall!

* * * * *

I wish our language had never known
A word like that word "engaged."
Why couldn't she take the meaning I meant,
And leave me thus uncaged!
Lords of creation, lend an ear;
I'm to marry a week from to-day.
Pity me, pity, ye scores of men,
I was trapped in an innocent way.

—*Edith B. VanLuven.*

Owen Sound, 1888.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

We noticed by the news that our municipal grant was the largest in the township of Euphrasia for the half year ending Dec. 31st, 1887. Kimberley has good prospects and may require a high school before Markdale.

Miss D. Thurston, of Guelph is now visiting her friends in this locality.

We were pleased to learn that Mrs. Gaudin and family have arrived safely in their New Hampshire home.

Miss Thompson is visiting friends in Owen Sound.

Mr. John Carruthers has left our village to seek his fortune in a southern clime. We wish him every success.

On Thursday evening the Temperance revivalists held their first meeting in this place. The songs and earnest appeals of these gentlemen were appreciated by all who heard them. Similar services were held during the remaining part of the week. On Sabbath morning Mr. Smith preached a powerful sermon on "faith and its results," when he related in a very affecting manner the way in which he was led to accept of Christ as his personal Saviour.

During the afternoon the S. S. was visited by the Band. Mr. Irish addressed the children in a very forcible way, after which all joined heartily in some very appropriate songs. The closing service was held on Sabbath evening. Many flocked down from the mountain sides and consequently the church was well filled. To this attentive audience Mr. Smith spoke with great earnestness.

REPORT OF KIMBERLEY PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR JANUARY.—NAMES IN ORDER OF MERIT.

Division I.

IV Class—Ella Carruthers, Ella Dyness, John Dyness, Alfred Thurston.

IV Class (jr.)—Irwin Stafford, Rutledge Stafford, George Burritt.

III Class—Simon Plewes, John Hammond, Sarah Knott.

III Class (jr.)—Fleetwood Battrick, Samuel Thompson, Albert McConnell.

II Class—Hattie Dyness, Ada Burritt, Rosia Curtes.

Division II.

II Class (jr.)—Talmage Dynes, Fanny Battrick, William Thompson.

I Class (sr.)—Lillie Gilbert, Wellington Graham, Willie Thompson.

I Class—Jessie Gilbert, Henry McLean, Wesley Dynes.

I Class (jr.)—Willie McLean, Minnie Battrick, Fida Bowerman.

Average attendance 55.

I. E. GAUDIN, Principal.
M. ABERCROMBIE, Assistant.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

On Saturday last a fine spring calf belonging to Mr. H. Meldrum, of this place, fell through the ice in Mr. Sloan's mill pond and was carried by the current into the flume and drowned.

Mr. J. W. Hoath, and wife, formerly of this place but now of Tottenham, are rusticating here.

Mrs. Corcoran is suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. Daniel McMullen while engaged the other day in carrying a heavy box, slipped and fell. The weight came upon his thumb dislocating it and forcing the joint through the skin which caused a very painful wound.

The other night some sneak thief entered the stable of Rev. J. S. Corcoran and stole a fine pair of bantam fowls. The thief did not succeed so well as he thought he had in covering his tracks.

Eugenia has lost in the person of Mr. McMullen, who has gone to seek his fortune in Michigan, a valued and popular citizen. His many friends will be glad to hear of his prosperity in his new home.

On Monday evening the Gospel Temperance Band held a meeting in the Orange Hall. The Hall was packed and the entertainment was simply grand. The songs and speeches fairly brought down the house with peals of uncontrolable laughter. Miss Thurston, of Kimberley, presided at the organ. The Band also held meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings which were largely attended.

On Being Practical.

We clip the following able editorial article from the columns of the January issue of *The Patriarch*—a manuscript magazine published in connection with Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance:—

ON BEING PRACTICAL.

The day in which we live is one in which people are largely dazzled by eloquence; mystified by theories; rendered doubtful by the questions of philosophy or satiated by third-class poetry. And the most wholesome thing to take hold of under such circumstances is practical speech. The best mental tonic is *practical work*. By being practical we mean doing something that will be of use to the doer or of benefit for that or those for whom it is done. To be practical is not necessarily to be slavish. You may often find people who screw and scrape and toil and slave and at the end of a long life have accomplished far less than others through clear mental insight have accomplished in a few days or weeks. To be practical is not necessarily to be grovelling—materialistic, automatic. That class of people may some time find themselves displaced by modern inventions and their employment taken away by perfect machinery. But no machine can displace the truly practical man—no invention rob him of his employment. He *fills* a *niche* in times triumphal arch and well deserves his honor. His presence is essential to the world's well-being; his work a fountain of the nations prosperity—his steps are ordered by a hand unseen; he is a co-worker together with God and an imitator of Him in whom eternal work and endless rest combine. To be practical there needs the formation of a conception, the cultivation of a stern purpose and the patient, ploding, working out of that purpose till that conception becomes an actuality. Each here may become eminently useful and highly successful if only they will be patiently practical, and each here may stand if they will be [illegible] and have satisfaction to themselves. Time is precious, moments are more than monies. Success depends largely on an early start. Be practical begin at once. In the question asked, where must I begin? we answer where you are. Frequent changes in either locality or occupation are neither practical nor benefical. Employ your ablest powers and work to life's noblest ends. Work with your mind, your *spirit*, your will, and let your physical functions be the willing servants of your spiritual and mental powers. Arouse the mind from its lethargy by working for an idea; bring the mind into a state of discipline by working at that idea and then bring all your mental and physical faculties into line by working out that idea. Search for a living thought like one who searches for a precious gem, and if the thought you find at best seem very poor, don't despise it. Diamonds are very like common stones till they are cut and polished and their literal beauty brought out. Thoughts more precious than diamonds are not born full grown but more than men are. They need nursing into life and then developing into beauty. Nor on the other hand must we strangle a thought at its birth because it is novel, utopiar, or of no apparent use. A certain P.H.D. who lives not a hundred miles from here, stated in Flesherton last spring that men of utopian ideas had never conferred any good upon the world, which statement was very opposite the truth. The idea of an Atlantic going steamer was at first said to be dreamy, visionary and the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic brought in it a book written to prove the steamer an impossibility and the idea of it impracticable. If you find the germ of a grand idea, with steady purpose plod on till in all its details it is worked out. In respect to Division work we would urge each member then to be practical for the sake of the reflex benefit they would derive as well as for the benefit that would acrue to the Division. The fact is we have come to a point *where work will pay*. Ours is a goodly heritage so far as prospects are concerned. Our ore is extensive; our soil fertile; and there are undiscovered veins of rich and precious ore. What has been *done may* be done again. And what has never been attempted yet may be accomplished.

Let us then delight to labor,
Plodding on with heart and hand
From our purpose never waver
Till on victory's heights we stand.

Salem Sabbath School Anniversary.

The Anniversary of Salem Sabbath School was held last Friday evening with the Superintendent in the chair. The eatables were provided by the mothers of those attending the school and was everything that could be desired. Although the night was very cold there was a good turnout and the children enjoyed it very much. The programme was long, varied and well sustained. Mrs. McGee, Teacher in No. 9 S.S., must have labored hard in preparing so many of her pupils to give so many Dialogues and Recitations all of which were warmly applauded. Miss Hattie Smith, of Flesherton, sang several beautiful pieces which were well received. Miss Pedlar accompanied three Master Pedlar's in a very nice piece. The three boys sang well and Miss Pedlar's accompaniment was really good. Master R. J. Pedlar sang two nice pieces accompanied by his brother George. R. J. has a fine voice and we look forward hopefully for much more from him in the future. Messrs. William Pedlar and his brother Richard treated the audience to several pieces of music. They are both favorites at Salem Tea-Meetings. Messrs. William Pedlar and his cousin Will gave two Dialogues which were well received. Mr. Charles Bruce gave a Recitation in his usual masterly style. Messrs. Robert Hawkins, Samuel Pedlar and Joseph Pedlar, who all hold office in the school each gave a short address.

A standing vote of thanks was warmly accorded to Mrs. McGee for the kind and able manner in which she had assisted on this occasion. Mrs. McGee thanked the audience for their courtesy. Thanks were also given to the children for the orderly and happy manner in which they had rendered their various exercises. Also to Miss Smith and the others who had done so much for the enjoyment of the audience during the evening and to the ladies who had so kindly furnished the eatables for the very excellent viands they had provided. After a vote of thanks to the Superintendent the audience arose and sang the Doxology. The meeting was closed with the Benediction. All seemed highly pleased with the meeting. Salem is emphatically a UNION Sabbath School. All sectarianism is ignored. All are heartily invited to attend and it is largely attended.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements.

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

LOOK HERE!

For the Next

30 Days

— AT —

GORDON'S

Harness Shop,

FLESHERTON,

Will be Given a

LARGE DISCOUNT

On all Cash Sales over One Dollar.

A Full Stock on Hand of

HARNESS,
WHIPS,
TRUNKS,
SWEAT PADS,
CURRY COMBS,
HORSE BLANKETS
HARNESS OIL,
BRUSHES, &c., &c.

SCOTCH COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

N.B.—All outstanding accounts must be settled within the next 30 Days. If not the books will be placed in other hands for collection.

ROBBED OF ABOUT $20,000.

A Rich Old Bachelor in Minnesota Takes a Ride on Invitation of a Woman—She Proves to be a Man in Disguise, and He is Forced to Give Up His Money.

An Albert Lea, Minn., despatch says: Sanford Tanner has been a well-known character for twenty years in this county. He is a bachelor, and seems to have no relatives or confidential friend. He stays but a few months in a place, being most of the time at Mona and St. Ansgar, Iowa, and at Austin, Glenville and Albert Lea, in this State, looking after his loans and collecting his interest. He is very eccentric. He is worth probably $100,000, and generally carries on his person his certificates of deposit and other papers and a considerable sum in cash. It is said he has been robbed several times, last spring having been relieved of $1,900 at Austin, Minn. The particulars of a recent exciting experience have just been learned.

He had been boarding for a month or more with the family of J. P. Bennett, within gunshot of Glenville, nine miles south of this city. One day during the week preceding Christmas a young, well-informed, stylishly-dressed, and self-possessed woman drove up to Fred. Morrison's horel in Glenville with a horse and cutter, and inquired about Tanner, as to where he boarded, where he was generally to be found, and other particulars. She drove around for a time and finally returned to Albert Lea. The next day she alighted from the cars at the Glenville depot and engaged John Showers, a stranger in that section, to drive her into the country. They drove four miles south to the house of Mrs. Ann Buchanan, where the mysterious woman stopped. She then directed Showers to drive back to Bennett's and tell Sanford Tanner that a lady at Mrs. Buchanan's wanted to see him. Showers did so, and soon returned with Tanner. The strange woman came out and got into the sleigh, took Tanner on her lap and instructed the man to drive further on, as she wanted to talk over some business matters with Tanner. In Glenville she had pretended to some that she was a detective working up the robbery of Tanner at Austin, and she thus partly explained her object to Tanner and Showers.

Arriving at the cross roods, just east of Gordonsville Station, she directed Showers to get out and wait, as she wanted to drive on a short distance and have a confidential talk with Tanner. The accommodating driver did so. She drove with Tanner over a hill to the east and returned in twenty minutes, when they all went to Gordonsville Station. Tanner took the train that soon came along and returned to Glenville, and Showers was hired by the woman to take her to Northwood, where he left her. She doubtless took the train there, and has lived in clover ever since. During the ride Showers had his suspicion aroused, and asked the woman what caused the beard on her face, as it had begun to slightly show through the paint. She answered, "Oh, I have not shaved to-day; it's all right." The pretended woman was in truth a man in disguise, and while over the hill he had robbed Tanner of $20,000 in certificates of deposit of banks of Albert Lea, Austin and St. Paul, and $1,400 in cash. He had threatened Tanner with death if he exposed him, and thus easily worked his bold and successful robbery. As soon as Tanner returned to Glenville he telegraphed to the banks directing them not to pay money on the certificates, and during the past week they were all returned to him in an envelope postmarked at St. Paul, containing also the words: "Lost and found Jan. 17," but Tanner has not again seen the woman who so affectionately held him in her lap, nor the $1,400 which she carried away.

ANOTHER MINE DISASTER.

Fatal Gas Explosion in a Wilkesbarre Pit.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: A terrific explosion of gas occurred in the Lottingham mine at Plymouth yesterday afternoon, by which five men, who were engaged in repairing the timbering, were seriously if not fatally burned. It was an idle day at the mine, but before the workmen entered the pit the fire boss made an examination and reported everything safe, but owing to some defective ventilation gas had in some way accumulated. Not knowing this, the repair men walked into the gas with naked lamps, setting fire to it. The explosion which followed was tremendous and the men were hurled in every direction. They were not alone burned, but were seriously bruised. As the whole party is badly injured and unable to speak, further details are unobtainable. The names of the unfortunates are: Daniel Reese, married, aged 28; Ludwig Bose, married, aged 32; John McElwee, married, aged 35; David L. Lloyd, married, aged 40, and a Polack whose name is not known.

Wants Work for His Wife.

Applicant—Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work?

Woman—I guess I can find something for you to do.

Applicant (gratefully)—Thanks. If you could give me some washing to do, I'll take it home to my wife.—*The Epoch.*

Too Expensive.

No, Patti has no babies. The family have decided that they can't afford it. When they realized that it would cost the youngster £100 every time he wanted his mother to sing him to sleep, cash up, or no concert, they decided that no baby could stand it without mortgaging the nursery and fittings.

Captain Haig, lecturing at the Royal United Service Institute in London last night, hoped that the English Government would procure some of the new pneumatic dynamite guns to experiment with, as their influence on a naval warfare will be very marked.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy action and thy conversation, sympathize with men of low estate, aid the distressed and show consideration to the neglected; be great.—*Laurence Sterne.*

The telephone wires in Buffalo are being put under ground.

STOLEN SECRETS.

How Great Inventions Were Got Hold of by Determined Men.

CLEVER TRICKS PLAYED ON MEN OF GENIUS.

One hundred years ago what a man discovered in the arts and mechanics he concealed. Workmen were put on oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by quickest fences of empirical pretension and judicial affirmation. There used to be, close by Temple Bar, in London, an old chemist's shop. The proprietor of it in days gone by enjoyed the monopoly of making citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than other secret manufacturers, his was a process that required no assistance. He employed no workmen. Experts came to sample and assort and bottle his products. They never entered the laboratory. The mystic operations by which he grew rich were confined to himself. One day, having locked the doors and blinded the windows, sure, as usual, of the safety of his secret, our chemist went home to his dinner. A chimney-sweep, or a boy disguised as such, wide awake in chemistry, was on the watch. Following the secret-keeper so far on his way to Charing Cross as to be sure he would not return that day, the sooty philosopher hied rapidly back to Temple Bar, ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted and returned, carrying with him the mystery of making citric acid. The monopoly of the inventor was gone. A few months after and the price was reduced by four-fifths. The poor man was heart-broken, and died shortly afterwards, ignorant of the trick by which he had been victimised. Like Miss Tabitha Bramble, when informed that the thunder had spoiled two barrels of beer in her cellar, he might have said, "How the thunder should get there when the cellar was double-locked I can't comprehend." The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin sheet iron, plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip it into a bath of boiling tin, and remove it, enveloped with the silvery metal, to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret, and brought it home. The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between iron and steel, as many people know, is that the latter contains carbon. The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. Now, steel thus made is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface more than the centre. It is, therefore, unreliable. Nevertheless, before the invention of cast steel there was nothing better. In 1760 there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the watch springs in use and set himself to the task of making them homogeneous. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition should be the same throughout." He succeeded. His steel became famous. Huntsman's ingots for fine work were in universal demand. He did not call them cast steel. That was his secret. About 1770 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every one within reach—true and faithful men hired, the work divided and subdivided, large wages paid, and stringent oaths administered. It did not avail. One midwinter night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliffe steel works belched forth their smoke, a traveller knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold, the snow fell fast, and the wind howled across the moat. The stranger, apparently a ploughman or agricultural laborer, seeking shelter from the storm, awakened no suspicion. Scanning the wayfarer closely, and moved by motives of humanity, the foreman granted his request and let him in. Feigning to be worn out with cold and fatigue, the poor fellow sank upon the floor, and soon appeared to be asleep. That, however, was far from his intention. He closed his eyes apparently only. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into bits, place them in crucibles, and thrust the crucibles into a furnance. The fire was urged to its extreme power until the steel was melted. Clothed in wet rags to protect themselves from the heat, the workmen drew out the glowing crucibles, and poured their contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose. The secret of making cast steel had been discovered.—*English Mechanic.*

Mrs. Langtry's Private Car.

Mrs. Langtry's private car, which is being built for her at Wilmington, Del., will be one of the most gorgeous palaces on wheels ever constructed. The cost will be about $60,000. It will be equipped with office, dressing-room, bath and bed-room. The bed-room will be padded in every part, so that in case of railroad accident Mrs. Langtry will fall gently. Mrs. Langtry will undoubtedly recover the money thus spent in the curiosity to which the car will give rise, in the same way that W. S. Eden, proprietor of "The Arabian Nights," recovered the 1,000 silver dollars with which he paved his barber shop in the Palmer House, Chicago.

Heavy winds have driven the ice from New York harbor out to sea.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the country is at Warren, Idaho, where hundreds of the celestials are at work in mines abandoned by the white miners. Every year a number of them go back to China, with fortunes of from $2,000 to $5,000, to pass their remaining years in comfort.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

TORONTO—The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Stratton, on rising to move the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, was received with loud applause. He took occasion to extend hearty congratulations to Sir Alexander Campbell upon taking the office of Lieutenant-Governor of this Province. It was true, he said, that the season's operations among the agriculturists were not altogether satisfactory; yet in some branches, notably in dairy farming, there had been marked and gratifying success. He referred to the recent timber sales by the Provincial Government, and thought that the Province was to be congratulated upon the success which had attended this the ninth sale of timber lands in the Province. He quoted figures relating to the sales of timber limits in Ontario, proving an average of receipts of $360 per square mile of bonus. He quoted also the figures of nine sales during the same period in the Province of Quebec, showing average receipts of only $43 bonus per square mile. It was complained in some quarters that the timber resources of the Province were being too quickly used up, but it was not to be forgotten that the forests stood constantly in danger of being swept away by fire. Moreover it would be inimical to the general interests of the Province to arbitrarily prevent the employment of the great capital invested in Ontario's lumbering intests. Referring to that part of the speech relating to Provincial Lunatic Asylums, he said that it had become evident that further accommodation was necessary for this most unfortunate class. In the last sixteen years the Province had expended over $5,000,000 upon this most unfortunate class. Yet there were 471 last year whose misfortune had been converted into a crime and they had been left in the county jails. In relation to the proposal to appoint a Minister of Agriculture, he dwelt upon the importance of the farming interest, showing that the capital invested in the farms of the Province was $975,292,000, the field crops alone reaching the value of $105,579,000 a year. It was but just to this great interest that it should have special representation in the Cabinet. While the Government showed this attention to the interest of the farming community, the interests of labor were not forgotten.

Mr. McKay seconded the motion in a speech which was well delivered and well received. He was glad to know that in conformity with their policy of extending the franchise as rapidly as public sentiment would justify it, the Government would this session propose that manhood suffrage should be established in the Province.

Mr. Meredith said he would postpone observations upon some points referred to by other speakers until a later period of the session. He heartily concurred in the congratulations extended to the new Lieut.-Governor. There could be no better tribute to the benefits of training in the Conservative camp than the high praise given by gentlemen opposite to Sir Alexander Campbell, and this was also a complete answer to the statements which had been made for party purposes in the House and out of it by members of the Government which would have led one who believed them to regard [redacted] Governor as a tyrant desirous of depriving her of over 100,000 square miles of territory. He was glad to know that the pessimistic views held by their leaders, the Minister of Education (Mr. Ross) being the first among them to voice the opposite view, were not held by the mover and seconder of the Address.

The resolution for the address was carried, the customary form was gone through and the address adopted.

Petitions were presented from the County Councils of Welland and Lennox and Addington praying relief respecting the confinement of insane persons in the common jails.

Hon. Mr. Fraser presented a Bill respecting the closing of shops and the hours of labor of young children and persons therein.

Hon. Mr. Mowat presented a Bill relating to alimony in certain cases. He explained that the object was to provide that the magistrates or police magistrate trying cases of non-support might decide the amount of alimony to be given where the amount claimed was not large, appeal being allowed to the judge of the Division Court.

The Bill was read the first time.

The estimates for expenditures to be made between the opening of the year and the voting of the regular Supply Bill of the session were presented and voted in the usual way.

The House adjourned at 3.45 o'clock.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Mr. Garson—On Tuesday next—Bill respecting stationary engines and engineers.

Mr. Waters—On Wednesday next—Bill to amend the Assessment Act.

Also, bill to enable widows and unmarried women to vote for members of the Legislative Assembly.

Mr. French—On Monday next—Bill to authorize the appointment of fire guardians and the better prevention of bush fires.

Mr. McKay—On Wednesday next—Bill for the prevention of accidents by fire in hotels and other public buildings.

A Lucky Trip.

"What have you been doing for a living lately?" asked a very tough-looking citizen of a man who looked as if he might be a boon companion.

"Burglarizing."

"What was your last job?"

"I tackled the residence of a real estate agent last night."

"Have you any luck?"

"Yes; first-rate."

"What did you get?"

"I got away without buying a house and lot."

There is a story of a pretty Kerry lady who had all her life a slight tendency to a redness of the nose, which developed with years. One day, speaking to a neighboring gentleman, she said, simperingly: "All my life I've been in dread of having a red nose," which elicited the following reply, in the broadest Kerry brogue: "And, good heavens, woman, now that you have a red nose, will you tell me what harm it does you?"

WILL RACE FOR A RICH BRIDE.

Two Young Men to Run Eight Miles Next Thursday, the Winner to Marry Miss Annie Douglass.

A Nashville, Tenn., despatch says: Miss Annie Douglass, a graduate of Vanderbilt University, who is known throughout Tennessee as "The Oil Queen," because of her large possessions of oil property in the Spring Creek district, is to be married on next Thursday night to the winner of a foot-race. Miss Douglass is an orphan, residing with her grandfather, James Douglass, proprietor of the noted "Calf Miller Farm." Nathan Overman, a neighbor, was a suitor for the hand of Miss Douglass, and he had no opposition until two years ago, when John Lane, of Indiana, a cousin of Mrs. Hendricks, came to the neighborhood.

The rivalry for the hand of the young lady became intense, and bloodshed was feared. Mr. Douglass, who had no preference between the young men, decided to end the matter, and, being an eccentric man, hit upon a novel plan. He got the three interested persons together and proposed, as the young lady herself could not decide between them, that they run a race of eight miles on parallel roads, the winner to marry the girl before night. All agreed, and promised to abide the result.

At 8 o'clock next Thursday morning the men will start, and on their return they will have a banquet, which will be followed by the marriage. The whole country is aroused and thousands will see the race. Miss Douglass is worth $100,000.

A Doubtful Set.

I have an acquaintance who takes snuff. The other day, when the wind was blowing from the west, he started out in that direction. He was in a hurry, too—important business. By and by he wanted some snuff. He took out his box, stopped, turned his back to the wind to keep the snuff from blowing away, took a pinch and walked on. Yes, sir; walked on in the very direction he had come—didn't know he had turned around. A goose hasn't much brain, but you never saw a goose do such a thing as that.

I am glad I live in this age, there are so many people to hate. I like to hate people, anyway; but I prefer to have them deserve to be hated. Most of them, nowadays, thank heaven, do deserve to be hated. Now, there is that fellow with the moccasins on his feet. Comes up behind you noiselessly, the sneak. You don't know there's anybody within a mile of you. Suddenly you see him from the corner of your eye, right beside you, close up, and your blood jumps and stops. There ought to be a law to make men in moccasins wear sleigh-bells. They frighten decent folks half out of their wits.

Then there is that fellow with the left-over expression, as somebody in the *Atlantic Monthly* once called it—the fellow who meets a friend in front of you on the street and pokes into your face the expression he intended for him. How am I supposed to know when I meet the man who is grinning the grin of recognition—how am I to know whether it is intended for me or for the man walking in front of me? Perhaps I grin in return. Then I feel like a fool, and all on account of that fellow's left-over expression.

Everybody has met the dodger—the miserable, vacillating creature who never knows which way he is going to turn out for you. Down he comes toward you, walking like a personified hurricane. First he thinks he will turn to the right. Then he changes his mind and darts a little to the left. Then he brings up square in front of you, and you stand there playing peek-a-boo with him till you feel that everybody on the street is looking at you and laughing at you. I meet this wretch every now and then, and I always leave him with a feeling that the law against carrying weapons is an injustice and an outrage.

I want a vigilance committee organized to snuff out the man, who, in the street car in the evening, holds his newspaper by the two remotest edges till he reads everything between. I have tried to read in the same car with this person and I know what I am talking about. I want him shut up in a dungeon till he learns to fold his paper and give other people a chance at the light.

Would Make Him an Architect.

Dawny Campbell went to build a small out-house of brick. After the usual fashion of bricklayers he wrought from the inside, and having the material close beside him, the walls were rising fast when dinner-time arrived, and with it his son Jock, who brought his father's dinner. With honest pride in his eye Dawny looked at Jock over the wall on which he was engaged and asked,

"Hoo d'ye think I'm getting on?"

"Famous, fether; but hoo dae ye get oot? Ye've forgot the door."

One look around him showed Dawny that his son was right; but, looking kindly at him, he said:

"Man, Jock, you've got a gran' heid on ye; ye'll be an architect yet as share's yer father's a mason."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

The Difference.

"Oh, Maud, what do you think? My canary bird has laid an egg!"

"That ain't nothin' much; my pa laid two stair carpets yesterday!"

—"How can you afford to give a 5-cent cigar and a shave for 8 cents?" was asked of a down town barber. "Oh, I give 'em the cigar first and they go away without the shave, or I shave 'em first an' they skip without the cigar."

Smith and Kilrain fought a fight,
And want to fight another;
They take the boodle half and half
And thus they £ each other.

A certain doctor in this city, says the Augusta, Me., *Journal*, was called upon the other day by a man who desired to get a prescription for alcohol. "For what purpose?" asked the doctor. "Mechanical," said the man with a countenance honest enough to look any judge in the country out of countenance. After writing the prescription and handing it to the man the doctor said: "For what kind of mechanical purpose do you intend to use the alcohol?" "Sawing wood. Good day, sir," was the reply.

A return shows that last year the United States consumed English barrelled beer to the value of £174,189, while British North America received beer to the value of £28,024.

LOADED DOWN WITH GOLD.

Wild Extravagance in Melbourne During the Days of the Gold Fever.

Melbourne dates its prosperity from 1851, the year of the gold discovery. That was a period of wild excitement; everybody who could go went to the diggings; an unwonted silence reigned in the well-nigh deserted streets; the shops and public resorts were almost empty, and the few wayfarers who remained at home had a restless and excited appearance. Toward Christmas, however, the deserted city suddenly put on a gay and altered aspect, for the successful diggers abandoned their labors for a time and swarmed in crowds to spend the festive season in the city.

A season of reckless extravagance ensued, and the gold of the diggers was scattered with wild profusion, and was spent even more quickly than it had been amassed.

Every conceivable folly was perpetrated by the rough men with unwashed faces, who paraded the streets arrayed in the finest of broadcloth and with huge rings glittering on their dingy, toil-worn hands.

With them might be seen women decked out in the richest and brightest of silks and satins, below which not unfrequently peeped bare, red feet, while long, tawny locks hung uncombed over their shoulders. The utter incongruity of their conduct with their appearance defies description; they seemed uneasy till all their quickly won wealth had been dissipated.

No materials, however elegant, won their favor unless it had the additional merit of being most costly; and the shop-keepers, finding that articles of a moderate price were almost unsalable, profited by such folly and raised their wares to extravagant prices to suit the taste of the purchasers. With this prodigality was connected an unthinking lavishness; they gave to others as foolishly as they spent on themselves.

Among the well-authenticated anecdotes of such liberality is one of which the daughter of an English gentleman of rank in one of the colonies was the object.

This young lady entered a shop and asked the price of a valuable shawl, which, on being informed of the cost, she regretted to find beyond her means. A stalwart digger was standing near and overheard the colloquy between the young lady and the shopman.

He immediately purchased the shawl, and advancing toward her with his prize in hand he held it out condescendingly to her and said: "Here, my pretty lass, ye shan't be disappointed of your shawl; I can afford to pay for it and ye can't, bless you!"

The young lady, who loved finery beyond the limits of her purse, and who was not troubled with scruples of delicacy or propriety, smiled, bowed, thanked him, and accepted the handsome gift.

A Remedy Against Drummers.

Friend—Don't you have a great many drummers coming in and boring you with their samples and their talk?

Merchant—A good many drummers come in here, but they don't bore me.

"Don't they ask you to look at their samples?"

"No."

"Don't they ask you to give them orders?"

"No, they go right out without saying a word."

"How do you manage to get rid of them?"

"It's the simplest thing in the world. I put a plug hat and an open gripsack on the counter every morning. When a drummer sees these signs of another drummer being on the premises he goes off. Every ten minutes in the day a drummer comes to the door, looks at the gripsack and goes away, and I am left in peace."

Dickens' Beautiful American.

A Middletown (Conn.) reader of the Sunday *Republican* hastens to write that the identity of the beautiful girl of whom Charles Dickens speaks in his "American Notes" as a passenger on the steamboat Massachusetts from Springfield to Hartford in 1842, is not a mystery—at least in the mind of this correspondent. She was Miss Mather, of Middletown, now Mrs. Kent, of New York, who was with her sister, and both girls were considered among their friends very handsome. Now let some one tell who gave Mr. Dickens the arbutus on his second visit, in 1868, and both mysteries will be cleared away.—*Springfield Republican.*

Times Have Changed.

"Times have changed. The public taste has changed," exclaimed the professor who was delivering the literary lecture, as he warmed up with his subject and brought his hand down emphatically on the desk. "Where is the man that reads Anthony Trollope to-day?"

"Here he is," said a hollow-eyed, dejected looking man, in the rear of the hall, as he rose up, "I am reading one of his books, but I'm doing it on a bet, and I can lick the ornery son of a gun that has given me away!"

Idiomatic English.

First Party—Hello, Charley! How are you?

Second Party—Oh, I'm enjoying very poor health. How are you?

First Party—Well, I'm suffering very good health.

Sympathy for the Sick.

Funny Man (of Chicago daily)—A sudden feeling of nausea has come over me. It must be something I've eaten.

Horse Editor (sympathetically)—Possibly it's something you have written.

Visitations of Boston schoolboys, under clerical guidance, to the marble statue of Sullivan may have a highly beneficial effect upon the modern Athens some years hence. But it promises to cause a modification in the Bostonian nose and countenance in general. The perpetual squaring off of small boys at street corners at each other, with a subsequent letting out of the right or the left, as the case may be, cannot help causing a variation of species. Every boy who looks at that statue is bound to do something in the line suggested by it if he has mettle in him. When he notes what has thus been immortalised in marble it cannot help having an effect in shaping his aspirations. But they are not our school-boys, and we do not want to interfere.

The Lost Kiss.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?'
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowdying up from her mother
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'one little kiss for my dolly
And one 'ittle uzzer for me?'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Frozen Music.

The "arounder" of the Buffalo *Courier* is an elegant liar. Here is his latest production: The sexton of a west side church neglected to keep up the fires that warm the Sunday School, last Saturday night, and when Sunday noon the teachers and scholars came they found the temperature extremely bitter. As the result of the intense cold in the room a singular phenomenon was observed. It is customary for the school to sing in concert for ten or fifteen minutes before the formal exercises are begun. The precentor announced the hymn, "I love to tell the story," the pianist played the prelude, and the teachers and scholars all lifted up their voices and gave expression to the first note. But to the surprise of all, instead of a burst of melody there was only the faintest sound, while at the same time the vapory breaths of the singers mingled, and at once congealed and fell in frozen hail on the carpet. Still they sang, as loud as they could, but before the sound of their voices escaped six inches from their lips the notes froze and fell pattering on the floor. By the time the first stanza was finished the floor was white. Another song was tried, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with the same result—the notes fell thick and fast as they were uttered, and the scrape of music that reached one's ears were abrupt and cracky. So the singing was given up and lessons were begun, but even then it was noticed that in the colder corners of the room if several scholars spoke at once the Biblical narrative dropped on the floor. The precentor, who is of a scientific turn, gathered up a large hatful of the frosty pellets, and it was curious to note the difference in their formation. Those that were the notes of good singers were round and smooth; while others were jagged and uneven. When the precentor went home and he took about half a peck of the hail in his pockets, and showed the stones to the other members of the family, putting them in a heap on the table near the grate. In a moment or two he was startled by hearing in loud ringing tones the first line of "I love to tell the story," which continued, augmenting in sound, until about the middle of the song when several other voices broke in with "Onward, Christian Soldiers," mingled with occasional questions like "What is the ninth commandment?" or "Who was vexed with the devil?" This confusion of tongues seemed to rise from the table, and on looking at the hailstones it was seen that they were melting, and liberating the strains of song that they had locked up in the Sunday School. The medley was almost deafening at times and it was not until the last pearly note had melted away that the music ceased to resound.

Enterprise at Vassar.

A Vassar girl tells in the New York *Morning Journal* of the curious ways in which some of the poorer students at that institution earn their pocket money. "Some of the girls who come up to Vassar," she says, "are as helpless as babes. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one do those things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car fare, and the thousand and one little incidentals she must earn herself."

Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:

Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 cents each.

Breakfast brought up for 10 cents.

Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a week.

Beds made up at 10 cents a week.

"That little freshman made just $150 the first year," continues the account, "and that paid all of her expenses and a good part of her tuition fees."

She Knew Him.

"My husband, I know, will never jump over the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Why?"

"There are no saloons to stop at on the way down."

A Thoughtful Spouse.

Husband (home late)—Ish you (hic) ready t' have gash turned out, my dear?

Wife—Yes; but I'll get up and turn it out myself, John. I'm afraid to have you get so near the flame.

Protection and Free Trade.

Bagley—Gagley, me boy, I'm blawsted sorry to see you've turned out a rank Protectionist. You were with us once, ye know.

Gagley—I know it; but that infernal English accent you brought over last trip has settled it. No more free imports for me.

TICKET SCALPING.

A Few Facts of Importance to Travellers.

About a month since an advertisement appeared in a Toronto paper offering for sale a ticket from St. Thomas to Calgary on the C. P. R. As the Act Respecting the Sale of Railway Tickets passed by the Dominion Government in 1886 provides that no person shall sell or offer for sale a ticket except such person is licensed to do so by the railway company interested, Mr. Dransfield, representing the C. P. R. Co., investigated, and found that box 808, St. Thomas, the address to which any designing purchaser was requested to communicate, was rented by Mr. L. H. Tarrant, merchant tailor. It appears that Mrs. Kerr, daughter of Mr. Tarrant, came home on a visit from Calgary, purchasing before leaving a limited return ticket. After arriving here her parents persuaded her to remain longer than she originally intended, and as the ticket would expire before the time of her departure, it was offered for sale, the holder not being aware that it was against the law. The ticket was not sold, however. It is now reported that Mr. Tarrant is to be summoned before the magistrate on a charge of misdemeanor. He states, however, that he courts inquiry; that the ticket did not belong to him; that he did not see it, and that he did not advertise or offer it for sale, although he wrote to Dransfield stating at what figure it could be purchased. The same Act which makes it a misdemeanor to sell a ticket compels the agent of a railroad company to redeem such portion of a ticket as has not been used, so that people who almost daily offer for sale unused tickets at the city ticket offices have a right to do so, and the agents are compelled to redeem them if they are for journeys over the line of which they are agents. All that was necessary for the holder of the Calgary ticket to do was to take it to one of the C.P.R. agents and she would have received the full amount of its value in cash.—*St. Thomas Times.*

The Latest from Paris.

Cloth gowns of pale suede have white moire vests and a trimming of golden beaver.

Accordion pleats are in favor for light silks or woollen fabrics, as well as for net or lace.

Low be it spoken—but there is an unmistakable tendency toward lace for afternoon wear.

Polonaises grow more and more in favor, and are preferably of wool over silk or velvet skirts.

Cloth of gold, subdued by brown chenille fringe woven over it, is a rich novelty for carriage wraps.

Plaid woollens of very light tints, rough surfaced and softly woven, will be worn the winter through.

Epaulets of fur, as well as wide Russian turned-over collars and broad pocket flaps, appear on new coats.

Long, soft vests of silk gauze have a frill of lace at the left side and many drooping bows of brocaded ribbon.

Dressy sealskin turbans have a soft crown, laid in pleats at the left side, and a rolled band of deeper fur.

A mere edge of fur upon draperies, with medallions upon the lower skirt, is far and always more stylish than a deep band.

Pinked edges of cloth gowns are stylishly outlined with gold or silver thread and are underlaid with a band of darker plush.

Deep round collarettes of lace, sewed to the upper edge of ribbon band, fall low upon the shoulders and curve up under a loopy bow in front.

Very young women wear as a finish to high corsages, wide high collars of silk muslin, or narrow puffs of crepe lisse ending in a bow behind.

Directory styles both for gowns and bonnets are affected in Paris by the fashionable minority that finds or thinks it *chic* to be hideous.

Blue cloth jackets, covered with gilt braid and red or brown jersey, with tinsel vermicelli wriggling over them, are equally and gayly hideous.

We are threatened with a revival of flowers. Already they are seen in panels, and sometimes pleated ones form a front, with plain side draperies.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A Case of Conscience.

"Look here, Matilda," said a lady to the colored cook, "you sleep right close to the chicken-house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens last night."

"Yes, ma'am, I heerd the chickens holler and heerd the voices ob de men."

"Why didn't you go out, then; or why didn't you wake us up?"

"'Case ma'am (bursting into tears), 'case ma'am, I knowed my old fadder was out dar, and I wouldn't had him know I'se los' confidence in him for all de chickens in de world. If I had gone out dar and cached him it would had broke his ole heart, and he would had made me tote de chickens home foah him; besides, he done tole me de day before dat he's gwine ter pull de chickens dat night."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Trained Down too Fine.

"Our landlady told the divinity student his room was wanted yesterday," said the young man that boards on South John street. "You see we had turkey at dinner yesterday, and after the divinity student had worked away on a drum-stick for ten minutes he says: 'Mrs. Grimes, may I ask if this turkey was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association?' 'No, of course not; what an absurd question: what do you mean, sir?' asked the landlady with some asperity. 'Oh, nothing, only I see this bird's been using dumb-bells, or Indian clubs or something for its muscle, and I thought maybe it was a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium bird.' I heard her tell him under the stairs in the hall after dinner, 'that he could go to wunst.'"

Fatal Errors.

Successful Merchant—I have no further need of your services, sir.

New Clerk—Eh! What's happened?

"You have been here but one day and have already cost me two good customers.'

"My gracious! In what way?"

"You addressed Miss Skinandbones, that old maid heiress, as 'Mrs.,' and you called Mrs. Sweetsixteen, who was married last week, 'Miss.'"

HEROISM ON THE ICE.

The Daring Deed of a Youthful Skater, who Tried in Vain to Save a Comrade.

The London *Daily News* says: The pathetic story of the three little boys who went skating on thin ice upon the reservoir at Glossop, and paid for their rashness by the death of one of their number, well deserves to be recorded in the annals of youthful heroism. The ice suddenly broke, and Henry Taylor, a lad of 11 years of age, was left struggling in the water, when his younger brother, who happened to be at a safe distance, rushed at once to the spot, and plunged in among the broken fragments of ice in the rescue of the drowning boy. Their comrade, named Devlin, seeing the imminent peril in which the brothers were now placed, at once pulled off his jacket and extended a portion to the younger Taylor. Had this manœuvre succeeded, both lads might have been saved; but unluckily the jacket was jerked out of young Devlin's hand. Still the younger Taylor fought with death, and continued to keep his head above the water. Fortunately help at last arrived. A long piece of wood was thrown to Devlin, who at the risk of the treacherous edge of the ice giving way, held it out to the sinking boy, and the latter, having still consciousness enough left to grasp it, was finally drawn exhausted out of the hole. Unhappily, though we may say of the three comrades, as of the three prisoners in Chillon's dungeon, that "each did well in his degree," the younger Taylor had failed in his gallant attempt. The elder lad had slipped from his grasp and disappeared under the ice; but the poor boy had done his best, and he may well look back in after years upon that terrible moment and find comfort in the thought that even had he possessed the strength and experience of manhood, instead of being but a mere child, he could hardly have done more than he did to save a brother's life.

Fashion Notes.

The handsomest carriage cloaks are of gold colored cloth, into which is woven glossy chenille fringes of dark seal brown. Some of them are trimmed with wide bands made of these chenille fringes.

The rage for tinsel has extended to the Jerseys. Dark red, blue and brown Jerseys are braided with spiral whorls of tinsel galloon. A gray one is covered with silver braid set on in a vermicelli pattern.

The use of lace for neck and sleeve wear is increasing. Instead of the smooth bands of silk mull or canvass, which have so long been popular, the dressmakers are sending home dresses with narrow frills of creamy lace plaited thickly in at the wrists and neck.

Women who have pretty feet, and who find low shoes more becoming to their feet than boots, have most ingeniously solved the difficulty of wearing low shoes in cold weather. They still cling to their dainty little ties, but wear with them thick cloth gaiters, which button half way up the calf, and are not only pretty, but very good form. They are fleece-lined, making them warmer than boots, and are of very dark blue or black cloth.

The [redacted] rib bon, too, is fortunately a part of the neckwear and appears in a great many of the dainty fichus, vests and plastrons of transparent materials which are worn with simple costumes to make them more dressy. A ruching for neck and sleeves is made of many loops of this narrow ribbon set into a band, and though it is frequently made up in colors, white is always the prettiest and most effective.

A Famous Pearl.

No explanation ever has been, or ever will be, forthcoming of the extraordinary freak of nature in the formation of the famous pearl known as the Southern Cross. Originally discovered at Roeburn, in western Australia, it consists of nine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross, seven in the shaft and two in the arms, one on each side of the shaft, nearly opposite the second pearl from the top. The pearls are slightly compressed, like peas in a pod, and no trace of any artificial junction can be observed. It has been suggested that a fragment of seaweed may have got into the shell and formed the frame of the construction. The pearls are of fine quality, though slightly misshaped at parts, and the value of the gem is very high. Its character is antique, and so filled the owner—an Irishman named Kelley—with superstitious awe that for a long time he was induced to hide it away and keep his possession of it a secret.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Commercial Traveller's Story.

Mr. C. W. Woodward, a travelling man hailing from New York, related an interesting story yesterday of a trip from Buffalo to this city in the storm on Thursday night. He is a guest at the Forest City House, and narrated his experience to a small circle of friends. "After leaving Dunkirk," he said, "the wind was so severe that we proceeded along at a snail's pace. At times the force of the hurricane lifted one side of the train several inches from the track, and then it would descend to the rails again with a startling thump. We were asked by the conductor to sit on one side of the cars to balance them. A number of Cleveland passengers left the train at Erie, preferring to remain in that city over night rather than to risk riding any further. It was the first time in seventeen years' travelling that I was ever alarmed in a railway train."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Poor fellow, he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," exclaimed a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship; it's living in poverty that puts the thumb-screws on a fellow."

What we call underwriters were not originally so classed. Formerly all the marine insurance in England was taken by private individuals. A contract would be drawn up insuring a vessel and cargo about to sail on a voyage. Under this contract it was customary for different capitalists to write their names for a specified amount till the full insurance required was taken. These persons were called underwriters. Custom has extended the term till it is now extended to all who engage in the insurance business.

DARED TO BE TRUE.

A Great Physician Disregards the Mandates of Royalty.

Dr. Radcliff was the most celebrated physician of England in Queen Anne's time.

He amassed a very large fortune, and was for many years the physician to the Queen as well as to most of the English nobility. For some reason the Queen took a dislike to him at one time, and dismissed him as Court physician. In her last illness, however, she sent for him.

He refused to obey the summons, declaring "since Her Majesty's case is so desperate and her distemper incurable, I hardly think it proper to give her any disturbance in her last moments, so near at hand, but rather let her die as easy as possible."

Dr. Radcliff observed, a short time before his death, "when I was young and yet unskilled in medicine, I possessed at least twenty remedies for every disease; but, now, since I have grown old in the art of healing, I know more than twenty diseases for which I have not even a singe remedy."

The late Dr. Holland, who was an educated physician, some years before he died, said in Scribner's Monthly: "It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, who seldom prescribed any medicine, wrote to the proprietor of Warner's safe cure "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use your preparation. The testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that you have fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring aid to suffering humanity."

Dr. R. A. Gunn, Dean of the U. S. Medical College of New York, sometime since wrote and published: "The ingredients of Warner's safe cure are among the most valuable medicines of our materia medica, and the combination is such as to insure the best possible action on the kidneys and urinary organs."

Dr. W. E. Robson, of London, late surgeon in the Royal Navy, wrote to the Family Doctor: "Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all other medicines ascertainable to the profession.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., editor of *Health*, London, Eng., advises a correspondent of his paper: "Warner's safe cure is perfectly safe and perfectly reliable."

These are physicians so skilled, so independent, so honest, so true to the conscientious teachings of their noble profession that they dare tell the truth to kings or queens or the whole world.

They took a vote in Rolla, Mo., recently on the question who was the "sweetest girl in school," and as a result there have been no fewer than twenty fights between young men and old, friends and brothers of the fair contestants. No event that has occurred in the town's history has so stirred up its society.

A General Tie-up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employees, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

How It Happened.

"Did you make enough money on your stock deal, John, to buy the sort of carriage you promised? I suppose you did, though," she added, confidently; "you said you put in your money at the bottom of the market.'

"So I did, my dear, so I did; but the bottom itself dropped out.

The Coming Comet.

It is fancied by a grateful patron that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery" inscribed upon it in bold characters. Whether this conceit and *high* compliment will be verified remains to be seen, but Dr. Pierce will continue to send forth that wonderful vegetable compound and potent eradicator of disease. It has no equal in medicinal and health-giving properties, for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys, in purifying the blood, and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors and consumption or lung scrofula, in its early stages, it is a positive specific. Druggists.

Earned by Experience.

Moonlit strolls are romantic and all that, but the god of wedded bliss never smiles with such absolute certainty of a victory as when he sees a coy Beatrice and her bewildered Dante snuggle together on the dark side of a pea coal fire, with no eye upon them but that of a stuffed owl in the next room.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Woman's Work.

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping if she be suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A New Haven policeman saw a lot of boys bury something in a sand bank. He dug down and found a tin-can containing nearly 1,000 keys of all kinds. It is thought that the boys thought of burgling a little just for fun.

Seven Years

Of suffering relieved in as many days. Corns cause in the aggregate as much suffering as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute, however highly recommended. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe and painless.

St. Thomas City Council is negotiating with the Grand Trunk Railway to secure the location in that city of the car shops which are to be moved from Brantford.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Disease, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from the common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNL. 688.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

45-3m.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

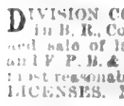

DENTISTRY.
Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE.
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

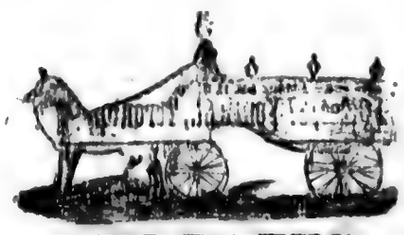

J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.
FLESHERTON ONT.

THIS PAPER [illegible]

Mr. Bradley and assistants are rapidly getting our Roller mills ready for operation. It is probably the best appointed mill throughout to be found in the county, as it has all the very latest improvements. The work of fitting up the mill for the new system of grinding has now been in progress some three or four months, but it has been done in the most thorough manner, by skilled workmen and under the keen and energetic supervision of Mr. Bradley himself. Flesherton now has very superior milling facilities and the public will not be slow to take advantage of the fact. It is thought the rollers will be operated the latter end of this week or beginning of next.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Orangeville jail contains 19 inmates, not counting the officials.

A syndicate of Mount Forest gentlemen have gone into the purchase of Jersey stock.

Mt. Forest has a snow shoe club, the members thereof getting in their practice after dark and on back streets.

John Kilgour, a Mt. Forest hardware clerk, fell and broke his collar bone while carrying a pail of water on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. H. Tyson, bass singer in the Presbyterian choir, Thornbury, was presented with a fur coat recently by the congregation.

Owen Sound is making preparations for producing a greater quantity of lime next season than usual. The value of last season's output was $15,620.

B. Allen, Esq., the defeated of North Grey for the House of Commons, has been appointed Clerk of the First Division Court in the place of John Stephens, resigned.

A couple of Chesley young ladies attired themselves in men's clothing recently. Perhaps they propose to introduce the "new style" which was talked about in fashion journals so much not long since.

The Mount Forest *Representative* has entered upon the fourth year of its existence, with Mr. J. Lambert still at the helm. The *Rep.* is a model journal and brother Lambert is a model newspaper man.

Robt. A. Kerr, of Collingwood township son of the late Squire Kerr dropped dead at his own residence, while stooping to do something for one of his little ones. He was 36 years of age and a prominent Orangeman.

A tagless Spaniel dog has been making its home in the Dundalk *Herald* office and has endeared itself to the devil. It also made a raid on the paste pot and now Brother Spurr wants it to make free with some other editors flour and water.

A wild cat was chased into a log sheep stable—on the farm of Mr. Hugh Sproule, Amaranth—one day last week. It was locked up and then shot. The animal measured 3 ft. 4 in. from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail, and was 1 ft. 10 in. high.

The Dundalk Herald says: "Rev. Mr. Watson is editor of a new journal published in Flesherton. It is printed by the old established thumb and finger digit press and works with a hand curved lever." The paper referred to by the *Herald* is issued by Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, once a month and is called *The Patriarch*. We clip an interesting article from its columns, which appears in this week's ADVANCE.

Mr. John Isaac, one of the grand old pioneers of Euphrasia township, died in Toronto on the 1st inst., having reached the ripe old age of 92 years and three months. He was buried in Thornbury cemetery on Friday last. The Editor of THE ADVANCE well remembers the genial, kindly, whole-souled old gentleman, and the many words of sound advice received from him. But he has gone the way of all flesh, leaving behind the record of a good name and unsullied reputation. Peace to his ashes!

There was quite a sensation in a Hanover hotel one night not long since. A man named Weber walked up to the bar and trod heavily on the corns of G. H. Geisel. The latter didn't like this and wanted to know what the former meant by it. Weber said he was going to lick him, whereupon Geisel seized a tobacco cutter and struck his antagonist on the head with such force that he felled him to the ground. A man named Monk intended to assist Weber, but when he saw the latter stretched out on the floor, he wisely got out of the way. Weber will probably size up his man better should he perform the corn-treading operation at some future time.

A Valuable Discovery.

Owen Sound, Feb. 4.—It is learned that there is good prospects of a new and large industry being established at Shallow Lake, in the Township of Keppel, about seven miles from this town. The lake is the property of R. J. Doyle, of this town, who had the enterprise to have the lake drained some time ago; leaving a bed of clay, which with a coating of carbonate of lime overlaying it, makes the finest quality of Portland cement. The carbonate of lime alone furnishes material for the manufacture of the best quality of whiting. Several practical men are so convinced of the value of the materials in the bed of this lake that they are forming a company for the manufacture of Portland cement, whiting, putty, etc., and will at once make application to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council for a grant of charter of incorporation for that purpose.

On the Road to Bliss.

From the Dundalk Herald.

The Flesherton Advance man makes such rapid improvements that to chronicle all of them would arouse the ire of our compositor. One day he is selling wood, another building a house, then ordering new type, and the week before last he invested in a new Taylor safe and bought a bull dog. Last week he let the business improvements alone and swore off the smoking habit, and when last seen he was putting the quoins in the safe, *locking up* shop and *pressing* homeward, yet still on the *Advance*. Pike ahead my hearty! and may you never feel the want of a *stick*.

It Ended Fatally.

Wiarton, Feb. 2.—Mrs. Hays, who shot herself last Monday morning, died yesterday. She leaves a husband and a small family to mourn her untimely end. She got up on the fatal morning apparently in her usual good health, made on the fire and had begun to prepare the breakfast, when by some sudden impulse she seized a revolver from the shelf which happened to have one chamber charged and lodged the contents in her left side. She never rallied but sunk gradually until death ended her sufferings.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by **pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.**

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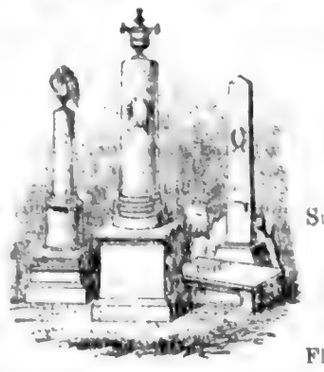

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For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
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78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
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Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Wm Mitchell 13Jan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 347. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

1ST

Clearing ❋ Sale!

1,400

In Fine Goods to select from. Must be reduced to $1,000 if possible by March 1st. The sale will be "genuine" and carried out on the following basis: One-Fifth of all grades Watches and Clocks, ¼ of Silverware, Hollow and Flat, ¼ of Chains, Jewelery, Pins, Buttons, Spex and Rings, 18 k., plain excepted. Unchanged prices in plain figures. If you ever intend investing in any of above mentioned goods, this opportunity to get them near *cost*, at *cost* and *below cost* is the best ever given in this section. No foolish blowing. Adjectives very small. By calling you will find prices so low as to lead you to buy. TERMS CASH. Warrants as usual, signed W.A.Brown. My watch work gives satisfaction.

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331-44.

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Shorts, Chop and Bran.

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OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Miss Cowan is visiting at Mr. James Beecroft's here.

How is it that there are so few concerts in Flesherton this winter?

Large quantities of telegraph poles, wood, &c. are being shipped at the C. P. R. depot.

Correspondents wanted at Priceville and Proton Station. Write this office for particulars.

First-class station house and freight sheds will be erected at our depot as soon as spring opens.

Mr. Milburn has leased his blacksmith and carriage shops to Mr. D. McTavish and Mr. R. P. Legate respectively.

Flesherton and Markdale Brass Bands will give a union concert in Haskett's hall, Markdale, to-morrow (Friday) evening at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents children 15 cents.

Next Sunday morning the pulpit of the Methodist church here will be occupied by Rev. Mr. Buggins, of Markdale. In the evening, Rev. Dr. Griffith, of Guelph, will preach in the same place.

A team of horses, attached to a double cutter and driven by Miss Martha Stone, ran away near Flesherton Station the other day, and managed to upset the occupants into the snow with very little ceremony. The horses were secured and nobody got hurt.

Mr. J. B. Spurr, Editor and proprietor of the Dundalk *Herald*, spent Sunday last in Flesherton. He was the guest of ye ADVANCE Editor and wife during his stay. Mr. Spurr was much pleased with what he saw of our town and its inhabitants. It reminded him, he said, of the old land.

A paragraph appeared in last week's Markdale *Standard* to the effect that Squire Armstrong had resigned his position as Treasurer of this Township. This is somewhat misleading, as the Squire has merely asked our Township Fathers to place his salary on a par with that of neighboring Treasurers.

A group photograph of Mr. A. M. Gibson and the young ladies comprising that gentleman's Bible class in the Presbyterian Sabbath School here, was recently taken here by our excellent artist Mrs. Bulmer. Every face and feature in the picture is clearly and beautifully defined. The photo is one of which any city artist might well be proud.

A meeting of Centre Grey Farmers' Institute will be held in Markdale on Monday next, 20th inst. The Agricultural Editor of THE ADVANCE has been asked to contribute a paper for the occasion and as he has been noticed scratching his head the past few days—as if on the hunt after ideas—it is not unlikely that something will come out of it.

Stirring sermons were preached in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, Flesherton, on Sunday last, by pastors Wilson and Shilton. The congregations were large. Rev. Mr. Wilson had been ill for several days, and was far from being well on the occasion referred to, but the spirit was strong and a manly, fearless discourse—breathing pure and lofty sentiments—was the result. The Presbyterian pastor never fails to respond to the call of duty. A co-incidence in the sermons by both ministers, was the absence of sectarianism and a pleasing unanimity of sentiment. It is a gratifying evidence of the progressive and earnest spirit of Christianity, that the dividing lines between the various sects are rapidly becoming less marked.

Sweeping reductions in Furs. My entire stock of Furs must be cleared out regardless of cost. R. Trimble.

A snug little farm close to Flesherton Station is offered for sale in this week's ADVANCE by Mrs. Jane Latimer.

HARNESS FOR SALE.—1 set new Single Harness for sale. Will exchange for wood or furniture. R. TRIMBLE.

Mr. Gibbons, of the Guthrie Home, London, was in town on Monday looking after the interests of the proteges of that institution.

FISH, FISH, FISH.—Just received a consignment of No. 1 Salmon Trout, Fresh Water Herring, Labrador Herring, at R. Trimble's.

A new monthly magazine has been received. It is called the *Canadian Fireside* and contains thirty-two pages of matter. It is published in Montreal at the rate of 50 cents per annum.

A load of hay got upset just in front of THE ADVANCE office on Saturday evening last. A number of cattle soon swarmed around the wreck and from the manner in which they acted one would have thought they had struck a gold mine.

Dry wood wanted at this office. A few cords in exchange for THE ADVANCE.

25,000 lbs. of Corn Meal, Roller Oatmeal, Standard Oatmeal, just received at R. Trimble's.

Bring in your wood while the good sleighing lasts. It won't last forever. Green wood preferred but a few cords of dry wood wanted.

Mr. Frank Porter—late Principal of Markdale Public Schools—has bought "Ye Olde Booke Shoppe," 353 Yonge street, Toronto, from Mr. David Boyle. We wish Mr. Porter success in his new venture.

Mr. C. Treadgold is agent for the best Lamp ever introduced into this section of country. It gives a very brilliant and steady light, requires no lamp glass burns the same amount of oil an ordinary lamp will, gives forth no offensive odor, and is simply invaluable in a sick room or where there are children. We bought one from Mr. Treadgold and found it just as represented.

TAMARAC—Is not an ordinary mixture—in fact its properties are entirely different from any preparation used for Coughs, Colds, Throat & Lung Troubles

I have 50 pairs Boots, which I will exchange for wood. Come right along as this chance will not be open long.
WM. BARNHOUSE, Flesherton.

No other spring medicine has won for itself such universal confidence as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful combination of vegetable alteratives ever offered to the public, and is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the best blood purifier.

Farm for Sale.

Being pts Lot 150 in the 2nd and 3rd Ranges S. W. of T. & S. Road, Artemesia, consisting of 50 acres more or less. About 25 acres cleared & in good state of cultivation. Adjoining Flesherton Station. Brick schoolhouse on one corner of the place. Good frame house, running creek and never-failing supply of spring water. For full particulars apply to MISS JANE LATIMER on the premises, or Flesherton Station P.O.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

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Great Sweeping Reductions

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We have decided to go out of the Fancy Goods business and for the future handle only

Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex &c.,

SO WE WILL SELL FOR THE

NEXT SIXTY DAYS

Our whole stock of Berlin and Zepher Wools at 8c. per. oz. worth 12½; Filloselle 5c. a knot worth 10c.; Arrasene at 10c now worth 15c.; Chenelle at 8c. yard worth 15c. Fancy Plush Goods &c. all below cost as we are bound to clear them out. Macrame Cord all colors at 10c. ball or 3 for 25c. We will also clear out our entire line of PIPES at away below cost. Your choice of 1 lot of Pipes worth from 50 to 85c. for 25c.; your choice of Pipes worth 30 to 50c. for 20c.; your choice of Pipes worth 20 to 30c for 10c. A lot of PURSES ranging in price from 35 to 85c. your choice for 25c. We have also decided to clear out some lines in Brooches, Earings, Cuff-Buttons. Your choice of 1 beautiful lot of Brooches valued from 25 to 40c. at 15c.; your choice of another beautiful lot valued from 40 to 60c. at 25c.; another lot valued from 60c. to $1.00 for 50c.; Earings and Cuff-Buttons at the same terrible Reductions.

Come along and get First Choice as they will go like Hot Cakes

As they are all Fine and Good, Warranted to Wear and Keep Color for years. Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. still **20 Per Cent.** lower in prices than elsewhere in this section.

The dealer who tells the people so often about his honesty, &c., must have come to the conclusion that they are very suspicious of him or he would not need to advertise his honesty instead of his goods.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD ARTICLE AT A LOW PRICE ALWAYS GO TO

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

They were still standing together before the fire when Alice and Sir Hugh and the other visitors at the Court came in from a walk through the grounds. It was a clear fine, but frosty winter day and the girls were wrapped in furs and sealskins, and Sir Hugh wore a great-coat trimmed with the darkest of sables, in which he looked very handsome and foreign and distinguished. They were in laughing and chatting merrily, bringing with them, as it were, a breath of fresh cold air from the outside world; and Shirley started and blushed and moved away from Guy's side as they entered, and only Sir Hugh saw the start and the pretty color which rose in the fair girl's face.

"So you have returned," she said, rather nervously, as she left the fireside. "Was it pleasant out?"

"Very pleasant, but rather cold," answered Ruby Capel, a bewitching little brunette, with whom poor Oswald was very much in love, but who, during his absence, was carrying on a desperate flirtation with young Algernon Rivers, an eligible from Dumfife. "You should have come, Shirley, although I dare say you and Major Stuart found it very comfortable by the fireside."

She spoke lightly, and without any special meaning; but the color deepened in Shirley's face, and a slight smile stole up under Guy Stuart's heavy dark mustache as he glanced toward Shirley, whose shy eyes did not meet his.

"I suppose you would like some tea?" Shirley asked.

"Happy thought!" said Alice, who was allowing Sir Hugh to assist her to remove her long sealskin coat. "Ring and order it, Shirley."

Shirley was about to obey, when Guy forestalled her; and, as she lifted her eyes shyly to his, he looked down at her and smiled.

"We shall have skating to-morrow," said Rupy Capel, unfastening her fur cape and tossing it aside. "Are your skates in order, mesdames? It is freezing hard, is it not, Mr. Rivers?"

"It must be if you say so," answered Mr. Rivers gallantly; "but it did not seem to me so very cold, after all."

"I don't think it is freezing hard, Ruby," said Miss Fairholme, who had been watching her cousin a little curiously since her entrance. "Shirley, how you have burned your face over the fire!"

With a pretty little conscious gesture, Shirley put up both her hands to her hot cheeks, and Ruby Capel laughed.

"It is a very pretty rouge," she said lightly, "and very becoming. I should advise you to try it every time that you are going out, Shirley; and I wish you would give me your recipe."

"Is it not the fire?" asked Alice, with affected surprise. "Shirley is always so pale that— Ah, here is the tea! I am so glad! Shirley, will you pour it out? I am so tired!"

She sunk into a low chair, in an attitude of fatigue and exhaustion, giving Sir Hugh a coquettish glance from her blue eyes, which noticed that he was rather paler than was his wont, and that there was an expression of unrest upon his face, and something almost like pain in his blue eyes.

"Are you tired also, Sir Hugh?" Alice inquired, languidly.

But he did not answer—indeed he did not hear the question. He was wondering what was the meaning of those red cheeks of Shirley's, and that new light, luminous and glad, which shone in Guy Stuart's gray eyes.

As she noticed his abstraction, Alice Fairholme's face darkened slightly, and a gleam of annoyance and displeasure flashed into her blue eyes; but she only nestled her pretty fair head against the cushions of her chair with a tired, weary grace.

"You ought to have been with us, Shirley," she said. "You would have gone into raptures over the rime which was on the skeleton trees; it sparkled like myriads of diamonds in the sunshine—did it not, Sir Hugh?"

Sir Hugh acquiesced absently. He seemed to be more occupied with watching Shirley Ross as she stood before the tea equipage than Alice approved of. The handsome blue eyes were fixed upon her cousin with an intent earnest scrutiny which had dispersed all their sleepiness, and his hand, unconsciously even to himself, was clinched as it rested on the table.

"I really think we shall have some skating soon," said Miss Capel gayly. "I have not skated for a long time. These mild winters of ours quite prevent us from excelling in the accomplishment. Just as one has mastered the outside edge, the thaw sets in and puts a stop to everything."

"Yes, it is very provoking," agreed Rhoda Montolieu, a pretty gray-eyed girl, a school-friend of Miss Fairholme's and an heiress; "we never do get any skating. Shall we petition the clerk of the weather, Mr. Rivers, to be clement enough to give us a hard frost?"

"Perhaps he might if you were the petitioner, Miss Montolieu," Algernon Rivers answered, bringing her some tea, and lowering his voice perceptibly. "I know that if I were the clerk of the weather I could refuse you nothing."

Rhoda Montolieu laughed lightly.

"Then I wish you would become so," she said, merrily. "No bread and butter, thank you—a macaroon, please."

"Do you skate, Miss Ross?" Sir Hugh asked abruptly, as he went over to the table to fetch Alice's tea; and Shirley started a little and looked up at him in rather a bewildered manner, as if she had not the least idea what he meant.

"I beg your pardon," she said, nervously. "I did not hear, Sir Hugh."

"Why, coz, your wits seem wool-gathering!" Alice cried, laughingly, from the depths of her great arm-chair. "Sir Hugh is asking you if you skate, and you look as startled as if he had made some alarming proposition. Where are you, Shirley?"

"Not here," Sir Hugh remarked coldly, as he brought Miss Fairholme her tea, and drew up a low chair to her side. "Miss Ross's thoughts are evidently far away."

"And Major Stuart looks equally *distrait*," said Alice, softly. "I am afraid they have grown sleepy over the fire. But it is a curious coincidence, is it not, that they should both have wandered away together? You look tired, Sir Hugh," she added gently. "Won't you have some tea? It will refresh you. I forgot when we were out that you had ridden over to Maxwell this morning."

"I am not tired, thanks. No, Miss Fairholme, I don't care for tea, you know."

"But we will convert you. I am quite an old woman in my affection for it; and, judging by Major Stuart's performance at present, he seems to share my predilection."

Sir Hugh looked across at the group round the tea-tray, and his brow darkened. Algernon Rivers seemed to be dividing his attentions pretty equally between the two girls; but Major Stuart was standing at Shirley's elbow, cup in hand, while Miss Ross, her face slightly turned toward him over her shoulder, was pouring in some cream with due deliberation. They were both smiling, and Shirley's hazel eyes were downcast. As Hugh Glynn watched them, a passion of hatred and resentment rose in his heart and almost to his lips.

"I had no idea Miss Ross had such a capacity for flirtation," he said coldly. "I fancied she was rather an *ingenue*."

"And do you imagine that Shirley is flirting?" asked Alice softly. "You are utterly mistaken, Sir Hugh: she is quite in earnest, and I hope for her sake that Major Stuart is equally so. Why, Shirley could not flirt! She does not know the meaning of the word."

"Then she is very unlike most of her sex," said Sir Hugh moodily. "With such a face as hers she need not be long in ignorance, I should think."

"'Such a face as hers!' Do you think her so very pretty?"

"'Pretty' is not the word," he answered quietly. "She is extremely beautiful."

Alice Fairholme bit her lip.

"Yes, she is beautiful, I think," she said, with apparent frankness—"though some people think her too pale. My poor aunt, her mother, was very beautiful, I believe, but I never saw her,"

"How was that? It is not three years since her death, I understand."

"Not three years yet—oh, no; but I have never been abroad, you know."

"And did Mrs. Ross never come to Scotland?" he asked, with some interest.

"No—never," Alice said gravely, with a faint little sigh.

"Never! Why? Pardon my curiosity, Miss Fairholme; but really it seems to me that it was very strange not to return even for a time to her native land."

"Yes, very strange indeed," Alice said softly. "There is some sad story connected with it, I think," she added. "I do not know what it is, because my father and mother have never spoken of it to me; but I was always aware, even in my childhood, of some mystery which surrounded Aunt Marian. Of course I should not speak so frankly to any one but you," she concluded, with a swift upward glance.

Sir Hugh murmured something expressive of his gratitude for the confidence, and relapsed into silence. Alice felt rather annoyed and irritated. What right had this man to show so much interest in what regarded Shirley? Well, if appearances were to be credited, he would not be able to show that interest much longer, or to any purpose—for Alice's quick eyes had immediately discerned that there was something unusually tender in Major Stuart's manner toward her cousin.

"Shirley, can't you give us some music?" she asked languidly. "Try that new song Oswald sent you."

"I could not sing to-day," Shirley said, flushing and trembling a little. "Pray excuse me, Alice."

"Cannot sing to-day- why? Have you a cold?"

"Oh, no; but

"But what? Don't be lazy, child! You never sing now," said Alice, pettishly.

"Oh, do sing us something!" Ruby echoed. "You used not to be so chary of your music, Shirley."

"Will you accept an unworthy substitute?" said Guy Stuart smiling. "Shall I play you something, Miss Fairholme?"

"You will be very kind if you take pity on us, Major Stuart," returned Alice sweetly. "Sir Hugh looks tired and out of sorts, or I would press him into the service; but, when you have played, perhaps Shirley will favor us."

"Major Stuart went to the piano, which stood in a recess facing the mantel-piece, and sat down. He was a good musician, and presently, as his fingers strayed over the keys, a flood of soft rich melody filled the quiet room. Mr. Rivers and the two girls ceased their chatter, Alice closed her eyes and leaned back languidly in her deep arm-chair, Sir Hugh pulled nervously at his long fair moustache and watched Shirley furtively as she sat with her hands clasped idly on her lap, her face turned toward the piano, and a little smile upon her lips.

How beautiful she was—how rarely, wonderfully beautiful! In all his life he had seen no woman whose beauty had so impressed and charmed him as hers did. Could it be that Guy Stuart had won what he would have given so much to possess? Sir Hugh Glynn set his teeth hard together at the thought. It was impossible. He should not have her. She should be his. That very evening he would ask her to be his wife.

It had been his purpose to do so from the first day he had seen her. As she stood in her simple serge dress in the doorway, with a knot of red berries at her breast, she had seemed to him most beautiful and greatly to be prized. He, Hugh Glynn, avowed opponent of marriage as he was, had then and there resolved to make her his wife. But he had been in no hurry; he felt so safe, so secure. This dowerless beauty would be only too glad to accept him whenever he chose to make her the offer, and meanwhile it was very pleasant to treat her with the graceful courtesy, not untouched by tenderness, which he knew could not but be grateful to the lonely girl, while he flirted a little with Miss Fairholme; perhaps with an avowed—even to himself—intention of making Shirley jealous.

But while he had been hesitating another had come forward and had stolen her from him; and, although she had never been his, except in his thoughts—Hugh Glynn felt passionately resentful against the friend who had forestalled him.

Presently the music ceased; and Alice, after thanking the musician, again turned to Shirley; and the girl rose dreamily and went over to the recess. Guy, still retaining his seat, turned with a smile to her.

"Are you going to sing?" he said softly; and Hugh Glynn's eager eyes caught her tender little glance and smile.

"Yes," she said shyly; and, as he gave her the music-stool, his hand touched hers gently for a moment.

"What shall I sing?" asked Shirley, bending over the piano.

"The new song you were practising this morning," said Ruby Capel gayly. "It is firelight, you know, and your back is turned to us, so that no one will see your blushes."

"Yes, that song of Blumenthal's which Oswald sent you," said Alice.

Shirley hesitated for a moment, and then with a swift sudden smile which no one could see, for her face was turned to the piano, she began to sing; and the words of her song sunk into two hearts there with very different effect.

'She has not found her king as yet;
The golden days, the golden days glide by;
They bring no grief, no grief she should forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.
No heart for her devotion made,
No heart the passionate summers bring;
Unharmed she walks and unstrayed;
She has not found her king.

Men bring their titles and their gold—
She turns in scorn away;
That man must be of diff'rent mold
She swear- she will obey.
Titled by gift of God is he,
And rich is a rarer thing than wealth
That unknown man must be
Whom she will own her king.

But when he comes, as come he will,
Strong to support and grand,
With supplication that shall fill
Her soul like a command,
She'll place her hand in his
And take whate er the world may bring,
Proud and content, contented for his sake
Whom she hath made her king."

The rich contralto voice, so beautifully soft and sweet, and so highly cultivated, died dreamily away; and Shirley rose from the piano.

"Thank you, my darling!" Major Stuart whispered softly; and their eyes met for a moment, hers so sweet and fond, his so proud and tender; then Shirley moved over to the fire. At the same moment the dressing-bell sounded, and the girls started up.

"I am afraid she was just a little bit of a prig," Ruby said laughingly. "But it is a very pretty song, Shirley."

"Judging by the words, it would be advisable not to find a king at all," remarked Sir Hugh carelessly, "since before he came she had

'No grief she should forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.'"

"Treason to your sex, Sir Hugh?" said Alice gayly. "Come along, girls; mamma likes us to be in time, you know."

The girls trooped off, laughing and chatting as they went, their quick light steps sounding clearly over the oaken floor. Mr. Rivers soon followed, and the two friends were left alone.

For a moment they stood in silence, looking down at the red glow of the fire; then Sir Hugh took up the fur-trimmed coat he had put aside, and, humming softly as he went, moved away. At the door Guy's voice arrested him.

"Wait one minute, old fellow—I have something to tell you."

Sir Hugh paused; for a moment he put his hand on the oaken frame of the door as if he needed its support, then he turned quickly and made a few steps in the room.

"What is it?" he asked quietly.

"I wanted to tell you— What is the matter, Hugh? Are you ill?" said Guy hastily.

"Ill? No, of course not. What is it, Stuart? I have a letter to write before dinner."

"Do you remember my telling you that we might meet our fates at Fairholme Court?" Guy said, with a smile. "I don't know about you, Hugh, but I have met mine."

"Caught!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, with a forced laugh. "Who is it, Guy? Miss Capel?"

"No, of course not," said Guy, looking surprised. "Why, do you guess her, Hugh?"

"I fancied you admired her more than Miss Montolieu," Sir Hugh answered, carelessly. "But, if it is Miss Montolieu, I congratulate you sincerely, for she's a pretty girl and an heiress to boot."

"It is not Miss Montolieu," said Major Stuart, somewhat gravely. "It is Shirley Ross."

"Shirley Ross!" Sir Hugh exclaimed in an accent of intense surprise that struck Guy almost painfully.

"Yes," he said, simply. "You seem very much surprised, Hugh."

"I am very much surprised," returned Sir Hugh, gravely; and there was a short silence.

"Why are you so astonished, Hugh?" Major Stuart asked then. "I know that I am unworthy, but—"

"My dear Guy, it is not that. I fancied—but I was wrong of course—that Miss Ross, with her great beauty, would look out for a rich man, but—"

"But she has consented to take a poor one, you see," finished Guy, smiling. "You may safely congratulate me, Hugh."

"I will wish you all happiness, old fellow," Sir Hugh said, cordially; but being encumbered with his heavy coat, perhaps he did not see Major Stuart's outstretched hand. "I always think that congratulations should be kept until one sees how the marriage turns out. I will keep mine till then."

He then walked away, beginning to hum softly before he had traversed half-a-dozen yards; and Guy followed, feeling somewhat disappointed and chilled for all his happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

Shirley Ross went up to dress for dinner, feeling wildly, almost deliriously happy. What strange, new, wonderful, beautiful thing was this that had come into her life? Guy loved her; and in one moment all the earth had been changed and glorified. She could never more be sorry or sad or desolate. Guy loved her. He had taken her into his strong arms and whispered it into her ears, and had put his lips to her forehead; and never in all her life, Shirley thought, would she forget that loving clasp, that tender kiss! She was so happy that she could have sung out loud in her joy and gladness, and have danced for very glee.

As she stood before the mirror, changing her dress and arranging her hair with eager unsteady little hands, she leaned suddenly forward and scrutinized her own face with new earnestness, and then drew back, flushing a little, and smiling shyly at her own thought. Yes, she was pretty, very pretty. She had always known that she was good-looking, but it had never been a source of much joy to her before; now, however, she was glad. It delighted her to think that Guy's relatives, at least the old grand uncle, the only one whom he had kept up any intimacy with, and who loved him so tenderly, could not cavil at his choice.

And then she made her little preparations quickly and eagerly. She put aside the usual evening dress of black grenadine, and took out one which she had had in the old happy days when her father and mother lived—a soft dainty Indian muslin quaintly and prettily made, with a good deal of soft lace about it. Both lace and muslin were yellowed bytime; but they were none the worse for that, Shirley knew—they seemed all the softer, and more harmonious; and the dress had never been *a la mode*, for it had been made after a quaint old-fashioned style of her father's choosing, so that it was not antiquated, even now.

And when she had gathered up the pretty chestnut hair, and coiled it daintily round her head; she donned the pretty robe, and then stood shyly looking at herself, pleased at her beauty, but wondering if Guy would think her foolish, and half hesitating whether she would not remove the Indian muslin and wear the black grenadine. Aunt Geraldine would wonder, she said to herself, and Alice would sneer; but what did that matter so long as Guy was satisfied and she could read approval in his dark eyes? Nothing mattered but that, she thought, smiling a little as she turned away from the glass, and left the room rather hastily, although she knew that it was early, and that she should find no one in the drawing-room for fully half-an-hour yet.

As she passed down the long corridor she was quite unconscious of a pair of passionate resentful eyes, which were watching her eagerly with almost fierce tenderness, and she was too much absorbed in her own happy thoughts to heed the footsteps that followed her down the carpeted stairs; and, while she lingered in the conservatory to get a flower, the footsteps passed her, and went on.

Then, when she came into the drawing-room, smiling softly as she fastened the flowers into the old yellow lace at her throat, she saw a tall slight figure leaning against the mantel-piece, his head resting wearily upon his hand. Her heart leaped up in gladness. It was Guy, she thought, and they would have half-an-hour's chat all by themselves before the others came down; but Sir Hugh Glynn, as he turned to meet her saw all the pleasure die out of her beautiful hazel eyes.

"It is not Guy," he said with a bitterness which Shirley could not but hear; and the color flickered in her cheek for a moment, then faded.

She went forward slowly and gravely. Sir Hugh's words and tone did not please her; yet was he not Guy's friend, and did he not love and trust him, and were not Guy's friends hers from henceforward?

As she drew nearer to the baronet, she saw by the light of the wax candles on the mantel-piece that he was strangely pale and that his hand was unsteady.

"Is anything the matter?" she said hastily. "Sir Hugh, are you ill? Can I get you anything?"

He turned from her with a sudden gesture of pain, and bowed his head upon his hands for a moment in silence. Shirley stood silently also, trembling now with a sudden dread and terror. What had happened? Was Guy ill? She had seen him a few moments before—not quite half-an-hour—but something might have happened between then and now.

"What is it?" she said, almost faintly in her terror. "Guy—is anything—"

"No," he answered, lifting his head and speaking in the same bitter mournful tone, "there is nothing the matter with Guy, and of course you have no thought for any one else."

She looked at him in surprise, her eyes questioning and astonished, her cheek flushing with a little indignation.

"No," he went on, "there is nothing wrong with Guy. You may set your heart at rest—for, since all is well with him, you need not heed what other heart is broken."

"I do not understand," Shirley faltered nervously.

"And yet it is a very simple matter," he said, in a low tone. "What may bring the greatest joy to one man may bring the most intense sorrow to another. Guy has been telling me," he went on, lifting his head and looking at her with mournful, passionate eyes, "of the happiness which you have conferred upon him; but I wonder if you thought that while you made him so happy you were breaking my heart."

Shirley started, looking up to him with wide, frightened eyes and colorless cheeks.

"You did not know," he said gently—"at least I think you did not—and I did not think, or, feel that I was, I would not have let him steal my darling from me. Shirley," he went on passionately, "from the first moment that I saw you I have loved you with my whole heart. Darling, is it too late? Do you care for that man? He cannot love you as I love you—he cannot—"

"At least he is too true and noble to do what you are doing, Sir Hugh," she interrupted, mastering her emotion by a strong effort and speaking proudly and disdainfully. "He would not betray his friend!"

"Ah!" broke from him like a sharp exclamation of pain, and he grew pale to his lips as he drew back a little. "Forgive me," he said hoarsely then. "I was wrong. Forgive me."

But, as he turned from her, the suffering on his face struck Shirley with a sense of remorse for her hasty words, and she said quickly—

"I did not mean to hurt you, but, oh, Sir Hugh, I cannot bear to think that I should grieve you! I never thought that you would care."

"Would it have made any difference to you?" he asked eagerly. "Shirley, if I had spoken first, should I have had any chance? I am rich. Guy is a poor man, and—"

"I love Guy," the girl said simply and gravely; and the gleam of hope which had sprung up in Sir Hugh Glynn's heart faded as he heard the brave simple words and saw the steadfast look in the earnest eyes.

"Lucky fellow!" he said, trying to speak lightly, but failing utterly in his bitterness and resentment. "Well, he deserves his good fortune, if any man ever did. I can give him no higher praise, Miss Ross, than that I think him worthy even of you."

There was a brief silence, and when Sir Hugh spoke again he succeeded in forcing something like cordiality into his voice.

"Will you try to forget my madness, Miss Ross?" he said gently. "I could not help those words, yet I would give half my wealth to have them unsaid again. You trust me enough, do you not, to know that I will conquer what is unworthy of Guy's friend? I will not offend you again. If you wish it, I will go away and—and—see you no more."

At that moment, if she had told him to go, he would have obeyed her, and the misery and wretchedness that grew out of his love for her would have been prevented. For a few seconds her fate lay in her own hands, and she could have decided it. But she did not know it, and she let the chance slip by.

Go away. Why should he go? He was Guy's friend, and he, Guy, would be sorry if he left. Surely he would be able to conquer his weakness—a weakness for which Shirley grieved too truly to feel flattered by it, but which surprised even as much as it pained her. She had thought that Sir Hugh cared for Alice. Poor Alice, perhaps she loved him, and by and by he would give her his love, and they would all be happy together. As she hesitated, these thoughts flashed like lightning through her brain, and her good angel fled, and her mother's fate was upon her.

She put out her hand to him with a frank gesture of trust.

"Do not go," she said gently. "I do trust you. I know you will be true to yourself and to Guy."

"Thank you," he returned gravely. "I will try to be worthy of your trust and friendship. And, as I am his friend, Miss Ross, will you believe that I am yours also—yours most sincerely and faithfully—and that, if ever I can serve you, you may command me for Guy's sake," he added softly, "as well as for your own? Will you believe this, and make use of me if there should be any need?"

"Thank you," Shirley answered, coloring a little as he stooped and put his lips to her hand; and at the same moment Guy Stuart came in looking handsome and distinguished in his quiet evening-dress.

He started slightly as he caught sight of the two at the fire; then he came forward slowly, while Shirley flushed and paled alternately, for she could not conquer the agitation which her interview with Sir Hugh had occasioned.

"I have been asking Miss Ross to accept my best wishes and congratulations," Sir Hugh said easily. "Our old friendship, Guy, will satisfy her that it is not a mere compliment."

"I hope Shirley will find that your old friendship has not made you partial," Guy responded, smiling; "and, when you come to us for our congratulations and good wishes, you will be as sure of their sincerity as I am of yours, Hugh."

At this time their hands met frankly in close pressure, although Guy remembered afterward how cold and death-like were the fingers that clasped his.

Shirley's engagement to Major Stuart was received by Sir Gilbert and Lady Fairholme with quiet pleasure and satisfaction. Her ladyship was sincerely glad that such a dangerous rival should be removed from her daughter's path, for she had not been able to deceive herself as to the impression which Shirley's beauty made. Not only was she more beautiful than Alice, but she possessed that far rarer gift than beauty, rarer and more attractive—that of fascination. Had she been a plain woman, Shirley would have possessed a charm and singular power of attraction; and, even in the bitter days to come, when her beauty faded under the heavy overshadowing clouds, that charm was always felt more or less by all with whom she came in contact.

To Alice herself her cousin's engagement gave almost unmixed satisfaction, the only drawback to her pleasure being that Shirley, although two years her junior, was likely to be married first. But this was such a slight cause for annoyance, and the reasons for being satisfied were so very many that Alice was very warm in her congratulations, and so kind that Shirley felt quite grateful. Shirley was now safely disposed of, and her beauty could no longer interfere with Alice's own triumphs. That Sir Hugh Glynn had been much struck by her cousin's loveliness Alice had been far too quick-sighted not to perceive, but now, of course, such admiration could have no results, and could not possibly interfere with her own plans for the subjugation of the eligible baronet.

Oswald wrote a charming little note of congratulation to his cousin, telling her that he had met some brother officers of Major Stuart's who had amply endorsed the good opinion which Oswald had formed of that gentleman, and Jack sent a few warm lines which, tender and glad as they were, made Shirley's eyes fill with tears, for which she could not account.

Altogether for once the course of true love seemed to be running very smoothly, and Shirley's cup of gladness seemed to be brimming over. And yet—and yet— Poor Shirley! The shadow of her mother's fate was hovering over her and almost ready to fall, and the words which might have saved her from it had died away on her mother's lips, as she lay in the light of the gray October dawn, drifting away from life into eternity.

(To be continued.)

Correct.

Teacher—Correct the sentence, "The liquor which the man bought was drank."

Smart Boy—The man who bought the liquor was drunk.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

The Grave on the Hill.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
When in summer the grass grows green,
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In the winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in spring-time, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes hum
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast come
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
With her melody sweet, by the hour she trills
And if by the scene beguiled,
Perhaps—who knows? 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain,
For though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again,
Yet blessed are they who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some read to heaven, perchance, runs through,
That grave of a little child.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Buy a Lot—The Loiterers at the Church Door—A Good Berating.

Every young man who earns wages ought to buy a lot and make a start for a home. The way to get a start is to save a little money each month and make a payment on your purchase, and so, little by little, pay for your lot and build your house. Don't spend all your money on livery turnouts and dances and ice-cream to please your best girl. After a while you will need a home for that best girl and the young sters that some way or another generally come around and want to "put up" with you. Put a little of your spare cash into the ground as you go along, and after many days it will bring you a royalty.—*California Architect and Building News.*

Will the young man who takes his position along the curbstone in front of the church every Sunday night to wait for his best girl please bend his ear in this direction a minute? Gossip desires a word with him. You are an unmitigated nuisance, you are, and the girl who will permit herself to be picked up by you in front of the church is wanting in self-respect. Why don't you go to her house and take her to church, and sit beside her during the sermon, and learn wisdom, and take her home in a respectable manner? Do you know what you look like ranged along the curbstone? You look like a lot of crows on a fence-rail. That's what you look like.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A POINT FOR DARWINIANS.

Baby Monkey Cries Like a Child Over Its Dead Mother.

A correspondent with the Nicaragua Canal expedition in Central America writes: A much longer residence in these regions will add materially to the converts of Darwinism, for one has only to see the monkey in his native clime to appreciate the wisdom of the great philosopher. On Christmas Day we gave the men a treat for dinner in the form of a red monkey, which, next to the large lizard, is considered by the natives one of the choicest of meats. Though we were forced to walk over ten miles to reach our canoe, the dead body of the victim was followed the entire distance by one of her young. When we reached home and threw the body down in front of the tent the little one rushed up for recognition. Failing in this, he began to rub vigorously in hopes of restoring life. Still unsuccessful, with a heartrending scream that almost brought tears to hardened eyes, he threw himself upon the breast of his mother and cried like a child.

A Balloonist's Sad Death.

A Duluth, Minn., despatch says: A farmer living in the woods several miles from this city reports the discovery in the woods several miles from his dwelling of a stranded balloon. He also discovered in the limbs of a tree, against which the balloon was caught, the dead and half decayed body of a man, who had evidently been thrown violently from the basket, for the body was wedged in the branches. The man had been probably about 30 years of age. There was nothing in the pockets of the dead man by which he could be identified. The car contained a sand bag half full, a compass, etc. A broken rope, trailing some distance, showed that the unfortunate aeronaut had made every effort to bring his dangerous craft to a standstill before it was torn to pieces by the gale and he was dashed to death. It is supposed the balloon was the one which went up last spring from a southern point and was never heard of.

Married in 1840; Remarried in 1888.

An Eagle River, Mich., despatch says: A strange wedding has taken place here. Col. Wm. B. Wright, an old settler and well-known hotel man, was married again to his wife he married 48 years ago. He is the recipient of a large pension from the United States Government, and knowing how difficult it would be for his wife, in case of his death, to draw his pension without a marriage certificate, had a new ceremony performed. The colonel and Mrs. Wright were married at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., in November, 1840, but while moving from Eagle River many years ago the marriage certificate was lost.

Slips in the Council Chamber.

The Toronto *World* collects the following "bulls" perpetrated in the Council Chamber of that city:

Ald. Baxter—The voice of the vox populi.

Ald. St. Andrew's Carlyle—Pedestrians on foot.

Ald. Ritchie—To rely upon a thing like this is totally unreliable.

The *News* Man—I don't see any of the absentees present.

A $30,000 Burglary.

On the 13th ult. burglars entered Taplow Court, near Maidenhead, England, the residence of Mr. W. H. Greenfell, M.P., and ransacked Mrs. Greenfell's dressing-room. They got away with about £6,000 worth of jewellery, principally wedding presents, including a necklet valued at £1,500.

It is true that the busiest man is often the happiest man, but he often doesn't have time to realize it.—*Burlington Free Press.*

SUPERSTITION EXTRAORDINARY.

A Great Scare in the Town of Birmingham.

THE LAST DAY LOOKED FOR.

A singular evidence of the survival of superstition in the nineteenth century, and of the strong grip which it retains on the fears of ignorant persons, has been furnished in Birmingham. Some days ago the newspapers contained the bold prediction of some sapient astrologer that on the 11th of January, in consequence of the violent "fiery planet Mars" forming a conjunction with the "evil planet Uranus" in the eighteenth degree of the zodiacal sign *Libra*, and at the same time of the evil aspect of Mercury, which was mischievous enough to present itself 90 degrees distant, the unhappy denizens of this globe might look out for all manner of calamities. Among these were named "many sudden deaths among the nobles of the land, numerous accidents in collieries, fires, explosions, murders, wars and earthquakes," and lastly, as a makeweight, "storms and high winds, with many untoward events, resulting in much fatality." The wide comprehensiveness of this programme of prophecy, while instructive and amusing to the judicious, seems to have had a very different meaning for the unskilful. To them it was explicable only on the supposition that the last day was at hand. It must be admitted that such a programme seems too liberal of mischief for any less momentous occasion. The occurrence of thick darkness at an earlier hour of the day than it might have been expected in the absence of a fog was accepted by more than a few as a startling confirmation of the prophecy, although it had not been specially named by the prophet. There were people who went about with the information, exclusively theirs, that half-past 2 in the afternoon was the exact time at which to listen for the crack of doom, and when that hour had passed in peace and quiet they probably hailed the early darkness as an incident behind which they might shelter themselves from the fire of chaff which had begun to beat upon them. All this, of course, was a source of innocent merriment to the vast majority of people about town, but it was so firmly believed by uneducated people here and there that many of them made fearsome preparation for the end of all things. The police report that not only did old women betake themselves to their Bibles with unusual zeal, but younger women remained in bed all day, dreading the coming earthquake. Children were kept away from school as a similar preparation, and those who attended school came home full of fear and alarmist rumors. Two little folks, the children of a Police Inspector, begged their father at dinner-time not to be out in the streets at midnight, for two stars were going to meet and burst and set the world on fire. In Constitution Hill, the new cable being set running as a trial of its working, a tradesman, startled by the unusual noise it made, rushed out of his shop with a pale face, and called the attention of a passer-by to it, offering the suggestion that it was the first symptom of a convulsion of the earth's crust. From the Ladywood Police Station it was reported that there seemed to be "a general state of fear." Some women called at the Moseley Street Police Station in the hope of deriving comfort and support from the constable in charge of the office, and seemed a good deal shocked at the levity with which he treated their forebodings. They went away at last to buy a copy of the Bible, for which three of them clubbed together their coppers. At Moor Street Police Court, in the morning, a woman of the same class, on being fined a shilling for uttering threats of bodily harm, had accepted the alternative of a week's imprisonment with the observation that it didn't matter, for the world would be at an end soon. She was evidently sincere, and imagined that she would perhaps be lucky enough to cheat the law out of a part of its penalty, although she had not ventured to offer in defence the plea that she would have no time to carry out the threats she had made use of. At night a half-drunken soldier was found praying in Holloway Head, with all the fervor of fright and a troubled conscience. The amount of credulity which actually prevailed with reference to this silly astrological bogey was not even paralleled when many thousands of people assembled in High street and the Bull Ring to see Spring-heeled Jack leap from the roof of the Market Hall against the spire of St. Martin's Church, and for a fortnight afterwards pursued that ubiquitous spectre all over the town.—*Liverpool Post.*

Irresistible.

Rev. Robert Collyer tells an amusing story of a trained group of monkeys he once saw in London on a stage, whose intelligence was such that he was almost persuaded to accept the Darwinian theory on the spot. They had been drilled carefully to go through a series of military exercises in uniform, and were making a fine display of their attainments when a man in the gallery threw a handful of nuts on the stage, and the simian soldiery at once broke ranks, threw down their guns and scrambled for the hard shelled dainties. "That moment," says Dr. Collyer, "the hand on the dial of time was turned back a thousand years!"

The Catch of the Year.

Utah mother (to daughter)—You will probably meet young Mr. Brigham at the ball to-night, dear.

Daughter—Yes, mamma.

Utah mother—And you must be as pleasant as possible. Mr. Brigham is the most desirable party of the season; he has only one wife, you know.

On General Principles.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus, who is troubled with a balky mule)—Uncle Rastus, do you think kicking that mule in the stomach will make him go?

Uncle Rastus—Da haint nuffin wot'll make dat mule go when he 'cludes not to, sah. I'm only kickin' him fo' my own satisfaction.—*Accident News.*

In many of the churches of Edinburgh on the 15th ult. pulpit references were made to the deaths of the Rev. Dr. Phin, the Rev. Dr. W. Wilson, and Mr. Herdman, R. S. A.

A BLIZZARD HEROINE.

Minnie Freeman, a Nebraska Girl, Saves a School of Children.

Not many miles from the town of Ord is situated the school-house of Mira Valley school district. The house is a small frame structure, and the nearest dwelling to it is at least one-half mile distant. Thursday morning, January 12th, when the blizzard came, there were in the little school-house Miss Minnie Freeman, the teacher, yet in her teens, and thirteen pupils between the ages of 6 and 15 years. The children were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by the fury of the storm. In the midst of the teacher's assurance that all would be well a terrible gust of wind struck the building, the windows rattled, the house shook and the door of the structure was torn from its hinges. It was then the young teacher realized the necessity of preparing for emergencies. With an exhibition of rare judgment she gathered her little brood together, and securing a coil of strong heavy twine, began with the largest one and tied the children together by the arms and bodies, three abreast. This completed, she huddled her charges around the stove and awaited the pleasure of the storm king. Its furious work came sooner than was expected. The terrific gale, sweeping everything before it, struck the building and carried away, in the twinkling of an eye, the entire roof of the structure, leaving the frightened little ones exposed to the elements. The time for prompt action had arrived, but the plucky teacher was equal to the emergency. Taking the youngest and frailest of her charge in her arms, she tied the remaining end of the twine around her own body, and with all the words of encouragement she could muster the courageous teacher started with her "team" of frightened little ones into the fury of the storm. Those who have braved the terrors of a Nebraska blizzard need not be told that it required courage to enable a young girl to breast those furies, having in her keeping the lives of thirteen little ones and the happiness of thirteen homes. Those who felt and suffered from the effects of Thursday's storm need not be told that the act of that young girl was one from which strong men might quail. Selecting her way carefully, following the course of the storm, the brave girl led her little charges through snow-drifts and blinding blizzard, now cautioning them about their steps, now encouraging them to cheerfulness, and all the way herself bearing an additional burden of somebody's darling, urging them into renewed efforts. And thus it was that after a wearisome journey of three quarters of a mile, through all the fury a storm could muster, the little band reached the threshold of a farm house, where she received a hearty welcome. At the house where they found shelter one of the children made its home, and if the eyes of a loving mother filled with tears as she pressed her little one to her heart they were not dried when she gave to the brave young teacher an embrace in which was embodied all the love and gratitude within a mother's heart. It is safe to say that the subsequent reception of Miss Freeman in all the homes whose little ones she had rescued perhaps from death were equally as warm as that accorded to her in the first instance.—*Omaha Bee.*

Wit of Other Lands.

Creditable Relationship.—Visitor—Don't you miss your little nephew very much, Freddie? Freddie (whose nephew died the week before)—Yes, I miss him very much; but I like to be the uncle to an angel.—*Life.*

In School (Fact): a Class of Little Girls.—The Teacher—What! Don't any of you know what an epistle is? Answer (after some hesitation)—Yes, Miss, I know. An epistle is the wife of an apostle!—*Moonshine.*

Considerate.—And whatever you do, Mary Ann, said a loving mother to her nursemaid, as the latter set out in charge of her two little children to walk in Kensington Gardens on a rainy April day, don't let my darlings sit down on the wet grass. If they are tired and want to rest, you must sit down yourself on the grass and let them sit on your lap.

A Weary Waiting.—Young Man—Isn't the sermon nearly done? Deacon of Church—About an hour yet. He's only at his "lastly." Young Man—Will it take him an hour to get through his "lastly?" Deacon—No; but there's the "one word more and I am done," and the "finally," and the "in conclusion" to come yet. Don't be impatient, young man, your girl won't spoil.—*Australian Lantern.*

The Grand Old Name of Gentleman.—Beg pardon, mister, but what particular breed might yer be callin' this 'ere little dawg o' yourn! You'll excuse me a harskin, gov'ner; but me and another gentleman 'ere 'as just been 'avin a small bet about it! (Disgust of Montmorency De Vere Stubbley, who has always described himself as a gentleman.)—*Punch.*

Worth About $2 a Week.

What is Beauty worth on the stage? The average salary for Beauty alone is about $12 a week. Beauty with talent? That depends on the talent. The salaries of the ladies named run from $50 to $200 a week, according to their talent and experience, not according to their beauty. Miss Cheatham probably gets the smallest and Miss Rehan the largest of these sums. The stage is probably the worst market in the universe to take Beauty to if there is no other ware to be sold with it. When Beauty goes on the stage alone she must very soon go as "Beauty unadorned," and Beauty unadorned on the stage cannot drape and dress as she almost invariably wants to in private life on $12 a week.

Proof Positive.

"Oh, by the way, Job," said Mrs. Shuttle as she handed him his warm slippers, "you remember that you abandoned smoking with the New Year."

"Yes, my dear."

"And I found three cigars in your overcoat pocket this very evening."

"Certainly. If I had been smoking they wouldn't have been there."—*Hartford Post.*

She Knew What to do With It.

Husband (exasperated)—What in the mischief did you do with the snow-shovel brought home last night?

Wife—What did you expect I would do with it, John? I tied a ribbon around the handle and put it in the parlor.—*Epoch.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

Worth, the French milliner, lives in the suburbs of Paris in a palace that covers several acres and is gorgeously furnished. Once a year it is thrown open to his employees, and the fete lasts a day and a night. On this day each of the women employed by Worth is permitted to select a dress from his stock, and it is made up according to her directions.

More than $10,000,000 worth of oysters were shipped from Maryland to all parts of the world this season. Over 50,000 persons are employed in the industry in the State, and it supports besides 1,500 schooners and sloops. To enforce the law for the regulation of these vessels the State maintains an "oyster navy," consisting of five steamers, six schooners and eight sloops.

An American who saw the Mikado of Japan at Tokio recently says: "He sat in lonely state, a dark-featured, black-haired, thick-lipped man, dressed in the uniform of a European general, and with nothing grand in his make up or appearance. The absolute monarch of thirty-six million people in a tight-fitting, gold-laced blue coat and a French shako for a cap! Shades of Gilbert and Sullivan preserve us. I wanted to pull off his foreign tailor trumpery and pitch his coat into the nearest canal, scatter his monkey-like soldiers and make him and them all over again in the likeness of their royal ancestors."

A new method of preserving oysters in the shell, so as to transport them to any distance in a perfectly fresh condition, is being tried at Oxford, Md. The process is of the simplest description, consisting wholly in a single turn of iron wire twisted tightly around the shells so as to keep them so closely shut that none of the juice of the oyster can leak out. It appears that it is the opening of the mouth of the oyster when out of water that causes it to "spoil." There is evidence that oysters clamped by wire by this method have kept fresh for several months. Arrangements are already made for the shipment of about twenty thousand oysters a day to Liverpool.

Electricity is about to be put to a new use. The emptying of the sewage of London into the Thames has necessarily polluted that river; and, searching for some means of preventing this pollution, it has been discovered that electricity transmitted into the sewage produces the equivalent of a chemical change. The electric current sets the particles of matter in a circulatory motion, and the result is that the organic matter collects at the top in a semi-solid form, so that it can easily be separated from the transparent fluid beneath. The experiments have so far been conducted on a limited scale, but if the plan should prove to be cheap and practicable it would go far toward solving a problem that agitates every large city.

A curious case is likely to come before the London courts. Some months since a young girl was apprenticed to a fashionable city milliner. She lived with her employers, two maiden sisters, and a week ago for some alleged offence committed in the workroom she was given a severe corporal punishment by one of the sisters. The girl complained to her aunt, who at once wrote demanding an explanation. A reply was received stating that by the terms of apprenticeship the proprietor of the establishment was *in loco parentis*, and had the right to administer such chastisement as a mother might inflict upon a disobedient child. She further stated that she found the rod an indispensable adjunct of the workroom, and was quite prepared to defend her right to use it. The girl's aunt threatens to bring an action for assault to test the case.

To have made 96 couples happy out of a possible 997 is a marrying record that may well claim the hymeneal championship. Such is the knot-tying performance of Rev. Ellis Howell, now visiting at Kansas, Illinois. He is 83 years of age, and has been a minister of the gospel sixty-two years. It happens, curiously enough, that the one divorce that resulted from the 997 marriages was that of a brother clergyman whom he deadheaded on account of "the profesh." To eke out a day's developments in the line of connubial curiosities there comes from Findlay, Ohio, the story of a colored woman who was married at 11, at 12 bore a child, which, being a girl, was in turn married at 12, and before arriving at the mature age of 13 herself became a mother, so that the original bride of tender years is a grandmother at 25. Then at Fairmount, Illinois, occurred the wedding of two children, aged respectively 11 and 13, by consent of their parents; while at Petersburg, Virginia, a father managed to prevent the elopement of his daughter of 16, who had walked eleven miles to run away with the man of her choice.

Lord Dufferin, says the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, is a man of many accomplishments. He is probably the most cosmopolitan statesman in the service of Great Britain, and in his time has learnt something of many languages. To his other linguistic accomplishments he seems to have added, at least, a sufficient command of Persian to enable him to read a speech to the chiefs of the frontier tribes at Peshawur, as he was reported recently to have done. It was surmised that the speech, although read by Lord Dufferin, had probably been composed by some one more likely to be acquainted with Oriental languages, but, if an Indian paper which I have just received is to be credited, the Viceroy recently examined the boys at the Badshahi Mosque at Lahore "in their studies in Persian, Urdu, etc., and heard them read the 11th part of the Koran," after which His Excellency "expressed his satisfaction at their progress in education." There may still be some room for doubt whether the versatile Viceroy relied on his own knowledge in commending the youthful students of Persian and Urdu, but Lord Dufferin is a student as well as a diplomatist, and there is nothing intrinsically improbable in his having devoted some of his leisure time to acquiring one or more of the many languages of the East during his enforced sojourn there.

Miss Minnie Freeman, the heroic young school ma'am who saved thirteen children during the Nebraska blizzard, has received nine offers of marriage. Minnie had better ponder the subject carefully before accepting. As a contemporary observes, she might strike a matrimonial squall that would last longer than the blizzard, and a good deal colder in the end.

A London cablegram announces that Lord Bute, who has made many millions during the last few years by the simple process of sitting still and watching the growth of the town of Cardiff, which owns, has donated $80,000 toward building a Roman Catholic church at Rothesay, in Scotland. He had previously given about half a million dollars for a similar purpose in England. His Lordship joined the Catholic Church fifteen years ago.

A New York artist tells a story which will be of interest to any one fond of psychical investigations. He was sitting in his sleeping chamber late at night reading a French novel, when his wife, who had retired some hours before, suddenly awoke and related a dream which she had just had. The dream was an exact counterpart—even to details—of the plot of the novel, which the lady had never read.

In a Vermont town not long ago a justice trial for assault was the order of the hour. The jury had been empanelled, the plaintiff was testifying, and he closed his story by pointing to one of the jurymen and saying: "He saw the whole affair and knows all about it." Whereupon the attorney for the respondent had that jurymman excused in short metre, on the ground that he was disqualified by reason of knowing too much.

Some enterprising Indiana capitalists have undertaken the scheme of transporting natural gas by rail in large reservoirs from the wells to Fort Wayne. If the gaseous fuel which nature is furnishing so lavishly in certain parts of the country can be packed into tanks and carried like oil to distant places for consumption a very great step will have been taken in the direction of reducing the cost of heating and illuminating. It remains to be seen, however, whether the experiment will be in every way successful and feasible.

Carter H Harrison, ex-Mayor of Chicago, writes from Bangkok that he has had an audience with the King of Siam. Speaking of King Chulalanghorn Mr Carter writes: "With a kindly, gentle face, bespeaking a warm and generous heart capable of deep affection, and showing his loving disposition by his real grief for the untimely death of his Queen, he is compelled to take many wives, the daughters of his noblemen, and now, at a little over 30 years of age, he is the father of some thirty odd children." Poor Chulalanghorn!

It is said that when exposed to severe cold a feeling of warmth is created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost in this manner: Throw the shoulders well back and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly (the garments being loose), the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth. It is important for all to practice this exercise many times each day, especially when in the open air. If this habit were becomes universal, lung diseases and many others will rarely be heard of. A permanent expansion of the chest of one, two and even three inches, will eventually follow.

It will please those who have too long been annoyed with stories of the infelicities of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, cables a correspondent, to know that they are travelling on the Continent together. At present they are staying at Naples, where they live in a simple, unostentatious fashion, dining at the public table and otherwise practising rigid economy. The Princess and her husband travelled incognito, and on their arrival at Naples walked to the hotel. The manager, however, recognized the Princess, and offered her a suite of apartments on the first floor, reserved for notables. These were declined, as was a suggestion that the illustrious guests should eat in private.

An Important Little Miss.

A London cable says: No dynastic question is the subject of more political interest in Germany than that of Holland. The King is 73 years of age, and His Majesty's only surviving child is a daughter, not yet 8 years old. If the King survives ten years or so he will have probably to decide between a German or an English husband for this Princess. If she comes to the throne during her minority the matrimonial question will be more anxious; and outside the present limits of Germany, no matter is so near the heart of Prince Bismarck as the entry of Holland into the German Empire upon a footing like that of Bavaria. Not only the position of Holland, so favorable for the development of German strength at sea, but her colonial possessions are especially attractive. They are not so much coveted by Englishmen, but were Holland to join the German States the new empire would at once become the second colonial power in the world.

A Dog Fond of Fireworks.

A dog story recently reached me which shows in a remarkable way how that animal's tastes adapt themselves to his surroundings. Messrs. Brock, the well known pyrotechnists, have at their factory a Newfoundland dog which positively revels in fireworks. He rushes into a shower of sparks with as much delight as most of his kind display in a cold bath, and on a lighted squib being thrown within his reach he will run after the smouldering stump as if it were a bone and trample it out with his paws.—*London Truth.*

—Love is like the measles; we can have it bad but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

A pressed glass tumbler nine inches tall with a capacity of eighty ounces, the largest in existence, was made in Rochester a few days ago. A special press was constructed to shape the glass, and glass-workers regard it as much of a masterpiece in its line as the great steel gun cast at Pittsburg recently.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, FEB. 16, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is interesting to hear a man, who borrows all his reading matter, instructing an Editor in the art of conducting a newspaper successfully. If we were only swimming in the "root of all evil," we might amuse ourself and the public by allowing such wiseacres to run THE ADVANCE about two weeks. That would be quite sufficient.

"Some of you fellows git too many of them advertisements in your papers," said an individual to THE ADVANCE the other day. Dear fellow-mortal, we hope you won't elevate your spinal column if we assure you, that advertising pays you as well as the advertiser and publisher. How? Simply because it reduces the subscription price of the newspaper to cost. The advertiser pays a share of the cost of production, for which, of course, he is amply remunerated. If there were no advertising done, the publisher would be obliged to raise his subscription rates in order to make his paper pay. As it is, you get cheap reading; which, from an economical standpoint, ought to satisfy you. Then the advertising columns furnish you with a large amount of profitable information—in many instances saving you the price of subscription a dozen times over. Wide-awake people consult the advertisements as zealously as they do the other matter; and it pays them well to do so. Just think it over calmly and you will see the force of these statements. Then, let us whisper another little matter in your ear: The subscribers and advertisers reap vastly greater benefits from newspapers in the aggregate than do the publishers themselves. This is self-evident indeed.

A contemporary complains because we advertise its town or, rather, because we do not advertise it enough. Is that it? Well, it would take a large amount of advertising to boom that town anyhow; and as we have not charged them a copper in this matter of advertising, we see no reason why they should grumble. "Quite the contrairy," as Sairay Gamp would put it.

What town or village on the continent has a fire record like Flesherton? Since the place had an existence, we understand that *not one dollar* has been paid by any insurance company for losses by fire! And there has only been one building destroyed by fire *in eighteen years!* and even that was not covered by insurance! Notwithstanding this fact, insurance rates are just as high here as they are in places where they have from one to half a dozen big fires every year. In other words, Flesherton derives no special benefit from its unique and high standing in insurance circles.

A scathing editorial article in last week's Collingwood *Enterprise*, headed, "A Modern Evil," contains many palpable truths. It is evidently aimed at a certain Simcoe county journalist, whose strictures a couple of weeks ago were of a most disgustingly personal character and calculated to develop a very low and depraved taste among its readers. Editors, such as those described by the *Enterprise*, ought to be sternly tabooed by the respectable portion of the Fourth Estate.

East Grey is to be congratulated upon being the possessor of one of the most vigilant and efficient License Inspectors in the Province, in the person of James Campbell, Esq. We have been personally acquainted with Mr. Campbell for many years, and can say without the slightest degree of flattery, that he possesses in an eminent degree all those admirable qualities of mind and heart which are to be found in the true gentleman and the firm, upright and honorable official.

The Toronto *World* often discourses anent the "*independent press.*" Will it kindly tell us what line of action the following out of which entitles a newspaper to be called independent? Although professedly a Liberal Conservative paper, THE ADVANCE has often been classed as independent—once, indeed, by no less an authority than the *Mail* Advertising Agency. Why was this thusly?

Now that the Grand Trunk R.R. has secured control of the Northern & N.W. system, there is less likelihood than ever, that a line will be run across country from Durham to some point on Georgian Bay; but there is a strong possibility that the North Grey branch will be continued on from Meaford to Owen Sound. The Port Hope railway project, outlined in former issues of THE ADVANCE, is really the most important of all the contemplated schemes now before the people.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The correspondence on School matters in this place has caused considerable comment and your correspondent is more than pleased to know that the proper parties have taken the responsibility in the matter. And the world will now be acquainted of the fact that there are two such noted persons as Messrs. Buckingham and Long.

Mr. Medler Guy passed the age of Bachelordom by taking to himself a wife in the person of Miss Grey, of this place. The happy couple are away on their Honeymoon trip. They have the best wishes of all for their future happiness.

Another pair made happy at Feversham, drove through our village on a very cold day last week. But too happy to pay any attention to the weather.

Rev. W. Ferrier lost a valuable horse a few days ago, supposed to have died from indigestion.

It is reported that a new store is to be built by Mr. R. Brown, of Singhampton, adjoining the hotel here.

Our mails were again delayed by a severe storm of last week.

Miss Ella Kerr who has been very ill for some time is slowly recovering. We will be pleased to see her around again.

Mr. John Hamlin has again returned to reside in our village, and has engaged to work the farm of Dr. Kerr.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

A cow belonging to Mr. A. Smith, which has been missing for about a week, was found in the river the other day. This is the second animal that has been drowned in about a week.

The water in the river was never known to be lower than at present. The falls are completely frozen over and present a grand appearance.

On Saturday, Mrs. Wright, of Ouray, Colorado, whose husband is engaged in the mining business, paid a visit to this village and collected a few specimens of rock near the falls with a view to testing its mineral properties. It is believed by some of the inhabitants that there is iron in the neighborhood, though whether it is in paying quantities is not definitely known. KATE.

As a toilet article, Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivaled. It cleanses the scalp and removes dandruff, cures itching humors, restores the original color to faded and gray hair, and promotes its growth.

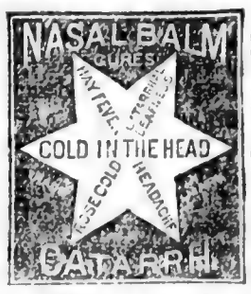

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

WANTED!

A Quantity of WHITE ASH for Butter Tubs, for which CASH will be paid on delivery.
JOS. McCORMICK.
Flesherton.

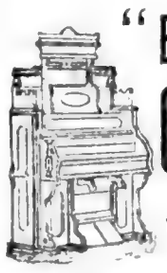

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

HEARD'S

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, & c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	00	to 4	20
Fall Wheat	$0	78	to 0	80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0	80
Barley	0	60	0	70
Oats	0	38	0	38
Peas	0	58	0	58
Butter	0	17	0	17
Eggs, fresh	0	17	0	17
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	40
Pork	6	75	6	75
Hay, per ton	8	00	10	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	50	1	06
Geese	0	06	0	06
Turkeys	0	10	0	10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0	60

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirit's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.
Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888.

W. BOOTH, The Boss Barber,

FLESHERTON,

(Late of Shelburne)

Next - door - to - Clayton's - Shoe - Shop.

LADIES' HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Shaving, Shampooing, &c., &c. Everything first-class.

Oct. 6th, 1887.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY - OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems. By Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-w6

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it.

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene L. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

IT PAYS!

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— IN THE —

Flesherton

Advance.

Get Your

JOB PRINTING

— DONE AT THE —

Advance Office,

FLESHERTON.

Maxwell School Matters.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—Please allow me a short space in the valuable columns of your spicy newspaper, though the article which I purpose writing may seem at first sight to public opinion as one of trivial importance, but to me it is one of inexpressible value, because I do not desire to have my reputation marred in the eyes of public by a long epistle, malicious in its purpose and I hope inefficacious in its consequence written by such a swagger as Mr. Long, whose expression is untrue and whose very sentiment malicious in the extreme. A long epistle I say because it is the confused annal of scholastic career for a period of over two years. In the first place Mr. Long has accused me of uttering disreputable statements about the Trustees; statements which I emphatically and can conscientially deny. He accuses me of calling the trustees a nest of rotten eggs, which I did not. But I said there was a little nest of eggs wanted to be broken up, when a bystander who overheard completed his hyperbolical expression by saying a years nest of rotten eggs. He also says I called them a nest of corruption but he being Trustee at the time, imagined in some of his erratic visions, such to be said and seizing his corruptible canopy well appropriated to his pericranium put it on and is still compelled to wear it as nature once destroyed is hard to rebuild.

He asserts that I took him to task about two years ago for paying too much salary to our teacher. I did but on what conditions. I said we might as well have a teacher who possessed the requisite qualifications of a second class when we were paying sufficient salary for one, a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars. My ideas now run in conformity with what they did two years ago, I see no partial conversion about that. But I am glad to see Mr. Long is getting the beam dragged out of his own eye, for a few years ago, he would have nothing but a professional second class. Did he not hire a nonprofessional? Yes he did and they even hired a third class for the last year. Although Mr. Long was not implicated in the hurry of the latter publicly he must have been privately for he seems to be the prominent spokesman Trustee or Ex-Trustee. He must be the leader of some mysterious clue or why since he is out of office not remain silent and allow the gentlemen who now constitute our school board maintain their own grounds and speak for themselves, men who Mr. Long knows are capable of doing so and will not be allured by the bait of dishonesty to do injustice to any one.

I have no complaint or grievance to make against Trustees, but I do not like to be buried under falsehood by a malicious man like Mr. Long.

Any man guilty of uttering such disreputable statements as Mr. Long credits me with, I would say deserves no commiseration from the public.

Excuse me for occupying so much of space in your paper. Trusting Mr. Long will make no more exaggerated statements and will confine himself a little to facts, I will defend myself against his extenuated insinuations by remaining silent.

JAMES BUCKINGHAM,
Maxwell, Ont.

Maxwell School Matters.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—Much has been said of late with regard to our school section matters. One thing I like about it. W. Long advise his friend to stick to the truth. Now if writing the truth will benefit J.B. why in the name of common sense don't he practice it himself. Thinking that your readers would come to a fairer conclusion from a third party. I will tell what I know about the affair. W. Long was the first to start the controversy, he wrote some (and said more) about J. B. a year ago (at a time too) when J. B. was sick and unable to defend himself which was an act of cowardice. '88 found him at his old trick; I fancy before I get through your readers will get an idea of the size of the man, if they fail to do so from your paper they have only to visit the post-office and see the way it is conducted. The last Teacher was discarded for doing his duty. He sent home one of the worst boys in the school, one of the Trustees' family, it shocked the ring as J.B. calls them. I would suggest united triplets in place of ring for if you step on the toes of one; the whole feels it. The Teacher's dismissal was agreed upon before the switch was grown which W. Long asserts was the cause. The version of the burning of the stick, &c., only shows the bringing up or rather the way those young men were dragged up.

Fearing to take more space in your valuable paper, I will send more in my next letter. A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

BABIES AND CHILDREN.—They are always catching cold in the head. Place a small particle of Nasal Balm in each nostril at night, also rub well over the bridge of the nose, and let us know how they are in the morning.

Orange County Lodge of South Grey.

The annual meeting of the Orange County Lodge of South grey was held in the Orange Hall, Durham, on Tuesday, Feb. 7th, when the following were elected officers for 1888:—

Bro. James Edge, W.C.M.
" Alexander Chilton, D.C.M.
" Alexander Bingham, C. Chap.
" James Brodie, C. Sec.
" W. A. Anderson, C. Treas.
" John H. Carson, C.D. of Cer.
" E. N. Brodie, C. Lecturer.

Bros. John Aldred and W. Stevenson, D.C. Lecturer.

It was decided to hold a semi-annual meeting in Mount Forest, on the 20th of June.

The annual meeting will be held in Durham on the first Tuesday in February, 1889. COM.

We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Lanningan, the genial and hand-some C. P. R. station agent at Dundalk, on Saturday. He is a worthy successor to our old friend, Mr. Symington.

W. C. T. U. Department.

Temperance.

PROHIBITION TESTED BY ITS FRUITS.

One of the American papers has this to say concerning prohibition in Iowa, where, a few years ago the sale of intoxicants, as a beverage, was forbidden by statute:—

"The good fruits of the enforcement of the law are seen in the increased attendance at the public schools, the elevation of the public morals, better order on the streets, the great gain in the deposits in the saving's banks, the decrease of the various kinds of pauperism and crime, and the generally improved condition of the people. Forty-five of the county jails are empty, and in most of the others there is a steady lessening in the number of commitments. In this county, Polk, which has a population of 65,000, many of whom are miners, there were in the county jail before prohibition went into effect fifty prisoners on the average: now there are but fifteen. At the last session of our grand jury there were but four bills presented: formerly there were as many as sixty.

Winnipeg, Feb. 1st, 1888.

For The Advance.

Serving Christ.

II TIMOTHY iv., 5v.

Ye servants of Jesus arise,
And haste His commands to obey,
Be earnest and faithful and wise
And labour while yet it is day.

If the word of His grace you believe,
The life everlasting proclaim,
That lost ones may gladly receive
Salvation through Jesus's name.

The pleasures of earth count but loss
Unworthy your soul to detain,
Be dead to the world thro' the Cross,
Let sin not enslave you again.

Your heart, your hand, and your voice,
Your substance and time give to Him,
In labors unceasing rejoice,
Let not your "fine gold be once dim."

Redeemed at an infinite cost,
Constrained by a love so Divine,
Go! rescue the erring, and lost!
In mansions of glory to shine.

Flesherton, 1888. P. W.

THE NEW PAPER.

THE new Conservative Journal about to be started in Toronto, to be called

The Empire,

Will make its appearance on or about the 15th of December. No pains are being spared to make the paper worthy of Canada, and of the great party of whose views it will be the exponent. It will start with a

Staff of Brilliant Writers,

And able Journalists in every department. The public may expect

Full News from all quarters,
Able Editorials,
Accurate Reports,
Fair Comments,
Reliable Commercial News,
Interesting Sporting Intelligence.

And all other Departments well sustained. In short, THE EMPIRE will be a Bright, Readable and Reliable Paper.

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Send in your Subscriptions now, accompanied by the cash, so as to commence with the first issue. Address, D. CREIGHTON, Manager EMPIRE, Toronto.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The majority of the February fairs held in this district were poorly attended by sellers.

There were 63 births, 27 marriages, and 15 deaths registered by the Division Registrar, of Mulmur, for 1887.

Somebody stole a hog, weighing 160 lbs. from Rundle's butcher shop, Dundalk, on Saturday night week. Another candidate for that famous penitentiary.

John Marshall, of Normanby, while hauling wood from the bush on Monday last had the misfortune to cut his foot very severely. The wound will lay him up for a week or so.—*Grey Review.*

The Dundalk *Herald's* devil has found the owner of the tagless dog. He feels quite disconsolate and has draped the editor's desk in mourning using the printing office towel for that purpose.

The Lindsay Block, Shelburne,—occupied by Skelton & Decatur, general merchants—was partially destroyed by fire on Thursday night week. Skelton & Decatur's loss was $14,000, in consequence of which that firm has been obliged to make an assignment.

A leap year couple ran away from their homes near Proton Station clandestinely and returned to their respective domiciles on the intervention of "her pa."—*Dundalk Herald.* If this had happened in Dundalk, people might have imagined that the genial and handsome editor of the *Herald* was the hero of the episode.

A big throng assembled at the roller rink, Saturday night to witness the race between John Wallace, running and Rud Matthews, on skates. The race was fairly and keenly contested and considerable money changed hands. Wallace won by about half a lap out of thirty.—*Markdale Standard.*

A halter was stolen from the front of Thedford's harness shop, Dundalk, Saturday night week, and pawned for a glass of whiskey. And yet the esteemed editor of the *Herald* continues to talk learnedly about civilization! When he was succeeded in reforming the barbarians around Dundalk, it will be quite time enough to give outsiders a few pointers.

A sad accident occurred on Friday last on the 8th concession of Bentinck by which Michael Weis, jr. lost his life. He was taking home a load of hay and within a few yards of the house the load upset. He saw the danger in which he was placed and undertook to jump from the upper side, but slipped and fell with his stomach across one of the upturned runners of the sleigh. The poor fellow was taken to the house, where he lingered in intense agony for about five hours, when death put an end to his pain. Deceased was about 22 years of age.—*Hanover Post.*

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while [illegible] medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely [illegible] calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Bates, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. Tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored.

Throughout New England, next to Lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most [illegible].

Dyspepsia

and Chief [illegible] Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful for [illegible] cure."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

LOOK

HERE!

For the Next

30 Days

— AT —

GORDON'S

Harness Shop,

FLESHERTON,

Will be Given a

LARGE DISCOUNT

On all Cash Sales over One Dollar.

A Full Stock on Hand of

HARNESS,
WHIPS,
TRUNKS,
SWEAT PADS,
CURRY COMBS,
HORSE BLANKETS
HARNESS OIL,
BRUSHES, &c.

SCOTCH COLLARS A SPECIALTY

N.B.—All outstanding accounts must be settled within the next 30 Days. If not the books will be placed in other hands for collection.

STRIKERS VS. SCABS.

Maddened Miners of Shenandoah Attack Scabs and Police—Several People Severely Hurt—The Place a Perfect Pandemonium.

A last night's Shenandoah, Pa., despatch says: To-night was an eventful one in the history of the strike and probably seals its fate. Riot ran loose, and not in years has the town seen such a spectacle. All day the Shenandoah City and West Shenandoah collieries worked with a good force of men, and everywhere among the idle men, especially the Polanders, there were mutterings that foretold the coming storm to-night. It broke at 5 o'clock, when the miners at work started home. Some Polanders opened fire on them with stones, whereupon coal and iron policemen Moyer, Diebert, Shave and Krieger at once went to their aid. Moyer and Diebert caught one Polander and hustled him up the street. Almost as if by magic the region swarmed with men and boys and in a second the prisoner was free and the officers were being roughly handled. They got away and started back for the Shenandoah City Mine, followed by the crowd, now numbering over a thousand. The latter continued beating the workmen and boys as well, when the officers in a body again sprang to the rescue. It was a brave act, six men against a crowd of such proportions, but for five minutes it was successful. Then, as the officers were going off, Moyer and Diebert with one prisoner and Krieger and Shave with another, the crowd surged on them again. Krieger got away with his man, and finally landed him in 'Squire Shoemaker's office. Moyer and Diebert were not so fortunate. They were being beaten with clubs and were both down, when they drew their revolvers and both fired into the crowd, which scattered and ran in all directions. Mike Heffron, a young man, received a ball in the mouth and is badly injured. John Cather, an ironfounder, was shot in the arm, and a Polander was shot behind the ear. A third shot was fired by a Polander, but with what effect is not known. James Shields, a borough officer, then arrested both officers for shooting in the borough. They were taken before 'Squire Monaghan. While there a warrant was sworn out by a Polander, charging them with assault and battery with intent to kill. They pleaded guilty under the advice of Capt. Christian and were awaiting committal to Pottsville jail when things took another bad turn. The two magistrates' offices are on East Centre street, a square and a half apart. That whole space was densely packed with people, a large portion Polish, who were wild with passion. They surrounded both offices, yelling for the officers to "lynch them," "kill them," etc. Suddenly a stone was thrown at Shoemaker's window. It was the key-note for mad work. In a minute the fronts of both buildings were riddled with stones and the inmates had a scramble for safety. Some bruised bodies resulted, but no serious damage was done, except to the offices, which are wrecked. Monaghan and Officers Moyer, Diebert, Orme and Capt. Christian were in a small room separate from the front room. Through a window in its rear they got off safe. Still for a half hour the mob, thinking them still in, pelted the office. The town is in a perfect uproar—mad with passion and drink, and no one appears to have any power to quell them.

JEHIAL WOULD NOT HAVE A JONAH.

A Bridegroom Who Was Backward Has to Reflect in a Cell.

A Halifax despatch says: Jehial Duffy, a wealthy farmer of Moncton, has been arrested at the instance of Jennie Jonah, 17 years old, who has instituted a $10,000 suit for breach of promise against Duffy. The latter is old enough to be the girl's father, but they were to have been married on Dec. 24th last. As the bridegroom did not make his appearance at the appointed time a messenger was sent for him. Duffy sent back word that he would not go out that night, as it was too cold.

To his prospective father-in-law Duffy the next day said that he had objections to going outdoors when it was zero weather, but agreed to fix the date of the marriage for the following Tuesday. A large company assembled that day to witness the ceremony. Duffy appeared and just as the knot was about to be tied asked to go out to the door to get a little fresh air. He went and did not return. Now he is liable not only to have to pay the damages, but to be sentenced to spend two years in the Penitentiary for deceiving a girl under 18 years of age.

BOILING SNOW TO FIND JEWELS.

Diamonds Lost by Wedding Guests Found in a Bridgeport Gutter.

A Bridgeport, Conn., despatch says: In the crush last night at the Everest-Hubbard wedding, Miss Sarah Bartram, of Black Rock, made a misstep in alighting from her carriage, but was saved from a fall. Her diamond pin, containing five stones, was snapped off, however, and lost. A search with lanterns failed to discover the lost gems. Several thousand guests had alighted and re-entered their carriages at the same spot. The search was continued all night. This morning Mr. Charles Powell began searching in the gutter with his bare hands where the carriage wheels had ground the snow and ice to powder. The broken gold pin pricked his index finger, and a further search revealed two of the stones. By boiling the snow two more were recovered.

Mrs. Lucia Shepard lost one of her large diamond earrings in the same locality. A number of people have been employed to boil snow in front of Dr. Hubbard's residence until the lost jewels are found. Miss Bartram has offered a reward of $500 and Mrs. Shepard $100.

Fast Enough for Him.

"Did you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterwheat?" "No," said the old man "but I once stepped into the elevator we and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me I'm getting too old for much excitement."—*Troy Times.*

The German Government will take part officially in the Paris Exposition by sending exhibits to the fine art department.

It requires capital to start a newspaper; it will stop itself.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

FEB.—The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. French presented a Bill to amend the law respecting mortgages, explaining that it was intended not to change the law, but merely to declare its meaning in respect of the payment of interest on mortgages in certain cases. The Bill was read the first time.

Mr. Loes (Lanark) presented a Bill to amend the General Road Companies Act. The Bill was read the first time.

Mr. Garson presented a Bill respecting the examination of engineers and the inspection of boilers. The Bill was read the first time.

Mr. McKay presented a Bill for the prevention of accident by fire in hotels and other public buildings. The Bill was read the first time.

Mr. Waters presented a Bill to authorize unmarried women and widows to vote for members of the Legislature. The Bill was read the first time.

The following other public Bills were introduced and read the first time:

By Mr. Nairn—Respecting conditional sales of chattels.

By Mr. Waters—To amend the Municipal Act.

Also to amend the Assessment Act.

Also to amend the Ditches and Water Courses Act so as to make it applicable to waterways in the lands and under the road-beds of railway companies.

By Mr. French—To authorize the appointment of fire guardians for the prevention of bush fires.

Among the petitions presented were the following:

By Mr. Chancey—From the County Council of Kent, praying for the exemption of farm stock from assessment; also praying for legislation that will promote the making of roads.

By Mr. Stratton—From the Town Council of Peterboro, praying for the equal assessment of vacant and improved land in towns.

By Mr. Harcourt—From the County Council of Haldimand, praying for increased grants to High and Public Schools, also for the election by the people of sheriffs and other officers whose salaries are paid in whole or in part by fees, and for the appointment by County Councils of police magistrates and other officers who are paid by County Councils.

By Mr. Fell—From the Town Council of Lindsay, praying for amendments to the Frontage Tax Law, so as to make all property benefited by such works as sewers assessable in proportion to the benefit received.

By Hon. Mr. Ross—From the County Council of Huron, praying that Scott Act counties be relieved of two-thirds the cost of enforcement or have power to check expenditures by the License Commissioners.

By Mr. Stewart—From the County Council of Dufferin, praying for the exemption of farm stock from assessment.

By Mr. Ferguson—From the County Council of Kent, to authorize the assessment of lands benefited by works under the Ditches and Watercourses Act, for payment for the same.

The following Private Bills were read the first time:

To amend the Act incorporating Trinity Medical School—Mr. Widdifield.

Respecting the debenture debt of the village of Brussels—Mr. Gibson (Huron).

Hon. Mr. Mowat presented a Bill respecting the Department of Agriculture and other industries, which was read the first time.

Hon. Mr. Mowat presented a Bill respecting arbitrations with the Province of Quebec, which was read the first time.

THE FRENCH DECORATIONS.

Quite a Breeze in the Chamber Over the Wilson Scandal.

A Paris cable says: In the Chamber of Deputies M. Paul de Cassagnac asked leave to interpellate the Government in relation to the Legion of Honor decoration scandals.

M. Fallieres, Minister of Justice, expressed his willingness, and also agreed to an immediate debate on the interpellation.

M. de Launay, in a speech, declared that the chief culprit in the scandals had not yet been reached.

In the course of the debate M. de Cassagnac declared that justice had not been allowed to take its course, but had been paralyzed by political intervention. The Government, he said, ought to produce all the evidence in its possession.

M. Floquet, President of the Chamber, protested against the disclosure of judicial documents.

M. de Cassagnac called upon M. Floquet not to interfere in the debate.

M. Floquet advised M. de Cassagnac not to use a threatening tone, which, he said, frightened nobody. This advice occasioned applause.

M. de Cassagnac rejoined, "such language is only fit for a pot-house."

M. Floquet said that the Chamber would judge of the language of those calling themselves gentlemen.

M. de Cassagnac afterwards alluding to M. Floquet's cry in the presence of the Czar, "Vive Pologne,"

M. Floquet exclaimed: "Your patriotism is on a level with your politeness."

Continuing the debate, M. de Launay charged M. Fallieres with opposing the arrest of the guilty parties.

M. Fallieres justified the conduct of the Government. He declared that the attacks upon the Procurer-General were wanton calumny. The Procurer-General had never suppressed any document connected with the case. The object of the interpellation, he declared, was to exercise pressure upon the magistrates. He believed that whatever the decision of the examining judge in M. Wilson's case might be, it would be taken in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. (Applause.)

The order of the day was then adopted by a vote of 305 to 175.

H. H. Singleton, a blind man who lives near Toccoa, Ga., is able to tell the denomination of a banknote or check by feeling it, and can count money almost as rapidly as a bank clerk.

Mrs. Margaret Arnold of New Holland, O., who will be 111 years of age on the 4th of next July, is an inveterate smoker, having used the pipe since her girlhood.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into the language of the Fantis, Upper Guinea.

REEFT BY MONSTER SHARKS.

The Terrible Experience of a Shipwrecked Crew—Graphic Story of the Two Survivors of the Twenty-eight Persons Aboard the Alfred Watts—Three of Their Companions Drowned Before Their Eyes—Thrilling Incident in the Loss of a Schooner.

(New York World.)

The loss of the Alfred Watts has been briefly alluded to, but the particulars of the wreck and of the awful struggle for life of the seamen who escaped immediate drowning were brought to this city yesterday by Capt. Young, of the Lizzie Perry. The Alfred Watts, of this port, a ship of 1,955 tons, sailed from Philadelphia for Hiogo, Japan, Oct. 11th last. The crew and passengers numbered 28. Everything went smoothly until the vessel reached the vicinity of the Bahamas. There a hurricane overtook the ill-fated ship. The vessel was thrown on her beam ends, and an overwhelming wave broke over the half-wrecked ship, and swept every man over the side into the boiling ocean. A portion of the forecastle was also carried into the sea, and to this piece of wreckage six of the men managed to attach themselves. It barely afforded them a hold. The ship had not sunk, but floated, a water-logged hulk, some distance to windward. While the storm lasted it was hopeless to make any effort to regain the vessel, and all through the weary hours of darkness the mariners hugged the piece of wreckage, and waited and prayed for dawn. Morning came at last. The sea calmed down, but the water-logged vessel, which the survivors desired to reach, was still at a distance that, without oars or sail, they could hardly expect to traverse. From the floating wreckage they gathered in a few pieces of woodwork, and with these rude oars toiled towards the hulk, where food and water at least might be found. But their progress was slow; the hot sun beat down upon their unprotected heads, and they knew too well that an enemy more cruel than the storm was beneath the surface of the ocean. The waters swarmed with sharks. Without water or food the hardy sailors bent their energies to propelling their unwieldy raft. For thirty-six hours they toiled. Then the mind of one of them, a fine young fellow, the son of the owner of the vessel, gave way under the hardships of the situation. He thought in his delirium that he saw land, and, turning to his comrades, he cried out, in glad tones, that he meant to walk to shore. He plunged into the water. For some distance he swam, probably in the direction of the mirage which his distraught fancy conjured up. Then, with a shriek, he suddenly sunk, evidently dragged down by a shark. The remaining men, horror-stricken by the scene, toiled on with the energy of desperation. When within 200 yards of the ship one of the men took the end of a line between his teeth and leaped into the sea. He had almost reached the vessel when his comrades, who were anxiously watching him, heard a piercing cry of horror and despair, and the swimmer threw up his arms and disappeared, another victim of the wolves of the ocean. The fearful fate of his two companions did not deter another sailor from attempting to get a line aboard the wreck. He, too, attempted to reach the ship by swimming and was dragged down by sharks when he had gone but a few yards. Then a wave, swelling over the raft, swept another man whom despair and privation had rendered too weak to maintain his hold. But two now remained. They were named Linn and Mangus. Night again overtook them, with only a few boards between them and the shark-infested waters. Their little craft, relieved from the weight of the four lost men, was easier to handle, and they toiled on under the starlight in the direction of the vessel. Another sunrise found them on board the water-logged ship. The decks were submerged, only a few feet of the bow being above water. Having reached this point the two survivors sunk, utterly exhausted, into a deep sleep. When they awoke they found that the rigging had parted during their unconsciousness; that most of the spars had gone overboard, and the ship was again on a level keel. The two wooden tanks under the head of the forecastle were full of fresh water, with which they refreshed themselves. They also found a box of codfish, and for eighteen days they lived on codfish and water. About this time the cargo, broken up by the working of the sea in the water-logged hull, began to float out of the hold, and the men were able to secure a diversity of food. On Nov. 20th, the British bark, Lizzie Perry, Capt. Young, rescued the two seamen from the hulk, and on Dec. 11th, the Lizzie Perry was wrecked at the Barbados, but all got safely ashore. The two rescued men sailed from Barbados in the brig Mary Bartlett, for Cienfuegos, and are now on their way to this city, having left Cienfuegos Jan. 9th. A noteworthy incident in this connection is that two sailors, who had learned the story of Linn and Magnus, went to England by the mail steamship and represented themselves as the survivors of the Alfred Watts. Before being detected in the deception they aroused much profitable sympathy.

The Unionists and Parliament.

A London cable says: Lord Hartington has issued a circular to the dissident members of the House of Commons, saying that important business will require their presence immediately upon the opening of Parliament. A Cabinet Council will be held on Friday for the purpose of moulding the statements to be made in the Speech from the Throne. The Ministerial circle is confident that the reference to the foreign situation will be optimistic in tone. The Speech will congratulate Parliament upon the improved condition of Ireland, upon the general revival in trade and upon the hopeful prospects for the national finances. A group of ultra-Radical members of Parliament is communicating with the Parnellite members with the object of concerting obstructive tactics during the coming session. A large contingent of Parnellites will join the group, refusing to adhere to the Gladstone-Parnell policy of non-obstruction.

Sympathizing friend (to widow whose husband was blown to pieces by nitroglycerine)—In what part of the oil country did your husband die, Mrs. Driller? Widow (sadly)—Poor John died pretty much all over it.—*Life.*

PRESENTS FOR THE POPE.

Over Twenty Million Dollars Sent from Catholics to the Head of their Church.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIALS.

A correspondent at Rome has furnished an interesting description of the gifts to Pope Leo, on the occasion of his jubilee. He says the gifts have come in so rapidly that two additions have already been made to the building in which they are to be exposed. So far seven thousand cases of articles have been handled, and the end is not yet. Up to January 13th presents to the value of $10,000,000 have passed through the hands of the Vatican inspectors. Even that sum has been exceeded in money, the Spanish Catholics of South America sending in coin $800,000. Ireland has been likewise generous in that respect. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, brought from his diocese $20,000 and the Bishop of Clonfert $4,000.

The United States has outstripped every other country in cash donations, the archdiocese of New York forwarding by itself $45,000. The exact sum of the whole monied gift cannot be ascertained, all the contributions not being yet in hand. This manner of testifying to Pope Leo the fealty of the Catholics of the United States was strongly recommended by the American bishops, who gave their attention to it principally, though many exquisite presents from their dioceses will be received. It has won the admiration of the Pope, who is more pleased with it than that of any other country, since it furnishes him with ready means to spread the Catholic Church through Europe and parts of the Far East, enterprises for which he has thrown his heartiest energies.

In proportion to the number of Catholics in the various countries, Belgium and Hungary have sent the most gifts. Everything used in the Catholic service is there in profusion.

SCIENCE VERSUS RELIGION.

A remarkable production is in bronze from the College of the Propaganda, portraying human science in a seven-headed hydra as the enemy of religion combatted by the Catholic Church, emblemized in a lion stamping on the serpent with one fore paw and protecting with the other encyclical letters of Pope Leo. In the background are two figures—St. Thomas Aquinas, with finger pointed to the contest, and St. Francis Assisi on his knees praying.

Among the French gifts are a statue of the Virgin protecting an orphan, censers, rings, cruets, croziers and altar lamps, all of gold, and an ostensorium with twenty-four diamonds, each as large as a five cent piece, around the circular opening through which the host is exposed at benedictions; vestments, relic cases of gold, oil paintings of saints, and wax candles; a mat of peacock feathers, with a wing of every bird found in France; the skin of a horse, with the head attached, and a buffalo robe, having furried on it a large Papal coat of arms, as well as a large cathedral organ, rolls of lace, cases of vestments in one alone of which there were seventy chasubles, with cassocks, surplices, albs and copes to match; Sevres vases, woollen and worsted goods, Chinese silk banners and a case of gold articles. Again occur the innumerable assortments of every kind belonging to priest, bishop, cardinal, Pope and Church. Germany, a canopied altar, covered entirely save the main slab of stone on which the chalice rests, with tapestry scenes of the life of the Saviour, from His birth to His crucifixion. Immediately in front of it is a case that cannot be surpassed in design and massiveness by any other in the exposition. It contains seventy chalices, twenty-five ciboriums, five ostensoriums, six censers and seventy potens, all solid gold. On either side of this are two receptacles laden with similar golden articles. A model of the Strasburg clock has been donated by that diocese. Fine cloths, shelved in a glass frame, are the gifts of the Crown Prince of Germany. Snuff boxes, in number sixty, form an interesting collection. They are gorgeous things in silver and gold, the lids of many literally hidden beneath diamonds.

The Irish Catholics, besides their heavy money contributions, are represented by rolls of Irish lace, cases of vestments, golden altar vessels and ornaments in abundance and the finest exhibition of porcelain in the exposition. Patriotism and religion have been prettily blended by them in this portion of their offerings, as instanced in a beautiful oval mirror, framed in the ware and surmounted by the tiara and keys of Peter. At the base is the harp of Erin resting on a bed of shamrocks.

Many of the tributes from Ireland remain unpacked.

A GHASTLY EXHIBIT.

The most realistic exhibit in all the buildings is a wax cast of the face of a dead religieuse. It is in a box on a pedestal in an angle formed by two walls close to the main exit and is so located that a stream of light extends to it diagonally from a side window opposite. The parted lips showing the teeth, the ashy paleness overspreading the features and the half closed eyes, glassy, staring, are ghastly. A visitor wants to hurry past this gift.

Outside the gifts of the sovereigns of the world and Italian nobility the two greatest in the exposition are an altar costing $16,000 presented by the committees of the different countries in Europe represented in the management, and a cabinet containing from the slightest to the most important articles used by priest, bishop, cardinal or Pope in the exercise of his sacerdotal functions, and a full set of altar candelabra, every piece solid gold, elegantly chased, costing in all $16,000 likewise, and intended for service on the altar. The international offering is Gothic-Italian, of the thirteenth century, and contains relics from every Catholic diocese in existence, there being three thousand in the aggregate. Paintings of the Madonna and Child, Mary and the Sacred Heart, occupy the centre and sides above the tabernacle. By means of a secreted knob, which is pulled, the pictures drop from sight, as does also the altar front below the marble stone, and the relics in silver cases are seen.

In the Sheriff Court of Edinburgh, on the 17th ult., in connection with the sequestration of Paterson, Cameron & Co., S. S. C., it was stated that the deficiency on the estate was likely to amount to £50,000.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES IN ONTARIO

Provisions for the Protection of Insurers.

IMPORTANT REGULATIONS PROPOSED

Penalties for Doctored Reports and Evasions of Contract.

The Bill respecting friendly societies prepared by Mr. J. Howard Hunter, Inspector of Insurance, has been distributed to members of the Legislature. The following is a summary of its provisions:

All societies not being within the intent of the Ontario Insurance Act, 1887, which undertake for valuable consideration to enter into contracts of the nature of life, accident, casualty, disability, sickness or mortuary insurance or benefits come within its operation. Fraternal societies and secret societies are brought within the scope of the Act equally with all other associations undertaking insurance. But any society undertaking contracts of insurance or property real or personal for a gross sum exceeding $2,000, or any contract of endowment or tontine insurance or annuity upon life is deemed an insurance company under the Ontario Insurance Act, and may not be registered under the Bill.

Any joint stock society, or a society which belongs to any private proprietary, or which has less than fifty members in good standing, or is conducted as a trading or mercantile venture, or the funds of which are held other than as trust funds, are also held to come under the Ontario Insurance Act.

No society within the Bill shall be required or allowed to make any deposit with the Provincial Treasurer, and the Registrar's initial or renewal certificate of registration shall in no sense be held to vouch for the financial basis or condition of any society registered.

The Lieut.-Governor-in-Council may appoint the Inspector of Insurance or other persons to be Registrar of friendly societies.

Every friendly society undertaking contracts within the intent of the Act must make application for registry by June 30th after the Act takes effect, and shall file a statement of the society's Act of Incorporation, the rules governing the society's contracts, the last annual balance sheet and any other information the Registrar shall require.

If the society is found entitled to registry the registrar, by the 1st of September next, shall issue to the society the certificate of registration.

No society shall be registered under a name identical with that under which any other existing society is registered, and no registered society shall change its name without the consent of the Lieut.-Governor in Council.

Where the registrar is in doubt as to whether a society is entitled to registry, the question shall be determined by the Attorney-General, whose judgment shall be final, unless varied by Order in Council.

When any society is found entitled to registry the registrar shall issue an "initial certificate," and if not suspended this shall be valid until the ensuing 30th of June, when, if the society has filed the proper return, it will be granted a "renewal certificate," and so on for every succeeding 30th of June.

If it is established that a certificate of registry has been obtained by fraud or mistake, or that a society exists for an illegal purpose, or has ceased to exist, the registry may, by Order in Council, be suspended or cancelled.

There shall be published in the Ontario *Gazette*, in February and July of each year, a list of such societies as are in good standing under the Act.

After the 1st day of September, after the passing of the Act it shall be unlawful for any unregistered society subject to the provisions of the Act to carry on business.

A society whose registry has been suspended or cancelled shall cease to undertake contracts, but without prejudice to any liability actually incurred by the society.

The penalty for contravention by any society or any officer of any society subject to the Act will be $200.

Every society must have an annual audit by two auditors who shall not be officers of the society and shall furnish to each member a statement showing the result of the audit.

If it is established that the accounts of any society have been wilfully falsified or that for eighteen months there has been no audit, or if there is filed a requisition signed by 25 members of a society or claimants under contracts of the society, the Provincial Treasurer shall nominate a competent accountant, who shall make a special audit of the society's books and accounts.

Any director, officer or employee of a society who misrepresents its financial condition shall on conviction be imprisoned in the Central Prison or any common jail of the Province for a period not exceeding three months.

If the report of a special auditor shows fraudulent or illegal acts on the part of a society, the society shall be allowed two weeks to file a statement in reply, and both report and statement shall be laid before the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, who may continue, suspend or cancel the registry of the society.

A copy of the rules of a society shall be delivered to every person on demand on tender of 15 cents.

Every instrument of contract must show complete terms, and no term or condition not set forth shall be admitted in evidence to the prejudice of the beneficiary or of his representatives.

The liabilities of any member of a society under his contract shall at any date be limited to the assessments of which, at that date, notice has been given by the society.

By paying these assessments and giving notice of withdrawal he shall be released from all further liability under his contract.

The rules or by laws of an unregistered society not set forth in the instrument of contract shall not be valid in favor of the society unless they are held by the courts to be just and reasonable.

No forfeiture shall be incurred by any person insured by reason of default until at least thirty days after he has been notified of the amount he is owing, and instructed that his benefit will be forfeited if not paid within the time specified.

The conditions of forfeiture must be such as the courts hold to be just and reasonable.

Where the amount payable becomes a matter of dispute it shall be assumed that the beneficiary is entitled to the maximum amount stated in the contract and it shall lie on the society to prove the contrary and no stipulation as to the proceeds of fees, subscriptions or assessment, or as to the state of any fund, shall affect this understanding.

Every claim against a society shall become legally payable on the expiration of sixty days after the time mentioned in the contract for it to accrue, and if not paid within the next sixty days the society shall be liable to have its registry suspended.

The registrar shall have access to the books of any society, and may give a claimant an order to inspect where inspection may be necessary to establish his claim.

The Act to secure to wives and children the benefit of life insurance shall apply to all contracts made by societies registered under the Act.

There shall not be paid on the death of a child under 5 years of age any sum of money which, added to the amount payable by any other society, exceeds $30, or on the death of a child under 10 years of age more than $50, and all such payments shall be made to the parents of the child or the personal representative of the parent.

Every society, on the first day of January or within one month thereafter, must supply a statement of its financial condition and affairs, to be filed in the office of the registrar and must make prompt and explicit answers to inquiries or become liable to suspension or cancellation of registry.

Towards defraying the costs of the office of the registrar the following fees will be exacted: For initial certificate of registration, $5; for renewal certificate, $2; for renewal certificate after suspension of registry, $5.

Struck the Wrong Man.

Bunko Sharp—I can't be mistaken. Isn't this my father's old friend, Jeremiah Giddings, of Cooperstown?

Mr. Giddings—Yon an't Silas Guppy's boy Bill, are ye?

Bunko Sharp—Why, of course I am; don't you know me?

Mr. Giddings—I've kinder forgot your face, Bill, but I an't forgot that milk bill you owed me when you skipped taown. Three sixty and int'rest it wuz. Sholl out.—*Judge.*

Roses Pluck—But Not a Thorn.

What is life? It is a garden,
Where are weeds and fragrant flowers,
Briers, brambles, spreading shade trees
Glaring heat and cooling bowers.
One will find serenest pleasures
Where another will but mourn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

If you look for joy and gladness,
They will come at your command.
If you seek for woe and sorrow,
They will be on either hand.
Many a thorn, or blooming flower,
Will annoy you, or adorn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

Crabbed, cross, despondent, gloomy,
Heavy-hearted, you complain;
Joyous, cheery, gleesome, smiling,
You feel nought of grief or pain.
Glowing sunlight, midnight darkness,
Cheers, or leaves you sad and lorn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

Whatsoe'er you choose to gather,
Care or comfort, peace or strife,
Such will be the good or evil
You will scatter through your life.
Seek to find the good and pleasant,
Of the slightest evil scorn;
Life is truly what you make it—
Roses pluck—but not a thorn.

Together.

We two in the fever and fervor and glow
Of life's high tide have rejoiced together,
We have looked out over the glittering snow,
And knew that we were dwelling in summer weather.
For the seasons are made by the heart, I hold,
And not by outdoor heat or cold.

We two in the shadows of pain and woe,
Have journeyed together in dim dark places,
Where black-robed sorrow walked to and fro,
And fear and trouble with phantom faces
Peered out upon us and froze our blood,
Though June's fair roses were all in bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights,
We have battled in tears, we have sunned in laughter,
We have known all sorrows and all delights—
They never could keep us apart hereafter.
Wherever your spirit was sent I know
I would defy earth—or heaven—to go

If they took my soul into paradise
And told me I must be content without you,
I would weary them so with my lonesome cries,
And the ceaseless questions I asked about you—
They would open the gates and set me free,
Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CANADIAN CUSTOMS DECISIONS.

How the Taxes on Various Articles are Collected.

The following decisions have been made by the Dominion Board of Customs at Ottawa during the month of January: Artotype, 20 per cent.; Alhambra colored cotton quilts, 25; bagatelle balls, 35; billiard balls, papier mache, 35; billiard balls bone or ivory, 30; billiard balls, celluloid, 20; counterpanes or quilts with woven colored border, 25; carpenters' tool baskets, 10 cents each and 30 per cent.; composition buttons, 25; cocoanut pudding preparation, a mixture of cocoanut, rice, tapioca, etc., 8 cents per pound; cuticura resolvent in dry powder, 25; coppered iron or steel wire, 15 gauge or coarser, 30; copper sheets or plates half inch thick, free; corn flour not capable of being used as starch without further change, 20; the *Dental Journal*, an illustrated advertising periodical, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent.; earthenware door knobs, 35; electric light apparatus, such as lamps, carbons, etc., that cannot be used for any other purpose, 25; fire brick for gas work furnaces, free; fruit tree seedling, grafted, are to be rated according to their kind under tariff items 473 to 479; gluten flour and special diabetic food, 20; hats or caps, linen or cotton, 35; harness for cotton looms, manufactures of twine, 25; homœopathic alcohol, $1.75 per proof gallon; homœopathic tinctures, $2 per Imperial gallon and 30 per cent.; Lessive Phœnix washing preparation, 3c per lb.; lap dusters of cotton, woven colored border, but not embriodered, 25; lap dusters, linen, plain, 25; patterns of iron and brass, 30; plant bed muslin, low grade unbleached cotton, 1 cent per square yard and 15 per cent.; raw hide pickers for cotton looms, 20; sapolio, 3 cents per lb.; sugar discs and globules, 1½ cents per pound and 35 per cent; sugar of milk, 20; sugar of milk tablets, 20; Sappota gum, 20; steel discs for harrow, 35; travellers' official guide, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent.; wheat meal as wheat flour, 50 cents per barrel; waggon and cart bushes, 35; watch keys, steel or brass, 30; Yuggy's anatomical study, 6 cents per pound and 20 per cent.

Husbands as Nuisances.

Sometimes the effect of marriage is to transform a male exquisite into a sloven, especially if the cares of poverty and an increasing family rest upon his shoulders; or it may be that he is by nature slovenly and easily relapses into that ideal destroying condition when the vanities of youth cease to act as a spur. Husbands of this kind commonly let their beards grow, neglect to polish the heels of their boots, and develop an irritating tendency to affect rubbers in all weathers. Their hats, if not actually shabby, are usually antiquated and their trousers being worn too short invariably bag most ugly at the knees They wear long overcoats, and either carry no umbrellas (caring nothing for their dingy old clothes) or umbrellas of prodigious circumference, of cheap material, and warranted to turn inside out every time the wind happens to catch them right.

These men, if living out of town, are almost sure to hatch a fondness for poultry and to spend their Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings pottering about henroops and watching the strut of their favorite roosters. They care nothing for society, not much for the opera or the play, and are alarmingly prone to fall asleep over their newspapers in the evening. They usually prefer a pipe to a cigar, and they are mighty consumers of beer. Even to such base uses may the married man descend.—*Herald of Health.*

—He—"Max O'Rell says that wealth is a destroyer of wit, but Max must be wrong." She—"Why so?" He—"Your father is worth a million, isn't he? Did you ever know anybody not to laugh at his jokes?"

—Judge—"What is your name?" Witness—"Matilda Flanders." Judge—Where do you live?" Witness—"See here, jedge, I ain't here to be insulted. I had that air masher run in for axin' me that wery same question."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The man with a magic lantern cannot be expected to hold your opinion. He may have other views of his own.

HER FIRST MARKETING.

Extraordinary Experience of an Aesthetic Housekeeper.

She was a graduate of Girton College, England, and when she married Julius Augustus Smythe was very much like another young lady who has been embalmed in song:

Miss Pallas Andora Von Blarky,
Who didn't know chicken from turkey,
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

However, she told Julius Augustus that she was a good housekeeper because her mother and grandmother were, and it ran in the family. So, on the strength of this, he went into housekeeping. She bought a sweet little morocco-covered note book, and carried a gold pencil, wore an æsthetic morning costume and appeared like a vision of delight before the magnates of the cleaver at the Central Market.

"Oh, the dear, sweet, cunning little pigs," she exclaimed, stopping at an aldermanic stand where several little roasters were on exhibition. "I'll take a couple of those. How much are they a pair?"

"A sovereign for two," was the realistic answer.

"Isn't that rather high? I guess I'll take a yard of beefsteak instead, and some—Oh, yes—some sweetbreads. Julius said he wanted some; nice fresh ones, please, with plenty of raisins in them."

Then she stepped over to the poultry stall.

"Have you any chickens?" she asked of the woman in attendance.

"Heaps of them," was the reply.

"How much do they cost a heap?" she asked in a rather faint voice.

"Two shillings apiece mem."

"Well, send up a piece to my residence," and she turned to the next stall and picked up some little packages that looked very nice. "What is this sweet stuff that smells so lovely?" she asked of a red-headed boy behind the table.

"Limburger, Miss, and it's just splendid; tastes ever so much better than it smells—have one?"

She took one, and then asked the boy where they sold their quail on toast.

"Ain't any in the market," answered the young reprobate. "Mother's gone after a load, though, and we'll send you some as soon as they're in."

"What are these lovely navy-blue berries?" she inquired. "They will just match my china. You may send me a bushel."

Finally she decided to try a quart, which she carried herself in the artistic basket.

"Have you any hen fruit?" she asked sweetly of an old fellow in a white apron.

He scratched his ear with a pencil for a moment. "Mebbe you mean eggs," he volunteered.

These she also took charge of, as she wanted to make an omelet for Julius Augustus.

But she never did; or rather when she got home the omelet was made within a liberal admixture of blackberries, and the front of her æsthetic dress was ruined. Added to this was an odor which sent Julius into spasms and frightened the cat to death. The Limburger had melted.

The Girton girl did justice to the high Spanish and Greek in the explanation that followed, and the next day they burned the morocco notebook and went to boarding.—*London News.*

Commerce of the Congo.

The fact that fifteen or twenty-five steamers a month are now arriving at the mouth of the Congo illustrates the growth of commerce in that region since Stanley showed the importance of the great river. One ocean steamer has already ascended the river to Boma, fifty miles from the sea, and the best channels are being marked by buoys, so that deep draught vessels may safely navigate the lower river. Little hotels for the entertainment of travellers have been built at Banana and Boma. One reason why the whites on the lower river enjoy far better health than formerly is said to be because they have discarded canned meats, and now raise their own beef. Cattle thrive finely at Boma, and it takes a steer every three days to feed the whites who are now living at that station.—*New York Sun.*

Calling for the Doctor.

A physician in extensive practice was lately asked: "What proportion should you say of those people who send a servant flying to your office with 'Come right away!' or make the telephone jingle with 'Come as quick as you can' are suffering chiefly from fear and imagination?" The learned medicine man replied: "Well, I might safely put it at two-thirds. When I arrive the mere announcement that it is nothing serious allays the fear. While I am writing the prescription and chatting pleasantly on some other topic the last stage of convalescence has been nearly reached, and when I say, in an assuring tone, 'Take this and you will be all right in the morning,' the case is settled."

Intuition, Not Conscience.

"Did you never think," asked the chaplain, "did there never come to you a conviction, in your sinful life of robbery, that you were doing wrong?" "Often there did, boss," replied the burglar—half-pay, retired—"many a time it has flashed on me that I was in the nursery, where the first flash of the bull's eye would waken half a dozen howling kids, when I ought to be in the old man's bed-room a-skinin' his trousers and goin' through the wardrobe and bureau drawers regular. Oh, yes, I've often felt as I was doin' wrong. But"—apologetically—"that was when I was a green hand at the business, don't you know."—*Burdette.*

A Legal Technicality.

A French provincial lawyer recently died. In his will he directed that an annuity of $400 a year be paid to the servant who should "close his eyes." When this clause was read the servant who performed this office jumped with joy; but his delight was speedily dampened by the nephew and heir of the dead man, who reminded the servant that his master had only one eye. And the servant actually failed to get his legacy on this absurd technicality.—*N.Y. Times.*

—Some days ago Mr. P. C. Morden, of Rockview, Beverly, whilst in his bush preparing wood, froze both feet so seriously that the doctor says he will have to remain indoors for a couple of months.

LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

Why Chamberlain Lingers After His Mission Has Failed.

When Joseph Chamberlain first came to Washington it was thought his social campaign would amount to more than his diplomatic mission. The fisheries negotiations have practically failed, but the Britisher's admiration for the daughter of a Cabinet officer is one of the current rumors. Mr. Chamberlain appears to be "having a very good time," and is not in any hurry to close the negotiations. He is either the guest or the host at a dinner nearly every night. Theatre parties are frequently given in his honor, and at the balls he is among the most active dancers. His attentions to the young woman referred to have been so marked as to cause comment. The rumor is of course denied by her friends, but there is a certain amount of basis for it. Mr. Chamberlain has been twice left a widower. Although about 50 years of age, he does not look more than 30, and shows the enthusiasm of a boy without sacrifice of dignity. When he came to the United States his attention to the many pretty young women he met were impartial. He for a time made his compliments to them all in such a way that no one could flatter herself that she monopolized his admiration. Of late, however, he has not been so impartial, and this has given rise to the latest story. The young woman, whose friends deny there is anything in it, is a brunette, tall and stately, and noted for her simplicity in matters of dress. She is good looking, but by no means the handsomest girl in official life at the capital. The best blood of New England courses in her veins, and she has all the Boston culture without its affectation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Very Natural Mistake.

Herr Klimper is a very stout man weighing upwards of 200lbs. He is a professor of music, and gives lessons on the piano. He is also somewhat of an inebriate. He recently moved into rooms in the fifth story of a Harlem apartment house. He celebrated his moving into new quarters by getting drunk. He came home about 12 o'clock, and the fact that it took him three-quarters of an hour to ascend the stairs to his rooms proves that he must have been having a very nice time of it with his boon companions.

Next morning two old ladies living on the floor below conversed about the new tenant.

"Have you seen the new tenant, Herr Klimper?"

"No, I've not seen him, but it is very inconsiderate in him to have his piano brought up into his room at 12 o'clock at night, disturbing the boarders. It must be an awful big piano by the trouble they had with it."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Canal in the Ear.

They had had several lessons on the ear and had been so thoroughly drilled on the names and uses of all its parts that when some visitors dropped in the teacher was glad it happened to be the hour for this class to recite. After asking several questions and receiving prompt and correct answers, she said: What is the name of the canal in the ear?"

The children hesitated a moment, and then one of them spoke up, loud and plain: The E-rie canal."

A Linguistic Blizzard.

Of all the beastly, outrageous, disgusting, unnatural, degenerate, deformed, ill-gotten, misconceived, unlawful, illegitimate, diabolical, hypochondriacal, incongruous, erratical, nonsensical, heterogenous, heteroclitical, dough-headed, brain-spavined, idiotic, snidish, incomprehensible conglomeration of typographical bulls ever perpetrated upon an innocent and unoffending public the indescribable mass appearing in the Boise City *Republican* of a recent date takes the cake.—*Malad Idaho Enterprise*

Never Waver.

American papers feebly opine that the late blizzards in the Western States came from Manitoba. Says one:

"If Britannia rules the waves, why does she not, in the name of humanity, keep the Manitoba article on her own territory?"

Britannia waives all claim to have anything to do with such waves as have been troubling Dakota.—*Ottawa Journal.*

Oh, So Sorry.

We sympathize with the people of Minnesota and Dakota; we are sincerely sorry for them in their grievous losses, but if some of them feel lively enough, after what has happened, to try to saddle their blizzard on Manitoba's shoulders, we feel quite equal to the task of summarily removing it and placing it where it belongs.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

Nothing to Bother About.

Miss Clara (to Featherly, who is making an evening call)—Poor little Bobby swallowed a penny to-day, and we've all been so much worried about it.

Featherly (somewhat at a loss for words of encouragement)—Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara; a penny is not much.

Precaution Against Blizzards.

"Mamma" said a little Dakota boy, as he came into the parlor, "where is papa?"

"He is crawling up the chimney, dear, to see what kind of a day it is."—*Epoch.*

A DILEMMA.

'Tis winter, my daughter, the coal's going fast—
I really can't tell where it goes to;
The period for trifling, it seems to me's past—
You could marry next week if you chose to.
And this is leap year, dear, and youth cannot last,
An offer make one of your beaux to.
"Oh, pa! I've so many," the maid cried aghast,
"I cannot tell which to propose to."

—*Boston Courier.*

—Annie Rahl, the 13-year-old incendiary who burnt down Mr. Levi Shantz's barn in Woolwich, has been sentenced to one year in the Mercer Reformatory.

—A man in Brantford township gets his living by trapping skunks. During the season of 1886-87 he caught 208 skunks, for the skins of which he receives from 50 cents to $1.50.

—Miss Elation—Congratulate me, Marie, Mr. B—— has just asked me to be his wife, and I have assented. Miss Acidity—Poor girl; he asked me the same question last evening and I gave him a decided negative.

DIVINES DISAGREE.

A Discussion Not Decided by Prayer—Intolerance of Opinion.

The following is an extract from a late New York *Tribune* editorial: "There is, perhaps, no mental vice so common as intolerance of opinion. Even such as think they have emancipated themselves from the clinging defect find it hard to acknowledge frankly to themselves that the opinion of some one else upon a matter they have studied may very well be as deserving of respect as their own, if it differs radically from their own. If we could all get rid of this 'last infirmity,' not only of 'noble minds,' but of nearly all human minds, how much less friction there would be in life, how much less bitterness and heartburning and envy and all uncharitableness."

In an adjoining column of the same paper was found the following peculiar commentary on the editorial:

"The bitterness of the controversy in the American Board over the question of probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded and earnest foreign missionaries who attended the sessions of the Board, one of whom said he had always thought such questions were decided by prayer. But if the debate was not altogether Christian in spirit, it was strictly parliamentary. The brethren didn't forget to put a copy of Cushing's Manual in their valise along with their Bible, and apparently some of them consulted it oftener than the Bible."

Is it a fact that there is but little toleration in this country, and less than in others?

"Comparisons are odorous," said Mrs. Malaprop. Perhaps we have been claiming too much for this free nation.

We must admit that in the professions there is yet much of the old time prejudice against new ideas. Preachers preach the old doctrines and doctors prescribe the old medicines. Bitter controversies arise when anything new is proposed.

But the march of progress is not stayed. Men are travelling heavenward under new creeds and being cured by new medicines.

Much the same state of facts seems to exist in other countries.

When Dr. Robson, a leading physician of London, formerly of the Royal Navy, proclaimed that Warner's safe cure was a specific in kidney derangements, the hidebound school to which he belonged threatened to debar him from practice, if he did not recant. But he replied that his statement was based on such evidence that he could not recant.

Since then, Dr. Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health," a recognized English authority, announces in his magazine that "Warner's safe cure is of a perfectly safe character and perfectly reliable." Many English physicians are now prescribing it.

The "schools" in this country still bar all proprietary medicines. But Dr. Gunn, Dean of a New York Medical College, long since published "Warner's safe cure is a very valuable remedy;" and he says he knows that many physicians prescribe it, though not by name.

Good things in creed or practice are not to be cried down by the old fogies simply because they are new. The spirit of toleration thrives on opposition.

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a tune no voice can teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands go every year untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

No Use to Him.

Book Agent (to one of the "several times" a millionaire lumber "Barons" of Michigan)—Let me show you, sir, the "New American Encyclopædia"—

Lumber—No; never mind. I am very busy to-day.

Agent—But it will surely require little time to examine—

Lumber—No, no; I tell you I am very busy! And if I weren't I couldn't ride one of the infernal things any way.

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge, old-fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

Following History.

Mr. Moxey is giving a masquerade party, and is found by Mrs. Moxey in the wine-cellar during the height of the festivities.

Mrs. Moxey—Nathan, this is abominable! Nice looking Charles the First you are! Aren't you?

Mr. Moxey—S-sh! Thish rep'sents way he looked after the executionsh!

Do Not Forget It.

It is a fact that NERVILINE cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nerviline contains the best, most powerful and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia, colic, in fact all pain, internal, external and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug store and get a trial bottle. It will cost you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles only 25 cents.

The Cumbrae Collegiate building and Cathedral of Argyle and the Isles have, it is said, been finally closed, and their connection with the Episcopal Church in Scotland has now ceased.

Australia now exports oranges to England.

—It is as dangerous to interfere between a philanthropist and his philanthropy as between a dog and its bone.

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates must be free from nervous debility and female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harmonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women it is unequaled.

A Definition.

Clara (who is charming)—Charley, dear, what is an agnostic?

Charley (who is clever)—He is a fellow who pretends he can know nothing and thinks he knows it all.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hawking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HARVEY, the famous mesmerist, of Plymouth, N. H., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable. I was, I must die. My case was such a bad one that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my cough was terrible. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2002 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runnels P. O., Columbus Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty.

Merchants. Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

DCNL. 7 88.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

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Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

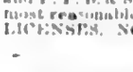

DENTISTRY.
Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

GET YOUR MEAT
—FROM—
Petch & Mitchell,
GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!
☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

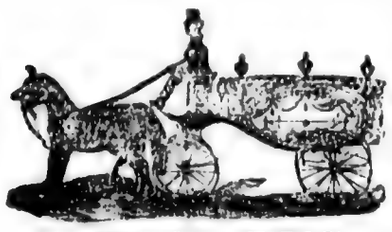

J. W. BATES,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.
FLESHERTON ONT.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

The Landlady of the Temperance Hotel Makes her Debut.

On Thursday afternoon last, Mrs. Robinson, of the Temperance Hotel, Flesherton Station, appeared before Squires Armstrong and Richardson in the Division Court Clerk's office here, to answer to a couple of charges preferred against her by License Inspector Campbell.

The first charge was for keeping liquor on the premises contrary to law. The License Inspector being duly sworn, testified that he had found liquor on the premises. A brown jug, containing one gallon of whiskey, was found in the landlady's bedroom. Jug produced. Their worships sniffed at the opening, after the cork had been withdrawn, then touched their respective tongues to the bottom of the cork itself. It was whiskey. Mrs. Robinson frankly admitted the correctness of their surmises herself, but said she got it for the sole use of her family. She had always kept a little drop around the house, but only for medicine. Was not aware that this was contrary to law, until now, when the certainty of a heavy fine made her painfully cognizant of the fact. She did not keep whiskey for sale. Declined to be sworn, but made a statement, which was committed to writing. Said she got the whiskey on the very day the Inspector visited her. Got it in a liquor store, but declined to say whose or where. Fined $20 and costs.

Charge number two: selling liquor without a license. Dates specified, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3rd and 4th. J. H. Campaigne, blacksmith, Flesherton Station, being sworn, testified that he was in the bar-room of the Temperance Hotel on Friday. Was there on business with his cousin, Sam Campaigne. Drank nothing whatever. Did not drink cider. Did not bring a bottle of anything away with him. Was in the same hotel Saturday evening. Sam Campaigne and my blacksmith were there also. I treated. Did not drink cider. Did not ask for anything in particular; merely asked for something to drink. It was stronger than water. Enough of it might make a man intoxicated. Do not know whether it was whiskey or not. Positively could not say whether it was whiskey, but it was certainly stronger than water—that's enough, now! Did not pay for the drinks. Offered to pay, but it was not accepted. One of the others treated but that was all the treating there was done. Did not see any money paid. Miss Robinson attended bar. Did not see the landlady. Only stayed a short time, but could not say how long or when I came in or when I went away—that's enough now! [Witness seemed considerably irritated by the sharp cross questioning, and frequently exclaimed "that's enough now!"]

The case was postponed until this afternoon, in order to procure additional evidence. Particulars next week.

FLESHERTON STATION.

Interesting Items Collected for The Advance.

By an Occasional Correspondent.

Mr. McGinnis, the new hotel-keeper here, is becoming quite a popular host.

A Literary Society was formed here recently, and on Tuesday evening of last week the members thereof indulged in an exciting and interesting debate. Subject: Which would be the most beneficial to the early settler, the ox or the horse?

Mr. Purdy, post-master here, is able to move around again.

The Durham stage-driver has put in an appearance here every day this winter, notwithstanding inclement weather.

Campaigne has rented his blacksmith shop to G. McKelvanie.

P. Harrington is the new night operator in the C. P. R. office here.

W. A. Parker was visiting friends in Priceville a few days last week.

Miss Sarah Hogg has been visiting friends at Eugenia.

Mrs. J. Phillips—formerly of the Station and now of Bolton—has been very ill but is now recovering.

W. J. Wadsworth and family removed to Toronto last Thursday.

Donald McPherson has returned from Michigan.

The landlady of the temperance hotel here has got into trouble with License Inspector Campbell, who had her before the magistrates last Thursday on two charges of (1) keeping liquor on her premises and (2) selling the same contrary to law. Fined $20 and costs on the first charge; hearing of second postponed one week.

ANTI-TOBACCO LEAGUE.

Contributed for The Advance by The Fighting Editor.

Anti-Tobacco League nuthin! That is what I say. What's the *Herald's* spar kickin' at anyway? Seems to hev a hobby fur startin' up a lot of societies, sich as wild injun redmen etcetery, to keep track of which is enough to knock the cogs of a fellow's brains out of gear. Humph! strikes me I'll hev to git another club and load it with dynamite, so's that every time I strike anybody there'll be an explosion, likewise a funeral—and I'll provide the corpse. Its fairly aggerwatin'. Here the spring's comin' on, too, and I'll be awfully busy with them sky-larkin' tom tooters of Spring Poets. Why in thunder can't the *Herald* bottle up his old Anti-Tobacco Leaguers for a few months and give me and the boss a show. They'll keep.

The other day—Friday I think it wuz in comes the boss (I mean the Editor) with a lot of letters and papers. In course he reads the letters first. He read two or three of 'em, and then picked up one that didn't 'pear to hev anything in it but the envelope. "Hallo!" says he, "what's this?" A little slip of printed matter dropped out. He took it up and read as follows:—

"He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven."—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

"Here, bub," says he, addressin' me (he's blamed familiar with me, that's a fact) "you can just count me out of that League. Write what you like for THE ADVANCE next week, but you must express your own sentiments, my boy." As if I'd bother my head with other people's foolishness. I've quite enough to do to attend to my own, thank you.

But this Anti-Tobacco League is a great racket and no mistake. Our devil says he'll raise the mischefs own racket if he should ever chance to run up against the man that wrote that piece in the Herald about him. The day the article was read to him, he fired a lot of type into the Gehenna box and swore he would have revenge if he had to pawn every hair on his head. I told him he'd better size up his man first—that's the way I always do. Once a man called me a cussed blue shark of a liar in a somewhat unfriendly manner, and put a stick on his shoulder and dared me to knock it off or be called "cowardly custard." He was about 70 lbs. heavier than me, so I just turned on my heel and treated him with silent contempt. Next day a little chap, who looked like a walking stick, said I was a prevaricator. The undertaker and tombstone man got a job, "in course." Always size your man up.

But dropping Spring Poets and coming back to this tobacco business, I am of the opinion that a great deal could be said on both sides. There's the man that would like to smoke but can't he is a Leaguer. There's the man that never smoked—he's a Leaguer. Ther's the man whose better half is such in reality—he's a Leaguer and no mistake about it; if he weren't, he might as well have the bell tolled for his funeral right away. There's the youth that's courtin a nice young lady over the way, who strongly objects to smoking—he's a Leaguer. There's the man to whom smoking is positively injurious—he's a Leaguer. Then there's the man to whom smoking has always been a pleasant and harmless pastime, but who, in a moment of enthusiasm or impulse, gives it up—he's a Leaguer—*never!*

Ahem! P'raps now I have said enough about Anti-Tobacco Leaguers. Nevertheless I could say much more, and if I can only get a quiet evening to myself before the crop of Spring Poets are ripe, I'll let people know a thing or two about this tobacco business that'll knock 'em cold with surprise. I will and no mistake.

G·R·I·P
CANADA'S COMIC PAPER.
J. W. BENGOUGH, Artist and Editor.
ISSUED WEEKLY.
$2 a Year; $1 for 6 Months.

GRIP is increasing in influence and popularity every year! It is a supreme household favorite, while every Politician and Professional and Business Man enjoys the clever hits which appear in every issue. **Subscribe now!**

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GRIP PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

CLIMO & CO.

Are preparing to open out a New Stock of Goods in Wm. Wright's Store.

Everybody will be Welcomed.

BOOTS & SHOES!

—*I have a Full Supply of all Lines of*—

WINTER GOODS!

RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, FELT BOOTS AND FELT STOCKINGS SELLING CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - Flesherton.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT
is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 348. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, PROPRIETOR.

1st

Clearing ❋ Sale!

$1,100

In Fine Goods to select from. Must be reduced to $1,000 if possible by March 1st. The sale will be "genuine" and carried out on the following basis: One-Fifth of all grades Watches and Clocks, ⅓ of Silverware, Hollow and Flat, ⅓ of Chains, Jewelery, Pins, Buttons, Spex and Rings, 18 k., plain excepted. Unchanged prices in plain figures. If you ever intend investing in any of above mentioned goods, this opportunity to get them near *cost*, at *cost* and *below cost* is the best ever given in this section. No foolish blowing. Adjectives very small. By calling you will find prices so low as to lead you to buy. TERMS CASH. Warrants as usual, signed W. A. Brown. My watch work gives satisfaction.

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN.

Markdale, Ont.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Davidson's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of his old customers and as many new ones. Have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb 17th, 1888. WALTER BOOTH.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Mr. Jos. Dinwoody, of Stayner, is home on a visit.

Miss B. Hurd, of Thornbury, is visiting friends in Flesherton.

Mr. W. A. Brown, jeweller of Markdale, was in Flesherton last Thursday.

W. & J. Anderson, of Orange Valley, Artemesia, have a number of good Cows and a fine Mare for sale.

A gentleman was in Flesherton last week endeavoring to get a water-power for the purpose of establishing an oatmeal mill. We have not heard whether he succeeded or not.

Dr. Sproule, M. P. for East Grey, was in Flesherton last Thursday. Dominion parliament commences business to-day, and the Doctor left for Ottawa early in the week.

The second case against Mrs. Robinson of the Flesherton Station temperance hotel will come up for hearing this afternoon in Squire Armstrong's office, having been again postponed.

A new bekery has been started in Flesherton, under the proprietorship and management of Mr. James Kester. He has secured the services of an experienced Baker and solicits public patronage. See bills for particulars.

A meeting of the ratepayers of School Section No. 5 (Flesherton) will be held in the schoolhouse on Saturday next (25th inst.) at 3 o'clock p. m. sharp, to submit statement of Building Account and take into consideration the issue of additional debentures.

Mr. W. A. Milburne, late carriage manufacturer here, purposes embarking in the cheese factory business at Desboro the coming spring. We wish him all manner of success, and can assure the farmers around Desboro, that in Mr. Milburn they will find a straightforward, wide-awake and honest business man, as well as an excellent citizen.

The following question and answer, which we clip from the Montreal *Witness* of the 8th inst., will probably be an eye-opener for some of the legal luminaries around here, who severely criticised an answer given by us to a similar question.

"F. R., Newton Brook, Ont.—Q. A draws a note payable to the order of B. B sells the note to a party unknown. Will A have to trace the note, or will it have to be presented for payment? Ans. Neither. A may pay the note at the place at which it was made payable.

The Missionary services in the Methodist church here Sunday evening last were of an unusually interesting character. The pulpit was filled by one of the bright and shining lights of Canadian Methodism, in the person of the venerable Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Guelph. A large congregation assembled to hear this gifted preacher, and although the sermon lasted over an hour and a quarter, the Dr's powerful and, at times, thrilling exposition of Gospel truths maintained an unbated interest throughout; rather, should we say, the interest increased as the words of life and light flowed in gracefully rounded periods from the lips of the speaker. The text was Psalms 67th, 18th, "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea *for* the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell *among them*." At the close, a special collection was taken up and subscriptions in aid of the missionary fund solicited. We might add, that the services of the evening were prefaced by a few earnest and practical words by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., who also read brief extracts from the Missionary Report.

Miss Alice Leitch has gone to Toronto, where she will remain until the opening of the Millinery season.

The sad news was recently received here from England of the death of a brother of Messrs M. and W. Richardson of this place.

Mrs. Jas. Hales, of Quebec city, is visiting friends in Flesherton and neighborhood. Her husband is an employee in the historical old citadel and a brother of Mr. John Hales of this town.

Those owing THE ADVANCE office for entertainment bills, &c., are respectfully asked to remit the several amounts to us this week. We do not wish to transfer such accounts to the ledger.

Mr. Wm. Paton, the well known and enterprising Proton farmer, has purchased a splendid imported Clydesdale stallion from Mr. Richard Leech the celebrated Minto importer of thorough-bred stock. Mr. Paton deserves credit for this great stroke of enterprise.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as are known to be worthy of confidence. It has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine ever used for throat and lung diseases.

Mr. J. W. Henderson the popular Inspector of the N. of S. M. Co., Toronto, was in town last week.

Messrs. Barnhouse, Gordon and Blair represented Fountain Council, R. T., at the Grand Lodge meeting held in Toronto last week.

Mr. Wm. Wright of this place has been seriously ill for some time back. We hope soon to see him restored to his accustomed good health.

Mr. J. W. Bates and Mr. S. Dennison attended the Grand Lodge meeting of the A. O. U. W., held in Hamilton last week, as representatives of Flesherton lodge.

Auction sale of farm stock and implements at Lots 146, 147, 1st West T. & S. R., Artemesia—adjoining Flesherton—on Monday, March 5th, cattle fair day, commencing at one o'clock p. m. Without reserve as owner has quit farming. See bills for particulars. Ward Harrison, proprietor; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer.

Everybody needs a spring medicine, by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla the blood is thoroughly cleansed and invigorated, the appetite stimulated, and the system prepared to resist the diseases peculiar to the summer months. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take no other.

Rev. Mr. Biggins, of Markdale, exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Shilton, on Sunday morning last, and preached a sermon here which will not soon be forgotten. The text was Gal. 6c., 14v., "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." We sincerely regret that our space is so much taken up with other matter this week. Otherwise it would have given us unbounded pleasure to have presented an outline of the sermon for the benefit of those who did not hear Rev. Mr. Biggins singularly beautiful and practical discourse upon that never tiresome theme, "The story of the cross." It bristled with brilliant gems of thought, wrapped in charming poetic imagery; but through all and above all shone the old old story of the cross, which can never die of age, and whose brightness and purity have not been dimmed by the lapse of centuries.

A PERSON unable to sleep in bed, unable to work, unable to take ordinary exercise from the effects of Asthma, until using Southern Asthma Cure. A sample package relieved, three packages permanently cured.

STOCK TAKING SALE!

Great Sweeping Reductions

AT

J. RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

We have decided to go out of the Fancy Goods business and for the future handle only

Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spex &c.,

—— SO WE WILL SELL FOR THE ——

NEXT SIXTY DAYS

our whole stock of Berlin and Zephor Wools at 8c. per oz., worth 12½; Filoselle 5c. a knot worth 10c.; Arras to at 10c. now worth 15c.; Chenille at 8c. yard worth 15c. Fancy Plush Goods &c. all below cost as we are bound to clear them out. Macrame Cord all colors at 10c. ball or 3 for 25c. We will also clear out our entire line of PIPES at away below cost. Your choice of 1 Lot of Pipes worth from 50 to 85c. for 25c.; your choice of Pipes worth 30 to 50c. for 20c.; your choice of Pipes worth 20 to 30c for 10c. A lot of PURSES ranging in price from 35 to 85c. your choice for 25c. We have also decided to clear out our stock of Brooches, Earrings, Cuff-Buttons. Your choice of 1 lot of fine Brooches valued from 25 to 40c. at 15c.; your choice of another lot valued from 40 to 60c. at 25c.; another lot valued from 60c. to $1.00 at 50c. Earrings and Cuff-Buttons at the same terrific Reductions.

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EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF THE SEA

Terrible Cruelties Alleged to Have Taken Place on Board a Canadian Vessel—Five Seamen Maltreated to Death and Then Thrown to the Sharks.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The *Record* has the following account of the voyage of the ship Macedon from Philadelphia to Hiogo, in which it is shown by the finding of a court of inquiry that the crew were subjected to the most cruel treatment. The Macedon left this port on May 19th, 1887, in command of J. W. Jones, master, and after a voyage of 218 days, reached her destination on December 22nd, with her crew reduced in number by death and disease, and the survivors half dazed from the brutal treatment to which they had been subjected at the hands of the ship's officers. The crew were all shipped at Philadelphia. Five unfortunates succumbed to their tortures and were thrown overboard to be devoured by a school of sharks that followed in the wake of the ship. The list of the dead included Alvin Chapel and Angelo Bianchi. On the arrival of the Macedon at Hiogo, out of a total surviving complement of seventeen persons on board thirteen were suffering from scurvy, only the master, mate, cook and steward having been exempted from the symptoms of that dreaded disease.

Charges of gross tyranny were formulated at Hiogo against Clarence N. Cox, the mate, and C. F. Beveridge, the boatswain, and a naval court, with James Troup, British Consul, as President, was organized to investigate the complaints which had been entered by the surviving members of the crew. Of the five men who died at sea, the evidence showed that Edward Grant's death occurred on September 25th, 1887, of scurvy, after having been the victim of a wanton act of cruelty on the part of the mate. Eight days before his death Grant was tied up to the mast by Cox, and was kept at work until the morning of the day before he died. John Miller was lost overboard on October 1st, and the master allowed the man to sink without making any effort to rescue him. On November 19th, while suffering from scurvy, James Armstrong was sent aloft on the mizzen-mast by the boatswain to scrape the mast—a task that was not of an urgent nature. While performing this duty Armstrong fell to the deck and died of his injuries. Alvin Chapel and Angelo Bianchi died of scurvy, the former on December 13th and the latter six days after. For Bianchi was reserved the most shocking acts of cruelty, he having been dragged along the deck on several occasions by Cox and Beveridge while in a dying condition. The outbreak of scurvy was shown to be due to a gross violation of the English statutes requiring the use of lemon juice, and to a deficiency in the quantity of other anti-scorbutics in the food supplied for so long a voyage.

The mate and boatswain were held to answer before the British Consul at Japan for their gross ill-usage of three of the dead men, Grant, Bianchi and Armstrong. In the treatment of the survivors of the crew by Cox and Beveridge the court found nothing to justify a charge of gross tyranny, though the accused men "had been on occasions unjustifiably harsh." The master and his officers were all reprimanded for cruel treatment, and were required to pay the statutory fines for failing to serve out the anti-scorbutics regularly, and for non-entry in the official log of the ship's crew. During the voyage one of the steward's feet was bitten off by a shark when the ship was thrown on her beam ends by a sudden squall.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: The brutality on board the St. John ship Macedon, as telegraphed from Philadelphia, is believed here to be exaggerated. Wm. Shannon & Co., the owners, say it cannot be true. Capt. Jones belongs to Digby, N. S., and is a brother of the member of the Dominion Commons from that county. He bears an excellent character. In a letter to the owners, Captain Jones says that although the officers were sick they had to go aloft with the crew who were able to move along in order to work the ship into port. It was a case of life or death for the whole ship's crew, and every man able to help at all had to lend a hand. The first mate, and it is believed the captain, have been detained at Hiogo as witnesses. The ship has sailed for Hoilo.

FATAL BLOW UP.

Explosion of Two Tons of Powder—Four Men Instantly Killed—Several Buildings Destroyed—Other Two Workmen Blown to Atoms.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: A violent explosion occurred at Dupont's powder works at Wap Wallopen, in which four men were instantly killed and several injured, but none of them fatally. The new Methodist church at Wap Wallopen, which was dedicated last week and stood 300 feet from the scene of the explosion, was completely wrecked. There was about two tons of powder in the building when the explosion occurred. Kishbough, one of the men who was killed, had recently lost his wife and leaves six children. Rassan leaves a wife and five children. The other two men were single. There is no trace of the packing-house left—not even the foundation remains. Rocks weighing ten pounds and more were blown to the top of the mountain, a quarter of a mile away. Dupont's loss and the loss on some thirty other buildings cannot be estimated at present. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Big Clothing House Fails.

A Montreal despatch says: The large wholesale house of Wm. Ewan & Co. has just suspended payment with liabilities of about $100,000. The firm was until about ten years ago under the name of Muir, Ewan & Co., when Muir retired from the business. He went into the coal trade in which he has been engaged ever since. Ewan has continued the clothing business along with his son.

Many of the marine underwriters in San Francisco have given up the British barque Glenavon as lost. She was last spoken October 28th, off the Falkland Islands.

Reports from Tiffin, Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, Ohio, say an earthquake shock startled the inhabitants shortly before 10 o'clock yesterday morning. No damage done.

NO BUTTONS IN THEIRS.

The Strange Eccentricities of a New Religious Sect.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A PREACHER.

A Goshen, Ind., despatch says: An eccentric religious people known as the Amish sect are attracting much attention here. Just now the most conspicuous personage in this remarkable company is John Kaufman, their new preacher, who suddenly graduated the other day from a farm hand to a full-fledged minister of the Amish gospel. One day while at work he fell in a swoon, and when he recovered he announced that the Holy Ghost had taken full and complete possession of him, and he refused to work any more, but has since been giving his whole time to preaching.

Every Saturday afternoon an odd procession of these peculiar people march through the streets of Goshen. It is made up of men dressed in somber black with broad-brimmed hats and long, untrimmed hair and beards, and women in quaint old Dutch caps. Their settlement is just outside the town of Goshen, and they are a plain, economical and apparently perfectly sincere people. They put every cent they can save into land, which they are steadily improving. They have foresworn the use of buttons and hence are called the "hooks and eyes."

Kaufman, who is spoken of above, was reared in the faith, and from earliest infancy his mind seems to have been a jumble of texts and scriptural stories. They live in simple style, yet so far as their table affords they enjoy the fat of the land. They have no social relations with any outsiders, and their sentiments on this subject were well illustrated when one of the girls, who had been "working out" at a neighboring family, was taken by her employer to a writing school. She took the first prize. When her father was informed that his daughter had thus been permitted to indulge in the frivolities of the world he was greatly grieved. He advised seriously with the brethren, all of whom prayed over the wayward girl, and finally forgave her on the destruction of the trophy, with the assurance that she should never have another opportunity to commit so appalling a crime.

Elder Miller says that the sect was founded by Jacob Amen, a Swiss, who lived in the sixteenth century. In principle they are Mennonites, the denomination founded by Menno Simonis, which rejects infant baptism, refuses to take oaths and declines military service. But the Amish sect separated from the Mennonites on the question of buttons. They found no authority for the use of buttons, and so adopted hooks and eyes.

At a meeting of the sect held in the cottage parlor of one of their number, Kaufman, the new minister of Amish faith, gave an exhibition of his supposed spiritual power. He sat a few moments silently on a stool in the centre of a group. Suddenly he rose to his feet with a shrill cry, waved his arms, shrieked a jumble of German phrases and swung his arms about like a windmill. After a time he spoke in English and more calmly. After talking for three hours he threw up both arms, exclaiming, "Father, I give thee back thy spirit," and fell upon the floor. Four elders gathered him up and carried him to bed.

HEROIC MRS. AMMON.

The Cleveland Woman Who Wouldn't Tell Her Secret still in Jail.

A Cleveland, O., despatch says: Probate Judge Tilden, who has been in office for thirty years, has stepped down and out and his successor duly installed. This change of judges is of special importance to Mrs. Josephine Ammon, who has been a prisoner in the County Jail for over a month. Mrs. Ammon is a wealthy lady living on Euclid avenue, and because she would not disclose the whereabouts of a young girl named Josie Blann, who is heir to part of an estate worth about $100,000, she was placed in jail. The guardian of the girl, it is alleged, wants the mental condition of his ward passed upon, he claiming that she is not capable of taking care of her property. Mrs. Ammon is not related to the girl, but takes a charitable interest in her, and is bound to see that she has fair play. Proceedings were begun about January 1st to bring matters to a crisis, but the girl could not be found, having hied herself away to await a more convenient time. Mrs. Ammon refused to tell where she was, and consequently was placed in jail until such time as she made up her mind to reveal her secret. Mrs. Ammon claimed that Judge Tilden was prejudiced against the girl, and said she would remain in jail until his term expired. The new Judge says Josie Blann must be produced in order that he may decide the matter at issue. There the case rests at present, but it is expected that a crisis will be reached shortly. Mrs. Ammon furnished her cell in the jail to suit her own taste, and seems to think that she has made a heroine of herself. She believes in woman's rights, and is a strong advocate of female suffrage.

An Antediluvian Relic.

An Ottawa telegram says: The fossil remains of a harp seal (Phoca Greenlandica) have been unearthed in a clay pit at Hull. Whilst digging in a clay basin 25 feet from the surface, a quantity of bones were struck, which at first were thought to be human. When they were examined by an anatomist, however, it was readily seen that they were those of a harp seal, thousands of which are killed annually on the shores of Greenland. Although the bones must have lain where they were found thousands of years, they were yet well preserved, having become petrified. The clay in which these remains were found belongs to the "Leda Clay" formation, and are of marine origin. In the museum of the Geological Survey there is a skeleton of a specimen found by Sir William Logan at Montreal. This new find is the most perfect found in the Ottawa Valley. Sir James Grant years ago got a specimen which had been discovered at Green's Creek.

The best judges of live beef cattle do not always know the quality of meat by either appearance or touch. Not one of the carcass awards at the recent Chicago fat stock show went to an animal that took a prize when alive.

A DREAD DISCOVERY.

A Lover Finds His Betrothed Cold in Death—A Rival Arrested for the Crime.

A last (Wednesday) night's Lacrosse, Wis., despatch says: Anna Daniels was to have been married this week to a young man who lives a few miles south of this city. When her lover came to see her last Thursday morning he found the door of her room locked. He went into the street and saw that a light was burning dimly in the girl's apartment. The young man then re-entered the house and forced open the door. Lying upon the floor near the threshold was his sweetheart. Her long hair was upon her shoulders and breast, and her arms were outstretched She was only partially dressed. Beside the body were four tallow candles. A tiny flame burned in the centre of each, and the space between the carpet and the fire was scarcely the thickness of a lozenger. Kerosene oil had been sprinkled over the carpet and upon the clothes of the dead girl. In half an hour the candle flames would have eaten to the oil and burned the body. The policemen could find no marks of violence on the body of the girl, nor were there signs of suffering in her face. Albert Kennett, a beardless youth, had been seen in her company for ten days or more. They were out riding together on Sunday, January 29th. On Monday Kennett told the colored janitress she need not clean Anna's room as Anna was going away to remain several weeks. Kennett was seen going to the girl's rooms many times after that, but the last time Anna was seen was Sunday afternoon, when she went out riding. Last Wednesday night Kennett left on the 6 o'clock train for Cincinnati. At the *post mortem* examination it was discovered that the girl had been killed by chloroform and that Kennett had made frequent purchases of this drug at the drug store on the plea that the drug was for his father. One theory advanced is that the boy, becoming jealous of his rival, deliberately killed the girl as she lay asleep in bed and then sought to remove all evidence of his crime by means of fire. The alleged murderer was captured and brought to this city yesterday.

MAJOR TEMPLAR ARRESTED

Because He Divulged Secrets Regarding Balloon Construction

A London cablegram says: Major Templar, of the 7th Rifles, and one of the chiefs of the balloon department of the army, who was arrested at Chatham on Saturday for divulging army secrets, will shortly be tried by court martial. The offence of the major consisted in his imparting to a member of a Birmingham firm secrets upon which rested the success of the military ballooning system, the most important of which was the method of inflating and the manner of transporting gas for that purpose. The gas receptacles, whose peculiarities of construction Templar explained to the Birmingham man, consist of steel cubes of complicated make, which are filled with gas and carried upon waggons or otherwise during a march, and may be attached to a balloon and discharged within a surprisingly brief space of time. Major Templar accompanied Commoner Powell when the latter was drowned in the English Channel from the balloon Saracen four years ago. The balloon landed near a high cliff, and had its occupants kept their seat in the car all would have been saved. Templar and another of the party of three lost their heads and jumped out. The balloon, relieved of their weight, rose and Powell was carried out to sea and drowned. The affair, which created a tremendous sensation at the time, is recalled by Templar's arrest. Major Templar was in command of the balloon party in the Soudan campaign. The Birmingham manufacturers to whom Major Templar divulged the information constructed a similar apparatus from the plans furnished and sold it to the Italian Government for use in the expedition against King John of Abyssinia, and the excellence of the balloon service at Massowah, which received universal compliment, was due to the Birmingham firm immediately and to Major Templar primarily.

SHE BEAT THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Died at the Age of 40, After Having Been Married Seven Times.

A Reading, Pa., despatch says: Rev. T. N. Reber to-day officiated at the funeral of Mrs. John Gruber, aged 40 years, who died at Macmigle flats. The burial took place at Salisbury Church, and a large crowd attended from the fact that the woman in her short life had been married to seven different husbands. She was the daughter of the late Daniel Heimbach and very good looking. At the age of 16 she married an old man, and they soon separated. The second marriage was equally unsuccessful. The next four marriages were happy, but the husbands died. The seventh marriage was with John Gruber, thirty years older than herself, but this proved also happy. They had one son, who survives. With her last husband she lived nine years. At the church to day many persons were referred to St. Luke xx. 29-36, concerning the seven brothers who married the same wife. Deceased was a highly respectable woman, and through her varied matrimonial experiences always preserved a good reputation. She died of consumption, and was sick but a short time.

Bill Arp on the Rod.

There is a power of original sin and acquired cussedness in some boys and nothing but corporal punishment will bring it out. It is like measles; if it strikes in and stays there the boy is ruined. Better bring it to the surface by a little gentle irritation of the cuticle, and thereby save the boy's life. As a general rule, parents are perfectly willing for other people's children to be whipped. You never hear a schoolboy say that the teacher did wrong in whipping some other boy. Teachers and preachers are the preservers of the public morals. It takes both to keep the world out of jail, and I am on their side always and everywhere. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

The ambition to have a swell funeral and the boss monument of the country actuated Mrs. Ramsdell, of Rochester, N.Y., to make a will devoting her entire estate of $120,000 to these uses. She did manage to save out a carpet and a stove for a daughter and $500 for a grandson.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

TORONTO,—The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Cruess asked whether it is the intention of the Government to place in the estimates of the present session a sum of money to purchase grass seed for distribution, or otherwise, for the purpose of seeding the burned lands in the northern townships.

Hon. A. M. Ross said representations had been made to the Government last summer that immediate relief would be necessary to prevent great suffering. An officer of the Crown Lands Department had been sent to examine into the facts and report. The report showed that there would not be any immediate suffering inquiring Government relief. It had been represented that great benefit would arise to the people if the Government would furnish seed for seeding down the burned lands, on the assumption that it might prevent the spread of fires. But those experienced in such matters were not of that opinion. Therefore no action in the direction suggested was taken. The Government was informed that application of a similar character was made to some of the Councils of the district, but the response was not favorable.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) moved that a select committee be appointed to consider and report as to the efficiency of existing legislation for the formation and carrying on of the operations of companies for the manufacture of cheese and butter. And also to consider and report upon the best means to be adopted to secure the delivery by the patrons of such companies of pure and unadulterated milk. Said committee to be composed as follows: Messrs. Awrey, Ballantyne, Drury, Bishop, Clancy, Dryden, Fell, Graham, Hammell, Miller, Blezard, Waters, McKay, Lees and the mover. He said he had intended to introduce a Bill for the further protection of cheese and butter factories, but he had received letters proposing so many amendments to the Bill that he had decided to place the matter in the form of a motion. In 1887 there were in Ontario 800 cheese factories with 43 000 patrons, and 270,000 cows, yielding 650,000,000 pounds of milk, which was made into 66,500,000 pounds of cheese, bringing in the market $7,000,000. Great Britain imported in 1883 8,000,000 pounds of butter from Canada, but from other countries she imported 253,000,000 pounds of butter. Canada, however, supplied Great Britain with 60,000,000 pounds of cheese as against 143,000,000 pounds of cheese sent from all other countries. He attributed these results to the high quality of Canadian cheese, as compared with the cheese of other countries, and to the fact that Canadian butter had not reached the same high standard. He regretted to learn that the practice of adulterating milk was increasing all over the country. But owing to difficulties connected with incorporation, these factory associations had great difficulty in prosecuting those who adulterated milk.

Hon. A. M. Ross said that the House would agree with Mr. Wood as to the importance of this subject. The Government would cheerfully accede to the motion.

Mr. Ballantyne said he had been connected with this industry since its introduction, both in manufacturing and dealing, and might be supposed to know something about cheese manufacturing. Milk, as was well known, was the most sensitive article known, and it was necessary that all possible should be done to secure a supply of pure, unadulterated milk. It was true, as was said, that the product had improved, but simultaneously with this improvement had arisen worse than carelessness on the part of those supplying the milk. To meet this and secure good milk, the association with which he was connected, the Western Dairyman's Association, had adopted a special system. Dividing their territory into districts, they had appointed inspectors, the best men whose services were available, to visit the factories, and not only give instruction to the cheesemaker, but also to make suggestions as to the buildings and implements and to inspect the milk brought in, using the best instruments procurable to test it in every way. Mr. Robinson, Professor of Agriculture, was a sort of court of appeal in these matters. The Western Dairymen's Association was the first, so far as he knew, to adopt this system. The result had been eminently satisfactory, securing for the factories a better class of milk than ever before. He agreed heartily with what had been said as to dairying being the most important branch of farming in the present day, and Ontario was specially adapted for it. Nothing would do more to improve the position of the farmer than to promote this great industry. He cordially supported the resolution. (Loud cheers)

The motion was carried.

Mr. Waters, moving the Bill to amend the Ditches and Watercourses Act, explained that the measure was intended to make applicable to railway lands and the roadbed of railways the provisions of the Ditches and Watercourses Act. At present there was machinery for putting public drains through these lands, but not those drains constructed under the Ditches and Watercourses Act. The interests of the farmers were most important, and there was nothing more necessary to the farm than good under drainage and surface drainage. But, with railways running through every part of the Province, the lands could not be properly drained unless the means were given of making drains through their lands and under their tracks. The measure he proposed, he contended, was on the whole just, though he desired a full discussion and the amendment of such features as might be found undesirable. If Ontario was to maintain her proud position as an exporting Province, anything which would interfere with the proper drainage of the land should be avoided. It might be said that the Province had not the necessary authority over these roads. But let the Legislature assume that it had that power and act upon it. Certainly it had the power to tax them. And if the measure were disallowed it was one that would be worth contending for. Let them appeal against the veto if it were vetoed. The farmers of this Province would not be content to remain much longer in the position of being prevented by these railways from draining contiguous lands.

Hon. Mr. Hardy said this was an important matter and one to which the hon. member had given much attention. There were difficulties in the way of carrying out the measure. It might be that railway companies and railway engineers had taken an exaggerated view of these difficulties. However, they not only pointed out that there would be great expense, but contended that there was danger of causing such injuries to the roads as would lead to serious disasters. The Commissioner of Crown Lands, who was Chairman of the Railway Committee, was influenced in his views by these representations. But the mover of the Bill had given great attention to the subject and pointed out how these questions were met in various States of the Union. He (Mr. Hardy) thought it would be well to have the Bill go to the Municipal Committee, where railway engineers and others interested might be heard and any suggestions made for amendments in the Bill.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Ballantyne, rising to a question of privilege, called attention to the report made by a morning paper of his remarks on the motion of the member for Hastings (Mr. Wood) regarding the cheese and butter industry. He (Mr. Ballantyne) was represented as saying that at the factory in a German settlement 70 per cent. of the milk sent in was found to be adulterated. He did not mention nor did he refer to a German settlement. In the district he referred to he doubted that there was a single German contributing milk to the factory. He had the management of two factories in a German district and he believed there was no place in the world where purer milk was supplied.

Mr. Creighton and Mr. French then introduced Mr. Whitney, the newly-elected member for Dundas, who took his seat amidst the cheers of his friends.

The following private Bills were presented and read the first time.

Respecting the incorporation of the village of East Toronto—Mr. Smith.

To enable the Orphans' Home in Ottawa to borrow money—Mr. Bronson.

To consolidate the debenture debt and extend the limits of the village of London West—Mr. Tooley.

Mr. Ingram presented a Bill to amend the Act respecting the payment of witnesses for the Crown, which was read the first time.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) presented a Bill respecting the payment of grist millers for grinding, which was read the first time.

The House adjourned at 3.50 o'clock.

Excuses Given by Singers.

Do I think there are many such fraudulent excuses? Yes, lots of them. What is more, many a minor performer bears the brunt of a hitch or failure to shield the leading performers. It is an old saying that a bad workman blames his tools. It is a good deal that way with singers and musical performers. I remember a case in point when the great Nilsson was the real culprit. She sang here just before the great fire in a concert of which I was the director. A flutist had to play an obligato accompaniment to an aria which Nilsson was to sing. With characteristic egotism she refused to attend the rehearsal. At the performance she sang in an entirely different key to that which the flutist had practiced. There could be but one result, and that a failure. Nilsson threw down her book in a fret at the feet of the terrified flutist, who was pulled over the coals and roundly condemned by the audience. Poor fellow, he was not to blame; it was Nilsson's fault. A few days later she was to take part in the production of "The Messiah." I told Max Strakosch, the impresario, that I should insist on Nilsson's presence at the rehearsal or not be responsible for a break in the performance. In this case she came like a lady, and everything went off smoothly. It requires a good deal of tact to get along with such people. Some prime donne are the embodiment of gentleness and courtesy so long as you stroke them the right way. When you stroke them the wrong way the fire flies.—*Chicago Times.*

A Psychological Puzzle.

There are very many things in nature which nobody's philosophy has dreamed of yet. We are very far from a solution of all the riddles that turn up now and then to puzzle us. What is the secret bond between twins which makes one suffer from the pain the other feels, however distant? That this is some degree is true there are numerous instances. Here is one from Tiffin, O.:

"Charles Foncannon, aged 25, got his arm in a planer at the churn factory, and it was ground to pulp to the elbow. At the exact time this happened, 2.45 p. m., his twin sister, living over a mile away, suddenly cried out in great agony, saying that there was a fearful pain in her arm. She suffered so in a few minutes that a physician was sent for, and soon after he arrived three other physicians arrived, bringing her brother, whose arm they proceeded to amputate at once. When his sister had first been taken with the pain she had cried out, 'Oh, Charley is hurt!'

"While the arm of her brother was being amputated the sister, who was kept in another part of the house and did not know what was going on, suffered terribly and screamed with agony. It was necessary to give her an injection of morphine in the arm to quiet her. Since then, whenever the brother is unusually restless or suffers much, the sister suffers in a similar degree."

Somewhat Chilly.

"It's pretty cold out in Nebraska, isn't it?" asked a New Yorker of a Western man.

"Yes, right chilly at times."

"How low does the thermometer get?"

"I don't know anything about the thermometer, but it's got to be so cold that my wife puts on gloves to wash the dishes."

He was talking to a Kentucky audience on the subject of the tariff. Said he, "Take whiskey, for instance," when every man in the audience arose with the remark, "Thank you; don't care if I do," and the lecturer had to stand treat or die.

The proprietor and editor of a paper in Blakely, Ga., blacklisted himself by the following card: "On and after date, the undersigned gives notice that he will prosecute any person selling him intoxicating liquor of any kind, to the full extent of the law. This is not for the purpose of injuring whiskey dealers, but to get sober and stay so."

CURRENT TOPICS.

LITTLE MAMIE WILSON, the 11-year-old cherub who deliberately set fire to the New York Hospital for Crippled Children four times in succession the last week, has a round, plump face, large blue eyes and golden hair, and was the pet of the whole establishment. All of which goes to show that you mustn't place too much confidence in outward appearances.

THE late William Crackanthorpe, of Westmoreland, England, was an old chum of Lord Brougham, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Herschell, Lyell, Davy, Murchison, Sydney Smith and Mrs. Somerville. Wordsworth was his cousin. In company with Lord Bute he crossed in 1815 from Livorno to Elba and had an interview with Napoleon Bonaparte the day before he made his escape back to France.

THE Empress of Austria, alarmed at her increasing embonpoint, has taken the advice of her physicians to go in for plenty of exercise. Any day may be witnessed at the Castle of Godolo a sight, awe-inspiring or comical, according to the opinions of the spectators, of a stout, elderly Empress fencing with a demure young archducess, Marie Valerie by name. A dozen years ago the Empress was able to belt herself with one of her august husband's collars—a No. 17.

OWING to the alarming frequency of attacks of robbers upon mail trains on sparsely settled routes in the Far West and the almost constant peril in which the lives of postal employees are placed by these marauders, the United States Post-Office Department has determined to arm, at the expense of the Government, every postal employee on these exposed railroad routes with weapons of the latest and most effective kind. It is a wonder that this precaution has not been taken long ere now.

Printers' Circular: Some advertisers feel that the publisher of a newspaper is under an obligation for their patronage, and, if offended, threaten to withdraw it. Newspaper men should omit no opportunity that offers itself to teach their patrons that they confer greater obligations than they receive. No man advertises unless he expects to receive more benefit than the worth of the money that he pays. The publisher is under no more obligation to his advertiser than the doctor is to his patient, or the lawyer to his client. The business transacted is for mutual benefit.

THE approach of St. Valentine's Day has led in Washington to a disgraceful piece of impudence on the part of a firm which publishes cheap prints. A design composed of two large hearts, with a picture of President Cleveland in one and of Mrs. Cleveland in the other, has been issued with the gushing legend printed underneath, "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Mrs. Cleveland was much annoyed at this impertinent production, and certain misguided friends attempted to buy up the pictures. The publishers, however, not understanding the true cause of the rapid sale, have dumped a second and larger lot on the market.

During the discussion of two papers dealing with artificial lighting, read at the recent meeting of the American Gas Light Association, Dr. Morton, the well-known physicist, drew attention to a point apt to be overlooked in these days of electric and incandescent gas lighting, viz., the importance of a thoroughly diffused light, if injury to the eye is to be avoided. He said that diffused lighting, emanating from not too brilliant sources, is better in every way than that which, though equal in absolute quantity, proceeds from intensely bright points; and he referred to the paralysing effect and ultimate injury to the eye produced by frequent exhibitions of powerful naked lights of any kind. All lights of great brilliancy should be placed above the ordinary line of vision, and suitably shaded.

GENERAL TCHEN-KI-TONG, the military attache to the Chinese Embassy in Paris, has written to M. Franck, Professor of the Academy of Sciences, to thank him for making him a member of the French Anti-Atheist League. He takes advantage of the occasion to enlighten Europeans on an interesting point of Chinese theology. The general says it is not true, as the materialists declare, that the Chinese are atheists. On the contrary, they recognize and proclaim the existence of God. He protests against the attempt made to prove that Confucius was a materialist. He says that God and heaven are synonymous terms among the Celestials. Moreover, as further proof of their belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, he informs us that the word atheist does not exist in the Chinese language, and that the Emperor of China is regarded by his subjects as the representative of the Divinity.

A LITTLE northeast of India is Kafiristan, whose lovely valleys are densely populated by tribes that are physically among the handsomest of Asiatics. Their country is almost a sealed book to us, for only one white man, Mr. McNair, has succeeded in crossing their threshold. About four years ago, staining his skin with walnut juice and in the guise of an Indian doctor, he pushed some ways into the territory, until the suspicious natives became so inquisitive that he thought it prudent to retreat. No scientific traveller has ever reached Lhasa, the capital of Thibet and the Rome of the Buddhists, or penetrated far into Southern Thibet, though many notable attempts have been made. Recently Prejevalsky has tried twice in vain to reach Lhasa, and last year Mr. McCauley, after elaborate preparations and after he had spent an year in getting the permission of the Chinese and Thibetan authorities to visit Lhasa, was finally turned back before he had crossed the frontier.

LETTERS have been received from Her Majesty's ship Egeria, Commander Pelham Aldrich, containing particulars of a visit she has recently made to Christmas Island, which she was ordered to explore for scientific purposes. The Egeria claims to be the first vessel that ever explored this island. Christmas Island is situated in the Indian Ocean, in latitude 11 degrees south, longitude 105 degrees 30 minutes east; it is 1,100 feet above the sea, is 12 miles long and 8 broad. It was found that the whole place was composed of coral and rock. Notwithstanding this, however, it is covered almost completely with trees and shrubs, the trees, which are of large dimensions, seeming to grow out of the rock itself, earth-surfaces being conspicuous by their absence. It is uninhabited by human beings, nor could any trace of animals be discovered, but sea birds swarm over every part of the island and about 400 wood pigeons were shot by the explorers while they remained there. No fruits or vegetable matter fit for consumption could, however, be found, nor the existence of any supply of fresh water, and the belief is that the vegetation of the island is dependent for nourishment on the dews and heavy rains that fall. The various specimens collected of birds, plants and insects, carefully preserved on board under the direction of Mr. Lister, the well-known naturalist—who went specially to the island in the Egeria—will be sent home for the British museum and Kew gardens.

AT the associated *soiree* of the Literary, Scientific and Art Societies of Liverpool, Professor Hele-Shaw delivered a lecture on "Perpetual Motion," which was copiously illustrated by means of lantern pictures. The lecturer explained to his audience that the idea of perpetual motion was very ancient, and that its successful achievement was as far off as ever, because it is impossible. An old Sanscrit manuscript tells of an attempt at a perpetual motion machine, which was probably connected in some way with the praying wheels of the Buddhists. In Europe, the first definite attempt at perpetual motion was made about the twelfth century; but many crude contrivances have been made. The favorite idea seemed to be that of a wheel so weighted with movable balls as to be whirled around in spite of the laws of gravitation. Professor Hele-Shaw exhibited a wheel thus arranged, which flew round at a most extraordinary speed, apparently by means of a clever arrangement of balls. The Chairman examined the table and the machinery, but found no motive power except the weights on the wheel. The solution of the problem of perpetual motion seemed to have been solved; but the Professor called out for his "motive power," and a small boy appeared who had been hidden underneath the platform, and had worked the machine by a strap passed up through the leg of the table. Such was the motor of one of the most successful "perpetual motion" machines ever made.

ACCORDING to Mr. Cox, "there is scarcely a family in Turkey, which has the means, that does not possess a number of women and girl slaves, black and white. The black are from Central Africa and Nubia; the white are Circassians sold by their parents." The price of the female slaves varies with their pretensions to good looks, the comely ones being to some extent educated and taught to sing, dance and make themselves agreeable. We learn that a "girl under 10 will bring $100, a maiden between 12 and 16, if she be attractive and can play upon the zither, from $3,500 to $5,000. If the young woman be a blonde, with black eyes and otherwise of rare beauty, she may bring from $4,000 to $6,000. An amateur will pay double that for a choice specimen, well educated in French and other graces." But Mr. Cox adds that "this tariff by no means applies to the slaves from Africa, the depots for whom are in Scutari and in the villages of the Bosphorus. The black male slave will bring $90, the black maiden $75, and a eunuch perhaps $400." We are assured by the author that "the slave has not a hard lot. The child of the slave has a part of the inheritance of the father. More than half of the marriages in Turkey are with slaves." Each so-called wife of the Sultan, for instance, is a slave, his rank being too exalted to permit of his entering into any marriage proper. "The fact is," thus Mr. Cox sums up his observations on the subject, "slavery in Turkey is but a name. The slaves have nothing to complain of. The white slaves rush to slavery as an alternative to something else and worse; only the black slaves who are brought from Africa have (in the course of transit) undergone the horrors of the traditional slave trade. Once received, however, the house slave, though perhaps looked down upon as one of under-condition, is nevertheless, from infancy to old age, treated as one of the family. After a female slave has worked faithfully for awhile, say seven years, she is nearly always freed by the mistress or master of the household."

He Dazed the Landlord.

"I desire to retire," said a Boston guest to the proprietor of a hotel in Arkansas.

"You which?" asked the dazed man.

"I desire to retire."

"You what?"

"I desire to retire."

"Well—I—I—don't b'leeve we've got it in the house, mister."

"Got what?" said the amazed guest. "I didn't ask for anything."

"Well, say it agin an' see if I kin ketch on."

"It is strange you cannot understand plain English. I simply said I desire to retire, that is I wish to go to my room."

"Oh—aw—oh! That's hit? You wanter turn in, eh? Why n't you say so? We don't know nothin' 'bout 'desirin' to retire' here in Arkansas. We just put off to bed."

And when he came downstairs he said to his wife, "If that's the way they talk in Boston it ain't no wonder there's so many fools there. 'Desire to retire!' Well, I'll be—!"—*Tid-Bits.*

A Bad Dream.

"What can be more depressing than a terrible dream?"

"I will tell you what is more depressing; it is to have a pleasant, delightful dream and wake up to find that it is nothing but a dream."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Just the other night. I'll never forget the anguish I felt when I woke."

"What did you dream?"

"That my room rent was paid a month in advance."

The young son of A. K. Ballew, living near Spring Place, Ga., loosened a large log that was lying on the mountain side and started to run ahead of it to see if he could beat it in a race downhill. The log gained velocity at every turn, and soon overtook the boy, crushing him to death.

A large shipment of carriages has been made by a Guelph firm for the Centennial International Exhibition at Melbourne next July.

Kingston Board of Health has decided to ask the Legislature for power to license dairymen living outside the city.

THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

Origin of the Organization and What it Professes.

(Plymouth Correspondent Canada Presbyterian.)

The Plymouth Brethren owe their origin to two men—Anthony Norris Groves, of Exeter, and Mr. Bellett, a Dublin barrister. Groves, born in 1795, had been a dentist first at Plymouth and then at Exeter, where he accumulated a large fortune. About 1825, when he was at the age of 30, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and came into contact with Bellett and John Nelson Darby. In 1826 Groves attended a Bible reading, and said to Bellett: "It appears to me from Scripture that believers, meeting together as disciples of Christ, are free to break bread together as their Lord admonished them, and, in as far as the practice of the apostles can be a guide, every Lord's day should be set apart for this remembrance of the Lord's command." This suggestion was at once carried out by himself and his friends at Dublin. This was the origin of the Plymouth Brethren. Groves and Darby had scruples about the doctrine and discipline of the Church. Groves relinquished all intention of taking orders; Darby did not. At this time two remarkable men appeared upon the scene—Edward Irving and Francis William Newman. In 1827 a prophecy meeting was established at Albury Park, Surrey, and at Powerscourt House, near Bray, Wicklow, Ireland. These meetings continued on to 1833. At the last meeting at Powerscourt, Mr. George Muller, of Bristel, was present. He was leader of what was called the Separatist movement in England. He had been a Baptist, but left that body in search of a visibly united Christian communion, free from the bondage of tests and subscriptions, which seemed to him the cause of all the mischief. He went to Powerscourt and established a meeting for the breaking of bread, open to all who loved Christ. Lady Powerscourt embraced these views and seceded from the Church. Darby practically abandoned his clerical position in 1833, and directed his efforts henceforward to the building up of the new society. At Bristol a large congregation gathered to the ministry of Mr. Muller, and at present there are three congregations there. He admits to communion all who profess faith in Christ, come from where they may.

$371.21 for a Guess.

THE readers of our paper will be interested in knowing that the proprietors of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies" will pay $371.21 in cash for the best answer to the question: "What is the hole for that is in the outside of the chimney of the old-fashioned log cabin, as represented in the trade-mark of 'Warner's Log Cabin Remedies?'" A pamphlet with a picture of such a log cabin can be procured at any drug store. The answers must be sent by mail to H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of the celebrated "Warner's SAFE CURE," Rochester, N. Y., before April 10th, 1888. But *one answer* from each contestant will be considered. It must be *signed with the real name*, giving post-office address, and must state that the party *has purchased and used* at least one of the following remedies: Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy, Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, Warner's Log Cabin Extract, Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills, Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream (for catarrh, etc.), Warner's Log Cabin Scalpine (for the scalp and hair), Warner's Log Cabin Plasters. The answers will be referred to an impartial committee for decision, which will be announced April 10th, 1888. Letters of inquiry will not be answered.

Nuns Who Never See Men.

The Via Merulina Convent, in Rome, will remain in the possession of the nuns until the death of the last of them, when the property will go to thecity. The sixteen remaining nuns, who are called the Sepulte Vive, are still in the monastery, where they once received a visit from the Princess of Wales. These nuns, some of them ladies of noble families, observe a very strict rule. Once entering the convent they never leave it alive. They never see men, not even the priest who says mass in the chapel. The altar is screened off, and they can just see the elevation of the host. Through a small aperture they receive holy communion. Iron gratings and a linen veil guard the small openings through which they make confession. They never undress or repose, but spend half the night in prayer, and keep, except in cases of extreme illness, a perpetual absence from heat. They make almost everything they use, even to shoes and medicines. If a parent of one of these nuns dies, the announcement is not made to the nun herself, but in general terms it is said that one of them has lost by death a father or a mother, as the case may be.—*London Court.*

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here

So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!" And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

The Consistent Husband.

"Mary, this house is as cold as a barn. Why don't you keep the fire going and make the place more comfortable?" "You are very sensitive to a little cold. Where have you been for the past hour?" "I was up on the roof so I could have a better view of the dog-fight over in Grigsby's yard.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"Whatever is is write," said the weary editor of a country newspaper, whose patent outside had failed to appear on time.

Abel Finkle, a well-known farmer of Sidney, who had a stroke of paralysis on the top of a straw-stack on Tuesday night, died yesterday.

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES!

A New Theory of the Dread Disease Which Seems Very Sensible.

In fifty per cent. of the cases, consumption is only the symptom of some other disease!

The disease, in such cases, cannot be cured until the cause, whatever it is, is removed.

More than half the victims of consumption have albumen in their water.

"What does this indicate?"

Albumen cannot appear in what escapes from the body, if the organs which take the water from the blood are healthy.

We drink water in large quantities every day. This water goes through the body and washes away the waste matter and decay of the system, and takes it to the kidneys. If these organs are healthy, this waste in solution in the water is removed by them. If not, the natural action is reversed, and, instead of removing the waste that poisonous stuff remains n the blood, but the real life-giving element or the albumen escapes.

Fancy the effect!

This uric acid waste is a rank poison, and attacks the weakest organ first. The Brompton Hospital of London, England, shows in its reports that over 52 per cent. of the victims of consumption are really victims of kidney disease, the lung trouble being shown by the presence of albumen in the blood to be but the indication of kidney derangement. The real cause of pulmonary troubles being so authoritatively shown to be faulty, even though unsuspected action of the kidneys, explains why, in order to master the dreaded consumption, one must rid the blood of the uric acid irritant, which inflames and burns up the lung substance. For this purpose there is nothing equal to that great specific, Warner's safe cure. This remedy has won the favor of medical men all over the world, purely on its merits. We have no doubt that if the kidneys are kept in natural action, consumption and a great many other diseases, caused by uric acid, will not only be cured, but will be prevented.

J. W. Westlake, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, had a sister residing in Michigan who was thought surely to be going with consumption. She took ten bottles of Warner's safe cure, which he sent her, and he says, "That was the last I heard of her consumption." Thousands of such cases are developed every day.

Dip your finger in acid every day, and it soon festers and is destroyed. Send acid-poisoned blood through the lungs every second and they soon give way.

This, then, is the condition of things that always precedes consumption: First, weakened kidneys; second, retained uric acid, poisoning the blood; the development of disease in the lungs by the irritant acids passing through them. Then there is a little cough in the morning, soon, thick yellow matter is spit up, followed by loss of flesh and strength with dreadful night sweats; and when the patient goes to his school physician for help he is put on cod liver oil, which his stomach, weakened also by uric acid in the blood, cannot digest. Because there is no pain present in the kidneys, the patient does not think they are affected, but the kidney acid is doing its work every minute, every hour, day and night, and by and by the disease of the lungs has advanced until pus is developed, then come hemorrhages, and at last the glassy stare of the eyes, which denote that the end is near.

A post-mortem examination of such cases shows that the terrible uric acid has completely destroyed the substance of the lung.

It is impossible to cure lung diseases, the blood is poisoned with uric acid.

Natural Reaction.

Higgins—Awful headache, and I feel so dull. I can't see what makes my spirits so low.

Wiggins—Natural reaction, my boy, you raised them too high with a corkscrew last night.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laureate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of womankind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The Crushed Parent.

"What do you call your new baby, Jones?" "Well, to tell the truth, the nurse hasn't let me have a hand in the game since it was born, so I haven't called it at all."—*Omaha Republican.*

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Two Evils, the Least Chosen.

Agitation may have its advantages, but its injurious effects are not a patch on the evil that railroad monopoly has done, and s doing, for us.—*Winnipeg Sun.*

Safe, Sure and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn extractor—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

Captain Baldry, of the steam whaler Orea, has just returned to San Francisco from a voyage in which he killed thirty-five whales, the largest catch on record. Twenty-eight of these—all the ship could carry—were stowed and yielded 2,800 barrels of oil and 48,000 pounds of bone. The catch was valued at $66,800.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtanedof druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A Child Thrown to Wolves.

The severe cold of this winter has brought out large packs of wolves all over Hungary. An Hungarian county court judge, returning home from Grosswardein in a sleigh, last Friday, was beset by a ravenous pack, which terrified his horses and caused him to be thrown out of the sleigh. The coachman, without heeding his master, drove madly on, and the magistrate was completely devoured. Nothing but a few bones and pieces of cloth were found on the road when search was subsequently made for him. Another horrible case is reported, namely, that of a peasant who, pursued by wolves, flung his boy, aged 13, out of the sleigh to these animals, and thereby saved himself. On reaching his village this wretched man surrendered himself to the police.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "curesall," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNL. 8-5

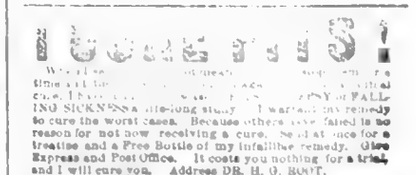

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. In fact, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who gives express and P. O. address.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The subject of "Independent Journalism" introduces one to a wide realm for discussion. There are so many stand points from which it can be viewed, too, and so many interpretations or definitions connected with the word when applied to newspapers, that one must be a prophet or the son of a prophet in order to thread its mazes without becoming seriously, if not hopelessly, entangled. If we look at the question from the Dundalk *Herald's* standpoint, then the number of party papers becomes beautifully small, while that of the independent press assumes vast proportions. The "radical partyism of the local press, which clamors for a party and expects all its readers to follow its dictates" does not really exist in either of the hemispheres. What editor however extreme his views expects *all* his readers to follow his dictates!

According to the *Herald* (perhaps not just in so many words) all papers may be classed as independent which occasionally disagree as to the utility or necessity of certain minor questions in the policy of the party with whom they claim allegiance. In that case, there are very few papers which are not independent, and this explains the position taken by our esteemed *confrere* more clearly than the arguments advanced in a former issue. But an important question yet remains undecided, viz., are the opinions of the *Herald*, touching this point, in harmony with those held by the "independent press" generally? If they are, then there is very little room for discussion in so far as THE ADVANCE is concerned at any rate, for it sometimes disagrees with the Government. If they are not, however, the question arises, wherein lies the difference?

The *Herald* thinks a man should not make up his mind definitely as to the party he will vote for until the elections are sprung." Indeed. You argue, then, that he should not read the newspapers and post himself in the current literature of the day? Otherwise he would be apt to learn enough to enable him to decide which party to support long before the "elections are sprung." If a party has a policy, it doesn't usually hide it under a bushel or a candlestick "until elections are sprung." There are questions which the wisest heads could scarcely fathom if they postponed the serious study of the same until the hurly burly of an election campaign swept over the country arousing the prejudices and passions of people to fever heat. The worst time to look for *honest* information or to choose which party you will support, is after "the elections are sprung."

The editor of the Flesherton ADVANCE has given up chewing tobacco and has fallen back on gum. *Bruce Herald.* Perhaps our esteemed contemporary will add to the above canard by stating that the ADVANCE man discovered America when Julius Caesar was emperor of Persia!

Toronto may be a great city and all the rest of it, but if any more of our local contemporaries publish that play-on-the names of Toronto newspapers item in their local or editorial columns as *original* matter, we shall feel like introducing them to our Spring Poet annihilator, or Bill Nye's elevator.

We pity that poor unfortunate Municipal Act. If it were mortal, we verily believe we could shed tears over it. Every session of the Ontario Legislature witnesses a large number of gallant efforts to add to the cantankerous burden under which it already groans in deepest anguish—and still they come! Already this session we have counted eleven attempts to "Amend the Municipal Act." The Lord only knows how many more egotistical asses will try their hands at butchering it before the close of the session, in their mad efforts to cover themselves with *glory*.

A letter found its way into the columns of THE ADVANCE last week, above the cognomen, "Lover of Justice." It contained a personal attack, which was, and is, contrary to the rules which have governed our correspondence department for some time. In the hurry of going to press, the letter was overlooked. In order, however, to prevent mistakes of this kind in future, we might just say, that letters reflecting upon any person will only be published in this journal over the *real* name of the writer, unless they come from the pens of our regularly authorized correspondents. These latter are well known and reliable gentlemen—some of whom have for years been regular and prized contributors. We like a manly man—one who will stand up face to face with his opponent and exchange blows like a true Briton: yes, and one who does not conceal himself and administer stabs in the dark. Come out into the light, Mr. "Lover-of-Justice," and "walk into" Mr. Long the manly way Mr. Buckingham is doing. And if you do say hard things, and, perhaps unintentionally, distort facts, you will at least get credit for manliness. You should learn a useful lesson from Messrs. Long and Buckingham in this respect.

Maxwell School Matters.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir, As I had about made up my mind when sending my last letter on School Matters in this place to remain silent, it may seem out of place to again take up the controversy. But after the statements made by James Buckingham in his effusions of last week. I merely wish to say that any charges or statements that I have made against him I am quite prepared to substantiate by good reliable evidence, nevertheless the twisting and turning he has made to evade the matter I am aware that to outsiders the controversy may be of little interest. But here where the facts are well known there can be no doubt as to the verdict.

But behold just over in another lot I hear the braying of an animal of another species and in the end says he is a "lover of justice." I do not attempt a reply, it is simply a nobody in ambush trying to ambush himself and I shall allow him to do so to his heart's content as such garble as he has started out with does not in any way effect me, and by the time he gets through others will be as much ashamed of him as he is of his name.

W. Long,
Maxwell.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

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McTAVISH & LEGATE. Manufacturers of Waggons, Sleighs, Bob Sleighs, Pungboats, Cutters, Lumbermen's Pungboats, Cut-ters, Log Barrows, Wheelbarrows, Machine Axles. Satisfaction guaranteed and Prices right every time.

Spring Cutters and Pungboats Ready Ironed and Painted for Early Trade.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND PUNGS.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

INVENTION during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Any liberal, any one can do the work, either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed, you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Photos,
Photos,
Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, Peck's Pleasant Pills.

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale Retail.
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!
What For?
Where?

To W. S CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases Hysterics, Debility of any sort Loss of Appetite Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from a poverty of the blood

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver complaint and derangement of the system generally

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it is for first in its healing qualities for Piles Sores on Diseases of a rebellious nature Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE
Flesherton

Come and try and I see for yourselves

THE MARKETS.
FLESHERTON.
Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00	to	4 20
Fall Wheat	80	78	to 0 80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0 80
Barley	0	65	0 72
Oats	0	38	0 38
Peas	0	58	0 58
Butter	0	17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0	17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0	40	0 40
Pork	6	50	6 60
Hay, per ton	7	00	8 00
Hides	4	50	5 50
Wool		18	21
Sheepskins	0	50	1 06
Geese	0	06	0 06
Turkeys	0	10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0 60

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirit's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines

JOS. McCONNELL.

Flesherton, Feb 1st, 1888

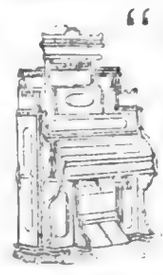

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Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

'CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!
FLESHERTON.

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find that honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed. We start you. Everything new. No special ability required, you reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY - OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
OR
Marvels and Wonders.

Prince's full and graphic description of all that is delightful in every Continent of the Globe in the Realms of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, removed to these eyes of the world's greatest explorers and travelers and remarkable phenomena in every department of nature. Embracing the strange physical features of the earth, the peculiar characteristics of the various races of mankind, birds, beasts, etc., including every Desert, tour of the Arctic to Pacific and Indian Oceans, and beautiful seashells and plants, sea fowl, and sea dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable occurrences etc. together with the marvelous phenomena of the solar and starry systems by Hours Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, Toronto, Ont. Toronto, Ont.

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Fleshertion, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money Lender. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up on Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges Moderate. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS of most essential importance, far surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Ballett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full information how either sex of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at the work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.
DISEASES OF MAN.
M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.
THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER,
Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.
Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN
Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, or any weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SPECIFIC IS USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, restlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excesses—impotency, nutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

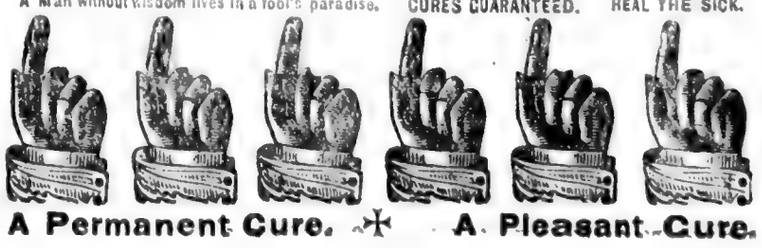

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

The Reason Why.

The question is continually being asked, why do so many buy their

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FURNITURE WAREROOMS, FLESHERTON.

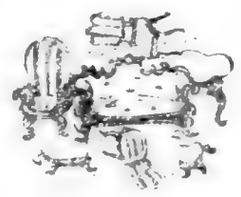

The cuts are from photographs of the goods kept at the above well known establishment.

We are selling

BEDROOM SUITES

of Beautiful Designs and Workmanship at Prices that Challenge Competition.

MATTRESSES AND SPRINGS

In great variety. Cheap. Very Cheap.

CHAIRS,
TABLES,
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LOUNGES,
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In fact everything usually found in a First-Class Furniture Establishment constantly in stock. Having on hand a stock of well-seasoned Lumber and keeping a staff of skilled Workmen we are enabled to make a specialty of

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In all its Branches. Our

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Is again well filled up with New and Beautiful Designs of Mouldings. In this particular branch it is acknowledged by all that we X. L.

Note well the address as it may save you money.

J. E. MOORE,

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms

On Durham St

CENTRE GREY.

Farmer's Institute Meeting at Markdale.

A meeting of Centre Grey Farmer's Institute was held in Markdale on Monday last. One o'clock was the hour announced for the commencement, but it was shortly after two before the chair was taken by the Vice President, Mr. D. R. Ellis, of Euphrasia township, assisted by Mr. Thos. Kells, President. The latter addressed a few sensible remarks to those present regarding the utility of such institutes and the necessity for farmers banding themselves together. The Secretary, Mr. J. I. Graham, then read letters from several gentlemen, regretting their absence from the meeting.

A post card from the Central Farmer's Institute, containing the following questions, was then produced and read to the assembly:

(1). Are you in favor of placing the management of the Farmer's Institute in the hands of the Executive of the Farmer's Central Institute.

(2). Do you favor the erection of an Agricultural Hall in the city of Toronto for the use of farmers for exhibitions and sales?

(3). Do you think Ensilage is necessary to increase the supply of succulent food in winter.

The first question caused a warm debate, in which the opinion was expressed by Dr. Sproule, M. P., and others, that the Institute would be unwise in committing itself until it had been ascertained whether benefit or the opposite was likely to accrue from the adoption of such a course. A resolution in harmony with this view of the question was then submitted and carried.

The second question was answered in the affirmative after very little talk.

Question number three brought Dr. Sproule to his feet, when the assembled farmers were treated to a very interesting address in which the peculiar process by which Ensilage becomes a cheap and nutritious food for stock was explained fully. The Doctor also spoke of the importance of having more convenient buildings for the care of stock. In many cases, buildings were so isolated and badly arranged, that the services of three men were often necessary where one could do the same amount of work with less hard labor under favorable circumstances. He also spoke strongly in favor of improving our stock.

Messrs. Thorpe Wright, Thos. Kells, J. I. Graham, D. R. Ellis, G. Stewart, jr., and others discussed the suggestions of the Dr. in an interesting manner.

Dr. Carson read a profound scientific paper, relating principally to rust in grain stalks. As it will be published in THE ADVANCE in full shortly, we need not particularize just now, further than to say it was well received, and elicited words of approval.

The Editor of THE ADVANCE gave a paper on "Farmers and Farming."

Mr. Wm. Brown, Division Court Clerk at Markdale, next took the platform. He complimented Dr. Christoe highly on the excellence of his paper, but thought it was rather deep and scientific for the grasp of the average mind. He was then proceeding to address the farmers on Commercial Union, when Chairman Ellis objected, on the grounds that that was a question out of which considerable political capital was being made and could not, according to a previous understanding, be discussed at regular meetings of the Institute. Mr. J. I. Graham pointed out that the previous action of the Institute alluded to by Mr. Ellis had no reference to meetings such as the present, where there were no representatives of the Government present. Mr. Kells spoke in a similar strain; but Mr. Brown gracefully submitted to the ruling of the Chairman and expressed his approval of the course that gentleman had pursued. It was then tacitly understood, that the question would come up for a full and free discussion at a special meeting, the date of which has not yet been set.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL, Washington D. C.
Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

They are talking telephone in Chesley.

There are said to be several cases of a bad kind of diptheria in Durham.

A Walkerton man plucked a blossom from one of his trees one day last week.

The Holstein furniture factory was destroyed by fire Wednesday of last week.

An agitation has been started in order to secure a yacht club for the Georgian Bay.

In Chatsworth on the 5th inst., the wife of Mr. G. J. Blyth, of the *News*, of a daughter.

Bruce Orangemen have decided to celebrate the "glorious twelfth" at Hanover this year.

Mr. Campbell, I. P. S. for South Grey, has been appointed Inspector of the Meaford public schools.

Fred. Jacklin, a Bentinck boy, had his leg broken while playing with a large boy at school on Monday week.

Willie Gun, an 8 year old son of Dr. Gun, Durham, died on Monday evening of last week, of diptheria.

The Presbyterians of Proton Station will hold their annual tea-meeting tomorrow (Friday) evening, 24th. inst.

Rev. O. Edgelow, church of England rainster, Dundalk, has been presented with a fur coat by his parishoners.

Durham woolen mill and stock on hand was put up at auction recently and bought in by Mr. J. H. Hunter, ex-M. P. P.

The new English Church at Singhampton will be opened for divine service on Sunday next, 26th inst.

John Patterson, of Collingwood, broke his wrist one day last week while doing some work at the rip-rap works there.

James Carson of Melancthon was struck by the branch of a falling tree, one day recently. A wound three inches long was inflicted.

Mr. Charles G. Devitt has been appointed Assessor of Euphrasia Township for the present year. Wonder how Mr. Myles would like that.

Mr. Duncan McArthur, of 10th Con., Nottawasaga, broke his leg on the 11th inst. A similar accident happened him exactly five years previously to the very day.

A man living near Hanover hitched his horses to a load of sawlogs and was driving into that town with the same, when informed by a man, whom he met, that it was a delay.

The Dundalk *Herald* says that a man whose conscience "was over 50 degrees below zero and frozen solid," stole a thermometer out of Mr. A. G. Hunter's office on Friday week, and left a temporary abscess of charg ation.

A son of Mr. Joseph Richardson, the enterprising druggist at Proton, farmer was struck on his leg just above the knee by the limb of a falling tree on Saturday week. His leg was crushed against a small stump and a very serious wound inflicted. The services of two doctors were called into requisition in consequence.

Mr. Hogan, of this village, came very near losing his life last Tuesday whilst walking on the railway track. The up train from Toronto was steaming into Dundalk, and though he was well on the inside of the rails, he was suddenly close to be thrust aside into the snow. The train drew up at the next crossing and several fellow passengers got out to ascertain particulars, but found that he was all right.

Farm for Sale.

[illegible]

Gray Champion!

[illegible]

$350

WILL BUY LOT 27 IN 11th CON., ARTEMESIA 107 acres. Apply to CHARLES GAMON, Collingwood.

381-44.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykens, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headaches, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days, and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

[illegible]

IT PAYS!

—TO—

Advertise E

Will be Given a

LARGE DISCOUNT

IN THE

On all Cash Sales over One Dollar.

Flesherton

A Full Stock on Hand at

Advance.

HARNESS
WHIPS,
TRUNKS,
SWEAT PADS,
CURRY COMBS,
HORSE BLANKETS
HARNESS OIL,
BRUSHES, &c.,

Get Your

JOB PRINTING!

DONE AT THE

Advance Office,

FLESHERTON.

LOOK HERE!

For the Next

30 Days

—AT—

GORDON'S

Harness Shop,

FLESHERTON

SCOTCH COLLIES A SPECIALTY

N.B.—All outstanding accounts must be settled within the next 30 Days. If not the books will be placed in other hands for collection.

Fatherland and Mother Tongue.

Our fatherland! and would'st thou know
Why we should call it "fatherland?"
It is that Adam, here below,
Was made of earth by nature's hand
And He, our Father, made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on every hand,
And we, in memory of his birth,
Do call our country "fatherland."

And first in Eden's bowers, they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught.
But whistled like a bird all day,
And may be 'twas for want of thought;
But nature, with resistless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds,
She gave him lovely Eve because
He'd a wife—they must have words

And so the native land, I hold,
By male descent is proudly mine;
The language, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line.
And thus we see on either hand,
We name our blessings whence they've sprung,
We call our country fatherland,
We call our language mother tongue.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The New Year's eve ball at Fairholme Court was always looked forward to with eager anticipation, both by the house party and by the young people of the neighborhood. This year it was to be an especially brilliant affair, for Lady Fairholme wished it to be a kind of public announcement of the engagement of Sir Gilbert's niece to Major Stuart.

The engagement was not to be a long one—there was no reason why it should be so. Major Stuart's long leave expired in April, and he wished to rejoin his regiment, then quartered at Aldershot, with his wife; so it was decided that the marriage should take place on St. Valentine's Day, and, at Shirley's own request, it was to be a quiet wedding.

Sir Hugh Glynn and Major Stuart were still Sir Gilbert's guests, and the former seemed to have renewed his flirtation with Alice, who received his attentions very favorably. The weather had become much colder, and there had been some skating; but on the 30th of December a rapid thaw set in, to Ruby Capel's horror, but to the undoubted satisfaction of all those who were to drive any distance to the ball.

Not only was Fairholme Court full from garret to basement with visitors, but Sir Hugh had placed Maxwell at Lady Fairholme's disposal; and he was to entertain there for three or four days a number of bachelor guests who were quite necessary, Alice declared, to make the ball completely successful, and who were to drive and ride over from Maxwell on New Year's eve.

"Our house is unfortunately not made of caoutchouc," Alice said laughingly "we cannot accommodate every one, but I think you might let them entertain themselves, Sir Hugh, and not leave us to our own devices here."

"I am afraid that it would not be very courteous, Miss Fairholme," Sir Hugh answered, smiling. "So Miss Ross must forgive me for carrying off Guy to-morrow evening," he added, turning to Shirley, into whose fair pale cheeks the color came, as it usually did, greatly to her own annoyance, when he addressed her.

"I dare say Shirley will get quite enough of Major Stuart's society in the future," Alice said carelessly. "But you are not going until the afternoon, Sir Hugh? None of these tiresome men are coming till the 6 o'clock train; and you can ride over in much less than an hour."

"Oh, yes, we will put the evil hour off as long as possible!" Sir Hugh answered rather absently, for his eyes were following Shirley as she moved down the great hall where this conversation took place, and which was set apart for dancing on the following evening.

Those days which had been such happy ones to Guy and Shirley had been quite the reverse to Sir Hugh. It was impossible but that, loving Shirley as he did, selfishly perhaps, but yet passionately, he should suffer, seeing her love for and perfect trust in Guy; and once or twice he had said to himself that he could bear it no longer, that he would go away and put the wide seas between him and her, and let himself no longer be tormented by the sight of the happiness which was denied to him. But he could not leave Fairholme. It was better to see Shirley at any price than to lose sight of her altogether; besides, he always hoped, even against hope, that something would happen, and that after all Shirley would be his.

So he lingered, hating Guy, loving and hating Shirley, and despising himself most of all for the weakness which made him the slave of a girl who had no thought for him, and whose whole heart was given to another.

To a man who has been all his life unusually successful, who has never known what defeat is, and who has had his every wish fulfilled, his every desire gratified, the very idea of a repulse in anything upon which he has set his mind is quite sufficient to act as an incentive, and to urge him on to further exertion; and this was the case with Sir Hugh Glynn. It might have been, that, if Shirley had fallen a victim, Sir Hugh's passion would have wearied, and finally died a natural death; but the girl's indifference, and above all her love for Guy, excited in him an eager desire to conquer that indifference and win that love.

Hitherto Sir Hugh Glynn's life, although not a useful or noble one, had been comparatively harmless, and his faults had been negative ones; but now the latent cruelty and passion of his nature had sprung suddenly into life, and the death-blow of his friendship for Guy was struck. Who was Guy Stuart, he thought passionately, that he should win without an effort a love for which he would have given his life? Had it not been for him, Shirley would have loved him. Other women had done so, why should not she? He was handsome and pleasing and wealthy, while Guy Stuart was anything but an eligible. And yet he had won Shirley Ross!

Must he give her up? Must he leave Guy in undisturbed possession of this treasure he coveted so greatly? Must he stand by and see their happiness, and smile and congratulate them, unmoved and indifferent? He could not do it—it was impossible. He would have her yet. If fair means failed, he would try foul! There was no baseness to which he would not stoop to win the woman he loved with so fatal a passion! There was no treachery too great to practice, if by it he could gain her for his own!

He was thinking thus in the solitude of his own room on the day on which he and Guy were to leave the Court. Luncheon was over, and he had left the rest of the party in the oak parlor, where they were busy with some of the preparations for the morrow. The girls had been unpacking the dainty little programmes which had just arrived from Edinburgh, and they had been chatting merrily about them with Guy, Mr. Rivers, and some of the other gentlemen at the Court. Lady Fairholme and the older ladies had taken refuge in one of the smaller drawing-rooms, leaving the young people to their own devices; and Sir Hugh had left the oak-parlor, unable any longer to bear the misery and unrest and wild longing which burned in his heart and brain. He was in just the state of mind to succumb to temptation, and to him at that moment and in that mood the temptation came.

The rooms which Sir Hugh occupied at Fairholme Court were a bedroom and dressing room on the first floor, opening on to a long picture gallery; and, as he paced restlessly up and down, he could hear his servant moving about in the dressing-room adjoining, busied with his master's packing. But Sir Hugh was too irritable just then to bear any disturbance, noiseless as the man's movements were; and he called out sharply—

"Latreille!"

The man appeared on the threshold of the door between the two rooms, calm and quiet as usual.

"I am here, Sir Hugh," he said, in his even voice, his keen eye noting the disquiet on his master's haggard face.

"What the deuce are you doing in there?" demanded Sir Hugh irritably.

"I was packing up, Sir Hugh."

"Let the packing wait—I want to be alone," said Sir Hugh, in the same impatient manner, but the man lingered.

"Can I get you anything, Sir Hugh?" he asked respectfully. "I am afraid you are ill, sir."

"Ill? What put that in your head?" returned the baronet, as he walked over to the looking-glass. But the pale, haggard face he saw there startled himself, and he laughed a little bitter laugh. "By Jove, I don't wonder at your thinking so!" he said carelessly. "I am afraid Scotland, and especially Fairholme Court, does not agree with me."

"You look as if you needed a change of some kind, Sir Hugh. May I get you some brandy?"

"So you think brandy is the universal panacea?" Sir Hugh said, with another little laugh.

"I have found it very efficacious, Sir Hugh," Latreille answered, with the same unmoved impassive countenance.

"Have you? Then bring me some, and some soda-water; or make me one of your 'pick-me-ups,' if you like. That is one of your accomplishments, and you have several."

"I have knocked about the world a good deal, Sir Hugh, and I have acquired some knowledge everywhere," was the quiet answer, as the man left the room to fetch the required restorative.

When he returned, he found that Sir Hugh had thrown himself into an arm-chair and was lying back, with his eyes closed wearily. As the baronet took the glass from the man's hand their eyes met, Sir Hugh's keen and questioning, the servant's meaning and significant.

"I don't suppose you are more honest than your fellows, Latreille," Sir Hugh said coolly.

"I don't suppose I am, Sir Hugh. I do not profess to be so. I only deem myself equally honest," was the unmoved answer.

"Oh, you profess so much rectitude then!" said the baronet, with a laugh. "I wonder if there is anything in the world you would not do for money, Latreille?"

"Very little, Sir Hugh, except what would give me into the hands of the law. I have a wholesome fear of that."

Sir Hugh laughed.

"Short of what is punishable by law then," he said calmly, "there is no treachery you would not commit, no lie too great for you to utter to serve your own ends?"

"Or yours, Sir Hugh," replied Latreille promptly, with a slight emphasis on the words. "You always may count upon my devotion, sir."

"I suppose you think I would pay well for it," said his master, with a slight sneer.

"Just so, Sir Hugh," the man answered, with a fleeting smile, which his master did not see.

"You are honest so far," said the baronet lightly; then, after a pause, he added, in the same careless manner, "What do they say in the servant's hall about Miss Ross's engagement, Latreille?"

"They say, Sir Hugh, that the young lady might have gone further and not fared worse," was the prompt reply; and a dark flush rose slowly in the handsome haggard face of the man who listened.

"And they say too, Sir Hugh," the man continued, noting his master's emotion, "that Miss Ross has come to the same conclusion herself."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"Miss Fairholme's maid, Sir Hugh, is a countrywoman of mine," answered the valet coolly, "and she has overheard her mistress talking of the engagement; and, from what she heard, Mademoiselle Delphine is of opinion that Miss Ross would not be sorry to undo what she has done."

"What grounds has Delphine for such an opinion?" Sir Hugh asked, in the same careless manner, but with a swift eager gleam in his blue eyes which did not escape the valet's notice.

"Miss Ross has always wished for wealth, Sir Hugh. She has no fortune herself, I understand, and she has a brother to whom she is tenderly attached. Major Stuart is not wealthy, Sir Hugh."

"Still Miss Ross has accepted him."

"Miss Ross, I need hardly tell you, Sir Hugh, is rather unhappily situated. She is dependent on Sir Gilbert, and she is so extremely beautiful that"—the man smiled slightly—"it is quite possible her beauty might interfere with her ladyship's plans for Miss Fairholme's establishment. Miss Ross's life may not have been such a happy one, Sir Hugh, that, unless she were sure of a better offer, she would feel justified in refusing Major Stuart's."

"A very prudent young lady," Sir Hugh remarked, trying to keep up the affectation of indifference, yet not succeeding so as to escape Latreille's notice.

"Besides," continued Latreille meaningly, "Miss Ross is a very enthusiastic admirer of beauty, and Major Stuart is not an Adonis."

"You speak as if you had college education, Latreille," Sir Hugh remarked.

"I had good opportunities," the man replied modestly.

"Then Delphine thinks that it is very likely Miss Ross wearies of her engagement?"

"Mademoiselle Delphine thinks she will do so, Sir Hugh."

"And what is your opinion, most sagacious of valets?"

"I think, Sir Hugh, that before very long Miss Ross, if she is as sensible as she is beautiful, will be greatly obliged to any one who will release her from her engagement; and—"

"Well?" said Sir Hugh, as the man hesitated.

"And I think," Latreille continued slowly and meaningly, "that if I cared for a young lady in Scotland I should put it out of her power to throw me over."

"How?" Sir Hugh asked quickly, betraying his eagerness, as he sat up in his chair and faced his servant.

"By marrying her out of hand, Sir Hugh."

"That is easier said than done, Latreille," Sir Hugh rejoined, a disappointed shadow flitting over his face.

"Not in this country, Sir Hugh."

"Not in this country?" interrogated Sir Hugh, in a puzzled tone; and then, as he looked up he found Latreille's blue eyes with an intense significance in their earnest gaze fixed upon his face.

For a moment master and man looked at each other in silence; then Sir Hugh said quietly—

"I am very dense, I am afraid, but I don't understand. Just explain, will you, Latrielle, how it is easier in this country than in any other to put it out of a lady's power to jilt you?"

"It is very easy, Sir Hugh, seeing that we are neither in France, where it is as difficult to get married as to undo that marriage, nor in England, where it is rather easier to undo than to do; but," he added slowly, "we are in Scotland."

"What difference does that make?"

"Just all the difference, Sir Hugh."

There was another pause, and then Sir Hugh said, with some irritation—

"Just explain yourself, Latreille. What are you beating about the bush for?"

"I will explain myself willingly, Sir Hugh, if you will spare me half-an-hour. I could not undertake in less time to tell you the story of Miss Ross's mother, which will be the best explanation I can give you."

"The story of Miss Ross's mother!" Sir Hugh repeated slowly.

"Yes, Sir Hugh. Can you spare me so much time? Half-an-hour will suffice."

"Take an hour then," Sir Hugh said hurriedly. "But come to the point."

There was a pretty French *pendule* on the mantel-piece in Sir Hugh's room, and, as he glanced at it impatiently, he saw that it marked the half hour after three. At 5 o'clock, when a servant came up to say that the carriage was waiting to take Sir Hugh and Major Stuart to Maxwell, the baronet was still in earnest conference with his valet; but Latreille had finished his explanation, and they were busy with the application of Mrs. Ross's story—that story which her daughter had never heard.

CHAPTER IX.

Goldenheart sat in the dropping of leaves
That fell like a shower of gold,
And thought "When a lover his song of love weaves,
Pray how shall his merit be told"
Him will I put to some desperate test,
And so shall I gather who loveth me best.
Goldenheart dear, Goldenheart dear
Thus pondered of lovers who yet should appear.

Shirley Ross's rich sweet voice rang gayly through the oak parlor, and Ruby Capel looked up laughingly from her crewel as she listened to the song.

Half a dozen girls were grouped about the room in various attitudes of rest and ease, and the fire was blazing up cheerily, casting a pleasant red glow over the polished oaken paneling and wainscoting, and the graceful figures lounging about on sofas and arm chairs; and Ruby herself looking like some bright foreign bird in her quaint tea-gown of some gay Eastern-looking material, was sitting on the hearth-rug *a la Turque*, making a pretty little picture.

It was the afternoon of the last day of the year and a cold, blustering December day. All the preparations for the evening were completed. Lady Fairholme and the chaperons were retiring in their respective bed-rooms, and the male portion of the visitors had been summarily sent off to the billiard-room by Miss Capel, who asserted that if they worried them all the afternoon they would have nothing left to say for the evening, so that the girls were alone, and were making the most of their solitude—a noisy, merry, chatty solitude.

"We want to be fresh for this evening," Ruby had declared merrily; "and we shall not be if we have to amuse you all the afternoon."

So the lords of creation had made a virtue of necessity, and taken themselves away to the billiard-room, where they consoled themselves with billiards and pool, while the girls assembled round the fire in the oak parlor and gossiped over their afternoon tea, and dreamed of past, present, and future conquests, while Shirley's white fingers ran swiftly over the black and the white keys, filling the room with melody.

Gayly and sweetly—Shirley's voice had lost its pathetic thrill now, but it had not lost its sweetness—the rich tones rang out—

"Goldenheart dear, Goldenheart dear
Thus pondered of lovers who yet should appear."

"Who yet shall appear!" laughed Ruby Capel. "Not like yours, Shirley!"

A pretty rose flush—which it was a pity Guy could not see—mounted slowly over the soft creamy pallor of Shirley's face as she glanced for a moment as the white fingers, on one of which—the fourth finger on the left hand—there gleamed a thick gold band with the word "Guy" studded in diamonds. Major Stuart had been royally generous in his selection of an engagement-ring.

"Not like Shirley's," echoed Alice, who leaned back in a low American chair, looking as pretty as possible in a dress of pale blue cashmere. "Her admirer is big enough to be distinctly visible even at a distance."

"Yes, it would be difficult to overlook Shirley's *beau sabreur*," said Ruby gayly; "I always feel as if I had gone back to my infancy when I am anywhere in his neighborhood."

"So do I," remarked Rhoda Montolieu laughing, "although I am not a pocket Venus like you, Ruby. By the by, Shirley, I don't think you had better do much flirting to-night; if one may judge by Major Stuart's gray eyes, he would not like it."

"Never judge by appearances," said Alice, carelessly. "Is it not Oliver Goldsmith who says that a reserved lover makes a jealous husband? One can not accuse Major Stuart of being a reserved lover."

"No," agreed Ruby. "Altogether they are a very well-behaved pair of engaged people—not nearly so objectionable as some couples are in the circumstances. Shirley, my dear," she added, raising her voice a little, "we have quite done—for the present, at any rate—discussing your *fiance* and your engagement, so will you give us the next verse of the song that we were rude enough to interrupt?"

Shirley, who had been letting her fingers wander aimlessly over the ivory keys, the color flickering in her cheeks as she listened, started slightly as Ruby's voice fell on her ear, and in a voice a little less assured, perhaps, but equally sweet, she went on singing—

Goldenheart said, "If a soldier should come,
A province for spoil he shall bring,
Or, if a rich man, he shall lay down a sum
Sufficient to ransom a king.
Or, if my lover a poet should be,
I'd ask him in song to immortalize me."
Goldenheart fair, Goldenheart fair
Dreamt many a project of fantasy there.

"I am afraid your soldier does not bring a province, Shirley dear," whispered Ruby Capel, softly—she had left her seat on the rug and come up softly behind Shirley.

Miss Ross laughed, but a quick shadow passed over her face.

"No," she replied, lightly; "Guy's province consists of four hundred a year and his pay."

"Poor Shirley, who always wanted to be rich!" said Ruby, regretfully; and again the dark swift shadow crossed Shirley's face.

"But, you see, dear, it is not to be," she returned, smiling.

"If you had waited a little, you would have had a chance of Sir Hugh," said outspoken Ruby; and an angry color sprung into Alice Fairholme's cheeks as she caught the words.

"Should I?" Shirley answered, carelessly. "Sir Hugh might not have given me the chance."

"I believe he would—I think he admires you immensely."

Shirley laughed as she turned over the last page of her song, and Ruby smiled to herself at the proud tender intonations which came into the soft rich voice as she sung

Never a soldier, or rich man, or bard
Came wooing in Goldenheart's bower,
But only a poor youth who pleaded full hard,
And brought but his love for a dower.
She, silly maiden, forgetting her test,
Saw merely the lover who loved her the best;
Goldenheart sweet, Goldenheart sweet
Thinks now that love's triumph is wholly complete.

The sweet voice ceased; Shirley left the piano and came out of the recess, and then she went to the table, and began pouring herself out some tea.

"I suppose you share Goldenheart's conviction," said Alice, rather contemptuously; Ruby's careless words had vexed her, and she could not refrain from making her vexation felt by the innocent cause of them.

"What conviction?" Shirley asked, laughingly, glancing back at her cousin from where she stood at the table.

"That 'love's triumph is wholly complete,'" Alice answered, looking a little disconcerted under Shirley's steady, inquiring look. "As Major Stuart did not bring a province for spoil, and you accepted him, we must either conclude that love's triumph is complete, or—"

"Or what, Alice?" asked Shirley, calmly.

"Or that you accepted him *faute de mieux*," replied Miss Fairholme; and the slight, disdainful, contemptuous laugh with which the words were spoken made Shirley's cheeks burn.

"Nonsense, Alice," said Ruby, quickly. "I dare say Shirley has had lots of offers."

"I have never heard of them, then," declared Alice, disdainfully.

"You are wrong, Ruby," said Shirley, quickly. "Your friendship is generous enough to give me credit for refusing a duke, I dare say; but Alice will tell you that it is conclusive evidence in favor of my never having received a better offer since I accepted Major Stuart's—and I will acknowledge that his was the first I received."

"But you don't mean to say that you would throw Guy over if you got a better offer?" questioned Ruby, quickly. I should not believe you if you did so, Shirley."

Shirley's faint blush faded slowly, and she hesitated a moment before answering; then, catching sight of her cousin's face, she replied, carelessly

"I am not at all sure that I could resist temptation, Ruby, if it came in my way. It is not likely to do so, however, so you need not be at all anxious, Alice."

As she spoke Shirley moved away with her charming grace of movement, and sat down in one of the low chairs near the window, her heart beating more quickly than usual in her vexation and anger against herself for the false words she had spoken. Ah, if she could have guessed with what tears of bitter anguish she would regret them in the future, when no tears could blot them out, no anguish make them unsaid!

"You see, after all, it was *faute de mieux*," said Alice, contemptuously; and even as she spoke the door opened, and Sir Hugh in his heavy fur-trimmed coat came quickly in.

"May I come in?" he said, smiling. "I hear that you have shut us all out, and that there is no admittance except on business. Well, I have come on business."

"Sir Hugh," Alice exclaimed, sitting up upon her cushions, flushed and rosy, "are you a deserter or an *avant courier*?"

"Something of both," he answered, smiling at her. "Lady Fairholme said that we might all come over to dinner; and, as Stuart was obliged to come now, I could not resist the tempation of driving him across. He has had a telegram, Miss Ross, but he will be here in a moment to tell you himself. Meanwhile, will any of you fair ladies take pity on me and give me a cup of tea?"

"So you are converted!" Alice said, with a laugh, as she went to the table. "I thought we should convert you, Sir Hugh."

"Anything poured out by you would be nectar," he answered, bending his handsome head over her as he stood by her side. "Have you missed us a little?" he added, softly.

"Not at all," Alice said, with smiling lips, but her eyes told a very different tale. "You men are so conceited that you would quite believe me if I were to say that we had been victims of *ennui* ever since you left us."

"You would have been if you had had no substitutes," laughed Sir Hugh, audaciously. "That half hour after dinner before the men put in an appearance must be a regular pennance, if we may judge from the faces of the ladies! What have you been doing with yourselves?

"Oh, we have read a little, worked a little, and talked—"

"A great deal, I suppose," he laughed.

"Of course, a great deal," answered Alice. "A lot of women are sure to talk a great deal."

"Don't you remember the old Persian creed," said Shirley Ross, turning her fair face towards them for a moment, "that Providence sent down ten measures of talk for the use of the whole of mankind, and that women took nine of them?"

"Shirley, for shame!" laughed Ruby Capel. "How can you try to promulgate such a libel on our sex?"

"I did not say it was my creed," Shirley said laughingly. "I said it was a doctrine held by the Persians. They held some very queer notions with regard to our sex, you know, Ruby."

"I know! Horrid old heretics! They ought to have been ashamed of themselves," Ruby answered, laughing. "I am sure Mohammed must have been jilted by somebody to have made him exclude us from Paradise."

"Perhaps she threw him over for a richer suitor," put in Sir Hugh laughing; "although one would have thought that the old prophet would have been a very good catch."

"But Shirley argues that throwing over one suitor for another more blessed with this world's goods is quite legitimate," said Alice Fairholme, eagerly; and Sir Hugh glanced across at her cousin with a swift eager glance.

"Shirley said nothing of the kind," interposed Ruby, hastily. "Alice quite misunderstood what Shirley did say."

"I do not think I did," said Alice, quietly. "Shirley is there to corroborate my statement or contradict it, as she likes. Did you not say so, Shirley."

Shirley's hazel eyes, which had been fixed dreamily on the uncurtained window, came back slowly and went to Alice's face in the same absent manner.

"What did I say, Alice?" she asked, carelessly and indifferently; and, as she spoke, Guy's voice was distinctly audible outside speaking to Sir Gilbert. The color mounted slowly in Shirley's beautiful face as she caught the sound of the rich deep tones.

"You said," Alice replied, quickly, "that there was conclusive evidence in favor of your never having received a better offer, since you had accepted Major Stuart's."

"I believe I did say something to that effect," Shirley replied, indifferently. "But surely, Alice dear, you have something more entertaining for Sir Hugh than a recital of the afternoon's chatter? It cannot possibly interest him."

"There could be nothing in the world so interesting to me," Sir Hugh said promptly. "So," he added, slowly and distinctly, "Miss Ross holds it as a part of her creed that there is no harm in throwing over one lover for another, so long as that other is rich enough to make jilting a prudent proceeding?"

"Exactly," said Alice, vindictively.

But Shirley did not heed, for Guy Stuart had entered the room, and was greeting Miss Montolieu, who was nearest him, as he came in. Then he passed on quietly to Alice's side.

"I am sorry to say that I have come to bid you good-bye, Miss Fairholme," he said. "I have had a telegram from my uncle's doctor, desiring me to go to him at once, if I wish to see him alive.

"Oh, Major Stuart, I am indeed grieved!" Alice returned, with ready courtesy. "Poor Shirley! How disappointed she will be!"

Guy glanced across the room to where Shirley stood talking to Sir Gilbert, who had followed Major Stuart into the oak parlor; she was very pale, but she was listening to and answering her uncle with perfect composure.

"I am very disappointed myself," he said, quietly. "I had no wish to pass New Year's day in a railway carriage; but, you see, it cannot be helped—and I have no time to lose, Miss Fairholme," he added, quickly, seeing that Shirley had already escaped, from the room. "I must catch the 7 p. m. train from Dumfife."

"It is not a pleasant time of the year for travelling," remarked Alice, with a graceful little shiver. "I don't envy you, Major Stuart. But I hope you will find your uncle better than you expect. Medical men are not infallible, you know."

"Thank you; I hope so," said Guy absently. "Good-bye, Miss Fairholme. You will, I hope, allow me to thank you for your kindness during my visit at the Court?"

"You must at least carry away one pleasant reminiscence with you," she responded, smiling, as she gave him her hand. "Good-bye, Major Stuart. We will take good care of Shirley during your absence. I hope you will not be snowed up on your way."

"I hope not," Guy said, as he spoke his farewells and hurried out of the room.

"Poor Shirley! Hard lines for her!" remarked Ruby, regretfully. "Her pleasure is spoiled."

"Yes, poor child," said Alice, in her soft voice, mindful as she spoke what a quick, half-angry, half-triumphant light shone in Sir Hugh's blue eyes. "But what can't be cured must be endured, you know, Ruby; so she must bear it as philosophically as she can."

To be continued.)

It's a warm day for a man when he makes a cool thousand.

The Young Barrister.

As soon as I put my shingle out I waited for many a day
To try and rope some client in who'd ask my advice and pay;
But the few who came were ever the same, for with malice and evil intent
They would take the advice and pronounce it wise, but never would pay a cent.

At length I had an "accident" case. An humble client came,
Supporting himself with the aid of a crutch; he was seedy and gaunt and lame;
He said the machinery in a mill had broken his ribs and leg,
And now he was forced to give up work, and was even compelled to beg.

I sued the corporation, and the jury were solid for me;
I recovered a handsome verdict, too—just about paid my fee;
So, in dealing with corporations, if you have a chance to sue 'm,
Be sure and apply unsparingly the maxim—"soc et tuem!"

Latest Scottish News.

Mr. Samson Fox, C. E., founder of the Leeds Forge Company in England, has given a donation of £30,000 to the Royal College of Music.

A marriage has been arranged between a daughter of Mr. Duncan Darroch, of Torridon, and the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, youngest son of Lord Coleridge.

It is announced that Sir George Balfour, M. P. for Kincardineshire, will retire at next election, but for the present no other candidate has been chosen in his place.

The late Mr. Herdman, R. S. A., who was in his 59th year, is survived by a widow and four sons. One of his sons, Duddingston, has recently taken a good position as an artist.

Towards the £25 000 needed for the contemplated restoration of Dunblane Cathedral £13,500 has already been guaranteed, of which amount one anonymous member of the congregation has promised £10,000.

The workingmen's memorial to the late Mr. Mackonochie, of London, is to be erected on the spot in Argyllshire where he died, will be a cairn of stones, having a flat stone in front with a cross and an inscription.

Rev. A. Cumming, of Forfar, believes that Sabbath desecration and football matches have something to do with the decrease of the Sustentation Fund. Football as now practiced is, in his opinion, "a murderous and demoralizing game."

Mr. John Rankine, advocate, was on the 23rd ult. elected by the curators of Edinburgh University to the Chair of Scots Law, vacated by the resignation of Professor Macpherson. Mr. Rankine is a native of Ayrshire, being the son of the late Rev. Dr. Rankine, of Sorn, who was Moderator of the General Assembly for 1883.

It having been pointed out to the Town Council of Edinburgh that many of the historic monuments and tombstones in Greyfriars' Churchyard had been allowed to fall into a state of decay, the Council on Monday visited the churchyard to ascertain their exact condition. As a result of their examination they decided that unless some step is taken to preserve them the lettering will in a few years become illegible, and their sculptured beauties will be destroyed. Accordingly, it was resolved, in the first place, to advertise for persons interested in the monuments; and if there is no response, it is understood that the Council itself will take the matter in hand. It is also suggested that a tablet should be erected to mark the graves of the father and sister of Sir Walter Scott.

New Way to Mend Broken Ribs.

A young woman physician who practices in Englewood tells of a queer case in surgery which she heard of a few weeks ago, or rather a case of most unusual surgical treatment for a common injury. A young man had suffered a fall from the cars, and on examination it was found that two of his ribs had been broken. The doctor who was called to the case—a man doctor, by the way—told the patient's mother to make a big bowl of mush and milk, and to coax the wounded man to eat as much of it as he could possibly hold. This was done, and then the doctor told the wondering mother to bring him one of her old corsets, the largest one she had. The good woman blushingly obeyed, and stood by with bulging eyes and watched the doctor put the corset on his patient and draw the strings comfortably tight. "Keep the boy filled with mush and milk all night, if possible," was the doctor's injunction, as he packed up his traps to go away, "and be sure that the corset strings don't get any looser than they are now. I'll come again in the morning." The next day the ingenious medical man declared that the broken ribs would soon be knitted well together again, and that they were growing as nice and straight as you please. "The mush and milk on the inside and the corset on the outside is what did the business," he said. —*Chicago Herald.*

The Pleasure of Imagination.

Hard coal is worth $40 a ton in Los Angeles, Cal., and if it were not for the warm and glowing imagination of the men who are laying off suburban lots on the outskirts of the city and supplying the East with facts pertaining to the climate of Southern California many a poor family in that place would suffer from cold.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A case of transfusion is reported from the neighborhood of Alresford, Hampshire England. The wife of a laborer had for a considerable time past been suffering from a disease which had reduced her almost to a skeleton, medicine being of no avail. Her medical attendant, Mr. Marcus Eustace, on being summoned one midnight, found her in a sinking state. As a last resource he extracted four ounces of blood from his own body and injected it into that of his patient. The operation was successful, and the woman is now in a fair way of recovery.

It is not generally known that the reason hair curls when wound on a hot iron is that the moisture on the side next the iron being evaporated by the heat, the cells in that part approach each other more closely, and this shrinking of one side causes the bend or curve.

Congressman Nelson Dingley, of Maine, has been telling the Washington Y.M.C.A. "how we get up a newspaper." But it will strike some young editors that a lecture on the art of keeping a newspaper from "going up" would do more good.

BRIDGING THE CHANNEL.

A Plan to Connect England and France by a Great Iron Pathway.

As a proof of the interest which Frenchmen take in the success of the channel tunnel scheme, every fresh rebuff which it encounters is the signal for the renewal of a chorus of groans and vituperation on this side of the water. The tunnel project, however, is doomed, and, meanwhile, another plan for the comfort of the traveller and the development of trade between the two countries is being studied. It is the reverse side of the medal. If trains are not to speed between England and France via the bowels of the earth, why should they not steam along in mid-air, independent of wind and wave? I need not remind you that this is scarcely a model idea, but it is returning to the front and a company is to try to carry it through if the fates be propitious. The bridge is intended to start from Ambleteuse, on the French coast, running almost due north to Folkestone, a distance of about twenty-two miles. Rising about thirty-five feet from the sea level, and supported on piers each fifty-five yards by thirty yards in breadth, planted at intervals of 600 yards from each other, it would be constructed of solid iron, would be thirty-five yards in width, and would have four railway lines, with paths for vehicles and pedestrians. Ships provided with the highest masts would be able to sail with ease under the bridge, and the risk of vessels coming into collision with the piers would be averted by electric lights, fog-horns, bells, and a host of other apparatus. Admiral Cloue, formerly Minister of Marine, is enthusiastic over the idea, and in a conversation which he has just had with a representative of a Parisian contemporary he has expressed the opinion that the scheme is thoroughly practicable. He meets the objection from the military point of view the bridge might be a source of peril to England by proposing that at each end of the gigantic viaduct a swivel bridge should be provided, which on the first symptom of alarm could be swung open on either side, thus immediately putting a stop to all communication. When all the panic was over the swivel bridge could be swung back into its old position in a trice.—*London Telegraph.*

How It Happened.

A teacher who had just been given a primary school was so seriously annoyed by the numerous accidents arising from the presence in the pupils' desks of bottles of clear water and bottles of soapy water, as well as indescribable sponges and rags of all degrees of humidity and unpleasantness, and the confusion and noise attendant upon the frequent washings of forty slates during school hours, that she felt herself obliged to forbid in most positive terms the washing of any slate by any scholar except at recess time. Happening to glance down the middle aisle the following morning, she spied a child evidently washing her slate quietly but most thoroughly. Quick as a flash the teacher was at her side, and, holding up the slate to the view of the school, said:

"Annie, did I not forbid you all to wash your slates in school hours?"

"Yes, ma'am; but I did not wash my slate. My sponge is in my desk."

"Not wash your slate, Annie? Why, it is dripping wet. Did any one else wash it?"

"No, ma'am; I didn't either."

"If you did not wash it, Annie, what did you do with it?"

"I only rubbed it off with my dry rag."

"How comes it to be so wet, then, if you only rubbed it off with your dry rag?"

"My *dry rag* was wet," was the naive reply.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Selling a Husband.

An extraordinary case of bargaining between two women, by which one relinquished in favor of the other, upon a monetary consideration, all claim upon her lawful husband, has taken place at Sheffield. The husband in question, being out of work, a few months ago went out to Australia, and on his way out made the acquaintance of a young woman, who appeared to have formed a strong attachment for him. Finding that he was already in the bonds of matrimony, she suggested, it is said, that possibly the "wife left at home would sell him to her," and he, jokingly, advised her to "write and ask." However, she did write, and the wife, possibly thinking that the value of a husband 10,000 miles away was not incalculable, and being of a frugal mind, not only wrote that she was willing to sell, but named her price, £100. This figure was too high for the fair colonist—for her purse at least, if not for her affections, and she replied by a bid of £20, which was at length accepted. The money was sent, and with it a document drawn up in legal form, setting forth that for the sum named the wife relinquished all future claim to her husband. This was signed by the wife and sent back to Australia. The latest report is that the man and the woman have since been married.—*Liverpool Post.*

Losing Confidence.

Wife (to husband who had heard a sermon)—"Well, dear, what was the text?" Husband—"'The Word is the truth,' or something like that." Wife—"Was it a good sermon?" Husband—"The first half hour was good enough, but clear through the latter half he kept saying: 'One word more, 'another word,' 'one word in conclusion,' 'only a word more,' and so one, until I didn't know which word was the truth, and got so mixed up that I lost confidence in the whole business."—*Washington (D. C.) Critic.*

More Facts and Figures.

Political Economist—What's that you remarked about your father? Ordinary Citizen—I was saying that my father used to saw wood for 50 cents a day. Mighty hard work for very small pay. "Yes." "And now I have nothing to do but superintend a steam-machine for cutting up kindlings and I am paid $20 a week for it." "I see, I see. It's wonderful what a change the tariff on lumber has made."—*Omaha World.*

Don't All Answer at Once!

If a train has to travel 1,000 miles and runs the first day 500 miles, the second day 250 miles, the third day 125, and so on, doing each subsequent day half the number of miles it ran the previous, how long will it take to reach the end of its journey, viz., 1,000 miles.

THE ONLY FEMALE MAYOR.

How She Was Elected and Why She Fail to Please Some People.

"Female mayors are no good," said the ex-City Marshal of Argonia, Kan. "Why, Mrs. Salter has just killed Argonia. I used to have a hotel there and was the City Marshal, but I couldn't stand it, so I just scooted, and I expect I'm to blame for her election, too.

"You know she wasn't nominated in any of the conventions. About 9 o'clock on 'lection day all us boys were feeling gay and agreed to meet at a hall and nominate a candidate to knock out Wilson. Jack Ducker—he is the toughest man in the place and the undertaker—got up in the meetin' and nominated Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter for Mayor, and the nomination was made unanimous. We rushed into the streets and commenced to work for our candidate. At noon her husband came to us and begged us to quit the racket, sayin' it was an insult to his wife. We wouldn't do it, and the voters commenced to come our way in clusters. We got full of whiskey and enthusiasm, and at 4 o'clock every one was votin' for our candidate. Well, you know as how she was elected. We had a jollification, and when she took her seat like a man all our fun was busted.

"I sent up to Kansas City for some crab apple cider just to please the boys. She heard of it and asked me to stop it. You can't fight a woman and she the Mayor. Then I started a little poker room, more for sociability than anything else. Chips were only ten cents. She heard of it and came to me and I had to stop. Then the druggist, before she was elected, used to keep blue grass bitters, lemon rye and extract of malt, and a few other things like that. He don't do it now. The Mayor heard of it. Then the two billiard rooms were running. They're closed up now. The Mayor don't think it is fashionable to push the ivories. That's the way it is with everything. I just couldn't stand the town and so I came up here."

"She's the only woman Mayor on earth, is she not?

"That's just what she is. You ought to see the letters she gets, foreign letters and the like, askin' for her autograph, and askin' her if it is true that she is the Mayor, and all questions like that. When I was marshal I used to act under her, and many's the letter she has shown me from abroad."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Unrewarded Genius.

"Papa," said the little boy, "how long did it take you to write this book?"

"Nearly a year, my boy."

"Did you work very hard at it?"

"Every page has my heart's blood in it."

"Ain't that queer? I don't see any."

"No, you don't see it. Nobody else seemed to, either."

"Did you make any money out of it, papa?"

"Oh, yes (drearily). I made $250."

"Is that all? Why the paper says that John L. Sullivan made ten times that much in one night by knocking another man down a few times. Why didn't you learn to be a fighter? Or why didn't you keep a saloon? The saloon-keeper's boy dresses better'n I do."

The learned author of the work, "The World's Onward March, as Proved by Retrospective Glances and Assured by Infallible Signs," made no reply. He merely emptied another coal scuttle full of the precious volumes into the stove for fuel, went out into the raging storm and walked up and down the lonely streets for an hour, talking earnestly and volubly to himself in Sanskrit.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Thomas A' Becket's Skull.

In Canterbury Cathedral 710 years ago Thomas A' Becket was assassinated. He, like Wolsey and others in later days, had experienced the fickleness of princes' favors. He was a wonderfully gifted man, and there is no more interesting chapter of English history than that which describes his life to triumph and defeat, of victory and death. He was canonized as St. Thomas of Canterbury, and his shrine was a famous resort before Chaucer described it in "Canterbury Tales." It has been said that his remains and shrine were burned by Henry VIII., but recent reports are as follows:

"Thomas A' Becket's bones have at last been found in a rough-hewn stone coffin under Canterbury Cathedral, where heretofore their existence was only legendary. The skull is well perserved, and is said to be magnificent in size and proportions; in fact, one of the finest ever seen. Its crown bears unmistakable marks of a sword cut, which the chroniclers relate took off the top of his scalp."

He Couldn't Understand Women.

There was a little incident on a cable-line car yesterday morning that made all on board laugh. There was such a touch of humor in it and so much of human nature that the mirth was as free and spontaneous as the rippling murmur of a brook. The car had just stopped at the Priests of Pallas Hall and a large, genial faced jovial kind of a man assisted a lady to alight. As the car started again he rather earnestly remarked:

"Now, there goes my wife to hear Sam Jones tell her of her faults." Then, after an impressive pause: "Yet when I try to tell her of them at home there is a terrible racket. I can't understand women."—*Kansas City Times.*

Fun of Other Lands.

Things one would rather have left unsaid.—"Oh, I am so pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. McGrump! I have heard of you and your works for ever so long—the last ten or fifteen years, I am sure!" "You might have heard of me and my works for the last fifty years, madam!"—*Punch.*

On their honeymoon trip.—Young Wife (looking over the bill of fare)—John, what's *Patty de foi grass?* Young Husband—Sh! don't talk so loud, or people will think we are ignorant. It must be French for cauliflower.—*Adelaide Lantern.*

Tentative.—Artful Jimmy (conscious of unprepared lessons, and desirous of staying from school)—Mamma, dear, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?—*Fun.*

A Random Shot.

Magistrate—"If I discharge you this time, Uncle Rastus, what will you do?" Uncle Rastus—"Well, yo' Honah, ef yo' discha'ges me, I spect I'll go off."

OLD MAN CAMPBELL.

The Father-in-Law that "Baby Bunting" Narrowly Escaped.

Many a good story is told of John Campbell, the pioneer iron manufacturer of the Hanging Rock iron region, of Ohio, whose daughter, Miss Clara, sued Charles Arbuckle for breach of promise. The old gentleman is a plain man, who does not understand the ways of society, and perfers ordinary jeans trousers to the finest broadcloth. When his daughter, Mrs. William Means, was married, the wedding was a social event of great moment in southern Ohio. It was a fashionable affair, and 9 o'clock in the evening was the time set for the ceremony. The head of the house watched the preparations with misgivings, and was told for some sufficient reason that his daughter was to be married earlier in the day. Accordingly, he was all ready for the event by 2 o'clock, and waited impatiently for the wedding party to appear. When 8 o'clock, which was his usual bedtime, arrived, his patience was exhausted, and he decided to retire, notwithstanding the fact that his house was full of guests. Going to his apartment, which had been given up to the ladies for a toilet room, he pushed aside bonnets, hats, and wraps, and crawled into bed, and was soon sound asleep, regardless of what was going on down stairs. When the time came to give away the bride, her father couldn't be found, and that part of the ceremony was necessarily omitted. It was not until the guests were departing that he was discovered lying amid the bonnets and wraps, many of which he had ruined.

Origin of Leap Year.

A correspondent writing to the New York *World* of the custom observed every fourth year of permitting the fairer sex to assume the rights and prerogatives appertaining to their brothers during the remaining three, says "that a law enacted by the Parliament of Scotland in 1288 is doubtless the first statutory recognition of its existence." The law is thus quoted: "It is statut and ordaint that during the reine of Her Maist Blessit Magestie, ilk fourth year, known as leap year, ilk maiden ladye of baith high and low estait shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye summe of ane dundis or less, and his estait moit be, except and awisgif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, that he then shall be free."

A Labor Commissioner Robbed.

Mr. John Armstrong, a member of the Labor Commission, got up in Montreal yesterday a poorer man by $400 than when he went to bed at his hotel Wednesday evening. Although he does not say much about his loss, it is learned that the unfortunate commissioner supposed he had bolted his door on retiring, but his pocketbook had left during the night. The police are on the track of the robber.

A Natural Question.

It was between the acts, and he had just come in from the outside. "I've been out to get some fresh air," he said. "Indeed," she queried, "why didn't you bring some in to use for breath?" He sat down crushed and chewed his cloves in stern silence.

A Great Luxury.

Strawberries are $12 per quart in New York city. This, in conjunction with the high price of fuel used in baking, makes strawberry shortcake a luxury that only the great society actresses can afford to enjoy.

Franklin's Philosophy.

The sound of your hammer at 5 in the morning or at 9 at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer, but if he sees you at a billiard table or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his bill the next day.—*Franklin.*

The European Mill Temporarily Off.

Bismarck, as referee (to audience)—Sorry to disappoint you, gentlemen, but the fight is off, and all bets are drawn. The belt will remain for the present in the hands of my friend here, Mr. Von Moltke.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Between the Kisses.

Miss McCusker (of Cincinnati)—"I'm so glad to see you, dear; and just in time for the party, too." Miss Hinckley (of New York)—"I'm afraid I'm too tired to dissipate much." "This isn't dissipation, chere amie; papa's invited several people you'll like to go over to the factory and see them pack pork to-morrow."—*Tid-Bits.*

In Circulation!

It was so cold down in Main last week that spruce gum froze on the trees. We feared at first that it had frozen in the mouths of the boarding-school girls, but happily that danger was never at hand for the reason that the girls kept the gum in circulation all the time.

A Fearful Threat.

Wife—"Now this is the third time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook."

Husband—"Yes, I—I believe it is."

Wife—"Well, the very next time I catch you talking to the cook I'll discharge her and—do the cooking myself!"

That cured him.

A Great Difference.

Mrs. Cassidy—"Why don't you come down and see me, Mrs. McGinnis?"

Mrs. McGinnis—"And it's you that's talkin', Mrs. Cassidy; and not a sight did I see of ye since last aisther! Sure, if I lived as near to you as you do to me I'd be droppin' in every week!"—*Puck.*

The Globe (Arizona) *Silver Bell* says: "Industrious squaws are still packing hay on their backs to Globe and thereby turning an honest penny. A buck with two wives is comfortably provided; one with more is regarded as a capitalist and if he so elects can devote his entire time to gambling. If he bets his clothes—not an uncommon thing—and loses them his wives replace them by the purchase of others, thus changing him from his pristine loveliness to a man of fashion in whom their affections centre and of whom they are justly proud."

CANON DUMOULIN SHOCKED.

Toronto's Immorality and Crime Strongly Denounced.

In his sermon in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, yesterday morning Canon Dumoulin, speaking of the approach of Lent and the time for repentance, said in effect: Read the records in the daily papers—how they startle one, even in our own fair city. The court lists contains every species of crime, even the most degraded—crimes that brought their curse on Sodom and Gomorrah—and yet our city is far-famed for its purity. By the Labor Commission, now in session in a neighboring city, facts were revealed that should shame the perpetrators into oblivion, and the law should pronounce no mild penalty. This state of things, and in a Christian progressing country, would degrade a heathen civilization.

Breaking the News.

They are telling a story on a well known and now wealthy Irishman of this city, which, it is said, happened before he was either so wealthy or so well known, says the Kansas City *Times*. Judge McCarty, so the story goes, had been killed by an accident, and the problem was how to break the news to his wife. The Irishman in question volunteered to break the news so gently that it would not jar on the most sensitive feelings. Putting the body in a waggon, he started for Mrs. McCarty's residence.

"Does the Widow McCarty live here?" he asked significantly.

"She does not," said Mrs. McCarty.

"But indade she does. The Widow McCarty does live here!" he insisted with more significance and greater emphasis on the "widow."

"But she does not," replied Mrs. McCarty.

Disgusted at her lack of perspicuity, the bearer of the bad news asked in despair:

"An' faith, does Judge McCarty live here?"

"He does."

"Well, I'll bet yes tin dollars he does not."

"But he does," insisted Mrs. McCarty.

"But he does not," insisted Pat. "I'll bet yes tin dollars he does not," and then in utter despair he added, "for I've got his corpse in me wagin, an' a foiner wone was nivir seen at a wake.

The "Language of Music."

The idea of any universal language is a fantastic freak that could only find lodgment in the brain of a crank.—*London Advertiser.*

Nonsense! What is written music but a universal language?—the language of the emotions, but still a language. —*Hamilton Spectator.*

All right in a sense, but let us have a test of it. Take a full orchestra and have it play the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" before the Ahkound of Swat, and let him reply by a gang of semi-naked natives beating on gongs, and let us know how far you mutually understand each other.—*London Advertiser.*

To-Day's Church News.

Dr. Patton, who has just been elected to succeed Dr. McCosh as President of Princeton, was born in Bermuda in 1843 and took a classical course in the University of Toronto and a theological course at Knox College.

Rev. Dr. Ryckman has been invited by the quarterly board of Wellington Street Methodist Church, London, to remain as pastor for another year.

A Precocious Plea.

Bertha (who has come in too late for the anecdote)—What are you laughing at mamma? Tell me what Mrs. Frivole said, please!

Mrs. Brown Stone—Impossible, my child. It was not a story for children of your age.

Bertha—Oh, do tell me, mamma! I promise I won't understand a word.

What is an Anarchist?

One of our esteemed contemporaries confesses to some difficulty in describing an anarchist—thus betraying a lack of intelligence which is really deplorable. An anarchist is a person who thinks it is folly for a man to work or wash, and who proves his faith by his example.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Work and Wages.

An unskilled Japanese farm hand, according to a correspondent who writes from Hiogo, receives only from 5c. to 10c. a day for his labor, and out of this small sum he is expected to board himself. Skilled farm labor commands from 10c. to 15c. a day.

Pop not, pop not, ye hapless sons of clay,
Girls' gayest wreathes are made of high priced flowers
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Pop not, pop not! The girl you pop will wed,
The rosy lip will gladly smile on you;
The softly melting eye grow strangely red—
Beware, young man, whatever else you do!

Pop not, pop not! Oh, warning, vainly said
In leap year hours as in the years gone by;
Cash flings a halo round the dear one's head,
And "git thar" is the universal cry.

—*Washington Critic.*

At the annual meeting of the British Chamber of Shipping on Saturday some interesting statistics were given by the President in his address. The statistics of last year for the United Kingdom showed that 35 iron steamers were built or in process of construction against 57 in 1886, and 256 of steel against 137; as to sailing vessels there were 12 of iron against 39 and 18 of steel against 11. From these figures he concluded that steel as a material in the construction of vessels was rapidly superseding iron; that sailing vessels, even of the larger type, were found unable to compete with the newest type of steamers, and that composite and wooden sailing vessels for mercantile purposes had ceased to be built. Those results have been brought about within the last few years, and were evidence of the earnestness of the British shipowner, ever ready to avail himself of the most approved modes of construction, even although he thereby depreciated his existing property; for it was true of shipping as of other industries, that to stand still was to go back.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 170 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

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GENERAL BUTCHERS,
FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers. There is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

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THIS PAPER may be found on file at Messrs. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Tit-Bits.

Continued from First Page.

Mr. W. J. Gilchrist, one of Artemesia's sons, is now living in Grand Forks County, Dakota, U. S. He enclosed a dollar for THE ADVANCE the other day, as he wants to get all the news from this section of the county of Grey.

Messrs. Irish and Smith, the gifted "Emerald Duet," were in town last Friday. Their labors in Owen Sound were attended with great success, over one hundred members being added to the Royal Templars' Council in that town. They left for Hamilton by the afternoon train where they will spend a few days in much needed rest with their respective families.

It is said by Professor Johnston—the Hamilton "spread *Eagle*" and "John Bull *Lion*" colored gentlemen—that "de sun do move and de earth don't move no more on her' axletrees dan anything;" and "dat' de earth am as flat as a sliced water mellyum." But there can be no possible chance for dispute, in regard to the abilities of Booth, the Boss Barber, of Flesherton, to shave or cut your hair slicker than anybody else within twenty miles square. Professor Johnson would get new ideas if he gave Booth the job of removing the surplus wool off his head. It would give his brains a chance to cool off!

Born.

Ornelia.—On Sunday Feb. 12th, the wife of John Ornelia Flesherton of a daughter.

Died.

MATHEWSON.—On 15th. inst., Mrs. Eliza. Mathewson, of Artemesia, aged 86. Deceased was a native of Ireland. Came to Canada about 50 years ago and settled in Toronto. Then she came to this section of country 24 years ago, here she lived until the hour of her death.

WHERE IT ENDS nine-tenths of the disease denominated Catarrh is the result of protracted or oft-repeated colds in the head. Nasal Balm will give immediate relief and permanently cures.

A Large Monument.

Mr. Vanzant, of Flesherton, is putting up in our Union Cemetery here a monument for the late James Kerr, Esq., of Euphrasia. It is the most magnificent in this section of Ontario. The marble came from New Brunswick. The freight on it from New Brunswick to Toronto was $55, and from Toronto to Thornbury it was $51. This will give our readers some idea of how they charge on the Northern.

The monument weighs fifteen tons and comes in four pieces. It will be set in solid masonry, and when erected will stand about twenty-five feet high. The cost of the monument will be about $1,500. Mr. Vanzant will inscribe it here. *Owen Sound Standard*

Sunday School Social at Eugenia.

Correspondence of The Advance.

The Eugenia Sunday School Social, as previously announced, was held in the Orange Hall on Wednesday evening of last week and was a decided success beyond the most sanguine anticipation. Socially, intellectually and financially, a success. The proceeds amounting to over $10, to be applied in purchasing requisites for the School. After the tea had been served, which was a rich and abundant treat, all that the most fastidious epicure could wish, provided by the lady friends of the School who always reflect credit to themselves by the very choice and enticing viands they spread for the children (*God bless them*) and all the assembled Friends.

Mr. H. Meldrum, the present superintendent of the School occupied the chair, and after making a few suitable remarks proceeded to have carried out a lengthy and much appreciated programme, consisting of addresses, readings, recitations, dialogues, vocal and instrumental music that had been prepared for the occasion. To give the programme item by item would trespass on too much of your valuable space, Mr. Editor. Suffice it to say the participants in the readings, recitations &c., all acquitted themselves in a happy and appropriate manner. The taking feature was the beautiful music by the adult Choir, which in itself was a treat to the audience. Towards the close Mr. F. T. Carr convened the audience into a large singing class and exercised their vocal talent in that choice Gospel Hymn, "There we'll have a Happy Time," which raised the spirits of the already delighted people into the greatest good humor. The usual votes of thanks were tendered, Doxology sung and Benediction pronounced. This brought to a close one of the most enjoyable entertainments Eugenia has ever seen.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The annual Sabbath School anniversary and tea-meeting came off last week and was quite a success, the proceeds amounting to something over $25.

The Missionary meeting in connection with the Wesley church appointment was held last Sabbath and the church was crowded.

Mr. R. T. Brodie, of Brampton, is visiting at his brother's.

Mr. Wm. Gilbert, and family, have left here and gone to Wiarton to live.

Mr. A. Johnston has had an increase in his family.

It is reported that the partnership heretofore existing between Messrs. Kells & Lucas as saw-millers and lumber dealers has been dissolved.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

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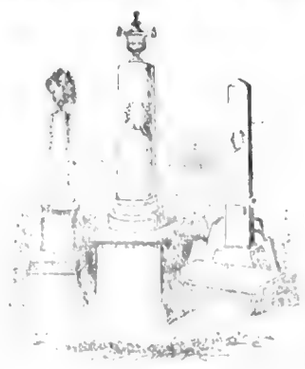

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FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

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Clearing ❋ Sale!

$1,400

In Fine Goods to select from. Must be reduced to $1,000 if possible by March 1st. The sale will be "genuine" and carried out on the following basis: One-Fifth of all grades Watches and Clocks, ¼ of Silverware, Hollow and Flat, ¼ of Chains, Jewelery, Pins, Buttons, Spex and Rings, 18 k., plain excepted. Unchanged prices in plain figures. If you ever intend investing in any of above mentioned goods, this opportunity to get them near *cost*, at *cost* and *below cost* is the best ever given in this section. No foolish blowing. Adjectives very small. By calling you will find prices so low as to lead you to buy. TERMS CASH. Warrants as usual, signed W.A.Brown. My watch work gives satisfaction.

The People's Jeweller.

W. A. BROWN,

Markdale, Ont.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Mr. Andrew Sharp, of Collingwood, gave us a call on Thursday last.

Clover and Timothy Seed for sale at the Medical Hall, Flesherton, for Cash.

Mrs. D. S. Munro, of Detroit, is visiting her parents in Flesherton. Her many friends here were pleased to meet with her again.

Owen Sound correspondence received too late for last week's ADVANCE, and therefore too stale for this issue. Write again: your items are spicy and newsy—just what we want.

Dr. Henderson, Dentist of Toronto, will be in Flesherton (Munshaws hotel) to-day (Thursday) and to-morrow (Friday) March 1st and 2nd, for the practice of his profession.

I will chop grain every Friday, or whenever there is sufficient for a half a day's running, at the rate of 5 cents per bag, and will take grain at market prices for toll. ANDREW BRATTIE.

The members of the Flesherton W. C. T. U. beg to tender their sincere thanks to the Div. of S. of T. for the sum of money so cheerfully paid to their Treasurer on behalf of Halton Temperance cause.—TREASURER.

Mr. Thos. Bates, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., U. S., paid Flesherton a flying visit on Thursday last. He looks as though silver mines and business generally up there were good for the health. Would'nt object to a chunk of a silver mine ourself?

A communication from Mr. James Buckingham, a paper read at Centre Grey Farmer's Institute by Dr. Christoe, a letter from "A. B. P." anent "Cheerful Women," and other matter unavoidably crowded out of this week's ADVANCE, but will appear in our next.

Dr. Sinclair, the celebrated Toronto specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, diseases of the Brain and Nerves, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, will be at Munshaws's Hotel, Flesherton, on Thursday next, March 8th, for the practice of his profession.

An Orange Soiree will be held in the lodge room of L. O. L. No. 1132, 4th line, Artemesia, on Friday, March 9th. Tea served from 5 to 7 o'clock p. m. The intellectual program will consist of addresses by several eloquent clergymen, dialogues, recitations, &c. Admission 25 cents, children half price. Proceeds to be applied to seating the hall for public as well as for private use.

Flesherton Orange Lodge has secured the services of the celebrated "Beethoven Quartette," composed of Miss Hattie Morell, soprano, Miss Ethel Woods, contralto, Mr. Sims Richards, tenor, and Mr. Chas. Kelly, basso, for a concert which will be given in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Thursday evening next, 8th inst. Besides the above magnificent array of talent, Mr. Jim Fax, the "Funniest Man in Canada," will make his first bow to a Flesherton audience. See bills for particulars.

For The Advance.]

Hidden Things.

There are no wounds so deep as those we hide,
No sin, no cursed act that we have concealed,
And man must seek to find the costliest pearls—
They lie in ocean depths all unrevealed.

There is no hatred half so deep and dark
As that we nurse in silence in our breast.
There is no love so tender, true and strong
As that to curious scoffers unconfessed.

All hidden sin is deadliest, darkest, worst;
All hidden suffering is sharpest pain;
All hidden sweets are sweetest of the sweet—
All hidden love hath the most sacred reign.

—*Edith B. VanDusen.*

Owen Sound, Feb. 21st, 1888.

Cruelty to Dogs.

A number of boys in Flesherton are accused to THE ADVANCE of cruelty to dogs. It is said that the boys hitch small canines to heavily loaded hand-sleds and compel the poor brutes to drag them up hill and down hill-sometimes whipping them most unmercifully. None but a boy with worse than brutal instincts would thus maltreat a poor dumb animal, and if there are any such young rascals around here people should see that they are sharply looked after and punished.

Auction Sale Register.

Farm stock, &c., at Lot 39, Con. 10, Artemesia, on Wednesday, March 14th, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. Samuel M. Osburn, proprietor. John Speers & Co., auctioneer. See bills.

Farm stock, &c., at Lot 19, Con. 6, Osprey, on Wednesday, March 7th, commencing at one o'clock p. m. Robert Kinner, proprietor; John Speers & Co., auctioneers. See bills.

A Kimberely Thief.

One night last week a bag of oats and a bag of grass seed was stolen from the barn of Mr. A. A. C. McConnell, of Kimberley. The thief did not cover his tracks and therefore was traced. He is a neighbor of Mr. McConnell's, and if it had not been for the good-naturedness of the magistrate there, he would have had to pay the penalty of the law. It is almost a pity, however, that the law was not allowed to take its course.

Shooting Accident.

Mr. Wm. Heard, second son of Mr. J. H. Heard of Flesherton—and another youngman were out on a rabbit-shooting expedition last Friday afternoon. They separated after getting to the bush, keeping within hailing distance, of each other. Suddenly a rabbit scurried along directly between the young men, both of whom fired their guns at the little animal almost at the same instant. Unfortunately, a couple of grains of shot hit young Mr. Heard—one cutting his lip and the other penetrating one of his eyes. His father at once sent him to the Toronto Hospital for treatment. Whether he will lose the sight of the injured optic is not yet known.

The Late Mr. Crackanthorpe.

"The late William Crackanthorpe, of Westmoreland, England, was an old chum of Lord Brougham, Coleridge, Southney, Wordsworth, Herschell, Lyell, Davy, Murchison, Sydney Smith and Mrs. Somerville. Wordsworth was his cousin. In company with Lord Bute he crossed in 1815 from Livorno to Elba and had an inteview with Napoleon Bonaparte the day before he made his escape back to France."

The above item appeared under the heading of our "Current Topics" column last week. Since then we were shown a letter—in the late Mr. Crackanthorpe's own hand-writing and written when the deceased gentleman had attained his *ninety-third* year!—addressed to M. Richardson, Esq., of this town. The letter was one of many received by Mr. Richardson since he came to this country. Mr. Crackanthorpe was the steady and warm friend of the former in boyhood and early manhood: and when Mr. R. came to Canada, he still manifested a deep interest in the welfare of his young friend. This feeling or interest was warmly reciprocated, and perhaps none mourns more sincerely the death of that great friend of the people, than does Mr. Richardson.

Alsike, Red Clover, and Timothy at the Medical Hall, Flesherton,—fresh and good.

Almost miraculous are some of the cures accomplished by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In the case of R. L. King, Richmond, Va., who suffered for 47 years with an aggravated form of scrofula, Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected astonishing results.

Social at Proton Station.

We had a pleasant sleighride to Proton Station and back on Friday evening last, on occasion of the annual social in connection with the neat new Presbyterian church at that place. Mr. J. W. Henderson, the genial Inspector of the North of Scotland M. Co., Toronto, furnished the equipage, obtained from Mr. W. H. Elder's popular livery stables here, and driven by that careful and experienced teamster, Mr. Wm. Mitchell. The party was composed of Mrs. Bulmer, Miss Katie Bellamy, Miss Alice Bellamy, Mr. J. W. Henderson, ye Editor, and Messrs. John, C. W. and W. J. Bellamy.

The church was well crowded with people from Dundalk, Inistioge, Flesherton, and the immediate neighborhood. The viands were excellent. After tea, the Rev. Mr. McCaul pastor of the church took the chair and conducted the proceedings with becoming dignity. The following program was presented:

1.—Instrumental selection by Miss Lamon, of Dundalk. Chaste and well rendered.

2.—Address by Mr. Morgan. Vigorous, earnest and practical.

3.—"Twilight on the sea," by the Dundalk Choral Society, composed of Mr. Spurr, of the *Herald*, Miss Phillips, Miss Campbell and a gentleman whose name we have forgotten; accompanied on the organ by Miss Lamon. With a little more practice this newly formed society will give a good account of itself. Mr. Spurr possesses a well trained tenor voice.

4.—Address by Mr. J. W. Henderson. Eminently practical. Sound common sense. But who ever heard J. W. deliver an address that was not practical and straight to the mark? A very happy effort throughout, and no special preparation either.

5.—Miss Lamon, solo, "Tit for Tat." Charmingly rendered.

6.—Mr. Hames, an address, and a stirring, eloquent one it was. Keen, double-cutting temperance pointers.

7.—Parks Bros. and sister. Instrumental; organ, piccolo and violin. Splendid. Vociferously encored.

8.—Duet, Miss Campbell and Miss Phillips, "Hope Beyond." Fairly well rendered.

9.—Rev. A. Wilson, an address which put every one in good humor. Individual effort the principal theme. Brief and pointed, sandwiched with a fund of dry humor.

10.—Dundalk Choral Society.

11.—A. R. Fawcett, of THE ADVANCE, an address. Surprised and somewhat confused at being so unexpectedly called upon. Got up on platform to say something. Said something and sat down.

12.—Mr. Spurr, solo. A chaste selection and excellently sung.

13.—Mr. Clemis, of Eugenia, an address. Surprised at being called upon, but made a happy little speech.

14.—Magnificent instrumental by the renowned Parks Bros. Loudly encored and gracefully responded to.

15.—Address by Mr. Spurr. Also surprised, but made a really clever, though brief, address.

16.—Solo by Mr. Spurr. Patriotic. Charmingly rendered. Fact of the matter is, Brother Spurr is undoubtedly a cultured and rising vocalist. He accompanied himself on the organ.

17.—A sensible, logicial, practical, brief, pointed, and spicy speech by Rev. Mr. Ross, of Dundalk. Pulpit and Press a leading topic.

18.—Solo by Miss Phillips. Good.

19.—Address by Mr. Graham, the well known and popular merchant, of Dundalk. Mr. G. was also surprised, but he got on the platform all the same and said some very sensible things.

20.—Parks Bros., instrumental. Good.

21.—Dundalk Choral Society.

22.—Announcement of proceeds of social, viz., $43.15, leaving a small debt of some thirty odd dollars on the church, which latter was raised by special subscription in about ten minutes and the edifice declared *free of debt.*

23.—Singing of the National Anthem with great enthusiasm.

24.—Benediction.

Congratulations.

For many years, Eugenia has been the only town in our fair Township of Artemesia. But now there is another and the orphan can rejoice and the solitary places be glad therefor. To our sister *town* (village no longer!) of Markdale we extend our profoundest and most reverential congratulations upon its recent elevation to the dignity of a town—or Township? And now a momentous question thrusts itself upon the newly elevated town (ship), viz., who'll be Lord Mayor? But more anon.

Racing on the Street.

Will people, who make it a practice to race their horses on our streets, kindly knock the idea into their respective noddles, that it is illegal to do so? If they don't perhaps our magistrates can be induced to extend them an invitation, by means of the constable, to attend at the Division Court Clerk's office where some useful and much needed information would be imparted.

Messrs. M. Richardson & Co.

In this age of shoddy peddlers, tramp storekeepers, and what not, it is gratifying to find so many people patronizing their local business men first, last and all the time. We have always had great pleasure in recommending the firm of M. Richardson & Co. to the public, and never more so than now. They are square business men and everything they sell will be found as represented. Their mammoth store here is being daily stocked with piles of choice spring goods. The millinery department is unequalled in Centre or East Grey, while in hardware they enjoy a very extensive patronage.

Death.

We regret to learn of the death of the eldest child of our townsman, Mr. J. W. Bates—a bright little girl about five years of age—on Friday last. Mr. and Mrs. Bates have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Printing.

Get your Horse bills, Auction Sale bills, Entertainment bills, &c., &c., at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

A purgative medicine should possess tonic and curative, as well as cathartic properties. This combination of ingredients may be found in Ayer's Pills. They strengthen and stimulate the bowels, causing natural action.

Fifteen bills to amend the "Municipal Act" have been submitted to the Ontario Legislature thus far this session. How many more?

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER X.

Shirley was standing waiting for Guy in the great hall; and, as he went toward her, with a very forlorn look in her lustrous hazel eyes she put out two trembling little hands to meet his. The hall was all ready for the ball, being profusely decorated with evergreens and garlands, and rich crimson hangings, while the polished floor was simply perfect for dancing. It was a pretty and useful ball-room, being somewhat out of the common, for in the recesses the suits of steel armor caught and reflected back the light and lamplight, and the grand staircase at one end, carpeted in crimson, would make a very comfortable resting place for the tired dancers by and by. Shirley was standing before the great wood-fire that was blazing on the wide old fashioned hearth, a slender drooping figure in a black dress; and as she put out her hands to meet Guy's the diamonds on the little white left hand flashed and gleamed in the firelight.

"Oh, Guy," she cried pitifully, as he took the little hands in his strong clasp, "this is a dreadful disappointment!"

"Is it, dear?" he said kindly. "I am very sorry, Shirley."

"But you go?" she whispered unsteadily. "Oh, Guy, it is my first ball, and I wanted to be so happy to-night!"

"And I hope you will be happy," he replied, smiling a little—"you must be happy without me, my child."

"Happy without you!" Shirley echoed dreadfully. "I can't, Guy. Do you think"—she lifted her eyes to his with a little coquetry—"that you could be happy without me?"

Guy's smile deepened.

"I think I could, my child, if it were necessary," he answered; "and I expect you will be so to-night."

"Then I am sorry to say that your expectations will be disappointed" she said bravely. "Guy, don't you care? Are you not a little sorry?" she added earnestly, lifting great sorrowful eyes to his face.

"My dear little girl, I am very sorry," he answered fondly, putting his arm around her and drawing her to his side. "I never cared much for balls, but I confess that I have been looking forward to this one. I wanted to see Miss Ross in all the grandeur of her first ball dress. But other fellows will be lucky enough to do so while I am travelling in a cold, dark railway carriage. However, I shall have one consolation," he added laughingly.

"What is that, Guy?"

"I shall see you, I hope, hundreds of times in your war-paint, my darling," he replied fondly. "Don't throw me off for a richer suitor in my absence, little woman."

"As if I could!" she said sadly, too much depressed at the thought of his departure to remember her careless words.

"Could you not?" he questioned, smiling again. "Then what were those very heretical and unorthodox opinions you were giving vent to in my absence?"

"Ah!" Shirley drew a long breath and colored a little—"I did not think you heard, Guy!"

"But I did hear, Shirley," he answered, gently and, with a pretty little penitent gesture, Shirley put both hands on his breast.

"I am very sorry, Guy. I would not have said you hear them for the world; but"

"But," he said softly, "you spoke the words, did you not?"

"Yes, but not as they were repeated," she answered eagerly. "You know, Guy you are sure, are you not?—that I would not pain you for the world, and that if you were a private in your own regiment, I should love you just as dearly."

"Would you?" he answered, smiling. "Those are pleasant words to hear, sweet."

"Then let them make you forget the others," she said softly. "Those are true, the others are not. Guy, they do not pain you now, dear, do they?"

"I do not think they pained me much," he replied, smiling into the loving eyes which were lifted to his face. "We will not think any more about them, Shirley. You will write to me, dear?"

"Of course. It will be so pleasant to write to you. I have never written to any one but Jack," she said, smiling; "so you must not mind the letters being stupid."

"I dare say I shall not think them so," he answered, "especially if they tell me about yourself and your doings and your flirtations."

"My flirtations?" Shirley echoed, with wide, innocent smiling eyes. "What are they?"

"You know very well. You are a very demure little maiden on the surface; but still waters run deep. Do you think you will have forgotten me if I am away longer than a fortnight?"

"Of course, I shall in all probability have married some one else if you prolong your absence for three weeks," she answered, laughing.

Guy laughed also. It was strange how little both seemed to feel this separation. Certainly it was to be but a short one; but so much may happen in a fortnight, in a week, in a day, that some of the coming trouble must have cast its shadow upon them.

"Saucy girl!" he said. "Marry some else at your peril and his! If you do, as sure as my name is Guy Stuart, I will kill him! Therefore, if any one proposes to you in my absence, you can tell him so, and warn him."

"I certainly will," she replied merrily, and then the smile faded, and she rested her head against him wearily. "Guy, I wish you had not to go."

"So do I, love. But the dear old man has been so good to me always that I could not bear to think of him as ill and lonely. Dr. Crowter is a bit of an alarmist," he added musingly, "and he always thinks Uncle Jasper worse than he is, so that I do not believe he is so ill as he says. Why, I had, as you know, a letter from the dear old fellow last week."

"Yes—and such a kind letter. You will give him my love, Guy, and tell him that I shall always love him for his goodness to his unworthy nephew."

"You are a darling!" Guy said softly, as he bent over her and put his lips to her brow. "I really think you are fond of me, Shirley."

"I really think I am—a little," she responded laughing, but the next moment with a sudden tenderness and pain she had pressed her face against his breast. "Oh, Guy, oh, Guy, what shall I do even for those few days without you?"

"Shirley, if you cry, you will have red eyes for to-night," he said, bending over her with smiling yet sorrowful eyes; "and I cannot have people saying that Major Stuart has a queer taste to take that ugly girl! Darling, look up and give me a smile to take away with me."

"I am very sorry, Guy, old fellow," broke in Sir Hugh's voice at his friend's elbow, "but it is time to go. I cannot give you even five minutes more."

"All right—I am ready," Guy answered, as Shirley started up, flushed and trembling. "We don't mind Hugh, my darling," he went on, smiling. "He is very sympathetic, and can readily understand that I am not quite as rejoiced as I ought to be to leave you."

"Readily," Sir Hugh answered, in rather a low tone, his face looking strange and pale in the firelight.

"And I am leaving you in Hugh's charge," Guy went on fondly—both arms were round Shirley now, and his face was bent over her. "I know Sir Gilbert and Lady Fairholme are very good, but I know that Sir Hugh is my friend, and that he will take better care of my property than any one else," he added cordially; "so, sweetheart, if anything goes wrong during my absence, will you go to Hugh as frankly as you would come to me?"

"Of course, if you wish it," she said, shyly. "But, Guy, nothing can go wrong, dear."

"I think you know that nothing could give me truer pleasure than to render you any service," Sir Hugh put in, his voice a little husky, his lips parched and dry, "although of course I hope there will be no occasion."

"At any rate I leave her much less regretfully, knowing that you are at hand, old friend," Guy said, in his warm, frank manner. "Now good-bye, my darling; take care of yourself—and take care of her, Hugh."

He held her close for a moment, and Shirley clung to him with sudden passion and pain. Now for the first time a heavy foreboding of dread and terror was upon her, and she shrunk from the separation with fear and trembling.

"Darling, let me go," Guy whispered, as he unclasped the clinging hands. "Why, you foolish child, it is only for a week or two! Don't sob so, you silly girl! Why, Shirley, I shall not be able to leave you!"

Sir Hugh had walked over to the hall door and had drawn aside the heavy sheltering curtains and opened the strong iron-studded door.

"Guy, old fellow!" he cried, warningly, and at the sound of his voice Shirley started, checked her tears, and disengaged herself from Guy's clasp.

"Good-bye," she said faintly, forcing a little smile to the trembling lips. "Guy, don't forget me."

"That's my brave Shirley! No, don't come to the door, darling; it is so rough and boisterous. Oh, you wilful lassie!" he added, smiling, as she went with him, and watched him get into the dog-cart which was to take him to the station.

It was a rough, boisterous night, as he had said, but the avenue was well lighted in anticipation of the coming festivities.

Shirley stood still in the lighted doorway, with Sir Hugh at her side, as the dog-cart drove away; and Guy, turning as he came to the bend in the drive, waved his hand in farewell; then they both turned away and went into the hall again, Shirley shivering a little from the cold sharp wind which had been admitted.

"You are cold," Sir Hugh said gently; he was still very pale, and his voice was husky.

"It is a rough drive for Guy," she remarked sorrowfully, as they stood for a few seconds in front of the fire, side by side; and a momentary flash of angry pain sprung into the young man's handsome eyes.

"Yes—but I would rather be Guy driving away in the cold wind and darkness than—than—the happiest man in the world," Sir Hugh said slowly. "Ah, forgive me, Miss Ross. I will not offend you again. That was an irrepressible little outburst," he added, with a smile. "I won't vex you by my folly any more. And now, since Guy has left you in my charge," he continued, "will you not let me ask you to go and lie down for an hour or two, so as to be rested for to-night? Guy would not like to think that he had spoiled all your pleasure."

"But Aunt Geraldine will not be pleased if I do not come down to dinner," she said, coloring shyly, and smiling a little as she added, "and I don't think Guy would be pleased if I were to let people think I was such a goose as to cry because he has left me for a fortnight; so, I must not, although I should like it, act upon your suggestion, Sir Hugh."

"It is because it is my suggestion that it finds no favor in your eyes," he said regretfully. "Do you bear malice, Miss Ross? No? Then give me your hand in token of forgiveness, and, as I am Guy's friend, let me be yours."

With a little smile she gave him her hand, and Sir Hugh bent over it and touched it with his lips. As he did so, Alice Fairholme and Ruby Capel, coming out of the oak-parlor, saw the two standing by the hall fire; and Ruby said in surprise

"Why, it is Shirley and Sir Hugh!"

"Shirley putting her theory into practice," remarked Alice, with irrepressible bitterness. "She ought to be ashamed of herself!" she added as she passed up the broad staircase, holding her graceful head erect, and sweeping her soft blue dress disdainfully after her.

And Ruby, as she followed, with a touch of gravity on her beautiful piquant face, was reminded of the lines of the old song—

> It is well to be off with the old love
> Before you are on with the new,

and resolved to take Shirley to task for flirting before poor Guy's back was fairly turned.

CHAPTER XI.

"It seems as if the Fates would be propitious, Latreille," said Sir Hugh Glynn to his servant, as he put the finishing touches to his evening dress a little later in the evening. "Nothing could have been more *a propos* than Major Stuart's departure."

"The game is in your own hand, Sir Hugh," returned Latrielle quietly. "A proverb in my country says that 'the absent are always in the wrong.' I think you will be able to see that Major Stuart was in the wrong to leave Miss Ross so confidingly. He must know that such a beautiful young lady will not lack admirers."

"It is a nasty business," Sir Hugh said rather disconsolately. "I wish Guy were not so trusting," he said to himself, "he makes it so difficult to deceive him. Poor old Guy! We were boys together too."

"It will not be your fault if Miss Ross changes her mind, Sir Hugh," remarked his valet coolly. "You are not to blame if she has the good taste to prefer you to Major Stuart."

"But she will not," Sir Hugh said coolly.

"Then the alternative is in your own hands, Sir Hugh. I have shown you that it is an easy matter, and the young lady, even if she storms a little, will be grateful to you when she finds that she is really Lady Glynn."

"And it is safe and secure?"

"As safe and secure, Sir Hugh, as if the Archbishop of Canterbury had performed the ceremony. Here are your gloves, sir."

Sir Hugh took the gloves and left the room, with a grave, thoughtful, remorseful look upon his handsome face—a face which had grown haggard and pale during the last few days, and bore visible signs of unrest, which he tried to conceal under an appearance of gayety, which now, feeling himself unseen, watched, he had dropped. Those days which had been such happy days to Shirley Ross, as she dreamed her happy love dreams and smiled into her lover's eyes, had been days of intense agony to Sir Hugh Glynn. He, in general so careless and selfish and languid, had no repose night or day, no rest from the bitterness of his thoughts; he, who had been heartlessly selfish, and proud in a certain way of his heartlessness, who had smiled to himself at other men's weakness—he, Hugh Glynn, loved utterly as ever lover had loved, and in vain. It maddened him to think that the smiles for which he longed, the gentle words for which he hungered, the kiss for which he would almost have laid down his life, were all given to another, while he was rejected and almost scorned. At first his love had been a *melange* of desire, of admiration for Shirley's beauty, of pride piqued by her indifference; but now he loved her—not with the great, noble, unselfish love which Guy Stuart had given her, and which would have sacrificed itself unhesitatingly to her happiness, but deeply as he could love, with a passion which her indifference could not quell, but which opposition increased a thousand-fold. It was as much self-love as love perhaps, but it was a strong passion, and Sir Hugh had not power for resistance. She should be his, he swore passionately again and again in the long sleepless nights during which he paced his room in misery, by fair means or by foul; and, since fair means failed, since she loved Guy Stuart so deeply that nothing—Sir Hugh felt that to the depths of his passionate, aching, jealous heart—would tempt her from her allegiance, he would try foul.

But he had not yielded to temptation without a struggle; he loathed the means whereby he could steal her from Guy, he hated the man who had suggested those means, and yet, helpless against the torrent of his overwhelming passion, he was carried away so low as to think of treachery no dishonor if it would give her to him. He was thinking of those means now as he went slowly down the picture-gallery, drawing on his gloves and looking so handsome and distinguished in his faultless evening-dress; and Guy Stuart, leaning back in his corner of the railway carriage in which he was speeding towards Edinburgh, was thinking tenderly of the girl he had parted with so lately, and kindly of the friend in whose charge he had left her.

Lady Fairholme met Sir Hugh in the hall, looking stately and magnificent in her rich velvet dress with its trimmings of old point lace; and, while they were exchanging a few words about the music and the number of waltzes on the programme, which Lady Fairholme thought was too large and Sir Hugh considered not large enough, Alice came slowly down the stairs, looking very lovely in a dress of palest pink, with wild roses in her curly yellow hair.

Sir Hugh went forward to meet her with some *empressement*, but Alice, remembering the little firelit scene, the tall man's head bending low, and his lips touching the girl's slight hand, passed him with a quick reproachful glance and went toward her mother.

"Delphine wants your opinion, mamma," she said smilingly. "She says that Worth himself never made a prettier dress, and that you must praise her for it."

"It is very pretty, dear," Lady Fairholme allowed. "Sir Hugh, you are a better judge, perhaps, having seen more of Monsieur Worth's *confections* than I have."

"One forgets the dress," Sir Hugh began, as he bent his blue eyes on Alice for a moment in smiling admiration; but the girl turned away petulantly.

"How have I offended you," he asked her presently; "and why are you not wearing my flowers? I thought you would do me so much honor."

"You do not care whether I carry them or not," Alice said pettishly, "so long as Shirley carries those you sent her."

"How can you be so unjust?" Sir Hugh asked reproachfully.

"What can your cousin be to me but the *fiancee* of my oldest friend, and as such a very interesting person? May I tell Latreille to ask your maid for the flowers?"

"If I thought you cared," Alice began relentingly, dropping her eyes coquettishly, and then lifting them again to his face.

"You know I care," he said quickly, leaving her side for a moment to give the order to Latreille.

When he returned, Alice held out her hand to him to button one of her long gloves, and while he was bending over her wrist there was a soft rustle of silk on the stairs, and the patter of tiny high-heeled shoes.

"Here is Shirley," said Alice suddenly. "She does not look as if she were wearing the willow! Poor Major Stuart."

She was coming down slowly, fastening her gloves as she came, her eyes fixed on the little buttons, the long silken folds of her dress making a soft "swish" as they swept over the crimson carpet. Perhaps it was due to his having to stoop over Miss Fairholme's wrist that Sir Hugh's face flushed so darkly as he turned his eyes upon Shirley, his face was white as death, while it was with difficulty that he repressed the sudden passionate exclamation of admiration and love which rose to his lips. Alice Fairholme caught the swift gleam of longing which flashed into his blue eyes; and for a moment they both stood watching her silently, as she came. Hugh Glynn never forgot, even in the changes and misery of the future, how she looked then. It was the last time he ever saw her smiling and serene.

She was dressed in white; long spotless folds of lustrous gleaming silk fell straight and shimmering around her, cut square around her shoulders, where they were finished off with some soft old lace. There was not a touch of color anywhere, save in the vivid carmine of her lips; nor had she any jewelery. Her arms were bare above her elbow, and she carried a fan of carved mother-of-pearl and satin and Brussels lace which had been Guy's gift. Years after, Sir Hugh Glynn could have given every detail of the girl's dress, which seemed stamped indelibly upon his recollection. Never had she looked more lovely. Regret that Guy was not present to see her in her "silk attire" made her hazel eyes somewhat wistful and sorrowful, but the story her mirror had told her made her carry her pretty head haughtily erect, and there was a little triumph brightening her beautiful sad eyes. And, as he looked upon her, Hugh Glynn's heart beat high with passion and longing and love, and the last remnants of resistance under temptation fell away from him, and the tempter conquered.

"You might be wearing your wedding-dress, Shirley," said Alice carelessly; and at the heedless words the color rose, swift and scarlet, to Shirley's face, and Sir Hugh paled to the lips.

But there was no time to answer. One by one, in all the bravery of their dainty ball-dresses, the guests at Fairholme Court were coming down from their rooms. From the bachelors' wing, which could be reached by a staircase leading up from the smoking-room, the men sallied forth in their "war-paint," and presently the sound of wheels was heard in the avenue, and the band, concealed in a bower of greenery, struck up, and Shirley's first ball had begun.

CHAPTER XII.

The ball at Fairholme Court was like most other balls, especially those entertainments in the country where the town-bred langour has not yet penetrated, and where balls are not such common entertainments as they are in London during the season. The country people were well represented; there were plenty of pretty girls, and what is rarer still, of dancing men. Lady Fairholme was a charming hostess. Alice was in her element, dancing, and coquetting, and flirting, with Sir Hugh in constant attendance. Sir Gilbert moved among his guests, courteous, urbane, and a trifle pompous. Ruby Capel missed Oswald Fairholme from her gay court of admirers, and mentally inveighed against the exigence of Her Majesty's service in general, and Oswald's "chief" in particular, but enjoyed herself very much nevertheless. The music was excellent and the floor admirable, and altogether the ball was a success, and the new year opened right merrily at Fairholme Court.

The new year was about half-an-hour old when Sir Hugh at last was at liberty to leave the ball-room. He had been doing his duty manfully all the evening; he had danced and flirted and made himself generally very agreeable, and, although he had not danced with Shirley, he had managed to be near her very constantly, and had hovered about her with a gentle care and attention for which the girl was very grateful. She was not enjoying herself much, poor Shirley, for, as the evening wore on, she found herself thinking of Guy and his long cold journey and her excited imagination conjured up railway accidents and other troubles, until it required a constant effort to laugh, and smile, and dance, and it was a great relief to her when, profiting by a general exodus in the direction of the supper-room, she escaped from the ball-room and took refuge in the school-room, which, for the nonce, had been turned into a kind of supplementary cloak-room, where some of the gentlemen had left their plaids and overcoats.

It was very quiet and pleasant, Shirley thought, after the heat, and glare, and noise of the ball-room. The fire had burned somewhat low, for the household were all too busy to attend to their regular duties, and Shirley sank down before it into a low American chair, and crossed her little satin-shod feet on the fender, and closed her eyes wearily as she rested her pretty head against the cushion of her chair.

But she was not left long in solitude; the eager passionate blue eyes which had followed her so constantly yet so furtively during the whole evening had noticed her escape from the ball-room, and Sir Hugh had guessed where she would take refuge.

He had an excuse for seeking her, moreover, for that evening, just as they were entering the ball-room, a servant had brought Miss Ross a letter which had arrived by the evening mail, and Shirley had given it to Sir Hugh, smiling, and asking him to keep it for her until she was at leisure to read it.

"The postmark is Glasgow, and it is from Jack," she said lightly. "I suppose he is wishing me a very happy new year, but the good wishes must wait."

So the "good wishes" had waited until now, safely esconced in Sir Hugh's coat-pocket; but he thought that the time had come for them to be delivered.

So it happened that, while Shirley lay back on her cushions thinking of Guy, the school-room door was quietly opened and Sir Hugh's voice asked permission to enter, with a tone of entreaty which Shirley could not but hear.

She gave the permission very gently, and he came forward and stood beside her on the rug, leaning his elbow on the mantel and looking down at her with eager tenderness and longing; but Shirley did not meet his gaze.

"It is pleasant to get a little breathing-time," she said carelessly. "I don't think I shall care for balls very much."

"And yet you were looking forward so eagerly to this one!"

"Yes," she said simply; "but I did not think Guy would be away."

Sir Hugh's brow darkened. Guy—always Guy!

"It is a pity that old Jasper Stuart did not time his illness more conveniently," he said with a slight sneer; "he ought to have been more considerate. Shirley, are all your thoughts for Guy and Guy only?" he added almost despairingly, thinking that, if she would give him only one thread of hope at which to grasp he would abandon his fell purpose and trust that she might love him at last.

But the great grave reproachful eyes which were lifted to his for a moment were sufficient answer; for in them he read a love unchangeable, unutterable, which would be true to her life's end.

"Do you forget Guy's love for and trust in you?" she asked coldly. "I can not forget them, Sir Hugh, if you do."

"You must forgive me," he said, brokenly. "I am always offending you; but indeed it is very hard, and it is early days yet, you know. I have not got myself well under control. Even Guy would pity me if he knew how I suffer at times; but indeed—indeed I will conquer my folly and weakness."

The sweet hazel eyes were dim with tears then, as she looked at him for a moment.

"Sir Hugh, I am very sorry," she said, gently; and for a second he felt tempted to spare her—but only for a second. The next the trump cards of the game he was playing were put into his hand, and he could not resist the triumph they offered him.

"I will not distress you again," he promised. "By the by, I have some of your property to restore to you. Will you have your letter now?"

"Oh, thank you! Yes, I think I may indulge myself with five minutes' longer quiet," she said and took the letter from his hand. "Will you allow me?" she continued, smiling slightly, and Sir Hugh bowed a quiet acquiescence.

He had turned away from her as she opened the letter. The sight of her sitting there in her loveliness made the remorse which he could not quite cast away from him sting almost as keenly as Guy Stuart's trust had done. She was so fair and gentle, she was so compassionate for his pain, that he might have had compassion on her.

A slight cry, faint, terrified, anguish-stricken, made him turn quickly. Shirley had risen white as death, and, trembling in every limb, was looking with fixed staring eyes at her brother's letter.

"Good heaven, what is the matter? Are you ill?" he exclaimed, going to her side, and regarding her with intense anxiety. "Shirley, let me get you something—let me call—"

He was hastening from her side, when her voice—her voice, yet so unlike Shirley's sweet even tones in its broken hoarseness—arrested him.

"Get me nothing! Call no one!" she said, faintly. "Let no one come—"

He went to the door, locked it, and came back to her again. She seemed dazed and bewildered as she looked at him; the horror of some great trouble was upon her face, over which had stolen an ashen-gray tint, which robbed it of its brightness and beauty and startled him greatly, while her eyes looked up at him full of a bewildered pain pitiful to see.

"My child, my poor child, what has happened? What is the matter?" he said gently, only anxious now to soothe her; and at the anxiety and tenderness in his voice Shirley's composure failed. She sunk upon the seat from which she had arisen, and burst into a passion of tears, bowing her head in helpless anguish upon the arm of her chair.

Patiently, but with the same intense anxiety on his face, Sir Hugh waited; then, as the heavy sobs ceased, he said gently—

"What is it, Shirley? Your brother—is he ill?"

"No. Oh, Jack—oh, Jack!"

"He is not ill? Then there is nothing which need distress you like this," said Sir Hugh very tenderly. "Tell me what it is, my child, and let me help you."

"But—but—"

"But what?" he asked soothingly. "Don't let any fancied scruple prevent you, Shirley. You know that if I can do anything I shall be only too glad. Tell me, dear, what is it?"

She was lying back in the chair now, pale and exhausted, her lips quivering and the great tears still resting on her long lashes; she looked up at him piteously and shook her head with a weary little gesture of denial.

"Will you not tell me, Shirley? Remember, Guy left you in my care. How can I fulfil my trust unless you confide in me?" he said softly. "Forget all my folly, and remember only that he told you when he was leaving you, if anything went wrong, to come to me as frankly as you would go to him; "Shirley," he added, in earnest entreaty, "let me do what Guy would do if he were here now."

For one moment longer she hesitated the next she had put the letter, and with it the opportunity he needed, into his hands.

There was silence in the little room as he took it from her—silence broken only, as Shirley remembered afterward, by the hard patter of rain against the window-panes and the howl of the wind among the trees outside.

(To be continued.)

Ingratitude.

Judge (to prisoner)—"It's disgraceful, Rastus, that there are such men as you to prey upon the community. Did it ever occur to you that you are worse than worthless?" Prisoner (mildly)—"Ef twuzzent fo' seech men as me, Yo' Honah, yo' wuddent be drawin' er big sal'ry ebbery yeah."

The Eternal Fitness of Things.

Mother—Bobby, is that the proper way to hold your knife and fork?

Bobby—I think it's a proper enough way, mamma, for what little there is to eat.—*Harper's Bazar.*

What it is to be Forty.

To discover a sprinkle of gray in your beard,
And a thinness of crop where the upland is cleared;
To note how you take to your slippers and gown,
And hug to the fire when you get home from town—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find that your shadow has portlier grown,
That your voice has a practical, business-like tone;
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A sleigh ride, a party, a dance or a dine:
Why, of course you'll be present, you never decline;
But, alas! there's no invite, you're not "young folks," you see;
You're no longer a peach, but a crab-apple tree—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen,
And that blooms like a rose in a garden of green,
A dapper young clerk in an ice-cream saloon,
Both a dude and a dunce is to carry off soon;
And a boy that is ton, and the pride of your eye,
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;
At thirty his fire has a soberer flame;
At forty his dreams and visions are o'er,
And he knows and he feels as he ne'er did before
That a man is a fool till he's forty.

The "Terror."

Little shoestrings all untied,
That make the tiny shoes go "flop,
A hat with half the rim torn off,
A hole that shows the curls on top.

But then beneath it such a face,
All roguishness and baby glee,
And dimples that play hide and seek,
Around the crimson mouth so wee.

And fingers—but why try to tell
Of all the mischief they contrive,
The doggie "could a tale unfold,"
And kittie now is not alive.

And is he wicked when he swims
Small chickens in the place of ducks?
Or when he sees the buds unfold,
Before the flower comes he plucks?

Or when he takes his sister's dolls
And pulls the "criers" in them out?
Or runs a pin in papa's watch
To see what little "ticks" about?

Oh, mother hearts, you'll take him in,
This naughty "terror," household joy,
Because in him you will but see
The picture of your own small boy.

L. L. EDSELL.

"My House is Left Unto Me Desolate."

A little while, you tell me, but a little while,
And I shall be where my beloved are;
And with your eyes all large with faith, you say,
"Thy dear ones have not journeyed very far."

"Not very far." I say it o'er and o'er,
Till on mine ear mine own voice strangely falls,
Like some mechanic utterance that repeats
A meaningless refrain to empty walls.

"Not very far," but measured by my grief,
A distance measureless as my despair,
When, from the dreams that give them back to me,
I wake to find that they have journeyed there

"Not very far." Ah me! the spirit has
Had its conjectures since the first man slept.
But, O the heart, it knoweth its own loss,
And death is death, as twas when Rachel wept!

A Patent Nurse for Babies.

A most useful invention for nursery use, called a "baby washer," is announced, and the inventor describes his infant machine as follows:

You simply insert the begrimed infant in an orifice, which can be made any required size by turning for four minutes a cog wheel with electric attachments. The child slides down a highly polished plane. His lips are met at the terminus by an india rubber tube, from which the infant can draw lacteal nourishment of the purest and most invigorating character, secured for the special purpose at great expense from a choice breed of the Alderney cow. While in this compartment, which is plate-glass mirrored, the perturbed spirits of the infant are soothed by its frantic efforts to demolish its own image reflected in the glass, with a nickel-plated combined tooth cutter, nail knife, rattle and tack hammer, which is thrust into the baby's hand by an automatic monkey. Fatigued by its destructive efforts, the infant falls to sleep, while the organ attachments play softly the ravishing melody of "Put Me in My Little Bed." Then it slips into the third compartment. Here the body is washed. Another small tube administers a dose of soothing syrup, and the infant glides from the machine, its nails pared and its hair combed.—*Christian Observer.*

The Adventures of a Bustle.

It all happened in a big dry-goods house on Nicollet avenue yesterday morning, and the fact that there was no ice on its windows during the day can be accounted for only by the warmth of the victim's blushes. She is a clerk in one of the lower floor departments. Yesterday she over-slept, arose late, dressed hurriedly and forgot to put on her bustle. Her mother noticed the omission as her daughter turned for her cloak and said:

"Put it on over your dress, dear, and under your cloak; that will hide it until you get down town and you can fix it all right in the dressing-room."

Done as suggested. The acquaintances who met the sweet-faced girl on the street had no idea that trouble was brewing. But in the dressing-room she forgot; she took off her cloak and hat; she smoothed her hair; she went out to her place amid the throng.

There was a shout of laughter. The situation can be imagined.

She still had her bustle on outside her dress.

She will swear off on bustles.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Prof. Malcomson, of Dallas, Tex., who is said to be a teacher of some learning, advances the theory that the earth is flat and also motionless, neither rotating on its axis nor revolving around the sun. He also believes that the sun and moon are smaller than the earth, and that the light of the moon is her own and not reflected from the sun.

The people of Two Rivers, Wis., witnessed a strange atmospheric illusion a few days since. A few miles out on the lake appeared a large schooner-rigged vessel, and, although there was no wind blowing, it went along as though every stitch of its canvas was being strained to its full strength; and, what was stranger still, it appeared to be ploughing its way through an immense field of ice. The vessel appeared to be deeply loaded, and was bound north. She was watched until she disappeared around the point.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Some Curiosities Among the Latest Fashions.

WOES OF THE OBLIGING STOREKEEPER.

A Terror of Storekeepers.

The cheeky woman whom I have now in mind is self-possessed, smiling and well dressed. She is the terror of storekeepers. Recently a specimen of this class had a piece of fine needlework that her own sewing machine could not do. She knew of one in the market that could, and so she went to the office, talked prices and quality, asked permission to try it on the spot, took a roll from her shopping-bag, stitched an hour till the job was done, expressed entire satisfaction with the machine and price, gave her name, street and number with an order for one of the best, and went her way. The agent never saw her again, and found no machine was wanted at the street and number designated. She would be horrified at the hint of shoplifting. Her little game is different. It is shop-borrowing. This same woman was invited to an out-of-town reception. She wanted a more elegant outside garment than her own for the occasion, and she got it. Going to one of the largest establishments, she tried on and tried on wraps, trying at the same time the patience of the saleswoman, as she always came back to one, the most elegant of the lot, and seemed just on the point of choosing it. Finally she begged permission to take it home to show her husband, feeling certain he would approve. The garment was sent home, was worn at the reception, and returned with a polite note and regrets that it was not found wholly satisfactory.

An Article of Many Uses.

What on earth our grandmothers and mothers ever did without kerosene oil is a wonder, says a thrifty housewife. Hardly a day passes that this article is not in requisition for some purpose. It is used in washing, clear starching, loosening screws and bolts, cleaning furniture, polishing windows; then medicinally for sore throats, externally, and for croup both externally and internally. But the best use that I have known it to come into was to take the rust from a stove that had stood through the summer and gathered a thick coating of red rust. Sand and elbow grease were applied most vigorously, but the rust held its own, when a bright idea suggested itself and was acted upon with perfect success. A cloth was dipped in kerosene oil and rubbed over the rust. After a thorough rubbing the stove was blacked, and one could never have thought but it was a span new baseburner. Not a particle of rust remained to tell the story. To what use this article will hereafter be called we cannot tell, but really a family could hardly get along in these times without it.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Evening basques are laced with narrow satin ribbon instead of cord.

Ostrich feather fans are not considered good style for debutantes. Theirs should be of cocks' plumes or else painted gauze.

Red linen handkerchiefs, blue-stitched, are worn with muffs in preference to the more delicate white cambric, which can scarcely touch fur without losing its purity.

The draped bodice will play an important part both for ball and dinner dresses; it is made of very soft silk, crape or similar clinging material.

Stout women wear drawers and chemise of fine French flannel, as they thereby attain the necessary warmth for cold weather without the extra bulk of wearing both merino underwear and muslin.

Buttons have lost their identity since the rage for braiding set in and are of little importance, being as quiet in style as possible. The favorites are the small bullet-shaped ones, crochet-covered, or else still smaller flat ones, covered with black silk.

A late fashion in Paris is that of wearing small birds' wings in the hair at the opera. Brunettes wear them dyed scarlet or gilded, while the blondes wear white, blue or pink. While it may be cruel it is at the same time exceedingly pretty and piquant in effect.

In addition to the brilliant red which, especially in cloth or flannel, is now so much used for children's dresses, have been seen some equally pretty frocks made entirely of blue. A dress of sapphire blue plush is trimmed with the long-haired black lynx fur. Gray cloth gaiters that button above the knee are worn with this costume

A pretty ornament for the hair is a "rose bow." The petals of the rose are formed of ends two inches long of green corded ribbon cut in sharp points at the upper edge. The petals are formed of many thick, soft loops of rose-colored satin ribbon and a few ends of gilt wire form the stamens. This is set on a long hairpin.

A distinguished-looking skating costume has a skirt of very heavy black faille francaise, edged with black astrakhan. The basque and drapery is of smooth dark-blue cloth, braided and edged with the fur. The bodice is fragged down the front, and there is a little toque and muff to match of the cloth and fur.

Flowers are revived for ball dresses and are made to appear as natural as possible, drooping from flexible stems and surrounded with natural foliage. They are made with the greatest care and come in sets consisting of a garland for the skirt, a corsage bouquet and a small cluster for the hair.

A novel hair ornament consists of small side combs, less than two inches long, made of real or imitation tortoise-shell, set with a sparkling row of rubies or other small gems, sometimes with a variety of colored stones. These combs are worn either at the side or in the coil of hair surmounting the forehead.

There is an effort being made just now to return to the old bow-knot method of dressing the hair, such as one sees in pictures of the fashions of 1821. It is rather a trying fashion, and only young fresh faces can stand it. All the tendency, though, is towards a high and extremely narrow effect, with one curled lock in the centre of the forehead.

In Paris they are dressing young girls in full plain skirts of figured materials, with low round gathered bodices, surrounded by a wide sash. Sandal shoes and high coiffure, with the hair combed off the forehead, make this costume still more like the fashions of the twenties, which are being industriously revived.

One of the newest creations of fashion is a bodice intended for ball-room wear, uniting the half high and half low in very pretty style. This low bodice seems to be made of flowers of light pinked silk ruchings, and the bodice proper goes over the shoulders in two drapings, which becomingly clothe the display of shoulders to which some people object.

A lovely evening dress has a skirt and bodice of yellow faille. The skirt is trimmed with flounces of yellowish blond embroidered with gold. The bodice is covered with gold-colored plaited crape, and the drapery is of the crape laid in loose, fine plaits in such a manner that the edges hang in fine points with fane-like effect. The top of the bodice is edged with gold lace

Children's dresses with white serge have a kilted skirt laid in a broad box plait in front, and have half a dozen rows of narrow crimson braid set on above the hem. The full blouse waist is gathered into a yoke, and there is a loose outer jacket which has three plaits on the front edge, and is bordered with the crimson braid. With it is worn a red Turkish tasselled fez.

The Best of Them All.

An English general in reviewing a corps of cavalry suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow and asked abruptly:

"Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

"Number 10, sir,"

"What makes you think it is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots, and gallops well; is a good jumper; has no vice, no blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime."

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"

"Tom Jones, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well."

"And who is the rider of the best horse?"

"Tom Jones, sir."

"And who is Tom Jones?"

"I am, sir."

The general could not help laughing, but he gave a sovereign to his informant, who received it without moving a muscle.—*John Bull's Army.*

Girls as Reporters.

Oh, yes, dear, you can excel in news paper work! A girl makes just as good a reporter as a man. A great deal better, in fact. But then you will labor under some disadvantages, as a girl. When you are writing up a country fair, for instance, you can't smoke in the eyes of the good old lady who peeps over your shoulder to see what you are saying about her canned pears and home-made bread. And you can't very well prod a class superintendent in the ribs with a pencil and call him Say. And you can't sit on the parapet of the grand stand and let your feet hang over during the races. And you can't play billiards and drink beer. Oh, you can? Well, then, you'd better forget how, if you're going to be a reporter, else you'll never have time to do anything else.—*Burdette.*

Confession Good for the Soul.

He (holding a skein of worsted while she winds)—Do you notice how my hand trembles, Miss Julia?

She (shyly)—Yes, Mr. Sampson.

He—And cannot you divine the cause?

She (shyness increasing)—N-no, Mr. Sampson.

He—Miss Julia—I have a confession to make. Will you hear it?

She (shyness becomes painful as she anticipate a proposal)—If you like, Mr. Sampson.

He—I was out with some of the boys last night and it was 2 o'clock when I reached home."

"The Scenes of My Childhood."

The bard was asked to compose a little poem on his childhood, and this is what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember, so distinct and dim, that red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin so high that his bullet-head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars all set up a din. The active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy, that loud-shouting Bill, who sat on a pin."—*Toledo Blade.*

Greek to Him.

Hon. S. S. Cox began his response to the thanks of the House, Monday, by saying: "Mr Speaker: It has pleased the gentlemen to make me your *locum tenens*." After it was over O'Neill, of Missouri, interviewed Tim Campbell on it.

"And what the devil does *locum tenens* mean, Tim?" he asked, all in a puzzle.

"Don't you know that, John?" replied the New York statesman, with a touch of pity in his voice. "Why, that's Turkey for *pro tem.*, of course."—*Washington Critic.*

All for Labor—in a Horn.

If any working people object to paying double prices for anthracite coal or sugar they will be informed by the "trust" organs and some of the labor leaders that the combination is necessary to secure good wages for the laborers. On which assertion the suspended sugar refineries and the idle anthracite mines afford an eloquently silent commentary.—*Pittsburg Dispatch, rep.*

An Awful Scare.

Society belle—Mother, Mr. DeBrass has proposed and I have accepted.

Mother—What? Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you. Mr. DeBrass hasn't a cent to bless himself with and won't have until his father and grandfather die.

"The Mr. DeBrass I am referring to is the grandfather."

"Oh! bless you, my children."

A Kansas City bookseller comes dangerously near shattering an idol by asserting that George Washington was once a book agent. He also says that after the siege of Toulon Napoleon Bonaparte peddled a novel "L'Historie de la Revolution," published by Boulanger et Cie.

A JUDGE ON SCANDAL-MONGERS.

The Men Who Besmirch Women's Characters.

Nuggets, whether of gold or of wisdom, are often found in most unsuspected places. The divorce courts furnish many nuggets of wisdom, suggesting, as such discoveries always do, that somewhere thereabout a paying mine might be found by an experienced prospector, who knows enough to know that these valuable condensations have gone through long years of flood and fire before they flashed into the sunlight. A nugget such as is mentioned turned up in Judge Tuley's court the other day, which has become a rich placer, full of pay-streaks and pockets. In the trial of a divorce case Judge Tuley said "it was very easy to blast a woman's reputation. An insinuating remark by a party to a suit, a sneer by a lawyer, or the stroke of a reporter's pencil could smirch irretrievably the name of the purest woman," and in his court, the judge said, "no woman's reputation could be attacked without giving her the best opportunity for disproving the accusation." Talmage, the brilliant and effervescent, might have found and displayed this nugget, but he would have garnished it with a blaze of glory and rhetoric. He would have set it in a flashing circlet of corruscating gems. He would have made it flame with lights phosphorescent, irridescent, but he would have added nothing to the value of the nugget, which, to some eyes, would seem better dressed in the rough and rugged garb nature gave it. No better test can be made of a man's innate character than the development of the spirit in which he, by word or wink, by nod or nudge, by smile or smirk, tampers with or tarnishes the reputation of one of his mother's sex. It is the old trick of a poltroon to build an ambush of hints, winks and insinuations and shoot envenomed arrows from behind it, and then slink away under cover. This was the method of certain savages, despised even by their barbarous neighbors. An eccentric old writer declared that a close acquaintance with any man would show what animal family he had descended from. The noble and brave showed the lion, the crafty and cunning the fox, the meek and humble the sheep, the greedy and avaricious the wolf. But there must be descendants from the skunk and the hyena. Somebody must originate the rumors no one is willing to father—which many repeat but no one affects to believe. Long ago the vile art of the insinuator was understood. The people who, with wise waggings of the head and "I could and I would," proceed to gloat over the ruined reputation of a defenceless woman lived and were feared and cursed before Aristophanes was born. There may be uses for vermin of all kinds, even vermin of society. Possibly they exist to compel us to cultivate the Christian graces, as bedbugs compel many a horrified housewife to do. But they ought to be poisoned all the same—poisoned early and often, for there is always a mystery as to where vermin comes from. If there is anything that establishes conclusively and irrefragably the doctrine of special and continuous creation, it is a bedbug. He is a great fact. He is in esse, not in posse. He does not evolute. He is here in defiance of embryology and Darwin. His environment is a matter of no consequence. He is not discussible. The only thing to do with him is to wage eternal, never-ending, relentless war to keep down the surplus, not with any hope of extermination. And so with that other vermin—the man that hints, that has heard, but don't know; that deals in "they says," that whispers and winks, that protests and prattles, and yet all the time is engaged in the shameful business of sowing evil seed by night in the field of his sleeping neighbor, too great a coward to take the risks of a burglar, yet willing to divide his spoil. It is against such creatures that Judge Tuley boldly erects the barriers of his high position; and he deserves all honor for it.—*Chicago Times.*

Finding the Sun in a Storm.

A correspondent writes to the *Journal*: Reading accounts of so many being lost in the snow and fog, I would call your attention to a simple means of determining the position of the sun at any time of the day, which is by placing the point of a knife-blade or a sharp lead-pencil on the thumb-nail, which will cast a shadow directly from the sun, no matter how thick the snow or fog is. Try it.—*Boston Journal.*

Reassuring.

Worried Wife Oh, doctor, what has detained you? I sent for you at 12 o'clock. My husband is very low, indeed.

Doctor (complacently)—Yes, I received your call then, but as I had an engagement with another patient in this neighborhood at 6 o'clock I thought I'd make one job of it and kill two birds with one stone.—*Judge.*

Fattest Girl in the World.

Maggie Hazelton, of Trenton, N. J., a 26-year-old maiden, is said to be the heaviest girl in the world. She weighs 967 pounds and is five feet four and three-fourths inches high. Her waist measures 98 inches, her bust 116 inches and her arm 38 inches. She is said to have a very small appetite.

Not so Forward as All That.

"So you are idle again," said the pastor, severely. "It seems to me that you get tired of a new employer very quickly."

"Don't misrepresent me, sir," replied the parishioner, mildly. "It can never be truthfully said that I get tired first."

Born With Sealskin Sacks.

It is calculated by a careful Darwinian theorist that the fourth generation in Minnesota will be born with fur on.—*Albany Journal.*

The Same Experience Here.

City cousin—Is coasting good up your way, Hattie?"

Country cousin—Oh, elegant! The hills are so steep that the boys have to hold their partners on the sleds.

Lord Colin Campbell continues in hard luck. A short time ago he applied to the bankruptcy court for a certificate that his bankruptcy was "caused by misfortune, without misconduct on his part." Three thousand pounds of his liabilities arose from the costs of his divorce suit against Lady Colin Campbell. The certificate was refused.

THE DECLINE OF PAGANISM

Pure Paganism Now Predominates in No Densely Populated Part of the World

We may see on the map showing the distribution of religions that the areas in which purely pagan forms of worship still predominate is much larger than any of the areas in which other systems of religion prevail. We find, however, that this is so only because the vast but very sparsely settled northern portions of Siberia and North America are in the main inhabited by pagan peoples. A little study will show us that, except in equatorial Africa and among a few considerable tribes in South America, pure paganism, by which we mean rude and wholly uncivilized idolatry, now predominates in no densely populated parts of the world. We may notice also on our map bands of color in these pagan areas, indicating that other forms of religion are making headway there, and if we compare the map with others of earlier date, we see that the bands have been augmented in number and size, indicating the tendencies that justify the belief, now widely entertained, that the downfall of Paganism in every part of the earth is only a question of time. Many agencies and influences are contributing to this result. Any man, be he missionary, civil officer or trader, who destroys the faith of the savage African in the power of his medicine-man or in the efficacy of his fetich, overthrows the foundation on which his flimsy religious structure rests. Physicians all over the heathen world help to undermine Paganism by showing that their healing art is more efficacious than the invocations and mummeries of the fetich-maker. Governments are stepping in to destroy superstition and to put an end to the bloody rites of idolatry. England is stamping out on the lower Niger the custom of offering up human sacrifices for the sins of the people. Wherever its influence reaches, the Congo State is endeavoring to stop the poison ordeal prescribed by fetich men for the detection of witches, and is treating as murder the butchery of slaves to be the comrades of their masters in the other world. On Boma plateau there is a spot, regarded probably for ages as "fetich," which no native dare approach for fear of incurring the fatal ill-will of the spirits. Two months ago the Governor of the Congo State received the nine chiefs of Boma on this very spot. "The incident," says *Le Mouvement Geographique*, "will, it is believed, put an end to the superstition."

The whole of Borneo, the second largest island in the world, is now under European domination, and the terrible custom of head hunting, abolished through European influences in scores of smaller islands, is falling into desuetude in the great region where it has chiefly flourished. The British North Borneo Company treats head hunting as murder and hangs the offenders. The six years' experience of this company, says one of its agents, shows that some of the most important tribes have abandoned many barbarous and idolatrous customs. It is a noteworthy fact in the history of white enterprises in Borneo and in many other lands that the more hostile and savage a tribe may be in its benighted condition, the more faithful and friendly it becomes after yielding to better influences. There is an old saying that "all Africa dances when night comes." Wherever paganism reigns in the dark continent, the ever-recurring carousal by the light of the moon or a bonfire is the chief amusement of life. But in wide areas the noisy pleasures of the nocturnal orgy are no longer witnessed. Throughout the broad Soudan, stretching from sea to sea, are 60,000,000 blacks who now gather at nightfall, not to dance like their fathers, but to study the language of Mohammed and hear the Khoran read in the village mosques. The beating of tam-tam and the noise of revelry, so dear to every savage African, cease whenever Islam advances, and the hum of the school-room replaces the sound of rude festivity. Desirable as it is that the tenets of the prophet should make way for the more perfect teachings of Christianity, it is still a great blessing to many millions in Africa that through the impulse which Islam has given them they have reached a condition far preferable to the savagery of their fathers. Among the hundreds of islands that dot the western Pacific Christianity is winning an undoubted ascendancy over pagan forms of religion. It is a melancholy fact that here, as in some other portions of the world, paganism is dying out, partly because its adherents, unable to live in the presence of the stronger races, are rapidly perishing. On the borders of the northern ice zone signal triumphs have been won for Christianity. The entire tribe of Tukudh Indians on the Lower Mackenzie River are converts of the missionaries, and 6,000 people there profess the new faith that white philanthropists have brought them. Practically all the Eskimos of Greenland have been evangelized, except the handful of isolated Smith Sound natives and the few hundreds of east coast aborigines who are cut off from the world by an almost impassable ice barrier. Thus in every corner of the earth a variety of influences is destroying paganism, and, though Christianity is not everywhere taking the place of savage superstition, all the pagan world is gradually accepting systems of religion that possess some elements of progress and tend to benefit and uplift the most debased and unfortunate races.

San Francisco burglars last week stole $1,500 worth of jewellery from the residence of Chief of Police Crowley.

Some idea of the terrible difficulties with which the Italian expeditionary force on the Red Sea coast have to contend may be gathered from the fact that almost all the water for drinking purposes has to be brought at an enormous expense from Naples. Massowah, like Suakim and Aden, is almost devoid of water fit for human beings.

Already the spring fashions are beginning to be shown in the windows. Ginghams, muslins and sateens in all the light colors are shown, and dressmakers are employed during the dull season in getting them in readiness for warm weather. Round waists and shirred basques are the styles used for handsome embroidered robes. The round waist is without fullness on the shoulder, but is gathered into a belt back and front. Frequently a V of embroidery is let in before and behind. The plain material is then shirred next this V, both on the shoulders and at the waist line.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1888.

TWENTY YEARS AGO!

Gleanings From the Priceville "Courier," of April 17, 1868.

A great many people are not aware, that in Mr. S. L. M. Luke they behold one of the pioneer journalists of the County of Grey. He is now in the fruit tree and general agency business, but a quarter of a century ago he occupied a front rank in the newspaper publishing business. Before us, as we write, are fyles of the *Durham Standard*, which were placed in our charge by Mr. Luke some years ago; and it is safe to say, there is not a better edited or neater sheet, typographically, published in Grey at present time—with all our improved appliances and facilities. The *Standard* made its first appearance in 1857, over one year before the Editor of THE ADVANCE was born! It was an important factor in connection with the celebrated County Gravel Roads scheme.

Eleven years later, Loudon & Co. commenced the publication of a paper in Priceville, called the *Courier*, with Mr. Luke as Editor. No. 8 of that publication is before us. It was issued on the 17th April, 1868, nearly twenty years ago—the first number having been published exactly twenty years ago this week—and was a handsome newspaper. From No. 8 we take the following extracts:

FLESHERTON.

"The Village of Flesherton has a central position, good roads and surrounded by a fertile district and enterprising settlers. The Collingwood and Durham and the Toronto and Sydenham gravel roads meet at Flesherton, and a considerable amount of travel passes along these routes. The village is situate in the heart of the Township, and here the Municipal Council of Artemesia holds its sittings, and the Artemesia Agricultural Society its shows. The progress of the village has been rapid during the past few years. The grist and saw mills of Mr. Flesher atract considerable trade to the place, as well as well as the carding and fulling mill of Mr. Campbell, who has now, or is about to add additional machinery to his establishment. The stores are—Mr Richardson, Mr. Trimble, Mr. Wright and Mr. Jones, all "good men and true." The wagon and blacksmith shop of Mr. Heard is a credit to the place, and his persevering enterprise entitles him to a liberal patronage. Here you can have your work done as cheap and well as e'er was done in "Robin Tamson's smiddy," and with better grace, as the proprietor is not "an angry man," but kind and obliging. Mr. Clayton is the only boot and shoe shop of our acquaintance in the village where the "shoemaker sticks to his last," where a fit can be guaranteed, and the only authorized establishment entitled to use the old ditty:

> Blow, oh blow, ye heavenly breeze,
> Through among the leaves and treeses,
> Sing, oh sing, ye heavenly muses,
> While I mend your boots and shoeses.

The village has two hotels. "Mine host" of the Boyne Water is a good specimen of his craft, and a jolly good soul." [Here the ADVANCE finds the balance of the sketch torn out by the "wear and tear of time."]

OTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE "COURIER."

"Major J. Creasor has resigned from the 31st "Grey" Battallion of Infantry, he being allowed to retire with the rank of Captain."

"Last Wednesday afternoon a gentle spring zephyr passed over this place, which levelled a new frame of a dwelling house, erected by Dr. Ghent, as a friendly token of its visit."

County Constables, Artemesia—Fred Armstrong, Thos. Clark, Amos Fisher, John Gilpin, Thos. Gilbert, jr., Wm. Hooper, Alex. Irwin, jr., George Keefer, James McGregor, John McAulay, Donald McDonald, sr., John McSorley, John Miller, George Rutledge, Sager Tryon, Samuel T. Whitney.

County Constables, Collingwood.—Robert Bracken, William Brooks, Charles Campbell, Edward Currier, Neil Currie, John LeRoy, John McAllister, Alex. McArthur, John McPherson, John Milligan, Thos. Martin, James Riddel, James Scobie, James Stephenson, George Walters, jr., Richard Wright.

County Constables, Euphrasia.—Richard Carefoot, John Clugston, John Cooke, James Fawcett, Samuel Gilmour, Stephen Hurd, John Sewell, George Smith.

County Constables, Glenelg.—Wm. Anderson, Thos. Arrowsmith, Alex. Bell, Charles Foreman, George Lamb, Peter McArthur, Donald McDuffy, John McCall, Donald McFadden, Kenneth McKenzie, George Putherbaugh, Peter Watson.

County Constables, Osprey.—J. Beattie, John Davis, Josiah Gamey, Wesley Long, Thomas McConnell, James Osborne, John Speers, Joseph Taylor.

County Constables, Owen Sound.—Geo. A. Amer, Robert Breckenridge, John Carson, Paul Dunn, Edwin Dunn, Richard Roberts, David Spencer, Robert Wylie.

County Constables, Proton.—Wm. Acheson, Wm Armstrong, Walter Bell, David Farrier, Robert Ferris, James Jack, Joseph Richardson."

ADVANCE readers are familiar with many of the above names—indeed quite a number of the gentleman mentioned in the above extracts from the *Priceville Courier* of April 17th, 1868, are among our most esteemed and valued friends and patrons. In looking over the advertisements in the same number of the *Courier*, from which we gather the above information, we find that Flesherton was well represented by the following gentlemen—who still carry on business here:—Squire M. Richardson, Squire Armstrong, Mr. J. H. Heard, Mr. R. Trimble, Dr. Christoe, Mr. A. Munshaw, Mr. W. K. Flesher. We also notice an "ad" from our old friend, Mr. R. McLean Purdy, Postmaster at Eugenia.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood,** a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula,** is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

AUCTION SALE

OF VALuable FARM in the Township of Osprey. Under and pursuant to the power of Sale in a certain mortgage from one Ronald Johnson (now deceased) to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MARSH'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE of MARKDALE, by GEORGE NOBLE, Auctioneer, on

Tuesday, March 20th, 1888,

at 1 o'clock p.m., the following property viz:—

Lot number 22, in the 8th Concession of the said Township of Glenelg, containing 100 acres more or less excepting 1 and 1-20th acres taken by the township for a road deviation. About 35 acres are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a log house and barn.

TERMS:—10 per cent at time of sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Wm. Lucas & Co., Markdale, or to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, February 28th, 1888.

HEARD'S!

FLESHERTON Carriage Works!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

McTAVISH & LEGATE,

Manufacturers of Waggons, Sleighs, Buggies, Pheatons, Democrats, Cutters, Iron Harrows, Wheelbarrows, &c., &c. Satisfaction guaranteed and Prices right every time.

Carriage Ironing and Filing done on short notice. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

Crank Churns, Washing Machines, &c., &c.

Collingwood St., Flesherton, Ont.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of all sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to 4 20	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 65	0 72
Oats	0 39	0 39
Peas	0 58	0 58
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 50	6 60
Hay, per ton	8 00	1 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirits Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.

Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required, you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Agents, Agents!

OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-36

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

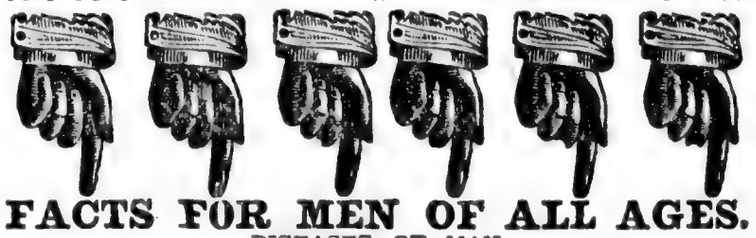

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

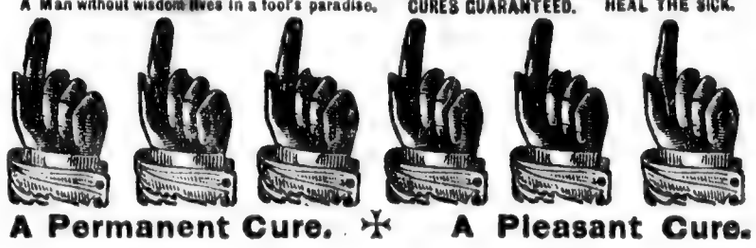

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

M. RICHARDSON & CO.

WILL CONTINUE THEIR

Clearing Sale One Week. Plenty of Goods yet.

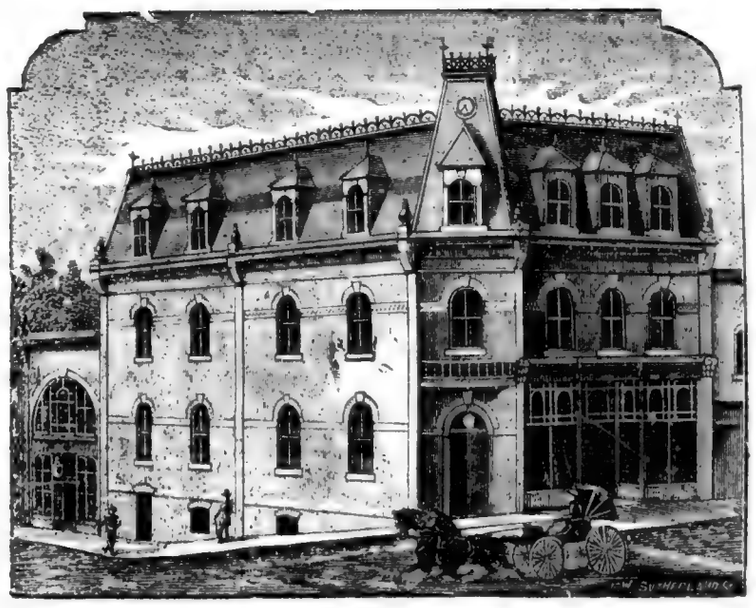

They beg to announce to their friends through the country that they are receiving consignments of

Spring Goods, Daily

And will shortly open up a stock which for Variety, Style and Value will equal or surpass that of any former Season.

Every department will be fully assorted with New and Seasonable Goods.

M. RICHARDSON & CO.

THEY WERE TWIN BROTHERS.

One Suffered for a Crime that the Other Had Committed—A Resemblance So Striking that Even the Sweetheart of the Innocent Man was Deceived and Testified Against Him—He was Imprisoned, was Pardoned, and Now His Brother is to be Tried.

An Omaha, Neb., despatch says: Morrison Wilcox, Deputy Sheriff of Cattaraugus county, New York, passed through the city this morning *en route* to Olean, having in custody James Gregory Lafler, a prominent stock raiser, whose ranch is located near Watrous, N. M. The prisoner was handcuffed and huge steel shackles were clasped about his ankles. The crime for which Lafler is now under arrest is robbery and assault with intent to kill. The story of the terrible affair, as told to your correspondent by the officer, was a strange one.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Lafler, parents of the prisoner, are respectable people living near Olean, N.Y. Twin sons were born to them, and when they grew to manhood their resemblance was so great that few people could tell one from the other. Both of them were sent to college, James choosing Cornell, and his twin brother, William, Yale. Both, after three years, left college and returned home. William took the management of his father's farm and James began the study of law in the village of Olean. It was the habit of the latter to spend Sunday at home, and on the evening of that day the brothers invariably spent a few hours at the house of a neighbor named John Clifford, a rich lumberman, who had two lovely daughters.

One Sunday night in June, 1882, a gentleman called at Mr. Clifford's and paid him nearly $8,000 in cash. This was done in the presence of both the Lafler brothers. Shortly after the twins departed for home. Between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock next morning Mr. Clifford was attacked by a masked man and beaten into insensibility. The $8,000 which were hidden between the mattresses of the bed was taken and the robber started to make his escape. He was met in the hall by the youngest Miss Clifford, Wm. Lafler's sweetheart, and the girl with unusual bravery snatched the mask from the robber's face and exclaimed: "My God! Bill Lafler, what have you done?" The would-be murderer struck and then fled.

The next morning William Lafler was arrested and held without bail, charged with the burglary and attempted murder. Mr. Clifford finally recovered, and William was placed on trial. The main witness was his old sweetheart, who swore positively to identifying him as the robber. She was sure it was William and not James, as the robber was dressed in the same clothes William had worn the night preceding the crime, and which in material and style were radically different from those worn by his brother. In his own behalf William testified that he was innocent, and all he knew was that he had retired an hour after leaving the Clifford mansion on Sunday night. He had awakened in the morning with a terrible nausea and felt queer for two or three days. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty as charged, and the prisoner was sentenced to ten years' hard labor at Sing Sing.

While nearly every one believed William guilty, there was one firm friend who doubted it and tried to find out the truth. His investigation lasted nearly a year. His discoveries in brief were as follows: James at Cornell contracted many debts, which were paid shortly after the robbery. He had sent $2,000 to a Mrs. Coates, in Ithaca, as hush money for an assault on her daughter. On the Sunday night preceding the robbery James had purchased two ounces of chloroform at an Olean drug store, with which he undoubtedly drugged his brother. A hundred minor things were found out that proved the guilt of James Lafler.

Before the investigation was complete James left for a trip to New York. About two months later a report reached Olean that he had been drowned off Long Branch while yachting and that his body could not be recovered. A week afterwards a respectable looking man, giving his name as Alfred Thomas, appeared at the Lafler farm and confirmed the news. He brought with him certain papers that bore out his statement, and James was given up as dead. One day, about three years later, Olean and the surrounding country were electrified by the action of Gov. Hill, who issued a pardon for William Lafler, stating that he was convinced of the convict's innocence, and that he was positive that the crime was committed by his dead twin brother. The years passed on and the crime would doubtless have become only a memory but for the appearance of a man in Olean five weeks ago, who had a secret interview with the District Attorney. He informed that official that he was the man who had brought the news of James' death to the family six years before, and that he was paid by James to do it. He said that James was living, and was a ranchman located near Watrous N.M. A warrant was issued and the fugitive apprehended last Thursday. He stoutly denies his guilt, and says that he will be able to prove his innocence.

News Nutshelled.

Mr. Alex. F. Pirie, late of the Toronto *Telegram*, has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Montreal *Star*.

On the invitation of the Minister of Agriculture the members of the Legislature will visit the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm at Guelph on Wednesday next.

Mr. Garson, of Lincoln, has a Bill in the Legislature to enable municipalities to buy out cemetery companies and to substitute municipal control for that of companies.

A new charity to be established in Toronto, called "The Community of St. John the Divine," is applying for incorporation. Its objects are education of the young, care of the sick and needy and fallen, and other works of mercy.

A Kingston despatch says: The circumstances attending the arrest of Geo. Austin, commercial traveller, are sad in the extreme. His wife is seriously ill and confined to bed, and she still thinks he is on a trip, but wonders why she does not hear from him.

Provoking a Dude's Anger.

Twining—How can I provoke the anger of that dude Wilkins? Smith—Strike a match on his corrugated shirt.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

TORONTO, Feb. 15.—The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Blyth moved for a return of copies of all Orders in Council with respect to the investment of sinking funds of municipalities under the provisions of the Municipal Act. He said that a few years ago, when the craze for railways was at its height, many of the municipalities granted large bonuses. These bonuses were secured in too many cases with little regard for the interests of the people, but with regard rather for the interests of the speculators who were concerned in the schemes. The sinking funds on these loans were coming in and it was difficult for the municipalities to find means of investing the money safely and profitably. An Order in Council gave authority to place the money in banks, and a good deal of money so invested by municipalities had been lost. By a change in the law power was given to invest in mortgages. But in making these investments the municipalities had to come in contact with the loan companies. It was well known that these companies had executive officers of great experience to manage the investment of their funds. But Municipal Councillors were elected from year to year and necessarily could not have the same experience to guide them in investing. Therefore, as a rule, they did not take advantage of this means of investing. He thought it would be well should the Government of the Province agree to receive the funds collected for the repayment of these loans, paying interest at 5 per cent. This would overcome the difficulties which at present existed. The information he sought by this motion, he believed, would furnish strong arguments in favor of the suggestion he made.

Hon. A. M. Ross said he supposed the motion was called forth by the unfortunate locking-up of the funds of the Township of Bentinck in a bank which had recently failed. He pointed out that there were several modes of investing county funds, and a very large latitude was allowed to the Councils to enable them to make safe and permanent investments. He believed, notwithstanding the hon. gentleman's statement, that Municipal Councils had availed themselves to a large extent of the proviso allowing Municipal Councils to invest money on first mortgages on real estate. The difficulty of looking after a sinking fund might be obviated by having the debentures payable in yearly instalments, and this plan he believed would save both expense and trouble. He did not think it necessary for the Government to establish a sort of saving bank for the investment of municipal funds.

The motion was carried.

Mr. French, in moving the second reading of the Bill to amend the law respecting mortgages, said he had every confidence that the Bill was a good one, and would receive the approval of the House. It is well known, he said, that if I were to borrow money from you, Mr. Speaker, on my promissory note——

Mr. Meredith—You would never pay it. (Laughter.)

Mr. French—If that note was overdue, I would have the privilege of paying it at any time with interest for the time overdue. But if I gave you better security by a mortgage of my farm—if I had one—and the loan were three days overdue I would be obliged to give you notice of six months or pay interest for that time before I could compel you to take your money. This is a grievous burden upon the poorer class of borrowers, and, as you can see, must often work great injustice. There ought to be some simple machinery by which these "reasonable terms" could be arranged between the parties.

Hon. Mr. Mowat agreed that in practice the law worked harshly, and it did not seem fair that a mortgagee desiring to pay off a mortgage should be compelled to give six months' notice or pay interest for that time. If this Bill was referred to a special committee doubtless that committee would frame a clause fixing a time to meet the general opinion. Perhaps even a shorter period than three months might be fair in the case mentioned by the member for Hamilton (Mr. Gibson). He believed it quite proper that there should be some legislation on the subject, and suggested that the Bill should be sent to a special committee

The Bill was read the second time.

Mr. Lees (Lanark) moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the General Road Companies Act. It provided that on the application of one hundred ratepayers the Council shall appoint an arbitrator and the County Judge a second, and if a third is necessary he shall be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. These three are empowered to decide the bounds of the municipalities or parts of municipalities that shall be taxed to buy up the roads. If the County Council cannot agree with the road companies as to the value of the roads to be purchased, another arbitration is to take place under the Municipal Act.

The Bill was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the Assessment Act. He explained that its objects were to abolish the poll tax, to abolish statute labor in certain cases, and to provide that the sum paid for commutation of statute labor should be paid to the overseers of high ways, and by them expended for the improvement of the roads. He argued that it was unfair to impose the poll tax upon young men who paid taxes indirectly by paying their board and lodging.

Mr. Meredith said that the poll tax was a reasonable thing, and that there had been no demand for its repeal.

The Bill was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Phelps moved the second reading of a Bill which provides that the salaries of police magistrates in Scott Act counties shall be $700 where the population is over 40,000, and $800 where it exceeds 50,000. The present salary is $600, irrespective of population.

Mr. Meredith opposed the Bill, arguing that it would retard the progress of the Scott Act to compel County Councils to pay an increased salary to police magistrates.

Mr. Smith, moving the second reading of his Bill to amend the Municipal Act, explained that it was intended to extend the local improvemement system to township municipalities. But it was believed that the frontage tax would not be just as a means of assessing for the cost of the works constructed. It was proposed, therefore, to authorize the assessment on a basis of acreage, those lands which received the benefit from the improvement to be assessed according to the benefit they received. He believed that the Bill was a good one and would receive the approval of the House. In reply to objections by Mr. Waters, he said that the Bill could be taken advantage of to promote selfish ends if a man could secure control of the Township Council, but he thought that that was a matter that might be left with the Township Council and the people.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) expressed fear that this measure would introduce in the townships the difficulties which had made themselves felt in this city over the local improvement question. He thought it would be better to depend upon the equity of the Council for the making of improvements

Mr. Phelps opposed the Bill and thought it should be withdrawn, as it was a bad Bill.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

The Bill to amend the Act incorporating the William Hall Peterborough Protestant Poor Trust (Mr. Stratton) was read the second time.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, Mr. Harcourt in the chair.

On the item covering the salary and expenses of detectives employed in the Attorney-General's department,

Mr. Meredith accused the Government of sending some of its detectives to work up cases of breach of the election laws against some parties for partizan purposes while leaving the gross corruption of their political friends in Glengarry and other places untouched.

Hon. Mr. Mowat said that it was the duty of officers under the department—the county attorneys—to prosecute in cases of breaches of the election law. But there was difficulty in securing the evidence. He was not in favor, however, of the Government detectives being employed in looking up this evidence unless there was special reason for it. Perhaps the hon. gentleman knew of cases of detectives being at work such as he spoke of. It was lamentable, no doubt, the extent to which bribery had been practised. It seemed that the supporters of Liberal candidates had sought to learn a lesson from friends of gentlemen opposite. But he hoped that they would have learned that it was not only right but politic to avoid transactions of that kiud.

On the grants for schools.

Hon G. W. Ross (Middlesex) explained that the increase of $3,000 to schools in new and poor townships and unorganized territory was deemed just and advisable after careful consideration, especially in view of the extension of settlement in various directions. The money would be allotted to Public and Separate schools in the same proportion as the grant to other schools.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) expressed regret that the amount was not made larger.

Hon. G. W. Ross said there did seem to be a tendency to allow the Common School education to terminate with the fourth class, and the department could only resist that by pointing out the importance of maintaining fifth forms. Where they were required, as a rule, the advanced pupil obtained a better education in the High School than in the fifth form of the Public School. It had been said that the grants to Public Schools had not increased since 1876, while the grants to High Schools had increased 25 per cent. But it was to be remarked that the Public School attendance had decreased from 190,000 in 1876 to 187,000 in 1886, while in the same period the High School attendance had increased from 8,451 to 15,344.

The remainder of the items under the head of education were passed. The committee rose and the House adjourned at 9 p.m.

Mr. Tooley moved for a return of copies of the evidence taken by Mr. Emilius Irving, Q. C., with reference to the Ontario Grain & Seed Company, and of the report, if any, made by him with regard to the said company, its formation or operations. He said that the farmers had been defrauded of large sums of money, and that the Government deserved credit for appointing a commission to inquire into the matter.

Mr. Ingram said that farmers in his section had suffered severely from frauds in connection with grain seed.

Mr. Woods (Hastings) said the wonder was that anybody could be found so ignorant as to accept the promises which were made in connection with these seed grain transactions.

Hon. Mr. Hardy said he had noticed a case in which a person who had bought these receipts by wholesale had sued upon some of them and had been successful. He had been a little surprised by this result, as he had supposed that in such a case notice would be imputed to the party. It was not only ignorant persons who were deceived by these agents. He knew of a case where a very intelligent farmer had gone into the transaction, hoping to profit by it, and he must say that he did not consider him free from blame.

Mr. Meredith said he believed there was actually a case in which an agent for agricultural implements had been taken in. (Laughter.)

The motion was carried.

Mr. Ingram's motion for a return of fees paid to county officers in 1887 was withdrawn.

Hotel Customs in Japan.

"A friend of mine told me to-day that the hotels of Japan never have any hooks or nails for the patrons to put their clothes on," said a dissipated husband to his wife.

"Indeed? Well, you would feel perfectly at home there," she replied.

"How so?"

"Because whenever you come in at night you always hang your cloths up on the floor."—*Hotel Mail.*

The Princess of Wales pefers light colored dresses, even in winter. Her cashmeres and serges are trimmed with fur, but they are of some soft gray or brown tint, even in December. While at Sandringham she comes down to breakfast at a reasonable hour, and dispenses the tea herself—she is said to perfer this beverage to coffee even in the mornings—out of a handsomely chased tea service. The china, which is of the choicest, is all inscribed with the heir apparent's motto, "Ich Dien," and the table is always gay with flowers.

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES.

How a Quack Awed a Crowd and Sold His Patent Lung Healers.

A short time ago a quack experimented in Lambeth with considerable success upon the pockets of an awe-stricken crowd. After a preliminary harangue and a terse little lecture on the viscera, which the charlatan sketched in with colored crayons upon a blackboard on which the human skeleton was outlined in white paint, the fellow came to business. "I am going to demonstrate to you," said he, "by a startling experiment upon one of you bystanders that my miraculous remedy can cure all diseases of the lungs and chest. Now, whoever's got a bad cough or cold on the chest, let him stand forward." There was a little hesitation and a good deal of giggling. "Don't be afraid, my friends," said the quack, "it's all free gratis, for nothing. Let any afflicted person come forward and I'll show him the nature of his disorder and give him a packet of my lung healers for nothing." At last a man with a violent cold and cough came forward. The quack doctor pretended to sound his chest with a stethoscope of almost pantomimic proportions, and informed the staring crowd that the patient was in a galloping consumption.

"My friend," said the quack to the unfortunate victim, "so terrible is this disease that you can actually see it." He handed a glass tube to the patient and poured a pint of clear water into a large tumbler. "Just you blow into that water, my friend," he cried. The man obeyed, and the water grew discolored, turbid, and at last as white as if it had been mixed with milk. The patient became as white as ashes. "This unhappy man, my friends," said the quack, as he held the glass on high, "if he hadn't had the good fortune to come across me to-night wouldn't have been long for this world. I should have given him about a fortnight; that's all. Now a packet of my lung healers will cure him. What you see in the glass of water are his vitiated humors, the products of corruption. My magic lung healers destroy these humors in the body or out of the body. Observe, my friends, watch me carefully, there is no deception here." The quack dropped a pinch from one of a packet of powders into a glass and directed the patient to stir it with the tube. The water became immediately clear. Then he reaped his harvest. The water was lime water, and the carbonic acid in the man's breath naturally threw down the carbonate of lime at once and rendered the water turbid. And the miraculous lung healer was simply a little citric acid and sugar, which instantly redissolved it.—*Saturday Review.*

Latest From Scotland.

Primroses, daisies and other flowers are in bloom at Saltcoats.

Rev. J. Allan, Peterculter, Aberdeenshire, died recently, aged 80 years. He had been minister of the parish for 44 years.

Mr. James Tenant Caird, senior partner of the shipbuilding and engineering firm of Caird & Co., Greenock, died suddenly on the 30th ult.

An epidemic of measles has broken out at Shotts, and Calderhead School has been closed. Out of a roll of 300 children nearly 200 are affected.

Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming has received a British Civil List pension of £50 in consideration of her many and valuable services to literature.

The electors of Tradeston Division of Glasgow have by an overwhelming majority passed a resolution declaring that their representative, Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., by his conduct both inside and outside the House of Commons, had forfeited the confidence of the electors of Tradeston, and calling upon him to resign the seat.

A statement that Abbotsford is for sale is incorrect. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the great-granddaughter of the novelist (who has taken great care to preserve Sir Walter's rooms in the state he left them), is willing to let the house and estate "upon a lease of one to five years' duration," which is a very different thing from selling Abbotsford outright.

On Jan. 30th, says the *N. B. Mail*, Marion Paul Aird, one of the best local poets, died at her residence, Kadakoi, Kilmarnock, in the 73rd year of her age. Her memory will live longest and she herself be best remembered as the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Had I the Wings of a Dove"—a hymn familiar as a household word to every Sabbath scholar.

By the lamented death of Mr. John Waddell, of Inch, Linlithgowshire, the Clydesdale horse interest has lost one of its most enthusiastic supporters. Mr. Waddell was for many years a large purchaser at Merryton sales, and his name will ever be associated in Clydesdale annals with the famed 100 guinea colt, Duke of Hamilton, 2,074, purchased by him at the sale of 1878.

Mr. W. F. Skene, Historiographer-Royal for Scotland, was on the 31st ult. presented with his portrait by a number of gentlemen who wished to show their regard for his worth and esteem for his personal character. The Lord Justice General made the presentation. In reply Mr. Skene gave some interesting details regarding the production of his great work, "Celtic Scotland."

The Evil of Chewing Cloves.

When I first smell cloves on a man's breath my first thought is: "That man is a fool." He thinks he is concealing the smell of whiskey or some other vile smell, and he is only advertising it. There is another reason also why he is a fool. The oil of cloves, which is expressed from them by chewing them, is an active solvent of the enamel of the teeth. Any one who chews cloves will soon notice that it makes the teeth tender. That means that their enamel is disappearing, and the next step is a mouthful of decayed teeth, which all the odors of Araby the blest can never sweeten. When will people learn that the sweetest and rarest smell of all is no smell at all?—*Chicago Journal.*

Mrs. Jacob Condon, of Reed, Pa., dreamed that her baby was burned to death, but in the morning when she told her husband of the dream he laughed at her fears. Late in the afternoon the child's clothing took fire at an open grate, and before the flames could be smothered the infant had been so badly burned that it died soon afterward.

MARRIAGE.

It Seems to be Going Out in Europe and Great Britain—Some Startling Results.

The numbers who marry seem to be steadily decreasing. The figures supplied under the head of International Vital Statistics, which are tabulated from returns furnished by the authorities of various European States, show an all-round fall in the proportion of marriages.

The falling off in 1886 below the average of the twenty years in 1861-1880 is very marked, although not so great as the difference between the rate of 1866 and 1886. Here, for instance, are the three sets of figures:

	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	France.	Belgium.
1886.....	17.5	14.7	10 8	16.0	15.7
1861-80..	16.4	14.2	9.8	15.8	14.8
1866.....	14.1	12.4	8.4	14.8	13.4

There are three notable exceptions to the uniform decrease of the marriage rate, but they are easily explained. In Prussia, in Austria and in Italy the marriage rate of 1866 was distinctly below that of 1886. The secret, of course, is that in 1866 the three States were at war and campaigns and matrimony do not go well together. Italy alone of the great European States keeps up her marriage rate. It averaged 15.2 for eighteen years; it was 15.6 in 1886. In this she resembles Sweden. But the other States show the same phenomenon:

	Denmark.	Switzerland.	Austria.	Germany.	Holland.
Average 20 years..	15.3	15.1	17.1	17.4	16.2
1886.....	14.2	13.7	15.5	15.8	13.9

These figures all point in one direction, and all tell the same tale. Europeans are not such a marrying people now as they were twenty years ago, and among the marrying peoples we are nearly at the bottom of the tree. The Irish marriage rate is in itself enough to account for much of the misery and unrest of Erin; and the Scotch rate is lower than that of any nation in Europe. Our marriage rate is now lower than it has ever been since 1838, when the statistics were first collected on a scientific basis. The average for quinquennial periods which fluctuated from 15.6 in 1838-40 to 17.2 in 1851-5 has gone down steadily since 1871-5, and is still tending downward.

Another fact which no doubt explains one cause of the falling away in the marriage rate is that people, if they do not postpone marriage altogether, postpone it as late as possible. That is to say an increasing proportion of the years of human existence are spent outside matrimony. The mean age has been steadily rising since 1873, and the mean age of 1886 is the highest yet recorded, being 28.2 for men and 25.9 for women. The average age at which the professional and independent classes marry is 31.22 for the man, 26.40 for the woman.

Of course the meaning of the postponement or the rejection of marriage is the increase of prostitution. No one will pretend that the average man in these latter years has become more ascetic, more continent, more severe in holding his senses under control. The tendency has rather been the other way. A celibate population is not, as a rule, a chaste population, but rather the reverse. To postpone marriage is to increase prostitution, and that often of the worst kind. For it is interesting to note that the postponement and partial abandonment of marriage has not had, as might have been expected, its natural result in the increase of illegitimate births. If marriage had been succeeded by concubinage of the higher order, where the union, although not permanent, has still sufficient human relationship about it to surround the partners with the redeeming influences of children, the falling off in the marriage rate would have been accompanied by the rise *pari passu* of the number of children born out of wedlock. The very reverse is the case. The marriage rate in 1845 was 17.02, and the illegitimate births 2.3 per 1,000, while in 1886, with a marriage rate of 14.1, the illegitimate birth rate had fallen to 1.5. The proportion of illegitimate births in every thousand births was 65 in the ten years between 1851 and 1860. It was only 47 in 1886. Putting it roughly, prostitution is elbowing matrimony out of the field.

Apart altogether from the question of vice, and looking at the subject solely from the point of view of human happiness a more melancholy conclusion could hardly be arrived at by the pessimist than that which—born optimists as we are—seems to be deducible from the Registrar's figures.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

McGarigle Enjoying Himself.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* tells all about McGarigle's goings on at St. Catharines. The despatch says: Mac is enjoying himself these cold wintry days sleigh-riding. On one occasion he was accompanied by Capt. Wm. McEvoy, formerly captain of St. John's boat, the schooner Blake, but now proprietor of the livery stables where McGarigle gets his horses for sporting around. Another way McGarigle has of enjoying the freedom which Canada affords to American boodlers is shooting. He, with Fred. St. John and A. Woodruff, was enjoying a rabbit hunt in the swamps and lowlying districts around the village of Marshville, some thirty-five miles southwest of this place, a few days ago. The report that McGarigle presided over a banquet of his friends at the Welland House a few nights ago is prettly well founded. The fact that Capt. J. Irving, skipper of the Blake; Fred. St. John, barrister, of this city; Mr. Patterson, one of the counsel for the defendant in the Dr. St. John trial; a friend named Woodruff, and two Chicago men, supposed to be lawyers or friends of McGarigle from that city, were all seen at the Welland House on the night in question coincides with the rumor, and it may reasonably be supposed that Mr. McGarigle was present.

Well Worth the Pain.

Gus—What is that red mark around your neck, Jack; somebody been trying to choke you?

Jack—No; I was tobogganing last night with a college girl.

Russian observations have shown that teeth decay in a quite regular order, the lower third molar being the first attacked, then the upper, then the lower fourth molar and so on, the lower incisors and canine teeth being the last affected. Upper teeth, as a rule, are more durable than lower, right than left, those of dark persons than those of blondes, those of short persons than those of tall.

Quaint Rhymes for Advertisers.

Oh, merchant, in thine hour of eee,
If on this paper you should see,
And look for something to ap-ppp
Your yearning for greenback vvv,
Take our advice and be yyy;
Go straightway out and advert-iii;
You'll find the project of some uuu;
Neglect can offer no ex-qqq;
Be wise at once, prolong your d-aaa—
A silent business soon d-kkk.

—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

Advertise well! You will never repent it; nothing more wise can a business man do.

Stick to this motto, and never forget it: Advertise well—it will pull you safe through.

Advertise well! Do not think what 'twill cost you; publishers' bills are but friends in disguise.

How do you know what your caution has lost you? Would you be wealthy, you must advertise.

Advertise well! though business be waning. Those who spend freest must win in the end.

Up and be doing! No need for complaining; act for yourself and be your own friend.

Advertise well! All lanes have a turning; nothing pays better than paper and ink.

Thousands who daily this motto are spurning find that it brings them to bankruptcy's brink.

—*Yonkers (N.Y.) Gazette.*

Blizzards Hard on Smokers.

One of the coldest days recently, pedestrians on Clark street stared in amazement at a big man who shuffled along apparently nearly overcome with heat. He carried an enormous coonskin coat on his arm, his big fur cap was pushed back from his forehead, his coat was unbuttoned, and the perspiration stood in beads on his brow. He was looking anxiously at the store windows, as if in search of something that he'd got to have, and have right off. Along about Washington street he gave it up as a bad job, and tackled a shivering Chicagoan who was hidden in a fur collar, and was trying to keep from freezing to death.

"Say, stranger!" he remarked feebly, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, "kin ye steer me onter somethin' coolin'—soda water or sech like? I'm clean done up with the heat."

The Chicagoan was too much astonished to reply and stared blankly at the speaker.

"What's the matter with this here durn town, anyhow?" continued the big man, taking off his cap and unbuttoning his vest; "all the soda water masheens is done up in tisshoo paper, an' durn if I kin find so much ez a drink o' ice water. I sh'u'd think sech hot weather ez——"

"Hot weather!" broke in the other man. "For the Lord's sake man, it's five below!"

"Gosh! is it hot's that?" said the big man, mopping his face and moving into the shade.

"Where'd you come from, anyway?" asked the Chicago man in an awed tone.

"Dakota—an' in the last blizzard I wuz——"

"Oh, I see," said the Chicagoan, "been pretty cold up your way lately, and you ain't used to our mild climate."

"That's it, that's it," responded the Dakota man, drawing himself up with conscious pride. "Why, in the last blizzard 'twas so cold I didn't have a smoke for near a week."

"How's that?" asked his hearer. "Cigar freeze while you were smoking?"

"Oh, no; but it took a steam grindstone four days to light a match."—*Chicago Tribune.*

No Shop Girls in Cuba.

One class you will miss in Cuba—not only in shops, but everywhere else—is the women workers. The most sensible and often the handsomest of women can be found occupying places of trust in American mercantile establishments and offices. In all Havana but one place is noticed where white women are employed. This is at a modiste's on Calle de Obispo; and these are a scraggy lot indeed. Women in Cuba are ladies, washerwomen or demi-monde. Shopping is done by the fair senoras or senoritas in the afternoon, and one will then certainly see beautiful women. They are neither flippant or trifling in their purchases, as in some countries. No salesman would dare gossip with them, suggest for them, or chattingly enter upon discussion of their affairs. Nor do they inform shopkeepers of their own or their neighbors' intentions. They seem to know just what they want and go straightway and get it. The turnouts are very gay; thousands of women meet, mingle and pass greetings; but there seems to be a general understanding here that a shop is not just the place in which ladies should entertain one another.—*Albany Argus.*

In Nell Gwynne's Old House.

Mr. John Pender, the "cable king" of England, who has just been knighted by the Queen, is well known in America through travel over here and the splendid hospitality he has extended to representative Americans at home. Sir John's town house is one of the oldest in London, and was built for Nell Gwynne by Charles II. It has a castellated front and a courtyard, which you enter through a little door in a great stone wall. The back of the house is smothered in ivy and faces on Green Park. —*Philadelphia News.*

Cross-Eyed.

A gentleman entered the street car with one eye looking forward and the other eye looking nowhere in particular, when a small boy exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, jes' see that man's eyes. He's looking out of both sides at once."

"Hush, hush, Johnnie. How often must I tell you not to notice a man's infirmities. He's cross-eyed."

The little fellow was silent for a moment, and then softly inquired:

"But, mamma, am I cross-eyed when I'm cross?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Long cloaks are made in a loose shape that follows the outlines of the figure in a graceful fashion, and is also more comfortable than the closely fitted garments. There are but four forms in these cloaks, two in front and two behind, making a sacque-like garment, and the sleeves are cut with long points.

Thousands of blind crows were seen in the woods and fields near Chattanooga recently, and people had no difficulty in approaching and seizing them. No one knows what caused their blindness. A similar phenomenon was oberved there three years ago, when so many blind crows were seen around the city that the ground was black with them, and thousands of them died of starvation.

THREE MILES UNDER WATER.

How Living Things Are Brought up From Ocean's Depths.

Americans have made a number of improvements on the apparatus used on the Challenger expedition for deep sea explorations, says the Washington *Star*. To send down a dredge or net to the bottom and haul it up again was the work of a whole day on the Challenger; and then if the net did not happen to strike the bottom right it would come to the surface empty. By the use of wire cable and improved apparatus for winding the Albatross party can make two or three hauls a day. Alexander Agassiz devised a new beam trawl net that would never miss fire, or so constructed that on whichever side it fell it would do effective work. Such a net is lowered from the vessel into the sea. To the line is attached an apparatus that gives notice when the net reaches bottom. When this occurs more line is paid out to give full scope to the net. Along the line at regular distances are attached weights that lie at the bottom. When all is ready the steamer is slowly backed until the net has been dragged a distance of a quarter of a mile or more over the bottom of the ocean. The weights along the line keep the cable down against the bottom for some distance ahead of the net, so the net is dragged lying flat on the floor of the sea. When the net is hauled up it is sure to contain some fish from the bottom. The net has a mouth or opening like the inverted cone of an eel pot, so that fish easily find their way in; but once in cannot find their way out. Occasionally fish brought to the surface this way will be still tremulous with life, but most of them are as dead as a fish can be, as dead as a man would be if some fisherman on the moon cast a net to the earth and dragged him up into the airless spaces above our atmosphere. Some of these fishes are brought up from a distance of three miles. The Challenger captured specimens from a depth of 2,900 fathoms. The deep sea dredging parties of the United States Fish Commission have gotten specimens from a depth of 2,940 fathoms. These deep sea fish are many of them bizarre in appearance. One thing contrary to the fairy tale notions of the sea depths is that there is no great variety or brilliancy of color. This simplification of colors is attributed to the absence of sunlight. The colors are generally dark brown or black or a silvery white. The oddness of the fish is in their shapes and peculiar development of their organs. There are some of them with huge heads and little bodies; others with tiny skulls, but mouths so huge that the lower jaw seems to be pivoted in their stomachs; some with great tigerish-looking teeth; some with immense round eyes; others with little pin points of eyes and others with no eyes at all. All of these fish, and 450 kinds have been found and described by the scientists of the Fish Commission, have long Latin names. It may be said to the credit of the fish that they are not responsible for the names, as they were contented to go without names until the Fish Commission net brought them to the surface.

Contagion of Yawning.

There has been an amusing discussion lately in Paris on the subject of hissing at theatres. It is interesting to note that an attempt made in the last century to put a stop to the practice proved a disastrous failure. The edict had hardly gone forth, under the auspices of the chief of police, when a first performance came off. A gentleman who was addicted notoriously to hostile demonstrations was "sandwiched," by way of precaution, between two agents of the law and soon the curtain rose. Every eye was directed toward the inveterate delinquent; but, to the general surprise, he sat still without making a sign. Ere long, he began to yawn, and soon the two policemen took to yawning in sympathy. Their neighbors unconsciously followed suit, the contagion spread, and in a short time pit, boxes and galleries were yawning as they had never yawned before. Even the actors, with their gaze fixed on the public, could not resist the example set them, and the unlucky author had the misfortune of hearing his most telling "hits" launched forth amid a perfect chorus of yawns. The embargo against hissing was promptly removed, it having been found by experience that a return to the old system was infinitely preferable to the new one inaugurated by the irrepressible Chevalier de la Morliere, who made a perfect specialty of his demonstrations against new plays at the Comedie Francaise, and had particularly distinguished himself by the uproar he created at the first appearance of Voltaire's "Tancrede."—*St. James Gazette.*

Out of the Ordinary.

"Say, Jim," said Jobkins to his bibulous friend, "come into the office and I'll give you a drink of something that is out of the ordinary run." Entering, Jobkins stepped out for a moment and returned with a glass of clear-looking beverage, which he handed to Jim. "Bah! That's water, ain't it?" said Jim in disgust. "Yes," replied Jobkins. "I drew it out of the faucet—that's the ordinary run, you know."

The Old Man's Assistance.

"Remember, my boy," said Uncle James, as he gave Bobby a coin, "that if you take care of the pennies the dollars will take care of themselves."

Bobby looked a trifle dubious.

"I do take care of the pennies," he replied, "but as soon as they get to be dollars pa takes care of 'em."

Trying to Make a Meal.

Rich host (to poor relation)—The duck seems to be pretty much all gone, James. How would you like some of the dressing?

Poor relation—That will do nicely, sir; and if there is any left you might give me a small piece of the quack.

The Palladium of Yankee Liberty.

Boy—What is a crank, pa?

Pa—A crank is a man with one idea.

Boy—But suppose a man has no idea at all? What is he then?

Pa—A juror, my son.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bit His Tongue and Bled to Death.

A terrible and fatal accident occurred in Union township to Floyd Hand, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hand. The boy, who was but 9 years of age, was at play and received a fall. His teeth penetrated through his tongue, lacerating it so that he bled to death in a short time.—*Cleveland Leader.*

FROM THE COMING NEWSPAPER.

How the News of the Day Will Read When Journalism With a Big "J" Prevails.

Murder.—We are informed on credible authority that a murder occurred in this city last week. Although on general principles we are opposed to personalities we venture to give the names of the parties participating in the affair. Mr. John Smith, it is said, carefully disassociated the head of Mr. John Doe from the body with which it had been previously connected, the act resulting in an extinction of consciousness on the part of the latter, and the almost immediate cessation of animated activity—in other words, Mr. Doe expired—died, so to speak. Although apologizing for the personality, we make bold to say that such a murder as this is culpable; and though Mr. Smith, who committed the deed, possesses many worthy traits of head and heart, we are yet constrained to say that this specific act of his is—with proper reservations for aggravating circumstances—a reprehensible, and, to a certain degree, an unjustifiable one. If this language seems harsh or unfeeling we shall be glad to apologize for it in our next issue.

Fire.—The residence of Mr. James H. Peters, of Staten Island, was burned to the ground last night, and Mr. Peters and his wife, with their four children, lost their identity in the conflagration; and, in short, their separate individualities were annihilated by the chemical activity of the combustion. They were, to use a vulgar phrase, "burned up," and no trace of them as distinctive personalities has yet been discovered. It is said that the conflagration was started by Mr. Elihu J. Jones because Peters refused him (Jones) the loan of his (Peters') hatchet. We do not wish to speak with undue severity in the matter, but we do venture to say that this act of Mr. Jones, if it does not merit the severe term of misdemeanor, yet certainly was an indiscretion. A young man like Mr. Jones should beware of beginning life with such escapades, comparatively innocent and harmless though they may seem. It is these little things which gradually lead on and on until the hardened criminal will not scruple to contradict an editor or even speak disrespectfully of an alderman.

Accident.—A train of cars was precipitated yesterday from the elevated track near One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. We were informed that thirty persons perished. Of course we shall publish no details of the event, as we are opposed to cheap journalism. But we are much pained to learn that several persons have so far forgotten the first principles of good breeding as to actually manifest an interest in the affair.

Assassination.—We are informed that the President was instantly killed yesterday by an assassin. Beyond this simple announcement we shall not further allude to the subject. But we cannot speak too severely of the extreme vulgarity that has been manifested in many quarters by low-toned and ill-bred people who have evinced a most trivial curiosity to learn the details of the vulgar affair.

Elopement.—The wife of the editor of this paper eloped with the coachman early last evening. We have been much disgusted by the vulgar curiosity of well-meaning friends, who, strange as it may seem, actually take an interest in the event. Our long journalistic experience has taught us never to manifest an interest in anything.—*Boston Blade.*

Great Bridges.

The Tay Bridge, which was destroyed by the hurricane that memorable Sunday night, Dec. 28th, 1879, was re-built in a much stronger form and opened last June, six years after the engineer's plans were approved. The Forth Bridge has now been building more than five years. But the two bridges are very dissimilar. The Tay Bridge, it is true, is half-a-mile longer than the Forth Bridge; on the other hand, it is not much more than half as high, and is simply a series of piers stretching across the comparatively shallow estuary, whereas the Forth Bridge, owing to the much greater depth of the water to be spanned, presented engineering difficulties far more difficult to surmount. That these difficulties are now in a fair way to be conquered satisfactorily is one more feather in the cap of the British engineer and his helpmate, the British constructor. Here are a few figures by way of comparison:

	Length (ft).	Greatest span (ft).
Forth Bridge	8,091	1,710
Tay Bridge	10,780	245
Niagara Bridge	808	808
Landore Bridge	1,760	110
Crumlin Bridge	1,800	150
Britannia Bridge	1,511	460
Brooklyn Bridge	5,862	1,600
Charing Cross Bridge	1,365	154
Westminster Bridge	1,160	120

These are some of the mammoth bridges of the world. I have not at hand particulars of the great Alexandra Bridge over the Chenab in India, besides which others like the Victoria, at Montreal, the Tyne Bridge, at Newcastle, the Albany Bridge over the Hudson might be mentioned; but I believe I am correct in saying that the two great arch spans of the Forth Bridge, 1,710 feet each, are beyond any span hitherto attempted. Each is 110 feet wider than the central span of the great Brooklyn Bridge, and when I point out that each will be a good hundred yards wider than the whole length of Charing Cross Bridge, Londoners may begin to form some idea of their magnitude. To cross a space half as wide again as the Thames at a single leap is "no sae bad," as the Scotch say. Two of these leaps, and two others half as long, represent the cantilever portion of the Forth Bridge.

One of the most curious of natural phenomena is a boiling fresh water spring right in the Atlantic Ocean. This spring is situated about seventeen miles southeast from St. Augustine, Florida, and about four miles out from the coast. The diameter of the boil is about fifty feet and it is so forcible as to make it a difficult matter to keep a good-sized schooner on or near it. The water is fresh, almost drinkable. Soundings have been made in it, but the force of the water throws the lead out one side or another.

A woman who lives at Plaza Teguesquite, N. M., Panchita Morales, is reputed to be 107 years old. She lives alone in a small adobe, does her own housework, is straight as an arrow, and moves about with astonishing ease. Her hair reaches to her waist and is as white as snow.

SUPERSTITION IN TORONTO.

A Lady who Believes that Disease Can Be Charmed Away by a Hangman's Rope.

"I will tell you a peculiar thing," said Governor Green, of the Toronto jail, to an *Empire* reporter on Saturday. "It is about the rope which was used to hang Bennett, for the murder of Hon. George Brown. About three years ago two ladies visited the jail and inquired for me. I asked what I could do for them, when one of the ladies said:

"Mr. Green, will you grant me a favor?"

"I certainly will if it is within my power," I replied.

"Well," said the woman, "I wish to know if you have the rope that was used to hang Bennett." I said I had it. She said:

"I have a very dear friend dying with quinsy, and I have heard that if I could get a piece of the rope used to hang that man and apply it to my friend's neck the disease would be charmed away." I looked at the woman in astonishment and I said to her:

"Do you really believe what you say?"

The woman replied with much fervency: "Yes, I do believe it, Mr. Green, and my friends also believe it. Please comply with my request."

I said: "Well, you shall have a piece of the rope."

I hunted up the rope and cut off a piece by the knot, and gave it the woman. She then hurried away with her companion, apparently very much pleased. I have not yet heard whether the charm worked or not.

Stamping and Embroidery.

"Yes, Lizzie, I like to do fancy work, but I haven't felt like trying that pattern—or anything else—for a week. These awful 'dragging-down' pains are just killing me." "I know how you feel, and I can tell you where to look for relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a certain cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. Why! it even cured me of prolapsus, and many of my lady friends have been cured of various grave maladies peculiar to our sex by this wonderful medicine." It is the only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

The Workingman, of Course.

When protected interests form a "trust" and throw thousands of workmen out of employment, whom does protection protect? —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Very Sensible "Japs."

In Japan the old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gently sarcastic way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons. But the druggist who introduced Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery into the Empire carries a fine steel blade. It was found that all who tried this wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, consumptive tendencies, blood, skin and liver troubles, were, without exception, greatly benefitted. The Mikado himself is said to have "toned up" his system by its use, and the importer was therefore permitted the exceptional honor of wearing the sword of the nobility.

Unfortunate Self-Justification.

He—Will you allow me to accompany you? She—Sir, you perhaps think—He—But now, really, do I look as though I thought?

Do not Think for a Moment

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

Understood the Case.

Mother—Why, my dear, you don't seem a bit happy.

Recently married daughter—I am about as happy as most wives, I suppose.

"Doesn't your husband treat you well?"

"Oh, yes; in a humdrum sort of way. He's a very ordinary, every-day sort of a man."

"Oh, well, my dear, girls can't expect to be pirates' brides in this practical age, you know."

"I suppose so."

"No. I know what the matter is. You need excitement. Get a servant girl."—*Omaha World.*

What It Will Do.

Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure, never fails to give prompt relief in the following complaints: Sprains, bruises, cuts, tic-douloureux, rheumatism, spinal pains, neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, sciatica. Buy to-day at any drug store a 10-cent sample bottle and test it in any of the above complaints. It never fails, for Nerviline is composed of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies in the world. Get a bottle at any drug store. You will be made happy. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

A Pauper's Savings.

At a meeting of the Burslem and Wolstanton guardians, England, held at the former town, the relieving officer stated that upon searching among the effects of Hannah Lee, who has just died at the age of 76, for some linen in which to wrap her body, £120 was found in gold, tied up in rags. The old woman had been receiving parochial relief for many years.

What Bothered Him.

Gentleman (who has recently married a widow)—Smith offered me his warmest congratulations to day, my dear.

Ex-widow (surprised)—Why, I thought that Mr. Smith was one of your bitterest enemies?

Gentleman—He is, and that's just what bothers me.

GLASSBLOWING is an art nearly 4,000 years old, perhaps older; yet there has never been any device discovered to take the place of the human lungs in the blowing. Bottles, however, are blown with a mold and mechanical bellows.

The Month of Colds.

A physician in the *American Magazine* describes February as the time of saturnalia of colds. He advises extra effort to guard the space between a man's coat collar and hat brim. Beneath this exposed skin lies the cerebro-spinal axle, whence proceed the nerves that govern both heart and lungs. The face is supplied with blood-vessels twice as plentifully as the neck, enabling it to resist external cold in that proportion. For diet in February he advises fatty food and fresh lettuce and spinach, anti-scorbutics, which should be eaten freely.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Disease, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,
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Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.
TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

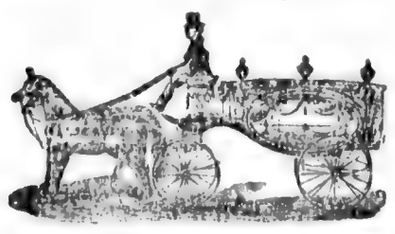

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Being pts Lot 150 in the 2nd and 3rd Ranges S. W. of T. & S. Road, Artemesia, consisting of 50 acres more or less. About 25 acres cleared & in good state of cultivation. Adjoining Flesherton Station. Brick schoolhouse on one corner of the place. Good frame house, running creek and never-failing supply of spring water. For full particulars apply to MRS. JANE LATIMER on the premises, or Flesherton Station P.O.

FARM for SALE
BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to
JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto.

816-971.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Rev. Father Kiernan, of Collingwood, is ill with inflammatory rheumatism.

Mrs. Eden, wife of the Varney postmaster, died on Wednesday of last week.

Mt. Forest Presbyterians have voted in favor of the adoption of the Hymnal by 155 to 72.

A Chesley hotel-keeper was taken to jail week before last for infringement of the Scott Act.

The Editor of the Dundalk *Herald* visited a number of his brethren of the press last week.

The Hanover *Post* announces the decease of the Bruce Printer's and Publisher's Association.

Rev Mr. Corcoran, of Eugenia, is hold ing successful revival services at Mount Zion appointment.

The *Review* says letters patent have been received for the incorporation of the Durham Creamery Co.

Mr. John Whitby has sold his farm in Artemesia to Mr. James Dawsett, of Leeds County, for $3,900.

The Collingwood *Bulletin* still publishes that item about Flesherton Roller Mill, We move a vote of thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. McDermid, of Collingwood, celebrated their Silver Wedding on Friday week. There were one hundred visitors.

The Shelburne *Free Press* is responsible for the statement, that Mr. "Sec" Ketchum has gone into the lecturing business. Next!

Upwards of $125 were raised on Sunday last, in the Methodist church, on a plate collection, for church purposes.—*Dundalk Herald.*

A Miss McEdwards, of Ravenna, dropped dead about noon on Tuesday of last week, while visiting her sister in Collingwood town.

1441 registered letters were received at and 1339 despatched from the Thornbury post-office during the three months ending Jan. 31st, 1888.

Miss Mittie Fraine, the distinguished elocutionist, will address a convention of the W.C.T.U. at Mt. Forest on the 20th inst., on "Woman's Work."

The Commercial Union question was discussed in Mt. Forest last week by Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Shaw, of Provincial Farmer's Institute, and others.

Final arrangements have been made for the extension of the telephone system from Hanover to Owen Sound, connecting with Allenford, Elmwood, Chesley and Tara.

Mr. J. G. Anderson, general merchant, Markdale, has, we regret to learn, been compelled by force of adverse circumstances to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Mrs. Jos. May, of Heathcote, died last week, leaving her husband and six little children to mourn her loss. We extend our respectful sympathy to friend May in his very sad loss.

Rev. J. C. Farthing, the popular Church of England minister at Durham, recently refused a call from the congregation of Trinity church, Mitchell, at a much larger salary than he is now getting.

Mr. Godfrey of Meaford has laid a four-year-old egg on the sanctum table of the Meaford *Mirror*. Reserve that egg for the first spring poet, brother Patterson. Ancient hen fruit is better than a club any day!

There was a "hallelujah" wedding in the Salvation Army barracks, Owen Sound, on Wednesday of last week. The contracting parties were Mr. Robert Walker and Miss Elizabeth Brennan, and the officiating clergyman was Rev. A. H. Scott.

As a N. R. R. mail train was moving along about one mile south of Thornbury on Monday week, a rifle bullet came crashing through the mail car, barely missing the clerk, who was engaged in his customary duties. The parties concerned in the outrage are said to be residents of the locality.

Bro. R. P. McCutcheon, of Shelburne lodge, A.O.U.W., died at his late residence on Sunday week. The beautiful funeral ritual of the order was read at the grave by Bro. J. P. Marshall, L.D.S. Funeral sermon was preached in St. Paul's church, Shelburne, on Sunday last, by Rev. H. G. Moore.

John Scott, *alias* Douglass—a man of many wives—who recently resided in Meaford, was lately foiled in an attempt to take unto himself another wife-in-name-only, and has consequently shaken the dust of Meaford off his person and departed for parts unknown. He is also accused of being a horse thief.

Mr. F. Nester, of Tara, has been a subscriber to the Durham *Chronicle* for over a quarter of a century, having received a copy of the first issue when it was known as the *Standard*. The Editor of THE ADVANCE has in his charge all the fyles of the Durham *Standard*, and purposes to make a few extracts occasionally.

A Dundalk man placed the muzzle of his gun within a few inches of a pig's nose, closed his eyes and pulled the trigger. The gun went off and the man went to earth on the broad of his back. The pig was astonished but scrambled over the man's body and made tracks for more congenial quarters. The man was also astonished, as well he might be.

The *Mirror* says Mr. John Mackie, of St. Vincent, teamed a load of peas to Markdale recently, but, not satisfied with the price offered, brought the load back to Meaford, where he sold it for three cents per bushel more than he could get in the former place. Take the whole season through, and it pays the farmers to patronize their own home markets.

MANY PERSONS SUFFER from Impure Breath and suppose it comes from a disordered stomach. In many cases the actual cause is Catarrh. Nasal Balm will remove the cause, and cure.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The controversy on school matters in this place has been quite amusing to all subscribers to the ADVANCE and also to many non-subscribers as everyone taking the paper has had to lend it at least twice. In fact the ADVANCE has been the leading paper here since the controversy commenced. And your correspondent would like to make some comments on the subject but has concluded that it is better let alone.

One of our farmer's has been noticed at times drawing a dead cow or sheep to the woods on a sleigh covered over with pea straw to hide it from view, a poor old horse went the same way a while ago. It is said abuse and no Fodder is the cause.

Mr. Medlar Guy has returned from his wedding trip and looks as happy as a king.

Miss Ella Kerr who has been ill for some time if slowly recovering.

Mr. Richard Maxwell has leased the farm belonging to Mr. R. Kinner and expects to move in a short time.

A string band organized and under the leadership of Mr. Sproule, school teacher, is practicing for an entertainment to be held here in a short time.

TAMARAC.—For Hoarseness and all Bronchial Troubles that usually effect public speakers, Tamarac Elixir will give speedy relief. Try it.

Luxuriant Hair
Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

CLIMO & CO.
Are preparing to open out a New Stock of Goods in Wm. Wright's Store.
Everybody will be Welcomed.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE GOOD AND CHEAP
BOOTS,
Shoes or Slippers,
—TRY—
WM. CLAYTON'S BOOT & SHOE STORE,
FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,
ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Wm Mitchell Ljan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 350. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spex, Platedware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound; That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

FLESHERTON Carriage Works.

Collingwood St., Flesherton, Ont.

McTAVISH & LEGATE, Manufacturers of Waggons, Sleighs, Buggies, Pheatons, Democrats, Cutters, Iron Harrows, Wheelbarrows, Crank Churns, Washing Machines, &c., &c. Satisfaction guaranteed and Prices right every time.

Saw Gumming and Filing done on short notice. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to, Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

AUCTION SALE

OF VALUABLE FARM in the Township of Osprey. Under and pursuant to the power of Sale in a certain mortgage from one Ronald Johnson (now deceased) to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MARSH'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE of MARKDALE, by GEORGE NOBLE, Auctioneer, on

Tuesday, March 20th, 1888,

at 1 o'clock p.m., the following property viz:—

Lot number 22, in the 8th Concession of the said Township of Glenelg, containing 160 acres more or less excepting 1 and 1-20th acres taken by the township for a road deviation. About 35 acres are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a log house and barn.

TERMS:—10 per cent at time of sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Wm. Lucas & Co., Markdale, or to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, February 28th, 1888.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

The most splendid entertainment ever given in Flesherton comes off to night in the Town Hall.

The Cattle Fair was largely attended on Monday and a number of bovines changed hands at good prices.

Mr. Spurr, the genial and handsome scribe of the Dundalk *Herald*, paid Flesherton a flying visit this week.

WANTED.—A stout steady boy with industrious habits to learn the Woolen business, apply to—W. H. FLESHER, Flesherton.

Our Township Fathers met in the Town Hall on Monday. Report of their proceedings left over for next week's ADVANCE.

Revival services are being held in the Methodist church here. They are of an interesting and impressive character and much good is being done.

If you want to have a jolly laugh, go and hear Jim Fax, the "Funniest man in Canada," in the Town Hall, Flesherton, to-night.

NOTICE.—All parties indebted to me by note or book account will please call and settle the same without fail on or before the 15th of this (March) month. —J. W. BATES, Flesherton.

Remember the Orange Soiree in 4th line, Artemesia, lodge room to-morrow (Friday) evening. Tea served from 5 to 7 o'clock. Addresses by Revs. Wilson, Corcoran and Shilton, recitations, &c. Admission 25 cents, children under 12 years of age, half price. See bills.

The undersigned having disposed of their butchering business in Flesherton to Blakely Bros., trust the liberal patronage hitherto extended them will be continued with the new firm. At the same time they desire a prompt settlement of all outstanding accounts before last of this month.—PETCH & MITCHELL.

Messrs. Joseph and James Clark—sons of our esteemed citizen, Mr. W. M. Clark—have purchased the Pickering *News* printing plant and will publish that journal in future under the firm name of Clark Bros. Both young men are well and favorably known around here. We wish them unbounded success.

Blakely Bros. have bought out the butchering business of Petch & Mitchell in Flesherton, and solicit a share of the public patronage. Both young men are well known to every person in this section and ought to do a good business. At the same time we regret the departure of Messrs. Petch & Mitchell from our midst. They were thorough good business men and by their honorable dealings with the public had won for themselves an excellent name throughout the entire community.

To Whom it May Concern.

It having been publicly stated that I had given currency to a false report—in which Mr. James Best was accused of stealing or attempting to steal cattle, and to which latter reference was made in THE ADVANCE—I take this opportunity to say that the statement is misleading and false. I simply said that I had heard that James Mills got two head of cattle at Mr. Best's, and that Mr. Best had told Mr. Mills that if he (Mills) gave him (Best) fifteen dollars he would tell the former where his cattle were; also, that Richard Campbell said that James Mills went to McDonald's—to whom Mr. Best sold a steer—and that he (Mills) said it was his steer. This latter is the sum and substance of what I did say about the matter, and my informant was Mr. Matthew Leech.

(*signed*) THOMAS MORROW.

Hear the Beethoven Quartette in Town Hall, Flesherton, to-night.

Mr. Loucks is building a reserve dam in connection with Little Mills, which will greatly increase his facilities for grinding.

NOTICE.—The new Roller Mill, Flesherton, starting operations to-day. Look for advertisement next week.—WM. BRADLEY.

Sneak thieves are numerous around Flesherton Station of late. Whips are stolen from sleighs at nights while the drivers are waiting for passengers on the trains.

Correction.

It wasn't a "Kimberley Thief," who stole Mr. McConnell's oats and grass seed, but a man who was traced up the mountain to the seventh line—away from Kimberley altogether.

Fire Number Two!

A fire broke out in the roof of Mr. Joseph Smith's shop, Flesherton, on Monday morning last about half past seven o'clock. Most of the contents were saved but the building and a quantity of leather were destroyed. A defective flue was the cause. There was no insurance. This makes the second fire in eighteen years.

Orange Soiree at Eugenia.

A grand Orange Soiree and Concert will be held in the Orange Hall, Eugenia, on Friday evening, March 16th, under the auspices of L. O. L. No. 1118. Tea will be served from 5 to 7 o'clock, after which an excellent program of speeches, dialogues, recitations, vocal and instrumental music, will be presented. Admission 25 cents, children under 12 years of age, 15 cents. See bills.

Our Roller Mill is Running!

The Flesherton Roller Mill is running in full blast and with all the very latest improvements in machinery, will turn out a very superior class of Flour. I have been appointed agent for Flesherton; send your orders in to me direct and they will receive prompt attention. Shop next to Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton.—S. SPIRIT.

Obituary.

It is our sorrowful duty this week to announce the demise of the *town* of Markdale, aged——! It was born too soon, and—worse than all—Mr. Mowat sat upon it! This was "the most unkindest cut of all," and it is needless to add, that the sickly infant succumbed to the *pressure* of circumstances, and is once more a thriving *Township* cross-roads! *Sic transit gloria mundi*, or in the words of the poet Norris:

"How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel's visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long."

To-Night.

The famous Beethoven Quartette give one of their celebrated concerts in the Town Hall, Flesherton, this Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Orange Lodge here. Mr. Chas. Kelly, one of the members of the Quartette, sang in this town once before, and is generally acknowledged as being the best basso in Canada. Mr. Sims Richards, the leading tenor of Toronto, also occupies a very prominent position in musical circles. The lady members are spoken of in most favorable terms. Then there is Mr. Jim Fax, who is said to be the "Funniest man in Canada," and, from what we are told by those who have heard him, this high eulogy is well merited. Altogether a powerful company, affording the people of Flesherton and neighborhood the chance of a lifetime. Don't fail to hear them. Popular price of admission.

Take Ayer's Sasaparilla, in the spring of the year, to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore healthy tone and vigor to the whole physical mechanism. Remember that quality, not quantity, constitutes the value of medicine.

For The Advance.

At the Window.

Upon the crimson window-drape
He saw her shadow fall,
And had a hundred fallen there,
And hers among them all.
He could have told—so well he knew
That form and queenly grace—
He could have told her figure there,
Though seeing not the face.

'Twas just the dusky twilight hour
And none were passing by;
He stood irresolute, then towards
The window drew he nigh.
"Could I but catch a glimpse," he said,
"Of Lady Clare's face,
I'd rest content, and turn at once
My homeward way to trace."

Does not some unseen influence move
Her head towards the pane?
She stands with puzzled aspect there,
Then turns away again.
Close to the glass his face he pressed,
A passing glimpse to win;
She raised the curtain to look out,
And caught him—looking in!

—*Edith B. VanDusen.*

Owen Sound, March 5th, 1888.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

The Rev. J. S. Corcoran preached a very excellent sermon Sabbath evening from I Thes. 4c.3v. "For this is the will of God even your sanctification." The rev. gentleman preaches from the same text next Sabbath evening.

The revival services conducted by the Rev. J. S. Corcoran in the schoolhouse on the 8th have been very successful. Several have professed to have found peace believing.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Markdale, paid our town a visit the other day.

Mrs. Bowerman is still very ill and unable to return to her home.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Corcoran has quite recovered from her late illness.

Owing to Friday's storm we were unable to get the mail from the south. The mail-carrier got out as far as Mr. H. Cairns' but the roads were so much blocked he had to return.

Mr. F. T. Carr has undertake the job of sawing at Stinson's mill, Proton Station.

Mr. H. Meldrum's house had a narrow escape from being destroyed by fire on Saturday. The fire was fortunately discovered and extinguished before any serious damage was done.

The Orangemen of Eugenia contemplate having a grand time in connection with their Soiree to be held here on the 16th. They have engaged some of the best speakers in the County for the occasion. [See notice on "Tit-Bits" page.—ED.]

Owen Sound.

From our own Correspondent.

Feb. 26.—A gloom is cast over our town by the rather sudden death of Mrs. Foote, wife of Capt. J. Foote of the Athabasca, and sister to Dr. J. Brown, of O. S.

Your cor. was present at the last meeting of the O. S. C. I. Lit. Soc. Mr. L. H. Alexander, teacher, rendered the famous "Marseillaise Hymn" accompanied on the piano by Miss Lizzie Richardson of Flesherton. A debate followed: "Resolved that the beauties of art exceed the beauty of nature." This was argued in a most laughable manner, the young gentleman on the negative undergoing all the changes of the color of the rainbow during his outburst on the eloquence of nature. Decision was granted in favor of the affirmative, and now the negative thinks it don't pay to puff and blow for nothing.

Mar. 1.—Came in like a roaring lion. More tail ends of the Dakota Blizzard.

Mar. 2.—The O. S. C. I. Conversazione held this evening, was a brilliant success. Most of those who took part in this would be comparatively strangers to the Fleshertonians; but as two young ladies have left your village to attend the O. S. C. I., news of them will doubtless be interesting: Miss Lizzie and Annie Richardson took part in the opening Glee, "Those Evening Bells," in which some fifty voices joined. In this piece Miss Lizzie Richardson and Alice Tucker held an *obligato*. The glee was heartily encored. Miss Lizzie took part in the quartette "The whip-poor-will song," being vociferously encored; she also held an *obligato* in the Glee, "Waves of the Ocean." In the Science Hall below, were shown scenes from the "Ancient Mariner," by a powerful lime-light. These views were very grotesque and interesting. The recitations, solos, duetts, tableaux, etc. were all well rendered, and a large audience dispersed, feeling that an enjoyable evening had been spent.

Mar. 4.—This evening Rev. T. M. Campbell Meth. preached a stirring sermon on "what shall I do to be saved?" As this was the beginning of revival services, the subject was very appropriate, and appreciated by a large congregation.

THIS IS

RUSSELL'S

THE NOTED

JEWELER'S

SPACE.

— The only place for —

GENUINE × BARGAINS

— IN —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware,

And the only place to get your Watch or Clock REPAIRED

— is at —

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

FASHIONABLE FROLICS.

Brilliant Gatherings in London and Ottawa.

THE DRESSES WORN.

Royal Robes and Upper Ten Costumes of Novel Build.

In the British Metropolis.

A cablegram from London, dated Saturday night, says: The Queen's drawing room yesterday afternoon took place with shocking bad weather accompaniment. The mercury had fallen to 18 degrees, the air was thick with frozen mist, which stung the face and blinded the eyes, and the wind blew its preface to a gale, due at midnight. Fancy, then, several hundred ladies in regulation Lord Chamberlain summer costume and gentlemen in court dress shivering through their wraps, some for hours, on bleak Constitution Hill, or wide St. James' Park! Awaiting their turns, how everybody envied Lady Randolph Churchill's Russian cloak of slate colored velvet and white fur, fresh from the dominions of the Czar. Never before in the memory of the eldest dowager has a blizzard crossed the Atlantic, and consequently the attendance was miserably small. The Queen wore a black velvet train and bodice, brocaded with silk and trimmed with jet, over a black silk skirt draped with tulle and trimmed with jet; a white tulle veil surmounted by a coronet of diamonds; necklace and earrings of large diamonds, and the Kohinoor as a brooch, with nine orders.

The Princess of Wales wore a train of a shade of mignonette and gold brocade, lined with gold satin; overdress of a darker shade of Lyons velvet and brocade, with volante Irish point lace looped with plumes of feathers and bows of gold ribbon; corsage to correspond; head dress, a tiara of diamonds, feathers and steel; ornaments, pearls, emeralds and diamonds.

The Princess Beatrice wore a dress of pale amethyst *poult de soie*, with bodice, and train of oriental gold brocade, head dress, feathers, veils and diamond tiara, with stars; her jewels were pearls and emeralds.

The Princess Louise of Wales wore a train of a shade of pale rose, colored brocade edged with tulle; jupe of tulle over faille, looped on one side with a large bunch of snow drops and tied with loops of rose colored ribbons; corsage of brocade trimmed to correspond; ornaments, pearls, diamonds and rubies and the commemoration medal.

The Duchess of Albany wore Lyons black velvet and train, lined and trimmed with white satin; white feathers and veil; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

The Queen remained through all the ceremonies.

In Ottawa.

An Ottawa correspondent telegraphs: The drawing-room held by their Excellencies on Saturday night was unusually magnificent, due no doubt to the general desire to make a final bow to Lord and Lady Lansdowne before their departure. Between three and four hundred persons were present. Shortly before 9 o'clock one long procession of ladies and gentlemen in lively dress began to move slowly up the Senate Chamber between two rows of the military, to the stirring music of the Governor's Foot Guards' Band. Their Excellencies cordially acknowledged each individual presented in turn by Captain Streatfeild. The Marquis was in full court dress, with white silk knee-breeches and hose and Windsor uniform. He was supported on the right by the Premier, arrayed in his K.C.B. regimentals. Lady Lansdowne wore white lace, draped over a pink satin skirt, a court train of garnet satin, bouquets of pink roses and ferns, with necklace of diamonds. Lady Florence Streatfeild, who stood on her left, was strikingly attired in black lace over geranium red silk. Among the most elegant of so many beautiful costumes were those of Lady Macdonald, who was arrayed in ciel blue from head to foot, velvet trained gown, feather headdress, fawn slippers and gloves, wearing also the famous C. P. R. necklace of diamonds and opals; Mrs. Costigan, ruby plush en traine; Lady Tupper and Mrs. Thos. White, black satin; Mrs. Laurier, ivory silk and plush; the Misses White, green tulle, lemon silk and white gros grain, respectively; Mrs. Edward Langevin, heliotrope satin and black lace; Miss Drual, canary tulle with ostrich feathers and buttercups; Mrs. (Col.) Denison, white satin brocade embroidered with seed pearls, honiton lace and ostrich tips; Mrs. Scarth, black satin and diamonds; Miss Taschereau, flame-colored surah; Mrs. Harry Macdonell, white silk and lace; Miss Constance Meredith, white gros grain (debutante); Mrs. Schrieber, black satin; Mrs Molyneaux St. John, Nile green satin over white and gold brocade; Mrs. A. W. Ross, ivory Chinese brocade satin, ivory lace and amber; Mrs. Pope, white silk and ruby plush; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, white satin brocade; Mrs. Schultz, brown velvet over pink silk, and many others impossible to individualise in the kaleidoscopic scene. The military then filed into line and were presented, after which Lord and Lady Lansdowne left the chambers attened by their suite.

Referring to the dresses worn at the opening of Parliament, another correspondent writes: One very noticeable feature in the ladies' costumes was the absence of any very pronounced *decollete* dressing. Very few ladies, compared with the number of other years, wore low-necked dresses at all, and those who did had them cut most discreetly as a rule.

A Live Baby by Hamper.

A Manchester despatch says: On Saturday evening, Mr. Midgeley, station-master at the Great Northern Station, Batley, received a hamper parcel by train, and on opening it found a baby alive a few weeks old, enwrapped in warm flannels and attired in long clothes, the whole surrounded by a piece of cretonne. Mr. Midgeley informed the police, and the babe was sent to Dewsbury workhouse.

Patrick Daley, of Meriden, Conn., 101 years old, has just made a contract with his daughter, Mrs. George Huser, to plough her garden in the spring. He is strong and hearty and can eat a big dinner of pork, corned beef and cabbage, washing it down with copious draughts of hard cider.

A BROKEN RAIL

Causes an Accident on the C.P.R.—Several Passengers Hurt.

A last (Sunday) night's Winnipeg despatch says: Passengers arriving on the C.P.R. train from the East yesterday report a miraculous escape from death near Sudbury Junction on Thursday. The passenger engine having become disabled, a freight engine was called into use, which did not have proper appliances for the attachment of the air brakes. On rounding a sharp curve the engineer saw a broken rail some three hundred yards ahead. Knowing it would be useless to attempt to stop the train at that distance, he put on a full head of steam and tried to cross the break. The engine, baggage and mail, smoking and second-class cars got over in safety, but the first-class car left the rail, taking with it the dining car and sleeper. They dragged along a few hundred feet on the ties, when the first-class coach left the trucks and tumbled over into the snow, the dining car crashing into the end a second later. The sleeper also tumbled over on its side. There were sixteen passengers in the first-class coach, all of whom were injured, six severely. The dining car waiters were all badly cut with broken glass and emerged from the wreck with bloody faces. The occupants of the sleeper were badly shaken and bruised, two being forced through the windows. Doctors were summoned from Sudbury and attended the wounded passengers. All were able to proceed excepting one man, who was left behind, his injuries being of a severe nature. One doctor accompanied the train as far as this city. Among the passengers bruised and on board are: Jos. Wrigley and E. K. Beeston, prominent Hudson Bay Company officials, of Winnipeg; Mr. Simpson, Montreal, and a number of people from Ontario. The train which should have arrived from the East to-day is reported twenty-four hours late. The cause of the delay is not known.

THE HOGANS AND THE HOFFMANS

Go on the Warpath Over the Betrayal of Hattie Hogan by Thomas Hoffman.

A Columbia, S. C., despatch says: There is great excitement at Blythewood on account of a quarrel between the families of Hogan and Hoffman. The origin of the trouble was the betrayal of Hattie Hogan by Thomas Hoffman. Miss Hogan's father, at the point of a pistol, made Hoffman promise to marry the girl, but on the day of the wedding the young man was missing. Hogan searched for his daughter's betrayer for two weeks, and then returned to Blythewood to hold the other Hoffmans responsible, one of them being the Mayor of the town. Yesterday Hogan held a pistol to Mayor Hoffman's head and horse-whipped him. He then went to a mill, where another brother, Jack Hoffman, was found, and while a friend of Hogan's covered Hoffman with a Winchester rifle, the enraged father wore out a whip on him. Then the Hoffman family surrounded Hogan's house. The citizens telegraphed to Winnsboro for aid, and a sheriff and *posse* was sent to Blythewood. Meantime the Judge at Winnsboro telegraphed Mayor Hoffman, not knowing that he was engaged in the riot, to preserve the peace at all hazards. The sheriff arrived in time to arrest the Mayor before there was bloodshed

Canadian Divorce Cases.

An Ottawa despatch says: The following is the full list of the divorce cases which will come before the Senate this session: Andrew Maxwell Irving, from his wife, M. L. Irving, on the grounds of adultery; Catharine Morrison, from her husband, John F. Morrison, on the grounds of adultery, bigamy and desertion; Wm. Henry Middleton, from his wife, Mary Froude, on the ground of adultery and desertion; Mary Froude Middleton, a counter petition, on the ground of cruelty, adultery and desertion; Bennett Rosamond, from his wife, Adair Rosamond, on the ground of adultery and desertion; Eleanor C. Tudor, from her husband, F. L. Hart, on the ground of cruelty and adultery; Mary M. White, from her husband, David C. White, on the ground of incapability of the consummation of the marital relation.

A Commercial Traveller Sent to the Penitentiary.

A Kingston telegram says: George Austin, a traveller, convicted yesterday of embezzlement, was to-day sentenced by the police magistrate to two years in the penitentiary. In a letter to the press he declared that he is innocent of using the money of the firm for his own purposes, and says it was expended for his employers. "I may," he says, "have been guilty of great imprudence, but not of actual theft. Yesterday I knelt at my poor wife's feet, looked her straight in the eyes and swore to my innocence before God, and I now do the same before my fellow-citizens." Austin adds that his family is penniless. The public sympathy has been aroused, and a petition will be sent to the Government for his pardon.

The Law of Compensation.

"Well, well," remarked Mrs. Brown, "I've noticed this about men. When we are girls they don't go away until after midnight, and when we are wives they don't come in until after midnight. I suppose it is the law of compensation, and I don't complain."

A Prudent Hero

Bagley—I can't see why you wouldn't give the lady your name after saving her life.

Gagley—Afraid to, my boy. It's leap ear, you know.—*Texas Siftings*

Rev. John Hall is said to have pocketed since last September fully $20,000 in marriage fees. One bridegroom gave him a cheque for $5,000 for tying the nuptial knot. Dr. Hall is worth $1,000,000; his total income is at least $100,000. His congregation is the wealthiest in New York city. The amount of $400,000,000 may be seen in his church any Sunday morning. Dr. Hall has a monopoly of all the swell weddings. Brides who desire to be in the fashion insist upon being married by the millionaire clergyman.

President Cleveland and party arrived at Jacksonville, Fla., yesterday evenin for a visit to the Sub-tropical Exposition.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28. — Parliament was opened in a snow storm this afternoon for the last time by Lord Lansdowne.

Speech from the Throne:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

It affords me much gratification to meet you once more at the commencement of the Parliamentary session and to congratulate you upon the general prosperity of the country. Although the labors of the husbandmen have not been rewarded in some portions of the Dominion by an adequate return the harvest of last year has, on the whole, been plenteous, while in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories it was one of remarkable abundance.

The negotiations between Her Majesty's Government and that of the United States for the adjustment of what is known as "The Fishery Question," have, I am pleased to inform you, resulted in a treaty which will, I venture to hope, be considered by you as honorable and satisfactory to both nations. The treaty, with the papers and correspondence relating thereto, will be laid before you, and you will be invited to adopt a measure to give effect to its provisions.

The extension and development of our system of railways have not only rendered necessary additional safeguards for life and property, but have given greater frequency to questions in which the interests of rival companies are found to be in conflict and to require authoritative adjustment. As further legislation appears to be needed for these purposes, a measure will be submitted to you for the consolidation and improvement of the Railway Act.

Experience having shown that amendments are required to make the provisions of the Act respecting elections of the members of the House of Commons more effective and more convenient in their operation, you will be asked to consider a measure for the amendment of that statute.

The Act respecting controvertal elections may likewise require attention, with a view to the revisal of certain questions of interpretation which have arisen and which should be set at rest.

My Government has availed itself of the opportunity afforded by the recess to consider the numerous suggestions which have been made for improving the details of the Act respecting the Elective Franchise, and a measure will be submitted to you for the purpose of simplifying the law and greatly lessening the cost of its operation.

The growth of the Northwest Territories renders expedient an improvement in the system of government and legislation affecting those portions of the Dominion, and a Bill for that purpose will be laid before you.

A Bill will be submitted to you to make a large portion of the modern laws of England applicable to the Province of Manitoba and to the Northwest Territories, in regard to matters which are within the control of the Parliament of Canada, but which have not as yet been made the subject of Canadian legislation.

Among other measures, Bills will be presented to you relating to the judiciary, to the Civil Service Act and to the audit of the Public Accounts.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The accounts for the past year will be laid before you, as well as the estimates for the ensuing year. They have been prepared with all due regard to economy and the requirements of the public service.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I commend these important subjects, and all matters affecting the public interests which may be brought before you, to your best consideration, and I feel assured that you will address yourselves to them with earnestness and assiduity.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Montague, on rising to move the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, was received with cheers. He commenced by referring to the early termination of our relations with Lord Lansdowne, who had so satisfactorily discharged the duties of Governor-General. With regard to the Speech from the Throne, the House was rather to be complimented on the fact that it was open to the charge of being brief and meagre of detail, because it was an evidence that the affairs of the country were so well ordered that they need little interference from Parliament. During a recent visit to the Canadian Northwest he was impressed by the fact that what was needed most was population, and though we had not in the past secured such a large share of the immigration to this continent as we would have desired, he believed the indications were now more hopeful. Without venturing to discuss the reasons why we had not been able to secure our share of Old World immigration it was well known that the Americans had made very strenuous efforts by liberal advertising to divert immigration from us to the Northwestern States. The treaty was unsatisfactory to some of our people, as might be expected. Former treaties had been attacked in the same way, and it was good evidence, however, that Canadian rights were pretty well guarded by the treaty that the Gloucester fishermen were dissatisfied with it, and were holding indignation meetings to denounce it. He expected that, following in the wake of the amicable settlement of this difficulty, there would be a greatly enlarged trade with the people of the United States. He thought Canada could fairly be congratulated on the large degree of prosperity existing throughout the country. Our monetary institutions are on a sound basis, our manufactories are in active operation, and there was a very noticeable absence of destitution and want amongst our working classes. He congratulated the country upon the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the opening up of a large trade with China and Japan. Efforts had been made to prove that the farming interest of the country was not in a prosperous condition. He found, on comparison, that, while only 9 per cent. of the value of farm property in Ontario was under mortgage, the figure for ten of the Western States showed that there was an average of 25 per cent. encumbered by mortgage.

Mr. Joncas, speaking in French, seconded the motion. After referring to the several matters touched upon by the Speech, he announced that, as the representative of a constituency (Gaspe) deeply interested in the fishery question, he was quite satisfied with the recent treaty, and felt that the interests of the country had been properly protected.

Mr. Laurier, in replying, expressed regret that the seat of the member for West Durham (Mr. Blake) was vacant. Last session an Act was passed to create a Department of Trade and Commerce, but he vainly looked over the Treasury benches to find that Minister. He could only believe that the move was reserved for some future occasion, when patronage would be needed or that the whole matter had been pigeon-holed and forgotten. It was also proposed last year to do away with the Ministers of Inland Revenue and Customs, but up to the present time neither of those gentlemen had had his head cut off. The appointment of a Solicitor-General was provided for last session, but there is no Solicitor General. The Election law is unsatisfactory at present. He hoped the amendment would be made so that the Government would not have it in their power to select the deputy returning officers. There must also be some changes in the Controverted Election Act. When we find judges in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick all differing with reference to the construction to be put upon the Act, it is time Parliament should step in and settle it. The Franchise Act has had a chequered career. It had been amended and suspended and he hoped it would be repealed altogether in 1889. The more this question is discussed, the more apparent it will be that the course the Opposition took was the true course. The determination of the franchise should be left to the Provinces, as it is a complex question and must depend upon the habits and customs of the people in the various sections of the Dominion. If Canada was prospering financially, why could we not hold even our native population? He believed the reason was to be found in the vicious economic system that we had been following for some years. By its fruits a tree should be known, and fruits of our present system of government were the creation of rings and combinations, secure by law from foreign competition, holding by statute the people in their grasp and wringing out of them an undue, unfair and illegitimate gain. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent was undertaken on the assurance from the Government that following such rapid construction there would be such an influx of taxpaying population as to provide entirely for the additional cost of the road without drawing on the older section of the Dominion. In 1880 the Premier prophesied a yearly immigration into the Canadian Northwest of twenty-five thousand for the following ten years, bringing a revenue to the Goverument from the sales of lands of $60,000,000. The census returns had dispelled the estimate as to the population, while the income from the sales of lands from 1880 to 1886 amounted to little over four millions, all of which was consumed in surveys and collection. The result was that the construction of the road had largely increased the taxation of the people. The Speech called attention to the good crop in Manitoba. It is true that Manitoba has been blessed by the abundant crop, but the blessing of God has been destroyed by the hand of man. The position of Manitoba to-day, with its plentiful crops, is no better than it was when the crops were scanty. The evils of monopoly are being felt by the people. Manitoba has been complaining for years, and never was the cause more apparent than to-day. Not only is the monopoly exacting high rates, but is letting rot that which it cannot carry itself. The principle on which the Government have been subsidizing railways is that they are necessary for the development of the country; but at the same time they are doing all they can to prevent Manitoba from extending its railway system. Instances are not wanting in history where tyrannical Governments have taken from the people the earnings of their labors; but it has been left for the Government of Canada to stifle the industry of the country. The time has come for a change in the policy of the last ten years. He did not intend to move an amendment to the Address, but at the proper time would present to the House such resolutions as would meet the views of the Opposition

The resolution passed and was referred to a committee, who reported a draft of an address in answer to the Speech which was ordered to be engrossed and sent to His Excellency.

Mrs. Hicks Lord's Fourteen Necklaces.

The social season since the meeting of Congress has not this year been remarkable for its gayety. The fact is that there are a good many people in Washington, and they have not got accustomed to each other. Of course, we have our sensations now and then, and New York furnished us the last one in the person of Mrs. Hicks Lord. Mrs. Dahlgren, the widow of the dead admiral, gave one of her usual big parties to mark the coming of the penitential season, and Mrs. Hicks Lord was there. All Washington has been talking about her ever since. She wore seven pearl necklaces and seven diamond ones, all at the same time, besides having the lace front of her gown caught in various places by handsome solitaires, and diamonds blazing in her lace fan. This takes the rag off the bush so far in Washington, and the women who did not wear so many gems at the Dahlgren party, or did not have them to wear, are making a good deal of loud talk about Mrs. Hicks Lord's fourteen necklaces. — *New York Graphic.*

Too Curious.

Little Precocity—"Uncle, what paint do you use?"

Uncle—"For what, dear?"

"To paint your nose. Is it the same kind ma uses on her cheeks?"

Little Precocity is hurriedly sent to bed.

When Mr. Wm. Smith, a son of Rev. Dr. Smith, of Knox Church, Galt, resigned his situation with the Bank of Nova Scotia, in Halifax, the officials gave him an address and a gold watch, and the directors presented a cheque for $400.

The late Dr. Stewart, of Belleville, who was estimated to be worth about $80,000 bequeathed one-half of his estate to his daughter, Mrs. John Bell, wife of the G. T. R. Solicitor, and the balance was equally divided between his three grandchildren.

ONTARIO LEGISL...

The Attorney-General moved ... reading of the Bill "respecti... partment of Agriculture and o... tries." This measure, he said, ... peculiar interest to the farming ... the community. By this Bill it ... posed to place in the hands of a ... specially and exclusively all subj... ing to agriculture and such matte... associated with agriculture—all ... for instance, organized under ... respecting agriculture and arts, t... ers' Institutes, the Agricultural C... Experimental Farm, etc. It was ... that the Minister which it was pr... appoint should have charge also ... Bureau of Industries and the Imm... Office, as being closely connected ... other matters that would receive hi... tion. The speech of His Honor the ... tenant-Governor contained an intir... of the proposition contained in the Bi... he ventured to say that the intimatio... been received everywhere in the Provin... with the greatest satisfaction. The advan... tages of having an Agriculture Minister f... the Province were fully recognized all ... the Province by both political parties. T... would not be wondered at when it was ... membered how large a proportion of ... people of the Province were engaged ... agricultural and kindred pursuits, and t... according to the last census the ru... population was numbered at three tim... the number of the urban population of t... Province. Another very interesting fact i... connection with the same subject was tha... of the exports of the Province more than ... one-half were the produce of farms, and o... the other half the greater part were the ... produce of forests and mines.

Mr. Meredith said he could not congratu... late the Hon. Attorney-General upon bein... over-modest while he was sounding ... highly the praises of himself and colleague... and he could understand why the hand... some face of the Commissioner of Public ... Works was covered with a blush when ... allusion was made to his being overworked. He claimed that it was unfair to compare the work of the Province at the present time to that which fell to the lot of the men who came into power immediately after Confederation, and who had to organize and get into operation many things which subsequent Ministers found awaiting them. The Hon. Attorney-General talked of overwerk on the part of himself and colleagues, but of course the mass of work done in all the departments fell to the lot of the permanent officials and not to the heads of departments. He would not question or deny a word of what the hon. the Attorney-General had said with regard to the importance of the agricultural industry or as to the propriety of a Minister being allowed to devote the whole of his time to it. He would only enter his protest against the proposed increase of public expenditure by the cost of an additional Minister and his accompanying staff. He thought that if there was one thing more than another calculated to bring trouble upon the people of this country it was that they were being over-governed. They had their House of Commons and their Dominion Senate, and their Legislature in every Province, and the expense of keeping up all these was enormous. Yet the Government was preparing to increase this cost by the addition of another Minister. Let them profit by the example of Quebec, a Province which hon. gentlemen on the Government side of the House were fond of calling reckless and extravagant. Quebec was reducing its Ministers, while Ontario proposed increasing her's.

The Bill then passed.

Hon. Mr. Hardy moved the second reading of the Bill affecting industrial farms and houses of industry.—Carried.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

To amend the Voters' List Act; also to amend the Act relating to innkeepers—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

Mr. Monk moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the general Road Companies Act. He considered that when a road needed repairs a delay of six days was unnecessary, and the Bill proposed to do away with the necessity for six days' notice.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Garson moved the second reading of a Bill to amend the Municipal Act by facilitating the conveyance of burying-grounds from cemetery companies to municipalities. The Bill was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Sale of Burns' Relics.

A table, four chairs, a ladle and a pair of tongs, which were part of Burns' parlor furniture at Ellisland, together with a letter, a leaf of his excise book and a steel chopper, were recently sold at Dumfries amongst the effects of the late Mr. W. Nicholson, joiner, whose mother was in the service of Mrs. Burns, and received the table, chairs, tongs and ladle at the time of her marriage. There was a large attendance, but the competition was slack. The following prices were obtained: Two chairs, £12 10s., to Mr. McKissock, Plough Inn, Ayr; one do., £9 15s., to Mr. J. J. Glover, painter, Dumfries; one do., £8, to Mrs. Smith, Globe Inn, Dumfries; ladle, £3 5s., to Mr. McKissock; tongs, £1 12s., to Mr. Andrew Lawson, Dumfries; letter, £3 5s., to Mr. James Richardson, Glasgow; leaf from excise book, £4 5s., to Mr. Richardson; chopper, £1, to Mr. Richardson. A bread-basket for which £1 6s. was offered was withdrawn. The letter is to the poet's wife, who was then at Mauchline, and is dated from Ellisland, 12th September, 1788. It is usually given in the poet's works, and refers among other things to new gowns which Jean was getting, and the baiveridge of which he hoped to have.

The dervishes who have recently defeated a part of the Abyssinian army and given King John something to think of besides the Italians, are our old friends the Soudanese rebels. While the Italians are making trouble for the King in the north-east corner of his country, the followers of the late Mahdi are again assailing the western border of his highlands. The strange part of this affair is that King John invited the recent attacks of the Soudanese by his expedition to relieve Kassala, which he undertook at the solicitation of England when that country was in hot water in the Soudan.

LOVE'S REWARD;

Or, the Rival's Plot.

They made a pretty couple as they stood in the shadow of the vine-covered cottage in that quaint old German town. A fair-haired girl with flaxen hair and violet eyes and the sun-browned youth, in picturesque garb, at her side. The girl was saying, as she smiled through her tears: "I wish I were a man, Conrad. I would go with you to the wars. What will your poor mother do in your absence?"

"I shall expect you, Zina, to comfort her in my absence," he said, sadly. "See these gold pieces," opening his purse. "I shall leave her with enough money for some time to come."

As the time for parting drew near and they had exchanged a last embrace, Zina said firmly:

"Whatever happens to you I will be true. If God wills it that you fall in battle I shall live faithful to your memory as if I were your widow."

So they parted with heavy hearts, he to the wars and she to the dull routine of her daily life.

Zina was also beloved by another village youth, Heinrich Altman, and the news that Conrad had gone to the wars filled him with new hope. He was the telegraph operator in town and through his hands passed all the telegrams from the seat of war for the morning paper. He brought Zina all the news.

One day he brought her the copy of a despatch describing how Conrad had acted in a cowardly manner during an engagement. Zina refused to believe a word of it and told Heinrich to leave the house at once.

As time passed and no news came from Conrad, it was rumored about town that he was disgraced, and Zina's mother now worried her daughter early and late to marry Altman, who had come into money.

At last, nearly crazed by the constant strain upon her mind, Zina made a sudden resolve. She would leave home secretly and go and offer herself as a nurse for the wounded soldiers, and thus by relieving the sufferings of others mitigate her own anguish.

Had Conrad's mother been living, Zina would not have had the heart to go, for the lonely old woman had been dependent upon her for many kindly services. But about a week after Conrad's departure she was found one morning apparently in a deep sleep, so peaceful and quiet that at first Zina hesitated to disturb her, but it was the slumber that knows no waking.

Great consternation prevailed in the household when Zina was found to be missing. As often happens, when it was too late to change their course of action Zina's parents regretted their harshness.

Heinrich, too, felt the pangs of sorrow and of unavailing remorse as he saw how useless his plotting had proved, and that it had brought misery to the girl he loved. He found that a true heart will be still true, though the object of affection be faulty; that to hate the sin is not necessarily to hate the sinner.

As Zina started out alone and unprotected on her tedious pilgrimage, oftentimes her heart throbbed with fear as she met and passed groups of rough-looking men. But her chosen garb of a Sister of Charity proved a most effectual safe guard. The most rude and reckless respected its sanctity and made no attempt to gaze at the face sheltered in its sombre hood.

When about three days' journey from home she came upon a temporary hospital which had been fitted up for the accommodation of wounded soldiers. Here she proffered her services, which were gladly accepted. She was taken at once into the ranks of nurses, for the supply was far short of the demand. For days she worked faithfully among the poor fellows of one ward, binding up their wounds and lending a sympathizing ear to their messages for distant friends.

Then she was changed to a different ward. As she entered it and glanced pityingly around, what was her surprise to see Conrad's face lying pale and disfigured upon one of the snowy pillows.

She gave an involuntary cry and started forward. Mingled with her sorrow at sight of a ghastly wound which stretched across one cheek and extended to the temple was a surging tide of joy at the thought that here was evidence to prove that her confidence had not been misplaced. No coward could carry a mark like that. He had received it face to face with his foe. And, conspicuous from its bright-colored ribbon, a decoration lay upon his breast. Zina recognized it to be like the one worn by an aged veteran at home, who had won it by bravery which had caused him to be ever after incapacitated from active duty, but which had made him the one person in the place sought out by visitors of notability. Often had her tiny fingers touched the old man's precious badge reverently and admiringly, and Conrad wore one.

With the speed of light these thoughts and conclusions flashed through her mind as she stood beside his bed. Suddenly his eyes opened and turned toward her.

"Oh, Conrad!" she murmured, sinking upon her knees beside him, "I am here! Do you not know your own Zina?" for a wild fear had darted into her mind as she met his indifferent, unmeaning stare. Had he been bereft of reason by that terrible wound? But, no; he knew the voice and put forth a hand to grope aimlessly about until it closed upon Zina's slender fingers. Then he said:

"Thank God that you have come to me—that I can hear you speak once more before I die!"

"Don't talk of dying. I cannot bear it. I have come to take such care of you that you will live," sobbed Zina.

"I do not wish to live. Do you see that I am blind? It is better for me to die than to drag out a wretched, burdensome existence."

The girl bent and covered his hand with passionate kisses.

"Blind or not, it matters little to me, so that you are alive. If you could only know how I have longed to see you."

From the day that Zina found him Conrad began to grow better, and in a few weeks was able to be moved. To the joy of all his friends he returned home entirely cured, even of his blindness. There was a great wedding in the church, but Altman was not there—nor did the happy couple miss him.

Rev. Sam Small's wife died last week.

NO GHOST AT GLAMMIS.

A Visit to the Castle Where Macbeth Slew Duncan in His Sleep.

Whether Macbeth killed Duncan, his cousin, at Inverness or at Botgoswane, or at his paternal castle of Glammis, this last will ever the readiest appeal to the imagination as the fit scene of the crime. Chroniclers and antiquaries may therefore say what they please; the romancer will ever associate Glammis with the ghastly story. "The owl that shrieked" was in the ivy of the Glammis watch tower. Lady Macbeth, with trembling assurance, stood on familiar flooring when she whispered to herself: "He is about it." Nearly 900 years have passed since Macbeth was king, and Glammis Castle still stands. It is not quite the gloomy beetle-browed sort of pile one would wish it to be, but it is suggestive enough for minds in touch with the metaphysical. You walk for a mile from the little railway station of Glammis (about twenty miles east of Perth), of which the very material advertisement of patent sheep dip upon its walls stays oddly in the memory; you follow a high road like any other high road, with a landscape of fir copses and blue hill to the right and the Glammis woods of ash, oak, beech and walnut bounding the road on the other side, and at the end of the mile the wood breaks to embosom the castle lodge and the castle gate. Here the person of sentiment may get a pleasurable shock. The Glammis entrance is as forbidding as it ought to be. Imagine a low, machicolated building, somberly mossed and weather-stained, rising in the middle to a dark portal of stern, undecorated stone, with, for a garnish upon either side, the figure of a naked man, life size, standing before a stone lion, with an arm outstretched toward the distant hills of Dunsinane. From the fashion of their hair the men may be ancient Gaels. But, whatever they are, Glammis lodge keeper's wife dislikes them. "Such naked loons!" remarked the old lady with a curl of the lip at them. Nor had she any more respect for the Glammis ghost when I inquired about it. "I dinna believe in them," she said. Macbeth and Duncan she dismissed peremptorily as idle tales, excrescences that got foisted upon the castle history, like the lichen upon its stones. Her theory of the origin of such legends was simple. In olden times men were both stronger and wickeder than now; they did deeds we would shrink at and thought nothing about them. Glammis was not a whit more deserving of a ghost than any other old house in the Highlands. Such treason as this was only to be met by an abrupt walk away into the woods toward the castle itself. There is no show road to Glammis. One winds up and down in the copses, frightening a fawn or a hare from the middle of the path, and with the song of linnets and thrushes, in the overarching trees. Lord Strathmore, when he is here, lives in oblivion, untroubled by the tramp of inquisitive tourists. The wood suddenly falls and then ends, a trout brook is crossed by a bridge, and Glammis castle is before us on a glade of velvety turf, and the fir-clad hillocks beyond it. And now the earlier allusion may well revive. The castle is old, though not in its superstructure so very old. Doubtless, however, Macbeth's foundations are still Lord Strathmore's foundations. And the two truncated guardhouses which rise a few feet from the lawn, with the ruins tenderly ivied, take us back at a plunge some seven or eight centuries. Modern Glammis is of the Gothic so common in French chateaux. A multitude of "extinguisher turrets" soar at different elevations from its blue slate roofing and at its loftiest part it is crowned by a dainty cupola, like a rustic temple of Diana, with a chiseled balcony of much taste and beauty. The pink stone of the building is jewelled with stone escutcheons, inscriptions and dates. One tower is of 1606; a florid window is marked 1646, and a later water 1699. Here one reads how "Patrick, Lord Glammis, and D. Anna," his wife, made alterations in such a year, and how their successor added to them. One wonders what Macbeth and his wife were to these good people.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

How to Save Doctors' Bills.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in regular condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, where the person is exposed to the cold wind.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth almost closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.—*American Analyst.*

No Ear but a Warm Heart.

A bit of musical anecdote was told me the other day. On the first appearance of a famous pianist in Boston, Mr. A. found himself seated in front of his neighbor, Mr. B., whom he had always supposed entirely devoid of musical taste, but who proved especially demonstrative in his applause. In the intermission Mr. A. turned to his seat and observed to the other: "I am glad you are enjoying the concert so much. I didn't know you cared for music to such a degree." "Oh, I don't," Mr. B. responded with great frankness; "it's all Greek to me, but I think one ought to welcome a stranger."—*Boston Letter to the Providence Journal.*

A DAUGHTER SUES FOR $25,000

Extraordinary Action for Libel Against a Slanderous Papa.

Yesterday, before Judge Bayley and a jury, the case of "Stokes vs. Stokes" came on for hearing. It was an action brought by Miss Laura Stokes to recover from her father the sum of £5,000 as damages for libel and slander. It appeared that the plaintiff lived with her father and mother both in London and Brighton. The libel consisted in the defendant writing letters and stating that his daughter stole his money and pawned his goods to the amount of from £30 to £40 per week. The plaintiff denied that she had ever stolen her father's money or pawned his goods. She had greatly suffered through her father's statements. Mrs. Stokes, the mother of the plaintiff, stated that she was security for her daughter's costs in this action. Her husband's statements about the plaintiff had become a by-word in Brighton. The defendant had made those statements before the workpeople in Coventry street. The trouble between her and the defendant arose through witness seeing him with a woman at the Inventions Exhibition. The defendant was a very wealthy man. He was now living with another woman. She had no vindictive feeling against the defendant. The slander which he had uttered about the plaintiff was known at Brighton as well as in London.

The defendant, Mr. Stokes, was called, and gave a complete denial to the charge of libel. He deposed that he had received considerable provocation from Mrs. Stokes and the plaintiff as from his other children. He was being continually robbed. He charged his children with the robberies, but only in a fit of anger. His wife had left him, taking the furniture with her, and he was served with two writs. He settled it by making her an allowance of £6 per week and £500 down. Then he was assailed by his son, who asked him for £25 down. He paid him £125. He was asked to send a letter of apology, which he did, and, notwithstanding this, he was served with a writ. The letter of apology was read in court by Mr. Kemp, Q.C., who, with Mr. Ross-Innes, was counsel for the defendant, and stated that the defendant had no recollection of saying that Laura (the plaintiff) had robbed him, but if he had he would fully apologize. The letter further stated: "God knows that I have worked hard enough, and it is very hard that Laura, my favorite child, should turn against me." The action was not brought for damages, but merely from the vindictive motives of Mrs. Stokes. The latter had not always been his wife, her real name formerly being Laura Reynolds. He had lived with her for thirty years. His children and Mrs. Stokes had insulted him and annoyed him for years, and if he had said anything against the plaintiff it was only in anger. Witnesses from the household of the defendant deposed that they had heard the defendant call the plaintiff a robber, but they considered they were only angry words. Mr. Kemp, Q.C., argued that if a verdict were given for the plaintiff it should be with damages of the smallest coin of the realm. The learned counsel said that the defendant's wife was keeping up the action merely for revenge, she having quarrelled with the defendant. Mr. Kemp characterized her as a cruel, wicked and vindictive woman. In the result the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff; damages, £250.—*London Daily News.*

CAPTURING A SCHOOLMA'AM.

The Difficulties the Young Man Experienced in Phrasing His Proposal in a Proper Way.

"Yes," said the young man as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but——"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you knew the aching void——"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you, If you were in Australia or at the north pole I would fly to you. I——"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance——"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I——"

Let the curtain fall.—*Boston Courier.*

Russia's Great Population.

According to the latest report of the Russian Statistical Committee for 1885 the gross population of the empire was at the close of that year 108,787,235. The total urban population is given at 13,760,000, resident in 1,274 towns. The villages and parishes contain a population of 77,545,271. There are only four cities in the empire containing more than 200,000 inhabitants—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw and Odessa. Nine towns have a population varying between 100,000 and 200,000, and twenty-three towns between 50,000 and 100,000. The number of scholastic institutions is 41,492, with a male attendance of 1,850,964, and of females 638,070. Of schools of agriculture and forestry there are only sixteen in the whole empire, with an attendance of 2,156 pupils, or, say, one such school to every 5,862 of the population.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

He Must Relieve the Strain.

Little Bobby (tired of the service and whispering to his mother)—Ma.

Mother—Sh! What is it, dear?

"When we get home can I go out in th back yard and holler just once?"

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Grievous Troubles That Beset the Family Medical Man.

The individual, no matter what his profession may be, who imagines that he is going to give satisfaction to the general public in anything he may undertake is certainly the victim of a delusion. It is impossible to please everybody. The man, be his station in life what it may, who comes up to the expectation of the multitude, has not yet been born. The editor, in particular, soon makes this discovery. The clergyman also knows that there are people in his congregation who are never satisfied with what he does or leaves undone. The doctor is another professional man who has a hard row to hoe. If a doctor dresses well and wears a high hat, people say that he is a medical dude. If, on the other hand, he pays little or no attention to his toilet, then he is accused of lack of dignity. If he goes into society, attends balls and parties, then the impression is that he is fishing for popularity. If he does not he is accused of putting on airs.

If the physician visits his patients while they are in good health, he is accused of foisting himself upon them. He comes to the house in order to be invited to dinner. If, on the other hand, he never comes unless he is called, the inference is that the only use he has for his patients is to make money out of them when they are sick. If the doctor attends church, of course he is a hypocrite who is trying to work on the religious feelings of the community. If he does not attend church, nothing can be plainer than that he is an infidel or a socialist. If the doctor's wife does not return the calls that other ladies make on her, then she is stuck up, turning up her nose at her betters, etc. If she does return the calls, then she is flushing patients for her husband to shoot at.

If the doctor's horse is fat, that is a sure sign that he has not got much to do. If the animal is emaciated, he is a brute for not taking better care of his horse. If he drives fast, he is trying to create the false impression that he has been called to the bedside of some important patient. If he drives slowly he does not care a cent whether or not his patients die before he gets to them.

If the patient recovers his health, he is indebted to a kind Providence or a strong constitution, or to the care that was taken of him during his illness. In no case is the doctor entitled to any credit for his recovery. If the patient dies, he was undoubtedly murdered by his physician. If the medical man is sociable and talkative, the people say, "we don't want a doctor who tells everything he knows." If he is a silent man, then they say a doctor should encourage his patients to be communicative.

If he talks politics, they say that a doctor should have no politics; and if he does not talk politics, then he is a sneak and a time server who either has no politics or is afraid to own up what his politics really are. If he does not send in his bill, his object is to prevent the patient from engaging another doctor. If he does send in his bill, he is in a fearful hurry for his money, and so on to the end of the chapter.

A Woman Worth Two Men.

Mrs. Phillips, a white lady, some 30 years old, made last year thirty odd bales of cotton and plenty of corn, peas and potatoes on Capt. G. O. Riley's place, in Great Cypress Township, Barnwell County, S. C. She ploughed an ox and did all the work of preparing, planting, cultivating and gathering. This year she has bought a mule and is all ready to plant.—*Savannah News.*

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen; his appetite is gone, he is low-spirited, he don't sleep well, he has night sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of consumption and death, and yet he neglects them. Is it any wonder we call him a madman? If you are his friend tell him to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay means death

---

Premier Mercier, of Quebec, has been appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by President Carnot.

Use the great specific for "cold in the head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

While a herd of cattle were being driven through a piece of woodland in Maine three bears were encountered sitting in the roadway as if waiting for them. Without a moment's hesitation the oxen in the herd charged ahead and drove the bears before them until they were lost in the forest. One ox pursued a bear for nearly a mile and tossed the animal with his horns a number of times.

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceed that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

A London society journal publishes the following story of "a certain British peer who suffers from kleptomania," and whose name as well as his distressing malady is kept carefully covered up. The other day His Lordship purloined his Countess' false teeth and hid them in his boot. His valet, who empties the boot every night and restores stolen property, thought the teeth belonged to another lady and sent them to her with a politely worded note which he has always used for similar emergencies. It was not till the Countess had inquired for her teeth and the messenger was kicked by the other lady's husband that things were put right.

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtanedof druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" she suddenly asked. "Fifteen." "Mercy on me! But think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! I am really glad that I'm a widow!"

An Extended Experience,

Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

Enough is a Feast.

Gagley—Won't you have some refreshments, Miss Wiggle?

Miss Wiggle—Thanks, no. I'm sufficiently refreshed now, Miss Howler has stopped singing.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. Hausner, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

Thomas J. Rushing, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

Eli Robbins, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

DUNL. 10 88.

I Cure Piles!

When [illegible] time and [illegible] cure [illegible] PILES [illegible] LESS or FAILING SICKNESS a life-long study, [illegible] my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others [illegible] failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MAR. 8, 1888.

HALTON.

The defeat of the Temperance party in the county of Halton has given rise to a variety of surimses as to the causes that led up to such a change in public sentiment. Some people blame the Franchise Act. Others ascribe it to the recent political contest, which, they assert, had a tendency to create dissensions among the ranks of the supporters of the Act. Another class allege that the business men did it. Everybody seems to have a theory to put forward on such occasions. But whatever the cause, this we know for a certainty, viz., that the Scott Act has been repealed by a majority of nearly two hundred.

Now, instead of disheartening, this should spur Temperance people to greater exertions than ever. The work of teaching humanity the evil and danger of the drinking habit should not be allowed to lag. It is a great work. It is a good work. What matters it if victory does not always perch upon our banners, when we know that we have the smile and benediction of Heaven ever resting upon our labors? Clouds and darkness may be around us, but above is the Sun of Righteousness. The rift in the clouds is getting larger every day, and an era is approaching when that glorious orb will shine forth upon mankind in cloudless majesty!

We are not of those who would impart useful knowledge by means of brute force; or who would call people fools because they do not at once forsake long-established usage and see eye-to-eye with ourselves. No! He who graciously sent the message of "Peace and good-will towards men" will not sanction such methods. Rather let us convince men of error by precept and example. Let us show them that drunkenness is a sure forerunner of ruin and permature death; that the drinker is seldom placed in positions of trust and responsibility by drinking men themselves; that it robs men of reason, leads to crime, and eventually to spiritual death; that, from a purely worldly standpoint, it is unprofitable even to the man who takes their money over the bar! Let all this and much more be done in an earnest and kindly manner. It has been done in the past, and how rapidly the circle of total abstinence has widened and widened until this moment, when its influence for good is felt far and wide over this great country. The power of the drink demon has been tremendously lessened, and his once mighty throne is already tottering.

But then some very good people are afraid the reverse in Halton will sound the death-knell of the Scott Act in Canada. What if it does? Does not a healthy and sound temperance sentiment prevail which can never be extinguished, but which will be fanned into a brighter and more enduring blaze? The wars of the Roses formed a dark and stormy epoch in English history, but from its throes came forth the true British nation to-day a mighty empire upon which, it is said the sun never sets. Who knows but that the Scott Act, and the contests in connection therewith, have simply been the precursors to total prohibition? There have been mighty changes in the past ten years, who knows what the next decade may bring forth? In the meantime let Temperance people be alive to their duties, and let their watchword be "For God, for Home, and Native Land."

CRITICISM.—A lady in Brockville states—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a long standing cold in my head that was pronounced Catarrh. The Balm gave immediate relief and permanently cured me. It was so pleasant and agreeable to use that I at first thought it "no good." I now use it with my children for colds and stoppage of the nasal passages.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our wide-wake brother of the Dundalk *Herald* clipped an item from the Toronto *Globe* last week, which gave the names of the Markdale deputation that waited upon the Government, re incorporation of that place as a town, and adds:—"We will pay them a visit when they get on their "big pants," *vide* the Flesherton ADVANCE." But, alas! the "big pants" have been hung up for use some time "away in the distant future"—when the ambitious infant has grown up to man's estate!

The Shelburne *Economist* and Markdale *Standard* bewail unpaid advertising contracts by Yankee medicine men. Unless in the case of such firms as J. C. Ayer & Co. and other reputable concerns, our brother newspaper men will find it wise to insist on *spot cash* payments for all foreign advertising contracts. Again: most of these doubtful outside concerns want their advertising done at starvation prices. Is it right to give them any such undue advantage over local patrons? We trow not. Let our brethren of the rural press insist upon regular rates all around, taboo all doubtful foreign advertisers, and country journalism will have reached an elevation it has never yet generally attained.

According to the sworn census taken by citizens of repute, Markdale has a population of "*seven hundred and twenty* (720) *and not more.*" The *Standard* is of opinion that this is incorrect, but the sworn statement of such gentlemen as Lawyer McCullough and Mr. S. J. Coleman ought to count for considerable. This statement, then, actually shows, that the difference in population between Flesherton and Markdale is very little. And yet our citizens are not aching to ask Mr. Mowat to take the incorporation of Flesherton—as town or village—into his "most serious consideration." But some places are ambitious and cannot resist the temptation of being sat upon by "the powers that be." "Thank you, sir, kindly, said the man, whom a certain nobleman had just kicked down stairs, "its an honor to be kicked by a lord!" Comparisons are unnecessary.

Circumstances have considerable to do with making prosperous and progressive towns and villages; but live, wide-awake, pushing, energetic, and enterprising men form by far the most important element. Talk up your town at home and abroad, patronize your own business men, and be united in all things likely to be mutually beneficial. Thats how hamlets grow into villages, villages into towns, and towns into cities. "Never say die," and "set a stout heart to a stae brae."

Now that the Dominion Voters' Lists will be got out in the Government printing office in future, what say those editors who received such a bountiful supply of "pap" a couple of years ago?

In an article under the heading, "Country Newspapers Snubbed," the Thornbury *News* points out the gross injustice done to the rural press by the Ontario Government, in the matter of permitting city printing office canvassers to "run at large" throughout the country—soliciting orders to the detriment of home industry. True; and the country press will bear it as meekly as the gentle lambkin. When will our brethren learn to sink all political and private differences and unite as one man—the same as every other class—in petitioning parliament to better their condition, and otherwise harmoniously striving to elevate rural newspaperdom above mediocrity?

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by all classes of people for over forty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

Died.

WHYTE.—In Artemesia township, on the 23rd Feb ult., Sarah Ann, beloved wife of Daniel Whythe, aged 21 years, 6 months, 21 days.

Birth.

WHYTE.—In Artemesia, on the 18th ult., the wife (now deceased) of Daniel Whyte, Esq., of a son.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, & c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS,

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 20 to 4 40	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 65	0 70
Oats	0 39	0 40
Peas	0 58	0 59
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 50	6 60
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirit's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.

Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888.

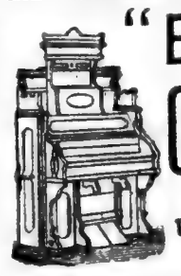

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FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

A Paper read at the Centre Grey Farmers' Institute by Dr. Christoe.

The farmer's literature is nothing, unless it be practical; their mere study of works how much soever, Agricultural and Scientific, cannot stand in lieu of the plough, the harrow and scythe. And therefore if the former are studies, which necessarily have a place in husbandry—they are to teach the more scientific, economical and potential methods, to attain by easier and more sure methods—a larger increase and better quality from their agricultural domain.

It is not to be questioned that mutual inter-communications, at such institutes as these have no inconsiderable influence and that too of a very practical nature, to consummate, the end of their establishment.

There are, however, some things connected with agriculture, horticulture, physiology and biology—beautiful in their application and interesting in their development, and which give to the student enhanced views of the wonderful chemical and physiological action of nature—principles whose knowledge if unapplied, it is true—makes little difference to the yield of the field or the kine—but to the thoughtful and studious are sources of unbounded delight.

Let us for a little look at the laws of nature. What is law? Let me answer, Law is not power. Law is merely directory and necessary, there must be a power behind law, else law is nothing less than a failure In civil and political economy this is self evident—witness the failure of the Scott Act enforcements, the law is there and fairly good but where is the power? It is equally so in regard to nature; in whatever field of research, if no power existed behind the beautifully established law in the case—nature would be in a state of stasis and consequent degeneracy and want would be the legitimate result. The term *protoplasm* is the word used to represent the primary principal or pabulum from which all things, animal and vegetable spring, and is said to be composed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen. It is a remarkable fact that whether it be the beginning of a plant, a tree, an elephant or a man—the most powerful microscope can discover no difference in the protoplasm designed for each. The minute spec enclosed in a shell or sac, looking like the merest atom of fluid or the infinitesimal germ of an animalculae possesses, nothing more nor less than this shapeless protoplasm—the wheat, the barley, the ox or the horse has one common origin; in this mass—as well as the tiniest insect that crawls—but only expose this primary cell or ova, to proper surroundings and influences, viz., heat, light and moisture, and watch them carefully—under a powerful microscope—and that which was a simple shapeless mass of protoplasm, begins to take shape, here a bit is pinched up for a head there a bit for the tail now it is the wing or the leg, until the proper shape is produced—according to the *law* in each case provided whether it be the development of a man or a whale.

From what has been said it is evident some power exists by which the distinctive species are impressed and developed. It may reasonably be asked, therefore, what is power? This is a question of life of Biogenesis, which to this moment, has never been answered, and whether in some age to come a solution will be had is equally unanswerable other than Paul says: "But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him and to every seed his own body." The great principle of gravitation was discovered by Newton, by the falling of an apple—the laws and effects by which it is governed and utilized are solved and understood but Newton, with all his philosophy, nor any in the generations since have been able to tell what gravitat'n is; so likewise electricity—what is it? can any one say? It will I think be quite clear, viz., the *power* of germination and the laws which govern it are distinctive in their characters—one of them is the secret, of the Creator, the other is comprehended and comprehensible. There is, however, a principle involved, known to every body and because it is so generally known, affords no special inquiry or interest, namely, their unchanged continuousness. Although meditations suggested by specie their size, shape, beauty, power and fertility—if each were erratic uncertain and doubtful as to their perpetual production and likeness with their fecundity spasmodic and uncertain and worse their primary protoplasm yielding interchangeably—now an apple, then an elephant, every thing uncertainty! What a spectacular panorama of uncertainty and disappointment! one expecting a crop of wheat, but gets potatoes! But barring an occasional freak of nature, the Law of continuity to every specie and thing exists and every time nature is true to herself—like produces like—the seed of an apple produces an apple tree; the egg of a fowl a fowl; the egg of an alligator an alligator. A grain of corn, corn and so on, through every specie and kind. As a further illustration, take the compass. If its magnet were erratic—now north, now here, now there and everywhere—the mariner dare not venture his craft from shore. And how odd, too, would be the effect by the reversal of the laws of gravitation—now so light, flying off to the sun; now so ponderous, that the earth itself would scarcely be sufficient to prevent us being thrust to its centre; or, more likely, the earth and all its contents would be playing antics of an indescribable nature. But this law of *continuity* ensures us stability and a continuation of the laws of gravitation, the fruits of the field, as well as the beast, the bird, the fish and the flower—exactly according to scriptural pronunciamento, viz., seed time and harvest summer and winter shall continue to the very end of all things.

It should not be forgotten, however, that enemies exist to an alarming extent in every department of the honorable pursuit of husbandry—insidiously but surely the farmer's crops are devastated by manifold foes; isolated and alone, one is struck with the seeming impotence of such diminutive and insignificant creatures; but multiplied into armies, they become potent for mischief—inevitable destruction follows in the wake of their operations. And it matters not whether they be insectivorous or fungus, each feeds and is dependent for existence upon the vital energies of the plant or fruit it invades. They are *parasites* in the truest sense. Their methodical operations almost lead to a supposition, that they are sentients, having the power of intelligent choice—seeing each one finds its own pabulum and habitat for its expansion and growth. As a sample it may be noticed in the Colorado Beetle's liking for the potato leaf, and so significant is this, that it is often remarked, that the mother beetle sits patiently watching the first shoot of the potato leaf on which to feed and deposit her ova; she agglutinates them to the plant, then leaves them to the tender mercies of rain and sun and Paris Green!

It would be expressing an *ad literatum*, to say that in some one way or another every plant in its turn barely escapes a parasite, one or more. So that the farmer has another and a wider field for enquiry, not only will he have to sow but he should know the time when the place where and the ground necessary and best to escape those legions of parasitical agencies, if escape is to be had. I have myself listened often to arguments bearing upon such questions, but a common concensus of opinion is rarely arrived at. Abundant reasons exist why such opinions are Chamelion like and very appropriately it may be said regarding them you all are right you all are wrong—the variation of climate, the soil and the seed powerfully influence, the conclusion in every case, and diversity is the result.

It was in listening to one of the Professors of the Agricultural College that I was lead to meditate or theorize if you please upon some points in connection with this subject—but it should be remembered that a *theory* may be true or false, it never can be received as a fact until it will bear demonstration and proof, Agricultural College Professors have means and opportunities for inquiries and proof, such as few possess, and in their lectures before the institutes they should study to be practical, otherwise little good can accrue from their deliverances. I am sensible that such institutions, if properly operated, will prove a means to facilitate solutions to questions mentioned a little ago. The question discussed by the professor was the Rust or Red Robbin on wheat. His theory—for it was that, and nothing more—was, that it was, a *fungus*, but very much influenced by surroundings. He said, the Barberry bush influenced its development and instanced that where a hedge was growing of this peculiar shrub, near a wheat field, Rust was more prolific and as I understood him, this was not an isolated case. At first sight it seemed extraordinary that a shrub by its mere presence should influence the development of this fungus, but it must be admitted, strange things some times do occur. I was reminded of a circumstance in chemistry and which I have seen demonstrated that in the production of Oxygen from *chlorate of potash* by the addition of black oxide of manganese, the heat required was reduced to one-half, the latter was not acted upon nor changed in the least by the heat itself under other circumstances being a source of oxygen too, but acted by its mere presence. Hence it is said to act by catalysis, but after all the theory thus wise propounded to affect the development of *rust*, is to my mind chimerical. It was also argued by one or two others at the same meeting that its production depended upon the conditions of atmospheric influences; if peradventure it be moist and warm the succulent fibrillae of the plant draws more moisture to the stalk than the plant has power to appropriate, and hence the stalk bursts and deposits its contents on the outside of stalk. Once there, its development is obstructed, being separated from its natural correspondencies the vital forces necessary are wanting and proves to be in substance and quality a very different thing to wheat kernals—destroying also the stalk to which it adheres—for all useful purposes.

Now this to my mind is more logical than the first cause named, yet it would be interesting to me at least to know if the bursting of the straw had been demonstrated by actual observation.

I have, in the absence of its demonstration, a more simple method I think to account for its development. There is a law known in physiology as exosmosis and endosmosis, it is a beautiful provision of nature. It is a power that equalizes the fluids of the body, if too much in the blood. Exosmose throws it out—if too little, endosmose takes it in—from surrounding tissues. I merely mention this circumstance as being possible to account for the exudation said to exist upon the straw without the necessity for bursting it.

But I thought then and think still that rust may be accounted for on equally logical grounds. My reasonings are based upon the possibilities, nay the assurance that everything subject to life has in itself, germs, which if developed tend to destroy it unless in some way the parasitic or insectivorous germ be eliminated or destroyed. Such reflections were suggested upon the study of disease in the human—especially that class of diseases known as the exanthemata—diseases of childhood in chief—scarlet fever, measles, diptheria, small-pox and such like.

How, I ask, does it occur, that many persons isolated and without any manner of known contact, become victims of those diseases, and how, even on exposure, are some exempt? If you charge it to the air theory, as the carrier of those poisons, it often fails from barriers, elevation and remoteness. Contact, it is true, is a most certain mode of propagation, and no doubt something like the properties of the alleged barberry bush quickens the development of the latent germ into sure and greater activity. But even under such circumstances, with some it is harmless—not for want of germs, but because of the healthy eliminating powers of nature, refusing a nidus for its operation.

To return to the rust. It is, in my opinion, a process similar in its conditions and forces. It is a germ susceptible of life; its habitat must be somewhere; it is not a thing created simply for the occasion, nor a stain as that from a painter's brush. It is a growth, a development—not an evolution from an inorganism. It is a fungus, as stated, and depends upon conditions climatic and constitutional, so to speak; for its development, a tiny seed, which remains dormant for ages, whether in the mummy or the soil—immediately on being exposed to suitable conditions grows and increases. How very natural, then, for one to conclude, that laws nearly identical applied in each case. Neither is this condition void of further illustration. Take, if you please, the disease known commonly as SMUT. Who will deny, that the common practice of using quicklime or sulphate of copper—bluestone—upon seed wheat previously to its being sown, does not this by an instinct one would suppose, show that some germ is to be destroy'd—some enemy exterminated. Forty years ago many will recollect this practice and from that time up to the present. Now by no microscopic evidence has such a germ ever been discovered in the wheat kernal, but, notwithstanding, it is undeniable that the end generally warranted the practice.

I know that it is susceptible of another elucidation, viz., that the lime or coperas so impregnates the surrounding soil, where the grain is sown, that it prevents the malformation or malnutrition of the germ—otherwise inclined—to smut. This, too, is merely theoretical and can scarcely be accepted to be true—at least it would impinge on my theory, viz., that the virus—or whatever name you are pleased to call it—is in the grain. But, by whatever influence, no one questions the good effect of seasoning well with lime or bluestone the seed to be sown.

In referring again to the exanthemeta, let me repeat what indeed is well known, that once the disease is developed, contagion may be wide spread, prolific and fatal. Is it too much to say that upon the same theory one locality of rust affects another? Why not? It is emphatically a diseased state produced by living organisms, flung into life by suitable conditions, destructible in their nature, may not those imperceptible sporules be carried from plant to plant and point to point? and that, too, in extensive proportions and in a very short time. Many farmers may be able to confirm a fact I have noticed that, in olden time and first crops, such extensive ravages were not known so much as in later years.

The germ theory of all diseases humanity is heir to, is before the thinking world, and I am persuaded a similar law exists regarding nature in the vegetable kingdom. If by any means the germ is destroyed the disease is vanquished.

But, you ask me, have you nothing to suggest whereby this may be obtained. The answer is emphatic no!—believing, as I have endeavored to show, that it depends measurably upon atmospheric and local conditions for its development and growth. It furnishes a field for enquiry—it is an equation for practical farmers—notes should be taken and compared. The soil and location best suited for the purposes of success must be studied and the seed must be tested—for, I verily believe, if you sow smutty wheat, you will reap smut; if you sow rusty wheat in any degree you will reap rusty wheat.

Nothing can be clearer, nor is more susceptible of proof, than that unless the equilibrium of the elements—manure required for the growth and the production of the grain—be well considered, the berry must suffer proportionately, its health will be poor and its value deteriorated. Neglect like this may be a potent cause of degeneracy and disease.

What I have advanced may be quite too visionary and not at all capable of sufficient proof but if so I have the satisfaction of being in company with college professors and intelligent yeomanry of the County, which, if nothing more will cause us to think and discuss.

But, before closing, let me say, that unless such practical questions—theoretical or otherwise—on agriculture, commerce and economy be kept well in view at your gatherings, the great object intended by your existence will be missed.

These are common grounds; they interest all and give ample scope for your best minds. And I am persuaded, although not enable to annihilate immediately those pestivorous agents, the time is not far distant when I am sure their source and means of destruction will appear and pass from the mere theoretical to the positive and consequent victory.

I am obliged to you for your invitation and will ever desire and speak and seek for the benefit and elevation of the Farmers of Grey—a community on whom so much and so many depend.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
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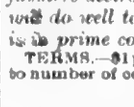

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INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you, in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Being the Lot 150 in the 2nd and 3rd Ranges S. W. of T. & S. Road, Artemesia, consisting of 50 acres more or less. About 25 acres cleared & in good state of cultivation. Adjoining Flesherton Station. Brick schoolhouse on one corner of the place. Good frame house, running creek and never-failing supply of spring water. For full particulars apply to MRS. JANE MATIMELY on the premises, or Flesherton Station P.O.

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BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 80 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH BADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

Our Old Friend Neverfail.

Oh, it's good to ketch a relative 'at's richer and don't run
When you holler out to hold up, and ll joke and have his fun;
It's good to hear a man called bad and then find out he's not,
Er strike some chap they call lukewarm 'at's really red hot;
It's good to know the devil's painted jest a leetle black,
And it's good to have most anybody pat you on the back;
But best the best thing in the world's our old friend Neverfail,
When he wags yer hand as honest as an old dog wags his tail!

I like to strike the man I owe the same time I can pay,
And take back things I've borried and su'prise folks that way,
I like to find out that the man I voted fer last fall,
That didn't git elected, was a scoundrel after all;
I like the man that likes the poor and he'ps 'em when he can;
I like to meet a ragged tramp at's still a gentleman
But most I like—with you, my boy—our old friend Neverfail,
When he wags yer hand as honest as an old dog wags his tail!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

A Hero at Home.

'Tis brave to be first in the battle,
And listen the plaudits men give
'Tis noble to stand amid hazard,
Or die that another may live.
Courage has stood on the ship afire,
And breasted the ocean's wild foam,
But who, in silence, grapples with fate,
And suffers?—a hero at home.

Who wooeth kindly all through the day,
And still hath a blythe look to spare,
Though the wheels of life be rough and hard
And sorrow is rife in the air.
Who will be true to hearts round the hearth
And from love's allegiance ne'er roam—
'Tis easy to strive where men look on,
But who'll be a hero at home?

There are griefs that the light may not see,
Yet sure as the tides in their flow.
There are heart pangs that never speak out,
And the passer by cannot know.
There are souls with strong yearnings for love
Yet silent as stars in the dome:
There are tears that would cry if they could
Oh! give us more heroes at home.

Though there be not a crown for the brow,
Though history's records be dumb—
Though fame to the front may not call you,
Or blazon your name when you come—
Yet, above, there's a pen and a book,
And stamped on that wondrous tome
There's a word of remembrance for Him
Who dares be a hero at home.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dumfife, the nearest town both to Fairholme Court and Maxwell, was a market town of some little importance which had seen better days before travelling became the easy matter it is in this nineteenth century. Still even now it was a prosperous, well-to-do, but rather sleepy place; and the population, not being much noted for commercial enterprise, found plenty of time to discuss their neighbors' business in preference to minding their own, as the inhabitants of many similar towns seem to do.

The town was curiously and irregularly built and had been once compared to a crab, the market-place, in the very centre of the town, forming the body, while the streets, branching out in various directions, appeared to resemble limbs. There was nothing very charming or picturesque in the town itself; but it was well situated, and there were pretty walks in the neighborhood, notably a charmingly wooded and romantic road which ran along by the river side for a distance of fully two miles. The high-road leading from Maxwell into Dumfife had been greatly improved by the late owner of Maxwell, and it was now a very fair specimen of a high road, with tall hedges on either side, the distance from the one place to the other making it a tolerably agreeable drive on a fine summer day.

But it would hardly come under the category of pleasant things to take such a drive on a cold winter day early in January, and Shirley Ross, warmly wrapped in sealskin and fur as she was, shivered a little as she stood at the angle where the road leading from Fairholme Court and the one from Maxwell met, waiting for a vehicle which was coming rapidly toward her down the latter.

She was closely veiled, and her restless impatient movements, as she paced up and down the little piece of road which commanded a view of the approaching dog-cart, showed that she was considerably agitated, and, if she had not worn a thick veil, it would have been seen that her face was pale even to her lips, and that there was a wild, frightened, almost terrified glance in her beautiful eyes.

"It is fortunate that I am not given to fainting," she said to herself, with a little smile which was sad and bitter. "Once or twice I have felt so terribly like it. Oh, Guy, if you had been—, you would have spared me this! Oh, Jack, what a burden of shame you are laying upon me!"

Shirley little guessed what that burden was to be, or she would have sunk under it even in anticipation. Rapidly the dog-cart came along, drawn by a superb high-stepping black horse, driven by a singularly handsome man wearing a coat richly trimmed with fur, whose face brightened perceptibly as he caught sight of the little waiting figure moving so restlessly to and fro.

"She has not failed me then!" he said softly. "You are quite sure that all will be right, Latreille?" he added to the groom on the back seat, a fair-haired man who wore his livery in an awkward manner, as if he were not used to it.

"Quite sure, Sir Hugh," the man answered quietly, his manner totally free from the agitation which Sir Hugh could not entirely disguise, as he pulled up the dog-cart and both men alighted, Latreille going to the horse's head while Sir Hugh assisted Shirley into the dog-cart and wrapped the fur rug carefully around her.

"I am so sorry," he said softly. "I would have brought the brougham, but unfortunately there is something wrong with one of the wheels. I am afraid this will be a cold drive for you, poor child."

"It does not matter," Shirley answered faintly. "I am well wrapped up."

"After all," he continued, as he climbed up into the driving-seat by her side, "this dog-cart will be less noticeable than the brougham; and you are so closely veiled that no one could possibly recognise you. All right, Latreille."

Latreille left the horse's head, climbed rather awkwardly into the backseat, and Sir Hugh drove away down the Dumfife high-road.

"I brought Latreille instead of a groom," said Sir Hugh, with a little laugh, "because I know I can trust him. He does not wear his livery as to the 'manner born,' does he?"

"It was very thoughtful of you," Shirley said tremulously.

"I am afraid I have kept you waiting," he continued, as they drove on, "though I am rather before the time we fixed."

"It was my fault. I was much too soon," Shirley said; "but I was so restless and unhappy, and so afraid of losing an opportunity of getting away unseen, that as soon as one occurred I seized it."

"Poor little girl!" responded Sir Hugh softly. "It is hard for you; but never mind—I will take care of you now, and I will see that no harm happens to you."

"You are very good," Shirley said in her faint tremulous tones. "What should I have done without you?"

"It makes me so happy to be of any service to you," he observed rather unsteadily—for the trustful, grateful words stung him—"that I hope you will say no more about goodness, Miss Ross. It is you who are good to—to trust me," he concluded, as with an effort.

"Guy must thank you," Shirley said, with a little smile. "He, as well as myself, is fortunate in possessing so kind a friend."

Sir Hugh's handsome face flushed darkly, and he bit his lip as he brought his whip down rather sharply about his horse's ears—a proceeding which that animal so highly disapproved of that it required all Sir Hugh's attention and skill to reduce him to order again.

"You are not nervous, I hope?" he said, when Tippoo had settled down again into something like steadiness. "Tippoo is rather spirited, but he has no vice, and is perfectly safe. Why, my child, you are trembling! Were you frightened?"

"Yes, a little," Shirley confessed. "I am not used to such a high dog-cart, Sir Hugh, so you must forgive me."

"Do you think I would have brought any horse over which I had not perfect control," he said gently, "and which I could not trust? No; when I am carrying such a precious freight, I am bound to be very careful, and Tippoo is perfectly safe, I assure you."

"I think I should not have been nervous if I had not felt altogether worried and miserable," she remarked unsteadily. "I will banish my fears for the future, Sir Hugh."

"I cannot tell you how it troubles me to see you so unhappy," he said earnestly. "And indeed there is no need; all shall be well with your brother, and no one at Fairholme Court will be at all likely to know anything about your disposal of this afternoon."

"Uncle Gilbert is so stern and strict in his notions of honor," Shirley observed hesitatingly. "I am sure poor Jack would never be forgiven, Sir Hugh," she added earnestly. "I know Jack is very much to blame, but do you think—do you think that—"

"His fault is such a great one?" Sir Hugh said, cheerily. "Are you warm and comfortable my child?"

Shirley answered gratefully in the affirmative, and they went on for some time in silence, Sir Hugh's face rather set and stern as he drove along, and Shirley's thoughts wandering to her brother in his trouble, and to poor Guy, from whom she had heard that morning. A long tender letter he had sent her, though it was evident that it had been written in rather a depressed state of mind. He had found his uncle very ill, suffering great agony, and it was plain that he felt quite hopeless of his recovery.

It would be a sad grief to Major Stuart, Shirley knew, for his great-uncle was his only relative, and a close affection had existed between them. Poor Guy, the year had opened sorrowfully for him, and she would not depress him further by telling him of her trouble! That could wait until he came back, when they would forget all their unhappiness in the joy of reunion.

As they drew nearer Dumfife Shirley's anxiety grew almost unbearable. Would Jack be at the place where he had begged her to meet him? Would anything have occurred to prevent his travelling to Dumfife? Had his imprudent—nay, dishonest action been discovered? The very thought made the girl turn faint and giddy. If it had been discovered, not only would he be smashed and disgraced, but he had sworn not to survive his shame; and Shirley knew the passionate, sensitive nature of her brother well enough to be sure that he would keep his word.

And then to the excited girl's imagination appeared a vision of her brother, his blue eyes closed, his fair curls stained with blood; and her senses reeled at the thought. With a quick nervous movement she pushed up her veil to let the cold air blow upon her face, and Sir Hugh, startled by the abrupt sudden action, looked down quickly.

"Good heaven," he exclaimed, "you are ill! You are suffering greatly! What can I do for you, Shirley?"

"It is nothing," she said, throwing off the numbed feeling by a strong effort. "I was a little faint, but I am better. Do you think I might have my veil up, Sir Hugh? The wind does me good."

"Leave it up by all means," Sir Hugh answered promptly. "The chances are a thousand to one that we shall meet with no one likely to recognize you, and the inn where we are to meet your brother is an old-fashioned place. By the bye, it will be better for you to pass for Lady Glynn at the inn," he said carelessly. "It will attract less attention, and, as neither of us is known, it will not matter."

"A very insignificant Lady Glynn!" said Shirley, with a forced smile. "I should be ashamed of such a wife, Sir Hugh!"

"I could never have a more beautiful one," he returned, with a glance at her face which made Shirley regret that she had spoken.

Presently the town of Dumfife, quaint and irregular, with its market-place and rather straggling streets, came in view, and an occasional house or cottage was to be seen on the road-side.

Sir Hugh moderated Tippoo's pace as they entered the town.

"It won't do to attract attention by fast driving," he said, smiling slightly; and Shirley glanced nervously from side to side, dreading to see a face she knew.

But it was not necessary to drive fast for Sir Hugh's dog-cart to attract attention. The vehicle itself, so perfectly appointed, and the superb horse between its shafts, were not likely to pass unnoticed anywhere; nor were its occupants—the fair, splendid-looking man in his heavily furred driving-coat, and the pale, beautiful girl to whom he seemed so devoted, and for whose comfort he was so solicitous. Latreille, from his seat at the back of the dog-cart, caught many a significant glance as well as many an admiring one cast at his master and Miss Ross as the dog-cart went slowly down the High street leading into the market place, where Sir Hugh pulled up.

"Have you any idea where the Half-Moon Inn is, Latreille?" he said, turning round to his servant.

"Yes, Sir Hugh; I made a point of ascertaining. It is the last house on the opposite side of the square; it faces the drinking-fountain."

Sir Hugh drove on. It was yet early in the afternoon, and the market-place presented an animated and bustling appearance; for it was market day. Shirley shrunk back, and pulled her veil over her face. Sir Hugh, always watchful, observed the movement.

"It is unfortunate—or perhaps fortunate—for us that it is market day," he said softly. "It increases the chances of meeting an acquaintance; but it lessens our fears of attracting notice."

Shirley made no answer; she was too nervous and anxious to speak carelessly, and she did not wish to distress him by any agitation. They drove on in silence across the market-place, passed the grotesque drinking-fountain which disfigured the corner, and pulled up at a curious old-fashioned house, with latticed windows and many gables, and a low wide entrance-hall, the door of which stood wide open, while over it was a huge representation of a half-moon.

"Here we are!" Sir Hugh said cheerily, as Latreille got down from his seat and went to the horse's head. "We shall be here for an hour perhaps, so you may as well have Tippoo put up," he added, as he got down himself. "Gently my little wife!"

He turned to Shirley with a smile, and lifted her out of the dog-cart with a care and tenderness that she could not but feel, although she was trembling in every limb and hardly able to stand from excess of agitation. Sir Hugh, seeing her condition, drew her hand through his arm, and led her into the low broad entrance hall, where they were met by a cheerful, kindly-looking woman, with a gaudily-ribboned cap.

"Good-afternoon, sir," she said civilly, but in rather an independent manner. "What can I do for you? I am afraid," she added more gently, as Shirley's trembling fingers pushed up her veil as she gasped for breath, "that the lady is ill."

"My wife is not very strong," said Sir Hugh quietly. "I suppose we can have a private sitting-room here for an hour or two?"

"Certainly, sir," the landlady answered, promptly. "Although it is market-day, I can accommodate you. This way, sir, if you please."

"One moment," he said quietly, obeying the slight pressure of the little hand trembling upon his arm. "Is there a gentleman here waiting for Sir Hugh and Lady Glynn?"

The landlady paused, and there was a shade more deference in her manner as she answered—

"There is no gentleman here, sir, except our regular customers. Were you expecting—Dear me, sir, her ladyship is very ill!" she added, breaking off suddenly, as she saw how Shirley drooped over the strong arm on which she leant, and the ghastly pallor of the lovely young face.

"It is nothing," Shirley managed to whisper, as Sir Hugh placed her on a chair and the landlady held a glass of water to the quivering lips. "I am better; please leave me—please leave me with my husband."

She spoke the words almost unconsciously in her anxiety to be alone for a moment with Sir Hugh, and she did not see the sudden flush of triumph which overspread the handsome face bending over her.

"Will you be kind enough to see that there is a good fire in the sitting-room?" Sir Hugh said quietly. "Lady Glynn is very tired, and will be glad to rest. We will follow you in a moment."

The landlady courtesied and went away, and Shirley turned anxiously to Sir Hugh.

"What has happened? What has kept him?" she said breathlessly. "Do you think there has been any mistake?"

"There has been no mistake, and there is no occasion for such terrible distress, dear child," he answered soothingly. "Your brother may have been detained, but he will be here shortly. Come—take courage! Poor Jack will be in despair if he thinks that he has given you so much trouble," he added, smiling.

"What can have detained him?" Shirley repeated once or twice; and then she dropped her head on her hands for a moment.

"I am going to post Latreille as sentry," said Sir Hugh cheerfully. "He must waylay Jack, you know, and tell him to ask for Lady Glynn."

He left her for a few moments, and Shirley made a desperate effort to regain some semblance of composure. When he returned, she had succeeded to a certain degree, and was able to look up and thank him for his kindness.

"Don't thank me," he said quickly; "your gratitude seems to hurt me. It is such pleasure to me to do anything for my precious little wife. But come," he added quickly, regretting his words when he saw that they made her shrink from him a little—"you are able to go up now, and it is just as well not to remain in this draughty passage any longer."

Shirley rose at once, and he gave her his arm. She was still giddy enough to render its support, if not absolutely needful, very grateful to her, as she climbed up the stairs rather wearily. At the top, standing in the dark, but not uncomfortable-looking landing, the landlady was waiting for them, while from an open door came the cheerful ruddy blaze of a coal-fire which was burning in the sitting-room into which she ushered them.

"I hope your ladyship will find everything comfortable," she said importantly. "Can I do anything more for you, sir?"

"I dare say my wife will like some tea or coffee," Sir Hugh answered, in as matter-of-fact a way as if he and Shirley had been man and wife for years. "Which will you have, Shirley? Nonsense, dear—you must have something. I think some coffee will be best for you. You may send us some coffee," he added, turning to the landlady. "Let it be good, if you please."

"We can but try, sir," she said good-humoredly, as she courtesied and left the room; and Sir Hugh, after seeing that she had closed the door after her, went over to the fire and poked it, glancing furtively as he did so at the drooping slender figure resting so wearily on the horse-hair covered sofa.

"I think you will be more comfortable if you try this chair," he said cheerily, pulling up a deep old arm-chair covered with faded red damask to the fire. "That looks a most uninviting couch. I have stationed Latreille on the pavement with injunctions to accost any one and every one at all answering to the description of your brother and to bring him up at once."

"Thank you," Shirley returned wearily. "You are very good."

"Then reward me for my goodness—since you persist in calling it so in spite of my entreaties—by acceding to my request and trying this arm-chair. Poor child, how weary you are!" he added as she came over to the fire and dropped into the chair.

"I am not weary at all," she answered, trying to speak indifferently, but failing; "but I am so anxious about Jack."

"I assure you there is no need," he said soothingly. "He has to change trains at Weldon Junction; and this is a tiresome line just about here. On the day I came from town we had to wait an hour at Weldon for a train to Dumfife."

"Do you think that that is the reason of the delay?" the girl asked eagerly, catching at anything which would alleviate the agony of suspense that she was enduring.

"I have no doubt of it," he replied confidently. "Now let me take off your coat," he added bending over her. "If you don't, you will not feel the benefit of it when you go out; and you have another long cold drive before you."

"I shall not feel the cold going back if my mind is at ease about Jack," she said, submitting to his touch, as he gently and lingeringly removed her wraps, partly because she was too sick at heart to oppose him, and partly because she felt grateful for the kindness and consideration he had shown her throughout the afternoon; and Sir Hugh felt his hand shake as it touched hers accidentally as he removed her sealskin coat, and his heart beat fast.

At that moment, when he was bending over her as she stood, with more tenderness on his face and in his manner than she knew, the room door opened, and Sir Hugh turned quickly with a muttered exclamation of annoyance, to see a neatly dressed maid-servant standing on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said. "I did knock, and I thought some one told me to come in. My mistress wishes to know if you will have anything to eat with the coffee."

Sir Hugh turned to Shirley, who made a little negative gesture, and sat down in the old red chair, coloring hotly, even in her anxiety, with annoyance at the servant's entrance at such an inopportune moment.

"It does not matter," Sir Hugh said, smiling at her when the maid had disappeared. "It is the most natural thing in the world for a husband to remove his wife's coat surely; and, as she is under the impression that we are man and wife, she would think no more of such a trifling occurrence. It is new and pleasant to me," he added, "to have a lady to take care of that I am afraid of forgetting any of the little attentions which husbands generally pay their wives."

"Not generally," Shirley corrected lightly, "only occasionally."

"Is that all? Then I will amend my phrase and say 'attentions which husbands ought always to pay their wives.' How cold your hands are, my child! They are quite benumbed. Let me warm them for you."

Nothing could have exceeded the gentle kindliness of Sir Hugh's manner, which, although perfectly friendly and even tender, had nothing love-like about it. He was a good actor, and he saw that the little outburst of tenderness to which he had given way for a moment in the hall had startled and distressed her, and he was careful to avoid giving her any further cause. Even when he took her little numbed hands, and chafed them gently in his, it was done in a manner which could not offend her; and Shirley submitted and smiled a little, and was so irresistibly charming in her softened anxious mood, with the violet shadows lying dark and deep under the sweet eyes, that Sir Hugh had some difficulty in repressing the mad passionate words which rose to his lips.

When the landlady herself appeared, carrying a tray with a *tete-a-tete* coffee-service, Sir Hugh lingeringly relinquished the little hands and turned to the table. The buxom hostess placed the tray before Shirley, courtesied and inquired if they wanted anything else, and left the room to report to the bar-maid what a devoted husband Sir Hugh Glynn was.

"But perhaps she is not his wife at all," said the bar-maid dubiously. "She is quite young, Mrs. Home."

"Not too young to be married," declared Mrs. Home decidedly. "I was married at 17 myself; and she called him her husband," she added; "and folks don't do that in Scotland, unless they are married—it is not safe. Who is your master, young man?" she went on, as Latreille, tired of his station in the cold, came into the bar to get a glass of warm ale.

"Sir Hugh Glynn of Maxwell," Latreille answered promptly.

"I thought so. Old Adam Glynn's nephew, I reckon," said Mrs. Home, adding, in a diplomatic manner, "has he been long married?"

Latreille looked up coolly, and his keen blue eyes were fixed steadily on the buxom inquisitive face.

"No," he said quietly; "they have not been long married. You might have guessed that from his manner, I should think. He's far too devoted to have been married long. But if you want to know if they are married, I am quite willing to gratify you. They are married," he added emphatically, "and no mistake about that."

"She's very pretty, but she's not to compare with him," remarked the bar-maid, with a coquettish glance at the valet, who was getting more accustomed to his smart livery.

"Pretty?" he returned carelessly. "Do you call her pretty? Well, she is generally reckoned so, I believe, but she is far too lackadaisical for my taste. And as for her figure, she is as thin as a lath! Give me bright eyes and red cheeks and a waist like yours, my dear," he added, with easy foreign gallantry, as he drained his glass. "None of your lily-faced whimsical fine ladies for me!"

"Sir Hugh seems very fond of his lady," remarked Mrs. Home, not quite approving of the turn the conversation was taking.

"Fond of her!" echoed Latreille. "He worships the ground she walks on! If she liked to walk upon gold, she might. It's a perfect infatuation!"

At that moment, while Mrs. Home and the bar-maid were pondering the good fortune of the young lady who was so beloved by such a wealthy and handsome gentleman, a young man, looking pale and eager and haggard, stopped on the pavement outside, and looked up at the huge gaudy crescent over the door.

"This must be it," he said to himself, with a sigh of relief. "The letter said the Half Moon Inn in the market-place. I wonder how she managed to come, poor child. Well, it is the last time I shall ever have to give her so much sorrow, I trust."

He went into the hall, glanced with eager blue eyes about him, and went straight on to the bar where the landlady was still enjoying a chat with Latreille. He was a slight young man, handsome, for all the marks of dissipation visible in the pallor of his face and the worn tired eyes, with a sensitive tender mouth, which was shaded by a slight mustache.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hastily, lifting his hat courteously with rather a foreign grace of manner—a salutation which the valet returned with equal grace. "I was to meet a lady here, and—"

"Excuse me, sir," Latreille said, starting forward. "You are Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"Yes," the young man answered, hesitatingly, a look of fear crossing his face as he glanced at the unfamiliar face of Sir Hugh's servant.

"You were to meet Sir Hugh and Lady Glynn at the Half-Moon Inn, sir," continued Latreille, quietly. "My master and mistress are waiting for you upstairs. It is all right, sir," he added, hastily, seeing the young man's hesitation. "I will show you the way."

(To be continued.)

The Restless Small Boy.

"Sit still, Freddie."

"I am."

Mamma spoke languidly, being interested in the drapery of the skirts of a woman in the corner of the horse car, and in trying to determine whether her sacque was of real seal-skin or only seal plush.

"Keep your muddy feet off the seat of the car, Freddie."

"What hurt will they do?"

"You'll get the cushion all muddy."

"It'll dry, and scrape off."

"No, it won't, and—there, you're getting mud all over the dress of that lady! Beg pardon, ma'am. Now, get down."

"I want to see out the window."

"Oh, there's nothing to see."

"There is, too."

"Stop drumming so on the window."

"Why?"

"It's annoying; that's why. Don't flatten your nose out on the glass like that. Sit down."

"Don't want to."

"You shall *never* go down town with me again. Don't whistle in the car."

"Can't I do *anything*?"

"Yes; keep still, and be a little man. Don't twist around so in your seat."

"I ain't twisting around."

"I'd like to know what you call it, then. Now, now; let my bundles alone."

"I want to see what's in 'em."

"Well, you can't until we get home."

"*Why?*"

"Because you can't. Now, *look* at you! Sticking your feet out for that lady to fall over. Come on! This is our corner. I'll tend to *you* when we get home."

One Will Pray and the Other Won't.

The Archbishop of York has issued a prayer asking God "to remove this great trial which Thou has sent us"—*i. e.*, the smallpox epidemic. On this Dr. Dallinger, of Sheffield, who is an eminent man of science as well as a divine, says:

"I will yield to no man in reverence for true prayer; but I will tell you without flinching that I cannot, and I will not, pray for the removal of the smallpox scourge. It would be a mockery of God. Let us do our best, and then in baffled agony cry to God for help. But here we have not helped ourselves, and how dare we ask the Almighty to help us? Let us do our duty, act up to our knowledge, and as surely as the smallpox curse came among us by physical laws broken, so it will depart from us if we see to it that physical laws are obeyed."—*London Truth.*

Anxious to Meet a Burglar.

A friend warns us to fasten our doors and windows securely at night for fear of burglars, but a good, medium-sized burglar, with money in his pocket, would be a god-send to us at present. Come on, gentlemen—one at a time! Everything is wide open and waiting for you.—*Smithville (Ga.) News.*

Probably the richest newspaper man in the world is Mr. Abell, proprietor of the Baltimore *Sun*, whose fortune is estimated at $20,000,000.

AN ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

Murder of a Wife and Six Children by a Chemist.

SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

A Manchester correspondent sends the following particulars of a shocking crime which was committed in Salford on Monday week, as briefly reported by cable: A family named Derby occupied a small but decent house in Garfield street. The family consisted of Samuel H. Derby, aged about 35; his wife, apparently a little older; and six children—Ernest Llewellyn, aged 13; Harold Percy, 11; Frederick Cecil, 9; Clara Elizabeth, 7; Florence Helen, 5, and Gladys, 3. The father was a chemist and herbalist, and there was no evidence of want or grinding poverty in their surroundings. Nothing of an unusual character took place in the proceedings of the family until Tuesday, when it was noticed that none of them appeared. On Tuesday and Wednesday nothing was heard of them, but as their neighbors were used to their absence, little was thought about it. On Thursday morning the first inquiry was made by Derby's sister, who lives in the adjoining street. She called at her brother's house to inquire as to their welfare, and was surprised at finding it locked up. This circumstance she reported to her father, and he went and tried to get into the house, but failed. Yesterday morning the aged father and his daughter made another attempt. Again failing, he procured a ladder and, climoing to the back bed-room window, saw Mrs. Derby and two children in bed, apparently asleep. Bursting into the room, he found that they were all dead. An alarm was raised and a further search was made. In another bed-room, lying in perfect repose, and with the bed-clothes neatly folded over them, were four other children, also dead; and in the kitchen, lying on his side on the sofa, the body of the man Derby was also found. All eight members of the family were thus discovered lifeless. The faces of all the dead were peaceful, showing that no struggle had taken place and that no violence had been used. The police were hastily summoned, and their inquiries and researches made it evident that a terrible series of murders had been committed, probably by the father, who had afterwards taken his own life. On the table beside him were two bottles, one marked "Prussic acid," and the other "Chlorale hydrate." In the bed-room in which the children were lying was a tea-cup containing a milk-like fluid. Inquiries from the neighbors showed that Derby had been for some time a little queer. His troubles arose not from want, but from other forms of money troubles. He was interested in a will, from which he expected to derive considerable benefit, but some dispute arose, and the matter caused the man much distress. The deferred hope in connection with his expected bequest, which he never received, seems to have preyed on his mind and unhinged it. There seems undoubted evidence that the crime was premeditated. This is made clear by various letters which are in the possession of the police, in which he makes reference to his intention of doing away with himself, and says he has told his wife, and she is willing to go with him. The most important letter bearing on the point is one addressed to his sister, a Mrs. Booth, who resides at Eccles. In this he says: "I cannot leave my darling wife and children behind. In fact, Annie often said she did not want to live after I went, and when I told her a few days ago that I could not stand this any longer, she said she was quite ready to go. I wish our bodies to be sent to Owens College for dissection, etc. If they are buried, let the funeral be conducted in the quietest way possible and at the least expense."

A PROBABLE CAUSE.

Police records have been sought in vain for a parallel so far as the extent of the tragedy is concerned; but its whole surroundings are charged with pathos, and destitute of anything in the way of brutality. Samuel Hall Derby, the leading actor in the dreadful drama, had been well brought up, and until a short time ago was in comfortable circumstances. He was the manager of a large chemist and druggist business, and besides making a fair income had considerable prospects from a maternal uncle who farmed a good estate in the County of Derry. About three years ago, however, his health failed, and he was compelled to give up his situation. He complained of pains in his head, and it was discovered that an abscess had formed. This, after a time, as it was thought, was removed, and after a six months' stay at Colwyn Bay, with his family, he returned to Salford in improved health and in good spirits. He told a friend that he thought he should recover, but within a few weeks of his return he had another relapse. This time he showed signs of derangement, and he was sent twelve months ago to Ireland to stay with his uncle. Here he was treated with much kindness, and his health improved. Last August his uncle died. The trouble broke out again; his mind was quite unhinged, and when, in the following month, he returned to Salford he took with him his uncle's will and a number of documents referring to the estate. This prevented the will being proved, but no amount of persuasion would induce him to part with any of the documents, because, he said, his brothers, who were co-beneficiaries with him, wanted to rob him. When he returned to Salford, he went to live in the small house in Garfield street which has been the scene of the tragedy. These facts, which were elicited on Saturday, leave no room to doubt the unfortunate man's state of mind. There is nothing to lead to the belief that his wife was similarly affected. In one of his letters, however, he says that his wife was quite ready to die with him, and in a letter which was discovered on Saturday he asserts that his dear wife took her dose like a lamb.

WAS THE WIFE A PARTY TO THE CRIME?

Not a few people think that both parents were concerned in the murder of the children, and that the husband gave the fatal dose to his wife. Then he wrote some letters, and finally poisoned himself. The bodies of the seven victims found upstairs were undressed, and were lying in bed as if asleep. They had evidently been carefully arranged after death. The body of the husband was fully dressed, even to his overcoat, and he was found lying on the sofa in the kitchen. Considerable speculation has arisen as to the agent employed in the destruction of all the lives, and though several cups were found upstairs, and one on the floor near the sofa in the kitchen, there was no smell to give any clue to the nature of the poison employed. This doubt has now been set at rest by the *post mortem* examination, which was made on Saturday by Dr. Wilson, a local physician. He commenced with the body of the man, which he found to be well nourished and healthy so far as the trunk organs were concerned. When the stomach was opened a strong smell of prussic acid was emitted, and the cause of death was at once disclosed. Dr. Wilson contented himself with an internal examination of only one of the other seven bodies. In this case precisely similar symptoms were at once discovered. In the case of the other six persons the doctor contented himself with an examination, but was able to declare that the cause of death was the same in all the cases. Derby, as a chemist, was fully acquainted with the character and effects of various poisons, and he seems to have selected one which, though certain in its action, was quick and gave little or no pain. There is no distortion of features in any case and all appear to have died calmly. In a box in one of the bed-rooms was discovered the will and documents relating to the Irish property which have caused so much trouble, and finally unhinged the mind of the unfortunate man. His father, who is over 70 years of age, has been interviewed, but is unable to throw any more light on the affair.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The deceased was musically inclined and played the harmonium which he possessed with considerable facility. In pathetic contrast to the awful tragedy which has taken place is the fact that yesterday week the poor children gathered round their parents in the warm glow of the sitting-room fire, and whilst the dead man played the harmonium they sang with the melodious sweetness of childhood the hymn, "Take, oh! take me to Thy care." Such was their last song on earth—the significance of which is as overwhelming as the catastrophe which followed. Less than twenty hours after their childish lips formed the innocent invocation they were truly at rest—in the sleep that knows no awakening.

Latest Scottish News.

Pleuro-pneumonia is spreading at an alarming rate in some parts of Aberdeenshire.

Rev. Dr. Hay, Inverkeillor, has on retiring been presented with a silver tea and coffee service.

One kidney of an ox recently killed by A. Wyness, Aberdeen, measured 4 feet 9 inches, and weighed 140 lbs.

Mr. Robert Bruce Johnston, writer to the Signet and Procurator-Fiscal for Edinburgh is dead, in his 53rd year.

The estates of the Rev. A. H. Belcher, Fasque Parsonage, Fettercairn, have been sequestrated under the bankruptcy Acts.

According to the *Scottish News*, great numbers of Irish cows, many over 20 years of age, are used up for sausages in Glasgow.

Miss Matilda Macphail, of Edinburgh, who is going to Madras, is the first lady medical missionary sent out by the Free Church.

Mr. Robert Kerr, senior partner of the firm of Kerr & Co., spool-cotton manufacturers, Paisley, died there on the 11th of February.

There died at Free Inverbrothock Manse, Arbroath, on the 4th February, the Rev. David Crichton, LL.D., in the 87th year of his age.

The old festival of Up-Helly-a was observed at Lerwick, Orkney, on the 30th ult., the event being celebrated by a torch-light procession.

It is understood that the house and grounds of Abbotsford, which have been advertised to let, have been rented by Mr. Thorburn, of Liverpool.

The custodiers of the National Wallace Monument at Stirling have accepted an offer of a bust of James Watt for the Hall of Busts within the structure.

A live starling was recently found in Blair No. 9 Pit, Dalry (120 fathoms below ground). It alighted on the head of the overman and allowed itself to be caught.

The death is announced of Mr. Richard Raimes, for many years well-known in connection with the firm of Raimes, Blanchard & Co., wholesale chemists, Edinburgh and Leith.

The guarantee fund of the Glasgow Exhibition, to be opened in May, amounts to nearly £300,000. The Exhibition will cover an area exceeding by 20,000 feet the space of the Manchester Exhibition.

The Glasgow police found at Camlachie, on the 8th February, the dead body of a Mrs. King lying on a bed in her house, covered with wounds and blood. Her husband and three other persons have been arrested on suspicion.

Since the Scottish Education Act came into force, 15 years ago, £4,000,000, or £1 per head of the population of Scotland, has been spent in the erection of school buildings, and the annual cost of the upkeep of these buildings is £1,000,009.

The memorial erected in West Parliament Square, Edinburgh, to the late Duke of Buccleuch was unveiled the other day by the Earl of Stair in the presence of a large concourse of people. The memorial, which consists of a colossal bronze statue by Boehm, R.A., standing on an ornate pedestal, has cost £6,700.

Sir William Johnston, of Kirkhill, long head of the firm of W. & A. K. Johnston, publishers, Edinburgh, whose maps, etc., are well known throughout the world, died on the 7th inst. at the ripe age of nearly 86 years, having been born at Kirkhill Bank in October, 1802. He started business in 1825, and the following year assumed his two brothers, Dr. A. K. Johnston and Mr. T. B. Johnston as partners, and the business is still carried on under the original designation, though Sir William retired twenty years ago. In 1840 he was made a baillie, and in 1848 he was elected provost. While he held the latter office the Queen, when at Holyrood in 1851, conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Sir William was twice married, and is survived by his widow and two grand daughters.

Rev. Mr. Fleck, of Montreal, has declined the call to Knox Church, Winnipeg, though offered a salary of $3,500.

UNDER 130 FEET OF SNOW.

An Astonishing Story About a Great Slide in Idaho—Two Men Packed in for Forty-Eight Hours.

A San Francisco despatch says: John M. Duncombe, who has just come down to the city from Alturas, Idaho, tells the story of a queer happening there a week or two ago.

"Five men were working at a shaft located about half-way up the side of Silverton Hill, a spur of the Alturas range. The snow lies several feet deep all over the mountain, and, as the day was clear, by the middle of the afternoon the sun had thawed the snow just enough to make it soft and inclined to slide. A Swede walking on a trail above the shaft missed his footing, and in scrambling to regain it pushed a little body of snow out of its balance. This was at the head of a dry gulch, and the weight and slipperiness of the snow were enough to start a slide. In a second's time it had grown to a tremendous size, and, growing bigger every second, it rushed down the mountain with a terrible roar. The trees in its path were mowed down like grass before a scythe. The Swede who started the slide fell over in it, his body was buried in the snow, and had not been found when I came away.

"Two men were working the windlass at the mouth of the shaft and two others were inside. The two at the surface heard the slide coming and hurried to get out of its way. They were caught in the vast mass of rushing snow and tumbling trees. But by some unexplainable accident they were tossed to one side and succeeded in getting out of the avalanche. They were knocked senseless, but received no serious injuries.

"But the queerest part of the whole story is about the two men who were inside the shaft. The slide came right down over the mouth of the shaft and packed its 130 feet chock full of snow. The two men, Martin Smithson and Tom Callan, were in there, buried under all that mass of snow, for two days and nights, and when they were dug out they came to, and are now just as sound and well as anybody! The snow was packed into some parts of the shaft so tight that it was almost as hard as ice, and it took exceedingly hard work to get it out. But the snow, no matter how tightly it is packed, does not exclude the air, and that is the way they happened to live through. They were caught in upright positions, too, or they could hardly have survived. There they stood for forty-eight hours, with the snow packed around them so close that they could not move a muscle. Though so near each other they almost touched, they could not even speak a word. They could just simply stand there and think. They say they were conscious for some time after the snow came down, and that they suffered tortures. They declare they never longed for anything so much in all their lives as they did for death."

Mr. Prior's Strange Visitor.

ast Sunday morning, at the unseasonable hour of 3 o'clock, a young woman in an utterly nude condition called at the house of Mr. Thomas W. Prior, the business manager of the Chicago Opera House. She seemed to be dazed, and not a word of information could be drawn from her as to whence she had come or why she was without clothing. The whole household was aroused, and the young woman was soon decently clothed by the ladies. She made no resistance to whatever was done to her, and seemed to be almost oblivious to her surroundings and even to her own existence, save when, now and then, she burst out crying. Of course, every effort was made to sooth her, and she was at last induced to take some sleep, from which it was supposed she would awake in a better condition of mind; and, indeed, she did seem brighter for the short nap, but still would speak no word to tell who she was or why she was there. She is a very beautiful young woman, and Mr. and Mrs. Prior have become considerably interested in her; but, though she has now been an inmate of their house for two days, she has not yet been induced to tell anything of herself—whence she came or why she was in the unaccountable condition in which she presented herself. Mr. Prior's family physician has been called in, and it is his opinion that the young woman is neither dumb nor permanently lacking in intelligence, yet he is as unable as the rest to explain her presence there. He thinks, however, that she is improving, and that in time she will be able to tell who she is and dispel some of the mystery that now surrounds her case. —*Chicago Times.*

A Radical Woman on Dress Reform.

Several noble English women have recently cast aside all prejudice and fear of prejudice and gone to earning money in business. As they have all succeeded, the innovation promises to increase. As dress makers and milliners they are making fortunes. A radical woman laments this and deplores the fact that the craze for new, expensive, and often injurious styles of dress continues. She says:

"I honestly believe that the abuses of dress are due to a neglect to educate girls to appreciate the importance of good physical development. Children are born with just the capacity that parents choose to give them, and when people come to see that with themselves rests the destiny of those who come after them, there will be more radical men and women. When girls are educated for some occupation or profession they will have less time to dress for the approbation of men in general."

Grass Widows Get No Insurance.

One of the most important judicial decisions ever rendered in this State was delivered in the Circuit Court by Judge Kirk Hawes yesterday. A member of one of the secret mutual benefit associations had insured his life for his wife, giving her name, as the beneficiary, in the amount of $2,000. He subsequently procured a divorce from his wife for her marital misconduct, but he did not change the certificate of insurance in her behalf. After his death the society refused to pay her the amount of the policy on the ground that before his death she had ceased to be his wife, and that after his death she was neither his widow nor his heir. Judge Hawes decided on these grounds that the divorced wife was not entitled to the amount of the insurance.—*Chicago Journal.*

ELAINE'S LOST LOVER.

In the Guise of a Tramp He Witnesses Her Wedded Happiness.

In 1861 there lived in the lower part of this county, near Sandy Ridge Post-office, an old lady by the name of Swann, and with her a grand-daughter, Miss Elaine Marston, a most lovely girl of 16 summers. Adjoining their home was the plantation of Judge Miller, the wealthy father of the handsome young Harry, the devoted sweetheart of the beautiful Elaine. Harry was two years her senior, and when the order for all Georgia's sons between the ages of 18 and 50 years to go to the front came, he at once began preparation with all the ardor and enthusiasm of the Southern youth at that time. His last parting was with his "little sweetheart," as he fondly called her, and his promises to return and make her his bride were sealed by many a pure kiss of love and tender embrace. For a while letters—letters full of tenderness, love and devotion—came, filling the heart of Elaine with joy and brightest hopes of the future. Suddenly they cease and then comes one written by a friend telling of the capture of young Harry, the bravest of the brave, and his incarceration in a Yankee prison. Months of sorrow and anxiety follow, and then comes the sad news of his death brought by some "exchanges" from the prison in which he was confined. The grief of Elaine was terrible, but the young heart, however fondly it may love, however bitterly it may suffer, seldom breaks, and in a few years the image of handsome Harry was but a dim shadow, and the slender, delicate girl had developed into a handsome, charming woman. She had many admirers, and on Dec. 25th, 1869, eight years after the departure of her boy lover, Elaine Marston stood at the altar to become the wife of one of Henry County's most respected citizens. Last week a man in the disguise of an old tramp passed through Hampton and inquired for the home of Mrs. ——. He found the place, beheld the face of his once promised bride, bright and happy with the love of a devoted husband, bright and interesting children and the many comforts of a beautiful country home, and returned here to take the cars for his home in the far West, not as a tramp, however, but as a handsome gentleman, stout and hearty, and with only a few silver hairs upon his temples. He told us of his life in prison until the close of the war, of the false report which reached him of the marriage of Elaine, before his release, which nearly drove him mad; of his wonderful success in life in California, and last, of the report brought across the continent that Elaine did not marry till 1869, and was now a widow; the latter part of which he did not know to be false until he begged bread at her door. He says he will never visit Georgia again; that his people are dead, his heart's best love seared and withered, and nothing remains for him but to go forever from the scenes of his childhood and the land of his birth, to spend the remainder of his life as best he can in honoring the God who gave it. He has many old comrades in arms in this section, who will, doubtless, recognize in Harry Miller one of the many brave boys sent out by our dear old county to fight for our honor, our freedom and our homes.—*Hampton (Ga.) Times.*

The Highlanders at the Battle of Alma.

Our fine brigade of Guards was severely cut up when the Highlanders drew near and then, as Kinglake tells us, a man in one of the regiments reforming on the slope cried, in the deep and honest bitterness of his heart, "Let the Scotchmen go on; they'll do the work!" and with his three kilted battalions, Sir Colin, whose horse was shot under him, advanced to meet twelve of the enemy. "Now, men," said he, "you are going into action, and remember this, that whoever is wounded I don't care what his rank is—must lie where he falls. No soldier must carry off wounded men. If any man does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish kirk. Be steady—keep silence—fire low! Now, men, the army is watching us! Make me proud of my Highland Brigade!" So beautifully does the author of *Eothen*—an eye-witness of this part of the battle—describe their movements, that we cannot resist quoting him again. "The ground they had to ascend was a good deal more steep and broken than the slope close beneath the redoubt. In the land where the Scots are bred there are shadows of sailing clouds skimming up the mountain side, and their paths are rugged and steep—yet their course is smooth, easy and swift. Smoothly, easily and swiftly the Black Watch seemed to glide up the hill. A few instants before, and their tartans ranged the dark valley; now their plumes were on the crest." Another line came on in *echelon*, and another still—the Cameron and the Sutherland Highlanders. And now, to the eyes of the superstitious Russians, the strange uniforms of those bare-kneed troops seemed novel, and even terrible; their white, waving sporrans were taken for the heads of low horses: and they cried to each other that the angel of light had departed and that the demon of death had come. A close and deadly fire was now poured into these "gray blocks," as Russell calls the Russian squares. No particular sound followed, save the yells of the wounded, while the Highlanders "cast about" to reload; but after their next volley a strange rattling noise was heard, as the bullets fell like rain among the tin canteens and kettles which the enemy carried outside their knapsacks, for they were all right-about face now. A wail of despair floated over those gray-coated masses of Muscovite infantry as they broke and fled, throwing away muskets, knapsacks and everything that might encumber their flight; and now for the first time rose the Highland cheer. —*Cassell's British Battles on Land and Sea.*

Composition of Hotel Pie.

"Is your mince pie made of horse meat?" demanded a dyspeptic looking patron of a hotel proprietor.

"Certainly not. Why do you ask such an insulting question?"

"Because the pie I ate last night gave me the nightmare."

Aunt Hannah Paddleford, of Monroe, N. H., who is in her ninetieth year, is spending a busy winter. Since the cold weather set in she has knit nine pairs of stockings, seven pairs of mittens and one pair of logmen's leggings, besides spinning all the yarn she used.

HAPPY LAND!

A Country which Has Possessed Home Rule for 1,000 Years.

A thousand years of Home Rule ought to be an interesting subject of contemplation just now. Yet for no less a period has the Isle of Man enjoyed a political constitution of its own, first founded for it by King Orry, the Norseman, who was welcomed as a ruler by the Manxmen, and whose grave is still pointed out in "th' island" (as the Lancashire folk call it). The "Westminster Review," gives an account of that constitution. The "Kingdom of Man" was first taken possession of by Edward I. at the desire of its inhabitants. He nominated its Governor or King, which office was hereditary in the Stanley family for over 300 years, when it passed by inheritance to the Duke of Athole, who sold his rights to the British Parliament in 1765—£70,000 being paid to him and £416,114 to his heirs for the revenues of the island. It still makes it own laws. These are framed by the House of Keys, established by King Orry; and after the statutes have been sanctioned by the Queen and Council they are promulgated to the people on the Tynwald Hill every July. From this hill, which is a small mound of earth brought in portions from each of the seventeen parishes of the island, the laws are read to the assembled multitude. The Manx Parliament consists of the King, or Governor; of the Upper House, or Council (sitting by right of office), consisting of the Treasurer, the Bishop, the Judges, etc., and of the Keys or Commons, 24 in number, elected for seven years by the voters of the sheadings and towns. The Governor can dissolve this House when he likes. Bills are introduced in either House, passed on to the other, considered by both at a joint meeting in Tynwald, signed and sent to the Queen for her assent, and then publicly promulgated to the people. A £4 ownership or tenancy of a freehold, or a £10 occupancy of other premises, gives a vote by the House of Keys Election Act, 1881. The same Act gave the franchise to unmarried women possessed of the property—but not to those who have only the tenancy—qualification. Women also have a right to half the marital property on the death of the husband. The laws used to be promulgated by the Deemsters or Judges, who also presided at the jail deliveries, and who swear to administer justice "as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish." This was intended to remind the Deemster of his oath every time he ate his daily meal, of which the herring formed a principal part. Fishing is still the chief industry of the island. Its ancient Bishopric of Sodor and Man used to include the Southern Hebrides—Sordorenses, or Southern Isles, whence the name "Sodor." The revenue of the island was, for 1886, £55,000, and its expenditure £50,000. By an Act of 1866 the whole of the Customs revenue was devoted to the purposes of the island, except £10,000, which is the contribution for Imperial protection. A school is provided in every parish, and education is compulsory. The Legislature is a thoroughly independent body; but the people value the connection with Great Britain, and are exceedingly loyal

No More Bridesmaids.

One of the notable features of ashion this year will be the gradual disappearance of bridesmaids from weddings. Nothing can be prettier, in theory always and occasionally in reality, than a group of white-clad maidens attending their friend to the altar and illuminating the scene with their decorative presence. But, under existing arrangements, bridesmaids are a very expensive luxury. The bridegroom has not only to give each one of them a daintily-costly present, but he is expected to furnish them with bouquets as well. There has, of late, been a tendency towards very tiny bridesmaids, whose tender age would naturally reduce the expense of the presents in proportion to their years. But even these are disappearing in favor of small so-called pages, who know so little of a page's duties that they alternately tread on the bride's train and trot after it, but who do not expect either jewellery or bouquets. The fact is, that bridesmaids have, so to speak, raised their terms to such an exalted height that human nature, in the shape of exasperated bridegrooms, has begun to ask if they cannot be dispensed with. And this will certainly come about unless, as in "Ruddigore," there should be established an organized brigade of bridesmaids ready with their services on every occasion and anxious to "Hail the bridegroom" in consideration of a very trifling fee. There are rumors of sharp practice on the part of young ladies who love jewellery more than is meet, and have been rashly asked to "choose something" for themselves as the bridegroom's gift. Diamonds are like horses in one respect, viz., that few people seem to be able to resist cheating about them, more or less. On the occasion of a recent wedding affairs assumed another phase in connection with the bridesmaids' present. Ten girls can hardly expect to be of one mind on such a subject, and the bridegroom unwittingly cast a veritable firebrand among them by saying he would leave the choice to them. To alter the simile, he thereby sowed dissension among them and reaped confusion and disaster. Only two of the ten were unanimous, and on the wedding day the bride found herself shorn of four of her friends, who had quarrelled irretrievably. Bridesmaids have simply extinguished themselves, and it is more than possible that a hundred years hence the social chronicler will be "reading up" their functions and duties with a view to suggesting the revival of a pretty but obsolete old custom.—*London Daily News.*

He Took the Hint.

"Mr. Sampson," she said with a blush, "I want to ask you what you may think is a very strange question: Do you know if young Mr. Brown is a gentleman of correct habits?" Mr. Sampson grew pale and hemmed and hawed. "Well—er—hum—yes," he said, "I think he is, but oh, Miss Smith—Miss Clara—Clara—" A little later he looked down into her eyes and said: "Why did you ask me about Mr. Brown, darling?" "Because I fancied he is becoming interested in a very dear friend of mine," said the girl unblushingly.—*Epoch.*

Rev. W. S. Rainsford has taken out his naturalization papers in New York.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Chesley and Dundalk are agitating for protection against fire.

Motto in a Priceville store: "We trust in God and sell for cash."

Catching rats around the markets is the latest Collingwood pastime.

An axe fell on a Walkerton man's toe one day last week and cut it off.

A public fair has been established in Priceville, with Mr. A. Brown as clerk.

Over 600 cows have already been signed for the Durham Creamery.—*Chronicle.*

The Wiarton *Echo* says the Cool Burgess performance in that place was a stale affair.

Mrs. Chas. Ward, of Colpoy's Bay, died very suddenly of appoplexy on Friday week.

Wiarton is to have a cheese factory, with a capacity for manufacturing the milk from 900 cows.

Eli Perkins, the great humorist, lectures in the Town Hall, Owen Sound, Monday evening next.

Mr. Elgin Sohoff, barrister, Toronto, has been appointed Scott Act prosecutor for the county of Dufferin.

Mt. Forest Sons of Temperance will shortly produce "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" in the Town Hall there.

Last year there were 1587 children of school age in Collingwood, 1846 in Barrie, 1506 in Orilla, and 1830 in Owen Sound.

A barn belonging to Mr. John Mitchell, Melancthon township, was recently destroyed by fire. Loss $800. No insurance.

John Rydall, of Albermarle township, cut and split from standing timber 6 cords of four foot wood in eight hours one day recently.

The Missionary collections and subscriptions in Collingwood this year—in connection with the Methodist church—amounted to $208.

In case the Scott Act is not sustained in Bruce county, the Wiarton council has decided to grant five licenses within the village limits.

Bro. Smith, of the Shelburne *Economist*, carries on a real estate, loan and marriage license business in connection with his printing establishment. Not a bad idea either.

Two Normandy young men collided in Mt. Forest on the day of the cattle fair recently held there. The fellow who struck first, named Williamson, was fined $10 and costs, in all $15.

Wandering Indians are accused of destroying valuable timber in the neighborhood of Chesley. White "Indians" have been been known to dabble considerably in that sort of thing.

Fred Anderson, of Collingwood, and Arthur Bull, of Thornbury, had a five mile skating race on the former's ice rink recently for the championship of Simcoe and a silver medal. Anderson won by seven laps.

The Meaford *Mirror* has entered upon the seventh year of its existence. Well edited, well printed, and well conducted generally, the *Mirror* deserves the respect and hearty patronage of the people among whom it circulates.

The genial and popular Editor of the Dundalk *Herald* has concluded to shut down on the Mormon discussions in his paper this week. Such discussions are of no earthly benefit, for they rarely, if ever, convince any of error.

Chesley is over-run with yelping, howling dogs, and the *Enterprise* purposes to sit down real hard on the curs by raising the dog tax from $1 to $5 per head. Should such a tax be levied it will surprise brother Robb to find how few people in Chesley own dogs.

Miss Mabel Andrews has been presented with the bronze medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society, of London, England, by the Mayor of Toronto, for her bravery in rescuing little Edna Scanlon from drowning in the bay at Thornbury in June last.

Chatsworth sports a real live poet Friend Blythe publishes a specimen in last week's *News*. The poet's name is Gilchrist, and ever since our fighting editor read his specimen in the *News* he has been filing our bull dog's teeth, and hammering the sand bag with his "Spring Poet Annihilator."

While attempting to throw some boiling grease—which was in flames—out of a window into the yard, Mrs. G. Stubbs, of Wiarton, was terribly burned on Friday week. Her clothing was all in flames, when Capt. McKenzie opportunely came to the rescue and saved her from being burned to death.

Mrs. James A. [illegible] Arthur township, poisoned herself with paris green recently. She leaves a husband and three young children.

The notice about Flesherton Roller Mill still adorns the Collingwood *Bulletin's* column of "Selected Paragraphs." They say a good story "never dies of age." Perhaps the same could be said about the paragraph alluded to.

The young people of the Presbyterian church, Flesherton, visited Rev. A. Wilson and family in Markdale on Monday of last week, and presented the former and his esteemed lady with a costly and magnificent silver Tea Set on the occasion of their Silver Wedding. A well worded address accompanied the presentation. The set was purchased at Russel's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

Maxwell School Matters.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—On reading the first two lines in the second paragraph of W. Long's letter in last weeks issue I was about to draw the inference that there was a vacant seat in the ring when the third and fourth lines removed my suspense and immediately solved the ambiguity.

How greatly to be deplored: that such a talented man as Mr. Long pregnant with so much information beneficent to his fellow supporters has not tact enough to maintain his chagrin, though his greatest natural gift, and not angrily parade it in print.

If brawling or babbling could gain for him public esteem, long ago would he have reached a pinnacle of perfection and stood as an omen of unrecorded rivalry far beyond the height of human aspiration. I had never thought I would so often require space in your paper, to contradict statements so inexpressibly disgraceful but since W. Long has so many times taken up his pen of bitter resentment against me neither to obtain integrity for himself though he cannot possibly possess any nor to maintain it for those who have it, but simply to quell his insatiable appetite sordid with revenge and to degenerate me below a level of human recognition, should I allow the perverse biped to run unchecked his merciless career my reputation would soon be trodden beyond redemption. So therefore, I think I am justified in retaliating and will give his nefarious effusions that merit and requital they deserve, which is emphatic contradiction. I think I could not be endorsed with the slightest spark of Canadian heroism should I remain silent because it only adds fresh fuel to his burning frenzy.

He says he can furnish good reliable evidence to back home his false insinuations. I fear that idea is as erroneous and absurd as the boy who wanted to lengthen his shirt by taking a piece from the back of its neck and sewing to the other end; or if he does his evidence will be homogeneous with his accusations or twigs pulled from the limbs of the ring. Let him bring on his evidence then I shall no longer battle against odds I have sufficient reinforcement to remove the load of disrespect he is trying to heap on me.

Evidence is all's required to bring decisive victory. Since he has started out with his dirty balderdash I am determined to adhere to the end and not surrender on the point of success. Use your pen, Mr. Long, for the world has arrived at such a stage in civilization the pen has greater predominance than the sword. I appeal for no mercy; all I want is justice.

James Buckingham.

Washington Territory.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—According to promise I think it is time I should give you another sketch of how I am getting along in this mountainous country.

With regard to the weather. In the first place, last Spring opened rather late and the Summer season was unusually wet which caused the crops to be about three weeks late. But very good all around. The threshing record shows for Egypt (1884) 23,100 bushels. This last year the threshing record is a trifle short of 60,000 bushels. Of course there was quite an arcreage sown. I consider that this is a very good showing for the third crop, for this small place. Our winter set in on Christmas Eve. Since then we have had very cold weather. The first two weeks in the new year the thermometer was below zero with little or no wind; on the 25th we had a general break up which left the snow thread bare. Strangers that come here are at a loss to know how we can raise such crops with so little rain. The whole secret is this: the land is very deep and porous which causes it to retain the rain and melted snow. This is drawn down to the surface by the heat of the sun through the summer.

Wheat never heaves here with the frost and is not troubled with insect pests. Vegetables grow here to a large size. We have onions that measure five inches across; carrots that measure five inches in circumference and twenty inches long.

I saw Mr. T. R. Moore a few days ago. He is well, happy and quite contented with the change he made and is doing well. He has built himself a fine bank barn last summer finished with dressed lumber. Three years ago he raised 72 bush. wheat; this year he has raised 3,270 bush. of grain besides cutting 40 acres of hay and has got 100 acres of fall wheat growing.

I have had several letters from parties in Artemesia asking my advice with regard to coming to this country. To such I would say that if they have not got courage enough to come out and see for themselves, *as I did*, they will not be advised to do so by me. For my part this country suits me in every respect I think it a country for a man that has some energy and push in him, but idlers and loafers are not much use anywhere.

With regard to school we are a little behind here and will remain so until the Territory is admitted into Statehood as the public lands set apart for schools do not come into market until that time. This year we will draw public money sufficient to keep the school for seven months in this District. We have our new schoolhouse in course of erection, 24 x 36, frame. With regard to church we have had preaching from three different denominations. The Presbyterians are represented by the Rev. John McArthur, from Kincardine, Bruce Co., Ontario. I consider this a very moral and sober community. Also the Indians on their reservations have regular services.

Now, a few words about big threshing and I am through. Our best days threshing for this season was 1,742 bus. of headed oats and 1,570 bus. of band oats. In 5 hours and 30 minutes 1,100 bush. of headed oats.

Yours &c.,
W. G. Duncan,
Egypt, Lincoln Co.,
W. T., Jan. 27th, 1888.

Cheerful Women.

Men should seek in marriage women of a happy disposition. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being cheerful under any and all circumstances. Rich or poor high or low, it makes no difference. The bright little fountain bubbles up just as musically in their hearts, no trouble is too serious for them, to make the best of it. Joyous hearted people dont know half the good they do, no matter how cross and crabbed you feel. No matter if your brain is full of meditation on, effecting dispensation and your stomach with medicine pills and tonics. Just let one of those cheery little women talk to you and we are not afraid to wager anything that she can cure you. The long drawn lines about the mouth will relax, the clouds of settled gloom will vanish we know not where. And the first you know you will be laughing. Ah what a blessing are these cheerful women how often her little hands guide the ponderous machine of life, with an almost invisible touch; how we look forward through the weary day to their fireside smiles. No one ever will know how much we own to these helpful, uncomplaining, cheerful women. A. B. P.

Asthma.—Persons who have suffered for years with Asthma will find a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

HEARD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGE PAINTING and JOB WORK.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and WAGON PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

CLIMO & CO.

Are preparing to open out a New Stock of Goods in

Wm. Wright's Store.

Everybody will be Welcomed.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE GOOD AND CHEAP

BOOTS,

Shoes or Slippers,

— TRY —

WM. CLAYTON'S BOOT & SHOE STORE,

FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ✱ AND ✱ DURABLE!

— THE WELL-KNOWN —

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

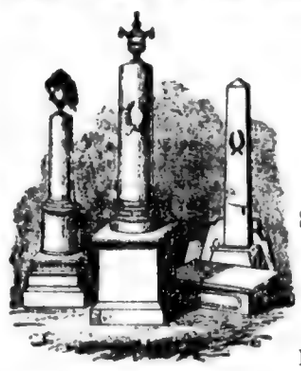

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 351. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Wm Mitchell LJan87

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spex, Platedware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound; That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

FLESHERTON

Carriage Works.

Collingwood St., Flesherton, Ont.

McTAVISH & LEGATE. Manufacturers of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Carriages, Drays, Carts, Etc. Repairing promptly attended to. Horse Shoeing a Specialty. Wheelbarrows Crank Chain Wagons made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed or Prices brought every time. Star Gummers and Feed Grinders on Short notice. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Interfering or Puller Feet.

R. P. LEGATE. D. McTAVISH.

AUCTION SALE

OF VALUABLE FARM in the Township of Osprey. Under and pursuant to the power of Sale in a certain mortgage from one Ronald Johnson (now deceased) to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MARSH'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE of MARKDALE, by GEORGE NOBLE, Auctioneer, on

Tuesday, March 20th, 1888,

at 1 o'clock p.m., the following property viz:—

Lot number 22, in the 8th Concession of the said Township of Glenelg, containing 100 acres more or less excepting 1 and 1-20th acres taken by the township for a road deviation. About 35 acres are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a log house and barn.

TERMS:—10 per cent at time of sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Wm. Lucas & Co., Markdale, or to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, February 28th, 1888.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers

Mrs. M. Richardson is visiting friends "down east."

Master Eddie Thompson is in the Dundalk *Herald* office.

They tell us it was rather stormy around here on Tuesday!

Miss Hattie Cole is visiting friends in the neighborhood of Beeton.

Mr. Chas. Brown, of Collingwood, is the guest of Mr. Wm. Strain.

Miss Alice Leitch has charge of a large millinery establishment at Bolton.

Remember the tea-meeting at Kimberley to-night. Good program. See bills.

WANTED.—a few cords stove wood, in exchange for Woollen Goods.

N. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. A. Down, sr. and Miss Minnie Down, of this township, are visiting friends in Collingwood.

The Creemore *Advertiser* enters its third volume this week. The *Tiser* is an excellent local paper, and we wish it continued success.

FOR SALE.—One good Brood Mare and One Seed Drill nearly new for cash or approved joint notes apply to JAMES BEECROFT, Flesherton.

Mr. Spurr, who recently arrived in Toronto from far-off Australia, has been visiting his brother, Mr. J. B. Spurr, Editor of the Dundalk *Herald*.

P. McCullough, Esq., barrister, has been appointed License Commissioner in place of W. Brown, Esq., who was appointed Clerk of Markdale Division Court.—*Standard.*

Fine selection of stallion cuts at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton. Horse bills printed neatly and on short notice. Best stocked office for all kinds of printing outside county town.

Mr. J. E. More, our enterprising contractor and furniture man, has secured the contract for the erection of Mr. Joseph Blackburne's handsome residence on Toronto street.

The revival services are being continued in the Methodist church, Flesherton, this week. The addresses delivered by Rev. Mr. Shilton in connection therewith are of a very earnest and solemn character.

If any reader of THE ADVANCE is in need of a Churn, Washing Machine, Clothes Wringer, Electric Lamp, Sewing Machine, Organ or Piano, they should call on C. Treadgold, Flesherton. Satisfaction every time.

Flesherton's egg-pickling establishment is an important addition to our many excellent industries. The proprietor, Mr. George Hawke, is a pushing business man, with plenty of capital to back up his enterprise and enable him to do a large business.

A number of gay and festive Flesherton youths actually faced the blinding wind and snow storm of Tuesday evening and drove all the way to the *late* town of Markdale, for the purpose of attending a carnival on the roller rink there! Ask our genial barber if this is not so.

REMOVED.—The undersigned has removed his Flour and Feed Store to the shop next door to Bates' furniture establishment, Flesherton. Thankful for liberal patronage in the past I respectfully solicit further orders in Chop, Shorts, Bran, Screenings, Cracked Wheat, Graham Flour and all kinds of Oatmeal and Cornmeal. Best Roller Flour always in stock.—G. KEEFER.

Beethoven Quartette's Concert.

Thursday evening last a large audience assembled in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on which occasion the far-famed Beethoven Quartette—composed of Messrs. Chas. Kelly and Sims Richards and Misses Hattie Morell and Ethel Woods, aided by Mr. Jim Fax—gave one of their justly celebrated entertainments. The quartettes, duets and solos—humorous and otherwise— were faultlessly rendered, and elicited an almost continual storm of applause; while the inimitable Fax created roars of laughter and, to use a rather stereotyped phrase, "fairly brought down the house." It was generally conceded that this was the best concert ever given in Flesherton, and the members of the Orange Lodge here—under whose auspices it was held—have very deservedly come in for a large share of praise for their enterprise in bringing such a magnificent array of talent to the town.

Fourth Line Orange Soiree.

The Orange Soiree held in the "4th line" lodge room on Friday evening last was a decided success. The attendance was excellent, the proceeds amounting to $22. The edibles, as usual, were of the very best, and for the production of which this neighborhood enjoys a very high reputation. The program seemed to put everyone in good humor, although the absence of a number of speakers, who had promised to attend, rendered it necessary to prepare a part of the "intellectual feast" on short notice. The chair was taken by the Editor of THE ADVANCE. Excellent instrumental music was furnished by the popular Pedlar Bros., and a number of laughable dialogues by Messrs. Pedlar and Williams were rendered. Mr. David Smith sang a number of well selected pieces in a very agreeable manner. Several bright little girls sang a number of pieces very creditably. Mr. John McKee, jr. and wife gave a number of readings and dialogues and rendered them well, too. Mr. Joseph Pedlar and Mr. Stafford, jr., gave sensible and practical addresses. Master Wm. Connor recited well. Altogether the program proved interesting and enjoyable.

TAMARAC.—Is the discovery of a leading physician, and after years of experimenting it is now offered you in a perfected state as a never-failing cure for Coughs, Colds and Throat and Lung Complaints.

Anonymous Letter.

We received a letter last week, signed, "An Observer, One Who Knows," in reference to a recent curling contest not twenty miles from Priceville. We can only publish the same above the author's *real* name, as it is of a decidedly personal character. THE ADVANCE some time since placed this matter of anonymous communications clearly before the public, and it now reiterates what it said then.

WHAT IS IT.—Not a snuff, powder or liquid, but a preparation peculiar to itself. Easy to use, pleasant in effect, Nasal Balm will positively cure Cold in the Head, Catarrh and kindred disorders.

Monthly School Report of Section No. 13, Artemesia.

Total number of marks obtainable 142.

IV CLASS.—Clara Gilliland 115, J. Meldrum 113, S. Corcoran, 67.

III CLASSES.—A. Latimer 124, M. Gilliland 123, A. M. Carr 114, M. Carr 109, E. Meldrum 102, M. Paul 116, H. Johnson 99, E. Carr 98, W. Gilliland 90, S. Paul 86, E. Saigeon 76, S. Pedlar 68, J. Gorley 68, Wes. Pedlar 64, R. Kennedy 91, C. Pedlar 61, C. Johnson 39, B. Madill 61, S. Hawkins 43.

S. CLEMES, Teacher.

Kimberley School Report for February.

FIRST DEPARTMENT.

IV CLASS.—A. Thurston, E. Carruthers, E. Dynnes, J. Dynnes.

IV CLASS, JR.—I. Stafford, R. Stafford, S. Magee, P. Dyness.

III CLASS.—M. Knott, J. Hammond, M. Lougheed.

III CLASS, JR.—V. Gilbert, F. Battrick, R. Buttler.

II CLASS.—R. Abercrombie, W. Mundle, W. Baker.

SECOND DEPARTMENT.

II CLASS, JR.—M. Abercrombie, R. Lougheed, T. Dynnes, L. McConnell.

I CLASS, SR.—G. Mundle, L. Gilbert, W. Graham.

I CLASS.—H. McLean, T. Abercrombie, J. M. Gilbert, J. McKenzie.

I CLASS, JR. W. McLean, L. Plewis, M. Knott, E. Plewis.

Average attendance 53.

I. E. GAUDIN, *Principal.*
MISS M. ABERCROMBIE, *Assistant.*

I ALWAYS GET MY BEST SUIT AT RICHARDSON & CO'S, FLESHERTON.

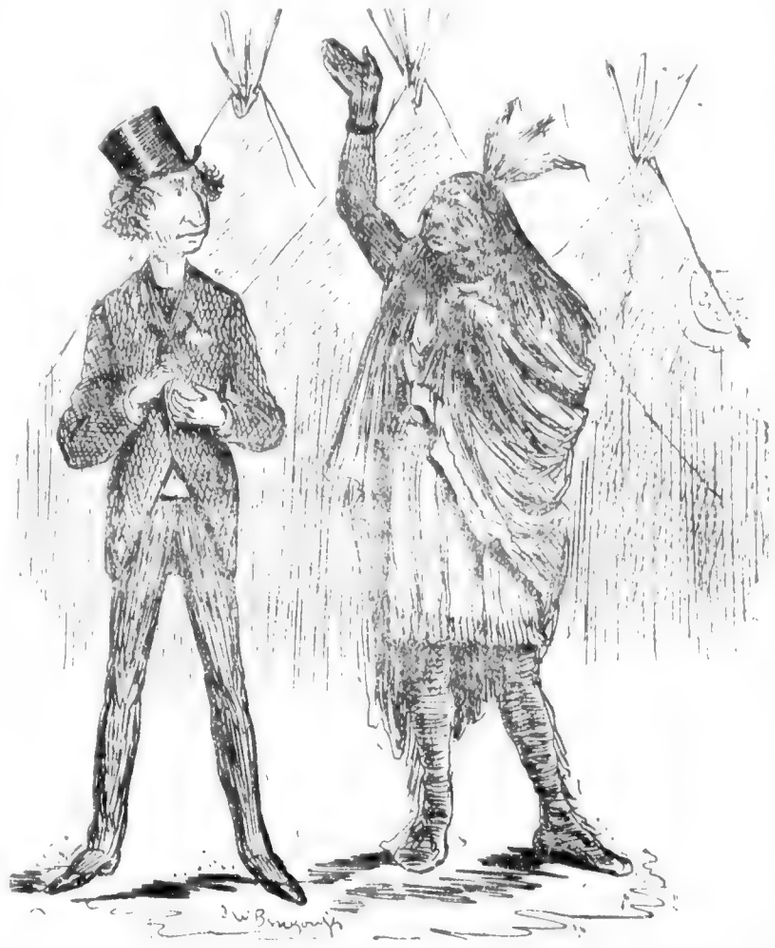

You big swell, John, but give me paper to go Richardson's big store and my tribe all get fine clothes make big swell as you.

THIS IS

RUSSELL'S

THE NOTED

JEWELER'S

SPACE.

The only place for

GENUINE × BARGAINS

IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware,

And the only place to get your Watch or Clock REPAIRED is at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec. 1st, 1887.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

CHAMBERLAIN ON HIS MISSION.

Eloquent Address Before the New York Canadian Club.

AN EQUITABLE AGREEMENT.

Importance of Amicable Relations Between Britain and the States.

A New York despatch says: The Canadian Club entertained the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain at dinner to-night at the Hotel Brunswick, and the occasion was worthy of its guest and of itself. Three hundred men were present, and the guest of the evening was welcomed by Mr. Erastus Wiman. The speaking was begun by Mr. Erastus Wiman, who, in a brief and pointed way, deprecated the fact that the peaceful relations of great nations should have been endangered by what he humorously alluded to as a "kettle of fish," and praised the commission for its excellent solution of the problem and the restoration of good feeling. Mr. Wiman introduced the guest of the evening, Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who amid great applause rose and responded as follows to the toast of "Our English Guest:"

Mr. Chamberlain's Speech.

Mr President and Gentleman,—On behalf of my English colleagues and of myself I thank you sincerely for the cordiality of your reception. It is a great pleasure to be, at the termination of my mission to America, permitted to enjoy the hospitality of the Canadian Club which was tendered to me almost on my arrival. In the interval which has elapsed I have seen and heard and learned a great deal which has been of the deepest interest to me, and which cannot fail, I think, to be profitable to me in the future, and I am glad to say that the greater knowledge I have acquired of this country has only confirmed and strengthened the favorable and kindly feelings with which I have always regarded the affairs and the people of America. It would have been very strange had it been otherwise, for during my stay here I have received from everybody with whom I have been brought into contact personal kindness, encouraging hospitality and generous consideration, which have left behind a sentiment of overwhelming gratitude and goodwill. (Applause.) Mr. President, in your opening remarks you have alluded with some fullness to

THE MISSION

which brought me to this country. You are aware of the object which we had in view and, as you have said, this gathering has special interest in it. I do not suppose that either in Canada or in the United States of America there is any partisan so bitter and so absurd as to dispute the importance of good relations between Great Britain and the United States, and especially between the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada. For thousands of miles an invisible frontier line separates the domains of the greatest of England's colonies from the vast territories of the United States. In spite of everything that political science or political ignorance can do to erect barriers between nations, the social and commercial intercourse between the two countries is great and is continually extending. The railway systems are so interlocked that any disturbance of the existing relations would constitute something approaching a disaster and might imperil hundreds of millions of capital that is now invested in these great enterprises. And yet, gentlemen, some time ago there were, and possibly even now there are, men who contemplate without anxiety such a disturbance as that which I have suggested, and would look forward with a light heart to

A COMMERCIAL WAR,

the end of which, the result of which, no man can foresee. And this is by no means the worst thing that might happen if a satisfactory and friendly agreement is now to be deemed to be impossible. A question which arouses national sentiment is not a question to be trifled with. The worst wars that have disgraced humanity have proceeded from trifling causes, and nations are very often more apt to resent petty affronts and injuries than they are a serious invasion of national rights. Now, gentlemen, I will venture with some knowledge of the subject to say to you that there has been no surrender at all on either side of anything which national honor and national interests demanded that we should retain. (Hear, hear, and applause.) I will say that in this treaty both sides have substantially gained what they contended for, and that the only concessions that have been made are the concessions which honorable men would gladly tender when they are endeavoring to settle a difference between friends and are not endeavoring to gain an unfair advantage over opponents. Now, if you will bear with me, I should like to take this opportunity of saying a few words as to the principal provisions of this alleged capitulation. And at the outset I want to call your attention to this very important fact. I have alluded to the irritation which was caused by the action of the Canadian Government in 1886 and 1887. We have gone to the roots of that irritation, we have removed its causes, and I can tell you that if this treaty had been in operation in the beginning of 1886, of all those cases of interference with American fishing vessels, there would not have been six. I don't believe there would have been two. Now that is at least an important fact to bear in mind when you are told, as you have been told, that we have settled nothing and that Canada has conceded nothing in order to secure friendly relations with the United States of America. On the contrary, I say that in this matter Canada has conceded everything that the claims of humanity, the claims of international courtesy or the comity of nations can possibly demand, and at the same time Canada has maintained, as she was bound to maintain, the vital and essential interests of her citizens. I don't believe that there is any international jurist of the slightest reputation who would deny that

CANADA HAD THE LEGAL RIGHT

to refuse the great majority of the concessions that have been made in this treaty. At the present moment the relations between the two countries with regard to the fishery operations are regulated by the treaty—the Convention of 1818. That we have gone back to a treaty that was made years ago is not the fault of Canada, it is not the fault of Great Britain, it is the act of the United States of America, the Government of which country denounced successively the substitutes for the Convention of 1818, which had been arranged, in the shape of the treaty of 1854 and the subsequent treaty of 1871. By the action of the United States of America the condition of affairs was relegated back to the treaty of 1818. That treaty of 1818 declares in express terms that the fishing vessels of the United States shall have access to the ports and harbors of Canada for four purposes, for wood, water, shelter and repairs, and for no other purpose whatever. It is impossible that language should be plainer, and yet at the present moment you find that the opponents of the present treaty ignore altogether the treaty for which this is a substitute, and they try to construe the words of the Convention of 1818, "for no other purpose whatever," as if they were "for any other purpose whatever," and, gentlemen, although, as I have said, the legal rights of Canada in this matter

WERE UNASSAILABLE,

I have never concealed my opinion, and I state it here to-night, that it was only good policy on the part of Canada, it was only what good neighborhood demanded of Canada, that she should not interpret these legal rights in their strictest sense, but that they should concede to a friendly nation all the conveniences and all the privileges that they could possibly accord without serious injury to their own subjects. Canada declines, and always has declined, to allow her ports and harbors—which Providence has placed in close proximity to the great fisheries of the banks—to allow these ports and harbors to be made a base of operations for competitors who rigidly exclude her from their markets. These facilities are offered freely in return for an equivalent, and as long as the equivalent is denied Canada feels justified in declining to share these facilities which are essential to the conduct of the fishery operations. Everything, as I have said, which the comity of nations, or the courtesy of nations, or the convenience of fishermen can require has been and will be freely accorded by the Canadian Government under the treaty which we have just made.

We have settled another matter which has been

ONE OF CONSTANT CONTROVERSY

since this Convention of 1818. We have delimited the exclusive fishery waters of Canada. You are aware that it has been the contention of the Dominion supporters by high legal authority that under that treaty the fishermen of the United States were debarred from fishing within three miles of any of the bays or harbors of Canada. On the other hand, the United States have contended that they were entitled to fish anywhere within three miles of the shore, whether in bays or outside of them. We have settled the difficulty by what may be called a compromise, but at any rate by an arrangement which is in accordance with the latest international law. We have settled it substantially in agreement with the principles of the North Sea Convention, the latest instrument of the kind in European diplomacy, and we have settled it in a way that I firmly believe will be satisfactory to every reasonable and fair-minded man. I have seen it objected to that certain land-locked bays of Chaleur and Miramichi have been excluded. Of course they have been excluded, because these bays come by nature under the exclusive territorial jurisdiction of Canada. I should like any American who may be present here to-night to say how he would like to apply the ten-mile limit or three-mile limit to the shores of the United States of America without taking care to exclude such bays as the Delaware Bay or the Chesapeake Bay or the other small estuaries or bays on the coast of the United States. Under the treaty as it stands there are only three things which are denied to the fishermen of the United States in Canadian waters. In the first place they are not allowed to fish in the territorial waters of Canada. They have told us again and again by the mouths of their leading representatives that this privilege has no longer any value for them; that they repudiate any desire to acquire it; that they believe it is worth nothing; and that certainly they are unwilling to pay anything for it. We take them at their word. They will not have the privilege, and they will not be required to pay anything. The other two privileges from which they are still excluded is the privilege of obtaining supplies for the prosecution of the fishing industry, the shipping of crews and the transhipment of their catch. Now, gentlemen, is it fair that these privileges, which are part of the commercial privileges of Canada, should be conferred on American fishermen without any equivalent of any kind? And is it any reason that two great countries should be kept in hot water because the gentlemen decline to pay anything for privileges from which they are expressly excluded by a similar treaty which they have obtained on a previous occasion by very large concessions on their part, which at the present time they declare to be worth nothing to themselves or to anybody else? Even these things they

CAN HAVE AT ANY MOMENT.

They can have them in the first place at any time when the Congress of the United States may see fit to give the consumers of the United States a cheaper and a more abundant supply of fish—(laughter and applause)—and even if the Congress of the United States, in its wisdom, should deem that to be undesirable, the fishermen can still have these privileges for the limited period of two years under what is known as *modus vivendi*. I would venture to point out to you that it is a proposal which is freely offered by Canada as a great and additional concession—a proof of friendship and good will, which Canada will be only too happy to withdraw if it is not accepted in the same spirit. There is nothing in this proposal which is compulsory. If the fishermen think that the advantages offered are not worth the price demanded, which we think to be altogether insignificant, if they think so they are not bound to avail themselves of it, and as far as they are concerned the proposal may be a dead letter. I can quite understand that the people of Canada may think the plenipotentiaries

HAVE GONE TOO FAR,

that they have gone out of their way in making this offer, but our feeling was that since fishing operations were about to begin we were bound to do all in our power to tide over the difficulty and to discover a way to avoid a litigation that otherwise might be caused by the persistent refusal of these privileges; but, as I have said, if the offer is misunderstood or undervalued by those for whose benefit it is intended, nothing will be easier than to secure its absolute and unconditional withdrawal. The plenipotentiaries on both sides were animated by a feeling of anxiety as to future possibilities if an agreement were not arrived at, animated also by a strong desire to draw closer the ties between the two greatest nations of the earth, England and America, They prepared and submitted this agreement. The responsibility now rests upon other shoulders. It rests in the first place, no doubt, upon the people of the United States, a country where public opinion is all-powerful. It rests upon the Senate of the United States, upon that great legislative and executive body which in the past history of the country has played so distinguished a role, and for my part I cannot bring myself to doubt that they will rise to the importance of this great occasion, that they will not suffer party interest to influence them in a matter of international welfare, and that they will do all in their power to aid our efforts in promoting a concord upon which the peace and well-being of the world may depend. I trust that they will remember the words of General Grant, written by him when he was almost on his death-bed, and which may be considered, therefore, as his last legacy to the American people. At the closing chapter of his memoirs he says: "England and the United States of America are natural allies and ought always to be the best of friends." That great warrior, who had fought more battles and won more victories than any man in history, did not look upon war with the complacency with which it is regarded by irresponsible politicians and editors of newspapers. General Grant thought he saw the best guarantee for peace in the friendship which he deemed it his duty to promote. That friendship, believe me, is important to the interests of both our nations. It is dictated by our common origin—(hear, hear)—by the ties of blood and of history, by our traditions, and, gentlemen, I believe there is no higher ambition for a statesman in either country than to have contributed in the slightest degree to draw closer and tighter the bonds of comity which should always unite all the branches of the English speaking peoples.

The conclusion of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was greeted by a most enthusiastic burst of applause and long and vociferous cheering.

PANAMA CANAL.

Meeting of the Company in Paris—M. de Lesseps Confident of the Completion of the Canal, but Postpones the Date.

A Paris cable says: M. de Lesseps, in his report to the extra meeting of the Panama Canal Company to-day, stated that the ill-will of opponents of the canal, which resulted in compelling the company to borrow money at a higher rate of interest than was expected, is the only cause of the increased cost and of the intimidation of certain of the company's contractors. Referring to the number of cubic metres excavated in 1887, the report states that owing to the prevalence of the rainy season, and the difficulty in procuring workmen, M. de Lesseps can hardly ensure completion of the canal in 1889. The directors have been induced to agree to the construction of locks, by means of which vessels of the largest tonnage may traverse the canal in 1890, before the work is absolutely completed. The financial statement shows that 110,000,000f. were on hand on January 1st, 1888. Pending the decision of the Government regarding the lottery loan, it has been decided to proceed with a third issue of bonds of 1,000f. to the value of 6,000,000f., the repayment of which will be provided for by the creation of a guarantee fund invested in rentes. In conclusion M. de Lesseps expresses his absolute confidence in the completion of the canal. The meeting unanimously adopted M. de Lesseps' report.

Latest Scottish News.

Lord Rosebery suggests that a tablet should be erected in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, to the memory of the late Earl of Dalhousie.

A chapel erected at Linlithgow in memory of Mary Queen of Scots was opened on Sunday, the 12th ult., by the Rev. Canon Grady, V. G., Falkirk.

A petition has been presented to Her Majesty in Council by the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, praying for the grant of a charter under the name and style of "The Senate of Physicians and Surgeons of Scotland," with power to grant degrees in medicine and surgery.

The death has occurred at Aberdeen of Rev. John Watt, minister of Strathdon. Mr. Watt commenced his career as schoolmaster in Rathen, and in 1857 was presented to the parish of Towie, shortly afterwards being translated to Strathdon. Mr. Watt was married to Miss Gordon, daughter of the late General Gordon, Coldrain, by whom he is survived.

Queer Charge of Smuggling.

A Lockport, N.Y., despatch says: A New York man was detected by two Suspension Bridge Custom Inspectors at that place last night coming over from Canada on the Grand Trunk train, trying to smuggle gold watchcases, studded with diamonds. He was arrested and taken to Lockport, where he was committed for trial. Combremont represents the Dubois Watch-Case Company, of Brooklyn, and is a fine-looking, well dressed man. He asserts that the watch-cases were his samples, that he took them over to Canada as such, and should not be accused of smuggling for bringing them back.

Bobby (thoughtfully)—Pa. Father (irascibly)—Ya'as, ya'as, what is it? Bobby—Do you think I'll be as cross as you when I grow up?

The three Ewing brothers, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., were born at the same time fifty-four years ago. They are said to be the oldest, largest and best-looking triplets in the United States. Abel weighs 225 pounds, Joshua 243 and Putnam 248; total, 716 pounds.

PRINCE WILLIAM.

The Future Emperor of Germany—His Advancement to a Major-Generalship—How He Looks and Acts.

A Berlin cable says: Prince William, the eldest son of the Crown Prince and future heir to the German throne, received the title of Major-General as a birthday present from the Emperor on January 27th. The advanced age of the monarch and the frail condition of the Crown Prince's health have certainly had much to do with the grandson's rapid promotion. Two years ago—he is now 29—Prince William ranked only as a major, and people in general looked with surprise at the slowness with which he advanced, yet all praised the thoroughness of his military education. Innumerable princelings were then above him, as well as untitled men of not much longer service, for a Prussian prince receives his straps at the age of 10. He was compelled to work like the rest of his comrades, equally subject to military discipline. Early and late he was with his regiment, ordered about as an ordinary major, saluting his superiors, with little or no attention—in a military way—paid to his royal rank. But all this is changed, and he wears now the brilliant insignia of a Prussian major-general. The Emperor appointed him by telegraph, he being stationed at Potsdam, and a few hours later he presented himself to his grandsire in his new regimentals, beamingly happy at his increased importance. Any hour may make him crown prince—yes, may make him king and emperor—and the proud old ruler has at last thought it best to recognize this possibility, and prepare the young man for its realization.

Yet Prince William is a young-looking Major-General. He lacks the prominent, rugged features of his father and the handsome lines of his grandsire. The Hohenzollerns have no hereditary physical characteristics. Even Prof. Virchow failed to find any cranial ones in his scientific examination of the ancestral skulls. They have never intermarried, having the purest blood of all royal families, a custom which tends to preserve and intensify peculiarities. Prince William has the appearance of a young man of 25. His upper lip shows a sparse blonde moustache, his nose is slightly Roman, with a medium forehead, and his hair stands back like Beethoven's. But, despite the comparatively weak chin, his cold blue eye has a brave, daring expression which reminds one a little of the great Frederick, whom he is fondly said to resemble in character. He is slender in build and shorter in stature than his brother, the "naval Hohenzollern." His right hand is badly crippled and his right arm at least two inches shorter than his left—a defect which has caused as much annoyance and mental pain as ever Byron's deformity did. He tries upon every occasion to conceal it, but tries, of course, in vain. Yet the skill he possesses is remarkable. He carries his sword upon parade as well as any officer, and has become a most excellent fencer, rides like a Cossack and shoots with unerring aim. No officer in the army is more popular than this royal scion, and none is more clever. No wonder that his men are attached to him. He has a pleasant word for all, and cracks his joke with the common man as though he were of his number. His training has been very democratic. He attended school at Cassel, boarding with one of the teachers, and treated exactly as one of the other boys. Taking his lunch one day, he noticed one of his comrades eating the black bread which the poorer classes use in Germany. Wishing to taste it, he offered to "trade" with the boy—the son, I believe, of a poor mechanic—who, of couse, was only too glad to do so. It pleased the Prince's palate so much that he made an agreement to exchange lunches with the boy every day, and thenceforward he always feasted upon the black bread baked in the house of the mechanic. He was graduated after several years at Cassel among the first in his class, to the great satisfaction of his parents, who attended the commencement. He afterward—as is the Hohenzollern custom—attended the university at Bonn, and joined the famous Saxo-Borussen corps, over whose annual meetings he presides, and is as eager as any in relating the pranks of his student days, and to-day one meets him in the streets of Berlin in civilian's clothes mingling with the people like the "citizen king." The malady and suffering of the Crown Prince in the far-off Italian town have roused the sympathies of the whole population; but despite his popularity, despite the way they love him, it is safe to say the majority of the nation spend more enthusiasm upon his son, look upon Prince William as the wearer of the mantle of Frederick the Great, and believe him destined to fulfil the cherished hopes of Germany, further the plans of a Bismarck and Moltke, and cement the union of the fatherland.

The Kilt in the House of Lords.

A London correspondent writes: The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who moved the Address, rather electrified their lordships and the rest of his audience (who are not used to such things) by appearing in Highland costume. Now, had it been Mr. William O'Brien appearing thus attired in the House of Commons, men's minds might have been somewhat prepared and the shock would not have been so great. But Lord Crawford in a kilt certainly proved a startling apparition in the House of Peers. He moved the Address in a neat and thoughtful little speech, and then gave way to the seconder, Lord Armstrong, who wore the familiar Windsor uniform, which was calming and reassuring beside the strange attire of Lord Crawford.

Under His Wife's Hoops.

Henry IV., at that time King of Navarre, heard that the assassins were in search of him. With his admirable presence of mind he told his wife, Queen Margaret, to sit down and concealed himself under her hoops, so that when the cut-throats burst into the apartment she could tell them with the most natural air in the world: "The bird that you are trying to catch has just flown out of the window." Whereupon they shrunk away, whilst their intended victim laughed in his wife's petticoats.

—It is stated that the wealthiest man in the Ontario Legislature is Robt. Ferguson, member for East Kent. He is a bachelor, 54 years of age, lives at Thamesville, and is worth a million.

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Display of that Quality by a Young Woman Under Most Trying Circumstances.

A Leavenworth, Kan., despatch says: Miss Nellie, daughter of Hon. P. G. Lowe, of this city, was visiting the Misses Marsh at their home in Dyington Park, Kansas City, last week. One evening the family were up beyond the regular hour of retiring. Miss Lowe had for a room-mate one of the young ladies she was visiting, and while preparing for a night's rest she had a premonition that all was not right, and expressed herself as feeling as if there was an unseen person in the room. Her fears were laughed at; but so firmly had the conviction become impressed upon her mind that she placed a few matches on a chair at the head of the bed, to be used in case of an emergency. But sleep soon drove away all fears, and for a number of hours their slumbers were not disturbed, when from some unknown cause Miss Lowe was suddenly awakened, feeling that there was another occupant of the room, and that, whatever or whoever it was, it was steadily gazing at her face. She was so sure of this that she did not dare open her eyes for a minute or two. When she did, it was to see the form of a big negro crouching oeside her trunk, which was but a few feet from where she was lying. In a flash her plan of operations filled her mind. Securing the hand of her sleeping companion, she gently pressed until the latter was awakened, and in a smothered whisper asked Miss Marsh if she could not hear a noise. The stealthy steps of the burglar were plainly heard, and Miss Lowe, telling her companion not to move, remarked loud enough for the robber to hear that her throat was very sore, and said, "Won't you go with me to the bath-room for a drink of water?" but added, almost in the same breath, "Never mind, I will go myself." Suiting her actions to the words, she leisurely arose from bed, picked up a match, and walking to the door opened it and stepped out into the hall. Miss Marsh, not knowing what had taken place, as the room was in almost total darkness, sat up in bed, and seeing the negro still beside the trunk, but standing erect, screamed. At this juncture Miss Lowe lighted a match and also screamed, and the would be robber dashed to the window and, springing to a ladder that he had in readiness there, swiftly slid to the ground and dashed away in the darkness. The continued screams of the young ladies aroused the household, but there was nothing to be seen but the open window through which the intruder had made his exit. Nothing had been disturbed, and it was evident that he had been in the room but a few minutes before being discovered by Miss Lowe.

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

A Man Chloroforms a Servant Girl in Daylight, Cuts off Her Hair, and Carries it off.

A Davenport, Iowa, despatch says: Employed at the residence of Ira L Gifford, on Brady street, is a girl named Maggie Jensen, aged 13 years—strong for one of her age. Her parents live in West Davenport. Shortly after 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the girl says, a man rapped at the front door. She hastened to the door and opened it partly. "Does Mr. Gifford live here?" "Yes, sir." "Is he at home?" "No, sir." "I will leave this note for him." The man took a pencil and piece of paper from his vest-pocket and commenced writing against the door-casing. He extended the paper toward the girl, and that is the last of her recollection of the stranger. When she came to her senses between 4 and 5 o'clock she found herself on the floor in a bed-room at the end of the hall, with her hair severed close to the back of her head. There was a strong odor of chloroform in the room. On the floor and on a dressing case were several clippings of hair.

What object the man could have in securing the girl's hair is a query. It is what is known as "sandy" hair—neither red nor auburn—and was not more than seven or eight inches in length. The girl was not assaulted in any other way than that stated. She has been closely questioned by Chief Kessler and other members of the police, and by several persons, but she tells the same straight story every time.

Preparing to Escape.

One of the prisoners named Davis, aged 24, in the Portsmouth convict prison, who had just commenced his second term of five years' penal servitude, was having his cell searched, when it was found that he had only one sheet in his bed. He was examined, and it was ascertained that he had converted one sheet into a perfectly fitting suit of clothes, a cap being made of the some material, and he was wearing this under his ordinary prison garb. A letter was found on him, addressed to a resident in Portsmouth, appealing for money.—*Pal Mall Gazette.*

Their Third Set of Triplets.

A Texarkana, Tex., despatch says: The wife of James McElmore, living at this place, has given birth to triplets, two boys and a girl. The couple have been married only three years and this is the third set of triplets that has been born during that time and all alive. The McElmore neighborhood is indifferent to an immigration movement.

Chance for a Story Writer.

Mrs. Amanda Heffron left England and her husband eight years ago. Two years afterward she heard on good authority that he was dead, so she became Andrew Gorman's wife. Seven months ago she learned that Heffron was alive and she separated from Gorman. Heffron met her a week ago on the street and choked her. Justice Miner satisfied himself yesterday that Heffron was in the wrong and fined him $3.—*Detroit News.*

At the Ball.

Admiring Mamma (pointing to her daughter)—Don't you think that Nannie looks so much better in that dress, Mrs. Greene, than in any she has ever had?

Mrs. Greene (with emphasis)—Why, my dear Mrs. Scott, I don't think anything could improve Nannie's appearance.

It was meant as a compliment, but the fond mamma took it otherwise, and now they don't speak.

Uh is the name of a Philadelphia grocer, and Von Meyemppensteinmetz, of Stuttgart, sausage maker.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE *Gaceta Oficial*, of Mexico, announces that the Associated Press of that city, at its last meeting, initiated a movement for the abolition of bull fights in the federal district. No member of the press will henceforth attend any exhibition of this kind or write any notices in relation to them.

PROFESSOR A. S. EWING, in a lecture in New York, urged that the common expression, "veins of coal" is incorrect, and should never be used, "seams of coal" being the correct term. Coal is found not running across and through the bedding or stratifications of the rocks, but as a true strata or bed itself.

A HUNGARIAN miner has been found in Pennsylvania, says the Binghamton *Leader*, who lives on two cents a day. He was brought over and put in the place of an American miner by a mine-owner of Pennsylvania, who once in four years tells his men that war taxes must be maintained unless American labor is to be brought into competition with the "pauper labor" of Europe.

A PRESENT is to be made to the Princess of Wales on the occasion of her silver jubilee. Upward of $15,000 has already been collected, and those who have the personal friendship of Her Royal Highness, or the *entree* to Marlborough House, will be the donors of the gift, which will take the form of a necklace. The presentation will take place on the 10th of March at Marlborough House.

PASCHAL PORTER, the wonderful child revivalist, of Indiana, who is now only 11 years old, recently preached a sermon in the Baptist Church at Williamstown, Ky., that astonished everybody who heard it. The pastor of the church says that he has read sermons on the same subject delivered by the ablest preachers, but not one of them could compare in power or in elegance of diction with the boy's exhortation.

THE Imperial crown of all the Russias is the finest ever worn by a sovereign. It is in the form of a Bishop's mitre and carries on its crest a cross composed of five of the most beautiful diamonds ever cut supporting the largest ruby in the world. Eleven great diamonds in a foliated arch rising from the front and back of the crown support this cross and ruby, and on either side is a hoop of thirty-eight pearls, than which there are no handsomer known.

RECENTLY, in Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury received a deputation from the Coptic and Abyssinian Churches. The Coptic and Abyssinian Churches are really not two, but one. The Copts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians and the Coptic is the native Christian Church of Egypt. The Coptic Patriarch, who takes his title from Alexandria, but who resides at Cairo and who is regarded as the successor of St. Mark, is at the head of the Coptic and Abyssinian Christians.

THE extra expense of warming the outer pure air in cold weather, remarks the *Canada Health Journal*, as it comes into rooms is with many people an obstacle to ventilation. But these same people often think little of the extra cost of some of the higher priced foods with which to gratify their palate, when often they would be better with simpler, less expensive food. "Simpler food and purer air" might well be put up as a motto on their wall. It should be put up everywhere in the mind of men and of women too, in indelible letters, that the very last essential of life in which anyone should attempt to economize, should be the outer pure air. Expenses may be cut down in every other necessary much more safely, remember, and with less disadvantage than in this one.

THIS is an age of stupendous schemes and the railway comes in for its due share Prominent among these, in so far at least as the features of daring and magnitude are concerned, is the proposal to build a line of railway to connect Minneapolis and St. Paul with Pekin, China, and Irkutsk, Russia, via Victoria, B.C., and Cape Prince of Wales, Behring Strait, involving among other astonishing things the bridging of Behring Strait, which at the point suggested in this scheme is only thirty-five miles wide and from 20 to 25 fathoms deep. The distance from Victoria to Cape Prince of Wales is about 1,100 miles. It is not stated who the moving spirits in this stupendous enterprise are further than that they are western men, which leaves no doubt that in the matter of enterprise and daring at least there will be nothing lacking.

IN a speech delivered recently in London Dr. Edward White said in regard to mental bondage: "We were the slaves of writings, institutions and ancient words and phrases. We needed freedom to consult the divine oracles and revelations. Such freedom would end in the diminution of the authority of priests and Parliament, but would increase the individual freedom of men and tend to the greater glory of the Christian religion." A religious contemporary asks who or what stands in Dr. White's way, and suggests that this cry for liberty, when every man has it if he will only take it, is degenerating into mere babble. If a man cannot find the liberty he wants in one denomination he can try another. If he cannot find it in any he can stand alone. There is really now no longer any intellectual religious bondage except such as is self-elected.

"THE decay of old religious animosities is indicated," thinks the *Christian Union*, "by the modern Protestant attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church. The Pope's jubilee, with the numerous expressions of good will from Protestant sources, is a sign. One may hold Protestant convictions as resolutely as his fathers held them, and may oppose the Catholic propaganda in Church and State with the greatest zeal and earnestness, and still preserve toward this Church that attitude of Christian courtesy which ought to be, although it never yet has been, the characteristic of Christian peoples. It is not impossible that the time may come when the old antagonism of the Catholic and the Protestant may appear insignificant in view of the deeper antagonisms which shall make them essentially one. Thomas Carlyle declared that the real struggle in every age is between the believer and the unbeliever, and it has seemed at times of late as if this phrase might soon describe the practical issue of certain tendencies in modern society. For anarchism and social disorder of the radical kind have their roots in atheism, and it is quite possible that the time may come when the real issue will be between the theist and atheist; the man who believes in God and order and freedom and rights of person and property on the one side, and the man who disbelieves in all these on the other side. Whenever that time comes the Protestant and the Catholic will stand side by side in a common defence of those common beliefs which have been their possession these many centuries."

The Persian Barber.

In Persia the barber is quite an important man; his profession does not stop at shaving chins and heads, but includes both surgery and dentistry; just as it used to do in England before Queen Elizabeth's time. His shop is a stall-like place, with an open front and a brick floor. In the centre of the floor is a little tank of water, or perhaps a miniature flower garden. A breast-high recess in the thick wall is the receptacle for the miscellaneous tools and implements of the barber's triple profession. The razors are set straight and stiff in the handles like table-knives. Several of these, scissors, combs and a little hand-mirror complete his barbering tools; but side by side with them are fleams and lancets for blood-letting, branding-irons for actual cautery, and a pair of rude iron pincers for pulling teeth. The Persian barber's customers sit cross-legged on the floor, or more often, in fine weather, outside the shop, in the street. To get shaved, with a Persian, is to have, not merely the face shaved, but the entire head, save for a little tuft on top or one on each side. Not every Persian shaves his beard, but he always gets his head shaved. In the case of boys the tuft on top of the head is allowed to grow long, the idea being that in case of death Mahommed will have something to lift them into paradise by. Old men with flowing beards think their whiskers provide this needful hand-hold and so have their scalps quite clean. Young men and beaux have a little tuft, termed the ryulf, or love-lock, left on each side to grow long and dangle behind the ear.

Beefsteak and Black Eyes

There is a world-wide superstition that as soon as a man gets a black eye he must use cold application for hours, and that the best cold application possible is raw beef. I call it a superstition because it is without reason and against reason. Everybody knows that what makes a discoloration of the skin by a bruise is the congestion of the part with the blood that cannot get away again, so that it decomposes and changes its color; and everybody ought to know that the way to prevent such a result is to facilitate and stimulate the circulation in the bruised part. A cold application retards the circulation, and the best thing is to stimulate it by hot applications. Twice in my life I was threatened with a black eye. On the first occasion I applied raw beef and other cold applications, and succeeded in producing the blackest eye you ever saw. On the second occasion I got some hot water right away and bathed the eye for about half an hour in it. The result was that there was not the slightest discoloration at any time.—*Chicago Journal*

An Arab's Reply.

While exploring the ruins of Nineveh Layard wrote to a Turkish cadi: "O cadi Can you inform me what is the size of the village; how many are its people, and by what industries do they live?" The Turk answered: "O effendi! Joy of my liver! The thing you want to know is difficult to find out and useless. I have never counted the houses nor numbered the men, and as to what this man loads on his camel or that man hides in his tent is no concern of mine. Oh my soul's light! Joy of my liver! Shall we say behold this star spinneth about that star? Let it spin. Or shall we say, Lo, that star with a tail cometh and goeth in so many days! Let it go! Amen."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Secret of His Success.

Burt was 12 years old. He came home from Sunday School one day and said he had taught a class of little boys.

"What possessed you to do such a thing?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I got along first-rate. They began to giggle and I told them if they didn't quit it I would lick every last one of them when Sunday School was out. The Superintendent said it was the stillest class there was.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Undress Piety.

Rev. Dr. Chasuble (to only member present)—I'm thankful that one member of the church is not afraid to come out in rain as well as in sunshine.

Mrs. Pray—Well, if it hadn't have stormed I couldn't have come, for my new bonnet isn't ready.

Life Laid Down for Georgia.

I was in Winchester, Va., last summer, and I came upon a magnificent granite shaft in the Confederate Cemetery, bearing the following inscription:

"Stranger, go tell it in Georgia that 1,900 Georgians lie here in obedience to her laws."—*Atlanta Journal.*

A Tough Lease.

A gentleman had taken a house on University street, and went up yesterday to sign the lease, but, to his astonishment, he found that a clause had been inserted forbidding him to play the piano, to play cards or open the windows on Sunday.—*Montreal Gazette.*

A little 4-year-old, just learning to spell words of three letters, was sitting at his desk looking at a book, the words of which were beyond his capacity. After trying in vain to make them out he looked up and said: "Mamma, if I had glasses I guess I could read all these words." His mother laughed and said, "Only old folks need glasses." The little fellow's face became very serious as he said: "Why, mamma, do you think I'm too new?"—*New York World.*

Quite a scare has been created at the Chicago Bridewell, where 950 prisoners are confined, over a discovery of a case of smallpox yesterday. The victim is a man who came here from the East a few days ago and was sent out for vagrancy. He was promptly removed to the pest-house, and on Saturday 600 of the prisoners were vaccinated. The remainder will be treated to-day.

LATEST FASHION NOTES.

Novelties for Spring and Summer Wear.

All the young debutante blondes wear bonnets o poppy-red tulle for calling and afternoon teas.

Some of the elaborate French gloves are embroidered on the backs with gold or silver thread in designs of fleur-de-lis and sometimes with the monogram of the wearer.

On the new bonnets all the trimmings are lowered, though they are by no means flat. But the towering pointed bows of last year have given place to soft, wide loops, put on to give a broader effect. Very thick aigrettes will be used again, and these as high as ever, but too fine and light to be objectionable.

For evening wear in the way of wraps the plush long coat is giving place to one of red cloth, or preferably of poppy-colored cashmere. If of the latter it is made with a number of little tucks both back and front, which descend to the waist and there open to form part of the fulness in the very full skirts. They are lined throughout with sicilienne of the same shade and have sleeves opening very wide at the wrist.

A pretty walking dress is made of bright golden brown ladies' cloth, with a very high finish. The skirt is edged with a little cording of sealskin, above it being many folds of the material in pinked scallops. The long curtain draperies are corded with the sealskin, as are the edges of the vest, which is composed of rows of the pinked materials. A pretty little cloth and sealskin toque and a sealskin cape complete the costume.

Corsages with full fronts are in great favor for dresses of various materials, from heavy silks to the thinnest gauzes. The amateur dressmaker will find that this fulness is easily added, and that it will improve the simplest bodice. For cotton fabrics and also for silks it is only necessary to add two or three inches of greater breadth to the fronts, gathering this fulness at the throat and at the waist line. In wash dresses the darts are not taken up on the outside, but only in the lining; in silks, however, the darts are sewed in both.

Double-breasted corsages are becoming too long for slender figures, as they have the effect of making them appear shorter in the waist. Irregular arrangements are preferred for double-breasted bodices, such as lapping the right side nearly to the left arm-hole, then turning over the top to form a triangular reverse and sloping the space below back to the middle of the waist line. Another fancy has the doubled parts only below the darts, while the upper part has a gathered plastron of silk or lace edged by a collar of moir or velvet, which also crosses with the lower part to the left side, where it is buttoned.

For waists that are too short braces or bretelles of ribbon are used to give an appearance of greater length. Two inch ribbons are folded narrowly to a point just beside the buttons, and are gradually widened until they reach to the collar, or else the shoulder-seams next the collar, when they again pass down the back, forming a point at the waist line. Narrow, long vests and slender revers are also becoming to those short waists. Diamond-shaped revers rolled over next a narrow vest are in great favor at present; each revers represents half an elongated diamond, and may be made of velvet, while the vest is of moire, or may be covered with gilt beading or galloon or with lace, and the revers be made of moire.

To make a pretty V shaped opening in a dress high on the shoulders, the straight edges of the fronts of the dress goods are carried back to the shoulder seams and the fulness is gathered along these seams. Pretty lapped corsages have the fulness carried still further back on the shoulder-seams, and a fabric of contrasting color (such as surah, tulle or Brussels net) partly fills in the pointed throat, passing around the neck and being carried in folds down the front, lapping to the left side at the waist line and finished there with a rosette or flowing bow of ribbon. For instance, a dress of suede-colored bengaline has pale blue China crape folds in the neck; and another of gray veiling striped with poppy-red has bright red surah folds with inside olds of red tulle next the open throat.

All the shop windows are now filled with the spring goods. A pretty satine is of a light shade of old blue, with polka dots of a darker shade and irregular sizes strewn over it in such a manner as to give the effect of stripes. Pale gray blue veilings are shown in combination with heavy cream white canvas, with widely separated double stripes of the blue grey in bourette. All shades of green are popular in the new satines and summer silks; the figures are rather large, and are copied from natural objects, such as leaves, flowers and fruit, rather than the conventional designs that were in favor last season. Nearly all the veilings and cashmeres, chaillies and bengalines are made in combinations, most of them having skirt and waistcoat of dull white, striped with the color from which the draperies and bodice are made.

A White Robin.

On Thursday morning Mr. H. W. Barret, telegraph operator at Maiden's Adventure, Va., was sitting in his office, and, to his astonishment, he saw a white robin perch itself on a tree near by. He called the attention of several parties to it, but they said it could not be a robin. Mr. Hicks, who was present, shot the bird, and it proved to be a robin, entirely white, with the exception of a small brick-dust spot under the breast.—*Richmond (Va. State.*

A Tarantula's Savage Attack.

A Kansas City despatch says: Mrs. Johnson, who keeps a small fruit store on Independence avenue, was moving a bunch of bananas this morning when a large tarantula jumped out and made a savage attack upon her, but inflicted no wound. It then jumped to the floor, where a cat attacked it and received a bite, from which it soon died. The insect's body was over an inch in diameter.

The Grand Old Man and Mrs. Gladstone will celebrate their golden wedding (D. V.) in July next.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

The Origin of Many Chest and Throat Diseases.

Some of us who have attained to the dignity of middle age may remember the time when George Catlin, the famous American traveller, startled nervous people by solemnly warning them of the dangers of opening their mouths. Carlyle, whose mouth by the way, when he had anybody to listen to him, was certainly "open" to a very considerable extent, had emphatically uttered a similar warning; but, whereas his words had reference only to the flow of talk, Mr. Catlin was exclusively concerned with the inhalation of breath, which he firmly maintained ought as far as possible to be performed by the nostrils. The memory of the eccentric little book, with its odd pictorial devices, entitled "The Breath of Life," wherein these views were propounded, is just now revived by Dr. Abbotts in a new monthly magazine devoted to the subject of health. Dr. Abbotts was a personal friend of Catlin, and, moreover, assisted him in writing the little book referred to. Catlin it was who said: "If I were to endeavor to bequeath to posterity the most important motto which the human language can convey, it would be in three words—Shut your mouth." Since then this advice has become one of the commonplaces of popular physiology. Catlin spent great part of his life among the North American Indians, sojourned with them, practiced their customs and mode of life, until he became as one of themselves. He went among them in the hope of improving his health by travel, for he was suffering from consumption. Having observed that this insidious disease and indeed all chest and throat affections were very rare with the Indian tribes he inqured into the cause, got a useful "wrinkle," as folk say, profited by it and was troubled with weak lungs no more. So careful, we are told, are the Indians in this respect that the women are very particular in inculcating among their children from infancy the habit of keeping the mouth shut. How many a civilized white father would at times be glad to "inculcate" in the same direction! After lowering the baby from the breast they carefully press its lips together before it falls asleep, and we are told that the habit it thus early acquired becomes permanent. One of the most eminent of the popular expounders of scientific truth in the present day is credited with saying that: "Man is the only creature that can breathe through the mouth and he is a fool when he does so." Dr. Abbotts attributes to our ignorance and neglect of this truth a great proportion of our cases of sore throat, cough, bronchitis and chest disease. Caries of the teeth is also one of the evil consequences, while the injury done to the habitual expression of the features is sufficiently recognized by our contemptuous term, "a gaping idiot," and the French *gobe mouche* or "fly swallower." There seems little reason to doubt, says the London *News*, that chest and throat diseases, which often spring from the inhalation of irritating dust, as well as from damp and cold, would be much less frequent were Catlin's advice universally acted upon, and civilized mankind learned to breathe through the nostrils alone.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others it is an advanced outpost of approaching diseases of worst type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is to o late, use Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines till it is too late—'til the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician "A word to the wise is sufficient."

How Monkeys Eat Oysters.

Alfred Carpenter, of the Marine Survey Office, Bombay, has observed Macacus monkeys on the island off South Burmah opening oysters with a stone. They bring the stones from high water mark down to low water, selecting such stones as they can easily grasp. They effect an opening by striking the base of the upper valve until it dislocates and breaks up. Then they extract the oyster with the finger and thumb, occasionally putting the mouth straight to the broken shell. The way they have chosen is the easiest to open the shell.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

Many men of many minds
Many pills of various kinds.

But for a mild, effective, vegetable purgative, you had better get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion and bilious attack; 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Maiden Inexperience.

Kittie—Oh, Fannie, Joe proposed to me last night. Fannie—No, you don't say? Did he do it nicely? Kittie—Yes—no—I don't know. I'm no expert.—*Washington (D.C.) Critic.*

Fair Evidence for Everybody.

No one can doubt the great merit of Polson's Nerviline, for it has been placed in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give you the opportunity of testing its wonderful power over all kinds of pain. This is the best evidence of its efficiency, for every person can try for themselves. Polson's Nerviline is a positive (it cannot fail) cure for cramps, headache, colds, neuralgia and the host of pains that flesh is heir to. Good to take; good to rub on. Go to any drug store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents.

He Meant Well.

A man, whose wife is away on a visit, wrote to her the other day and added this stanza, which he wrote in good spirit, but which is likely to raise a row:

If absence makes the heart grow fonder,
And distance makes the dear more dear.
I pray thee, do not cease to wander,
And stay away at least a year.

Cause for Singing.

Brown—That Jones is an insufferable bore.

Robinson—How do you make that out?

B.—Hear him singing "I've got $15 in my inside pocket."

R.—Why not? By Jove, if I had $15 in my inside pocket I would sing to.

A "Put and Call."

This is a funny phrase to the uninitiated, but all the brokers understand it. They use it when a person gives a certain per cent. for the option of buying or selling stock on a fixed day, at a price stated on the day the option is given. It is often a serious operation to the dealer, but there is a more serious "put and call" than this: when you are "put" to bed with a severe cold and your friends "call" a physician. Avoid all this by keeping in the house Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The great cure for pulmonary and blood diseases. Its action is marvellous. It cures the worst cough, whether acute, lingering or chronic. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumption, Night-sweats and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

Tonsorial Item.

Barber—I think I have cut your hair evenly. Your head looks perfectly round.

Customer—It don't make any difference if my head ain't round; I'm not going to roll ninepins with it, anyhow.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

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BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES, FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAR. 15, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our contemporary, the *Grey Review*, is anxious to know what our opinion is now relative to the position taken by Conservative M. P's relative to Mr. Mills' amendment in the House of Commons recently, re the Scott Act. Well, we agree with Sir John McDonald, that the question should be considered aside from party politics altogether. It is purely a moral question, and to deal with it as it deserves, it is necessary to remove it from the arena of politics. Mr. Mills' motive in introducing the amendment was too transparent to mislead. He considered the exigencies of his party rather than the interests of Temperance people. It was quite a stroke of diplomacy on his part but he met with just such a rebuff as he merited.

These miserable subterfuges of politicians—whether emanating from the Reform or the Conservative benches—are calculated to produce a feeling of disgust in the adherents of both parties.

We suppose the Flesherton ADVANCE man will now spend the spring in trying to show that Dr. Sproule, who paired against the amendment, is a better temperance man than Dr. Landerkin, who voted for it," says the *Review*. THE ADVANCE man will do nothing of the kind. Dr. Sproule is one of the most consistent men who has ever sat in the House of Commons. Even his position on this tricky Mills' amendment is an evidence of his consistency; although it is possible he would still have voted with the Government if the amendment had been opposed to the Scott Act; simply because of the motive by which Mr. Mills was actuated in connection therewith. On the other hand, Dr. Landerkin was equally consistent, and would have been had the amendment been worded differently, viz., opposed to the Scott Act, and had he voted with his political friends as in the first instance. We admire consistency in politicians as in other men, and quite agree with the *Review* that there are too many men in the former class, who only "spout temperance" when it is suited to their party." Witness the recent political contest in South Grey and our M.P's vote on a former Scott Act amendment, in which an attempt was made to introduce the wine "and beer" clause, but which was defeated by those wicked Tories, whom the *Review* now professes to despise because they nipped Mr. Mills nice little trick in the bud.

The Thornbury *Standard* is one of the most spicy of our eastern exchanges. Its articles are original, forcible and pointed. Bro. Farewell is also a heavy hitter and he doesn't practice on a sand bag either same as our fighting editor. The *Standard* is fifteen years old, has gallantly survived a number of libel suits, and is now a sturdy and promising young man. It may be urged that we are biassed in favor of the *Standard*: the truth of the matter is, that the *Standard* has brains, and we always admired a newspaper possessing a goodly stock of that desirable article. Too many country papers are run by men who borrow, nay, *steal*, the productions of their more "brainy" contemporaries.

The Thornbury *Standard* says:—"Appleton Londry is the champion story teller of this section of the Province." Is that so? Why, we were actually under the impression that the editor of the Bruce *Herald* could down anything in this Province in that particular!

Some persons stole half a cord of wood from the editor of the Dundalk *Herald* recently. The men who would thus endanger their chances of getting inside the celestial city, must fear neither the Old Gentleman, who stirs up the fires of torment down below, nor the Dundalk penitentiary! The rascals well deserved the following certificate of character from the *Herald*:—"The beggars, thieves, scoundrels or whatever they be, only deserve our most scornful reproach for their blundering, disgraceful and unchristian conduct."

There must be some desperate characters around Dundalk. One man down there recently borrowed a bottle of gin and jalap from another man's overcoat pocket—forgetting to apprise the owner of the fact. The "borrower" treated a number of his friends to copious draughts from the bottle, not knowing that the latter was loaded and liable to go off without warning. It went off!

The Prince and Princess of Wales celebrated their Silver Wedding recently. We at first thought of sending our nickle-plated scissors as a gift, but were afraid Ned might discover the imposition and break the warm friendship now existing between us!

We believe there is no better centre in Simcoe, Grey or Bruce, for the establishment of a good foundry and machine shop, by some enterprising, go-ahead man, than Flesherton. The marvel to us is, that this fact has not been noticed before. Any pushing man with a fair amount of capital, ought to command the bulk of the trade in the three counties named.

Mr. S. J. Coleman writes a letter to the Markdale *Standard*, in which he maintains, that his statement, that the population of Markdale is "720 and not more," was correct; while the Editor is equally emphatic in declaring that "it is glaringly incorrect." The matter can easily be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, viz., by appointing some neutral person to take the census of the place and make affidavit as to the correctness of the same.

But it is passing strange, that the gentlemen who favored the elevation of the *late* town of Markdale, actually put the population of that place in the neighborhood of *one thousand!* If Mr. Coleman's census is "glaringly incorrect," the town "boomers" statement is outrageously so. It would seem that in order to effect their purpose, the "boomers" grossly misrepresented the facts—whether wilfully or ignorantly, we do not presume to say.

In his clever and forcible letter to the *Standard*, re incorporation of Markdale, Mr. S. J. Coleman among other things gets off the following retort:—"Had you, or your confreres supposed you could confute my figures, why not have demanded a delay in proceedings by the Legislative Committee? It would have been only a few days delay; but, sir, you were afraid of scrutiny into the *demerits* of the document you presented to the Legislature, which set forth that the population of Markdale was in or about one thousand, and that the population was rapidly increasing, a statement not borne out by the facts: in short, every allegation in the petition for Incorporation was false and misleading, and, if the would-be fathers of Markdale resort to questionable methods in carrying the first point in the nursery stage of our infant municipality, the ratepayers may rationally ask, "what next?" The flagrant falsehood was widely disseminated by so-called persons of purity, in order to hoodwink the unsuspecting public. There are certain persons in this world whose cranky minds are never satisfied—even the most rigid truth fails to appease their suspicious souls; for, the advocates of incorporation three years ago, discredited the man they employed to take a census, because his figures did not tally with their desires."

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair to a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the hair beautiful and abundant, removes dandruff, and renders the hair flexible and glossy.

Birth.

BLAIR.—In Flesherton, on the 10th inst., the wife of D. R. Blair, of a daughter.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."**

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 20 to 4 40	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 65	0 70
Oats	0 39	0 40
Peas	0 58	0 59
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 50	6 60
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 06
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirk's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.

Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888.

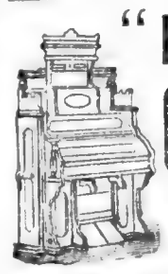

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FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c made up in good style.

"Shop in Johnston's Livery Office, Flesherton."

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-365

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DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

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W. C. T. U. Department].

Causes for Defeat of Scott Act.

From Globe.

Milton, March 1.—To-day's result was a great surprise, not only to the supporters of the Act, but also to the Antis. The Rev. A. E. Russ, after the result was known, proposed the following reasons for the defeat:—First, the voters' list was prejudicial to the Act; second, the illegality of the petition, causing people to be less interested in the contest; third, the late Halton Dominion election alienated a large number of the supporters of the Act; fourth, probably less interest is taken in the Act at present, as there is an increased desire for general prohibition.

Sentiment Stronger than Ever.

Dufferin Advertiser.

The Temperance Sentiment in Halton has not weakened—it is stronger to day than ever it was. The vote does not show any revulsion of feeling on the temperance question. It merely shows that skilful interference aided by money supplied by brewers and distilleries may snatch a verdict quite contrary to the sentiments of the people.

A Streetsville View of it.

Streetsville Review.

This much is certain, the defeat in Halton is the severest blow yet dealt against the Scott Act in Ontario. It has been tried in the balance and has been found wanting, and the "banner county" is the banner county no longer. There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of temperance, but no terrorism of the churches, no bastard legislation such as the Scott Act contains will ever bring the cause to full fruition. Other and better methods must be found, before the great object of temperance workers can be accomplished.

Bro. Townsends Opinion.

Grey Review.

Some temperance journals ascribe the cause of defeat to one thing and some to another. Some say the vote being taken on the Dominion Voter's List allowed a predominance of Tory votes. But we think the true cause was that after a trial of six years in Halton the Act was found to be unsatisfactory and not reaching the end desired by the Temperance men who voted for it. The great trouble with the Act is this, that it is a Federal Act, and all license and dealings with the Liquor traffic, should be under the Local Government.

Bro. Spurr's Opinion.

Dundalk Herald.

The repeal of the Scott Act in Halton County is the greatest blow the Temperance Party have received since the Dominion alliance organized and will do more to shake its power in other parts of the Province than all the legislation and lecturing of temperance workers can remedy. Halton was the pivot on which success or defeat for the whole Dominion rested and now it has turned nothing short of a miracle will reverse it.

A New Order of Things.

Chatsworth News.

The time was when children in our common schools were taught reading, writing and arithmetic. Now the time is taken up in teaching them prayers, singing, drawing and deportment. It will soon be that every well-regulated school will have to employ one or more dancing masters.

Decency in Stealing.

Dundalk Herald.

There is a decency even in stealing. If the person who has robbed the editor of half a cord of wood since the last snow storm had not been so abominably greedy as to take too big armfuls, dropping sticks of it on the sidewalk at every few paces in their hurry to get home, we might have been more lenient in our censure. As it is, the beggars, thieves, scoundrels or whatever they be, only deserve our most scornful reproach for their blundering, disgraceful and unchristian conduct.

A Philosophical Youth.

An old peasant was at the point of death, but the last stage of his illness was of long duration. One night his son left a candle burning near the dying man and went off to bed, saying as he left the room:

"Pa, when you think you're going, you can blow out the candle!"

Where Will the Public Come From.

Dundalk Herald.

The Flesherton ADVANCE speaking of Markdale extends its profoundest and most reverential congratulations on its recent elevation to the dignity of a town or town(ship) and wonders who will be Lord Mayor? In this there is no reason to wonder, the only wonder is when they get their mayor, town clerk, councillors civic officers, registrars etc., where the general public will come from.

A Leap-Year Proposal.

The opportunities and joys which leap year bring to the fair sex are not unattended with misery to unprotected masculiny. Here is a proposal just received by a Jordan, N. Y. bachelor:

Weedspot, Jennywerry 29—Dear Cir: I heer that you want to get a wife. I'm a widow with fore children and sixty-fore akers of land morgaged for $2,200. If you can pay off the morgage I will name the date, If knot don't answer; rite soon. P. S. I'm thirty ate, how old are you?

Qualified to Learn.

Farmer—I'd like for my son Jimmy to larn your trade.

Telegraph Operator—So you think he would like to manipulate the lightning, do you?

Father—Of course I do. The blamed fool can raise thunder now, and I guess he can soon larn to jerk lightnin'."

Where They Never Feel the Cold.

'Yes,' remarked the St. Paul man to a friend from Chicago as he stood arrayed in his blanket suit and adjusted a couple of buckskin chest protectors; 'yes, there is something about the air in this Northwestern climate which causes a person not to notice the cold. Its extreme dryness,' he added, as he drew on a pair of extra woolen socks, a pair of Scandinavian sheepskin boots, and some Alaska overshoes—'its extreme dryness makes a degree of cold, reckoned by the mercury, which would be unbearable in other latitudes, simply exhilarating here. I have suffered more with the cold in Michigan, for instance,' he added, as he drew on a pair of goatskin leggings, adjusted a double fur cap, and tied on some Esquimaux ear-muffs—'in Michigan or Illinois, we will say, with the thermometer at zero or above, than I have here with it from 45 to 55 below. The dryness of our winter air is certainly remarkable,' he went on, as he wound a couple of rods of red woolen scarf around his neck' wrapped a dozen newspapers around his body, drew on a full cloth overcoat, a winter-cloth overcoat, a light buffalo-skin overcoat, and a heavy polar-bear-skin overcoat; 'no, if you have never enjoyed our glorious Minnesota winter climate with its dry atmosphere, its bright sunshine, and invigorating ozone, you could scarcely believe some things I could tell you about it. The air is so dry,' he continued, as he adjusted his leather nose protector, drew on his reindeer-skin mittens and carefully closed one eyehole in the seal-skin mask that he drew down from his cap—'it is so dry that it actually seems impossible to feel the cold at all. We can hardle realize in the spring that we have had winter owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. By the way,' he went on, turning to his wife, 'just bring me a couple of blankets and those bed-quilts and throw them over my shoulders, and hand me that mug with the soapstone in it, and now I'll take a swig at this jug of brandy and whale-oil, and then if you'll have the girl bring my snow shoes and iceberg scaling stick I'll step over and see them pry the workmen off the top of the ice palace who were frozen on yesterday. I tell you we wouldn't be going out this way 500 miles further south where the air is damp and chilly. Nothing but our dry air makes it possible.'—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

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Farm for Sale.

Being the Lot 150 in the 2nd and 3rd Ranges S. W. of T. & S. Road, Artemesia, consisting of 50 acres more or less. About 35 acres cleared & in good state of cultivation. Adjoining Flesherton Station. Brick schoolhouse on one corner of the place. Good frame house, running creek and never-failing supply of spring water. For full particulars apply to MRS. JANE LATIMER on the premises, or Flesherton Station P.O.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY,
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The Washerwoman's Song.

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—
And thus I wring my life away.

An occupation strange is my mine;
At least it seems to people droll
That while I'm working at the line
I'm going, too, from pole to pole.

Where'er I go I strive to please,
From morn to night I rub and rub.
I'm something like Diogenes—
I almost live within a tub.

To acrobats who vault and spring
In circuses I take shine;
They make their living in the ring,
And by the wringer I make mine

My calling's humble I'll agree,
But I am no cheap calico
As some folks are who sneer at me;
I'm something that will wash, you know.

I smile in calm, I strive in storm,
With life dullen ties I cope,
My duties cheerfully perform,
My motto: While there's life there's soap

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—
And thus I wring my life away.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XIV.

While Mrs. Home and the bar-maid were discussing with Latreille Shirley's chances of happiness, and admiring Sir Hugh's devotion to her, Shirley, in the little sitting-room upstairs, was suffering a martyrdom of anxiety and suspense, although she tried to conceal it from Sir Hugh, who was presiding over the coffee-equippage with as much awkwardness as it was possible for an essentially graceful man to exhibit. Shirley had made a slight movement toward the tray when it had been placed before her, but she had seemed so languid and indifferent that Sir Hugh had laughingly told her to rest, and that he would pour out the coffee. Shirley had sunk back wearily into the depths of the old *fauteuil*, and tried to withdraw her thoughts from Jack and the delay, and to take in some idea of her surroundings.

The sitting-room—which was on the first story of the house—was just the kind of room which one would have been likely to expect from the outside appearance of the Half-Moon Inn. It was wide and low-ceiled, with two quaint latticed windows overlooking the market place, and a wide old-fashioned grate with an open chimney. It was furnished with more attention to comfort than the sitting rooms of country inns generally exhibit. There was a thick carpet on the floor, and there were heavy red damask curtains at the windows. There was an old-fashioned bureau in one of the recesses on either side of the fireplace; in the other there was a what not which was decorated with some antiquated pieces of china. Shirley's eyes wandered over them; and she remembered long afterward wondering vaguely what the books could be which were on the lower shelf of the what-not. She noticed, too, vaguely enough, that there were some pictures on the walls, engravings after Landseer, and a photograph of Millais's "Black Brunswicker." Her eyes rested on the latter for a few moments; something in the young officer's face reminded her of Guy. Guy was not so handsome perhaps, but he had that resolute yet tender look about the mouth. Then her eyes left the picture and came back to Sir Hugh, who was still busy with the coffee. How handsome he was handsomer far than Guy, handsomer than the Black Brunswicker, the handsomest man she had ever seen she thought, as she watched him sitting there in his dark tweed suit; he had thrown off his driving-coat. As she looked at him, he raised his blue eyes, and as they met hers, he smiled.

"Are you thinking that I am a long time over this coffee?" he said lightly. "The fact is that it is made in a French coffee-pot, and it has not yet all run through some complicated business of a sieve-like nature at the top. But it is ready now," he added, "and I hope it will prove good enough to reward our patience."

He poured out a cup of coffee, added milk and sugar in careful proportions and brought it to her side.

"You are to drink it," he said, with imperative gentleness. "You are bound to obey me, you know. Wives always obey their lords and masters, don't they?"

"Dutiful wives," she answered, forcing a smile.

"And are not all wives dutiful?" he asked gayly.

"You do not expect me to abuse my own sex?" she returned, as lightly as she could. "No one need criminate themselves, Sir Hugh."

"I expect nothing from you but that you will drink this coffee," he said, smiling. "When you have done so, we will discuss the foibles of your sex. Well," he went on, as she put the cup to her lips, "is it good?"

"Excellent! I did not know that this was one of your accomplishments," she answered graciously.

"Never exercised but for you," he said quietly, as he went back to the table; and the tenderness of his voice brought the color to her cheeks, and she bent over the coffee-cup to hide the hot flush.

It was an awkward and difficult position in which she found herself, and every minute as it went by made it more awkward and difficult. If she could have looked upon Sir Hugh merely as Guy's friend and willing to help her in her trouble for the sake of the friendship he bore her future husband, three parts of the difficulty would have disappeared; but he was not Guy's friend only—he professed a deep passionate love for Guy's *fiancee*, and, although he had promised to conquer that love, every tone of his voice, even when his words sounded indifferent, every glance of the tender blue eyes showed Shirley that the love was not yet subdued.

The young girl felt her position keenly, and it added considerably to her anxiety and uneasiness. Moreover, she was haunted by a terrible fear of her uncle and aunt discovering where she had spent the afternoon, and ascertaining by chance that she had not gone to the Manse to have a chat with the girls there, as she had said she was going. It was true that she had called at the Manse, but she had not stayed there five minutes, having hastened away to meet Sir Hugh at the cross-roads. What would become of her if they met Sir Gilbert or any of the family and household on the way back? How could she excuse herself without betraying Jack? And she could not do that if it cost her all the happiness of her life. She would tell Guy, of course, and Sir Hugh knew it already. But no one else should ever know how her brother had fallen under temptation and risked his disgrace and dishonor. And, if Sir Gilbert and her aunt even got a hint of that long drive with Sir Hugh, what would they think—what would they say? How could she bear their reproaches?

She drank the coffee, and Sir Hugh, who had been watching her furtively, rose and took the empty cup. As she tried to thank him, her lip quivered, and the beautiful hazel eyes looked up at him so piteously that for a moment he felt remorse and keen pain on his own part, not in her present suffering, but in that which this day's work would cost her. It was too late now to draw back, and, even had it not been so, the passion of his love and jealousy and the girl's great beauty were urging him on irresistibly down that swift path which leads to treachery and sin.

"You are getting very anxious," he said cheerfully; "but by and by how you will laugh at your fears! Your brother will be here very shortly now."

"Do you think so—do you really think so?" she asked unsteadily. "I have no courage left; such a terrible foreboding seems to have come over me. I am so afraid that something has happened to Jack."

"What could have happened to him?" Sir Hugh said lightly. "In all probability he has either missed the train at Glasgow, or he has had to wait ever so long for a train at Weldon."

"I think he would be careful not to miss the train at Glasgow," Shirley observed, "because he would guess how anxious I am. Indeed I do not think he has treated me kindly at all—although, poor boy, I suppose he was too unhappy to be thoughtful or considerate."

"He must be careful in future not to get into such scrapes," Sir Hugh said. "I must tell him that if he should get into trouble again, he must not trouble you, my child; he must write direct to me."

"But, Sir Hugh, that is impossible," Shirley rejoined quickly, looking up. "What claim has Jack upon you? I could not allow such a thing."

"Jack is my wife's brother, and therefore my brother-in-law," said Sir Hugh, smiling; and the color rose slightly in his face as he averted his blue eyes for a moment; "and I shall be only too happy to assist him in any possible way. By the bye, we must see if we cannot find him some better berth than the one he fills at present. Such a good linguist as he is ought not to be vegetating in a merchant's office. Tell me," he continued, leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, and looking down into the red glow of the fire—"how came he to get himself into this trouble? He is rather steady usually—is he not?"

"He always used to be very steady," said Shirley eagerly, lifting her earnest deprecating eyes to Sir Hugh's face. "He was always most thoughtful and good; but since he has been all alone I dare say he has felt having no home, and perhaps he has been led away by some of his companions."

"Most likely," Sir Hugh agreed promptly. "It is very hard for young fellows who are alone in large towns to keep themselves quite straight."

"I am afraid it is," Shirley sighed. "And at Glasgow I dare say he could get no other amusement but going to a club where his friends meet and where they play cards and smoke, and drink too, I am afraid," she added mournfully. "Oh, I wish he was a little more determined, so that when they ask him to play he would have courage to refuse!"

"This is the first time he has applied to you for assistance?" asked Sir Hugh gently.

"No, once before," she answered, coloring; "but he wanted only a small sum, and I was able to send it to him. But now I had spent all my allowance and—"

"Young ladies generally are in a state of impecuniosity, are they not?" he said, smiling. "I have often heard girls complain of being 'short of cash;' and my opinion is that their incomes are never large enough to cover their expenditure! However, I will tell your brother to look upon me as his banker in future. My dear child, don't attempt to dissuade me. I have heaps of money, as you know—but not enough to purchase happiness, though," he added mournfully.

"I hope Jack will have too much self-respect to need any more assistance," Shirley answered gravely. "And indeed you must not tell him so, Sir Hugh. It will only lead him into further temptation if he thinks that he can obtain money so easily. You see this time," she added, the hot color rising all over her fair pale face, from the chin to the soft rings of chestnut hair on her forehead, "he went on playing, hoping to win, and he lost and lost until he was almost mad, and then he took that money—Mr. Leeson's money—to pay his debt of honor; and—and but for your kindness what would have become of us both?" she finished brokenly, and there was a little embarrassed pause. "It is getting dark," Shirley said nervously then. "It will be very late by the time we get home, Sir Hugh."

He smiled a little; it was very pleasant to him to hear her say "we get home," and the blue eyes grew very tender as they went to her face.

"Tippoo shall do his best—and his best is a very good best, you know," he returned cheerily. "The days close in so early now, you know, that even when it is dark, it is still early in the afternoon. And I should think that even on a hot summer day it would be gloomy in this room."

Shirley rose restlessly and went across to the window. Sir Hugh followed and stood behind her, looking over her shoulder into the market-place. The market was over now, and the shops were beginning to light up; the lamps round the market-place were already lighted, and it looked quaint and curious and picturesque with its old-fashioned houses and the grotesque ugly fountain just facing them under the window.

"It reminds me of the *Place* of an old town in France where we spent a few days," Shirley said. "How the lamps are flickering, Sir Hugh! I am afraid the wind has risen very much."

"I am afraid it has," he answered regretfully. "I must wrap my little wife up well going home."

Again the hot blood rose in Shirley's face; but, before she could answer, Latreille threw open the room door, and announced, in rather an elevated tone of voice—

"The gentleman to see her ladyship, Sir Hugh."

A little cry of delight broke from Shirley as she turned from the window, and the next moment she was clasped in her brother's arms.

CHAPTER XV.

It was growing dark in the little sitting-room when Shirley lifted her head from her brother's shoulder with a long sigh of half pain, half relief. The fire was dying out, for they had both been too much absorbed to think of replenishing it; and Sir Hugh had left the room when Jack had entered it, hurrying over Shirley's nervous introduction with an awkward haste very foreign to his usual manner. And for nearly an hour the brother and sister had been alone.

They had had much to say to each other, and Shirley's sentences had often been interrupted by broken sobs which she could not repress, although she tried her utmost to check them in order not to add to Jack's already keen self-reproach. The young man had confessed all his folly. He had told her how he had suffered himself to be led away by his companions and lost the money—seventy pounds—a large sum to them—and how, rendered desperate by threats if the debt were not paid, he had taken the money from the cash-box intrusted to him, hoping that he might be able to refund it by degrees without detection; but some unforeseen circumstance had occurred which made it imperatively necessary that the money should be forthcoming on the morrow, and he had been in despair when he wrote to his sister.

"I thought you would manage to help me, Shirley," he said fondly; "you were always such a good little sister."

"But how could I have done so but for Sir Hugh?" she asked pitifully. "I could not even have sent to Guy—there was not time. Oh, Jack, you don't know what it has cost me!"

Poor child, she little guessed herself what it had cost her! She did not know until some weeks later when she paid the price.

"I am very sorry, dear," Jack said regretfully; but the load upon his heart had been relieved, and his elastic nature and naturally good spirits resumed their sway, even while he felt grieved at Shirley's sorrow. "You may be quite sure that I shall never give you such cause for unhappiness again. Sir Hugh must be an awfully generous fellow, Shirley."

"He is a friend of Guy," Shirley said, thankful for the darkness which hid her blushes.

"And how superbly handsome he is!" continued Jack, whose artistic eye had caught Sir Hugh's beauty at a glance. "Do you know that they all think you are his wife here, Shirley? How do you like being 'her ladyship?' Will you be vexed if I say I wish you were engaged to him instead of Major Stuart?"

"You do not know Guy," Shirley said simply. "Sir Hugh has been very good and kind, but he is not Guy."

"No, but he is a much richer and grander and handsomer personage," rejoined Jack smiling. "And I should be better pleased to see my beautiful sister Lady Glynn than Mrs. Stuart."

"You would not if you cared for your sister's happiness, Jack," Shirley said earnestly. "I love Guy with all my heart."

"I cannot imagine how you fell in love with him when Sir Hugh was to the fore," Jack observed rather discontentedly.

"Perhaps Alice has marked Sir Hugh for her own," Shirley said lightly. "Jack, you are going back to-night?"

"Yes; my train leaves in an hour."

"I wish I dare stay," Shirley said wistfully, "but I am afraid I shall get into trouble as it is. We shall have to drive home fast."

"Will you, Lady Glynn?" interrogated Jack. "Shirley, dear, you have not given me the money," he added in a shamed hurried manner; and Shirley started almost guiltily.

"How stupid of me!" she said. "Sir Hugh has it. I wonder where he is. I had better go and ask him," she added, shrinking a little at the thought.

"No, don't go," Jack advised, interpreting the little gesture rightly. "Write a few lines and send it to him. You must not be seen down there now, Shirley. The passage and bar are full of men."

"But there are no writing materials here," she said; "and I could not see to write, Jack."

"We will remedy that," Jack returned, carelessly, striking a match and lighting the candles on the mantel-piece. "And here are pens and ink," he added, crossing to the what-not and bringing to the table a heavy leaden inkstand adorned with two or three quill pens. "Here you are, Shirley," he said, lightly. "These are the pens you most delight in; and here is a sheet of paper," he concluded, tearing off the blank page of a letter which he took from his pocket.

"You are quite a man of resource, Jack," Shirley remarked, smiling. Her spirits had risen now, and she was full of joy at the thought of her brother's deliverance and his promises of amendment. "What am I to say?"

Jack laughed.

"I don't quite know how wives address their husbands," he said; "but you had better write in that manner, in case the person who takes the note is inquisitive enough to look at its contents. You see I am a man of precaution, Shirley, as well as a man of resource."

"Do you think I ought to put 'Dear Sir Hugh?'" asked Shirley, dubiously, kneeling by the table, pen in hand, as with puzzled eyes she looked up at her brother.

"I am sure you ought not," he said, laughing. "Do you think that the future Lady Glynn would call her husband 'Sir Hugh' during the honeymoon?"

"I don't know," Shirley answered, coloring. "But I cannot say 'Dear Hugh,'" she added, smiling a little.

"Then say 'Dear husband,'" Jack suggested, lightly. "Sir Hugh will appreciate the joke."

Shirley hesitated a moment and then wrote in her pretty half-foreign handwriting the words he had suggested. They looked very strange and startling, she thought, as she looked at them gravely.

"Well, dear," Jack said, "can't you continue?"

"Yes," she replied, hesitatingly. "Shall I say that he has forgotten the object of our visit here, and that I am waiting?"

"Something to that effect," Jack said. "Put it as prettily as you can, Shirley. He has been so good to us."

"I need send only a few lines," she remarked, writing rapidly for a minute, with a little smile on her lips; and when she had finished the note she passed it to her brother.

"Will that do?" she asked, smiling; and Jack read, smiling, also the few light words that she had written, every one of which told so terribly against the writer a few weeks later.

"That will do capitally," Jack said, approvingly, and, after he had rung the bell, they stood together before the dying fire, waiting in silence.

A smart knock at the door was followed almost immediately by the entrance of the neat-looking maid-servant who had already waited upon Shirley and Sir Hugh.

"Did you ring, my lady?" she asked.

Jack glanced at his sister with a little smile which brought the color into her face.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "Will you take this note to—to my husband?" she added, with a little effort.

"Yes, my lady," the maid answered, looking somewhat surprised as she took the note and left the room.

Shirley waited with her hand on her brother's arm until the girl came back with a little twisted note and a pocket-book from Sir Hugh. Coloring crimson, Shirley handed the pocket-book to her brother and glanced over the little note. It ran—

"DEAR LITTLE WIFE—I do not like to hurry you; but as we want to keep our little escapade a secret for the present, it will be safer to start at once.

Your devoted husband,

HUGH GLYNN."

"What a brick he is!" Jack said, warmly, as he glanced at the contents of the pocket-book. "I can never be grateful enough. I will begin to save at once, Shirley; you may be sure of that."

"Now, we had better go," Shirley said, nervously, crushing Sir Hugh's little missive in her hand and throwing it carelessly upon the table. "It is getting very late. Oh, I am afraid—" She broke off suddenly, unwilling to grieve her brother with the thought that he might have got her into trouble at home.

"Yes, I must not keep you," answered Jack, huskily. "My darling, how can I ever thank you enough?"

"You will not—" she began, wistfully, her sweet eyes looking up into his through a mist of tears; and, although the sentence remained unfinished, Jack finished it rightly in his own mind.

"Never, again, my dear little sister," he said, fondly; and the kiss which ratified the promise had something solemn in its tenderness.

"I ought to thank Sir Hugh," Jack remarked presently; and then, while Shirley began putting on her heavy sealskin jacket, he added, hastily, "I will go down to him, dear."

He left the room, returning after a few moments with Sir Hugh, who was already equipped for the drive home.

Jack's face was pale and earnest, while Sir Hugh looked a little nervous and agitated, Shirley thought. She fancied that Jack's gratitude had distressed him.

"The dog cart is quite ready, Shirley," he said, quietly. "Are you well wrapped up? Latreille was thoughtful enough to put a shawl in the dog-cart. It is too soon to take your brother to the station, I think."

"Yes, he has three quarters of an hour yet," Shirley answered. "You had better get something to eat, Jack."

"Yes. Don't linger, Shirley dear," he counseled quickly. "I had no idea it was so late."

They went down-stairs together, and the landlady and the barmaid and two or three stragglers hurried out curiously to have a look at the distinguished company who had caused no little excitement at the Half-Moon Inn that afternoon. Not that there was anything wonderful to see—simply a tall handsome man in a fur-lined coat, a slender, shrinking, closely-veiled girl leaning on his arm, and a young man at her other side who bade them farewell at the door, leaving Sir Hugh to lift his companion into the dog-cart.

"Good-by, Jack—dear Jack!" Shirley whispered, stooping down to her brother.

Sir Hugh said a word or two in a quick undertone to Latreille, who left the horse's head and re-entered the inn for a minute, returning almost immediately with the same impenetrable impassive countenance, and taking up his position at Tippoo's head without a trace of discomposure.

Sir Hugh climbed to his place and took the reins, Jack stood back upon the pavement with a very self-satisfied look, while Mrs. Home's beribboned cap rose and fell in a succession of courtesies which at any other time would have excited Shirley's merriment.

"Take care of her, Sir Hugh," Jack said, earnestly.

"Trust me, Ross. I can and will take care of my own," he answered, smiling as he drew the thick soft shawl around her carefully. "All right, Latreille."

They drove off quickly across the lighted market-place; and Jack Ross stood watching the dog-cart as it disappeared in the darkness, then he turned back into the inn, with a look of anxiety and care upon his face.

He ordered a cup of coffee, and returned to the sitting-room, where the fire had died out, but where the candles were still burning. The pens and ink remained upon the table, but the little twisted note which Shirley had thrown there was no longer lying on the red cloth table-cover. But Jack Ross had no thought for it; saying to himself, sorrowfully, what pity it was that Shirley did not care Sir Hugh, and hoping that something would occur that would make her change mind.

Months afterward the thoughts which had occupied his mind as he sat before the empty grate in the sitting-room at the Half Moon Inn came back to him with a keen sting of remorse and pain, and a thrill of almost horror at the part he had unwittingly played in his sister's betrayal.

Meanwhile, through the cold east wind and over the dark country roads, Sir Hugh Glynn drove rapidly and in almost unbroken silence; while Shirley was in an agony of dread lest her absence should have occasioned remark at Fairholme Court.

Once or twice Sir Hugh bent down with a tender little inquiry as to whether she was tired or cold, but Shirley felt more grateful to him for the consideration which left her quiet.

As they drew near Fairholme, he said, smiling—

"I think I had better drive you up to the house, Shirley. I am sure you would be terrified to death to walk up that ghostly avenue alone."

"Oh, no—oh, no—indeed, I can go!" she said, eagerly. "They would hear the wheels."

"But I could say that I had picked you up on the way," answered the baronet

"Nevertheless Uncle Gilbert would be seriously angry," she declared. "Indeed, Sir Hugh, it will be kindest to leave me."

"I certainly did not intend to let you walk up the avenue alone, Shirley," he said, decidedly. "They won't hear my footsteps, you foolish child!"

(To be continued.)

CARRYING A "LUCKY PIECE."

How the Custom Is Maintained by All Classes.

Two ladies met on Woodward avenue. As they stopped to speak one of them dropped her pocketbook and the money in it rolled out on the sidewalk.

"Too bad," said the other, as she assisted her friend to restore the contents. "It's such bad luck to drop money unless it belongs to some one else."

"I don't mind," answered the owner of the pocketbook, "because, you see, I carry a lucky piece."

This habit of carrying a piece of money for luck has become something more than a superstition, since it is a practice common among all classes.

"I wouldn't take $100 for that sixpence," said a staid business man recently. "I found it in my mother's purse when she died and I have always kept it as a souvenir."

He did not say that it brought him luck or that he had any superstition connected with it, but he unconsciously valued it as a charm. There is a piece of bone that is taken from a fish, called a sheep's head, which shows plainly the imprint of the letter "L." Theatrical people value this very highly as a lucky piece.

The Scotch have a fashion of handing back a trifling bit of coin when a payment is made. This is called a lucky penny and is always carefully treasured.

It is impossible to find a pocketbook that does not have some trifling charm in it to bring luck to its owner. It may be a coin, a stone, a chicken's wishbone, a child's first tooth or a smooth sixpence, but it is expected to accomplish some or all of these missions: Keep off disease; avert the evil eye; protect the person carrying it from bodily harm; bring prosperity in business, love, courtship and marriage; thwart the evil designs of enemies; insure a safe journey and perform many other apparent miracles.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bill Nye Discourses on Capital Punishmen

Too many people are now committing capital crimes for the purpose of getting into the papers. Some day the gentleman who kills his parents because they will not pass the molasses will not be permitted to make a speech on the gallows, but he will step into a seventy-five-dollar scarlet plush chair, and while he is reading the morning paper the Governor will touch a small collar-button in his office, which connects by wire with the plush chair, and a brief autopsy is all that will be necessary. That element in our natures which seems to demand dying speeches, long black funerals, harrowing details, blood, horror, wails of anguish, dull thuds, cold creepy crape, and the sickening smell of coffin varnish in a close room, is a relic of the times when we used to live in hollow trees and eat acorns.

A Useful Dog.

Lady of the house to new servant—What do you mean by giving that dog that good meat?"

"I do it to encourage the poor animal."

"Encourage him to do what?"

"To keep on helping me to wash the dinner dishes clean. I don't have to wash them hardly at all, he licks them so clean."

Lady faints.

Court Item.

Hugo Stanly (a young dude who is very attentive to the fair sex in general, and to Miss Hummel in particular, who detests him)—Is Miss Hummel in?

Servant—Yes, Hugo, she's in.

Hugo—Perhaps you had better tell her who it is.

Servant—No; if I do that she will say that she is not in.

The Longed-for Letter.

As the last note of that touching little ballad "The Letter That He Longed for Never Came" vibrated on the evening air, she turned to find a tear trickling slowly down his cheek. "Ah, Mr. Sampson," she said sympathetically, "you, too, have 'longed.'" "Yes," he replied huskily, "two years ago a very dear friend of mine went west on $25 which I loaned him, and for aught I know he may be dead."—*The Epoch.*

Two-year-old Dorothy has had a severe case of chicken-pox. She came down with it the very day that the family had chicken for dinner. No one imagined that Dorothy thought that there was any connection between the dinner and the disease until, a few days afterward, just as the baby was getting better, a turkey was brought on for dinner. Dorothy refused to eat it, saying: "The chicken made me have chicken-pox, mamma, and I don't want to eat turkey and have turkey-pox."—*Woman's Tribune.*

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first of the questions to be put by members as given on the notice paper was allowed to stand over. The next was that curious one given notice of by Mr. Guillet as to what the Government proposed to do about Mr. Ellis, M. P. for St. John, who had advocated the union of Canada and the United States. Mr. Guillet, though present, did not rise. Inviting cries of "Go on," "Go on," from the Liberal side, were raised, but Mr. Guillet remained silent. The Speaker waited a few minutes and then said "Dropped," thus ruling the question off the paper. The result was greeted with derisive laughter by the Opposition.

Hon. Thomas White and Sir Hector Langevin, in reply to a question by Sir Richard Cartwright, gave some information in relation to the late Haldimand election. The commissioners to value the improvements on the Indian lands in the vicinity of Cayuga occupied by squatters were appointed on the 15th October last, the lands having been surveyed in 1883. A circular was issued on the 28th October warning the squatters of the appointment of the commissioners. A site for a post-office was purchased in Cayuga for $450 and a contract was let for the building at about $28,000.

In the absence of Mr. Curran, of Montreal, Mr. Desjardins, a resident of the same city, asked whether the Government intended this session to relieve the harbor of Montreal of the charge of interest on the Lake Ste. Peter debt. Sir Hector Langevin replied that the subject was under consideration

The greater part of the afternoon was occupied with a discussion of the resolution presented by Mr. Wallace, of West York, calling for a committee to investigate the nature and effect of the combinations said to exist with reference to the purchase and sale in Canada of any foreign or Canadian products. Mr. Wallace spoke at some length. He declared his opinion in opening that certain combinations of business men, to advance the interests of their business, were perfectly right and proper, but combinations to fix the prices to be demanded by manufacturers for their goods and by the dealers in those goods as well, he held to be inimical to the public welfare and an interference with the rights of the people in trade. He quoted the statements of Lightbound, Ralston & Company, showing the exactions of the sugar combine, and pointed out that these directly tended to drive out of business all who were not connected with the Grocers' Guild. In anthracite coal there was a ring, which the abolition of the Customs duty had not destroyed, which kept the price in Toronto at about $7 per ton, whereas, according to the cost of labor, freight, etc., coal could be sold in Toronto at $4 a ton and give 25 per cent. profit to every person handling it. There were combines in other lines as well, and owing to the enormous gains reaped by those who had entered these organizations the tendency of the system was constantly to spread and include other articles. Nor was this pernicious system confined to Canadian and American products, for English manufacturers in several lines dictated to the Canadian dealers at what rates they should sell the goods. His preference, he said, was to have the duties left on, for then the combines would be more under the control of the Canadian Parliament.

Mr. Edgar said that when he saw the notice of motion in the name of Mr. Wallace he thought a new era had begun. He heartily concurred in what had been said against combines, and supported the resolution, but pointed out that the motion did not refer to manufacturing combines, covering only the purchase and sale of articles as specified. He strongly contended that this ought not to be left beyond the range of the investigation. In a few words he pointed out with telling emphasis how the prophecies of the Liberals at the time the protective system was adopted had come true; first, a period of increased prosperity for manufactures existing at the inception of the policy, then a rush of capital into the protected industries, leading to over production, an unhealthy competition and loss, then combination and an increase of prices. These results had not been worked out in the United States, with their sixty millions of population, until after twenty years of protection, but in the restricted market of Canada eight years had been sufficient to complete the course, and affairs to-day stood exactly as the Liberals claimed they would. He denied that it was possible for combines in manufactured articles to exist without a protective tariff. The coal combine had a natural monopoly, for there was no duty on anthracite in the United States and such a monopoly was entirely independent of the tariff. He expressed a strong belief that combines were more to be feared at present by Americans than by Canadians, because of the greater hold they had secured upon the public men on the other side of the line. He regretted that Mr. Wallace had not followed the example of leading Republican Protectionists of the United States in declaring that if it were necessary to do away with protection in order to kill the combines he would be willing to take that step. He quoted the ringing words of Mr. Masson, of Chicago, to this effect. In closing he moved to amend the resolution so as to add the "manufacture and sale," as well as "purchase and sale" of articles as mentioned, so as to enlarge the inquiry to include manufacturers' combines.

After the speeches the debate became general. Mr. Guillet made a speech, in which he declared his opinion that to remove the protective duties would be to expose the people of Canada to the far worse combines of the United States. He thought that Mr. Edgar's suggestion might well be accepted, being quite sure there was no intention on the part of the mover of limiting the scope of the investigation.

Then came Mr. Lister. He declared for the radical cure suggested by Mr. Edgar—the repeal of the protective duties.

Dr. Sproule, of Grey, then took up the cudgels on the other side, and accused Mr. Lister of favoring protection to the oil interest of his (Mr. Lister's) own County of Lambton, which Mr. Lister admitted, holding that so long as the protective system was maintained that industry should not be singled out to be placed at a disadvantage.

Mr. Wallace quoted Mr. Lister's words in the case referred to, which bore out what the latter had claimed, and spoke briefly in answer to what had been said. He accepted Mr. Edgar's amendment.

Hon. Peter Mitchell, who, as a Montrealer, has special opportunity for observing the ill effect of combines, spoke strongly in support of the motion. He condemned particularly the effects of the coal oil ring, while admitting that if he had been in Mr. Lister's place he would have taken exactly his view of the case. He announced himself as a National Policy man, as the National Policy was understood in 1878, but said he opposed strongly such duties as were now imposed. He believed in a reduction of the duties to a reasonable level, but warmly declared that the true plan was to seek improved trade relations with the United States. He appealed especially to the Finance Minister, Sir Charles Tupper, whose ability he lauded. Sir Charles looked at him like a sphinx until Mr. Mitchell spoke of him as "the gentleman whom I am glad to see occupy his high place, so long as I can't occupy it myself," and then a smile broke over the Finance Minister's features while the House laughed heartily. Mr Mitchell urged the Government to take hold of this matter vigorously, and said he saw no reason why they should not, unless it was, as he feared, that the contributions the members of combines had made to keep the Government in power had given them too great a hold upon the Government. "If that is so," he said, "then poor, unfortunate Canada, I pity you!" a sentiment which was greeted with loud cheering. The resolution was carried, Mr. Edgar's amendment being incorporated. The following form the committee: Messrs. Bain (Soulanges), Bain (Wentworth), Richard Boyle, Casgrain, Daly, Flynn, Gillmor, Guillet, Granbois, Landry, McDougald (Pictou), McKay, Fisher, Wood (West Northumberland) and Wallace.

Mr. White, referring to the inquiry of Mr. McMullen on the previous day regarding the alleged overcharge claimed by the Dominion Land Agent at Regina, for furnishing information to an intending settler, said the original papers in the case showed that the fee of one dollar and twenty cents was all that was asked for preparing plots of nine townships and not twenty-one dollars and fifty cents as Mr. McMullen had stated.

Mr. Davin said he knew the Regina agent, and believed the charge was entirely without foundation.

Mr. Watson exonerated the regular Government land agents from the charge of extortion, but said that the agents of the colonization companies, who were occasionally authorized to act for the Dominion Government, were guilty of charging outrageous fees and fleecing the settlers.

Mr. White, in answer to the inquiry of Sir Richard Cartwright, said the sum of $150,701 had been received from the sale of lands in Manitoba and the Northwest during the year 1887.

Mr. Guillet proceeded to inquire what action the Government proposed to take in the case of Mr. Ellis, member for St. John, who, he alleged, had declared himself an advocate of annexation with the United States, contrary to his oath of allegiance to the Queen, by which he qualified as a member of the House.

Mr. Lister raised a point of order. The question contained an allegation and a reflection on a member of the House.

Mr. Speaker ruled the question out of order on the ground raised by Mr. Lister.

Sir Charles Tupper laid on the table the estimates for the fiscal year ending June, 1889, which, on motion, were referred to the Committee of Supply.

Sir Richard Cartwright congratulated the Finance Minister on the promptitude with which the estimates had been brought down, and inquired when the House might expect the financial statement.

Sir Charles Tupper said he was not able to give the exact date, but it was his intention to proceed with the estimates, as was the practice in England, in advance of the Budget speech.

Sir Richard Cartwright said that was a new departure, but he was not disposed to raise any objection to it. He had no doubt it had been well considered, and he thought there was some convenience in it. He presumed the budget would not be delivered at any rate as early as next week.

Sir Charles Tupper—No.

Mr. Barron asked if the Government intend to pay Mrs. Gowanlock, widow of Mr. Gowanlock, who was killed by the Indians at Frog Lake during the late Northwest rebellion, a pension in the same manner and to the same extent as was paid to Mrs. Delaney.

Mr. White replied that Mr. Gowanlock was not in the employ of the Indian Department, while Mr. Delaney was. The former was at the time of the outbreak building a mill at Battleford, for which the Department was paying his firm a bonus. Mr. Delaney was a farm instructor. Mrs. Gowanlock had already received for her personal loss $907, and the firm of which her husband was a member had been paid $4,202, half of which went to the estate of the deceased.

Mr. Pope, in reply to Mr. Weldon (St. John), said that $3,971,000 was the amount charged to the capital account of the Intercolonial Railway during the last four fiscal years.

Mr. Taylor, in moving the House into committee of the whole to consider a resolution declaring it expedient to introduce a Bill providing for the regulation, manufacture and sale of rendered lard, said he believed there was as great necessity for legislation to restrict the importation of adulterated lard as there was in the case of butter. The result of the Oleomargarine law passed two sessions ago was that our imports of butter, so called, had decreased by about one million pounds. Of the three and a half million pounds of lard that were imported during last year, he had no doubt that a large proportion was of spurious manufacture, cotton seed oil and other injurious substances entering into its composition. The lard that was manufactured within the country was not so adulterated. The interests of the agriculturists, he believed, demanded that the production of lard should be protected in the same way as butter, by having the imported article detained in bond till it is properly inspected and analyzed.

Mr. Sproule supported the motion, which was carried.

Some returns were called for, and the House adjourned at 6 o'clock.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Clancy moved for an order of the House for a return showing the estimated cost, if any, and actual cost per yard for each drain constructed by or under the Government within the counties of Lambton, Kent, Elgin and Essex and the name of the engineer or other person employed by the Ontario Government to make such estimate. The price per yard at which the work was let and whether at public sale or by tender. The salaries or other remuneration paid the engineers or other persons employed by the Ontario Government to superintend the construction of the said drainage works, and charged to the said works respectively. The hon. member charged that he had not been fairly treated in connection with his request for these returns. Other members had asked last session for returns on various matters, and they had been furnished this session, but the returns he had asked for had not been.

Hon. Mr. Fraser promised that these also should be brought down.

Mr. Meredith asked if the resolution passed in 1884, requiring that there should be laid upon the table during the first ten days of every session a statement shewing the indebtedness of each municipality in arrears, had been complied with this year He thought the resolution had been complied with every year until the present. He had not seen it this year. He would ask what steps had been taken by the Government with a view to setting up those arrears.

Hon. Mr. Ross (Huron) said the return alluded to had not been yet brought down. The Department had been exceptionally busy during the past year, as some of the members knew from proceedings conducted elsewhere, but he would promise to have them laid before the House as soon as possible. As to the steps taken to wind up such arrears, he would say that he had made some progress. It was a very difficult matter once a municipality got into arrears to enforce collection of indebtedness; the Government, however, was doing its best.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Assessment Act. He explained that the object of the Bill was to do away with the assessment of farming stock. There were two reasons why this system should be abolished. One was that where capital was assessed income should not be. That was a principle that was generally admitted. The second reason was that the scale of assessment of farming stock was unfair and inequitable. The hon. gentleman went into these points minutely, and then asked that the Bill be read a second time and, if the House thought proper, referred then to the Municipal Committee.

The Bill was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Conmee moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Municipal Act. He explained that its object was to enable municipal corporations to construct water works for special purposes only. This amendment proposed to give them power to construct such works for general purposes. The Bill also proposed changes in the method of assessing for the cost of such works.

The Bill was read a second time.

The House went into committee, Mr. Awrey in the chair, and reported the following Bills:

Respecting the Methodist Church of Aurora—Mr. Widdifield.

To authorise the trustees of Toronto General Burying Grounds to sell certain lands—Mr. E. F. Clarke.

To provide for the division of the township of Walsingham—Mr. O'Connor.

The House adjourned at 5.15.

HOW TO HIT IT.

A Beggar Makes a Strike by Preferring His Request in Various Languages.

"Did I get anything in there?" repeated a dilapidated-looking fellow as he came down the steps of a Jefferson avenue residence yesterday," says the Detroit *Free Press*. "Well, you can cackle to cacchinate that I did."

"They generally bang the door against the toes of tramps."

"And they ought to. Not one tramp in fifty knows how to work a house."

"How did you work that one?"

"Well, my ring at the bell was answered by a servant girl. I lifted my cap to her and said:

"'Please inform the lady that a gentleman desires to communicate with her.'

"In a minute the lady herself was before me, and I took off my cap again, made a very low bow, and said:

"'*Redivus impranus defacto curanter?*'

"'Which?' she says.

"'Oh, you don't speak Latin? Very few ladies do. You, of course, speak French, German and Spanish? In which language shall I say to you that I have met with misfortune, and desire food, an old coat and a little money?'

"'Oh, you needn't mind, being as you told me in English. Go to the kitchen and the girl will attend to you.'

"'Thanks, ma'am. *Bon jour, republique ma foi.*'

"'Oh, of course.'

"'*Sabe que es pulque camarjo?*'

"'Certainly, I will. I am sorry for your misfortune, and will hunt up a suit for you.'"

"And there's the suit?"

"You bet; and she gave me a square meal and thirty cents in cash to boot. *Recherche de jean hochandle?*"

"*Oui, santiago de cheese-box.*"

H—d a Halo Around Her Head.

A sensation was created here to-night in one of the revival meetings when Belle Boone, a colored girl, aged 17, who had never spoken in her life, suddenly rose to her feet and cried out "Behold!" so loud that every one in the room heard her. This was followed by a peculiar halo of light illuminating her face and head. This is testified to as a fact by scores of eye-witnesses.—*From a Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Special.*

Asking Too Much.

Bill collector How often have I got to climb up five flights stairs with this bill?

"How do I know? You don't expect me to rent the parlor flat just to accommodate my shabby creditors, do you? No, sir, not unless they advance me money to pay the rent."

McGARIGLE TALKS.

He Tells a Chicago "Times" Reporter How He Escaped.

A POOR OPINION OF ST. KITTS.

The Chicago *Times* contains a column and a half about W. J. McGarigle. The report was sent from Hamilton, and the reporter had a talk with Chicago's ex-Warden which extended over an entire afternoon. Here are some facts: Mr. McGarigle is no longer [illegible] St. Catharines, and for this fact is to be admired. Twenty-four hours in St. Catharines is equal to a cycle [illegible]. Of all the stupid, sleepy, stick-in-the-mud towns I ever visited St. Catharines takes the lead. It wakes up about 10 in the morning and is sleepily drunk by 3 in the afternoon. A couple of wretched hotels, a long stretch of stores, apparently opened in sublime indifference to how much or how little business is done, a few flour mills on the Welland Canal, which slopes along the foot of the hill on which the town is placed, the customary number of churches, a measly opera house (heaven save the mark!)—and the picture of St. Catharines is complete. And this is the town in which Mr. McGarigle has spent a good deal of his time since he first came to Canada. If he chose it with the idea of inflicting a self-imposed penance the severity of his judgment cannot be questioned. It is admirably adapted to the purpose of a penal colony.

About his escape McGarigle said: "Sheriff Matson and the two others were eating fruit in the parlor, and I went into another room to see my wife, as I had done many times before. I remember that I went down stairs and chatted with my wife, ate a piece of pie and drank a glass of milk. I then went out to the barn and talked to my boy about my horses and cows, and then walked leisurely to the front of the house, got into a rig and drove away. That's all. As I went out to the rig I passed within ten feet of Matson."

"You didn't make any pretence about a bath, then?"

"None whatever."

"Why did you determine to leave?"

"Well, the jail life was wearing me down. I should have gone crazy if I had stayed there. Then, when I first went there I had some hope of a fair trial, but as the weeks went on the issue became more and more indefinite, and I saw that I had got to suffer or join the gang of squealers. So I left."

"Did Dr. St. John connive at your escape?"

"No. Dr. St. John had no more notion of my intentions than you had."

"Did the captain of the boat know who you were?"

"Irvine did not know who I was, nor what my object was in sailing with him when I got into his boat. He knew a person would come if he could get there in time."

"How?"

"I had a letter almost a year old giving me permission to go out on the Blake or send any one else I chose for a trip on the lake, and during the day word was sent somebody would go out with him that night, if—as I said before—he could get there in time."

"You exculpate Captain Irvine, then, from all complicity in your escape?"

"Capt. Irvine," and McGarigle spoke with great earnestness, "he is as innocent of any complicity in that matter as you are."

"Well, you had an exciting trip on the lake?"

"No; at least not so much so as it would have been had I known what I afterward knew."

"Did you sight any of your pursuers?"

"I saw one tug which I heard was in pursuit, but I afterward learned that the people on board were at the time so stupidly drunk that they could not see beyond the rail of their own boat."

"How long were you on the lake?"

"From the 23rd till the 30th of July."

"Where did you land?"

"At Point Edward; but not from the Blake. One night about midnight I hailed the Marsh and boarded her. It was a bright, moonlight night, but the sea was running high and the transfer was exciting."

"You went right to St. Catharines?"

"Well, I stopped at London and Hamilton on the way, and then went to St. Catharines to see Mr. Frederick St. John, for the purpose of telling him I had not landed from the Blake. He, however, was at Port Colborne, and I drove down there at once, and threw the reporters and detectives off the track. They couldn't make out how I got there."

"You were pretty well beleaguered with newspaper men and detectives at first, were you not?"

"Oh, yes. They swarmed after me, but they didn't see me. Why, I have ridden into a station with my hand on the throttle of the engine, dressed as an engineer, when I could have reached out and hit a newspaper man that was waiting for me on the head with my black cap. He went through the train to look for me, but he didn't begin at the beginning," and Mac laughed as he said: "I didn't serve my time in a machine shop for nothing. I have travelled almost constantly. I have been up North in the timber lands, and I've been to Quebec and Victoria, and, in fact, it would be difficult to say where I have not been. I guess I know almost as much about the Canadian Pacific as Mr. Van Horne himself."

"And do you manage to make a living?"

"Yes, indeed. I can go to France and make a living. I've invested in real estate at the 'Soo,' and also at Duluth. In fact, I've been in the United States twice since I left. I have been a great deal into the northern parts of Canada, and there is a very rich country up there—rich in minerals of all kinds and timber. There's plenty to see and do over here, and I am not wasting my time, you can depend on that."

Why She Rages.

Employment Agent—I will record your application in a moment. John, show this lady to a seat.

Fair Applicant (indignantly)—Lady! do you mean to insult me, sir? I never did a day's work in my life. I would have you know, sir, that I am a "reduced gentlewoman."—*Omaha World.*

A Year's Wooing.

'Twas autumn when first they stood on the bridge:
Ripe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the ridge;
The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue,
And speeding still southward, were lost to the view.
Said he, "Can you love me, as I can love you?"
She said, quite demurely, 'Already I do!"

'Twas winter when next they met on the bridge
The pear trees were brown, and white was the ridge;
The swallows were feathering their nests in Algiers,
She looked in his face, and she burst into tears
His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were blue,
Said she, "I can't love you!" said he, "Nor I you!"

'Twas spring-time when next they stood on the bridge,
And white was the pear-tree and green was the ridge;
The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return,
And the midgers were dancing adown the brown burn.
He said, "Pretty maiden, let bygones go by—
Can you love me again?" she said, "I can try.

'Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge;
There were pears on the pear tree, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue,
Then swooped down and snapped up a midgelet or two.
Said he, "Lest some trifle should come in the way
And part us again, will you mention the day?"
She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill,
Then answered, demurely, "As soon as you will!"

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Queer Experience of Tennie C. Claflin

Tennie C. Claflin (that was) returned to this city last week from London, bearing the matrimonial title of "Lady Cook and Marquise de Montserrat." In 1872 this very woman, together with her sister, Victoria Woodhull, were prisoners in Ludlow street jail. Such are among the contrasts which prove that truth is stranger than fiction. The above mentioned sisters were probably the most remarkable women that ever appeared in this city. They came from Chicago because New York offered a wider field for their ambition, and here they opened an office for stock speculation. The real object, however, was to revive the free love notions which then only required a leader, and to make themselves the apostles of this attractive but pernicious scheme. They were largely endowed with personal magnetism, which was felt by all they met, but Theodore Tilton, being unusually susceptible, became completely fascinated, and this eventually led to his ruin. They went, however, for still higher game—nothing less indeed than Beecher himself. In this they failed, and in retaliation they published the first clearly pronounced article on the "scandal" which filled eight columns of the Woodhull & Claflin weekly. This led to their arrest and imprisonment in Ludlow street jail, where they were held nearly a week, when bail was obtained and they were released. It is highly probable that if they had never printed that offensive statement the whole train of horrid scandal might have been avoided. Their publication, however, was not aimed at Beecher alone—Tilton was also included. Victoria had announced a lecture in this city, and as Tilton was one of her disciples, she requested him to appear on the rostrum and introduce her to the audience. He declined, fearing it would impair his position as editor of the *Independent*. Victoria, however, was not to be put off with excuses and she repeated her demand. Being disappointed, she determined to stir up a cauldron of hell-broth for these men, and she succeeded far beyond her wildest expectations, later on. Having eventually exhausted their influence here they sought a new sphere in London. In fact, the scandal reacted on them in a killing manner and they were glad to leave New York without any greater injury than a week in Ludlow street jail. On arriving in London they met a degree of success of different character from that which they had achieved either in Chicago or New York. This was in the matrimonial line, and while Victoria married a man of large wealth, Tennie made a still higher conquest by becoming the wife of a baronet, who also had the title of marquis, both of which she shared. Lady Cook will remain here long enough to attend to some business matters, but it is hardly probable that she will visit Ludlow street jail, where the contrast might recall the words of Byron: "A palace and a prison at either hand."—*New York Correspondence.*

Two Kinds of Pneumonia.

There are two distinct forms of pneumonia. One of these always follows an attack of bronchitis (a cold in the lungs); in this the lung is inflamed in patches or lobules scattered over both lungs alike. This is the form that is so fatal in children and old people. It is termed catarrhal pneumonia. The other, that which attacks adults suddenly, often in the midst of apparent health, is called "croupous or lobar pneumonia," because one lobe only of one lung is usually attacked. The last named form is not caused by cold although the first symptoms is a severe chill without shivering, which would seem to show that a chilling of the body had really caused the whole trouble. The catarrhal form always follows a catarrh of the bronchial tubes; it is never the first event in a chain of disease, but always secondary. This form is probably sometimes caused by exposure to cold—it certainly is if any catarrh is thus caused. Although there are many plausible reasons for thinking that cold never causes "a cold," there are some facts that seem to prove that a catarrh of the air passages may thus be caused. If one of the lower animals, a frog, for example, have a portion of its surface thoroughly chilled by the application of ice or a freezing mixture, it often happens that both lungs become intensely congested or overfilled with blood as a consequence. If this congestion be repeated two or three times, a genuine catarrhal pneumonia results. This sequence of events is too constant in occurrence to be considered a mere coincidence.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A little damsel of mature reasoning and with the eternal wisdom of childhood drew a long breath at the breakfast table the other Sabbath, in one of our two cities, and laid down her fork. "There," said she, "I'm so glad that Rev. Mr. B—— is going to preach in exchange with papa to-day, because he tells interesting stories. I do wish that papa was only just an ordinary man, so that I could go and hear somebody else preach now and then."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Fowl robberies disturb Collingwood citizens now-a-days.

The Business Educator for February is a handsome number.

The McCullough House, Dundalk, has changed hands again.

The Chatsworth *News* is three years old, and is steadily improving.

The Methodists of Shelburne will build a $5,000 brick church next summer.

Grey county spring assizes will open at Owen Sound on the 24th April next.

Complaints are made that Dundalk Public Schoolhouse is insufficiently heated.

The vote on the repeal of the Scott Act in Bruce will take place on the 19th April.

Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, Methodist minister (superannuated) died recently in Stayner, aged 72 years.

Wiarton is booming its Mechanics Institute undertaking, which it expects, will shortly be incorporated.

Over $100 worth of new books have been added to Meaford Mechanic's Institute library during the past year.

Mr. Joseph Moscrop, jr., of Collingwood township, died at his father's residence on Saturday week, of consumption.

The editor of the Dufferin *Post* was jailed for contempt of court in Orangeville recently. He was released next day.

The youngest son of Mr. Peter Ferguson, Duntroon, dropped dead on Friday week. Deceased was only twenty years of age.

36 persons were confirmed in Trinity church, Durham, on Sunday week, by the Bishop of Huron, assisted by Rev. Mr. Farthing.

Wesley Hurst, a Collingwood boy, was fined $10 and costs for disturbing the Salvation Army's devotional exercises one day recently.

A young man left Dundalk very suddenly one day lately. The *Herald* says his liabilities are about $150, and his assets about 10 cents.

A son of Mr. Guse, of Sullivan, while working at Milburn's saw mill, Desboro, recently, got his arm caught in a belt. The wrist was broken and the arm badly injured by friction of the belt.

Three business failures in Markdale were announced in the same issue of the daily *Globe* last week, viz.; Wm. Mason, Arthur Dinsmore, and J. G. Anderson.

Dundalk Village Fathers have advertised for tenders for the delivery of 1,000 lbs. of barbed wire, including staples. Wonder if they are going to enclose a yard adjoining the penitentiary, where prisoners will be allowed to take an airing and stretch their limbs occasionally?

A five-year-old daughter of Mr. Alverson, of Owen Sound—second mate of the *Empress*—was run over by a double sleigh, heavily loaded with logs on Tuesday week. The runner passed over the child's leg above the knee, breaking the bone and mutilating the flesh in a terrible manner. It is feared a fatal result will follow.

A tramp found comfortable quarters in the Durham public schoolhouse one night last week. He kept up a roaring fire all night, and was preparing to depart with a lot of books and slates when the caretaker interfered and introduced a cyclone and earthquake combined in the region of ye tramp's coat-tails.

The Meaford *Monitor* has been awarded the printing of the minutes of Grey County Council at 74 cents per page for 1000 copies. We do not consider this a very *fat take* for friend Sunter."—*Owen Sound Advertiser.* He probably works for nothing and boards himself—a genuine philanthropist, in fact!

A Dundalk man abstracted what he thought was a bottle of gin from an overcoat pocket in an hotel there, and proceeded to the house of his friends. Here the bottle was passed freely around, and when the Jalap—which was mixed with the Gin—began to get in its work in good shape, they were obliged to admit that "mixed drinks" are not always what they are cracked up to be!"

An excess of animal food and a partial closing of the pores of the skin, during the winter months, cause the system to become filled with impurities. These can be removed and the blood purified and invigorated by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1.

Our Township Fathers.

Council met in Town Hall, Flesherton, Monday, Mar 5, 1888. Present.—Christoe, McArthur, Boland, Sharp, Cairns. Minutes of last meeting read confirmed.

Mr. Sharp introduced the following By Laws; 422 to appoint Municipal Officers for 1888. 423, Renting Town Hall, 424, to authorize loan of $800, to Trustees of School Section No. 5.

Moved by John McArthur, seconded by John Boland, that the Auditors Report be referred back to the Auditors as advised by the special Committee.

1st.—To show under the head of Debentures and Coupons account, the School Section and By-Laws, for and under which these sums are paid.

2nd.—To show where the interest on Sinking Fund for School Section, No- 5 is placed.

3rd.—To state distinctly whether the school moneys are deposited in a separate and distinct fund or whether they and the Townships funds are deposited in block.

4th.—To show in the assets an approximate sum of Balance uncollected of the several Collection Rolls on the 31st Dec., 1887 and to Report before the first Monday in April, 1888.—Carried.

Moved by John McArthur, seconded by John Boland. That in regard to the letter of the Treasurer asking for increase of salary. This Council think.—

1st.—That it is proportionately the best paid office in the Township.

2nd.—That to increase it would be an injustice to the Ratepayers.

3rd.—And that because others prefer to do the work for same, and give ample security it cannot at present consent to the increase asked. Carried.

Moved by John Boland, seconded by John McArthur, That the following bills and accounts be paid:—

To H. Mathewson, Fixing Boyne Water Bridge	$1 50
To Price Teeter, Lumber for Culvert	38
To W. J. Bellamy, for Registration of Births, Deaths & Marriages	16 70
To Necessaries for Hall	75

Carried.

Moved by J. McArthur, seconded by W. Sharp. That the Reeve issue his order for this days Session of Council and Indigent monthly allowance. Also Dr. Christoe, for wood and sundries to Thos. Manders, $3.00. Carried.

PATHMASTERS.

John Stevens, Joseph Beattie, S. Cunningham, H. Mathewson, Frank Chard, Andrew Bentham, Robert Sample, John Bannon, Alex. Foster, R. Ludlow, sr., Wm. Walker, Wes. Bolar, Thos. Whittm, J. H. Lever, George I. Stewart, R. McGruther, D. McMullen, W. Wyatt, W. H. Brown, Joseph Watson, jr., Edward Ross, W. J. Reid, B. Wright, John Hill, S. A. Thompson, John Snell, Donald McLeod, Duncan Stewart, Robert Waller, Amous Doupe, Sam. Wachob, W. Rutherford, sr., W. Conkey, Thos. Ginn, James Stinson, Donald McDonald, John White, Wm. Meade, Mr. Dowe, W. J. Henderson, John McLean, W. H. Huddy, John Gowland, Fred Kennedy, Hugh McFadden, Duncan Muir, Hector Bolten, John Hazard, Thos. McArthur, William Chard, Henry Down, Nicholson, sr., James Butler, Richard Porteous, Joseph Fenwick, Robert Clark, jr., Arthur Johnston, Geo. Meldrum, W. Cameron, James Armstrong, Thos. Genoa, R. Douglass, W. Summers, Jonathan Latimer, Robert Cooper, S. Freeman, W. Heath, S. Martin, R. Carruthers, M. Akitt, Robert Campbell, Adam Hislop, W. Clayton, P. A. McLeod.

FENCE VIEWERS.

Ward No, 1.—Richard Whittaker, Joseph Aussem, Donald McMullen, Alex. Muir, Dougald Currie.

Ward No. 2.—H. D. Irwin, Robert Shannon, William Blair, William Hill.

Ward No. 3.—Geo Moore, Geo. Stewart, Charles Bellamy, Edward Ross.

Ward No. 4.—W. T. Mckee, Jonathan Hickling, J. B. Sloan, James Stewart, sr.

POUND KEEPERS.

Ward No. 1.—D. Lamont.
" " 2.—Robert Wright.
" " 3.—A. Munshaw.
" " 4.—Mr. Akitt.

Council adjourned.

He Would Remain Silent.

Sheriff—"The hour has come for your death. You must prepare to go to the scaffold."

"Would you like to make a speech on the gallows?"

"I'd like to but I guess I won't."

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't be able to read the proofs before it appeared in the papers."

Transient Traders.

The *Canadian Advocate* treats these gentry as follows:—All over the country there are merchants who at this time are made the victims of a vicious business system. Many have been struggling for years to build up a legitimate trade. Their goods are taxed, perhaps they have given long credit to their customers, and when hard times come and collections are slow it is difficult to meet their obligations. Just when trade is at its lowest ebb some speculator in bankrupt goods leases an empty store or hall and proceeds to sell at slaughter prices, as compared with the resident merchant. The climax of the wrong is that men who have a long over-due account at the established store are the ones who can raise a little ready money in order to secure the bargains. The only remedy for this is for municipalities to place a fee on these transient traders sufficiently heavy to compel them to get a fair value for their goods in order to meet the demand.

About a Cedar.

Hanover Post.

On Thursday last information was laid by Mr. Geo. Adlam, Con. 4, Bentinck, against Mr. S. Hillis of the same locality, charging him with drawing a revolver and threatening to shoot. The case came up for hearing at Reid's hotel on Friday afternoon before Magistrates J. Proctor and Duncan Campbell. Mr. F. O'Connor was present on behalf of defendant. The evidence went to show that the plaintiff and defendant live on adjoining lots. Plaintiff's son was in the bush and intended hauling away a cedar tree which was lying on the ground near the line. Defendant came along and ordered young Adlam to leave the tree, which he did, and went home and informed his father, who said he would go and see what was wrong. He went. The boy was told to hitch on to the log, when defendant said if he did he (deft) would "blow your d—— brains out." The boy being afraid would not pick up the chain and make it fast to the tree. Plaintiff said he would do it, and as he stooped to pick up the chain defendant took a revolver out of his pocket, when the boy called out, "don't, father, he's going to shoot you!" On looking up he saw defendant with the revolver. The defence asked a few questions as to the neighborly feeling existing between the persons interested when the fact was elicited that defendant "had not neighbored" with plaintiff for the past four or five years, the reason for which no excuse could be offered. Defendant was fined $20 and costs, and bound over for twelve months to keep the peace.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SPRING and CARRIAGE PAINTING. Good Job WORK.

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

CLIMO & CO.

Are preparing to open out a New Stock of Goods in Wm. Wright's Store.

Everybody will be Welcomed.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE GOOD AND CHEAP

BOOTS,

Shoes or Slippers,

TRY

WM. CLAYTON'S BOOT & SHOE STORE,

FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

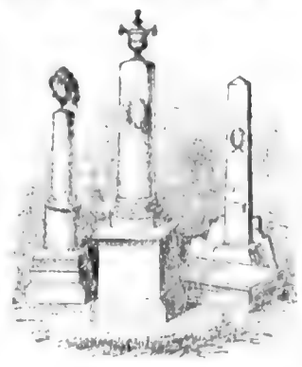

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 352. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spex, Platedware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound; That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

FLESHERTON

Carriage Works.

Collingwood St., Flesherton, Ont.

McTAVISH & LEGATE, Manufacturers of Waggons, Sleighs, Buggies, Pheatons, Democrats, Cutters, Iron Harrows, Wheelbarrows, Crank Churns, Washing Machines, &c., &c. Satisfaction guaranteed and Prices right every time

Saw Gumming and Filing done on short notice. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to, Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

BLAKELY BROS

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Tit - Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Miss Jennie Treadgold is giving Music Lessons near Priceville.

Our thanks are due Major Rorke, M. P. P., for parliamentary papers.

Mr. Geo. Saul, of Toronto—formerly of Flesherton—is visting friends in this neighborhood and district.

Mr. Geo. I. Fawcett, of Thornbury, paid a brief visit to his parents and ye Editor in Flesherton this week.

See Mr. Bradley's announcement on last page of THE ADVANCE in connection with Flesherton Roller Mill.

We were pleased to receive a copy of the Pickering *News* last week. Under the management of Clark Bros. it is a model local newspaper.

WANTED.—Youth, about 16 years of age to learn the Bricklaying. Must be steady and willing to learn. Apply to FRED RYDER, Flesherton.

Go to C. Treadgold, Flesherton for the best Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Churns, Washing Machines, Clothes Wringers and for that Wonderful Lamp.

We understood there was going to be another carnival on the rink here. A number went to some expense in providing masks, and now they want to know when the carnival is to take place.

The boys who occupied the back seat, in the centre row, in the Methodist church here on Sunday evening last, are known; and if they repeat their unseemly conduct their names will adorn the columns of THE ADVANCE.

Gone to England.

Mr. and Mrs. James Beecroft, of Flesherton, took train at the C. P. R. station, *en route* for England, last week. We trust our esteemed citizens will have a pleasant trip and that Mr. Beecroft return to Flesherton completely restored to health.

Curry's Little Joke.

One of the most popular mail carriers in Grey, is Mr. James Curry of Epping, Euphrasia. His route to Flesherton at this particular season of the year is rather a ticklish one at best. Tuesday last the Agricultural Editor accosted him:—

"How are the roads?"

"Oh not bad," replied Mr. Curry.

"A friend of mine is going down to Kimberley: can he get down alright?" asked the A. E.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. C. with great frankness, "he can get down—in the snow!"

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

We Want a Bank.

A good Banking institution of some sort is wanted in Flesherton. We do not know of a better centre outside the county town. Durham has a branch of a chartered bank, and yet it is not nearly so good a centre for a large banking business as Flesherton. Thornbury, Hanover, Meaford, Dundalk, Markdale and other small places also boast of banking facilities.

Cutting Box Accident.

Walter Mitchell—youngest son of the ex-bailiff of Thornbury Div. Court—met with a bad accident on Saturday last. He was doing some work in connection with a cutting box, when his arm accidentally came in contact with the rapidly revolving knives. Nearly all the flesh on the lower part of the arm, from the hand to the elbow, was cut off close to the bone, when he was opportunely rescued. Otherwise he would, no doubt, have been much more terribly lacerated than he was, as the knives were drawing the limb into the machine.

Flesherton Roller Mill.

Our Roller Mill, under the efficient management of Mr. Wm. Bradley, is now in full blast, and turning out a very superior class of flour. Besides the Rollers, this mill is equipped with all the latest improvements for the manufacture of the best brands of flour. There is a steady and extensive rush of custom work, and trade is rapidly developing and returning to its natural channel. But there is a mischievious spirit of unfair opposition abroad which it is necessary to correct. As an instance, it has been rumored that 12 lbs. of toll per bushel have been taken from grists brought to the Mill. This is emphatically incorrect, the toll only being a little over half that amount, viz., *seven pounds per bushel*. The statement that there is no bran returned, is equally incorrect. A trial will convince any man, that Flesherton Roller Mill is conducted upon sound and honorable business principles.

DESCRIPTION.—Pleasing, soothing, healing, relieving, curing, is the description of Nasal Balm, which is receiving a national reputation as a cure for Catarrh. Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, etc.

Before I Die.

There are some things I fain would view
Before I die,
And one is that dear sunny land—
Fair Italy.
This restless spirit drinks, in thought,
Her glory in,
And feasts upon her varied charms,
Though all unseen.

There are some things I fain would touch
Before I die,—
The hand of one beloved friend
Who is not nigh.
In dreams alone I feel that clasp—
So real it seems!—
I wake to feel the mockery
Of idle dreams.

There are some things I fain would hear
Before I die;
A favorite, lingering softened strain
Of melody.
This weary spirit longs for peace—
For rest I cry;
Oh; Let me, Heaven, taste of these
Before I die.

—*Edith B. VanDusen.*

Owen Sound, March, 1888.

Ontario W. C. T. U.

We have received a letter from the Superintendent of the Ontario W. C. T. U. Press Department, Miss Jennie Harrison, in which a number of questions are asked, and amongst others, the following:—"Will you grant the W. C. T. U. a space for original or selected items?" The same question was asked us a year or so previous, we answered in the affirmative, but never received any further information from the "Press Dept." until this week. However, our local W. C. T. U. has been using our space with good effect for some time, which we presume will be quite satisfactory to the provincial Union.

He Didn't Swear.

It thawed considerably on Monday and Tuesday and the streets were slippery. A stranger started to walk across one part of Collingwood street which was particularly smooth and treacherous. He was was whistling a cheerful little tune, when his feet suddenly shot out in front of him and his coat tails took and upward turn. It chanced that there was more than ice where he sat down, and when he got up on his feet again he managed, by putting his neck out of joint, to get a glimpse of the rear portion of his person. A frown passed over his forehead, but just then a lady passed and a sweet sad smile passed over his face. "D— it!" I came nearly swearing—and such a stunning pretty girl, too!" he muttered.

Died.

HALL.—In Thornbury, on the 14th inst., Ephraim Ashton, second youngest son of James and S. J. Hall, aged 8 years.

[Deceased was a nephew of the Editor of THE ADVANCE.]

"No, madame; I'm sorry I cannot show you any Spring Dress Goods—in fact I've gone into the Cabinet Making Business exclusively; but I can recommend you to a first-class dry goods firm, Richardson & Co., of Flesherton, where you can get everything you want in the dry goods line, and their Spring Dress Goods Stock is simply superb. Be sure you call and see their stock and say that I sent you there."

THIS IS

RUSSELL'S

THE NOTED

JEWELER'S

SPACE.

— The only place for —

GENUINE × BARGAINS

— IN —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware,

And the only place to get your Watch or Clock REPAIRED

— is at —

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK.

Manufacturers of Iron Harrows and Farm Gates. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see. Durham Street, Flesherton.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Advertise in the Advance.

The Home Fairy.

"I wish my fairy would come to-day
And brush the dust from these rooms away

"The cobwebs, too, on the ceiling high
Might trails with never a fly—

"How horrid they look! Upon my life,
The torment of every tidy wife."

"I wish my fairy her place would take
In the kitchen and let me see her bake

"For I'm so weary, I really dread
The thought of kneading a batch of bread."

Her husband heard her wish that day,
But, scarcely heeding it, hurried away

At night he locked the office door
And gladly entered his home once more

As round the cozy room he glanced,
His eyes with pleasure fairly danced.

The fire-dogs, of polished brass,
For lustre rivalled gold almost would pass

His easy chair was in its place—
Beside it beamed a smiling face.

No wonder that he turned to her,
His wife, husband and half worshipper,

And said, "Some fairy has had full sway
In every nook of our house to-day."

For gotten were dust and cobwebs high,
And there was light in somebody's eye.

For the heaviest tasks that burden a wife
Grow light when they brighten another's life.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"But if any one sees you!" Shirley said, faintly

"Then I have met you, and am seeing you home! My dear little girl, they can hardly be angry with you for accepting the simplest courtesy in the world."

Shirley said no more. She was physically and mentally exhausted with the strain that she had endured all the afternoon, and in her heart she was relieved not to have to go up the dark dreary avenue alone

When they reached the great iron gates leading into the Fairholme grounds Sir Hugh pulled up and sprung down from the dog-cart.

"Wait for me here, Latreille," he said, as he lifted Shirley down with the careful tenderness which distinguished his manner toward her. "Keep Tippoo moving," he added, as Shirley hastened on. "By the bye, did you find that note?"

"Yes Sir Hugh," Latreille answered quietly and his master hastened after Shirley and gently forced her to accept the support of his arm as they went up the drive together

"The hall door is open," Shirley said, tremulously, as they came in view of the house. "Uncle Gilbert is sure to be about somewhere: I must bid you good-bye. Please leave me now, Sir Hugh," she added earnestly. "Good-bye, and thank you."

The deep passionate gratitude in her voice brought a flush to Sir Hugh's face as he took both her hands in his.

"My dearest," he said, softly, "if you know how happy you have made me. Nay, do not shrink from me, Shirley. I have the right now, and I will keep it. Good-night my wife!"

He stooped toward her, putting his lips to her cheek for a moment, and then, without giving her time to remonstrate, he turned away and walked quickly down the avenue.

Angry, wounded, and terrified, Shirley fled onward to the house, and, reaching the hall in safety, stood leaning breathlessly against the table, physically unable to proceed any further. Even the sound of her uncle's footstep on the steps without could not give her power to move; and, when Sir Gilbert came in, she was still in the same attitude, supporting her against the feeling of faintness which was quickly creeping over her.

"Shirley," Sir Gilbert said, sternly, "this is strange conduct. Where did you spend the afternoon?"

"I went to the Manse," Shirley found voice to answer.

"To the Manse! Humph! Who accompanied you home? Was that Sir Hugh I saw going down the avenue?"

"Yes—he—I—"

Shirley made a desperate effort to answer, but her strength failed her, the excitement and fatigue of the afternoon had drained all her force. She managed to reach a chair, and then—doing the very best thing she could have done to avoid further questioning and reproof—she fainted quietly away.

CHAPTER XVI.

A lawyer's private room has nothing very dramatic or romantic in its general appearance, and yet how many a romantic and dramatic story is told within its four walls! Most lawyers are unexcitable, sensible, matter-of-fact, hard-headed men, and yet how many strange confidences they receive! How often are their words looked for with eager expectation, and how often do their decisions bring either despair and anguish or joy and gratitude to the aching hearts which throb so fast when they enter the dingy-looking office!

Mr. Duncan's private room was by no means an exception to the prevailing rule. It was a stern uncompromising-looking apartment, but sufficiently comfortable, especially when, as now, there was a blazing coal-fire in the grate; and, if its walls could have spoken, they might have told many a story of strange import.

For Mr. Duncan was the most eminent lawyer in the capital town of Perth, a man well known as clever, shrewd, and honorable, a very distinguished member of the legal profession. He was a cold-mannered, stern-looking man, who never allowed his feelings to sway him in any way in business; and, although he was one of kindest of husbands and most indulgent of fathers, to his clients he was invariably cold, distant, and courteous, and a man of very few words.

He was glancing over the letters which had been received by the afternoon's post one cold day early in January—the day after Shirley Ross had met her brother at the Half-moon Inn at Dumfife—when a clerk knocked at the door, and, on receiving permission to enter, handed Mr. Duncan a card, saying that the gentleman was waiting.

"It is past the hour for receiving clients," Mr. Duncan said, as he took the card and glanced at it.

"I told the gentleman so, sir; but he begged that you would make an exception in his favor, he would not detain you long, and his business is of importance."

Mr. Duncan considered a moment.

"Show him in," he said quietly.

A minute later Sir Hugh Glynn entered the room, and Mr. Duncan received him with his most professional face, but with all the courtesy due to such a distinguished visitor.

Sir Hugh explained the cause of his visit in so few words and in such a frank manly manner that Mr. Duncan was favorably impressed; his business related, he said, to a question with regard to the Scottish law of marriage; and he proceeded quietly to recite his story.

Mr. Duncan listened in silence, making no comment whatever until it was ended.

"Am I to understand," he asked then, "that the gentleman wishes to marry another woman, and not the lady he took to the inn?"

"You may understand so," Sir Hugh said, with a little smile. "Is he at liberty to do so?"

"He had better not," Mr. Duncan answered quietly; and a sudden gleam of eager delight flashed into the handsome blue eyes watching the lawyer's face.

"You think then that a marriage has taken place?" Sir Hugh interrogated eagerly.

"I think there is very strong evidence in favor of marriage," was the quiet answer.

"What would be the result of such a case, were it brought before the law courts?" asked Sir Hugh.

"It is impossible to say."

"But you can give me an opinion, Mr. Duncan, which I would regard as decisive."

Mr. Duncan was not proof against the flattery which the words and voice expressed so delicately.

"My own opinion is that the lady and gentleman who went to the hotel together and passed there as man and wife are married; but, I tell you frankly, that any of my colleagues might differ from it," he replied.

"Has any similar case been brought under your notice, Mr. Duncan?"

"Yes; but they are not frequent."

"Have they been made public?"

"Occasionally."

"With what result?" Sir Hugh asked, with an intense eagerness which did not escape the lawyer's quick eyes.

"There are no very recent cases, I believe," he said calmly; "but the judgment has almost invariably been in favor of the marriage."

"Thank you. Would a proof in writing in any way affect the question?" inquired the baronet.

"Materially," answered the man of law.

"Will you kindly look at these?"

As he spoke Sir Hugh handed to the lawyer two small sheets of paper, each bearing a few words, and one rather creased, as if it had been crumpled by an impatient hand. Mr. Duncan looked at them keenly, and when he turned to Sir Hugh there was a light of comprehension in his glance which had not been there before.

"That settles the case, Sir Hugh. In face of such evidence, I do not think any court would give a decision against there having been a marriage. I do not say," he continued smiling, "that the law of this land is irreproachable, but it remains the law."

"Even when consent has not been interchanged?"

"Even so," Mr. Duncan answered quietly, going to his bookshelves and taking down a book, which he opened and the pages of which he scanned rapidly; "although, in the present instance," he continued, with a slight smile and a quick glance at the handsome face of his client, "I should think consent had been interchanged. If it has not, it will not alter the case. An eminent judge, in a comparatively recent judgment, has declared that 'consent makes marriage,' but he adds that there may be unquestionably a marriage where in point of fact consent has never been interchanged, and when the parties do not even know that the law holds them to be married persons."

Sir Hugh rose from his seat and took up his hat and cane.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Duncan," he said cordially. "You have relieved my mind of a great weight. I have been suddenly called abroad by my mother's illness, and I did not know whether I was leaving my wife behind or not. I shall know how to act now."

"Are you leaving Scotland to-day?" Mr. Duncan asked.

"Yes; I am on my way to town now. I will look in upon you upon my return, Mr. Duncan; and may I beg that you will consider yourself my legal adviser in the future. I am almost a stranger to this country," he added, smiling. "Until my old uncle left me Maxwell I knew merely what I managed to find out during my yearly grouse-shooting visits. Good-afternoon. Do not trouble yourself, I beg."

Mr. Duncan, standing at the door of his private room, watched him go, and then turned back into his office, with a rather puzzled look upon his face. He was somewhat interested in his client, and he would have been glad to know all the particulars of the case that had been laid before him. In all probability it would be brought before his notice before long, he thought, as he inducted himself into his great-coat and prepared for his cold walk home, and in this opinion he was not mistaken.

Meanwhile Sir Hugh, wrapped in his fur coat, was speeding southward as fast as the "Mad Scotchman" could take him; and, as he leaned back in his corner of the luxurious first-class carriage, he was smiling to himself at the success of his treachery.

It cost him much to leave Scotland just now; he was longing to see Shirley again and win her love. Now that the law of the land had made her his wife, he would be so tender with her, he would love her so dearly, he would load her with such costly gifts that he could not fail to win her affection at last, and she would forgive the stratagem for the sake of such love. All was fair in love and war, and he could plead ignorance of the law which had given her to him, and so disarm her anger.

But all this must be put away for the present. His mother, Lady Glynn, was lying seriously ill at Cannes, and he must go to her at once. Of course he would write to Shirley from there and prepare her for the *denouement*. He would be very penitent and sorrowful for the error into which he had led her, but he would plead the impossibility of breaking off the marriage and the advisability of "making the best of it."

He quailed a little at the thought of Guy Stuart's rage and despair when he found his darling stolen from him; but Sir Hugh was physically no coward, and he felt he could protect his own. Besides, it might not be impossible to induce Guy, who was naturally passionate and jealous, to believe in Shirley's participation in and consent to the visit to Dumfife and its consequences, in which case he could blame no one but himself for believing in the truth of a girl unworthy of his faith. There were a hundred ways of getting out of the difficulty, he thought, as they sped on through the gathering wintry dusk. At any rate Shirley was his, and no one could take her from him. She was his wedded wife.

Meanwhile, at Fairholme Court, Shirley Ross was quite unconscious of the terrible labyrinth of difficulty and misery into which her unconscious little feet had wandered. She had escaped all further questioning from her uncle by that opportune fainting-fit, from which she revived to find herself in her own room, with Alice in attendance, bathing her head with eau de Cologne and holding strong salts to her nostrils.

Miss Fairholme seemed to give little heed to Shirley's faint apologies. With her a short swoon was not a matter of such importance as to cause any comment. Shirley was a little overtired, she fancied; she had been doing too much, and had paid the penalty. Alice shook up the pillows of the sofa on which her cousin lay, and made her drink some wine, and smilingly told her that she must not have such pale cheeks when Guy came back; and Skirley sunk into a heavy slumber of exhaustion, feeling almost passionately grateful for her cousin's kindness. But Alice had always been kind to her since her engagement.

The next morning when Shirley awoke, there was a bright sun shining and a clear blue sky overhead.

She hurried through her dressing with the thankful thought that all was well with Jack, and went down to breakfast feeling brighter than she had felt since the night of the ball. Her uncle and Lady Fairholme were in the dining-room, and they greeted Shirley with far more eagerness than usual; and Sir Gilbert immediately imparted to her the pleasing intelligence that Mr. Leeson, Jack's employer, had written, offering to make Jack the manager of the establishment at Calcutta, provided he could arrange to start almost immediately.

"It is a splendid opening for Jack," said Sir Gilbert, excitedly; "and I must write to him not to hesitate."

"You ought to be rejoiced at your brother's good fortune, Shirley," remarked Lady Fairholme, kindly; while Shirley looked very pale and bewildered and startled. "Of course it will be a great disappointment to you not to have him present at your wedding, but you must not be selfish, you know, my dear child."

Shirley smiled faintly. She selfish where Jack was concerned! That was impossible!

"I will write this morning to Jack, to say that he must accept and agree to whatever conditions Mr. Leeson chooses to make," said Sir Gilbert, presently. "You had better write a few lines also, Shirley, and congratulate your brother."

"Very well, Uncle Gilbert, I will write this morning."

"You are a good child," said Lady Fairholme, smiling; "and here is your reward," she added, handing her a letter in Guy's well-known handwriting.

Shirley took the letter eagerly just as Alice entered, and Lady Fairholme turned to her.

"Your papa has had a note from Sir Hugh, Alice," she said. "He is obliged to start for Cannes to-day, being called away by Lady Glynn's illness. He sends kindest regards for you, dear."

"I wonder how long he will be away," Alice returned, as she sat down to her breakfast with a heavy shadow on her fair face.

And Shirley, although she said nothing, wondered also.

CHAPTER XVII

"It is of no use glancing at that unfortunate time-piece every five minutes, Shirley, my child. It won't go a bit faster even under the fire of your bright eyes; and the train is not due at Dumfife for two good hours yet, which means that it will probably get there before the next three!"

Shirley laughed merrily.

"You do not seem to have a very good opinion of the punctuality of the cross-line, Ruby."

"No, I have not, my dear," answered Miss Capel, warmly, raising her arms behind her head in an attidude which showed her pretty figure to much advantage as she leaned back in the low chair in which she was sitting. "I have a vivid recollection of waiting nearly an hour at Weldon myself yesterday; and I am afraid they won't be the least bit punctual now, lassie, although they carry your bridegroom."

"But I am sure, if they knew how impatiently Shirley was waiting, they would put on extra steam," said Alice, lightly.

"I am sure also," Shirley agreed, gayly; "because the stoker may have a sweetheart somewhere; and he would no doubt sympathize with my impatience."

"And Guy's!" laughed Ruby.

"And Guy's, of course," said Shirley, resting her chin on the palm of her hand, and looking steadily into the fire, with a tender love-light in her eyes which made her more beautiful than ever.

It was a bitter winter afternoon, with a cold raw wind blowing and a gray lowering sky overhead. They had been watching the weather rather uneasily at Fairholme Court that day, for it was the eve of Shirley Ross' wedding-day, and every one was hoping that the sun would shine on the sweet young bride who was to leave Fairholme on the morrow.

A wedding in a house is always the occasion of more or less bustle; and, although Shirley had begged for a very quiet wedding, Sir Gilbert would not allow his niece to be married without due ceremony and a certain amount of *eclat*.

There were to be no guests present but Ruby Capel and her mother, no bridesmaids but Alice and Ruby and the two younger girls. Oswald had come up from Chatham for the occasion, and had brought a couple of friends to "enliven the girls," as he said. But the continued serious illness of old Sir Jasper Stuart made any festivities quite out of place; and Jack had sailed for India the week before, to Shirley's bitter disappointment.

Still the thought of seeing Guy so soon made every sad thought disappear like the snow before sunshine; and the beautiful young face was full of a certain softened happiness as Shirley sat looking into the fire, with her head resting against Ruby's knee as she sat on the rug beside her.

The girls were in Alice's pretty little sitting-room sipping their tea in cosy luxurious privacy after a busy day of last preparations for the wedding which made easy-chairs and the fragrant cups of tea very acceptable.

Ruby was avowedly lazy, lying back in her chair with her little slippered feet raised on the fender-stool. Shirley was stretched upon the rug nestling her pretty head against Miss Capel's knee; and Alice had taken possession of a lounging chair at the other side of the fire, and reclined there in perfect comfort.

"I wonder you have not coaxed Captain Fairholme into taking you to the station, Shirley," Ruby said lightly.

"Perhaps if you were to use your influence, it might have more effect," replied Miss Ross, wickedly; and Ruby's rich brown cheek colored brightly.

(To be continued.)

NEWSPAPERS.

A Prize Essay by an Albany Printer's Devil—Some Clever Characterizations.

The souvenir dancing orders of the Albany Printing Pressmen's Union contain the following contribution from "a printer's devil," which is too funny for publication in so-called comic papers; at least, they seldom have such genuine humor. It is entitled a "Prize Essay on Newspapers:"

Newspapers is called the vehicles of information.

Reporters is what is called "the staff"—so many of them being "sticks." They work hard—at refreshment bars.

Proof-readers is men what spoils the punctuation of compositors. They spell a word one way to-day and another way to-morrow. They think they be intelligent persons; compositors think different.

Compositors is men as sets up the types—and sometimes the drinks. Compositors is very steady men when they is sober—which they seldom is when they can help it.

Editors is men what knows everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath. They is writers who doesn't write anything whatsoever. They is the biggest men you ever see.

Managers is men as takes in the tin and gives patent medicine "ads" tops of columns next to reading matter thirty-seven columns out of thirty-two.

Proprietors an't anybody. They an't ever seen.

Printers' devils is the most important persons in a printin' office. They does the hardest work and gets the least pay.

Pressmen is—well, there wouldn't be no newspapers, no circus bills, without pressmen to print 'em.

Feeders is men what feeds on the fat of the land.

If I ever start a paper of my own I'll call it the *Umbrella*. Everybody will take it.

I heard the foreman tell this funny story to one of the "staff" the other day. It must have been funny, 'cause they both laughed. This is the story: "A gentleman was promenading the street with a little boy at his side when the little fellow cried out: 'O, pa, there goes an editor!' 'Hush, hush,' said the father, 'don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet.'"

Self Massage for Dyspepsia.

This treatment requires much perseverance and practice, otherwise it may to some extent prove a failure; but renewed vigor will always be in proportion to the practice. Be not discouraged. First thing in the morning and last thing at night rub the abdomen down the left side and up the right in a round circle, also rub down the breast; now pace across the room once or twice, and then snap the lower limbs, like a whip lash, for exercise. Now twist the lower limbs, first on one side, then on the other, and rock up on the toes. Now for the lungs and abdomen; first, take in a half breath, then exhale all the air possible, then fill the lungs to their full capacity, walk across the room and back, at the same time throwing the arms back. Now in a half breath send out every particle of air till you see the abdomen working like a bellows, and you will soon become a deep breather. For more extended practice in deep breathing the morning before rising is a good time, provided there is full ventilation and that the air inside is as pure and fresh as that on the outside. Before a good fire wash the hands and face, wet the back of the neck, arms and lower limbs slightly, and rub down with a coarse towel. This is sufficient for a beginner, but entirely inadequate for the old, chronic dyspeptic.—*J. N. Semple in Herald of Health.*

The First and Greatest.

They have found the body of Alexander the Great. He was the original smart Alex.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Who would think of calling deaf men by beating a drum? Yet this is exactly what is done in the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Flint, Mich. With the drum resting on the floor and beaten in the usual way, everybody is awakened in the morning. It is also used to call the boys from the playgrounds. The teachers state that those who cannot hear at all feel the vibrations and answer the summons.

The village of Little Chute, near Neenah, Wis., is settled almost entirely by Hollanders, the majority of whom make their living by manufacturing wooden shoes, and all of whom wear them. Several times a year they have a dance, which lasts three days, and in which everybody joins, old and young. These dances are always held in the daytime, the people believing that dancing at night is immoral.

THE CANADIAN MORMONS.

Description of the New Mormon Settlement in the Northwest Territories—Irrigation of Crops—The Mormon Creed.

The Mormon settlement on Lees Creek, a tributary of the St. Mary's River, three miles above its junction, 40 miles south of Fort Macleod and 18 miles north of the international boundary line, is very prettily situated on both sides of the creek, in one of the finest ranching districts, both for agricultural and grazing purposes, to be found in the Northwest Territories. Their houses are entirely built of pine logs, roofed with rough lumber and covered to the depth of 4 or 5 inches with "sod;" indeed they are so neatly constructed as to put many of our western homes to shame. Seventy-six Mormons came in over land from Utah during the past summer, and very recently the number has been increased by two native born. Their journey was made in waggons and their arrival was at once marked by agricultural operations, which commenced almost the instant they arrived at their new home. Seeds of various kinds were sown, even to watermelons. Seeding over, attention was next turned to irrigation of their crops, which, under their experienced management, proved a great success. This, I believe, is the first instance in the territories of growing crops by irrigation, and although the summer of 1887 was not as droughty as the several preceding ones—the crops in general being very good—still, it is rare when grain can be raised successfully of the first breaking, and it is doubtful whether this could be done with resorting to artificial means. Irrigation perfected, their attention now turned to building, and timber being a scarcity, they were compelled to haul it from the mountains, a distance of some 30 miles. Erecting buildings, opening a coal mine, haying and harvesting employed their attention during the remaining portion of the season. Mr. C. O. Card, the elder of the church and chief of the settlement, is a very intelligent man. Mrs. Card, a daughter of the late Brigham Young, is accomplished and refined, and has proven quite an acquisition to the society of the Northwest. The Mormons, or "Latter Day Saints," are a people frugal, industrious, honest, entertaining the highest opinion of Canadians and of the law of the land. They do not preach nor practice "polygamy," nor do they intend to. Their religious worships (meetings and Sunday schools) are very instructive, and conducted in a manner similar to that of the Baptist denomination. The following are the articles of their faith. As there exists so much prejudice in the east against "Mormonism," I give them here so that they may unbias their opinions, to a certain extent regarding them.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that these ordinances are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and the laying on of hands" by those who are in authority to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does not reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the ten tribes, that Zion will be built upon this continent, that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be removed and receive its paradise glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we *seek after these things*. Here endeth the thirteen articles of the Mormon religion, what do you think of them?

In an interview with Mr. Card the other day, he said he was very favorably impressed with the Northwest. The soil was of the most extraordinary fertility, and the climate of unsurpassed salubrity. He thought the timber also was heavier and of better quality than in Utah.

I only speak of the Mormons as I find them, and thus far my social intercourse has been of the most pleasant character. Enough of Mormonism!

Lord Dufferin's Eyesight.

We regret to hear a rumor to the effect that the real reason why Lord Dufferin is returning prematurely from India is because his eyesight is failing. As Viceroy he has to read an immensity of official correspondence and minutes of every description. The strain upon the eyesight under the climatic conditions is so severe—so at least says a rumor current in influential circles yesterday—that in order to avert partial blindness it is necessary for him to leave India before the end of the year. We hope the story is ill-founded, but it reaches us from a quarter which forbids its dismissal as a mere idle tale.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The debate on the inter-provincial resolutions was resumed.

Mr. Harcourt said that on many occasions conflicts had arisen between the Federal and Provincial authorities; it was also well known that often, when the interpretation of clauses of the B.N.A. Act had been sought before the courts, it had been found that they did not embody the intentions of those who had framed them. This being the fact, who could commend the course of the member for Loudon to remain content? Who, on the other hand, would not commend the course of the Government in seeking to make the constitution what it was intended it should be? The objects of these resolutions were to promote the interests of this Province and to promote the interests of the Dominion.

Mr. Meredith, on the division being called, said he understood the present motion was a mere statement that the resolutions had been passed at Quebec.

Hon. Mr. Mowat—Yes.

The motion was then put and carried.

Hon. Mr. Mowat then moved concurrence in the resolutions.

Mr. Creighton said he supposed the Attorney-General had changed his base in the method of putting these resolutions, because he had found some of them were bitter pills to his followers. He proposed to remove the sugar coating with the following amendment:

"That all the words after 'that' in the original motion be struck out and the following substituted: 'That the proposed mode of dealing with the disallowance of provincial legislation involves the transfer to a body not responsible to the people of Canada of powers exercisable by a body which is responsible, and is otherwise objectionable and should not be adopted.'"

The House divided and the amendment was lost. Yeas, 30; nays, 54.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) moved in amendment, That the proposed plan for dealing with the constitution of the Senate of Canada does not afford a satisfactory solution of the objections urged to that body as it now exists under the British North America Act.

Hon. Mr. Fraser moved in amendment to the amendment that all the words after "that" be struck out and the following inserted, That there be added these words to the original motion, that "an humble address be presented to the Lieut.-Governor and Secretary of State of Canada of the concurrence of the House in the said resolutions."

Mr. Ingram said they were debarred from giving their vote on the Senate resolution, and they were thus deprived of a right they should have.

Mr. Creighton said the Government presented the cowardly spectacle by their amendment of being afraid to let the minority record their votes on the merits of a particular resolution formulated by the conspiracy at Quebec. They had resorted to mean technicalities to avoid meeting the square issue, but he prophesied that the people would call them to account.

Hon. Mr. Fraser—Ha! ha! ha!

The House divided on the amendment to the amendment, which was carried. Yeas, 54; nays, 30.

In reply to Mr. Meredith,

Mr. Speaker ruled that further amendment was precluded.

The original motion as amended was carried on the same division.

The Bill respecting the Department of Agriculture and other industries was passed through Committee of the Whole. The provision assigning certain duties to the new Minister of Agriculture, certain duties in connection with the fisheries, was struck out. In reply to Mr. Meredith the Hon. Mr. Mowat said the care of the mining interests would be transferred to the new department.

The Bill respecting the payment of the expenses and enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act (Mr. Hardy) was read the second time. Hon. Mr. Hardy explained that the Bill made the fines collected chargeable for the expenses, and they were to be exhausted before the Province was called upon to contribute its one-third of the costs

Mr. Meredith thought the amendment would make the Act more unpopular than ever in the municipalities.

Hon. Mr. Ross (Huron) moved, That this House do ratify an order-in-council approved by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor on the 2nd day of March, 1888, accepting from the city of St. Catharines municipal debentures of the city for the sum of $4,840, payable in five years, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent., payable half-yearly, in full settlement of the indebtedness of the city upon Municipal Loan Fund Debentures and Coupons now held by the Province.—Carried.

The House again went into committee of supply on the estimates.

On the vote of $135,631 for agriculture,

Hon. A. M. Ross said the Government had reduced the grant to the Provincial Agricultural Association from $10,000 to $4,500. The proposal was, af course, before the House for discussion.

Mr. Metcalfe thought that in justice to Kingston, which had expended a large sum of money in order to get the Provincial Fair this year, the grant should not be discontinued this session.

Mr. Wood thought that the grant might be continued this year with fair notice it would be discontinued hereafter.

Mr. Wilmot strongly supported the continuance of the grant for this year.

Mr. Drury defended the existence of the Provincial Fair, and deprecated its extinction. He believed the time would come when the farmer would insist upon having such an exhibition, but in the meantime the cities had the control of the fair grounds of the country and forced the Provincial out of existence.

It being 6 o'clock the Speaker left the chair.

AFTER RECESS,

Mr. Awrey said he thought the grant should be divided among the leading fairs of the Province, thus distributing the money and relieving the burdens of the local fairs and allowing the Provincial show to die painlessly and respectably. He thought, however, the grant should be given this year on Kingston's account, and on the understanding that this was the last time it would be given to the Provincial Fair.

Mr. Phelps said the people of Simcoe were opposed to the continuance of this grant. He had no objection to Kingston's getting the grant if this was to be the last of it.

Mr. Awrey said he would test the feeling of the House in concurrence by moving a rider to the effect that the grant was made for the last time.

Mr. Meredith said he thought for this year at least the grant should be given, as the impression was that the faith of the Province was pledged to Kingston. In any case they should not decide hastily as to the fate of the Provincial.

Hon. Mr. Ross (Huron) said that if it was found necessary to increase this year's grant so as to bring it up to last year's figures it would be provided for in the supplementary estimates. With regard to the future, if the Government discovered that it was the wish of the farmers of the Province that the grant should be continued that would be a matter for consideration.

Mr. Clancy requested that this reso ution be allowed to stand, which was agreed to.

Mr. Bishop moved the second reading of the Bill to regulate the width of sleighs to be used on public highways. It provides that county councils may pass by-laws that no vehicles upon runners, other than cutters or pleasure sleighs, shall be less than three feet nine inches wide between the runners.

Mr. Hudson was opposed to the provision of the Bill, but he would urge his objection before the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Fell thought this measure was going to be a nuisance to the councils.

The Bill was read the second time.

A Bill to amend the Act respecting the solemnization of marriage—Hon. Mr. Mowat.

An Act to amend the Act respecting benevolent and provident societies—Hon. Mr. Mowat.

An Act to amend the Act respecting the administration of justice in this Province—Hon. Mr. Mowat.

Mr. Hess, before the adjournment of the House, on behalf of the German population, moved a vote of sympathy with the German nation on the occasion of the death of the Emperor.—Carried.

Mr. French asked whether the attention of the Attorney-General has been drawn to the interpretation placed upon the words "occupied lands" in sub-section 1 of section 2 of the Line Fences Act, whereby, as contended by some County Court Judges in appeal, the whole Act is rendered nugatory, the object of the Act being manifestly to provide a means for fencing unenclosed lands, whereas by said sub-section, it is provided that the Act shall not apply to "unenclosed land." Is any remedy proposed?

Hon. Mr. Mowat stated that the question assumed what was not the fact; the County Court Judges appeared to have differed; but, even supposing the assumption to be correct, there would be still some parts of the Province where the Act would apply. However, if the Act was found to work unsatisfactorily, future legislation would be introduced.

Mr. Field moved for a return showing the amount received from poll tax in each city, town and village in the Province for 1886.

Carried.

Mr. McAndrew moved the second reading of Bill (No. 127) to amend the Act for the protection of game and fur-bearing animals, providing that no moose shall be hunted, taken or killed before the 15th October, 1890.—Carried.

Mr. Freeman moved the second reading of Bill (129) to regulate the sale of seed grain. It prohibits the sale of seed grain, etc., at more than three times the price of ordinary grain, under penalty of imprisonment not exceeding six months, with or without hard labor; it also provides, in addition to the above penalty, any person violating any of its provisions shall be liable to pay a sum of not less than $500 and not more than $1,000, to be recovered in any court of competent jurisdiction by any person who may sue therefor.

Mr. Creighton questioned the power of the Legislature to regulate the sale price of any article; he considered it was an infringement on trade.

Hon. Mr. Fraser said that the objection he had to the Bill was that if it were good in principle it should cover more than seed grain. Why should a man be allowed to sell a horse at three times its value, and not allowed to sell a horse at three times its value, and not allowed to sell grain at the same rate?

Mr. Freeman said there could be no comparison; the value of grain was quoted every day in the papers; the value of a horse was what you could get for him.

Hon. Mr. Mowat, referring to the doubts expressed by Mr. Creighton as to the power of this Legislature to enact such laws, said he had no hesitation in saying it had that power. It had been asserted that the Dominion Parliament alone could deal with matters belonging to trade and commerce, but that assertion was wrong; that assertion had been argued before the Privy Council, which had held that the trade and commerce over which the Dominion Parliament had exclusive jurisdiction related to foreign and inter-provincial trade, and had nothing to do with any particular trade by itself. The only question therefore was whether the House should legislate on the matter. If it were tried to protect people from frauds of this kind, they should have to prevent frauds of every kind. This particular kind of fraud was a new device and had been practised in other countries, notably in Iowa and Michigan. In view of these facts he thought it was only reasonable the Bill should be allowed to go to the committee.

Mr. Meredith thought that the Bill should receive a second reading.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) moved the second reading of the Bill to provide for the incorporation of cheese and butter associations. He said it afforded a cheap and expeditious method of incorporation and its provisions were selected from the co-operative Bill. A number of persons, seven or more, had simply to sign a document stating they wished to form an association, attach the rules, make both out in duplicate and file one copy with the registrar.

Mr. Ballantyne said the Bill would be appreciated in the country.

The Bill was read the second time.

The Bill to amend the Assessment Act (Mr. Gilmour) was read the second time.

The House adjourned at 8.30 p.m.

A Sure Thing.

Higgins—Haw, Jack! can' ye tell me what's a good thing for a moustache?

Wiggins—Why, yes—hair.

THE CAYUGAS.

An Old Claim Now Being Pressed in New York.

GENERAL STRONG'S EFFORTS.

A Buffalo despatch to the New York *Times* says: The Bill that is now before the Legislature relative to the claim of those Cayuga Indians who reside in Canada is of the greatest interest. An outline sketch of the varied fortunes that have clung to this remnant of that nation known as the diplomatists of the great Iroquois Confederacy reads almost like an Oriental story. The expedition of General Sullivan to the western part of the State of New York in the year 1779 gave the finishing blow to the Six Nations' power in the United States. Many of them at once removed to Canada to join their brethren who had gone before, and among these was a very large contingent from the Cayugas.

The Cayuga Nation once occupied a large tract extending across New York State from Lake Ontario to Pennsylvania in the vicinity of Cayuga Lake. The nation had no particular use for the whole tract, and the encroaching whites undertook to dispossess them of a large part of it by purchase. Soon after the close of colonial times a treaty was made by the State with these Indians by which the land in question was transferred to the State, the price agreed upon being $240,000, but after a small part of the price was paid the Indians were persuaded that what they really wanted was not the whole money to squander, but a reasonable annuity that could neither be sold nor used up, so the aborigines consented to an annual payment of $2,300. This was all straightforward business, and there is no question about it so far.

But about the year 1789, when the Cayugas numbered not far from 1,000, a division took place among them and 800 went across Lake Ontario and settled in Canada. They were soon so attached to their new country that in the war of 1812 they joined the British and fought against their former neighbors. But in the treaty of Ghent, at which peace was arranged between the two countries, it was agreed that the Canadian Cayugas should be given back their former privileges. The points were raised, however, that the real Cayuga nation was that which remained in New York; that the tribal basis and not the individual one should be recognized, and that the payment of the annuity should be made to the tribe as a whole and no broken parts should be recognized. As some of these Indians have gone west and settled, the individual claim becomes a difficult one to settle. Moreover, the annuity of $2,300 has been regularly paid in full to the New York branch of the creditors, who now number about 150.

In 1884 Gen. James C. Strong, of Buffalo, who had been made the attorney for the Canadian Cayugas, went to Albany. He took with him the original silver medal presented by George Washington in 1792 to the Cayuga Chief, Fish Carrier, as a token of his appreciation of the valor and services of the Cayugas in the Revolutionary war. It is well known that they fought side by side with our soldiers of that day against England's trained troops for the independence of the colonies. The medal is of solid silver, oval in shape. It measures seven inches in length and five inches in width. On one side is engraved an accurate likeness of George Washington placing in the mouth of the brave warrior, Fish Carrier, the lighted pipe of peace. At the foot of the red man lies a tomahawk, where he has thrown it in token of amity and friendship. Back of this scene is depicted a ploughman of the last century, ploughing the soil with a team of oxen and a rude wooden plough. On the other side of the medal is engraved the coat of arms of the United States. The medal is attached to a silk ribbon, which has encircled the neck of the brave Fish Carrier and many of his successors. Gen. Strong also took the original treaty between the State of New York and the Cayugas. The latter is a piece of deerskin parchment two feet wide and two and a half feet long. It was made July 27th, 1795, and contains the signatures of Philip Schuyler, then Secretary of State; John Canting, D. Brooks and John Richardson, Commissioners of State, and O-Ja-Gegh-Ti, or Fish Carrier, and Dse-Nou-Tawe-Khon, a chief. It also contains the signatures of two interpreters and sixteen sachems. The treaty conveys, for a consideration of $38,334, all the land then owned by the Cayugas, except two very small tracts. One of these was reserved to Fish Carrier personally. This amount was to remain in the State Treasury, and the interest, $2,300, was to be paid June 1st every year to the tribe as long as it existed. The sale made the Cayugas homeless in the United States.

"This annuity," said Commissioner Strong in a recent interview, "was paid for 14 years after the treaty, and receipted on the back as provided. Meanwhile and prior to the payment of 1810 a question was raised by some State officer. It seems that before the treaty was made in 1795, at a place then known as Cayuga Ferry, a large number of that tribe had taken up homes in Canada. G-Ja-Gegh-Ti, or Fish Carrier, the head chief, with another large portion, including all the sachems, afterward went to Canada. Thus, three-quarters of the tribe made their home there. When the treaty was made the Canada band was sent for to join in the sale and conveyance. They were recognized then. The quaint document has been kept by the Wolf clan of the Cayuga nation until deposited by me in the Buffalo Safe Deposit Company's vaults some years ago. The medal given by Washington's hand to Fish Carrier has been kept most sacredly until brought by their chief in person. The question which arose as mentioned is: Whether the Indians are still entitled to the annuity while living in Canada—a very puerile excuse for not keeping a contract. No parallel case could be cited; so the matter remained unsettled for two years, and the Indians received no money. Meanwhile the war of 1812 broke out. The Indians felt aggrieved, were easily induced to side with England, and knew it was hopeless to urge their claim after that act. Nevertheless, the treaty of Ghent of Dec. 24th, 1814, stipulates that the United States must 'put an end immediately after the ratification of the present treaty to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians with whom they may be at war at the time of such ratification, and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations respectively all the possessions, rights and privileges which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in 1811, previous to such hostilities.' This, it would seem, ought to have settled the matter and restored the claimants to their rights. The State paid the $2,300 to the Cayugas who remained in the United States. They were asked to pay it to the whole tribe, but the public officers shared the same feeling, under the frivolous pretext that paying the Indians in the United States was paying the Cayuga Nation, of which there were over 1,000 in Canada. The Cayugas in this country would do all they could to keep along such a feeling because it added to their purse. The claimants had no 'friend at court, so that 39 years passed before they were able to get even a partial hearing. They tried several times, but met with only rebuff."

In answer to General Strong's mission in 1884, the commissioners of the land office decided that it was not competent to act in the matter. The Court of Claims and the Attorney-General had already decided against him. He then took the case into the Supreme Court and asked a *mandamus* to compel the payment of the claim and this was denied. The case was taken into the Special Term and an adverse decision was given by Justice Peckham. General Strong carried it to the General Term, and he was sustained. The State then appealed to the Court of Appeals and the decision was that the courts had no jurisdiction.

The next point of attack was the Legislature. In 1887 two Bills were introduced in both Houses, one for the payment of back annuities to the Canadian Cayugas and the other providing for a commission to determine the quota and the methods of distributing the Canadian's share in the future. These bills were not passed. This year Gen. Strong has once more arrived in Albany with his medals and treaty to urge the passage of a Bill naming one commissioner to hear all sides of the question and to make a fair division of the annual moneys. He is to have power to treat with the Cayugas subject to revision and approval by the Governor of New York. As the claim for $400,000 back pay has been dropped, the prospect of passing the Single Commissioner Bill just noted appears to be very good.

HE HUGGED BOTH THE GIRLS.

And the Embrace Cost a Harvard Senior Just Thirty Dollars.

A Boston despatch says: Wednesday evening, just before midnight, two Harvard College seniors, who had been out on a little "lark," stepped into the doorway of a bake shop on Harvard street, Cambridge, to light their cigars. One was Lloyd McKee Garrison, of Orange, N. J., a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, of abolition fame, and the other was Henry Clarke, of Cambridge. While they waited two girls came along.

"Hello, sissy," cried one of the seniors.

The girls giggled.

"Say, girls you are out late and in danger of getting kissed."

The girls tee-heed.

"If you don't stop laughing I'll hug you both," said Garrison.

"You can't do it," was the reply.

At this Garrison ran out and forcing himself between the girls hugged them both until they cried for help. Two policemen then appeared, and Garrison seeing them relinquished his hold and sought to retreat. The officers captured him before he had taken many steps,

To-day he appeared before a Magistrate. The girls, who are servants in a Cambridge family, were present, all blushing with confusion.

"Was this the man who assaulted you?" asked the Judge.

"We were not assaulted, sir; he did not hurt us a bit."

"But did this man hug you?"

"Y-e-s, sir."

Garrison pleaded guilty to the offence, and was fined $30 and costs. He paid his fine, bowed and went out. When asked about his adventure Garrison said he was satisfied.

Welcome to Tenderfeet.

An Aberdeen (D.T.) hotel has conspicuously posted in its office a sign which reads as follows: "Any tenderfoot who calls a suet of rooms a sweet, or spitbox a cuspidoor, or lookin'-glass a mirror, cannot stop in this house, and will find the climit helthier further east."

Cunning Tommy.

"Good morning, Tommy; how is your mamma?"

"She's all right."

"Is that all you have got to say, Tommy?"

"If you'll give me a piece of cake I'll say 'thank you.'"

He Could Imagine It.

"Did you read about that cyclone in Illinois?"

"Yes. It must have been a horrible affair!"

"Did you ever see a cyclone?"

"No, but I can imagine what it would be like."

"How?"

"My wife has three sisters visiting her."

What's in a Name?

Rev. Mr. Bacchus is conducting a big temperance meeting in Laurel, Del. The Rev. Mr. Smoke has opened somewhere in this big country a crusade against smoking, and the Rev. Mr. Husband, of England, has declared that preachers should not marry. Who says this is a prosaic world?—*Savannah News.*

Titles of Place and Distinction.

"In Kentucky they call you 'colonel;' in Indiana ''Squire' is a complimentary salutation. They hail the stranger as 'Governor' in Kansas, and when you get off the train at Salt Lake City the hotel agent shouts: 'This way, Bishop! Second 'bus on the left.'" By the time you reach Los Angeles you have lost all the titles, and your name is simply Dennis.—*Burdette.*

Nothing to be Ashamed Of.

Minister (to little boy with a basket of fish)—Little boy, aren't you ashamed to go fishing on the Sabbath day? Little boy (lifting the cover of the basket with conscious pride)—Ashamed? Look at them!—*Tid-Bits.*

The House of Death.

[This exquisite poem is founded on a passage in "Castilian Days," by Colonel John Hay, where he speaks of the Spanish custom of closing a house whence one well beloved has been carried, locking its doors and leaving it as the monument of the dead that had been so dear until it too shall crumble into dust and be dead.]

Not a hand has lifted the latchet
Since she went out of the door—
No footstep shall cross the threshold
Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges
And mould and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers
And darkness waits in the halls—

Waits as all things have waited
Since she went, that day of spring,
Borne in her pallid splendor
To dwell in the Court of the King

With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
But they died long, long ago—
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows,
With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside
And the winds are merry and wanton
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion
Where Love has closed the door,
No sunshine nor summer shall enter
Since she can come in no more.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

Professor Carpmael on the Practice of Weather Prophesies.

Professor Carpmael (Obi Probs) lectured last night in the Natural History Rooms, on "Weather Prediction." Sir William Dawson presided. The lecturer said many of the weather saws were based on the appearance of the clouds, meteorologic phenomena and the behavior of certain animals and birds. Close observation of the weather day by day showed that a connection existed between the general weather and the direction of the wind, and if the direction of the wind could always be known this would aid in the forecasting. There were two ways in which a body at rest may be set in motion or its velocity changed by pushing or pulling. Large quantities of fluid were "pulled" by attraction. The moon had the greatest pulling influence over the earth, but it was slight, and it was therefore evident that the movements of the air must be due to a "pushing" force in the air between two points. This is measured by barometric pressure and the phenomenon of the gravitation of the earth on the atmosphere watched. If the difference in barometric reading between two points was very great the greater became the velocity of the air. Owing to the rotation of the earth the air was deflected to the right in the northern hemisphere and to the left in the southern. The lecturer explained by charts the tendencies of storms. Most of them arose in the west, sweeping in a varying direction from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. The eccentric course of cyclones was then entered into, and Mr. Carpmael showed that if the changes in the distribution of atmospheric pressure could be accurately foretold, and their course be noted, the success on of changes of weather could be foretold with a considerable degree of certainty, but as this was not always possible, as all the causes of cyclones were not at present known, weather predictions could therefore only be "probabilities" and never certainties.

Montreal Star of Friday.

Very Business-like.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Hankinson?"

The girl who asked this simple question of Marcellus Hankinson sat behind the centre table with her hands in her lap and regarded the young man intently.

"In earnest, Irene?" he exclaimed, pale with emotion and chronic dyspepsia; "the whole happiness of my life is wrapped up in your answer to the question I have asked. If you will trust your future in my hands my life shall be devoted to the task of making you happy. It will be my sole aim to shield you from the rude blasts of all adversity, to smooth your pathway through the world, to interpose my right arm between you and every danger that threatens to disturb your peace, and ——"

"If I listen to your suit, Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young lady, casting her eyes with some timidity and confusion to the floor, "you may regret it some day. You would find me ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeping, and without ——"

"Practical duties of housekeeping!" broke in the enthusiastic youth: "you will have no practical duties of that kind. As my wife you shall not be a drudge. You shall be the queen of my home. You consent, do you not, my dar——"

"Wait a moment, my dear Mr. Hankinson. I am afraid you would find me thoughtless and extravagant in a great many things."

"Extravagant! Irene, it will be the joy of my life to provide you with whatever may gratify your slightest whim. You can never make a request of me that I would not rejoice to anticipate and grant beforehand."

"And you would be willing to spend all your evenings at home?"

"My angel, I never would want to spend them anywhere else."

"You would never break my heart by joining a disreputable club or becoming a drinking man?"

"Hear me, Irene! I promise never to do either!"

"Let me see," said the young lady, meditatively; "I think that is all—O! You will agree to have the word 'obey' left out of my part of the marriage service, will you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"Obey! Ha! ha! Why, my own, certainly. I am even willing to promise to obey *you!*"

"Then, Marcellus," said the lovely girl, as she lifted a full-grown phonograph off her lap, locked it carefully in a drawer of the secretary that stood against the wall, turned up the gas, and beamed in a sweet yet business-like manner upon the terror-stricken young man, "I am yours!"

Innocent Food.

Punch says that this advertisement was found in the Liverpool *Mercury* of January 27th: "Wanted, at end of February, a nurse, able to bottle a baby."

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MAR. 22, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The manly form and smiling countenance of Assessor McLaughry can be seen now-a-days on our streets and highways, as he goeth forth from house to house in the performance of his duties as a Township official. The position of Assessor is a responsible and important one, and it must be frankly conceded, that the mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders in the person of Mr. McLaughry.

"See here, old chap," said a friend to the Editor of this paper the other day, "You talk of Markdale dropping from a town to a village, but you forget, that, without incorporation, Flesherton is merely a country cross-roads—a part and a parcel of the Township of Artemesia!" Yes, sir, we see the point clearly; but mine honest friend, Flesherton prefers to be part of a large and populous Township, with some thousands of people within its limits, to the questionable dignity of a one-horse municipality. We can also see another point, viz., that these petty corporations have a wonderful knack of adding to the burden of taxation.

Mr. Robert Myles, ex-Reeve, is airing himself through the public press at the expense of members of Euphrasia township Council. It may be that Mr. Myles considers he is performing a public duty, but most people can discover a motive in his not being reappointed Assessor. This latter appears the more likely reason, when we remember his tardiness in exposing the so-called illegalities until after the appointment of his successor.

PEN AND INK SCRAPS.

Slashes Here and There by the Fighting Editor.

THE WORLD.

It seems to me that the world lacks several squares of being round. Not that I ever measured it to see. I'm not that kind of a navigator. But I judge this to be so from the people I come in contact with. They are always running it down and heaping coals of scorn and abuse on it. If somebody acts in a real wicked way, the blame is attached to *the world.* If a fellow drinks concatinated essence of water and something else, the world catches it hot. If he doesn't attend prayer meeting, he's called worldly. If he likes to make money and pay his debts, and doesn't go regularly to the meeting house, the wise ones solemnly shake their noddles and sadly remark—"Ah! the world has got a terrible hold on him, poor fellow!" The boss says he wishes there were more worldings like the last chap than there are. Them's my sentiments, too, but I can't help thinking, from all I hear, that the world must be a little off somewhere or there wouldn't be so many people down on it.

THE CARNIVAL.

A spanking team from Elder's livery conveyed several of our boys to Markdale on Friday night. As they passed THE ADVANCE office, Shaw sang out to the boss:—"If you put this in the paper I'll—" I didn't catch the balance of his speech, but the boss concluded not to say a word about it in THE ADVANCE. Says he to me—"Them fellows are going to the carnival at Markdale. They got fooled the night of the big storm, for when they got to the village, they found the carnival had been postponed until to-night! Guess we'd better say nothing." "You're right, boss," says I, "we wont!" We heard afterwards that the boys captured about half a dozen prizes, Booth the boss barber getting two, one being for a big head. Next day Booth told me his head felt big enough to take another prize—his own head I mean.

THE PATHMASTERS.

Wm. Clayton and Peter Holman are the Pathmasters for Flesherton this year. Privately, I'd like to be one myself; but then you know we can't all be officers, for where would the other fellows come from? Besides, the boss said I'd be putting sidewalks all 'round my corner lot and levelling the backyard, and turnpiking the road, and digging drains, which wouldn't be right, he says. I didn't like such talk—even from the boss! If it had been anybody else I'd have knocked him down—provided he had been a smaller man than myself! I hate plain talk like that. It isn't polite, and besides its foolish.

BEECHEL STREET.

This street runs from the corner of Blakely Bros. butcher shop to the Baptist chapel. It is much travelled. I walked down on it several times myself, and a friend of mine, who owes some little bills in the West End of the town, frequently brought loads of grain to a certain place, *via* Beechel Street, during the past few weeks. My friend, Samuel Kingston, lives on it—in fact he's been there not many years short of a quarter of century. "Samuel," says I, "this is a fine street." "Yes," says he, "I've been payin' taxes on it this twinty years, but divil the cint will they lay out on it in improvements!" I became indignant. "Samuel," says I, "we'll smash the township into little bits if something isn't done this year!" And we will.

Orange Soiree at Eugenia.

The Orangemen of Eugenia and their many friends must have been gratified at the grand success which attended their annual soiree, held in their neat and attractive lodge room last Friday evening. The hall was packed to the doors, and the proceeds amounted to something in the neighborhood of $30. The room was handsomely decorated with banners and other attractive devices. A splendid repast was served up by our well known and popular caterer, Mrs. A. Thompson, after which our esteemed old friend, James Brodie, Esq., took his place as Chairman on the platform. The program was a very lengthy one and where all did so well, it would take more space than we have at command to particularize. We might say that following ladies and gentlemen—so far as our memory serves us—contributed to the enjoyment of the evening's entertainment:—The members of Eugenia Choir, under the efficient leadership of Mr. J. R. Hogg, accompanied on the organ by Mrs. J. R. Hogg; Mr. S. Clemis, Mr. Sloan, jr., Mr. F. T. Carr, Miss Carr, Master Carr, Mr. Bruce, Mr. W. T. Pedlar, Mr. Williams, Mr. J. G. Carson, A. R. Fawcett, and last, but not least, a stirring, out-and-out Orange oration by Rev. J. S. Corcoran. We have forgotten the name of the young man who so cleverly assisted Mr. Sloan jr., in the mouth organ duett; also the names of two of the colored gentlemen. Among the features of the evening ware the capitally rendered recitations by Mr. Bruce, who is an elocutionist of a high character. Another feature, was the solo part—in one of the pieces sung by the Choir—so charmingly rendered by Miss Beacock. But the entertainment was full of good features and thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

Kimberley Tea-meeting.

According to advertisement our annual church tea meeting was held on Thursday evening. All who were present appeared to be highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. The spread in the school-house spoke well for those who heated the ovens and needs not to be praised

Shortly after 8 p. m. the the literary part of the entertainment commenced. Squire Stewart was promoted the chair. As usual the chairman's speech was the first item on the programme. His remarks were very suitable and in length, contrasted strangely with the height of our esteemed friend.

Owing to the great storm some of the rev. gentlemen who were expected to be present, were unable to attend. Our pastor and the Rev. J. Hoskings delivered interesting addresses. Mr. J. R. Ellis and other local gentlemen also added to the success of the evening.

The selections of music rendered by the choir were listened to with much pleasure. Miss Thompson, the leader, certainly deserves praise for the able assistance which she has always given us in this department. The proceeds amounted to about Twenty-five Dollars.

FOR SALE.—One set Double Harness and One Seed Drill nearly new for cash or approved joint notes apply to JAMES BEECROFT, Flesherton.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills,** in connection with the **Vigor,** may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?
Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour		$4 10	to	4 10
Fall Wheat		$0 78	to	0 80
Spring Wheat		0 78		0 80
Barley		0 65		0 70
Oats		0 39½		0 40
Peas		0 58		0 60
Butter		0 17		0 17
Eggs, fresh		0 17		0 17
Potatoes bush		0 40		0 40
Pork		6 50		6 60
Hay, per ton		7 00		8 00
Hides		4 50		5 50
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins		0 50		1 00
Geese		0 06		0 06
Turkeys		0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair		0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair		0 50		0 60

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to
JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirit's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.
Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.
Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

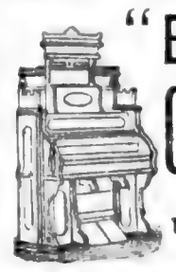

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CATALOGUES FREE.

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RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

J. E. MOORE

Furniture Dealer

—AND—

UNDERTAKER

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms,

DURHAM STREET.

In Furniture our stock is very large and complete, and in order to reduce it speedily we have decided to offer

Special Inducements

during this month (March) by giving a

CASH DISCOUNT OF 10 PER CENT.

on all purchasers. This will be an excellent opportunity to secure Furniture retail at wholesale prices. Please remember that this excellent offer is for the month of March, 1888.

In Undertaking we are prepared to give personal attention to all orders entrusted to us in that line. Stock all new and well selected, with

HEARSE!

the best in district. We ask a share of your patronage and assure you we will do our best to satisfy our patrons both in quality and charges.

In view of close approaching Spring we would intimate that we are in position to attend to all orders for

Kalsomining,

Paper Hanging

—AND—

House Decorating Generally

Picture Framing as usual.

J. E. MOORE,

Flesherton : Furniture : Warerooms.

The Late Mr. Crackanthorpe.

From the Cumberland & Westmorland (Eng.) Advertiser.

The death of Mr. Crackanthorpe, of Newbiggin Hall, which took place last week, has removed a striking figure and a unique and interesting personality from our midst. Mr. Crackanthorpe was a fine example of a type which is as some people profess to believe, getting rare amongst us. He was par excellence a "Fine old English gentleman." The heir at an early age of a considerable estate, he managed his private affairs throughout his long and blameless life with prudence unmixed with stinginess. An ardent Liberal politician from his youth upwards, he threw his whole heart and soul into the strife, and with burning zeal devoted his time, talents, and energies to the cause of his party. A country gentleman, with ample leisure, he took an active share in the public affairs of his county and district, discharging with exemplary regularity and conscientiousness, the duties of a magistrate, poor law guardian, &c. In his public life without reproach, and animated in all he did with the highest of motives, Mr. Crackanthorpe in his social and private relations also displayed all the best qualities of his race. He had considerable natural gifts, which were improved by education, and polished by reading and intercourse with persons of intellect, learning and literary tastes. With travel and his experience as a magistrate and poor law guardian, he acquired an intimate knowledge of human nature, and that he took a kindly and cheerful view of humanity, rather than a cynical and pessimistic one, is due to the admirable balance of his own character. Nor does this enumeration exhaust the list of Mr. Crackanthorpe's qualities. In benefactions to the deserving and opportune help to the young, the deceased was in his way a squire Allworthy in his district; and in his personal dealings with all classes, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, he was ever courteous, with a courtesy of the old-fashiond kind, for which our modern bustling times have no room, and affable with overflowing charity and good nature. He had lived to the patriarchal age of 98, esteemed by the public and revered by his friends, and his death makes a sensible gap in the ranks of Westmorlnad worthies.

The deceased gentleman, who was born in 1790, and who succeeded to the family property at the age of ten, on the death of his father, was educated at Sedbergh Grammar School, Dr. Gretton's, Windsor (where he had some distinguished associates), and at Cambridge, where he entered at St. John's College. Following the fashion of English gentlemen of his time he, soon after leaving college, made the grand tour on the Continent, travelling in his own carriage, as the custom then was, through France, Italy, and other countries. In 1814-15 he enjoyed the rare chance of crossing from Leghorn to Elba in a gunboat and having an interview there with Napoleon Buonaparte on the very day before he made his escape to France. Mr. Crackanthorpe, on settling down on his estate, threw himself with great ardour into politics. His first speech was delivered at Shap in favor of the enfranchisement of the people, then so unpopular a proposal that a motion which he made on the subject did not even receive a single supporter. In 1818 he seconded Mr. Henry Brougham's nomination as Parliamentary candidate for Westmorland; and he was one of Mr. Brougham's most active supporters on the three occasions on which he unsuccessfully contested the county. Afterwards he himself was brought forward as a candidate for the county of Westmorland in conjunction with Mr. Nowell, another Liberal, to fight against Colonel Lowther and Mr. W. W. Carus-Wilson; but before the day of nomination a compromise was effected by which a contest was avoided. Mr. Carus-Wilson and Mr. Crackanthorpe both agreed to retire, and so leave Colonel Lowther and Mr. Nowell, a Tory and a Liberal, to be returned unopposed. He supported Mr. Barham, the Liberal candidate for Westmorland, in 1832, on whose behalf he made a speech on the hustings. In Cumberland also he played a prominent part. The last important appearances of the deceased gentleman on the political platform occurred at Penrith in 1874 and 1876, when he presided at meetings held in connection with the contests in East Cumberland. In the former year the general election was held, and for the two seats in the division there were three candidates Mr. W. N. Hodgson and Sir Richard Musgrave, Conservatives, and the Hon. Charles Howard, Liberal. On Tuesday, the 3rd Feb., the week previous to the polling, a crowded meeting was held in the George Assembly Room, and addresses were given by Mr. George Howard, son of the candidate, Captain James (Barrock Park), Mr. H. C. Howard, and Admiral Elliott. Mr. Crackanthorpe, who was chairman of the central registration committee, took the chair, and made a speech marked by all those qualities of sonorous eloquence and intense earnestness which characterized his public addresses. Again, in 1876, Mr. Crackanthorpe addressed a meeting held in the Market Hall, Penrith, in favour of the candidature of Mr. E. S. Howard against Sir. R. C. Musgrave. Since then, although expressing his sympathy by letter and otherwise with Sir Henry Tufton, Mr. Alderman Whitehead, and other Liberal candidates, Mr. Crackanthorpe had not been able to appear on a public platform. For thirty-five years Mr. Crackanthorpe held the post of chairman of the East Ward Board of Guardians, and during the whole of that time performed public services of great value. He gave a constant and encouraging superintendence to the condition of the workhouse and school at Kirkby Stephen, and until the establishment of the Eden Valley Railway, regularly rode over the twenty miles or so between that place and Newbiggin Hall, in all weathers, on horseback. On his retirement from the chairmanship in 1871, a meeting was held at Kirkby Stephen, at which the guardians showed their high sense of the value of his public services by presenting him with a beautifully illuminated and elaborately bound address, which is still carefullly preserved at Newbiggin Hall, and which was presented by his successor, Mr Wm. Hopes. The career of the deceased gentleman as a magistrate was a long and useful one, dating from the accession of the new ministry in 1830, in which Lord Brougham was made Lord Chancellor. During the long presidency of the late Mr. Hasell, of Dalemain, over the Quarter Sessions of Cumberland and Westmorland, Mr. Crackanthorpe frequently acted as his deputy at Appleby. He also acted as chairman of the Petty Sessions at Appleby, and regularly attended the Cumberland Quarter Sessions. He was the oldest magistrate on the Commission of the Peace for Cumberland or Westmorland. He was a deputy Lieutenant of Westmorland, and filled the office of High Sheriff of Cumberland in 1821 before his name was on the Commission of the Peace. In addition to his ordinary duties as a justice of the peace, he was for many years visitor of the Lunatic Asylum at Dunstan Lodge, near Newcastle, before the County Asylum at Garlands was built.

The deceased was a warm supporter of every movement which had the physicial, social, and mental improvement of the working classes in view, and not only helped by his voice but by his purse. A characteristic act of generosity was his payment of the school fees of most of the poor children in Newbiggin before the Education Act was passed. When the Kirkbythore School Board was formed and Newbiggin included in its district, Mr. Crackanthorpe sunk £200 in the funds, for the permanent relief of the education rate of the latter place. He also rebuilt the parish church and did much for the living. The deceased was regular in his attendance at the Newbiggin parish church until about ten years ago when he fell and sustained a severe injury, which prevented his again taking exercise out of doors. His great age might be quoted in proof of the efficacy of temperance towards longevity. He was "temperate in all things." Mr. Crackanthorpe was never married, and the estates go to Mr. Montagu Cookson, Q.C., a leader of the Chancery Bar.

Amongst the many anecdotes of which the veteran squire was the subject, there is one, told in the story of the rise and progress of the Midland Railway, which deserves quotation. When the extension of the line wes projected, it was found that it would be necessary to cut down some fine oaks on his estate. He naturally heard of the contemplated act of vandalism towards his favourite trees with dismay, but was soon won over to the scheme. He asked, however, that one stately tree might be spared him. The request was readily granted "And do you know," he asked, "why I want it?" "We don't, sir," was the reply, "but no matter, your desire shall be respected." "Well then," rejoined Mr. Crackanthorpe, "I want it to hang you and all the Midland Railway directors upon."

Asthma cured by the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure, is a common remark.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. James Brodie was down in Toronto last week attending the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge.

Mr D. Johnston has secured the contract for delivering at the Flesherton cheese factory the milk on this route for the coming summer.

Mr. R. T. Brodie has returned to Brampton.

Several of the natives here took in the Orange Soiree and Concert at Eugenia last Friday and pronounced it a decided success.

Owing to the severe snow storm the Orange Soiree at Kells's corners was postponed until this Thursday evening.

Your correspondent is sorry for the item about an increase in Mr. A. Johnstons family as he has since learned that he was wrong and apologises for his mistake.

If you require a spring medicine, if you are suffering with languor, debility, pimples, boils, catarrh, chronic sores, scrofula, or loss of appetite, or any disease arising from impure blood, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the safest and most economical of all blood purifiers.

A Good Paper.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* for March is a most interesting and attractive number. The frontispiece is a beautiful colored plate of the Double Flowering Plum, one of the most elegant of flowering shrubs; and it has besides about fifteen fine illustrations. The contents are as follows:—

"Laying out a Lawn;" "Plan of a Greenhouse costing less than $10,00;" "Rambles among fruit growers;" My experience in fruit culture;" "Fruit notes;" "A large vine;" "A prominent American Horticulturist;" "Willow and Osier growing;" "How to grow the Lily of the Valley;" "Hints for the month;" "Pruning the apple;" "Pruning the grape;" "Questions on Fruit Culture answered;" "The English Sparrow;" "Our Fruit Markets," etc., etc.

This monthly Journal, which is the leading Canadian authority on fruit culture, may be had by addressing the Secretary of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, Grimsby.

Subscription price $1.00 also entitling the subscriber to a selection from the Annual Distribution of Trees and Plants and to a Copy of the Annual Report for 1888.

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will stop the cough, allay the inflamation, and induce repose. It will, moreover, heal the pulmonary organs and give you health.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood,** a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several, at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula,** is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

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FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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On Town or Farm Property,

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W. J. BELLAMY.

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS. $1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY— | —OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 31f-33k

THE KAISER IS DEAD.

SKETCH OF THE DEAD EMPEROR'S LIFE.

The Succession.

The heir apparent to the German throne is the now dying Crown Prince, Frederick William. He is 57 years old, and some of the events of his life have more than ordinary interest. In 1858 he was married to the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Queen of England. She made him a model husband and father, which is not always the case with his family. In 1883 they celebrated their silver wedding. He has taken part in the Danish, Austrian and French wars, and in the last one he showed great bravery and military skill. He was a great traveller before his illness and in good favor with the people and the army. His son, the young Prince William, who is empowered by the dead Emperor's proclamation to sign royal decrees and transact some affairs of State, is 28 years old, was trained in the military schools at Wiesbaden, after his father had apprenticed him to a glover, for, like all the Crown Prince's children, he had to learn a trade. While at school he showed himself to be a pretty sensible fellow, not above association with his poorer fellows, with whom he used to swap lunches for the sake of getting German peasant's black bread. His left hand is deformed, and has to be kept gloved constantly, much to the Prince's mortification. He is an accomplished army officer.

THE LATE EMPEROR.

The late Emperor, had he survived till the 22nd inst., would have attained his 91st year, having been born on March 22nd, 1797, at a moment when the French revolution had begun to triumph over its many enemies, including the King of Prussia. The Emperor's grandfather, Frederick William II., nephew of Frederick the Great, was still upon the throne, but died soon after, leaving his kingdom to the Emperor's father, Frederick William III. The first nine years of William's life were among his happiest. His mother, the beautiful and accomplished Queen Louise, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, took personal charge of the lad's education.

DAYS OF SORROW.

The year 1806, with its cruel changes, destroyed this lovely idyl. Through his vacillating course in dealing with the Emperor Napoleon, King Frederick William found himself suddenly isolated from the rest of Europe and a prey to the conqueror. The battles of Jena, Auerstadt and Saalfeld decided the fate of his kingdom, from which Napoleon sliced off 2,700 square miles with a population of 5,000,000 souls. On no one did this blow fall more heavily than on the Queen. Her flight after the Prussian defeats was attended with much misery and suffering, and her poignant sorrow failed not to awaken a responsive echo in her children's hearts. Nor were her exhortations unheeded.

"Children," cried the great-hearted, patriotic woman, "upon you will fall the duty some day of retrieving this terrible disaster to our beloved country. Be men, and let not the degeneracy of the present day make you its victims. Be the worthy successors of the great Frederick, and if it is beyond your power to re-establish the country's independence die in defence of her honor as did Prince Louis Earnest at the battle of Saalfeld."

William first "smelled powder" in the campaigns of 1813 and 1815 against France. In 1840 he was appointed Governor of Pomerania, and held that post until the revolution of 1848 broke out, when he sought refuge in England. In May, 1848, he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, returned to Berlin and took his seat in that body June 8th, 1848. He was made Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian Army acting against the revolutionary forces of Baden in June, 1849, and when his brother's mind gave way in 1858 Prince William, as he was then termed, was created Regent, immediately dismissed the aristocratic party and adopted liberal policy.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

Frederick William IV., his brother, dying without issue Jan. 2nd 1861, he succeeded to the throne under the title of William I., placing the crown on his own head at Konigsberg, Oct. 18th, at the same time emphatically asserting the doctrine of the "right divine of kings." Immediately upon his accession to the throne he began a contest with the Chamber of Deputies, which became more and more critical until after Count Bismarck-Schoenhausen had been appointed Prime Minister in 1862, a civil war threatening to convulse the country. But the aggressive war on Denmark, in which Prussia and Austria were jointly engaged, served to divert the attention of the people from internal troubles, and since the close of that war the firm attitude of the sovereign has endeared him to his loyal subjects and made him dreaded by his enemies.

But his youthful training for the career of arms prompted him to prepare to draw the sword and assert Prussia's supremacy. Military preparations were made on a large scale, and early in 1866 his trusted lieutenants pronounced the scheme ripe for execution. An alliance was concluded with Italy, an ultimatum sent to the smaller States in Northern Germany, war was declared against Austria June 17th, 1866, and headed by King and Royal Princes a large army was set in motion and the bloody battle of Sadowa compelled Austria to bend to the dust and conclude a humiliating peace. In this campaign the merits of the "needle gun" or breech loader were first fairly tested and the results achieved caused consternation throughout the military world, and set the powers busy at work upon the reorganization of armies. The King of Prussia became the head of the North German Confederation in 1867, comprising twenty-two States and representing a population of about 30,000,000 souls. The part played by King William in the war known as the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 is a matter of history, and it is not necessary to touch upon it at present, but the result attained was the warrior-king's dream—a United Germany.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

On January 18th 1871, King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany within the palace of the French Kings of Versailles, in the historical Hall of Mirrors, and surrounded by the stern soldiers composing the army he had led in triumph to the capital of France. That moment was probably the most gratifying point of Emperor William's career, but the grim warrior bore the honors showered upon him with kingly dignity and true soldierly bearing. The meeting of the Emperors of Germany, Russia and Austria took place at Berlin in the autumn of 1872. In October of that year the Emperor William gave a decision adverse to England on the San Juan boundary question, submitted to his arbitration by the British and American Governments. He visited the Czar at St. Petersburg in April, 1873, and in October of the same year visited the Emperor of Austria at Vienna. The correspondence between the Emperor William and the Pope relative to the prosecution of the Church in Prussia was published at Berlin, Oct. 14th, 1873. Since then and within the last year or two, the Emperor has made his peace with His Holiness.

ATTEMPTS ON HIS LIFE.

Two attempts have been made to assassinate the Emperor, one May 11th, 1878, while he was driving in Berlin. A young Socialist named Emil Hoedel fired two shots at him from a revolver, but neither of them hit the mark, the Emperor standing up in his carriage and calmly asking if the shots were fired at him. Hoedel was eventually executed. The second attempt was on June 2nd, 1878. His Majesty was driving in Unter den Linden, when two shots were fired from the window of a house, wounding him in several places. The would-be assassin was a Dr. Nobling, who, after attempting to commit suicide, was secured by the crowd, removed to the hospital and subsequently died there from the effects of the wound he had inflicted upon himself. William I. married June 11th, 1829, the Princess Augusta, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Weimar. They have two children—Prince Frederick William, born Oct. 18th, 1831, and the Princess Louise Mary, Grand Duchess of Baden, born Dec. 3rd, 1838.

Emperor William did not smoke or take snuff. Neither did he wear spectacles. When reading or writing he used an eyeglass, although he never wished to admit that his sight was growing weak. His Majesty, up to a short time since, slept as soundly as the heathiest of youths, and never took a rest during the course of the day. He is survived by the Empress, who as a Princess of Weimar, remembers the glorious epoch when the genius of Goethe illuminated that little capital. She passed much of her time in the presence of the great poet, and from this early education and association the Empress Augusta has preserved a refined literary taste.

BRITAIN'S DEFENCES.

Churchill's Demand for a Royal Commission to Expose the Rottenness of the Army and Navy Management Refused.

A London cable says: The debate on the motion of Sir Walter Barttelot (Conservative) for the appointment of a Royal Commission to ascertain and report upon military measures necessary for the protection of the Empire was resumed in the House of Commons last night by Lord Randolph Churchill. He commenced his speech by reminding the House that no fewer than 178 members were connected with the army and navy services, and that the debate had disclosed their absolute unanimity on one point, namely, that notwithstanding the immense increase in expenditure, the military position of England was deplorably bad. The remedy of those members was the expenditure of more money, but his remedy was reform in the expenditure. Enough had already been paid to maintain both services in a state of splendid efficiency. But the English system was without a parallel in any other country—military men who had been trained in the business of arms being subordinate to civilians who were utterly untrained. It would be just as reasonable for the Premier to nominate Mr. Labouchere as Archbishop of Canterbury, or to make Mr. Chaplin Lord Chancellor. (Laughter.) Military training seemed to disqualify a man from managing the War Offices. That must be altered. The financial control, after the estimates are granted, ought to be placed in the hands of responsible officers. English officers were made spending animals instead of, like the German officers, rivalling one another in economy. Stores for a German regiment could go to the front on twelve hours' notice without prolonged letters from the War Office. That could not be done in England without piles of files passing and repassing for several days. The German *corps d'armee* was maintained upon £1,000,000 as against £7,000,000 for the English corps. This monstrous waste extended to every branch of the services. A right and vigorous inquiry and radical reforms were imperatively necessary. He could not vote confidence in the existing system. It was hopelessly bad. (Cheers.)

Mr. Stanhope, Secretary for War, intimated that the Government would sanction an inquiry into any definite matter connected with the estimates, but would resist the appointment of a Royal Commission of a vague general character. The motion for the appointment of a Royal Commission was negatived.

A Defect in the Treaty.

A Canadian has brought suit against a St. Paul lady for breach of promise of marriage. There is nothing in the new fisheries treaty which deals with matters of this sort, and Mr. Chamberlain has already sailed for England, so it may be necessary to appoint a new commission to establish fixed rules governing the two nations while fishing in each other's matrimonial waters. —*Chicago News.*

Special from Paradise.

One of the greatest "surprises in heaven" will be that which certain select little companies of worshippers will feel when entering inside the golden gates and finding that "our church" was never more heard of there than any other church, and that one church is just as good as any other church if its members behave themselves as well. —*Chicago Journal.*

Perhaps the longest account book in the world is that in which Phil Armour, the Chicago pork king, keeps a summary of his varied interests. It is six feet wide when closed and contains the balances taken from a score of ledgers.

DEATH TRAP ON FIRE.

Massachusetts Printing Office Destroyed by Fire—Six Employees Lose Their Lives and Many are Injured—Exciting Scenes.

A Springfield, Mass., despatch says: The new office of the *Evening Union* was burned at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Six of the employees met a terrible death. Most of them jumped from the fifth story and were crushed into a shapeless mass below. Six others were badly injured. The fire was first discovered in the mailing-room, and clouds of smoke were pouring out of the lower story windows before the fifty souls on the upper floor were aware of the danger. The flames shot up an old elevator in rear, cutting off escape by the stairway, and most of the employees who escaped found their way to the ground by way of the roof in the rear. The unfortunate men and women who crowded into the editorial rooms met a horrible fate. Some were cut off in the composing room, and there is still a terrible suspense, as several fell back into the flames. The employees who rushed into the editorial room were cut off from the escape in the rear and had to face the horrible alternative of burning to death or jumping to the sidewalk below, with the probability of receiving frightful injuries The fire department responded promptly, but it seemed an age before the firemen reached the windows in the fifth story. A ladder was placed to reach to the fourth story, and the sight of rescue so near seemed to madden the suffering persons at the two windows above and one by one they dropped to the sidewalks below. Six persons fell in this way. Some of them were forced off and some leaped madly, while the crowd below groaned and turned their heads away as they whirled through the air. The dead are as follows: Henry J. Goulding, foreman of the *Union* composing-room, burned to death; Miss G. Thompson, proofreader, and Mrs. Frederick E. Farley, who was employed in the editorial department, fell from the window; Mr. Lamzon, of Quebec, jumped from the window; W. E. Hovey, of Boston, fell to the sidewalk; Mr. Brown, a compositor. The list of injured is as follows: Thomas Donohue, compositor, left leg broken at the knee and bad cut on the head; Timothy Dunn, compositor, arm and leg broken; Joseph W. Witty, compositor, badly burned; he clung to the window until the fire forced him to drop, but he fell on a ladder and was saved. G. F. Ensworth, compositor, compound fracture of the leg.

It is thought that the fire started among the lumber in the closet on the ground floor. The flames were drawn up the elevator and spread through the composing room. There were more than thirty compositors, men and women, on the fifth floor. There was no fire escape.

HER SKIN TURNED BLACK.

A Young Lady's Strange Affliction and a Weird Story of a Curse.

A Toledo, Ohio, despatch says: Grace Arlie, a beautiful young lady living with her parents in the Fifth Ward, was taken suddenly ill six months ago, and for several weeks she suffered from an apparent attack of typhoid fever. At the end of the third week bright red spots came out over her face and limbs and gradually extended over her entire body. A week later the spots began to grow dark in color. In two months from the time she was first taken Miss Arlie seemed to have recovered from the fever and began to gain in strength, but the condition of her skin grew worse and worse, until her body finally became as black as that of a negro. Meanwhile she regained strength, and is to-day in full mental vigor. A relative of the family tells the remarkable story that five years ago Miss Arlie's father was a prosperous planter in South Carolina, and kept a large number of negroes to work for him. One of them became abusive one day and threatened Arlie, who, blind with passion, drew his revolver and shot the negro dead. The wife of the negro saw her husband fall, and, going up to Arlie, invoked curses upon him. Arlie never recovered from the effects of the tragedy, but in a year or so moved North, locating in this city. He is a man of wealth and largely interested in manufactures. He is preparing to take his daughter to Europe for treatment.

SHE LEFT COLLEGE.

An Incident that Caused Sam Jones' Daughter to Make a Hasty Exit.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: Miss Annie Jones, daughter of Sam Jones, the evangelist, has left the female college at Millersburg, Ky., under singular circumstances. Rev. Joe Jones, brother of Sam Jones, is conducting a revival at Millersburg. A few nights ago, at the close of the preaching, he called on J. B. Sheckley, a student in the Wesleyan Theological School at Millersburg, to pray. The young man was sitting a short distance from Miss Jones. He knelt down, and after an invocation of the divine blessing, besought that while Samuel Jones was going about saving sinners, the Master's grace might bring salvation to his daughter, who was going to perdition as fast as she could. Miss Jones arose and went hurriedly out of the church, and later, saying she would not stay in a community where women were not safe from insults, left for her home at Atlanta, Ga.

Edward O'Meagher Condon.

Many of this gentleman's Toronto friends were delighted to grasp his honest hand on Tuesday evening at the residence of his old comrade, Mr. Murtagh Moriarty, Darcy street. We were happy to be one of the large gathering assembled there to bid him welcome once again to the city in which were spent the years of his early manhood; and it afforded us unfeigned pleasure to notice how admirably Colonel Condon preserves his youth and vigor.—*Irish Canadian.*

He Wants to Know.

"Papa, where's atoms?"

"Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably."

"No, I mean atoms—the place where everything is blown to."—*Good Housekeeping.*

Willis Allen, a negro who died in Paris, Ky., a few days ago, was undoubtedly 120 years old. He had been a slave in Virginia, and papers in the possession of his owner's family proved the exact year of his birth.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Sir Charles Tupper presented a message from His Excellency, transmitting copies of the Fishery Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, together with the protocols, offering to make temporary arrangements for a *modus vivendi*, pending a ratification of the treaty. Sir Charles Tupper said he was glad to be able to announce that he had obtained the consent of Mr. Bayard to lay upon the table the proposals made by the British plenipotentiaries and the reply thereto in regard to the greater freedom of commercial intercourse between the two countries.

Sir Richard Cartwright inquired if these comprised all the papers in relation to this question.

Sir Charles Tupper said they comprised everything affecting the trade relations between the two countries that it was in his power to lay before the House.

Mr. Mitchell said he presumed that, in addition to the proposals, considerable discussion took place on the subject. He thought the House would like to know whether the Minister proposed to the Conference merely an interchange of natural products of the two countries, or whether it embraced manufactured articles also.

Sir Charles Tupper said there was a proposal made for greater freedom of commercial intercourse between the two countries. This was met with the categorical refusal on the part of the United States plenipotentiaries to entertain the question at all, because Congress had reserved to itself the uncontrolled power to deal from day to day with the tariff, free from any treaty interference. It was true, however, as Mr. Angell was reported to have said in an interview, that the British plenipotentiaries had pressed the question, but without avail.

Mr. Mitchell said he entertained too high an opinion of the ability of the Minister of Finance to believe that after he had received at the outset such an unmistakable answer from the American negotiators to his proposal to consider trade questions, he would continue to press the question for a month or more before the conference, without stating in detail the concessions that Canada would be willing to make. He thought that if any specific offers were made by the Minister of Finance the House should know of them.

The House went into Committee of Supply on the item of $25,462 for the office of Queen's Privy Council for Canada.

Mr. Mills asked who is at present the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery.

Sir John Macdonald replied Mr. St. Onge Chapleau, formerly of the Public Works Department.

Mr. Mills said he understood that Mr. Chapleau had been dismissed from the Public Works Department for divulging for a consideration secrets in connection with contracts. He did not think that under these circumstances the Government should have appointed Mr. Chapleau to the important office of Clerk of the Crown in Chancery.

Sir John Macdonald was not aware that Mr. Chapleau was dismissed.

Mr. Mills said the Government had asked Mr. Chapleau to resign.

Sir John Macdonald said Mr. Chapleau had resigned and been appointed sheriff in the Northwest. On the re-organization of Dominion affairs in the Northwest that office had been abolished, and he was appointed Clerk of the Crown in Chancery.

Sir Richard Cartwright said it was degrading to the civil service to have a man who has committed a grave offence promoted over the heads of others who have conscientiously discharged their duty.

Sir John Macdonald said it would be unjust to Mr. Chapleau to continue the discussion without having a proper knowledge of the facts. He suggested that the item stand.

The item stood.

On the item respecting the Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Mills objected to the promotion of Mr. Pope from the position of Clerk of the Crown in Chancery to that of a chief clerk in the patent branch of the Department of Agriculture. This officer had been found guilty of a dereliction of duty amounting to malfeasance in office, in withholding the election returns of nearly all the Opposition members from being gazetted and giving precedence to supporters of the Government. When the matter was brought to the notice of the Government, Mr. Pope, in his defence, made a false statement to the House, thus aggravating his offence. In the face of that wrong done to nearly one-half the members of the House, the Government, instead of dismissing that officer, had undertaken to promote him, giving him the rank of a deputy minister and a far greater degree of responsibility than he had proved himself worthy of.

Sir John Macdonald said Mr. Pope had simply the powers of a chief clerk, as his predecessor had.

The item passed and the committee rose and reported.

Sir Charles Tupper, in answer to the inquiry of Sir Richard Cartwright, said it was not his intention to deliver the budget speech till after the debate on trade relations is disposed of.

Mr. Boyle, in moving to add to the Monopoly Inquiry Committee power to investigate insurance combinations, thought it was proper the investigation should be extended in that direction. It was known to most of the members of the House that a powerful and tyrannical combination existed in the insurance business. If the inquiry was to be pursued it should embrace that class of monopolies. When the committee met the other day and took stock of its powers, it was discovered these combinations had not been included and he now asked the House to add the power desired.

The motion was carried.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

On the item of $195,250 for departmental contingencies,

Mr. McMullen asked for details. Usually a very large sum was spent for cab hire of Ministers. He thought it would be better to pay them larger salaries and let them provide their own carriages.

Sir John Macdonald said that with their present allowance the Ministers could not provide themselves with carriages unless they drew heavily upon their private means. He could produce particulars of every item. He concurred in the suggestion that the Ministers should be paid larger salary, and no doubt the hon. gentleman from East York would concur in his statement that the salary of Ministers was inadequate.

Mr. Mackenzie—I am quite willing you should get all I got.

The item passed.

On the item of $2,000 for expenses of the High Commissioner's office in England,

Sir Richard Cartwright asked if the Finance Minister is again to be High Commissioner, or will he retain his position in the Cabinet. He cannot attend to the duties of both offices at one time. The present position in the House was enough for any ordinary mortal. A decision on this point must be pressed for. The Finance Minister is very useful here, and he (Sir Richard Cartwright) was bound to say that that gentleman is by far the best Minister of Finance he had ever seen in his time on that side of the House. He thought the Finance Minister was bound to say which office he intended to hold.

Sir Charles Tupper thanked the hon. gentleman for the compliment. No injury had been done to the country by the saving of $10,000, owing to his performing the duty of Finance Minister and looking after the office of High Commissioner in London during the past year. He ventured to say that greater service had never been done for Canada by the High Commissioner's office than since last session. The hon. gentleman was not half so anxious as he (Sir Charles Tupper) was that he should be relieved of the double duty he had to discharge. He felt his inadequacy to continue for any long period the onerous duties that had been thrown upon him. He hoped his hon. friend the First Minister would, as soon as possible, make arrangements to relieve him of the double duties he has to perform.

Mr. Mills said the Minister of Finance was not obeying the spirit of the law in holding two positions. His absence from the country had prevented him from bringing down the budget speech in proper time.

Mr. Armstrong thought the office of High Commissioner could very well be abolished.

The item passed.

Mr. Mitchell called the attention of the House to the report that the Governor-General had invited Messrs. Greenway and Martin to an interview with reference to the Manitoba difficulty. As he (Mr. Mitchell) understood, the business of this country is carried on by constitutional Ministers who are responsible to the House. If it was true that these gentlemen had been invited to interview the Governor, he would like to know at whose instance it took place. He would regret to hear that His Excellency, after such a good record as he enjoyed, would be guilty of such an unwarrantable interference. He would like to know whether the Governor had acted on behalf of the Government or had assumed a responsibility he had no right to assume.

Sir Hector Langevin said the Government, as responsible advisers of the Crown, are ready at all times to take the responsibility for any action the Governor might take in matters of State. The Governor-General had not to his knowledge or to the knowledge of the House ever been guilty of any interference which was not quite proper.

Mr. Mitchell said there was another matter to which he desired to call the attention of the Government. He read in the Montreal *Gazette* that Newfoundland had been asked to enter Confederation, and that the colony had been requested to send a deputation to Ottawa to negotiate. As this appeared in the Government organ, he presumed it to be correct. While Parliament is in session it should be taken into the confidence of the Government before a communication of that kind is sent to a colony. The Government should not have assumed the responsibility without consulting the House.

Sir John Macdonald—It is true that these communications have taken place.

Sir Richard Cartwright said the House had been treated with scant courtesy that a matter of such importance should be first made public through the medium of one of those precious paid organs of the hon. gentlemen. It is not strange, but goes to show that we have got a one-man power here, who does what he pleases. For all practical purposes the people of Canada would be better off by sending a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty proxies to the hon. gentleman.

FEARFUL CATASTROPHE.

Disastrous Earthquake in China—Devastation of Property—Thousands of Lives Lost.

A San Francisco despatch says: The Hong Kong *Mail* gives a description of the earthquake in the Province of Yunnan on December 15th, and is indicative of frightful mortality. The *Mail* says: In the interior department of Ching Chan the disturbances were extremely violent, being continued at irregular intervals for four days, when they ceased entirely. The Departmental city is said to have been reduced to a mass of ruins, scarcely a house escaping damage, and over 5,000 persons are reported to have been killed by falling buildings. Many of them were buried under the ruins, while the number of injured is too large for computation. Yamen was destroyed. At the Prefectuenel city of Lamon the effects of the earthquake were scarcely less disastrous. At this place, when the shock was being felt, an enormous chasm opened in the earth and water was thrown out from its depths. At Lo Chau in Chuen a striking change has been caused in the appearance of the country. Large tracts of land were swallowed up and the surface changed into a lake. In Lo Chau more than 10,000 persons are said to have perished.

Not What He Expected.

Bobby—Say—Do you like my sister Belle?

Young Mr. Jones—Why certainly, Robert. Everybody likes Miss Belle, do they not?

Bobby—Dunno. I guess she likes you, too. She told ma you was a perfect—perfect—I most forgot what.

Young Mr. Jones—But try to think Robert. Was it a perfect gentleman?

Bobby—Naw! Oh, I know now. She said you was a perfect nignoramus.

In the Munn divorce suit which is now on trial in Beloit, Wis., the testimony brought out the fact that Mrs Munn's parent's consented to her marriage only on the condition that her future husband deed them a forty-acre farm.

THE BOYCOTT DEFENDED.

An Irish Clergyman Finds Scriptural Warrant for It.

ST. PAUL ITS FIRST ADVOCATE.

(Rev. Canon Doyle, of Arthurstown, Ireland.)

But is this a new punishment invented for evil doers in our day? What does St. Paul say, I. Corinthians v. 11: "But now I have written to you, not to keep company, if any man that is named a brother, be a fornicator, or *covetous*, or a server of idols, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such a one not so much as to eat.' 13th verse—"Put away the evil one from among yourselves." What "covetous" man is so guilty as he who covets and grabs his neighbors' lands to the utter ruin and destruction of himself and family? Good God what a curse and calamity the grabber and the evictor have been to their native land! I was on the New Ross mission from September, 1846, to February, 1853. Three counties, Wexford, Kilkenny and Carlow, converge at that town. Its union is one of the largest, I believe, in Ireland, comprising large portions of the three above-named counties. The food of the people failed without any fault of theirs. Then the grabber and the evictor commenced their woeful work. The poor people were swept from their homes with as little compunction as you would tear a burrow of rats. Having no place to rest, they swarmed into the town. Besides the main house, the guardians had to provide acres of shops, auxiliary workhouses, and wards. All the alleys, lanes and slums of the town were literally packed with the poor. The dreadful scourge of typhus fever in its most virulent form seized upon its victims. It is quite impossible for one who did not witness and pass through these scenes to realize to himself the unutterable misery of those years. But wretched as was the material condition of the grabbers and landlords' victims, their moral ruin was even more heartrending. Imagine crowds of simple young country girls packed into the low lodging-houses of a large seaport town, where everything they saw and heard might be the proximate occasion of sin for a saint. Have I not known hundreds of peasant girls who, when they were evicted from their humble homes, were as pure as the springs that gushed from the heart of their native hills, to have, amidst these overwhelming temptations, fallen away, become a shame to their sex and a disgrace to their country! The grabber and the evictor will answer for their souls. Am I to be told I am not to warn my people to avoid a wretch who is the prime cause of all those material and moral calamities? The teaching of St. Paul quoted above is far more precise and comprehensive than any denunciation issued by the National League. But is there not danger of murder? St. Paul did not think so. But our people are "excitable." Not a whit more so than the Jews, as must be obvious to any one acquainted with the characteristics of both nations. St. Peter and St. Paul are evidently two Irishmen who were accidentally born in Judea. Boycotting "a terrible risk of the crime of murder?" Quite the contrary; for if the bishops, priests and people would with one voice denounce the grabber, the monster would immediately disappear like the wolf; so you would have nothing of the kind to hunt or to kill. But boycotting and the Plan may be abused. Quite so. Is there a gift of God or an invention of man that is not frequently and fearfully abused? Have not the attributies of the soul and the faculties of the body become so debased and degraded that it would seem as if all flesh had corrupted its way, and that the immutable God would again be sorry he had created man? As to the inventions of man, take for example the press. Is it not availed to pour a very deluge of abominations upon the world? Even the beautiful and interesting art of the photographer is employed as an auxiliary of the press to ruin those who cannot read, and plunge them into a seething abyss of pictorial putrescence. Yes, the best and most holy things can be abused. If, however, the priests stand by the people as they ought, to guide and direct them, there is little or no danger in "the boycot" or "The Plan." If the priest retires and abandons the people, of course they will stray like sheep without experience. I speak from the practical experience of years.

How to Have Pretty Faces.

Have a big bowl full of hot water—when I say hot I mean hot, I don't mean tepid—put in both hands and lave the face thoroughly with this hot water until it is as red as the proverbial lobster. The hands are the proper things to wash the face with, because they are cloths with intelligence added to them. Do not dry the face, but just as quickly as possible give it another laving with very cold water. The warm water cleanses the skin, the cold water gives vigor to it, makes the flesh firm and prevents one from catching cold. I hope that you will spread this news, and that there will be more clean-faced women in New York than ever before, and they certainly will have good skins, and frighten off the wrinkles if they follow the advice of *Barbara in New York Star.*

Gussie's Brothers.

"Yes," said the Principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another." "Large family! Devoted?" gasped the old gentleman in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?" "Why, yes, indeed," said the Principal, beaming through her glasses. "No less than eleven of Gussie's brothers have been here this winter to take her out sleigh-riding, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow."—*Puck.*

A singular death of a valuable bulldog, owned by William Howell, of Racine, Wis., is recorded. The dog was standing near the large and rapidly-revolving fly-wheel of an electric light engine and suddenly attempted to jump through it. Before he could be rescued the dog was ground to pieces.

Justin McCarthy has been made one of the deputy speakers of Parliament under the new rules of procedure.

AN ARTIFICIAL NECK.

His Own Broken in a Railroad Smash, and Won't Mend.

A man with his head in a cage and neck bent to the right attracted considerable attention Saturday at the Murray Hill Hotel. As he walked he limped painfully. In his shirt bosom he wore a large cluster diamond pin. He was Barney Baldwin, who thinks he has been more broken up than any living man. His injuries include a broken neck, two broken legs, a broken arm, five broken ribs and a broken collar bone. He tells this story:

"I was born and brought up in New York," he said yesterday. "I am 36 years old, but my mother and sister, who live thirteen blocks away from here, don't know what a fix I'm in. They think I'm in Australia. I was yardmaster on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and it was March 19th last, in the yard at Birmingham, Alabama, that the throttle of an engine got out of order and the engine ran wild. I was on a caboose with six cars attached. When the engine struck the section I was shaken off. In the fall I dislocated my shoulder, broke my right arm at the elbow and my leg at the ankle. I threw my right leg over the foot board of the engine and broke that leg in two places. The ashpan of the engine passing over me broke five ribs and cracked six vertebræ of my neck. I was unconscious for 36 hours and was totally blind for 14 days. I lay on a water mattrass 129 days, and I was five months and seventeen days in bed. Since that time I have never laid down, because the vertebræ of my neck are not knit together yet, and if I should try the vertebræ would slip, press on the spinal cord, and produce unconsciousness. For four months after the injury I felt stupid, and every now and then passed off into a trance that lasted two and a-half hours. I have got so now that I can sleep three hours a night in a sitting posture, but I can't lie down. My broken legs and ribs and arms have mended. It is the neck and spine that give me the only trouble."

The physicians who pulled him through were Drs. James B. Luckie and Copeland C. Barclay, of Birmingham. After giving a long list of eminent physicians who had examined him and pronounced him a curiosity too dangerous to handle, he said that he asked them all if he would ever be able to remove the mask and get a night's sleep. They could give him no enlightenment. Then Baldwin showed his wounds—first the scars on his legs, then the right arm with the silver joint, and finally the stout waist of leather and silk which holds in place the steel rod that runs from his hips along the spinal column, forming a curve above the head to the upper end of which is attached a crossbar from which depend leather straps to hold his head up. It's an artificial backbone. One strap goes under the chin and forms a cup in which the chin rests. His purpose in coming to the city is to see if Dr. Sayre can straighten his broken neck for him. It now inclines considerably to the right. Baldwin said that a number of physicians were already anxious to buy his body. Dr. Clayborne, of Aukland, and Dr. Saufield, of San Francisco, he said, had both offered him $10,000, but he had no fear of dying yet.—*New York Sun.*

Romance of Wedded Life.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a hod of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a black frown, as he put down his book and rose up from the lounge.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself you have some chore or other for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody, your mother especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading, and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows: "My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every care, the winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly, those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks, your wish shall be my law, your happiness"——

Just then he reappeared, and, dumping the hod on the floor, said: "There's your darned coal. Give me my book."

Is life worth living?—*Boston Courier.*

Curious Cures and Customs.

Rev. F. A. Reiss, of the Rectory, Rock, Bewdley, writes to us: The following "cure" for whooping-cough was used, to my knowledge, in this parish: A live frog is held to the open mouth of the child; the frog dies and the child recovers. Another custom was prevalent at one time in the parish. On Ascension Day raindrops were carefully collected, bottled and used as a cure for sore eyes. I once was talking to a farmer on Ascension Day when a few drops of rain fell. He said, "Now my old woman will get some holy water." At my request he explained the use, and I found afterwards that an old woman had two or three dozen of "old bottled" laid down in her cellar. The wife of a publican in this parish makes a small loaf of bread every Good Friday and keeps it hung in the kitchen till next Good Friday. It never goes mouldy or bad, and is a certain cure for English cholera.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Caught a Tartar.

The female Mayor of Argonia, Kan., has made the men of the town, who elected her for a joke, feel that they had caught a Tartar. She has put a stop to their poker games, billiard playing and other "funny business" after 9 p. m. There has not been a cowboy jamboree nor a real old-time jollification with shooting-iron accompaniments since she took her seat. Everybody in bed by half-past 9, and the sports are skipping the town. The joke that caused her election will not be repeated if the jokers survive her term of office.

A Corollary.

Wife (looking up from her book)—You know a great many things, John. Now, what do you think should be done in a case of drowning? Husband—Have a funeral, of course.—*Boston Courier.*

GREEN IS FASHIONABLE.

The Novelties in Feminine Apparel for Spring and Summer Wear.

Green promises to be the fashionable as well as the appropriate color for early spring. Bright apple green is the caprice of the moment with Frenchwomen, and is shown here in velvets, nets, flowers and other rich goods for trimming, but is not effective in simple materials. Pale Nile green and the grayish green reseda or mignonette are stylish shades; also the yellowish tilleul or linden green, and clear, dark cedar, myrtle and ivy leaf tints; hunter's green is a bright hue, and the moss and olive shades are all repeated. Cream and wheat colors are shown in a variety of tints running into golden brown. "Paradise" is a radiant shade of yellow, so called from the yellow tint in the bird of paradise plumage. This is a new color, and will prove an excellent one to brighten dark shades and bring out their purity of tone—a foil for other colors. It is also dull enough to be as becoming worn next the skin as yellow lace, softening the flesh tints. The intense yellows are straw, maize and beaten gold. Antique gold is a dull golden color, without any of the greenish tint of old gold. One of the brilliant copper colors is called Nubian. Indian and Siam reds are used a great deal, and come rightfully under the head of copper. The bright poppy and scarlet are used as shadings for all colors. Brown shades are always to the front in the intermediate seasons, and now reappear as tobacco, suede, beige, castor and many drab tints, with more gray than the yellow browns. The new gray shade is a mouse color, and steel and silver grays are also continued in favor. Gobelin blues are imported again, but the tendency is toward clear blue shades without a mixture of other tints. Black promises to remain popular as a trimming for bright colors, such as green, scarlet and suede, where it is used in laces, beads, ribbons and feathers. Heliotrope has quite gone by, and, unfortunately, its unpopularity affects the lovely lavenders and violets and other kindred shades.

The principal novelty in straw bonnets and hats are the ombri or shaded braids; these may be used as entire bonnets for early spring, or as borders to bonnets with made crowns of silk, velvet or gauge. Colored straws are shown of various kinds, from the plain Milan to fancy braids of narrow rows like fine straw gimp, while others are in open lace-like designs, to be made up over colored net frames, and show the color well through them. Chips of admirable lightness are also revived in all the new colors, and the thin Neapolitan braids are made up in plain rows, and also in lace patterns of flowers and web-like designs. Fine Milans will undoubtedly be the most desirable straw this season, but milliners say that chip hats are gradually coming into favor, and that more will be used this season than ever.

Children's Punishment in England.

The punishments that fond parents have devised for their beloved offspring are many and curious. Most of them, as is quite proper, are corporal. Boys are strapped, caned and birched, and both they and their sisters are slapped on various parts of their bodies, shaken by the scruff of the neck or shoulders, made to stand on chairs by the hour, or, worse than all, are sent to bed in the middle of the day when the sun is shining and their companions are playing under the bed-room windows. Mr. Stevenson, in his "Child's Garland of Verses," pathetically asks:

> Now does it not seem hard to you
> When all the sky is clear and blue,
> And I should like so much to play
> To have to go to bed by day?

Many children have felt the same in similar cases. It is, we suppose, peculiar to poor people to punish their children by making them sit on cold doorsteps. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the sight of a little wretch wriggling about on a slab of stone in front of the cottage door, but ludicrous as it is to see, the punishment is brutal and dangerous, and doctors and district visitors should lose no opportunity of putting it down. While they are about it the former might say a word to both rich and poor about the hateful practice of boxing boys' ears and caning their hands. It has been well remarked that nature has provided children with a place especially fitted for bodily chastisement, and it was never intended that the delicate mechanism of the human ear and hand should be subjected to the violence of pedagogues who, in their ignorance or reckless brutality, shower their blows upon them. So much, then, for the infliction of bodily punishment, of which it only remains to be said that it is nearly always the best if temperately administered, being soon over, but not easily forgotten. Dr. Johnson's opinion on this point is well known.—*London Globe.*

Wrist Watches.

I was not surprised to see that nearly al the fair sex were wearing the wrist watches which are now so entirely the fashion in London, but which, I believe, are very little worn, as yet, in America. Made in every form from the plain leather strap to the magnificent bracelet, where the face of the watch is encircled by precious stones, they are both ornamental and convenient. Novelties are even being introduced in the shape of purses, pocketbooks, sticks and umbrellas containing diminutive time-keepers, and one jeweller, more daring than the rest, has manufactured some rings resembling signet-rings, but having instead of a crest a tiny watch. It is scarcely likely, however, that these will ever become fashionable, as they must be extremely bulky and ponderous for wearing on the finger.—*Philadelphia Telegraph's London Letter.*

Disappointed.

An English lord who visited America was at a dinner given in his honor. A little daughter of his host, who was too well-bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark: "And are you really and truly an English lord?" "Yes," he answered, pleasantly, "really and truly." "I have often thought I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and—" "And now you are satisfied at last?" he put in laughingly. "N—o," replied the truthful little girl; "I'm not satisfied; I'm a good deal disappointed."

Mr. Clayes, M.P. for Missisquoi, is seriously ill.

MARVELS OF TELEGRAPHY.

A Conversation Between London, Cairo and San Francisco.

One of the marvels of telegraphy was fully demonstrated last Sunday morning, when operators in the Western Union office in this city carried on an interesting conversation over hill and dale, over mountains capped with snow, through valleys of perennial green, under the Atlantic ocean with its unexplored secrets, over the vine clad regions of Europe and under the Mediterranean, with Cairo, in the land of the Pharoahs. The time was 3 o'clock in the morning, just after a heavy night's work, "good night" having been received on the last press despatch. The dramatis personæ were three operators, and the way the affair came about was as follows:

Chief—All clear. Have you a cigar, Bob?

Bob—You bet; but I'll keep it.

Chief—You will? Who are you working with, Tom?

Tom—Chicago. I've old Fox here. He's going to turn on the cable office, and by the mortal Frost I'll speak with Valentia or bust. "Co, Co, Co, Co," rattled off the sounds and "I, I, I, Co," came in response.

"There is the cable office," said the Chicago operator, "go for him, old fellow."

To Valentia—Let us have London, now, please—Tor Bay.

Valentia to London—Here is San Francisco, Cal., who wants to speak with you. Tor Bay is doing the cable transactions.

London to San Francisco—Delighted to meet you by wire. It is just striking noon by St. Paul's clock, and very foggy as usual. How is the weather there?

"This is wonderful," responded San Francisco. "It is 4.30 o'clock, standard time, here, and not yet daylight. We receive many cables from London, but never had the pleasure of meeting you before. Any Americans there? It is raining slightly. There are plenty of mushrooms on the hills, and the boys will be selling violets on the street corners to-day."

London, having secured a signal from Cairo, wrote: "San Francisco, Cal., is on here and sends greetings. They want to connect the wonderland of the new world with prehistoric Egypt."

Cairo—Say to San Francisco that it is a pleasure to span half the globe to speak with them.

"The pleasure is mutual," signalled Tom from the Western Union operating-room. The Pacific speaking with the Nile, through the Atlantic, the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean Sea is a wonderful feat.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Human Electric Light.

Some weeks ago Charles Baldwin, one of the best known men of Lexington, Ky., was seized with a sudden and peculiar illness, lasting several days. Physicians afforded no relief, and he recovered as suddenly as he became ill. On his recovery he noticed one evening that his body in the dark gave off a steady light, visible 100 yards. The light is so strong that when Baldwin is n ide an ordinary newspaper can be read by the light from his body at a distance of six feet. He is perfectly well and is not conscious of his power. Physicians say he is the wonder of the age.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Honey-moon.

"Say, Perkins, old boy, why don't we see you at the club any more? Has your mother-in-law shut down on you?" "No, Brown; the fact of the matter is, my home is so happy now that there is no inducement for me to leave it. You look incredulous, but it's a positive fact. You see, my wife used to suffer so much from functional derangements common to her sex that her spirits and her temper were greatly affected. It was not her fault, of course, but it made home unpleasant all the same. But now, since she has begun to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she has been so well and so happy that we are having our honey-moon all over again.

Health in California.

"It is so healthy here," writes a settler in a southern California town, "that the only physician in the place will go two blocks out of his way rather than meet an undertaker, whose sad, reproachful gaze haunts him like the memory of a day spent in reading one of Howell's novels."—*Chicago Tribune.*

For the Year 1888

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as 'just as good" as the great only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

Queen Victoria's New Wrap.

Among the Queen's Jubilee gifts there came from the Cape a cloak of ostrich feathers, whose like is not to be had for love or money, as it is made of the finest and glossiest feathers, stripped lengthwise from the stem and sewn in lapping rows upon net, making a mass, black, soft and warm as tropic darkness. The garment is lined throughout with finest black surah and reaches almost to the feet.

Northwest Wisdom.

You cannot judge editorials as you would Limberger cheese.—*Regina Journal.*

Use the surest remedy for catarrh Dr Sage's.

Trainmen on the Denver Pacific Road are puzzled by the appearance of an uncanny spectre, which haunts their trains at night. Its favorite prank is to perch itself on a freight car brake wheel, where it will sit for an hour at a time if unmolested. When a trainmen plucks up enough courage to approach the unwelcome visitor it jumps out into space and disappears.

The average Russian is said to drink from ten to twelve glasses of tea a day. Every Russian merchant has a tea-urn in his counting-room, and the lawyer or mechanic goes out to his *cafe* for tea as often as the German for beer or the Frenchman for wine. At the *cafes* at all hours of the day and night one can see crowds of people sipping tea.

Rider Haggard is said to be at work on the promised sequel to "She."

Mr. Chamberlain sailed from New York for Liverpool on Saturday on the Umbria

A Secret

of good health is found in the regular movement of the bowels and perfect action of the Liver. These organs are intended by nature to remove from the system all impurities. If you are constipated, you offer a "standing invitation" to a whole family of diseases and irregularities which will surely be "accepted," and you will have guests unwelcome and determined. All these unhappy conditions may be averted by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Powerful for the effectual regulation of the bowels and Liver, establishing a healthy action of the entire wonderful organism with which we are created.

Accounted For.

"A Brooklyn lady has seen her husband only twice in thirty-five years." It is not stated how long she has been blind; or it may be that her husband is Grand District Deputy of about a dozen different secret societies and is out of town every day and night installing officers and forming new lodges.

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtanedof druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

The Germans recently attempted a "minor mobilization" experiment near Metz. The railroad station master received at 1 o'clock an order to prepare coffee for 2,800 men at 4, and a dinner for the same number at 6.30. At 1 o'clock 2,800 men came in, had their coffee and took the train for another station, and at 6.30 the next 2,800 promptly appeared, dined and went to the next station, where they had coffee, and both parties returned to their quarters the next morning. The attempt was highly successful.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

D C N L 12 8

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Ravenna wants the telephone and will probably get it.

Owen Sound has twelve hotel licenses and is crying for more.

Mr. J. G. Anderson will resume business shortly in Markdale.

Euphrasia spring show comes off at Rocklyn on the 25th April.

An Arthur township calf had six legs, four ears and two tails. It died.

$15,000 have been granted by the Government for dredging the mud out of Owen Sound harbor, &c.

Rev. Mrs. Nelson, Gobleite, arrived in Thornbury last week from Jerusalem. She will preach in the Music Hall shortly. *Thornbury Standard.*

A log barn and contents, belonging to Wm. Lawrence, of Egremont township, was destroyed by fire on Saturday week. Loss about $250; no insurance.

Mr. David Strachan, of Ravenna,—nephew to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clayton, Flesherton—was married to Miss Theakston, of the same place, on the 8th inst.

Robert Myles, ex-Reeve of Euphrasia, is writing letters to the Thornbury *Standard*, in which he accuses members of that Township's Council of certain illegalities. Sour grapes!

Mr. Robert Matchett, his horse and his rig accomplished the difficult feat of turning a somersault at the same time recently. Of course this happened in Creemore, a Scott Act village in Simcoe.

The Durham *Chronicle* published the names of the eligible bachelors in that town, last week, giving many particulars of a private character. That sort of journalism is evidently popular in Durham, but nowhere else.

A game of curling was played on the rink on Friday of last week between the Grits and Tories—one rink each skipped respectively by Messrs. James Stewart and John Lang. The Tories won by a score of 20 to 13.—*Meaford Mirror.*

Arch. McGillivray, Mt. Forest, died on Saturday week at the remarkable age of 110 years. Deceased was a native of Islay, Argylshire, Scotland. 7 years ago the old gentleman received his second sight and was able to read without spectacles up to the last.

A son of Mr. McEwan, postmaster at Duncan (Grey Co.) brutally assaulted a young man named Proctor in Thornbury a few days ago. Young McEwan, who is characterized as an ignorant bully, got a taste of the law to the tune of $25.25 It didn't digest well.

Major Cannon, of Owen Sound, died on the 11th inst., aged 80 years. He was the organizer and first captain of the Leith Rifles, with which company he saw some active service during the Fenian raid of 1866. He occupied the position of Senior Major of the 31st Battalion for many years.

Wm. Bowie and a man named Earle both of Holland township appeared before Squire McGill, of Chatsworth, one day last week, charged with stealing three bags of oats and one of chop from the barn of Wm. McKay. They were committed to Owen Sound jail to stand their trial.

The Creemore *Advertiser* threatens to publish the names of delinquent subscribers. The Stayner *Sun* has already done so. This is an unwise, if not a suicidal policy, from which THE ADVANCE was one time saved by the timely advice of an old Journalist. We lost heavily but we gained in experience.

A Hepworth hotel-keeper got up a party recently and invited all the swells from Wiarton and Tara, but forgot Hanover. Result: only one person attended the party, and the landlord, who had prepared provision for at least forty persons, felt mad enough to hang himself up by the ears for a while to cool off.

Mr. John Burnett of East Garafraxa, near Orton, retired to bed in his usual health on Wednesday evening of last week. During the night he awakened his wife, whom he told that he had a queer feeling. She arose and struck a light, when he coughed a little and then expired almost instantly. Death was caused by the bursting of a blood vessel, or something of that nature, as the blood came up into his throat.—*Mt. Forest Confederate.*

In the annual report of the department of Militia and Defence for the year 1887, we find in Lt.-Col. Otter's report regarding Military District No. 2, the following statement about the 31st—Grey Battalion, Lt.-Col. Brodie, commanding: "Full strength and very good physique; drill very steady; books fair; good guards; officers test good." This statement compares more than favorably with that regarding any other battalion in the district, and should be gratifying to the officers of the different companies.—*Meaford Mirror.*

Owen Sound.

From our own Correspondent.

An open meeting of the Lit. Soc. of the Division street Presbyterian church was held last week. The debate was: "Resolved that woman should have equal rights with man." Messrs. Dr. Dow and McKay spoke eloquently on the affirmative, and were opposed by Messrs. Chricton and Skeene. Decision was granted in favor of the affirmative. Mrs. Dr. McCullough sang with much feeling, "The Four Marys." Miss A. Dobie gave a reading entitled, 'The District Fathers' which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. F. LePan's recitation, "Christmas in the Poor House," was well rendered. Miss M. Mitchell gave several instrumental solos during the evening. Miss Smith opened and closed the meeting with suitable hymns.

Rev. A. H. Scott, pastor of Knox church (Presbyterian) has received a call to Perth from the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew. Mr. Scott is highly esteemed and beloved by his present congregation and his contemplated departure fills his flock with feelings of sadness. We understand that Perth is near the home of his parents and as he is also offered an additional $400, together with a manse, we see no good reason why the change should not be looked upon favorably.

It was choir practice night in the O. S. Methodist church. Evidently from the disgusted expression on the young warblers' faces, something was wrong. Too true; gas was escaping somewhere. By-and-by the sexton made his appearance in the body of the church, and, squinting one eye up at the choir, *inchoired* in sepulchral voice: "Does any one smell gas?" "I *gas* we do," was the reply of a young gentleman. Then there was deep silence, broken only by the occasional groans of those upon whom it would fall to pronounce the doom of the perpetrator of such a pun!

March 19th. The little five year old daughter of J. Alveson, whose leg was amputated some time ago, is reported to be doing well.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

I had intended to give your readers a report of the soiree held in this place last Friday, but as there was a special correspondent here on that occasion, I refrain from so doing. After the soiree a number of the young folks congregated at the hotel and "tripped the light fantastic" until the morning beams began to guild the distant hill-tops.

There is one subject, Mr. Editor, upon which I can remain silent no longer. I refer to the conduct at church on Sunday evenings. There are a few young men, sons of respectable parents, who would be insulted if any one called them anything else but gentlemen. Now, in my opinion, they are far from meriting that honor or respect. Last Sunday evening while the good man was engaged in solemn devotion, these individuals were talking and laughing loud enough to be distinctly heard all over the church, to the annoyance of all who wished to worship. They appear, also, to postpone their afternoon chew of the filthy weed until they enter church and then they make a bee, so that it is a continual splatter from their filthy mouths, which would lead one to believe that a half pint of the essence of tobacco was being deposited on the floor. In my humble opinion no gentleman will desecrate the house of God with his foul expectorations of tobacco juice. Now, young man, if you must spit, for decency's sake use your hat or your pocket for a spitoon and do not pollute the church with your filthy excretions. And, moreover, I would also suggest, that you invite your mothers to accompany you to keep you orderly while divine service is going on. If this is not sufficient, other means will probably be tried, so take warning in time.

Mr. Walker Sloan left on Tuesday morning to spend a few weeks visiting friends in Toronto.

Miss Rosy Carr is visiting at Mr. F. T. Carr's.

Miss Minnie Beacock, of Victoria, is the guest of Mr. R. J. Hogg.

Mr. Wm. Hodgins, of 13th con., Artemesia, lost a valuable mare the other day. Mr. H. had been to the mill with a load of logs, and when about to return the horse took inflammation & died next day.

Messrs. G. Saul and J. Bowerman, of Toronto, are rusticating here.....Mrs. Hadley has returned from visiting friends at Kimberley.....Mr. Clemes paid a flying visit to Collingwood on Saturday. KATE

FLESHERTON
Roller Mill!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

AND HAVE GOT IN THE

VERY LATEST IMPROVED

ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning our First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers

Good Yields and first-class Flour.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

P.S.—I don't belong to the Millers' Association or any of the Miller Secret Societies as it has been reported by some of the Milling fraternity.—W.B.

March 19th, 1888.

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

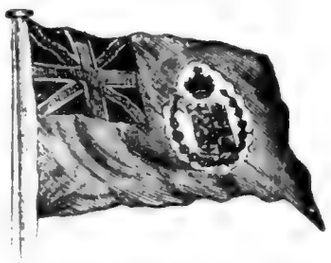

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter--Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE GOOD AND CHEAP

BOOTS,
Shoes or Slippers,

TRY

WM. CLAYTON'S BOOT & SHOE STORE,

FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 353. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spex, Platedware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound; That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

FLESHERTON

Carriage Works.

Collingwood St., Flesherton, Ont.

McTAVISH & LEGATE, Manufacturers of Waggons, Sleighs, Buggies, Phaetons, Democrats, Cutters, Iron Harrows, Wheelbarrows, Crank Churns, Washing Machines, &c., &c. Satisfaction guaranteed and Prices right every time.

Saw Gumming and Filing done on short notice. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to, Special Attention given to Contractor or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:-FROM-:—

BLAKELY BROS

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Tit-Bits.

Consisting of Local and Other Interesting Items gathered by The Advance Reporters.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line each insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Pay the printer.

Now begin to look for spring.

Master R. J. Bates has gone to Stanton, Mich., U. S.

To-morrow Good Friday, and Easter Sunday two days afterwards.

All kinds of Seeds, Field & Garden, at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

B. B. B. stands for Booth the Boss Barber. His shop is in Strain's block, Flesherton.

Assessor McLaughry will soon visit Flesherton officially. Then come the Pathmasters.

Monday next Artemesia Council will meet in the Town Hall for the transaction of business.

Inistioge Sons of Temperance will hold Open Division a week from to-morrow evening.

Dr. T. Henderson, Dentist, of Toronto, will visit Flesherton professionally on Monday next.

Our thanks are due Dr. Sproule, M. P., and J. Blyth, Esq., M. P. P., for parliamentary papers.

An effort is being made to start a creamery at Flesherton Station. Our friends out there deserve credit for their push.

Richardson & Co's page advertisement this week is a striking one. And it is equally interesting and instructive. Read it.

Wrapping paper for sale at ADVANCE office. Four cents per lb., 8 pounds for 25 cents, 10 pounds for 30 cents. First come first served. Supply limited.

Clover Seeds, Mammoth Red, Common Red, Lucerne and Alsike also Timothy and Orchard Grass cheap for cash at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

WANTED.—A good steady young man as apprentice to learn the Carpenter work. Also want three good men to work at Framing & Carpenter work. Apply to JNO. WHITTEN, Flesherton.

The proprietors of the Flesherton Station Creamery will be pleased to receive names and addresses of persons living within 10 miles, willing to sell their cream. See, or address W. HOGG or R. H. COOK, Flesherton Station.

Dear Subscribers,—The Editor of THE ADVANCE has a payment to make next week. Will you, in your usual hearty manner, enable him the more easily to do so by sending in your subscriptions as soon as this catches your eye? Our accounts are all small and it takes a good many of them to make a payment. Who'll be first?

Personals.

Miss Brownridge, of Mich., U. S., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thos Osborne.

Mrs. Shilton,—wife of John Shilton, Esq., Barrister, of Georgetown—is the guest of Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Shilton at the Methodist parsonage. The first named lady is a charming vocalist and took the part of Queen Esther with rare ability when the oratorio of that name was given in Brampton not long since.

Mr. Will Heard has returned from the Toronto Hospital for a short time. An operation is to be performed on his eye shortly, when he will return to the city. It is to be hoped that sight will be restored to the injured optic.

Mr. Wm. Rutledge, jr., went to Maberley, Ont., on Saturday evening last, where he will be located in future. Success, friend Wm.

Mr. Wm. T. Thompson, lately with Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., has secured a position in the counting room of Mr. Hatley's mammoth butchering establishment, Orillia. He left Flesherton for that town on Monday. We wish him success.

Just to Hand.

A large stock of No 1 Long Clear Bacon, Lard, Dried Apples, Codfish, Oatmeal, Corn Meal, Cracked Wheat, Labrador & fresh water Herrings

R. TRIMBLE.

Attention is directed to Climo & Co's new announcement on last page of THE ADVANCE. This new addition to Flesherton's commercial enterprises has met with much favor at the hands of the public. The store, which is in Wm. Wright's well-known old stand, is stocked with a goodly array of choice Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., &c. and customers are politely and promptly attended to.

Wall Papers, more than Thirty Designs and Cheap, at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

The leading editorial in this month's *Patriarch*, entitled, "Ideals," is the most profound, logical and concise article we have ever read on that subject. With each number, it becomes more and more evident, that the Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, were extremely fortunate in securing the services of such a clever writer as the Rev. Thos. Watson as Editor of their monthly manuscript magazine, *The Patriarch*.

Seeds Seeds Seeds.

Just, received a very large stock of Timothy Seed Red Clover & Alsike

R. TRIMBLE.

Death of Mr. Purdy.

Mr. Wm. Purdy, P. M. at Flesherton Station, departed this life on Wednesday of last week. Mr. R. H. Cook, who was with him to the last, says he passed away peacefully, being perfectly conscious up to the very moment of his death. He spoke cheerfully about divine things, and talked frequently about his past life. Deceased had been ailing for some months. His remains were interred in the cemetery near Priceville on Friday.

Banking Facilities.

The rapid increase of business in Flesherton, and the constant additions to our many healthy business enterprises, call loudly for better banking facilities. This is an excellent centre for working up an extensive and sound outside business, also, as any person, with "half an eye" will perceive at a glance. If we cannot induce some chartered monetary concern to locate a branch here, why by all means let us encourage a similar institution to that so carefully and shrewdly managed by Mr. Wm. Lucas in Markdale.

Alabastine for Washing and Coloring Ceiling and Walls, at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Hymeneal.

Mr. Guy Blakely, of Blakely Bros., Flesherton, commenced business in proper shape when he took unto himself an amiable and estimable young lady partner, on Wednesday of last week, in the person of Miss Minnie A. Parks, of this Township. The pleasant event occurred at the residence of the bride's parents in what is known as the Tyrone settlement, and the nuptial knot was firmly and scripturally tied by Rev. Mr. McCaul, Presbyterian minister at Proton Station. Mr. Joseph Parks was groomsman, and Miss Alice Boyd was bridesmaid. The bride's costume was handsome and chaste. We wish the happy couple all manner of success in life.

Into Business Again.

Our good friend, Mr. Joseph Smith, has not let the grass grow under his feet since his premises were destroyed by fire. His many customers will now find him ready to fill all orders promptly, and in his usual excellent manner, in the shop formerly occupied by Mr. T. Duncan, tailor, on Sydenham street. Mr. Smith enjoys a good reputation as a boot and shoemaker and we trust he will get sufficient patronage—over and above his regular business—to enable him the better to sustain his recent severe loss. Mr. Smith would like those owing him to pay him on or before the 1st of April without fail, and it is to be hoped they will see to it that he is not disappointed.

Advance Stock Register.

Mr. D. D. McFarlane, of Lot 16, con. 5, Osprey, is the possessor of an excellent pedigree Shorthorn Bull, which will stand for service, season of 1888, at above lot. Pedigree can be seen on the premises. See bills.

Mr. John Adams, of Lot 151, 2 West, T. & S. Road, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton—is now owner of that well known Durham Bull, "Gray Champion," which will stand for service at above lot season of 1888. See advt. elsewhere in these columns.

[Notices similar to above will be inserted *free of charge* to those who get their printing or advertising done at THE FLESHERTON ADVANCE office. Our rates are reasonable and our work first-class.—ED.]

A Sunday to be Remembered.

The services in the Methodist church, Flesherton, on Sunday last were of special interest, and were largely attended. Rev. Mr. Shilton delivered two sound and eloquent Gospel sermons morning and evening. Added to these were the services of song, conducted by Mrs. J. Shilton, of Georgetown. It is difficult to describe the singing of this gifted vocalist. Her voice is one of surpassing sweetness and volume, while there is an utter absence of that "trilling" affectation so common in celebrated vocalists. Her accentuation is faultless and her powers of expression indescribably pathetic. As she sang, many wept, and a thrill ran through the congregation like a mighty electric current. It was not mere sentiment—the singing came from the heart, and many hearts beat responsive to the soul-stirring strains. God blesses such song—song that tends to elevate man and make him better.

Great Rush.

To the Leading House! What for to buy supplies of Mens Boys & Ladies Boots & Shoes from the magnificent stock just received at R. TRIMBLE'S.

Married.

BLAKELY—PARKS.—On the 21st inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, Artemesia, by the Rev. Mr. McCaul, Mr. Guy Blakely, (of Blakely Bros) of Flesherton, to Miss Minnie A. Parks.

Best Baking Powder in County at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Brother J. M. Webster Heard From.

We were favored this week with the San Francisco *Journal of Commerce's* special edition on British Columbia. It is truly a mammoth number and paints the future prospects of the province by the Western sea in glowing colors. Our old and esteemed friends, Mr. J. M. Webster, sent us the paper. While opening it out, a darning needle—with a particularly sharp point—dropped from its folds upon the floor. We suppose friend Webster desires thus to convey forcibly to our mind the fact, that the Yankee newspaper publishers are *sharp*, enterprising and thrifty fellows. Seeing that they have completely outgeneralled the home publishers—in the matter of widely and effectually advertising the resources and future prospects of British Columbia—this fact must be patent to all. They have also raked in numerous shekels as the reward for their enterprise, as is amply testified by the enormous advertising patronage.

Prepared Paints, Oils, and Turpentine at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Some Day.

You say your love will never die,
But strong as ever hold its sway;
I bet you whisper o'er the words,
But time will tell some day—some day.

You love me now—I doubt it not;
We love each other, so we say,
But all those throbbings of our hearts
Will cease, I know full well, some day.

And yet, if I should leave you now,
Or you should turn for e'er away,
Would we not mourn our severed lives
And yearn to meet again some day?

Then what is love? Is it a toy
Which serves to pass dull hours away?
A trifle which we long to own
Then wearied, cast it by, some day?

No matter. It is best, I deem,
To pull the roses while we may,
And wiser to forget the end
The end, when love shall die, some day.

—*Edith B. VanDusen.*

Owen Sound, Mar., 1888.

Tremendous Bargains.

In Raisins, just received 80 Boxes No. 1 London Layers selling off at 8 c. pr. lb.

R. TRIMBLE.

Mr. John R. Wright, representing Messrs. Evans, Sons & Mason, wholesale druggists, Montreal, says—Nasal Balm cured me of a long standing case of Catarrh after many other remedies failing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

THIS IS

RUSSELL'S

THE NOTED

JEWELER'S

SPACE.

— The only place for —

GENUINE × BARGAINS

— IN —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery. Silverware,

And the only place to get your Watch or Clock REPAIRED

— is at —

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE.

FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Advertise in the Advance.

A LOVE MATCH.

Prince Oscar's Marriage to Miss Munck in England.

ROMANTIC SWEDISH COURTSHIP.

A London cable says: There was a very large number of guests at the wedding of Prince Oscar of Sweden and Miss Munck at Bournemouth yesterday. The Queen of Sweden, Prince Carl and Prince Eugene of Sweden, the Crown Princess of Denmark and the Duchess of Albany were present. The weather was brilliant.

The marriage of Prince Oscar of Sweden with Miss Ebba Munck, one of the maids of honor to his Royal mother, Queen Sophia, and the young man's renunciation of all his rights, prerogatives and titles in order to wed the woman he loves, have been a severe shock to the royalties of Europe and all those who believe with the late Prince Windisschnatz of Austria, that "man only begins with a baron." With the people of Sweden and Norway, however, by whom the Prince has always been greatly admired and beloved on account of his manly qualities, this last step has but added to his popularity.

Prince Oscar, Duke of Gotland, is the second son of King Oscar II., and was born November 15th, 1859. He is a young man of sterling character and an efficient officer in the Swedish service. He is of a religious disposition, a quality not often met with in princes, and devotes much of his time and money to the cause of charity. He has travelled extensively and has written a history of his travels in conjunction with his brother. His love affair with Miss Munck dates back for ten years, but not till recently did he divulge his feelings, even to Miss Munck herself. According to the Swedish Constitution any Prince of the Royal Family contracting a morganatic marriage must renounce his right to the succession to the Throne, together with all the titles, prerogatives and emoluments incident to his position. This Prince Oscar has done. It was only after much earnest and persevering effort that he obtained the Royal assent to his marriage with Miss Munck, and then it was owing mainly to the pleading of his mother.

Miss Munck is a descendant of a family long known in the history of Sweden. One of the most remarkable of the family was Adolph Frederick Munck, a favorite and courtier of Gustave III. Owing to court intrigue he was forced to fly to Italy in 1792, where he died an Italian count at the age of 82 years. The principal member of the family to-day is Captain Eugene Munck, of the Swedish navy, who resides at Stockholm. His father, Col. Munck, had a half brother, Lieut.-Col. K. J. Munck, who married twice, the second time with Baroness Henrietta Cederstrom. Two children were born of this marriage—B. Munck, 1857, now lieutenant in a cavalry regiment in Smaland, and Ebba Henrietta Munck, the betrothed of Prince Oscar, born Oct. 24th, 1858. Her father, now dead, was colonel of a cavalry regiment in the army, and afterwards postmaster of Jonkopings. Her mother is still living at Stockholm. Miss Munck was chosen in 1882 as a maid of honor to the Crown Princess and occupied her place at court till 1886. She then left and devoted herself to nursing the sick in the Queen's Hospital, an institution built through the munificence of Her Majesty the Queen of Sweden. Miss Munck was betrothed some years ago to Lieut. Count Valdemar von Rosen, but the engagement was broken off at the instance of Miss Munck, who, according to gossip, did not approve of the Count's rather gay life.

The betrothal between His Highness Prince Oscar and Miss Munck took place January 29th in the royal palace, Stockholm. After the young couple, in the presence of their Royal Highnesses the King and Queen, had exchanged rings, the King, Queen, Crown Prince and Crown Princess followed the affianced pair to the Queen's appartments where the invited guests were assembled. The King there publicly announced the betrothal and toasted the young couple in the presence of the invited guests, who included Miss Munck's nearest relatives, the Swedish and Norwegian Prime Ministers, the court functionaries, the diplomatic corps, and the tutors and military comrades of Prince Oscar. Prince Oscar and wife will be known after their marriage as Prince and Princess Bernadotte, the Prince's family name.

A New Prima Donna.

A London correspondent writes: "I have just had the privilege of seeing and hearing the singing of a young Scotch lady whom Mr. Augustus Harris has engaged as a *prima donna* for his opera season, which is to commence in May. Her name is Macintyre and she is the daughter of a general officer residing at Brighton. Many connoisseurs are enthusiastic about her voice, pronouncing her the best *debutante* since Nilsson, whom she somewhat resembles. She is sweetly pretty and pronouncedly Scotch alike in feature, complexion and build. Her lower register is exquisite, but she can also command those high notes which bring down the gallery."

A Statue of Lord Dufferin.

A London despatch says: The Dufferin Memorial Committee at Calcutta has decided to place in front of the Town Hall a statue of Lord Dufferin and within the hall a portrait of Lady Dufferin. The native opposition to this project has all along been and is still very strong, but the committee voted almost unanimously to thus honor the retiring Viceroy in spite of the objections raised.

Damage for Broken Heart, etc.

A New York despatch says: The suit of Miss Lucy A. Case, a widow, against Wm. E. English, of Indianapolis, son of ex-Governor Wm. H. English, for seduction and breach of promise of marriage, has been settled out of court. It is stated that she received $15,000 and that all her expenses were paid.

Joseph Chamberlain believes that the new fisheries treaty will be postponed consideration by the Senate until after the Presidential election.

Mr. Gladstone has discarded his shabby old rig, and now drives a spanking turn-out.

THE KAISER'S FUNERAL.

Imposing Ceremonies at the Dead King's Funeral.

A Berlin cable says: The funeral of Emperor William took place to-day. The weather was again extremely cold, and the troops, who were ranged four deep along the route taken by the cortege, wore heavy cloaks. The low temperature had no apparent effect upon the people, and hundreds of thousands of spectators occupied the space behind the soldiers, while every window along the Unter den Linden was crowded. All the houses on the thoroughfare were covered with mourning and exhibited flags with black drapery. At the street crossings massive pillars draped with black and surmounted by Prussian eagles had been erected. The lamp-posts were covered with crape and at every fifty paces there were large candelabra bearing flaming crossets. The route of the funeral procession presented a most imposing aspect, entirely in keeping with the deep sorrow and reverence of the people. The centre of the road was strewn with gravel and fir branches. In the Penisor platz large crape festoons entwined with laurel were hung. The Brandenburg Gate was draped, and there was a large arch in front of it, upon which were the words, "God bless you." The funeral service took place in the cathedral in accordance with the programme. Emperor Frederick was not present, the weather being too severe to permit of his exposing himself. Dr. Koegel, the Court Chaplain, delivered the sermon, standing beside the coffin. His text was, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." At 12.45 o'clock Dr. Koegel pronounced the benediction, while at the same time volleys were fired by infantry on the outside. The cathedral ceremony closed with the singing of "Holy, Holy is the Lord." The procession to escort the Kaiser's remains to the mausoleum then began to form.

Prince Bismarck and Gen. Von Moltke were not present at the services in the cathedral, nor did they take part in the procession to the mausoleum. The cathedral presented a most solemn and impressive appearance. When the soft organ prelude began the Court Chamberlain and the Ministers took positions behind tabourets bearing the Empire's insignia. Gen. Von Pape, holding the Imperial standard, then placed himself at the head of the coffin. Count Lehndoroff and Prince Radziwill, the late Emperor's aides-de-camp, with drawn swords, standing on each side of him, and the Adjutant-General and other aides-de-camp standing together at the foot of the coffin. While the organ still played the royalties entered, Prince William arriving at noon. At a signal from the chief master of ceremonies the organ broke into swelling tones and the service was begun. Prince William stood in the middle of the nave behind the imperial standard. Alongside of him were the King of Saxony, the King of Belgium and the King of Roumania. Close by stood the Grand Duke of Baden, Princes Albrecht and Henry, and other princes of the royal house of Prussia, the Prince Imperial of Austria, the Prince Imperial of Russia, the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas of Russia, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Italy, the Crown Prince of Denmark and the Crown Prince of Greece, all in the uniforms of their respective countries. The Princes of Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Hesse and other notables and foreign representatives, including Gen. Billot, of France, and his suite, formed the next rows in the nave. The diplomatic pew was crowded.

A FATHER'S REVENGE.

He Commits a Terrible Outrage on a Woman for Ruining His Son.

A Springfield (Mo.) despatch says: Dr. George M. Cox, U. S. pension examiner at Springfield, induced Effie Ellis, the mistress of Fenton Cox, the son of the physician, to enter a carriage with him, and when she was seated he struck her over the head with a bottle of vitriol, breaking the vessel and smearing her face and head with the fluid. Her screams attracted the attention of a policeman, who released her from the frenzied physician, but not until her eyes had been burned out and her handsome features destroyed. The agony of the poor creature is intense, and she now lies at the point of death. Fenton Cox met Effie at a Wisconsin watering place last summer and brought her to Springfield, where he has since pursued a course of debauchery and ruin. The doctor, by legal means, broke up a variety show which the boy had started, with Effie as leading lady, and drove her out of town; but the boy followed her to St. Louis. Before meeting Effie he had been a promising young man. His sudden ruin distracted his parents, and drove his father to commit his terrible crime.

The Prairie Province.

Xavier Batoche will proceed to Ottawa as a representative of the half-breeds of the Batoche district to lay before the Government their grievances on the seed wheat question.

The Mounted Police and the mail carriers on the Prince Albert trail have heard that Gabriel Dumont has written letters to several of the half-breeds in the Batoche county stating that he has received a pardon from the Queen, but is still anxious to live in the United States. He says further that he has secured 75 square miles of territory in Dakota, and asks his people to go over there and settle.

A. K. Switzer was run over by an engine near Rosser Station last night and killed. The body was found by a section man this morning.

Speaker Glass to-day adjourned the Legislature to Monday, and declares he will do this every day until a quorum of members is secured to transact business or move a longer adjournment.

The man Newton, charged with the murder of John Ingo, in this city, last fall, was found guilty by the jury at 11 o'clock to-night. Sentence will probably be given to-morrow or Monday.

—Chicago *Inter-Ocean*—The camel will not give up his hump nor the leopard change his spots, but fashion is discussing the discarding of the bustle.

THE MONTREAL SENSATION.

Trial of a Detective for Burglary—Startling Evidence by a G.T.R. Officer.

A Montreal despatch dated last (Friday) night says: The proceedings in the famous detective case were of a more interesting nature to-day, and some important testimony was adduced. Several witnesses were examined, but there was nothing in their evidence directly incriminating the accused. A sensation was produced when Detective Thos. Flynn, one of the principal witnesses, was called. He swore that he had known the prisoner for fourteen years, but did not know Naegle and Bureau before the 1st of December. Knew a person named Frank Wilson; first met Wilson in Detroit on Nov. 19th. Received a telegram from W. J. Spicer, General Manager of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway at Detroit, and met him there at his office. Mr. Spicer said, "I expect a man here in a short time. You may have to go to Montreal shortly." He also mentioned that it was in connection with the robbery at the Bonaventure that he wanted him. About 8 o'clock a man arrived at the office, who afterwards told him that his name was Frank Haynes, and that he was also known as Frank Wilson. Witness was with the general manager when this man arrived. It was arranged that Frank Wilson and witness should go to Montreal. His visit to Montreal was with the object, first, to have Wilson lay the matter before Mr. Hickson; and secondly, for the purpose of getting a letter which Wilson said was going to be sent to him at the Adams House, Boston. Wilson went to Boston and witness went to Colborne, where his family live. Did not follow witness to Boston. He saw Wilson in Boston on the 26th November. Went to Boston for the purpose of getting any letters that might be sent to Wilson and to witness him open them at the Adams House. It was arranged to try to get more letters from the same party. The clerk at the Adams House handed Wilson a letter, when Wilson said, "You open that letter, Flynn, and read it yourself." Witness then produced the incriminating letters, but a dispute arose as to whether they should be admitted as evidence or not, and the court took the matter *en delibere*.

HORRIBLE ATROCITY.

An Aged Woman Beaten to Death and Her Husband Left for Dead.

An Ithaca, N.Y., despatch says: Richard Barber, a farm hand employed by Thomas Donahue the past winter, was lodged in jail here this noon, charged with the most atrocious crime committed in this section in half a century. Richard Mason and his wife, an inoffensive, childless couple aged about 70, have lived for thirty years in a little house on two acres of land two miles east of Trumansburg. On Friday night an alarm at the door aroused Mason, who admitted Barber, with whom the Masons were well acquainted. Lighting a lamp, Mason started to go down in the cellar for a dish of apples. Barber seized a heavy stove poker or shaker and struck the old man on the head as he stood at the cellar door. Leaving him after a second blow, Barber went into the chamber where Mrs. Mason was lying in bed and hammered her to death with the same weapon. The fainting husband heard his wife's loud cries of agony subside into moans. The only heed paid by the miscreant to Mason's appeal for mercy for his wife and himself was a return to the onslaught on the husband. The murderer then emptied the contents of the oil lamp upon the old man and the carpet, and, igniting it, fled from the house. Mason recovered sufficiently to crawl from his house into a snow-drift, leaving the body of his dead wife for cremation in the blaze which soon consumed the house. The fire was discovered by neighbors, two of whom conveyed the mutilated farmer to an adjacent house, by which time the entire neighborhood had become aroused, and when Mason informed them of the facts, enraged parties of searchers set out to apprehend the murderer. Barber was encountered on the road and kept in custody by a throng of men until the arrival of Deputy Sheriff Barton, who succeeded in getting him to Trumansburg and protecting him until the train brought them to Ithaca. Barber is an Englishman and has been in this country eight years. The only theory accounting for the crime is alleged to be his knowledge that the Masons had $100 of their savings hoarded in the house.

A Locomotive Lost in the Quicksand.

"In the construction of the Kansas Pacific & Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroads," said H. L. Carter, a railroad contractor of St. Joseph, the other day, "one difficulty of frequent occurrence was met with, which, as far as my experience goes, is unique in railroad history. I refer to the trouble arising from quicksands. From Western Kansas to the mountains quicksands are to be found in nearly every stream, no matter how small, and to successfully bridge them required an expenditure out of all proportion to the size of stream to be crossed. We tried pile-driving, but the longest piles disappeared without touching bottom. Then filling with earth and stone was attempted and met with equally poor success, as the quicksand was apparently capable of swallowing the Rocky Mountains. The only means of crossing a quicksand was found to be to build short truss bridges across them. As an instance of the practically bottomless nature of the quicksands, I may cite the case of an engine that ran off the track at River Bend, about ninety miles from Denver, on the Kansas Pacific. The engine, a large freight, fell into a quicksand and in twenty minutes had entirely disappeared. Within two days the company sent out a gang of men and a wrecking train to raise the engine. To their surprise they could not find a trace of it. Careful search was made, magnified rods were sunk to the depth of sixty-five feet, but no engine could be found. It had sunk beyond human ken, and from that day to this has never been discovered.—*Wichita Beacon*.

Last year the Church of England raised half a million sterling for Church extension, restoration, endowment of benefices, provision of burial grounds and erection of parsonages. The annual average of confirmations for the nine years ending with 1883 was 166,000, while that for the succeeding three years was nearly 204,000—a growth of over 22 per cent. The confirmations for 1886 reached 213,638.

ODD DELUSIONS.

Singular Instances of Monomania in Persons Who are Otherwise Perfectly Sane.

Among the instances of singular monomania which I have discovered is that of an important officer of a State government in New England. His special delusion is that the other members of the family are insane and are plotting to injure him, and that they ought to be put in an asylum. He is an able and even celebrated lawyer, and conducts cases with marked effectiveness and success, his briefs and arguments showing unusual vigor and continuity of thought. Nobody knows of his mental condition outside of his own family and a few intimate friends, to whom they have said confidently: "If any of us should disappear suddenly, look for us in an asylum."

Another most curious case is that of a wealthy banker of New York city, who fancies that he is a ripe cherry that the birds are eager to pick. He has a terror of all fruit-eating birds, and seldom walks or appears anywhere in the open air. He makes his trips to and from his bank in a carriage and keeps the doors and windows always shut tight, lest a sparrow should get in and swallow him! He knows perfectly well that the preposterous belief would damage him and probably ruin him if it were generally known that he harbored it, so he conceals the consciousness of his fearful peril from his business associates and contents himself with keeping carefully out of the way of birds.

An interesting society lady of Troy imagines that a big Newfoundland dog always accompanies her, walks when she walks, stops when she stops. "I know perfectly well that it is not there," she says, "but I always see it, and that is what troubles me." When I go to bed it always lies down upon my feet."

There is a lady who has been a teacher for the last twelve years in the schools of New York city, and is still so employed, who imagines herself a wheelbarrow. "I know I am not a wheelbarrow, of course," she says to her physician, Dr. Hammond, "but that certainly makes no difference with the appearance and my sensations. When in school I am always a wheelbarrow, and my feet are the handles and my head is the wheel, and I seem to be trundling myself down the aisles and through the halls. It is ridiculous and painful and mortifying, but, though I know it is the result of a nervous disease, I cannot shake off the hallucination."

Mr. W. A. Croffut, a journalist and successful mesmerist, gives me the following opinion: "Hallucinations are evidently closely akin to dreams. I can fill any one of my sensitives full of delusions in a minute; can make him think he is Washington or Grant or Victoria, a peddler, an opera singer, a teacher of languages, a rooster or a telegraph pole, and can banish the delusion in two seconds. Now, it seems to me that this hallucination is exactly the same kind as the hallucination of lunatics or the dreams of those who sleep, the only difference being that the sleeper holds the key of dreamland and the operator holds the key of a similar trance called mesmerism, while to the permanent trance called insanity and the partial trance called monomania the key is lost. I have wondered if it might not be possible to recover the lost key—to often waken the insane from their dream as somnambulists and the mesmerized are wakened."—*Pittsburg Press New York Letter.*

Just Like a Woman.

"You and your husband should settle these little tronbles between yourselves," said the minister, "and not come to me. From what you have said I should judge you were rather obstinate." "Oh, no," she replied, "indeed I'm not. But I must admit I always like to have my own way."—*Judge.*

Rescued From the Wreck.

At Mrs. Trick-Scored's reception: She—Did you manage to get me some supper in that awful crush around the table?

He—Yes; I have three fried oysters in my vest pocket and some chicken salad in my handkerchief.

She—Oh, how good of you!—*Town Topics*

Looking Out for Consequences.

Wife (in the night)—What's the matter with Fido?

Husband—It sounds as if he had got hold of a burglar.

Wife—Oh, John! Do hurry down and call Fido off. I don't want to have any gentleman suing you for not keeping Fido muzzled

A Reputation Easily Earned.

Old lady (to saleswoman)—You don't seem to possess the patience of Job, young woman! Saleswoman—No, ma'am; but Job never clerked in a dry goods store.

A Mortifying Circumstance.

Miss Ethel—I was so sorry to hear of your papa's failure, Clara. And is it really true?

Miss Clara—Yes, and for only $60,000. Mamma and I feel too mortified for anything!—*Texas Siftings.*

It is not generally known that Phil Armour, the Chicago pork man, was one of the Argonauts who crossed the plains in '49 in search of the golden fleece. He remained in California for several years and laid the foundation of his fortune in 1851 by establishing a water works for the miners. He came east to Milwaukee in 1857 and remained there until he removed to Chicago.

The question of Ministerial Inefficiency, which has been creating so much discussion in Scotland, has not hitherto been publicly dealt with in the courts of the English Presbyterian Church. This silence is to be observed no longer. The subject is to be brought before the Newcastle Presbytery at its ordinary meeting in March by Rev. James Mackenzie, of South Shields, who will move the transmission of an overture to the Synod thereon. Other Presbyteries are expected to move in the same direction.

At Tunbridge Wells, on a recent Sunday the Rev. Father Searle delivered a lecture in reply to a recent address by Lord Robert Montagu, in the same town. In the course of his address he stated that the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, as Cardinal Wiseman told him in 1862 at St. Leonard's in an interesting conversation, was received into the Catholic Church before her death.

VICTIMS OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

What One Engineer Has Killed on the Track—Everything from Toads to Men.

"I killed a buzzard this morning," remarked an old engineer of the Georgia Road to an Atlanta *Constitution* reporter the other afternoon.

"Rather strange game to be hunting with a locomotive. How did it happen?"

"A dog or something had been killed the day before, and the buzzard was so interested in the carcass that he didn't take any notice of me until I got right upon him, and he was knocked off into the ditch. I hit him a pretty hard lick, and I guess it killed him."

"Isn't it an unusual occurrence to run over birds and the like?"

"O no, not at all; we frequently kill partridges, doves and sparrows without number. Sometimes a whole bevy of chickens are ground up at one time. Although all kinds of poultry are run over from time to time, I believe guineas are smartest in getting out of the way. When a flock of them is encountered on a track they usually strike out on a run directly ahead of you, sticking to the track until you get right upon them, and then dart off to one side. If one gets off the rest follow. I never knew it to fail. If you get one of them, you get the whole flock."

"How is it with other animals? I guess you have run over nearly every kind in your time?"

"Yes, I reckon I have," said the engineer, thoughtfully, a shadow passing over his kindly face as he finished the sentence. "I suppose I have run over everything from a man to a toad."

"One day I was running at a high speed, considerably behind time. Just as I turned a curve a colored man, seated on a load of wood and driving a mule, was crossing the track ahead of me. Although he had ample time to get over, I involuntarily shut off the steam and threw on the brakes. It was too late, however. The poor fellow became frightened and struck his mule a blow with a switch, and the stubborn animal came to a dead stop right in his tracks. The man was paralyzed with fear and unable to move. The next instant I struck the waggon and knocked it into a thousand pieces, carrying the unfortunate man more than thirty yards before I could stop. The mule plodded on the road as unconcernedly as though he were still attached to his load and nothing had happened.

"But, speaking of animals," continued the engineer, "sheep seem to have less sense than anything else. If a flock of them should happen to be grazing near the track when a train comes along, and they don't manage to get in the way of it, it won't be their fault. I have killed as many as a dozen at a time. We don't kill many nowadays, though, because there are very few in the country.

"Goats are just the opposite. I have never killed more than one or two. They are smart enough to get out of the way from the time they are two days old. Let one be in the way of an approaching engine, and when he wants to get off the track that is just what he does, and without any foolishness either. If he should happen to be in a cut he starts right up the bank, and gets there, too.

"While running a freight one night I ran into a drove of about half a dozen horses. It was quite dark, and I could see them only when I would get close upon them. With their characteristic stupidity under such circumstances, the frightened animals made straight ahead of me at the top of their speed. I suppose I ran them in this way for several miles, sometimes stopping entirely to let them out of the way, but whenever I reached a descending grade I would be upon them again. At last they were caught and two of them killed before the rest got off the track.

"A good many hogs and cattle were also killed on the track. Of course, these all have to be paid for, and there is something remarkable in the fact that only Jerseys, Berkshires and the like are so unfortunate as to get in our way. Whenever a cow does get off the track and out of danger we have no reason to be gratified, because we know she is only a scrub, and of no value anyway."

BERTIE.

The Boy Who Got His Mother and Himself Into a Great Deal of Trouble.

Mrs. Shamm gave a small but very elegant tea the other evening, and, as a reward for being good for two hours, she allowed her son Bertie, aged 10, to sit at table with the guests. As an example of cold-blooded villainy, says the Detroit *Free Press*, we give a few of the remarks made by Master Bertie during the progress of the meal:

"Ma," he asked first, "whose spoons are these?"

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Shamm.

He hushed for a second, then:

"Ma, whose big glass dish is that?"

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Shamm, with a sickly smile that did not conceal from the guests the fact that there was a fearful reckoning in store for Bertie on their departure.

"Say, ma," he put in, interrupting old Mrs. Moneyweight, who was the special guest of the occasion, "that ain't our silver cake basket, is it?"

"Bertie, didn't you hear Mrs. Moneyweight speaking?" chides his distressed parent.

"Well, I'll be quiet if you'll tell me whose pretty glasses those are. They're Mrs. Baxter's, ain't they?"

"Bertie!"

"Oh, ma, I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Hooker wants you to be sure and send back her teaspoons to-night, and—oh, ma, did you know that Sally broke one of Mrs. Walker's nice teacups, and—oh, what a pretty plate this is! Who does it belong to?"

The doors had hardly closed on the last guest when the neighbors were apprised by a sound whose import could not be mistaken that Bertie's time of reckoning had come.

A correspondent, writing from Havana, says that he never saw a people so clean in regard to their dress. A Cuban stevedore will load molasses on a vessel for a week and one can hardly find a spot upon his white suit when Saturday night comes. The clerks in Havana look as if they had just stepped out of bandboxes. They are usually dressed in patent leather gaiters, silk stockings and linen trousers and shirts that are spotlessly white.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read a third time:

To amend the Act incorporating the Ottawa & Thousand Island Railway Company—Mr. Fraser.

To regulate the closing of shops and the hours of labor therein for children and young persons—Mr. Fraser.

To amend the Act respecting the income and property of the University of Toronto, University College and Upper Canada College—Mr. Ross (Middlesex).

To amend the Act incorporating the Brockville, Westport & Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company—Mr. Fraser.

To amend the Act respecting the Parry Sound Colonisation Railway Company—Mr. Armstrong.

Mr. Wood (Brant) moved for an order of the House for a return showing the location of each Mechanics' Institute, Farmers' Institute and free library in the Province, with the number of subscribers or members of each and the amount of money annually expended by the Province for their support. He advocated generally an extension of the system of free libraries in country districts, which were not included as a rule, he contended, in the districts benefitted by Mechanics' Institutes.

Hon. Mr. Ross (Middlesex) thought Mechanics' Institutes were, as a rule, patronized considerably by others than these living in the municipality in which they existed. He thought the extension of the system of Mechanics' Institutes was really the best way of meeting the difficulty suggested by the hon. gentleman. He would point out the noteworthy fact that of the total of 330,000 books issued last year by Mechanics' Institutes, 171,000 were works of fiction, and it was a question worthy of some thought how much further the Government might go in aiding these or similar institutions, the result being as he had stated. The suggestion of the area of distribution of Governmental reports being largely extended would no doubt be considered by the Minister of Agriculture. He had no objection to the motion passing.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Division Courts Act. He said that the object of the Bill was to take away from Division Court Judges the odious power of imprisonment for debt and to put Division Court debtors on precisely the same footing as judgment debtors in regard to imprisonment. In the Superior Courts a judgment debtor might be examined, but he believed that even if he swore that he had the money in his pocket to pay the judgment, that was not considered such an unsatisfactory answer as would subject him to imprisonment.

Mr. Meredith suggested that if this was law, which he doubted, it was a bad law.

Mr. Gibson said that might be, but no one would propose to give the Supreme Courts the power of imprisonment for refusing or neglecting to pay a debt, the power now possessed by Division Court Judges. Some refrained almost entirely from exercising the power of imprisonment, other enforcing what was virtually imprisonment for debt.

Hon. C. F. Fraser said that his hon. friend's strongest point was the distinction drawn betwen the large and the small debtor. But he believed that if the small debtor were placed on exactly the same footing as the large debtor, he would be in a very much worse position than he is to-day. For instance, a large debtor might be restrained from leaving the country, while the Division Court debtor might go where he pleased. The present law did not allow imprisonment for debt as it was in the old days. Imprisonment could take place only after a judicial investigation, and as a matter of fact the cases of imprisonment were extremely few. He had, however, always considered that it was an extreme hardship for a man to be imprisoned on the ground that when he had incurred the debt he had no expectation of being able to pay it, and he would have no objection to the law being amended in that respect.

Mr. Meredith said that he did not see that a man who stole bread for his family was any worse than a man who stole under pretence of incurring a debt. "There is a certain kind of genteel scalawag that you can't reach except by this law."

Mr. O'Connor was inclined to agree with Mr. Meredith, but thought it was a hardship to make a judgment debtor lose a day's work by being examined.

The Bill was read the second time.

Mr. Garson's Bill to amend the Municipal Act was read the second time.

Mr. Graham moved the second reading of a Bill establishing a standard for milk. He took occasion to deny that farmers are much given to adulterating milk. The Bill was read the second time and committed.

Mr. Ballantyne's Bill to prevent frauds in connection with the supply of milk to cheese and butter factories was read a second time.

Hon. Mr. Mowat moved the second reading of the Bill to establish Manhood Suffrage for the Legislative Assembly. He was glad, he said, that both sides of the House were agreed as to the propriety of this Bill. There were some persons who considered Manhood Suffrage as tantamount to a system of Socialism, but those who had studied the matter and had watched the working of Manhood Suffrage in other countries would not share these apprehensions. The proposal had been mooted as early as 1874, but had been opposed by both parties. Recently the Conservative Opposition had determined to adopt manhood suffrage as a part of their policy and had last session moved an amendment to the Government Bill on the franchise, declaring in favor of it. This step was, however, a mere bit of party strategy, as the Conservatives had never adopted the principle of the Bill. The Government had determined to bring in the measure as soon as the country demanded it, and this Bill was but the finale of a series of successive steps in enlarging the franchise, all of which had been made by the Reformers. Universal suffrage in the United States had worked grave evils, no doubt, but it had probably evoked great good. Even some of the nations of Europe had adopted it, namely, Germany, France, Switzerland, Denmark and Italy. In the Province of Ontario at present the suffrage was very near manhood, and practically few were deprived of the franchise. He explained details of the Bill which enfranchises every male of 21 years, subject of Her Majesty, duly entered on the voters' lists and not disqualified by law.

Mr. Meredith repudiated the assertion made by the Attorney-General that motions to the effect of providing for manhood suffrage placed on the records of the House on previous occasions had been dictated by partisan motives. The Opposition had been consistent throughout in seeking manhood suffrage.

Mr. Waters contended that the Attorney-General should have gone one step forward and extended the franchise to women. He had deferred moving the second reading of his own Bill until after this one had been read, and he would now give timely warning that he would bring up the Bill granting the franchise to unmarried women and widows on Tuesday.

Mr. Garsen hoped the Government would soon be in a position to grant universal suffrage.

Stories of Railroad Men.

A gentleman who was upon the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway while the railway was under construction remembers an incident or two. General Manager Egan of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad was at that time a Canadian Pacific superintendent, while Mr. James Ross was a Superintendent of Construction. Mr. Egan made a trip to the mountains to inspect the construction work and when he returned east Ross hitched his car on behind Egan's, as he also wanted to come east. While going down a steep grade the buffer of Ross' car rode up on top of the buffer of the car in front with a suddenness that brought Ross out on to the platform with the exclamation, "Here, what's the matter now?" "O nothing," replied Egan, who had in the meantime come out of his own quarters, "except that the rear car is imitating its occupants and wants to ride over everybody and everything." As Ross was just that kind of a fellow, the story was made the most of when it got around among the railroad men. One time Ross ordered the engineers out in the mountains to prepare their estimates and all meet him at a certain place. When he went out to see them there was only one of the engineers on hand with the estimates. All the others had taken a voluntary holiday and were off somewhere together in one of the mountain fastnesses, having a high old time. The lonesome but faithful engineer was congratulating himself that he had made himself "solid" with his employers by his exceptional attention to business, when Ross gruffly demanded: "Do you drink whiskey?" "No, sir," meekly replied the solitary engineer. "Well, then, do you eat hay?" asked Ross. "No, sir," was again the reply. "Then if you don't do either," said Ross, "you are not fit to associate with either man or beast; we don't want you around here." Was that engineer paralyzed? He was.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Shipped as Cabin Boy to Meet Her Lover.

Captain Robert Crombie, of the British ship Port Jackson, which recently sailed for Newcastle, New South Wales, related rather an extraordinary story of some of his friends during his stay in this port on his last trip. He says that the first trip he made out of Aberdeen he took with him a cabin boy who had approached him before sailing and pleaded for the position. The captain did not want him, but owing to his persistence, the youth was received on board, as he said that he was determined to go to Australia, the destination of the ship. An engagement was made, and the new cabin boy was taken along. Soon after arriving in Australia the boy deserted. Nothing more was heard of him until the captain arrived in this city. While driving in Golden Gate Park he came upon a handsome couple in an elegant turnout. The lady recognised him.

"Captain, I was your cabin boy. Don't you remember me?" she asked.

"Of course," replied the captain, stammeringly.

"This is my husband, Count Vig Koltz."

In chorus they added: "We thank you for your kindness," and rode off.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A Journalistic Mark Tapley.

The Peterboro' *Times* of Wednesday says: Here we are a community of civilized and progressive people completely cut off from all communication with the outside world. Nine dead engines between here and Myrtle and three or four loafing around at different points on the Grand Trunk. They can't move; no coal, no fire, no go. We haven't had a mail since Monday afternoon. Of course in the matter of newspapers we are well supplied, as editors can always imagine what's going on so long as they have a pair of scissors and any old newspapers handy. This paper has got to come out anyway, even if we have to fall back on the almanacs and railroad timetables for copy. But we are not stuck yet. We have last week's Bobcaygeon *Independent*, a copy of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and the report of the Minister of Railways and Canals.

In Pursuit of Health.

Scene in Baltimore depot: First sallow man—You are going south, I take it? Second sallow man—Yes, I'm from New York. Going to Florida for my health Excuse me, but what is your destination First sallow man—Oh, I'm from Florida Going to New York for my health.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Buried in Thought.

At the club:

Jones—Look at Brown over there in the corner.

Smith—Yes; buried in thought.

Jones—Mighty shallow grave, ain't it.

The Lucky Jewish Girls.

Our Jewish young ladies, if they fail to catch on this year, need not lose heart, for next year is a leap year also according to the Jewish calendar.—*Hebrew Standard.*

Laudable Ambition.

General Sheridan is reported as saying that he would rather be the father of twins than be President.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Dr. Trevonian Haight, who lately died in the Essex County (N.J.) Lunatic Asylum of hemorrhage of the stomach, had lived for nine years with a bullet in his brain. The remains of the ball were found encysted. It had been reduced in weight from 55 to 20 grains.

In Paris 26,000 families live in apartments that have no windows.

EMPEROR FREDERICK.

The New German Kaiser, His Life, His Wars and His Ways.

Frederick William Nicholas Charles, who succeeds his father as King of Prussia and German Emperor, was born on October 18th, 1831, and was the only son of the Emperor William I. and the Empress Augusta. His early life, like that of most princes, was uneventful. His mother directed his earlier education, and from her he received a most careful training, not only in those things pertaining naturally to the education of princes, but in all branches of study. The Empress Augusta was well qualified for her task, being a woman of great cultivation. On the 25th of January, 1858, the Prince married the Princess Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Coburg and Gotha and Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland. The Princess, who now becomes the German Empress, is nine years younger than her husband, having been born on November 21st, 1840. They have had eight children. Prince Sigismund died in 1866, while the Crown Prince was gaining laurels on the field of Koniggratz, and Prince Waldemar died in March, 1879, at the age of 12 years. The surviving children are as follows:

I. Prince Frederick William Victor Albert (known as Prince William), Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Imperial of Germany. He was born on January 27th, 1859, married on February 27th, 1881, to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, who was born on May 3rd, 1860. They have four children: Prince Frederick William, born on May 6th, 1882; Prince Frederick, born on July 7th, 1883; Prince Adal Adalbert, born on July 14th, 1884; and Prince August William, born on January 29th, 1887.

II. Princess Charlotte, who was born on July 24th 1860. She was married on February 18th, 1878, to Prince Bernard, eldest son of Duke George II., of Saxe-Meiningen. They have a daughter, Princess Feodora, born on May 12th, 1879.

III. Prince Henry, who was born on August 14th, 1862. He was betrothed on March 22nd, 1887, to Princess Irene of Hesse, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis IV.

IV. Princess Victoria, who was born on April 12th, 1866.

V. Princess Sophie Dorothea, who was born on June 14th, 1870.

VI. Princess Marguerite, who was born on April 22nd, 1872.

On January 25th, 1883, the Crown Princess and the Princess Victoria celebrated their silver wedding.

In the first year of his married life the Prince was made a major-general in the Prussian army. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in 1860, and took command of the Second (Pomeranian) corps d'armee. At the head of this corps he took part in the war against Denmark, his cousin, Prince Frederick Charles, having command of the Prussian forces. When the war with Austria broke out in 1866, the Prince was placed in command of the Army of the Oder and brilliantly opened the campaign. The general operations of the war were conducted by Gen. von Moltke, but enough liberty was accorded to the Crown Prince to enable him to display high qualities of generalship.

At the beginning of the Franco-German war in 1870, the Crown Prince was placed in command of the third army, consisting of the 5th, 6th and 11th Prussian corps d'armee, the Bavarians and Wurtembergers and the troops of Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt. This force comprised 172,000 infantry, 17,000 cavalry and 576 guns. It was to this army that the city and garrison of Paris surrendered. The king's bulletin announcing the first Prussian victory gave to the Crown Prince his most popular name, "Our Fritz," which will probably cling to him during his life. It was eagerly caught up by the soldiers, who were devotedly attached to their gallant commander. The Prince fully merited this devotion, not only by the genius with which he conducted his operations, but by the care and kindness which he bestowed upon his troops.

The new Emperor has long been recognized as a judicious statesman, a moderate Liberal and a steady advocate of peace. His serious illness, now of many months' duration, is a matter of current knowledge and interest in the public mind.—*New York Tribune.*

A Lantern for Human Throats.

The young English electrician to whose ingenuity, I believe, Mr. Irving owed the cleverly-contrived effect of the sparks which fly from the blade of Mephisto's sword in "Faust," has been further proving what I may call his electric versatility. His latest invention, I understand, turns electricity to account as an aid to laryngoscopical examination by means of a tiny electric lamp, which is actually put down the throat of the patient. It was with this novel electric apparatus which Mr. Vesey has invented that Sir Morell Mackenzie examined the throat of the Crown Prince. The lamp is appended at the end of what looks like a long, slender penholder, and the proportionately small battery which supplies the electricity is worn about the examining surgeon's neck.—*London Figaro.*

Flossie's Prayer.

(Chicago News of Tuesday.)

Monroe—March 10th, 1888, at the residence of John Rosenberg, Flossie, only child of Cassie and Peter Monroe, aged 6 years 1 month and 4 days. Funeral from house Sunday, March 11th, 2 o'clock, to Rose Hill Cemetery. She was a God-loving child; her little prayer was always: "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look down upon a little child."

Oh, how we loved her
None but us can tell,
But God, who loved her better,
Has taken her home to dwell.

PETRA AND JOHN ROSENBERG.

Maddened by Drink.

The Blackburn (Eng.) *Times* says that the German brigantine Apollo, of Hamburg, arrived in the Downs the other day, and landed at Deal a passenger, named Peters, who had driven himself mad with drink. While in this state he chawed off two of his fingers, and actually ate them. The man will have to be sent to an asylum.

Miss Dimsdale is hard at work reviving Kingston sinners. She finds them very apathetic.

EMPHATIC GUARANTEES

Which Are Justified by an Extraordinary Public Experience.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having branch houses and laboratories in seven different quarters, and therefore having a world-wide experience, we, H. H. Warner & Co., justify ourselves in making the following statements:

OUR THEORY PROVED.

First.—For the past decade we have held that 93 per cent. of diseases originate in the kidneys which introduce uric acid into the system, a poison that is injurious to every organ, attacking and destroying first the organs which are weakest. We have also held that *if the kidneys are kept in perfect health most of the ordinary ailments will be preaented*, or, if contracted, cured. Other practitioners have held that extreme kidney disease was incurable. We have *proof to the contrary*, however, in hundreds of thousands of cases in every section of the globe. Warner's Safe Cure is the greatest specific known. Its reputation is established everywhere, and its influence surpasses all other medicines.

HOW DISEASE CREEPS ON.

Second.—The kidneys being the sewers of the human system, it is impossible to keep the entire system in good working order *unless these organs are doing their full duty.* Most people do not believe their kidneys are out of order because they never give them any pain. *It is a peculiarity of kidney disease that it may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or of the practitioner.* It may be suspected if there is any gradual departure from ordinary health, which departure increases as age comes on, the kidney poison in the blood gradually undermining and destroying every organ.

SCIENTIFIC SPECIFICS.

Third.—We do not cure every known disease from one bottle. This is *an impossibility.* Warner's Safe Remedies include seven scientific specifics, each one of which has a specific purpose which the others cannot fully perform.

RECOGNIZED STANDARDS.

Fourth.—Warner's Safe Remedies have been recognized by the doctors and the people all over the globe, even in countries most conservative and most opposed to the manufacture of proprietary medicines, *as standards of the highest excellence* and worthy of the patronage of all people.

STRONG GUARANTEES.

Fifth.—We make the following unqualified guarantees:

GUARANTEE 1.—That Warner's Safe Remedies are *pure and harmless.*

GUARANTEE 2.—*That the testimonials used by us are genuine*, and so far as we know, absolutely *true.* We will forfeit $5,000 for proof to the contrary.

GUARANTEE 3.—Warner's Safe Remedies have permanently cured many millions of people whom the doctors have pronounced incurable. People who were cured ten years ago report the cure *permanent* and *completely satisfactory.* Warner's Safe Remedies will sustain every claim, if used sufficiently and as directed.

Sixth.—Ask your friends and neighbors what they think of Warner's Safe Cure. We do not ask you to believe us alone.

YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

MRS. JAMES BURNS, of 18 Division st., Toronto, writes that her daughter was given up to die, by the best medical men in the city, from Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, but that Warner's Safe Cure not only saved her life but restored her to health.

L. A. BAKER, of Toronto, Supt. Fire Patrol Co. of Canada, suffered from lame back for three years. Physicians treated him for Bright's Disease, but he obtained no relief. Four bottles of Warner's Safe Cure made a well man of him.

W. J. HAMILTON, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, was cured of hemorrhage of the kidneys after doctors failed to cure him and the last dying rites of the church had been given him.

MRS. HAYWARD, of 321 Church st., Toronto, was cured of Chronic Dyspepsia with six bottles of Warner's Safe Cure.

JOHN GIVES, of Galt, is a living monument to the power of Warner's Safe Cure over Enlargement of the Liver.

We could give thousands of similar testimonials. Warner's Safe Cure does exactly as represented.

Seventh—We were forced into the manufacture of Warner's Safe Remedies in obedience to a vow made by Mr. H. H. Warner that he would, if the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure restored him to health, spread its merits before the entire world. In ten years the demand has grown so that laboratories have been established in seven quarters of the globe. Not only is Warner's Safe Cure a scientific specific—*it cures when all the doctors fail*, thousands of the best physicians prescribe it regularly, its power over disease is *permanent* and its reputation is of the most exalted character.

Potato Ivory.

Much of the so-called ivory now in use is simply potato. A good, sound potato washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution and then slowly dried, is all ready to be turned into buttons, poker chips and innumerable other things that ivory was used for once upon a time.—*New York Sun.*

In Plain English.

The professor was walking down Woodward avenue in his usual grandiloquent manner, when the fire bell rang. "Is there a conflagration?" he inquired of a small boy on the corner. "A con-which? Naw," answered the youth irreverently, "tain't nawthin' only a fire"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Willing to Accommodate.

Sir Rotten Rowe (just from the other side, to hotel porter)—I say, me man, where can I have me boots varnished?

Hotel porter—Right here, sir. Like 'em handpainted too?

With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him.
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace,
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail any one in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skilful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Danger in Chilled Oranges.

A young man, son of William Morse, of Lowville, has been dangerously sick for several days. His illness was caused by eating oranges that had been chilled. Blood poisoning was apparent.—*Brockville Times.*

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

Miss Smith—My darling Eddie, you must know how much I love you. Be my own dear husband! I have $4.000 a year, and you shall have lovely clothes, a pony and a billiard table. And I'll let you smoke all over the house.

He (blushing)—You must ask my father, Miss Smith.

Mr. A. Lemon, Registrar of Court of Equity, Winnipeg, has been appointed Deputy Master of Chancery, and will act during the absence of Mr. Leggo through illness.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *202 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

DON L. 13 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAR. 29, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Markdale has two barbers. It ought soon to have a poorhouse.

Twelve people left Dundalk for Oregon last week, and the *Herald* says there are more to follow. It is sad to notice a place depopulated at such a rapid rate.

Sixteen visitors registered at the McCullough House, Dundalk, during the recent big storm. The *Herald* says that none of them drove around to see the public buildings owing to the severity of the weather. Too bad altogether; to think that they should have been in Dundalk for any length of time without seeing the penitentiary, for instance, was really enough to make the hair freeze on the *Herald* editor's scalp.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

The Fighting Editor Rises to make a few Remarks.

I don't like it. I never did. I never will. Too much *give* and not enough *take* about it to suit my fancy. It isn't good for the health, much less for the pocket. I once sold a little infant bull-dog to a man on time. The man sold the dog to a gipsy for cash, and then when I asked him to whack up, he told me the pup was no good anyway. The gipsy got the dog, the man got the cash and I got a dollar's worth of experience.

Another time I sold a meek eyed man five dollars worth of material, to be paid for in work. I wanted some wood split and sent for the meek-eyed man to work off five dollars worth of vitality on my wood pile. He was busy—in fact he has been in that predicament ever since. One day I caught him loafing in a shop and delicately hinted that I knew where he could get a job. He said he was sick, and anyway splitting wood always gave him a "creak" in the back. I asked him if he could pile wood if somebody else split it. He said that was worse on him still. I finally asked him if he could sit in my house and watch people piling wood in the yard, to see that there was no "pigeon holing" done. He said inside work always gave him the headache. I then gave him my blessing and hinted that Harry Piper might not be averse to engaging his services as a curiosity. He said he'd see about it and if he got the job he would pay me the $5 in cash!

I presented a little account to a man the other day. He opened it, looked at it, then looked at me, and then told me that he was always glad if he could get his accounts collected inside of a couple of years. I told him he could probably wait that long, but other people, who paid accounts when they were due, were not so "happily" constituted as he was. He then swore some more and insinuated that he would like to be "freed from the law" for about five minutes. I told him it was vulgar to swear, it was not elevating to fight about such a trifle, and that I would see him later.

Some people like the credit system They say it helps business. People buy more than they would if they had the spot cash to pay. True, O eloquent reasoner! and thereby hangs a tale. The credit system tempts people to buy more than the necessaries of life, and in a few years many men—honest men—find themselves unable to make ends meet. A farm or some other bit of real estate must be chucked into the mortgage vendor's shop to straighten things up. On the other hand the business man loses hundred and thousands of dollars in "bad debts." And in order to recover himself, the good paying-customer has to "pay the paper." Otherwise, the business man must put up his shutters and pay a visit to the assignee; or, by lopping off all dead-heads, refusing credit to all but *good marks*, and by a system of the closest economy, he may find a loophole by which his finances may be recuperated and the difficulty tided over.

But it is hard to get a solid grip on the cash system, so long as there are people who will continue to give credit. I would suggest short dates for settlements. If a man dosn't settle then, close your books to *him*. Business men are expected to pay their wholesalers in from one to four months, which is practically, though not actually, as good as the cash. Why could not retailers adopt the same system in reference to their customers? Of course doubtful customers are a risky lot. Don't trust them. How long? Not a moment longer than it takes you to wait on them in the store or shop and do up their parcels! Let them plank down the spondulicks or get out right smart. The more profuse they are in in their promises, the greater the risk you run if you trust them.

A closing illustration of the beauties of the credit system will be sufficient at this time: Mr. A. has a note to pay in the bank, in order to meet which he makes up a number of accounts and presents them. Mr. B. cannot pay his little bill because Mr. C. is similarly placed. Somebody dissappoints somebody, who disapoints somebody else, &c. Mr. D. expected to have paid Mr. A. a month ago, but that rascally Mr. E. did not sell his fat steer at the fair (he having asked two prices for the same). Finally Mr. A. is obliged to borrow the amount from some note shaver and pay twenty per cent. interest on the same. But woe unto Mr. A. if he charges Messrs. B. and D. interest on their several accounts. And perhaps he will never get the principal anyway! Its all a lottery.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

FOR SALE.—One set Double Harness and One Seed Drill nearly new for cash or approved joint notes apply to JAMES BEECROFT, Flesherton.

TAMARAC.—Tamarac Elixir is a preparation containing great curative properties for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Throat and Lung Complaints.

WANTED.—Youth, about 16 years of age to learn the Bricklaying. Must be steady and willing to learn. Apply to FRED RYDER, Flesherton.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Auction Sale

— OF —

VALUABLE FARM

In the Township of Osprey.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from Alexander McLean to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at LINLEY & HOTEL, in the village of MAXWELL, by JOHN SPEERS, Auctioneer, on

THURSDAY, APRIL 12th, 1888,

at 12 o'clock noon. The following property, namely:—

Lot number 36, in the Second Range or Concession North of the Durham Road, in the Township of Osprey, containing 50 acres, more or less, of which 30 are said to be cleared and cultivated.

On the premises are said to be a Cedar Log House. Also a Log Barn and Sheds.

TERMS: Ten per cent at time of Sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to

MOSS, BAICWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, March 26th, 1888.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?
Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.
Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 10 to 4 10	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 65	0 70
Oats	0 39½	0 40
Peas	0 58	0 60
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 12	0 12
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 40
Pork	6 50	6 60
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to
JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirit's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.
Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT.

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.
Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

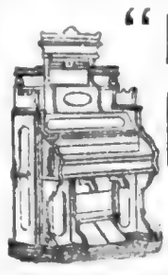

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

Our 23rd Spring Opening in Flesherton!

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO WE opened our First Spring Stock, a very modest small assortment of general merchandise.

Full of hope and faith in the future, we asked a share of patronage, and since that time our trade has constantly grown without any reverse, and we now invite all our friends, many of whom have dealt with us for over twenty years, and we also invite the public generally to come and see what we have to offer for the Spring of 1888.

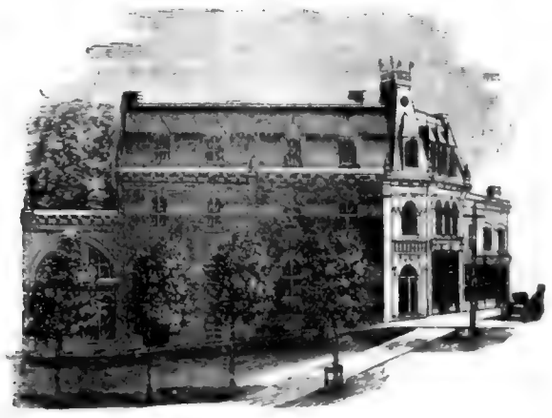

We are opening this week a large assortment of SPRING DRY GOODS, NEW PRINTS, GINGHAMS, CHEVIOTS, CHAMBRAYS, SEERSUCKERS, and Novelties in Cotton Dresswear.

Our General Dress Goods Stock contains all New Fabrics and beautiful goods in the New Fashionable Colorings.

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

We have a very fine range of Goods. Mens Suits, well finished and durable material, for

$4.75.

Boys suits from $2 up. Our

SPRING SUITINGS!

In Tweeds, Worsteds, &c., will be found fine value. The newest things in FELT and STRAW HATS.

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Their Diamond Wedding.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying, and the twilight shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor,
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bedtime cares of this),
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her,
Answered "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living back among her toils and pleasures,
Long ago.

And again she called at dew fall in the sunny summer weather,
"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and Robert—have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered, "all the children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle, all the language of a mother's loving deeds,
While the midnight round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened lonely
'Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast,
For the wife of sixty years, his manhood's early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Farewell!" he sobbed, "my Sarah, you will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide,
For you will come and call me soon, I know, and Heaven will restore me
To your side."

It was even so. The spring-time, in steps of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes;
And they buried him by Sarah, and they had their "diamond wedding"
In the skies.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"It is a bitter night, and we are going to have snow, I am sure," Alice Fairholme said, with a shiver. "I am convinced that Oswald would not take you, Shirley, even if Ruby asked him to do so."

"Cannot you imagine a fall of snow heavy enough to block up the lines, Shirley?" asked Ruby, pulling the pretty pink ear near her hand in playful revenge for Shirley's little speech. "No song, no supper—no bride groom, no wedding!"

"My imagination is not so vivid as you give it credit for," Shirley said merrily.

"Is it not?" laughed Alice. "I believe the mere suggestion has made you as white as a ghost, only I cannot see your face. I hope it will not snow," she continued practically. "If it does, it will spoil the whole effect of our wedding finery."

"It will not matter to us," Ruby said merrily. "The snow will make those *grenat* velvet dresses of ours look delightful, however detrimental it may be to Shirley's satin and lace. And it does not in the least matter how she looks, now that she is provided with a bride groom'"

Shirley laughed, as her thoughts went with a little innocent vanity to the costly dress of satin and lace which had come from Paris on the previous day. It did not matter to her how she looked in any eyes but Guy's, and she felt pretty sure of what he would think of her.

"I wonder you did not choose to be married in a travelling-dress, Shirley. It is getting very much the fashion," Ruby remarked after a pause.

"I should have liked it," Shirley said gently, "but Uncle Gilbert was kind enough to wish me to have a real wedding-dress; and now I am very glad, because I shall like to have it."

"And it will be very useful to you when you join," Ruby remarked. "You can wear it at all the balls the regiment will give for you."

"But Guy has sent in his papers," Shirley said, smiling. "I am not to be an officer's wife at all, Ruby. Sir Jasper wished it so much that Guy was obliged to give in. I am sure he felt it very keenly though, for he was greatly attached to 'ours.'"

"Oh, I did not know! And you—are you glad or sorry, Shirley?" inquired Ruby.

"I think I am sorry," Shirley said. "But of course it does not matter much."

"Of course not," Ruby returned, laughing. "You will be happy anywhere with Guy."

Shirley smiled, and, although her face was in the shadow, a lovely rose-pink colored it from chin to brow for a moment. Ruby bent forward on her chair, and, looking down at her with a little meaning smile, drew her slim white fingers over the hot cheek.

"'Answered,'" she quoted gayly, "'in red letters.' Alice, will you have some more tea."

"Thank you, Ruby. Really it is a shame to trouble you, but I am so delightfully comfortable," answered Miss Fairholme apologetically from her sofa. "Shirley, you are a lazy girl!"

"Shirley is privileged on this last day of her liberty," said Ruby, as she poured out some tea and took it to Alice's side. "We'll let her be happy as long as she can, poor girl. She has not much longer to be so!" she added, as she returned to her seat and again drew Shirley's dainty head to its resting-place, stroking it fondly with her little jewelled hand.

After that there was a short silence in the pretty firelit room. Outside the snow-clouds were gathering dark and heavy and threatening, but within all was bright and warm and cheerful. The household were all busy and bustling; the maids, as they went about their tasks, were wondering what St. Valentine would bring them on the morrow.

In the library Sir Gilbert was at his writing-table, his face grave and softened as he bent over some closely-written sheets of writing-paper which were spread open before him.

In the oak parlor Lady Fairholme and Lady Capel were chatting over their crewel-work; and Oswald Fairholme, coming briskly away from the stables with his hands in his pockets, was humming softly to himself a song which Shirley had sung the night before—

Oh, Ruby, my darling, the small white hand
Which gathered the harebell was never mine own,

and Shirley was thinking how slowly the minutes went by while she was waiting for her true love.

And not only the snow-clouds were gathering over Fairholme Court. As fast as steam could bring him, Guy Stuart was coming to claim his bride; and, little more than twelve hours behind him, Sir Hugh Glynn was travelling over the same ground to claim his wife!

"By the bye, Alice," said Ruby, as the gathering dusk filled the pretty room and only the firelight made darkness visible, "shall we have the pleasure of seeing Adonis to-morrow?"

"Adonis, Adonis?" Alice questioned, very languidly. "Whom do you mean, Ruby?"

"Is your memory so exceedingly short?" said Ruby, lifting her pretty dark brows. "Whom should I mean, *ma chere*, but Sir Hugh Glynn of Maxwell!"

Was it fancy, or did Shirley start under Ruby's hand as she spoke the name?

"No, I am sorry to say not," Alice answered. "Of course, as Guy's friend, he would have been 'best man.' But he went to Cannes to see his mother, who was very ill, and, strangely enough, we have heard nothing of him since."

"Does he know that the marriage takes place to-morrow?" inquired Miss Capel.

"I presume Guy has written to him," said Alice languidly.

"And he has sent you no present, Shirley!" exclaimed Miss Capel. "I should have expected him to give you a diamond bracelet at the least, Shirley, why don't you answer?" she added in a few minutes. "What do you mean by sitting there as silent as a mouse? Do you think Sir Hugh is wearing the willow? Good gracious, child, how you shivered! What's the matter? Are you cold?"

"Cold in this oven!" said a gay voice at the door. "If Shirley is cold here she had better induce Stuart to take her for a wedding trip to Calcutta and back."

"It is not warm in here, Oswald," declared Alice, in her soft languid voice. "I suppose you have been out, so that you feel the sudden change of temperature."

"I did not say it was warm, my dear girl," Oswald Fairholme answered, laughing as he came up to the fire. "It is not warm by any means, but frightfully hot. Miss Capel, how can you endure it?" he added, bending down to have a glimpse of Ruby's pretty blushing face, which she was concealing coquettishly with a great feather fan.

"I don't endure it, I enjoy it," said Ruby demurely, glancing up at him with her sweet dark eyes. "Are you going to the station, Captain Fairholme?"

"Yes. Just imagine the long dark lonely drive," he said ruefully. "Shirley, you ought be deeply obliged to me."

"So I am, Oswald," Shirley answered.

"It is very easy to say so. I say, Miss Capel, don't you call it unparallelled devotion? I had quite made up my mind to marry Shirley myself, and she throws me over in the most unfeeling manner, and actually expects me to go and meet my fortunate rival."

"Poor fellow!" Ruby said, in her pretty soft voice. "He really is to be pitied!"

"There is only one person whose pity I care to have," he answered softly, and then he added in his usual voice, "Any commands for Guy, Shirley? I had better be off."

"Shirley will say what she has to say to Guy herself," Ruby said merrily. "Be off, and, if you are going to drive, mind you don't pitch Major Stuart out under a jealous inspiration."

"A happy thought! I will act upon it," said Oswald, gayly as he left the room.

For some little time longer the girls sat over the fire, Ruby merrily teasing Shirley about her abstraction, and holding with mocking sympathy her little jewelled watch within an inch of the bride-elect's pretty eyes.

But he may be coming yet,
Though he isn't coming now,
For what I thought a swinging gate
Is but a swinging bough,

sung Miss Capel gayly as the dressing-bell rang, and the girls started up from their lounging attitudes and prepared to take flight.

"Don't you intend to dress for dinner, Shirley?" asked Alice merrily, as she reached the door and, turning, saw her cousin standing by the fire, a slim graceful figure in black velveteen, with a silver dog-collar clasping her white throat.

"Of course she does," laughed Ruby, following Miss Fairholme. "Leave her alone; she wants a minute to prepare herself for the startling news that the line is blocked at Weldon and that, unless Major Stuart travels by balloon, he can't be here to-morrow."

The girls disappeared, their gay sweet voices and little high heels sounding merrily in the picture-gallery without; but Shirley stood where they had left her, looking into the fire as if she saw a pleasant picture there.

Five minutes passed; then the room door opened softly, and the intruder came forward quietly and noiselessly. There came a gentle touch on Shirley's shoulder, and when she turned round she found herself in the embrace of two strong arms, which folded her so tenderly, yet so closely, that it seemed as if they would never let her go.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A very pleasant party gathered round the dinner-table at Fairholme Court on the evening of Guy's appearance, and the conversation was cheerful and animated. Even Sir Gilbert threw off his natural reserve in his wish that Shirley's last night at Fairholme should be a pleasant one, and Lady Fairholme seconded him admirably. She herself was thoroughly glad that Shirley would so soon cease to be an inmate of the Court. Not that she disliked her—oh, no! but she was so pretty, so dangerously pretty, and her loveliness so threw Alice's delicate blonde prettiness into the shade, that it was quite a relief to Lady Fairholme's maternal anxiety that her husband's niece was going to be taken off her hands.

Shirley, looking bewilderingly lovely in a quaint dress of the very palest, softest shade of blue, was just a trifle silent and grave, but not more so than befitted her position as bride-elect; while Guy Stuart, who looked extremely happy, although his appearance was a little worn and haggard from his attendance on his uncle and his long journey, was radiant, and talked with animation which was unusual to him, now and then bending towards Shirley with some low-spoken words under cover of the general conversation, which brought the color into the fair pale cheeks and made the long lashes droop over the lovely hazel eyes. It would have been difficult to recognize Shirley Ross to-night, on the eve of her wedding-day, as the weary sad-eyed girl who had crouched before the school-room fire on the day on which Sir Hugh Glynn and Major Stuart came over to the Court.

Oswald, from his seat beside Ruby—a place he filled to his own and that young lady's complete satisfaction—glanced occasionally at his cousin, and her face that night—perhaps, because it was the last time he ever saw it bright and smiling—lived long in his memory. Neither Guy nor Shirley was a demonstrative lover, for Major Stuart was the last man in the world to wear his heart on his coat-sleeve, and Shirley was far too delicate-minded to make a parade of a love which seemed to her so sacred and beautiful; but, when Guy's gray eyes went to her face, there was no mistaking the look in them, and even his voice softened when he spoke to her, so that every word seemed like a caress, so tender was its intonation.

It was a pleasant dinner-table, utterly serene and cloudless; and the next day, when the storm-clouds broke with violence, those present looked back at it with longing wishes that the by-gone hours could come again.

The only shadow which fell, and that but lightly, on Shirley's face that night was when she thought of Jack, on his way across the "deep, deep sea" to his new work and his new home; but her sorrow for Jack's absence was almost completely compensated by the thought of the letter he had written to her before he sailed—the loving tender letter wishing her all happiness, and repeating his promise, in earnest heart-felt words which had brought the happy tears to Shirley's eyes, that she should never again have cause to be ashamed of her brother. And Shirley felt that he would keep his word. She was thinking of Jack now tenderly and thankfully, when her attention was caught by a name uttered by Guy's deep rich voice, a name which made Shirley's heart throb fast and furiously.

"By the way, Sir Gilbert," he was saying, "can you tell me anything about Glynn? I wrote to him at Maxwell; but I have received no answer; and I should be extremely sorry if he is not present to-morrow."

"He is abroad with Lady Glynn," answered Sir Gilbert quietly. "He won't be present, Stuart, although of course Lady Fairholme sent him an invitation."

"Lady Glynn has been very ill for some months," Lady Fairholme said, "and she became alarmingly worse early in January; and Sir Hugh, who is a very devoted son, went at once to Cannes, where he has been, we conclude, ever since."

"It is so strange he has not written to me," Major Stuart remarked thoughtfully. "But he never was a good correspondent, and I suppose he does not improve in that respect. Perhaps we may come across him in our travels."

"What an extremely handsome and agreeable man he is!" said Lady Capel, in her languid high-bred voice. "I think there is no doubt that he will not remain longer abroad than is absolutely necessary. He is not a man to neglect such an estate as Maxwell; and there are other attractions, I fancy, in this part of the world."

Miss Fairholme blushed, and her mother, glancing at her, smiled a little, encouraging smile. Shirley, bending over her plate, was white even to the lips. It was strange how Sir Hugh Glynn's name always affected her; but she could not forget his last words to her and the kiss he had left upon her cheek when they had parted. She felt bitterly ashamed and humiliated when she thought of it; but she had decided not to tell Guy yet. Later on, when they were old married people, she would tell him, when Jack should have proved himself truly penitent and fully retrieved his error.

When she looked up again, the conversation had drifted away from Sir Hugh and had wandered to other topics; and presently Lady Fairholme looked at Lady Capel, and the ladies left the dining-room, and went into the great drawing-room, which was brilliantly lighted to display the wedding gifts which had been laid out upon the table, and which were very numerous and costly.

The two elder ladies speedily composed themselves in attitudes of repose on either side of the fire; Shirley sat down in a low chair, a little apart, and folded her hands in her lap, looking very sweet and thoughtful and happy; Alice and Ruby stood by the table, admiring the beautiful *parure* of diamonds which old Sir Jasper Stuart had sent his embryo niece, and which was a royal gift in the way of beauty and value.

"After all, Madam Shirley," Ruby said gayly, coming to Shirley's chair with a laugh in her sweet dark eyes, "you have not married a poor youth with only his love for a dower. It is all very fine being disinterested in song, but I felt quite sure that you were aware that Major Stuart had a very wealthy uncle, whose favorite nephew he is and whose heir no doubt he will be."

Shirley looked up and smiled, but there was a shadow of pain in her beautiful eyes which Ruby did not see.

"Do you remember how you said you would throw him over for a richer suitor, if you got the chance?" continued Ruby merrily. "You have not forgotten it, Alice, I dare say."

"Don't remind me of that to-night, Ruby," Shirley entreated, with a quick tone of pain in her low voice which Ruby heard.

"Dear forgive me!" she said softly. "I spoke in jest—I did not mean to hurt you. I would not have grieved you for anything. Why, how white you are, Shirley! You must not faint away, or I shall elope with Major Stuart on the instant; and how would you like that? Shirley, dear," added the girl penitently, seeing that her light words had given far more pain than she thought, "forgive me; I am so sorry."

Shirley put her little fingers softly into Ruby's hand and smiled her pardon; and then Miss Capel sauntered away to the piano and began to play softly and sweetly. She was still playing when the gentlemen came in and coffee was served; and Shirley's fair face grew perfectly serene as Guy, after a few words with Ruby at the piano and exchanging a few sentences with Lady Fairholme by the fire, made his way to her side and sat down, with an air of perfect content, in a great arm-chair by her elbow.

"At last!" he said softly, under cover of one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." "I thought I should never get you to myself for half an hour, and I have been positively hungering to hear your voice, Shirley."

"Have you? You have borne up pretty well, all things considered," she returned saucily. "You seemed in excellent spirits all through dinner."

"It was no 'seeming,' pretty one, he declared, smiling. "The good spirits were perfectly genuine, I assure you. Happy, my own? I should think I am happy! There is no happier man in the three kingdoms than I am to-night."

Shirley's sweet eyes, with a bright tender light in their depths, were raised to his, and Guy, meeting them, smiled, and, under cover of her fan, which lay open on her knee, took her little fingers fondly in his.

"And you, my dearest, are you happy?"

"So happy," she answered softly, "that it seems as if my happiness were too great to last."

"Don't say that, love," he said quickly. "Why should it not last? Shirley, it shall be the object of my life to keep you happy."

"An object not difficult to attain, Guy, while I have you."

"Thank you, my own," he said fondly; and there was a brief happy pause. Then he asked her gently whether she had missed him a little during his absence.

"A little!" Shirley repeated softly, with a sudden tremor in his sweet tones. "Oh, Guy, there was not a minute in the day in which I did not miss you and long for you, with such a heart-ache."

"My dearest!" Guy's tender voice said, as he clasped the little clinging fingers in his strong palm.

"Oh, how I wanted you sometimes!" Shirley continued tremulously. "But I was never as lonely as I was before, Guy, because I had your love, and the thought of it made me happy, and so proud!"

"Proud, dear one?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, so proud that you who are so good and generous and noble—no, I will speak, sir—I have not promised to obey yet, you know—that you should have cared for me—such a foolish girl, with nothing to recommend but—"

"But what?" Guy asked softly, smiling at her pretty confusion.

"But my love for you," she whispered.

"My darling," Guy said tenderly, restraining with some difficulty his inclination to take her in his arms and kiss the sweet lips which made such pleasing confessions, "how can I thank you for such pretty words? They are so pleasant, Shirley, and they make me so happy."

"Do they Guy? Do they really make you happy? I like to think that."

"Then you may think so, sweet."

"Guy," she said with sudden earnestness, her face paling with intense feeling as she turned to him, "I think, if anything came between us now, I could not bear it. I should die."

"Thank heaven that nothing can," he returned earnestly; and Shirley experienced such a pleasant feeling of being loved and protected that every shadow fell away, and the perfect peace on Guy's face was reflected on her own.

Meanwhile the rest of the party were amusing themselves as they thought best. Oswald had replaced Ruby at the piano, and was playing the "Wedding-March," with a smile upon his face, and his dark eyes full of fun and tenderness, fixed on Ruby's pretty brunette face, as she stood resting her elbow against the piano, with an expression of amusement and some other feeling fighting for the mastery upon her mobile features. Alice was at the other end of the room, playing bezique with one of Oswald's friends, who had already fallen desperately in love with her and who, although not such a desirable *parti* as Sir Hugh Glynn, was by no means a "detrimental."

Sir Gilbert, from his arm-chair, was glancing occasionally at his niece, and seemed in doubt or hesitation as he did so, for his face wore a slightly troubled look, and there was a very unusual expression of indecision in his blue eyes. He did not like the idea of clouding the happiness on Shirley's face, but in his breast-pocket lay the letter which his sister had been anxious about during her last hours—the letter she had intrusted to Shirley for her uncle, and which contained, written by herself for her daughter's perusal, the story of her life.

Suddenly the loud triumphant notes of Oswald's music ceased, and his fingers wandered into a soft quaint melody, and, after a minute's prelude, his rich tenor voice rose softly and clearly, singing these words—

Linger, O gentle time!
Linger, O radiant grace of bright to-day!
Let not the hour's chime
Call thee away,
But linger near me still with fond delay.

Linger—for thou art mine.
What dearer treasures can the Future hold?
What sweeter flow'rs than thine
Can she unfold—
What secrets tell my heart thou hast not told?

Linger: I ask no more;
Thou art enough forever—thou alone.
What future can restore,
When thou art flown,
All that I hold from thee and call my own?

"That is a dreary little song," Guy said softly. "That future will not take away our joys, my darling, and it may hold 'dearer treasures' for us."

"It would be difficult for it to do that, dear," Shirley softly returned. "Oh, Guy, I can imagine no happiness greater than ours now!"

"I can," said Major Stuart. "I can imagine you and I alone together, sweet; and that seems a much pleasanter state of things to me even than the present. Do you think you will regret your liberty, Shirley?"

"I do not think that I have had much liberty to boast of since I came to Scotland," she answered, smiling; "and before that—Oh, Guy," she added, breaking off suddenly, "it makes me happier now to think that my dear mother saw you, and that almost her last words to me were a message of thanks to you for your kindness to her!"

"I am glad of that," he said gently. "I think, if she knows how deeply I love you, my dearest, she will be glad that you are to be mine. What, is it bedtime already?"

"It is getting late," answered Lady Fairholme, smiling, "and I can't have pale checks to-morrow; so, as we have no rouge in the house, I am going to send all these young people to bed."

"Good-night, my own, until to-morrow," Guy said, with a long close pressure of the little hand and a long last look at the lovely face—a last look indeed, for he never saw it again as it was then. And Shirley said nothing, but only lifted her eyes to his, and then turned away.

As she said good-night to her uncle, he gave her the letter which he took from his pocket.

"I am obeying your mother's wish in giving you this, Shirley," he said gently. "I should have kept its contents a secret from you still, but she wished it."

"Thank you, Uncle Gilbert," the girl answered, a little surprised; "and thank you with all my heart for all your goodness to me," she added, so earnestly that the tears rose in the beautiful eyes; and Sir Gilbert kissed her kindly on the forehead, and bade Heaven bless her in a tone of gentleness very unusual to him.

"Now, girls, don't get chatting and sitting up late," Lady Fairholme said, smiling as she took her bedroom candlestick and went her way; and the girls laughed and promised, but went nevertheless into Shirley's room to see the wedding-dress, which had been unpacked, and which lay in all its bridal finery upon the couch in her room.

When they had admired it to their heart's content, and stroked with gentle white fingers the glossy satin and filmy lace, Alice and Ruby went away leaving Shirley in solitude at last.

There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and Shirley stood looking at it with dreamy thoughtful eyes for a few moments; then she turned away and began hastily to undress. As she removed the pretty blue dress, the letter which her uncle had given her fell from its folds, and she stooped quickly and lifted it, feeling guilty and remorseful because of the little thought she had given her mother's communication—her dear dead mother!

She threw the blue dress carelessly aside and hastily slipped on a dressing-gown; then, seating herself before the fire, she took out the letter. For a few minutes she examined it gently, touching it with tender reverent fingers and looking at it with eyes into which great tears rose as she gazed. She knew the handwriting well, the pretty graceful handwriting which had been so familiar to her. How clearly it brought her mother back to her now—the dear gentle mother who had never given her a cross word, who had always sympathized so perfectly with her joy and with her girlish sorrows! Ah, how joyful she would have been to-night to think that her little daughter was so happy! How pleased she would have felt! How proud and fond of Guy she would have been, and what a devoted son he would have been to her! Ah, darling mother!

Looking at the letter, with its tender superscription, "To my dear little daughter," brought back clearly that last sad journey and the anxiety she had shown to tell Shirley something. What was it? Ah, she would know now! These broken piteous sentences would soon be explained. Tenderly, with fingers which were a little unsteady in their eagerness, Shirley broke the seal of the letter, and, drawing the lamp nearer to her, spread out the closely-written sheets.

(To be continued.)

The Corset and the Bustle.

The corset threatens to follow the bustle uto oblivion. Many ladies are abandoning it. In order to do this all such things as waist bands of skirts must go also, as part of the business of the corset is to prevent said bands from cutting into the body. In order to dispense with bands frocks must be made on a princesse foundation, so that their weight is hung upon the shoulders and not the hips. Many ladies have already adopted that style of dress, but nobody would suspect them, as they drape and trim to look quite like the back-breaking, mind-weakening prevailing mode. —*Dress Reformer.*

Some fussy-minded male has taken the trouble to compile statistics of the sizes of New York ladies' corsets, with the result that he has discovered the average dimensions of stays around the waist to be twenty-three inches, or just four inches smaller than the natural waist of the average woman is supposed to be. Upon this fact he comments with great seriousness, and even goes the length of attributing to this compression a thousand deaths per annum.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

The Ideal Newspaper.

Making of newspapers is a business, and why should not newspaper men be allowed to manage their occupation in a business way? They cater to public tastes; they bid for public patronage, and to do this they must furnish what the public wants. If the public does not want an ideal newspaper, so much the worse for the public. The same public that rejects the ideal boat and the ideal bonnet has time and again spurned the ideal paper from it and would have none of it. Stock in an ideal newspaper usually is worth all the way from 15 cents to a dollar downward.

The Servant of the Future.

Madam—Can you cook chloral croquettes?

Cook—Yes, madam.

Madam—Can you make a hasheesh omelette?

Cook—Yes, madame.

Madame—Do you speak Volapuk?

Cook—Fluently.

Madam—Well, I think you will do.

"What made you hesitate and stumble so?" asked the bride who had abandoned widowhood to become the wife of a young travelling man. "I couldn't help it," he pleaded, "I've never had any practical experience." And there was a family quarrel right there and then.

The Sleepers: A Contrast.

Behold them slumbering side by side,
Fair smiling youth and hoary age;
One dreams of worldly pomp and pride,
Where men a godless warfare wage;
The other dreams of summer bowers,
Bright sunshine, warbling birds and flowers.

One brow is marked with lines of care,
Which shows the world-worn spirit grieves;
The other gleams 'neath clustering hair
Like a fair star through quivering leaves.
One heart is grasping, proud and cold;
The other generous, warm and bold.

One breathes a long, a weary sigh,
And dreams of earthly gain and loss,
As with a keen, suspicious eye,
He counts once more his glittering dross.
The other bounds with joyous tread
O'er fields of clover white and red.

A groan escapes the old man's lips,
A groan of mingled rage and pain,
For, lo! his schemes, like phantom ships,
Have vanished 'neath the treacherous main.
He stretches forth one wrinkled hand
To find his treasured hoard but sand.

From parted lips of tender bloom
A trill of merry laughter steals,
Whose fairy music fills the room—
The happy boy in dreamland kneels
Above a little crystal stream,
Where rushes wave and pebbles gleam;

And he beholds with sparkling eyes
His ship—a water lily—glide
Beneath the rosy-tinted skies,
Right bravely down the dimpling tide.
His barque no sordid hopes doth bear,
But dances on, he cares not where.

Hark! now the dreaming worldling speaks:
"The path to wealth, how drear, how long!"
"Ah!" cries the boy, with glowing cheeks,
"How lovely is the skylark's song,
High-soaring 'mid the blue above,
Forever singing: 'God is love!'"

And when the morning sun shall rise
To charm away the mists of night,
The boy will greet with gladdened eyes
A world of beauty bathed in light,
For a fond mother's morning kiss
Will ope its golden gates of bliss.

But the poor worldling, what of him?
Will he not seek the busy mart,
Like some gaunt spectre, stern and grim,
No joy within his withered heart?
For life is empty, vain and cold
To him who only seeketh gold!

—*Fanny Forrester in Chambers' Journal.*

Your Wife's Letters.

Charles Dudley Warner, in replying to the question: "Can a man open a wife's letters?" said that it would depend upon what kind of a husband he is. I think it would be nearer right to say it would depend upon what kind of a wife she is. "Discretion is the better part of valor," as many a husband would learn if he made so bold as to open his wife's letters. There is scarcely a wife who does not take her husband sufficiently into her confidence to tell him who her letters are from and to read them to him, or, perhaps, let him read them himself; but this is a very different matter from having them first opened, read and passed upon by one for whom they were not intended. Of course many women receive letters that never reach the eyes of their life partners, not because they contain aught that would not bear the light of day, not because the wife is afraid or ashamed to show them, but simply because they contain things that are none of his affair. How often the home letters are written only for daughters' or sisters' eyes! How much of the family cares can be told her that would be proudly withheld from son-in-law or brother-in-law! Then there are the letters from dear, intimate girl friends, who pour out the secrets of their heart upon paper for the sympathy and entertainment of sweet Mrs. Jones, but not for the eyes of sarcastic Mr. Jones. A very laughable but sensible reason for a wife withholding her letters from her husband was given by a contemporary not long since. She said: "These letters contain the confessions of another soul, the confidences of another mind, that would be rudely treated if given any sort of publicity. And while husband and wife are one to each other, they are two in the eyes of other people, and it may well happen that a friend will desire to impart something to a discreet woman which she would not intrust to the babbling husband of that woman." That's the whole thing in a nutshell.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Personal Points.

Mr. A. A. Allworth, late editor of the Paris *Review*, has, it is said, given up the newspaper business in Oregon, and gone into agricultural pursuits.

Hon. David Gray, ex-editor of the Buffalo *Courier*, who was injured in the accident on the D. L. & W. R. R. at Vestal last Friday morning, died at Binghamton last evening.

James A. Garfield, son of the murdered President, who has just been admitted to the Ohio bar, resembles his father in most of his personal traits. He is a clever, reserved young man.

Archdeacon Farrar thinks there is a necessity for a new class of clergy, a class of mission priests under a threefold view of poverty, chastity and obedience, a new order of Dominicans or Franciscans.

The venerable Sir Frederick Bramwell will preside at the meeting of the British Association next September at Bath. His brother, Lord Bramwell, who will then be 91 years old, will be Director of the Economic Section.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," is said to be distressingly absent-minded. He has been known when at breakfast to put two heaping spoonfuls of sugar on a soft-boiled egg and then, almost before the laughter had died away, to salt his coffee with great deliberation.

The Welland *Telegraph* says: We are pleased to state that Capt. W. T. Sawle, proprietor of the *Telegraph*, is decidedly improved in health. He has been confined to bed for the past week or ten days, but expects to be up again shortly now.

A New Use of Electricity.

The science of electricity has already been passed into the service of fashion. When, at a dance or a dinner party, a glittering dew-drop seems suddenly to sparkle among the flowers on a lady's shoulder, or a diamond-light flare draws attention to her pretty coifure, the admiring observer may take it for granted the possessor of the dew-drops and the starry light in her hair is secretly pressing a tiny battery, ingeniously concealed about her person, and by means of which the electric spark flies up, to the danger perhaps of the beholder, if not the possessor.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Wilson Cranford, of Coftsville, near Youngstown, O., was prostrated by a severe attack of hiccoughing a few days ago and died of exhaustion before he could be relieved.

PAPPOOSE HUNGRY.

An Incident of the Early Days.

It was on a solemn quiet afternoon at the close of the year 1814 that John —— broke off from his carousal at a small tavern at the old outlet of Ma-cas-sa Water. Although a very harmless man ordinarily, he was nevertheless subject to fits of petulant despondency which could only be relieved by imbibing large quantities of the pale Canadian rye whiskey for several days in succession. This usually brought his head to a dead level and he became a philosopher again—until the return of his irresistible thirst for stimulants. He was the son of a U. E. Loyalist and had served in the Canadian Flankers during the recent war with the United States. He was well posted in Indian characteristics, having a profound respect for the half civilized Massissaugas, but, for the wild Northwest Indians, whom the Government had brought to the front as auxiliaries, he, in common with all the old Canadians, held in supreme contempt. These Indians were wonderfully reliable when it came to drawing supplies, but when an engagement with the enemy was imminent, notably at Lundy's Lane, Lo could not be brought within gunshot; but as soon as Lo discovered that the Glengarrys were driving back the enemy, he put in an appearance, and was very busy during the balance of the night (the engagement was fought by cloudy moonlight) and the following morning plundering indiscriminately both friend and foe, the dead and the helpless wounded. In consequence of which brutality several Indians were shot on the field by the Flankers. If the reader can pardon the above digression, which I consider somewhat *apropos* as giving the cause in part of the old Canadian's hatred of the wild Indian, we will return to John, whose house stood on the present Harris farm on the north of the Bay road. Thither my informant's mother and a neighbor who lived near (now) the Hamilton Waterworks had gone on a short visit to John's wife during his absence. While there a stalwart Northwest Indian came to the house, and after satisfying himself that there was not a man about to oppose him, he went to the pig pen, in which there was a shote in fair condition. The three women understood from past experience that "Lo, the poor Indian," intended to carry away the pig. They expostulated with him as best they could, but Lo simply replied: "Pappoose; pappoose hungry!" Seeing the coast clear, he shot the pig, and, tieing its legs together in such a way that by placing the strap across his breast the pig rested on his back, then turning to the women, he grunted "Ugh!"—which always seems to mean "Well, what of it?"—he marched away towards the bay. The Indian had not gone far when John hove in sight, his locomotion having been somewhat hastened by his hearing the report of an Indian gun near his house—which could be easily known, as the Indian gun barrels were thin and light and their report feeble as compared with heavier barrels or the sharp crack of the old eight-square rifle barrels of the white man—consequently, John suspected mischief. John's wife ran out to meet him and tell him of their loss, and no doubt, Eve-like, told him "to shoot the tarned Injuin." John made no reply, but hitching up his waistbands on his long, lanky sides, and thrusting a big quid of tobacco into his left cheek and bracing himself up generally as was becoming the occasion, he stepped into the house, and taking down his trusty rifle from the wood hooks against a beam and coolly examining the priming of the old flint lock, he struck out in the direction the Indian had taken, diverging however a little to the left in order to head him off. He soon reached the bank of the second inlet, about where instinct told him the Indian would cross. He had not long to wait. Poor Lo came up within easy range, and halted on the brink either to rest or to consider the strength of the ice. John took a deliberate aim at him, but, Lo being all unconscious of any danger, John's heart relented and he hesitated a moment, then levelling his rifle a second time, he said to himself, "I'll pull, may the Lord direct the ball." Lo instantly fell. The blue smoke from the rifle curled upward among the tree tops like an innocent messenger carrying the sad tidings to the regions above. John mechanically reloaded his rifle and strode slowly forward to catch a sight of Lo. Every bush seemed to glare at him with the eyes of demons, and a cold shudder came over him. There lay his victim linked in death with his booty. No hungry pappoose was ever to see him again. The bullet had torn through the base of the brain, and the blood trickled slowly over the coarse dark face. He was stone dead. Here was a dilemma into which John had hastily fallen. Should any of Lo's comrades come suddenly upon the scene John would as surely get his furlough, soon or late, for the white man's future world, as he had given Lo his for the happy hunting ground. No time was to be lost. Only a moment's consideration and John broke a hole in the ice with the breech of his rifle, large enough to admit Lo's body, and separating it from the pig's, threw it in. Then searching about he found a convenient pole, with which he succeeded in thrusting the body so far down into the mud and weeds that it was never seen again. What became of the pig my informant saith not. Dread winter passed away, cheery spring came and early summer. John had occasion to fortify his system against the encroachments of approaching hot weather, and accordingly resorted to the little tavern at the inlet, where he indulged more freely than ever for two or three days, or until his stomach revolting he could drink no longer, and he set out in the evening homeward bound. He had got as far as where John Dynes' hotel is at present—the weather being dull and murky, and withal rather hot—and the road becoming tedious he cast his eyes about for help in getting home and espied a dim light on the marsh shore, and being just a little bewildered he supposed it to be a fishing light and that he could get himself paddled over to the main land. Approaching the light he was sair astonished to find that it moved away from him, and crossed the marsh, just skimming the water, and halted on the mainland, on the bank of the inlet, over the exact spot where he had shot the Indian. Here it hovered a moment and then disappeared. John never having heard of the *ignes fatui* supposed this to be intended as a reminder to him of his crime, and also as a mark of the Divine displeasure. Melancholy fastened on him for the rest of his days, and he always became densely gloomy when the Indian and the pig were spoken of by his neighbors.

"Shoot Him" Sentences.

Lord Charles Beresford's marvellous ability to dismiss thought from his mind was very aptly illustrated the other day by a navy man who had been with Lord Charles in Egypt. He was in a railway carriage with me and was giving another man opposite the benefit of his Beresfordian impressions.

"I tell you Charlie Beresford's a tough' un. It don't take him long to settle a point. When he was in command of the police at Alexandria every morning a lot of poor devils whom the police had arrested used to be brought before him. He'd come out smoking a cigarette, with a bright, cheery face and a devil-may-care look. A wretched, half-starved, half-naked native would be dragged up.

"'What has he been doing?' asks Lord Charlie.

"'Looting the shops.'

"'Shoot him.'

"The poor chap begins whining, and crying, and pleading.

"'Next!' Lord Charles calls, and away goes the man.

"Another native is hauled up by the collar, struggling and howling.

"'What?'

"'Resisting police.'

"'Shoot him.'

"And so on until a dozen or twenty fates are sealed by this young judge, from whose decision lies no appeal. His cigarette finished, he goes into breakfast, his appetite quite undisturbed by the volleys which presently greet his ears. I tell you, he's the chap for business. There's no humming and hawing about him."—*The Argonaut.*

Hints to Housewives.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

Egg stains on silver can be taken off with table salt and a wet rag.

Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of egg.

White and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleaned by using whiting in the water.

Cold sliced potatoes fry and taste better by sprinkling a teaspoonful of flour over them while frying.

To polish nickle-plated goods after becoming black and not worn, use rouge or whiting on a rag with a little oil.

A good rule for the use of the different kinds of flour is to use pastry flour wherever baking powder is used, and bread flour with yeast.

When a person is "sick at the stomach," ice taken into the mouth in small pieces and allowed to melt before swallowing will, in very many instances, relieve the discomfort.

To cure a wart, place the thumb upon the wart and press it against the bone. Move the wart backward and forward upon the bone until the roots become irritated or sore, when the wart will disappear.

A pie that is properly baked will slip from the tin with careful handling, and if placed on a wire frame where the air has access to the bottom it will cool without becoming moist, and when ready to be served it can be transferred to a plate.

Scotch Musicians in London.

Another London correspondent writes: "The Scotch colony here, and especially that by no means unimportant section of it which is fond of music, has been rejoicing greatly over the election of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, the Edinburgh musician and composer, to the Presidency of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Mackenzie's abilities have been very fully recognized here for some time back; but he had a most formidable rival in Mr. Joseph Barnby, who is admitted to be one of the best conductors now in London. Mr. Mackenzie received a great ovation when, for the first time since he went to Florence, he appeared to conduct an orchestral concert on the evening after his election. While Mr. Mackenzie is the first composer—in the serious sense—in London, the best writer of comic opera music is Mr. Henry Brougham Farnie. Mr. Farnie is a Scotchman and a newspaper man, I believe, having been engaged on either a Stirling or a Perth paper."

Probable Origin of "Blizzard."

The origin of the word "blizzard" has been taxing the etymologists quite severely of late, and various are the hypotheses advanced. Yesterday afternoon a Dakota man, who is naturally familiar with the article, if not with its derivation, blew into the *Globe* office and settled it. He produced a copy of the Lyon County *News*, at Moorhead, which credits Deacon Seth Knowles, of that town, with the coinage of the word. He used the sentence, "It is blowing like a blitzardt," which would convey the idea that the wind travelled like lightning (blitzen). A German would say: "Der sturm kommit blitzartig." From "blitzardt" to "blizzard" is a very slight transition. This language was used to describe the great storm of January, 1873. And this settles it.—*St. Paul Globe.*

An Unselfish Man.

Somebody wants our definition of "a truly unselfish man." Well, to boil it down, we should say that a man who would rather chop wood after business hours for the benefit of the hired girl than see a tax collector struck by lightning is a truly unselfish man.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Brave Women.

There are lots of latent pluck in a woman after all. Dozens of delicate members of the fair sex faced the blast and snow, pluckily climbed drifts ten feet high, reached their place of business, worked during the day and then footed it home again. And they didn't, as a rule, seek liquid inspiration behind green baize doors, either.—*Brooklyn Times.*

A correspondent mixes metaphors a little when he writes of politicians: "They stand at the Government crib, with an axe to grind."—*New York Tribune.*

"Oh, girls, come and see the walking match!" And when they got to the window all they saw was a sliver of a dude with a red head.

The Vancouver, from Liverpool, with the weekly mails and 48 cabin, 92 intermediate and 225 steerage passengers, arrived at Halifax at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning.

CONTRIBUTING TO CHURCHES.

Payments From Accumulated Wealth and From Daily Earnings.

Dr. J. D. Macdonald, of Hamilton, writing to the *Canada Presbyterian* on the subject of supporting Church enterprises, submits a couple of ideas that are worthy of the earnest consideration of ministers and church officials of all denominations. He says:

For my own part I do not think that the people of the Church are less disposed to be just to its enterprises than they were of old times, but while the work of the Church has been suddenly expanded, the resources of the people have been rapidly contracted; and I am persuaded that they do not contribute just because the means so to do are not at hand. It must be admitted that the mass of our people does not consist of those who are possessed of realized wealth, but that the Church treasury has been every year filled from the fruits of the industry of the contributors during the year preceding. As soon as this industry ceases to be profitable the resources of the Church must be cut off. Will any one venture to say that industry has been profitable in Canada for the last ten years? Perhaps we may except the industry of the "rings," but that is hardly a legitimate industry, and is not much, if of any, use to us. Then it is perfectly right that we should look at another source of impoverishment for the classes of which the Presbyterian Church is mainly formed, the classes who occupy a middle place as to wealth. The day was when very many of the most wealthy men in the Province were Presbyterians; and perhaps we have hardly yet got over the habit of expecting the large sums which used to be given by the rich and generous few, and which once filled the treasury of the Church. But the fathers have fallen asleep, and the sons do not often walk in the fathers' steps. The Presbyterian Church is not so much as it should be the Church of the poor. It is not either the Church of the rich, at least in Canada, nor need it desire to be, but it is the Church of the class which feels most heavily the burden of public taxation. The cry is universal that it is hard to live; and why is it hard to live? The necessaries of life are produced more cheaply and more plentifully than ever, but our system of taxation adds so enormously to their cost that it is difficult for the man of moderate means to obtain them. He is stinted, and he is not in the condition or temper to stint himself and his family any more for the sake of the growing claims of the Church. Nor is he at all in the mood to be smoothed down by those writers in the religious press, who tell him that, in their opinion, he is mean or sordid. It looks as if the Church must set itself to a reconsideration of its mode of finance suiting itself to changed conditions. More especially will it be needful to give attention to the sources of supply, to have better acquaintance with details as respects those sources, and to establish an organization for the management of those details. If we may not expect large donations in our hour of need, let us exercise foresight and care with our smaller offerings. Those more numerous contributions will not only fill the treasury, but will be a means of increasing the interest of the givers in the work to be done. And let the Church decline to be led by those ardent brethren who are so often ready with new schemes, but do not trouble their minds much, if at all, with the question of the providing of means.

Sure to Be Hit Somewhere.

At a recent gathering of Unitarians, one speaker recited an anecdote which admits of large and varied application. It was the story of a minister who, preaching on exchange, said some strong things about fast horses. He was told after the sermon that he had touched one of their best members on a tender point. "Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him." In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said: "I understand that what I said this morning touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it." "Oh, do not trouble yourself," said the man. "It is a very poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Cause and Effect.

Romantic Miss—Oh, dear! it just makes me mad the way things go.

Sympathizing Friend—Why, what's the matter now?

"There I've been playing the piano for five mortal hours, straining my hands all out of shape trying to make it sound loud enough to attract the attention of that handsome young stranger who was writing by the window in the next house, and he only looked over this way three times, and now he isn't in sight at all."

"No. As I came in I saw him leaving the house with two big satchels."

"You did? Oh, dear! That woman who has that house never can keep a lodger."

Metaphors a Little Mixed

A speaker at a financial conference in England is reported by the London *Spectator* as alluding to a certain sum as "a nest egg for us to take our stand upon." Another described a projected economy as "a mere flea bite in the ocean of Indian debt." An Irish medical man outdid the famous exordium of the western legislator, beginning, "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat," etc. Some change was contemplated, of which he expressed the most vehement disapproval, declaring that it would throw "an apple of discord in their midst which, if not nipped in the bud, would burst out into a flame that would inundate the whole country."

And Only One.

Utah is knocking loudly for admission into the union. Nothing should avail except a ticket inscribed as were Artemus Ward's free passes to his lecture on the Mormons, "Admit bearer and one wife."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Montana paper recently contained this remarkable notice: "Mr. Charles Johnson and Miss Fanny West were married by the Rev. S. Hills on Wednesday. So far no trouble has resulted, and those best informed as to the situation say there will be none." The next day the editor apologised and explained that part of an item regarding an incipient strike had got into the wrong place.

LOST IN THE QUICKSANDS

The Terrible Fate of a Young Hunter on the San Leandro, Cal., Marshes.

The dog that accompanied James Richardson on his hunting trip has been found, and there is now little doubt as to what has become of the boy. Near Melrose station, on the San Leandro marshes, is a very dangerous place, where quicksands are known to exist. On Wednesday morning following the disappearance of young Richardson, Mr. Damon, who lives on the San Leandro marshes, heard the long-drawn howl of a dog on the marsh. For a while Mr. Damon thought nothing whatever about the matter, until the howling was kept up at intervals, when he went out to investigate. Following up the sound, he found a valuable bird dog lying on the edge of a dangerous bit of marsh land, where several quicksands are known to be. The dog was watching the marsh and howling. He was nearly dead from cold and lack of food. Mr. Damon took him home, thinking that he was a lost dog of a hunter, and the next day he was sent to San Francisco, where yesterday he was recognized as the dog that accompanied Richardson on his last hunting expedition. There is little hope that the boy is alive. The father of the boy is nearly crazed with grief, and he spends his time searching the marshes for some trace of his son. The doctor who has been attending Mr. Richardson for the past few years has ordered that he shall not go down on the marshes again or he will not be responsible for the result. He met him recently going on his old fruitless search and compelled him by main strength to enter his buggy and drive home with him. Since the return of the dog all hope has been abandoned, and it is believed that the faithful animal saw the boy sink in the quicksand and gave the only alarm he could without leaving his post. It is supposed that James stayed out later than he intended to, and in returning in the dusk he fell into the quicksand and was unable to extricate himself.—*Oakland, Cal., Tribune.*

Writing Prescriptions in English.

Those who talk glibly about "plain English" may be surprised to learn that there is no such thing as plain English when we come to deal with materia medica. The "plain English" for some important herb will be one thing in Massachusetts, something else in Pennsylvania and something different from either in England. To increase the confusion the name given to a certain plant in one section may be applied to something altogether different in another. Thousands of valetudinarians cross the Atlantic yearly, carrying prescriptions on which their health depends. Careful pharmacists in all countries compound them alike, because prescription Latin is precise, unequivocal and uniform. The word salt may seem plain enough to cooks, but to the chemist it is vague and meaningless. Put on paper, however, the official Latin name of table salt and you can present that to a druggist in Paris, Rome, Madrid or Berlin with the certainty of getting precisely what would be put up by a druggist in Biddeford, Me. Fatal errors by pharmacists are rare when compared with the number of important prescriptions compounded daily. Taken as a class, I believe druggists to be more careful and painstaking than any other branch of tradesmen. But, if we want to see 2,000 mistakes where there are twenty now, let us have prescriptions in this so-leged "plain English."—*Letter in Boston Globe.*

Voting in Switzerland

After divine service on election Sunday I went to the Croix Blanche for my coffee to pass the time till the voting should begin. On the church door was posted a printed summons to electors, and on the cafe billiard tables I found ballots of the different parties scattered. Gendarmes had also distributed them about in the church pews; they were enclosed in envelopes, which were voted sealed. On a table before the pulpit the ballot-box—a glass urn—was placed, and beside it sat the judges of election with lists of the registered voters. But in any precinct of the canton an elector who could prove that he had not voted at home might deposit his ballot in any other. The church bell rang for the people to assemble, and the voting began and ended in perfect quiet. But I could not witness an election in this ancient republic, where freedom was so many centuries old, without strong emotion; it had from its nature and the place the consecration of a religious rite.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Preacher Holds the Fort.

Rev. J. G. Owens, pastor of a church at Cornwall, Wales, was given by his congregation a three months' notice to quit. The time expired one Saturday evening, but the pastor barricaded himself in his pulpit and held the fort all that night and most of the following day. For two hours on Sunday he preached to his congregation while they drowned his words by hymns sung at the top of their voices. At last the preacher marched out of the church with the honors of war, under the protection of the police.

He Had Asked Her.

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?

Three-year-old Cyclone—Yes, sir.

Papa—Be careful now. I'll ask mamma, if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?

Cyclone—Truly papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.

Gloom at the Hub.

Young Bostonian (to servant)—"Is Miss Waldo in?" Servant—"Yis, sorr; but she is that sick she can't see anybody." Young Bostonian (alarmed)—"Is it possible? Has she been ill long?" Servant—"Iver since the news came about Misther Soollivan, sorr."—*New York Sun.*

An Innocent Wink.

Fearing that some woman may sail in upon us and give us a cowhiding, we will explain: The winking and blinking of our right eye goes on oftentimes when we are not aware of it, caused by a recent spell—and a long one, too—of neuralgia in that member.—*Bronwood (Ga.) Reporter.*

Viscount Eversley is the oldest British peer. He is 93, and his antithesis in this respect is the Duke of Albany, who is only 3 years old.

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Owen Sound.

From our own Correspondent.

Coal oil is retailing here at 10 cents a gallon!

We are glad to see that Mr. Merchant, Head Master of the O.S. Collegiate Institute, has recovered from his recent illness.

Creighton Bros. Railroad House, the oldest dry goods establishment in O.S., will hereafter flourish under the management of Mr. Geo. P. Creighton—his brother, Mr. W. J. Creighton, retiring.

The Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of O.S. will give something unusual entitled "Songs and Scenes of other Days," in the Town Hall, April 10th.

Mar. 23.—The annual entertainment of the O.S. Northern Business College was held this evening in the Town Hall. The tableaux were a failure, owing to insufficient light. The concluding farce was the best thing on the programme, being highly amusing to all.

Mar. 25.—The Rev. Yoshiyusa Hiraiwa, a native Japanese minister, occupied the pulpit of the O. S. Methodist church, morning and evening. In the afternoon he addressed the Sunday school children and many adults; also, in his Japanese costume which is made entirely of silk; the skirt was dark blue silk, in long plaits and the upper portion of the garment was of black silk, fashioned in the shape of a loose gown with flowing sleeves. In the evening he appeared also in costume before a congregation of some *fifteen hundred* people, many being obliged to stand. He showed a small metallic idol which his countrymen worship, and told many interesting things concerning the customs of the Japanese. In regard to women he said that they were kept under to a great extent, and allowed but few priviledges with their husbands. If a woman *talked too much*, that was sufficient grounds for a *divorce*. If husband and wife were asked out to tea, they did not go together—the husband went first and the wife brought up the rear! From the click of silver and the rustle of bills, we suppose the collections were something handsome.

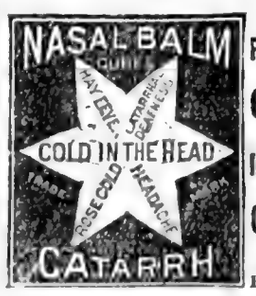

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.
Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

As times are a little dull at this time of the year of course news items sometimes naturally get scarce. But after the long cold winter we are anxiously waiting for the warm spring weather which we think cannot be delayed much longer.

Mrs. Wm. Morrison, one of the early settlers of this neighborhood, died on Saturday night at the age of 63 years. Her death was not altogether unexpected as she has been very feeble for some time past. Her remains were interred on Tuesday in St. Mary's church cemetery. Mr. Morrison has the sympathy of the entire community in his bereavement.

Severe colds have affect the entire neighborhood. For some time in some cases whole families have been laid up at one time and nearly every one sets it down as being the worst cold they ever had.

Rev. L. Hall, of Feversham, preached a very interesting sermon in the Methodist church here on Sunday last.

Mr. Richard Maxwell is moving this week to his new home on R. Kinner's farm.

Mr. R. Spafford, of Port Arthur, paid a visit to his old friends here last week. We were pleased to see him looking so well and glad to hear of his prosperity in the far North-West.

Our merchants look with much suspicion on a pile of lumber drawn to the village. Thinking some rich man intends building an opposition store.

Arriving Daily.
Huge cases & bales of Spring & Summe Dry Goods Ready Made Clothing Hats & caps Boots & Shoes at
R. TRIMBLE'S

Baby Bunting Again.

One of the greatest literary hits of the season is the story of "Baby Bunting; or, the Alphabet of Love," by Laura Jean Libbey, which is at present being published in the columns of *The New York Family Story Paper*. The paper containing the opening chapters of this wonderfully popular romance appeared on the news stands this morning. The tremendous rush for that number by the young ladies of the town shows clearly the publishers have struck a bonanza. *The Family Story Paper* is for sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address four months, postage free, for $1. Norman L. Munro, Publisher, 24 and 26 Vandewater Street, New York.

FLESHERTON
Roller Mill!
The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in
Good Running Order
—— AND HAVE GOT IN THE ——
VERY LATEST IMPROVED
ROLLER PLANT
And capable of turning our First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers
Good Yields and first-class Flour.
Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.
I Remain Yours Resp.,
WM. BRADLEY.

P.S.—I don't belong to the Millers' Association or any of the Miller Secret Societies as it has been reported by some of the Milling fraternity.—W.B.

March 19th, 1888.

CLIMO & CO.
The New Store.
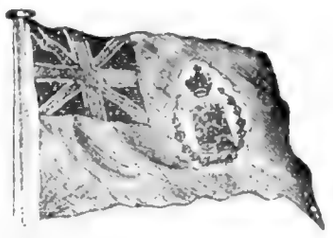
Wright's Old Stand.
Have opened a New Stock
GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.
We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter—Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.
CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

—— WHEN YOU REQUIRE GOOD AND CHEAP ——
BOOTS,
Shoes or Slippers,
—— TRY ——
WM. CLAYTON'S BOOT & SHOE STORE,
FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!
Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.
Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.
STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,
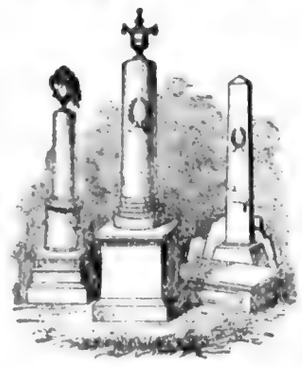
ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 354. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spex, Platedware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound; That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

FLESHERTON

Carriage Works.

Cottingwood St., Flesherton, Ont.

McTAVISH & LEGATE, Manufacturers of Waggons, Buggies, Carts, Pungs, Portable Drays, &c. Also Agents for the celebrated Massey Harris Light Two Horse Cultivator, Frank Charnes, Wm. Hall's Hydraulic Lever Hay Tedder, &c. &c. Satisfaction guaranteed and Prices right every time.

Save Cumming and Piling done on short notice. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

BLAKELY BROS

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Is this spring?—or something else?

Richardson & Co's Dress Goods are the talk of the ladies.

Mrs. J. W. Henderson, of Toronto, is visiting friends in Flesherton.

Mr. Roger Lever offers a 100 acre farm for sale in this week's ADVANCE.

The biggest end of our staff has been and is on the sick list this week.

Mr. Will. Wright, who is attending the Toronto School of Medicine, was home for Easter.

Master Newton Henderson, eldest son of J. W. Henderson, Esq., of Toronto, spent Good Friday in Flesherton.

"*Ruddigore*"—why that's the name of the new color. See it at Richardson & Co's in dress goods, silks, ribbons, &c.

FOR SALE.—One set Double Harness and One Seed Drill nearly new for cash or approved joint notes apply to JAMES BEECROFT, Flesherton.

Alsike, Red Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass and all other Field Seeds—pure and at reasonable prices—at Richardson's Drug Store, Flesherton.

Rev. Mr. Shilton preached a rousing and strikingly eloquent sermon in the Methodist church on Sunday evening last. Theme: "Prayer."

Spring has fully opened in Miss Maud Richardson's Millinery Show Rooms and orders are coming in fast. Ladies be in time, full stock to select from now.

The annual meeting of the Plotholders of Flesherton Cemetery Trust will be held in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next, 11th inst. WM. CLAYTON, Secretary.

Misses Lizzie and Annie Richardson, who have been attending the Collegiate Institute at Owen Sound for some time, are spending the Easter holidays at home.

Mr. J. W. Bates has secured a lucrative position as travelling salesman with Ont. Casket Co., Ridgetown, and 48 & 50 Wellington street East, Toronto, wholesale manufacturers of funeral furnishings. Mr. Bates will remove with his family to Toronto next week. We wish friend B. every success.

In the department of militia and defence's report for last year, we observe that the excellent management and condition of the armories of Flesherton and Clarksburg Volunteer Companies are particularly mentioned. Lieut. Field, who has charge of the former, is a model officer and takes pride in having everything connected with our armory in "apple pie order."

Now, young man, don't wait for your spring suit until the tailors have three weeks work ahead. Be in time, and first go and see Richardson & Co's immense range of New Spring Suitings.

The revival services, which have been going on in the Methodist church here for several weeks—were brought to a close on Friday evening last. The earnest and stirring appeals of Rev. Mr. Shilton have had the effect of producing a laudable spirit of emulation among the members themselves, as well as of leading others to turn their thoughts seriously to that higher and nobler sphere of existence.

Energy will do almost anything, but it cannot exist if the blood is impure and moves sluggishly in the veins. There is nothing so good for cleansing the blood and imparting energy to the system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Sold by druggists.

Miss Vina Symington, of Stratford, is the guest of Mrs. Climo, Flesherton.

Mr. J. B. Sloan, of Eugenia, always has a good stock of Shingles for sale. He also chops grain. See advt.

Say, Mister, you want a new hat for next Sunday. You can't wear that cap in the spring sunshine. Go and see Richardson & Co's big stock of New Spring Hats—sure to suit you.

Spring Show.

East Grey Agricultural Society will hold its annual Spring Show of Stallions in Flesherton, on Thursday, April 26th inst. See bills for particulars.

Auction Sale.

The old shoolhouse property, Flesherton, will be sold by public auction at 2 o'clock on Saturday next, 7th inst. A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer. See bills for particulars.

Correction.

We made a mistake in saying that Mr. Will Heard went to Toronto Hospital for treatment although we had been so informed. He was operated upon by Dr. Ryerson, a rising young Toronto specialist, and is still under his care.

Hurrah for Osprey!

An Osprey subscriber sends the following item:—"John and Wm. Ottewell of this township cut twelve and a half cords of stove wood in ten hours, with a Diamond saw, in Thos. Cooper's bush. Cooper says he has money to put up that they can do it again. Beat that who can.

Giving Credit Where Credit was Not Due.

In last week's Markdale *Standard* appeared a long and flowery presentation address to one Thos. Sanderson of Holland township dated. A night or two after that pathetic and soul-stirring event this very same Sanderson silently and suddenly "folded his tent," and took a moon-light flit—family, bags and baggage. He went to Durham and took the morning train there *en route* for Michigan, U.S. He omitted paying his debts before his departure. The men who have been bled by Sanderson have no doubt read that presentation address in the *Standard* with a considerable degree of interest. Half of these presentations and addresses are got up without seriously considering whether the objects thereof are worthy the honor or not.

A slight cold often proves the forerunner of a complaint which may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

Another Flesherton Boy Heard From.

We are pleased to learn that Master Newton Henderson—eldest son of J. W. Henderson, Esq., Toronto, formerly of Flesherton—after passing a successful term with Bengough Business University, was some months ago appointed to a position in the Dominion Bank at Toronto, which he is filling very acceptably. Evidently Flesherton is a healthy place intellectually as well as physically. Go on and prosper, friend Newton.

Advancing.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. Geo. Armstrong—eldest son of Squire Armstrong of this town—is making rapid advancement in that great western city, Minneapolis. He is now in charge of St. Barnabas Hospital, the leading institution of the kind in that city. Independent of this important position, he is in the enjoyment of a large and steadily increasing practice. Our Canadian boys have a knack of rising above the mediocre wherever they go.

Left Over.

A number of communications are unavoidably held over. Will some of our correspondents endeavor to condense their letters a little more in future. We always try to accommodate our correspondents, even when their letters are unreasonably lengthy, and surely they ought to have a little mercy on us! These remarks, of course, do not apply to our very efficient staff of regular correspondents, the most of whom have the art of condensing reduced to a science.

To Owners of Entire Stock.

THE FLESHERTON ADVANCE office holds a position second to none in the County—in the newspaper as well as in the job printing department—for good work. Owners of Stallions, Bills, Boars, &c., will find it to their advantage to get their work done here. Our stock of cuts is the largest, without exception, to be found within a radius of thirty miles. We fearlessly challenge competition in every department of our business. Try us and we will soon convince you that we make no idle boasts.

CANADIAN CLIMATE.—The Canadian climate is particularly productive of cold in the head and catarrh. In fact Catarrh today is more prevalent than any other disease. The discovery of Nasal Balm places within the reach of all a certain means of cure.

Flesherton Roller Mill running.

Wheezing, gasping sufferers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by druggists or by mail on receipt of price.

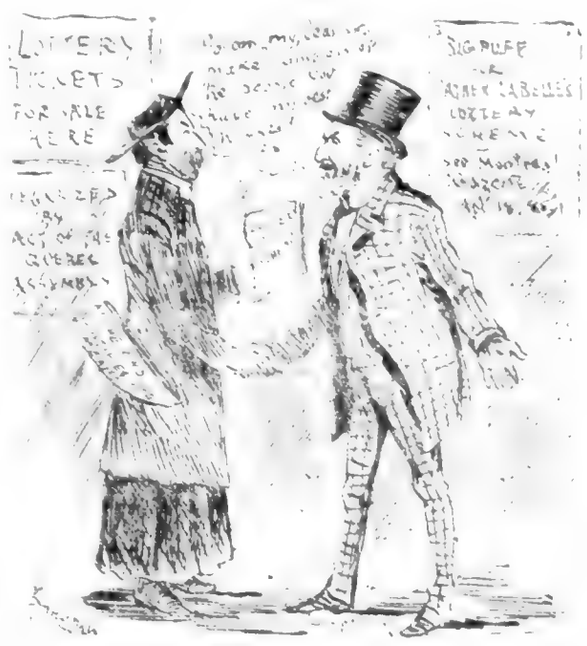

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," but it would be hard to say whether you are man or woman with those petticoats on! Its a shame for any man to go round in such duds when a well made, neat fitting, complete suit can be had for **$4.75** *at Richardson & Co's, Flesherton.*

THIS IS

RUSSELL'S

THE NOTED

JEWELER'S

SPACE.

— The only place for —

GENUINE × BARGAINS

— IN —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware,

And the only place to get your Watch or Clock REPAIRED

— is at —

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON

HEARD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING. TERMS Cash and JOB WORK.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

Has removed from one of the shops on Wm. Strain's block, to Wm. Barnhart's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of his old customers, and as many new ones as may conclude to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb 27th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Advertise in the Advance.

SWINDLING EXTRAORDINARY.

The Remarkable Career of an Impostor and an Adventuress.

HOW SHE WORKED HER DUPES.

(Scottish American Journal.)

It was only in a recent number that we announced in these columns that Mrs. Gordon Baillie, the champion of the Skye crofters, who eighteen months ago left for Australia and New Zealand to negotiate for the establishment of Scotch village fishing settlements there, had now returned to Scotland—that she had acquired large seaboard tracts in both Tasmania and Australia, and that she was confident the British Government would assist her in transferring the crofters to these new homes. The fact will scarcely be credited that she turns out to be one of the greatest impostors and adventuresses that ever lived, and numbers among her dupes people of almost all ranks and classes, including even the famous Emeritus Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. That she really was in Australia about a year ago, and entered upon negotiations for the purchase of large tracts of land, may be said to be the only thing true of the woman and her story.

Mrs. Gordon Baillie is not a wealthy, large proprietress of land in Skye and elsewhere in Scotland, who can lay good claim to being a "daughter of the Earl of Moray," and in her own right "Countess of Moray." She is the daughter of a Dundee washerwoman, and was by her given the name of Mary Ann Bruce Sutherland. Mary, however, early proved that she had a soul above washing. She picked up some education, and prior to 1869 was engaged as an evening teacher in the Model Lodging-house of Dundee. Then Mary proceeded to London. There she somehow found the ways and means for travelling on the Continent during the next three years, and even went as far as Rome. In September 1872 Mary returned to Dundee, but despised her mother's humble abode, and took up her quarters in a temperance hotel. After staying there about a month she took Whitefield Cottage, situated in the outskirts of Dundee, where she brought her mother to live with her. The cottage she furnished at the expense of the tradesmen. They were not the only ones Mary defrauded and victimized. The result was that Mary, in December, 1872, was tried on numerous charges of fraud, found guilty and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. One jeweller was taken in to the tune of £200 and three prominent cirizens contributed liberally to Mary's "scheme for establishing schools in Switzerland." Before discharging her from prison the officials had Mary's photograph taken, and it leaves no doubt of Mary and Mrs. Gordon Baillie being one and the same individual.

On leaving Dundee prison Mary again hied off to London. Her doings there for three years have not yet been traced. In 1876, however, she was discovered renting an establishment at Beattock, Dumfriesshire, under the aristocratic name of "Miss Annie Ogilvie Bruce." While there she victimized large numbers of Edinburgh tradesmen, besides quite "taking in" there a gentleman of the press, whose acquaintanceship she afterwards utilized to purpose on returning to the metropolis. While in that gentleman's company at a theatre in Edinburgh she became enamored of one of the actors called "Knight Aston," and soon hurried back to London with the avowed purpose of going on the stage so as to meet him. Ere leaving, however, she got a letter of introduction from the Edinburgh journalist to a friend of his, an editor of a London paper. On arriving in London she astounded the editor by soliciting his practical assistance in purchasing a newspaper, assuring him that her means were ample, but nothing came of this proposal beyond securing the editor as a warm friend. Miss Bruce soon took a grand house in St. James' Terrace, Regent Park, which she lavishly furnished at the expense of the tradesmen.

Though the parish register of Marylebone shows that Annie Ogilvie Bruce was on 1st November, 1876, married to Thomas Whyte, *alias* Knight Aston, she did not adopt her husband's plebeian name, but continued to be known as Miss Annie Ogilvie Bruce. Under that name she figured at the Mansion House, London, in connection with a charge against one Kate Miller of conspiring to defraud a number of merchants. One firm mercer had been taken in to the extent of £200, while another had supplied baby linen to the value of £17 10s. At this crisis a friend of Miss Bruce's was solicited to relieve her, but he replied that he had already parted with £5,000, and that was as much as he could see his way to part with in twelve months. At this inquiry at the Mansion House Miss Bruce posed as the daughter of an Earl. Kate Miller got out on bail and nothing farther has been traced of the case.

The next heard of Miss Bruce appears in anxious inquiries in the London Trade Protection Circular of January, 1864, for "Miss Bruce," "Mrs. White," and "T. Henry" *alias* "Toler"—the latter turning out to have been her Secretary in ordering most of the goods. In 1865 Miss Bruce again visited Edinburgh, where she had her portrait taken in grand style, and the account for it is still unpaid.

Miss Bruce's next public appearance, so far as traced, was as "Mrs. Gordon Baillie, the crofters' champion." She did not, however, sail to Australia under that name, nor yet as Mrs. Whyte. She was accompanied by a "gentlemanly-looking" man, and the two booked as second-cabin passengers, giving the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Matthews." On landing Mr. Matthews became "Mr. Frost," and Mrs. Matthews starred it as "Mrs. Gordon Baillie, the crofters' friend." Her career during her year's sojourn in Australia is too long a tale. Suffice it to say that she there succeeded in imposing on Bishop Sandford, of Tasmania, and convinced him that she was the veritable Mrs. Gordon Baillie, and an old friend of his family. Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees also met her there, but he was far from being convinced, and expressed his doubts to the bishop, who, however, succeeded in at least silencing the worthy doctor; and so Mrs. Gordon Baillie was permitted to enter into negotiations for the purchase of large tracts of lands to form crofter villages. Regarding these negotiations, however, nothing very definite is as yet known.

The next heard of Mrs. Gordon Baillie, is on her return to England, when the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, on 9th January last, under the heading of "How to help the crofters," published an interview with her, including a long account of her work on the crofters' behalf, and her own likeness. Next the same *Gazette* announced that Mrs. Gordon Baillie had gone to Scotland on her mission of mercy to the crofters, and had visited Edinburgh in passing. The wealthy, large-landed proprietress, Mrs. Gordon Baillie, really then went from London to Edinburgh, travelling as a third-class passenger, and the "gentlemanly-looking" man saw her off. At Edinburgh she called on Professor Blackie, and actually dined with him, presenting him on the occasion with a grand bouquet, priced at a sovereign. From the Professor she got a letter of introduction to the Lord Provost, and through him got admitted to and saw the Clashmore crofter women, imprisoned in Calton jail. Thereafter "as a mother," she appealed to the women of Scotland, "and more particularly to those women who know what it is to be a mother with a young child at her breasts, to do their best to see that the sentence passed upon these most unfortunate women, if it cannot be revoked, will at least be considerably shortened." In Edinburgh she resided in first-class private lodgings, hired a carriage and pair, and also a lady amanuensis, but the hounds of the law were on her track and she had abruptly to end her visit. Ere leaving she appears to have paid all her bills, except that for the Professor's bouquet, and a balance due her amanuensis. In returning she again travelled third-class, and on reaching London the "gentlemanly-looking" man was waiting to welcome her.

A fascinated journalistic correspondent of the *Pall Mall*, writing from Liverpool about this lady as she appeared about 1873 in that tolerably wicked city, breaks out in the following gushingly charitable strains:

"Mrs. Gordon Baillie was then a charming Miss Sutherland Bruce, who was full of a scheme for getting up a girls' school in Rome on Protestant principles. Her project did not seem unreasonable, and Miss Sutherland Bruce seemed, by her earnestness and sweet manners, a suitable person to undertake it, although she expressed her religious convictions rather oddly. She had a beautiful, frank face, deep, earnest eyes, a graceful figure, a sweet voice, and gentle, sympathetic manners. She was soberly but most becomingly dressed. I recollect thinking her bonnet was perfection for a pretty woman bent on a philanthropic mission. She made a round of visits to certain rich and generous merchants of Liverpool, and she won them all to a belief in her purpose so far as to collect a considerable, probably a large, sum of money. She was the guest of relatives of my own near Liverpool during part of the time. She gave me the very faintest indication of some heart sorrow she had had; the tears came into her eyes, but she checked them as she alluded to it in a sad, low voice. On leaving she gave an address in London, where she was not known. She soon wrote to me from London that she had changed her London address and was starting for Rome. Tradespeople in Liverpool then began to write to me to know where she was to be found, as she had left debts unpaid. Among other things she had purchased a gorgeous sealskin cloak, worth perhaps £20 or £30. The next I heard was that she had been seen by a friend of mine driving about Rome in a pretty pony carriage, which, with the seal skin cloak, she was enjoying at the expense of the kind Liverpool merchants. No school was ever started. It is difficult to set the charming creature down as wholly a swindler. She seems to be one of those strange creatures who appeared now and again in society, born with a taste for intrigue and robbery, and probably, through an absence of all moral sense, hardly able to know truth from falsehood."

A Paralyzed Bridegroom.

A recent despatch from Bethel, Ky., says: Two years ago Calvin Stowers, whose wife had been expected to die with pulmonary disease for several months, was called to her bedside to say farewell. She placed a small iron ring that she had ordered made for the purpose on the third finger of the left hand, and extorted an oath that he would never marry again. Then she died contentedly, saying that if he broke his word she would haunt and ruin his life. Recently he was married to Emma Brickel, a girl to whom he was engaged before his marriage, but they had disagreed. The ceremony was a private one, only a few friends witnessing the rites. The bride took the ring from his finger, saying it was superstitious to regard a wish so selfish. Within two hours following the bridegroom's left side was paralyzed, strangely enough beginning in the finger that had worn the fatal ring. A charm-worker in the neighborhood declared that nothing would restore strength to the limbs but the wearing of the ring. This, it was discovered, could not be restored to its place, being much too small, whereas it had been before amply large. The bridegroom is terror-stricken, and has apparently lost interest in his young wife. Stowers is a frugal, intelligent farmer, well known and liked, as is also his wife, who is an industrious woman, respected for her good common sense.

Ten Thousand Dollars for a Tooth.

A New York telegram says: A Swedish sailor named Frank Engman wants $10,000 damages from Dr. David S. Skinner, a Brooklyn dentist. The trial was begun yesterday before Justice Cullen and a jury in the Circuit Court of Kings County.

Engman alleges that he went to Dr. Skinner's office to have a tooth pulled and his assistant broke the molar. Serious inflammatory troubles resulted and the plaintiff had to go to a hospital where he remained a long time under treatment. A surgical operation entailing the loss of a part of the right jawbone was necessary, and for this loss, the physical pain he endured and his mental anguish he wants $10,000.

A curious phase of the suit is Dr. Skinner's emphatic assertion that Engman is mistaken in the man—in other words, that the operation was not performed in his office.

The heaviest snowstorm of the season is raging in Wales and west of Scotland.

THEIR CHIEF WAS A GIRL.

Extraordinary Confession of a Kansas School Teacher After a Murder.

A Kansas City despatch says: For some weeks burglaries had been frequent at Columbus and other points in southern Kansas. Last Friday night the safe in the railway depot at that place was blown open. The next night the Sheriff and Constable David Gordon set to work to watch the house of suspected persons. Saturday morning Gordon's dead body, riddled with buckshot, was found near the house of a family named Blalock. The condition of the shrubbery showed that the shots were fired from the Blalock yard, and the father, mother and daughters were arrested, but the boys had disappeared. Sunday it was announced Clara Blalock, the eldest daughter, had confessed everything. The girl, a handsome brunette 20 years of age, had graduated at the head of her class at the Columbus High School last spring and had been appointed a teacher in the First Ward School last autumn. She had the respect of all classes and was regarded as one of the most promising young girls in the town. Therefore the surprise was the greater when she confessed that she saw her brothers John and William get their guns, steal from the house to the shrubbery, where William took careful aim and murdered the constable in cold blood. When the boys returned to the house she and her mother fixed them up for escape, and made arrangements to supply them with food and ammunition until they could safely return. All this was told in the coolest matter-of-fact way. Search of the Blalock house was made Sunday, and a secret recess under the roof was found, in which were all manner of stolen goods, including a mail sack, chickens, salted in a barrel, and jewellery. There was also found a box containing a vast amount of correspondence, showing that Clara Blalock, the teacher, was secretary and treasurer of an extensive gang of burglars, and she received and divided the spoils as well as arranged many of the details. She was then searched, and letters were found sewed in her dress giving the location of several stolen horses and telling her to send for them. The same day the boys were arrested while hiding in the garret of a school-house. Other members of the gang are also under arrest.

SOUGHT A TERRIBLE DEATH.

An Insane Woman Soaks Her Clothes in Coal Oil and Sets Herself on Fire.

A Parkersburg, W. Va., despatch says: Information reached here to-day of the terrible suicide of Mrs. Joseph Parker, near Stewartstown. She was a young woman, with a husband and three children. For some time, on account of prolonged physical infirmities, she had become very much depressed in mind, and at times required close watching to prevent her from doing violence to herself. Yesterday she took advantage of her husband's absence to kill herself in the following terrible manner: Leaving her infant with a servant, she repaired to a stable and saturated her clothing with coal oil. Then she lighted a match and set herself on fire. The pain apparently restored her to her senses. A few minutes afterward she came from the building on fire from head to foot. The servant, who was still holding the child, rushed up to save her, but the woman beat her off with one hand and with the other made frantic efforts to clasp her infant to her arms. The servant threw down the child and endeavored to smother the flames, when the woman ran away. Two men came to the rescue, and she was secured, with nearly all her clothing burned off and her body horribly scorched. Her hair was burned off and her face presented a terrible appearance, one eye being closed. When medical aid reached her she was more crazed than ever, and resisted all efforts to ease her pain. She died a terrible death in a few hours. The men who pursued her were burned in their efforts to smother the flames. Her husband did not reach home till shortly before she died, and is overcome with grief.

GROSS BRUTALITY.

A Father Punishes His Son With a Red-Hot Poker.

A Detroit despatch says: Humane Agent Vhay is investigating a case of extraordinary and extreme cruelty at 165 Harrison avenue. It is that of George Woltemuth, a brakeman. His wife says that he has repeatedly punished his 3-year-old boy in an unusually harsh manner, but that last Sunday, on a provocation which is liable to occur with any child of that age, he burned the child with a hot poker, so that his back, arms and legs are blistered. The child has been taken away by friends of the family to Springwells for safety, and the matter will be laid before William A. Moore, the attorney of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the brute will be prosecuted.

A Pastor Weeps for his Dogs.

A Boston despatch says: Rev. W. W. Downs preached a queer funeral sermon in Paine Memorial Hall yesterday, being no less than a long eulogy on two of his pet dogs who dropped off in a rather suspicious manner. Mr. Downs said: "I come to-day to preach the funeral sermon of two dear, very dear, friends of mine. Those two faithful friends were my favorite setter dogs, Di and Floss, who were poisoned in my back yard by some miscreant yesterday. When I left home they followed me to the gate. When I returned they were cold and stiff in death. I wept. I was not ashamed to weep." He then delivered a long eulogy on his canine friends. When he was done about one-third of his audience was crying, while the rest smiled.

An Aged but Active Prelate.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: The Metropolitan will attend the Pan-Anglican Council in June. His son, Canon Medley, of Sussex, will accompany him as secretary. Bishop Medley is said to be the oldest working bishop in the world, but he bears his 84 years as lightly as many bear three-score. He has had charge of this diocese forty-three years.

It is said that the result of the visit of the King of Roumania to Vienna is a definite treaty under which Austria pledges herself to resist any violation of Roumanian territory.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, TORONTO, March 23 afternoon.—The Ontario Legislature was prorogued at 3 o'clock this afternoon. There was an entire absence of military display except the guard of honor from the School of Infantry. Lieut.-Governor Campbell delivered the following

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

In relieving you from further attendance upon your legislative duties, I desire to express my appreciation of the diligence and zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the business of the session now about to close.

I trust that experience will show the wisdom of the Bill which you have passed for giving (with few exceptions) to every male citizen who is 21 years of age, and a resident of the Province for a specified time, a vote for the election of members of this Assembly.

I have noted with much satisfaction the Bill which you have passed for the closing of shops and for the limitation of the hours of labor therein by children and young persons. I am sure that the powers conferred upon municipalities by this Bill will, if carefully exercised, promote the physical health and the moral and mental improvement of many whose daily tasks, unduly prolonged, deprive them of needed rest and relaxation.

I am much gratified with the measures which you have adopted for the more convenient and efficient administration of justice in Manitoulin and the adjacent islands, and in the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. As the settlements in the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound now cover nearly the whole area of these districts, their future development can best be promoted by means of the ordinary municipal machinery which, in the older portions of the Province, has been found so useful to all classes of the community; and I shall be glad to learn before long that the inhabitants of these districts have availed themselves of the municipal powers which you have placed at their disposal.

The measures which you have passed relating to our educational institutions, to the municipal and assessment laws, to the transfer of personal property, to the administration of justice throughout the Province, to the executive authority in Provincial affairs, and to various other subjects, will, I have no doubt, subserve the public interest and facilitate the ends which these measures were designed to promote.

The large number of important Private Bills which you have passed, for purposes not provided for by the General Laws, manifest the ever-increasing needs of an active population.

I observe with interest that the resolutions adopted at the Inter-Provincial Conference held in Quebec in October last have met with your approval. While it is not desirable that constitutional changes should be made until experience has shown that they are necessary, it is unquestionably your privilege to advise such amendments as in your judgment are in harmony with the federal character of the constitution, and are at the same time calculated to remove friction between the Province and the Dominion.

Your proposal to inquire, by Royal Commission, into the extent of our mineral resources and the best means for promoting their development, is a movement of which I heartily approve. I trust that the inquiry will result in the introduction of new capital into the Province, and the establishment of prosperous settlements in districts at present unoccupied.

I have assented with pleasure to the Bill for the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture. The large export of farm products and the almost illimitable extent to which the soil may be made to contribute to the wealth of the country, amply justify the most energetic efforts on the part of the Legislature as well as a liberal expenditure of public funds to promote the development of the agricultural resources of the Province.

I thank you for the liberal appropriations which you have made for the public service. The supplies which you have granted will be expended with care and in the public interest.

AMONG THE GERMANS.

Press Attacks on Dr. Mackenzie—Hatred of the Empress.

A Berlin cable says: Dr. Mackenzie, in a letter to a prominent physician of Stettin, says: "What you heard of my conduct in reference to the performance of the operation of tracheotomy upon Emperor Frederick at San Remo was untrue. I controlled the patient's pulse and was the first to congratulate Dr. Bramann upon the success of the operation. As the operation was performed at my urgent request, it is self-evident that I cannot make a remark minimizing its importance."

A cartoon issued by the newspaper called the *Floh* excites much comment. It represents the Crown Prince trying to climb on the throne, sword in hand, the army behind him. The invalid Emperor stands on the throne, pushing his son back, remarking "Not yet." The people are hissing this on the streets and showing their sympathy with the Crown Prince.

The attacks of the Berlin press upon Dr. Mackenzie have become so persistent and virulent that surprise is expressed on all sides that the authorities have not resorted to prosecution of the offenders. Had any German been so shamefully abused by the newspapers of the capital, the offending editors would have found themselves in the clutches of the law in short order. The savage articles hurled at Dr. Mackenzie do him no harm, but they undoubtedly do serve to intensify the already bitter hatred of the people toward the Empress, and this fact furnishes the strongest reason why the authorities should prevent their further publication.

Rev. T. H. Brown, of Comber, has been appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of Huron. He will begin his duties after Easter.

The sureties of Rev. J. Stonehouse, the alleged blackmailer, who failed to put in an appearance on Friday at Strathroy, are Rev. Messrs. McDonagh and Middleton. They have little expectation that Mr. Stonehouse will return and are now liable for the payment of $200 each.

BOLDEST BIGAMIST YET.

Arrest of a Man With Seven Living Wives and Twenty Bogus Diplomas.

A Findlay, Ohio, despatch says: Sheriff Cusac to-night arrested and lodged in jail Dr. J. M. Chaplin on a charge of bigamy preferred against him by his seventh living wife, a lady from Greenville, Ind. An investigation of the Doctor's record now in the hands of the prosecuting attorney of Wood county stamps him as being the champion bigamist and rascal of the age. He has been the husband of ten different women, seven of whom are still living, and from not one of whom was he ever divorced. The Doctor came to this city about two months ago, and hanging out his shingle, began the practice of medicine. It was noticed he did but little in this line, and about three weeks ago he was married to Mrs. Laura Freberger, a widow living in North Baltimore, who had over $12,000 in ready money in her own right, besides valuable property.

The announcement of the marriage reached one of his wives living at Greenville, Ind., to whom he was married last August, and two months later abandoned after securing what money she possessed. Since that time this woman has devoted herself to running down the doctor's history, with the startling result that she found that he had a wife living at Fresno, Cal.; one at Russellville, Ky.; one at Madison, Wis.; one at East St. Louis, Ill., and another in Connecticut, besides herself, not counting the latest victim, the widow above named. Armed with letters from each of these ladies and documents proving their claims as the lawful wives of the gay deceiver, she came here, and, laying her proofs before the prosecuting attorney, swore out a warrant for Chaplin's arrest, and he was soon in custody. Certificates of marriage to three women—one in Maine, one in Pennsylvania and another in Michigan—were found in his trunk, thus swelling the total number of his marriages to ten. Whether these last named are yet alive is not known.

About twenty bogus medical diplomas were also found, indicating that he had been practising medicine under various names, the most frequent used being Dr. Orin L. Barton. Chaplin is about 40 years old, dresses well, is of dark complexion and well built, and has a plausible way about him well calculated to secure confidence. His last wife is nearly prostrated over his arrest and the unpleasant disclosures which have been made to-night.

A later despatch says: Chaplin says to-night he will stand no trial at which all the women he has deceived will appear as witnesses, but will plead guilty and have it over as soon as possible.

The prosecuting attorney received a telegram this morning from Seattle, W. T., signed by Laura E. Chaplin, to the effect that she was one of the doctor's wives, and that, accompanied by her father, would start at once for Findlay to testify against the man who had deceived and deserted her, and had robbed her of $900, the accumulations of years as a music teacher. If this woman's story proves true she will be the eleventh known victim of the doctor's wives.

CONCERNING POPE LEO.

Clad in a Robe of Scarlet Velvet That Weighed Heavily Upon Him.

In view of the recent despatch from Rome with respect to the marked feebleness of the Roman Pontiff the following extract from a private letter printed in the Boston *Advertiser* will have special and timely interest:

It was at the canonization of saints. The Pope came in a golden chair, carried on four men's shoulders. Beside him were the superb ostrich fans and banners unfurled. When he had taken his seat on the throne the Cardinals knelt before him and kissed his hand, and when he raised his hand right and left to give his blessing the crowd fell on their knees. It was a magnificent sight. The Ambassadors were in full dress. The Hungarian wore a ruby velvet cloak with priceless fur. The Duke of Norfolk, who had come with a letter to the Pope from Queen Victoria, was in scarlet and gold, with the garter. Many of them were blazing with orders on their breasts of diamonds, but all were eclipsed by the Pope's robe of scarlet velvet, so heavy with embroidery that he could not stand in it, and had to be held up by attendants. He was dressed underneath in white silk. He looked weary and sick, almost too feeble to raise his hand to give the blessing. But you never saw anything so fine as the Swiss Guards, in their red and yellow suits—designed by Michael Angelo himself—and white plumes; nor the cardinals in their scarlet caps and violet robes, with immense trains; nor the bishops, in their tunics and exquisite lace; nor the court chamberlains, who looked as if they had just stepped out of a picture frame, in black velvet and long hose, with ruffs around their necks and gold chains on their breasts.

One Eye Put Out by an English Sparrow.

An Omaha, Neb., despatch says: Barton M. Mills, a travelling salesman in the employ of Johnson, Reeves & Co., of Lynn, Mass., met with a peculiar and painful accident this morning. Mr. Mills alighted from a carriage at the railroad station entrance and proceeded to walk around the depot to go to the baggage-room. Just as he reached the southwest corner something struck him fairly in the eye and knocked him down. The cause of his mishap was an English sparrow. The bill of the bird penetrated the eyeball and the unfortunate man will lose the eye. The bird was picked up dead and one of its eyes was closed, so it is evident that it did not see the gentleman, as Mr. Mills was close to the wall.

The names for money in the language of the Ogallalla Sioux are interesting. Gold is masea-ska-zi, literally, "yellow white iron;" silver is masea-ska-ska, or "white iron," and greenbacks are minne-huapi-masea-ska, or "paper that talks white iron."

A careless farmer on Saturday ran into a buggy driven by Mrs. D. H. Tennent, at London, upsetting the vehicle and throwing the lady out. The fellow drove on without stopping to see what he had done. Fortunately the lady was uninjured, but her horse took fright and not only smashed the carriage to which it was attached, but demoralized two other rigs before it could be checked.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A STEAMSHIP has been constructed to carry 1,000 tons at each voyage of the solid residuum of the London sewage out to the North Sea from the Barking Creek Sewage Works. Four or five more such ships will be required to deal with the entire quantity.

MRS. ELIZA GARFIELD was the only woman who ever saw her son inaugurated President of the United States. Washington's mother was living in Fredericksburg, Va. when the father of his country was inaugurated, but she did not witness the ceremony, which took place in New York.

BUENOS AYRES, in the Argentine Republic, is now the largest city in South America, the census of 1887 giving it a population of 434,000. The population of the entire country has increased 175 per cent. in the last twenty years, while that of the United States in the same period of time has increased only 79 per cent.

A LADY in Tours, France, refused to pay for a corset which did not fit and was taken to court by the corsetiere. The judge modestly said that he would not know whether the corset fitted or not, even if he saw it tried on, and that he was unable to decide the case, and that the parties must appeal to another arbitrator.

A ST. PETERSBURG correspondent says that the actual Czar of Russia, the man whose order is irrevocable, is not Alexander III., but Lieut.-Gen. Gresser, the head of the palace, and a member of the Privy Council. He is between 40 and 45 years of age, is a soldier by profession and has been decorated many times for gallantry on the field.

THE most sensational result of the revival in progress at Parkersburg is the conversion of Hon. C. T. Caldwell, an avowed infidel, who has been named the Ingersoll of the West Virginia bar. His conversion is so thorough that he has decided to abandon his lucrative practice and enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

J. W. WATSON, to whom the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" is most generally ascribed, is a tall, straight man of 70, who is often seen about the streets of New York. He is a novelist as well as a writer of verses, and much of his matter is seen in the periodicals, but his income from his writings is not large. Mr. Watson claims to be the inventor of roller skates.

MISS AMELIE RIVES, the Virginia authoress, lives in practical seclusion on her father's large farm near Cobham, in Albemarle county, Va. She is 23 years old, tall, slender and graceful, a perfect blonde and very pretty. In addition to her literary talent she is somewhat of an artist, and spends a great part of her time in her studio. She is passionately fond of horses and dogs.

REAR ADMIRAL HENEAGE, the officer commanding the British Pacific station, is earning the epithet of "Sir Joseph Porter." He has forbidden any officer or man to walk on the poop of the flagship while he is there, and insists on the crew uncovering their heads as long as he is on deck. He also requires his officers to wear white kid gloves at divisions on Sundays, and to have their frock coats and tunics buttoned on all occasions.

THE French astronomers are making wonderful strides in celestial discovery, thanks to the hypersensitive plates which modern photography has placed at their service. The photographer's plate is infinitely more sensitive than the retina of the human eye. One part of the heavens has just been photographed where only 150 stars had been previously known. The plate shows no fewer than 5,000, all sufficiently distinct.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance advocate, wants a law passed making it a crime for a man to treat or be treated. Upon this subject Mr. Murphy said in Buffalo last week: "It is an awful thing for a man to say no when he has not been weaned. Look at the effect on a baby that has been on the bottle for two years when you undertake to wean it. What, think you, must it be with a man who has been on a bottle for twenty years?"

MARIA MITCHELL, the celebrated professor of astronomy at Vassar College, is 70 years old. She is the discoverer of eight comets, the discovery of one of which gained her a gold medal from the King of Denmark, and it is said that when she was a girl of 11 she made an accurate record of a lunar eclipse. She has received the degree of LL. D. from three different institutions of learning.

A NOVELTY in use by many ladies in the States this cold weather is the "Kairo," or Japanese hand warmer. It is an oblong, slightly curved box of sheet copper, covered with pretty chintz or silk, and heated by ignited charcoal, specially prepared for the purpose. The charcoal comes in neat rolls, each of which will burn five hours, producing a temperature of 150 degrees and warming one nicely. The "Kairo" costs a dollar and is sold in drug stores. In Japan it is used for medical purposes, just as we apply poultices or hot fomentations.

A NEW kind of glass has been invented in Sweden. It contains no fewer than fourteen substances, whereas the common kind of glass contains only six. Phosphorous and borax are included, and they are not to be found in any other glass. The result is, according to those who believe in the new invention, that whereas the highest power of an old fashioned microscopic lens reveals only the one-four-hundred-thousandth part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish one two-hundred-and-four-million-seven-hundred-thousandth part of an inch. Stupendous—but, then, who on earth wants to have a look at the 1-204,700,000th part of an inch?

The German inhabitants of the Baltic are mostly Lutherans. The determination of the Russian Government seems to be to compel religious conformity, and the Minister of the Interior has been authorized to suspend or banish Lutheran pastors without any judicial inquiry. Some fifty preachers in Livonia have been warned and as many in Courland. In Esthonia several pastors' wives have been marked out for punishment for holding missionary meetings. It is believed that if the Emperor was aware of the real conditions a more humane policy would be adopted, but united action of the people is rendered impossible, and any attempt to appeal would only aggravate the evil.

SOME time ago an engineer on the Little Miami Railroad, Ohio, was suspended because, after having been examined by Dr. Clark, he was found to be quite deaf. The engineer claimed at the time that he could hear everything while running his engine, but the doctor found that in a still room he could not hear ordinary conversation a foot away. The doctor thought he would test the case, and made a number of experiments with him on engines. The result was that the doctor found the engineer not only telling the truth in regard to the matter, but also that the deaf man could hear low remarks and whispers on a moving engine, that even Dr. Clark's keen ear failed to catch. The engineer was reinstated.

THE women will shortly abandon those furry caterpillars they wear around their necks, and man's fur-lined overcoat with its Russian collar and cuffs will disappear into its camphor chest. It is a pity that furs which are alike becoming to the thick and the thin, the tall and the short, cannot be perpetually with us, and that the first warm day should make them oppressive. Some one has said woman is always willing to suffer if she can be beautiful, but she rarely shows how ungrateful she can be as at this time of year when one of her chief embellishments is thrown aside. She does not desire "to suffer" exactly to the degree of overheating a well made-up complexion, and she doubtless thinks that her tinted parasol, with other airy confections from the haberdashers, will compensate for the soft, dark frame about her face. Perhaps so. But it is with regret that elegantes, and those who understand the art of being well-dressed, find the time approaching when their most becoming portion of attire must seek an anti-moth seclusion. Try to make the best of it, mesdames!

YOUNG ladies whose complexions show the ravages of the late hours of the first season and who wish to restore their skin to its prestine debutante freshness are, writes a Washington correspondent, using "le masque du mari," which Frenchwomen have employed since the days of la Reine Margot, who invented this faded complexion's sweet restorer. They take the white of one egg beaten in sufficient rose water to make a cream; to this they add one gramme of alum and one of sweet almond oil. All of which is beaten together until a paste is formed, white and sweet smelling. Then taking a piece of thick muslin they cut holes in such a way that it rudely resembles a mask—two for eyes, a small one for nostrils, the third a little larger for the mouth. The paste is spread thickly and carefully over this. Four tapes are fastened to it—two at the brow and two at the chin—and when the young woman goes to bed this is tied on her face and remains there all night. In the morning she washes this off carefully with a soft sponge and tepid water, following it by another bath of water running cold from the faucet, and then she rubs her face vigorously with a soft towel and emerges with the complexion of sixteen. But she looks decidedly funny at night when she has her mask on, which resembles a poultice more than anything else. There is also a rule which goes with this *masque du mari* which says that to have a beautiful skin a woman must take enough exercise at least once in every twenty-four hours to be thrown into a thorough glow.

THREE Philadelphia fiends who used chrome yellow in making buns have been sentenced to the penitentiary, two of them for six months each and the third one for nine months, the judge expressing his sorrow that the statute did not permit him to mete out punishment adequate to the offence.

THE Duchess of Hamilton, wife of the Premier Peer of Scotland, and sister-in-law to Lady Mandeville, has opened a retail butcher shop at Ipswich, in the neighborhood of the White Horse Inn immortalized by Pickwick, and is, according to latest reports, crowded with orders.

ALTHOUGH the cheapest rate for which board can be got in the big new hotel in Florida is $8 a day, and an extra particular bridegroom can obtain a bridal suite there at $2,000 a week, the hotel was packed on the first of the month. The owner talks of putting up just such another house in New York for the exaction of just such gilt-edged prices, and thinks there will be money in it.

NEXT Sunday will be the eighteenth anniversary of the proclamation of the commune. The socialists, anarchists and communists of New York are preparing to celebrate it with gusto galore. A blood and thunder drama will be presented by the Social Revolutionary Club on Saturday night, to be followed by a ball and a great demonstration to be held in Clarendon Hall.

THE soft maple has not been satisfactory as a shade tree for street or lawn, and for this reason has been condemned and tabooed by horticultural writers, and its value as a timber tree has been lost sight of. When closely planted in a grove the tendency to split or break is overcome. It is easy of propagation, transplants well grows rapidly, and is one of the best trees for fuel.

BASSWOOD may be enormously compressed after which it may be steamed and expanded to its original volume. Advantage has been taken of this principle in the manufacture of certain kinds of moldings. The portions of the wood to be left in relief are first compressed or pushed down by suitable dies below the general level of the board, then the board is planed down to a level surface, and afterward steamed. The compressed portions of the board are expanded by the steam so that they stand out in relief.

THE influence of the moon upon vegetation is an interesting problem awaiting solution. A recent writer upon the subject mentions that wood-cutters in Cape Colony and India insist that timber is full of sap and unfit to be cut at full moon. Another observation of lunar influence in Cape Colony is the rapid spoiling of meats and other provisions when exposed to moonlight, though this may be due to the fact that the light serves as a guide to insects.

AN extraordinary incident is reported from Edinburgh in connection with the trial of the Lewis crofters. One of the Crown witnesses named Donald Macleod had never before been absent from Lewis, and his being brought to Edinburgh seems to have deranged his mind. On Tuesday he behaved as if suffering from hydrophobia, and on Wednesday morning he was brought into court howling like a dog. On the doctor's certificate of insanity he was sent to an asylum.

SOME time ago it was announced that human footprints in rocks had been discovered in America. At last week's meeting of the Victoria Institute in London, a report, with photograph, from one of its geological members resident in the district, was read, stating that researches showed them to be imprinted in anciently deposited lava, and in some cases the imprints were those of people wearing curiously made sandals or moccasins.

A BOSTON theatrical manager began an advertisement in the Sunday papers with the words: "A call for 100 women to sew on buttons dislocated by laughter." To his surprise he found the theatre lobby filled the next morning with women who took the announcement seriously and wanted a job. He appeased them as well as he could by distributing among them tickets to his performance. This, the Buffalo *Courier* says, is not nearly as nice a story as the one about the little girl who found as the closing sentence in one of the tales of the Brothers Grimm: "And all who do not believe this must pay a dollar." Whereupon she called one morning upon Jacob Grimm and proffered her one dollar in the most matter of fact way to the astonished story-teller.

MISS CORA BACKUS, who compelled a prominent Rockford, Ill., physician to print an abject apology for slandering her, has received many letters of admiration and offers of marriage. Cora's picture represents a fluffy-haired girl with pleasing and regular features. A farmer near Huron, Dak., who says he has as good a farm as there is in the territory, writes that he wishes to tell her how much he admires her "for the way you beat that doctor who abused you," and that "It madd me ful of luv for you," and if she will marry him he will come on the next train. A Chicago man who says he has an income of $5,000 a year and a good home wants her to name a day next week. A youth at Rock Island writes that he has a small salary, but he loves her very much and he is sure that with such a brave woman for a wife they can get along very nicely on a narrow margin. Miss Backus answers the letters of sympathy and puts the offers of marriage into a scrap book.

Masonic.

Lord Stanley of Preston, the new Governor-General, is a Past Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of England, and is reported as taking an active interest in Masonic affairs.

The twenty-third annual reunion of the A. A. A. Scottish Rite co-ordinate bodies in Rochester will occur on April 10th, 11th and 12th. During the three-days' session aspirants for the mysteries of the ineffable, historical, doctrinal, chivalric and philosophical grades will be gratified with the investiture, which embraces all the realistic teachings from fourth degree to thirty-second degree.

One of the most peculiar incidents connected with a lodge meeting which has ever come under our notice transpired at an emergent communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 209a, on Thursday night last. Four candidates presented themselves for degrees—two for the first, one for the second, and the other for the third—and every one of them were members of the medical profession of this city. Indeed, had it not been for an inopportune call, a fifth would also have been in attendance for his third degree. Such an occurrence may not happen again in the history of the craft, and for this reason it is noted.—*London Free Press.*

Abbotsford to be Rented.

Some of the papers have been agitated by a report that Abbotsford is for sale. The real truth is that the place is only in the market to be let for a term of years, and I shall be surprised if it finds a tenant, as it is overrun throughout the year with shoals of tourists. The house is large and gloomy, and there is nothing remarkably pretty about the demesne or neighborhood. Abbotsford now belongs to Sir Walter Scott's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, who is a granddaughter of Lockhart.—*London Truth.*

Bobby Makes a Bad Break.

A story is told of a little boy, one of whose duties it was to recite a verse from the Bible, chosen by himself, every morning at the breakfast table. "Well, Bobby," said his mother to him one morning, "what verse have you learned to-day?" "Oh, I got a real easy one," replied Bobby—"'Whose wife, then, shall be in the insurrection?'" After the proper tableau had been enacted the scheme of Bobby's scripture studies was promptly revised.

What is Called the "Zero Rash."

A singular epidemic has recently appeared in this city and vicinity. It seemed to follow immediately after the last protracted cold wave, and manifested itself in the shape of a rash similar to the nettle rash, appearing upon the legs, arms and body of the afflicted. The rash especially manifested itself in the parts mostly exposed to the cold, like the feet, hands and face. The rash appeared in blotches of pale red, accompained by an intolerable itching.—*Albany N. Y. Journal.*

A Rich Man's Joke.

D. W. Powers has hit upon a novel idea which, if carried into execution, may be of value to other testators in making their last testaments. He said to a legal gentleman yesterday that he had made his will at last. "I've left everything to my lawyers, and recommended my family to their tender mercies. I'm sure they'll get more that way than by a contest."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Truthful at all Times.

Grocer (to boy)—What are you doing, James?

James—Puttin' sand in the sugar.

Grocer—Well, that won't do. You must put the sugar in the sand, and then if a customer asks if we put sand in our sugar you can truthfully say no. You will find, James, as you acquire more business, that, in the long run, truth always pays.

Lord Tennyson is said by a London correspondent to be far from well and to feel keenly the many criticisms which his recent performances have received. His early retirement from the post of poet laureate would surprise no one there.

RICH MEN'S BEGINNINGS.

Some Chicago Experiences—Messenger Boys as Hustlers.

Instances of lowly beginnings are not rare in the list of Chicago millionaires. J. W. Doane, the President of the Merchants' Loan & Trust Company, began his commercial career in Chicago a very small dealer in peanuts. W. M. Hoyt, the wholesale grocer and founder of the immense tea trade between Chicago and China, in his youth kept a little apple stand at the door of the old Richmond Hotel, on Lake street. L. J. Gage's first work was as a carpenter in his father's box factory, on the West side. The Libby Brothers, the immensely rich packers, started as working butchers. Jacob Rosenburg, the capitalist, and Levi Rosenfeld, who died last summer, whose great fortunes were largely increased by their share in the Michael Reese $11,000,000 estate, were both peddlers and carried packs about the surrounding country. H. A. Kohn, the head of the big wholesale clothing house on Franklin street, was also a peddler. N. K. Fairbank boasts that he can lay a brick now as well as in his youth, when he worked as a mason. C. H. McCormick and Leander J. McCormick were foundrymen. The first shop they owned was a small shed on North Water street, east of Bush. B. F. Hutchinson earned his youthful wages as a shoemaker. Nelson Morris blacked boots and did chores around a small inn in the old Sherman stock-yards. Afterwards he began trading in lame hogs. C. B. Farwell's first employment in Chicago was as the smallest clerk in George Smith's bank, on Lake street. Conrad Seipp, the millionaire brewer, was a common brewery hand, and his partner, Lehmann, was a carpenter. Jerome Beecher was a common workingman. John T. Lester was a clerk in A. G. Downs' dry goods store.—*Chicago News.*

Among the messenger boys in the service of the first telegraph office opened in Pittsburg, Pa., years ago were four known respectively as Andy, Bob, Billy and Harry. This quartette has won both fame and fortune. "Andy" Carnegie is one of the richest men in the United States; "Bob" Pitcairn is General Agent and Superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad; "Billy" Moreland is City Attorney of Pittsburg; and "Harry" Oliver has made a fortune in steel and narrowly missed a seat in the United States Senate. Evidently the messenger boys of former times were "hustlers."—*New York World.*

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

There is a little girl in Harlem, New York, whose commercial interests are so precocious that she rents furnished rooms in her doll's house to her sisters for a fixed number of caramels per week.

A Tremendous Sensation

would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizzing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have stared at such a spectacle! It takes a good deal to astonish people now-a-days, but some of the marvellous cures of consumption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have created wide-spread amazement. Consumption is at last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery," is the only known remedy for it. If taken at the right time—which, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right to the seat of the disease and accomplish its work as nothing else in the world can.

Mrs. Tom Blevins, the wife of a farmer living near Butler, Tenn., recently gave birth to four children, two boys and two girls. The "double twins" are all small, but are well and are likely to live.

"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years."

It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the ill health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Great Responsibility.

The wife of a revenue inspector at Beauce Que., named Mercier, is 40 years old and the mother of 27 children, a recent instalment having been triplets.

"Give Him $2, and Let Him Guess."

We once heard a man complain of feeling badly, and wondered what ailed him. A humorous friend said, "Give a doctor $2, and let him guess." It was a cutting satire on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what ails you when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and easily fatigued. You are bilious, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take. Of druggists.

It Takes Time.

Somebody asks: "Does it pay to be good?" It does when the business becomes fully established; but you've got to sink money in the start.—*Puck.*

People in the Northwest

Know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure-pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere

—Ethel—Mamma, when I grow up, will the calves of my legs be cows?

HIS OWN FUNERAL.

He Will Have the Coffin There and Preach the Sermon.

Mr. Pridgins, an old and respectable preacher, has suddenly decided to preach his own funeral sermon, and has set for the day the second Sunday in April, and the place a little church a few miles from High Shoals. Mr. Pridgins has ordered his son to make him a coffin, which he directs must be perfectly plain and locked with a padlock. He says the coffin will be placed by his side in the church, and there, in the presence of his friends and family, who are requested to wear mourning, he will tell of his life and pay suitable tribute to his own memory. The news has spread rapidly over the surrounding counties, and it is thought that the little church will not be able to hold the congregation. Mr. Pridgins is thought by some to be very eccentric, but is considered by his neighbors one of the smartest men in the county. He has been a minister of the gospel for many years and is extremely popular in his neighborhood. His mind is perfectly clear on all subjects, and he is unusually well informed for a country preacher. He desires that the press reporters be present at the funeral to occupy seats in the amen corner. It is thought that he will then retire to his home and lead a quiet life until the time comes for him to occupy his coffin for good. No pall-bearers have yet been selected, but all arrangements will be made for the funeral before the eventful day arrives.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Sum and Substance Of It.

A 4-year-old miss had been naughty the other day, and her mamma shut her up in a closet by way of penalty. The little one alternated between fits of crying and appeals for freedom, and was heard to say within herself: "I tell you this is tough!"

The treatment of many thousands of cases of these chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in wisely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

DUNL. 1488.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, APR. 5, 1888.

RAILWAY CROSSINGS.

During the past year people driving through the Station and across the R.R. track were frequently subjected to annoying detentions by freight trains, which the conductors thereof permitted to obstruct the highway, for periods ranging all the way from ten to forty minutes, in direct violation of section 252 of the Act respecting Railways. On one occasion the writer was detained for more than half an hour, and had it not been for the kind and energetic services of our esteemed friend, R. McGill, Esq., we might have sat in the buggy staring at the obstruction and inwardly blessing the obstructionists for another thirty minutes. The section of the Railway Act, above alluded to, makes this point so clear, that a conductor must be very thickheaded who can see enough in it to justify him in obstructing public highways any longer than five minutes at a time. We quote the clause for the benefit of the public generally :—

"Whenever any railway crosses any public highway at rail level, the company shall not, nor shall its officers, servants or agents, willfully permit any engine, tender or car, or any portion thereof, to stand on any part of such highway for a longer period than five minutes at one time; and if in any city, town or village, a train is waiting for more than five minutes, such waiting train shall be cut so as to clear the highway."

A penalty of $50 is attached for violation of the Act in this particular. Of course there are exceptional cases, but the Act takes cognizance of such. The cases in point, however, were direct violations, in each of which the above penalty was undoubtedly incurred.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Dundalk *Herald* has become suddenly solemn on the incorporation question. A few weeks ago it was quite glib and merry in poking fun at Markdale; but all at once it occurred to the *Herald* that Dundalk is also an incorporated village, whereat its visage lengthened visibly. It is scarcely necessary to add our "pet proverb"—as the *Herald* terms it—"sour grapes!"

Every time the *Herald* writer stumbles over that imposing public structure, yclept the "penitentiary," he must be forcibly reminded of the fact that Dundalk is incorporated. It will also draw forth from his soul big pieces of sympathy for other places similarly situated. Misery likes company, you know!

As for Flesherton—well, she has wisely profited by the mistakes of neighboring villages in this matter of incorporation. She watches their movements with a keen and discerning eye and thereby avoids the pitfalls into which they tumble.

It is true we did publish an article in THE ADVANCE in reference to incorporation a short time ago. But it is *not* true that the reasons therein assigned in favor of the same were our own. We consulted a portion of the mirror of public opinion and then published the result in editorial form. This trick of misrepresenting what people say or write is quite popular in some quarters.

On behalf of this town, we extend our hearty thanks to our member for the Commons, Dr. Landerkin, for his efforts in behalf of Flesherton, re the Western Ontario Railroad. Although we are not hankering awfully for connection with that projected, Pipe of railway, yet we fully appreciate our member's energetic efforts in our behalf. We might add further that we have strong doubts as to whether the scheme in question will ever become a reality.

A CEDARVILLE SCARE.

Attempted Murder and a Hot Chase after the Fugitive.

A young man whose correct name has not yet been ascertained made his appearance in this village last Friday in charge of two constables. He has of late been making the house Zachariah Brown near Cedarville his temporary home and on Wednesday night, about 10 o'clock, he, with another person, being the worse of liquor proceeded on the highway to the residence of John McLuhan and began to wake up that household by swearing and shouting "Here's where the man lives that was going to shoot Brown's informer."—It is supposed that he, the culprit was "Brown's informer" having been connected with some Scott Act case in which he had acted the part of informer at Guelph.

Mr. McLuhan hearing the noise jumped out of bed, opened the door and ordered them off. This they declined to do and began firing at Mr. McLuhan. Two of the pistol shots went through some clothes that were hanging on the line and embedded themselves in the woodwork. Mr. McLuhan thought there was no fun about this and took down his rifle which had not been used for some time and pointing the muzzle at them pulled the trigger, but it mis-fired and no amount of pulling would make the gun go off. Mr. McLuhan then went to the back of his house and called the neighbors to his assistance upon whose arrival the miscreants decamped meanwhile, the culprit who sometimes gives his name Jacque Brown, threatened to go into the house and murder the whole family. He was then followed to Pete. Morris' house and allowed to remain until the morning, when a warrant was placed in the hands of William Woods, the county constable's hands for his arrest; He, W. Boyde, W. Pryde, and David Pryde armed and equipped for capturing him went to Pete Morris' house and as soon as Jacque saw his pursuers he ran upstairs and escaped out of the gable at the end of the house to Zachariah Brown's, and from there to the swamp.

Here was a pretty fix. The recent thaw made the swamp almost impassable and the outlook for capturing an armed man in such a place was not very bright, nevertheless nothing daunted the pursuers kept in the swamp all day Thursday, everyone of them being wet from head to foot. Towards evening it began to freeze and the clothes on them froze stiff with frost. Knowing that no man could stay in the swamp all night without being frozen to death, they went to Cedarville and changed their clothes and having heard that in the meantime Jacque had come out and stole into Zachariah Brown's they immediately scattered and surrounded the house. Mr. Brown did not like the idea of having his house searched and denied having seen the man. But in spite of his protest it was done and Jacque was found in an upstairs room under the bed. The handcuffs were put on him and he was taken to Cedarville, where, on the following morning he was arraigned before Don. Bell, S. Rodgers and Mr. McPherson and committed for trial at Owen Sound.

[We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Spur, Editor of the Dundalk *Herald*, for the above report.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Newspapers in 1888.

From the edition of Geo. P. Rowell & Co's "American Newspaper Directory," published April 2d (its twentieth year), it appears that the Newspapers and Periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Canada, now number 16,310, showing a gain of 890 during the last 12 months and of 7,136 in 10 years.

The puplishers of the Directory assert that the impression that when the proprietor of a newspaper undertakes to state what has been his exact circulation, he does not generally tell the truth is an erroneous one; and they conspicuously offer a reward of $100 for every instance in their book for this year, where it can be shown that the detailed report received from a publisher was untrue.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 21, Con 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

Auction Sale

VALUABLE FARM

I. of Township of Osprey.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from Alexander McLean to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at LINLEY'S HOTEL, in the village of MAXWELL, by JOHN SPEERS, Auctioneer, on

THURSDAY, APRIL 12th, 1888,

at 12 o'clock noon. The following property, namely:

Lot number 26, in the Second Range or Concession North of the Durham Road, in the Township of Osprey, containing 50 acres, more or less of which 40 are said to be cleared and cultivated.

On the premises are said to be a Cedar Log House. Also a Log Barn and Sheds.

TERMS. Ten per cent at time of Sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto, March 26th, 1888

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold In Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50c. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address

SULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Photos,
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Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For? Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pill, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 10	to	4 10
Fall Wheat	$0 78	to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78		0 80
Barley	0 65		0 70
Oats	0 38		0 38
Peas	0 58		0 60
Butter	0 17		0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 12		0 12
Potatoes bush	0 40		0 40
Pork	6 50		6 60
Hay, per ton	7 00		8 00
Hides	4 50		5 50
Wool	18		21
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 06		0 06
Turkeys	0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50		0 60

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to

JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirk's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish, Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.

JOS. McCONNELL.
Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR
First Class
ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT.

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.
Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

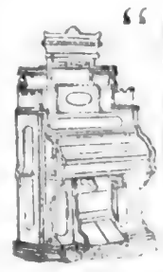

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and act at once, they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person; many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for anyone to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old, capital not needed. We start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

Gentlemen requiring neat and attractive

Horse Bills!

Need scarcely be told, that The Flesherton Advance office fills the bill exactly.

GLEANINGS OF TRUTH

In all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

The Advance Office has a most enviable County reputation.

When it comes to

SALE BILLS!

We get there with both feet ahead of all rivals.

Have you a Bull?

If you have, it will save you money to get your Printing and Advertising done at the Advance Office, Flesherton.

ADVERTISE

— IN —

THE ADVANCE.

If you are desirous of securing the leading newspaper in Grey, just send a dollar to

A. R. FAWCETT

ADVANCE OFFICE,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Spurgeon and the Union.

For the Advance.

As many of your readers are interested in the discussion concerning Mr. Spurgeon and the Baptist Union, the following definitions may be helpful in understanding the question at issue :—

1.—A "Baptist" is a person who, on profession of repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ has been baptized (immersed) into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and united in church fellowship to observe all that Christ commanded.

2.—"A Baptist Church" is a body of baptized believers, meeting together for Christian worship, instruction and work, acknowledging no Head but the risen Saviour, and no Law but the Divine Word. Each member has a voice in all that concerns the Church, and each church manages all its own affairs; and apart from each separate independent body, there is no such thing as "the Baptist Church."

3.—"Association" is a name given to that arrangement by which the several churches in any district consent to work together in order that the strong may help the weak and all freely combine to promote the work of God.

4.—"A Baptist Union" is a purely fraternal movement, wherein, without restricting the independency of each church and the individuality of each minister, all its members may be mutually edified and united in carrying out such works as are binding upon all true believers. The Baptist Union of Great Britain has existed about 25 years, and about two-thirds of the churches and pastors are members of it. The Baptist Union of Canada has ceased to exist.

5. "Baptist Denomination" denotes the classification of all Baptists as one body; but does not signify that there is any organic unity, central control or official leader.—See def. 2.

6.—"Particular Baptist" is almost an obsolete expression but is sometimes used to describe those churches that are decidly Calvinistic in doctrine.

7. "General Baptist" denotes those churches that hold "general," or "Arminian," or "free will" views. Dr. Clifford, President of the Union, is a "general," Mr. Spurgeon a Calvinist. Neither term describes correctly the views commonly held by Baptists.

8.—Mr. Spurgeon's conference is a yearly gathering of ministers, who have been or are being trained in the "Pastor's College," of which C. H. P. is president. This conference exercises no ecclesiastical control over the ministers or the churches they are pastors of. The conference meets as a body of free Christian workers to encourage one another and consider how best they may promote the interests of Christ's kingdom.

9.—Mr. Spurgeon's relation to the Union in no way effects his denominational standing. He is, and for 33 years has been pastor of, the largest Baptist church in Great Britain; and, like any other Baptist or Congregational minister, is entirely free to follow his own convictions as to whether he will belong to any association, union, or any society outside of the local church of which he is pastor.

T. WATSON.

A Pointer for Farmers.

Durham Chronicle.

Much uneasiness prevails among farmers who purchased implements from Billy Campbell, who skipped to the other side a few weeks ago. In several instances persons who bought machines from Billy and paid him in full, have had the machines seized by the company of which he was the authorized agent, they claiming that he had not paid them for the implements. For instance, Jas. Staples, of the 3rd concession of Glenelg, bought a mower from Campbell a short time ago and gave him therefor a horse and $12.50 in cash, being payment in full. Last week the machine was seized at the instance of the company. Dennis Crimmons, of Bentinck, is just a similar case. He bought a reaper, and gave the agent a horse and $15 in cash. He had the satisfaction of paying for the machine, and now finds it seized also. J. R. Kinney bought a cutting box, for which he paid a small amount down, and had time for the balance. The company came along and demanded it. Mr. Kinney offered to give it up if the amount which he paid was refunded. This the company refused to do, and got out a writ of replevin, and the cutting box also was seized. There are others just similarly fixed. These cases will be tried at the Division Court next Wednesday, and will be watched with considerable interest, especially by farmers. We are not familiar with the law on the subject, but justice would say that a person buying a machine from a company's *authorized* agent, and paying that agent in full, was entitled to the machine. Companies should make their agents give security, in order to protect themselves and not be putting innocent parties to trouble and expence. The moral for farmers is to only deal with agents whom they know.

A Common Mistake.

Mt. Forest Representative.

We regret that some of our readers occasionally forget that the *Rep.* is a *newspaper*, and take umbrage at certain items of news published in its columns. We have no desire whatever to wound anyone's feelings, but when an item of news is taken exception to, we do not feel in anyway responsible. We have nothing to do with *causing* such news, but when they are caused they become newspaper property and our stock in trade.

The "Able" Editorial Writer of the Durham Chronicle.

From the Grey Review.

....."His (the *Chronicle* man's) editorial space in the same issue was filled up with Normanby council, a baking powder reading adv't about pancakes, another about some Yankee fake and yet another about Holloway's pills and ointment.—Pancakes and pills are high subjects and well deserving the gigantic efforts of the mighty brain that controls the *Chronicle*."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all Druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular as, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Bane, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them, but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

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The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

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A Spring Day Reverie.

(Edwin Hyde Carroll.)

Perchance if we had never met,
I had been spared this mad regret,
This endless longing to forget.
—*Forever and Forever.*

Idly humming o'er some measure
That revives some pain or pleasure
Mayhap, ling'ring thoughts of wither'd bliss, or sorrows too soon ripe—
'Mid the paling rays of daylight,
Hidden in the hush of twilight,
Fancies flutter 'round me, peeping thro' the cloud-puffs from my pipe.

Restless visions roam above me
Of the dear ones home who love me,
Twining sprays of sweet and tender mem'ries 'round my aching heart;
Of some keen regret, swift darting
Thro' the breaking heart, at parting
From love's clinging tendrils—long since broken crushed or thrust apart.

Fickle mem'ry faintly traces
Half-forgotten forms and faces;
And the pressure of some precious hand I seem to feel again;
While the scarce remember'd blisses
Of affection's holy kisses,
Steal back, vividly, to fringe the recreant heart with bitter pain.

Now and then a vague, soft murmur
Drifting nearer, sweeter, firmer,
Rouses slumb'ring recollections of some voice once dear to me
Ah! there's one regret in meeting,
'Tis the parting that comes fleeting
And some cherish'd tie is snapped asunder for eternity.

Thus the chords of mem'ry vibrate,
While fantastic portraits gyrate
Round and round my fervid fancy, to enrapture or enthrall;
Then, while more than half confessing
That the Past breathes back some blessing,
One exquisite image, rising, brings forgetfulness of all.

Faintly traced and slowly speeding,
Now advancing, now receding;
Coursing realms of imagery, while still mistrustful mem'ry sleeps
Till each rare, enhancing feature
Of this fair, entrancing creature
Is illum'd by lustrous rays of thought, through which remembrance peeps.

Then my vision quickly clearing,
Timid doubt now disappearing,
I recall the form in all its blush and bloom o girlish pride;
Feel, once more, the thrill in meeting—
Mark her cordial, graceful greeting—
View again those pure and glist'ning gems o worth, no guile could hide.

Still, the moment that I met her,
Came a yearning to forget her
For I knew how very wide apart our paths in life must lie,
But the longing, lightly cherish'd,
Waver'd, droop'd and early perish'd—
For, tho' meeting never more, exalted thoughts to her must fly.

Yet, withal, while now enraptur'd
By this culprit vision, captur'd
In its flight from Fancy's vigilance, by glad arresting eyes,
Comes a fear, I strive to banish,
That from bondage-view 'twill vanish,
Leaving only spectres of Regret behind to thrive on sighs.

Precious moments thus expire,
Disregarding dear Desire,
While the echo of Time's footfall brings it s fate ful thrill of pain;
For each tiny, fleeting minute
Bears an age of bliss wrapp'd in it,
Slowly robbing me of rapture I shall never know again.

Thus, caressing Fate comes hither
Kissing Hope—and wishes wither;
So, alas! this fair enchantress view must fade beneath the blight—
Yet, ere darkness quite conceals her,
Thro' the glow that now reveals her,
Irresistibly bewitch'd, I gaze in eager, proud delight

At this tranquil, tender fairy—
Artless, delicate and airy—
Thro' whose eyes, her soul's pure eloquence chaste beauties doth impart,
While her graces, fascinating,
And her charms, most captivating,
Seem to mirror back a grandeur and nobility o heart.

Ah! Forever and forever,
Altho' years and miles may sever,
I shall constantly remember her who seem'd divine to me,
And the Future will remind me
Of the fond Past, far behind me,
When her simple conversation seem'd the sweetest melody.

Thus, I sit and gaze and ponder—
Thus, unfetter'd, fancies wander
Until Reason ends my Reverie and all my dreams are o'er;
Then Reality o'ertakes me
And the sylph like form forsakes me—
Fading softly sweet from view but Mem'ry lives forevermore.

The Three "Rockers."

'Three rockers togother, a-rockin' slow,
On the east piazzer, all in er row,
Where are the folks, yer want ter know?
No answer comes, but the wind sighs low.

'The old house is gray with weather an' time,
The well curb is mossy an' green with slime,
Winders rattle an endless rhyme;
Nobody's here, but the cheers rock slow.

"It ain't very long sence all in er row
Three sisters sat rockin' here to and fro,
Knittin', countin' from heel to toe,
Watchin' the bay where sails come and go.

"They watched an' they waited day after day,
Not a single ship sailed inter the bay;
'Joe's long a-comin', then they say,
'Whales must be skeerce,' and they all rocked slow.

"But while they watched Mandy whitened and shrank,
And Mercy into strange silences sank,
And Marthy, she looked old and lank,
'When will Joe come?' and they rocked more slow.

"Then ther come er day when an empty cheer
Moved soft in the wind by the sister pair;
A year more passed, and Mercy there
Sat watchin' two idle rockers blow.

"Three rockers together, a rockin' slow,
Not a soul in ther place to make 'em go;
Folks are dead, if yer want ter know,
An' the lonesome sea is rockin' Joe!"

—*W. H. Winslow, in Youth's Companion.*

Waiting.

(By Archie Mack.)

Waiting, yes, patiently waiting,
Waiting, no murmur or moan,
Silently, hopefully waiting,
Living her life-time alone.
Patiently bearing life's burden,
Waiting the sweet by-and-by,
Daily fulfilling her mission,
Stifling the long troubled sigh.

Sadly the weeks follow swiftly,
Sad, oh, more sad grow they still,
By months and years they are numbered
Yet never the promise fulfil!
Storm and sunshine visit the earth,
The seasons expectant roll,
And bring peace and plenty to all,
All save the poor waiting soul.

Years sadden the fair, patient face,
Weary the gentle blue eyes
Grow with their watching and waiting,
For one who never arrives.
At length comes the welcome message,
She meekly bows 'neath the rod,
Death claims her one of his victims,
Her waiting soul is with God.

As a letter of condolence, the following has been offered for a model: "I have heard of your great grief and I send you a simple pressure of the hand."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XIX.

"When this letter is given to you, my child, you will be about to enter upon a new, untried life; and that you may not forget your mother then I have written these lines—written them with such loving thought of you, my daughter, and with such earnest prayer for your happiness and welfare, that, even if they sadden you a little, you must not mind now.

"What I am going to write here for your perusal is the story of my life—a story which more than once lately, dear, as I feel my health failing, I have been tempted to tell you. Not that I want to sadden you by telling you that my life is drawing to a close—my poor children. If I could save you that pain I would gladly live, even though life is such a dreary thing now—but I think you ought to know my story, Shirley. When I am gone to meet your father once more—Heaven is so merciful that I dare look forward to that—you will live in Scotland, the country I once loved so dearly, but which I shall never see again, for it has been very cruel to me, my child. Perhaps, after all, it will be well that you should not know this story of mine until you are on the eve of marriage. I think, Shirley, and I hope with all sincerity and fervor, that you will never marry a man you do not love. Surely I have given you such notions of truth and honor as will preserve you from the sin and the shame of a loveless marriage! If you do not love the man you are going to marry, my daughter, it will not be too late to retract even at the last moment; it will be better to suffer any blame than to go a step further on the road which must inevitably lead to sorrow and misery, and perhaps to sin and dishonor.

"But, if, as I hope, my child, you love the man to whom you are betrothed, it will help you to be gentle and lenient and merciful to the poor erring mother who has loved you with a love which ought, with all her faults, to induce you to think of her kindly. I should have liked to tell you the story, to have seen the pitying love on your face; but, if that pity and that love did not show themselves there, how could I have borne it? So perhaps it is better as it is.

"You know the earlier part of my history, Shirley; you know that I was an only and petted daughter and a spoiled and indulged sister. I lost my father and mother while I was still a child, but your uncle, who was some years my senior, filled the place of those dear parents with such a tenderness that I missed them but little. He indulged me in every whim, he gave me my own way in everything; and I grew up proud, willful, and heedless of everything but my own pleasure.

"I was beautiful—you too, my child, possess that fatal dowry of beauty; but I trust it will bring you only happiness. It is a great and precious gift if used aright, and gives the possessor a great power and influence for good or evil. I used my power for evil, Shirley; I employed my beauty as a snare to win hearts and toy with them as long as it pleased my fancy; then I cast them aside, careless whether the wounds I inflicted were serious or not. Flirtation is not looked upon as a sin in the time in which we live, Shirley; but I pray Heaven, my child, that you will be kept from such unwomanly shame.

"Among my admirers was a gentleman some ten or fifteen years my senior, whose suit my brother favored strongly. Sir Henry Proctor was a man of large property and distinguished family; he was, moreover, very handsome and agreeable; and he loved me—yes, he loved me. But there are so many different kinds of love, my darling, that it is difficult to know which is the true kind. This was true, so far as it went; but he preferred his happiness to mine, and true love does not do that.

"I was proud of my conquest, one which others had attempted in vain; but I did not love Sir Henry Proctor, whom I had known three months when your father, Shirley, came to Dumfife, and Gilbert invited him to Fairholme. He was very gentle to me, but very cold; he disapproved of my conduct, and reproved me more than once; but I loved him with all my heart and soul and strength. I loved him; and there was no woman on earth so happy as I when, one day, a danger to which I was exposed, and from which he rescued me, forced him to betray the love for me which he had hitherto kept concealed, because he was not wealthy enough to aspire to Miss Fairholme. Ah, how happy I was!

"My brother did not receive the news of our attachment very cordially. Mr. Ross was not rich, and his profession was seriously against him, in Gilbert's opinion. Still, when he saw that my happiness was involved, he consented to an engagement between us; but we were not to be married until I was twenty-one—a condition to which we both agreed willingly. Shortly afterward Roland went to Rome to continue the study of the art he loved.

"I missed him greatly, for I loved him with my whole heart; but my love did not prevent me from continuing my flirtation with Sir Henry Proctor. My engagement, the news of which he had received very calmly, did not seem to trouble him at all; he was just as devoted as ever, but he did not put his devotion into words, and so I was off my guard. I thought he was willing to look upon me as a friend. He often met me in my rides and walks, and he was a most agreeable companion.

"One day—ah, how clearly I remembered all its details afterward, although they made so little impression upon me at the time—we were riding at some distance from Fairholme. I was unattended, for I rarely rode with a groom, but Sir Henry's servant was with him. A sudden and violent storm came on, which frightened the horses and compelled us to seek shelter. We found it in a wayside inn where they were able to accommodate the horses, and Sir Henry and myself were glad to dry our clothes by the kitchen fire. We were laughing and chatting merrily over the mishap, when the innkeeper's wife came in to ask if we would take any refreshment. Sir Henry answered at once, 'Yes; my wife would like some tea, if you please.' 'And what will you take, sir?' 'Some toddy,' he answered laughing; then, when she had left us, he turned to me, merrily asking how I liked the position I had assumed—or rather which he had given to me—as his wife.

"We were very merry over it; and, when the woman came back, Sir Henry spoke frequently of his wife, and I laughed and coquetted and called him my husband, and told the landlady that we had not been married long, and said many other foolish things, I dare say. Sir Henry said laughingly that I had been engaged to some one else, but that I perferred him; so I had thrown the other fellow over and had married him. And the landlady laughed too, and said she did not wonder, for Sir Henry was handsome enough to make any girl false. And all this time Sir Henry's groom was standing in the kitchen, at a distance from us, but where every word reached him distinctly.

"Well, the storm ceased, and we rode away, and I thought no more of our adventure. Sir Henry came daily to Fairholme—and he was too agreeable and pleasant not to be missed if he did not come—and the months passed on until I was approaching my twenty-first birthday; and I began to look forward to Roland's return.

"But one day—oh, Shirley, shall I ever forget the day?"

Shirley had been reading attentively and without a pause for some time when she reached this part of her mother's narrative, and during the last few minutes she had grown terribly pale, and an expression of intense horror was creeping slowly into her wide dilated eyes. Now she stopped, pushing the sheets of paper from her with a quick passionate movement; and, as she rose from her chair, the letter fell fluttering down at her feet. She did not heed the falling sheets as she moved away from the fire, pushing back her hair from her face with a wild troubled gesture almost of despair. She did not know what horror had come upon her; she was trembling from head to foot in an undefined agony of fear, her breath was coming in quick gasps of terror, and the throbbing of her heart might almost have been heard in the stillness of the room. For a few moments this terror held her, then it passed away, and she forced her stiff livid lips to smile at the pale horror stricken face she saw in the looking-glass as she passed on her way back to the fire.

She stooped, lifted, with little remorseful tender fingers, the fallen sheets and smoothed them out, pressing them, with a passionate revulsion of feeling, to her lips; then, still trembling a little and very pale, she sat down and recommenced to read.

"But one day—on, Shirley, shall I ever forget the day?—your uncle came into the room where I was writing to Roland, and, with a sternness he had never shown to me before, handed me a letter from Sir Henry Proctor, claiming me as his wife. I remember how I laughed, and said gayly that Sir Henry must have taken leave of his senses; but Gilbert's gravity never changed. He sat down and desired me to tell him all that had happened at the inn. I made light of it; but he interrupted me. 'Marian,' he said sternly, 'this is no jesting matter. In this country there are marriages called irregular marriages which are as binding in law as any others. Persons with no intention of marriage may become married, even when they do not know that they are legally held to be so. If the facts are as Sir Henry Proctor has stated them in his letter, there may be the greatest difficulty in proving that you are not his wife.' I looked at him in surprise, with a feeling of intense horror creeping over me. 'May I see the letter?' I said steadily; and, when he gave it to me, I was able to read it calmly, and to acknowledge that Sir Henry had merely related what had occurred at the inn where we had sheltered during the storm. But I could not believe, even when Gilbert assured me of it, that that could possibly constitute a marriage. Of course legal assistance was sought immediately, and the eminent lawyers whom my brother consulted gave conflicting opinions. One said that I was Sir Henry's wife, another that it was no marriage; but I saw the danger to which I had exposed myself. Heaven only knows how I suffered during that terrible time! Of course Roland had to be told; and, as soon as he came to Fairholme, Sir Henry pressed his claims upon me, and all my entreaties were in vain. At first Gilbert, anxious to avoid scandal, entirely refused to have the case referred to the law courts; but my passionate pleading—I threw myself at his feet, Shirley, until he consented—at last succeeded. Shall I tell you the result, my daughter? A few words spoken in jest at a wayside inn in the presence of witnesses made me the wife of a man whom I never loved, but whom now I abhorred. I was Sir Henry Proctor's wife. It was no matter that I had not given my consent, that I was ignorant of the abominable marriage-law in force in the country I loved so dearly; I was his wedded wife. I think they believed that I had been a consenting party, and that I was willing then to accept a richer suitor than Roland Ross, and that I had consented to this irregular marriage to avoid the blame which a jilt justly incurs. But, be that as it may, I was his wife. A long period of darkness followed, Shirley. I was very ill—sick unto death and I was no better when I went home to Sir Henry's magnificent estate—a wife who hated her husband, who despised him for the treachery that had caused her misery, who loved another man with all her heart.

"Shirley, how can I tell you the rest? How can a mother confess to her child what will perhaps make her despise her and hate her for the shame she has brought upon her name? How can I tell you how my endurance failed under the misery and wretchedness which were my constant companions? My health gave way; a terror of death without ever seeing Roland again came over me. I struggled against it in vain. I could not feel that I was married in the sight of heaven; and one day I left Sir Henry's house and travelled day and night to Rome, where I knew Roland was. I remember seeing his agitated, startled, rapturous face; then consciousness left me.

"When my senses came back, I was lying in a strange room, with a strange nurse bending over me. I had been ill many days, she told me, but she would not answer any questions—only soothe me to sleep; and I was too weak to be very curious, or to feel anything deeply. But, as days went on, my strength came back, and with it my recollection; and I suffered an agony of distress when I thought of the shame I had brought upon a name hitherto honored and unstained, and that I myself had sunk to the lowest level and was worthy only of contempt. I was almost quite strong again when I saw Roland; and the sight of his pitying compassionate face, so altered and sorrowful, almost broke my heart, and I longed to die. But I was well enough to hear the news which he brought me; and he told me in his grave tender voice that I was free now—that Death had freed me. Sir Henry Proctor, on his way to Rome in pursuit of me, had been one of the victims of a terrible railway accident in the south of France.

"You know the rest. Your father loved me enough to share my shame and misery, and we were married. With what intense love, what heartfelt humility, I became his wife you cannot guess, my child; how earnestly I prayed for his happiness is known only to the Hearer of Prayer and my own heart. That he was happy I believe, and I think I helped to make him so. But of his goodness, his patience, his unfailing love for the erring woman he had made his wife I cannot speak, even to you. You were not too young when you lost him to appreciate his nobility, and, my child, that you will always revere his memory is my truest wish.

"And now, my darling, I must cease. I am very weary, and I have told you all. Forgive your mother, Shirley, and think kindly of her, if you can. She has sinned much, but she has suffered; for all the love and peace of so many years of her life have not blotted out her regret for the irrevocable past. May such love be yours, my daughter, but not such regret! Heaven forever bless you, Shirley!"

That was the end; the piteous confession was finished, the last words were read; and Shirley's hazel eyes were raised slowly from the pages over which she bent. For a moment she stared straight in front of her with wide unseeing eyes, then the white lids sunk, a ghastly pallor overspread the lovely face, and all grew dark as she fell back in a merciful unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Shirley," said Ruby Capel's gay voice, as her bright brunette face appeared at the door of Shirley's room the next morning, "this is not at all *en regle*. You ought not to have ventured to get up until you had had some tea; and of course you are not thinking of venturing down stairs?"

Shirley, who had been standing at the window in her long crimson dressing-gown, with her pretty chestnut hair falling around her, turned round, smiling, to answer her friend's gay greeting.

"Of course I am not going to venture down stairs," she said lightly. "I have some slight regard *les convenances*, Ruby, and—"

"The very idea of a bride making her appearance before she is dressed in all her bridal finery is enough to make Mrs. Grundy expire!" cried Ruby gayly.

"Then, if it would have such a very desirable effect, Ruby, I had better go down at once."

"She would expire only for five minutes," said Ruby resignedly. "She is a regular headed monster, and there is no killing her. It must have been a terrible shock to her to think that Major Stuart slept in the house last night. That is quite contrary to etiquette. Really I am so *au fait* that you might very well imagine that I had been married myself."

While she chatted gayly she had placed on the table the little tray she had carried into the room; then she went to Shirley's side and stood on tiptoe to kiss her, for Shirley was much taller than the little "pocket Venus" with whom Captain Fairholme was so smitten.

"Come and have some breakfast, Shirley, my bonny bride," she said fondly. "You look awfully pale, my dear, to-day. Have you had a bad night?"

"I did not sleep much," Shirley answered, smiling. "But I am very well; and I am sure it is the correct thing for brides to be pale, Ruby."

"Yes, but you have such dark shadows under your eyes, dear. Never mind—you look most lovely," she added softly; and Shirley returned her kiss with passionate fondness as she went over to the table to pour out the tea.

"Alice is not stirring yet," Ruby said merrily. "She does not intend to put in an appearance until she comes to assist you with your toilet. She says getting up early is a mistake on an occasion of this kind. The men are wandering about as if they were lost, or had strayed," she went on, laughing. "I have just sent Os— Captain Fairholme to take them into the billiard-room, or they will get desperate. Men are such helpless mortals on an occasion like the present."

"Certainly, women take more naturally to it," said Shirley languidly, drinking her tea feverishly, but not tasting any of the dainty breakfast which Ruby had brought her. "Who is it, Ruby, who says that all women seem to be in their natural element at a wedding, and all the men to be out of it?"

"Some one who has studied human nature," answered Ruby, laughing. "Come, Shirley dear, do eat something. We shall have you fainting by and by and frightening poor Guy out of his senses."

"You need not be at all afraid," Shirley said laughingly. "I am not given to fainting, and no such catastrophe will happen. Even if it did, Guy would not be frightened out of his senses."

"You think not? Well, I think the reverse. And swooning brides may be very interesting in a novel, but they are very tiresome in real life," said Ruby gayly. "I have brought up your diamonds, Shirley. How superb you will be!"

"I wish that Sir Jasper had not desired that I should be married in his beautiful gift," Shirley remarked languidly. "I perfer a bride, especially a dowerless bride like me, to wear no jewels. What are you gazing at so steadfastly, Ruby?"

"At a mounted messenger riding in hot haste up the avenue," said Ruby carelessly. "A telegram, I suppose."

She did not turn away from the window, or she would have seen the awful look of terror which crossed Shirley's face and the deathly pallor which stole into her lips. But Miss Ross conquered her emotion by an effort, and there was a short silence, during which Ruby admired the diamonds glittering on their satin bed, and Shirley sat still and calm outwardly, but full of a terrible anxiety. Then Ruby flittered away to don her pretty bridesmaid dress, and Shirley sat waiting for the bridesmaid to come and dress her, the color coming back slowly into her cheeks as the time slipped by and no unusual commotion was to be heard.

"After all," Shirley thought, as she leant her head upon the cushions and forced a smile to her lips, "my fears are groundless. Sir Hugh never meant that—he could not be so treacherous and so base. It would be too cruel to wait till now. Even if he knows the law, he does not care. I am so absurdly nervous. A breath of fresh air will do me good."

She went to the window, opened it, and leaned out. It was a fine sunshiny morning, although a good deal of snow had fallen during the night—bitterly cold, but seasonable—a fair day for a wedding-day, Shirley thought, if the proverb held good that "happy is the bride the sun shines on." The view from the window was very beautiful; all the skeleton trees in the park were clothed with a fair spotless mantle, which glittered in the sun. Two of the maid-servants were hurrying along the terrace under the window, laughingly comparing the valentines which the post had brought them. They looked bright and busy and smiling in their pretty new gray dresses and smart white-ribboned caps, and their gay pleasant voices reached Shirley's ears as she leaned at the window above, letting the cold fresh air blow on her hot brow and bring a faint color into her fair face.

She felt weary and languid, and the chill reviving breeze was pleasant to her; she had not slept all night, and the heavy shadows under the lovely hazel eyes testified to the long vigil. Her faint had been but short; she had returned to life and consciousness to find the fire dying out and her mother's letter still open upon her lap; and for the first few moments her agony of mind had been unendurable and indescribable, but then her calmer reason had reasserted itself, and she told herself that Sir Hugh had not meant anything when he called her his wife. Had he done so, he would not have delayed until now, he would not have gone away without a word or sign. Yet all through the night hours the thought had haunted her with a persistency which she could not dismiss, and the gray winter dawn had found her lying wakeful and wide-eyed upon the pillow.

(To be continued.)

Rain and Railroads.

"But clearing off the land prevents rainfall."

A New York *Mail and Express* scientist was discussing this problem with a tourist who has recently returned from a scientific jaunt into South America.

"That may be so," returned the latter, "but it is a meteorological fact that the laying of railroad tracks in certain countries produces rain. Take Mexico, for instance. Recent serious damage done by washouts on the northern section of the Mexican Central Road was due to waterspouts bursting on the track, and it is a curious fact that waterspouts seem to be attracted by the iron track and telegraph wires.

"Not only that," continued the tourist. "But the engineers on the line of the Guadalajara branch of the Mexican Central Railway have noted that as fast as the construction advances rain follows, and they hold that this is due to the large quantity of steel rails on flat cars, which are carried forward as fast as the work of construction permits. The most noticeable fact is that the country is dry in advance of the construction trains, and also behind them, for a number of miles. Rains beat down, as described, in bucketfuls, just where the steel rails are, but only in circles a few miles in diameter."

"How true this theory is," added the traveller in conclusion, "I don't pretend to say, but the fact remains, and up to date it has not been explained."

Humors of the Jury.

"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours he observed, 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some business; but he has left his verdict with me.'" This is almost on a par with a case tried in one of the Lancashire courts, when Sergeant Cross was a resident barrister in that county. The jury having consulted and agreed upon their verdict, were addressed by the clerk of the peace: "How say you, gentlemen of the jury, do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?" "What sayn yo? I dunnot understand," said the foreman. "Why, as you have decided, all I want to know is, whether your verdict is for the plaintiff or the defendant?" The foreman was still greatly embarrassed; but he replied, "Whoy, I raly dunnot know, but we're for him as Mester Cross is for!"

—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Artist Tells Her His Secret.

Lady—"I like your pictures so much, and I would dearly love to be an artist. Won't you tell me the secret how to do it?"

Artist—"Most willingly, madam. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right place."

"Oh, thanks, awfully. I shall go home now and commence right away."

A Poor Rule That Won't Work Both Ways

Mother—Johnny, did you ask your employer if you might get off to-day?

Son—No, the boss never speaks to be about it when he goes.—*From Judge.*

In an interview between Henry M. Stanley and a newspaper correspondent, the distinguished explorer said: "I have been in Africa seventeen years, and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands."

—Rev. Dr. Smith, ex-Moderator of Presbyterian Church in Canada, now in California, has decided to accept a call from St. John's Church, San Francisco. He is expected to preach his farewell sermon in Galt about the second Sunday in April.

Mr. Daniel Collins, a well-known resident of London West, fell down a stairway at the Boswell House, King street, on Thursday evening, sustaining severe injuries.

Alexander Arnold, otherwise known as "Old Aleck," who has just been released from the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., is probably as accomplished a horse-thief as there is in the country. During the thirty years of his criminal career he is known to have stolen more than 300 horses, including some valuable Kentucky thoroughbreds, and he has served his time in half a dozen penitentiaries.

LOVE AT LAST.

"Why will you not give up this mad scheme of becoming a public singer? You know I love you, Daisy, and in two years I shall come into my fortune. Until then we can manage to get along if you marry me."

"I cannot break up the plans your family have made for you. You must go abroad and study as arranged. If, when you return——"

"Never!" he said, savagely. "Choose between me and this profession!"

"I have chosen," she said, with dignity, and so Francis Mayburn left his cousin, Daisy Stanley, feeling very angry at her determination. Two years afterwards they met again. She was with his uncle, Col. Mays, whom he had not seen in year Mrs. Mays introduced them. Dr. Mayburn offers his hand, but Daisy does not see it.

She was looking past him at Fred Mays, who was elbowing his way to Miss Stanley's side. Mrs. Mays brought her to consciousness, however, by saying:

"Daisy, my dear, do you not see Dr. Mayburn's hand?"

Then she laid her fingers in his, coldly, as any stranger might have done.

That night at the hall, as she came down to dinner, she caught sight of Dr. Mayburn in the drawing-room with a kid glove in his hands. He thrust it hastily in his pocket on seeing her.

"So you found my kid glove," she said, indifferently. "Thank you." And she reached out her hand for it. But Dr. Mayburn, instead of giving the glove, said:

"Will you not allow me to keep it, Daisy?" The name was pronounced, oh, so tenderly.

She opened her dark, dreamy eyes in astonishment, and speaking in the third person, replied: "Dr. Mayburn is mistaken in Miss Stanley. In all the years of her public life," and she emplasized the word public, "no gentleman ever before dared to take such a liberty."

He put the glove silently into her hand.

"Forgive me," he said, kindly; "I see I have no longer any right to ask a favor of you."

Just then Rose Mays and three or four other young girls came dancing into the room and the conversation was broken off. Presently the gentlemen followed and dinner was announced. Col. Mays took Daisy out, as his favorite, and placed her at his right hand. Dr. Mayburn led out Mrs. Mays, and the rest followed in order. After dinner others came in, a score and more, all young, and there was a dance and then a supper, and the merry party was kept up till the small hours of the morning.

In all that time Dr. Mayburn had little or no chance to talk to Daisy again, so surrounded was she with admirers. He could dance with Rose Mays or anybody but Daisy. She was always engaged.

Noticing this at last, good Mrs. Mays interfered and said, half laughingly, half earnestly:

"It isn't fair, gentlemen, for you to monopolize Miss Stanley. Dr. Mayburn has tried in vain to dance just one set with her. Some of you ought to give way to him, as he is a stranger."

"Oh, never mind my wishes, Mrs. Mays. It doesn't matter in the least," the doctor interposed, embarrassed, and hardly knowing what he said.

Daisy overheard him, however.

"Of course not, doctor," she replied, coolly. "Yet we all commend your self-sacrificing spirit and laudable ambition in asking to dance with a public singer."

It was an ill-bred thing to say, and Miss Stanley knew it. But she meant to shock Dr. Mayburn. The past was very vivid in her mind to-night, just as it was in his, and she meant to be revenged. Fred whirled her away in a mazy waltz, and the doctor stood back, gnawing his mustache in undisguised chagrin.

But only for a moment. Concealing his mortification under a gay smile, he led Rose Mays out, and they, too, were soon going round and round in perfect time to the throbbing, sorrowful sweetness of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Daisy saw it, and a new feeling came over her, a feeling of angry pain, the pain of jealousy.

"After all, he doesn't care," she thought, wearily. "He despises me because I have worked for a livelihood." For, you see, she loved Dr. Mayburn as fervently as ever.

She felt she would break down if she remained. There was a little boudoir quite at the other end of the house, where she knew she would be undisturbed, and thither she fled for refuge. A large bay window almost filled up one end of this apartment. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and, the curtains being drawn, the little room was flooded with effulgence. Daisy knelt down on a rug, and, leaning on the seat, looked out. "Oh," she thought, "what perfect peace is there! If I could only be like that." Her golden hair glittered in the moonlight and her dark eyes were full of appealing pathos.

Tears came. She almost broke down. She wiped the tears from her eyes resolutely, however. "Oh, pitiless, pitiless moon, cold and unsympathizing!" she cried. "Do you ever heed the griefs you witness, the hearts that break before you?"

A step made her start. She recognized it at once and sprang to her feet.

"Daisy," said a voice, full of emotion, beside her, "after all these years will you not forgive me? Have you no pity? Overlook what the prejudiced boy said. Be at least just to the repentant man."

She looked at him, half incredulously for a moment. The next she was in his arms.

A Cyclone in Thorold.

Yesterday, while business was proceeding in its usual course at McCleary & McLean's mills, a whirlwind suddenly picked up a dozen inch boards, fourteen and sixteen inches wide, from a pile, carried them fully forty feet, and dashed them against the side of the planing-mill, some of them entering a window, which was torn entirely out, not a bar remaining. —*Thorold Post.*

Professor Rogers, of Washington, has just mathematically proved that the dynamic power of a pound of good steam coal is equivalent to the work of one man for a day, that three tons will represent his labor for twenty years, and that one square mile of a four-foot steam will effect as much as one million men can do in twenty years.

A HUMAN MAGNET.

An Infant Child to Whose Finger Tips Articles of Metal Adhere.

Late in August last, while taking a vacation in a country town, I heard of a case that was causing considerable discussion and wonderment among the people. Lovers of the mysterious, who are always ready to attribute any manifestation at all peculiar to supernatural agencies, were indulging in various wise speculations as to the true nature of the case. The child is termed a "human magnet" by the believers in and practisers of magnetic rubbings, while the Spiritualists declare the child a chosen medium. My curiosity became aroused and I asked permission to see this wonderful prodigy. Permission was granted and I saw the child at two different times, making my visits some days apart. I found a pretty, delicate child, Dolly C., aged three and one-half years, an only child, blonde, with a pale and rather waxy complexion. Her manner of speech and conduct were characterized by a womanly grace much in advance of her tender years. Last February the phenomenon I described was first noticed. While playing with some spoons the mother was surprised to see her arranging them on her finger tips, where they hung with perfect ease. She will place the palmar surface of the finger tips in the concavity of the spoon-bowl near the end, and lift from the holder, one by one, without otherwise touching them, until a spoon is suspended from each finger tip. If the spoons do not strike too violently against each other she will carry them about the room without dropping them. The spoons will adhere to the nose and chin as they do on the fingers. I examined the case in various ways. First I tried four teaspoons with a magnet; one pure silver, one pewter, one triple plated and one single plated or washed. The pure silver or pewter spoons were not influenced by the magnet; the heavier plated was only partially raised, while the washed spoon was raised entirely clear of the table. I carried these four spoons with me, for the child to exercise her anomalous power of prehension upon. Each one was suspended with equal ease exeept the one of pure silver. This one was lighest in weight, and the bowl was considerably flatter than any of the other three. But after arranging it upon her finger a few times she succeeded in making it "stick." Asking her to put two fingers under the spoon-bowls, I found a very appreciable resistance in taking it off. The spoons would hang from the tip of the nose and chin with as much security as from the fingers. Thinking the adherence might be due to an excessive clamminess of the skin I tested its surface with my own finger tips. Not discovering any, and to make sure I was not deceived by my own sense of touch, I had the hands, nose and chin carefully washed with soap and water and dried with a warm towel. I found no perceivable difference in the adhesiveness. The child could not pick up a steel needle, that is so sensitive to the magnet, nor would a penny "stick" to the fingers, chin or nose. I could discover nothing unusual in the shape of the finger tips. The skin was soft and velvety to the touch and I could be sure of clamminess nowhere except on the pinna. The hands and feet were warm to the touch when I saw her, and her mother states that she is not often troubled with cold feet or hands. The little patient's mother also told me that her sister's daughter, a young lady of 19 years of age and "always sick," as she expressed it, manifests the same singular power. This case I did not see, but have no reason to doubt the lady's statement, as she and her whole family are known to be truthful and honest. I have been thus particular in giving all the available points in the family history of the case, hoping thereby some light might be thrown upon the singular phenomenon.—*Dr. E. H. Root in the Medical Reporter.*

A Remedy for Burns.

Many remedies at one time or another have been proposed for the surgical condition following the application of excessive heat to the body, and, while some of these are of value, still all are more or less unsatisfactory. The alleviation of the pain and suffering attendant upon burns is one of the most important points in the case toward which the surgeon directs his efforts. The shock from this cause alone is sufficient often times to produce death, and always is great. Accidentally I recently discovered a remedy which is easily applied and exceedingly prompt in its action. I was called in some haste to a little child, about three weeks ago, who was badly burned about the hands and face, from falling on a hot stove. The burns were deep, the pain excessive and the shock very considerable. I sent to the drug store for a mixture of lime water, olive oil and carbolic acid. While waiting for this, I prepared to give the child a hypodermic injection of morphine, with which to allay the agony, which was so great that convulsions seemed imminent. While I was getting ready to do this, I espied upon the shelf a bottle of pinus canadensis (colorless). Remembering its wonderful soothing influence in acute inflammation, I at once concluded to try it. Taking a corner of a soft handkerchief, I rapidly painted the injured parts, when, like magic, the pain ceased. You can well imagine my surprise and delight at the result. I directed a camel's hair brush to be purchased, and had the mother make free applications, and the case had no more treatment, save a little iodoform ointment later on. Since this I have tried it in several cases, both slight and severe, and with the same delightful results.—*N. Y. Medical Journal.*

Effect on the Patient.

Young Physician (pompously)—Yes, I've called at Mr. Brown's three times a day for a week. He is a very sick man, Miss Smith.

Miss Smith—He must be by this time.

Little Bertha tries to feed the cat some grapes, and on the cat refusing them, tells her that she will have them again to-morrow. "But, Bertha dear," says her mamma, "cats don't eat grapes." "Neither do I eat spinach," Bertha retorted "and yet I always get it again."

The Los Angeles real estate boom has collapsed and the boomers are sawing wood and doing other odd jobs. Several thousand promising sub-divisions have relapsed into a state of pastoral quietness. When the crop of mortgages is harvested the land will be planted in potatoes, as usual.

EGYPTIAN SLAVE GIRLS.

Comparing Them With English Drudges —Circassian Maidservants Said to Lead Pleasanter Lives Than Their More Highly Civilized Sisters.

The English drudge rises early and goes to bed late, working eight or twelve hours a day, either in her miserable garret or in a huge manufacturing hive. Pinched with hunger and cold, worn out with labor, exposed to temptation and degradation, her joyless life stretches behind her and before her, with no pleasures to look back upon, no hope to look forward to. The wages she earns, those wages which proudly separates her from the slave, are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, till at last the body gives way or the soul revolts. Then comes the inevitable end, and a verdict of "Death from starvation" or "Found drowned" closes the scene.

The Soudani girl is taken from her parental hut of sticks and mud and sold to a respectable family or perhaps a very rich one. In the first case, she will probably be alone; in the second, she will find others like herself. She represents so much capital invested, and is looked after with equivalent care. She is a servant whose wages have been paid twenty years in advance. It is true they have not been paid to her, but that is all the better for the girl. She is well housed and well fed, and wants for nothing. She is immediately provided with decent clothes and set to house-work. She has charge of the family washing and cleaning, and of the kitchen, and generally fulfills these duties much better than a native paid servant would do. She is under no special restraint, accompanies her mistress shopping or does the marketing herself, and gossips her till with the neighbors as she hangs out the linen on the house top, or sweeps the door step.

Her work is by no means hard, and after the fashion of Egypt, where every man is a brother and every woman a sister, she is looked upon by the family quite as one of themselves. Speaking from personal observation, we may affirm that the black women are almost invariably treated with the utmost kindness and indulgence, and are often spoiled like children by the too great good nature of their masters or mistresses. They constitute a very merry, happy portion of the population, and it is seldom one can find a black girl without an infectious broad grin on her polished face. If she chooses to marry, as she often does, with her owner's consent, she receives a dower, and goes forth a "free" woman in the letter, though often, as she finds to her cost, a greater bond slave in the spirit than in the days of her servitude.

Now let us go a step higher in the social scale, and place the middle class English girl, compelled to work for her living, side by side with the Circassian, and we shall find again that all material advantages, of which alone we speak, are not on the side of the free. The Circassian is a little fair haired lass from a far village in Turkestan (pace Dr. Tanner). Her father is a robber or a herdsman, and she will perhaps be a princess. The Prince Charming, whom the governess is always looking for, but who never comes, is a very strong potentiality in the future of the white slave girl. One day a bearded and venerable old Turk arrives from Stamboul, and picks out our little girl. She is not carried away by force, but gold is counted out, and she is perched on a mule, and bids good-by forever to barbarism. The purchaser takes every imaginable pains with her education and appearance. She is taught to read and write, to dance and sing, to embroider in silk and play the guitar, and further initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet. When she has grown into budding womanhood the dealer lets his best customers know that he possesses a treasure almost priceless, and all her virtues and beauties are detailed with the usual Oriental exaggeration. Finally, some royal princess or rich pasha's wife expresses a wish to see her, and extra care having been taken with her bath and dress she is presented for inspection. She gives samples of her accomplishments, musical, gymnastic and otherwise. Accepted, she is at once clothed with a rich silk dress, and receives a present of a necklace or bracelet as an earnest of favor before she joins her fellow slaves. Beyond assisting her mistress in the toilet, accompanying her in her drives, and handing her coffee and cigarettes, she has little to do. She is an ornamental appendage rather than a servant. A household such as one of these Circassians would enter would contain a crowd of men servants and black women to do the work, and perhaps ten to twenty other girls like herself, and a very gay time they have together. The great ladies are very fond of exchanging visits and giving musical entertainments, at all of which some of the slave girls attend. When she goes out with her mistress in the natty little brougham, almost the only difference between the lady and the maid lies in the former taking the right hand seat. The girl is dressed in a way to do credit to the house she belongs to, and often sparkles with jewels, chatting freely with everybody at the places she visits, and enjoying herself as fully as any of the emancipated. When the time comes for her to be married, her owner chooses a suitable husband and gives a rich dower, and many of the marriages of slave girls eclipse in magnificence those of even the wealthier classes. The erstwhile barefooted, ragged little Circassian from Turcoman's Land is now a princess or pasha's wife, with slaves of her own; but she would laugh if you suggested to her that there was anything degrading in their position or had been in her own.—*London Saturday Review.*

Slightly off the Key

"In regard to what I shall eat," observed the Boston young lady, pleasantly, yet with dignity, as she regarded the dish before her, "I never take anybody's *ipse dixit*."

"I told you, James," said the embarrassed hostess, a St. Louis lady, "that Miss Howjames wasn't ready for mince pie yet."

To a request of the eloquent Dr. Hawks for an increase of salary, giving as his reason that his family expenses were increasing, an officer of the church replied: "Do not trouble yourself, the Lord has promised that He will care for the young ravens when they cry." "I know that," said the witty minister, "but nothing is said about he young Hawks."

NEW COIFFURE.

Graceful Style of Hair Dressing Named after Mrs. Cleveland.

There has been so little variety in the way of coiffure during late years that hair dressing in an artistic sense has very nearly become a lost art, causing the hand of the professional hair dresser to well nigh "lose its cunning," hence the announcement of an innovation introducing new and graceful styles in this essentially important part in the toilet of every lady will be received with more than ordinary interest by our fair readers.

Bangs straight, bangs crimped, under various catching names, bangs in every degree of puffiness or the reverse, from the quiet bit of fringe just touching the forehead, to the heavy, the bristly or otherwise conspicuous, have had a long day and promise in a modified form to continue in favor. But the simply arranged back knot so much in vogue of late, together with the style of cutting off the back hair, is going out, in fact it may be said to have gone out, and in being replaced with a new and by far more elegant form of coiffure.

A woman's "crowning glory is her hair," and since the earliest times the art of dressing the hair has occupied the time, attention and ingenuity of women, a pleasing and gratifying pastime from which they have been debarred during the rather protracted reign of no hair, so to speak, or at most the easily arranged bang and Grecian knot at the back. The new coiffure named in honor of Mrs. Cleveland and which bears her name is the most graceful of the several novelties lately introduced and will beyond all doubt become the most popular. While fulfilling its mission of displaying the hair to the best advantage at the back, it admits of any arrangement of the front hair that may suit the features and the taste of the wearer, and can be worn with any style of hat. This mode consists simply of three strands of long hair curled about four inches at the ends and arranged as follows: Twist all the hair on top of the head almost close to the forehead, place a front piece dressed in loose fluffy rings, or in any style which the wearer may fancy, over the twist so as to raise it high towards the crown, then take one strand of the three into which the long hair must be divided, make into a plain knot and place in the centre so that the curled ends just reach the neck; the other two strands are then twisted loosely in the form of a "rope twist" and wound around the knot in the centre just above the curls near the neck and so shaped as to give a long and narrow effect to the coiffure. The curled or crimped ends of the "rope twisted" strands will by this arrangement be brought to the top of the coiffure and mingle with the curls of the front piece, which completes the head dress. For full dress occasions the Cleveland coiffure is in admirable keeping, as it admits of jewelled pins, aigrette, etc., which are so effective in artificial light, and can be as easily formed with an ordinary switch and a few pin curls as with one's own hair.

The Smallest People of the World.

Prof. Flower, of the London Natural History Museum, recently delivered a lecture on the Akkas, the diminutive tribe of black people in Central Africa, discovered by Schweinfurth in 1870. The Akkas he believes to be the smallest people on earth, their height usually ranging at maturity from 3 feet 10 inches to 4 feet 5½ inches. The types most nearly allied to them are the natives of the Andaman Islands and the bushmen of South Africa. It is possible that the Akkas gave origin to the stories of pigmies so common in the writings of Greek historians, and whose habitations were often placed near the sources of the Nile. The name Akka, by which Schweinfurth says the tribe now call themselves, has singularly enough, been read by Mariette Pasha by the side of the portrait of a dwarf in a monument of the ancient Egyptian Empire.

The Plumber who Stopped a Rat Hole.

A few years ago John M. Dowling built for his own use a handsome three-story and basement residence at 290 Huron street. Winning a ten thousand dollar bet on the presidential election, he put it into a barn, for which he has little use, save as a monument to his good judgment. He then set about filling his house with everything that money could purchase in the way of furniture, and the latest appliances for utilitarian and sanitary purposes, and had just settled down to enjoy life when one day the servant girl reported a rat in the basement. The plumber was sent for and given orders to stop up the rat hole without regard to expense. He did so, and yesterday handed in his bill. It called for $1,333.35. He had found it necessary to completely overhaul and change the sewerage and drainage system of the premises to keep out that rat.—*Chicago Times.*

Highlanders as Soldiers.

If you depopulate the Highlands, said Scott, where are you to find your Highlander in case of war? The same question is asked by a Highland officer. He says: "For thirty-seven years I have commanded and associated with Highland soldiers. But of them all I never found an equal to the man from the Lewis for a combination of martial aptitude, sublime courage, childlike obedience. In a word, they are mentally as well as physically the finest soldiers I have ever seen in the course of a life which has taken me into all the capitals of the world and some of its hottest campaigns. These are the men for whom expatriation is proposed. "Grander weapons for the defence of a country," says the Highland officer, "God never gave to any rulers."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

A Point for Feminine Reformers.

It takes the skins of three seals to make a sealskin sacque and boa. And yet the dear, delightful feminine reformers, who eschew the feathers of our forest songsters on their bonnets, will rob three seals of their comfortable winter coats and leave them shivering in an icy climate that they themselves may go warmly clad.—*Buffalo Express.*

A Recent Club Set-To.

First club man (heatedly)—All I have to say is that I consider you a puppy. Second ditto (coolly)—If that were the case I could take the first prize at the dog show, and that's more than you can say. First man—How so? Second ditto—You lack the necessary pedigree and breeding.

HARD TIMES FOR CHILDREN.

Parents Who Keep Crying "Don't Do This" and "Don't Do That."

It is as natural to a child to be happy as it is to a fish to swim, says a writer in the March number of "Woman." But for this they need a certain amount of "letting alone." It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little B's, our next door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. There is a picket fence in front of the house and they are scarcely allowed to go near it lest they should climb and hurt themselves. They cannot climb a tree for the same reason. They may not skate or swim or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards of them all with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most darling little mischief that ever wore a sun bonnet, and she has learned to be deceitful and plays all her mad pranks well out of sight of her parents' eye. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a hundred feet below. The railing was not a foot wide and she triumphantly told us that she had walked it while the train was passing under. It was enough to make one shudder. Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and the Gradgrinds of life children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation and a certain amount of physical freedom. There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is one dull routine and that "nothing ever happens," as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.

A HEADSMAN'S EXPERTNESS.

Taking Off a Criminal's "Top" While He Was Playing Nine Pins.

We have observed several wonderful stories of late respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skilfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon one occasion it happened that a criminal had a singular itching to play nine pins, and he implored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The judge, thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer, and upon arriving at the place of execution he found everything prepared for the game, the pins being set up and the bowls all ready. He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After awhile the sheriff, observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing on his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had grasped, and, seizing it firmly, rolled it at the pins. All of them fell, and the head was heard to exclaim, as it rebounded from the farther wall: "Hurrah! I've won the game."—*Chambers' ...*

A Story of Lord Cockburn.

Lord Cockburn's looks, tones, language and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion, before he was raised to the bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convince the judge, and the jurymen of the innocence of his client, yet he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for, say, the 20th of January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man, the latter seized him by the gown saying. "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn; I have not got justice." To this the advocate coolly replied: "Perhaps not, but you'll get it on the 20th of January."—*Chambers Journal.*

The Latest Fad in Photographs.

"The girls are having their pictures taken in threes," said a photographer the other day.

"What is that for," I asked.

"Nothing but a whim, an English whim, maybe. The three daughters of the Princess of Wales are pictured on one card, and possibly that started the craze. There are more orders just now for groups of threes than for single pictures. The dear girls pose in the prettiest attitude their hands can be coaxed into, and the latest thing in albums is a collection of these groups. Bunches of buds, they call them three of a kind, is the name that presents itself to me."—*From a New York Letter.*

The angry ocean has eaten away so much of Coney Island that the water comes up to the veranda of the Brighton Hotel, and that immense structure is to be moved back, 135 trucks running on a great number of tracks have been placed under the building for the purpose.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang the ancient soubrette. "How old?" came in a shrill voice from the gallery. The singer did not reply, but the audience smiled when the curtain dropped showing a century plant in full bloom.

A New York school teacher received the following note excusing a pupil's absence: "Miss ——: It is not neseter for my darter to come to scule, for she don't lean nuthin' this is the six scule she has ben to she mites well stay to home."

The morphia habit among women is much more common in Philadelphia, says the *Times* of that city, than many suppose. Even in the late severe weather women, young and old, could be seen hurrying to the drug stores and in most cases the only medicine they were after was morphia in its different forms. The most fashionable method of indulgence is by hypodermic injection, and some of the syringes used are gold and silver mounted and both expensive and elaborate.

Ringgold Cooper, the American who was arrested in Paris for passing a forged cheque on the London & Westminster Bank, was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The Northern Counties Advertiser, of Harriston, is defunct.

Dr. Sproule, M. P. for East Grey, spent Easter at home.

Owen Sound spring show of stallions and bulls will be held on the 26th inst.

W. C. Moffat, the Walkerton Chief of Police, died on Monday of last week, aged 38 years.

Dufferin, Simcoe, Stormont, Bruce, Dundas and Glengarry counties will vote on the Scott Act on the 25th inst.

Jas. Isaacs, one of the early pioneers of Amaranth township, is dead. He was 104 years of age at the time of his demise.

A circular saw in Bull's planning mill, Durham, came in contact with Robt. Hills hand on Wednesday week, inflicting a flesh wound across the palm.

Open Division, in the lodge room of Inistioge Sons of Temperance, to-morrow (Friday) evening. Speakers from Dundalk and Flesherton expected to be present.

Red Wing, a Collingwood township hamlet, has decided to organize a Brass Band, with either Mr. Will Sparling, of Clarksburg, or Mr. E. Vanzant of Flesherton, as instructor. Good for Red Wing!

The Markdale *Standard* a short time ago announced a late addition to the family of Rev. Wesley Cassin, of Mitchell. Enquiry has failed to substantiate the "correctness" of the item in question. What did it mean anyway?

The skating match between Anderson, of Collingwood, and Doran, of Meaford, came off in Meaford rink on Friday night week. The stakes were $200 a side, and the distance to be skated was 5 miles. Anderson won easily.

A young man named Charlton, while working in Jones' saw mill, Wiarton, one day last week, had both his legs cut off and was otherwise frightfully mangled by a circular saw. He only lived a few minutes after the occurrence.

Dundalk is agitating for fire protection. On account of the poor water supply there, the *Herald* suggests the purchase of a chemical engine. It thinks, however, that the cost of such an engine is far too much, and asks its readers to give the matter earnest consideration.

A ewe, belonging to a Normandy township farmer named Malcolm McQuarrie, gave birth to three lambs recently. "Last spring," says the *Grey Review*, "she raised four and with the three last week makes seven lambs in side of a year and all so far doing well."

Mr. D. J. Mungovan, Editor of the Dufferin *Post*, appeared before the Police Magistrate on Saturday week, charged with having assaulted constable Hall. The case was dismissed, it having been most conclusively proved that Editor Mungovan was not guilty of the charge.

Mr. George Corbet, a prominent citizen of Owen Sound, died on Sunday of last week. He was born in the town of Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in the year 1808, and came to Canada when he was ten years of age. He was twice married and his second wife and a family of twelve children, six sons and six daughters, survive him.

On Monday evening last a boy named Taylor, stepson of Mr. David Lewis, 9th line, St. Vincent, was on his way home from school and chanced to secure a ride with Samuel Quinton. In place of getting in the cutter he rode with his knees on the fender and holding on the side with his hands. The horse became frightened for some unaccountable reason and began kicking. It kicked past the dashboard and struck young Taylor about the eye and temple knocking him unconscious. He was carried home and a physician sent for, but he rallied only a short time, death resulting during the night. Deceased was a promising young lad of 8 years, and his sad and sudden death has cast a gloom over the entire community.—*Meaford Mail*.

A sad and fatal accident happened to an old man named Lipsky, on the 4th con. of Sullivan, last Tuesday. Early in the forenoon he took an axe and went out into the woods to cut a stick of timber, and not returning at noon, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Fred. Lipsky, became uneasy and set out to search for him. She sent to Mr. Myers', a neighbor, and as he was not there Mr. Myers joined in the search, but it was not until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon that his body was found in the bush. He had fallen a tree and in falling it had knocked down a dead limb which struck the old man on the head, and killing him instantly, as he had not stirred from the position he had fallen in the snow. The deceased was upwards of 70 years of age, and was a quiet respectable farmer.—*Chesley Enterprise*.

Eugenia Brieflets.

Correspondence of The Advance.

Oh, gladsome spring! Lovely spring! Signs of beautiful, welcome spring!

Mr. Alex. Madill has hied him away on the morning train. To the West! to the West! to the land of the free—Manitoba. God speed Aleck!

Mr. Clemis, the popular P. S. Teacher, spent Eastertide with the old folks at home in Collingwood. Made some tall walking, going thither per mile per so many minutes. He's a rusher to walk anyhow.

School children had a frolicsome holiday two days. Hurried off to their tasks again to-day at clang of 9 o'clock bell.

Farmers rushing business in the saw log line now.

The Latimer company are hustlers to saw wood, I tell you—40 cords per day regular.

Old sol shines hot, roads breaking up some. Falls look grand just now. Don't forget come see them friends. Welcome all.

Mr. Scott Jamieson and family gone to Michigan. Prosperity follow them.

Cattle in general in surrounding country coming out of long hard winter in good shape.

Woodchucks are out—glad to see them. Sure sign mother earth is thawing out, making uncomfortably warm down in the burrows. Clap our hands with glee, soon we'll see vegetation springing. Buds on the trees are ready to burst. The old carnivorous birds, the crows, have come, lots of them. Sign of a bountiful year—old heads say they never saw it fail. Hark! did you hear the glad sweet note of yon robin? Yes, yes—hurrah! spring. The lambs are frisking on the hillsides, the kine are lowing in the lane!

Our Town—without the "ship"—is here right side up with care; no insignificant village accoutrements or paraphernalia equipment. The Mayor presiding as usual. Look up, little ones, your ambition is laudable—look up!

Owen Sound.

From our own Correspondent.

We are expecting Spring, mud, and—the poets!

An Octogenarian—Mrs. R. Crawford, sr., recently celebrated her 82nd birthday.

Mr. J. Colbert broke his leg last week while engaged in lifting planks at the dry-dock.

Mar. 28.—The closing meeting, for the season, of the Collegiate's Literary Society was held this evening. The opening glee "Dream the Dream that's Sweetest" was well rendered. The debate was: "Resolved that Canada would be benefitted by being made a Republic." Messrs. McKay and Dobie spoke with much fervor on the affirmative. Mr. McKay said there was too much King-worship and Queen-worship at present and what we should worship was the *country's best interests*. Mr. Dobie also made laughable allusion to the country paying out so many thousand pounds to keep up Queen Victoria's husband's daughters and daughters' husbands! Messrs. Skene and Jackman spoke on the negative, but their arguments were not sufficient to weaken the points taken by the other side. Decision was granted in favor of the affirm. Miss Lizzie Richardson and Mr. Elijah Jones (son of an Indian Chief) favored the audience with an instrumental duett—Mr. Jones upon his violin, and Miss Lizzie accompanying him with much expression upon the piano. They responded to an encore. The pantomime "The Working family" representing a family engaged in domestic affairs and working to music was highly amusing. They were interrupted by a young gentleman, probably "the black sheep of the flock," who upset everything and all tumbled in a heap on the floor with wash-tub, churn, irons, tables, apples, etc. accompanying them! This was decidedly the best thing on the programme.

Ap. 1.—An Easter Praise Service was held in the O.S. Methodist church this evening when a large congregation had the pleasure of listening to an interesting argumentative sermon on "He is risen," by the pastor Rev. T. M. Campbell. The choir rendered the suitable anthem "Te Deum Laudamus," and Easter Hymns and Carols during the evening. This impressive service was closed by singing the doxology, and benediction was pronounced by the pastor.

FLESHERTON

Roller Mill!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

AND HAVE GOT IN THE

VERY LATEST IMPROVED

ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning our First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers

Good Yields and first-class Flour.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

P.S.—I don't belong to the Millers' Association or any of the Miller Secret Societies as it has been reported by some of the Milling fraternity.—W.B.

March 19th, 1888.

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter—Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE GOOD AND CHEAP

BOOTS,

Shoes or Slippers,

TRY

WM. CLAYTON'S BOOT & SHOE STORE,

FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

THE WELL-KNOWN

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 355. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spex, Platedware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound; That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

All ORDERS for Repairing, HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contract Work.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:-FROM-:—

BLAKELY BROS

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local notices [illegible] Special rates [illegible]

Division Court in the Town Hall today.

Mr. Arch. McPhatter offers a splendid farm for sale or to rent this in week's ADVANCE. See advt.

Mr. James Kester, Flesherton, offers a Buggy and set of Single Harness for sale in this week's ADVANCE. See advt.

May Brothers, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y., advertise for local and travelling salesmen in this week's ADVANCE. See advt.

Mrs. Crane and daughter, of Owen Sound, are visiting friends in Flesherton. Mrs. C. is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Trimble.

Miss Bella Christoe sang with much acceptance at a concert in Markdale on Monday evening of last week. Miss Christoe possesses a voice of surpassing sweetness and is a general favorite in musical circles.

The auction sale of the old school house and premises, Flesherton, came off on Saturday. The premises were satisfactorily disposed of to Mr. Hawke, who will at once proceed to convert it into an egg-packing establishment.

Carriage Painting, repairing, horse-shoeing, and all other work in the Carriage line of business promptly and satisfactorily attended to by Messrs D. McTavish and R. P. Legate at the Flesherton Carriage Works, Milburn's old stand. See advt.

Mr. Jos. Smith's fine new house and shop combined have rapidly risen from the ashes of the old one under the energetic management of Mr. John Whitten and his assistants and will soon be ready for occupation if the weather continues fine.

Our popular Marble works man, Mr. E. Vanzant, is preparing a couple of monuments which are to be put up in the Parry Sound cemetery. Orders continue to flow in from all directions. Mr. Vanzant turns out first class work and his prices are very reasonable.

Razors honed, hair cut, beards trimmed, shaving done, ladies' hair dressed, and all other work in connection with the tonsorial line performed in the best styles of the art by Booth, the Boss Barber, Flesherton Shop in Strain's block, next door to Mr. Frost's law office.

A. A. Chesley, Esq., is in charge of Mr. Frost's law office, Strain's block, Flesherton, and is always to be found ready to give prompt and courteous attention to those doing business in legal matters. Mr. Chesley has won the esteem and respect of the people generally in this locality by his genial manner and courteous bearing, as well as by the close and earnest way in which he devotes himself to his duties.

Mr. Karstedt, of Toronto, has commenced business in Mr. M. Richardson's old store building, Sydenham street, Flesherton, in the Stove and Tinware lines. He has been kept very busy since he commenced, and we understand his business is rapidly increasing. In order still further to extend his operations, he has planted an advertisement in THE ADVANCE, to which we direct the attention of our readers.

Fire, Fire, Fire!

The best Lime to be got in this country is from Duckett's celebrated kilns at Eugenia. Leave your orders right away and they will be promptly filled. Lime now going to the four quarters like hot cakes. Always on hand—two kilns kept in operation all the time.

Mr. B. H. Stevens, travelling Representative of the *Empire*—accompanied by his father—visited Flesherton last week and took a number of subscriptions for the daily edition of that great representative journal.

Married.

TALBOT—LEGARD.—In Flesherton, on 4th, inst., by Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., William J. Talbot to Frances Elizabeth LeGard, both of Artemesia.

At Priceville on the 4th inst. by Rev. T. Watson Mr. Alexander Whyte to Miss Margaret Ellen Burnett both of Priceville.

Auction Sale.

Farm stock, implements, and household furniture, at Lot 165, Con 1 West T. & S. Road, Artemesia, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. on Wednesday, April 18th. Without reserve. 10 months credit on sums over $5. Mrs. J. Dunseath, proprietor; A. S. VanDusen, auctioneer. See bills.

Election of Officers.

The following are the officers of Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, for current term:—

Dr. Christoe, W. P.
Miss M. Beecroft, W. A.
Mr. Walter Leitch, Rec. Scribe.
Mrs. Wright, Asst. Rec. Scribe.
Miss Bella Christoe, Fin Scribe.
Mr. Wesley Latimer, Treasurer.
Mr. Nelson Kester, Conductor.
Miss Lilly Powell, Asst. Conductor.
Mr. Claude Ekins, Chaplain.
Mr. Victor Kester, Sentinel.
Mr. J. E. Moore, P. W. P.

The installation ceremony was conducted by A. R. Fawcett, D. G. W. P., on Wednesday evening last. The Division is in a healthy condition.

The property known as the Hooper Property, in the village of Flesherton a Good Business Place to be Sold at a bargain. Enquire of DR. CHRISTOE. April 6th, 1888.

Terrible Accident.

On Tuesday afternoon last Bradford Powell was tail-sawing in Bradley's mill, when he met with a serious accident. He was guiding a board along the table, when the saw suddenly came in contact with a large knot and he was thrown forward upon it. The unfortunate young man's right arm was almost cut in two between the elbow and shoulder, the flesh being torn in a most shocking manner. Notwithstanding his terrible mishap, young Powell showed rare presence of mind and courage by making his way to Mr. Bradley's house at once. Drs. Christoe, and Carter were speedily summoned and dressed the mangled limb.

Flesherton Boys Abroad.

The Names of the "Boys" and What They are Doing.

The Editor thought it might be interesting to let his readers know something about the Flesherton boys who have launched out in the great world of business, and who are not now residents of our bright and prosperous little town. The list is no doubt incomplete, but omissions (if any) will be made good in next week's ADVANCE.—ED ADVANCE.]

Dr. Geo. Armstrong—eldest son of Squire Armstrong—is in charge of St. Barnabas Hospital, in the city of Minneapolis, U. S.

Mr. D. E. Wright, eldest son of Mr. Wm. Wright, has a lucrative position in New York city, U. S.

Messrs. Joseph, Herbert and Josias Strain are doing a rushing business in the general merchandise line at Minot, Dakota, U. S.

Mr. Will Wright is attending Toronto School of Medicine.

Mr. Edwin Richardson is attending Toronto University.

Mr. Earle Strain is attending Toronto School of Medicine.

Mr. Stuart Bates is attending Toronto School of Medicine.

Mr. J. W. Bates is travelling salesman with a Toronto wholesale house.

Mr. Harry Hooper is traveller for a Toronto wholesale house.

Rev. Thos. Culien is one of the most prominent clergymen in Toronto.

Mr. James Bulmer holds a good position in a Michigan town.

Mr. R. G. Trimble is doing well in a town in Michigan.

Mr. Richard Campbell is a prominent resident of the town of Collingwood.

Mr. J. W. Henderson is Inspector of the North of Scotland Mortgage Company, Toronto, and a prominent official in Sherbourne street Methodist church.

Master Newton Henderson is in the Dominion Bank, Toronto.

Mr. Thos. Henderson is a prominent Toronto dentist.

Mr. Henderson has a good positon in the C. P. R. offices at Peterborough.

Mr. Thos. Clayton is in a Toronto wholesale house.

Mr. Wm. Clayton, j., is in a Toronto jewelry store.

Mr. Robt Davis is head book-keeper in a large wholesale house in Atchison city Kansas, U. S.

Mr. Alf. Melloy is doing well in Atchinson city, Kansas, U. S.

Mr. Wright, son of Mr. John Wright, is with a Meaford legal firm and promises to rise as rapidly in his profession as he did when he attended one of our common schools.

Capt Campbell is a prominent light in military, marine and financial circles, and although his residence is in Collingwood town, much of his time is spent in Toronto.

Mr. C. J. Sproule is Principal of Maxwell Public School.

Mr. Bert. Sproule is travelling in Mexico and Central America.

Mr. Gus. Sproule, when last heard from by the writer, was at Port Arthur.

Mr Will Campbell is operator on the St. Paul, Minneapolis R. R., near Minot, Dakota, U. S.

Mr. John Campbell is living at Barrie.

Mr. John Flesher, eldest son of W. K. Flesher, Esq., ex. M.P. for East Grey and founder of our town, is doing a fine business in lumbering in the Parry Sound district.

Mr. Fred. Leitch is Private Secretary in the C. P. R. Superintendent's office at Winnipeg, and is, we believe, studying for the ministry.

Dr. Leitch is practicing medicine at Kendall, Ont.

Mr. J. G. Keefer, an old ADVANCE boy, is on the Forest *Free Press* staff.

Mr. Will Keefer holds an excellent position on the Canada Southern.

Mr. J. R. Keefer is an operator on the St. Paul, Minneapolis R. R.

Mr. Anthony DeLom—well known to Flesherton people as clerk in Mr. M. Richardson's store for some years—is a Surgeon in Her Majesty's service. Was twice out to Egypt during the recent troubles, and was present at the battle of——He had charge of one of the Nile boats in shooting the rapids, for which he got special commendation by Gen. Wolseley Last heard from in South America.

Mr. McKinley, formerly in Mr. M. Richardson's store here—his first clerk indeed—is principal partner in the large manufacturing firm of McKinley & McFarland, Toronto.

Mr. Jos. Delemere, formerly in Mr. M. Richardson's store here, is Librarian for the Ontario House of Assembly, Toronto.

Mr. W. F. Doll is proprietor of the only wholesale jewelry house between Toronto and the Pacific coast, located at Winnipeg.

Mr. W. T. Thompson has a good sit in an Orilla establishment.

Messrs. Chas. and James Mosier are doing well in Toronto.

Mr. J. R. Trimble is doing well in the U. S.

THIS IS

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THE NOTED

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SPACE.

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware,

And the only place to get your Watch or Clock REPAIRED

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CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block, near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have confidence to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Advertise in the Advance.

BRIGHT ON CANADA.

Imperial Federation Only an Illusory Dream.

THE DOMINION, THE STATES AND BRITAIN.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: Mr. John Bright's speech at the banquet given to Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham last night is creating a great deal of excitement in political circles, and receives the attention of the principal London papers.

Mr. Bright, who had to propose the toast of "Our Kinsmen Beyond the Sea," said he had never addressed a meeting that was in such entire sympathy with its object. They could honestly congratulate Mr. Chamberlain, and hope that he might on many other occasions render services to his country. He liked the wording of this toast, for he thought that Englishmen had a right to call all people on the other side of the Atlantic "our kinsmen," and that Englishmen were entitled to look upon a man as an enemy to mankind—not merely to their own English-speaking race—who would do anything to excite anger, disorder or dispute between America and Great Britain. There were other questions besides the fisheries question which ought to be considered. For instance, the commerce of America and Canada had built high walls, and had called them "tariffs." These walls prevented freedom in trading. The Canadians wished these barriers to be abolished. That was a very sensible wish, and he was perfectly certain it would be accomplished. His opinion was that, if the economical facts were so strong, there would be a tendency hardly resistible to get over the sentiment that it was better for Canadians to be associated politically with Great Britain than with the United States. He considered Imperial Federation impossible. The scheme was no better than a dream. He would like to ask the advocates of Federation whether the colonies were likely to link themselves with the stupid foreign policy of England, entering into quarrels and wars with peoples 10,000 miles away. He had, however, the strongest belief in the great future of the English colonies, which he hoped would be strengthened by amicable relations with the Mother Country. Might they not hope for the highest and noblest federation—under different Governments, it might be, but united by race sympathy, freedom of industry and communion of interests—a federation of perpetual peace that would lead the world to that better time that all hoped for and believed in, although it might not be permitted their mortal eyes to behold it?

Mr. Bright's speech, which was a most eloquent one, was loudly cheered throughout. His reference to the Commercial Union movement in Canada is regarded as highly significant.

The *Daily Telegraph* (Independent Conservative) praises Mr. Chamberlain for the business skill which Mr. Gladstone commended him for in Parliament, and says happily there is little chance now of any dispute in the future between England and America being aggravated to the point of war. If a peaceful and an arbitrating spirit does not yet largely prevail in the world, it has at least strongly touched the two great English-speaking communities. If the present protective system continues in America, Mr. Bright believes a strong temptation will be placed in the way of the Canadians to throw in their lot with the States, simply because of the great material advantages which the abolition of the internal tariff would involve. Happily, public opinion in the States seems to be advancing, if not towards absolute free trade, at all events toward a modification of the existing protective system.

The *St. James' Gazette* (High Conservative) says Mr. Bright spoke in a fashion that seems to show he has neither learned the signs of the times nor marked the lapse of years. In the prospect of a peaceful adjustment of a fruitful source of contest between England and the States, Englishmen see a foreshadowing of a possibility of unspeakable beneficence. No question of commercial interest can bar the way of an equal partnership in the near future. Whatever Mr. Bright thinks, the picture of a great future is not hopeless.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* (Radical) says Mr. Bright's discourse was far more pernicious treason than any Irish harangues. It is mournful to reflect how inveterate must be the prejudice which blinds Mr. Bright to the obvious teachings of history. His policy is "cut the painter," dismember the empire, turn the colonies adrift, and wreck the fairest chance the world ever had of establishing a world-wide federation of peace.

The *Globe* (Tory) says the mutual good feeling between America and England is now strong and bids fair to last, but the real cement must be a natural alliance based upon the welfare of both.

The *Morning Post* (High Tory) says: There is no need of insisting upon Mr. Bright's idiosyncrasies. He appeared as a representative Englishman, and if his goodwill was not quite tempered by discretion, his words will be judicially interpreted in America

BIG BANK STOCK HOLDERS.

The Wealthy Canadians Who Head the List.

A Montreal despatch says: According to the figures published by the Government the following are the largest holders of stocks in Canadian banks:

William C. McDonald	$ 560,000
Robert Anderson	370,000
J. H. R. Molson	230,000
Sir Donald A. Smith	200,400
John Duncan	122,900
Andrew Allan	121,900
George A. Drummond	107,500
G. B. Burland	87,560
Samuel E. Molson	80,590
John Thomas Molson	57,500
John Cassils	55,000

The total paid-up stock of Canadian banks (leaving out the Bank of British North America and Bank of British Columbia, which are owned in the Old Country) is $57,823,950. The eleven Montrealers named above, therefore, own almost exactly one twenty-ninth part of the whole, their united shares being given at $1,998,610.

A carriage containing Miss Margaret and Miss Annie O'Reilly was struck by a train at Providence, R. I., on Saturday evening, and both ladies killed.

THE WOMEN'S CONVENTION

Mrs. Barry's Paper on "What the Knights of Labor are Doing for Women"—Other Interesting Papers Read.

A last (Wednesday) night's Washington despatch says: The morning session of the International Council was devoted to the general subject of industries. Laura M. Johns, President of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association, presided. The first paper of the session was read by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, on "Women's Industrial Gains During the Last Half Century." Mrs. A. M. Worden, Worthy Master of Vineland Grange, No. 1, read a paper on the subject of "Women in the Grange." Hulda B. Loud read a paper on "Women in the Knights of Labor."

The next speaker was Lida Barnay Sales, Corresponding Secretary of the Sociological Society of America. Her paper described the work of the society, and discussed the question of co-operation.

The President next introduced Mrs. Leonore M. Barry, organizer of the Knights of Labor. The subject of her paper was, "What the Knights of Labor are Doing for Women." Mrs. Barry spoke with perfect ease and great earnestness and effect, and was frequently interrupted with applause. She said: We are building around our working girls a wall of protection to defend and protect them from the indignities and humiliations to which heretofore they have been subjected. Any condition of society, any environment of society, that prevents a woman or child from cultivating and developing those three elements of which humanity is formed, the moral, physical and mental elements, making them fit subjects to do the work for which those beings were intended by an Almighty God—that state of society is false. There are no better law supporters, no more loyal citizens to the laws of their country and to their country's flag than the organized working men and women of to-day. They do not demand revolution, but they do demand reform. They do not ask it by the power of physical or brute force or strength; they do not ask it by the destruction of life or property; but constitutionally, and by the law-abiding way, present their desires to the law-making bodies of their nation. Only four years ago I became a Knight of Labor. Seven years ago I was left without knowledge of business, without knowledge of work, without knowledge of what the world was, with three fatherless children looking to me for bread. To support these children it became my duty to go out in the army of unemployed, and in one of the largest factories of central New York I went, and for four years and seven months became a factory woman for the support of my little ones. Four years ago this spring I became a Knight of Labor. I joined an assembly of 1,500 women. And let me say to you here that although there was not one amongst them that could boast of more than a minor part of a common school education, yet in that body of women could be found more executive ability, more tact, more shrewdness, more keen calculating power than could be found in twice that number of any body of men. We are instituting co-operative industries throughout the breadth and length of our land. We have co-operative shirt factories in Baltimore and New York conducted solely by women. We have our collar and cuff factories in Waterford, N. Y. We have our co-operative knitting mill at Little Falls, N. Y., and many other industries. I have during my connection with the organization instituted what is known as the Working Women's National Beneficial Fund. This gives women not less than $3 nor more than $5 per week, and in case of death not less than $75 nor more than $100. It gives protection to every woman, whether she be a Knight of Labor or not. For it is the duty—the aim and the object of the Knights of Labor to elevate woman, no matter what her nationality, creed, color or position in life. The Knights of Labor are taking the little girls from the factory, the workshop and the mine, and educating them, because we know that the little child of to-day is the mother of the future. We know that the fireside, the city, the State, the council and the nation are moulded by the hands of the wives and mothers of our children. As these are the children to-day, and as these will be the working women of the future, we demand that they shall be taken from the workshop, factory and mine, and put into the schools to educate and develop them. If there is any one State for which I might make special appeal, it is the monopoly bound State of Pennsylvania, with her hundred and twenty-five thousand children under the age of 15 employed in the workshops, factories and mines.

The session closed with a well received address on "Women as Farmers," by Esther L. Warne.

At the evening session Prof. Rena A. Michaels spoke of "Women as Educators," and contrasted the modes of training educators fifty years ago with those pursued to-day. Laura C. Halloway spoke on "Woman in Journalism." Dr. Sara Hackett Stevenson spoke of "Woman in Medicine." Mrs. Ada Bittenbender, National Superintendent of Legislation in the W. C. T. U., read a paper on "Woman in Law." Rev. Ada C. Bowles spoke of "Woman in the Ministry." Other addresses were made by prominent ladies.

Fitness in Man's Dress.

"Why do you insist on carrying an umbrella in your hand, although there is no apparent sign of rain?" was asked of an Englishman now sojourning in this city, who, nevertheless, has none of the dude element about him. The answer was characteristic of the English inclination toward the fitness of things, even in matters of dress: "Because I wear an overcoat, and I do not think that a mere walking stick or cane belongs to my dress." The same Englishman remarked on the wearing of tall silk hats that "they are not in character with ulster or travelling coats, since one would scarcely choose to spend a long day in a railroad car wearing a tall hat. But in a frock coat or surtout or Prince Albert, then a tall hat becomes a proper finish to the dress, and a round felt or a fur travelling cap is entirely out of place. Similarly one would hardly top off a flannel boating suit with a tall hat."—*New York Press* "*Every Day Talk.*"

Cornelius Vanderbilt and his wife sailed from New York for Europe on Saturday.

THE LOCOMOTIVE STRIKE.

Tough Fight Between Strikers and Scabs in Chicago—An Arrest and Short Strike.

A last (Thursday) night's Chicago despatch says: The first encounter between the sympathizers of the striking switchmen and the men who have replaced them took place at 4.30 this afternoon, when a "Q" switch engine and its crew attempted to transfer some freight cars to the North-western tracks. A crowd of switchmen of other roads were about the place, and began to jeer at the new men on the "Q" engine. When the train reached Kinzie street and Western avenue it ran off a switch that had been turned, and a number of cars were ditched. The mob then set upon the crew of the train, and the fireman and engineer took to ther heels, getting numerous cuffs as they escaped. The new switchmen followed suit, and were pursued and roughly used by the crowd, which was made up of the toughest kind of citizens. The Pinkerton men, of whom there were six or eight on the train, attempted to protect the trainmen, but the mob set upon them with savage glee and disarmed them in a twinkling. They were powerless, and after making a few efforts to defend themselves took to flight to escape the drubbing they were receiving at the hands of the furious mob. Several of the Pinkerton men were hurt, and one of them is thought to have sustained serious injuries. On the same train was Division Superintendent Besler, of the Burlington road. When the trouble commenced he hurried to the front and some one in the crowd recognized him. The disclosure of his identity was the signal for the mob to fall on him and beat him. The attack came from all sides, and it was only after having been badly used up that he escaped and ran to a switch house, where he locked himself in and escaped further punishment. The riot created great excitement, and the Pinkerton men and officers flocked to the scene. The mob quickly dispersed however, and only one man was arrested. His name is Quirk. Police were ordered to the scene of the disturbance from nearly all the stations. Quirk, who was arrested, was a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul switchman. His arrest precipitated a strike of 191 switchmen, 28 engineers and 28 firemen on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road.

When it was known that Quirk had been arrested, a crowd followed him to the station-house and endeavored to get him released, but he was locked up. When the crowd realized that their comrade had to remain in the police station the Milwaukee & St. Paul men in their rage decided to strike, and immediately deserted their engines. The whole yard force of switchmen, engineers and firemen, 227 in all, quit work, leaving 28 engines standing on the tracks. It is rumored that the brakesmen of the same road will go out to-night.

Division Superintendent Besler, who took refuge in the switch-house, had both eyes blacked and was very badly bruised up. The fireman and engineer of the train which was attacked were also badly pounded.

It is said that at a meeting of 500 engineers, firemen and switchmen held this afternoon, at which representatives from all the roads were present, it was resolved that a general boycott be declared against Burlington freight on all roads.

The strike came to an end as quickly as it had begun. At 6.30 two officials of the St. Paul company succeeded in having Quirk released on bail, and it was speedily resolved that a resumption of work was the proper course to pursue. By 9 p. m. the men were again at their posts.

ROYALTY AND SPIRIT RAPPING.

The Wildest Story Yet About Queen Victoria and the Mediums.

A Rochester despatch says: Mrs. H. D. Jencken, of this city, formerly Miss Kate Fox, one of the ladies whose name is associated with spiritualism and the "Rochester knockings" of early days, told your correspondent to-day that her sister, Mrs. Margaret Kane, widow of the arctic explorer, had on Thursday last sailed for Glasgow in response to a summons received from Queen Victoria, who wants to consult her in regard to matters beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, but supposed to be visible to spiritual mediums.

Mrs. Jencken said: "I have just returned from New York, where I was visiting my sister before her departure for England. She told me that her visit to Europe was the result of letters she has received lately from the Royal Family, urging her to go over. I saw the invitation. It was signed by a committee of gentlemen, requesting her on behalf of the Queen to visit England. The Queen has lost many friends of late by death, and she is anxious to learn something about them from the other world. They say John Brown is her medium. The letter was worded in the most urgent terms. It said: 'Don't fail to come. I'll trust you with the money.' They sent her money before and she did not go, but they again gave her abundance of money. She told me she had received a large sum. When my sister sailed she told me to go and tell it all to the New York *Herald*, but I was tired. She sailed for Glasgow, where the committee is to meet her and take her to London."

Laughed Out of a Freak.

A San Francisco despatch says: A great crowd assembled last night at Kalloch's old church to witness the marriage of a spiritualist woman to her alleged affinity in the spirit land. A thousand invitations had been issued during the week and the church was gaudily decorated.

The crowd waited in vain till late for the bride, but she came not, as newspaper ridicule had frightened her away.

It seems the woman belongs to a coterie of cranks who have engaged in all sorts of ridiculous schemes during the past three years. One of her friends was induced last year to deed all his property, amounting to nearly $70,000, to charity and go forth a tramp evangelist preaching in the street.

Lady Randolph Churchill contemplates a visit to the land of her nativity this summer in company with her husband. They will probably go to Newport, where Lord Randolph will hear many reminiscences of his brother, the Duke of Marlborough.

Justice Redfield, a wealthy retired business man residing on the Tons Road, near Florence, N. J., committed suicide on Saturday night. He was 79 years old.

UP IN ARMS AGAINST THE DONS.

Victoria College Students Enraged at the Suspension of Two of Their Number.

A Cobourg despatch says: The students of Victoria University are up in arms against the college dons. *Acta Victoriana* is a monthly journal published by the literary and theological societies in the interests of the students and alumni of the University. Its contents are contributed by a staff of editors appointed by and responsible to these societies. An article appeared in the March number of *Acta* discussing the curriculum of the University, suggesting certain changes therein and recommending that the subject of minerals should be relegated to a summer clime.

When the article appeared the College Faculty immediately took cognizance of it, and, summoning Mr. J. F. McLaughlin, editor-in-chief, and Mr. Henry Langford, local editor (son of the well-known Methodist clergyman of that name), demanded that the two editors should make a humble and unconditional apology under pain of suspension.

The students solidly backed their editors in a positive refusal to apologize. The faculty then decided to suspend the offending journalists for the period of one year, and the Chancellor of the University pronounced the decree of excommunication at a great meeting of students in Alumni Hall last evening. As soon as he had finished reading, Messrs. McLaughlin and Langford arose and gave notice of their intention to appeal to the Board of Regents, the court of last resort, against "an unjust and tyrannical sentence." They were greeted with tremendous cheers, the demonstration lasting several minutes and shaking the building with its enthusiasm. After the retirement of the faculty the students organized a mass meeting, at which a resolution was passed, declaring that if their classmates were not reinstated they would apply for certificates of standing and leave the university. Two-thirds of the senior class in arts asserted that they would apply for an *ad eundum statem* at Toronto or Queen's. According to the provisions of her charter, if Victoria fails to graduate a class in arts each year she forfeits her status as a university. The situation is therefore a critical one.

HIGH LIFE ROMANCE.

A Disinherited Scotch Lord and His Widow's Wooing.

A New York despatch says: It is reported to-night that Lady Drummond, widow of Lord George Essex Montifex Drummond, who died penniless last August, intends to marry Harry Masters, the iron-moulder of Newark, N. J. Since the death of Lord George the widow has been living economically at a boarding-house in Brooklyn. She earned a living for herself and daughter May by sewing. May is heiress to the oldest title and estates in England. She is not yet 8 years old. Several attempts have been made to kidnap her by English emissaries. Masters was a friend of the late lord. Since his death Masters' attention to the widow have been marked. Lord Drummond, when a boy, married beneath his station and incurred the enmity of his relations. He came to this country, struggled for sixteen years to maintain his family as a fisherman, hunter, pressman and salesman. His wife was Miss Eliza Harrison, daughter of a prosperous London wholesale tea merchant.. Their life in America was a battle with want. Lord Drummond was first porter in a commission house, then fisherman and duck-hunter in Long Island, then a sailor before the mast, and packer in a clothing house. His abandonment, education and rough life incapacitated him for better work. He could hardly write his own name. When he died he was living with his wife and little one in a miserable room on the third floor of a Brooklyn tenement-house.

MINE EXPLOSION.

Over One Hundred Miners Entombed—More Than Fifty Killed.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: The following despatch has been received from Rich Hill—About 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon there was a rumbling sound in mine No. 6 at this place and a moment afterward a fearful explosion wrecked the mine and buried in the *debris* over 100 miners, who were cut off from all means of escape. Up to the hour of sending this despatch 40 bodies have been taken out, and at least fifteen more are expected to have met their death. The superintendent of the mine was taken out badly injured, but will survive. In the terrible excitement and confusion it is impossible to give a list of names or even an estimate as to the full extent of the disaster. It is now thought over fifty were killed.

Later news is to the effect that the mine is situated six miles from the town. There were two explosions, and it is said the total loss of life will reach 60 men. Rich Hill is located in Bates county, about 100 miles south of Kansas City on the Missouri Pacific Railway. It is in the centre of a local mining district.

Latest from Ireland.

Dr. Wood, who was coroner for Sligo for many years, is dead.

The Irish language is now taught in twenty-six national schools.

The Dublin Corporation have borrowed £65,000 for the erection of a new fish and vegetable market.

The Dublin Corporation by 29 votes to 5, have resolved to petition against the Sunday closing of public houses.

An estate in county Clare, for which a year ago the sum of £9,900 was bid and declined, has now been sold for £13,000.

The emigration statistics show that the number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1887 was 83,202, an increase of 19,786 as compared with 1886.

The County Cork Grand Jury has awarded £1,000 compensation to Constable James Leahy, who was injured in the Michelstown riot on September 9th.

Rev. Isaac Nelson, who was returned as a Home Ruler for Mayo in 1880, and during the session which followed was more than once forcibly removed from the House, died in Belfast recently in his 86th year.

At Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin, the other day was buried Pattison Jolly, aged 104, the oldest printer in the world. He served his time in Ballantyne's Edinburgh, and pulled the first sheet of the Edinburgh *Journal* over seventy years ago.

FAMILY FAILURES.

Some Famous People Who Fell From Position and Wealth.

If we believe that it is better to visit the house of mourning than the house of feasting, it follows that the story of the decline and fall of our great families is better than the story of their rise and progress. It is better, we presume, inasmuch as the moral illustrative of the instability of human greatness, etc., is a profound one; otherwise the record is a truly sad one and the reading of very melancholy interest. Nevertheless it is very curious, and we venture to give here an account of some of the most noteworthy lapses of great and royal families from wealth and princely power to menial servitude and beggary. No race in Europe surpassed the Plantagenets in royal position and personal achievements, and yet, not to descend further than the year 1637, we find the great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, following the trade of a shoemaker in Newport, Salop. This is a conspicuous fall, but not more so than that of another branch of the same family, for among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent and sixth son of Edward I., occur a butcher and a toll gatherer; the first a Joseph Smart, of Halesowen, the latter a George Wilmont, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. Then, again, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we find a Stephen James Penny, who was, not many years ago, sexton at St. George's, Hanover square. Another melancholy fall was that of the Cromwells. Before the time of the protector the family possessed estates equal to those of the wealthiest peers of the present day, and the great Oliver himself inherited considerable property, which, augmented from private sources, made up a total sufficient to maintain his family perpetually in easy circumstances. But within a century after his death we find Thomas Cromwell, his great grandson, setting up as a grocer on Snow Hill, and his son, Oliver, the last male heir, as an attorney in London. In the female line the fall was much more striking. One of the protector's granddaughters, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a small Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters, the elder the wife of a shoemaker and the younger the wife of a butcher's son, who had been her fellow servant. Another of Oliver Cromwell's granddaughters had two children, of whom the son became a small working jeweller and the daughter the mistress of a small school at Mildenhall. When the twelfth Earl of Crawford was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, to restrain his recklessness and prodigality, he left one child, a daughter, who, having no one whatever to look after her, received not a scrap of education and was allowed to run about like a gypsy. She eloped with a common crier, and at one period of her life lived by mendicancy. Charles II. granted her a pension of £100 a year, but owing to her utter degeneracy it proved more hurtful than beneficial. The male head of this family died in the year 1744, in the capacity of hostler in an inn at Kirkwall, in the Orkney islands. The estate had been dissipated by the "Spendthrift Earl," his father, and with his patrimony he, Lord Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, bought a small property on which he resided for some years, until through adverse fortune this went too, and to save himself from starvation he was fain to go as a hostler. A story is told of a scion of the great house of Urquhart, of Cromarty, who was necessitated by his extravagance to sell his inheritance, and who, sinking step by step to the lowest depths of wretchedness, came at last a wandering beggar to the door which had once been his own. A similar story is told by Fraser of Kirkhill, who relates that he saw the Earl of Traquair, cousin of James VI, begging in the streets of Edinburgh. "He was," says Fraser, "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak and pannier breeches, and I contributed toward his relief. We gave him a noble. He was standing with his hat off, and received the piece of money from my hand as humbly as the poorest applicant."—*London Telegraph.*

Latest Things in Dress.

Long colored mitts are shown worn closely and plainly to the bend of the elbow, where there is a puff of escurial lace. A continuance of the same lace covers the upper arm nearly to the shoulder, where the mitt is held by an elastic band.

"Sebastopol cloth" is a fine woollen material that comes in soft and bright colors and in "cashmere" patterns that closely cover the whole surface. A very noticeable design in this stuff had a groundwork of vivid red and was figured along one edge with boughs of peach twigs, foliage and fruit, all in natural colors. Smaller brown twigs, blossoms and leaves were scattered over the rest of the cloth. The same pattern on a cream ground was much more refined in effect, though less striking.

A variety of white Henrietta cloths are in market. Some are woven in fine lines or checks; others have a plaid effect, while still another shows polka dots of various sizes.

Chinese and Indian silk pocket-handkerchiefs come in all the plain light and dark tints, both with wide and with narrow hemstitched borders. One of these bright bits of silk tucked into the front of a dark, plain gown brightens it up wonderfully. In cambric handkerchiefs a novelty is found in quarter-inch stripes of red or pink, blue or yellow and white. These handkerchiefs have narrow hems edged with a border of narrow Italian lace. Others have irregular blocks of white set thickly and promiscuously over a ground of a solid color.

Bonnet frames come in different colors of silk sheathed wire and have a thickness of tulle to match stretched over them. Two shades of red, pink, blue, heliotrope, green, yellow and gold are shown. Of course it is much better to make a transparent bonnet on a frame of the same color as the lace used, and this device is most popular.

A Righteous Judge.

Judge (to dude prisoner)—What a shame for a well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow like you to be arrested for yelling on Fifth avenue at 11 o'clock at night! What is your profession?

Dude—Howling swell.

Judge—Ten dollars.

The Sailor Girl.

When the wild geese were flying
To Flanders away,
I clung to my Desmond
Beseeching him to stay ;
But the stern trumpet sounded
The summons to sea,
And afar the ship bore him,
Mabouchal machree!

And first he sent me letters,
And then he sent me none,
And three times into prison
I dreamt he was thrown ;
So I shore my long tresses,
And stained my face brown,
And went for a sailor
From Limerick town.

Oh! the ropes cut my fingers ;
But steadfast I strove,
Till I reached the Low Country
In search of my love.
There I heard how at Namur
His heart was so high
That they carried him captive
Refusing to fly.

With that to King William
Himself I was brought,
And his mercy for Desmond
With tears I besought.
He considered my story,
Then smiling, says he,
"The young Irish rebel
For your sake is free."

"Bring the varlet before us,
Now, Desmond O Hea,
Myself has decided
Your sentence to-day.
You must marry your sailor
With bell, book and ring,
And here is her dowry,"
Cried William, the King.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

He Goes Back to England to Push His Designs on a Great Estate.

Another chapter in the checkered career of the Tichborne claimant was begun on Tuesday, says a New York despatch, when "Sir Roger," with his child-wife and 4-weeks-old heir, sailed for England in the steamer Wyoming. He goes to England, he says, to lecture under contract and to resuscitate his long-buried suit for "the estates." Sir Roger's two years' residence in America has not been profitable, his entire worldly possessions now consisting of two trunks and a valise and a few dollars in cash, the proceeds of the sale of his furniture. He says: "All I have to carry back to the Old Country is one of the best of wives and an heir to my estates, for which I have prayed these ten years. Yesterday I had only $3 in the world. Through the kindness of a New York broker, whom I knew in the Old Country, I have been able to secure a passage. I have accepted an offer to lecture at Manchester for £8 a week, and I also have a house in London, of which I have the use during my life. But before long I expect to be pretty well fixed, for I am certain of winning my case this time, and when I am master of £350,000 a year I shall not forget my old friends and those who have stood by me on this side of the water."

"What makes you so sure of winning your suit?"

"Because of the new evidence which will be produced. A few months ago my solicitors sent me over a bond to sign, by which I engaged to pay $5,000 upon gaining my estates to two gentlemen who have undertaken to go to the Cape of Good Hope, where I was shipwrecked, and recover the papers which were lost there. Their production will prove my claims beyond a shadow of a doubt. Besides this, there is the matter of a birthmark, or rather a certain physical peculiarity about me, which has never been made public and which will for ever set the matter at rest. When I come into my estates—which will happen, I am sure, within nine months, unless there are unforeseen delays—I shall first return to Australia, and then, perhaps, pay a flying visit to New York."

The Art of Owning Up.

"Knoxonian" in Canada Presbyterian.

A pastor is met at the door by a good lady parishioner, who thinks she has been neglected. She has been nursing her wrath to keep it warm. She has succeeded. She always does. Lovingly she says, "Dear me, Mr. A., is this you? Have you really found your way here? I thought you had forgotten us. You have not called for six months." "My dear madam," says the pastor, "is that all? I thought it must have been four or five years."

"Your steak is tough," growls the good man as he begins his dinner. "Yes, dear," mildly answers the good wife, "it is very tough. I thought of sending some of it down to the shoemaker's to be used in half-soling the children's boots." Better own up even in that exaggerated way than have a quarrel over the dinner table.

"This account is larger than I expected," says the customer, forgetting that accounts nearly always are larger than one expects. "These bills do run up rather fast," mildly answers the merchant. Better say that than have a wrangle over the bill, ending in a lawsuit.

The art of owning up ought to be cultivated. There are thousands of cases every day in which people might own up without the slightest sacrifice of principle or self-respect. As a rule only strong men own up, and that is one reason why there is so little of it.

"Doctoring" Milk.

The addition of the bicarbonate of soda to milk for its preservation has hitherto been tolerated by the French police, but the Council of Hygiene of the Seine has condemned the practice, as it is not free from danger. The transportation of the sugar of milk into lactic acid gives rise, in milk so adulterated, to a lactate of soda which is purgative, and is thus a cause of diarrhœa in young children. Under these conditions the Council considers that the addition of the bicarbonate of soda to milk, which is an aliment of the first order, and very often prescribed for invalids and children, should neither be authorized nor tolerated.

The Best is the Cheapest.

Dry goods clerk (to lady looking at mourning goods)—That is an excellent piece of goods, madam. Lady—Will it do up nicely? Clerk—Oh, yes, madam. I sold some of that crepe to Mrs. Smith several years ago, and to-day she is wearing it for her third husband.—*Tid Bits.*

Mr. Grant Allen, the author, son of Mr. Janitzel Allen, of Kingston, who is wintering in Algeria, is not deriving benefit from the change. He is not able to do any literary work.

ACCIDENTAL MARRIAGES.

Stories of Those Who Met by Chance and Made Life Partnerships.

Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or look. When once under the spell of the verb "to love" they go through all the forms and finish the conjugation of the verb before the altar. The few may give the subject the consideration it deserves, but the many, there is fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: "Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. ——," she said, "I want a mate, too, and cannot get one. I'll do; if you'll be mine, I'll be yours." He closed with the bargain, and the widow keeping her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazaar was button-holed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy work of various kinds.

"Why," he said, "I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor, except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price."

"I will be cheap enough," she said coaxingly.

"If you could be dear enough, perhaps—"

"Oh, come! You are just the man I want," taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up agreeable conversation the while, and before all was done he had purchased everything on the stall. Then at settling up there was something said about discount.

"I cannot return any money," she said, blushingly; "but if you think me dear enough, there's mamma. She can give you my hand." The bargain was accordingly concluded.

An eminent doctor, who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?" she inquired.

"I may say, never."

"As you are so easily pleased—here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a cheque for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in," she added, producing the cheque.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a cheque. I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it. At any rate the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This is how a gentleman got his wife when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match.

"With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one," she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile that eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring which she saw ticketed in a shop window, went inside to examine it. "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish it were mine," she said on satisfying herself. "What smaller figure will tempt you?"

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said laying down the money amid blushes. Of course, he accepted the money, but getting her address he made such good use of the hint that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of shoes.

"I want them wide, please," he said to the girl in attendance, "as I have a good, broad understanding."

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet, and said:

"A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in a woman."

"How do you make out that what is good in one sex is bad in the other?"

"Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm soul, but woman by a yielding husband."

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, report at any rate says that he made her his wife.—*London Tid Bits.*

Another Illusion Gone.

Science goes for things dear to us without mercy, says the Martha's Vineyard *Herald*. Everybody who has lived in the country, and who knows the old well loves the "old oaken bucket." We all love it because we have read what the poet says about it, and in our school days we chose the poem as our "piece" and spoke it. We have quenched our thirst from the old oaken bucket with its contents, after carefully looking into its dubious depths for "wigglers" or worms. We have balanced the rusty, dripping inconvenience on the curb and submerged our noses in the "nectar" we gulped. We have spilled the "crystal" on our shirt front and profanely growled as we felt it trickle down inside our collar. We have seen the leaking drizzle from a hole in the bucket spoil our 5-cent shine. We have longed under these circumstances for a cheap glass tumbler or a common tin dipper, but in all our tribulations we never thought the old oaken bucket an iron-bound death dealer, but it seems that it is, for a scientist tells us that it is "a compound, condensed mass of nitrogenous and phosphatic filthiness, the home of the microbe and the all-prevailing bacteria."

The interest in the Crossley and Hunter revival services at Belleville is increasing. It is not an unusual thing for a score or more to move up to the penitent forms when the invitations are issued. Bridge Street Church is packed nightly and many are evidently under conviction. Mr. Hunter received a telegram from his home in Ridgetown yesterday morning announcing the birth of a daughter.

ECONOMICAL NONSENSE.

Folly of Trying to Live on a Stated Number of Dollars Per Week.

There is a disease very prevalent at all times and over all the earth, says Table Talk, which Shakspeare calls "consumption of the purse" and for which many heads, wise and otherwise, are repeatedly recommending sovereign remedies. One form or stage of it, where it gallops into the exchequer of the household, has been the object, seemingly, of the closest study on the part of these "otherwise" purse physicians, whose prescriptions when adopted are followed by no beneficial results, but on the contrary by those which are absolutely mischievous. Economy is their cry and a capital cry it is, for it insures a multitude of listeners, each and all anxious to be shown how it is possible to keep the stomach full without diving into the pocket. Now economy is a good thing when we thoroughly understand the meaning of it; and we may rest assured that until we do we shall never be able to practice it. To spend money well is a more difficult task than to earn it; and indeed spending it well is one of the ways of earning it. We Americans have been accused of great waste in our kitchens and no doubt there is truth in the accusation and is likely to be until more tact, more good sense and more watchfulness be exercised by those in control of the household. But still, economy is one thing and the meanness which attempts to live on next to nothing is quite another; and it is of these attempts and their recommenders we would now speak. It is a very common thing to see in the columns of the daily papers communications, generally anonymous, asserting the possibility of a family of a stated number of persons living comfortably on a stated number of dollars per week and backing up their assertion with an array of figures whose falsity it requires but little practical investigation to prove. Many a housewife tries them and finds that the amount fixed upon as sufficient to furnish her family with all the needed food will scarcely pay for the two articles of bread and butter required for the mouths of her three or four growing children. But this is not the only nor the worst mischief that may grow out of the nonsense of these anonymous purse physicians. And we know whereof we speak. A husband who had been in the habit of giving his wife ten or fifteen dollars or more, as the case may be, for the weekly marketing, picks up his morning paper and is there told that one-half of his allowance is all that is necessary. Now, if he believes it, a rather unpleasant alternative is apt to cross his humor. Either his wife is extravagant in her purchases and pays more for her eatables than she should, or spends the surplus with the milliner and dressmaker. Of course there is many a husband whose over-fondness would forbid either end of such an alternative interfering with the uxorious tenor of his life. But there are others not thus constituted; occasionally one whose carefulness may be the result of a little stinginess, or, perhaps, of mere necessity; whose suspicions may be easily aroused, and not so easily allayed: and then comes a domestic battle which, whether it ends in smoke or something more serious, will altogether depend upon the temperament of the combatants. And all this risk and trouble because of the nonsensical desire of so-called economists to recommend to other households that which they could not, if they would, practice in their own. And now, gentlemen of the press, we have a word for your ear. Many of you are "household" men, and prudence should dictate that you bear a wary eye, lest you be hoisted, it is not by your own petard, by one that would be practically harmless without your aid.

A Notorious Woman.

Bertha Heyman, who travelled in Canada in May last under the name of Bertha Marie Brown, was arrested in San Antonio, Texas, last Friday on the strength of a telegram from the Superintendent of the Los Angeles (Cal.) police. Heyman was on her way to New Orleans with a young man named W. H. Stanley. One hundred and thirty dollars in money, five gold watches and a quantity of diamonds and jewellery were found on their persons. They also had a large amount of luggage. Heyman is considered by the police one of the cleverest confidence people in the business. She is believed to have been in Toronto only four or five weeks ago, being the housekeeper of a prominent barrister there, and succeeded in swindling the Toronto lawyer of a good portion of his wealth by means of her old racket, the worthless safe deposit. When Bertha had taken his all she then left for the South, and turned up as above.

An Association of Foremen.

An organization just formed in Pittsburg is called the "Foremen Association," and consists of foremen from every large industry in the city, from the iron mills to the paint-shops. Its object is to secure a suitable reading-room, library, gymnasium and especially a lecture hall "where new ideas, both theoretical and practical, may be exchanged;" to secure places for skilled workmen in all trades; to inaugurate a system of visits to the principal shops and mills for the interchange of suggestions and comment, and for the general advancement of the interests of the foremen themselves, of the employers for whom they work and the men whom they direct. It is the intention to make the organization a national one.—*New York Sun.*

Highly Flattering.

Mr. Hopper—May I have this dance, Miss Snob?

Miss Snob (wishing to show her preference)—Thanks, Mr. Hopper. I don't dance with every Tom-Dick-and-Harry, but I'll make an exception of you.

His Own Diagnosis.

Mother—And do you really feel so very bad, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, ma. I ain't quite sick enough to need any medicine, but I'm a little bit too sick to go to school.

On Tuesday last Mrs. Cooney, of Picton, started for Foxboro, and when near Coverts' tavern she was overpowered with the cold. Convulsions set in and lasted for a day. On Thursday she was taken home and Dr. Evans pronounced her disease cerebro-spinal meningitis. She lingered for a short time, when she died.

A FORTUNE IN CATS.

A New Yorker Who Has a Novel Scheme for Getting Wealth.

"How to Make a Fortune Out of Cats" is the title of a new book which is to be placed on the American market in a short time, says the New York *Herald*. The author is an enterprising New Yorker, who has made and lost several fortunes, and who has finally come to the conclusion that the easiest and safest way to amass filthy lucre is to breed cats on a stupendous scale. Exactly how he proposes to heap up for himself treasures on earth was fully explained by him to a reporter yesterday.

"There is an island about thirty acres in extent on the New river, in West Virginia," he began. "This island is partly in timber and partly cleared, and can be purchased for $1 000. I propose to form a stock company for the purpose of buying this island and starting a cat farm on it.

"If you will think a moment you will see that there are millions of dollars in cats. Say we start with 100.000 cats, of which 25,000 are to be black, 25.000 white, 25,000 Maltese, and 25.000 of the common domestic breed. In the course of a year the number of cats on the island will be increased to 500.000.

"When the animals are a certain age they will be killed and their skins will be dried and sold in the market. At present a cat's skin is worth 10 cents. We fully calculate on being able to kill 1,000 cats daily.

"The intestines will be sold to dealers in musical-instrument strings, and the carcasses will be put into big vats, boiled, and given as food to the live cats. The bones can, of course, be converted into glue and afterward into bone fertilizers. In one year we can kill 300.000 cats, whose skins will net us $50.000. Their bones will be worth at least $20 a ton, and their intestines and carcasses will also be worth a good deal of money. Remember, too, that by using the dead cats as food for their live brethren we are spared the expense of cat food.

"Just think, too, how beautiful a rug or carpet of white catskin, with a border of maltese, would look, and how many charming combinations could be made of the various colors! Why, ladies would buy them by the thousand, and I am positive that with an outlay of not more than $5 000 at least $50,000 could be made in a single year."

Sir James Simpson, M. D., and Chloroform.

Although chloroform, on its introduction by Sir James Y. Simpson, was well received, though it was used everywhere, from the palace to the peasant's hut, and though the danger attending its employment was, with proper care, of the slightest, Simpson himself was always seeking for another and superior anæsthetic. The experiments into which he was thus led were sometimes unfortunate in their results. On one occasion he was found lying helpless, apparently, but not really, unconscious, by one of his women-servants. She called the butler to aid in restoring her master to consciousness, and Simpson heard the latter (a firm believer in the virtues of chloroform) say: "He says he's trying to find out something else, and he's just a big fule, for he'll never get onything better than the chlory." It is said that this candid opinion acted as an admirable restorative, and the doctor roused himself from his swoon to have a hearty laugh at his retainer's words.

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptives' graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

A Domestic Discussion.

Paterfamilias (in bed)—Is that young Sampson still in the parlor with Clara? Materfamilias (listening)—I think he is. Everything is very quiet down there.—*Puck.*

Shall Women be Allowed to Vote?

The question of Female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequaled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

Good Ground for Hope.

Physician's Wife—Are your affairs in very bad shape, John? Physician—Very; but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.—*Boston Globe.*

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken up appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entoirely. I want some shtuff to straighten me out. Some o' thim 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for them?" "What do you mean?" asked the clerk. "'Purgatory Bullets,' sor, or somethin' loike that, they call thim," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad stomach, and the devil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

Sir Charles Tupper will be able to take his seat in Parliament to-morrow.

RESTAURANTS IN CONGO.

Monkeys on Toast, Smoked Elephant and Broiled Alligator.

I know of no people who get oysters from trees but the Mandingoes, through whose country flow the Senegal and Gambia Rivers. The bivalves are taken from the branches, to which they attach themselves during high tide. Here is a Mandingo bill of fare, which Reade, the explorer, leaves on record for the amusement of the curious: "Then followed," he says, "gazelle cutlets a la papillote; two small monkeys, served cross-legged and with liver sauce on toast; stewed iguana, which was much admired; a dish of roasted crocodile's eggs; some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior); a few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land crabs and other crustacea; the breasts of mermaid, or manatee, the grand bonne-bouche of the repast; some boiled alligator and some hippopotamus steaks." While this dinner does not equal in courses some of the elaborate feasts of civilized lands, certainly no one will say that it lacked variety. Lotus seeds form one of the most common dishes known to the Barri of Central Africa. The pods when gathered are bored and strung on reeds and hung in the sun for drying, after which they get to the table. Along the upper Nile another wing of the Barri tribe bleed their cattle monthly and cook the blood with their flour and meal. They esteem this luxury and the dish is eaten with great reliah.—*New York Star.*

Dr. Crowther, of Baltimore, probably owes his life to his parrot. The cries of the bird awakened him at 3 o'clock in the morning. He discovered that his house was on fire, and had barely time to awaken his family and get them out before the building was completely wrapped in flames.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malaria, dispels, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Tumors, or Lump, in the Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, APR. 12, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Markdale *Standard* talked quite learnedly about "green-eyed monsters" last week. People around here do not know much about such things, but it is evidently different in Markdale. We commend the *Standard* for enlightening us in regard to the matter. It has evidently a practical acquaintance with the subject.

The *Standard* published an article anent "Inconsistency" last week. Here again our contemporary gives an excellent and life-like picture of itself! Really the *Standard* must have got into the confessional by mistake. Seldom are people so open and frank elsewhere!

Winter is alright in its place; but when it lingers so long in the lap of spring one begins to wonder whether the summer will escape a frigid embrace from the old rascal or not!

A comparison of the Markdale *Standard's* editorial remarks anent "green-eyed monsters" with those contained in the article immediately following—in reference to one of its own most influential and highly respected townsmen—is rather interesting as well as significant. The world looks green to those who gaze at it through green-colored spectacles, as all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye; but seldom are the public treated to such an astonishing exhibition of verdant greenness as in the case under consideration. If only post-office and printing office could be brought together under one roof, however, *Standard* readers would seldom be afflicted with twaddle about "green-eyed monsters." The green goggles would soon find their way into the "shelf" box!

A glance over the advertising columns of both the Durham newspapers, shows that the leading merchant of upper town is still endeavoring to boom *fall* and *winter* goods, the leading ditto of lower town is earnestly soliciting customers to buy furs, woollens and such like, while the jeweller considers it necessary to let the public know that he has just the right kind of goods for the *Christmas* holidays! Although Flesherton is only 15 or 16 miles distant from Durham, our business men consider it about the right time of year to boom spring millinery and such like, while our Fighting Editor has been on the watch for Spring Poets and Book Agents several weeks. He has filed the bull dog's teeth real sharp and has been practicing on the sand bag every day of

SHORTHAND RITING.

The Fighting Editor Relates His Experience.

A number of persons in Flesherton are striving to become proficient in the science of Phonography, under the wise and energetic supervision of Wm. Irwin, Esq., Principal of our Public Schools. The latter gentleman has few equals in the matter of imparting knowledge. He takes a delight in the business, and by his earnestness and zeal awakens an intense and yearning interest within the breasts of those who are his pupils.

I am slightly inclined to be ambitious. I suppose I inherit it from somebody. A short time ago a yearning desire took possession of my soul to acquire the art or science of Phonography. The idea grew at an amazing rate. Finally I learned to my joy that Mr. Irwin was a shorthander and I made arrangements to take a course with him. I studied the consonants, vowels, diphthongs and occasionally startled my friends by breaking out with such intelligible and edifying monysyllables as ..."Pee, bee, too, chay, jay, kay, gay, em, en, ing, way, omp, ray, arch, yay, kway, gway," and so on. You see I wanted to keep the pesky things fastened in my mind. I noticed people snickering occasionally, but that didn't stop me. Next I tackled the vowels. They bothered me considerably. I got them mixed. Then I'd make a fresh start in an audible tone, thus:—"Ah, eh, ee, aw, oh, oo,' &c. I did this one night after I had retired, and my wife anxiously enquired if I was sick. In reply I took a sudden jump into the dipthongs, "I, ow, oi, u, I, ow, oi, u."

Things went on in this way until I came to the s's. Prefix s and final s, double ss, adding n and f, adding s to pr, prefix st, final st, and all the rest of it. It was about this time that my brains began to knock around amongst each other and mentally ask me to give them a rest. It was no use. My whole being seemed full of s's and hooks and loops. I got mad, but that didn't help me. If anything, the hook and crook fever grew worse. I dreamt of nothing else. Some times, in my dreams, a great big fellow with a huge S on his shoulder would come along and threaten to give me a whack on the head with it. When I awoke in the morning the room seemed full of s's—in fact I wasn't sure but what my whole body was s shaped.

The "half sized consonants" did not trouble me much, except when they came in collision with those maddening s's. Then—but why say more on that score? I am now making a determined assault upon the "W and Y series of Dipthongs" and the "Grammalogues or Letter-Words." I went over the former in the presence of his serene Satanic Majesty of THE ADVANCE printing office in an audible tone, thus: "Wah, weh, wee, waw, woh, woo; yah, yeh, yee, yaw, yoh, yoo.' The devil scratched his head for a minute, winked his left eye solemnly at the Sporting Editor, and then tapped his forehead with painful significance. I stopped suddenly and reached for my Spring Poet Annihilator. The devil skipped out of the road with unusual celerity. Since then I have courted solitude and solitary places and can "wah, woh, wee" and "yah, yoh, yee" to my heart's content.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD BUGGY and a good set of Single Harness for sale cheap. Apply to
JAMES KESTER.
2w. Flesherton.

WANTED.

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock, either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,
MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

FARM to RENT
OR FOR SALE.

BEING Lots 8 & 9, Con 5, Township of Artemesia, containing 136 acres more or less, about 80 of which are cleared. Good Frame Barn and Stable and Roughcast Dwelling House and a good bearing Orchard. Apply on the premises for particulars, or to
ARCH. McPHAIL,
Flesherton Station P.O.
N.B.—Possession given immediately. 355-358

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 24, Con 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.
J. B. SLOAN.

Auction Sale

VALUABLE FARM

In the Township of Osprey.

UNDER and by virtue of the powers contained in a certain mortgage from Alexander McLean to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at LINLEY'S HOTEL, in the village of MAXWELL, by JOHN SPEERS, Auctioneer, on

THURSDAY, APRIL 12th, 1888,

at 12 o'clock noon. The following property, namely:—

Lot number 36, in the Second Range or Concession North of the Durham Road, in the Township of Osprey, containing 50 acres, more or less, of which 30 are said to be cleared and cultivated.

On the premises are said to be a Cedar Log House. Also a Log Barn and Sheds.

TERMS: Ten per cent. at time of Sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors Solicitors.

Toronto March th, 188

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?
Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of
W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.
Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3	85	to $3	95
Fall Wheat	$0	78	to 0	80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0	80
Barley	0	60	0	70
Oats	0	38	0	38
Peas	0	58	0	60
Butter	0	17	0	17
Eggs, fresh	0	12	0	12
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	40
Pork	6	50	6	50
Hay, per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	50	1	06
Geese	0	06	0	06
Turkeys	0	10	0	10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0	60

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to
JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

Change in Business!

The undersigned having bought out S. Spirit's Butchering business in Flesherton, has opened up with a fine stock of Oysters, Salmon, Sardines, Fresh & Dried Meats, Fresh & Salt Fish Sausage, Bologna, &c., and invites the people to call and get acquainted and leave a trial order for anything in the above lines.
JOS. McCONNELL.
Flesherton, Feb. 1st, 1888

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.
Flesherton, Dec. 1st, 1887.

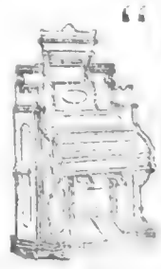

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for anyone to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuses will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams &c., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, often times innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally, from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

Manitoba.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Your "own correspondent" has "something to say" Of weather, and wind, and news of the day.

And will commence with the month of "many weathers," then rambling note as usual, trying to recompense you for your kindness, and benefit others by imparting truthful and useful information through THE ADVANCE, a paper that I, and those who once resided in the County of Grey, cannot well do without, as it is a connecting link between the old world and the new—Ontario and Manitoba.

Telling much that's done and said,
In church and state, by which we're "fed,"
And how Canadians go ahead.

MARCH

Is "Marching on" with its "many weathers," minus thaws and rains, as in Ontario, but windy and snowy—a little. Clear and cloudy, sunshine and, well, a little more WIND. However, as there is such a "sameness" in the winter months here, March would have to seize upon one of the few blizzards to "come in (with) like a roaring lion," or get up a "special" of its own if the blizzard is not "on time."

THIS WINTER,

"They say," is more severe than usual, but has not materially affected out of door operations. Sleighing is good, no "wallowing in the snow," there being only a few inches "o'er the levelled ground," no January thaw, no rain, no mud—just one long cold, cold winter. But you would be surprised to see the school children and others playing out of doors, same as in Ontario. Church-going journeying, &c., but sometimes—

"The bleak wind, in blaster loud,
Drives sailing o'er the snowy cloud,"

and—

Jack Frost bites (King Winter's son
"You'd better believe" a storm's begun.
The whirling wind and drifting snow,
Impede your progress as you go.
Then stay indoors, if you can,
Nor risk your life, presumptuous man.

Yet it is wonderful how well people generally endure the intense cold—in fact many of them seem to *enjoy* it, reminding me of expressions of lunatics, who have regained their reason,—

"There is a joy in being mad,
Which none but mad men know."

Now a few words about—

BLIZZARDS AND CYCLONES.

Much reference is made by Southerners on Manitoba and Dakota blizzards; but give me the blizzards (which are few and far between) instead of cyclones of the South or any other country. A blizzard seldom destroys a building or causes great loss of life; but a cyclone—well, if ever the "Prince of the power of the air" manifests himself *in* the air, as the "evil one," it certainly is in a cyclone; but, fortunately, they do not occur here.

Permit me to change an old saying a little by remarking, that "Spring lingers long in the lap of Winter," although the first spring month has nearly March(ed) out.

ADVICE.

Again I say to all: If you are comfortable where you are, or likely to become so, stay where you are; if not, just come this way, but DON'T LEAVE CANADA.

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, March 28th, 1888.

If you have a cold, cough, bronchitis, or any form of throat or lung disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and cure all ailments of this character.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. James Hanson and family left here last week for Caledonia. Mr. Hanson will reside in Woodstock during the coming summer, where he will practice the veterinary business.

Mr. John I. Graham and wife have left the valley and come up to the Meaford Road to live.

Mrs. Pritchard has removed her store business to the dwelling house on the school premises.

A new boiler of forty-five horse-power has been put in the steam saw mill.

Mr. S. Osburn has bought the old Vandeleur emporium.

Mr. J. C. McConnell has started a waggon shop at Vandeleur.

There is some talk of a wedding in the neighborhood, of which more anon.

Messrs. D. Walker and G. Pritchard are going very extensively into the sugar making business.

TAMARAC ELIXIR is not advertised to cure consumption, but it has made some remarkable cures of persons supposed to be in the first stages of that disease.

Owen Sound.

From our own Correspondent.

Several loud whispers of "Spring!" but no bold assertions for fear the ghost of March may scare April into a fit of snow-storms!

Mr. Chas. Gordon, one of the first settlers of Sydenham, died Mar. 29, at the age of 67.

Mr. J. T. Habart, baker, died suddenly at his residence last week. Deceased had been suffering from asthma.

A farewell supper was given at the Ross House last week, in honor of Mr. W. H. Heart, barrister, who has left town to continue his profession at Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. George Belford, dramatic reciter, appears in Owen Sound this week, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. J. Masson, M. P., was home for his Easter holidays and left again for the capital accompanied by his wife.

Capt. Anderson, of the *Alberta*, and wife, arrived here from Sarnia last week.

The Emma Wells Co. played to good houses here last week. She is the only four-voiced vocalist, and an excellent pianist.

Free medical lectures will be held in the Y. M. C. A. from time to time. Dr. Geo. Dow lectured on "Physiology of the Brain, on Monday evening.

Rev. A. H. Scott, pastor of the Presbyterian Church (Knox) preached his farewell sermon last Sunday evening.

Condensed Novel—Thos. McCleary was taken from the O. S. gaol Saturday, on a conviction of larceny; courted a girl on Sunday, married her on Monday; got drunk on Tuesday; took up residence in the lock-up on Wednesday; was ushered into the Magistrates presence on Thursday, and spent Friday in gaol. He was discharged on Saturday at the earnest request of his wife, so that they might again spend a happy Sunday together!

Mr. W. E. Caiger, Advertising Agent for the Toronto News, says—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a severe and troublesome Cold in the Head. Once using it literally washed out the clogged secretions, and left my head clear as a bell!

Handles to Names.

Hamilton Spectator.

Matthew Arnold admits that he found just one thing about American civilization that meets with his approval. It was that the Americans do not, in addressing a letter, commit the folly of writing "Esquire" after a person's name. That is true: they do not use the useless and meaningless "Esq." at the back end of the name, but they make ample amends for this lapse into common sense by writing "Hon." or "Col." or "Gen." in front of the name. Some time, when the world grows wise, the habit of ornamenting the names of people who have no right to titles will be dropped. Even the "Mr." ought to go. It does not mean anything. "Mrs." is sometimes of some use, as when a lady's name is written "Mrs. John Smith." But if the name be written "John Smith," without prefix nobody could suppose that it meant Mrs. John Smith—it means John himself just as much without the "Mr." as with it. If a man be an honorable, or a Sir, or an M.P., or a Q.C., or a doctor, it is as well to give him his title: but if he is not entitled to some handle to his name the fact is made manifest in "John Smith," just as much as in "Mr. John Smith."

APRIL —|— 1888.

The Flesherton Spring Show is now being held and it is an acknowledged fact that the **Best Prices** *are being secured at the*

FLESHERTON

Furniture Warerooms,

where every purchaser is sure of receiving some valuable prize. Specialties are elegant.

BEDROOM SUITES of New and Tasty Designs.

Slat and Reed Chairs something new and must be seen to be appreciated. Childrens' CARRIAGES which for Style and Beauty of Finish have never been shown in this section before. Perforated, Cane and Wood Seat CHAIRS in endless varieties. CUPBOARDS, SIDEBOARDS, BUREAUS, SINKS, &c. In upholstered goods our show excells all previous displays. To attempt to describe all the different articles on exhibition would end in failure and so we extend a hearty Invitation to all to inspect the best display of Furniture ever shown in Flesherton and remember that every article is for sale Cheap, and last but by no means the least we have much pleasure in announcing that we have the Sole Right to sell the justly Celebrated

New Raymond Sewing Machine

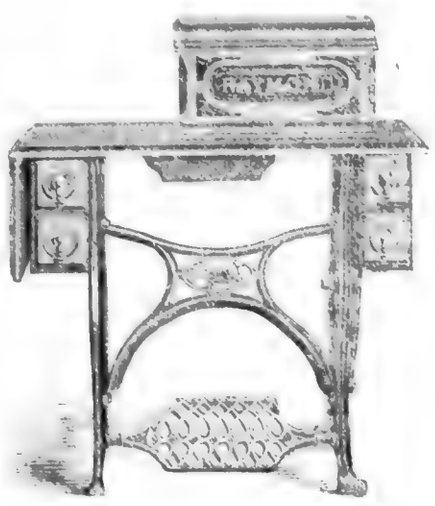

a number of which may be seen at our Warerooms with Prices and Terms Right.

J. E. MOORE,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

DURHAM STREET, FLESHERTON.

POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief in Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head: but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Gentlemen requiring neat and attractive

Horse Bills!

The Flesherton Advance office fills the bill exactly.

GLEANINGS OF TRUTH

In all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

The Advance Office has a most enviable County reputation.

When it comes to

SALE BILLS!

We get there with both feet ahead of all rivals.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, Mondays Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at the lowest rates.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Flesherton.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, C.O., ONT.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of Lands. Appraiser for L. C. C. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Moderate charges, most reasonable terms. Office for MARRIAGE LICENSES, NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAWES,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, &c.

D...

R. J. SPROUL,
...
The Flesherton Advance office fills the bill exactly.
...
James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything...

Miscellaneous.

Gray Champion!
...
Agents, Agents!
NOW READY.—OUR NEW BOOK
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
—OR—
...
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe...
Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 318-365

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

How pleasant it would be, she was thinking, as she leaned there, with the sharp wind reviving her wearied senses, to go away with Guy from all this misery, to be cared for and loved as he would care for and love her, to be his own forever. Dear Guy!

Presently a gay chime of bells rang out, sounding clearly on the keen frosty air, and Alice Fairholme and Ruby came in, in their dainty and very becoming *grenat* velvet dresses, to act as Shirley's tire-women. They gathered up the pretty hair high upon her head and wreathed it with fragrant orange-flowers, and robed her in the glistening white satin and filmy lace, and clasped the diamonds round her throat and on her wrists, and threw the soft lace veil over her, and no lovelier bride did mirror ever reflect than Shirley Ross, as, leaning on her uncle's arm, she walked up the aisle to where Guy stood waiting for her and watching her with his heart in his eyes.

All Shirley's senses seemed quickened in this supreme moment; it seemed to her that she saw all over the church, and that every face of the crowd assembled there was distinct and separate. She saw the pretty eager bridesmaids, Lady Fairholme stately in green velvet and chinchilla, Guy so grand-looking and stately, with the look in his eyes which made her heart thrill. She heard the opening words of the marriage-service; then the sound of galloping horses and flying wheels fell upon her ears. The next moment there was some confusion in the body of the church, and a man breathless with haste, and agitated, came up the aisle—a tall, handsome man, who looked haggard, and wore his right arm in a sling, but whom many present recognized as Sir Hugh Glynn.

"Stop!" he said haughtily and imperatively, conquering his agitation as he reached the bridal party. "This marriage must not continue."

"Hugh!" Guy exclaimed in intense surprise, while Sir Gilbert gently but firmly put him aside.

"By what right do you thus interrupt my niece's marriage, Sir Hugh?" he said, haughtily, his face pale with anger.

"By the best of all rights," was the equally haughty answer. "She is my wife!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Shirley, for the love of Heaven speak. Contradict the story this man is telling so plausibly; let me crush back his falsehoods into his throat. For pity's sake, do not stand there and let him bring such an accusation against you!"

The words broke from Guy Stuart's lips with a force and passion which left him pale as death, and each fell like a blow on the heart of the girl to whom they were addressed, and who dared not lift her eyes to the pleading, anguish-stricken face of the man she loved so deeply, but to whom she had brought the most terrible agony that heart could know.

They were gathered in the oak parlor at Fairholme Court, while the bewildered and startled household whispered among themselves that some dreadful thing had happened, since the bridal carriages had returned almost immediately from the church, and Miss Shirley looked more dead than alive, and Miss Alice was threatening hysterics.

Sir Gilbert, his face stern and grave and full of pain, stood by the mantel-piece, resting his elbow upon it, the old wound, which had never healed, now torn open afresh. Lady Fairholme was trying to soothe Alice, who was crying and laughing alternately; and Oswald, his countenance grave and pained and wondering, had gone to Guy's side, and stood there, with earnest sympathy for the agony in Guy's pale, despairing, anguish-stricken face on his own. Shirley stood alone; but Ruby Capel had crept near her, hiding her face in her hands to still her sobs; and Sir Hugh Glynn, haughty, erect, and resolute, stood by the table, his head thrown back defiantly, his right arm in a sling.

It was a strange scene, and one which those that saw it never forgot. Shirley was the central figure, as she stood at the opposite side of the table to Sir Hugh, her long dress sweeping the floor in glistening, lustrous folds, the lace veil still falling around her, although she had thrown it back from her face, the diamonds glittering at her throat and on her wrists. Her face was white to the lips; a heavy shadow of brooding despair, almost desperation, had fallen upon it, and it had drained the blood from her cheeks, so that she stood motionless and colorless as a statue. It might have been the face of a dead woman for all the life and color which was in it, save when a sudden passionate quiver passed over it, like the quick light of a flame which flickers up ere it dies away

"Shirley," Guy's passionate broken voice said eagerly, "only one word, dear; but no—you need not speak, you need not contradict him. I know that all he has said is false—false as himself."

"But that I pity your suffering, and that I think of our old friendship, such words would not be long unrevenged," put in Sir Hugh slowly, a flush coloring his pale haggard face, and his blue eyes turning to Major Stuart with an angry menace in their depths. "Why is she silent? If she could do so, do you think she would not refute the charge? She knows that I have right on my side, and witnesses to prove that right. Have you such faith in her," he went on scornfully, "that you will not see that she repented the bargain she had made—that she perceived that a baronet with money was better worth having than a penniless officer? Her sex is not usually noted for disinterestedness," he continued bitterly, for the mute scorn which overpowered even the pain on Shirley's pale face lashed him to fury, "You were not very long gone when she permitted me to——"

"Kiss her hand in the hall," gasped Alice Fairholme vindictively through her sobs; and a flash of indignant contempt came into Oswald's eyes as he turned them on his sister's face.

"Thank you, Miss Fairholme," said Sir Hugh. "I am glad to have my assertion corroborated. Yes; it is perfectly true; and, if my subsequent conduct has seemed treacherous to you, Stuart, it is because I believed this lady's assurance that she had written to break off her engagement to you."

Shirley's face changed then; a terrible bitterness, a great horror, an irrepressible loathing came over it, and she lifted her eyes and fixed them on Sir Hugh with an expression he could not meet.

"Shirley," Major Stuart broke out, indignation, entreaty, and pain in his ce, "this is unendurable. Love, you know I do not doubt you—not for one moment—but to satisfy these others utter just one word of denial. Darling, I do not doubt you, remember," he added with earnest tenderness. "It is not to clear yourself in my eyes; I can never doubt you!"

"No, you cannot,—you never will," Shirley said, in a voice so unlike her usual tone that every person in the room turned and looked at her, while Ruby rose quietly and drew nearer to her side.

"It would greatly simplify matters," put in Sir Gilbert sternly, "if you would deny the charge brought against you, Shirley. Where were you on the afternoon of the third of January?"

"I remember," Miss Fairholme said suddenly in the silence which followed. "She was out all the afternoon, and when she came in—quite late it was—she fainted in the hall!"

With a quick look Shirley's eyes turned upon her cousin's face; and Ruby Capel stole nearer to her side and put her arm around her. The girl made no sign that she even felt the gentle caress; she was utterly motionless—only the anguish on her face and the restless eyes showed how she was suffering.

"And I met you in the hall," Sir Gilbert said severely; "and I saw Sir Hugh take leave of you in the hall, and—and——"

His voice failed, and he turned away in great agitation. Every eye in the room was turned on Shirley now, but she did not quail.

"Shirley, why don't you speak?" said her Cousin Alice, quickly, in her clear high tones. "Why don't you deny it?"

"Because I cannot."

The words came slowly and feebly from Shirley's lips, as if her very heart-strings were torn in the utterance, and Ruby Capel felt the shudder that ran through her. For a moment her lids sunk heavily, as if she were going to faint; but the next she rallied and lifted the beautiful head which had drooped, with a gesture of the old queen-like grace.

"Do you mean that you went to Dumfife with Sir Hugh Glynn?" demanded her uncle sternly.

"Yes."

"That at the Half-Moon Inn you passed as his wife and called him your husband?"

"Yes."

"And that this story he has told us is correct?"

"Correct as to the facts," she said, in the same slow faint voice—"yes."

It was painful to hear her as the words fell from her lips; it was terrible to see the agony of scorn and horror which crushed out all the life and beauty of the fair face. Sir Gilbert turned away with a groan; the old wound was deeply probed, and it was bleeding profusely under the hand which had so rudely torn it open.

There was a short silence then, broken by Major Stuart's voice, which was deep and low and strained, from the terrible restraint he put upon himself.

"Shirley," he said, gently, "since you have told that you went to Dumfife with Sir Hugh Glynn, you will tell us now your object in doing so. Why did you go, Shirley? There must have been some pressing reason to make you take such a step."

The look of hopeless anguish deepened in the girl's eyes as they went to his face for a moment, and her lips quivered.

"I cannot tell you," she said, painfully. "Try to trust me still, Guy."

A look of distress and disappointment passed over Major Stuart's face, and his eyes, as they met hers, were full of an entreaty which pierced Shirley to the heart; but she had given a promise to Jack, and she could not tell him now before her uncle and aunt.

"If you can trust me, Guy," she said, piteously, putting out two little supplicating hands, "I will tell you—when—when we are alone."

"When you can use your blandishments to deceive him!" put in Alice Fairholme, with bitter significance. "You are a bad false girl; and I, for one, have never been deceived in you. Sir Hugh's story——"

"Mother," Oswald Fairholme interrupted, with quick earnestness, "take Alice away; she is upset by all this. She does not know what she is saying."

Oswald's tone was too significant and earnest to be disregarded; and Lady Fairholme bent over her daughter, and half led, half forced her from the room, making a sign to Ruby to follow her; but Miss Capel saw by Shirley's quick glance of entreaty that her presence afforded some consolation to the unhappy girl, and she remained and was thanked by a quick grateful look from Captain Fairholme's dark eyes.

"I can trust you without the aid of your blandishments, my darling," Guy said, moving towards Shirley, when Sir Hugh, with a quick movement, came between them.

"Pardon me," he said, haughtily. "You forget, I think, that I claim that lady as my wife."

Guy fell back, paling to his lips, a quick gleam of passion flashing into his gray eyes and a passionate execration rising to his lips. The two men stood for a moment looking at each other, and a glance of terrible menace was exchanged; then Sir Hugh moved back to his place, and turned to Sir Gilbert with perfect courtesy and composure.

"Sir Gilbert," he said gravely, "I cannot tell you how it grieves me to be the cause of so much sorrow and annoyance to you and yours, more especially as I know that this must be a particularly painful thing to you. I loved your niece from the beginning of my acquaintance with her, and I confess that her engagement to my friend gave me deep pain. Had she been satisfied with and happy in that engagement, I should have never interfered; but even in Major Stuart's presence she openly declared that her heart was not in her engagement but her dread of your displeasure made her hesitate to break it off."

"You scoundrel!" Guy cried savagely, between his teeth. "What a tissue of lies!"

"Major Stuart," interposed Sir Gilbert, with a grave dignity that became him well, "I cannot allow you to forget that you are under my roof, and that Sir Hugh Glynn is my visitor."

"Shirley's dread of your displeasure made her hesitate to break off her engagement, of which you and Lady Fairholme cordially approved. Together we devised the plan which we subsequently carried out, I being still under the impression that she had written to Major Stuart to cancel the promise she had given him. You will remember perhaps that on the day following that on which I had made your niece my wife according to the law of the country, I was called away by my mother's illness. On the day that I arrived at Cannes I met with a carriage accident which resulted in a broken arm and some slight head injuries. I could not write to my wife."

A cry of unutterable anguish broke from Shirley and silenced the smooth flow of words which sounded so plausible to the hearers—a cry sharp and sudden. She shuddered from head to foot, as though a red-hot iron had touched her flesh; and for the first time her courage failed her. Her limbs trembled and gave way, she sunk upon her knees, Ruby's arms around her and supporting her, and her head fell back against Miss Capel. But she was not unconscious; she could see and hear all that passed; and something in the helpless attitude bespoke a suffering terrible to witness. It was harrowing to Guy Stuart, to the man who loved her with such a great love, who trusted her with such a perfect faith, to see her there in all the glory of her satin and lace and diamonds, pale and drooping like a flower broken at the stem and left to die.

"I could not write to my wife myself," Sir Hugh went on, rather hoarsely—he too loved her—ay, and loved her well in her way, but selfishly and cruelly; "and I did not like to let another for me; so I waited. As soon as I could spare his attendance, I sent my confidential servant to Scotland to see Shirley. Immediately on his arrival he dispatched a telegram, telling me that my wife was about to marry another man. I left Cannes immediately—at the risk of my life, the physicians said; but that matters little, since I was in time to prevent a crime."

Sir Hugh concluded, as he had spoken, amid perfect silence, and Sir Gilbert, to whom he had addressed himself, bowed slightly. Captain Fairholme was standing with his hand upon Guy's arm, his face full of earnest sympathy and pain because of the anguish and anger upon Major Stuart's dark face; and Ruby, still supporting Shirley in her arms, was watching, with nameless fear, the miserable aching eyes so wide and desolate, the pale lips from which the quick gasping breaths came almost like sobs.

"I must thank you for the patient hearing that you have given me," Sir Hugh continued gravely. "And now let me ask you, Sir Gilbert, what your opinion is. The lawyer—a distinguished member of his profession—Mr. Duncan, of Perth—whom I consulted on the subject, gave it as his opinion that the laws of this country made your niece my wife, and that, even if I wished to do so, I could not disown the marriage."

"It is impossible!" Captain Fairholme cried, breaking in passionately. "Even the abominable law in force in this country cannot make that a marriage!"

"Less even is needed to make a marriage in Scotland," said Sir Hugh, with a slight smile. "It behooves one to be careful in this country, Captain Fairholme. Sir Gilbert will tell you so, I think; and, indeed, if Shirley and myself had done innocently what we did willingly, we should have been equally married, and we should have had to make the best of it."

"Uncle Gilbert"—Shirley's voice, faint, gasping, tremulous, broke in here—"is that true?"

"It is true," Sir Gilbert said, with grave sadness; and a moan like the moan of a man in physical pain broke from Guy Stuart.

Shirley looked at him pitifully; she had known what the answer would be; she knew that less had made her mother the wife of a man whom she had never meant to marry. She felt that all was lost; and yet the misery on Guy's face rendered her desperate. That she should have wounded him, she who loved him so madly, who would have died for him, who would willingly have crept to his feet and prayed for forgiveness as if she had brought this anguish to him wilfully. For his sake she fought against the certainty which seemed to have frozen her blood as she knelt there, inert and powerless, able only to suffer.

"Uncle Gilbert," she said, in a voice so broken with passionate agitation and bitterest pain that it was difficult to understand what she said, "are you sure? Is there no room for doubt? I know—I know my mother's story; but—another judgment! Oh, it is impossible," she cried, rising to her feet with a sudden despairing strength; "it is impossible that a few jesting words can have made me that man's wife. Uncle Gilbert, if you have any pity, tell me that all this is some horrible dream!"

She stood swaying to and fro, as she pushed back the hair from her forehead and ruthlessly swept aside the costly lace. Sir Gilbert could not look at her; she was so like her mother as she stood there, suffering as her mother had suffered, cursed as her mother had been cursed. Ah, if that mother had lived but one short hour more, how differently her child's life would have been ordered, how much anguish she would have been spared!

"Guy," she said, passionately, as Sir Gilbert remained silent, "he might listen to you. He was your friend once."

"My friend? Yes," Guy muttered bitterly, "and therefore his treachery is ten times greater, the villain!"

"Stuart—for Shirley's sake!" interposed Oswald Fairholme, hastily. "Glynn, can nothing be done? Will you not give up this claim?"

"Captain Fairholme, if I wished to back out of the marriage, I could not do so," said Sir Hugh, somewhat impatiently. "Who can tell what may occur in the future to induce your cousin to stand up for the law which she now repudiates? We cannot see into the future; nor can we tell what circumstances may arise to render it advisable in your cousin's eyes that she should claim the title and position which undoubtedly belong to her as my wife."

"His wife!" Shirley echoed, with an expression of unutterable scorn and hatred in her beautiful eyes. "His wife!"

As she uttered the words she realized for the first time what her position was. Loving one man with all her heart and soul and strength—even as Marian Fairholme twenty years before had loved Roland Ross—she was bound for life to another. All the anguish that the mother had borne the child must bear, all the pain of knowing that her present position was her own fault; that she had brought sorrow and despair to darken forever the life for which she would, oh, so gladly, have given her own! The story Latreille had told his master six weeks before had been ably acted upon.

The laws of the land in which they lived had made her the wedded wife of the man who stood watching her with eager blue eyes, in which was some tenderness perhaps, but more triumph. She was married to a man whom not only did she not love and respect, but whom she scorned and contemned and hated for his base treachery, his despicable lies. She was his for all her life, and nothing could keep her from him, no power, no love, no devotion. As the full knowledge of all she had lost broke upon her bewildered senses, her strength gave way. Without a word, without a movement to save herself, she dropped at Ruby's feet, a mass of costly satin and lace and diamonds, and her colorless face was like the face of a dead woman.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Alice, I can't understand you; you are so unlike yourself."

"On the contrary," Miss Fairholme said haughtily, "it is you, Ruby, who seem to have lost all correct judgment and all sense of what is right and wrong."

"I would rather lose all correct judgment than be utterly devoid of compassion and pity, or even common humanity," returned Ruby doggedly.

"I have plenty of compassion and pity for objects that deserve it," said Miss Fairholme scornfully—"not for a girl who by the meanest falsehoods and most despicable behavior has obtained her end and has made herself the wife of one of the wealthiest men in Scotland."

"A girl who by the meanest falsehoods and the most despicable and basest treachery has been trapped into breaking her own heart and the heart of the man whom she loves," corrected Ruby with an angry sob.

"Ah—so she says!" said Alice, sententiously.

"Alice, this is too bad!" cried Ruby passionately through the hot angry tears which rose in her eyes as she looked at Alice's pretty contemptuous face, as, in the prettiest of invalid wrappers, she lay on a couch in the oak parlor.

It was the afternoon of the day following Shirley's wedding day. Already the first terrible excitement was over, and the household had resumed its ordinary routine.

The pretty bridal robes had been folded away, Sir Jasper Stuart's regal wedding-gift had been once more placed upon its satin bed, the decorations had been taken from the walls, the wedding-favors put aside. Only Sir Gilbert's gloomy brow and Lady Fairholme's preoccupied countenance showed that something had gone wrong; and in the servants' hall the men and maids talked with bated breath of the anguish on Guy Stuart's haggard face and of Miss Alice's hysterics—but Miss Ross they did not see.

Sir Hugh Glynn had proved himself perfectly reasonable, and even considerate. He acquiesced cordially in Captain Fairholme's suggestion that legal advice should be obtained; and the same day Oswald and Guy had gone to Edinburgh, where they thought it could be best obtained. Sir Hugh had gone back to Maxwell, declining Sir Gilbert's invitation to remain at the Court. His presence there would be an intrusion, he said, in the present circumstances; he would await Major Stuart's return at his own house.

Alice, whose vanity had received a terrible blow—for she had considered Sir Hugh a captive to her own bow and spear, and was greatly mortified at having lost all chance of such a brilliant *parti*—had chosen to take what she called her cousin's "infamous behavior" so deeply to heart that she was suffering from a nervous attack which required a great deal of attention, but which did not interfere with her flirtation with her brother's friends, both of whom, at Lady Fairholme's request, remained at the Court; while Shirley had not left her room, whither she had been carried in the long death-like swoon which had followed the terrible strain she had endured for so long; and the only persons who had seen her were Ruby Capel and Delphine, Alice's maid, whose romantic heart had been touched by the girl's terrible position, and who, moreover, had all a Frenchwoman's love of intrigue; while Ruby, in her earnest sympathy, had cried till her pretty dark eyes became red and stiff.

On recovery from her long fainting fit, Shirley had behaved very quietly; she was almost too exhausted for anything else. She felt but little, and she feared but little, for all power of thought seemed gone. She pressed Ruby's hand with a faint little grateful pressure when she found her head lying on Miss Capel's shoulder and the pretty piquant face, with a tender pity unusual to it, bending over her; then she closed her eyes wearily again, and let herself drift away into a half stupor which lasted until evening.

Ruby did not leave her all that night. Under her quick impulsive exterior the little heiress hid a very loving heart, and all her pity and tenderness were aroused for Shirley. It did not matter to her that almost every one at Fairholme Court condemned Shirley, she felt it in her inmost heart that the girl was true; and she laid the aching head on her bosom, and pressed her lips to the burning brow with a tenderness which was an inexpressible comfort to Shirley in her desolation.

Toward evening, when Shirley roused up and found Ruby still watching by her pillow, her natural unselfishness asserted itself. She insisted on making Ruby rest on the couch; and, to please her, the girl acquiesced, while Shirley sat beside her, holding her hand in her little hot fingers, and speaking now and then a few words of thankful gratitude for Ruby's tenderness and consideration.

Presently Delphine brought in a tray, and Shirley made a feint of eating, to induce Ruby to have some dinner; and when the evening wore on into night, the two girls went to rest, and Ruby cried herself to sleep in Shirley's arms. But no sleep came to the other girl's wide aching eyes. It seemed to Shirley that she would never sleep again.

The next day passed very quietly. Shirley rose and dressed, looking the very wraith of her former self in the black velveteen dress that she wore; but, with a very natural shrinking from attracting attention, she remained in her own room, in and out of which Ruby flitted, trying to cheer her, and quite happy if she brought a faint smile to the pale stiff lips.

Neither Sir Gilbert nor Lady Fairholme had expressed any wish to see the unhappy girl. Her ladyship indeed thought her guilty of great deception and untruthfulness. She believed with her daughter that Shirley had done her utmost to compass a marriage with Sir Hugh, and had not scrupled to use any means to attain her end. She was, moreover, greatly incensed with Sir Hugh for having paid Alice considerable attention when his real affections were already given to her cousin; and her indignation took the form of a great deal of petting of Alice, whom she persisted in regarding as terribly ill-used, and as suffering greatly from the exhaustion resulting from the shock which such a disgraceful affair had caused her. And Alice, in the most coquettish of wrappers, her pretty hair daintily arranged, lay back upon her cushions and accepted all these attentions, and looked interesting, as Ruby declared angrily, with all her might.

But the effort to look interesting was not necessary just now, for only Ruby was with her in the oak parlor, and she was too angry with Miss Capel for her championship of Shirley to retain the sweet resigned expression which she had so successfully assumed. At present her fair face was disfigured by an expression of vindictive anger and dislike, and her thin lips were drawn down at the corners with scorn and contempt.

"My dear Ruby," she said coolly, in answer to Miss Capel's indignant exclamation, "it is very charming to see such faith as yours; but you must remember that Shirley is my cousin, and that I have known her much longer than you have. I think she is a bad deceitful girl—false to her heart's core; and, whatever the result of Major Stuart's application, I shall never hold any other opinion."

"If you were to see her," returned Ruby sorrowfully, dashing away her tears, too proud to show how much Alice's words wounded her, "you would change that opinion, Alice."

"Do you think I should have any faith in her fainting?" asked Alice contemptuously. "She is an accomplished actress; her long residence abroad taught her that; and, as for her tears, she can call them up at will."

"She has never cried at all," said Ruby sadly. "She just sits still and quiet, as pale as death, and speaks so gently and sweetly when she is spoken to, but with such a strange look in her eyes that I can hardly bear to meet it."

"It is a pity to let your tender heart be lacerated so foolishly," remarked Miss Fairholme. "But it is hardly to be expected that you would be able to fathom such a depth of depravity. People who are true themselves naturally believe in others' rectitude; but indeed your trust is singularly misplaced."

So saying, Alice took up a book which was lying on the gypsy table at her elbow, as a sign that she considered the conversation finished; and Ruby rose sorrowfully from her chair and stood looking down into the fire, with a mist between her eyes and its red glow.

"Then you will not come, Alice?" she said, after a long pause; and Miss Fairholme lifted her eyes from her book, with a puzzled expression, as if she did not understand.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, sweetly.

"You will not come with me?"

"Where, Ruby?"

"To see Shirley. It would only be kind of you, Alice dear, and I am sure it would make her less unhappy. She feels so much," Ruby added earnestly, "that this has brought sorrow on you, more especially because she fears——"

The girl hesitated and colored slightly.

"She is very good," Alice said scornfully. "What does she fear?"

"That you cared for Sir Hugh, and——"

"Her fears and her sympathy are both superfluous," said Miss Fairholme, taking up her book once more. "I will not see her, Ruby; so it is quite useless troubling me any more. I am not equal to any more of her scenes; her acting is too much for my nerves. My cousin has certainly missed her vocation."

"Alice, how cruel you are!" Ruby exclaimed, indignantly, as she turned away; and Alice laughed mockingly as she left the room, closing the door after her with a bang.

"I hope that will upset your nerves," she said, angrily, as she passed into the hall. "You may have nerves, Alice Fairholme, but you have no heart. Poor Shirley!"

She stood for a minute hesitating in the hall; the wintry dusk was gathering round, and it would soon be time for the lamps to be lighted. Just now the great blazing fire threw a red lurid light over the hall, which reached even the windows on either side of the hall door—broad low windows with wide cushioned window-seats, in one of which Ruby's quick eyes perceived a little crouching figure.

"Shirley!" she exclaimed, as she went toward the window; and Shirley turned her face toward her with a little smile which, to Ruby's eyes, seemed sadder than any tears.

She was sitting on the window-seat, resting her head against the pane of glass, and her lovely eyes so desolate and sorrowful were peering out into the gathering dusk beyond.

"What are you doing here, dear?" Ruby said, making her voice cheerful by a strong effort. "Is it not cold for you, Shirley?"

"Cold, Ruby! Feel how nice and warm my hands are."

Nice and warm! They were dry and hot and burning with fever as Ruby took them fondly in hers.

"I could not bear my room any longer," she said then, with a pitiful little attempt at playfulness. "The quiet worked on my nerves, I suppose, for I got restless; and I came here because—because——"

"The dog-cart has gone to the station,' said Ruby, gently, "and you would see it first from here."

(To be continued.)

Good in Everything.

I see in nature's open book
What goodly things to us are sent,
And in my neighbor's friendly look
What soon dispels my discontent;
These all awake a sense of good
That weans my heart from solitude.

We're not alone in this wide sphere,
We have companions who are just,
And friendly voices, far and near,
Whose gentle words we still may trust,
Yes! Every flower and spreading tree
Doth whisper: "We are made for thee."

I see the good that lies around,
I feel the joy that makes me free,
Heaven sendeth forth a happy sound,
That fills my soul with melody;
Beauty is spread o'er earth and sky,
The air breathes naught but harmony.

There is no winter in the heart
Of him who doth a useful deed;
Of what he gives he hath a part,
And this supplieth all his need;
Like to the husbandman who knows
His wealth increases as he sows.

MASKS OF HUMAN FLESH.

Dried Heads Used for Gods—Papuan Medicine Dances.

The most remarkable masks known to the museum collectors are the masks of human flesh, says a St. Louis *Globe* writer. The preservation of human heads apart from the bodies has been a very widespread custom, both in savage ages and among half-civilized peoples. But the mask composed of the flesh of a human face is peculiar to the islands of the South Seas and to some parts of South and Central America. The New Zealanders had a practice of preserving the entire head, either as a trophy or as a fetich, or perhaps both. The bones of the skull were removed, and the flesh impregnated with some embalming substance that dried it to the consistency of tough leather. Thus preserved, the head of a man of ordinary size shrank until no larger than a good-sized orange, but still retained most of the characteristic features of the countenance. Much rarer, however, than those embalmed heads are the human masks from the South Seas. A very peculiar specimen of one of these is seen in the British Museum. It is composed of the flesh of a chieftain killed in war, and is remarkable not so much for the preservation, nor for the care with which the work of embalming was done, as for the fact that the mask is heavily jewelled. The eyes are formed of pyrites, the nose is set with the delicate and beautiful shells found in the South Seas, and a curious mosaic of black obsidian and green tortoise runs in bands across the face, while here and there, with no apparent regularity, are set separate beads of colored stone. It is a true mask, the back part of the skull and the bones of the face having been removed, and the best authorities express the opinion that this mask was used as an idol, or on the face of a Mexican priest during the ceremonies pertaining to human sacrifice. Among savages religious, festive and social occasions are synonymous, and on most such masks are used either to hide the face from the deity or to furnish mirth for those gathered to see the sport. Many dances among the Papuans were entirely private and of a religious character, no strangers nor women being allowed to enter. The Papuan masks are highly colored in red, white and black bands across the face, figures appearing also in other parts of the countenance. The frame work is of wood, built up with cocoanut shell. The beard of the nut is used for hair and whiskers. On each side of the mouth projects a long boar's tooth, the points recurving toward the eyes. Sometimes these Papuan masks have protruding tongues, and occasionally from the mouth projects an arrow or fish, while more rarely the head of an animal is used either for nose or chin, or both. The mask is also used for the dak dak, or medicine dance. When a chieftain or person high in authority among Papuans becomes sick a man is hired to do the dak dak. He dresses himself in palm leaves, puts on a mask, performs certain incantations in private, begs from door to door and from every person he meets any small gift they choose to bestow as a reward for his services; then performs other unknown incantations, winding up with a visit to the sick man, who, the Papuans naively state, either gets well or dies, according to the faith he has in the medicine man and the wonderful mask.

The Class in Scripture.

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday School class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels." "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," was the quiet response. "What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday School class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, "The baby, please, ma'am." "Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all!" observed a sharp boy to his mother who prided herself on her orthodoxy. "My child!" she exclaimed in pious horror, "what does the Bible say?" "That's just it," he answered. "It says that 'Solomon slept with his fathers.' Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself." A teacher in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: "Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?" One of the scholars eagerly replied: "Yes, mum." "And why, Marmaduke?" "'Cause." "Because, why, Marmaduke?" "Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma cotch him and tuck it away from him!"—*Chambers' Journal.*

Nearly all the Washington churches were supplied yesterday by women. The International Council was opened at 3 o'clock by a sermon from Rev. Annie Shaw, which was a masterly effort. The Opera House would not hold the people who came to hear her, hundreds being turned away. Clara Hoffman addressed an overflow meeting in the Foundry Church.

The portraits of Chief Justices Armour and Galt are to be painted by Mr. Berthon and will shortly adorn the walls of Osgoode Hall.

NOVEL FEMININE FASHIONS.

(Cousin Kate's Contribution.)

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes, and as Eastertide draws near she consults the calendar rather than the thermometer in arranging her wardrobe. It is sadly true that not infrequently, instead of Easter sunshine, a cold drizzle has effectually dampened the hopes of womankind in reference to appearing in spring freshness and finery on that day of days; and at other times "a frost, killing frost," has flushed pretty faces with disappointment (and, alas! pretty noses with cold). So that, instead of wearing the new raiment which blooms in the spring and naturally befits the feast of the resurrection, disgusted femininity has had to sing its Easter anthems clad in Christmas clothes.

But these disappointments fade out of recollection before another year rolls around. Hope springs eternal in woman's breast, and in spite of all prior discouragements she makes her preparations next time with as entire a confidence in the benevolent designs of the clerk of the weather, as if she'd positive knowledge that a special consignment of summer airs and sunshine had been shipped to her address, to arrive that day.

In all the fashions for this season of 1888—and their name is legion—there is but one inflexible rule, but one unalterable law, the law of loveliness. Therefore, let every woman make herself as beautiful as she can according to her lights and her pocketbook, and however this desirable result is reached, let her rest assured that so far as "being in the fashion" goes she's entirely safe from criticism.

The gowns which are being finished off for Easter Sunday are mostly of woollen material, either entirely or in part. And a truly marvellous variety of patterns are shown in this fabric.

The shops are literally full of these stuffs and the prices at which they are offered are notably reasonable.

Cashmeres seem to have taken a new lease of popularity. These plaid colors are combined either with a woollen striped, plaided or figured material, or with any kind of silk that the wearer fancies. The underskirt is made very plainly. No pleatings are required at the foot. Frequently a few broad, flat folds are laid from the waistband to the hem, to fill in a space left exposed by looping the drapery very high above point. Polonaises of the plain goods look well over underskirts of the fancy stuff, which is then used for draperies or revers on waist and sleeves.

There are numerous pretty mixed cheviots. These are also double width, so that in buying them one need get only one-half the quantity required of single goods.

Very pretty checked and striped surahs have been offered this week at two New York shops. They are in black and white, blue and white, browns, darkest greens and mahogany and terra-cotta shades. These silks do not crease easily and are cool and light to wear. They combine very nicely with the plain cashmeres.

Where two colors are desired in a suit the following go well together: Gobelin blue and cream or suede; dark green and reseda (mignonette green); green and copper shades; brown looks well with chamois, and grays with white or cream.

Faintly shaded stripes and "invisible" checks are suitable for tailor-made dresses. Short cloth jackets will be in great favor. Many of these are in some dark color and are cut to hang open in front, showing a white or light colored cloth waistcoat underneath which buttons up to the throat and is trimmed with braid. White cloth jackets are likely to be as popular this season as red and suede have been in former times. But they are not a good investment for a woman who wants to get much wear out of her spring garment, as they soil quickly, besides being too conspicuous for most occasions in town. In the country they will look charming.

Very pretty little mantles are designed for spring. Some of them are shaped exactly like a dress body, cut with little tabs in front and a small coat-tail at the back. They are sleeveless and have epaulets. These may be made of silk, grenadine or net, and should be more or less covered with beads and fringe and dangling ornaments, with ribbons fastening them in front at throat and waist.

A Romantic Commercial Career.

A remarkable career was brought to a close by the death of Mr James Morton, in a private home in Glasgow, on Monday morning. He was closely connected with the disastrous failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878. Commencing life as a farm boy, he afterwards sold milk from house to house in the streets of Glasgow, and subsequently opened a stationery shop in the same city. After failing, in 1847 he became associated with several gentlemen in the Australian trade, and went heavily into New Zealand land speculations. Immediately after the bank stopped payment, James Morton's failure was intimated with liabilities of £3,461,034. The City Bank had advanced him £2,173,000. For many years Mr. Morton had financed the affairs of the bank, and it was in return for this service that he exercised the privilege of drawing whatever money he needed for his own operations. After his disgrace in connection with the bank failure he returned for a time to his original occupation, and again drove a milk-cart through the streets of Glasgow. But misfortune continued to follow him, and before his death he was reduced to a condition of extreme poverty. The story of Mr. Morton's career is one of the most romantic chapters of modern commercial history.

Revolution in Leather Tanning.

A newly discovered process of tanning leather promises to revolutionize the business. By its manipulations hide can be tanned in two hours and a half, where it requires six to eight weeks by the old method. The leather tanned by the process is soft and pliable as it was previous to the soaking process. Another remarkable fact about the method is the small amount of room required to perform a large amount of work. As much work can be done by this method in a building twenty by twenty-five feet as can be done under the old process on a plot of several acres.

—The man who cries, "Let all arm" may be called an all-armist.

THE WAYS OF BOYS.

M. Quad Believes in Letting Them Learn Some Things by Experience.

I can look back down the lane of the past and see where my father failed to hit the nail on the head in managing his boys, albeit no one can doubt he did what he thought for the best. There comes a day in every boy's life when he wants to be a pirate. It looks silly to us grown folks, but that boy is in dead earnest. It is no way to grab him by the collar and rush him to the woodshed and bang him around and growl:

"Want to be a pirate, do you? Want to go around cutting throats and scuttling ships, eh? Want to have a rendezvous up some lagoon and boss a band of Spanish cutthroats? Now, boy, I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

If my boy caught the pirate fever I should call him in and kindly say:

"Now, James, I did want to make a lawyer of you, but pirating is the next thing to it and I am not going to scold. If you bend your energies to the task you will climb to the top and become a boss pirate. I should like to buy you a Cunarder and start you off in first-class shape, but, unfortunately for us both, I am poor. The best I can do is to give you a dollar in cash, and you may take along the butcher knife, my old pistol and most anything else you think will come handy. Write to us as often as you can, boy, letting us know how many treasure galloons you have captured to date, and how the general crops promise in your section, and when adversity overtakes you, and when you want $6 or $7 to pay your fare back to the old roof tree, don't hesitate to telegraph to me."

If the boy attempted to back out after this talk I should rather insist upon his going. If he could be induced to travel off about ten miles, and to put in a night in a fence corner or a hay stack, he would return next day so changed that you would have to look at him twice to know him. He'd find such a difference between commanding a pirate ship in his mind and crowding up to a rail fence to keep the shivers off that a new page in the book of life would be open to him.

If I had a boy who had read of green islands and wrecked sailors until he could shut his eyes and see parrots and monkeys and cocoanuts and waving palms—if he had firmly made up his mind that he never could be happy until cast away on an island and reduced to a goat skin overcoat, I should take him out behind the barn and say:

"My son, I see you are not happy; you evidently hunger for something which my limited means will not permit me to tote home. I think you want to be wrecked. Very well. There's the river and an old skiff, and you can find an island a few miles down. Get two or three pieces of tarred rope, a plug of navy tobacco and a fish hook and go on with the wrecking business. If you like it come home at the end of a week and I'll send you to the Pacific, where the mosquitoes are bigger and the cannibals more numerous."

If the boy went I should expect him back next morning—certainly at the end of two days, and when he got back the subject should be tabooed forever.

No father should be surprised if his boy develops a yearning to become a mighty nimrod. There is something highly fascinating in the idea of knocking over buffaloes, lions, tigers, elephants and giraffes, and of successful encounters with alligators and boa constrictors. It makes one's mouth water to think of juicy antelope steaks and buffalo sirloin, and the boy who doesn't want to be a hunter must be lame or blind. When signs begin to crop out the father should be ready. Take the boy out and sit down on a log with him and say:

"James, it's a burning shame for me to keep you around home here and spoil your whole future. I came across a bar of lead, half a pound of salt and a loaf of bread which you secreted in the cat bin as a starter for going west. There's no need of any slyness, my son. I want you to go. I shall be proud of you if you become a great hunter. I'll lend you the shotgun and two horse blankets and a frying pan and help you carry 'em to the nearest piece of woods. If you'll stay there three days and nights then I'll fit you out and send you to the Black Hills."

How long would he stay? He'd be almost certain to come sneaking into the back door before bed time, but if he put it off until morning so much the better. He'd have the whole night in which to turn pale, look about with wild eyes, shiver at every sound, hold his breath at the hoot of an owl, and to promise himself over and over again:

"Just let me live till morning and I hope to die if I ever leave home again!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bishop's Matrimonial Motto.

Bishop Thomas, of Salisbury, was married four times, and on the last occasion he had this motto put inside the wedding ring:

If I survive
I'll make them five.

In one of his visitation charges he gave his clergy an account of his method of dealing with the various ladies, and said, "Why, should my present and fourth wife die, I will take another, and I have a presentiment that I shall outlive her. Perhaps you don't know the art of changing your wives. I'll tell you how I do. I am called a very good husband, and so I am, for I never contradict them. But, don't you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that circumstance alone is exercise and health to all women. But give them their own way, and they will languish, pine, and become lethargic for want of this exercise, and you will soon be quit of them."

Out of the Question.

Old lady—Where do you keep your unbleached cotton?

Parenthetical floor-walker—Walk this way, madame.

Old lady—Land sakes! I couldn't walk that way if he was to give me the whole store!

If Col. Ingersoll had been snow-bound in New Jersey and charged by a native $1 for a pie his belief that there is no future punishment would have suddenly undergone a radical change.

The Republican State Committee met on Saturday in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and decided to hold their State convention at Buffalo on May 26th.

THE BANSHEE'S WARNING.

A Curious Creature that Told a Man of His Mother's Death.

Michael Phelan, the vigilant night watchman at the Planters' House, tells some queer stories of his experiences in Ireland before he decided to emigrate:

"Once I saw a banshee. It was many years ago, in King's County, Ireland, about forty miles from Dublin. During the summer months there the twilight is very long, and late one afternoon, when the sun had gone down, I happened to walk over to the farm of a man named Michael Burns. Well, as we stood and talked my friend suddenly said: 'Mike, do you want to see a banshee?' Of course I did, and when I looked where he pointed, sure enough, there in the lane, creeping along near the hedge was a wee bit of a thing not more than three feet high. It looked like a little girl, only its hair, which was long and yellow, fell down its back clear to the ground, and as it crept along it whimpered and moaned just like a child in pain. My friend looked very grave, saying: 'That's a family banshee, and I'm afraid some of my relations are going to be sick.'

"Pretty soon I left, but not before a neighbor had come riding up, and told my friend to make haste as his mother had been taken very ill. The next day I learned that the poor woman had died before her son reached her. Oh, the banshees are queer things, and they never let any one come near them. Another man I knew came across one sitting in a cornfield, near the fence. When he suddenly appeared, it ran out of sight among the corn, but it dropped its comb from its yellow hair, and the man picked it up and put it in his pocket. That night the banshee came near the house and whined so piteously that the man dropped the comb out of the window. The banshee then left, and when a search was made next morning it was found that the comb had disappeared, too."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Latest Scottish News.

Sir George Trevelyan has been elected Hon. President of the Glasgow University Club.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, when visiting Glasgow on May 8th, will be Lord Hamilton's guests.

J. Campbell, fisherman, Lochmaddy, has got four months for passing off a polished farthing for a sovereign.

Rev. Dr. William Adamson, Buccleuch Evangelical Union Church, Edinburgh, has declined the invitation to be the ministerial colleague of Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, City Temple, London.

Mr. John Dunlop, the solicitor, of Greenock, who recently disappeared, and for whose apprehension a warrant was granted, has committed suicide at Bath by cutting his throat with a razor.

Bailie Brice, Inverkeithing, recently said that "though his gray hairs ought to protect him, the meanest pig-sticker in Scotland would not have insulted him as Councillor Auld, butcher, had done."

Mr. James S. Gow, merchant, and lately bank agent in connection with the Commercial Bank, and estate factor, suddenly expired in Lybester on the 12th of March. He was widely-known over Caithness and the north of Scotland.

There were great rejoicings on the Wemyss estates on the 8th of March, over the birth of a son and heir. The young heir is the twenty-eighth in direct descent from Hugo, the son of Gilliemichael, third from Macduff, Maormor of Fife, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore.

The death is announced of Mr. John Sturrock, solicitor, Kilmarnock, in the 78th year of his age. Before his retirement, some years ago, Mr. Sturrock was Dean of Faculty, and one of the most successful and highly-esteemed of his profession in Ayrshire. In literary and other local institutions he had long taken a deep and public-spirited interest.

At Edinburgh, on March 15th, Robert Kerr, bank clerk, formerly employed by the British Linen Banking Company at Coldstream, was charged with stealing £1,100 in bank notes. He hid the notes in his father's haystack and next day confessed. It was alleged that he was weak in his mind and almost irresponsible. The Sheriff sent him to jail for 15 months.

Peace by Compulsion.

Fred. D——, 5 years old, had to learn a verse to recite at Sunday school. His verse was: "Blessed are the peacemakers." He did not exactly understand what it meant, and his mother explained it to him, telling him that whenever he saw two boys quarrelling or fighting he must be a little peacemaker and try to stop them. The next night as he was being undressed he said: "Mamma, I was a little peacemaker to-day." "Were you?" said his mother: "how?" "I saw two little boys fighting in the street and I stopped them." "That's a good boy," said the mother, giving him a kiss; "and did you part them?" "Why, I just ran up and fired stones at them till they stopped fighting and ran away."

Absent Minded United States Men.

They say that General Lew Wallace is so absent minded that he sugars his boiled eggs and salts and peppers his coffee. Rufus Choate, however, knew a man who was so absent minded that after declaring that he had left his watch home he deliberately took it out of his pocket to see whether he had time to go home and get it. Still the best case of this kind is where a bank cashier abstracts $10,000 without knowing it and then goes to Canada to find out what the directors are making a fuss about.—*New York Herald.*

Those Counter Lunches.

Young Slimley—Waitah, will you be kind enough to put a spoonful of my oyster stew in my mouth. I've been here half an hour and the smell is all I've got of it.—*Judge.*

Sir Alexander Galt and his two daughters will be passengers by the steamer Vancouver from Halifax for Liverpool.

Mr. J. Cook, the new governor of the Waterloo county jail, left New Hamburg yesterday to enter upon his duties at Berlin. On Tuesday evening he was entertained at an oyster supper by his many friends in and around New Hamburg and presented with a handsome leather-covered easy chair. The ladies of the English Church choir, of which he has been a most useful member for the past eight years, gave him a handsome prayer book and hymnal companion.

A WELL-GROOMED GIRL.

How a Clever Mamma Carried Her Delicate Daughter Through a Washington Season.

"There are few things in the world tougher for a woman than the Washington season," said a Senator. "You remember Miss Seabright, do you not?"

"The girl who married the Boston lawyer last year? Yes, I remember."

"Well, Miss Seabright was not tough. She was willowy and fragile—just the girl for Washington to kill off in one season. And her mother knew it and that knowledge is what saved Miss Seabright. She brought the young lady here to put her through a course of Washington society—to have her see it, and it see her, and maybe the old lady—not so very old either—had some idea of the Boston denouement; who knows? At any rate she took the girl—Chloe, I think she was called—and watched her all winter as an anxious nurse would watch a patient. She sent her aunt into society with her and she did the heavy work at home. She kept everybody still and compelled favorable and soothing conditions so that Chloe could sleep till 12. Then she lifted her up from bed and carried her to the bath and bathed her, permitting the girl to make no exertion herself. She rubbed her with dry towels, clothed her, fed her with nourishing food and in the afternoon made the grand rounds as her escort. At 5 o'clock she brought her charge home, fed her and put her carefully to bed, watching at her bedside. An hour before the time of setting out for the night's rounds she woke her, gave her a bath and prepared her for the exertion. She kept that girl alive that winter by grooming her constantly with exactly the same care that Sullivan's trainer bestows on him before a prize-fight, or a jockey gives a race-horse of Epsom Downs. And in the spring, when everybody else was jaded out and sick and ready to drop, Chloe was as spry as a cricket, though without strength enough to refuse Cartwright. That's just the way all mothers ought to manage their society girls."—*Washington Special to the New York Mail and Express.*

Easter Flowers of Fashion.

Easter bonnets and hats are generally of straw and usually trimmed with ribbons of silk or velvet and small clusters of spring flowers. A pretty fancy is to have a little bunch of violets tied loosely together, with green stems showing, caught among the loops. Other bonnets are made with a full ruching of lace, either black or colored, forming the front of the snug-fitting little capote, while the crown is of loosely folded silk; soft rosettes of the lace and a cluster of flowers trim the top. These bonnets, and all bonnets as well, are worn with or without strings, at the fancy of the wearer. And any kind of string that is becoming will be equally desirable. A plump and pleasing "moon-faced" girl will find that a trim little "bridle" of velvet, fastened with pretty pins, looks best under her round chin. A woman with an oval Madonna face will frame it in folds of soft lace, tied in a large loose bow, a bunch of little narrow ribbons fluttering out midway between her left ear and the dimple on her chin will best suit another style of beauty, and so on through an infinite variety.

A good way to insure having a dress body that fits perfectly is to either match your plain goods with a jersey waist, or, if that is not possible, buy a light-colored one and have it dyed, then use this for the foundation, which you can trim as you choose to correspond with the skirts of your gown. This plan is especially convenient for stout figures, that always present more difficulties to the unskilful or inexperienced dressmaker than those of slenderer proportions.

Gingham and lawn dresses for little 3-year-old girls are made with yokes, belted at the waist line and have full skirts of two and a half breadths.

Veils of grenadine or silk tissue, dotted with chenille, are worn. Corded pique comes in delicate blues, pinks and browns, as well as cream tints.

Transparent hats and bonnets will be worn by and bye made of black, white and colored figured and dotted lace. A novel hat of black straw has the entire top of the crown removed. The opening is wreathed with small roses and foliage, and two or three thorny stems cross from side to side. The wide brim of black fancy straw is lined with quillings of lace and caught up on one side by a cluster of the flowers.

A Novel Ball.

As yet we haven't had a rose ball here, but undoubtedly after Easter will see one. You must know that a rose ball doesn't permit the presence of a man, and is intended for unmarried girls. Fifty is usually the number invited, and of the fifty twenty-five are selected to masquerade as gentlemen. The costume is quite proper, for a ball skirt is worn, the touch of masculinity being in the pink satin waistcoat and coat, the high collar and shirt front. The description sounds rather tame, but the reality is larky beyond everything. Fifty of the young women of to-day can make a livelier ball than a thousand of the men. The dancing is usually unique, especially after supper, and it is said the knowledge that some of the young dears display when they make love in the corner or the conservatory is like the jewels worn by Tom Moore's immaculate young women, "rich and rare." That there will be little left for the men to teach the roses is true; one knowing young woman can educate the other forty-nine, and so they cannot longer be called ingenue.—*Boston Letter in Chicago Tribune.*

A stained-glass window was recently set up in the parish church at Elstow, the birth-place of Bunyan. It forms the jubilee memorial for Elstow, and is the fifth window of stained glass that the church now possesses. Two of the others illustrate the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War."

A heavy gas explosion occurred at Flowery Fields colliery, four miles from Pottsville, Pa., on Saturday night. The miners were charging the shaft when a spark from a lamp dropped into some scattered powder, igniting an accumulation of gas in a breast. James George, a miner, was fatally, and David Lewis, a pumpman, seriously injured. Several others were hurt.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Fead & McCutcheon, general merchants, Shelburne, have assigned.

Mr. Duncan Robertson, a St. Vincent pioneer, died on the 1st inst., aged 72 years.

Mr. Wm. McDonald, a prominent citizen of Meaford, died on the 30th ult. aged 75 years.

Mr. Angus McNeil, the new landlord of the McAllister house, Durham, took possession last week.

Fletcher Winch, of Elderslie, was recently fined $ and costs for using profane and grossly insulting language.

The aggregate number of pupils in the Meaford public schools registered for the month of March was 460.--Mirror.

Rev. J. C. Farthing, of Durham, has accepted a call from Woodstock, a fact generally regretted by his late parishoners.

John Colbert, of Owen Sound, got his leg broken by a heavy plank falling on it. Fellow-workmen made him up a purse of money.

A Wiarton lawyer and a citizen of the same place had a pugilistic encounter last week, in which the former came off second best.

Mr. Wm. Dieterlie, jeweller--formerly of Thornbury and latterly of Toronto—is dead. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Meaford boys go fishing in the bay on Sundays, whereat the Mirror expresses just indignation and calls the attention of the authorities to the matter.

The Chesley Enterprise is a very spicy paper in every respect. Its editorials are splendidly written and its local news items are racy and pointed.

An alleged post-office robbery caused some excitement in Hanover recently. A gentleman was accused of the theft, brought before the magistrates and honorably acquitted.

The Creemore Advertiser :—"A. Gillespie, our Postmaster, has his new building nearly completed and has within it the Yale Standard new style Post-Office Cabinets and Outfits, which constitutes a working post-office complete in itself. The office is second to none we have seen in any country town or village for style and convenience."

The officers of Shelburne A. O. U. W. lodge paid Mrs. McCutcheon $2,000 recently, being amount of insurance in the society held by the late Mr. McCutcheon.

Mr. Chas. Gordon, who had been 45 years a resident of Sydenham township, and at one time Local Superintendent of Schools for North Grey, died on the 29th ult., aged 67 years.

Robt. J. Casement, of Bentinck, was recently thrown out of his cutter and received a severe blow behind the left ear which rendered him partially unconscious The cutter was broken in twain.

The Durham Review publishes the names of three men who subscribed for that journal and then moved away without paying up. Two of the men named played the same trick on us as well as on several other editors.

The respective editors of the Post and Advertiser, of Orangeville, have been exchanging "compliments" recently. They frequently do. Last week Bro. Kennedy had his innings and it must be confessed that he got in his work in red hot shape.

"Henry Too," of Arthur, stole a sheep and sold it to a Mt. Forest butcher last week. The owner came along and claimed the animal before it was slaughtered. He got it and now the butcher is out several dollars in cash and has gained an equal amount in experience.

Not a single individual from the 30th side line in Elderslie to the town line of Sullivan, a distance of a mile and a quarter, either chews or smokes tobacco or drinks any kind of intoxicating liquor. If there is any other tract of country of similar extent in the county that can make the same boast, we would like to hear of it.—Chesley Enterprise.

Dundalk village constable feels his oats occasionally. A respectable, quiet and law-abiding man, was hauling telegraph poles through the streets of that village recently, when his horses got stuck. Instantly the Village Constable (with a big C) pounced upon the unoffending man, dragged him off the load, yanked him around a bit, sassed him, and called him "liar," "crank," &c. Of course Dundalk is incorporated.

Constable Finbow and twenty men went to Shelburne on Friday morning last to arrest Thompson and Black, two hotel-keepers, who defied the constables. Black could not be found but Thompson was seen escaping from the roof of his house where he was followed by Finbow and arrested. He was brought down and as the constables started off with him to Orangeville they were assaulted by a crowd of one hundred village roughs who had congregated. The constables fought bravely and maintained their man whom they took to Laurel where he paid his fine and costs amounting in all to $118. Later on in the day Andrew Jelly and a man named Atkinson were arrested for assaulting the constable. They were brought to Orangeville jail where they remained till the next day when they were bailed.—Dufferin Advertiser.

ARTEMESIA PARLIAMENT.

What was Done at the Last Session Thereof.

Council met in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday, April 2nd. Members all present, Premier Christoe in chair.

Petition from W. Ferguson and others, Priceville, re McArthur sisters.

Postage account from R. J. Sproule for $1.81 ordered paid.

McArthur, Boland—That By-Law No. 422, appointing Township officers, be now read a third time, signed and entered in By-Law book.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the petition of W. Ferguson and others be entertained and that this Council grant the McArthur sisters $5 for charity, they being in indigent circumstances.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Reeve be and is hereby instructed, upon application from the Trustees of Union School Section No. 12, Artemesia and Glenelg, to issue his order in their favor for the interest accrued on sinking fund of said School Section.—Carried.

McArthur, Boland—That the Auditors Report, as finally audited by the Special Committee, be adopted, and that the Clerk be and is hereby instructed to get 200 copies of the same printed in pamphlet form; also that all standing By-Laws be printed in appendix thereto for distribution.—Carried.

Boland, McArthur—That Mr. Meldrum and Mr. Brodie, Township Auditors, be paid $12 each for their services.—Carried

McArthur, Sharp—That T. B. Gilliland's account for surveying and plan, amounting to $13, be paid.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the appropriation for the improvement of roads be, for each Ward, $150; and that $100 be appropriated for the improvement of streets in unincorporated villages within the Township, a percentage of the value of assessment in each village respectively, and that the Councillor of his respective Ward be a commissioner to let and oversee the work and his commission shall be 8%.—Carried.

Boland, Sharp—That the Pathmasters of the village of Flesherton be permitted by order of Clerk and Reeve to draw a sum not to exceed $100 on acct. of statute labor for said village for 1888.—Car.

Boland, McArthur—That $150 be appropriated to build a bridge across the Beaver River on Davis' deviation.—Car.

Councillors paid for day's session.

Adjourned.

Catarrh, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with catarrh. This disagreeable disease, in its most obstinate and dangerous forms, can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

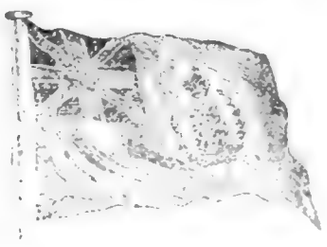

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter--Wool and Hides. Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON

Roller Mill!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

—AND HAVE GOT IN THE—

VERY LATEST IMPROVED

Roller Plant

And capable of turning our First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers

Good Yields and first-class Flour.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

P.S.—I don't belong to the Millers' Association or any of the Miller Secret Societies as it has been reported by some of the Milling fraternity.—W.B.

March 19th, 1888.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

—DEALER IN—

Stoves, AND ALL KINDS Tinware,

Copperware, Sheet Iron, Metal work,

Eavetrough - a - Specialty.

SHOP--RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Wm Mitchell 1Jan57

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 356. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT.

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Specs, Plateware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound. That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN.

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

Fleshertom Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also, REPAIRING of all kinds done on short notice and reasonable terms. Special Attention given to Horse Shoeing.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

BLAKELY BROS

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Tit - Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

A [illegible] received at Richardson & Co's.

Have you seen the new [illegible] blinds at Richardson & Co's?

Mr. Bradford Powell, whose arm was so [illegible] is doing as well as could be expected. Hopes are entertained that he will not lose the use of his injured arm.

Glass, Chimneys & Crockery of every description at Richardson's Hardware store.

All members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are requested to be present at their meeting next Wednesday evening, 25th, at Mrs. Clayton's, to discuss having the County Convention held in Flesherton.

Alabastine can be had at Richardson & Co's, the cheapest and best wall paint is far ahead of white wash.

Mr. Chas. Sarjeant—so well and favorably known to the people of Flesherton and neighborhood—has gone into partnership with Mr. Jos. McConnell in the meat business in this town. The firm name is Sarjeant & McConnell.

Builders can get full supplies of building hardware of every description. Nails, Glass, Hinges, Locks, Paints, Varnishes Wall Paper, Blinds & Rollers, Curtains, Carpets, in fact everything to make and furnish a home.

Mr. J. G. Anderson has leased Mr. R. J. Sproule's fine corner store building in Flesherton, and will carry on a general store business therein. Our energetic friend Anderson—who is well and favorably known here, having been for some years a very popular salesman in Messrs. M. Richardson & Co's store—is determined that the public shall know all about it, judging from the space specially reserved for him in our advertising columns to lay. Look out for important announcement next week.

Fire, Fire, Fire!

The best Lime to be got in this country is now for sale at the kilns at Eugenia. Leave your orders right away and they will be promptly filled. Lime now going to the four quarters like hot cakes. Always on hand—two kilns kept in operation all the time.

New Locks without strings.
New Sash Balance without weights.
New Magic Blind Rollers.
The newest inventions of the Age at Richardson & Co's.

A Rising Young Man.

From the Thornbury Standard.

Division Court was held here on Wednesday of last week as reported in our last issue. There were quite a number of cases. The legal fraternity was augmented by the addition in the person of Mr. W. H. Wright, a student in Mr. Pollard's office, Meaford. Mr. Wright created a very favorable impression here by his tact and ability shown in a case, Johnson vs. McKenzie. Mr. Wright has had some experience in Peterborough, Mr. Gamon had a great many cases, and Mr. Wright is looked upon as his compeer in Division Court cases. He is an affable offhanded young man, and we predict for him many more cases in our Division Courts in future ..... Mr. Wright is a son of Mr. John Wright, of or near Flesherton.

A perfectly sound body and a mind unimpaired are possible only with pure blood. Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both hand and brain.

Markdale—Sixteen.

On the 4th of this month a happy company of people assembled at the residence of Mr John Sharp, Artemesia, the occasion being the marriage of his daughter, Miss Grace Sharp to Mr Jos. A. Blakely, ex-Councillor of Proton and one of most staunch Artemesia's sons. Rev J. W. Shilston, B.A., officiated in his usual able and happy manner. Mr. Geo. Blakely and Miss Annie Sharp performed the offices of groomsman and bridesmaid respectively. The costumes were handsome, the presents numerous, and everybody wishes the young couple all the happiness.

He Could Beat it.

Mr. Robt. McGruther is one of the smartest men we ever met, a keen, shrewd, lively [illegible] have often years ago to hear [illegible] who could go [illegible] and Robert [illegible] on some [illegible] deeper [illegible] correspondence contained [illegible] the Latimer company cutting [illegible] of wood per day with their sawing machine. The other day Mr McGruther told the writer that he cut that much per day easily with only one span of horses—from which he infer that the Latimers used two horses to their machine and that he could cut quite a bit more than 8 cords if occasion called for it. Mr. McGruther gets there every time.

Death of Mr. Thos. Dunseath.

Through an oversight we omitted to mention the death of Mr Thomas Dunseath, which sad event occurred on the first day of this month. He passed away at the early age of 36 years, esteemed and respected by all who knew him. He was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in the year [illegible] came to Toronto eight years ago, and had resided six years in Artemesia at the time of his death. Was an old country Orangeman. He was a quiet, respectable gentleman, and followed farming when living. He made many warm friends wherever he went. His relatives who chiefly reside in the old land and all who knew him sincerely mourn his loss. He was unmarried. Remains of deceased were interred in St. Pleasant cemetery, on Yonge street Co. York.

A Profitable Dive.

Mr [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] possessed [illegible]

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. They [illegible] and [illegible] act on the stomach, liver and bowels, [illegible] and [illegible] These pills [illegible]

Flesherton Boys Abroad.

[illegible] last week's list under above

Mr. J. M. Bannon is manager of a

Mr Marshall Elliott has learned his trade [illegible] Jackson along with Mr J. H. Heard, is carrying on a large business

Mr Joseph Pollard who learned his trade with Mr J. H. Heard is Sheriff [illegible] was recently re-elected to the same position for a

Mr Thos. A. Blackstock is doing things in the [illegible] business at Maxwell.

Mr George Armstrong, eldest son of Mr Peter Armstrong, is doing nicely in Manitoba.

Mr [illegible] has passed his [illegible] at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. [illegible] Clarke's son [illegible] Mr R. M. Clarke, [illegible] Canada, viz.

Mr David Wright, formerly with Mr J. H. Heard, is in business at Emerson, Manitoba.

Mr T. E. McGruther is doing a rattling mercantile business at Emerson, Manitoba.

Mr J. H. VanDusen has a good situation in Chicago, U. S.

Mr Will Brown who learned his trade with Mr J. H. Heard, has a good situation in Chicago.

Mr. Will Vokes—formerly lightning catcher for our Base Ball team, and who learned his trade with Mr. Jno. Gordon—has a good "sit" in Chicago.

The finest stock of Wall Papers and House Decorations at Richardson & Co's.

Kimberley School Report for March.

[illegible] Mary [illegible] [illegible] E. Dyer, J. Sanford, A. [illegible]

IV Class, [illegible] R. Sanford, S. Magee, [illegible]

[illegible] R. Patrick [illegible]

[illegible] H. D. [illegible]

[illegible] M. [illegible] [illegible] M. [illegible]

"Wherer did you get this lovely tie, Edward?"
"Why, y dear, I always go to Richardson & Co's. Ties and Collars. All the boys go there now, for their stock of gents furnishings immense this season."

THIS IS

RUSSELL'S

THE N[illegible]

JEWELER'S

SPACE.

— The only place for —

GENUINE BARGAINS

— IN —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware.

And the only place to get your Watch or Clock REPAIRED

— is at —

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE.

FLESHERTON.

HEAD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURER OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION [illegible] REPAIRING, and JOB WORK

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

[illegible] to store, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as the Boss B[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] visit for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

[illegible] 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Advertise in the Advance.

THE BRIDGE DISASTER.

A Passenger Train Plunged Into a Roaring Torrent—The Engine and Three Cars Submerged—Over a Dozen Lives Lost—A score Injured, Many Fatally.

A last (Thursday) night's New Hampton despatch gives the following fuller particulars of the accident: A terrible accident occurred early this morning about four miles west of this town, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, by which at least a dozen persons lost their lives and from 15 to 20 were injured. The train, which left Chicago at 11 30 yesterday forenoon and was due here at 2 31 this morning, passed nearly on time, and when about four miles west plunged into a creek, the bridge over which had been washed away. The creek was swollen by the immense amount of water which had been running off for the past few days, and in addition a gorge of ice was formed, which previous to the arrival of the train carried away a portion of the bridge. There was nothing to show that there was danger ahead, and the train plunged into the swollen stream while running at full speed. The engine and three coaches went into the creek and were immediately submerged in the torrent of water which overflowed the banks. A scene of the wildest confusion followed, and those of the train crew and passengers who escaped death or injury were immediately called into service to relieve the drowning or pinioned passengers. It was with great difficulty that the passengers could be reached, owing to the rushing of the waters through the car windows. Those who were rescued from the smoking car, which was almost entirely submerged, were taken from the windows, some being maimed to such an extent that they were powerless to help themselves, while others were nearly drowned before the rescuers could reach them. Six dead bodies have been taken out from the wreck, and three more are known to be underneath the debris, through which the water is madly pouring, and it is difficult to reach them. It is also stated that the engineer and fireman were instantly killed or were caught in the cab and drowned before aid could reach them, but the confusion and excitement is so great that it is difficult to secure reliable information. In addition to the passengers known to be killed, from fifteen to twenty have been rescued that are more or less seriously injured. A number are so dangerously hurt that it is feared they cannot possibly recover. As soon as a trainman who escaped injury could be spared he was dispatched to this station and a relief train was telegraphed for from Mason City. Telegrams for relief were also sent to Charles City and other nearby places, but it was not until several hours after the accident that a train arrived with physicians to care for the injured and additional helping hands to aid in rescuing those confined in the wreck. The names of the killed and injured have not yet been obtained.

DROPPED NINE THOUSAND FEET.

The Great Jump Made by Prof. E. D. Hogan.

A Jackson, Mich., despatch says: Prof. E. D. Hogan did his long-contemplated "drop act" from a balloon with a parachute at 11.05 o'clock this morning. The first attempt was a failure. The second attempt was a great success. The "chute" hung from the outside of the balloon and the jump was made after the air ship had settled at an elevation of about 9,000 feet. At the moment when it was stationary in the air the daring man swung himself off from the balloon with the parachute closed. For 500 feet he fell like an iron ball. Then the "chute" caught the air, inflated and he was safe; but he did not come down as fast as he had calculated. He remained apparently suspended in the air for some moments and then sank to the eastward. It was 11.05 when he left the earth. Five minutes later he made the drop, and inside of three minutes he landed in an open field.

The Prairie Province.

The Queen's hotel at Portage la Prairie, was considerably damaged by fire last night.

The carpenters and millwrights employed on the new mill at Keewatin are on strike.

At Keewatin, on Tuesday, at Mrs. Hanna's boarding house, a number of Swedes, under the influence of liquor, began quarrelling, when one Peter Newburg drew a revolver, shooting Alfred Hulburg in the head, and, firing again, hit him in the fleshy part of the back. The victim may recover.

At a meeting of the Port Arthur Board of Trade, held yesterday, a resolution was passed supporting the O. M. & W. Railway project. The scheme is not receiving any encouragement in Winnipeg, except among the old guard Tories. What Winnipeggers want now is direct conection with Duluth, where there is plenty of elevator room.

Provincial debentures to the extent of $8,400 have been purchased out of the sinking fund of the city.

Attorney-General Martin was tendered a banquet at Portage la Prairie to-night to celebrate the discontinuance of disallowance and the abrogation of monopoly.

The Premier has gone to his home at Crystal City for a few days.

Over twenty carloads of potatoes were shipped south by Major Lewis, of Albert Lea, this morning. They will be taken to Chicago and other markets for seed. Large quantities are being taken to the United States markets, as Manitoba potatoes are eagerly taken by buyers on the other side.

On the train last night were 126 immigrants. The majority of them were good, substantial Ontario farmers, who will settle at various points throughout the Province.

A verdict of wilful murder has been found against Jas. Fletcher, who stabbed George Matheson at Binscarth.

John A. Tees & Co., wholesale grocers, have failed. Liabilities, $50,000; assets unknown.

The seventeenth anniversary of the Paris Commune was celebrated on Saturday night at Clarendon Hall, New York. The feature was a speech by Johann Most. Most glorified the Commune, and said the Commune meant down with States, Governments, religion and tyrants. There was no great enthusiasm at the meeting.

CANADIAN LEPERS.

The Patients at Tracadie Lazaretto Being Slowly Reduced by Death—New Cases Discovered—Escapes to the States.

An Ottawa despatch says: The lazaretto at Tracadie, the most mournful spot on the American continent, possesses for all who are acquainted with its history a painful interest. To such it will be a matter for congratulation that according to the latest reports the mysterious malady usually termed leprosy, which only affects people in a circumscribed district in New Brunswick, is slowly but surely being eradicated. When the lazaretto was first established the number of inmates was forty; it has now been reduced to seventeen. Eight of these are males and nine females. Dr. Smith, the inspecting physician, says that during the year three patients succumbed to the disease or escaped to the United States, and three new cases, all females, were admitted. Of the latter one came from Tracadie and two from adjoining parishes.

Hearing of suspected cases at Point Marcillea, a few miles from Carsquet and about thirty from Tracadie, the doctor visited the locality and found two young persons afflicted with leprosy in its earlier stages. One of these has since been admitted to the lazaretto and the other will soon follow. The doctor mentions two girls in Tracadie who will soon have to take up their abode in this hopeless, gloomy ante-room of death, forever to be shut out from life, with all its interests and brightness.

Dr. Smith speaks of two cases, in one of which a cure has been effected and in the other the patient is slowly improving, and an ultimate cure will probably be reached. "I attribute these recoveries," says the doctor, "to the excellent hygienic influences of the institution before the disease had made any serious inroad on vigorous constitutions. Had these patients remained at home in poverty, I have no doubt but they would now be confirmed lepers." "No words of mine," he adds, "can do justice to the unremitting care bestowed night and day upon these poor sufferers by the ladies in charge of the institution. The most perfect neatness and cleanliness, good ventilation and attention to hygienic laws, render the institution home-like, relieve the diseased of much of their wretchedness, and make a visit to the lazaretto, notwithstanding the gloom surrounding it, more pleasant than otherwise."

Our neighbors across the line will hear with uneasiness of the escape of patients into their territory.

MRS. KEEFER AT WASHINGTON.

A Tiff With Mrs. Ashton Dilke Over the Cigarette Question.

A Washington despatch says: The International Women have wound up the week with great enthusiasm, and with victory emblazoned on their banners. Their meetings have been overwhelmingly successful in the cleverness of the speakers, the harmony of the proceedings and the multitude of deeply interested listeners. Many prominent people have given them encouragement and extended hospitality in many ways. Mrs. (Senator) Stanford has paid for a box all the week and has attended most of the meetings.

There are not a few quarrels brewing among the dear sisters, and as a rule the prettiest and most attractive women are the targets. Mrs. Keefer came in for her share of abuse, because she wears the becoming University costume, which makes her all the more bewitching. They say she does it for effect, and she does not deny the soft impeachment.

Mrs. Dilke and Mrs. Keefer are not in love with each other. A tilt that took place between them in the Riggs House parlor is the talk to-day. Mrs. Keefer is dead against liquors and tobacco, while Mrs. Dilke does not object to either. Mrs. Dilke walked up to Mrs. Keefer and said in her half lisp, half soft society drawl:

"Mrs. Keefer, do tell me if they can possibly be as rabid on the subject of smoking and taking a little sherry for the stomach's sake in Canada as they are in this country?"

"Even more so," replied Mrs. Keefer laconically and eyeing the little London lady sharply.

"Oh, but don't you know," went on the enchanting-tongued young widow Dilke, "we all want our wine for dinner over our way, and we would not know how to do without it, my dear, and do 't you know in many of our loveliest London circles many elegant ladies puff a cigarette or two after dinner and nothing is thought of it. If these are crimes I must plead guilty to both. I must really say I do enjoy my cigarette after a meal."

"This doesn't make it cleanly or good," responded Mrs. Keefer, with her long, pointed noise turned ceilingward, and she walked away without saying good-bye, even.

Wedded to Their Idols.

A Salt Lake City despatch says: The Mormon semi-annual conference opened here yesterday with a light attendance. Elder Seymour B. Young, in opening the proceedings, called upon the people to pay their tithing and obey the priesthood ordinances of the church. He came out flat-footed for polygamy. Apostle Lorenzi Snow, who recently served a term of imprisonment for polygamy, called on the saints to be patient and true and see the coming of Christ for their relief. Elder Jacob Gates said: "Zion will triumph and many of our enemies will lick the dust at our feet. We will never give up until we achieve victory. Angus Cannon, in his benediction, called on the Lord to confound "our enemies and bless Israel in affliction."

Where the Shoe Pinches.

"You ought not to have punished the boy so severely," he said, reprovingly, to the woman. "The dog belongs to a neighbor, and, besides, tying a kettle to a dog's tail is not such a wicked thing for a boy to do."

"The kettle belonged to me," said the woman, still mad.—*New York Sun.*

Abner Dorsett, a negro living in Hickory Mountain township, N.C., has probably the largest head in the State. It is thirty-two inches in circumference and makes him somewhat "top-heavy," for at times when the head topples over to one side he is bliged to push it back into position with is hands.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Unrestricted Reciprocity.

The following is the motion of Sir Richard Cartwright (with the division on the question in the House of Commons), after having been discussed for nearly three weeks

That it is highly desirable that the largest possible freedom of commercial intercourse should obtain between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, and that it is expedient that all articles manufactured in or the natural products of either of the said countries should be admitted free of duty into the ports of the other (articles subject to duties of excise or of internal revenue alone excepted); that it is further expedient that the Government of the Dominion should take steps at an early date to ascertain on what terms and conditions arrangements can be effected with the United States for the purpose of securing full and Unrestricted Reciprocity of trade therewith.

The division list was as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Amyot, Armstrong, Bain (Wentworth), Barron, Brchard, Bernier, Borden, Bourassa, Bowman, Brien, Burdett, Cartwright (Sir Richard), Casey, Casgrain, Charlton, Chouinard, Davies, De St Georges, Dessaint, Doyon, Ebenhauer, Edgar, Ellis, Fiset, Fisher, Geoffrion, Gillmor, Godbout Guay, Hale, Holton, Innes, Jones, Kirk, Landerkin, Lang, Langelier (Montmorency), Langelier (Quebec), Laurier, Lister, Livingston, Lovitt, Macdonald (Huron), McIntyre, McMillan (Huron), McMullen, Mills (Bothwell), Mitchell, Mulock, Paterson (Brant), Perry, Platt, Prefontaine, Rinfret, Robertson, Rowand, Ste. Marie, Scriver, Semple, Somerville, Sutherland, Trow, Turcott, Watson, Weldon (St. John), Walsh, Wilson (Elgin)—67.

Against the amendment:

NAYS.—Messrs. Addet, Bain (Soulanges), Baker, Bell, Bergeron, Bowell, Berlie, Brown, Burns, Cameron, Cargill, Carling, Carpenter, Caron (Sir Adolphe), Chapleau, Chisholm, Cimon, Cochrane, Cockburn, Colby, Corby, Costigan, Coughlin, Coulombe, Couture, Curran, Daly, Daoust, Davin, Davis, Dawson, Denison, Desaulniers, Desjardins, Dickinson, Dupont, Ferguson (Leeds and Grenville), Ferguson (Renfrew), Ferguson (Welland), Foster, Freeman, Gaudet, Gigault, Girouard, Gordon, Grandbois, Guilbault, Guillet, Haggart, Hall, Henderson, Hesson, Hickey, Hudspeth, Ives, Jamieson, Joncas, Jones (Digby), Kirkpatrick, Labelle, Labrosse, Landry, Langevin (sir Hector), Laurie, Macdonald (sir John), MacDowall, McCarthy, McCulla, McDonald (Victoria), McDougald (Pictou), McDougall (Cape Breton), McGrey, McKay, Mckeen, McLelan, McMillan (Vaudreuil), McNeill, Madill, Mara, Marshall, Masson, Mills (Annapolis), Moffatt, Montague, Montplaisir, O'Brien, Patterson (Essex), Perley (Assiniboia), Perley (Ottawa), Porter, Prior, Putnam, Reid, Ropel, Robillard, Roome, Ross, Royal, Rykert, Scarth, Shanly, Skinner, Small, Smith (Ontario), Sproul, Stevenson, Taylor, Temple, Therien, Thompson, Tisdale, Tupper (Pictou), Tyrwhitt, Vanasse, Wallace, Ward, Weldon (Albert), White (Cardwell), White (Renfrew), Wilmot, Wilson (Argenteuil), Wilson (Lennox), Wood (Brockville), Wood (Westmoreland), Wright—124.

PROUD OF HER HUSBAND'S PLUCK.

Mrs. Harralson, of Atlanta, Likes a Man Who Can Use a Whip.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch says: Frank Harralson, State Librarian of Georgia, to-day cowhided Abe Fry, a well-known jeweller. The affair grew out of a business transaction. Stepping into Fry's store with the whip and a revolver, Harralson exclaimed: "You have both said and printed in an interview a set of infernal lies, and I expect to be revenged for it. Take this, and this, and this!"

Fry made no resistance. Subsequently, as Harralson was proceeding up the street, at the gate of the City Bank building, he was stopped by a messenger from his wife with the following note:

DEAR FRANK,—Allow me to congratulate you. I have just this moment heard that you have cowhided Fry. Come home as soon as you can, I am anxious to see you.—YOUR LOVING WIFE.

Late Scottish News.

It has been decided to erect an ornamental brass over the grave of the Bruce in Dunfermline Abbey.

"Christmas Eve," Sir John Millais' picture of Murthly Castle, has been sold for the very high figure of £4,000.

The Lodge Montefiore, No. 753, the first Jewish lodge of Freemasons in Scotland, was consecrated in Glasgow on the 19th ult.

Tuesday, 8th May, on which day the International Exhibition is to be opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, is to be held as a general holiday in Glasgow.

Mr. Joseph Thomson, the renowned African explorer, has left England for Morocco, where he proposes spending a year in exploring the upper regions of the Atlas mountains.

Dr. Frank Wilson, of Paisley, has died from the effects of blood poisoning in the arm, contracted while performing a *post mortem* examination on a body shortly after the New Year.

It is proposed to construct a tunnel between the Mull of Cantyre and the coast of Antrim. Engineers have surveyed the line and estimate the cost at £8,000,000, or about £1,000,000 per nautical mile.

Rev. Peter Macnaild, of St. Columba's Church, in defending the crofters of Lewis from a charge of drunkenness, questioned whether any other place could be found in the British Isles where there were 27,000 people and only five public houses.

Dr. Charles Edward Wilson, Chief Inspector of Training Colleges and Schools in Scotland, died this residence in Edinburgh on the 17th inst. Dr. Wilson almost completed the 40th year of his career as an inspector of schools and died at the age of 73 years.

Rev. Dr. Somerville, the evangelist, returned to Glasgow on Monday, March 23rd, after an absence of six months. During that time he has been engaged in laborious evangelistic work in Bohemia, Moravia, Transylvania, Hungary, Servia, and has even reached Kischeff in South Russia.

Colonel James Ross Farquharson, of Invercauld, Aberdeenshire, died in London on March 17th. Deceased was 54 years of age. He was for several years in the Scots Fusilier Guards, and served in the Crimean campaign, but retired from the army in 1859 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Wilson, Episcopalian Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, died at Ayr on March 18, aged 87. He had been holding confirmation services throughout his diocese, and caught a chill while waiting on the station platform at Kilmarnock. He was consecrated bishop in 1859.

The Lord Advocate has introduced a Bill in Parliament to amend the law of bail. It proposes to make all offences bailable, excepting only murder and treason. The bail is to be fixed by any magistrate having jurisdiction, and is to be of such an amount as will ensure appearance at the trial. If either the prosecutor or prisoner is dissatisfied with the judge's decision regarding bail then they may take an appeal to the High Court of Justiciary.

FASHIONABLE DRESS IN 1788.

The Gorgeous Apparel of One Hundred Years Ago.

How gorgeously people dressed a hundred years ago! Not ladies only, but gentlemen as well. Open the London *Times* for January 19th, 1788, and you may read the description of a grand ball given the evening before in honor of the birthday of Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III. Here is the description of the costumes worn by a few of the leading personages:

The Queen, an orange and black gown and petticoat, richly ornamented with velvet and black lace.

Princess Royal, a lilac and silver gown and petticoat; the trimmings of purple and silver foil elegantly embroidered to correspond with the dress. Her shoes of the most beautiful workmanship; a silver chain worked round the quarters, grounded all over with elegant embroidered knots, and a large diamond in the middle of them.

Lady Charlotte Bertie, a white dress, trimmed down the front with gold spangles and stones of prodigious lustre; the petticoat of crape elegantly trimmed; the crown of the cap in points trimmed with a beautiful blonde lace, and differed from any other in the drawing-room. Her flowing tresses were dressed in a style of peculiar neatness.

The King. His Majesty was dressed in a cinnamon-colored coat, most beautifully embroidered with gold, silver and diamonds; the lining of the same color. The waistcoat, a sapphire blue satin, embroidered as the coat. The design was in the highest style of elegance—wreaths of laurel executed in gold, and bound together with a string of diamonds, enclosed on each side with rows of diamonds intermixed with gold.

The Prince of Wales, in a most magnificent suit. The coat and breeches of a cocquelicot, or poppy-colored satin, embroidered all over with silver and colored spangles and paste beads enriched with an applique. The waistcoat and cuffs of the coat were silver tissue, embroidered in the same manner as the coat. The buckles, silver of the Orleans pattern, covered with large gold spangles in the highest taste and elegance.

Duke of Queensberry, as usual, in the dernier gout, with all the nouveautes that fancy and fashion could furnish, yet in a style of neatness truly elegant. The coat of a beautiful variegated velvet, appearing in some lights black, in others purple and green. The waistcoat with white satin, embroidered with a border like the coat, in gold and silver, with rich clusters of diamonds.

The Hon. Mr. Villiers, the embroidery peculiarly elegant; the design of the happiest effect. A branch of oak leaves with acorns, entwined with a wreath of myrtle executed in gold and green foils, silver and pink, with beautiful bouquets of the finest paste. The coat was of velvet fond a Grille; the surface black, the ground a mixture of blue and straw. The waistcoat of white satin embroidered as the coat. The tout ensemble displayed a style of exquisite taste and originality of invention.

Mr. Pitt, a neat dress of black, green and pink figured velvet, embroidered with gold and silver spangles, and wreaths of silk flowers.

Fortune's Freaks with Twins.

Some suggestive figures are given in the report of the Registrar-General of births, deaths and marriages in Scotland for the year 1885, just issued. During the year in question, 1,437 women in Scotland bore more than one child at a birth, of which 1,423 were twin cases, and 11 triplet. The number of mothers bearing children during the year was 124,649, of whom one in every 88 bore twins, and one in every 8,903 bore triplets.

On inquiry into the occupation of the fathers of the twins, it is found that in 331 cases they were workmen of various kinds, as carpenters, masons, plasterers, smiths, etc.; in 300 the occupation was that of a farmer, steward, plowman, laborer or those connected with the working of land; in 114 cases mining was the work of the fathers; 10 were fishermen or seamen; 79 merchants and shopkeepers, as grocers, bakers, etc.; 75 were engineers or connected with such work; 68 were clerks, travellers, agents, etc.; 65 were factory hands; 64 grooms, carters and others connected with horses; in 30 cases only the male parent belonged to one of the various "learned professions;" 25 were shoemakers or saddlers; a like number being kotel-keepers, brewers, waiters, etc.; 23 were tailors; 21 soldiers or policemen; 4 were watchmakers and 3 printers, while in 86 cases the births were illegitimate and the vocation of the fathers not known.

It certainly seems a strange irony of fate that twins so often appear in families least able to give them a cordial welcome.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Victim of Hair Dyes.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: A singular case of insanity was discovered here this morning. Lou Starr was found in her room seated among broken mirrors, crockery and pictures. Her hair fell about her shoulders to her waist, as white as snow, though she is only a young woman. An officer was summoned and she was taken to the station a raving maniac. During the past two years she has dyed her hair and the poison gradually entered her blood and drove her to madness.

A Family "Secret."

Mrs. Hobson (to Bobby, who is out calling with his mother)—This is the first time you have seen my baby, isn't it, Bobby?

Bobby (critically)—Yes, ma'am, and I think it's quite nice.

Mrs. Hobson—Nice, Bobby! Why, it is lovely!

Bobby—Ma says it's the homeliest child she ever saw.—*Epoch.*

An Eavesdropper's Reward.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause)—Darling

Angelina—Yes, darling.

Edwin—Nothing, darling. Only darling, darling.

Bilious old gentleman feels quite sick.—*Punch.*

The Tender Buds of Hope.

Tom—I notice your orange tree in the conservatory hasn't a flower on it.

Effie (in her tenth season)—No, Tom; I have tried all kinds of treatment, but the orange tree will not blossom for me.

MAN'S FIRST MATE.

Various Stories Concerning the First Woman.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitful subject for the legend-mongers. According to S. Baring Gould, there was an extraordinary mystic named Antoinette Bourignon, who held that Adam's stomach contained a clear fluid, like water in a crystal bowl, in which tiny eggs developed themselves like bubbles in wine, and when he strongly desired companions he deposited some of these eggs, which hatched out Eve. The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory, and then endowed with life by Aphrodite. The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeno, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mien, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners and shameless mind. The Scandinavians say that as Odin, Vili and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the seabeach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down, the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Elma.

One of the strangest stories touching the origin of woman is that told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten of the forbidden fruit he became affected with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a messenger from Heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Bahoura, and she became the mother of all races of men.

The American Indians' myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red Maoze; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the King of the Muskrats, who, on being dipped into a neighboring lake, became a woman.

Poor first mother! For untold centuries she has been twitted for her primal share in the world's cares and punishments. But whether the product of a pimple or of a divinely-vivified rib, the paradox remains that she who is the truest daughter of Eve has never a lack of admiring slaves.

The Conscientious Newspaper Man.

It is my experience that a conscientious newspaper man will do his work—interviewing included—about right if the man who has the news to give will only et him. Reporters don't wilfully and maliciously misquote talkers and misstate facts, as they are so generally credited with doing, and I find that the best plan to pursue in giving material for publication is to state the facts clearly and let the reporter do the dressing up. These fellows who always insist on being reported verbatim, and who must dictate the text of every item they furnish, invariably make a sorry mess of it. Another thing I've noticed: If a man has a speech prepared for a banquet, presentation or any occasion of that character, he had better give the reporter the manuscript and go it blind than trust himself to stick to his prepared speech, for, nine times in ten, he'll get away from his paper before he is half through, in which case he'll thank his stars forever that the reporter has a grammatical and reasonably coherent composition to print instead of his disjointed "impromptu" speech.—*Dan Linahan in Globe-Democrat.*

Growing Old Gracefully.

If now and then you will go to your study, your bed-room, your private office, or even in the crowded thoroughfare alone, and settle back into absolute quiescence, let your mind stop, let your muscles relax, let your nerves have a rest, you will find relief. Unless you have tried it you have no idea of the beneficial effect certain to be produced. A good-natured man who loves to work, who can sleep well and who enjoys being by himself now and then, and understands how to utilize books, pictures, flowers, the open field, the amplitudinous heaven, with all its glittering disclosure, why shouldn't he grow old gracefully? Why shouldn't his last days be gracious? Why shouldn't that great divinity which shapes our course spread for him in the very presence of his enemy, death, a table, bounteous with all the lusciousness of enjoyable life, at which, with peace in his soul, an undimmed vision to every faculty, he could meet the inevitable with a smile.

Accounting For It.

"The Czar's stable costs $1,300,000 annually," remarked Snagge, looking up from the paper.

"He must buy early strawberries, then," replied Mrs Snagge.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Commissioner Coombs, of the Salvation Army, arrived in Winnipeg from Toronto on Friday night to be present at the marriage of Captain Rowe, of Toronto, and Captain Ham *nee* Pawau.

Rev. R. Whiting, pastor of Queen Street Methodist Church, Kingston, on Friday celebrated the 50th anniversary of his ministerial work. Fifty years ago he preached his first sermon.

An Englishman has invented a machine by the use of which a servant can clean a window in safety. It is adapted to the outside of the ordinary sash window and worked from within by moving a piece of belting backward and forward. The machine consists of a horizontal piece, which rests on the sill, the sash being shut down upon it during use, and an upright on which the cleaner proper—an attachment of brush or rubber—is run up and down outside by the motion given inside and carried round the corner by the belting which is carried round rollers. A water spray is fixed on to the travelling cleaner so as to play on the glass just above it, when fed by a rubber pipe, which ends in a bucket within the room. The water is driven up at will by squeezing a ball, which may be done with one hand, while the other works the belting.

We Lean on one Another.

O come and listen while I sing
  A song of human nature!
For high, or low, we're all akin
  To every human creature,
We're all the children of the same,
  The great—the "mighty Mother,"
And from the cradle to the grave
  We lean on one another.

It matters little what we wear,
  How high, or low, our station;
We're all alike—the slaves of sin
  And sons of tribulation.
No matter what may be the coat
  With which our hearts we cover,
Our hearts within are of one stuff
  And linked to one another.

A fool's a fool, the world o'er,
  Whate'er may be his station;
A snob's a snob tho' he may hold
  The sceptre of the nation.
And wisdom was ordained to rule,
  Tho' knaves aside may shove her,
That all the human race might live
  In love with one another.

A king may need our sympathy,
  For all his great attendance;
For among men there's no such thing
  As perfect independence.
Tho' great is mighty England's heir
  Poor Paddy is his brother!
And from the cabin to the throne
  We lean on one another.

The earth beneath's our common home,
  The heavens bending o'er us;
And wheresoever we may turn
  Eternity's before us.
By pride and envy we have been
  But strangers to each other,
But nature meant that we should lean
  In love on one another.

With Adam from the bowers of bliss
  We all alike were driven;
And hing and cadger at the last
  Must square accounts with Heaven,
We're all in need of sympathy,
  Tho' pride the fact may smother;
And it's as little's we can do—
  To comfort one another.

LONDON'S SMOKE CLOUD.

Three Hundred Tons of Smoke Hanging Over the World's Capital.

The investigations of a society formed in London to abate the smoke nuisance afford a rather startling idea of the wonderful extravagance of the present system of combustion. Here is a summary of a late report of the Smoke Abatement Institute: "The weight of the smoke cloud over the city is estimated at about 50 tons of solid carbon and 250 tons of hydro-carbon and carbonic oxide gases. From actual tests the value of coal actually wasted through the obstinacy of the Cockneys is £2,257,500, or 42 per cent. of the amount expended for coal in London, that being the percentage of heat that escapes up chimney without warming anybody. This waste also causes a useless expenditure of £268,750 for carting coal, to say nothing of the wear and tear of streets and of £43,000 more for carting away ashes. Altogether about £2,500,000 is yearly thrown away in London. Add to this £2,000,000 for injury to property from the smoke-laden atmosphere, and there is shown a total of £4,500,000 which London annually loses because of the failure to burn coal under proper conditions." Nearly all this waste and smoke could be prevented by a general adoption of improved methods of constructing chimneys, fire-places, furnaces and heaters.

Triumph of Grit.

We heard a rather illustrative story lately from one of our neighboring factory towns. An old-fashioned Yankee of Quaker stock, who ran a small shoe factory, indulged in a theory that nothing could pay out of his mind that a moral wrong was somehow perpetrated upon the community at large if a woman were allowed to earn above a stipulated sum each week. As his help was paid by the piece, and he had to keep tally in the main with current prices, he found this rather hard to manage at times. The swiftness of one young woman especially troubled him greatly. She would persist in running financially ahead of others. At last he made a special cut down in her prices, and told her why he did it. She gave him a baleful glance, tightened her lips, and went on working. By Saturday night next, despite the cut down, she made ten cents above the week before. Another week went by, when he cut her down still more. The damsel still proved game and rose to the occasion. After a week or more the Quaker conscience grew "scared" and asked her what she meant. "It means," said the girl, "that you may keep on and I'll keep on till you have a corpse on your hands in this workroom, for I'm grit and you can't conquer me!" The race ended there, and the girl was allowed normal pay.—*Boston Advertiser.*

When to Keep the Eyes Shut.

We are told to keep our eyes ever open, but it is often well to keep them shut. One of the chief causes of nervous disease is the straining of the eyes and the constant tension of the mind. When stretched out in the barber's chair do not try to read a newspaper, but close your eyelids under the soothing undulations of the lather brush, or the dreamy sensation of the shampoo, with the darkey's big hands gliding over your pate. In a railway carriage, instead of staring out your sockets at the landscape that is being torn into shreds before you, fold your arms, bow your head and listen to the whir of the wheels that make an accompaniment to the wordless song crooning in your heart. Again, in the concert-room, in place of surveying the audience critically, or watching the beauty of the singer behind the footlights, shut your eyes once more and let the music sink into your soul, rocking it on waves of emotion and wafting it insensibly into the ideal world.

The Wonderful Human Eye.

"The power of the human eye is simply remarkable. Why, lion-tamers can control the fiercest beasts by simply looking at them."

"That's all rot."

"Did you ever try it?"

"Yes. I was attacked by a Grigsby bulldog the other day and looked it steadily in the eye, resolved to control it, but the scheme wouldn't work."

"Why not?"

"I neglected to climb a tree before commencing to stare at the beast."

Joshua Jones, who spent most of his time looking at the crowds pass a New York hotel window, and who wasn't known to be rich, leaves $7,000,000 by his will.

There are more than one hundred women practising medicine in Chicago, and several of them are well known throughout the country as the authors of standard medical works.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Duke of Sparta, who is to marry the second and favorite daughter of the Prince of Wales, the Princess Victoria, is said to be a tall, fresh-complexioned young man with pleasing manners and "an innocent expression." The Princess Victoria, who will be 20 years old next July, was in her childhood remarkably plain, but now gives promise of developing into as handsome a woman as her mother.

THE new Maxim gun, rest and all, weighs fifty pounds and is fired from the shoulder By it an expert can fire three thousand rifle balls in eight minutes. The officer who did the firing at the first test a few days ago had never tried it before, yet he discharged three thousand shots in twelve minutes the first time. A thin line of men armed with this terrible weapon would be almost impregnable to an advancing army

THE New York *Sun* thus recounts the matrimonial experiences of the daughter of a Parisian wine dealer: 1. Marrried a singer. 2. He ran off with an actress. 3. Divorced. 4. Married an ex-priest. 5. She eloped. 6. Divorced. 7. Married a mayor's son, the officiating magistrate being her second husband, who showed no ill feeling and joined in the subsequent festivities, after delivering a touching exhortation to the happy couple.

FRANCES E. N. HARPER has been telling the intellectual women gathered at Washington that in her opinion "the neglected rich" should receive more attention from philanthropists. She thinks that many people of wealth are fast going to perdition, with no one to arrest their descent and give them a helping hand. How would it do to form an Association for the Moral Guidance of Those Whose Incomes are More than $20,000 a Year Apiece?

THE case of the steamship Great Eastern presents a good specimen of bad luck. Men were killed at her launch and she made her builder bankrupt; she had an explosion on her first trip from London, on the south coast, by which men were killed. Then her captain was drowned before she went a regular voyage. She then was nearly wrecked off the Irish coast, got aground in America and tore a great aperture in her hull, and now she is to be broken up as a useless craft.

DR. GATLING has made important improvements in his machine gun within the past two years. It is now a terrible arm. It can be pointed down upon a torpedo boat from a ship's deck, or upon a launch, when it is very near to the vessel. The English naval officers are loud in the praises of his gun. It throws a shower of balls with a terrible force, as thick as hail stones in a hail storm. A vessel's deck is swept by this great force, and assaults upon harbor defences, by scaling parties, can be overcome at once by a few of these guns properly placed in the fort. It is not a cannon, but a gun throwing ounce bullets in showers. Its force is fatal for a mile, and for this class of projectiles it is the most formidable arm ever invented. It is reported that an English syndicate desires to purchase Dr. Gatling's patents and plant.

RAILROADING in Montana in the winter time seems to be carried on under difficulties. Not long ago the story was told of water freezing in the boiler of an engine while the fireman was steadily shovelling coal into the firebox, and now another paper reports a still more surprising occurrence. It says in substance that the driving-wheels of a locomotive, after standing for some time, were found to have become so solidly frozen to the rails that the engine could not at first be started. When finally it commenced to move "a heavy humping sound on the roof of the car led the engineer to suspect that something was wrong, and he found to his horror that he was tearing up the track as he went. The rails were so tightly frozen to the drive-wheels that when the engine started the spikes were drawn and the rails wound up on the wheels." It is a relief to be informed that only a few hundred feet of the track were thus destroyed before the difficulty was discovered and remedied.

IT is quite the fashion on the other side of the ocean to send gifts of rare flowers no longer in boxes or baskets, as has been the custom, but arranged in some rare specimen vase, ceramic or silver, as the occasion warrants. Not only are the floral offerings treated to this valuable conveyance, but the receptacle is also adorned with wide ribbons, jauntily tied. One of the gifts sent to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their silver wedding was a lovely vase of pure white orchids, surmounted by an arch from which was suspended a cluster of the largest and most perfect black grapes, tied with silver cord, with some orange blossoms introduced. The contrast of the dark grapes, with their lovely bloom, against the mass of white orchids, must have been ravishing. However, as few pocketbooks can stand this sort of thing, perhaps for a steady pull the pure and simple bunch of flowers wrapped in white paper will do. Young men may continue to buy three Catharine Mermets or a cluster of lilies of the valley for their best and second best girls, and, unless the dear creatures hear of this London wrinkle, they will be just as well contented as if they had a few yards of sash ribbon and a $10 vase thrown in.

Anything to Bring Him.

"Well, how is this, my dear sir?" inquired the local practitioner, "you send me a letter stating that you had been attacked by smallpox and I find you suffering from rheumatism." "Well, you see, doctor, it's like this," said the patient, "there wasn't a soul in the house who could spell rheumatism."

How to Get Into a Mess and How to Get Out of It.

At an art exhibition: "That picture of X's is a fearful daub, don't you think?" The gentleman addressed—"I beg your pardon, but I'm the artist." "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons! The fact is, I don't know anything about art—I just repeat what I hear every one saying!"

A Compliment.

Miss Giddy (at a progressive euchre party)—Just look at me, Mr. Lavisher, with a horrid fool's cap for a bobby prize. I know I look like a fright.

Mr. Lavisher (never lost for a compliment)—Oh, not at all. It's very becoming. Just suits your style of beauty.

THE PANTRY GHOST.

And What a Godsend He Proved to a Country Family.

(Mrs. M. L. Rayne in the Detroit Free Press.)

It not only "took the cake," but everything else it could lay its hands on, in the way of cooked dainties. Occasionally pork and cabbage went, but pies disappeared with fatal regularity. Doughnuts melted away like an untimely feast. The ghost not only ate the food, but was very particular to wash the dishes, which were found as clean as when new.

We barred the windows and locked the doors, but his ghostship disdained any of those mere mortal methods of entering, and came with persistent regularity.

It was a mystery that none of the household could fathom.

We were a family of adults of the staid, respectable sort, with (as we supposed) no skeleton in the closet. Our hired girl had been with us for years and had no family to support and no followers to feed. It was not the dog, for we had none; nor the cat, for she had her own private dishes set for her every day. Who, then, was the ghost with the abnormal appetite?

Hannah declared she heard chains clanking in the pantry, and we instituted a night watch, but without avail. Sometimes, indeed, toothsome dainties were eaten in the daytime, when for a moment Hannah was absent or engaged elsewhere.

"Set a trap for him," suggested mother.

"Try Paris green," said father. "I cannot shoot him on sight, as he is not to be seen, but we might make his food disagree with him."

"There's no trap as would hold a ghost sure," commented Hannah.

"Did you ever hear of a ghost with such an awpetite?"

The next day an almond cake was swept away, and not a vestige left.

"I think I'll call in the police," said my father angrily. "It's something human, and we are bound to find it."

The next morning we heard a shout of triumph from Hannah.

"The ghost! The ghost! I've got him Come quick, if ye plaze, or he'll be gettin off!"

We all rushed in haste to the scene of action. Sure enough, Hannah was holding him in a grasp of iron.

"A boy!" we shouted in chorus.

"Where did you find him?" asked father as he relieved Hannah.

"In the cellar, sure, where he's been hidin' an' livin' on the fat of the land these two weeks," said Hannah.

"How did you come here?" asked father in his judicial voice.

"C-a-r-s," mumbled the boy.

"Whom do you belong to?

"N'body."

"Where did you come from?

"N' York."

"But how did you get into the pantry?"

"Trap door."

Sure enough! There was a disused trap door which led to the cellar. We could all see now how easy it was, after once being secreted in the cellar, to use that.

Well, the ghost was laid, but here was this dreadful boy on our hands.

We went into council and decided as a whole that a boy so ready and willing to help himself might be made useful to others, and concluded to give him a chance.

It was the best investment we ever made. As farm-boy, house-boy and general factotum "the ghost" is invaluable. He still possesses the abnormal apetite, but regular meals, with much "pcing" between, have saved the pantry from any further depredations.

Once mother referred to his past. She asked him how he managed to leave the dishes so clean after his ghostly visits.

And he answered, with a smack: "Licked 'em."

He Didn't Sleep Much.

He was rather given to late hours, and his wife remonstrated with him, so he promised her faithfully that he would reform. It would have been all right if his friends had not heard of it.

"So John H. has reformed, has he? Humph, we'll see." The "saw" him in procession. First he met one old chum, then another, and it never dawned upon him that it was a conspiracy.

The first night that John H. reached home after he had made that promise to his wife, it was very late or rather it was very early. In fact it was early morning. He took off his boots, managed to hang his hat up, and walked softly into the room where his wife slumbered. So far all was good. He divested himself of his coat, and just as he was hanging it on the gas bracket his wife woke up.

"Why, John," she claimed; "what on earth are you getting up so early for?"

This was a poser, but John was equal to the occasion.

"That's all right," he said; "you know I've reformed, Mv. an' there's lots of people I've got to see early in the mornin'."

And he deliberately put on his coat and boots, found his hat and went out again, while Mrs. H. turned over with a fiendish chuckle and went to sleep.

Ladies' Head Gear Seen on the Streets Yesterday.

A green bronze straw bonnet had little clusters of shades of blue pink, brown and cream bows.

A gold-colored straw is trimmed with shades of copper ribbon.

Dark brown hats are trimmed with pink and green.

Dark blue straws and trimmings of shaded blues, yellow and silver.

A light brown or ecrurban had a twist of darker velvet and big bow in front with a not of violets and leaves.

A black turban had low jonquils.

A pretty black lace net was trimmed all around the face with dangling gold sequins.

Children's hats have wide brims and moderately high crown.

Many hats have ribbon streamers behind.

A pretty, small horn bonnet was decorated with blackberry-edged velvet ribbon, scarlet poppies and two dark green quills.

Violets trim many hats and bonnets.

Very small crushroses are in great favor.

Mr. Thomas Seldon was elected Mayor of Ingersoll yesterday to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mayor Buchanan.

ABUNDANCE FOR THE HEIRS.

The Romance of an English Officer and a Pretty Irish Girl.

In the townships of Kinointon and Ballou, county Longford, Ireland, lived two brothers named Sheridan. They were poor farmers and respected by their neighbors. Each had several daughters who were noted for their beauty, but the Sheridans, of Ballou, were conceded on all sides to be the handsomest women in the county. Nellie, the eldest daughter, was the typical rosy-cheeked Irish lass, and through her goodness and beauty won the heart of Robert Dudley Blake, an officer in the English army and a member of a rich and prominent family. He resigned from the army and taking Nellie with him to Scotland, married her in spite of the remonstrances of his family, who disowned him for the act.

Being wealthy in his own right Robert came to America with his young wife and established a millinery house at Mansfield, O. He was successful in his ventures, and after some years retired from active business life. About thirteen years ago the husband died and three years later the widow followed him, leaving a large estate to be divided among her relatives. The estate is said to be valued at $7,500,000, and the heirs mentioned in the will are Mary and Bridget Feeney, twin sisters, Margaret Feeney, Nora Feeney, their heirs or assigns, originally of Adgerton, county Longford, Ireland. Margaret Feeney is the widow of James Fitzsimmons, of Adgerton, and a Mrs. Reilly, of Matawan, N.J., is the Nora Feeney mentioned. Mrs. Fitzsimmons has a son on the police force of this city. Bridget Feeney is Mrs. Lawrence Corcoran, of South Orange, N.J.

The other heirs are Mrs. Ellen Silar, of Trenton, N. J., and Mrs. James Nally, of Millham, a suburb of Trenton. At the time of the death of the testatrix the estate was valued at £148,000, and it is said that by interest accumulated and judicious investments it has increased in value nearly fourfold. The Ohio portion of the estate has been similarly developed, it is said. All of the heirs are poor but worthy people. Mrs. Corcoran is the wife of a day laborer and goes out to work every day herself. Mrs. Silar is the wife of a flagman on the Pennsylvania Railroad. As soon as the relationships are established the estate will be divided.—*New York Herald.*

Strictly True

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of "Putnam's." Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

—The first dividend of 33 per cent. will be paid by the liquidators of the Central Bank on the 23rd inst.

Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we peruse with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophe and are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

One of the most unique firm names in New York is that of "Dolby & Nolan Sons."

Nelson's Daughter.

Just before Nelson died aboard the Victory, after making matchwood of the allied French and Spanish ships, he thought of his little daughter Horatia, and solemnly bequeathed her to the nation. The Rev. Horatio Nelson Ward, son of little Horatia, has just died, and his death has revived the controversy respecting Horatia's mother. It is now said, apparently upon authority, that Horatia was not the child of Lady Hamilton. Her mother, it is mysteriously added, was too great to be even mentioned. Nelson's descendants now living are confident they have royal blood in their veins, but of what nationality the family archives say nothing.

Tax on Canadian Currency.

Local financiers and brokers state that the decision among Buffalo bankers to put a charge of 2 per cent. on all deposits of Canadian bank notes presented at their respective institutions will have the effect of driving Canadian currency out of the United States and of forcing people to take the precaution of getting their money exchanged in Canada before leaving for the other side. To avoid the tax, therefore, merchants, while paying accounts in the United States, will do so entirely by New York drafts.

We Never Did Either.

The late Miss Alcott used to say "I think I have a man's soul in a woman's body, for while I am continually falling in love with pretty girls I have never seen the man I could love the least bit."—*Washington Capital.*

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Found It Convenient to Forget.

Census Taker—Let me see! You were born—. Miss Ageling (interrupting)—Certainly I was. C. T. (confused)—Yes, but will you be kind enough to tell me the date of your birth? Miss A.—Indeed, I would do so with pleasure; but the fact is, I was too young at the time to fix the date in my mind, so I am sorry I cannot oblige you. Good day, sir.—*Boston Budget.*

One of the treasures prized by Robert Louis Stevenson is an old cabinet carved with designs, singularly quaint and original, made by Deacon Brodie, from whose life were drawn the materials for the story and play of that title. The deacon was hanged at Edinburgh on January 1st, 1788.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Florence will be a hot-bed of royalty next month. The King and Queen of Wurtemburg and the Queen of Servia are already there; the Queen of Italy will go from Rome to Florence this week to meet Queen Victoria of England, and the Emperor and Empress of Brazil are expected there very soon.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative LITTLE LIVER Pellets PILLS. The Original

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. **As a laxative, alterative, or purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, Lisbon, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a trial, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent.

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 56 *Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astonishing results and a permanent cure.

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Rowan P. O., Colbert Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

THE BEST

INVESTMENT

for the Family, the School, or the Professional or Public Library, is a Webster's Unabridged

A Dictionary
A Gazetteer of the World
A Biographical Dictionary
All in One Book.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO. Springfield, Mass.

DCNL 16 '88.

SPECULATION IN STOCKS.

Rail Road Stocks in Fractional Lots Bought and Sold upon an entirely new plan, the distinctive feature being Customers Never Incur a Loss. Small margin only required. Send for Explanatory circular and first-class references.

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1 50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, APR. 19, 1888.

COME, GENTLE SPRING!

Spring is at hand. The first crow has cawed his caw, the robin has chirruped his first welcome notes, and other Canadian song-birds are following in rapid succession. Even the stately and dignified bull-frog is beginning to tune up his hoarse whistle. The air is is full of sweet music and balmy breezes, while the rippling brooks laugh and smile at you as they rush onward. The sun once more bursts through cloudland and occasionally beams upon the landscape in cloudless majesty. The last traces of the Snow King's presence are rapidly dissolving under the benignant rays of old Sol. The merry jingle of the sleigh-bells are heard no more. The fleecy garment has been discarded and soon mother earth will throw over the dead remnants of the past her glorious spring and summer apparel. "How fading are the joys we dote upon!" But its foolish to anticipate; let us proceed.

Spring is at hand. And now the clatter of wheels is heard on our streets, and the festive tramp springeth suddenly upon us "like a thief in the night." The lightning rod man follows close upon the heels of the tramp, and the sprightly and energetic bull-dog makes a good third in the procession.

Spring is at hand. The sidewalks have emerged from winter quarters. They plaintively call for repairs and groan beneath the tread of many feet. The pathmaster carefully counts the shekels at his disposal and maps out a line of action, which will at least prove satisfactory to himself. He is prepared for abuse and he usually gets it! Whether true or false, people will say he has a little axe of his own to grind. They tell him he is a fool anyway and never did know enough to pound sand.' The pathmaster would be a fit subject for the asylum if he adopted one half the advice gratuitously tendered him about this time of the year.

Spring is at hand. Evidences are not wanting, even in your backyard, where the refuse accumulated during the old Frost King's *regime* become suddenly and painfully recognizable. You have oculular and nasular demonstrations of this fact, and if you follow the honest dictates of either, you will remove the garbage and burn or bury it. Don't hire some yahoo to carry it off who will be sure to dump it in front of your neighbor's door under his very nose perchance. He doesn't like the stuff any better than you do, and will probably tell you so in somewhat forcible language. Don't allow your wood to block up the streets. Streets are calculated for public traffic and not for wood yards. Whoever tells you different—well, he does so because his woodyard is practically in the same place as yours! Now, if the streets are intended for general use, it might naturally be inferred that the wood you have placed there is intended for a similar purpose!

Spring is at hand: but don't you come fooling around THE ADVANCE office if you are a poet. It wouldn't be pleasant. We have warm greetings for all our friends and are always glad to see them—so long as no mention is made of poetry, especially spring poetry! Forty thousand wild cats couldn't scare our Fighting Editor when our sanctum is invaded by the meek-eyed, long-haired, tallow-faced Spring Poet. He gets awfully mad then and invariably reaches for the annihilator, calls up the bull-dog—then look out for a new kind of blizzard! No use for us to interfere, so beware! Just let the "gentle zephyrs blow," the "kine low," "the storm roar," "the maiden snore," "the flowers bloom," "the base rival fume," and all the rest of it. Later on in the season—when our Fighting Editor has retired from active duty—you may ease your lacerated feelings by copying nice little pieces from hymn books and such like, and, after appending your name thereto as author, send them to religious and secular journals as purely original matter! It is easier than taxing your own brains for ideas, and then the poetry reads much smoother. Several thousands do it every year, why not you?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We never saw an elephant attempt the, to it, impossible feat of turning a somersault; but we have in our mind's eye an almost equally graceful attempt at the somersault business by an esteemed brother editor, who does not live a hundred feet from the Markdale Standard office. Last week this editor wanted better post-office accommodation, and expressed it as his belief that that institution should be carried on separately from any other business in order to bring about such a desirable state of things. But, before he has got half way through the very sentence in which he thus expresses his feelings, he suddenly fetches himself up with a violent jerk and warbles forth in this fashion:—"Yet when we look into "the matter more closely we are rather "inclined to the conclusion that it is very "possible, if not quite probable, that the "accommodation would not be improved "under other circumstances or under "different management." Ahem! THE ADVANCE is of opinion, that that editor can't most generally almost altogether always tell what his views really are upon this subject of post-office accommodation.

The Markdale Standard says "you can kill a stream by damming it." The people up there are away ahead of Fleshertonians in the matter of profanity, for we have yet to hear of a solitary case in this locality, where a stream has been "killed" in the way indicated by our contemporary!

The Dundalk Herald discoursed ancient fads and faddists last week. We know now what to call the "penitentiary" down there without outraging the proprieties, viz., the "Dundalk Corporation Fad!"

The Novelist—A Novel Enterprise

Novel in name, form, purpose and method is THE NOVELIST, Alden's new weekly magazine of American fiction.

It undertakes to give the worthiest fiction that *AMERICAN* authors can be tempted to produce. *Foreign* authors not admitted. It is not sentimental talk about justice to American authors, but it is bold practical *action*.

It is certainly handy in form, beautiful in dress, excellent in all mechanical qualities, and low in price; well suited in all respects to meet the wants of the intelligent millions who are capable of appreciating "the best"—it will not stoop to compete with the "gutter fiction" of the sensational periodicals and libraries.

Terms, $1 00 a year, at which rate it will give over 2,500 pages, equal to from eight to twelve ordinary American dollar novels.

The stories will follow successively, one at a time, a novel of ordinary length thus being completed in from four to eight weeks. If one story does not please, you will not have long to wait for the next. For a ten cent subscription (if you don't wish to enter for all at $1 00), you will receive the first chapters of every story published during the year, which you can then order separately, if you wish. A specimen copy of THE NOVELIST will be sent free on request. Address, John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York; P. O. Box 1227.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRIST MILL,
Oatmeal Mill,
Saw Mill & Store
FOR SALE.

Under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a Mortgage which will be produced at time of Sale, there will be sold by Auction at

McGIRR'S HOTEL,

VILLAGE OF FEVERSHAM,

In the Township of Osprey, on —

Friday, 11th day of May, 1888

At one o'clock in the afternoon by MR. A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer. The following Property:—

PARCEL 1.—All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate lying and being in the Township of Osprey, in the County of Grey, which may be better known and described as follows: First, The Northerly part of Lot No. 16 in the 9th Con. of Osprey, aforesaid, not laid out into village lots. This may be described as Firstly, that part of Lot No. 16 lying North of Peel street, in the Village of Feversham in the said Tp. of Osprey, and West of Mill street, with the exception of that part conveyed to the Presbyterian Church; Secondly, that part lying East of Mill street, in the said Village, with the exception of Lots 1 and 2, North of Peel street and Lots 28 and 29, South of Peel street; Third, that part of said Lot No. 16 lying South of Peel street and West of Mill street and North of the rear of lots fronting on the North side of Victoria street with the exception of Lots numbered 15, 24, 25, 26 and 27, in said Village; Fourthly, that part of said Lot No. 16 lying between Washington and Victoria streets in said village with the exception of that portion at S.E. corner of Morris and Mill St. heretofore sold and conveyed to one James Hamilton to Robert Brown.

On the above property are erected a Grist Mill, Saw Mill and Oatmeal Mill. The Water Power is said to be one of the best in the Locality.

PARCEL 2.—Lot No. 1 on the South side of Victoria Street in said Village of Feversham. On this Property is said to be a Store and Dwelling House occupied by Mr. Luke Hall.

Terms and Conditions of Sale will be made known at time of Sale.

Mortgagee's Solicitors.

Further particulars of same apply to

GEORGE MORERLY,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

Collingwood, April 6th, 1888.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot No. 7 Con. 7 Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, well fenced, good state of cultivation. Well fenced, frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to

ARTHUR BRADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD BUGGY and a good set of Single Harness for sale cheap. Apply to

JAMES KESTER,
Flesherton.

28

WANTED.

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy drones upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

DAY BROTHERS
Nurserymen,
[illegible]

FARM to RENT
OR FOR SALE.

BEING Lots 8 & 9 Con. 5, Township of Artemesia, containing 166 acres more or less, about 80 of which are cleared. Good Frame Barn and Stable and Roughcast Dwelling House and a good bearing Orchard. Apply on the premises for particulars, or

WM. McPHAIL,
Flesherton Station P.O.

N.B. Possession given immediately. 335-338

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill now being and your grain and get it chopped up in shortorder.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

Photos,
Photos,
Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROME PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BUMER,

FLESHERTON.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?

Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of

W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3	85	to 3	95
Fall Wheat	$0	78	to 0	80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0	80
Barley	0	60	0	70
Oats	0	38	0	38
Peas	0	58	0	60
Butter	0	17	0	17
Eggs, fresh	0	12	0	12
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	40
Pork	6	50	6	50
Hay, per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	50	1	06
Geese	0	06	0	06
Turkeys	0	10	0	10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0	60

Sarjeant & McConnell,

— DEALERS IN ALL KINDS —

FRESH MEATS

Fish, Fowl, &c., in their Seasons.

W. W. TRIMBLE

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First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT.

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE.

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act. They will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed. We start you. Everything new. No special ability required. You, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, malnutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene L. Hill, M. D., 281 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c., and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Gentlemen requiring neat and attractive

Horse Bills!

We daresay be told, that The Flesherton Advance office fills the bill exactly.

GLEANINGS OF TRUTH

In all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

The Advance Office has a most enviable County reputation.

When it comes to

SALE BILLS!

We get there with both feet ahead of all rivals.

Our School System.

To the Editor of The Advance.

As Canadians, we boast of our System, and so we may, for undoubtedly it is well planned and successfully carried out. But, like other institutions, centralization and a gradual withdrawal of popular control is taking place. Inch by inch the rights of the people are invaded, and sooner or later the people who pay the bill will have nothing to say. I am not inclined to discuss [illegible] however its enemies may assert it might seem, but am confining myself to a matter recently [illegible] notice.

The [illegible] recently before the County Council, was called for information [illegible] of High School entrance examinations—a provision which is highly appreciated and for providing which there-in, the Government has made provisions for payment thereof; the sum was to be one of two modes, viz., seventy-five cents per pupil passing such examination, or $4 per day. The County Council adopted the system of 75 cents per pupil. In a large County like this, it was found very disadvantageous to send every pupil to Owen Sound to be examined. The Council ordered, or let me say, requested to have local examinations, and they were granted—one at Durham, one to alternate with Markdale and Flesherton, and one to alternate, I think, with Meaford and Thornbury. But it was soon found that the Inspector made a plea that the pay was not sufficient, and, therefore, bills of $4 per day and travelling expenses, for presiding at those outposts came before the Council, exorbitant charges for caretaking of suitable houses and stationery, and the 75 cents per pupil were all absorbed in Owen Sound.

Any one may see, that it seemed to the Council as paying too much for the fiddle, and so they decided to abide by their enactment and in future pay nothing more than reasonable travelling expenses of persons sent to these outposts, additional.

If my memory serves me, something like 200 pupils were examined, yielding close upon $200. The minutes not having been received, I quote from memory. The question was raised as to whom was paid this large sum—no bill having been asked for or rendered to show it. The committee failed to see the justice of this extra charge for sending to those outposts. "If all students went to the Sound, a proportionate increase of presiding officers would be necessary, were at any rate and therefore if travelling expenses were paid, the sum provided 75 cents per pupil was ample."

It, I learn, this session is not to be allowed [illegible] Trustees of some of those outposts have been written to, to ascertain if their Board would pay what the Council resolutely refused to do, with the very mild intimation that minister Ross says the examinations need not be placed outside of Owen Sound. The injustice of such a proposition is preposterous on its face. Every rural section cannot furnish accommodation for such examinations, hence the larger buildings are sought, whilst the students may be from every section in the Townships, and not one from the place where it is held. Yet Flesherton or Markdale, as the case may be, is asked to pay the piper. The wily leader of this proposition is well known—a man who has succeeded admirably on times gone by in manipulating the Council. But if the temper of the present Council remains unchanged, they are going to have something to say in this question, feeling assured that Ross or any other person can see that these gentlemen have been unjustly treated. We pay ten dollars per school annually, with at least $1 travelling expenses for every school, besides $3 per day, whilst presiding at intermediate and Model School examinations. And yet the person alluded to says it doesn't pay. Why if those entrance examinations were given gratuitously, it would only beget a feeling on their part that the people were not financially pinched by every turn of the educational wheel. What is wanted is new blood men that can do a day's work in a day. Then, I am persuaded, the pay would be ample enough.

It is to be hoped the outpost School Boards will refuse such demands—if nothing more, it should be done because of the principle involved.

ONE OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Beautiful spring weather has come at last and preparations are made in every quarter for the rush of work now coming on. Camp fires are seen here and there where the sap boilers are busy making sugar, and a good season is reported.

Our old friend, Johnson Little, has, to better his fortunes, moved to Flesherton Station, where we wish him every success. The blacksmithing business here will be carried on by his brother, Charles Little, who no doubt will give every satisfaction.

Miss Blakely and Miss Lever, of Flesherton, are expected to do a millinery business here, and from reputation, they will no doubt be successful in their undertaking.

A considerable amount of sickness is reported in every direction.

Our Postmaster, W. Long, has been laid up a few days, and D. K. Preston, mail contractor, is also laid up with a severe cold.

Mr. James Brownridge has purchased what is known as the Harrison farm and will now be able to carry on farming more extensively.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

Following items were received too late for last week's paper.—ED.

We have one of the most careful mail carriers in the country—careful of himself! Last Friday was one of the pleasantest days of the season, still Curry failed to put in an appearance, consequently no mail either ways. I have not been able to ascertain the cause of his delinquency, but suppose he was away on another fox-hunting excursion!

There is some talk of organizing a Sons Temperance lodge here. This is a move in the right direction, as I think it would do a vast amount of good in Eugenia. Hurrah! boys and girls, and let us join the order and do what we can to defeat "Old King Alcohol."

It is sometimes said that "a word to the wise is sufficient." I had hoped that the warning I had given to these little boys of Eugenia, who call themselves men, would be sufficient also. But, alas for hopes! However, their names are well known, and if they persist in their rowdyism they will probably receive a little public notoriety.

Mr. J. Carson has just put in one of his famous chopping mills for Mr. Sloan. The mill gives entire satisfaction.—KATE.

Take Recess.

From the Pickering News.

Our exchanges have been blathering about Vanderbilt's French cook and his $10,000 salary, until we feel like rebelling against fate. But the fates are inscrutable, and some men are born handsome and some men are born French cooks. There is one thing about this matter that reconciles us to earth the right, and that is the reflection that Mr. Vanderbilt and his French cook have got to sit right down this spring like we ordinary mortals and take what's left of the new potatoes after the slimy, dirty little potato bugs have got in their work.

Clydesdale Stallion, "Baron."

The beautiful and muscular Imported Clydesdale stallion, "Baron," owned by Mr. Robert Paton, of Proton township [illegible] of 1888 as follows: [illegible] leaves his own [illegible] Thomas Allen's [illegible] Proton [illegible] 17, Flesherton [illegible] Eugenia [illegible] Wm. McLaren's [illegible] Proton [illegible] Tuesday, May 1st, [illegible] Flesherton [illegible] Friday, May 4th, [illegible] Robert Paton's, Varney, for noon [illegible] Queen's hotel, Durham, night. Friday, May 4th, proceed to Andrew McAuley's, Camden Place, at noon, thence to McMillan's corners to his own stables for the night.

Saturday will proceed to Flesherton Station at noon, thence to his own stable where he will remain until the [illegible] Monday in 1888.

Above route will be strictly adhered to during the season, [illegible] after committing

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

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Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons, while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

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Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
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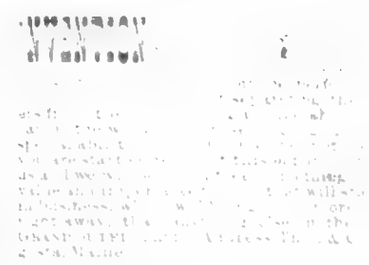

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SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Yes," Shirley admitted, turning her face again to the window, with her eyes upon the darkness.

Ruby sat down beside her in the firelight, still holding her hands in hers, and there was silence between them. Ruby's heart was beating fast with hope and expectation; but Shirley was calm with the calmness of despair—she hoped nothing, she feared all. Her only thought now was for Guy. A few tender lines from him had been given her just before he and Oswald started, bidding her take courage, for that his hope was strong; but she knew that, though it was strong, it was groundless. How could she help him to bear it?

"Ruby," said the sweet low voice, which had always a pathetic little intonation, but which now had such a despairing sadness in its music, "you have been crying, dear."

"Nonsense, Shirley! Crying? I don't know how."

"Ah, but there are tears on your face, and tears in your voice," Shirley said, gently. "You must not fret, Ruby, or you will make yourself ill; and then"—with a little break in the calm voice—"what would become of me?"

"You need not be afraid of that, Shirley. I am never ill."

"Was Alice very angry?" Shirley said softly, after a little pause. "Is she very bitter against me, Ruby?"

"Don't talk of her, Shirley; it exhausts the very small amount of patience I possess," answered Miss Capel pettishly.

"But, dear, think how much she must be suffering if, as I fear, she loved Sir Hugh," said Shirley, pitifully finding room in her aching heart for compassion for the girl who had none for her. "You, who have been so good to me, must feel for her also. Poor Alice!"

"Poor Alice!" echoed Ruby disdainfully. "She is greatly to be pitied indeed! She is as capable of feeling love for anyone but herself as that oak table is."

"Hush, dear!" Shirley said, gently. "It is very unlike you to be uncharitable. I have been thinking so much of Alice all night" she went on softly. "It was terrible to reflect that I had brought suffering to her also; and, when Delphine said she was ill, I wished so much to go to her and see if I could do something for her. It is almost the same trouble for her as for Guy, you know; but he, being a man, will feel it more."

"If it is any consolation to you, Shirley, to know that she is not either ill or unhappy, you may safely believe me when I say so," Ruby answered. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick, loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said, warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added, gently, "do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley——"

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing, I believe, could set me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless, despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart. And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, that is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him I should be happy; but——" She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sunk back upon her seat again, all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby. Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake!"

"My brave Shirley!" Ruby responded tenderly, and for fully half-an-hour the girls sat in the fire-lit hall, Ruby's eyes watching anxiously and sorrowfully the still face turned toward the window, with such terrible pallor and anguish upon it.

Presently a carriage dashed up to the door; but it was only Lady Fairholme and Lady Capel returning from a drive. As they entered the hall, stately in their velvet and furs, with a footman in attendance, Shirley and Ruby rose, and went a step or two forward. Lady Capel saw them, and took Shirley's hand and kissed her; but the words she would have spoken died away upon her lips, as she saw the alteration in the girl's face, and she went on with a mist in her kind eyes. Lady Fairholme had stood still and glanced at them; but she had passed on immediately, without a word or a second look at her husband's niece, and her voice was perfectly unmoved the next minute when she asked why the hall was not yet lighted.

Without a word, Shirley went back to the window; her misery was too great for her aunt's cruelty to touch her; but Ruby's face flushed angrily, and she bit her red lip to suppress the passionate words which in her indignation she was about to utter.

The hall was lighted now, the full glare of gas replacing the ruddy firelight; and the footman had replenished the fire, which blazed up cheerily. Presently Alice came out of the oak parlor and crossed the hall on her way upstairs, her soft pink cashmere draperies sweeping the polished floor as she went her way affectedly and languidly; and still Ruby and Shirley kept their vigil at the window watching for the dog-cart which was to bring Oswald and Guy from the station.

"Ruby, you will be cold; go to the fire, dear," Shirley said softly once: but Ruby did not move.

At last two bright lights came flashing into view in the darkness without, and the sound of rapidly approaching wheels grew clearer and clearer. Shirley rose then, still and calm; but Ruby was trembling so violently that she could hardly stand. Shirley put her arms around her.

"I am afraid all this is too much for you," she said tenderly. "Ruby, how shall I bear it if I have made you ill, too?"

"I am not ill—I am only nervous. Oh, Shirley!" she added, as the hall door was hastily opened from without, and Captain Fairholme, looking haggard and weary, entered, pausing for a moment and shading his eyes, as if the sudden transition from darkness to light dazzled him; then he shut the door behind him, and the girls heard the dog-cart being taken back to the stables.

"Oswald," Shirley said, as she went a few steps toward him, while Ruby, quite overcome by her agitation, sunk down upon the nearest chair and hid her face in her hands, "how cold and tired you look! Come and warm yourself and rest."

Oswald had started violently as her soft calm voice fell upon his ear; then he came to her side, with one swift glance at Ruby's drooping figure, and took both her little hands in his. Burning with fever as they had been a short time previously, they were icy cold now, so cold that the young man could not repress an exclamation

"How cold you are!" he ejaculated; and for a moment they stood looking at each other in silence, the young officer's eyes full of unspeakable pity and compassion, the girl's heavy with hopeless misery and woe.

"I have no good news for you, dear," he said slowly.

"I did not expect any, Oswald," was the answer, uttered so brokenly, so pitifully, so despairingly, that the tears rose in Captain Fairholme's eyes. "Thank you for all your goodness to—to us. Come and help me to console Ruby," she added.

Captain Fairholme went over to the fire, his eyes dim, and his lips quivering under his dark mustache. Shirley went to Ruby and raised her drooping form and rested the girl's head upon her breast.

"Ruby," she said softly, "try to be brave, dear. You will distress Oswald, and he is very weary."

She drew her gently over to the fire, and for a few minutes they stood there together, Ruby's head on Shirley's breast and her hand in Oswald's, who was hardly less moved. Shirley was the only one who retained any semblance of composure, but she was calm with the calm of despair.

"They give us no hope," Captain Fairholme said then, huskily. "They think that any court would ratify the marriage. Even if you could give a good reason for going to Dumfife with Sir Hugh, it would avail nothing."

"I knew it would be so," said Shirley wearily. "Hush, dear Ruby, don't sob so! And—and Guy—how does he bear it, Oswald?"

The frozen calm of her face was breaking now, and her breath came fast

"Badly, I fear," Oswald said sadly. "It is early days as yet, Shirley."

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"Where is he, Oswald?"

He left me at the cross-roads," Oswald replied. "He wanted a walk, he said. Why, Shirley—good Heaven, what is the matter? What are you going to do?"

For Shirley had rushed away down the hall, and was trying with her little hands, so frail and trembling, to unfasten the heavy bolts of the hall door.

"At the cross-roads!" she repeated, lifting her great restless eyes to her cousin's face, with a wild terror in their depths. "Don't you perceive where he was going? Oh, be quick—for pity's sake, be quick!"

"But, Shirley——"

"Oswald, don't you see?" she cried wildly. "At the cross-roads! He was going to Maxwell—and they must not—oh, Heaven, they must not meet now!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Alone in the library of his splendid home, Sir Hugh Glynn was thinking of the evil deed he had wrought. He was lying back in a deep, luxurious arm-chair. His uncle, from whom he had inherited Maxwell, had been a bibliomaniac, and he had not spared his wealth, which had been great, to gratify his mania.

Many a volume which would have delighted a connoisseur, but which possessed little interest for the uninitiated, lined the shelves which surrounded the room on all sides, broken into on one by the carved doorway which faced the magnificent black marble mantel on the other. Even between the two great stained-glass windows, the volumes had taken refuge; there was not an available space anywhere which had not been utilized, and the room contained as magnificent a collection of books as any in the kingdom.

But the present owner of the collection cared but little for it at any time. Had he wanted money, it would not have cost him a pang to sacrifice the books over which his uncle had spent so much time and trouble and so much gold. But now he never gave them a thought. There was a heavy frown upon his brow, partly of displeasure and partly of pain; for his injured arm troubled him still, and the fever of his mind had not tended to lessen his bodily discomfort.

He was alone at Maxwell; but he had no present intention of remaining there. As soon as this troublesome business was settled, he would take his wife to the south of France to introduce her to his mother, and then they would travel for a time. He had no doubt as to the result of Major Stuart's application to the lawyers. Even if the matter were brought before the law-courts, the decision must have been in his favor. Shirley could not account for her visit to Dumfife with him; for, even if it would have saved her, she would not betray her brother's trust and ruin his reputation and his prospects. She was his wife, Sir Hugh knew, married to him by the abominable law in force in the country in which poor Shirley had passed three dreary years, which had culminated in this crowning misery—married to him by treachery and baseness and falsehood truly, but his nevertheless. Yet, even while Hugh Glynn's eyes brightened as he thought of her beauty and grace and sweetness, the frown on his white forehead deepened as he puffed slowly at his cigar and remembered the look of horror, of loathing, of contempt, which had been on his wife's face when he saw it last.

"If she had loved me only a little!" he said, half aloud, with a sudden yearning in the blue eyes which chased away all their sleepiness and their coldness. "If she had given me a little of the love she lavished upon him—hang him!" And the blue eyes darkened with savage jealousy and anger. How easily Guy had won that for which he would have given his life.

Why, even for the possession of her, to call her his own, to look upon her loveliness, and know that she was his wife, he had given his honor. What would he not have given to see her eyes rest upon him as they rested upon Guy, to have her lips meet his in requited love, to feel her hand steal into his and linger there? His wealth, his life! For he loved her.

He loved her. That was his one excuse for the treachery he had committed, and which, even in his own eyes, seemed hideously vile. He loved her madly, wildly, with all the passion of his nature; and instead of letting this love lift him to a higher life, he had yielded to the subtle temptation with which he had been tempted, and let it sink him to the level of a traitor.

She was Guy's betrothed, Guy's one ewe-lamb in all the world, for he had neither riches, nor title, nor position, nor beauty to win a woman's fancy and subdue her heart; and Guy was his friend, his tried and trusty friend, to whose courage he owed the life he enjoyed. His friend—and yet he had betrayed him! Guy had saved his life, and he had taken from him what was far dearer to him than life. When that fatal love that had entered both hearts at sight of Shirley Ross's fair face had come between them, all the old friendship and gratitude had died out of Hugh Glynn's heart, killed by his savage jealousy and passion. Many a time he had felt that he could have killed Guy Stuart when he had seen him with Shirley, and the very repression he had been forced to exercise had doubled his passionate resentment. And then Latreille had told him the story of poor Marian Ross's betrayal, which had suggested the idea of her daughter's; and temptation had come into his way through Guy's faith in him and Shirley's, and thus he had betrayed it, thus he had requited.

He rose from his seat and moved up and down the stately room restlessly. He almost wished that he had spared her; and yet to leave her to Guy—to let her be his wife—no, it was impossible! But that scornful face, that wailing, despairing cry which rung in his ears even now. Ah, how she loved Guy!

Amid all his jealousy and remorse and triumph, the bitterest thought in Sir Hugh Glynn's mind was that in his place Guy Stuart would have acted very differently. If Shirley had loved him—Hugh—Guy would never have lifted his finger, if by so doing he could have won her love; he would have buried it in his own heart and gone away without one word to trouble her peace or to pain the friend who had been more fortunate than he. Sir Hugh felt instinctively that that would have been Guy's course in his place, and the thought of that superiority in the man who had been his friend rankled cruelly.

Sir Hugh Glynn loved Shirley, but his love was selfish and unworthy; it was a mixture of passion and admiration for her beauty and pride piqued by her indifference. Guy's love—the man who hated him felt it keenly—Guys love was a nobler love than that.

As the thought crossed his mind, the room door opened quietly, and the man he had wronged entered and closed it after him without a word. Sir Hugh stopped his restless perambulations to and fro, and for fully a minute the two men faced each other in utter silence the—betrayed and the betrayer—the man so cruelly wronged and he who had so cruelly wronged him. In a breathless heavy silence, grim and menacing, they looked at each other, Sir Hugh so handsome and stately for all the suffering which his face showed signs of still, Guy pale, worn, haggard, with a terrible despair on his face—despair which had something reckless in its misery; then Sir Hugh threw back his head with a proud gesture of defiance and said calmly—

"This is an unexpected pleasure. After the courtesies we exchanged yesterday, I could hardly have foreseen this visit."

"Perhaps not"—Guy's voice, hoarse and changed and menacing, fell upon the stillness heavily and slowly—"nevertheless I am here, as you see."

"Charmed to have the honor." Sir Hugh said carelessly; and Guy's eyes lightened with a passionate gleam of fury.

"Take care!" he said between his set teeth. "I am in no mood for exchanging civilities; neither am I in a mood to bear your jeers."

"Then to what am I to attribute the honor you are paying me?" Sir Hugh asked calmly.

Traitor he was, but not a coward, although just now the sting of his conscience told him that he richly deserved the vengeance which looked out of the furious gray eyes, almost black in their concentrated anger and scorn.

"To what?" Guy repeated. "I will tell you. To my desire for vengeance."

"For vengeance! I do not understand you. Is it on me that you would wreak your anger for your fiancee's infidelity? Is——"

The words were careless, haughty, mocking in their intonation; but they died upon his lip as Guy rested his hand upon his shoulders, swaying him to and fro with a resistless power.

"Take care," he said, "or I will force the words back through your jibing lips with one blow of my hand!"

Low as the words were spoken, there was a fierce, suppressed passion in their low-breathed utterance which made Sir Hugh Glynn quail for a moment; but his blue eyes, flashing with a steel-like glitter, met Guy's unflinchingly.

"It is not vengeance, but justice," Major Stuart said, in the same low tones—"justice only. Would any vengeance be as great as my wrongs?"

"Ah! You have been to Edinburgh?"

"Yes."

"And you have seen the lawyers you wished to consult?"

"Yes."

"And their opinion is?" Sir Hugh interrogated calmly, although the pitiless hand still kept its iron grip of his shoulder.

"You know it well," Guy said, with a sudden, irrepressible burst of pain. "I need not repeat it."

There was a moment's silence. They were standing on the rug now, and the red flames of the great log-fire, as it roared up the wide chimney, fell upon either face.

"There was no need to go," Major Stuart said hoarsely. "You took your measures well. She is your wife, poor unhappy girl; but for your treachery to me, your friend, your baseness to her, a poor child who trusted you, you shall answer to the uttermost, so help me Heaven.

"That I am in your power I know," Sir Hugh answered calmly. "A one armed man will be powerless indeed against such strength as yours. I have wronged you, you say; then take your revenge."

"Only a traitor would shelter himself behind his injuries," said Major Stuart, removing his hand nevertheless. "Can you deny the wrong? I trusted you and you betrayed me."

No reproach could have been more bitter, simple as the words were. Sir Hugh's eyes fell under the others glance, and he half turned away; then, conquering his momentary remorse, he resumed his old haughtiness.

"That the wrong is irreparable I know," Guy went on. "And yet, if you were generous— Such a marriage cannot be binding! It is not binding in the sight of Heaven! Glynn, think how I must suffer, not for myself, but for her, when I stoop to entreat you to set her free. Give her back to me. She does not love you," Major Stuart continued, hoarsely and brokenly. "And she was all I had. Hugh, for the sake of our old friendship, for the sake—yes, I will stoop to plead it—of the service I rendered you once long ago, renounce your claim upon her! Give Shirley her freedom!"

"It is impossible. She is my wife," said Sir Hugh, briefly. "Besides, she herself was willing. She knew her mother's story; she knew the Scottish marriage laws; and, my dear fellow, what you ask is simply an impossibility. Even were it not so, Shirley would never consent."

"How can you persist in that lie?" Major Stuart said, with bitter contempt. "The child's own word would not make me believe her false. Do you think the anguish of yesterday does not contradict your words? Each one of them is false as falsehood itself. You are a villain and a liar and a traitor!"

"By heaven, this is unbearable!" cried Sir Hugh, furiously, as he sprung forward.

Guy met him with equal fury. One moment more and they would have been at each other's throat or struggling in the terrible embrace of two men goaded to desperation, who seek vengeance at any cost—one moment more, and the stain of blood-guiltiness might have been on the soul of either; but in that moment the door was burst open and Shirley threw herself between them, pale, breathless, panting, her head uncovered, as she had come from Fairholme Court, her hair disheveled by her headlong flight through the cold night-wind, falling around her, her eyes wild and dilated with the horror and terror which had seized her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The two men fell apart at the first touch of the little trembling hands, and the eyes of both turned upon the girl, who stood, panting and breathless, both hands pressed against her heart, as if to stop the throbbings which seemed as if they must rend it in twain, her face wild and haggard, shaded by her loosened hair, and faint little inarticulate cries of terror escaping from the pale, parted lips. Captain Fairholme, who had paused at the door, went forward quietly and put Shirley gently into a chair, and her head fell back against it in utter exhaustion.

"Has she not suffered enough yet?" said Oswald gravely. "Could you not have spared her this?"

He had turned to Guy, who stood breathing heavily from the restraint he had been forced to place upon himself; but, before he could answer, Shirley looked up quickly and put out one little hand with deprecating gesture of entreaty, which made Sir Hugh's eyes flash. Even now she was pitiful over her lover, he thought bitterly.

"No; do not," she said faintly—"do not blame him, Oswald. He has borne so much, and he has so much to bear. Guy"—she rose feebly and put her hand upon his arm—"try to forgive me, dear, and go home with Oswald."

"Forgive you, darling?" he questioned mournfully, looking down at the pale uplifted face. "I have never blamed you not for a moment; but, when I look at you, my poor pet, how can I forgive him?"

"Pardon me," Sir Hugh interposed haughtily, "you are speaking to my wife."

Guy's eyes flashed.

"I cannot look at her and forget it," he said bitterly. "Look! Are you not proud of your work?"

Almost involuntarily Sir Hugh turned his eyes upon her, as she stood half supported by her cousin, and his thoughts went back to the night of the ball at Fairholme Court six weeks before. He remembered Shirley then, bright, radiant, beautiful in her sweeping silken robes; he saw her now pale, haggard, lovely still, with that inalienable beauty of form which must always be hers, but with all her brightness faded forever. The contrast smote him with a keen pang of remorse as his eyes rested upon her.

"Guy," the sweet broken-hearted voice continued, "I want you to go away, dear, and not to come back again. It will be best. By and bye—not at first, I know—but after a time, perhaps—I think, I hope, I pray that you may forget me and be very happy. But first will you—can you forgive me?"

"How can you speak of forgiveness between you and me, Shirley?" he asked unsteadily. "There can be none ever needed, my poor child!"

"I did not think you would be angry with me," she said, with a touching child-like confidence in her voice. "But, Guy, if you wish it, I will tell you why I went."

"There is no need, my dearest," he answered gently, taking both her little hands in his; while Sir Hugh looked on, angry and jealous and furious, yet powerless to interfere. "I trust you."

"Thank you, Guy. And—and—you will try to forget?"

"To forget! Ah, Shirley, is that possible? While I have life, I must remember, my child!"

"We were very happy," she whispered brokenly, a smile pitiful to see curving the stiff livid lips. "It is something to have been happy together—even for a few hours, Guy."

"We were very happy, Shirley," he answered hoarsely, looking down with dim eyes at the ghastly face and the great hazel eyes glittering with a bright feverish lustre—"very happy, my poor, darling."

"And last night I was thinking," she went on in the same pitiful trusting manner, "that you might by-and-by have tired of such a foolish girl, and that it was better— I could not think very clearly, Guy," she added, resting her head against his arm, with a little gesture of weariness which was unutterably pathetic, "my head ached so—it aches so now."

Sir Hugh made a quick movement toward her, but Oswald Fairholme put his hand upon his arm.

"Have some pity," he said huskily; and Sir Hugh, involuntarily obeying the movement, drew back and turned away.

Oswald put his hand through his arm and gently forced him to the window, where he threw himself moodily into a chair, his eyes fixed on the group by the fire, while Oswald hid his face with his hand to shut out the despairing faces which haunted him. Shirley had rested her head against Guy's shoulder, and was looking up into his face with restless shining eyes, while her fingers, with a strange uncertain movement, strayed over his rough ulster. Major Stuart had put his arm round her, but he could not trust himself to look upon her face, and he had turned away his head, while under his heavy moustache his lips were set sternly and tightly, and in his brain the question repeated itself—Could any vengeance be too great for such wrongs as his and hers?

"Guy," the sweet low voice went on, while the restless eyes wandered from his face round the room and came back again to their first resting place, "won't you speak to me, dear? I thought all day that when you came back you would look as you look now. I saw your face all night—all night. Did you sleep, Guy? It seems to me as if I never should sleep again—my head turns so, and my eyes will not close. They told you, did they not, that I was his wife? I knew they would say so. His wife—oh, great Heaven!"

(To be continued.)

Hot Water for Plants.

It is a fortunate circumstance that a plant will endure a scalding heat that is fatal to most of its minute enemies. Water heated to the boiling point poured copiously over the stem of an enfeebled peach tree, and allowed to stand about its collar, will often have the happiest restorative effects. Trees showing every symptom of the yellows have often been rendered luxuriantly green and thrifty again by this simple means. The heat is presumably too much for the fungus which had infested the vital layers of the tree, immediately under the outer bark. The London florists recommend hot water, up to 145° F., as a remedy when plants are sickly owing to the soil souring—the acid, absorbed by the roots, acting as a poison. The usual resort is to the troublesome job of repotting. When this is not necessary for any other reason it is much simpler to pour hot water freely through the stirred soil; it will presently come through tinged with brown. After this thorough washing, if the plants are kept warm, new root points and new growth will soon follow. A lady friend had a fine calla in a three-gallon pot which showed signs of ill-health. On examination the outer portion of the filling was found mouldy, it being in large part fresh horse manure. As repotting was inconvenient, the plant being in flower, hot water was freely used; it killed the mould, and the plant began to revive and was soon all right.

St. Clair Tunnel Works.

The St. Clair Tunnel Co. are now actively engaged in the construction of the tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron, Mich. A certain portion of the machinery and material used in the construction of the work will be obtained in the States, consisting principally of pumping machinery, paper tanks, and the shield used in carrying on the work of excavating. The expensive part of the material, consisting chiefly of cast iron plates for lining the tunnel, will be made in this city, and it is estimated that ten thousand pounds of this article will be required before the work is concluded. The Treasury Department of the United States has decided that on material manufactured in Canada no duty will be charged. The Canadian Customs authorities have made the same concessions regarding bridge material coming from the States and will not levy the duties upon such articles as they did when the International Bridge at Niagara and the Sault Ste. Marie bridge were in course of construction. It is estimated that the work on the St. Clair tunnel will involve an expenditure of a quarter of a million of dollars.

Between Two Young Married Women.

"You think, then, that your husband no longer loves you as formerly?"

"Alas! I am sure of it."

"What proof have you?"

"What proof! Why, my dear friend, when he kisses me now he doesn't even disturb my face powder."—*Paris Gaulois.*

Spring Styles.

Mortgages are signed by two witnesses the same as last year, and are folded so as to fit the side coat pocket. The back taxes are combed forward and parted on the side nearest the mortgage. In this climate mortgages generally mature in the winter season.

Room For Improvement.

Minister—And do you expect to be a lawyer when you grow up, like your father, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes, sir; I expect to be a lawyer, but ma hopes I won't be one like pa.

A Nourishing Spring Breakfast.

Coca, with four to six eggs beaten up in it, is recommended as a nourishing spring breakfast.—*Boston Journal.*

In a London Square.

'Mid the ceaseless throng, as it surged along,
In an angle of the street,
They stood and proffered their woodland flowers,
Sweet violets—not so sweet,
And lilies not so fair and pale
As the maiden's foam-white face,
With its fine, clear-carved Madonna brows,
And its subtle southern grace.

And the boy's dark eyes, with their grave surprise,
Had the twilight glow that shines
In southern lands where the sunshine falls
Through the dusk of purpling vines.
What bitter turn of fortune's wheel
Had sent the wanderers here,
From the shores where roses and lilies blow
All through the golden year?

And here and there a kindly heart
Would pause a moment's space,
Touched by the sister's pleading glance
And the wonderful Raffaelle face,
And purchase a dewy primrose knot—
A penn'orth of fairy gold—
By the silent lips and the speaking eyes
Repaid a hundredfold.

And, lingering there in the crowded square
I thought, Is this but one
Of the thousand sordid secrets hid
In our sorrowful Babylon?
Or is the silent woe that looks
From the maiden's great sad eyes
The shadow pale of some tragic tale
Of sleepless memories?

A German Co-operative Community.

The Amana community in Iowa, including a population of about 2,000, is an interesting illustration of the success of co-operative effort among thrifty Germans. The settlement was begun in 1855 and the colony now owns 26,000 acres of land. The land forms a single township and the people are grouped in seven villages. Each village is a social and industrial unit, and has a definite area assigned to it for cultivation and pasturage. The government of the colony affairs, as a whole, is invested in a Board of thirteen trustees, while each village has its Board of Elders, varying in number from seven in the smallest to eighteen in the largest. The central institution in each village is the "store," which is a large general retail establishment carrying groceries, drugs, dry goods, clothing, hats and caps, hardware, etc. Its bookkeeping is very elaborate, for, except in dealings with outsiders, the colonists do not ordinarily use money. Everything is done by a system of accounts which are kept at the "store." The blacksmith shop and the carpenter shop have accounts against the farm department which are duly recorded on the village books. Every family or adult has an account at the "store," certain credits being apportioned to all members by the elders at the commencement of each year, which are drawn against by purchasers. Boarding houses furnish meals to members in each village in groups of from forty to fifty each. Houses are assigned to families by the elders, who provide shelter for all. The community conducts a number of mills and manufacturing enterprises.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Scientific Scraps.

Lenses are almost universally made of glass, but an experimenter has recently made a lens of ice with which he was able to light pipes by means of the solar rays.

Alum may be partially decomposed with its two component parts, potassium sulphate and aluminium sulphate, by being placed in a jar of pure water, the two salts possessing different degrees of diffusive power when in solution.

One of the greatest difficulties in printing on certain papers is the development of electricity as the printed sheets reach the fly. It is reported that a remedy has been found for this trouble, by saturating the fingers of the fly with glycerine diluted with water

J. Scully, of Calcutta, has found that the addition of pure silver of but four-thousandths of its weight of bismuth renders it brittle when cooled slowly. When cooled quickly the effect is not so marked, but still sufficient to render it unserviceable for coinage

An instrument called the autographometer has lately been devised, which autographically records the plan of the ground over which it is dragged. It can be carried about on a light vehicle, and when in use indicates the topography and differences of level of all places over which it passes.

It is found that smoke, as it issues from the muzzle of a heavy gun, can be almost instantaneously precipitated by means of a simple electrical apparatus. The invention is based upon the researches of Professor Tyndall. Lord Rayleigh and Professor Lodge in the action of electricity upon floating dust and vapor, and it should be of considerable military value.

Definitions.

"Innocent is to do anything and look like you did not do it." "Jealous is a person that is afeard of another, getting more than he will." "I have a beautiful ivory vine." "The elephant has a long piece of ivory in his mouth." "I have a cat with beautiful fuzz on it." "It is bad to have the wheeze in your throat." "I guess we have so many things to learn at schools that we don't have any room to understand them in," said a little girl, pathetically.

"In Times of Peace Prepare for War."

Mrs Mayne Chance—"My dear, you have my sympathy. So that rich old humbug has broken off his engagement with you. You have his letters, and have seen a lawyer, of course?"

Miss Piper—"Oh, certainly; but he made an assignment last week!"

Mrs. M. C.—"The wretch!"

A Splendid Imitation.

He (admiring a vase of flowers)—Aren't they beautiful? Do you know, Miss Rouge, they remind me of you.

She (softly)—But, Mr. Cute, they are artificial.

He—Ah, yes; but you'd never know it.

Opposed to Volapuk.

The people of this country are not in need of any new language. Many of them cannot speak the one they have.—*Richmond State.*

Good Chance for a Homeless Giant.

A lady advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bed-room for a gentleman twelve feet square."—*Collegiate Journal.*

Pierre St. Armand died at Pembroke last week at 97 years of age. His father lived to 101, his mother nearly 99, a sister to within a few days of 100, and an aunt of his father's to 117 years.

ANTIQUITY OF THE TELEPHONE.

The Priests of India Have Used That Instrument for 2,000 Years.

"The principle of the telephone has been known for 2,000 years in India," was the rather incredible story made last night by Fred Amesbury, who has just returned to New York after a two years' sojourn in the land of striped tigers and wonderful fakirs. "I do not assert, mark you," continued Mr. Amesbury, "that they use the telephone as we use it, or that they have any system of general communication. What I do say is that the high-caste people have a method of communicating with each other by arbitrary action on a diaphragm, just as we do, but it is confined entirely to their temples, and its existence has remained a secret until within a very few years.

"I was in a town called Panj, about 200 miles from Madras, and while there became acquainted with an English officer named Harrington, who was a prime favorite with the natives because on one occasion he had saved a priest from drowning. He was a very genial, pleasant fellow, and had that peculiar magnetism about him that made and kept friends everywhere.

"It was through Harrington that I was enabled to learn the existence of telephonic communication and to satisfy myself of its antiquity.

"There are two temples in the village about a mile apart. In the interior and on the ground floor of each is a small circular structure which is guarded day and night from the natives, as well as from strangers, and is supposed to be the abiding place of the 'governing spirit,' but in reality is the terminus of the telephonic line, which is laid underground from one building to the other.

"The superstitious natives regarded this little structure with the greatest awe and reverence, because they had seen demonstrated before their eyes—or rather ears—the power of this spirit to communicate with the other temple. They were required to make their offering in one building, and make known their wishes and desires. Then immediately repairing to the second temple they would be informed of all they had said and done, although neither priest had left his post. This was regarded as a demonstration of the power of the spirit.

"We were unable to determine the composition of the wire that connected the two buildings. It was some kind of metal, but neither steel, copper, nor brass, although it closely resembled the latter. The transmitter was of wood and about the size of the head of a flour barrel, and to establish connection, instead of ringing a bell, the person wishing to attract attention at the other end stood close to the curious thing and shouted, "Ooey! ooey! ooey!"

"This was answered by a similar shout, which, though faint, was distinct, and could be heard two feet away.

"After Harrington and I had gained the confidence of the priests, or, rather, after he had, we were given a carte blanche to do as we pleased, and we talked to each other from one temple to the other for more than an hour, and were enabled to make an incomplete investigation.

"We learned that the telephone that we saw had been in use for thirty years. The priests were very old men, and they remembered that the line of communication had been renewed only once during their incumbency.

"They showed us the remains of worm-eaten transmitters and wooden conduits. They claimed that the system had been in existence since the creation, and laughed at us when we told them that the same principles has only been applied in England and America within the last dozen years. In every part of India and Burmah this system of secret communication exists, although hundreds of travellers have never suspected it. I believe that it dates back fully two thousand years."—*New York Sun.*

Gentle Criticism.

Mrs. Lake Shore—Wonderful, isn't it?

Miss Lake Shore—Why, mamma, it is perfectly horrible.

Mrs. Lake Shore—I don't mean the whole painting, my dear. I was referring to the manner in which the artist makes that twenty pound man lift a ton of hay on his pitchfork.—*Tid Bits.*

Their Wedding Journey.

He (impecunious gentleman of leisure)—I was sorry at being called out yesterday and leaving you to pay the minister. What did he ask you?" She ($40,000 a year)—"He asked me who you were." He—"Well?" She—"And when I told him, he said he didn't feel justified in charging me more than $2."—*Life.*

Put Yourself in His Place.

Envious young man (speaking of favored rival)—Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably conceited.

Sharp young lady—But, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever would not you be conceited? (A few moment's reflection, followed by total collapse of Dumley.)

She Spoke to Him.

Book Agent—How do you do, madam. Will your dog bite?

Madam—Waal, I reckon he will.

Book Agent—Would you have the goodness to speak to him?

Madam—Certainly. Sick 'im Tige; sick 'im!—*Harper's Bazar.*

He was Absolutely Necessary.

"I hear they are going to have a donkey party at B——'s," said a man to his neighbor. "So I understand," was the reply, "are you going?" "Of course I am," said the man, "they couldn't have the party without me!" And he couldn't quite make out what the other fellow was laughing at.

Mr. William O'Brien addressed the Ponsonby tenants at Youghal at an early hour yesterday morning and afterward attempted to hold the meeting which had been proclaimed by the Government. He mounted a car with the intention of addressing the people, but was seized by the police and dragged to the ground. The police then charged upon the crowd with drawn batons and a serious *melee* ensued, in which a number on both sides were wounded. It is alleged that several of the police were stabbed. Magistrate Plunkett was thrown down and beaten, and he received a cut on the head. Mr. O'Brien escaped to a priest's house and harangued the crowd in a stable. Police and soldiers are parading the streets of the town.

THE ORCHID CRAZE.

A Widespread Mania that Almost Equals the Celebrated Tulip Madness.

It is a genuine mania. There were a few cases of it before, but the malady never became alarming till about six years ago, when it began to attract public attention in England. Like gout and hay fever, it is most likely to attack persons of large means, high social position and blue blood. Poor people are never victims of it. A singular peculiarity about it is that it is much more likely to attack men than women. Like hydrophobia, leprosy and consumption, it is pronounced incurable. That it is contagious is admitted by all who have given attention to the matter. Some wealthy Americans who were in London four or five years ago contracted the disease and brought it to this country. It is now quite prevalent in New York, and there are a few cases in Boston and a smaller number in Chicago, St. Louis and other Western cities. It has for several years been the custom of hay fever sufferers to hold an annual reunion. The victims of the orchid mania are following their example. About fifty of them met in New York not long since and had a very enjoyable time. They brought with them about eight hundred varieties of the plant over which they have gone daft. A large proportion of the nobility and gentry of England are victims of the orchid craze. All the members of the Rothschild family, whether living on the Continent or in Great Britain, are orchid fanciers. Baron Schroder, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John Lubbock have very large collections. Mr. Sanders, of St. Albans, has four acres covered with glass that are entirely devoted to producing orchids. Mr. Chamberlain's collection cost him $40,000, but is valued at more than twice that sum. He has nine glass houses full of orchids, many of which are exceedingly rare. They are all joined together and are connected with conservatories and hot houses in which other flowers are raised. All the buildings are lighted by electricity and are supplied with beautiful birds and tropical insects. You can pass from the drawing-room of his mansion to a mosaic-floored, plate-glass-covered promenade and walk for several rods among the vegetable marvels of the tropics. The owner is an excellent botanist and skilful florist, and spends most of his leisure among his plants.

The trade in orchids has reached enormous proportions in England. Larger sums have been paid for orchid roots than were ever given for any specimens of live stock. The most expensive flowers are not always the finest. The price of plants range in the order of their scarcity. Some specimens that readily brought 100 guineas ten years ago can now be bought for a few shillings. A single root of a newly discovered variety will command a fabulous sum. Every person who is trying to get a large collection will endeavor to obtain it. Every portion of the tropics is now being searched by orchid-hunters sent out by the London importers, who have grown rich in the business of obtaining rare specimens. One dealer has sixteen collectors in various parts of tropical South America, Africa, Asia, and the islands in the Pacific and Indian oceans. Their salaries and expenses amount to over $100,000 per year. In their travels and explorations they employ many natives. One of our Consuls in Venezuela reports that the orchid trade is rendering the country prosperous. A poor man will often obtain more for an orchid root procured from a swamp or the branch of a tree than he received for hard labor during a dozen years. Collecting orchids is attended by many dangers and great losses of property. Several collectors in the jungles of India have been devoured by tigers, bitten by venomous serpents, or drowned in bogs. Quite a number have been overturned while in canoes, and it is presumed that several have been roasted and eaten by the cannibals of Polynesia. Many valuable specimens are lost on account of lack of facilities for transportation. One London dealer lately received a telegram from Port Said informing him that 10,000 orchid roots had been killed by exposure to the sun on the Red Sea or by being knocked about during a storm. A collector on one of the Philippine Islands got together 20,000 specimens, which he spread out on the beach to dry, but an unusually high tidal wave swept them all into the sea. Another collector in Peru had his roots in sacks on the backs of mules, which were confiscated by a party of soldiers, who declared they had immediate need of the animals. The soldiers laughed about the orchids having any value. Some things can be said in favor of the orchid mania. It is harmless. So far from injuring the poor in any country, it benefits them. It furnishes employment for many people. It encourages the study of botany, which is the most neglected of all the natural sciences. What is of more consequence [illegible] the world, it is the means of causing many outlandish countries to be explored.—*Chicago Times.*

Didn't Recognize Him.

"You have the advantage of me," said the old merchant, blandly. "You will have to get some one to identify you." 'Identify me? Why I am your son, just back from college." "May be," answered the old gentleman, "but my son did not look like a fool, wear a monkey tail coat, tight trousers and toothpick shoes, nor did he suck cane-handles. When my wife returns from her visit to her sister in the country, you may present your claims to her, and if she decides that you are our offspring, I shall be happy to bid you an affectionate good-bye on your return to college."

A Business Secret.

Visitor (to convict)—What are you in for, my friend?

Convict—Burglary.

Visitor—Rob a bank?

Convict—Excuse me, sir, but I have always made it a point never to discuss my private business affairs with strangers.

Austin Corbin, while a passenger recently on a train on his own railroad, discovered that he had no pass with him and no money to pay his fare. A lady acquaintance lent him $5, which he has just returned, together with a pass.

An important member of the Alpena (Mich.) Fire Department is a large St. Bernard dog, which turns out with the firemen at every alarm and has many times saved life and property.

ANOTHER NEW INDUSTRY.

How a Lady Makes the Action of Crossing Sweeping Fine.

The *Maids' Morning News*, according to the *St. James' Gazette*, gives this little story as the result of its observations of a new industry: On arriving at the crossing at which Lady Bruce Overton presided, I was struck by the neatness and good sense shown in her ladyships' choice of costume. The fair crossing sweeper wore a petticoat of tartan reaching some inches below the knee; thick, black stockings and stout, well-made shoes protected her feet from the mud and wet. A loose sailor body of red velvet, profusely trimmed with fur, and a red velvet cap of liberty, completed a costume that admirably set off the fair beauty of its owner. Lady Overton received me with a charming smile and showed me all her appliances for celerity and dispatch in the sweeping of her crossing. A charming little broom tied with many ribbons attracted my attention, and I inquired the reason of the gay decorations. "Ah," said her ladyship, "I wear ribbons on my broom just as my more luxurious sisters do on their guitars. Each gentleman whom I call my friend presents me with a new and curious ribbon, and I am considered to have a very good collection." "And do you find the work hard?" I inquired. "Oh, dear no," was the answer: "I arrive here about 10 o'clock every morning and find my boy waiting for me; for, of course, I have an experienced sweeper to do the actual hard work. I do the overseeing and the money receiving myself. About 1 o'clock my maid brings me my lunch, and after that the real business of the day begins. From 2 till about 5 a constant stream of passers-by—chiefly gentlemen—put their money into this little basket (showing me a lovely Liberty creation. About 4 I have my tea table spread at the corner here, and many of my friends come at this hour and considerably enliven this part of the street." "And are you making a pecuniary success?" I ask. "What a question!" she replied, laughing; "why, I sometimes take as much as £40 to £50 a day; but, of course, my best time is in the season when all the smart people are in town." "Do you find that your social position has suffered?" I inquired. "Not at all," returned her ladyship, promptly. "At first, I own, my people were rather vexed; but after a time they ceased to object to my work, and are now very pleased at my success. Indeed, I am becoming quite a celebrity, and receive more invitations than I have time to accept. The Pr**ce himself has expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, and, as far as I can see, I am in a fair way to make a large fortune." Her ladyship then wished me good morning, and I walked on, reflecting that no girl who has a little enterprise need despair of making a good living in these enlightened and wide-minded days.

Odds and Ends.

W. H. & J. D. Gray, of Maryland, have been granted a patent for a clock which, when once wound up, will run for years. The clock is absolutely noiseless when in operation.

A novelty in the way of daily newspapers is announced by the *Republique Française*—nothing less than an evening edition published in London of a new Paris morning paper, the copy to be supplied by telegraph.

Agnes' little joke—"Now, Marie, see if you can get the table all set by the time I am ready to help you."

The Queen of Sweden is still the observed of all observers at Bournemouth. She takes exercise generally on a diminutive donkey, using a fan to keep off the rays of the sun. Two or three men servants are always in attendance, one of their chief occupations being to carry what appears to be hot water.

A Kimball (Dak.) Justice of the Peace has made the announcement that during leap year he will charge no fee for marrying couples who will admit that the match was brought about by the lady exerting her leap year prerogatives.

It has been reserved for the Chicago *Times* to solicit and several hundred Chicago ladies to furnish particulars of the dresses worn at church by the said ladies on Easter Sunday.

Niagara's Water Power.

"A curious scheme has been devised for utilizing the water-power of Niagara Falls," says the *American Architect*. "The main feature of the plan consists in the construction of a tunnel, by which water is to be taken from some distance up the river towards Lake Erie, carried under the town of Niagara, and discharged into the channel of the river below the Falls. It is calculated that out of the seven million horse-power which, it is said, the river can supply, one hundred and nineteen thousand can easily be diverted by the tunnel and utilized to drive a series of turbine wheels, 238 of which, each affording 500 horse-power, will supply as many mills with a motive force which will be unaffected by the weather, cheap and perpetual. The cost of the tunnel and wheel-pits is estimated at $3,000,000."

In the Sick Room.

Writing on the care of sick people a professional nurse says: "First let us caution those who enter a sick room against sitting down familiarly on the bedside. Oftimes every movement made by the sitter is a dagger thrust to the invalid. Neither should they ever rest their hand upon any portion of the bedstead for support. A girl who has inflammatory rheumatism told me she suffered untold agonies through thoughtlessness of visitors and caretakers in this way.'

Afflicted.

Georgie comes down to breakfast with a swollen visage, whereupon mamma says to the 4-year-old: "Georgie, don't you feel well? Tell mamma what the matter is." Georgie, full of influenza, replies: "No, I don't feel well. Bofe of my eyes is leakin', and one of my noses don't go."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Dinner Gown.

For a dinner dress, the skirt of Sevres-blue cashmere, embroidered, the short-drapery, bodice and back of the skirt of blue faille, trimmed with cream lace, is a pleasing design recently seen.—*New York Telegram.*

Nicotine and Homicide.

No man ever committed murder while smoking.—*Philadelphia Call.*

ELECTRICITY VS. HANGING.

Three Men Convicted of Murder Express a Preference for the Former Mode Execution.

The New York *Sun* says there are two men in the Tombs convicted of murder—Daniel Lyons, who killed the athlete Quinn and Adolph Reich, who has been found guilty of the murder of his wife. In Brooklyn Jail there is John Greenwald, whose life is demanded for shooting Lyman S. Weeks.

These men have talked freely in answer to the question, "How would you prefer to die—by hanging, or by electricity?" Each one says that if he really must surrender his life he would choose electricity.

Danny Lyons paled just a little at this direct query. "That's a straight question, sure," he said, "but it's fair; it's all right to ask that, for I suppose I'm one of the few, the very few, unfortunate devils in this place or anywhere around here who is best able to answer such a question. Well, I'm for electricity. That seems to me to be the safest for the sheriff and the least cruel to the prisoner. You might say what difference does it make to a man how he dies, as long as he has got to die somehow at some set time. Well, I tell you, it does make a heap of difference. Half the fear would come from the horrible ideas that are connected with hanging and the chances of some slip in the execution.'

"But do you think that the knowledge that death was to come by electricity would take away much of the horror and repulsiveness of capital punishment?"

"Of course I do. A man sits down in a chair, the current is turned on. That ends him. He's dead. But by hanging he may not die for five minutes, perhaps twenty. Then we are accustomed to sitting down in chairs, so that there is nothing ugly in doing that even though a man may know it is a patent chair with a wire fastened to it. But the idea of walking up a gallows and having to stand on a drop, and of waiting for the hangman to fasten the noose and all the other business, is horrible and enough to make a fellow shudder."

Lyons said he would object, however, to the provisions of the Bill that a condemned prisoner shall not know the exact date or hour when the sentence is to be executed.

The Hungarian, Adolph Reich, who has been convicted of killing his wife, said he had seen five men hanged for murder and two men shot as spies in the revolution of 48. He knows what death by the guillotine is like, and his preference, he said, would be the electrical mode. The guillotine he thought too bloody: hanging was barbarous, and not sure and safe, while shooting was associated too much with the idea of war.

John Greenwald, the Brooklyn burglar found guilty of shooting Lyman S. Weeks, said he had pondered on the subject a great deal and had concluded that electricity was the best way and that it ought to be adopted. He has talked with men who have tried to hang themselves, and they have told him that their experiences were frightfully horrible. He believes in electricity because it is sudden and painless. The victim, he says, is killed without torture, except that mental torture which must be the lot of any one sufficiently unlucky to get his life in danger. Greenwald declares that neither method will be tried on him, because he is going to have a new trial, and he is sure he won't be convicted again. If he were really to die by command of the law, he says he would not care to know the day or the hour of the execution of the sentence.

Advice to Young Men.

And then, remember, you have to work. When you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their lives without work are the men that work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of 30. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at 6 p.m. and don't go home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to the slumbers; it gives the appreciation of a holiday.

There are men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them; nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your hat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Legs of Great Men in March.

Lord Salisbury was the most sensible man at the last drawing-room. Wisely deeming silk stockings to be out of place on such a wintry day he appeared in the Trinity House uniform, which involves the wearing of trousers. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville were the first Ministers who made it a regular practice to wear this uniform (which resembles that of an Admiral) at the March functions, and it is certainly more adapted to cold weather than is the full dress of a Privy Counsellor, which, as a rule, is incorrectly described as the Windsor uniform.—*London World.*

Too Much for Her.

First young lady (confidentially)—That Mr. De Sweet is perfectly awful. He caught me alone in the hall last evening and gave me an awful hug.

Second young lady—Isn't he, though? He did the same thing to me.

"What? To you?"

"Yes; guess it was right after he caught you."

"I'll have the fellow arrested this very day."

Mme. Tussaud has added to her collection of relics the camp bedstead on which the Duke of Wellington slept the night before Waterloo. It is a simple one of ropes and wood, and is barely six feet in length, with the merest pretence to a mattress.

This is how an Austrian paper describes the "fashionable walk in England": "Two or three short hobbling steps and sudden jolt."

J. G. ANDERSON

WILL HAVE AN AD. IN

This Corner,

NEXT WEEK.

He is Opening a

New Stock

IN

SPROULE'S BLOCK,

And has not time to write one this week.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Dufferin and other Ontario counties vote on Scott Act repeal to-day.

Markdale Church of England people will build a fine brick parsonage in that village next summer.

A $25 suit of clothes was stolen from a bedroom wall of the Anglo-American hotel, Dundalk, last week.

James Lewis house, Mt. Forest, was destroyed by fire on Thursday week. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

Markdale junior Lacrosse club has re organized for season of 1888. The members call themselves, "Markdale Hustlers."

Thornbury and Clarksburg have organized a united Foot Ball team for the season, to be known as the "Georgian Rovers."

Edward Davis broke a small bone in his leg while walking on a Markdale sidewalk one evening not long since. He slipped on the ice.

D. Hyndman, of Grand Valley, (Co. Dufferin) has paid the fine recently imposed on him for violating the Scott Act —$50 and costs.—Shelburne Economist.

John Irwin, of Thornbury, slipped through a hole in the ice on Georgian bay and took an involuntary bath. This was on Good Friday. Rather early for bathing, John!

Samuel Grier was sentenced to spend three years in the Reformatory for breaking into a Mt. Forest house. He was taken to Penetanguishene a couple of weeks ago.

Sunday week an Amaranth farmer started with a load of saw logs for a neighboring mill. Imagine his astonishment when a man met him and told him it was Sunday!

Mr. John Richardson (of Proton) who some time ago was hurt by the falling of a tree, died last Tuesday. We extend our sympathy to his friends and relatives.—Dundalk Herald.

Mr. W. H. Wright—son of Mr. John Wright, Artemesia, and junior member of the legal firm of Pollard & Wright—is located at Clarksburg. He is very highly spoken of by the Thornbury Standard.

Thornbury town council is counting the cost of a hook and ladder company. After while the ratepayers will have a practical demonstration thereof—about the time the collector makes his annual visit.

Incendiaries set fire to an empty roughcast house in Orangeville on Friday week. The fire was quenched before much damage was done, and now a clue has been found as to the identity of the fire bugs.

Kingscote Public School Trustees recently advertised for a female teacher. Out of some fourteen applicants, they selected the one bearing the name of C. W. Colger. The desired "female" teacher turns out to be a youth of some 18 summers!

J. A. McLean, who visited Shelburne recently, and represented himself as agent for the Toronto Globe, raked in a quantity of shekels from the unwary, got on the "booze," came in contact with a real representative of the great Reform paper, and skipped for "pastures new."

Joseph Gahan, a bad sixteen years old Orangeville boy, burglariously entered Miss Mann's fruit store in that town on Sunday week, and stole $3 in coppers, a box of cigars, and a quantity of sweets. Joseph was brought before the Police Magistrate but sentence was deferred.

On Sunday Michael Shea, an old gentleman 76 years of age, residing on the 3rd concession of Proton, fell from a mow in his barn and sustained serious injuries. His thigh was broken in two places and the accident, owing to his advanced age, may prove fatal. Dr. McPhaden was called to attend the injured man.—Mt. Forest Representative.

NASAL BALM.—Deafness caused by Catarrh is quickly relieved by Nasal Balm. Headache caused by Catarrh is quickly cured by Nasal Balm.

Eugenia School Report for April.

Total number of pupils on register during the month of March, 60.

Boys, 32; girls 28.

Aggregate attendance, 912.

Average daily attendance, 43.

S. CLEMIS, *Teacher.*

No one can describe the sufferings caused by Asthma except those troubled with the complaint. One package of Southern Asthma Cure will relieve any case. Double treatment in each package.

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 357. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

To All Whom it may Concern.

I, W. A. BROWN, "The People's Jeweller," doing business in Markdale, do hereby make statement of the following uncontrovertable "facts": That I have the only complete and fully assorted stock of American Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spex, Platedware, Etc. between Shelburne and Owen Sound; That I am selling these different lines at "Closer Prices" than other Jewellers in this section; That I buy of better firms; That I have more Watches, Clocks, &c. in the homes of Central Grey, backed up by written warrants—my own name—than any Jeweller that has ever done biz in this vicinity; That I sell double the amount of 18 k. Plain Rings sold by any other firm in 20 miles radius. Goods always as represented. I will sell you Goods so close to cost that other Jewellers quotations to beat me will have to be on the bankrupt line. Difficult Watch Repairing, and watches improperly repaired by "Giant Big Talk," Specialties with

W. A. BROWN,

The People's Jeweller,

Markdale, Ont.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. F. LEGATE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

BLAKELY BROS

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

"Now begin to look out for spring," as the old almanacs used to put it.

The finest and cheapest stock of silverware in this section is at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton.

Bird Cages of all descriptions and prices at J. E. Moore's—Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

Come and look at us—a very obligingz lot are the Medical Hall folk. Don't forget it!

Call and see that fine stock of gold and silver ladies' and gents' watches at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton

George has retired to some rural retreat, where he will turn his attention to the science of agriculture.

Quarterly meeting services in the Methodist church, Flesherton, a week from Sunday next,

See Russell's (Flesherton) beautiful stock of jewelery, &c., 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

The justly celebrated New Raymond Sewing Machine can be seen working, and for sale at fair living prices, at the Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

Field Seeds,—Carrot, Turnip, a variety, and Mangolds at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Attention is directed to the bad condition of the Boyne bridge. It should be attended to with as little delay as possible.

CHURNS.—The best Churns in Canada are the celebrated Union Churns, to be had only at the Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

The members of the church door brigade now take up their usual positions on Sunday evenings. They ought to be provided with uniforms—perhaps Lieut. Field could spare a number of old ones?

FOR SALE.—One first-class light Lumber Waggon, very strong, and in good condition. Suitable for milk waggon. Apply to J. E. Moore, Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

Paints, Brushes, Varnishes, Linseed Oil, &c., at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

A number of copies of Manitoba and North-West newspapers have been received by the Editor from Mr. G. L. Dodds, formerly of Flesherton and now a rising merchant and magistrate of Melita, N. W. T.

Wonderful as it may seem, there was good skating on our rink Saturday evening last, 21st inst. Lieut. Field had the ice in prime condition and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity afforded for enjoying such a rare treat.

Thorley's Cattle Feed at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

A quantity of Dry Elm Plank for sale cheap; 14 ft. long, suited for barn floors. Price $6 per M. Also cedar fence posts. J. E. Moore, Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

Examine the address label on your ADVANCE and see whether you owe the Editor or not. If not, you can rest with an easy conscience; but if you do, why of course you will drop the Editor a dollar by mail, or bring it in to us the first time you are in town. All our subscribers do up the business in that shape, of course!

Seed—Timothy, Alsike, Orchard Grass, Common Red Clover, Pea Vine, Lucerne and Vetch's at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

The finest and cheapest stock of silverware in this section is at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton.

See Russell's (Flesherton) beautiful stock of jewelery, &c., 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

A very nice assortment of Baby Carriages—of the very latest designs and good workmanship—call and see them at Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.—J. E. Moore.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS!—IF YOU WANT TO GET THE BEST FIELD & GARDEN SEEDS, IT WILL PAY YOU TO GO TO RICHARDSON'S DRUG STORE, FLESHERTON, AND SEE WILL RICHARDSON.

Certain persons have acquired the disgusting practice of chewing tobacco in the Methodist church during service, particularly on Sunday evenings. If they would only spit in their hats, the practice might be tolerated; but, unfortunately, the floor is the receptacle of the dirty juice. Prompt measures will be taken, we understand, to put a stop to the hateful practise.

Wall Papers, Window Blinds—40 varieties—at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Left Over.

Eugenia and Kimberley items left over. Will correspondents please try and send their items it a little earlier?

To-Day.

The East Grey Agricultural Society's Spring Show of Stallions will be held on their grounds here to-day.

24th May.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church, Flesherton, are making preparations for a grand concert to be held in the Town Hall here on the evening of the 24th May.

A Sure Cure for the "Dumps."

The Advance taken regularly every week (and paid for) during your earthly existence is warranted a sure cure for the "dumps." Try it.

Scott Act Repealed.

The Scott Act was repealed in the following Counties, by large majorities, on Thursday last:—Simcoe, Dufferin, Bruce, Huron, Norfolk, and Renfrew. Halton did the business!

Flesherton Station.

Mr. Johnson Little, so well and favorably known throughout Osprey and Artemesia as an A-1 blacksmith, has bo't out Mr. R. H. Cook's premises here and is doing a good business, which is sure to increase rapidly. Mr. Little is an excellent addition to our business men and we bid him heartily welcome.

Fire, Fire, Fire!

The best Lime to be got in this country is from Duckett's celebrated kilns at Eugenia. Leave your orders right away and they will be promptly filled. Lime now going to the four quarters like hot cakes. Always on hand—two kilns kept in operation all the time.

Married.

SPARLING—BUCHANAN.—On 18th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. Walker Shilton, B. A., of Flesherton, assisted by Rev. J. W. Robinson, of Arthur, and Rev. Paul Flint, of Ravenna, Mr. Henry P. Sparling to S. Josephine, daughter of Thos. Kells, Esq., all of Artemesia.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

To Artemesia Readers.

The Advance intends to publish the names of all the Artemesia boys who are now earning their living in places outside this municipality. In our Flesherton boys abroad series a number of names were published which should have gone under the heading, "Artemesia Boys Abroad." We want our readers to furnish the names of those "boys" (or men) who were born in the Township or who have resided in it for a period of at least five years, where they are now, and what they are doing. A post-card about each boy or man will convey to us all the information necessary, as we will have to condense as much as possible.

Our Lacrosse Team.

The Flesherton Lacrosse Club is to the front this year in great shape. On Wednesday evening of last week the members thereof assembled in Booth's barber shop and elected the following officers for the season:—

S. Damude, Esq., President.
Wes. Armstrong, Captain.
T. W. Hollinger, Secretary.
Jos. Gibbons, Treasurer.
T. W. Hollinger, Frank VanDusen, Jos. Armstrong, Man. Committee.

The boys had their first practice on Monday evening, from which it is evident they will give a better account of themselves this season than ever before. The addition of crack players like Messrs. Gibbons, Booth, and Chole will add vastly to the strength of the team.

Another Artemesia Boy Heard From.

We clip the following from the Regina Journal of the 5th inst.:—

"A red letter evening was spent on the 27th at the residence of Mr. H. McKenzie, (Broadview, N. W. T.) where Miss Jane Lucas and Mr. A. S. McKenzie were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. H. McKay, of Round Lake, who, by the way, performed the ceremony most feelingly, and with every consideration for the blushing couple. After the ceremony all sat down to a most sumptuous repast. Here we must acknowledge our pen cannot say too much in praise of our worthy hostess, Mrs. H. McKenzie, if such a thing were possible we would say her generous spirit surpassed itself. After supper the company were regaled by speeches from Mac', sr., delivered in his own inimitable style and songs from Mr. Hillhouse. Who, in the company of such genial spirits as those, could help but enjoy themselves. The gifts to the happy couple were too numerous for us to retail, suffice it to say that they showed clearly the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie are held by all. The party broke up about 1 o'clock, leaving the best of wishes with the newly wedded pair."

Mr. A. S. McKenzie, referred to above, is the eldest son of our esteemed old friend, Mr. Donald McKenzie—one of Artemesia's most prominent farmers. The Advance extends congratulations to the young people and flings its old slipper after another of Artemesia's stalwart sons and his bride.—Ed.

Fire in Owen Sound.

Owen Sound, April 21.—Last night about eleven o'clock an alarm was sounded from Ward No. 2, and on turning out the brigade found a frame stable had been fired at both ends. This building was ultimately destroyed. The men had gone to their homes and all was quiet till about 1.30, when a second alarm was sounded and a bright light could be seen around Poulette street, where a few doors north of the Molsons' Bank the brick premises of Messrs. G. & J. Meir and James Notter were found in flames. The fire spread rapidly through the buildings, and soon the store of B. Wilcox, adjoining J. & G. Meir's was on fire. Considerable of the stock was saved from each of the stores, but the losses will be heavy. The brick store, owned by Mr. A. Guttin was slightly damaged, but the engine kept a stream of water on the walls and it was saved.

The total loss is estimated at $25,000, partly covered by insurance. The blaze was no doubt the work of an incendiary.

AT

Russell's

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON.

You will find the finest and best display of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware and Spectacles

in this section of the county and just exactly

25 PER CENT. LOWER

than other dealers will sell you them for. Fine American and Waltham Watches from $9.50 up, warranted from 5 to 7 years, and the people for fifteen miles around always take their Watches, Clocks and Jewelery Repairs to Russell, Flesherton, as they have found by experience he is the only man that can do them in a satisfactory manner. All work personally attended to.

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE.

FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and JOB WORK

Manufactory on Mill Street. Horse Shoeing promptly attended to. Call and see us.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Advertise in the Advance.

"Come, Gentle Spring."

Tell me, thou that watchest o'er
Gatherers of golden honey
Through the sapphire days and sunny,
Days that now we see no more,
Where have fled those toilers belted
With refulgent bands of amber?
Leafless are the vines that clamber
Where they revel hold of yore.
Filched the rare ambrosia melted
In the honeysuckle bells;
Drained the nectar from the cells
Of the zenith-looking lily;
While the winds through wan and chilly
Hours around us rage and roar.
They have robbed the year of sweetness,
Leaving us its ashen core;
Have they followed thee with fleetness,
Holding still their wealth in store?
In our visions we behold—
While the stinging storm-shafts hurtle
O'er the buried beds of myrtle—
All thy honey's liquid gold,
Drained from asphodels of old
Where Arcadian fountains spurtle
Cruel, cruel, thus to flaunt us
Through the chill of wintry night!
Cruel, cruel, thus to haunt us
With sweet visions of delight!
Come, we pray thee, come and bring
Back thy troop and sky-fields sunny;
We would quaff the year's fresh honey
From the chalice of the spring!

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

She clung to Guy in a paroxysm of terror at the thought, the only clear one now in her bewildered brain. "I am not his wife—it is impossible! No, no, Guy, do not leave me to him—take me away—take me away!"

She hid her face on his breast, trembling convulsively in every limb, while Guy bowed his head over hers in an agony as great as her own, his strong frame trembling with the suppressed rage and fury which burned in his heart when he thought of the misery before her.

"Guy"—lifting her head and meeting his sorrowful eyes—"forgive me! I forgot! I won't pain you, dear, any more. My head seems so strange and confused that I do not know what I am saying. Why did I come? I walked all the way, you know. Oswald helped me—he was very good; but he could not help its being so cold, you know. And when I fell he said, 'Come back—come home.' But I knew that I must come, that if I did not something dreadful—" Again the trembling seized her, and her voice died away on the parched lips, but her eyes still looked upward to his. "Ah, I remember! Guy, you will not—there is something I have to ask you—you will come away from here—you will not—oh, Guy"—she slid down from his arms and sunk at his feet, holding out her little, eager, supplicating hands—"oh, Guy, if you ever loved me—I can see the danger in your face, and—and—it terrifies me! Oh, Guy, come away come away!"

She was clinging to him as she knelt at his feet in a very delirium of terror, her hands upraised, her hair sweeping the ground. Bending, Guy strove to raise her, but she resisted.

"No, no, I will kneel here! Oswald, help me to plead. Do you not see—do you not see—"

"Shirley, dear, Guy will come away. Be calm, child; you will only make yourself ill."

Captain Fairholme had come to her side, [illegible] soothingly. He saw that the girl's mind was almost unhinged with misery, and the fever-light in her eyes terrified him.

"Do you not see?" she repeated, piteously. "He will kill him! Oswald, make him go; he has suffered so much that his misery has—"

"This scene must end," said Sir Hugh, advancing. "Major Stuart, if you have any pity for this poor child, who is evidently so terribly upset by all the excitement she has undergone that she is not conscious of what she is saying, you will leave us. I am at your service whenever you like to call upon me. You can leave my wife to my care now."

"Go, Guy, for Heaven's sake, and end this scene! It is killing Shirley," Oswald said entreatingly, for his cousin's condition was alarming him greatly; the fever of her mind was struggling against her physical exhaustion, and she clung to him, panting and breathless, in her agony of terror.

"To leave her thus!" cried Guy bitterly. "How can I? Fairholme, put yourself in my place. To leave her to that dastard, who has so cruelly betrayed us both! Why did you let her come? I claim a man's right to vengeance. Even his life would not be a sufficient—"

"You are talking madly," interrupted Oswald. "What vengeance can you take that will not fall most heavily upon her? Ah, surely she has suffered enough! Will you add to her misery? It would be kinder to tear her limb from limb than let her suffer this! And you say you love her!"

Guy Stuart stood silent, his hands clinched, his head bent, his breathing loud and fast. To let go his vengeance was harder than to part with his own life. To forgive the man who had so terribly wronged him was beyond his strength. The very sight of the livid changed face lying against Oswald's shoulder goaded him to madness. While her life should last she must suffer through that man! Could any vengeance be too great? Would any cost be counted if he could be made to suffer in his turn?

He lifted his eyes and turned them full upon his betrayer, and under the hate and bitterness of that look Sir Hugh, brave as he was, felt the color leave his face. A bitter cry of anguish and despair rang through the room.

"He will not hear me—he never loved me! Oh, Guy—oh, Guy!"

At the broken wailing words Guy turned to her, and, as his eyes rested upon her, all the anger died out of them, and a yearning heart-broken tenderness replaced it. He looked at her for a moment, the girl he loved so wildly, and who had been stolen from him by so base a theft, the girl who was another man's wife; then he turned away and covered his face with his hands, and there was breathless silence in the room, during which, had its occupants been less absorbed, they might have heard the sound of rapidly approaching wheels.

For a minute no one moved or spoke; then Shirley crept to Guy's side and raised her fingers to his hands as they were clasped before his face. At the touch, light as it was, a shiver ran through the strong frame, and he uncovered his face and stood erect.

"I will go," he said hoarsely. "It is better—I will. No, my darling—how can I take you with me? You are his wife, remember."

She had clasped her hands round his arm; but at the words, so heart-rending in their bitter anguish, so hopeless in their misery, the little clinging fingers fell away, and she drew back with a puzzled look.

"Guy," she said faintly; "have you forgotten how to love me? Are you angry? Have I vexed you?"

"Dear, do you forget?" he asked pitifully, as he made his way toward the door, moving like a man suddenly stricken with blindness, Shirley following with the same wistful, puzzled look, which made Oswald watch her with a nameless fear.

At the door Guy paused, with trembling hands for the handle, not daring to look at Shirley, and feeling that he could have faced death more easily than those wondering, shining eyes.

"Guy, you will not go without me?" she said piteously. "You will not leave me here? Ah"—with a cry that rang through the room—"I forgot—I forgot!"

Not daring to hesitate, Guy opened the door, and went out into the hall, where two ladies—Lady Capel and her daughter—came forward eagerly as he appeared, but whom he passed without recognition. They uttered a simultaneous exclamation of distress, and hurried into the library, and, while one ran to Shirley and caught her in her arms, the other turned to Oswald.

"For Heaven's sake, follow him!" Lady Capel said hurriedly. "He needs you most!"

Oswald obeyed without a word; and, with a glance at her daughter, who was crying passionately, with her arms round Shirley, whose eyes were dry and wild and vacant, and who paid no heed to Ruby's tears and caresses, her ladyship addressed Sir Hugh—

"You must pardon this intrusion, Sir Hugh; but my daughter was in such distress about Shirley—she feared she was ill, and—"

"No apology is needed," Sir Hugh said, an expression of intense relief on his countenance as he went forward. "No words can express my gratitude for your kindness, Lady Capel. I fear indeed that this has been too much for Shirley, and I will gladly leave her in your care. I will send my housekeeper to you."

He left the room, and, as he crossed the hall, Shirley's shrill laughter followed him, and he heard her voice asking Ruby, in a puzzled tone, why she was crying, what was she sorry about, and to see how happy she was, and to listen— Then came that shrill, dreadful laughter again.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Is it not time they were here, Dickson?"

"In about half an hour, sir," said the attendant's grave respectful voice; and Sir Jasper Stuart moved uneasily on his pillows. It was so hard to wait when time was so short with him now. It might be measured by hours, even by minutes.

In the great bedchamber of the stately London House the fire glowed brightly, and the lamp burned with a soft subdued lustre which did not distress the dim eyes of the invalid who lay there, half raised upon his pillows, with yearning impatience upon his face, a face over which the shadow of death was creeping slowly but surely.

But even that shadow and that yearning could not quite dim the light of expectation and hope which shone so brightly over the aged countenance, one which even now showed some of the great beauty which had been Sir Jasper's portion. The features, sharpened though they were, were regular and shapely, the masses of white hair were thrown back from his forehead, and the gray eyes, dim and fast growing sightless now, had been the counterpart of Guy's. And the face, which in his youth had been so grand, was grand still with the endurance which was upon it, with its brow all patience and its lips all pain.

For nearly the whole of his long life, Sir Jasper Stuart had been an invalid, paralyzed and crippled from his manhood, and nobly he had borne his suffering, nobly conquered the rebellious thoughts which were so apt to rise. Until the accident by which he had been laid low, his strength had been even greater than the average, and he had enjoyed life with all the zest given by his superb manhood and his cloudless fortune; but suddenly and swiftly the burden of pain and suffering and weary inaction had been laid upon him, and he had taken it up as gallantly, with as brave a smile and as dauntless a front as any knight of old. And now he was about to lay it down, and he was glad to be free of its pain and weariness at last.

Within all was bright and warm and noiseless, without in the London square the winter storm raged violently. The hail and sleet dashed against the windows, the wind roared ceaselessly, and ever and again a flash of lightning gleamed through the darkness. Sir Jasper, leaning back, listened to the swiftly falling hail and the moaning howling wind.

"It is a bad night for them to come home," he said presently. "But they won't be thinking of the wind and hail. Has Owens gone yet, Dickson?"

"The carriage has just started, Sir Jasper."

"Has Mrs. James everything ready for them, Dickson?"

"Mrs. James has surpassed herself, Sir Jasper. There is not a servant in the house who would not do their best to welcome Major Stuart and his lady."

"He will be a good master to you when I am gone, Dickson, and I hope you will serve him as faithfully as you have served me. It would have been pleasant," he added with a faint smile, "to see his young wife flitting about the old rooms, brightening them with the sunshine of her sweet presence; but it is not to be, and I am quite content."

There was a pause then, during which the old man's dim eyes were fixed upon a sketch which lay before him, a sketch of Shirley Ross in her fur cap and jacket, which Guy had drawn one day and had given to his uncle, who had smiled at his eloquent description of Shirley's beauty.

"She is very lovely," he murmured to himself; "and she looks true. I am glad my boy will be so happy."

The minutes slipped by, the hail ceased, and the moaning of the wind seemed to lessen. Suddenly Dickson rose.

"The carriage has returned, Sir Jasper," he said quietly.

"Ah, that is well! The time seems to go so slowly when one waits."

Two minutes more passed, and then on the stairs without sounded a footstep, and into Sir Jasper's dying eyes came a gleam of intense eagerness. The door of his room opened quietly, and a tall man entered, crossed the room with rapid step, and knelt down by the bedside. Sir Jasper's eyes met his in eager love; then they went beyond him to seek the other form he so much wished to see, and came back, wistful and questioning, to rest on his nephew's face.

"Uncle Jasper"—Guy's voice, eager, tender, and unsteady, broke the silence first—"you expected me, did you not?"

"Not you only, dear lad," said the old man, whose eyes, dim as they were, saw the terrible change in the face of the man whom he loved so tenderly.

"You are glad to see me, sir?"

"When am I not glad, Guy?"

"And you are—not worse, I hope? You have not been suffering much? Where is Dickson? I should like to ask him——"

The old man's fingers touched his nephew's and stopped the nervous restless speech, and Guy, who had risen, resumed his old position, kneeling beside the bed.

"I have not been suffering," Sir Jasper said gently. "Sit down, lad; you must be weary.'

Guy obeyed at once, throwing himself into an arm-chair by the bed, and trying to screen his face from the keen eyes which were reading all its pain and all its unrest.

"You are alone, my boy?"

"Yes, Uncle Jasper."

"Guy, my dear lad, what is that pain upon your face?"

Guy's head sunk upon his breast; he could not speak falsely to his uncle now, and yet how could he pain him by the story he had to tell?

"You have had some great trouble since I saw you, lad," went on the tender sympathizing voice—and Guy's fingers closed over the cold hand in his with a convulsive pressure. "Tell it me, Guy."

"It is nothing. You need not be troubled for me, Uncle Jasper," Guy said huskily.

"Nothing! Ah, lad, I can believe my old eyes still!" he answered, smiling faintly. "Do not be afraid to tell me, Guy."

"I have been troubled; but it is over," Guy said steadily. "Do not think of it, sir. Let us speak of something else."

"It will not hurt you to tell me, lad, nor will it hurt me to hear. Nothing can hurt me now, you know, because I am so near the border of that land where all dark places will be made light and all rough places smooth. Tell me, lad—why is not Shirley with you?"

Guy winced. The mention of her name probed the open wound and gave him keen pain.

"She has not deceived you, lad?"

"She? No, poor child!" Guy said bitterly.

"Then you are saved the cruelest pang of all, Guy. There is no pain so hard to bear as that brought by the knowledge of the unworthiness of one we love."

"Shirley is worthy of the truest love any man could give her," Major Stuart said huskily. "But, Uncle Jasper, why need you be troubled? I must get over it as best I can, and I must try to forget the happy dreams I have dreamed lately."

"Forget them! Why?"

"Because—because they have stolen her from me."

"Stolen her from you, Guy! Who has done this, lad?"

"One who called himself my friend."

"Your friend! Tell me all, Guy. I can bear any trouble better than this suspense and ignorance of what is grieving you."

And, simply, and with as little bitterness as he could, Guy told him all. The old man listened in silence, only the feeble pressure of his thin fingers over Guy's strong ones showing what he felt, and once or twice a sudden gleam of anger flashing into his dim eyes. Wrong, insult, injury to himself he could have borne, but injury to Guy cut him deeper far.

"My poor boy, my poor boy!" he said, as Guy's head sunk upon his hands in uncontrollable emotion. "It was a cruel deed."

"Cruel. Could any vengeance be too great for that dastard's crime?" Guy said passionately. "Tell me, Uncle Jasper—you who can judge dispassionately would it be more than justice if I laid him dead at my feet? If a man attacks you in a fair fight, you can meet him and defend yourself: but a vile traitor who stabs you in the dark, who takes your hand in friendship, meaning to betray you basely, who takes from the one precious thing which gladdens your life—what punishment great Heaven, what punishment could be severe enough for him? If I slew him, I should be too merciful," he said between his teeth; then, meeting the sorrowful dim eyes, he made a strong effort to regain his self-control. "Forgive me, dear Uncle Jasper!" he said, bending toward him. "I was wrong to startle you thus—very wrong."

"You were wrong—very wrong," his uncle answered quietly—"but not because you startled me. Guy, have you forgotten the words, 'Vengeance is Mine; I will repay?'"

"But such perfidy, such treachery!" said the young man, panting with the might of his passion for vengeance, which he strove in vain to conceal. "No murder could have been so vile. A murderer kills the body, but he has killed my soul."

"Hush, for Heaven's sake. Be silent, Guy!"

Guy's bronzed face paled to the hue of death at the entreaty and pain in the feeble voice, his lips trembled, and the flash of madness died out of his eyes.

"Forgive me, Uncle Jasper; but, ah, if you knew how I loved her, and how she is suffering."

"I know how you loved her, Guy; for once I loved even as you do, and I know how you both suffer," Sir Jasper said brokenly. "Every step of this weary road over which you are walking I have trodden, every pang you have suffered I have known—every pang, but intensified a hundredfold, because, while you can honor Shirley still, I found my idol was nothing but clay."

"Uncle Jasper!" Low and broken and pained were the words now; the madness was dying out of his heart; the greatness of his grief was not lessened, but it was calmed by the words, so solemnly tender, so deeply sad, which he had heard.

"I was a younger man than you, Guy, when I loved even as you loved, and thought that I was loved in return. But I was wrong. She pretended to love me, and one day I found out my mistake. It is a long story; but I need not give you its details now, Guy. The man who won her from me was my friend, and it was to him I owed the accident which made me what you have known me—a helpless cripple."

An exclamation of pain and horror broke from Major Stuart's lips.

"Yes," Sir Jasper went on, in his grave, pained, weary voice, "but for him, I should have been as other men, Guy—strong and healthy, able to enjoy life and see good days. He took from me the woman I loved; he deprived me forever of health and strength, of the dear and close ties of marriage. What woman, even had she loved me, could I have asked to share my life? Had I no cause for vengeance, Guy? And yet, when it was in my reach, when, years after, it was in my power to avenge myself fully, to strike every joy he possessed from his hand, even as he had taken them from mine, to shiver to the dust the honors and successes he had won, I refrained. Ah, Guy, dear lad, there is a nobler justice than the justice of revenge! What mercy dare we look for if we grant none? Lying here, 'with the light from the windows of my Father's mansion shining upon my homeward path,' I can look back thankfully to the past, whereas——"

He sunk back exhausted; he had spoken with unusual passion and earnestness, and the feeble frame was not equal to such emotion. Guy bent over him, lifting him in his strong arms and supporting him tenderly during the paroxysm of pain which followed. As he laid him down again, the dying eyes met his with a living light in them.

"Guy, you will forgive me. Ah, it is hard, I know! But do not think that he will not suffer; he will regret his baseness bitterly. How can he be happy if he loves her and sees her misery? Lad, do you remember"—the dying face was serene once more as the dying eyes lingered on Guy's softened face—"the play we read together so long ago, and which you liked so well? Ah, Guy, 'how would you be, if He which is the top of judgment should but judge you as you are?' Forgive him, lad. Promise me you will never seek to harm him—promise—promise, Guy."

The room was very silent for a space: the light fell upon both faces from the light above them, Sir Jasper's grave, earnest, pleading, Guy's softened truly but full of bitter resentment still. It was bitter as death itself to give that promise. Hugh had been merciless to him—why should he show him mercy? But, looking at the dying man who loved him, and who had borne a long life of pain so uncomplainingly—who, when revenge lay between his fingers, in the hollow of his hand, had laid it aside—he saw to what nobility a man can attain, he saw how much greater even than revenge was the conquest which had made him king over himself.

The door opened softly to admit Dickson, who came to the bedside noiselessly, then retreated again at a sign from the dying man. He went out quietly, his eyes dim and his lips trembling; the shadow had grown very dark and heavy, that falling shadow of death. The hail had ceased and the sound of the wind was lowered and rain fell.

"Will you not promise me, lad?"

"I promise, Uncle Jasper," Guy said brokenly: and a light of joy, so bright, so vivid, that for a moment it dispersed the gathering darkness, shone on the dying face.

"Thank you, lad; you have made me very happy, Guy."

The stillness deepened, the gray shadow crept over the suffering face; death was coming fast now.

"Poor lad!" murmured the pale lips. "You will be very lonely. I had so hoped!"

"You do not suffer?" Guy asked bending over him.

"No; all suffering is nearly over for me."

His eyes were closed, but he opened them suddenly, and looked long and lingeringly at the face of the man he loved so well.

"Kiss me lad," he whispered.

Guy bent down and touched with his own the bearded lips which had claimed the promise from him. A smile crept into the dying eyes and, reaching the mouth, lingered there. A long-drawn sigh rose from the lips, the weary limbs straightened themselves for their last rest, and, as the storm died in the distance and the wind lulled, the long life of pain was over, and Sir Jasper Stuart was at rest.

At rest, with a smile upon his serene face—at rest, having obtained a promise which was of greater worth than even he had guessed; and the man whom he loved, and who was left alone in the wide world, longed with a bitter hopeless longing to leave the torture of life and rest there by his side.

(To be continued.)

A King in a Cupboard.

Old Mother Hubbard, or somebody else recently went to a cupboard in the royal palace at Madrid and found the future King of Spain. Little Alphonso had been left in charge of his sisters, who deserted him after a time. The royal baby thereupon crawled into a cupboard, the door of which was afterwards closed by some one who did not know that the child was inside. Nurses, grooms, butlers, pages, scullions, soldiers, relatives, back-stair potentates and front-hall flunkies, grandees, dons and door-keepers, searched the palace for His Majesty. At last he was found, and the throbbing nerves of a great people were stilled by a sensation of joy.

A Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

The Victoria *Colonist* mentions a peculiar case of spontaneous combustion which happened recently in that city. A merchant named Gordon was in his office one night when a flame broke out in another part of the premises. He rushed over to the place and found that an ordinary vulcanized rubber ring which had been brought up from the cellar during the day and placed on an empty cracker box, had taken fire. It was quite alone, and the only tenable theory of the combustion was that it was spontaneous.

In the presence of hundreds of people, on one of the busiest thoroughfares in Chicago, Simon Rosenfield, a travelling salesman, stabbed himself to the heart on Saturday afternoon and fell to the sidewalk dead. He was talking with two friends, neither of whom suspected his intention or knew the cause of the act. He has friends in Detroit.

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.

An Important Industry Among the Anamese Natives.

Travellers going from Hong Kong to Bangkok or Singapore by steamer pass along the coast of Anam and near a group of islands that are at once picturesque and curious, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Swallows' nests are a source of riches to the region. Their value is said to have been discovered some hundreds of years ago during the reign of Gia Long, who promised a liberal reward to any one who would discover a new and profitable article of export within this realm. The nests discovered on the island of Nam Ngai were presented to the sovereign, who, faithful to his promise, offered a patent of nobility to the finder. This was respectfully declined, and instead a monopoly of the harvest was accepted by the discoverer for himself and his descendants. The privileged family was to pay yearly 80 pounds of the nests to the emperor as royalty. On the other hand they were to be exempt from personal taxes, from military service and from contributions of personal labor, such as are common in oriental countries. They formed a family league of 40 or 50 men, elected two of their number as leaders, under the title of gnan and dot, and founded a village convenient for their commerce, which still exists under the name of Yen Xa—"Village of the Swallows' Nests." The nests are the product of a salivary secretion of the birds. As to their mercantile value they are divided into three distinct categories. The most valuable are those into which there enters a certain proportion of blood. These are called yen huyet. Singularly enough, they can only be produced by the birds which are affected with a malady resembling consumption and which is attended by copious hemorrhage. Nests of this kind are in great demand. They are rare and gathered only in the spring. Local tradition says that these birds die of exhaustion or of the consumption in its advanced stages, before the end of the second winter. Scientists being scarce among the Anamese, and the French colonists not having yet had sufficient time for observation, it is not known whether this disease is peculiar only to a part of the birds, or whether the salivary secretion that causes the malady causes the death of all of them after a year or two of existence. The smallness of the quantity of these nests annually gathered—which is only three or four pounds—would seem to indicate that the disease is only partial and peculiar to those possessed of the weakest lungs. All the other nests (yan sao) are classed as second quality. Nothing but the saliva of the birds enters into their construction. They are gathered in the spring, summer and autumn. The spring harvest is the most valuable because it includes the two qualities. Two nests of the first quality weigh one ounce, and are worth at the place of production five Mexican dollars at current value in Anam. Those of the second quality are worth little more than half as much. Nearly all the nests are sold to the Chinese living in the cities of Anam and Tonquin, or sent to Chinese ports. Only the Chinese and some mandarins of the court of Hue, who prefer the Chinese cuisine, can afford the luxury. They are eaten by the Chinese cooked with flesh or with sugar, having been first cleaned of all extraneous substances by a liberal application of hot water. When cooked with fowl or game, fruit of the water-lily is added. Chinese physicians prescribe them as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the lungs, asthma, disordered digestion and most other maladies.

A New Club.

Husband (irritably)—You have been talking with your neighbor across the fence just four hours.

Wife (composedly)—Well, suppose I have. Don't you think we women have as much right to talk over our affairs as you men have to talk over yours?

H.—Yes; but goodness gracious, four hours!

W.—Well, we were talking of forming a club.

H. A club! What kind of a club?

W. —An anti-gossip club.

Struck the Wrong Man.

Temperance advocate (looking up signers for the pledge)—Brother, may I ask you to join——

Old gentleman (who doesn't like to drink alone)—No, no. You join me first—it's my call—and then I'll join you in another.

The death sentence of Thomas Newton, the Winnipeg murderer, has been commuted to life imprisonment.

F. J. Gould, of Kingston, bookkeeper for J. Washburn, merchant, for five years, having suddenly disappeared, it was discovered that he was a defaulter to the extent of $500.

The trial at Halifax of Mrs. Jane Doyle, charged with being an accessory to the murder of her husband, Peter Doyle, after the fact, was concluded on Saturday night. Judge Townshend charged the jury against the prisoner, but they disagreed and were discharged.

There are five insane women confined in the Middlesex County Jail. One of them, Keturah Harrison, broke the cell windows on Saturday with her bare fists, but, strange to say, escaped injury. Mrs. Ponsfield, who has been in the prison for three years, is thought to be near her death.

Arthur Beaulieu was committed at Montreal Saturday morning to the Court of Queen's Bench on an indictment for attempt to murder Zozime Masson, at whom he threw a pair of heavy tongs at the C. P. R. shops on the 10th of January last. The doctor reported that Masson was dying at the hospital.

An east-bound freight train on the Grand Trunk broke an axle last night about four miles west of Brighton, at the place known as "The Dangers." Eleven cars were wrecked. It will probably take all night to clear the track. Last night's through express from Montreal was detained at Cobourg in consequence of the accident. No one was injured.

A serious accident occurred on Saturday near Marthaville. Mr. J. A. Cook, editor of the Petrolea *Topic*, and Mr. Joseph Alexander, proprietor of the Tecumseh House, were out driving. Their horse took fright and ran away, throwing the occupants of the carriage out. Mr. Alexander had his leg broken in two places and Mr. Cook received injuries around the head and had some of his ribs fractured.

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
  Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
  To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band,
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
  Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still,
  For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault
  The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
  Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on cold clay lips
  To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
  For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap
  Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
  Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home
  Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down
  And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
  Where the rose has faded away,
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
  Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours
  And fill young lives with sweetness.

—*Christian Register.*

PICTURES OF CHILDREN.

Suggestions to Mothers Who Wish to Go to the Galleries.

"Only one person should go with a child when it is to be photographed," said a camera artist. Then he went on: No attempt should be made to get a child photographed in any but bright weather. The middle of the day is the best time for a sitting. Children should always wear light-colored frocks when sitting for pictures. Light tones harmonize with their complexions, and photograph in less time than darker hues. Navy blue, seal brown, dark green, wine color, maroon and cardinal all take dark. Light green, brown, scarlet, gray and purple take light. Rose color, lavender, yellow and pale blue nearly white. In white material the cream tint is more desirable than pure white. Black silk or velvet take as dark as ink. It is as easy to get good pictures of children as of grown folk if people would attire the little ones in suitable colors and simple style, not make them nervous before they reach the studio and leave them entirely to the operator after they are there. Grown people would secure more satisfactory pictures of themselves, too, if they'd trust more to the operator's judgment and less to their own. People ought to think about the details of their dress and hair arrangement before they come in front of the camera. As a rule the more simple the attire and coiffure the more pleasing and natural the picture. Proofs should never be examined in a bright light as they fade so rapidly. It is no guide to the photographer to send back two or three proofs with the message, "Finish from the darkest one," or "the lightest one," for they are all liable to be of the same shade when they reach him.

The Prairie Province.

Mrs. Percy, a widow and the mother of five children, while in a fit of mental aberration, attempted to gain admittance to the Catholic presbytery by climbing through a window in a naked condition, and was terribly cut by the glass.

It was generally expected that the contents of the document received from Sir John Macdonald by Premier Greenway on the monopoly question, on his departure from Ottawa, would be given to the Legislature on its opening to-morrow, but it will not be laid on the table till the formal report of the delegates, with other correspondence on the matter, is submitted.

There is a washout on the C.P.R., Southwestern, at Whitewater Station. Trains are unable to proceed beyond Boissevain owing to the track being flooded.

Farmers on the Mennonite reserve have commenced seeding.

The Canadian Pacific station-house at Gretna was destroyed by fire this morning.

An understanding has been arrived at between the city and the Electric Light Company and the streets are again passable at night.

The grain market in Manitoba is practically closed for the present, owing to the break up of the season and the small quantities offering. Dealers agree that the surplus for export this season amounts to between twelve and thirteen million bushels.

Considerable complaint is being made by citizens against rowdyism on the part of members of the Mounted Infantry School in this city. All the newspapers contain attacks on the corps, and it is not improbable representations will be made to the Militia Department with reference to the looseness of discipline.

It has been decided to introduce military drill in the public schools of this city.

Seeding has commenced in several parts of the Province.

It is expected navigation will open on Lake Superior about the 1st of May.

The Methodist Missionary Board will meet in Winnipeg on Sept. 9th. About 50 delegates are expected.

A Question for Philologists.

Dr. Crabb, of White River, Kentucky, in a note to the editors of the St. Louis *Medical and Surgical Journal*, says: "I am acquainted with a couple of twin boys, 7 years old, that can understand each other, and although it is impossible for their parents or any other person to understand one word that they say, they make their language intelligible to each other. I also know of twin girls, 16 years old, that can talk to each other, and to another person their language would convey as little meaning as the ancient Hebrew would to a person who had never learned that language, although the young ladies mentioned can use a great many words common to the English language in talking with other people, but in conversation with each other they use a language of their own invention and peculiar to themselves."

"Willie," said the good pastor, who was taking dinner with the family, "I suppose you will be a literary man like your father when you grow up." "Nope," said the little boy addressed, as he looked at the somewhat meagre array of delicacies on the table, with lofty scorn, "literary nuthin'! I'm goin' to be a ten-thousand-dollar cook!"

CURRENT TOPICS.

A London dealer in birds prepared for the adornment of ladies' bonnets makes the statement that last year he sold 2,000,000 of them, ranging in variety from the robin and the wood pigeon to the splendid tropical bird.

A recent traveller through the Chinese Province of Manchusia says that besides having a reverence for animals the rustic Manchus worship diseases, and particularly the smallpox, which is represented under the form of a repulsive idol.

The history of Saratoga, Kan., gives one an idea of the stability of a "boom" in many of the western towns. A year ago it had a population of 2,500, and a fair prospect of becoming the county seat. But another town secured the prize, and now there are only 150 people who claim Saratoga as their home.

The tercentenary of the translation of the Bible into Welsh is to be celebrated this year by erecting a memorial to the translator, Bishop Morgan, at St. Asaph, and by establishing a Welsh scholarship for Biblical learning. It is also intended to issue a reprint of Bishop Morgan's Bible, with the Revised Version in a parallel column.

One of the most ingenious inventions of the day is the self-registering thermometer which a famous London firm announces. It consists of an indicator which can be set up in any greenhouse. When the temperature falls below the point at which injury would be caused to plants an electric bell is set in motion, so that the alarm is at once given.

There is surely nothing new under the sun. It is now learned that the gambling game in which the players place coins on the ground before them and bet on the probability of a fly lighting on a particular coin has been known to the people of Central Asia for centuries, and is probably a heritage that they have received from their prehistoric Aryan ancestors.

An old Confederate soldier who has been indulging in reminiscences recalls the time when all the whiskey in Macon, Ga., was poured into the streets to prevent the Federal troops from capturing it. The gutters overflowed with the precious fluid, and in places on the pavements it was ankle deep. The soldiers attempted to scoop up the liquor in their tin cups, but a guard with fixed bayonets lined the streets and kept them back.

A French physician mentions a curious case of left-handedness. One child in a certain family was left-handed and a second appeared at the age of one year also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry the child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp at objects with it and soon became left-handed.

The Republic of Chili is going largely into railroad building. Two lines are building across the continent to connect Chili with the Argentine Republic. These are being constructed by private companies with the help of Government subsidies. But the Government manages the internal railroad system itself, and to this it is now about to add eight hundred miles of new lines at an expenditure of $17,000,000.

The reports from steamships recently arriving from Europe indicate that the Atlantic is becoming comparatively placid, at least in the "steamer lanes." The late severe storms have generally moved north of these routes, probably losing much of their energy upon entering the cold ocean areas northeast of Newfoundland. This intelligence will be grateful to the rapidly increasing number of Canadians now going to Europe.

In her lecture in New York the other night, Mrs. Ashton Dilke referred to the way Lady Randolph Churchill helped Mr. Bartlett, husband of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in his canvass for Parliament. One tradesman upon whom she called bethought himself of the old times when the fair Duchess of Devonshire is reported to have bartered a kiss for a tradesman's vote. The man upon whom Lady Churchill called hinted at this, and she said, "Why, certainly; I'll tell the Baroness Burdett-Coutts what you wish." As the paragraphers used to say, "Phancy his pheelinx!"

Dr. P. Lange, in a paper read before the Electrical Convention on "How to protect watches against the influence of magnetism," said: "In my work as an investigator of this subject, which has extended over a period of several months, I have formed three separate solutions of the problem; (1) To have the watch made of material that cannot be magnetized; (2) to inclose the works in an iron case, so as to shield the vital parts of the watch; and (3) to apply efficient means to demagnetize the watch that has not been favored with the safeguards."

There is a commercial age in which the most important changes in the social system of nations may depend upon the fraction of a penny, which, being considered by itself, might seem to be an insignificant factor. For instance, what might have been the reply of an ordinary British observer in the year 1869 had anyone then said to him in England, "If President Vanderbilt, of the New York Central Railroad, can reduce the cost of moving provisions a ha'penny per ton per mile on the consolidated railway line which he has just organized between New York and Chicago, it will change all the conditions of agriculture and will profoundly affect the existing order of society in Great Britain."

Before Sir Morell Mackenzie set out on his last mission to San Remo, the correspondent of the Liverpool *Post* says, he had received from the Crown Prince fees amounting to £3,000. The prolongation of the life of his patient till he has become German Emperor will, it is expected, greatly increase the prospects of the English expert's further remuneration. Sir Morell Mackenzie has seen one or two patients who have followed him to San Remo, and it is probable that this practice will be continued during his stay in Berlin. But practically he has had to abandon his large practice and concentrate his efforts and attention upon the case of the Emperor.

A well-informed Vienna paper states in a letter from St. Petersburg that the Tzarewitch will shortly be betrothed to the Princess Militza, daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro. The Tzar (according to the London *Times* correspondent) is said to be resolved that the heir to the throne shall marry a Princess born in the Russian orthodox faith, and an article is to be added to the fundamental laws which regulate the Imperial House making this condition imperative as regards all future heirs to the throne. Hitherto the heirs to the Russian throne have married Lutherans or Calvinists, who became converted and were rebaptized before the wedding day. In future, should the reported Imperial intention be enforced, the Empresses of Russia will have to be chosen from among the Princesses of Russia, Servia, Roumania, Montenegro or Greece.

In New York there is one physician to about 400 people; in Paris one to about 1,475. In the whole of France there is about one physician to 3,000 inhabitants; in England one to every 1,500, and in the United States one to every 750.

An engagement of note in diplomatic circles, which has just been announced, is that of Miss Flora West, second daughter of the English Minister Sir Lionel Sackville West at Washington, to Mr. Gabriel Salanson, Third Secretary of the French Legation. The Misses West sail for France on the 21st of April, and the wedding will probably take place in Paris before their return.

Medicomania, according to the London *Lancet*, is the latest Parisian craze. It consists in a mania for medical and surgical curiosities, and even operations. The scenes of the dead-house, the dissecting-room and surgical theatre, all matters of purely professional interest, have, thanks, no doubt, to a diseased realism in the world of fiction, become the spectacle of the hour, the twin diversion with social small talk.

Immediately after Emperor Frederick left San Remo the Sultan sent him a collar, consisting of nine hazel nuts with inscriptions from the Koran, over which the dervishes and sheiks of the palace had prayed and which, as the Sultan assured the Crown Prince, would cure him as if by magic. The usual way of treating a patient in Turkey is for the doctor to write on a slip of paper a verse from the Koran suited to the case, then wash the ink off with water, which is administered to the patient. Faith cure is nothing new.

Fruits in general contain but little nutriment, but are of value as a food from their appetizing and pleasant taste; from their supplying in an agreeable way water necessary to food, and from the gentle laxative effect of the acid present. In addition, both fruits and vegetables supply the body with potash. In this way they counteract the scurvy engendered by a diet of salted meats. The only methods of preserving foods known to the ancients were drying and salting, both of which fail to preserve the flavor.

In the current number of "Science" there is published a reproduction of letters written to Prof. A. Graham Bell by Helen Keller, a little girl of 7 years, who is totally blind and deaf and dumb. She has been under the instruction of Miss Annie Sullivan for just one year, the only means of conveying the information to her being the sense of touch, yet the letter is clearly and intelligently written, and, indeed, is as good as any intelligent child of her age could be expected to write, even with the aid of all the senses. A picture of Helen and her teacher, Miss Sullivan, engaged in talking, through clasped hands, is also given.

The King of Dahomey, according to Labouchere, has considerably embarrassed the invalid King of Portugal by sending him a present of half a dozen negro girls, with a message that they had been selected from the prettiest, plumpest damsels in his dominions. On reaching Lisbon these nymphs were attired much after the fashion of the garden of Eden, but they have since been decorously dressed by order of King Louis. They were first sent to the marine barracks, where they were kept for a few days in a carefully guarded wing, but this arrangement caused scandal, so they were relegated to a house in the botanical gardens, where they still remain.

A newly patented pavement is said to have been suggested by the surface of an elephant's tooth, which consists of intermingled layers of hard and soft material, so that the process of wearing always produces a series of ridges upon the surface. The new system of paving is the idea of Mr. Ranyard, the English astronomer, and comprises the use of blocks having alternate hard and soft layers such as Portland cement and a mixture of sand and cement—which are set upon edge, so that the edges of these laminæ form a wearing surface. The blocks are made four inches high, and may be worn to less than an inch high, and may be worn less than an inch without becoming smooth like granite blocks.

The Gulf Stream Blown Out to Sea.

Captain Griffin, of the barkentine Clara McGilvery, which arrived in port on Thursday from Porto Rico, says that the Gulf Stream is more than sixty miles out of its usual course. It is supposed that the recent blizzard has had some effect in driving the stream to the eastward and southward of where it is usually found. Captain Griffin says that a cold current of water surrounds the stream, registering as low as 40° Fahrenheit. Masters of vessels bound from Cuba to New York and Philadelphia have been warned of this great change. In order to get the full benefit and strength of the current, vessels must keep at least one degree to the eastward of the usual course. The McGilvery encountered hurricanes on four occasions on the trip up from Cuba, and narrowly escaped destruction.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Sad Mistake.

"What is the matter, Clara? You look so ashamed." "Oh, mamma, you told me to tread on your foot when you were to laugh, and I made a mistake and trod on the gentleman's beside me."—*Topical Times.*

Women Inventors in England.

Women are beginning to appear on the list of applicants for patents in England. Among the patentees of a week ago were Louisa Laurence, of London, for an invention of "improvements in letter and bill files;" Elizabeth Aspinwall, of Birkenhead, for an invention of "polishing and cleaning laundry irons and flat irons;" Florence King, of West Kensington Park, for an invention of "feeding-spoons for infants and invalids."

SHE MUST GO.

The Pretty Typewriter Forced Out by Her Homely Sister.

"This is the day of the homely girl," said the Principal of a typewriting school in New York to me the other day. "The beauty, the belle, the dressy girl, all are at a discount in this business, and we have resolved never to employ another pretty girl if we can get a homely one.

"There's no mystery about it," he continued. "It's plain business. There are now six or seven thousand girls at work in men's offices down-town, and while their entree into commercial life is always spoken of as a feminine revolution, the truth is that it has created a social stir deeper than either one sex has felt. When girls were first made use of on account of their quickness with their hands, the suitability of the work and the low price at which they could be got by reason of the large number seeking work, the craze was for pretty girls. Every man wanted a belle to sit at his desk and take down his letters and memoranda. It was natural. There were plenty of pretty girls, and who on earth does not prefer beauty to plainness? Men who are in my business naturally tried to get only pretty pupils and beautiful adepts. We scanned the girls' dresses, judged them by their stylishness, and insisted on general attractiveness. If we ever took up a plain girl we were apt to be sorry for it, for we had hard work to place her. Now all that is changed. I can show you scores of letters in which business men ask me not to send a pretty girl. In fact, the only offices where we can place a pretty girl are very large ones, where the employer chooses the girl and details her to go with others in some department or to assist a male chief clerk or private secretary. Those and the offices of the bachelor in business are the only places where we can get work for pretty girls.

"The reason is as plain as the nose on your face," he continued; "the wives have interfered. Every married man is visited at his office by his wife more or less frequently. If she finds him elbow to elbow or face to face with a pretty coquette every time she comes she is certain to make life more or less unpleasant for him. Some women in such cases "take it out" at home, as the saying goes, but I have men tell me that their wives were forever popping in on them and practically never missed a day without a call at their offices. These business men, nearly all men, pick up a bouquet or box of candy or some little knick-knack now and then to gladden the life of the girl at their elbow. Imagine the state of the wife who finds that the flowers she sees on her husband's desk were put there by him when he has told her ten thousand times that he has hated flowers from infancy! Oh, no, there is no show for the pretty girl in business in New York to-day. Those who got places long ago are being crowded out, and no new ones are now taken on."—*Clara Belle.*

Gossip of To-day.

A New England constable, who has had great experience with tramps, says that he has never yet seen one with a bald head.

The South African diamond fields last year yielded gems amounting to 3,646,899 carats and valued at over $20,000,000.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana dialect poet, is said by a western newspaper to have made $20,000 during the past year by his pen and by lecturing.

George Kettle, a farmer living in Randolph county, W. Va., shot a large eagle a few days ago as it was soaring aloft with a half-grown lamb in its talons. It measured 8 feet from tip to tip of the wings.

The wealthiest man in the Northwest is James J. Hill, of St. Paul, President of the Manitoba Railroad. His fortune of $10,000,000 has nearly all been made during the past ten years in railroad speculations and real estate. Mr. Hill is 51 years old, and bids fair to double his wealth before departing this life.

Women's rights are evidently recognized in Lexington, Miss., where at least three ladies occupy positions almost always filled by men. Miss Emily Wright is the postmistress, Miss Cole is express agent and Miss Mollie Hoskins is in charge of the telegraph office at the depot.

Mme. Adam, perhaps the best known of the French women of letters, and the active editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, is one of the best dressed and most *distingue*, as well as one of the brightest-minded women in Paris. Although a grandmother, she might be taken for a woman under 40. She lives at the end of the Boulevard Malesherbes, in a street named after herself.

The great French chemist, Chevreul, one of the scientific celebrities of the century, is living quietly in Paris near the Jardin des Plantes. He is 102 years old, and although white-haired and dim-eyed, he has suffered but little loss of intellectual vigor. To a correspondent who visited him recently he recalled many incidents of the Reign of Terror and the rise and fall of Napoleon.

John Bates, who is living at the age of 85 in Chicago, was Deputy Postmaster of the Lake City in 1832-3, under Andrew Jackson. Business was not heavy and Mr. Bates used to carry the mail in his pocket. In those days it required 25 cents to get a letter, and the reports made to the department of the business done were made in pounds, shillings and pence.

The Joker's Zodiac.

Spring items from the North concerning housecleaning, carpet shaking and parlor stoves will be followed by ice cream anecdotes and the standard snake stories, with an occasional fish exaggeration—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Anna Katharine Green, the author of the celebrated novel, "The Leavenworth Case," is living in a bright and comfortable home in Buffalo, where she is engaged in writing a new detective story. Her famous book has now reached a circulation of 200,000, and still finds a ready sale.

Queen Victoria has invited the King and Queen of Italy to visit Windsor Castle in June, and they have accepted the invitation, provided the situation of affairs at the time will permit.

The bricklayers and masons in Mayence are on strike. Rioting has occurred in consequence of the efforts of the strikers to compel the new men engaged in other building trades to join them. The police have dispersed the rioters.

STARS AND STRIPES.

They Were the Original Coat of Arms of the Washingtons.

The Washington *Star* publishes the following letter from George Washington, an Englishman, now in Constantinople:

Under the title, "Origin of the Stars and Stripes"—your publication of January 7th—some allusions, only too flattering to myself, form part of Mr. Cox's letter. May I supplement that which he says by a few data which will interest Americans? Not only am I in the direct line of the English branch of George Washington's family, but I am the eldest son of the eldest branch. That direct line became condensed in the person of my grandfather, John Washington, rector of Oldham, in Hampshire, near Winchester. He had three sons—Henry, John and Adam. Henry died unmarried. John and Adam both married, the latter twice.

The sons of John the elder are myself, George Washington, the eldest; Henry Hofford Washington, commodore, H.B.M. navy, and Francis Palmer Washington, major in Royal Engineers. Adam Washington has four surviving sons, Adam, Robert, Marmaduke and Henry. We seven males represent the English branch of Washington's family in England in this generation. There are two non-males—she-males is not pretty—Florence Amy Washington, daughter of John and Fanny Washington, daughter of Adam of the same generation. So we are nine in all of this generation. There are any number of children and several Georges. My only son is George Washington, and if he marries his first-born son shall be called George Washington.

Here are some undesigned coincidences: George Washington the great was grandson of John Washington, Virginian. I am grandson of John Washington, English. General Washington died December 14th, 1799. My father was born on January 1st, 1800. General Washington was born on February 22nd, 1732. I was born rather more than one hundred years later, on July 25th, 1834—a good port year. Near Sunderland, in the county Durham, in England, is a village of Washington. There is also an ancient house in it with some "castle" pretensions, supposed to have been the chateau of the family, showing the quarterings, as I have been informed, of the stars and stripes. If, sir, you think it worth while to insert these addenda to Mr. Cox's letter, and deem the subject worth further discussion, and will let me know the same by favoring me with a copy of the journal containing my letter, I shall be glad to give you some further details upon which I can put my hand in England. Below I append the quarterings of my family. The bird is a raven, the motto is not, I believe, the right one. I shall inquire into this.

How to Buy Food.

Prof. V. C. Vaughan's paper on Food, read at the Ohio Sanitary Convention, contained valuable hints for the instruction of the family purveyor, from which the following is condensed:

BEEF.

A pale pink color indicates that the animal was diseased. A dark purple hue is evidence that the animal has died with blood in its body, or has suffered from some acute febrile affection. Good beef has but little odor, and is elastic to the touch. Meat that is wet and flabby should be discarded.

VEAL, LAMB AND PIG.

The flesh of young animals is more tender than that of the adult, but is less easily digested. The time required for the digestion of veal is five hours or more, while beef is digested from two and a half to three hours. The tissues of the young animal are less stimulating, less nutritious and more gelatinous than the tissues of the adult animal. On the other hand, an animal may be so old and poorly nourished that its flesh well-nigh defies both mastication and digestion.

POULTRY.

The flesh of no bird is in itself poisonous. The same is true of the eggs of all birds. The light meats of birds are more easily digested, less rich in nitrogen and in flavor, than the dark meats.

FISH.

Undoubtedly the flesh of some fish is poisonous. Fish should be discarded if the water in which it is boiled blackens silver. Fish caught from putrid water should not be eaten. The flesh of such fish is yellowish, soft, spongy and of foul odor. Fish should not be left in the water after they are dead, but should be packed in ice.

A Girl's Funny Freak.

Mary Ford, a Reading servant girl, loves all kinds of adventure. Recently during the absence of the family, she dressed herself up in her mistresses' best clothes and called on several strange ladies living only a short distance away. She introduced herself as the wife of the master of the house and invited the ladies to call on her, designating a time when she knew her mistress would be away. When they called she was dressed in her mistress' finest garments. She entertained the guests handsomely, showed them over the house and felt "so provoked" because the girl had gone out. This continued for some time and led to some queer complications before the truth was discovered.

Girls and Marriage.

"No girl under 20," says a wise woman, "has any business to think of marriage." Bless you, no. We know that. At that age no girl thinks of marriage as a "business." She just tumbles head over heels in love and marries the dear fellow just because she would cry her eyes out without him. It is when she is no longer what you would just exactly call a "girl," when she is rising 38 and has cut her last new teeth, full set, that she begins to make a "business" of it.

Philanthropist (sternly)—Why did you throw that banana peel on the sidewalk? Misanthrope (defiantly)—Because yesterday the banana peel threw me on the sidewalk.

Yellow diamonds are made blue of the purest water, for the time being, by being colored with a common indelible blue pencil, equalized by rubbing with cotton or linen. A magnifying glass will fail to show the fraud, but alcohol, turpentine or benzine will wash off the color

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, APR. 26, 1888.

HON. THOS. WHITE.

Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior, is dead. Cut down in the prime of life and in the very zenith of his success, friend and opponent throughout the length and breadth of Canada sincerely mourn, in the death of Mr. White, the loss of a true patriot, a distinguished statesman, and a brilliant journalist. He was the hardest worked man in Sir John McDonald's cabinet. His death is generally regarded as a great national loss, and the vacancy caused thereby will be a difficult one to fill. The dead statesman was immensely popular among all classes, and held a very warm place in the affections of the old chieftain, Sir John.

Mr. White was born in Montreal on the 7th of August, 1830. His father was Irish, a County Westmeath man, and his mother Scotch, having been born in Edinburg. After attending High School in Montreal, he turned his attention for some years to mercantile pursuits, when he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Quebec Gazette. In 1853 he and his brother-in-law established the Peterborough Review, with which he was connected until 1860. He then studied law for four years in the office of Hon. Sidney Smith, Q.C., of Cobourg. From 1864 to 1870 he held a half interest in the Hamilton Spectator, when he and his brother, Mr. Richard White, purchased the Montreal Gazette, which is now the leading newspaper in Quebec province. On the 5th of August, 1885, he was called to Sir John McDonald's Government as Minister of the Interior. Died, April 22nd, 1888, aged 57 years.

SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY.

We have often called the attention of the public to the importance of supporting home enterprise. THE ADVANCE has never given forth any uncertain sounds in this particular; and, what is more to the point, it has practiced what it preached. We have often pointed out the evil of diverting business from its natural channel, in so far as it related to every other industy save our own—that of printing. Yet, strange as it may appear, some of the very men most likely to be benefitted by this course, have—whilst energetically endorsing the wisdom of the position taken by THE ADVANCE—regularly patronized the tramp canvassers of certain "cut-throat" city printing offices, whose managers frequently retire across into the U.S., followed by the pathetic lamentations of duped creditors! Forgetting or ignoring the fact, that their local printing office turns out just as good work and at as reasonable prices as the same job can be done for in any honestly conducted city office, these *selfish patriots* spend their money outside the town to the detriment not merely of their local publisher but of the place generally. The same can be said of business men in Markdale, Dundalk and elsewhere—in each of which places there are well-appointed printing establishments.

This is manifestly unfair, unpatriotic and suicidal. The local publisher spends his money in his own town, his proportion of taxes help to keep the corporation wheels greased, and is the most powerful factor in advancing and promoting the best interests of the community. This last statement may appear to some to be boastful. And so it is; but it rests on a solid foundation.

Sometimes, when taxed with doing himself precisely what he condemns in others, your "selfish patriot" puts forward the flimsy excuse, that he doesn't like everything the local publisher puts in his paper! Profound logician! what would become of your own business, if your customers adopted your line of reasoning? Do not many—in some cases the most—of your patrons hold opinions diametrically opposed to yours in religion, temperance politics, and what not? If they treated you as generously (!) as you treat your home publisher, you might just as well take down your sign at once, put up the shutters, and go into the lecturing business. Subject: Patriotism; or "what fools these mortals be." You see, the "selfish patriot" is apt to forget the power there is in example in that many people naturally infer that if it pays him to deal elsewhere it will also pay them to do likewise.

We have in our mind's eye the case of an individual, for whom the people have created a monopoly. This person is rapidly accumulating wealth, nearly all of which has been gathered in from the community in which he resides. And yet it is a well known fact that he buys everything used in his establishment outside the place that has given him riches with a lavish hand! Although standing high up in the scale as a representative of his class, we know of no man, who is so small-souled, miserably mean and decidedly unpopular in his own neighborhood, as is the person we allude to. Take away his monopoly, and this miserable sinner's business would collapse like a punctured bladder!

We reiterate what we have stated time and again, that every dollar spent outside your own town is an injury to it. You are thereby building up other places at the expense of your own, and what is an injury to the community is, of course, an injury to yourself in common with others. Don't do it. Help to build up your own town and avance your own interests. Deal elsewhere and a precedent is established which will just as surely recoil on yourself as it will upon the community at large. Don't be a clam.

Your local printing office—whether it be the Herald, Standard, or THE ADVANCE—deserves your hearty support. Nothing paralyzes the efforts of the local press so much as this "selfish patriotism"—not that it exists to any very great extent, or that the home journals could not exist without such patronage. On the contrary, other enterprises are by far the greatest sufferers. Continue the practice and public confidence in home institutions will gradually but surely be withdrawn and diverted into other channels.

Again we say: stand solidly by home enterprise—first, last, and all the time. Talk up your own town; boom it for all it is worth—at home and abroad—and prosperity's sun will beam upon it and you. So mote it be.

Seeds, Seeds, Seeds, cheap for cash at Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Auction Sale

OF

Valuable Farm,

In the Township of Glenelg, in the County of Grey.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of Sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Haley to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default of the money's thereby secured there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE OF FLESHERTON, on

Friday, the 11th day of May, 1888,

at 2 o'clock p.m. by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer. The following property, viz.: Lot number 15, in the 7th Concession of the Township of Glenelg, containing 104 acres more or less of which about 70 acres are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a Frame house, Log Barn and Stable.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. at time of sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to Auctioneer or to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors' Solicitors.

Toronto, April 21st, 1888

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRIST MILL,
Oatmeal Mill,
Saw Mill & Store
FOR SALE.

Under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a Mortgage, which will be produced at time of Sale, there will be sold by Auction at

McGIRR'S HOTEL,

VILLAGE OF FEVERSHAM,

— In the Township of Osprey, on —

Friday, 11th day of May, 1888

At one o'clock in the afternoon by MR. A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer. The following Property:—

PARCEL 1.—All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate lying and being in the Township of Osprey, in the County of Grey, which may be better known and described as follows: First, The Northerly part of Lot No. 16 in the 9th Con. of Osprey, aforesaid, not laid out into village lots. This part may be described as Firstly, that part of Lot No. 16, being North of Peel street, in the Village of Feversham, in the said Tp. of Osprey, and West of Mill street, with the exception of that part conveyed to the Presbyterian Church; Secondly, that part lying East of Mill street, in the said village, with the exception of Lots 1 and 2, North of Peel Sreet, and Lots 28 and 29, South of Peel street; Thirdly, that part of said Lot No. 16, lying South of Peel street and West of Mill street and North of the tier of lots fronting on the North side of Victoria street with the exception of Lots numbers 15, 24, 25, 26 and 27, in said village. Second, Also that part of said Lot No. 16, lying between Wellington and Victoria streets in said village with the exception of that portion at S.E. corner of Victoria and Mill St. heretofore sold and conveyed by one James Hamilton to Robt. Brown.

On the above property are erected a Grist Mill, Saw Mill and Oatmeal Mill. The Water Power is said to be one of the Best in the Locality.

PARCEL 2.—Lot No. 1, on the South side of Wellington Street, in said Village of Feversham. On this Property there is said to be a Store and Dwelling at present occupied by Mr. Luke Hall.

Terms and Conditions of Sale will be made known at time of Sale.

Meantime for particulars of same apply to

GEORGE MOBERLY,
Solicitor for Mortgagees.

Collingwood, April 6th, 1888.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to

JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD BUGGY and a good set of Single Harness for sale cheap. Apply to

JAMES KESTER,
2w. Flesherton.

WANTED.

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

FARM to RENT
OR FOR SALE.

BEING Lots 8 & 9, Con. 5, Township of Artemesia, containing 136 acres more or less, about 80 of which are cleared. Good Frame Barn and Stable and Roughcast Dwelling House and a good bearing Orchard. Apply on the premises for particulars, or to

ARCH. McPHAIL,
Flesherton Station P.O.

N.B.—Possession given immediately. 355-358

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

Photos,
Photos,
Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

The
CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

GREAT RUSH!

What For?
Where?

To W. S. CHRISTOE'S Medical Hall, Flesherton, for the celebrated medicines, JOHNSON'S TONIC BITTERS, Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills, JOHNSON'S ALL-HEALING WHITE OINTMENT.

THE RUSH is for the BITTERS as it is known to be the best for all nervous diseases, Hysteria, Debility of any sort, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and Paleness of Complexion and all disorders arising from poverty of the Blood.

The Rush is for the PILLS as there are none better than these for Liver Complaint and derangement of the digestive organs.

THE RUSH is for the OINTMENT as it ranks first in its healing qualities for all Skin Diseases of a scrofulous nature, Burns, Scalds, &c., &c.

And it is to be found at the Drug Store of

W. S. CHRISTOE,
Flesherton.

Come and try and see for yourselves.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 85	to	3 95
Fall Wheat	$0 78	to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78		0 80
Barley	0 50		0 55
Oats	0 37		0 38
Peas	0 58		0 60
Butter	0 15		0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 10		0 10
Potatoes bush	0 40		0 50
Pork	6 50		6 50
Hay, per ton	7 00		8 00
Hides	4 50		5 50
Wool	18		21
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 06		0 06
Turkeys	0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50		0 60

Sarjeant & McConnell,

— DEALERS IN ALL KINDS —

FRESH MEATS

Fish, Fowl, &c., in their Seasons.

W. W. TRIMBLE

FOR

First Class

ROLLER FLOUR.

No. 1 Stone Flour,

OATMEAL,
ROLLED OATS,
GRAHAM FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT,

Shorts, Chop and Bran.

POTATOES, APPLES, ETC.

OYSTERS FOR SALE

W. W. TRIMBLE.

Flesherton, Dec, 1st, 1887.

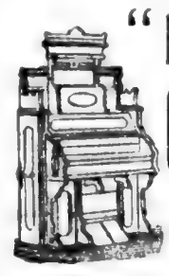

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed: we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $30 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEW'ER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

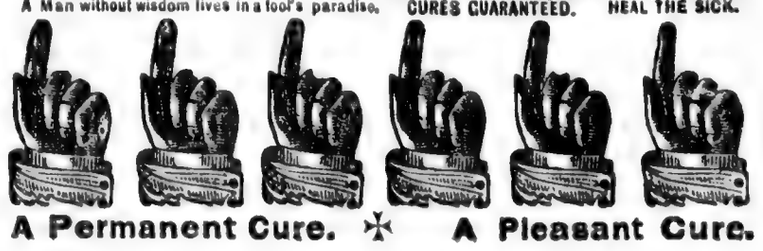

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

Owen Sound.

From our own Correspondent.

A gloom is cast over our town by several deaths which have recently occurred in our midst. A few weeks ago was chronicled the death of Mrs. J. Bready, who had been suffering for some time for some time from lung trouble, and shortly afterward Mrs. S. Connel, afflicted with a similar disease, passed away. Last Thursday Mr. Border lost an infant child and on the same day Mrs. James Rutherford, in the 28th year of age, passed to her eternal rest. The Methodist church was draped in mourning last Sunday in memory of these departed members. Their husbands and families have the deep sympathy of the community.

Last Thursday evening a little boy employed in carrying parcels from Douglas' grocery store, failed to return home. No tidings was received of him, and the river was dragged, when his body was discovered. It is supposed to be a case of accidental drowning, but no one seems to know anything concerning the particulars.

Last Friday evening the fire bell was rung, but as it proved to be a chimney a-fire the excitement soon died out. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the fire-bell was again rung vociferously and the large grocery store of Mr. Geo. Meir and that of Mr. J. Notter were discovered to be ablaze. Wilcox's variety store was also burnt. The buildings were insured. It is supposed the fire was the work of an incendiary. In connection with his grocery store, Mr. Notter kept liquor, and some of the firemen took advantage of its presence by imbibing rather freely, thus unfitting them for their duties in extinguishing the fire. An investigation of the affair is being held to-day (Monday).

Mr. W. J. Bracken, of Brampton, has started in Owen Sound as Vet. Surgeon.

T. E. Vanstone, an estimable young citizen, has opened up a dry goods store on Poulett street.

All are waiting anxiously for the disappearance of ice from the bay.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Precious Promise.

Oh, what would this great world be,
Were it not to mortals given
The sweet heart-gladdening promise
Of rest and peace in heaven!

The ties of truest friendship
On earth are often riven;
Hear, bleeding heart, the promise
Of unity in heaven.

When tired of life's burdens,
And to despair we're driven,
How sweetly sounds the promise—
"No WEARINESS IN HEAVEN."

And when the hours seem darkest,
But to do God's will we've striven,
Oh, grand and glorious promise—
"A SURE REWARD IN HEAVEN."

Park Ridge, Ill. —*Lena.*

The exhausted and drowsy feelings, common to spring time, indicate an impure and sluggish condition of the blood, which may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful, and, at the same time, most economical blood purifier known.

W. C. T. U. Department.

Christian Pleasures.

How oft is heard the question,
Whether or not 'tis right
For Christians seeking pleasure,
Where worldlings find delight.

And many minds have given
Answer in many ways;
Still hearts with growing interest
Anew the question raise.

To young hearts overflowing
With innocence and glee,
'Tis hard in such a matter,
Wise counsellors to be.

What rule than this is safer,
Paul long age did give,
That to God's glory those who
His children are sh ould live.

It's not "what other Christians
Do or not do" should be
Our warrant, but "What sayeth
The Word of God to me?"

Each Christian should the question
At Jesus' feet decide,
And by the light that Scripture
Sheds on it to abide.

When he can pray, "Thy blessing
Now, Father, be on me,
That recreation sought for
May to Thy glory be."

When he can say to Jesus,
"Come with me, Heavenly Friend,
For without Thee I would not
One hour in pleasure spend."

When he can pray, "O Blessed
Spirit be my guide,
Keep me from sin's defilement,
And in my heart abide."

Thus may the Christian pleasures
Seek, when he can so pray,
And none shall by example
Of him be led astray.

And when the Saviour's presence
Shall be with him, and where
He shall not grieve the Spirit,
His God shall bless him there.

—ELIZABETH BECKETT.

NASAL BALM.—Deafness caused by Catarrh is quickly relieved by Nasal Balm. Headach e caused by Catarrh is quickly cured by Nasal Balm.

APRIL —+— 1888.

The Flesherton Spring Show is now being held and it is an acknowledged fact that the **Best Prices** *are being secured at the*

FLESHERTON

Furniture Warerooms,

where every purchaser is sure of receiving some valuable prize. Specialties are elegant.

BEDROOM SUITES of New and Tasty Designs.

Slat and Reed Chairs something new and must be seen to be appreciated. Childrens' CARRIAGES which for Style and Beauty of Finish have never been shown in this section before. Perforated, Cane and Wood Seat CHAIRS in endless varieties. CUPBOARDS, SIDEBOARDS, BUREAUS, SINKS, &c. In upholstered goods our show excells all previous displays. To attempt to describe all the different articles on exhibition would end in failure and so we extend a hearty Invitation to all to inspect the best display of Furniture ever shown in Flesherton and remember that every article is for sale Cheap, and last but by no means the least we have much pleasure in announcing that we have the Sole Right to sell the justly Celebrated

New Raymond

Sewing Machine

a number of which may be seen at our Warerooms with Prices and Terms Right.

J. E. MOORE,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

DURHAM STREET, FLESHERTON.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Anna Buchanan has been confined to the house through sickness for some time past. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that she is recovering.

On last Wednesday, 18th inst., the wedding spoken of came off at the residence of Thos. Kells, Esq., the parties most interested being Miss Josephine Kells and Mr. Henry Sparling. Rev. J. Walker Shilton, B. A., officiated. All wish the young people a prosperous voyage through life.

Mr. C. Gilbert, of Wiarton, was down on a visit.

Mr. J. Warling is fireman at the saw mill and business is booming.

Mr. S. Gilbert has moved back to the old homestead. He is going to try farming this summer.

The hard frosts that we have at nights are giving the fall wheat a very burnt look. A good warm rain and genial weather would be very acceptable.

As a hair dressing and renovator, Ayers Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates dandruff, cures eruptions of the scalp, invigorates and beautifies the hair, and prhvents its fading or turning gray.

An English Boy, who Asks for Fair Play.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—I have not been long out in this country from England, but quite long enough to meet with a man whose meanness will yet bring him to grief. I need not mention names, for although the man I speak of treated me in a most scurvy manner, I do not wish to hold him up to public scorn—unmasked!

This man I engaged with as farm help last year. I was homeless and a wanderer and therefore only too glad to get a situation. But what a situation! Advantage was taken of my position to fleece me of a portion of my hard earnings. A certain article was palmed off on me as good, which, investigation proved, was almost worthless. Shirting bought for me in a Flesherton store at 17 cents per yard, was represented to me as costing *twenty cents per yard!* What sort of a soul must a man possess who will cheat a homeless boy three cents per yard on a little cheap shirting?

In other particulars this man's actions were quite on a par with the part he played in connection with the shirt transaction. To add insult to injury, this man spread certain reports throughout the country calculated to injure my character, and said reports were as false as were the statements he made to me concerning the cost of the shirting when he brought it home from the store.

All I ask, Mr. Editor, is fair play, and that, I think, will be accorded me in this great young country, where there is not such a marked distinction made between the various classes as there is in many other parts of the world.

Yours truly,
E. C. BUSH.

Flesherton, April 21st, 1888.

No one can describe the sufferings caused by Asthma except those troubled with the complaint. One package of Southern Asthma Cure will relieve any case. Double treatment in each package.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

— DEALER IN —

Stoves, AND ALL KINDS Tinware,

Copperware, Sheet Iron, Metal work,

Eavetroughing - a - Specialty.

SHOP--RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 21, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,

Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,
Gray Champion!
Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.
TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY OUR NEW BOOK
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
—OR—
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful sea-shells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 366-368

HAPPY BOB HANGED.

He Murdered His Sweetheart's Half-brother.

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

A Salvation Army Enthusiast's Canadian Conquests and Fatal Jealousy.

A Warsaw, N.Y., despatch dated last Friday says: Robert Van Brunt was hanged this morning in the jail yard for the murder of Will Roy, at Castile, in October, 1886. The drop fell at 10.18 and death was painless.

Van Brunt was braver than most people expected, and was resigned to his fate. When a reporter saw him last evening Van Brunt was in good spirits and had not weakened at any time. After the jail was closed for the night Van Brunt ate a lunch and at 12.30 he smoked a cigar, took a bath, put on some clean clothing and talked cheerfully with the deputies. This morning Van Brunt entered his cell, knelt down in front of the crucifix, silently read his Bible and prayed, a whole hour being occupied in these devotions. He dressed himself and acted as he had at all other times, displaying a wonderful nerve. He ate a hearty breakfast at 8.30.

Eva Roy is here. She came early this morning, and at 7 o'clock entered the dwelling part of the jail and threw herself exhausted on a lounge. Sheriff Gordon was summoned and kindly told her she had best go to Gen. Thayer's house or to a hotel. "Oh, Sheriff, please let me see him!" pleaded Eva, with tears in her eyes, but the official was obdurate and Eva left.

THE MURDERER AND HIS VICTIM.

It was through jealousy of Eva Roy that Van Brunt murdered her half-brother, Will Roy, on whose lap he found her sitting late at night at the house of her father, where all the parties lived. There was no question about the act of shooting. It was simply that of a degree of crime.

"I shot to kill," he told a reporter just after he was arrested, and then this conversation occurred:

"Of course I'm sorry it is done," he said; "not that I cared for Will Roy, but it's his sister who is the greatest sufferer. We were to be married next week. I loved her dearly, and I killed Roy because I felt that he was making trouble between us. I was jealous when I shot him, and I shot to kill. I told Eva that I would die for her any time, and now I'm going to do it. I expect to hang for this, and I ain't going to worry and grow thin or cry over spilled milk."

Brunt, who was a prominent Salvation Army worker prior to the murder, told his story of the crime at the first trial. He accounted for the possession of the revolver by saying he carried it at night, and on the evening of the shooting he placed it in his hip pocket directly after supper. He had to go down street that night to his store. He described the visions of his mother, and said he was working until about 10 o'clock the night of the shooting. Will went into the front room, and while Bob was alone with Eva the latter agreed to marry him secretly. Will came back into the room and said he was going away. Bob said he kissed Eva good-night and went to bed about 11.30. It was the happiest night of his courtship. He slept for an hour, when he woke up and heard some one whispering downstairs. He listened at a stove-pipe hole, could not distinguish what was said and started downstairs, but made a noise and went back. The whispering continued and he went downstairs. Eva had on her night-robe and he thought Will had his arm around her shoulder. After he entered the room the whispering continued. Eva told him her mother let her get out of bed to talk with Will, but she did not want her to stay up with VanBrunt. Eva and Will got their heads close together, and VanBrunt said he was conscious of pulling the revolver and firing it, but he had previously had no intention of harming Will.

Van Brunt told a long story about having been one of the family of Lady Alderson, a sister-in-law of the Marquis of Salisbury, and how he had lived in royal state. Finally he fell from grace and was banished. Then he went to Toronto, where he had a grandmother. Several times he tried to commit suicide. There he joined the Salvation Army. Asked if there were any love episodes, he said there were both in Thorold and London, Ont. A picture of a pretty girl was offered in evidence. On it the prisoner had written, "My Darling Wife, Annie." It was Miss Annie Lepper, of Thorold, and the witness was engaged to marry her. A photograph album was offered in evidence. Among other pictures in it were those of Miss Minnie Granger, of Le Roy, a cousin of his in Toronto, and Miss Jennie Sable, of Warsaw. On the album was written:

THE CONQUESTS OF
HAPPY BOB OF CANADA,
Castile, April 12, 1886.

The name and the age of some of my mashes while in the Salvation Army.

Yesterday Van Brunt wrote to Rev. A. J. Brockway that he forgave all his enemies, and died for a crime he had never premeditated. He had no fewer than three trials, and was sentenced to death each time.

Revised Edition.

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, capricious, wilful, wont to tease; if no white youths your fancy seize, go seek for love's felicities among the aborigines. But when thy red knight tires of thee a most forsaken squaw thoult be.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Languages Used by Royalties.

An exchange makes this statement; "It is a curious fact that while Queen Victoria speaks German in her home circle, the present German Empress discards it in hers and uses English as much as possible. English is the fireside tongue of the Greek, Danish and Russian royal families."

Seeding has fairly commenced in Manitoba.

FAMOUS CONTEMPT CASE.

John T. Hawke Found Guilty of Contempt of Court in Moncton, N.B.

A Moncton (N.B.) despatch says: In the Supreme Court of New Brunswick to-day the case against John T. Hawke, editor of the Moncton *Transcript*, for alleged contempt of Court, was ended, the Judges finding Mr. Hawke guilty. The contempt consisted in Mr. Hawke having asserted that a certain judge was in the habit of going on the Bench in a drunken condition. When the case opened yesterday, Attorney-General Blair appeared for the rule and Mr. Hawke showed cause in person why it should not be granted. Mr. Hawke addressed the Court for two hours and a half in his own behalf, and had not finished his argument when the Court rose for dinner. He contended, supported by a number of authorities, that the application for the rule was too late in point of time; secondly, that the publications were not, and were not intended to be, contempt of court, and that they were written in the interest of the judiciary, as well as the public; thirdly, that even if they were contempt, which he denies, it was impolitic for judges to intervene in such cases when party politics were involved. Mr. Hawke spoke nearly an hour after recess, and closed by presenting an affidavit defining his position. Mr. Blair followed for about half an hour, arguing that contempt had been committed. Mr. Hawke was formerly editor of the now defunct Hamilton *Tribune*.

Latest Scottish News.

The Ellon folk have been burning their minister, Rev. Mr. Young, in effigy.

Lord Hopetoun has, as last year, been appointed Her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The highest wages earned by women in Scotland are those paid skilled workwomen in the tweed factories of the Border towns, such as Hawick and Galashiels.

Emeritus Professor Wilson, who was the occupant for thirty years of the Chair of Agriculture in the Edinburgh University, died suddenly at Tunbridge Wells on the 27th ult.

A transcript of several of Burns' poems, in the poet's own handwriting, was sold in London on March 21st for 205 guineas. It was secured for the Burns Museum at Kilmarnock.

The colossal bronze statue of Wallace, by Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, of Edinburgh, has been cast by H. Young & Co., Pimlico. It will be unveiled at Aberdeen this month by the Marquis of Lorne.

General James Robertson Craufurd, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and colonel of the 1st Battalion of Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, died on March 24th at Woodend, Christchurch, aged 84.

In addition to the window to be placed in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Brechin, to the memory of the late Earl and Countess of Dalhousie, a memorial arch is to be erected over the road leading into Edzell from Brechin.

Mr. William Arrol, the head of the firm of Wm. Arrol & Co., Glasgow, the contractors for the Forth Bridge, was last month presented, on behalf of the workers at the bridge, with a marble bust of himself and an illuminated address, in token of the esteem in which he is held.

The Dumfries Court of Session defamation case, Appleton (tacksman) against Hyslop (farmer), has resulted in a farthing of damages and no costs to either party. It was all about half-a-crown, which defender accused pursuer of having stolen from or cheated his servant out of. Both will now be out of pocket two or three hundred pounds.

A few weeks ago (says the *Scottish Leader*) the grave closed over the remains of Mr. Andrew Henderson, Innerleithen, who for a few years previous to his death had been, so far as is known, the last surviving servant of Sir Walter Scott. Mr Henderson acted as joiner on the estate for some time previous to Sir Walter's death in 1832 and assisted at the funeral.

It was intimated on the 28th ult. at a meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh that one-half of the residue of the estate of the late Mr. James Simson, C. A., amounting to between £8,000 and £9,000, fell to be paid to the Presbytery for establishing bursaries for students intending to become ministers or missionaries. The other half of the bequest has been left to the Edinburgh Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church for a similar purpose.

On March 29th, Chief Constable McCall, Glasgow, died at his residence, 11 Albany Place. The deceased gentleman had been in failing health for some time. Mr. McCall was associated with the Glasgow police for upwards of forty years and he succeeded to the chief constableship on the death of Capt. Smart in 1870. Deceased was a native of Prestwick, Ayrshire. He was 58 years of age and is survived by a widow and seven children.

Latest from Ireland.

Richmond Prison, Dublin, was closed on the 31st ult. The prisoners have been transferred to Mountjoy convict prison.

An old woman named Cavanagh resisted an eviction brigade at New Ross on the 29th ult. and pelted the men with flower pots.

Edward Purden, founder of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, and Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1880, died at Halewood, near Liverpool, on the 28th ult., aged 73.

Mr. McCabe, of the Irish Prisons Board, has been appointed Medical Commissioner of the Irish Local Government Board, in succession to the late Dr. Croker King.

A small farmer named Maxwell, holding six acres of land near Castleblaney, and his sister, a charwoman, have suddenly found themselves entitled to a fortunce of nearly £20,000, through the death of their brother, an ex-Constable in Australia.

A woman withdrew £150 in notes from the Bank of Ireland, in Dublin, the other day, and during her absence at the cash office, where she was getting notes changed or gold, some thief abstracted £65 in notes from the bag she had left on the bank counter, and escaped.

A City of Mexico despatch says that the Legislature of Guana Juato has abolished bull fights, and there are great hopes that the present Congress will do likewise here. Numerous petitions have been presented with that object in view.

HOWLING DERVISHES.

A Frenzied Baby of Three Years Takes Part in Their Ceremonies.

To-day we set out to witness some of the religious rites of the Refaee, or the howling dervish, says a Constantinople letter.

Around three sides of the low room were galleries, some closely latticed and occupied by Turkish women, others open and filled with curious spectators like ourselves. On the main floor were spread many rugs of Angora goatskin, on which were seated old men, regular patriarchs in appearance, while two groups of little children were ranged behind them. Seated close to the low railing were rows of men clothed in the flowing dervish mantle and tan-colored "galuph"—a tall, brimless felt hat, strongly resembling an inverted flower-pot, bound round the head by a long black scarf with ends left flowing. These ends were at intervals in the course of the service tenderly pressed to the lips. At other times the eyes were carefully wiped with these mourning badges.

Conspicuous before the high priest stood a lithe figure with a pale, cadaverous countenance, but a keen, penetrating eye, who was slowly manipulating a long, white scarf. He first threw it around his shoulders, thus symbolizing the all-embracing love of Allah; then, binding it tightly about his waist, he began tying and untying it, each knot having a particular significance. His whispered words will bear this interpretation: "I tie up greed; I untie charity. I tie up hate; I untie love. I tie up pride; I untie humility." And so on through a long list. Then began a monotonous chant that soon swelled to a tremendous howl. All rose to their feet and kept time with swaying body and jerking head in a frantic manner. The old and feeble among them gradually dropped out of the circle and took seats on rugs near the centre of the room, beside the rows of standing children. At length the eyes of the spectators became riveted upon the face and figure of a little 3-year-old baby, which stood for two long hours swaying its frail body in perfect unison with the dervishes and with its rosy cherub mouth uttering the same indescribably impressive cry of Allah! When the rude throng had at length worked themselves up to a state of religious frenzy, the little boy also rolled his bright eyes about as if beholding a heavenly vision. I can compare this worship to nothing I have ever witnessed, except it be the intense excitement exhibited at meetings among the "colored brethren" on a Southern plantation in the old "slave times" in our own country. One who has seen those impressionable people jumping, shouting and falling down with "the power" can imagine something of the harrowing spectacle before us to-day.

To my mind nothing was so impressive as the power of endurance shown by the infants on exhibition. I shudder when I think of the torture they must have been subjected to in the private drill necessary to prepare them for such a performance in public. Some of the children seemed free to pass out and in at will, but the tiny boy spoken of above and a little girl (a hunchback) never left their posts a minute, nor ceased to sway their bodies and shout until the performance was concluded, by a louder clapping and howling, more violent jerking of the head, and wilder tumult than before. Then a sudden hush, when, without a signal or look from any one, this lovely little baby demurely marched up to the high priest to receive his blessing, then laid him down, his face to the ground, before the venerable man. Another, who appeared to be a high chief of the Order, now took the stalwart priest by the hand while he placed both feet on the body of this frail infant and stood with his face turned upward, while he muttered what appeared to be a prayer. Then other children followed. First came the little hunchback, then three or four at a time, finally ten or twelve lay down, forming a human "corduroy road" for the high priest to walk over, until at least twenty children had thus received his blessing and had the evil spirit driven out of them. This ceremony is supposed to be a panacea, and there are always numbers of invalids brought to the Take during services to be cured of some real or imaginary ill. One aged man lay down to be walked upon to-day and one little boy, who was brought in by his devout and devoted father, refused utterly to be comforted in this manner, and was carried out most boisterously victorious.

Straw Hats in a Snow Storm.

A Niagara Falls despatch says: A party of about two hundred Mexicans are stopping here. Many of them are priests who are *en route* to Rome to visit the Pope, and one of the party informed your correspondent that they had $1,000,000 worth of presents with them for the Holy Father. The Mexicans, in their native dress, looked odd. Many of them wore linen trousers and coats and straw hats, and nearly all wore linen dusters. The ladies were togged out in dresses made of linen and other light material, and it was funny to see the party out sightseeing in a driving snow storm.

Bright Literary Prospects.

Friend (to young writer): "What do you hear from the *Every Other Monthly Magazine*, Charley, in regard to your MS?" Young writer: "It came back to me a day or two ago with 'many thanks of the editors for my kindness in giving them the privilege of seeing it.' Mind you, Gus, not the thanks of a single editor, but the thanks of every one of 'em on the magazine, and there may be a dozen, for all I know. I tell you, Gus, that was a great article, and I am going to send them something else in a few days."

The 10.30 train on Friday night ran into a team and rig at the "Grange crossing," about three miles from Lucknow, smashing the waggon to pieces and killing both horses, the whole outfit being worth about $400. The train backed up and a search was made, but the driver could not be found. There is a mystery about how the accident happened. The owner is one John McLeod, of Huron, and the supposition is that on account of the darkness the team got away from him by some means and he lost his way, as he turned up the next morning about six miles from the scene of the accident. He can give no account of how it happened.

THE APPLE PROSPECTS FOR 1888.

The Worst Enemy of the Trees and How to Combat its Ravages.

Mr. J. Tweedle, of Stoney Creek, writes: After the past five years or more of our experience in apple growing, which is now only viewed as most discouraging to the orchardist on account of the depredations of the many insect enemies, and also the fungoid disease, commonly known as the apple scab, which not only destroys the fruit, but has also a very injurious effect on the foliage, we have now some reason to expect better crops. The fine growth and rank, dark colored foliage indicate the departure of these destructive enemies, and it is hoped their absence may be a long one. The codlin moth remained with us and seemed more destructive than ever, almost destroying the crop in some localities. The mode of spraying with paris green for the successful combating of this pest has been so often described as to scarcely need further mention. However, care must be exercised in purchasing to get the pure article. One-fourth of a pound to forty gallons of water, kept well stirred while spraying, is the best and safest proportion of the mixture to apply. The best time to apply it is when the apples have grown to ½ inch in size and yet stand erect, which allows the paris green to enter the blossom end of the apple, which soon after turns downwards from increasing weight, shedding off the rains and allowing the poison to remain to destroy the succeeding broods of worms as they hatch from time to time during the summer. The tree should be well drenched from all sides to insure the reception of the poison into the blossom end of all the fruit. Some have made the mistake of spraying while in bloom, thus injuring or totally destroying the delicate organism of the blossom. The above mode of destroying the codlin moth has been so often tried and has proved so successful in its application, that it may be fully relied on as a safe remedy if properly done and at the right time. Mr. E. D. Smith, of Winona, informs me of his most successful treatment of a few old trees in sod, some of which yielded as high as 10 to 13 barrels of clean, sound fruit, and also of a yield of one bushel per tree of clean, sound, large fruit in a young orchard, while another orchard of ten acres set at the same time on his farm failed to give any good fruit—only small wormy apples not worth taking in. We neglected to spray our own orchard, and although it set a fair crop and the soil was thoroughly cultivated, yet the crop was almost totally destroyed, not five barrels of fruit fit to barrel where we should have had fifty. We don't intend to be found napping this season or any other, as long as we own an apple orchard. We would say, let apple growers take courage, prune, spray and cultivate, and expect an old time apple crop.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TIGHTS.

Extraordinary Efforts of Girls to Show off Their Beauty of Form.

A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: A lively social sensation has developed through the police officials, implicating an official of the United States Signal Office, who is a prominent amateur photographer, in the use of his camera for the purpose of obtaining photographs of school girls in costumes usually worn by ballet dancers and burlesque actresses. The police allege that a short time ago two young school girls were invited by a Mr. Roland, an employee of a lottery and card scheme, to visit the company's rooms adjoining Signal Sergeant Sherman's office. The girls were shown a collection of pictures similar to those known as "cigarette pictures," and, after some urging, one of them exchanged her street costume for a suit of tights and, before she mistrusted anything wrong, the girl claims, the camera, which was in an adjoining room, was sprung, catching a very striking picture. The young lady was indignant and told her father, who called on Sergt. Sherman and after a stormy interview secured the negative. The other girl could not be induced to don the burlesque costumes. Roland admits that the picture was taken, but denied any allurement on his part. He states that the girls called on him, bringing a number of cigarette pictures and asked him (Roland) if he could not assist in having some similar ones taken. After some preliminary arrangements the girls were taken to another room and photographed. The police officials intimate that this line of business has been carried on quite extensively in this city and that the photographs have been distributed through the card companies. Sherman's story could not be obtained to-night.

Ferry on Boulanger.

A Paris cable says: M. Ferry in a speech at Epinal to-day denunciated General Boulanger as a mutinous soldier. He admitted that the Chamber of Deputies had abused its power in order to incite a ministerial crisis, but in defending the Senate, he said that the Boulanger crisis proved that direct suffrage was not infallible and showed the danger of a single Assembly and the necessity of a Senate. The existing situation was a plagiarism of the 2nd of December. He perfectly recognized again the hypocritical, equivocal and threatening formulas of that period. He would support the Floquet Cabinet, and he called upon it to assume an active militant attitude towards Boulangerism and to concentrate Republicans against the Plebiscitary Cæsarian movement. The return of France to Cæsarism would lead to a foreign war. France would lose the esteem of the rest of Europe if a second time in forty years she should be so foolish as to take mediocrity for genius—a Catiline for a Washington. All good citizens must rouse themselves to combat a reversion to Cæsarism, which had always left shameful blood-stained traces in the history of France.

A Trifle Too Much Affection.

When a man loves his wife so much that he wants to take her into the other world with him, like that gentleman out in Minnesota, his affection becomes rather offensive.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Queen Victoria, in her Florence villa, rises each morning at 7 and breakfasts at 9, after which several hours are invariably devoted to business. After the 6.30 dinner there is music. At 9 o'clock tea is served, and soon after 10 the Queen is in bed and sound asleep.

NO MORE ROMANCE.

Explanation of Thunderbolts and the Aurora Borealis.

In the course of a lecture on electricity recently delivered in London Dr. Marcet spoke especially on thunderbolts. Most of them are meteorites; only a piece of sandstone broken off by the flash, and a third, carefully preserved in a museum, is a cannon ball "found at the bottom of a hole in a manure heap" struck by lightning had struck it a flash of peculiarly shaped pieces of iron pyrites, a coal and the clinker from a Kilburn engine have all figured in this capacity from being so carefully preserved by owners, are evidently cherished as relics quite as remarkable as they were their history less apocryphal. Fulgurites or vitrified tubes formed by the fusing of sand where a current of electricity in the shape of a flash has penetrated the ground also in the exhibition. But even affords little room for mystery. The ball is only a flash in another form. So is sheet lightning; while the remarkable tales of escapes from death by atmospheric electricity prove simply that the arrow is the current and how rapid the action. The blade of a saw has been severed and the handle burnt, while the sawyer remained uninjured. A lady had a bracelet struck off her hand while she felt no more than a shock; another had her bonnet entirely burnt on account the wire its frame was made of, while herself was untouched. Even objects only insulated from the ground are not for two seagulls flying over Witham were killed by lightning. All these difficulties have to be considered in erecting lightning rods, some of which are little better than traps to catch the electric fluid in the householder permits so impudent a means of protection to fall into hands of an ignorant mechanic. Has not generally associated with thunderbolts. But Dr. Marcet teaches the contrary and though he is not certain, in spite of Melloni's experiments, that all the phenomena attending a waterspout can be explained by electricity, M. Peltier affirms these upliftings up of water to be the result of electric attraction rather than of the action of the wind. But whatever conflict of opinion may be permissible on this point it is clear that none is permissible with regard to the aurora borealis australis. Science has deprived us of all the pleasant conceits anent the "merry dancers" of scarcely less pagan beliefs about the spirits fighting in the air or even of the winter sun being reflected from some vast glaziers at the back of the north wind. The aurora is due to the positive electricity from the sea between the tropics being carried into the upper atmospheric regions and thence wafted to the poles by the higher currents of air. Here, Dr. Marcet assures us, it descends towards the earth and meets the terrestrial negative electricity in a rarified atmosphere. "Luminous discharges now take place, their brightness being increased by the presence of masses of foreign particles in the air." And thus the electrician deprives us of the last fragment of romance which clung to the most picturesque of northern atmospheric phenomena.

PERILS OF THE TOILET.

Adventures of a Belle With a Slippery Redhot Slate Pencil.

A Philadelphia, Pa., despatch says: Pretty little Miss Helen Forster, a fascinating belle of the Twenty-third ward, won't wear her dresses cut decolette at the social gatherings of her set for a while, as she is obliged through a singular and painful, though not serious accident, to wear just now linen cloths spread with cold cream on her fair back and shoulders.

Miss Helen was in the midst of her toilet last evening, preparatory to making herself particularly attractive to expected company. She was engaged in the feminine occupation of enhancing her charms by curling into tiny ringlets the locks of blond hair that nature had placed on the nape of her neck.

To do this nicely she used—as they say thousands of other girls do, but may stop doing after they hear of the accident that befel Miss Helen—a long ordinary slate pencil, heated in the gas flame to such a degree that it almost singed her golden locks as she wrapped them around it.

At the very moment of performing this, to her, necessary function in her toilet, Miss Helen was only lightly clad. She had got along in a satisfactory manner with one bunch of stray locks and was proceeding in the frizzing process, when, horrible to relate, the red hot pencil slipped from her fingers down her back! It had gone into the opening between her single garment and her lily white skin. She screamed a cry of pain and uttered calls for help that would have alarmed the neighborhood if the windows had been raised, for the hot "frizzer" was frizzling her back into blisters.

She twisted and squirmed in the hope that the hot pencil would find its way to the floor, but it was stayed in its course and made her flesh quiver as it burned.

Her pitiful screams reached the ears of her parents and her father was the first to enter her boudoir. It frightened him to see the agony his Helen was in, and puzzled him, too. His first thought was, "It's a burglar," for Miss Helen was leaning hard against the closet door, pressing her back upon it with all her might.

"Is it a thief, Helen?"

"No! no! Oh! oh! Run and fetch mother!"

By the time "father" had returned with "mother," who had fainted dead away when she heard her Helen's yells, the pencil had cooled off considerably. Explanations were in order, and upon close examination it was found that Helen's fair back had been seared into rows of red, ugly looking blisters from her shoulders to her waist, although she had been gridironed, by the red hot frizzing pencil as it rolled down her back.

Poor Miss Helen suffered intense pain, till her back was smeared with a cooling ointment and covered with lint, but she was obliged to excuse herself just this once to her caller and pass that evening alone, registering a solemn vow never again to "friz" with a redhot slate pencil.

The largest tree in the country east of California is a gnarled old sycamore that stands in Upper Sandusky, in Ohio. It is forty feet in circumference.

MME. DISS DEBAR.

Her Wonderful Claims and Lawyer Marsh's Marvellous Faith Therein.

Mme. Diss Debar and her wonderful control over Luther G. Marsh, a well-known metropolitan lawyer, are the talk of New York just ..

Mme. Diss Debar has occasionally come to the front in the big city for a number of years.

Her first appearance in New York, so far as the writer of this article knows, was in 1870, when, according to Ferdinand Seeger says, she appeared at the Hahnemann Hospital, where she claimed to be suffering from a hemorrhage. It was found that she only had a bleeding tooth, and she was discharged, though not till she had set fire to a mattrass, killed one or two of the doctors and performed sundry other curious feats.

Among the medical students she met at the Hahnemann Hospital was a young Frenchman named Massant. She was for a time an inmate of an insane asylum, and afterward married Massant.

Some four years ago Mme. Diss Debar, then a large and richly dressed woman, sporting an enormous diamond cluster at the fastening of her collar, appeared at the bar of the Jefferson Market Police Court and asked Justice Kilbreth for a warrant for Mrs. Flora G. Mayo, landlady of the Imperial Hotel, No. 3 East Fourteenth street. "I am Madame Diss Debar," she said, "and live in the house with this woman, and she is acting strangely. She has a boy, and I believe, she intends to kill him." The warrant was issued, and next morning the landlady was brought in and told this curious story:

"That woman came to my house in great poverty, and I fed and dressed her. Why, she has on a pair of my stockings right now. Her first husband, she said, was a nobleman, and their 9-year-old girl has a string of titles a yard long. Her second husband was an artist. In a little while she had such power over everything about the house that we all got afraid of her. Chairs and tables tipped over and moved about at her will. There were rappings all over the house. Lights appeared suddenly in the dark rooms and went out when any one moved toward them. One time she ordered a chinadish, and it flew across the room, struck the wall with such force as to dent it and fell to the floor without breaking."

These marvels scared the boarders away, and Mrs. Mayo proposed that Mrs. Diss Debar advertise as a clairvoyant, and a notice was put in the papers inviting people to call and consult the noted "Mme. Cagliostro from Prussia." The business paid fairly well, but the "gifted seeress" refused to divide. By this time, says Mrs. Mayo, she was so completely under the control of the strange woman that she could do nothing against "Cagliostro's" will. Then this mild, pleasant spoken and apparently sensible lady went on to testify to most astonishing things she had witnessed and begged to be released; so the court dissolved the connection and the gifted woman went her way. Her next appearance was to secure the arrest of a servant girl for mutilating a very valuable old painting. The picture proved to be actually worth $20. She had given Mrs. Mayo as security for board an oil painting which she said she selected from the gallery of her father, King Ludwig, and that it was worth $3,000. Mrs. Mayo succeeded in selling it for $30.

Upon his death she married her present husband, Diss Debar. She had two children by each of her two husbands.

The madame is very fat and claims to be the daughter of Lola Montez and King Ludwig. She also claims to be possessed of various supernatural gifts, and says she lived under a mountain in Thibet with the adepts for a long time.

Lawyer Luther G. Marsh, a member of the New York Park Board, believes her claims implicitly, and has given her his handsome house in Madison avenue, where she is now staying, with Diss Debar and Mr. Marsh. She has produced, "by the aid of spirits," a large number of paintings of people, both famous and common, and Mr. Marsh has them displayed all over his house. He is so completely convinced that her alleged powers are genuine that he recently asked the New York editors to go to his house and investigate. They sent reporters, to his grief, and Mme. Diss Debar's disgust, who actually treated the whole matter in a sceptical spirit. Besides the paintings the madame has furnished Mr. Marsh she has procured letters to him from divers great persons of other ages, all of whom tell him that the Diss Debar is no fraud and advise him to put implicit confidence in her.

Among the portraits shown the reporters at Lawyer Marsh's house is one of Demosthenes, looking as if he had been out all night with the boys; Socrates, with the hemlock agony on his face, and Aspasia, with an eye and mouth drawn as if Pericles had just got in late from the Areopagus and gone to bed with muddy boots on. Pythagorus looks sick. The large painting of Appius Claudius convinces the spectator that Virginia had a narrow escape indeed, but a fortunate one, when she was killed; and the portrait of Plato, done by Apellos at the special request of Mme. Diss Debar, is enough to make a reader of the Phaedo feel sick. And the infatuated lawyer, who is just as cute in a case as he ever was, swears that they were painted before his eyes by the spirits of great artists!

It now appears that Mme. Diss Debar was really born in Kentucky, and her maiden name was Ann O'Delia Salomon.

There will doubtless be more developments in the case.

Worthy of No Confidence.

Robinson—Brown says that you owe him $15, Dumley.

Dumley (indignantly)—I do not owe Brown a cent. I did owe him $15, but the debt became outlawed last week. Any man who will lie like he does ought not to be trusted.

The Nova Scotia Legislature was prorogued to-day.

Yesterday morning Charles F. Teitz, a German merchant tailor, aged 45, of Akron, O., beat his wife's brains out with a base-ball bat and then committed suicide by drowning in the canal.

The schooner James A. Garfield has arrived at Gloucester, Mass., from the Banks, and reports that four of her crew, John Goodwin, Joseph Martin, Alex. Jamson and John Currie, while tending trawls, strayed away from the vessel and were lost.

A HOTEL ON WHEELS.

A Novel Engineering Feat Performed by the Aid of Six Locomotives.

Coney Island has had its crowds of visitors this year much earlier than usual. The attraction has been the moving of Brighton Beach Hotel in its entirety back from its rickety resting-place on the restless waves, some hundreds of feet, to solid foundations more to the north. This hotel has been one of the principal features of Coney Island during these later years of its world-wide renown. A mammoth structure at the outset, costing some $260,000, it was, during Mr. Breslin's five years of management, largely increased by the addition of the east wing. Towered and turreted, with graceful projections both in front and rear, and in length measuring some 400 feet, with an average depth of about 200 feet, its appearance was at once elegant and commanding. The beauty of the structure was enhanced by a fine frontage, extending some 400 feet toward the sea, and laid out and adorned with all the skill and all the resources at the command of the landscape gardener. For years past the encroachments of the ocean have been making sad havoc with the walks, the lawns and the flower spaces in front; and latterly, especially during the last two years, the ocean has been dashing wildly under the hotel itself a large part of which perilously rested upon piles. In the belief, at least in the hope, that the ocean encroachments at that point had reached their limit, the idea of moving the hotel bodily back in the direction of Sheepshead Bay began to be favorably entertained by the manager and directors of the Brighton Beach Company. The job was contracted for by B. C. Miller & Son, and as far back as October of last year Civil Engineer Farquhar was at work laying out the sites of twenty-four parallel railroad tracks, twenty feet apart. During the winter gangs of men were busy laying these tracks, elevating the hotel, fitting in on the tracks 120 new iron flat cars, each having a carrying capacity of 60,000 pounds, and latterly lowering the hotel, throughout its entire length and breadth, on to the cars. The tracks were laid so many feet in the direction in which the hotel was to be moved, provision being made for extending the lines to the requisite distance, as the rails were gradually uncovered in the rear. The next thing to be provided for was the application of force to accomplish the required movement. The weight of the hotel has been variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 pounds. This, of course, necessitated great care, and also much nicety of calculation as to the resisting power of the track, and of the bed on which it lay. It was a necessity that this resisting power be the same in every track. To move so large a mass with anything like safety, especially considering its great length, it was an absolute necessity that the motive power be applied equally at all the points of contact with the hotel. This necessity was met by a most elaborate system of blocks and hawsers and chains and stays—the blocks, sixty in number, weighing from 130 to 350 pounds, the largest containing three loops of Manila rope especially made for the occasion, and weighing some three tons, being attached to the cars in one direction, and to the great fourteen-inch beams or stays in another direction, by powerful chains. From these stays, which were planted about 100 feet behind the hotel, the ropes passed to the engines. The actual force was to be supplied by two rows of engines on two separate tracks, three in a row, tandem style, each engine representing a carrying capacity of 700 tons. On Monday last the ropes were tested, and on Tuesday the work of moving the hotel was fairly begun. As early as 8.45 o'clock, few spectators being yet present, the signal was given, and the six engines, with full head of steam on, began to move. The cables, stretching out fan-like from the engines to all parts of the hotel, quickly tightened; the engines for an instant seemed unequal to the task; but it was only for an instant, as the mammoth structure was already in motion. The engines were almost immediately stopped, when it was found that the hotel had been moved some six or seven feet. It was a brief experiment, but it was a successful one, and the result was hailed with joyous approval. Careful examination showed that everything had worked well, and that the huge structure, in its brief but unparalleled journey had sustained no injury. A later attempt moved the hotel some 24 feet. A third advance was made toward noon, and 25 feet was accomplished. At about 3 o'clock, when vast multitudes of people had assembled from Brooklyn and New York, the supreme effort of the day was made. The excitement was tremendous as the vast structure was seen to move on and on. It was a sight which had never been seen before; and when the engines were brought to a stand-still it was found that the hotel had been moved 61½ feet further. At this stage some 117 feet had been traversed. The work was resumed on Wednesday, and was carried on with equal success, the movement being more rapid, even with the use of less power. In four separate movements, the last three being made by the aid of only four locomotives, the advance made was 124 feet. Some 375 feet have yet to be traversed; and then Brighton Beach, having resumed much of its former appearance, with its 595 feet of lawn, and lanes and flowers will, for a time at least, be able to laugh at and bid defiance to the merciless sea.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Still, They are Stubborn Things.

"Facts, my son," said Old Hyson, "are dry, hard and harsh things." "Don't know about that," said the young man, softly, "my engagement to Miss Ethel is a fact, and she's the tenderest, softest, sweetest, roundest, daintiest little——" "Shut up!" roared the old man, slamming the ledger shut with a bang that upset the ink. "Get out of the office. You make me sick! Bah!" And you would have thought it had been 2,000 years since Old Hyson had said about the same thing to his father, but it was not. It was only about 20 years ago. —*From Burdette.*

The attendant physicians were much disappointed with ex-Senator Conkling's condition yesterday, as the improvement which they had expected did not appear.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Taft, wife of Dr. John Taft, of Cincinnati, was struck by a locomotive on the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad near Riverside and killed.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

The Marvellous Man Who is Flying About the World at Eighty-Two.

A writer in the *Epoch* says: M. de Lesseps is about to visit the Isthmus again. The astonishing activity of this man of 82 is a never-ending theme for those who observe the career of the "grand Frenchman," as Gambetta called him. Whatever we Americans may think of the Panama Canal, we must admit that the promoter of the scheme is one of the most remarkable men of the age, and one of the most sympathetic. With Lamartine and Victor Hugo he is the most universally popular Frenchman of this century.

M. de Lesseps gets his wonderful activity from the paternal side, his father having been one of those sprightly Marseillais who never keep still a long while at a time. His mother was a Catalonian, and on her side he inherits his deliberative qualities. Most persons who have a general idea of M. de Lessep's career think he is an engineer, and ignore that he began life as a diplomatist. To be sure he quitted the diplomatic service in 1849, so the present generation may be excused for not remembering that before digging canals he was a promoter of peace on land. M. de Lesseps' father was also a diplomatist, and at the beginning of the century visited America for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty between France and our country.

To see this distinguished looking and alert gentleman on the boulevard, or galloping along on horseback, accompanied by seven or eight of his children, no one would ever suppose that he was in his 83rd year, and that he had had eleven children by his second wife, whom he married on the day the Suez Canal was inaugurated. A few weeks ago some of the numerous enemies of the Panama scheme started the report of M. de Lesseps' death. To a friend who called at the house to learn the truth of this rumor the celebrated Frenchman replied: "Some good souls have said that I was dead; you see I am still alive. Others have pretended that my leg is broken. If those who started this story will come and see me I will prove to them by a well known movement that my leg is in very good condition."

M. de Lesseps lives in the Avenue Montaigne in a spacious hotel that he bought three years ago from the Princess de Beauveau. On the day of his marriage, in 1869, his father-in-law gave him 100,000 francs to invest, not knowing himself where to place them for his daughter's benefit. At that moment the shares were worth 250 francs, and faith in the future of the canal was not very strong. M. de Lesseps put the 100,000 francs into Suez stock, and in 1885 they had produced 1,500,000 francs. With this money he bought the hotel for Mme. de Lesseps.

Waste Steam.

Two philosophers sat in a Brooklyn bridge car recently. Said one: "The waste of steam in a city like this is something inconceivable. If I had in dollars the earning power of all the steam that escapes and otherwise goes to waste in and around New York city every day I would soon be one of the richest men in the world. Why, from these cars windows you can see hundreds of pipes through which steam is constantly escaping, to say nothing of the boilers on the rivers and bay. The total number of steam boilers in the city is nearly 7,000. The volume of one pound of steam is about twenty-six cubic feet. A cubic inch of water makes about a cubic foot of dry steam. Only a small fraction of the latent heat of steam can be made available in performing work. About seven-tenths of the latent heat are lost through the existence of natural conditions over which man probably never expect to gain control. Two-tenths are lost through imperfections of mechanism, and about one-tenth is all that can be utilized, even in the best engines. So, you see, the daily waste is greater than the actual daily consumption."

The Evil of Chewing Cloves.

When I smell cloves on a man's breath my first thought is, "That man is a fool." He thinks he is concealing the smell of whiskey or some other vile smell, and he is only advertising it. There is another reason also why he is a fool. The oil of cloves, which is expressed from them by chewing them, is an active solvent of the enamel of the teeth. Any one who chews cloves will soon notice that it makes their teeth tender. That means that their enamel is disappearing, and the next step is a mouthful of decayed teeth, which all the odors of Araby the blest can never sweeten. When will people learn that the sweetest and rarest smell of all is no smell at all?

A young Britisher whose name was Wemyss
Went crazy at last, so it semyss,
Because people would not
Understand that they ought
To call him, not Weemis, but Weems.

Another whose last name was Knollys
Tried vainly to vote at the pollys;
But no ballot he cast
Because till the last
The clerk couldn't pronounce Knollys Noles.

And then a young butcher named Belvoir
Went and murdered a man with a clevoir,
Because the man couldn't,
Or possibly wouldn't,
Pronounce his name properly Beever.

There was an athlete named Strachan,
Who had plenty of sinew and brachan,
And he'd knock a man down,
With an indignant frown,
If he failed to pronounce his name Strawn.

A band of "White Caps" made a raid on Friday night in the country back of New Albany, Ind. They visited the house of Mrs. Jones a widow woman, and whipped soundly her three boys because they would not work, but left their mother to support the family. Then they visited William Wright, whom they warned to leave the State, and a lawyer from Leavenworth who had been paying attentions to Mrs. Jones' daughter. They threatened the latter with tar and feathers unless he left for home within half an hour. He left at once.

The sixth conference of the superintendents and principals of the deaf institutes of the United States and Canada convened in Jackson, Miss., on Saturday evening. An address of welcome was made by Governor Lowery. Twenty-two States are represented. After the election of officers an adjournment took place until Sunday evening.

Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, has died at Cannes.

ONTARIO TO THE FRONT!

A Matter of Vital Importance.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women, whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubtful mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted, but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength:

296 MacNab street North, HAMILTON, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I have been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.

Mrs. S. Fuhrmann

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles I was completely cured!

H. D. Emmerson

Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO, 18 Division Street,) Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair and weighs more than she ever did before.

Mrs. Jos Emmons

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of doing so, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

J. Woods

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure" I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if I ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

John Gowes

Inventor of the Maple Leaf Lance-tooth Cross cut saw.

A Universal Language.

Unprejudiced people who have heard a mother talk confidently to her only baby do not see any need in this world for volapuk.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones—Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith—How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J.—Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S.—What did you do for it?

J.—I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy It cured me and it will cure you.

S.—I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J.—Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

Too Solid for Show.

First Dame—How is your husband's business prospering? Second Dame—He doesn't like me to ask him questions about his affairs, but I know he's getting awfully rich. "Think so?" "Yes, indeed. He's got so now that he wear's one suit of clothes all the year 'round."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

The conference to settle the dispute between the United States and Morocco will meet in Madrid on May 1st.

Edwin Forrest's Secret.

The great tragedian, Forrest, had a secret which everybody ought to learn and profit by. Said he, "I owe all my success to the fact that everything I have undertaken I have done thoroughly. I never neglect trifles." That's the point—don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that hacking cough, those night-sweats, that feeble and capricious appetite, and the other symptoms, trifling in themselves, but awful in their significance. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, as it has thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption is one of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

That's the Question.

Albert (who attended the funeral of a lady with his mother)—Mam, was she drowned?

Mother—No, my dear. Why?

Albert—What did they give her that pretty anchor for, then?

Your Friend Committed Suicide.

You never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did, nevertheless. Do you remember his sallow complexion? Do you recollect how he used to complain of headaches and constipation? "I'm getting quite bilious," he said to you one day, "but I guess it'll pass off. I haven't done anything for it, because I don't believe in 'dosing.'" Soon after you heard of his death. It was very sudden, and every one was greatly surprised. If he had taken Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would be alive and well to-day. Don't follow his example. The "Pellets" are easy to take, mild in their action, and always sure.

His Normal Condition.

Jonson—Tomson isn't in his right mind, is he?

Benson—Yes.

Jonson—Why, he's a crank.

Benson—Well, that's his right mind.

Montgomery, Ala., is supplied with the best of pure water by artesian wells.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNL. 1788.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Re-Opening

OF

SPROULE'S BLOCK,

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS OPENED OUT A

New Stock

OF

General Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots & Shoes, Etc.,

IN THE WELL-KNOWN STAND

SPROULE'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

And will be in the market to handle

All Kinds of Farm Produce.

I will endeavor through honest dealing with the public to establish a good trade. Goods will be sold at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

And the Highest Market Price will be paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

Remember the Place,

J. G. ANDERSON,

Sproule's Block, Flesherton.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Five more hotel licenses are asked for South Grey this year than last.

There is an old lady living in the township of Bentinck, who has never yet seen the cars.

The by-law, to raise funds for the proposed new roller mill in Durham has been quashed through a legal technicality.

While making taffy a little Shelburne girl, named McPhair, fell on the stove, which set fire to her clothing. Both of her legs were badly burned.

A dramatic society has been organized in Thornbury with Capt. Edw. Rorke as President. The Captain has superior abilities as an actor and manager.

Bernard Callahan, of Melancthon, was waylaid and brutally beaten by one Cherry on Saturday night, says the, Shelburne Free Press. A law suit will probably be the outcome.

The first sitting of Markdale Division Court was held on Friday week, Judge Lane presiding. Fifty-four cases were entered, the majority of which were settled before Court day.

Two weeks ago yesterday, Mrs. Wm. Blair died at Duntroon, Nottawasaga township, where she had resided for 54 years. One of her sons, Mr. Wm. Blair, is a prominent resident of Collingwood township.

The ten year old son of John Morrison, of Holstein, was found last week in the mill pond at that village. It is supposed he jumped off the railway bridge, because his father gave him a severe whipping.—Grey Review.

Chatsworth joint stock company's grain warehouse, containing 5,000 bushels of grain—the latter the property of C. Goode, Toronto—was destroyed by fire on Monday week. The building cost $2,300 and was insured for $1,333.

Owing to poor health, Rev. T. Hall—formerly editor of the Dundalk Herald and now pastor of a Methodist church in Iowa—is obliged to retire temporarily from the ministry. He will spend the next six months in Markdale.

Mr. Andrew Beattie's splendid heavy draught stallion, "Just in Time," was awarded special prize for "heavy draught with best registered pedigree," at the Markdale show on Friday week. "Lord Deby" and "Dandy Boy" were shown in this class.

Fourteen Dundalk sap-suckers visited Mr. Livermore's bush on Sunday afternoon week, and treated themselves to the sweet juice of the maple. A reporter of the Herald was on hand and jotted down the names of the suckers. By the way, how did the reporter find his way out there?

There are thirty or forty vacant buildings in Thornbury, and the Union Standard says there are just as many in proportion to population in Meaford. In Flesherton there are not half a dozen, and most of them would be vacant under any circumstances. A steady wave of prosperity has set in here.

A red-haired Cedarville yahoo interviewed the Dundalk Herald's apprentice one day last week in the absence of Editor Spurr, and threatened to hurl the mighty engine of the law upon the whole establishment and squelch it out of existence. But Editor Spurr is made of the material that doesn't squelch worth a continental.

Last Saturday night about 7 o'clock, a young man whose business is not at present defined, but which when diagnosed might be classed with the bummers and loafers of the world's metropolis, was seen to stretch his big arms around some of the finest sticks of ye editor's wood pile and carry them off. About eleven o'clock the fire of this contemptible, sneaking, brazen-faced thief, we presume, got low, and as he thought the editor's pile was handy at any time, he went across the road to Mr. Hunter's woodpile and took therefrom a big armful, which, owing to the darkness of the night did not require a paper bag or an old copy of the Owen Sound Advertiser to shield it from inspection. As a certificate to be appended to this young gentleman's "swallowtail" we would say that as a cheeky, indolent, worthless vagabond you are near perfection; and, as a means of getting rid of you, may no more serious mode of annihilation happen you than the sudden bursting of some of those "eggs."—Dundalk Herald. [Why not chuck the black-hearted, mean, snivelling, infernal gutter-snipe into the "Dundalk Corporation Fad!"]

Call and see that fine stock of gold and silver ladies' and gents' watches at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

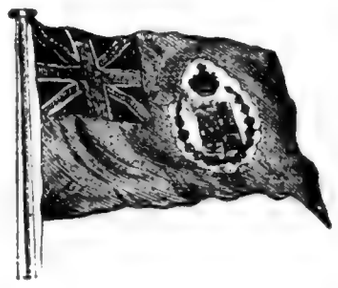

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter--Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!

—THE WELL-KNOWN—

SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.

STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual

First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S, - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 358. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

AT

Russell's

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON,

You will find the finest and best display of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery,

Silverware and Spectacles

in this section of the county and just exactly

25 PER CENT. LOWER

than other dealers will sell you them for. Fine American and Waltham Watches from $9.50 up, warranted from 3 to 5 years, and the people for fifteen miles around always take their Watches, Clocks and Jewelery Repairs to Russell, Flesherton, as they have found by experience he is the only man that can do them in a satisfactory manner. All work personally attended to at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also HEARSES always ready. HORSES SHOEING done by skilled workmen. Special Attention given to Interfering Horses.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Tit - Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Just to hand: 10 cases Ladies and Mens Boots & Shoes at R. Trimble's.

FOR SALE.—Two 3-year-old Colts for sale.—J. H. Heard, Flesherton. 2t

If you did not see the rush at J. G. Anderson's Great Bargain House last week be sure you do this.

Mr. Edw. Chosie—not Chole as stated last week—is among the important additions to our Lacrosse team this year.

Great Bargains in every line at J. G. Anderson's. Did you see that 25c. Embroidery? Its grand value.

Just received at R. Trimble's: 1 car load No. 1 Goderich Salt, 1 case Long Clear Bacon, Oatmeal, Cornmeal.

To-morrow is Arbor Day. Every one should turn out and plant at least one tree in our village and Public School park.

EGGS WANTED.—I am paying the highest market price in cash for Eggs. J. A. Kennedy, Lot 186, 2 W. T. & S. R. Artemesia—near Flesherton Station.

Eugenia Union Sabbath School, aggregate attendance in April, 302; average attendance in April, 60 2-3.—JOHN ARMSTRONG, Sec.

"My! but that is fine tea, Biddy! where did you get it?" Biddy—"Sure I got it at J. G. Anderson's—faith an' I knew George wud give me good tay! I got 4 pounds av it for gist one $.

TO LET.—At Little Falls. House & Stable, with about 10 acres cleared land. W. HOGG, Flesherton Station.

The handsome monument about to be erected to the memory of the late Mr. Robert Badger, Collingwood Township, will be the work of Flesherton's popular sculptor, Mr. E. Vanzant.

Notices in reference to those excellent stallions, "Just in Time," "Lucky Lad" and "Young Leaboud," are held over for next week's Advance, on account of the crowded state of our columns.

If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will 6 hens lay in 7 days? Send solution to M. Richardson & Co's, where they pay cash for eggs and all other farm produce.

A lot of matter left over. Excuse us, dear reader and correspondent—advertisers will use the columns of The Advance, and this week we are almost driven to—well, never mind! next week we'll accommodate readers, correspondents, advertisers and everybody else!

The next meeting of the South Grey Teacher's Association will be held in Durham on Thursday and Friday, the 7th and 8th of June.

New asylum wanted to accommodate the hundreds of people getting crazed over the hen and egg puzzle. Never mind guessing; bring the eggs to Richardson & Co. and get the correct change every time.

Ayer's Pills are the best cathartic for correcting irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Gentle, yet thorough in their action, they cure constipation, stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, and strengthen the system.

"Weel, Sandy, where awa are ye gaen in sicna hurry?" Sandy—"Did ye' no ken, Tibby, that Geo. Anderson has stairted store in Sproule's block in Flesherton? An' losh me! sic terrible bairgains he's gaen the folk a' so I just in hame til speer for a few eggs tae trade wi' him for a bit print tae make me a braw new dress, an' tae get a new Sunday hat tae mysel'. He showed me sic gran' new yin at 87½ cents."

Clean Sweep at Dundalk.

"Billy V" is one of the handsomest coach stallions in this country. At Dundalk spring show "Billy V" made a clean sweep by taking 1st prize against five horses exhibited in the same class. His stock commands high prices and not long since a gentleman refused $80 for a colt less than a year old got by him. "Billy V" is the property of J. S. Vandusen, Esq., Flesherton.

We Mean Business.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle their accts. by the 15th May or else they will be put into Court for collection.

PETCH & MITCHELL, Butchers.

Obituary.

Mrs. John Duncan, of Artemesia, departed this life last week. Deceased was a faithful wife and a devoted mother. She was one of the pioneer settlers of the Township. Her remains were interred in the Flesherton cemetery, where the last sad rites were performed in an impressive and solemn manner by Rev. A. Wilson. Deceased leaves behind her an aged husband and a large and respectable family to mourn her loss.

Clarksburg Branch.

Mr. E. Vanzant will shortly start a branch marble works in Clarksburg. This will enable him the more promptly to fill the large number of orders which are pouring in from all quarters. Good workmanship, good material, and a happy, genial nature like Van's are sure precursors of success.

East Grey Spring Show.

The E. G. Spring Show, held here on the 26th ult., was largely attended by visitors and exhibitors. There were lots of fine animals of all classes on the grounds, which shows that a deep and growing interest is being taken in this very important phase of stock-raising. Following is the

PRIZE LIST:

Imported Draught.—1st R. Paton's "Baron," 2nd T. Wright's "Derby."

Canadian Draught.—1st James Ryan's "Honest Tom," 2nd A. Beattie's Lucky Lad.

General Purpose.—1st A. Kennedy's Perfection.

Roadster.—1st A. Hannah's horse. 2nd J. Henry's horse.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

That suspicious pile of lumber that accumulated during the winter has at last for Mr. Brown, of Six Mile Lumber.

The Spring Show of horses came off as usual here last week. Some very fine animals were exhibited, but, as usual, all were not satisfied. One of the judges being at times a blind man, his opinion is of course open to criticism.

W. H. Guy has rented the Maxwell farm and is now busy tickling the soil.

Mr. R. M. Heron has rented and moved into Miss Reynold's cottage here.

TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMESIA.

Abstract. Receipts.

To balance from 1886	$2105 75
" am't bal. on Rolls 1886	1455 41
" amount of Fines	6 00
" am't miscellaneous receipts	14392 82
	$17959 98
By am't paid to Treas'r. Rates	$4233 76
" Road expenditure Ward 1.	168 56
" " " " 2.	147 10
" " " " 3.	155 05
" " " " 4.	172 23
" am't paid School Sections.	4853 32
" Council sessions	138 60
" Indigents	131 50
" Debentures and Coupons.	1092 94
" Salaries	493 00
" Miscellaneous	4503 05
" Balance	1870 87
	$17959 98

Assets and Liabilities, 31st Dec. 1887.

ASSETS.

Tax's uncollect'd on roll Wd 1	$127 02
" " " 2	688 26
" " " 4	380 34
Cash in Treasurer's hands	1870 87
" in Molsons Bank, Tp. ac.	195 74
" " deb. ac.	2987 26
" in Central Bank	305 26
Non-res. land fund, say	500 00
Real estate, town hall, say	1000 00
Part of safe	60 00
Uncontrollable assets, deb. &c.	5462 74
	$13577 49

LIABILITIES.

School Debentures maturing (Sections Nos. 5, 6, 7, & 12)	$8450 00
School equivalent for 1887	486 00
Unpaid salaries, coupons, &c	371 00
Assets over liabilities	4270 49
	$13577 49

We, the Auditors of the Township of Artemesia for the year 1887, have much pleasure in certifying that we have gone over the Treasurer's accounts and carefully compared the same with the vouchers relative thereto, and find the same correct in every particular, and that the balance in his hands is $1870.87

HENRY MELDRUM, } *Auditors.*
JAMES BRODIE, }

Treasurer's Office, Feb. 3, 1888.

In England.

Mr. and Mrs. James Beecroft have arrived safely in England and are enjoying their visit to the old land very much. When within two days sail of their destination, Mr. B. wrote a very interesting letter to the Editor of the Patriarch, Rev. T. Watson, and despatched it by a Canadian bound vessel.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss M. E. Smith, of Flesherton, has been spending a few weeks in this village—a grand place to rusticate.

Mrs. Bowerman, of Eugenia, who has been here for some months, is now under the care of Dr. McBride, of Heathcote. We believe her health is much better than it was at Christmas. Hope it may continue to improve.

Two sons of Mr. J. Carruthers—Thos. and Robert—have moved to Flesherton. These young men will be missed very much in our social circles as they have always taken an active part in church and temperance work. But what Kimberley has lost Flesherton has gained. We wish the boys success in their respective vocations.

Mr. J. Thurston's taffy party was a grand success. About fifty persons were present and spent a very pleasant evening together.

[Above came too late for last week's paper. A number of the items were too stale in consequence, and hence we have omitted them.—Ed.]

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

On Friday morning Mr. Jas. Williams met with a severe and painful accident. As he was engaged in harnessing a horse the animal kicked, striking him in the face, laying bare the cheek bone and fracturing the eyebrow, but, fortunately, the eye was not injured. Dr. Carter, of Flesherton, dressed the wound. At last account the patient was doing well.

On Saturday a three year old son of Mr. F. T. Carr was playing with a marble and accidentally swallowed it. The marble stuck in the child's throat and the [illegible] before the [illegible] arrived.

Miss Bella Gordon, a Torontonian, is spending a few days visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Turner.

Owing to the impassable state of the roads, the Rev J. S. Corcoran, while returning from his appointment on Sunday had both shafts broken out of his buggy, and narrowly escaped a severe accident.

KATE.

[A number of items omitted on account of staleness through being left over from last week.—Ed.]

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

New Spring Goods Arriving daily at R. Trimble's.

See his Nobby Hats.

See his Stylish Dress Goods.

Stacks of Cottonades, Shirtings, Ginghams, Seersuckers, Cottons, Prints, Muslins.

Choice grades of Clover, Alsike, and Timothy Seeds.

That feeling of weariness, so often experienced in the spring, results from a sluggish condition of the blood which, being impure, does not quicken with the changing season. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by vitalizing and cleansing the blood, strengthens and invigorates the system.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Auction Sale

OF

Valuable Farm.

In the Township of Glenelg, in the County of Grey.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of Sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Haley to the Vendors which will be produced the time of sale and on default of the payment thereby secured there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE OF FLESHERTON, on

Friday, the 11th day of May, 1888,

at 2 o'clock p.m. by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer. The following property, viz.: Lot number 15 in the 7th Concession of the Township of Glenelg, containing 104 acres more or less of which about 70 acres are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a Frame house, Log Barn and Stable.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. at time of sale, for the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale

For further particulars apply to Auctioneer or to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors' Solicitors.

Toronto, April 21st, 1888.

GRIST MILL,

Oatmeal Mill,

Saw Mill & Store

FOR SALE.

Under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a Mortgage, which will be produced at time of Sale, there will be sold by Auction at

McGIRR'S HOTEL,

VILLAGE OF FEVERSHAM,

In the Township of Osprey, on

Friday, 11th day of May, 1888

At one o'clock in the afternoon by MR. A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer. The following Property:—

PARCEL 1.—All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate lying and being in the Township of Osprey, in the County of Grey, which may be better known and described as follows:—First, The [illegible] part of Lot No. 16 in the 9th Con. of Osprey aforesaid, not laid out into village lots. The said part being described as **Firstly**, that part of Lot No. 16, being North of Peel street, in the Village of Feversham, in the said Tp. of Osprey and West of Mill street, with the exception of that part conveyed to the Presbyterian Church. Secondly, that part lying **East** of Mill street, in the said village, with the exception of Lots Nos. 1, 2, North of Peel Street, and Lots 28 and 29, South of Peel street; Thirdly, that part of said Lot No. 16, lying South of Peel street and West of Mill street and North of the tier of lots fronting on the North side of Victoria street with the exception of Lots numbers 15, 24, 25, 26 and 27, in said village. Second, Also that part of said Lot No. 16, lying between Wellington and Victoria street in said village with the exception of that portion at S.E. corner of Victoria and Mill St. heretofore sold and conveyed by one James Hamilton to Robt. Brown.

On the above property are erected a Grist Mill, Saw Mill and Oatmeal Mill. The Water Power is said to be one of the Best in the County.

PARCEL 2. Lot No. 4, on the South side Wellington Street, in said Village of Feversham. On this Property there is said to be a Store Dwelling at present occupied by Mr Luke Ha[illegible]

Terms and Conditions of Sale will be made known at time of Sale.

Meantime for particulars of same apply to

GEORGE MOBERLY,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

Collingwood, April 6th, 1888.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 80 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and [illegible] frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto.

345-371.

FARM to RENT

OR FOR SALE.

BEING Lots 8 & 9, Con. 5, Township of Artemesia, containing 186 acres more or less, about 130 of which are cleared. Good Frame Barn and Stable and Roughcast Dwelling House and a good bearing Orchard. Apply on the premises for particulars, or to

ARCH. McPHAIL,
Flesherton Station P.O.

N.B.—Possession given immediately. 355-378

The Kiss in the Tunnel.

They were sitting five seats back, but I plainly
heard the smack,
As we dashed into the tunnel near the town,
And the currents of my veins ran like gushing
April rains,
Though I'm grave and gray and wear a doctor's
gown.

Once—alas! so long ago—on the rails I journeyed
so,
With a maiden in a jaunty jersey sacque,
And I kissed her with my eyes, as the timid stars
the skies,
But I longed, oh, how I longed! for one real
smack!

Did she know it? I dare say! (She'd a sweet,
clairvoyant way
In the glancing of her eyes so bright and blue)
Ne'er a bee such honey sips as the nectar on her
lips;
But I longed, and longed in vain, as on we flew.
Just as yearning reached its height, lo! there
came a sudden night,
And like steel to magnet clove my mouth to
hers!

I shall never more forget how like drops of rain
they met,
In the bosom of a rose that lightly stirs!

When we came again to light, both our faces had
burned white—
White as clouds that float in summer from the
south.
Missed I glances, missed I smiles! but on air I
rode for miles,
With the sweetness of love's dew upon my
mouth.

So the kiss that some one stole, in that rayless
Stygian hole,
While with loud imprisoned clangor on we
rushed,
Caused the sluggish streams of age with young
madness leap and rage—
And my wife, restored to daylight, laughed and
blushed.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"What are you puzzling your pretty head about, little woman? Is that communication a milliner's bill, and does she threaten legal proceedings?"

"It is much worse than a milliner's bill," said the pretty little wife, peeping round the urn to let her sweet dark eyes meet her husband's. "It is an invitation to dinner."

"From whom, Ruby? Not from Mrs. de Montgomery Tomkyns, I suppose?" Oswald Fairholme interrogated gayly.

"No," little Mrs. Fairholme said, with a long sigh and a rueful drawing down of the corners of her pretty mouth—"from Alice."

"Another! We must be in her good books, wife. She has invited us three times this season already, and last year asked us once, Ruby," Oswald remarked, with a laugh.

"Ah, but last year she thought I would allow her to patronize me!" said Ruby, with a little assumption of dignity which made her husband laugh still more heartily.

"And you refused to be patronized?"

"Of course; I was married more than two years before her, Oswald."

"But her husband is a 'real live lord'" replied Oswald, still laughing; "and yours occupies a subordinate position at the War Office."

"'A real live lord!'" repeated Ruby. "I think he wishes he was a—a—a navvy, or one of his own footmen. They at least can give notice and go, and he can't."

"You are very severe, little wife."

"I am always severe toward Alice," said Ruby. "I think it horrible for her to tyrannize over her husband as she does."

"Come, that is capital!" declared Oswald, addressing his remark to the breakfast-table, but not to the charming dark-eyed woman facing him and looking as bright as the sweet spring day itself in her coquettish morning dress and filmy lace cap. "And every one in London knows that there is no unfortunate fellow in it so henpecked as myself."

"Yes—you have that appearance," said Ruby merrily, as her eyes met his across the table with a look of perfect love and trust. "I suppose we must go, Oswald?"

"I will do whatever you wish, my dear," answered her husband, with an exaggeration of meekness.

"Don't be absurd, Oswald! Have you any engagement for Thursday next?"

"My dear girl, do you expect me to remember whether I have or not at this distance of time? Have you?"

"I am afraid not," Ruby said, sighing. "Besides, we refused last time."

"Can't Bertie have the croup?" suggested her husband, laughing at her resigned countenance.

"Oh, Oswald, how can you?" Ruby said in a tone of horror which aroused her husband's merriment as he rose to leave the breakfast-table.

"Oh, Ruby, how can you?" he mimicked gayly. "How can you credit your husband with such depravity? Let us go, by all means, love," he added, more gravely. "Her ladyship's dinners are terribly dreary feasts; but one must sacrifice one's self occasionally, you know, especially to one's relatives."

"Very well, dear," Ruby said resignedly, "we will go. I cannot think how it is that Alice's dinners are so stupid. There is just as much state and ceremony at the Glynn's, and yet Shirley's dinners are so charming."

"I think Shirley makes them as pleasant as she can, poor child," said Oswald, a sudden shadow falling on his pleasant face, "because she is so anxious not to let the world know the story of her married life."

"Poor Shirley!" sighed tender-hearted Ruby.

"Poor Shirley!" echoed her husband sadly. "What a spoilt life hers has been."

"And yet he is very good to her, Oswald," said Mrs. Fairholme, with a deprecating look in her soft dark eyes.

"Yes; but she cannot forget, Ruby; and he is not happy. How could he be?"

"She is very gentle with him, Oswald."

"She is as true and good a wife as if he had won her fairly," said Captain Fairholme. "But she cannot give him the love he wants."

"It seems so sad to me, Oswald," Ruby remarked, as she followed him to the window of their pretty breakfast-room and dipped her hand fondly through his arm, "that both their lives, and poor Major Stuart's as well, should have been spoiled. It would be much more according to my way of thinking if Shirley were to forgive her husband and fall in love with him, and Major Stuart should come back from his wanderings with a nice little wife of his own."

"It would certainly be a very satisfactory conclusion; but I am afraid it is a most unlikely one," said Oswald, looking down at her with a smile. "Shirley's eyes make me sad sometimes: they have such a sorrow in their depths. But speak of angels, Ruby," he added—"here she comes on Queenie!"

They stood at the window watching her as she cantered down the road; and Shirley, glancing up at the pretty house over which Ruby reigned so charmingly, smiled and nodded; and Oswald left the room to lift her from her horse.

"You are an early visitor," said Ruby, crossing the room to greet her as she came in, flushed and smiling from her ride.

"But not an unwelcome one, I hope?" Shirley questioned in her old sweet pathetic voice.

"Unwelcome!" Ruby repeated gayly. "I won't answer you, because you are only angling for a compliment."

"I came so early because I wanted to see Oswald," Lady Glynn said, smiling. "You need not be jealous, Ruby. I come here often enough during the time he is at the Horse Guards."

"And whenever you meet him out you monopolize his attention entirely," pouted Mrs. Fairholme merrily. "He never has eyes for any one else when Shirley is present."

"I really believe she is jealous, Oswald," his cousin said, lifting her eyebrows.

"Ruby a victim to the green-eyed monster!" replied Oswald, laughing. "The time of miracles is not past, you see."

"Tell me, Shirley," Mrs. Fairholme said eagerly, "have you had an invitation to dine at Eastwell House on the 26th?"

"Yes," answered Shirley, carelessly.

"And you are going?"

"Yes. We are disengaged, and Sir Hugh wished to go."

"Oh, I am so glad!" Ruby said cheerfully. "Alice's dinners are such ponderous affairs generally; but, if you are going—"

"Perhaps Oswald will take me into dinner," Shirley put in gayly.

"I am quite sure he won't," said Oswald's wife merrily, "because such a great lady as you will be conducted by Lord Eastwell himself."

"I am afraid I shall not enjoy my dinner the more for that," Lady Glynn remarked dryly.

"I can quite imagine Eastwell's heavy attention interfering with one's digestion," said Oswald carelessly. "Is your husband well, Shirley?"

"Sir Hugh is very well," Shirley answered, a slight shade of coldness coming into her voice as she spoke. "Have you any news from the court? Is Aunt Geraldine better?"

"She does not mention her health, so I presume she is," said Ruby. "Jeanie and Maud are springing up, you know. Jeanie is to come out next year."

"Is she really," Shirley interrogated negligently. "Ruby, is Bertie in? Can I see him?"

"Of course," Ruby said promptly. "Ah, Shirley, I don't believe it was Oswald at all you came to see, but the boy!"

"Shirley knows the way to the heart of the boy's mother," remarked Oswald, smiling half sadly next minute upon seeing how Bertie, a bonny dark-eyed boy of 2 years, sprung into Shirley's arms, and how closely and tenderly she held him.

The four years which had elapsed since [illegible] change in her; she looked as young and as girlish as when she had sat drooping over the school-room fire at Fairholme Court. She was still very beautiful, for what her beauty had lost in brilliance it had gained in tenderness, and the added quietness and languid pride of manner did not spoil its effect. It was no wonder, Captain Fairholme thought, as he watched her, that Lady Glynn was the belle of the circle in which she moved. She had made a sensation at court when she was presented, an eminent artist had painted her picture, and she awoke one morning to find herself a celebrity. Perhaps the very carelessness and indifference with which she ignored her triumph made it still greater. With scrupulous exactitude she fulfilled every duty required of her as Sir Hugh's wife, she dressed to perfection, she showed herself wherever he wished her to go, proud, serene and cold; she received his guests, she reigned over his household, she entertained his friends and sat at the head of his table with her own quiet nonchalant grace, which had such a singular charm. Had she loved him deeply, she could not have shown greater deference to his wishes, and yet open rebellion, passionate defiance, tears and sighs would have been less painful to Sir Hugh than this perfect indifference and unconcern.

During the entire space of time comprised in these four years, Sir Hugh had not known one really happy day. When Shirley recovered from the long illness which had prostrated her after the terrible strain she had endured, he had her taken abroad and treated her with a tenderness and consideration which even Shirley's sore and aching heart could not but appreciate. For a long time she was too weak and languid even to feel much; but, as she grew stronger, the sense of the wrong done her grew with her strength, and the keen and passionate resentment against her husband for his treachery deepened. Never for a moment did the icy coolness yet perfect gentleness of her manner toward him change. When they were alone, she never spoke to him unless he addressed her; he never won a smile from the still proud lips or a tender glance from the lustrous eyes. When he kissed her, there was no movement, no answering touch of the sweet lips; and it maddened him sometimes to see that, cold and unresponsive as she was to him, yet she could be sweet and gentle to others. Once or twice he had made a passionate appeal to her for forgiveness; but Shirley's large eyes had looked at him with a haughty questioning glance, as if she did not understand, and she had listened in silence, turning away without a word when his eager entreaties ceased. There were times when Sir Hugh writhed under his punishment, and when he felt that it was greater even than he deserved.

His wife's social triumphs were of course a source of pride to him, but they gave him little pleasure. That she should be beautiful and admired and *feted* was well—it added to his already great prestige in the world of fashion; but what pleasure could it give him when the beautiful face never softened and the sweet lips never smiled when they were turned to him? There were moments when the baronet felt that to meet her smile and see her eyes lose their cold indifference and soften into tenderness when they met his, he would have given his life.

They were tender enough just now as they rested on Bertie Fairholme, who had climbed on her lap and was playing with the little gold-headed riding-whip she carried, and the sweet lips were smiling as she talked to the boy in the sweet pathetic voice which had an odd thrill in it sometimes, and which had always been one of her greatest charms.

"Where are you going to-night, Shirley?" Ruby asked, as Lady Glynn rose to take leave, Bertie still clinging to her hand.

"To two or three places," she answered, with a touch of weariness on her face. "I shall try to get to the opera; but, in any case, my box is at your service, Ruby. They play 'Faust' to-night."

"Oh, then, I will go! I never tire of 'Faust,' you know, and I hope you will be there, Shirley."

"I will try to look in for the garden scene. Now, little man, let me go. Let him come and spend the afternoon with me soon, Ruby. What a lovely morning! Is it not?"

"Oswald," she said softly a few minutes later, as he helped her to mount and carefully arranged her habit, "I want to ask you—have you heard—do you know if it is true that—that" the rich color died out of her lips as she spoke—"Major Stuart has returned to England!"

Oswald's eyes met hers for a moment, and a great pity came over his handsome face.

"I have not heard so," he said gravely.

"They were talking of him at Lady Dulcie's last night," she said hurriedly. "They were saying how strange it was that a man with his wealth should choose to remain so long in exile. How is he so wealthy, Oswald?"

"Sir Jasper left him all his property, you know," Oswald answered gently.

"Sir Jasper was so wealthy, then?"

"Yes."

"But when—when did he die, Oswald?"

"Four years ago, dear—when you were so ill."

Oswald's voice was very grave and compassionate as he spoke, and his cousin's face was colorless as marble; but there was no trace of emotion there.

"Oswald"—earnestly—"do not look so grieved. If he has returned, I shall be glad—so glad to think that he has got over that bitter sorrow, and that he is happy. If he could only guess how happy it would make me to know that his long exile is over! I hope—yes, I hope he has come back."

She put her hand in Oswald's for a moment, and her lip quivered; then she rode away, her head bent a little, her eyes with a far-away look in them, which showed that her thoughts were not of the present. The groom behind her wondered why she went so slowly as they rode onward toward the park; but, as he followed, suiting his pace to hers, he was proud of the many glances of admiration which followed his mistress, and he felt as if some of Lady Glynn's celebrity were reflected upon himself. Just as they rode into the park a gentleman on foot on the pavement stopped suddenly and started, and looked long and earnestly at Shirley. Accustomed as the groom was to the admiration his mistress received, he was still somewhat [illegible] on this stranger's face, as his deep gray eyes dwelt long and lingeringly upon Shirley, as she rode on, unconscious of the scrutiny.

"Some hartist chap, I suppose," was the groom's mental comment. "Looks like it, with all that hair on his face. He's struck all on a heap with her ladyship; and no wonder, for she's a pretty creature, but too thin for my taste."

Meanwhile the "hartist chap" was slowly making his way toward Piccadilly, with a flood of bitter memories at his heart which made his lips close firmly under his heavy mustache.

"Well and happy!" he was saying to himself, thinking of what some great lady he had met the night before had said of Shirley Glynn, "well and happy, with that look in her eyes? My darling, if you had been my wife, it should not have been there!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"That will do, Despree—you may go."

"Very well, miladi."

Lady Eastwell turned away from the mirror as her maid left the dressing-room in obedience to her dismissal, and stood for a minute or two in the centre of the luxurious apartment, with a little unpleasant smile upon her fair face. Alice was handsomer as a matron than she had been as a girl; she had filled out and acquired a stateliness of manner which suited her; and her taste in dress was unexceptionable. But the fairness of her face was seriously marred by an expression of discontent which was almost invariably present there, and the thin red lips had a satirical smile which was not pleasing.

On this evening, as she stood in all the splendor of her pink satin and Brussels lace, that look was very visible, and the unpleasant smile curled her lips. She was thinking of old times—of her girlhood and Shirley's at Fairholme Court, of Hugh Glynn and of Guy Stuart—and she was smiling to herself at the thought that they were all to meet that night under her roof.

The thought was not a kind one; but Lady Eastwell would have hesitated at nothing to humiliate her cousin. She hated Shirley far more deeply now than she had hated her in the past; then she was a poor dependent in her uncle's house, nowshe was a great lady, queening it in society by right of her beauty and wealth. It was true her rank was inferior to that which Alice's marriage with a peer had given her; but Sir Hugh's wealth was infinitely greater than Lord Eastwell's, and, while Alice's expenditure was limited, Shirley could scatter gold with both hands before Sir Hugh would utter a remonstrance.

And then she was so beautiful. A year before, when Alice had come to London a bride, she had felt a thrill of satisfaction at the thought that she, handsome and fresh as she was, would wrest Shirley's laurels from her grasp and depose the reigning queen. But she had been mistaken. Lady Eastwell was admired, but Shirley reigned supreme still. Alice's fair beauty, placid and impassive, and just a little insipid, had no chance against her cousin's expressive loveliness, her rare grace of manner, and her matchless charm. Lady Eastwell was undoubtedly handsome, but Lady Glynn was so wonderfully attractive that, had she been a plain woman, she would have been a leader of fashion from her fascination and grace.

There was not a little vindictiveness on her ladyship's face, as she took up the great pink fan which completed her dinner dress and swept down stairs to the glittering drawing-room, where Lord Eastwell, a slender little man, dreadfully afraid of his wife, was waiting for her. She knew how terribly distressed Shirley would be if the secret of her married life should ooze out, and she anticipated much from suddenly bringing her face to face with Major Stuart that evening. She might faint, perhaps, or be dreadfully agitated, and Major Stuart might betray his resentment against Sir Hugh. There might be a scene, which would be disagreeable, of course, but which would be infinitely painful to Shirley, who was so sensitive and proud; and Mrs. Majoribanks, who was to be one of the guests, was such a terrible chatterbox that— Ah, here was some one! And Lady Eastwell put on her sweetest smile as she went forward to meet her first arrivals.

The Fairholmes were a little late; and Ruby's dark eyes went straight to a tall bearded man, who was talking to Lord Eastwell, who looked dwarfed beside Major Stuart's stately proportions; and the deep gray eyes met Ruby's with a warm kindly light, although there was a little sadness in the smile.

"Major Stuart, I am very glad to see you," Ruby said, earnestly, as she put her hand in his, looking at him wistfully, her heart beating a little more quickly at the thought that Shirley would arrive in a minute or two; and Guy pressed the little fingers warmly, then turned to receive Oswald's cordial greeting.

"It is an unexpected pleasure for you, Oswald," said his sister, sailing across the room with a smile upon her face.

"Not quite," Oswald answered, in his pleasant voice. "I knew Stuart had returned to England."

"Indeed! Have you met before, then?"

"No."

"Then who told you?" Alice asked eagerly, lifting the pink feathers to her lips to hide their sudden quiver.

"I really don't know. I did not think that it was a secret."

"A secret! Of course not. Why should it be?" said Lady Eastwell petulantly. "You are so absurd, Oswald!"

"Did you want to surprise your brother, Lady Eastwell?" asked Guy in his kindly manner.

"I do not think I thought much about it, Major Stuart," she answered carelessly.

"Ah"—with a quick look at his face—"there they are at last—late, as usual! Shirley, I was afraid you were going to disappoint me."

"Are we late?" said Lady Glynn quietly. "I did not know it."

She turned to Ruby as she spoke, and her eyes fell upon Guy. For a moment her lip quivered; but she knew how eagerly Alice was watching her, and without any perceptible hesitation she held out her hand.

"I heard you had returned," she said, without a tremor in the rich soft voice, and then turned away to speak to Captain Fairholme. Sir Hugh, who had followed her into the room, had whitened to the lips at the sight [illegible] Shirley was an accomplished actress; but Sir Hugh was no master of the histrionic art, surely he would betray himself.

"I think you scarcely need an introduction," said Lady Eastwell, with her sweet society smile.

"No," Guy said, in the same kindly voice; "we are old friends."

He stretched out his hand; and his eyes, grave and earnest, met Sir Hugh's. The next minute their hands closed in a quick clasp, and the two men who had parted in such bitterness met, outwardly at least, in amity, and Lady Eastwell's scheme was entirely frustrated.

But Alice was too completely a woman of the world to show her disappointment. She sailed down-stairs in the wake of her guests, smiling and chatting to her cavalier. Major Stuart had taken Ruby, whose warm little heart was full of gratitude and kindness which she could hardly help giving vent to, and indeed her little hand pressed Guy's arm in her earnestness in a manner that was quite understood. Shirley was beside her host, listening quietly to his rather insipid remarks, while Sir Hugh, with an unfamiliar expression on his handsome face, was trying to rouse himself into something like attention to his hostess's civilities.

Glancing across the table at him, Guy saw that he was greatly changed since they had last met, that his face had a worn, dissatisfied look of unrest and pain; and Sir Jasper's words came back to him—"How can he be happy? How can he but suffer?"

It seemed almost like a dream to Guy Stuart to find himself sitting at the same table as Sir Hugh Glynn, with the touch of his betrayer's hand lingering in his, and Shirley's sweet familiar voice reaching him occasionally in the murmur of the conversation. Dinner was nearly over before he dared trust himself to glance at her. She looked as lovely as—nay, lovelier, than ever, he thought. But the look which had wounded him so deeply as he watched her ride by a few mornings before was on her face still. She was dressed in blue—a close-fitting, simply made dress of velvet, fitting tight to her throat, where it was finished with some yellow lace and a collar of diamond stars. Involuntarily Guy's thoughts went back to the last time he had seen her when she had followed him to the door of the library at Maxwell, clinging to him, with her wild eyes fixed upon his face and her shaking lips trying to frame words to entreat him to stay, while the masses of her dishevelled hair fell over her shoulders. Such a different Shirley she was now, so composed and stately and graceful, with such a quiet face, such a languid manner.

Suddenly, as he gazed, she lifted her eyes, and they met his for a brief moment; then the long lashes fell again, though not before Major Stuart met the swift look of gratitude and reverence which she had given him, and he felt strangely humiliated thereby when he remembered how earnestly a dying man had had to plead for the desired forgiveness.

When the ladies left the drawing-room, the conversation became general, and two or three times Guy found himself addressing Hugh in as quiet and matter-of-fact a manner as if they had not parted deadly foes, while in Sir Hugh's manner, when he answered, there was a certain conciliating eagerness which had something pathetic in it. It did not mean of course that Sir Hugh was afraid of any revenge the other might be inclined to take, but it showed that he felt how low he had fallen, and that he was grateful for the manner in which Guy had effected their reconciliation.

Meanwhile in the drawing-room Lady Eastwell was feeling thoroughly annoyed at the failure of the plan which she had cherished all through the week preceding her dinner-party, and she showed her annoyance by silence and a pettish tone of voice when she did condescend to speak. One or two of her guests left early, having other engagements, and Ruby mentally wished she had a like excuse; but there was nothing for it but to sit still and inwardly abuse her sister-in-law and sympathize with Shirley with all her warm little heart. Presently the gentlemen and two tall footmen with tea made a simultaneous appearance, and Alice brightened and devoted herself to Sir Hugh, rejoicing in the thought that he could not fail to contrast her charming amiability and animation with his wife's haughty indifference, while Major Stuart went across to Ruby, who gave him a bright welcoming smile.

"Fairholme tells me you are settled in London," he said, in his kindly voice.

"May I do myself the pleasure of calling upon you?"

"Oh, pray do! I shall be so pleased," she answered eagerly. "Yes, we have been in London for two years and more."

"And you like it?"

"Extremely. I do not think I should like to live anywhere else now. And you must see our boy. He is a fine little fellow—so like Oswald."

"You have a son? I did not know," he said smiling. "I have been living more like a savage than a civilized being during the last few years. I even managed to exist for months without a glimpse of the *Times*."

"You have travelled a great deal. Are you going to settle down now, Major Stuart?"

"I do not know. I am a restless mortal, as you are aware, Mrs. Fairholme. I suppose that that is due to my military career."

"You must have regretted leaving the army," said Ruby, a little incautiously; then her sweet face crimsoned when she recollected when he had done so, and she glanced at him in quick distress.

He met the look and smiled reassuringly.

"I regretted it a great deal at first—I missed my old friends; but at one time I had such a restless fit on that I could not have borne the restraint."

"You find many changes?" Ruby said gently.

"No," he replied smiling. "I felt so changed myself that I expected to find every one else equally so. Instead of that, I find you entirely unchanged, and Oswald, with the exception of being a little stouter, just the same as ever."

"And Shirley?" Ruby said involuntarily.

"She is not altered," he answered, letting his eyes wander to the beautiful face and rest there a moment; "or, if she is, it is so slightly that no one who had not known her very well in the past would see the change."

"She is as beautiful as ever."

"Quite. Hers is a lovely face."

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary Old Men.

Cardinal Manning yesterday, at the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, performed another of those astonishing *tours de force* which render it difficult for his flock to believe that he is really an older man than Mr. Gladstone. The Cardinal, attired in full pontificals—cope of cloth of gold and jewelled mitre—held in his left hand his gold crozier or episcopal staff during his long sermon, which lasted exactly 55 minutes. He held his congregation also, which was even more remarkable than the holding of his crozier. Another old man—Prince Bismarck—yesterday celebrated his 73rd birthday. It is not, however, until men get into the eighties that they are really old. Since the German Emperor died Cardinal Manning is almost the oldest of the illustrious elders of our time, and yet in sympathy, in intelligence, and in active interest in the affairs of this world he puts to shame the youngest among us.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Old-Fashioned Way.

"John," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat-buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?" "Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on the golden head that was pillowed on his manly bosom. "This is the year when the proposing is done by the young ladies." "Yes." "I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?" "Why, Mamie, dear, I never gave the matter a thought—I—er—to tell the truth, I've only known you for—that is to say—" "I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose. I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest, I couldn't be so imprudent. I am going to let you do the proposing yourself in the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way is good enough for me." And the gentle maiden gave her lover a beaming smile, and the youth rejoiced that he had found such a treasure of modesty.

The Prevailing Topic!

Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting)—Oh, all right, 'f'twasn't for these east winds—

Talboys (who's a little hard of hearing)—Twins! My dear fellow, I congratulate you, I'm sure. I'd really no idea you were—and how are they—all there?—I hope—

Stumpson (testily—large family already) I didn't say these twins—(shouting)—I said the East winds!!—*Punch.*

What He Wanted

She (very rich)—You do me great honor, Mr. Jinkins, to ask my hand in marriage. I am very sorry—

He (very poor)—Don't mention it, Miss Bankaccount. Please don't mention it. It isn't sympathy I want; it's money.—*Washington Critic.*

A Georgia man with a statistical turn of mind figures out that a man who regularly takes ten ordinary drinks of whiskey a day and keeps it up for twenty years will in that time consume at least thirty-six barrels of the stuff.

From a "Wish," by Matthew Arnold.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
  Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
  There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
  The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
  Then, then, at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
  The friends who come and gape and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
  All which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
  Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
  The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustom'd toll
  Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul
  To canvass with official breath.

The future and its viewless things—
  That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
  Must needs read clearer, sure than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
  While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
  Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
  The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born
  The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,
  Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
  And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze till I become
  In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
  To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
  The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
  Nor human combatings with death;

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
  Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
  To work or wait elsewhere or here.

Little Ah Me and Little Ah There.

Little Ah Me was a Chinaman
  With a queue as long as his arm,
Whose spirits seemed constantly under a ban,
  Tho' he never did evil or harm;
But he ever inclined to the darker side
  And the pessimistic view,
And his life was a failure, and, when he died,
  The mourners were very few.

Little Ah There was another Chinee,
  But one of a different sort,
His face was a map of the Land of Glee.
  And worries he made his sport;
He had his failings, but he was gay,
  He'd many a little sin;
But he won all hearts by his cheery way,
  And they made him a mandarin!

From Little Ah Me and from Little Ah There
  The lesson sublime is learned,
That it's better to keep up a semblance fair,
  Till it's time to be mourned.
It's seldom a whiner may reach his goal,
  While a laugher seldom fails;
Strength breeds itself in a bantering soul,
  While the one that is hopeless quails.

—*Chicago Mail.*

My Little Bo Peep.

My little Bo Peep is fast asleep,
  And her head on my heart is lying,
I gently rock and the old hall clock
  Strikes a knell of the day that's dying
But what care I how the hours go by,
  Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
  When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet with dimples sweet,
  From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
  I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
  It's tangled tresses carefully folding:
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock; you may wait, old clock,
  It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
  And bid your days go all a-Maying
O, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
  Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
  And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

THE BOWSERS GO SHOPPING.

Mr. Bowser Creates a Sensation Among the Ordinary Run of Shoppers.

I had mentioned in a casual way that we needed some dishes, a new carpet and some table-linen, and that I must get down town and buy them, when Mr. Bowser came home at 2 o'clock one afternoon and said:

"Well, are you all ready?"

"For what?"

"Why, to go down and buy those things!"

"But I didn't know you wanted to go. Indeed, I wish you wouldn't."

"Oh, you do! Are you ashamed to be seen with me on the street?"

"You know I'm not. I'm afraid you—you—"

"Well, what?"

"You'll jaw folks and get into a quarrel."

"Mrs Bowser, are you getting soft in the head? Jaw folks! Get into a quarrel! Humph! Are you coming?"

We first visited the carpet store. I had not yet made up my mind whether to buy Brussels or velvet, nor whether to get light or dark colors. I expected to take a chair and have the clerk roll down about fifty pieces of each kind, and to be all of two hours making up my mind. One clerk ran to place chairs for us. A second arranged the window curtains and a third inquired of Mr. Bowser:

"Did you wish to look at some carpets?"

"Did I come up here to buy oysters?" demanded Mr Bowser.

"Ah-um! Light or dark colors?"

"Light."

"But the dark are all the style, you know."

"I don't know anything of the sort! There are plenty of white horses and houses and white shirts and hats; and I don't know why light carpets shouldn't be fashionable. Roll down this piece."

"Yes, sir; but you won't like it. This dark pattern is what Mrs. Governor Smith selected for her front bedroom."

"Yes. Well, I may get that for my horse barn later on. Send up a man to measure the room, and give me that light pattern."

"Why, Mr. Bowser!" I said. "You haven't selected already!"

"Certainly."

"But—we—we—"

"Five minutes is enough for any one to select a carpet, Mrs. Bowser. We want body-brussels, and we want a light ground. That's all there is to it. We will now go over and buy the table linen."

"But can't I have time to look around?"

"Time! What do you want of time? You want three linen tablecloths and two dozen napkins. We've got the money to pay for 'em. What more is desired?"

"But it's so sudden."

"So are earthquakes. We'll go in here."

We entered a dry goods store and sat down to a linen counter. A young man came forward to wait on us, and after being told what was wanted, he queried:

"So you want some real linen. Well, here is something I can recommend."

"Is that all linen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he turned to me.

I didn't think it was, but I told Mr. Bowser to let it go. It was the custom in all dry goods stores to lie about such things, and no one thought of raising a row.

"Madame," said Mr. Bowser, as he took the cloth over to a motherly old lady, "is this all linen?"

"No, sir; it's half cotton!" she replied after an inspection.

"Where's the proprietor of this store?" he demanded of the clerk.

"I—I'll call him, sir."

The proprietor came up.

"Is that linen?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"It passes for linen, sir."

"If you put a cow's horns and tail on a horse he'd pass for a cow, wouldn't he? Sir, this looks to me like a petty swindle, and one you ought to be ashamed of!"

The proprietor began to blow up the clerk, and the clerk said he'd resign, and as we got out doors I penned Mr. Bowser in a doorstep, and said:

"I'll never, never dare enter this store again!"

"Don't want you to. The man is a liar and the clerk lied by his instructions. We'll try another."

The next store was crowded, and as we reached the linen counter it was to find every stool occupied. I tried to get Mr. Bowser out, anticipating trouble, but unfortunately at that moment one lady observed to another:

"Dear me, but this is the third afternoon I've come down town to buy a table-cloth, and I haven't got suited yet."

"And I want four crash towels, and I've been all over town twice," replied the other.

"Here, you!" snapped Mr. Bowser to the clerk, "are you busy?"

"Waiting on these ladies, sir."

"Have they bought anything?"

"No, sir."

"Are they going to?"

"I—I don't know."

"Well, I've no time to fool away. We want three linen table-cloths and two dozen napkins."

The ladies arose in great indignation. Each of them gave me a look that pierced me to the heart, and each one gave Mr. Bowser a look which ought to have shortened him two feet, but which had no apparent effect. In seven minutes we had found what we wanted, paid the bill and were ready to go. The clerk acted a bit sulky, and Mr. Bowser was getting ready to give him a blast, when I appealed to him to hold the peace. I told him it was the custom for several thousand ladies to come down town every afternoon to shop, and that shopping consisted of promenading up and down to show their suits off to a lot of well dressed loafers, and entering the stores and taking an hour and a-half to buy a sixpence worth of lace or ribbon. The clerk melted a little at the same moment, and I got Mr. Bowser out without another eruption.

"Now for the dishes," he said as we got out, and we went to a crockery store.

one who was saying to a clerk:

"And so that tooth-pick holder is six cents?"

"Only six, madam."

"How very cute!"

"Yes, it is."

"And it is imported?"

"It is."

"How very, very charming! This is the same one I saw yesterday, is it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Dear me, but I wish I could make up my mind whether to take it or not. You see, we may move in the spring, and if we moved, you know——"

"I want about $15 worth of dishes," interrupted Mr Bowser.

"Yes, sir, in just a moment."

"How many of these tooth-pick holders have you got?"

"Only one."

"I'll take the lot; and now come and wait on me. I want twelve cups and saucers, twenty-four plates, three or four platters, two tureens and a fish platter."

The lady turned about and killed me dead with one long look. Then she looked at the back of Mr. Bowser's neck and tried to murder him, but he would not fall. Then she returned and killed me over again, gave her shoulders a twist and walked out of the store. She had hardly departed when a fresh arrival asked our clerk, busy though he was, to show her some tea-spoons.

"Madame," said Mr. Bowser, "do you wish to buy some spoons?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you know whether you do or not?"

"Why—I—I will look at them."

"Very well; you sit down and wait until I am through buying. I came to buy, know what I want, and shall pay cash down."

I was killed again, and if looks could have crushed Mr. Bowser, he'd have been a mangled corpse in ten seconds. We were only thirteen minutes buying the dishes, and, as we got out and reached the car, Mr. Bowser said:

"Mrs. Bowser, when you come down town do you go fooling around the stores and obstructing doorways and crosswalks like the women we have seen to-day?"

"I—I guess I do."

"And end by buying four cents' worth of something?"

"Yes; it is the custom."

"And would it have taken you three weeks to buy what we bought in two hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll write this very day to an idiot asylum and see if I can squeeze you in? It's no wonder every other home in Detroit is full of scandal, and every other husband wants a divorce!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CELEBRATED Paris scientist, Dr. Delaunay, has made the remarkable discovery that centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher development, while centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. In other words, the person who naturally draws a circle, for example, from left to right possesses a higher grade of intelligence than one who draws from right to left.

EAU DE COLOGNE DRINKING.

The Favorite Tipple With Fashionable English Women.

We hear from time to time of persons falling victims to Morphinomania, as the disease resulting from injecting morphia has been termed, and it is almost unnecessary to remind the reader of the fatal consequences ensuing to those who indulge in laudanum or chloral. But the very idea of drinking a perfume would seem to be almost too absurd to suggest. Yet, says the *Temperance Record*, medical men know only too well how many of their patients, more particularly among the weaker sex, take eau de cologne to excess, and to such an excess, too, as to compel, in some instances, their being relegated to retreats specially established for the treatment of dipsomaniacs. When it is known of what the odoriferous compound in question is distilled, it will be readily admitted that an incalculable danger may be the outcome of a continual use of it as a stimulant. The following is a receipt said to be adopted in the manufactories of the Farina family at Cologne: Twelve drops of the essential oils neroli, citron, bergamot, orange and rosemary; one drachm of Malabar cardamons and one gallon of rectified spirits. We have only to mention that spirits of wine, along with methylated spirits, are resorted to by habitual drunkards in the last stage of their complaint to make it appear self-evident that the strength of eau de cologne must be greater than that of the wines and spirits in common use, and its effect upon those who regularly imbibe it. What, then, it may be asked, brings about a craving for the fragrant preparation (we have used the word "craving," for a liking one can never attain for it, if we are to credit the confessions of an habitue which have come under our observation), and why is it that ladies form, as a rule, the largest number of its devotees? The reasons are not far to seek, and may be briefly summed up as follows: 1. It can be purchased with ease. 2. There is no occasion whatever to visit a public house, a call at a neighboring chemist's exciting no suspicion. 3. It can be indulged in with absolute secrecy, even as in instances we have known, where the drinker affects to be a staunch teetotaller. 4. Few people are aware that this article of toilet can be abused to such an extent as to bring about a condition of intoxication. Let us at once say that the habit generally commences by taking a few drops on a lump of sugar, in order to produce an unnatural buoyancy of spirits. This may go on for some time without any apparent deleterious effects, but in nine cases out of ten the old, old story results. The small quantity taken at first refuses to bring about the wished-for effect. Stronger doses are required to this end, and while one would well-nigh shudder at the idea of drinking half a tumbler of whiskey or brandy and water, the best part of a small wine glass of eau de cologne, filled up with water, is swallowed without the least compunction. Like many drugs it is exceedingly nauseous to take, besides being of an intensely fiery nature. Mixed with water, it turns into a repulsive milky-white fluid, and those who have been in the habit of drinking it assure us that they close the nostrils while doing so, eating immediately thereafter lozenges of a powerful odor to [illegible] drink three small bottles (costing a shilling each) or even more, per day. Pleasure in so doing there is none; while *au contraire*, those who affect wines, spirits or liquors do certainly derive some enjoyment. The only possible advantages eau de cologne possesses as against other common alcoholic beverages are—that it can be taken secretly, is in a highly concentrated form, can be carried about easily, and is rapid in its action. Many there are who are unable to break themselves of the habit of drinking the poison, except under restraint of the most stringent character; and we have it on the authority of one who has gone through this trying ordeal, that the first week after he is debarred from the use of the perfume, the suffering is intense. A fortnight, however, will in most cases see the worst over, and within a month the body will resume its natural functions; refreshing and undisturbed sleep will have returned, and the appetite will reassert itself, nervousness will "melt into thin air," and the feeling of despondency and abject misery will give way to comparative ease and comfort.—*London Globe.*

English Wit.

This Weather!—"And how are we to-day, my dear madam?" "Well, doctor, the cold I caught the day before yesterday is rather better; but the one I caught on Monday week is ever so much worse—and I caught a brand new one last night!"—*Punch.*

Well Meant, no Doubt.—She: "You were present at our concert the other evening, Major Stubbles, now tell me seriously, do you think my voice has improved since I took lessons?" Major Stubbles: "Oh, really, my opinion is of no value, and generally the reverse of what is correct; but, candidly, I think your voice has improved immensely."—*Judy.*

Ingenious Youth.—First school boy: "Wot did yer tell him yer saw me done it for?" Second S. B.: "'Cause I saw yer; I wasn't a going to tell no lie." First S. B.: "I didn't want yer to tell no lie for me, but yer might 'ave said 'Yer didn't know who done it.'"—*Fun.*

Singular Phenomenon in Mid-Atlantic.

The passengers who landed at Queenstown on Tuesday morning from the Inman steamer City of Chicago, from New York, report that on the morning of the 19th inst., two days after leaving New York, three immense spiral columns of what at first appeared to be waterspouts, moving in a southwesterly direction, were observed about a mile distant from the steamer on the port side rising out of the water. The sea at the base of the column was in a very disturbed state, and the spray was being lifted to a great height by a whirlwind. One column appeared to incline to a considerable angle. The phenomenon, which lasted for eight minutes, disappeared in a thick mist.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Way to Save Expense.

Mrs. A.—Yes, I advertised for a nurse girl. What are your terms? Nurse—I shall want $2 a week with laudanum, $4 without.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

MAN AND HIS MANAGEMENT.

A Woman Who Knows the Subject Gives Advice.

If a man is fond of flattery let him have it. Not by the volume, but in crisp little verses. Hunt up poetry for his eyes; get things to rhyme with his fat white hands; pick out all the big gods and the little heroes of Troy and Rome, whose legs are not half as good and whose backs were cambric by comparison. Laud his shapely head to the skies, and he will keep his hair cut; praise his shapely hands, and you solve the problem of unkempt nails. Hunt the dictionary for words and synonyms to give variety to your enthusiasm; if he has ambitions or schemes listen to him with open eyes of wonderment, and no matter what the occasion is never permit your knowledge to exceed his. Men despise smart women, but have no fault to find when her talent is large enough to appreciate his greatness. Another piece of wisdom on the part of a wife is the cultivation of helplessness—she must be able to lift nothing heavier than a box of candy; know nothing about the management of an umbrella, a window, a knot or a bundle, and just in proportion as she appeals to his strength, size and greatness, just so large will her influence over him be. Men like to be looked up at, depended on, quoted and referred to. That's the reason why a little woman marries three times to the one wedding of the tall, heroic lady. To be born a woman is to be born a martyr, but the husband that is worth wedding is worth keeping, and if a little artifice, a pleasant smile, a contented heart, forbearance, neatness, devotion and tact will hold him, by all means let him be held. Men must be taken as they are, and not as they should be. They are not a half bad lot under the refining influence of mutual interest and love, and he is a very wretched specimen of humanity who cannot be counted on to shield a wife from the buffets of the world and be an anchor for her when youth and beauty have proved unfaithful. Poor fellow! he is weak, but he can't help it! He was made so. He would rather be good than bad, a king than a serf, and I think it is a woman's duty to do what she can for him. Sick and tired of the bang and clatter of the world's machinery, a man is ready and willing to go anywhere away from the tumult and with any one who will help him to forget his cares, disappointment and his very existence. This thing of trying to rule a husband is all buncombe; it can't be done. You can coax most men, bribe some and govern a very few, but that vulgar rubbing of the fur the right way wins every time.—*Orleans Picayune.*

She Got There.

"How funny some people are," she said.

"Funny?"

"Yes, some people who are going to be married."

"Oh!"

"Yes, some want to be married in a balloon, some on the middle arch of a bridge, some in a boat, some in a railroad train, some on horseback, some on the edge of a precipice, some down in a coal mine——"

"Yes, I have noticed it."

"What is their object, I wonder?"

"Marriage of course."

"Well, I'm glad you mention it, mine. They get married in this way so that they can tell their children and their grandchildren they were married under peculiar circumstances, as, for instance, 'your mother and me, children, were married in a coal mine,' or, 'your grandmother and me, children, were married in a balloon.'"

"Perhaps that is the reason," said the maiden.

"Of course it is the reason."

There was a pause. Then the maiden with a glowing cheek said,

"I've been thinking, John."

"Yes?" he said, interrogatively.

"I've been thinking how funny it would be—" (a pause and a deeper blush).

"Well, Bella, you have been thinking what?"

"I've been thinking how funny it would be if——"

"Yes."

"If when the subject of marriage comes up thirty or forty years hence you could point to me and say, 'Why, children, your grandmother proposed to me in leap year and we were married a few weeks later.'"

John is very busy these days furnishing a nice little cottage and Bella is superintending the making of her wedding dress.—*Newark Journal*

A Bombay Juggler.

Without paraphernalia of any description, devoid of dress, except a cloth around his loins, he peforms tricks of legerdemain the recital of which bring a shrug of unbelief from the reader, and will therefore not be attempted, and yet one example must be related just to give the imagination a chance. A common washbowl was placed in the centre of the room. Four hen eggs procured in the hotel were deposited in the bowl. The little assistant of the juggler, in the presence of spectators who could plainly see the eggs on the bottom, slowly filled the vessel with clean water. The Hindoo placed his bare hand on the rim of the bowl and the eggs disappeared from view, returning when the hand was removed. This was repeated several times, but he kept the explanation of the trick to himself.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A German Flora Macdonald.

The death is announced at Meran, in the Tyrol, of Baroness Jenny Schleinitz, at the age of 86. The deceased lady and her husband, the late Privy Councillor Baron Schleinitz, rendered a signal service to Prince William of Prussia, afterward Emperor of Germany, when, on the 19th of March, 1848, the revolutionary mob attacked the royal palace at Berlin. The Prince took refuge in the house of Baron and Baroness Schleinitz, who succeeded in smuggling him out of town in disguise. The late Emperor never forgot this episode in his career, and to the last showed his gratitude to the Baroness, who, after the death of her husband, some years ago, settled at Meran.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Woman (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie)—You seem to have a good appetite. Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—Yes, madame, that is all that I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own.

HOW TO MAKE SPIRIT PICTURES.

First Get an Ordinary Chrome, and with Practice the Rest is Easy.

Mme. Diss Debarr's spirit-painting is an ancient trick, which has been resorted to by mediums, astrologists and fortune-tellers in this city for many years, says the New York *World*. Any one who is familiar at all with art materials is aware that canvases for paintings are usually sold stretched over little wooden frames, which can afterward be inserted into gilded frames if desired. The canvases are made in certain sizes, so that it is easy to secure duplicates whenever desired, and any "spirit-painter" can promptly furnish an exact counterpart of any sized canvas that may be given to her to operate upon.

Like everything else in spiritualism, that which is done must be executed in the dark. A dim and uncertain light is necessary, and things are so arranged as to smack of the supernatural as much as possible.

"You have brought your own canvas, I see," remarked a medium as the visitor unwound a small modern frame over which canvas was stretched.

"Oh, yes; I thought I would be able to say that I had convinced myself that there could be no possibility of tricks."

"Very good," replies the medium. "The spirits and myself are well pleased to have the matter placed beyond the question of scoffers."

The medium is never discomfited. She has a canvas already painted just the size of the one brought, and a little clever work in the way of sleight-of-hand is all that is necessary. She takes your canvas, looks at it a moment, and then asks that it be marked. This is done. She carefully notes the position of the little mark placed on the canvas, and leaving the room she marks a painted canvas in a similar manner and places it under her skirt, through the side of which is a wide cut, large enough to allow the painted canvas to slip out easily. Returning to the room, the medium again takes your canvas and requests you to face a small mirror, which is so small that anything that happens below the level of her shoulders cannot be seen. While this placing is being done the medium apparently holds the canvas carelessly in her right hand, but in reality she hitches it to a hook cleverly concealed at her waist and draws out the painted canvas, which she raises in such a way that the painted portion is not reflected in the mirror because of a slight backward slant which is not noticeable to the visitor.

Meanwhile you stand with the canvas poised above your head before a glass and fondly imagine, if you are at all inclined to believe, that the canvas is the original one and that trickery is out of the question.

"Now," says the medium, "just hold the frame very steady for a moment, so as not to disturb the spirit artist, who is one of the old school and who will reproduce a most valuable ancient painting for you."

You hold the frame firmly and look steadily into the dimly-lighted mirror.

"Now," continues the medium sweetly, "tip it forward just the least bit." This tipping discloses the painting in such a way that it looks like a long, dark streak on the canvas. "Now tip it slowly forward, but be moved too fast and dispel the illusion too fast." The effect of this, in the dim light, is to make the painting, as seen in the mirror, to develop from the black streak first seen. To the subject the illusion appears perfect, and the cheap print chromo thus developed seems to the awed imagination a genuine work of art.

To make the trick even more impressive the medium sometimes places a touch of phosphorus in the centre of the canvas, which naturally attracts the attention and is watched with bated breath during the process of development.

Another system mediums have of producing these art treasures is a chemical process known to few. A picture is painted and then sized over with this peculiar chemical mixture. If an artist were to examine the canvas he would say that it had simply been primed. When it is desired to produce the spirit-painting the canvas is rubbed with a sponge dampened in a liquid which eats off the white priming and exposes the picture as fresh as when painted. This can be done on a wall as well as on canvas, and it is in this way that spirit paintings on walls are produced. Mme. Diss Debar "paints" most of her spirit-pictures in this manner. The secret of the chemical preparation used is carefully guarded by those who know it.

By the Way.

Bachelor—A wild goose that tame geese envy.

The worst enemy a man can have is a fool friend.

The old notion that blood will tell is a vein conceit.

There's a good many ins and outs in the life of a ball-tosser.

A dog will answer to any name when you show him a bone.

It is a queer thing that in the ethics of kinship a man usually rushes for his uncle after bidding good-bye to his ante.

A Notable Cremation.

A singular incident occurred at Mildmay Park Wesleyan Chapel, London, on a recent Sunday. The minister, Rev. G. A. Bennett, B. A., has been denouncing the works of certain poets and novelists as having an immoral tendency. After the sermon, Mr. Bennett produced a large number of books, which he said had been sent to him to be destroyed by a person to whom they had been a great snare. Subsequently the books were committed to the flames by the minister and the chapel officials.

A Paying Business.

A unique business card is that of a Frankfort, N.Y., stove dealer. On one side is the following inscription:

How $2,000 Was Made.

$1,000
By Attending to Your Own Business,
$1,000
By Letting Other People's Business Alone.

Alexander Cohen, a Pole, just dead at Lawrence, Mass., has lived as a hermit for 12 years, although he was a highly educated man.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1888.

ROBT. GILRAY AND J. GORDON MOWAT.

Many of our readers will remember the above named gentlemen, both of whom made a sort of "starring" tour throughout East Grey during the Dominion election campaign, over a year ago. Gilray opposed Dr. Sproule, and at Shelburne and other places posed as a friend of the Scott Act. A few weeks ago the twin politicians and boon companions appeared suddenly in Dufferin county as champion spouters *against* the Scott Act, and here is what the Dufferin Advertiser—the organ of the Reform party in that county—has to say about them:

"The Anti-Scotts had a meeting in the town hall (Orangeville) on Wednesday night. J. Gordon Mowat and R. Gilray, of Toronto, were the speakers. The last named gentleman gave expression to the vilest rot ever spoken from a public platform in this town. He went so far as to plead for sympathy for dynamiters and lawbreakers, so long as the offence was committed in a Scott Act county. The hotel-keepers themselves were ashamed of him, and half the audience left while he was speaking. Mr. Mowat was a little better, but still pretty rank. He spoke for two hours and ten minutes and when he finished there were about forty of an audience left. Mr. A. A. Hughson rose to speak at twelve o'clock, and gave expression to more common sense in five minutes than Mowat and Gilray together were guilty of the whole evening. Mr. Hughson showed off to good advantage following such a pair of blatherskites."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The Chronicle as an advertising medium is unsupposed," says the Durham Chronicle. Yes, its considerably *that* way. It takes 'em often. Some people suppose the Chronicle to be a newspaper of the "unsupposed" sort, and they're right. Editor Mitchell himself has said so, and we have been credibly informed that he tells the truth ninety-nine times out of every ten thousand. Politically the Chronicle has rather an "unsupposed" reputation. In fact, taken altogether, its the most "unsupposed" newspaper we know of.

From the many absurd allusions made, we should judge that the Thornbury News has been afflicted with softening of the brain during the past two or three weeks. Ditto the Durham Scavenger beg pardon, the Chronicle we mean. We hope no ill effects will follow in either case.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

A cricket club has been organized in Dundalk.

A library has been started in connection with Priceville public school.

The Free Press is opposed to shop licenses being granted in Shelburne.

The Standard suggests that Friday, May 4th, be set apart as arbor day for Markdale. A good idea.

Dundalk has a junior base ball club named the "Imperials." We suppose the president will be called "emperor" and the captain "crown prince."

George Moatz shot a pike in the Ballinafad lake, which weighed 12 lbs., says the Mt. Forest Representative.

Mr. Wm. Rutherford has disposed of his property at Proton Station for the round sum of $3,500, and intends moving to Oregon.

An esteemed old resident of Proton Station, in the person of Mrs. White, died on the 13th ult., and was buried in Flesherton cemetery Sunday following.

Shelburne merchants will close their business places at 6 p. m. every evening in each week, except Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from the 1st of May to the 15th September.

A middle-aged man, representing himself as at one time being sporting editor of the Mail, visited Dundalk recently and struck Bro. Spurr, of the Herald, for a loan. The latter had his weather eye open, however, and didn't bite.

Mr. McGowan is going on with the building of his roller mill at Durham, notwithstanding the quashing of the by-law alluded to last week. The people there will find in Mr. McGowan a pushing, enterprising and thoroughly honorable business man.

A child of Mr. John Duncan, whilst playing with a powder flask near the store on Thursday last, accidentally allowed the combustible to ignite and explode. The result was that the child's face and arms were very much blistered and in several places made raw with the explosion. Medical aid was at once procured and when efficiently attended to the suffering ceased. It is expected that the child will not be much disfigured.—Dundalk Herald.

What might have proved a serious accident occurred on the farm of Mr. Patrick Flannigan, 12th concession, Bentinck, a few days ago. There was a wood bee, at which many men were engaged, when a gust of wind blew down a sapling which had been partly cut. The men had a miraculous escape. Geo. Flannigan, who had one hand resting on a log, received a blow from a limb which severed one finger completely off and severely injuring the whole hand. The hand may be saved.—Hanover Post.

A number of desperadoes around Badgeros—a short distance from Dundalk—recently proceeded to eject a poor woman and her children from the house occupied by them. The inhuman scoundrels were masked and went about their infernal work after the shades of night had fallen. They were extremely violent and even threatened to burn the building over the poor creature's head if she did not vacate the premises at once. Down with such lawless terrorism! Let the black-hearted monsters get a taste of British justice, say we.

Wm. McKee, Luther, met with an untimely end in the early part of last week. He and two other young men were engaged in chopping in a bush belonging to Wm. McKee's father. When the tree being chopped was falling it struck on the limb of another one, and was thrown around in a different direction, one of the limbs striking McKee behind the ear, when running to get out of its way. The young man was 24 years of age and was a favorite among his neighbors and companions.—Mt. Forest Representative.

Away up in Singhampton they have a vigorous little boom, which although not so bulky as the Sudbury article is very exciting in its way. Coal oil has been discovered in the ministers well, and it is proposed to sink a shaft for oil. It does not follow that there is a vein of oil connecting with that well. We once found two ale bottles suspended by a string in a certain well not a thousand miles from a Scott Act town, yet we did not get excited and swear there was a vein of ale bottles running beneath the village. Not much; we kept perfectly cool and watched for more indications. As a result we became convinced that ale did not exist in that well in paying quantities. Let the people of Singhampton profit by our example and insert no expensive hole in the ground until they find plenty of indications.—Pickering News.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

— DEALER IN —

Stoves, AND ALL KINDS **Tinware,**

Copperware, Sheet Iron, Metal-work,

Eavetroughing - a - Specialty.

SHOP—RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved

ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

HEARD'S!

Carriage Works, Flesherton,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION Given to SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING, TRIMMING and Job Work.

Manufacturers of Iron Harrow Rd. Farm Gates, HOUSE, SHOEING promptly attended to. Call and see Durham Street, Flesherton.

"BELL" ORGANS

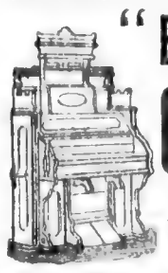

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

Advertise in the Advance.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 85 to	3 95
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 37	0 38
Peas	0 58	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 10	0 10
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

WANTED.

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✝ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✝ A Pleasant Cure.

'88 SPRING '88

M. RICHARDSON & CO.,

FLESHERTON,

Respectfully call attention to their very complete stock now well assorted in every line with Choice New Goods for Spring and Summer Trade.

DRESS GOODS
DEPARTMENT.

Our Dress Goods always make a fine display. This spring it is finer than ever. Full ranges of Black and Colored Cashmeres in Union and All-Wool. Black Crape Cloths, Costume Cloths, &c.

— IN —

FANCY DRESS GOODS

We have a beautiful assortment of the Latest Novelties. Tweed Effects, Stripes, Invisible Plaid, Plaid Fancies and Combination Goods. Nuns' Veilings and Jersey Checks.

WASHING FABRICS.

In Printed Sateens, Cambrics, Lawns, Zephyrs, Chambrys, Chevoits, Ginghams and Seer Suckers our stock is very complete.

IN OUR SILKS & SATINS

Are to be found Black and Colored Merveilleuxs, Brocades, Shot Moire Silks, Grograins Silks, Jetted Grenadines, Gauzes, Fancy Trimming Silks, &c., &c. These goods are New and Very Cheap.

MUSLIN and PRINT DEPARTMENT.

In Prints our extensive stock was never before better assorted with choice designs and effects and Prices Very Low. Muslins Printed and Plain, Swiss, Tape, Lawn, Lace and Cord Checks and Stripes, Victoria & Bishop Lawn, India Linens and India Muslins, Jaconets, Nainsooks, Tarltons, Lapet Spots and a variety of Novelties.

HOSIERY AND SMALL WARES.

We show an extensive range of Infants, Misses, Boys, Mens' and Ladies' Hose in Imported and Canadian Goods.

GLOVES.

A Fine Assortment of Lisle, Taffeta, Pure Silk and Black and Colored Kids.

UNDERCLOTHING.

Ladies and Gents in Cotton, Balbriggan and Merino.

CORSETS.—Full Lines in Domestic and Foreign Make.

JERSEYS.—Special Value in Plain and Braided, Black and Gray.

BOYS' JERSEY SUITS.

An attractive range in common sizes.

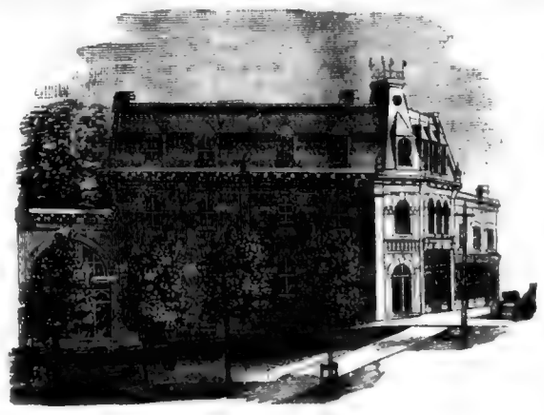

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THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

White and Colored, Cotton, Linen and Silk.

RIBBONS.—All Desirable Qualities and Colors.

LACE CURTAINS,

White and Cream. Complete range. Curtain Nets Very Cheap.

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Edging, Insertion, Allovers &c., in Great Variety.

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In English and German makes.

PARASOLS.—A Splendid Range.

WATERPROOFS.—Misses & Ladies' Full Lines.

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Fancy Dress Buttons. We have a fine assortment in Pearl, Ivory, Metal, Mohair &c., to match goods.

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This department is now replete with Latest Novelties and will be found worthy of a visit. We would call special attention to the following lines:—NECKWEAR in the leading styles in Black and Fancy Materials. White, Regatta and Oxford SHIRTS. Linen COLLARS and CUFFS. Celluloid COLLARS and CUFFS. Cotton, Natural Wool and Cashmere HOSE. American and English I.R. COATS.

UMBRELLAS

In Silk, Alpacca and Cotton. The leading lines in Buttons, Braids, &c. For excellence of taste and goods that will sell themselves, this department is not surpassed by any in the trade.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!!

For young men and old men too. If you want to get a Nobby, Stylish, Durable Hat in Straw, Felt or Silk in Black or Colors call and see our stock.

CLOTHING

Ready-made for Men and Boys. Come and see the extensive stock we display for this seasons business. Good goods well made, and what is as important as anything else, prices right. We cordially invite you to come and see, never mind whether you want to buy or not.

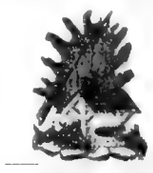

Tweed Department.

Imported and Canadian Tweeds and Worsted. It is our purpose to maintain the high reputation which this important branch of our business has had in the past by buying in the best markets, paying close attention to style and prices, we are thus kept in touch with the latest developments of the trade. We have in stock a very fine assortment of novelties in Imported Stripe Suitings, Chevoit Suitings, Fancy Worsted Suitings and Trouserings. Halifax Tweeds and Blue Serges. Extraordinary value in Black Worsteds.

MILLINERY.

Our Millinery Department under the management of MISS MAUD RICHARDSON, who has this season again exercised the greatest care and used her best judgement in the selection of stock that she might have the most seasonable stylish and prettiest goods in New Hats and New Bonnets and Trimmings to offer to her numerous customers that the best market can afford. In consequence our Millinery department is now the attraction many have already inspected were delighted, and out of the pretty stock of Hats and Bonnets were able to make a selection at once suitable to their taste. We cordially invite every lady in the township to come and see this attractive stock.

BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS.

Mens', Youths' and Boys, Womens', Misses and Childrens' for all kinds of foot wear. Visit our Boot Department.

BUILDERS HARDWARE

and House Trimmings, Nails, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, &c. Our stock will be found complete at bottom prices. Come or send for quotations.

CHINA HALL.

Always to the front with China Tea Sets, Derby Dinner Sets, Printed Ware all kinds, Biscuit Ware, Glassware and Lamp Goods in great variety, Plated Ware a fine assortment.

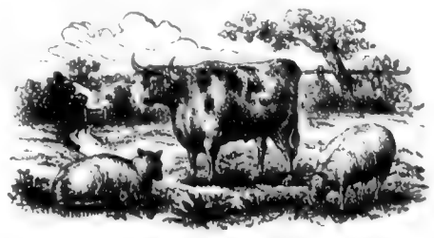

BUTTER, EGGS AND FARM PRODUCE

Taken in exchange for Goods, or Cash if desirable at the highest market value.

M. RICHARDSON & CO.,

Flesherton, Ont.

THE "SPIRITUALIST" SENSATION.

A Mesmerist and Conjurer Exposes the Diss Debar Woman.

THE "OTHER WORLD" HEARD FROM.

Mr. Marsh, the Infatuated Wealthy Lawyer, Tells of His Experiences.

A special despatch from New York says: In the Diss Debar case to-day Carl Hertz, mesmerist and conjurer, was called. He testified that the production of spirit pictures was a trick and described how it was done. His offer to illustrate was accepted and his wife was given permission to help him. Hertz asked permission of the court to retire for a few moments to make preparations. An exhibition of the trick of writing on a blank sheet of paper on the inside of the fold while it was held up to the woman's forehead was given in court in the midst of much laughter.

Mr. Randolph was then given a chance to explain his history for the benefit of Lawyer Townsend. He had been a theatrical manager on the road. The story of his connection with the priestess and Mr. Marsh was then gone into. Some spicy developments came out of Randolph's description of his relations to the priestess. He said that she made love to him and told him how pretty he was. The reasons for his regard for the madame were of such a nature that he was unwilling to explain in open court. Gen. Diss Debar frowned and said: "Oh! You scoundrel!" Witness said the madame broke her contract with him.

Mr. Marsh was next called to the witness stand. His hair stood up in picturesque disorder. He sat easily in his chair and did not appear to notice the attention he attracted. Mr. Marsh said that he was a reformed lawyer. The general and the madame entered his home in August last. Mr. Marsh exhibited to the attorney a communication which he had received from St. Peter, sixteen pages in length, which he said was written by the spirit in two minutes. It took fifteen minutes to read it and was a fairly good sermon. St. Anthony of Padua was also heard from.

Mr. Marsh said he had various other tablets in his room which were locked with a Yale lock. Counsel for the prosecution asked Mr. Marsh if he still believed that the alleged communication from St. Peter came from that personage. Mr. Marsh replied that he did firmly believe that the letter came from Peter the Apostle. At this several presumable spiritualists in the audience applauded and the judge waxed indignant. Quiet was restored and the famous "Claudius" picture was then discussed. The Diss Debar woman told Mr. Marsh, in her capacity of medium, that a picture of Claudius the Roman Emperor would soon come from the vasty deep, and he said the picture arrived on time. One Mr. O'Sullivan once held a canvas over his head while an alleged painting of Rembrandt was materializing on it. Mr. O'Sullivan was incredulous and watched the operation in a mirror, but the picture materialized just the same. Here Mr. Marsh said he wanted it understood that when he mentioned his "communications" from the spirit land he meant that he received the communications through a "medium" and that "medium" was Madame Diss Debar. One evening Adelaide Neilson, through Mme. Diss Debar, told him that a portrait of Shakspeare would soon appear to him. A blank canvas was placed on an easel in Mme. Diss Debar's room. Then she went out and when she returned there was an excellent likeness of the "Bard of Avon." As Mr. Marsh warmed up to his subject and told how divers medallions "materialized" that same night the woman Diss Debar's face lighted up with smiles and she tried to glance admiringly at herself. Passing from the spirit painting industry to the communications, the witness told how the madame would go into a trance and he would act as her amanuensis. When the madame awoke from her trances she would almost die from fright when he read to her what she had "communicated." And so Mr. Marsh continued his remarkable tale, going into the details of the various paintings and "communications" in a manner which conclusively proved his unshaken belief in the supernatural character of Madame Diss Debar's performances.

Carl Hertz, the magician, was recalled to the stand to prove to Mr. Marsh that an ordinary earthly conjurer could do the trick of writing on a closed pad of paper. At this stage the Diss Debar woman began to evince an active interest in the proceedings. "Mark your pad, Mr. Marsh," she fairly hissed at her victim, only to provoke a cry of "silence" from the judge. The conjurer produced a new pad which Mr. Marsh carefully examined, and apparently tossed it into a newspaper and folded it up. As a matter of fact he had changed pads, but Mr. Marsh did not see the change and but for the warning of Mrs. Diss Debar's counsel the trick would have hoodwinked him. The judge told the overzealous lawyer that he had exceeded his duty and with this remark adjourned the hearing until next Tuesday.

Counsel for the Lawrences asked that they be paroled on their own recognizance, and father and son were thereupon released on these terms. The Diss Debars were securely locked up in the tombs prison, where they will remain until the next hearing. After the hearing to-day somebody in a position to know suggested that Agent "Randolph" was really a detective employed by Pinkerton. Whether the assertion was true or not did not appear, but it is nevertheless generally believed.

John Bright always dresses in black broadcloth, and doesn't wear the Quaker costume, although he always attends the church meetings and sometimes preaches.

Mr. C. P. Preston, of Esquesing, has been dangerously ill for the last two weeks with rheumatic fever.

Young man, never preserve a love-letter. The sweets keep slowly ebbing out of it till it gets to be as stale as a fourteenth-century witticism; and then like as not your wife will get hold of it, and go and take all of the Paris green you were saving for the potato bugs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

WHERE ARNOLD LIES.

The Burial at Laleham Church—Some of the Distinguished Men Who Were Present.

A London cable says: Matthew Arnold was buried on Thursday afternoon at Laleham Church, two miles from Staines, on the Thames. Large numbers of friends went down from London by train, arriving at Staines just before noon, and thence driving to Laleham. Among them were Mr. Browning, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge; the Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett; the historian, Mr. Lecky; Mr. Henry James, the American; Mr. Mundella, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Admiral Egerton, Sir George Russel, Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Lyulph Stanley and Sir Edwin Arnold. Mr. Frederick Macmillan represented one firm of Mr. Arnold's publishers, and Mr. Arnold's staunch friend, Mr. Geo. Smith, with his son, the other—the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., who issued nearly all his prose works. Many others came, but there was no representative of either the Government or the Court.

Laleham Church is a very small and seemingly a very ancient building of extreme simplicity, with a picturesque red brick, ivy-covered, square tower. Here lie three of Mr. Arnold's children in the narrow churchyard. Houses crowd close up to it, and the place is quiet but not solitary. The hearse and carriages following with the family arrived just after 12. The Dean of Westminster and Archdeacon Farrar went out from the church to meet the body, which lay in a plain oak coffin embosomed in flowers. It entered the low porch with friends on either hand. The church was filled and the service was said, the coffin resting near the entrance. The service at the grave was read by the Dean of Westminster amid heavily falling rain, and with two or three hundred mourners about the grave. Very solemn was this sorrowing company, and singularly impressive the scene in its perfect simplicity and perfect sincerity. All was over before 1, and the last "good-bye" said to the great writer and beloved friend.

PRAYER CURE RESULTS FATALLY.

When the Victims are Dying the Services of a Physician Sought.

A West Medford, Mass., despatch says: The prayer cure has been tried in West Medford with fatal results, two lives being sacrificed to a superstition that seems criminal. On Sharon street Mrs. Lottie A. James, her husband and four children lived in one half of the house. The other part is occupied by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Connor. The lady, who is about 55 years old, is a graduate of a Christian scientist college, a woman of more than average intelligence and of most exemplary piety. She is a thorough believer in the doctrine that all disease can be cured by prayer and faith.

On Thursday night, when her daughter, Mrs. James, was in the throes of childbirth she had recourse to prayer alone, although Mrs. James begged her mother piteously to send for a physician. At last Mrs. Connor relented, but before the physician was ready to answer the call another messenger came, saying that his services were not needed, as Mrs. James was dead.

Mrs. Connor attributes her daughter's melancholy death to an inscrutable decree of Providence, and consoles herself with the thought that "He doeth all things well."

Holding a diploma from a regularly organized prayer cure institution Mrs. Connor thought herself qualified to sign the certificate of death. She was soon disabused of her error by Medical Examiner Duxell.

$30,000 FOR AN AGED BROKEN HEART

A Widow of 60 Sues a Widower of 70 for Breach of Promise.

A Medina (N.Y.) telegram says: A sensation has been created here and in Albion by the commencement at Albion of a breach of promise suit. The damages asked for are $30,000. The plaintiff is Mrs. Moses Ross, a widow 60 years old, who lives at Medina. The defendant is Washington Ferguson, of Albion, a widower, aged over 70. He is very wealthy and widely known. Mrs. Ross, in her complaint, says that Mr. Ferguson had engaged to marry her, and that while she was getting ready for the ceremony he suddenly married Mrs. H. Wirt, of Eagle Harbor, a widow of more pretensions to youthful years.

Handsome Africans.

The Bangalas, says a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," are a fine race physically, being tall, powerful and splendidly formed, with features by no means of the negro type; the women are the handsomest I have seen in Africa. Their dress is scanty, consisting for the most part only of a waist cloth for the men, and a short kilt of woven grass for the women; but men of high degree often wear mantles of dressed goat or other skins. They cicatrize their arms, shoulders and busts in patterns by cutting the skin and injecting some irritant. Sometimes the result looks very well; but in other cases the process is not successful, and raises huge unsightly lumps of flesh. The chief of Iboko, when I arrived, was an old man over 80—his age was reported by some to be 84, by others, 86—who had lost one eye in battle and possessed fifty wives. He was over six feet in height, with a fine, well-developed figure, and, but for his dirty white hair and shrivelled skin, would have passed for a man of half his age. He was much attached to Captain Coquilhat (named "Mwafa" or the "Eagle" by the natives), and never undertook anything without consulting him. The scene just after our arrival at Bangala, when, "Le Roi des Bangalas" being announced as we were all sitting over our afternoon coffee, Mata Bwyki entered, wearing his royal hat of leopard skin and attended by several of his wives, and enfolded Captain Coquilhat, gold-spangled uniform and all, in an ample bear's hug, was really worth seeing.

Beginning to be Concerned.

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a car full of people?'

"Embarrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she settled herself comfortably in her seat and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-bye? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

Respecting the Central Ontario Railway Company—Mr. Wood (Brockville).

To provide for the examination and licensing of persons employed as engineers elsewhere than on steamboats—Mr. Cook.

To prevent the practice of fraud by tree peddlers and commission men in the sale of nursery stock—Mr. Boyle.

Mr. Thompson introduced a Bill to amend the Territories Real Property Act.

Mr. McLelan, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Charlton, said it had been reported to him that the Deputy-Postmaster of Kingston had been detected in having treated letters improperly, and it was reported to him at the same time that the official had left the country. He had given orders since, learning of his return, that he should be proceeded against.

Mr. Thompson, in answer to Sir Richard Cartwright, said it was not the intention of the Government to propose any addition to the salaries of County Judges of the Province of Ontario.

Sir John Macdonald, replying to the question of Mr. Landerkin, said it was not the intention of the Government during the present session to remove the duties on books imported for use of Mechanics' Institutes.

The House resumed the adjourned debate on the second reading of the Bill to permit American vessels to aid vessels wrecked or disabled in Canadian waters.

Sir Charles Tupper said the Government had carefully considered this Bill, and though there was much in it that was desirable, they were afraid that its passage might prejudice a much larger measure of reciprocity which might at no distant date be secured. It was well known that the Americans are desirous that this Bill should become law.

Mr. Laurier said he thought if there was any prospect of securing an enlarged measure of reciprocity by postponing the Bill, it would be well to do so. It was evident that reciprocity was in the air. But recently the Government had put seeds and fruit on the free list as part of a reciprocal arrangement with the United States.

Sir Charles Tupper—We are sowing the seed.

Mr. Laurier—And we shall reap the harvest by-and-bye.

Mr. Kirkpatrick said he did not agree with the reason given by the Finance Minister for withholding the advantages of reciprocity in wrecking from the Canadians. He believed that the adoption of the Bill would act as an inducement to the Americans to make further proposals to us in the same direction.

Mr. Patterson (Essex) said the course proposed by the Finance Minister was a wise and statesmanlike one. He did not believe in giving to the neighboring nation the privilege they wanted and receiving in return something that was of very little value.

The House divided on the second reading, which was lost. Yeas 61, nays 85:

YEAS.—Messrs. Amyot, Armstrong, Bain (Wentworth), Bechard, Bell, Bergeron, Bergin, Bernier, Borden, Bourassa, Bowman, Cartwright (Sir Richard), Casgrain, Choquette, Cook, Coulombe, De St Georges Dessaint, Doyon, Edgar, Ellis, Fiset, Fisher, Gauthier, Gillmor, Girouard, Godbout, Guay, Hale, Holton, Kirk, Kirkpatrick, Labelle, Long, Laurier, Lovitt, Macdonald (Huron), McIntyre, McMillan (Huron), McMullen, Meigs, Mitchell, Paterson (Brant), Perry, Platt, Prefontaine, Rinfret, Robertson, Rowand, Ste. Marie, Scriver, Semple, Shanly, Smith (Sir Donald), Somerville, Sutherland, Therien, Trow, Turcott, Watson, Wilson (Elgin). Total, 61.

NAYS.—Messrs Bain (Soulanges), Baird, Baker, Bowell, Boyle, Brown, Bryson, Cameron, Cargill, Carling, Carpenter, Caron (Sir Adolphe), Chapleau, Charlton, Cimon, Cockburn, Colby, Coughlin, Couture, Curran, Davin, Davis, Dawson, Denison, Dickinson, Dupont, Ferguson (Leeds), Ferguson (Renfrew), Foster, Freeman, Gigault, Gordon, Grandbois, Guillet, Henderson, Hesson, Hickey, Hudspeth, Ives, Jamieson, Kenny, Langevin (Sir Hector), Laurie, McCulla, Mac Donald (Victoria), McDougald (Pictou), McDougall (Cape Breton), McKay, McKeen, McLelan, McMillan (Vaudreuil), McNeill, Madill, Marshall, Mills (Annapolis), Moffatt, Moncreiff, Montague, O'Brien, Patterson (Essex), Porter, Robillard, Rooms, Rykert, Skinner, Small, Smith, (Ontario), Sproule, Stevenson, Taylor, Thompson, Tisdale, Tupper (Sir Charles), Tupper (Pictou), Tyrwhitt, Vanasse, Wallace, Ward, Weldon (Albert), Wilmot, Wilson (Argenteuil), Wilson (Lennox), Wright—84.

Sir Richard Cartwright announced that to-morrow he would call the attention of the House to the conduct of the returning officer for the county of Haldimand.

Sir Hector Langevin moved the adjournment of the House.

Mr. Jamieson said he would much prefer that the House would take up the next order on the paper, which was the Bill to amend the Canada Temperance Act, instead of adjourning at that early hour. On the last occasion the Bill was reached he allowed it to stand over on the suggestion of a member of the Government that it should be taken up to-night. (Laughter.) He did not want to have the matter stand over any longer

Sir Hector Langevin said the House had been sitting late, and as there would be lengthy sittings during the two following days, it would meet the views of the majority of members to adjourn. Ample opportunity would be given to consider the Bill.

Mr. Fisher regretted that the Government had taken upon themselves to prevent the consideration of this Bill. If the Government prejudiced the case they must take upon themselves the responsibility of blocking the amendment to the Scott Act.

Sir Charles Tupper said the Government would take care there would be full opportunity to bring the Bill before the House.

Mr. Thompson introduced a Bill to amend the Indian Act. He explained that the Bill made more stringent provision for the admission of half-breeds to treaty privileges, and for their retirement from the treaty. It was also proposed to make Indian lands amenable to the remedies for municipal taxation, and to be sold and conveyed by tax deeds. More stringent provision was also made with reference to the sale of liquor to the Indians, and authority was given in British Columbia to the Governor-in-Council to appropriate the proceeds of fines for the sale of liquor to Indians.

Sir Richard Cartwright called the attention of the House to the question he put to the Government a few days previously. He had asked if the Government were aware that Charles Young, one of the deputy returning-officers for Haldimand, in February and November, 1887, had served a term of imprisonment for theft in Brant jail previous to being appointed deputy returning-officer. The Minister of Justice had answered that the deputy returning-officer, Young, was not an officer of the Government, and that they were informed he had not served such term, but was a respectable man, who had held several offices of honor in Haldimand, and had been recommended by several persons, including a prominent Grit politician. The hon. gentleman then read a series of affidavits contradicting the Minister of Justice. The Sheriff of the county of Haldimand, in an affidavit, stated that a man named Charles Young was convicted on May 2nd, 1879, of stealing wheat, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, which he served in Brant jail. Mr. Wesley Coulter, barrister, swore in the affidavit that he had censured Dr. Langrill, the returning officer, for appointing Young, and had told him Young was an ex-convict. Subsequent to that warning Young was reappointed. Mr. T. Montmanagh, of Oneida, swore he knew Deputy Returning Officer Young and that he was the man who had been convicted of theft. In the face of the evidence there was no escaping the fact that Deputy Returning Officer Young was an ex-convict. The Government had taken upon themselves power to appoint returning officers and were responsible for the men appointed by those officials. This same Dr. Langrill, who appointed the ex-convict, was an applicant for the position of physician for the Indian reserves. The Government now knew all the facts. It was in their power to purge themselves from all suspicion of complicity with either the returning officer or the ex-convict by inflicting some appropriate punishment. If they failed to do that, the Opposition would know the reason why and the country would know the reason why. He asked for an explanation, and reserved his right for future action.

Mr. Thompson said the policy of the last speaker in attacking returning officers on all possible occasions was a most extraordinary one, in view of the fact that after an unusual number of election petitions arising from the late general election not one of the very few charges that had been preferred against returning officers had been sustained.

Sir Richard Cartwright—Take the case of Dunn

Mr. Thompson said the hon. member and his friends had Dunn brought to the bar of the House day after day, but they had not the courage to formulate a single charge against him. He contended that the Government had no control over deputy-returning officers, and were in no way responsible for them. Not one name in a hundred of the names of the deputies ever came under the notice of the Government. Their appointment rested entirely with the returning officers. It was as much out of place for Sir Richard Cartwright to inquire about any private citizen. Further, there was no justification offered for the attack upon the character of this man in so far as his conduct of the election was concerned.

Sir Richard Cartwright said he was informed certain irregularities had occurred during the election, that ballots were improperly rejected at the poll, and that the County Judge at the recount had restored to Coulter the votes which Young had deprived him of.

Mr. Laurier said the shameful fact remained that an ex-convict had been selected to stand as umpire between the parties in a closely contested election, and the responsibility for his appointment rested solely upon the Government, who had the appointment of returning officer. If the Government insisted upon choosing their own creatures as returning officers, they must be responsible for the conduct of the appointees of those officers.

Sir John Macdonald said the Government accepted the responsibility for the alteration in the law, by which returning officers are appointed by the Government. That alteration was forced upon the Government by experience. They found that the Conservative party had no fair play, at least so far as the Province of Ontario was concerned, because when the Government of that Province had control of the returning officers they put the screws on those officers for the purpose of defeating the Conservative candidates. There was good ground for appointing registrars to this position under the old Canadian *regime*, because then these officers were appointed during good behavior, but now it was different. The Government were aware from the reports received that pressure was put by members of the Provincial Government of Ontario upon their officers to aid in the defeat of the Conservative candidates.

Mr. Desjardins said that in the elections of the Province of Quebec the local Liberal Government exerted undue influence over the returning officers.

Mr. Madill said the Ontario Government had in some cases appointed ex-penitentiary convicts to positions of justices of the peace.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) said he thought the House should know from the Minister of Justice by whom he was informed that Young had never served a term in jail. Among the affidavits was one to the effect that the returning officer had been warned before appointing Young a second time that he was an ex-convict, and if such were the case he was greatly to blame. He censured the action of the Government in connection with the Queen's (New Brunswick) election.

Mr. Thompson said he had not accepted the proof which had been sprung upon the House. It was a point on which the Government had no responsibility. Notwithstanding that, however, he would be exceedingly sorry if in any way he had misled the House. He had been misled himself if the statements laid before the House were correct.

Sir Richard Cartwright—I will lay the affidavits on the table.

Mr. Rykert—You had better keep them.

Sir John Macdonald—They do not amount to much.

Sir Richard Cartwright said the position taken by the Government was tantamount to a declaration that in the mind of hon. gentlemen ex-convicts were fit and proper persons to be returning officers. (Cries of "No, no.") If they were not proper persons the Government should deal out punishment to the returning-officer who appointed one. Under the present system of the Government appointing returning officers no human being believed it was possible to obtain impartiality.

Mr. Patterson (Essex) challenged hon. gentlemen opposite to name any objectionable returning-officer that had been appointed. (A voice—Dunn.) Wherever possible the Government had chosen the sheriff or registrar to act as returning-officer.

The House went into committee of the whole on the Bill to amend the Adulteration Act. On the clause declaring that the term "food" included every article used for food or drink by man or cattle, and every ingredient intended for mixing with that food,

Mr. Costigan explained that it was intended to bring baking powder within the scope of the Act.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) objected to Government employees being paid extra for any work they did outside their usual routine.

Mr. Davies—It would be a charity to give them some work to do.

Mr. Costigan said he desired power to send officials from Ottawa to Toronto or Hamilton to collect samples, because being strangers they could do the work easier. In the same way he could send officers from Toronto to Montreal to collect samples. It would be cheaper to use the Inland Revenue officers at a slight expense than to appoint special inspectors for this purpose.

It being 6 o'clock, Mr. Speaker left the chair.

CAME BACK TO LIFE.

The Peculiar Case of Mrs. Emma Althouse, Who Wakes From a Sleep of Thirty-Three Days.

The awakening of Mrs. Emma Althouse from her last sleep or trance of thirty-three days is told in the Attica, N.Y., *News*. She feebly opened her eyes, but could see nothing at first. It was 8.25 in the evening, the time at which she usually wakes from her long slumbers. She inquired about her sister Katie and said: "For mercy's sake, do not let me go back to sleep again else I shall never again awake!"

When told that she had been asleep 33 days she manifested the utmost surprise. Upon gaining sufficient strength, the doctor asked what she had seen and done while in her trance. She was too weak to remember. Leaning down closer, he whispered: "What shall I tell them?" (referring to those in the room).

"I do not know. How is grandpa?"

"He is much worse," evasively answered the doctor, fearing to shock the patient.

Opening wide her eyes she exclaimed, "Why, he is dead. I know he is dead."

Her grandfather died shortly after she went asleep, and it puzzles her friends and physicians to know how she learned the fact. The following day she felt drowsy and took a nap, and was awakened an hour later without much trouble. After that she felt no desire for either sleep or food. She is in considerable pain from an abscess in her left side near the lung and her left arm is lifeless, caused by the bursting of a blood vessel. Her body is almost rigid, but her eyes are alert. She is sometimes thirsty and with great difficulty a few spoonfuls of milk have been given her.

Is It Haggai's Signet?

A shaft sunk outside the great walls of the city of Jerusalem, near the southwest angle, disclosed an ancient pavement 23 feet beneath the present surface, and 20 feet below that a second pavement. There, amid fragments of pottery and glass, a gentleman's seal was found. It is about the size worn to-day in gentlemen's rings, and is a finely-grained black stone, inscribed "Haggai, the son of Shebnaiah." The letters resemble those employed during the age of the captivity in Babylon. The prophet Haggai was one of the exiles who returned with Zerubbabel. "He is,' says Mr. King, "the only one of the minor prophets who mentions a signet, and one can imagine him holding the ring on his finger before the leader's eyes to emphasize the words which close the book of prophecy which has come down to us under his name: 'I will take thee, O Zerubbabel, my servant, the son of Shealtiel, saith the Lord, and will make thee as a signet; for I have chosen thee, saith the Lord of hosts.'"—*Ancient Cities.*

Can't Rhyme for Shucks.

Chicago *Tribune*: "'Have you read any of the late poems, Miss Howjames,' said the young man, brightening up, 'written by Walt Whitman for the New York *Her*—.' 'I am not in the habit of reading anything written by the person you mention,' replied the Boston young lady, with freezing dignity. 'Well, to tell the truth,' stammered the young man from St. Louis, 'I am not dead stuck on him myself. He can't rhyme for shucks. He makes anxiety rhyme with nitro-glycerine.'"

One Result of the Kaiser's Death.

One effect of the late Emperor's death is that fully 30,000 of the Germans resident in England who evaded the conscription and the call to arms on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war will be now free to visit the Fatherland without incurring the risk of being tried by court-martial as deserters, as their offence is only coeval with the late Emperor's reign.

An Awful Spring Dream.

"Lena, what ailed you last night? You must have had a terrible dream. You tossed about so that I couldn't sleep a wink."

"Ah, my dear, you can well say I had a horrible dream; I thought I was obliged to keep at work cleaning endless windows in a great glass palace."

To Be Put On Ice.

"Is a cellar a room?"

"Certainly."

"Then a salt cellar must be a salt rheum."

The above is to be placed on ice at once

O. L. Clauser, a shoe dealer, of Canton, O., recently paid a gypsy $314 for a charm that was warranted to remove a large wart from his face. After the woman had left he was curious enough to open the bag that contained the charm and found therein only a few bits of brown paper.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is failing. Her memory grows daily more treacherous. She is much of her time her old self, conversing on all topics in which she is interested with great intelligence and fluency. But there are intervals, not infrequent, during which she forgets the names of friends, loses track of her own business concerns and cannot speak accurately of the events of the past.

The New Year—to Come.

Dedicated to the International Council of Women.

You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow'll be the happiest time
I've known for many a year.
I'll borrow your trousers, husband,
Also your vest and coat,
For I am going to vote, husband,
Your wife is going to vote!

I sleep so sound all night, husband,
That I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud
When the day begins to break;
But I must gather up the tickets
And the speeches that I wrote,
For I am going to vote, husband,
Your wife is going to vote!

Little Susan shall go with me,
To-morrow to the polls,
To see her noble mother
Put her name upon the rolls;
So you must call me early,
By the rooster's morning note;
For I am going to vote, husband,
Your wife is going to vote!

[By permission of Alfred Tenny-daughter.]
—*Washington Crttic.*

What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped and the babe she tossed
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her teardrops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through,
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."
—*Bret Harte.*

A SAILOR'S LONG SWIM.

All Night in the Ocean Without Even a Plank to Support Him.

The name of Frank Miller, who has just reached here, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, on the brig William G. Irwin from the Sandwich Islands, ought to be placed in the temple of fame alongside that of Leander, for he has proven that he possesses an amphibian capacity quite equal to that of the swimmer of the Hellespont. Miller's exploit was out in the Pacific Ocean, and therefore cannot be measured as to distance, but its time was seventeen hours. Three or four months ago he left San Francisco on the whaling vessel Jacob A. Howland, which during its cruising caught two whales near the Sandwich Islands. For a day or two after the killing the vessel was surrounded by sharks eager for the refuse. The vicious creatures swarmed in the wake of the vessel and crowded around her, popping their greedy heads up above the waves in plain sight of the silors. The deck was slippery after the killing, and one evening while Miller was on the port rail forward he missed his footing and pitched headlong into the sea. He thinks he must have floated, unconscious from the shock and from fright at the thought of the sharks, for some time. For with his first consciousness after slipping and falling he looked for the vessel, but could neither see nor hear anything of her. He knew they were not many miles from the shore of the island of Molokai, and guiding himself as best he could by the stars he struck out in the direction which he thought would carry him to its shore. But he was swimming against the tide, and he could feel that he was making but little progress, exert himself as he might. He thought of the sharks, which only a few hours before had been clustering around the vessel, and every five minutes he imagined that one was swashing up against him, while every bright gleam of starlight upon a little wave he was cock-sure was the coldly glittering eye of a hungry shark, intent on making a lunch off him. But morning dawned and he was still uneaten, though so weak from his battle with the waves and his continued fright that he had not the strength to climb upon a couple of planks nailed together that came drifting past him. But he caught hold of them, and managed to sustain himself still longer by their aid. A terrible thirst took possession of him, and as the sun rose higher and higher it almost blistered his face and hands. Finally, about the middle of the afternoon, the brig Irwin came along, saw him and picked him up. His strength was so entirely gone that he had to be lifted over the side of the boat sent after him as if he had been a baby.

For and About Women.

A distinguished negro belle of Port au Prince, Hayti, has married a brother of William Black, the novelist.

Queen Olga of Greece is a beautiful woman with a sweet, open face and a manner as charming as it is simple.

Jonathan Thayer and wife, of South Braintree, Mass., have lived together sixty-nine years and are hale, happy and hearty.

Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins, employed in the "dead letter" office at Washington, reads every known language except Russian and Chinese.

A CHEAP hose for watering plants can be made of heavy ducking, says a correspondent of *Farm Life*. Cut the ducking into strips the width needed to make the size wanted, fold the edges together, and sew twe seams with a sewing machine. Then roll into rolls or balls, and boil in grafting wax, the same as cloth for grafting purposes. "I made 150 feet of such hose," says the correspondent, "to water strawberries and vegetables. I cut the cloth lengthwise, about fifty feet in a section, and then sewed the sections together. It will leak a little, but not enough to amount to anything."

"John," said a schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and will have to attend to business. What do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters unless you learn to spell better?" "Oh, sir," answered John, "I shall put easy words in them."

Little Laura Jones, of Eatonton, Ga., is the latest baby wonder to be heard from. Although only eleven years old she has invented a plough and a grain elevator that are said to show remarkable ingenuity.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NINETEEN of the twenty-five waiters at the Hotel del Monte, in Monterey, Cal., struck last week rather than wear dress-coats, in which garb the proprietor had ordered them to appear. They walked out of the dining-room at the dinner hour, and their places were filled by bell-boys.

MISS HELEN BLANCHARD, now a resident of Philadelphia, is a Maine girl, who has made a fortune through the invention of the simple "over-and-under" attachment for sewing machines. When she discovered the device she had to borrow money to pay the first Patent Office fees. She now owns large estates, a manufactory and many patent rights that yield her a large income in royalties.

EXTENSIVE use is now being made in France of the unique article known as wood wool, consisting of extremely thin and slender shavings of wood, that are comparable to paper cut for packing. It weighs some 40 or 50 per cent. less than the materials generally used for such a purpose, and its beautiful appearance, fineness and exceeding cleanness have brought it into great favor.

AT a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine the report of a commission appointed to inquire into the phenomenon reported by M. Luys, and commonly called hypnotism, was presented. The conclusion is that M. Luys has been the dupe of an hysterical patient, and that there is absolutely no truth in the phenomena described by him last autumn.

SOME light is thrown upon the recent cable despatch announcing that the eldest son of Lord North had opened a butcher shop by proceedings in bankruptcy against the Hon. Roger Archibald Percy North, Lord North's second son. His liabilities amounted to more than $21,000 and his assets to $500. He was formerly a lieutenant in the Sixth Battalion Rifle Brigade, but was now a sergeant in the Royal Dragoons, with an income of forty-eight cents per day. Evidently the straitened circumstances of his family have driven the heir to the title into trade.

SOME one has been collecting facts about the fathers of United States Presidents, with this result: Grover Cleveland is the only clergyman's son who has ever been elected President, though Arthur's father was a clergyman. He was not, however, elected President. The fathers of the Virginia Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—were planters, John Tyler's father was a lawyer and a statesman, and John Adams, the father of John Quincy Adams, was by profession a lawyer. Grant's father was a tanner, Hayes' father a merchant, and the fathers of Garfield, Lincoln, Pierce, Fillmore, Polk, Van Buren and Jackson were farmers.

THE Epping Forest Committee of the corporation of the city of London have prepared a report in which they say the question of the deer has caused them some anxiety. They have increased in numbers to such an extent as to become a source of serious annoyance to some of the surrounding land-owners and farmers, several of whom have claimed compensation for damage to their crops. The Epping Forest Act transferred the deer from the Crown to the conservators to be preserved as an object of ornament, and, bearing in mind that the common rights were originally granted partly as compensation for the damage done by the deer, they have repudiated all liability on the part of the conservators.

IF any man realizes more keenly than the suffering Emperor of Germany, who draws his breath through a silver tube and cannot even eat his morsel of food like a living creature, that "the path of glory leads but to the grave," that man must be ex-Senator Leland Stanford, of California. The railroad prince and millionaire is building a family tomb at San Francisco, which is to cost $100,000, and a correspondent writes: The mausoleum will be completed during the coming summer, and when finished will be a fitting abode for the remains of one of the most successful men of the day—a railroad magnate, a millionaire and a philanthropist, who is building a university that will cost between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000; a man who lives magnificently, with wealth and friends and everything that makes life worth living, yet who has the great sorrow of losing his son, his only child, and when he and his wife are called to another world and their remains occupy their stately tomb, the family history will end.

CURIOUS samples of naturally reduced iron have been found on the North Saskatchewan River in the Northwest Territory, about eighty miles from the town of Edmonton, Alberta. Along the river bank a lignite formation crops out for several miles, overlaid by clay shale and soft argillaceous sandstone containing nodules of clay iron stone. These nodules are similar to others found at Edmonton, and proved by analysis to be carbonates of iron, containing 34.98 per cent. of metallic iron. The Saskatchewan seam of lignite has, at some time or other, been burnt, leaving a bed of ashes, clinkers and burnt clay, in places twenty feet thick, and now covered by a dense growth of grass and underwood. From this mass of burnt clay pieces of metallic iron can be picked out, weighing in some cases fifteen or twenty pounds. They have evidently been reduced from the nodules above mentioned by the heat of the burning lignite. Most of the pieces of iron are much rusted, but when scratched with a file they show a bright surface. The observation is interesting, and to some may help to explain how primitive man originally discovered the reduction of iron ore.

THREE things were sought by the ancient alchemist—the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life and the universal solvent. The last of these, though long known to modern chemistry, has just been separated, but cannot be retained, simply because it attacks or destroys everything. This fury of the chemical world, says Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, is the element fluorine; it exists peacefully in company with calcium in fluor-spar and also in a few other compounds; but, when isolated, as it recently has been by M. Henri Moissan, is a rabid gas that nothing can resist. It combines all the metals, explosively with some, or if they are already combined with some other non-metallic element, it tears them from it, and takes them to itself. In uniting with sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium and aluminium, the metals become heated even to redness by the fervor of its embrace. Iron filings, slightly warmed, burst into brilliant scintillations when exposed to it; manganese does the same. Even the noble metals, which at a melting heat proudly resist the fascinations of oxygen, succumb to this chemical siren at moderate temperatures. Glass is devoured at once, and water ceases to be water by contact with this gas, which, combining with its hydrogen, at the same mement forms the acrid, glass-dissolving hydrofluoric acid and liberates ozone.

The Prairie Province.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The city lumber merchants are successfully kicking against British Columbia cedar being used for block-paving instead of pine which can be obtained here.

The pictures by Mrs. (Dr.) McArthur, Winnipeg, have been accepted by the committee of the Paris salon. No American artist has surpassed this.

May 10th has been proclaimed Arbor Day in Manitoba and the 17th in the Territories.

The Salvation Army will shortly bombard Portage la Prairie.

The resolutions adopted by the Quebec Conference are to be brought up for discussion in the Legislature.

The Saskatchewan River broke up on Thursday night, and the telephone wires and ferry ropes are broken. The ice is within ten feet of the post-office door at Clarke's Crossing, but the water is now lowering.

Mr. Hugh Polson, of Kildonan East, Man., recently opened a pit containing a thousand bushels of potatoes. On entering he was nearly suffocated with the heat, the potatoes having all been destroyed. The cause is believed to have b een keeping the ventilator closed for too long a time.

The official announcement of the commutation of the sentence of Thomas Newton for murder arrived this morning from Ottawa. Newton, on being informed of his reprieve said, "Praise God."

The valet of Lord Lonsdale returned from the North last evening. In conversation with a reporter he said he parted company with His Lordship at Green Lake, north of Prince Albert, owing to the impossibility of securing a sufficient number of dogs to enable both to proceed with the full outfit.

Rev. Dr. Duval, of Toledo, O., is spoken of as the pastor of Knox Church.

At a public meeting held yesterday afternoon there was a strong expression of opinion in favor of acquiring the land immediately surrounding the old Fort Garry gateway for park purposes, thus preserving the old landmark.

There have been 1,200,000 bushels of grain marketed in Brandon this season.

Notice is given of application to the Legislature for a charter to incorporate the Manitoba Southern Railway.

May 17th is Arbor Day in the Territories

Latest Scottish News.

The Earl and Countess of Rosebery have gone to Milan.

J. Proudfoot, superintendent of the permanent way in Perth and Crieff district, and an old servant of the Caledonian Railway, died at Perth the other day.

There are four candidates for the vacant Clerkship of the Free Church General Assembly: R. Lorimer, Mains; Rev. Archibald Henderson, Crieff; Rev. J. W. Laurie, Tulliallan; and Rev. R. G. Balfour, Edinburgh.

The funeral of Captain McCall, the late Chief of the Glasgow police force, took place on the 3rd inst. The remains were followed to the grave by the Lord Provost and magistrates, several of the sheriffs, about 800 constables, and by a large portion of the general public.

The jubilee of the ministerial career of Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, Chalmers' Memorial Free Church, Edinburgh, was celebrated on the 5th inst. The meeting was presided over by Lord Provost Sir Thomas Clark, Bart. Dr. Bonar was, in the course of the evening presented with a silver salver and a cheque for £1,000.

The police authorities at Dundee have requested the police in New York city to search for a young man named William Stephens. He left Dundee on the 22nd ult., and sent a note to his friends indicating his intention of committing suicide. It is believed, however, that he crossed the Atlantic and is now in the city named. Stephens, who is afflicted with religious mania, is 24 years of age, and belongs to a good family. A reward of £100 is offered for news of him, alive or dead.

The statement which recently went the rounds that the last surviving servant of Sir Walter Scott had died is incorrect. In Kirkhill there resides a woman, Margaret Thomson, who was in the service of the great novelist when he died. At the age of 16 Margaret went to Abbotsford as scullery-maid, where she remained two years, when, on Sir Walter taking the journey to Naples for his health, she, with a number of other servants, was discharged. On his return, however, she was re-engaged as kitchen-maid. She is now 74 years of age, the mother of four children, who are all in honorable positions, is comparatively healthy and still full of "auld warld cracks."

Lord Dufferin's Movements.

"Lord Dufferin's stay at Rome will be very brief," says London *Truth*, "and, indeed, it is highly probable that he will not take up his appointment as successor to Sir John Saville. I understand that Sir Robert Morier will certainly leave St. Petersburg in November, and Sir William White is to be his successor, he being replaced at Constantinople by Lord Dufferin. Sir Robert Morier will most likely go to Rome."

Signs of Spring

A daub of paint on the skirt of your best coat.

The paperer leaves a half finished job in the kitchen.

More mud in the front hall than there ought to be in the flower garden.

The worst cold you've had since December.

A hat too good to throw away and too much worn to look well.

London, Ont., Talent Abroad.

Bob Murray, the London, Ont., man, who is to be tried next month for murder, is running a saloon at Fort Smith, Ark., and they say is raking in dollars where he couldn't make cents in Michigan. It is the most popular thing on the schedule in the southwest to be under indictment for killing a man.

LIFE AT THE POLE.

How Things Proceed Where Days are Six Months Long.

If they ever find the North Pole, and it becomes colonized, they are going to have an awful time of it. They will have daylight six months and darkness six months out of the year. There is a certain limit of trouble and ingenuity beyond which immortality will not go. The limit is far enough off at the best, but if it were night for six months on end what would become of us? Husbands would never go home at all. Parties would only be divided by the time necessary to recruit exhausted nature; a woman would need a new dress every four hours, because she couldn't go to more than two parties in the same dress, and it would be an awful hardship to do even that. They would say:

"Why, do look at Mrs. ——. She wore that same dress at the Smith's just ten hours ago."

"Are you going to the theatre now?"

"No; I saw the piece already to-night."

"Get up."

"What time is it?"

"Don't know; but I put you to bed in a miserable condition six hours since, and we are due at the Jones'."

"Well, wait till I get my breakfast, or supper, or dinner; which is it anyhow?"

"Don't remember; it is my 116th meal this season."

"Don't light the gas yet. I only saved $1,000,000, and that gas bill is getting prodigious. A new dress! That's the fifteenth in 175 hours."

"Great Scott! the metre's busted and the electric wire's broken. Where are my boots?"

And the daylight would be confusing. A man would never know when to leave his business. Newspapers would be published just when everything happened, which would be very frequently.

"Come on; let's go home."

"Hold on; just one game more."

"We've been at it just 48 hours now by the watch."

"Where's my dinner?"

"Really, my dear, I didn't think it was so long since the last meal, and I've been shopping."

"Shopping! You came home from shopping just before I went out, and woke me up to borrow money for car fare."

"This bonnet is worn out. I can't be seen on the street with it again."

"Julius Cæsar! You've only had it two hours."

"Yes; but every woman I know has seen it by this time."

"Got a lawn tennis party in fifteen minutes, you say? Well, you've only come in from boating. You won't see the winter if you go on like this. No, I haven't had but three drinks since I left home."

"By the way, John, I want you to drive me out to the park."

"I can't; I'm sleepy. I've been up thirty-six hours."

"Well, I've only seen you fifteen minutes."

"I can't help that; you know perfectly well the photographing business will have to shut up pretty soon, and I've got to make all I can out of it now."

Just think, however, the trying position of men who would like to get full.

"Look at Mr. Jones! Well, I never! Staggering along the street in broad daylight! I am ashamed of him!"

And all the neighbors watching Jones trying to find a keyhole in the fence, and perhaps taking his clothes off outside of the door. Of course there will be compensation for such people in the winter. Night was evidently intended by nature to enable the exercise of the objectionable propensities of the human, anyway.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Nothing Like It!

Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all Blood diseases, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—world renowned and ever growing in favor

Within a week two children have lost their lives through swallowing toy balloons, and in neither case was the cause of strangulation discovered till after death. In both instances the obstruction in the throat could have been removed in time had those present known what the trouble was.

"If a woman is pretty,
To me 'tis no matter,
Be she blonde or brunette.
So she lets me look at her.

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull, lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

She Gave Him Back the Ring.

In a New York Court yesterday, Mrs. Linnie Von Prochazka threw her wedding ring at the feet of the man she is suing for divorce.

Joy in Every Drop.

This may be truly said of Polson's Nerviline, the greatest pain remedy of the age. It brings comfort to the weary sufferer when failure has attended the use of every known remedy. Nerviline is an absolute cure for all kinds of pain, internal, external, or local. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle and try this great remedy, Nerviline, nerve pain cure. Don't forget the name. At any drug store.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A rich Philadelphia woman, noted for her wealth and eccentricity, wears a striking ring on one of her thumbs.

How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

Mrs. Mary D. Lowman, Mayor of Oskaloosa, Kan., has a pleasant face and motherly manners.

Aiming at Originality.

Book Dealer (to customer)—In selecting a library, madam, you will, of course, want a set of Dickens' works, complete.

Society Dame—No, I think not. Everybody has Dickens' works.—*From Puck.*

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Disease, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Re-Opening

OF

SPROULE'S BLOCK,

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS OPENED OUT A

New Stock

OF

General Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Etc.,

IN THE WELL-KNOWN STAND

SPROULE'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

And will be in the market to handle -

All Kinds of Farm Produce.

I will endeavor through honest dealing with the public to establish a good trade. Goods will be sold at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

And the Highest Market Price will be paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

Remember the Place,

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Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

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DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property,
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TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,
Gray Champion !
Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.
TERMS—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. GRAND OUTFIT FREE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Agents, Agents!
Now Ready - | - Our New Book.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
OR
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter--Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

CHEAP ❋ AND ❋ DURABLE!
—THE WELL-KNOWN—
SPEIGHT WAGON!

Call and get Prices, &c. from undersigned.
STOVES, TINWARE, &c. for sale as usual
First-class value in every department.

Agent for VICKERS' EXPRESS. All parcels left with him will be promptly and carefully attended to.

STRAIN'S. - FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON.
MARBLE WORKS:
E. VANZANT,

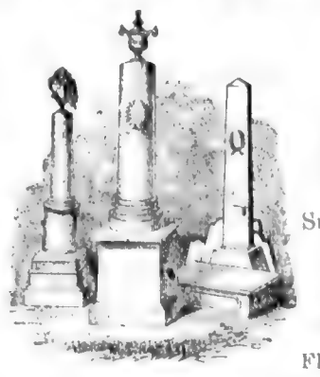

ALL KINDS OF
Marble and Monumental Works,
Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.
Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases It has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 359. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

AT

Russell's

Noted

Jewelery

Store,

FLESHERTON,

You will find the finest and best display of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery,

Silverware and Spectacles

in this section of the county and just exactly

25 PER CENT. LOWER

than other dealers will sell you them for. Fine American and Waltham Watches from $9.50 up, warranted from 3 to 5 years, and the people for fifteen miles around always take their Watches, Clocks and Jewelery Repairs to Russell, Flesherton, as they have found by experience he is the only man than can do them in a satisfactory manner. All work personally attended to at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

GET YOUR MEAT

:-FROM-:

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 65 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to

JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goes on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

FOR SALE.—Two 3-year-old Colts for sale.—J. H. Heard, Flesherton. 2t

W. E. Richardson keeps the best Seeds that can be procured.

Mr. Chas. Sargeant is paying highest cash price for wool in connection with Flesherton Woollen Mill. See circulars.

FOR SALE—Or would exchange for stock, one Democrat. Apply to McConnel & Blakely, Butchers, Flesherton.

Mr. F. G. Karstedt, Flesherton's new tinware and stove man, has secured the contract for manufacturing the creamers for Flesherton Station Creamery.

A good straight, level road to the Station and a neat sidewalk to the same point will shortly be considered in a practical manner by Fleshertonians.

Cattle fair on Monday was not as well attended as usual, owing to the fact that the farmers were too busy tilling the soil to leave off work and come out to town.

Wm. Richardson is one of the oldest Seedsman in the County of Grey, and Seeds procured from him have given good satisfaction.

A meeting of the patrons of Flesherton Station Creamery will be held at McInnes Hotel on Saturday, May 12th, to appoint auditors for coming season.

R. H. COOK.

Mr. D. Forsythe, of Uxbridge Township, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. J. Koster, of this place. Notwithstanding his four score years, Mr. Forsyth is a hale, hearty old gentleman.

When you find the weather warm, nothing is more delicious than a dish of Ice Cream, which can be obtained at Miss Hind's residence, just over the Boyne bridge, Flesherton.

Demonstration proves the fact that in Seeds you get the best at W. E. Richardson's, Flesherton.

The Toronto Mail had an article anent Flesherton recently, in which our town is depicted in glowing colors. The writer has a level head and can tell a good thing when he sees it.

It would be a sensible idea to build a sidewalk along Beechel street, also one from the corner opposite Mr. Edw. Whitten's residence to the corner of the same street and Collingwood street.

For Seeds, Carrots, Turnips and all kinds of Field & Garden Seeds go to Richardson's Drug Store.

LIME BURNER WANTED—to burn lime in the kiln at Little Falls Saw Mill. 100 cords slab wood now on hand and plenty of limestone convenient. House and garden land convenient.—W. HOGG

Quite a number of trees were planted on our beautiful Public school grounds on Arbor Day. Principal Irwin, assisted by many pupils, also by Mr. Wm. Neil, worked hard in connection therewith and accomplished much. A number of citizens have mutually agreed to plant trees in front of their respective properties some day this week.

A certain youth has been in the habit of calling at various business places in Flesherton, selecting some article, and instructing those who have waited on him to put it to one side until called for. As a matter of fact he usually calls a second time, but not for the article selected. He makes some excuse and selects a fresh article with the usual instructions to "keep it for him," &c. The youth in question has been spotted and will strike a snag the next time he repeats his performance. It is for the good of his health that we publish this item.

If you want a thorough Outfit of Fishing Tackle go to W. E. Richardson.

Don't Do It, Boys.

There is a Township by-law which prohibits ball playing on public streets and highways of Artemesia. Don't forget this fact boys, for it is the intention to enforce the by-law in question in future.

Will Visit England.

In a few weeks Mr Suggitt, of Eugenia—formerly Township Collector of Osprey—will sail for England, where he will spend some time visiting his many old friends there. May he have a pleasant trip and a safe return.

Toronto Township Heard From.

In the matter of prolific stock, the next we hear from is Mr. Jas. Carberry of Toronto Township. A sow belonging to him recently had a litter of 16 pigs and all doing well; also 12 lambs from 6 ewes, and all doing well. One of the ewes had three lambs.

Kansas Letter.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid, of this town, recently received a letter from a friend, who lives in Kansas, from which we propose to take a few extracts next week that will open the eyes of people who have Kansas and other Western States on the brain.

Scott Act Busted.

The Scott Act is dead, and now the next thing will be something else. But none of these things move Booth, the Boss Barber, Flesherton. He leads the procession in the barbering business as usual.

Several Fools Said So.

"Do you know," said a certain individual accosting a member of THE ADVANCE staff the other day, "I believe your boss is nothing but a downright fool, and you can tell him so from me!"

"Yes," replied the member of our staff yawning, "several fools have told me the same thing—especially since the boss wrote that article about supporting home!"

Strain Bros.

The Morning Rustler is the name of a smart little daily paper published in the town of Minot, Dakota, U. S. Nearly half of one page is taken up by Strain Bros., sons of Mr. Wm. Strain, Flesherton to advertise their business. Strain Bros. were formerly in Mr. M. Richardson's store here, where they acquired a thorough knowledge of the merchantile business, and we believe the happy knack of judicious advertising. Long may they flourish!

Farmers, Look out for Swindlers.

From the Shelburne Free Press.

ANOTHER SWINDLE.—An adroit swindler has been working a quiet game by which he has reaped a rich harvest. He circulated among the farmers and bought cattle, for which he paid in checks which were bonafide and were honored by the local banks, where the sharper had money on deposit. But he never called for his cattle. On the contrary, about the time the farmers were looking for him to come after them they received notice that the little receipts they signed when their certified checks were handed them had grown into notes about five times as large as the checks.

Brampton Responsible.

It was really a pitiable sight to see lettie Charlie Ellison being taken to gaol yesterday to enter upon a month's imprisonment, the result of his stealing $41 out of John Jeffers' till last Friday. What a terrible beginning for a young boy. It all comes of idleness and being out late at night. Parents who are allowing their children to stray away from school and run the streets, are making of them the future occupants of our gaols and penitentiaries. It is one of the duties of the Public Schools Trustees to see that children attend school, but they don't attend to it.—Peel Banner.

Got His Finger Taken Off.

On Saturday evening last Mr. Guy Blakely, of the firm of Blakely & McConnell, butchers here, met with rather a bad accident. He was backing his horse and buggy out of Mr. Heard's carriage factory, when in some peculiar manner the little finger of his right hand dropped between the "circle" and another part of the buggy and was completely severed from the hand by the sudden jolting of the vehicle over a plank. We may add that the "circle" is the round piece of metal connected with what is known as the "running gear" of a buggy and is located midway between the two front wheels of that vehicle to facilitate the various movements necessary in passing other vehicles, etc.

A Well Conducted Business.

One of the most noted establishments in the county of Grey is Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton. The manager thereof does not need to blow about his "honesty" or "reliability" because these facts are patent to all. No such splendid work has ever been turned out in this district as that daily done at Russell's. It is suspicious when a jeweller has to hawk his wares around through neighboring villages and sell them by auction to the highest bidders. It shows either that he is trying to force business by questionable means, or that he has an inferior class of goods which he is determined to get rid of at any cost. At Russell's business is carried on quite differently, and, from the constantly increasing patronage, we should judge the people are much better satisfied. People don't care—the better class of them—to deal with traveling jewelry peddlers!

THIS IS FOR YOU.

It Will Pay You to Read Every Word in This Article.

NEW GOODS.—Mr. R. Trimble, general merchant, Flesherton, has pleasure in announcing that his stock of New Spring and Summer Goods is now complete in every department.

NEW DRESS GOODS. A complete range in black and colored Cashmeres, handsome new Combination Dress goods and Plain and Fancy Checks, Nun's Veiling, Jersey Checks, &c.

WASHING FABRICS, Prints and Muslins. Our stock is complete in all the Latest Patterns and Colors.

GREY COTTONS.—2,750 yds. extra heavy Gray Cotton, 36 inches wide, ONLY **5 CENTS** PER YARD!

HOSIERY & SMALL WARES. Our stock is the largest ever shown in town.

GLOVES.—A fine assortment of Ladies and Gents' Gloves.

CORSETS.—Complete stock. Be sure to ask for our Daisy 45c. Corset.

JERSEYS, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery, Lace Curtains, Waterproofs, Buttons, Frillings and Laces. A full range.

HATS, HATS, HATS.—The largest and best assorted stock of Ladies, Gents Boys and Girls Hats in town.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.—This department is complete in all the noobiest Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties.

CLOTHING.—560 men and boys wanted at the leading clothing house.

BOOTS & SHOES. Our stock of Ladies and Gents Boots and Shoes is exceedingly large.

GROCERIES.—Another large stock of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at 25c. lb., 50 boxes No. 1 Layer Raisins at $1.50 per box.

PROVISIONS.—Just received 1 case Long Clear Bacon, 1500 lbs. sound Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Dried Apples, White Beans.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.—Timothy Red Clover, Alsike, Garden Seeds, Turnip Seeds, Flax, Vetches.

BUTTER, EGGS, and Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of Neil Kennedy, deceased.

PURSUANT to Provisions of the revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 110. Notice is hereby given that all creditors and other persons having any claims or demands against the Estate of Neil Kennedy, late of the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, school teacher, deceased, who died on or about the 15th day of January, A.D., 1888, are hereby required on or before the 15th day of [illegible] to send by post prepaid to Frederick Scott, of the said Township of Artemesia, Farmer, P.O., the administrator of the estate of the said deceased. Their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the said time the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which he then have notice, and that he will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim he shall not have had notice.

MASSON & MASSON,
Solicitors for the said Administrator, Kennedy.

Dated at Owen Sound this 1st day of May.

Judicial Sale!

O'BRIEN v O'BRIEN.

PURSUANT to the Judgment in this action there will be sold in one parcel with the approbation of the Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario at Owen Sound, ABRAHAM S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, at Shaws Hotel, in the Village of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, on

Saturday, 2nd day of June, 1888,

at 10 o'clock a.m. The following property: Lots numbers 125 and 126 in the 2nd Concession North-East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey containing one hundred acres, more or less. There are about twenty acres cleared and under cultivation. The property is distant from the Villages of Markdale and Flesherton about [illegible] miles and the roads leading thereto are good country roads. The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid fixed by the said Master. TERMS OF SALE: Lot 125 is patented and will be sold clear of all incumbrances. Lot 126 is unpatented with a balance of about $40.80 due to the Crown. 10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Vendor's Solicitors at the time of sale, and the balance within thirty days thereafter without interest. The other terms and conditions of sale may be ascertained on application to the Vendor's Solicitors or will be announced at the sale.

ALFRED FROST,
Local Master.
CREASOR, MORRISON & SMITH,
Vendor's Solicitors.
Owen Sound.

Dated at Owen Sound, 8th May, 1888.

Auction Sale

OF

Valuable Farm,

In the Township of Glenelg, in the County of Grey.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of Sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Haley to the Vendors which will be produced at the time of sale and on default of the moneys thereby secured there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE OF FLESHERTON, on

Friday, the 11th day of May, 1888,

at 2 o'clock p.m. by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer. The following property, viz.: Lot number 7 in the 7th Concession of the Township of Glenelg containing 104 acres more or less of which about 70 acres are said to be cleared. On the premises are said to be a Frame house, Log barn and Stable.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. at time of sale, the balance terms liberal and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to Auctioneer or to

MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors' Solicitors.

Toronto, April 21st, 1888.

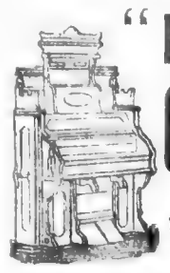

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

He spoke so quietly that Ruby did not guess what intense self-command he had to exercise to answer her at all, and she felt a little vague disappointment. Had he conquered his love for Shirley? she wondered. Was that his reason for making peace with Sir Hugh? Had he forgiven him because his anger had all died away? And yet the grave face was very true and steadfast. Guy Stuart did not look like a man who could love and cease to love at will.

Watching Shirley furtively with his grave gray eyes, Guy Stuart felt more and more as if he were in a dream. It was so strange and unreal to be near her once more and not to be on the old sweet familiar terms. Not a movement of hers, hardly a word she spoke, escaped him; his senses seemed all quickened and intensified, although after their first short greeting they did not exchange a word. He noted the languid calm of her manner, her haughty indifference, so unlike the sweet graciousness of old, and he saw too, with a thrill of pain and pleasure which he could not repress, the change—perceptible only to one who knew her as well as he did—which came over her face and manner when she answered her husband. Moreover, he saw how the pain deepened on Sir Hugh's handsome face.

Shirley herself never remembered how that evening passed; it seemed to her as if Alice's eyes were watching her every movement, exercising a ceaseless espionage over her words and looks, and as if she must bear herself even more proudly than usual under the scrutiny. She knew that she talked, and even sung when they asked her, with a very vague impression of the words she uttered and the song she sung; but she knew also that the old sense of rest and peace and happiness which she had always felt in Guy's presence was coming back to her heart, and that she strove against it in vain. Was it wrong? she wondered; she had suffered so much, she was surely justified in feeling a little happy now! And then she found herself bidding Alice good-night, and she heard her husband's voice, with an unusual tone of hesitation and entreaty, asking Major Stuart if he would go to see them. Shirley's heart beat quickly as she waited for the answer. There was a slight pause—so slight as to be almost imperceptible—and then Guy answered in the affirmative; and Shirley put her small fingers into his for a moment before they were placed upon Lord Eastwell's arm to allow him to lead her to the carriage.

"Stuart seems inclined to be friendly," Sir Hugh said, when he and Shirley were driving away in their luxurious well appointed carriage, speaking with an indifference which was assumed in vain for his purpose. "I wonder if he will come to see us? He said he would."

"He generally keeps his word," Shirley answered, with her usual icy indifference.

"I hope not always. I remember, last time we met, he was going to——" A slight movement which Shirley made silenced him for a moment; then he went on lightly, "I suppose he thinks I did not do him such a terrible injury as he thought at the time. He need not envy me my wife!"

"No," Shirley answered, with sudden bitterness, looking steadily out at the lighted streets as they drove on.

"Or perhaps he has a wife of his own, and she has taught him to be charitable," said Sir Hugh, rather unsteadily. What would he not have given to rouse Shirley into anything like resentment, into a betrayal of feeling or passion

"Perhaps," assented Shirley relapsing into her usual indifference.

"I wish him joy!" said her husband bitterly; and they were silent for the rest of the way.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Major Stuart is in the drawing-room, my lady."

"Very well, Cobbett. Ask Major Stuart to wait for me one minute

"Yes, my lady."

The powdered footman who had made the announcement disappeared, and Lady Glynn put aside the book she had been reading as she rose to go down to her visitor.

She was dressed, as usual, in perfect taste, and there was no sign of perturbation in her manner as she went down-stairs to receive the man who, but for an untoward fate, would have been her husband; but Guy knew her face too well not to see what intense pain and pleasure this, her first interview alone with him, gave her.

He was standing by the window of the drawing-room when she entered, and she was close beside him before he heard her; then, with a start, he turned and saw her standing, slim and graceful, in her dark velvet dress with soft old laces at throat and wrists.

She held out her hand to him in silence, and equally in silence he took it for a moment in his strong clasp; as he released it, it fell heavily at her side. Then she said very softly, but in a voice which was like music, it was so wondrously sweet and melodious—

"I am very glad to see you. It was very good of you to come."

"You thought I would come?" he said, with a kindly smile. "I am fortunate in finding you at home."

"I am generally home from three to five. One cannot be always on the treadmill you know."

"On the treadmill!" he repeated, looking at her with a quick questioning glance.

"Yes, the round of fashion," she answered nervously, linking her white fingers together with a gesture of pain. "I don't think the treadmill can be much worse."

"I suppose it is wearisome and monotonous at times; but the season is not a very long one, you know."

"Not a very long one?" she questioned, with a little sigh.

"No, certainly not. And every position has its duties," he answered, with gentle gravity.

"You left yours to take care of themselves for a long time," she said suddenly, looking at him, as they stood at the window facing each other, with quick reproach and pain.

Major Stuart's face changed slightly. It had been grave and quiet before; it grew graver and quieter now, and there was an added pain about the lips under his dark moustache which Lady Glynn caught.

"Forgive me," Shirley said softly. "I ought not to have said that. Will you not sit down?"

She moved away from him as she spoke, with an uncertain restless movement very unlike her usual languid grace. His eyes, full of wistful pain, followed her, and the thought crossed him whether it had been wise to come.

"We have met several times," she said, in a low ill-assured tone, "since that first evening, but I have never had an opportunity of thanking you for your goodness then. Will you let me do so now?"

"You will not do so, unless you wish to pain me terribly," he answered hurriedly. "Even if I had not given a promise to my uncle, do you think so meanly of me as to believe that I had kept malice in my heart for four long years, Shirley?"

The color rose slowly and painfully in her face, and her eyes fell before his.

"You promised your uncle?" she said, rallying a little. "When?"

"On his death bed."

"He died—when?"

"He died three days after I left you in Scotland."

He spoke with evident effort, but with perfect calm, although under his bronze the pallor deepened to ghastliness.

"And you could forgive even then?" she said, lifting her eyes to his with a swift reproach.

"Even then," he replied gently. "It was hardly more bitter pain then, Shirley, than it is now. It was not easy for me to forgive," he added earnestly—"not easy—ah, no!"

"It is easier now?" she said quickly. "You can see the wrong is not so great as it seemed then? No—oh, no, do not go—do not leave me, and in anger! I will not vex you again."

"You do not vex me—you pain me unutterably," he said; and his voice was a little strained, for all its gentleness.

"Do I? Then I will not. Tell me of yourself. You were so long a time a wanderer that you must have brought home many a story and narrative."

"Nothing likely to interest you much," he said quietly. "I am not a good *raconteur*, you know."

"You used not to be," she answered; and there was a little embarrassed pause, during which the thoughts of both wandered back to the past, the old sweet, bitter past which lay cold and dead between them now. "Ruby tells me that you often go to them," she said presently.

"Yes, they are very good in wishing to have me, and it gives me great pleasure."

"Oswald is greatly improved?"

"Yes. He is a young man to have the responsibility of a wife and family," said Guy, smiling. "But he is very happy. In his case at least Shakspeare is proved in the wrong when he said a young man married is a young man marred."

"I suppose there are exceptions to every rule," rejoined Shirley. "They are happy enough."

"Yes; there is my beau-ideal of what a home should be," Guy said; then, very gently and gravely, bending forward a little toward her as she sat, her rich velvet dress falling around her, her little jewelled hands lying idly in her lap, he added. "Why is not yours a happy home, Shirley?"

"Mine," she exclaimed in agitated tones—"mine! How can it be?"

"Why should it not be?"

"Can you ask?" she said, with passionate reproach flashing into her lustrous eyes.

"Yes, I ask you," he answered in the same gentle manner. "I am an old friend, and you must give me a friend's privileges. Why are you not happy in your home, Shirley."

"How can I be happy? How could I be happy—trapped, betrayed as I was into a marriage in which there is neither love nor respect?" she asked passionately. "Are you forgetting what is past, Guy? Are you——"

"I am forgetting nothing," he said gently still. "Is it likely that I should? But your husband loves you, and——"

"Loves me!" she echoed wildly. "I prefer hate to such love as that!"

"Hush—oh, hush, my child!" Guy cried earnestly. "It breaks my heart to hear you speak so bitterly. Dear, is it possible that during all this time you have not forgiven your husband and the wrong he did you in the past, that you have cherished anger and hatred and malice in your heart against him?"

"I have not forgiven him," she said passionately—"I never will forgive him! He has no right to expect it. How can I forgive him?" she went on, rising and restlessly clasping and unclasping her little hands. "When I think—oh, when I think, I feel as if I must go mad with the recollection of my wrongs! Can you guess what my life has been," she asked turning to Guy, who had risen also, with a look of intense pain on his grave face, "forced me to live in outward concord with a man whom I despise and detest and abhor, forced to bear his touch, his caress, his kiss? It has been horrible beyond all words—beyond all description. Oh, Guy, let me tell you! All these years I have borne my sorrow in silence because there was no one whom I could trust, whom I could speak to, and it seemed sometimes as if my heart must burst with its load of anguish."

"Shirley," he said brokenly, his face white as death, his hands trembling at the passion and desolation of her manner, "I cannot hear you; it is not right."

"Ah, let me tell you!" she entreated, looking up at him with earnest child-like trust. "I do not often give way thus; but it will be such comfort to tell you! Sometimes it has seemed as if my brain must burst, my temples throb so, and I am obliged to smile and go into Society not to let people guess. Oh, if I were not so strong that I might die! Or, if I could kill him—if I could kill him!"

"Shirley!"

The gentle pained voice, the touch of his hand upon her hot trembling fingers, the expression of the dark gray eyes which looked at her with such sorrow and pain, brought tears, and she bowed her head upon her hands, weeping passionately and unrestrainedly; and he did not try to stop the bitter tears—they could not fail to ease the overcharged heart and throbbing brain. But how hard—how terribly hard—it was then to keep his promise to his uncle only Guy Stuart knew. He paced up and down the beautiful room, not daring to trust himself to look at the bowed drooping figure, trying to shut his ears to the broken heart-rending sobs—but in vain. His hands were clinched until the nails almost entered the flesh, and he ground his teeth together in a fury to which no words could have given vent.

He loved her so madly, he pitied her with such an intense pity, he longed with such a heartfelt longing to be able to console and comfort her! Were there no means by which he could deliver her from this bondage? Was there no road which led to peace at least, if not to happiness? And, look which way he might, he could distinguish none save through the paths of sin and crime and dishonor. And must such paths be trodden? Did he love her well enough, or did he love her too well for that?

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Did you ever see anything more lovely?" asked Lucie Grey softly, as her gray eyes—such frank kindly gray eyes they were, inspiring trust and confidence—eyes that were fitting windows to the gentle and honest soul which made the Vicar of Easton's eldest daughter so justly beloved in his parish—strayed over the lovely landscape lying before her, which the sun was flooding with a rich golden light and haze that gave it yet more wondrous beauty than Nature had already bestowed upon it.

The Vicar's three daughters had been spending a luxurious half holiday on the cliffs, and had enjoyed it to the uttermost. It was not often that their busy lives gave them leisure for dreaming away a few hours among the rocks, for Mr. Grey's living was not a very remunerative one, and his family was large, so that Lucie and Ada, and even bright little Bessie, his third daughter, although she was not yet sixteen, found plenty to do in assisting their delicate mother in her household labors; teaching the little ones, helping their father in his parish work, mothers' meetings and district visiting, coal, blanket, and clothing clubs, penny-readings and Sunday-school teaching being a few of their multifarious duties.

Perhaps it was its rarity which always made a holiday seem such a thoroughly enjoyable day to these girls. Any one coming upon them as they lingered upon the rocks would have seen a picture of perfect and innocent enjoyment.

Lucie had been sketching; but she had put aside her drawing materials now, and was letting her eyes rest with delight on the scene before her—the calm smiling sea with the golden haze upon it, the blue sky overhead, the coast—such a coast as only a Devon or Cornwall can boast—stretching far on either side in abrupt outlines and undulations, and the quaint little town of Easton itself, lying in the hollow formed, as it were, by a break in the long lines of cliff which had left a chasm. Behind them the cliffs rose rugged and bold, and far and wide the coast stretched in points and headlands and bays and crescents, with here and there a space far down on the cliff-side which had been cleared for building, or where some wealthy person had erected a charming summer residence in sight of the sea and shore.

Easton itself, with its one long, quaint, irregular street, ran in a scattered manner down to the very beach itself, the sea almost washing the bases of some of the houses. The harbor was a small but picturesque one, and it gave refuge to the fisher boats by which the fishing population obtained their living from the deep waters. The Grey girls loved the quaint little town dearly; they had not time to feel its dulness and monotony; and the deep love of nature which they had imbibed from their father made the scenery around some of the fairest in England—a constant delight to them.

Their pleasure in it now was as great as if their eyes had never dwelt on it before. Lucie contemplated it with a feeling of delight mixed with despair at her inability to reproduce such beauty. Ada, stretched beside her, with her head on her sister's lap, looked at it dreamily, letting its loveliness soothe her with a sense of peace and rest; and Bessie stood behind, pausing in her occupation of preparing tea, at Lucie's earnestly spoken question, to let her glance rest upon it too.

"Do you think it looks more lovely than usual, Lulu?" she asked saucily, after a minute's silent admiration.

"It always has a fresh loveliness for me," Lucie answered, smiling. "And I believe you enjoy it just as much as Ada or myself."

"Of course I think it jollier living at Easton than in a poky old town," Bessie said jauntily. "But I don't go in for artistic tastes like you and Ada. For instance, the prospect of 'bliss' is a much pleasanter one to me than that prospect," she added merrily, jerking her chin toward the golden-shadowed sea.

"'Bliss'!" said Ada, sitting eagerly and looking round Lucie's camp stool toward her younger sister's preparations for tea. "Do you mean to say that we are to have 'bliss' for tea?"

Bessie nodded emphatically.

"I do," she said.

"My eternal gratitude is yours," Ada rejoined, with a sigh of content, for the delicacy, composed of clotted cream and jam and cake, which Bessie in her childish days had called "bliss," because it was better than happiness, was a favorite dish of hers.

"What a blissful sight!" remarked Bessie demurely, intent upon trying to induce the little kettle upon the spirit-lamp to stand on its somewhat unsteady base.

"Bessie"—Ada sat up again, and looked at her sister with solemnly reproving eyes "did I hear aright, or did my ears deceive me?"

"It was a very bad pun, Ada," said Lucie merrily, "so we will ignore it."

"There is one thing certain," Ada declared, settling herself comfortably once more—"if Dr. Johnson were still in existence and had chanced to pass this way, Mr. Easton's third daughter would not be alive at this present moment."

"Thank goodness, he is *non est*," laughed Bessie. "We get enough of him in the dictionary. Hurrah! It is boiling at last! Ada, the supreme moment is approaching!"

"Something or some one else is approaching too," Ada said, laughing. "What a bore! Who can it be? Look, Lucie—you are not near sighted as I am."

Lucie turned her head and looked for a moment steadily at a solitary figure coming toward them across the beach, for the girls had encamped in the shadow of the cliff among some bowlders of rock which were a favorite resort. The sunshine did not touch the strip of shingle over which the solitary graceful woman's figure was advancing, and to Lucie's gentle eyes it seemed a very desolate and lonely one.

"I think it must be one of the grandees who have taken the 'Pack of Cards' for the summer months," said Bessie, looking also. "What a nuisance! I dislike languid fine ladies above all things"

"Having had so much experience," Ada put in slyly.

"I've read of them," said Bessie contemptously—"fainting if they cut their fingers, and going into hysterics if they see a spider! Even mother said Lady Eastwell was horrid."

"I don't think our mother said that, Bessie," opposed Lucie gently, not removing her eyes from the slowly advancing figure, which she was watching with an intent gaze.

"Well, I am sure she did not like her manner," amended Bessie carelessly, "nor Mrs. Beaudesert."

"This is neither Mrs. Beaudesert nor Lady Eastwell," said Lucie, a little tender pitying tone coming into her voice. "I think it is Lady Glynn."

"Lady Glynn!" Ada started up eagerly. "Is it, do you think? I do not think she is strong enough to walk so far. You know it was partly for her health they came down here."

"It is she nevertheless," said Lucie, quietly; and, as the slim graceful figure came nearer with its slow languid step, Miss Grey went forward to meet it, forgetting entirely that Lady Glynn was one of the "great ladies" who had come to enjoy the Easton sea breezes, in her tender pity for the pallor and weariness of the lovely face which she had seen once or twice at church and once in the Vicarage drawing-room, when Shirley had come on foot in her simple cambric dress, too delicately minded to exhibit her wealth before the poor clergyman's family, to call on the vicar's wife.

Shirley's face brightened suddenly and swiftly as her eyes met Lucie's; she had liked what little she had seen of the Greys so much that it gave her unfeigned pleasure to meet the girls

"Have you not walked a little too far, Lady Glynn?" Lucie said gently. "It was not very prudent."

"The air was so pleasant and the afternoon so lovely that they tempted me," returned Shirley, smiling. "Besides, your fresh sea-breezes have done me a world of good, Miss Grey. But I fear," she added, with a glance at Bessie's preparations, "that I am intruding upon you"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Ada said quickly, coming forward shyly. "We shall be so glad! We are going to have tea, and——"

"Tea here? What a delightful idea!" said Shirley, as she held out her hand to Bessie, who stood a little apart, shy and blushing. "This is another of your sisters, Miss Grey? What lucky girls you are! I never had a sister."

"This is Bessie," said Lucie

"I have seen her at church marshaling a demure little party of school children," Shirley remarked, smiling. "Miss Bessie, I am very tired and thirsty. Will you bestow a cup of your tea on me?"

And then she sat down on one of the bowlders watching with gentle smiling eyes Bessie's primitive arrangements and looking so lovely in her delicate gray dress that Bessie declared afterward that she could have devoured her, "hat, dress, French boots, and all."

It was a pleasant little tea-party under the shadow of the cliff, with the sea glittering in the distance, for the tide was low and the sun wrapping it in a golden haze. The tea-pot was a black one, and its lid was minus a handle, and the cups were nursery mugs with grotesque pictures and rhymes upon them, and the bowlders did not make very comfortable seats; but the tea itself was strong and fragrant, the clotted cream an excellent substitute for milk, and Lady Glynn crowned Bessie's satisfaction by declaring that "bliss" was delicious and well merited the name she had given it. Then, when tea was over, it was quaint and pretty to see Bessie's pink fingers dipping the mugs into the little pools of sea water which the receding tide had left between the bowlders, and to hear her merry laughter echoing in the quiet solitude of the rocks and cliffs; and Shirley, sitting on one great flat bowlder, leaned her pretty head against a larger one, which served as a support, and felt the calm of the place and hour stealing over her.

The vicar's daughters were very pleasant companions; they were well read, and, although their education had been conducted on rather orthodox principles, it had been far more thorough than one obtained during a long sojourn at a fashionable boarding school. They were moreover thoroughly unaffected, and Shirley had had too few acquaintances in her brilliant fashionable career not to appreciate these new ones very highly, and to find much pleasure in their pleasant kindly chit-chat.

Before long even Bessie had entirely forgotten that Shirley was a great lady far above them in rank and position; she looked so sweet and gentle, and was so pleasant and thoughtful, and so interested in their home duties and occupations, and entered so thoroughly into Lucie's wish to travel and see lovely scenery and Ada's desire for change and variety, that they soon felt at home with her.

"You could hardly have lovelier scenery than this," she told them, gazing over the sea with a dreamy far-away look in her beautiful sad eyes. "I often think it is a pity to rush abroad when there is so much beauty at home."

"You have been a great deal abroad, Lady Glynn?"

"Yes, all my girlhood was spent abroad," see answered, in the low voice, with its pathetic little thrill, which Lucie thought so sweet. "I have a very sorrowful memory connected with the first night I spent in England. My dear mother died just at daybreak."

Lucie and Ada looked at her sympathetically and Lucie's mouth trembled a little What should they do if their mother were taken?

"Indeed almost all my happy memories are connected with sunny France," she went on, with a little wistful smile; "and it will always be the dearest country in the world to me."

"Do you know Scotland, Lady Glynn?"

"I have been there."

"The Highlands are lovely, are they not?" said Ada, not seeing the yearning pain which deepened in the sweet eyes.

"Yes."

"Do you like Scotland, Lady Glynn?"

"No."

The tone was very calm and quiet; but something indefinable, yet which all three girls felt, prevented any further questioning, and there was a little silence.

The evening was drawing on; but the season was summer in all its beauty and warmth, so that there was no chilliness in the air to cause any discomfort. Lucie however gently forced Shirley to submit to be wrapped in a soft scarlet knitted shawl which they had brought, and Lady Glynn smiled and thanked her softly; and when Lucie sat down by her side, she took the girl's hand and held it between her little fingers—such frail, slender, almost shadowy fingers they seemed as Lucy's firm hand closed over them caressingly

"We want only some music to make this perfect," Shirley said softly.

"Ada will sing us something," responded Lucie, smiling. "She is our nightingale, Lady Glynn. I should like you to hear her."

"I should like to hear her very much," Shirley said, in her pleasant kindly tones. "Please give me that pleasure, Miss Ada."

Ada flushed a little at the thought of singing before so critical an auditor as Lady Glynn would probably be; but she said, smiling, that the little she could do was not worth asking for twice, and she began to sing in a voice clear and sweet as a silver bell, and so true that its lack of cultivation was not noticeable. The rich notes rose, sounding clearly in the soft summer twilight, and reaching the ears of a tall man in a tweed travelling suit, who was coming swiftly and lightly down the cliff path, and who paused to listen, looking far away out at sea, as he stood midway between the sea and cliff brow, in a position which appeared perilous enough.

(To be continued)

The Farmers' Inglenook.

An excellent mode of supplying supports for growing pea vines is to have two or three strands of cord running along the rows. It is cheaper than lath or pea sticks and can be more easily removed after pea harvest is ready.

The bright spring days will cause the young pigs to grow rapidly. Turn them on grass as soon as they are 10 weeks old, but gradually at first, or they may have the scours. It will cost but very little to raise a few pigs if they be given the privilege of a small grass plot and fed twice a day.

Plant beet, carrot and parsnip seed early, so as not only to get ahead of the grass, but to give plenty of time growth. The most important matter with such crops is to have a fine, rich, clean seed bed, and to use plenty of seed. The seed is slow in germinating, and often fails to sprout at all.

If a hen be properly fed she will continue to lay without desiring to incubate. She should not be allowed to become fat. The supposition that a hen lays a certain number of eggs, or a "clutch," or "litter," as it is sometimes called, is erroneous. If properly fed a hen will continue to lay until the period shall have arrived for her to molt.

When stock is turned on the pasture, and there left all day, the water supply must be looked after. A milch cow must have plenty of water. She cannot wait until she is driven up at night. The water is a necessary constituent of the milk, and she must have it during the time the milk is being manufactured If deprived of water during the warm days her supply of milk will fall off.

Fashion's Ways

Young ladies now wear their short cloth jackets unbottoned in the street on fine days, and have a single fresh flower thrust through a buttonhole of the front.

Narrow colored ribbons, with picot edges, are sewn flat, in rows, upon the figured challies now so much worn Narrow moire ribbons are used in the same manner to trim plain cashmeres

Nearly the most popular hat of the season is the turban, which is made of a big flat piece of straw that looks like pancake. It is plaited and drawn over a soft crown and encircled with a puff or roll velvet or silk. Loops are set high in front and a cluster of flowers is frequently added.

It is becoming more and more the custom for ladies to wear a very thin light-colored face veil to the theatre at night. By this means the front hair is kept in place, and the fair dame or damsel need have no anxiety about the adjustment of her "bangs" or crimps after she leaves her looking-glass.

A pretty dress for a boy of 4 is made of fine dark blue serge. The skirt is kilted, and half a dozen rows of white wool braiding card run straight around the bottom. There is a loose blouse waist of white surah and a little square-cut zouave jacket of the serge, trimmed with rows of braid to match the skirt. A big white cord, with knotted ends, is tied about the belt, and through it is thrust a long-stemmed rosebud or a bunch of daisies. A large leghorn or fine white straw "flat" is worn with this suit. It may be trimmed with a folded blue handkerchief and a twist of the big white cord.

Temperance Notes.

The largest brewery in Kansas was closed April 11th by order of the United States Marshal.

The anniversary of the W. C. T. U. of Tokio, Japan, was held recently, when two or three Japanese ladies gave excellent addresses to an audience of one thousand. An appeal was made for money with which to carry on the work, and it is stated that in a few minutes $200 was raised.

It is wonderful how the globe is being belted by the white ribbon. The World's W. C. T. U. was organized only four years ago, and already twenty-one different nations have joined this federation.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, Auckland, N.Z., founded by Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, the round-the-world missionary of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, is in a flourishing condition. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mrs. Leavitt's work, which has been arduous in a very great degree, and wherever she has been the results have shown something solid to have been left behind. In every town where this good lady established a work it has prospered and grown.

Enough.

I will not ask my neighbor of his creed,
Nor what he deems of doctrine old or new;
Nor what rites his honest soul may need
To worship God—the only wise and true;
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;
Nor with what baptism he has been baptized.

I ask not what temptations have beset
His humane heart, now self-debased and sore;
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;
Nor where was uttered, "Go and sin no more."
Between his soul and God that business lies;
Not mine to cavil, question or despise.

I ask not by which name among the rest
That Christians go by, he is named or known,
Whether his faith has ever been "professed"
Or whether proven by his deeds alone;
So there be Christhood in him all is well;
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung,
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—
Friend of the friendless, poor and desolate—

I find in him discipleship so true,
So full, that nothing further I demand.
He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,
But we are brothers—walk we hand in hand.
In his white life let me the Christhood see;
It is enough for him, enough for me.

Shelter Belts and Screens.

Now that the season for transplanting trees is on it may be well for owners of farms in regions liable to be swept by hard winds to note the advantages of providing shelter for their fields in the form of belts of timber trees. This protection, says the *Country Gentleman*, would be of great use where land has been reduced in value and its crops by stripping it entirely of the original forests. By setting the right kind of trees, valuable timber will be afforded in twenty years; and, by planting the belt two or three yards wide, one-half of the width may be cut at alternate periods, and thus always have a belt growing. We have seen several striking instances where such shelter has proved of great benefit, by increasing the growth of crops, and by preventing their destruction from the sweep of storms. They are also a benefit to the animals which graze such farms, and they would often add greatly to the picturesque appearance of the country. The tornadoes and wild blizzards which have swept many portions of the country the past winter have afforded an eloquent argument in favor of this protection. A few years ago a western town was nearly destroyed by a cyclone, with the exception of the few buildings which were amply protected by a grove of large trees. On these buildings the cyclone made little or no impression. It is well worth while for all towns and cities in regions liable to the sweep of such storms to provide on their windward sides ample belts or groves of dense and rapidly growing timber trees. They might prove worth many times their cost, to say nothing of the protection to human life which they would afford.

Dr. Talmage and His Guests.

A New York despatch says: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, before delivering his sermon yesterday, made the following personal statement: "An infamous falsehood has gone into every city and neighborhood of this country and been discussed by hundreds of newspapers, the report saying that recently entertaining the officers of the 13th Regiment at my house I gave them four kinds of wine. There was not a drop of wine or any kind of intoxicating liquor, the twenty-five gentlemen then present being witnesses. I will give $1,000 reward to any one who will prove that one drop of wine was offered, or will give that amount to any charitable institution that may be named by any respectable clergyman, lawyer or detective, such person being the judge in the whole matter. That which I supposed was told as a joke is being used all over the land to give the impression that temperance men are hypocrites. I respectfully ask that the newspapers which have been misled by the report correct it."

The Hackman's Perplexity.

A cab was called recently to the door of a hotel in Princes street, Edinburgh, at a very late hour. Three gents were helped out of the hotel into the cab, all pretty much the worse of liquor. Boots explained to cabby that the one sitting on the front seat was to be set down at No. so and so in such and such a street; the one on the off side on the other seat was to be set down in another street, and the third was to be set down at another given address. Away the cabby drove, but in a short time the hotel bell was rung again, and on Boots opening the door he discovered the same cabman standing in a state of great perplexity. "These three gents," he explained, "you gave me have all tumbled down in the bottom of the cab and got mixed and I want you to come out and put a ticket on them for me."

Southern Strawberries.

The strawberry shipping season is now in full activity in Florida; probably 800 bushels left Lawley station, Bradford County, last week for various northern cities. We had frosts as late as March 24th, which destroyed a good deal of bloom, and the yield has been much reduced besides by the rust, a disease whose causes are not yet well understood. The diminished yield and the increasing warmth in the North have given an upward tendency to prices: 45c to 55c a quart is our last quotation from Philadelphia, and 50c to 60c from New York. Two weeks ago 30c was about the average price. Your correspondent shipped his first bushel of early Ohio potatoes this season, April 4th. Orange trees have not bloomed yet in this section of the State, and it is believed that we are to have an "off year." So many late frosts also reduced the amount of bloom on the pear and peach trees, although enough were left to produce an average crop. Peento peaches are now about as large as hulled walnuts.

A Shipwreck Likely.

Goslin—"Yes, Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe."

Miss Smith (innocently)—"Indeed. What on?"

Goslin (embarrassed)—"Well, er—to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, it's on borrowed money."

A little boy named Hammer, living in Bellaire, O., ate twelve hard boiled eggs on Easter Sunday, and a few days ago he was buried. Jim Jordan, a young darkey in John H. Keith's employ, at Griffin, Ga., ate twenty-four bananas at a sitting last week, but so far as heard from is still alive.

PUMPING A LAKE DRY.

How a Scotchman is Reclaiming a Vast Area of Submerged Land in Egypt.

Mr. Grant went on to say that he was going back to Egypt to finish the reclamation of Lake Abukir.

"What, Lake Abukir? That lies to the northeast of the Mahmudieh Canal, of which we heard so much during the year 1883?"

"That is the lake. It lies on one side of the railway and canal; Lake Mareotis lies on the other."

"Just so. Every one remembers it from the maps published during the time when our ironclad train was skirmishing in front of Arabi's lines before Alexandria. But what are you going to do to the lake?"

"Pump it into the sea!"

"Whew—that is a large order! Why, it is miles and miles across."

"Thirty-one thousand acres in exact figures. But we are pumping it dry. We began on March 8th with a pair of Gwynne's pumps, and at the rate they are going at it they will empty the lake in a month. Just think! These pumps lift 460 tons of water 6 feet 8 inches high every minute. We burn 6 cwt. of coal per hour, so that we lift out of the lake into the sea nearly 90,000 tons of water for every ton of coal we burn. In twenty-four hours we lift over 600,000 tons of water."

"Why are you emptying the lake?"

"Because it ought not to be a lake. If Egypt had been in English hands fifty years ago it would have been dry ground long since. Once it was not a lake, but where the water now stands was found some of the richest soil in Egypt. The land lies below the sea-level, and a great storm nearly 300 years ago swept the salt waters of the Mediterranean over this flat suburban land. Our troops in 1801 made things worse by cutting the embankment. The land became saline and useless. In winter it fills; in summer it dries up. But the salt curses the land, and until it can be got out nothing can be done."

"How can you get the salt out of the land?"

"By putting it in steep. If the lake could be pumped dry when it is full in winter the water would carry off the salt, for water standing in salty land sucks up the salt as if it were a sponge. Instead of being pumped off, it has evaporated, and the salt has been regularly redeposited, with the result that the land has laid barren. Now we expect that after the pumps empty the lake it will only need another drenching to clear off all the saline matter."

"How will you drench it?"

"As soon as the water is off the land we shall canalize and drain the area formerly under water. Then at next high Nile we shall flood it from the Mahmudieh Canal. After allowing it to stand in steep for a few weeks we shall pump it off again, and then we shall have ready for settlement 31,000 acres of the richest soil in Egypt, close to the great city of Alexandria, and capable of bearing a rent of £10 an acre."

"What do you reckon the value of the estate which you have thus created?"

"Last year, before we began work, it was worth nothing. We have spent and shall spend £50,000 on its reclamation. I reckon it will then be worth a clear million sterling. By the terms of my concession the Egyptian Government refrains from levying full land tax for a term of years. Altogether, the enterprise has been a most successful one from every point of view."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

How Snuff is Made.

In the manufacture of snuff in this country the finest Virginia leaf tobacco is used which is considerably modified by carrying the fermentation much further than in tobacco intended for smoking, and is simply ground and sifted.

"In our factory," said a prominent dealer, "we have about sixty mills, resembling large coffee mills. The ground tobacco falls upon an endless band of broad canvas, which conveys it to four sets of mechanical sieves. The snuff which passes through is received upon an endless travelling band, which carries it thence into a close chest. The particles which are too coarse to pass through the sieve are reground. The immense varieties of snuffs are formed by mixing together and grinding tobaccos of different growths, and by varying the nature of the same.

"For the snuff known as Nearco, forty parts of genuine St. Omer, South American, tobacco, forty parts of George and twenty parts of fermented Virginia stalks in powder are used. The whole is ground and sifted. Then two and one-half pounds of rose leaves are mixed with powdered Virginian stalks, and two and one-half pounds of rosewood in fine powder, moistened with salt water, are added. It is then worked up with one pound of cream of tartar, two pounds of salt of tartar and four pounds of table salt. This snuff, which is highly scented, must be preserved in lead and brings $4 per pound. The other brands of snuff manufactured here are Bolongaro, large grained Parish and Scotch snuff, ranging in price from $3 to $10 per pound.—*Mail and Express.*

Rather Eccentric.

A shocking discovery was made the other day at Morland, a village near Penrith. During the night a lady named Miss Jane Leadsome loaded a gun and proceeded to an outhouse. Having rested the gun on a box, she placed herself before it, and pulled the tricker with a stick. The top of her head was blown off. Her body was discovered in the morning lying over a bucket. She was an accomplished, but eccentric, lady, mildly comments the London *Standard.*

Erect and Soldierly.

Fashionable mother—"How superbly James, the footman, carried himself to-day while we were driving. I was quite proud of him." Fashionable daughter—"Yes, Parker says he has a stiff neck." Mother—"I wish he had a stiff neck all the time."—*Epoch.*

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, whose daughter was married the other day in London, sold 7,000 tickets to the wedding at $5 apiece.

Clarence Thompson, a young lad in Findlay, O., found a bird's nest on the railroad bridge, and, on examining it, discovered in place of eggs a silk handkerchief in which three dozen solid gold rings were wrapped up. They were evidently some thief's booty.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Canada Club, of London, will entertain Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General-designate of Canada, at dinner on May 2nd.

Russia is blessed with the highest "protective tariff" of all Europe, and yet labor is starved, the money of the country is worth only 50 per cent. of its face value, and the Czar cannot borrow a penny anywhere, so poor is his credit.

The Chinese colony in Chicago consists of 2,000 souls, of whom only two are women. About 100 of them are merchants, several of whom have fortunes of from $100,000 to $200,000. Four firms, dealing in tea, coffee and Chinese groceries, have an aggregate capital of $500,000.

Pope Leo dines at 1 o'clock, after the Roman fashion. His dinner is always simple, consisting of soup, with macaroni, a course of roast meat, with gravy and fried potatoes or one other vegetable. There is some fruit for dessert, and perhaps a glass of old Bordeaux afterwards. He never eats boiled meat or pork in any form, or cheese.

An English seer—Baxter is his name, we could bet—has discovered that the numerical value of the letters of the name "Boulanger" in Greek is just 666, and prophesies that the melodramatic general is to play a leading part in affairs between this time and the second advent of Christ, which is to occur at 3 o clock in the afternoon of March 5th, 1896.

Of 600 tornadoes of which record has been made in the United States, not more than 75 were east of the Allegheny Mountains. The warm air tempestuously driven up the Mississippi Valley is caught by the polar winds and driven in gyratory tornadoes across the prairies. The Appalachian range serves on the Atlantic slope as a barrier against storms of that sort.

There is an alarming scarcity of water in many of the large towns of Great Britain, and Liverpool and Manchester are threatened with a water famine. In view of this state of things it is proposed to bring sea water in pipes from the coast to the inland towns, the sea water to be used for baths, closets, watering streets, flushing sewers and extinguishing fires. The scheme meets with much favor.

Thomas Nast told a San Francisco reporter that when he was in Bismarck, D.T., it was so cold he could not give his illustrated lecture, for the paints froze stiff, and the spectators were in a fair way to do the same. In Tacoma the manager of the Alpha Hall wouldn't permit Mr. Nast to lecture because there was an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company in town, and the manager didn't think two performances at a time were just the thing.

The great panorama, "Niagara in London," has proved an immense success in the British metropolis. The enterprising proprietors, six of whom, it is said, planked down £5,000 each to carry out Mr. John Hollingshead's experiment, are beginning to find themselves recouped. They are certainly so far encouraged that Paris and Berlin are also to have their "Niagara." Mr. Philip Porteaux has been engaged at stupendous fees to paint duplicates for these two cities. What has added to its popularity is the recent visit of Mr. Gladstone.

For the first time in the world's history a Mr. Confucius has within the last few days arrived in London. Just 2,419 years ago the wife of "the ancient teacher, the illustrious and accomplished, the all-complete and perfect sage," presented him with a son and heir. In recognition of this auspicious event, the reigning duke sent the sage a present of a brace of carp, and, to mark his sense of the favor thus shown him, he named the infant Li—*i.e.*, "carp." The gentleman who has now arrived in London is of the 71st generation in direct male descent from Mr. "Carp" Confucius, and he furnishes an illustrious instance of hereditary genius. He is a member of the Hanlin College, admission to which is granted only to a small proportion of those scholars who pass the highest competitive examination in the Empire.

Again Those Busy Hens.

A short time ago the conundrum was asked in print if a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days? The Rev. Mrs. Crossley submitted the conundrum to a young lad in Long Ridge, Stamford, and he sends her the following answer:

Dear Mrs. Crossley,—I have not seen you in a day and a half, but I have got the answer to that puzzle and a half about the hen and a half that layed the egg and a half in a day and a half. I have really earned a dollar and a half, for I have worn out a pencil and a half, and covered a slate and a half to get the answer, which is thirty-one and one-half eggs. If you own that hen and a half that layed the egg and a half in a day and a half, do in my behalf kill her and send me half.

It is now six and a half and I have got an hour and a half to finish this side and a half about the hen and a half that layed the egg and a half in a day and a half.

It seems very queer to me that a lady who had taught school before the war cannot get the answer to such a simple puzzle. If you have any more of the same sort send them along (if this is right).

From one of your Long Ridge Sunday school scholars.—*Danbury News.*

Ordering a Meal.

Young man (in a loud tone of voice)—Aw—waiter, have you quail on toast?

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Young man (in a low tone of voice)—Bring me some of the toast.—*Life.*

Henry Reeves, the Niagara Falls crook, has been sentenced to three years in Kingston Penitentiary.

A subscription of more than $1,200 has been raised in Boston for the plucky Nebraska school-ma'am who buffeted the blizzard with her pupils tied to a string.

It is proverbial that country doctors have a hard time to make both ends meet, but their lot would be much harder if all men were like an old resident of Fallassburg, Mich., named Foster. Just after his 82nd birthday, which occurred recently, Mr. Foster was taken with a slight illness, and it became necessary to call in a physician, the first that has visited him professionally during his long life.

ANIMALS HAVE LANGUAGE.

Monkeys Called Together in Convention and Addressed by a Long-Tailed Patriarch.

The intellectual superiority of civilized man over his savage brethren is due to the greater multiplicity of his objects of thought, says the *Gentlemen's Magazine*; and precisely so is it with the intellectual superiority of the savage man over his simian ancestors. The actions of all have the same aim, viz., the supplying of the wants of physical nature and the gratifying of the desires aroused in the mind. The old theory that speech was altogether limited to the human race has now to be given up once and for all, for such a statement cannot stand against the scientific evidence brought forward to oppose it from all quarters.

Language is but a product of reflection and experience, and originated, in all probability, in interjection or the instinctive expression of the subjective impressions derived from external nature; and just as the reflective powers of the race were developed and shown more brilliantly as each stage in the evolutionary march of intellect was passed, so did language pass from the simple monosyllabic cries of the lower animals and savage men to the complex dialects of modern civilization; and it is worthy of note that at the present day, or at least very recently, there were races of savage men inhabiting the earth who possessed no proper language at all, and could not, on account of their manner of living, be placed on a higher intellectual level than the higher apes; while we have the authority of the leading philologists of the day in support of the fact that the monosyllabic cries of some of the lower human tribes are well within the grasp of the ape's voice.

Travellers whose veracity and ability cannot be impugned have described long conferences held by monkeys, where one individual addressed the assembly at great length, fixing the attention of all upon himself and quelling every disturbance by a loud and harsh cry, which was at once recognized and obeyed by the multitude, and we need no traveller to point out to us the many notes of call and recognition possessed by birds of all kinds, who thoroughly understand each other's expressions, and, moreover, are able to produce quite a string of different notes consecutively and without any hesitation. In fact, the organ of voice in some of the lower animals far exceeds in power that of some tribes of the human family.

The Euphonia musica of the East Indies can perform the seven notes in the scale; the chaffinch not only sings real songs, but invents them, one of his songs containing as many as five long strophes, while the songs of many savage races of men never run to half that length, and when Cook visited the Fiji archipelago the native women could only sing from la to mi. Asia appears to have been the birthplace of stringed instruments, no southern tribes ever having been discovered using such musical appliances. We see, therefore, a gradual improvement taking place in vocal apparatus as we rise in the animal scale, which results in speech and song, and, indirectly, in instrumental music of various degrees; and we find fresh proof that there is as wide a difference between the development of civilized European and the savage man as between that of the savage man and his brute ancestry.

Alligators as Millinery.

We have seen birds, frogs, kittens, rabbits and puppies heads, to say nothing of all the flowers there are, all the kinds of feathers ever worn by any kind of bird, and fruits as well as grain and grass, and all the vegetables, from tiny cucumbers to carrots and cabbages, so that now it would almost seem as if there were nothing else in the world that could be utilized as a new garniture for hats and bonnets, and yet there is a new style of trimming which has already captured the female heart, and that is baby alligators.

The young alligators which are used for this style of trimming are from six to ten inches long and must be the real thing, stuffed and with bright glass eyes and arranged so as to appear to be crawling up the front trimmings of ribbon bows.—*Schenectady Star.*

Fashion's Taste in Tints.

That was a queer lot of greens and heliotropes that fashion made popular last year; but this year's colors beat 1887 out of sight. The names of a few may give some faint idea of their respective characters. M. Worth announces that the following will be the tints most in vogue: In green we are to have "diseased ghost," "weary watermelon" and "retired cheese." "Spoiled moon" will also be considered very chic. Among the mauves and heliotropes "forgotten lobster" is to be the favorite, although "faded apoplexy" will please many. The rouge to be worn with the new shades should be qualified with a touch of purple.—*Puck.*

A Long Run.

The Durham *Review* says: A son of Robert Haw, of Egremont, went a week or two ago to Port Hope, driving all the way and taking a hound with him. When near Port Hope the dog was missed and a letter sent to his father in Egremont about the dog being lost. The dog arrived in Egremont as soon as the letter, having run 150 miles, the time both ways being about six days.

Pulpit Advertising.

Rev. Mr. Learoyd, in the Bridge Street Church, Belleville, after reading some half dozen notices on Sunday last, said: "Brethren, I think I have read announcements enough. I shall be glad of the time when they will send announcements like these to the papers instead of the pulpit to waste time. That's what newspapers are for."

A Question of Size.

Teacher—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what "obey" means? Apt pupil—Yes, ma'am, I obey my father. Teacher—Yes; that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father. Apt pupil—'Cause he's bigger'n me!

Jack Goodfellow's small brother—Jack, is there any past tense of due? Jack (gloomily)—Yes—dun.

A SIX-YEAR BRIDAL TRIP.

Novel Matrimonial Experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney.

George Sigourney married Miss Imogene Henriques in Buffalo in 1882. Mr. Sigourney is the son of a wealthy Californian, while Miss Henriques' parents, though not poor, were in only comfortable circumstances, and lived in a small town near Buffalo. What led to the attachment I do not know, but it is said it was a case of love at first sight, with a speedy marriage. The cards read after marriage: "Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney. At home Thursdays, in Sacramento, California, beginning May 10th, in the year 1888." From 1882 to 1888 is a long time to catch them "at home," but they have been upon one perpetual bridal trip for six years, arriving in New York last Monday.

Five days after their marriage they were on the high seas, bound for England. They had plenty of money, and planned a six years' trip with [illegible] and pretty wife. When they [illegible] London both wrote home to their [illegible]s that they would not be back for six [illegible] and Mr Sigourney made arrangements with his banker to forward their mail wherever they might be. After going through England, Ireland and Scotland they fairly covered every point of interest in France, Germany, Italy, Prussia, Austria and Russia. They visited Greece, Denmark, Rome, Turkey, China, Japan, sailed along the Nile, visited the Canary Islands, Borneo, New Guinea, Persia, and spent a year in travelling through Asia.

They went to Australia, and from there to Africa, and thence over to South America. Commencing at Patagonia, they travelled north, visiting all the principal places in Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, Argentine Republic and the other countries of South America, and re-crossing the Pacific Ocean again took up their journey to England by another route. While abroad Mrs. Sigourney became the mother of twin boys and two girls. The twins were born at St. Petersburg, Russia, one of the girls in China and the last child in Brazil. * * * Bismarck told them there was only one place in America he would like to see, and that was Niagara Falls. Mr. Sigourney told me it was impossible to even estimate the number of miles he had travelled. When I asked him how much it had cost him he said: "Somewhere in the neighborhood of $75,000," as unconcerned as if it had been 75 cents. When he married his wife, in 1882, she weighed but 102 pounds; now she weighs 165. Both are darkly bronzed in face from their long journeyings in hot countries abroad, but are healthy, and, as Mrs. Sigourney said archly: "We ran up to Albany this week to see your capitol, leaving the babies at our hotel in New York in care of a Russian nurse, who manages the twins, while the Brazilian nurse looks after the girl born in her country and the girl born in China." On Saturday they left for their home in Sacramento, taking with them the aged father and mother of Mrs. Sigourney to see the parents of her husband.—*Albany N. Y. Journal.*

An Impromptu Didactic.

Mrs. Ashton Dilke (the distinguished English advocate of female suffrage) and her friends dislike very much to have that lady's dress described in the reports of her public speeches. They say the papers never take the trouble to tell how a male political speaker is clothed and they do not see why women should not be entitled to the same painless omission.

Touching this matter it is related that a young reporter who attended the meeting at the First Methodist Church last Wednesday night approached one of Mrs. Dilke's friends, a lady not unknown to fame, and said:

"We men, you know, are green about such things. Will you please tell me whether that dress of Mrs. Ashton Dilkey's is silk or not?"

The lady bit her lip a little, and then, after a moment, took the reporter's pencil and pad and wrote:

Whether her gown be really silk
Or only something silky,
Her name is Mrs. Ashton Dilke,
Not Mrs. Ashton Dilkey.

She then dismissed the young man as only a woman can dismiss a fresh young man and he has been eating salt ever since to thaw himself out.—*Chicago Times.*

Some Tall English.

It is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary silken receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus swine.

A diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

He that is accessible to auricular vibration let him not close the gates of his tympana.

Multitudinous assemblages are provocative of cachinnatory hilarity.

Breach of Promise.

A breach of promise case was tried at the Cobourg Assizes on Tuesday and Wednesday. The plaintiff was Miss Ada Riordan, a school teacher of Toronto, who sued a young farmer named Galbraith for breach of promise of marriage made on the 25th of October, 1884. The evidence was of the usual character, a whole stack of sentimental love letters being presented in court to prove the case. Wednesday afternoon the jury brought in a verdict of $1,250 for the plaintiff.

Among other indications of German feeling cables the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald*, comes a renewed bitter agitation against the use of foreign words, no matter how long or how thoroughly they have been assimilated to the German language. Laws are being strongly pressed which would exclude all words not of strictly German origin from official use. For table use French is to be entirely superseded—at least so say the Prince Regent of Bavaria, Prince Reuss, the Crown Prince of Saxony and a large following of royalty and commonality. Among other changes now gloated over by the German purists are erfrischungshaus for restaurant, gasthoftafel for table d'hote, mittelrippenstuck for entrecote, gesprungene kartoffeln for pommes sautees, and karthauserschnapps for chartreuse.

Rev. W. Claris, of Frome, lost a 4-year-old daughter by diphtheria on Thursday, and now several other members of the family are suffering from the same disease.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

OUR ROLLER MILL.

Look here, people of Flesherton and district surrounding! we want to have a quiet little chat with you. Didn't many of you clamor loudly for a good roller mill a few years ago? You did. Alright; we'll pop another question or two to you. Havn't you got your "clamor" satisfied? Is there not now one of the most complete roller plants in the Flesherton mill to be found in the County? Do you patronize home as you said you would if the needed facilities were added to our mill for the manufacture of roller flour? A lot of money has been invested in order to furnish you with this popular brand of flour at your very doors, and yet some of you have gone back on your record by continuing to patronize outsiders. Has it occurred to you that this money, if spent at home, would be a benefit to yourself as well as to the community in general? If you spend your money elsewhere, how much of it will come back into your hands again? Spend it at home and it will circulate in your immediate vicinity, benefitting scores of people, yourself included. Just think this over calmly and then act upon the honest dictates of your own conscience. It will do you good. It will also do everybody else good. Think about it, and above all, don't be a clam!

"BLUE RUIN" PREACHERS.

A few days ago two gentlemen were driving through Flesherton. The elder man of the two had never been in the place before, and he spoke with considerable enthusiasm of the beautiful location, the handsome churches and public buildings, etc. Finally he said to his young companion:—

"What is the name of this place?"

"Flesherton," replied the young man.

"What! you don't mean to tell me that this beautiful, thrifty looking place is Flesherton? Surely you are joking."

"No joke at all, sir; this is really and truly Flesherton," said the other with a smile.

"Is it possible! Why, I met a man who said he lived here, and he told me the place was going to the dogs! It is really too bad that any man, much less a resident, should speak in such dismal strains of a lovely place like this."

"My dear sir," said the young man, "you had the misfortune of coming in contact with a "blue ruin" specimen of humanity—one of those growling, snarling, discontented specimens to be met with in every community."

Thus it is. Man's worst enemy is usually his own evil nature; and the worst enemies any place has to contend with are the "blue ruin" preachers to be found within its own borders! If ever injury was inflicted upon Flesherton in the past, you can trace it straight to the "blue ruin" men. Let the sun of prosperity shine ever so brightly, these worthies never fail to discover clouds and darkness and ruin and weeping and gnashing of teeth generally. And yet they are content to spend their lives in the very place they abuse so absurdly and inconsistently! What a magnificent piece of satire upon the folly of the apostles of "blue ruin" is this!

Flesherton is convenient of access to the best railway system in America. She is surrounded by a fine agricultural country, has splendid gravel roads leading thereto from all quarters and possesses superior natural facilities. A straight level road to the C.P.R. depot, a sidewalk to the same place and improvements on the Valley Road will be forthcoming in due time. What more could we want! It requires but little prescience to predict a prosperous future. Even the apostles of "blue ruin" will be silenced in the near future, when they perceive all their gloomy forebodings dispelled. Stand solidly by home and home enterprise, talk up your own town and the future will be brighter even than the past—and *that* has been most encouraging.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There has been a very large demand for advertising space in THE ADVANCE during the present year. So much so, that we have been obliged to refuse quite a number of profitable advertising contracts. We don't like to refuse anything there is money in, so we have made arrangements whereby we will be enabled to take on any number of "ads" in future and yet furnish our subscribers with the usual quota of reading matter. Last week our advertisers almost took full possession of the ADVANCE, driving the Editor, so to speak, into a pretty small corner. At the same time, we had such a tremendous rush of job work, that we could not find time to issue a supplement. It goes without saying that THE ADVANCE is a superior advertising medium and the public know it is, too.

"Hard-to-Roll" wrote a letter to the Editor of the Dundalk Herald last week, relative to the notorious "Badgeros eviction" referred to in our "County and District News." He defends the ruffianly conduct of the evicters and says they acted upon a lawyer's advice! In the name of an honorable profession, we ask "Hard-to-Roll" to make public the name of that lawyer. The whole affair savors of the dark ages. The very fact that "Hard-to-Roll" dare not sign his own name to his communication shows that he does not put much faith in the legality of his so-called "lawyer's advice. There is no code of honor that compels an editor to keep back the name of an anonymous contributor, who is in such open sympathy with lawlessness as is this "Hard-to-Roll" chap. And we venture the opinion that it is in the interests of the respectable and law-abiding public to hand in the name of the defender of terrorism and give him a taste of British justice.

How the Bottle got Broken.

To the Editor of The Advance

Last week two men went out to Flesherton on general business. The one is in the employ of Her Majesty and carries a great leather bag in his rig, makes daily trips to Flesherton and Epping, and is peculiarly fond of cracking jokes. The other keeps his source of income in a few barrels in his cellar and a number of bottles behind the counter. Having transacted their business in the village and indulged the Bacchanalian propensities to a little beyond moderation, and the latter having procured ample supply in a jug unknown to the former, they started for home. Having proceeded some distance the man of the leather bag became thirsty and proposed to his friend that they see what was in the parcel—for his sense of smell being very acute, especially for old Bacchus—he had discovered the jug and he longed to taste its contents. This agreeing with what the appetite of the latter suggested, consented and the jug was tapped accordingly. The man of the leather bag was about to regale himself on the cup that "cheers" but alas! there is many a slip between the jug and the lip, and so it proved on this occasion. Whether it was because he was light in the head and the starch considerably out of him, or the jug too heavy, I am not prepared to say. Anyhow the jug escaped his grasp and fell on the wheel, breaking its neck and spilling its precious contents in the road! Well, I need not try to describe the look of disappointment that clouded both faces, nor tell what they said, but you cannot find the expression in the New Testament.

This, I think, is the crowning joke among the many on the man of the leather bag.

CORRESPONDENT.

We Mean Business.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle their accts. by the 15th May or else they will be put into Court for collection.

PETCH & MITCHELL, Butchers.

Kimberley.

Correspondence of The Advance.

[The following interesting items were received after we went to press last week. —ED.]

Mr. Geo. Graham has put a new saw in his mill, which is giving good satisfaction. He has a complete set of hands and is turning out considerable work.

Mr. Boland is here superintending the cutting of about one hundred thousand feet of lumber for shipping.

Mr. Ed. Fawcett is here with a gang of men running logs down the river for Mr. Tyson, of Clarksburg.

Mr. James Magee is the happy father of twins—boy and girl.

Mr. Hammond's youngest child died on Friday morning. Quite a number followed the remains to Fairmount cemetery on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

About two weeks ago Mr. Henry Ellis was kicked in the face by a horse which broke his jaw bone and knocked out a tooth. It was thought that he was progressing favorably until a few days since, when erysipelas set in which seemed to indicate serious results. We are pleased to learn again, however, that he is now out of danger.

While Mr. G. L. Thompson was doing some repairing he had the misfortune to let a large piece of scantling fall in his face inflicting a serious wound.

Miss A. Thurston, of Stayner, paid our village a flying visit—coming on Saturday and returning on Monday.

Miss Jennie Graham has returned home after a four months visit among friends in Orangeville.

The

CHILDRENS

HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 85 to	3 95
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 37	0 38
Peas	0 58	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 10	0 10
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument, W. T. BAER & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a digusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract Granulated Eye-lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.

THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $3 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of Testimonials on file from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 26th, 1887

Cures Guaranteed

Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. G. KASTEDT,

— DEALER IN —

Stoves, AND ALL KINDS **Tinware,**

Copperware, Sheet Iron, Metal-work,

Eavetrough ing - a - Specialty.

SHOP--RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

WANTED.

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

Advance Stock Register.

"Just in Time."

This pure bred Clydesdale Stallion is the property of Mr. Andrew Beattie, an enterprising Artemesia farmer. "Just in Time" is a good representative of his class and, like Mr. R. Paton's "Baron," has created much interest wherever exhibited. The following letters from the Judges at Maxwell and Flesherton spring shows explain themselves:

Maxwell, April 24th, 1888.

We, the undersigned, Judges at Maxwell Spring Show, have awarded Mr. Shaw's horse, "Lord Gordon," 1st prize owing to the wording of the bill placed in our hands. Had it not been for the wording of the bill, Mr. Beattie's horse, "Just in Time," would have been awarded 1st prize at once.

RICHARD Y. BURKE,
JOHN DUNCAN,
A. G. SUTHERLAND.

Flesherton, April 26th, 1888.

We, the undersigned, Judges of the above (Flesherton) show, do highly recommend the horse, "Just in Time," owned by Andrew Beatty, of the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, and consider the horse worthy of the prize had there been a class to show him in.

WM. H. MOORE.
GEO. W. HAWKE.
H. J. GLASSFORD.

For fuller particulars, see colored bills issued from this office.

"Young Leabond."

This stallion, the property of Mr. John J. Magee, Artemesia, has been travelled in this section for a number of years and has acquired an excellent reputation amongst a large section of stock-raisers. He will make the season of 1888 as follows:

Monday will leave his own stable, Lot 17, Con. 11, Artemesia, and proceed to Leonard Bett's for noon, thence by way of gravel road to John Kerton's for night.

Tuesday will proceed to Hudson's in Osprey, for noon, thence by way of town to John Linley's, 12th line, for night.

Wednesday proceed to F. Thompson's for noon, thence to Kimberley for night.

Thursday proceed by 7th line to Hicks' for noon, thence by way of 60th side road to 11th line, Euphrasia, to Fred. Taylor's for night.

Friday will proceed by way of 60th side road and town line to Holland Centre for noon, thence by way of gravel road to Allen's hotel, Berkeley, for night.

Saturday will proceed by way of back line to Marsh's hotel, Markdale, for noon, thence by way of town line and Vandeleur home to his own stable where he will remain until Monday morning, when the above route will be repeated—continuing throughout the season, health and weather permitting.

"Young Nugent."

This representative of the graceful and elegant Percheron class of stallions is the property of Mr. Arthur Johnston, of Artemesia, and has already attracted a great deal of attention. He will make the season of 1888 as follows:—

Thursday will leave his own stable, lot 20, Con. 11, Artemesia, and proceed by way of Little Mill to Samuel Badgerow's.

Friday will proceed down Fourth Line two miles and a half in Osprey, across to Maxwell for noon, thence across to 8th to James Magee's for night.

Saturday will proceed to Eugenia for noon, thence across Valley by Campbell's and Vandeleur to his own stable.

Monday wil go by way of Wm. Hill's across up back line to Foster's Corner, thence by gravel road to Marsh's Hotel, Markdale, for noon, thence along town line by Sewell's corner and home.

Above route will be continued during the season, health and weather permitting

"Lucky Lad."

This Heavy Draught stallion, the property of Mr. Andrew Beatty, Artemesia, is well spoken of in various quarters, and will make the season of 1888 as follows:

Monday will leave his own stable, Lot 129, 1st West T. & S. R., Artemesia, and proceed by 30th side road to Wm. Hutchinson's, Vandeleur, for noon, thence to Wm. Cameron's, 8th line, for night.

Tuesday by 8th line, Osprey, to R. McGirr's hotel, Feversham, for noon, thence to McIntyre for night.

Wednesday by 3rd line to J. Winter's for noon, thence by Wareham to T. Taylor's for night.

Thursday by D. McMullan's to J. Parker's, 2nd West T. & S. R., Artemesia, for noon, thence to D. McMillan's, Lot 10, Con. 3, South, for night.

Friday to Arch. McCuaig's, Lot 28 Con. 2 S.D.R., Glenelg, for noon, thence to J. Beaton's, Lot 25, Con. 3 N. D. R., Glenelg, for night.

Saturday by 2nd Con. to G. Pattersons, town line for noon, thence by Snell's corner to his own stable.

Above route will be continued during season, health and weather permitting.

Bulls.

"Valley Chief" is the name of a fine thorough-bred Short Horn Bull owned by the noted stock-raiser and agriculturist, Mr. James Stewart, of Kimberley. This splendid animal has taken first prizes wherever exhibited, and will stand for service at Mr. Stewart's Euphrasia farm, near Kimberley.

Mr. Isaac Sinclair, of Artemesia, possesses a grade Durham Bull, which will stand for service this season.

Many ladies admire gray hair—on some other person—but few care to try its effects on their own charms. They need not, since Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to its original color. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

W. C. T. U. Department.

Temperance.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—Rom. 14c. 21v.

The Huron Expositor says:—A general prohibitory law, framed by the Dominion Government and enforced by them, would be respected and observed if a majority of the people declared in favor of it. Let the people have a chance to speak. Place the square issue before them and if they do not declare in favor of it the signs of the times have no meaning. A law of this kind, sanctioned by the people and enforced by the Government, would be observed.

In the spring, hundreds of persons suffer from boils, carbuncles, and other eruptive diseases. These are evidences that the system is trying to purge itself of impurities and that it needs the powerful aid which is afforded by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Kimberley.

School Report for March in Order of Merit.

I DEPARTMENT.

IV Class.—E. Dynes, A. Thurston, J. Stafford.

Jr. IV. Class.—S. Magee, P. Dynes, J Howell.

III Class.—H. Fawcett, J. Hammond, J. Carruthers.

Jr. III Class.—V. Gilbert, A. McConnell, E. Lawrence.

II Class.—E. Magee and H. Dynes even; N. Lawrence, R. Baker.

II DEPARTMENT.

Jr. II Class.—T. Dynes, H. Ellis, C. Ellis, L. McConnell.

Sr. I.—H. McLean, F. Baker, R. Lawrence, W. Dynes.

Sr. I.—J. McKenzie, W. McLean, F. Bowerman.

Jr. I. F. Burritt, M. Knott, T. Graham, L. Plewis.

Average attendance, 54.4.

I. E. GAUDIS, *Principal.*
MISS M. ABERCROMBIE, *Assistant*

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

J. E. MOORE,

Funeral Director.

Flesherton Furniture Wareroms,

DURHAM ST.,

— IS THE —

Leading Funeral Furnishing Emporium

in East Grey. Everything in connection is First-Class. Our

HEARSE

is the best in the section and equipped with clean and well-matched horses. A full and complete line of

Burial Cases, Robes and Trimmings

of all kinds kept constantly in stock. Prompt attention given to all orders entrusted to us in this line day or night.

Baby Carriages!

BABY CARRIAGES!

BABY CARRIAGES!

For elegance and finish fit for the Royal Household and at prices within the reach of the humblest of Her Majesty's subjects. Call and see them. Also

Express Wagons

for the boys and girls, from 80c. each up. We have a few more of those wonderful

Union Churns

to sell on their own merits. A four cow Churn for $7.00, the wonder and delight of the dairy.

J. E. MOORE.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L. D. S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 251 2 West, Artemesia, about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS, $1 per cow. Reduce rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

OR

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316 308

SIX HUNDRED HORSESHOES A MINUTE.

An Inventor Claims That He Can Turn Out That Number in That Time.

A Troy, N. Y., despatch says: Edwin Firth, of this place, returned last week from Washington, where he had been to make application for a patent on a horse-shoe-making machine of his invention. The idea of most of the present machines is this: The passing of a bar of heated iron back and forth through the machine, dropping off into horseshoes; that is, the horseshoes are made one at a time. By Mr. Firth's plan, it is claimed, forty, fifty, or even sixty horseshoes can be made at the same time, it taking just four seconds to make one horseshoe or forty horseshoes. The machine consists of sections, each section making a shoe and as many sections as needed may be used. The process in brief is as follows: A bar or bloom of iron heated to a plastic heat in the usual manner is passed through the rolls just as in the old process. It is then placed in the machine and cut into pieces by saws placed between the sections, which can be regulated so that horseshoes of any desired size can be made. By other motions of the machine the short pieces of iron are bent, punched and swaged. In the old process the shoes are punched and swaged after being bent in the machine, thus making three distinct processes. By Mr. Firth's contrivance all three processes are performed by the same machine. Mr. Firth has nine patents already on file, and has invented more than one hundred contrivances within the past twenty-four months. Among other inventions is that of a cannon which it is claimed will drive a ball with the precision of a rifled gun, but much farther.

BAD RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Serious Disaster to a Passenger Train Near Olean, New York—A Score of People Badly Injured—Several Deaths Probable.

A last (Saturday) night's Olean, N. Y., despatch says: This morning the passenger train on the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad, running between Emporium and Buffalo, was wrecked near Whitehouse, ten miles east of this city. A relief train carrying physicians and the ambulance corps of the 43rd separate company was at once sent to the scene from here. The wrecked train consisted of the engine, mail and baggage car, and three coaches. The mail and baggage cars and two coaches, one the smoker, were thrown from the track and rolled down an embankment into a ditch containing several feet of water. The cause of the accident was the spreading of the rails. The cars were but slightly damaged, although the train was running thirty miles an hour when the accident occurred. The track was torn up for many feet. It is a miracle that no one was killed instantly, as the cars which rolled down the twenty foot bank contained nearly forty passengers.

The injured are Captain C. G. Thyng, Olean, badly bruised and injured internally; J. J. Smith, Bath, badly cut and spine injured, recovery doubtful; Mrs. O. W. Wheaton, Alleghany, injured internally, recovery doubtful; Mrs. Goodsell, Condersport, Pa., internal injuries and head cut, may not recover; George Stevens, South Wales, arm broken; Kate Smith, Port Alleghany, Pa., head and back injured seriously; Ella Adams, Duke Centre, Pa., head and side badly cut and bruised; Mary Dorick, Smithport, Pa., injured on head and side; Mrs. B. Jacharien, Emporium, Pa., head and limbs seriously cut; John Keefe, Buffalo, shoulder broken; William Wasson, Buffalo, badly cut about head and arms; Mrs. O'Hara, Colegrove, Pa., internal injuries, recovery doubtful; her husband and child were seriously bruised and cut; Postal Clerk Charles Keenan, of this city, sustained a broken arm; Kern Covill, H. Hutchinson, Eugene Dean and D. McGinnis, of this city, were slightly injured.

MORE ABOUT THE NORTHWEST.

The Vast Metalliferous Districts of the Dominion—A Fine Pastoral Area.

An Ottawa despatch says: Dr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, gave an elaborate batch of evidence before Senator Schultz's Mackenzie River Committee this morning. Some of the doctor's points that were not brought out by other witnesses were that the metalliferous districts of British North America on the west coast, including the upper waters of the Laird and Peace Rivers, are at least 1,800 miles long and average 500 miles broad, and that this area is greater than the metalliferous area of the whole of the United States.

On the plateau of the upper waters of the Yukon and the upper waters of the Laird River there exists a fine pastoral area of great extent where the growth of the hardy cereals could always be depended upon. The district in the valley of the Dwina River in Northern Russia, which flows into the White Sea at Archangel in latitude 65°, supported a large population. The Mackenzie River district seemed equally well adapted for a large population. If it should be found that shipments could be made from the mouth of the Mackenzie as they are made from the mouth of the Dwina it would become a very valuable country.

Brave Mollie Green.

A Nashville, Tenn., despatch says: A mad dog ran into the school-house at Cypress Creek yesterday and made toward one of the children. Miss Mollie Green, the teacher, sprang between the dog and the child. She kicked at the animal, her skirts protecting her, and by the aid of a heavy ruler kept it at bay until all the children had fled. The infuriated animal repeatedly sprang at her throat, but she was agile and resolutely stood her ground. When all the little ones were gone she desperately fought off the dog until she reached the door, which she pulled to after her and fell fainting outside. The children ran to the nearest houses and gave the alarm. Two men soon came and killed the dog which had been terrorizing the neighborhood for two days. The parents of the children gave the young woman a fine horse as a present. Her clothes were torn to ribbons during the encounter.

A St. Louis chiropodist has a queer sign hanging in front of his office. The letters are made from corns which he has extracted from his patrons, and every period is indicated by an enormous bunion.

A WINDSOR ROMANCE.

In Which a Former Hamiltonian is Mixed Up.

A despatch from Windsor says: Francis Riley is a well known character of Windsor and Petite Cote. He formerly ran a steamboat on the Mississippi River and during the war amassed a fortune. Sarah Rogers, an Irish girl, came to this country in 1846, and after marrying George Edward Hume located in Hamilton, Ont., where Harry D. Hume was born 41 years ago. Mrs. Hume went out to work in a hotel, and there made the acquaintance of an engineer's family named Sadler. They took a fancy to baby Harry and wanted to adopt him. Mrs. Hume allowed the child to accompany them, and then lost sight of the Sadlers and the Sadlers of her. When the lad grew up he undertook to find his mother. He found that her husband had been killed in an accident, and she had married Francis Riley, a widower. Harry Sadler, as he is called, has been for twenty years on the New York *Herald*. From the time of first meeting his mother in 1870 till last June, the two corresponded regularly, when the mother ceased to write. A week ago he was shocked to learn from the *Herald's* news column that Mrs. Riley, his mother, had been dead three months, and that Riley was a defendant in the Probate Court here in an action instituted by his daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, to have a guardian appointed to take charge of his property. As Mrs. Riley had some property and Mr. Sadler had not been notified of his mother's death, he wrote a lawyer here and learned that a year ago Riley sold thirty acres of land near Sandwich for $7,000 and took back on it a mortgage to Mrs. Riley for $5,000, Riley's name not being mentioned in the mortgage. As this mortgage was Mrs. Riley's, it belonged to her natural heir, Mr. Sadler. He was surprised to learn that Riley, acting as administrator, had discharged the mortgage. He arrived here to-day, and a brief investigation has already convinced him that he is entitled to considerable property from the estate. There are some curious features, as, for instance, Riley swore that his wife left an estate valued at only $75. Riley is the man who had the trouble recently with Mr. Sol. White. The latter now has a complaint against Mr. Riley for perjury in an assault case.

The Prairie Province.

The Legislature has appointed a committee to inquire into the necessity of legislation for the protection of game, particularly to prevent the depletion of the waters of Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba.

Mr. Smart, Minister of Public Works, is lying seriously ill at the hospital.

Nine hundred and twelve emigrants will arrive here on Saturday or Sunday.

A farmer named Edy has eloped from Austin with a Mrs. Orchard, the wife of a respectable resident of that place. Mrs. Orchard walked thirteen miles to the station to meet her lover. She leaves two small children at home. Edy's wife is visiting friends in Montreal.

The water at Selkirk is still rising. The railway track has been badly smashed up. The steamer Marquette has been split in two by the ice. An Icelandic family had a narrow escape from drowning. A great quantity of lumber along the flats has been carried away. There is an ice jam in the Assiniboine above the city. Work on the Red River Valley Railway bridges is suspended owing to the high water.

The *Northwest Review* urges the election of a Catholic member for one of the three Winnipeg seats in the Legislature.

Wesley College, the new Methodist educational institution, will be opened in this city on September 1st.

Mr. Norquay declares he has no intention of retiring from public life, and says he will again lead the party in the approaching election contest.

The constituencies under the new Redistribution Act, now before the Provincial Legislature, average about 2,500 votes each. The arrangement has been so equitably made that little exception is taken, even by members of the Opposition.

The flood at Selkirk has almost completely subsided. The water is falling rapidly, and no further danger is apprehended. The ice in the Assiniboine near this city still continues badly jammed, and the C. P. R. have had a large force of men employed in strengthening the St. James and Osborne street bridges. In the Red River the water is falling rapidly.

Cameron, the absconding Union Bank teller, is now in Minneapolis. He has instituted an action for $10,000 damages against the Sheriff of Pembina County for false detention. He also charges the Sheriff with retaining money taken from his person, amounting to upwards of $400.

In the Legislature this afternoon the final reading of the Redistribution Bill was carried. Speaker Glass moved for the retention of St. Clements constituency, but this was voted down. Mr. Norquay's motion for a separate division for Gimli was also defeated. The Bills providing for the construction of the Red River Valley Railway and authorizing a Provincial loan of $150,000 were read the third time. The House sat till 7 o'clock and adjourned until Monday.

The Traffic Over Brooklyn Bridge.

On the great Brooklyn bridge the cars begin to run at 6 a.m. Even before that hour the promenade has echoed with hurrying feet. Seventy-five thousand New Yorkers use Brooklyn as a bed chamber, and they get back early to the work-a-day world. By half-past 7 a.m. 200 persons a minute are passing through the gate bars and dropping tickets in the glass boxes. These are busy times for the gatekeepers, the train hands, the switchmen and the policemen. Three cars start every minute and a half, and in that time are packed with the tons of humanity, and this is kept up for two solid hours. After half-past 9 a.m. the volume of car travel falls from 12,000 to 6,000 an hour. It holds this average until 4 p.m., when the tide flows backward. And the crush at night is greater than the crush in the morning. The daily average on the Bridge road is 90,060 passengers. Its yearly receipts are $769,000. But there are hundreds of thousands who use the promenade.

An examination of the proposed site of the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal is being made by direction of the Provincial Board of Health to ascertain whether its proximity to the city reservoirs will endanger the purity of the water.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A Young Girl to Marry a Man Jilted by Her Mother Years Ago.

An Atlanta (Ga) despatch says: Miss Mary Jameson, a pretty 18-year-old girl, whose home is in Clayton county, Georgia, departed for Waco, Texas, where she will become the wife of Mr. Simpson Mann, one of the wealthiest planters of that section. In 1868 Mann was one of the most popular young farmers in the county. He was engaged to be married to the daughter of a neighbor, whose hand was sought by many others. The day for the marriage was set and the guests invited. Unfortunately for him, Mann espoused the Republican party, which was in much odium at the time. Not only did the lady's father object to the marriage of his daughter with a Republican, but the young lady herself declared her purpose never to wed one whose sympathies could be with the party in power. When the wedding day came it was a rival—Henry Jameson, and not Mann, who stood up as the groom. The rejected suitor sold out his possessions and moved to Texas, where he has grown rich, while the lady who was to have been his bride has become the mother of an interesting family, the eldest of whom is Miss Mary. A year ago Mann revisited the old scene, still single and with a heart susceptible to love. He saw in Mary the image of her mother when he lost her in 1868. He conceived the singular idea of having his old sweetheart for a mother-in-law. The daughter consented and the marriage was to take place this week. A telegram from Texas told of a serious accident to her lover which prevented his coming to Georgia, and asked her to go there. The brave girl at once decided to go, and is now on her way.

Latest Scottish News.

The new Assembly Hall in Inverness has been finished.

W. Jenkins, Ayr, has been fined for ringing the bell of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk."

Mr. William Arrol, builder of the Forth Bridge, has purchased the estate of Seafield, Ayr.

Her Majesty's Jubilee presents have been lent to the Glasgow International Exhibition, and have arrived in that city.

The late Dr. J. H. Stoddart, formerly editor of the Glasgow *Herald*, was a native of Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, and 56 years of age.

On the night of the 30th of March Wm. Thomsen, Strathmiglo, went and drowned himself rather than be married that night as arranged.

The death was announced on the 10th April of Captain Robert Campbell, one of the most popular of the Clyde steamboat masters. He was in his 59th year.

Mr. C. W. Methven, Chief Engineer to the Greenock Harbor Trust, has been appointed Chief Engineer to the Natal Harbor Board, at a salary of £1,000 per annum.

The gold casket voted, together with the freedom of the city of London, to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, is to be placed within the Glasgow International Exhibition.

Mr. Simon Campbell, one of the leaders of "The Men," and a catechist who took an active part in the stirring events of the Disruption, died at Kilmorack Braes recently in his 70th year.

Mr. John Grant, Marchmont Herald, died in Edinburgh on the 11th inst. He was the second son of Captain John Grant, 92nd Highlanders, and brother of James Grant, the well known novelist.

At a sacred concert given in the Mission Church, Langholm, lately, the programme closed with the singing of "Green Grow the Rashes, O!" and some worthies there are furious at such conduct in a kirk in the "muckle toun."

Mr. Hutchison, R.S.A., has received a commission to execute a bust in marble of Her Majesty, to be placed in the new Victoria Art Galleries, Dundee. The bust, it is understood, is the gift of a well-known citizen of that town.

In Edinburgh, on the 10th of April, a woman and her five children narrowly escaped being poisoned by eating sausages made of unsound meat. Four of the children were thrown into convulsions, and for a long time suffered dreadfully.

A series of festivities took place recently on Lord Lothian's extensive estates in Mid-Lothian and Roxburgh to celebrate the coming of age of Lord Ancrum. The ancient Abbey of Jedburgh was brilliantly illuminated one night, and the effect was picturesque and imposing.

The first ascent of Ben Nevis since the autumn was made on the 12th April. On the summit the snow gauge indicated a depth of sixteen feet. The visitors received a hearty welcome from Mr. Omond and the Observatory staff, who had seen nothing of the outer world for the last five months.

David Ballingall, gamekeeper on the estate of Balbirnie, in Fifeshire, was found on the morning of Sunday, the 8th April, lying on the road near Kettle in an unconscious condition, with a severe wound on the head. He never recovered consciousness, and died in the course of the evening. It is suspected that he has been the victim of foul play, and the police are making investigations into the case, and have apprehended a police constable and a gamekeeper for the murder. The deceased, who was 40 years of age, was a native of the West of Scotland.

The announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. Begg, the parish minister at Falkirk, Stirlingshire, will be read with deep regret by a large circle of friends in Canada. Dr. Begg was a son of the Rev. James Begg, D. D., parish minister, New Monkland, and brother of the late Dr. Begg, Edinburgh. He was born in 1815, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Hamilton in 1836. In 1840 the Crown, in virtue of its rights of patronage, presented him to Falkirk parish, where he has continued to labor ever since. Last year Dr. Begg attained the jubilee of his ministry, and was presented with many tokens of regard.

A lady in La Grange, Ga., wrote to Thos. A. Edison requesting him to invent an ear-trumpet that would enable her husband to hear. The wizard in reply wrote the lady to wait just a few months and that husband of hers would think he heard the stars falling.

Large purchases of Canadian horses for British army remounts are to be made this summer.

BRAVE MRS. MUNSON.

Charging Trespassing Cow Tagging Officials With a Pitchfork.

There is a great stir among the owners of cows in Queen's County. Under the Act of Congress, adopted by the Legislature of this State in 1887, Inspector Law, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, is making things lively. One case has just occurred which will bring up the question of the constitutionality of the law under which cows are "tagged," as it is termed.

Jake Munson is a well-known resident of Maspeth and keeps a cow or two. Sub-Inspectors Smith and Crown went to Jake's place to tag the cows. The tag consists of a piece of brass containing a number. Through the brass a copper wire is run The inspector carries a pair of nippers like shoemakers use to punch holes in leather with these nippers a hole is punched in the ear of the cow and through it the copper wire is passed, the ends of it then being twisted so as to hold the tag fast. The object of the tag is to identify the cow wherever it may go, so that the spread of pleuro-pneumonia may be prevented.

When the inspectors reached Jake's dwelling he was absent. But Mrs. Munson was very much there, too much, as it turned out, for the inspectors. As soon as the lady knew the object of the visit she placed herself in front of the cow stable like Ajax defying the lightning, and said:

"Look a here! You can't come inside this stable without tackling me."

The inspectors pulled out a circular two feet long and read it at the defender of her cows, but it didn't make her quake a bit and she told them they might bring a hundred yards of the same sort of rigmarole and she wouldn't care a snap for it or them.

"Why, it's an Act of Congress, signed by the President of the United States and approved by the Legislature of this State and Governor Hill," said Inspector Jim Smith.

"If it was George Washington's cocked hat, I wouldn't give a darn for it," was the reply.

"Well, ma'am," said the inspector, "we don't want to hurt you——"

"Hurt me!" exclaimed the lady seizing a pitchfork; "I'd like to see the likes o you attempt to hurt me. I'd make holes in you worse 'an ye ever made in the ear of a poor harmless cow."

"Let me expostulate, Mrs. Munson, said the inspector.

"'Postulate off'n the premises in quick sticks," said Mrs. Munson, "or it'll be worse for you."

The inspectors thought it safest to retire, and they went to Al Pettit's saloon to inquire after some Dutch courage. Presently Jake came along and the inspectors told him that they had been to his place to tag the cows, but that his wife had refused to allow them to enter the stable, and they had refrained from using violence out of regard for his wife.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jake, "that's a good 'un. I'll go and cheer up the old woman."

The inspectors followed Jake and again attempted to enter the stable. Mr. Munson seized the ready pitchfork and charged upon them, and they fled ignominiously. The inspectors got out a warrant against Munson and his wife for interfering with them in the discharge of their duties as officers of the State, and the matter is to come up before Justice McKenna at Newtown. Lawyer William E. Slocum, for the defendants, will raise the question whether the inspectors can, under the law, exercise the right to enter upon private property and mutilate the chattels of a citizen.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

A Dog Who Stole Newspapers.

"A paper carrier came to me one day and told me that somebody was stealing his papers left on a certain doorstep every morning before the subscriber got a chance to see them," said a policeman the other day. "The gentleman living in the house had, it appeared, hauled the carrier over the coals and accused him of not giving him his paper. I concluded to watch the house and see who it was that was stealing the papers, for I was satisfied that the carrier was telling the truth. The next morning I saw the carrier throw the paper in the yard, and I concealed myself on the opposite side of the street to await developments. In a few minutes I saw a big black Newfoundland dog climb over the fence from the adjoining yard and pick up the paper in his mouth. He then jumped over the same fence and ran through to the back yard. The next morning I waited for the canine thief and gave him a reprimand with my club, and ever after that he let the papers alone."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Where Boots Are Not Cleaned.

If you come out on a ranch you must not expect to be valeted and put to bed, and dressed and shaved, and your boots polished, and your clothes brushed, and so on, in the morning. One fellow came to stay with me out there under something of that impression, and the first evening he put out his boots. In the morning he came down in his stockings—by-the-bye, he had seemed much surprised over night to hear there was no regulation hour for breakfast—and asked about his boots. I called Ah Sin. He had not seen them, he said at first, but at last a happy idea struck him. "Me sabee. Me see little dog—him ketch heapy boot in him mouth." The fact was that one of my young dogs had run away with the boots to play with them, and we never recovered anything but the heel of one of them—we were not sure which! My guest had expected a knock at his door: "Hot water, sir! Boots, sir!"—*Murray's Magazine.*

Masonic.

It will be learned with exceeding pleasure that the Grand Lodge of New South Wales, and which has never been recognized in the United States on account of its formation by a minority only of the lodges in the colony, had adjusted its relations with the other lodges not heretofore acknowledging its sway, and that Lord Carrington, a past grand officer of the Grand Lodge of England, is to be the Grand Master of the united body.

Edgar Slade, aged 75, and Wm. McLellan, his grandson, aged 8½ years, were burned to death Friday evening. They lived on a farm about three miles from Chatham, and it is supposed they were out burning brush, but how the accident happened will never be known.

SOE DEFIES FLAMES.

A Spiritualistic Medium who Stood the Fire Test.

On a recent evening, in Cincinnati, Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter gave what is known among her spiritualistic brethren as "the fire test," at Greenwood Hall, before an audience of about 300 people. A committee, consisting of Dr. W. F. Work, Col. J. W. Andrews, Dr. S. E. Hyndham, Prof. Edgar Beall and Dr. L. A. Querner, were chosen to go upon the stage and inspect the lady and report upon the result of her performances. The members of the committee took chairs around the table and the lady walked forward, taking a position behind it. First she washed her hands in a bowl of ice water. Then she reached out her two pulses, which were grasped and felt carefully by two committeemen on either side of her. This over, the lady sat down and began to toy with two lighted lamps, talking in some unknown gibberish. A lady beside the reporter said it was the lingo of the ancent fire-worshippers, but it sounded very much like the language used by nurses "just landed" when talking to babies not old enough to announce their vernacular. Mrs. Porter handled the red-hot lamp chimneys, passed her hands and arms slowly over the flames of the lamps and finally took the hand of her little daughter and held that limb over the blaze for quite a while, the child evincing no sign of discomfort. She passed cards, black and white paper, a celluloid collar and other articles of a perishable nature through the devouring flames, which did not devour worth a cent, and brought the articles out all right without a singe or a bruise, admid the claps of the audience and the smiles of the committee. She filled a dish with alcohol and lighted it, and talking Sanscrit at a high rate basked her tender wrists and rotund arms in the red-hot flames, and showed up without a scar or even a pimple. The committee told the audience it was wonderful. One of them said that her arms showed an excitation of 78 and 98 degrees—quite an irregularity—before the test commenced. It must not be forgotten that Mrs. Porter daring her experiments held a lamp chimney, in which an inch and a half flame flared almost to the top against her cheek for fully two minutes without singeing a hair. None of the committee were prepared to tell whether Mrs. Porter used antidotal chemicals on her limbs to guard against being burned.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Watch Dials Made by Photography.

Watch dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of their former cost. They all used to be painted by hand. Now a hundred are made in the time formerly required to produce one, and each of the hundred is better than the one would have been. The dial is copper, covered with enamel. Upon that they lay a sensitized coating of albumen and bichromate of potash. A large drawing, say twelve inches in diameter, of the design, figures and dots that it is desired to put upon the dial is photographed down to the required size, which makes it so fine that whatever inaccuracies may have been in the drawing are almost beyond discovery by the microscope. The negative thus made is exposed to the light in contact with the gelatine coated watch dial for from three to five minutes. Electric light is just as good as sunlight. Where the light has acted the gelatine is made insoluble. The dial is now inked over with common lithographic transfer ink. Next, with a clean sponge moistened with a little gum water, the ink and gelatine are wiped off the dial from all parts except where the light has acted, and to those it adheres, leaving the designs in clear black upon the enameled plate. But that design would easily blur and rub off by wear. Another process is necessary to make it permanent. A metallic enamel powder of any color desired—black, blue, red, green, or purple—is dusted upon the dial. It sticks to the inked portions, but nowhere else. Then the dial is put in the muffle and fired. The enamel powder melts into the white enamel base, and the work is complete. The Waltham Watch Company paid $2,000 for that process. By it they can turn out for 10 cents each dials that in the old way of making would have cost $1 apiece.—*New York Sun.*

What a Jungle Really Is.

By the way, we have now been the whole length of India, from Calcutta to Peshawan, and back to Bombay, on the other side of the land, and, except at the foot of the Himalayas, have not seen a single forest or indeed what we would call a wood. Trees there are everywhere along the roads—along the hedgerows, scattered about the fields and plains and dotted over the hills and mountains, but nothing like what the most of us at home have supposed to constitute an Indian jungle. All uncultivated or waste lands are called "jungles." "Out in the jungle" means about the same thing here as with us to say "out on the prairies"—that is, on the unenclosed lands, whether bare or in heavy grass. The "mountain jungles," where the tiger has his home and from which he comes down to carry off people or domestic animals, have no trees other than low, scattered bushes. On these no native thinks of going alone at night or even by day in some of them.—*Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.*

A Salvation Army Romance.

The Port Hope *Guide* relates the following: "The bartender of the Queen's Hotel, Millbrook, was love-struck on a cadet of the Salvation Army, but said cadet would have none of him unless he joined the Army. So on Sunday night last the liquor-mixer went forward as a seeker, and professed conversion. This was enough, for on Monday morning the whiskey-slinger and his lady lover left for parts unknown."

An Unlucky Expression.

She—How do you like my new shoes, Adolph?

He, dreamily—They are simply immense.

Edgar Fawcett is said to have received $3,000 for his serial story, "Olivia Delaplaine," now appearing in the "American Magazine."

The congregation of Chalmers' Church, Kingston, has decided to proceed with the erection of a $25,000 church on the grove opposite the Collegiate Institute.

The Governor-General is in Montreal.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Sir Adolphe Caron presented a return containing a statement of the total amount disbursed by the Government in consequence of the Northwest rebellion.

Mr. Thompson introduced a Bill respecting the advertising of counterfeit money. He explained that the object of the Bill was to attach penalties to the advertising of counterfeit money.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Carling, in answer to the inquiries of Sir Richard Cartwright, said the efforts of the Government had been directed to the prevention as far as possible of the shipment of unsuitable immigrants to Canada, with very good success. Precautions to this end are taken by the Dominion agents at European ports.

After Recess

The following Bills were read the third time and passed :

To ncorporate the Dominion Plate Glass Insurance Company.

To incorporate the Buffalo, Chippawa & Niagara Falls Steamboat and Tramway Company.

To authorize the construction of bridges over the Assiniboine River at Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie for railway and passenger purposes.

Mr. McCarthy moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Canada Temperance Act. He explained that the Bill proposed simply to change the form of ballot used in voting in elections for or against the Act or for or against repeal, so that there will be less confusion incurred by the voter in casting his ballot.

Mr. Tisdale, in committee, said that the result of the repeal vote in seven counties in Ontario a few days ago had brought into existence an anomalous state of things, namely, that the Scott Act will be in force in those counties for a year to come, during which time no licenses can issue. He moved an amendment to the Bill to the effect that the order-in-council bringing the Act into force shall be revoked within thirty days of the time when a majority vote for repeal shall have been secured. His observation of the operation of the Act in his own county was that it had done more harm than good.

The amendment was adopted.

Mr. Fisher moved that no petition for a revocation of the order-in-council declaring the Canada Temperance Act in force shall be submitted earlier than fifteen days before the expiration of three years from the date of such order-in-council.

The amendment was adopted and the Bill was reported from the committee.

Mr. Jamieson, in moving for the second reading of the Bill to amend the Act, said that similar amendments had been asked for during the past three years. He then explained the clauses of the Bill and hoped they would be passed this year. He had been charged with inconsistency by the member for Bothwell (Mr. Mills), but asked what had that gentleman ever done for temperance. When the vote was taken on prohibition at the last session of Parliament he had shirked it.

Mr. Mills—I was present and voted against prohibition.

Mr. Jamieson, continuing said he had voted against Mr. Mills' motion for the Scott amendment, not because it implied want of confidence in the Government, but because it was contrary to the understanding with the Dominion Alliance that all temperance measures should emanate from that source.

Mr. Fisher denied that there was any such understanding, and claimed that Mr. Jamieson was not sustained in his view at the last meeting of the Alliance.

Mr. O'Brien said that before the House was asked to give exceptional legislation for the measure, which certainly did not occupy the same position as it did some time ago, temperance men should settle their quarrels between themselves. The Scott Act was defeated recently because the people were determined not to submit to tyrannical legislation. The people had voted against this sort of spiritual declamation of the Women's Christian Temperance Unions and certain clergymen. It was a mistake to try to make total abstainers by law. The result of the Scott Act was more drinking, more liquor selling and more false swearing. Under the circumstances this legislation should not be further extended. He moved that the Bill be read this day six months.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) declared that Mr. Jamieson had supported the anti-temperance candidate in South Lanark. The position of Mr. Jamieson was evidently that it would be against his principle to support his principles against his party.

Mr. Freeman said Mr. Mills was trying to put himself in the position of leader of the temperance party in the House. He would like to know the hon. gentleman's record before he accepted him as leader.

Mr. Jamieson denied that he had supported the hon. member for South Lanark.

Mr. Haggart moved the adjournment of the debate.

Mr. Bain (Wentworth) said that if temperance Conservatives would stiffen the backs of their representatives they would accomplish something for their cause. He quoted a speech of Mr. Foster in 1885, when he declared that it was necessary that the Government should keep faith with the country and make the Act workable. He could admire any man who changed his opinion and advocated another side of the question, but he despised a man who sold himself for a position and went back on the principles that had made him, and became a traitor to the cause which had warmed him into existence. Until a man's faith in temperance was strong enough to induce him to vote for what he thinks to be right, temperance men were not going to accomplish much in Canada.

Mr. Casey said the Scott Act had been a failure in St. Thomas, and more liquor had been consumed since its adoption than before. He would, however, support the second reading of the Bill.

The House divided on Mr. Haggart's motion for the adjournment of the debate, which was lost by, yeas 44, nays 88.

Mr. O'Brien withdrew his motion for the six months' hoist.

The Bill was read a second time.

Sir Richard Cartwright said that tomorrow he would draw the attention of the Government to certain irregularities in the Kingston post-office.

The House adjourned at 1.25 a.m.

Sir Richard Cartwright called the attention of the Government to the defalcations in the Kingston post-office. He said there had been complaints of robberies and lately William Shannon, deputy postmaster, who was caught in the act of feloniously opening a letter, was allowed to escape, as no action was taken for twenty-four hours. This looked like miscarriage of justice. He would be glad to hear an explanation, and would like to know if there had been other robberies, and he thought the Government should make good the losses.

Mr. McLelan admitted there had been a want of promptness. Shannon was an old and highly respected officer. Of the three letters, one contained twenty-five cents and the other two contained no money. The inspector to whom the matter was reported, deferred action, but as soon as he informed the department instructions were issued to take proceedings against Shannon. He had, however, at that time left the country.

Mr. Wilson (Elgin) regarded the explanation as most unsatisfactory, but thought that the cause of the leniency could be readily explained. The postmaster evidently thought this man was the Shannon that assisted Sir John Macdonald in 1874, but finding he was not the same man an order was given for his arrest.

Sir John Macdonald said the hon. member for Elgin was barking up the wrong tree. It looked as if there had been an arrangement between him and Sir Richard Cartwright to hang a malignant attack upon this circumstance. The defaulting Shannon was not a friend of his. Before the matter was reported to the Postmaster-General the bird had flown.

Mr. Rykert drew the attention of the House to the case of Mrs. Gowanlock whose husband was killed by the Indians during the late rebellion. The claim of Mrs. Gowanlock for compensation was rejected by the Government on the ground that her husband at the time he was murdered was not in the employ of the Government. The husband of Mrs. Delaney, who was killed at the same time, was an employee of the Government and his widow was granted an indemnity. He thought common justice and humanity would suggest that Mrs. Gowanlock, who suffered equally with Mrs. Delaney and who is in needy circumstances, should receive the same compensation, apart altogether from the disputed question as to whether or not he was in the Government employ.

Messrs. Wright and Barron supported the claim of Mrs. Gowanlock.

Sir John Macdonald quite agreed with all that had been said as to the sad circumstances surrounding this case. The Government would be glad to relieve all such cases of need, but nothing could be done without the sanction of Parliament. Mr. Gowanlock was not in any sense an employee of the Government, but had simply entered into a contract with the Government, by which he was to receive a bonus of $1,500 on condition that he would erect and maintain a Government mill for the use of the Indians. It would be a very agreeable duty on the part of the Government to propose a pension for Mrs. Gowanlock, if they were assured that such was the desire of the House.

Mr. Laurier said he thought Parliament would not grudge a vote to Mrs. Gowanlock, apart from the question of employ. He thought this lady had as good a claim for compensation as any person who has had any property destroyed in consequence of the rebellion.

Sir John Macdonald said this was opening a very wide door.

Mr. Laurier said there was a special reason for granting compensation for losses sustained during the late rebellion, since the outbreak was caused by the mismanagement of the Government. He referred also to the Kingston post-office defalcations and censured the Government inspector for not having had Shannon arrested on the discovery of his guilt.

Mr. Lister drew attention to the fact that the postmaster at Arkona, Ont., had recently been removed without notice and a Conservative had been put in his place. No charge of irregularity was ever brought against the old postmaster, and yet he believed many postmasters who were behind in their accounts were retained in office.

Mr. McLelan said the postmaster was dismissed because the inspector represented that he had ceased to be a resident of the place.

Mr. Lister asked the Postmaster-General if he had not retained postmasters in office whom he knew were behind in their balances.

Mr. McLelan intimated that such was the case in some instances, but said a vigorous effort was being made to have all accounts squared by the end of the fiscal year.

Mr. Somerville said the Minister did not always adhere to the rule that a postmaster should be a resident. A vacancy recently occurred in Plattsville, in his constituency, which was filled by a mere boy from a distant part of the riding, a son of his defeated opponent, and in opposition to the unanimous wish of the people.

Mr. Mills said postmasters had been removed in many instances on account of their political leanings. Very grave irregularities had grown up in connection with the management of the post-office generally.

Sir Richard Cartwright said it was poor satisfaction to the people of Kingston that the Postmaster-General had no better explanation to offer for the circumstance that a felon had been allowed to escape to another country and the ends of justice had been defeated.

The House went into Committee of Supply.

After passing several items the committee rose

The House rose at 12.12 a.m.

A Modern David.

St. Thomas always was a queer town. A heifer which was being driven along Elm street to the slaughter house of a local butcher yesterday became wild and made after a lad named Henry Palmer. Instead of taking to his heels young Palmer, profiting by the example of David when he slew Goliath, picked up a stone and threw it at the animal. The stone struck the heifer squarely in the forehead and felled her like an ox, and, according to John W. Cook, who was present on the scene, death followed the blow.—*St. Thomas Times.*

It is probable Manitoba will not hold a Provincial Exhibition this year.

In a duel in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, yesterday between MM. Dupuis and Hobert Artoieties, the former was killed.

$500 WILL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

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For a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT. If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our *chief* aim must be directed to the *removal of that cause*. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, *a thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

CHIEF RELIANCE. In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and other taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

LOCAL AGENT. As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

PERMANENT CURES. 'The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner *it is permanent.*

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery $1.00, six bottles for $5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

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Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence.

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THE BOY AND THE PRINCESS.

A Child's Gift to the Princess of Wales Highly Appreciated.

A London cablegram says: A boy 10 years of age, who is an inmate of the industrial school at Bute, recently sent to the Princess of Wales as a silver wedding gift some mantelpiece drapery, the work upon which had occupied him many months. In reply he received an autograph letter from the Princess conveying her admiration of the beautiful work, and added that she highly appreciated the loyal feeling that prompted the gift. It is now given out that the Princess has caused inquiries to be made regarding the child's parents and antecedents, and that unless there are obstacles in the way she intends to have it adopted by a noble family and reared under her patronage. "Who knows," says Miss Knollys, the Private Secretary to the Princess, "but that he may become a Premier, or a general or an admiral. Stranger things have happened." The drapery has been given a prominent place in the Princess' private boudoir in Buckingham Palace.

Sensational Elopement Case.

A Montreal despatch says: Rougemont, in Iberville, has a sensation of the nature of an elopement. The cure of that town came to Chief Hughes this morning and asked his assistance in a most peculiar case. Pierre Lecaille is a very wealthy farmer there, who last Thursday night suddenly left his house and his wife and eloped with a woman who used to do his washing. She is married, and leaves behind her five children and a disconsolate husband. The woman is 50 years and the farmer 40 years old. He took with him some $9,000 in cash and leaves to his wife three good farms. He has written to her from Washington Territory, and says that he is happy with his choice—she should do the best she could and might marry if she chose. Chief Hughes said that he could do nothing in the matter.

A singular accident caused the death recently of a woman employed in the household of Ephraim Heishey, at Lancaster, Pa. She went into the poultry yard to catch a chicken for dinner, when a rooster attacked her and inflicted a deep wound in one of her hands with a spur. Lockjaw set in, and the woman died in a few days afterwards.

Just as a son of Dr. Dodd, of Campbell county, Ga., drove up to his house the other day a swarm of bees alighted on the horse, buggy and boy. The horse was fatally stung before the bees could be driven off, and the boy was badly poisoned by the stings of the insects.

"SPOOK" PICTURE CONSPIRACY.

How Portraits of Spirits and Mortals are Produced at Will.

A New York despatch says: The examination in the case of Ann O'Delia Diss Debar, alias the Princess Lotita, and her husband "General" Diss Debar, who are accused of conspiring to defraud the millionaire lawyer Luther R. Marsh by alleged spiritual manifestations, was resumed this afternoon. A large crowd was in attendance. Daniel W. Carvalho was the first witness called. He is an expert in handwriting. He held in his hand a piece of paper which Lawyer Howe offered to Mr. Townsend and which he requested the court to mark. He wanted Mrs. Diss Debar to exhibit spiritual writing on it. She declined to receive it as it was not prepared by herself. Then Mr. Carvalho handed a piece of black paper to Police Sergeant Riley, who, by witness' direction, stuck it on a mirror behind the Judge's bench. Then the witness took a dampened sponge and rubbed it over the paper when the portrait of Adelaide Neilson appeared. In answer to Mr. Townsend the witness said he could not produce a picture in oils on prepared or unprepared paper. The examination will be continued on Monday next.

A Millionaire in a Minute.

Instances are on record where toilers in gold mines and diamond fields, who, by one turn of a spade, a single movement of the hand, have been transformed from penniless laborers to millionaires. But they were not so lucky as is the consumptive who finds a means of restoration to health, who learns that the dread disease from which he suffers is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure consumption (which is lung scrofula), and nothing else will. For all diseases of the blood, such as blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, it is unequaled.

A Curious Place to Leave a Child.

The caretaker when going up into the tower of Notre Dame Church, Montreal, yesterday, was greatly surprised to find a newly-born child lying on the floor wrapped up in black cloth. As there appeared to be very little hope of getting any clue that might lead to the apprehension of the mother the infant was sent to the foundling hospital.

An Epigrammatic Statement.

Is there anything in this world so vile
As the pestilent presence of potent bile?
We have it, we hate it, we all revile
The noxious nausea, as did Carlyle.
But why bewail what soon is mended?
Take P. P. P. and have it ended.
All praise the power of "Pierce's Pellet,"
Wise people buy and druggists sell it.

A Life Insurance Fiend's Work.

A singular marriage is reported from Springfield, O. Two years ago a Chicago life insurance agent endeavored to write a large policy on one of his friends. The friend objected that he was alone in the world, had plenty and didn't need to provide for the future. One day, however, he said to the persistent agent: "You find me a wife and I will buy a policy of you." The proposition was accepted. The agent brought about a correspondence between a Louisville widow, a friend of his wife, and the bachelor, which soon became deeply interesting to both parties. In due time a meeting was arranged, the result of which was that the agent wrote a big policy, and his friend ceased to be a bachelor.

Look and Live!

My lady reader, don't pass me by with the unkind remark, "Only an advertisement." I may do you good. I may unfold to your view the "pearl of great price." I may be the means of restoring to you health and happiness. I surely will if you are suffering from any form of nervousness or female weakness, and will act upon my suggestion. I bring to your notice, with every confidence in its merits, a remedy especially compounded to meet just the requirements of your case—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, bidding you look and live! Ladies everywhere who have used it, speak volumes in its praise!

The Executive Committee of the Dominion Artillery Association have decided not to send a team to Shoeburyness this summer, but instead to hold their annual artillery meet at Quebec.

The Learned Societies

Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

A violin made of clay is now on exhibition in Berlin. It is said to have a strong and full tone.

DON'L 19 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Re-Opening

OF

SPROULE'S BLOCK,

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS OPENED OUT A

New Stock

OF

General Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots & Shoes, Etc.,

IN THE WELL-KNOWN STAND

SPROULE'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

And will be in the market to handle

All Kinds of Farm Produce.

I will endeavor through honest dealing with the public to establish a good trade. Goods will be sold at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

And the Highest Market Price will be paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

Remember the Place,

J. G. ANDERSON,

Sproule's Block, Flesherton.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Curling on the Meaford rink on Wednesday of last week, May 2nd!

The Thornbury Standard's libel suit has been postponed until the fall assizes.

Shelburne is to have a brass band. Beats all how Flesherton leads the way in these things.

Mr. Chas. E. Drury, M. P. P. for East Simcoe, has been appointed Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

Mrs. Watson, of Priceville, died on Monday evening, 23rd. She died suddenly while sitting in her chair. Heart disease the cause.

A brisk northeast wind on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday packed the ice on the south shore, and these appears to be more ice visible from Meaford than at any time during the winter.—[Mirror.

A Markdale boy was fooling with a lacrosse stick and a stone one day last week, and managed to break a pane of plate glass in Benson's shop valued at $45. He evidently belongs to the "Hustlers!"

To give some idea of the amount of twine and the extent of nets used by the Meaford fishermen, we have procured figures and they tell us that if stretched in one continuous length the nets would reach 114 miles. The value thereof is about $16,000.—[Mirror.

A four-year old son of Mr. David Olmstead, St. Vincent, was kicked on the breast by a horse on Saturday afternoon last, and for a short time it was feared his injuries would prove serious. We are pleased to state he is now almost entirely recovered and will suffer no ill effects from the kick.—[Meaford Mirror.

A young man of the name of Joseph Webb, son of John Webb of Websterville left his home on the afternoon of the 30th ult., and not returning the same evening, was found dead next day in the neighborhood of Claverleigh, with his face in about three inches of water and his hands in his pockets. He was subject to fits which was supposed to be the cause.

Some crazy, drunk, or otherwise demented galoot on Wednesday night last, about 11 o'clock, fired a number of shots from a gun, either on Bayfield street or in a lot belonging to M. Patten and immediately north of his residence. What the critter was firing at is hard so determine, unless his imagination pictured demons in the air—probably a new phase of "snakes in the boots."—[Meaford Mirror.

At noon last Thursday all the men in the employ of Mr. Hanbury (reeve) numbering about twenty-five struck for $1.50 per day. Business was wholly suspended for a few hours during which the strikers were divided not knowing whether to resume work or not. Some threatened violence to those who started working but did not carry out their threat. The most of the men resumed work during the afternoon and the loading of ties still continues at Crombie's crossing.—[Dundalk Herald.

Mrs. Sweet, of Shelburne, got on the track of her recreant husband, Jas. Sweet alias William Shields, a few days ago and had him arrested on the charge of bigamy he having married a young girl in the vicinity of Alton. He was brought before magistrates Pattullo and Stubbs in Alton on Saturday last and committed to the Brampton jail where he will remain until he gets his trial. The prisoner says his right name is Shields. His first wife who lives here was married to him in 1880 under the name of Sweet. She was present at the trial with her two children, and also wife No. 2 was on hand.—[Shelburne Free Press.

Washington Territory.

We glean the following items from a letter recently received from Mr. W. G. Duncan, of Washington Territory:

February came in with mud which soon dried up and has continued dry ever since no rain since the 28th of January to wet the dust. But, strange to say, the crops are growing well. However, present indications call for light crops, but all depends on the amount of rain we get in June.

Notwithstanding the discouraging appearance of the season, the building and other improvements continue in full blast and the loads of lumber are being drawn hither and thither over the prairie.

Very little sickness here this season, emigrants coming by the train load.

Land scarce and going up in value.

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter—Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 360. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

AT

Russell's

Noted

Jewelery

Store,

FLESHERTON,

You will find the finest and best display of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery,

Silverware and Spectacles

in this section of the county and just exactly

25 PER CENT. LOWER

than other dealers will sell you them for. Fine American and Waltham Watches from $9.50 up, warranted from 3 to 5 years, and the people for fifteen miles around always take their Watches, Clocks and Jewelery Repairs to Russell, Flesherton, as they have found by experience he is the only man than can do them in a satisfactory manner. All work personally attended to at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:-FROM-:—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Leave your orders for Bookbinding at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

A good farm hand wants a situation. Apply at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

One of our gallant young fishermen got wet while out fishing the other day, and it wasn't raining either!

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

A bit of paint judiciously applied brightens up fences and buildings wonderfully. Just try it and see if our head isn't level.

Mr. Will Clayton, of Toronto, is home on a visit. He went fishing one day last week but the speckled beauties didn't bite: it was their day off, too.

Clover Seed is down in price—Wm. Richardson can give you the lowest quotation for best Seed, Cash.

I have received this week a few more dozen pairs of the fashionable Wigwam Slippers. They are comfortable, cool and cheap.—Wm. Clayton.

Squire Armstrong was appointed delegate to attend the District meeting at Dundalk next week, at the meeting of the Quarterly Board held in Flesherton last week.

Flesherton has a dandy lacrosse team this year which is open to challenges from bona fide home teams in any of the neighboring villages. Teams sporting "outsiders" need not apply.

Balls,—Base League, Lacrosse League, India Rubber solid, and Baloon, in fact all kinds at W. E. Richardson's, Flesherton.

Mr. James Kester, Flesherton, has a good Buggy and set of Single Harness (both second-hand and in excellent condition) which he will sell awfully cheap as he does not require them any longer.

The front window of Dr. Carter's office has been neatly lettered and frosted by Booth the Boss Barber. The Dr. is fitting his office up in good shape. It is located in Mr. Wm. Strain's well known block on Toronto street.

Mr. Ventress, whose home is in Peterborough county, near Bobcaygeon, visited his sister, Mrs. R. Bellamy, and other relations in Flesherton this week. Mr. V., accompanied by our popular Township Clerk, Mr. W. J. Bellamy, paid us a pleasant visit on Monday.

School Supplies of all kinds—Books, Slates, Pencils, Bags, Compasses, &c., at Richardson's Drug Store, Flesherton.

Dr. Sinclair, the eminent Toronto specialist for the treatment of all chronic diseases, will be at Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, on Monday, May 28th inst. Diseases of the heart and lungs positively treated sucessfully, unless too far advanced. Consultation free.

Get your Posters, Circulars, Dodgers, Streamers, Billheads, Noteheads, Blank Forms, Cards, Labels, Pamphlets, Programs, Invitations, Mourning Cards, and every description of plain or colored printing done at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton. Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

Whether on land or at sea, on the prairie or in the crowded city, Ayer's Pills are the best cathartic, being convenient, efficacious, and safe. For torpid liver, indigestion, and sick headache, they never fail.

Fishing Tackle of all kinds, Flys Hooks, Lines, Poles, &c., of all varieties, a full supply always on hand at Richardson's Drug Store

CHEAP FARM GATE.—For a good Farm Gate, go to C. W. Bellamy, Flesherton. Cheapest, most durable and handiest Gate manufactured in Canada. No hinges required. I will make you a gate as cheaply as you can put up a pair of bars.

He Got There.

We congratulate Mr. Earle Strain upon the success achieved by him at the recent Toronto University Medical School examinations, second year. He passed in all his subjects,—anatomy, physiology, materia medica, chemistry, and histology.

Queen's Birthday.

Come and spend the afternoon of the 24th on Flesher's hill at a garden party given by the W. C. T. U. Games and amusements on the grounds. Lunch, 15ct. each, or 25ct. a couple, will be served at half past four. A cordial invitation is extended to every one.

A Good Soldier.

Dr. Christoe has been doing some excellent service in connection with Eugenia Mission (Methodist church) during the illness of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Corcoran. Two weeks ago last Sunday he rendered valuable aid in connection with the Quarterly Meeting services there; and last Sunday he again cheerfully responded to the call of duty. The Dr. never shirks what he considers his plain duty—either in secular or religious matters.

Queens' Birthday, May 24, 1888.

Through the kindness of Her Gracious Majesty and the liberality of Mr. C. Raymond, of Guelph, we are in a position to present every person visiting our show-rooms on the Queen's Birthday with a neat handy Bookmark and beautiful Chromo. E. MOORE, Flesherton Furniture Warerooms, Durham street, Flesherton.

Any due bill from Richardson & Co's general Store will be taken as cash—Eggs, Butter etc. except for Field Seeds—Clover, Timothy, Turnips, Carrots, etc., must be cash down, no credit given.—W. E. Richardson, Flesherton.

"A Fisherman's Luck."

Two Flesherton anglers were out fishing for speckled beauties on Monday last. In the course of their perambulations both managed to fall into the water and get wet. Then they got terribly hungry, and went to a farmer's house and purchased some bread. One of the anglers ate a whole loaf of the bread himself and then smacked his lips for more. The latter caught eight fish and arrived in town about nine o'clock p. m, greatly exhausted after his exciting day's sport!

Corporation of Markdale.

The following gentlemen will operate the machinery of the newly fledged village corporation of Markdale:—W. J. McFarland, Reeve; Wm. Brown, R. S. Rae, Wm. Lucas and S. Hill, Councillors. Their term of office will expire about the 1st of January, 1889, when a new election will be held. There were a number of aspirants, other than the successful ones, but they wisely withdrew their names rather than put the infant municipality to the cost of an election contest.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Farmers are busy getting in their seed.

Snow fell last Sunday and Monday.

Mr. John Ross left by moonlight some time ago. There are several parties who feel sad about his leaving.

Messrs. Johnston & Hutchison started out bright and early with their milk-wagons on Monday morning.

Arbor Day was duly observed by Miss Ford and her pupils in planting trees, flowers and generally improving the school grounds.

Suggestions to Pathmasters.

Pathmaster Clayton says he has received several suggestions as to the manner in which he and his colleague, Mr. Holman, should spend the money entrusted to them for sidewalk and other improvements. If half of the suggestions were carried out it would use up twice as much money as they have to spend. Mr. Gordon and others are strongly in favor of incorporation, and express the belief that nothing like the amount requisite for keeping up our sidewalk system and other street improvements will be forthcoming until Flesherton has become a separate municipality.

Improvements.

Squire Armstrong is having his handsome residence repainted in attractive colors.

Squire Richardson is making improvements in connection with his residence, by the judicious application of paint.

Rev. T. Watson has been superintending extensive improvements in connection with his residence and the Baptist chapel. Shade trees have been planted on both sides fronting the streets, a neat fence has been erected, a picturesque verandah is in course of construction, and the grounds are being levelled and otherwise greatly improved.

[Other improvements will be noticed from time to time.]

Rev. D'Argant.

Rev. D'Argant, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Maxwell, has accepted a call to Burr Oak in the State of Michigan. Previous to his acceptance of the call, Rev. D'Argant had been holding a series of special meetings in Jamestown, Indiana. The following item, which appeared in print before the call was formally accepted, is clipped from the Bronson (Mich) Journal of the 27th ult.:—

Rev. D'Argant of Bronson, will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit next Sunday. The trustees of the Presbyterian society hope by that time, to be able to determine whither or no this gentleman shall remain in Burr Oak. Mr. D'Argant is a young man, appears to be full of life and vim and is a ready speaker. He seems to be likeed very much by the congregation in general, and it is only the question of the necessary salary that seems to stand as barrier between himself and the church trustees. It is to be hoped that this matter may be settled before next Sabbath, and that Mr. D'Argant may become one among us. Burr Oak Acorn. Mr. D'Argant has done faithful and efficient Christian work in the revivals at this place and neighborhood the past winter, and his friends here would be pleased to have him located so near us.

Immigrant Children.

Mr. John T. Middlemore, the founder of the Orphan Children's Emigration Charity, London, Ont., left Liverpool on the 27th inst. in the S. S. L Ontario with a party of 50 girls and 120 boys between the age of 6 and 18 years, who are brought out to this country for adoption or hire, chiefly among farmers. They are expected to arrive at the Guthrie Home, near the city, on or about the 9th prox. This will be Mr. Middlemore's 15th annual visit to these shores with juvenile emigrants from Birmingham, England, since 1872. Already many applications accompanied with good references have been made for the children expected to arrive, but more are required. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. H. Gibbens, Manager of the Guthrie Home, London, Ont.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COURT OF REVISION,

TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMESIA.

THE First sitting of the Court of Revision, on the Assessment of 1888 for the Township of Artemesia, will be held in the TOWN HALL, FLESHERTON, on Monday, 4th day of JUNE, 1888. All parties interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

W. J. BELLAMY, Clerk.
Twp. Clerk's Office, May 15th, 1888.

COURT OF REVISION,

TOWNSHIP OF OSPREY.

THE First Sitting of the Court of Revision, on the Assessment of 1888 for the Township of Osprey, will be held in MAXWELL, on Tuesday the 29th day of MAY, 1888. All parties interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

WM. MILNE, Clerk.
Twp. Clerk's Office, 14th May, 1888.

Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of Neil Kennedy, deceased.

PURSUANT to Provisions of the revised statutes of Ontario, Chapter 110. Notice is hereby given that all creditors and other persons having any debts, claims or demands against the Estate of Neil Kennedy, late of the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, school teacher, deceased, who died on or about the 15th day of January, A.D., 1888, are hereby required on or before the 15th day of July, 1888, to send by post prepaid, to Frederick Kennedy, of the said Township of Artemesia, Priceville P.O., the administrator of the estate of the said deceased. Their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that at the expiration of that time the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and that he will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim he shall not then have had notice.

MASSON & MASSON,
Solicitors for the said administrator, Frederick Kennedy.

Dated at Owen Sound this 1st day of May, 1888

Judicial Sale!

O'BRIEN v O'BRIEN.

PURSUANT to the Judgment in this action there will be sold in one parcel with the approbation of the Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario at Owen Sound, by ABRAHAM S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, at Munshaws Hotel, in the Village of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, on

Saturday, 2nd day of June, 1888,

at 10 o'clock a m. The following property, viz: Lots numbers 125 and 126 in the 2nd Concession North-East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey containing one hundred acres, more or less. There are about twenty acres cleared and under cultivation. The property is distant from the Villages of Markdale and Flesherton about five miles and the roads leading thereto are good country roads. The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid fixed by the said Master.

TERMS OF SALE:—Lot 125 is patented and will be sold clear of all incumbrances; lot 126 is unpatented with a balance of about $80 still due the Crown. 10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Vendor's Solicitors at the time of sale, and the balance within thirty days thereafter without interest. The other terms and conditions of sale may be ascertained on application to the Vendor's Solicitors and will be announced at the sale.

ALFRED FROST,
Local Master.

CREASOR, MORRISON & SMITH,
Vendor's Solicitor,
Owen Sound.

Dated at Owen Sound, 9th May, 1888.

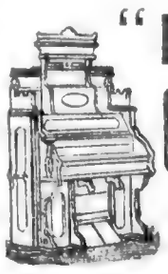

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

The Clock's Reply.

A little girl sat in the door of a hall,
And heard the quaint clock crooning there
The monotonous message Time sends to all;
And said with a wilful, petulant air,
"Hurry, old clock, you are too slow,
I'm tired of hearing you tick and tick,
You are always starting and back you go,
I want you to change and whirl round quick.
I'm tired and sick of being small,
And having to mind and study, too,
I want to be free and wise and tall—
Tall and minded, old clock, like you.
My nest is empty, my birds have flown—
I saw it just now tho' the grass was wet;
Hurry, old clock, I want to be grown,"
But the clock ticked on, "Not yet, not yet."

A young girl stood in the same hall door,
Watching her lover go down the way
He had gone so often, but nevermore
Would come again; then, smiling gay,
She turned to the old clock muttering there,
And said, with the slightest, subtlest trace,
Of her once imperious childish air,
Mixed with her maidenly charm and grace,
"Hurry, old clock, you are too slow;
Though both of us thought you far too fast,
As we often have, a moment ago.
"Oh, if meetings would only last!
Already I long his face to see,
Let the swift moons rise and the swift suns set,
And bring my darling quick to me."
But the clock ticked on "Not yet, not yet."

A sad-faced woman leant in her chair,
In the self-same door at the close of day,
And still in its wonted corner there
Grimly the old clock ticked away
The woman turned from the fading skies
To the only voice in the lonely hall,
And said, with reproach in her weary eyes,
"The same old song since I was small!
Hurry, old clock, you are so slow,
And my heart impatient beats so fast,
The time is tedious, I long to go.
Oh, if partings were only past
And we might meet in that dream and blest,
Where all my troubles I might forget,
Clasped once more to my darling's breast!"
But the clock ticked on "Not yet, not yet."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

These were the words of Ada's song; and often in the days and weeks which followed—days and weeks of terrible gloom and darkness and unutterable misery—Shirley recalled them with bitter tears—

We made a home, my love and I,
Above the vales where cities lie,
In the soft corner of a hill,
With heav'n above as pure and still;
We thought no storm could reach us there,
But breezes from the upper air
We put our flow'rs and creepers out
To bask in sunbeams round about
The world beneath, pure heav'n above
We dwelt secure in peace and love
We lived in dreams, my love and I,
And took Time for Eternity

So dreamed we all one summer through
Till suddenly the wild winds blew
Ill fared it with our sheltered nook
Our scanting roof and frail house shook
Our creeping flow'rs that hid the wall,
Our roses and our lilies tall,
Were broken by the ruthless blast,
And, far upon the mountain cast,
The tree our fondly cherished shade,
Fell, and vast ruin round it made
"Ah, vain were all my thoughts," said I,
"That took Time for Eternity!"

"We had not even one summer's dreaming," Shirley was thinking to herself as she listened, leaning against the bowlder of rock with a far-away look in her hazel eyes—eyes which were all the more lovely from the shadows under them and the yearning pain which had darkened and deepened them—"not even one summer, only a few short wintry days, my love and I."

Ada Grey's voice continued—

Through the long night the wild storm raged,
And when, toward morning, it assuaged,
The sun shone o'er the hills,
And sweet the breezes blew my heart to greet;
But ruin lay around me where
My home had been so dear and fair—
My dwelling shattered on the ground,
My joys, all broken, lay around.
The breezes I had trusted in,
Like treach'rous friends, had broken in
And robbed me of so much that I
Had deemed was mine eternally

"There is another verse," Lucie said, as her sister paused.

"But Lady Glynn will be tired," returned Ada; then, obeying her sister's glance, she went on, in a louder, more triumphant tone, with the last verse of the song; and, as she sung it, the tall gray-clad figure began its descent again, coming nearer and nearer each moment.

"Arouse thee," said my loved one's voice;
"The house is gone, yet I rejoice.
The storms are kind which round us blow,
Without them we should never know
That love which fades not with the flowers,
Nor shakes when loudest tempest lowers,
Surviving home and rooted tree,
That seemed secure as the hills to be
What matter if all else be gone?
Since love survives, that is alone
A gleam of Immortality,
And makes of Time eternity."

The sweet notes quivered and died away on the soft air; the gray figure was among the bowlders now, looking up. Lucie Grey saw him coming, a tall, grave looking man, with a pointed Vandyke beard and dark gray eyes. Ada was looking at Lady Glynn's face, and she saw it change suddenly and brighten with a radiance which did not come from the sun setting over the sea. Guy Stuart, coming toward them, with his back to the sunshine and his face in the shadow, saw that radiance also; and while it thrilled him with a keen sense of joy, it made his heart ache with unspeakable pain and rendered it very difficult for him to greet Shirley with the quiet courtesy he strove to show when, stepping over the bowlders, he came up to the group and stood beside Lady Glynn as she sat, with the soft fleecy scarlet shawl making a vivid spot of color amid the grays and greens and the deep rich hue of the cliffs, looking up at him with smiling eyes.

CHAPTER XXX

"Those are very nice girls," said Major Stuart, when he and Shirley parted from the vicar's daughters at the foot of the long irregular climbing street which was the principal Easton thoroughfare; and, while the three girls turned off to the left on their way home to the gray-stone ivy-covered gabled Vicarage, Lady Glynn and her companion walked slowly up the climbing street to "Pack of Cards"—a capital, old-fashioned, thoroughly comfortable inn, where Lord and Lady Eastwell, Sir Hugh and Lady Glynn, party and suite, had taken up their quarters.

"They are very nice," Shirley answered, cordially. I hope to see a great deal of them while I am here."

She was looking flushed and bright and smiling—very different from the pale weary woman who made her way so languidly over shingles an hour or two before. The scarlet shawl was still thrown over her scarf-wise, making a vivid contrast with her soft gray dress; the soft chestnut hair curling over her forehead was stirred and lifted by the evening breeze, which was freshening a little now. She looked almost like the Shirley Ross of these few short wintry days when she and her love had "lived in dreams" and taken "Time for Eternity."

"I think Easton sea-breezes have done you good," he said, looking down at her with a smile. "You are looking much better."

"I am almost quite strong again," Shirley answered. "Easton is a very bracing place I fancy. We are all the better for it."

"Who is here with you?" Guy asked.

"The Eastwells and Mrs. Beaudesert, with Captain Layton and Lord Rupert Elland in attendance," she said, smiling. "We have taken up the whole of the accommodation at the 'Pack of Cards,' and have made a great sensation at Easton altogether."

"I suppose so," he replied a little absently.

"Yes; Alice has her carriage here, and the fisher-folk stare at her footmen as if they were beings from another sphere," Shirley said, gaily. "Our suite consists of a man and maid and a groom to look after the pony and carriage; so we are much humbler individuals in the eyes of the natives. You should see the excitement Alice and Mrs. Beaudesert create when they go into church; it is quite ludicrous."

"How?" asked Major Stuart. "What causes the sensation?"

"Their dresses and bonnets," Shirley replied, with a little bright laugh. "They dress as if they were going to the most fashionable London church. I am sure they have a great many sins to answer for through distracting the attention of Mr. Gray's congregation."

"I wonder why this inn was called the 'Pack of Cards'?" Guy said, musingly, as they came in sight of the hostelry in question.

"From its very curious architecture," Shirley answered. "Just look at it for a moment, and see if it has not a kind of resemblance to those houses which children build with cards."

"I hope its foundations are more secure," he remarked, smilingly.

"I hope so," Shirley returned, dubiously.

"Have you had any reason to doubt it?" he asked her, as they both stood still before the pointed stone porch which sheltered the door of the inn, a roomy, odd-looking structure which in the posting days had been rather a celebrated house of entertainment "for man and beast."

"No, and I hope we shall not," was the reply. "I do not like storms, especially near the sea."

"Are you going to make a long stay here?"

"We came for a month or six weeks. And you?" she asked, suddenly lifting her eyes to his.

"Only a day or two at longest," he answered quietly. "I am on a walking-tour, and did not intend to remain here at all until I saw your groom, who told me you were here."

"Then you did not come to see me?" she said, with a little disappointment. "I have been laying the flattering unction to my soul that you had."

"I did not know that you were here," he replied, with a smile. "But I am very glad to see you looking so much stronger. Your husband is well?"

Shirley's beautiful red lips were pressed a little closer together.

"Sir Hugh is very well," she answered, quietly; and their eyes met for a moment. Lady Glynn's color deepened and her long lashes drooped. "I am trying to do as you wish," she said a little unsteadily, after a moment's pause, looking away from him down the straggling irregular street, "but it is very hard."

"Not because I wish it," he rejoined, very gently, "but because it is right, I trust."

"Here they come," she said, suddenly, as a carriage appeared over the brow of the hill. "Lord Rupert and Sir Hugh are riding. Look how the inhabitants of the High street rush to see the royal procession."

Major Stuart smiled as he saw the eager faces appearing in doorways and at open windows as Lady Eastwell's landau drove slowly down to the inn, Sir Hugh riding behind the carriage with a good looking young man whom Guy recognized as Captain Layton, while in the landau were Alice and her husband, Mrs. Beaudesert, a brilliant little coquettish widow, and one of her many admirers, Lord Rupert Elland.

"If Ruby and Oswald could have come with us," Shirley said, with a little sigh, "it would have been so pleasant; but they have gone to Fairholme, and—and Alice would come."

"Major Stuart," said Lady Eastwell, smiling as he went forward to the carriage door, while one of the powdered giants descended from his perch amid the intense excitement and admiration of three or four sunburnt urchins who clustered half shyly, half impudently on the pavement, "what good wind has blown you here?"

"Major Stuart! How charming!" put in Mrs. Beaudesert, with one of her most gracious smiles. "You are not a bird of passage, I hope?"

"I am indeed," he answered, smiling. "I had no intention of staying here, except for luncheon, when I met Sir Hugh's groom, who told me that his master was here, and that I should find Lady Glynn on the beach."

"And where are you going?" Captain Layton asked, while Sir Hugh and Major Stuart exchanged hand-shakes.

"I am 'doing' Devon on foot," answered Guy, laughing. "Do you feel inclined to go the rest of the way with me, Layton?"

"A walking-tour!" laughed the young officer. "Oh, no—it does not sound tempting."

"But you will not start immediately?" questioned Lady Eastwell, while Shirley stood outwardly calm and indifferent, but really waiting anxiously for his answer.

"Mine hostess of 'ye onlye hostelrye,'" said Guy, laughingly, "says that she cannot accommodate me as her house is full."

"Yes, we have it all!" put in Mrs. Beaudesert, glancing up at him merrily. "You cannot think what fun it is living at an inn."

"It is not much like living at an inn when you have a lot of servants with you," said Lord Rupert, laughing, "and necessaries down from London three or four times a week."

"Isn't it?" the little widow questioned innocently. "Never mind; it will be something to talk of this autumn in our shooting-season visits."

"Ah, perhaps it will!" his lordship said, languidly. "Serve to amuse you ladies when we're after the grouse."

"You are all chattering so much that you give me no opportunity of telling Major Stuart how delighted we shall be to accommodate him for as long as he will take pity on us," interposed Alice, in her sweetest manner. "Sir Hugh—Shirley, add your entreaties to mine."

"No other entreaties could be needed, Lady Eastwell, I assure you, and you are tempting me beyond my powers of resistance," Guy answered, smiling. "But I shall not trespass on your hospitality more than one night, and I will start to-morrow, if you will allow me. Perhaps some of these gentlemen will feel inclined to walk a few miles with me."

"I dare say I shall," said Sir Hugh, rather eagerly. "I am tired of this riding and driving. It is almost as bad as London."

"Then you will stay, Major Stuart?" said Mrs Beaudesert, with her most bewitching smile; and, after another momentary struggle with his better judgment, Guy stayed. Ah, how often and how bitterly in after days he repented having yielded to their wishes.

The "Pack of Cards" was, within as without, a quaint and irregular building, with wide low passages and oddly shaped rooms in out-of-the-way corners. The house was spacious and not uncomfortable and there was a wide low-ceilinged sitting-room on the first floor, which opened on to an old-fashioned stone balcony commanding a view of the steep irregular street and a peep of the sea lying beyond.

When the dinner was over, coffee was served in this room, and the gentlemen took their cigars out on the balcony, whither Mrs. Beaudesert followed, tying her tiny lace handkerchief over her head in a coquettish manner, as she stood leaning over the stone balustrade and chatting in soft lowered tones to Lord Rupert, while she puffed away at her cigarette.

"It is so charming to be in a place where you can do as you like," she was saying softly. "Now in Brighton one would not dare to smoke on a balcony."

"Lots of women do," said his lordship, looking at her admiringly.

"Ah, but they are women who have no respect for the proprieties!" she answered. "Now Alice would be horrified if she were to see me smoke."

"No? You don't mean it? I should have given Lady Eastwell credit for more sense," said Lord Rupert in astonishment.

"Oh, she's awfully prudish!"

"Prudish! I like that!" laughed his lordship. "Why, she flirts outrageously with Glynn."

"She tries to do so," Mrs. Beaudesert said sweetly, "but Sir Hugh is quite too awfully in love with his own wife to respond."

And then they laughed softly and spoke in lower tones, and Guy and Captain Layton, smoking at the other end of the balcony, were silent, the latter not a little jealous at the progress Lord Rupert was making with the little widow, the former looking thoughtfully down the street, with its few gas-lamps and lighted shop windows and the blue starlit sky overhead.

Suddenly he bent forward eagerly, and looked keenly after a man who had walked past the "Pack of Cards," glancing up at the balcony as he passed. Guy looked after him for a moment, and Captain Layton removed his cigar from his mouth.

"Any one you know?" he asked, carelessly

"One of Sir Hugh's servants, I fancy," Guy answered, with indifference. "His face seems familiar to me."

"By the way, we might as well go in," drawled Captain Layton. "We are rather *de trop* here."

Guy smiled as he threw away his cigar and followed Frederic Layton into the sitting-room, leaving the glass doors open behind them. The room was lighted only by a couple of oil-lamps—gas being an innovation which had penetrated only as far as the bar-parlor in the "Pack of Cards"—which threw a subdued light over the shabby comfortable furniture. Shirley was seated at the piano, playing scraps of melody softly with one hand. Lord Eastwell had fallen asleep in an arm-chair in the corner, Alice was dozing in another, and Sir Hugh Glynn, leaning back in a low chair, was watching Shirley's graceful figure in her pretty white dress as she sat at the piano, with a curiously intent miserable look in his handsome blue eyes which rather startled Guy. He moved slightly when the two young men entered, and looked up, then changed his position, altering his chair so that his face was no longer in the light.

"You don't seem very lively here," said Captain Layton, laughingly. "Will you come and have a game of billiards, Glynn?"

"Thanks, not to-night. Shirley, give us some music," Sir Hugh said, his voice changing suddenly when he addressed his wife.

She glanced at him over her shoulder and smiled a little, and his face brightened with such a swift, sudden brightness that it touched Shirley.

"I shall wake Lord Eastwell," she said softly.

"What does it matter! It was hardly polite to us both for him to fall asleep."

"Play something soft," suggested Capt. Layton, "or sing, will you, Lady Glynn? I have not heard you for an age."

"I don't think I shall ever sing again," said Shirley, shaking her head.

"And why not?" Sir Hugh asked quickly, with a sudden anxious glance toward her.

"Because I heard such charming singing to-day—such a delicious voice, so pure and sweet. You heard it, too, Major Stuart."

"Yes, it was very beautiful," Guy said dreamily, his thoughts going back to the pretty group he had surprised among the rocks.

"Who was the singer?" asked Captain Layton, eagerly. "You will be charitable Lady Glynn; you know that I am fanatic, as regards all things musical."

"Does that mean music-mad?" Shirley said gayly.

"Yes. Do take pity upon my madness, Lady Glynn," entreated the young fellow.

"How? By playing to you, or by gratifying your curiosity?"

"In both ways," he answered, in the same pleading manner.

"Who is this charming musician, Lady Glynn? Major Stuart, do take pity on my impatience!"

"She is Miss Ada Grey, the vicar's second daughter," said Shirley, her little fingers straying softly over the keys.

"The vicar's second daughter!" he repeated eagerly. "Is she pretty?"

"I think so," Lady Glynn answered.

"So do I," said Major Stuart, smiling.

"Will you take me to church under your wing next Sunday, Lady Glynn?" said Captain Layton; and, while Shirley answered him laughingly, Guy turned to Sir Hugh

"By the bye, Glynn, that man Latreille, is he still in your service?"

Sir Hugh's face was in the shadow. Had it not been so, Guy Stuart could not but have noticed how it changed, growing pale and startled at the simple question.

"Latrielle?" he repeated. "No. Why did you ask?"

"I thought I saw him pass the house a few minutes since," said Guy carelessly, "and concluded that you must have him here with you. But his is not a very uncommon physique, and in all probability it was some chance likeness which struck me."

Sir Hugh made no answer.

Presently Lord Rupert and Mrs. Beaudesert came in. Shirley, leaving the piano, came and stood by the table, slim and graceful in her white gown: and Alice, rousing up, flushed and smiling, from her nap, suggested a game of loo, a suggestion which was received with acclamation by all but Sir Hugh, Shirley and Captain Layton, who resolved to show his displeasure to Mrs. Beaudesert by abstaining from her favorite amusement and sulking.

The game began amid a good deal of chit-chat and laughter. Major Stuart was playing rather absently, and was looed twice in succession. Mrs. Beaudesert, looking at him laughingly, opined that he must be in love.

"The pretty singer, perhaps," said Sir Hugh, making an effort to appear at his ease. "Layton, look to yourself."

"He's going away to-morrow," rejoined Captain Layton, sauntering over to the piano. "I shall have it all my own way then."

"He's not obliged to go," said Lady Eastwell, smiling.

Captain Layton shrugged his shoulders as he sat down and began softly playing a waltz. Shirley crossed the room to her husband's side, standing beside his chair for a moment.

"Are you not well?" she said; and there was a very unusual gentleness softening the coldness of her voice as she spoke which made Sir Hugh's weary blue eyes brighten perceptibly.

"My head aches," he said. "This room is insufferably hot."

"Shall we try a breath of fresh air on the balcony?"

Sir Hugh rose at once.

"Will it not be cold for you, dear?" he said, in a low tone.

"Oh, no; I have a shawl here."

She allowed him to fold it round her in silence, and they passed out on to the balcony together. Major Stuart glanced up for a moment from the cards that he held to look after them as they went, with a warm and cordial light in his eyes.

"It is pleasant here," Shirley said a little unsteadily, as she stood on the balcony.

There was something new and unfamiliar about this *tete-a-tete* with her husband which made her feel a little self-reproachful as she remembered how earnestly Guy had entreated her, ere he left her on that day in London, to forgive Hugh the wrong he had done her, and to live in amity with him. She had made but few efforts since then; but she had not been quite so contemptuously cold perhaps.

It touched her now to see with what a hesitating movement Sir Hugh, generally so proud and self-possessed, slipped his hand through her arm. Perhaps she had been harder even than his sin deserved—and, after all, he had loved her!

They stood for some minutes in silence, looking down on the quiet, almost empty streets. The shops were shut now, but two or three of the shopkeepers had brought out chairs and placed them on the pavement, and were sitting chatting and smoking and enjoying the fresh air, while beyond lay the sea, the waves breaking over the shingles with a soft little murmur which reached Shirley's ears. It was all so still and silent and peaceful. Ah, how well she remembered that night long afterward!

Suddenly lifting her eyes, she found her husband's fixed upon her, with a passion of yearning tenderness in their gaze; he was looking deathly pale in the moonlight, and his hand, as it lay upon her arm, shook lightly.

"I am afraid you are suffering," she said gently. "Do you feel ill, Hugh?"

It was the first time, during all the years they had lived together as husband and wife that she had called him by his Christian name, and a sudden gleam of delight flashed into his eyes.

"Shirley!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, full of passionate emotion, and yearning and remorse; and in almost uncontrollable emotion he bowed his head over until his lips touched her hair; then, turning from her, he leaned against the balustrade and covered his face with his hands.

Shirley watched him in silence for a minute. Had he been so unhappy after all? Had he suffered? Had his punishment equaled his crime? Had she been more wicked even than he had been? His had been the crime of a few hours or weeks. Hers had been the sin of four long years, hardening her heart and cherishing vengeance and hatred.

She touched him gently, lifting her slim white hand and trying to draw his from his face; and at her touch he trembled violently, and, throwing himself upon his knees beside her, hid his face upon her hands, kissing them passionately; and with the kisses came tears—a strong man's tears of remorse and pain and anguish.

"Hugh"—Shirley's broken voice was full of a new sweet music, although the low tones were very unsteady—"I have been very wrong. Will you forgive me, and let us begin again?"

"Forgive you, my darling!" he murmured. "Shirley, can I ever forgive myself? Even the excuse I offered at first makes my shame and remorse the greater now. But, my darling, I did love you—selfishly, unworthily, I know—and I was mad with rage and jealousy; but I did love you. Ah, love, I have suffered all these years; and the bitterest drop in my cup has been the sight of your suffering!"

"We will not talk of it now," she said very gently. "Shall we begin again? Hugh, I will try to be a good wife to you. I have been wrong—ah, how deeply wrong!—and you have been very indulgent and good to me always—and—and—let us begin again from to-night!"

"I am not worthy," he returned huskily. "Oh, my darling, are you sure that you forgive? I could not bear to—to lose you again!"

She loosened her hands gently from his, and, as he folded his arms around her, still kneeling, she laid his head upon her breast and felt once more his kisses and his tears.

From within, through the open windows, came the sound of gay laughter and voices and the dreamy waltz-music which rose and fell so softly. Without all was still and silent, as Hugh Glynn knelt, with his head upon his wife's breast and his arms around her, and felt that it would be joy to die thus, and leave her free to be happy, since she had forgiven him.

"Shirley"—he lifted his head and looked up at the beautiful softened face which had surely driven him mad at one time of his life—"is it a dream? It seems to me that joy cannot, ought not to be mine!"

She smiled slightly: it was strange what a feeling of happiness this reconciliation gave her; and, oh, how thankfully she looked back to it in the days that followed, and remembered that the last words she had spoken to him had been kindly ones!

"You feel anything but dream-like," she said lightly, anxious to end a scene which was trying him so terribly. "Is your head better? Has the air done you good?"

As she spoke, she put her little cold hand upon his forehead and softly pushed away the fair disordered hair, looking frankly into the blue eyes raised to hers with such passionate adoration in their depths.

"Shirley—oh, my darling," he murmured, half beside himself with joy and pain and remorse, "will you—just to prove that this is no dream—will you kiss me once?"

She stooped forward instantly and kissed him softly; it was the first kiss she had ever given him.

"Come in, my darling," he said presently, thoughtful for her even in this delirium of happiness which possessed him. "It is cold for you here, and I must take care of you now, my own precious wife."

And, as they re-entered the sitting-room, Guy Stuart, glancing up again for a moment, saw the peace on both their faces, and it was reflected on his own.

"It is a still sultry night," Captain Layton said carelessly, as he went over to the open windows. "I think there is a storm brewing."

"I hope not," Mrs. Beaudesert said, with a little effected shudder. "What makes you think so, Captain Layton?"

"It is so very still, and there is a kind of heaviness in the atmosphere," he answered.

"After a storm comes a calm, you know, and after a calm comes a storm, I suppose?"

Shirley's eyes met her husband's for a moment, and she smiled; but Sir Hugh's glance was troubled. Had he any foreboding of the terrible storm which was about to burst? Were Captain Layton's words prophetic? They seemed so to many present ere twenty-four short hours elapsed.

(To be continued.)

The Talk of the Day.

Mrs. Jones (who has just moved into the house lately occupied by Mrs. Smith)—"Dear, dear! I never saw such a dirty house in my life. I should think those Smiths never cleaned house while they lived here. And the yard is full of their old rubbish, too. It will take a month to clean up after them."

Mrs. Smith (who has just moved into the house lately occupied by Mrs. Jones)—"Dirt! Don't talk to me of dirt! I've counted ten different kinds of finger marks on the parlor walls. And to think we moved on purpose so we wouldn't have to clean house! It's positively disgraceful to live the way those Jonses do. I'd as lief be a savage."

He Saw the Point.

Jones had married the prettiest woman in town, and Brown had married the homeliest, and thought she was beautiful, says the Washington *Critic*. One evening they were talking about their respective better halves, and B remarked:

"I say, Jones, I think you and I married the two prettiest women in town."

Jones looked at him in surprise a moment, but he saw he was serious.

"Well," he replied cautiously, and with pride, "I guess you are about half right, old fellow."

Brown didn't see the point until he told his wife.

Treating a Sore Throat.

Labalt, of Galveston, remarked to a friend:

"I've got an awful sore throat."

"You ought to treat it."

"I did treat it at three different saloons, but it don't seem to do any good."—*Texas Siftings.*

Chauncey Depew has coined a phrase which will probably have a run. He speaks of financial transactions of an uncertain character as "Kathleen Mavourneen loans," because "it may be for years and it may be forever."

The Vienna people can't quite understand how it comes that U. S. Minister Lawton, who was a Major-General in the Confederate army, should now be a representative of the Federal Government at a foreign court.

A fashion paper says that "dresses are worn short." The frequency with which the average American benedict writes out a cheque for "that lovely new dress," would naturally lead to the belief that "dresses are not worn long."

A popular Newfoundland clergyman in a prayer before the sealers just before their departure for the ice said: "Forbid, O Lord, that any seals should be brought within their reach on the Sabbath day, lest they should be tempted to transgress; but, if they should be brought into contact with them on that day, Thou knowest the weakness of our poor, fallen nature, and also how poor they are and how many hungry ones there are at home, and, should they take seals, mercifully forgive."

Elizabeth of Roumania is 45 years of age, and the most talented woman of royal rank in the world. The Queen, or, as she is known in literature, "Carmen Sylva," begins her literary work at 5 in the morning. She rises without disturbing her husband or even her maid; dresses without assistance, and, lighting a lamp, is soon busy with her pen.

Jack and I.

I was so tired of Jack, poor boy,
And Jack was tired of me;
Most-longed-for sweets will soonest cloy
Fate had been kind, and we,
Two foolish spendthrift hearts made waste
Of life's best gifts with eager haste.

Oh! tired we were. Time seems so long
When everything goes well!
The walls of home rose grim and strong;
Like prisoners in a cell
We clanked our marriage chain, and pined
For freedom we had left behind.

Tired, tired of love and peace were we
Of every day's calm bliss!
We had no goal to win, since he
Was mine, and I was his;
And so we sighed in mute despair,
And wished each other anywhere.

But sorrow came one day—the pain
Of death's dark awful fear;
Oh, then our hearts beat warm again
Then each to each was dear.
It seemed that life could nothing lack.
While Jack had me and I had Jack!

WOMEN AND THEIR CLOTHES.

The Progress of the War Against Corsets and for Divided Skirts.

Sarah Bernhardt's empire dresses in "La Tosca" bid fair to do more toward doing away with corsets than all the labors of reformers. If all women had the sort of figures that Bernhardt has, it would be still easier to have her example followed. Lots of great actresses, especially in France and England, dress without corsets in many parts and often off the stage. Sarah, Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson never wear them except in some particular part where the style of dressing is necessarily conventionally stiff. The real way to improve women's dress hygienically is to improve it and make them believe it is improved artistically. Lovely woman is not going to satisfy what she believes to be her looks to any small matters like health or life. The greatest advance so far accomplished has been through tea gowns introduced by fashion. Tea gowns are now recognized as proper wear indoors up to dinner time, and they are generally as hygienic as bloomers, and a great deal prettier. A lady just returned from England, and who has a very intelligent interest in the subject, met Lady Habberton over there. Lady Habberton still insists on the divided skirt without compromise. So she does not make much progress in getting her ideas carried out. The New York lady says that the trouble with Lady Habberton is that she has no real talent or taste or interest in dress. She wants divided skirts because she thinks they are more convenient, not because she admires them. What is needed are women to lead the world in dress who have too much taste to endure big tournure, squeezed waists or bulky crinolines. Then the hygiene will take care of itself. Mrs. Carpenter Fenton, the Secretary of the English Dress Reform Society, is fitted for her position by the fact that she dresses beautifully and always looks like a picture. Mrs. Gustafson, whose gowns were more admired and talked about in the papers than any one else's at the recent women's convention in Washington, is a dress reformer of the deepest dye. She insists on herself and children always being clad in accord with hygienic principles. Some of the best English dress makers are dropping the tailor-made idea and going in for high art effects, which are now much more generally if less startlingly attempted than they were in the heyday of the æsthetics. Mrs. Oscar Wilde no longer does the bizarre, but she dresses with great originality and taste. She wears the divided petticoat beneath her gowns. Most of Mrs. Potter's dresses, both for the stage and private use, are designed to be worn over the divided petticoat. It is quite the swell thing now, but it is too dimpsy for conventionally fashionable frocks.—*New York Graphic.*

How to Drink Milk.

"What did you drink?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing that could have made me sick, I am sure," replied the patient. "Only a glass of milk."

"Did you drink it quickly?"

"No quicker than usual."

"I thought so. Now, let me give you a word of advice. Many persons complain that they cannot drink milk without being 'distressed by it.' The most common reason why milk is not well borne is due to the fact that people generally drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily it enters the stomach and then forms in one solid, curdled mass, difficult of digestion. If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least is occupied in drinking it, then, on reaching the stomach, it is so divided that when coagulated, as it must always be by the gastric juice while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard condensed mass upon the outside of which only the digestive fluids can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can freely play and perform its function. Milk may be rendered more digestible, and for many, of a more agreeable taste, if prepared by slowly adding a few drops of dilute hydrochloric acid to it, drop by drop, while stirring it at the same time. By this means the curd is broken up, and it is in a more favorable state to be acted upon by the digestive fluids. You follow my advice and you will have no more attacks of sickness such as the one you are troubled with today. Two dollars, please. Good day."—*Mail and Express.*

Worse Than Reported.

You never hear of a hod-carrier going to a millionaire and complaining that he is tired because he had been carrying bricks all day. He would get no sympathy if he did. But see how differently a man in a humble position treats a man of position when he complains. One of our best and most hard-working judges went up to the bar of the club the other day to get a drink. He felt affable. "Give me a long drink, John, I am very tired. I have so many things to carry in my head in court that it tires me out." "I can sympathize with you, judge," said the kindly barkeeper. "I know how it is myself, carrying in my head all the drinks the boys order."

The oldest resident of Dakota is Cornelius O'Leary, who lives near Elkton and is 114 years of age. He was born in Ireland, and did not come to this country until he had passed three score and ten. He reads without glasses and votes the Democratic ticket.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ABSINTHE was introduced into Western civilization by French soldiers after their return home from the Algerian war in 1844. It is a product of North Africa and the soldiers mixed it with their wine as a febrifuge. Its manufacture is now one of the largest liquor trades in Europe. It is chiefly made at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, where 2,000,000 gallons are produced annually.

THE New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* describes the new style of shaking hands among women of fashion as follows: The hand of the shakee is seized, brought to a level with the chin, while the elbow is crooked and then not shaken, but flapped. This graceful token of friendship is, I believe, an importation from the land of beef, Badminton and "Bass, you know."

W. W. WILMOT, an old man who appeared on the streets of Montgomery, Ala., a few days ago begging for enough money to buy a railroad ticket to Mobile, has had a romantic history. Many years ago he invented a machine for crimping shoes, and soon acquired a fortune. In 1876 he lost a wager of $75,000 that he had staked on Tilden's election to the Presidency, and since then one misfortune has crowded closely on the heels of another until he has lost his entire fortune and his health as well.

AN interesting development in photography is in the use of clockwork in printing from negatives. By this means a continuous web of sensitized paper is drawn at suitable intervals under a negative exposed to a source of light. After printing the paper is drawn, still by the mechanism, through "washer," "toner" and "fixer" successively, and appears finally as a series of finished pictures ready for mounting, and all alike in exposure, color and tone.

A NEW system of sewage works has been put into operation at Henley-on-Thames England. Its object is to avoid the discharge of sewage into the river—which can no longer be allowed—and lift it to a level which will permit it to be used for irrigation. Ejectors are placed in different parts of the town to receive the sewage, and from there it is forced by compressed air into tanks about a mile distant, and 180 feet higher in elevation. The method is not costly, has proved practicable, and may offer a successful solution of the question of the disposal of the sewage of low-lying towns.

QUEEN VICTORIA has approved of the 1st City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers being in future designated "The Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment);" and of the 2nd Edinburgh, 1st Mid-Lothian, 2nd Mid-Lothian, 1st Haddington and 1st Linlithgowshire corps being in future designated respectively the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Volunteer Battalions of the above-mentioned regiment.

A FRIEND recently spoke to Louis Kossuth of the flourishing condition of Pesth, when the Hungarian exile said that it almost broke his heart to hear of that beautiful city and not be allowed to see it. The friend suggested that he might go there wearing blue goggles and a wig, after the style of General Boulanger. "No," was the reply, "yet it is just possible that I may see Hungary again. If Russia attacks my country I will go without a wig or disguise, and will visit every village and every city, and give my right arm in the service of my fatherland."

THE British drink bill in 1887 amounted to £124,953,680, against £122,905,785 in 1886, an increase of £2,047,895. This heavy increase, in the absence of any suggestion to the contrary, is attributed to the largely increased quantity of liquor drank in celebrating the Queen's Jubilee last year. The compiler of the above statistics notes one comforting fact in relation to this matter: It is that jubilees do not come every year. Another cause for satisfaction is found in the fact that the bulk of the increased expenditure was for beer and wine, and only a fractional portion was spent in spirits as strong drink.

THE London *Spectator* tells this story as an example of the futility of empirical knowledge without science: The Commission appointed to inquire into the sea fisheries, of which Sir Lyon Playfair was Chairman, found that on the west coast of Scotland there was a close-time for herrings, fixed at the instance of the fishermen themselves. As the greed of the fishermen has often interfered with the enactment of a close-time, and thereby done great damage to the fishing, this seemed a piece of unusual wisdom. It turned out, however, when the Commissioners came to inquire into the effect of this close-time, that it also prevented fishing for cod and ling. Now cod and ling live upon herring, and the result of the protection given them for several months in each year was that they destroyed far more herrings than all the fishermen in the United Kingdom would have taken in the same period. The close-time had a directly opposite effect from which it was intended to have.

A RECENT British visitor to the Fiji Islands, once the home of a race of cannibals, asserts that the British "govern this population of 100,000, not unaccustomed to fighting, and scattered through a difficult country, with a mere handful of native constabulary." A French official lately sent to Fiji from New Caledonia, "commissioned to discover the secret of our success in dealing with these native races," being informed of this fact, replied: "Well, there is no use in my reporting this to my superiors, because they would not believe me; or if, *par malheur*, they did believe and tried to put it in practice, we should be driven into the sea in a week." Unhappily, despite official reports to the contrary, the Fijian is rapidly disappearing from the face of his island. Why, the ship which conveyed the acceptance of our sovereignty of Fiji brought also the measles, which swept off one-third of the population. One of the many causes of the decline is said to be "the going to church in a full suit of European clothes, and sitting naked in a draught to cool themselves afterwards." "For this reckless introduction of clothing, the more ignorant missionary of former days has to answer." "The disappearance from the earth of these very fine races is a distinct loss to the world. The experiment of preserving such a race has certainly never been tried before under such favorable circumstances, for the workers have had *carte blanche*;" still, the writer believes that "what is needed above all is some additional stimulus to exertion."

MISFORTUNES never come singly. Only a day or two before Matthew Arnold's sad death, there died at Oxford Mrs. Thomas Arnold, the wife of his younger brother, and the mother of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, whose novel, "Robert Elsmere," has made so much sensation. Mrs. Arnold had lived with her husband (of University College) in North Oxford for some twenty years past; and she will be greatly missed by Oxford society.

IN Robert Louis Stevenson's paper on "Gentlemen," which will appear in the May *Scribner's*, he says: "It is easy to be a gentleman in a very stiff society, where much of our action is prescribed; it is hard indeed in every free society where (as it seems) almost any word or act must come by inspiration. The rehearsed piece is at an end: we are now floundering through an impromptu charade."

THERE is a great demand in circulating libraries for Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel "Robert Elsmere" in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's article in the "Nineteenth Century" wherein the great Liberal statesman's passion for theological controversy largely asserts itself. Although the novel was written with the purpose from which point of view Mr. Gladstone mainly considers it, it also sets forth a love story of uncommon interest with much artistic effect.

DR. OGLE, General Superintendent of Statistics in the British Registrar-General's office, was on the 20th ult. examined before the Committee on Emigrants and Emigration. He stated that the total number of foreigners in England and Wales, including London, in 1881 was 118,000, of whom 17,000 were Americans, 98,000 were European foreigners, 365 were returned as having no occupation, or as being children under 5 years of age. Of the 118,000, 10,583 were sailors and 484 were priests or ministers of religion. Deducting these and other similar classes, there were 46,345 males over the age of 5 years left to compete with native labor, but a further reduction would be made from that number for children between 5 and 15 and for old people over 65. Of this number of 46,345 there was no single trade at which there were so many as 5,000 foreigners engaged. The number of foreigners in London in 1881 was 60,222, the largest portion of whom came from Germany. The foreign tailors in St. George's in the East were in 1881 61 per cent. of the whole tailors in that district, and by 1887 the number had risen to 83 per cent. In other trades, such as waiters in hotels, there was a corresponding increase in the percentage of foreign labor.

COL. W. F. FOX, in an article in the *Century* for May, takes occasion to show that the much vaunted sacrifice of life by the Light Brigade at Balaklava was far exceeded by regiments during the United States civil war. The Light Brigade went into action 673 strong; the loss in the charge was 113 killed and 134 wounded, a total of 36.7 per cent. During the Franco-Prussian war the heaviest fighting was at Mars le Tour, in which the 16th German Infantry, or the 3rd Westphalian, lost 49 per cent. "But the 141st Pennsylvania lost 76 per cent. at Gettysburg," says Col. Fox, "while regimental losses of 60 per cent. were frequent occurrences in both Union and Confederate armies. In the war for the Union there were scores of regiments, unknown or forgotten in history, whose percentage of killed and wounded in certain actions would far exceed that of the much praised Light Brigade, and nobody blundered either." Pettigrew's brigade, Heth's division—the 26th North Carolina—went into the battle of Gettysburg with over 800 men; it had 86 killed, 502 wounded and 120 missing. In one company, 84 strong, every officer and man was hit, and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. It has been said it takes half a ton of lead to kill every soldier wiped out in battle, but these figures show that the chances of keeping metal from going to waste are sufficiently numerous for all ordinary purposes.

Growing Quinces.

Those who have attempted to grow the quince, which is one of the best of fruits for preserving and making jellies, are aware of the difficulties attending the effort. One of the obstacles is the destructive work of the borer if it is not arrested in its depredations. By a careful examination of the trunks of the tree the marks of the presence of the borer can be detected and their destruction effected. Hilling up about the tree with hard coal ashes has been by some believed to be sort of preventive; washing with soft soap suds will sometimes prove effectual in the destruction, but a small wire thrust into the cavity formed in the passage of the worm will serve well in its destruction. Salt strewn upon the surface of the ground seems to promote health, and by some is believed to be absolutely essential to success, and the fact that the quince thrives well upon sea coast farms that are continually acted upon by the salt breeze seems to favor that idea. But perhaps the most important thing is to keep the surface of the soil dressed with coarse manure to a depth of several inches. An abundance of fertilizing material seems to be of greater effect in the vigorous growth of the tree and the development of excellent fruit than any other thing that can be done.

A Neglected Father.

Mother (to Bobby, who has just completed his prayers)—Why, Bobby, you forgot to pray for papa.

Bobby—Why, so I did, and he needs it so much, doesn't he, ma?

A Family Man.

"Are you a man of family, sir?" he said to a timid little chap who had a nervous way of looking over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "my wife has a husband and four children."—*New York Sun.*

Wilhelmina Liebkuchner, who poisoned her two children on March 21st and is locked up in the Tombs, at New York, awaiting trial for their murder, gave birth to a male child yesterday morning. Her husband died a couple of years ago.

Miss Frances Willard advises all girls who "feel a call," as she once did, to the ministry to enter a theological seminary and prepare for the work, undisturbed by the alleged irreconcilability of the vocations of minister and mother.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

Memories of a Visit to the City of the Saints — The Men May Have Been Hypocrites, but the Women Were Sincere—A Talk With One of Brigham Young's Widows—Welcome to Extra Wives.

Whatever the Mormon men may be, I believe the women are sincere, especially the foreigners, who are ignorant in the extreme and show it in their faces and speech and manners. Among the better classes, however, the women are intelligent and refined and well educated, sending their sons to college and their daughters to Europe and living in every respect like their wealthy gentile neighbors. Some of them profess to be very happy with their sisters, as they call their husbands' wives, while others openly denounce a system which has brought so much evil to them.

In a pretty cottage near our hotel was a Scotch woman who talked freely upon the subject. She married her husband, who was much older than herself, because asked to do so by his wife, with whom she lived happily for a time. Then fierce jealousies and quarrels ensued, and they lived a cat-and-dog life until the old man threw a bomb into the camp by telling them he was about to marry Rose, a fair-haired Swede of 20. Then the first and second became a unit, and waged war against the third, whose charms, however, prevailed, and she came to rule over them until the first wife died and the second packed up her goods and left the field to Rose, whose blue-eyed babies I saw, together with her husband, and a man of 70 or more. Sometimes the wives are sisters, and in rare instances, I was told, a mother and daughter have called the same man husband, but for the sake of womankind I hope this is not true.

Through the kindness of the wife of one of Brigham Young's sons I was taken to the Lion House to call upon Eliza Snow, a widow of the great apostle, who had, when he died, 18 wives, not including Ann Eliza, and 47 or 50 children. Truly, his state in the next world must be one of beatific bliss if such bliss is proportionate to the size of his family. The room in which I was received was a pleasant home-like apartment, with many portraits of the Youngs upon the walls, and among them one of Brigham. Sister Eliza, as she was called, had been the wife of Joseph Smith, the first expounder of Mormonism, and was about 80 years of age, with the sweet placid face of one who, having outlived the joys and sorrows of life, was patiently waiting for the end. She was very intelligent and well informed, and talked freely upon various subjects, especially that of polygamy, in which she fully believed as something sacred and holy, alleging many arguments in its defence, one of which was that as women, as a class, are much purer than men, it is better for a young girl to be sixth in the love of a good man than first in the heart of a bad one. This did not convince me, as I saw no necessity to be either, but she interested me greatly. She was a Mormon, and had been the wife of a man of many wives, and on that point I had no sympathy with her, but she impressed me as a sincere Christian woman, with nothing in her religion except polygamy which the most rigid evangelist could not endorse: and when not long ago I heard that she was dead I felt sure that she had found the rest she was waiting for when, on the steps of the Lion House, with the moonlight falling on her silvery hair, she gave me her blessing and said good-bye forever.—*Mary J. Holmes.*

Parted for Only Twenty Minutes.

White ribbon and crape hang to the left of the door at 753 Madison street, while at the right is the sombre insignia of death which shows that an adult has passed away. In the little parlor on the top floor are the remains of mother and daughter. Fannie Wells, an 11-year-old girl, was taken sick about three weeks ago. On Sunday morning her life was despaired of. When her mother, Mrs. Lizzie Wells, realized that the end was not only inevitable but close at hand, the scene was most pathetic.

"Is my little girl going to leave me here alone?" she asked.

"The dying child smiled faintly and in a few minutes Mrs. Wells had lost her daughter. Twenty minutes later the mother was also dead. There will be a double funeral this afternoon, at which Pastor Burns, of the Reid Avenue M. E. Church, will officiate. Four deaths have thrown the family into mourning within three years. Not long ago a daughter ran away and her whereabouts are now a mystery.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

750,000 Milch Cows in Ontario.

At the meeting of the Fairs and Expositions' Convention in Toronto yesterday Prof. Robertson, of Guelph, read a paper on the "Use of Exhibitions to the Dairy Industry." The Professor gave some interesting statistics. There are at present in Ontario 750,000 milch cows. The milk of 250,000 of these is manufactured into cheese, 250,000 contribute milk for butter and 150,000 give the milk which is consumed in the cities and country. The Professor suggested that in dairy shows the winners should be ticketed by the judges with a card explaining why they were awarded prizes. This would be a valuable aid to breeders.

Poetry Which Pays.

Society Dame—Who is that young man who is so attentive to you now?

Great Belle—He is a poet.

"Mercy on us! And do you, the proud daughter of a hundred millionaire, propose to throw yourself away on a poor, miserable starveling of a poet?"

"Oh, he isn't that kind of a poet. He writes soap advertisements."

"My own, own daughter, after all. Ask him to dinner."—*Omaha World.*

A Trivial Occurrence.

"You were severely wounded at Gettysburg, I believe?

"Let's see; I believe I was."

"Believe! Don't you remember it?"

"Not very distinctly."

"How's that?"

"I've been married ever since the war."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The law of compensation as stated by a woman: "When we are girls they don't go away till after midnight, and when we are wives they don't come home until after midnight."

CONFESSIONS OF A LADY BENDER.

A Fair Contortionist of 19 Tells How She Learned to Contort.

The other day called on a bender, a lady, not a gentleman, who is well known as a most serpentine contortionist. I wished to ask Mlle. Vonare a few questions about her art, with a view of throwing some light on the training of little boys and girls for the profession. The lady was sitting before the fire with her sister, who has abandoned bending herself, and exhibits a troupe of highly educated poodles. A huge wicker basket contained her dress and other stage habits. From its depths she produced a bundle of photographs of herself, tied and knotted into all manner of curious folds. That is the business of a bender. The body is thrown into a score of unnatural postures, which appear to the audience to be achieved by dislocating every joint in the human frame, and to be effected at great risk to limb and life. Artists are generally enthusiastic about their callings, and I must say that Miss Vonare declared she would rather be a bender than a queen, or something to that effect. She began at 4; at 5 and a half she was before the public, and remains a bender still. "My father saw a contortionist one night on the stage, and he asked himself why he should not teach me, aged 4. I was put into training at once, and enjoyed the fun, as a child will enjoy anything new. Was I beaten? Was I starved? No. I seemed to take to it like a little duck takes to water. You see, we were a family of athletes, and besides, I was a daughter and not an apprentice. If the father is the trainer he may not spare the rod, but he is cruel only to be kind. My experience is that less rod and more kindness is the best plan. Father used to bribe us into doing the different tricks. To be successful means years of hard work, practice and performance. I am 19 now, and my performance keeps me in capital training. In the business of contortion the first lesson is the backward bend, first with the arms, and then without. You stand on a long mattrass, so that there is no danger, and at first your teacher controls your movements with a belt. It is much the same with other forms of acrobatic work, and the cruelty often takes the form of taking away the mattrass, which creates a sort of panic in the pupil's mind. If he has really tried his best and failed, he is so terrified that he is almost certain to fail unless he has a great deal of pluck. If he has only been sulking, it may bring him to his bearings. Of course children are often stubborn and try the patience of the teacher to its utmost limit.

"The art of contortion," continued Miss Vonare, "is learned by degrees. First the backward bend, then the 'dislocation,' then the 'splits,' and so on. What we call 'close-ness' distinguishes the best bending. To the audience bending seems most difficult. But I experience no discomfort or inconvenience. I was a puny child. You see me now." The lady bender was certainly most healthy and cheerful, stout in body and ruddy in complexion, and she strongly maintains that all women would be greatly benefited if they took to bending. "It is quite a mistake to think that we put our limbs out of joint, or that we suffer from the curious nature of our performance. Of course, after one or more difficult positions one may suffer a little pain, but it goes in no time. In some attitudes I can only remain for twenty seconds, as the breathing becomes difficult. But these are trifling inconveniences. I practise a few minutes every day to keep myself loose here in my room, and that is about all I need do."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Chopped Off His Fingers to Escape Work.

Charles Beyers, a convict serving a term in the Southern Prison at Jeffersonville, adopted a peculiar method yesterday morning to avoid manual labor. While on the way to the foundry, where he is assigned to labor, he dropped out of line, and before the guard discovered his intentions ran into the machine shop and, seizing a hatchet, deliberately laid his left hand on a block of wood and cut off all the fingers. This is the third time that Beyers has attempted to disable himself. He was sent to the penitentiary from Orange County to serve a term of eight years for burglary, and is one of the three prisoners who overpowered the jailer at Paola last January, and was prevented from escaping by the wife of the officer, who heard the scuffle and went to the relief of her husband. Standing in the hallway, with a cocked revolver, she called for assistance, at the same time threatening to blow out the brains of the first prisoner who attempted to pass out.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

One of the Family.

Mrs. H.—"Norah, I heard a man's voice in the kitchen last night. Didn't I tell you that I did not like my girls to have company?"

Norah—"Yes, 'em, you did; but it was me first cousin Mike, and sure you needn't make company of him at all."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Friend (to Mormon lady)—You are very happy with your husband, are you not, Mrs. Brigham? Mrs. Brigham—Very. We are devoted to each other, and he has such perfect confidence in my judgment that he confides all of his little love affairs to me.

Rev. George Barnes, the famous evangelist from the mountains of Kentucky, is a man of striking appearance. He is now 60 years old, is fully six feet tall, and his straight, vigorous form shows no sign of stoop that comes from age. His face shows strength of character and earnestness in every line.

An experience of more than twenty years of judicial life has taught me that more than seven-eighths of the crime committed in this country—which involve personal violence—were traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors * * * that of all the sin and misery, of pauperism and wretchedness, intoxicating liquor stands forth the unapproachable chief.—*Noah Davis, Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court.*

At Indianapolis as a gentleman was walking along the street, accompanied by two young ladies, one of the girls stepped on a parlor match, and in an instant the dresses of both were ablaze from head to foot. By prompt action on the part of the gentleman the flames were smothered before the young ladies were seriously burned.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
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FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1888.

THE POLITICAL PETS.

Messrs. J. Gordon Mowat and Robert Gilray will be pleased to learn that the Thornbury Standard does not consider them a "pair of blatherskites." This will act like balm upon the severe wounds inflicted by their brother politician, the editor of the Orangeville Advertiser. The twin politicians will dance for joy and call upon the gods to bless Bro. Farewell for coming to their rescue so opportunely.

But, alas! there are other witnesses beside the editor of the Advertiser, and these corroborate the statements of the latter in every particular. They point out, besides, in emphatic terms, that the "political pets" worked the Scott Act racket for all it was worth during the Dominion elections—distinctly and unreservedly telling Temperance people that they were with them in the great question of moral reform, of which the Scott Act was a forerunner. Here in Flesherton Gilray certainly left the impression that he was an out-and out Temperance man. We have good reason to remember this latter fact, as several good Total Abstinence Reformers came to us and gently hinted that it was our duty, as a champion of Temperance, to support Gilray's candidature in East Grey! A few month's later we find the precious pair—Gilray & Mowat—fighting the battles of the Licensed Victuallers in Dufferin! What a pretty pair of canting humbugs they are to be sure—Mr. Robt Myles and the Thornbury Standard to the contrary notwithstanding.

But the Standard's defence of Mowat & Gilray,—or Gilray & Mowat, it doesn't matter which way you read their names—is not half so gloriously ridiculous, as the statement that it was owing to the speeches made by Messrs. Gilray, Mowat and Myles that the Scott Act was repealed in Halton! In reality, says the Standard, they "did all the fighting in this County (Halton) and were opposed by the great Sam Blake and about forty ministers of the Gospel." The Globe, Mail, Empire, World, and all the other papers have been ransacking their brains for causes to which to ascribe the defeat of the Scott Act in Halton, and after all it remains for a rural newspaper to enlighten the public as to the "real" cause! Gilray, Mowat and Myles did the business, and the Thornbury Standard was the first to discover and publish the astonishing circumstance!

We were not aware, until we read it in the Standard, that Mr. Myles assisted the pet politicians in their ackrobatic performances in the interests of the Anti Scotts. But it is not at all surprising - a kindred bond unites the trio: Myles was defeated thrice in East Grey parliamentary contests, Gilray once, and Mowat well, he may get a chance to "win" defeat some day, too!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some fellow around Dundalk, nicknamed "Eggs," threatens to lay in wait for the Editor of the Herald some night and knock his brains out, because the latter spoke in somewhat vigorous language concerning somebody who fell into the bad habit of stealing his (the Editor's) wood. The Herald wonders what "Eggs" will do when he reads what THE ADVANCE said about the same matter. Well, if he lays in wait for the Editor of this paper he will be rather apt to find it an unprofitable business. N.B.—We feed our bull-dog on "scalps" and other tokens of the "lay-in-wait" business.

It is some weeks since the pleasant countenances of the Dufferin Advertiser, Beeton World and Chesley Enterprise have illuminated THE ADVANCE sanctum. Gentlemen, we might worry along without you; but to tell the honest truth, our labors would be considerably lightened by your genial presence. Give us a call.

The Durham Chronicle issued a supplement week before last which contained an article reflecting very severely upon people of the Roman Catholic persuasion. It was full of ranting rubbish, such as no intelligent Protestant would care to publish above his own name. Of course the Chronicle published it in *supplement* form for reasons very readily understood.

Amongst other things, "Hard-to-Roll"—the defender of the Badgeros outrage in a recent issue of the Dundalk Herald—threatened to "straighten" another writer, because the latter ventured to express his righteous indignation concerning the "eviction." When it comes to threatening, we beg to assure this defender of ruffianism, that in some parts of the world people have been summarily dealt with by "Judge Lynch," who were guilty of lesser crimes than those Badgeros marauders. We merely throw out this hint to show people like "Hard-to-Roll," that they have reason to be thankful, that they live in a country where "Judge Lynch" does not "hold court."

Mr. Vanzant is *not* going to remove his marble works from Flesherton to Thornbury, as intimated by the News and endorsed by the Markdale Standard. Mr. Vanzant never dreamt of such a thing. He has been urged very strongly to start a *branch* of his business in Clarksburg; and he has been solicited at the same time, to locate the said branch in Thornbury. The News evidently knew all about it; then why did it not state the simple facts instead of publishing a palpable untruth? It seems to come natural to the News to lie occasionally—especially when it has been hard hit.

Archbishop Lynch, the venerable prelate of the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario, died early on Saturday morning last, in the 72nd year of his age. For over a quarter of a century the name of Archbishop Lynch has been almost a household word throughout the banner province. Now he is no more. "So earthly glory passes away."

"BLUE RUIN" IN KANSAS.

A Kansas Farmer Unmasks the Oily-Tongued Land Sharks.

[According to promise last week, we now give the following extracts from the "Kansas Letter" referred to, addressed to our townspeople, Mr. and Mrs. Reid.—ED. ADVANCE.]

THE WEATHER.

"In the first place, we have had a very cold winter, but not a great deal of snow from the last of November until the middle of January. Since then, a day or two nice and warm, then cold, then warm again, and so on. Yesterday it was nice and warm; to-day we are having a blizzard. These sudden changes cause a great deal of sickness nearly everybody is laid up with a severe cold."

THE CROPS.

"Well, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, we are real glad that you have struck a country where you can raise something. In fact you raised more on your two lots (in Flesherton) than a dozen of us Kansas farmers did on all our land. For the last two years crops have been a total failure most farmers have not even raised enough to feed the little stock they have. We had 80 acres of corn, &c., and all the money I got from the place this year was $4 for peanuts that my wife sold. Out of 60 acres of corn we did not get enough to feed a chicken a week. There was not a thousand bushels of corn raised in Ford county last year."

VEGETABLES.

"Vegetables were also a total failure. We have had no radishes, beans, peas, tomatoes, beets, cabbage carrots, nor anything in the vegetable line excepting potatoes and about a bushel of sweet potatoes. We had good prospects for melons; had out a large patch, and they were hanging full, nice and large—just commencing to ripen—when a hail-storm cut the melons and vines all to pieces! To tell the truth we are all

DISGUSTED WITH KANSAS

and if this year proves another failure, we will all pull out for some other country.....Thousands of people have left the country. Lots of empty houses." .....We have two railroads, there is also another running West on the head of the Pawnee creek, but what good are all these roads to us when we cannot raise enough to live? We are all spending our best years here and are not getting anything ahead for old age—in fact are going back. You cannot sell land at any price. I forgot to tell you that Zetzcorn failed in raising even feed enough for his cattle the last two years and where he fails you know that the country cannot be much to brag about."

FUEL, &C.

"We are glad to hear that you are where fuel is plenty and cheap and can warm up on cold days. Coal scarce here and hard to get all winter, so we had to fall back on the old cow chips, which, you know, is a very poor fuel for cold weather, especially with the thermometer at 30 degrees below zero, as it was this winter! Yes, we often talk of the pleasant times we had when you were here, and would like to be together again—but would not wish you back in this infernal country, where disappointments and failure of crops are the only recommendations."

BRIEF EXTRACTS.

"There is going to be another hard year unless seed of all kinds is furnished the farmers. There are very few who can buy seed..... There are four or five railways heading for here but they will do more harm than good to the farmers, as Dodge city and the gang vote bonds on the County, thus over-burdening the people with taxes..... Money is scarcer than it ever has been..... Lots of cows sold at auction on the streets of Dodge at from $9 to $12 per head. Where one good mule team was once worth $150, you can now get mules, harness and waggon complete for $40 or $50. I saw a team sold for $35, including an almost new set of harness and a waggon; the same man refused $300 for the team of horses alone last summer! Settlers must have something to eat and of course they will sell their all rather than starve."

LAND SHARKS.

"The land sharks send out circulars blowing how the country is prospering, and getting people to come here and spend their money to buy lots in towns, &c.; but if ever I leave Kansas alive I shall give a true history of my ten years experience."

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 85 to	3 95
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 37	0 38
Peas	0 58	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument, W. T. BAER & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a digusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract Granulated Eye-lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.

THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $4 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. **The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts.** Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. **Hundreds of Testimonials on file** from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency,, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 26th, 1887

Cures Guaranteed

Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

— DEALER IN —

Stoves, AND ALL KINDS Tinware,

Coppercare, Sheet Iron, Metal-work,

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SHOP--RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

WANTED.

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

Advance Stock Register.

"Perfection."

The General Purpose Stallion, "Perfection," is the property of Mr. Hector Kennedy, Artemesia, and was awarded 1st prize at East Grey Spring Show, recently held in Flesherton. He will make the season of 1888 as follows:—

Monday will leave his own stable, Lot 30, Con. 8, Artemesia, and proceed by gravel road to Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, for noon, thence along gravel road by Geo. Ludlow's corner to Samuel Sheardown's, East Back Line, for night.

Tuesday will proceed by Centre Line to Charles Buck's, Osprey, for noon, thence by 3rd line to Hector Bolton's for night.

Wednesday will proceed by 4th line to Alex. McKechnie's for noon, thence by Madill's corner to his own stable for night

Thursday will proceed along 9th line to Samuel Colquett's, Osprey, for noon, thence to Robt. Cooper's, 12th line, night.

Friday will proceed by way of Eugenia to his own stable where he will remain until the following Monday morning.

Above route will be continued during season, health and weather permitting.

"Young Ontario Chief."

This Stallion, the property of Mr. J. Holley, Artemesia, will make the season of 1888 as follows:—

Monday will leave his own stable, Lot 132, Con. 2 East Back Line, and proceed across to the West Line to Arch. McMullen's for noon, thence to the Old Durham Road, thence by way of gravel road to Thomas Bannon's for night.

Tuesday will proceed by way of James Love's to McNally's for noon, thence to Wm. T. McKee's, 4th line, for night.

Wednesday will proceed by way of George Thompson's to Town Line, thence to gravel road to John Hargrave's for noon, thence to his own stable for night.

Friday will leave his own stable and proceed to Thomas Dunlap's, Meaford Road, for noon, thence home for night.

Saturday will leave his own stable and proceed to David McMullen's for noon, thence by way of Flesherton to his own stable, where he will remain until following Monday morning.

Above route will be continued during season, health and weather permitting.

Artemesia Council.

Council met in Town Hall, Flesherton, on 7th inst.

Communications from John Kane, Esq. Reeve of Howick, re Land Improvement Fund; Trustees S. S. No. 5, re loan to School Section.

Moved by John Boland seconded by John McArthur,—That Miss Ellen Gilbert be paid the sum of $4 per month, she being sick and depending entirely upon her friends for support.—Carried.

Cairns, Boland—That Mr. Anthorn be paid $5 for the purpose of paying his way to Cobourg.—Carried.

Cairns, Sharp—That 12 road scrapers be purchased—3 for each Ward—to be delivered in each Ward, and that the Clerk notify Wm. Strain to replace the one that proved to be defective last year.—Carried.

Sharp, Cairns—That the sum of $10 be granted for Townships of Artemesia and Proton, and that $20 be granted for 10th Side Road and $20 for 10th Con.—Car.

Boland, McArthur—That the Clerk be and he is hereby instructed to procure six vols. of Municipal and Assessment Acts for this Council.—Carried.

McArthur, Sharp—That the Reeve issue his order for the following accounts: A. R. Fawcett, for printing and advertising, $42.40; Wm. McLoughry, assessing the Township, $80; Robt. Graham (upon complying with requirements) $30; P. Munshaw, removing snow, $1.50.—Car.

McArthur, Boland—That the Reeve issue his order for this day's session and indigent monthly allowance, and that Dr. Christoe be refunded $2 for keep of indigents, and that Offidman be paid $3, the rest to be left with Dr. Christoe; also $5 to assist Fred Gee to the Township.—Carried.

Boland, Sharp—That this Council sit as a Court of Revision on the 4th day of June next.—Carried.

Council adjourned.

There is no danger to human life more to be dreaded than that which arises from vitiated blood. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, headache, and general debility, all result from it, and are cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take it this month. Six bottles, $5.

Protecting the Farmers.

From the Daily Empire.

Ottawa, May 7.—Two topics of interest to the agricultural community were discussed in the Commons this afternoon. The first, introduced in a capital speech by Dr. Sproule, had reference to the bringing into Canada of inferior American cheese, shipping it to Montreal or Halifax, and thence to England, where it was received as Canadian cheese. He showed how great had been the development of the cheese industry in Canada, and advocated the branding of the packages in which the Canadian made article was placed, as well as the American article shipped through Canada, so that there would be less likelihood of the present high reputation of the Canadian manufacture being injured by the exportations of inferior American, as the Dominion product. Several other members, including Messrs. Taylor, Davin, Brown, Scriver and Marshall, bore out Dr. Sproule's suggestions, with the result that a resolution was adopted favoring the introduction of a bill to provide for the branding of American cheese in transit through Canada. The other question was brought up by Adam Brown, and was in the shape of a request for a special committee to enquire into the alleged hayfork swindlers, seed-wheat transactions, etc. Mr. Brown has information that in view of the proposed enquiry by a Parliamentary Committee settlements are being made by parties against whom actions have been brought by farmers for alleged seed-wheat transactions, and in addition an attempt is being made to quash the criminal prosecutions which had been entered. It will be the duty of the committee to suggest a remedy whereby these practices may be put an end to. Mr. Brown made a brief but excellent speech and was liberally applauded throughout.

W. C. T. U.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."—Habi 2c., 15v.

There is something that the law of responsibility carries with it we can none of us get away from, viz., individual influence. Responsibility does not make influence but influence makes responsibility. It fixes on us a type of character that makes us answerable not only for part but for the whole outcome of our lives. If those we touch in our daily lives here and there by words or deeds of ours are given a fatal impulse in some downward path, he that kindleth the fire shall surely make restitution.

We look abroad on society and we see those whose lives are poisoned by baneful influences that lurk as the malaria in the atmosphere—the coarse jest, the bitter invective, the profligate life, or the cold morality that spurns the grace of God, that makes of this or that one a Sabbath breaker, a skeptic, or a drunkard. On him that set in motion the sparks, shall not the responsibility be laid. Any man or woman, who has the opportunity to make their influence felt in respect to any of the great moral reform movements that are so coming to the front as that of the Home against the Bar-room, and does not take hold of it, is a shirk and is untrue to himself. If he lack the courage of his convictions, how can he respect himself or have the respect of others? If he is indifferent, he is a fraud, and lacks not only backbone but honesty. Such men and women give the cause away they profess to have at heart. They are a drag on the wheels of reformation, can not be depended upon, and are not of the same stuff as those who can stand in the gap, holding the banner of truth, cost what it will.

Stay at Home.

From the Pickering News.

The Plattsville Echo-man mourns the loss of his "devil." The boy started reading in the newspaper and yearned to see some of the wide, wide world, so he skipped out. It don't take a boy long to see quite a lot of this world when he skips out. There is a vast quantity of stern reality crowded into a few days when a youth sleeps under hedges and saws wood for what bread and butter he may need. If we had a boy and faintly imagined that he wanted to see the world, we would take him off somewhere and lose him, and by that time he would work, begged, walked and got booted back home again, he would be meek, mild and loveable, and would do his work with a hearty good will. The boy who imagines there is gold lining to every nest but the home one, requires a good waking-up.

Canada's New Party.

From the Empire.

The Third party—formed recently in Shaftesbury hall—is forging to the front again. A meeting of the Central Executive Council was held recently and some important business transacted. Campaign documents were revised and ordered to be printed; plans for local organization were adopted and the appointment of some general organizers confirmed. Other selections will be made shortly and the work vigorously pushed. In regard to the Scott Act the council adopted the following resolutions:

1. That in the opinion of this Council, the recent defeat of the Scott Act in a number of counties by large majorities indicates very clearly that local option no longer commands the confidence of the people as a remedy for the evils of the drink traffic, and that the way is now clear for Prohibition measures pure and simple.

2. That the course pursued in House of Commons in regard to the Jamieson bill must convince every unprejudiced person that both the existing parties are hostile to advanced temperance legislation and that the only consistent course now for temperance men is to aid in the formation of a distinct political party with prohibition as its avowed policy.

Support Home Industry.

From the Dundalk Herald.

The Flesherton Advance of last week contains a very good article on Supporting Home Industry and says that some of the Flesherton people who energetically endorse the sentiments of the Advance, as well as the business men of Markdale and Dundalk, in each of which places there are well appointed printing establishments, regularly patronize the tramp canvassers of certain "cut-throat" city offices. The Advance is correct. In many cases the country printing offices is as cheap as the city office and when people take into consideration the fact that we have to pay freightage on our goods and are not kept steadily employed, and still have to keep regular hands engaged there would not be much wonder if we did charge 15 or 25 cents more than the city. To write down to the city firm costs 3c. To write back the charge of the job costs 3c. To send down the copy costs 3c. and to forward the printing back costs 5c. Your paper costs 1c. and the profit goes out of the district to keep up wealthy firms. If everybody bought things, outside of their own business in the cities and the profits were divided among city firms, the post office, and the express companies, when these men met to spend an evening of conviviality and friendship to gather they would appear in the eyes of each other like the Jackdaw or Rheims as pictured by Cruikshank in the Ingoldsby legends.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

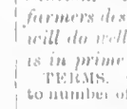

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
WILL visit FLESHERTON, Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 15, 2 West, Artemesia, about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS. $1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY—|—OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
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ECCENTRICITIES OF LOVE.

Philip Koehler Weds His Pretty Marie Louise and Introduces Johannes Grunwald—The False Friend Wins the Wife's Affections, She Gets a Divorce and They Marry—Later, Philip and She Meet, the Old Spark is Rekindled, and They Hope to be Reunited.

A New York despatch says: There is something new in love, matrimony and divorce. Johannes Grunwald and Philip Koehler are natives of the same village in Germany. They were schoolboys together, and learned the tailoring business on the same bench. They sailed across the Atlantic in the same vessel, and began business as tailors in Brooklyn, and in course of time bought houses. Koehler married a blue-eyed, golden-haired German girl, and he was very proud of his Marie Louise. They had a pleasant home, and Koehler invited his old friend Grunwald to call on them and see how happy they were. Grunwald visited the house, not only once, but several times, and at length Philip's eyes were opened to the fact that Johannes was smitten with Marie Louise. The record does not show how long the insidious Johannes had plied his wicked designs before Philip awoke to the fact that his wife's affections were estranged. When he became too sure of the sad truth there was a disagreeable scene, and the result was an action by Philip against Marie Louise for absolute divorce, with Johannes as co-respondent. Four years ago Lawyer Fuehrer obtained a decree of divorce in the Supreme Court in favor of Philip, against his wife. Thereupon Grunwald did not desert the erring Marie Louise. The pair immediately journeyed to Hoboken, where they were married. They returned to this city and took up their abode in Grunwald's dwelling. There they appeared to live happily enough for a time, but at last Marie Louise's conscience began to upbraid her for her faithlessness toward Philip. When Philip and she happened to meet she blushed and he felt his pulses quicken. In short Philip once more fell in love with Marie Louise, and they began to meet in secret. It was a second courtship. Then Johannes began to have his suspicions. He observed that his wife was very often absent from home, and his jealousy was kindled. Johannes followed her unperceived and saw her enter the abode of her former husband, Philip. When she came out he confronted her, and there was a little unpleasantness. Philip looked on from the window of his dwelling. She treated Johannes with scorn, and told him she was done with him and intended to go back to Philip. Johannes has retained a lawyer to commence an action against Mrs. Grunwald. The complaint makes Koehler a co-respondent. After the decree is obtained Marie Louise will probably be remarried to her Philip.

This is a remarkable case. When the Supreme Court granted a decree to Philip Koehler, dissolving his marriage with Marie Louise, it inserted a clause prohibiting her from marrying again during the lifetime of the plaintiff. Now the same court is asked to dissolve a marriage which it has already solemnly prohibited. It will probably find some ground for granting the divorce under the decision in the celebrated Voorheis case, in which the Court of Appeals held that a marriage valid in one State is valid in another. There can be no question as to the validity of the New Jersey marriage.

A WRECKED SPIRIT-RAPPER.

One of the Formerly Famous Fox Sisters Charged With Neglecting Her Two Sons.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Kate Fox Jenckin, aged 50, of No. 158 East 84th street, was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court this morning charged by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children with failing to take proper care of her two sons, aged 13 and 12 respectively. Mrs. Jenckin is one of the Fox sisters, the original spirit-rappers, who commenced their career in Rochester thirty years ago, and who afterwards travelled over the world astonishing all who attended their seances. Mrs. Jenckin's husband, who has been dead for some years, was an eminent English barrister. Of late Mrs. Jenckin is said to have been given to intemperate habits and her children have suffered. She was held in $300 bail to answer, and the children were committed to the Juvenile Asylum. Mrs. Jenckin said to a reporter that she has not lost her powers, although her poverty and misfortunes had interfered with their exercise. She said Luther R. Marsh had called upon her frequently for consolation since Mrs. DissDebar's incarceration in the Tombs, but by the advice of her counsel she had refused to see him. The once talented, vivacious and successful spirit-rapper is now a total wreck.

Suicide of a Trick Horse.

A Kingston, N. Y., despatch says: The horse named Hornet, which for years has fired off a pistol, jumped a rope school-girl fashion, rocked in an arm-chair and rope attachment, *a la* "Rock-a-by-baby," leaped over four horses and a mule, and which in other respects has been one of the chief equine performers in Professor Bristoe's troupe of twenty-three performing educated horses and ponies, deliberately committed suicide here this afternoon. Professor Bristoe calls his show Eques-Curriculum, and he is booked here this week for six evening and two matinee performances. The Kingston Opera House stage is located in the second story of the building. While Hornet was being carried up in the elevator, and when almost at the stage door, it balanced itself, rubbed its head against an attendant, neighed and jumped out on the flagging stones beneath. It was then shot to put an end to its sufferings. There was a big crowd at last evening's performance, and it is said all the rest of the horses, a number of which had witnessed Hornet's death, acted strangely.

Prof Huxley has been ordered to Switzerland for the benefit of his health.

Fashion prophets declare that silk is again to become as generally worn as it was before jute and other nefarious admixtures shook our faith in and preference for this elegant material. The price of the best brands of silk is rising, and it has been officially announced that it will be a long time before these can be purchased at the wondrously low rates at which they have been sold for many years past.

FRENCH FOOLS FIGHT.

A Duel With Swords Caused by Teasing a Duke About the Ladies.

A Paris cable says: The duellists are at it again. The encounter which cost M. Dupuis, the artist, his life on Sunday was followed by another on Tuesday morning. The principals are the Duc de Grammont, a well-known sportsman, and M. Raimbault, son of Louis Napoleon's ecuyer, a fellow-member of the Cercle de la Rue Royale. Both gentlemen are dreadful lady-killers, and it seems that both have lately been paying court to the same beauty. Sunday evening, as the Duke and M. Raimbault were sitting at the green table at their club, with a knot of friends, M. Raimbault began to tell spicy stories of his rival's conquests. At first he drew the line at banter, but presently the banter became perilously pointed. The Duke grew fidgety, but M. Raimbault did not notice it. The appreciation of his friends seemed to stimulate his fancy. At last he went beyond bounds altogether. Nothing happened, however, till he chaffingly accused the Duke of having used his name to ingratiate himself cheaply in the good graces of a lady. "The other night," said M. Raimbault, "I called on a lady who shall be nameless. She refused to see me. I sent my card in a second time, with the same result. A third message proved equally fruitless, but this time the lady gave me a clue to her coldness." Here he paused, and, pointing mockingly at the Duke across the table, said: "Look here, Duke, when you go there again, don't use my name and get the door shut against me." There was a laugh, followed instantly by a dead silence as the Duke, turning pale and red with wrath, suddenly rose, leaned across the table and slapped the joker in the face. After this, of course, a meeting was unavoidable. The duel came off very quietly at the favorite duelling ground on the racecourse at Le Vesinet. Weapons chosen, swords; the hour, 1 p.m. General de Bauffremont and the Marquis de Lagrande were the Duke's seconds. M. G. Espeleta and Alfonsa de Aldama acted for M. Raimbault. At the third engagement M. Raimbault pricked his adversary in the groin and the combat ceased. The wound is about an inch in depth, but not dangerous. After the duel the Duke was taken home to his wife, where he is now sleeping quietly. It is rumored in the clubs that he will withdraw from the Cercle de la Rue Royale.

POISONED BY THOUSANDS.

Thirty-Eight Hundred Indians Killed by Strychnine in Brazil.

A New York despatch says: On April 18th was published from Rio Janeiro an account of the alleged poisoning of a large number of Brazilian Indians by one Senhor Joaquin Bueno, whose name, judging from the character of the statement, ought rather to have been Malo. The story showed that Bueno had already poisoned 3,800 Indians, and was meditating the murder of more. The correspondent stated that he merely gave the news as a rumor from the Sao Paulo frontier, and that there was then no opportunity for verifying it. According to late and reliable news from Taubate, which has just reached here, there was something more in the story than mere rumor. Bueno, who resides at Sao Joe dos Campos Novoz, stated that he had under his orders about seventy people employed in the persecution and extermination of Indians. Some days ago they attacked a village and put to flight all the Indians. As soon as the assailants found themselves in possession of the village, being furnished with a considerable amount of strychnine, they set about poisoning all the wells containing water, and the wine and provisions, and after putting into execution this treacherous deed, withdrew without touching anything else. Some days afterward Bueno and his followers returned to the village, and even from a distance they comprehended the horror of the sight from the clouds of crows hovering over the site of the crime, where they found scattered 3,000 corpses.

A DREAD TRAGEDY.

Seven People and Fifteen Animals Burned to Death in a Barn—Suspicions of Foul Play—The Hired Man Missing.

A special from Arlington, Neb., says: At 6 o'clock yesterday morning fire was seen on the farm of the Widow Freeze, one mile out, which was supposed to be the barn of her son-in-law and family, who lived with her. A *posse* of citizens went out at 8 o'clock to see if all was well, and were horrified at finding the charred remains of seven human beings, only identified by their statures, as follows: Old lady Freeze, Fred. Gratchuschen, his wife and three children, and Fred.'s brother Louis. The remains were scattered in different parts of the barn, among the horses and cows, some fifteen of which were also burned. One theory is foul play, another that each one of the family aimed to save an animal and all failed and were suffocated. A daughter who is away visiting is the only survivor of the family, but it is reported that the hired man cannot be found. It was a horrible and pitiful sight, the laying out of the charred remains of the whole family, which fell among twice their number of dumb brutes. The wife was found under a horse. The coroner has been called. No feud has existed in connection with this family and no enemies are known.

Mrs. Gladstone Talks.

A London cable says: The fashion of turning social into political gatherings was again followed on Saturday evening, though at a house of no importance. What importance the matter had was lent by Mrs. Gladstone, who arrived on the scene to excuse her husband's absence. The host, to her surprise, called on her for a speech. This speech, kindly and genial and altogether informal, to her surprise, was reported in Sunday's papers. Exercises of this sort, with the publicity which attends them, are supposed to counteract in some mysterious way the activity of the Primrose League. Lady Sandhurst's name figures in the report, but this is the Dowager Lady Sandhurst, not Lord Spencer's sister.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will spend the Whitsuntide recess with Sir William Harcourt, at whose residence Mr. John Morley will be a guest at the same time.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

Important Deliverance by the Toronto Presbytery.

A Toronto despatch says: An important discussion engaged the attention of the Toronto Presbytery yesterday on the question of the real relation of the Church to the State in the matter of legislative enactments, and the relation of Church Courts to the individual liberty of members as to the use of intoxicating beverages. The questions arose from the report of the Presbytery's Committee on Temperance, dealing with questions sent down by a committee of the General Assembly. These questions were considered by many members of the Presbytery as interfering with the individual liberty of members, as they made inquiries as to voting for the Scott Act, temperance measures, for municipal officials and other public officers. At last meeting of the Presbytery Rev. Dr. Kellogg submitted resolutions embodying a principle which would limit the action of Church Courts in the matter of specific legislative measures. These resolutions came up for discussion yesterday in an extended form, and after a long debate, in which part was taken by all the prominent members, three resolutions were carried, the last and most important of which reads as follows: "That while this Presbytery therefore holds it to be the duty of the Church to exhort her members conscientiously to bear their part as citizens in seeking to free the community from the curse of drunkenness, they yet regard it as beyond the authority given by Christ to His Church for any Church Court to pass any official judgment as to the specific method in which the civil power may best deal with the evils of the liquor traffic, seeing that in no such deliverance could she justly claim to be speaking from the Word of God and with the authority of Him whom alone she is appointed to represent, provided always that nothing in this resolution shall be construed to deny the right of petition when required by the civil magistrate as specified in the Confession of Faith, chap. xxxi. 5."

TOWED BY A WHALE.

Remarkable Adventure of a Schooner as Told by the Cook.

A Gloucester, Mass., despatch says: A letter has been received from the cook of the schooner H. B. Griffin, Captain George Nelson, now on a trip for salt cod on the Banks, in which a very strange occurrence is narrated. She arrived on the Banks a few weeks ago and found fish exceedingly plenty. One day, which was moderately fine, and while the crew were all out in their dories attending their trawls, the captain and cook remaining aboard, as is customary, the sails being reefed and the vessel at anchor, the two occupants felt a sudden jerk and a moment afterward the vessel was going through the water at a rapid rate. They rushed on deck to find the cause of the commotion, but none was discovered until suddenly a large whale came to the surface to blow, with the anchor attached to his side. The marine monster had evidently been swimming near the bottom of the ocean, where he became attached to the fluke of the anchor. Once on the surface the maddened whale tore through the water at a frantic rate, so fast as to nearly submerge the bows. The captain saw that they were rapidly losing sight of their crew in the dories, and would leave them alone on the ocean, so he cut the cable and freed the vessel. The jibe and foresail were hoisted, and they returned and secured their crew, who had filled their dories with finny freight. The vessel was put on the course for Newfoundland, where a new cable and anchor have been secured.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

Fraser, ex-Secretary of the Stogell School District Board of Trustees, has been sent up for trial to a higher court by Magistrate Moore for the embezzlement of some of the school funds.

It is proposed to establish an institute for mute children shortly.

Bishop Machray sails for England on May 20th. He will deliver a discourse at Cambridge on June 11th, and is under engagement to preach in Westminster Abbey.

John Ancaster, a farmer at the Broken Head River, was dangerously gored by a bull.

Levi Wederick, a young man from Jarvis, Ont., died suddenly at Rapid City of brain fever.

An estimate of the total grain export from Manitoba to Port Arthur up to May 1st gives the following figures: Wheat, 6,500,000 bushels; wheat in flour, 750,000 bushels; barley, 350,000 bushels; oats and oatmeal, 700,000 bushels; total export to date, 8,300,000 bushels. It is estimated that there are yet to arrive at Port Arthur from Manitoba 2,000,000 bushels wheat and 200,000 bushels coarse grain. The amount of wheat now in store at Port Arthur is 2,694,165 bushels.

The Greenway Government is making arrangements for locating an agent for the Province at Liverpool, hoping by this means to save to the Province many immigrants that are now being sent to the Pacific.

Immigration Agent Graham reports that applications have been received at the office during the month of April for 8 mechanics, 491 farm laborers and boys, 272 for ordinary laborers and 62 for domestic servants. He has not been able to supply more than 25 per cent. of the demand.

Rev. Joseph Hogg, of Moncton, N.B., will be called to the pastorate of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in this city.

The books of the Wolseley Red River expedition have been handed over to the Provincial Library by Col. Houghton, D.A.G., who leaves shortly for Montreal.

Death of a Centenarian.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: Norman McDonald, of Big Brasdor, Cape Breton, is dead, aged 110 years. He was the last known survivor of Waterloo, he having fought in that battle under Wellington when 37 years of age. He was borne in the Isle of Harris, Scotland, in 1778, and after serving in the British Army in various parts of the world he emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1833, when 55 years old. He was a man of great activity, and up to two years ago did considerable work on his little farm.

The Swiss temperance apostle, M. Rochat, is carrying on a vigorous crusade against intemperance in Paris.

ROYAL MOURNING.

Costumes Worn at a British Royal Drawing-room in Commemoration of Kaiser William.

A drawing-room at which every one must wear court mourning is not a very bright function, says a London letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph*. On Friday the court went into half-mourning, which admits of extremely curious combinations of black with other colors, the wording of the rule being: "White dresses or black dresses, with colored flowers or ribbons." The effect is often more strange than pretty. For instance, one lady wore a black dress and train, the latter being lined with sea-green satin, and there were also several other very unbecoming gowns of black and yellow, black and blue, and black and red. Grey was much worn, and there was a great number of beautiful dresses and trains of brocade, interwoven with silver. A particularly striking one was of black and silver brocade, the corsage being trimmed with silver lace, while the train, which was of black striped satin lined with some silvery material, was ornamented with silver cords and tassels. Many ladies must have been glad when they found so few royalties were present, for it is very trying to have to make ten or twelve very low court courtesies, without a moment's rest. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of black gros de Sicile, handsomely trimmed with jet. Her train was of black and gold brocade, bordered with gold and jetted galoons. Among other ornaments Her Royal Highness wore the magnificent tiara presented to her on her silver wedding day by a number of ladies, and the large diamond butterfly given by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons. Princess Christian's dress was of black lace, with a bodice and train of striped velvet. The Crown Princess of Denmark looked very well in her gown of black broche velvet and gauze over black velvet. Her train was of black velvet trimmed with feathers and jet. Her Royal Highness' diamonds were remarkably fine. Princess Victoria, who is tall and nice looking (though none of the Princesses will ever be as handsome as their mother), wore a white satin bodice and train over a jupe of white tulle. This dress formed a pleasant relief to the black ones worn by the other Princesses. Lady Bective presented her daughter, Lady Olivia Taylour. She looked sweetly pretty in a dress of white silk and moire, made in the fashion of the empire. The skirt was quite plain with a bordering of ostrich feather tips. A moire sash was tied loosely around the waist and knotted at one side while the train was of white corded silk. Lady Olivia carried a posy of lilies of the valley, tied with moire ribbon. The two brides who attracted the most attention were, of course, Lady Cairns and Lady Crossley. The former was all in white and the latter wore white and silver brocade, ornamented with white ostrich feathers and silver cords and tassels. Lady Dudley's gown was of white satin trimmed with sable, and her pearls were the envy of all beholders. Lady Delaware wore white satin and gray brocade. The Duchess of Roxburghe and the Duchess of Buccleugh were both in black; the train of Her Grace of Buccleugh being an exception to the general rule, for it was absolutely without trimming of any kind. One of the prettiest gowns at the drawing-room was of gray-striped satin, the skirt being of silver gray crepe, caught up with bunches of thistles and powdered with silver thistledown. The train was trimmed with gray crepe de chine and silver ganze, in which lay bunches of the thistles, and the effect was really quite bewitching.

Books Bound in Human Skins.

Following the example of Mr. Joseph Zaehsdorf, who lately bound two Elzevir editions in human skin, another London binder has executed an order to encase a copy of Hans Holbein's "Dance of Death" in the same ghastly integument, certainly a very appropriate covering for this work. These are not the only instances, however, where the casing of "human form divine" has been utilized. In the library at Mexborough House, near Metheley, Yorkshire, there were formerly two books, Sir John Cheek's "Hurt of Sedition" and Braithwaite's "Arcadian Princes," both bound in the prepared skin of Mary Bateman, the "Yorkshire witch," who was executed early in the beginning of this century for murder; but these disappeared during the cataloguing of the library for sale, when one of the former Earls of Mexborough was in difficulties. Yet another instance: When the writer was last in Paris, he was shown a small book by a dealer, who solemnly avowed it was bound in a portion of the skin of the notorious Louvet de Couvray, and which he valued at 1,000 francs, and for authentication of which he produced a long pedigree.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Effects of Headwork.

One of the hardest things in the world is to condole with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement. If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be printed about the condolences people offer to the bereaved. But up at Sacramento some time ago a hard-working Irishman fell out of a fourth-story window and broke his neck. His wife was, of course, in great distress. After the funeral a neighbor called to offer her sympathy and condolence. "It was a very sad thing, indeed." "Indeed it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-story window." "An' was it as bad as that?" asked the visitor. "Sure, an' I heard it was only a third-story window."

Harry and His Sick Father.

Little Harry, aged 4, had a very sick father, and on being asked by a sympathetic little friend, "How's your papa?" he answered tearfully, "Papa's better—that is for the better land.' Again, in a few words, he electrified his family by asking, "Do they have billiard tables in heaven?" On being told "no," "Well," he said, "I guess papa would rather not go there then."

"Ethereal Mildness" spreads her deceptive wiles to-day, and the trustful citizen proceeds to secure his regular annual "spring cold." Beware the jade! "She's fooling thee."

"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer, who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer, gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

Lord Brougham, in a letter to a friend, writes: "Drink is the mother of poverty and the nurse of crime."

QUITE A SHOW.

How Lord Lansdowne and His Wife Take in a Play.

I attended an amateur theatrical entertainment here in Ottawa recently under the guidance of Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician. The entertainment was under the patronage of the Governor-General and the Marchioness of Lansdowne, his wife. The entertainment was given in the rather shabby local theatre. At 8 o'clock the orchestra, or the "band," as they call it there, had about half completed the overture, when an aide, hurrying down the aisle, whispered to the leader. In a moment the strains of "William Tell" gave way to "God Save the Queen." The entire audience rose immediately and remained standing while the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, accompanied by the ladies of the suite and the Governor General's official aides, slowly marched down the aisle and took seats on sofas which were arranged fronting the stage in the space between the audience and the band. As the Governor-General and his companions took their seats and the audience subsided, my attention was directed to the odd costume worn by the handsome men, aides of the Governor-General, who flanked the Vice-Regal party. The conventional evening dress was qualified by blue silk coat lapels and by buttons of gold on both vest and coat. The effect was that of the parti-colored costume of an eighteenth century beau. The performers were unusually clever. They were all members of notable families, the hero being played by Lord Frederick Hamilton, a British M.P. and a brother of the Marchioness. His light comedy talent was not unlike that of Mr. Charles Wyndham. The appearance of the audience was very handsome. It was well dressed and well appointed in every respect. I noticed some very beautiful faces scattered through the house.—*Ottawa Letter.*

The Old, Old Story.

Love is an old story—so everybody says—a well-worn tale, ancient as the world; and yet there is always a bloom about it as fresh as that of the new-blown rose, from under whose blushing leaves the little god is wont to launch his arrows. Where is the man who has ever had one of Cupid's Simon Pure shafts tingling in his bosom that ever forgets it? (By Simon Pure I mean, of course, the sharp, golden article he usually depends on when he picks out his mark, and not the dull, jilting, leaden-pointed dart with which he once so spitefully pierced the breast of Appolo's "best girl.") Forget it? Oh, no! Time may roll on to white his head and crinkle his brow, yet never to wipe out the recollection of that delicious wound. What would he not give if he could but obliterate the cruel, intervening years? What would he not sacrifice in the way of piled-up wealth and honors and power—yea, every earthly consideration, could he but once more stand in the radiant threshold of manhood, hand-in-hand with love! When she strung his days with enchantment—when with a touch she recreated the earth and sky—and for him; when, at her bidding, the fields and woods and brooks and birds and flowers danced their service on his sense and filled the universe with one sweet mixture of grace and melody and perfume!—*Jonathan Easy's Difficulty in May Table Talk.*

Rules of Courtship.

Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics, or her mother in religion.

If you have a rival keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you may hear it read in after years.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

If on the occasion of your first call she looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early, and stay away some time.

In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A Heart-Breaking Discovery.

Anxious Father—Why, what's the matter?

Little Son—Me an' Dick was playin', we was Abe Lincoln an' splittin' rails, an' when we got that big board all chopped up mamma came out an' took the wood in the house for kindlin'.

"But you didn't want the wood, did you?"

"No-o."

"Then what are you crying for?"

"I've just found out I—I ain't been playin'. I—I've been workin'—boo, hoo!"—*Omaha World.*

About Newspapers.

An advertisement in a daily reads; "Splendid opening—village wants newspaper." There are a good many villages that want newspapers, and the inhabitants thereof think that all a publisher has to do is start a newspaper and success is assured. As a matter of fact, taking Ontario all over, one-half of the newspapers published could drop out of existence and then leave only a moderate living for the balance.—*Clinton New Era.*

A stout, red-nosed man in an hotel offered to wager a sovereign that he could close his eyes and simply by taste name any kind of liquor in the place. The bet was taken. "This is genuine port," said the fat man tasting from a wine-glass; "and this is whiskey;" and so on. A wag then poured a few drops of water into a glass and handed it to the taster. "This is—ah—ah—this is——" —tasting it several times. "By Jupiter, gentlemen, I have lost the bet! I never tasted this liquor before."

"Did your son take the valedictory," college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability in her offspring. "No, indeed, he did not she replied with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy that ever saw."

A six-ton car, carrying an electric battery of force sufficient to propel it forty miles without renewal, made a satisfactory trip through the streets of Baltimore on the passenger railway tracks the other day, surmounting heavy grades and stopping and starting readily.

A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING.

Peculiar Ceremonies on the Occasion—A Present of Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars.

At the Salvation Army Congress Hall, Clapton, England, April 10th, Miss Emma Moss Booth was married to Commissioner F. De Latour Tucker, who has for some time been conducting the affairs of the Salvation Army in India. The London *Telegraph* supplies the following particulars of the day's proceedings:

Mr. Tucker resigned his appointment as an assistant commissioner in the Punjab district of the Bombay presidency and joined the "army." Mindful of a prophecy of the famous Brahmo Chunder Sen to the effect that "When Christ steps out of trousers and shoes India will accept Him," the commissioner adopted the native garb and turban, and as a rule, goes about barefooted. He is a slight pale-faced man, with a high forehead and somewhat mournful eye and an enthusiastic expression. He wore loose silk Indian robes, over which was the "S. A." jersey, and on his head a delicate apricot-colored turban, on which was the word "Muktifang" on a yellow band—the Hindostanee of the "army." Near to him on the platform sat the bride, dressed in the well-known blue serge costume, but without the bonnet, her own fair hair being tossed all over her head. Around them on the platform were grouped the general and all the Booth family. The hall was filled with about five thousand people, chiefly "soldiers" and "sisters," the majority of whom had paid 5 shillings each for admission in order to help to make up the £5,000 "wedding present" the general desired to give the young couple to start with. In front of the stage was a group of recently-converted native Indians, both men and women, of the Tamil and Cingalese nations. A small select "body-guard" of ten "lassies," wearing white sashes, on which was embroidered in red the word "Hallelujah!" was in attendance on the bride. The "general" personally conducted the ceremony, which began with a short address and hymn, followed by a prayer in vigorous and, indeed, excellent English from "Maj. Muya Bhai." When the Indian "soldiers" had given a small sacred concert to the accompaniment of their native instruments, Gen. Booth read a psalm and introduced the converted "captain" of certain Hindoo "forty thieves," who gave a highly excitable account of his "experiences," which were translated by the "major" acting as interpreter. The "articles of marriage" having been read, special words were then said by bride and bridegroom to the effect that neither would "ever seek to prevent the other giving away, or doing anything, or suffering anything, dictated by conscience for the good of the army." The service was then proceeded with in the accustomed formula of questions and answers. The bride seemed strongly moved in the early part of the ceremony; but the bridegroom took things very calmly, frequently laughing at the "general's" merry little jests, which he threw in now and then, with his accustomed vivacity, to brighten things up. Much laughter arose when the ring made its appearance, and the "general," interrupting the service, explained that both he and his son-in-law had "severe conscientious misgivings" as to the wisdom or necessity of using a ring at all. "No one in the army ought to wear gold or silver at all," said the "general," "and if any of them did so far forget themselves he trusted they would put the things in the poor box when it came round." As to this ring, "Well, I don't like it, but it conforms to the usages of this benighted country." Mrs. Booth (senior) delivered a pathetic address, interrupted only once by an affectionate joke from the "general" touching their own wedding day, twenty-six years ago. In the course of her remarks she observed that if Christ were to return to earth He would come to the Salvation Army, who would receive Him, as no other body probably would be inclined to accept Him. Then followed the collection for the wedding present, during which process the "Marechal" and her husband sang a pretty hymn, the "Secret it is Love," with full orchestral accompaniment. The "general" encouraged the collection, and added in his pleasantest and most amiable way that it was his birthday, and that "he thought he ought to have a birthday present, and that he wished himself many happy returns of the day, as he hoped all those in the hall did. After a few words from the bridegroom the bride came forward and, after beginning with some difficulty, burst into a singularly sincere, and at moments startlingly impressive, address concerning her own life and the duty and love she owed to the Army, to her parents and to her brothers and sisters. In the course of her speech her brother Herbert stepped out and kissed her, amid cheers. The proceedings, which lasted two hours, were concluded with a prayer by the "general."

Luncheon was subsequently served in the "Temple" and in a large marque to invited guests and such others as wished to purchase "banquet tickets" at 2 shillings and 6 pence each. After the repast, which was of a purely temperance character, the "general" spoke at considerable length on the progress the Army had made. The remainder of the sum of £5,000 promised to the newly married pair was made up before the meeting separated, and the "general" stated they would now go on a tour in the Provinces to raise a second £5,000, and concluded by a combined request for prayers and purses. In the evening, at 7 o'clock, a great Indian durbar was held, under the command of Fakir Singh, in which Indian songs and scenes were introduced and addresses delivered.

"Do You Licker?"

A man of a mathematical turn of mind made an interesting calculation as to the amount of whiskey consumed by a steady drinker who takes on an average 20 drinks a day, writes a New York correspondent. This would give 140 drinks a week, or 7,280 a year. Supposing it true that a man can keep up such an average for twenty years, he would have taken at the end of that time the enormous total of 145,600. The average drink is about 70 to the gallon. Dividing 145,600 by 70, it is seen that the man has imbibed 2,080 gallons of whiskey, or about 57 barrels, allowing 36 gallons to the barrel. Supposing that the man's drinks cost him on an average 10 cents a drink, it is seen that he has spent a handsome little fortune in the course of twenty years.

A CURIOUS BOY ORATOR.

An Infant Prodigy Who Uses Big Words and Talks Temperance.

Master Robert F. Williams, "the boy orator of New York," made the address at a Sunday school temperance meeting at Waugh chapel yesterday afternoon. The chapel was full of small children and ladies, although an occasional man could be detected in the audience. The boy orator was a fragile manikin of about 10 years, with light brown hair curling in corkscrew ringlets down his back. A fairly-shaped head with a bulge in the region of memory was set with an oldish but inexpressive face. A large mouth with flexible lips made up the ensemble. From the mouth proceeded a voice which tried to sound impressive by being pitched at a low key, but was only bombastic. The "boy orator" delivered an address nearly three-quarters of an hour in length, full of platitudes and high sounding sentences. He is no Josef Hofmann, but merely the distorted product of some forcing school, whose parrot-like memory has been crammed, like the wax cylinders of a graphophone, with certain sentences. No doubt he could be started at any part of his address and would speak his little piece with equal mechanical accuracy, backward or forward. The effect of his address would have been enhanced if he had taught something containing less sound and more sense. His remarks indicated a vocabulary of not less than 8,000 words. He used such expressions as continuous, formidable, diffuse, appealing, institutions, expression, elective franchise, ignorance, despotism, extinguished, western hemisphere, individual calamity, physical, intellectual and eternal interests, conflagration, immolated and terrestrial citadel of crime. It was little wonder that the small brands whom he was seeking to pluck from the burning fires of intemperance toppled over in slumber, until the banner class in the southwest corner alone reared its sleepless head. At the close of his address he called to all to come forward and sign the pledge. No one came forward.—*Washington Post.*

How Conkling Soothed Thurman.

The Buffalo *Commercial* recalls how the friendship between Judge Thurman and Mr. Conkling was cemented by Mr. Conkling's celebrated retort courteous, which lives as a tradition in the Senate among the historic *amenities*. Judge Thurman once in the Senate was making a speech on a constitutional question. Mr. Conkling interrupted him several times, which angered the old gentleman, who was prone to let his temper have the upper hand. Facing Mr. Conkling, he roared out: "Does the Senator from New York expect me to answer him every time he turns towards me?" Everybody expected an explosion of wrath on Mr. Conkling's part—instead of which, rising with the utmost dignity, he replied: "When I turn towards the Senator from Ohio, I turn to him as the Mussulman does towards Mecca. I turn to him as I would to the English common law—to the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence." Judge Thurman was completely conquered. He delights in telling the story. He also said very often, "Conkling is mighty good company when he chooses."

The Currant Worm.

The best known remedy for the currant worm, which infests both currant and gooseberry bushes, is white hellebore. Now, white hellebore is an altogether different drug from black hellebore, so remember and use the former. The cheapest and easiest mode of application is to mix the hellebore in water. Place a heaping tablespoonful of the powder in a dish; add gradually a quart of boiling water, stirring all the while to make certain that the hellebore is thoroughly saturated. Turn this mixture into a pailful of cold water, stir well and apply with a garden syringe or ordinary watering pot. The object is to wet every leaf; make two applications, a few days apart. While white hellebore is poisonous, there is little or no danger from its use, as above directed. The chances are that before the fruit is ripe enough to eat the rains will have washed off all traces of the hellebore, and should any remain on the clusters the fruit will present a soiled appearance and be rejected in consequence.

Freaks of the Storm.

Wind-rolled snowballs are often seen on the Dakota and Wyoming prairies. Sometimes millions upon millions of the balls are in sight at one time. Many are of the size of an orange, some as big as a cannon ball, while others reach the proportions of the prize pumpkin of the county fair. These freaks of the storm leave a person under the fanciful impression that great armies of school boys have been battling over the snowy space.—*New York Star.*

A Simple Cure for Toothache.

It is well known that toothache is often caused by a disordered stomach, and is often removed by a simple aperient. Grey powder proves useful in many forms of toothache, and is regarded by many dentists as one of the best remedies for this complaint. It proves of most value when the pain is gnawing, tearing, or boring in character, and when it is temporarily relieved by cold water. It is of value when the pain affects the entire side of the head, extending upwards to the head and backwards to the ears. In many cases it is a good plan to introduce a small quantity of grey powder into the hollow of the decayed tooth.

An English Investment.

An Englishman has invented a brake by which any person in a compartment car can turn a lever and stop the train. At the same time a white disk will appear outside of the compartment to notify the conductor in which carriage the brake has been used.—*Boston Budget.*

Chun Ling, a Chinaman, was received into membership of the fashionable Immanuel Baptist Church, in Chicago, a few nights ago. He is the first Chinaman to be united with the Baptist denomination in Chicago, although the Methodists number several Mongolians among their members in that city, and one belongs to the Presbyterian Church.

An indoor costume is of Sardinian gray Levantine, in the blouse shape, with a sash of rose-colored moire.

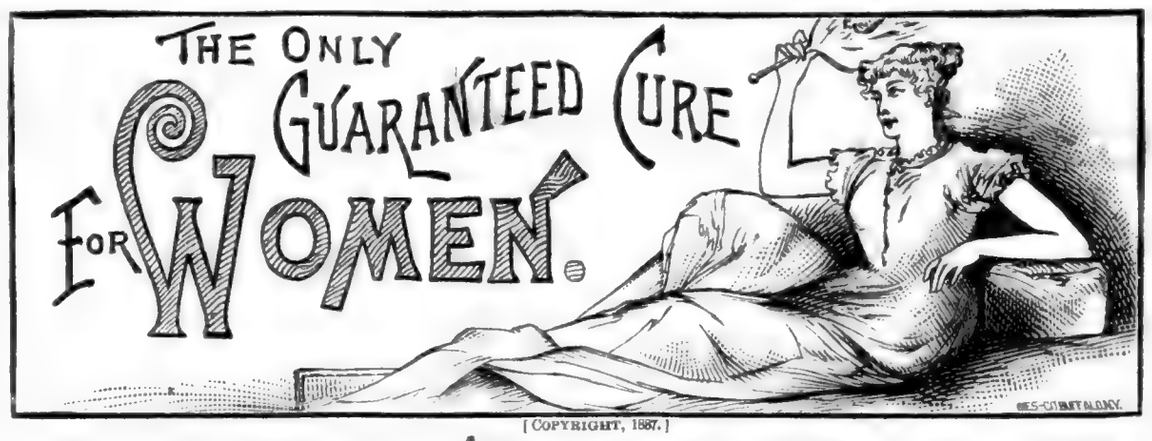

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The only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded, is DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

A BOON TO WOMEN. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

A POWERFUL TONIC. **As a powerful, invigorating tonic,** it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

A SOOTHING NERVINE. **As a soothing and strengthening nervine,** "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

A MOTHER'S CORDIAL. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine,** carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

CURES THE WORST CASES. **"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

FOR THE KIDNEYS. **"Favorite Prescription,"** when taken in connection with the use of Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, *directed to the cause,* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.,* says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured,* and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA. Mrs. ED. M. CAMPBELL, of *Oakland, California,* writes: "I had been troubled all my life with hysterical attacks and paroxysms, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of severe headache, but since I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' I have had none of these. I also had womb complaint so bad that I could not walk two blocks without the most severe pain, but before I had taken your 'Favorite Prescription' two months, I could walk all over the city without inconvenience. All my troubles seem to be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I now feel smarter than for years before. My physicians told me that I could not be cured, and therefore you will please accept my everlasting thanks for what you have done for me, and may God bless you in your good works."

Later, she writes: "It is now four years since I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have had no return of the female trouble I had then."

Retroverted Womb.—Mrs. EVA KOHLER, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.,* writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Doctors Failed. Mrs. F. CORWIN, of *Post Creek, N. Y.,* writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Purgative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

Well as I Ever Was.—Mrs. JOHN STEWART, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.,* writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work: am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

☞ *Favorite Prescription is Sold by Druggists the World Over! Large Bottles $1.00, Six for $5.00.*

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages, paper covers) on Diseases of Women.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE PIOUS PARSEES.

Worthy Subjects of Queen Victoria—A Long-Drawn-Out Wedding.

Though the Parsees do not number more than 9,000 souls, and half of them are in Bombay, they are wielding a decided influence in the modern civilization of the east. Long a persecuted race, they were finally driven from their native country 1,100 years ago by the Moslems and settled in Sugat, and from that point have become scattered through India. By their fruits they are making themselves known as worthy and efficient members of society. The Queen of England has no more honorable and patriotic subjects in England. They must have a deal of that noble blood of the ancient Persian coursing their veins. They own and occupy some of the best residences in Bombay. It is refreshing to visit their homes after seeing so many wretched ones in this country. I felt it fortunate to witness a wedding party just at sunset, led by a band of music to the temple in which the ceremony was to take place. There were as many as 100 in all. The men were attired in their white, loose togas, and the women in their rich silks of striking colors, with the snowy band round the head crowned with the sari of violet or rose, sea-green or sapphire. The Zoroastrian youth were present with bright faces and glossiest, black, flowing hair. The whole ceremony would not be finished till 4 o'clock in the morning. The wedding knot should be strongly tied in that time. Divorces very seldom occur among the Parsees.—*Bombay Letter.*

Consumption Curable.

It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula), is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night-sweats, and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs, and kindred affections, it is a most wonderful remedy.

Dr. Charles Gross, of Troy, N.Y., has accepted the chair in history at Harvard College. Dr. Gross is now in London and will return to the United States shortly.

The Pineapple Season.

The pineapple season is now open. This fruit begins to arrive early in April, but the quantity is small until toward the end of the month. Merchants here are now receiving 3,500 barrels a week, and by the middle of May, when the season is at its height, the quantity will reach 10,000 barrels a week. The barrels contain from 25 to 30 extra large "pines," or 40 to 60 smaller ones. The season lasts from April until August, and about 5,000,000 pineapples are imported each year. The bulk of the crop comes to this city, which is the principal distributing point for the United States. The first arrivals came from Havana. They are a little later than usual this year. The island of Cuba is one of the chief sources of supply. Pineapples ripen early there. After the first week in May the Bahama pineapples arrive, and those from Central America soon follow.—*N.Y. Mail and Express.*

Johnny's Definition.

Johnny—Mamma. Is it bigamy for a man to have two or three wives at the same time?

Mamma—Yes, my dear.

Johnny—Then it is smallamy when he has only got one?—*Washington Critic.*

They Pay $500, or Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, have offered in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

A Hasty Bite of Luncheon.

Customer (to waiter)—Here, John, take my order. Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, mince pie—an' be spry about it my train leaves in just six minutes.

The Opinion of All

Who have tried Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain remedy, is that it is never-failing in pain of every description. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, pain in the stomach and kindred complaints are banished as if by magic. Rapid and certain in operation, pleasant to take, Nerviline stands at the very front rank of remedies of this class. A trial bottle may be purchased for 10c., a very small amount in any case; but the best expenditure you can make, if a sufferer from any kind of pain, is a 10 or 25 cent bottle of Nerviline at druggists and country dealers.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS.—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A Faithful Servant.

Dame—"Horrors, Jane! why in the world do you put such water as this on the table? Why don't you filter it?"

Domestic—"Sure, mum, the water that muddy now it ud ruin the filter."

Asleep on the Railroad Track.

A little child, tired of play, had pillowed his head on a rail and fallen asleep. The train was almost upon him when a passing stranger rushed forward and saved him from a horrible death. Perhaps you are asleep on the track, too. You are, if you are neglecting the biliousness and constipation which trouble you, in the hope that you will "come all right." Wake up, or the train will be upon you! Constipation is too often the forerunner of a general "breaking up." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will regulate your liver, stomach and bowels, and restore your system to its normal condition.

Judges are weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but I cannot refrain from saying that if they could make England sober they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons.—*Lord Chief Justice Coleridge o, England.*

DONL. 30 88.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Re-Opening

— OF —

SPROULE'S BLOCK,

J. G. ANDERSON

— HAS OPENED OUT A —

New Stock

— OF —

General Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots & Shoes, Etc.,

— IN THE WELL-KNOWN STAND —

SPROULE'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

— And will be in the market to handle —

All Kinds of Farm Produce.

I will endeavor through honest dealing with the public to establish a good trade. Goods will be sold at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

And the Highest Market Price will be paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

Remember the Place,

J. G. ANDERSON,

Sproule's Block, Flesherton.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Collingwood has its Bob Burdett.

Early closing is working well in Orangeville.

A Mt. Forester named Gilroy has discontinued the sale of tobacco.

Mrs. Eliza Fensom, who had resided in Hanover for thirty-five years, died last week, aged 85 years.

Mr. Wiggins has been elected Deputy Reeve of Mulmur Township by a majority of 5 over Mr. Thos. Reaburn.

Orangeville Auditors' Report has not been issued yet for 1887 and the Advertiser wants to know the reason why.

The Georgetown Herald is all printed at home now, and, although slightly reduced in size, this is a great improvement.

Mr. John R. Jelly, of Shelburne, was married last week to Miss Alice Anderson, daughter of Mr. Michael Anderson, of Melancthon, by the Rev. H. G. Moore.

A Walkerton man sat up the other night watching for a burglar. "After he had sat up most of the night, he found out it was his own little dog," says the Herald.

The sum of $40,000 was paid out by the Standard Bank at Durham last week to depositors in the defunct Central Bank. The township of Bentinck got the lion's share of this amount.—[Hanover Post.

Walkerton butchers have combined to raise the price of Meat, whereat the virtuous soul of the Herald editor waxeth wroth, and suggestions about "boycotting" are recklessly hurled at the offenders.

"You from mine stable take yourselluf oud," shrieked Charles Wendorf, a Hanover teamster, to his boss one day last week, "or I know why the reason if not." The teamster in question is now "oud" of a job.

Wilkie Collins and Josh Billings—both Mt. Foresters—went fishing one day last week. Wilkie caught two fish and generously "halved up" with poor Josh. Wonder if Wilkie caught them with silver or lead?

John Weldon, of Collingwood, was recently brought before Magistrate Lockerbie on a charge of stealing a couple of paint brushes from Mr. Richard Humphreys. Weldon was sent down to Barrie for trial.

Ten Orangeville boys recently made their bebut before the Police Magistrate. A few of them were charged with petty larceny and minor offences, and others with burglary. This is a very sad condition of things.

A young lad hailing from Toronto recently abstracted $1.75 from the till in Mr. Akitt's shop, Horning's Mills, while the boy in charge went to call his mother to wait on him. The young thief afterwards disgorged.

The Conservatives of Cardwell have chosen Mr. Robert Evans, Veterinary Surgeon, of Bolton, and President of the Association, to contest the vacancy in that constituency caused by the death of the Hon. Thos. White.

The Shelburne Free Press is thirteen years old. It is a good representative of the country press, and aims, together with many other journals, to place rural newspaperdom in that high position it should have attained long ago.

Fined.—Webb prosecutor for the Ontario Medical Association, had Mr. Elias Benedict up before Mr. J. Rorke, Thornbury, on Tuesday last, for infraction of the Ontario Medical Act. The charge was proven and the defendant was fined $25.—[Collingwood Bulletin.

Mr. Darley Ammerman, of Normanby, had a fine drake killed one night last week. He laid the blame on an owl and the next night set two traps for the offender. He was successful, for the next morning his owlship was found with a toe in each trap. The owl measured four feet from tip to tip of wings.—[Mt. Forest Representative.

It is said that peddlars are roaming about the country offering for sale watches, etc., which they represent as being bankrupt stock, thus enabling them to be disposed of at low figures. Their wares are no good, being about the most worthless description. Reader, if any of these gentlemen call on you give them the cold shoulder. They are frauds.—[Hanover Post.

CLIMO & CO.

The New Store.

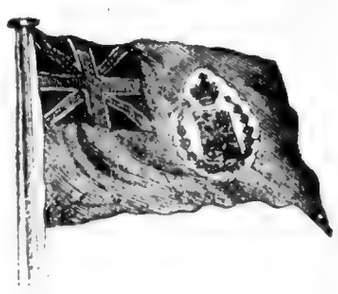

Wright's Old Stand.

Have opened a New Stock

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, CLOTHING.

We extend to all a Cordial Invitation to visit us. We will be in the market to handle all kinds Barter--Wool and Hides, Cast Metal, &c.

CLIMO & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE.

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 361. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

AT

Russell's

Noted

Jewelery

Store,

FLESHERTON,

You will find the finest and best display of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery,

Silverware and Spectacles

in this section of the county and just exactly

25 PER CENT. LOWER

than other dealers will sell you them for. Fine American and Waltham Watches from $9.50 up, warranted from 3 to 5 years, and the people for fifteen miles around always take their Watches, Clocks and Jewelery Repairs to Russell, Flesherton, as they have found by experience he is the only man than can do them in a satisfactory manner. All work personally attended to at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Tit - Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Mrs. Jacques is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bulmer, of this place.

Climo & Co have a new announcement in our advertising columns to-day. Read it.

The *Toronto Empire* is gradually but surely taking the lead in the procession of Canadian daily newspapers.

Embroideries selling very cheap at J. G. Anderson's—37c. goods for 25c. yd.

Mr. J. R. Keefer returned home from Dakota last week. We never saw friend Jim looking better.

Remember the grand concert in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on the evening of the 24th May, Thursday.

We issue one day earlier than usual this week on account of the 24th coming on our day of publication.

Mrs. Gibson, of Jersey City, U. S., is the guest of our respected townsman, Mr. John Gordon, whose aunt she is.

The brick work on Mr. Joseph Blackburn's handsome residence on Toronto street is being built by Mr. John Wright, Jr.

I have received this week a few more dozen pairs of the fashionable Wigwam Slippers. They are comfortable, cool and cheap.—Wm. Clayton.

You should see that 10c. Dress Goods at J. G. Anderson's—it is really worth 15c. a yd.

The Flesherton ADVANCE staff went on a fishing excursion to Kimberley last Friday and succeeded in bringing home nearly six dozen speckled beauties.

A number of our Flesherton boys have been camping out near Feversham for a week past. When they return we expect to hear some pretty good fish stories.

Mr. Dan. McLeod and his mother have the sympathy of the community in the severe loss sustained by them in the destruction of their dwelling house by fire last week. Dan is a hard working, honest young man, and Mrs. McLeod is an industrious and respectable woman.

Mens Long Boots selling at 25 per cent. discount for cash or trade at J. G. Anderson's.

Mr. Fred Ryder and his assistants have made an excellent job of the brick and stone work of Mr. C. J. Leitch's store and residence on Collingwood street. Contractor Moor and his men are now pushing the carpenter work. The building will be ready for occupation by July 1st.

Remember, You can get 4 lbs. J. G. Andersons famous 30c. Tea for $1, Try it!

An Omission.

A Dundalk correspondent says:—The item in the Herald last week, in reference to the social held at Mr. Dean's, was not complete. There was a very important omission made by the writer. He forgot to tell Herald readers about the gentleman who lost his hat, and who expressed indignation that any person could have been so stupid as to take it, when the word "Donkey" was written inside as "plain as the nose on your face." Mr. Spurr is a racy and able writer, but his item would have been much spicier than it was had it contained the addition I have mentioned.

Call at J. G. Anderson's great bargain house and secure some of F. W. Ashton's famous English Prints, extra widths, 11c. per yd., regular selling price 14c. per yd.

Lenore.

Her heart was like a rose-bud sweet
That opens in the sun,
For love drew out its folded leaves
To wither, one by one.

In silence and in sadness, she
Pressed oft that little heart,
Low pleading to be loved again
Or else with life to part.

That life had been a mixture strange
Of darkness and of light,
But soon the brightness was eclipsed
By sombre clouds of night.

She was not grand, nor brave, nor strong—
She drooped her little head,
And from her oft-times tear-wet cheek
Too soon the rose-flush fled.

There came a day when no more pain
Would tear her tender breast:
"I loved him so," was all she said,
"I loved him,—let me rest."

One little hand was closed about
A paper white and small;
They looked—h[illegible] name was written there—
His name, e[illegible] that was all.

She was not grand, nor brave, nor strong—
She drooped her weary head
And loved ones whispered o'er her form:
"She loved him—she is dead."

Owen Sound 1888. —*Eda B. VanDusen.*

To-Night.

The evening of the Queen's Birthday, May 24th, will be celebrated in the Town Hall, Flesherton, by a grand Concert, which will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church. Best local talent engaged, Solos, duets, trios, and Quartettes. Flesherton Glee Club and Orchestra will be there—in themselves a host! As this will probably be the richest musical treat of the season, you should not fail to get there. Bring along your best girl and enjoy a rare evening's entertainment. Admission 15c., children under 12 years of age 10c. Doors open at 7.30, concert to commence at 8 o'clock

Sunday Services.

The importance of present salvation and the danger of neglecting to attend to the immortal interests of the soul were beautifully set forth by Mr. Small, a student from Knox College, Toronto, in the Presbyterian church on Sunday last. The earnest and practical manner in which the speaker dealt with his subject secured the marked attention of his numerous hearers.

In the evening, Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., delivered a stirring sermon in the Methodist church. Theme: "Our Future State." The sermon abounded in thoughtful expressions and practical applications, and was delivered in that earnest, forcible manner, so characteristic of this eloquent and gifted preacher.

The Baby Village Heard From.

The Sports Committee of Markdale advertised a Lacrosse Match between Flesherton and Markdale teams, to be played at the latter place on the 24th for a prize of $5. The Secretary of our Lacrosse team wrote the Secretary of the Sports Committee for information as they had not been consulted about the match, and received a reply that none but juveniles from Flesherton would be allowed to compete with their team. This is just in keeping with the baby village. But why do they advertise a match and then debar our team? Was it to give a show of respectability to their sports? Our Lacrosse team and many of our citizens intended going to Markdale on the 24th but this means "stay away" and many will do so, as our team will not be allowed to play. However, it is just as might have been expected. The "Hustlers," afraid of getting badly whipped, resorted to the flunking act as a means of escape.

J. G. Anderson wants 15,000 Eggs right away and will pay the Highest Price Possible in trade or Cash.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at 520, P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

A Great Big Offer.

The Advance sent balance of year to anyone in Canada or the U. S. for 50 cents spot cash! Now's your chance.

Carried Unanimously.

At a meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of the Methodist Church, Flesherton circuit, the following motion was put and carried unanimously;—

Moved by J. W. Armstrong, seconded by A. R. Fawcett, That this Quarterly Official Board desire to record their gratitude to the Great Head of the Church for His presence in giving to us peace and prosperity during the conference year now coming to a close. We desire also to record our very high appreciation of the life and labor of our esteemed Superintendent, Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., whose administration of our church laws we heartily endorse, and whose earnest and faithful labors are so acceptable to our people. We deem it quite superfluous to invite him to remain on this circuit, as we take it for granted that he will surely do so, and that the Stationing Committee will certainly not think of disturbing his present relation.

The above is also endorsed in a most hearty manner by the people generally, by whom Rev. Mr. Shilton is held in the highest respect and esteem.

"Muddy Valley."

Items received from above locality last week did not arrive in time for insertion in current issue of THE ADVANCE. Will be pleased to hear from "Eyeholder" as often as possible. If he will send us his Post Office address along with next batch of news items, we will forward him correspondent's outfit as desired. Please note that all correspondence must be received at this office not later than Tuesday noon to ensure insertion in current issue.

THIS IS FOR YOU.

It Will Pay You to Read Every Word in This Article.

NEW GOODS.—Mr. R. Trimble general merchant, Flesherton, has pleasure in announcing that his stock of New Spring and Summer Goods is now complete in every department.

NEW DRESS GOODS.—A complete range in black and colored Cashmeres, handsome new Combination Dress goods and Plain and Fancy Checks' Nun's Veiling, Jersey Checks, &c.

WASHING FABRICS, Prints and Muslins. Our stock is complete in all the Latest Patterns and Colors.

GREY COTTONS.—2,750 yds. extra heavy Gray Cotton, 36 inches wide, ONLY 5 CENTS PER YARD!

HOSIERY & SMALL WARES.—Our stock is the largest ever shown in town.

GLOVES.—A fine assortment of Ladies and Gents' Gloves.

CORSETS.—Complete stock. Be sure to ask for our Daisy 45c. Corset.

JERSEYS, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery, Lace Curtains, Waterproofs, Buttons, Frillings and Laces. A full range.

HATS, HATS, HATS.—The largest and best assorted stock of Ladies, Gents Boys and Girls Hats in town.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.—This department is complete in all the nobbiest Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties.

CLOTHING.—560 men and boys wanted at the leading clothing house.

BOOTS & SHOES.—Our stock of Ladies and Gents Boots and Shoes is exceedingly large.

GROCERIES.—Another large stock of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at 25c. lb., 50 boxes No. 1. Layer Raisins at $1.50 per box.

PROVISIONS.—Just received 1 case Long Clear Bacon, 1500 lbs. sound Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Dried Apples, White Beans.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.—Timothy Red Clover, Alsike, Garden Seeds, Turnip Seeds, Flax, Vetches,

BUTTER, EGGS, and Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COURT OF REVISION,

TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMESIA.

THE First sitting of the Court of Revision, on the Assessment of 1888 for the Township of Artemesia, will be held in the TOWN HALL, FLESHERTON, on Monday, 4th day of JUNE 1888. All parties interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

W. J. BELLAMY, Clerk.
Twp. Clerk's Office, May 15th, 1888.

COURT OF REVISION,

TOWNSHIP OF OSPREY.

THE First Sitting of the Court of Revision, on the Assessment of 1888 for the Township of Osprey, will be held in MAXWELL, on Tuesday the 29th day of MAY, 1888. All parties interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

WM. MUNE, Clerk.
Twp. Clerk's Office, 14th May, 1888.

Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of Neil Kennedy, deceased.

PURSUANT to Provisions of the revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 110. Notice is hereby given that all creditors and other persons having any debts, claims or demands against the Estate of Neil Kennedy, late of the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, school teacher, deceased, who died on or about the 30th day of January, A.D., 1888, are hereby required on or before the 15th day of July, 1888, to send by post prepaid to Frederick Kennedy, of the said Township of Artemesia, Priceville P.O., the administrator of the estate of the said deceased. Their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that at the expiration of that time the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and that he will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim he shall not then have had notice.

MASSON & MASSON.
Solicitors for the said administrator, Frederick Kennedy.

Dated at Owen Sound this 1st day of May, 1888.

Judicial Sale!

O'BRIEN v O'BRIEN

PURSUANT to the Judgment in this action there will be sold in one parcel with the approbation of the Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario at Owen Sound, by ABRAHAM S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, at Mc[illegible]shaws Hotel, in the Village of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, on

Saturday, 2nd day of June, 1888,

at 10 o'clock a.m. The following property, viz: Lots numbers 125 and 126 in the 2nd Concession North-East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey containing one hundred acres more or less. There are about twenty acres cleared and under cultivation. The property is distant from the Villages of Markdale and Flesherton about five miles and the roads leading thereto are good country roads. The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid fixed by the said Master.

TERMS OF SALE:—Lot 125 is patented and will be sold clear of all incumbrances, lot 126 is unpatented with a balance of about $80 still due the Crown. 10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Vendor's Solicitors at the time of sale, and the balance within thirty days thereafter without interest. The other terms and conditions of sale may be ascertained on application to the Vendor's Solicitors and will be announced at the sale.

ALFRED FROST,
Local Master.
CREASOR, MORRISON & SMITH,
Vendor's Solicitors,
Owen Sound.

Dated at Owen Sound, 8th May, 1888.

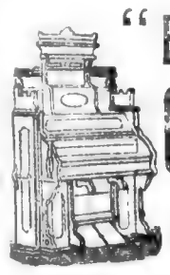

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The night passed quietly, and the morning broke fair and cloudless, but with the same heavy sultriness in the air which had made Captain Layton prognosticate a storm. There was not a breath of air stirring; the sea lay like a vast smooth lake, not even a wavelet disturbing its calm; there was no sunshine, no freshness—nothing but sultry heat, which made people feel oppressed and languid against their will.

"I wish there would be a storm or something," Lady Eastwell said pettishly, as they sat at breakfast, with all doors and windows open to try to produce a draught, but in vain. "It is unbearably hot."

"Don't wish for a storm, Lady Eastwell," said Major Stuart, smiling. "Remember that I shall be exposed to all its fury."

"Why, are you really going on to-day?"

"Yes, really."

"Cannot we induce you to give us another day, Major Stuart," said Mrs. Beaudesert coquettishly.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Beaudesert; but I fear, if I stay here any longer, I shall feel my solitariness too deeply by and by."

"But why leave us at all?" pursued the little widow, looking very charming in her dainty primrose morning-dress.

"A wise man does not seek danger, Mrs. Beaudesert."

"But only a coward flies from it," she replied gayly.

"'Discretion is the better part of valor.'"

"You, a soldier, to preach such a creed as that! For shame, Major Stuart! Captain Layton, what do you say?"

"I think Stuart is very wise," said the young man in a rather sullen tone, still angry with the pretty coquette for her neglect of the previous evening. "I have half a mind to go with him."

"But I promised to take you to church on Sunday, Captain Layton," Shirley said brightly from her seat by Sir Hugh. "Have you forgotten?"

"I had," he answered frankly. "Thank you for reminding me, Lady Glynn. But to-day is only Wednesday. How am I to exist until Sunday?"

"If you are very well behaved, I will take you with me to call at the Vicarage this afternoon," she replied slowly.

"Lady Glynn, how can I thank you? I could say with perfect truth I adore——"

"My dear fellow," said Sir Hugh, laughing; "if I hear a man saying that he adores my wife I shall have to break his head."

"Thanks for shutting me up in time," said Captain Layton, smiling. "Lady Glynn must take my adoration for granted. Will you really take me to the Vicarage this afternoon?"

"I will indeed. I promised to go hear some more songs, and I will take you, if you will give me your word that you will behave with the greatest decorum."

"I do," said the young man solemnly. "I will pay the greatest attention to the mother, and forget how to flirt for the occasion."

"I cannot think what you see in those insipid girls, Shirley," remarked Lady Eastwell languidly. "They are not a bit pretty, and have not a notion of dress."

"Have you seen much of them, Lady Eastwell?" asked Guy quietly. "Ah, I thought not—because, if you had, you would not call them insipid! I am afraid I am not a very good judge; but I must say that I have rarely met nicer girls, so thoroughly unaffected and charming."

"Don't you think you had better stay and accompany Lady Glynn and Captain Layton this afternoon?" said Mrs. Beaudesert gayly. "There seems to be quite a furor about these charming damsels; but I must acknowledge that I saw nothing very attractive in them."

"Perhaps not," returned Guy, smiling. "We look at things from a different point of view, Mrs Beaudesert."

"Then you will stay?"

"Thank you—no."

"Not even to call at the Vicarage?"

"Not even to call at the Vicarage," he answered, smiling. "I hope to be at Lynmouth to-night. The vicar there was my tutor for some time."

"Has he any daughters?" asked Mrs. Beaudesert innocently.

"No, he is an old bachelor, like myself," said Guy, laughing.

"And a misogynist," asked the pretty widow, "like yourself?"

"Like myself, too, not a misogynist," said Major Stuart, glancing at her with a smile, "but a devoted admirer of your sex, Mrs. Beaudesert. Have you made up your mind to walk a few miles over the cliffs with me, Glynn?" he added, turning to the baronet.

"Yes, I think so," Sir Hugh answered, hesitating a little. "Does your way lie over the cliffs?"

"Yes, Lymouth is about eighteen or twenty miles, I fancy."

"A long walk alone," put in Lord Rupert somewhat contemptuously.

"One cannot feel one's solitude much in such scenery as this," said Hugh quietly. "The coast is most beautiful, and I have very pleasant recollections of some walking tours I made in my boyhood."

"Don't tempt Sir Hugh into sharing your wandering existence," advised Lady Eastwell, with a glance at Sir Hugh, who smiled as his eyes rested on his wife, looking so fair and sweet in her white dress, with a softened, almost tender expression on the face which had been for so ongso proud and cold.

"There is no fear of that," he answered, smiling; "although I think a ramble would do me good. We are terribly lazy here. Shirley, may I look you up at the Vicarage on my return?"

"I wonder, Shirley, you are not afraid to trust him to the fascinations of these attractive demoiselles," said Alice, with a little smile which had not much sweetness in it.

"I will risk that," Shirley answered gayly; and half an hour afterward she was standing with Mrs. Beaudesert and Lady Eastwell on the balcony, chatting merrily as they watched the gentlemen, who were smoking their cigars at the door below, where Major Stuart and Sir Hugh stood ready to start.

"What a curious walking-stick that is of yours, Stuart?" Lord Rupert said. "Don't you find it heavy?"

"Heavy?" Guy questioned lightly. "No; it is bamboo, as you see."

"But it is loaded, is it not?" said his lordship, taking it into his hand.

"No, that top is silver," answered Major Stuart. "It was made out of a lump of silver ore which a friend brought home from South America. It was of course much larger than that, but when the lead had been removed the silver made that ball."

"It would deal a pretty heavy blow," remarked Captain Layton, examining it.

"Yes; it would kill a man if it came sharply in contact with his temple," said Guy, laughing. "It is an old friend and companion of mine, and I rarely travel without it. If you are ready, Glynn, we will start."

"I am quite ready," Sir Hugh answered, glancing up at the balcony and raising his cap, with a loving look in his blue eyes. "I will join you at the Vicarage, Shirley."

"Very well." She looked down at him with a smile, then over at Guy, who smiled also as he met the lovely hazel eyes.

"Give us your flowers, Shirley?" her husband said lightly. "Let us adorn ourselves."

Shirley smiled again as she took from the lace of her morning-dress two roses, one a deep damask rose, the other a pure white one, and dropped them over the balcony into her husband's hands.

"Rival roses," said Mrs. Beaudesert, as she watched Sir Hugh, who having given Guy the white rose, was fastening the red one in the button-hole of his gray tweed coat. "York and Lancaster! That is ominous, Sir Hugh."

"Why?" said Sir Hugh, laughing.

"'Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?'"

"'Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?'" quoted Lady Eastwell gayly.

"Don t fall out by the way," said Mrs. Beaudesert merrily. "It would be the worse for you, Sir Hugh, because, if Major Stuart has the same argument that Somerset had in his scabbard in that silver ball at the end of his stick, you will certainly have the worst of it."

"What argument was that?" Sir Hugh asked absently: he seemed to find Shirley's graceful figure in her white dress prettier than the little widow in her primrose satin-faced morning wrapper.

"Don't you remember?" she asked gayly. "I should have thought you read Shakspeare sometimes. Have you forgotten that charming scene in the Temple Gardens when they choose the roses? The Plantagenet asks Somerset where is his argument."

'And Somerset answers," Lady Eastwell broke in, smiling—

> Here in my scabbard, meditating that
> Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.'

'Ah, but I have the red rose already!" Sir Hugh said laughingly. "So I can defy Stuart."

"Yes, possession is nine points of the law" remarked Lady Eastwell, with some meaning. "And so farewell," she added, smiling, "until I see you again."

"I hope we shall meet this autumn, Major Stuart," said Mrs Beaudesert graciously. "I dare say we shall be visiting at the same houses."

"I may even look forward perhaps to the great pleasure of seeing you at Stuartleigh," he replied, lifting his hat with the grave graceful courtesy that Shirley had liked so much in the old days.

"Farewell, Lady Eastwell. Good-bye, Lady Glynn."

His voice changed a little when he spoke to her, changed and softened so that to Shirley's ears the simple word he had spoken carried its full meaning. He was going away; but he was leaving her a less unhappy—she could not say happier yet—and a better woman; and her lips quivered a little as she said "Good-bye," and she remembered that once in the old days they had spoken of the meaning of that word.

"Good-bye," she answered softly, little thinking, as she watched the two men walk away down the street side by side, turning at the foot of the hill to lift their hats once more with a last gesture of farewell, how soon and in what terrible circumstances she would meet Guy Stuart again.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Grey; but I think that at last we must make up our minds to tear ourselves away."

Lady Glynn was standing by the window of the Vicarage drawing-room, a pretty, shabby, homelike room with a glimpse of sea visible from its bay-windows, and old china bowls placed here and there with roses of every hue, which filled the room with fragrance. The piano was open, and Ada was seated before it, turning over a pile of songs, over which Captain's smooth dark head was also bent. Lucie was standing with Shirley at the window, where they had been talking earnestly and pleasantly for half an hour and more, while Mrs. Grey had been away, occupied with a humble visitor in her husband's study. The tea-tray, with its simple white china cups and saucers, stood on a little table, and Shirley had felt amused at the eagerness with which Frederic Layton had accepted a cup of the beverage which at other times he so heartily despised, and how pleasant and natural and agreeable the usually so languid and affected young man had been under the influence of the pretty gentle girls and the sweet gray-haired woman whose name, "the mother," seemed to fit her so well.

"It has been very kind of you to come," Mrs. Grey said. "The girls were looking forward to your visit."

"It is very kind of you to receive us so cordially," responded Shirley, in her soft voice. "May I come again sometimes? I will try not to be too troublesome, but if you knew what a pleasure your daughters' society is Mrs. Grey!"

"Whenever you come, we shall be only too glad to see you," said Mrs. Grey, with the simplicity and frankness of perfect breeding. "And you could not be troublesome, Lady Glynn."

"Thank you." Shirley answered gratefully, with a cordial pressure of her hostess's hand. "Captain Layton, I am afraid that, if we are to be received at the Vicarage again, we must take our departure now."

Captain Layton's smooth dark head was lifted with a start.

"Already?" he said reproachfully. "Why, Lady Glynn, you were to wait here for Sir Hugh!"

"Sir Hugh has probably returned too tired to follow us," she answered, smiling. "Have you any idea how long we have been here?"

"About half an hour, I should say," the young fellow answered, so ruefully that Shirley laughed outright.

"Only two hours and a half!" she said merrily. "Good-bye, Lucie—I may call you so, may I not? Shall we go for our ramble to-morrow afternoon?"

"I shall be delighted, Lady Glynn. Shall I call for you?"

"Will it be on the way? Yes, then do, dear. Please, Mrs. Grey, you will spare her to me as often as you can, will you not, while we are here?"

The girls walked down with them to the wicket gate which opened on to the road, Shirley and Lucie in front, Captain Layton and Ada lingering a little behind; and at the wicket-gate they parted, the young officer bestowing an unconscionably long and lingering pressure on Ada's hand ere he relinquished it.

"The rain is just beginning," Lucie said quickly. "You must have a cloak and umberella, Lady Glynn."

"We shall get home before it comes on," Shirley told her gayly. "Good-bye until to-morrow?"

"Lady Glynn," Captain Layton said, in a hesitating manner, as they walked on rapidly, for the rain had already begun to fall in slow but heavy drops; "may I accompany you to-morrow?"

"Ah!" she said, smiling. "Was I right when I said that they were nice girls?"

"Right? I should think so!" exclaimed the captain. "They are the nicest girls I have ever seen."

"Warm praise," Shirley said dryly. "Are you serious?"

"I never was more so in my life," he answered warmly.

"Captain Layton"—Shirley turned to him earnestly—"I should never forgive myself if through me any shadow was to fall upon that happy home."

The young man's face flushed slightly, but his eyes met hers earnestly and frankly.

"I understand," he said quietly. "You need not be afraid, Lady Glynn. I think any man, whatever his rank, would be fortunate to win such a wife as Ada Grey; and my rank is not very exalted, although I am quite rich enough to marry a girl without a *sou*."

"A poor clergyman's daughter?" Shirley said gently.

"Yes—if she will have me," he answered, flushing.

"Very well," Lady Glynn said, smiling; "I will trust you, Captain Layton. We are just home in time," she added; and, as they reached the stone porch of the "Pack of Cards," the rain fell in torrents, and a clap of thunder, which made Shirley utter a faint cry of alarm, seemed to shake the little town as it echoed from cliff to cliff.

"Has Sir Hugh returned?" she asked a servant who was in the entrance hall.

"I do not think so, my lady," he answered; "I will inquire."

"Never mind; I will see myself," Shirley rejoined, as she went upstairs, to find that Sir Hugh had not yet arrived home, that Lady Eastwell was in her room with a bad headache, and that the sitting-room was in possession of Lord Rupert and Mrs. Beaudesert, the pretty widow being "terrified to death" at the thunder, and requiring all Lord Rupert's manly protection to reassure her.

Shirley, with a curling lip, quietly went up to her own room, and stood with dreamy eyes at the window watching the lightning. She was not generally nervous about storms; but this one, coming so suddenly, as it were, startled her, and she was anxious about her husband and Guy. Was the latter still on his way to Lynmouth, she wondered, or had he reached his destination? Sir Hugh was in all probability near home, and had taken shelter in a cottage.

The storm continued, and increased greatly in violence as the evening wore on. Dinner was served in a closely shuttered and curtained room; but it was quite impossible to shut out the storm entirely. A kind of depression hung over the little party which had been so gay the night before.

Alice did not appear—during a storm she always suffered from a nervous attack—and Mrs. Beaudesert's terror was so great that before the meal was half over Shirley urged her to leave the table and lie quietly down in her own room, and then, after a minute or two, led her, trembling and on the verge of hysterics, away.

While the gentlemen drew their chairs up round the table and wondered "what the deuce had become of Glynn," Shirley herself, more and more anxious as the hours wore on and no tidings of her husband reached her, sat by Mrs. Beaudesert's sofa and tried to soothe the poor terrified little woman, whose pretty affectations completely failed her now, and who clung to Shirley, trembling, laughing, and sobbing hysterically until she was exhausted to faintness.

It was well for Shirley Glynn that she had something to occupy her attention and keep her thoughts away from the terrible visions which persisted in recurring to her mind of the evils which might have beset Sir Hugh on his homeward way, the dangerous cliff paths, rendered so slippery with rain, and his want of familiarity with the neighborhood all adding considerably to the perils of the storm. She could not drive the visions quite away; she tried however to dismiss her fears as groundless, as she placed Mrs. Beaudesert gently back upon her cushions and went to summon her maid. But the pretty Frenchwoman had followed her mistress's example, and was "going from one faint to another," one of the servants said, and Shirley, rather impatient of such want of self-control, went back to her patient and asked her to undress and get into bed. The poor little widow was too exhausted by her hysterical emotion to resist, and Lady Glynn was almost alarmed at her faintness and prostration, which made the disrobing process a long and difficult one. But at last it was accomplished, and the poor little trembling figure laid back upon the pillows, looking very unlike the brilliant little coquette of a few hours before.

"There—perhaps you will sleep now," Lady Glynn said soothingly. "But you seem so faint that I think I must get you some wine."

"No, no, do not leave me, I shall die of terror!" moaned Mrs. Beaudesert. "Oh, how terrible, how terrible!"

It was indeed terrible. Shirley trembled from head to foot as peal after peal of thunder and vivid, awful flashes of lightning succeeded each other almost without intermission. Mrs. Beaudesert clung to her in an agony of alarm, too frightened even to scream, until suddenly a shriek, so wild and piercing that it was heard above the din of the storm, rang through the house; and Shirley started to her feet, startled, awed, and trembling.

"Let me go; I must see what has happened," she said hastily, trying to disengage herself from the clinging hands.

"No, no," Mrs. Beaudesert tried to say; but her terror mastered her, and she sunk back in a dead faint upon her pillows as Shirley went, as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her, out of the room, along the passage, and down the stairs.

A group of men, gentlemen, servants, and a couple of fishermen were standing together in the entrance hall, forming a circle around something which Shirley could not see, and on the faces of every one present was an expression of awe and shocked distress. As the sound of her light footfall broke the stillness, one of the servants looked up, and the horror deepened on his face as he saw her.

"No, no, my lady," he said hurriedly, "do not come. For Heaven's sake, sir, do not let her come."

Captain Layton detached himself from the group and turned toward Shirley, going to her like a man in a dream.

"Let me take you to your room," he said mechanically. "This is no place for you, Lady Glynn."

"What has happened?" Shirley asked faintly, looking up at him with startled questioning eyes; but, before he could answer another gentleman detached himself from the group and came toward her, his hands held out, and an intense compassion on his face.

"Oh, poor child!" he said very gently, thinking of the awful blow in store for the beautiful young creature of whom his daughter had spoken so enthusiastically; and Shirley put her hands in his, looking wistfully at the gentle compassionate face with eyes like Lucie's

"What is it?" she inquired faintly; and, as she pressed forward, the group parted a little amid a sudden awful hush, and Shirley saw, lying still and motionless, with its face covered, a recumbent figure—a figure with a red rose, faded now, in the breast of its light gray coat, and an emerald ring on one nerveless hand. She looked at it in silence for one brief moment; then, with a little gasping sob, she put both her hands to her bosom, and Mr. Grey caught her as she fell.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Lucie, don't you think it is almost time for it to be over now?"

"Dear Lady Glynn, it is not late yet," Lucie Grey answered sorrowfully.

"Don't call me that, Lucie," Shirley said, rather irritably.

"Forgive me," the vicar's daughter returned gently, looking with very sympathizing eyes at the slender prostrate figure upon the couch in the little shabby low-ceiled sitting-room adjoining Shirley's bedroom at the "Pack of Cards," and thinking how terribly she was changed within the last forty-eight hours.

As she lay back against the dark red cushions of the couch, Shirley Glynn looked more like a dead woman than a living, breathing one; her face was as colorless as the white wrapper that she wore, there were deep dark circles round the heavy lusterless eyes, and her little hands lay helplessly beside her.

"Lucie, could you help me to the window?" she said presently. "I feel so stifled here."

"It would be better for you to lie quiet, dear," answered Lucie, gently, dreading lest she should see the crowd which had assembled round the inn, waiting eagerly for the conclusion of the coroner's inquest which was being held at that moment. "Let me fan you, Shirley."

"Is it not strange"—Lady Glynn looked up into Lucie's face with a wistful glance—"that all my strength should have left me so suddenly? Lucie, I wonder if I am dying?"

"Dying? Of course not!" said Lucie cheerily, in spite of her trembling lips. "Such a terrible shock as you have had was enough to make you feel weak. Let me lift you a little, dear, while I arrange your cushions."

"Poor Hugh—oh, poor Hugh!" Shirley moaned feebly. "Lucie, it makes me so glad and happy now to think that we were friends. We were not always friends," she went on, in her faint broken tones. "I had been hard and cold and unforgiving for years; but the night before—only the night before—we forgave each other. Do you know, Lucie, that at first I did not think it could be Hugh lying there?" she went on, after a pause, her eyes dilating with horror as she pictured the body of her husband as it had lain prone and motionless in the centre of the group. "The hand, although it wore his ring, did not seem like his hand; but it was all so confused in my brain, you know, and I could not see clearly, and they would not let me look upon his face."

"It was altered beyond all recognition," Lucie said gently. "Dear, try to rest."

"It must have been a terrible fall. Poor Hugh! He was so handsome! Jack, my brother, thought him so handsome. Oh, I am so glad," she added pitifully, "that I had forgiven him, Lucie!" She lifted her hands and covered her face with a cry of horror. "Only a few weeks before I had wished I could kill him! It was Guy who told me how wicked I had been. He made me forgive Hugh. Lucie, did I fancy it—I fancy so many strange things now my head is so weak—or has Guy come?"

"Major Stuart is here, dear," Miss Grey shrunk a little as she spoke. She was dreading always lest Shirley should ask some question she could not answer.

"Why did he come?"

"It was necessary that he should be present."

"I wonder why? He was not with him when he fell, or he would have come back. Oh, Lucie, I wonder if he was killed at once," she added, struggling up among the pillows, with wild eyes and panting breath, "or if he lay there dying all through the storm?"

Then she fell back again, with the horror deepening on her face. Lucie knelt down and took the trembling slender form and hushed it gently in her arms.

"He died at once and painlessly, Shirley," she said through the tears which fell thickly on the soft hair which lay upon her breast. "Try not to think of it, darling."

"How can I help thinking of it?" Shirley asked wearily. "All night long it haunts me—all night—and it prevents me from sleeping, and I feel sometimes as if I must shriek out with horror. Do you think—"

She lifted her head suddenly and looked at the tearful face. "You are crying, Lucie; I felt a tear upon my hand! I will not distress you again. Oh, I wish I could cry, Lucie!"

"My poor darling!"

"Guy called me that," she said dreamily, "long ago—so long ago! That scene haunts me too, Lucie, in the night. You do not know of that, and I will not speak of it now, because he is dead—poor Hugh, poor Hugh! Oh, my heart!"

"What is it, dear? Are you in pain?" Lucie Grey asked gently, as she saw the quick movement of the frail little hands.

(To be continued.)

A MONSTER IRON SHIP.

Her Mainmast Rises 300 Feet Above Her Deck—Three Other Masts.

At Brooklyn lies the four-masted ship Palgrave, of Port Glasgow. She is the largest iron sailing vessel in the world and one of the handsomest. Beneath her iron decks is stowed 6,711 tons of cargo brought from Calcutta in 106 days. "Why," said Capt. Hugh Harney, "we never took in the sky-sails from the time we set them till we sighted Cape Hatteras, on April 4th. I have been going to sea forty years, and I never heard of such a thing before." The Palgrave measures 322 feet 5 inches from stem to stern. She has 49 feet beam and 25 feet 4 inches depth of hold. With her present cargo of linseed, jute, jute butts, shellac, indigo and hides she draws 23 feet of water aft, or about 22 feet 7 inches mean draught. Her lower masts, topmasts and bowsprit are made of steel. The latter is short, no jibboom being carried on it, and only three head sails are set from it. In addition to five wire shrouds forming the lower rigging there are two cap or masthead shrouds, and also two cap backstays to hold the steel topmasts firmly in place. She carries double topsail and double topgallant yards on each mast, the aftermost mast being called the jigger mast. The sails on this mast are named the jigger, jigger lower topsail, jigger upper topsail, jigger topgallant sail, jigger royal and jigger skysail. The mainyard is of steel, 105 feet long. All other yards except the topgallant sail, royal and skysail are also made of steel. The shrouds and backstays are set up by the turn-buckle process. The crew, numbering forty-two all told, live in the forward part of the poop, or iron deck house, which begins between the main and mizzen masts, and extends aft about fifty feet. With a steam donkey engine, the Palgrave's three-ton anchors are hove up, and her topsail yards masthheaded. From the deck to her main skysail sreak, the highest point, it lacks only a few inches of being 300 feet. She is owned by William Hamilton & Co., of Port Glasgow, where she was launched in 1884. This is her third voyage. Her carrying capacity is enormous.

Origin of Methodism.

The following is from Dr. Eggleston's illustrated historical paper in the May "Century": "About 1679 there sprang up in England what were known as the 'religious societies,' and though a great part of the religious history of England and her colonies in the eighteenth century lay in embryo in that movement, we cannot now tell the name of its originator or the source of his inspirations. It is possible that some stray seed from Spener's pietistic meetings in Germany had been wafted across the channel, but it is more probable that the English societies were indigenous. The members of these obscure associations stirred up one another to devotion, and resorted to the communion of the parish churches in a body. It was the phenomenon so often seen in the world's religious history—ecclesia in ecclesia—a church growing within a church that had lost the power to satisfy the aspirations of the human spirit. About 1691, a dozen years after their beginning, some of these associations came under the reformatory impulse set agoing by the revolution of 1688; and by this means losing their merely pietistic character, they undertook to co-operate for the suppression of the prevalent vices of the time. Three or four years later the hidden leaven of the societies began to make itself felt as a force to be reckoned with, and Queen Mary and Archbishop Tilotson thought it worth while to lend their approval to this new movement, which had grown while sovereigns and prelates slumbered and slept. By 1701 there were twenty allied societies for the reformation of manners in the British islands, besides forty devout societies of the original kind.

"The most conspicuous outgrowth of the devout societies was the Methodist movement of the eighteenth century, though I do not know that the connection has ever before been pointed out. The so-called 'Holy Club,' of Oxford, from which issued the Wesleys and Whitefield, appears to have been merely one of the religious societies which had already flourished for fifty years, and some of which were still in existence thirty years later. From this same familiar model Wesley doubtless borrowed the outlines of the plans that resulted in the more highly organized Methodist societies, out of which in time have come the great Methodist bodies."

Phosphoric Acid in Tuberculosis.

Dr. Grossie reports in the *Gazetta Medica, Italiana* a number of cases of tuberculosis, in which most successful cures have attended the external use of phosphoric acid. Dr. Grossie was first led to employ it from a consideration of the effects following Kollischer's treatment of local tuberculosis by interstitial injections of a solution of calcium phosphate; he therefore tried local applications of the same solution in ulcers of the leg, and found the result very satisfactory; but, as there were no tubercles in these cases, the action of the remedy necessitated explanation otherwise than by calcification of the tubercles, and phosphoric acid was deemed the active agent. In pursuance of this conclusion he began to treat all of his cases of obstinate ulcer of the leg by local applications of a 10 per cent. solution of strong phosphoric acid in distilled water, the compresses being renewed three or four times a day. The very satisfactory results thus obtained led to trials of the same substance in various tubercular affections, and with great success.

If a bird seeking shelter from the storm chances to fly into the house, ill-luck will surely attend the household in some shape.

THE OBLIGING LADY BOARDER.

She Just Took Things as She Found Them and Made No Fuss.

"O, I'll not be the least trouble," said the lady boarder, who had wheedled the mistress of a select boarding-house into taking her for six months, although the mistress had said that she never, never would take another woman to board.

"I don't blame you for not wanting to board women," said the lady boarder, while laying off her wrap in her room, "most of them are so troublesome and finicky, but I think you'll find I'm not one of that sort. I just take things as I find them and make no fuss at all. Now I'll just wash my hands, and—O, could you get me a little white castile soap instead of this cocoanut-oil kind?"

"I'll see," said the landlady.

"And about the towels—I never use crash quite so rough as this, and I'd like a Turkish towel on the rack all the time."

"Well."

"Thank you. I'm determined not to be troublesome after I once get settled, and I—don't you think this dressing-case would look better on this side of the room?"

"I don't know."

"Seems to me it would. Supposing you call a servant up and let us see how it will look moved; and while she's here I believe I'll change the bed to the other corner—that is, if you've no objections."

"O, none at all."

"Thank you. I don't really care much, but then—O, would it be too much trouble to have a cup of hot water sent up to my room an hour before each meal? I think it does me good."

"I suppose I can arrange that," says the landlady gloomily.

"Thanks; you are kind. Now, I guess I'll—O, I wonder if there is any hot water in the bath-room? I'd like to run in and just wash out a few little things that I never send to the laundry. And I wonder if I'd be much in the way if I ran down into the kitchen and ironed them when they're dry? I'll not be a bit of trouble.'

'The cook may object," says the landlady, blandly. "I don't mind myself."

"O, I'll get around her easy enough. Trust me for that. I always do out my handkerchiefs and small pieces wherever I board, and I—O, while I think of it, I'd like to mention that I never drink anything but green tea, and if it wouldn't be too much trouble I'd like my bread without a bit of salt in it. Perhaps it's only a notion, but I can't eat salted bread."

"I hardly know how to manage that," says the landlady dubiously.

"O, it's easy enough. When you bake just make one loaf without salt in it. See? I hope you won't take a bit of trouble on my account if I'm sometimes too late for my meals. Sometimes I may be out shopping or may feel a little lazy in the morning and won't get up, but I'll soon find out where things are in the pantry and will just help myself without troubling any one."

This strikes the landlady so dumb that she can say nothing, and the obliging boarder guilelessly rattles on.

"I like hot cakes for breakfast the year round, and, somehow, no kind of steak agrees with me but sirloin. Would you mind ringing for a servant and having her lower the window a little from the top? O, I see the blankets on the bed are white. It's only a foolish notion of mine, but I really prefer red blankets; and I see you have woven-wire springs. Could you as well as not exchange them for the spiral springs? I much prefer them and I——" but the landlady, being new in the business, has gone from the room in a dazed condition of mind, while the lady boarder reduces her wants to writing as they occur to her during the day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Touching Tale from Berlin.

"A charming little scene was," says the *German Post*, "enacted the other day in front of the Imperial Palace at Charlottenburg. Early in the morning a little girl of about 8 years, dressed in white, appeared in front of the palace, carrying a pretty basket filled with fresh and dewy violets. Somewhat shyly she went up to the guard at the gate, who looked down on the little creature in mute surprise, and said to him: 'Please, Mr. Guard, I have been told to take these flowers to the Emperor.' The soldier sent her to an official in the palace, and here again she repeated her childish request, whereupon one of the officers on duty went out and returned after a few minutes to take the child with him. She was taken into a drawing-room, where the Empress at once appeared. 'My dear child,' she said, evidently touched by the charming picture which presented itself to her, 'the Emperor has not yet got up, but I will give him the beautiful flowers, and he will be very pleased with them.' Then she took the basket, kissed the child, asked her who she was and led her to the door. It appears the little one was the foster-child of a gardener living in a street leading to the palace."

Salvation Army Charity.

A most admirable charity is that of the Salvation Army in London, which has opened a restaurant where a meal may be bought for a farthing. The small coin pays for a bowl of soup or a half loaf of bread, and two farthings secures a cup of coffee or cocoa and a slice of bread and jam. Thus for about two cents a wholesome meal can be bought. Threepence brings meat and potatoes and a halfpenny a dish of rice.—*Chicago Herald.*

Not as Magnetic as He Had Thought Himself.

"I think I must have overestimated my personal magnetism and popularity," said a badly defeated candidate. "What induced you to think you possessed such qualities?" asked his unsympathetic wife. "Well," he replied, sadly, "my name is Robert, and everybody calls me 'Bob.'"

BRITISH residents in Japan are subscribing for the repair of the grave of Will Adams, a British sailor who was shipwrecked in Japan in the reign of James I., and who lived for many years at the court of Yedo, where he obtained extraordinary influence. His grave was discovered some years ago on the summit of one of the hills overlooking the Government arsenal of Yokosuka, near Yokohama.

A woman has embroidered the words and music of "Home, Sweet Home," on a linen sheet which is on the spare bed-room. Her guests have not decided whether the hostess means to indicate that they must feel at home or had better go home.

ITEMS AT THE CALICO BALL.

The Provost o' Stra'bungo Tells of His Experiences as Napoleon Bonaparte.

(Glasgow Bailie.)

As Provost o' Stra'bungo, I got an invitation tae the Calico Ball—me an' Betty. Betty at ance decided tae go as a Newhaven fishwife. It saved her ony expense buying new things ye see—she jist put on a' the petticoats she had in the hoose, an' got a creel on her back, an' a big mutch on her heid, an' there she wis. Wi me it was different. Lang did I swither, an' much tobacco did I smoke in my ain wee room thinkin' ower the maitter. One nicht the minister cam' in, an' he says, "there is only one character in history that resembles you, Provost."

"An' wha micht that be?" speirs I.

"Napoleon Bonyparty," says he.

"Bonyparty! Oh, but he wis a faur greater man than ever I wis," wis my reply.

"Well, certainly, in a way he was, but there are degrees of greatness, Provost."

"Weel," says I, smoking meditatively up the lum, "nae doot Bonyparty wis a great man, but ye see, minister, he had sensible men tae dale wi'. If he had had a lot o' auld wives grumbling aboot bad coals, an' then had put on his coat an' gae awa' tae preside at a Skule Brod Meeting, or sit on the bench dealing oot justice without partiality, I'm thinkin' he wid hae been sair enough put aboot, an' I'm no sae sure if he wid ha' dune ony better than I dae. But, minister, Napoleon wis aboot my size, wisna he?"

"He was."

"An' stootness?"

"I think so."

"Then that settles a'," says I.

Sae I got my sword an' cockit hat that I use for ceremonials, an' a pair o' top boots wi' the trooser legs inside like a military man, an' a swallow tail coat, an' awa' we gaed last Tuesday nicht in a cab.

"Noo, Jeems," says Betty, as we were hurlin' alang, "be verra carefu' aboot that sword, it's sure tae be getting fangled in aboot yer legs—carry it below yer oxter."

The cab arrived, an' we were ushered intae the hall amid the plaudits o' the assembled crood.

"Bonyparty an' his lass frae Newhaven," the irreligious ragamuffians cried out.

"Frae Stra'bungo," corrects I, turning roon, for I like tae be polite even tae a crood.

"Hoora', it's Sir Jeems himsel'," they cries. So I took off my hat an' made a bow, an' gathering up my sword, I walked, followed by Betty.

Bailie, sich a scene as wis in the hall I never saw in a' my days afore. There wis —— Oh, I canna tell ye a fiftieth part o' what I saw. Really I never conceived that sae mony illustrious personages had ever leeved in the worl' as wis represented that nicht—baith men an' women. I walked aboot wi' Betty on my arm, the observed o' a' observers, for it wisna often ye could see a French Emperor arm in arm wi' a puir Scotch fisherwoman. Of course we were jist letting on, still it wis wonderfu'.

Noo, Betty when we were coortin' was coonted rale guid at singing "Wha'll buy my caller herring," an' as we were promenading aboot I whispered tae her, "it's getting a wee monotonous, gie us a verse o' yer favorite sang." So Betty, being a vera obedient wife, cried oot—

"Caller ou! caller ou!" twice, an' in a minute she wis the centre o' a curious crood. I gied her a nudge, and she cleared her throat and commenced tae sing—

Wha'l buy my caller herring,
My bonnie caller herring.

An' when she cam' tae the bit aboot "the lives o' men," an' the folks began tae be affected tae tears, I took aff my hat an' walked in amang them an' gathered siller for the sick bairns. Bailie, it wis a gran' plan. Tae see Napoleon Bonyparty going oot an' in amang them wi' his cocked hat in his haund gathering siller, jist like an organ man wi' a monkey, wis what naebody could withstaund. In a wee I had my hat rinnin' ower, so I carried it awa' tae the Treasurer. Then a bricht thocht struck me, an' I got him tae stick up a bill—

Great Attraction For This Night Only,
NAPOLEON BONYPARTY
Will Dance the Heelan' Fling in full French Costume.
To Conclude with the Sword Dance.
Admission—Sixpence.

The wee room wis crooded tae suffocation, an' a guid sum wis gathered for the charity—an', Bailie, altho' I say't that shouldna say't, I quite excelled mysel'. I danced till I wis like tae drap doon. I first took aff my hat, an' then my coat, and then wis unbuttonin' my waistcoat, but the Secretary said it wid never dae for Napaleon tae be without a waistcoat.

After I had got a glass o' *cham*-pagne, I gaed awa' intae the ball-room again tae enjoy mysel', an' seein' a nice looking young lady without a partner I took aff my hat, an' makin' a bow I says, "Parley voo frongsay." Of course, Bailie, you ken that means "can you speak French;" the fact is I learned it for the occasion frae a Frenchman that stops no faur frae us. But seemingly the young lady didnaken French, for she only stared at me, so I says again tae her, "Parley voo frongsay, mem." She smiled, an' replied, "Wee, Mossoo."

Dod, Bailie, I thocht she needna be sae unpolite as tae cast up my size tae my ain face, but the ladies are getting vera free noo-a-days, so I packeted my pride an' says, "Yon exhausts a' my French, but if ye like we could hae a dance thegither." She said "With Pleasure, Mossoo"—ye ken "Mossoo" means "Mister" ower in France. So we commenced the next dance' an' got on fine, till my sword got lowse someway, an' got in aboot my legs, an'——

I draw a veil, Bailie, ower the rippit that got up. It seems tae me that I canna dae the vera simplest thing without getting intae some habble. I went heids ower heels, knocking my partner doon, as well as ither twa couple that were near us. I needna tell ye that I wis awfu' ashamed, while as for my partner, she took a fit o' hysterics or something, an' had tae be carried intae the refreshment room. Indeed that wis where I went mysel' whenever I wis able tae walk. But a tumble tae a heavy man at my time o' life is nae joke, so I searched oot Betty, an' we got a cab an' gied awa', an' I'm tellin' nae mair than the truth when I say that Bonyparty going hame wis a vera different man frae Bonyparty setting oot.—Yours, etc.,

JEEMS KAYE.

—Cats are the poets of the lower animals. They alone cultivate the mews.

GLADSTONE AND INGERSOLL.

The Great Statesman Discusses the Famous Infidel's Anti-Christian Screeds.

In the May number of the *North American Review* W. E. Gladstone defends the Christian faith against Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's attacks. The ex-Premier describes himself as listening from across the broad Atlantic to the clash of arms in the combat between Col. Ingersoll and Dr. Field. He pleads guilty to not having "the personal knowledge which assisted those doughty champions in making reciprocal acknowledgments, as broad as could be desired, with reference to personal character and motive. Such acknowledgments are of high value in keeping the issue clear, if not always, of all adventitious, yet of all venomous, matter.

Destitute of the experience on which to found them as original testimonies," he says, "still, in attempting partially to criticize the remarkable reply of Col. Ingersoll, I can both accept in good faith what has been said by Dr. Field and add that it seems to me consonant with the strain of the pages I have before me. Having said this I shall allow myself the utmost freedom in remarks, which will be addressed exclusively to the matter, not the man.

"I do not remember ever to have read a composition, in which the merely local covering of particular and even very limited sections of Christianity was more systematically used as if it had been available and legitimate argument against the whole than in the reply before us. Col. Ingersoll writes with rare and enviable brilliancy, but also with an impetus which he seems unable to control. Denunciation, sarcasm and invective may be said to constitute the staple of his work, and if argument or some favorable admission here and there peep out for a moment, the writer soon leaves the dry and barren heights for his favorite and more luxurious galloping grounds beneath. * * * The paper, noteworthy as it is, leaves on my mind the impression of a battle-field where every man strikes at every man, and all is noise, hurry and confusion. Better, surely, had it been, and worthier of the great weight and elevation of the subject, if the controversy had been waged after the pattern of those engagements where a chosen champion on either side, in a space carefully limited and reserved, does battle in behalf o feach silent and expectant host. The promiscuous crowds represent all the lower elements which enter into human conflicts. The chosen champions and the order of their proceeding signify the dominion of reason over force, and its place as the sovereign arbiter of the great questions that involve the main destiny of man. * * *

"I do not deny that a person who deems a given religion to be wicked may be led onward by logical consistency to impugn in strong terms the character of the author and object of that religion. But he is surely bound by the laws of social morality and decency to consider well the terms and the manner of his indictment. * * * Are not such methods of proceeding more suited to placards at an election than to disquisitions on these most solemn subjects. * * *

"I venture on remarking that the doctrine on evolution has acquired both praise and dispraise which it does not deserve. It is lauded in the skeptical camp because it is supposed to get rid of the shocking idea of what are termed sudden acts of creation; and it is as unjustly dispraised on the opposite side, because it is thought to bridge over the gap between man and the inferior animals, and give emphasis to the relationship between them. * * *

"As in ordinary conduct, so in considering the basis of belief, we are bound to look at the evidence as a whole. We have no right to demand demonstrative proofs, or the removal of all conflicting elements, either in the one sphere or in the other. What guides us sufficiently in matters of common practice has the very same authority to guide us in matters of speculation; more properly, perhaps, to be called the practice of the soul. * * *

"The reasoning faculty is, therefore, wholly extrinsic to our moral nature, and no influence is or can be received or imparted between them. * * * It is not difficult to see that while the reply aims at uplifting human nature, it in reality plunges us (p. 175) into the abyss of degradation by the destruction of moral freedom, responsibility and unity. For we are justly told that 'reason is the supreme and final test.' * * * Let us try this by a test cas. A father who has believed his son to have been through life upright, suddenly finds that charges are made from various quarters against his integrity. Or a friend, greatly dependent for the work of his life on the co-operation of another friend, is told that that comrade is counterworking and betraying him. I make no assumption now as to the evidence or the result, but I ask which of them could approach the investigation without feeling a desire to be able to acquit? And what shall we say of the desire to condemn? * * * According to the reply it must be a mistake to suppose that there is anywhere in the world such a thing as bias, or prejudice, or prepossession; they are words without meaning in regard to our judgments, for, even if they could raise a clamor from without, the intellect sits within, in an atmosphere of serenity, and, like justice, is deaf and blind as well as calm.

"In addition to all other faults, I hold that this philosophy, or phantasm of philosophy, is eminently retrogressive. * * * With complication, introspection has largely extended, and I believe that, as observation extends its field, so far from isolating the intelligence and making it autocratic, tends more and more to enhance and multiply the infinitely subtle, as well as the broader and more palpable modes, in which the interaction of the human faculties is carried on. Who among us has not had occasion to observe, in the course of his experience, how largely the intellectual power of a man is affected by the demands of life on his moral powers, and how they open and grow, or dry up and dwindle, according to the manner in which those demands are met?"

When the United States Senate is doing business under what is known as the five-minute rule President Ingalls limits the time of the speakers not by his watch, but by an ancient sand-glass, which has been in use by the Senate for many years. As soon as a Senator begins his speech the glass is set, and as soon as the sand has all run out, down comes the President's gavel

HER EXPERIENCE WITH LAWYERS.

A Story Illustrating Woman's Dislike of Litigation.

The peculiarity of women, more than men, is crazes in doing things. Only in one point are they less given to craze than men. They don't like to go to law, as a rule; and just as you often find things in life, when you meet with an exception, it's generally an incomprehensible one. A lawyer friend of mine, rather out of practice—that is, he hadn't yet succeeded in getting in—was seated in his lonely office one day thinking out the problem of how much the dignity of belonging to a learned profession was supposed to be considered as equal to income, when he was startled by a timid knock at the door. It was not one of his boon companions. It was not another briefless lawyer coming in to borrow a dollar. It was a female knock, distinctly the knocking of a tiny, gloved knuckle. It doesn't seem poetic to speak of a lady's "knuckle;" but facts are seldom poetical. It was not a book-agent, that was quite certain; so he invited her in. She came in. She was tearfully chipper.

"Is this a lawyer's office?"

"It is, madam."

"And are you a lawyer?"

He thought at first he would say that only a few people had hitherto believed that, but it might spoil his business. He bowed politely and offered her a chair. She sat down and unfolded the facts of the case. She had been badly treated by her husband. She had had at one time a few thousand dollars, and she met a man who was "broke." He was good-looking. There is nothing so fascinating to a woman with a small bank account as a handsome man who is "broke." She immediately loves him. She loved him so dearly that she gave him her hand, heart and bank account. He squeezed the first, gracefully accepted the second and grabbed the third. He started in business and made a fortune, and they had a good time for a year or two. He took advantage of her absence in the East to switch his affections on to another woman. There are a great many side checks in the sentimental part of life, and sometimes main lines cross one another effectually. Life is full of junctions, and it is when they come to a junction that the married people have to look out for one another. Well, she had got out of the train for a minute, so to speak, and missed it. The case offered great chances. The man was wealthy, and the poor but brilliant lawyer saw a big contingent fee. He accepted the case for that contingent fee and undertook to put up the necessary preliminary expenses. The case moved along. He was out $20, and she was to come down and sign the papers. She came.

"Are the papers ready?"

"Yes. Here they are, madam. If you will put your name there——"

"Well, you can just tear them up."

"Tear them up! Why?"

"I don't want to go on with the case. I love him too well."

"Very well, madam. In that case——"

"I'm very much obliged to you, and I am so sorry you've had all this trouble."

"Yes, madam. My bill will be $50."

"What? You said it wouldn't cost me a cent to begin the suit."

"But you haven't begun the suit, and I am out a good deal for expenses."

"I won't pay it."

"If you don't, it will be $100 to-morrow."

She wouldn't pay. Next day he sent up a sheriff with an attachment, as a threat, at least. She came down, offered him $20, then $30, then she proposed he should take her lace parasol. Finally she paid him $50, gave him a parting shot of polite language and went out. The curious part of the story was that inquiry elicited the fact that she had gone through the same process, except paying, with thirteen different lawyers in the city, all on the same proposition.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Story of a Lady's Reticule.

Dr. Alfred Gatty sends the following to London *Notes and Queries*: "I have heard on good authority that there is an interesting relic preserved in Alnwick Castle, to which a romantic legend is attached. The treasured relic is a lady's reticule, such as was commonly carried seventy years ago—more or less—and which did the duty of a pocket. On the night preceding the battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington and his chief officers attended a ball at Brussels, given by the Duchess of Richmond; and Major Percy, who was present, became deeply interested in a lady whom he met for the first time. When 'midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,' and Major Percy and the lady had to part, with mutual regret, he begged of her some souvenir of their happy meeting, and she resigned to him her reticule. Next day came the great battle, and Major Percy was selected to convey to Lord Bathurst the Duke's famous despatch, with its admirable description of the contest, dated Waterloo, June 19th, 1815. This precious document was conveyed to the Minister in the treasured reticule. The story as told to me ended with the sad conclusion that the Major searched in vain for the owner of the reticule, and they never afterwards met."

A Matter of Taste.

Fannie (with a rich noodle for a husband, to Katherine, who is the wife of a poor but brainy man)—Where are you living now, Katie, dear?

Katherine—In a nice little flat in a quiet street.

Fannie—In a flat on a quiet street? Perfectly dreadful, isn't it, dear?

Katherine—I can't say that it is. If I had my choice, Fannie, dear, to live in a flat or live with a flat, I am sure I'd choose the former.—*Washington Critic.*

Fashion in Strawberries.

Strawberries are comparatively low, but the bottoms of the boxes are higher than ever. Another year users of the luscious fruit will likely petition the producers to turn the boxes upside down and fill the bottoms.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Druggist's Awful Mistake.

Druggist (in alarm, to boy): "James, run to Mrs. Smith's at once. I've made an awful mistake!" James (seizing his hat): "Morphine—quinine—arsenic——?" "No, no; she sent for 10 cents' worth of 1-cent stamps and I sent her ten twos."

DELUSION OF A HEMP EATER.

Wonderful Magnifying of the Imagination Caused by the Drug.

A writer in *St. James' Gazette* gives the following description of his marvellous sensation while under the influence of Indian hemp. A friend of ours told us of his experience with the potent drug in Washington during the war, when he took a quantity in an experimental way. In his case the hallucinations as to time and distance were very similar to those given below. It is not an experience to be desired. The room seems to turn round; the people near appear to rise to the ceiling; the pulse beats with extreme rapidity, and the throbbing of the heart becomes impossible, for one cannot recollect anything—the ideas seem to slip away. In another 10 minutes the characteristic indications of hemp-eating appear. Every object around attains a monstrous size. Men and women seem of Brobdignagian proportions, the cushions upon which one sits seem fit for giants, and any trifling obstacle in the way when you attempt to walk appears so big that you fear to step over it. The room in which you may be sitting seems to stretch beyond the range of sight, and one fancies the street outside is receding before one's very eye. All sense of time is lost now, and when he is spoken to the hemp-eater fancies there are long and apparently senseless intervals between the words. His own attempt at speech are similarly marked; the syllables come slowly, laboriously, and minutes seem to elapse between the beginning and end of a word. In this stage it is usual to partake of more coffee, which changes the nature of the sensations. A whiff at the narghile that always accompanies the beverage, and the body seems to rise in the air and float about, though inexplicably enough the feet keep firmly pressed to the ground. Then one's legs and arms appear to drop off, and life and sensation concentrate themselves, to one's thinking, in the back of the head, which feels full to bursting. Gradually strength leaves the smoker; the pipe slips from the nerveless fingers; the will altogether fails, and the body seems to rise and float away in space. A heavy, dreamless sleep usually succeeds such an indulgence in the drug, and as a rule the novice awakes none the worse for the evening's experiment. A little lemon juice removes any sensation of nausea or light headache that may ensue.

She Knew Him.

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

"The defendant, Jake Lynch?"

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch—well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family an' "——

"Can't you say 'yes' or 'no'?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my step-dad's father was once first cousins, an' "——

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Me know Jake Lynch? You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch say so."

"If I know him! Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an' "——

"You know him, of course, then?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him! Ask him if he was ever interdlooced to Betty Skelton."

"I don't care to ask him anything. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally."

"Pussonly? Well, I don't know what you mean by 'pussonly,' but if you want to know if I know Jake an' if he knows me, I can tell you in mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father an' my father "——

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I knew Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone an' I'll tell you all about it. Jake Lynch was born in Injeeany an' I was born in the same county an' "——

"And of course you know him?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very hoss he rid here on was one he traded my man a span of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Elizy Skiff, an' her an' me is the same age to a day an' "——

"That will do. I see that you do know him."

"Know him? Know Jake? Why man "——

"That will do."

"Why, I was married on Chewsday an' Jake was married the next day, an' his oldest boy an' my oldest girl is most the same age, an' "——

"That will do."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Bad Look Out.

The following is a fair specimen of what the country correspondent sends to the papers just now: No growth is the general cry among the farmers throughout this district. Wheat which looked fairly well a few weeks since is going back. Cold winds and heavy frosts have retarded the growth and the prospect of the wheat and hay is very poor. Should the present weather continue much longer, gloomy prospects seem to be facing the best agriculturist.

Crippled by a Kiss.

A little boy, a cripple, was being wheeled past a Centre avenue store yesterday, when a gentleman who noticed the unfortunate child said: "That little boy's misfortune is the result of a kiss. When he was a baby his sister, on coming into the house, went up behind the high chair in which he was seated, and, catching his head suddenly, gave it a turn and kissed him. The shock injured his spine and he is going through the world a cripple for life.—*Bay City Tribune.*

Colonel Nicholas Smith, the Kentucky professional beauty who married one of Horace Greeley's daughters, is an extremely modest man. Recently while in New York a lady sarcastically said to him: "Oh, Colonel Smith, how much you look like George Washington!" And the elegant colonel gravely responded: "Madame, Washington was a good and great man and deserves the compliment."

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1888.

THE BADGEROS OUTRAGE.

We do not agree with the Dundalk Herald, that it would be "a gross breach of faith" on its part to expose the real name of "Hard-to-Roll." Nor are we of opinion that such a course would leave our esteemed contemporary open to the charge of having turned traitor "on one who had placed confidence in his fidelity." Let it not be forgotten, however, that our remarks in this connection apply to "Hard-to-Roll" and to him alone. This latter personage has found his way into public print under a deeper shadow than the masked marauders, who evicted the unfortunate Badgeros widow under cover of darkness. He makes use of the privilege accorded him in the columns of the Herald to defend the lawless terrorists and threaten respectable people with a similar "fate" if they don't close their eyes or wink at the rascally deed. What the scoundrels did once they will repeat when opportunity offers; and it is our belief that this "Hard-to-Roll" is pretty well acquainted with the persons who figured in that disgraceful episode. Under these circumstances, we feel convinced that he should be unmasked and the law set in motion against the whole gang.

Let us ask the Herald one question: Suppose this "Hard-to-Roll" chap and his gang carry out the threat twice made in public print by the former—viz., to repeat the Badgeros bullies midnight ruffianism act on any person giving offence to their high mightinesses—would the Herald still consider it a "gross breach of faith" to unmask the defender of "lawless terrorism?"

In our opinion, had "Hard-to-Roll" confined himself to a simple narration of facts, and apologized for the outrage—however illogically there would have been some excuse for shielding him. But, availing himself promptly of the privilege all too generously accorded him by the Editor, he boldly defended the lawless actors in that midnight drama, and threatened a repetition thereof! A man who could have the brazen effrontery to rush into print after that fashion, requires to be watched as closely as a human firebug, dynamiter or chicken thief!

CANADA'S NEW PARTY.

Two circulars were received at this office the other day from the headquarters of "Canada's New Party," Toronto. One was entitled, "An Address to the People," and contained the signatures of Rev. Dr. Sutherland and Mr. W. Munns, President and Secretary respectively. The other was entitled, "President's Address at the Inaugural Meeting, March 21st, 1888." From the first, we learn that the following nine "planks" constitute the platform of the New Party:—

1.—Righteousness and truth in public affairs as well as in private business, and no compromise with wrong.

2.—Equal rights for all creeds, classes and nationalities, but exclusive privileges to none.

3.—A national sentiment, a national literature, and in all matters of public policy—our country first.

4. The prompt and absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, and the honest and vigorous enforcement of all laws for the repression of vice and intemperance.

5.—Retrenchment and economy in public expenditure, with the view of reducing our enormous national debt.

6.—Manhood suffrage, with an educational qualification; that is, a vote to every freeman of legal age who can read and write.

7.—The extension of the franchise to women.

8.—An elective senate.

9.—Civil service reform.

These are strong planks, and if it can be shown that they do not exist in the platforms of either of the great political parties, "Canada's New Party" will soon gain for itself plenty of adherents.

In our next issue we will endeavor to find space for at least one of the circulars referred to above.

THE VALLEY ROAD.

Now that this important addition to the facilities provided for the travelling public has been made, it is absolutely necessary that commissioners and pathmasters see to it that it is kept in repair and carefully improved from time to time. Present indications suggest culpable neglect, and as a servant of the people, THE ADVANCE has been constrained to direct the attention of the proper authorities thereto.

Various rumors have reached us in connection with the road, but as an ADVANCE representative will shortly make a "tour of inspection" thereon, we prefer to speak from personal experience.

Some Noted Irishmen.

SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE WHOSE NAMES STAND HIGH ON THE ROLL OF FAME.

From the Kansas City Star.

Since Prof. Goldwin Smith, the avowed enemy of the Irish, has at the hundred and second anniversary of the St. George Society, New York, considered it good taste to put forth his bigotry, and the splendid speaker, Chauncey Depew, meantime abandoned the toast, "The Genius of Shakespeare," to express his entire disapproval and opposition to the Professor's sentiments, it may not be amiss to say something of the nationality to which I belong. "Uninventive and imaginative" is the phrase usually applied to the Irish. Well, they have imagination, I suppose, because it is a glorious thing, but can anyone read the works of Edmund Burke, Richard Sheridan, Daniel O'Connell, Dean Swift, Thomas Moore, Oliver Goldsmith, and others, all Irishmen, without seeing something real as well as imaginary? As to "uninventive"—it was an Irishman's son, Robert Fulton, that gave to America the credit of inventing steam navigation; it was an Irishman's grandson, Samuel Morse, that invented telegraphy; it was the descendant of an Irishman, McCormick, that invented the reaping and mowing machines; and another descendant of an Irishman, Horace Greeley, with no meagre inventive talent, that founded The Tribune. Numerous names worthy of mention are connected with science: Crawford the sculptor, Vincent Wallace, the composer; John Roach, the shipbuilder.

The highest but one in rank in our army is Irish, and the second in command in our navy, Rowan, is a native of Ireland, as is the first in command, Porter, the descendant of an Irishman. The greatest British painter was Irish; the greatest British dentist, Joseph Black, was Irish; the greatest British philosopher, Robert Boyle, was Irish; the greatest British statesman, Edmund Burke, was Irish; the greatest British satirist, Sir Philip Francis, was Irish; the greatest British naturalist, Hans Sloane, was Irish. John Tyndall is not a British scientist, but an Irish Scientist in Britain. Spranger Barry is an Irish tragedian entertaining British with Irish plays. It was an Irishman, John Knox, that first read the Declaration of Independence. John Dunlap, an Irishman, first published that declaration, and the same John Dunlap first printed and published the first daily paper in the United States. An Irishman wrote the first history of the United States; John Sulivan "fired the first shot at the King's power;" John Bay, an Irishman, was the first commander of the American Navy. An Irishman, General Richard Montgomery, fell while commanding an American army and fighting for American independance. Henry Knox, an Irishman, fought in every battle with Washington, and was the first Secretary of War.

The Demosthenes of the Revolution, Patrick Henry, was Irish. Then may glory be around the graves of the Knoxes, Clintons, Butlers, Irvings. Hands, Starks Moylands, Thompsons, Sullivans, Montgomerys and Waynes, whose Irish swords flashed brightest in the contest that won American independence; and bright be the light that clusters around the solitary ray of English patriotism that glistened on the blade of Yates, McClelland, McPherson, Cook, famous Phil Kearney, Lee, Jackson, Scott, Glebourne, McDowell, Rowan, Porter, Shields and Logan are all Celts, and why not pay a passing tribute to our own Irish hero of Winchester—Phil Sheridan? We, the people of the United States, are said to be Anglo-Saxon. We are not, but are in a truer sense of Celtic extraction. The great branch of the Anglo-Saxon amounts to no more than 5,000,000. The Celt element is 30,000,000. Of the thirty-nine States and eleven Territories more than thirty were settled by France and Spain. Nor were the original thirteen states settled by Saxons. These are historical facts and yet Prof. Goldwin Smith quarrels with Home Rule and the conduct of the members of the House of Commons. To be brief, these same members are admitted to be the brightest set of legislators in the world, but Mr. Smith says that, although they legislate for England, they are unequal to the task of legislating for Ireland.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 21 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

W. C. T. U.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Proverbs, 20 c., 1 v.

NEAL DOW ON HIGH LICENSE.

St. Paul, Minn., April 28.—On April 14, there was printed a dispatch from Portland, Me., saying that Maine would probably have a high license law in three years and that the prohibition law, against which public sentiment was growing, was openly disregarded throughout the State. D. C. Stearns of Zumbrota, Minn., wrote to Neal Dow enclosing the telegram and received the following reply:

There is nothing whatever in Maine to justify the statement in this slip. There is no sentiment whatever in Maine in favor of high license or any form of that policy. Prohibition in Maine is finally and immovably fixed in the public opinion of the State, as it is in the Constitution, where it was put in 1884, by a vote of three to one. Statements of fancy kinds similar in character to those in this slip are constantly going the rounds of the press, having their origin in the literary fund of the liquor league, by which their writers are supposed to be pensioned and newspapers subsidized. Respectfully.

NEAL DOW.

The
CHILDRENS
HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's
Pleasant
Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

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Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3	85	to 3	95
Fall Wheat	$0	78	to 0	80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0	80
Barley	0	50	0	55
Oats	0	37	0	38
Peas	0	58	0	60
Butter	0	15	0	15
Eggs, fresh	0	11	0	11
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	50
Pork	6	50	6	50
Hay, per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	50	1	00
Geese	0	06	0	06
Turkeys	0	10	0	10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0	60

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CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE
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THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT
Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $2 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.
CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of Testimonials on file from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 26th, 1887.
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THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,
Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.
Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

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Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.
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Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.
A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

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Funeral Director.

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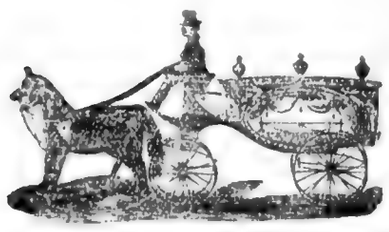

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of all kinds kept constantly in stock. Prompt attention given to all orders entrusted to us in this line day or night.

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For elegance and finish fit for the Royal Household and at prices within the reach of the humblest of Her Majesty's subjects. Call and see them. Also

Express Wagons

for the boys and girls, from 80c. each up. We have a few more of those wonderful

Union Churns

to sell on their own merits. A four cow Churn for $7.00, the wonder and delight of the dairy.

J. E. MOORE.

Owen Sound.

From our own Correspondent.

A grand base ball match will be played here on the 24th of May, between the Toronto and Owen Sound clubs.

The boats are now beginning to run. The first excursion of the season to be on 24th of May, so report says.

Dr. John Barnhart, who left O. S. last summer to reside in Hamilton, has returned, and will build a residence in Brookholm, a few miles from this town.

Mr. Harry Tucker leaves shortly for a tour to the old country. Mr. Tucker's law affairs in his absence will be attended to by Mr. Chas. Notter. We wish our young friend a safe voyage.

Mr. M. Richardson, of Flesherton, was in town last Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. He was warmly welcomed, it being some years since he was here before. He addressed the Methodist Sabbath School on Sunday afternoon and delivered his remarks in an impressive and pleasing manner. Mr. Richardson undoubtedly possesses fine intellectual abilities, and should he at any future date visit our town again, we bespeak him a warm welcome. We are glad to learn from him that Flesherton is improving; we had that idea anyway. Why shouldn't it go ahead with such enterprising people, and such an "Advance"-ing paper!

A company has struck natural gas at Collingwood. The O. S. Advertiser expresses congratulations and says its refreshing to hear of that decaying town striking something else besides hard luck!!!

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

ANOTHER OLD RESIDENT GONE.

On Wednesday morning, 16th inst., Mrs. Wilson, of Eugenia, passed quietly away to her long home. The deceased lady was a native of Belfast, Ireland, and came to America in the year 1879. She was one of the oldest residents in Artemesia, having attained the ripe age of 93 years. The remains were interred in Salem cemetery on Friday and were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of friends and neighbors. The obsequies were conducted by the Rev. Thos. Watson, Baptist minister, Flesherton. The subject of discourse was Ps. xviii, 15, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." A very earnest and eloquent address was given.

One of our townsmen, Mr. Wm. Suggitt, started for England, the land of his nativity, on Tuesday morning. We wish him a prosperous journey, a happy time, and hope to see him back in due time looking hale and hearty.

Messrs. Joseph and Robert Williams have gone to spend the summer up the lakes. The migratory fever has broken out in Eugenia, and unless some business is started soon to furnish employment, it is feared the town will be depopulated.

The fishing season has fairly begun and "the small boy" hailed its advent with almost as much delight as he did the sugar-making season, and may be seen every evening with tackle in hand trying to take the finny game. KATE.

The Emeralds.

In addition to generous reports of our work, the Methodist, of Montreal, says editorially: "These gospel temperance revivalists have had a wonderful success in our city during the past few weeks. Montreal audiences are apt to be very critical, especially on musical matters, and rather chary in taking up anything new, and we can conceive of no better criterian to judge the Emeralds by than the fact that the largest churches have been crowded nightly to hear them. Over 12,000 have taken the pledge of total abstinence, and hundreds have made application for membership in the different Councils of the Royal Templars of Temperance, METROPOLIS Council receiving forty-two, ST. LAWRENCE one hundred and twenty-five, and RELIANCE one hundred and thirty-two; besides which, ORIENT Council was instituted by Bro. Smith, leader of the band, in the east end of the city, on Wednesday the 25th ult., with one hundred and thirty-two charter members and thirty-six other applicants. The Royal Templars seem to have struck the right line of action in introducing the Gospel plan into their work, and have undoubtedly been very happy in their choice of men. The Emeralds have a power not their own, and thus are able to win their way to the hearts of their audiences from the very first, and to retain them to the last. They are as much at home, pleading with a soul for its conversion, in visiting the sick, and counselling the erring, as in presenting the claims of temperance. Their motto is—"Total abstinence for all and prohibition for the state." Or, as Bro. Smith very aptly puts it—

If I had a fold where the wolf crept in,
And ate up my sheep and lambs like sin,
I'd hold him in tight partition,
For I'd choke out the howl of his tainted breath,
And save my flock by his instant death,
And THAT is prohibition.

Advance Stock Register.

"The Farmers' Friend."

This general purpose stallion is the property of Mr. Colin Lamont, Egremont township, is well and favorably known in many parts of this district—having been travelled in this neighborhood for some years—and will make the season of 1888 as follows:—

Monday morning will leave his own stable, Lot 27, Con. 22, Egremont, and proceed along town line to Priceville for noon, thence by gravel road to Flesherton Station for one hour, thence to Flesherton for one hour, thence to Eugenia for night.

Tuesday will proceed by Porteous corner to John Blackburn's for noon, thence by Old Durham Road to 20 sideroad and across to South Line, Artemesia, thence to his own stable for night.

Wednesday will proceed to 50 sideroad to Frederick Kennedy's for noon, thence by Con. 3, Glenelg, to Beaton's corner across to Rob Roy Hotel for night.

Thursday will proceed along gravel to Dove stonehouse for noon, thence along gravel to 40 sideroad and home for night.

Friday will proceed south to Sackett's corner, thence up the 14th of Proton to Arch. Ferguson's for noon, thence up the 14th to Agnew's corner, thence across to 16th to Wm. McNaulty's for night.

Saturday will proceed down 16th to Black's corner and home, where he will remain until Monday.

Above route will be continued during season health and weather permitting.

"Artemesia Duke."

The splendid thorough-bred Shorthorn Bull, "Artemesia Duke,"—the property of Mr. T. A. M. Ferguson, Priceville—will stand for service this season. Registered in Canada Herd Book, No. 11,322, Vol. 8. Pedigree can be seen on premises when desired. Terms $1.

Malarial poisons contain the germs of dangerous diseases. If these poisons accumulate in the system, Typhoid, Bilious, Intermittent or Chill Fever is sure to follow. Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted specific for malaria.

Leave your orders for Bookbinding at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

A good farm hand wants a situation. Apply at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fail an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: "I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Flesherton

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The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

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Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

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Rochester, N. Y.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
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Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

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Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c

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R. J. SPROUL,

Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up. Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 15 in 2 W., Artemesia, about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS, $3 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
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Agents, Agents!

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Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth, the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316 36

PARNELL'S EIGHTY CLUB SPEECH.

The Irish Leader Didn't Approve of the Plan of Campaign—His Interview with Carnarvon—The Irish and the Pope.

A London cable says: The Eighty Club gave a banquet to Mr. Parnell on Tuesday evening. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Earl of Cavan and all the leading Parnellites were present. Mr. Parnell, on rising to speak, was received with prolonged cheers. He thanked the club for the honor done him, and said that the occasion would have a great effect in Ireland, reminding Irishmen that they were not alone in the struggle, and what was more important, that their responsibility was not the sole responsibility in this matter. With reference to Lord Carnarvon, he said: "His Lordship has sought refuge in evasion, but he has never denied any statement that I have made. I should not have referred to Lord Carnarvon in his absence had not Lord Salisbury attacked us in our connection with the Liberals as assassins, unfit to be entrusted with the government of Ireland. That, I think, entitled me to retort. The Conservatives have not always considered it derogatory to invite us to interviews and dinners and luncheons in order to consult us in regard to the manner in which Ireland should be governed. Lord Carnarvon had ample opportunity to deny the statements made by me three months ago by letter, but, instead of doing so, he waited until my friend, Dwyer Gray, to whom he made the communication, was dead before he attempted to contradict me." In further confirmation of Mr. Gray's statement Mr. Parnell then read the letter from Mr. Gray to Lord Carnarvon which was written a year after the interview, when Lord Carnarvon was no longer in office. In this letter Mr. Gray reminds Lord Carnarvon of the latter's decision that the Crossmaglen prisoners ought to be liberated, and asked him to impart that decision to the present Lord-Lieutenant. Lord Carnarvon replied, accusing Mr. Gray of a breach of confidence. Mr. Parnell then told of an interview between himself and Lord Carnarvon at the latter's invitation, at which Carnarvon agreed that it would be advisable to give Ireland a Parliament and to protect her industries, and Mr. Parnell admitted that in such an event the League should become useless and would be dissolved. "Lord Carnarvon," continued Mr. Parnell, "never denied these statements, and I never said he pledged himself to them. He admits, however, that Lord Salisbury knew beforehand that the interview was coming, and he was afterward informed of its tenor. He accuses me of a breach of confidence in having invited him to publish the text of his written communication to Lord Salisbury immediately after the interview." Mr. Parnell then proceeded to speak of the Popo's rescript. He said he approached the subject with unwillingness, and did not think it his business as a Protestant to vindicate the freedom of Catholics. He was convinced that Irish Catholics knew their political duty and how to vindicate themselves. They would not allow anybody, however high and influential, to influence them a jot in their political duty to their country, a thing that had been repeatedly tried from Rome, but had always failed. With regard to the Plan of Campaign, when that was instituted he was dangerously ill and compelled to refrain from all work. He confessed, however, that although the plan had benefited thousands and pacified the country, he would then have advised against it because it contained features inimical to the national situation, and would serve as a pretext for the Tories to inflict further coercion. When, in 1887, he was able to speak, it was too late. The Government had already struck at Dillon and O'Brien, and he thought it better to let the matter rest, but he stipulated that neither the League nor the Parnellite party should be identified with the plan, and that the sphere of the plan should be as restricted as possible. "While leaving to Dillon, O'Brien and others to deal with the rescript," he said, "I shall adhere to our custom when the Government strikes an Irishman to fight for him whether he be right or wrong." He concluded with a long defence of political combination, and drew a comparison between law in England and law in Ireland. He predicted coming trouble in Ireland over evictions, which he believed the Government feared as much as did the tenants. He counseled his countrymen to keep strictly within the law as understood in England. In response to many calls, Mr. John Morley spoke briefly, concluding by proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Parnell.

A Thunder Storm Panic.

A last (Thursday) night's Kingston despatch says: About 11.30 o'clock last night a violent rain storm, accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning, visited this section. People were suddenly startled by a flash of lightning, quickly followed by a clap of thunder which made the houses shake. Some received such a shock that they were unable to sleep for the rest of the night. Mr. Campbell, manager of the Electric Light Company, gave an account of the storm as affecting the lighting station. The wires were heavily charged, and the electricity could be seen playing freely on them. It ran along them to the station when the thunder was loudest. The room immediately filled with electricity and the dynamos began to blaze. The employees became frightened, stopped the engine, and ran out of the building. One called for the chemical engine, but when she arrived it was found that she was not needed. The only damage found was that one of the wires in the magnet of one of the dynamos had been burned. Several telephones were destroyed. Four men in one hotel rushed to the office frightened, and for a time refused to be comforted.

Easily Pleased.

She (just through playing)—"I fear, Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment."

He (assuringly)—"Oh, indeed! I do enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the line of music, you know."—*Judge.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes a great deal of her poetry while sitting in a rocking chair with a pad of paper in her lap. Very often, too, her black cat perches itself on the back of the chair and gazes gravely down at its mistress while her work is progressing.

STRADDLING THE BOUNDARY.

How a Sharp Yankee Bade Defiance to Canadian Constables.

A Montreal special says: Deputy High Constables Bissonette and Champagne have just arrived from United States territory, but not at all favorably impressed with the manner in which they were treated by the American authorities. Some time ago it was related in the *Empire* that John Tolmie, of Fort Covington, whose store was situated exactly on the boundary line, had purchased $1,000 worth of goods in Montreal, and, not wishing to pay for the same, had evaded all attempts at seizure by quietly moving the goods from the Canadian to the American side of the establishment. A few weeks since Tolmie, being in Montreal as a witness in a civil case, was arrested, but having previously claimed the protection of the court, Judge Doherty ordered his release and sent him back home under a police escort. The other day Mr. Bruneau, bailiff, who had been charged to make the seizure of the goods five years ago, obtained a new warrant against Tolmie and Messrs. Bissonette and Champagne left town on Friday evening to execute the same. The wide-awake, but not strictly honest, trader has his residence on Canadian soil, but his place of business is crossed diagonally by the boundary line. It appears that he has a good many men in his employ, so that the proprietor has very little work to do, and for the last month or two Tolmie, while in his shop, remained seated on the line which divides Canada from the United States. When coming into Canada to take his meals he is escorted by armed men, while other faithful watchers keep a sharp look-out for any one who might approach the house. The entry of the store is from American territory, but Constable Champagne on Saturday managed to get in by the back way, and seeing Tolmie seated on a bench an inch or two over the Canadian line was about to advance to execute the warrant in the officer's possession, when one of six armed men present on the other side of the frontier jumped up and cried out, "If you arrest him I will shoot!" It was thus made evident that Tolmie's arrest is impossible under present circumstances, and the two Canadians returned to Montreal. They state that one of Tolmie's armed guards asserted that he was an American deputy sheriff and was determined that the liberty of an American citizen should not be menaced.

DROWNED OUT OF WATER.

Singular Cause of Death, the Only One of its Kind on Record.

A Cincinnati despatch says: One of the strangest cases of accidental death ever known, and said to be the only one of its kind on record, occurred here on Tuesday. The victim was Willie Ruehrwein, aged 2½ years. The little toddler went to a hydrant in the yard, and, standing upon his toes, managed to close his lips over the end of the nozzle of the hydrant. Then he turned on the water to its fullest force. The child's lips seemed glued to the nozzle with such cohesiveness that his little body hung suspended from it. Meanwhile the stream of water forced itself into his stomach and lungs, causing suffocation. His dreadful predicament was witnessed by his mother, who, when she attempted to lift him, found to her horror that she could not. Horror stricken, she fairly wrenched her babe from the spout, the violent separation tearing the skin inside the mouth. A stream of blood and water flowed from between his lips as she lifted him in her arms. A physician was summoned and found the child beyond aid. The little fellow died within five minutes, having literally drowned out of water. The theory advanced that obtains the most credence is that the sudden rush of water paralyzed the muscles of the throat so that the child could not open its mouth.

Chickens Hatched in a Tree-Top.

A Cadiz (O.) despatch says: Mrs. Samuel Jones, of this country, discovered a hen a week or two ago sitting on top of an old snag in her door-yard. She supposed at the time that the hen was sunning herself, and dismissed the subject from her mind. Yesterday she heard a cackling in her yard, and, on going to the door, saw the hen on the ground with two young chicks. A "chirp, chirp," from the tree indicated there were more to follow. A young chick peeped over the edge of the nest, and, after some time spent in prospecting and conjecturing on the consequences of a fall, tumbled out and down to the ground. Much to the consternation of Mrs. Jones, the little leaper rolled over once or twice, arose to its feet and ran unhurt to its mother. This performance was repeated from the nest in the tree until a dozen young chickens were successfully landed on the ground. The top of the snag is twenty feet from the ground, and free from branches. When the old hen had counted her brood, and found all present, she clucked a satisfied cluck, and strutted around in a way that was proud.

Beauties of Mormonism.

A Nebraska City despatch says: In 1859 John B. Craddock and Miss Mary A. Wilkes were married in Brownell, Staffordshire, England. In 1864 they became converted to the Mormon faith, came to America and made their way to Salt Lake City, the wife going ahead with a waggon train of emigrant women. When Craddock arrived at Salt Lake he could find no trace of his wife, who, it seems, was kept in captivity several months by a Mormon elder. She finally escaped, and failing to find her husband returned to England in 1866. Craddock meanwhile was informed that his wife was dead and he again married, removing to this city. His first wife eight months ago learned of his whereabouts from letters written by Craddock to relatives in England. She came to this city recently and after talking the matter over relinquished all claim to Craddock and left yesterday for home.

His Best Friend.

"I see," remarked the Duke of Toronto, looking over a New Jersey paper, "that Overdraft, the banker, is dead. He was your friend, was he not?" added the Duke kindly, seeing the tears gather in the American's eyes.

"Yes," said the exile, "he was. All that I have in this world I owe to that man. I was his cashier."

"Let's go and liquidate," said the Duke, breaking the long silence.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

RUSSIA'S "FAIR CITY."

George Kennan Gives a Description of Nizhni Novgorod.

A City Utterly Deserted at one Season of the Year and Swarming With Busy Multitudes at Another Time—Curious Contrasts.

To a traveller visiting Nizhni Novgorod for the first time there is something surprising, and almost startling, in the appearance of what he supposed to be the city, and in the scene presented to him as he emerges from the railway station and walks away from the low bank of the Oka River in the direction of the Volga. The clean, well paved streets; the long rows of substantial buildings, the spacious boulevard, shaded by leafy birches and poplars; the canal, spanned at intervals by graceful bridges; the picturesque tower of the waterworks; the enormous cathedral of Alexander Nevski; the bourse; the theatres; the hotels; the market places—all seem to indicate a great populous centre of life and commercial activity; but of living inhabitants there is not a sign. Grass and weeds are growing in the middle of the empty streets and in the chinks of the travel-worn sidewalks; birds are singing fearlessly in the trees that shade the lonely and defaced boulevard; the countless shops and warehouses are all closed, barred and padlocked; the bells are silent in the gilded belfries of the churches, and the astonished stranger may perhaps wander for a mile between solid blocks of buildings without seeing an open door, a vehicle or a single human being. The city seems to have been stricken by a pestilence and deserted. If the newcomer remembers for what Nizhni Novgorod is celebrated, he is not long, of course, in coming to the conclusion that he is on the site of the famous fair; but the first realization of the fact that the fair is in itself a separate and independent city, and a city which during nine months of every year stands empty and deserted, comes to him with the shock of a great surprise. The fair city of Nizhni Novgorod is situated on a low peninsula between the Rivers Oka and Volga, just above their junction, very much as New York city is situated on Manhattan Island, between East River and the Hudson. In geographical position it bears the same relation to the old town of Nizhni Novgorod that New York would bear to Jersey City if the latter were elevated on a steep terraced bluff 400 feet above the level of the Hudson

AN EPHEMERAL LIFE.

The Russian fair city, however, differs from New York city in that it is a mere temporary market—a huge commercial caravansary where 500,000 traders assemble every year to buy and sell commodities. In September it has frequently a population of more than 100,000 souls, and contains merchandize valued at $75,000,000, while in January, February or March all of its inhabitants might be fed and sheltered in the smallest of its hotels, and all of its goods might be put into a single one of its innumerable shops. Its life, therefore, is a sort of intermittent commercial fever, in which an annual paroxysm of intense and unnatural activity is followed by a long interval of torpor and stagnation. It seems almost incredible at first that a city of such magnitude—a city which contains churches, mosques, theatres, markets, banks, hotels, a merchants' exchange and nearly 7,000 shops and habitable buildings, should have so ephemeral a life, and should be so completely abandoned every year after it has served the purpose for which it was created. When I saw this unique city for the first time, on a clear frosty night in January, 1868, it presented an extraordinary picture of loneliness and desolation. The moonlight streamed down into its long empty streets where the unbroken snow lay two feet deep upon the sidewalks; it touched with silver the white walls and swelling domes of the old fair cathedral, from whose towers there came no clangor of bells; it sparkled on great snowdrifts heaped up against the doors of the empty houses, and poured a flood of pale light over thousands of snow-covered roofs; but it did not reveal anywhere a sign of a human being. The city seemed to be not only uninhabited, but wholly abandoned to the arctic spirits of solitude and frost.

A BUSY MULTITUDE.

When I saw it next, at the height of the annual fair in the autumn of 1870, it was so changed as to be almost unrecognizable. It was then surrounded by a great forest of shipping; its hot, dusty atmosphere thrilled with the incessant whistling of steamers; merchandise to the value of 125,000,000 rubles lay on its shores or was packed into its 7,000 shops; every building within its limits was crowded; 60,000 people were crossing every day the pontoon bridge which connected it with the old town; a military band was playing airs from Offenbach's operas on the great boulevard in front of the governor's house, and through all the streets of the reanimated and reawakened city poured a great tumultuous flood of human life. I did not see the fair city again until June, 1885, when I found it almost as completely deserted as on the occasion of my first visit, but in other ways greatly changed and improved. Substantial brick buildings had taken the place of the long rows of inflammable wooden shops and sheds; the streets in many parts of the city had been neatly paved; the number of stores and warehouses had largely increased, and the lower end of the peninsula had been improved and dignified by the erection of the great Alexander Nevski cathedral.—*George Kennan in the Century.*

An Indefinite Postponement.

It was a beautiful moonlight night as they left the theatre, and he had resolved to put the important question without further delay, when she said:

"I think we had better take a street car, Mr. Simpson, rather than walk. We will get home so much quicker."

Then they took a street car, and he postponed the important question.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The old "Red Horse Inn" at Sudbury, Mass., made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," was sold at auction Tuesday afternoon. It dates back to 1686, and was in possession of the Howe family for generations.

DRIVEN TO THE GRAVE.

How a Penurious Employer Drove a Sweet Scotch Girl to the Grave.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" reporter of the *Telegram* heard a pathetic story last evening. It's true every word of it, and was told by the pastor of a Fifth avenue church.

He said: "I conducted the funeral of a young girl who died of consumption the other day. It was one of the saddest funerals I ever held.

"Katie was a working girl, a member of my church, industrious and good. She and two other young girls had a room on Washington square, and went out regularly every morning to work.

"The brute for whom Katie worked refused to heat his building last December.

"Katie caught a terrible cold, which developed into consumption. She was forced to go to a hospital and was afterward taken to her aunt's, where she died after weeks of great suffering.

"The parents are now dead and the remaining children are widly scattered, some in the west. The only one at the funeral was a younger sister. She was inconsolable for the loss of her little mother.

"The presence at the funeral of two Chinamen touched me very deeply," the clergymen continued. "They were Katie's scholars at the Spring Street Sabbath School. As the Chinamen passed by the coffin and looked at her for the last time their eyes filled with tears.

"Now, I had not thought of that girl as doing anything special for the Master, and I felt rebuked. Doubtless she felt too much exhausted with the week's work to attend our own Sabbath School in the morning, but she had faithfully given her Sunday afternoon to teaching in the Chinese school.

"It's not easy work teaching the Chinese, although they are intensely grateful, and will do anything for a teacher who gains their confidence. One in a class is the usual number, and a teacher who can interest two is doing remarkably well.

"It impressed me as a forcible suggestion of the promised Christian unity among all nations and peoples the presence of those two Orientals as mourners at the funeral of that poor Scotch girl."—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

Farm and Garden Jottings.

Keep the ground around the roses well stirred and loose, and also keep a careful watch for the rose bugs.

June will be early enough to plant all kinds of beans. Nothing will be gained by getting the seed in before the weather shall have become warm.

Where the tops of young trees have been destroyed cut off the whole of the tops, if dead, and allow sprouts to grow out again from the main stem.

Salt should be placed where all kinds of stock can get it. At this season when green food is becoming plentiful, salt will be found excellent, as it will often prevent bowel diseases and stave off injury from the young grass.

Dr. Dunhoff states that in new comb the thickness of the sides of the cells is but the 180th of an inch. Such delicate work is hardly conceivable, and yet bees often make it in the dark on cool, cloudy days, or in the night, appearing never to rest.

The gooseberry is often sent to market green, and many cases of sickness occur from its use. It is soft when ripe, and the color is a brownish, or purple red. Cooking the green berries improves their quality, but if uncooked they should never be used unless ripe.

Plum trees will thrive well in a poultry-yard and be less subject to the attacks of the curculio. The trees will require the usual jarring, however, but the insects will be destroyed by the poultry, thereby lessening the liability of damage the succeeding year. All plum trees should be in poultry-yards.

The future pig must have more flesh and less fat. It must not be a mere lard keg. It must be fed upon flesh forming foods until grown and then fattened. It means that more clover, peas, oats, milk and such articles of diet must be used, and less corn. We will then have healthier and more palatable pork, and hog cholera will be come a thing of the past.

Warned of His Death in a Dream.

A. F. McNeal, a well-known citizen of Rawson, died yesterday after a short illness, and now comes a weird story connected with this fact, which is as fully authenticated as his death. On the night of the 28th of January of this year he, like Joseph, "dreamed a dream" that he died and went to heaven. In his dream the date of his death, April 26th, was firmly fixed upon his mind. In "the beautiful city, whose maker and builder is God," he dreamed that he met Mr. Manlon Povenmire, of Ada, an old acquaintance and friend, and asked him when he had died and left the earth. Povenmire replied that he had died and come to the eternal world a week before. There were other striking circumstances in the dream equally as strange, and the next morning when McNeal awoke he reduced the details to writing. He was then in excellent health. His wife found the manuscript a few days after it was written, and it worried the wife a good deal, but she said nothing to her husband concerning it. Yesterday, April 26th, McNeal died, while Povenmire joined the silent majority one week ago yesterday. The case is a remarkable one, but it cannot be laughed down, for every word of it is true, and the substance of McNeal's dream is in manuscript, just as he wrote it three months ago.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Medicated Soaps.

According to Professor Shoemaker, soda soaps are more irritating than potash soaps. Soaps that contain free alkali are, in young children, the cause of many skin eruptions. Alum soap is good for chafing. Boro glycerine soap is useful in acne and rough skin. Chamomile soap is mildly stimulating, and is the best soap for dandruff. Naphthal soap is the best application for parasites on any part of the body. Salicylic acid soap is a non-irritating antiseptic soap, and is good for toilet purposes. Corrosive sublimate soap is serviceable for removing freckles, rough skin, for changing a muddy to a clear complexion, and in all kinds of itching.

Rain at a funeral is an excellent sign; it cools the passage into the unknown world.

PLAYGOING IN JAPAN.

Odd Experiences of a European Visitor—Tickets Three Feet Long—Plays that Last for Weeks—No Admission Till You Take Off Your Boots and Have Them Checked Away.

"The theatres and the dramatic literature of Japan are far in advance of those of China," said Joseph Arthur, manager of the "Still Alarm," who spent over a year in the island empire, to a New York *Tribune* reporter. "The first surprise that awaits the foreign visitor to a Japanese theatre is the ticket he receives in exchange for the money he hands in at the box office. This is a stick of wood about three feet long, and incised with some native characters. The man who receives this adds it to a pile in the corner of the auditorium, and the audience, if they wanted to, could 'count the house' almost as readily as the manager does. Another surprise is the demand for the visitor's shoes. No one is allowed in the theatre with his shoes on, but all move about in their stocking feet. The floor is of beautifully polished wood, or covered with a fine grass matting, and I must say the leaving of the shoes is a plan that works well, though I don't suppose it would be easy to get our people to adopt it. Those who are already in their seats are not disturbed by the footstep of late comers, and there is no rustling of programmes, as they are printed on soft rice paper. A check is given for your shoes, and you can use that as a check to pass in or out, but if you once regain your footwear, there is no re-admission without repayment. However, as the streets of the principal cities are marvellously clean, the natives often go into the streets in search of refreshment, and I and friends with me have followed their example. Prices of admission range from 1 to 50 cents. The theatre is generally provided with one balcony. In the older houses access to this was gained by means of a ladder, but in the more modern structures there are staircases. The balcony is the 'swell' part, and here one is allowed to smoke. A very singular custom prevails of allowing a visitor who pays a small extra fee to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and try to get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see. This is far worse, you perceive, than the ladies' high hat nuisance which is so vigorously protested against here. Another peculiarity is that the extravagantly disposed visitor may purchase the right to sit upon the stage whenever he likes, and the actors go on with their parts in apparent unconsciousness of his presence. I have seen a broadsword combat fought all around a visitor, and he never showed any disposition to budge. It is singular how this privilege of sitting upon the stage has marked the early history of theatres in nearly every country.

"The stage is not as much raised above the floor of the auditorium as is usual with us, the elevation being probably two feet. Their stages are often 70 or 80 feet wide, but not usually of any great depth, a fact due to the same lack of sense of perspective in their stage settings as is conspicuous in their paintings. All changes of scene are made in full view of the audience, no curtain being used, and the work of the carpenter and property-man being considered as much a part of the entertainment as the efforts of the actors. I have seen a couple of lovers come out of a house and take their seats upon the stage, and remain there while the carpenters pulled down the house and built a garden scene around them. When it is desired to convey the idea that the moon is rising, the property man carries a lighted moon across the stage, and, on reaching the further side, stops and blows out the light. All these things seem very absurd to the foreign visitor, but, doubtless, we have conventionalities and traditions in our theatres that would be almost as surprising to the Japanese. Still, they are not above taking valuable hints, and in some of the theatres of Yokohama many of our modern stage effects are being introduced. Much of their scenery is very beautiful. It is generally painted on rice paper, but they use curtains and hangings a great deal more than we do. The Japanese plays are almost as long as the Chinese, and some take weeks in performance. This is due, however, more to the interspersed entertainments than to the story of the play. In many cases the plot of a piece will be entirely suspended during a week's performance, while some grand fete, in which singing, dancing, music, acrobatism and jugglery are the principal features, will hold the stage. As a rule performances begin in the morning and last till midnight. There are refreshment stands in the auditorium, but, as I said before, you can go out on your feet and 'pass in on your shoes.' The Japanese actors are extremely clever, as may be imagined when I tell you that nearly every man in the company can play women's *roles*. There are no actresses. The power of the best actors over their audiences is extraordinary. I have seen the whole audience weeping with the sorrows of the heroine or rising *en masse* to threaten the villain. Their dramatic literature is very extensive, as they have tragedies, comedies historical plays and even farces."

Negro Superstitions.

The sun shining bright on the wedding day indicates storms after marriage, as pleasure cannot always last.

Never, even in basting, put a stitch of black thread in a white garment, or that needle will ere long be wanted in making a shroud

If a person carries an ax, hoe or spade into the house on his shoulder, the house is doomed thenceforth unless the culprit walks backward out of the house.

A garment accidentally put on with the seams outside must be worn so till it is no longer fit to be worn, or else presented to a friend, provided always that the friend is not a relation.

There is a beautiful belief extant among them. They believe when our earthly course is almost spent, and the death dews are gathering on brow and lips, the departed soul can bear a message to friends on the other side.

If the young moon is at first seen through the branches of a tree, the beholder is in danger unless he or she will immediately turn three somersaults in the air, which agile feat is rather hard to accomplish, especially by some of the corpulent negroes of the present day.

Her Dilemma.

I am only a farmer's girl,
John is only a farmer's lad,
But, somehow, when we chance to meet,
The very sound of his coming feet
Can make my heart so glad
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,
And he reads his welcome in my eyes.

I am only a farmer's girl,
Master Tom is the Squire's son,
But, strange to tell, his feet this way
Turn often toward the close of day,
And after the chores are done,
When John the passes the meadow gate
Gives me a scowl, and—will not wait.

I am only a farmer's girl,
So what can the Squire want of me?
My heart is John's; John knows it well;
But it isn't for me the truth to tell—
So bashful a lad is he.
So the Squire may come and the Squire may go,
But all the answer he'll get is "No!"

The Squire praises my hair and eyes;
The Squire says I'm a lady born—
What care I for his foolish speech?
'Tis John's voice only my heart can teach
To sing like birds at morn;
But John is a jealous, foolish boy,
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh, I am only a farmer's girl,
And John is only a farmer's lad,
But I'd rather be in his humble life
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,
With a restless heart and sad!
But John—so bashful a boy is he!
Is a long while asking my heart of me

MALLEABLE GLASS.

It Will Revolutionize Housekeeping in th Future.

What is this dirt you sweep up, anyway? asks a writer in the St. Louis *Globe*. The queerest stuff imaginable. Should you burn it in the passage, its candescence would show, with the spectroscope, lines indicating almost all known substances. The iron lines would indicate the wear from the nails in your shoes. The carbon lines would come from the coal dust, and the yellow salt lines would only show that chloride of sodium is always present everywhere. But where you have old wall papers, or old carpets, you can be sure that some of this dust is several generations old: and if there be not some bacteria of a bad sort, and germs of old fevers with all the rest, I shall be surprised. You have only to mildly exercise your imagination to see minute personal relics of all the visitors you have had; and, indeed, your broom will swish all the fiercer when you think of it. I do not like such accumulations, nor do I like the necessity of sweeping my neighbors out of doors. So I say, as our first reform, let us have hardwood floors and, as far as possible, wainscoted walls. There is no artistic requirement that demands so much plaster, or paste, or paper on our room walls. Better still, we will soon have our walls of malleable glass—and our floors also. One is always getting born a little too soon. Yes, there is no knowing how many good things we are ourselves too soon for. Think how it would have been had we been born before window glass was known, and before—but bless me! we came very near being born before coal, and matches, and kerosene, and ranges, and telephones, and railroads, and nearly everything else, including sewing machines. And we are certainly ahead of a great many other fine things. How could we have been so foolish? One can never be too deliberate about such things. And as for malleable glass, I could wait ten generations to let it get the start of me. It is sure to come. Our floors will then be sweet and clean at the least possible outlay of labor, and our walls will need no decorations except that which is part of the glass itself.

Marrying for Spiritualistic Revenue.

Men marry sometimes for various reasons and sometimes for no reason at all, but a Brooklyn dentist assumed the bonds of matrimony not long ago in order that he might transform his bride into a medium. He was convinced that she possessed spiritualistic powers that, when properly developed, would astonish the world, and, in an incidental way, bring wealth to his pocketbook. Hitherto money had literally come to him like pulling teeth, and he believed that plugging the public with spirits could be made more profitable than plugging their molars with gold. He thought, too, that it might be the means of lifting him into an "upper set," as it were, although he couldn't determine at once what set of spirits his bride would be the medium for presenting him to. As soon as the knot was tied the dentist introduced his wife in spiritualistic circles and commenced the work of development. But the young bride didn't fancy sitting in a darkened room every day with vinegar-faced women and bald-headed old men to learn the mystery of raps and spirit voices. It wasn't her idea of a honeymoon at all. She expressed a decided aversion to cabinets and jingling bells and tamborines frisking about in the air. She went so far as to say that she wouldn't lecture on spiritualism or anything else, and soon there was a rupture between her and her husband. Finding that threats and intimidations had no effect upon what he styled her obstinacy, he suddenly quit her and his dentistry practice together and left for parts unknown. And now the lady is suing for a divorce, and the general impression is she will get it.

A Veracious Man.

Wife—What time did you get in last night, John?

Husband—Two o'clock, my dear.

Wife—Where were you, John?

Husband—At work at the office, my dear.

Wife—That's right, John, never tell a lie. (To the servant)—Mary, take Mr. Brown's shoes off the mantlepiece and get his night-key out of the clock and put it in his pocket.

The Powers That Be.

Mrs. Gorham Ware—Henry, I wish you would please not smoke around the house any more.

Mr. Gorham Ware—Why, my love, you've often said you rather fancied a good cigar!

Mrs. Gorham Ware—I know it, dear, but—the cook objects, and I'd like to keep our name out of the courts, you know.—*Puck.*

Hard to Suit.

A man in Chicago has just asked for a divorce from his wife because, though living in the house with him, she has kept silent for three years. It's no use trying to satisfy a man, anyway.

WON BY A COW.

She Eats Some Hay Just in Time to Win $500,000 for a Poor Farmer.

In September, 1871, Griffith Jones, a farmer of Forestport, Oneida county, purchased at tax sale a tract of 360 acres of land in the town of Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, says an Olean (N. Y.), letter to the New York *Sun*. The tract was wild and barren, in an isolated region, and its owner, James Hill, had ceased paying taxes on it and had removed from it. Jones, who was a man of limited means, paid $150 for the property, but after visiting it he concluded that it was not worth putting any more money in, and he paid no more attention to the purchase beyond securing his tax deed on the 23rd of September, 1873, two years after the date of the purchase, which gave him legal title to the land. In 1879 petroleum was discovered in Alleghany. Hill assumed control again of the tract he had abandoned, and transferred it to the Bradford Oil Company. This company drilled wells on the tract, and it proved to be a valuable and large producer of oil. Jones was ignorant of the sudden great value the tract he held the deed for had been given by the oil discovery until 1880, when it had yielded more than $300,000 worth of oil, and was still a great producer. Jones brought suit against the oil company in the Cattaraugus County Court to regain possession of the tract and for an accounting for the oil that had been taken from it and sold for the profit of the company. The company disputed Jones' title to the property in the clause in the tax sale law of New York State, which makes a tax deed invalid if the purchaser does not serve on the occupant of premises bought at tax sale notice to redeem the same within two years. The oil company asserted that Hill was occupying the premises when the deed was passed to Jones, and received no redemption notice within the required time, and the occupancy was claimed as the novel point of law, that although Hill was not living on the tract, he had left a quantity of hay in a shanty on the place when he moved off of it, which gave him legal domicile. This was the entire defence to the suit, and the Cattaraugus Court decided that if the simple fact of there being hay on the place, as claimed, could be established, it would be ample proof of occupancy in law, and would destroy Jones' title to the property. The trial resulted in favor of the oil company in 1882. A new trial was granted, and Jones proved by six witnesses that on the 22nd of September, 1873, one day before he became entitled to the property under the tax deed, Hill's cow had entered the shanty and eaten all the hay that Hill left there, thus depriving Hill of legal domicile, and leaving no one in occupancy on the premises of whom redemption notice could be served. By this act of Hill's cow Jones' title to the property was established, and Jones obtained a verdict for an accounting for the oil, which amounted to nearly $500,000. The oil company obtained an order for a new trial, but Jones was again successful, and his judgment was affirmed by the General Term, and a decision had just been given by the Court of Appeals sustaining all the points in the case in favor of Jones.

Chauncey Depew and the Cemetery.

A few days ago Mr. Depew, one of the prospective candidates for the United States Republican Presidential nomination, made a speech in Detroit, in which the following funny passage occurred: There is one thing about a Western town—I mean away up in the Northwest—that pleases me beyond anything in the United States. I do love in the annual tour that I make to strike, away up a thousand miles from here, a booming town where everybody has got rich in reality, and profoundly rich in imagination, where lots are selling at $2,000 the front foot one day and $4,000 the next day. I stood last fall in one of those towns up near the Arctic circle, upon a lot which had sold the day before for $4,000 a front foot, or more than they charge on Fifth avenue in New York. The proprietor of it took me out on the lake to show me the city, for, he said, "the mud is so deep in the streets I cannot show it to you in any other way." (Laughter.) And as he was pointing out this lot and telling me the marvellous prices they had brought, I said to him: "You seem to have everything but a cemetery. Is it because land is so scarce here that you throw your dead into the lake?" "Oh, no," said he. "Where you see that solitary white stone up yonder was the cemetery, but it became so valuable we had to dig them up and plant them over the hill. But it was not an unmixed evil, for the principal avenue ran right by my lot and made it a corner one. I had to take up my wife, but, dear old girl, she would have enjoyed it if she could have known about it, because she was always wild about the growth of the town." (Prolonged laughter.)

The Bloody Shirt.

The origin of the phrase, "The bloody shirt," is in a Corsican custom, now nearly, if not quite, obsolete. In the days of the fierce vendette—the feuds which divided Corsican family from family—bloodshed was a common occurrence. Before the burial of a murdered man the gridata was celebrated. This word, which literally means a crying aloud, may be translated "a wake." The body of the victim was laid upon a plank; his useless firearms were placed near his hand, and his blood-stained shirt was hung above his head. Around the rude bier sat a circle of women, wrapped in their black mantles, who rocked to and fro with strange wailings. The men, relatives and friends of the murdered man, fully armed, stood around the room, mad with thirst for revenge. Then one of the women—the wife or mother or sister of the dead man—with a sharp scream, would snatch the bloody shirt, and, waving it aloft, begin the vocero—the lamentation. This rythmic discourse was made up of alternate expressions of love for the dead and hatred of his enemies; and its startling images and tremendous curses were echoed in the faces and mutterings of the armed mourners.

Wanted a Powerful Dose.

This is the order which a little girl brought into a Lewiston druggist's store the other day. It was written on a dirty piece of note-paper, as follows: "Mister Druggist; Please send ipecac enough to throw up a 4-year-old girl."—*Lewiston Journal.*

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

THE WORLD-FAMED LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY.

WHAT AILS YOU?

[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

ARE YOU SICK?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK.

DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "Being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

LIVER DISEASE.

MRS. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "For five years previous to taking 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I was a great sufferer; had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am now well and strong."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and **all skin and blood diseases**, for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM.

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, salves, ointments and bandages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by her physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but derived no benefit. Finally, about ten years ago, I chanced to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphlets setting forth the merits of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and other medicines. The *name* struck my fancy, and seeing that it was essentially a blood-purifier, I immediately recommended it to the old lady who had been so long a sufferer from salt-rheum. She commenced taking it at once, and took one bottle, but seemed to be no better. However, I realized that it would take time for any medicine to effect a change for the better, and encouraged her to continue. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she began to notice an improvement. After taking about a dozen bottles she was entirely cured. Her hands were perfectly well and as smooth and healthy as a child's. Her general health was also greatly improved; the rheumatism entirely left her, and the catarrh was almost cured, so that it ceased to be much annoyance. She has enjoyed excellent health from that day to this, and has had no return of either salt-rheum or rheumatism. The 'Discovery' seems to have entirely eradicated the salt-rheum from her system. She is now over eighty years old, and very healthy for one of such extreme age.

I have written this letter, of which you can make any use you see fit, hoping that some sufferer from salt-rheum might chance to read it and obtain relief by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'—for 'Golden' it is in its curative properties, and as much above the multitude of nostrums and so-called 'patent medicines,' so zealously flaunted before the public, as *gold* is above the baser metals.

Respectfully yours,
F. W. WHEELER, 182 21st St."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

CONSUMPTION.

SOLOMON BUTTS, of *North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio*, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my wife. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."

COUGH OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING.

MRS. N. W. RICE, of *Newfane, Vermont*, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cured a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my family, with good effect."

GAINED 25 POUNDS.

Wasting Disease.—WATSON F. CLARKE, Esq., of (Box 109), *Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Can.*, writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that time I weighed 122 pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 pounds. Then I used to eat about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I dared to."

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE.

W. R. DAVIS, Esq., of *Bellville, Florida*, writes: "I have taken your wonderful 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have been cured of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and be put back where I was."

Discovery $1.00, Six Bottles for $5.00; by Druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Propr's, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WOOD CARVING.

A New Fad That Brings Money to the Devotee.

Wood carving is the newest feminine fad. Brass hammering is going out, wood carving is coming in. Instead of punching plaques women are cutting wood panels. The passion for carved hall and dining-room furniture and for wood over-mantels has something to do with starting the craze. The tools are easily handled also, and require little muscular strength, only a quick eye, an artistic feeling and a steady hand. It is the proper thing to design and carve the two halves of the bellows for the open fire; put a naked child on them, say, blowing the red coals in a cave of the winds; or to cut ornaments for the great oak chest that mediæval moderns are reviving chold their wardrobes. There are several classes in wood carving, and many ladies are taking private lessons. There is a niece of Charles Sumner who became quite an expert, but she has rooms in a hotel and has given up her work because the noise of it disturbed her neighbors. A sister-in-law of Horace Greeley, a woman of 76, is one of the enthusiasts, talking it up as Cato did Greek in her old age. Her favorite piece of work is a carved settle for her hall, and she takes great pride in it. Smaller pieces of work are the rule, panels and tiles for the side of the mantel and the like, but carved desks, sideboards and large decorative pieces are not beyond the ambition of the more aspiring. One of the successful wood carvers and designers of the city has it in mind, if possible, to found a school for instruction in wood carving, for the teaching of young women especially, for whom he believes there is an outlook for paying work in this line. One of his pupils, indeed a girl of perseverance and talent, has supported herself comfortably this winter by taking pupils herself, and has devoted so much originality and independent skill that she has obtained a good commission for carvings and interior decorative woodwork for a number of residences to be built by rich New Yorkers this summer. If the taste for wood carving continues to increase it will supply an occupation in which women who go into it for something more than amusement will find, if they are artists, one more welcome resource.—*New York Mail.*

Eyes and no Eyes.

Husband—"Have the couple who just moved into the house next door any children?"

Wife—"Children? They've only been married a day or two."

"How do you know?"

"Before he started down town this morning he kissed her, and he didn't act as if he was afraid he'd get hit if he didn't."

The Canary Bird Snored.

Miss Almeda Taft, of Sadorus, Ill., has a canary bird that snores. About 2 o'clock one night last week its snores became so loud as to arouse the household. A search about the premises failed to reveal the cause of the noise until the sitting-room door was opened and it was found to emanate from the bird-cage. The bird being awakened, the noise instantly ceased. The owner of the bird regards it now as a very musical canary, and the neighbors all declare they never heard the like of its snores, which become more pronounced with each succeeding day.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

A profuse and many times excessively offensive discharge, with "stopping up" of the nose at times, impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes, impaired hearing, irregular appetite, occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet, and a feeling of lassitude and debility, are symptoms which are common to catarrh, yet all of them are not present in every case. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh in its worst forms and stages. It is pleasant to use, and contains no poisonous or caustic drugs. Of druggists, for 50 cents.

Agricultural Athletics.

Aunt Priscilla—You're getting positively lazy, Laura. If you don't care to read, why don't you exercise?

Laura—I am utterly discouraged, auntie. I sent for a hand-book on fencing yesterday and the stupid book clerk returned a copy of "Wire Barbing for the Farm."

Woman as a Martyr.

History records the sufferings of countless martyrs, and we read of them with wonder and sympathy. But there are living to-day in our midst thousands of other martyrs who have far stronger claims upon our consideration—women who are sufferers from those ailments peculiar to their sex, our wives, daughters and sisters, perhaps, whose lives are an unremitting round of suffering. "Is there no relief?" they cry. Yes, there is; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will remove that "dragging-down" feeling, will banish that backache, will restore every function to its normal condition. To all sufferers from female complaints—and their name is Legion—we say: get the "Prescription" at once; it will be worth far more than its weight in gold to you.

Dr. George Beer, of Montreal, has been appointed lecturer on dentistry for final students at McGill University.

Very Funny.

Husband—"I see that the papers are calling attention to the absurd way in which people say "Isn't it funny?" whenever they hear anything funny or pathetic."

Wife—"Yes, I've noticed that ridiculous habit myself; isn't it funny that people should be so foolish?"

A Voluntary Statement.

The writer of this paragraph once had an elder and only brother. Brought up together, we were almost inseparable, hopeful and ambitious. Exposure planted the seeds of consumption in the elder, and in a few weeks, in the month of May, "good store of flowers were stuck round his winding-sheet." Every attention and every remedy that love could give or obtain were unavailing. Since that sad day, I have learned, through the most trustworthy authority and from experience in its use, that a real remedy now exists, that of Dr Pierce, called the "Golden Medical Discovery." A thousand pities that it was not discovered ages ago, but how thankful the present generation should be that it can now avail itself of so potent a remedy.

A petition for the rehearing of the Bell Telephone patent cases was filed in the Supreme Court at Washington yesterday.

Failure Impossible

When Polson's NERVILINE is used for pain. It matters not of how long standing it may be, or how often other remedies have failed to afford relief, Nerviline, the great pain cure, does its work promptly. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle, and try it for internal or external pains. You will be convinced of its extraordinary power in relieving pain. Ten cent bottles and large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists. Take no substitute.

D U N L. 21 88.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Re-Opening

OF

SPROULE'S BLOCK,

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS OPENED OUT A

New Stock

OF

General Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots & Shoes, Etc.,

IN THE WELL-KNOWN STAND

SPROULE'S BOLCK, FLESHERTON,

And will be in the market to handle

All Kinds of Farm Produce.

I will endeavor through honest dealing with the public to establish a good trade. Goods will be sold at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

And the Highest Market Price will be paid for all kinds of Farm Produce.

Remember the Place,

J. G. ANDERSON,

Sproule's Block, Flesherton.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The population of Beeton is 760.

The Rev. A. McFaul, paston of the Presbyterian church at Charleston for the last thirty years, died on Sunday evening of last week.

Bro. Lawton, the clever editor of the World, tells us that "more than $20,000 will be expended in Beeton this summer in building and improvements."

A tough named C. W. Roberts made a murderous assault upon the editor of the Chatsworth News in his office last Tuesday. A warrant was issued by Squire McGill and Roberts was arrested the same evening and gave bail for his appearance to answer to the charge next day.—[Grey Review.

One day last week while some of Avening's young ladies were out for a twilight promenade, they had the misfortune to walk into the river or water pond and get a good wetting, while their eyes were drinking in the good looks of some young gentlemen coming behind them instead of watching where they were walking. —[Creemore Advertiser.

Mr. John Albery, Magistrates' Clerk at Meaford, has acted in that capacity for over a quarter of a century. It is his duty to make a return to the Clerk of the Peace every three months of the convictions made during the previous three months. For the three months ending March 31st, last, there was no conviction of which to make a return—the first time during the whole term of his Clerkship that such a thing has transpired.—[Meaford Mirror.

On Wednesday morning of last week an old gentleman named John O'Neil, while working in his garden on the corner of Queen and Fergus streets, opposite St. Mary's church, fell to the ground and when assistance reached him he was found to be dead, having expired without a struggle. His very sudden death is attributed to old age and an affection of the heart. Deceased moved into town some time ago from the country near here. —[Mt. Forest Representative.

On Sunday night Jimmy Smith died at his residence, lot 12, con. 1, Amaranth, after a long illness. He was a brother of John Smith who, it will be remembered, was murdered in Jan., 1882. Jimmy's son was tried for the murder, but he was acquitted. Many suspected that Jimmy knew something about the tragic affair, but if he did he died with the secret untold. His remains were interred in the Forest Lawn cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.—[Dufferin Post.

Mr. Davidson has completed the assessment of Thornbury. The total value of real and personal property amounts to $224,685. Last year it was over $217,000, showing a slight increase this year. The total population of the Town this year is only 809. Last year it was 996. This shows a great falling off. School children between the ages of 5 and 16 inclusive is 238. Total value of non-res. property is $1,785. The decrease in the population of Thornbury is even more marked than in Meaford.—[Thornbury Standard.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain commend us to an Orangeville tavern-keeper. Brown, a Broadway east liquor vendor, sold some hay to Mr. Calvin Peters previous to the Scott Act vote. When Mr. Peters came for the hay the day after the vote he was refused and set upon by the tavern-keeper's foulmouth abuse, because forsooth, he had dared to vote for the Scott Act. This is but one case of which we could mention scores of similar ones; all of which goes to prove our contention that the Orangeville tavern-keeper is pretty small potatoes.—[Dufferin Advertiser.

Mr. W. F. McLean, publisher of the Toronto World, who is earnestly endeavoring to bring about a much-needed reform in Canadian butter-making, is talked of as a possible candidate for parliamentary honors in Cardwell. The editor of The Economist spent considerable time on Tuesday in endeavoring to find some good butter in Shelburne, but he failed to find a bit—some offered being almost poisonous—and if Billy McLean's election in Cardwell will result in bringing good butter out of Mono and stop whiskey from going into it, then we shall support him heartily.—[Shelburne Economist.

In chronic diseases, medicines should be restoring, and not debilitating, in their action. The wonderful strengthening and curative effects, realized from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sustain the reputation of this remedy as the most popular blood purifier.

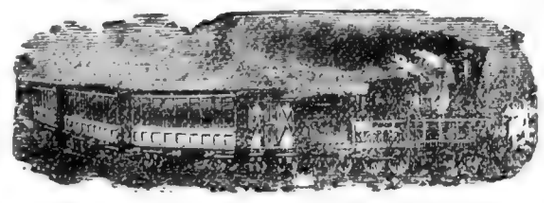

AT

Climo's, Flesherton,

They have a fine stock of

PRINTS, DRESS GOODS, &c.,

also a fine stock of Mens', Youths', Womens' and Girls

BOOTS & SHOES.

Also we keep a regular stock of **Fresh Groceries** *and our Prices you cannot beat.*

Try our 25c. TEA, also our TEA DUST 10 lbs. for $1. We pay full value for Butter & Eggs. Give us a share of your trade and we will study to please you.

Wright's Old Stand.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

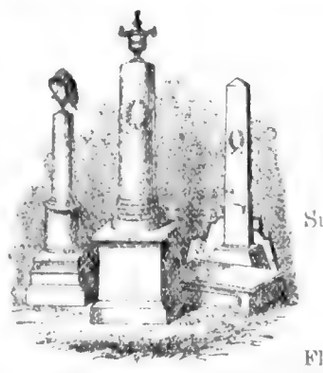

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VII., NO. 362. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Wm Mitchell LibS7

AT

Russell's

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON,

You will find the finest and best display of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware and Spectacles

in this section of the county and just exactly

25 PER CENT. LOWER

than other dealers will sell you them for. Fine American and Waltham Watches from $9.50 up, warranted from 3 to 5 years, and the people for fifteen miles around always take their Watches, Clocks and Jewelery Repairs to Russell, Flesherton, as they have found by experience he is the only man than can do them in a satisfactory manner. All work personally attended to at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Tit - Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Immense value in Dry Goods at Brander's, Priceville.

Mr, Harry Bull, of Thornbury was in town on the 24th.

Priceville still ahead—Brander leads in Dress Goods, Trimmings, &c.

Miss Aggie Leitch returned home from Chemung, Ill. last week.

Mr. E. K. Richardson returned home from Toronto last week.

If there is anything new in goods you are sure to find it at Brander's.

Miss Alice Leitch, of Bolton, paid her parents a flying visit on the 24th, returning next day.

The ever popular Irish Lake picnic is coming off as usual this season. Look out for further announcement shortly.

Bro. J. B. Spurr, the genial and handsome young Editor of the Dundalk Herald, visited our sanctum this week.

Mrs. Brander has the best, the newest and cheapest stock of Millinery, Dress Goods, Trimmings, &c.

Why not build the new Boyne bridge of sufficient width to effect a junction thereat between Sydenham and Beechel streets?

WANTED.—Youth of about 16 years to learn the Carriage Business. Must be Mechanically inclined. For particulars apply to R. P. LEGATE, Flesherton.

Thos. Henderson, Esq., L. D. S., of Toronto, will be in Flesherton to-morrow and next day, 1st & 2nd of June, for the practice of his profession.

Mr. James Baskerville and Mr. Geo. Mitchell take train this week for Idaho, U. S. We trust the young men will be as successful in their venture as they anticipate.

ICE CREAM.—Delicious and refreshing Ice Cream can be obtained at the residence of Miss Hind Flesherton—just over the "Boyne Water" bridge. Always on hand.

Our corespondents will be angry this week, but that New Party address took up so much more space than we expected it would, that we were compelled to leave over several batches.

At risk of getting into hot quarters with our esteemed pathmasters, we suggest the continuation of the sidewalk on Durham street to the corner of Mr. John Adams' clearing.

Mr. J. G. Russell, of the far-famed Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, has purchased the building formerly occupied by Mr. J. W. Bates on Toronto street and will shortly move into it.

ROYAL TEMPLAR'S NOTICE.—The Election of Officers for the ensuing half year takes place on Tuesday evening the 5th prox. A full attendance is requested. A. M. GIBSON, Secretary.

Rev. Mr. Buggins of Markdale, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church here morning and evening last Sunday, preached excellent sermons on both occasions.

The furnal sermon in connection with the death of Mrs. Mackenzie Duncan, of Eugenia, was preached in the Methodist church here by Rev. Mr. Buggins, of Markdale, Sunday morning last, from the words, "The spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—Eccles. 12c. 7v. The distinction between soul and body was clearly set forth, and numerous quotations from Scripture were given endorsing the speaker's interpretation. At the close of the sermon, Dr. Christoe delivered an affecting address relative to the conversion of deceased.

Best prices for all kinds of farm produce at Brander's.

REMOVED.—The undersigned has removed to his New Shop on Collingwood street—next door to Sullivan's tin shop—and is better than ever prepared to give prompt and satisfactory attention to all orders entrusted to him in the Boot & Shoe line. Yours truly, JOSEPH SMITH, Boot & Shoemaker, Flesherton.

A Bank in Flesherton.

We have much pleasure in announcing in THE ADVANCE that a Bank will be established in Flesherton in the course of a few weeks. This will be a great convenience to the general public and is one of the many indications of the steady and substantial growth of our town. We have no hesitation in saying that the Flesherton bank *(in futuro)* will do an extensive and safe business.

Concert.

The evening of the 24th proved an interesting and enjoyable one to those who attended the concert in the Town Hall, Flesherton, under the auspices of the L. A. Presbyterian church. Rev. A. Wilson occupied the chair in his usual pleasant manner. The popular Glee Club and the newly organized Orchestra distinguished themselves in the selections so well rendered. The soloists were Miss Philips, of Dundalk, Miss VanDusen, Miss Armstrong, Miss Christoe, and Mr. J. R. Anderson.

Another Editor.

A correspondent from a certain town in the County of Grey says:—The Editor of our paper was out driving with his best girl the other evening. He hired a horse from the livery, and it appears that both lady and gentleman enjoyed the ride very much. The Editor left the lady at her own door on the return trip, brought the horse to the livery stable and tied it outside, expecting some one to come along and put it in. He then wended his way homewards. Next morning the horse was discovered by the liveryman just where the Editor had left him tied outside the night before!

A Scaly Transaction.

It appears several young Fleshertonians went out a couple of weeks ago to the Beaver River to camp and fish. All went well until one of them—who, by the way, does not work more than a hundred miles from Russell's Jewelry store—managed to get his hook caught on a very large trout—so large was the fish that his companion stood gazing with staring eyes and wondering which would come out best. He did not have to wait long, as with one terrible plunge the fish started off and—well, when last seen the young man was wading in about five feet of water for the shore, not all pleased with immersion.

An Interesting Feature.

The Superintendent of the Methodist Sabbath School, Squire Armstrong, has introduced an excellent feature in connection with the S. S. viz., the Teachers are expected to take up the lesson each Sunday in turn, questioning the pupils thereupon, and, at the same time, giving utterance to their own opinions. Last Sunday the Squire called upon Mrs. J. W. Shilton to take her turn in addressing the school, which she did in a most pleasant and instructive manner. Her pointed comments, simple yet pithy questions, and pleasing address at once secured the closest attention of adults as well as juveniles. A gentleman, who was present, said he was charmed and delighted with the splendid manner in which the lesson was handled from beginning to close. Many expressed the wish that Mrs. J. W. Shilton's "turn" might often occur.

A good farm hand wants a situation. Apply at THE ADVANCE office, Flesherton

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Will the Editor please inform the public who is the owner of the wood pile on the street opposite Heard's Carriage Shop, & what steps are necessary to take in order to have such a nuisance removed?

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—Complaint has been made to me that on the Evening of Sunday, last, a number of young men indulged in bathing in Flesher's mill pond—young men from whom better would be expected—I wish to call the attention of the offenders to sections numbers Eight & Nine of By-Law No. 282, for the Regulation of Public Morals, which reads as follows:—

8.—That no person shall indecently expose his or her person in any public place or make any other indecent Exhibitions whatever.

9.—That no person shall bathe or wash his or her person in any river, lake or pond in the municipality where such bathing or washing would expose him or her to any public street, or any public or private dwelling. I need hardly refer to the penalty clause which enacts that offenders shall be fined from one to twenty Dollars at the discretion of the Convicting Justice. I wish the young men & boys to govern themselves by the above; failing to do so, my duty shall be plain.

Yours,
JOHN W. ARMSTRONG, J. P.
Flesherton, May 28, 1888.

Neither mind nor body can act healthfully, if the blood is vitiated. Clense the vital current from impurities by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy purifies the blood, recruits the wasted energies, and restores health to the debilitated system.

THIS IS FOR YOU.

It Will Pay You to Read Every Word in This Article.

NEW GOODS. Mr. R. Trimble, general merchant, Flesherton, has pleasure in announcing that his stock of New Spring and Summer Goods is now complete in every department.

NEW DRESS GOODS.—A complete range in black and colored Cashmeres, handsome new Combination Dress goods and Plain and Fancy Checks' Nun's Veiling, Jersey Checks, &c.

WASHING FABRICS. Prints and Muslins. Our stock is complete in all the Latest Patterns and Colors.

GREY COTTONS.—2,750 yds. extra heavy Gray Cotton, 36 inches wide, ONLY 5 CENTS PER YARD!

HOSIERY & SMALL WARES.—Our stock is the largest ever shown in town.

GLOVES.—A fine assortment of Ladies and Gents' Gloves.

CORSETS.—Complete stock. Be sure to ask for our Daisy 45c. Corset.

JERSEYS, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery, Lace Curtains, Waterproofs, Buttons, Frillings and Laces. A full range.

HATS, HATS, HATS.—The largest and best assorted stock of Ladies, Gents Boys and Girls Hats in town.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.—This department is complete in all the nobbiest Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties.

CLOTHING.—560 men and boys wanted at the leading clothing house.

BOOTS & SHOES.—Our stock of Ladies and Gents Boots and Shoes is exceedingly large.

GROCERIES.—Another large stock of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at 25c. lb., 50 boxes No. 1. Layer Raisins at $1.50 per box.

PROVISIONS.—Just received 1 case Long Clear Bacon, 1500 lbs. sound Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Dried Apples, White Beans.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.—Timothy Red Clover, Alsike, Garden Seeds, Turnip Seeds, Flax, Vetches,

BUTTER, EGGS, and Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

The good opinion of the public, in regard to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, is confirmed by clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, and actors. All say it is the best remedy for affections of the throat and lungs.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOOD FARM

For Sale in Osprey!

UNDER the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at BLACKSTOCK'S HOTEL, in the Village of SINGHAMPTON, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

Thursday, June 21st, 1888,

by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, all that certain parcel or tract of land premises situate in the Township of Osprey, in the County of Grey, containing by admeasurement 100 acres, be the same more or less, and being composed of lot number thirty-five, in the sixth concession of the said township. The property is situate fifteen miles from Flesherton and two miles from Singhampton. Soil is sandy loam, about forty acres cleared, balance timbered with hardwood, except about fifteen acres, covered with cedar, balsam, and mixed timber; well watered.

Buildings, Good Frame Barn, 33 x 48, Frame Log House 15 x 18, and outbuildings.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the vendors solicitors at the time of sale, sufficient with the said ten per cent. to make one-third of the purchase money in one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by first mortgage over the property sold, payable in five years, with interest at six and one-half per cent. per annum. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

Further particulars made known at the time of sale, or on application to A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, Flesherton, CHARLES KING, 5 Peter St., Hamilton, or to

MULOCK, FILT, MILLER, CROWTHER & MONTGOMERY
Vendors' Solicitors, 99 King St. East, Toronto.
Dated 22nd May, 1888.

Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of Neil Kennedy, deceased.

PURSUANT to Provisions of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 11. Notice is hereby given that all creditors and other persons having any debts, claims or demands against the Estate of Neil Kennedy, late of the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, school teacher, deceased, who died on or about the 24th day of January, A.D., 1888, are hereby required on or before the 15th day of July, 1888, to send by post prepaid to Frederick Kennedy of the said Township of Artemesia, Proceeds, the administrator of the estate of the said deceased, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the particulars of their claims and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the expiration of that time the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and that he will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim he shall not then have had notice.

MASSON & MASSON,
Solicitors for the said administrator, Frederick Kennedy.
Dated at Owen Sound this 1st day of May 1888.

Judicial Sale!

O'BRIEN v O'BRIEN

PURSUANT to the Judgment in this action there will be sold in one parcel with the approbation of the Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario at Owen Sound, by ABRAHAM S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, at Marshaws Hotel, in the Village of Flesherton, in the County of Grey, on

Saturday, 2nd day of June, 1888,

at 10 o'clock a.m. The following property, viz. Lots numbers 125 and 126 in the 2nd Concession North East of the Toronto and Sydenham Road in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey containing one hundred acres more or less. There are about twenty acres cleared and under cultivation. The property is distant from the Villages of Markdale and Flesherton about five miles and the roads leading thereto are good country roads. The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid fixed by the said Master.

TERMS OF SALE:—Lot 125 is patented and will be sold clear of all incumbrances. Lot 126 unpatented with a balance of about $90 still due the Crown. 10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Vendor's Solicitors at the time of sale, and the balance within thirty days thereafter without interest. The other terms and conditions of sale may be known on application to the Vendor's Solicitors or will be announced at the sale.

ALFRED FROST,
Local Master.
CREASOR, MORRISON & SMITH,
Vendor's Solicitors.
Dated at Owen Sound, 8th May, 1888.

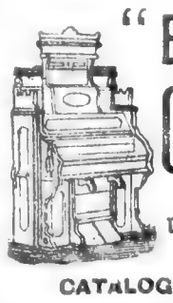

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

IRISH HOME RULERS.

What They Say Regarding the Papal Rescript.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

A Dublin despatch says: The Exchequer Court has dismissed the appeal of Father McFadden, of Gweedore, against the doubling of his sentence on appeal. The court held that a County Court has the power to increase a sentence.

Forty Parnellites, including Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, sat nine hours in the Mansion House yesterday discussing the Papal rescript. A sub-committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. D. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, O'Brien, Redmond, Healey and Harrington, with Messrs. Kenny and Clancy as secretaries, to draw up resolutions on the principles agreed to. The meeting prepared a manifesto to the following effect:

Being aware that the Papal rescript is being used by the enemies of the Holy See and of the Irish people to the prejudice of the Irish cause, to estrange the people and their spiritual guides, and to increase the dangers which threaten the people, and being mindful of our obligations to the Holy See and of our duty as constitutional elected representatives, we have thought it well to come together and adopted the resolution:

That the investigations of last year, as to the circumstances to our knowledge at present before court, we venture to affirm, have been prompted under the authority of the Holy Office, on statements so prejudicial to the Irish people had been [illegible] Irish prelates and the [illegible] people.

That the assertion [illegible] privileges as to the [illegible] except in matters [illegible] unfounded and [illegible] by the fact that [illegible] legislation for [illegible] years has proceeded upon the [illegible] free action.

Further, to refute the inception that [illegible] known as the Plan of Campaign [illegible] ent Tory Government have been [illegible] a statute for the purpose of [illegible] hundred tenants [illegible] ground that they were [illegible]

That the [illegible] ation and [illegible] rent fixing courts [illegible] made [illegible] the statement that they can [illegible] bring them within the limits of [illegible] provisions [illegible] the crops [illegible] predominance [illegible] time to [illegible] ments.

That no provision is made [illegible] arrears of rents, which [illegible] courts to be [illegible] landlords by the [illegible] tents to their [illegible] large numbers [illegible]

With regard to [illegible] been extorted and [illegible] sons, we affirm [illegible] their rents with [illegible] held as an insurance [illegible] they were invariably [illegible] at the request of the tenants.

That the unjust and [illegible] of the penal power of evictions for [illegible] the lives of the Irish people and hundreds of the tenants in their country, and the legal power of evictions armed with [illegible] thereby an [illegible] in a legislature [illegible] by tenants, who are [illegible] the present moment to [illegible] of farmers together with the [illegible] their agreements to [illegible] the [illegible] of the soil [illegible] because that [illegible] of the [illegible] and that [illegible] cases [illegible] course [illegible] people by their [illegible] Christendom, which [illegible] the [illegible]

Second, that we [illegible] that [illegible] tenants [illegible] equitable [illegible] landowners [illegible] that [illegible] prevailed [illegible]

Third, [illegible] regard to [illegible] the [illegible] one [illegible]

Fourth, that the enactment of the Irish people [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible] sustained by natural justice and conducted [illegible] modes of action, methods of organization prescribed or allowed by the constitution, to which the Irish people owe what ever [illegible] civil and religious freedom, that the force of this national movement against [illegible] and coercion and organized calumny will continue to be exerted until we shall have achieved success.

Sixth, while unreservedly acknowledging the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy See, we, as guardians of those civil liberties which our Catholic forefathers resolutely defended, feel bound to solemnly reassert that the Irish Catholics can recognize no right of the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs.

DISTRACTED BY SALVATIONISTS.

How a Rich Manufacturer Gave up all and Followed the Lassies.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch says: The Salvation Army is playing havoc with family circles in Atlanta, and no end of divorce suits among respectable people have grown out of its presence here. Mr. W. S. Withers, a prominent business man who owned large iron works in the city, has become so infatuated with the army that he has quit business entirely, having put out the fires in his furnaces and closed his shops. He has been the chief support of the army, having paid the rent of the halls and fed the soldiers. He has gone to Brooklyn, it is said, to confer with the army leaders, and he hopes to transplant Colonel Light, who has entire charge of the army in the South. His family, who move in Atlanta's best society circles, are utterly prostrated, and his wife has implored Governor Gordon to interfere in some way in her behalf.

A Rival for the Welland Canal.

A New York despatch says: The committee of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation to which was referred the consideration of Congressman Nutting's Niagara Ship Canal Bill has prepared a resolution to the effect that the Board favors an appropriation by Congress of a sum not exceeding $15,000 to provide for the survey and estimates of cost by United States engineers of a ship canal connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, on the American side, of a sufficient capacity to float such vessels as will be able to pass the Sault Ste. Marie.

Eva Wentz, a little Baltimore girl, whose birthday falls on the same day of the year as that of Bismarck, wrote him a letter of congratulation on his last anniversary. She has received an autograph reply, in which the great Chancellor says: "For your friendly congratulation on the occasion of my birthday I return my sincere thanks.—VON BISMARCK."

WAR PREPARATIONS.

Russia Undoubtedly Arming With a Purpose—Will the Czar Attack Austria?

A Berlin cablegram says: The Russian preparations are most ominous. The news of the week is to the effect that Russia has accepted the French syndicate's terms for a loan. M. Vyshnigradski, Russian Minister of Finance, first ruptured the negotiations with the Comptoir d'Escompte, angrily rejecting the proposals as a slur upon Russia's solvency. Though the details of the negotiations which have been concluded are meagre, enough is known to show that M. Vyshnigradski felt the pinch and submitted to the syndicate's condition. The Russian Treasury obtains an immediate advance of £13,600,000. The total loan amounts to £11,000,000 and the balance will be issued in the autumn if the time is opportune.

The Russian activities centre in the meantime in Southern Russia. Masked batteries are being rapidly constructed along the shores of the Black Sea, between the mouth of the Dniester and Odessa, and immense stores of munitions are being collected at Odessa, where even the premises of the yacht club are brought into requisition as a store and coaling point. The two strategic lines leading to the Austrian frontier will not be completed before July. The Austrian strategic railways in Galicia have completed their enabling projects.

Latest Northwest News.

A despatch from Winnipeg dated last (Friday) night says: The Legislature prorogued this evening at 6 with the usual ceremonies. Governor Aikens' speech congratulated the House on the passage of the Redistribution Bill, the Manhood Suffrage Bill, the adoption of the Quebec resolutions, the cessation of the disallowance policy and the legislation for the promotion of railway enterprises.

Mr. Clarke, an aspirant for parliamentary honors in Prince Albert, was brought in to night a raving maniac.

Forty Indians and squaws, engaged by a Yankee quack medicine man at Selkirk to travel as an advertisement through the States, were to start this morning, but the agent didn't put in an appearance and Lo went home disgusted.

O Connor Power arrive here to day and leaves to morrow to visit the crofters near Morpeth.

Wheat has advanced 15 to 20 cents, and is now at 70 and 71. Winnipeg dealers hold about 3,000,000 bushels.

Mrs. Palen, of Clandboye, charges her husband with attempting to burn their residence. He has been arrested, but denies the accusation.

At the Conservative meeting to select a candidate for South Winnipeg to day, J. A. M. Aikens, George F. Galt, Hon. Mr. McMicken, Beverley Robertson and Messrs. Howell and Mulvey were nominated. The two latter declined, Messrs. Aikens and Galt were absent, Mr. McMicken accepted if nominated, and Mr. Robertson asked five days to consider. The meeting adjourned till Wednesday.

Lieut.-Gov. Aikens has declined to be a candidate.

The Mississippi in a Rage.

A St. Louis despatch says: The Mississippi River has been above the danger line for four days at Davenport, Iowa, and is steadily rising. Several manufacturing establishments have been compelled to close and many families living in the lower part of the city are moving as rapidly as possible. At Galena, Illinois, boats are now running all the business portion of the city. On the east side of Main street the water in many places is nearly up to the first floor. At Dubuque the river is within six inches of the high water mark. The damage already done is heavy. A majority of the manufacturing establishments have been obliged to shut down and many men are idle. At Keokuk, Iowa, the river has risen to such a depth over the track of the Keokuk & Northwestern Road as to compel the abandonment of train service between there and Quincy. Alexandria, five miles below Keokuk, is in danger of being submerged.

Smothered His Child Accidentally.

A New York despatch says: When John Hassler, aged 26, and his young wife and three children landed from the steamer Hamburg yesterday as immigrants from Holstein they repaired to the office of the Southern Pacific Railway to procure tickets for San Francisco. Mrs. Hassler wrapped up her 11 months old child in a blanket, laid it carefully on a seat, and went to attend to the other children. Hassler returned with the tickets, and sitting, as he thought, on the blanket, smothered the life out of his child. The husband was arrested, and the woman was frantic with grief at the loss of her child and the prospect of having her husband locked up in a strange country. Coroner Eidman, seeing the necessity of the case, heard the case at once and the jury acquitted the husband. They then proceeded west.

A Phenomenal Snowbank.

A Canajoharie, N.Y., despatch says: A remarkable snowbank remains on the farm of D. M. Shuler, in this township. It is 150 feet long, 10 to 50 feet wide and 6 feet deep. A creek runs beneath it, forming a bridge that a horse and waggon can pass over. An elm tree in full leaf stands in the centre of the snow. No snowbank has ever been known before at this point later than May 1st.

Frightful Fall of 600 Feet.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: Thomas Rhone, a carpenter employed at the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre company's mines, fell down the shaft, a distance of nearly 600 feet, this morning and was instantly killed. Every bone in his body was broken.

Wifely Wisdom.

"Oh, Mrs. De Beige, I don't know how you manage your husband so nicely. You drive him about just as if you had a bridle on him?"

"It's very easily explained, Mrs. Cashmire; when I have a particularly nice lot of taffy I always put bits in his mouth."

Gladstone met Parnell for the first time only two weeks ago.

NO CHINESE NEED APPLY.

Australia Will Have None of Them—Will Rather Rebel.

A London cable says: The question of the admission of Chinamen into Australia is daily becoming more puzzling and annoying to the Home Government. The Australians have refused to even admit Chinese who have been naturalized as British subjects at Hong Kong, and threaten to pass a law prohibiting any person of Chinese birth from landing at any port in the country, whether Lord Salisbury likes it or not. On the other hand, the Chinese Ambassador is vigorously protesting against the £10 *per capita* tax which is being imposed upon Chinamen already in the country, and Lord Salisbury can in the circumstances hardly avoid taking some definite action in the matter, with the inevitable result of precipitating a rupture with China or an Australian revolt against the Home Government. The Bill providing for the exclusion of Chinese of every condition in life is virtually an accomplished fact, since it has already been formulated and in the present temper of the Australian Parliament its introduction is equivalent to its passage. The latest advices from Australia include emphatic assurances that the country, including the Colonial Government, will rebel before it will submit to Imperial orders to admit Chinamen.

FIFTY-TWO DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

A Woman Refuses to Eat, but is Strong Enough to Work.

A Lancaster, Pa., despatch says: Mrs. Weidler, the fasting woman, has reached the fifty second day of her fast. Some of the local physicians think some one has smuggled food to her, but her door has been barred, the transom nailed up and the only window is barred and three stories above the ground. The only keys to her room are in the keeping of Dr. Senening, the resident physician, and Mrs. Eaby, the ward tender, who is an experienced and reputable woman.

Mrs. Weidler entered the institution just one year ago to-day, being sent there because she was starving herself at home. For a time after she entered the hospital she would eat if she thought no one observed her. Finally she would not even do this, and for five months liquid food was forced through a stomach pump, the woman violently resisting, and it became necessary to bandage the poor woman and hold her down in order to feed her. This process was stopped fifty two days ago, and in all that time Mrs. Weidler has had no nourishment but water, drinking from half a pint to a pint daily. She was strong enough yesterday afternoon to scrub the floor of her room and set things to rights.

Latest Scotch News.

Dr. Peter Leonard, R. N., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, died on 1st inst. at the manse of St. Vigeans, Forfarshire, the residence of his son-in-law.

James Young, a Brechin woman, has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for assaulting her wife and attempting to drown two of her children.

The directors of the Highland and Agricultural Society have resolved to hold the show in 1888 at Melrose.

The total contributions to the various schemes of the Church of Scotland for the year 1886 amounted to £151,805, an increase over the previous year of £2,255.

The funeral of the wife of Sir Robert Burnett, Bart., Leys, Aberdeenshire, took place on the 20th inst. from Crathes Castle to the Banchory churchyard.

Mr. J. Roxburgh, for nine head gardener on Colonel Gladstone's estate, Fasque, died on the 25th ult., aged 87 years. His jubilee as a U. P. elder was celebrated five years ago.

The health of the Duke of Sutherland has been restored by a yachting cruise in the east. He and his party were entertained for a fortnight by the King of Siam in "The Palace of Delights" at Bankok. Not only were they permitted to visit "white elephants," which one of the party ungratefully describes as "mangy frauds," but they were present at the cremation of four members of the Royal family.

Ireland.

The old Victoria Hotel, in Kilkenny, has been closed up. It was once a famous hostelry.

Mr. Henry Francis Slattery is Chairman of the Board of Directors of the National Bank, Dublin.

Rev. John Macmunn, Peterhead, has been called to York Street Congregational Church, Dublin, of which Dr. Urwick was pastor for 30 years.

On the 29th ult. fire was discovered in the Protestant Church at Killarney, and was not extinguished before the northern aisle and the organ had been destroyed. The fire is believed to have been the work of incendiaries, as a back gate and door had been wrenched open.

Mr. J. Townsend Trench, Lord Lansdowne's agent in Ireland, is one of the best shots in the country, and even in these troublesome times rides all over County Kerry without any police escort.

Navigability of Hudson's Straits.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The following extract from the private report to the Government by Captain Martham, who accompanied the expedition sent to Hudson's Bay to inquire into the navigability of the straits, was received here to-day from Ottawa: "There is certainly navigation every year for at least five months. Very often the straits are likely to be navigable the entire twelve months, and the ice is not heavy, being of the honeycombed character, which can be easily resisted by steamers built for navigating these waters." The report indicates that the testimony of the men who were placed at stations along the shore is quite worthless, as they never could tell from their position how the water was flowing in the open channel. In fact they could not see.

Junior Trips Up Senior.

Bobby (thoughtfully)—"Pa, do men in business worry about money matters?" Father—"Sometimes, Bobby. For instance, when a man whose credit is not first class owes me money, I worry more or less until I get it. Do you understand?—" Bobby—"Yes, pa, and when you owe money to other people I s'pose they worry until they get it."—*Epoch.*

TYRANNY OF THINGS.

Forms of Slavery That is Never Likely to be Abolished.

When we went to war and put an end to negro slavery we did not succeed in getting rid of slavery. Property in persons was extinguished, but the slavery of persons to things was enlarged. Before he owned himself the negro did not have to look after a house to live in, clothes to wear or food to eat. That care devolved upon his master. Now he must take care of himself and share in the doom that fell upon Adam, who, after he left Eden, had the whole world to wander in and work in unmastered.

From the beginning of life to the end of it poor mortals, whether at the top or bottom or midway on the ladder of fortune, are subject to the constant tyranny of things. This is what we mean when we say "we are the creatures of circumstances." The helpless baby puling and kicking in its crib finds inert defiance and mastery in whatever he sees or touches. By what painful bumps and bruises does he acquire the knowledge that

> * * * I am not what I see,
> And other than the things I touch,

and afterward that the whole category of things he touches are not his servants but his masters! They minister to him, not of their will, but by reason of his work. As he learns to think he learns to accommodate himself to his surroundings and he never stops until he returns to the dust of which he is a living portion.

When the lawyers invented the "chattel slavery" they covered the whole ground except in the limitation of the meaning "chattel," which in the legal lingo only refers to portable property and not to real estate. But the "tyranny of things" is beyond expression.

A cinder in the eye will shut out the charm of the loveliest landscape. A mosquito can take all the comfort and goodness out of a bedowned and tapestried couch at 4 o'clock in the morning. A hole in the heel of her stocking will check the delight of the giddiest girl in the maddest whirl of the dance. An undigested scrap in the stomach of my lord the king may make him sick of his royalty and of all the world. A misplaced comma may nullify the intent of a statute. A broken wire can snap in twain instantly the intercourse of nations. It was a chance shot and a poor one that brought down Achilles. The small sand of Sahara has baffled the march of civilization for ages.

Does the millionaire boss his millions, or has he millions of bosses? He cannot buy food with his money that will keep an even beam between waste and repair in his mortal soul. He can only eat his fill and no more, clothe himself finely like other men, go to bed at night and get up in the morning and pass his time in looking after his dollars to see that they shall not roll away from him. Few men alive have greater care upon their minds than the very rich man, and every dead man goes into the next world as rich as when he has done with it all and as much of a monarch as Emperor William, who had as rough a tussle with "things" while he lived as any hod carrier who carried his things, in the shape of bricks, the whole day long to waiting masons.

The true philosophy of life is only reached when the mastery of things is acknowledged and we no longer strive against it. Mr. Emerson, when he saw his library and manuscripts burning, was commiserated on his loss by the late Miss Alcott; but he did not break down. He looked sweetly at her and said: "It is a beautiful sight; let us enjoy it while we can." He had discovered the uselessness of kicking against the pricks and had submitted himself to the universal order.

All our quarrels, whether contentions of politics, religion, love or law, are in their end and scope but differences about things. We vex ourselves and fret and strut about a little and are then laid away to rest. The things endure.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Great Feats of Memory.

Idiots have been known whose memory of names and words was so retentive that they could repeat a sermon verbatim, and indicate where the preacher blew his nose and coughed while delivering it.

Grotius and Pascal forgot nothing they had ever read or thought. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the linguist, who is said to have known a hundred languages, declared that he never forgot a word he had once learned.

An English clergyman mentions a man who could remember the day of the burial of every person who had died in the parish during thirty five years, and could also repeat the name and age of each deceased person, and the names of the mourners at his funeral. But so weak was he intellectually that he could not be trusted to feed himself.

While Dr. John Leyden, the orientalist was in Calcutta, there arose a case which turned on the exact wording of an Act of Parliament. A copy of the Act could not be found, but Leyden, having read it before leaving England, made a copy from memory. Nearly a year after a printed copy of the Act arrived from London, and it was found to be identical with the transcript Leyden had made.

To a friend who congratulated Leyden on his remarkable memory, he replied that he often found it a source of great inconvenience. On the friend expressing surprise, he exclaimed that he had often wished to recollect a particular expression in something he had read, but could not do it until he had repeated the whole passage from the beginning to the expression he desired to recall.

Dr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary, and the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to a crowd of negroes. Shortly after he had finished he saw a number of negroes gathered about a simple-looking young savage. He went to them and discovered that the savage was preaching his sermon over again. Not only was he reproducing the precise words, but imitating the manner and gestures of the white preacher.

Carrie Bragg is editor of the *Virginia Lancet*, published at Petersburg, Va. She is a colored woman, the only one in the United States thus employed.

She—You may think it's very funny to come home at this time o'night, Mr. Smith, but what would you say if you came home some time and found I had returned to my father's? He—Wha' 'd I shay, m' dear? I'd shay—how lucky f' the ole man that he's deaf.

A LESSON FOR GIRLS.

The Folly of Advertising for Husbands Again Sadly Shown.

A prepossessing, well-dressed young woman stepped up to the Erie Telegraph Office yesterday afternoon and requested that the following telegram be sent:

To Mrs. Stark, No. 311 Wythe avenue, New York
Have been deserted. Please advise White to telegraph me $5 to get home.
KITTIE ROCKWELL.

She had made several attempts to borrow money, which awakened suspicion that all was not right. Before the telegram was sent, therefore, she was advised to report her case to the chief of police, upon which it was withdrawn. The appearance and evident distress of the young lady aroused the curiosity of a *Republican* reporter, and after some inquiry the following was learned: About a year ago Miss Rockwell put an advertisement in a paper asking for matrimonial correspondents with a view to matrimony. She received an answer from John H. Hopkins, of this city, and a regular correspondence was begun, which ended in an exchange of photographs and, a little later on, in a betrothal. An appointment was soon made for her to meet her *fiancé* in this city, and she arrived Saturday afternoon. While at her hotel she was informed by a dining-room girl that her lover was a married man, with a wife and four children already to provide for, who are now living somewhere in Pennsylvania. Upon meeting him she charged him with this, but he denied the girl's allegations, and to prove his sincerity and honesty of purpose, took her to a well known business man, who knew him well, and asked him to assure the woman that he was a single man. This the gentleman refused to do, stating that he would not be a party to a questionable transaction. He then informed the deluded young woman that her husband in prospect was a married man, and advised her to have nothing to do with him. They left the place together, and it was soon after this that she wished to send the telegram to friends in New York for means to return home. The woman's trunk is at the Erie baggage-room. It is directed to "Miss Kittie Rockwell, care of John H. Hopkins, Binghamton, N. Y." Mr. Hopkins was interviewed at a late hour last night and gave the following version of the affair: "I saw the advertisement in the New York *World* about a year ago for correspondence with a view to matrimony. I answered it; it resulted in an engagement and she has come to be married. I am a single man, and all statements to the contrary are false. If people had kept their noses out of my business it would have been all right. I'll make a woman of her yet." The woman is still in the city.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Blonde and Brunette.

So you want to know what I think is the difference between a blonde and a brunette? I do not regard it merely as a question of complexion, because that would be drawing the lines too closely. A blonde should have a fair skin, blue eyes and light hair. Her brows may be dark, and, of course, would be her eyelashes, but this is seldom happens when the eyes are blue. A brunette should have a clear olive skin, dark eyes, black hair and brows and lashes. The general woman is a good brunette—that is, she has brown hair which is neither very dark nor very light; she has blue eyes, a complexion that is not absolutely clear pink and white, and dark brows and lashes, usually very heavy. The special woman has the skin of a blonde, light hair, vergoing to the yellow, dark eyes and brows and lashes. A typical American woman has a fair skin that lacks color, dark gray or deep brown eyes, either looking absolutely black and hair that, while it is light, has not the slightest tint of yellow in it. The blonde cendree has the same dull skin, darkish eyes and hair that seems close akin to gray, and yet never becomes so. Somebody said that Mrs. Langtry was a blonde cendree. Now, this is perfect nonsense. Her hair is a warm brown, her eyes a very deep hazel, and her skin absolutely blonde, the warm blood underneath showing through the white skin. She is the opposite a blonde-brune. The blonde type predominates, but there is sufficient color in her hair and eyes to suggest the brunette. A perfect blonde is seldom a beautiful woman for many years. The pink and white skin becomes rather doughy with them; blue eyes will fade, and gray hairs, charming as they are among black, make yellow look very passee. The blonde has not always much staying power; she is apt to grow limp after a very little worry, and too often becomes fretful. Mankind ought to be thankful that there are so many bleached blondes, as they do not lose their energy as a natural born one would. Some of the prettiest women in the world are the Irish girls, with their deep blue eyes, very black hair, and wonderfully clear skin. French women are seldom beautiful—they realize they are going to be old some day and they cultivate the art of dressing and of being chic in word and manner. A perfect brunette is seldom seen in this country; the average one, as noted in the Russian baths, loses decidedly by contrasts with the blonde-brune. Her skin looks sallow and she is much apter to angles than to curves—a something not at all in the line of beauty.

Here's a word of advice to the blondes—If you want to keep your skin looking as if it were alive, take as much exercise as you can; drive, ride or walk, and don't be afraid occasionally to bathe your face in a strong mixture of gin and water. You will feel brighter and fresher, and really, my dear, one is cleaner after its use.

Long and Short Engagements.

Chicago Girl—You have been engaged three years? How primitive! Why, in Chicago long engagements are very unfashionable. Three years! Time thrown away.

Omaha Girl—Oh, a year or so more less doesn't matter here. When we get married we stay married.—*Omaha World.*

Pascal Porter, the boy preacher, who has been astonishing congregations in Indiana and Kentucky by his eloquent and learned sermons, is only 11 years old and dresses in knickerbockers; a plaited blouse, a jaunty little hat and high button shoes complete his attire. In many respects he looks like an ordinary schoolboy.

THE DEAD OR THE QUICK

A Complete Novel After the Style of Miss Amelie Rives.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Barbarity Espadon returned to her old Virginia home on a dark, tempestuous night which had been specially selected for her by the powers, so that she could drive through the howling rain and allow the ragged storm to match in her face as she came.

When she reached Rosemary her aunt rushed to meet her, kissed her, and then disappeared in the pantry.

Also there was a good looking young widow, who had come with Val, Valentine, three years before. She was now back at the home that she loved, and as soon as she recovered from the exhilarating effects of her aunt's kiss she was shown to her room. [illegible] Senator, and its familiar [illegible] into convulsions. Everybody [illegible] of Valentine. [illegible] to hear, however, until she [illegible] cigarette in her [illegible] now back in horror, [illegible] of Val's letter. She picked it [illegible] and read it passionately.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning she got up feeling much better and went into the woods. She [illegible] the evening singing "What [illegible] As she entered the drawing [illegible] met by her husband's [illegible] during, and she fainted. [illegible] for he was the very [illegible] he had many of the latter [illegible] was, even as ex- [illegible] a knife [illegible] of mowing Dock, however, [illegible] to consciousness [illegible] new her profile he acknowledged.

[illegible] upon her as [illegible] for her profile. [illegible] ly, and looked forcet [illegible] the [illegible] be. [illegible] would be Author [illegible] to a [illegible] love [illegible] sport: [illegible] York [illegible] of [illegible] tremble with [illegible] called you. [illegible] sparkling eyes, [illegible] loved. Then, [illegible] al name, when the storm [illegible] permitted Dock to [illegible] ther.

CHAPTER III.

[illegible] Barbarity did not see Dock [illegible] became aroused, and after [illegible] look of her wrist, as was [illegible] she took a seat on a [illegible] mat.

[illegible] to Barbarity's conscience [illegible] she dismissed Dock, ran up to her room, and drowned her remorse by standing before her mirror, where she proceeded to address a few uncomplimentary remarks to the image therein. She [illegible] with horror that she [illegible] the fire in the grate.

Dock, the living, and Val., the dead, were now pronounced rivals for Barbarity's affections. It worried Dock a great deal, but Val. pursued the even tenor of his way and did not seem to mind it at all. Dock finally retreated to New York. There he received a letter from Barbarity, bidding him farewell forever. He accordingly lighted four gas burners in his room, took a Turkish bath and went to a comic opera.

CHAPTER IV.

Val. [illegible] telegraphed him "Come to me."

He packed his valise and went back to Virginia, where he was welcomed by Barbarity with all the fervor of a human Vesuvius. She sank into his arms.

A week of ecstasy followed. Dock and Barbarity were dreaming love's young dream. They were now on the brink of matrimony, but Dock's good fortune had not quite deserted him. One day a terrific storm of the author's best construction broke loose, and Barbarity was caught in it. She was terribly frightened by the thunder, and she discovered by the glare of the lightning that she couldn't marry Dock. When she got home she so informed him.

And he, after telling Barbarity that he had had his opinion of her all along, put his wearing apparel into a valise and went over to the nearest saloon. In the meantime Barbarity had gone up to her room, donned her wrapper, and was deeply absorbed in the last number of the New York *Ledger*.—*Life*.

John Wesley on the American Revolution.

A curious and characteristic letter of John Wesley, bearing date June 11th, 1775, has been discovered by the Historical Manuscript Commisson among the family papers of the Earl of Dartmouth. It is addressed to Lord Dartmouth, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies, and is an energetic and passionate protest against the war in America. "All my prejudices," says the writer, "are against the Americans, for I am a High Churchman, the son of a High Churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notion of passive obedience and non-resistance. And yet, in spite of all my rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner which the nature of the case would allow. But waiving all considerations of right and wrong, is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? Remember Rehoboam, remember Philip II., remember Charles I."—*St. James Gazette*.

The W. C. T. U. in Japan.

In Tokio alone the members of the W. C. T. U. are over 300, and likewise good numbers will be found in Kobe, Osaka and Kioto. Japan especially is indebted to the W. C. T. U. of America for the temperance work. Japanese papers often speak with great appreciation of Miss Frances E. Willard. Her writings are constantly translated into Japanese papers. By these influences, temperance work is swiftly moving on towards victory. Japan hopes in future that she will produce a Miss Frances E. Willard.

Miss Amelie Rives, the authoress, is said to have been overwhelmed with offers of marriage since her portrait was published recently.

CHARLIE ROSS AGAIN.

Said to Be Living in New York State and Acknowledged by His Father.

L. G. Reno, a prosperous and intelligent farmer, living about one and one half miles from Cooperstown, in this State, says the Syracuse (N.Y.) *Standard*, was in Syracuse yesterday on business, and in the course of conversation with a friend the subject of the abduction of Charlie Ross was mentioned as an unexplained event.

"Unexplained!" repeated Mr. Reno quickly. "Why, I know Charlie Ross as well as I do my own brother. He has told me the story of his abduction fifty times. He lives right among us in Cooperstown, and everybody [illegible] there has no other thought than [illegible] he was the child abducted so strangely from his Philadelphia home fifteen [illegible] sixteen years ago. He worked for me on my farm two years ago from October to April. He has since worked in Cooperstown. [illegible] the estate of the late Edward Cars, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and is now there. Every other Saturday he comes to see me and take dinner with me. He is now 19 or 20 years old, a fine-looking young man, bright and of fruitful resource. He is thought a great deal of by the people of the town. The story which I have heard so often from him, and confirmed in many details by others, is that a circus man and woman enticed him into their carriage as he [illegible] ing to buy [illegible] de way from [illegible] York and [illegible] taken to [illegible] ments performed [illegible] jump and [illegible] was brought to [illegible] about the [illegible] The circus [illegible] in one [illegible] where the [illegible] and treated [illegible] They used [illegible] of a straw mat on his back [illegible] cats. One day [illegible] ran [illegible] stairs into the [illegible] followed him [illegible] with his first in the baggage [illegible] The landlord interfered, and the [illegible] ded in the [illegible] Saturday night [illegible] in Cuba [illegible] named [illegible] York city, took a [illegible] the youngster and [illegible] man.

"The missionary [illegible] Charlie for a year or [illegible] then entrusted the boy to his father, Captain Kinney, the captain of a steamboat line running between Havana and New York city. Capt. Kinney took Lewis to the Cooper Orphanage at Cooperstown, an Episcopal institution, the matron of which was known and is now a daughter of J. Fenimore Cooper. The boy was then about 7 years old, I believe. Captain Kinney was deeply interested in the boy, and suspected that he was Charley Ross, the kidnapped matron. What bothered them was that he pronounced his name 'Russ,' using the Scottish accent. Of course he couldn't spell his name. Correspondence was entered into with Mr. Ross and photographs obtained of Mr. and Mrs. Ross. The boy was awakened in the middle of the night, shown one of the photographs, and asked if he knew who it was. He said it was his mother. He also identified the likeness of his father. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were then sent for and went to the orphanage. Mrs. Ross had been rendered insane by grief over the loss of her son, but seemed to have a brief interval. Twenty men were placed in a room and the boy was asked which was his father. He went right to him. He was then taken into a room where there were twenty-two women and he picked out his mother. Mr. Ross was then satisfied and prepared to take his child away. His trunk was packed and sent to the depot. Then Mrs. Ross suddenly burst forth in one of her raving spells, and insisted that the child be taken from her sight. The only way to quiet her was to leave the child behind. Mr. Ross, however, believed Charley to be his son, and often visited him, wrote him frequent letters and paid for his clothing for several years. But various distractions, including the insanity of his wife, have affected Mr. Ross, who seems to have lost all interest in his son. It has been nearly a year since he has written him a letter. About the time of the Centennial Exhibition Capt. Kinney took Charley to Philadelphia, and walked with him up the street where he was playing when abducted. The boy did not seem to recognize anything at first, but presently began to stoop and look around, and then said: 'That is the tree I was on when they took me away.' The matter was published in the Cooperstown papers at the time of these occurrences, but there were so many Charley Ross stories about that time that this story did not attract attention outside. None of Charley's relatives admit his identity except Mr. Ross himself. The young man is smart, and is bound to make his mark in the world."

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A Culinary Brute.

Mrs. Sweetser (quoting)—"And now, my lord, thy ladye rare is ready for the festival."

Mr. Sweetser (who was waiting an hour)—I'm very glad you're rare. I was afraid after all this time you might be a little too well done.

Where She Reigns Supreme.

Woman may not become a lay delegate to the Methodist Conference, but she will continue to be President, Secretary and disbursing agent in her husband's house, where she will have her wholesay, now and forever.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A Massachusetts man was so disturbed by the cries of his infant child that he compelled its mother to place it in a remote room in the house. Next morning it was found dead of starvation and the parents were arrested.

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Many CHRONIC DISEASES Successfully Treated without a Personal Consultation.

We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the [illegible] to the practice of medicine, we desire to [illegible] most modern sciences. The most [illegible] to cure lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are [illegible] than the most [illegible] of means, however [illegible] may employ. Write and describe your [illegible] inclose a dime in stamps, and we will [illegible] to you, in your particular case, will be sent [illegible], with our opinion [illegible] and terms.

OUR RULE OF SUCCESS.

[illegible] Nervous Diseases.

[illegible] Weak [illegible]

[illegible] Eye [illegible]

[illegible] Blood [illegible]

[illegible] Skin [illegible]

[illegible] Kidney [illegible]

[illegible] Bladder [illegible]

[illegible] Rectum [illegible]

[illegible] Diseases.

[illegible] Stricture.

[illegible] Piles.

[illegible] Fistula.

[illegible] Impotency, Sexual Exhaustion, Premature Decline in Men, Involuntary Losses, Impaired Memory, Lack of Confidence, Dread, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Timidity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Backache, Dreams, Blushing, Pimples on the Face, Bashfulness, Unfitness to Marry, Sexual Debility, Impure Blood, Physical Decay, Nervousness, Despondency, Lassitude, Languor, Loss of Energy, Hopefulness, Ambition, Failing Memory, Wasting Weakness, Lack of Nerve Force, Vigor, Manhood, Strength, Development, Tone, Circulation, Power, Vitality, Errors, Excesses, Abuses, Overtaxed Brain, Worry, Anxiety, Trouble, Grief, Study, Business Cares, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Sexual Power, Nervous Prostration, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Troubles, Diseases of the Eye and Ear, Tape Worm, Piles, Fistula, Rectal Ulcers, Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Kidneys, Female Weaknesses, Irregularities, Suppressions, Displacements, Ulceration, Inflammation, Tumors, Cancers, Diseases of Pregnancy and Confinement, Change of Life, Etc.

CURED AT HOME.

A Complete Treatise [illegible]

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,

No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N.Y.

MAY BE A CHIP OFF THE SUN.

Meteor Comes [illegible] Mammoth Cave.

From Litchfield, Grayson [illegible] comes news of the fall here [illegible] of an immense meteoric mass [illegible] struck the earth on a tract of wild [illegible] near Bee Springs, in Edmonson county, owned by John E. Stone, county surveyor of Grayson. Its approach was [illegible] observed by Prof. Klein, an observer having a station at Hartford, [illegible] ties away. It covers 100 acres of [illegible] and is described as a glowing metallic mass, emitting a terrific heat, and [illegible] high in the air. According to Prof. [illegible] deduction it is the offspring of the [illegible] Says the correspondent: "Every [illegible] in Litchfield is in demand this morning, and hundreds of people are flocking to the springs. The following gentlemen of Litchfield have just returned from there: John E. Stone, county surveyor; John A. Bishop, merchant; R. O. Willis, merchant; Judge T. B. McBeath, circuit judge. They fully corroborate all the details herein given, and pronounce it one of the greatest wonders the world ever saw. Bee Spring is fourteen miles from Litchfield and seventeen miles from Mammoth Cave. The country is wild and broken. It is full of caves and sink holes. The shock was so great that the town of Litchfield was shaken as if an earthquake had taken place. People ran from their houses in great alarm. The Episcopal Church, which was a fine brick structure, is a mass of ruins. Goods on the shelves in the stores were thrown violently on the floor, and houses rocked to and fro. Everybody thought it was a great earthquake until Meredith, who lives near Bee Spring, came dashing into town on a bareback mule, bringing the startling intelligence, which, with a despatch from Prof. Klein in answer to one sent him, explained the phenomenon to a great extent. Litchfield is a town of about 1,050 inhabitants, and the county seat of Grayson county.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Sure Pop.

Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain king, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. 10 and 25 c. a bottle.

Talk about strength of mind in adults. It does not begin to compare with strength not to mind in children.

[illegible] Rip Van Winkle.

[illegible] part of [illegible] in an American city by one night [illegible] the streets are [illegible] Rip's [illegible] The curtain rose on a [illegible] and awakened from [illegible] twenty years' nap. Everything [illegible] himself, but heard not a [illegible] The audience grew impatient. At length the gallery waxed uproarious, and evinced their delight at one of them inquiring if there was going to be nineteen years more of this sleeping business. Still Jeff soon dropped off, and soundly snored. Opening a small trap door beneath the stage, the prompter prodded *Pop* from below, only to see him [illegible] in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket, and hear him mutter, "Going clear through, conductor!" Of course this brought down the house.

Sedentary Habits.

In this age of push and worry, the business man and the professional man are alike unable to devote any adequate time to exercise. In the daily round of toil and pleasure, no suitable provision is made for that important function, and the result is that men of sedentary habits become subject to many forms of ailments arising from a torpid or sluggish liver. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness and dyspepsia are all due to the improper action of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles by restoring the liver to its normal condition.

The *Pappoose*, published at the Genoa Indian School, in Nebraska, makes the statement that Indians are becoming bald-headed as a result of the change from feathers to hats and caps.

A Graveyard Cough.

The short, dry, hacking cough, which announces the approach of consumption, has been aptly termed a graveyard cough. The peril is great, and near at hand, but it can be surely averted with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a botantic remedy, without a peer for pulmonary, throat and liver affections, and for all ailments which, like consumption, have a scrofulous origin, and also for eruptions and sores, indicating impurity of the blood. Druggists all sell it.

The Empress Victoria, says *Germania*, has been the good genius of the Emperor throughout his illness. Every day she is in the kitchen to see for herself that her husband's food is properly prepared; day and night she attends to every one of the doctors' orders. In moments of danger and at operations she assists like a skilled nurse, resolutely helping to move the bed.

[illegible] Married Life.

[illegible] county has gone to [illegible] Capt. John P. Hendricks, who has lived in Kentucky since 1804, and with his wife celebrated lately the seventieth anniversary of their marriage, was [illegible] week. The hope was recently expressed in this column that this worthy old couple would celebrate that rare anniversary, a diamond wedding, but it was not to be, and it is hardly probable that two people remain in the State of Kentucky whose marital career extends over one time dotted by the Psalmist to man's whole existence.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Seedless Raisins.

The seedless raisin is produced by simply arresting one of the processes of nature. When the grapes is about one-half ripe the end of the vine is bent down and buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same, and has delicious flavor.

Chronic nasal catarrh guaranteed cure Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

One of the newly elected pages of the Iowa House of Representatives is a 10-year-old girl.

George W. Mitchell, of the Palatka (Fla.) *News*, fell against a cactus plant while he was in Mexico seven years ago, and one of the thorns stuck into the calf of his leg and broke off. Last week a small sore appeared on his chin and a portion of the thorn, three-quarters of an inch in length, worked its way out. Although it had travelled almost the entire length of his body it had caused him no pain or inconvenience.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MAY , 1888.

"WIRE-PULLING."

Most people can recall the time when they first saw "Punch and Judy" and other comical figures operated on the street or public square; and will remember how heartily they laughed at the performance. Many juveniles have wondered how the wooden figures acted in such a life like manner, until told about the man concealed beneath or behind the drapery, who pulled certain wires or strings connected with the images. This was a very innocent pastime compared with the kind of wire-pulling to which we wish to direct attention.

Ambition is a grand quality in man, so long as it is confined within certain bounds. It tends to raise him above mediocrity socially, intellectually, morally; but unbridled ambition inevitably leads to disappointment and failure in the end—no matter how easy the way may appear in the first stages. The first seeks to attain to certain altitudes by sure and honorable methods; the latter tries to get there by the shortest route and in the quickest possible manner, however questionable the means employed.

In this connection our thoughts are led to dwell upon the "religious" wire-puller, whose wild ambition to mount the ladder of position, at whatever cost, furnishes food for sad reflection in these degenerate days. An instance came under our notice the other day. A minister of the Gospel, whose restless and uncurbed ambition and intense egotism have won for him a rather unenviable reputation, was the central figure. This gentleman—if we may dignify him by that title—became fired with a burning desire to shine as one of the "lights" in a certain conference stationing committee. To this end he made a personal canvas of every minister, except one, in his district unblushingly and boldly asking them to vote for him at the approaching District Meeting—in some cases offering bribes! How to capture the votes of the laymen was a question he did not hesitate to tackle with his customary audacity. He sent a postcard to each of the ministers—with the one exception noted—and coolly asked these brethren to influence their respective laymen in his behalf! You see he did not know the names of the gentlemen likely to be elected as lay representatives, or he would undoubtedly have approached them as he did his brethren of the cloth. He secured his election by a very narrow majority—but at what a cost! The French King, Francis I could exclaim with the true dignity of noble manhood "All is lost but honor!" but this wire-pulling preacher, with a string of high sounding handles to his name, could only say "All is *gained* but honor!" Let us add, that the brethren of the cloth, who responded to the invitation of the scheming wire-puller so heartily—induced to do so in some cases, no doubt, by promises of preferment—are just as much in the mud as the other is in the mire.

It is to be hoped that some effort will be made to stamp out this disgraceful wire-pulling and bribery; and that, in future, men will be elected to important positions more on their own merits and less on their superlative egotism and cheek.

The Blessings of Monarchy.

From the York Herald.

Sir,—By reason of magnificent widespread British monarchial rule for hundreds of years supported by costly powerfull armies and navies. Great Britain among first class nations has not only proudly and honorably held her own but acquired the most valuable colors in the world, wherein are settled thousands and millions of her happy people in peace, affluence and quite solid security from the encroachments of and outside enemy: had it been governed as a cheap Bradlaugh Republic all these brilliant advantages one after another would probably have been wrenched off—or slipped through our fingers for ever—such is the past and present aggressiveness and ambition of France, Russia, &c., for grabbing new territory. It may be said by opponents—look at the United States model Republic! how well it stands! They are—however—differently constituted States, whilst Britain is a few miles only from France and other great grabbing eagles. England as a Republic would become an easy prey, while the United States remoin invulnerable. In fact neither Russia nor France would hardly attempt the latter, trouble or permanently hold the U. S. A. Under these circumitances and, considering the millions of British subjects scattered through India, Australia, Canada, &c., assisted by our old John Bull Conservateve flag, it would appear that the time is not yet ripe for throwing overboard Monarchy when Her Majesty quits this earthly scene, and our trying on a red Republican, less costly form. Of course there is some little show of sound reason in these inciptent public expressions of complaint at the ever increasing cost of keeping up prolific Royal families, in splendor: evidently something must be enactep to reduce this big item, but how to do this decently, wisely and safely is a puzzle at present. Probably it will be deemed expedient for parliament to fix new limits so as to bring Monarchy more moderate and better acceptable to British people—leaving that notion of sudden change for Republicanism to rest quietly *sine die*, for there is every likelihood under tqe latter rule, absurd economy would be one of its main planks—army and navy cut down or abolished, and our valuable colonies be forced to provide themselves at enormous outlay with both inorder to prevent Russia or France laying siege to Australia, and Canada. In discussing these questions many persons altogether forgot the manifold blessings we and our relations all over the world enjoy under good Queen Victoria.

J. CATHCART HUTCHISON,
151 Church, Toronto.

FLESHERTON STATION.

Interesting Items Collected for The Advance.

CREAMERY.

Mr. R. H. Cook's creamery here is now in full operation. THE ADVANCE man visited it on Saturday and found Mr. Cook and his assistant, Mr. Philips, busy at work manufacturing butter in a neat and well constructed building erected for the purpose. The churn, which is constructed on the most approved scientific principle, was being operated by horse power. THE ADVANCE man tested the first butter made in the creamery and unhesitatingly pronounces it a very superior article, and one that will command the top market price anywhere. Mr. Cook is deserving of great praise, as well as an extensive patronage, for his enterprise. Another season will find his creamery business vastly increased.

NEW POST OFFICE.

The Station Post Office has changed location and management. About two months ago it was removed to Mr. Wm. Hog's store and placed under the management of that gentleman by the Inspector.

C. P. R. STATION AND GROUNDS.

A handsome new station house will be erected here this summer by the C. P. R. Co. to replace the one destroyed by fire last winter. A portion of the hill on the west of the track will be cut down and dumped into the hollow on the east side. The new station building will be located across the track from where the old one formerly stood—adjoining the steam flour mill property. This will obviate the necessity for crossing the track in driving to the station from Flesherton and points east, which will be a decient improvement. It is also on dit, that another side track or two will be laid in order to facilitate the movements of freight trains. The present accommodation in the matter of side tracking is quite inadequate, as was clearly demonstrated by an instance which came under the personal notice of the writer last Saturday evening, when a lengthly freight train had to be separated and inconveniently located in various places in order to allow free passage for the south-bound passenger train. And even than the matter was managed with much difficulty the passenger train being delayed some ten or fifteen minutes, while the distribution of freiget cars was taking place.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Mr. Johnston Little is booming business in the blacksmithing.....The hotel is being brick-clad under the efficient management of Mr. Fred Ryder. The carpenter work in connection with same building is being hustled in good shape under Mr. John Whitten's surveillance.

Priceville Pointers.

The Agricultural Editor again Heard From.

Once more on deck! And now for regular visits to Priceville—the nice little town located on the Western hills overlooking the Saugeen river, five miles from Flesherton and ten or eleven miles distant from Sleepy Hollow, otherwise yclept Durham.

A fine hale hearty old gentleman is Mr. John D. Simpson, who has been in the furniture business in Priceville for thirty years. Long life and prosperity to you, John!

It is expected that work on the new Presbyterian church will shortly be commenced. The necessary excavations have been made for the foundation walls, and large quantities of brick and stone are on the grounds ready to put in place by the masons. Judging from present indications, the building will be a capacious and handsome one.

Mr. Robert Oliver has probably the most extensive farm in South Grey. He has a farm of 760 acres in Artemesia, which is splendidly stocked. He has no less than 30 milch cows and all other kinds of stock in proportion. His success as an all-round farmer has very few parallels in the county.

An agitation is on foot here for establishing a two-mail-a-day system between this point and the C. P. R. depot, which would be a great convenience to business men and the public generally. Priceville really should have much better accommodation in this respect.

Mr. Jones, the new Tailor here, is becoming more popular every day and is working up a fine business.

Mr. Robert Watson has a very neat and well stocked harness shop. His business is rapidly increasing, and as friend Robert is immensely popular, we expect to see him prosper more and more as the years roll around.

Another improvement addition to Priceville's business enterprises is the new bakery under the careful and excellent management of Mr. Alf. Watson. The shop is a very neat one.

Business booming at Brander's as usual. Just consult our "Tit-Bits" column and see what Mr. Brander says there.

Alex. Brown, an old and respected resident of the village, has been quite ill lately, but is now becoming convalescent.

The Commercial Hotel has greatly improved its dining room accommodation since our last visit, and is otherwise a first-class hostlery.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.
Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,
MEAFORD.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

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PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.
Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL
CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE
The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument, W. T. BAER & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER
Actina is not a medicine or a digusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.
Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.
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THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT
Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $2 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.
CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. **The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts.** Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. **Hundreds of Testimonials on file** from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency,, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 26th, 1887.
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FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.
DISEASES OF MAN.
M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,
THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER,
Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.
Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN
Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.
SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feeling in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.
Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**
A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood,** a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula,** is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

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The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

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Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Respy.

WM. BRADLEY.

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Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

CANADA'S NEW PARTY.

An Address to the People.

There are signs in the political sky which indicate that our country is on the eve of momentous changes. The influences which led to the federation of half-a-dozen widely scattered provinces more than twenty years ago, have well-nigh spent their force, and the necessity for some new and stronger bond of union has become apparent. That our present national status cannot long remain unchang'd is a foregone conclusion. Sectional interests are opposed to national unity. Antagonisms of race and creed are ominious of coming strife. Party feuds corrupt the electorate and divert attention from necessary legislation; and instead of patriotic endeavors to awaken national aspirations, and pave the way for national development, the energies of the people are wasted in party contests that are fruitful only of embittered feelings and mutual hate.

At such a time it becomes the duty of every patriotic citizen to think of his country; to investigate carefully the causes that have led to the present crisis, and to discover, if possible, some remedy for the dangers which threaten our national existence. That the provinces of the Dominion are held together by a very slender tie, admits of no dispute. With so brief a history they have no common traditions such as unite other nationalities; no community of interests which, in the absence of national sentiment, might hold them together for a time; and unless it be possible to awaken the aspirations of the people for a career of true national development, it is difficult to see that the future can have anything in store for the Dominion save disintegration, and then piecemeal absorption by a foreign power.

The gravity of the situation, in so far at least, as it affects existing parties, is felt by the political leaders, and they are casting about for some line of policy which, by diverting the attention of the people from real issues, may, for a while, put off the evil day. But it is high time for the people to consider if this young nation, with its splendid possibilities, is indeed shut up to lines of policy which, on the one hand, will doom us through all coming time to the leading-strings of political babyhood, or, on the other, will land us a long stage on the road toward annexation with a foreign power. It is the opinion of those who now address you that these are not the only alternatives. They think the solution of our national problems lies in the creation of a truly national spirit, and that this demands a policy in which the interests of our own country shall be the first and chief consideration; a policy that will not treat lightly the ties that bind us to the glorious Mother land, but which, at the same time, will encourage those national aspirations which will enable the Dominion to shape its own destinies, and to treat with other nations, on terms of equality, regarding its commercial interests and its international rights.

It cannot be denied that in attempting to develop a national spirit among the people of our scattered provinces, we must begin at the very foundation. Hitherto the trend of party politics has been in an opposite direction. There have been many appeals to prejudice, but none to patriotism. In the exegencies of party strife class has been set against class and creed against creed. Provincial interests, which should be identical with Dominion interests, are made to conflict, and the thought of the politicians is not how closely they can unite, but how widely they can diverge. To-day there is no question of principle dividing the existing parties, yet the bitterness of party rancor seems to have grown in inverse ratio to the importance of the interests at stake. These evils we believe to be legitimate fruits of the party system as at present administered, and it becomes the duty of honest men to find a remedy if they can. That remedy consists in setting Country above Party, and in substituting a reign of principles for a reign of corruption. To accomplish this, the Christian and moral sentiment of the country must come to the front. It must insist that party schemes shall be subordinated to national interests, and that the will of the people shall no longer be frustrated by the manipulators of the party "machines."

For such a movement the hour is propitious. All the signs of the times point to a speedy disintegration of the old parties, and the formation of new alliances around living issues; but whether this shall be a new departure upon a higher plane, or merely a fresh marshalling of obsolete questions under new names, and subject to the old corrupting influenes, the people alone can decide. Unless prompt steps are taken, the discredited partyism of the past will quickly reappear, not one whit kindlier, but only a little craftier than of yore. Do not misunderstand us. We bring no wholesale accusation against the men who compose the existing parties; our indictment is against the party system as at present administered. There are tens of thousands of "good men and true" ranged under the banners of their respective parties; but they are often compelled to stand aloof from the exercise of their votes to acts which they cannot justify.

A significant fact in connection with the existing parties is the absence of a definite policy. In this respect they occupy common ground. But men who love their country will never consent to have its destiny shaped by such loose and uncertain methods. They justly demand from their political leaders a distinct announcement of the policy they intend to pursue, and the principles upon which the government of the country shall be conducted. If those who assume to be leaders cannot or will not do this, they are not entitled to the confidence of honest men, and as they have failed thus far to meet this reasonable requirement, they cannot complain if others take up the neglected task. A policy that will please everybody is not to be expected; but we are persuaded that an honest platform, framed in the interests of the whole country, would quickly unite the best men of existing parties, and rally a strength of sentiment and conviction that will tell with controlling effect upon the legislation of the future.

Such a Platform we venture to submit. Doubtless it will be objected to by partisans on both sides—that is to be expected; but we are not without hope that it will commend itself to reasonable men of all parties, especially to those who believe in truth and righteousness, and who hold that these should be controling factors in public affairs. We believe, also, that the young men of our country, who are beginning to exercise their rights as citizens and have not yet abandoned themselves to the tyranny of party, will gladly come upon a platform where they can stand without any compromise of moral principle, or any sacrifice of their manhood or of their personal rights. A casual glance will show that the foundation principles of the Platform now submitted are completely at variance with the actual if not avowed policy of existing parties, and that the general adoption of these principles would produce an entire revolution of political methods and aims. This is precisely what we seek to accomplish, and we are convinced that by uniting the Christian and moral sentiment of the country on the lines proposed, it can be done.

In framing the platform which is now submitted the two objects were kept in view: First, to group [illegible] the new party on principles that would allow no truckling or [illegible] cooked methods or subterfuges; and, second, to deal only with those specific questions which most directly touch the welfare of the people at the present time. It is for this reason that the Prohibition of the liquor traffic holds a foremost place. Other questions will arise from time to time, and can be dealt with on their merits, but if the reforms demanded by this Platform can be accomplished, the country can well afford to wait awhile for the settlement of less important issues.

In this connection, attention is called to the present attitude of the existing parties in regard to temperance legislation. During the present session of the Dominion Parliament a Bill to amend the Scott Act was introduced by Mr. Jamieson, a supporter of the Government, but its consideration was repeatedly postponed. When a motion was before the House to go into Committee of Supply, the Hon. Mr. Mills, a member of the Opposition, submitted an amendment to the effect that Mr. Jamieson's Bill ought to be a Government measure, and that the Government ought to provide the machinery for Scott Act enforcement. This amendment, being regarded as a mere party manœuvre, was met by a strait party vote, and defeated by a large majority. The point to be noted is, that as Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Mills are both private members, their action has no real significance touching the policy of their respective parties. That the Conservative party is opposed to Prohibition is well understood, and as the declaration made by the Liberal ex-leader, on the eve of the last election, that the Liberal party was not prepared to make Prohibition a plank in its platform, has never been modified or withdrawn, and as the present leader has steadily voted against prohibitory legislation, we are justified in assuming that the attitude of the Liberal party is still hostile to immediate Prohibition. At the same time, it is well known that there are large numbers in both parties whose voices and votes would be for Prohibition if they were not kept silent by party considerations, and we are convinced that the only way in which the convictions of such men can find expression is by the organization of a new political party, with Prohibition as its avowed policy.

In the carrying out of this project, an opportunity is afforded to all who are willing to put Country before Party, to unite in an honest endeavor to purify the political atmosphere, to secure the enactment of needed reforms, to educate public sentiment along the lines of patriotism and political honesty, and to give a new and better direction to the currents of political life. We aim at no selfish ends. Neither offices nor emoluments are sought or desired. To those who unite with us we can offer no rewards that appeal to cupidity or selfish ambition. We offer only the opportunity—enough, surely, to stir the heart of every true patriot!—of working to good purpose for the best interests of home and country, and of finding richest reward in something accomplished for the benefit of the land we love. That our aims will be deemed Utopian by those who regard the electorate as so many cattle to be bought and sold, is quite likely; but we are unwilling to believe that truth and honor and patriotism are mere forms of speech, or that the disreputable partyism of the past has so succeeded in corrupting the whole body politic as to render political reform an impossibility. The ends we seek cannot be accomplished in a day. Many a battle must first be fought. Courage and patience will be needed, and for a time we may be a minority, but what of that?

"If God be God, if truth be truth,
If Christian men be men,
Let them arise and fight the fight,
Though it were one to ten!"

And when victory crowns our efforts, it will be but another illustration of the truth that it has often pleased God to redress wrongs and uplift the world by the agency of consecrated and clean minorities.

By order, and on behalf of, the Central Executive Council,

W. MUNNS, *Secretary.* A. SUTHERLAND, *President.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering, and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It produces quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays all pain; relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for Diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 25th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
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Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
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P. McCULLOUGH,
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James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact to everything in the business will receive his prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thoroughbred Durham Bull
Gray Champion!
Will stand for service at Lot 24, Con. 3, Artemesia, about one mile from Flesherton Station. This well-bred animal will be found a great improvement to the stock of any farmer desirous of improving his stock. Will do well to his improvement. TERMS [illegible] to insure. JOHN AIRD

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. II, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to
ROGER LEVER.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY—A NEW BOOK
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every continent, clime and zone in the world of waters and the starry skies. Containing thrilling adventures and the most renowned discoveries of the world's great explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the stupendous physical features of the earth, the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, and of the Polar Seas; the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the sublime phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

A Natural Inference.

One dark and chilly winter night,
(All dimly burned the nursery light,)
There came from out the farthest bed,
Where lay a towsled, curly head
A wheezing, barking, croupy sound,
That waked the mother with one bound.

With turpentine and ipecac,
With mutterings front and rubbings back,
With many a blister, many a spell,
The croupy little man pulled through,
[illegible] much less gayly,
[illegible] that night smelt away.

[illegible] not so very long
[illegible] beginning of his song,
[illegible] lament fell on the ear,
[illegible] poems "grand" and "square"
[illegible] the hero shed a tear about
[illegible] had not come out.

[illegible] always are
[illegible] troubles from afar
[illegible] the tender breast,
[illegible]
"Now [illegible] told,
[illegible]
[illegible]

Our Graves.

[illegible] and violet,
And keep it fair and sweet,
[illegible] flowers are set
To wind and play with its hair,
[illegible] of what across the body
Striped by fairy hands,
[illegible] stream that moaneth round
Its inner or the lower lands.

[illegible]
A blue sea overhead,
A moaning wind that to and fro
Is chanting for the dead,
[illegible] stars on summer nights
[illegible] deep, blue grave, to wait,
The white upon the shore the waves
Beat low, and in prayer.

[illegible]
To bird, to wave, to star,
And with remembery forget
What spring and summer are,
Deeper it lies that deep sea grave
From land and sea apart,
A grave, rose land deep-hearted
Yet safe within the heart!

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Yes—my heart such a weary pain, Lucie! Nay, do not look so troubled, dear; it will be better soon. It is not much; but I have always been a coward at bearing pain."

Her head fell back wearily upon the cushions and she closed her eyes, laying her hand in Lucie's as she knelt beside her, while Miss Grey, looking at the wan death like face framed in falling hair, thought that any more grief must kill her. And yet how could they spare her this grief, which might, which would, Lucie feared, come within the hour? They had been careful to let none of the rumors which had been rife in the little town reach her; even Lady Eastwell had been carefully kept away for it was she who, in her violent hysterical passion of grief, had cried out that the dead man had been murdered, and that Guy Stuart had murdered him and there were hundreds who share Her belief; and, little as Lucie Grey knew of Shirley's story, she felt instinctively that such a report would be to her more bitter than death itself. She remembered the look which had come into Shirley's eyes when he had joined them so unexpectedly among the rocks; she remembered how the lovely face had brightened and flushed and lost all its weariness; and, as she thought of Guy's grave noble face, she felt that the accusation was as false as it was monstrous.

And yet the proofs were dreadfully against him. They had set out together on the morning of Sir Hugh's last day on earth, and beside the body had been found, stained and discolored with blood, the silver headed bamboo cane, the weapon which it was quite evident had given the blow on the head which had been the immediate cause of death. True the face had but all its semblance of humanity when the body was found, but the huge boulder of rock under which it had been partly concealed had evidently tilted over and fallen upon it, crushing the handsome face which had looked back so smilingly at Shirley a few short hours before, while, as if to let justice have every chance in its favor, the back of the head remained untouched, although the fair hair was matted and stained with blood. What a terrible end to the brilliant career!

"What are you thinking of, Lucie?" asked Shirley, lifting the heavy lids languidly. "How sorrowful you look, dear! I seem to bring sorrow and pain to all who love me."

"I would suffer infinitely more pain to possess your friendship, Shirley," Miss Grey said, in her soft sincere voice; and the faintest little wraith of a smile flitted over the white lips.

"Thank you, dear. Oh, Lucie, what should I have done without you? Even Ruby could not have been a truer friend than you. Dear Ruby, she must not know," she added earnestly. "All her happiness at the birth of her little daughter would be destroyed. Lucie, how slowly the time goes! I wonder why they are so long?"

She moved restlessly on the cushions and with a weary impatient gesture pushed back her hair from her forehead.

"Poor darling, it is wearisome for you lying there!" Lucie said, putting her cool hand upon the throbbing temples.

"What makes them so long, Lucie?"

The sweet eyes, so sad and pleading, made Lucie's lip quiver; she felt sure that it was doubt as to the verdict they should return which had detained the jury.

"I cannot say, dear," she whispered tremulously; and there was a long silence.

"Lucie, how weary you must be, and how selfish I am!" said Shirley then. "Ring for some tea, dear; you have been here so many hours."

Lucie rang, not for the tea only, but for a chance of speaking to some one who could tell her something of what was going on in the large dining-room below. When the servant answered the bell, Shirley had relapsed into her old apathy, and lay back with closed eyes, so that Lucie had an opportunity of speaking a few words to the girl and having her suspicions confirmed.

"Oh, how will she bear it?" Lucie said to herself, great tears filling her eyes at the thought. "Oh, if the mother had only been well enough to come to her! I am afraid it will kill her!"

"Lucie"—the shrill agonized tones startled her, the wild haggard eyes were wide and horror-stricken—"don't let me go to sleep. I was dozing, I suppose—oh, such a horrid dream!"

She clung with both hands to Lucie, who bent over her anxiously, and, so clinging, raised herself and stood upon her feet, trembling in every limb, with a cold dew starting on her forehead.

"Don't let me lie there—don't let me sleep, Lucie. I will sit up. Give me some air: I am choking; I cannot breathe."

Lucie hastily pushed open the window, letting the air play upon the white pinched face which lay upon her shoulder so heavily, while it required all her strength to prevent the nerveless limbs from slipping to the ground.

Below, groups of people were collected, talking eagerly among themselves; and one or two glanced up at the window, but saw nothing to attract attention.

"What a murmur of voices!" Shirley's faint voice said. "Is there a crowd? My eyes are so dim, I cannot see. There are people there, are there not?"

"Yes, dear. Are you better? Let me close the window."

"Why are the people there? Why are they waiting? Why don't they go? Lucie, help me—I cannot stand."

She was not insensible or unconscious, but the same terrible weakness was creeping over her again, and but for the opportune assistance of the servant who at that moment brought in tea, she must have fallen to the ground. With the girl's help, she was placed in an arm-chair, and Lucie made her drink a little wine.

"It is absurd to be so weak," she murmured, when they were alone again. "I am worse even than Mrs. Beaudesert was on the night of the storm" with a faint smile—"and I felt so impatient with her. But she fainted, you know, and lost all consciousness. Ah, if I only could! Lucie, I think death must be like this. Don't cry, dear," she added, as Lucie fairly broke down. "I promised I would—. Ah, there is some one!"

The door opened softly, and Mrs. Beaudesert entered, looking pale and subdued and tearful. She had not seen Shirley since the night of the storm, and now she uttered a startled, shocked exclamation.

"Dead over!" The voice was almost inaudible from agitation and weakness.

"No, not yet," Mrs. Beaudesert said unsteadily; "but it cannot be long now. Poor Shirley! Do not be afraid. It cannot go against him."

"What cannot go against him?"

"The the verdict," Mrs. Beaudesert said, startled by a sudden imperative gesture from Lucie which she was inclined to resent.

"Shirley, will you go back to the sofa?" asked Miss Grey, speaking fast and excitedly in her terror. "You will rest better there. Mrs. Beaudesert will help you."

"Lucie, are you hiding anything from me?" Oh, how pitiful the look in the sweet eyes was! "What does she mean? A verdict! I thought it was only a trial for for" her voice died away on a gasp, but she forced herself to continue "for murder that there was."

"My darling, the coroner's decision is all" "called a verdict," said Lucie earnestly. "Are you feeling faint again, Shirley?"

"No, no, no! I am well," she answered eagerly. "Mrs. Beaudesert, my heart! What what is that What what is that?"

There was a sound of voices and footsteps, of opening and shutting doors; they could hear the shouting of the crowd outside. Mrs. Beaudesert flushed and trembled and ran to the door, Lucie Grey turned pale, and Shirley stood up, supporting herself by both hands upon her chair, waiting with [illegible] which was [illegible] itself, it must [illegible].

It was broken [illegible] hurrying footsteps along the passage the rustle of heavy silken skirts, the tapping of high heeled shoes, and Lady Eastwell [illegible] into the room, her handsome face [illegible] eager and triumphant, [illegible] toward her, standing before [illegible] seeing her movement, [illegible] went to her side.

"What [illegible] Shirley said. "[illegible] look as if you had good news, Alice."

"So I have," she answered, with a [illegible] defiance in her [illegible] voice. "The [illegible] object in what I have long [illegible] prayed for from the beginning. [illegible] think such wicked men will not be punished? Oh, you may look shocked, Lena, and try to silence me; but there would be no justice on earth if such a wretch should not meet with his deserts!"

"Alice, you are cruel; for pity's sake come away! She is so ill," entreated Mrs. Beaudesert, her bright eyes full of fear. "It will kill her," she whispered.

Oh, come away, come away! Do not be the first to tell such an awful thing." She had clasped her little hands over Lady Eastwell's arm, and was trying to draw her out of the room, but Alice resisted, the evil vindictive look deepening in her eyes.

"Don't be absurd, Lena! She must know it some time or other, and she may as well hear it from me," she said, angrily. "Take away your hands; you are hurting me." She pushed up the sleeve of her dress, looking with an angry color in her cheeks at the red marks of the widow's eager hands on the white flesh. "See how rough you are!" she continued. "What absurd nonsense! As if I would not tell it to her more kindly than any one; for she must know it sooner or later."

"Lady Eastwell, let me entreat you," Lucie said imploringly; "say nothing now—she can bear no more! Oh, this is terrible!"

For Shirley was looking from one to the other, making desperate but ineffectual efforts to speak, while the parched white lips refused to obey her.

Lady Eastwell looked at Miss Grey in silent contemptuous disapproval, and made a step or two toward Shirley; but again Lucie interposed.

"My dear, my dear," she entreated, "come away, come with me to your room! I will help you. Do not stay here. Good Heaven, she is dying!" she added, in an agony, as Shirley's head sunk and her eyes closed; and Mrs. Beaudesert flew to the table for some wine, which she forced through the pale lips, in her agitation spilling a great part of it over the white wrapper that Shirley wore, while Lucie trembled so exceedingly that she could hardly support the failing limbs.

"Tell me," the poor girl said, when she could speak—"tell me; I can bear——"

"Another time," Lucie interrupted, tremulously. "It is nothing, dear; but you are fit for no more agitation now. Come with me and rest, and I will tell you." Gently but firmly Shirley put her aside.

"I must hear at once," she said. "Tell me, Alice."

Lady Eastwell hesitated now; she had been extremely startled by the mortal anguish on Shirley's face, and, rejoicing in her triumph as she was, she was afraid to tell her the news.

"Tell me, Alice."

"Well, the fact is, Shirley, that poor dear Hugh did not meet with an accident at all."

"No?"

The voice was calm and steady; it deceived Alice, but it did not deceive Lucie Grey; and she covered her face with her hands.

"No, he was murdered."

"Who—say—" The steady voice failed; but Alice answered the unfinished question:

"The jury. They have given a verdict of wilful murder against Guy Stuart."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Never for many a long year, never even in the memory of its oldest inhabitant, had the little country town of Exminster seen such a concourse of people in its streets as on the fair autumn morning when Guy Stuart was to be tried for his life, charged with the murder of the man who had been his friend and benefactor, the man whom he had loved and who had injured him so cruelly. It was not merely the pageant of the sheriff's procession which attracted such numbers; intense interest seemed to pervade all ranks of society as to the result of the trial which was to take place, and which must, be initiated as it, prove of special and thrilling import to all.

Nor was it the town-people of Exminster only who showed this interest. From far and near over the whole land came eager interested [illegible] of high rank and position, friends [illegible] of Sir Hugh Glynn's who had admired the brilliant, hapless baronet who had been carried home through the storm, cold and [illegible] with the red rose over which they had [illegible] a few short hours before still in the button-hole of his gray tweed coat; friends of Guy Stuart, brother officers who knew him well, and who were furious at the charge brought against one whom they liked, and of whose bravery and honor they had been justly proud during the time he had been one of them; friends of Lord and Lady Eastwell, guests at the house they had taken for a short time in the immediate neighborhood and those, taking their opinions from Alice, inveighed bitterly against the accused and the baseness of his crime. There were many too at Exminster who had known Lena Shirley in her brilliant career as belle and queen of society; and these were anxious to see how she bore herself now that she was dethroned, that her wealth was [illegible], for, by a will made a few weeks after her marriage, Sir Hugh's entire possessions had been left away from his wife, save a small annuity. Among the crowds of titled visitors who came by every train on the day before the trial, but few sympathised with Shirley. Women who had flirted with her husband in his bachelor days, men who had admired Shirley and feebly repelled by her haughty manner, were equally bitter against her now. If it was Guy who had committed the murder she was the cause of it, she had always hated her husband; she had married him doubtless through ambition, but she had loved Guy Stuart with a great love; and Lady Eastwell was looked upon as an oracle by the Machiavellian statesmen of fashion, who had agreed with her in her attribute to the poor girl whose one sin against Alice had been an involuntary one, whose only real cause for hatred lay in that fatal beauty which had won love she had not craved.

Lady Eastwell's denunciation of Guy Stuart and Shirley Glynn was bitter and vindictive to a degree which was terrible to contemplate—even Major Stuart's guilt could not have gratified it. She never spoke of the matter with out a calm, cold bitterness which startled her husband and caused her friends to say among themselves that her ladyship would make a bitter enemy. It was solely by her means that the reports of Guy's reason for hating Sir Hugh Glynn got abroad and were circulated far and wide, the threats he had uttered long before him, repeated to one and all; and it was in vain that Oswald Fairholme, terribly distressed, not only on poor Shirley's account, but because of the effect these rumors had in influencing public and private opinion against Guy, remonstrated earnestly and seriously with his sister as I entreated her to desist and let her enemy rest in this time of terrible distress. Alice listened to the remonstrances in sullen silence, and answered them on one occasion by an hysterical attack which entirely routed her brother, who was glad to escape and leave her to the ministrations of her long-suffering maid.

Oswald had come down immediately on hearing of Guy's arrest, leaving Ruby at Fairholme Court, where her little daughter had been born; and, although he had made every effort in Guy's behalf, he had found it quite impossible to get bail accepted. Already Lady Eastwell's immense influence had so much weight, and Guy had spent all the long summer days in prison, shut out from the warmth and beauty and sunshine.

That he had borne his captivity bravely and patiently Oswald knew; and he had won the esteem and regard of the officials, from the Governor himself down to the humblest warder. He was sanguine and cheerful as to the results of the trial; but the close imprisonment was telling on his health, and he was looking worn and haggard and ill.

It was well known that the ablest lawyers had been retained for the defence, that the great Q.C., Edwards Montagu, had arrived by the night-mail; and Major Stuart's friend and solicitor, Mr. Harcourt, of the firm of Harcourt & Clarendon, of Lincoln's Inn, had little doubt as to the result of the trial. Still, confidently as he spoke, there was a great anxiety in his eyes which belied the calm professional smile upon his lips as he entered the crowded court-house and glanced over the sea of living faces.

The court-house had been full many a time before, but never had it contained such a number of distinguished visitors. The entire gallery was thronged with ladies in rich somber mourning attire, silk and velvet and jet. Lord and Lady Eastwell and a few distinguished guests occupied seats near the bench, while Oswald, from his seat near Mr. Harcourt, glanced up once or twice anxiously to a slight dark-robed figure which sat in as retired a part as was consistent with a good view of the Judge and prisoner; and beside the sable-clad figure were Lucie Grey and her father, Shirley's slim deathly cold hand being held in Lucie's tender clasp.

Lucie and Mr. Grey had come to Exminster on the previous day with Shirley, who had spent the intervening weeks at the Vicarage, and they were staying at the cottage of one of the Vicarage servants who had married and settled at Exminster. Her house would be quieter and more private for Shirley than an hotel, Mr. Grey had decided; and Ada had accompanied her sister. Shirley was stronger now, but she was still very delicate, and it was doubtful whether she would ever regain her former health. For three weeks she had lain between life and death in the spare room at the Vicarage, and it was only her youth and naturally good constitution and the tender devoted nursing which had won her back to life and suffering; for, although she struggled bravely against her sorrow and forced a smile to her lips, she suffered a life-time of agony during those weeks which intervened between Guy's arrest and the trial. It seemed to her ever beyond all words that Guy, who had forgiven so nobly and pleaded with her so earnestly in behalf of the husband she had despised and hated, should be accused of so base and terrible a crime; and the thought that she would have to bear witness against the man she loved, accused of the murder of her husband, seemed to stupify her and numb every thought and feeling into one ceaseless pain.

They had entered the court early—for Mr. Grey had been anxious to save Shirley as much as possible from the curious glances and observations of the crowd—and few guessed that the closely veiled woman sitting so quietly was the widow of the dead man about whom so much had been said and thought and hinted during the long summer days.

The lawyers were in their places, the judge and sheriffs in theirs, and there was a momentary pause ere the prisoner was brought in. Mr. Montagu, however, with face impassive as usual, [illegible] round the court with [illegible] rimmed eyeglasses, but his eyes [illegible] for the sixtieth part of a minute on Lady Eastwell's handsome eager face, looked away across the court again, said something with a little smile to the Junior beside him, and then sat down [illegible] as the accused was brought into the court and stood by an iron grate, with the proud, erect look in the dear gray eyes which Shirley had known and loved so well.

He was looking somewhat worn and pale, but there was no other trace of emotion about him as he bowed courteously and took his place; and the noble face, so true and earnest, made public opinion veer around in his favor. Surely such a man could not be a murderer! If he had caused Sir Hugh's death, it had been done in fair fight. He was no coward, no traitor.

Watching him intently and curiously, with eyes that saw his every movement, the eager audience noticed that, after one swift searching glance around, he sat, with downcast eyes and folded arms, grave, attentive and proud, with no bravado or indifference, but equally without fear or nervousness, waiting.

The indictment was read. Ah, how every word pierced Shirley's heart! She had lifted her veil now, and sat with her eyes fixed upon Guy, whose profile she could partly distinguish, but, when Guy in a grave, deep, musical voice answered steadily "Not guilty," she dropped her veil and sank back, shrinking as if all eyes were upon her.

Then the lawyer for the prosecution commenced his speech, and Shirley heard, with a faint sickening feeling of horror and anguish, the whole story of her marriage laid before the public in polished eloquent words. They were told how Miss Ross had been betrothed to the prisoner at the bar; how the deceased had loved her with an overwhelming passion which had let no obstacle hinder its course; how he had [illegible] her to a Scotch irregular marriage [illegible] was from various circumstances concealed until the very day when she was to become the wife of the prisoner. The lawyer drew a vivid and impressive picture of the trembling bride, the irate bridegroom, the [illegible] claiming his rights and insisting on the possession of the wife which the Scotch marriage-laws had given him. He described the furious resentment natural even in just resentment of the man who had been betrayed, how he had sworn vengeance against the man who had stolen from him the woman he loved, a woman whose wondrous beauty had dazzled an honorable man to a degree which prevented his distinguishing right from wrong. The act of the deceased with regard to his marriage with Miss Ross was not one that would bear palliation or excuse; it was one which he had sorely repented when in possession of his saner judgment, one which perhaps he would have undone had it been possible.

"A married life begun in such circumstances was not likely to be a happy one," pursued the prosecuting counsel. "Sir Hugh and Lady Glynn lived in outward concord, but their private life was by no means so amicable. That she resented, and bitterly, the deception he had practised upon her is certain; but her conduct was exemplary until, after nearly four years' absence, the prisoner returned from Africa and they met once more the woman who loved, and the man who loved her, with only one life between them and happiness. You will see, gentlemen of the jury, by the evidence laid before you, that scenes full of passionate grief and sorrow occurred between them; that on one occasion a lady, calling upon Lady Glynn and about to enter her drawing-room unannounced, heard wild words expressive of hatred uttered by her, and not expressive of hatred only, but of a wish that her husband was dead. Terrible words for a man to hear who was already half maddened by the remembrance of his own wrongs, and who would inevitably suffer agony on seeing the anguish of the woman he loved! Shortly after this Lady Glynn's health failed, and the deceased, always a most tender and devoted husband, took her to Easton for the benefit of the sea-breezes, and they were accompanied by a select party of friends. One day the prisoner appeared in the neighborhood and spent the night with his friends and acquaintances, leaving the next morning for Lynmouth in company with the deceased. It was on the eleventh of July, gentlemen of the jury, a day to be remembered as one on which a terrible and almost unparalleled storm raged on our southern coasts and did serious damage on sea and land. When Sir Hugh, who was expected to return early in the afternoon, did not appear, it was supposed that he had taken shelter somewhere on his way. But, when the storm was at its height, the Vicar of Easton was summoned to two of his parishioners, sturdy fishermen, who, returning home under the shadow of the cliffs, had found the body of a man, quite dead, and so disfigured that it was impossible at first to recognize it. Past midnight though it was, the clergyman at once accompanied them to the inn where Sir Hugh Glynn and his party had taken up their quarters and there the hapless man was recognized by his clothes, by the ring on his finger, and by the rose on his breast which he had received from his wife's fingers, the same morning. At first it was supposed that he had met his death by an accident; but medical science proved beyond doubt that he had been killed instantaneously by a blow on the back of the head inflicted by some blunt instrument."

All this and much more the able counsel brought forward—that the prisoner whom the Crown had charged him to prosecute; and Shirley listened with a sickening horror creeping over her like an icy chill.

Several times Lucie looked at her anxiously, fearing she hardly knew what from the strained anguish depicted on the lovely face, lovely even now in its pallor and misery; but, whenever she met the tender anxious eyes, Shirley gave a little reassuring pressure to the fingers which were clasping hers and made a pitiful attempt to smile.

The counsel for the prosecution ended amid a general silence. His speech had been able and eloquent, but toward the end he faltered a little; it had seemed so impossible, looking at the prisoner's grave noble face, to believe him guilty of such a crime. As the lawyer sat down there was a perceptible expression of relief on his face, while a significant murmur ran through the court; and Lady Eastwell's eyes brightened as she saw how the eloquence and the proof he had brought forward were telling against Guy with the spectators.

Then the witnesses were called—the fishermen who had found the body, and one or two of the servants, whose evidence was unimportant but necessary; and those were followed by the doctors who had made the *post-mortem* examination. Their examination was lengthy and searching by counsel on both sides, but their testimony was the same—death had been caused instantaneously by the blow upon the back of the head; the injuries to the face had had nothing to do with it, they had been received after death.

"Could the blow have been struck by the prisoner?" asked the prosecuting counsel, pointing to the massive silver-topped cane which lay on the table, and which was the property of the prisoner.

"Yes."

"Are you convinced that the blow was so dealt?"

"Yes."

"You have seen [illegible] which was found upon the [illegible]."

"Yes."

"And you found it to contain what?"

"A few fair hairs from the head of deceased."

"That will do; you may stand down, Doctor Thorpe."

The next witness called was Lady Eastwell; and, as she left her place, proud and stately in her rich black satin robes, the spectators looked at her eagerly, the fair handsome woman with the vindictive light in her blue eyes.

The barristers glanced at her, and then at each other, as she stood quietly in the witness box; and when the accused spoke to her there was a slight shade of deference in his manner, due not so much to her position as to her beauty.

"You have known the accused some years, I believe?"

"Yes."

"You know him well—intimately?"

"Yes, at one time."

"When was that?"

"When he was staying at my father's, [illegible] marriage."

"[illegible] is your cousin?"

"Yes [illegible] she lived with us after her mother's death."

"She was [illegible] to [illegible]"

"Yes."

"But the engagement was [illegible] off?"

"Not at all," Lady Eastwell answered; "she continued the [illegible] for some time after her marriage to Sir Hugh."

"But she did [illegible] now of the marriage?"

"She said not."

The tone was significant; a faint smile stole over the lawyers' faces, and Mr. Montagu coolly put up his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and looked at the witness steadily until the end of her examination.

(To be continued.)

A Chinese "She."

From an advertisement in the *North China Herald*, describing how the receipt for the "Fairy Life Pills" was obtained, it would appear that Rider Haggard's "She" once lived in China. "Ch'en-ta-jen was journeying on the Ch'ing-ch'eng hill when he saw a woman passing southward over the mountain tops as though flying. Her age was about 30, and in her hand was a stick, and she was pursuing an old man of about 100 years. Ch'en-ta-jen asked the woman, 'Why do you beat that old man?' She answered, 'He is my grandson, for I am 500 years old and he 111. He will not purify himself or take his medicine, so I am beating him.' The traveller alighted from his horse, knelt down and did obeisance to her, saying, 'Give me, I pray, this drug that I may hand it down to posterity for the salvation to mankind.' Hence its name."

Ornamental Plumbing.

The latest fad in plumbing is to leave all the pipes in a house open to the view. The pipes are, as a rule, the same as they used to be when they were inclosed, except that they are made of polished brass, or are nickel plated. For some reason, known only to fashion, it is presumed to be very reassuring as well as healthful for cranks, and others interested in sewer gas, to be able to see the pipes they are so much in awe of.—*New York Sun.*

Gilbert's protege, Julia, shortly gives a matinee of "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Savoy, the lady appearing as the statue. For Mrs. Saker's benefit at Liverpool recently Neilson essayed the role to the great regret of the audience. She may fare better in London. Gilbert seems determined to push her before the public, who so far have not taken kindly to her.

Triolets.

He Eyes that are watching the fire
Over the Japanese fan,
What do you see in the pyre?
Eyes that are watching the fire,
Say do the embers inspire
Fancies too dainty for man,
Eyes that are watching the fire
Over the Japanese fan?

She Sir Poet, if you needs must know
My firelight dream, I thus record it
I thought while gazing at the glow,
Sir Poet, if you needs must know:
"That bonnet that becomes me so,
I wonder if I can afford it."
Sir Poet, if you needs must know
My firelight dream, I thus record it.

I want a subject for my verse,
Ah! this it is to be a poet.
My Pegasus I can't coerce,
I want a subject for my verse,
Bright fancies through my brain disperse
But what's the use unless I show it?
I want a subject for my verse,
Ah! this it is to be a poet.

Sweet May's the shyest little saint
Of fancy's cloister growing bolder
In Quaker garb demure and quaint,
Sweet May's the shyest little saint,
And whispers [illegible] plaint
When I am stating [illegible] surrender
Sweet May's the [illegible] saint,
(I fancy though [illegible] bolder.
—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.*

A Spring Shower.

Down the [illegible] came, tinkle, tinkle
With a sort [illegible] dash and sprinkle
Though as [illegible] was
Was the sky

"Some mysterious [illegible]
Knocked [illegible]
Cries a little [illegible]
With a sigh.

"There's a roaring' from [illegible]
There's a [illegible]
Of the dust as [illegible]
Of the drops

Such a [illegible]
Is a [illegible]
Everything [illegible]
[illegible]

"'Tis the Hand that Rocks the Cradle."

'Tis the hand that rocks the cradle
Reaching out to save the world,
Flinging to the breeze the banner
Of the home, by love adorned.

'Tis the mother heart that beats time
With man's noblest thought to song
Aye and mother wit that sternly
Puts the nation's sin away.

Never sound of martial music,
Rose as rises home's new song,
For two hundred thrones and women
Make her first crusade army strong.

The Burden of Ancestry.

Some times I think it would have been better for all hands if we had never had any ancestors nor any precedents prior to the year 1789. Of what consequence were the old Dutch ancestors of New York compared to DeWitt Clinton, who laid out the Erie Canal and pressed its execution upon a comparatively poor commonwealth? Of what consequence were the so-called Pilgrim Fathers of New York compared to the men who started the Croton aqueduct, without which this island could never have grown to the population it has? How much more we owe to the first founders of our great public cemeteries than to the founders of the little churchyards which would otherwise have been, as in London, overpacked at the present day with superabundant dead? Sometimes I think we will owe quite as much to that generation or leader who will wipe the cemeteries out, and turn their monuments and headstones into some useful architecture for the living. To put the old mould of a discharged man under a $50,000 monument is as near idolatry, as the Greeks and Romans ever got, and I have never heard of but two cases where a useful man slipped into a rich man's tomb by way of charity, the first being in the case of Joseph of Arimathea, and the next that of Robert Fulton, who was slipped in the Livingston tomb, but he was a connection of that eminent family. If you notice our youngest American States, they get along much smoother than our oldest States. See how our Kansas is growing, without any forefathers, and see how South Carolina is groaning under its old planter oligarchy? See how readily Minnesota reaches out her antennæ to the Sault St. Marie, to Duluth, to Manitoba, to Dakota and to everywhere, having, it is said, five railroads to Chicago, whereas the building of the Boston & Albany Railroad and the consolidating of the Pennsylvania and New York Central lines were done as if nothing of that kind had ever been done before or could be done again. Why is it that Boston and New York are connected by a single corporation, when Buffalo and New York are connected by half a dozen corporations? Precedent is upon the head of the living age. The grave stone is not put upon the dead only, but upon the living.—*George Alfred Townsend in Boston Globe.*

Cuba's Two Meals a Day.

Only two meals a day are served in Cuban hotels. They live much as people do in some parts of France and Switzerland. You take an orange or two with a cup of coffee and a roll in the early morning; a liberal breakfast, in courses, is served at 11 o'clock and a ceremonious dinner at 4 or 5 in the afternoon. This mode of living is admirably suited to the climate, and you fall in with the custom and like it at once. The breakfast opens with small olives and fresh radishes served in the same dish; the next course is fish, then eggs, meat, etc. You are not asked what you prefer, but each course is set before you and you partake of it or not. Instead of beginning with fruit, the Cuban breakfast ends with it—pineapples cut from the stalks the same morning, bananas freshly picked, sapodillas, a faint and rather over sweet morsel, with oranges *ad libitum*. In Florida, and in many other parts of the country, the orange is cut in halves and its juice and pulp are passed to the mouth with a teaspoon. In Havana the orange is served whole on the table, peeled down to the juicy "meat of the fruit," and you present the golden ball to your lips on the prongs of a fork. At any and every American hotel the moment you sit down the question is almost flung at you, "Tea or coffee?" Cubans better understand what is healthful. They follow nature's plan and take their meals more as the lower animals do. Cubans do not fill up their stomachs with fluids during meals. After breakfast is over then coffee or tea is served—coffee in French style, at least one-half the cup being filled with milk.

Albani has had a magnificent success at Copenhagen.

WRITING NONSENSE

How Charles Dickens and Some Others Have Succeeded in Doing It.

Charles Dickens did many good things, but he committed one terrible and unpardonable crime. He published, in 1864, a delightful book, which he was wicked enough to call "Our Mutual Friend." The result is that ever since that day the word "mutual" has been systematically misused by the illiterate. Dickens ought to have called his book "Our Common Friend," which would have been sense; he called it "Our Mutual Friend," which is nonsense. For how can a friend be mutual? I know perfectly well that Pope also wrongly employs the word, but two wrongs do not make a right; and the meaning of "mutual" is notorious among all who are acquainted with its etymology. The meaning is "reciprocal" or "reciprocated," or "unexchanged." How does "Our Reciprocated Friend" sound? It is, I believe, entirely because Dickens perpetrated this enormity that we now hear such expressions as "mutual silence" or "mutual cousins" or "our mutual queen." The error is an easy one for the unlearned to stumble into; but when committed by a literary man is not to be excused. "Preposterous" is another word that is commonly maltreated. "The demands of Russia," wrote a great English diplomatist years ago, "are preposterous." I know, of course, what the diplomatist meant. He desired to say that the demands were such as his Government could not possibly concede; and to this day I can't understand why he didn't say so instead of writing nonsense. It was nonsense that he wrote. "Preposterous" does not mean "unfair" or "such as cannot be agreed to." It means "headmost first," or, as we often say, "topsy turvy." If I put the cart before the horse I act in a preposterous manner. "Alternative," too, is often abused. It means "a choice between two courses," and between two only; yet I have heard Mr. Gladstone's celebrated three courses spoken of as three alternatives. If I were to speak of the three horns of a dilemma, thereby entirely overlooking the meaning of "dilemma," which is equivalent to a "catching between two things." Even good authors are guilty of misusing the verb "to partake of," which simply means "to take part in" or "to share in." Recollecting this, we find but little sense in such sentences as the following. The condemned man, previous to his execution, partook of an excellent breakfast," or "the solitary wanderer in the forest partook of a great intellectual enjoyment as he listened to the nightingale's song." A murderer does not usually share his breakfast with other people; a solitary wanderer certainly cannot share intellectual enjoyment, seeing that there is no one with whom to share it. The misuse of words like "partake" is often due, I think, to a feeling on the part of a writer that simple language is inelegant. "He had breakfasted," or "he breakfasted," is as rough or unpolished; "he partook of his morning refection" looks rather well. That is the fallacious process of thought which leads to so much nonsense being written and spoken. But it is not only the misuse of words that I want to talk about. A great deal of written and spoken nonsense is nonsense, not because words are misused, but because they are ill placed. Here are some examples: 1. "He blew out his brains, after saying good bye to his wife with a blunderbuss." 2. "Being early killed, I sent a party in search of his mangled body." 3. "I could not cross examine my children in the family history of Sir Charles Grandison and Harriet Byron, as Lord Macaulay sometimes did." 4. "We complimented them upon discussing matters which were in some countries found irritating in so calm a way." 5. "A lantern of linen and embossed copper hangs from the centre, thick Turkey carpets cover the ground and an enormous knob of brass, about six feet high, surmounts it." 6. "He had jumped into the river after fastening a rope round his neck, the end of which was fastened to a big stone." 7. "A tent large enough to contain 50 persons of fine workmanship." As regards the first example, I fail to see how a man can say good-bye to his wife with a blunderbuss. As regards the second, if the writer was early killed, how does he manage to write afterward of how he sent out a party, etc.? The third sentence is a gem from Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections." I don't know what it implies; but it may imply that Lord Macaulay was in the habit of catechising either his own children or Sir Henry's on the subject of Sir Charles Grandison; or that he was in the habit of cross-examining his own children on some other topic. In sentence four I read about matters being irritated in so calm a way and I feel quite sure that that is not quite what the author intended me to understand from his words. In five, I am puzzled to know what it was that the knob of brass surmounted. Syntax answers that it was the ground; but I suspect that it may have been the centre of the lantern. In six I learn for the first time that a man can tie the end of his neck to a stone. In seven I make the acquaintance of fifty people of fine workmanship; and, I am sure, I am proud to know them. A simple arrangement of words will set most of these curious sentences right. What a pity it is that the writers did not make the simple rearrangement instead of leaving their readers to do it!—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

A Convicts' Eden.

A paper was read by the Rev. T. S. Lea, at the Geographical Society last night on the Island of Fernando do Noronha. This island is the Brazilian convict settlement, and is about two hundred and ninety miles northeast of Pernambuco. Mr. Lea was one of a party of three, and was engaged in collecting specimens for the British museum. Three-quarters of the insects taken were new to science; of plants there were 290 species, of which about thirty were peculiar to the island. Crabs of great alacrity ran about on the rocks and leaped from one stone to another, while crayfish and cuttlefish abounded. Fish of the most gorgeous colors—gold, green, violet and scarlet—abounded. There were no fresh-water fish. About fourteen hundred convicts were on the island, and besides them 160 soldiers and 400 women and children. The convicts met with were neither degraded nor ruffianly, and discipline was maintained without difficulty.—*London Star.*

IMPRISONED BY THE TIDE.

The Perilous Experience of a Party of Daring English Boys.

Eleven boys, ranging in age from 11 to 14 years, had a most extraordinary adventure on the beach at Seaham Harbor on Saturday. At the south side of the town there is a rock projecting from the mainland, known as Nose Point, on the top of which is built the Vane and Seaham blast furnaces. Underneath is a large cavern, locally known as the "Smugglers' Cave," which, at high tide, is filled by the sea. Among the boys referred to the exploration of this cave and the unearthing of treasures of some buccaneer of the past had long been an object to be accomplished and a determination was at last come to to carry out the project at the first fitting opportunity. Saturday was fixed upon for the day of search, and they started off, headed by a trusty leader and provided with candles, lanterns, torches, a pick and shovel. Entering the cavern at low water, they commenced work, and soon were so intent upon the object of their labors that they never heeded the turn of the tide, and it was only when they found escape from the cave by the way they had entered impossible that they realized their position. The water drove them further and further back into the cave, until at length they found it impossible to recede further. To avoid the rise of the water several of the boys climbed as high up the walls of the cave as possible. Others had no alternative but to stand pressed up against the end of the cavern and allow the water to gradually creep in upon them. Higher and higher rose the water, and deeper and deeper the lads became immersed, until some of them were covered up to the shoulders. They all managed, however, to keep erect, notwithstanding their weakened condition, produced by shouting for help and numbness from being compelled to stand in the water. Now and then a broken wave would dash in among them, rendering their position still more perilous. Moreover, the cave was nearly dark, and the lads' lights having been put out, except one, which had escaped the wash of the waves and continued to give forth its feeble illumination. One of the boys at last, from sheer want of strength, was washed from his hooning; but soon another lad standing near groped in the dark, and, with nothing but the cries of his comrade to guide him, succeeded in restoring him to his feet. In the meantime the lads had been missed from their homes, and their continued absence caused inquiries to be made. This resulted in their whereabouts becoming known. A rumor then got abroad that all the boys had been drowned, and soon fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and a large body of other men, women and children rushed all in eager haste to the top of the cliff. There was no way of reaching them from the shore, nor was there any possibility of going down the precipitous face of the cliff with ropes. Nothing could therefore be done by the hundreds of people who had collected but to wait until the fall of the tide would admit of access to the cave from the shore. Meanwhile the imprisoned boys passed a terrible time; but just when they thought the worst had come the water stopped rising. Slowly the water left the cave, and in a short time they felt themselves in comparative safety, although in darkness. It was, however, 10:30 o'clock at night before they were rescued.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

The Smart Youngsters.

"You don't mean to say that you understand French, Tommy?" "Oh! yes, I do. When ma and pa speak French at tea I know I'm to have a powder."

Little 3-year-old Arthur was pulling the cat's tail, when a gentleman visiting there said: "You mustn't do that; she will bite." To this he repied: "Cats don't bite at this end."

I said to my little son, 3½ years old: "That is all the jelly you can have, dear; make it go as far as you can." Quick as a flash came the answer: "I'll make it go as far as my stomach."

Three-year-old Nat was told to take good care of his silver fork, so that when he grew up and had little boys of his own he could give them the fork he had himself used when a baby. "Nat wants to see Nat's little boys now," was the prompt reply.

A little girl, while on a visit to her grandmother, had been seriously ill, and, as she grew better, was spoken of as convalescent. Thinking it would be very smart to use a long word, she wrote home: "Dear mamma, I am happy to say that I am convulsive."—*Babyhood.*

A Remarkable Memorial.

One of the most interesting memorials of the Queen's Jubilee is the plantation of an entire mountain in North Wales with forest trees, so arranged that the words "Jubilee, 1887," appear distinctly amidst the surrounding trees, through the bulk of the plantation being of a different foliage. The mountain thus adorned is Moel Rhiwen, in the parish of Llanddeiniolen, on the estate of Mr. Assheton Smith. The word "Jubilee" is planted on the northwest side of the mountain in letters each measuring 200 yards by 25 feet wide. Plants of the Austrian pine form the body of the letters, which are shaded on the right with a bordering of larch. The intervening spaces are covered with a mixture of Scotch fir, pines, oak, birch, sycamore and spruce fir. The first tree of the letter "J" was planted last fall at a Jubilee celebration, and the work was completed last week. Nearly 200 men of the district have found constant employment, and they have planted about 630,000 trees. Till the plantation is in full leaf the letters will be scarcely traceable, but each year they will become more distinct, and a generation hence the mountain will be one of the sights of Wales, as the word "Jubilee" will then be seen a distance of many miles.

Then He Found Her Cold.

Gladys—Must you go, Mr. Meddleton; really, it's very early.

Algernon (looking at his watch)—By Jove, it is, isn't it? Why, I'd have said it was midnight.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Senator Ferrier has been compelled to leave Quebec, where he was attending to his duties as a member of the Legislative Council, and return to Montreal on account of an attack of acute bronchitis.

CURRENT TOPICS.

According to recent advices from West Africa, the son of one of the kings, known as Grand Jack, having died, human victims were barbarously sacrificed in honor of the occasion. "Pass" water was given them—a poisonous liquor—and when under its influence they were pitched into the surf. When the bodies were carried ashore by the waves they were cut with knives, men, women and children joining in the inhuman work. The chief of the tribe flies the British flag, and the captain of a trading vessel remonstrated with him in vain.

Consumptive patients are advised by a pupil of Liebig, in the *Apotheke Verein*, to live in rooms where one or two drachms of sulphur are melted on a hot stove. The first ten days bring increased cough and irritation, then these cease and the patient improves rapidly. Persons with catarrh and in early stages of consumption apply to enter chemical factories, where large quantities of sulphur are evaporated daily, and are cured in a few weeks by the inhalations. Cholera and epidemic diseases are never found in such factories.

The Scotch Crofters' Commission have issued a batch of decisions in the applications for fair rents recently heard at Dingwall, and the reductions are more sweeping over all than any yet granted. There were in all 150 cases, and in these the total rental has been reduced from £1,150 11s. to £955 17s., a reduction of over 35 per cent. The total arrears due have been reduced from £1,693 12s. 11d. to £920 8s. 8d. or about 55 per cent. of a reduction. On the Highfield estate the reduction is nearly 57 per cent. on the rental and 82 per cent. on arrears; and the tenants of the Duchess of Sutherland, who occupy crofts overlooking Strathpeffer Spa, have had their rents reduced 30 per cent., and 34 per cent. of their arrears cancelled.

Dr. F. F. Long, of San Francisco, has begun suit against the relatives of Miss Lizzie Hammond, who died recently, to recover possession of her skull. He had saved the woman's life when it was supposed she was dead from a broken neck as the result of a five-story fall, and before she died in the small-pox hospital she promised him her skull and upper vertebrae in the interest of science. Her relatives, however, buried the body and refused the demand of the doctor for any portion of the remains. Hence the medical man's determination to bring suit.

At Bournemouth, England, the streets are sprinkled very successfully with salt water, which is conducted from the ocean to certain hydrants. The salt water is found particularly advantageous for macadamized roads, as it seems to make the immediate surface more compact. It is further found that the surface holds the moisture about three times as long when watered with fresh water.

Dr. Jurisch, an Austrian chemist, has invented the most destructive fluid known to man. This fluid, when brought into contact with the air, after the explosion of a shell in which it is held, becomes a gas, which destroys all living things within its reach, melts metals and sets everything inflammable on fire.

Sir John Millais, the English artist, advises art students from this continent to serve their novitiate in England rather than in France. If they go to France, he says, "they will come away with a bad French accent, not alone on their tongues but on their brushes."

Charles Dickens' nurse, Mary Weller Gibson, was buried recently. She was generally regarded as the prototype of Mary, the pretty housemaid, in the "Pickwick Papers." She always upheld the theory that Micawber was real. Dickens' father. She was, of course, competent to form a judgment in the matter.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg is thus described by the London *Times*. "He is one of the most brave, most gentle, most generous and most handsome of living princes. In all the idyls of poetry there was not, indeed, been a more perfect hero. The whole story of his campaign against the Servians sounds like an epic."

Seizures in the Russian army are said to be cured of intemperance by a curious and heroic method. The inebriate is locked up and given only food boiled in his favorite wretched spirit and water. He soon becomes horribly sick, but is kept on this diet until the very sight or scent of the spirit creates in him an inextinguishable loathing for it.

Remus may be made, says our Chicago namesake, in passing upon the extraordinary fact that after eighteen centuries of Christianity the nation claiming to be foremost in Christendom is asking for more war material, more food for powder, more defences, more weapons of destruction, all evidences that peace and good will to man is not the ruling spirit of this more than of any pagan age.

According to experiments mentioned in *Indian Engineering* the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one third that of the same rope when dry, and a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still, as the lubricant permits the fibres to slip with greater facility. Hemp rope contracts strongly on being wet, and a dry rope twenty-five feet long will shorten to twenty-four feet on being wet.

A European continental paper has some amusing records of what it calls "the insane desire of the Englishman to marry his deceased wife's sister." Whenever, says the writer, the Englishman has nothing better to do he is occupied in agitating in favor of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. He occasionally has a little war in South Africa, in Egypt or in Afghanistan, but he always comes back to his Bill. It is the passion of his life to marry his deceased wife's sister. Now, seeing how strong and general his passion is in England, why doesn't the Englishman marry his wife's sister to begin with? It is surely absurd of him to go on marrying the wrong woman, and then to wait for death and the law to right him.

Confidence.

Woman (to tramp)—"And if I give you a nice plate of hash yon promise to saw some wood?" Tramp—"Yes, 'm." Woman (doubtfully)—"I don't know whether I can put confidence in you or not." Tramp (reproachfully)—"You ought to, ma'am. I have confidence enough in you to eat the hash."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A LIFE ROMANCE.

How a Buffalo Newspaper Man Got a Wife.

A first-class romance comes from Buffalo and in it a newspaper man plays a prominent part. His name is George M. Bailey, and until recently he was employed on the Buffalo *Express*. Two years ago he married and went to work in New York as a reporter. His wife and child were buried in one grave and he returned to Buffalo broken-hearted. His first assignment was to report a missionary meeting, and there he listened to the report of a female missionary employed on the Cattaraugus reservation, which deeply interested him, although he sat so he could not see her face. Her voice haunted him afterward, and learning her name, he wrote to her, offering to assist the cause as he could in the paper. She replied; he published her letter, sought to arouse interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, and finally decided to go out to the reservation and see for himself. He obtained a day off, as he had been working overtime and was much exhausted. He called upon the lady missionary, Miss Ball, whose mother was visiting her, and on reaching the house was suddenly taken ill, fell into a fever and for weeks was a very sick man. The two women nursed him as if he were a son and a brother. When he realized his position he was too weak to arise from his bed. Pity, sympathy, confidence followed one another fast, and when the reporter had told the story of his life, his grief, his struggles to live down the past, and his utter loneliness, the reserved, self possessed girl missionary said simply: "I have been waiting for you," and their troth was plighted in tears of sympathy. It seems that she had lost a dearly beloved brother, who was studying at an Episcopalian theological seminary on the Hudson, and she, too, had been heart broken. Then it was she conceived the idea of carrying out the life-work begun by him, and accepted the position on the reservation. The brother was born in the same month of the same year as Mr. Bailey, his death occurred within a few days of that of Mr. Bailey's wife, and from the same cause (heart disease), and the two resembled each other in height, voice and general appearance. The almost identical position of the two young people left alone in the world, and their meeting, included a further chain of coincidences too detailed to narrate, but the finale is soon told. They were married, and may their union be a happy one.—*Albany Times.*

Recipes for the Ladies.

A Delicious Way to Prepare Deviled Ham.—One pint of chopped boiled ham, with a good proportion of fat; one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of sage, one teaspoonful of pepper, one-half cupful of boiling water; press in a mould, place in a cool place until it becomes firm, and serve, cut in slices.

Potato Croquettes.—Take six boiled potatoes, pass them through a sieve, add four tablespoonfuls of minced cooked veal, a little grated nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste; and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the yolks of three or four eggs, form them into balls, roll them in cracker crumbs and fry in hot lard.

Onion Fricasse.—Peel two dozen small white onions and sprinkle with salt, let them stand half an hour, then roll them in a cloth to dry; dredge lightly with flour, put in a stew pan in which has been melted two ounces of butter, and place over the fire for five minutes; drain the fat from the onions, add a pint of rich milk, a little pepper, salt and a dessertspoonful of butter; simmer fifteen minutes and serve in the sauce.

Egg Chowder.—Take six potatoes of medium size, three eggs, four crackers, one quart of milk, a slice of salt pork and one onion; prepare pork the same as for fish chowder, add potatoes sliced, milk and onion, and salt and pepper to taste, when the potatoes are nearly cooked, add the eggs, well beaten, and the crackers.

A Addition to Soups. A good addition to soup is made by cutting bread into dice or square pieces and frying them in butter until they are browned on every side. They can be served at the table with the soup or added a short time before it is removed from the fire.

Maryland Biscuit.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lard worked into the flour, moisten with sufficient water to make very stiff dough, work it well, then lay it on a board and pound it until it is smooth and soft, and until the dough cracks as you work it; make into small, flat biscuits, lay them in a pan and bake in a moderate oven. Serve cold.

Date Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, four eggs, one pound of dates, one teaspoonful of soda; if sweet milk is preferred, add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Remove stones from dates and cut in small pieces.

Drop Cookies.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; add flour until batter is the consistency of loaf cake; drop in tins and bake in a quick oven.

Apple Eggs.—Pare and core a convenient number of apples; leave them whole; sprinkle well with sugar and cover with water, and place in the oven; when nearly baked, take eggs, prepared as for an omelet, pour over the apples, and return to the oven for about ten minutes; grate over them nutmeg, and serve with cream or nice milk.

Tip-top Cake.—Beat well together two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, a little salt, a little nutmeg, two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour.

Railroad Pudding.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of suet, one cupful of sweet milk, four cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of chopped raisins, one cupful of currants; warm the molasses and stir the saleratus into it; mix suet with flour; then stir altogether and steam four hours.

Mountain Dew Pudding.—One pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, one-half a cupful of cracker crumbs and one teaspoonful of lemon extract; bake one-half an hour; make a frosting of the whites of two eggs and one-half a cupful of sugar; spread over the top of the pudding, and return to the oven to brown slightly; the quantity can be doubled if a larger pudding is required.

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In order to Clear Out our stock of **Mens' Long Boots** we will give you

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DON'T FORGET TO ASK FOR THOSE

15c. Dress Goods we are selling at 10c. a yard.

THESE BARGAINS WILL BE FOUND EVERY TIME AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The total assessment of the township of Bentinck is $1,252,960.

Mr. S. P. Hodgson has the contract for building the new Methodist church at Shelburne for $5,000.

Mr. Isaac Traynor has appealed against the whole assessment roll of Dundalk, and there will, accordingly, be fun at Court of Revision there.

Two young men at Horning's Mills have got themselves into trouble. It is alleged that they indulged in the dangerous pastime of opening certain letters which passed through the post office there. At any rate both of them have been committed for trial.

Mr. Wright, of Wareham,—who so violently and persistently denounced the new roller process for manufacturing flour—has gone back on his record, having recently succumbed to the foresight and sound reasoning of THE ADVANCE by putting in the rollers.

A Mulmur young man and his girl went into a school-house the other day in order to avoid meeting some people who were coming down the road. Somebody saw them go in and propped rails against the door. The young man had to go through quite a little circus performance before he succeeded in liberating himself and his girl.

Three years for Burglary.—On Friday, Joe Gahan, who had pleaded guilty to burglarizing Mann's fruit store several weeks ago, was sentenced by P. M. Pattullo to three years in the reformatory at Penetanguishene. Gahan is about sixteen years old, and lost his father and mother seven years ago. He will have an opportunity of learning a trade in the reformatory.—[Dufferin Post

On Wednesday of last week a three year old child of Mr. Geo. Scott, of this town, was poisoned by chewing the plant commonly known as Monkshood, and but for the prompt action of Mr. Scott in administering the proper antidotes the child would have died. As this plant is to be found in many gardens, parents should be careful that their children are kept away from it.—[Mt. Forest Representative.

The only child of Mr. Miles Wilson, a fine promising little boy about a year and a half old, was drowned yesterday afternoon. The accident happened in this way: Mrs. Wilson had gone to see her mother in-law and had taken the child with her in its carriage. Mrs. Wilson went into the house and left the little one standing at the door, when it started off and pushed the carriage across the road where it ran into a pool of water about a foot in depth. The little boy was also pulled in and fell upon his face and was not discovered until life was extinct.—[Durham Chronicle.

For a long time past there has been trouble and a great deal of litigation between Chas. Willoughby and Wm. North, two farmers of the second line of Proton. Matters came to a climax last Saturday. Accounts that have reached us go to show that on that day Willoughby was engaged in putting up a fence when North and his wife came along, and that without provocation North assaulted Willoughby with an axe, striking him on the forehead just above the eye with the back of the weapon, and again on the back, breaking a rib and inflicting serious bruises. Willoughby came to Shelburne to interview a doctor and a magistrate. Dr. Norton did what he could for the man, but Proton being in the county of Grey our local magistrates recommended him to go to Dundalk for justice. We shall probably be able to give further information in regard to this case next week.—[Shelburne Economist.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 85 to	3 95
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 37	0 38
Peas	0 58	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

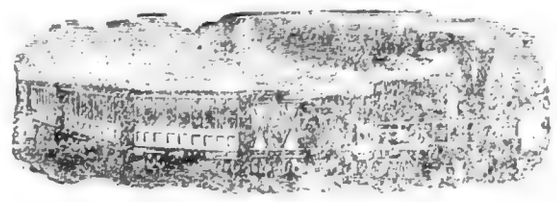

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They have a fine stock of

PRINTS, DRESS GOODS, &c.,

also a fine stock of Mens', Youths', Womens' and Girls

BOOTS & SHOES.

Also we keep a regular stock of **Fresh Groceries** *and our Prices you cannot beat.*

Try our 25c. TEA, also our TEA DUST 10 lbs. for $1. We pay full value for Butter & Eggs. Give us a share of your trade and we will study to please you.

Wright's Old Stand.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

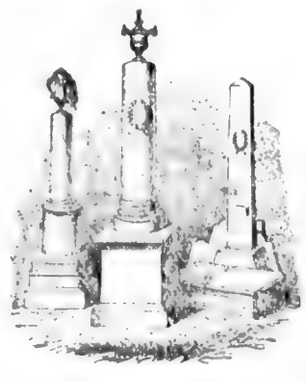

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 363. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

AT

Russell's

Noted

Jewelery

Store,

FLESHERTON,

You will find the finest and best display of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware and Spectacles

in this section of the county and just exactly

25 PER CENT. LOWER

than other dealers will sell you them for. Fine American and Waltham Watches from $9.50 up, warranted from 3 to 5 years, and the people for fifteen miles around always take their Watches, Clocks and Jewelery Repairs to Russell, Flesherton, as they have found by experience he is the only man then can do them in a satisfactory manner. All work personally attended to at

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

We had a pleasant call from the Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, on Thursday last.

A beautiful stock of Whips at Clayton's Harness Shop, Flesherton, from 10c. up to $4 each.

Mrs. W. K. Flesher returned home from Parry Sound last week, accompanied by Miss Alice Gailey.

Mr. Joseph Smith and family have moved into their neat new premises on Collingwood street.

A number of new sidewalks are to be laid in Flesherton this season. Work has already been commenced.

Death to Potatoe Bugs! Wm. Richardson has just received a case of Paris Green.

The Annual Matches of the 31st batt. Rifle Association will be held in Durham June 21st, inst.

No. 6 Company will meet for target practice on Saturday afternoon, June 9th at three o'clock.—J. J. FIELD, Lieut. No. 6 Co'y.

Mr. R. L. Mortimer, the genial Editor of the Shelburn Free Press, was in Flesherton on Monday and called on THE ADVANCE.

Guelph Conference of the Methodist church at Seaforth this week. Squire Armstrong and A. R. Fawcett, of Flesherton, are District Representatives.

Our [illegible] manufacturer on [illegible] Mr. R. P. Legate, has purchased Mr. Robt. Clark's blacksmith shop and lot on the same street. Success, friend Legate.

Don't forget the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church, Flesherton, intend celebrating Dominion Day (July 2nd) in a fitting manner, as has been their custom in the past years. Fuller particulars later on.

One of the enjoyable events of the beautiful summer season is the Irish Lake Picnic. This is an annual event and attracts hundreds of people of all denominations. This year the Picnic will be held on the 28th of June, instant.

At the Society meeting of the Methodist church, Flesherton, held in the basement of the church last Thursday evening, the following were elected representatives to the Quarterly Official Board, viz., Messrs. Thos. Granger, W. J. Bellamy, C. Treadgold, W. Barnhouse, and W. H. Flesher.

Little Georgie Richardson is the champion juvenile angler of Flesherton. He has caught as many fish this season as all the other little chaps combined. A week or two ago he astonished the natives by hauling forth from Flesher's pond two magnificent perch, each of which weighed more than a pound. These were the largest fish of the kind ever caught in the pond. Georgie is the smallest boy in town, but he's "all thar."

Visit of Rev. W. Ayers.

The many warm friends of Rev. Walter Ayers—a former pastor of the Methodist church here and now of Gorrie, on the Listowell District—will be pleased to learn that that gentleman is enjoying excellent health and speaks in the most feeling terms of his present parishoners. Rev. Mr. Ayers paid Flesherton a brief visit last week and did not forget to call on ye ADVANCE Editor. He is just the same cheery, whole-souled gentleman as of yore and asked to be remembered to those of his very many friends in this neighborhood whom it would be impossible for him to see personally. He returned to Gorrie on Saturday.

Mr. F. G. Karstedt, the new Flesherton tinsmith and stove man, is doing a fine business. He is an excellent and steady workman, the quality of his goods is unexcelled, and his prices are really astonishingly low. Call and see him.

"Pret," one of our Eugenia correspondents, will please pardon us for not publishing his interesting letter, as it is now rather stale. Send us along something fresh, friend "Pret," and we will endeavor not to disappoint Eugenia readers in future.

There was a slight fracas at the Station last Saturday morning. The bus-driver and Mr. Stewart Bates came into collision with each other. The damage was slight on both sides. As Mr. Bates is attending the Medical College at Toronto, his wounds will be carefully and promptly attended to.

Mr. D. Clayton has purchased Gordon's stock of harness, &c., and has moved into the stand recently occupied by the latter in Richardson's block, Sydenham street, Flesherton. In order to make room for goods, Mr. Clayton advertises in this week's ADVANCE that big reductions in prices will be made.

A young lady—who shall be nameless, of course—was hunting eggs not long since, when she thoughtlessly placed one in the pocket of her dress. She forget all about it until Sunday afternoon, when she became disagreeably aware of its presence from the fact that it had accidentally got smashed. She was in Sunday School at the time, but did not hesitate to make her way outside and rid her pocket of the unwelcome intruder. Moral—don't carry eggs in your pockets!

The Sons of Temperance held a conversazione in their Hall in Christoe's block on Wednesday evening of last week. The chemical experiments, which were under the supervision of Dr. Christoe and Messrs. Shore, C. J. Sproule, and W. Latimer, proved quite interesting and instructive. The za-za band created much mirth, while the galvanic battery proved to be one of the chief centres of interest. The musical part of the program was ably sustained by Miss Christoe and the Misses Beecroft.

Died.

NOBLE.—On the 29th ult., at Toronto, Minnie Noble, daughter of Mrs. W. M. Clark, Flesherton, aged 20 years.

[Deceased was converted under the Salvation Army in 1885, of which she was a happy and active member up to the time of her death. She was stricken down with typhoid fever in September last and was sent to Toronto Hospital for treatment. Here she remained for some time and then went home, returning however in April. A week prior to her decease she was taken suddenly worse, and her mother was telegraphed for. The latter found her daughter speechless but conscious. Shortly afterwards she passed happily to her long home. Deceased was born in Artemesia. Her remains were brought to Flesherton on Thursday last and interred in the cemetery next day. The service at the house was conducted by Rev. J. W. Shilton, B.A., and the service at the grave by Rev. Walter Ayers. On Sunday Rev. Mr. Shilton improved the occasion by preaching a powerful sermon in the Methodist church.]

Toronto Industrial Exhibition.

We have received a copy of the Prize List just issued for the tenth Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held at Toronto from the 10th to the 22nd of September next. It is very neatly gotten up, with lithographed covers and appropriate illustrations. Any of our readers who may desire a copy can readily obtain one by dropping a post card to Mr. H. J. Hill, the Secretary, at Toronto. The prospects for the success of this year's show are very promising, and the Directors have set apart a more than usually large amount for special attractions.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

During the absence of the Editor, our office will be under the management of John W. Field, who will give prompt attention to all orders for printing. He is also authorized to collect money and give receipts therefor.

THE ADVANCE will be issued each week as usual, a competent staff of reporters having been secured to attend to the local news page. Business notices and advertisements should be left with John W. Field.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

Mr. Morris, of the world-renowned Montreal firm of Opticians, Messrs. B. Laurance & Co., will be at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, which affords the chance of a lifetime to those whose eyes are failing. Spectacles fitted to suit everybody to perfection by Mr. Morris. This is the chance of a lifetime. Don't forget the date, Wednesday, June the 20th, at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

NOTICE.

Tenders will be received up to the 1st of July next for building a Stone and Brick Bridge across the Boyne water near Flesherton. No tender necessarily accepted. Specifications at Dr. Christoe's office. By order,

WM. SHARP,
DR. CHRISTOE,

June 4th, 1888.

Obituary.

At Maxwell, Ont., on the 3rd inst., at the age of 5 years, 6 months, and 6 days, there fell asleep Harrison Edward Augustus, the only son of W. E. I. D'Argent, B.A., and of Annetta S. D'Argent. "As it began to dawn towards the first day of the week,"—at the time that He arose from the dead, who said, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—little Harry entered "the palace of the King." He was welcome and leal.

To Correspondents:

We are preparing printed envelopes, &c., for correspondents, which will be mailed some time during the present month.

Our Stock Register.

"General Rockwell" is a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull, the property of Mr. Robt. Plantt, Eugenia, and will be for service at Lot 26, Con. 12, Artemesia, during the season. Geo. A. Latimer, manager. See bills.

Brief Bits Caught on the Fly.

THE ADVANCE is over seven years old.

Highest Cash Price paid for Wool at the Flesherotn Woollen Mill.

THE ADVANCE till Jan. 1st, 1889, for 50 cents.

Everybody should get their ice cream at Miss Hind's residence, Flesherton.

Don't fail to bring along your Wool and get Cash or Trade at the Flesherton Woollen Mill.

Some talk of a Lacrosse match between Owen Sound and Flesherton next Wednesday, on the grounds of the latter.

Say, Tom; I don't see how you have so much money these hard times? Why, I'll tell you, just because I took my wool to Sarjeant at the Flesherton Woollen Mill and there got half a cent per lb more than I could get anywhere else.

NOTICE.—Gordon's harness business having been disposed of to Mr. D. Clayton, all parties owing accounts are hereby notified to call and settle the same within the next ten days, as after that date the books will be placed in other hands for collection. Call at the residence, Collingwood street.

The Advance from now until Jan. 1st, 1889, for 50 cents.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Jno. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

THIS IS FOR YOU.

It Will Pay You to Read Every Word in This Article.

NEW GOODS.—Mr R. Trimble, general merchant, Flesherton, has pleasure in announcing that his stock of New Spring and Summer Goods is now complete in every department.

NEW DRESS GOODS.—A complete range in black and colored Cashmeres, handsome new Combination Dress goods and Plain and Fancy Checks' Nun's Veiling, Jersey Checks, &c.

WASHING FABRICS, Prints and Muslins. Our stock is complete in all the Latest Patterns and Colors.

GREY COTTONS.—2,759 yds. extra heavy Gray Cotton, 36 inches wide, ONLY 5 CENTS PER YARD!

HOSIERY & SMALL WARES.—Our stock is the largest ever seen in town.

GLOVES.—A fine assortment of Ladies and Gents' Gloves.

CORSETS.—Complete stock. Be sure to ask for our Daisy 45c. Corset.

JERSEYS, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery, Lace Curtains, Waterproofs, Buttons, Frillings and Laces. A full range.

HATS, HATS, HATS.—The largest and best assorted stock of Ladies, Gents Boys and girls Hats in town.

GENTS FURNISHINGS.—This department is complete in all the nobbiest Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties.

CLOTHING.—560 men and boys wanted at the leading clothing house.

BOOTS & SHOES.—Our stock of Ladies and Gents Boots and Shoes is exceedingly large.

GROCERIES.—Another large stock of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at 25c. lb, 50 boxes No. 1 Layer Raisins at $1.50 per box.

PROVISIONS.—Just received 1 case Long Clear Bacon, 1500 lbs. sound Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Dried Apples, White Beans.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.—Timothy Red Clover, Alsike, Garden Seeds, Turnip Seeds, Flax, Vetches.

BUTTER, EGGS, and Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOOD FARM

For Sale in Osprey!

UNDER the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at BLACKSTOCK'S HOTEL, in the Village of SINGHAMPTON, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

Thursday, June 21st, 1888,

by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, all that certain parcel or tract of land premises situate in the Township of Osprey, in the County of Grey containing by admeasurement 100 acres, be the same more or less, and being composed of Lot number thirty-five, in the sixth concession of the said township. The property is situate fifteen miles from Flesherton and two miles from Singhampton. Soil is sandy loam, about forty acres cleared, balance timbered with hardwood except about fifteen acres, covered with cedar balsam, and mixed timber; well watered.

Buildings; Good Frame Barn, 33 x 46, Hewed Log House, 15 x 18, and outbuildings.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the vendors' solicitors at the time of sale, sufficient with the said ten per cent. to make one-third of the purchase money in one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by first mortgage over the property sold, payable in five years, with interest at six and one-half per cent. per annum. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

Further particulars made known at the time of sale, or on application to A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, Flesherton, CHARLES KING, 3 Peter St., Hamilton, or to

MULOCK, TILT, MILLER,
CROWTHER & MONTGOMERY,
Vendors' Solicitors, 99 King St. East, Toronto

Dated 22nd May, 1888.

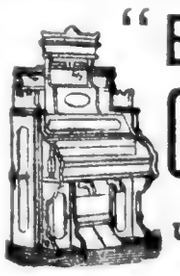

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Will you tell us the circumstances, Lady Eastwell, which induced you to think the prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime of which he is accused?"

"I know that he hated Sir Hugh Glynn, and I overheard him threaten to kill him."

"When was that?"

"Four years ago. I know that he has had bitter cause for enmity against him."

"You saw them start together on the morning of the eleventh?"

"Yes."

"Who had suggested Sir Hugh's accompanying the prisoner?"

"I cannot remember; but, to the best of my recollection, it was the prisoner."

"Was Sir Hugh an ill-tempered man, at all given to quarrelling?"

"Certainly not."

"And the prisoner?"

Alice's lips tightened.

"I have seen him violently incensed."

"Were Sir Hugh and his wife living on amicable terms?"

"No, certainly not. My cousin never made any secret of her dislike to her husband."

"I think on one occasion, and even more than one occasion, you heard her express considerable dislike to him?"

"I heard her wish she could kill him."

"Was she alone?"

"No; she spoke to the prisoner."

"My lord, with your permission, I will examine this witness," said Mr. Montagu, just as Alice was leaving the box; and something in the great lawyer's keen, critical, rather satirical look, disturbed Lady Eastwell's exquisite self-possession.

Very keen and quiet and to the point were his questions—trifling and indifferent almost they seemed; but, when Lady Eastwell left the witness-box, she felt that he had entirely altered the character of her evidence, that he had put Guy Stuart before the jury as an injured, forgiving man who had nobly borne bitter and terrible wrongs. Other witnesses followed, with more or less important evidence against the prisoner; but, on the whole, when the Court adjourned for luncheon, it was evident that the case for the prosecution was a weak one, the only real evidence against the prisoner being the stick which had been found beside the body.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

After luncheon the business proceeded rather languidly, until the last witness for the prosecution was summoned; and then, amid a low murmur of excitement and distress, a slight figure in black, leaning on the arm of Mr. Grey, the Vicar of Easton, appeared in the witness-box, holding the rail in front of her with one slight hand, but gently declining any other support; and, as the deep gray eyes rested upon her, the prisoner's firm lips trembled and his hand shook.

"I must ask you to remove your veil."

The lawyer's quiet voice had a touch of sympathy in it, and the cold keen eyes did not look at her with unconcerned gaze—they were somewhat troubled, for the Queen's lawyer had a pretty daughter at home of Shirley's age, and he felt for her terrible position.

She lifted her veil at once, and the face which she disclosed was so terribly altered that the loving, longing eyes which watched her so anxiously grew suddenly dim. It was perfectly colorless—even the lips were pale; and in the sweet eyes was a strange hunted expression, very sad to see, as she stood there, her hand clasping the rail, her lovely little statuesque face framed in the heavy folds of crape of her widow's bonnet.

"Thank you," the lawyer said gently, shrinking himself from the task before him—the attempt to make Shirley bear testimony against the man whom she loved and who loved her; and, after the necessary preliminaries had been gone through, there was a little pause.

"I think there is no need to distress this witness by repetition," the lawyer said, apologetically almost, as he fingered his papers rather nervously.

"You can only corroborate, Lady Glynn, what previous witnesses have stated as to the circumstances of your marriage. They were correct, I presume?"

"Yes." The voice was perfectly steady, but very low.

"How long had you been Sir Hugh's wife when you met the prisoner?"

"I think it was four years and a few months after that that Major Stuart returned to England."

"Had you seen or heard anything of him in that interval?"

"No—not one word."

"When he and your husband met, did they meet as friends?"

"Yes."

"But they had parted bitterest foes?"

"Major Stuart had been cruelly wronged.'

"And he had uttered threats of vengeance?

"He was in great trouble," Shirley answered tremulously, lifting her eyes for a moment and turning them upon the judge with an earnest entreating look.

"We can easily understand his distress, but to cherish vengeance during such a long period is not so easily understood."

"But he did not;" and, as she spoke, Shirley's little hands met in a close clinging clasp. "He forgave my husband. He had promised his uncle on his death-bed that he would forgive the wrong, and he did so."

"Will you repeat that statement, Lady Glynn?"

His Lordship himself had interposed with the question, and he was leaning forward with some interest on his grave face.

"Major Stuart promised his uncle on his death-bed that he would forgive Sir Hugh," she said earnestly. "Sir Jasper Stuart was dying, and our marriage was hastened that I might be introduced to him, as he was Major Stuart's only relative; but, when Sir Hugh claimed me, Guy—Major Stuart—had to return alone; and it was then that Sir Jasper entreated him to promise that he would never attempt to be revenged for the wrong done to him."

"And Major Stuart gave the promise?"

"Yes."

"When did you hear of this, Lady Glynn?"

"Major Stuart told me of it shortly after his return."

"On what occasion?"

"I was thanking him for meeting Sir Hugh not only with courtesy, but with kindness," she answered unsteadily.

"Is it a fact, Lady Glynn, that you and Sir Hugh were not living on amicable terms?"

"We were not happy," Shirley said, simply, a faint, pained flush rising in her face.

"Sir Hugh was very kind and indulgent to you?"

"Yes—always."

"Then we may conclude that it was you who could not forgive the deception that he practiced upon you?"

"It was very hard and wicked," the young widow said faintly. "But we were friends before he—he died."

"I am afraid you are not very strong; will you rest a little now?"

"I am quite able to go on," she said simply.

"What induced you to forgive your husband and become reconciled to him?"

"Major Stuart had—no, do not trouble, I am not faint—Major Stuart had told me how sinful I had been to cherish my resentment, and he had urged me to become reconciled."

She spoke with a brave simplicity and sincerity which carried conviction with them; and the lawyer for the prosecution saw that he was losing ground.

"The prisoner seems to have been quite a Mentor," he said, with a slight sneer. "Do you believe in his innocence, Lady Glynn?"

Shirley lifted her wondering eyes.

"I have not doubted it for a moment," she said, with a great earnestness; and, as she spoke, her eyes met Guy's for the first time, and in the swift glance they exchanged there was a whole world of love and fath and trust.

"Unfortunately every one else is not so trusting. One witness has stated to-day that he overheard you say to Major Stuart that you wished you could kill your husband. Is the statement correct?"

"I think I said so; but I spoke under great excitement. I was very unhappy. I did not mean the words."

"They were said to the prisoner?"

"Yes—they were uttered before him."

"Ah! That will do, Lady Glynn."

The trial went on; witness after witness spoke in favor of Guy, men who had been his brother officers for years, men of standing and weight who were his friends. Oswald Fairholme spoke eagerly and earnestly in Guy's behalf; but he could not deny that he had seen the two men in bitter enmity and heard threats of deadly vengeance exchanged. The Vicar of Lynmouth testified to Major Stuart's shocked surprise and grief, and his immediate return to Easton on hearing the tidings.

The afternoon wore on; lamps were lighted in the crowded court-house as the counsel for the defence began his speech, an earnest, eloquent defence, which made many a heart thrill. There was no proof against the prisoner, none but the discovery of his stick near the dead man; and this was easily explained by the fact that he had lent it to Sir Hugh at his own request. No high words had ever passed between them since they had met again. On the contrary, the accused had shown a noble forbearance and a true spirit of Christian forgiveness to one who had so cruelly injured him. The death of Sir Hugh Glynn was wrapt in mystery certainly. The medical testimony tended to prove that death had ensued from the blow on his head; but medical science was not infallible, and it was not impossible, as one of the medical men present had acknowledged, that the blow which had caused Sir Hugh's death had been received in another way—by a fall, an accident. The jury had heard, he continued, the testimony of several persons whose position in society and general conduct rendered their evidence beyond all question, and they had doubtless been surprised that such a charge had been made against a man whose antecedents were so unexceptionable and who bore such a high character for courage, honor, and nobility. They had heard too the evidence of the unhappy lady with whom, he was sure, one and all of them had sympathized that day; they had heard how cruelly she and the prisoner had been deceived, how basely the latter's trust in his friend had been betrayed, and yet with what nobility, with what forbearance he had behaved—how he had left England and put the width of the world between him and the woman he loved when she was another man's wife—how during four long years he had wandered over foreign countries, leaving a splendid estate without a master, rather than enter into temptation and meet Lady Glynn, until he could meet her as an honest man should meet another man's wife and how when he returned and they had met again, he had used all his interest to induce her to forgive her husband, and had indeed been a peace-maker between them.

And so the afternoon wore on, and the eloquent words so full of power and conviction rolled forth over the silent audience, so intent and grave; and many eyes filled with tears as the listeners thought of the blighted lives and the fatal love which had brought such misery in its wake; and Lady Eastwell's eyes darkened with anger and disappointment as she saw how kindly looks were cast upon the prisoner, and how the anxiety was dying out of Mr. Harcourt's eyes. And Shirley listened likewise, with every sense quickened by anxiety and fear, and her eyes sought the judge's face with keen strained questioning, trying to read Guy's fate in that impassive countenance, and leaving it with a weary baffled glance to scan the faces of the twelve jurymen in whose hands that fate lay.

Then, when, amid a loud, yet instantly repressed, murmur of applause, the eminent counsel sat down, the judge summed up briefly and impartially, yet disclosing unmistakably his belief in the prisoner's innocence, a belief shared by many others there and then.

As the jury left the court to consider their verdict, the lights, the eager faces all faded from before Shirley's eyes, and there was a slight commotion as Mr. Grey lifted the slender motionless girl and carried her out, followed by many a pitying glance; so that Shirley did not hear the verdict given which enabled Guy Stuart to leave the court a free man. Surrounded by rejoicing friends, and with a dazed bewildered look on his face, as, coming from the crowded court-house into the sweet cool evening air, he lifted his hair from his brow with a gesture of intense relief, he stood once more under the blue sky, in which the stars were already peeping out one by one, a free man.

Free—yet with the stain upon him still, for, until the murderer of Sir Hugh Glynn was discovered, there would be many who, notwithstanding the acquittal given by his fellow-countrymen, would believe him guilty of the crime of which he had been accused.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Guy, dear fellow, we are all so glad and thankful!" Oswald Fairholme remarked huskily, when he was alone with Guy in the sitting-room at the Exminster Arms an hour later, looking with earnest sympathizing dark eyes at Major Stuart, as he lay back in a deep arm-chair, worn and haggard and wearied.

"Thank you, Fairholme, I am sure of that," Guy said, making an effort to rouse himself and forcing a smile to his lips. "I have no words, old friend, to thank you for all the kindness and friendship you have shown me."

"Nonsense!" Oswald returned rather unsteadily. "I wish you would try to eat something, old man; you look wretchedly ill."

"Do you think a good dinner would put some flesh on my bones?" was the smiling inquiry. "I'm all right, Oswald; but of course the last six weeks were not calculated to improve one's appearance; and then," he added with a sudden break in his voice, "do you think I can forget that I am a dishonored man, acquitted of a crime certainly, but with my innocence still unproved—a man who in the eyes of half England has but escaped a just condemnation because there was not sufficient proof to hang him?"

He rose, with an abrupt restless movement, and went over to the window looking upon the street where the gas-lamps were burning, and where groups of people were still standing discussing the event of the day; and Oswald glanced at him with the same earnest sympathy and compassion.

"No one whose opinion is worth having thinks so, Guy," he said eagerly. "It is of course impossible but that you should feel this somewhat at first; but by and by the feeling will wear off. None of your old friends are likely to look coldly at you."

"Do you think that every one is as true and staunch as yourself, Fairholme?" Guy said, with a melancholy smile. "Why, even your sister and her husband——"

"Do not talk of them," Oswald Fairholme broke in quickly. "When I think of Alice's conduct, I feel bitterly ashamed and humiliated. Nothing in the world but her everlasting envy of that poor child's superior loveliness has been at the bottom of all her hatred and malice. Ah, Layton!"

"I thought I might come up," Captain Layton said, holding out his hand to Guy with a frank, unaffected, earnest manner which was new to him. "Major Stuart, let me congratulate you. We are all so heartily glad—not that we had any doubt as to what the verdict would be from the beginning. Miss Grey sent me up," he added, turning to Oswald, and carefully avoiding to look at Guy's face as he continued, "to tell you that Lady Glynn is much better, and that she fainted only from the heat and crush. She is almost herself now."

Guy looked up hastily, as if about to speak, but, apparently changing his mind, [illegible] sat down in his arm chair, [illegible] creeping over his face.

"That is all right," [illegible] "she bore up so well all day that I feared the long-continued strain had been too much for her. We owe Miss Grey and her sister a vast debt of gratitude," he added, smiling. "They are most charming girls, and it was worth enduring some trouble to secure such friends."

Captain Layton's face glowed delightedly. The only drawback to his happiness in his engagement to Ada Grey had been a lurking thought that his friends might think lightly of her because she was the daughter of an obscure country parson; but he was himself fast finding out that there is a far truer nobility in kindly natures than in high birth, and that it is worth, not rank, which is the grand desideratum. The young man's love for Ada had indeed changed him for the better; he was no longer recognizable as the languid, listless individual eager to flirt with Mrs. Beaudesert, and with no higher object in life than the adornment of his own person and the designing of some new fashion in cravats. The young exquisite had almost entirely disappeared, and an earnest, straightforward resolute man had replaced him. The terrible trouble which had fallen upon Lady Glynn had touched him greatly, and Sir Hugh's awful death had been a rude but salutary shock. He had spent the weeks before the trial at Easton, and his presence was an inestimable comfort to Ada, who was almost sorry afterward to think how happy she had been while Shirley was undergoing such sorrow and suffering.

"And I have to congratulate you," Major Stuart said, looking up with a smile. "You are a lucky fellow, Layton; Miss Grey is a most charming girl, and you are very much to be envied."

"Thank you," the young fellow returned, rather shyly. "Have you not dined yet?" he added, glancing at the barely touched dinner. "Because Lucie thought that perhaps you would come round this evening. They would be so glad to see you."

"Yes, we have dined," Captain Fairholme said hesitatingly; "but I want to write home. I have already telegraphed to my wife, but I know she will be anxious to hear all particulars. Would you care to go by and by, Stuart, or are you too tired?"

"By no means," Guy answered immediately. "I should like very much to go."

"Then I will tell them to expect you in about an hour," said the young officer cheerfully. "They will be delighted. You know the house, Fairholme, of course?"

"I ought to know it," Oswald answered laughingly, "considering that I was there three or four times yesterday and again this morning."

"All right then. *Au revoir!*" said Captain Layton as he left the room.

They heard his quick step on the stairs as he went down, and his voice humming a song; and, as it died away, a little spell of silence fell upon them both, broken at last by Oswald, who rang to have dinner removed. And while he was writing to Ruby, telling her all the particulars of the trial and its results, Guy Stuart sat leaning slightly forward in his chair, his head on his hand, his deep gray eyes with wistful yearning gaze studying the red glow of the fire. He was thinking of the Past and its misery; of the Present, with its strange uncertainty, and flickering lights and shades, and he was wondering what fate the Future had in store for him. Would it give him more loneliness, more sorrow, more wistful yearning for love and companionship, or would Shirley put her hands in his and go with him where he would—his wife at last! For there was no life between them now.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Guy had meant to meet Shirley quietly, and Lady Glynn had made a resolution that she would not distress him by any emotion; but, when they met in the firelit parlor of Mr. Jackson's little cottage, their calmness and courage were sorely tried.

She was waiting for him alone, standing, a slim black-robed figure, upon the bright flowered rug; and, when she entered, she turned and put out both little hands to him; and Guy bent over them as he took them in his and laid his face upon them in uncontrollable emotion. The long strain upon his nerves and endurance had overcome him at last, and the look in her eyes, so tender, so compassionate, so infinitely loving, broke down all his self-control. Shirley stood motionless, with her heart throbbing to suffocation. She was anxious to spare him as much as possible. She felt that it would be inexpressible comfort to throw herself into his arms and weep out all her misery upon his breast, but she knew that she must be brave for him now, for him who had so often been brave for her.

They were silent for some moments, the stillness of the little room being broken only by the great choking sobs which burst from Guy's sad heart; then, as Shirley felt she could bear it no longer, she said softly—

"Guy, you distress me. Dear, I cannot bear to see you thus."

At the sound of her voice he shivered; but making a great effort, he lifted his head, and, still keeping her hands in his, murmured a few broken words of thanks and blessing for her brave testimony for him that day; and, as her eyes rested on his face, so well beloved and so sadly altered, she could have cried out with pain at the change she saw there.

"Why are you thanking me, Guy?" she said tremulously. "Such thanks as those hurt me. Sit down and tell me of yourself. Oswald ought not to have let you come to-night. You look fit for nothing but rest."

She drew him gently toward the little sofa; and, as he sat down, still holding her hands in his and gazing at her fixedly as she bent ever him with such infinite pity and love, the fair face quivered and the beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Guy," she said brokenly, "have you been ill? Have they hid it from me?"

"I have not been ill, my darling; but, of course, I have been somewhat troubled and anxious and grieved. But that is all over now. I need not be selfish any longer," he said huskily. "I can have thought for others. My poor, poor child, how terrible all this must have been to you!"

"I was not alone, Guy," she answered, looking down at him sorrowfully. "I found kind and dear friends who have been, oh, so good to me, dear!"

"Heaven bless them!" broke from his lips, as he drew her closer to him. "And yet, my dearest, you are so changed."

"Am I? You must not judge of my looks [illegible], because I am tired; and I should [illegible] unless of yours either," she continued, changed, and [illegible] told me you faltered for a moment—"and to-day I saw that you looked worn and ill, but—"

"If my appearance shocks you," he said, forcing a smile, "I will go away and not see you again until I have recovered my old looks. Oh, my darling"—he dropped his head on her shoulder as she stood beside him—"how can we be thankful enough, how can we show our gratitude? Shirley, once or twice in my loneliness there," he went on unsteadily, "it seemed to me that everything was going wrong here, that the most trivial words and actions would go against me. It seemed as if even heaven were against me."

"Guy, my dearest, hush!"

"It is such a relief to tell you, love!" he said, brokenly. "I had left you that morning so much happier. I had guessed that you and—and poor Hugh were friends, and I was thinking that there was a happy life of mutual love in store for you both in the future. Sweet, I know what you would say; but you are so young, and his love—once you had forgiven—could not have failed to win some return; and I was glad and thankful, my own—ah, I may call you so now, Shirley!—that it should be so—I was quite willing to go away and be forgotten, if you were happy; and that morning, Shirley, I meant to go away and not to see you again until I had conquered my love for you."

The tears were standing in his eyes, and Shirley, bending, put his dark hair—thickly besprinkled with white now—back from his brow, and then, with a sudden irrepressible tenderness, bent yet lower, and put her lips where her caressing hand had rested.

"My poor Guy!" she said softly.

"We were going over the cliffs, talking of anything and everything but the dear woman who was so near both our hearts, when Hugh turned to me suddenly, and, with a look in his eyes I had never seen there before—a look of such earnest gratitude and sorrow—asked me to forgive him the wrong he had done me in the past. He told me all, Shirley—how, rendered mad and desperate by his love for you, he had resolved to possess you by fair means or foul, and that, hearing your mother's story, my poor love, he determined to betray you as she had been betrayed. But he told me that from that night—do you remember it, my darling, when you followed me to Maxwell?—he had not known one happy hour. He had quite despaired of ever winning your love—how could you love, he said, where you had learned to despise? He assured me that then, had it been possible, he would have undone what he had done; but that, knowing that to be impossible, he had tried to brave it out. And we sat down on the cliff, and he told me, poor fellow—"

"Guy, rest now—you shall tell me another time," she entreated, seeing the terrible emotion under which he was laboring, and how unfit he seemed for further fatigue; but, after a moment, Guy lifted his head and went on earnestly:

"He told me what I had already guessed, that the wife he loved so dearly had forgiven him, and that, thanks to me, he should be happy again; and he thanked me in words which made me feel so unworthy when I remembered what a struggle I had had with myself. And he said that—but the words are too generous to be repeated—only, my darling, I must tell you this, for it seemed to me afterward that a foreboding of his sad end must have been upon him—he said that his was not a long lived family, and that there might be happy days in store for me with you in the future. Darling, it hurts you to hear this; forgive me."

"It does not hurt me," she answered, raising her eyes heavy with tears to his; she was kneeling by his side now, resting her head against his arm. "It takes so much of the pain away. Tell me all, Guy."

"When we parted—truer friends than we had ever been in life before—he asked me to give him my stick, and to let him send me one in exchange; and the last I saw of him was when he was standing gazing at me as I went, looking so strong and handsome and happy. My darling, I thank heaven that I had no bitter thoughts in my heart against him then!"

She pressed her head against him in silence, too deeply moved to speak as she thought of the brilliant career so suddenly cut short, the life so suddenly taken; and on Guy's face, as he sat by her side, there was a great weariness and pain and regret.

"It was a terrible end," he said, huskily, then. "Shirley, have you any idea who could have done that dreadful deed?"

She shook her head wearily.

"I did not know that he had an enemy," she said faintly. "Guy, could it not have been—could not have been an accident?"

"I fear not, my darling; and"—with an irrepressible burst of pain—"until this mystery is cleared up, I shall be a dishonored, crime stained man."

She lifted her head and looked at him.

"You dishonored—you crime-stained! But"—her breath came quickly as a new fear came into her eyes—"you have been acquitted, Guy!"

"Acquitted—yes; they had not proof enough to condemn me," he said bitterly; "but, until the guilty man is discovered, I am the guilty man, Shirley."

(To be continued.)

The Rector and the Bishop.

A New York correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* says: They are telling rather an amusing story of the good bishop. One of his daughters applied recently for confirmation in a certain large and flourishing evangelical church in this city. The rector gave a number of names, including hers, to one of his zealous young assistants, and bade him visit each candidate. The bishop lives in a handsome apartment up town, but the surroundings did not deter the Low Church pastor. He was going to fight the devil and his works wherever he might find them. The name suggested nothing, for there are Potters and Potters as well as Smiths and Smiths, both common enough trades in the days when a man's surname indicated his occupation. The candidate was not in, but her mother appeared. After an appropriate conversation the young clergyman said: "Where does your husband attend church?" "Well, he attends none regularly." "Very bad, very bad," said the minister severely. "This habit of running about is pernicious. Is he a church communicant?" "Yes." "Worse still; and what views does he hold? Is he high or low, or (with a broad [illegible] of the somewhat narrow chest), is wife, "Indeed, sir, [illegible] said the bishop's however, the assistant bishop [illegible] diocese, to which, I think, you belong. You had better put the question to him."

What Frightens Gladstone.

"I happen to know," says a London *Star* writer, "that a badly ventilated room is the one thing in the world Mr. Gladstone fears. During the general election there was a curious and pathetic episode which brings this out. Mr. Gladstone spoke in Manchester—I think it was in the Free Trade Hall—the crowd was terrible, the heat awful. Mr. Gladstone was very much affected by the badness of the atmosphere. Once or twice he had actually to stop in the middle of his speech, and he declared to those around him that he could not possibly go on. But with that noble resolution which has borne him through such mighty struggles to ultimate victory, he pulled himself together, declared that somebody should say what he had to say, and that if he didn't say it nobody else could; and he went on heroically to the end. He suffered a severe penalty, for he had to go to bed immediately after the speech and remain in bed for a whole day afterward."

In Church.

"Mamma," whispered a little boy, who had watched the preacher vigorously pound the pulpit cushion for some time.

"'Sh!"

"But, mamma, I—"

"'Sh! 'Sh! You musn't talk in Church."

"I only wanted to say that if I was that cushion, I'd—"

"'Sh!"

"I'd be all black and blue by this time," he squeaked.

"I Told You So."

Brown—"You don't look very happy, Robinson." Robinson—"No, I left off my flannels this morning and caught cold." Brown—"That's bad." Robinson—"Oh, I don't care anything about the cold; but my wife told me I was leaving them off too soon."

Iron in Milk.

De Leon has been making an extended investigation of the amount of iron in milk, and finds that cow's milk contains more of this constituent than either human or asses' milk. In asses' milk he found .0025 per cent. of iron, in human milk .0015 per cent., and in cow's milk .0040 per cent.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Probably the youngest bank president in the world is J. M. Bailey, jun., who, at the age of 23 years, has been placed at the head of the Minnehaha national bank, of Sioux City.

Joseph Haddon, of Liverpool, S. C., is probably the oldest engineer, in point of service, at least, in the United States. He has held a throttle since 1833, and in his youth was an apprentice of Robert Stevenson, at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne.

Somethin' to Say.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO J. W. RILEY.)

Somethin' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet,
I've somethin' to say!
Some fathers might let things take their course,
but your dad ain't built that way.
You see, I work for a livin' now, and I earn
enough for two;
But I'll be whipped if I'm goin' to feed another
along with you.

If you wanted to marry a decent man, who was
earnin' decent pay,
Most likely I'd tell you to go ahead, and hurry
and set the day;
But I know the worthless dude you want, and I
know his little lay.
Somethin' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet
I've somethin' to say!

Now, don't be cryin', daughter, and don't feel
hard at me—
You'd know you'd better be single, if only you
could see;
But to think of your marryin' such a man as lazy
young Dandy Jim
Though, 'f he knew enough to earn his salt,
don't know's I'd object to him.

It isn't him at all, you say; but the old man
millionaire?—
Why, child, you make your father proud; just
let me kiss you—there!
And you want me to add my blessing, and come
to the house and stay?
Well, I guess you can manage your own machine
and I ain't got nothin' to say.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Conceits in the Fashionable Attire of the Sex.

A TRIBUTE TO CANADIAN GIRLS.

Pink and White Maidens Whose Suitors are Swarthy.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

A Man's Reasoning.

"The trouble with women," said Smitherimpkins, "is that they want us to have fun their way. They want us to sit in the house and talk about the weather, sir; to discuss the eternal mysteries of dressmaking and cooking, sir; and to read novels, sir, and worship babies. They can't see why a man should want to go to a club or a public dinner, sir, or take in a baseball game or a horse race. They want us to do as they do and enjoy ourselves their way, sir, But did you ever hear of a man wanting a woman to have fun his way? No, sir; not much, sir. You never heard of any man's trying to pursuade his wife to go around the corner, sir, to a nice quiet place, sir, where some very elegant gentlemen were engaged in a rubber of cards, sir, and to smoke cigars and drink beer with the party, sir, and sit up till the cock had made himself hoarse with crowing, sir, and then meander home singing. Did you ever hear of any man's trying to pursuade a woman to have fun that way—his way? No, sir; not by a jugful, sir."

Canadian Girls.

Are Canadian girls pretty? We rather, and, better still, they are all trained to make good housekeepers. There is not a young lady from the Red River to Labrador that cannot make the most tempting of wheat cakes as well as the rarer delicacies. They are good helpmates and never prove faithless.—*New York Press.*

Floral Weddings.

Floral weddings are the latest nuptial whim of wealthy people. At a recent ceremony the house of the bride's parents was transformed into a veritable bower of roses. The carpet [illegible] glistening white [illegible] the ceiling decorated with a delicate tracery of smilax, studded with pink and white roses; ropes of smilax and rosebuds draped the walk, while curtains of the same concealed the lace hangings of the bay window where the bridal couple stood. The mantels, stands, cabinet-shelves and window ledges were banked with moss and roses, while in the corners stood large, tall vases filled with roses of red and white. Throughout the whole house there was the same abundance of flowers, while the ball-room was decorated with tropical plants and festooned with rose wreaths. The musicians' gallery was draped with smilax and bonsilene buds, and the dining-room was decorated with a profusion of pink and white roses, white carnations and pink azaleas. The white cloth on the table was relieved by a broad band of pink silk plush laid down the centre, in the middle of which was a triple silver epergne upholding bowls of Venetian glass of pale pink, crowded full of pink and white buds, and the bridle cakes were wreathed with rosebuds.

The Best Anti-Fat.

A well-known physician writes: When a girl grows plump, entering her teens it is best not to meddle with nature rashly, as a reduction of fat in such a case has left epileptic seizures instead. The girl should leave school and take to music and quiet, steady work. It is a pity spinning is out of date. As a sedative exercise and for developing a fine hand and arm there is nothing to take its place. The beautiful Prudence, whose father held his manor by a king's favor, when asked in a silly way if she was not proud of her family possessions, made prompt answer, fit for a Greek girl: "No, I am not proud of our house or furniture or carriages or silver-ware or china, but I am proud of one thing—I know how to spin!" Sweet Mistress Prudence, send your taste and spirit again among our girls till they, like Helen of Troy and the wife of Odysseus, are seen by their own door in the sunshine spinning their purple thread.

Pretty Moorish Girls.

The women of Morocco, writes a recent traveller, are of all shades and colors, and I must say that some of the handsomest women I ever saw, both in feature and form, were full-blooded negresses. Another surprise was to notice that many of the Moorish beauties would show a snowy, rounded arm and a clear, pink and white skin that the most beautiful woman in Boston would have been glad to possess, but where they got this skin and complexion I could never find out, for the men, perhaps from their constant exposure to the sun, are tanned and blackened to the color almost of the negroes. In the country all is different, and little attempt is made by the women to be stingy with their charms, and to this freedom of the country many a poor, simple girl owes her position as prime favorite in the harem of some Moorish dignitary, who saw her perfections while travelling by her father's tent or hut.

The principal figure among the washers was a comely young woman of perhaps 20, with a bright, intelligent face and a form that could not be criticized, and as she swung her little body around I could not but fancy her in pink silk tights and satin slippers. When she found I had pockets and commenced to go through them to see what they contained, I felt the time had come for me to tell her there was only one woman in the world who had a right to go through my pockets for keeps, and so I tried to change the subject.

Our Grandmothers' Way.

The old-fashioned courtesy of our grandmothers, says a Washington correspondent, is being revived again, though in a modified form. At a recent reception at the White House a fair young girl was presented to the President. As he took her hand she ducked down about six inches with a movement which might be termed the lightning courtesy. The same little bob was repeated a moment later as she shook hands with Mrs. Cleveland. Some of the bystanders exclaimed: "How awfully country!" but were quickly subdued by an explanation coming from one of the initiated. The trick is the latest English custom on being presented to people of note. The movement is a difficult one, and if universally adopted the fair society belles will find some difficulty in perfecting themselves in the accomplishment, for, unlike their grandmothers, the early education of the modern girl in that respect has been neglected. Courtesies and backboards were long ago consigned to oblivion as old-fashioned and out of date. Now, together with the old spinning-wheels, they are being brought to light and favor once more.

Fashion Notes.

Striped trousers in dark tones, such as a rich brown or plum color, are the correct thing.

Trimmings of heavy moire ribbon are as much in vogue as ever. Black is the fashionable color.

Among the latest novelties in summer millinery is the "Jardina" garden hat, made of natural grass, braided.

Zebra-striped parasols, with extra wide bands, make a showy appearance among the gayly dressed throngs at the fashionable resorts this season.

Gigantic poke bonnets, made of colored straw, are going to be the correct thing at the seaside this summer for young ladies who are careful of their complexions.

The scarf-pin should be rigidly excluded from any combinations with the white mull or muslin tie for evening dress. But it has a resting-place an inch from the bow on the part of the tie flat against the collar.

Black net bonnets, which are now all the rage, are rendered very attractive by the substitution of real for artificial flowers. A lady on Broadway yesterday wore a large bunch of real Jacqueminot roses in fragrant prominence in front of her bonnet.

Every other hat on a woman's head decorated with two goose-quills. This one of fashion's most imperious decrees. They must be worn on the side of the hat, at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Sometimes they are gilded or silvered. Another fashion in women's head-gear is a cross between the turban and toque. It is flat and sets out around the head. The material should be the same as that of the frock.

Striped gauze makes as pretty a trimming as any on girls' round hats for country wear

Filmy laces play a part in this season's costumes so important[illegible] their white muslin lace-trimmed sunshade makes a charming accompaniment to a dainty summer costume.

Little children wear quaint little Shaker bonnets pique or drawn lawn. The little drawn hats are also very pretty and becoming.

Chamois gloves made on the Barritz model and stitched in white are very stylish for every-day wear for either shopping or driving, and have the advantage of being washable.

Sailor shapes, so youthful and becoming, are the hats which will be worn on all occasions where a serviceable head covering is desired.

Italian braids, otherwise Leghorns, are in many varieties of graceful shapes, and still promise to be the garden hats most popular the coming season.

Shoulder capes of cord passementerie are very stylish and new this season, and are in black or in colors. The fancy finish is in pendant drops or balls.

The Challi costume would hardly seem appropriate to the garden party or the class day fete, yet two of the prettiest possible costumes are now being made of this delicate woollen fabric which is fast taking the place of nun's veiling and albatross cloth.

The underskirt of bright red silk with a full drapery of flowered Challi, with a design of crysanthemums in variegated colors, is a description which does not do full justice to the lovely effect produced of a class day costume to be worn by one of this season's belles.

Copper Becoming Fashionable.

Copper is coming into fashion. What do I mean? Well, look at this lot of canes and umbrellas I have just imported. You will notice that each one of them has a piece of ordinary copper wire around the handle.

Gold and silver have become so common for these articles that people demand something new for a change, and you see the result before you. Just now great simplicity is affected in this respect, but I haven't the slightest doubt that when this metal becomes popular, as I believe it will, we shall see very elaborate personal ornaments made of it.

Indeed, I have often wondered why copper was not more generally used before this among civilized people as a material for ornaments. Its peculiar color harmonizes perfectly with dark materials and dark complexions, and it is comparatively free from oxidation. Barbarous? Not a bit of it! True, the aborigines made use of copper to adorn their persons, and in that they showed excellent judgment. In matters of taste we might frequently take a lesson from the savages.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

There are probably 1,000 children in the city of Pittsburg who work in iron mills making bolts, nuts, hinges and barbed wire. Many of them are between the ages of 6 and 9 years.

A STAGE HERO.

How He Is Able to Make His Arm Sizzle With a Red Hot Poker.

When Robert B. Mantell was in Detroit recently, says the *Journal*, his act of burning out the wound in his arm made by the mad dog was very realistic. The poker was actually red hot, and he applied it fearlessly to the supposed wound. He hit the fond feminine hearts the hardest when he rushed on n. r., dumps *Diana* on a sofa, and says:

"Ma-a-a-n, look to your-r daughhter! I-I-I will attend to this scr-r-r-atch!"

Robert then shoves a poker into a colored glass fire, removes his red velvet coat, rolls up his shirtsleeves, and exposes a gory wound supposed to have been made by the fierce teeth of a mad dog. The wound is in the fleshy part of his forearm. He gazes upon it regretfully for a moment and then seizes a second poker which has been reposing all the time in a small plumber's furnace, concealed behind the table. He pauses, stretches out his arm, makes his hand a fist, while his mouth assumes an expression of intense determination. Another moment and the white hot poker is plunged into the bleeding wound. There is a sizzling sound. The smoke of burning flesh rises in a column and disappears among the flies. The red wound turns black before the eyes of the people. Waves of intense agony chase each other across the mobile features of the heroic *Monbars*. He slips his coat on and proceeds to say that he is a child of the people, but a billionaire, and wants to marry the girl he has saved. This is all very well, but the facts, it appears, are quite unromantic. Sewed upon Mantell's arm is a thick piece of canvas. It is colored with grease paint. Grease paint is laid onto the edges like putty, so as to conceal the joint just as the joint between an actor's forehead and a baldheaded wig is hidden. A small piece of fat bacon is glued upon the canvas and painted with red grease paint to look like a bloody wound. When the time comes Mantell slaps his hot poker into the bacon. It sizzles and smokes, the audience goes into mild fits, and Mantell tries to look as if he were losing a leg.

For and About Women.

Lady Dudley always sleeps between black silk sheets.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt wears a solitaire diamond ring that cost $48,000.

Mrs. J. H. Riddell, the novelist, spends much time in her garden and poultry yard.

Mrs. L. L. Sherman, a white woman of Great Falls, M.T., has secured a divorce from her colored husband and married her lawyer.

Mrs. Thomas Wilson, of Hillsboro, N.H., has just celebrated her 99th birthday in the house in which she has lived eighty-two years.

Lady Colin Campbell was one of the army of art critics at the Royal Academy.

Lady Watkin Williams has just published a novel depicting social life in London.

Mrs. Linda Gilbert has devoted fifteen years and most of her fortune to prison reform.

The Princess Christian gave a concert recently in aid of a home for soldiers nurses.

The Empress of Germany tastes portions of every article of food intended for the Emperor.

Isaiah Walton, a farmer living near [illegible], says he has five married daughters whose aggregate weight is over 1,000 pounds.

Miss Delphine Baker is about to establish a Christian newspaper in Jerusalem.

Amelie Rives, the authoress, never went to school, but had governesses who guided rather than taught her.

The Princess Eugenie, of Sweden, has taken a contingent of Salvationists under her patronage.

Miss Louise Royce, the Nebraska blizzard heroine, although a cripple for life, looks with cheerfulness into the future.

Kin Yamei, the Chinese girl who recently graduated from the Woman's Medical College in New York, speaks and writes in five languages.

Miss Shoemaker, of Muscle Fork, Mo., although perfectly well and enjoying life, has not been away from home in twenty-five years, not even to run in and talk with a neighbor.

A Brooklyn woman is an undertaker and embalmer. It was her husband's business, and she took it up after his death, and is making money at it.

Jean Ingelow gives a dinner three times a week to the sick and poor and the discharged convalescents from hospitals.

Miss Florence Louise Thayer, daughter of Gen. L. W. Thayer, of Warsaw, N. Y., has been appointed a notary public by Governor Hill.

Mr. Henry Shirk, of Baltimere, has given real estate to the value of $68,000 for the use of the new Woman's College in that city.

The will of Mrs. J. S. Waterman, of Sycamore, Ill., leaves her residence and 60 acres of land for a school for girls, with a fund amounting to $200,000 for its maintenance.

The friends of the late Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," have determined to erect a memorial to he in Tewkesbury Abbey, Tewkesoury, in the form of a marble medallion.

May Emily Bird, a colored woman who died at Centreville, Tenn., recently, was for a long time a missionary in Liberia, Africa, and once received and entertained the world-renowned explorer, Livingstone, on one of his most notable exploring expeditions. She spoke fluently many of the native African languages.

A Climatic Improvement.

Montreal Lady (to American financier)—"Do you not find our Canadian climate rather cold, Mr. Boodler?" American financier—"Oh, not at all; it agrees with me. I left New York because it was too warm for me there."

Moscow Jackson, a sleeping-car porter on the Central Georgia Railroad, has been in the employ of Southern railroads since 1833. He was a slave, and was sold by his master to the Macon & Western Road, now a part of the Central, and was for eighteen years put down among the valuable assets of that corporation.

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M. Gibson a salary of $10,000 a year to look after the interests of Zion at Washington.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Famous Author Slowly Nearing the Completion of Her Career.

American literature has many bright and noble women who have commanded respect and honor by their brain work, and while there is always to be found another to take the place of one whose earthly work has ceased, we cannot but feel a pang of sorrow at the laying down of a single pen. Yet such a sorrowful feeling must be endured by the thousands who have read and been profited by the works of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Not only has the gifted authoress laid by the pen that has carried so much pleasure to hundreds of homes, but the mind that guided the pen is almost faded from its possessor. Like Emerson, the latter part of Harriet Beecher Stowe's life finds her almost entirely bereft of that instrument of thought which has given the world such examples of the purest literature. In her Hartford home Mrs. Stowe is, as only a few days ago she herself expressed it, "simply waiting" for the call that cannot be far off. Gradually but surely is her mind failing her, and the intervals when she is the brilliant conversationalist of old are becoming more rare. None appreciate this fact more than her devoted family, who respond to her slightest call and fill with loving and ready hands her every want. An ardent hope with the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is said to be that she may live to see her immortal book dramatized according to her own ideal, and this it is the intention of a company of capitalists to carry out in Boston next fall. Preparations are already under way, and these have been carried on with the sanction of the author, who has given her indorsement of the proposed version. It is not probable that Mrs. Stowe will personally attend the representation, "But, oh, I shall be so glad," she said to a friend, "that the public is given my ideal of characters and story." It is in this production that she at present evinces the most interest, and in the moments of pleasant chat that are granted her she continually refers to it. Mrs. Stowe's authorized biography is already provided for by the family, who have placed much valuable material in the hands of Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray, a near neighbor and a warm friend of the author. This biography is now under way, and will probably appear shortly after the taking off of the illustrious subject, whose life and work give so much material for one of the most interesting works that could be written.

The Editor's Troubles.

If I was married, and I had a son who had a proclivity for asking questions—I'd kill him in cold blood.

There's a child in the same house with me. Her mother thinks she's a prodigy—I think she's a——; well, fill up the hiatus as you like. She's my sister; she's 6 years old; she plays the piano; she sings (I'll back her to yell "Barberry Bush" against any 6-year-old in tidewater Virginia); she wears a blue frock, a stick of candy, and a mud pie; and—she asks questions.

The other morning while I was sitting at the breakfast table eating a slice of toast some one else had toasted, she smole the winning, made-to-order smile with which she prefaces all of her questions, and asked: "Papa, Dip (diminutive for Dell), who wath Nero?"

"Nero was an old Roman who had a tendency for getting hilarious."

"O, yeth, I thee. He wath a muthic teacher, wathent he?"

"No, Nero was not a music teacher. You have probably heard the old story that he fiddled while Rome was burning."

"Yeth, thir. Well, what'd he do?"

"He was put to death, A. D. '68, for attempting to play John Baseler's 'Tuba Polka' on the violin."

"Well, I thay, Dip, who was Vochner?"

"Wagner was a man who wrote 'Parsifal' and 'Baby Mine.'"

"What'd he do?"

"He drank bock beer and dressed in female attire."

"What'd he do that for?"

"Partly because his suspenders were always busting, and partly to have an excuse for crowding a No. 11 foot into a No. 7 shoe."

"Well, what elth did he do?"

"He chewed up bad girls. Once, when he saw a young woman named Materna washing clothes, he grabbed her by the thin part of the neck and exclaimed: 'Gott sei dank, Ich habe Brunnhilde gerfunden.'"

"Anything else?"

"Yeth, thir. Well, I thay, Dip, who wath ——?"

But just then the postman rang and I escaped.—*Richmond Baton.*

Scene in a County Court.

At Bury St. Edmunds County Court, England, the other day, before Sir Francis Roxburgh, Judge, William Farrow Taylor applied to have an award set aside on the ground that none of the forms of the County Court which would make the award valid had been complied with, and that the reference exceeded his powers.

The Judge described an affidavit made by plaintiff as a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.

Mr. Jones, solicitor—I protest against such an observation from the Bench as a most improper one.

The Judge—I am not going to be spoken to in that way, and I fine you £2.

Mr. Jones—All right. Your courts are getting notorious all over the country.

The Judge—I fine you another £2 for that.

Mr. Jones said he would not permit the Judge to use language such as he had used with regard to his client without protest.

The Judge refused the application.

A subscription was opened in Court to pay the fines inflicted on the solicitor.

Furor Scribendi.

She—Henry!

He—Horrors! Don't interrupt this inspiration. I am—

She—My dear, I only wanted to say that you have dipped your pen into the coffee.

One of the largest plantations in the South is that of Major B. W. Bellamy, of Jefferson county, Fla. It comprises 8,000 acres and nearly all of it is in cultivation. More than 1,500 negroes are employed on the plantation and the Major knows them all by name.

POTTER PALMER'S QUEER WAY.

How He Discharged a Man for Laziness and Hired Him Again at Higher Wages.

Potter Palmer, the great Chicago hotel man, according to our namesake of that city, will not tolerate laziness in his household. He expects his employees to keep at work while on duty, and nothing irritates him so much as to see one of them shirking his task. The other day while strolling through one of the corridors of his hotel he came upon a young man sitting idly in a window, with a mop and a pail of water beside him. Without appearing to notice the man, Mr. Palmer stopped and gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"Well, what are you doing here?" he suddenly asked.

The young man started. "I—I have been cleaning the windows," he stammered.

"It strikes me that you are idling away your time," said the hotel proprietor, still gazing out of the window. "You are not paid to sit here and do nothing."

The window-cleaner tried to explain that he had been working very hard and had just sat down to rest a minute, but Mr. Palmer apparently did not hear him.

"When I hire a man to work for me I expect him to work. I will have no idlers about this house. On the whole I don't think you are the kind of man that is needed here, and you may consider your services in this hotel at an end. Go down to the office and draw your pay."

The discharged employee was struck dumb with surprise and he moved off in silence. After changing his working clothes for his best suit he descended to the office and received from the cashier the balance due on his month's wages. He lingered for a few minutes to speak with one of the assistant porters and was just remarking that he was out of employment, when who should come strolling through the rotunda but Mr. Palmer. Perhaps the gentleman overheard the remark. At any rate he paused, looked at the young man a moment, then tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Come with me. I want to speak with you."

More surprised than ever the young man followed him into his private office. Mr. Palmer, in a kindly tone, asked, "Are you in need of employment:

"Why, yes; I——"

"Would you like to do general work around a hotel—clean windows and that sort of thing? I want just such a fellow as you appear to be."

"Why—why Mr. Palmer, don't you know me? I——"

"Know you? Never saw you before in my life. But that makes no difference. I know what a man is by simply looking at him. You are honest and industrious—I can see that in your face. Now, I just discharged a man for skirking his work—a lazy, shiftless fellow—and I want you to take his place. I am so well pleased with you that I will agree to pay you $20 a month and your living expenses, although I only paid the other fellow $18. You can commence work at once if you like."

By this time the truth was very apparent to the young man and he concluded that he would be very foolish to tell Mr Palmer of his mistake, He therefore permitted himself to be hired to take the place of the "lazy, shiftless fellow," and within an [illegible] he was again at work cleaning windows. At last accounts Mr. Palmer had not heard of his mistake and in all probability is not yet aware that the man he dismissed and the man he afterward employed at better wages are one and the same. The other hotel employees have had a vast deal of fun over the incident.

Tea-Drinking and the Teeth.

Some years since, when on duty at recruiting stations in the north of England, I took observation on the great amount of disease and loss of the teeth existing among the class of men offering themselves. It became a cause of rejection of itself in great numbers. As far as inquiries went I was led to trace it to the excessive tea-drinking indulged in by the working classes in the manufacturing towns, and this went on all through the day, whether with food or not. In fact, instead of 5 o'clock tea being the invention of the upper classes, it was found to exist to an injurious extent in the working classes long before that time. Tea seems to have a peculiar tendency to cause hyperæmia in the tooth sacs, leading to inflammation, and, eventually, abscess of the fang, with, of course, dentralgia at every stage. Whether this special tendency was due to theine or tannin having an elective affinity for dentine it is not possible for me to say. It would be curious to know if medical men, practicing in such manufacturing districts, had observed the deterioration of teeth to be coincident with tea-drinking.—*British Medical Journal.*

No Hope for Him.

Enraged husband—Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!

Wife (calmly)—Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets.

Mr. John Jones, of Fairburn, Ga., has a very wonderful house cat, if a tale that is told of it is to be believed. Several weeks ago this cat caught a rat, but, instead of killing it, began to nurse and care for it, and now gives it as much careful attention as any of her kittens receives.

Florida's "wild man" carries an old fashioned flint lock musket, and is so wild that whenever any person comes near him he runs like a wild deer and hides in the dense swamp near by. Evidently he is out of ammunition.

The annual crusade against the barbed-wire fence is about to begin coincidently with the opening of the fishing season. A philosopher who spends his winters hunting alligators in Florida and his summers whipping trout streams in the Adirondacks, has given it as his personal experience that a man may recover from the diphtheria, the mumps, or even the cholera, but he can never get over the barbed-wire fence and remain the creature he once was.

LadyDilke makes an income of $2,000 a year byher drawing.

Jaggs—No, sir; no two persons think alike, and— Baggs—O, yes they do. I owe you $2. Jaggs—Don't let that bother you. I never thought you'd pay it anyway, so— Baggs—There you are; my thought exactly.

THE ADVANCE.

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Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

VOLUME VIII.

Beloved reader! with this issue, THE ADVANCE enters upon the eighth year of its existence. The feeble infant of June 1st, 1881, has grown into the sturdy youngster of June 1st, 1888. The swaddling clothes have long since been discarded for attire more befitting a youngster which has successfully tided over the various "diseases" and "mishaps" incidental to babyhood. In fact, THE ADVANCE is getting to be a big boy now, and its progenitor may be pardoned by the indulgent reader if he pats the promising youth on the back and tells him to continue to "Hew to the mark let the chips fall where they may."

We could not let this opportunity pass without returning our sincere and hearty thanks to our patrons generally for their loyal support in the past; and we trust THE FLESHERTON ADVANCE has merited the continued liberal patronage of its numerous friends in the County of Grey and elsewhere.

We might note several improvements made in connection with THE ADVANCE office during the past year. In the first place, a neat building, of solid brick, was erected for us last fall, into which our well appointed printing plant was removed from the old office about the 15th October last. A solid brick residence was erected for us at the same time adjoining the printing office, which enables us to attend to business at any hour of the day or night. This we have found a great convenience to many of our patrons, who could not get into town during regular business hours. We have also added a first-class fire-proof safe from the celebrated firm of J. & J. Taylor, Toronto, which enables us to afford ample security to those of our customers who occasionally find it necessary to leave important documents with us. For the comfort and convenience of midnight visitors, our arrangements are most complete. Altogether, in fact, our establishment is probably the best equipped village enterprise of its kind in the three northern counties of Ontario, viz., Simcoe, Grey and Bruce.

With these few remarks we close.

Muddy Valley.

Correspondence of The Advance.

I expect when some people read these items from Muddy Valley, they will be asking where under the sun is that place. Well, here it is—its one mile and a quarter north of Boothville --that is one corner of it. The other is about the same distance north of that beautiful place called Swinton Park, and it is three miles straight south of Priceville, where Brander lives. Its no mean place either. They come all the way from Swinton Park to practice a horse that took a prize in Hopeville for trotting on the 24th; and another young man drove from Brownville around this way with his gal on the 24th, "for a near cut" to Hopeville. He did not seem to know he was in Muddy Valley, for he called in a couple of places on the way to make enquiries. So, there! I think I have told you where it is—its large enough for you to see when you get near it.

Mr. Archie Ferguson, who had his leg broken last fall is able to walk around without the aid of crutches. He is engaged by the Paterson firm to sell their agricultural implements. We wish him success.

A few of the young folks in this neighborhood went to Durham on the 24th. They went in pairs as usual, and had a very pleasant time. Some others went fishing and caught a few chubs. Its a great deal easier catching a fish than a boy on the 24th.

Mr. James T. Wilson and Mr. John Moody got badly hurt at Geo. Watson's raising. They were lifting the short splice of the main plate up on the beams, when it slipped and fell, bringing them down and falling across their legs and bruising them badly. No bones broken.

Mr. T. Atchison, of Brownville, is expected home from the States where he has been since last fall. We expect he will give somebody in Muddy Valley a call on the 12th.

Sydney Blakeston is working with Hugh Wilson in the mill. They are rushing business.

Wm. Sacket, who has been working with A. Ferguson, is going to the lakes for the fishing season. We hope he will return safe in the fall.

—EYEHOLDER.

DEATH OF JAMES FAHEY.

From the Toronto World.

Mr. James Fahey, the best known and cleverest newspaper paragrapher in Canada, died Saturday night at 8 o'clock at his late residence in Lisgar street. Mr. Fahey was ill but two days, an acute attack of pleuro-pneumonia carrying him off in that short period. None of his friends knew of his illness till late on Saturday afternoon, and Mr. H. E. Smallpiece and Mr. J. F. Louden, of The World, barely got to the house in time to see him die. Mr. Fahey was born in Smithville, in the County of Wentworth, about thirty-eight years ago. He leaves a family of seven children in very poor circumstances. Mrs. Fahey only died a little over a year ago,

Backache, stitches in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowels, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

The

CHILDRENS

HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 85 to	3 95
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 45	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 12	0 12
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay, per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

STACKS OF

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—COME AND GET—

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We mean Business and do Business in a Business-like manner every time.

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complete in every respect. Calls attended to day and night.

J. E. MOORE.

June 5th, 1888.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Actina — the Age — of Price - - $3.

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CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument. W. T. BARR & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract Granulated Eye-lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness. THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.

TRIAL journal. W. T. SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS ... Illustrated book and health ... Ont.

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Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $3 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. **The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts.** Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. **Hundreds of Testimonials on file** from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 26th, 1887.

Cures Guaranteed

Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Positive Cure. ✝ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vim and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✝ A Pleasant Cure.

Removed!

GONE OFF!

Vamoosed!

D. Clayton's

WELL-KNOWN

HARNESS = SHOP!

Has been removed to the stand lately occupied by Mr. John Gordon in Richardson's Block, Sydenham street, Flesherton.

Crash, Bang!

Ugyear reduction, the public may look out for

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS.

Stock must positively be cleared right out to make room. Come along and we will quote prices that will open your eyes.

WHIPS!

The finest stock ever seen in Flesherton, and at prices which must suit everybody. From 10 cents up.

Everything usually found in a first-class establishment you may count on getting at

CLAYTON'S Harness Shop

and at prices which must satisfy even the closest buyers that no better value can be obtained anywhere.

Soliciting your patronage, I remain,

Yours truly,

D. CLAYTON.

Flesherton, June 7th, 1888.

Priceville Pointers.

The Agricultural Editor again Heard From.

A barn belonging to Mr. McCabe, merchant of Priceville, was completely destroyed by fire on Saturday night last. As the building is some distance from any residence, the fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

A barn belonging to Mr. James T. Wilson, of Proton, was burned about the same time.

A great many changes are likely to be made this year by the Stationing Committee, in connection with the Guelph Conference. It is currently reported that Rev. Mr. Ottewell will be removed to another field of labor—a fact the many warm friends he has made on this circuit during the past year will regret very much to hear. Rev. Wm. Ottewell is one of those quiet, dignified, stalwart Christians, who form the strongest bulwark in any church. The oftener you come in contact with them the better you like them.

Mr. R. L. Mortimer, Editor of the Shelburne Free Press, visited friends in this neighborhood last week, spending Sunday here.

[Correspondent at Priceville will please send items to ADVANCE office as usual, notwithstanding the visits of the Agricultural Editor. What the A.E. misses the cor. can catch "on the fly," and between the two, Priceville readers ought to be well supplied with news. We expect to visit Priceville at least once every two weeks in future, except during the present month, when we attend conference and take our usual holidays.—ED.]

A correspondent sends us the following additional particulars in reference to the fire losses alluded to above:—

Mr. McCabe's barn contained several farming implements, which were destroyed together with the building. Mr. McCabe has the sympathy of a large number of friends.

Mr. Wilson's barn caught fire while that gentleman was at church. It is supposed that the building took fire from some matches with which one of Mr. Wilson's little children was playing. Loss about $1600. Mr. Wilson has the good will of all his neighbors.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

[Item was crowded out of last week's issue.—ED.

On Friday, Mrs. Duncan, of Eugenia, who had been prostrated a few days by sickness, quietly passed into her eternal rest. Mrs. Duncan was a young woman in the full vigor and bloom of womanhood but lately weakened by motherhood. By reason of her late severe confinement her death was not unexpected, during the last few days, yet it fell with sadness and gloom on her family and friends. Mrs. Duncan was an excellent young woman and died with bright hopes of a glorious resurrection. Mr. Duncan has the sincere sympathy of the entire neighborhood in his very sad and sorrowful bereavement. The funeral which took place on Sunday to the Methodist cemetery, Flesherton, was largely attended by friends and neighbors who wished to pay their last tribute to the departed friend.

The 24th of May was duly observed as a holiday in and around Eugenia. Although there were no public games or special inducements the romantic scenery is always an attraction for pleasure-seekers and tourists.

A picnic held under the auspices of the Royal Templars of Flesherton visited our town and appeared to enjoy themselves splendidly as Fleshertonians generally do.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bowerman and family have arrived in our village. Mrs. Bowerman and family intend spending the summer here and Mr. Bowerman leaves on Wednesday via Owen Sound for Sault Ste Marie to seek his fortune.

LOC.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The following items were crowded out last week.—ED.

On Sunday the 20th inst., a little naked boy came to the residence of Mr. J. I. Graham and as the little fellow seemed to have no home Mr. Graham very kindly decided to keep and clothe him for the present.

Mr. Wm. Hutchinson, sr., had a runaway with a span of colts last week. They got frightened and started off with the wagon to which they were attached and smashed it badly. They were caught at the Beaver River.

Mr. Samuel Buchanan is home from Oregon on a visit to his parents. He has been away for a number of years and has done well out there.

Miss Minnie Hutchinson is home again from Hepworth where she was on a visit to the Rev. Mr. Nobles.

Saturday's rain has made a marked improvement in the looks of the trees and crops.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The following items were crowded out of last week's issue.—ED.

A little son of Rev. W. D'Argent is lying very ill with congestion of the lungs and his recovery is considered doubtful.

The new building erected for a general store is now at a stand still. We hope to see it progressing again shortly.

Our old friend, Mr. Guy, is again launching out in the bee business. The last winter seems to have been a severe one on bees.

The Dakota fever has again got a hold of some of our citizens and several are talking of visiting that country this summer.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

Planting Evergreen Trees.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Sir,—Perhaps you will allow me to remind your readers that the first week in June is the best time to plant evergreens. We are getting throughout the country many beautiful rows of maples planted which add much to its summer beauty, do good service in giving shade, and also by modifying the force of the wind are valuable in preventing the too rapid drying up of the land. But in winter and early spring when much needed as wind-breaks they are not nearly so beneficial as evergreens would be.

Yours, Etc.,
R. W. PHIPPS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all Druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A Great Big Offer.

The Advance sent balance of year to anyone in Canada or the U. S. for 50 cents spot cash! Now's your chance.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

DEALER IN—

Stoves, and all kinds Tinware,

Copperware, Sheet Iron, Metal work,

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SHOP—RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

—and have got in the—

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

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Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

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J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property,
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TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
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James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thoroughbred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 251 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS, $1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—A—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth, the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

ROYAL MARRIAGE IN BERLIN.

Prince Henry and Princess Irene Wedded on Their Grandmother's Birthday.

EMPEROR FREDERICK A GUEST.

A last (Thursday) night's Berlin cable says: The Court to-day was present at the marriage of Heinrich, the sailor Prince, second son of the Emperor, to Princess Irene, the third daughter of the Grand Duke Ludwig of Hesse, and the lamented Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse and Princess of England. The bride was born at Darmstadt, July 11th, 1866, and is said to be both amiable and highly educated, and, without being beautiful, is possessed of a very fine figure, and is more than good looking. The bridegroom was born August 14th, 1862, and is regarded as the future admiral of the German navy. He has been in the service since 1879, and has made two voyages around the world. He is generally considered to be the cleverest member of the Hohenzollern family, and in years past, when Prince Wilhelm fell from popular grace through his escapades, the Prussians had hope that fate would assist the younger brother to the Imperial throne.

The betrothal of the illustrious couple was officially made known on the occasion of the 90th birthday of the late Kaiser, and the marriage ceremony was announced to take place in the latter part of February last, but the death of the late, and the serious illness of the present, Emperor delayed the marriage until to-day.

Last evening the special train conveying Princess Irene, her father and their suites and the Prussian officials who had met them at the frontier, steamed into the Charlottenburg station. After the usual greetings had taken place the Crown Prince introduced all the brilliant suites to Princess Irene, and then conducted his future sister-in-law to a carriage. Mourning was abandoned for the occasion, and all the younger princesses appeared in white. Princess Irene, in an open victoria drawn by four black geldings, with outriding postillions, looked beautiful in her ivory white silk pearl. She was completely overcome by the hearty enthusiasm of the reception. Twenty thousand people lined the route, shouting "Hoch!" "Wilkommen!" etc. She was pale, though she smiled occasionally and a tear trickled down her cheek as she neared the palace.

A thousand torches and electric lights reflecting on the cuirassiers' helmets and on the Gardes du Corps were all toned down to a full moon ideal. The bridal reception was in the Blue Salon of the palace. The Prince of Wales and distinguished guests awaited the arrival of the Royal party, who were driven into the courtyard between lines of the Foot Guards. Afterward the bride and bridegroom held a reception in the palace. The park in front was like fairyland, illuminated by electric lights. Among the trees sylphs appeared to be hovering over the happy bride and her cousin, while around the palace the shouts of the enormous crowd brought one back to the realms of reality.

The ceremony took place to-day in the private chapel of Charlottenburg Castle, which was filled with the representatives of royalty, the foreign embassadors and the principal German Ministers. Emperor Frederick, Empress Victoria, Dowager Empress Augusta, the Prince of Wales and the King of Saxony were amongst those present. At noon there was a clangour of all the bells in Berlin and Charlottenburg to announce the commencement of the ceremony, and a salute of 36 guns were fired at half-past 12, to indicate that the bride and bridegroom had exchanged rings

Prince Henry and his bride left by a special train at 3 o'clock for Erdmannsdorf, where they will spend the honeymoon. They received a continuous ovation along the route.

Prince Henry and the Crown Prince wore naval uniforms.

The Emperor, notwithstanding the padded suit specially made for the occasion, showed in his wasted frame the ravages of disease. He was the rose-crowned corpse at the marriage feast.

The Emperor was strongly excited during the ceremony, and Dr. Mackenzie was very anxious for the result. Beyond being much fatigued His Majesty does not appear to have suffered.

Thousands of people were assembled outside the castle. When Gen. Von Moltke arrived he was enthusiastically greeted by the multitude.

The bride wore white peau de sole and Alencon lace, the silk underskirt being flounced with rich lace. The train, of the same material as the dress, was square, and the sides of the skirts were ornamented with orange blossoms.

A last (Friday) night's Berlin cable says: Before the wedding ceremony yesterday the royal family assembled in the blue drawing-room where the Empress affixed the Princess' crown upon the bride's head, using a gold toilet service presented by the Czar Alexander I. to Queen Louisa. Count Stolberg having registered the marriage, the procession started for the chapel. Count Radolinski led, followed by the bridal couple, the Grand Duke of Hesse escorting the Empress, the Prince of Wales escorting the Crown Princess, the Crown Prince escorting Grand Duchess Elizabeth (the wife of Grand Duke Sergius of Russia and sister of the bride), and others.

The floor of the chapel was covered with Persian carpet and the walls were suitably decorated. The Empress stood at the right of the altar and the Grand Duke of Hesse at the left. The dowager Empress, in widow's weeds, was wheeled in from a side door. The couple stepped up to her and kissed her hand, bowing low, the choir in the meantime singing a hymn. Then the Emperor, in the uniform of a grand marshal, walked in erect, with a firm gait and movement. He allowed his eyes to wander over the assembled company, smiling and bowing graciously. Approaching his mother he bowed low and kissed her hand and then seated himself beside the Empress. Altogether it was an impressive and touching scene.

The ceremony now began. Chaplain Koeg delivered an eloquent sermon, in the course of which he referred to the Empress and Queen Victoria. Toward the end of the sermon the Emperor rose, leaning upon his sword, and remained standing during the rest of the ceremony. The choir sang an anthem by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The bride wore a low-cut corsage trimmed along the edge with large diamonds, and a heavy necklace of gold. She held a fan set with diamonds. Her bosom ornaments, which were diamonds, and her bracelets were all ancient Royal jewels. The Empress was dressed in pale green silk with a plastron of silver brocade and a pale blue silk train. She wore a splendid diadem of diamonds, white feathers, riviere of diamonds on her neck and carried a bouquet of orange blossoms.

Count Herbert Bismarck was present. During the ceremony the Emperor did not cough or show a sign of discomfort or weakness. Dr. Mackenzie was near at hand and kept a watchful eye upon him. The Castle of Augustenbery at Kiel has been prepared for the residence of the couple after the honeymoon.

WOOED AND WON BY POST.

How a Toronto Beau Captured a Cleveland Belle.

A last (Friday) night's Cleveland despatch says: One of those cases so often read of but so seldom actual fact occurred on Huron street in this city yesterday. It was a marriage brought about through correspondence. The circumstances are said to be as follows: In Toronto lives William Young, a matter-of-fact young man, who some time since took it into his head to get married. He was not romantic, and the Toronto girls appear not to have fully come up to his requirements. At any rate, through some means or other, he learned the address of Miss Nellie Meffert, a young lady living on Huron street, in this city, and learning that she was open to a matrimonial alliance he wrote to her asking her to correspond with him and detailing the amount of his worldly possessions, his personal appearance, etc. The fair Cleveland lass responded affably and after a few interchanges of letters photographs were exchanged. Both were well pleased with the likenesses. After about two months of epistolary courtship the young man formally proposed for her hand. She accepted, and he wrote that he would arrive here last Wednesday to claim his bride. There was considerable nervousness in the house on Huron street. The prospective bride wondered if her lover had sent her a genuine likeness, if he had deceived her as to his age, and if he would still stick to his bargain after he had seen her. At last the prosaic wooer arrived and knocked at the door, asked if Miss Meffert lived there and was informed that she did. He then announced in a purely business way that he had dropped in to marry her. The young lady flew to meet him, and they exchanged greetings and looked each other over. The young man was satisfied with his share of the bargain, but the young lady was not quite so considerate. She dallied with him for some time and it began to look as if Mr. Young would go back to Toronto a bachelor. At last Miss Meffert relented and the young couple were united in matrimony last evening. They left the city this morning for their home in Toronto.

Baby Bit the Baby.

A New Haven (Conn.) despatch says: A strange incident, which may cause the death of a little child, was witnessed yesterday in a prominent dry goods store in this city. Mrs. North, of the western part of the city, was shopping, taking her infant of about 16 months with her. While she was making her purchases she placed the little girl on a revolving stool. Near by was a German woman, who had a child about the same age, that began to coo and manifest a desire for a closer acquaintance with the North baby.

The German woman lifted her child up close to the other, saying, "Kiss the baby." The little German then embraced the North baby, but, instead of kissing her, bit her cheek frightfully, causing the blood to flow and the cheek to puff and swell badly. Mrs. North thinks that the child will be disfigured as long as it lives, if the injury extends no further, and it is very ill to-day from the effects of the bite.

The German woman was so mortified that she at once left with her child, and her identity could not be discovered.

Nineteenth Century Magic.

The fact, I think, deserves to be recorded for the edification of future generations that in this present year of grace 1888 the corporation of Tiverton, being anxious to procure a new water supply for the borough, engaged a respectable soothsayer from a neighboring town to discover by means of his divining rod the most likely spot on which to sink a well! I am not joking. This performance was actually gone through a mile or two from Tiverton on Wednesday last. The sorcerer or medium, or whatever he is to be called, was a Mr. Lawrence. He was accompanied in his search by a party of aldermen and town councillors. The divining rod became duly agitated in a number of places—so much so that, says the reporter, it "occasionally almost prostrated the manipulator with exhaustion." The result is accepted by the foremost intellects in Tiverton without demur. Two wells are to be sunk at once and the contract is already placed. Good heavens!—*London Truth.*

A Shower of Hats.

For several hours the other day it literally rained straw hats in several towns in Norfolk County, Mass., and next day weather vanes, church steeples and other architectural peaks were decorated with them. The explanation is that a small tornado struck the Excelsior straw works in Medfield at about midday, and several hundred straw hats which were out drying were swept up by a funnel-shaped cloud, which carried them out of sight in a twinkling. Next day the hats were picked up in Walpole, Foxboro, Sloughton, Mansfield and other places within a circle of more than ten miles in diameter. The tornado was strong enough to pick up from the bleach yard of the factory a large number of Canton hats, weighing as much as ten pounds apiece. These were whisked up in the air fully one hundred feet. The storm came without warning and disappeared as suddenly.

A lady physician, Dr. Hattie Allen, has been appointed Associate Professor of Medicine in the University of Michigan. "Now," says the *Medical Record*, "we hope Hattie will write herself Harriet."

FARMER KREITMEYER'S LUCK.

After a Romantic Career He falls Heir to a Baroncy and Great Wealth.

An Economy (Pa.) despatch says: Emil Kreitmeyer, a middle-aged man, employed here for some time past as a farm laborer, to-day electrified the Communistic Society of Economites, in whose employ he has been, with the startling announcement that his real name is Von Kreitmeyer, and that he has just come into possession of the title of baron and a vast estate in Oberamt Maulbronn, Kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany.

MARRIED THE GAME-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

Emil Von Kreitmeyer is the second son of the tenth baron of the same name. He was born on his father's estates in the German Province above named forty-eight years ago. Before reaching his majority he fell desperately in love with Wilhelmina Freibertszeiser, the daughter of his father's game-keeper—a bright-eyed, rosy cheeked, buxom girl of 17—whom at length he clandestinely wedded. When the concealment of this secret marriage was no longer possible the wrath of Emil's father knew no bounds. He pronounced *anathema maranatha* upon his son for having disgraced his family by a mesalliance with a peasant girl, turned him out of doors and forbade him ever again cross the threshold of the Von Kreitmeyer halls. Thus cast off by his father and "cut" by all his aristocratic friends, young Kreitmeyer pluckily resolved to take his young wife over the sea and endeavor to earn a comfortable living for her by the labor of his hands in the New World. During the voyage she presented him with a son and heir, but both mother and child died and were buried at sea.

JOINING THE UNION ARMY.

Meanwhile the guns of Fort Sumter were booming, and when Kreitmeyer landed at New York he found that city ablaze with excitement, while brave men jostled each other in their eagerness to enroll themselves among the volunteers for whom President Lincoln had called. Having been destined by his father for the army, Kreitmeyer promptly enlisted in a New York regiment. At the first battle of Bull Run he was carried off the field with a Confederate bullet in his breast, and for long weeks afterward he was confined in a Washington hospital. When sufficiently recovered to leave it he returned to his regiment and served gallantly until the very end of the war. He was again twice wounded, and one bullet, which a rebel sharpshooter contrived to lodge in his head, continues there to the present day.

REVISITING HIS NATIVE LAND.

When mustered out of service after Lee's surrender, Kreitmeyer, having led an abstemious life and carefully saved his pay, found himself the possessor of some $600, and with this sum he determined to recross the water and pay a visit incognito to the neighborhood of his old home. On arriving in Oberamt Maulbronn he wended his way to the lodge in the forest on his father's estates, whence he had led his young bride in the long ago. Making himself known to his father-in-law, the old gamekeeper, he learned from him that both his parents were dead and that his elder brother was now master of the title and estates. Completely overcome and softened by the news of his mother's death, Kreitmeyer sought a reconciliation with his father, but the new Baron declared that he could never forgive the disgrace which Emil had inflicted upon the family name by his marriage with the gamekeeper's daughter, and, following the example of his father, he anathematized the returned soldier and turned him out for the second time.

Feeling utterly friendless and alone in the world, Kreitmeyer enlisted in the Prussian army and continued in the service for a period of fifteen years, during which time he passed unharmed through both the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian wars, though on more than one occasion his horse was shot under him. He left the army in 1880, resolved to return to the United States; but his second visit to this country was not so fortunate as his first. After wandering about for some time from city to city, turning his hand to any odd jobs he could obtain, he at length drifted to this communistic settlement and obtained employment as a farm laborer, in which capacity he has continued for several years.

THE HAPPY ENDING.

Some three or four months ago he answered an advertisement in a German newspaper for information concerning Emil Von Kreitmeyer, heir to the barony and estates of Von Kreitmeyer, in Oberamt Maulbronn, Wurtemburg, Germany—the last incumbent, Emil's brother, having died.

Considerable correspondence passed on the subject, and yesterday Kreitmeyer received a letter with a German postmark from the family solicitors, enclosing a draft on New York for a sum sufficient to supply all his wants and enable him to travel like a gentleman to Oberamt Maulbroon, where his title and estates await him.

Mr. Spurgeon on the Baptist Union.

A London cable says: The Calvinist Methodists have, perhaps, an idea that it is possible to annex Mr. Spurgeon to their denomination, and they have been passing a vote of sympathy with him in his present ecclesiastical troubles. He replies in a remarkable letter, "mourning," he says, "over a great evil in some of the churches. I sacrifice peace, friendship and repute to be clear of it. My protest was resented and judged to be needless." But he considers that the discussions have more than justified his charges, and repudiates again the compact which was made without his concurrence. He then adds: "It has cost me many wounds and much dishonor to have been the accuser of my brethren. It is still more painful to find their great errors not regarded as serious by the mass of professors. My only course is to follow a separate path; not, however, separating myself from any of any denomination who hold the faith once delivered to the saints." That is Mr. Spurgeon's way of saying that the Calvinist Methodist who agrees with him is a better Christian than the Baptist who follows the "down grade" with the Baptist Union. Wider than ever, therefore, is the breach between the Baptists and their great preacher.

An Oregon boy recently killed a companion for answering in Sunday-School a question on which he himself had failed.

READS LIKE A NOVEL.

Crew of a Wrecked Vessel Attacked by Chinese Pirates on the High Seas—Desperate Resistance—The Ship Fired.

A last (Thursday) night's San Francisco despatch says: The steamer City of Peking, which arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama yesterday, brings additional information in regard to the wrecking of the steamer San Pablo, near Turnabout Island, in the Channel of Formosa, a month ago. The captain's statement is as follows: On Monday evening the vessel ran into a thick fog. He kept the ship on her course, though precautions were taken to keep continually sounding. On Tuesday morning at 3.30 the San Pablo struck a sunken rock ten miles north of Turnabout. It was impossible to back the ship off, as the two holds and coal bunkers were filled with water and there was danger of the vessel capsizing. It was decided that it was hopeless to attempt to save the steamer or cargo, consequently the passengers and crew took to the boats and made for Turnabout Lighthouse, whence they were conveyed to Shanghai. Just before the lifeboats were ready to be lowered a swarm of Chinese piratical junks came from the neighboring mainland. The queer-looking vessels sailed in line of battle, and Capt. Reed, realizing the danger his charges were in, made preparation to repel the attack. The pirates, however, came in such overwhelming numbers that before any demonstration could be made on board the sinking vessel they were climbing up the ship's sides. They were led by a man armed with a cutlass and a large revolver. His shipmates were also very heavily armed. Capt. Reed passed revolvers and guns among the passengers and crew and after a furious fusillade the Coolies were beaten off. They rallied, however, and made a second and more desperate attempt to board the San Pablo, which was fast settling in the water. Some of the pirates gained the main deck in spite of the gallant stand of the passengers and crew and were swarming toward the promenade deck, where the defenders were busy firing and reloading, when Capt. Reed brought the ship's hose pipes into requisition. The long coils of hose were manned by the crew and instantly the pirates were again put to flight, the torrents of boiling water from the pipes sweeping many of them off the decks into the sea. The Coolies then beat a retreat, and drawing their vessels up in line cruised half a mile off the sinking vessel with the evident intention of waiting for its abandonment. During the fight Capt. Reed imprisoned all the Chinese among his crew with the Chinese passengers in the forehold, for fear they would aid their countrymen. As soon as possible the passengers, mail and specie were put into the San Pablo's boats, and then all bore away for land. When only a short distance from the wreck they saw the pirates set sail and rush upon the San Pablo. They clambered over the ship's sides with grappling hooks and were soon masters of one of the finest boats that ever sailed the Pacific. Whether by accident or design, they soon set fire to the ship, and when last seen smoke was pouring from the wreck in great clouds. In a few days tugs were sent to the relief of the San Pablo, but they found only the hulk, burned to the outer edge and stripped of everything valuable. It is estimated that at least a score of pirates lost their lives in the fight with Capt. Reed and his men. During the battle the women and children who were rooms, where they were sought the statenot only of falling into the hands of the pirates, but of being drowned in the water which was filling the ship.

The "I-Would-Not-Live-Alway" Life Insurance Co.

The old style life insurance companies are extremely careful in assuming risks, and to this end, besides subjecting applicants to a most rigid medical examination they, in addition, carefully inquire into the habits, appearance and fighting weight of his forefathers and foremothers, his uncles, his cousins and his aunts, on a still hunt for the germs of hereditary disease. In addition, they refuse risks where applicants pursue an avocation which they regard as hazardous.

This works an injustice to many which my company, recently organized, seeks to remedy by an ingenious classification which is to regulate as follows:

First, we have the usual premium for healthy persons, based on age at time of insuring, then we add to this premium a graded increased percentage according to the symptoms of hereditary disease apparent in the assured or their relatives and the hazardous nature of their occupation. We absolutely exclude all those whose pursuits in life are fairly certain to entail sudden death sooner or later. This additional assessment system is graded as follows, the percentage being based on accurate mortuary statistics:

Those having symptoms of or liability to inherit heart disease, dropsy, insanity, jim-jams, Bright's disease, scrofula, consumption, etc., 10 to 20 per cent.

Those actually afflicted with these diseases (or any of them) 20 to 50 per cent., according to severity of attack.

Occupation premiums—Brakemen, conductors and engineers, 15 per cent. extra.

Spring poets, 75 per cent. extra.

Murderers awaiting trial (if poor and friendless) 95 per cent. of amount of policy.

.B.—Murderers awaiting trial, (if rich or with influential friends, will be charged an additional premium.)

Professional baseball players, 50 per cent. extra premium.

Umpires of baseball games, 100 per cent. extra.

Miners, seamen and river navigators, 33 1-3 per cent. extra.

Aeronauts and trapeze performers, 100 per cent. extra.

House builders and submarine divers, 50 per cent. extra.

House servants who start fires with kerosene, 100 per cent. extra.

Employees of gunpowder or dynamite works, 500 per cent. extra.

Painters and steeple climbers, 300 per cent. extra.

Texas horse thieves and Mississippi editors are not taken at any rate whatever.

Thus hazardous occupations get a show, while we exclude the two classes whose way leads to certain and sudden death.

For further information address

TOM WRIGHT, Sec'y and Mgr.

WIDDOWS' RECORD.

The Remarkable Career of a Religious Impostor.

DOINGS IN CANADA AND ELSEWHERE.

Our despatches a few days ago contained an account of the trial, conviction and sentence of "Rev." Francis George Widdows and Charles Hart Burleigh, described as a clerk in holy orders, for shocking acts of indecency with pupils of Christ Church Hospital, London. The Judge, it is learned by mail, addressing Burleigh, said he could find no mitigating circumstances, and sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude on one charge and penal servitude for life on the other charge. The prisoner fell back in a swoon. Widdows was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

The career of Francis George Widdows, who is falsely described as an "ex-Franciscan Monk," and who has now been committed for ten years on a disgraceful charge, is sketched in the Norwich *Argus*. Norwich is Widdows' birthplace, and a gentleman there has kept track of his career as a religious philanthropist, who has devoted his life to exposing Romanism. fant Samuel was due on Father Ignatius' stage. The monastery was broken up after four years. Young Nobbs or Widdows then proceeded to London. He dressed himself as a priest, and travelled with a companion similarly attired. He called himself Brother Aloysius, and his companion Brother Stanislaus. Brother Aloysius was next heard of in his native town as the centre of attraction in the Marylebone Police Court. The charge was similar to the one for which he has now been sentenced, but he escaped punishment through the failure of the prosecuting witness to appear. He then went to Rome, to France and to Canada, where he began his life work. Seeking ever those localities where fanaticism was most rampant, he was able to find people to listen to him in many places, and the extent to which he deluded his sympathisers would be amusing were it not for the peculiar moral depravity of the chief actor. In the midst of his Canadian career he was arrested in Toronto, tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for two years. After leaving prison he returned to England, went to Glasgow to lecture and to Dundee. In a few days he converted the latter town into a first-class bedlam. The average Dundee citizen is a man of strong convictions, and while the mob did not know exactly what they would do with Mr. Nobbs, they earnestly beseeched to be allowed to get at him. One evening, while he was lecturing, the angry citizens surrounded the hall, and he had to don female attire and escape over the roofs adjoining the hall. The Dundee *Advertiser* thereupon took an interest in Nobbs' career, and sent to Toronto for all the documents pertaining to his conviction, which they duly published. Nevertheless Nobbs went back to Norwich, drove about the city in an open carriage displaying a life-size portrait of himself which his Dundee flock had caused to be painted. The most singular thing about his career is that he has always found people of the fanatical temperament to believe in him, and his Dundee following look upon him as a martyr, and made up a purse for him. With this money he went away, and afterwards turned up in Liverpool and other towns, and then went to London and began lecturing at Hackney. At Hackney he called himself a "Martin Luther man," build him a chapel, sympathizers there to Martin Luther Chapel, and now the congregation have been deprived of their pastor.

Ladies Looking at a Battle.

On a lovely spring Sunday some months ago some English ladies in Suakin mounted to the housetops and witnessed a thrilling spectacle. In the clear atmosphere every movement was visible on the sandy plain behind the town, across which Osman Digna's horsemen, poising their long spears and with terrific yells, charged furiously, while the Egyptian troops, drawn up in battle array, pour volley after volley into the turbaned hosts. Shells from the gunboats in the harbor hissed over the heads of the ladies and plunged into the mass of advancing Arabs. The charge was as desperate as the furious rushes at Abu Klea, and the tremendous fire that emptied many a saddle did not daunt the fanatical courage of the desert warriors. Then the ladies saw on the yellow sand a fierce hand to hand fight, soldiers who were defending themselves pierced with spears, a wavering of the charging line, and finally the slow retreat of the enemy, who carried their dead and wounded from the field as they sullenly retired. There was not a tree or a house to hide a single detail or to impair the vividness of that Sunday morning spectacle. It cost over 200 lives, and it was one of those rare occasions when non-combatants are able to see, spread out before them as on a stage, the carnage and all the realities of battle.

A Mother's Sacrifice.

At Bristol, on Wednesday, an inquest was held on the body of Emily Hunt, wife of a tailor. She was preparing her husband's supper, when a paraffin lamp fell to the floor and exploded close to the cradle containing her infant child, and the flames set fire to the pillow. The deceased seized the infant, and her own clothes then took fire; but she ran with the child to the further corner of the room, laid the child down, and then fell near the door. When the neighbors came to her assistance the mother was dead, her body being terribly burned.

"My little boy is wonderfully polite,' said a doting mother the other day. And yet it is recorded of the very polite little boy that he left a lady caller standing in the hall of his mother's home one day while he went the rounds of the house and grounds yelling at the top of his voice: "Mother, mother, where be you? where be you, I say? The new minister's wife i here and I forgot to tell her you wan' home."—*Kingston Freeman.*

A number of New York swells have lately made up what is known as "Raining in London" trousers. They have the bottoms neatly turned up and stitched in place.

When a Wife's a Go'n' Away.

Somehow yarns around the groc'ry
Ain't so funny as before,
An I'm all the time forgettin'
This or that 'ere little chore;
When I git out in the kitchen,
Want to hang around an' stay;
Guess I'm foolish caus' this ev'nin'
Why—my wife's a go'n' away.

She's a fixin' things up for me
With a thoughtful, lovin' care,
Tellin' me that somethin's here,
An' somethin' else is over there;
Lookin' sober, speakin' low-voiced,
Though she hasn't much to say;
Ketch her eyes on me all dim like—
Guess she hates to go away.

Wish 'twas over—wish 'twas way off—
Wish we didn't have to part;
That's jist what I keep a thinkin',
An' afeelin' in my heart.
P'raps our speerits see much furder
Than the partin' of to-day,
An' jest hint what they can't tell us,
When a loved one's go'n' away.

Calls to mind another journey,
By-an'-bye we all must go.
Wonder who's a gettin' ready
For the train that moves so slow?
Brings the tears to think about it,
So I git nigh her an' pray
It may be my time for startin'
Jest when she's a go'n' away.

—*La B. Cake, in Omaha World.*

Waiting.

When over hedge green and blossoms yellow
The sunlight throws a shadow dark and long;
When birds skim low across the daisied meadow
And still the mellow cadence of their song—

When breezes lightly lift the nodding clover,
And whisper in the swaying of the leaves;
When rosy clouds are hazy o'er the hill-top,
And evening for the dying daylight grieves—

Then do I listen for my loved one's coming,
My heart wild beating as the moments pass;
Then do I watch and wait in silent longing
To hear his footsteps on the dewy grass.

Then does the small boy saunter up the roadway,
A letter waiving as he nears the gate;
Then do I read the same old chestnut message,
"Detained again—will not be home till late."

—*Kittie K. in Judge.*

Gettin' Nigh to Town.

I'm a thinkin' of the cabin
Where our honeymoon begun;
Where I landed tired and hungry,
When my workin'day was done.
Oh! I felt so kinder rested.
When, a comin' near, I'd see
Your dear face was at the winder,
Waitin', watchin' out for me.

But ole Time has took the cabin,
An' a town is on our claim;
But, in spite of all the changes,
My heart loves the place the same;
For the light is still a shinin
An' though old, as others see,
The loved face, still at the winder,
Seems as good, more dear to me.

Like a trav'ler late an' weary,
I'm a gittin' nigh to town,
All the lights a sunnin' brighter,
In the night a comin' down,
An' they flash upon the river,
Like a beckonin' angel hand,
An' upon the bank a waitin'
I can see the boatman stand.
Soon I'll be a crossin' over,
An' I'm ready when I see
The dear face there at the winder,
That has allus watched for me.

Asthma a Symptom.

Asthma is not a disease *per se* as is popularly supposed, but a symptom of disease. It is spoken of by different names—as, for instance, hay asthma, rose or June asthma, and ipecac asthma. Some people will get asthma from sleeping on a feather pillow; others as soon as they come in contact with certain animals, as a dog, a cat, or a squirrel. Professor Austin Flints cannot sleep on a feather pillow without getting asthma, and so susceptible is he to it that they are placed under his pillow by persons whose design it is to catch him on his theory. Cases have come to notice where the asthmatic symptom was developed in men who happened to get hold of a blanket upon which a dog had been sleeping the previous day. Asthma may be a symptom of emphysema of the lungs, and may last for weeks or even months. Two men who were treated by me, one having nasal polypus and the other stone in the bladder; both had asthma. To persons susceptible to it asthma is developed from working in the dust around thrashing machines, and others suffer from it as soon as they enter an apothecary's shop where ipecac is kept. Nor is dropsy anything but a symptom of disease or a result of it. Defined, generally, asthma is a manifestation of disease of the nervous system which causes contraction of the bronchial tubes. It may be seen as a spasmodic contraction of the nerves, and of course may be a symptom of heart disease or some other disease.—*Dr. B. F. Steinmetz in Globe-Democrat.*

A Peculiarity of American Eyes.

The efforts of the War Department to secure a field glass of greater power than the one now in use has discovered the fact that the eyes of Americans are closer together than those of men in foreign countries. The double glass, known as the field glass now used is weaker than that used in the armies of Europe. It is only from five to six powers—entirely too weak for the purpose. The only glass that can be got of sufficient power is a single spy glass, which is defective in that it does not take in a broad enough field. This is a very serious defect in the equipment of the American army, but there seems to be no immediate prospect of its correction, because our eyes are too close together. Some of the colored troops may be able to use a different glass, but the white Yankee soldier cannot overcome this national peculiarity. The best military field glass in use is that with which the German army is supplied. An attempt was made by the War Department to adopt it, but it was found that the eyes of the glasses were so far apart they could not be used by Americans.—*Washington Letter to Philadelphia Ledger.*

Why the Right Arm Is Used Most.

A delicately-perfumed note was received at this office a few days ago from a young lady of Lancaster, in which she satisfactorily explains the conundrum about the use of the right hand. She says: "The heart is on the left side, therefore the right hand is its almost exclusive use to prevent too great action on the left side, for more than the usual exercise might injure that organ of the human body. The left arm of man, to which woman naturally clings, is nearest to his heart, leaving his right arm free for her defence in a case of necessity."—*Charleston News.*

California now claims the distinction of being known as the fruit State of America. That it has raisins for it no one will deny.

BLACKMAIL IN SARATOGA.

Experience of a Gentleman Who "Came Down" and Got Out.

There have been recently—indeed, when are there not?—some cases of attempted blackmail here, and apropos the following story was recently told. A gentleman who was staying at a hotel in Saratoga was one morning passing down a corridor which led from his room, when a lady who stood in the door of her room accosted him:

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me the time?"

He looked at her and judged her to be a respectable and inoffensive person.

"It is 10.30," he replied, consulting his watch.

The woman turned back into her chamber, but instantly wheeled about again.

"I am very sorry to trouble you," she said, "but my clock is stopped and I do not know how to set it. I have an important engagement in about an hour, and I shall be extremely obliged if you will set it for me."

The gentleman kindly and rashly acceded to her request and stepped into the chamber. On the mantel stood an ordinary travelling clock. He went up to it, took out his watch again and laid it on the shelf while he proceeded to set the clock. The lady followed him and picked up the timepiece.

"What a beautiful watch," she said.

"Yes," he answered, turning away from the clock. "It is an heirloom."

"I think," the woman observed, "that I will keep this watch."

And as she spoke she showed him in the other hand the key of the door, which she had noiselessly closed and locked. He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Very well," he said, holding out his hand for the key.

She tucked the watch into the bosom of her gown and gave him the key, smiling serenely. He opened the door and then turned back.

"Upon second thought," he said, with unruffled coolness, "I think I will redeem the watch. It is an heirloom and I am fond of it."

"Yes?" she responded.

"I will give you $50 for it," he said, taking out his pocketbook.

"Very well," replied the adventuress, producing the watch.

He gave her the money, took the watch and departed a poorer, but possibly a wiser man.

When this tale was recited at the club the gentleman who told it related it as an adventure which had befallen a friend of his. When he ended some one asked:

"But why in the name of common sense didn't he ring the bell or kick up a row?"

"He knew better," responded the narrator, with a smile. "He was locked into a chamber with a daring and abandoned woman, who would have fought to the last gasp. It was worth more than $50 to him to escape the scandal."

"That is all very well," observed another club man, "but if he had looked the baggage in the face and calmly ejaculated, 'Oh, rats!' she would have come down quickly enough."

Which may be true. I am not an expert in such matters, but it does on the whole seem probable that most men who get blackmailed are either victims of foolish cowardice or are conscious that there is that in their past records which makes it wise for them to [illegible]—*Providence Journal.*

How Long a Child Should Sleep.

A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of 4 or 5 years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner, and it should be put to bed at 6 or 7 in the evening and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours. Up to the 15th year most young people require ten hours, and till the 20th year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangement in women than any medicines can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill or its life be cut short at an early age.—*Dr. C. F. Pollock in the Chautauquan.*

How the Burmese Feed.

The Burman is a rather peculiar feeder, not being very nice in his selection or preparation of food. He is not, however, so varied a caterer, nor does he take in such a large selection, as his near relation, the Chinaman. The Burman draws the line at rats and mice, which delicacies form no portion of his daily fare. He is forbidden by his religion to shed the blood of any animal for food purposes alone, although he may and does catch fish, and eats them. His conscience finds a salve in the fact that after the fish are caught they are left to die; he will not bleed them, although he may often give them a sly knock on the head to accelerate their decease. He may keep cattle, hogs, chickens, etc., and, being of a kind and humane disposition, he feeds them well, keeping them in good condition, but he does not do so to replenish his larder. He uses the milk of the cows, often of the tame long-horned buffalo or of goats, for his family or for sale; he will also eat the eggs of fowls.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Preaching and Practice.

Landlady (showing rooms)—My, there's Mr. Wilt's door open again, and how his room does look!

Visitor—What a slipshod person he must be. What is he? A cattle drover?

Landlady—Oh, my, no; he writes art books. His last work is, "How to decorate and beautify our homes."

An interesting report of the death of a native was recently made by a coroner's jury in India. The native had had the misfortune to meet a tiger, and the report says: "Pondu died of the tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pondu save some fingers, which probably belonged either to the right or left hand."

STORY OF THE SHIRT.

A Garment That Has Grown Steadily Into Popular Favor.

The shirt began to assert itself in the 14th century, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. For many years it was kept carefully concealed by the outer garments from the general public, partly from innate modesty and partly because it would not bear inspection. While the outer garments were worn long the shirt had a corresponding length. When they were shortened, displaying the full length of the nether limbs, the shirt assumed a corresponding brevity. Before this period there had been a suggestion of it about the neck, where it was revealed by an ornamental band. Now a part of it began to be pulled out between the doublet and the long hose, at about the locality where the modern vest intersects the pantaloons. Similar displays of the garment are still seen among persons of low degree, but they are generally the result of accident. Sometimes the gallant whose shirt was not of the requisite fineness allowed a part of a handkerchief to supply the place. Then the sleeves of the doublet were slashed to show the shirt, which had to be, at least at the exposed places, of very fine material. During all this period it will be remarked, the desire to show the shirt came from the fear of the wearer that there was a latent suspicion in the minds of others that he lacked that garment. This logic applies with equal force to the contemporary handkerchief, one corner of which peeps in a neat and convincing way out of the dude's breast pocket. During the time of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Cromwell and the Charleses, the shirt stopped over in the form of an enormous turndown collar that took a variety of shape and ornament. On the beginning of the eighteenth century, it may be said literally to have come to the surface. The doublet had gone out, and the waistcoat, a luminous garment, had come in. It descended nearly to the knees, and being only fastened by a few loops or buttons about the waist, displayed all the shirt that could be decently exposed to the public gaze. Men then, it will be seen, wore the corsage low. Before the end of the century the lower part of it had disappeared, the open part had contracted, and it had assumed nearly the dimensions of what in America we call the vest. A little later the shirt went out of sight entirely under the manipulation of the Paris incroyables and the English beaux, buried beneath a mountain of cravat, over which the wearer, by elongating his neck, was just able to regard passing events. Since then it has been at the mercy of fickle fashion. There are those who think that starched shirt-fronts and false collars have been worn ever since the flood. This is pure fantasy. Shirts only began to be starched about fifty years ago, and the custom did not at once become general. As to false collars, which with present style of coat permit a man to wear the same shirt as long as did a dude or baron of the middle ages by carefully keeping to the leeward of his auditors, they did not make their appearance till long afterward.

An Elephant Funeral.

The following letter from a planter in Ceylon ment[illegible] an incident—the [illegible] of the body of a dead elephant by its comrades of the herd: "I went after a herd of eight elephants, and [illegible] up with them about 3 p.m. After stalking I got a chance at the one which seemed about the biggest of the herd, and dropped it at the first shot. It turned out to be a big cow elephant. About two hours afterward I had the tail and feet cut off and taken to the bungalow. Next morning I went to the spot to look at the elephant and found her, or what remained of her, *non est*. After looking around I saw the herd had been around during the night, and I soon discovered a track where they seemed to have retired in a body. I followed this up through a thick bamboo jungle, and, about 500 yards further on, I came upon the dead elephant lying in the bottom of a rocky stream. Judging from appearance, the body of the elephant had been carried to the top of the bank, and from there rolled into the stream. From the tracks it was quite evident that the body had not been rolled, but carried to the bank, and it was plain that it had been rolled through the managrass, which grows on the sides, into the stream. The jungle through which the body was brought to the stream was very heavy with bamboos growing close, and the track which the elephants made was several yards wide. Some surprise was expressed at the circumstance to my neighbors till I showed them where the elephant had been shot and where its tail and feet had been cut off and where the body lay in the stream, which proved conclusively that by some means or other the body had got over the intervening space in the night. It is difficult to understand how elephants with their trunks and feet could raise and support the dead body of a comrade. However, they seem to have managed to do it."

A Lawyer's Will.

The will of a French advocate contains the following bequest: "I give 100,000 francs to the local madhouse. I got this money out of those who passed their lives in litigation; in bequeathing it for the use of lunatics I only make restitution," which to say the least of it, was rather rough on his clients.

A Pertinent Suggestion.

Guest—"Sirloin steak, waiter, well done, and I'm in a big hurry." Waiter—"Yes, sir; if yo' is in a big hurry, sah, why don' yo' hab dat steak cooked rah?"—*New York Sun.*

A rather novel device was introduced at a recent dinner given at the Harmonia Club, of New York. A large aquarium filled with fine fish was the centre piece of the table and of attraction, while the convives were eating their clams. "There, gentlemen," said the host, "are your fish." Sure enough, the tank was soon removed, a flower piece substituted, and the guests began eating the fish that had been swimming about.

Fifty years ago a man who lived on the upper Androscoggin determined to defy the social usages of his time and to raise a bare without the aid of liquor. He succeeded The barn frame was put up nicely—but in the night his indignant neighbors tore it down and threw it into the river.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles I was completely cured.

H. E. Lussey

Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO (18 Division Street), Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair and weighs more than she ever did before.

Mrs Jos Emmo

THE GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

J. W. Woods

296 MacNab street north, HAMILTON, Can., Nov 2, 1886.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head, and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 pounds. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 pounds. I now weigh 210 pounds.

Mrs S. Hurlburt

REGULATES EVERY BODILY FUNCTION

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure" I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no other medicine since.

I consider the remedy a great boon, and if ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

John Graves

Inventor of the Maple Leaf Lance-tooth Cross cut Saw.

And Prevents and Cures Most Diseases,

Which are Caused by Uric Acid (Kidney) Poison in the Blood, only Curable by

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

THE NEXT POPE.

A Forecast Regarding the Successor of Leo XIII.—He Must be Another Italian.

Signor di Cesare has prepared a revised edition of his well-known work, "Il Conclave di Leone XIII.," comprising a new second part in which, according to an article in the current number of *Italia*, this able and well-informed writer discusses very freely the delicate question of the probable choice of the future conclave. If a new Pope had to be selected now it is considered certain that he would be an Italian. The nation which next in order would have the best chance is France, where Cardinals Petra and Lavigiere have conspicuous pretensions; but a French Pope would arouse the most determined opposition, not only from Italy and Germany, but also in present circumstances from Austria and Hungary, and very likely from the English cardinals. As regards the latter, the objections are purely personal. "Newman," it is observed, "is 87 years old; Manning, who has lost of late some of the harsh dogmatism of the neophyte, and who would be inclined to reconcile the independence of the Papal See with the necessity for Italy of having Rome, is 80; and Howard is very ill." None of the Spanish, Portuguese and American cardinals will, it is considered, be able to exercise any considerable influence. Moreover, the Italian cardinals exceed in number all those of other nations in the proportion of 35 to 29, and it is expected that the next cardinal will also be Italian. It is believed that the very dissension now existing between the Roman Curia and the Italian Government will help the election of some one of these, as this is a guarantee that the one chosen will not be a subservient ally or a partisan of his national Government.—*London Standard.*

$500 Reward

is offered, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. This remedy cures by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. Only 50 cents, by druggists.

Adulterated Spices.

She was a wee maiden of three summers, accustomed to the simplicity of the nursery table, and with a taste unvitiated by the use of spices. She was allowed the other day to come to the family table, where she was especially interested in the mystery of the pepper-box, an article which had apparently never before come within the limits of her observation. She watched with close attention while her papa peppered something, and then with the utmost gravity and politeness she extended her plate, saying: "Please put a little dirt on mine, too, papa!"

Home Testimony.

Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received and give proof of the great value of Polson's NERVILINE as a pain remedy. Try it.

ATHOL, Feb. 20.—We hereby certify that we have used Nerviline in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy.—LUKE COLE, ELISHA COLE, J. P.

A fair applicant for a teacher's position in Clinton County, Mich., said the days are longer in summer than in winter because heat expands and cold contracts.

Oddities in Menu.

Parrots are eaten in Mexico.

Spiders are considered a delicacy roasted in the New Caledonias.

Silk worms are looked upon as delicious in China.

Snails, frogs' legs and geese livers are epicurean dishes in France.

Caterpillars are to Africans like reed bird on toast.

Ants are stewed and served up in both Africa and Brazil.

Birds' nests of the edible sort bring their weight in silver for the tables of rich Chinese mandarins.

Bees are eaten regularly by the Singalese.

Skunk is hunted as desirable game by the natives of the Argentine Republic.

A Woman's Charms

soon leave her, when she becomes a victim to any one of the various disorders and peculiar "weaknesses" that are peculiar to the fair sex. The condition of tens of thousands of women to-day is pitiable in the extreme; they are weak, bloodless creatures, a prey to mental anguish and bodily pain; in a word, "broken down," from any one of numerous causes. To this unhappy multitude we strongly urge the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an infallible, world-famed remedy, for all "female" irregularities and "weaknesses," and which restores the worst sufferer to vigorous health, and reinvests her with all the charms of figure, face and complexion, that receive such willing homage from man.

An Apt Pupil.

Ambitious mamma—Edith, I noticed last night that Mr. DeRich paid you considerable attention—I hope you showed him a proper amount of civility.

Ingenuous debutante—Oh, yes, mamma, I did! I'm sure he knows he can have me for the asking.

It Is Not Unlawful.

Congress has enacted no law to restrain a person from going about in a badly constipated condition, or with a distressing sick headache, rush of blood to the head, bad taste in the mouth, bilious complaint, or any kindred difficulty; but the laws of health and comfort will suggest to any one so afflicted, the wisdom of hastening to the nearest druggist for a 25-cent vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the most potent of remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. Purely vegetable, pleasant to take, and perfectly harmless.

A St. Louis minister says that the greatest feat of baptism in the history of the Baptist Church in modern times was that performed in July, 1878, by J. C. Clough, a missionary, who, with the assistance of five native preachers, immersed 2,222 converted brethren within six hours.

D O N L. 23 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

DECIDED BARGAINS

In Every Line at

J. G. ANDERSON'S,

In Sproule's Block.

X

We can give you the famous F. W. ASHTON'S

PRINTS

in almost any pattern and shade at prices that will astonish you.

We would ask you to call and get Samples of our Famous

JAPAN TEAS.

We will suit you every time both in Quality and Price.

We have neither time or space to enumerate the many lines we are offering at prices that will never fail to more than satisfy you.

X

REMEMBER THIS.

In order to Clear Out our stock of **Mens' Long Boots** we will give you

30 per cent. Discount for either Trade or Cash.

We have in stock a number of

DUCK SMOCKS AND OVERALLS

which we will sell at LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

DON'T FORGET TO ASK FOR THOSE

15c. Dress Goods we are selling at 10c. a yard.

THESE BARGAINS WILL BE FOUND EVERY TIME AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Black's hotel, Shelburne, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night week.

The Thornbury Standard has donned an attractive and appropriate new headdress.

Adam Poveleskie, of Sullivan township, was killed by a tree, which fell on him while working in the bush a week or two ago.

The liabilities of Meaford's absconding bailiff and collector are placed at $22,000, "with other counties to hear from," as the Monitor puts it.

A young man named John Rose, of Durham, was fooling around some new saw mill machinery one Sunday recently, when he accidentally got his foot cut. He will do his fooling elsewhere in future.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Roman Catholic church at Collingwood was conducted on the Queen's birthday by his lordship, Bishop Dowling, of Peterboro, assisted by a large corps of priests.

A number of Mt. Forest residences have been burglarized recently. On Sunday night week the residences of Dr. Marseilles and Mr. L. H. Yeomans were broken into and some money stolen. The burglars effected entrance by means of the windows in both cases.

Our Population.—According to the assessor's roll for 1888 which has just been handed in, Wiarton's population has decreased some three hundred since last year. Those who are acquainted with Wiarton can judge what a valuable assessor we have had this year.—[Wiarton Echo.

Last Saturday morning Mr. O. L. Fewster, while working at a circular rip saw in the factory on Victoria street, was struck in the pit of the stomach by a board from the saw. He did not think that he had been seriously injured until a few minutes afterwards. His condition has been somewhat precarious ever since.—[Shelburne Economist.

Accident.—A young man by the name of Thos. Gault, residing near Wolseley, Township of Keppel, while walking through the field on Sunday last, acci- [illegible] to the ground on his left arm dislocated the wrist also breaking the arm between that joint and the elbow. He was brought [illegible] the village Sunday night and had the fracture reduced by Dr. Fisher.—[Wiarton Echo.

Dogs have been killing lambs in the neighborhood of Meaford. During the past two weeks Mr. Jas. Emery's (gravel road) had four killed and three missing, besides several wounded that may die. Mr. Hugh Johnston followed one dog which he caught in the act to its home, so a demand will be made on the owner to destroy the dog and pay for damage done, all of which is perfectly just and right.—[Meaford Monitor.

Mr. Daniel Wright, a prominent resident of Collingwood township, died at his late residence, on Saturday, 26th May, aged 68 years. Mr. Wright was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and came to Canada when a young man. He taught school many years and was a resident of the township 25 years. He had held the positions of Councillor, Deputy-Reeve and Reeve respectively for several years, and was a prominent member of the Grange. He was a devoted member of the New Church (Swedenborgian) and a man of strict honor and integrity of character. "In him," says the Thornbury Standard, "has passed away one of our most revered and respected land-marks."

Last Sunday afternoon within the village precincts two of our citizens who were in Mr. Doyle's bush sitting down in a thicket of poplars smoking their pipes, were surprised to hear shots whizzing around their heads. On rising up they confronted two local sports who were firing at marks near the poplars. Shooting at any time within the village is a dangerous practice as has been signified on more than one occasion, but on Sunday, when our citizens are all free from work and taking their ease in secluded places it is even more dangerous—yea, even more so than horse racing.—[Dundalk Herald.

A sound body and a contented mind are necessary to perfect happiness. If you wish to possess these, cleanse your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is perfectly safe to take, and is a thoroughly reliable, highly concentrated, and powerful blood purifier.

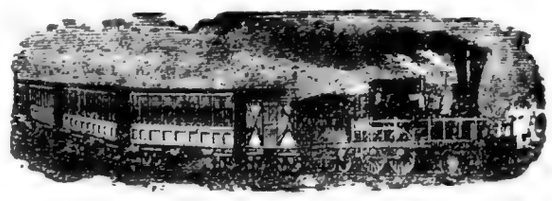

AT

Climo's, Flesherton,

They have a fine stock of

PRINTS, DRESS GOODS, &c.,

also a fine stock of Mens', Youths', Womens' and Girls

BOOTS & SHOES.

Also we keep a regular stock of **Fresh Groceries** *and our Prices you cannot beat.*

Try our 25c. TEA, also our TEA DUST 10 lbs. for $1. We pay full value for Butter & Eggs. Give us a share of your trade and we will study to please you.

Wright's Old Stand.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEBOOKS

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 364. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THIS IS FOR YOU,

It Will Pay You to Read Every Word in This Article.

NEW GOODS.—Mr R. Trimble, general merchant, Flesherton, has pleasure in announcing that his stock of New Spring and Summer Goods is now complete in every department.

NEW DRESS GOODS.—A complete range in black and colored Cashmeres, handsome new Combination Dress goods and Plain and Fancy Checks' Nun's Veiling, Jersey Checks, &c.

WASHING FABRICS, Prints and Muslins. Our stock is complete in all the Latest Patterns and Colors.

GREY COTTONS.—2,759 yds. extra heavy Gray Cotton, 36 inches wide, ONLY 5 CENTS PER YARD!

HOSIERY & SMALL WARES.—Our stock is the largest ever seen in town.

GLOVES.—A fine assortment of Ladies and Gents' Gloves.

CORSETS.—Complete stock. Be sure to ask for our Daisy 45c. Corset.

JERSEYS, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery, Lace Curtains, Waterproofs, Buttons, Frillings and Laces. A full range.

HATS, HATS, HATS.—The largest and best assorted stock of Ladies, Gents Boys and girls Hats in town.

GENTS FURNISHINGS.—This department is complete in all the nobbiest Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties.

CLOTHING.—560 men and boys wanted at the leading clothing house.

BOOTS & SHOES.—Our stock of Ladies and Gents Boots and Shoes is exceedingly large.

GROCERIES.—Another large stock of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at 25c. lb. 50 boxes No. 1. Layer Raisins at $1.60 per box.

PROVISIONS.—Just received 1 case Long Clear Bacon, 1500 lbs. sound Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Dried Apples, White Beans.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.—Timothy Red Clover, Alsike, Garden Seeds, Turnip Seeds, Flax, Vetches.

BUTTER, EGGS, and Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Tit - Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

See Russell's new ad. on this page.

Cattle fair on Monday was poorly attended.

Remember the Irish Lake Picnic on the 28th of June.

Highest Cash Price paid for Wool at the Flesherotn Woollen Mill.

Mr. Jas. Bulmer returned home from Chicago, Ill. on Tuesday.

Master Fred. Dean, of Dundalk is visiting at Mr. J. G. Russell's.

Hull city was destroyed by fire on the 5th of June. Loss between $500,000 and $800,000.

Death to Potatoe Bugs! Wm. Richardson has just received a case of Paris Green.

Mr. Joseph and Miss Charlotte Fawcett, of Heathcote, called at our office in the absence of ye Editor.

If you want a good Watch at a low price, now is the time to call at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Our esteemed friend and townsman, Mr. J. Gordon, has succeeded in getting a position as travelling salesman for a New York firm.

Chesley was burnt to the ground on Saturday morning last. Every business place was swept out of existence but a small grocery store.

Call at once if you would secure some of the Great Bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, &c. at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Tenders for the digging of a well on the school lot, S. S. No. 9, Osprey, will be received up to the 25th of June, 1888. Edward McCallum, Henry Field and D. K. Preston, Trustees. For particulars see bills.

Mr. Buchanan, of Meaford Road, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday morning last, and Dr. Christoe in the evening, in the absence of Rev. J. W. Shilton, who was attending Conference.

Correspondence from Eugenia, Priceville and Meaford Road, a report of the convention at Durham, Kimberley school report, W.C.T.U. items and other news were crowded out this week but will appear next week.

Say, Tom; I don't see how you have so much money these hard times? Why, I'll tell you, just because I took my wool to Sarjeant at the Flesherton Woollen Mill and there got half a cent per lb more than I could get anywhere else.

Messrs. Clemes, Irwin and Shore—school teachers of Eugenia, Flesherton and Red School—walked to Durham, a distance of fifteen miles on Thursday morning last to attend the Teachers' Convention in three hours and a half. How's that for walking?

At the semi-annual meeting of the Orange District, of Artemesia, held in Markdale on the 5th, inst., it was decided to celebrate the Battle of the Boyne on the 12th of July at that place. An invitation is extended to the District of Holland, Euphrasia, Melancthon and Proton. A good time is expected.

NOTICE.

Tenders will be received up to the 1st of July next for building a Stone and Brick Bridge across the Boyne water near Flesherton. No tender necessarily accepted. Specifications at Dr. Christoe's office. By order,

WM. SHARP,
DR. CHRISTOE,

June 4th, 1888.

Terrible Reductions on our fine stock of Silverware at Russell's, Flesherton, for this month before moving.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

Mr. Morris, of the world-renowned Montreal firm of Opticians, Messrs. B. Laurance & Co., will be at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton, which affords the chance of a lifetime to those whose eyes are failing. Spectacles fitted to suit everybody to perfection by Mr. Morris. This is the chance of a lifetime. Don't forget the date, Wednesday, June the 20th, at Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton.

W. C. T. U.

The regular session of the W.C.T.U meets June 20th, but instead of the usual exercises, Mrs. Mittie Fraine Cooke, the talented elocutionist, will give a Literary Entertainment in the Town Hall that evening under the auspices of the Union. Now, this is a grand treat, don't miss it! A silver collection at the door to defray expenses. To commence at eight o'clock. Come one, Come all!

Runaways.

On Wednesday last, Mr. John Adams left his horses and wagon to which they were hitched standing at the roller mill while he went to the village to transact some business but before he got past Heard's carriage shop he saw his horses coming behind him at full speed. They passed him but were stopped opposite Elder's livery stable before any damage was done.

Mr. Will Heard and Frank Sullivan started for Markdale on Friday afternoon last with a horse and covered buggy. They were raising the cover nearly opposite Hawk's egg pickling establishment when the horse took fright and made a leap breaking the cross-bar of the buggy and throwing the occupants out. The horse got free from the buggy and ran to the top of the hill opposite Mr. R. Lever's where it stopped. The buggy was slightly damaged. Will escaped injury but Frank got a bruise on the leg which made him use a walking stick.

Do not take quinine for malarial disorders. Ayer's Ague Cure contains none, nor any other injurious ingredient. This preparation, if taken strictly in accordance with directions, is warranted to cure all malarial diseases.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOOD FARM

For Sale in Osprey!

UNDER the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at BLACKSTOCK'S HOTEL, in the Village of SINGHAMPTON, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

Thursday, June 21st, 1888,

by A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, all that certain parcel or tract of land premises situate in the Township of Osprey, in the County of Grey, containing by admeasurement 100 acres, be the same more or less, and being composed of Lot number thirty-five, in the sixth concession of the said township. The property is situate fifteen miles from Flesherton and two miles from Singhampton. Soil is sandy loam, about forty acres cleared, balance timbered with hardwood, except about fifteen acres, covered with cedar, balsam, and mixed timber; well watered.

Buildings: Good Frame Barn, 33 x 48; Hewed Log House, 15 x 18, and outbuildings.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the vendors' solicitors at the time of sale, sufficient with the said ten per cent. to make one-third of the purchase money in one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by first mortgage over the property sold, payable in five years, with interest at six and one-half per cent. per annum. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

Further particulars made known at the time of sale, or on application to A. S. VANDUSEN, Auctioneer, Flesherton, CHARLES KING, 5 Peter St., Hamilton, or to

MULOCK, TILT, MILLER, CROWTHER & MONTGOMERY, Vendors' Solicitors, 99 King St. East, Toronto.

Dated 2nd May, 1888.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

The life-giving properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have established its well-earned reputation, and made it the most effectual and popular blood purifier of the day. For all diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, this remedy has no equal. Price $1.

Bargains, Bargains!

Now is the time for

BARGAINS.

Having purchased the premises lately occupied by J. W. Bates, we purpose moving there by

First of July, 1888,

and therefore in order to clear out some of our IMMENSE STOCK **before that date**

Great Bargains

may be expected in

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spectacles, &c.

during the present month at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store, FLESHERTON.

Do not fail to come as it will pay you. Positively for this month only, and always take your Watch, Clock or Jewelery Repairs to

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON.

"A DOUGLAS! A DOUGLAS!"

The Scion of a Noble Scottish House Jailed for Annoying a High Horn Dame—An Eccentric Daredevil Family.

A London cable says: London society is finding time even amid the Derby distractions to talk about the latest aristocratic scandal, and the talk will become fast and furious when the newspapers announce the direful news of the imprisonment of a real live nobleman. A couple of years ago Lord James Douglas, of the noble house of Queensberry, met Mabel, the daughter of Lady Scott, and was pleased to fall in love with the young lady, who was still in her teens and a ward of Chancery, or, what is considered more probable, with the money to which she would become entitled when of age. His love was not reciprocated, but Lord James declined to take his dismissal as a gentleman should and began a course of systematic annoyance of the lady, whose mother was finally compelled to evoke the all-powerful protection of the Court of Chancery against His Lordship's persecution. The Court sharply reprimanded the ungentlemanly lover and solemnly warned him he would be sent to prison should he attempt to hold any communication with Miss Mabel. Lord James' friends persuaded him to go on a long yachting tour in the Mediterranean, hoping that absence and time would bring him to his senses. He went to the Mediterranean, but continued to brood over his dismissal, and finally decided to defy the Court of Chancery. The defiance took the form of an indecent photograph which he posted to Miss Scott. At Christmas he once more thought of the loved one, and he made her aware of his continued existence and remembrance by sending her an indelicate card. The lady's relatives fretted and fumed, but Lord James kept out of the country until last week. Then the powers of the Court of Chancery were for a second time invoked. The counsel for the noble culprit humbly apologized in his behalf, but Justice Chitty was stern. The former leniency, said his judicial Lordship, had been thrown away, and he ordered Lord James to be committed to prison for contempt, adding, as though frightened at his own audacity in sending a peer to jail, that he would entertain a plea for the defendant's release in a fortnight. After his capture society gloated over the scandal, but fretted somewhat at seeing one of themselves in prison garb. Lady Florence Dixie, the defendant's sister, wrote a passionate letter to the newspapers, protesting that her brother was not the blackguard which the evidence clearly proved him to be, asserting that in his dealings with women he was chivalrous in the extreme, and that the Christmas card of which so much had been made was not at all indelicate. No one else came to Lord James' rescue. The court hardened its heart, and the Chancery Tipstaff, with Justice Chitty's warrant in his pocket, prowled around the west end until last night, when he bagged his game. His Lordship was good enough to offer no resistance. He was hustled into a cab, and is now meditating within the gloomy walls of Holloway Jail. The living members of the Queensberry family are, to put it mildly, somewhat eccentric. The present Marquis is an avowed freethinker, a famous amateur boxer and a dare-devil steeplechase rider. He used to sit in the House of Lords as the Scotch representative peer, but some years ago his peers, shocked by his public avowals of scepticism, refused to re-elect him. His next brother became a Roman Catholic, and is now a monk laboring among the very poor of this great city. His third brother is Lord James and his sister is Lady Florence Dixie, an equally dare-devil steeplechaser, a world-wide traveller and writer, and the friend and advocate of Cetywayo, the black King of Zululand, who was treated so infamously by the British Government and died of a broken heart in consequence.

DOCTOR TORN BY A DOG.

Terrible Fight with an Angry Brute and Fears for the Result.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: Dr. George W. Galvin was attacked and badly bitten on Saturday evening last by a bull mastiff, under circumstances most peculiar. Together with Dr. Dixon, of Bertston street, he was called to attend Mrs. Hurd, of No. 61 Beach street. It was found expedient to etherize her, and during the operation a bull mastiff, which had been sleeping quietly in a corner of the room, made a spring for the doctor. In the wrist of the faithful physician the infuriated beast fastened his fangs and a terrible tussle ensued. Over the floor they rolled until the angered beast, whose head had been in chancery, managed to fasten his teeth in the thigh of the physician. The dog clung with the tenacity of his breed until Dr. Dixon, the associate of Dr. Galvin, having performed his duties at the bedside, came to the assistance of his confrere and together they strangled the dog to death.

Dr. Galvin at once proceeded to his office in the United States Hotel and summoned Dr. Watts, who cauterized the wounds in the wrist and thigh. Dr. Galvin's wounds are painful, and he is in fear of the dreadful consequences that may result.

Extraordinary Loss of a Husband

A Montreal despatch says: Mrs. James Elliott, of Three Rivers, and lately of Waterbury, N.H., reported at the Central station this morning that whilst passing through here on her way to Three Rivers she lost her husband in St. Dominique street in a most extraordinary manner. It appears that he was foreman for Messrs. Hall, Neilson & Co., lumber merchants, of Three Rivers, for 32 years. Wishing to retire from work he moved to Waterbury, but there became weak-minded, and desired to go back to his place of birth. On arriving here he desired to see some relatives in St. Catharine street, but on the way up St. Dominique street he felt weak and sat down on a doorstep. His wife walked on a few steps, and when she turned to look for him he had disappeared. Thinking that perhaps he had gone to Three Rivers she went there, but failed to find him and returned.

"It is pretty blue up at the house," said Mr. Twiney, mournfully; "I have got a cold, my wife's got a cold, baby's got the measles, and my eldest daughter's got a piano. Which is the warmest park to sleep in?"

MARITIME BANK FAILURE.

Startling Revelations Made in Court—The Manager Believed to Have Kept Two Sets of Books—Nearly a Million and a Half of a Deficit.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: Some startling facts relative to the defunct Maritime Bank have leaked out lately in connection with the trial of the Bank of Nova Scotia vs. Harrison. A short time prior to the failure, Mr. A. A. Sterling, of Fredericton, who had been a director in the bank, sold out a large portion of his stock in that concern to Mr. W. F. Harrison, a St. John merchant, accepting the latter's note therefor. The note was deposited in the Bank of Nova Scotia, and when the time expired for payment Mr. Harrison refused to meet it, alleging Mr. Sterling was aware of the rottenness of the Maritime Bank when he sold the shares. The trial of the case has resulted in a thorough exposure of the loose methods adopted by the bank management, and some of the evidence elicited gives rise to the suspicion that MacLellan keeps two sets of certain books so as to hide the true state of the bank affairs from the directors. Mr. Sterling swears that although he was a director and attended a meeting at the bank on July 29th, 1886, he did not know that R. A. & J. Stewart had then drawn exchange on Stewart Bros., London, to the extent of over £40,000. The bulk of this exchange was without an endorser. Neither did he know that MacLellan, the manager of the bank, had surrendered $75,000 worth of Guy, Bevan & Co.'s securities and accepted instead certificates of stock in the Trading Company to the extent of £15,000. It has also been shown in evidence that although the Trading Company had a large amount to its credit in the bank when it failed, the bulk of it came from the Stewart Exchange and was really the bank's own money.

Mr. J. F. McMillan, one of the liquidator's clerks, swore to-day that the deficiency of the bank, after deducting the value of assets, was over $1,300,000. The liquidators had realized nothing from Stewart or from Guy, Bevan & Co. From George McLeod, who owed $168,000 when the bank closed, they had got $4,000 and a promise of a little more.

The revelations are not calculated to inspire much hope in the breasts of noteholders. MacLellan, who is largely responsible for the crash, is said to be operating in real estate in Omaha.

"Truth" on the Emperor Frederick.

A London cable says: Mr. Labouchere says: It is scarcely to be wondered at, but is none the less to be regretted, that the present interlude in the Charlottenburg tragedy should once more be giving hopes for which there is unfortunately not a shade of foundation. It may be true that Prof. Virchow has found no cancerous elements in the matters which he lately examined. But this negative evidence proves nothing whatever in such a case. The statement that the learned professor has now given a positively favorable opinion is simply incredible, except on the supposition that his brain has undergone some kind of sympathetic mummification during his recent exploits as an archæological resurrectionist in Egypt. Another statement which was made not long ago with some pretence of authority, was that the disease from which the German Emperor is suffering is now believed to be consumption of the throat, which is absolutely idiotic. Certain other theories of amateur diagnosticians which have been widely current in a *sotto voce* kind of way, and which need not be more particularly referred to, are equally groundless. The truth is that there has been little or no doubt all along among the doctors as to the nature of the disease. But as by the Prussian Constitution no one suffering from a malady declared to be incurable can ascend the throne, it was necessary for them to dissemble.

A Real Aerolite Captured.

A Cleveland, Ohio, despatch says: As Mr. I. N. McMullen was enjoying his vesper smoke last evening in his house yard on Seelye avenue, his attention was arrested by a blazing object in the sky shooting his way. He called to his wife to step out and see it, and as she responded to the call an aerolite imbedded itself in the ground within ten feet of where he stood. When it struck, the mass of fire resolved itself into a ball as large as a football and burned for a few seconds. The atmosphere was filled with a strong sulphurous odor. For a moment Mr. McMullen was struck dumb with amazement and terror, but on recovering he hastened to the spot where the mass had fallen. He found a hole in the ground from which a considerable amount of heat issued. Resolved at all hazards to find out what had entered the ground, he procured a light, and seizing a small hatchet, dug down for a distance of two feet, when he found a substance about as large as a small apple too hot to handle. He threw it out on the ground to cool, which took about half an hour.

After being sufficiently cooled to handle he took it into the house and proceeded to examine it. It is a half sphere in shape, weighs about 12 ounces, and has the appearance of being copper coated with a thin black substance. It is so hard that a sharp knife will not cut it.

Ingersoll's Reply to Gladstone.

A New York despatch says: The *Herald* prints advance extracts from Col. Robert Ingersoll's article in the forthcoming *North American Review* in reply to Mr. Gladstone's defence of Christianity. Col. Ingersoll opens his article with a courteous compliment to Mr. Gladstone, saying: "Most men are chilled and narrowed by the snows of age; their thoughts are darkened by the approach of night. But you, for many years, have hastened toward the light, and your mind has been an 'autumn that grew the more by reaping.'" The article is a bold declaration in advocacy of freedom of thought and rejection of superstition.

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself beside her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband, "I give it up." "Why," replied the wife, hitching close up to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are beside yourself."

A BRIDE'S SUICIDE.

Her Summary Manner of Getting Rid of a Drunken Husband.

A Carthage, Ill., despatch says: At Fountain Green, twelve miles east of Carthage, Mrs. Ida M. Wright, the young bride of Silas M. Wright, was found hanging in the smoke-house yesterday evening by her husband, who had been absent from home since Monday. The deed was committed on Tuesday. Upon discovering the body the horrified husband fainted away and lay in a stupor for several hours. The body was cut down by neighbors and the following letter was found on her person:

DEAR HUSBAND,—It is my pleasure that I write these few lines. I am as happy as can be, and I hope you are the same. I am going to hang myself to-day and I know you will be happy. I wouldn't leave you, but I never could be happy. Bury me in my wedding clothes. I hope you will jump and sing for joy when you see me hanging by the neck. This is Tuesday morning. At 5 or 6 30 my troubles shall be ended in this world. I wish you all the joy in this world, for I am as happy as can be. I haven't cried or shed a tear since you left, for I was too happy to cry. I am going to die believing in the Lord. I will be happier than to live with a drunkard.—Your wife, IDA M. WRIGHT.

Wright had come home drunk on one or two occasions and his conduct drove the woman to suicide.

A Model Minister.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York, is six feet tall, stalwart, healthy and fearless. He says what he means and means what he says, even though he hurts the millionaire and "miserable sinner" (*vide* "the General Confession" in the Prayer Book), J. Pierpont Morgan. His people have just completed a church building for use of various departments—schools, workingmen's guilds, St. Andrew's Brotherhood, etc.—which, like the barns of Pennsylvania farmers, is bigger than the church itself. On Sunday evenings the working people are in a majority of the congregation (which is always full), though the magnificent ecclesiastical structure stands on Stuyvesant square. Last Sunday Dr. Rainsford took the breath away from some of his people by saying that as his wealthy parishioners were about to go away for the summer, he would be glad if they would allow his poor and needy parishioners to live in their vacant houses. He guaranteed that their premises would be well cared for, and said he would be personally responsible for the conduct of such families as he might furnish the names for occupancy. Whether there has been any general response as yet no one knows, but the experiment is a bold one, and the result will be watched with interest. So far each is waiting to see what his neighbor will do about it. —*Ex.*

A Husband Stabbed and Wife Insulted

A Windsor despatch says: At Comber, Essex county, on Thursday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Fenner went to the post-office. Mrs. Fenner was there accosted by a man unknown to her who insisted on going home with her. When the fellow saw Mr. Fenner approaching he moved on, but kept only a few feet in advance, and when Mr. Fenner approached the man turned around, drew a knife and told him to clear out, at the same time trying to stab him with the knife. The two clinched and a scuffle ensued. Mr. Fenner had his right hand broken and received a stab on the back of the head and one on the shoulder, besides other smaller cuts. The back of his coat and collar were pierced thirteen times with the knife. The ruffian succeeded in getting away and ran across the fields, leaving his hat behind. Constable Lindsay, from the description given by Mrs. Fenner, arrested Louis Dove, an employee of Ainslie's mill. Mrs. Fenner identified him as the man and he was remanded to Sandwich for trial. Mr. Fenner is dangerously wounded.

Clever Exposure of Spiritualistic Tricks

Hermann, the necromancer, entertained a large audience at the Academy of Music, New York, the other evening, by exposing the tricks of the spiritualists' trade. Among other things he disclosed the secret of spook painting by spiritual agency, as performed so successfully by Mme. Diss Debar. Canvasses were shown to the audience to be perfectly blank; then a committee of one was selected to hold it above his head with his back to the audience. The Professor passed his hands several times over the canvass, adroitly removing a sheet of paper pasted over it, turned it round to the audience, and there was a picture. One of these was actually one of those taken away from the studio at Lawyer Marsh's "Temple." Dr. Lawrence, late the associate of the Diss Debar, examined it and said the paint was not wet, as though it had been recently done. Prof. Hermann admitted that the gentleman might know more about how the fraud was committed than he did. "I only know," he added, raising his voice, "that some person in New York has been defrauded of more than $100,000 by just such a trick as this."

A Suggestion to Ticklish Subjects.

A correspondent in "Science" writes as follows: I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but of course they always gave it up at once when they saw his stolid look. I tried the plan, and it worked admirably; and it is my only protection, even unto this day, for my cuticle is as sensative as ever. The deduction is simple: a man holds his breath and the tickler is baffled.

"Ironing" for Neuralgic Pains.

Neuralgic pains are a common affliction of humanity, and not a few people would be glad to know that one of the speediest sources of temporary relief is to heat a flatiron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part and then move the iron gently to and fro on the flannels. "Iron" the painful part thus for a few minutes and the suffering will almost certainly cease.

The Emperor of Brazil continues to improve, and it is proposed to remove him to Aix-les-Bains next Thursday.

WHAT A BLIND MAN CAN DO.

He Can Run a Store Without Help and Without Making a Mistake.

While in the employ of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, a few years ago, Charles H. Fennimore, of Farmingdale, had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye, the result of getting a hot cinder from the locomotive in it. About a year afterward, while working in a marl pit at Lower Squankum, he got a small pebble in the other eye. He was taken to an infirmary in New York, where every effort was made to save the sight, but he finally became totally blind.

Revolving in his mind various projects for the support of his family, he determined to try keeping a country store. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he was resolute and opened a small store in Lower Squankum, three miles from Farmingdale. He soon showed an aptitude for the business, and accomplished things which seemed marvellous. His dwelling house is over a mile distant from his store. At first his little daughter regularly took him by the hand at morning and evening and conducted him to and from his occupation. A little later he said he could go alone, and has done so ever since. His method is to count the steps from the front of his house to his store, and he has experienced no difficulty in reaching both in safety. He locks and unlocks the door and opens and closes the shutters without assistance. His son sweeps out and dusts the store, but he expects soon to do this without assistance. His sense of touch and memory are simply wonderful. Every sort of goods put up in packages is so arranged under his direction that he can deal out anything in his stock that is called for. This he does by counting the steps from either end of the counter, and the number of shelves, beginning with number one at the bottom, and enumerating dividing spaces from either end of the rows of shelving. He weighs accurately anything from a quarter of a pound of tea to 25 pounds of flour, being guided by touch in arranging the weights and the tipping of the scales. His memory of voices is so sensitive that he has never been known to make a mistake in a person's name. As a test a stranger to him was sent to the store. He was a fair mimic, and endeavored to personate a man well known to Mr. Fennimore. He signally failed, the blind storekeeper interrupted him at once and saying: "I don't know who you are, but you are not George Brower."

Perhaps Mr. Fennimore's greatest evidence of an unfaltering and accurate memory is the facility with which he makes change. Every morning Mrs. Fennimore arranges his wallet for him. The $5 notes are placed in the bottom, and $2 notes in the middle, and the $1 notes on the top of the package. He always knows to a penny how much change he has in an ordinary shot bag, and can tell the instant he touches any piece the value it represents. Thus equipped, he is ready to give a customer change for a note or silver currency, and his accuracy in making change equals that of any merchant in all the country round. Tried one day with a $5 gold piece, which was placed in his hand, he looked toward the owner as if he could see him, smiled, rang the coin upon the counter, and said: "This is a $5 gold piece; what do you wish to buy?" He is an expert at addition and subtraction, readily keeping in his mind a dozen articles and their price, and telling the customer the amount the moment the last article is served. He is pleased with his occupation, and has made his business a modest success.—*New York Sun.*

Deep Breathing.

(By William Blaikie.)

Nobody teaches American boys how to breathe. City boys, and many from the country, too, have finer chests before they go to school than they ever do afterward. Sitting in a school-room, or shop, or factory, or any other room five or six hours a day, and then sitting most of the rest of the day besides, does much to weaken the chest, for when you sit still you do not breathe your lungs half full. Take one large full breath now, and see how your chest rises and expands, and how differently from a minute ago, when breathing only as you generally do. Many boys actually do not breathe their lungs full once in a whole week. Is it any wonder they have weak chests, and that they easily catch cold? How are you to have strong lungs if you do not use them? Which has the strong arms—the invalid leaving a sick bed or the blacksmith? he who uses his arms or he who does not? When walking at the rate of four miles an hour, you breathe nearly five times as much air as when you are sitting still. Now the fuller breaths you take, and the more of them you take in a day, the stronger and fuller chest you are going to have. If every boy in the United States would take a thousand slow, very deep breaths every day from now on throughout his life, it would almost double our vigor and effectiveness as a nation. For deep breathing not only enlarges the chest itself, and makes it shapely and strong, but it gives power and vigor to the lungs and heart, and makes them do their work far better. And it does the same to the stomach and bowels, the liver and kidneys; indeed, to all the vital organs. It makes the blood richer. It adds directly to the vigor of the brain as well, and so enables it to do more work. In short, it is about the best known way of getting and keeping health. And who would care to hire a sick man to work for him? Or who can do much hard work when he is sick? Not that we can always avoid sickness, but it is less likely to come, and has harder work to enter, when we are robust and in good training than when we are weak and run down.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Ducal Dancer.

The Duke of Sutherland is conceded to be the best dancer of the Highland fling in all Scotland. He recently dined with the Duke of Edinburgh on board the flagship Alexander, at Malta, and after dinner the two dukes danced the "Tullochgorum" for an hour, to the delight of the officers and ship's company. The Duke of Sutherland's piper furnished the music.

"I'll do the best I can, sir," said the new convert humbly to the good pastor, "but you mustn't expect too much of me at first; I've been an auctioneer for the last twelve years."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE POOR IN CHINA.

Most of Them Live on Five Cents a Day—Cheap Food and Little of It.

In America, when the laboring man and his family cannot afford to eat meat twice each day, they are supposed to be in a condition of destitution. Yet the Chinese laborer, getting what he calls good wages, does not eat a pound of meat in a month, although meat is as cheap in China as in America. His daily food consists of rice steamed, cabbage boiled in a great deal of water, and as a relish, raw turnip pickled, but in a strong brine, of which he has only two or three bits the size of dice. When he wishes to be very extravagant, and is reckless of expense, he buys a cash worth of the dried seeds of the watermelon, and munches them as a desert. In summer he eats cucumbers raw, skin, prickles, and all, or melons, not wasting the rind, or, it may be, a raw carrot or turnip. His clothing is as simple as his diet. In the summer it consists of shoes and stockings, both made of cotton cloth, and a pair of trousers, without lining, of the same material. He has also a sort of shirt worn outside the trousers, but this he wears only on state occasions. For spring and autumn he wears, if he can afford it, garments of the same material lined. In the winter, in a climate like New York or Philadelphia, his trousers are wadded and his upper garment is either also wadded or is a sheepskin tanned with the wool on and worn with the wool next his skin. He scorns underclothing of every sort. One suit answers for day and night, since he sleeps in the same clothes in which he works. Hence he is not troubled with much baggage when he goes on a journey. Three dollars would probably buy the entire summer wardrobe of what may be called a comfortably poor Chinaman—that is, one at work on steady wages—while twenty-five or thirty cents would be more than sufficient to purchase all the rags—and he wears nothing else—of the very poor. In the winter he always pawns his summer clothes and in the same way entrusts his winter clothing as soon as warm weather comes to the keeping of his "uncle." His house is built of either sundried or "broken" brick laid in mud, has never any other than a brick, or, more commonly, a mud floor, windows of paper, and a door sufficiently open for all purposes of ventilation. For a family of five or six persons there is seldom, if ever, more than one room. The entire furniture consists of a table, a ricketty stool or two, and a raised platform of brick covered with a coarse mat of reeds, which serves as a bed. The house has no chimney and no fire is used, winter or summer, except the small amount needed for the family cooking. The character of the food consumed in such a family has already been described, but something ought to be said as to its cost. It is a very common picture in Pekin or any other city in China to see a little boy or girl going with a few cash and two or three rude and cheap dishes to purchase the materials for an evening meal, and the average cost of such a meal as has been described, for one person, is certainly not more than two cents of our money. I am convinced by many years' residence among the Chinese and careful study of their habits and life that probably two-thirds of the entire population, or say 200,000,000 of the people, live on a food consumption not exceeding $1.50 of our money a month, or say five cents a day.—*Youths' Companion.*

A Matter of Business.

Judge—It appears from the evidence that you swindled this man out of $23.30.

Prisoner—I admit it, Your Honor, but I beg to call Your Honor's attention to the fact that it was simply in the way of business.

Judge—In the way of business?

Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. We have formed a Swindling Trust.

Judge—A Swindling Trust?

Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. I will explain to you. Formerly we used to swindle a man out of $500. Now we swindle ten men out of $50 a piece. Our profits are the same, but we relieve the individual and distribute the burden, putting it lightly upon the shoulders of ten instead of heavily upon one.

Judge—I perceive.

Prisoner—So, you see, by forming a Swindling Trust we are really benefactors of our fellowman; the many come to the rescue of the one. It is harder work, of course, to find ten men with $50 than one with $500, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have put the burden of the one upon the many. Moreover, we have broken up all other combinations of swindlers and the community is safe from every one excepting ourselves. I therefore ask Your Honor to look upon the matter in a business light. We are a trust, and as such we look not for interference, but protection from the law.

Judge—Of course, if you call yourselves a trust—

Prisoner—We are, Your Honor.

Judge—Organized for the benefit—

Prisoner—Of the individual, Your Honor.

Judge—Yes, and as you are the individual and society is the many—six months in the House of Correction. Mr. Clerk, call the next case.—*Boston Courier.*

A Vigorous Warning.

"In Hamilton, Canada," remarks a United States contemporary, "the other day a man was sent to prison for a year for stealing an umbrella, and a careful investigation convinces us that it wasn't much of an umbrella either. It behooves the newspapers of this country to raise a tremendous cry of warning. It would be the hardest kind of luck if some of our bright, enterprising American citizens should get out of this country with a couple of hundred thousand dollars of other people's money with their usual success only to find themselves pining away in an ill-smelling Canada prison at last for stealing an umbrella! Sound the alarm at once! Ring the fire bells, if necessary.

King Oscar, of Sweden, recently called on the Pope, and instead of kissing his hand, as is the custom, kissed him soundly on both cheeks, to the surprise of the courtiers. It was the greatest shock the traditions of the Vatican had received since General Grant shook hands with Pius IX., and said: "How do you do, sir?"

Dr. J. H. Widdifield, of Newmarket, was yesterday appointed Sheriff of the County of York.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Are We Going Back to the Fashions of Eighty Years Ago?

MADE HEALTHY BY A NEEDLE.

Frolics in Fashions, Seasonable Recipes, and Feminine Personals.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

New, Yet Old.

How changeful is fashion! How capricious and exacting! When we think it taken up with such or such a shape and color it is already weary of it, and disdains it for some fresh favorite. A year ago we peaked our bodices, making them as tight and long-waisted as possible; this year all this is completely modified, the queens of fashion—those who take the lead in matters of taste—have discarded pointed bodices and wear plain, straight skirts. This tendency toward a return to the fashions of the First Empire is becoming more and more marked, and will soon be accepted by many. Shall we arrive at the end of the century dressed like our great-grandmothers?

Nor are these century-old fashions devoid of charm. Though we do not approve of them entirely in all their details, on the whole we like them well enough. For one thing, they are certainly more economical than the double or treble draped skirts, for which such yards and yards of material were required. What more simple or convenient to wear than the plain skirt slightly puffed up at the back, and the dainty Reçamier bodice, draped in the shape of a fichu, and fitted round the waist with a wide scarf tied on the left side or fastened at the back into a baby-bow?

Such dresses are not, as yet, very generally worn, but we proclaim them as the coming novelty of the season for young ladies. As a transition between the peaked and the short-waisted bodice, many dresses are being made just now with the fronts plaited slantways, and crossed at the waist under a deep belt, the plain space in the middle being filled up with a plastron of faille or surah.

A pretty model of this style is of absinthe-green cashmere; the fronts are plaited and crossed at the waist, showing a plastron of dark green velvet, finished by a turned-up collar, trimmed with a beaded galloon. The deep belt is trimmed with the same as well as the bands, on to which are gathered the full cashmere sleeves, which do not come down below the elbow. Plain cashmere skirt falling over a silk underskirt of the same color, with small pink-out ruche showing just beyond the edge.

Absinthe-green, the favorite color this spring, is a very soft, grayish shade of green, exceedingly becoming to blondes. Serpent-green madeira and oak-brown are also fashionable colors, and appear in the light, soft woolen materials of the season. Glace surah shot of two colors is combined with these woolen tissues in spring costumes. When tastefully selected such combinations are extremely elegant.

Shot silks are very much in vogue; taffetas, faille and surah are all in the glace style, soft, dullish shades being preferred. Narrow stripes in the pompadour style, pekin, fancy velvet and French faille are also among the silk tissues most in favor.

Morning dresses are made with a plaited blouse bodice confined round the waist by a wide sash tied in front or at the side. The skirt is simply plaited all round, and just puffed up a little at the back. The material is cashmere or veiling. The bodice is often plaited on to a small shoulder-piece of silk or velvet. The sleeves are full, and gathered on to a band to match the shoulder-piece.

Empire Coats.

Now that the hideous coach coat, otherwise known as the Shaker or Dutch robe, has run its length, fashion is ready to examine the directoire or dinner coat, which is all the style in London and Rome. The cut is very similar to the gentleman's evening coat, and is to be seen in a modified style on the stage. Double-breasted, with a deep rolling collar, the waist in front is cut off at the belt while the back gores or tails fall almost to the floor. For morning wear, made in black or dark colors, the garment is double-breasted and secured with a few very beautiful buttons, but the coat designed for the drawing-room opens on a lace vest and frills finish the collar and sleeves. The garment is intended for the few figures that are best relieved by straight lines, and for this class only the richest material is used. The skirts that go with these handsome coats are made of bengaline or India silk, tissues shot with embroidery designs, lace crepe or ribbon effects. An ideal dinner dress is described as being made of Boulanger red skirts, over which was a directoire coat of black moire with long frills of lace at the wrists and a jabot of point lace falling from the throat. With the fancy a large hat is prescribed, trimmed with long plumes. Another swell coat is the pompadour brought out by an English firm and designed exclusively as a dinner novelty for a fine figure. Pompadour brocade makes the coat, which is cut very like a man's coat, the front having revers that roll back to show a sort of waistcoat of velvet overlaid or draped with a jabot of white lace. A couple of buttons mark the waist line in the back, and cuffs of velvet and ruffles of lace finish the sleeve. The pompadour tea-jacket, which is also English, is an immense success. It is composed of the new texture called satin plush in an ecru shade of yellow and fits loosely in front but very tight in the back, closing invisibly. A guard's collar and flat-band wristlets complete the bodice, which in plain colors is elaborately embroidered in gold or silver. One thing is certain, if the dress reformers make any headway these coats will hardly be tolerated, since the corsets are doomed, without which a fit is impossible.

A Great Needle Story.

"Talk about your needle stories," said a man on the streets yesterday, "but I can tell you one that discounts them all, and I don't have to go far from home for the facts, either. My wife's sister, a young lady about 19, has a pet needle. She wouldn't do without it for the world. About three years ago the needle made its first appearance by sticking its point out of her shoulder. How it ever got into her body, or how long it had been there, she says she doesn't know. It didn't come out far enough for any one to get hold of, but went back in, and in about a month it stuck its nose out away down on her right ankle. Then it disappeared again, and it has been scooting around inside of her system ever since, poking its point out about every month somewhere or other. She had it pulled out once with a pair of nippers, and you may not believe it, but it is a fact, she became almost alarmingly ill with a sort of nervous prostration that the doctors couldn't make anything of. "One day an irresistible impulse seized her, as she says, to get that needle and jab it into herself. She did so, and felt much better instantly. The needle has been on his travels without interruption ever since, and she has had perfect health. She couldn't be pursuaded now to have it taken out. About a year ago the needle made its appearance at her left wrist, and the location of both ends of it was clearly discernible. By way of amusement, I suppose, she managed to get at the head of her pet and slipped a little piece of fine, bright red silk through the eye, and now the needle is carrying that all over her system, and once in a while it is discernible beneath the skin. When the needle was out it was very strongly magnetized. Yes, it's a very queer case, and I don't pretend to explain it, but I know the story is true."

Seasonable Recipes.

Rhubarb Jam.—To every one pound of rhubarb allow one pound of loaf sugar and the rind of half a lemon. Wipe the rhubarb perfectly dry, string it and weigh it; put it into a preserving pan, with sugar in the above proportion. Mince the lemon rind very finely, add it to the other ingredients, and place the preserving pan by the side of the fire; keep stirring to prevent the rhubarb from burning, and when the sugar is well dissolved put the pan more over the fire, and let the jam boil for three-quarters of an hour, taking care to keep it well skimmed and stirred with a wooden spoon. Pour into pots, and cover in the usual way.

Rhubarb Wine.—To every pound of green rhubarb stocks, when bruised, put a quart of cold spring water; let it stand three days, stirring it twice in a day; then press and strain it through a sieve, and to every gallon add four pounds of loaf sugar, the juice and half the rind of a lemon; put it into a cask with half an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a little of the liquor, and add a gill of brandy. Do not bung the cask closely for a month, and bottle in ten or twelve months more.

Fruit.—With the approach of the warmer weather the prudent housewife will pay more attention to this part of her *menu*. Make the dish of cooling, anti-bilious fruits attractive by selection and arrangement. Nuts belong to winter time, when fats are needed to produce carbon. Raisins, always unwholesome, clog digestion weakened by "spring fever" and irritated morbid livers. Apples are out of season, but oranges and bananas valiantly relieve guard between them, the grapes and late pears that lasted after the holidays and the coming berries. The juice of a lemon, mixed with four times as much water, unsugared, and drunk just before bedtime, will do more to counteract malarial influences and correct a surplusage of bile than a dozen blue pills.

How to Boil Asparagus.—Asparagus of the stouter sort, always when of the "giant" variety, should be cut of exactly equal lengths, and boiled, standing ends upward, in a deep saucepan. Nearly two inches of the heads should be out of the water—the steam sufficing to cook them, as they form the tenderest part of the plant; while the hard stalky part is rendered soft and succulent by the longer boiling which this plan permits. Instead of the orthodox twenty minutes allotted to asparagus, lying horizontally, which half cooks the stalk and overcooks the head, diminishing its flavor and consistence, a period of thirty or forty minutes, on the plan recommended, will render fully a third more of the stock delicious, while the head will be properly cooked by the steam alone.

A Lesson of Life.

What a lesson to the young men of the country is taught in the brief career and sad fate of young Charles Gehring, who took his life yesterday in a room at a Park Row hotel. The deceased was a favorite son of a wealthy brewer at Cleveland, O. He was only a little over 30 years of age. His opportunities would have enabled him to lead a useful and a happy life, for he had command of all the money he needed and his natural advantages were such as would have made him a favorite among his associates. He chose a course of riotous living and dissipation, and the suicide's death at the very threshold of life is the end!

What were his last words, dying, away from home and friends, with none but strangers around him? "I—am—tired; I—want—rest!" he faintly murmured, and then death closed his lips forever. But what a world of meaning, what a history of vain pleasures and bitter disappointment was conveyed in those few broken words.—*New York World of Wednesday.*

Six Children at a Birth.

The wife of the syndic mayor, Castagnola Ticino, has given birth to six children. This fact is testified to as absolutely correct by an authoritative Berne correspondent. The woman, whose name is Rezzonico, is 38 years of age, and has already had three and four children at a birth. Her husband is married for the second time, and has seven children by his first wife.

The six children, four boys and two girls, were born living but died soon afterward. The news of the extraordinary event, perhaps hitherto unheard of in the annals of anthropology, has created a great sensation, especially in Italy, and doctors are hastening to the scene from Milan, Como, and other towns to satisfy themselves of its truth.—*New York Sun.*

Little, "But Enough,"

As Mercutio said of his wound. We refer to Dr. Pierce's little Pellets, which are small, swift and sure, in case of sick headache, biliousness, constipation and indigestion.

Spiders rarely cause any trouble with bees. Streng colonies are fully able to repel them should they enter the hive. All webs about the entrance should be brushed away, or bees will be caught and devoured

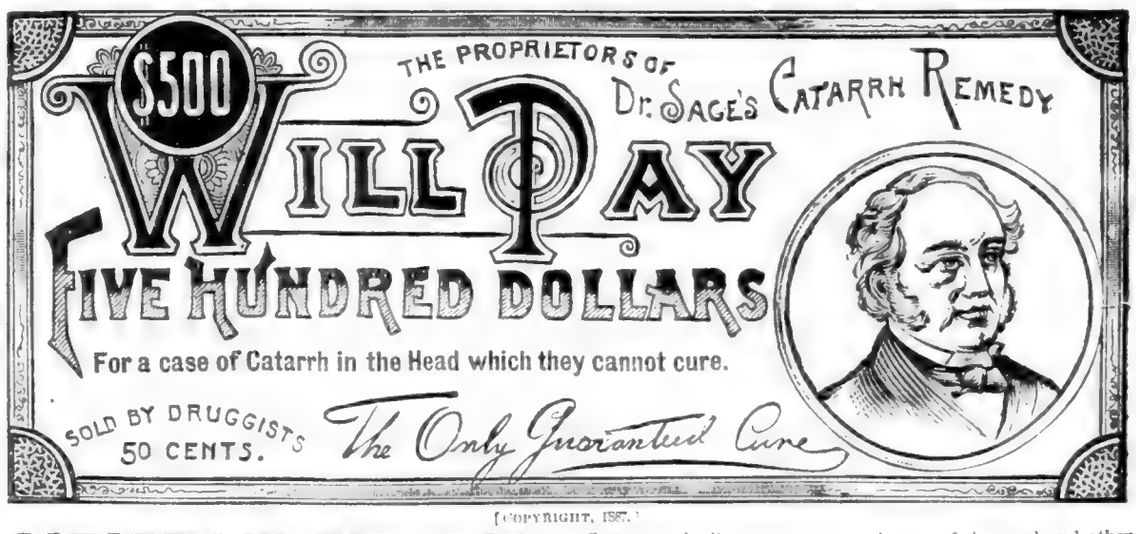

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our *chief* aim must be directed to *the removal of that cause*. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

CHIEF RELIANCE.

In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and other taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

LOCAL AGENT.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

PERMANENT CURES.

The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner *it is permanent.*

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery $1.00, six bottles for $5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,**
No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE LARGEST ORCHESTRA.

Three Hundred Players, Not One of Whom Sees the Rest.

At the Western penitentiary in Pennsylvania there is a nightly concert given by what is probably the largest orchestra in the world. It is composed of at least 300 players, who never see one another. The music begins at precisely 6 o'clock every evening, and ends at the stroke of 7. Within that hour the convicts are permitted to make, each independently, as much music or discord as he pleases. This prison is, perhaps, the only one in the United States where the inmates are allowed to cultivate the art of music, and the privilege is deeply appreciated by them. Just before 6 o'clock they may be seen by the officials, sitting with their instruments in readiness. As the hour strikes, they begin to play and rattle off tune after tune during the appointed time.

As may be imagined, with several hundred instruments playing at once, it is impossible to distinguish any one of them from the rest, or to tell one tune from another. As the waves of sound rise and mingle, the listener can only be reminded of a wind howling in the distance.

"They look forward to this hour with great pleasure," said one of the keepers to a reporter. "Music is the only thing that varies the monotony of their lives, and taking an instrument away from a prisoner is about the severest punishment we can inflict."

As they were talking there was a moment's silence. It was a few minutes before 7, and a man began playing "Home, Sweet Home" on a violin.

His neighbor accompanied him on a guitar, and in a short time they were joined by a flute, cornet and mandolin. The prisoners in the upper tiers of cells seemed to be waiting for the beginning of the favorite melody, and one by one caught it up, until all were playing the tune. The sounds ceased at the stroke of 7, and quiet reigned supreme.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Husband's Solicitude.

Robinson—So you are going to Europe, Brown? Brown—Yes, for a couple of months. I haven't been very strong lately, and I think the trip will do one good." Robinson—I hope so. Mrs. Brown will accompany you, of course? Brown—N—no; my wife has complained of not feeling very strong recently, and I'm afraid to have her undertake the trip.

The Other Kind.

She—Sorry to miss you the other night when you called, but I was at a progressive euchre party and won a prize. He (with much meaning)—Ah, but you might have done the same at home! She—True; but I never play for the booby.

Into Print at Last.

Wife (looking over a newspaper)—Dear me, there is a big dry goods firm in this city named Catchem & Cheatem, and they have a stock worth half a million dollars; the store has been open a year, it appears.

Husband—You don't say so? I never noticed their advertisement. What part of the paper is it in?

Wife—I have not noticed their advertisment either. I find the name among the list of business failures.

Her Fault.

If she is made miserable by day and sleepless at night, by nervous headache, pains in the back, easily grieved, vexed or made tired, or is suffering from any of those wasting functional disorders peculiar to women, such as prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhea, morning sickness, or weakness of the stomach, ect., a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will convince her of the folly of enduring misery that can be so easily, pleasantly and radically cured. Druggists.

Value of Young Men.

A young lady in Atlanta stepped to a window to look at a young man passing by, and just then a large piece of plastering fell down on the chair she had vacated. Had she kept her seat she would have been killed.

Consumption Curable.

Since the fact that consumption is both preventable, and in its earliest stage curable, it has lost much of its terror. If the first symptoms are at once recognized, and the proper remedy applied, very few, if any one, need die with consumption, which is really lung-scrofula. Like many other diseases this formidable one grows out of impure blood, and this, in turn, from a diseased liver. Hence, we have the hacking cough, the pains in chest, the inflamed lungs, and all the symptoms of hastening consumption, all the result of depraved blood and diseased liver. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest all such symptoms, restore the liver to healthy action, and send streams of pure blood into every organ. Of druggists.

Silly mothers in the fashionable circles of Paris have aroused the indignation of the medical profession by applying the horrors of face painting to little children. In the public gardens babies of 3 years old may be seen whose eyebrows have been blacked or dyed. Other anxious parents, distressed at the vulgarly ruddy and rustic hue of their children's cheeks, carefully powder them before sending them out. Little coquettes of 10 years are not permitted to go abroad until the regulation black stroke has been painted beneath their eyes.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Ever Ready.

Locomotive Builder (on a railroad train)—The reason we are kept waiting here is because the engine has broken down. I have examined it, and if I only had the proper tools I could fix it in half an hour." Helpful Wife—Here's a hairpin, dear.

Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

Wm. Gerlich, aged 10, drowned himself at Flushing L. I., yesterday, because his mother had whipped him.

George Muller, celebrated throughout the world as a worker for the good of his fellow-men, is now 82 years old, and as full of zeal and activity as ever. He has just returned to England, after a preaching tour of 37,000 miles through Australia, China, Japan and other countries. Two thousand children greeted him at Bristol upon his return, the little ones being inmates of his orphanage in that city.

D O N L. 24 88.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1888.

THE EDITOR AT CONFERENCE.

From Flesherton to Brampton our route lay through a country too well known to most of the readers of THE ADVANCE to require any additional information at our hands in this connection. Westward from Brampton, however, new scenes opened up before our vision. From the town last named until you come to Seaforth, nearly one hundred miles farther West, one seems to be constantly passing through a series of magnificent agricultural districts. Smiling meadow and grain fields with a background here and there of gloriously foliaged trees burst upon the vision in endless succession. Here and there were streams of water, but such muddy, sluggish, lazy, filthy ones as shocked the senses after gazing upon the charming surroundings. They reminded one of hideous pictures enclosed in magnificent frames.

Guelph is a beautiful city "set on a hill so that it cannot be hidden;" and, like all the rest of the towns and cities in this beautiful Western country, is surrounded by a rich agricultural district.

Stratford is no doubt a very nice city, but as the situation is not so elevated as that of Guelph, the traveller cannot see it to the same advantage. Here we changed cars and almost the first sight which met our gaze as we approached the Seaforth train was the beaming countenances of our esteemed pastor, Rev. J. W. Shilton, B.A., and our well-known townsman, Squire Armstrong.

Seaforth is situated in the midst of one of the most fertile and beautiful agricultural districts in the Dominion. It is a compactly built little town of probably 3,000 inhabitants or thereabouts. The business places are located almost entirely on one street. The Methodist Church, within whose walls the Guelph Conference is now in session, is a very fine building with a large seating capacity, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was erected.

BILLETING.

Much dissatisfaction exists in connection with this feature. People are located they know not where. They have not, in scores of instances, the slightest knowledge of the kind of people they are expected to associate with. Sometimes a representative comes in contact with people after his own heart, but more frequently there is diversity of tastes, opinions and everything else, which has the tendency to send the delegate out on the streets in order to seek for more congenial companions. This is apt to hurt the feelings of host or hostess, but it is a lesson people who have charge of this billeting business would do well to profit by in future. We spoke with scores of ministers and laymen and all pronounced themselves most emphatically in favor of stopping at hotels, for reasons very well known. Several delegates refused to be billeted at private houses and went to the hotels—preferring to forfeit the $2 deposit rather than run the risk of uncongenial companionship and diversity of tastes.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Rev. Geo. Richardson, Chairman of the Listowell District, was elected President of this Conference on the second ballot. The President-elect is a tall, slim gentleman, with very striking features. His sunny countenance, pleasant manner, and the wisdom and depth of his utterances, are but the outward manifestations of the great warm heart which beats within. A grand good man is President Richardson and eminently fitted to adorn the highest office in the gift of any Methodist Conference.

REV. J. W. SHILTON, B.A.

Readers of THE ADVANCE will be delighted to know, that, notwithstanding the many changes made by the Stationing Committee this year, the pleasant relations existing between pastor and people on the Flesherton Circuit have not been disturbed. Rev. Mr. Shilton will return. Let us add further, that in this great gathering of representative men—men of intellect—not one stands higher in the estimation of your humble servant than does Rev. J. Walker Shilton, B. A. When he rises to speak there is profound attention. His culture and education enables him say what he has to say clearly, pointedly and briefly. With many Conference debaters, there is more chaff than grain—it takes them a long time to say anything to the point; and even then the point is a mighty dull one.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Rev. Dr. Carman, one of the General Superintendents, is here. He is a model presiding officer. Clear-headed, clear-sighted, a thorough Christian, and a true gentleman, the most marked attention is paid to him when he rises to address the Conference. Nearly all his addresses are sprinkled with brilliant and pointed witticisms; but, above all, they are pervaded by the spirit of true Gospel doctrine.

Rev. Dr. Burwash, Chancellor of Victoria University, is another great and good man, who has honored the Guelph Conference by his presence. On Thursday night he delivered a brilliant address on the subject of education. Friday morning he spoke cheering words in connection with the great College federation scheme.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste. It is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

INDEX

To DISEASES, COMPLAINTS & ACCIDENTS which HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is Guaranteed to cure or relieve either in MAN or BEAST.

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Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

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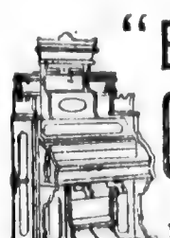

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The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill; now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	50	to 4	50
Fall Wheat	$0	78	to 0	80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0	80
Barley	0	50	0	55
Oats	0	45	0	45
Peas	0	60	0	60
Butter	0	15	0	15
Eggs, fresh	0	12	0	12
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	50
Pork	6	50	6	50
Hay, per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		18		21
Sheepskins	0	50	1	00
Geese	0	06	0	06
Turkeys	0	10	0	10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0	60

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

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FLESHERTON.

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Carriage Works,
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MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument. W. T. BAER & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a digusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

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THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $3 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

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Cures Guaranteed

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A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

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M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

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A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

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HARNESS — = = — SHOP!

Has been removed to the stand lately occupied by Mr. John Gordon in Richardson's Block, Sydenham street, Flesherton.

Crash, Bang!

Having bought Mr. Gordon's stock at a great reduction, the public may look out for

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS.

Stock must positively be cleared right out to make room. Come along and we will quote prices that will open your eyes.

WHIPS!

The finest stock ever seen in Flesherton, and at prices which must suit everybody. From 10 cents up.

Everything usually found in a first-class establishment you may count on getting at

CLAYTON'S Harness Shop

and at prices which must satisfy even the closest buyers that no better value can be obtained anywhere.

Soliciting your patronage, I remain,

Yours truly,

D. CLAYTON.

Flesherton, June 5th, 1888.

THE PATRIARCH.

A Monthly Manuscript Paper Issued by the Flesherton Division Sons of Temperance.

Flesherton, June 13th, 1888. Vol. 1, No. 9.

LIVING FOR THE NEXT GENERATION.

A burden to itself is the life that is lived without an object. It is a rainless cloud, a well without water and a discordant note in social harmony. Such lives sometimes deserve our sincerest pity; for since their commencement their record has been one of unceasing struggle for a bare existence, or a half-despairing bearing up under repeated disappointments. Sometimes they justly merit the strongest condemnation; for notwithstanding the best beginnings and the most favorable surroundings they would not be persuaded to take hold voluntarily on any of the grand principles that lead to success nor keep an object in view that would impart importance to their years and unity to their actions. Every successful life has been lived for some supreme object. Elevated by a worthy purpose, clarified by a pure motive, it has been made a centre of helpful influences through its own succeeding, making success easier to others. The real workers whose work abideth are they who live for an unselfish object, who live *in* the present, *on* the past and *for* the future. They are the heirs of all the ages past, the trustees and executors for all the time to come. And while some lives are spent in mere sensations, emotions and recreations like blossoms that nevvr develop into fruit, these are devoted to practical persuits, heroic endeavors, or foresighted enterprises; laying solid foundations for coming generations and passing on to them the seed germ of future greatness. We all owe much to the past; do we all realize the important claims of the future and so seek to hand on to generations yet unborn the capital with interest which we have inherited from the noble workers who have entered the silent land. In a stern material sence we are greatly indebted to the past generation and under the most sacred obligation to the coming one. These crownless kings, untitled noblemen and unmedaled heros they who as first settlers fought our battles with hands so brave and hearts so dountless are the company to whom we are most heavily indebted. They braved the dangers of the ocean before the helpful secret of the steamer was breathed into the ears of men. They began their work without a word of welcome to cheer or encourage them. Their capital was their principles, their machinery their muscles, their educators experience and their hope and reward a well earned home. They cleared the fields, they cut the roads, they built the mills, erected the bridges and changed the wilderness into a "delightsome land" and made the desert to "rejoice and blossom as the rose." Into their labors we have entered, whether we are land-owners or not. One of Britain's best philosophers said: "my some half dozen neighbors own these farms around me but who owns the landscape; every one who has eyes to see and a mind to appreciate it's beauty. What our country is now we owe largely to the laborers of the past. Shall we not enter into their labors and give to the next generations in this district a country still further enriched, improved aud beautified. The vein of profitable improvement is not worked out. Their are lutent capacities in this land which we have not dreampt of yet. And whether we plan a city, or build a bridge, or cultivate a farm or arrange a garden, or plant a tree, besides finding enjoyment and profit in such work let us in all sacredly consider our duty to live for the next generation and for the wear of other lives.

On social grounds we are also clearly and constantly constrained to live largely for the next generation. Good society and pleasant social intercourse are amongst the most endearing things of this life. It cost much to give us the social privileges we possess to-day. Tyranies had to be dethroned despotisms maimed, monopolies abolished and a thousand benevolent institutions reered by which an atmosphere has been created in which sweet social life is possible. And we owe it to the next generation to make social life still better. In the remote past social intercourse was founded on fear, now it is largely founded on equal rights and eventually it will be founded on "love, purity and fidelity." Society, if it can be called such, was formerly ruled by physical force, it is now largely ruled by common sense and we as executive stewards of the future must so labor and live that in the coming time it may be ruled by Spiritual Law.

And in matters spiritual we are under still more sacred obligation to live for the next generation. On this subject:—

> "I sometimes hold it half a sin
> To put in words the truth I feel,
> For words like nature half reveal
> And half conceal the truth within."

Through the darkness of savage paganism and the gross darkness of religious paganism a little of the light celestial has come to the people of this generation. It is our most sacred inheritance. Let it be treasured with care, utilized with devotedness and in renewed clearness bequeathed to nations yet unborn. The noble reformers began a grand work, let us continue that work until it results in the spiritual emancipation of all men. Let not the next genoration have to rise in judgement to condemn us because of our pagan practices, our superstitious beliefs and our superficial conclusions. Neither let us give to them "a religion" of mere negotions, dead forms and morbid sentiments; but by all the means within our reach ever live to nuiture them in a faith that is anchored in eternal vereties, held by intense personal conviction, and practiced in manliness, cheerfulness and honor and then our life will not have been in vain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Temporary amalgamation.—The Editor of the ADVANCE being away and the Editor of the Patriarch just going away for a week, we have resolved on a joint issue, or at least the ADVANCE will give the Patriarch as much space as it can.

Comparsions.—Lest anyone outside of our own membership should be mis-led as to the relationship existing between the two papers, let it be remembered that from time immemorial comparison has been an element in hasty description, and that it is only for the sake of describing the Patriarch that the two are sometimes mentioned together. As a matter of fact there is no rivalry and no kind of competition between them. They are the best of friends, each works aiong its own line. Their one aim is to help one another and to promote the public good.

Our principles illustrated.—It certainly speaks well for our principles and for those who hold them that our esteemed Brother Field, so young, modest and retiring can be left in charge of such important business as the entire management of the Flesherton Printing Establishment for nearly three weeks. Let Bro. Field keep "at it," aim at real efficieny and not be put off his guard by mere puff. Let him continue as he begun and he will be influential, wealthy and wise—when others who as to occupation have "boxed the compass" will be despised, penniless and foolish.

The za-za—notwithstanding the Dr's labor, expense and good intentions the za-za proved the worst undertaking he has ever taken in hand. The players were a talented group no doubt and their selections were all that could be desired. But as to the music itself—well, if it had not been for the big flight of stairs the Canadian Band might have come and brought an action against us for infringing on their patent.

Conferences, associations, conventions and general assemblies will be all over by the time for our next meeting. Let us therefore have a good meeting and a bright and cheerful time a week from next Wednesday night.

DIVISION NEWS.

One interesting communication came to hand just a day too late for last month's issue. Correspondents would oblige by taking a large share in our literary work, and also by sending in their contributions in good time.

The International Royal Templar comes regularly to hand each issue. It is well worked widly scattered and cannot fail to do good.

Dr. Christoe and his associates deserve our heartiest thanks for their patient painstaking and ardenous labor in connection with our last meeting. All criticisms we have heard of said meeting, have been very favorable.

Brother Latimer got his fingers burnt pretty badly while engaged in the gas experiments last meeting. He does not regret his misfortune and is always willing to take his part in whutever permotes the welfare of the Order.

By next meeting we expect Bro. and Sister Beecroft to be with us again safly home and quite restored to health.

The members received last initiation are likely to be of real value to the Division and will doubtless find in its meetings much to employ, interest and profit them.

Brothers Irwin and Shore attended the teachers convention in Durham last week. On their way they practesed the pedestrian art, and while there no doubt enjoyed the meetings and contributed [illegible] share to the convention's success.

J. W. Armstrong, Esq., ex-D.C.W.P. is attending the Methodist Conference at Seaforth.

A. R. Fawcett, Esq., D.C.W.P. is also away on the same business as the same place and in connection with his journey will take his annual holidays. We wish him a pleasant time and a safe return. Mrs. Fawcett accompanies him.

Sister E. Brown has pressing invitations to visit friends in "dear old Scotland" and will do so if her father's health permit.

Bro. Victor Kester is on the ADVANCE staff and gives good promise of succeeding in his well chosen calling.

The glad spring time has brought no signs of life to the Eureka Division. Surely its root is still alive.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Patriarch.

Dear Bro.,—I shall endeavor to [illegible] a short note on "Truthfulness."

We believe that truthfulness is something which we all should practice if we wish to be successful in life, not merely truth in word but also in act. How many there are who would think it a great sin to deliberately tell an untruth and yet would try to mislead or deceive, not thinking that it was just as great harm to decive as to say that which is not true. Have we not heard little children saying (after misleading some person) "well I didn't tell a story." How much better it would be if we would always be truthful in the true sense of the word never fearing the consequence knowing that the truth may be blamed but not shamed. I think we may congratulate ourselves on having so much of that good quality existing in our Division. Hoping that my few remarks will be received in a kindly manner. Allow me to remain Yours in Love Purity and Fidelity. A SIS.

A Great Big Offer.

The Advance sent balance of year to anyone in Canada or the U. S. for 50 cents spot cash! Now's your chance.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

Add[illegible] out First-Class FLOUR and [illegible] prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST CLASS FLOUR.

Ho[illegible] give a share of your patronage, as I [illegible] please.

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Will stand for service at Lot 15, 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

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Marvels of Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth, the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

"Yes," of Yore.

A maid of yore had suitors seven,
  Of low and high degree,
And of them all she loved but one;
  This maid, oh! sly was she.

A task she set them all to do—
  A garment each to frame
Of equal size and numbered seams,
  To work they joyous came.

The flying needles she would thread,
  Thus aid alike the band;
And whose finished first his robe
  Should claim by right her hand.

Thus in and out the fabric wove
  The shining points of steel,
Each bearing well its linen load
  As long as it could reel.

But one there was whose bodkin oft
  She slyly filled the while
Of threads as long by only half
  As were the rest in guile.

Thus soon triumphantly arose,
  This youth, and proudly laid
The garment fashioned thus complete,
  And won the wily maid.

So life continues to this day,
  Men duped by woman's arts,
Ne'er dreamed that she herself, not they,
  Finesse the trump of hearts.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Guy, who can think you so?" she asked, lifting her head, and looking at him proudly.

"Thousands," he answered. "My darling, think! You, in your faith and trust, have never doubted me for a minute—you bore noble witness to that effect to day—but others will not believe in my innocence. My own, do you not see that to many the motive for such a crime is evident in my love for you? His life, poor fellow, was the only thing to stand between us—between you and me. Shirley, it would have been easier, Heaven knows, to me to die than to see you tried as you were tried to-day. My poor girl, if I could have spared it you!"

"And—and"—the lovely face was full of an unspeakable horror—"do they say—do they think you killed Hugh to—to—oh, Guy, I cannot say it!"

She sunk down in an agony of pain. Somehow this thought, so intensely horrible to them both, had never struck her; but now it filled her with an unutterable shame and anguish. Was this what they were saying of them? Was this what they believed? Oh, it was awful! No shame could equal this—no disgrace was ever so great!

Guy was grieved beyond measure at the effect of his words. She lay in his arms, trembling with an intense suffering which he was powerless to control; all the life seemed to have died out of her face as it rested against his breast; her breath came in quick faint gasps; for a moment he thought she was dying, and would have summoned assistance, but she stopped him.

"Call no one; let no one see," she said, with stiff white lips; and he waited anxiously until the terrible emotion had in some degree passed away and a faint shade of color had stolen back to her lips.

"I have startled you—forgive me," she said gently, disengaging herself from his arms; and moving a little way from him, she sat down in a low chair; and a silence fell between them—a silence of strange embarrassment; a silence so intense that one could have heard a pin drop in the room.

"Guy, is it true?" Shirley asked at length in a curious strained voice.

"That they will say so? I fear so indeed, love," he answered tenderly. "But"—he moved to her side and bent over her—"need we mind that Shirley?"

She looked up at him with a blind, bewildered expression in her hazel eyes, an expression which filled him with pain and fear for her.

"Darling," he said softly, kneeling down by her side and encircling the trembling form with his arms, "you will come to me now, will you not? Not quite directly perhaps—I would not ask that—but in a few months. Remember how long I have loved you, how much I have suffered from our long and cruel separation. There is nothing between us now. Forgive me for speaking of this, my darling—it is soon, I know, and selfish to urge my wishes on you; but, Shirley, all this time I have longed for you, and it has been very hard to bear."

"Very hard, Guy," she repeated, softly, looking into his face with earnest, tender, sorrowful eyes from which the horror had all departed now, leaving only intense sadness in its place.

"They have been such weary years, my own," he went on huskily—"those years of wandering and striving—how hard Heaven only knows!—to forget you; but your face was ever before my eyes, your voice always in my ears, the touch of your dear fingers always lingering in my hand. Once, when I was very near death—I had met with an accident and fever had ensued—I thought you were standing beside me, I thought that I prayed you to put your lips to mine once and kiss me before I died. Shirley, my own, would you have cared so much?"

"I wonder—I wonder if you can guess how much, Guy?"

"My darling!"

He clasped her to him with sudden passion; but she disengaged herself gently but firmly from the tender arms, having her hands in his as her eyes rested upon him with an intense love and sadness, an agony of renunciation and woe which he would not, he dared not, understand.

"Oh, Guy, poor fellow!" she murmured softly; and the tears gathered slowly in her eyes.

How changed he was—how terribly changed—and how greatly he had suffered! It broke Shirley's heart to add to that suffering; and yet how could she go to him, bringing with her a confirmation of the horrible suspicion which people had entertained? How could she marry him when the marriage would but confirm his guilt and shame? Yet, reading the agony on his face and feeling the acute pain of her own aching heart, how could she send him away? He had left her when his love might have brought with it shame and disgrace. Did she love him well enough to ask him to leave her?

Oh, the weary struggle which ensued in the sorely tried heart—oh, the agony of conflicting doubts and fears! Had she any right to send him away when she loved him so passionately, and when she was free to return his love? Had she any right to add to the unhappy, solitary, loveless years he had already spent? Had she any right to make him suffer further torture and agony? And yet to add to that unmerited shame which had already fallen upon him! Could she do it—she who loved him?

"My darling"—how tender his voice was now in the new dread which had come upon him, and which he would not let her see!—"you must not let the past trouble you any longer. It is all over, and together we will forget it. You look so frail and white, Shirley, that I can not be happy until I see some roses in your cheeks, and until these little hands"—kissing them softly as he spoke—"have a little more flesh upon them. You have been very ill, they tell me."

"Yes; but I am quite well now, Guy," she answered tremulously, and hid her face upon his shoulder, as he knelt by her side, to shut out his pleading face, so worn and haggard, yet so full of tenderness and love; and he folded his arms round her so gently that the pain at her heart deepened, and she dreaded with a yet more earnest dread what was to come.

"Do you remember, Shirley, one night long ago at Fairholme Court, that some one—I forget who now—sung some lines about the 'radiant grace of to-day,' begging the present to remain, and asking—

What future can restore, when thou art flown
All that I hold from thee and call my own?

I remember so well thinking that, happy as the present was, it was the eve of the day which was to give you to me, my darling—that the future would be yet happier, that it could hold no great grief for us since we were to share it together. But the great grief which came to us ere twenty-four hours had elapsed we could not bear together; we had to bear it apart. Now, my dearest, there is nothing to separate us. Looking far into the future, I can see no shadow of another parting from you, my own."

"Can you not, Guy?" she whispered softly, still with her eyes hidden.

"I cannot, darling, save for the few months which must elapse before I come to you and ask you to put your hands in mine and come to me, my darling, my wife! But this will not be like a parting; it will be but for a short time, and we shall be able to see each other often, dear."

"Guy"—she spoke still with her face hidden against him, but now she lifted her hand and rested it fondly and caressingly on his shoulder—"Guy, could anything make you doubt my love for you?"

"I think not, love," he answered softly, drawing her closer to him.

"Even if I were to hurt you?"

"Even then, Shirley."

"You would know—ah, you would be sure, would you not, that I did so only out of love to you, and because I knew it was best for you?"

"I would try to think so, my darling," he answered softly, a sudden dread chilling him as he listened to the words which seemed so difficult to utter, spoken as they were so slowly and brokenly, with the fair head bowed upon his breast.

"You would try? Thank you, Guy. Oh, my darling, my darling!"—she clung to him now with sudden passion, her head pressed against him with a convulsive strength—"won't you help me? I cannot say the words, but—but—you can guess them without my saying them."

"What words, Shirley?" His voice was very low, as he bowed his head over her; and, rising to his feet, he lifted her and supported the beautiful head resting heavily against his shoulder, as she stood trembling in every limb, prevented from falling only by the strong arms which enfolded her.

"That—oh, Guy, I cannot tell you—do not ask me! Help me—help me!"

There was a moment's silence. Guy Stuart had no need to hear the words to know her meaning, and yet he could not, he would not, understand.

"What is it, Shirley? Tell me, dear. You are breaking my heart with this suspense," he whispered huskily. "What can it be that you find so difficult to tell me?"

"I love you—I love you!" she moaned feebly.

"Is that so hard to say, Shirley" he said, a faint smile parting his lips for a moment.

"Not that, not that, but—"

Her head sunk yet more heavily against him, the breath came from her lips in heavy gasps, but her brow was damp and cold: she was physically unable to tell him, she had strength only to suffer and to cling to him with trembling weak little hands, as she rested against him. But in all her misery she was conscious of the loud throbbing of his heart, of the unsteadiness of his hands, and she felt with a strange intuition the look in his eyes which she could not meet.

"Well, dear?" Guy said softly, although her evident agitation cut him to the heart.

"Guy, you must—"

"What must I, my dearest?"

"You must—oh, Heaven, this is horrible!" she moaned in her misery, suffering too greatly now even to think of his pain. "You must go away and—never—see—me—again!"

The words came as if each required an effort, and, low as her voice was, each syllable was distinct and clear.

"I must go away and never see you again!" he echoed, forcing a smile. "What folly is this, my little one?"

"It is not folly," she said faintly. "It is the truth, Guy."

"That I am to go away," he questioned, trying to lift her head and look into her face, "and never see you again, Shirley? Let me look at your face and see if your eyes tell me the same foolish thing which your lips utter."

She lifted her face and looked at him, and Guy knew then her determination, and felt that she would hold to it if it cost her her life. Her face was ghastly pale and drawn with suffering; but in the dim eyes which met his for a moment there was an expression of agony, renunciation and anguish which he never forgot.

"I do not understand you, Shirley," he said gently. "Why must I go?"

"Guy, dearest, do not make it so hard for me," she answered pitifully. "Can I—can I add shame to your name?"

"My name! It is dishonored already," he said passionately. "For Heaven's sake, Shirley, let there be entire frankness between us now. Is it that you no longer love me?"

"Ah, how soon you doubt me!" she rejoined, with a smile sadder to see than any tears. "And only a few moments ago you said that nothing could make you do so."

"But, my darling, what am I to think?" he said hoarsely.

"You must think"—the sweet voice was low and broken and faint, but so full of music in its tenderness—"that I love you too well to bring disgrace upon you. Oh, my love, my love, think! Could we—could we give the world what they would call a certain proof of—of our—guilt?"

"What does it mater?" he asked, bitterly. "They will think me guilty. Shirley, if you love me, you will not send me away."

"Ah, my dearest, it is because I love you that I send you away!" she murmured faintly; and, with a sudden anger flashing into his gray eyes, he removed his arms from around her and half turned away.

A little cry of pain broke from her, and she slipped down upon her knees at his feet, bowing her head upon her arms in an agony of grief and shame. Guy stood looking at her for a moment in silence; then, turning away from her, he threw himself into a chair and covered his face.

After all he had suffered, after years of desolation and loneliness, after shame and disgrace and misery, this was the end! A foolish scruple, a regard for the opinion of the world, was to come between him and happiness.

An intense stillness reigned in the little room; the fire was dying out, and it was beginning to feel chilly and cold. As she crouched on the rug, the steps of the passers-by in the street beyond the little garden reached Shirley's ears and seemed to fall upon her heart; and, when a coal fell from the grate near her, she started and trembled. It seemed as if death were in the room, the silence was so heavy and oppressive; and it appeared to Shirley as if death indeed were there—the death of her hope and of Guy's love, which were to be buried with all the bitter past.

Was he very angry with her—very grieved? Did he think she did not love him! Ah! how could she hurt him so when he had suffered so much through his love for her already, and yet he had so much to suffer? How her heart ached for him.

She dragged herself across the room, on her knees, to his side and lifted her little fingers and tried to remove his hands from his face.

"Guy?" she moaned pitifully. "Guy, won't you speak to me—only one word, my darling—only one word."

"What can I say?" he said huskily, removing his hands and looking at her with eager, passionate, sorrowful eyes. "What can I say, my poor child? Perhaps you are right. But, Shirley, let people say what they will; if we are happy—you and I together, my own—we can give the world the go-by. We can go abroad, you and I, where no one will know us; in happier climes we will forget all this misery, and we will not mind that here in England they say that you have married the man who murdered your—oh, great Heaven, it is too horrible—it will drive me mad!"

"Guy—oh, Guy, my dearest, hush!" she implored, seeing how agitated he was. "Oh, my poor darling, I wish—I wish we had never met!"

The words were wrung from her breaking heart as she stood, trembling and pale, watching the strong man's agony. What after all was her suffering to his? What could her pain be to that which brought such a ghastly pallor to his face and such drops of agony to his brow, which made him stagger as he crossed the room to open the window and lean out into the cold night-air, for he felt stifled and choking in the little room? After a few minutes he came back to where she stood and took her once more into his arms.

"Shirley," he said very tenderly, and with the weariness of a great suffering on his face, "we will not discuss this any more now; we are both unfit for any further agitation, and we cannot talk this over dispassionately and calmly to-night. Besides, it is getting late, and you want rest, my poor wounded bird. But at another time, my own, you must let me persuade you that you are wrong, that there is no trouble, no disgrace, no shame that cannot be lessened if you share them with me. And I do not think it selfish in me to urge you, dear, because, even if you share the disgrace and the name I offer you is a dishonored one, I think my love is great enough to make up for it all. And now"—his voice, grave and weakened by suffering, faltered a little here—"I will say good-night, my own love, and leave you to your rest."

He stooped over her with a tenderness which almost broke down the composure she had striven so hard to attain; and, lifting her hands, she clasped them about his neck.

"Guy," she whispered, "you will do something to please me, will you not?"

"What is there I would not do, my own?" he questioned gently, smoothing the soft hair on her brow, and looking down with intense love into the sweet, changed, lovely face.

"This will not be difficult," she answered, smiling faintly. "It is only—Do you sleep well at night, Guy? Your eyes look so tired and worn. Are your nights bad now?"

"I have been rather restless lately, dear; but of course that was only natural."

"And to-night you will go straight to bed and try to sleep?"

"Are those my darling's orders?"

"They are my entreaties, Guy. I cannot bear that look of unrest and suffering on your face."

"It will not be there long, Shirley. Do you ever think of the sadness on your own, dear? It is the saddest, loveliest little face in all the world! And now"—he drew her closely to his breast, and, as she stood, she could feel his heart throbbing against her shoulder—"I must say good-night, my darling."

"Good-night, Guy. You have not given me your promise yet."

"What promise, sweet?" he said, his eyes lingering over the earnest face as if they could not tear themselves from it.

"That you will have a good night's rest."

"That I will do my best to obtain one?" he corrected, smiling. "Yes."

"And that you will try to forget all the trouble of the past, Guy, and to think only of the mercy which has been over us all through it all."

"'Our darkness but the shadow of His wings,'" he quoted softly. "Ah, darling child, how often that line helped me through all this troubled time!"

His face was beautiful now with the sudden light which came into his deep gray eyes as they looked into hers, and Shirley's sweet pale lips parted into a little smile.

"I often forgot it," she whispered. "But I know you never did, Guy. And now good-night."

She unclasped her hands suddenly and released him; but Guy held her firmly and tenderly.

"Are you sending me away thus?" he said, with a smile. "Do you think I will submit to such treatment, my own? Have you no other good-night for me, Shirley?"

She hesitated for a moment; then she lifted her hands again and clasped them about his neck, and drew the tall head down to hers with a sudden passionate tenderness. Their lips met in one long kiss, then she gently disengaged herself, and, without a word, he passed out, leaving her alone with the memory of that close kiss upon her lips as she sunk down upon her knees by the table and hid her face upon her arms. And thus Lucie found her half an hour later when she came in gently to tell her that it was almost mid-night, and that they were waiting to go to bed. And the face Shirley raised when the gentle hand touched her chestnut hair shocked and pained Lucie more than it had ever done in all that time of misery, and it haunted her often afterward.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The promise Guy had given was hard to keep, for he felt anything but inclined to rest when he and Oswald left Mrs. Jackson's cottage and walked toward the hotel where they had put up. The streets of the old-fashioned town were perfectly quiet then; for all the crowds which had thronged them during the earlier part of the day had dispersed homeward.

Oswald glanced at Stuart more than once with an earnest pity and sympathy on his face.

"You found her changed, Stuart?" he asked, as they walked on.

"Terribly changed, poor child!"

"Ah, but she has been ill! She will soon look like herself again."

"Heaven grant it!" Guy said earnestly; but the dark shadow was not lifted from his face, and the yearning sorrow in his eyes only deepened; and, when they entered the sitting-room together, the langour of his movements rather startled his friend.

"Do you feel ill, old fellow," he asked gently; "or are you only very tired?"

"Only very tired," Guy answered, forcing a smile—"so tired that I feel as if I could willingly lie down and sleep the rest of my life away if I could. But I do not feel at all sleepy; my brain is on fire, I think; it burns and throbs incessantly."

"It is from want of rest and from anxiety," Oswald answered gently; but in his eyes there was a pity and fear he did not dare to put into words. "And you have had—perhaps it was impossible but that you should have had—a painful interview with Shirley. Do you know, these last days seem to me to have passed like a dream. I have been speaking and walking and writing in a kind of mechanical manner; but I have not realized yet, I think, that poor Glynn is gone. Stuart who could have done that evil thing?"

"How do you know but that I am the guilty one?" Guy said, restlessly pacing up and down the room, pushing back his thick dark hair from his brow, with a feverish gesture of pain as his troubled shining eyes met Oswald's. "How can you tell? I hardly know myself sometimes! It is all so strange and unreal! How was it they acquitted me to-day, Fairholme? How was it? I don't know!"

"There was no proof against you, old fellow. Don't talk of it, Guy," Oswald answered gently and gravely. "How could they bring you in guilty of a crime that you never committed?"

"They acquitted me because there was not sufficient proof against me," Guy answered, with a deepening of the pain and shadow in his eyes, "not because they did not think me guilty—I saw and felt that. In the eyes of hundreds there is no more guilty man in England than myself."

"All those who know you, Guy, have not doubted you for a moment. You have not forgotten the testimony your friend and brother-officers bore for you to-day."

"That was more *esprit de corps* than real belief in my innocence," Guy said earnestly and passionately. "They were concerned about the disgrace which would fall upon the regiment if I were convicted."

"You no longer belong to it."

"Ah, but I did belong to it!" Guy said quickly. "Fairholme, I tell you my life is blighted and dishonored. Never more can I walk among my fellow-men save with the brand of a cowardly murderer, one who decoyed a defenceless man to take a lonely walk and murdered him in revenge for a wrong done years ago. Ah, if I had killed him then in my first passion, they would have excused it. But to wait—to feign friendship and—"

"Stuart, for Heaven's sake, cease! You are feverish and excited and overdone. In the morning," Oswald added earnestly, "you will see all this in a different and truer light."

"Shall I?" Guy said wearily. "Ah, no, old friend! My eyes are open now. That poor child saw it too. She understood that I— But I promised her to try to sleep," he added. "And you are tired, Oswald. I was not to keep you up."

"You promised Shirley?" Captain Fairholme said gladly. "That is good news, Guy, because you will keep your word."

"If I can," Guy answered, smiling faintly. "What a trouble I have been to you, Oswald—almost ever since we met! Good-night, dear fellow."

Their hands met in a long clasp expressive of earnest friendship and good-will and kindness; and Oswald left Guy at the door of his room to go to his own, almost too anxious to sleep, fatigued and worn out though he was.

And, in his own room, lighted by fire and lamp, Guy Stuart threw himself into an arm-chair and bowed his head upon his hands, and sat there while the hours passed and the night wore on, sleepless, restless, fevered; anon rising and pacing the room with quick steps, then throwing himself upon the bed to try to keep his promise to Shirley, then rising once more and going back to his arm-chair by the fire, to sit there staring with wide weary eyes into the dying glow, only to rise again and resume his perambulations.

He could not rest; his brain was throbbing and excited, his eyes were sleepless and burning. An intense weariness was upon him; but it was a weariness which repose could not lessen. He was weakened by anxiety and confinement; the strain had been too great even for such a powerful frame as his. For nights and nights he had not slept in prison. It was not his own fate which had troubled him; it was Shirley who had filled his thoughts; that her sorrow and anguish should be made public, that the love which he had buried so deep in his heart should be brought to light again, had tortured him with an intensity of suffering which had worn out both body and mind.

And now, though the ordeal was over, the suffering remained. Although he had been pronounced guiltless, the shadow of evil had fallen upon him, foul suspicion rested upon him; he was blighted, dishonored, shamed! He felt to the depths of his soul how true Shirley's shrinking from him had been—that she was right when she told him that they ought not to meet again; that, if they married now, the evidence against him would be infinitely stronger, the suspicion of his guilt infinitely darker. And yet it was very hard, bitterly, unspeakably hard that they should suffer so intensely when they were innocent of all wrong!

The fire died out unheeded, the night hours wore on, but no rest came to the burning eyes and throbbing brain. Guy Stuart sat and thought and thought until thought became an unmeaning chaos, and his brain grew confused and bewildered.

Chilly as the night was, he felt stifled in the room; he went to the window, staggering slightly as he walked—for he was weaker than he was aware—and, throwing it open, leaned out into the night-air, looking with blind unseeing eyes at the silent deserted street, where the gas-lamps were flickering somewhat in the wind which had risen during the last hour. Resting heavily against the window frame, Guy Stuart let the soft breeze blow upon his burning brow and cool his aching eyes. He remained there for some few minutes, the reaction after his intense excitement creeping over him slowly.

As he stood, a man passing by in the street glanced up at the window and went swiftly on his way; but Guy staggered back with a hoarse cry of terror and pain, pressing his hands to his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible vision, and shaking with a fear which was new and strange to him. When, a minute later, he glanced out again, there was no one in sight; and he went back to the fire with the wild troubled look deepening in his eyes.

"Is my brain going?" he murmured, half aloud. "Am I going mad? It was of course a delusion of the brain; but——"

He fell back in his chair, covering his face with his hands once more, and gradually his great exhaustion conquered thought; his eyes closed, his aching limbs stretched themselves out to rest, and a heavy sleep—the sleep of intense fatigue—fell upon him.

The night wore on; the dawn came, and the sun rose high in the heavens, but the sleep—heavy dreamless sleep, like that obtained by a narcotic—still held him in its stupor. When he awoke, his eyes, opening slowly and blindly, fell on Oswald's anxious face, as he stood beside him holding a letter.

"Stuart, how is it with you?" he said, bending over him; and bewildered still, Guy held out his hand for the letter.

(To be continued.)

Feminine Personals.

Poverty parties are the latest rage, and are greatly enjoyed by those who wear patches as a "joke."

A pretty table decoration consists of an oval basket filled with snowballs and fringed with white lilacs.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Salisbury, of Big Stone City, Dak., have been married seventy-seven years. The husband is 99 years of age and the wife 97.

Cuban ladies and gentlemen, when travelling, dress precisely as if for a promenade—that is, with great richness and extravagance. Jewellery is profusely worn.

Just before selling the furniture of an old lady at Ryde, Eng., the executor examined an ancient bureau and discovered a secret drawer in which were upward of 1,000 sovereigns, closely packed.

A California widow had plans made for a $50,000 monument for her late departed, but when the lawyers got through fighting over the estate the widow was doing housework at $2 per week for the man who draughted the monument.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, is buried on the outskirts of Lincoln City, Ind. A plain slab of marble about four feet high, almost covered with grass and dogweed, marks her grave. On the stone is the inscription: "Erected by a friend of her martyred son, 1879."

A rich North Carolinian put his 16-year-old daughter in charge of a young divinity student who promised to see her safe to a boarding-school. The school was reached on time, but a telegram was sent back to the parent saying that they had stopped at a way station long enough to be married.

Mrs. Charles E. Williams, of Westfield, Mass., arose in her sleep the other night, went to the window of her room on the second floor, raised it, opened the blinds and stepped out. When she struck the area below she awoke, and was considerably frightened, but that was all the harm her fall occasioned.

Mrs. Cleveland receives hundreds of letters daily asking for her photograph, for flowers and crazy-quilt patches from her dresses. For all requests there is the stereotyped reply: "Mrs. Cleveland wishes me to say that, while it would afford her great pleasure to gratify your desire, she is obliged, owing to the large number of similar requests, to refuse." These notes are written on the official letter paper of the White House, and are signed by Colonel Lamont as Private Secretary.

A Little Boy's Heroism.

The inquest at Bristol last evening on the body of Frank Jenkins, aged 6 months, moved the jury to a vote of admiration for Johnny Jenkins, aged 4 years. Frank, having been left to play with a lighted lantern, set himself on fire, Johnny, who was in charge, took the baby out of his cradle and dragged him downstairs, shouting for assistance. A neighbor who came and put the flames out was too late to save the child.—*New York Sun.*

It has been estimated that after a lapse of 10,000,000 years the sun cannot give out sufficient heat to support life on the earth.

How it Happened.

got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone—
And all her sisters married off, and none but her and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort o' way,
And him a blame old bachelor, nfirmder ev'ry day!
I'd knowed 'em all from children, and their daddy from the time
He settled in the neighborhood, and hadn't ary a dime
Er dollar, when he married, fer to start housekeepin' on:
So I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone!

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wunderin' what she done
That all her sisters kep' a-gettin' married one by one,
And her without no chances—and the best girl of the pack—
An old maid, with her hands, you might say, tied behind her back!
And mother, too, afore she died, she ust to jes' take on,
When none of 'em was left, you know, but Evaline and John,
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men must be blind
To not see what a wife they'd git, if they got Evaline!

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction she
Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and neighberly—
She'd come, and leave her housework, fer to he'p out little Jane,
And talk of her own mother 'at she'd never see again—
Maybe sometimes cry together—though, fer the most part, she
Would have the child so riconciled and happy-like, 'at we
Felt lonesomer'n ever when she'd put her bonnet on
And say she'd rally half to be a-gittin' back to John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say—and more and more
I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens 'at she bore—
Her parents both a-bein' dead, and all her sisters gone
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone with John—
You might say jes' a-toilin' and a-slavin' out her life
Fer a man 'at hadn't pride enough to get hisse'f a wife—
'Less some one married Evaline and packed her off some day!
So I got to thinkin' of her—and it happened thataway.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Tennessee's Mountain Dew Queen.

Miss Bettie Smith, of Fentress county, Tenn., who was arrested on the charge of illicit distilling, is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance, "The Blue-Headed Sapsucker; or, the Rock Where the Juice Ran Out." Colonel Harvey Mathes, editor of the Memphis *Ledger*, says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a startling revelation. At one time Colonel Mathes offered $3,000 for the discovery of the author.

When Miss Smith was arraigned before the United States Court at Nashville she conducted herself with such grace and dignity that the polite old Judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow.

"Miss Smith," said the Judge, "to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me."

"It does me, too, Judge."

"How old are you?"

"Judge, you should not ask such question; but I will tell you. I am two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months, and still speaks well of her husband. Now, how old am I?"

"I cannot tell."

"I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency."

"Why did you go into the distilling business?"

"Because I wanted to make whiskey."

"How long have you been a distiller?"

"Ever since I was 16 years old."

"When were you 16 years old?"

"The year my father died."

"What year was that?"

"The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas."

"Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Remember, that if convicted of this awful charge, you will be sent to the Penitentiary. What did you do with the whiskey you made?"

"Sold it."

"Who bought it?"

"Well, Judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all. Some time ago a party of gentlemen came into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whiskey, and found it difficult to buy any. After a while I told a man if he would put his jug down on a dollar and go away, he might, when he came back, find the jug full of whiskey. He did so."

"Would you know the man?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I recognized him in a moment. You are the man, Judge."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Mr. Gladstone, Earl Spencer and the Methodist Preacher.

At a convention of Wesleyan Methodist lay preachers recently held in Northampton, England, the Chairman of one of the meetings related the following incident which occurred some years since at a village three miles from Northampton. It is a little bit of unwritten history: "Lord Spencer and William Ewart Gladstone were out walking one Sunday evening, when they heard sounds of singing coming from an old barn. After some hesitation they entered, and were so interested that they stayed to the end of the service. The sermon on that occasion was preached by a Methodist local brother, who was a poor, hard-working, industrious man. Service over, the right hon. gentlemen had a conversation with the preacher, and one of them told him he had never heard the gospel preached so faithfully and well in his life before, and he further gave him all the change he had in his pocket."

He Knew the Ropes.

"The bulk of my fortune I wish to bequeath to my scapegrace nephew George," said the dying man.

"Why, it was only yesterday he called you an old skinflint," said the lawyer. "I'd cut the boy off"

"That's all right," replied the testator. "You make out the will the way I tell you. I know enough about wills to know that if I leave him all the money he won't get a cent of it."

Rear Admiral Heneage, of the British Navy, has forbidden his officers to wear colored shirts under their coats.

ENGLISH MILLIONAIRES.

Some of the Largest Fortunes Lately Recorded in the British Isles.

The incidence of the probate and succession duties has become a subject of interest, says the London *Globe*. The actual amount paid in respect of these duties for the financial year just ended has not been published. The succession duty for the year 1886-87 yielded £814,764, and the probate duty £4,036,469. The latter, at the rate of 3 per cent., therefore represented personal estate valued for probate at about £121,000,000. Since Christmas last four wills have been proved, passing personalty of more than £9,500,000. Sir William Miller, a Scotch merchant, left £1,023,000; Lord Wolverton, a banker, of Welsh descent, £1,820,338; Mr. Hugh McCalment, an Irish merchant, £3,121,931; and Baron de Stern, a German financier, £3,544,978. One other estate exceeding a million was, it is understood, passed by a will proved in the financial year just ended. In no previous year, it is believed, have five estates paid duty on more than ten and a half millions. In twenty years the Chancellor of the Exchequer said in his budget speech only three estates of three millions each have paid probate duty. Fifteen other estates last year, varying in amount from £496,000 to £665,000, gave a total of nearly nine millions, and twenty-one, with personalty exceeding a quarter of a million and under half a million, paid duty on seven and a half millions more. It is probable that about a hundred wills were proved, disposing in each case of less than £250,000 and more than £100,000, with an aggregate of perhaps fifteen millions. The whole number of wills proven in this country last year may very likely have been about fifty thousand. From ten of these more than a tithe of last year's probate duty was obtained. Over a third of the duty was contributed by the estates of not more than 150 rich people, the average amount of whose personalty considerably exceeded £250,000, while the average of all the other estates would be probably less than £2,000 each. The income tax returns show that in this country property is becoming more evenly distributed each year. The result of this distribution seems to be that less wealth is accumulated than when property was in fewer hands. The income of the country does not appear to be increasing at the same rate as formerly. Notwithstanding the windfall this year from a few great estates, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was probably right in regarding the yield from the death duties as likely to be inelastic. The ownership of land in this country is rarely now the means of accumulating wealth. Of the twenty fortunes exceeding half a million each which have been noticed all were made in business. Among the twenty-one other estates with each more than a quarter of a million personalty, were only three or four of great land-owners. The desire of rich men to become owners of land is apparently decreasing. It is seldom now that money is left to be invested in the purchase of land.

Next to the five millionaires the largest personal estate left in the last twelve months was that amounting to £654,431 of Mr. Perrins, of Lea & Perrins, of Worcester, at whose shop, it is said, a lady on her return from India, many years ago, left by chance a recipe for curry which suggested that for the famous sauce, and next to Mr. Perrins' was the estate, worth £666,449, of Mr. Thomas Jessop, of Sheffield, who generously gave back to the company which bought his business £40,000, the amount by which the valuation of his stock and plant exceeded his estimate. Mrs. Pemberton-Heywood, the widow of a Liverpool banker, left £651,237; Mr. Charles Cave, a West India merchant and partner in the London bank of Prescott, Grote & Co., £613,900, and Mr. Hardie Farquhar, a banker in St. James' street, £544,684. Mr. Robert Campbell, one of the early settlers in New South Wales, left £617,818. Mr. George Benton, the contractor, £606,593; Mr. Charles Waring, £552,000; Mr. James Haworth, who died intestate, £593,000; Mr. Joshua Fielden, £503,598, and Lord Hindlip, the senior partner of Allsopp & Sons, £557,577. Sir Alexander Matheson, whose personalty was worth £643,759, had much landed estate, but he was also a part owner of the Rio Tinto copper mines and the head of an old firm of China merchants. Mrs. Morrison, who left £612,000, was the widow of Mr. James Morrison, who, after serving an apprenticeship with her father at his merchant shop by London Bridge, became his partner—and hers—and in time built up the great wholesale trade of the Fore street warehouse.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt is said to have died worth $184,000,000, or about as much as 100 of the richest estates in England paid probate duty upon last year. To have made a fortune of two, or three, or even five millions of pounds sterling in 20 or 25 years is spoken of as not an uncommon occurrence in America. Such fortunes, if, indeed, they are made at all, must, of course, be made by speculation, and not in the ordinary course of trade. There is no indication that wealth can be acquired in this country, even on a small scale, in the way that it is said to be gained in America. Riches, when not inherited, seem to be slowly earned by the people whose wills are proved in England. The estates with personalty between £250,000 and £500,000 offered for probate last year included those of Mr. Chas. Seeley, £496,901; Mr. Thos. Simon Bolitho, £414,563; Mr. W. B. Phillimore, £367,943, and Mr. R. Berridge, £312,567, who were all considerable landed proprietors, but Mr. Belitho was a Cornish banker, Mr. Berridge a partner in Meux brewery, whose purchase of the great estate of the Martins, of Cro' Martin, was probably not a remunerative investment, and Mr. Seeley and Mr. Phillimore did not, it is believed, owe their wealth chiefly to their land. Among sixteen or seventeen other estates of more than a quarter and less than a half a million were those of Mr. Stevens, proprietor of the *Family Herald*, £287,331; Mr. Alexander, a bill broker, £381,671; Mr. Joseph Maynard, a city solicitor, £436,383; Mr. Synott, an Irish merchant, £259,227; Mr. Geo. Crosfield, a Warrington soap manufacturer, £320,462; Mrs. Gibbs, the widow of the well-known agent of the Peruvian Government, £408,000; Herr Krupp, £273,125; Mr. Lionel Cohen, of the stock-exchange, £423,447; Mr. C. R. Fenesick, a ship broker, £408,000, and Mr. J. H. Smith, a banker, £388,928.

The Mayor of Whetland, Cal., is a colored man.

A QUEER BEDFELLOW.

The Startling Nocturnal Discovery Made by a Sojourner in Texas.

I am encamped in the deep forests on the carboniferous hills of Young County, says a Texas letter in *Forest and Stream*. My temporary shelter is a small cabin of a single room, full of cracks through which things can creep. This morning an hour before dawn a heavy storm descended upon us, and the air grew quite chilly. While lying in my comfortable little bed listening to the howling of the wind and pouring of the rain, I felt a strange movement in the bed. It was not the movement of an earthquake, or of a whale, or of an elephant; yet I immediately recognized it as a movement of a very moving nature one that might involve terrible consequences. I felt it again, and it was not only in bed, but under the cover with me. Just at this juncture I felt something very slick and of a somewhat cold nature move against my hand. The time for action evidently had come, and I did not deliberate what action to perform, but performed at once. With one fell bound I vacated the bed and landed in the middle of the floor with such a thump that the cabin shook all over. In a moment my lamp was burning, and seizing a club I approached the bed and cautiously pulled down the cover. There lay a snake, beautifully coiled up, with his head somewhat uplifted, licking out his tongue at me. He was about four feet long. He looked at me and I looked at him. He made no motion as if he would run and neither did I. I thought I spied a gentle and confiding expression in his eye, as if he said: "You need not be alarmed; if you will not hurt me neither will I hurt you. If you will be my friend I will be yours." I threw my club aside. I perceived that my bed-fellow was a bull-snake, almost precisely like the rattlesnake in markings, but in no other respect like that monster. He is without fangs, without poison, and of a gentle, playful and amiable nature. He grows eight or nine feet long. I said unto him that he and I should be friends; that he might not only dwell with me in my cabin, but that, if he liked he could sleep with me in my bed. Having said that much I carefully spread the cover over him and told him to sleep on. And he did so. But I did not go back to bed to him. I sat by my table and read a few chapters of St. Paul, who, of all authors, is my favorite. How logical, how forceful, how grand and ennobling he is! On returning from breakfast I brought one of my fellow-workmen with me to show him my friend and bed-fellow. When I drew back the cover, there he lay, perfectly quiet and content, but licking out his tongue. My fellow-workman was dumbfounded. I then put the cover back again. A few moments ago my snake descended from the bed in a quiet way, as if entirely at home, and is still probably somewhere in the house. He was probably engaged in hunting mice when the storm came up, and becoming chilled in the changed atmosphere he found my bed pleasant and concluded to sleep with me

How to Kill Moths.

The destruction of moths is one of the greatest vexations which careful housekeepers have to contend with, and their depredations are not to be remedied after they have once made inroads. Houses heated by furnaces are especially predisposed to have moths, but every housekeeper must be on the watch for them, for, from the time that the windows begin to be left open the trouble begins. Heavy carpets do not require taking up every year unless in constant use. Take out the tacks from these, fold the carpets back, wash the floor in strong suds with a tablespoonful of borax dissolved in them. Dash with insect powder or lay with tobacco leaves along the edge and retack. All moths can be kept away and the eggs destroyed by this means. Ingrain or other carpets, after shaking, are brightened by sprinkling a pound of salt over the surface and sweeping carefully and thoroughly. It is also an excellent plan to wipe off the carpet with borax water, using a thick flannel cloth wrung tightly, taking care not to wet it, but only to dampen. Open the windows and dry the carpet before replacing the furniture. Other woollens, including blankets and wearing apparel, must be beaten and brushed and folded smoothly. Be careful to clean every spot with ammonia water, not too strong, and a dark woollen cloth. Tie pieces of camphor into little bundles and put one in each article. Wrap the articles in newspapers, as printers' ink is a great preventive of moths, and sew them up in strong sheeting bags, labeled so it will not be necessary to open them during the summer except for use. This is a good way for those who do not possess cedar boxes, and the articles need have no other care if every spot is treated as directed and the garments are not left hanging in the closet too long before putting away for the season. Any one moving into a house should see that the rooms are disinfected. No agent can guarantee that there has been no infectious disease in the house; he does not know anything about it. Commence at the cellar first and go through each room. This should be done before you take possession if possible, but if it is not convenient it should be done before you get settled. An ounce of sulphur may save many a dollar of a doctor's bill. Sulphur and alcohol are the most satisfactory disinfectants, and they possess another advantage in being inexpensive. The alcohol is only necessary to cause the sulphur to ignite quickly. The sulphur will burn without it, and if you have no alcohol take three or four lighted matches and place them on the top of the sulphur and it will soon take fire. All silver or gilt articles should be removed from the room while the sulphur is burning, otherwise they will be very much discolored and in some cases destroyed. In houses that have furnaces matters are considerably simplified. The sulphur can be put in the furnace, all the registers can be opened and the whole house disinfected at the same time. If the fumes become too strong open the cold air shaft and the windows, and they will soon be dissipated.

He Paid Him Off.

Young Physician (to patient)—What you need is exercise, sir. You should walk more.

Patient reaching for his pocketbook—How much, young man? I walked all last night with the baby.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Man to be Tried for a Murder Committed Nearly Forty Years Ago.

The case of Jesse D. Graham, who is now in prison at Santa Cruz on a charge of having murdered Dennis Bennett 38 years ago, promises to be one of the most striking cases in the criminal calendar of this coast. The facts are these:

On April 22nd, 1850, Dennis Bennett was shot dead at the door of his house at Cyante, in Branciforte (now Santa Cruz) county. Several witnesses—namely, one Dennis Connor, James Robinson and Mr. Hoyt—were in the house at the time and testified that they saw the murder committed by Jesse D. Graham. Other witnesses—to wit, Mansell Bennett, Jackson Bennett, Mary Bennett, Mary Ann Bennett and Julia Bennett—were before the grand jury and gave evidence in corroboration. On this an indictment was found, which was signed by William T. Wallace, then District Attorney, since Chief Justice of the State, and now Judge of Department No. 6 of the Supreme Court in this city. That indictment is still on file in the county clerk's office at Santa Cruz. For some reason or other Graham was never brought to trial for the murder. Here the stories diverge. A surviving relative of the murdered man says that Graham fled, and remained in hiding for several months in the Santa Cruz mountains, where he was supplied with food by his father; that three years afterward he was captured in Tuolumne county, but that the captors were induced to surrender him to his father in exchange for $5,000; that he then escaped to Texas, where he lived many years; that he finally returned to Southern California; that he went by the name of Jones. On the other hand, friends of the prisoner says that he never was in hiding; that he lived unmolested at Santa Cruz for over six months after the finding of the indictment; that he has repeatedly visited that place since, under his own name, without interference from any one; that he has frequently met members of the Bennett family—the witnesses against him—and was never denounced by them. It is noticeable that, so far as appears, the prisoner's friends do not deny that he killed Bennett. One peculiarity of the case, which seems to command more attention in Santa Cruz country than it would do here, is that the prisoner is said to rely upon the fact that the alleged murder was committed before California was a State of the Union, and that, therefore, he cannot be tried under its criminal code. California was not admitted till September 9th, 1850, and Bennett was killed, as we saw, on April 22nd of that year. But California had been a territory of the United States—though it had never had a recognized Territorial Government—for three years prior to the murder, and the Territorial condition carried with it the common law. A murder was as much a murder before as after the admission of the State, and was punishable in the same way, by the same procedure and with the same penalty. If Bennett killed Graham, and the fact can be proved by credible witnesses, it is not seen how it will avail him to show that the deed was committed before California was admitted and while it was working under the Constitution of Monterey.—*San Francisco Call.*

Latest Scottish News.

One morning recently five large eagles were seen flying over Lerwick.

Lord Hopetoun has agreed to accept the freedom of the ancient burgh of Queensferry.

The sparrows at Millport have been stealing the Rev. Mr. Walker's pulpit bands off the green and making nests of them.

It is proposed to present the Marquis of Lorne with the freedom of Aberdeen on his visit on June 21st, to unveil the Wallace statue.

Lord Rosebery has paid £2,500 sterling for the construction of a swimming bath, 90 feet long by 30 feet wide, at the People's Palace in the East End of London.

The ship's register of Paul Jones, the noted seaman and admiral of the American navy, was sold in Dumfries on the 15th ult., for £2 10s., the purchaser being Mr. J. J. Glover.

Miss Annie Brown, who wrought the handsomely embroidered quilt presented to the Princess of Wales at Glasgow Exhibition, is a native of Dalry, and a daughter of a working blacksmith.

Mr. Alexander Petrie, sen., Arbroath, died on the 16th May. He was 84 years of age, had been upwards of 60 years a Sunday School teacher, and was believed to be the oldest Sabbath School teacher in Scotland.

By the marriage of the widow of the late Mr. Henry Ritchie Cooper Wallace, of Busbie and Cloncaird, Ayrshire, £21,000 has fallen to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and £7,000 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution "for the purpose of establishing a lifeboat on the Ayrshire coast, to be named the Busbie."

As a memorial of last year's Mary Queen of Scots tercentenary exhibition at Peterborough, it is proposed to print one of the MSS. from Losely there exhibited. This is an account of "The Examynacon and Death of Mary Queen of Skottes," signed by R. Wynkfielde, which is of special interest as identifying Burghley's correspondent, "R. W.," and as differing in some details from the common reports.

Educating Arabian Girls.

"Educate a girl!" exclaimed a Mohammedan to Dr. Jessup, a missionary among the Arabs, who was urging him to place one of his daughters in a girls' school in Tripoli. "Educate a girl! You might as well try to educate a cat!" Several aristocratic Mohammedan gentlemen of Beirut were induced a few years ago to place their daughters in one of the Protestant schools there, and one of them remarked: "Would you believe it? I heard one of the girls read the other day, and she actually asked a question about the construction of a noun preceded by a proposition! I never heard the like of it! The things do distinguish and understand what they read after all!" The other replied: "Mashallah! Mashallah! The will of God be done!"

A curious domestic complication came out in a Brooklyn court on the application of an old man for the arrest of his young wife, who had eloped with a younger and handsomer man.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Most Popular Personage in Great Britain—Her Early Life.

The Princess of Wales is the most popular personage in Great Britain. So far as the institution of royalty is concerned it can be truly said of her that her life is the most valuable in the kingdom. So long as she lives her popularity will be sufficient to keep the cause of royalty well protected from popular innovation. I have tried to obtain from those who know the Princess of Wales well the secret of her great popularity. She is not a brilliant woman, she has never written anything, and in conversation she never impresses anyone with the idea of her having any particular originality or striking force of character. In ordinary society, without the advantage of her position, she would make but little impression. She is excessively ladylike and refined. She has a most marvellous beauty, which chiefly consists in regular features, a fair complexion and a perfectly serene and placid expression. The most remarkable feature of her good looks is the preservation of her youthful appearance. In the broad glare of daylight she looks to-day as young if not younger than her eldest daughter. Her figure is also slim and slight as that of a young girl. She dresses with exquisite taste and appears to enjoy general society very much. The secret of her popular charm is said to be this: She has the rare and gracious faculty of impressing people who come in contact with her in the casual meeting of a general reception or a levee with her genuine cordiality. People who have been presented to her and who have simply seen her bow and smile, and perhaps have heard a half dozen words of commonplace greeting, are the ones who are the most wildly enthusiastic over her. Her bearing before the public constitutes her chief charm. Every one is led to believe that she is the most gracious and winning personage in the kingdom. It is this outward suggestion upon the part of the Princess of Wales of brilliant graciousness that has captivated and thoroughly charmed the British public. Those who know her best say that a more intimate acquaintance with her does not bear out the public estimate. She is thoroughly refined, accomplished and self-possessed, but is not interesting in a general conversation. While I was on the continent last month I heard a number of interesting stories concerning the early life of the Princess of Wales. These stories are not particularly new, and I do not propose to allude to them except to give the exact income of her father before he was called to the throne of Denmark. This prince lived in the most obscure poverty for a number of years. He had an income of exactly $1,200 a year. There were five children to be supported and educated from this beggarly sum. The young ladies of this household learned to cook, to sew and to do all kinds of housework. They were obliged to make their own dresses for many years. No members of any family so obscurely placed have risen to more brilliant positions than this Danish family. The head of the family became the King of Denmark. His oldest son is, of course, the Crown Prince of that country. Another son is the King of Greece. His three daughters are the Princess of Wales, the Czarina of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland.—*T. C. Crawford in New York World.*

Dresses at the Opening of the Glasgow Exhibition.

The Princess of Wales was most becomingly attired in the palest shade of grey; her dress, which was of alternate silk and satin stripes, was trimmed with passementerie of the same delicate shade, and soft folds of crepe were arranged on the front of the bodice and the skirt; her grey transparent tulle bonnet had a bouquet of white flowers, with pale green leaves, and she carried a small grey chinchilla muff. The Duchess of Abercorn's dress was of fawn-colored silk, trimmed with passementerie, and her bonnet of tulle of the same shade was ornamented with large white wings; the Marchioness of Lothian wore dark green foulard, and her dark green bonnet had a brown bird on one side; Lady Campbell of Blythewood was in light grey, and her grey tulle stringless bonnet was ornamented with white flowers and a small feather; Miss Campbell wore black, with cowslips in a black tulle bonnet; the Marchioness of Breadalbane had a heliotrope dress, over which was worn a black lace dolman, trimmed with jet and passementerie; her high bonnet of heliotrope tulle to match was trimmed with a white bow on one side. The Countess of Rosebery wore a black velvet and jet mantle and a red tulle bonnet; the Hon. Elinor Hamilton had a dress of dark green cashmere and a high hat trimmed with dark green velvet, pink bows and a large bunch of pink flowers; her sister wore brown; Lady King wore a crushed strawberry satin dress, and her bonnet of the same shade was trimmed with velvet of a deeper tone and ornamented with Indian embroidery.

Great Scotch Travellers.

Among the Scotsmen connected with African discovery have been James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller; Mungo Park, the discoverer of the Niger; Colonel James Augustus Grant, the discoverer (with Speke) of the Victoria Nyanza; Joseph Thomson and Keith Johnston; and, the greatest of all African travellers, Dr. Livingston, who, between 1840 and 1873, discovered the great Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Bangweolo and the Lualaba (Upper Congo). Dr. Robert Moffat, Livingstone's father-in-law, also deserves mention in the same honorable field of missionary enterprise.

He Was a Poor Manager.

"We must curtail expenses," said the husband to his sweet wife. "Indeed, and I don't see how anybody could be more saving than I am. We've got a family of four of our own and two servants, and yet I manage to get along, my dress bills and all, with only a little over $200 a month." "And I get a salary of $100 a month." "Well, you must get them to raise your salary. You have the least management about you of any person I ever saw. Oh, if I only were a man!"

A recently published book on etiquette says: "Endeavor to select your guest with a sense of fitness." That is, do not invite a fat man to a slim dinner.—*Hotel Mail.*

DECIDED BARGAINS

In Every Line at

J. G. ANDERSON'S,

In Sproule's Block.

X

We can give you the famous F. W. ASHTON'S

PRINTS

in almost any pattern and shade at prices that will astonish you.

We would ask you to call and get Samples of our Famous

JAPAN TEAS.

We will suit you every time both in Quality and Price.

We have neither time or space to enumerate the many lines we are offering at prices that will never fail to more than satisfy you.

X

REMEMBER THIS.

In order to Clear Out our stock of **Mens' Long Boots** we will give you

30 per cent. Discount for either Trade or Cash.

We have in stock a number of

DUCK SMOCKS AND OVERALLS

which we will sell at LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

DON'T FORGET TO ASK FOR THOSE

15c. Dress Goods we are selling at 10c. a yard.

THESE BARGAINS WILL BE FOUND EVERY TIME AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Mrs. Teed, near Heathcote, died last week, and was buried in the cemetery here on Saturday. Her husband died about a year ago.—[Thornbury News.

An old man named Boyce, of Meaford, attempted suicide on Tuesday by taking laudanum. The doctor saved him with his little pump.—[Thornbury News.

It is reported from a reliable source that burglars attempted to break into the residence of Messrs. C. W. Bodley and Thos. Blakely, Wellington street, the night after the robbery at Dr. Marseilles and Mr. Yeomans', but the noise made by the burglars in trying to effect an entrance awoke the inmates and the robbers decamped.

Well Done.—A few days ago a number of children were playing down by the river, and one of them, Mr. D. O'Connor's little daughter, fell into the river. The river at this point was swift and quite deep. and the little girl was quickly carried down stream. Several of the children ran towards the village giving the alarm, but the 7 year old son of Mr. John Leslie who was present, threw off his clothes, and being a clever swimmer jumped in and overtaking his little playmate, assisted her to land. The boy exhibited a courage and presence of mind often lacking in much older people.—[Pickering News.

Settled.—The difficulty between Chas. Willoughby and Wm. North, of Proton, was settled last week before Police Magistrate Ryan. The trial took place at Holstein. North was fined $20 and costs and Willoughby $1 and costs. Mr. A. S. Clark, of Mt. Forest, appeared for Willoughby and Elgin Myers, of Orangeville, for the defendant North.—[Shelburne Free Press.

On Wednesday last a cow owned by the Misses Carswell, con. five Tecumseth, gave birth to twin calves, and not to be outdone another of the same herd brought forth triplets the next day! Now then Meaford Mirror, Pickering News and other lamb story cotems beat this if you can.—[Beeton World.

Charles Bachelor's saw mill, four miles north of Kinloss, was burned on Tuesday night, together with fifteen hundred dollars worth of lumber. Loss about three thousand dollars on which there is no insurance.—[Bruce Herald.

Mr. Anderson lost the left forefinger at the second joint last Tuesday, while setting up and fitting a hoop machine.—[Bruce Herald.

John Gardiner, who lives a little outside the town limits, on the Holstein road, had three cows killed yesterday afternoon by lightening.—[Mt. Forest Confederate.

Two dwelling houses and a blacksmith shop were destroyed by fire last week in Meaford.

Canibalistic Pugilists.—Sandy McAulay and S. Bamish had a little encounter witn each other at Proton Station last Monday in which the two combatants became very much enamoned with each other, huddling together and grasping one another to their bosoms. McAulay took a fancy to Beamish and when his mouth came near to Beamish's face, he bit therefrom about an inch and a half of flesh widening his mouth to that extent. When the fun was over a doctor was called in to stitch up the mouth of Beamish whose knuckles were skinned and one finger put out of joint. Sandy got a black eye in return for the bite and sundry other little bruises that made up for his too familiarity.

Mr. Frank McLean met with a severe accident last Monday. While working at the small circular saw in Taylor's mill his left hand came in contact with the saw and his thumb and first finger were very badly cut, the thumb being split from the point to back of the first joint. It will be some time before he will be able to go to work again.—[Chatsworth News.

Mr. Michael Howey, of Holland, had a narrow escape from serious injury on Monday morning last. While driving from Kilsyth, in company with Mrs. Burchill, his horse became fractious and upset the buggy, throwing the occupants out. Mr. Howey fell with the small of his back on a large stone and was injured about the legs, but he managed to hang on to the horse and although badly crippled managed to occupy his place at the council board the same day. Mrs. Buchill escaped without injury.—[Chatsworth News.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

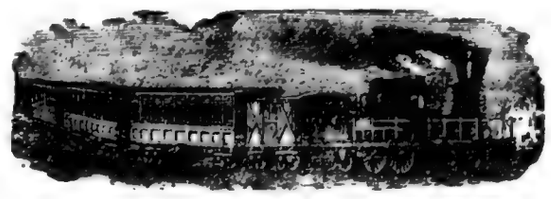

AT

Climo's, Flesherton,

They have a fine stock of

PRINTS, DRESS GOODS, &c.,

also a fine stock of Mens', Youths', Womens' and Girls

BOOTS & SHOES.

Also we keep a regular stock of **Fresh Groceries** *and our Prices you cannot beat.*

Try our 25c. TEA, also our TEA DUST 10 lbs. for $1. We pay full value for Butter & Eggs. Give us a share of your trade and we will study to please you.

Wright's Old Stand.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

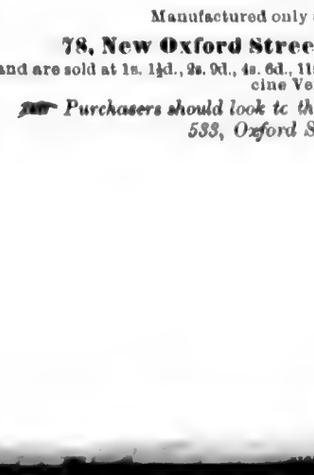

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 365. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

THIS IS FOR YOU.

It Will Pay You to Read Every Word in This Article.

NEW GOODS.—Mr R. Trimble, general merchant, Flesherton, has pleasure in announcing that his stock of New Spring and Summer Goods is now complete in every department.

NEW DRESS GOODS.—A complete range in black and colored Cashmeres, handsome new Combination Dress goods and Plain and Fancy Checks' Nun's Veiling, Jersey Checks, &c.

WASHING FABRICS. Prints and Muslins. Our stock is complete in all the Latest Patterns and Colors.

GREY COTTONS.—2,759 yds. extra heavy Gray Cotton, 36 inches wide, ONLY 5 CENTS PER YARD!

HOSIERY & SMALL WARES.—Our stock is the largest ever seen in town.

GLOVES.—A fine assortment of Ladies and Gents' Gloves.

CORSETS.—Complete stock. Be sure to ask for our Daisy 45c. Corset.

JERSEYS, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery, Lace Curtains, Waterproofs, Buttons, Frillings and Laces. A full range.

HATS, HATS, HATS.—The largest and best assorted stock of Ladies, Gents boys and girls Hats in town.

GENTS FURNISHINGS.—This department is complete in all the nobbiest Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties.

CLOTHING.—500 men and boys wanted at the leading clothing house.

BOOTS & SHOES.—Our stock of Ladies and Gents Boots and Shoes is exceedingly large.

GROCERIES.—Another large stock of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at 25c. lb. 50 boxes No. 1. Layer Raisins at $1.50 per box.

PROVISIONS.—Just received 1 case Long Clear Bacon, 1500 lbs. sound Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Dried Apples, White Beans.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.—Timothy Red Clover, Alsike, Garden Seeds, Turnip Seeds, Flax, Vetches.

BUTTER, EGGS, and Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

45-71.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Flesherton has a boot black.

Look out for Climo & Co's new advertisement next week.

Miss Alice Bellamy returned home from Bracebridge on Thursday last.

Miss Martha Bunt returned home from Owen Sound where she has been spending her holidays.

Mr. Joseph Broughton, wife and son, of Manchester, N. Y., are rusticating at Mr. Jos. LeGard's.

Dominion Day will not be celebrated in Flesherton this year, in so far as horse racing is concerned.

Terrible Reductions on our fine stock of Silverware at Russell's, Flesherton, for this month before moving.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. A. Bull, of Thornbury, passed through Flesherton, on their way to Durham, yesterday.

Mr. James Aikenhead and Mr. and Mrs. T. Aikenhead, of Toronto, are the guests of Squire Armstrong.

Average attendance of Eugenia Union Sunday School for the month of May, 62. J. R. Hogg, Assistant Secretary.

Mr. Stuart Bates, of the Toronto School of Medicine, presents his compliments to the Editor of THE ADVANCE. Thanks muchly.

A Flesherton youth had a set-to with another from Flesherten Station the other night at the latter place, and the former came off victorious.

Call at once if you would secure some of the Great Bargains in Watches, Clocks Jewelery, &c. at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Mr. J. T. Keefer has built a new shop opposite Barnhouse's shoe shop and has opened out in the Butchering business. He also keeps a large stock of Flour & Feed for sale.

Mr. Lindsay Loughead of Clarksburg, gave us a call yesterday. He was on his way to the rifle matches at Durham, and is one of the Clarksburg Volunteer Company's crack shots.

Mr H. Bull, of Thornbury Pump Works, will be in Flesherton next Thursday. Any person wanting a pump, or pump repaired will please leave their orders with Mr. P. Munshaw.

Mr. J. G. Keefer, of the Forest Free Press, attended the High Court of the Canadian Order of Foresters, held at Hamilton last week, as a delegate. He had the honor of being appointed Press Reporter. Long life to you J. G.

Jas. Campbell, Esq., License Inspector for East Grey, and Mr. Hamilton, merchant, of Clarksburg, gave us a pleasant call on Wednesday. Both gentlemen visited our public schools and expressed themselves highly pleased with all they saw.

Dominion Day is to be celebrated in the city of Stratford with great *eclat* this year. Reduced fares on all railways. A very promising program has been received, together with Press badge, for which the Committee of management will please accept our thanks.

On Saturday fornoon last a horse belonging to Mr. Wm. Strain was trying to throw its rider, Ed. Strain, while he was riding it to water. Mr. R. J. Sproule went to Ed's assistance and took hold of the rein when the horse struck him with his front foot beside the left eye making a deep gash. Had the horse been shod he would have killed Mr. Sproule as the wound was near the temple.

Bad Accident.

While Mr. W. H. Flesher was working in the dye-house of his woollen will on Wednesday last, his shirt sleeve caught between the cogs drawing his arm in and cutting the flesh to the bone between the elbow and the shoulder.

Where to get Your Implements.

Wide-awake farmers will do well to see Mr. J. G. Carson, Implement Agent, Flesherton, when in need of anything in the agricultural implement line. Mr. Carson's stand is on Mr. R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's hotel.

NOTICE.

Tenders will be received up to the 1st of July next for building a Stone and Brick Bridge across the Boyne water near Flesherton. No tender necessarily accepted. Specifications at Dr. Christoe's office. By order,

WM. SHARP,
DR. CHRISTOE.

June 4th, 1888.

Returned Home.

Mrs. Edward Ross has been under the treatment of Dr. Baines, of Toronto, during the past ten weeks. About a month ago an ovarian tumor, weighing 25 lbs. 9 oz., was removed from the afflicted lady. Tuesday evening last Mrs. Ross returned home, accompanied by her husband, and we are glad to learn that she is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Dominion Day at Feversham.

Feversham sports have stirred themselves up in good form, and now large posters are out announcing that Dominion Day is to be celebrated in that smart little place in a fitting manner. The program consists of a good variety of athletic games, a grand tug of war between 10 Feversham boys and 10 from any other place, and a Cahthumpian parade of considerable magnitude. See bills for particulars, and be sure to get there on our natal day.

Home Again!

The Editor, wife and daughter returned home Tuesday evening, much refreshed after their two week's outing. THE ADVANCE has been issued regularly in the interval, and we are sure our readers will agree with us that our youthful manager *pro tem*, Master John W. Field, has attended to the mechanical department of our business with much acceptance. A generous friend contributed the leading editorial in this week's issue, and has assisted otherwise during our absence in his usual obliging and and able manner, for which he will please accept our warmest thanks.

The need of merit for promoting personal comeliness, is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, and agreeable, it ranks among the indispensable toilet articles.

Irish Lake Picnic.

The Irish Lake Picnic promises to be one of the greatest attractions of the season. The program presents a variety of features which cannot fail to draw crowds of people from all quarters of the compass. Rev. J. J. Feeny has been most indefatigable in his exertions to make the Picnic a brilliant success. Among the attractions are a Lacrosse match between Flesherton and Markdale teams, a boat race between two well known oarsmen, athletic games, &c., &c. Admission to grounds 25 cents, children 15 cents, Dinner, adults, 10 cents; couple 25 cents; children, 10 cents. See large posters for particulars.

For chronic catarrh, induced by a scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It stops catarral discharges, removes the sickening odor, and never fails to thoroughly eradicate every trace of the disease from the blood. Sold by the dealers in medicine.

Bargains, Bargains!

Now is the time for

BARGAINS.

Having purchased the premises lately occupied by J. W. Bates, we purpose moving there by

First of July, 1888,

and therefore in order to clear out some of our IMMENSE STOCK before that date

Great——Bargains

may be expected in

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelery,
Silverware,
Spectacles, &c.

during the present month at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store,

FLESHERTON.

Do not fail to come as it will pay you. Positively for this month only, and always take your Watch, Clock or Jewelery Repairs to

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON.

The Newspaper.

A newspaper went through three stages, it seemed to him—(1) it was important for the day, (2) the next day it was flung aside, (3) the time came when to posterity the paper was worth its weight in gold.—*Dr. Garnett on the British Museum Library.*

Good brethren of the daily quill,
What words of grace doth Garnett say?
Although, for all the ink we spill,
"A penny buys" our print to-day,
And though to-morrow (like the hay
Whose fate in holy writ is told)
In Susan's bin 'tis cast away—
We shall be worth our weight in gold.

Ye headlong scribes, who toil to fill
Allotted "space" without delay;
Ye hacks, attentive to your drill,
A penny buys your print to-day.
Know all men now, oyes! oyes!
When future centuries unfold
This very penny-a-lining lay—
It will be worth its weight in gold

O ponderous pages, which distill
The venom of the long dull fray
Betwixt the Pestle and the Pill—
Three pennies buy your print to-day.
When future times the *Times* shall weigh,
At what huge price will you be sold
When (to the broken bank's dismay)
You will be worth your weight in gold?

L'ENVOI.

Good reader, make thy reading pay;
A penny buys our print to-day;
But when the world is waxing old
We shall be worth our weight in gold.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Is it for me?" he asked slowly, for his eyelids seemed weighted with lead, and the words were difficult to utter.

"Yes; but, Guy, old fellow, dear old fellow, how can I tell you?" Oswald said in a tone of intense distress.

"Tell me what? Shirley?"

The words came brokenly, hoarsely; he had started up from his chair, but he could hardly stand in his weakness and giddiness.

"This note is from her," Oswald said unsteadily. "Guy, try to bear it, old fellow; it was perhaps for the best."

"The note. Give it me."

He opened it with unsteady trembling hands, and looked at it with eager, sightless eyes.

"Read it to me," he said to Oswald, in a hoarse strained voice; and Oswald's own eyes were dim as he read the few words Shirley had traced before she left the friends whom she had loved and trusted and went out into the world alone.

"I am going away, Guy, because I love you, and because it is best for us both. Some day perhaps Heaven will be merciful and let us meet again; but, if you can, forget me, and forgive all the misery I have brought into your life. Do not seek me, dear; it will be useless. I could not bring shame into your life. If this pains you, my darling, remember that I did it in love. Heaven forever bless you, Guy!"

A moment's dead silence followed the perusal of the letter; then Guy put out his burning, trembling hand.

"I do not understand," he said, in a strained, broken voice. "Is she gone?"

"Yes; she went in the night—alone. Old fellow, dear old fellow, what are you going to do?"

"I—am going"—Guy was staggering toward the door as he spoke—there was a pause between each slow word—"going—to—my darling. Oswald—do you—think she has—gone away alone? I—saw—"

His voice died away, a great darkness fell upon his sight; he stretched out his hands with a blind groping movement terrible to see, and stood swaying for a moment to and fro; then, before Oswald could interpose, he fell forward senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A dingy little room on the first floor of a dingy house in a dingy part of London—a house standing in a faded street with two irregular rows of tall dark-looking houses, which even the summer sunshine, a sickly sunshine here, could not cheer or brighten.

Judging from the appearance and size of the houses, a passer-by would have considered that they had been at one time tenanted by persons in a different and better position in life than that of their present occupants, but that, in their failing fortunes, they had been let out in offices and floors to different lodgers, for on most of the doors were several plates and bell-handles, with names of the various tenants.

It was not a disreputable street by any means; on the contrary, it was respectable and steady, and in the immediate neighborhood of some superior squares and terraces; but it was also in the vicinity of some far inferior ones; and it was plain that the inhabitants of these latter were more frequently in the dingy debatable ground than the inhabitants of the former, for the people to be met there were mostly shabby, busy people.

It is never wise to judge by appearances, and perhaps in London especially; dinginess and dirty windows and grimy carpetless stairs are sometimes better vouchers for respectability than bran-new offices and plate glass and mirrors. At any rate, the governess agency whose office was in a dingy room of the dingy house at the corner of the street was a respectable and trustworthy place enough—more respectable perhaps than many of such establishments.

It was reached through a dirty carpetless passage, and up a bare grimy staircase, and it was itself a dingy floor-clothed room containing a high desk-table in the centre and two or three chairs, while a door on the left opened into another room, rather less comfortless, where clients could interview ladies whom they had any thought of engaging.

Dingy as the rooms were, the summer sunshine found its way even here; it streamed through the dirty panes of glass, falling in a bright streak of light on the faded and soiled covering of the floor, on the piles of letters and papers scattered on the desk-table, on the grave but not unkindly-looking woman who sat before it and received the applicants and on two of the latter—one a quiet, lady-like girl neatly dressed, the other a showy handsome damsel, who stood on this hot July day waiting for her audience while the former was having hers with the grave faced woman, who, letter in hand, was giving her the address of some situation likely to suit her.

"I have already answered several," the girl was saying rather wearily; "and people are always either suited or want more accomplishments than I am possessed of."

"Yes," said the kindly voice from the other side of the desk, "people are unreasonable in asking for so many accomplishments from one person; but your great drawback, Miss Johnson, is your not being a proficient musician."

"I know," the girl replied sadly, "but I have no chance of becoming that, Miss Milton."

"Well, they do not want music here," said Miss Milton, smiling, "so I hope you will be successful. Let me know at once, if you please."

"I will, certainly. Thank you very much." The girl tripped away, looking much brighter, and with a light step went down the grimy staircase. Half way she met another applicant coming up, a slender girl in black, who leaned rather heavily on the balustrade, and who had pushed away her heavy crape veil from her white thin face, out of which her eyes seemed to shine with a feverish lustre. They passed each other in silence, and, while the one went out into the sunshine, the other went on and knocked timidly at the door on which "Governess Agency—Miss Milton" was painted in white letters on dark-brown ground.

"Come in," Miss Milton said from within; and a slight shadow fell over her face as she saw the slender drooping figure that entered the room with a deprecating look in the sweet sad eyes which went to Miss Milton's heart familiar as she was with pain and disappointment and sorrow in the poor ladies who sought her aid.

The smartly dressed young lady was expressing her opinions and requirements in a decided and peremptory tone. There was no need for her to "go out" she said; but she wanted to see something of the world, and would like to accompany a family travelling abroad. Her list of requirements was a long one, and varied, for her "pa" had given her the very best rest a little, and you will tell me then.
education to be had for money. Miss Milton thought that it was a pity she could not have also acquired some refinement, and a manner which would make her a suitable companion for girls who would be women and honest men's wives perhaps some day.

"I have nothing, I think, likely to suit you to-day," said Miss Milton quietly. "If you will leave me your address, I will write to you; and meanwhile, if you are in this neighborhood, you might call again."

"Oh, very well; there is no immediate hurry!" responded the young lady, sweeping away in her pink gingham dress and lace-trimmed hat; and then the slender girl in black came forward and stood by the desk.

The pitying glance deepened in Miss Milton's eyes as she looked up at the little, eager, pale face with the pitiful, tremulous smile flickering on the white lips.

"You have not been successful?" Miss Milton said kindly.

"No."

"Did you see the lady—Mrs. Spears, was it not?"

"Yes, but—"

"You did not suit her?"

"It was not that," the sweet, unsteady voice answered, "but—" "You are tired. You have walked all this way in the sun," said Miss Milton gently. "Sit down and rest a little, and you will tell me then."

"I am not tired," the girl answered, conquering the agitation which was so visible in the shaking hands and quivering lips. "But she asked me so many questions—and then she would not engage me." Her head sunk forward upon her breast, and a burning blush of shame rose in her pale face, coloring it from chin to brow with a crimson glow.

"Why not?"

"Because I could not give her any reference."

"Ah, I thought so!" Miss Milton said, with a sigh. "But what is to be done, Mrs. Grant? You yourself, in her place, would have done the same thing. It is impossible, you know, to take a person into one's house, especially for such an important post, without knowing something of their antecedents."

"But I told her," Mrs. Grant answered simply, "that there were reasons why I could not refer her to my friends, and that she might trust me; and—and she only laughed."

There was a minute's pause then; the hot red glow was fading out of the sweet pale face, and she leaned wearily against the desk, looking at Miss Milton with very wistful eyes.

"I am afraid," the latter said, with a little reluctance, "that, unless you can give a reference, you will find it very difficult to obtain a situation, Mrs. Grant—in fact, I may say, it will be impossible. And it is not to be wondered at. Ladies cannot be too particular," she added a little stiffly, "in their choice of a governess."

"But I told her, as I told the other lady whose address you gave me, that I would try so hard to please her," was the earnest answer. "I am sure she would not have regretted taking me. I would have been so kind to the children, and so persevering, and—oh, she might have trusted me!"

"I do not see how you could have expected her to do so. It is such a suspicious circumstance, you having no reference, Mrs. Grant. You must excuse my speaking so frankly; it is for your own sake. Is it quite impossible for you to write to any of your friends?"

"It is impossible," the young girl answered—for, though she seemed to be a widow, she had not yet passed her girlhood

"But you are anxious beyond everything to obtain a situation?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"And—and"—Miss Milton hesitated, and glanced at the papers before her—"you told me that you would soon be at the end of your resources?"

"Yes," Mrs. Grant repeated.

"And if you do not obtain some work, you may be reduced almost to destitution?" Miss Milton continued earnestly. "It is a terrible thing to be in London without friends or money. You had better make up your mind to write to your friends."

"But even if it be terrible," the girl answered steadily, "to be without friends and money in London, it is better to be so than to give trouble and pain and suffering to those whom you love."

"But surely their ignorance of your condition must give them more trouble than anything else?"

The sweet troubled face dropped a little.

"At first it did perhaps," she answered; "but now so many months have gone by that—that—oh, surely they will have forgotten now! I think sometimes," she continued, lifting her wistful eyes to the grave face watching her, "that it was wrong and foolish to leave them—but I did it for the best—I did it for the best!"

Her voice had risen almost to a wail as she repeated the words; but, meeting Miss Milton's surprised glance, she colored and instantly checked her agitation.

"I beg your pardon—I forgot," she said, in a low voice; then she went on very pleadingly—"Miss Milton, could you not help me—could you not let me say you know me? Ah, you need not be afraid to recommend me—you need——"

"I think you hardly know what you are asking me," said Miss Milton coldly. "You are asking me to put my name to a false recommendation; and such a thing might be the ruin of my agency altogether."

"But you do know me!" Mrs. Grant cried pitifully.

"I beg your pardon. I know you merely as an applicant at my office for a governess's situation. You came to me two or three months ago, asking me to enter your name in my books, and I did so. I know nothing further of you, except that none of the ladies to whom I sent you would engage you, and also that three or four times, when I gave you an address, you refused with evident terror to go to that house. All these are suspicious circumstances, Mrs. Grant," continued Miss Milton, with dignity; "and really I am not justified in overlooking them even as much as I have done."

"But—but I have done nothing wrong," said Mrs. Grant brokenly; she seemed too bowed down even to resent the words.

"You forget that I have only your word for that," returned Miss Milton, compressing her lips in a displeased manner.

"Only my word!" the young widow echoed, looking up with startled eyes. "Only my word!" she repeated haughtily. "And do you doubt my word? Do you think I would tell you a lie?"

"My dear Mrs. Grant, there is no occasion for heroics," said Miss Milton quietly. "I am obliged to be very circumspect, and indeed I have departed from my usual caution in the matter already. I feel interested in you, and in your solitary position, and I have done what I could for you—more even than perhaps I ought. There is no necessity for you to turn against me because I have been unsuccessful."

"I did not mean to be ungrateful," was the earnest answer; the momentary anger had died away, and she stood pallid and trembling, leaning against the desk once more. "You have been very kind to me, but—but indeed you might safely assist me further. I know that I am asking a great deal, but——"

"You are asking what I cannot grant," Miss Milton said decidedly. "I have my good repute to maintain; and I think this such a strange and extraordinary request of yours, Mrs. Grant, that really I must decline to give you any further addresses. A person who could ask for a false recommendation would be the last person in the world suitable for a governess or any position of trust."

"Do you mean that I am not to trouble you again," asked Mrs. Grant, standing erect, with a trembling dignity which had something very pathetic in its unconscious grace—"that I am not to come here any more?"

"I should prefer your not doing so," said Miss Milton, in a rather shame faced manner. "You see I have my position to keep up. I am really very sorry; but I will return you your registration fee if you like, although I have no right to do so, as you have had so many addresses and letters."

"There is no need to return it," Mrs. Grant replied steadily; "and I should regret deeply that your position or your good name should suffer through me. Thank you for all the kindness you have shown me. I will not trespass on it further. Good-morning."

She turned away with her usual pretty dignity and grace, which struck Miss Milton even in her annoyance and displeasure, and which brought back a thought which had struck her before, that the young widow was not in the position to which she had been accustomed. She answered her "Good-morning" rather sullenly and shame-facedly, for, although she was doing only what she honestly considered her duty, she felt a pang of self-reproach as she saw the slender, weary figure, in the heavy black garments which looked so sorrowful on that sunshiny summer day, move toward the door.

There the widow turned, all the pride and haughtiness melting out of the pale face as she looked toward Miss Milton.

"Thank you, she said softly, stretching out her hand with a little gesture of farewell. "You have been very good to me, and I—I thank you."

She opened the door before Miss Milton could reply and passed out, closing it after her; and Miss Milton resumed her book-keeping with a mixed feeling of relief, regret, and compassion which was very unusual to her, and which she tried to dismiss in vain.

"I wish she had taken back her fee," she muttered, as she copied some addresses in her business-like handwriting. "Of course, she has almost had the money in stamps, *et cæteras*; but she looked so solitary, and—I wonder what her story is? Even sadder than most of the sad ones I hear here so often!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Grant had gone slowly and wearily down the grimy staircase, her heart heavier even than it had been when she mounted it half an hour before; and, when she reached the bottom, she rested her head for a moment on the baluster, in utter depression and weariness both of mind and body. She had walked many miles in the hot sun that morning, and she was faint with fatigue; but the pain at her heart and the weariness of her spirit were greater even than her weariness of body. It had been some little comfort to her in her loneliness in London to come to the agency and talk to Miss Milton, even when the latter had no address for her. If Miss Milton was not busy, she was quite willing to talk to her; and the poor young widow was too utterly solitary not to be glad to have any one to speak to in the great wilderness where she seemed to be cast away and lost. Now she could never go back there again—never!

She felt very desolate as she lifted her head, pulled down her crape veil, and went out into the street. It was very hot—so hot that the heat made people languid and weak. Mrs. Grant's heavy crape-trimmed draperies were not a very suitable attire for such weather, and she felt their weight and heat dreadfully as she walked on. It was a day to make one long for sea-breezes and cool drinks and fresh fruit, and to make the stuffy London streets almost unbearable.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" the young widow said softly under her veil as she went down the quiet street; and, as she stood still for a moment to consider whither she could go or what she could do to obtain some employment, a handsome carriage dashed into the street, bringing the inhabitants to their windows to look at the stylish equipage, at which Mrs. Grant glanced carelessly and uninterestedly as it passed. It contained only one lady, a handsome fair-haired woman in cool gray attire, trimmed with a profusion of lace, who passed the black-robed figure without noticing it. But at the sight of the occupant of the vehicle Mrs. Grant turned pale as death and pressed both hands to her heart in terror; and, waiting only to see that the carriage stopped at the door of the agency office, she walked on hurriedly—so hurriedly indeed that she almost ran—until she had placed three or four streets and squares between her and it.

Then she stopped, panting, trembling, breathless, leaning against the iron railing of an area for support.

"What could she want there?" she said to herself in a paroxysm of terror. "Has she heard—does she know? And Miss Milton has my address, and she will give it to her! What shall I do now—what shall I do?"

She walked on a little way, clasping and unclasping her hands in her agitation and distress.

"I dare not go home," she muttered. "She will have followed me there; and I could not bear she should see me thus—she, of all people—she always hated me! Oh, Heaven help me, what can I do? There is no use entreating her forbearance, although I would even do that to spare him the re-opening of the wound which is perhaps healed by now. My darling, how can I spare you? What can I do?"

She opened her purse and began counting its contents with feverish eagerness and trembling fingers. They were not difficult to count, for the little purse, a dainty silver-mounted toy, was light and almost empty—half a sovereign in gold, shillings and half-crowns sufficient to make with the gold piece the sum of one pound, and two or three pennies. She counted the coins twice; but she could not increase the sum, poor child—all the money she possessed in the world,

"That will not take me far," she said, bitterly; "but it will be better to go away. If she knows I am in London, she will soon hunt me down. Ah, if I had only stayed! But I did it for the best. And now to get to a railway station," she added, with a sudden lifting of the graceful head, as if she were trying to shake off her depression. "How am I to find my way to one?"

Sauntering slowly toward her was a policeman on his beat; and she went up to him quietly and asked him to show her the way to the nearest railway-station.

"Do you mean on the Metropolitan line?" he asked.

"No—oh, no! I want to leave London," she said eagerly.

"And where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere—it does not matter."

The good-natured expression of the man's stolid face changed to as keen a look of suspicion as that face could assume, and he surveyed her from head to foot before he answered. Mrs. Grant lifted her head haughtily.

"Will you direct me, if you please?" she said, in quiet, measured tones; and something in her manner forced him to answer.

"That is Paddington Station just opposite," he said, jerking his chin in the direction he wished to show her.

"Thank you."

She turned and crossed the road, still with her veil down, and entered the station. It was comparatively quiet just then; the travellers by a train which was about to start were few, and Mrs. Grant had no difficulty in making her way to the platform.

"Where is that train going?" she said to a porter standing by.

"Torquay," he answered shortly.

Torquay! She could not go there; she might be recognized.

"Does it stop anywhere on the way?"

"Yes, it's a Parliamentary."

"Is that the only train leaving just now?"

"There's one for Hereford in ten minutes."

"Thank you."

She turned from him and entered the booking-office.

"A ticket for Hereford," she said tremulously.

"First-class?" said the official sharply.

"No—third."

"The other side of the booking-office."

Mrs. Grant looked at him in a rather bewildered manner; then she began dimly to understand, and found her way to the other side of the booking-office, where the second and third-class tickets were issued.

There was no third-class to the next train, the booking-clerk said, and Mrs. Grant's heart sunk heavily.

"What is the price of second-class?" she said tremulously.

"Nineteen and threepence."

"Will you give me a ticket?" she said eagerly; and, having paid for it, thus reducing her stock of ready money to one shilling, she hastened out of the office.

"Any luggage, ma'am?"

"No," she answered shrinkingly; and she fancied as she got into the train that the porter looked at her suspiciously; but, to her alarmed and excited fancy, every one appeared to watch her.

(To be continued.)

Barbaric Yawpers.

Stranger (to fellow passenger)—"From the west, sir?" Passenger—"Yes, Oshkosh." Stranger—"I'm from Kalamazoo, myself." Passenger—"That so! Kalamazoo is a funny name for a town." Stranger—"Yes, I s'pose it does sound funny to a man from Oshkosh; but we Kalamazoo people are used to it."

Mr. Gladstone, says the Liverpool *Post*, is as hale and hearty to-day as is the average man in his 60th year. At a recent reception some one addressing him expressed the hope that he was well. "Very well," replied Mr. Gladstone; "there is nothing the matter with me except the ineradicable disease of old age."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Jottings that May Be Studied with Profit at the Ingle-Nook.

Manures consisting of potash, phosphoric acid and ammonia, or nitrates, appear competent to grow large crops of wheat continuously.

An English authority has computed that in the last three or four years more pigs have died in the United States from cholera than have been raised in the British Isles.

The Massachusetts Cattle Commissioners, after due investigation, report that hog cholera in that State is fed by feeding swill containing germs of the disease brought from the west in fresh pork.

It is scarcely possible to have land free from weeds; seeds of the common weeds seem to be everlasting, and are so numerous that the plants still continue to appear after many years of most persistent destruction.

It has been found in California that a cold air blast dries fruit in the most satisfactory manner. Samples of fruit dried in this way—prunes, apricots and apples—two years ago are still in a perfect state of preservation.

A correspondent of *Orchard and Garden* has bagged many clusters while in blossom to protect them from rose bugs, and the uniform result has been that they have produced no grapes unless the blossoms were ready to drop or already off when bagged.

The value of any kind of farm stock is very largely determined by its feeding the first year of its life. Breeding counts for much, though every successful breeder knows how greatly the character of a young animal is changed by innutritious or improper food.

There is no quicker or handier way of disposing of refuse, soda, muck, weeds, etc., than to rot them down in a compost heap. Surely dead animals are best disposed of in this way. The most common fermenting agents used in the compost heap are stable manure and night-soil.

Professor Arnold has said: "The sooner the minds of dairymen are disabused of the idea that the ripening of cream and the development of high flavor of butter lie only in the souring of the cream the better will it be for their reputation and their pockets, and also for the consumers."

Begonias grow well in a light, sandy loam with a small addition of leaf mold. They are quite at home in the shade, but require a moist, warm temperature to fully develop the beauty of the foliage. They do tolerably well as room plants, but the dry air robs the colors of their brilliancy. Nevertheless, they are still handsome and interesting plants in rooms.

When hens learn to eat eggs they never forget the trick, and should be killed before they could teach others the habit. Eggs should be gathered twice a day during cold weather, and only glass or porcelain nest eggs should be left in at night. By noticing which hens try to break these imitation eggs the guilty fowls can sometimes be discovered.

Improved plants are like improved animals; their very improvement makes it necessary that the care by which they were produced should be continued. When this is not done they may not do nearly as well as an old kind, habituated to some extent to hardships. It is a fact that scrub farmers succeed best with scrub stock and scrub crops

A little charcoal thrown to the pigs confined in pens will be readily eaten, and will apparently do them more good than the grain. It seems to be especially needed by pigs fed mainly on corn, which is apt to sour on their stomachs and destroy their appetites. Pigs that are kept where they can reach fresh soil will often eat it, and there is no doubt that it is good for them.

It has been asserted that a given amount of food and attention will produce as many pounds of chicken flesh as it will of hog flesh. If so, why cannot farmers make poultry-raising profitable and eat nutritious chicken meat instead of so much bacon? A pound of fowl flesh will produce more physical strength or muscular power than a pound of fat bacon, but there are many people who do not believe it.

By repeated cropping with the same crop soils are more quickly exhausted than where a rotation is practiced. The rotation is also useful in avoiding diseases and insects which attack vegetation. It would appear from recent experiments with electric light upon the growth of plants that this light is capable of replacing sunlight, but whether this can be done economically has not as yet been proved.

Staggers are the result of congestion of the brain, due to overfeeding. Pigs are more often overfed than any other animals, and it is the source of nearly all the diseases to which they are subject. It affects the nerve centres in the brain and spinal cord. Give the pigs no feed at all for forty-eight hours, but only water, then begin feeding very lightly, and give the food in a shallow trough, so that it can be taken up only slowly.

To prevent the work of the borer on peach trees the *Farm and Home* recommends that all the earth around the tree be cleared away for a foot in diameter on each side of the trunk and down to the roots. Kill any borers that may show evidence of being present, and then paint the tree to eight inches above the ground with a mixture composed of three pints fish oil, three pints soft soap, two pounds whale-oil soap, and two pounds sulphur and return the earth to the roots.

The *Magnet* gives the following as an infallible preservation of eggs: "Take a teacupful of salt and lime the size of an egg, and pour boiling water on them. When cold, drain off the liquor and put it on the eggs. If too strong there will be a crust on top; if so, add more water. This is for two gallons of liquor. There is no receipt that beats this, and it can be relied upon. Eggs put down in August and used in April are just as fresh and make just as nice frostings as newly laid ones."

One benefit which the farmer who surrounds his home premises with artificial groves will realize, and which should by no means be lost sight of, is that such groves invite the insect-destroying birds, which are the farmers' best friends, in protecting fruit or other crops from the ravages of destructive insects. It is true that some of them claim a share of the small fruits, but not a larger portion, we think, than they are justly entitled to as remuneration for their work in destroying insects. Then, again, they are so companionable that their presence on the premises is worth a great deal.

FASHIONABLE SLANG.

Its Absurdities Set Forth by an Able Writer.

SILLY SENTENCES RIDICULED.

The late Dean Alford once wrote: "There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang," and we must honestly confess that we agree with him. The good Dean went perhaps too far to the opposite direction in his love for pure and simple Saxon. "Use the easiest words in their commonest meaning," was his motto, and he was almost ready to maintain that though all are not gentlemen by birth, all might become such by modesty of language, by avoiding singularities, and by, in fact, talking as sensible men talk. Without adopting this as a sufficient definition of a gentleman, yet we can cordially agree with the late Dean of Canterbury in his reverence for the Queen's English and his abhorrence of senseless slang. Cant phrases and slang terms have been in use in one shape or another since the Tower of Babel, and it cannot be denied that without them much that is expressive and forcible in our language and in that of other countries would be lost. But then it should be borne in mind that slang is essentially ever changing, and that, unlike the patter of the gipsies and the secret languages of all nations, if it is without point it is utterly valueless. And yet how little can be said for the fashionable slang of to-day! Take, for instance, the word that will come uppermost in most men's thoughts—"awfully." Can anything be more supremely ridiculous than the uses to which this much-abused adverb is just now put in polite and semi-polite society? Everything is "awfully" nice, pretty, jolly or funny, as the case may be. One cannot even render a service to a fairly well-bred woman but she replies, with a smile, "Oh, thanks awfully," or

"HOW AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU."

A more idiotic abuse of the word cannot possibly be imagined. It was Carlyle, if we remember right, who once, vainly attempting to illustrate this, remarked to a young lady who had been beautifully besprinkling her conversation with "awfullys," suddenly remarked what a "——" fine day it was, and when she appeared horrified, gravely pointed out that it was in no respect worse than her silly slang. It seems hardly possible that educated men and women, who would admit of course, that the word "awful" is properly applied to the Deity, can yet fail to see how inappropriate it is when prefixed to every idle phrase. Herein would be well-bred people are at a discount as compared with the costermonger, for his slang, if it is coarse, is to the point, and has a plain and intelligible meaning. In the masher or the dude we do not expect to find brains, and consequently their vapid slang saying may very well pass unnoticed; but that otherwise sensible people should adopt certain foolish phrases because they are fashionable, and should hourly outrage their mother-tongue for no intelligible reason is, we confess, a mystery. Another phrase not quite so objectionable is "Thanks," or, "Thanks, very much," instead of the simple "Thank you." Why should you be thanked very much or very little for some trifling service? The acknowledgment does not surely require superlatives, which can in no possible way increase its value. At the dinner table you are not infrequently asked to "assist" yourself or some one else to beef or mutton. The Yankee slang for the same thing is much more vigorous though not so superfine. A guest in America would probably be asked, "Mr. Brown, sir, do you feel beef?"

There is no doubt that French idioms are very largely drawn upon to furnish English fashionable slang, and it is

RATHER A CURIOUS FACT

that as fast as they come generally into use here, so are they quickly dropped by our polite neighbors. Such words as *tapis*, *beau monde*, *chaperon*, and the like, are never used by Frenchmen in the sense in which we apply them, and we doubt if any other civilized nation has in its vocabulary any word equal to our "arranged," when announcing an approaching marriage in high life. It has become the fashion to make use of it, but it would be difficult to show on what ground its use can be justified or even tolerated. Matrimony reminds us of a flood of silly slang, in which not only engaged couples, but too often man and wife, are weak enough to indulge. "Owndest own," "lovey," "duckey" and "dearey," are not nowadays reserved only for strictly private occasions, when at least they may be indulged in without offending listeners, but they float around you in the drawing-room or the ball-room, and the speakers thrust themselves before you in such a manner as to say, "Don't you envy us cooing doves our beautiful language of love?" As a well-known writer has very justly observed, "A man may as well suck his thumb all his life as talk or allow to be talked to him such drivelling nonsense." Dr. Johnson had a just horror of it, and was never tired of denouncing the practice in society in his day of lugging in French, Italian and Latin phrases, as though our mother tongue was incapable of expressing the extra superfine feelings of the men and women who rejoiced in rouge, powder and ruffles. Another provoking form of slang is "You don't say so," "Dear me," probably derived from the Italian Dio Mio, or "How funny"—remarks which are thrown at you at every interval in conversation, as if they were the most original in the world and bore a strict relation to the subject of discourse. As a matter of fact, they are used partly from a pernicious habit and partly to

HIDE THE NAKEDNESS OF THE LAND

in those who have recourse to them. But perhaps the very worst description of what we suppose we must call fashionable slang, as compared with vulgar idioms, is that indulged in by strictly religious people. An old-fashioned clergyman used to refer to his pulpit as the 'clack loft," and very offensive clack it very often is. The extreme High and the extreme Low Church are the gravest offenders in their use of religious slang, and the phrases in which their followers indulge are, as every one knows, so far removed from anything approaching to piety or reverence as to make the religion they profess to illustrate an easy mark for the scoffer.

The most foolish colloquial craze that ever the fashionable world gave way to is the "utterly utter" rubbish indulged in by the æsthetic school. It is to be hoped that this style will soon be numbered with the things of the past, and that it will only be remembered as exemplifying to what depths of degradation indulgence in slang will lead people. Had not a fashionable theatre marked it for its own, and heaped upon it through "Patience" an avalanche of ridicule, it is possible that the "too too," "consummate" school might be "living up to" their teapots even to the present day. So true it is that there is no folly so great that the "mostly fools," as defined by Carlyle, will not adopt, if only it be fashionable. The sham artistic slang in which Mr. Whistler and his limp crew indulge is so utterly ridiculous as hardly to be worth serious comment. When pictures are catalogued as "Notes," "Harmonies," and "Nocturnes," surely we have

TOUCHED BOTTOM AT LAST.

It is hard to imagine any one out of Bedlam entering a picture gallery to look for a "Variation in violet and grey," a "Note in flesh color and orange," a "Little grey note," a "Caprice in blue and silver," a "Nocturne in grey and gold," and so on. Compared to such twaddle as this, the nurse who says to her little charge, "Will Georgy porgy ride in a coachy poachy?" is a classic. There may be some excuse for the gibberish with which infants are regaled by their elders, although even this form of affectionate slang may be pushed too far, but there is none for the wilful murdering of the Queen's English in which some men and women delight, partly for the vulgar pleasure of gaining notoriety and partly because they think to feel silly, and to be silly, is a sure sign of good breeding. When will society learn that slang to be bearable must be pointed and have a meaning, that unmeaning phrases, or worse, those with an utterly distorted meaning, are as sure a sign of poverty of intellect as they are of a vacant mind? We can excuse a young man at Oxford who speaks of his friend as his "Chappie" or his "Johnny;" of his father as his "Governor" or his "Relieving Officer;" or who tells you he has been "Spierised" when he has been having his hair cut by Spiers in High street. His failing in this way is one perhaps of the least harmful of the follies of youth. But we have nothing but contempt for the grown men and women who wantonly outrage their native tongue that he or she may attract attention as an "awfully jolly" person who hates nothing so much as simplicity, "don't yer know."—*London Evening Standard.*

The King of Color.

It is a curious circumstance that red, the unseen color of so many, is the favorite color and may be called the king color of the normal eye. It was especially so in ancient times. If we examine the Bible we shall find that the Hebrews scarcely ever use color as an epithet, as we do when we say "the blue sky," "the purple hills." The say, indeed, "the Red Sea," but blue is scarcely mentioned as seen in nature, only in the "blue and purple and scarlet" of the tabernacle hangings, or the high priest's robes, or the pavement of the king's palace, of "red and blue and black and white marble," in the Book of Esther. Yellow, excepting as a sign of disease, is mentioned but once or twice: "Her feathers like yellow gold." But red is largely spoken of, as in later times, and perhaps as incorrectly, for we did not invent, we only inherit the expressions, "red gold," "red wine," one of these being merely orange and the other a ruddy purple. "Red hair" is a modern, or rather mediæval, inaccuracy; "red cow" we get from the ancients. These epithets all appear to show a certain fancy for calling things red as the more kingly and costly color.—*Jean Ingelow in Good Words.*

A Unanimous Opinion.

'Twas a glorious night and two loving folks sat upon the cliffside, with the eternal ocean flowing at their feet with a calmness and placidity that were almost appalling. They were looking at the stars above and he turned to his girl and said, tenderly "My darling, I don't understand what you can see in me to love me so." She replied: "That's what everybody says." The silence was greater than ever.—*Tid-Bits.*

The Story of the Primrose.

It is said that the primrose was not Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower at all, and that the story that it was arose from the fact that the Queen sent to grace his coffin a wreath of those flowers with a card bearing the inscription, in her own handwriting, "His favorite flower." But she meant the favorite of her own husband, Prince Albert, not of Beaconsfield.

The voyage from maiden fair to womanhood is often attended with many perils. Mothers should insist upon their daughters being prepared with every means of safety. Universally acknowledged as the reliable "Life-preserver" on this rough sea of uncertainties is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has averted many a disaster. It has rescued many a periled life. This popular remedy is prepared especially for Woman. It is the only remedy of its class old by druggists under a positive guarantee to give satisfaction. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out by the manufacturers for many years.

Plausible, Anyhow.

"What," cried the condemned man as he stood on the scaffold, "what brought me here? What led me step by step to this fell machine of death? Oh, young man, can you not guess?"

"Whiskey?"

"No, sir, the sheriff."—*Lincoln Journal.*

President Cleveland confesses that once in his life he has been envious. J. P. Bass, of Bangor, sent a big Penobscot salmon to the White House a little while ago, and the President, in acknowledging the remembrance, has written: "I suppose I ought not to ask more than the opportunity you have offered me of capturing my share of the fish when served and upon the table, but I am mean enough to envy the man who caught it." Exalted honors have not abated that old-time love of fishing.

Governor Bob Taylor having been renominated, Tennessee is looking forward to another campaign of song-singing and fiddling.

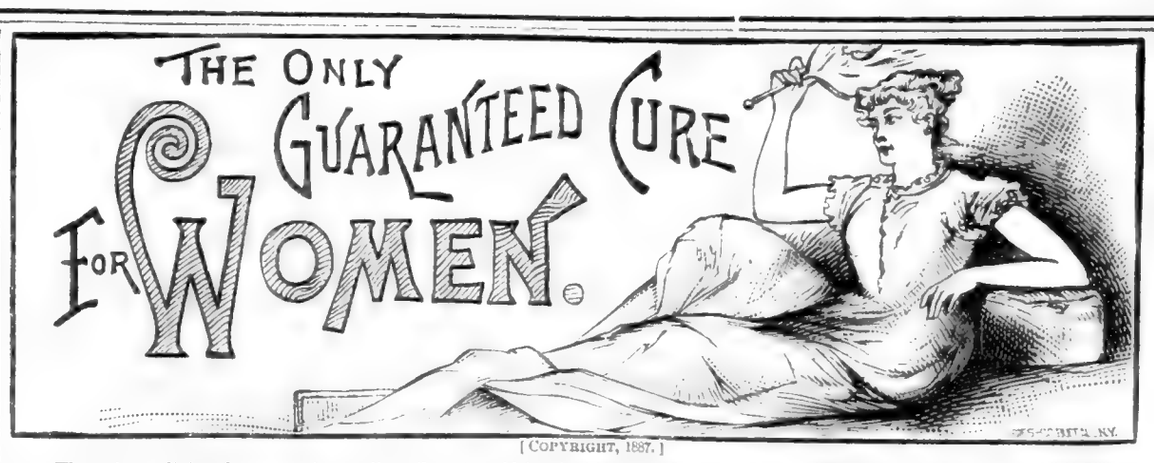

[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

The only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded, is DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

A BOON TO WOMEN. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

A POWERFUL TONIC. **As a powerful, invigorating tonic,** it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

A SOOTHING NERVINE. **As a soothing and strengthening nervine,** "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

A MOTHER'S CORDIAL. **In pregnancy,** "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. It is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

CURES THE WORST CASES. **"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

FOR THE KIDNEYS. **"Favorite Prescription,"** when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering [illegible] better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper [illegible] Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, *directed to the cause*, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling the distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. MRS. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room to me. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA. MRS. ED. M. CAMPBELL, of *Oakland, California*, writes: "I had been troubled all my life with hysterical attacks and paroxysms, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of severe headache, but since I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' I have had none of these. I also had womb complaint so bad that I could not walk two blocks without the most severe pain, but before I had taken your 'Favorite Prescription' two months, I could walk all over the city without inconvenience. All my troubles seem to be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I now feel smarter than for years before. My physicians told me that I could not be cured, and therefore you will please accept my everlasting thanks for what you have done for me, and may God bless you in your good work."

Later, she writes: "It is now four years since I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have had no return of the female trouble I had then."

Retroverted Womb.—MRS. EVA KOHLER, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.*, writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Doctors Failed.—MRS. F. CORWIN, of *Post Creek, N. Y.*, writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Purgative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

Well as I Ever Was.—MRS. JOHN STEWART, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.*, writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work: am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

☞ *Favorite Prescription is Sold by Druggists the World Over! Large Bottles $1.00, Six for $5.00.*

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages, paper covers) on Diseases of Women.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Some School Studies.

A teacher had a small class in easy physiology. They had several lessons on the ear, and had been thoroughly drilled on the names and uses of all its parts, so that when some visitors dropped in the teacher was glad it happened to be the hour for this class to recite. After asking several questions and receiving prompt and correct answers, she said: "What is the name of the canal in the ear?" The child hesitated a moment and then spoke up loud and plain: "The Erie canal." Another teacher asked one of her scholars the meaning of the word "vicissitude." "Change," was the reply. "That's right," said the teacher, "now give me a sentence with the word vicissitude in it." "My mother sent me to the store to vicissitude a dollar bill."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sure Pop.

Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain king, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. 10 and 25 c. a bottle.

Danger of Familiarity.

A young man ought not to propose too gracefully. If he does the girl may get the idea that he has had more practice than she deems desirable.—*San Bernardino Index.*

Detectives Wanted,

to ferret out and discover, if they can, a single case where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been used for torpid liver, indigestion, impure blood, or consumption in its early stages, without giving immediate and permanent relief; provided, of course, that the directions have been reasonably well followed.

London's Great Growth.

The growth of London, England, is something marvellous. A recent article in *Chambers' Journal* states that within the metropolitan police district, an area of 688 square miles, exclusive of the city proper, there is a population of 5,360,000, that the number of police is 13,800 and that during the year 1886 12,252 new houses were built, making twenty-nine miles of new streets.

A Partridge With the Chickens.

A few days since a partridge domiciled herself among Joseph Humphrey's chickens, being the fourth that has done the same thing within a few weeks.—*Dansville, N.Y., Advertiser.*

Mummies Made to Order.

A gentleman who has just returned from an extended foreign tour was asked yesterday why he had not brought home from Egypt, among other curios, a mummy. He said there was a great deal of fraud in the mummy business. Persons purchasing mummies, of course, like to get them as well preserved and natural-looking as possible, and these are found generally in a more or less dilapidated condition, venders having engaged in the manufacture of bogus mummies. They bargain with tramps, beggars and such people for their defunct carcasses, paying therefor a sum sufficient to make their remaining days short and sweet. These fellows are preserved and pickled and then smoked till they are good imitations of the genuine mummy. Whole rows of these articles can be seen in smoke-houses at once. When sufficiently dry they are wrapped in mummy-cloth and sold, to Americans chiefly, bringing a high price.—*Portland Oregonian.*

What Ails You?

Do you have obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges from head and throat, sometimes profuse, arid and watery, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; dull, heavy headache most of the time, with occasional "splitting headaches"; are your eyes weak, watery, or inflamed; is there ringing in the ears, with more or less deafness; do you have to hack, cough and gag in your efforts to clear your throat in the morning; do you expectorate offensive matter, scabs from ulcers, perhaps tinged with blood; is your voice changed and is there a "nasal twang" to it; is your breath offensive; are your senses of taste and smell impaired? If you have all or any considerable number of these symptoms you are suffering from that most common and dangerous of maladies—chronic nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, which is sold by druggists at only 50 cents, will cure it. The manufacturers of this wonderful remedy offer, in good faith, $500 for a case of this disease they cannot cure.

For All Seasons.

Countryman to furniture dealer—I want to get a bed an' a mattress.

Dealer—Yes, sir; spring bed and spring mattress, I s'pose, sir?

Countryman—No; I want that kind that kin be used all the year around.

Altogether Too Cheap.

"A woman at Dayton, O.," says an exchange, "offers to send any one fourteen rules for selecting a wife for 25c. Who wants a wife for 25 cents?"

Jokes from the Schools.

QUEEN BESS' PATTERN.

"What do you know about Sir Humphrey Gilbert?" asked a teacher history.

Silence for some minutes.

At last a girl blurted out: "I know! Sir Humphrey was the man who obtained a pattern from Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of settling America."

ABOUT MARY'S POCKET.

A teacher was talking to her A B C class about little Mary's pocket, which had a hole in it. "Why," said she, "pockets with holes in them are of no use."

"Yes, they are," said a little boy, "for she couldn't get her hand in 'thout no hole!"

Prepared For the Enemy.

Incensed citizen (entering sanctum with horse-whip)—"Be you the editor of this here paper?" Editor—"Hist! no, I am not! I am an anarchist, waiting for him with this dynamite bomb." (I. C. vanishes).—*Puck.*

D C N L. 25 88.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND **TRADERS** generally.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1888.

OUR EDITOR.

By the time this issue of the ADVANCE gets into the sunshine our esteemed Editor will be home again. Voicing very many of its readers this article is to say welcome home to him. In this word there may possibly be a few readers who do not heartily join for the simple reason that a newspaper is to them a newspaper and it is nothing more. They never reflect for a moment on the mind and heart and energy that it takes to run a weekly journal on really respectable lines. They regard it as a mere automatic production. They pay for it just as they pay for a day's work by an unskilled laborer. With the majority of the ADVANCE readers it is happily otherwise. When its Editor addresses them as "beloved readers" he touches a sympathetic chord that responds in the tone of *true, quiet, growing appreciation.*

We are glad that our Editor was sent to conference. The choice was well made. If it is an honor to go he deserved it, if a duty he was well qualified to perform it. We rejoice, too, that he has been able to take his annual holiday. The enjoyment thereof was honestly earned and his readers will all be benefitted; for he will return to his work reinterested, rested and recuperated.

We need to use Greek lenses to discover the full significance of that word Editor. It simply means builder. And it does not need any classical culture, but only common sense to perceive that a true Editor is in the truest sense a builder. He builds idea upon idea, fact upon fact, column upon column, issue upon issue and volume upon volume until a living pyramid is reared.

An Editor builds the out look tower. For their own protection the ancients built a city wall and on that wall a tower and in that tower a watchman lived, and from the humming hive below he still heard the call "watchman what of the night." City walls are now the relics of bygone days. Material defences are rather out of date. "The pen is mightier than the sword." Our city wall is civilization, our watchman is an Editor. Through days of glad sunshine we consult him and through nights of long depression we still raise the cry "watchman what of the night?"

The Editor builds largely the meat of commerce. By his clear set, well arranged advertisements he keeps an ever open market in good order. He benefits buyer and seller alike by introducing them to each other. He saves the time, strength and money of his readers by telling them how, where, when and what to buy. An Editor does much toward building the general character of his constituency. Complaining, comparing, suggesting, unmasking abuses and upholding ideals he can and does exert an influence of which few men are fully aware.

For over seven years our Editor has been building in our midst making his own brick and finding his own straw. He is a better workman and has better tools now than ever before. The example of continuity set by him is certainly a good stone in our social edifice. Our district does not want men of the mosquito tribe who come only when the weather is fine and buz and bite and disappear. It wants men that will take root and live and grow and hold on through storm and sunshine.

Let our Editor know that we appreciate him. If we speak a complaint sometimes it is not from murmuring or dissatisfaction but only from a desire to see him attain to all the good there is in him and exert all the influence of which he is capable. Perhaps he gives offence sometimes, but we know he never does so intentionally and is ever the first to grieve if anyones feelings are hurt. Perhaps on some occasions he uses complimentary adjectives a little extravagantly; but then of course he knows that Editors oil is often more effectual than printers ink. We miss him. His block of property looks desolate. As is the body when the spirit is gone such is the house when the family is away. Will the Editor, his wife and daughter accept our congratulations and believe that he is really welcomed home again by his

NUMEROUS READERS.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

One night last week a man from the neighborhood of Epping, who had indulged rather freely in wine-bibbing conviviality, started for home rather late, and having crossed the bridge and proceeded a short distance beyond, lost his way and managed to break his rig. Being now unable to proceed farther, he secured his horses, lay down and spent the night on the roadside. Next day he returned and having got sundry repairs done, started for home again about noon. I think this should be a lesson to him and that he should try and profit by it in future.

Rev. J. S. Corcoran and Mr. Sheardown attended Methodist conference at Guelph.

Mr. Sydney Smith's horses ran away one evening lately. The waggon was wrecked, but, fortunately, no further damage was done.

Mr. J. B. Sloan is busily engaged cutting shingles.

The Union Sunday School intend holding their annual picnic on Tuesday, June 26th. Concert in the evening.

Mrs. Sloan, widow of the late Mr. Jas. Sloan, is rusticating at Mr. J. B. Sloan's.

LOC.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. R. Douglass is building a frame barn this summer. The frame was raised on the 2nd inst., Messrs. W. J. Cooey and R. Shaw being captains. Cooey's men claimed the victory.

Mr. G. Bowles is also having a barn built. His raising came off on the 6th inst., with the above gentlemen acting as captains. Cooey's men were beaten. Mr. Wm. Cooper is the builder in both cases.

A base ball club has been organized here. The members meet for practice on Saturday evenings.

On dit: It has leaked out that there will soon be another wedding at or near Vandeleur. Name of parties most interested witheld for the present.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and call for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Rakes, Waggons, Buggies, Sleighs, Cutters, Fanning Mills, Spring Tooth Cultivators, Grain Drills, Broad-cut Seeders, Spring Tooth Harrows, Iron Harrows, Two-Furrow Gang Plow, Plows, Scufflers, Turnip Drills, Land Rollers.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill; now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.,

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 50 to	4 50
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 45	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 12	0 12
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

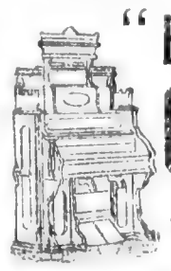

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FLESHERTON

HEARD'S Carriage Works,

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

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Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

Price - - $3.

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THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a digusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2. Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

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THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies Belt $2 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, manhood, night's emissions, Etc. **The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts.** Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. **Hundreds of Testimonials on file** from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and limbs, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatic disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder, sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma, heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation, erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 20th, 1887.

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DISEASES OF MAN.

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THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

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Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, restlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

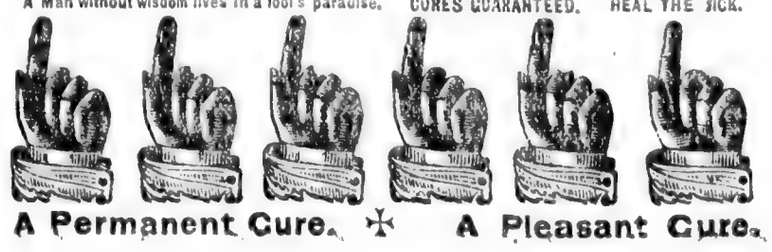

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

Removed! GONE OFF! Vamoosed!

D. Clayton's

— WELL-KNOWN —

HARNESS — SHOP!

Has been removed to the stand lately occupied by Mr. John Gordon in Richardson's Block, Sydenham street, Flesherton.

Crash, Bang!

Having bought Mr. Gordon's stock at a great reduction, the public may look out for

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS.

Stock must positively be cleared right out to make room. Come along and we will quote prices that will open your eyes.

WHIPS!

The finest stock ever seen in Flesherton, and at prices which must suit everybody. From 10 cents up.

Everything usually found in a first-class establishment you may count on getting at

CLAYTON'S Harness Shop

and at prices which must satisfy even the closest buyers that no better value can be obtained anywhere.

Soliciting your patronage, I remain,

Yours truly,

D. CLAYTON.

Flesherton, June 5th, 1888.

STACKS OF Furniture

— AT —

MOORE'S

Furniture Warerooms,

FLESHERTON.

—COME AND GET—

BARGAINS

BARGAINS

The stock is well assorted throughout and quality and prices right. Everybody welcome.

Come Right Along!

We mean Business and do Business in a Business-like manner every time.

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT

complete in every respect. Calls attended to day and night.

J. E. MOORE.

June 5th, 1888.

Muddy Valley.

Correspondence of The Advance.

We had a heavy rain here which was much needed.

Mr. James T. Wilson who had his barn burnt two weeks ago is going to erect a new one with stone foundation like a true farmer would do. He has let the framing to A. McLeod and the stonework to the Acles Bros., all who are considered good workmen.

There was a regular field fight took place at the east end of Muddy Valley a few days ago in which there was one seriously wounded and another slightly with stones, as that was their principal weapon. When they came to close quarters they used their fists, but there was not much scientific boxing done but they fought bravely. One of the combatants made a kick at his assailant but being a little near sighted he did not judge the distance very well, therefore he missed his mark and the ponderous boot went up until the stiffness of the hip would not allow it to go any further and the sudden shock knocked himself down. If John L. Sullivan ever comes around this way we will match one of our pugilists with him if he will fight according to the Proton prize ring rules. It is to be hoped they will conduct themselves better in the future as I do not wish to write any more on a subject like this as it is confusing to the intellect.

Mr. Tridham, cattle buyer, of Harriston, and his wife was up on a visit at Mr. Blakeston's.

Mr. Farquer McKinnon, of Clinburgh, is up visiting his sister who lives at John McDonalds. We hope he will have a pleasant time as he intends remaining here two or three weeks.

Mr. Alex. McDonald has been ailing for some time with a lame back. We are glad to hear he is able to work again.

There was some talk of the mormons putting in their apperance again at Joe Campbell's, their old stand, but they did not come. We think they won't trouble themselves any more with the poor sinners in this settlement.

Miss Margaret Nickel, of Mount Forest, was visiting at Mr. Blakeston's.

EYEHOLDER.

If you want a good Watch at a low price, now is the time to call at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

Eugenia has been favored with a few visiters lately who come to visit friends and admire the scenery around the hills.

Mr. Valentine Day and Mrs. Day of Mariposa, have been spending a few days at Mr. Samuel Perkins, at Summer Hill. They admire this part of the country.

Mr. J. W. [illegible] has been [illegible] farmers is free.

[illegible] and Mrs. Brown [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] and some Lochiel [illegible] at Mr. James H. Stoneman's. They had a good time, going to Cedar Creek, viewing the scenery around Eugenia. There is any quantity of the beautiful snow lying in the caves yet. Any one wanting to get a snow ball in June can find one there.

Fishing is the order of the day in the Beaver River. Around Eugenia at present the fish stories are wonderful. They say the trout if they are not

JAY SEVAL.

Priceville Pointers.

[illegible]

Our energetic police school trustees have erected a fine, substantial six foot fence around the spacious school grounds here. Now is the time to further beautify the grounds by planting evergreens, &c.

Our respected townsman, Mr. D. McLean, has built for himself a nice, snug residence up on the "heights." Mr. McLean is widely known, both for his good fitting boots and his amusing and instructive addresses on the public platform. Long may you live, friend McLean!

We notice the increasing demand for that good bread Al. Watson makes.

G. W. Tryon is rushing the meat business. He keeps a salesman on the road every day.

Mr. T. Ferguson is highly commended for his thorough-bred stock. The sire animals of his Durham cattle, Berkshire swine and fine wool sheep are good.

Mr. W. Watson, sr., is in Owen Sound this week on the Grand Jury.

Mrs. J. C. McInnes, of Cheboygan Mich., is visiting friends here.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

DEALER IN

STOVES, AND ALL KINDS Tinware,

Eavestroughing - a - Specialty.

SHOP—RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage as I am prepared to please,

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

WANTED.

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO sell our choice varieties of Nursery Stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones, upright and honest, are the ones we are looking for. Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen,
Rochester, N. Y.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Menshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

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J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and P. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
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W. J. BELLAMY,
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA,
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE ACT, &c.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Collector and Money Lender. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn on the shortest notice. Valuations made on shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Apply to R. J. SPROUL, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Miscellaneous.

The Thoroughbred

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot [illegible] 1 mile south of Markdale and 4 miles from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to have their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS, $1 per cow. Reduction to parties according to number of cows to be sent. Good pasture and water.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY. OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing their long adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-5a

THE QUEEN'S BALL.

Magnificent Costumes Displayed by Titled Ladies at the Latest State Gathering.

A London cable says: The first state ball of the season last evening was numerously attended. In the absence of the Queen the Prince and Princess of Wales received the guests. The dresses in the large and stately apartments of the fine old palace were seen to the best possible advantage. Myriads of lights were reflected with wonderful effect from many mirrors and a profusion of flowers arranged in banks and masses formed a delightful foreground to a miniature forest of trees, ferns, palms and tall plants with varied and vivid hued foliage. As for the dancers, they looked like a fairy kaleidoscope, in which all the beautiful pieces kept up measure and rhythmical motion, each bright and delicate color identifying itself with a human form and face. Only in the pauses of the dances could the details of dress be observed.

Among the grand display of toilets I mention two. The Marchioness of Lansdowne, who made her re-entree in London society, wore a broadly striped silk and satin of pure gleaming white, rendered still more effective by having a silk stripe subtly interwoven with glittering silver, which shone like diamond dust scattered over snow. The front of the gown was a soft mass of white mousseline de chiffon, cut out at the edges and embroidered with white silk. The embroidery was cleverly arranged so as to fall at the edge of the skirt over a thick ruche of cut out white silk, and to form a fascinating coquille up the left side. The bodice was of striped material, the berthe being of mousseline de chiffon, which goes into clinging and incomparably soft and becoming folds.

Lady Mandeville wore a dress of bright daffodil yellow satin and tulle. It was most effectively trimmed with antique gold lace, dotted over with tiny glittering spangles of polished gold. It was observed that diamonds were more worn than pearls. Jewels have come into fashion again this year. Many dress bodices were dotted over the front with diamond clasps, star and other devices. Diamond necklaces, pendants, bracelets, and tiaras were numerous and in several cases sprays and single stones held in position the folds of the drapery of skirts, more especially where lace was used. There was much latitude in the matter of sleeves, some consisting of a knot of ribbon and a rosebud, while others were compose d of lace tulle or lisse. Pearl and bead trimmings were lavishly used on both skirts and bodices, but galloons of gold or silver guaze were even more largely introduced as trimmings.

The Grand Duchess Valdimir gave a ball at St. Petersburg to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the birthday of the Czarevitch, at which all the ladies appeared in white and all the gentlemen in red. The Empress was in white satin embroidered in gold and she literally blazed with diamonds from head to foot. Most of the company wore fancy dresses, the hostess being arrayed in a picturesque English costume of the time of Queen Elizabeth with a profusion of diamonds and pearls. There were also some magnificent Eastern costumes.

SENSATION AT LOUISVILLE.

Temperance Apostle Murphy's Son John Elopes with a Society Belle.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: Society here is stirred by the elopement Tuesday night of one of its gayest and prettiest girls with John Murphy, the 21-year-old son of Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer. The lady is Miss Lucy, second daughter of Lawrence Richardson, President of the old Kentucky Woolen Mills, and one of Louisville's wealthiest citizens. She is 19 years old and her debut fourteen months ago was all that wealth lavished upon youth and beauty could make it. She became acquainted with Murphy during the recent temperance meetings here and within a month they were engaged. Francis Murphy arrived here on Monday on his way home to Pittsburg, and stopped over a day at the Galt House. That night Miss Richardson took tea with a friend at the hotel and met her affianced, apparently by chance. By arrangements then made they went to Jacksonville on Tuesday night and were married. When the Richardsons heard of it, to avoid talk, the young couple were taken in hand by the bride's brother and remarried by the Rev. C. R. Hemphill, pastor of her father's church. They left at once for a trip east. Francis Murphy says he knew of the engagement and thought Mr. Richardson consented. He himself was strongly opposed to the marriage now, because the young man had no settled business. Neither he nor his wife was present at either ceremony.

A Twin Party.

A novelty in the way of entertainments was a twin party, which was given in St. Louis one evening last week. It was a gathering of twins, old and young, to enjoy themselves. It was devised by the Morrill twins, young men of 21, the sons of a former Baptist clergyman of St. Louis, and who are to enter the Theological School at Rochester this week. There were fourteen pairs present. A musical and literary programme of exercises was rendered exclusively by twins, but one of the most interesting features was the recital of anecdotes regarding the confusion and mistakes that have been caused by the similarity of twins.

The Bride's Name was Anna!

I heard a lovely story the other day of a wedding which took place in South Africa. The bride's little Sunday school scholars came to witness the ceremony, and clustered around the door to witness the arrival of the guests. When the bride's mother arrived, resplendent in satin and lace, they evidently thought that some demonstration was due from them, and summoning to their aid their courage and their Bible teaching, they gave a big shout of "Hosanna! Hosanna!" I am afraid they failed to perceive why they were promptly suppressed.—*London Figaro.*

A Loss to History.

The recent fire at the office of the Aberdeen *Journal* was most disastrous, as the files for more than one hundred years were destroyed, and they contained a complete chronicle of all the events that have occurred in Scotland during that period. The first volume contained a long "personal narrative" of the rebellion of 1745-6.

DARING TRAIN ROBBERS.

Desperate Fight Between Thieves and Train Men—Two of the Railway Men Fatally Injured.

A Cincinnati despatch says: At 11 o'clock last night a daring attempt was made to rob the "Big four" train which left Indianapolis early in the evening. The train stopped at Delhi, a small station about eight miles from here, and when about a mile further on its way and running quite slowly five men jumped on board. Three of them boarded the baggage car and two entered the cab of the locomotive. The baggagemaster, Joseph Kitcham, tried to eject them. The three men jumped upon him, but he fought to save the valuables in the car. Suddenly there were five shots and Ketcham fell to the floor of the car. In the cab of the engine the two other robbers were meantime battling with Engineer James Boyd and his fireman, who were trying to compel them to jump off. There was a pitched battle, in which the robbers were beaten off the engine. Conductor Wm. Lefer was also attacked by the ruffians. He rushed into the baggage car just as the robbers were preparing to rifle the car. There was another fight, in which the robbers were put off the train. The engineer had by this time stopped the train. On arrival here Conductor Lefer notified the police.

At midnight a special train was made up and twenty-five men in charge of Chief Gill went to the scene of the robbery. The citizens of Delhi, armed with all kinds of weapons, are searching the woods for the desperadoes. At 12.30 Sheriff Scott and a posse of men left for Delhi. When the train arrived in this city Dr. Muscraft was on hand and examined Ketcham. He is shot twice in the stomach and once in the back of the head. He cannot live. Engineer Boyd is also seriously injured. The back of his head was beat into a pulp with the butt end of a revolver. It is feared he cannot recover.

H. J. Zimmerman, the express messenger, says the men were expert robbers. He says their pistols were of large calibre, and that they seemed cool and courageous. The appearance of the baggage car indicates a desperate struggle between Ketcham and his three assailants. His lantern was smashed and he had evidently fought courageously. The railway company will offer a large reward for the arrest of the robbers. There was only $1,000 in express packages on the train, and the robbers could have no particular motive except the general robbery of the passengers and train men.

Latest Scotch News.

General Gordon's statue is to stand in front of Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen.

The only towns in Scotland to which the title of city is now generally given are Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth and Aberdeen.

The Queen has expressed her intention to visit the Glasgow Exhibition soon, provided her other arrangements will permit.

Rev. Principal Rainy, of Edinburgh, was on the 24th ult. presented at Inverness Free Assembly with a testimonial amounting to upwards of £5,000.

The grand total for the sixteen days up to May 25th, during which the Glasgow Exhibition has been open, 588,469 have visited it, or an average of 36,779 per day.

When the Queen arrived at Ballater on the 22nd ult., *en route* for Balmoral, the station was laid with crimson cloth, and the public were excluded from the building.

An exhibition has been held in London, under the patronage of the Countess of Aberdeen, with the object of bringing Shetland wool under public notice.

Lord Rosebery's visit to Inverness has been fixed for the 14th of June, and it is understood that he will proceed to Wick on the folowing day to receive the freedom of the burgh.

A committee has been formed to prosecute the erection of a memorial tablet over the grave in the Grange Cemetery of the late Mr. James Smith, of Edinburgh, the author of "Wee Joukydaidles."

Mr. Donnelly, artist, has received a commission from Sir James King to paint the scene at the Central Station, Glasgow, when, on the arrival of the Princess of Wales, Lady King presented a bouquet to the Princess.

Mr. Thomas H. Cox, who promised to endow a chair of anatomy in University College, in connection with the proposed establishment of a medical school in Dundee, has given £600 in addition to the £12,000 formerly intimated.

The Earl of Aberdeen has sent three important family portraits to the Exhibition which is to be opened at Melbourne. They are all by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and they are the portraits of the fourth Earl, of his Countess, the Lady Anne Douglas, and of Viscount Melville.

Colonel J. Macdonald Leith, C.B., died on the 22nd ult. at Gibraltar. A native of Edinburgh, he had served thirty-one years with the 79th Highlanders, and commanded that regiment during the Egyptian campaign and the Nile expedition.

Rev. Donald Cook, in Dundee Presbytery, while declaring himself against pecuniary compensation to the publicans, suggested that there ought to be a time compensation. He would give a fair limit of years, five or ten, in which to wind up the concern and realize the goodwill.

A Remarkable Voyage.

A San Francisco, Cal., despatch says: The British bark Balaklava arrived yesterday from London after a remarkably long voyage of one year and seventy four days. Her misfortunes were many. There is not a sailor aboard who shipped on her from England. Ten sailors were washed overboard and drowned in a storm off Cape Horn. While at Valparaiso for repairs the remainder of the crew deserted. The bark was again caught in a storm after leaving the port and lost two more men.

Not So Very Sudden After All.

Miss Gladys—You appeared very abruptly with your errand a while ago. You must not come so suddenly into the room when Mr. Smithers is spending the evening with me. Bridget—Sudden! And is it suddenly ye call it, and me at the kayhole a full three-quarters of an hour!—*Harper's Bazar*

If a man sued for breach of promise were to set up the defence of temporary insanity he would certainly prove his case by reference to his old love letters.

THE COACHMAN AGAIN.

Another Young Heiress Marries Her Groom.

On a recent morning a cab stopped at Brown's Bar, Leamington, and a highly dressed woman of 25, carrying a bunch of gardenais and maidenhair fern, accompanied by a groom, stepped out and walked to the office of the Superintendent Registrar of Marriages, where they were "made one" by special license. The bridegroom signed himself James Albert Levey, groom, Cubbington, and the bride described herself as the daughter of Hanbury Williams, a large landed proprietor at Abergavenny.

Mr. Williams visited Leamington to find to his dismay that he was too late to prevent the wedding. He discovered some time ago that his daughter (who was an heiress in her own right) was unusually fond of her groom. Levey had been in his employ for about twelve months, and apparently won the affections of his mistress in a very short time, for love passages had been noticed betwen them for six or seven months. To separate the two and put an end, as he thought, to the affair, Mr. Williams sent his daughter to some relatives in Devonshire. It does not appear that he told his relatives the story of his daughter's love-making.

Almost as soon as Levey found out that his sweetheart had been removed he received a letter from her informing him of her whereabouts, and suggesting a plan of campaign. Levey left Abergavenny and presented himself to the lady's relatives as a cousin of Miss Williams. They suspected nothing and allowed the lovers full liberty. An elopement was then arranged. Levey paid a quiet visit to the house; Miss Williams threw her portmanteau to him from the window and then joined him, and took the first train to Leamington,

The bride owns a large estate in North Wales and inherits a good sum in the funds. Levey is a dapper young man, about 20 years of age, and nearly two inches shorter than his wife.—*Manchester Courier.*

Latest from Ireland.

There is alarming and widespread increase in measles epidemic at Skibbereen. Whole families are stricken down.

Mr. Charles Handcock, cousin of Lord Castlemain, of Moigdrum Castle, Athlone, was killed on the night of the 25th ult., by being thrown from his car.

The Lord-Lieutenant on the 22nd ult. unveiled a portrait of the Queen in the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin. The picture is a memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

T. Lydon, merchant, Kilkelly, has been sentenced to a month's hard labor for intimidating and interfering with the tolls and customs of Kilkelly on fair day, the 2nd inst.

The Land Sub-Commissioners gave judgment on the 19th ult. at Limerick in 65 cases in which tenants have applied to have judicial rents fixed, the reductions ranging from 15 to 50 per cent., and averaging 33 per cent.

As two gentlemen from London were ascending Mourne Mountain, county Down, on the 23rd ult, one of them, named Davis, fell a distance of thirty feet over a precipice and was picked up in an unconscious state. He is in a critical condition.

A very painful tragedy occurred on the 26th ult. on the Clare coast. While a farmer named Lynch and his son and daughter, and another farmer named O'Dea and his son, were gathering seaweed on the shore, a great tidal wave rushed upon them and carried them away.

On the 19th ult. a daring bank robbery was committed in Dublin. Mr. Douglas, a city merchant, was about to lodge a deposit at the Royal Bank in notes and gold, when he was asked, by one of two men standing by, the way to the Hibernian Bank. He directed the men to the locality, and turning round, missed the large sum he had placed on the counter. He immediately gave the alarm, but the thief had escaped.

One of the Pests of India.

I watched a child of about 2 and a half years enjoying a crust of bread. There was about it a swarm of flies, and I do not exaggerate when I say two or three dozen were on its face at one time in patches as big as a half dollar, about the eyes and mouth. It would screw up its eyes when they threatened to go in. I thought some must have gone into its mouth with the bread. It did not seem at all annoyed. I saw a sleeping child on the street whose face was almost black with the insects. It smiled as if angels were whispering in its ears. I have seen men talking pleasantly together while a dozen flies would be promenading about their faces, apparently unnoticed by the owners of the faces. I asked a man how he could stand it. "Mashallah! They don't bother me," was the reply. This has made the fly bold, and he seems unable to understand what a foreigner means when he tries to drive him off. He has, too, remarkable prehensile claws, and keeps them keen and sharp when taking constitutional walks over European countenances. It was probably the knowledge of this quality which made these people pronounce it bad luck to drive them off. They found it best to educate the masses to bear the infliction and get used to it. Nearly all the religious and semi-religious prohibitions and usages of the people of the world probably had their origin in some material benefit. The cow was hard to raise in India. The cow was most necessary, so the wise priesthood made her sacred and thus preserved her. Hogs' flesh was subject to diseases in Egypt and Syria, so the hog was made religiously unclean and infested with devils.—*Carter Harrison in the Chicago Mail.*

Not Home Yet.

Mrs. Christopher Cross—This is a pretty time of night for you to come home! Mr. Chris, Cross—Sh'm, dear! Ain't come home yet. Jes' called t'shay y'needn't sit up f' me to-night.

On All Fools' Day a New Orleans newspaper printed a detailed and interesting account of a remarkable pocket telephone that had been invented by a young electrician in that city. The article, although written entirely as a joke, found its way as serious matter into the columns of several highly respectable scientific journals, and a number of wealthy corporatians wrote to agents in the city authorizing them to begin negotiations for the purchase of the invention.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Concerts in Bridal and Other Costumes of the Day.

EXPEDIENTS FOR PRESERVING BEAUTY.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

How to Keep a Pretty Mouth.

Red lips are the announcement of good health and good health is the fashion. Women who have very determined wills frequently get into the bad habit of drawing their lips together in a way they think expresses determination; the lips are very pliable and naturally assume the position which is oftenest given to them, so she who feels on pleasant terms with the world at large, who makes it a point only to say pleasant things, will have about her mouth that something that the French call riante—the look that tells of a laugh without the sound, and a smile that is not a smirk. With all his gallantry it took a Frenchman to say this: "To be beautiful a woman must not talk much or she will contract her mouth in an unbecoming manner."

Beauty in Wedding Costumes.

At a recent wedding the wedding gown was of pale tilleul, softened into a lovely shade by the large white tulle veil which covered the bride from head to foot. The bridesmaids wore costumes of white Corah silk, trimmed with pale green ribbon mixed with dark green velvet, and their hats were of drawn white silk, turned up with the velvet, and trimmed with a few loops of pale green ribbon arranged among a cluster of white lilac. Several youthful brides' gowns, intended for wear in June, have been made of white muslin and lace, with short train of rich satin or silk, arranged as a sash, in the full width of the material. But, as a rule, they are of extremely rich silken fabric, very long, and often elaborately trimmed with lace or with drapery of silk crepe or fancy gauze.

Paris Summer Styles.

A cablegram from Paris says: The latest fashion for bridal dresses is a canova robe, plain straight princess dress of white moire. The front breadth is open up to the waist and the satin or tulle jupe is either a mass of lace, rouge and myrtle blossoms or silver and pearl embroidery. In any case the petticoat must not be seen. It must only be suspended. With these plain robes real lace veils are considered to be proper, and diamond pins are used even here where simplicity is observed on this eventful day.

Flannel dresses are coming out again this season. At a garden party given this week by the Princess De Sagan she wore a white, orange and blue striped flannel over a lace petticoat. The outside cost but a few francs, but the jupe was a dream of Irish point. Lawn tennis was the attraction of the day, and this toilet was for that game.

Short, plain skirts with slight drapery are worn with half-fitting jackets open in front. Under these is the foulard or surah chemisette. A more serviceable fashion was never invented. Plain straw hats, with large windmill bows, complete this sensible outfit.

Tosca cane sunshades are beginning to appear here, with less admiration than in London, however, although entirely of French directoire creation. They require a tall, slight figure, and the Parisienne rarely makes a serious mistake in the adoption of a style. Bernhardt has a willowy figure. Moreover, her cane, with its large cross piece Saxon handle, was at once laid aside in the first act. It was merely a suggestion in the picture. She did not attempt to walk about town or to go shopping with it.

Silly Souls.

The latest for the tennis young man is a bracelet. Trousered simpletons have worn the bangle ever since it came in, but the hand bracelet is as new as the Sutro road. Some favored woman is supposed to lock it on some favored man's arm.—*San Francisco Report.*

The Bath as a Beautifier.

The dread of a dark woman is sallowness if her skin is fair, and greasy coarseness if brunette. Oh, the work and care it is to keep such a woman in training, or she shows the complexion of a cook and a thirty inch waist in a summer. The cure for sallowness is open air, coarse bread and sunshine. For coarseness it is the bread and wheat with plenty of bathing—scrubbing with soap and water twice a week at very least, and underwear changed throughout as often as one bathes. Much is to be said about this changing of body wear, which is next to bathing in importance. I have seen dainty women toss aside cambric and lace, soiled with once wearing in street dust, while they wore the same body suit of cashmere or cotton, by night and day the week through, saturated with the insensible wastes of the skin. If they bathed mid-week the same vest went on again, to return its odors and fluids to the clean, open skin. A clean man or woman should air the person and the inner wear every evening and morning, if the room is warm as it ought to be, or else change undervest and drawers twice or thrice a week. This change and two baths a week are better than daily bathing without it. Perhaps, no change in living shows sooner in the improvement of the complexion. The rough, red, pimply face of youth yields at once to coarse diet, hot soap and water baths and frequent clean undershirts.

"Four Wives the Limit" in Egypt.

Polygamy is in practice everywhere in Egypt. Four wives are the limit. When the man becomes tired of one wife he casts her off and buys another. The four favorites are often seen riding together on a two-wheeled cart, and the poor cast-off creature, barefooted and but half clad, with head uncovered (chastity no longer protected), walking in the rear to serve the younger wives. "Four," say they, "Mohammed taught is all that they can love at one time." The woman has no choice. The man and the father of the woman consummate the contract, and at midnight she is carried to his "harem," not knowing who it is till she enters the den, in which every vestige of womanhood is hopelessly destroyed. Girls marry at 11 years of age, *i. e.*, are sold as wives at that early age, but are then at maturity. Boys are educated in the public schools, girls never. Girls of 11 to 15 years of age are sold to men from 40 to 50 and sometimes upward. They think it is their fate. "It was so to be." It was always so, they are told, and seeing the same state of affairs all about them they cannot feel their degradation as would a woman of a civilized country. Their husbands can beat them, divorce them and still retain and enslave them, and they have no recourse to law nor pity through mercy. Women here work in the fields, carry wood, manure and water; they chop, grub, plough, reap, gather stones for walls, make brick, etc., and are not much with the younger children.—*Cairo Letter.*

New Devices in Ice-Cream.

There have been some new devices in the way of ice creams, which are novel and interesting. At one grand dinner party a vast rose bush covered with beautiful roses was set upon the table, and the flowers were cut off and one served to each of the guests, the ice-cream being enshrined in the heart of each blossom. Another is a dainty feminine boot in apricot ice. Sometimes the color of the boot is varied to match the hue of the toilet of the lady guest to whom it is served, groselle furnishing the crimson, pistache the pale green, and a new and perfectly innocuous coloring matter called azurine supplying a delicate pale blue. The oddest device is a slice or pate de foie gras, one of which is served to each guest. It is chocolate ice, truffles being simulated by thin slices of liquorice paste, and the surrounding jelly being sweet and flavored with liquor instead of being savory. When well done the deception is perfect.—*Paris Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Princess of Wales' Bath.

The Princess of England, whose complexion is not only the finest, but who has best stood the wear and tear of time, takes her morning plunge regularly and in water fairly cold, but she is particularly careful to promptly make use of the flesh-brush, using gloves of moderate roughness rapidly over the surface of the body, and, finally, the rough towel in a quick, general rub, occupying both for the bath and this massage, if one may call it such, twenty minutes in all. At night the same lady's bath is prepared tepid and of distilled water, the admirable advantage of which is not properly understood. Every particle of foreign matter is removed from distilled water, so that it is absolutely pure. It costs about 12 cents per gallon and can be used, a quart at a time, for a quick sponge bath, with admirable effect, especially when combined with a little glycerine and rose water.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Seasonable Recipes.

Do you use eggs for frosting? Don't do it. Take five tablespoonfuls of milk, one cup of granulated sugar, flavor nicely with lemon or vanilla, then boil five minutes. Beat it hard until it is cool enough to spread on the cake. The beauty of the frosting is that it is ready to cut as soon as thoroughly cold. It is very nice with cocoanut or grated chocolate stirred in it. When eggs are high it is quite a saving.

A compote of fruit may be created of cream, sweetened and whipped until quite stiff, flavored with something delicate in essence, such as rose or vanilla. This is gradually poured in the centre of the fruit, which must be large, as a melon or large oranges. Lastly, the soufflees, fondus, with biscuit. The finger-bowls are placed, and, if ices, are served with the dessert; an ice-plate must be placed on the dolly that covers the dessert-plate. Coffee is served after the ladies retire.

Cream biscuits harmonize perfectly with coffee. Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour; make a funnel-shaped hole in the centre; into it put half a pound of powdered sugar, upon which the rind of a lemon had been rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs; mix the eggs well with the sugar, and mix all together, forming a flexible paste; cut into round pieces, each nearly as large as a walnut; stamp them flat with a butter stamp of small size, and bake in an oven not too hot.

Blanc Mange.—Take half a dozen bitter almonds and eight or nine ounces of sweet almonds, blanched and peeled; pound them in a mortar with a little orange-flower water; when reduced to a paste add rather less than a pint of milk, pounded loaf sugar to taste, a little more orange-flower water. Strain the mixture through a cloth, squeezing it well, into a basin containing eight or nine sheets of best French gelatine dissolved in a pint of water; mix well, put into a mold set on ice; turn it out just before serving.

A Last Resort.

Landlord—Yes, madam, that house is for rent. Sit down.

Desperate Applicant—Thank you. I have never been so nearly dead in my life. I believe I have walked fifty miles to-day trying to get a house. How much is the rent?

"Only—by the way, madam, have you any children?"

"Um-er—n—o."

"You seem to hesitate about it?"

"Well, the fact is, I have children, but I intend to kill them to-night."

Thought Better of It.

Wife (to husband, who is ostensibly going off for a day's fishing)—Ah, I do hope that you will be successful, John. I see that trout are quoted at $1 a pound.

Husband—No? One dollar a pound! I guess, my dear, I won't try for trout; I hear they are very shy. But you can look out for a nice string of flounders.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Working on Her Sympathies.

Tender-hearted lady—"You look worn out, poor man, are you ill?" Tramp (sighing heavily)—"I couldn't begin to tell nou, mum, how I have suffered from neurasthenia. But I think I could eat another plate o' them apple dumplin's."

"Enny good butter?" inquired an old lady of the grocer. "There is never any flies on our butter, madam." Then the old lady, whose knowledge of English is limited, said: "Well, if flies won't eat it 'taint good 'nough fer me," and she went across the way where only the choice brands are sold.

The recent Pennsylvania tornado picked up a church steeple, carried it a quarter of a mile, and put it down as squarely as if it had been built there. In the meantime, the rear end of the storm made shingles of the church.

"John," said his wife—they were in a sleeping car berth—"for goodness' sake, wake up!" "Wha-what's the matter?" "You are snoring so people will think we're off the track."

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Longley Case Dealt With at Norwich.

The Longley Case.

At 11 o'clock the Conference resolved itself into special session for the consideration of the Longley case.

Rev. James Gray had charge of the prosecution, and Rev. E. A. Stafford of the defence.

All the charges, evidence, documents, etc., were read in open conference by the Secretary and Rev. D. L. Brethour. The whole day was taken up with placing the case before the conference. Various contradictory rumors have gone into the newspapers concerning the whole matter, but the following facts, brought out in the evidence read to-day, may be relied upon as trustworthy: No charges of criminal conduct on the part of Mr. Longley were presented in the charges, and no evidence whatever was brought out to prove anything of the kind. This was distinctly understood by all. There were, however, indiscretions, which Mr. Longley admitted. The interviews at the church and at the Albion Hotel, Toronto, were not denied, but nothing criminally improper took place on either occasion.

MR. LONGLEY'S WRITTEN STATEMENT.

The written statement of Mr. Longley was read, in which he positively stated that he had repeatedly endeavored to free himself from the intimacy and have the interviews cease, but he found himself unable to do so. It had been stated in the public press that Mr. Longley's domestic relations were not happy, and that his wife had threatened to leave him. Not a word was presented in the evidence to substantiate these statements. On the contrary, documents were read which showed that there was no domestic infelicity. In his statements Mr. Longley confesses his weakness, acknowledges that he had acted foolishly, but most positively denies having any criminal relations with the young lady in question. Both seem to have been led almost unconsciously along in their career of infatuation without realizing the folly of the course they were pursuing. Mr. Longley declares that he has most heartily repented of his sin and asked the Divine forgiveness. He had thought of entering into a secular occupation, but still feels called to pursue the work of the ministry, inasmuch as he believes God has forgiven him. He asked the Conference to deal as mildly with him as possible, so that he might be able to pursue his work in another part of the world.

Rev. James Gray addressed the conference, urging the adoption of the resolution of the Toronto District Meeting. He thought the evidence justified such a course.

PLEAS FOR LENIENCY.

Rev. E. A. Stafford made an earnest plea on behalf of Mr. Longley. He admitted the indiscretion of the defendant, but thought it was not sufficiently serious to warrant expulsion. Others who have gone to greater degrees of guilt have been saved from expulsion on account of their penitence and confession. He urged that inasmuch as there was absolutely no evidence to prove criminal conduct, and not even a charge of that kind, expulsion from the Church would be too heavy a penalty. He did not believe that Mr. Longley had deliberately planned and brought about the ruin of the young lady; if he thought so he would not defend him. He had every confidence that Mr. Longley would never again be led into similar acts of folly. He believed him to be a pure-minded, upright man. He thought that the Dominion Church, Ottawa, knowing all the facts of the case, would be willing to accept Mr. Longley as their pastor. In his opinion twenty years of faithful service and correct life ought to count for something. The leading officials of the Dominion Church have expressed their unqualified confidence in Mr. Longley.

Rev. Dr. Burns also spoke strongly in favor of the defendant.

EXPULSION MOVED FOR.

It was then moved that the recommendation of the Toronto district be adopted, thus expelling Mr. Longley from the ministry of the Methodist Church.

It was moved in amendment that Mr. Longley be reprimanded by the chair and permitted to retire without his credentials, which is in substance accepting his resignation.

Shortly after the commencement of the afternoon proceedings the Conference was resolved into a special session for continuing the Longley case. All persons not members of the Conference were asked to retire. Several did so, but a few remained, who had to be specially requested to leave.

Rev. John Wakefield was the first speaker. He was in favor of adopting the recommendation of the Toronto District. Mr. Longley's mistake was not the result of a sudden impulse by which a man might be overtaken in a moment, but it had gradually developed through successive weeks and months. It had been stated that Mr. Longley had not been guilty of criminal relations with the lady in question, but it was a very difficult thing to prove. The interviews, to say the least, were highly improper. He thought the Church, and the families of the Church, should be protected from men who had acted as Mr. Longley had done.

Mr. T. S. Linscott said that Mr. Longley's fault could not be overlooked, but there was such a thing as mercy. It would be a very unkind thing to suppose that the grosser form of sin had been committed. It had not been proved; the prosecution did not even claim this. In civil courts a defendant is always given the benefit of any doubt which might exist. He was in favor of doing this in Mr. Longley's case.

Rev. T. W. Jackson went over the evidence, and urged that deposition from the ministry was the adequate punishment for Mr. Longley's crime.

Rev. Thomas Colling said that while the extreme of guilt had not been proven, the crime of the defendant was such that it merited a very severe punishment. He could not forget the age, ability and experience of Mr. Longley, which very largely deprived him of excuse. He looked at the interests of the Church, and felt it to be his duty to vote for Mr. Longley's expulsion. His repentance had come a little too late.

Rev. John Laycock said that he had come to the Conference greatly prejudiced against Mr. Longley, believing that he deserved the heaviest penalty. After hearing the charges and evidence in the case, he felt greatly relieved, and was of the opinion that mercy suited Mr. Longley's case best. He believed that Mr. Longley had sincerely repented, and in his opinion penitence had not come too late.

Some members of the Conference asked that the discussion be shortened so that delegates might leave on the afternoon train.

MR. LONGLEY'S STATEMENT.

The following is a brief synopsis of his address: "There has been a mistake in regard to the length of time the interviews continued between the young lady and myself. It has been said that it continued for a whole year. I am willing to take my full share of blame in the unfortunate matter. We both glided imperceptibly into the intimacy. There was no premeditated evil intention. I frequently intimated to her the impropriety of the interviews, although I am free to admit that I did not insist upon their immediate discontinuance. At the meeting which took place in the vestry of the church I was strongly advising her to consent to the complete cessation of the intimacy. Just then her mother knocked at the door. This made it necessary to arrange for another interview. I admit that we were both very foolish, but not criminal. The interviews did not take place nearly as frequently as stated. When I went away from Toronto I did not intend to return. I acted upon advice in my course, but I found that it was to my advantage to return and meet my trial. There may seem to be some contradictions between the statements of the young lady and my own, but there is really no collision, although it may look like it. I am here to-day to ask for justice. I do not think it is fair to heap all the blame upon me—I have not been the teacher and leader of the young lady in a career of sin. I am willing to take my share of the blame, but not all. Her word should not be taken as final upon vital points and my word treated as worthless. All sorts of reports have been made, many of them coming from malicious tongues. It is not just that all these should be accepted. I am here to ask, in justice, that the extreme penalty be not visited upon me, because the extreme charge has not even been made. I am here to ask for mercy. I have been sufficiently humbled and crushed to ask for mercy—not for the sake of bolstering up what is left of my reputation, but for the sake of the good I may still be able to do in the calling I love. I sincerely thank my brethren who have stood by me during this severe trial. I shall not refer to my past record of twenty years, but think it ought to count for something. I admit my error; I deserve punishment; and I have been punished already. Had it not been for this unfortunate affair my name would have stood connected with one of the leading churches in this Dominion. My own consciousness of personal sin has been my meat and drink day and night. I must be followed by my wrong-doing. My ministerial life is in your hands. I have no malice against those who have spoken against me. If you entertain my plea for mercy I solemnly promise, in the sight of God, by humility and a correct life, to endeavor to save the erring and the fallen, and thus to show my gratitude to God and to you."

Many of the members of the Conference were visibly affected during the address, and Mr. Longley himself several times choked up with emotion and could not speak for several moments.

The resolution adopting the minute of the Toronto district meeting, which recommended his expulsion from the ministry, was then put and lost, only twelve voting for it.

VERDICT OF THE CONFERENCE.

The following resolution was then moved by Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, seconded by Rev. W. H. Laird: "That having heard all the evidence in the case of Rev. B. Longley, we deeply deplore the glaring inconsistency and sinful folly of his conduct, and hereby adjudge that he be suspended from the ministry of the Methodist Church for a period of one year. And we earnestly pray that the fruits of a repentance, which we are glad to recognize as sincere and genuine, may henceforth be manifested in a consistent and holy life."

This resolution was carried by a vote of 56 to 40. Rev. Mr. Calvert's motion was therefore not voted on.

The Conference then adjourned.

She Would.

Russell was once singing "The Gambler's Wife," in an English town, and having uttered the words:

Hush! he comes not yet!
The clock strikes one!

He struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably dressed woman ejaculated to the amazement of everybody, "Wouldn't I have fetched him: home!" All of Mrs. Caudle's lectures were concentrated in that little sentence.

Fancy Slimbrain's Feelings.

Mr. Slimbrain (fishing for a compliment)—Bobby, what did your sister say when she heard that I was going to stay to supper again to-night?

Bobby—Let me see—oh! yes, she said Mr. Slimbrain must think we keep a hotel.

Two of a Kind.

Wife (in soiled wrapper, soiled collar and slippers down at heel, to husband who enters late)—Ah! John, you're not a bit like what you used to be. Husband (glancing at her dress)—Neither are you, my dear, neither are you.

Mathematical.

"Mary, why don't you use the new teapot I bought?"

Mary—"Please, mum, cook says she is very sorry, mum, but the new teapot has fell in three halves."—*Harper's Bazar.*

It is related that over twenty Southern "fairs" have already invited Jefferson Davis to deliver orations next fall.

Mollie Garfield becomes the wife of J. Stanley Brown, the late President Garfield's Private Secretary, the middle of next month. On the same day Mollie Garfield's brother Henry is to be married. Henry Garfield and his brother James are to practice law in Cleveland under the name of Garfield & Garfield.

WEDDED IN SIX WORDS.

What is Regarded as the Quickest Marriage on Record.

"One of the quickest marriages I ever heard of," said a talkative man to a Chicago *Mail* reporter, "was performed by Rev. Dr. Aaron Turner, now in the Minnesota Conference." Then the talkative fellow talked on in this lively strain:

"Dr. Turner was in charge of the Vincennes circuit at the time. One evening he was hurrying his toilet in preparation for a marriage that he was to perform at 8 o'clock at the home of one of his flock. He was late and very much afraid that he couldn't reach the place of appointment in time. Just as he got his white tie adjusted and was getting himself into his coat a knock was heard on the parsonage door. Dr. Turner took up his hat, stepped to the door and opened it. A young man stood outside. Dr. Turner asked his business. The young man was flurried, but he managed to say that he wanted to get married, and handed the parson a marriage license.

"Well," said Dr. Turner, "I can't do it to-night. I am hurrying now to perform another ceremony. I'm already late."

"But," pleaded the young man, "it won't take long."

"I know, but I can't wait." And the preacher came out and closed the door, walking rapidly a

"But, Mr. Turner," called the young man, desperately, and he ran after the minister, "you surely can marry us. It won't take you but a minute."

"Where's the lady?"

"Right back here," and the young man pointed to a figure standing in the shadow of a tree.

"Well, come on," Dr. Turner said, and the two went back to where the girl stood.

"Is this the woman you want to marry?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Then you are man and wife. Good night." And away he went, leaving the pair standing speechless. It was a minute before the newly made husband recovered enough to run after the preacher, who was rapidly disappearing in the dark.

"Mr. Turner! Mr. Turner!" he cried.

"Well, what is it?" said the preacher, pausing.

"Why, was that all? Will that do?"

"Yes, yes, that will do. You are just as much married as if I'd gone through a yard of ceremony. Good night. And again he hurried away, reaching his appointment just in the nick of time.

The young man went slowly back to the bride and spent the next hour or two in satisfying her that she was really married.

Temperance Notes.

New Zealand rejoices in the fact that there is not a distillery within its borders.

Great Britain has 15,000 temperance organizations.

Atlanta, Ga., has a prohibition club with 2,000 members.

An association for the suppression of impure literature has been formed by some women of Paris.

According to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, the criminal courts daily more thoroughly establish the intimacy between liquor and lunacy.

During the past year over 200 members have been added to the W.C.T.U. Unions of Utah, 75 to the young people's societies and over 600 to the Loyal Temperance Legions. The work has been presented before the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational associations, many short addresses given before schools and Sunday schools and over 20,000 pages of literature distributed.

"I cannot understand the English people," said the late Rajah of Travancore. "They say it is very wrong to send opium to China, to demoralize the Chinese. But is it not also a very wicked thing to encourage the sale of intoxicating liquor in India for the sake of revenue? Is it not just as criminal to degrade Hindoos as it is to degrade Chinamen? Why is it not as wrong to send brandy and whiskey to Calcutta as to send opium to Shanghai or Hong Kong?"

The *Washingtonian Monthly*, the organ of the Washingtonian Home, Chicago, thus sets forth the principles upon which the treatment of patients admitted to that institution is based: "The four cardinal rules that are taught in the lectures to the inmates of the home as necessary to a complete restoration of the physical needs of the body from the whiskey habit are: Total abstinence, nutritious food (hygienically used), sleep and cheerfulness. Add to the above a total abstaining from narcotics of all kinds, and a thorough moral development and the battle is comparatively easy—in fact there is no battle to fight. This is a pointer for those outside of reformatory institutions to reform themselves, permanently, if they will."

For many months a large and influential committee of representatives, who number among them members of Parliament, as well as delegates from missionary, temperance and other philanthropic societies, has been sitting in London to investigate the question of the destruction which for so long has been going on among the native races in almost all parts of the world, owing to the importation of ardent spirits distilled in Europe. The amount of evidence tending to prove the extent of the evil before the committee is terribly significant, and proves that upon France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Portugal and Sweden lies the grave responsibility of pandering to the naturally morbid craving for spirits in Africa and other lands. To such an alarming extent has this increased of late that in some remarkable cases the African natives themselves have petitioned that the import of spirits may be stopped, inasmuch as the annihilation of their tribes is inevitable if it continues.

Got Mixed Up.

Beggar—Will you please give me a dime, sir? I'm deaf and dumb.

Gentleman—Deaf and dumb!

Beggar—I mean I'm blind. It's me twin brother who is deaf and dumb, sir. We look so much alike that I get mixed up myself sometimes.—*Troy Press.*

Berry Miller, of Dade City, Fla, had a hard tussle with an immense alligator a few days ago and killed it. It weighed 600 pounds and was fourteen feet in length. When he cut it open he was surprised to find within it another alligator six feet long.

OLD-TIME SCIENCE.

Some Natural History, of the Fabulous Order, of Former Generations.

The "Speculum Mundi; or, a Glass Representing the Face of the World," which was published in 1670, before the advent of real science, contains some very curious statements in natural history, says the *Popular Science Monthly*. "The bigness of the whales," it says, "equalizeth the hills and mighty mountains." Indeed, some authors mention "far greater whales than these." Above all others, mermen and mermaids are considered "the most strange fish in the waters." A fine specimen of mermaid, which was said to have been caught in Holland, "suffered herself to be clothed, fed with bread, milk and other meats, and would often strive to steal again into the sea, but being carefully watched she could not. Moreover, she learned to spin and perform other petty offices of women; but at the first they cleansed her of the sea-moss which did stick about her." The ostrich is said to be compounded, as it were, of a bird and a beast. For making a drunkard loathe his liquor a prescription is given for breaking owls' eggs and putting them into it. Birds of Paradise "have no wings, neither do they fly, but are borne up into the air by the subtility of their plumes and lightness of their body." The unicorn is described as being like a two-year-old colt, with a horn growing out of his forehead, "a very rich one, being a horn of such virtue as is in no beast's horns besides, which, while some have gone about to deny they have secretly blinded the eyes of the world from their full view of the greatness of God's great works." The gorgon is a "fearful and terrible beast to look upon. He causeth his mane to stand upright, and, gaping wide, he sendeth forth a horrible and filthy breath, which infecteth and poisoneth the air." The cockatrice or basilisk is called the king of serpents, not only on account of his size, but also "for his stately pace and magnanimous mind." His poison scorches the grass as if it were burned. The "beams" of his eye will kill a man. The dragon is found chiefly in India and Ethiopia. "His wings will carry him to seek his prey when and where occasion serveth." His teeth are very sharp and set like a saw, but his prodigious strength "resteth in his tail." The amphisbena has two heads and no tail, "having a head at both ends." Africa "aboundeth" with them.

Cremating the King's Sons.

From Siam we learn that the cremation of the two sons of the king, which was "celebrated at the end of February, was a ceremony eclipsing in magnificance even that of the king's uncle, whose body was cremated last year." On that occasion the chief features of the proceedings were illustrated in a London pictorial weekly, but the present occasion seems to have passed unnoticed. For fifteen days Bangkok was given up to revelry. No work was done, and such amusements as fireworks, illuminations and interminable dramatic performances were provided nightly and kept up till 2 or 3 o'clock a.m. The building in which the cremation was effected had been erected at a cost exceeding 50,000 pounds sterling, a fact which, as it is now being demolished as having served its purpose, shows munificence, if not extravagance. Externally this "premane" presented the appearance of a palace of gold, so gorgeous was its ornamentation; and internally its chief feature was the electric light with which it was illumined throughout. There were two separate cremation days during the fortnight, and the final procession for each was so long that it occupied over an hour in passing a fixed point. Siamese funerals may be expensive ceremonies, but at least they cannot be called lugubrious.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Six Years Old and Weighs 230 Pounds.

In Wayne County, White Creek post-office, on the Big Sandy River, lives Joseph Davis, who has a daughter aged 6 years who weighs 230 pound. This is the largest child for its age known in the world, is perfectly healthy, and as intelligent as the average child. The parents are of average weight, the mother weighing but 120 and the father 130 pounds.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Physiology of a "Black Eye."

What produces a black eye is the breaking of two capillaries, or smaller blood vessels, causing an infiltration of blood in the tissues around the eye. When the blow is first received the application of cold water will check any further flow, but this should be quickly followed by the application of hot water, to cause absorption.

Caused by a Cow.

CITY OF MEXICO, June 5.—A construction train dashed through a bridge near Tampico yesterday, causing a terrible loss of life. As far as can be learned 18 persons were killed and 41 injured. A cow on the track derailed the train.

Ruskin on Courtship.

John Ruskin, in his recent lecture at Oxford, declared that "the whole meaning and power of true courtship is probation, and it ought not to be shorter than three years at least, seven being the more or thodox time."

Floral Tricks.

According to a Troy, N. Y., florist, Perle des Jardin roses are often palmed off for Marechal Niels, and not one bride in five hundred who is described as wearing orange blossoms is so fortunate as to have them.

An Indication of Good Taste.

"Jack, can it be that you are going to marry Miss Equilateral?" "Yes, Tom, and if you say anything to disparage her——" "Disparage her! Why, she proposed to me, too, last leap-year."

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, was using as a paper weight the other day in his private office a bar of gold which was valued at $12,000. It had come from his Vulture Mine in New Mexico, from which he is realizing another fortune.

—Who says that advertising does not pay? A Chicago burglar overlooked $80 in a bureau drawer, and the papers so announced. He returned the next night and not only secured it but a suit of clothes besides.

Wife (club night)—"Will you be home early, John?" Husband—"Ye'es, I think so; but don't keep breakfast waiting for me."

"The Land of Little People."

The following poem appears in a volume of verse by Mr. Cooper Willis, entitled "Tales and Legends in Verse." It is an answer to a poem of Mr. Weatherly on the same subject.

Yes; the land of little people is a lovelier land than ours.
With its mine of new-found treasures, mossy glades, and fairy bowers;
Earth her robe of choicest beauty spreads to woo the tender feet,
And the angels whispering round them thrill the air with accents sweet.
Memory brings no pang of sorrow, troubles lightly pass away,
Hope's horizon is to-morrow, and the sun is bright to-day;
Every moment has its blessings, sweeter thoughts and fairer flowers.
Yes; the land of little people is a lovelier land than ours.

But from o'er the silent river comes to us a purer glow—
Purer even than the sunbeams that the little people know;
And the love-song of the heavens steals upon the wearied ear,
Sweeter than the angels' whispers that the little people hear;
And the wanderer, overstriven, humbled as a little child,
Knows the past is all forgiven, and his God is reconciled,
When around his faltering footsteps comes the blessing of the dove,
From the fairest world of any, from the home of peace and love.

Getting the Drop on a Burglar.

A well known young man of this city, who will recognize himself as the hero of this thrilling tale, a few days ago shot and mortally wounded a large and expensive pier glass in his father's parlor. He came in very late (after an unsuccessful effort to unlock the front door with his umbrella) through an unfastened coal hole in the sidewalk. Coming to himself toward daylight he found himself—spring overcoat, silk hat, "jag" and all—stretched out in the bath-tub. With some little difficulty he reached his room, and was just about to light the gas with his night key, when he heard a suspicious sound on the lower floor. Convinced that it was burglars he wended his somewhat tortuous way to a table near by and took from the drawer his loaded revolver. He made enough noise going downstairs to have announced his coming to a deaf man, but finally reached the parlor door and crept through the doorway on all fours. In the middle of the room he rose to his knees, then to his feet. A dark figure rose simultaneously in front of him. As the young man raised his pistol the morning twilight flashed on a gleaming weapon in the hand of the other. "Hol' on, mic! m' fren!" the young man exclaimed. "I've gic! got sh' drob on you!" The pistols flashed simultaneously; the house rang with a loud report, and a crash of glass followed it. When the startled family reached the spot the brave scion of the house of —— sat on the floor amid the *debris* carefully examining himself in search of wounds, while a smile of righteous triumph shone in his face. "I bic! brought 'm down!" he murmured. When he discovered that his deadly bullet had obliterated his own reflection in the big parlor mirror his triumph grew beautifully less, and he then and there swore off, "for good and all," he says.—*Albany Journal.*

Rag-Gatherers of Paris.

There are in Paris more than 30,000 people who make their living out of rag-gathering and burrowing in the ash-bins of the city, and many more who are dependent directly on the rag industry. They are organized and knit together like any co-operative or industrial society, and are divided into two great classes of workers—diurnal and nocturnal.

The nocturnal breed begin to ply their work at about 11 o'clock. They may be seen going from street to street carrying a huge basket on their back, and with a lantern in one hand and an iron hook called a crochet in the other. They walk smartly along the gutter, looking keenly about their feet, and now and then pick up something with the crochet and pitch it into the hotte or basket.

They stop at every dust-box, and, after ransacking it to their heart's content, proceed on to the next. The weaker and younger members of the fraternity work at home. The rag-gathers have regular beats on the streets.

When a chiffonier wishes to retire he sells the good-will of his business to his successor before he gives up his medal. Every master-chiffonier has a number of pickers attached to him. He pays them by piece-work. The daily earnings of the craft vary from 25 to 40 cents.—*Youth's Companion.*

Price for Peace.

Young lord of the household—"I want a piece of cake."

Mamma—"Not to-day, darling. This cake is too rich for little boys."

Thundering feet, flying dishes, etc.

Weary papa—"Well, well! If it is pi·ce or war, do give him the cake, and let us have peace."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fell Into a Tub of Boiling Logwood.

A Providence (R.I.) despatch says: Wm. McCann, aged 25, and unmarried, fell head first into a tub of boiling logwood at the Valley Worsted Mill, at Olneyville, yesterday, and was terribly scalded. He was taken to the Rhode Island Hospital in terrible agony. He will die.

Mr. Bradley's Complaint.

Last Saturday E. B. Bradley, teller of the Union National Bank at Chicago, complained of toothache and obtained a leave of absence in order to visit a dentist. When he failed to return and his accounts were found to be falsified, it became evident that Bradley's complaint was tooth in.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A Matrimonial Reminiscence.

Brown (of Chicago)—That fellow is looking at you rather hard. Do you know him?

Mrs. Brown—His face does look familiar. What's his name?

Brown—Goldplate, I believe.

Mrs. Brown—Oh, yes; I remember him now. He was my first husband.—*Life.*

Do You Value Your Health?

"Never go to bed immediately after a hearty supper," says a medical authority. People who are fond of hearty suppers should eat them in the forenoon.—*Boston Courier.*

At a meeting of physicians in Chicago work was recommended as a remedy for nervous prostration.

DECIDED BARGAINS

In Every Line at

J. G. ANDERSON'S,

In Sproule's Block.

X

We can give you the famous F. W. ASHTON'S

PRINTS

in almost any pattern and shade at prices that will astonish you.

We would ask you to call and get Samples of our Famous

JAPAN TEAS.

We will suit you every time both in Quality and Price.

We have neither time or space to enumerate the many lines we are offering at prices that will never fail to more than satisfy you.

X

REMEMBER THIS.

In order to Clear Out our stock of **Mens' Long Boots** we will give you

30 per cent. Discount for either Trade or Cash.

We have in stock a number of

DUCK SMOCKS AND OVERALLS

which we will sell at LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

DON'T FORGET TO ASK FOR THOSE

15c. Dress Goods we are selling at 10c. a yard.

THESE BARGAINS WILL BE FOUND EVERY TIME AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The annual matches of the 31st (Grey) battalion rifle association will be held at Durham to-day. Some good prizes are offered.

Mr. Conners, hotel-keeper of Dundalk, tapped the first barrel of lager beer that has ever been tapped in that place on Monday last.

Mr. Richard Baker Stephen—father of Mr. J. Stephen, Editor of the Bruce Telescope—died in Walkerton on the 10th inst., in his 86th year.

The Markdale "Hustlers" played a game of lacrosse with the Meaford "Puzzlers" a week ago last Friday and were beaten by four straights.

About six o'clock on Sunday morning last, at Galbraith's sideroad, a freight train killed a valuable cow belonging to Mr. Arthur White of this place.—[Chatsworth News.

While assisting at a raising last week at Mr. Geo. Mathews', 2nd con. Glenelg, a young man named Abraham Crutcherly fell breaking his leg in two places.—[Durham Chronicle.

A young lad named Mahn had the index finger of his right hand cut off at the second joint a few days ago at the cobinet factory by coming in contact with a circular saw.—[Hanover Post.

A two-year-old son of Mr. Henry Moss, of Egremont, was left alone in the house when his clothing caught on fire while he was playing near the stove. His body and arms were badly burned but he is recovering.

A horse belonging to Mr. Thos Beatty, cooper, of Glenedeu, was found one day last week in a beaver meadow near Ballinafad, nearly out of sight in the mire, where it had died before being discovered.—[Mt. Forest Representative.

One night recently Mr. D. Billing, a farmer in East Luther, was awakened by a racket in the barn-yard, and on rising to ascertain the cause he went to the stable and to his surprise he saw a big black bear make off with a lamb.

Broke His Leg. Mr. Samuel McCutcheon, councillor of Mulmur, met with a severe accident on Thursday last. He was at the raising of a frame building at Mr. Ormsby's when one of the bents fell on him breaking his leg. The fracture is a bad one.—[Shelburne Free Press.

A man named Hayes committed suicide in Owen Sound last Thursday, by drowning. Several persons saw him in the water and attempted to rescue him but he persistently pushed all assistance away from him and was drowned. Probably he was tired of life.—[Chatsworth News.

Buffeted off the Track.—The down train from Owen Sound yesterday came into collision with Mr. McGregor's cow near the grist mill, rolling it over three or four times and then turning it off the track. The cow was rather badly injured but walked on to the commons where it continued feeding.—[Dundalk Herald.

Messrs. Robert White and Robert McKenna, of Mono, got quarreling while going home from Orangeville on Tuesday of last week. They stood up in the waggon and the little boy who accompanied them struck the horses with the whip which made them give a sudden jump throwing White out on his head. He was taken home and Dr. Lewis sent for but nothing could be done to save his life. He died on Friday morning and was buried in the afternoon.

An accident occurred at Blanchard's, on the 11th line, St. Vincent, on Monday last which might have been attended with fatal results. A barn was being raised, and as is usual on such occasions, sides were chosen, and a race was the result. When placing the rafters in position it is said considerable carelessness was manifested, and on two occasions sticks fell to the ground coming dangerously near the workmen engaged below. A third time one of those beneath was not so fortunate. Jos. Baxter was stooping down to lift something from the ground, and when in that position a rafter fell and struck him across the shoulders, knocking him down. In the fall he struck his face against a timber in front of him, cutting a severe gash. A physician was sent for and an examination showed that no bones are broken, but the man is badly bruised, and it will be some time before he can resume work. The escape from instant death seems almost miraculous.—[Meaford Mirror.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

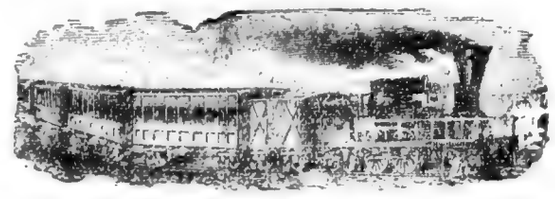

AT

Climo's, Flesherton,

They have a fine stock of

PRINTS, DRESS GOODS, &c.,

also a fine stock of Mens', Youths', Womens' and Girls

BOOTS & SHOES.

Also we keep a regular stock of **Fresh Groceries** *and our Prices you cannot beat.*

Try our 25c. TEA, also our TEA DUST 10 lbs. for $1. We pay full value for Butter & Eggs. Give us a share of your trade and we will study to please you.

Wright's Old Stand.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

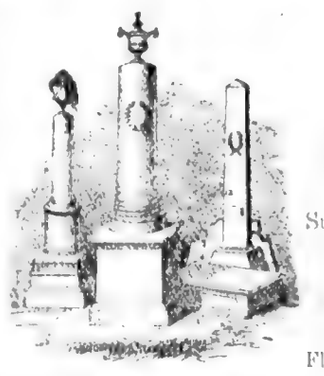

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Wm Mitchell 1 Jan 87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 366. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THIS IS FOR YOU.

It Will Pay You to Read Every Word in This Article.

NEW GOODS.—Mr R. Trimble, general merchant, Flesherton, has pleasure in announcing that his stock of New Spring and Summer Goods is now complete in every department.

NEW DRESS GOODS.—A complete range in black and colored Cashmeres, handsome new Combination Dress goods and Plain and Fancy Checks' Nun's Veiling, Jersey Checks, &c.

WASHING FABRICS, Prints and Muslins. Our stock is complete in all the Latest Patterns and Colors.

GREY COTTONS.—2,759 yds. extra heavy Gray Cotton, 36 inches wide, ONLY 5 CENTS PER YARD!

HOSIERY & SMALL WARES.—Our stock is the largest ever seen in town.

GLOVES.—A fine assortment of Ladies and Gents' Gloves.

CORSETS.—Complete stock. Be sure to ask for our Daisy 45c. Corset.

JERSEYS, Handkerchiefs, Embroidery, Lace Curtains, Waterproofs, Buttons, Frillings and Laces. A full range.

HATS, HATS, HATS.—The largest and best assorted stock of Ladies, Gents Boys and girls Hats in town.

GENTS FURNISHINGS.—This department is complete in all the nobbiest Shirts, Cuffs, Collars and Ties.

CLOTHING.—360 men and boys wanted at the leading clothing house.

BOOTS & SHOES.—Our stock of Ladies and Gents Boots and Shoes is exceedingly large.

GROCERIES.—Another large stock of that famous uncolored Japan Tea at 25c. lb. 50 boxes No. 1. Layer Raisins at $1.50 per box.

PROVISIONS.—Just received 1 case Long Clear Bacon, 1500 lbs. sound Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Dried Apples, White Beans.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.—Timothy Red Clover, Alsike, Garden Seeds, Turnip Seeds, Flax, Vetches.

BUTTER, EGGS, and Farm Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

R. TRIMBLE, Flesherton.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY,
175 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

Local Notices intended to benefit any individual, Society or Corporation, charged at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion. No local inserted for less than 25 cents. Special rates to regular advertisers.

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

The rush at Brander's, Priceville, continues.

Miss Ella Gordon returned home from Elora last week.

Miss Lizzie White, of Owen Sound, is visiting friends here.

Brander, Priceville, gives the best prices for produce.

Remember the Irish Lake Picnic to-day (Thursday). Go and enjoy yourself.

Good supply Fresh and Salt Meat always on hand at Keefer's, Flesherton.

A Boys good Suit for $4 and a good Broom for 18 cents
at Brander's, Priceville.

Mr. S. Kingston has purchased two brick residences and lots from Mr. Geo. Glassford on Beechel street.

The reason of the rush at Brander's, Priceville, is because he keeps just what the people require.

Terrible Reductions on our fine stock of Silverware at Russell's, Flesherton, for this month before moving.

Mr. Wm. Green and Mr. Alf. Woodhouse, of Collingwood Township, were in Flesherton on Saturday last.

Bring your produce to Brander's, Priceville, and you will be surprised the quantity of goods it will purchase for you.

Artemesia Council will meet in the Town Hall on Monday, July 9th, on account of next Monday being Dominion day.

Call at once if you would secure some of the Great Bargains in Watches, Clocks Jewelery, &c. at Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton.

Mr. Walter Keefer, of Owen Sound, spent Sunday with friends in Flesherton, and paid THE ADVANCE a pleasant visit on Monday.

Good house and lot to rent in Flesherton. Apply to Thos. Osburne, Esq., or at THE ADVANCE office. See advt. elsewhere.

You'll get a good Scrub Brush for 5 cents, and a man's good suit only $5,
at Brander's, Priceville.

Messrs. M. Richardson & Co. have placed a fine awning over their plate glass windows, which adds to the comfort of their popular establishment.

Mrs. Mittie Fraine Cook delivered a brief lecture in the Town Hall here on Wednesday evening last, under the anspices of the W. C. T. U. It was listened to with considerable interest.

Editor Advance:—Would the managers of the Flesherton egg-packing establishment name their authority for removing the sidewalk in front of their premises, a little North of the Boyne water bridge?—CITIZEN.

Picnickers from the neighborhood of Mt. Forest started for Eugenia about four o'clock on Friday morning last. They got entangled somewhere and found their way out to the Irish Lake. They reached Eugenia about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Seaforth Expositor is probably the best country newspaper in Canada. Its circulation is 4,400, and its Editor and Proprietor, Mr. McLean, is one of the most genial members of the Fourth Estate it has been our lot to come in contact with. The Expositor is an eight page, seven column paper, set in solid brevier type, with the exception of the editoral matter which is leaded. The subscription price is $1.50 per year. The mechanical department is a first-class one, under the foremanship of a splendid practical printer, and its presses are run by steam.

The Dress Goods & Hats at Brander's, Priceville, are surprising both in quality and price. They all talk about it.

Salem Sabbath School intends holding a basket picnic on Monday July 9th, in the grove at Lot 32, Con. 9, Artemesia. A good program will be provided and a collection taken up in aid of the school fund. Further particulars next week.—JNO. BENSON, Secretary.

Our brethren of the Fourth Estate will please accept our thanks for their good-natured eulogiums on the occasion of THE ADVANCE entering upon the eighth year of its existence. With few exceptions, our relations with the fraternity during the past seven years have been of a most pleasant character, and we trust there never will be any change in this respect.

A Flesherton boy threw a rotten egg into the much prized and much used Boyne bridge spring on Friday evening last. This is one of the meanest little tricks he ever did, and were it not for the respect we entertain for his friends, his name would appear in full. The spring in question furnishes the water supply for a large number of families in the neighborhood.

Anniversary Services of Chalmers' Church.

The Presbyterian congregation here have secured the services of Rev. W. A. Hunter, M.A., of Orangeville, to preach and conduct the anniversary services of the Presbyterian church here on the second Sabbath in July. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.

Garden Party on Dominion Day.

A Garden Party will be held on the grounds of Squire Armstrong, Flesherton, on Monday next, July 2nd, Dominion Day, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church. Gates open at six o'clock, refreshments served afterwards. Ice Cream and Lemonade will be provided for the occasion. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to be present on this occasion. N.B.—The Flesherton Brass Band will furnish the music. Admission 15 cents each, or 25 cents per couple of lady and gentleman.

The Place to Get Bargains.

There can be no hesitation in saying that the place to get big bargains in Harness, Whips, Collars, Harness Oils, &c., &c., is at Clayton's Harness Shop, Flesherton—in Gordon's old stand, Richardson's block. A fine stock to select from.

Stock Register.

Mr. Robt. Oliver, of the Old Durham Road, Artemesia, has two fine thoroughbred Devon Bulls and a Berkshire boar for service. See bills for particulars.

The thorough-bred Devon Bull, "Marquis," will be for service at Lot 151, Con. 3 E. T. & S. R., Artemesia. E. D. LeGard, proprietor. See bills.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Richard Smith's barn raising came off last Saturday with W. J. Cooey and D. Johnston as captains. Cooey's side came off victorious. Mr. W. Cooper and sons are the builders.

The annual garden party in connection with the day school will be held on the school grounds on the 29th.

The members of the Sabbath School intend holding their annual picnic on the 3rd of July.

The Meaford Road base ball club played a game with the ninth line club on the 19th and were ahead as far as the game had gone. Owing to the interference of some outside parties the game was not finished. Another game between the two clubs will take place on the 3rd of July.

Avoid the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Catharic Pills, entirely vegetable, have been tested forty years and are acknowledged to be the best remedy for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and indigestion.

Bargains,

Bargains!

Now is the time for

BARGAINS.

Having purchased the premises lately occupied by J. W. Bates, we purpose moving there by

First of July, 1888,

and therefore in order to clear out some of our IMMENSE STOCK before that date

Great—Bargains

may be expected in

Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spectacles, &c.

during the present month at

RUSSELL'S

Noted Jewelery Store, FLESHERTON.

Do not fail to come as it will pay you. Positively for this month only, and always take your Watch, Clock or Jewelery Repairs to

RUSSELL'S

NOTED JEWELERY STORE, FLESHERTON.

THE EMPEROR DEAD

SYMPATHY WITH EMPRESS VICTORIA.

THE SCENE AT THE END.

The Life and Achievements of a Popular Prince.

WARRIOR, STATESMAN AND SOVEREIGN.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

Death came to Emperor Frederick at a comparatively early age for one coming of the long-lived family of the Hohenzollerns. He was born in the New Palace at Potsdam on 18th October, 1831, and he was therefore in his 57th year. In his boyhood he was sickly, but he grew to be a strong and robust young man. In 1857 he attended the opening of the first great International Exhibition in London, which was devised and carried out under the auspices of the Prince Consort. One result of the exhibition which the Queen and the Prince Consort had scarcely foreseen was the betrothal of their daughter Princess Victoria to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. It is obvious from the very cool way in which Prince Albert writes of the event to his friend, Baron Stockmar, that the match was not thought to be a very grand one, though, on the whole, quite satisfactory. Prussia was not the power in 1851 that it is now; and the House of Hohenzollern, now the most illustrious in Europe, was then judged by the pitiful policy of its two last representatives on the throne, who were content to play second fiddle to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. What appeared to reconcile the bride's father to the marriage was his observation that the young people seemed to like each other and that the young Hohenzollern had "honest eyes and a frank and amiable disposition." It was not until 1855, however, that the engagement was made public, and the way it was received by the English press of that day would scarcely now be credited, if it were not a matter of history. The *Times* particularly distinguished itself by heaping abuse upon the royal house of Prussia. The wedding was postponed, on account of the extreme youth of the bride, until January 25th, 1858. It took place in the chapel of St. James' Palace, London. After the ceremony Queen Victoria embraced and kissed her daughter and son-in-law, and turned her cheek to the latter's father who had respectfully stooped to kiss her hand. When the young couple embarked at Gravesend in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, there was an enormous concourse of people, who were wildly cheering, and even the river was covered for miles with boats, from which innumerable handkerchiefs waved a last good-bye to "the fair rose of England." Particularly amusing to the Prince was a homely and disrespectful advice freely imparted by the sailors and Thames boatmen who crowded about the royal yacht. "Be true to her now," one honest fellow called out. "Keep her well," another shouted. "God bless you for it," was the greeting of a third. The railroad journey from Brussels to Berlin was a triumphal progress, full of interesting incidents.

THE WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

As Crown Prince, the late Emperor took part in three great wars—the Danish, Austrian and French. In the first-named, however, he was only a spectator attached to the headquarters of Marshal Wrangel. His first leadership was given to him in the Austrian campaign in 1866. In that war the main thing to do was to prevent the forces of South Germany joining with those of Austria that had been gathered in Bohemia. King William led three separate armies, the first called the Army of Bohemia, 100,000 men, under Prince Frederick Charles; the second, the army of Silesia, 116,000 men, under the Crown Prince; the third, the Army of the Elbe, 40,000 men commanded by Herwarth von Bittenfeld. Moltke's plan was "March separately; strike combined;" and in seven weeks the war was over. On the 23rd of June Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Austrian frontier, and six days later he was joined by the Army of the Elbe. They were at Gittschin. On his left the Crown Prince, with his army, was at Koeniginhof, a day's marchaway, while the Austrians had retired on Koeniggratz, ready for battle. The plan of attack was very simple. Prince Frederick Charles, with his three corps, was to assist Benedeck with his five, while Bittenfeld was to fall upon the left flank of the Austrians and the Crown Prince attack their right. But the Crown Prince was 25 miles away, and it was 4 in the morning before Col. Von Frankenstein, after a terrible ride, arrived at the Crown Prince's headquarters with the King's command to join Prince Frederick Charles. The battle began at 8 o'clock in the morning, the King, Moltke and Bismarck being on the field. The needle gun worked terrible havoc among the devoted battalions of Austria, but they kept their ground, and for a long time the scales of battle hung pretty evenly. For a time it seemed indeed as if victory would rest on the standards of the Hapsburgs, and the Prussians looked for the coming of the Crown Prince as eagerly as Wellington had once looked for the coming of Blucher.

"Would to God the Crown Prince would come!" Suddenly Bismarck lowered his glasses and drew attention to certain lines in the distance. All telescopes were pointed thither. At first the lines were pronounced to be furrows. "They are not furrows," said Bismarck, "the spaces are not equal; they are advancing lines." It was the Crown Prince's army that had been delayed by the condition of the roads, which the rains had made all but impassable. Only twenty-five miles, but it took the army nine hours to do the distance, and the Crown Prince lost 25 per cent. of his men through exhaustion by the way. The Crown Prince lost not a moment in getting his forces into action. Violently assaulted on both flanks, and fiercely pressed in the centre, the Austrians began to slacken their fire, to give way and then to retreat. The battle was won, and the honors of having decided it were the Crown Prince's. Bismarck himself admits how critical was the situation of the Prussians at one point of the battle. After the victory, late in the evening, the Crown Prince met the King, who embraced him affectionately, and decorated him on the field with Prussia's highest military order, "Pour le Merite." That meeting has become as historical as that of Blucher and Wellington.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"Unser Fritz's" part in the Franco-German war is almost too well known to bear repetition. As in the Austrian campaign, the German forces were divided into three armies, under the command of General Steinmetz, Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince. Under the Crown Prince's command were the two Bavarian army corps and three Prussian ones, one division of Baden, one of Wurtemberg and two cavalry divisions—over 200,000 men. He had the honor of striking the first blow by falling upon the French at Weissemburg on August 4th, and two days later assaulting MacMahon at Worth and causing the Duke de Magenta's hosts to tumble back partly upon Strasburg and partly upon Chalons. To the Crown Prince was given the duty of pursuing the Duke de Magenta towards Chalons. With him co-operated the Crown Prince of Saxony, at the head of the Fourth Army, and between these two armies marched the royal headquarters. He arrived at Sedan in time to close up the ring formed by the German army on 1st September, and was with the Emperor on the hill when Baron de Raelh, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, arrived with the letter from the Emperor expressing his willingness to surrender his sword. On the following day he assisted at the celebrated meeting with Napoleon at the Chateau de Bellevue. From there he pressed on to Paris, making his headquarters at first at St. Germain and later at the villa "Des Ombrages" at Versailles. "Unser Fritz" was immensely popular with his men, and especially with the Bavarians, and of his popularity many amusing anecdotes are told. After the war the Crown Prince took prominent part in the triumphal entry of the Bavarian troops into Munich, where he was greeted with such immense enthusiasm that King Ludvig was greatly offended, and at the banquet given in the Rathhaus the same night failed to put in an appearance. The young dreamer was already far off on his way to his mountain retreat at Hohenichwangen. The Crown Prince was also present at the triumphal entry of the Prussian troops into Berlin, and sat beside his father, surrounded by the brilliant group of princes and generals who watched the victorious troops passing down the Unter den Linden.

On the death of Kaiser William in March last the Crown Prince succeeded him as Frederick the Third. But for some months before his accession to the throne he himself had been in the shadow of death. It is not necessary to enter into particulars regarding the disease which has proved fatal. Suffice it to say that he bore his sufferings like a hero. In private life the deceased was to all appearances a happy man. His home life, even when in good health, was one of great simplicity. He took a pleasure in receiving artists, litterateurs and savants, even those who were inveterately opposed to him in politics. His own politics were those of a moderate Liberal. He was invariably consulted by Emperor William and the Chancellor in matters of grave importance. The Bismarck policy of peace with France, and which has for its ultimate end the *entente cordiale* between the two countries, was known to be warmly approved of by him, though it was no secret that he differed from Bismarck with regard to the latter's taste for absolutist methods in home affairs. The deceased showed a greater fondness for travel than for military pageantry, being in this respect totally different from most members of the Hohenzollern family. History presents few figures more melancholy than that of Frederick, ascending the throne in his prime, but with the death-rattle in his throat. "There was a time when his friends imagined a very different career for him," says Max Muller in the *Contemporary Review*. "They believed that he might succeed to the throne in the very prime of manhood. His father, the late Emperor, then Prince of Prussia, had been the most unpopular man since 1848, and it was considered by no means impossible that he might think it right to decline the crown and to abdicate in favor of his son. The star of Prussia was low in 1848, and it sank lower and lower during the last years of the afflicted king, Frederick William IV. Few people only were aware of the changes that had taken place in the political views of the Prince of Prussia, chiefly during his stay in England, and the best spirits of the time looked upon his son, Prince Frederick William, as the only man who could be trusted to inaugurate a new era in the history of Prussia. His marriage with the Princess Royal of England gave still stronger zest to these hopes, for while he was trusted as likely to realize the national yearnings after a united Germany she was known as the worthy daughter of her father and mother, at that time the only truly constitutional rulers in Europe. England has then the ideal of all German Liberals, and a close political alliance with England was considered the best solution of all European difficulties. Young men, and old men too, dreamt dreams, little knowing how distant their fulfilment should be, and how dashed with sorrow when at last they should come to be fulfilled."

Germany's New Emperor.

"The King is dead! Long live the King!" Crown Prince William succeeds his father; in fact, became Emperor of Germany the moment Emperor Frederick breathed his last. No new occupant of a throne was ever more closely watched than will be Emperor William by the whole civilized world. His figure rises like a dark cloud upon the peace of Europe, ominous of lightning flashes and the reverberations of artillery's thunder. He is more than a Boulanger. A soldier, passionately fond of military exploit, self-willed, forceful, in a moment he assumes power and responsibility so vast that it can hardly be estimated. Picture to yourself a young man in his 30th year, six feet in height, straight as an ash sapling, with finely-formed, slender limbs, narrow hips, swelling chest, and square, broad shoulders, with a smallish head on a long, full-throated neck, held proudly upright, and an oval face, with an aquiline effect of profile, clear-cut, strong chin, bended nose, prominent though not high cheek bones, and good open forehead, with clear, sharp, cold gray blue eyes, light brown hair, close cut behind, but longer on the crown, and rising from the temples to form a sort of ridge from the parting across the brow and a yellowish mustache, loosely curled up at the ends, and you have such a portrait as words can paint of the new German Emperor.

The new Emperor is married to a German Princess, and they have several of a family. He is fond of military life, and has never taken a very prominent part in public affairs. He is a firm believer in the "divine right of Kings."

The New Emperor's Crippled Arm.

A "Former Tutor" writes: Much has been said and written about Prince William's arm that is far from accurate. I had been in the habit of sitting close beside him every day for weeks before I noticed that his arm was in any way different from that of other people. Even then, I only observed it because my attention was called to it by others. Then I perceived that the left arm was always in almost exactly the same attitude, and that the Prince could only move it very slightly, bending it a little up or a little down from its normal position across the body, as though it were fixed in an invisible sling; and that if he wished to use it to steady the sheet of paper on which he was writing, he was obliged to raise it on to the table with the other hand. No doubt this lack of power is a great loss and inconvenience, especially to so ardent a soldier as William, for it compels him, I understand, to ride only horses that have been specially trained for his use, but it is fortunately no disfigurement whatever.

ROASTED HIS FEET.

Masked Robbers Torture an Aged Man to Make Him Give up His Money.

A Pittsburg despatch says: An atrocious outrage is reported from Fairchance, about two miles from Uniontown. Samuel Humbert, an old resident of Fairchance, was assaulted by masked men at his residence at midnight Saturday, and subjected to great tortures to make him disclose where his money was secreted. At that hour Humbert, who lives alone, was aroused by a knock at his door. In response to his inquiries as to who was there, the men outside asked for a drink of water. When the old man opened the door to comply with their request he was seized and gagged. Two ruffians then searched the house, but failed to find anything of value, whereupon they commanded their captive to surrender his money and valuables. He insisted that he had no money. The two fiends then built a fire in the grate, and, drawing the old man up to it, roasted his feet until they were blistered and shockingly burned. Still the old man protested that he had no money, and implored them to release him. They threatened to set the house on fire if he did not confess. After turning everything in the house upside down, and ripping up the carpet in their search for money, they bound the old man hand and foot and departed. Humbert, after a desperate struggle, freed himself and gave the alarm. His neighbors quickly gathered, and organized a search party to hunt the rascals down. The fugitives were tracked a considerable distance, and have, it is said, been located. The community is greatly excited over the outrage, and if the perpetrators are found, the chances are that they will be treated to a dose of Western justice.

FOUND IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

A Broken-Hearted Man Leaves His Home and After Years is Discovered in Illinois.

A Shelbyville, Ill., despatch says: Twelve years ago there resided in Gallatin county, Kentucky, Martin H. Phillips, his wife, a son and a daughter. The family owned a section of land and was possessed of considerable money. The daughter was given every comfort wealth could afford, but she became wayward and broke her father's heart. Half crazed he took several thousand dollars and departed from home, declaring he would for the remainder of his life be a wanderer. His friends made every effort to find him, but were unsuccessful, and finally gave him up as dead.

A few days ago his son, still living on the farm with his mother, in looking over the list of pensions allowed saw the name of Martin H. Phillips as having been pensioned for services in the Mexican war, and that he resided at Shelbyville, Ill. The son immediately started and arrived here yesterday to find his long-lost father an inmate of the poor-house. The young man will soon take the wanderer, who is now 72 years of age, back to his once-forsaken home, where the family will again be re-united.

IN DEFENCE OF HIS MOTHER.

A Fifteen-Year-Old Maryland Boy Kills his Drunken Father.

A Baltimore despatch says: Peter Alt proprietor of the Arlington house, near the Pimlico race track, was shot and killed last night by his son William, aged fifteen years. The shooting took place in the kitchen of the residence and was the outcome of a family quarrel. Alt's wife says the shooting was done in her defence. Her husband had been on a spree, and just before the tragedy he came into the house, and after breaking a heavy cup and saucer on her head began to call her hard names and to beat her. She struggled with him and they fell on the floor. He got hold of her throat, and she thought he meant to kill her. She was almost insensible when she heard the report of a gun. Her husband's grip on her throat relaxed, and he fell over on the floor. Young Alt, who is a bright-looking little boy, was arrested and looked up after an affectionate parting with his mother.

An Anticipated Boom.

A Maryland widow set a bear trap and caught a young man. We expect this will cause a boom in bear-traps.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Correct Diagnosis.

Doctor (feeling patient's pulse)—What is your husband's business? Patient's Wife—He is a photographer. D.—Has he been working hard of late? P.W.—I don't know, doctor. He took the portraits of four babies yesterday. D.—H'm! Brain fever.—*Boston Courier.*

—Smith—Squivens has broken himself completely down. Brown—Ah! How so? Smith—Practicing on the health lift.

A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

She Murders Her Husband and Children to Get Their Life Insurance.

HER TERRIBLE STORY OF THE CRIME.

A Philadelphia telegram says: Mrs. Sarah J. Whiteling, 40 years old, was committed to prison by Coroner Ashbridge this afternoon, after she had confessed to deliberately murdering her husband and two children for less than $400, for which their lives were insured. The Whiteling family consisted, besides the wife, of John Whiteling, the husband, aged 38 years; Bertha, aged 9 years, and Willie, aged 2 years and nine months.

The husband died March 20th, and Dr. G. W. Smith, who attended him, gave a certificate of death due to inflammation of the bowels. On April 24th Bertha died, and Dr. Smith certified that her death was due to gastric fever. May 26th Willie died and Dr. Dietrich, who was called in after Dr. Smith had abandoned the case, said death was caused by congestion of the bowels.

SMALL PRICES FOR MURDER.

John Whiteling's life was insured for $145 in the John Hancock Company. He was also a member of Herd No. 2 Benevolent Order of Buffalos, which pays a death benefit of $85 to the widow. This money was collected by Mrs. Whiteling immediately after her husband's death. She insured Bertha in the Hancock Company for $122, and Willie was insured in the Prudential Insurance Company for $17, and in the Hancock Company for $30. The amount of money received on the death of husband and children was $399.

The fact of the three deaths at intervals of only one month was brought to the notice of Coroner Ashbridge, and after examining the records in the Health Office he was satisfied the case was one his office should investigate. He communicated with Chief of Detectives Wood, and Detective Gyer was detailed to assist the coroner. The bodies had all been buried in one grave in Mechanics' Cemetery.

CRIME DISCOVERED.

The Coroner ordered them to be exhumed on Wednesday. Professor Leffmann made an analysis of the parts given to him by the Coroner and on Sunday reported to Coroner Ashbridge that he found arsenic enough in the bodies to cause death. Mrs. Whiteling was taken in custody and locked up in the Central station. She was closely watched to prevent her from committing suicide. She spent most of the day in praying, and on Monday she suffered so from nervous prostration that a physician had to be called in. The Coroner charged her with killing her husband and children and told her to send for him when she was ready to make confession.

CONFESSION MADE.

To-day she made a full and clear confession to the Coroner and was committed to Moyamensing. The inquest was to be held to-day at 11 o'clock.

In her confession Mrs. Whiteling says: "My only reason for poisoning the children was that Bertha might grow up to be a sinful and wicked girl, as she had at various times stolen pennies and once a pocketbook from her teacher at school at Hancock and Thompson streets. Bertha acknowledged taking the pocketbook. She told many bad stories. She was very sinful for one so young, and I did not want her to grow up and become a great sinner. My little boy was sinless, and I poisoned him because he was in the way. I could not go out to work for there was no one to take care of him, and he was a burden to me. Without him I could get along. Now I know my children are angels in heaven and I want to meet them there when I die."

The Speed of Trains.

There is not one person in one hundred of the millions who travel on railroads in the course of a year has any idea of the speed of a train. A large per cent. of even the regular train men of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running. Frequently engineers are despatched on a trip over a line of railroad, with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry a speed indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variations from their orders. The majority of engineers use their driving-wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running. Another method is to time the run between the mile-posts, and still another is to make calculations from the number of telegraph poles passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country, and where four or five wires are used, are spaced that there are thirty to the mile. If only a single wire is used they are spaced from twenty-five to twenty-eight to the mile. The most accurate method, and one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail-joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails, in nearly all cases, are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour the train is running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail-joint in twenty seconds, the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.—*Kansas City Times.*

An Immigrant Cruelly Swindled.

A Montreal telegram says: Another party of Poles, numbering 20 or 25, arrived in the city yesterday. A few of them had a little money, but these were unwilling to lend to those who had nothing, and hours were spent on the part of an interpreter trying to urge the party to remain together and to go to work railroading at Sudbury. A cruel circumstance was brought out. On the interpreter making inquiries as to what money they had, one of them produced a number of what looked like American three dollar bills. Upon examination, however, they turned out to be advertisements of a stationery firm in St. Paul. When the poor fellow was made to understand that the so-called bills had no value his distress was extreme. He stated that a friend had sent them to him from the States.

England's leading woman doctor is Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who has a practice worth $50,000 a year.

BEST FEED FOR MILKERS.

Mr. Vallancey E. Fuller on the Value of Ensilage.

SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

One of the speakers at the successful picnic of the East York Farmers' Institute in Scarboro' Friday was Mr. V. E. Fuller, of this city. He announced he was a lawyer, dairyman and whatever else folks choose to call him—but an admitted enthusiast on the question of "Ensilage as a food in the production of milk." Referring to the address of Professor Robertson he said his (Mr. Fuller's) own progress had been much impeded from want of an education such as that furnished at the experimental farm, and he would therefore urge upon farmers the necessity of giving their sons the training he had so sadly missed. As President of the Central Institution he felt confident, from what he knew of the vast influence exerted by his fellow-agriculturist throughout the country, that if true to their best interests and less bigoted in politics they would speedily obtain whatever was necessary to the furtherance and development of the important industry they were there to represent. People talked of tightness in the money market and attributed it to bank failures, etc., but it would be found on examination that the real cause was a shortage of crops, amounting last year to something like sixteen millions of dollars. He (the speaker) had seven years ago stated that the dairy cow would some day become

THE QUEEN OF CANADA,

and he held the same opinion still. The cheese production of Ontario was an honor to the country, and the butter output "a curse and a disgrace." For every tub of good butter produced there were twenty bad—all owing to a lack of information how to properly manufacture it. Only when the farmer is educated in this respect will he discover that the cow is the best bank account he has. He can no longer rely upon grain growing, and the sooner he is made aware of the fact the better that the cow is the principal factor in his redemption. The speaker next described the proper sort of cow to select, viz., such as produced the best results in quantity and quality. There were many cows in this country that had to be kept the year round and yielded only 125 lbs. The better plan was to keep none that yielded less than well up to double the quantity, and when old "give her a decent burial." He would urge upon farmers the advantages of interdairying by means of creameries, and thus not only relieve their wives and daughters of the present drudgery, but retain much of what was vital to the well-being of the soil. The day was not far distant when, as in Boston and New York, milk would be sold in Toronto on its merits, and at prices proportionate to the solids it contained. He would also emphasize the importance of giving warmer water to milch cows. At Oaklands the temperature was raised in this respect to 70 degrees. Butter sold by the pound should be stamped with the maker's mark or name, as by so doing, if good, it would always command purchasers at a price over the unstamped article of 2 or 3 cents a pound.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT FACTOR

was the "production of feed at the least possible cost." Five years ago the speaker constructed an ensilage pit 24 feet long, 16 wide and 18 deep, supplied with fodder raised from Southern corn, sown early in June, which proved quite a success; and a similar one constructed by a New York gentleman was opened after seven years and the contents discovered to be in a state of perfect preservation. The essential point was to render the silo air tight, otherwise as in the case of canned fruit when exposed, the contents would rapidly become so much putrid matter. The corn the speaker would recommend for ensilage was the "B & W," "Mammoth South," and "Red Cob" varieties—preference being given to the last named—some three inches between each kernel, and in rows 2½ feet apart, or sufficiently so to admit the cultivator, which is kept going until the height of the stocks prevent. The crop is cut when at the glazing point, allowed to wither, hauled in and cut into ¾-inch lengths, put into a silo, will tramped; sinks a good deal; filled up again—and still again if necessary—until done settling; covered with tar paper, and above this, six or eight inches of earth, and the thing is done. Such ensilage, the speaker remarked, averages 50 pounds to the cubic foot, will keep for an indefinite period, and is one of the most valuable foods for milk production that a farmer can possibly raise.

Mr. Fuller was voted hearty thanks for his able address.

Swallowed the Testament.

A Birmingham, Ala., despatch says John Hauk, a well-known religious farmer, recently sentenced to 45 years in the mines for murder, has gone crazy and is now chained to his cell in the County jail. This morning he commenced to pull his clothes off, a little piece at a time. When perfectly nude, hair by hair, he pulled them all off the right side of his head. He then commenced to pull little pieces of flesh from his legs, and when he attempted to butt his brains out he was chained. He called for a bible and swallowed half of the new testament, leaf by leaf. He is rich, and has a large family.

Toothless From the Cradle to the Grave

A Dakota paper reports that John Hyatt a citizen of Minot, who is 70 years of age, has never had a tooth, none having ever grown; but his gums are almost as hard as stone. He says he can eat almost anything, and while in the army could master hard tack.

Getting His Money's Worth.

Dealer—That hat's worth $2.50, but I will let you, as a friend, have it for $2.

Brown—All right; but, say, the fifty cents goes with the hat, don't it?

Confession of a Country Journalist.

According to our experience it takes longer to run down a hen than it does to run down a mountain.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Queen Victoria is afflicted with insomnia. She is sometimes put to sleep by having her brows stroked gently by a camel's hair brush.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget of Feminine Fact and Fancy.

Taking Freckles From Pretty Faces

In season just now is the old court recipe for bathing the face with the juice of crushed strawberries, letting it dry on over night, and washing off in the morning with chervil water, which must be replaced by rose water or well-boiled soft water. If kept up for a week this should take the freckles off by its pure acid, which we all know whitens the teeth. Barberry pulp removes tan and freckles; hence I will recommend girls to try it just before going back to the city after a summer in the country. And I am forgetting the pleasantest method of clearing the complexion by a course of new maple syrup, eaten hot every morning. Brown bread and West India molasses are not so pleasant, but work a very miracle in producing an alabaster skin and lumin ous eyes. West India molasses has old repute for its cleansing and detergent properties on silks and woolens, due to its alcohol and acids. But it is also a cosmetic, used by Jamaica women, rubbed on the cheeks and allowed to stay on as long as one can endure it, an hour perhaps. To rub the body all over with it, and sit in a warm bath room half an hour or less, and wash off in hot water, followed by a perfumed bath is said to have a marvellous effect in preserving the youth and freshness of the whole system. Let those who like it try it.

Franklin's Advice to Mothers.

In a parcel of Benjamin Franklin's letters that have recently been made public is one addressed to a lady congratulating her upon the well-being of her baby boy, whom she had announced as having cut five teeth. He writes: "Pray let him have everything he likes. I think it of great consequence while the features of the countenance are forming; it gives them a pleasant air, and one that becomes fixed and natural by habit, the face is ever handsomer afterward for it, and on that much of a person's good fortune and success in life may depend." Franklin did not mean by this that the child should be given all the food it wanted, but that it should be surrounded by pleasant objects for its amusement and diversion. "Who has not seen a scowl of discontent upon the face of an infant deepen and become a permanent defect—a lifelong proof of the discomforts of its babyhood?" Verily the sins of parents are visited upon their helpless children. After a few more telling arguments in favor of the child, the writer says: "Always believe a child—at least, do not express your unbelief if you can help it. If the little fellow sees that you rely upon his word she feels an increased respect for the truth and for himself, until at length his character for probity will become matured and established." Many an exceptionally imaginative child is unable to distinguish between facts and fancies, as fairy tales and Mother Goose melodies quite bewilder his brain with their semblance of reality. Such children are apt to conjure up curious stories in which truth and fiction are hopelessly confused, and will relate them in all seriousness.

The Use of Perfumes.

In the days of our grandfathers, lavender was scattered through the linen press, and chests of clothes had little bags of sweet herbs, sweet clover scented the handkerchiefs, and there was a dainty odor clinging to everything pertaining to the lady's wardrobe. To-day perfumes are used in even more forms and in all imaginable places. There are satchel bags to pin into the dress, satchel cases to hold handkerchiefs, others to hold note paper, and others filled with violet powder and orris root to use on the skin. A cluster of tiny perfumed bags hangs over the back of one's lounging chair, and odd little devices scatter a delightful odor about the table of bric-a-brac. A pillow filled with pine needles sheds an aromatic perfume over the divan cushions, a rose jar filled with a pot-pourri of rose leaves, salt and spices, graces the dining-room table, and a sponge sprayed with rare perfume stands on a dainty porcelain tray ready to moisten one's finger tips. These are the ordinary ornaments now of dining-rooms or parlors of all households where enough of an income prevails to allow of any luxurious decorations.

High Heels and Pointed Toes.

Since the high heel and pointed toe have had time to do their work the chiropodist is rising to a smoney-making a position as the American dentist. The women who operate in the public baths for ladies have more work than they can attend to, and are raising their fees according to the state of the pairs of feet which they are asked to attend to. The ordinary old-fashioned treatment, requiring only the sharp knife and the pumice stone, is still a frank and a half. But for the operation known as "dehoofing" the foot, you may, with extras, get up from 10f. to 30f. There are women who are able when the fine world is in Paris to make from £3 to £5 a day. The seaside season is even more lucrative, because feet are so much in view on the sands of marine bathing places, where it is permissible to paddle about in salt water long after the teens have been cleared. Be it remembered that the high-heeled boot or shoe, by throwing the whole weight of the body on the tightened-up toes, deadens them and the rest of the foot, and brings the whole member, so far as the distribution of muscular force and nervous vitality go, into much the same state as a horse's hoof. The dehoofing process begins with a warm bran or potato-starch foot bath, followed by a quick plunge in cold water, after which there is shampooing with eau de Cologne or something else to help a reaction. Then there is a gymnastic pulling out and moving up and down and from side to side of individual toes, which reminds one of the piggy-wiggy game which nurses play with the pedal extremities of babies. The nurse, beginning with the great toe and going on with the four others says: "This pig went to the market, and this pig stayed at home, and this pig ate bread and butter, and this pig ate none, and this little pig cried, take me to mammy at home." The toes are manipulated and exercised separately, until each is limber and lively. The sole of the foot is also enlivened thus: The patient leans with both hands on a pair of props, and places the foot on a broad horse-hair band which works from side to side; then comes more hand rubbing, this time with glycerine, followed by friction with small brushes and instruments like drawing stumps. The nails are carefully attended to. All dead and hard skin is carefully removed, and finally the ankle and instep are put into gymnastic training. At the end of, say, an hour, a pair of feet which have been martyrized with high heels and pointed toes feel equal to dancing, jumping or taking a long walk. They also look shapely and quite young. One wonders why they should be hidden with shoes and stockings, and whether skilled chiropody will not look to a revival of sandals.—*Paris Letter in London Truth.*

Like the Paper on the Wall.

It has come at last; it has been on the way ever since the very tight sleeves and snug-fitting bodices engrossed the feminine fancy. A patent has been taken out by an enterprising clothier for a garment that fits the figure literally like the paper on the wall. The measurements are taken with accuracy, and the novelty is in the shape of the seams, which are so made as to dispense with all vestige of a wrinkle. These eel-skin bodices are worn with riding-habits, and so as to get every curve and motion the lady is fitted while seated upon an imitation horse, assuming precisely the position she would on a real steed.—*Table Talk.*

Seasonable Recipes.

Strawberry Cream Cake.—Make a very light sponge cake from six eggs, and bake it in three jelly cake tins. While it is baking and cooling, cover a quarter box of gelatine with a half cup of cold water and soak a half hour. Whip one pint of cream, and put in a tin or granite pan; stand this pan in another containing cracked ice. Add to the cream a half cup of powdered sugar and a teasponful of vanilla sugar. Stir the gelatine over boiling water until it dissolves, add it to the cream and stir at once, and continue stirring until the cream begins to thicken. When the cakes are cold put over one a thick layer of this cream; then stand strawberries evenly all over it; put on another layer of the cake; cover it with cream and berries, and so continue, having the top layer cream and berries. Serve very cold.

For a delicate temperance nectar taken with the dessert: Chop two pounds of fine Sultana raisins, add the grated yellow rind and juice of four large lemons and two pounds of powdered sugar candy. Melt this in a gallon of water in a large porcelain kettle. Boil and skim it for half an hour, and while it is boiling add by degrees the lemon and raisins. Continue boiling for ten minutes, then put the mixture in a stone jar and cover it closely. Let it stand for three days, stirring it down to the bottom each day. Strain it through a linen bag and bottle it, sealing the corks. It will be ready for use in two weeks. The quantity of this and other preparations can be doubled and trebled as required.

Language of the Eyes.

Black (dark brown) are a sign of passionate ardor in love.

Dark blue or violet denote great affection or purity, but not much intellectuality.

Clear, light blue, with calm, steadfast glance, denote cheerfulness, good temper, constancy.

Pale blue or steel colored, with shifting motion of eyelids and pupils, denote deceitfulness and selfishness.

Russet brown, without yellow, denote an affectionate disposition, sweet and gentle. The darker the brown the more ardent the passion.

Blue, with greenish tints, are not so strongly indicative of these traits, but a slight propensity to greenish tints in eyes of any color is a sign of wisdom and courage.

Gray, or greenish gray, with orange and blue shades and ever varying tints, are the most intellectual and are indicative of the impulsive, impressionable temperament—the mixture of sanguine and bilious, which produces poetic and artistic natures.

Light brown, or yellow, denote inconsistency; green, deceit and coquetry. Eyes of no particular color (only some feeble shades of blue or gray, dull, expressionless, dead looking) belong to the lymphatic temperament, and denote a listless, feeble disposition, and a cold, selfish nature.

They Bounced the Tenor Singer.

The action just taken by the churchwardens of Holy Trinity Church, Hounslow, England, will meet with the approval of a very great many church-goers. The congregation of Holy Trinity includes a Mr. Todd. It appears from reliable evidence that when Mr. Todd sings everybody else in the church laughs, although he sings so loud that the irreverent giggling is not heard. The churchwardens having stood it for 13 years, decided that the time had come to interfere, particularly as Mr. Todd's tenor voice kept getting louder and more objectionable all the time. Mr. Todd has been solemnly informed that he must either stop singing or leave the church, and he has resigned rather than cease his music. The proceedings of Todd before the churchwardens appeared rather comical. He flew into a rage, vowed he had a good tenor voice, and offered to fight a man who suggested that it was more like the roaring of a bull. Todd swore he never would stop singing, told his critics that they were flying in the face of Providence and the Book of King David. The Chairman said he didn't want to hear anything about King David, who probably had a better voice than Todd, and refused the request of the latter that a seat should be given him in the choir. Todd said it was all jealousy, and wound up his defence by offering to sing in turn all the churchwardens present for a guinea apiece, any competent judge to be chosen. The offer was not accepted.

To Remove Iron Rust.

The *Revue Industrielle* suggests to remove iron rust, mix one part of prussiate of potash, one part of fat soap and two parts of chalk, with sufficient water to form a thick paste. Rub the article with this mixture after saturating with a solution of prussiate of potash in twice its weight of water. This will work on metals, but would probably stain clothes, etc., with a blue stain.

Thomas Hardy the English novelist, lives at Max Hill, near Dorchester, his house being perched high on a hill that overlooks many of the real scenes of his Wessex stories. He prefers the quiet of the country for literary work, but is by no means secluded from London life, for he can reach the metropolis by rail within four hours

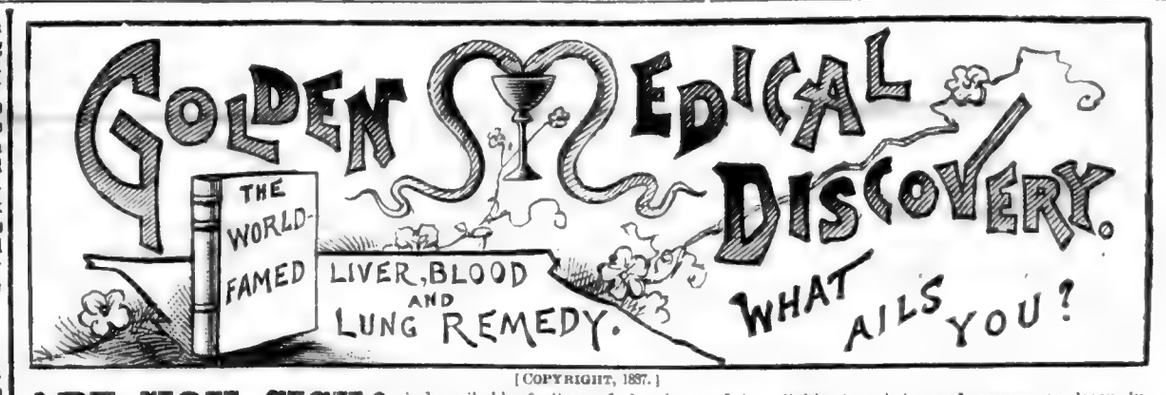

[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

ARE YOU SICK?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time, if not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK.

DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "Being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "For five years previous to taking 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I was a great sufferer; had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am now well and strong."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and **all skin and blood diseases,** for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM.

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, salves, ointments and bandages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by her physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but derived no benefit. Finally, about ten years ago, I chanced to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphlets setting forth the merits of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and other medicines. The *name* struck my fancy, and seeing that it was essentially a blood-purifier, I immediately recommended it to the old lady who had been so long a sufferer from salt-rheum. She commenced taking it at once, and took one bottle, but seemed to be no better. However, I realized that it would take time for any medicine to effect a change for the better, and encouraged her to continue. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she began to notice an improvement. After taking about a dozen bottles she was entirely cured. Her hands were perfectly well and as smooth and healthy as a child's. Her general health was also greatly improved; the rheumatism entirely left her, and the catarrh was almost cured, so that it ceased to be much annoyance. She has enjoyed excellent health from that day to this, and has had no return of either salt-rheum or rheumatism. The 'Discovery' seems to have entirely eradicated the salt-rheum from her system. She is now over eighty years old, and very healthy for one of such extreme age.

I have written this letter, of which you can make any use you see fit, hoping that some sufferer from salt-rheum might chance to read it and obtain relief by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'—for 'Golden' it is in its curative properties, and as much above the multitude of nostrums and so-called 'patent medicines,' as zealously thaunted before the public, as *gold* is above the baser metals. Respectfully yours,
F. W. WHEELER, 182 21st St."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

CONSUMPTION.

SOLOMON BUTTS, of *North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio*, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my wife. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."

COUGH OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING.

Mrs. N. W. RICE, of *Newfane, Vermont*, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cured a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my family, with good effect."

GAINED 25 POUNDS.

Wasting Disease.—WATSON F. CLARKE, Esq., of (Box 104), *Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Can.*, writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that time I weighed 122 pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 pounds. Then I used to eat about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I dared to."

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE.

W. R. DAVIS, Esq., of *Bellville, Florida*, writes: "I have taken your wonderful 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have been cured of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and be put back where I was."

Discovery $1.00, Six Bottles for $5.00; by Druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Propr's, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Street Scenes in Venice.

Among the crowds which gather on St. Mark's piazza in the lovely spring afternoons are women quite as beautiful as those which smile on you from the canvas of the old painters. They are fond of strange tints, odd shades of red, green and blue; they wear, some of them, old-fashioned three-cornered shawls of fine patterns and bold colors, presenting a very picturesque appearance. Many of the children are remarkably pretty. They look out with large eyes from under their tangled, curly locks, like so many cherubs fitted with half naked bodies. They are very thievish, too, and one has to be very watchful of them. That most of them are beggars will be no news to your readers. If you go in the evening to eat an ice, or take a cup of coffee at Florain's, in St. Mark's square, these soft-voiced, ragged little thieves come creeping up to you with their bright faces, pointing to their red-ripe mouths to tell you they are hungry, offering matches for sale, or asking you for the end of your cigar, your coffee, your cake. But they must be watched all the time, for they will steal whatever they lay their hands on.—*Providence Journal.*

A Logical Guess.

Miss Youngbelle (at a reception, pointing to a girlishly dressed but rather antique party on the opposite side of the room—How old is Miss Neverdy?

Mr. Jokerby—54.

Miss Youngbelle—Oh, nonsense! she's not as old as that.

Mr. Jokerby—Well, I don't know, but she's celebrated her eighteenth birthday three times to my knowledge, and three times eighteen is fifty-four.

$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for years made a standing, public offer in all American newspapers of $500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douche," and all other appliances advised to be used with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured. You get $500.

What precipices are idleness and pleasure! Do you know that to do nothing is a melancholy resolution; to live in idleness on the property of society; to be useless, that is to say, pernicious? This leads straight to the depths of wretchedness. Woe to the man who desires to be a parasite! He will become vermin.

Rev. Dr. Leonard, lately of Brooklyn and now rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., is the youngest bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, being just 4 years old.

The Thermometric Scale.

The scale in use in any thermometer is more or less arbitrary. It is necessary to fix two definite temperatures, and assign their positions on a scale. Water, being one of the most common bodies in nature, is usually employed, and freezing and boiling points are taken as definite points, especially as the temperature of freezing water or of melting ice is almost absolutely fixed—pressure altering it only very slightly. The thermometer generally used in the United States and Great Britain is of the Fahrenheit scale, which places the freezing point too great by 23 degrees. In Germany the scale used is Raumer's, which places the freezing point at zero, as does also the French measurement, which is known as the centigrade scale, and is used almost exclusively by scientific men of all nations. It is supposed that Fahrenheit fixed his zero at the point of greatest cold that he had observed.

I wonder Grimes has any friends—
His manner grows so surly;
No matter where we chance to meet,
Or whether late or early,
'Tis just the same: he cannot stay,
And barely answers a "Good-day."

Now this is a sad case of misconception. It is not Grimes' disposition which is at fault, but his liver. He can't appear jolly when he feels miserable. If he would take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great liver, stomach and bowel regulator, he would soon be the same happy fellow as of old—agreeable to himself and the world generally.

Weather Probabilities.

Street-car Passenger—Do you know what the weather probabilities are this morning, sir? Citizen—No, I haven't seen the paper yet. But I fancy fair weather is predicted; I notice everybody has an umbrella.

What's the Use?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended, Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 55 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists' and country dealers'.

A butcher of Gallipolis, O., dreamed that his horse was running away and that he jumped from the waggon. The dream was so realistic that he jumped out of a third-story window, and when picked up was badly bruised.

Miss Amelie Rives received $1,000 from the Lippincotts for her novel, "The Quick and the Dead."

The Prince is not Beau Brummel.

We must be getting very fastidious with our clothes when we cannot take a pattern even from the Prince of Wales. At a late Newmarket meeting last year the Prince wore a suit of "dittoes" of a large check, whereof two suits might have been to the pattern. The tailors were overjoyed at such patronage for their specialty, and at once commenced to push the cloth. A younger generation of Brummels has, however, a mind of its own, and has decided that the new thing is not worth giving its mind to. Hence the men with the needles are in open lamentation, and will learn the lesson that if the cloth can make a man the man cannot always make a cloth. While on this subject I may note that the Prince is very fond of lounge suits, and perhaps sports the most extraordinary varieties of any man in London. Even in the season, if there is any chance of getting away from the immediate vicinity of Pall Mall, he leaves the staid black coat and flies to the well-beloved checks.—*Vanity Fair.*

$40,000 Lost.

"I lost forty thousand dollars by a periodical attack of nervous sick headache," said a Chicago capitalist to a correspondent, pointing across the street to a handsome corner lot. "That lot was sold for ten thousand dollars at public auction five years ago, and I intended to buy it, but was too sick with headache to attend the sale, and it is now worth fifty thousand dollars." If he had known of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets they would have removed the cause of his headaches—biliousness—and he would have made the money. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure sick headache, bilious headache dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and bilious attacks; 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Howard Seely, the Texas writer, who has become well known from his sketches of frontier life, makes use of a human skull for an inkstand. It once belonged, it is said, to a Mexican senorita who was famous for her beauty.

DUN L. 26 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

THE MONTREAL CONVENTION.

The great Temperance Convention to be held in Montreal next week, is being looked forward to with considerable interest by all classes. Teetotallers are hopeful that wisdom and harmony will characterize the deliberations of the conventioners, whatever the outcome may be. Many of these consider the country ripe for prohibition and are in hopes that there will be a unanimity of sentiment in this particular at the Convention. The licensed victuallers, although seriously alarmed at the tremendous growth of Temperance principles, are confident that the recent sweeping anti Scott Act victories will have such a dampening effect that no definite action will be taken.

THE ADVANCE believes in educating the people in this matter; and, much as it dislikes anything approaching fanaticism and gush and froth sentiment, it cannot but recognize that those are, after all, educating forces—the natural sequences attendant upon the uprooting of great social evils. It also believes that the prejudice of centuries cannot be overcome and great moral reforms effected at a bound, so to speak. The agitation against slavery has been going on for a century, and the end is not yet—although, in process of time, every root of that great evil will have been torn up from the face of the earth. The first Temperance society was organized half a century ago, and although the growth of the movement since then has been the theme and wonder of the civilized world, it is yet practically in its infancy. It will take years of patient, persistent, solid work, before signal triumphs can be achieved. What matters a few reverses? No great end has ever been attained without defeats as well as victories. At the same time, let Temperance people be warned by these "beacon lights" and avoid the danger of taking ground too far in advance of public sentiment.

BILLETING AT CONFERENCE.

The Secretary of the Billeting Committee of the Methodist church, writes the Editor of THE ADVANCE anent a clipping from this journal, which appeared in a recent issue of the Toronto Daily Globe. The following is the clipping:

"Sometimes a representive come in contact with people after his own heart, but more frequently there is diversity of tastes, opinions and everything else, which has the tendency to send the delegate out on the streets, in order to seek for more congenial companions. Several delegates refused to be billeted at private houses and went to the hotels—preferring to forfeit the $2 deposit rather than run the risk of uncongenial companionship and diversity of tastes."

We are sorry that there should have been any feeling in this matter. The quotation above does not cover all the ground. The article anent billeting was general in its tone, and there was no intention whatever in the mind of the Editor to reflect upon the generous and hearty hospitality of the good people of Seaforth. In short the sentences quoted in the Globe were taken here and there at random from the article in THE ADVANCE. But it is not the people's hospitality or generosity that is in question at all. The host or hostess might be ever so hospitable, and still the "uncongeniality of companionship and diversity of tastes" might or might not be there all the same.

The delegates who refused to be billeted at private houses, did so purely and simply because they preferred stopping at a public house. At least so they told the Editor of THE ADVANCE, who penned the objectionable paragraph himself and not "your correspondent."

To prevent any chance for mis-construing, let us say that the Editor's billet was quite satisfactory. That is all we have to say about the matter at present.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There were four cases tried before the Judge at the last session of Markdale Division Court, and two of them were adjourned.

If a stone and brick bridge can be built over the Boyne at anything like a reasonable price, it would not pay to put up a wooden structure.

When gravel is used for the purpose of improving the public highways, it is not a bad idea to spread it evenly. There are hills and hollows enough as it is.

A meeting should be called at an early date to take into consideration the straightening of the road to the Station. This important project should not be lost sight of for a moment. The sooner it is taken hold of in a practical manner the better.

Dominion Day is to be celebrated in Dundalk in big shape. The Committee of Management announce that prizes to the value of "$500" will be given to competitors in the various games and sports. Consulting the prize list, our Sporting Editor could only find "$299 in Prizes" instead of "$500 in Prizes" as announced in a display line on the same bill. Do they possess the secret of converting $299 into $500 by some feat of legerdemain know only to themselves, or have they entered the lists as champion "fish yarn" spouters.

Early last Saturday morning (about 2:30) Messrs. Graydon and son, of Streetsville, discovered two suspicious looking characters lurking around their premises. They gave chase, when one of the supposed burglars suddenly wheeled and fired three shots, each of which lodged in the body of the elder Mr. Graydon. The son continued the chase and grappling with one of the rascals, wrested the revolver from him, and would have succeeded in effecting his capture had not the accomplice returned and assisted his comrade, when both made good their escape. The rural districts are swarming with suspicious characters and people will do well to be prepared for any emergency. Keep your guns loaded and bull dog's teeth filed if need be, but be always on the alert.

W. C. T. U.

Their wine is the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps.—Deut. xxxii, 33.

A FORM OF ASSASSINATION.

The encouragement of drunkenness, said Thomas Carlyle, for the sake of gaining money is more desperate form of assassination than has been adopted by the bravos of any country or age.

MARRIAGE.—Marrying men to reform them has never been a successful enterprise on the part of woman. Girls are worth too much unmarried to sacrifice their lives to beat sense into the head of any man on God's footstool. Such a man does not wean so easily as a calf. He will go home only to sober up, and then not till the other places are closed. A girl will marry such a man, hoping that next year he will be better; but the next year he will br worse. There are sober boys enough for all the girls; and there is no need for marrying a drunkard, and the girl who does so will deserve all the unhappiness she marries.—New York Sun.

The Montreal Convention.

The Dominion Prohibition Convention, to be held at Montreal on July 3rd, 4th and 5th, will be a gathering of remarkable interest. It will be the first national Canadian conference of delegated Prohibitionists. The great meeting at Montreal in 1875, out of which came the Dominion Alliance and the Scott Act, was simply a mass convention of active Temperance workers. In the coming meeting every delegate will represent a constituency of Prohibitionists anxiously waiting the decision of their leaders and the call to arms for further conflict.

The convention has been called by the Dominion Alliance, but it will be thoroughly independent when it meets, and will organize and control itself. Every Local Temperance organization, every Lodge, Division, Council, Union, Club, Church, Society, or any such institution is invited to send a delegate for each fifty of its membership, any number not being a complete fifty to count as fifty for the purpose of representation. Every Provincial Temperance organization is invited to send its Executive Committee or an equal number of representatives. Every Provincial Branch of the Alliance is to send ten, and every County Alliance or Scott Act Association is entitled to five.

The principal Railway and Steamboat lines are acting very liberally towards the Convention. The Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways and Richelieu Steamboat Company will issue return tickets to Montreal, for a single fare, to all persons applying. Tickets will be issued on this plan from Saturday, June 30th, up to Tuesday, July 3rd, and will be good for return passage up to Saturday, July 7th. The intercolonial Railway will sell single fare tickets to Montreal at usual rates and will issue at Montreal return tickets FREE, on presentation of a certificate signed by the Secretary of the Convention. It will be seen that all who attend the Convention (which will be open to the public), whether delegates or not, may avail themselves of these reduced fares.

The meetings of the Convention proper will be held in the Victoria Rifles Armory on Cathcart Street. On Sunday evening, July 1st, there will be held a great Gospel Temperance meeting at some central point; on Monday, 2nd, there will be an excursion to Mystic, and a Prohibition picnic there; on Tuesday evening, 3rd, a monster Prohibition mass meeting will be held. All these gatherings will be addressed by the foremost moral reform workers of Canada.

Priceville Pointers.

Mr. Murdock McDonald, of Toronto—formerly of Priceville—is visiting friends here.

Mr. Thos. Atkinson, landlord of the Commercial Hotel, had a narrow escape from death last Friday. He was driving one of his spirited horses in front of the hotel, when the animal suddenly bolted and made for the stable. The vehicle was brought violently in contact with the side of the stable door and Mr. Atkinson was hurled with great force against one of the stalls. Although somewhat seriously injured, he is now able to move around.

Mr. Robt. Watson will take a few weeks' holidays shortly.

About a hundred maple trees were planted along the streets this spring. They are all thriving nicely and will add greatly to the appearance of the place.

The Trustees of this School Section are to be congratulated for their enterprise. Shade trees are to be planted on the school ground and other improvements will be made in due time. In order that the vulgar gaze may be most effectually eclipsed, a fine high board fence has been erected around the premises.

Deputy-Reeve McArthur returned home from County Council last week.

Mrs. Dr. James, of Orangeville has been visiting friends here. She returned home last week.

Mr. M. Reiley does a rushing business in blacksmithing and carriage making. No matter how dull the times are, Reiley is always busy.

It is reported that three young men from Flesherton visited this place one Sunday recently and got badly left.

The Agricultural Editor enjoyed a pleasant row in Dr. Hixon & Co's boat on Monday.

Work has commenced on the new Presbyterian church, but the progress made thus far has been rather slow. It will be a fine structure when completed.

Rev. Mr. Ottewell, the esteemed pastor of the Methodist church, is stationed here for another year.

Presentation and Address.

On Monday evening previous to the departure of Rev. J. S. Corcoran and family for their new field of labor, a few friends met at the parsonage and presented them with the following address and Mrs. Corcoran with a purse of money as a small token of the regard with which they were held by them. Mr. Corcoran made a very appropriate reply after which "The Sweet By and By" was sung and the assembly dispersed:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As the time has now come when we must sever our connection as pastor and people, we, the friends of Salem and Eugenia appointments have met here this evening to say "good bye" and wish you God speed. You may feel assured that you will be followed to your new home by our prayers and sympathies and that we will cherish the remembrance of your faithful labors on this circuit. We take this opportunity to present Mrs. Corcoran with a purse of money collected by the ladies and may we all meet in that better Home "where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end."

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Although times have been very dull here for some time past the spell was broken last week.

On Tuesday, Mr. Mark Murphy raised a large implement building and on Wednesday, Mr. Jackson Reed raised a large addition to his barn when the usual strife took place, but the greatest event of the season was the wedding of Mr. Thomas A. Heron, of Buffalo, to Miss Maggie Burk. There were about one hundred guests invited and the presents to the bride were numerous and costly. The happy pair leave this week for their home in Buffalo and carry with them the best wishes of the entire community.

A Sunday school picnic was held on the prairie on Mrs. St. Johns farm on Thursday last which was quite a success.

Rev. W. Ferrier, returned from Conference last week and will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday next when he will remove to his new field of labor at Queensville.

Farmers are complaining of the dry weather and hay is likely to be a short crop. In consequence all other crops are looking well but are in need of rain.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing and invigorating it. As a safe and absolute cure for the various disorders caused by constitutional taint or infection, this remedy has no equal. Take it this month.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

Shelburnites will shortly vote on a by-law to raise $20,000 for waterworks and sewer.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO RENT.

Good house and lot to Rent in Flesherton. For particulars apply to Thos. Osborne, Esq., or at THE ADVANCE office. Also a well cultivated farm of 23 acres, with good house and orchard, one mile from Flesherton, for sale or to rent on reasonable terms. Apply to Mr. Osborne or at THE ADVANCE office as above.

Lost Cattle and Sheep.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, Lot 35, Con. 5, Artemesia, one medium size red and white yearling heifer, also one small red and white yearling heifer, also one good young ewe and one ewe lamb. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded.

HENRY DOWN,
Flesherton P.O.

LOST CATTLE.

STRAYED from my premises, Lot 24, Con. 17, Egremont, about 15th May last, one red Heifer with white star on forehead, one red Steer, and one red and white Steer, all yearlings. Any person furnishing information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. ALDCORN,
Dromore P.O.

40 Cents

Will get The Advance for the balance of this year.

Subscribe Now!

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

FLESHERTON
Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Waggons,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators,
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

The CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 50	to 4 50
Fall Wheat	$0 78	to 0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 45	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 13	0 13
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

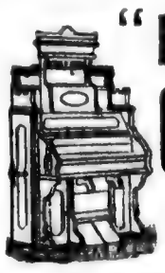

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

BIG DISCOUNTS

—*Still the order of the day at*—

Clayton's

Harness Shop,

FLESHERTON.

Some of the Goods I offer for Sale:

Single & Double Harness,

WHIPS,

An immense stock, which will be sold at greatly reduced prices,

Curry Combs, Brushes,

PEERLESS

Hoof Ointment,

Peerless Axle Grease,

Harness Oil, &c., &c.

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

Thanking the public for past patronage, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

Gordon's - Old - Stand,

Richardson's Block.

D. CLAYTON.

June 26th, 1888.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

For some time past it has been the custom of some sacriligious persons to amuse themselves about once a week by throwing stones through the windows in the Methodist church. Nothing has been said about it in public up to the present but a strict look out has been kept and the parties are now known. If their nefarious conduct is repeated they will probably feel the weight of the strong arm of the law. Such conduct deserves the censure of all and the perpetrators of such dastardly acts to be stigmatized as infamous by a whole community.

Mrs. Geo. Saul, of Toronto, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sloan.

On Saturday quite a number of Feversham aristocrats held a picnic on the ever popular picnic grounds at Eugenia. They seemed to enjoy themselves heartily and as though loath to leave the romantic place prolonged their stay far into the night. Come again!

Miss E. Hogg, of Flesherton Station, is visiting at her brother's, Mr. J. R. Hogg, of this place.

Miss Lilly Taylor, of Mount Zion, is the guest of Rev. J. S. Corcoran and family.

Mr. J. Hoppe has begun the business of wagon repairing, &c. in our thriving town. All we need now to have things handy is a railroad, a boot-black and a barber.

Mr. Alex. Madill has arrived home from Southern Manitoba where he has been for about three months. He reports a very cold spring and altogether does not give a very glowing account of that place. Crops were frozen close to the ground a few nights before he left—about the 1st of June.

Mr. D. McMullen has returned home from Northern Michigan, looking hale and hearty. LOU.

Muddy Valley.

Correspondence of The Advance.

Here we are again, and the residents of Muddy Valley seem to think the weather very warm and they are about right.

Mrs. Dan. Ferguson gave birth to a daughter a few days ago. The happy father was so well pleased he bought a bottle of malt and treated the neighbors to a good drunk all round. You must get a cradle now, Dan

A young man named Brown got severely hurt while playing foot-ball at Swinton Park last Saturday evening. It appears he was running away with the ball at a lively rate and was about to get it through the goal when his opponent, a big fellow, ran against him knocking him down and hurting his leg and other parts of his body. He was unable to walk home and was carried to the nearest house where he remained until morning when his father came and drove him home.

Mr. Tine Moore got married to Rebecka Ginn, of Priceville. The ceremony took place away down in the lower settlement some place. You should not be so shy about it, Tine, you might know you would be found out, but nevertheless we wish you much joy.

Mr. Peter Ferguson has returned from Toronto Gore where he was working since spring on account of ill health. We are glad to hear he is getting better.

Mr. Charles Tuck, of Priceville, is working with Mr. J. T. Wilson. He seems to think the days are longer in Proton than they are in Priceville.

Mr. D. Ferguson is having a frame barn built on D. Elder's farm which he has rented. EYEHOLDER.

Kimberley School Report for May in Order of Merit.

I DEPARTMENT.

IV CLASS.—J. Dynes, A. Thurston, E. Carruthers.

IV CLASS, Jr.—P. Dynes, G. Burritt, S. Magee.

III CLASS.—V. Gilbert, M. Stafford, J. Hammond.

III CLASS Jr.—H. Dynes, R. Abercrombie, M. Smith.

II CLASS.—M. Smith, M. Howell, C. Ellis.

II DEPARTMENT.

II CLASS, Jr.—H. McLean, R. Lawrence, J. Gilbert.

I CLASS, Sr.—G. Knott, A. Wickens, G. Stewart.

I CLASS.—W. McLean, F. Bowerman, E. Scott.

I CLASS, (A).—A. Hill, A. N. Hill, B. Hammond.

I CLASS, (B).—D. Mundle, E. Plewis, M. McKenzie.

Average attendance 61.

I. E. GAUDIN, *Principal.*
MISS M. ABERCROMBIE, *Assistant.*

South Grey Teachers' Association.

The twenty-first semi-annual meeting of the Teachers of the inspectorate of South Grey took place in Durham on Thursday and Friday, June 7th and 8th. About seventy teachers were present and, from the very practical character of the program all must have been benefited. The wise words of advice given by Rev. Mr. McNair and Mr. Merchant could not fail to inspire every teacher to a higher appreciation of the work in which he is engaged. Mr. McNair considers the work of the teachers second to none and his responsibility equal to that of the minister of the Gospel.

Among the teachers were to be found many who seemed filled with enthusiasm and determination to pursue their labors with untiring energy.

Mr. Campbell, the Inspector, is fully alive to a sense of his duty and did much to make the convention the success it proved to be.

Mr. C. McArthur introduced a discussion on the New Arithmetic, followed by Mr. Irwin who was appointed critic.

Mr. Booth introduced "Music" and was ably criticised by Mr. Sproule, an advocate of the "Holt System" and a graduate of that school.

Mr. Edwards taught a little class in History in a very interesting manner.

Mr. McCool, of Hanover, gave an account of a case of corporal punishment in his school for which he considered the decision of the magistrate unjust and contrary to law. An appeal has been made and comes up for hearing in Owen Sound. Mr. McCool read the evidence of the plaintiff and the teachers seeing nothing deserving so severe a sentence passed a resolution giving as their opinion that corporal punishment is necessary in some cases.

Mr. Irwin was appointed delegate to the Provincial Teachers' Association in Toronto, in August, and as an appreciation for his services as Secretary an additional ten dollars per annum was vote to his salary.

The thanks of the Association are due to the musical talent of Durham for the excellent vocal and instrument music rendered at the evening meeting.

The next meeting will be held in Flesherton on the 25th and 26th of October.—COM.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood,** a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula,** is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

— DEALER IN —

Tinware,

— AND ALL KINDS OF —

Stoves, Iron, Metal-work,

Copperware, Sheet Iron,

Eavetroughing - a - Specialty.

SHOP—RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

—— and have got in the ——

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

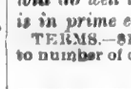

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and P. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AG'T, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 151 ½ West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 29, Con. II, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY—!—OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-360

"Good-bye."

I came again to-night, that same sad feeling
That long ago I thought had passed away;
That one old wound that still resists all healing;
That pain not even time can quite allay.
The mists close in, but faintly through them stealing
I catch an echo which will never die;
For, all the memories of the past unsealing,
Come those two tearful words of hers, "Good-bye!"

A touch of hands, few, hasty words, in parting—
I see and hear it all again to-night;
A host of recollections now upstarting
Bring the whole scene again before my sight.
Good-bye!" The low sweet voice that spoke it faltered;
The eyes were dimmed that shone so bright and shy.
The memory of those words has never altered—
Those two sad whispered words of hers, "Good-bye!"

What might have been! God only knows; we never
Can draw the curtains from the dim unknown;
And yet, and yet, before me rises ever—
But fainter since the shadows deeper grown
Have fallen on my heart and brought it sadness—
A vision of her face, the one strong tie
That carries with it somewhat of the gladness
I knew before those words of hers, "Good-bye!"

The music in my soul can never brighten;
The minor chords are all that sound to-day;
And mournful strains, which nothing seems to lighten,
My life, my soul, my very being sway.
The harmony is incomplete: her fingers
Could touch the chords and swell the music high;
Now, in the notes a painful discord lingers,
For the sweetest string was broken by those words, "Good bye!"

J. WINTHROP LOVELAND.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

It was an unutterable relief to the weary woman to find herself alone in a second-class compartment speeding away from the great wilderness of London, where she had known so much misery—away from the glare and dust and hot sun—away from the smoke and dirt, the noise and wretchedness of the house where she had lodged.

"It will be easier and pleasanter to die in the country," she said, half aloud, with a faint little smile, "under a blue sky, and it will be easier to sleep in fields than here."

She shuddered a little as she thought of the room she would not see again, although all her worldly possessions were in it, and then leaned back in her corner, resting her head against the back of the carriage and looking out of the open window, through which, as London was left behind, the soft fresh air came in with such pleasant refreshment.

The rest and quiet and solitude were inexpressibly welcome to her; the wild, hunted expression died out of her eyes as she leaned back on the padded seat; and now, with her veil thrown back and the weary lines smoothed from the still lovely face, one who had known her in former days might perhaps have recognised in Mrs. Grant the rejected applicant of the agency office, the terrified fugitive, the once brilliant and beautiful and admired and envied Lady Glynn.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The rays of the sun, setting over the western hills beyond the pretty village of Erindale, seemed to linger tenderly upon the scene of unusual beauty which they were filling with golden light—green fields, fresh and fragrant, studded with yellow buttercups and silver daisies, full-leaved trees, a wood in the distance, the village lying in the valley with its pretty cottages, and the quaint red-brick school-house standing on the hill. Down the road was the pretty gray-stone lodge at the gates of Erindale Park, where the only great people in the village lived—the Squire, Sir Frederic Oliphant, his wife, the gentle, kindly, stately lady of the manor, and Miss Madge, their only daughter—sweet, bright-eyed, madcap Madge, who could be so full of fun and yet so full of tenderness, who had never had a care of her own in the world, but who could nevertheless sympathize with the cares of others with a gentleness which was so great a consolation to them all.

Not that there was much care or trouble at Erindale. The villagers were chiefly well to do, and those who were not so received such help from the people at the Hall that they never knew the biting misery of want. Not many villages, even in "merrie England," were so greatly favored as Erindale, for it was not only beautifully and healthily situated, and so blessed by Nature, but Sir Frederic, who had a hobby for improving, had brought all kinds of modern innovations to bear upon the land and the cottages, so that it might well have passed for a model village.

If Sir Frederic had a hobby for improvements, Lady Oliphant had a steed of her own likewise. Her hobby was the village schools; and she devoted much time and money to them, and not only time and money, but a great deal of good sense which saw that the children's instruction consisted of those branches of education which were likely to be of use to them in their future lives.

Altogether Erindale was a model little settlement; and the Oliphants spent nearly the entire year at home; Lady Oliphant being hardly strong enough for travelling, and Sir Frederic and Madge both preferring Erindale to every other place on earth.

The red light of the setting sun which fell upon the little ivy-grown lodge and down the road with the tall leafy hedges on either side, fell also on a pretty little pony-carriage containing two ladies who were driving slowly homeward. Lady Oliphant and her daughter were alone—they usually drove out unattended in the golden summer evenings—and the girl was chattering gayly, as was her wont, while Lady Oliphant was listening and smiling indulgently at Madge's merry speeches.

"There is Mrs. Ford at the gate, mamma," Madge said, as the lodge came into view. "She looks very important. I am sure she has something to tell us. I wonder what it can be? Shall I drive slowly to have the pleasure of trying to guess what it is, or shall I drive fast and so spare myself the agony of suspense and the pleasure of anticipation?"

"I think I should drive fast," Lady Oliphant said laughingly, "unless the pleasures of anticipation are greater than the agony of suspense."

"Ah!" Madge ejaculated. "I am afraid, mamma, that I am very curious and inquisitive; so I will drive on. From whom could I have inherited that little failing? Not from papa certainly, because he is the least inquisitive of mortals."

"Saucy girl! Ah, Mrs. Ford, what a pleasant evening! Were you waiting for little Joe?"

"No, my lady," said the lodge-keeper, courtesying, "I was waiting for your ladyship. I was hoping you would return this way, as you went out by the other gate."

"You wanted to see me?"

"If you please, my lady. If you and Miss Madge would be kind enough to get out and come in for a moment, I have something to show you."

"Of course we will get out," said Madge quickly; then, turning to her mother—"What did I tell you, mamma? I said nurse had something to tell us or something to show us. Take care, dear"—carefully assisting her mother to alight. "That's right, Joe; stand at their heads. You need not touch them. Stand still, my beauties!" And, with a parting pat of her little gloved hand on the ponies' heads, she followed her mother into the lodge.

The lodge door opened into a comfortable little sitting-room, furnished in a rather heavy and substantial manner, a room where Madge had spent many a pleasant hour in her childhood, for Mrs. Ford had been her nurse, and had married from the Hall, where her husband, since dead, had been coachman. She was a kindly-looking woman, plump and short, with a pleasant rosy face, which wore a very pitiful expression just now, as she bent over a woman lying on the horsehair sofa, her head resting back upon it, her eyes closed, and her face as pale as death itself. Lady Oliphant stood looking at her in silence; Madge drew nearer the sofa.

"What a lovely face! Who is she, nursie? Mamma dear, what is the matter Is she asleep or has she fainted?"

"I think she is asleep now, Miss Madge, half asleep and half stupefied," Mrs. Ford said. "She looks very ill, poor pretty!"

"Very ill," Lady Oliphant said. "How did she come here, Ford?"

"I will tell you, my lady. It was this morning, just as little Joe was coming home from school, he ran in saying there was a lady sitting by the roadside who seemed very tired. I went out to her and asked her if she would come in and rest a little. When I spoke to her, she looked up at me with such pitiful eyes, my lady, and she said in such low faint tones that she could not—she was too tired. She was that exhausted, my lady, that I was obliged almost to carry her into the house, and she dropped down there on the sofa just as you see her. I asked her if she had been ill, and she shook her head; she had walked a long way, she said. I brought her some bread and milk, and at first she drank so eagerly and tried to eat that—oh, my lady, it seems strange to say it and she so nicely dressed, but I think she had not tasted food for a long time!"

"Oh, nurse!" Madge said tremulously.

"It's true, Miss Madge, I am afraid; but very little satisfied her, and then she fell back and looked round the room, as if she wondered where she was, and was bewildered like, then closed her eyes, and ever since she has remained like this, my lady, just as you see her."

"Poor thing!" Lady Oliphant said gently. "She looks like a lady too. I wonder who she is, and what could have brought her to such a condition?"

"She looks well-nigh starved," remarked Mrs. Ford, with a tremor in her kind voice. "Just look at her hands, my lady."

"Madge dear, take care," her mother said gently for Madge was kneeling by the sofa now and touching the sleeping woman with gentle fingers, raising her a little, and putting her more comfortably on the sofa.

"I will not wake her, mother. Poor thing, how ill she looks!" Madge's sweet voice was full of pain. "She is almost like death, is she not? She ought to be in bed. Mamma, shall we take her home?

"My darling, she will be better with nurse," Lady Oliphant said. "Nurse will take care of her until she is better, I know, and—" She broke off, for there was a perceptible quiver of the heavy white lids, and the stranger opened her eyes and looked about, at first dreamily and wonderingly, then with a sudden light of recognition, as they rested upon Mrs. Ford's kindly face.

"I have been asleep," she said faintly "Forgive me. I am better now, and I will go."

"You will not stir," Madge said, gently putting her back upon the sofa, and bending over her with her sweet, coaxing face. "You are too tired for anything but rest. Nursie, have you any tea made? I am sure she would like some tea."

The sweet wondering eyes went to Madge's face wistfully, then passed on to Lady Oliphant's.

"You must not think of stirring yet," Lady Oliphant said. "Perhaps you are a stranger in this neighborhood. If so, it will be better for you to remain here with Mrs. Ford for a day or two."

"You are very good, but—"

"I shall have much pleasure in writing or telegraphing to your friends, if you will allow me," said her ladyship.

"I have no friends to whom—" The slow tears rose heavily to her eyes now, and her lips quivered so that speech was almost an impossibility.

Madge, coming to her side with some tea and a slice of delicately cut bread and butter, stopped her gently.

"You must not talk," she said. "You must drink this and lie still. There—there, poor thing!"

She put down the tea hastily, and caught her in her strong, young arms, and the passion of tears which followed were shed upon Madge Oliphant's shoulder, while Lady Oliphant, her own eyes dim, took the little wasted hand, and stroked it gently.

It was pretty to see how Madge soothed her and laid her back on the pillows, and held the strong, fragrant tea to the parched, shaking lips, and waited on her deftly and tenderly, all her warm girlish sympathies enlisted in behalf of this poor, solitary stranger who was so lovely and so fragile. And it was touching to see how the wistful, yearning eyes followed Madge as she moved about the room, and how the little fingers clung to her hand when Lady Oliphant rose and said gently that they must leave her to her rest now; but that they would see her in the morning; and, while she went out to say a few words to Mrs. Ford about the poor waif whom she had succored, Shirley—for it was she—tried to thank Madge with shaking lips.

"How good you are! How can I thank you?" she said unsteadily; and Madge smiled and kissed her, and told her that she would see her in the morning, and went back to her own happy, luxurious home, her thought and heart full of the poor stranger who was so lovely and so sad.

Mrs. Ford assisted her guest up the little narrow staircase, and undressed her and laid her in the soft lavender-scented bed in the little spare room. Shirley was weak enough to be helpless as a child in her strong motherly hands; and when she had drunk the hot drink Mrs. Ford prepared for her, she lay back on the pillow and slept long and heavily, awaking when the sun was high in the heavens, to partake of some tea and toast which Mrs. Ford brought to the bedside, then sinking to sleep again—the long dreamless sleep of exhaustion and prostration.

It was evening when she awoke, and she was alone in the little room. She felt stronger and better, and getting out of bed, managed with slow languid movements to dress herself and creep down stairs to the little sitting-room, where Mrs. Ford greeted her with a cry of surprise.

"Dear heart alive!" she exclaimed. "Are you better? How pleased Miss Madge will be! She has been down two or three times to ask after you, and she and her ladyship will be back here on their way home.

"How can I thank you for all your kindness?" Shirley said tremulously; and she went up to the good woman and put her arms round her neck and kissed her.

"La, my dear, there's nothing to thank me for," said Mrs. Ford rather unsteadily. "One as would not do a kindness for another is not fit to live, in my opinion, and her ladyship and Miss Madge are that kind that they'd make one feel ashamed not to be so sometimes when occasion offers. Yes grand as her ladyship is, she's never grand with us poor folks; and she'll be good to you if you need it."

Shirley smiled faintly; it was all part of a terrible dream, she thought. Surely she would awaken some day, and find that she had been asleep a long, long time, and had dreamed that her husband was dead, and that he had been murdered, and that Guy had been tried for his life for the murder, and that she had come away in the dawn, and had walked many miles to the next station, so as to avoid the chance of Guy's following her!

A dream! Was it a dream? Had those long weeks in London, those bitter winter months when she had scarcely left the miserable lodging where she had taken refuge, not really existed? Had those spring days, with their winds and long interminable evenings, passed only in her imagination? Ah, no—they were all realities! But that suffering was over! She had left London far behind on that July day—was it a week ago?—when she had taken a ticket for Hereford, and left the train when it stopped at a little station on the line; and then she had wandered on her way, sleeping under the blue sky, under a tree or haystack, eating a bit of bread as long as er money—one shilling—lasted to procure it, and then sinking down wearily by the road-side, to die, as she thought, of want, of sheer hunger, of starvation. Ay, and such would have been her end had it not been for the good Samaritan who had taken her in and fed and sheltered her; and the hazel eyes went gratefully to the portly figure in a lilac print gown and snow-white apron which moved about the room on hospitable cares intent.

And yet could it be possible? It must be a dream! That she who had been used to such lavish expenditure, who had had the command of more money than she could throw away on her whims and extravagances and pleasures, should have been brought to such want as that she should be starving, dying for the want of a bit of bread—it must be a dream; it could not be true.

Three or four times she had felt the same confusion in her mind; she could not think connectedly, she could not remember the names of the villages she had passed, she could not remember her brother's address in India. She thought she might venture to write to him now and let him know where she was, and ask him if he could come to her. But what could she say to him? What address could she give him to write to her? Poor Jack, how grieved he would be if he knew how ill and solitary she was, and how—

"Drink this, honey," said Mrs. Ford's kindly voice, as she brought a basin of beef-tea to her side. "Miss Madge won't be glad to see such pale cheeks. That's right; that'll hearten you up a bit. And this is a glass of Sir Frederic's own port. Miss Madge carried some down herself this morning. Nay, you must drink it every drop; and then you shall sit by the window and watch for them."

"Thank you," Shirley said gratefully, as she obeyed; and, leaning back in the old chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, she looked down the road, which was flooded with the golden light of the setting sun.

"Miss Madge is such a kind young lady," Mrs. Ford resumed—she was never weary of singing her young lady's praise—"and that thoughtful and considerate! And she's so gay and bright that to see her coming along the road smiling at one is as good as a ray of sunshine on a winter day."

"She is very good and sweet and pretty," Shirley answered, in a tone of such heartfelt gratitude that it pleased Mrs. Ford, and she continued—

"And, although they have a visitor at the Hall, she was down here the first thing to know how you were. She says you have the loveliest face she ever saw," she went on, with an approving glance at Shirley, which at any other time would have made her smile. "She's not a bit stuck up, isn't Miss Madge. The gentleman who is visiting at the Hall is courting her, Collins says—Collins is Miss Madge's maid—and, although I think him much too old and grave for Miss Madge, I can't help sayin' that he's a fine man and a real gentleman—and he seems that fond of Miss Madge that he worships the ground she walks on."

"He will be a very fortunate man to win such a wife," Shirley said gently. "Miss Madge deserves to be happy."

"Ay, that she does!" was the warm answer. "Besides, she is a great heiress is Miss Madge. Sir Frederic's property does not go to his male relations; it will all go to Miss Madge. But it is not her property this gentleman wants, for they say he's as rich as a Jew. At the same time," continued Mrs. Ford, in a lower tone, "I should not give him Miss Madge if I were the squire."

"Why not?" Shirley asked, absently.

"My reasons is good ones," Mrs. Ford answered rather mysteriously. "But I keep them to myself. However, Sir Frederic is the best judge, after all. You'll see him presently, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

She hesitated, looking at Shirley inquiringly.

"Grant," Shirley said faintly.

"You are a widow, I suppose? Ah, poor thing, it is a sad thing to lose a husband! I've been through that trouble myself, so I know what it is." She shook her head sorrowfully, then resumed in a brisker tone—"Well, Mrs. Grant, you'll see him presently, for he's out driving with Miss Madge and her ladyship, and Miss Madge is coming back this way."

"I shall be glad to have an opportunity of thanking her," Shirley said gently; and Mrs. Ford left her by the window.

Presently the quick trot of Miss Oliphant's ponies was heard, and the pretty dainty little carriage appeared in sight. Madge was driving, as usual, and she was turning her fair face backward to look at a gentleman in the back seat, who was bending toward her and smiling at something she was saying to him—a tall man with a gray, haggard face, whom Shirley recognized at once. Miss Oliphant's suitor was Guy Stuart.

CHAPTER XL.

For a moment Shirley sat watching the approaching vehicle, taking in clearly the tenderness in Guy Stuart's face as he bent toward Madge Oliphant, the bright smile on the girl's fair face, and the quiet pleasure on her mother's; then, with quick, frightened steps, she ran up the little narrow stairs and into the room where she had slept, bolting the door behind her, in a paroxysm of terror.

What could she do? Whither could she go? That she should have come here, of all places in the world—that Guy should be at Erindale—that this should be the end of all the misery she had endured—that, after all her wandering, he should find her here!

How had he found her out? Who had betrayed her to him? How could she escape?

She glanced wildly around her; then she remembered Mrs. Ford's words that the gentleman who was courting Miss Oliphant was out driving with her; and she breathed more freely. He did not know she was there; she might still conceal herself; she might escape after all. And yet to go out once more into the world to face the same misery again? How could she? Ah, why had they saved her for this? Why had they not let her die by the road-side? It would have been kinder! The death-pang would have been over now; and what had life for her that she should cling to it?

Composing herself somewhat by a strong effort of will she stood waiting, wondering what was coming next. She heard Mrs. Ford's exclamations of surprise as she entered the little sitting-room to greet her visitors, and Madge Oliphant's bright voice mingling with the deep rich tones she knew so well, and which thrilled her through and through even now. Then she heard the pony-carriage move on into the park, and she peeped out of the window. Guy had taken Madge's place and was driving away, and Shirley sunk down by the window-sill, holding it with trembling fingers, utterly unnerved at her narrow escape from discovery.

A light knock at the door made her start up; and, when she opened it, Madge was standing on the little landing, such a pretty picture of youth and happiness and beauty in her dainty white dress and azure-blue ribbons that Shirley's eyes brightened at sight of her.

"May I come in? Nurse told me that you must have only just come up," she said, in her bright girlish voice. "You are better? I am so glad!"

She had taken Shirley's hand with a pretty pleasant cordiality, and drew her toward the window, where the light would fall upon her, looking at her with gentle, compassionate eyes.

"Yes, you are better; but you are very pale still. I shall not be quite happy until I see you growing roses like mine. Tell me, are you feeling stronger?"

"Much stronger," Shirley answered, in her sweet, unsteady voice, whose low pathetic tones contrasted as greatly with Madge Oliphant's bright voice as the frail slender woman in black, with the white face and weary eyes, contrasted with the bright golden-haired girl in her embroidery and azure-blue ribbons.

"Much stronger!" Madge repeated, smiling. "I am afraid not much; still I think you are better. You had such a nice long sleep, it ought to have done you good."

As she spoke she had gently forced Shirley to sit down on the low window-seat, and, still keeping Shirley's hand in hers, she knelt down by her side. There was a brief silence, which Shirley broke by trying to return a few words of thanks for the kindness she had received; but Miss Oliphant stopped her at once.

"I do not think you want to hurt me," she said, with a gentle seriousness which sat charmingly on the sweet young face; "but you will do so if you talk in that strain. Mamma and I were so glad to be of any service to you," she added, wistfully, wishing this beautiful stranger would be a little confiding, and tell her what the dreadful trouble was that was looking out of the great sad eyes and trembling on the sweet lips.

"You have been very good," Shirley answered, gently, as she caught the pretty fingers and pressed them to her lips.

"And you are very naughty," Madge said, shyly, coloring all over her sweet face, as if the caress had come from bearded lips instead of from a woman's mouth; "and I would scold you, only you are fit for nothing but to be petted just now."

With a pretty shy grace she put her charming face down on Shirley's hands, and left a soft kiss there. When she lifted her head she took the slender wasted hands and caressed them softly.

"Such little thin fingers!" she said, smiling. "I must see them much plumper than that before I let you leave us—although," she added eagerly, coloring a little, "mamma and I both hope you mean to stay with us."

"You are very good," Shirley answered, tremulously, "but—you see—I must find something to do, and—"

"Oh, I am so glad!" burst out impulsive Madge. "I was afraid you were not—I mean that I feared you were not obliged—very stupid at expressing myself," she said, laughingly; "but indeed I am selfish enough to be glad that you want work, because now we shall keep you here!"

"But—" Shirley began, unsteadily.

"'But me no buts!'" said Madge, brightly. "You must not try to oppose me, Mrs. Grant. I have set my mind on keeping you here, and here you will stay, because I am a spoiled child and always have my own way. And this bright, sweet air of ours will make you quite strong again."

Shirley shook her head sorrowfully. How could she stay where she ran daily risk of meeting Guy? And yet whither could she go?

(To be continued.)

Latest Scottish News.

The Wallace statue, which is to be unveiled at Aberdeen by the Marquis of Lorne on 21st June, is 17 feet high and weighs 4½ tons.

From the great success which has hitherto attended the Glasgow Exhibition it is calculated that at the close there will be a surplus of at least £50,000.

Rev. Mr. Jack, parish minister of Kingoldrum, formerly assistant in Townhead Parish Church, Glasgow, has been decerned to pay £1,000 for breach of promise.

Lady Butler's picture, "Scotland for Ever," has been presented to the Leeds Art Gallery by Colonel Harding. The Colonel paid Lady Butler £1,000 for it, which will thus have produced the painter £4,000, £3,000 having been paid for the copyright.

Mr. John Clerk Brodie, of Idvies, W. S., died at his residence in Moray Place, Edinburgh, on the 27th ult. Mr. Brodie belonged to the family of Brodie of Lethen, in Nairnshire. His father and grandfather, like himself, were members of the Society of Writers to the Signet.

The directors of the North of Scotland Canadian Cattle Company, finding that the Dominion farmers in Ontario do not care to part freely with their growing cattle till pretty well advanced, are speaking of bringing a cargo of oxen and cows from Jutland, in Denmark.

The funeral of Charles Alexander Reid, master mariner, Castlegate, aged 89 years, took place at Berwick on the 31st ult. He was the oldest Freemason in Berwick, and one of the few surviving persons who went through the form of marriage at one of the scenes of runaway weddings on the Borders.

The Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee, which has been erected by the congregation worshipping under the Rev. David Macrae, was opened on the 27th ult. The building cost about £8,000, of which £7,600 has been raised by the congregation. Mr. Macrae has decided not to occupy the pulpit until the debt has been extinguished.

On the 30th ult. the freedom of Inverness was conferred on the Rev. Gustavus Aird, Creich, Moderator of the Free Assembly. The ceremony was performed in the Town Hall by the Provost, Sir Henry Macandrew, in presence of a crowded assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Aird, having acknowledged the compliment, was welcomed with prolonged cheers as the youngest burgess of the Highland capital.

The many friends in Canada of the late Mr. David Kennedy, who, with his talented family, delighted his countrymen in all lands by his gift of Scottish song, may be interested to know that a massive stone has been erected over the grave in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, a little to the east of the resting-place of Dr. Guthrie. The stone bears the following inscription: "David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer. Born at Perth, 15th April, 1825. Died at Stratford, Canada, 13th October, 1886.

'We'll meet and aye be fain
In the Land o' the Leal.'"

Interesting Phenomena at Sea.

The Anchor Liner Anchoria, just arrived from New York after a quick run, reports as follows: About 350 miles east of the American coast and on the borders of the Gulf stream, the vessel passed through phenomena which, although frequent on a small scale, are extremely rare on such maximum grandeur of scale as that which enraptured the observers on the Anchoria. After the vessel had been running over twenty-four hours in a dense fog, the water around suddenly became so luminous that the mile-long shoals of small fish darting around the vessel seeking refuge from the sharks and other devouring enemies, gave the sea the appearance of a vast cauldron of boiling jewels, while the furrows of foam from the great ship's bows rolled in such blazing masses of light violet flame as rendered the smallest thread in the ship's rigging as clearly visible as the bright sunshine, and enveloped the vessel in such a mass of dazzling light violet-colored glare, that the engines had to be slowed a few hours until a storm of wind, bursting out from the northwest, cleared off the fog and broke the whole visible surface of the ocean into flying crests of flame-like foam of such brilliancy that the whole ocean seemed ablaze with fleeting, flashing flame, the whole horizon line having the appearance of an immense belt of light-blue fire. In short, the whole phenomenon was such a one as is rarely seen, the oldest and widest travelled seamen and officers never having seen anything at all to compare with it. This beautiful pyrotechnic display of nature lasted from 11 p. m. until 3.30 a. m., until lost in the eclipsing light of dawn.—*Glasgow Herald.*

Mormon Habits in the Northwest.

The Latter Day Saints of Lee's Creek, Alberta, N. W. T., use neither liquor nor tobacco, and they never indulge in tea or coffee. Dancing, except the harmless quadrille, is strictly prohibited. No one is allowed to remain poor, the relief society taking up and dealing with every case of poverty as it arises. Having no particular vices, the community has not many cases of poverty to worry about. The relief committee have therefore a sinecure.

Dr. Annie Pomberger, of Philadelphia, bears the enviable distinction of being the first woman in America who was granted the degree of D. D. S. by a dental college. She looks hardly older than 25 is thoroughly womanly in her ways and earns an annual income of $6,000 by her profession.

The Princess Regent of Brazil, who is now making a favorable impression as administratrix, is 42 years old. She never signs her full name which is Isabella Christine Leopoldine Augustine Michelli-Gabrielle Raphaelle Gonzague Princess of Brazil and Countess d'Eu.

A REMARKABLE COLONY.

Crime That Resulted in the Evolution of a New People.

Mutiny on a British Man of War Leads to the Development of a New Race—Advantages of Civilization Without Its Attendant Vices.

The ship Bounty, December 23rd, 1787, sailed from Spithead, England, bound for the South Sea. The ship was under a commission from the British Admiralty to visit the Society and other islands and collect a number of the bread fruit plants, which were to be taken to certain of the British West Indies for the purpose of stocking those islands. The vessel started on her homeward voyage with Lieut. Bligh in command. He was of an unusually overbearing and insulting disposition. He accused Fletcher Christian, the mate, with having stolen some cocoanuts which he had bought at Otaheite, one of the islands they had visited. Christian determined to get away from the ship and was informed by the boatswain that the crew were ready to mutiny. He surprised the captain in his berth, made a prisoner of him and took possession of the ship. The captain and eighteen of his officers and men were then set adrift in an open boat. Christian, with the twenty-four others who had remained in the ship, steered for the Society Island, and sixteen of them finally decided to remain at Otaheite, while Christian and the rest, taking with them twelve Otaheitean women and seven men, set sail in the ship for any place that chance might take them. Nothing was heard of Christian and those who had gone on the Bounty for twenty years. At the end of that time an American ship happening to touch at Pitcairn's Island, found there an Englishman called Alexander Smith (his name was afterwards changed to John Adams), who said he was the sole survivor of those who had sailed on the Bounty. Christian, thinking the island a place where there would be little chance of their being discovered, had landed there and burned the ship. Things went smoothly for two years, when one of the men, having lost his wife, insisted on taking one of the Otaheitean men's. The Otaheiteans rebelled and killed three of the whites. The rest of the whites, with the aid of the women, then killed all the Otaheitean men. Only four men were now left on the island. One of these succeeded in making an intoxicating liquor and drank himself to death; another one was executed by his companions, and a third died of consumption. Adams, now an old man, became at last impressed with the responsibility resting upon him of teaching the descendants of himself and his companions the truths of the Bible. The result was a model community. In 1830 the inhabitants moved to Norfolk Island, but in 1856 a part of them returned to Pitcairn. This colony has since been remarkable for the purity in which it has retained the principles inculcated by the patriarchal Adams. Between the years 1860 and 1880 a number of ships called at the island. In 1883 the American ship Harry Mills visited the place, and one of the inhabitants, named McCoy, accompanied the ship to Liverpool. In the same year another American ship, the Wandering Jew, stopped at the island and on leaving Capt. Talpey, the commander, took with him another one of the inhabitants. This was Ernest Heywood Christian, the great grandson of Fletcher Christian. Until his arrival at Hull, England, Ernest Christian had never seen a house, a horse, or any quadruped. His delight and astonishment when he first saw a steam engine and train were unbounded. On his arrival Christian was treated with the greatest kindness, and when he left England he took with him many valuable presents for the islanders. Christian spent three years on the ship, visiting San Francisco, and going completely around the world before he returned to his island home. On her second visit to Pitcairn Mrs. Talpey had with her a young English girl, 17 years old. She was the youngest person who had ever visited the island, and great was the admiration and interest she excited among the girls of her own age. One in particular, Miss Emily McCoy, kept close to her all the time, asking her all manner of questions about the outside world.

"You are the first girl of my own age, outside of this island, that I have ever seen," she said. "Tell me all you can. What do horse cars look like? And the churches—do you have people enough to fill them?"

Among the island women who visited the ship on this occasion was Miss Rosalind Young, one of the most attractive and enterprising on the island. She was at this time about 23 years old, had never had a shoe on her foot, swam like a fish, played the organ in the little island church, assisted her father in teaching the "village school" and was the leader in everything among the women on the island. She has written an account of the island for the *Century*, and she told Mrs. Talpey that she never had an idle moment.

Another curious vein of modern civilization that has cropped out on the island is the desire for some place where one can get a rest and change from the ordinary routine of life. On the isolated island, only a few miles in circumference, in mid-ocean and containing only one village of less than 100 inhabitants, "summer residences" would seem to be hardly practicable or desirable. Yet these people have already begun to build, a little way from the main settlement, a small "summer colony," where the older ones may go away for a little while every year and be more retired than they can in the village. They have named their retreat "Happy Valley."

The condition of the islanders has lately been considerably improved by the numerous visits of English and American ships. The population is increasing slowly. In 1879 it was 94. In December, 1882, it was 108, of which number 2 were shipwrecked sailors who had settled there. The colony consists of about 20 families, who live in single story cottages formed of bamboo, with thatched roofs. The islanders are still noted for their strict religious conduct, grace being said before and after each meal, and swearing or anything of a similar character being absolutely unknown. When any dispute arises among them the settlement of it is laid over till the next arrival of a man of war, when it is referred to the captain, and his decision is final.—*New York Press.*

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Described by One Who Has Evidently Experienced Its Misery.

To say that sleeplessness is largely on the increase in this country is but to reiterate what our best medical authorities say on the subject. There are, undoubtedly, various causes which produce this disease, of which indigestion is the most prevalent. Only those who have suffered from this hopeless disease know of its debilitating effects upon the system. When it reaches the chronic state there is scarcely any alleviation; sedatives and opiates, as administered in other diseases for their quieting effects on the system, in this disease frequently have a contrary effect. When one retires for the night it is impossible to know with any degree of certainty whether they have lain down to recuperate their wasted energies by sleep, or to toss to and fro in utter wretchedness during the greater part of the night. Sympathetic members of your family say to you, "Now lie perfectly quiet and stop thinking and you will soon drop off to sleep." Stop thinking, indeed! One might as well try to stop old Boreas in a gale as to stop thinking on one of these restless nights. More ideas race through your mind in one hour than you have thought of in the past year. Like a panorama, ideas and scenes come and go until dissolved into other thoughts and scenes equally as difficult to dismiss. As the hour of midnight approaches, you mentally exclaim, "Oh, if I could only stop thinking I should go to sleep!" This recalls to your mind what you have read about the great Napoleon Bonaparte who, in the midst of battle, could lie down beside a cannon and by mere will power go to sleep. But alas! you find you have no will power left. If you are a housekeeper you perhaps resolve not to worry about the disasters connected with the household machinery, but find that the cares of the house are so closely woven into your very life that you cannot dismiss them from your mind. Directly, bang goes something that sounds like the outside cellar door, and you almost know that John has forgotten to fasten it, and perhaps some one may be rifling the cellar. But as the noise is not repeated you at length give up that idea. Then as your circle of thought begins to narrow you concentrate it upon the bed. You discover that there are lumps in the mattrass, and that the pillows are hard, for both ears ache from lying on them, and you mentally feel that our modern beds must have been made for discipline rather than comfort. Soon after, another fact asserts itself—your arms and lower limbs have a peculiar sensation and you are obliged to change their position to keep them from becoming cramped; while your hand is almost pressed to bursting, your heart beats as if trying to break down the very walls of its prison house, and everything appears to you as if the world was upside down. Thoughts and scenes are so blended together that you cannot separate them, and within you there is a consciousness that you are going to sleep. You feel uncomfortably warm, and you soon begin to perspire, suggestive that the fever in your system has spent itself; and soon the circulation becomes normal, and you drop off unconsciously into an unrefreshing sleep, which may continue for several hours if you are not disturbed. Where sleeplessness is caused by indigestion the most positive relief that I know of is to be careful of the diet, of over-exerting and over-taxing the nervous system; or in other words carefully avoid doing whatever has a tendency to produce it.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Music of Niagara.

In an article on "Niagara Falls," an evening paper observes, anent the mighty roar of its waters: "One can never forget the effect of listening to this mighty voice for the first time, nor is it an unpleasant sound which assails the ear. The roar is positively musical, they say, and a few years ago a distinguished American organist spent a long time in studying it, and trying to learn the measure and compass of its tones. He finally came to the conclusion that the deepest tone by the falling cataract was that which would be produced by an organ pipe about 160 feet in length and of proportionate dimensions as organ pipes are made. Now, 160 feet, which is about the height of the falls (this varies from 160 to nearly 180 feet), is much longer than any organ pipe is made, and the sound emitted by such a pipe would not be sensible to us as a musical sound. Therefore our ears could not apprehend the music of the deepest tones; and as our ears are at fault, we give this deep toned music such discordant epithets as noise and roar." This story, according to one account, seems incorrectly stated. The organist in question suggested a sound not nearly three octaves below thirty-two feet C, but about F sharp below that note. The present writer tried to define the vast harmonic hum of the great waterfalls, and came to the conclusion that the task was all but hopeless, although a steady kind of a tone seems to be maintained; and certainly the imagination might readily seize upon such a note as the authority in question named, but whether the indefinite sound could be described as of a foundation or upper partial tones character it would be impossible to say.—*London Musical World.*

Profound Mysteries.

Jones—The Hatch murder or suicide is very mysterious.

Smith—Yes, it is somewhat mysterious, but to my mind it is not half as mysterious as the fact that it is always the fool who upsets the boat on a pleasure excursion who is saved and the people who keep quiet who are drowned.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Philistine.

Wife—The truth is, woman is a great fact in the world of to-day.

Husband—Yes! yes! facts are stubborn things.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The beautiful young Hessian Princess who has just been married to Prince Henry of Prussia is known here and in England as Princess Irene, but in Germany she is always called Princess Ella. She is the most popular member of a rather unpopular family, but her personal charms and worth would make her an idol anywhere.

Matthew W. Sedam, an ecentric old man who died at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was buried in a coffin which for 25 years he had kept in his bedroom. The monument over his grave was erected according to his orders fully 30 years ago.

STRANGE EDIBLES.

Fried Toad-Fish, Boiled Shark and Stewed Devil-Fish as Palatable Dishes.

"Little you know of European delights," said a bon vivant to a Galveston *News* reporter, "if you have never tasted the flesh of a shark or reveled in devil-fish stew."

"All fish," continued the speaker, "are edible, but some are, by popular prejudice, adjudged to be unfit for the table. Who would ever dream of eating a toad-fish? The appearance of the creature, with its hideous head and brown spotted sides, is sufficient to take away any man's appetite; yet the flesh is tender and palatable. When fried it tastes very much like flounder. Sharks are also excellent eating. They are plentiful in these waters, and, if people could be made to believe that there flesh is wholesome and agreeable to the palate, an excellent fish would be sold in the market at a remarkably low price.

"Shark flesh is firm, and in taste hardly distinguishable from redfish. A delicious soup can be made from the fins. The meat is best when boiled or fried in oil. The devil-fish, or giant squid, some times seen on this coast, is the same creature of which Victor Hugo wrote in his novel, "The Toilers of the Sea." It is known to scientists as the octopus. In appearance it is a horrible monster, with a huge head and body furnished with snake-like feelers, which some times grow to be thirty feet in length, and are as powerful in their grasp as the grip of a Sixth ward politician on election boodle."

"You do not mean to tell me," queried the reporter, "that the flesh of such a creature is edible?"

"It is simply delicious when properly prepared. It should be cut into small pieces and stewed with herbs. It becomes then a jelly-like substance of delicate flavor that melts in the mouth. I regard the flesh of a devil-fish as a delicacy. There is another species of devil-fish which resembles a skate or ray fish. The largest of them weigh from 100 to 150 pounds. It is excellent eating."

The reporter intimated that his informant might possibly be filling him with stories originally intended for the marines, which the bon vivant bitterly resented, and the two parted, the last words coming from the latter, who continued to assert:

"Sharks is good eatin', and if you don't believe me go and try for yourself. The bay is full of 'em."

The reporter having seen the varied contents of more than one shark's stomach, was compelled to confess a prejudice, and thought the flesh, while too rich for reportorial blood, might be utilized on the county poor farm.

Making Saratoga Chips.

Saratoga chips, as all know who have ever seen or tasted the article, are made from potatoes, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. The process of manufacture is a very simple one, the only machinery used, if such simple tools can be called machinery, consists of a parer and a slicer. The former is composed of a round piece of tin, one end of which serves as a handle, while the other contains a knife so set that it will cut only a thin paring. The latter consists of a knife, set in a wheel-shaped contrivance, which, on being turned by a crank, cuts the potato into slices of the requisite thickness. Only the best of potatoes can be used, and even then there is great waste, as all "specks" and other imperfections must be carefully cut out. After the potatoes are sliced they are placed in water and allowed to remain several hours, being stirred occasionally. This is for the purpose of removing the starch, which, if allowed to remain, would cause the chips to become sour. The slices are then ready for boiling. A large kettle, set in a brick arch, in which a natural gas fire is burning, is kept nearly full of hot lard. Enough of the slices are placed in the kettle to cover the surface, when they are boiled until they become crisp and brown. They are then ladled out, sprinkled with salt, and placed in a sieve to dry. After cooling the chips are ready for packing. They are put in stout paper boxes, one-half pound in each box, and retailed for fifteen cents per package.

Names that Deceive.

Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep.

Whalebone is not bone and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor.

The tuberose is no rose, but a species of olyanth.

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, only heated chambers.

Cuttle bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlefish.

Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm oil.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm-leaf.

A Good Combination.

Mrs. Marrywell—Ah, Jennie, I understand you are going to marry a second husband. Miss Jennie, who has chosen a widower—Yes, but I'm a ready maid, you know, and the combination won't be so bad. Mrs. Marrywell—Ah, I see, a kind of a miss-fit establishment.—*Washington Critic.*

Free Medical Advice.

"Now, doctor," he said, as he joined the medical gentleman in the street, "in the case of a man who can't sleep at night what would you advise?" "I would advise him to sleep in the day-time."

"What Shall I Write About?"

Graduate college department of journalism—"I've come to join your staff. What shall I write about?"

Editor "Right about face!"—*Journalism.*

HOW TO MAKE A TENT.

Some Information for Boys Who Are Going to Camp Out This Summer.

Boys always begin to think about camp-out-out equipments as soon as spring fairly sets in. The most important thing to provide for such an expedition is a tent, and as it costs a good deal of money to have one made to order, perhaps the boys who intend to spend a few days in the woods this summer would like to know how to make one themselves and at a trifling cost. Buy nine yards of good stout yard-wide cotton cloth and cut into three strips of three yards each. Sew these strips together securely by overlapping, and you will then have a piece three yards square. Make a solution of twelve ounces of lime and five ounces of alum in three gallons of water, and soak the cotton in it for a day. Rinse it in warm rain water and stretch in the sun to dry. It will then be waterproof.

Having reached your camping-out place, cut two poles eight feet long, each with a fork at one end. Sink the other ends in the ground about a foot and beat the earth well to keep them firmly in place. These poles should be about eight feet apart. Now cut another pole about nine feet long and put it on top of the other two, resting in the forks. Cut two more poles ten feet long for the sides of your frame, resting one end of each pole on the cross pole and the other end on the ground. Stretch the canvas over the frame and tack it to the poles. You can make the sides of your tent weather-proof with the boughs of cedar and other trees. This is the simplest and least expensive tent you can have, and it will answer your purposes fully. The interior of the tent, however, would be a little more roomy and comfortable if you would put up a second frame in the rear similar to that in front, say two feet high, and stretch the canvas over that and thence to the ground. Select sloping ground to put your tent on, so that if it rains the water will readily run off; and also dig a little ditch around the tent with an outlet leading down the incline. As the front of the tent will be open—unless you choose to provide enough canvas to close it—you had better place it with the front towards the north or northwest, for storms, if you have any, will probably come from the south or the southwest.

The rude hut described—for it is little else—will no doubt seem a flimsy shelter to those who have never occupied one, but for perfect rest and the soundest of sound sleeping you will find it superior to the best room in your city house.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Cemetery Decorum.

Mr. J. C. Olmsted, in *Garden and Forest*, takes strong exception to the monumental monstrosities to be found in some modern cemeteries. He prefers the simple graves, such as are often to be seen near farm houses, bordered by wild flowers, lying peacefully and unobtrusive, to the miracles in stone and iron fencing, often standing in inharmonious proximity in suburban burying grounds. How much more appropriate modest grave stones than the big, staringly white Egyptian obelisks, broken topped Greek columns, Roman urns, weeping Italian angels, Renaissance canopies, Gothic spires and all the other kinds of showy monuments, and where all restfulness and seclusion are annihilated by rows upon rows and scattering swarms of factory-made, white marble grave stones, all set up on edge so as to be as conspicuous as possible, and looking as though they would be heaved out of plumb by every frost. And as if all these white monuments and grave stones were not enough to frighten Nature into submission, innumerable fences are added, mostly of a sort which may be described as the "this-is-the-most-show-you-can-get-for-your-money" cast iron fence. And, as iron rusts into a color which is somewhat harmonious with nature, such a catastrophe is generally avoided by painting all iron work a gloomy black, or vivid white, or by gilding it, like a cresting over a chromo tea store. The writer thinks that the managers of country cemeteries should establish a rule limiting fences to those that are necessary, and requiring these to be in comformity with some general scheme devised with due regard to harmony with and strict subordination to nature. There shall be a like subordination to nature in all other artificial constructions, such as retaining walls, bridges, roads, walks, gutters, steps, guide posts, vault fronts and so on. They should avoid formality and artificiality in all things and at all times, for they should remember that they have set out to make a rural cemetery and not an architectural one.

The Population of Mexico.

Possibly there are 1,500,000 white men, properly so called, in Mexico, and, as I have shown, they are differentiated among themselves by climate. Then there are mixed bloods to the number of about 2,500,000 approximately, and these, scattered over the republic, differ in many ways through climatic causes. Then come about 6,000,000 Indians, some very much civilized, some semi-civilized and others barbarous. Of the barbarous Indians some are peaceful enough, and others, like the Chan Santa Cruz Indians of the Yucantan peninsula, are fierce and warlike. The Yaquis of Sonora may be taken as examples of semi-civilized Indians. These Indian races speak different languages, though many tribes use Spanish to a greater or less extent, according to the measure of their contact with white men.

Potatoes and Cigars.

The funniest thing in town, says the Lewiston, Me., *Journal*, is the mishap of a gentleman whose wife runs the store bill. He has been in the habit of having his cigar bill charged up as potatoes, and the other day his wife took her pencil and began to reckon. She finally found that they had eaten over ten carloads of potatoes the past year and she just didn't believe that the account was right. The grocer and the smoker are now between the upper and nether mill stones, and it is hard to tell who will be pulverized the finest at the close.

Col. A. L. Rives, the father of the young Virginia authoress, is a leading southern engineer, and up to about a year ago he was connected with the Richmond and Danville Railroad. He then accepted an important post on the Panama Ship Canal and soon after went to Panama.

PEN PICTURE OF TIBERIAS.

One of the "Holy Cities" of the Jews—An Old Synagogue—Relics.

Hebron, Jerusalem, Safed and Tiberias became the "holy cities" of the Jews after the Roman persecution had ceased somewhat. The Sanhedrim was at Tiberias for a number of years. Thirteen synagogues were here at one time, each one having a school connected with it as certainly as the present churches have their Sunday schools. A Jewish school of languages became the centre of the Jewish faith. To learn Hebrew from a rabbi of Tiberias is even yet considered a great privilege. The old synagogue carries one back 1,000 years. Its roof is supported by stone arches and columns. In the centre is a great cage-like inclosure, constructed of wood which is dried and twisted by centuries of exposure, but yet as sound as when hewed from the log. This is the reading place. Ascending the steps which lead to the interior, the rabbi opens the scroll and begins to teach the intone. The assembled congregation walk around the cage, muttering and gesturing, some chiming in a high key or imitating the blasts of a trombone through the hands. Some weep as they frantically throw up their arms; others kiss their phylacteries as they fold and unfold them about the left arm and the head; others march around and beat time with their hands and feet. Any reference to the coming of the Messiah excites them to frenzy. Little else remains in Tiberias to interest the student. Relics of the past are found intermingled with the necessities of the present. Disks cut from the syenite columns of the old temple serve as millstones to grind barley for the sons of Mohammed; fine old porphyry columns are thrown upon the ground and hollowed out for public horse troughs; threshing floors are paved with bits of frieze chiseled after Grecian designs paid for by Herod Antipas. The cattle are slaughtered in the public thoroughfares; the streets are hopelessly filthy; the bazaars are unattractive; the people are depressed; and, as the dragoman tells us, "the king of the fleas" resides here. Yet here come the pilgrim Jews to die, in order that their bones may rest close to the tombs of their wise men who have gone before; some declare that here the Messiah will appear.—*Edward L. Wilson in the Century.*

For Cramps in the Leg.

Many persons of both sexes are greatly troubled with cramps in one or both their legs. It comes on suddenly, and is very severe. Most people jump out of bed (it nearly always comes on either just after going to bed or while undressing) and ask some one to rub the leg. I have known it to last for hours, till in despair they would send for the family physician, and even then it would be hours before the spasm would let up. There is nothing easier than to make the spasm let go its hold, and it can be accomplished without sending for a doctor, who may be tired and in need of a good night's rest. When I have a patient who is subject to cramp I always advise him to provide himself with a good strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped, and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will let up, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night. For the permanent cure, give about six or eight cells of galvanic battery, with the negative pole applied over the spot that cramps, and the positive pole over the thigh. Give it for ten minutes, and repeat every week for a month. I have saved myself many a good night's rest simply by posting my patients subject to spasm of the legs how to use the cord as above. I have never known it to fail, and I have tried it after they had worked half the night, and the patient was in the most intense agony. Even in such cases, at the first jerk of the cord all pain left.—*R. W. St. Clair, M.D., in Medical Age.*

Teaching a Wife Sense.

Wife (counting over her change after making a purchase)—I guess he's given me the wrong change. Husband (savagely)—I thought so, I thought so; that's the way my hard-earned money goes. Trust a woman to get fooled. Go back to the counter and get it made right at once. Wife returns to the counter and hands the clerk a $2 bill. Husband—Why, what have you been doing? Wife—Making the change right. He gave me $2 too much. Husband (more savagely than ever)—Well, by jingo, you are an idiot.—*Boston Courier.*

Pleasant for the Doctor.

A medical missionary nearly lost his life through an outburst of fanaticism at Foochow, China. It seems that the doctor, who was attending a patient with hemorrhage, immediately proceeded to check the latter, in disregard of a native superstition, according to which delay should have been made until the patient's friends had finished consulting the gods in the joss-house. The patient died, and the Chinese would have boiled the doctor in oil but for the courage of some of the converts.—*The Lancet.*

The Smallness of the Small.

"I would like to start in some business with small means," says a young man. Then, son, do you start a daily paper. Your means will be too powerful small to heft after the fourth pay-day, and so you might just as well have them as small as they can be strained to begin with.

Had Got Used to It.

She wanted to take some lessons in archery, but she was very, very verdant. "Have you a bow and quiver?" asked the teacher. "Ye-ye—yes," she hesitated, "I have a beau, but I haven't a quiver any more. He's been coming for about two months now, and I'm used to it."

Mrs. Cleveland sent a piece of her wedding dress to her friend, Miss Lucy Coffin, who married Charles DeKay in New York Monday. It was in a case with two salt cellars, in the shape of tiny shoes, made of platinum and gold.

Tim Williams, an old hermit of Lebanon, Conn., had a hive of bees which swarmed on a huge apple tree. Fearing that they would escape he climbed the tree after them, but fell and broke his leg, stirring up the bees in his descent. They followed him down and stung him to death.

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County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Mrs. E.G. Hart, wife of a former Editor of the Mt. Forest Advocate, has fallen heir to $40,000. Her husband is at present Editor of the Gananoque Journal.

Charles Baxter has a cow he is proud of. Friday morning she gave birth to a fine heifer calf and on Monday to a handsome bull calf. Both are lively and doing well.—[Beeton World.

Mr. J. D. Stoddart lost two valuable horses this week. One died on Monday evening from inflammation of the kidneys, and the other on Tuesday morning from being overheated.—[O. S. Times.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. Stewart J. P. of Kimberly on Thursday last. He is a very intelligent gentleman & will no doubt make a very popular and excellent Councillor.—[Thornbury Standard.

Two gents in the neighborhood of Epping had quite an interesting time bagging hens for a young lady a short time ago. The difficulty with the lady now is whether Jimmy or Guss gets the cake.—[Thornbury Standard.

An old man named Smith, a bricklayer, in a family quarrel last evening was brutally illused by his stepson, his eyes being so bruised that he is totally unable to see. The offender has been remanded till the old man is able to give evidence.—[O. S. Times.

Last Sunday night some persons entered Mr. Ainly's collar by way of an outside window and carried off two pans of cakes, a pie and a pail of milk, the parties were tracked the next morning up the railroad track when they found the pans.—[Mt. Forest Confederate.

Mr. Daniel McArthur and Miss Martha Fawcett, daughter of Mr. Jno. Fawcett of this Township, were married in Meaford on Tuesday last by the Rev. A, T. Colter.—[Thornbury Standard.

THE ADVANCE extends its hearty congratulations and well-wishes to the young couple.

Mr. John Smyth, hotel-keeper at Ravenna, met with a painful accident at a raising at Thomas Carefoot's last week, whereby his left hand was shockingly lacerated by an iron hook at the end of a chain which accidentally got caught in the fleshy part of the hand.—[Thornbury Standard.

A Beeton man with a garden knows something about planting corn. Two weeks ago, when he had finished dropping a row, he turned around to find two of his neighbor's hens watching him. They had picked up all the grains he put in the hills, and were waiting for more.—[Beeton World.

Last Sunday evening as Mrs. and Miss Hogarth, of Shelburne, were returning from a drive, in turning up the lane at their house one of the front wheels of the buggy struck a post, breaking the wheel into pieces and throwing the occupants out with considerable force. Beyond the danger done to the buggy and sundry bruises there is nothing serious to record. —[Shelburne Economist

SNAKE STORY.—Snake stories are generally false but this is a true one. Mrs. John Tiping, of Honeywood, was badly frightened one morning last week. She went into the bedroom to make up the bed that had been occupied by the children, and on turning over one of the pillows she discovered a large sized snake coiled up taking things comfortable. The snake had probably been there all night.—[Shelburne Free Press.

On Saturday night some person or persons broke into Mr. G. R. Gilroy's branch store at Yeovil, and helped themselves to some seven or eight dollars worth of goods. They made an entrance through a window in the back shop and then bored holes through the door till there was room for a hand and arm to go in and pull back the bolt. They burst off the alarm till but only got a few cents in change. It is generally supposed here that the thieves reside in the neighborhood.—[Mt. Forest Representative.

Mrs. James Allen, living near Dornoch, aged about 60, was drowned in a well on the farm last Tuesday. It was a cribbed well in which there were shelves for milk, and as Mrs. Allen was lowering a dish she is supposed to have overbalanced and gone down head first. The well was about twelve feet deep and had some four feet of water in it. The accident happened between twelve and two o'clock in the day. Her husband didn't feel well and lay down awhile to rest, and on rising missed his wife. After a short search he found her as described. The neighbors were alarmed and the body was taken up.—(Chatsworth cor. O. S. Advertiser.

NOTICE.

To the Ladies of the County of Grey.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

CLIMO'S STORE IN FLESHERTON

and bring your Produce and ask to be shown the beautiful PRINTS suitable for any wearing. We have beautiful Satteen Prints at from 10c. to 14c. per yard—such values you have not been offered before.

Highest Price allowed for Eggs. Butter and Wool.

The best way to destroy Beetles is to sprinkle Paris Green and Water on the Potatoe Vines. You can get the Sprinklers at Climo & Co's which are cheap and good. Only a few on hand.

Yours Truly,

CLIMO & CO.,

Wright's Old Stand, - Flesherton.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

FLESHERTON.

MARBLE WORKS:

E. VANZANT,

ALL KINDS OF

Marble and Monumental Works,

Such as Monuments, Tomb Tables, Headstones Counter and Table Tops—in American and Italian Marble and Granite, and made on short notice. Also Mantles in Marble and Marbleized Slate, &c., &c.

Flesherton, Aug. 30, 1883.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 367. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

REMOVED!

REMOVED!

RUSSELL'S Jewelry Store

Noted for Reliable Goods.

Has been Removed to the Stand formerly occupied by J. W. Bates, Flesherton.

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Bargains are the order of the day at Climo & Co's, Flesherton.

Prices are marked away down, down, down, at McCabe's store, Priceville.

Somebody stabbed a horse belonging to Constable Finbow, of Laurel (Dufferin Co.) a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. Boyd Thompson has purchased a house and lot near the Baptist chapel, Flesherton, from Squire Armstrong, and will take up his abode in our midst. A hearty welcome, friend Thompson.

Russell's noted jewelry store has been removed to the new premises on Toronto street—opposite Climo & Co's store—where business will be attended to in the usual excellent manner. The new store has been thoroughly refitted throughout.

Mrs. Caswell, of Markdale, will prepare a grand dinner at her hotel for visitors to that village on the 12th of July. Orangemen and others are invited to get their dinner there. Mrs. Caswell enjoys a wide and well deserved reputation for the substantial excellence of her dinners.

A very large black bear was shot on Lot 26, 5th line Mono, Wednesday of last week, by John Brinkman. The dead animal was taken to Orangeville and sold to Mr. Bennett, who in turn shipped the carcase to Mr. Fee, of St. Lawrence Market, Toronto. The meat becoming tainted it was sold to a fat rendering establishment, but the skin alone sold for $15. Bruin killed quite a large number of sheep for the farmers of Mono before being captured.—[Shelburne Economist.

Attention, Stockmen!

The attention of wide-awake stockmen is directed to the advertisement in another column anent the thorough-bred Durham Bull, "Gray Champion." This is a fine animal, and all farmers desirous of improving their stock should not fail to see him.

September 24th and 25th.

The Fall Exhibition of East Grey Agricultural Society will be held on the grounds, Flesherton, on Monday and Tuesday, September 24th and 25th. The Prize List is undergoing a revision and will be in the hands of the printer this week. The list of Special Attractions will be published on the large posters this year instead of in the prize list pamphlets as formerly.

Anniversary Sermons.

The Session of Chalmer's church here has been fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. W. A. Hunter, M. A., of Orangeville, to preach the anniversary sermons in the Presbyterian church here Sabbath next at 11 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Hunter has been called to the pastorate of Erskine church, Toronto, a position recently occupied by the late lamented Rev. John Smith.

A Pleasant Garden Party.

The garden party held on the grounds of Squire Armstrong last Monday evening was a decided success. The arrangements in connection therewith were most complete—notwithstanding the failure of the brass band to connect. From beginning to end everything passed off smoothly and pleasantly. The presence of so distinguished a guest as Prof. Torrington, of Toronto—probably the greatest musical genius in Canada—imparted a decided tone to the proceedings. An impromptu musical program, in which—with his usual charming good nature—Prof. Torrington accompanied several vocalists on the piano, was thoroughly enjoyed by the many lovers of good music present.

No medicine is more conscientiously prepared, more powerful, or more highly concentrated, than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its standard of excellence is the result of careful study. This preparation is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the best blood purifier.

Personal Pointers.

Squire M. Richardson will shortly visit his native land, England.

Mrs. J. D. Clarke and her two sons, of Hamilton, are the guests of Squire Armstrong.

Miss Wilmot, of Milton, is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Shilton at the Methodist parsonage.

Mr. Barber, of Toronto, called on ye Editor Saturday last, on his way to Maxwell, at which place he was the guest of Dr. Kerr during his stay.

Mr. E. Vanzant, leader of our brass band, Mr. E. Chaussie, and Mr. J. Parks accompanied the Clarksburg band on an excursion trip to Midland City on Monday last.

Mrs. J. W. Henderson, Miss Franke Henderson, and other members of the family, of Toronto, have taken up their abode in their cottage on Toronto street for the summer.

Professor Torrington, the celebrated Toronto musician, was the guest of Squire Armstrong Monday and Tuesday. The Prof. is an expert angler and went out fishing both days.

Mr. Aikenhead, of the well-known Toronto firm of Aikenhead & Crombie, his daughter, Miss Jennie Aikenhead, and his sons, Messrs. Thos., James, and John Aikenhead, respectively, are the guests of Squire Armstrong.

Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., left for Montreal on Monday morning to attend the great Temperance Convention which is being held there this week. He goes there as the representative of Fountain Council, R. T. of T.

Mr. Wm. Irwin, Principal of Flesherton Public Schools, will conduct the Entrance Examinations at Durham this week. Mr. Irwin is eminently qualified for the position, and we are pleased to notice the fitting tribute paid to his abilities as an educationist.

Royal Templars.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Royal Templars held on Tuesday evening, the 26th ult., there was a large attendance of members. The chief item on the program was the presentation of an address to Bro. J. Gordon, accompanied with a purse of money. The address, which was composed and read by Bro. Shilton, expressed in fitting terms the loss the members of the Council felt they were sustaining in the departure of Bro. Gordon from amongst them. Bro. Gordon feelingly replied. He thanked the members for the kind words spoken and for the tangible proof of their esteem of which he had just been the recipient. The musical part of the programme was well sustained by Miss M. E. and Sarah Smith, Bros. G. Smith, Wm. Dinwoodie, Barnhouse & Russell, Sister Damude presiding at the organ. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.—Com.

"Highland Boy."

This is the name of a very handsome Hambletonian stallion owned by Mr. Alex. Hannah. His marvellous success this season is ample evidence of the fact that Mr. Hannah's enterprise in introducing such noble animals is thoroughly appreciated by stock-raisers. Mr. Hannah is an experienced judge of horse-flesh, and any animal handled by him is bound to become noted far and near for general excellence. Wide awake stock-raisers are advised to see "Highland Boy" by all means. "Highland Boy" was at the Irish Lake Picnic last Thursday, and, it is needless to say, was much admired by all who saw him. For particulars in reference to route, pedigree, &c., see bills.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

S. T. Election of Officers.

The following are the officers of Flesherton Division, Sons of Temperance, for the current quarter:—

Dr. Christoe, W. P.
Miss E. Brown, W. A.
Mr. Walter Leitch, Recording Scribe.
Miss Maria Beecroft, Asst. Rec. Scribe.
Miss Bell Christoe, Treasurer.
Mr. W. Latimer, F. S.
Mr. Nelson Kester, Conductor.
Miss Katie Bellamy, Asst. Con.
Mr. Claudius Ekins, Chaplain.
Mr. John W. Field, Sentinel.
Mr. J. E. Moore, P. W. P.
Mr. A. R. Fawcett, D. G. W. P.

Representatives to Grand Lodge and National Division in Toronto:—Dr. Christoe, Rev. T. Watson, and Messrs. J. E. Moore, William Irwin, C. J. Sproule, Squire Armstrong, and A. R. Fawcett.

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. It contains an unfailing antidote and specific for miasmatic poisons, together with remedial agents which purify and re-invigorate the system.

Muddy Valley.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Transon, the blind music teacher, has succeeded in organizing a singing class in the schoolhouse near Booth's corners, also in the Presbyterian church at Swinton Park. He will have quite a purse when he goes home to see his better half about harvest time, as he has about forty pupils in each class, and he teaches five nights each week.

Raisings are very numerous now-a-days -W. McMurdo had one last Tuesday and G. Martin had one the day after. Geordie Right got his foot badly hurt at the former's and there was some beautiful swearing done. Martin's building went up nicely and there was nobody hurt. There was a football match afterwards between the Swinton Clippers and Hopeville team.

The masons are rushing work at J. T. Wilson's.

Mr. Dougal Ferguson erected a nice frame building around his well. He bought a new pump and undoubtedly he wishes to protect it from the hot sun. A very good idea, Dougal.

Mr. Porter, who participated in the field fight that occurred near here and came off second best, resolved to have revenge, so he entered an action against T. Ferris, who gave him the licking. But, after going all the way to Owen Sound and finding things did not work just as he expected, the matter was settled out of court.

Mr. John McDonell and wife seem to enjoy themselves very well in this part, as they take frequent drives to Owen Sound and other parts. They will shortly return to their home in Kansas.

Mr. Adam Watson got his thumb and finger cut off while engaged sawing shingles last Thursday.

Sam Gardener is working at the foundation under D. Ferguson's barn. Although he is Gardener by name he is no by trade, as he is a great deal better with a sledge and trowel than with either a pruning hook or hoe.

A few of the young folks around here assembled at a certain place in Muddy Valley recently to spend the evening and amuse themselves as best they could. There were not many of the fair sex present, and when they took their departure there was a great rush among the gents to catch on. One poor fellow got left and he took a straight line for home and ran foul of a mud hole. We do not think it was an attempt at suicide as he offered no resistance while being helped out.

EYEHOLDER.

40 Cents

Will get The Advance for the balance of this year.

Subscribe Now!

A Union of Music and Art.

A musical toad had her home in a hole,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
Beneath a gray rock on a little green knoll,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
As mildly malicious as toad nature may be,
The neighbors all cried, "what an amiable lady!"
The beetle, the snail and the esthetic mole,
Croak! Croak! Croak!

The esthetic mole made a tragical stride,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"Like the poets of old I am sightless," he cried,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"I've a beautiful soul and a mind analytic;
These glasses, I'm told, are becoming a critic,"
And he mounted his goggles with infinite pride,
Croak! Croak! Croak!

Sang the musical toad in a low minor key,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
On some sweet summer marsh he is dreaming of me!"
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"O love!" cried the mole, all his soul in a quiver,
"I've an underground castle not far from the river;
O say, dearest, say, that our wedding shall be!"
Croak! Croak! Croak!

Said the musical toad with a coquettish start,
Croak! Croak! Croak!
"Shall I give you my hand when you've stolen my heart?"
Croak! Croak! Croak!
The wedding created a social sensation;
The beetle and all of the knoll population
Were bid to the union of Music and Art—
Croak! Croak! Croak!

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Why are you shaking your head?" Madge asked, imperatively. "There's not the least use in trying to resist me. You're not strong enough for anything—you must rest for ten days or a fortnight. I have taken possession of you to pet and to nurse; when you are quite yourself you shall hear our plans for you."

"Have you made plans for me?" Shirley said, smiling down sadly at the sweet, bright face. "That is very good of you. May I hear them.

Madge hesitated a little; the plans which she had talked over so eagerly with her mother on the previous evening seemed difficult to unfold to this grave, stately woman, stately even in her shabby black dress, as she sat on the window-seat, resting her head against the wall.

"Won't you tell me?" Shirley said, softly. "Whatever they are, I shall be only too grateful for the kind thought which prompted them."

"And you will not be offended?"

"Offended—with you, my child?"

Shirley smiled slightly as she spoke, and, lifting her hand, parted Madge's hair on her brow with tender caressing fingers; then, bending forward, she put her lips to the pure white forehead.

At the touch Madge Oliphant's face colored, and she trembled slightly. She had taken a sudden, warm, girlish fancy to this beautiful fascinating woman who had come so strangely into her life.

"Mamma thought, and I hoped, that you would come and live with us as my friend and companion," said Madge, looking up with entreating eyes.

"But—you know nothing of me," returned Shirley, unsteadily. "I can give you no references as to——"

"Mamma said she would trust you," Madge said eagerly, coloring hotly at the remembrance of the earnest entreaties she had employed to induce Lady Oliphant to dispense with references in case this beautiful and interesting stranger had none.

"She said she would trust me!" Shirley echoed, with a bright light of admiration on her face as she thought of these strangers' faith in her. "How good of her! Heaven bless her for it!"

"And you will come? Oh, please come!" pleaded Madge. "We shall have such pleasant times, you and I together. Mamma is not very strong, you know, and you would help me to take care of her, and we should be so happy! You will come?"

Shirley hesitated; then, looking down at the eager entreating face, she shook her head. She knew she could take no position, however humble, in such a household as Sir Frederic Oliphant's; there would always be constant risk of detection. Even if they had not known Guy they might have other visitors who would recognize her; even among the servants there might be some one.

"You will not come?" Madge said, in a disappointed tone. "But surely——"

"Do not urge me," Shirley begged, faintly. "I cannot bear to refuse you; but indeed I must do so. I must not come into your home, my child. Believe me, it hurts me greatly to refuse you."

"Then I will not urge you. Will you let me tell you the other plan? I think perhaps you will like it better. You will not be offended, will you?" added Madge, shyly.

"Nothing you could do or say would offend me," Shirley assured her. "My child, but for your kindness, I should be homeless and shelterless now—but for your charity I should have starved to death by the roadside. Oh, there is no work I will not do to earn my bread, since," she added, with irrepressible bitterness—"since I cannot die."

She dropped her head upon her hands as she spoke, and covered her face, and there was a short pause in the little attic room where they were; then Shirley looked up again, and said softly—

"What is it, Miss Oliphant? Tell me what you have found for me. Ah, forgive me—I have pained you! But indeed I will not distress you again."

"I am so sorry for you!" Madge said, pitifully. "You are so young and so pretty to be unhappy. Shall I tell you what we were thinking of, mamma and I? We want a teacher for the village schools, and we thought you might be that teacher."

Shirley's face brightened.

"The schools here?"

"Yes. That red-brick building on the hill is the girls' school, and that little cottage beside it is where the teacher lives. Do you think you would like that? Mamma told me to tell you," the girl went on, coloring a little, "that the—the salary would be quite sufficient, and that the cottage was a comfortable little place. The last teacher was a lady," continued Madge, earnestly. "We were very fond of her, and she left us only to be married to a gentleman who had been a curate here, but who is now the Vicar of Addinbroke. The work is not very hard." Madge resumed in a minute. "There are two pupil teachers, and you would soon get into the ways here. You know, mamma has a hobby, and her hobby is the education of the children, and she likes them to be taught useful things, plain sewing and all that."

Shirley's thoughts went back to the sewing classes that she had attended at the convent at Bruges; she could teach plain sewing, great lady as she had been; her proficiency in needle-work had often astonished her maid.

"It would be a quiet home for you," Miss Oliphant continued in her earnestness. "I think you would not be unhappy, and we would try to make you comfortable. Will you stay with us there, at the cottage?"

"I can not," Shirley answered piteously and brokenly; and Madge uttered a quick exclamation of disappointment as she rose from her knees by Shirley's side and turned away keenly hurt.

With a sorrowful tenderness and regret and yearning Shirley's eyes followed her as she moved away. Ah, what a haven of rest and peace the little red-brick cottage seemed to her! And yet she had to turn away from it. How could she accept a post which might bring her into contact with Guy? For, of course, if he was "courting" Miss Oliphant, he would be constantly at Erindale, and they could not fail to meet at some time or other. No; she must refuse it; she must go away, and let him be happy with this sweet young girl who was so eminently worthy of his love, who would make him forget the past and his misery. She must go away and let Madge think of her as ungrateful for all her kindness. She must go away—but whither—whither could she go?

With a great tearless sob her head sunk forward on her breast. Ah, how hard it all was, how cruel life was to her? Was she never to find rest? Must she go out once more into the cold, cruel world which had treated her so hardly? Must she face the long nights without shelter again? Must she know the misery and suffering of hunger and thirst and fatigue and depression? Must she go through them all once more? Ah, Heaven, why did they save her—why did they not let her die?"

Madge came back slowly, and stood beside her for a moment in silence.

"Won't you stay?" she said, gently. "We will try to make you happy."

"Heaven help me!" Shirley answered, brokenly. "I cannot! "Ah, don't let me trouble you, Miss Oliphant! I bring misery and suffering wherever I go, and you must not let the thought of me cloud your young life. Ah, if it is as bright and cloudless as I wish and hope it may be, it will be a happy life!"

"But why will you not stay?" the young girl persisted, gently. "I think you would not be unhappy; and mamma would be so pleased, and I—"

Shirley caught the gentle hands which were held out so kindly toward her, and drew them both close to her heart.

"Heaven bless you for all your goodness!" she said, tearfully. "I shall never forget it—never. But I cannot stay—do not ask me—for your own sake, do not ask me!"

The intensity of her earnestness struck Madge Oliphant painfully, and she forbore from her entreaty, wondering a great deal and grieving for the misery on Shirley's face, which seemed to deepen every moment.

"I will not urge you any longer," she said, gently. "Perhaps you will think it over for a day or two, and give mamma an answer. It will make us very happy if you accept. And now I must not talk any longer," she added, "for I have tired you out. Will you come down with me?"

Shirley rose at once; above all things, she feared to excite suspicion in the young girl's mind, and, moreover, it was a very great pleasure to her to be with Madge—the girl was so sweet and bright, so sparkling and tender; besides, she wanted to know her better, this happy girl, this happy fortunate girl who was to live with Guy in the future and bask in the sunshine of his love and nestle into his heart, healing the old wound and making him happy once more. Sweet blue-eyed Madge—heaven bless her and him!

Mrs. Ford was waiting for them in the little sitting-room, and Madge tried to chat with her usual gayety; but it was difficult for her to overcome her disappointment, and Shirley's sad eyes became sadder still as she watched the shadow which darkened the fair young face.

"You don't seem so bright to-night, Miss Madge," Mrs. Ford said, looking at her anxiously. "Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, nurse, I am quite well! But things will go wrong sometimes you know!"

"What is going wrong with you, Miss Madge dear? You were born to live in the sunshine."

"Ah, but it is not always sunshine for any of us!" Madge said, sighing. "I suppose we have to put up with clouds sometimes. It is all sunshine which makes the desert, nursie."

"Lor, is it now?" said Mrs. Ford, in amazement. "Well, I should like a little more sunshine, Miss Madge. But what has vexed you lately, my dear?"

"Two or three things, nurse. One is that Major Stuart is going away to-morrow morning."

Shirley started and glanced up quickly. The girl's face was full of the most unfeigned regret! but she spoke without a shade of embarrassment or constraint.

"Going away, Miss Madge—so soon?" exclaimed Mrs. Ford.

"Yes—going abroad for six months—for the whole winter. You know he was very ill last winter, nursie; and the doctors say now he must not risk spending this winter at home."

"But he does not look ill, Miss Madge," said Mrs. Ford consolingly, for the girl's eyes were full of tears.

"Not very ill; but papa says he is dreadfully altered, and I think so too. But I hope this winter abroad will do him good."

"And he will come back with the spring, Miss Madge, my dear?" said Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, with the spring," echoed Madge sorrowfully. "Do you find the air too cold, Mrs. Grant? I am sure you shivered."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Shirley said nervously, as she shrunk back from the window, thankful for the semi-darkness in the little room which prevented her changing color and trembling hands from being noticed.

"And Major Stuart leaves to-morrow, Miss Madge?" said Mrs. Ford, harking back to the subject which interested her most.

"Yes, by the early express; so you must say good-bye to him, nursie, when he comes presently to fetch me. He will be here very soon now, I should think. Mamma was tired," she added, turning toward Shirley as she sat in her corner, "or she would have come in to see you, Mrs. Grant."

Mrs. Ford hurried away to get her lamp ready for lighting; and, as soon as they were alone, Shirley said hastily and tremulously—

"Miss Oliphant, will you allow me to change my mind? If I can perform the duties Lady Oliphant requires from me, I will stay."

"Oh, you dear, good girl!" Madge cried delightedly. "I am so glad! Perform the duties? Of course you can. I'll coach you up. Oh, you have made me so glad!"

"I am afraid there is not much cause for gladness," remarked Shirley; but before Madge could answer, a firm, rather heavy step sounded on the graveled path without, and Guy Stuart's well remembered tones fell upon Shirley's ear.

He was standing outside, and spoke through the open window.

"Madge, are you there, dear?" he said; and Shirley shrunk back, trembling and powerless to move in her terror and agitation.

"Yes, I am here," Madge answered. "I am coming. I won't keep you, Guy; but nursie wants to say good-bye to you."

"Does she? We must not linger, Madge. Your mother is anxious about you, and I have brought you a shawl."

"A shawl on this lovely night. I really do not need it. Nursie," she added, "here is Major Stuart. Come and speak to him. Take care of your tall head, Guy.

Major Stuart entered, stooping a little as he passed under the doorway. Mrs. Ford came in hastily from the kitchen, but without a lamp, for she had not had time to light it. Oh, how thankful Shirley felt! And yet it seemed as if the terror and anxiety of that moment must kill her.

"I am sorry to hear you are going away, sir," said Mrs. Ford, courtesying to the tall figure which stood on the threshold of her little sitting-room.

"Thank you," Guy's grave deep voice said. "I am sorry to go; but it can't be helped, you know. I hope to find you looking as well when I see you again in the spring," he added, shaking hands with her cordially. "I must take Miss Oliphant away now. It is getting late. Here is your shawl, Madgie."

He placed it round her carefully, the white fleecy shawl which made such a pretty frame to the bright piquant face. Mrs. Ford had lighted a candle, but its rays did not penetrate to Shirley's corner, although they lighted up Guy's dark grave face and Madgie's sparkling eyes and golden hair with its soft covering.

"Good-night," Madgie said, going toward Shirley and taking her hand kindly. "How cold you are, Mrs. Grant! You have stayed up too long. Take care of her, nursie."

"Trust me, Miss Madgie," said Mrs. Ford, smiling. "She'll do nicely now."

"I hope so. Good night, nursie. Come, Guy."

She slipped her hand within his arm, with a gesture which had been very common with Shirley herself during the time of her engagement to Guy, and they went out together, Mrs. Ford going to the door to watch them walk down the drive, while Shirley put her hands to her eyes to shut out, if she could, the sight of the grave changed face. Ah, when she saw it again, what wonderful things had come to pass?

"They make a fine couple," Mrs. Ford said complacently, coming back into the room. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Grant? He is too old for her, I fancy; but I dare say he will make her very happy."

CHAPTER XLI.

Major Stuart left Erindale the next morning, never dreaming that the woman whom he had caught a glimpse of in the little, dimly lighted room was the woman whom he had loved and lost and sorrowed for with such an intense sorrow. Just the trivial circumstance that Mrs. Ford's lamp had been a little refractory had saved Shirley from detection, for she had been too startled and unnerved to attempt flight, even if she had had the opportunity of escape.

So Guy went away, taking with him that heavy heartache which was always present with him now, and which would cease, he thought sometimes, only when life's troubles were over altogether for him; and Shirley Glynn, or Mrs. Grant, as she was called in the village, became the village school-mistress, and took up her residence in the little, red-brick cottage built beside the school-house—a quaint, comfortable little dwelling, with a wide, low-ceiled sitting-room, and a little kitchen and a bedroom at one side, and above two little attic bedrooms, one of which was devoted to lumber, while in the other slept the teacher's youthful handmaiden, a trim little damsel of fifteen.

It was a humble home truly, but to Shirley it seemed a haven of rest. After the stuffy London lodgings, her sitting-room, with its polished woodwork and bright windows, and cleanly, comfortable, old-fashioned furniture, was very pleasant, while Madge herself had superintended all the arrangements for the comfort of the new teacher, for whom she had conceived so deep a love. A little cottage piano—Madge's own property—had been sent down from the Hall, and a little bookcase with some volumes of the girl's own selection—Dickens and Thackeray chiefly filling the shelves.

Shirley's duties were not very onerous. The children were well taught and well drilled, and after a time her duties became sufficiently familiar not to be very wearying. Certainly they were irksome at times—and such duties can hardly fail to be so; but as she grew stronger she felt it less, and the disinclination to exertion ceased.

Her life, although necessarily monotonous, was not a lonely one. Almost daily Madge Oliphant paid her a visit at the cottage. Sometimes the girl was walking alone, her only attendant being a great black retriever called Rover, a present from Guy Stuart; at others she was riding, and she would leave her horse with the groom and come in smiling and radiant, looking so bright and pretty in her close-fitting habit and coquettish riding-hat that Shirley always felt a pang of regret at the thought that Guy was not there to see her.

Sometimes too she would walk down in the afternoon and have tea with Shirley in the low-ceiled sitting-room which looked so pleasant and homelike when it was lighted by lamp and fire; for the winter began early that year. October was a cold month, and at the first of November there was snow, which made Madge's visits not quite so frequent, although she still came as often as possible, for her enthusiastic admiration of Shirley had settled down into deep, steadfast affection, as sincere as any Shirley had ever received.

And it proved the depth and unselfishness of Shirley's love for Guy Stuart that she loved this young girl with a warm and true affection, which was all the deeper because she thought her Guy's chosen wife. There was a sad, sweet pleasure for Shirley in her study of Madge Oliphant's character, in her little timid attempts to teach her something that she fancied it would please Guy for her to know. She coaxed Madge into taking some music-lessons from her, and into practicing at home. The young girl was but an indifferent performer; and Shirley knew what a lover of music Major Stuart was; and Madge's steady progress under her tuition pleased her greatly. Few as the years between them were—the one was eighteen, the other five-and-twenty—Shirley's seniority gave her an excuse for petting and scolding and remonstrating with Madge in a pretty and motherly way which the girl enjoyed and laughed at, but which had its effect nevertheless. Not that there was much to alter or improve in sweet, blue-eyed Madge Oliphant; for Shirley owned to herself frankly and sincerely that Guy could not have made a wiser choice. She was just the bright, sweet girl who would steal into his heart and nestle there and make him happy, and help him to forget all the past bitterness and sorrow. And, when such thoughts as these crossed his mind, Shirley would thank Heaven that strength had been given her to go away, to resist Guy's entreaties, and to leave him free. With her, deeply as he had loved her, and passionately as she had returned that love, he would never have been able to forget the past; and Madge had no connection with it; it was not she who had made him suffer such an agony of pain and misery, and she would brighten his life, as she—Shirley—could never have done.

It became one of the school-mistress' greatest pleasures in the long lonely winter evenings, when she sat alone in the little sitting-room, too weary after the day's work to employ herself or to do anything but lie back in the comfortably cushioned American chair which Madge's care had provided for her, to picture Guy's future with Madge.

Her love was great enough and intense enough to be perfectly unselfish; there was no touch of jealousy in her heart against Madge; she did not envy her the love she had won or the position she was to fill. Perhaps she envied her a little the power to make Guy happy; but she wished that happiness with too sincere a wish to mind the means by which it was procured. And such a wife as Madge would make him happy; there was no doubt of that.

They would be as happy a couple as Ruby and Oswald, she thought sometimes—as happy as only a married couple who had perfect love for and faith in each other can be. She recollected sometimes that, once or twice after she had known Lucie Grey, she had wished that Guy might be made happy with such a wife; but Madge would suit him better; her brightness would relieve the gravity of his character and give him back the youth which had been so cruely marred.

Sometimes she wondered a little why Madge, who was so frank and candid, and who showed such perfect confidence in her, should never mention Guy: but she never did; and Shirley dared not pronounce his name. She felt that even now she could not speak it without betraying herself, and, if she showed the slightest emotion, Madge might have her suspicions aroused, and she might be discovered. And then she would think wearily of the time when she would have to leave the little home and go out on her wanderings again. In the spring, when Guy came back, she must go away and hide herself once more, and find a new home. Perhaps, when Guy was married, and happily settled with his young wife, she might write to Oswald and Ruby and the Greys; they would not betray her to him then; and perhaps Ruby would take her in, and let her look after little Bertie and the baby-girl who had fluttered down into Oswald's home-nest the autumn before.

How she thought of them all during those long lonely vigils, of all her dear ones, whom she might never see again! Had they forgotten her? she wondered. Did they think of her sometimes, and feel a little sorry for her? Perhaps they thought her dead; and the fact that she had never applied for the annuity which Sir Hugh had left her would have given strong grounds for such a belief. What would they have said, she wondered sometimes, if they had known that she had been in want, that she had been without shelter for days, that she had almost died of starvation?

She was growing stronger now, although Madge Oliphant often felt dissatisfied about her health. Perhaps she would never be really strong again; but she was much better, and she was looking almost like the Shirley of old, in the black dress she always wore, and the white mob-cap, with its large black Alsatian bow, which Lady Oliphant liked the school-mistress to wear.

And the autumn passed, and the winter followed, and Christmas came—a regular old fashioned Christmas, people called it, with a hard frost and snow upon the ground and a blue sky and sunshine overhead. And Christmas was to be greeted warmly at Erindale. The church was to be decorated and joyful anthems were to be sung; and in the Hall at the Rectory, at Mrs. Ford's lodge, and in every cottage there were to be feasting and merry making—everywhere, save in that little red-brick cottage where the school-teacher lived, and where she was to spend the Christmas-tide alone, for even her little handmaiden had gone home.

It was Shirley's own wish that she should spend it in her little cottage home—the home which had grown dear to her from its rest and peace; for there were many who would have welcomed the school-mistress' fair face at their tables but Shirley had declined every invitation. She preferred to spend Christmas alone, she said gently, but decidedly; and they forbore to press her, for the sweet sad mouth could be firm at times, and she was evidently sincere in her desire.

* * * * *

On Christmas-day the snow fell heavily covering the hills and the valley with a soft, white, spotless mantle, so that many who came from a distance were deterred from attending Divine service, for the snow had drifted in places, and made the crossing of fields and by-paths rather a dangerous undertaking. Still the pretty decorated church was well filled, and there was no brighter, fairer face among the worshippers than Madge Oliphant's, as she sat in the Hall pew in her soft furs and velvet dress, against which the white skin and golden hair shone so delicately fair.

Shirley, from her place in the side-aisle, let her sad eyes rest upon her with a wistful pleasure. She was very lovely, this young girl who was to teach Guy to forget her, very lovely and bright and good; she would make him happy—thank Heaven for that; and she bowed her head upon her hand and tried to forget the one happy Christmas-tide she had spent in England, that immediately following her engagement to Guy, which this season brought so clearly and freshly to her mind. Well, it was something to have had even those few days of happiness to look back upon; some poor women had not even those. She had known the pleasure of requited love for a season; some women went from the cradle to the grave without feeling its sweetness, without possessing its joy.

Madge stopped her, when coming out of church, to whisper a warm wish of happiness and welfare, and Shirley answered it mutely, but with an expression in her eyes which more than satisfied Madge; and then, escaping from the parents of her pupils, who offered her no less sincere good wishes, Shirley climbed the hill on the top of which stood her cottage—a rather solitary home certainly, for there were no houses near the school-house and the cottage adjoining. It was a little lonely, Shirley thought, as she entered, closing the door carefully after her and fastening it, for though tramps and marauders were few and far between, she was not very courageous, and she felt safer with the door secured. A little terrier—a present from Madge, and a great favorite of Shirley's—greeted her with joyful and shrill barking, and prevented the loneliness and solitude from being too oppressive, and the fire was burning cheerily, as if it meant to do its best to make Shirley's solitary Christmas-day a little brighter, while the school-children had put up some holly and mistletoe upon the walls—and Shirley smiled sadly at the homely attempts at decoration.

(To be continued.)

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Pink is the favored color for evening wear.

Black jet with colors appears in both costumes and millinery.

Showy tennis gowns are of white serge, braided with gilt or silver.

Dainty tea gowns are made of Henrietta in light shades, with surah fronts.

A dainty matinee was of esprit net, with perpendicular trucks enclosing ribbon.

White cloth jackets braided with metallic cords are in high favor for dressy wear.

The open-mesh point d'esprit net is more fashionable just now for a bride's veil than illusion.

Gilt, silver, steel, white or red braids are used to trim boating dresses, usually in graduated widths.

In many of the latest imported costumes there is a tendency to combine several shades of one color.

A single spray of flowers is seen upon some of the newest lace parasols, as if blown there by the wind.

A novel color combination is reseda with terra cotta, and both these colors are combined with black.

Gold, silver and other fancy embroideries are used to trim summer costumes of pongee and cashmerette.

Poppy-red, ecru, old-rose, reseda and goblin-blue are popular colors for the foundation of a dressy black lace toilete.

Green-grass hats have had a curious and humorous boom. The desire to wear something unique and exclusive to herself is strong in the circle of fashionable women, who are conspicuous and independent enough to make their own styles in a measure.

There is an attempt to introduce the outlandish Tosca, or Directoire, parasol handles. These consist of very long crooks, and are intended to be walked with, after the manner of the ladies of Louis XVI.'s court with their canes.

Although there are no decided deviations in the main lines upon which fashion is moving, there is an endless series of innovations in minor characteristics. Taking the single item of corsage, the styles are legion. Very often they are most effectively made of fragments put together with such picturesque effect that they outvie many a richer style made of a single material. When two or three fabrics combine to form a single corsage, the lining of the waistcoat is cut to begin with. This buttons snugly up the back, and upon the front of this is mounted, for instance, a plain velvet piece that points like a girdle in the immediate front. At each side of this piece are set silk-lined revers, or lapels of material of which the corsage is composed. Next to these come two more revers of plain silk or velvet again. All these revers narrow to an inch and a half as they reach the neck.

Discovery of Ancient Altars.

There have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the Great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and a number of other relics of the stone age, such as axes, knives, etc., used in the pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss writers emphasize the historical importance of this discovery, in that it is a proof that St. Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and also as far back as the age of stone the Canton Valais was inhabited by human beings.

Makes a Difference.

"This is the fourth time I've called you, William," said his wife. "You told me that you wanted to get up in good season this morning." "Yes," replied William, sleepily, "but it was last night when I told you that."

Surprising Corroboration.

Amy: "I like Charlie; his kisses are so nice!" Belle (with enthusiasm): "Aren't they!"

The pa[illegible]s of the season are like small tents.

Gentleman Jim.

In the diamond shaft worked Gentleman Jim,
Handsome of face, stout of limb,
Coarse in dress, but something in him,
Whether down in the coal mine, solid and grim,
Or wandering alone in holiday time,
Won the love and respect of all in that clime.

He had no sweetheart, he had no wife,
Some mighty sorrow had dimmed his life—
His earnings, hardly won and small,
Were at the orphans' and widows' call—
Of those who had perished in shaft or winze,
He was the friend of all living things,
And moving along in those toilsome ways,
He wore the demeanor of gentler days.

In April last, when the mine fell in,
Beneath the timbers stood Gentleman Jim;
With giant grasp he flung two of the boys
Clear out of danger. With deafening noise
The shaft gave way on every side;
The boys were safe, but Jim—he died—
Died as men die, and will die again,
Giving their lives for their fellow-men.

When rocks and timbers were cleared away,
And Jim borne up to the light of day,
They took from his bosom, stained with blood,
Two withered leaves and a withered bud
Pinned on a card. "Toute-a-toi—Marie"
Was written beneath them; beneath it he,
On his heart for years had worn,
Had written, "All withered—except the thorn.'

What life romance, what story of wrong,
This man had locked up in his soul so long
None who loved him may ever know;
But the tale of his glorious, chivalric deed
Shall not perish as long as men hold this creed—
That the hero whose blood for his kind is shed
Wins a deathless fame and an honored bed—
A monument grander than sculptor e'er gave,
In the glory that hallows the martyr's grave.

—*Daniel O'Connell.*

Bricks of Blown Glass.

We have already mentioned, says a writer in *La Construction Moderne*, the many applications of glass for building purposes, as exhibited at the last exhibition of decorative arts. Thanks to the decrease in price of coal, and to the recent improvements in glass manufacture, the product is classed at the present time among the usual material the architect employs. It is well known that the process of glass making is by melting or blowing. Sheets of polished glass from 14 to 30 millimeters in thickness are chiefly used for casings of walls in dining-rooms, linings of bath-rooms, water-closets or recesses requiring frequent cleaning. They answer the same purpose as pottery tiles or enamelled bricks. Rough glass of greater thickness is employed as flagging for pavements for the purpose of forming a luminous flooring. It is then set by means of putty for cement in iron settings. Blown, in place of melted, glass can be advantageously used when lightness and transparency is preferred to strength, when, for instance, it is desired to use glass in vertical walls or ceilings with the object of lighting lower stories or basements. As applications of the kind have been rare, we are pleased when we have the opportunity of recording them. One of the latest instances of the employment of glass in this manner has been made by M. Falconnier, architect of Nyon, Switzerland, who has used glass in the form of hollow bricks. These bricks are cubes of 10 or 15 centimetres on the side, set in grooved iron casings. The joints in cement or plaster are retained in grooving hollow around the circumference of each piece, and held by putty. The metallic lattice work, very useful in a wall where strength is required, may be discarded where the object is strictly decorative. One of the principal qualities of these hollow brick is the isolation by the enclosed air which can be replaced by other matter less conductive of heat and sound. Besides, with the hollow glass various decorative effects can be obtained without the necessity of resorting to grinding or enamelling, as it is very easy to coat the inner faces with oil colors. M. Falconnier has also applied these hollow bricks at Lausanne, in attic decorations and in the construction of balusters and verandas.

How a Building Firm Succeeds.

A Nova Scotia building firm has recently informed a Halifax reporter that the secrets of their success are these: "They know their business, seek it, attend to it, from 6 o'clock in the morning until sundown guide and control it and don't let it drift. Neither do they waste time talking politics. They look after their workmen, know how much work a man should do in a day, see that he does it and pay him for doing it. A poor workman, in their experience, is dear at 50 cents a day. They find it good policy to procure the best men, get the most work out of them and pay the best wages. A man in their employ is paid what he is worth. Any man who does a fair day's work for the firm gets a fair day's pay. They don't believe in hiring men to kill time, nor do they calculate to employ men for more than one day who only work when the boss is around." The employer does a service to his men when he demands a full day's work. Good men gladly give it. By insisting upon such plain truths as are inculcated above, the tendency is to make lazy workmen into active ones, to lift careless or indifferent workmen into morals and manhood, to teach them to respect themselves and to earn higher wages. There is a "chunk" of sound business philosophy in these words of the firm, and they are suited for localities other than Nova Scotia.

In Dismal, Doleful Doubt.

When the shower came up yesterday a certain pedestrian whose jaw showed great determination took refuge in a doorway on Monroe avenue. He allowed numbers of pedestrians with umbrellas to pass him; but pretty soon the right sort of a man came along and he stepped boldly out, extended his arm and said: "Ah, you thief, but I have run you down at last! "Give me my property!" "Yes—ah—yes!" stammered the other, as he surrendered it. The man with the prominent jaw walked up the avenue as if nothing had happened, while the other skipped for the vacated doorway. "Was it his?" queried one who had witnesed the performance. "That's what worries me," replied the other; "I'm trying to think where I stole it from!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is stated that the Erie Railway Company will put up in all its stations signs reading: "Kissing on the platform strictly prohibited." This is a step in the right direction. Any such effort to make travel less hazardous should meet with the unqualified approval of the whole country. The large number of casualties lately has made many somewhat timid about getting on railroad cars, and it is cheering to see the Erie trying to allay these fears.—*Albany Argus.*

TIRED OF BEING A FUGITIVE.

Paterson's Defaulting Ex-City Clerk Returns After an Absence of Four Years.

"Will" Hague, who about this time in the year 1884 startled the city of Paterson, N. J., of which he was clerk at the time, by his disappearance, a defaulter to a considerable amount, astonished that place again yesterday by voluntarily returning and giving himself up to await trial for his offences. Only two or three men in the city knew that he was coming back, and he arrived on a train of the Susquehanna Railroad from New York, got off at a suburban station and was driven to the county jail.

On the night of July 3rd, 1884, some members of the Paterson Board of Aldermen discovered that Hague was a fugitive and probably a defaulter. He had not been seen around the City Hall for several days before, but this did not excite suspicion at first, as his work for the People's Brewing Company, of which he was Secretary, Treasurer and chief business man, as well as one of the stockholders, frequently took him away from his desk at the City Hall for considerable periods. It afterwards transpired that the other two members of the brewing company, Henry Schnatz and Joseph Hargreaves, found, as they alleged, that Hague had misappropriated funds of the concern to the extent of $12,000 to $15,000, and it was this revelation that led to Hague's flight. It was generally supposed that he used the city's money and sank it in the brewing company. The concern soon afterward was wound up.

An investigation showed that Hague's defalcation to the city was a little over $4,000; of which nearly $2,500 had been taken within a few weeks. The money stolen was that received for license fees, the City Clerk at that time holding also the office of register of licenses. The Board of Aldermen removed Hague, and the city offered a reward of $500 for his apprehension, to which Mayor Barnert added a personal offer of $250. Hague was a man of pleasing address and an able politician. He was one of the most popular men in the city, and had been re-elected to the office of City Clerk for several successive terms by the Board of Aldermen unanimously. He has a wife and family. It was at first supposed that he had gone to England, his native country, but he fled to Canada.

He lived for a while in London, Ont., and later settled in Toronto, where he became prosperous under the assumed name of Thomas Lees, organized an assurance association of which he was President, and did well in the real estate business with two of his brothers-in-law. His bondsmen were held for his defalcation, and in the Passaic County Courts a judgment for about $2,700 was given against them, Judge Dixon charging the jury that they could only be held for the amount Hague held in his hands as clerk on May 26th and what he received thereafter and did not pay in, because City Treasurer Ridgeway, imposed on by Hague, had allowed his good nature to interfere with his judgment and had credited Hague on the books with considerable sums previous to that time, for which he was really in default.—*New York Tribune.*

A Plucky Northwest Woman.

On the plains, in Assiniboine, I found a little lady in the larger of the only two stores in the place, who told me that the Indians on a reservation close by had begun to grow restless and were manifesting the fact by unusual insolence. Only the day before a dozen of the braves had come into the store, when she was stark alone in it, and had demanded whiskey, a commodity they were not allowed to touch and no one was permitted to sell. She told them she had none, and they sat, as Indians will, for a long time, as if to show her they would not go away until they got it. Curiously enough, no one came to the store from the settlement. By and bye the Indians proposed to search for the whiskey. She laughed at them and told them they could search. They did so, peeping and poking everywhere that they could think of. When they offered to go upstairs to her living apartments, she stood in the doorway and told them they must not venture there. She flattened her back against the door and defied them. She was less than the ordinary height, and did not weigh over 100 pounds, but she quailed them with the eye of a brave and determined woman, and when, presently, some white men came to make purchases the Indians took themselves off. Only a few nights before that this same woman had seen a wolf in her back yard, and had gone out and "shooed" it away with her apron and scolding, just as one of our girls might do to a cat. I never saw a man that I thought more plucky than she. Perhaps, though, what no Indian or wolf could do might be done by a mouse. But it is beyond all reason to expect the bravest not to fear a mouse.—*Albany Fair Journal.*

$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

Long Rivers.

The length of the principal rivers in America are: Missouri to the Mississippi, 3,100 miles; Missouri to the Gulf, 4,350; Mississippi, 3,160; Amazon, 3,600; River de La Plata, 2,240; St. Lawrence, 2,100; Orinoco, 1,600; Rio Grande, 1,800. The Missouri (to the Gulf) is the longest river in the world. The Danube is the longest in Europe, the Yangtse-Kiang in Asia and the Senegal in Africa.

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Innate Depravity of Animate Matter.

Can any one explain why a bottle of catsup, when it explodes on the table, will sprinkle everything in the room except the meat?—*Chicago Tribune.*

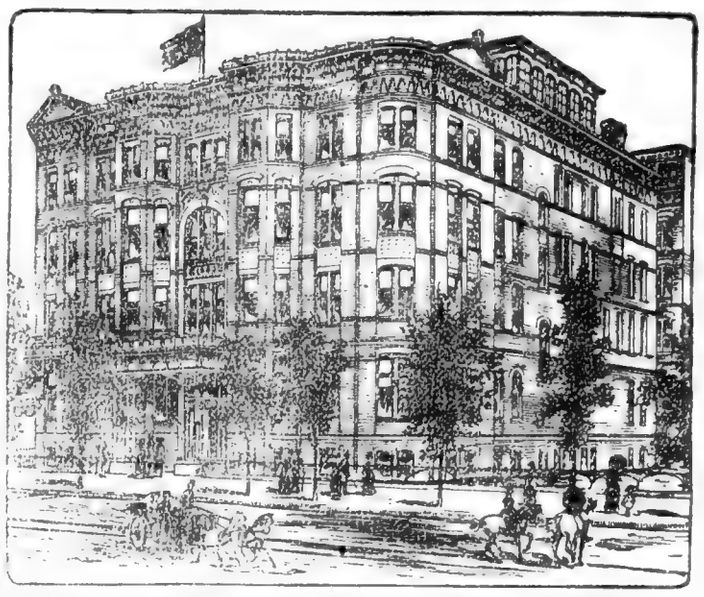

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PILES, FISTULÆ, and other diseases affecting the lower bowels, are treated with wonderful success. The worst cases of pile tumors, are permanently cured in fifteen to twenty days. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

WEAK MEN. Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and all affections arising from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

We, many years ago, established a Special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing that no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little. We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

CURED AT HOME. Most of these cases can be treated by us when at a distance as well as if here in person.

A Complete Treatise (136 pages) on these delicate diseases sent *sealed, in plain envelope, secure from observation*, on receipt of only ten cents, in stamps, for postage. All statements made and secrets confided to us will be held to be *sacredly confidential*.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LEONA DARE'S RECKLESSNESS.

Hanging by Her Teeth from a Balloon in Mid-air.

We greatly doubt the moral right of Miss Leona Dare, the aeronaut who ascended from the Crystal Palace on Monday, to risk her life as she does, even for the sake of getting a living by the exhibition of her courage. According to her own account, which was verified by 60,000 spectators on Monday, she ascends some mile and a half into the air (3,000 metres is her own estimate), hanging to a balloon by her own teeth, which are unusually strong. An iron bar is attached to a trapeze suspended from the car, to one end of which an india rubber mouthpiece or ball of that substance has been fitted. Miss Dare puts her mouth over this, closes her teeth, and is carried up by the balloon, supported by her teeth alone, to a height at which she is invisible from below. There she signals to two experienced assistants in the car, who lower a ladder, by which she ascends, being, of course, trained to all acrobatic feats, through a trapdoor into the basket; "then the basket is divided into two compartments by a shawl, and behind this partition I change my ballooning costume, which of necessity is very light, into an ordinary walking dress, so as to be able to go home without inconvenience when we descend." Miss Dare declares that she suffers no inconvenience beyond a surging in her ears, which lasts for some time after she has descended, and that through long exercise her teeth and jaws have become exceptionally strong and trained to bear the excessive fatigue which, it is plain, must fall to their share; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that her life must be in the most extreme peril. She does not like the balloon, she says, to start "with a jerk"—a remark betraying her consciousness of a most ugly possibility. The slightest faintness, the smallest defect in the bar, the shock of a moment's toothache, and she would fall among the gaping crowd—dead, we can but trust, before she reached the ground, but in any event crushed out of all recognition.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

P stands for Pierce, the wonderful doctor,
Providing safe remedies, of which he is concoctor
Pleasant to taste, and easy to take,
Purgative Pellets now "bear off the cake."

Dived From a Church Steeple.

In Vera Cruz a man committed suicide by jumping from the steeple of a church. He first threw down his hat, called on those below to get out of the way, and then balancing himself on his hands with his feet on the top of the clock dived off into space. Most of his bones were broken and yet he moved some little time after the fall.—*Galveston News.*

NOTED HUNCHBACKS.

Physical Peculiarities Which Have Become Famous.

Hunchbacks form a tolerably numerous list, says a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for June. There is that brilliant soldier, the Marechal de Luxemburg, of whom Macauley writes in one of his most finished passages: "Highly descended and gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. His features were frightfully harsh; his stature was diminutive; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back." The reader knows the hunchbacked Richard of Shakspeare's powerful drama; but historical research seems to have delivered the King from his burden, and to have shown that he was only high shouldered. Lord Lytton, in his "Last of the Barons," has adopted the modern view: "Though the back was not curved," he says, "yet one shoulder was slightly higher than the other, which was the more observable from the evident pains he took to disguise it, and the gorgeous splendor, savoring of personal coxcombry—from which no Plantagenet was ever free—that he exhibited in his dress." The great minister of Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh; the learned German theologian, Eber; our "glorious deliverer," William III.; the famous general of Spain, the Duke of Parma, these were all "crook backs." The poet Pope had a protuberance both on the back and in front, and one of his sides was contracted.

"She's Much Older Than Her Husband."

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar sufferer, let her get the "Prescription." It will bring back her lost beauty, and, better still, it will remove all those distressing symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Joseph Tucker, of Marion Township, near Findlay, O., has a cow that is noted for its remarkable appetite for cats. The animal eats every cat that comes within its reach, and has disposed of five so far this spring.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Friday a Hohenzollern Day for Dying.

The Berliners did not fail to notice that both Emperor Frederick and his father died on a Friday and that the Red Prince Frederick Charles, also died at the same age as the Emperor Frederick.—*New York Herald.*

The 200th anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope is going to be celebrated by a festival in his honor at Twickenham.

DONL. 27 88.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Durham base ball team recently downed the Markdale one. The latter chaps wouldn't play out the full innings when they found the tide of war setting in against them, so the umpire declared the game 9 to 0 in favor of Durham. The Markdale sports—with a few honorable exceptions—are "natural born kickers," and after while they will have nobody to play against except the Duncan Gorillas and Slabtown Slouchers.

Through the kindness of Mr. Mitchell, of the Durham Chronicle, we have received a report of the 31st Battalion Rifle Association's Annual Matches. Unfortunately it came too late for last week's ADVANCE, and it is too stale for this issue, as several newspapers have already published it. It is strange that the Association cannot manage to supply the local newspapers most interested simultaneously. The country press is quite as adverse to using old matter as the city press.

Owen Sound is putting in her best efforts in order to monopolize the High School business—and everything else she can grab. There are several County Councillors in Grey, who are mighty easily molded by the soft-sawder so unsparingly dealt out by the "powers that be" in Owen Sound. In fact we are afraid there are several in the ranks of Grey legislators, who will always be stumbling blocks to those who are in favor of a progressive, liberal and equitable policy in educational matters.

Irish Lake Picnic.

Thursday morning last opened up with a drizzling rain, which continued to fall until shortly after dinner, accompanied by high winds. Hundreds were thus prevented attending the great annual picnic at that charming spot, the Irish Lake. But, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, several hundred people from Markdale, Durham, Dundalk, Maxwell, Priceville, Flesherton and the immediate neighborhood were there. About one o'clock the heavy masses of clouds began to disperse, and by and by Old Sol got a chance occasionally to scatter a few bright, cheering rays of sunshine upon the bosom of Mother Earth. From this time until four o'clock a pretty steady stream of vehicles poured into the beautiful Parish Grounds adjoining Irish Lake; and eventually the gathering became a pretty large one. Had the weather been fine in the forenoon, the Picnic would probably have been one of the most successful ever held in the County. Considering all things it was a success.

Rev. Father Feeny worked with might and main in connection with the Picnic. During the day he received a large number of callers, to whom he extended the hospitalities of his house in that courteous and genial manner for which he is noted far and near. In this connection, we must not omit to mention the kindly offices performed in behalf of the visitors by the gentlemanly Father's sister, and housekeeper, Miss Ellen Feeny, who is a most amiable and accomplished young lady.

PICNIC NOTES.

Quite a number "tripped the light fantastic toe" during the day to the inspiring music by Messrs. Wm. Redmond (*Violin*), James Paton (*Piccolo*), J. R. Oldfield (*Cornet*) and W. Jennings (*Organ*).

The high wind, which prevailed during the whole day, made the Lake rather "lumpy" for boat racing.

Among the visitors present, we noticed Dr. Sproule, M.P. for East Grey, Markdale; Mr. P. McCullough, Barrister, Markdale; Mr. C. W. Rutledge, Editor of the Standard, Markdale; Mr. Mitchell, Editor of the Chronicle, Durham; and Mr. J. E. Marsh, landlord of the popular Markdale Hotel. Mr. Harry Bull, the famous baseballer, represented Thornbury at the Picnic.

The match between Flesherton and Markdale Lacrosse teams, for set of flags, came off according to announcement. The match was an exciting one throughout and some very fine playing was done on both sides. Flesherton won in three straights.

Priceville Pointers.

Mr. Fox, of Durham, is the contractor of the new Presbyterian church here. The stonework is approaching completion and every inch of it has the appearance of finished workmanship.

Mr. Lamont, the genial landlord of the Crown Hotel, has greatly improved this fine hostlery. In short the Crown Hotel has greatly improved under the new management. Priceville has two really first-class hotels now, affording ample accommodation to the travelling public.

The Calithumpian procession on Dominion Day created quite a sensation. Their hideous masks, varie-colored dresses, and absurd gestures and movements produced many an "open-mouthed" stare. One old lady said she came the whole distance to see them and "nossing else." "Well," snorted an old gentleman, who was standing near by, with disgust very plainly stamped on his features, "I sink you was more foolish than the crazy fools themselves!" However many enjoyed the absurd spectacle to the utmost, laughing heartily at the comical capers cut by Captain Gilhooly and company.

Mr. Thos. Atkinson, the popular landlord of the Commercial Hotel, is getting around nicely after his recent mishap.

Our friend, Mr. George Tryon, is doing a good business in the butchering line. He keeps the villagers and country people well supplied with fresh meat, and strives by honest dealing to extend his business operations. George is deserving of a hearty and unstinted patronage.

Detective McDonald refused to allow Mrs. Caswell on the school grounds on Dominion Day if she had any whiskey with her. "And now," says Mrs. C., "he wishes to—that I had brought some so that I could have given him a drop!"

The Campbells, brother and sister, of London, Ont., danced merrily and most gracefully to the excellent bagpipe music rendered by Mr. Hector McDonald on Dominion Day. The athletic games and sports were keenly contested.

Mr. A. McCabe, merchant, announces unprecedented bargains in every department in his well stocked general store. Call and see him when in Priceville. You will find everything sold at close prices and your wants will be courteously and promptly attended to.

An old lady came into a Priceville store one day not long since. On being asked what she had to dispose of, the old lady thus replied:—"I've got some butter in the beskit, an' Tonald's comin' ahint wuth the English!" She was a Highland lady and could only speak a few words of English.

Brander's and McCabe's store were thronged with customers on Dominion Day. They are live business men and advertise judiciously.

Somewhat Amusing.

From the Dundalk Herald.

Miss Bowes of the Shelburne Ladies' Band played a solo to a large and appreciative audience in Shelburne last Wednesday. Her first rendering of a waltz brought forth a loud peal of applause and encore after encore. She then bowed to the audience and began a jig tune, which captivated the audience until she took the cornet from her mouth and made a small retiring bow, but to the surprise of the audience kept on playing a few extra notes. Mr. Greenwood, leader of the gentlemens' band, was behind the screen and the delusion up to this point had been complete. There was no further encore and the young lady left the stage looking rather sad.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. R. D. Carruthers, late clerk of Mr. Anderson's store in Flesherton, has returnded home to recuperate. His constitution not being suited to close confinement. "No place like home."

Mr. S. D. Gaudin who has been attending the Col. Inst. at Owen Sound for the past term, is now visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. H. Bowerman and Miss G. Thurston have taken a short trip to Meaford via Heathcote and Thornbury for the benefit of the former's health.

Mrs. O. Drinkall is preparing to move to Toronto where her husband has procured a situation.

Poultry yards will have a relief from the ravages of hawks. The other day one of our young men went out hunting and succeeded in shooting three and capturing two young ones alive. They are of the Old Country falcon species and are now on exhibition at the "Travellers Home" here.

Mr. T. M. Thurston is the proud possessor of a new sign, on which is painted, "Travellers Home" with the emblem of our country, three maple leaves. This piece of work does credit to the painter, Mr. F. Thurston.

Mr. G. L. Thompson is erecting a new store and making preparations for a more extensive mercantile business.

A new bridge is soon to be built over the Beaver River on the fourth line near this place and as it is under the supervision of our competent carpenter and wagonmaker, Mr. James Fawcett, no doubts are entertained as to its being a first-class piece of workmanship.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Lady Bank.

Correspondence of The Advance.

Mr. Editor,—I have often wondered that no person in this thriving vicinity took interest enough in the happenings of the neighborhood to make them public or to regale their intellects after the manual labor of the day or week to chronicle a few of the events that transpire from time to time for the benefit of their neighborhood and the public in general. I think this neighborhood as prolific of news as a great many places, and perhaps if the spell is broken some one will fall into line and keep us posted on matters tending to the general good and information of your readers and to the public in general.

One of the events of the day was a barn raising on the farm of Mr. R. Roberts. This structure is one of the finest and largest in the neighborhood. Size 42 x 60 with a stone foundation 9 ft. high under the entire building. The contractor for the frame work is Mr. James Potts and he has executed his contract in a masterly manner. I have not been able to learn the name of the contractor for the stone work. This is also cleverly done. Quite a number from the McIntyre settlement were present. The sides were Lady Bank against McIntyre. Messrs. T. Cooper and W. Mackenzie were captains. Cooper represented Lady Bank and Mckenzie represented McIntyre. Although there are some smart fellows on buildings here the McIntyre side proved themselves a little superior by getting on all their rafters complete before Lady Bank had a single plate on. However we do not feel discomfited and hope to try them again with better success next time. After the raising the young folks displayed their skill in gestic lore until the morning beams lit up the eastern horizon. One thing however we noticed throughout was the absence of the ladies of the neighborhood and a predominence of a select and favored number from a distance. However the neighboring ladies do not feel much chagrined at the sight. During the day Mr. Roberts received rather a severe bruise on the ankle between two pieces of timber, but he is able to be around again.

Miss Carr, school teacher at No. 6, entertained her scholars last Friday by holding a picnic in the woods back of the school. Quite an enjoyable time was spent.

Mr. John Linley also raised a frame stable 22 x 60 of his own workmanship and it compares favorably with that erected by other and more experienced mechanics. All the modest matrons and blushing maidens of the neighborhood were invited and a goodly number stayed for the customary entertainment after the raising.

The other night some disloyal persons visited the premises of Mr. Robt. Clements and cut the rope and broke the top of the flag pole that stands in his yard. The pole was estimated to be the highest in the country, its top being about 82 feet above ground. He however had the top fixed on again and its height is now about 76 feet. We admire his loyalty.

Mr. W. T. Paul has gone to Thornhill, Manitoba, to see the place preparatory to moving there should he like the country.

The road work was done here last week and as usual it was put on the side road where it accommodates the pathmaster and one or two more and the concession where it would be a benefit to all has received scarcely any attention for the last two or three years.

SOPHIA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

FLESHERTON

Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm. Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	

The

CHILDRENS HEALTH.

One of Natures Kindest Gifts is a Healthy Constitution. Guard it against disease by using

Siamese Worm Powders.

Worms are the fruitful cause of many disorders in Children. SIAMESE WORM POWDERS will expel Worms in every case where they exist, will regulate the Stomach and Bowels at the same time. Use them, you won't regret it.

Peck's Pleasant Pills!

Should always be used for Sick Headache. Their operation is mild and pleasant. They strike home each time when used for a Disordered Liver. Ask for them. Get them. Don't forget the name, **Peck's Pleasant Pills.**

If your druggist has not the above preparation in Stock, W. W. STEPHEN & CO., of Meaford, will send them to you prepaid on receipt of 25c. for either, 5 of each, or assorted for $1.00.

W. W. STEPHEN & CO.

Druggists, Wholesale & Retail,

MEAFORD.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 50 to 4 50	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 45	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 13	0 13
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	21
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

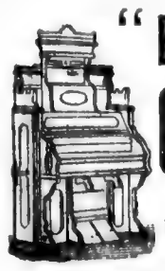

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Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

BIG DISCOUNTS

—*Still the order of the day at*—

Clayton's

Harness Shop,

FLESHERTON.

Some of the Goods I offer for Sale:

Single & Double Harness,

WHIPS,

An immense stock, which will be sold at greatly reduced prices,

Curry Combs, Brushes,

PEERLESS

Hoof Ointment,

Peerless Axle Grease,

Harness Oil, &c., &c.

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

Thanking the public for past patronage, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

Gordon's - Old - Stand,

Richardson's Block.

D. CLAYTON.

June 26th, 1888.

THE FLESHERTON

Furniture Warerooms

—ON—

Durham St.

— IS THE —

LEADING FURNISHING HOUSE

—IN—

South and Central Grey.

A FULL LINE OF

House Furniture

at Prices that will astonish the closest buyers. Our stock consists of

CHAIRS

of every description in Wood, Cane Seat, Perforated, Slat, Folding and Easy Stuffed Seat and to suit all ages from the baby chair to the old gents chairs.

TABLES

in endless variety. Some very pretty Extension Tables of new designs just in.

SOFAS, LOUNGES,

WATNOTS, SIDEBOARDS, CUPBOARDS, BUREAUS, SECRETARIES, BIRD CAGES, PAPER RACKS, HAT RACKS, LOOKING GLASSES, SEWING MACHINES, and anything and everything you require inside the house.

In **Bedding** *our stock was never so large and varied as at present, consisting of Wool Mattresses, Springs, Bedsteads, Cots, Cribs, Cradles, Etc. Every article marked low to suit the times.*

Raymond's Celebrated New Sewing Machines

To be seen at my Warerooms.

Funeral Outfits a Specialty.

J. E. MOORE.

British Columbia.

Editor Advance.

DEAR SIR,—I will offer no excuse for time between letters, only that we have nothing worth sending. We generally see by the ADVANCE—which comes pretty regular—that you are pretty much like us in B.C. and sure to have some kind of weather. Feb. came upon us with the temperature up to 80 degrees. Buds &c. began to swell, flowers tried to bloom and we began to rush work as if we were a month behind time, but March came along cold and raw, frost and snow yet light, and put an end to our dream. Feb. and March had simply traded places. Slight showers of hail up to middle of April but a great part of the seeding was done by that time. I very often when on R. R. Track stare into cars to see if any known faces are to be seen amongst the numerous passengers who are daily arriving. Allow me to say that the country has been too much boomed, and the Westminster and Vancouver papers are now trying to see which can boom its own little place the most. A great many come here to look for work. Think before you come here on any such lay out, there are too many already, but I suppose it is no use to say anything, they will come and plenty will find themselves like one of my boys who went a short distance into the bush. Presently I heard him call me. "Are you lost?" I asked. "No," he shouted back, "I'm here." Land hunters almost daily. Two have just left, admiring my place and perhaps envying it. Well, it does begin to look a little more like something.

Standing on the wharf the other day waiting the arrival of one of the boats I shouted to an acquaintance about the weather when presently my hand was grasped by a passenger and when he looked up, Billie Galbraith by all that's blue, and Mr. Rennie. Only a few minutes to talk. I don't give much encouragement to people to come here, he said. Oh no, because I find nine-tenths get disappointed. I am that already, he said, and he had only arrived the preceding day. Why, he said, I see nothing but mountains. Crops in general are looking well. Temperature 90 degrees in the shade. Land is all taken up around me, but mostly by young men and bachelors. Galbraith remarks they must be good to me here, for he never saw me looking better. How am that? Had a paper from my old friend, Geo. Blyth, Chatsworth. It was addressed to New Westminter but they began to know me and it was forwarded here. I don't think any of my family would care to go back east again except to visit. Chinaman are becoming beautifully scarce, saucy and independent We often wish for the same class of settlers that Artemesia has. We are terribly mixed, selfish and void of principle, mixed in nationalities, religion, politics and everything. Two more land hunters, one from Goderich and the other from near Barrie. This is the third attempt to finish this scribble. Very few salmon at River High on account of heat. We fear another dry summer. New fruit and potatoes for some time in Vancouver from California. We have just finished sowing turnips. Get this mixture in shape. Yours Truly,

J. M. WEBSTER,
Port Haney, B.C.

P. S.—Some time ago my wife sent a small sum of money in a letter but it seems it never reached its destination. Since then numerous letters have failed to reach parties to whom sent. Where the fault is I cannot say. However, if this is ever seen by the party they may just as well pass the letters because no more money can now be sent for the principle reason.

TO RENT.

Good house and lot to Rent in Flesherton. For particulars apply to Thos. Osborne, Esq., or at THE ADVANCE office. Also a well cultivated farm of 23 acres, with good house and orchard, one mile from Flesherton, for sale or to rent on reasonable terms. Apply to Mr. Osborne or at THE ADVANCE office as above.

Lost Cattle and Sheep.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, Lot 35, Con. 5, Artemesia, one medium size red and white yearling heifer, also one small red and white yearling heifer, also one good young ewe and one ewe lamb. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded.

HENRY DOWN,
Flesherton P.O.

LOST CATTLE.

STRAYED from my premises, Lot 24, Con. 17 Egremont, about 15th May last, one red Heifer with white star on forehead, one red Steer, and one red and white Steer, all yearlings. Any person furnishing information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. ALDCORN,
Dromore P.O.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. **They are the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

— DEALER IN —

Stoves, AND ALL KINDS Tinware,

Copperware, Sheet Iron, Metal work,

Eavetroughing - a - Specialty.

SHOP—RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your feed and get it chopped up in shop order.

J. J. SLOAN,
Proprietor.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

Agents, Agents!

NOW READY— | —OUR NEW BOOK.

EARTH, SEA AND SKY

—OR—

Marvels of the Universe

Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-39b

FREDERICK AND VICTORIA.

What Manner of Man the Late Emperor Was—His Widow's Future.

A Berlin cable says: A large number of deathbed anecdotes and last sayings of the late Emperor should be taken with a large substantial grain of salt, for His Majesty could neither speak nor write during the closing days of his unhappy life. One of his physicians said: "His eyes talked, but that was all, and his own wish at all times was to have his royal consort near him. When she was by, he was content to wait the inevitable end. The love and devotion of the Empress were beautiful to behold. She was the solace and comfort of the Emperor in death, as she had been his dearest and constant friend in life.

I had a long talk with Dr. Persius, the spiritual adviser of the late Emperor. He said: "I have, perhaps, had better opportunity than any one else to study the late Emperor's character. I must say that to me his most prominent characteristic was his gentleness and breeding. He was a famous soldier, a just ruler, but, above all, he was a true, honest gentleman. No higher type of man has ever lived, for his smallest thoughts were noble and pure. It was because of this that Her Majesty the Empress requested me to read the service from the text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'" The Emperor took the holy communion on Holy Thursday. His death was utterly painless. His last two days were passed in a serene contemplation of the uture.

The Imperial widow will go to Switzerland for the purpose of recuperating her health, after which she will take up her residence at Wilemshone Palace, near Cassel. It was in this palace that Napoleon III. was held a prisoner after Sedan. It was left to the Empress by the will of William I. The opinion that the Empress will spend most of her time in England, though nominally living in Germany, is generally entertained. In the coffin of the dead Emperor Her Majesty placed a small gold chain, to which three lockets were attached, containing miniatures which she had always worn until his last illness.

The royal widow's despatch to the Emperor's mother, who was at Baden when her son died, was as follows: "She, who was so happy and proud to be his wife, weeps with you, poor mother, for the loss of thy only son. No mother ever possessed such a son. Be calm and strong in thy grief. Even in his last moments he sent greetings to thee."

STANLEY IN BAD LUCK.

His Soudanese Allies Desert Him—He is Attacked by the Natives—Is Wounded and Surrounded by the Enemy—Help Needed.

A London cable says: A despatch from St. Paul de Loanda, dated yesterday, says several deserters from the Stanley expedition have reached Camp Yambunja. They state that, after traversing the Upper Aruwhimi, Stanley struck into a rough, mountainous country, covered with dense forests. The natives, who were excited by reports spread by the Arabs, disputed the passage of the expedition and there was continuous fighting. Stanley was severely wounded. He was compelled several times to construct camp in order to repel attacks and was obliged to use the reserve provisions that were intended for Emin Bey. The Soudanese attached to the force had all died or disappeared. The deserters estimate that the caravan lost one-third of its men, and they say that many of those remaining were ill, including the Europeans. Stanley was encamped when the deserters left. He was surrounded by hostiles and was unable to send news to Emin Bey or directly to Yambunja. Major Bartellot had returned to Yambunja, where he was awaiting the men. Mr. Ward was collecting to form a powerful expedition to go to the relief of Stanley. The sickness at Yambunja was lessening, but only 80 of the 125 Zanzibars survived. Tippoo Tib received 625 men to form two caravans and started for the interior about the end of January. Ward left Bana on May 30th for Leopoldville, where he was to embark the men and provisions in the Congo State steamer for the Aruwhimi. Early in May Stanley left Stanley Falls, taking Bartellot's first reinforcements and supplies. Yambunja advices reach the middle of April. The time the deserters left Stanley is uncertain. Governor Janssen left the Congo on the 15th inst. on his way to Europe to consult regarding the sending of assistance to Stanley.

POISONED HER CHILDREN

And Took the Fatal Drug Herself—Two Children and the Mother Dead.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch says: Early this morning Mrs. Josephine Morike, residing on Sycamore street, Allegheny, administered a dose of strychnine to each of her three children, aged respectively 8, 5 and 3 years, and then took a dose of the poison herself. At 11.15 o'clock the mother and two youngest children were dead and the oldest dying. The husband and father had left home but a few minutes before the poison was administered. He is a mill employee at Sheffenburger's rolling mills, and can assign no cause for his wife's terrible deed.

He Made Him Emperor.

A despatch from The Hague says: Dr. Mackenzie has started for London. In an interview with a reporter of the *Dagblad* to-day he said that he had parted on friendly terms with all the German doctors except one. He had been fully aware, he said, of the gangrenous nature of Emperor Frederick's malady since February, but if he had admitted it a regency would have been probable, which would have pleased a section opposed to the accession of Frederick. A communication from Dr. Mackenzie, which appears in the *Lancet*, shows that all hope of further prolonging Emperor Frederick's life was abandoned on the night of the 13th. "Throughout his illness," the doctor says, "the Emperor uttered no word of complaint and gave no sign of impatience. The doctors and servants who attended him will always cherish the memory of his grateful acknowledgments of services that ordinary patients exact as their right."

So Sweet that He Swallowed Her, Eh!

The sweet girl graduate is in our midst.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

OLD WORLD NEWS BY MAIL.

From England.

Mrs. Home, widow of the spiritualist, in a memoir of her husband just published, claims both Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Bright as converts to spiritualism. She prints letters from both addressed to her husband.

There are in England 347 female blacksmiths, who swing heavy hammers, and 9,138 women employed in nail making, who make nails for horseshoes, 10,522 women bind books and 2,302 assist in printing them.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's mother, who has been in failing health for a long time, died at Hastings last month, in her 73rd year. She was barely 20 when her famous son was born.

General Sir Andrew Clarke, speaking at Chatham on the 7th June, said the British volunteer forces, properly administered and associated with the regular army, was sufficient to repel invasion.

Nearly £250 has been subscribed for the memorial to the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," most of the subscribers being ladies. Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Mary Anderson are among the number.

From Ireland.

The late Col. King-Harman owned an estate of 44,000 acres in Ireland.

At Barrington's hospital, Limerick, on June 2nd, a man named Hanna died from hydrophobia.

A policeman in Westmeath murdered his sergeant on the 8th inst., and then killed himself.

Sloane & Sons' Sanitary Engineering Warehouse, Stephen's Green, Dublin, and Booth's Watch Factory adjoining, were destroyed by fire on the 7th of June.

The official ratcatcher of Armagh Workhouse, having killed 795 rats in that institution during twelve months, has been awarded £2 remuneration by a resolution of the Guardians.

T. Naughton, a wealthy farmer, was gored to death by a bull near his residence at Ballycassy, near Limerick, on the 5th of June. His remains were so mutilated as to be almost unrecognizable.

From Scotland.

Margaret Bisset, Huntly, is in custody, charged with poisoning her child.

The sittings of the Free Church Assembly at Inverness were brought to a close on June 5th. Next year's meeting of Assembly will be held in Edinburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Flowerhill, Airdrie, have just celebrated their diamond wedding in the house which they have occupied for 58 years of their married life.

Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, of Kilmorack, one of the few surviving ministers who attended the Inverness Assembly of 1845, preached in Gaelic in the new Assembly Hall recently. He is still hale and vigorous.

Aberdonians are greatly excited just now over a divorce case of J. Ferries, bookseller, against his wife and nine co-defenders. The wife says it is purely blackmail, and that other three have paid Ferries £80 to keep out their name.

The late Wm. McQuaker, a Glasgow hatter, has bequeathed the whole of his estate, which it is expected will realize £35,000, to the British and Foreign Unitarian Society in the support of the principles of Unitarian Christianity in Scotland.

At the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh on June 4th the Galashiels shooting case, in which Andrew Wood was charged with shooting his sweetheart at Galashiels on 29th February, was disposed of. He was acquitted on the ground of insanity.

Rev. George Ritchie, D. D., who was interred in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, on May 31st, was the son of Rev. George Ritchie, D.D., one time minister of Tarbolton. He was 81 years of age, and in 1870 Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The weather in Scotland, especially in the Highlands, early in June was unusually severe. Long-continued hail and snowstorms were experienced in many districts, and nearly all the Grampians were white. So severe a storm in June has never been recorded, and the loss sustained by the sheep farmers must have been very great, many lambs having perished. At Balmoral snow fell for twenty-five hours one day and was lying several inches deep.

James Grant Ogilvie, ninth Earl of Seafield, died on the 5th inst. Deceased, who succeeded his nephew in the title, but not in the estates, represented the counties of Elgin and Nairn from 1868 to 1874. His Lordship was Vice-Lieutenant of Elginshire, Deputy-Lieutenant of Banffshire and Inverness-shire, and Hon. Colonel of the Elginshire Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders. He, who was born in 1817 and was popular throughout Morayshire, is succeeded to the title by his son Francis William, Viscount Reidhaven, who was born in 1847 and is now in Australia.

Slips of the Tongue.

The tongue will sometimes make the most awkward slips. It is told of a clergyman in one of the towns near Boston that he had given him to read from the pulpit an announcement that "the Bellingham praying band" would conduct at the evening meeting; but by some strange perversity of the unruly member the congregation was astounded with the announcement that there would be a service by the "Prayingham belly-band."

A Natural Linguist.

Fond mamma (showing the baby to visitor): "Sh-h—he's asleep. The little darling. Isn't he the sweetest you ever saw?" Visitor (in awe-struck whisper): "Decidedly. Can he talk?" "Talk? I should think he could talk! Why, he can say 'goo' and 'ga' and 'yow.' Picked them up himself, too."

The Season Has Begun.

Mrs. Squilding—I suppose, Mrs. Snaggs, that your daughter graduates this year. When do the commencement exercises begin?

Mrs. Snaggs—Yes, dear Jennie will be through college next week. Dr. Firstly will preach the baccalaureate sermon next Sunday.

The death is recorded of Olaf Svendsen, a Norwegian flute player, who for many years ranked close to the head of the profession in London.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CHRISTIAN K. ROSS, the father of the lost Charlie Ross, seems to have a permanent place in the sympathies of his countrymen, and his movements are always read with interest. He has just been reappointed master warden for the port of Philadelphia for three years.

A CALIFORNIA firm made a contract with a party for lumber at $11 per 1,000 feet, provided the defendant would not sell in four counties to any one else. The plaintiff sued for $10,000 damages for breach of contract, and the lower and Supreme Court have denied the prayer on the ground that a trust is illegal and against public policy.

THE *Gazette Geographique* observes that the Andes Mountains are notably sinking. The altitude of Quito has been diminished 22 metres (75 feet) within 122 years, the Pichincha has sunk 66 metres (216 feet) during the same period, and its crater has sunk 129 metres (423 feet) in the last 25 years.

WORD comes from Salt Lake City that the Saints have bought 400,000 acres of land in the Mexican State of Chihuahua, and propose to establish a polygamous colony of great proportions. Doubt may be expressed, however, as to whether the Mormons would be permitted to settle in the great Catholic country of Mexico.

THE late Mr. Dennis Crofton, of Dublin has left £60,000 ($300,000) to religious and charitable institutions. Among the benefactions are $50,000 to the Episcopal Church of Ireland; $50,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society and $75,000 to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the east.

THERE died recently at Forthill, Dover, in his 91st year, Thomas B. Rutley, who, before the days of railways, conducted the bullion waggons between Dover and London. His books show that he had over twenty millions of specie under his care. His last consignment was two and a half tons of silver, which he brought from London and shipped in the Downs for the East India Company.

AMONG the inventive processes shown in the Glasgow Exhibition is one by a Sheffield firm, which demonstrates that steel, when mixed with manganese to the extent of 24 per cent., becomes almost non-susceptible to the influence of a magnet. As the non-susceptibility goes on increasing proportionally to the percentage of manganese, it is just possible that the proportion of 26 or 27 per cent. leaves the steel wholly non-magnetic in the sense that the poles of a magnet would fail to take up any fine particles. For watch building and nautical purposes this will be a very valuable contribution to the discoveries of the day.

THE Holmden farm, near Pithole, Pa., which was sold during the oil excitement of 1865 for $1,500,000, changed hands on Friday at a sale for taxes for less than $100. On this farm was the famous United States or Fraser Well, which started with a flow of 250 barrels a day in the winter of 1865, when oil was $1 a barrel. It is said that Thomas Holmden sold the farm to Duncan, Prather & Co., for $25,000, but his wife refused to sign the deed, and they paid her $50,000 more to overcome her objections. Subsequently this farm was sold to the Garden City Petroleum Company, of Chicago, for $1,500,000, of which $750,000 was paid in cash.

THERE is great excitement in Australia over the silver mines. Two or three companies out of nearly a thousand organized in Melbourne have paid dividends, and this has set the town in an uproar. New companies are organized every day, and the stock is immediately taken. Everybody is speculating in mining stock, and the fever runs as high as ever it did in San Francisco in the passionate days of the Comstock lode. Melbourne stock exchange seats that went begging at $1,000 a few months ago are now in demand at $7,000 and $8,000 each. There is but one result possible, and that is a reaction, heavy losses and financial depression.

GLASGOW has a system of automatic telephone call boxes. There are 76 of the boxes scattered about the city, and every subscriber has a key to them. A non-subscriber wanting to use them must first ring up the exchange and ask if the connection he desires can be made. If it can he drops the fee, which is either three pennies or six, according to the distance he wants to talk, into a hole in the box. The pennies as they fall break a circuit and ring a bell at the central office. When the bell has rung the required number of times the central office make the connection. At the end of the three minutes allowed for conversation the connection is broken automatically. The average time taken to put two persons in telephone communication in Glasgow is 35 seconds, in Birmingham 40, in Liverpool 32, and in Dundee 20. This was ascertained from the results of ten calls in each town.

THE United States Consul at Auckland, in a recent report, says that rabbits have so eaten out the ranges of New Zealand, that the capacity for maintaining sheep is greatly lessened, and the flocks have fallen off in numbers. At the Stock Conference of 1886 it was stated that rabbits reduced by a third the feeding capacity of the land, and that the weight of fleeces had decreased by 1 lb. to 1½ lbs. each. The number of lambs decreased from 30 to 40 per cent., while the death-rate increased from 3 to 13 per cent. Since 1882, when the Rabbit Act became law, Government has expended £7,000 on Crown Lands alone, and it is estimated that during the last eight years private persons have spent £2,400,000 in extirpating rabbits. The methods generally in favor are fencing, poisoned grain (generally phosphorized oats) and ferrets, weasels, and stoats.

HERE is an anonymous scrap blown hither by a cross-current of the regular journalistic breeze: The term bandana applies to the figure and not to the goods, color, size or quality of the handkerchief. The bandana figure is an arrangement of white blocks, about a quarter of an inch square, each with a round or square hole in the centre upon a background of solid color. The blocks are grouped in diamonds, squares, circles and other geometrical figures scattered over the handkerchief in any fashion that pleases. A border of white lines, dots, bars or bands surround the whole. They are made of either cotton or silk, and come chiefly in yellow, red and chocolate colors, with occasionally a lot of blue ones. The colors are always very deep and vivid. In size the smallest are about two feet square, and from that they run up to huge spreads large enough for a child's bed.

PLANS for a bridge across the Straits of Dover are said to have already been prepared by the Creusot Company and M. Hersent, the well-known contractor. This is on the authority of London *Iron*. The bridge is to be about twenty miles long, the superstructure to rise 160 feet above sea-level, and the span between the piers to be 1,600 feet. The bridge is to bear four lines of rails, and each of the piers will contain a place of refuge and be surmounted by a powerful light. The authors of the scheme believe the foundations may be laid by means of compressed-air bells, the mean depth of the channel being only about six fathoms, while the greatest depressions seldom reach ten fathoms. The estimated cost of the work is £32,000,000. The metallic framework will weigh 2,000,000 tons, and the construction will take about six years. The scheme will shortly be laid before an international technical committee, after which charters from the English and French governments will be applied for, no subvention being asked. *Iron* says, "The bridge scheme will go the same way as the tunnel scheme, of that we feel sure."

Ontario High Court of Justice.

AUTUMN ASSIZES, 1888.

The Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and of Assize and Nisi Prius in and for the several counties of the Province of Ontario, will be held as follows:

The Hon. Chief Justice Galt

Toronto—Civil Court—Tuesday 11th September. Criminal Court Monday, 8th October.
Simcoe—Monday, 22nd October.
Orangeville—Tuesday, 30th October.
Milton—Monday, 5th November.
Brampton—Monday, 12th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice MacMahon.

Welland—Monday, 17th September.
Cayuga—Monday, 24th September.
Hamilton—Monday, 1st October.
St. Catharines—Monday, 15th October.
Stratford—Monday, 22nd October.
Berlin—Monday, 29th October.
Guelph—Monday, 5th November.
Brantford—Monday, 12th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Rose.

Whitby—Monday, 17th September.
Belleville—Monday, 24th September.
Kingston—Monday, 8th October.
Brockville—Monday, 15th October.
Cornwall—Monday, 22nd October.
Picton—Monday, 29th October.
Napanee—Thursday, 1st November.
Cobourg—Monday, 5th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Street.

Owen Sound—Tuesday, 11th September.
Barrie—Thursday, 20th September.
Lindsay—Monday, 8th October.
Peterboro'—Thursday, 11th October.
Perth—Monday, 15th October.
L'Orignal—Friday, 19th October.
Pembroke—Tuesday, 23rd October.
Ottawa—Tuesday, 30th October.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Falconbridge.

London—Monday, 10th September.
Chatham—Thursday, 20th September.
St. Thomas—Monday, 1st October.
Sandwich—Monday, 8th October.
Sarnia—Thursday, 11th October.
Goderich—Tuesday, 16th October.
Walkerton—Tuesday, 23rd October.
Woodstock—Monday, 29th October.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

The Hon. the Chancellor.

Toronto—Thursday, 1st November.
Woodstock—Tuesday, 18th September.
Stratford—Monday, 24th September.
Barrie—Tuesday, 23rd October.
Whitby—Monday, 29th October.
Lindsay—Monday, 26th November.
Peterboro'—Friday, 30th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Proudfoot.

Brantford—Monday, 17th September.
Guelph—Thursday, 27th September.
Owen Sound—Thursday, 18th October.
Hamilton—Monday, 12th November.
Simcoe—Tuesday, 20th November.
St. Catharines—Monday, 26th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Ferguson.

Walkerton—Monday, 1st October.
London—Monday, 8th October.
Chatham—Thursday, 18th October.
Sandwich—Thursday, 25th October.
Sarnia—Monday, 29th October.
St. Thomas—Monday, 3rd December.
Goderich—Monday, 10th December.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Robertson.

Ottawa—Monday, 1st October.
Cobourg—Monday, 15th October.
Belleville—Monday, 29th October.
Kingston—Monday, 5th November.
Brockville—Thursday, 8th November.
Cornwall—Tuesday, 20th November.

Married Four Miles from Land.

A unique and interesting ceremony was performed off the mouth of the Tyne on Tuesday. In the morning there arrived in the Tyne, on board the steamship Norge, a Norwegian lady, the intended bride of Capt. Marsteen, who arrived with his vessel on Friday. Soon after the arrival of the Norge, Mr. Ole, of Steenburg, having chartered the steam tug Brothers, and made every other arrangement for the interesting event, accompanied by a minister of the Norwegian Church and one of the English Church, boarded the tug at the new quay, and proceeded to sea a distance of some four miles, when, being outside of English jurisdiction, the happy pair were married on the open sea. The reason for so novel a procedure was the inability of Capt. Marsteen to remain in port over the number of days requisite before the marriage could be legally celebrated on shore. On the completion of the ceremony the Norwegian national flag was hoisted to the masthead, and signals were sent up to friends ashore.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Death Tramp.

The other day an exhausted stranger dropped apparently dead in a Pittsburg street. He was carried into a drug store and slowly revived. Meanwhile it was noticed that the soles of his shoes had been worn away and that he clutched in his hand a note that read as follows: "Dear husband, do not come home until you have matched the inclosed sample of worsted. Your loving little wifey." Several married men present expressed surprise that the stranger had recovered at all. All the heroes of the country do not die on the battlefield.

One-Sided Error.

He (after a long and rapturous embrace)—Oh, my darling Aggie, how I love you!

She—I'm not Aggie. I'm her twin sister.

He—Why didn't you tell me?

She—I thought you knew.

A Casus Belli.

Ed—Why did you thrash Bill?

Al—Why, he said I didn't know nothing about English grammar.

—The typewriter is the only woman who takes kindly to dictation.

ALL ABOUT EGGS.

Odds and Ends of Chat by an Expert Candler.

A man busily engaged in holding eggs up before a candle attracted the attention of a New York *Sun* reporter. An interview was the result, and here it is:

"What are you doing?"

"Candling eggs. You see I pick up each egg and hold it before the candle. The light shines through it. I can see at a glance whether it is cracked or specked or spoiled. If it is cracked I set it aside to be sold at a low price. Bakers and confectioners and some prudent families buy cracked eggs, and they are as good as any eggs not cracked, but they must be used within twenty-four hours."

"Is not that an old-fashioned way of testing eggs?"

"Yes; but experience proves it to be the best, and it is quick. An expert can candle 30,000 eggs a day. It has been tried to test eggs by water. A good egg will sink and a bad egg will float, but you cannot find out a specked egg that way."

"What makes specked eggs?"

"Lying in one position. An egg should not be left many days in one position. If an egg is turned every day it will keep a long time. An experiment was once tried by G. H. Dennis, President of the Dutchess County Creamery, as to how long an egg could be kept good. He kept one on his desk nine months, and turned it every day and it kept good."

"How long are the best eggs kept before they get upon the tables of the best hotels?"

"It takes about four days, because they are bought in bulk in the country and must be carefully assorted before being placed on the market."

"How are imported eggs kept from spoiling on the voyage?"

"They are carefully watched and turned. They come in cases easy to handle, and an expert soon learns to handle them quickly. It adds about a quarter a cent a dozen to the cost, but we can pay that and the freight and yet sell eggs that come from France and Germany cheaper than we sell Western eggs, and some think they are better. We can get them here in about twelve days from France. England also gets many eggs from Germany and France."

"How about desiccated eggs or canned eggs?"

"Some use them and say they are good and cheap."

"Why don't we use duck eggs and goose eggs? Why should substantially all the eggs in the market be hen eggs?"

"Because people prefer hen eggs, just as they prefer cow's milk to the milk of any other animal. Few people like the flavor of duck or goose eggs. The eggs of the shad are very palatable, however. But hens' eggs are universally liked, and they are good, strong, easily digested food, often relished by the sick."

Shopping for a Living.

Verily, the New York woman of to-day is rapidly multiplying her means of independent and honorable livelihood, writes a correspondent. The other day, in the throng of a great up-town dry-goods establishment, I encountered the manager at a moment when one eye was severely bent on business, while the other followed with an admiring glance the graceful and handsomely attired figure of a lady who had just swept by. Instinctively, my mind reverted to the ever-present shoplifter, and I asked whether he contemplated having this particular lady searched.

"Searched!" he ejaculated. "Why, she isn't a thief. She's a shopper."

"So are they all—all shoppers, are they not?"

"You don't understand. She's a professional shopper—buys on commission for people who live at a distance and can't get to the city. There are thousands of women who are willing to pay a slight advance in order to receive their goods from New York, because it sounds well among their friends, and they're always sure of being correct as to style."

"But how dare they trust a stranger?"

"Why, my dear sir, it's regular business. I suppose that there are at least 50 professional shoppers in this city. They advertise in many out-of-town papers, and send their personal circulars broadcast among a good class of people in other cities. They give first-class references as to ability and character, and that's enough. Take that woman that just passed for instance. If a lady in Massachusetts, Georgia or Kentucky writes to this house about her we recommend her, of course. Why? Because we know she's all right, and because her purchases foot up handsomely every month—the tribute's mutual, don't you see? Some of these shoppers make as much money as any salesman in an ordinary retail house. They receive a discount from the firm and add a commission to their customer's bill. Thus they dig the golden ditch at either end; but as they are blessed with brains and taste above the average, why shouldn't they?"

"Aqua Forty" Too Weak for Him.

He was an old-timer. He had commenced in early youth at hard cider, and had graduated in the liquids up to straight alcohol. He was in town this week, went into a drug store and picked up a bottle and poured out a full glass of something, swallowed it down, thinking it was spiritis frumenti. The druggist, noticing him with the empty glass in his hand, rushed back, exclaiming, "My God, man, you have drank aqua fortis!" "Was it?" said he. "Well, just give me a little aqua fifty. That last was kinder good, but I want something a leetle stronger." The druggist collapsed.

The names of Messrs. Andrew Robertson and Hugh McLennan, of Montreal, are already mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Senate caused by the death of Senator Ferrier.

In the conservatory at Jay Gould's home, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, there are not fewer than four hundred varieties of palms and tree ferns, besides a vast collection of smaller plants. The rose-house, which is perhaps the most delightful part of the conservatory, is filled with the finest summer and winter roses to be found in the United States.

Daughter—Mamma, the chimney sweep on the roof of the house has just kissed his hand to me. Mother—How shocking! Run at once into the bedroom and wash yourself.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Some Seasonable Hints for Rural and Other Readers.

Insects in Orchards.

One who has tried it states that burning scraps of old rubber, rubber boots or shoes, upon a pan of coals that is circulated among the trees of an orchard, will cause all insects to depart. This is a very simple means, but we should fear that they would return after a little time. The claim was that there was a sort of consistence to the smoke that adhered to leaves, blossoms and even the trunks of trees, which being repulsive to insects drives them away, and also holds its virtue for some time. If this is a reliable remedy it will be convenient to repel rose-bugs during their period of greatest injury.

Wool Cultivation.

Prof. Wm. Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College, has issued an excellent bulletin on the "Better Cultivation of Wool." He holds that there is no justification by sound argument for the practice of washing, of clipping but once a year, nor of rarely taking wool from lambs. He says among other things:

The common practice is to leave clipping until June, or after spring seeding, when wool is in less quantity, dirtier, harsher, more ragged and not so sound for manufacturing purposes. We should have issued this bulletin earlier, with the strong advice: "Never let your wool go to grass." Even now it will be in time for many in other aspects. The few lines allowed in this public document do not admit of telling all the accompaniments of the change of practice recommended, among the most important of which would be that poor feeding and early spring clipping imply many deaths, an inferior crop, and nearly everything in correspondence. Much of the wool of a large flock after the long housing and dry feeding necessary in this country deteriorates before April; some of it leaves the skin, dries and consequently the whole fleece prematures and loses value. When removed two to four weeks before going out, there is such a stubble of new growth as sufficiently fends from sunshine and chilly mornings, supplemented as it should always be by the application in any case of a good "dip" in midsummer. And now comes what to me stands as a great mistake in management and the value of a crop of wool anywhere, namely, harvesting only once a year, and never clipping the lambs. We have already indicated the good resulting from early clipping and that sheep are decidedly more comfortable from it, and it is also our experience that clipping again in July is both beneficial to the animal and profitable to the owner. The extra wellddoing after April has produced upon good pasture a superior second crop, shorter and finer in texture relatively to kind. This is the stage claiming the better sample for certain fabrics, where also the longer, coarser varieties would and do actually give such a change as fetches a greater price per pound. Why do not flock-masters make this crop? There is not the shadow of cruelty about it, though it certainly means tree or shed shade and another turn of the dipping tub. Long before the chilly nights of September or the actual frost of winter comes—not forgetting it is not frost but wet that does most harm to sheep—the second growth is long and close, and ere next April, under good management, is equal in weight to what it would have been had clipping been done only once.

Altogether, then, we gather up the following comparison of the two systems as applicable to Ontario and the market today for unwashed wool, on an average of the breeds named:

Usual clip of 7 lb. in June, at 15c...		$1 05
First clip of 7 lb. in April, at 15c...	$1 05	
Second clip in July, 3½ lb., at 10c...	52	
Clip of Lamb, one per head of all the flock, 3 lb., at 17c.....	51	
		2 08
Difference per head.....		$1 03

The extra cost of shearing and dipping amounts to 8 cents per head. I have recently advised with two extensive woollen manufacturers, and submitted samples of unwashed wool from all our breeds, upon which they set the following as the highest possible present market prices per pound:

FROM CLIP, APRIL AND MAY, 1888.

	Cts.	Lbs.
Lincoln	11	13½
Ontario grade	13	11½
Cotswold	13	11½
Leicester	13	11½
Oxford	15	10
Cheviot	16	9
Shrops	16	9
Hamps	16	9
Southdown	18	8
Merino	21	7

Taking the Merino as a standard and at an average weight of seven pounds per fleece in Ontario, I give in the second column the number of pounds per fleece required from the other breeds to make an equal value. It is significant of nature's impartiality that but one of the number, viz., the grade, fails to stand the comparison, as with that exception, which is three pounds too much, the actual average weight per fleece of all the breeds with us is very close upon the figures given.

Naked Fallows.

In speaking of naked fallows the *Farm Home* says: "A crop of ragweed on a stubble field is a real blessing in protecting the soil from the scorching sunshine of August, which is the season that the process of nutrification shows the greatest activity." If it is necessary that the soil should be covered with vegetation let it be with something of greater value than ragweed, which is upon any farm, especially when allowed to go to seed, as the seed appear to hold their vitality in the soil for years, and for that reason we should dislike to encourage its growth because of a possible benefit in another direction.

Other Farm Notes.

It is surprising to see what a great change a little paint will make in the appearance of farm buildings.

Poor, sandy soil should not be left uncultivated. Carefully prepare the land, sow to buckwheat and plough the buckwheat under when the crop is in blossom. In this way the land may be gradually made productive.

For mildew on grape vines.—Prepare by boiling three pounds each of flours of sulphur and lime in six gallons of water until reduced to two gallons. When settled pour off the clear liquid and bottle it. When used mix one part of the clear liquid in 100 parts of water.

The potato crop is one that usually pays. The average value of a crop should not be less than $50 per acre clear of expenses, though more can be made by selecting proper seed and giving good cultivation. The early crops are less liable to insect attack than the latter, but for winter keeping the late crops are better.

A cow should be milked out in five to eight minutes. It is hard work on the wrists and muscles, but it must be done or the cow will get a habit of dribbling the milk, which is very tiresome. To cure this habit, which has been brought on by slow milking, the milking should be done more quickly, and in time the trouble will disappear.

A contemporary gives three excellent hints: "An avenue of well-grown trees by the roadside makes a farm vastly more attractive, and costs little except the labor of setting. On high ground the sugar maple thus set will make a sugar grove after a few years. On lowlands the elm is a handsome tree, but its roots extend far into the fields, and are very likely to get into underdrains when the roadside is drained, as it should always be."

It is surprising what growth grape vines will make over an evergreen if given a chance to run. With only moderately rich soil the vine will entirely cover the tree, killing it after a few years. Its tendrils cling to the slender stems of the evergreen foliage and will not relax their hold. The higher the vine runs the finer the grapes and the harder they are to get. It is not a good way to give grape vines their will over any kind of trees. A low, neat trellis will cost but little and be every way more satisfactory.

Cheating the Bank.

"There are any number of people, sometimes, I think, as many as nine out of ten, who seem to think it no crime to cheat a bank," said a clerk in a financial institution to a Pittsburg *Dispatch* writer. "If there is a streak of meanness anywhere in a man's nature it will crop out when he is put to the test on a question of money. Sometimes I have amused myself by experimenting with men to find out whether they were honest. There is an easy way of ascertaining. For instance, a depositor hands in his bank book, together with a number of bills and checks, the amounts of which are to be placed to his credit. He has made out a deposit ticket, which he holds in his hand while I count the money. 'How much?' I ask. 'What do you make it?' he inquires. I name a sum $5 or $10 larger than I have ascertained the amount to be. If the man is honest he will say he thinks I am mistaken, but often he will turn around and make out another deposit ticket, fixing the amount to correspond with the figures I have given. Then, of course, I count the cash again and announce that I have made a mistake, and to prove it hand back the money and let him recount it. Men whom nobody would ever suspect of crookedness in business matters are often very quick to take advantage of a little mistake in their favor. I know several wealthy gentlemen who, I truly believe, would never think of paying back any sum, large or small, that got into their hands through a bank clerk's mistake."

Katy's Cousin on the Force.

Katy Mulcahy was out in the Central Park yesterday with her two little charges and had a great deal of trouble with the boy Walter, who would not keep off the grass. They had entered by the gate at Seventy-second street and strolled down to the heavy bench of chestnuts at the corner of the grand drive, where Katy met her big cousin on the Park police and rested a bit to give him the time o'day. When the cousin in gray was fully informed on the subject of time he strolled leisurely down the walk, and Katy called after Wally for the fiftieth time to come off the grass. He wouldn't and she threatened him with the policeman. Walter stopped and looked at the big bushy-whiskered officer and remained on the grass.

"Come off, I tell you," shouted Katy, "or I'll call that policeman, and he's very wicked."

"Wicked?" cried Wally, looking at his nurse with his eyes wide open.

"Yes, and he has a big stick, and there's no knowing what he might do to you."

"Well, if he has such a big stick and is so wicked why do you kiss him so often?"

"Because he's my cousin."

"That's no reason. I hate a cousin Maud, and I don't kiss her. I hate her," and he stayed on the grass.—*New York Star.*

If Not One, Why Then Another.

"Kin I git a marriage certificate, mister, with the gal's name left blank?" inquired an agriculturist.

"I guess so," was the reply; "what's the trouble?"

"None yet, but gals is like everything but death and taxes, mighty onsartin. There's goin' to be a wedding though, mister, and don't you forgit it."—*Epoch.*

In a More Delicate Form.

A little girl seeing her mother petting and caressing another child began to show unmistakable signs of jealousy. Her mother remarked: "Why, Sadie, I believe you are, jealous." "No, mamma," she replied indignantly. "I'm not jealous, but I don't feel comf'able."

Unnecessary Trouble.

Policeman (to Brown, who is clinging to a lamp post)—Shall I help you over to your house, Mr. Brown?

Brown—No, shunneshy. Housh be (hic) here in minute; can see it comin'. Been 'round twishe already.—*Life.*

The late Lady Buchan well remembered Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, where her father was governor in 1815. When she was first introduced to him the ex-emperor said: "I have long heard from various quarters of your superior elegance and beauty, but now I am convinced that report has scarcely done you sufficient justice." And then, as she was soon to leave the island, he added. "You must be glad to get away." "O, no, sire," said she, "I am sorry to go." "Ah? Well, mademoiselle, I wish I could exchange places with you."

On the wagon sheet of a prairie schooner that passed through Orleans, Mo., from Kansas the other day, bound eastward, was the inscription: "Tryin' 2 git back 2 my wife's people. My name's Eli."

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

A Stage Coach Dashes Down a Mountain Side Behind a Runaway Team.

The stage passengers on the return trip from Julian two days ago experienced an exciting adventure in the shape of a runaway down a mountain road, in which the driver was thrown from his seat, three of the passengers injured, and all had a narrow escape from death on the rocks. Outside with the driver sat Marion Thresher, a little blue-eyed girl, 10 years old, and inside were five passengers, all men. As the stage was coming down a steep road on Stone's Hill, between Ramona and Ballena, forty-two miles distant from San Diego, the brakes gave way and the horses started on a jump down the precipitous mountain path. The driver realized the danger, and knew that unless the horses could be stopped within a quarter of a mile the stage and all its occupants would be dashed to death down the side of the cliff where the road entered a narrow mountain pass. He exerted every effort, but the frightened horses, with the heavy stage pressing upon them, almost tore the reins from his hands. They had not run far before the wheels struck a reef on the side of the road, and the stage almost went over on its side. The driver was thrown from his seat and dashed upon the rocky road. The little girl clung with both hands to the seat rail and kept her place upon the careening stage, but as she looked down upon the maddened horses tearing down the steep path to the cliff and chasm below she lost all hope. Soon another reef was struck, again the stage almost went over, and this time the strength of the child was not sufficient to withstand the shock. She was dashed out upon the stony roadbed and lay there bruised and senseless while the horses went tearing on. At the start the inside passengers had not suspected anything wrong, and it was not until they saw the driver fall upon the roadside that they knew their danger. Then they sprang to the opening to save themselves if possible. One of them, Sam M. Pearce, as he viewed the fearful prospect below and realized that if the cliff was reached all would be doomed to death, resolved to risk his life by a dangerous jump. The flinty roadbed made it almost certain that this step involved at least a broken limb, but as the stage flew past a clump of bushes he threw himself into it. The force of his fall was broken and, although badly bruised, he was not seriously injured. Mr. Rich, another passenger, followed, but did not escape so easily, for he sustained a broken ankle. On the other side of the stage the other three passengers were clinging and looking for an opportunity to leap, but on that side of the road, and almost grazing the horses and stage as they tore along, was a barbed wire fence. All gave themselves up for lost unless the stage should pass the wire fence before the cliff was reached. Suddenly there was a crash and a shock which threw some of the passengers violently against the front of the stage and one of them to the ground. One of the horses had fallen and the stage had been stopped within a few rods of the terrible cliff. The passengers in the stage, although badly frightened, were uninjured, and returning up the road they gave assistance to the wounded. Mr. Pearce, who jumped into the bushes, had already limped back to the little girl and picked her up. He found her lying senseless, terribly bruised, and with a broken arm. She soon returned to consciousness, and, opening her blue eyes, gave a piteous little moan, and then clinching her teeth, refused to give any further signs of her suffering. The driver, although badly bruised, was not disabled, and the stage was rigged up to proceed on the journey. The injured child was tenderly cared for by the passengers and brought to her friends in San Diego, to whom she was returning from a visit to the country. The thrilling adventure of that terrible stage ride is an experience which will never be forgotten by those who came dashing down the rocky road.

Queen Bess Ate with Her Fingers.

It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had, it is true, a few dainty forks, perhaps with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit at dessert. But long after her time dinner forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found belongs to the same nobleman whose hour-glass salt has been already spoken of, and these are not older than the middle of the reign of Charles II. The few early forks of the reign of George I. are three-pronged, and but few of our neighbors can show us four-pronged forks much before the reign of George III., from which time their fashion has remained unaltered to the present day, except for their handles, which have followed the fashions of spoons, finishing up with the familiar "fiddle pattern" of 19th century use. Before the days of forks the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared, were much in request after every course; whereas now the basin alone, with a little rose-water, makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity. Four out of five old basins have no doubt been melted up to supply the very forks whose invention rendered the washing of the fingers superfluous.—*Murray's Magazine.*

Misfortune Turned into Luck.

How often it is that what seem our misfortunes turn out to be the best of good luck. A Toronto merchant had a cargo of 67,000 bushels of No. 1 Manitoba hard hung up in the ice last winter at McKay's Harbor, in Lake Superior. It is just getting out now, and is worth eighteen cents a bushel more than when it was frozen in. Profit from the transaction $12,000, and no elevator charges to pay.—*Toronto Globe.*

Why He Was a Little Vexed.

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little vexed at Miss Simmons?" "What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know, I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song and then go home,' I said. "Was it late?" "About midnight." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'Can't you go home first?'" "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Joseph Mason, of Fielding, Ill., has not shaved for fifteen years, and his beard is five feet long, touching the floor when he stands erect.

SAFEGUARDS AGAINST THIEVES.

A Reformed Burglar Tells Householders How to Protect Their Property.

First of all, I may say that the householder, especially if his house is situated in the suburbs, should count as next to nothing the protection afforded by the night policeman on his beat. I don't mean to insinuate that the night policeman neglects his duty. I believe that, as a rule, he performs it as well as he is able to, and it may be pretty safely relied on that at each time he passes a row of villas he will cast the light of his bull's eye over the front garden, if there is one, and over the house front, and lower windows and street door. If there is no front garden he will see that all is right and tight in the area as well. But his beat is a long one, and it is probable that he will not pass that way again for an hour or perhaps longer. So that if there is a job afoot all that those engaged in it have to do is to hide and see the policeman off, and they then know exactly how much time they have to get through their work before he can make his appearance again.

Speaking of my experience, and from that of others with whom I have been acquainted, I should say that at least a fourth part of the number of private house burglaries that are successfully committed are assisted by servants. But speaking of ordinary work it is the female servants who are made useful, and that quite innocently on their part. Masters and mistresses have no idea what easy simpletons many girls in service are, or how easily they are induced to betray the secrets of the house. And not only girls, but women cooks and housemaids, who are old enough to know better. A smart chap, with plenty to say and with money to spend, has but to scrape acquaintance with the kind of servants I am alluding to when they are out for church on Sunday and meet them a few times afterwards, and he can learn all he wants to know respecting the valuable stuff in the house and where it is kept, and the ways and habits of their employers and when they are at home and when away.

It is not often the burglar himself who in this way goes a-fishing for useful information. Generally speaking, he is not what may be called a "ladies' man." He is very well in his own line, but he hasn't got the good looks or the insinuating ways that go down with the fair sex. That part of the programme is intrusted to the "sweetstuff man." He is an affable, well spoken young fellow, very respectably dressed, and so respectable in his manner that even if he was caught in the kitchen with the servants at houses where followers are strictly prohibited his appearance would disarm suspicion. It should not be forgotten that the burglar has no particular desire in the pursuit of his calling to run his head into more danger than is necessary, and there is nothing that is so much to his liking as parapet work—getting in at attic windows that are screened by the roof parapet. Not one householder in a score gives a thought as to the security of the attic window. He will have his street door iron plated, with a patent lock on it, and a chain strong enough to hold an elephant, but a catch that can be put back with a bradawl is good enough for the attic window, and all the time it is quite as easy to enter by one way as the other—if the houses stand in a row and one of them happens to be empty. This is one of the opportunities the fraternity are always on the lookout for. Nothing can be easier than to enter an unoccupied house at the basement, and once within all a man has to do is to walk upstairs and get out on to the parapet, and there, well screened from view by the coping, he can creep on his hands and knees, and by means of the attic windows get into any house he has a fancy for. If it is winter time, and after dark, he will have no difficulty in taking stock of the front windows before he makes the ascent, and so ascertaining which of the front rooms are occupied or if the family are at dinner. If the latter he can be pretty sure that the servants are all down stairs, and he can explore the upper rooms without much fear of interruption. This wouldn't be called in the profession tip-top work, but it is a means by which householders lose a considerable amount of portable property, and it very rarely happens that the robber is caught in the act.

As regards house fastenings there is, in my opinion, nothing safer for windows than a long thumb screw in a socket, going right through the frame and deep into the sash on both sides of the window. I don't know if there have been any wonderful inventions in that way since I took an interest in such things, but I never saw a door fastener except the thumb screw that should give a workman a minute's trouble. For the street door there is nothing so good as a flat bar fastened to a pivot to the centre, so that it will extend across the jambs and drop into slots made on the plan of a watch and chain swivel. For window shutters the cheapest and best protection is a lightly hung bell on a coil spring. But better than locks, bolts and bars is a wiry little dog that, roaming loose, will open his pipes and let all the house know it the moment he hears a suspicious noise at door or window.—*London Telegraph.*

A Hard Problem.

"If we could only be children for ever," wistfully says a writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and then proceeds to show how much more fun a child has than a grown-up person: "I sometimes look at a pretty boy and think what a pity it is to think that he is bound to grow up and become a man, and get married and drunk and wicked and all sorts of horrible things. And when you look at the blue-eyed, fair-haired little female child and think that some day she is going to be a pretty woman with a tight-laced waist, a tailor made suit false hair, and a touch of paint on her face; that she is going to fib and flirt, and deceive and marry the wrong man, and have lots of trouble—well, you can't help asking, 'What is the use of it all?'"

Cause and Effect.

Grocer—See here, you haven't settled your bill yet. Last month you paid promptly on the last day of the month.

Customer—Yes, and you gave me a cigar!

Grocer—Well?

Customer—Why, I've been sick ever since and unable to work.

Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the Czar, is said to be able to drink more champagne than any other European Prince.

HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

Exile Provinces Where the Mercury Stands for Months at 50 Below Zero—A Marvellous Transition.

"It is hardly necessary to say that a country which has an area of five and a half million square miles, and which extends in latitude as far as from the southern extremity of Greenland to the island of Cuba, must present great diversities of climate, topography and vegetation, and cannot be everywhere a barren arctic waste. A mere glance at a map is sufficient to show that a considerable part of Western Siberia lies farther south than Nice, Venice or Milan, and that the southern boundary of the Siberian Province of Semirechinsk is nearer the equator than Naples. In a country which thus stretches from the latitude of Italy to the latitude of Central Greenland, one would naturally expect to find, and as a matter of fact one does find, many varieties of climate and scenery. In some parts of the Province of Yakutsk the mean temperature of the month of January is more than 50 degrees below zero, Fahr., while in the Province of Semipalatinsk the mean temperature of the month of July is 72 degrees above, and such maximum temperatures as 95 and 100 degrees in the shade are comparatively common. On Taimyr peninsula, east of the Gulf of Ob, the permanently frozen ground thaws out in summer to a depth of only a few inches, and supports but a scanty vegetation of berry bushes and moss, while in the southern part of Western Siberia watermelons and cantaloupes are a profitable crop, tobacco is grown upon thousands of plantations, and the peasants harvest annually more than 50,000,000 bushels of grain. The fact which I desire especially to impress upon the mind of the reader is that Siberia is not everywhere uniform and homogeneous. The northern part of the country differs from the southern part quite as much as the Hudson Bay Territory differs from Kentucky; and it is as great a mistake to attribute the cold and barrenness of the Lena Delta to the whole of Siberia as it would be to attribute the cold and barrenness of King William Land to the whole of North America.

"To the traveller who crosses the Urals for the first time in June nothing is more surprising than the fervent heat of Siberian sunshine and the extraordinary beauty and profusion of Siberian flowers. Although we had been partly prepared, by our voyage up the Kama, for the experience which awaited us on the other side of the mountains, we were fairly astonished upon the threshold of Western Siberia by the scenery, the weather and the flora. In the fertile, blossoming country presented to us as we rode swiftly eastward into the Province of Tobolsk, there was absolutely nothing even remotely to suggest an arctic region. If we had been blindfolded and transported to it suddenly in the middle of a sunny afternoon, we could never have guessed to what part of the world we had been taken. The sky was clear and blue and the air as soft as the sky and the air of California; the trees were all in full leaf; birds were singing over the flowery meadows and in the clumps of birches by the roadside; there was a drowsy hum of bees and a faint fragrance of flowers and verdure in the air, and the sunshine was as warm and bright as that of a June afternoon in the most favored part of the temperate zone."—*George Kennon in the "Century."*

Danger in Strawberries.

"People should be careful about how they eat strawberries," said a prominent physician yesterday. He had been interrogated as to several cases of "poisoning" and cutaneous affections that had followed as results of too hearty indulgence in the luscious fruit. Many folks have been alarmed by a species of "rash" breaking out on their bodies after eating strawberries. Several physicians, among them one or two who make a specialty of cutaneous diseases, were interviewed on the subject yesterday. The effect produced on certain people by the consumption of strawberries can only be accounted for by the medical profession on the grounds of "constitutional idiosyncrasy." With some peculiarly constituted organizations strawberries act as a laxative, with others as an astringent. It is supposed that the tiny seeds of the berry lodging in the cavities of the intestines produce the various evil effects. Again, the acidulous nature of the fruit proves hurtful in many cases to the stomach. The eating of strawberries, however, may be regarded as harmless to ordinarily constituted people—except, perhaps, the young man who has to settle the bill for the three or four platefuls consumed by his best girl.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Lonesome White Man.

For the past nineteen years an Italian named Valpreda has been the sole representative of the Caucasian race living on the shores of Lake Tchad, in Africa. He went there as the servant of Dr. Nachtigal, one of the few explorers who have visited that region, and, imagining that as the only white resident of those parts he could cut an important figure, he deserted his master, became a Mohammedan, took unto himself several native wives, and entered the military service of the Sultan of Bornu. His glittering hopes, it appears, have not been realized, and a caravan the other day brought a manuscript wail from Mr. Valpreda to the effect that he would rather be a street laborer in Rome than have all the good things an African sultan can give him. The Sultan seems unwilling to spare the only white man who graced his court, but the Italian Government has decided to ascertain if a handsome present won't tempt His Higness to get along without Mr. Valpreda's society.

Wisdom Will Come to Him.

"Let me see your tongue, madame, please," said the doctor, and he added facetiously, as the request was complied with: "It is not necessary to expose the entire length of it."

The indignant patient drew in her tongue and gave the thoughtless young physician a piece of it.

One of the Indian children drilling for exhibition expressed his nervousness in this way to his teacher: "Too many eyes look at me. I scare, I scare!"—*Carlisle (Penn.) Red Man.*

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument, W. T. BAER & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a digusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract Granulated Eye-lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.

THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont

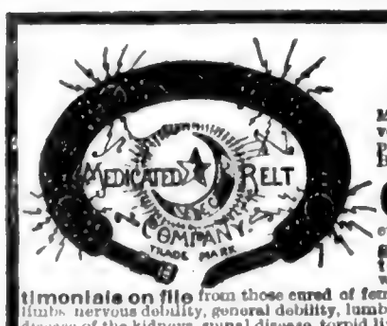

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $2 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of Testimonials on file from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 26th, 1887

Cures Guaranteed

Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible evil, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, unqualified for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Heathcote downed Thornbury at football recently.

A burglar proof safe weighing 1100 lbs. has been placed in the C. P. R. station at Dundalk.

Mr. H. D. Burritt, formerly of Thornbury, has been elected Reeve of Vancouver city, B. C.

Gas has been discovered about three miles East of Thornbury, and now a well is to be sunk within the limits of that town.

Dundalk scamps planted a lot of turnip seed in the flour beds at school. Another instance of a human turnip head "going to seed."

At the Flos picnic, Miss McAvoy, while opening a pop bottle, accidently cut the artery in her wrist, and, but for timely medical assistance, might have bled to death.—[Stayner Sun.

Two Buffalo gentlemen last week from a fishing trip on the Manitoulin, brought down with them over two thousand of the speckled beauties. The two fishermen were no light-weights, tipping the scales at 700 pounds.—[Owen Sound Times.

On the 11th of May last Captain Moodie celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his coming to Durham. During that time he has seen many changes. Very few of those who settled here as early as he did are now living.—[Durham Chronicle.

Yesterday Mr. Geo. August, son of Wm. August, Esq., Auguston, was united in wedlock to Miss Mary Elizabeth Rutledge, daughter of Mr. Geo. Rutledge, Mulmur. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father. We wish the young couple all prosperity and happiness.—[Shelburne Economist.

Contagious pleuro-pneumonia has been found by an expert veterinary among some stock on the farm of Mr. McInnis, Sullivan township. Three valuable cows have died. A fourth animal is under treatment, but is carefully isolated, and it is expected that this will prevent the spread of the disease in the neighborhood.

On Saturday last an Indian half breed boot-black from Owen Sound struck town and did such a rushing business that a second one joined in the enterprise on Monday. The second boot-black came from Honeywood and ran the other fellow out. His father came to town on Tuesday to search for his son who had ran away and when the boy heard of it he went up to Flesherton and now we have no boot-black.—[Dundalk Herald.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.—We are informed that last week some malicious party cut off the tails from four cows belonging to Mr. John True, of Dunedin. The case is a scandalous one, and if the party guilty of the crime has a conscience at all, he must feel small enough to crawl through the eye of a needle when he thinks of his cowardly treatment of the poor dumb brutes.—[Collingwood Enterprise.

A child of Mr. Jos. Loughead's, aged 6 years, fell into a well 42 feet deep on Wednesday of last week. The child lit on its feet on one of Mr. Young's creamers attached to a rope. There was about eight feet of water in the well, and the poor little fellow clung to the rope till help came in the person of his uncle, Mr. J. Loughead, who was at the place at the time. The child was all right except a few scratches on the face and left arm.—[Thornbury Standard.

Chas. Caughlan, of Owen Sound, was drowned in the Georgian Bay, near Bay View, on Sunday week. It appears he and a companion were out in a boat when they noticed a fish buoy. Desiring to see what was in the net, Caughlan commenced to raise it. Some way the net caught on a suspender button, and, being heavily weighted, the unfortunate young man was suddenly drawn out of the boat into the water and drowned ere assistance could be obtained. He was 45 years old.

FIRE IN GLENELG.—On Tuesday night about eleven o'clock the steam saw mill, of Mr. Wellington Banks, near Hayward's falls, Glenelg, was found to be on fire. As the fire had made considerable headway before being discovered it was impossible to put it out, and the mill and machinery along with some lumber were destroyed. The mill has only been running a short time, and Mr. Banks' loss will be about $1,000. He had no insurance but the Co. from whom he got the machinery held a policy for $500. The origin of the fire was unknown but probably started from the furnace of the boiler.—[Grey Review.

NOTICE.

To the Ladies of the County of Grey.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

CLIMO'S STORE IN FLESHERTON

and bring your Produce and ask to be shown the beautiful PRINTS suitable for any wearing. We have beautiful Satteen Prints at from 10c. to 14c. per yard—such values you have not been offered before.

Highest Price allowed for Eggs, Butter and Wool.

The best way to destroy Beetles is to sprinkle Paris Green and Water on the Potatoe Vines. You can get the Sprinklers at Climo & Co's which are cheap and good. Only a few on hand.

Yours Truly,

CLIMO & CO.,

Wright's Old Stand, - Flesherton.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 368. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Wm Mitchell Jan87

REMOVED!

REMOVED!

RUSSELL'S Store

Jewelry

Noted

Has been Remov'd to the Stand formerly occupied by J. W. Bates, Flesherton.

Tit - Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

THE ADVANCE will have something to say about our sidewalks next week.

Artemesia Council met in Town Hall on Monday. Report of proceedings will appear in next week's ADVANCE.

Mr. C. J. Leitch has removed his house and shop to his new premises on Collingwood street, opposite The Medical Hall.

The Union Picnic of the Presbyterian and Methodist Sabbath Schools, Flesherton, came off with great *eclat* on the Beaver meadow, Tuesday afternoon last. There was a very large attendance of children and visitors.

Mr. Will Clayton will shortly commence business in the watch and Jewelry lines in Clarksburg. We can most heartily recommend friend Will to the good people of Clarksburg, Thornbury and surrounding country as a first class workman and a good citizen.

List of officers of Fountain Council No. 146 R. T. of T. White Cross Degree for term ending Dec. 31st 1888;—

Bro. D. Blair, P. T.
" R. D. Crruthers, V. T.
" G. S. Smith, Chap.
" Robt. Keefer, Sec.
" J. Bellany, Treas.
" F. Sullivan, Cond.
" J. G. Russell, Waiter.

Thorough some postal irregularity, a letter from Dr. Sinclair, the celebrated Toronto specialist, to the Editor of THE ADVANCE—announcing the Dr's. visit to Flesherton in June— was never received at this office. The Doctor's patients will therefore understand that his visit was not announced in this paper at that time. By notice elsewhere, it will be seen that Dr. Sinclair will be at Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, two days this month, viz., Monday and Tuesday, July 23rd and 24th. Make a note of this fact.

List of officers of Fountain Council No. 146 R. T. of T. for term ending Dec. 31st 1888:—

Bro. J. G. Anderson, S. C.
" J. G. Russell, P. C.
" R. Keefer, Rec. Sec.
" A. A. Chesley. Fin. Sec.
" John Philips, Herald.
" John Anderson, Guard.
Sist. M. E. Ganton, V. C.
Bro. Chas. Sargant, Chap.
Sist. Ellie G. Gordon, Asst. Sec.
Bro. Wm. Barnhouse, Treas.
Sist. Alice Bellamy, Dep. H.
Bro. D. Blair, Sentinel.

Dr. Sinclair's Visit.

The eminent Specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Dr. Sinclair, of Toronto, will visit Flesherton on Monday and Tuesday, July 23rd and 24th, inst., for the practice of his profession. He will be found at Munshaw's Hotel as usual. Diseases of the Heart and Lungs positively treated successfully, unless too far advanced. Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve. Remember the date.—Monday and Tuesday, July 23rd and 24, inst.

A Markdale Item.

We hear that License Inspector Campbell has been paying marked attention to certain parties in Markdale, who have been violating the law regulating the sale of intoxicants. Several citizens have been fined $20 and costs each, we are told, and "yet there s more to follow." Our "eagle-eyed" reporters will furnish us with more definite information for publication in the near future. It has been suggested, that the License Inspector take up his abode permanently in Markdale, as he is there a good part of his time anyway. Under any circumstances the Markdale liquor law violators are not and never will be smart enough to elude the vigilance of such an efficient License Inspector as James Campbell, Esq.

Removed to New Premises.

Leitch's popular tailoring establishment has been removed to the handsome new premises opposite Medical Hall, Collingwood street, Flesherton, where business will be attended to in the usual excellent and prompt manner.

Our Bank.

The premises in Richardson's block intended for Flesherton's new banking institution is being fitted up for the purpose as expeditiously as possible. The Manager is expected to arrive in town latter part of this week.

Our Cheese Factory.

The Government Inspector of Cheese Factories inspected the Flesherton factory on Monday last and rated it No. 1. He also spoke in high terms of the outfit, management and quality of products, and said it was the best factory he had seen since leaving the West of Ontario.

Very Successful.

Miss Lizzie Richardson was awarded full certificate for drawing at the recent examinations in connection with the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute. She was one of six successful candidates, and considering the short time she has been attending the Institute, her success is considered by competent judges as something brilliant. Miss Lizzie is the third daughter of Squire M. Richardson, of this place.

One Week's Work.

To give our patrons and the public generally some conception of the facilities possessed by THE ADVANCE printing office for the neat and rapid execution of Job work, we may mention, as an instance, that the Osprey Voters' List was mailed to us by the genial Clerk, Wm. Milne, Esq., latter part of last week. We have printed and bound 200 copies of the same, containing over 40 pages of rule and figure work, in an artistic manner, attended to our ordinary Job work, and got out this issue of THE ADVANCE—all inside of one week! And yet we are not satisfied, for we hope in the near future to beat this record.

The Sleeping Sentinel.

A business man, who does not live ten miles from Flesherton, fell asleep in his shop one evening last week. The hours flew by and still he slept on, the lamp burning brightly all the time. At midnight two passers-by observed the recumbent figure. They thought it a pity to see the coal oil going to waste, so one of them quietly stepped in and extinguished the light. Some time afterwards the sleeper awoke and discovering that the light was out, the bed hard, and the streets deserted, he made a bee line for home.

Plant This in Your Memory.

There are quite a number of visitors in Flesherton and neighborhood just now. Some people feel annoyed because we omit names of visitors occasionally, forgetting the fact that it is not the Editor's duty, much less his inclination, to go nosing around private residences in quest of items of this nature, however interesting they may be to his readers. If people will only take the slight trouble to furnish us with the names and places of abode of their guests, THE ADVANCE will most cheerfully give publicity to the same. Please remember this.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Personal Pointers.

Miss Spink, of Toronto, is the guest of Squire Richardson.

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reid is visiting friends here.

Miss Page is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. Munshaw.

Miss Brown, of Seabringville, is the guest of Mrs. A. Down, sr., Artemesia.

Mrs. T. Chislett and son, of Collingwood, are the guests of Mrs. A. Down, sr., Artemesia.

Mr. J. L. Wilson, a well-known resident of Euphrasia, called at the THE ADVANCE office one day last week.

Mr. Wm. Suggitt, who is now in England, writes us a letter under date of the 15th ult. We will publish it next week.

A sister of Mrs. J. W. Shilton, is a guest at the Methodist parsonage. The lady hails from the "Ambitious City, Hamilton.

Dr. Christoe, the energetic and popular Reeve of Artemesia, is attending the National Division, Sons of Temperance in Toronto this week, representing Flesherton lodge. The National Division is composed of representative men from all parts of the United States and Canada, and is, therefore, a very important gathering. It is many years now since the National Division last met in Canada.

"One Thing Thou Lackest."

Rev. W. A. Hunter, M. A., of Orangeville, preached anniversary sermons in the Presbyterian church here last Sunday morning and evening, to large congregations. In the evening the church was crowded to the doors, when the Rev gentleman preached a most eloquent sermon from the words—"One Thing Thou Lackest." The speaker first proceeded to tell the story of the young man who came to Jesus—so well known to Bible readers. The young man in question lacked but one thing to become a consistent follower of Jesus Christ, viz., he could not submit to the test of self sacrifice. A man may lead a moral life, attend worship, endorse the Confession of Faith, but if he is lacking in the one element of faith he is no Christian Outward show is not evidence of true piety unless the heart is at peace with God. A chain is no stronger than one of its links; a fence is no higher than its lowest panel. We must keep all the commandments—no element can be lacking in the Christian. The angels of heaven mingle their tears with those of godly men upon the earth, when people in high positions as well as in low, have fallen, pierced to the heart, through lacking in one necessary element of Christian character. What shall a man profit if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Who would exchange the senses of hearing and sight for anything this life could afford—never more hearing the sweet strains of music, or beholding the the beauties of nature? And yet how infinitely more important the soul itself, of which those were merely thresholds But withal there were men who did this and considered themselves smart' "Sin," said the Rev. Mr. Hunter in conclusion; "is the greatest madness in the world, and a sinner is the greatest fool in the world."

Fortify the system, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, against the diseases peculiar to hot weather. This medicine induces a healthy action of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, causing them to prevent the accumulation of the poisons which produce disease.

THE HIGH BRED DURHAM BULL,

"KING BILLY,"

The Royal Champion!

Will be for service at Lot 162, Con 2nd West, T. & S. R., Artemesia.

☞Terms 50 cents. Come along, boys! Prices to suit the times!

W. C. PARKER.

IT WAS HANGING IN A "WELL."

How the Body of Ben Harrison's Father was Found.

A Cincinnati despatch says: The nomination of Gen. Ben. Harrison has set the tongues of all of the antiquarian gossips to wagging, and everything connected with the family history, from "Old Tippecanoe's" day to the present, is recalled and repeated, including the most novel and ghastly incident, that of the stealing of the body of Gen. Ben's father from the family graveyard at North Bend and its subsequent finding in the "well" of a medical college in this city.

John Scott Harrison, the nominee's father, was a son of President William Henry Harrison. He lived at North Bend, about 25 miles below Cincinnati, near the Indiana line, on the not very large or productive farm that was all his famous father left him except his name, the "log cabin" which became so famous in the "hard cider, Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign of 1840. It was not a cabin in the sense in which it was used in the campaign, but a very comfortable, old-fashioned, roomy two-story frame house, flanked with porches and shaded by a row of magnificent locust trees, a number of which still stand to mark the spot where the old home, destroyed by fire about 30 years ago, stood. The real cabin part of the structure was an old log house of early date, against which the General had built his more pretentious mansion when, after his distinguished early career as warrior and statesman, he settled down in comparative poverty to make a living out of his farm. The cabin proper, its logs concealed by weather boarding, was used as a kitchen. Here lived and died General Ben's father, John Scott Harrison, a kindly, lovable man of scholarly habits and artistic tastes that his limited income did not always enable him to fully gratify. He lived the life of a gentleman farmer, respected by all of his acquaintances and "loved by all the children and dogs of the neighborhood." He was a man of not very great force of character, devoid of ambition for distinction and particularly adverse to the pursuit of practical politics and to mixing himself up in the contentions and squabbles of the period, and yet the fates had fixed upon him to be the figure-head in one of the bitterest political contests ever fought in the State.

The leaders of the party of that queer amalgamation of Knownothingism and Free Soilism known as the American party, out of which was afterwards born the Republican party, at the Philadelphia Convention of 1856, in casting about for a candidate for Congress in the Second Ohio District, hit upon John Scott Harrison, and without an effort on his part, almost without his knowledge while the plan was hatching, he was nominated and elected. Old "Pap" Taylor, editor of the *Evening Times*, the organ of radical Knownothingism, and candidate for Mayor on the "American" city ticket against Jas. J. Faron, by whom he was defeated, was credited at the time with the discovery and resurrection of the son of old Tippecanoe, and probably deserved the distinction. Mr. Harrison served one term in Congress, achieving no distinction, and again returned to pastoral pursuits at North Bend. His regular habits, serene temperament and pleasant surroundings gave him length of years, and he became the patriarch of the place; but to the end of his day his chief distinction was that of being the son of his father, and as such his erect form and flowing white beard were pointed out to the occasional tourist, along with the old locust trees, the site of the "cabin" and the tomb on the hill as one of the sights to be seen at North Bend. Suddenly he was stricken with a mysterious disease that baffled the skill of the doctors, which in a comparatively short time carried him off. The funeral services were held at the little church in the old village of Cleves hard by, and the body was interred in the old family burying ground on the rounded summit of the old promontory that marks the "Bend" in the Ohio that gives the place its name. Either because the family feared that the peculiar character of the malady to which he succumbed would make his body tempting to the medical fraternity or the general fear engendered by the prevalence of body-snatching in the vicinity of Cincinnati at the time, extra precautions were taken to preserve the grave from desecration. It was made unusually deep, was walled and cemented, and a huge slab of stone placed midway between the metal casket and the surface, and guards were nightly stationed in the graveyard. In spite of these precautions, however, a few days later, the ghouls tunneled the brick work, pried the big stone partly out of place and stole the body. How this great work was accomplished without the knowledge of the guards was a mystery. They were suspected and arrested, but nothing came of it. By a curious coincidence about the same time, but before the desecration of the Harrison grave had been discovered, another grave in the vicinity had been robbed and some of the Harrison family were among the party of citizens who had gone to Cincinnati to employ detectives and search for the missing body.

While engaged in this work news of the disappearance of Mr. Harrison's body reached them, and their efforts to discover the ghoulish marauders and recover the bodies were redoubled. Col. Tom Snellbaker, then chief of police, was appealed to, and consented to take the case in hand. His first move was to go all through the medical colleges with a drag net, himself taking charge of that drawn through the Ohio College, on Sixth street, near Vine, one of the oldest and most prominent in the West. The building was searched from cellar to roof, the "stiffs" in the pickling vats fished out and examined one by one, the half-carved subjects on the tables in the dissecting room scrutinized, but without finding a trace of the bodies from North Bend, and the search was about to be abandoned, when it occurred to Col. Snellbaker to take a look in the "well" or chute, by which subjects and other heavy bodies were raised to the upper floor by means of a windlass. He found the rope taut, and in the bare hope that the object of their search might be at the other end of it, laid hold of the arms of the windlass and began to haul up. Slowly the weight at the end of the rope approached the surface, and the face of the janitor, who had conducted the searching party over the building, grew paler and paler. When the object reached the surface of the floor, it was discovered to be a corpse, with the loop of the rope about the neck. Throwing back the remnants of the shroud that fell over the face, the horrified searchers saw the face of a venerable man with white, flowing beard.

Gen. Ben Harrison's brother and nephew were among the party, and as soon as the brother caught sight of the partially concealed face he advanced, trembling and pale, and when the full truth was revealed by the removal of the tattered remnant of the shroud, shouting "My God! that is father!" fell back in a swoon. Col. Snellbaker at once placed the terrified janitor under arrest. The body was removed to an undertaker's and again prepared for the grave. Gen. Ben Harrison, who after the funeral had returned to Indianapolis, was telegraphed to as soon as the discovery was made, and used all haste to reach Cincinnati, arriving a few hours after the body ad been found. He bent every energy to he detection and punishment of the perpetrators of the crime, but without result. Some others besides the janitor were arrested. There was some talk of indicting the faculty. The few facts gathered were laid before the Grand Jury, but nothing came of it, and to this day nobody knows the history of the journey of John Scott Harrison's body from its peaceful grave at North Bend to the end of the rope in the horrible well of the Ohio Medical College, where it was found.

MARRIED IN A HURRY.

They Missed a Train in a Village and Wedded to Prevent Scandal.

A New York despatch says: Last Thursday afternoon a well-dressed young man and a remarkably pretty girl were seen dining at Clifton, L.I. After dinner the couple sauntered out, and later were billing and cooing on the beach. At 11.30 p.m. the two lovers appeared at the station too late for the last train. The young lady began to cry, and her escort endeavored to cheer her by telling her he was sure he could find some way of getting back to New York that night. She said she would not for the world stay there all night. The young man was plentifully supplied with money, and went to a livery stable and tried to hire a man to row or sail them across the bay to New York, but there was no one who wished to undertake the job.

The disappointed couple then retired to a restaurant near by and held a consultation. They concluded that it was impossible to get back to New York that night. Miss Ida Roorke (the girl) cried again, and her lover, George Reich, tried to comfort her, but to no purpose. The situation was getting desperate, and Reich decided that there was only one thing to do—that was to get married. He boldly proposed it. The idea startled Miss Roorke at first and she protested against it. He reasoned with her that they had long been engaged and would have been married before this had it not been for impediments put in their way. After much persuasion she hesitatingly gave her consent. Then they got about every minister in the place out of bed before they found one who would marry them. They called in their coachman as a witness and soon were made man and wife by the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Campbell, whom Reich gave $25 as a fee. Then they went to the hotel and retired with the consciousness of having done the best they could under the circumstances. Since then their parents have forgiven them, and they have been re-married by a priest.

LEFT HIM AT THE ALTAR.

Charles E. Brooks' Child-Wife Sues for a Divorce, and Swears He is After Her Money.

A Baltimore despatch says: Florence R. Winchester, the child-wife of Charles E. Brooks, has applied for a divorce from her boy-husband to whom she was married last March. She alleges that he obtained her consent through fraud and perjury. The license, she says, was procured by her lover swearing he was 21 years old and she 18 years, when in fact he is only 19 years and she 15, and his object in marrying her was to get hold of property which she will inherit when she attains her majority. In describing their courtship the young wife tells how her husband prayed with her and read the Bible, when all the time he was engaged in dishonest and nefarious transactions. By these hypocritical professions and other deceptive means he won her affections. On the day the ceremony was performed they left home under the pretense of going to the theatre. She charges that on the way he suddenly surprised her by suggesting marriage and got her consent. They went to the parsonage. She immediately became conscience-stricken at what she had done. She left him almost at the altar and went to her father's house, where she has remained ever since. Since the marriage she said her deceitful husband on one occasion decoyed her from home and forcibly detained her. She charges that he has cruelly and brutally treated her and robbed her of her jewellery. The young people are well connected, and the case caused a sensation.

Mr. Spurgeon's Next Step.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "In Nonconformist, and particularly in Baptist circles, growing interest is felt in what will be Mr. Spurgeon's next step. It is an open secret that the instincts of his nature compel him to seek congenial communion, and that he cannot long remain content with his present isolation. No one dreams now of his return to the Baptist Union, and the general impression is that circumstances will compel him shortly to initiate a movement which will result in a sort of federation of Baptist Churches, comprising those who share his views, and which will be tantamount to the formation of a new denomination. A movement of this kind would, in the opinion of some, help forward the suggested union between the Congregational bodies and the Baptists."

Sure Not to See Him.

Mrs. Yeast—Will you give Mr. Bacon a message to his wife if you should see him to-day?

Mr. Yeast—Oh, I won't see him to-day.

"But he may drop into your office."

"No, he will not."

"Why are you so positive about it?"

"I loaned him $5 last Monday, and he promised to pay it to-day."

It is never too late to mend; but a man cannot expect to have a button sewn on much after midnight.

BOUCICAULT'S WIFE WINS.

A New York "Scotch" Marriage Held Valid—She Gets a Divorce at the Playwright's Expense.

A London cable says: The celebrated Boucicault divorce case was decided on Thursday in favor of the wife. In the trial of the case Mrs. Agnes Boucicault, the petitioner, deposed that her maiden name was Robertson, and that she was born at Edinburgh in 1833, was educated for the stage, and that she first appeared at the Princess' Theatre in London, which was then under the management of Charles Kean. She was then introduced to Dion Boucicault, who made her an offer of marriage. Influenced by the advice of Mrs. Kean she declined the offer, but eventually in 1852 went to live with him. Relations continued between them until August, 1853, when she went to America to follow her profession. She had an engagement at Montreal, and while there she received letters from Dion Boucicault, who was at New York. At his request she went there to see him. On her raising some objections to living with him at the hotel, he informed her that if she would consent to become his wife he would consent to become her husband, and by the laws of New York, that, together with living as man and wife under his name, constituted as valid a marriage as in Scotland. Under the circumstances she consented to become his wife, and they stayed at the hotel for a week or ten days, living publicly there as man and wife. After that she was generally looked upon as his wife, and on one occasion at Boston he publicly made an announcement to that effect from the stage. Subsequently she executed a separation deed, under which she was to have an annuity of $4,000 a year. That document was signed in her maiden name, she being forced to do so, being warned that otherwise she would not receive the allowance in question. In 1883 she heard that Boucicault had gone through a ceremony of marriage with a lady in Australia. She commenced a suit for divorce, but abandoned it at the request of her child. Mrs. Boucicault was cross-examined at some length as to the various proceedings she had taken against her husband, and as to the date of the alleged marriage, one of the dates being 1855. His Lordship pointed out that the pleadings appeared to have been amended. No witnesses were called for the defence. The respondent's counsel contended that there was no marriage between them. The judge came to the conclusion that there was a legal marriage between the parties, and granted Mrs. Boucicault a decree *nisi* by reason of the bigamy of her husband, Dion Boucicault, who, moreover, is mulcted in costs.

HIS BRIDE WAS DEATH.

A Young Man Shoots Himself Because His Wedding Suit Was Not Made in Time.

A last (Friday) night's Boston despatch says: William H. Gibson, a young chemist and electrician, employed by the Boston Electrical Company, shot himself in the temple last night at his rooms, No. 11 Wellington street, because his new wedding suit did not arrive from the tailor's in time for him to attend the ceremony. He was found by his landlady this morning with blood flowing from a pistol shot wound in his head. He was conscious, but could not speak. An ambulance conveyed him to the City Hospital, where he died to-night. For the past two years he has been engaged to Miss Lillian Chandler, the niece of Col. W. H. Long, of Chelsea. Early this week he engaged rooms on Wellington street, telling the landlady that he should bring his bride there to live in a short time. All day Tuesday and Wednesday he was going in and out of the house, seeming very much distressed. Yesterday forenoon he said to a woman of the house: "I expect my wedding suit to arrive at any moment. The tailor promised to have it here Monday. It is not done yet. I must get it right away, for I am to be married to-night and cannot stand up in a business suit." He shook badly and wept while he told the story. The ceremony was to take place at 7 o'clock. As nothing was seen of Gibson after that hour the landlady thought he had obtained his clothes and gone to the wedding. Miss Chandler, the bride-elect, waited with her bridal robes on until after 10 o'clock last night. The guests were assembled, the clergyman in waiting and the wedding banquet spread. At last messengers were sent to Gibson's home, but the servants could tell nothing of his whereabouts. Policemen and messengers scoured the city all night to no effect. Miss Chandler joined in the hunt. About 9 o'clock this morning word was brought to the Chelsea Home that young Gibson was dying at the City Hospital. Miss Chandler and Colonel Long visited him. When he saw them he denied that his name was Gibson, but said he was Charles J. Rice, a clerk employed by Brown, Durrell & Co. Though both Miss Chandler and Colonel Long identified him he refused to acknowledge his name and protested that he never knew any one by the name of Gibson.

This afternoon the suit in which he was to have been married arrived, and he will be buried in it.

A Perpetual Railroad Pass.

A Boston despatch says: A most singular case came before Judge Allen, of the Supreme Court, yesterday for decision. It appears that in 1836, when the Boston & Providence Railroad Company was chartered, Mr. John C. Dodge, of Attleborough, conveyed a portion of his land in consideration that he and his family should ride free over the railroad as long as the land was used for railroad purposes. A granddaughter of Mr. Dodge claims that she is entitled to the privileges named in the deed, and that the word family meant "descendants" of the grantor. The railroad company demurred on the ground that the remedy of the plaintiff, if any, is at law, and not in equity. Judge Allen overruled the demurrer, and expressed an opinion that under the deed the Boston & Providence Railroad Company would be required to carry free the descendants of Mr. Dodge for all time.

She Was Wrong.

"You are entirely too diffuse in your views," remarked Mrs. Squildig to her husband. "It is the man with one idea who succeeds nowadays."

"I don't know about that," replied Squildig, "I think a man with two good optics stands a better chance than a man with one eye, dear."

FARM AND GARDEN.

How to Manure at the Lowest Cost.

One of the heaviest items in manuring the land is the hauling and spreading. This expense cannot be easily avoided, but there are many methods of enriching land that are available, though not always practiced. Where a large amount of produce is sold off the farm the fertilizing elements go with it, and if the fertility of the soil is to be retained something must be brought on the farm to take the place of that which is sold off. No farm will remain fertile unless the plant food necessary for the growing crops is provided, and manure will not retain fertility if it comes from no source but the farm itself, as sooner or later the supply must be exhausted. On stock farms, where large quantities of bran, middlings and ground grain are bought and fed, no difficulty will be experienced, but on farms devoted to the growth of crops, and the crops sold off the farm, the use of artificial fertilizers permits of a return to the soil of the necessary plant food in a concentrated form, the labor of their application being but a small expense. Green manuring is the cheapest mode of enriching land, as no hauling is required. There is considerable labor required in plowing land so treated, but the plowing itself is beneficial, as it reduces the land to a finer condition, and assists in destroying weeds and grasses. No field should remain idle. When one crop comes off another should come in. If the second crop cannot be marketed let it be plowed under for manure. Early potatoes can easily be removed in time for a green manurial crop, such as buckwheat, peas and oats, millet, Hungarian grass or corn. These crops need not grow very high. Under no circumstances should they be allowed to mature seed, even if the season permitted, but should be turned under green, so as to quickly decompose. A large majority of farmers after harvesting their corn leave the field until spring. How much better it would be to plow the field and sow it quickly to rye, turning the rye under in the spring for a potato crop. The plowing of the corn land would decompose large quantities of weeds and grass, as well as corn roots, while the rye so grown, if preferred, can be made to do good service for early grazing by stock in the spring. Other crops may be followed by green manurial crops in like manner, thereby enriching the soil by the decomposition of its own elements, and save hauling to that extent. The manure heap should also be composed of fine material, which will lessen the labor of handling the manure when the time arrives for spreading it on the land.

The Willow a Useful Tree.

There is no tree that is so sure to grow without any care as the willow. A twig from a branch of a tree stuck into the moist earth, and the labor is completed. An article in a German contemporary recommends the cultivation of willow trees, not only from an economical and industrial point of view, but also for hygienic purposes. They are especially useful where the drinking water is taken from fountains or natural wells, and still more where there are morasses and meadows; and in the vicinity of willow trees water is always clear and pure. Let those who doubt this fact place a piece of willow which has not yet begun to strike into a bottle of water, and place this within another bottle containing water only, in a warm room for eight days; in the first bottle will be found shoots and rootlets in clear water, while the other bottle will contain putrefying water. Holland is covered with willows, and the dam works are made stronger by the network formed by the roots.

The Crow as a Farmer.

The crow is nobody's fool. "Live and learn" is his motto; and he does both, especially the former, in a way to excite the admiration of all disinterested observers. In the long struggle between human ingenuity and corvine sagacity, it is doubtful which has thus far obtained the upper hand. Nor have I ever quite convinced myself which of the contestants has the better case. "The crow is a thief," the planter declares; "he should confine himself to a wild diet, or else sow his own garden." "Yes, yes," Corvus makes reply; "but if I steal your corn, you first stole my land." Unlike his cousin, the raven, who, along with the Indian, has retreated before the pale face, the crow is an ultra-conservative. Civilization and modern ideas are not in the least distasteful to him. He has an unfeigned respect for agriculture, and in fact may be said himself to have set up as a gentleman farmer, letting out his land on shares, and seldom failing to get his full half of the crop; and, like the shrewd manager that he is, he insures himself against drought and other mischances by taking his moiety early in the season. As I plant no acres myself, I perhaps find it easier than some of my fellow-citizens to bear with the faults and appreciate the virtues of this sable aboriginal. Long may he live, I say, this true lover of his native land, to try the patience and sharpen the wits of his would-be exterminators.—*Bradford Torrey, in the July Atlantic.*

Other Agricultural Notes.

An immense radish has been picked by Miss Mary Lambert, of Island Lake, Fla. It weighed four pounds and was six inches in diameter at the largest point. This radish was thirteen inches long in the body proper, while its tap-root was thirteen more, making twenty-six in all.

Prof. J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 320,000. Of those found in the United States 7,000 or 8,000 are fruit pests, and at least 210 attack the apple.

The largest tree in the country east of California is a snarled old sycamore that stands in Upper Sandusky, in Ohio. It is 40 feet in circumference.

If lilacs were confined to one stem and given good care they would take a higher rank among the shrubs and lilac trees that bloom in early spring.

At the recent English live stock sales pigs brought much better prices than cattle. In one case a boar sixteen months old brought $250.

One advantage in the soiling system is the freedom from weeds in the feed, which with cows at pasture in summer give a better taste to milk and butter. With corn-fodder, millet or other cultivated crops suitable for soiling purposes there is better quality and greater uniformity in the milk product.

Gradually more attention is being paid to grass for the reason that by growing it and taking pains in the management the fertility of the soil can be gradually improved more so than with almost any other crop. And as the yield of other crops begins to fall below the line of profitable yields more attention is paid to grass.

A New York farmer states that he used only coal-gas tar to prevent the ravages of the potato beetle. He puts a gallon of tar in a tub, over which he pours boiling water, which is allowed to settle and cool. This is sprinkled over the vines with an ordinary sprinkler. A gallon of tar costing 75 cents suffices for several acres of potatoes.

An "Indiana Farmer" correspondent advocates the use of rocks and stones for mulching newly planted trees, and where at hand they are superior for the purpose. Their pressure keeps the soil close to the roots and the roots in place, while they retain moisture, choke down weeds and preserve a more even temperature than a mulch of litter does.

The *Home and Farm* gives the following novel method of making cabbage head. It says that "when the plants are about eight inches high, and have formed woody stalks, make incisions in the stalks with the small blade of a penknife, insert small pieces of wood of the size of a match, and break them off. This checks the growth, and hard heads will be formed."

A cleanly kept cow will yield sweet milk with an agreeable, sweet odor, and quite free from any taint or injurious quality whatever, says *Hoard's Dairyman*. That such milk is very rare is simply because such cows are rare, and this is the reason why the very best purely flavored butter is rare, too. The cow that produces only 100 pounds of butter per annum is not to blame for the disgraceful fact—it is the stupid farmer, who either doesn't feed her or make a merciful use of the butcher-knife.

Old World Jottings.

Mining operations in metal and coal are begun with great energy in China.

The field of Bannockburn is about to be converted into the site of a coal mine.

A railroad will soon be built from Gibraltar to communicate with the rest of Spain.

Professor Huxley's second son is a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

So far Pasteur's recipe for killing the Australian rabbits with chicken cholera has failed.

Great pearl discoveries are reported in the Gulf of Mexico. One was sold for 140,000 francs.

An attempt has been made to have the historic Gallows tree on Hampstead Heath cut down.

Nine of the Blankley yearlings—six by Hermit and three by Galopin—have been sold for £10,000.

A six-ton cab, carrying an electric battery strong enough to run it forty miles, recently made a satisfactory trip through London.

An expert says that in 108 Derbys the favorite has won 37 times, has run second 24 times, third 15 times, and been unplaced on 32 occasions.

The monument to Sir Bartle Frere on the Victoria Embankment, London, consists of a heroic-sized statue on a granite pedestal fourteen feet high. The pedestal bears the words "India" and "Africa," each within a wreath of oak leaves.

A Girl Abbess.

London *St. James' Gazette*: The Archduchess Marguerita Sophie, daughter of Archduke Charles Louis, has been installed at Prague as abbess of the community of Noble Ladies of the Hradskin. The installation was effected with great pomp in the Church of St. George, a large number of officials and knights of the imperial orders being present. The new abbess, who was robed in black, with an ermine mantel, was formally presented with the insignia of her dignity, a staff and ring. The Hradschin is the capitol of Prague, and this community, to which it gives its name, is a retreat for unmarried ladies of noble family. It was formed under Maria Theresa. The inmates, it is stated, are not subject to the ordinary vows or rules, and are even permitted to marry. The present Queen Regent of Spain was abbess there from 1876 to the time of her marriage. The new abbess is 18 years old.

Hats of Great Men.

"'Seven' being the average size of a man's head as measured by his hat," says a London exchange, "it appears that out of fourteen distinguished personages, two (Lord Chelmsford and Dean Stanley) were below, while other two (Lord Beaconsfield and the Prince of Wales) were exactly up to the average. Of the others, Dickens, Selborne and Bright required 7⅛, Earl Russell 7¼, Lord Macaulay, Gladstone and Thackeray 7⅜, Louis Philippe 7⅝, and the Archbishop of York 8 full. Of twenty-three distinguished men whose actual brain weights are known, four, including the late Prof. Hughes Bennet and Hermann, the philologist, were distinctly below the average, showing that a well constituted brain of small dimensions may be capable of doing much better work than many a larger organ whose internal constitution is, from one cause or other, defective."

A Widow's Revenge on a Railroad.

The Savannah *News* says: A railroad running through Emanuel county recently killed a razor-back hog belonging to a widow, and she entered a suit for damages for the value of it. The railroad won the case, it being shown that the proper signals were blown and the precautions taken, and the plaintiff was sorely distressed about the result. She had converted the pig into lard, and as the road would not pay for killing him, she bestowed what remained of the porker on the company. On a dark night she took the pot of grease, and proceeding to the track of the company, coated the rails with a liberal daub of grease for about a quarter of a mile. It took all the sand that the engines could bring to bear on the track for two days to tide over the spot which crippled traffic. Now the widow is threatened with a law suit.

It often happens that a dissatisfied husband sends his wife home to her mother. Mrs. Donnell Swan, "one of the wealthiest and most beautiful women in Baltimore society," the record says, has been married eight years and is now in Europe. She reverses the usual order of things by sending her husband home to his father with a letter saying she has had enough of him. A divorce suit is pending.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Influence Which Dress Has on the Morals.

LATEST FASHION GOSSIP.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

The True Wife.

Let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, valuable, convenient simply, but lovely and beloved: let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her love and care are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinions be asked, her approval sought and her views respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children and society a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, toil and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her the tower of a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love we mean love expressed in words and deeds, for we have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine. The one is life, the other mechanism. The unlovely woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the other has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive and penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. She gleams all over with it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling higher, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, for "love is heaven, and heaven is love." Always man needs woman for his friend. He needs her clear vision, her subtler insight, her softer thought, her winged soul, her pure and tender heart. Always woman needs man to be her friend. She needs the vigor of his purpose, the ardor of his will, the calmer judgement his braver force of action, his reverence and his devotion.

Dress and Morals.

I noticed in Sunday's *Constitution* an article by Henry Labouchere upon the dress of our grandmothers and its relation to morals. The editor of the London *Truth* asserts that our grandmothers, in their stiff stays and powdered hair, didn't have a chance to be indecorous. Hasn't Mr. Labouchere lived long enough to know that the moral or physical stiffness of a person's environment tends toward a desire to break bounds? Madame Pompadour wore the stiffest stays, the highest heeled shoes and the greatest quantity of powdered hair of any woman in history, and yet how long will it take humanity to learn that dress and manners are entirely apart, and that human nature is the same in mother hubbards or panniers? There are about an equal number of good and bad people in each generation, regardless of fashions or surroundings. The cry against low evening gowns rages regularly every winter. We see it written that our grandmothers never wore frocks as shockingly low as the women of to-day. There's a book, published many years ago, called "The Republican Court." It contains copies of the portraits of all the famous and beautiful women in the time of George Washington. The dresses of more than half the women are shockingly low—the lowest of the lot being that of Mrs. James Madison. The age makes no difference. There are always styles that can be abused and made common if the wearer chooses.—*M. B., in Atlantic Constitution.*

A Charming Advertisement.

Those physical wrecks of men who pace wearily up and down Broadway with placards at their front and backs, and familiarly called sandwich men, are not the only persons who promenade as advertisements. Comelier advertisers are several girls sent out by leading milliner and dressmaking establishments. They are models chosen for perfection of face and figure, clothed in the newest and most pronounced costumes of bonnets, and then sent out to walk in Broadway and Fifth avenue. The girls selected for this particular service are those who have been for several years used in their employer's store as models on which to show off goods to wealthy purchasers, and thus have become known to those customers so well that on being seen in the streets they are instantly recognized. Thus the freshest wares offered for sale in those shops are announced under the most favorable circumstances.—*New York Sun.*

Fashion Fancies.

At a grand ball in Paris Viscomtesse de Conevat wore flowered silver lampas made *a la* Henry Deux, with slashed sleeves and all, and over it her pearls, the most famous in Europe, beginning in a dog-collar about the breast and spreading row after row till they drooped far below the waist.

Chinese, Japanese and Indian decorations are decidedly the fashion for country houses.

A tiny lawn mower is the latest in scarf pins, but it does not signify that the wearer uses it.

A fine black straw hat can be made very stylish if crushed white roses are veiled with white net and set along the brim.

Jet capes are to give place to lace ones as warm weather comes, and this means fewer round-shouldered girls.

Wonderful are some of the trimmings on the best evening dresses, such as white or cream crepe lisse, embroidered with pearls, the embroidery in silk of tender tints. Paste diamonds are introduced into some of the galloons, intermixed with pearls, silk and tinsel threads.

In spring and summer fashions a host of details are borrowed from gentlemen's dress. There are narrow and flowing cravats, both plain and colored; plaited shirt-fronts, tiny jeweled studs, scarf-pins, and linked buttons for throat and sleeves, with a close high corsage. A lace frill, very closely gathered, is worn, this copied from the masculine toilet of a former epoch.

An evening gown had a combination of colors so exquisitely blended as to deserve comment. The petticoat, of pale pink coral satin, brocaded with silver and gold, was partially draped with the same shade of crepe de chine; the bright chestnut-brown velvet train was lined with eau de Nil satin, and trimmed down one side, across the back and up to the left shoulder, with the richest raised Spanish point, fastened with bows of the blended colors. With other amalgamated shades the result is equally artistic and successful.

Lines for the Ladies.

"Jenny" is one of the baptismal names of the new Empress of Germany.

A Berlin merchant who advertised for a wife lately received 277 answers.

The average yearly pay of women school teachers in Iowa is but $212.45.

At a Newport wedding the bride carried a bouquet of hydrangeas, a novel flower for the purpose.

A bright bandana floats from Mrs. Cleveland's flag-staff at Oak View beneath the stars and stripes.

America is asked to unite with England in raising the funds for the memorial to Dinah Mulock Craik, which is to be placed in Tewkesbury Abbey.

The Parisian florists have been detected in imparting to odorless flowers the most delicious perfumes by the use of essences, a drop of which gives to any plant the desired odor.

A writer in the *Atlantic*, in seeking to assist parents in finding names for their children, urges them to avoid odd or eccentric or poetic combinations and be guided by euphonic quality only. The best form is a dactyle and a spondee, but if the surname cannot be treated by the above rule, it should be fitted with a name to bring the combination as nearly as possible to the above length and cadence.

Helen Campbell, in a letter to the Kansas City *Journal*, says the shop girls of that city are not allowed to sit because the fashionable women don't like it. "What is the next pleasure?" is the way the girls ask if anything else is wanted. The law which does not allow girls under 18 to work over twelve hours is not obeyed. Every girl must have a waist of from 18 to 20 inches. The floor-walkers are cruel fellows, often fining girls for spite. Some of the girls make 84 cents a week, and the highest wages are about 18 shillings. The girls club together, huddling in small back rooms, and spending all that can be saved on dress. Naturally, unless with exceptionally keen consciences, they find what is called "sin" an easier fact than starvation.

Terrors of a Volcano.

Some idea of the terror of volcanoes may be gathered from an account of one in one of the Hawaiian Islands recently published. When the crater was filled from 500 to 600 feet deep with molten lava, the immense weight of which broke through a subterranean passage of twenty-seven miles and reached the sea, forty miles distant, in two days, flowing for three weeks and heating the water twenty miles distant:

"Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat: the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames. Imagine Niagara's stream, above the brink of the Falls, with its dashing, whirling, madly-raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into a fire; a gory-hued river of fused minerals; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke curling upward from ten thousand vents, which gave utterance to the many deep-toned mutterings and sullen, confined clamorings; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their hot prison-house; the heavens lurid with flame; the atmosphere dark and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapors, and gleaming with the reflected contest. * * * Such was the scene as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact indurated lava, whitened, cracked and fell. The waters recoiled and sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and dashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with the heat, and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant, and were likened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in all directions; the outskirts of the burning lava as it fell, cooled by the shock, were shivered into millions of fragments and scattered by the strong wind in sparkling showers far into the country. * * * * Six weeks later at the base of the hills the water continued scalding hot and sent forth steam at every wash of the waves."

A Beggar with a Full Pocket.

"I am deaf and dumb; can you give me work at anything? I have to support myself and have no money," was found in type-writing in one pocket of a mute beggar arrested at Third and Race streets yesterday by Detective Almendinger, and in the other pockets was found $569.65. Paper and pencil were given the mute and he wrote his name as William Darlington, of Toronto, Canada. It was also learned that he saved his money for twelve months at a time and then visited Dublin, Ireland, and deposited it. He was locked up at the Central Police Station. — *Philadelphia Record.*

An Unruly Animal.

Farmer's Wife (limping into the house)—That brindle cow kicked me, John, an' I'm afraid my leg is broken.

Farmer—Gash ding that critter. Is the milk spilled?

Scared to Death by the Storm.

Maggie Hite, the 6-year-old daughter of Thomas Hite, of Johnstown, Pa., became terribly frightened during a thunder-storm last Thursday. She went into convulsions and died in a few hours.

The First Riddle.

Samson's riddle (about 1141 B.C., Judges xiv. 12) is the earliest on record. The ancient oracles frequently gave responses admitting of perfectly contrary interpretations.

"Ladies' hats reduced" is a sign on a Gratiot avenue store. This will be good news to theatre-goers.—*Detroit Free Press*

JELLIES OF JULY.

Timely Suggestions for the Industrious Housekeeper.

Early in July the good housekeeper begins to think of her jelly and jam. It is a great mistake to put off making currant jelly till the end of the season, for the best jelly is made of currants not perfectly ripe. Those used for preserves should be fully ripe. To keep a light color in jelly, care should be taken not to cook the sugar long, as this will darken the fruit and cause it to "candy." Some persons are very successful in making currant jelly by merely heating the sugar in the oven, and, after the juice has boiled twenty minutes, adding the sugar and leaving it over the fire only until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. This makes the jelly of a beautiful color and delicate flavor, but it is not usually so firm as that made by the common method of boiling twenty minutes before, and ten after, the sugar is added. Do not "skimp" your sugar. A pound to a pint is the only safe rule.

The best jelly-bag is made of new flannel. Take a square of flannel and fold it to make a double three-cornered piece; sew up one side; this leaves a large opening by which to put in the fruit, and the juice will all run to the point, the weight of the fruit pressing it out. Do not squeeze the bag. Very little juice can be gained in that way, and what is will be of an inferior quality. It will not pay for the labor.

Currant and apple jellies are the easiest to make, as they are surest to be firm. Apple juice will help to harden jellies that incline to be thin. Much of the jelly in the market is made from apple stock, with flavoring of various kinds to justify the labels attached. It would be well if nothing more harmful were ever used.

A delicious raspberry jelly may be made by using one quart of currants to a pint of raspberries. Pick over the fruit, leaving the currants on the stem, but taking out all leaves. Mash the currants and put them over the fire to scald, then pour them hot into a bag. Take the juice that runs out at once and pour over the raspberries. Scald this and put it into another bag. Let both hang over night. In the morning measure the juice, putting currant and raspberry together, and weigh a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil the juice well before putting the sugar in; it must boil twenty minutes at least. Add the sugar and let boil twenty minutes longer; skim carefully, if the juice does not look clear the white of an egg may be added.

Crab-apples make a very firm and palatable jelly. The Siberian crab-apples are easily obtained and are fine in flavor, but, if one can get them, the wild crab-apples (the sour, green things that grow on thorny trees in the country) give the greatest satisfaction. They have a spicy flavor and a pleasant acid which are particularly delightful to invalids. The juice of the crab-apple, of either kind, may be used for jelly with that of other fruits, such as peach, raspberry or cherry, and will give firmness without injuring the flavor. The proportion may be left to the taste of the jelly maker.

Quince jelly is easily made from the parings and odd pieces of fruit left after preserving, but it is not well to leave the seeds in, as they tend to make the jelly sticky and ropy. Grape jelly should be made before the grapes turn. A good old cook-book says: "In making jelly, do but little at a time to keep it of a light color and crisp and firm. Bright, fair weather improves the color and flavor of jelly."

It is well to have a variety—not too much of one kind—of both jellies and preserves, for the palate soon tires of even a pleasant flavor, and the housekeeper's shelves may present a picture to delight the eye by a careful and artistic arrangement of the various colors and shades.

Jellies should stand open a day or two after being put into glasses, that the moisture may evaporate, but they should be protected from dust. If thin, let them stand in the sun's rays. In a day or two cut papers to fit the glasses; dip these in brandy, alcohol or white of egg, and press them closely on top of the jelly. A very old-fashioned method is to pour melted butter or clean mutton fat on top, and let it harden. All jellies and preserves should be so covered, then if mold appears it can easily be removed without wasting the fruit. Finally put on the glasses the covers made for that purpose, or cover with paper, pasting the edges down.

It is impossible to give more than general rules as to the best place for keeping fruit. Jellies and preserves will bear a warmer place than canned fruit; but each housekeeper must decide by experience as to the best place in her own house. It should be a dry, dark place, where the fruit can be easily watched.

To make raspberry jam, weigh equal proportions of fruit and sugar, put the fruit in a preserving kettle, with a little currant juice, one pint to six quarts of berries, mash the berries as they cook, using a silver or wooden spoon. Let it cook well before adding the sugar, after which boil ten or fifteen minutes.

While raspberries are in season no one should fail to make raspberry shrub, to use for a summer drink. Pick over black raspberries; if they need washing put them in a sieve and let water run through them, the less the better. Let them stand over night in a stone jar, covered with good cider vinegar. Next morning mash them well and strain them through a bag, not your jelly bag, as the vinegar will injure it; measure the juice and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint; boil ten minutes and bottle while hot. For use, put a spoonful or two in a glass of water. This is one of the most useful preparations that can be kept in a house, not only as affording the most refreshing beverage, but being of singular efficacy in complaints of the chest.

Gooseberries which comes in July make very good preserves, but are better spiced according to the following famous recipe: Six quarts of gooseberries, nine pounds of sugar. Cook one hour and a half, then add a pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice; boil a little longer. When cold they should be solid; if not, boil them again. The little green gooseberries are the best.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Food For Reflection.

Mr. Fauxpas (to his neighbor at dinner)—You must have thought it awfully stupid in me to have made that remark.

Miss Societe—Why, no; I thought it quite natural.

DIGGING FOR CAPT. KIDD'S GOLD.

Startling Stories of Buried Treasure Which Worry Fortune Hunters.

News comes that a party of men have organized to dig for gold in a small cave near Greenfield, Conn. It is not known there is any gold in the cave. Some years ago a report was started that gold was hidden in the cave—probably a part of the mysterious wealth that Capt. Kidd buried—and on several occasions spades and pick-axes have been brought into play, the work generally being done in the night time. A year or so ago a number of men visited this cave night after night, excavating dirt, which they drew up in baskets and threw out of the mouth of the cave. They finally withdrew, leaving their tools behind them, but whether they carried away any treasure is not known. The members of the party just formed evidently think their predecessors did not take it all.

Over in New Jersey there is a rise of ground called Money Hill, on the bank of the Shark River. Money Hill got its name from an early belief that Capt. Kidd made it a bank of deposit. In fact, it is quite certain that he did. A good many people have dug into Money Hill; a few years ago two sailors came there, dug a hole and went away again. "It is said" they left a rusty iron box by the side of the hole, and that some ancient coins were found near the water side, where they re-entered their boat. That was a fever flesh and blood could not resist. The entire neighborhood was aroused, and Money Hill and the whole north bank of the Shark River was prodded with spades. But no more iron boxes filled with ancient coins were found. But did that settle the matter? Not at all. Last month the disease broke out again, as virulent as ever, and a number of men went to work to unearth treasure from the sides of Money Hill. If they discovered any chests of Spanish dollars they kept the matter secret.

A search is now going on for an immense lot of private treasure buried on Turneffe Cays, off British Honduras. John B. Peck, a former journalist of Washington, is the man who leads in the enterprise. A few weeks ago he came into possession of information that pointed to the sinking of a small pirate vessel, just filled with gold, on Turneffe, which is a coral key. Peck obtained a concession to dig for the millions, agreeing to pay the Government 10 per cent. of all the treasure he found. Since then he has made two expeditions to the spot, on one of which his ship was wrecked, and on the other he broke his tools and returned to this country for more. He has succeeded in getting people to put up money for the expenses of these adventures, they to be repaid out of the buried gold—when it is got. This Peck left New York for the trip early last month.

Two years ago a resident of Nantucket was digging in his cellar for water, but he missed that, as did Dow (of Dow's Flat), and struck gold instead, or said that he did. It was an iron chest filled with Spanish doubloons. The entire island was in a blaze of excitement, and many, if not all, the cellars in the place were dug over, though no more iron chests were upheaved, nor did any Spanish doubloons clink on the laborers' steel blades. About the same time a digger was industriously upheaving the soil on a point of Mount Desert in the belief that Capt. Kidd had strayed that far north to hide the vast accumulation of gold and silver that he had taken from the treasure-ships of all nations, that is, all nations that had treasure-ships.

This bloody old piratical Englishman, who was finally legally put to death for his crimes, has led many men on fools' errands. For 100 years people have been digging at different points between Delaware Bay and Rhode Island in search of buried treasure. The labor expended in this direction would, at $1 a day, buy all the gold and silver and goods and ships that Capt. Kidd ever stole. It is a mere superstition that he ever buried anything. The $20,000 in gold and silver he carried into Boston was probably all he could command, for the hangman's noose was already dangling just above his head, and he would naturally do whatever he could to propitiate the Government—the English authorities in those days not being adverse to taking money from any source.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Union.*

The Salvation Army in India.

One of the strangest developments of modern religious fervor is the Salvation army in India. This remarkable organization, which may be disliked, but which is not to be despised anywhere, has taken a form in India entirely adapted to the native sentiment and imagination. Its European members dress in Indian costume and walk barefoot—a terrible thing to do on the burning soil. They submit to privations which the native fakir can hardly surpass, and live on an average of about twenty cents a week. They have drawn into their ranks Commissioner Tucker, an English official, who has resigned a yearly salary of $4,000 to follow them, and who marches dressed in the wretched attire of a fakir, but under a red canopy carried by four Salvationists. These missionaries address the natives in their own language. At Madras lately they had a great demonstration and preached in their characteristic style to an attentive audience of natives. Perhaps this is the best way for Christianity to get at the dull and debased myriads of India after all.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Toronto Diagnosis.

Young Physician (inspecting citizen on the floor at the police station)—This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged.

Officer McGinnis—Your right. I drug him all the way from the saloon, two blocks down the street.

Man's Inhumanity to Man.

"I hate that man," exclaimed Mrs. Uppercea. "I'd like to make his life miserable." "Tell you what," said her husband warmly. "I'll send the wretch an invitation to your musicale. We'll torture him."—*Burdette.*

It is reported from Detroit that a lad named Frank Bailey, 16 years old, has such a mania for thrusting pins and needles into the right side of his face and neck that it has become necessary to send him to the lunatic asylum. At the time of his departure he had from 30 to 40 pins buried to the head in his cheek, besides an unknown number of needles that were out of sight.

STRANGE VOICE FROM A WRECK.

Singular Story of a Waterlogged Vessel Discovered in the China Sea.

"You see, messmates," says the old quartermaster, as he seated himself comfortably again, "in a seafaring life we meet with many rough jobs that are out of all ordinary calkillation, and what them as haven't been to sea wouldn't hardly believe. There was that ship we fell in with in the China Sea—that was an odd thing that was.

"It was only just after daylight in the morning watch as some one sung out, 'Sail ahead.' But it wasn't much of a sail, for there was only one mast—the foremast—standing, but a big ship agoing steady afore the wind, with her foretopsail set, but not hauled taut, but all flapping like. Well, we see as there was no one aboard, or, if so be there was, they didn't know how to manage her. So when we'd run down a little ahead of her, we lowered a boat, and I was one of the boat's crew, as went aboard, and as we pulled up to her, we could see nobody on deck, but only heered a dog barking; and when we went up the side, sure enough there was a half-starved dog a-sitting upon the body of a man; and when he sees us he sets up a dreadful howling, but still he didn't seem displeased to see us, but threw back his ears, though he looked dreadful melancholy and down in the mouth. But the curious thing was to see the number of rats that was running about the decks, for the ship was waterlogged, and the rats were driven from below and obliged to shift for themselves.

"Well, there were three more dead bodies lying about; and when we came to look at them the rats had ate most of their faces and necks and ripped open their jackets to get at their flesh elsewhere, but the corpse as the dog was sitting on they hadn't been able to touch; for you see the rats they lived upon the dead bodies, and the dog lived upon the rats—so we supposed by the carcasses of one on 'em as was lying near him. And such rats as they were I never see—a'most as big as half-grown rabbits, and so tame that they didn't make no account of us. You see they'd been so familiar with the bodies aboard that they looked upon us as so many sheep or cattle, or what not, as was come aboard for their live stock.

"Well, we tried to get into the cabin, but this was full of water, and so was everything below decks; and there was no name upon the stern, or we couldn't make it out where the ship was from or where bound; and we searched the captain's pockets, but couldn't find no memorandum nor name, only a love letter sewed up in a piece of oil-skin in his jacket, and signed "Sarah." And when we was thenking what was best to be done, whether to throw the bodies overboard or what, a voice, as seemed close to us, sung out in a curious low tone, more like a female's than a man's, 'Ship ahoy, there! what ship is that?'

"Well, that startled us a'most out of our senses; for we couldn't see nothing, and the bodies on deck was dead we knew by reason their faces was eat; and says one of the men, 'It must be the dog,' says he, 'he've been a-thinking over to hisself all he've heerd, and have been and taught hisself to speak;' and says he to the dog, answering his hail like, 'The Zenobia, 600 tons, John Shum, master, of and from London, bound from Singapore, with a general cargo.' But the dog made no answer to that, and while he was a wondering what it could be, the same kind of a voice sung out again: "Steward, glass of grog!" Well, now we knew as this couldn't be the dog, because they don't take no grog. Then says another man: 'I'm much deceived if that 'ere voice don't come out of the mainmast;' so we goes to the mainmast that is, the stump of it—and out of the middle of the ropes and halyards that was hanging about the pins the voice comes out again and says: 'Oh, sweet Polly! No higher, keep her rap full.'

Well, we soon cast off the ropes, and what should we see but a fine gray parrot a setting in a kind of nest she'd made and looking as if there wasn't nothing the matter with her!

Well, we hove over the dead bodies and left the rats to feed upon themselves, but we brought off the parrot and the dog, though he wouldn't leave the body till we'd taken the jacket off and laid it down in the boat for him, and then he came willin' enough; and Capt. Shum took the dog and bird and brought them home to his old woman, and perhaps they're both alive now."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Terrible Work of the French Rifle.

According to the accounts the new "Lebel rifle" is a wondrous weapon, and is destined to do terrible things in the hands of French soldiers. The members of the Academy of Medicine, wishing to diagnose the physical consequences of wounds inflicted by the bullets of the gun, recently had experiments made on twenty corpses, probably those of paupers whom nobody owned, or those off ill-fated waifs picked up at the morgue. The bodies were placed at the ordinary firing distances, from 200 yards up to a mile or so. The bullets whizzed through the bones and pierced them without fracturing them, as is done by the bullets of the "Gras rifle." The wounds, if they may be called so, which were inflicted, were small in their punctures, and consequently very dangerous and difficult to heal. Injuries inflicted at short distances were so considerable that, in the opinion of the surgeons, they would be almost incurable. At the longest range—2,000 meters—a poplar tree was hit, but the bullet did not go through the tree. At 1,200 meters the tree was pierced through and through. The discharges of the rifle are unaccompanied by smoke, and the reports are comparatively feeble.—*London Telegraph.*

Great Self-Sacrifice.

Wife—How late you are! I thought you were never coming home. What made you stay away so long?

Husband—Don't reproach me, woman Be thankful that I am here so soon. Why, I left the grounds at the end of the twelfth inning with the score a tie! Think of that!

There is now filed with a will in litigation in Monroe County, Ga., a silver dollar that was issued in 1775, and has been in possession of the same family for more than one hundred years. It is one of thirteen dollars that were paid to a Revolutionary soldier when discharged from the Continental army.

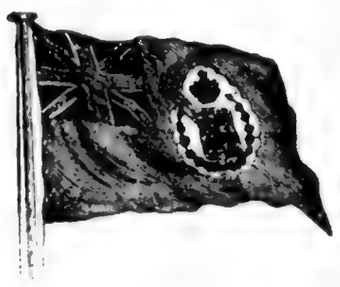

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Good house and lot to Rent in Flesherton. For particulars apply to Thos. Osborne, Esq., or at THE ADVANCE office. Also a well cultivated farm of 93 acres, with good house and orchard, one mile from Flesherton, for sale or to rent on reasonable terms. Apply to Mr. Osborne or at THE ADVANCE office as above.

Lost Cattle and Sheep.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, Lot 35, Con. 5, Artemesia, one medium size red and white yearling heifer, also one small red and white yearling heifer, also one good young ewe and one ewe lamb. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded.

HENRY DOWN,
Flesherton P.O.

LOST CATTLE.

STRAYED from my premises, Lot 24, Con. 17 Egremont, about 15th May last, one red Heifer with white star on forehead, one red Steer, and one red and white Steer, all yearlings. Any person furnishing information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded.

THOS. ALDCORN,
Dromore P.O.

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A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1888.

THE CHRONIC GROWLER.

The chronic growler, whose portrait we have endeavored to sketch above, (from imagination of course) is to be found in nearly every community. He is forever sneering at this, growling at that, and bewailing the sad condition of things in general. Not one word of praise ever falls from his lips, not one grateful thought ever wells up from his cankered soul or emanates from his diseased intellect for the innumerable benefits conferred upon him, in connection with his fellow-mortals, by a gracious and beneficent Creator. He views the beauties of nature unmoved; the majestic beauty of the starry host touches no sympathetic chord in his bosom. In short, he is constantly looking at pictures on the reverse side. He dwells in the deep darkness like the bat and vampire. He sows the seeds of dissention and strife here and there. His mission seems to be one of eternal malevolence towards everything animate and inanimate. He growls when the weather is hot, and wonders what on earth the country is coming to anyway. He snarls when it is cold, and wishes himself in a warmer climate. If the minister preaches a lengthy sermon, he is a crank and tedious old fogy; if the sermon be short, the preacher is lazy and don't earn his salary. If the speaker is earnestly vigorous, he is a fanatic; if he is quiet and dignified, he is a long-faced, dry old chip. And so on through the whole lengthy chapter.

Reader! many people are not chronic growlers, but some of them have acquired the bad habit of senseless fault-finding in this or in that particular, as the case may be. If allowed to develop, the habit soon becomes chronic. Stop it! It distorts the features, stultifies the intellect, and o'ershadows the soul with the dense gloom of spiritual midnight. "The face is the index of the mind," and just so with the Chronic Growler. The woebegone countenance, with the corners of the mouth pointing earthward, are but the reflections of what is within. Everything within and without or which emanates from the pessimist has a degrading downward tendency. Cultivate a cheerful, happy disposition; mingle only with those of a similar disposition; be true to your Creator and yourself, and you will pass through life with infimtely more of sunshine and less of shadow than the Chronic Growler, while your reward will be greater beyond.

The Mt. Forest Representative is vexed because somebody wrote in a kindly manner about the Editor of THE ADVANCE in the editorial columns of this paper. The Rep. calls it "bad taste." It so happened that the article in question was left with our manager *pro tem*, and put in type before we returned home from our holiday trip; so that we had no knowledge of it until a few hours before going to press. The Rep. will pardon us for saying that it exhibits, in speaking as it does, not only wretched taste but a positive ignorance of the gist of the article complained of, which was of a decidedly critical character, although written in a friendly vein. What most degrades rural newspaperdom is the hap hazard style of criticism adopted by some of its representatives, who frequently rush into print when they are actually ignorant of the subject they have the sublime gall to presume to write about.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

The fireworks on the evening of the 1st were not as good a display as we have had some times. A great many of the rockets were not aspirants for a heavenly altitude—they hugged the earth too much!

The public had a good opportunity of tasting the abominable water that the children have to drink out of the School pump.

The bridge on Durham Road street has a new covering put on and other repairs.

Farmers in this neighborhood are complaining of the injurious effects of the dry weather on the crops in general. The hay crop will be light.

Miss Mary Huddy, of the South Line, and Mr. Dingwall, of Proton, were married on the 4th by Rev. Mr. Ottewell, at the Methodist parsonage. We wish the couple success.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The garden party held on the school grounds on Friday evening the 30th ult., was a most decided success. The evening was warm and pleasant, being just such as young men and maidens like for a drive. There was a large turnout and all parties expressed themselves as being well pleased with the entertainment. The Flesherton Brass Band rendered some choice selections of music. There was also singing and music by the school children. The proceeds amounted to about $25.00.

The Sabbath School picnic was held in Mr. W. Buchanan's bush on the 3rd inst. and was very well attended. The day was fine and the children enjoyed themselves accordingly.

The Meaford Road and Ninth Line base ball clubs played a second game here on the 3rd inst., which resulted in a victory for the home team, the score being, Meaford Road 21, Ninth Line 4.

On Wednesday evening, 4th inst., Mr. David L. Devons, of King, was united in wedlock to Miss Minnie Mary C. Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. Wm. Hutchinson, Postmaster of Vandeleur. The ceremony took place in the Wesley church and was performed by the Rev. G. Buggin, of Markdale. We wish the young couple all prosperity and happiness.

Mr. John Weber was home last week for a short visit from the North Shore.

Haying has commenced. The crop is good.

Rain is anxiously looked for.

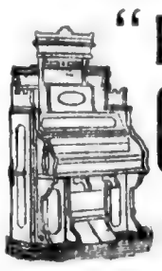

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G·R·I·P

CANADA'S COMIC PAPER.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Artist and Editor.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

$2 a Year; $1 for 6 Months.

GRIP is increasing in influence and popularity every year! It is a supreme household favorite, while every Politician and Professional and Business Man enjoys the clever hits which appear in every issue. **Subscribe now!**

See our Premium and Clubbing List. Circulars giving full particulars sent free.

Look out for Grip's Comic Almanac for 1888. Price 10 cents.

ADDRESS,

GRIP PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

Grand Excursion.

A grand excursion, under the auspices of the Workmen and Forester Lodges, of Shelburne, will be ran to Lewiston (State of New York), and Niagara Falls, on Thursday, July 26th, 1888. Tickets will be issued for the round trip from stations, at rates as follows:

	TO LEWISTON.	NIAGARA FALLS.
Markdale, Flesherton	$1 90	$2 40
Proton, Dundalk, Corbetton	$1 75	$2 25
Melancthon, Shelburne, Crumbies, Laurel, Orangeville Junc., Orangeville	$1 00	$2 00

The excursion will leave by regular morning train. Those taking Lewiston tickets will return same day by special train, leaving Toronto at 9:30 o'clock p. m. Tickets to Niagara Falls are good for three days. The trip to Lewiston will be made by the magnificent new steel steamer, the "Cibola," leaving Toronto at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, arriving at Lewiston at 4:30, and leaving at 5:25, reaching Toronto at 8 p.m. Excursionists to Niagara Falls arrive there by New York Central Railway from Lewiston at 6:30 p.m., and can return by any regular train or boat to Toronto on Friday or Saturday morning, thence home by regular C. P. R. train. There is a service between Niagara Falls and Toronto, three times a day, leaving the Falls at 7:25 a.m., 9,40 a.m., and 4;55 p.m. For particulars see posters.

To most children, the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. When physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take. Try them.

Eugenia.

Correspondence of The Advance.

Mrs. John Benson and Miss Rose Carr took the train on Saturday morning to Owen Sound, where they paid a visit to an old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Heron, and saw the sights of the town. Tuesday morning following they returned home much pleased and refreshed with their trip.

[Above should have appeared last week but was overlooked.—Ed.]

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continned support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Wood stock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Waggons,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators,
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

Flesherton ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	50	to 4	50
Fall Wheat	$0	78	to 0	80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0	80
Barley	0	50	0	55
Oats	0	45	0	45
Peas	0	60	0	60
Butter	0	14	0	14
Eggs, fresh	0	14	0	14
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	50
Pork,	6	50	6	50
Hay per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		19		22
Sheepskins	0	50	1	00
Geese	0	06	0	06
Turkeys	0	10	0	10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0	60

BIG DISCOUNTS

—Still the order of the day at—

Clayton's

Harness Shop,

FLESHERTON.

Some of the Goods I offer for Sale:

Single & Double Harness,

WHIPS,

An immense stock, which will be sold at greatly reduced prices,

Curry Combs, Brushes,

PEERLESS

Hoof Ointment,

Peerless Axle Grease,

Harness Oil, &c., &c.

COLLARS A SPECIALTY.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

Thanking the public for past patronage, I respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

Gordon's - Old - Stand,

Richardson's Block.

D. CLAYTON.

June 26th, 1888.

THE FLESHERTON

Furniture Warerooms

—ON—

Durham St.

— IS THE —

LEADING FURNISHING HOUSE

—IN—

South and Central Grey.

A FULL LINE OF

House Furniture

at Prices that will astonish the closest buyers. Our stock consists of

CHAIRS

of every description in Wood, Cane Seat, Perforated, Slat, Folding and Easy Stuffed Seat and to suit all ages from the baby chair to the old gents chairs.

TABLES

in endless variety. Some very pretty Extension Tables of new designs just in.

SOFAS, LOUNGES,

WATNOTS, SIDEBOARDS, CUPBOARDS, BUREAUS, SECRETARIES, BIRD CAGES, PAPER RACKS, HAT RACKS, LOOKING GLASSES, SEWING MACHINES, and anything and everything you require inside the house.

In **Bedding** *our stock was never so large and varied as at present, consisting of Wool Mattresses, Springs, Bedsteads, Cots, Cribs, Cradles, Etc. Every article marked low to suit the times.*

Raymond's Celebrated New Sewing Machines

To be seen at my Warerooms.

Funeral Outfits a Specialty.

J. E. MOORE.

Kimberly School Report for June —In order of merit.

I DEPARTMENT.

IV CLASS.—E. Carruthers, A. Thurston, J. Dynes.

IV CLASS, Jr.—P. Dynes, G. Burritt, S. Magee.

III CLASS.—V. Gilbert, J. Hammond, M. Loughead.

III CLASS, Jr.—H. Dynes, A. Burritt, R. Curtes.

II CLASS.—M. Howell, T. Dynes, W. Mundle.

II DEPARTMENT.

II CLASS, Jr.—H. McLean, T. Abercrombie, R. Lawrence.

I CLASS, Sr.—M. Hurd, A. Nickens, M. Ellis.

I CLASS.—W. McLean, J. McKenzie, J. Mundle.

I CLASS, (A.)—M. Batterick, A. Hill, Annie Hill.

I CLASS, (B.)—D. Mundle, E. Flewis, M. McKenzie.

Average Attendance 63.

I. E. GAUDIN, *Principal.*

MISS M. ABERCROMIE, *Assistant.*

The White Cross Society.

APPEAL FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE WORK.

The White Cross society took its rise in a meeting held at Bishop Auckland, under the Presidency of the Bishop of Durham, on February 14th, 1883, at which Miss Ellice Hopkins bore a prominent part

To Objects of the Society are threefold:—

1. To urge upon men the obligation of personal purity.

2. To raise the tone of public opinion upon questions of morality.

3. To inculcate a chivalrous respect for womanhood.

The policy of the Society is especially to influence young men of all classes, and in all conditions of life—boys at school, undergraduates at the universities, clerks in business houses, soldiers and sailors, artizans, labourers in the country villages, &c.

It will thus be seen that the work of the Society is definitely educational.

The method of the Society has been from the beginning not so much to create new machinery for the special work, as to utilize that which is already existing—Temperance Societies, Guilds, Bible Classes, and similar agencies.

The spread of the White Cross Society within such organizations as the Y. M. C. A., Young Men's Friendly Society, the Church of England Young Mens' Society, the Church of Scotland Young Mens' Guild, &c., is strongly recommended.

The diffusion of healthy literature, setting forth a high ideal of manliness, has been systematically undertaken, and more than a million of the White Cross Series have been circulated. Grants of papers for distribution has been freely made. Upwards of five thousand were given away during a general mission recently held in a large manufacturing city.

The five White Cross Obligations have been accepted as the connecting link which binds together Societies in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, the United States, Australia, India, Japan and other parts of the world. Thus the spread of the same principals is secured outside our own country, and a vast moral federation is becoming an accomplished fact.

The working expenses of the Society have been defrayed up to this time by a few warm liberal friends, who provided the necessary funds for three years. The period for which provision is already made is fast approaching its termination, and it is necessary to look forward to the future.

The work is rapidly increasing, but it is estimated that for the next few years a sum of £600 a year will suffice; and appeal is earnestly made for Contributions, securing without delay this annual income.

It is, however, thought advisable that an effort should be made to obviate the necessity of annual appeals for subscriptions by raising an Endowment Fund of (say) £20.000, which, invested, would place the Society beyond risk of pecuniary embarrassment. The Earl Aberdeen, Lord Herschell, Lord Kennaird, and Sir. T. Fowell Buxton, have consented to act as Trustees of this Fund.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Bishop of Durham, Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland; The Lord Kinnaird, 1, Pall Mall East, London; G. S. S. Vidal, Esq., Bouverie & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, London.

J. B. CUNELM,
President.

Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland.

Dr. T. T. W. Reynolds, Hamilton, Ont., has kindly consented to receive Local Subscriptions and Donations, and forward them to Lord Kinnaird (Treasurer of the Fund).

The White Cross degree in connection with Fountain council R. T. of T. will hold their meetings on the first Wednesday in each month in their lodge room Sproule's block Flesherton.

R. KEEFER, Sec.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Geo. Moore and wife are visiting relatives in Owen Sound.

Mr. A. Scott has the contract for Geo. Ludlow's frame barn. The framework was raised on Tuesday last.

Miss L. L. Hutchinson, of Midland City, came home on Saturday last for the midsummer holidays.

Mr. Thos Hutchinson is having a residence erected, Mr. Allen Henderson, of Riverview, being the contractor.

The following were elected officers of Inistioge Division, Sons of Temperance, for the current term:—

Mr. Geo. Bannon, W. P.
Miss R. Acheson, W. A.
Miss C. Acheson, Rec. Scribe.
Mr. Thos. Foster, Treasurer.
Mr. Wm. Reddick, Fin. Scribe.
Mr. Wm. Hames, Chaplain.
Mr. Wm. Hutchison, Conductor.
Miss Annie Bannon, Asst. Conductor.
Mr. Richard Hodgins, Sentinel.
Mr. John F. Hutchison, P. W. P.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

— DEALER IN —

Stoves, AND ALL KINDS **Tinware,**

Copperware, Sheet Iron, Metal-work,

Eavetroughing - a - Specialty.

SHOP—RICHARDSON'S OLD STAND,

FLESHERTON.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright s

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
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W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton, Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to
ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

Agents, Agents!
NOW READY— —OUR NEW BOOK.
EARTH, SEA AND SKY
—OR—
Marvels of the Universe
Being a full and graphic description of all that is wonderful in every Continent of the Globe, in the world of waters and the starry Heavens. Containing thrilling adventures on land and sea, renowned discoveries of the world's greatest explorers in all ages, and remarkable phenomena in every realm of nature. Embracing the striking physical features of the earth the peculiar characteristics of the human race, of animals, birds, insects, etc., including a vivid description of the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and of the Polar Seas, the monsters of the deep, beautiful seashells and plants, singular fishes and dwellers in the world of waters, remarkable ocean currents, etc., together with the amazing phenomena of the solar and starry systems, by Henry Davenport Northrop, D.D., embellished with over 300 fine engravings. Liberal terms to agents. Oxford Publishing Company, 5 Jordan St., Toronto, Ont. 316-368

What I Know.

I know the summer's day is sweet,
I know that Love is sweeter still,
know that bliss is ne'er complete,
I know of no perpetual ill.
I know that life has many sides—
That some things here seem hardly meet;
I know that baseness often rides
While Virtue walks with wearied feet.
Yet often want and wealth, I know,
But for each other's mask have stood,
And men, I know, where'er we go,
Are mostly happy when they're good.
I know that Life, upon the whole,
Is well worth all we have to give,
And that the grander is the goal
So much the grander 'tis to live.
I know that Death is very nigh—
That evil shrinks before his breath;
That only goodness gives "good-bye"
A rain-bow in the cloud of Death.

Chicks and Children.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched,"
Is a maxim that's ancient and hoary,
To which there's a deal of importance attached
Which may not be seen in my story.
For chickens sometimes will come out of their shells
And start independently crowing,
And when prematurely a chicken's head swells
You may guess 'tis presumptuous growing.

But our children at present resemble the chicks,
From the cradle they get prematurely,
And urchins of seven with grown-up men mix
And puff cigarettes quite demurely.
While girls in short dresses, of tenderest years,
An old-fashioned parent would sicken,
For the womanish manner they put on appears
Like the hen's place assumed by the chicken.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

The day wore on slowly; the snow fell heavily at intervals in great soft white flakes which covered the ground and lay there, blotting out all paths, and making the face of the surrounding country a pure white waste, over which it would be soon difficult to find one's way. The stillness in the little sitting-room grew intense and almost oppressive; the fire blazed up brightly, and Shirley lifted Jip on to her lap; it was pleasant to feel the warmth and life of the little animal in this complete stillness. Her thoughts had wandered away back to the past, to that happy Christmas-day at Fairholme Court when she was engaged to Guy, and all her life lay before her, cloudless and serene, lighted by the sunshine of the love she had won. Hugh had been there also—poor, hapless Hugh, who had loved her with that love which had been so fatal to them all, that love which had blighted her life and Guy's and his own.

Then she recalled other Christmas-days spent at Glynn and in London, stately ceremonious feasts which had wearied her excessively; and the day of the preceding year—that awful Christmas-day which she had spent alone in London, fearing discovery and detention, an unhappy fugitive from love and peace and rest.

Well, if it were to be done again, she would do it; it had been for the best. What did her sufferings matter if he were happy with the sweet young girl who loved him and whom he loved? She could go away and drift out of Madge's life as she had drifted out of Lucie's and Ruby's, and out of the lives of all who loved her. As soon as the fine spring days came she would go away and seek another shelter.

Sitting before her cheerful fire, leaning back in the low-cushioned chair, a thought struck her: she would write to Jack—she would tell him all, everything, without reserve, and ask him to advise her what to do. Perhaps he might even come home and fetch her. Dear Jack! He was well off now; his sojourn in India and the industry and steadiness he had displayed had won him a junior partnership in the firm; and when she had last heard from him, just before Sir Hugh's death—she could not call it murder, even to herself—he was a wealthy man, and he had spoken of coming home soon. Had he returned? she wondered. Perhaps not. Perhaps, if she addressed a letter to him at Calcutta, it would reach him; for she could not recall his address. Dear Jack, who had never known the truth about her marriage! There had been no necessity to burden him with the knowledge that it was through him that such misery had fallen upon her: but he should know all now, and he would take her away somewhere perhaps where she could be quiet and at peace until the end came.

She put the little dog gently from her lap and rose from her seat; the afternoon was wearing on, but the dazzling whiteness of the snow prevented it from being dark as it generally was at that hour. Besides, the cheerful blaze of the fire lit up the little room, playing odd tricks with the shadows on the walls, and peering into far corners, as if to discover any lurking intruder. Opening a little escritoire on the right-hand side of the fire, Shirley took out writing-materials and placed them on the table; then she trimmed and lighted the lamp, and moved over to the window to draw the curtain.

As she did so, she drew back, with a little stifled cry of terror, and covered her face with her hands, for, pressed against the pane of glass, a face had looked in upon her—a face with wild haggard eyes—a face which had disappeared immediately when the eyes met hers.

For a few minutes Shirley stood with her eyes covered, physically unable to move in her terror, her heart beating furiously, her breath coming in quick gasps; then, when she mastered courage to remove her hands, there was nothing visible but the window and the white road and the fields beyond.

Had she been deceived? Was it but the force of her imagination, excited by her loneliness and the excessive stillness, which worked upon her nerves? Had she really seen a face—that face—looking at her through the shielding glass, or was it there only a vision that she had conjured out of her excited fancy? Were her nerves giving way? Was her brain getting confused? Was she going mad?

She staggered toward the window and forced herself to look out; but there was nothing in sight, save the snow which had fallen previously and a few slow heavy flakes which were beginning to fall; the little dog, however, was running about restlessly and barking excitedly, as if he too had seen something which had aroused his suspicion or his alarm. In an agony of terror Shirley dragged the curtains over the window—she dared not open it to close the shutters which were outside—and crept back to her chair, trembling with a terror which had taken all color from her face and lips and strength from her limbs.

"Jip, come here!" she whispered, as she cowered over the fire, feeling an icy thrill of horror which made her shiver from head to foot, but Jip, although he paused for a moment in his restless running to and fro, resumed it almost immediately, his uneasiness adding greatly to the terror the poor woman was enduring. "Jip—oh, Jip!" she said pitifully, in a voice hardly above a whisper, for her lips were shaking with terror. "Come here, Jip!"

But Jip, for once, was deaf to his mistress' voice; he was flying about the room, scratching impatiently at the door, barking furiously and sniffing vigorously, and showing other signs of discomposure and perturbation of spirit. Something forced Shirley to open the door into the little passage for him; he flew out, barking furiously and excitedly at the outer door—the door which Shirley had bolted so securely.

Was it again the force of her imagination acting upon her senses, or did she really hear a sound, as if some one were stealthily trying the door from the outside? Surely the handle moved! And, in an agony of mortal terror, Shirley fled back into the sitting-room, covering her face with her hands to shut out sight and sound.

How long she knelt there with her head buried in her hands she never knew; but an hour at least must have passed, for the fire which had been just built up before the alarm came was a glowing red mass. For some time Jip had continued his barking; but when she lifted her head he was no longer in the room. Trembling still she rose to her feet. All was quiet; there was not a sound to break the stillness, the silence which seemed so awful now to the terrified woman in her loneliness. She went to the window and drew back the curtains; but the snow was falling heavily, and she could see nothing. She closed the curtains and came back shivering, when a little moaning sound from Jip startled her; he was lying just beside the outer door, and, as he saw Shirley, he looked up at her appealingly with a pitiful little whine, turning his eyes to the door the next minute, as if entreating her to open it.

Srirley hesitated and shrunk back. Was any one there? she wondered fearfully. Was it some one who needed help? Ought she to open it? Or was it all the effect of her excited imagination, her fancy which had seemed to look at her through the window? Since that was of necessity—for the dead do not come back—a delusion of her senses, the noise outside must have been also. Who would want to rob her? she thought, with a little smile. What a silly, fearful coward she was growing! Nerving herself for a desperate effort, she opened the door, and Jip sprang out joyfully.

The snow was falling heavily, and some great, heavy flakes were carried into the little passage. Shirley shrunk back a little, then went forward bravely. As she crossed the threshold of the door, her foot struck against something lying there, and she bent down anxiously.

The snow, falling so heavily over the road and hedges, had fallen also on the prostrate figure stretched senseless outside her door, and Jip was scratching vigorously at the snow trying to disinter it. With an exclamation of pity and compassion and dread, Shirley tried to distinguish who it was; but it was too dark. She guessed that it was a man who lay there, and that he was sorely in need of her assistance. Bending down, she spoke to him and tried to rouse him; but it was in vain. He lay like a log, senseless and stupified; and it was only with the greatest difficulty and with an immense exertion of strength that she succeeded in dragging him into the passage, Jip following with little, satisfied demonstrations of joy. Then, having laid him down, she turned and once more bolted the door behind her, leaning against it, panting and breathless from her exertion.

After a minute or two, she recovered sufficiently to bend over the man whom she had succored. There was not light enough in the passage to distinguish his features, but she felt that his heart beat, feebly indeed, but perceptibly; and she took courage. Once more she lifted him by the shoulders and dragged him into the sitting-room, leaving him there for a moment while she ran for pillows, on which she raised his head. As she did so his hair fell back from his forehead, disclosing the face upturned and senseless.

Merciful Heaven, whose face was that? Was it another delusion, or was it— The next moment a shrill cry of terror rang through the quiet house.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Christmas holidays were over, and the village school had begun again. Mrs. Grant was looking rather worn and haggard; but the cold weather tried her, she said; and she was even more patient than was her wont with the girls, who were not improved by their holidays or rendered more willing to work. It was a very weary face which bent over the desk when the children had departed one afternoon and Shirley was alone. She was busy counting up the marks, for Lady Oliphant was to give some prizes, the distribution of which had been postponed on account of the absence of the squire and his daughter.

Some singular change had taken place in Shirley during the past few days. It was not merely that she was paler and sadder even than usual, but there was a strange nervousness about her manner, an uncertainty, an indecision, a shrinking, which were very different from her former quiet ease of manner, which had always been so remarkable. Any sudddn noise seemed to startle her. She rarely left the house, except during the time she was teaching; and she had dismissed the little maid who had attended upon her, employing her only for an hour or two in the morning to go down to the village to get the necessary supplies.

These changes had not failed to strike the inhabitants of Erindale, and much curiosity had been felt about the dismissal of little Jane Austen, whose bright, helpful way had always made her a favorite with Shirley. That she had no fault to find with the child was evident from the kindness of her manner toward her; and Mrs. Austen, on paying the school-mistress a visit, had received an assurance that Jane was a very good girl and a useful little maid; and Shirley had no better reason to give for her dismissal than that she was going to try to do without any help for a little time. Mrs. Austen had gone away shaking her head and prophesying that Mrs. Grant would make herself ill with the work.

The school closed at 3 o'clock during the winter months, so that it was still daylight when the children trooped away, shouting and laughing, delighted to leave off lessons and to take to sliding and snow-balling—for the snow was still resting on the hills and the weather was bitterly cold.

They were in the very thick of a snow-balling match, flushed and excited, when Madge Oliphant appeared coming up the hill, and the snow-balling ceased, while the rosy faces were turned toward Madge with a smile of welcome.

"Well, girls, are you having a good time of it?" she said, in her bright sweet voice, "You are making plenty of noise; and I am sure it is not fair that poor Mrs. Grant should have your noise out of school-hours as well as in! Suppose you go down to the next field and continue operations there; and, if any one tries to stop you, you can say that I gave you leave."

They trooped off, carrying their shouts and laughter into a field on the right-hand side of the hollow, and Madge walked on and entered the school-house, the bright eyes softening into tenderness and compassion as she saw the slender bowed figure leaning over the desk. As she entered, Shirley looked up with a start, and into the beautiful hazel eyes came a startled look of fear, which faded as she saw who the intruder was; and Madge came toward her, looking so bright and sweet in her sealskin and furs that the bare, empty-looking room was brightened by her presence.

"Miss Oliphant, I did not know you had returned," Shirley said as she rose to meet her; and Madge took her hands, and looked wistfully into her face.

"We came home last night," she said gently, as she lifted her sweet lips to meet Shirley's kiss. "And how have you been? How pale you are!"

"Am I? But I am always pale, you know. Have you enjoyed yourself, my child? Have you had a pleasant visit?"

"Very pleasant," said Madge, gayly, the color deepening a little in her face. "I will tell you all about it presently. I am going to have tea with you. Why," she added suddenly, as Shirley began hurriedly to gather her papers together, stooping over them to hide her expression from Madge, "are you not pleased to see me? You naughty girl! I have been looking forward so ardently to a chat with you."

"I am pleased to see you, of course," Shirley said hurriedly. "What could make you suppose otherwise?"

"Your face," said Madge quietly. "You look as if my proposal had startled you. Have you not enough tea in the house?" she added laughingly.

"I daresay there is enough to make you a cup," Shirley answered, forcing a smile. "Shall we go in, Miss Oliphant? It is cold here; the fire has gone out."

"And your poor little hands are frozen," said Miss Oliphant, chafing them tenderly between her own; then, putting her arm round Shirley, with a caressing gesture, she added softly, "have you had any fresh trouble during my absence, dear?"

Shirley started.

"No, no," she answered hurriedly. "What makes you think so?"

"Your face again," Madge said, smiling. "It is a very tell-tale one, and it was not so pale as this when I saw it last, and there were not those heavy marks under your eyes which are there now."

"You have been seeing such rosy faces during your absence," Mrs. Grant answered, forcing a little laugh, "that it is no wonder you think mine pale. *En revanche*," she added, "I have never seen you looking so well and bright, dear."

Madge laughed, colored, and put up both hands to her face with a charming gesture of shyness and hesitation; then she slipped her gloved hand through Shirley's arm, and they went into the cottage together. The fire was burning cheerily in the little sitting-room, but the room did not look so pleasant and home-like as usual; it had a strange, unfamiliar look to Madge Oliphant's eyes as she glanced round her. None of the books were out of their places, the piano was closed, the pile of music all in order; there was no work on the table, no pretty, picturesque litter anywhere.

"Won't you take off your coat?" Shirley said nervously. "You had better do so, or you will not feel the good of it when you go out again."

Madge acquiesced; and then Shirley talked loud and fast and nervously, and moved restlessly about the room in a purposeless kind of way which Madge could not help observing.

"Papa is coming for me on his way from Adinbrock," she said, trying to assume her usual cheerful manner. "I had such a lot to say to you that I did not want to be hurried away before it was dusk. Why, Jip, old man, where have you been—upstairs? Are you glad to see me?" she added, smiling—"gladder than that naughty mistress of yours is?"

"He could not be that," Shirley put in, in a low voice of pain; and Madge, with a quick repentance, put her arms round her.

"Forgive me," she said coaxingly. "That was a naughty speech; but I am so glad to see you, dear Mrs. Grant, that it hurt me to think you are not equally pleased to see me."

"You know that I am glad," Shirley answered, gently disengaging herself. "Sit down by the fire, Miss Oliphant, while I see about tea."

"'Miss Oliphant' again," Madge said, pettishly; "and I have so often begged you to call me Madge!"

"I am afraid I cannot please you to-day," Shirley said, with a smile, as she glanced over at the pretty dissatisfied face on which the firelight fell.

"You always please me," Madge said quickly. "But why are you so very dignified to-day?" she added, with a little laugh. "I am almost afraid of you—you keep me at such a distance."

"You fancy I do; but, dear, between the village school-mistress and Sir Frederic Oliphant's daughter there is a wide difference."

Shirley passed into the little kitchen, beyond, coming back presently with the tea-kettle, which she placed on the fire; then she began to prepare the table for tea, going about it with a quiet grace which made the homely occupation a very pretty sight in Madge's eyes.

"Where is Janie?" she asked presently; and Shirley's face was turned away, or Madge would have seen how the color rose to it at the question.

"I have sent her home. I prefer being without her," she answered.

"Without her!" echoed Madge. "But you surely do not intend to remain here alone all night?"

"Do you think that Jane would be a great protection?" Shirley asked smiling slightly.

"No; but it would not be so lonely for you, and she was very useful. Did she displease you?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then why did you send her away?"

"Because I preferred to be alone."

Her tone was very gentle, but very firm, and there was a short silence, during which Shirley busied herself making the tea and Miss Oliphant sat looking into the fire, with a puzzled wistful expression in her blue eyes.

When the tea was made and covered with the pretty cozy, Shirley begged to be excused for a moment; and Madge heard her run lightly up the stairs, although she closed the door carefully after her when she went out. She was not absent many minutes; but, when she returned, it seemed to Madge that there was an added shade of sadness on her face.

"Where is Jip?" Madge asked lightly.

"He stayed upstairs," was the quiet answer. "No, don't call him, dear; he—he—he is so restless, he makes me nervous."

She went to the table as she spoke and began to pour out the tea; and, as she handed Madge a cup, she forced a smile to her lips.

"And now tell me all about this delightful visit," she said cheerfully, "I am on tenter-hooks of curiosity, Madge, to know what made it so very pleasant."

"Have you caught cold?" Madge asked, looking at her keenly.

"Caught cold? No. Why?"

"Because your voice sounded rather husky, and when you were upstairs you had a terrific fit of coughing."

All the color died out of Shirley's face; and she rose hastily, going to the fire to put some more water in the little teapot.

"Did you hear me?" she said unsteadily; "I had no idea I could cough so loud."

"You coughed dreadfully. I wish you would see Dr. Lloyd. You look anything but well. Will you let me send him up on my way home?"

There was a slight hesitation; and then Shirley said lightly:

"I will think about it. Come, Madge, tell me about your gayeties. Is Cotsford a nice place?"

"Yes, the house is very quaint and old and charming—not quite so large as Stuartleigh, but quite as ancient."

"Stuartleigh?" Shirley repeated mechanically.

"Yes," Madge said quietly, sipping her tea—"Major Stuart's place. We drove over there; it is only a few miles from Cotsford—three or four."

"But I thought—I thought—Major Stuart was abroad!"

"You thought wrong," Madge said, with a bright laugh and a hot blush. "He came back a fortnight ago, and he and a friend are at Stuartleigh. Poor Guy!" she added sorrowfully, a sudden shadow falling upon the brightness of her face.

"Why—is he ill?"

"Ill? Oh, no! He is much stronger than he was last winter; but—Ah, well, some day I will tell you all his story; and you will see whether there is not some excuse for the depression under which he labors sometimes."

All his story! Did any one in all the wide world—did Madge herself—know that story as Shirley knew it? she wondered.

"And we coaxed Guy and his friend Mr. Ross over to Cotsford," Madge continued, looking at the fire, her cheeks flushing a little as she spoke. "And I'm sure it did them—What is the matter? Are you faint?"

She put down her cup hastily and went to Shirley's side, for she was drooping over the table in a helpless manner which alarmed her guest.

"It is nothing," she said. "I am very sorry I startled you, Madge; but it is nothing indeed. You were saying you induced Major Stuart and—"

"Are you really better? Mrs. Grant, I shall insist on your seeing Dr. Lloyd," Madge said, as she went back to her seat.

"Dr. Lloyd cannot do anything for that sudden faintness, dear; it is an old enemy. Well, Madge, are you not going to tell me all your doings?"

"I am so afraid of tiring you."

"Tiring me! I am longing to hear," And the pale face wore an expression of eagerness add anxiety which made Madge smile.

"You are a regular daughter of Eve!" she cried delightedly. "I am charmed to have discovered a failing at last in this little perfect woman about whom all Erindale is raving. Our dear model school-mistress is curious."

"Very curious," Shirley acknowledged, with a forced smile. "Gratify my curiosity, Madgie."

"Madgie!" How pleasant it is to hear you call me that!" the girl said, smiling, as she drew up a stool to Shirley and sat down at her feet. "Well, *revenons a nos moutons—nos moutons* being Major Stuart and Mr. Ross.

"Mr. Ross!" Shirley repeated, her heart beating wildly.

"Yes, a friend of Guy's from India," Madge said, a little shyly. "How hot the fire is!" she added. "It is scorching my face."

Shirley put both hands gently on the flushed cheeks; Madge pulled them down to her lips and kissed them softly.

"Did you like Mr. Ross, Madgie?"

"He was very nice."

"Is he handsome?"

"Yes, very handsome."

"And did you like him, Madgie?" Shirley persisted gently.

"I—I do not know."

The words were very shyly and sweetly spoken; and Shirley wondered a little at the tremor in the girl's voice.

"Is Mr. Ross going to remain in England?" she said persistently.

"For the present—yes; he and Guy are coming to Erindale next week for a few days."

Coming to Erindale! It seemed as if Shirley's heart stood still with terror at the very thought. Coming to Erindale! It was well that Madge Oliphant was too much occupied with her own thoughts to look up at the white stricken face leaning back against the chair.

"Papa took such a fancy to Mr. Ross," went on Madge's sweet, unconscious voice—"he liked him so much that he is quite pleased at the thought of a visit from him; and you will see him too," she continued softly, "for we have talked about our model 'school-marm' until they are both quite anxious to see her."

To see her! What new, terrible complication was this. Shirley felt faint and dazed and giddy.

"They are coming in a few days," Miss Oliphant went on. "And I shall bring them to see Mrs. Grant, of course. But I should like her to be looking somewhat—" She broke off suddenly and lifted her head with a little gesture which commanded attention. "Why," she exclaimed excitedly, "surely there is some one upstairs! I am certain I heard some one cough."

"It must be Jip, then," Mrs. Grant said, sitting up in her chair, quite composed now. "You forget that he is upstairs."

"Jip could not cough," Madge said dubiously—"and it was a cough I heard, I am sure."

"Jip often makes a growling noise which might easily be taken for a cough. Who else could be up there, Madge?"

"No one, of course, without you knowing it—unless some one might have concealed themselves there to startle you or even do you an injury."

"You absurd child! It would have to be a very small individual who could conceal himself or herself in either of those little attics. Why, I am up and down there constantly, and I could not fail to see any one who was there! Besides," she added earnestly, anxious to remove the idea from the young girl's mind, "Jip is such a good watch-dog, you know, that if any one were there who did not belong to the house, he would never cease barking until he had the matter seen into."

"I don't think it is right for you to be here alone at night," said Madge, decidedly. "You might be ill. No one knows what might happen."

"I am afraid Jane would not have been of much assistance if I had been taken ill, for it required all my strength to wake her up in the morning," said Mrs. Grant, with an attempt at laughter.

"Then you must have some one more efficient. I will speak to mamma about it."

There was a moment's silence; then Shirley said gently—

"I am sure you do not want to pain me, Madge. I prefer being here alone. I do not want any assistance. Should I need it, dear, I will promise you to obtain it if you, in your turn, will promise me to say no more about it. And also I entreat of you not to mention it to Lady Oliphant at all."

"Why not?"

"Because—because—well, call it a whim if you like, and gratify it."

"I suppose I must when you ask it with that look in your eyes. Ah, there is papa," she added, as Sir Frederic's knock sounded at the door.

They went together to the door, where Sir Frederic was waiting for his daughter. He lifted his hat courteously to Shirley, but did not offer her his hand.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Grant. Fine, seasonable weather, is it not? Well, Madcap, are you ready?"

"Yes, papa," Madge answered, fastening her sealskin coat. "I am coming. Where have you left the trap?"

"At the foot of the hill," he answered. "I have one or two places to go to yet; but I thought Mrs. Grant would have enough of your chatter by this time. Have I come too soon?"

"I was in no hurry," said Madge lightly; but she parted with Shirley with less reluctance than usual, and she was very silent as she went down the hill with her father, who fancied that her attention was occupied in picking her steps over the road, and thought no more of her unusual silence and abstraction.

They did not start homeward for fully half an hour, for the squire had two or three people to see in the village; and it was quite evening when they turned toward home. They had to drive through the village, and, to Madge Oliphant's surprise, as they passed the Oliphant Arms, a slim figure in black closely veiled, issued from the public-house and walked rapidly away up the hill toward the school-house. Madge uttered a half stifled exclamation as she turned her head to look after her—something in the graceful walk and rather haughty carriage had reminded her of Mrs. Grant; but the next moment she laughed the idea to scorn. Was it likely that Mrs. Grant would be at the Oliphant Arms at that time, or at any other? And yet the thought that it was she haunted her, although they were almost home before she put it into words.

"Papa," she said, trying to speak carelessly, "did you see a woman dressed in black come out of the Oliphant Arms?"

"Yes, my dear."

"You saw her? I wonder if the same thought struck you which struck me. I thought her something like Mrs. Grant."

"It was Mrs. Grant, Madge," said Sir Frederic quietly.

(To be continued.)

When They were Famous.

When George Eliot began her career as a novelist she was 37 years old.

Thackeray achieved eminence by writing the novel, "Vanity Fair," at the age of 35.

Trollope and Charles Reade, both now recognized writers, didn't attain note till almost in the noon-day of life.

The beautiful writer, Hawthorne, was 46 years old when he became famous as the author of the novel "Scarlet Letter."

Dickens, an exception to the rule, was a noted novelist at the age of 22, but he was reared in the heart of London's poverty and bitterness, and he wrote from real life.

He Has More Time for It.

"Henry, dear," said a fond wife, "I am afraid your brother Daniel plays the fool more than he used to." "Well, yes," replied her husband, "I guess he does. You see the days are growing longer."—*Burdette.*

A Percentage Off.

Horace—I say, David, how old do you suppose Miss Jones is? Her aunt says she is only 21.

David (who knows a little of business)—Aw, yes, Horace, marked down from 33⅓; to be disposed of at a bargain, don't you see?—*Life.*

A Serious Humorist.

My story is a sad one, and won't take long to tell
To any sort of metre I can suit it just as well.
You'll understand my misery before the tale is done,
It all began one hapless day—the day I made pun;
And ever since that fatal hour the people do declare
That I became a humorist, alas! right then and there;
Though to be considered serious I'd give a lot of money,
Whatever I may say or do, they will insist it's funny.

I might perhaps have since escaped the direful consequences
Had I not penned a feeble joke when hardly in my senses.
'Twas printed in a paper of tremendous circulation,
And I was dubbed a humorist by all the laughing nation.
In vain I tried to prove myself a libelled individual,
The fatal truth confronted me—the joke was quite original.
Where'er I went there followed me that dreadful reputation,
And every word I spoke aroused uproarious cachinnation.

If I remarked in casual tones upon the gloomy weather,
The people laughed until they cried, and laughed and cried together;
When I gave information of some accident distressing,
They roared with mighty merriment exceedingly depressing;
And when I failed in business, and despairing told my wife,
She, laughing, vow'd I'd never been so funny in my life!
I dressed in sombre black, assumed a grim, funereal air,
And spoke in wee-enveloped tones, my face distraught with care.

I wept a little when I could, all steep'd in melancholy,
But people only laughed again, and whispered, "Ain't he jolly!"
In fact, the more that I became a sacrifice to sadness,
The more I met the wretched glee that drove me near to madness.
Full half my time is spent declining pressing invitations
To humorous banquets and to write for comic publications,
And scented notes and letters couched in words as sweet as honey—
"Now won't you send your autograph? and please to make it funny."

If I should sink beneath my trials, and leave this mortal sphere,
The world would give me credit for the best joke of the year;
And doubtless folks who came to gaze upon my monument
Would find it quite impossible to keep their laughter pent.
'Tis useless to deny it now, alack! the mischief's done,
And I must be a humorist, tho' an unconscious one.
I've only this request to make, which no one can resist:
Please call me in my epitaph the *Serious Humorist.*

THE BLACK WATCH.

Death of Sir Duncan Cameron, the Veteran Colonel of the Regiment.

General Sir Duncan Alexander Cameron, G.C. B., died at Blackheath on Thursday last. This distinguished officer was born in the year 1808, and the date of his first commission was 1825. He became captain in 1833, major in 1839, colonel in 1854 and major-general in 1859, and finally won the full rank of general after nearly fifty years of service. He was placed on the retired list in 1873. He served with distinction throughout the war in the Crimea, where he was in command of the 42nd Highlanders (the Black Watch) at the battle of the Alma, and commanded the Highland Brigade at the battle of Balaclava. He was further engaged in the expedition to Kertch and at the seige of Sebastopol, and in the assault on the Redan of the 18th of June. For his services he was mentioned in despatches and received the medal with three clasps, as well as many foreign distinctions. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and received also the Sardinian and Turkish medals and the 3rd class of the Medjidie. At the end of the war he received his C. B. In the New Zealand war, 1863-65, he was in command of the forces and conducted the operations at Kolikara, Kohasoa, Trangiriri, the Gate Pah and other battles. For these services he was again mentioned in despatches, gained the medal, received the thanks of the Legislative Council of the colony, and was promoted to K. C. B. Sir Duncan Cameron was made colonel of his old regiment, the Black Watch, in 1863, and he was Governor of the Military College at Sandhurst from 1868 to 1875. In 1873, on his attaining the rank of general, he was promoted to be G. C. B. Sir Duncan married in 1873 Flora, daughter of Dr. Andrew Maclean; she died in 1875.—*London Times, June 12th.*

For and About Women.

Madame Andre, the portrait painter, has given all her jewels, valued at $20,000, to the Paris Philanthropic Society.

Pundita Ramabal has already secured about $50,000 toward the fund she is raising to establish a school in India for Hindoo widows.

Miss Linda Gilbert has devoted 15 years and most of her fortune to prison reform. She has established 22 libraries in the prisons of different States, and found employment for 6,000 ex-convicts.

In Calcutta, a society of native young men for promoting the marriage of girl widows has been formed. Another has existed for some time, whose members promise not to marry little girls, nor themselves to marry so early as has been the custom.

A number of ladies in Philadelphia get their bonnets very cheaply by having a clever milliner out of employment come to the house. They pay her $5 a day, and in one day she trims up the bonnets and hats for all the women in the family.

Here is a reflection from the *Reflector*: How women can manage to sit bolt upright and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left, during a sermon in church passes the understanding. A man will sit on the picket fence all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church pew for three-quarters of an hour and he will wobble all over the seat.

A Well-Founded Report.

Miss Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?

Miss Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money.

There is $25,000 in New York awaiting the order of John Anthony Barnes, who left Boston in 1868 and has not since been heard from.

HOW TO BLEACH THE HAIR.

Only One Way, and That a Poisonous One, to Obtain Golden Locks.

It is difficult to stem any story in which champagne is introduced, says the New York *Graphic*. There is a sparkle in the looks of the word, an easy sense of opulence in its sound that wins its way into the most truth-guarded columns of a newspaper. One of the most beguiling of these champagne stories is that women use it for bleaching their hair. It reappears with the periodical recurrence of the sea serpent. The thought of lovely woman floating her locks in a bottle of champagne is always too much for the susceptible youth who works the scissors, and in it goes. Now, the fact is that not even a boarding-school girl would divert champagne from its natural uses to this end. The experiment in the first place is too costly, in the second place women are like creatures to ourselves. They would rather drink it. However, a number of different hair-dressers have been interviewed on the subject. The result of these investigations must be painful to the exchange reader and his fervid imaginings. One and all agree that there is no authority for saying that champagne will bleach the hair. The effervescent quality of champagne might lighten the hair a little, as will acids, but something further is required. Naturally each hairdresser is ready to produce that something further. This is in every case a colorless liquid. At one place it is called, we will say, "Dawn;" in another "Liquide d'Or." At a third it appears as under some musical and beguiling syllable, meaning nothing. In every case it is assured that this magical colorless liquid is the only thing that will bleach the hair without destroying it. There are also other preparations, to which a good deal of care has been given to providing them with musical names, to turn hair red, chestnut and other desired tints. In each case the question was plumply asked, "Do you know anything about peroxide of hydrogen?"

"Yes, it will bleach the hair, but it is a powerful acid and will ruin it. Now the 'Dawn' (or the 'Liquide d'Or' or the 'Aureole,' as the case might be) has been analyzed and is medically pure."

To settle all these conflicting claims and testimony an attempt was made to interview Mr. Charles Meyers, the theatrical wig-maker. Mr. Meyers had gone to Europe, but he had left in his place an able assistant, who was dealing out face powder of different tints with a small scoop to waiting customers.

As he was busy he was laconic, but his brief words carried conviction of their truthfulness.

"What do you use to bleach hair?"

"Peroxide of hydrogen, with ammonia added to make it stronger."

"How does it bleach the hair?"

"It is a powerful acid, and bleaches by burning the hair."

"Doesn't that injure the hair?"

"Certainly—ruins it."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"People want it."

"Will nothing else bleach the hair?"

"Nothing."

"What, then, is 'Dawn?'"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"What is 'Liquide d'Or?'"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"What is 'Aureole?'"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"What does peroxide of hydrogen look like?"

"Water."

There seemed to be nothing more to be asked on that subject.

Some face powder was bought as emollient for the young man, and while he was scooping and boxing a few more questions were ventured:

"What will turn hair chestnut?"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"Then what will turn it red?

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

He laid down the box of powder, took up 25 cents in exchange, put it in the till, then folded his arms on the counter, leaned on them, and thus delivered himself:

"There are but two things you can do with hair. You can bleach it and you can dry it. If we should put a dozen pieces of hair that looked alike in a bath of peroxide of hydrogen they would come out—more likely than not—all different. It would be owing to the different color tendency of the hair which the oily pigment hides. One might be chestnut, another red, another gold and another flax. That's all there is of it."

"Yes, very well, thank you, sir. But, please," calling this back from the door, "do you suppose that borax or bicarbonate of soda would bleach the hair?"

The young man struggled with his feelings and then answered suavely:

"You can keep your hair clean with borax and soda, and while keeping it clean allow its natural color to show. But in thus drying out all the natural oils you injure the soft and silky texture of the hair, which is a great part of its beauty. Good morning. Not at all."

Land of Fire.

In Terre del Fuego, as a sea captain tells a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter, a sheep or a baby is considered a fair equivalent for a plug of tobacco or a bunch of matches. If the choice of the price be given he will always give the baby, as there is a much greater demand for sheep than for young Fuegans. * * * Though the Fuegans are very low in the human scale, they are careful not to offend the eyes of strangers. An explorer approaching a boat sees only the best-looking squaw of the party. She handles a paddle at the stern and steers the boat. Her less comely sister—there are always two families on a boat—is hidden ignominiously under the seats.

It has generally been believed that the reduction in average height of French soldiers which followed Napoleon's wars, due, of course, to the immense slaughter in those campaigns, made all of those soldiers the shortest in Europe. But, according to a high medical and military authority in Russia, the minimum height of the Russian and the French conscript is about equal—five feet; while in most other European countries the minimum ranges from five feet one inch to five feet three inches.

She—And do you really think you would be happy with me as your wife? He—Oh, I am sure I have always been a lucky fellow in games of chance.

$500 WILL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

THE PROPRIETORS OF Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

For a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS 50 CENTS. The Only Guaranteed Cure

[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT. If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root.* As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our *chief* aim must be directed to *the removal of that cause.* The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

CHIEF RELIANCE. In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and other taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

LOCAL AGENT. As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

PERMANENT CURES. The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner *it is permanent.*

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery $1.00, six bottles for $5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS

SIZE OF PELLETS.

THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Sold by Druggists. 25 Cents a Vial.

PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

As a LIVER PILL, they are Unequaled!

SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. ONE PELLET A DOSE.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pellets.** In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence.

BEING PURELY VEGETABLE,

Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a gentle **laxative, alterative,** or active **purgative,** they give the most perfect satisfaction.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

WASHED IN HUMAN BLOOD.

The Ceremonies with Which an Ashantee King's Birthday is Celebrated.

When an Ashantee King dies a human sacrifice of 200 victims a week is offered for three months. A King's mother died in 1816 and her son slaughtered 3,000 people, 2,000 being persons just captured from the Fantis. To make up the tale every big Ashantee town had to give 100 and every small town ten victims.

A royal burial is a horrible spectacle. At the bottom of a huge grave are laid the heads of the slain. On them the coffin rests. Then just before the earth is thrown in one of the bystanders—a freeman, if of some rank so much the better—is suddenly clubbed, and a gash made in the back of his neck, and he is rolled in upon the coffin. The idea is to send along with the crowd of slaves and prisoners some one who shall look after them as a ghostly "major domo," says a writer in "All the Year Round."

"For a King there remains yet another "custom." At the end of thirty moons the grave is opened, the royal bones fastened together with gold wire and the skeleton placed in a long building divided into cells, the doorways to which are hung with silk curtains.

Then on his birthday the King of Ashantee goes early to the house of the royal dead.

Every skeleton is taken from its richly ornamented coffin, where it has lain surrounded by the things that had been most pleasing to it in life, and is placed on a chair to welcome the visitor.

As the King enters each cell with a meat and drink offering to the departed, the band plays the favorite melodies of that particular King, and unawares the royal visitor signs to the executioners who have followed him, and an attendant is pierced through the cheeks and killed, the King washing the skeleton in the warm blood.

The same work goes on at the next cell, and so on, the fearful work going on far into the night.

The band plays a signal as each victim is slaughtered. Two blasts on the horn mean "Death, death;" three drum taps, "Cut it off;" one beat from a big drum, "The head has fallen."

The signal is taken up by other bands, and all through the city horn-blowing and drum-beating goes on unceasingly.

He Thought He Could.

Her Parent—Do you think, Mr. Filkins, that you can support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?

Bright Young Man—I think I could if you would let us board with you.

Mrs. Warren, the Colorado cattle queen, who is said to be worth $10,000,000, is the wife of Bishop Warren of the Methodist Church.

TWO FUNNY BLUNDERS.

Illustrating the Danger of Using English Acquired from Books.

A couple of instances of the amusing blunders foreigners may make in speaking English were given me the other day, and I have every reason both to believe them genuine and that they have not before been printed. A lady who had learned English in a school in Europe, where she was accounted remarkably proficient in our language, came to this country to take charge of an establishment. Brought face to face with the practical requirements of every-day life, her English proved less comprehensive and accurate than might have been wished, and the evidences that her vocabulary had been painfully collected from a dictionary rather than from living speech gave a good deal of amusement to those around her. On one occasion she wished to direct a servant to kill a chicken, and after plucking it to bring her the feathers. The form which her direction took was: "Die me that beast and bring me his vestment."

Perplexing as the servant must have found this order, his astonishment can hardly have been equal to that of a carpenter to whom was addressed a still more amusing blunder by this lady. She had an interview with him in reference to some alterations she thought of undertaking in her dwelling, but found the estimates he made so large that she determined not to have the work undertaken. In a short time, however, she found herself so incommoded by the state of the house that she decided that it would be necessary to have the alterations made, even at the figure named by the carpenter. She accordingly sent for him, and once more carefully explained what she wished to have done. To her surprise the man promptly named a price for the work which was considerably in advance of his previous estimate, and his feelings may be imagined when in her consternation her peculiar English betrayed her into saying: "Why, sir, you are dearer to me than when we were first engaged." If the carpenter appreciated a joke he should have scaled down his figures. —*Boston Letter in Providence Journal.*

Their Ages.

A coincidence occurs in the ages of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees, in that both Thurman and Morton are older than Cleveland and Harrison. Of the four Cleveland is the youngest. The President was born in New Jersey in March, 1837, and he is consequently 51 years old. Harrison comes next. He is 55. Morton was full of a 9-year-old boy's tricks when Harrison was born, and is now 64 years of age. "The Old Roman," Allan G. Thurman, leads them all. He was born in 1813, and Time has cut 74 notches on his stick of life.

A STRING OF SINGULARITIES.

Minor Hits by Men Not Famous Because Interesting.

Mr. Wa[illegible]s Napa, Cal., who claims that he drove a swarm of bees across the plains in 1849, said some days ago that he had the "queen" of the swarm, and that he intended to take good care of her in her old age, as she led the attacks on bands of Indians in crossing the plains which might have scalped him.

At Louisville, Ky., a few nights ago, John Long, while bathing in the river, became insane, and held a companion under the water till he was nearly drowned, and was biting his arm when assistance arrived.

Rev. James A. Merriman, a former pugilist who met Paddy Ryan and Ben. Hogan and kept saloons in Philadelphia and other cities, is preaching at Atlanta, Ga. He thinks Ingersoll will become a Christian, as after his brother died he said to Mr. Merriman, "I expect to meet my brother again."

A negro at Cypremore Prairie, La., bought a cent's worth of ice-cream of a boy and would not pay for it. Colar Legnon told him he ought to pay for it, and the negro struck him, whereupon Legnon shot the negro dead.

A religious sect called Saints met at South Haven, Mich., on Sunday. When they meet each other they kiss and hug.

Nearly 200 women and some men converts to Mormonism have left their homes in West Alabama for Utah.

Rev. Father Tolten, of Quincy, Ill., is the only colored Catholic priest in the United States. He was born in slavery. He speaks several languages.

Fashion in Hosiery.

A fashion journal says that stockings ornamented with twisted serpents will be worn with low shoes this summer. As socks are not mentioned the opposite sex will probably wear their snakes in the usual and time-honored fashion.

Lightning can be seen by reflection a distance of 200 miles.

A musical composition often justifies its name. It composes its audiences to sleep.

D O N L. 38 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.
Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument, W. T. BAER & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.
Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.
Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract Granulated Eye-lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.
THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $3 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $5, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of Testimonials on file from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 26th, 1887.

Cures Guaranteed
Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.
DISEASES OF MAN.
M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,
THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,
Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,
Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, insanition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, otherwise innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.
A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

And now Meaford has the gas fever. Next.

Forty-six business places were destroyed at the recent big fire in Chesley.

Burglars abstracted $27 from the till in the Grand Trunk station house at Durham one night last week.

On Wednesday night, about 10 o'clock, Mr. Clarkson's hotel at Campbell's Cross, together with stables and outbuildings, was completely destroyed.—[Peel Banner.

The Owen Sound Advertiser came out in an enlarged and much improved form last week. It is now an eight page, fifty-six column paper. Success, friend Little.

Dundalk thieves will steal anything from a mosquito's luncheon to a minister's wood pile, and a nightwatchman now guards the steeple of the village church.—[Pickering News.

Mr. Wherry, principal of the Durham public school, has been offered and has accepted the principalship of the Morrisburg Model School at a salary of $700, which is more than he has been receiving.

A young lady named Nellie Beaton, from New Lowell, and James Robinson, of Alliston, were married at Grose's hotel, Dominion Day morning. Her parents objected to the match, but where there's a will there's a way.—[Beeton World.

Mr. Clayton of Flesherton is next week to open out a watch making and jewellery establishment in Kelly's block Clarksburg. Mr. Clayton is a first class mechanic, with seven years experience in the business.—[Thornbury Standard.

VITAL STATISTICS.—During the half year ending June 30, 1888, there were in Collingwood 87 births, 16 marriages, and 39 deaths. For the same period last year the births were 47, the marriages 17, and the deaths 34.—[Collingwood Enterprise.

FIRE.—On Monday forenoon the barns and outsidebuildings together with a threshing machine and other implements on the Tegart farm, near Singhampton, occupied by Joseph Lougheed, were completely destroyed by fire. Loss $1,000, covered by insurance. Incendiarism is suspected.—Shelburne Free Press.

A child of Mr. J. Carnahan's, south of the river, came nearly being drowned in one of the fire tanks one day last week. A cave-in or other hole at the tank was the trap, and had it not been for the timely assistance of a playmate who seized the little one and called for help, a drowning would have occured.—Meaford Mirror.

The only joke ever perpetrated by our Division Court Clerk, T. J. Rorke, took place here on last Court Day. A lady was exhibiting a dress to Judge Lane who apparently paid more attention to the exhibitor than to the exhibited. She was good looking. In referring to the dress, Rorke remarked that it was manufactured evidence, and the Judge smoled.—[Thornbury Standard.

At Dundalk last Monday night Mr. W. A. Knapp, of Shelburne, was murderously assaulted by a gang of roughs who knocked him down and kicked and pounded him about the head and face until a couple of women ran from a neighboring house, when the ruffians made off, leaving their victim lying in a pool of blood. Mr. Knapp has some bad cuts.—[Shelburne Economist.

While sawing shingles in his mill in Egremont last Thursday Mr. Adam Watson had the index finger of his right hand cut off and the thumb and second and third fingers so seriously injured that the doctor is in doubts as to whether they can be saved or not. Should Mr. Watson loose the use of his right hand it will seriously handicap him in his business. He has the contract for the erection of the Presbyterian church in Priceville and his misfortune may retard the work somewhat.—[DurhamChronicle.

MR. MCINNIS, of Sullivan township, lost several cattle lately, and has others sick. Dr. Thomas of Tara, after a careful examination, pronounced the disease with which the cattle were affected to be pleuro-pneumonia. A representative of the Dominion Government, from Montreal, and of the Ontario Government from Guelph, in company with Dr. Thomas, visited Mr. McInnis' place last Friday and examined the cattle. They decided the disease not to be pleuro-pneumonia, but were unable to say what it was; but took away a sample of the blood for further examination. The farmers of Sullivan were greatly relieved when the disease was pronounced not to be pleuro-pneumonia.—[Owen Sound Times.

NOTICE.

To the Ladies of the County of Grey.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

CLIMO'S STORE IN FLESHERTON

and bring your Produce and look to be shown the beautiful PRINTS suitable for any wearing. We have beautiful Satteen Prints at from 10c. to 14c. per yard—such values you have not been offered before.

Highest Price allowed for Eggs, Butter and Wool.

The best way to destroy Beetles is to sprinkle Paris Green and Water on the Potatoe Vines. You can get the Sprinklers at Climo & Co's which are cheap and good. Only a few on hand.

Yours Truly,

CLIMO & CO.,
Wright's Old Stand, - Flesherton.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb, 17th, 1888. WALTER BOOTH.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 369. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

REMOVED!

REMOVED!

RUSSELL'S Store

Noted Jewelry

Has been Removed and formerly occupied by J. W. Bates, Flesherton.

Stov'd to the Stand

Tit - Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Miss Emily Fawcett, of Heathcote, visited friends in Flesherton and neighborhood last week.

Masters E. K. Richardson, C. Sarjeant, Wes. Armstrong and Will McFarland are camping out at Bell's Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fawcett, sr., of Flesherton, are visiting friends in Kimberley, Heathcote, Thornbury and elsewhere.

Somebody broke a pane of glass in THE ADVANCE office front window the other evening, and the fighting Editor threatens to break somebody's head.

Dr. Christoe returned from his visit to Toronto last week highly pleased with all he saw and heard in connection with the National Division of the Sons of Temperance.

Mr. and Mrs. Broughton, and son of Manchester, New Hampshire, U. S., have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. LeGard, Artemesia, for some time past. They returned home on Monday evening last.

While sawing shingles in his mill in Egremont last Thursday Mr. Adam Watson had the index finger of his right hand cut off and the thumb and second and third fingers seriously injured.—[Mt. Forest Confederate.

Miss Russell, of Duntroon, and her cousin, Miss Russell, from Inverness, Scotland, are visiting at Mr. D. McKenzie's, Artemesia. We wish them a pleasant visit and safe return to their native land, Auld Scotia.

Whither from swampy land or stagnant pool, or from the deadly gases of City sewers, malarial poisons are the same. Ayer's Ague Cure, taken according to directions, is a warranted specific for malarial disorders.

"Cupid," the Proton Station correspondent of the Dundalk Herald, has the following item in last week's issue of that paper:— "Mr. Thos. Dally walked from Orangeville a distance of thirty one miles in six and a half hours." That is at the rate of over 4½ miles per hour! The average speed of an ordinary horse! Ahem; 'nuff said.

A little excitement was caused on Sunday last, when a number of boys went hustling down Sydenham street with the fire engine. A fire was raging in the locality of the woollen and cheese factories and it was feared that sparks therefrom might catch in the shingles. The danger passed off, but in the interval the old slaughterhouse and some rods of fencing on Mr. Geo. Stewart's farm were destroyed by fire. No very desperate efforts were made to save the foul-smelling old slaughterhouse, which went up in smoke in about half an hour.

A Moulder's Misdoings.

MARKDALE, July 14.—J. W. Potter, alis Beard, Moffat, etc., moulder, of Toronto, was employed lately by T. Moffat & Sons, foundrymen, of this place. On the morning of the 13th he left with their horse and harness. Telegrams giving a description of him were sent to points near here, and to-day he was captured by George Noble at Dundalk. He had disposed of the horse, etc., for $10, to Mr. Whitten, of Flesherton, where they were found. He is well-educated, writes short-hand, and appears to be about forty years of age. He was committed for trial and sent to Owen Sound jail to-night.—[Empire.

Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month.

The Flesherton Bank.

As will be seen by card advt., under heading of New Advertisements this week, Flesherton's new Bank is now in operation under the management of Mr. George Mitchell. The office is located two doors North of M. Richardson & Co's general store.

The Corner Stone.

The laying of the corner stone on foundation of the new Presbyterian church, in course of erection at Priceville, will take place on Tuesday next, July 24th—which, by the way, happens to be ye ADVANCE Editor's birthday. The building will be a very handsome structure when completed and a credit to the enterprising Pricevillians.

Gone to Clarksburg.

Mr. Wm. Clayton, Jr., left Flesherton for Clarksburg yesterday morning. He opens out in the Jewelry business in Kelly's block there this week and we have no doubt he will soon work up a good business, if close attention to business, good workmanship, and a well assorted stock of watches, clocks, jewelry, &c. count for anything. We have great pleasure in again most heartily recommending him to the good people in that section of country.

A Common Dumping Ground.

People living adjacent to Mr. Flesher's Mill Reserve on Sydenham street—West of the Boyne—object most emphatically to the dumping of all sorts of refuse thereon, even if it is burned up afterwards. It has become a positive nuisance and must be suppressed in one way or another. When set on fire this refuse gives forth a most offensive odor, which is driven by the winds into the houses close by. People have no right to dump rubbish in any public place, or where private rights are interfered with.

A Successful Fleshertonian.

Mr. Thos. Bates, a successful and prominent Sault Ste Marie, (Mich.) merchant, visited friends in Flesherton and neighborhood last week. Mr. Bates looks well and reports business booming at the "Soo," which place, he says, has over 10,000 people and still growing rapidly. His store is 110 feet long, is on the corner of two principal streets, and has two entrances. His business is conducted strictly on the cash basis, and sales run from two to three hundred dollars per day. He carries a $20,000 stock.

Dr. Sinclair's Visit.

The eminent Specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Dr. Sinclair, of Toronto, will visit Flesherton on Monday and Tuesday, July 23rd and 24th, inst., for the practice of his profession. He will be found at Munshaw's Hotel as usual. Diseases of the Heart and Lungs positively treated successfully, unless too far advanced. Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve. Remember the date.—Monday and Tuesday, July 23rd and 24th, inst.

Burglars on the War-Path.

Burglars forced their way into Blakely & McConnell's butcher shop, Flesherton, on Sunday night last. Mr. Blakely and wife occupied the rear and upstairs of the shop and the latter heard the noise. Mr. McConnell got up and proceeded to investigate, but the midnight visitors made good their escape, and Mac merely had the pleasure of firing his revolver off a couple of times—just to let them know that he meant business. They tried a door in Richardson & Co's block, and were fooling around the door of our new bank. Mr. R. Trimble chanced to be on his balcony at the time—about 12:15 a.m.—and caught a flash of their dark lantern through an opening in the foliage of a maple tree, which intercepted his view. He heard a creaking sound as of a door being forced, but just then his big black dog also perceived the intruders and set up a howl which scared them off. This occurred before they visited the premises of Messrs. Blakely & McConnell. Nothing further occurred to disturb the rest of our citizens and it is certain the burglars went away empty-handed.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

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OUR NEW STAND

Opposite Dr. Christoe's Drug Store, where our numerous customers will find us

BETTER PREPARED

Than ever to fully attend to all their wants in the Tailoring Line.

Thirteen

Of the pleasures of life are combined in having your clothing fit properly. Enjoy them by getting your tailoring done at

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TAILORING

Establishment.

A TEUTONIC SAMSON.

A Beer Drinking Brewer the Victor in a Tug-of-War With Horses.

A New York despatch says: Sebastian Miller, a Bavarian brewer, of No. 204 East Forty-second street, was the victor in a tug-of-war with two teams of horses at a picnic at Schentzen Park, Paterson, N.J., yesterday. Miller weighs 225 pounds, is 25 years old, and is nearly as broad as he is long. His exhibition yesterday was a repetition of one given on Friday last to a few friends and fellow-workmen at Oppermann's brewery in East Forty-fifth street. One end of a strong, heavy ladder was chained to a stake, the other being fastened to the top of a wooden horse. Then Miller put two straps over his shoulder and lay upon the ladder with his head downward. He braced his feet against an upper round and held on with both hands to one of the lower rounds. When he had thus adjusted himself two horses, of the sturdy build affected by the brewers, were hitched to the straps, to which was attached a whiffletree, and began to pull for their lives. In spite of whip and voice Miller held his position. Again and again the driver urged his willing steeds, but they made no impression upon the stalwart Teuton, whose leg and arm muscles stood out like whip cords. These horses weighed 4,000 pounds, and their driver said they were accustomed to haul loads of six and seven tons with great ease. Another team tried to pull the modern Samson from his perch, tugging and pulling until they were in a foam of perspiration, but they, too, failed, and were taken away amid cheers and jeers from the spectators. After this Miller exercised his biceps with heavy dumbbells, broke stones weighing five or six pounds with his naked fists, and performed other feats of strength. Miller says he drinks forty or fifty glasses of beer a day, and offers to bet $500 that he can hold his own against any team in the country.

DIED RATHER THAN OPEN HIS JAWS

A Battle Between a Real Bulldog and a Valuable Pacer.

A Detroit despatch says: S. Ketter, of this city, recently imported an English bulldog, warranted never to open his jaws when once they had closed on an enemy. Recently the dog was given a corner in the stable, where Mr. Ketter also kept a fast pacing horse. Yesterday Ketter locked the two animals in the barn and went away. When he returned and opened the barn door he found the horse on the floor nearly dead, while hanging to its under jaw, from which the flesh had been torn, leaving the bone almost bare, was the bulldog, alive but badly bruised. Mr. Ketter and his friends set to work to relieve the horse. The dog was choked, kicked, pounded, burned with hot irons, a wedge driven into his jaws, but all to no purpose. Finally an axe was procured and the dog's head chopped off. Even then it was difficult to loosen the grip. The horse will probably die. The skin was torn from his body in many places where the dog had evidently tried to fasten his teeth, and he was scarred from head to foot. The dog had evidently had one hold on the horse's breast, for there a large piece of flesh was torn out. Probably the dog, after breaking his rope, had wandered into the pacer's stall and had been kicked. He retaliated with his teeth and the fight began. There was hardly a whole bone left in the dog's body, and the horse will not be good for anything if he lives.

BELIEVED HER SINS FORGIVEN.

A Devotee Leaves Her Bed for the First Time in Fifteen Years.

A Rockville (Conn.) despatch says: This place is greatly stirred up over an alleged miracle. Bridget Cullen, after showing in many ways a deep religious feeling, took to her bed fifteen years ago in the month of August. She said the Virgin Mary had told her to do so in order to atone for sins. She at first would lie on nothing but a board, but after considerable urging was persuaded to take a bed. Many doctors were called, but they all gave up her case. Priests tried vainly to talk her out of the idea. She hardly ate anything, going at one time three months and twelve days without solid food. She said her heart troubled her and she could hardly move.

About a week ago Bridget told her mother that she thought her prayers had been answered and that she was to get up again. About 1 o'clock Saturday morning she felt an unusual change come over her, and for the first time in about fifteen years got up and walked around. The next day she took a walk out of doors. She informed a reporter that prayer had saved and cured her. She was 21 years old when she first took to the bed. From a child she always took a profound interest in religion, and it is thought it turned her mind.

United States Public Debt.

A Washington despatch says: The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued yesterday:

INTEREST-BEARING DEBT.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$ 222,307,050
Bonds at 4 per cent	714,177,400
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent.	138,050
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent.	64,623,512
Interest	11,624,205
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity	2,664,363

DEBT BEARING NO INTEREST.

Old demand and legal tender notes.	$ 346,737,823
Certificates of deposit	14,415,000
Gold certificates	119,887,370
Silver certificates	200,387,376
Fractional currency	6,932,643,820
Total debt and interest	1,717,784,793
Debt less cash in the treasury July 1st	1,165,584,656
Debt less cash in treasury June 1st.	1,180,014,159
Decrease of debt during the month.	14,429,502
Decrease of debt since June 30th, 1887	113,844,080
Total cash in treasury available for reduction of public debt	318,979,672
Total cash in treasury as shown by Treasurer's general accounts	639,854,089

Will Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads," has a cottage for the summer on one of the Thousand Islands.

D. A. Vaughn, of Delano, says that one of his black sheep in his band in the mountains took after a black bear the other day. The ram ran bruin up a tree, where it was shot by the herder.—*San Francisco Call.*

Policeman—"Hello! what's this!" One of the crowd—"Case of prostration." Policeman—"What from? Heat?" Crowd—"No; banana peel."—*Burlington Free Press.*

SLEEPING IN A COFFIN.

Peaceful Dreams and Quiet Rest Secured in a Casket.

A man who will choose a coffin for a couch may justly lay claim to the badge of eccentricity. Frankford possesses such a man, and his coffin is kept in the loft over the undertaking establishment of E. H. Allen, on one of the principal streets of that suburb. The coffin is of extra large size, and is only one of the many similar furnishings which are stored in the undertaker's loft. The man who nightly sleeps in this strange bed is familiarly known to the people of the vicinity as Bob. He is a beneficiary upon the undertaker's charity, and has for years done odd jobs around the place for his board. He has occupied this coffin ever since he came to Mr. Allen's, except when his asthma has compelled him to sit up all night. Bob is a quaint little man of about 53 years, with piercing black eyes and curling black hair, now fast turning gray. He comes of one of Frankford's first families. His father was once the leading Democratic politician of the town and an extensive builder. He built all the original buildings at Frankford Arsenal more than half a century ago. He gave all his children, Robert included, a liberal education, and brought them up in luxury. The undertaker's shop is what was once the stable (altered now) of Robert's father, and part of the very loft in which he now makes his bed was in his boyhood his pigeon-house. A romance of love twines around the life of this odd little man, with his stooped shoulders and peculiar ways. His lady love died many years ago, and poor Bob often yet repeats, half audibly, some of the sonnets of which she was fond. It is thought that Bob never fully recovered from the blow caused by her death, and the workshop of the undertaker has numerous acrostics and poems of Bob's composition stuck up around its walls. The man is a mathematician of some pretensions and a fine penman. Mr. Allen has known Bob from boyhood and indulges his whims.

A visitor to Mr. Allen's shop one night found that gentleman seated in his office. "Come with me," he said, taking up a lantern and leading the way upstairs, "and I will show you Bob; he is in his bed now." Following Mr. Allen up the steps leading to the loft, the light exposed to the visitor long rows of coffins ranged around the room. One of extra large size lay upon the floor, and from within it came deep, labored wheezing. The lid was well drawn up, and nothing inside could be seen. "Hello, Bob, are you in?" said the undertaker, and the lid began to slide slowly downward with a creaking sound. A head poked up, and then a man sat upright. It was Bob. He answered, "Yes; what do you want?" and then, seeing a visitor, sank back again and drew the lid after him. "Bob's got it a little bad to-night," said Mr. Allen, alluding to his asthma, and he pulled down the trap leading to the loft and left Bob to enjoy his sleep till morning.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Human Beings as Pack Animals.

Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, sends the following information in reply to an inquiry in "Science" in reference to the strength and endurance of the human pack animal: "In 1844 I travelled by birch-bark canoe something like a thousand miles from Lapoint over to the head waters of the Mississippi and down the latter to Fort Snelling, at the mouth of the Minnesota River. We made several portages, the longest being nine miles. We had along two trunks and provisions and bedding for four persons for one month. The load which our two voyageurs carried was certainly 150 to 200 pounds each. They made seven miles in one day, going over the ground five times, *i. e.*, thirty-five miles. Three-fifths of the distance they were loaded, and two-fifths going back for another load. Their plan was to take the heaviest load first (about 200 pounds), and carry it about a mile or a mile and a half, put it down, go back for another load of 150 pounds, carry this a mile or a mile and a half beyond the first deposit, then come back, take up the first deposit and carry it the same distance beyond, etc., until all was carried to the camp for the night; then, last of all, they went back seven miles to the last camp, took up the boat (which was the lightest load of all), and carried it to the camp. I will give you an account of one load. They used a leather strap about two inches and a half wide in the middle and narrower toward the end, and perhaps ten or twelve feet long. One fellow, a famous voyageur, would tie this about my trunk (about seventy-five pounds) in two places near each end and throw it over the head, bringing the band across the forehead, the trunk resting on the back, then take 100 pounds of flour and put on the trunk, with twenty-five pounds of crackers on the top of all, and walk off briskly, almost in a trot. The man was not large or very muscular, but rather lean and wiry."

Cranks Ancient and Modern.

The press of Toronto is excited over the number and variety of cranks who gather in the parks of that city. It appears that in ancient times the same trouble was experienced in the old world; for we find that the great philosophic truths of the past were first uttered in parks and public places. Socrates taught in the streets of Athens; Plato, who was called the divine, taught his new ideas at the Olympic games, and the crowds forgot the combats of the athletæ and flocked about him. Diogenes, the cynic, for years harangued the people of Corinth from the portico of the Palace of Jupiter. Aristotle, of Stagira, established a school under the trees of the Lyceum. Zeno, the stoic, held forth from a doorway in Cyprus. Xenophanes, the rhapodist, was allowed a square in Sicily to tell his ideas. Heraclitus had erected for his use a platform in the streets of Ephesus, and even Kant and Descartes did not refuse to speak in the open air.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

Northwestern Enthusiasm.

That the present style of dancing is little more than a romp was clearly demonstrated at the college party given last week. One young lady had a most severe cut on her lip and another had her ankle dislocated while bruises were the rule rather than the exception.—*Milwaukee Yenowine's News.*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be brought out at the Broadway Theatre next fall.

GOWNS OF SPUN GOLD.

The Marvellous Garments Which Were Worn at a Recent Paris Ball.

Never, not even in the most brilliant days of the empire, has Paris seen a more splendid fete than M. Cernuschi's fancy dress ball. It was an assemblage of the most brilliant people in the cosmopolitan society of Paris, in the most splendid private mansion in the world. Such costumes were never seen before, and the value of the jewels worn was to be reckoned by millions of dollars. A conspicuous figure was Mme. Gauthereau, the noted creole beauty. She was dressed as Cupid, and, of course, her raiment was exceedingly scanty. But she was literally incrusted with gold and gems. The abbreviated skirts of her costume were actually made of pure gold, spun and woven into gauze so delicate that it was not much heavier than silk. Another much admired costume was that of the famous beauty, Mme. Bernardaki. She was a Diana. Her bodice was of blue velvet and her skirt of white satin, and every stitch in the seams of these was marked by a diamond or sapphire. Hanging over her shoulders was a panther's skin and her hair was powdered, not with diamond dust, but with diamonds and sapphires as big as peas, all held in place by a network of gold thread. She had on her person more than $250,000 worth of precious stones.

Mlle. Marie Van Zandt, the American singer, was esteemed one of the most beautiful ladies present. The daughter of M. Carolus Duran was charming in a Japanese dress. Her father was attired as a Hindoo rajah, and not as one might have expected, as Velasquez. Mme. Pastra, the actress, wore a set of real imperial Russian sables, one of less than a dozen sets owned by persons outside of royalty. She had also a marvellous coronet of pearls and diamonds, said to be worth more than $100,000. I will not attempt to tell who all were there, unless I simply say everybody except M. and Mme. Carnot, who are in mourning.—*Paris Letter in the Chicago Tribune.*

Latest Scottish News.

It is announced that Lord Salisbury is to visit Edinburgh about the month of November.

Col. Andrew Gillon, of Wallhouse, Linlithgowshire, vice-Lieutenant of the county, died in Edinburgh on the 17th ult.

The herring fishing at Stornoway in Scotland has been exceptionally good this season. The average catch per boat is 150 crans.

Mr. John Sinclair, the new M. P. for the Ayr Burghs, is the only son of the late Rev. John Sinclair, minister of Bruan, Caithness-shire.

On the 11th ult. P. McLaren, mason, Blairgowrie, committed suicide. He lay on the bank of the Ericht and held his head under the water.

The Misses Penny, Aberturret, have erected a window in St. Columbia's Episcopal Church, Crieff, to the memory of their father (Lord Kinlock) and mother.

Aberdeen, Scotland, has just received an invoice of wheat from Buenos Ayres, and it is thought that a regular trade in wheat is likely to be established between the La Plata river and the north of Scotland.

"Of all the men and women that have sung," says Prof. Charteris, "none have been to me what Charles Wesley and Dr. Horatius Bonar are. Dr. Bonar is the Charles Wesley of the nineteenth century."

Lord Rosebery formally opened on the 22nd ult. a handsome block of buildings at Lisbon Grove, London, erected by the Artisans and Laborers' Dwellings Company to provide accommodation for workingmen.

The North British Railway Company have taken over the Tay Bridge from Mr. Arroll, the contractor, and will in future be responsible for its upkeep. Mr. Arroll was responsible during the year which just expired.

Rev. Mr. Jack, of Kingoldrum, Fife, preached on the 10th ult. to a congregation the smallness of which indicated the nature of the impression made among his parishioners by the breach of promise case in which he was the defendant.

A bronze statue of the late General Gordon, which has been erected in front of the entrance to Gordon's College, Aberdeen, was unveiled on June 16th, by the Marquis of Huntly, and handed over by His Lordship to the Lord Provost on behalf of the people of the city.

War, rebellion, and bloody rioting gave both Scotland and Ireland their first good roads. It was the rebellion of 1745 that made the roads good enough for them to run coaches between London and Manchester in 1754, and between London and Edinburgh in 1763.

A physician in Dumfries, who was also a member of the Kirk Session, meeting the beadle the waur o' a dram one day, threatened to expose him. "Man, doctor," said the gravedigger, with a twinkle in his eye, "I hae happit *mony* a fau't o' ycurs, an' I think ye micht thole *ane* o' mine."

On the 16th ult. about 10,000 persons assembled on Gleniffer Braes to hear the Tannahill choir give their annual concert. The weather was delightful, and the gathering was a most successful one. A programme of Scottish airs was ably rendered, and a vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Fulton for having so generously allowed the use of his grounds for the concert.

Mr. A. W. Kelly, of Paisley, writes to the *Daily Express* of that town, suggesting that a statue or other memorial of Sir William Wallace should be erected at Elderslie. As the patriot was born in that village a tribute to his memory there would be eminently appropriate. Mr. Kelly is sure that the Elderslie folks would receive contributions from all quarters to help them in successfully carrying through such a work, were it seriously entered upon.

Isaiah V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, is reputed to be the wealthiest bachelor in the United States. He has a fortune of $20,000,000 and gives away a large portion of it annually in charities. He is a plainly dressed old gentleman, very modest and retiring in his ways.

Walter Besant is an animated, bright-eyed and black-haired man, fond of the theatre, claret and a pipe.

A HELL ON EARTH.

New York Tenement Houses in Hot Weather.

Mulberry street, two minutes' walk from the city hall, is the centre of the Italian quarters of New York. The buildings are old, the stairs are rickety, and there is the greatest amount of space given up to dark and unhealthy rooms with the least amount of ventilation in any place in the city. There of a hot night strange and horrible sights can be seen. Leaden-eyed, haggard men and women lie on the stoops. Swarthy, panting figures hang over the fire escapes. Half-naked girls are prostrate on the sidewalks. The roar and clatter and shuffling of the crowds are bewildering. Men gathered from the dens of Naples, from the hovels of Genoa mingle with the swarming mountaineers of Calabria. Men with rings in their ears swagger about with gorgeous, but filthy dandies from the Italian cities. All is noise, drunkenness, dirt and perspiration. The pavements are hot and slippery with garbage, and the air is indescribably foul. A thousand stenches salute the nostrils. From each crowded, noisome cellar comes a new odor. And the babies? Poor little bundles of rags! Who shall picture the spawn of outcast Italy? It makes the heart of an honest man sink to see this place on a hot night. It is novel, it is wildly picturesque, it is full of action and color and noise. But it is a bitter tragedy going on in the heart of a rich, proud city, before the eyes of its sworn officials. Death and disease are written all over it. A *Herald* reporter went on the roof of one of the tenements on a recent hot night and counted 27 men lying on rough beds in their underclothes, without any other covering. Away in the distance could be seen the lights of the great bridge glittering like a necklace of diamonds upon the bosom of the fair city. And between the roof and the lights was the naked cross of Christ rising out of the haggard precinct, clear and distinct against the hazy, swooning, summer sky. The half-clad sleepers tossed about, sometimes perilously near the edge of the roof. He saw seven board bunks in one room, and two more stood against the wall like swathed toboggans. Vermin abounded everywhere. There were in some of the rooms miserable loopholes that served as windows, but there were no corresponding vents on the other side of the rooms to create a draught. In another room the walls and floor and ceiling were coated with grease and dirt. Bundles of rags and clothing were heaped up in every corner. Lines covered with ill-smelling garments were stretched across the apartment. A tambourine and violin hung on one wall. Bottles and pans and bags stuffed with mysterious and ill-smelling articles furnished forth the place with bric-a-brac. A stove winked its red eyes in one end of the biggest room and blistered the wall. In a cradle beside the stove a poor baby wailed. Its ignorant mother hovered lovingly over the little unfortunate. Eight or ten lodgers were preparing to go to bed. At each side of the main apartment were rude wooden platforms on which they were to sleep. The inner room contained two huge beds, which filled the place almost from wall to wall, leaving in fact less than two feet of space to walk in. Language can neither describe nor exaggerate the condition of the house. It was a vile, putrid, waterless, filth-covered hole, in which were crowded ten times as many people as the law permits.

How to Keep Your Cellar.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that or a very little warmer. The warmer the air the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air the more the moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool; but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cool walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp and soon becomes mouldy. To avoid this the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthy—it is as pure as the air at mid-day and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning and kept closed and shaded during the day. If the air of the cellar is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. The quantity of lime will absorb about seven pounds or rather more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.—*Health and Home.*

Shower of Diamonds.

It is reported from Kieff, in Russia, that in meteorites which have lately fallen there minute crystals have been found having all the chemical properties of the diamond. This is the third instance of the kind that has come under our notice, one having been reported last year from West Australia and another also from Russia. Carbon, in its amorphous state as graphite, has long been recognized as a constituent of certain meteorites. Charcoal, graphite, and diamond being chemically identical, it is not so astonishing that one allotropic form as well as the other should be found in a meteoric stone. The human genius who discovers the secret of the difference—of the physical difference between a diamond and a bit of coke or plumbago—might straightway buy up the world's gold mines and all the honors.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Mrs. Langtry says it is a lie that she is to marry Fred Gebhard.

THE Lockport *Journal* fancies that the advantage of the smokeless powder, which has been adopted for use in the Lebel rifle, will not all be on the side of the French, for "they will be in clear sight of the enemy who will be partly shielded from view by the smoke of their own guns." But, as is suggested by the Buffalo *Courier*, will not that smoke prevent the enemy getting a clear sight of the French?

A MILLION ON A LIFE.

John Wanamaker Carries the Highest Risks in the World.

The greatest achievement in the history of life insurance has been made by Mr. John Wanamaker, who is now paying premiums on $1,000,000 to twenty-nine different companies. The last policy issued on his life was received by him on Thursday last, and so far as is known there is no other man in the world whose life is insured for such an enormous amount. There are a number of men in this city who have been trying for years to achieve the point just gained by Mr. Wanamaker, but they have so far failed, although John B Stetson, the hat manufacturer, has succeeded in getting policies on his life amounting to $750,000. He is desirous of putting the amount up to a round million. The risks on Mr. Wanamaker's life are divided equally into life and fifteen-year endowments and he pays over $60,000 annually in premiums to the different companies in which his risks are placed. In the matter of paying premiums he is outdone by Mr. Stetson, who pays $85,000 in the same length of time, but the difference is accounted for by the fact that besides paying the premiums on the risks on his own life he also pays those on the lives of his business manager and his son-in-law, both of whom he has insured for $100,000 each, besides holding policies for large amounts on other people's lives. Should Mr. Wanamaker allow the annual dividends to go uncollected until the risks on his life expire he will be entitled to about $1,400,000. There are three companies which carry premiums of $100,000 each on his life. But Mr. Wanamaker is not the only man in this city upon whose life big risks are issued. George W. Childs is insured for $100,000, and so is Wharton Barker. Hamilton Disston is insured for about $150,000. J. G. Darlington is insured for one-tenth of a million, and his partner, William M. Runt, for twice that amount.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Tobacco smoke kills the green fly; water the red spider.

Cattle should be introduced to fresh pasturage gradually, particularly so if it is clover, and in fact, should have a man with them to watch for the first two days.

Much that is often allowed to go to waste upon the farm could profitably be gathered up and made into good fertilizer and applied to the land to aid and increase the yield of the crops. Give, as far as possible, the kind to each crop best adapted to secure the best growth and yield.

A very cheap way to fence poultry from the garden is to stretch three No. 12 wires quite tightly, and then weave a common swamp willow, sharpening the ends and sticking them in the ground a couple of inches. This fence does not cost over six cents a rod, and is very effective.

Cabbage and cauliflower want a rich soil. The first crop may be planted after winter frosts are over; a second for early fall or late summer use, a month later, and the late winter cabbage in July and August. Early cabbage have room enough at two feet apart; the late drumheads require three.

The cauliflower is the most succulent and delicate of all the cabbage family, and universally liked. Still the cauliflower is a rarity, because requiring peculiar care and attention in raising. It delights in a rich soil and abundance of water, which it would be well to supply artificially in a dry season.

A Dakota farmer mixed four bushels of barley, two bushels of wheat, and seventeen bushels of oats, and sowed the mixture on nine acres of land. He cut the crop when green, as soon as the barley was ripe, tied in sheaves, cured and stored it in the barn, and says he never had a better substitute for hay.

The fence corners should be cleaned out before the weeds become thick. If the weeds and grass be allowed to remain in such places until they produce seed the work of eradicating weeds from the farm will be lost. Many farms are overrun with weeds every season by neglect of cleaning the harboring places for seeding.

Turnip seed may be sown in the latter part of June or in July. The seed is very small, and consequently the soil must be fine. The land should be prepared now, using plenty of well-rotted manure, which should be harrowed in. If grass or weeds appear work the grounds with a cultivator and harrow again before seeding.

Last year there was paid as compensation by local authorities in Great Britain for cattle slaughtered on account of pleuro-pneumonia—for diseased cattle, $107,000; for healthy cattle in contact, $114,000; on account of swine slaughtered owing to swine-fever, $79,000 for diseased swine, and $32,000 for healthy swine in contact, making a total drain on the country caused by these diseases amounting to $332,000.

There has been less discussion than usual this year as to the relative values of early or late cut hay. The advocates of dried grass, or hay cut and cured early in the bloom, have gained ground of late. They have a good cause and one that is sure to gain friends whenever tried. One reason for the apparent lack of interest in the subject this year lies in the fact that in a great many communities work is about three weeks behind on account of the surprisingly wet May. So it happens that farmers will actually not be able to cut their grass as early as they would like.

John Roll, residing at Redmon, Edgar county, Ill., is the owner of the largest horse in the world. It is twenty hands high, weighs 2,500 pounds and is 5 years old. This horse was never "broke" and has never been off the farm. It has never been shod, and the blacksmith at Redmon is afraid to shoe him.

An Accommodating Clergyman.

Two couples, Frederick Lisle and Fannie Matthews, Ernest E. Harlow and Eliza A. Crabtree, the young men being residents of this city and the young ladies from Excelsior Springs, appeared in the Recorder's office yesterday and applied for marriage licenses. A clergyman who had accompanied them stood by while the licenses were being made out and a dual ceremony immediately followed. In explanation of their haste they said that the irate parents of the brides were in pursuit from Excelsior Springs for the purpose of preventing the ceremony and reclaiming their daughters.—*Kansas City Times.*

There Might be Two.

This one is sick; his wayward fate cries out
Against the leech, the calomel, the bed.
Oh! inconsiderate person, cease to pout—
You might be dead!

And this one has the mitten; he has wooed;
Vainly, alack, his wooing has sped.
Well—even in this there's comfort, rightly viewed—
He might be wed!

And here is one who whines; his all is swept
Away in panic, he has had to "fail."
He should, I think, be cheerful, that he's kept
Safe out of jail.

But late I lost a twenty-dollar-bill—
And did I wring my hands that I had blundered?
Not I, indeed! I'm very thankful still
'Twas not a hundred.

South, should I e'er capsize when walks are bad,
And my good clavicle involve in wreck,
Serenely, I should say—How very glad
It's not my neck.

Oh! trust me—better not to make ado
At the few miseries of our common lot.
There's millions of 'em—if we only knew!—
We haven't got.

An Adorable Crew.

Lazily, slowly drifting
Down with the quiet stream,
It seemed to me in my gladness
That it all must be a dream.

For Mabel—my darling Mabel—
Was trying to steer the canoe,
And as I lay there watching
I fell in love with the crew.

I thought how pleasant it would be
To—Thunder! Where are we now?
The canoe had gone down to the bottom,
With a hole a foot long in the bow.

MORE MOTHER THAN WIFE.

Some Unpleasant Phases of Excessive Maternal Love.

There are two distinct kinds of women in the home—the one more wife than mother, the other more mother than wife. We all know houses where the woman either sacrifices the husband to the children or the children to the husband. Sometimes she sacrifices both to herself, and sometimes the husband joins hands with her in her "philoprogenitiveness" and makes the nursery the Delos of the house and the school-room the Mecca of the life. In which case unfortunately the chances are that the children are spoiled by being made too much of—whereby they become selfish and self-considering—while the interests of the parents, narrowed down to the dimensions of the home only, cause their intellects to suffer from the rust of disuse and the mildew of stagnation. They become socially dull, and tiresome as companions. They are unable to talk of books or pictures, of politics or music, of science or travel—in short, of things of any general interest. They can talk only of their children; and the smallest events connected with them take the dimensions of imperial interests on which hangs the fate of thousands. As infants you hear of their maladies, or, it may be, while still unable to guide their hands to their mouths, of their sharpness and intelligence. Grown older and able to talk in that mysterious tongue which no one not initiated understands, you hear of profound remarks proving a depth of philosophy which promises a future Plato, to say the least of it. Grown older still, their prowess in the cricket field, their successes at school, their superior attainments generally form the staple of parental conversation—of all the life of the father and mother—and when the last of the nestlings' plumage has been shed—the last chip of the egg-shell has fallen off—and the children have become the young people of their generation, that parental interest increases rather than diminishes, and the absorption is even greater. When the husband does not join hands with a wife who is more mother than wife, he has a bad time of it. To the ordinary man children are delightful playthings while they are little—leeches to be fed with the blood of gold, when, grown older, they need much and demand more. But for the most part they occupy a subordinate place in real life, and are included in the mass rather than made the apex of the whole. To such a man as this their advent often proves but a questionable kind of blessing if his wife is one with whom the children eclipse the husband. He married for personal companionship, for sympathy of tastes and pursuits, for general pleasantness of association; and for the first few months he seemed to have found all that he desired. His wife was sweet and complaisant; ever ready to walk with him, ride with him, read with him, listen to him, talk to him—ever ready to be the companion he had pictured to himself as the summit of human happiness. The first child destroyed the whole scheme and broke up the plan of his life—dispelling forever the rainbow-colored dreams which youth and love had woven for him. The woman he had married was more mother than wife; and, from the moment of its birth, "baby" became the centre of her existence, and the nursery was the throne-room of the house. Henceforward the husband was but as a dead planet revolving in its place, giving no joy, and of use only as a part of the general order, not as the great radiating sun of the whole system. Nothing now can be done as heretofore. With the nervousness of a young mother, baby's existence seems to her to be daily and hourly threatened, and death is warded off only by incessant care. So far from feeling that nature is strong and the forces of conservation more powerful than those of destruction—given the most ordinary wisdom of management—the young mother thinks that on her unsleeping vigilance alone hangs the frail thread of life, and that if she relaxes for a moment the enemy will be upon her darling and the great thief will have stolen her treasure. The dinner has to wait if baby has not gone to sleep—who knows what direful mischance may not ensue on this irregularity of the little creature's repose? There can be no music in the evening because the piano might awake the baby—who would sleep like a top in the midst of a battle or in the heart of a storm. Even voices must not be raised too high, laughter must not be too loud, doors must not be slammed with too brusque a motion—nothing must be done void of the one thought—not to awake baby. The husband's whole home life is revolutionized. His cigar is taken away from him—smoke is bad for baby: and to kiss baby with a tobacco-tainted breath is to poison it. Did not a certain American mother write her experiences in this direction? Was not her child continually poisoned by its father who smoked and played with it afterwards? And did he not give up his pernicious nicotine for the sake of the more precious life? So it goes on, and the husband sinks into insignificance—going farther and farther down in the heaven, where once he had been the vertical sun, till finally he passes out of sight below the horizon, and the wife cares for him no more than for a pair of hands capable of writing cheques which keep the house going. As time goes on and the olive branches increase the mother becomes more and more absorbed in her children, and the wife dies daily more entirely to her husband. She keeps her sons at home as long as she can, and coddles them out of all reason and manliness. She dresses them esthetically, and takes care that their hair shall be long and curling. When the time finally comes for the day school—which dreaded time she cannot longer postpone—she keeps them at home on the slightest pretense and makes the master's life a burden to him by reason of her remonstrances against the length of their tasks and the severity of his impositions. When they have finally to leave her for a more vigorous state of things she prejudices their standing in the school by the absurd precautions which she takes for their isolation from all chances of evil, and the spirit of exclusiveness of superiority, of stand-offishness that she has so diligently fostered in them. If her sons escape the pits she has dug for them and turn out passable men, then are they to be congratulated on a good fortune not granted to all. It is the same with her daughters. When grown up and introduced, their pleasures count for more than her husband's wishes, health, happiness and very life—and she would rather he went bare of necessaries than that they should want superfluities.—*London Queen.*

SAFETY IN HOUSE DRAINAGE.

The Dangers Involved in Ignorance of Sanitary Principles.

In his census reports, Dr. Billings estimates that, in the United States, one hundred thousand deaths occur every year from strictly preventable diseases alone. This is unquestionably a very moderate estimate, and, if there are reckoned also twelve cases of serious illness for every death, we see what a great amount of suffering results from ignorance or sanitary principles. But how is this ignorance manifested? Are not our architects competent to deal with the problem of household sanitation? It will be said, perhaps, that it is the province of the architect to direct the entire work of house-building, and to arrange every detail of the fittings. But it should be considered that the science of sanitation is broad and comprehensive. Years of study and of experience in sanitary work are necessary for a proper understanding of the subject. It is perhaps unfortunate that there is so little in the severe and unpleasant details of this work to commend it to those whose tastes have led them to the study of the more attractive principles of artistic construction and the science of æsthetics. An architect should have the hand of an artist, but there are few men whose nature is so broad as to combine truly artistic tastes with a love for the details of difficult mechanical work, involving the necessity for undertaking comprehensive and scientific research. It is the province of the engineer to engage in an occupation of this kind. His natural inclinations and his rigid training in scientific pursuits fit him especially for the direction of matters relating to drainage and sewage disposal.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Moral Use of Wealth.

If "an Englishman's hell is not to be making money" as Carlyle so savagely asserted, the American people, under similar conditions, suffer the same torment. Every avenue of business is now overcrowded, and the race for money-getting goes on with unparallelled speed, while the higher educational, judicial and clerical professions, which are comparatively underpaid, are neglected. The fact that a business career is more easily entered upon than any other, that its higher prizes are so great and comparative wealth so easily won, and that social and political preferment are so largely conditioned upon the possession of a large fortune, attracts to a life of mere-money-making thousands of young men whose abilities are far more needed in the higher professions. While the pursuit of wealth is one of the conditions of the nation's prosperity, it is liable to the penalty of promoting materialistic views of life, inordinate love of gain among individuals, and a habit of meanness in the ordinary affairs of life. Avarice, greed of gain, and miserly hoarding or misuse of wealth are the penalties the race pays for its thrift. That these are very serious penalties, having a disastrous influence upon national as well as upon individual character, is sufficiently clear. Nature always avenges herself upon the miser by narrowing his vision of life, dulling his sensibilities, and usually by reducing his family to beggary at the end of three or four generations. In the wider sphere of national life the effect of avarice is seen in slow progress of art, literature and religion, and in what M. Renan and Matthew Arnold have both lamented as the condition of the middle classes of England and the United States, "their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence." Such national defects can only be removed by the voluntary enlistment of individual wealth in the cause of education and religion.—*Providence Journal (U. S.)*

Mrs. Langtry's new play for next season is called "A Love Story."

The genial autocrat is not appreciated by everybody in his own town. One day an American gentleman went into a barber's shop as Dr. Holmes was going out. "Do you know who that was that just went out?" asked the barber. Being curious to see what account of Dr. Holmes the barber would give, the visitor shook his head. "Why," said the barber, "that's old Dr. Holmes." "And who is Dr. Holmes?" "Oh, he's been a doctor here a great many years. I believe he ain't practicin' any more, but he's thought a good deal of."

Rev. John Jasper, the colored minister of Richmond whose views on the sun have made him celebrated, has been preaching since 1840. He was a slave when he professed Christianity, and his first religious labor was performed among his fellow workmen in a Richmond tobacco factory.

THE SCIENCE OF NAMES.

How to Bestow Graceful and Euphonic Names on Children.

Writers spend much time and thought in selecting a name for a play or novel, for they know that success is largely dependent on it. Parents, however, are strangely careless and unscientific in giving names to children. In the Harvard and Yale catalogues of last year I found but two or three really good combinations. Usually, when a new-comer arrives, some old family name is taken; or if the parents exercise an original choice, they are too much excited to be guided by any sound euphonic principles. They forget that not only from the social point of view it is very advantageous to have one's name remembered, but that from the business point of view notoriety is capital, and must be obtained by persistent and ingenious advertising. But if a certain amount of notoriety could be obtained for John Smith by an expenditure of time, money and ingenuity represented by *x*, and spread over a period of three years, it is safe to say that the same amount could be obtained for Hans Arrowsmith by *x*-4 in eighteen months. Nor is the saving of time or money on the part of the knocker at the gate of notoriety the only thing to be considered, for, from the altruistic point of view, the lessening of the effort of recollection on the part of the world is far more important. The economy of the public stock of energy wasted in innumerable unconscious efforts to remember a name without any corners for the memory to grasp, but persistently thrust before it, would result in an increase of available mental force applicable to settling the question of future probation, or to raising the ethical standard, or to reforming the tariff, or to disposing of the surplus. The importance of the subject leads me to suggest one or two of the chief fundamental principles of the science of naming children. The system is simple, and any provident parent can easily master and apply it.

1. Avoid odd, or eccentric, or poetic combinations, and be guided by euphonic quality only. It is true that an odd name may be remembered, but the associations with it will not be pleasing. The idea of oddity of affectation may attach to the shadowy personality built up in the mind of the public. Under this rule, hyphenated names, especially hyphenated Christian names, like Floyd-Jones Robinson, are to be avoided. Writing the first given name with an initial and the second in full is also evidently opposed to correct scientific principles.

2. The best form of name is a dactyl and a spondee, like "Jeremy Taylor." Every one has heard of the "Shakspeare of divines," and has a dim idea of an agreeable personality attached to the name. Had his name been Charles Taylor, it is far within bounds to say that his reputation would be about one-third of what it is now.

3. If the surname is not one that can be treated according to the above rule, it should be fitted with a given name, such as to bring the combination as nearly as possible to the above length and cadence, as Sidney Dobell, Ellery Vane, Henry Ward Beecher, Dante Rossetti, Theodore Watts and the like; or, otherwise, to two long syllables, like Mark Twain or Bret Harte. The subdivisions of this branch of the subject are too numerous to be given, but all rest on principle No. 2. The phonic value of the surname is, under our system, the controlling element in practically applying the science of names.

The great value of names beginning with Mac or O is evident, because they so readily combine with the ordinary Christian names. Any one would be favorably disposed to Arthur O'Connor, for instance. A boy pervades our quiet neighborhood simply because his name is Johnny MacWorter. He is not in any respect a remarkable boy, but his name forces him into prominence by its phonic value. There are some ten or twelve boys who are comrades, but he and another dactyl-spondee boy, Emory Watson, are the only ones ever spoken of. No doubt there are others who do as much mischief and make more noise, but these two reap all the fame.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Reporter's Silence.

The Duke of Cambridge was through Liverpool lately, and his presence there recalled to an old newspaper man, who was there when the Duke visited it last, a rather amusing story. The Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Cardwell and several other distinguished men were to dine with the Mayor at the Town Hall. Their speeches were expected to be of European importance, and great interest attached to the occasion. Owing to the great attendance the Mayor could find room for only one reporter. There was much protest on the part of the press, but it was of no avail. An expert reporter named Murphy was selected for the work, and arrangements were made to supply all England with his report, which he was to dictate, when the banquet was over, to a dozen stenographers; but Mr. Murphy had been treated with the utmost discourtesy by the Town Hall officials. He was placed apart from the guests, and was either supplied with a seat among the pots and pans of the waiters, or in an orchestra occupied by the fiddlers. However, he took his revenge as well as his notes. When he returned to his office, where a dozen reporters were awaiting him with breathless anxiety, he smiled benignantly upon them and told them to go home. "Go home," gasped a celebrated editor, "what do you mean? Have you not got the report?" "I have taken down every syllable," said the redoubtable Murphy, "here are my notes," slapping his pocketbook, "and there they remain. I have been grossly insulted and not a line of the speeches shall ever see print." He was as good as his word, and so far as England and the world were concerned the great men at the Town Hall might have uttered their words of wisdom, congratulation and warning in a thunderstorm from the top of Snowdon.—*Liverpool Post.*

A Heroine.

At Punxatawny, Pa., last week, a little lad not 3 years old somehow got in front of the railway train, and, while other onlookers held their breath in horror, Miss Chanler, young and pretty, rushed up and at imminent risk caught him from almost beneath the wheels and fainted amid the cheers evoked by the heroic act.

LANGUAGES NEEDING NO TONGUE.

Articulate Whistling, the Drum Method and Finger Speech.

At the last meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society Lieutenant Quedenfeldt, a German officer who has lived on Gomero Island, one of the Canary group, described a whistling language which is used by the inhabitants. The language does not consist of any arbitrary series of signals or sounds. It is described as ordinary speech translated into articulate whistling, each syllable having its own appropriate tone. The Gomero uses both fingers and lips when whistling, and Lieutenant Quedenfeldt asserts that he can carry on a conversation with a neighbor a mile off, who perfectly understands all he is saying. The practice is confined to Gomero Island, and is quite unknown to the other islands of the archipelago. The adoption of the whistling language is said to be due to the peculiar geological construction of Gomero Island. It is traversed by numerous gullies and deep ravines running out in all directions from the central plateau. As they are not bridged they can only be crossed with great difficulty. Hence a man living within a stone's throw of another in a straight line has often to go many miles when he wishes to see and speak to his neighbor. This, it is conjectured, led to the adoption of whistling as a useful means of communication, which has gradually assumed the proportions of a true substitute for speech. It is described as being anything but unpleasing to the ear.

This reminds one, says the *St. James' Gazette*, of the drum language of the natives of the Cameroons, mentioned in Bucholz's book on West Africa, by means of which the most complicated messages can be conveyed to villages at a distance when occasion necessitates it. For this purpose a peculiar shaped drum is employed. By dividing the surface into uneven halves that instrument, on being struck, may be made to yield two distinct notes. By these, and shortening and lengthening the interval between each note, a code is established with a regular sequence of taps, strokes and intervals, capable of expressing every syllable in the language. All the natives understand this code, and so highly elaborated is it that a chief can, by its means, summon to his presence any villager whom he desires to see, intimating to the latter at the same time the purpose for which he is required. In this way, too, messages can be sent from village to village over wide stretches of country, the drummer in one hamlet transmitting to the next the signals he hears, and with extraordinary rapidity.

Bucholz had proof on one occasion of the utility of this drum language and its capabilities as a medium of communication. The negro who had charge of his canoe obtained leave one morning to attend some private business of his own, which took him to the other side of the river. The man remained away an unreasonable time and Bucholz got angry, as he was waiting to leave the place. Another negro suggested that they should drum for him. The drummer was sent for and instructed to inform the missing servant that his master was angry with him and that he was to return at once. In a few minutes the man returned with the inevitable apologies for the length he had been away. He had perfectly understood the message drummed out to him, as Bucholz ascertained by inquiring of him.

Equally curious is the so-called sign language or finger speech of Oriental traders, largely employed on the east coast of Africa in the direction of Zanzibar. Walking through a market place in this region of the world the traveller will often witness a strange sight. A couple of grave, long-bearded Arabs will step aside, each will put his hand up the other's sleeve, and they will then begin apparently to pinch each other's fingers for a few minutes. Often the performance will be varied. One will unroll his long turban cloth, or perhaps lift up his long mantle and then cover his hand, and concealed beneath this the pinching of the fingers will proceed as before.

A River of Hot Water.

The great Sutro Tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nevada, of the vast quantities of hot water which are encountered in them affords an outlet to 12,000,000 tons every 24 hours, or about 3,000,000,000 gallons Some of the water, as it finds its way into the mines, has a temperature of 195 degrees, while four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130 degrees to 135 degrees. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapour such a vast quantity of water would give off, the flow is conducted through the entire tunnel, four miles, in a light flume of pine. At the point of exit the water has lost but seven degrees of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water is used for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is carried off by a tunnel eleven hundred feet in length, which serves as a waterway. Leaving the wasteway tunnel, the water flows to the Carson River, a mile and a half distant. This hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby a thousand acres belonging to the company are being irrigated. It is proposed to conduct the hot water through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil near the roots of thousands of fruit trees which are to be planted, and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot houses to be used for the propagation of early fruits and vegetables

Stately Under Difficulties.

St. Louis man (witnessing "Julius Cæsar")—Do you notice, my dear, with what stately grace Brutus moves about?

Wife—Yes; and he is in his nightgown, too. It's wonderful!—*Harper's Bazar.*

That Dreadful Noise.

Sunday morning—Little Minnie—Oh, mamma, what is that dreadful noise upstairs? Mamma—Hush, darling; it's papa trying to save the price of a shave.

The monument of Sir Bartle Frere on the Victoria embankment, London, consists of a heroic sized statue on a granite pedestal 14 feet high. The pedestal bears the words "India" and "Africa," each within a wreath of oak leaves.

THE KING OF MOTORS.

It Still Holds the Throne against All Competitors.

The steam engine is first, last and all the time the king of motors, and holds the throne against all comers. Now, why should not those who live by attending to it learn something of the master they serve? No doubt many are desirous of doing so, and the very first step to and gaining a knowledge of steam and steam engines is to read what others have discovered about it. Young men, especially, must remember that the day of squirt-can engineering has gone by, and the demand is for men who can run engines understandingly, or with some knowledge of the principles involved. The demand may be less in some sections than in others, but the day is not far off when engineers will have to be such in fact, not in name. Men will not be tolerated who cannot show a better record than: "This certifies that John Smith is a sober man, etc. Now, there are no books which teach engineering pure and simple. There never was a book and there never will be one which can make an engineer out of a tramp or handy man who happens along. An engineer is the product of time, experience and study—that covers him in all lines. It takes time to get an experience, and when one gets it he must get that of others also; he must get his facts correctly from the fountain head, and not from gadabouts around a threshing machine engine. The place to get facts about steam engines is in a common philosophy, for the steam engine is controlled by laws written in every book on physics. There are no chapters on it therein; there is no part which says one must turn this cock or open that valve; nothing in common philosophy tells one when a boiler is going to burst so in many words; but in the laws of heat, of atmospheric action, in the behavior of water under certain conditions, the engineer finds instruction which he cannot do without, and which enable him to get over difficulties which floor others.—*Mining Engineer.*

Children's Lunches.

A child at play from morning until night, in the open air, will make away with an incredible amount of food, and be healthier for so doing; but let it eat upon the regular hours for taking it, it will then enjoy the blessing of coming to the table hungry, for that certainly is a blessing, as those deprived of an appetite can heartily testify. Nor is it any sign of distress that they are clamorous for the meal to be served, their keen appetites by assuring you that there is not much probability of complaints being made of the dishes set before them, provided there is always enough. A prominent physician and surgeon once said of his three children, who were then well-grown young men, and the picture of health: "We never allowed our children to lunch between meals, and they were all good eaters; we never allowed them tea or coffee, and they were all good sleepers." All those same children have since graduated from college, are holding high positions to-day in the professional world, robust and of excellent habits, though inheriting a frail constitution from a mother who died young. The annoyances and discomforts arising from the habits of lunching must be innumerable; the interruptions of your time for reading, sewing or social calls by a hungry child demanding attention that must not be set aside; the untidiness that must follow the preparations of even plain bread and butter for one, two or three children; the extra steps required from either servant or parent, these alone make a strong plea against such a habit; but when we consider the violation of the whole dietary system, and all the evils that stand waiting to give them a grip of their punishment for their indulgence, we cannot help crying out against the evil and urge a better understanding of all laws of digestion and what is quite as important, of indigestion.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Photography in Criminal Courts.

Photography is gaining prominence in criminal courts. With its help a Berlin merchant was recently convicted of crooked ways in keeping his accounts. The slightest differences in color and shade of inks are made manifest in the photographic copy. Blue inks appear nearly white; brown inks, on the contrary, almost black. The books of the accused were submitted to a photographer, who took off the pages concerned and brought into court the most undoubted ocular proofs of the illegitimate after-entry of some of the accounts. A subsequent chemical test substantiated this evidence. The photographic is to be preferred to the chemical test, because it brings its proofs into the courts and submits them to inspection, at the same time leaving the document under examination unharmed, while the results of a chemical test must be taken on the evidence of the chemist alone, and the writing examined is perhaps destroyed. In another case similar to the above the changing of the date of a note by an insignificant erasure and addition was proved by means of photography.

Oriental Dentistry.

I had slept little, as I was suffering greatly from a toothache. The sheik declared that there was a skilful dentist in the encampment, and as the pain was almost unbearable I made up my mind to put myself in his hands rather than endure it any longer. He was accordingly sent for. He was a tall, muscular Arab. His instruments consisted of a short knife or razor and a kind of iron awl. He bade me sit on the ground, and then took my head firmly between his knees. After cutting away the gums he applied the awl to the roots of the tooth, and, striking the other end of it with all his might, expected to see the tooth fly into the air. But it was a double one, and not to be removed by such means from the jaw. The awl slipped and made a severe wound in my palate. He insisted on a second trial, declaring that he could not but succeed. But the only result was that he broke off a large piece of the tooth, and I had suffered sufficient agony to decline a third experiment.—*Early Adventures in Persia, Susiand and Babylonia: Sir Henry Layard.*

Edison's girl baby is said to have the privilege of expressing her views to the phonograph once in every three months and the record is to be kept for her so that when she becomes a woman she will know what kind of a child she was.

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FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1888.

AGRICULTURE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

The Editor of that very popular agricultural monthly magazine, The Farmer's Advocate, recently visited our North-West Territories and British Columbia. Mr. Weld (the Editor in question is an experienced farmer, as well as a clever journalist, and what he says in connection with these Western regions of our great Dominion, possesses much weight.

Speaking of the North-West, Mr. Weld says:—"Our North-West will now progress faster than any part of this continent..... Having just passed through a portion of our grain and stock-producing west, we saw over-flowing granaries and herds of fat cattle, and know that the necessaries of life are more accessible to a larger number of persons here than in any other part of the world; where we know of more millions of acres of available fertile land to be given away, and know that emigration is turning from the "sunny south" to the fertile, beef and grain producing north; even American farmers find that bread, beef and labor are better than lassitude, rags and bannanas. The great North-West is destined to be filled with millions of inhabitants; towns and cities must spring up."

In reference to British Columbia, however, Mr. Weld's remarks read very much like our old friend, Mr. J. M. Webster's, letters. British Columbia, says Mr. Weld, is very rich in its minerals and fisheries, but neither the soil nor the climate are favorable for agricultural pursuits. Speaking in this connection, Mr. Weld observes:—"There are a few small farms to be seen in the low valleys that are found on this line (Victoria and Nanimo railroad). The climate and soil make it a struggle for agriculturalists to make much here. A few farmers exist, but any emigration agent or Government that attempts to move the agriculturalist from our Eastern Provinces to British Columbia for the sake of getting the little money or property they have, ought to be tarred and feathered; and still we have such unprincipled persons in Government employ, and some of our Government officials know it. We could depict fearful results from injudicious movements."

If people will and must leave Ontario, and are desirous of settling down permanently in the best agricultural districts outside these Eastern Provinces, it is certainly obvious that Manitoba and our North-West Territories should be their destination, and not British Columbia or the impoverished Northern and Southern States and Territories. Contrasting the conditions of the settlers in the North-West with those in the United States, Mr. Weld thus forcibly remarks:—

"Sudden squalls have fearfully shaken the British nation. For centuries past the ballast and helmsman have always righted her, and both appear as sound as ever despite her foes. One's worst enemies are apt to be those of one's own household. Yes, and when we compare the hungry soil, the parched land, the miserable-looking, half-starved hogs, dogs and cattle we saw when passing through Tennessee, part of Kentucky, Arkansas and Alabama; when we depict the poor miserable looking homesteads, the ragged, dirty, sickly appearance of the "white trash," as many of the inhabitants are termed; when we know that the majority of the farmers there neither own their land, nor even the seed sown, where grass and wheat will not grow, and compare the healthy appearance, the well clad, hopeful independent spirit of the owners and tillers of the soil in our North-West Territories, and the unlimited extent of unoccupied rich fertile lands that will produce grain and grass—it is almost impossible to imagine the superiority of spirit and physique of these two classes. Crops of cotton, tobacco and oranges are very pleasing to the eye, but afford comparatively a poor substitute for beef and flour. The sunny south may be all very well to visit in our winter season, but the debilitating effects of continued residence takes the energy and spirit out of white settlers, thousands of whom have been drawn there by the laudatory, one-sided statements of interested agents."

That a great wave of emigration is already rushing on towards the vast and fertile unoccupied plains of the North-West, is undoubted. The tricks of unscrupulous Yankee agents are being exposed every day by duped emigrants; and in due time it will dawn upon the people of this country generally, that the Toronto World's stirring and patriotic cry—"*Canada for the Canadians*"—possesses a world of meaning.

The "Glorious Twelfth."

Big Gathering at Markdale.--Maxwell and Kimberley to the Fore.

THE CELEBRATION ELSEWHERE.

IN many parts the "Glorious Twelfth" is more generally observed as a public holiday than Dominion Day. The deeds of King William III, of "glorious, pious and immortal memory," seem to be as fresh in the minds of tens of thousands of people to-day as they were one hundred and ninety-eight years ago. And, although our natal day is pretty generally observed as a national holiday, there is not the enthusiasm manifested so characteristic of the twelfth. No doubt the gay colors, the stirring notes of the fifes, the thundering boom of the drums, coupled with the circumstances which gave rise to the celebration, have much to do with this. And then, too, more than a hundred years before the birth of this rapidly growing young nation north of the 49th parallel, the Orangemen all over the world had made the "Glorious Twelfth" their big day, and had been wont to assemble themselves to the sounds of fife and drum with every recurrence of that memorable day.

Artemesia Township is noted far and near for its Orange lodges; but more particularly for the respectability of its Orangemen. We use this term advisedly, for many rowdies and "riff-raff"—to use a common expression—have time and again found their way into Orange lodges to the disgrace of that noble Order. Artemesia Orangemen, as a whole, are as God-fearing, orderly, respectable and fine a body of men as can be found in Canada. Why? simply because they live up to the principles of their Order, which are founded on the only solid and sure foundation, viz., the Bible.

This year Artemesia's loyal sons went to Markdale to celebrate the 12th. About 10:30 a.m. a stream of carriages and vehicles of every description began to pour through the streets of Flesherton on the way to Markdale—carrying Orangemen and visitors. The horses, in many instances, were gaily decked with orange ribbons, artistically arranged, and with neat little Union Jacks attached to the bridles. The whole presented an animated appearance; and amid the booming of drums, the cheerful notes of fifes, and flags and banners gaily floating on the breeze, the procession moved on to our sister village of Markdale. Grand old "214" came out strong as usual, with Eugenia, 4th Line, Flesherton Station and our own town Orangemen largely represented. It is estimated that over 2,500 people, including Orangemen visited Markdale. Stirring and patriotic addresses were delivered by Rev. J. W. Shilton, B.A., of Flesherton; Major Joseph Rorke, M.P.P., of Clarksburg; Rev. A. Wilson, and Rev. Mr. Buggins, of Markdale. Thos. Kells, Esq., District Secretary, gave a very interesting report in connection with the Society. There were nine lodges of Orangemen present, which, when headed by the Markdale Brass Band, assisted by members of Flesherton Band, made an imposing procession. Dr. Sproule, M.P. for East Grey, having been called out to attend an urgent case in connection with the practice of his profession, was unable to take his place on the platform—a fact generally regretted, as the Dr. is an eloquent speaker and very popular with all classes of the people. Dr. Christoe, the grand old Reeve of Artemesia, was absent attending the National Division of the Sons of Temperance in Toronto, where, however, he had the pleasure of witnessing the magnificent Orange procession in the Queen City. The speaking in Markdale took place on the Agricultural grounds. The day's celebration passed off in an orderly and pleasant manner and the visiting brethren returned to their respective homes early in the evening.

The Twelfth was also celebrated at Maxwell, Kimberley and Dundalk in a fitting manner—large crowds visiting each of those places. In the first named place some three or four lodges marched in procession. In the latter village, the chief feature in the large procession was the handsomely uniformed members of the Young Men's Protestant Benevolent Association of Dundalk, who were the "observed of all observers." If Orangemen generally would adopt a uniformity of dress (or uniform) these demonstrations would possess much greater interest to outsiders than they do. It is not necessary to go to the expense of purchasing costly uniforms in order to bring about such a desideratum; but let there be a uniformity in the ordinary clothing worn, the same as obtains in city Orange lodges.

OUR MUSKOKA LETTER.

DEAR ADVANCE,—You will no doubt be somewhat surprised to find me here, yet here I be, as you will see if you come rusticating to Muskoka. Well, Sir, you have no doubt heard much of Muskoka, so that anything I can tell you will scarcely be news. Gravenhurst, as you will remember, was last year almost totally destroyed by fire, yet now I find it re-built almost altogether as thickly as ever and I am told very much more substantial. Several large and elegant brick buildings having been erected on the ruins of the old frame, flimsy, fire traps of old. After a run by rail of 6 hours from Toronto through a landscape, ever changing, beautiful uplands, luxuriant lowlands, spacious, elegant and well kept farms of the older townships with their pleasing homesteads, shining out in a June sun, on to Barrie, on Lake Simcoe's pretty shore, then, as one rolls along to the northward, gradually the face of country changes and in place of snug farmsteads, orchards and gardens, one becomes sensibly aware that the backwoods country is heaving in light, rough, rugged farms. Stoney land, saw mills, huge wood piles, lumber and timber flit past as the chariot rolls along over hills, through vales, across marshes, until the guard calls Orillia, which we notice is apparently a thrifty and pretty business place, situated on rising ground at the north end of Lake Simcoe. Let the school boys and girls get their map and look up the route and point out the place where I am. Come boys and girls, look it up, you will think you were here then. I'll think I see you. Toot on to the north we go. Not stones but a land of rock bursts on the view the R.R. bed blasted out of the solid rock and that in some places hills of rock on over bridges that span creeks, rivers and isthmas', through vales that echo back the shrill whistle of the iron steed, as he heralds his approach and warns all living out of the way of his unyielding tread.

Never in my life did I so sensibly, visibly understand the meaning of the term—"The Everlasting Hills." Promontary, hills,—nay, mountains of solid rock abound in this part of our Canada. What need to go to the far-off Rockies to see mountains of rock when 100 miles or so to the East of Flesherton or Eugenia such scenes abound. And lakeland truly is here along this road—now here, now there on the right, on the left, directly in front, for our coach appears to leap lakes like fun until right here Gravenhurst is reached. 112 miles from Toronto, planted on a plateau between two lakes; on the west Lake Muskoka, on the east Gull Lake—a town all over Pine Lake, Long Lake, Short Lake, Leg Lake, Rat Lake, Other Lake, Little Lake, Big Lake, &c., &c. not on the maps, with 3,000 population. And one must be very indifferent to landscape beauty if one would not at once vote this a lovely spot. What a picturesque scene bursts upon the view on arising on bright June morning, and for the first time gazing on Muskoka Bay—hid from the main lake by 8 miles of rocky headlands, covered with what remains of a once gigantic primeval pine woods. The smoke of fifteen sawmill chimneys blackens the air above. This appears to be the main industry of the place. Thousands of logs float in the Bay and hundreds of thousands yet to come. The constant hum of machinery in work hours and the busy flitting to and fro of many men demonstrate that this is no small trade done here. At present the employees are out on strike, demanding 10 hours as a day's work, instead of 10½ or 11, and pay every two weeks instead of monthly. The men being principally associated with the Knights of Labor, appear to be strong and consider they are right in their action, while the mill-owners think that ½ an hour a day would hurt no one, and as long as the money was sure to be planked down pay day the men had little to grumble at. So the matter stands just now, yet many think strikes are an unmixed evil all the same. F. T. C.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEO. MITCHELL,
BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO SELL our Choice Varieties of Nursery Stock, either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for. Address, with references, MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, ROCHESTER, N. Y. 360-78

VOTERS' LIST,
1888.

Municipality of the Township of Osprey, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "THE VOTERS' LIST ACT," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Lot 20, Con. 4, Osprey, on the 16th day of July, 1888, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WILLIAM MILNE,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Dated this 16th day of July, A.D., 1888.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

TO RENT.

Good house and lot to Rent in Flesherton. For particulars apply to Thos. Osborne, Esq., or at THE ADVANCE office. Also a well cultivated farm of 23 acres, with good house and orchard, one mile from Flesherton, for sale or to rent on reasonable terms. Apply to Mr. Osborne or at THE ADVANCE office as above.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

FLESHERTON
Implement
Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4	50	to 4	50
Fall Wheat	$0	78	to 0	80
Spring Wheat	0	78	0	80
Barley	0	50	0	55
Oats	0	45	0	45
Peas	0	60	0	60
Butter	0	15	0	15
Eggs, fresh	0	15	0	15
Potatoes bush	0	40	0	50
Pork,	6	50	6	50
Hay per ton	7	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		19		23
Sheepskins	0	50	1	00
Geese	0	06	0	06
Turkeys	0	10	0	10
Chickens per pair	0	25	0	30
Ducks per pair	0	50	0	60

THE FLESHERTON

Furniture Warerooms

—ON—

Durham St.

— IS THE —

LEADING FURNISHING HOUSE

—IN—

South and Central Grey.

A FULL LINE OF

House Furniture

at Prices that will astonish the closest buyers. Our stock consists of

CHAIRS

of every description in Wood, Cane Seat, Perforated, Slat, Folding and Easy Stuffed Seat and to suit all ages from the baby chair to the old gents chairs.

TABLES

in endless variety. Some very pretty Extension Tables of new designs just in.

SOFAS, LOUNGES,

WATNOTS, SIDEBOARDS, CUPBOARDS, BUREAUS, SECRETARIES, BIRD CAGES, PAPER RACKS, HAT RACKS, LOOKING GLASSES, SEWING MACHINES, and anything and everything you require inside the house.

In **Bedding** *our stock was never so large and varied as at present, consisting of Wool Mattresses, Springs, Bedsteads, Cots, Cribs, Cradles, Etc. Every article marked low to suit the times.*

Raymond's Celebrated New Sewing Machines

To be seen at my Warerooms.

Funeral Outfits a Specialty.

J. E. MOORE.

Osprey Items.

VISITORS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

Miss Julia E. Milne and Miss Agnes Milne—daughters of Rev. Andrew A. Milne, Methodist Episcopal minister at Buenos Ayres, South America—are the guests of Wm. Milne, Esq., Township Clerk of Osprey. The young ladies were born in South America and speak the Spanish language very fluently. They have been attending the Wesleyan, Academy at Wilbreham, Mass. U. S., acquiring a thorough knowledge of the English language. They will spend the two months vacation at Mr. Milne,s, after which they will return to the Academy.

Mr. Wm. Anderson and Mr. Chas. Sutton, of Rochester. U. S., are the guests of Mr. George Milne, Osprey.

Mr. Mitchell, Flesherton's new Bank manager, spent Sunday last with his numerous friends in Feversham and neighborhood.

The new School Section set apart in this Township (Osprey) by the County Council Committee, composed of Dr. Christoe, Wm. Ferguson, Esq., ex-P. S. I., and Judge Macpherson, has already sent a number of pupils to the entrance exams. at Collingwood, and is a great boon to the ratepayers living within its borders. Seventy-five pupils have been in daily attendance during the winter months, which is substantial evidence of clear-sightedness of the County's special Committee aforesaid—particularly Dr. Christoe and Mr. Ferguson, who actually did the bulk of the work themselves. The best bell in the Inspectorate is to be found hung up in the belfry of this school house.

The Township Fathers met at McGirr's hotel, Feversham, on Saturday last. Members thereof were all present, Reeve Douglas in the chair.

Mr. T. A. Blakely, an old Flesherton boy, is doing a rushing business in the carriage making line at Maxwell.

Very few Township Clerk's in the Province stand higher, in an official capacity, than Wm. Milne, Esq., Osprey's clever Clerk. His books and manuscripts generally are perfect models of neatness and order. His work is never slovenly done. Clear-headed, intelligent, quiet, unassuming, dignified, and gentlemanly—he possesses all the qualifications which entitle him to a place in the first ranks of the public officials in our numerous municipal "legislatures" in this country. Always courteous and willing to give information in connection with the duties of his office, he reminds the writer very much of our own genial and popular Clerk, W. J. Bellamy, Esq.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was celebrated here in right Royal style. There were five Lodges of Orangemen met and made a very respectable gathering; a stand was erected in a grove on the farm of Mr. W. Long, when addresses were delivered by a number of Rev. Gentlemen, when they sat down to a splendid dinner got up by Mr. E. Linley. Everything passed off harmoniously and thus ended one of the best conducted 12th of July's ever held in this place.

Mr. J. Can, of Collingwood, has opened up a factory here for manufacturing ginger pop and all such innocent drinks.

Dry weather continues and farmers are complaining. Hay is mostly very light, all other crops are very short and pasture for cattle is getting very scarce.

Mr. W. Paul has returned from Manitoba where he has bought a farm and intends to move there in the near future.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

The fair on Manday was rather dull. About 20 head of fat cattle and a few milch cows, were sold, prices ranging from $12 to $50 for steers and heifers, one cow and calf brought $30. A Flesherton butcher bought a "Beef critter" for $7.

Rev. D. McLeod is home again from his extended holiday trip through the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. R. Watson is taking his holidays, visiting friends in Buffalo, also in the vicinity of Niagara Falls.

Mr. James McIntyre is home on a visit to his friends.

The dispute between Alex., Johnie, and Malcolm is about ended. We presume Pathmaster Conkey will not be sorry. He must have been tired of hearing such trifling complaints as "Please Mr. Pathmaster, make Malcolm keep his waggon off the side of the road," and, "Please Mr. Pathmaster make Alex. take the corner of his fence of the road allowance.

Letter from W. Suggitt, Esq.

Killam, June 15th, 1888.

After an absence of forty-seven years from the land of my birth, as you know, I left Flesherton on the 23rd of May for a visit across the ocean, taking the C.P.R. to Orangeville, from there to Brampton, Cooksville, Trafalgar, spending pleasant times amongst old friends, also Toronto, having messages to friends at home.

Taking the G. T. R. on Tuesday 29th, leaving Toronto at 9:30 for Montreal and arriving the same evening at 8:50. Spent next day viewing the sights and places of interest such as the Methodist church Gt. St James street, where I heard the first sermon in Canada preached by the Sainted Wm. Squires, on the death of the late Lord Sydenham, the Governor-General, who was then lying dead. I may mention also that the late Rev'd John Borland, of blessed memory, was stationed in the same circuit. As young man, Rev. Mr. Squires, Colleague, visited French church, the Bridge. Well, such is life, as a panorama, the world is changing. Friends dear to the heart pass away. Well, Heaven knows no change.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years
And all that life is love.

The daybreak of Thursday, May 31st, opened bright and clear and with it the Dominion steamship, Oregon, Captain Williams, carrying her living freight of souls, all bound for the shores of the Motherland. The run down the St. Lawrence was as pleasant as could be expected. Some making new acquaintances, others reviving the friendships of past years.

On the evening of our first day the old walls of Quebec are reached and whilst the ship rides at rest for some 12 or 15 hours. Many avail themselves of terra firma to find business suspended and the inhabitants keeping a general holiday.

Her work done, the ship now wends her way down the Gulf. All on board with anxious eyes longing to get the first glimpse of the mighty deep, and soon our hopes are realized. The cry is heard, "icebergs ahead!" and for some two or three hours, snow capped mountains of ice are dotted here and there. No sooner have these been passed than a dense fog sets in, and our ears are amused with the shrill voice of the whistle, but fortunately the mist soon passes, the Heavens are visible and passengers are again crowding to the vessel side to see the long wished for whales by dozens, turning their ponderous bodies or lying lazily upon the surface of the water.

Land is now lost sight of, the hills die away in the distance and a world of water is around us. We are ploughing our way across the broad Atlantic. After a delightful passage of three days the Lord's own day arrives. Deeply impressive religious services twice which were heart cheering and by some will never be forgotten.

Continued next week.

Who Does it Belong to?

To the Editor of The Advance.

Mr. Editor,—I with other residents of Flesherton have been trying to find out the following:—Do the streets in the vicinity of Heard's carriage works belong to that firm or to the public? If the former, traffic should be directed into some other channel; if the latter, then the streets should be cleared by the proper authorities of the nuisance existing to the annoyance of every one else in the neighborhood as well as the travelling public.

Yours,
Q.K.

The congregations of Charleston and Alton, at a meeting yesterday presided over by Rev. W. A. Hunter agreed to extend a hearty and unanimous call to the Rev. A. Wilson, of Markdale and Flesherton. The Stipend promised is $850 and a manse. Messrs. Clark, Bell, Macdonald, and Dick were appointed delegates to prosecute the call before the Presbytery of Orangeville which meets on August 6.—[Dufferin Advertiser.

BARN BURNED.—We learn that the barn of Mr. John Hamilton on the Garafraxa Road, about six miles from town, was burned together with a number of implements on Sunday morning last between two or three o'clock. It is thought the barn must have caught fire by a spark from a passing train, as a portion of fence had been burned a short time previous from that cause. The barn, which was a large one, was insured in the Sydenham Mutual for $1,500.—[Owen Sound Times.

The Model Farm at Guelph is a remarkably well managed institution. It is a model for our Ontario farmers to imitate. An Egremont farmer a season or so ago purchased six bushels of seed grain from this Model farm. He sowed the grain and in due time it came to maturity. Now the honest yeoman is ready to swear that he got full value for his money, for out of his specimen no less than six varieties sprang forth. But for all that he buys no more seed grain from the same source.—[Durham Chronicle.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Lost Cattle and Sheep.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, Lot 35, Con. 5, Artemesia, one medium size red and white yearling heifer, also one small red and white yearling heifer, also one good young ewe and one ewe lamb. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded.

HENRY DOWN,
Flesherton P.O.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L. D. S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Corp. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
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SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was later on the same day, and the shades of night were gathering over Erindale. The cottages were all closed, and only little glimmers of light were shining through the cracks of the shuttered windows in those where the inmates had not yet retired to rest. The Oliphant Arms was closed, although the light streamed ruddily from the fanlight over the door, still lighting up the little bit of street upon which it fell, and falling upon the bowed, shrinking figure of a woman who was making her way down the street as fast as her trembling limbs and the slippery state of the roads allowed her. If any of the villagers had met her they would have recognized her immediately; but the uneven, irregular street was empty and deserted, and there was none to see the school-mistress as she hurried along.

The clock in the church tower had just struck 11 as she had left the cottage adjoining the school-house, sending Jip back, when he followed her, to the threshold of the door, and bidding him "Watch," and, when the dog had obeyed, she had locked him into the house and hurried down the hill, pale and trembling and nervous, starting at every sound, and pressing her clasped hands to her heart, as if to still its throbbings.

But her agitation was not entirely to be attributed to nervous fear of the dark night. Had her face been visible, any one might have seen upon it a great fear which was not due to physical alarm.

"Am I doing right? Am I doing right?" she muttered as she pressed on. "Oh, Heaven help me—Heaven help me! I do not know where to turn or what to do. Am I prudent in taking this step? And yet—and yet I cannot let him die—I cannot see him suffer so cruelly without obtaining what assistance I can. Oh, Jack, if you were not Guy's friend—if you were not Guy's friend!"

The tears were gathering thickly in her eyes; but she dashed them away impatiently as she went on, quickening her steps for a few minutes, then from very weakness obliged to slacken them again. And so, stopping at intervals to recover breath and regain sufficient strength for another start, she made her way to a pretty white house at the other end of the village, and there she paused, looking up wistfully at the windows whence no light issued.

The white house faced the road, being divided from it only by a small strip of garden, and the hall door was in the centre; but there was a side door, from which a narrow stream of light issued, and toward this Shirley walked rapidly. But when she had reached it, and had even lifted her hand to the bell, she hesitated, shrinking back and moving away again; then she advanced and pulled the bell, giving it a swift sudden pull which rang a peal that aroused all the echoes of the quiet house. Almost immediately the door was opened by a sharp looking boy of fifteen or sixteen.

"My word, but you did ring!" he was beginning saucily, when he recognized the applicant and adopted a more respectful tone. "I beg pardon, ma'am; I did not see you at first. Do you want the Doctor, Mrs. Grant?"

Shirley was leaning against the wall by this time, panting and breathless; but she forced the white lips to answer in the affirmative.

"Yes," she said. "Is he in!"

"No, Mrs. Grant," the boy answered, civilly. "He is out at a dinner-party at the Rectory; but I expect him back every moment. Will you wait to see him, Mrs. Grant? Or shall I run around and fetch him?"

"I will wait," she answered; and the boy ushered her into a little waiting-room, which looked cold and comfortless, with the fire dying out in the grate.

The lad turned up the gas into a sudden flare, which made Shirley cover her eyes for a moment; then he pulled forward a chair and placed it for her.

"I will tell the Doctor you are here, ma'am," he said, "the very minute he comes in."

"Thank you," Shirley said, wearily, as she sunk down upon the chair he had placed; and then, when the boy had left and she was alone, she crossed her arms upon the table and let her head sink upon them in an utter and intense weariness of mind and body. But the weakness was only momentary; almost immediately she raised her head, and, rising, she began to pace up and down the little waiting-room, pushing back her hair from her brow with a troubled, bewildered, almost despairing expression.

"Have I done right? Oh, merciful Father, have I done right?" she muttered, as the little feet hurried to and fro swiftly and unsteadily. "Dare I trust him? Dare I trust any one? And yet the responsibility is so dreadful that I cannot bear it alone. Oh, Heaven help us all—Heaven help us all!" she prayed incoherently.

When she heard the doctor's step coming up the gravel path she started, and, sitting down, tried to wait his entrance with something like composure; but it was a very pitifully eager face which met the new-comer's glance as he entered the waiting-room; and the eagerness died out of Shirley's eyes and a terrible disappointment stole into them as she saw that it was not Dr. Lloyd, but his assistant, Mr. Litton, who stood before her.

"Mrs. Grant!" he exclaimed, in some surprise. "I hope you have not been waiting long? You ought to have sent Saunders for me. Do you want my services yourself, or have you been doing one of your kind actions and sitting up with some poor patient of ours?"

He was a slender, handsome man of seven or eight-and-twenty, with a pleasant kindly face and keen blue eyes which looked at Shirley rather attentively as she stood opposite to him with wide desolate eyes and that intense disappointment on her face. He had put out his hand to her on entering, and mechanically she had put her shaking, trembling fingers into it; and they lay there still, firmly clasped in his gloved hand.

Mr. Litton had been dining at the Rectory, and over his evening clothes he wore a heavy ulster, in which he looked flushed and happy and handsome. Some of the Erindalites thought that there was "something" between Dr. Lloyd's handsome assistant and the Rector's pretty daughter. Whether it was the case or not, it was certain that he was very frequently at the Rectory; and there was a pleased, well-satisfied smile in his blue eyes which showed that he had not met with a cool reception there this evening.

"What can I do for you?" he said, gently, seeing Shirley's agitation, and speaking kindly and soothingly. "You look very ill yourself, and it is a cold night for you to be out. Did you come alone?"

"Yes," Shirley faltered.

"Was there no one who could have saved you such a long walk? You look quite exhausted."

"No one."

"And the need was urgent?"

"Yes."

"Poor child!" he said, pityingly. "I do not think many can need my professional services more than you do yourself at this present minute. Wait a minute and I will get you something which will do you good."

He was turning away, when her voice arrested him.

"Dr. Lloyd?" Shirley said, sharply.

He looked at her in some surprise.

"Dr. Lloyd has gone to London," he said, quietly. "Did you not know? He went with poor Mrs. Pitt, and——"

A groan escaped from Shirley's lips as she sunk down upon a chair, her hands hanging helplessly by her side. Dr. Lloyd was an elderly, gray-haired man whom she could have trusted; but Mr. Litton was a stranger.

"Shall I not do?" he said, gently. "He left me as his substitute, you know, and, in default of better professional aid, I can only offer you mine."

Shirley shook her head despairingly.

"I do not doubt your ability," she said, unsteadily, "but——"

"Nor my willingness, I hope?" he put in, warmly. "I shall be happy, believe me, if I can be of any use to you."

"You are very good," she answered, covering her face with her hands for a moment; and, seeing how terribly agitated she was, he quietly left the waiting-room, and, going into the surgery, mixed her a soothing draught and a restorative, with which he presently returned.

"Drink this," he said, gently but firmly; and Shirley, because it was too much trouble to resist, obeyed him, looking up as she finished into his face with wistful, wondering eyes.

"Mr. Litton, can I trust you?" she asked, a great earnestness in her voice and on her face.

"I hope so," he said, smiling a little. "My dear Mrs. Grant," he added, with a gravity which sat well on his handsome face, "in the profession to which I have the honor to belong we become the recipients of many secrets, and a doctor is obliged to be as trustworthy as a confessor himself. If what you have to tell me is something which you hesitate to divulge because you fear it may get wind, you can dismiss your fears. You may safely trust me, for your secret will never pass my lips."

"It is not my secret only," she said, looking up at him with wistful, troubled, pleading eyes. "Oh, if I dared tell you—if I dared tell you!"

"Is it my loyalty you doubt?"

"No—oh, no!"

"Then why do you hesitate? I am not as old as Dr. Lloyd, certainly; but I can keep a secret as well as if my hair were gray."

Shirley rose in her uncertainty, clasping and unclasping her hands in her excessive agitation.

"Mr. Litton, forgive me," she said, brokenly, after a pause. "I am in very great distress and perplexity, and I do not know what to do. I hardly dare trust any one."

"Would you like me to give you my word of honor that I will say nothing of anything you tell me?" he asked, gently, pitying the intense distress from which she was so evidently suffering.

"Will you?" she said, eagerly, turning to him with outstretched hands.

"Yes—willingly, if it will alleviate your distress."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" she cried. "Will you promise me to ask no questions but such as are absolutely necessary, to tell no one in all the world where I shall take you to-night, and what you see there?"

"I promise."

"It is a matter of life and death," she said, brokenly. "Oh, if I could only be sure of what I ought to do! It seems as if there were no alternative, as if I must trust you; and yet—and yet—"

She wrung her hands passionately. Roland Litton looked at her with sincere compassion; he could not feel offended at her want of confidence in him; every other feeling merged in pity for her distress.

"Oh, help me!" she said passionately. "Tell me what to do?"

"How can I, Mrs. Grant? I can only say that you may safely trust me."

She looked at him eagerly and keenly for a moment.

"Yes," she said; "then I will trust you. Will you come with me?"

He looked surprised for a moment, then said hastily—

"Certainly; I am at your service."

He opened the door for her, and, with a desperate effort, she regained sufficient composure to precede him out of the room, across the little passage, and into the garden.

"Don't sit up for me, Saunders," Mr. Litton said, carelessly. "I have my latch-key, and in all probability I shall not be required to night."

"Very well, sir," said Saunders, who shut the door noisily after Mr. Litton, as he followed Mrs. Grant down the path, joining her at the gate.

She was calmer now; the draught he had given her was taking effect, and the face she turned toward him had lost its agonized expression of fear.

"Are you well wrapped up?" he asked, gently. "I fear not," he added, as he drew her shawl round her and gave her his arm, "I wish I had brought a wrap for you."

"I do not need it," she answered, quickly. "I am quite warm, almost too warm indeed."

"Too warm on this bitter night!" he said, incredulously. "It is not a fit night for a delicate woman like yourself to be out."

Notwithstanding the intense nervous excitement under which she was laboring Shirley Glynn noticed, and never forgot, her companion's thoughtful care of her that night. He talked easily and pleasantly, thus avoiding the embarrassment of a silent walk, but without giving her the trouble of answering. He described the dinner-party at the Rectory, meanwhile taking care not to walk too fast for her, but suiting his steps to hers, and making her lean upon him when they came to the hill on which the school-house stood. And then, seeing that his light chat distressed her, he ceased, and gave his whole attention to affording her the support she needed far more than she owned even to herself.

At last they reached the school-house, and Shirley's trembling fingers unlocked the door and admitted him into the little passage. When she had closed the door she fastened it securely on the inside, and then led the way into the sitting-room. The lamp was burning on the table, and there was a bright fire.

With an abrupt gesture Mrs. Grant pointed to a chair, and bade him sit down for a moment; then throwing off her shawl and bonnet, she went quickly up stairs, leaving Mr. Litton alone. Five minutes passed while he waited for her, and the sound of voices reached him as he sat—muffled voices, it seemed to him, broken once or twice by a dreadful cough. Then she came down and beckoned to the doctor. He put his hat on the table and went to the door at which she stood.

"I have trusted you," she said, "and you have promised. Now come with me, and remember the promise you gave me."

"I will remember it," the young man said, gravely, as he followed her up the narrow staircase into the room whence the the voices had proceeded.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"It is a very painful business altogether," said Lady Oliphant gravely. "I really do not know what to do for the best."

"I am afraid, my dear, that you have no one but yourself to blame for the annoyance," said Sir Frederic quietly as he looked up from his newspaper. "You took Mrs. Grant on trust, although you might have guessed that there was some mystery about her. That a woman of Mrs. Grant's appearance and education and manner should be wandering about the country in a state of destitution was in itself a most suspicious circumstance, which I pointed out to you at the time."

"My dear Frederic, you were almost as much infatuated about her as Madge and I were."

Sir Frederic smiled.

"I am glad you said 'almost,'" he remarked. "Because, if you had said 'quite,' I should have thought you were jealous! Yes, I will own frankly that the singular uncommon charm of manner which Mrs. Grant possesses was not without its effect upon me. But I cannot conscientiously say," he added smiling, "that I ever approved of the child's intimacy with her."

"She seemed good and sweet and honest," Lady Oliphant said sorrowfully. "I cannot even now think of her as anything else."

"My dear Margaret," said Sir Frederic, putting away his newspaper and going to his wife's side as she stood at the window looking out on the terrace in front of the hall, "women to all appearance as sweet and true as Mrs. Grant have turned out depraved and worthless; and, although I hope I should be the last man to judge any one hastily, I cannot help thinking that you have been grossly deceived in your school-mistress, and that the sooner you get rid of her the better."

"Oh, Fred," Lady Oliphant exclaimed sadly, as she recalled Mrs. Grant's pale, sad face and wistful eyes, "do you really think it is so bad as that?"

"It is not desirable to retain a school-mistress about whom the whole village is chattering," he said gravely. "You can go nowhere without hearing some remarks about her. The frequency of Mr. Litton's visits at her cottage at all hours is sufficient in itself seriously to damage her reputation, and she has been seen walking with him and letting him out of the house in the middle of the night. Moreover, she must have had some good reason for dismissing the little servant and living alone, as she had been doing, ever since Christmas. We cannot blind ourselves to these facts, my dear, however much we may wish to do so. Besides—"

"Besides what?" Lady Oliphant asked, looking up eagerly.

"Besides, Jarvis, when he was at the Oliphant Arms the other day, heard a man say that, on Christmas night, when he was walking over the hill on his way from Adinbrooke, he saw Mrs. Grant kneeling before her fire, while a man, who sat in a big arm-chair beside her, had his arms around her and his head over hers."

"Was it Mr. Litton?" said her ladyship in a low tone.

"No, he said not—that it was a stranger."

"Oh, Fred, I do not believe it! Of course one can understand about Mr. Litton. She is so lonely, poor thing, and he is very nice and pleasant and agreeable, and it is quite likely that they have fallen in love with each other; but that Mrs. Grant is so depraved—No," continued Lady Oliphant energetically, "I will not believe it!"

"I thought Litton was engaged to Rosie Venn?" said Sir Frederic dryly.

"He paid her a great deal of attention," said his wife. "And poor Rosie is very much distressed about this rumor concerning Mrs. Grant. Really it is very painful; and I do not know what to do."

"My dear Maggie, your duty is perfectly plain. You must dismiss Mrs. Grant at once, and find a less attractive and mysterious teacher for your schools. To-day is a whole holiday, and you had better drive up the hill and get rid of a very disagreeable task, unless you would prefer to write to her."

"I think it would be kinder to see her," Lady Oliphant said, with some hesitation. "I suppose it must be done, Fred?"

"There is no alternative, dear. I regret it for your sake and poor Madge's, for the child is sincerely attached to Mrs. Grant; but it cannot be helped. At any rate, the child must not go to the cottage," he added decisively. "I cannot allow that!"

"No, certainly not. I am glad Guy and Mr. Ross are here, as their society will amuse her and distract her attention."

Sir Frederic's glance followed his wife's, which had fixed itself on a group standing on the terrace, at some little distance from the house, having just ascended the broad stone steps leading from the flower-garden upon which the breakfast-room opened. It was a pretty group, and to the mother's loving eyes it was a significant one; and, while she smiled, she sighed softly at the thought it conjured up.

Madge, in a pretty skating costume of brown velveteen trimmed with dark fur, was standing by one of the tall marble vases which stood on either side of the steps. Major Stuart, in his heavily furred overcoat, leaned against the other, looking at her with a smile in his grave eyes; while close to Madge, standing on one of the steps and looking up at her with an intent tender gaze, was a handsome fair young man, whose face was bronzed and grave, but whose eyes, when they looked at Madge, were very soft and wistful.

"Would you like it, Fred?" Lady Oliphant said softly, as she slipped her hand through her husband's arm, and smilingly indicated the group. "I am afraid he will want to take her from us."

"Which of the two, Maggie—Stuart or Mr. Ross?"

"Mr. Ross, of course," she answered. "Poor Guy will never love any one again! He gave his whole heart once; besides, he is too old and grave for our Madcap."

"He might sober her," said Sir Frederic, smiling.

"Mr. Ross has quite sufficient gravity for that," Lady Oliphant said. "What a sad story it is!"

"What is? Our Madcap's love affair?"

"Oh, no—I hope not—but that mysterious disappearance of poor Lady Glynn! Guy made every research at the time, as you know; and, since Mr. Ross' return, they have begun them again, but with the same result—failure!"

"Yes, poor thing, she is dead," said Sir Frederic musingly. "It is impossible that they should have been unsuccessful otherwise. Poor girl; hers was a sad life!"

"It was a terrible thing, that murder of her husband! Do you know I think Guy has never got over it?"

"Poor fellow; he has been cruelly treated. Think how many of his friends have turned their backs upon him, and still think him guilty of a dastardly crime! Upon my word, Maggie, I cannot think of it with any calmness!" Sir Frederic continued, with great warmth. "A man so brave and noble and true, with such reputation as Guy Stuart always had, to be thought guilty of a crime of which the judge and jury acquitted him! It was strange, was it not," he added more calmly, "that it should all have taken place during our only absence abroad?

"Yes—very strange. Well, daughter mine," she continued, with a quick change of tone as Madge and her companions came up to the glass door and entered the room, "what is the programme for to-day?"

"We have not quite decided," Madge replied. "I was going to escort Guy and Mr. Ross up to the school, and introduce them to Mrs. Grant; but they say they would rather see her in her official capacity than in private life, so, as to-day is a holiday, we must defer the visit."

"Yes, certainly," said Lady Oliphant hastily. "Why not drive to Lee Park? Lord Lee has written to papa to say that he has thrown the lake open to skaters, and that he hopes we will go."

"Oh, that will be charming! Papa, shall we go this morning? Are you disengaged?"

"I am quite at your service, Madge. Mr. Ross, have you forgotten how to skate?"

"I hope not," he answered, smiling. "It used to be a favorite pastime of mine in my boyhood. My sister and I did an immense deal of skating in Germany and Holland," he added, a shade falling over his face.

"Then you will teach me the outside edge," said Madge, with her pretty imperious grace. "I am longing to be able to skate really well."

"I shall be delighted," said Jack, his face brightening with pleasure. "But I have no skates, Miss Oliphant."

"Papa can accommodate you," said Madge, laughing. "Guy, will you come with us?"

"With much pleasure."

"And you will skate?"

"I am afraid I am too old, Madgie!"

"Too old!" echoed Madge gayly. "Why, even papa skates!"

"Even papa!" said Sir Frederic laughingly. "And pray is papa such a Methuselah, you Madcap?"

"Papa is a dear gray-haired personage, and very handsome still," laughed Madge, looking at him fondly.

"But I am gray-haired too, Madgie," said Major Stuart smiling.

"You're not gray-haired, Guy; you have just a few white hairs beneath your beard. How I wish you would dispense with it!"

"Why? Don't you like my beard?"

"No, I prefer the long mustache, you used to wear."

"You don't remember me when I wore a mustache only, Madgie."

"Don't I? What an absurd idea! I remember you perfectly! Well, are you coming with us?"

"I was going to ask Guy to drive me as far as the school-house," said Lady Oliphant, smiling. "And if he will do so, we will follow you to Lee Park. Am I unreasonable, Guy?"

"Unreasonable to give me a great pleasure?" he answered, smiling. "If so, you are always unreasonable where I am concerned, Lady Oliphant."

"Can not we all go together?" suggested Madge. "I should like to have a peep at Mrs. Grant, mamma."

"We will go together in different vehicles," said Sir Frederic laughingly. "I will take the break, and Stuart can drive mamma in the pony carriage. I know what your 'peeps' at Mrs. Grant are, Miss Madge, and I should prefer, if possible, getting to Lee Park in time for luncheon. But we will start together, if you like."

"And you will drive over the hill?" said Madge coaxingly.

"Why, yes—it is the shortest way," said her father, smiling. "I will go and get ready. Maggie wrap up well, dear, as it will be bitterly cold."

"Madge, you had better put on your sealskin," said Lady Oliphant, as she went away to get ready; and Madge obeyed, leaving Major Stuart and Jack Ross on the terrace together.

"How charming she is!" the latter said, with a little sigh, as he watched Madge disappearing through the door of the breakfast room.

"Yes," assented Guy rather absently, speaking as if his thoughts were far away.

"Guy, does she ever," Jack began, and then hesitated a little—it was always painful to him to bring that look of sorrow to Guy's face which the mention of Shirley's name always brought there—"does she ever remind you of Shirley?"

Guy Stuart started slightly, and waited a minute before he answered.

"Yes," he said gravely. "She has never done so before; but this time it has seemed quite strange how constantly she reminds me of her."

"Ah, then, it is not my imagination!" said Jack Ross eagerly. "I think it was that similarity of manner which attracted me to her at first. Of course there is not the slightest personal resemblance."

"Not the slightest," assented Guy, thinking of Shirley's rare beauty, and contrasting it with Madge Oliphant's bright prettiness.

"And that only makes it all the more remarkable," Jack said eagerly. "It seems so very strange that two people who have never met should have the same little tricks of manner and speech."

"Yes; it is very strange."

There was a short silence; then Guy laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder.

"Are you falling in love with the child, Jack?"

Jack colored hotly under his Eastern bronze.

"What makes you think that, Stuart?"

"Many things. But you have not answered my question, old fellow."

"What chance should I have?" said Jack, with some agitation. "A poor fellow like myself would not dare to aspire to the heiress of Erindale Hall."

"Why not?"

"I should not like to be called a fortune-hunter, Guy."

"Who would call you so?"

"Her father and mother—Madge herself perhaps," the young man said, with a little tremor in his voice.

"I am sure they would not. Their only wish would be for the child's happiness; and I think she likes you, Ross."

A gleam of eager delight flashed into Jack's blue eyes.

"If I could think so I would be the happiest man on earth," he said eagerly. "But no—I dare not. Such happiness is not for me, and—"

"And what?" Guy asked gently.

"And when they knew, as know they must, that I had been the real cause of Shirley's misery, they would hate and despise me."

"How must they know it, Jack?"

"Because I could marry no girl without telling her that episode of my past life, Stuart," he said gravely and tremulously. "I call myself an honorable man; and yet poor Shirley gave her happiness and perhaps her life to save me from being branded as a felon."

"No fault, so bitterly repented of and atoned for by years of patient plodding, industry and self denial, could stand against you now, Jack—at least, not with such people as the Oliphants, who are far too liberal minded to hold such a narrow creed as that," said Guy earnestly. "Do you care for her, Jack?" he added, after a pause.

"With my whole heart," Jack answered, almost with a groan. "Guy, I have been undecided whether it was not better to go away and never see her again."

"You are but a timid wooer, Jack. Don't go away. Wait patiently. Since you love her so well, it cannot do you much harm to wait a little longer even if your affection is not returned. Ah, here she is, pretty child—a sight to make an old man young!" added Guy, smiling as he went forward to meet Madge, while Jack, in almost uncontrollable agitation, moved away in an opposite direction.

"What is the matter with Mr. Ross?" she asked, as she held out her pretty little hand for Guy to button her gloves.

"A very common malady," said Major Stuart, smiling, as he bent over the little hand.

"And what is that?"

"Disease of the heart."

"Disease of the heart!" echoed Madge the bright color fading somewhat. "Do you mean that he is ill, Guy?"

"Not exactly," he answered gravely, while poor Madge hurriedly recalled all the stories she had ever heard about people who had disease of the heart—how they had gone about without even knowing the malady by which they were affected, until suddenly they had dropped dead, without a warning or a moment's preparation.

"Guy, what do you mean?" she said with tremulous earnestness; and Guy, looking up from the little gloves, saw how pale she had grown.

"Nothing, but he has fallen in love, my poor Madgie," he answered, smiling "Why, you look quite pale and startled!"

"Well, no wonder! Guy, you are very provoking."

"Am I? Then I will say no more," he answered, smiling. "May I not button the other glove?"

Madge held out her hand to him; and, as he took it into his, he felt that it was a little unsteady. Jack's chance did not seem very hopeless in Guy's eyes just then.

"With whom has Mr. Ross fallen in love?" she asked presently.

Guy made no answer, and she repeated the question.

"With whom do you suppose?"

"I really don't know. I am not acquainted with all the ladies whom he knows."

"Nor am I."

(To be continued.)

They Have Found No Ghosts.

The Psychical Society of England reports that its efforts to discover ghosts have been unavailing. The same complaint is made by the American Society for Psychical Research. Paradoxical as it may sound, therefore, these organizations have lost their spirits because they could not find any. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not give up their quest of the coy and elusive ghost. Rome was not made in a day, and the scientific investigation of the psychical phenomena which have for so many ages puzzled mankind cannot be effected until after years of patient effort. —*New York World.*

Says Sir Lyon Playfair in *Macmillan's Magazine*: "The protective duties of America remove from us the most formidable competitor in the markets of the world by raising its cost of production. They protect England in all neutral markets and enable us to send even into the United States $125,000,000 of manufactured goods, while they return to us less than $15,000,000 of their manufactures."

The City of the Dead.

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
  In the city where they sleep away the hours.
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change
  And a hundred happy whisperings o flowers
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
  For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In that burgh of by and by,
  Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
  Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
  Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease,
  From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,
And the Wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
  Making music to the sleepers, every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth blest,
  For they lie at ease and know that life is done.
—*Richard F. Burton in the Century.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

MONTREAL *Star*: Importers are beginning to look upon their business very much as a game of chance. "Heads!" they win. "Tails!" one-third to the Crown, one-third to the seizing officers and one-third to the informer.

TELEGRAMS from Belgium say that the condition of Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, is now quite hopeless. Her strength is rapidly weakening, and she is expected to die at any moment. The unfortunate woman has never recovered her mind, which gave way on the execution of her husband.

THIS is getting to be a cold world for babies. Owners of tenement houses have a prejudice against them, hotel keepers frown on them, and now a New York court has granted an injunction against the erection of a baby asylum in that city. And yet the baby is a great institution that can't be wiped out.

J. A. VANDYNE, of East Liverpool, O., was recently in St. Clairsville, and from idle curiosity visited the jail. In Gertie Williams, a woman confined there on a charge of murder, he recognized his only sister, who left home mysteriously several years ago and whose whereabouts were unknown until the chance meeting.

LORD WOLSELEY says there is a greater danger now menacing England than the possibility of a foreign invasion—the extravagance of the English women. He has noticed, he says, ever since he was a boy an increase in the tendency of English women to spend a much larger portion of the incomes of their husbands than they were entitled to on articles of attire.

AMONG the passengers on the White Star steamer Britannic were five young men from Oxford University, England, two from Cambridge University, three from the University of Edinburgh, and one from the University of Utrecht. They are all on their way to the College Students' Summer School and Encampment for Bible study, to be conducted at Northfield, Mass., by D. L. Moody.

A GERMAN doctor has discovered that the masculine heart weighs more and is larger in proportion than the susceptible organ possessed by the gentler sex. This statement is another blow for woman to parry and explain away to her own satisfaction. She has been able to endure the physiological fact that her brain weighs less than tyrant man's, but when it comes to her own pet cardiac region, she hasn't the spirit of a mouse if she submits to any scientific shrinkage of its generous proportions!

THE fungus known as vegetable beefsteak, found on old oak trees, is really nutritious and wholesome. When broiled it is difficult to distinguish it from broiled meat. "There is a slight acid flavor in the fungus when cooked," says the *English Mechanic*, "which adds considerable piquancy to the dish; it is extremely tender, succulent and juicy, and resembles tender steak or tongue in a remarkable manner, the juice it distills being in taste and appearance like gravy from an excellent, broiled rump steak."

PROFESSOR CARTER, in his inaugural address before the British College of State Medicine, gave it as his opinion that every case of fever costs the community $10, and that the annual cost of scarlet fever in England is $2,000,000. When considering the question from this economic standpoint it may readily be understood that the cost of carrying out sanitary improvements and the labor of enforcing right methods of living would be far outweighed by the mere monetary saving which they would effect, without taking sentiment into consideration.

A MECHANICAL scarecrow has been invented. This new invention represents a man of "sportsmanlike" appearance standing with a gun in hand ready to fire at the first intruder. The arm holding the gun is made to move by clockwork, which is enclosed in a strong iron box at its feet, and at the proper elevation it fires a shot louder than an ordinary gun. After the report the arm lowers. The mechanism can be regulated at the owner's pleasure by a regulator like a clock, and only requires to be wound up twice a day. Mr. Wm. Maund, of Shobdon, Hereford, England, is the inventor.

A YOUNG lady of New York amuses herself with humming-birds as pets. They build their nests in the lace-curtains, and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a basket of flowers for them to extract the honey from. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom. She has an especial affinity for the feathered race, and pigeons, canaries and bull-finches are included among her household favorites.

IN a paper by Dr. Arthur Ransome (English), entitled "Some Evidences Respecting Tubercular Infective Areas," attention is called to the frequency with which groups of several cases of deaths from consumption in one family occur in small, badly ventilated cottages situated on damp clay soils. It is dampness and want of ventilation that make a house or group of houses dangerous, and they probably do this, in large part at least, by causing or promoting slight inflammations of the air-passages, sore throats, bronchitis, etc., which lower the vitality of the tissues and so make them fit to support the tubercular bacilli.

THE most beautiful chamber ever seen was one recently fitted up by an English Duke for his bride. Her favorite flower is the daffodil, and it predominates in the decorations. The ceiling and the walls are of a pale, grayish green and gold. The fringe and dado are of dull-gold canvas silk, hand embroidered in white daffodils and narcissi. The chandeliers have for globes opaline glass on the same flower designs. The velvet carpet is gray-green, sprinkled with golden flowers. The furniture is of heavy English oak, carved with winged loves' heads, and the draperies and window hangings are of Spanish lace, in conventional designs of daffodils.

UP to date the last person who has made public a device for utilizing the current of Niagara is John. R Greene, of Oneonta, N Y., brother of the Rev. Dr. Rufus S. Greene, of Buffalo. His plan provides for a $25,000,000 tunnel from South Buffalo to the whirlpool, giving a fall of 210 feet here, and 320 at the lower terminus. Cross tunnels are included. It is estimated that 500,850 horse power would be provided, which, at a rental of $15, would yield $7,512,750 per annum. The subscriptions for the prize for the best device have reached the sum of $108,000. Erastus Wiman was the last signer.

AN experienced and highly respectable physician gave a valuable hint the other day which others may find a useful hint as I did, writes a correspondent. "I am convinced," said he, "not only from practical personal experience but on theoretically scientific grounds also, that a safeguard against much prevalent summer illness lies in the free use of lemon juice. Citric acid helps to supply the place of the fluids which are unduly dissipated through the pores of the skin in hot weather. Eat plenty of lemons, and you can stand the heat infinitely better than those who do not make use of the fruit which nature has supplied tropical countries."

QUEEN VICTORIA has been unusually successful this year in the sale of her yearlings. They went at an average price of 475 guineas apiece, and a very smart crowd gathered at Hampton Court to bid for them. The Duke of Portland drove his coach from town to the sale, and made the two biggest bids of the day, paying 2,600 and 1,500 guineas respectively for two of St. Simon's yearlings. Lord Randolph Churchill was on hand to bid, as were a lot of other distinguished individuals. Prince Henry of Battenberg did not have the luck of his royal mother-in-law. He sold two hunters at the same sale which fetched 55 and 30 guineas each.

THE gentleman who has just succeeded to the Earldom of Seafield, Scotland, went through some curious vicissitudes a few years ago. He was then in New Zealand, hard pushed to earn a livelihood, and he was acting as a bailiff in the New Zealand town of Oamaru, in 1884, when his father (the uncle of the earl he succeeded) became Earl of Seafield. The news was brought to the bailiff, who was at that moment "in possession" of a house in his official capacity, that he was now Viscount Reidhaven. A substitute was willing to take his place, but the bailiff viscount stuck to his post for other two days. Subsequently he stood for Parliament out there, but was not elected.

IN a recent article on Indian railroads and Indian wheat production, Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., who is a retired Liverpool cotton broker, makes a statement which possesses some interest for Canadian and American wheat-growers. "It is evident," he says, "that it is to England's interest to do what she can to develop the vast capabilities of India as a grower of wheat, since India accepts British goods in payment for her wheat without any tariff robbery. The cotton famine consequent upon the American civil war led us to encourage cotton-planting in India; and the hostile tariffs of such wheat-growing nations as the United States and Russia are in like manner hastening the day when India shall be the chief granary of the world."

THE deleterious effect of arsenic upon the skin was recently discussed in the Pathological Society of London, after a communication had been read by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. The skin is the tissue on which arsenic has perhaps its most marked influence. The poison may spoil the complexion instead of improving it by making it muddy and unsightly. A similar action is exhibited in all parts of the skin, and may lead to the development of soft corns, not warts, on the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, where a roughened condition also grows up under its influence. Mr. Hutchinson expressed the belief that arsenic can produce epithelial cancer.

THE proclamation of Christianity as the national religion of Japan will probably soon be made. The question, according to the Japan *Weekly Mail*, is now under discussion, and many of the leading publicists, statesmen and professors are taking an active part in the discussion. It is not claimed that Christian doctrine, in its purely religious side, is generally acceptable, but it is claimed that Christian civilization and Christian sentiment are gaining the mastery; that the old Japanese beliefs are dead or dying fast; that Japanese ethics are gradually giving place to Christian ethics, and that Christianity has, among other things, this in its favor—that it is the religion of the most highly civilized countries.

REPORTS from Brazil indicate that the freedmen have exhibited a steadiness and industry surprising to the most hopeful, and that many of them are in the employ of their former owners. Leading planters are employing greater numbers of laborers than they formerly owned slaves, are paying their employees fairly and treating them well, and making better profits under the free than the slave labor system. Malcontents among the former slave owners are said to be the only disturbing class, and whatever injurious results may follow the emancipation will, it is confidently stated, be due to these men rather than to the freedmen. The final act of emancipation has apparently been accompanied by much less disturbance than was to have been expected.

AS one result of the invasion scare, arrangements are being made at the British War Office for instructing gentlemen of influence in the counties of England and Scotland, and who are willing to accept the duty, to inquire into the extent and efficiency of local transport and equipment for the Volunteers under the mobilization scheme, and also as to the possibility of organizing in some way the many thousand Volunteers who have served a certain time in the ranks and have for various reasons ceased to be active, but who, if occasion should arise, would be willing to serve again. It is known that forty thousand men left the service voluntarily during last year only, and the whole number of such men fit for service has been estimated at over half a million.

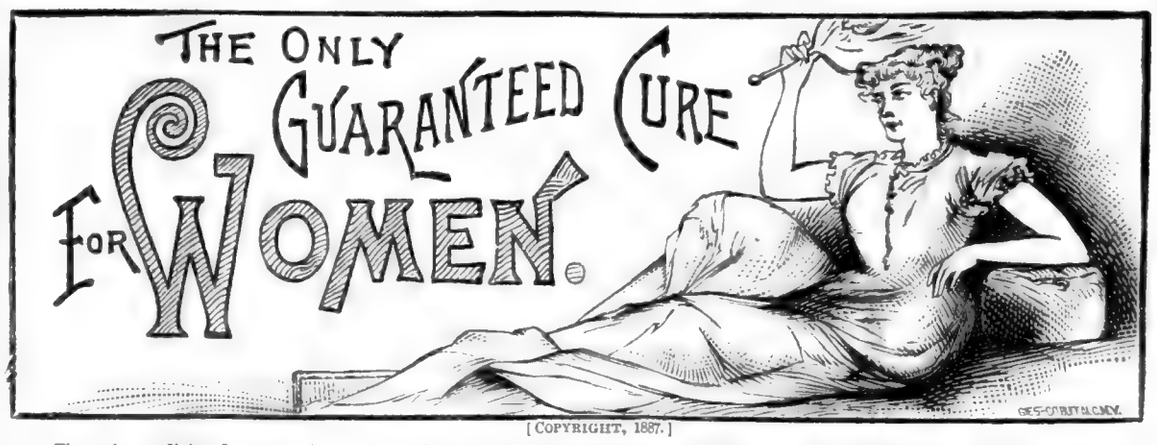

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The only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee**, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded, is DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

A BOON TO WOMEN. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

A POWERFUL TONIC. **As a powerful, invigorating tonic,** it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

A SOOTHING NERVINE. **As a soothing and strengthening nervine,** "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

A MOTHER'S CORDIAL. **In pregnancy,** "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

CURES THE WORST CASES. **"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

FOR THE KIDNEYS. **"Favorite Prescription,"** when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, *directed to the cause*, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA. Mrs. ED. M. CAMPBELL, of *Oakland, California*, writes: "I had been troubled all my life with hysterical attacks and paroxysms, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of severe headache, but since I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' I have had none of these. I also had womb complaint so bad that I could not walk two blocks without the most severe pain, but before I had taken your 'Favorite Prescription' two months, I could walk all over the city without inconvenience. All my troubles seem to be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I now feel smarter than for years before. My physicians told me that I could not be cured, and therefore you will please accept my everlasting thanks for what you have done for me, and may God bless you in your good works."

Later, she writes: "It is now four years since I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have had no return of the female trouble I had then."

Retroverted Womb.—Mrs. EVA KOHLER, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.*, writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Doctors Failed.—Mrs. F. CORWIN, of *Post Creek, N. Y.*, writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Purgative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

Well as I Ever Was.—Mrs. JOHN STEWART, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.*, writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work; am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

☞ *Favorite Prescription is Sold by Druggists the World Over! Large Bottles $1.00, Six for $5.00.*

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages, paper covers) on Diseases of Women.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

"That's What My Wife Says."

"How are all the folks?" asked Brown of Jones. "All well, except my wife," said Jones. "I'm worried about her. She tires out so easily; she complains of a backache about all the time, and is so low-spirited that she don't seem like herself at all." "My dear fellow," interrupted Brown, "I'll tell you exactly what she needs. My wife had the very same symptoms a few months ago, but to-day she is the healthiest woman in town. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured her, and it will cure Mrs. Jones, too. There's nothing on earth like it for the complaints to which the weaker sex are liable. That's what my wife says, and she knows." Guarantee to give satisfaction in every case, or money returned, printed on the bottle wrapper.

Bears for Buggy Horses.

Colonel Lamar Fontaine, of Canton, Miss., drives a pair of pet bears in a buggy. He has trained the animals himself and may be seen out behind his novel team every fine afternoon. The bears run at a sort of awkward trot and seem to take their position with the best possible good nature. They are, of course, muzzled.

Those who have Tried it Say

The best proof of the great power of Polson's NERVILINE over every kind of pain is obtained by the use of a 10 cent bottle. Nerviline requires no puffing; every bottle tells its own story. It cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies known to medical science. Nerviline is equally useful in external or internal pains. Try the great remedy. Ten cent bottle at any drug store. Large bottles only 25 cents.

A Hard-Working Girl.

Miss Tosa Jones, aged 18, of Argonia, Kan., has this season broken forty-five acres of ground and planted it in corn, and intends to cultivate it herself. She attends to the feeding of a large number of cattle every winter.

By supplying herself with the purest artesian well water, Memphis, Tenn., thinks she has broken the "best hold" of all contagious diseases.

JAPANESE HORSEWOMEN.

An Interesting Feature of the Spring Races in Tokio.

A Tokio letter says: The spring race have occupied the attention of the capital' upper and lower circles for the past thre days, and the sports and fashion model have paraded the lawn before the grand stand as they might at any race course in western countries. A feature of one day's entertainment was the riding of six Japanese ladies, and natives and foreigners were equally interested in the spectacle. Tokio is not behind other cities in a rage for riding schools, and in addition to the number of army officers and men who learned the foreign style abroad, every official or well-to-do citizen now aspires to lessons in equestrianism. There is a flourishing riding school near Shiba Park, and a number of Japanese ladies belong to the classes. They wear the foreign riding dress, and look well in the Amazonian habit, although a French tailor would groan at the outlines of their figures, that are largest at the waist, have no hips and the most sloping shoulders. The six Amazons who bounced in the saddle around the Uyeno race course the other afternoon mounted in the paddock, and the mounting was unique; *bettos*, or grooms, clasped their hands together like a cradle, the Amazons stepped on with both feet, and the *betto* slowly raised them straight up in the air until they reached the level of the saddle. The feat was entirely the *betto's*, and the man who holds the 100-pound dumbbell or plays with cannon balls hardly equals them.

"Doubting Thomases,"

remarked an eminent divine, "must exist in ratio to the too credulous." The habit of cautiousness is not, as a general thing, inborn, but is the result of a naturally generous and confiding nature repeatedly victimized by the cunning and crafty. So the many disappointments, and often injurious effects, arising from the use of various vaunted remedies have induced an undue cautiousness, and, in many cases, entire abandonment of the use of any. We call attention to the remedies of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, which physicians are employing in their practice with the most beneficial results. His "Golden Medical Discovery," for diseases of the lungs and kidneys, heart affections, fever and ague, dropsy, and *all* diseases of the blood, has never failed when put to the test.

An Unsatisfactory Brand.

Bolton—Young Jones is very generous with his cigars, isn't he?

Wolton—Yes (puff); but I think he would (puff) be kinder to his friends if he smoked them himself.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

It is said in London that Henry Irving, after defraying all the expenses connected with his recent tour in America, returned home with a net profit of $20,000.

Are you bilious and dyspetic?
Does your liver sluggish seem?
Is your slumber often broken
By a hideous, nightmare dream?
Friend, be wise: The Pleasant Pellets
Made by Dr Pierce procure,
And they'll bring you back the sunshine
Of good health, you may be sure.

D C M L. 29 88.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument, W. T. BAER & Co., 156 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a digusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract Granulated Eye-lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.

THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont

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MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $3 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens' Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, nightly emissions, Etc. **The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts.** Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. **Hundreds of Testimonials on file** from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation erysipelas, indigestion, impotency,, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 28th, 1887.

Cures Guaranteed

Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Positive Cure. ✝ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines,

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, diseases of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of untold lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✝ **A Pleasant Cure.**

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

The Bruce (Walkerton) Herald moves into new premises this week.

The Chesley Enterprise is out again after the big fire, looking brighter than ever.

Mr. Irving E. Gaudin, late principal of the Kimberley public schools, has gone to British Columbia. His successor has not yet been engaged.

Presbyterian minister at Thornbury, is opposed to preaching special sermons for any particular body of men, maintaining that the church is a place specially set apart for the preaching of the Gospel.

MILL BURNED.—Mr. James Smith's shingle mill at Elba was destroyed by fire about 3 o'clock on Saturday morning. It is not known how the fire originated. Loss estimated at $1,000; no insurance. —[Shelburne Free Press.

KILLED BY A TREE.—While Mr. Schilling of North Bentinck was cutting a tree in the woods on Saturday last a falling tree struck him and killed him instantly. The funeral of the young man aged about 21 years, took place on Monday.—[Grey Review.

A Keppel woman fell into Mud Lake and when she was rescued a ten pound pike was entangled in her bustle. Her husband wanted to set her again, but she objected and there is trouble in the house every time the husband is asked to provide meat for dinner.—[Chatsworth News.

The eldest son of Mr Benj. Wood, so well known as a Teacher in this section of country, was killed by diving off a wharf near Parkdale last week. The age of deceased was 21. The water was much lower than last year, and in diving deceased struck his head upon a rock.—[Grey Review.

A TELEGRAM was received on Tuesday by the friends of Mr. Jas. Kelly, of Egremont, who has been lately working as fireman, on a railroad in Minnesota, that he had been killed. His relatives in Egremont have sent for his body which will likely arrive here the latter part of this week.—[Mt. Forest Representative.

A four year old child of John Montgomery that was visiting at Mr. Cooper's near Ventry was kicked on the forehead by a horse last Tuesday, breaking the bone near the eye. Medical attendance was secured and the wound attended to. The child is making as satisfactory progress as possible considering the seriousness of the cut.—[Dundalk Herald.

About 10 o'clock last Friday night, Mr. Calhoun's barn, on the 11th of Elderslie, was discovered to be on fire. The family had not retired to bed and were soon upon the scene but not in time to save anything. A two-year old calf was burned to death notwithstanding the efforts that were made to save it. Cause of fire unknown. Insurance $200.—[Chesley Enterprise.

One evening last week a sad drowning accident occured at what is known as Rusk's lake on the 10th con. of Elderslie. A young man named John Grey and several small boys got on to an old raft which they jumped off after getting a short distance from the shore. Grey could not swim and was therefore unable to reach the shore. His body was recovered about an hour afterwards.—[Chesley Enterprise.

On Sunday, July 1st, one of the oldest inhabitants of Southampton, in the person of Mr. David Culbert, ended this life at the age of 70 years. The deceased was one of the oldest printers in the country, having started the first newspaper ever printed in the County of Bruce, called the Saugeen Pioneer, which was established at Southampton in 1856.—[Mt. Forest Confederate.

ACCIDENT.—While Mr. Jas McGillivray, of 3rd con. N. D. R. Glenelg, was raking hay with a sulky rake on Monday the horse started to run and threw him off. He fell on the hard ground and had his colar bone and three ribs broken besides receiving a very bad shaking up generally, Dr. Jamieson attended the injured man, and expects him to recover soon.—[Grey Review.

CLOSE CALL.—Robert Fawcett, of Euphrasia, was driving with horse and buggy on Wednesday, 4th inst., and while crossing the railway between Berkeley and Holland Center was struck by a passing train. The horse escaped injury; the buggy was smashed to atoms and Mr. F. almost killed. He was taken to Dr. Halsted's when it was found that the patient had a rib broken over the heart, was badly bruised about the head and shoulder and otherwise severely shook up. He is, however, improving and will be about shortly.—[Markdale Standard.

NOTICE.

To the Ladies of the County of Grey.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

CLIMO'S STORE IN FLESHERTON

and bring your Produce and ask to be shown the beautiful PRINTS suitable for any wearing. We have beautiful Satteen Prints at from 10c. to 14c. per yard—such values you have not been offered before.

Highest Price allowed for Eggs, Butter and Wool.

The best way to destroy Beetles is to sprinkle Paris Green and Water on the Potatoe Vines. You can get the Sprinklers at Climo & Co's which are cheap and good. Only a few on hand.

Yours Truly,

CLIMO & CO.,

Wright's Old Stand, - Flesherton.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. **R. P. LEGATE**

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 170 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

Wm Mitchell 1Jan87

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 370. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

REMOVED!

R. RUSSELL'S Jewelry Store

Has been Removed to the Stand formerly occupied by J. W. Bates, Flesherton.

Noted

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Mrs. Bryson, of Toronto, is visiting at Mrs. J. Bates.

Miss Ada M. Sproule is visiting friends in Flesherton and locality.

Dr. Henderson, dentist, will be in Flesherton Wednesday and Thursday, 1st and 2nd of August.

Call on McConnell, & Blakely, General Butchers, where you will get No. 1 Beef. We don't deal in $7 beeves.

Miss McGill, of Chatsworth, returned home from Mr. A. S. VanDusen's, where she had been visiting last week.

THE Standard Bank has established a branch in Flesherton. Mr. George Mitchell, of Alliston, is manager.—Durham Chronicle.

Mr. Creasor, Q. C., and Mr. Miller, Governor of the County Jail, were among the delegates to the Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., at Toronto last week.

The boys have taken kindly to the advice of Squire Armstrong, and now don tights when bathing in Flesher's pond. It is a healthy exhileration and it is right to enjoy it decently and in order.

Some mischievous boys broke off cherry tree branches from trees in village gardens on the nights of Saturday or Sunday and after eating the cherries threw the branches away. Where is the police force these days!

Birth.

In Flesherton, on the 18th inst., the wife of Mr. Walter Booth, barber, of a daughter.

Died.

WILSON.—At the residence of Wm. Bradley, Esq., Flesherton, on Tuesday, July 17th inst., John Wilson, aged 95 years.

From Hamilton.

Mr. J. D. Clarke, of the Hamilton Times, and wife, visited friends in Owen Sound last week, and are now the guests of Squire Armstrong.

A Newtonville Item.

A large number of parents and friends of the S. S. schools assembled in the Methodist church on Sunday in response to an invitation given by the teachers and officers, to attend the quarterly review. Short addresses were delivered by the Rev. D. C. McDowell, Messrs. Ritch and Reid, after which the review was taken up by the superintendent, Mr. F. A. Leitch. The children entered heartily into the answering of the questions as they were brought out, with remarkable promptness, which spoke well for the teachers, and in fact the S. S. is to be commended in general for its appearance, and the excellent behavior of the scholars. —[Orono News.

[Rev. Mr. McDowell mentioned in the foregoing item was a very esteemed pastor of the Methodist church here some years ago. He was elected President of the Guelph Conference in 1885.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Bad Boys in Flesherton.

There are several pretty bad boys in Flesherton, who will have to be brought up with a sudden jerk if their parents or guardians do not wish to see them secure lodgings at the expense of the public. The worst of these boys could be counted on one hand. Several of them recently broke the Editor's boat away from its moorings and have since paddled it about on the pond pretty much as they pleased. The boat was locked at the time. Firing stones on the streets, stealing fruit, and throwing rotten eggs into springs of water, are also among their numerous pastimes. Boys, stop! or else look out for squalls. We mean business. If you want to use the boat, come and ask us for it.

That Drain.

The attention of the Commissioner for Ward No. 3 is directed to the drain at the East side of Mr. Flesher's Park. Private parties have gone to the expense of completing it as far as Flesher's Mill Reserve, and now ask the Council to continue it on to the Boyne. The matter requires immediate attention and will not cost more than $12 or $15.

Destructive Fire.

About half past four o'clock last Friday morning, the 20th, inst., Mr. Robert J. Carson was aroused from sleep by the crackling noise of the burning timbers of his dwelling-house. He opened the door, but a rush of flames compelled him to close it. The entire east side of the building was enveloped in flames. The only means of exit was by two small windows in a "lean-to" on the west side of the main building. By the time the members of the family were placed out of danger, the flames had spread with such rapidity that there was no opportunity to save the household effects beyond a few trifling articles—the entire family left without either shoe or stocking and only a few scanty articles of wardrobe. No insurance. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The cooking stove stood in a cook-house at the north-east corner of the main building and there was no fire in it after five o'clock on Thursday evening. Mrs. Carson's son had been from home and returned about twelve o'clock and Mrs. C. was in the cook-house some time later and no sign of fire.

Our deepest sympathy is tendered Mr. Carson and his family in their loss. This is a case in which Christian philanthrophy might find scope for exercise.

Horse Thief Sentenced.

George W. Potter, *alias* Beard, the ungrateful employe of T. Moffatt & Sons, Markdale, whose decamping with the horse and harness belonging to the former was noticed in THE ADVANCE last week, was tried before Judge Lane at Owen Sound on Saturday. Accused pleaded guilty to taking the horse and outfit and selling them to Mr. Whitten, of Flesherton, from which place he went to Dundalk, where George Noble captured him. The prisoner seemed to feel his position keenly, and protested that he never meant to become a vulgar horse thief. He had merely fallen in a moment of temptation. The Judge imposed a sentence of 23 months in the Central Prison. Thereupon, Potter earnestly pleaded to be sent to the Penetentiary. He asserted that while occupying a good position in Toronto last year, he had visited the Central Prison as an evangelist, and urged that it would be very humiliating to him now to sojourn in the establishment as a horse thief. He would much rather prefer to go to Kingston, for in the penal establishment there his brother was a guard and it might be that under his influence he would become a better man. Indeed, he would rather take 2 years in the Penetentiary than 23 months in the Central. The Judge acceded to the request and re-sentenced the prisoner to 2 years in Kingston. It is highly probable that the reason why Potter preferred to go to the Penetentiary instead of to the Central Prison, was the well-known fact that in the last named institution the work is heavier and the fare lighter than in Kingston.

Excelsior Bag Scale.

Messrs. Abercrombie & Marshall, of Griersville, are out with the neatest thing in the shape of an automatic bag-holder and scale combined, we have ever seen. The "Excelsior Bag Scale," as it is called, is designed for farmers, business men and others having to weigh grain or other product in bags, and is a most useful invention. No farmer, who appreciates the value of a labor-saving apparatus such as this, will be without an Excelsior Bag Scale. It is sure to sell like "hot cakes." Messrs. Abercrombie & Marshall are the proprietors as well as the patentees of this invention and are now selling Township and County rights.

Another Markdale Item.

One genial friend, the License Inspector for East Grey, paid his usual weekly visit to Markdale on Monday, in time for the meeting held in Mr. Marsh's roller skating rink, with Mr. Wm. Brown, J.P. in the chair. The audience not very large but quite interested in the proceedings. The first case on the list was the smiling wine and beer License hotel-keeper at Eugenia. The Inspector said a few words to him, and Mr. Hoy apologized for not putting in his appearance a week sooner, saying he had taken some other people's advice. The L. Inspector exhibited some very small phials, two with the pure alchohol and the other two with the residue examined by an expert. Of course Mr. H. apologized and said he would pay the fine, and asked that it be made as light as possible. The next case on the list was Mrs. C., but for the time being the Inspector's "lady friend" had skipped out. She was partly represented by a legal gentleman from the village of Dundalk. The Inspector and his legal friend had a few words, the legal gentleman wanting the former to change his information. It was then decided to adjourn the Court for half an hour for legal refreshments. When the Court resumed, the Inspector was firm and would not change his information. The Inspector seems to be an early riser, as he was observed looking for telephone communication, or something else, early next morning at the Markdale station. He was next seen making his way towards the capital, supposed to be after information as to the price paid for boarding lady visitors at the Owen Sound summer resort.

A. F. & A. M.

Next year, according to the vote of the Grand Lodge in Toronto last week, the Grand Lodge of Canada, A. F. & A. M., will be held in Owen Sound. The visit of this large and influential body to Grey County is largely due to Judge Macpherson, who is an enthusiastic craftsman and stands high in the esteem of his brethren. An earnest endeavor was made to get the next session of the Grand Lodge held in Ottawa, but Judge Macpherson ably combatted the proposition and Owen Sound was selected by a very large majority.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 81 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A Friend in Need.

Gin ye find a heart that's weary,
And that sae dis a brither's han',
Dinna thou turn frae it, dearie,
Thou mann help thy fellow-man.
Thou, too, hast a hidden heartache,
Sacred from all mortal ken,
And because in thine own grief's sake
Thou mann feel for ither men.

Gin there's one 'gainst whom unkindly
Scorn has bent her bitter blows,
Dinna thou join in an' blindly
Lend thy doubts to swell his woes.
Thou may'st feel the lash o' slander,
Know the stings o' falsehood too,
Dinna stop to wait and wonder
If the thing be false or true.

Give thy hand while hands are needed,
Give thy trust while trust is scant,
The sma' gifts are doubly heeded
When they come in time o want.
Pity's blind and faith is blinder,
Hand in hand the brithers go;
Hope is kind, but love is kinder,
Dearie, thou wilt find it so.

Thou wilt find some errors ever,
'Stead a gird may reap but ill;
Wisdom errs, but pity never,
Trust misplaced is trusting still.
Though thy faith be torn in sunder,
Wisdom pity's power divide,
Heaven will sure forgive thy blunder,
Since it leans to virtue's side.

In this worl' o' seesaw, dearie,
Grief goes up and joy comes down,
Brows that catch the sunshine cheerie
May to-morrow wear a frown.
Bleak December, dull and dreary,
Follows on the heels o' May,
Give thy trust unstinted, dearie,
Thou mayst need a friend some day.

—*Will Allen Dromgoole.*

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"How provoking you are, Guy!"

"So you have already told me."

"It will not lose by repetition. Do you know, or do you not know, Guy?"

"Know what?"

"Who—who the lady is whom Mr. Ross likes."

"I know several ladies he likes."

Madge stamped her little foot angrily, and snatched away her hand from Guy's clasp.

"You are unbearable!" she said petulantly; and Major Stuart hid a smile under his heavy mustache, but said nothing.

There was a minute's silence; then Madge came slowly back to Guy's side, and slipped her hand through his arm, looking up with a coaxing air of entreaty into his face.

"Forgive me, Guy; I am a cross, rude girl."

"Are you?" he said, smiling as he looked down at her.

"Yes—and—Guy, dear old Guy, you will tell me, will you not?"

"Tell you what, you little witch?" he said, smiling, although his eyes were dim at the recollection how often Shirley had come to his side and slipped her hand through his arm in the same coaxing, entreating manner.

"What I want to know, Guy dear; do tell me quickly. Mamma is coming."

"What do you want to know?"

"Ah, you know! Guy, don't be so unkind!"

"You want to know with whom Ross is in love. Would it not be a breach of confidence to tell you?"

"I would tell nobody, Guy, I promise you."

"You are quite, quite sure?"

"Quite," said Madge earnestly.

"But suppose I am not in his confidence?"

Madge half drew away her hand, then put it back again.

"Ah, but he has surely told you!"

"Now, Madgie, do you suppose for a moment or for a half a moment, that he came to me and told me in so many words, 'I am in love with So-and-so'?"

"Of course not; but you have guessed."

"I did guess."

"Ah, then tell me!"

"Suppose you guess, Madgie?" he answered, looking down into the fair pleading eger face with an indulgent smile.

"But I can not; I don't know her perhaps."

"Oh, yes, you do—you have met her!"

"Where? Here, or at Cotsford?"

"Here, and at Cotsford."

Madge looked puzzled.

"Nt Rosie Venn?"

"N," Guy answered gravely.

"Mss Grayling? No? Then who can it be? If Lady Fairholme had been here, or were not married, I should say it was she."

"But she has not been here, and she is married."

"I give it up, Guy," Madge said, coloring a little under his scrutiny.

"Do you? Let me see; who can it be? It must be some one on the premises, Madge. It is not Lady Oliphant, let us hope; and he has not seen this pretty school-mistress, and Mrs. Ford is rather old and plump - and—Madgie"—he had dropped his bantering tone now, and was looking at her with grave tenderness—"have you guessed? Yes, I see you have. Well, is it a very hopeless business, dear?"

Madge was hanging her head to hide her blushes, and the little hand lying on Guy's arm was a trifle unsteady.

"Is it, Madgie?"

"Why should it be, Guy?" she whispered.

Jack, poor fellow, thinks it is, because the girl whom he loves is a great heiress, and he is comparatively a poor man."

"Does that make any difference, Guy?"

"It makes a vast difference in the eyes of many people, dear; and Jack fears that the lady of his love will despise him for a fortune-hunter."

"Ah, no—ah, no!" Madge said eagerly. "How can he love her if he thinks so meanly of her?"

"I knew her better," Guy answered, smiling. "So his cause is not hopeless after all, and he need not go away! See—here are the carriages," he added as he went forward to meet Lady Oliphant; and Jack came to help Madge into the break, her blushing face lovelier than ever with the new sweetness it gained during the last few minutes.

CHAPTER XLV.

"I am bound on a very disagreeable errand," said Lady Oliphant, sighing as Major Stuart turned the ponies' heads down the road in rear of the break.

"Indeed! I am sorry. What is it?" he asked, looking at her sympathetically.

"You know Mrs. Grant, the school-mistress, whom Madge goes into such raptures over?" Lady Oliphant rejoined. "And indeed I was just as bad as Madge about her myself," she added.

"Yes; her name is familiar in my ears as household words," said Guy, smiling. "The child's enthusiasm on the subject was quite amusing."

"Yes; she took the greatest fancy to her, and conceived quite an affection for her"—and Lady Oliphant sighed. "And now I fear the poor child will suffer for my imprudence in allowing her to associate with a person who is evidently not a fit companion for her."

"How is that?" Major Stuart said, with some interest. "Have you discovered anything to Mrs. Grant's discredit?"

"I am afraid we have. Indeed all the village is talking of her conduct, and our rector, Mr. Venn, who was at first as delighted with her as we could possibly be, called at the Hall yesterday about it."

"Does she ill treat these children?" Guy asked somewhat absently—he was apparently, more interested in the behavior of the two young people in the break before him than in Mrs. Grant's.

"Oh, no, she is most kind and patient, and indeed I was quite charmed with the way they are getting on!"

"Then what has she been doing?"

"All kinds of things, to judge from the village gossip. Mr. Litton, Dr. Lloyd's assistant, is constantly at her cottage, by day and night—professionally, he says; but a woman who is well enough to continue her duties as school-mistress can not need so much medical advice."

"And she has no relative living with her who could need his service?"

"No; she lives quite alone, and at Christmas she dismissed her servant, saying she preferred to live so. Indeed, it is only within the last few weeks that these rumors have been flying about."

"But Mr. Litton is an unmarried man," suggested Major Stuart, with a smile, "and Mrs. Grant is a very pretty woman, I hear; so that I am afraid it must be a case of what Artemus Ward would call 'affinity.' It would not be such a very wonderful thing for them to fall in love with each other, Lady Oliphant."

"Not at all," she agreed promptly. "But Mr. Litton was almost engaged to Rosie Venn before this scandal; and the rector has sent Rosie away on a visit, the poor child was grieving so much about it."

"But why does not some one take Mr. Litton to task?" said Major Stuart. "If his intentions are honorable, he will not hesitate to say so, and if it is only a flirtation, he ought to be told that he is seriously compromising a solitary woman's reputation, and that he ought to desist."

"But Mr. Litton's visits are not the only thing we have to complain of," continued Lady Oliphant, who would have been glad to arouse her own anger against the school-mistress before reaching her cottage, in order to be able to speak to her with firmness and decision, although she knew that one glance of Shirley's hazel eyes would upset all her proposed speeches and make her compassionate toward her poor erring sister.

"So many other strange things have been said about Mrs. Grant, Guy. She has been seen—my husband himself saw her—coming out of a public-house on two occasions, and they say other, even worse things of her in the village."

"And Madge has been intimate with such a person?" said Guy, with involuntary displeasure.

"I am grieved to say so," answered Lady Oliphant, sighing. "She used to go to her constantly, and Mrs. Grant gave her music-lessons, and we thought—Sir Frederic and I—that the child was greatly improved since she saw so much of Mrs. Grant, who is a perfectly well-mannered woman, extremely graceful, and, I should think, a lady by birth."

"But you had references with her, surely?"

"No," Lady Oliphant said simply. "I am almost ashamed to own it; but we had none. We took her on trust. I will tell you all about it," she added, as they drove on. "It is rather a romantic little story."

And as they drove slowly up the hill, she told him, in as few words as she could, how they had succored the poor young widow who had lain down by the road-side to die; and Guy listened with an interest and attention which pleased her ladyship.

"And this is how long ago, Lady Oliphant?" he said, in a quick, eager voice.

"Just as you went abroad. Don't you remember driving with us to the lodge?"

"Yes, I remember," Guy said slowly, his face full of grave thoughtfulness and with an eager look in his eyes, which showed that he was searching back into the past; but the momentary eagerness had left his eyes when he spoke again, and it seemed as if some glimmer of hope which had brightened them had died away.

"Would you describe Mrs. Grant to me?" he said quietly.

"I would take you in to see her only I am going on such a disagreeable errand," she answered smiling. "Ah, if you saw her, you would not be surprised at Mr. Litton's infatuation! She is very lovely: no words can be too warm in praise of her beauty, and whatever Madge has told you on the subject can hardly have been exaggerated."

"Madge has contented herself by telling me that she is the most beautiful person in the world," Guy said laughingly. "But that description is not very graphic. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"Neither, for she has chestnut hair, the sweetest eyes with jet-black brows and lashes, and a fair complexion. She has a perfect figure, and moves most gracefully."

"And—and her voice. Is it such as Shakspeare would call an excellent thing in woman?" Guy said, trying to disguise his anxiety under an appearance of carelessness.

"It is such a pretty voice," she answered too much absorbed in her own thoughts to heed the eagerness in his manner, "very low and sweet, with a little tremor in it sometimes. Ah, the cottage is in sight! And there is Mr. Litton's horse waiting."

Sir Frederic, from the box-seat of the break, glanced back at his wife as his eyes fell upon the big bay horse fastened to the school-house railings; but at the same moment Mr. Litton came out of the cottage, closed the door after him with the air of an *habitue*, swung himself into the saddle, and rode down the hill toward them.

"Oh, papa, there is Mr. Litton! Please stop. I want to inquire after Mrs. Grant. He has been to the cottage, and she must be ill," cried Madge eagerly; and Sir Frederic pulled up his horse, and Guy followed suit.

Mr. Litton rode up, looking graver and paler than his wont, lifting his hat to Lady Oliphant.

"You have been to the school-house," said Madge eagerly. "Mrs. Grant is not ill, I hope?"

"She is not very well," he answered, smiling at her; "but there is no need for anxiety, Miss Oliphant."

"May I go in and see her?" Madge asked, when her father interposed.

"As your mother is going to see her this morning, it will be better for you to put off your visit, Madge. It is not infectious, doctor, I presume?"

"What is not infectious?" asked Mr. Litton, looking up in surprise; but Sir Frederic's face was impassive.

"Mrs. Grant's illness," he answered coolly.

"Infectious. Mrs. Grant's illness?" the young man answered looking bewildered; then suddenly recollecting himself, he added quickly, "Oh, dear, no, certainly not! She is a little overtired, I think—that is all."

"Then she ought not to be troubled with visitors," said Sir Frederic. "We won't detain you, Mr. Litton. I suppose you are busy just now?"

"Pretty well, Sir Frederic," the young surgeon replied, as he lifted his hat once more and rode away. Guy Stuart looked after him keenly. Young, handsome, graceful, it was no wonder that he should attract a woman's love; but, if—

Guy's train of thoughts was suddenly cut short by Sir Frederic drawing up again at the school-house to say a few words to his wife; and then the break drove on, the girl's pretty blue eyes looking wistfully at the cottage windows.

"There must be some good in her to have won such a love as that," Guy thought, as he helped Lady Oliphant to alight; and, while she knocked at the cottage door, he looked eagerly to see who would open it.

But she knocked twice without receiving any answer; and then, trying the latch and finding it unfastened, she entered the cottage.

"I will not keep you long, Guy," she said, with a smile; and, entering the little passage as she spoke, she met the school-mistress coming down-stairs with a cup and saucer in her hand. Had she been one moment sooner Guy Stuart's curiosity would have been satisfied; but in that moment Lady Oliphant shut the door, and so prevented his seeing the woman whose description had so greatly interested him.

"Lady Oliphant!" Mrs. Grant exclaimed her hands trembling so much the cup and saucer rattled against each other, and she could barely retain her grasp of them.

"Yes. I am rather an early visitor; but I want to say a few words to you, Mrs. Grant."

In perfect silence the school-mistress preceded Lady Oliphant into the little sitting-room. There was no fire, and the chill and comfortless aspect of the room struck her ladyship with a sense of forlorn desolation, which pained her; while the figure of the woman who stood facing her with great sad eyes, which had an expression of unutterable misery in their depths, seemed in keeping with the room. She was dressed, as usual, in black, but her attire had not the dainty freshness and neatness which generally characterized it; the beautiful chestnut hair was in disorder, and she wore a large apron as if she had been engaged in housework.

Lady Oliphant did not sit down; and Shirley stood facing her with an air of deprecating sadness and humility which her ladyship could not help regarding as a tacit confession of guilt; but there was something about the slim black-robed figure, with its pale lovely face and pathetic eyes, which touched Madge's mother against her better judgment, and made her task a more difficult one than it had appeared even in anticipation.

"Mrs. Grant," she said—and, despite all her efforts to render it stern, her pleasant voice trembled slightly—"what I have to say to you this morning is very painful to me—so painful, indeed, that I can not think that it will hurt you more to hear than it pains me to say it; but I am forced to do so."

Mrs. Grant made no answer; but into the great sad eyes came a look of intense dread and shrinking terror, and the color faded from the sweet lips, leaving them ashly pale.

"Will you not sit down?" Lady Oliphant said suddenly. "You do not look well. I fear your duties are too much for you."

"No, oh, no!" the school-mistress said very eagerly. "They are not indeed. I can perform them quite easily. Pray do not think otherwise."

"And yet you are under constant medical care," said her ladyship a trifle more coldly; and a great wave of color rose in the pale face, then, fading, left it colorless as before.

"Mr. Litton is here frequently, I understand," continued Lady Oliphant, "and you can be his only patient here."

The fear in the lustrous hazel eyes deepened.

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Then how can you be equal to your duties?" said Lady Oliphant more gently.

"There is nothing the matter with me which would prevent my fulfilling them," was the slow, pleading answer. "I have been exact and punctual, and have neglected none of them since—since—"

Her voice failed, and her head sunk forward on her breast.

"I am complaining of no neglect, Mrs. Grant. I have never had greater reason to be satisfied than at present, which makes me regret all the more bitterly being obliged to dismiss you."

"To dismiss me!" She looked up in sudden terror as she uttered the words; then after a moment's pause, she said brokenly and tremulously, "Oh, Lady Oliphant, you do not mean to do that!"

"It is with great—the greatest reluctance that I am forced to do so; but I have no alternative."

"No alternative!" she repeated mechanically, looking at Lady Oliphant with dazed, bewildered, frightened eyes, which seemed to see an executioner in the gentle lady in velvet and furs.

"None."

A silence followed—a silence so complete that it seemed to have some effect on Mrs. Grant's nerves. She glanced around her fearfully, as if she were afraid of hearing some sound in the house or seeing some apparition; but she could not force her parched and trembling lips to speak; and Lady Oliphant went on gently—

"Mrs. Grant," she said, a little unsteadily, "I do not think I need explain to you my reasons for doing this. It costs me so much, and it will give my daughter so much pain, that I should not have done it without being forced to do so."

"But I do not understand, Lady Oliphant," Mrs. Grant faltered tremulously. "Why should you send me away?"

"Your ignorance must be feigned, Mrs. Grant"—there was a little sternness now in the lady's voice. "You cannot conscientiously tell me that you are ignorant of my reasons for dismissing you."

"I am quite ignorant," the school-mistress answered more steadily; and her manner vexed Lady Oliphant.

"You are a young woman, Mrs. Grant; but you are not so unversed in the ways of the world as to imagine that such conduct as yours has not been noticed in the village."

"My conduct!" echoed Mrs. Grant, lifting her head with a momentary flash of haughty resentment.

"Yes, your conduct in allowing Mr. Litton to visit you so frequently, and at any hour which suited his convenience. Do you deny that he has been seen leaving the cottage at night, and that you have been seen walking with him at hours when an action at other times harmless, becomes a perfect impropriety? He comes here, it would appear, three or four times in the course of the day and night, and his visits have given rise to a great deal of talk in the village."

"He is a doctor," the school-mistress said faltering.

"Yes; but you are not in such need of his professional services; and there can be only one construction put upon his visits here."

"And what is that?" Mrs. Grant said vaguely.

"That he is your lover."

A peal of shrill hysterical laughter broke from Mrs. Grant's white lips, laughter which was terrible to hear, and which rang through the quiet room, startling Lady Oliphant out of her calm self-possession.

"My lover," Mrs. Grant repeated in a moment—"my lover!"

"Yes," Lady Oliphant answered gravely. "The supposition is a very natural one; and if Mr. Litton's intention toward you were honorable, no one could oppose your reception of him; but he himself has told Dr. Lloyd that he has no thought of marriage, and—"

Again the shrill bitter laughter broke forth.

"Of marriage with me?" the school-mistress said, with a strange expression on the lovely white face. "No, he certainly has not!"

"Then, why does he come here?"

"He comes here professionally," was the almost sullen answer.

"That is absurd! And this is a very useless discussion," said her ladyship angry now, and incensed. "We will settle it. As soon as you can make it convenient to do so, Mrs. Grant, you will leave—"

"As soon as," Mrs. Grant began, then her voice failed her for a moment; the next she went on huskily—"Lady Oliphant, I entreat you, do not send me away. Indeed—indeed I have done nothing wrong! Oh, will you not trust me a little longer?"

"How can I trust you, Mrs. Grant? You have already abused my confidence; you cannot have forgotten how, without reference, or any knowledge of you—"

"I have not abused your confidence—I have done nothing wrong. Lady Oliphant, if you have any pity, do not ask me to leave the cottage now. I cannct—I dare not face the winter—oh, think—to be houseless and desolate in such weather!"

"Mrs. Grant, you are paining me terribly," Lady Oliphant said unsteadily. "I have no wish but to be just with you; but really Sir Frederic is exceedingly annoyed at the scandal which has troubled the village for some weeks. Do you know that Miss Venn, to whom Mr. Litton was paying attention, has been obliged to be sent away for a time, she fretted so much at Mr. Litton's visits here? Indeed I cannot tell you how much has been said, nor is it necessary."

"But, Lady Oliphant"—the sweet broken voice was husky and strained, and the little trembling hands were held out in passionate supplication—"do not send me away now. Oh, I cannot go! It is impossible—oh, be pitiful!—trust me a little while. I may only have to ask your forbearance for a very little while; but, in mercy, grant it me."

Lady Oliphant shook her head sadly; Sir Frederic's injunctions had been imperative, and she could not disobey them; but her heart ached for the agony and despair on the pleading face.

"What can I do, Mrs. Grant? You do not justify yourself. You cannot refute the accusations, and I cannot let them pass unnoticed."

Mrs. Grant fell upon her knees, and caught at Lady Oliphant's dress entreatingly.

"For the love of Heaven do not leave me thus!" she implored, with anguished gestures and wild miserable eyes. "Oh, for the love of Heaven, take back your decision! If it were only I who had to suffer, but—oh, if you have one grain of charity, of compassion in your heart, have pity upon me now! I have done nothing wrong. I—oh, Heaven, have mercy upon me!"

Her head sank forward in a voiceless agony of supplication; the little hand still clung desperately to the velvet fur of Lady Oliphant's cloak, which that lady was trying to disengage from her clasp.

"No, no. I will not rise. You shall not go until you tell me that I need not go," cried the school-mistress wildly. "Oh, if you knew—if I could tell you—if I could trust you—oh, have pity, have pity!"

Her voice died away in a wail of pain—low, faint, despairing. Lady Oliphant lifted her to her feet; and she stood looking at her with dim eyes, panting and exhausted from her passionate excitement.

"My poor child," her ladyship said tremulously, "you are paining me beyond all words. Let this cease now. I will see you again. You must try to think it over calmly. Believe me, I am only doing what I conceive to be my duty, and I will do anything in my power to help you to another home."

"It is not for that; it is not for my sake," Shirley said pitifully; "but it would kill—What am I saying?" she added, pressing her hands to her forehead with a troubled gesture, "What am I saying?"

"I am afraid so much excitement will make us both ill," Lady Oliphant said nervously, now anxious only to end the interview. "I must leave you, and you must try not to distress yourself more than you can help. Do you not think you had better let me send some assistance for your household work?" she added, glancing at the fireless grate.

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Mrs. Grant answered, trying to be calm. "I do not need it, and—and I have a fire upstairs."

"Do you sleep upstairs then? Surely the next room is warmer!"

"Yes," was the faltering answer; and, as Lady Oliphant, with a little gesture of farewell, passed out of the cottage, the young school-mistress sunk on her knees by the table and covered her face in a silent agony of tearless sobs, which shook her slender frame like a reed shaken by the wind.

"What shall I do?" she moaned presently, rising and pacing to and fro in the little room. "It would kill him; and yet, if they insist, of course I cannot resist. Oh, Heaven, help us! What are we to do? Where can we go? Even Mr. Litton has suffered for his goodness to us. Ah, he was very good indeed not to betray us, and rather let himself be misunderstood by the girl he loves! I bring misery everywhere; but some day I will go to Miss Venn and tell her, and he'll be happy. I must write to Jack—I must write to Jack."

She broke off restlessly, and stood silent for a moment; then she went into the inner room, bathed her face with cold water, and smoothed the soft, chestnut hair.

"He must not see me so distressed," she said, with a pitiful, little smile.

"And I am never safe from interruption. Oh, I am so tired!" she added, with a long, heavy sigh. "My limbs ache with fatigue, and yet I must not be ill—I dare not be ill."

It was pitiful to see how she tried to be cheerful and to efface the marks of weariness and sleeplessness which were so evident on her face. She went slowly back to the sitting-room, and, even as she had done on Christmas-day, she took out writing-materials to address her brother; but now the letter would have to be sent to Erindale Hall. Drawing up a chair to the table, she sat down; but the heart-weariness overcame her, and her head sunk forward on her arms in an agony of low, pitiful weeping, which, although it exhausted her, eased the burning brain to which the relief of tears was a merciful one.

How long she lay there she did not know; she felt no chill, although the room was cold; nor did she hear the sound of heavy, firm footsteps on the little brick-paved path at her door; but the door opened quietly, and, when a gentle touch upon her bowed head made her start up in alarm, she met the earnest, pitying, compassionate, gray eyes which had once made her all sunshine, but which now she would have died rather than meet.

"Guy!" The white lips parted to utter his name, yet no sound came from them; but he guessed the word.

"Yes," he said very gently. "Shirley, it is Guy!"

(To be continued.)

Useful Antidotes.

As a rule, there is in every household and factory, or at least within easy reach, simple and effective antidotes, writes a New York correspondent. These remedies are of infinite value. Warm water and mustard can always be got, as can also sweet oil, butter or lard. For poisoning by bug poisons, blue vitriol, mercury, lead water, saltpetre, sulphate of zinc or like substances, milk or white of eggs in large quantities is always to be commended.

For poisons like rough on rats, Paris green and Fowler's solution of arsenic, one should tickle the fauces of the victim with a feather, or induce vomiting by copious draughts of salt and water, which should be followed by good-sized doses of sweet oil or milk.

Where oil vitriol, muriatic or oxalic acid is the poison, one can easily help matters by scraping some plaster from the wall and dissolving it in water and make the patient drink it. Soap dissolved in water is also good in these cases. When caustic poisons are taken, then water and vinegar, or lemon juice and water should be given.

Many suicides seek the desired end by means of carbolic acid. In such cases give the person drinks of a glutinous character. Flour and water, for instance, is especially desirable.

For chloroform, chloral and such things, douse the head, chest and face with cold water and keep working the arms to promote artificial respiration.

Laudanum, morphine and opium are also in great favor with suicides. Induce vomiting and give all the strong coffee you can get down them. And so I might go on. All these things I have named, you will see, are nearly always at hand and can be employed with good results, if only until the doctor comes. They are things the police ought to know at any rate.

Nilsson's Debut.

Writing of Mme. Nilsson-Miranda's farewell concert, Dr. Louis Engel says in the *World*, of London: "Never shall I forget the sensation created by the young Swedish girl at the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, and how within one week the name of Christine Nilsson was in everybody's mouth. She who began to sing in the street with her little brother, proud of the receipts of her first concert, which amounted to fivepence half-penny, sent the inhabitants of the most *roue* capital of the world mad, following up her successes with England and America, where she made net profits amounting to a million in fifteen months. I had the pleasure of introducing her to Rossini, who listened with intense attention to her sympathetic voice, warned her against the use of those exceptionally high notes which so delighted the audiences of Europe and America, and I have seen through her career many triumphs, the last of which, alas! is to be expected on June 20th, and will be a solemn leave-taking in addition."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

There is a certain little girl in this city who was being instructed by her teacher not long since in regard to the different rulers of the world. She was told that in Europe the people are all governed by Kings and Queens. "And now," asked the teacher, "Who governs the people in this country?" The little girl looked up into the teacher's face and answered earnestly and promptly, Knaves."

ADVERTISING FOR A POSITION.

A Sadly Interesting Experience of a Woman Seeking Work.

Once I advertised myself as seeking the place of governess to children or companion to a lady. There was no possible invitation to intrigue in the form of my advertisement, although I never dreamed of avoiding such appearance, never even remembered that a great city is full of harpies snuffling for corruption and scenting it everywhere. Among the perfectly honorable and business-like answers to my advertisement, one or two came that made my hair stand on end. One invited me, in covertly insulting language, to come and care for his children while his wife was in Europe—if I was under 21! A second was so appalling that I never read it through, and shudder to this day that I ever read so much. None of my business-like answers ever came to anything save one. A gentlemanly person called upon me on Murray Hill. He was very talkative and agreeable, chatted of theatres, churches, popular preachers, Greenwood cemetery, ocean steamers, summer resorts and new novels. There was nothing to startle me in the visit, although I wondered continually why he did not approach the real object of the interview. Just as I had made up my mind that he probably was waiting for me to introduce it, he looked at his watch, suddenly started up as if in consternation, saying, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I had quite forgotten my train. You will allow me to write you upon the subject of your advertisement?" and was gone. A few days after I received a letter from him, far away in Illinois. He wrote that he had intended to have "some fun" during his late visit to New York, and had answered "heaps" of advertisements in pursuit of that intention. "The minute I saw you, however, I saw that 'fun' was not in your line; but I found you so brilliant and charming that I could not get away, although I sat upon pins and needles every instant of my call. I am a widower, 37, with two children, an income of ——" and thus the letter ran on till it came to the proposal of a correspondence, with a view to marriage. Of course I never replied to this letter. I afterwards found out from friends in his own city that the man had given me his real name and a truthful account of his circumstances—with one important exception. Instead of being a widower, he was the divorced husband of two wives, and had narrowly missed State Prison as a bigamist.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SUMMER IN A BLOCK OF ICE.

A Live Earthworm Found Incased in the Cold Crystal.

A large block of ice was taken to the South Carolina Railway station this morning to supply the "coolers" on the outgoing trains—and thereby hangs a tale. Agent Wells and his corps of assistants, when they proceeded to crack the ice—which melts so soon these hot days that it is not what it's "cracked up to be"—made a discovery which would have set the New York papers, fresh in their attacks on the bacteria in the Hudson river, agog with excitement and indignation. It was not a homeless little bacterium, invisible to the naked eye and demanding a microscopic investigation to tell what it was. It was a live, wiggly, squirmy earthworm, four inches in length, in full possession of his powers of wriggling, and in fact seeming not a little refreshed by his residence in his crystal citadel. It was a cool retreat and showed a discriminating taste in the worm, if, indeed, he got into such a crystal palace by his own volition. It was probably thrust upon him, a "cold wave" sweeping down the Hudson and embedding him, like a pre-Adamite shell or fossil, in a glacier, and the icemen, gleaning the frozen fields, brought him to the warm South. When the block was split open there lay the worm in his icy atmosphere as snug as a bug in a rug and as full of life as a Savannah mosquito or a St. Augustine sandfly. He squirmed and he struggled like Nanki-Poo when he was released, to the amusement and wonder of a cluster of spectators. Mr. Wells still has the worm in his possession. Wouldn't it have been sad to have drunk such a thing? Ugh! An exasperated public may be excused for drawing the line at earthworms as bacteria.—*Charleston (S.C.) Sun.*

CURED THROUGH PORES OF HER SKIN.

The Peculiar Method by Which a Kentucky Girl Was Kept Alive for Some Months.

Miss Annie Cole, a young woman living on Clay street near Jefferson, died this morning after a protracted illness, having been nourished for several months preceding her death through the pores of her skin. The case is an unusual one, and has elicited considerable attention. Some time ago, when it was found impossible to administer nourishment to the invalid through the usual channel, every device was resorted to that her life might be saved from a death of starvation. The stomach rejected all food, and even the liquid gruels and other substances which were introduced did not remain in the stomach long enough to impart nourishment. Miss Cole was emaciated and on the point of death when the attending physician noticed that the action of the pores of the skin was normally healthy. As half of the digestible matter is emitted through the pores of the skin an effort was made to introduce nourishment in that way. A mixture of oil and grease was composed and applied externally. The heated skin rapidly absorbed the nutriment and the patient showed signs of renewed vigor. After each of these applications the skin was carefully cleaned, and in this way Miss Cole lived until to-day, when she died. The case has rarely been duplicated in the history of medical science.—*Louisville special.*

Diet for Brain Workers.

The most suitable diet for brain workers, says an authority, consists of rice and sweet milk with dates, raisins, or figs, with brown bread and butter. There is no substance in the vegetable kingdom more nourishing and strengthening than rice. It is a diet on which persons can do much work either of brain or body; it will keep a healthy person in health, and build up a debilitated constitution. No one should live exclusively on rice, but every one should make it one of the constituents of his diet.

A CHARMING LADY IN TROUSERS.

Mme. Dieulafoy, the Plucky Explorer, and Her Odd Dress.

The pulpit will be able to obtain some local color for sermons taken from the Book of Esther in the newly opened Persian museum at the Louvre. All the objects there were within the last four years dug up under the direction of M. and Mme. Dieulafoy (but especially of madame) at Shushan, which ancient city is in a mound condition, like Ninevah or Babylon. The wall-facings, in tiles, baked, painted and forming figures of men and animals in bas-relief, are similar to those in stone at Persepolis, the summer capital of Darius the Great. Among the animals is a lion, life-size, which Barye might have been proud to own as his work. The human figures are less good, and are placed in profile one after the other. Gen. Sir Robert Smith, who was at the opening of the museum, knew Mme. Dieulafoy in Persia, witnessed many of her innumerable difficulties, and tells me she was the soul of the enterprise in which her husband was engaged. Both suffered greatly from fever. But her spirits and courage were irrepressible, and she never let depression take hold of her. She is one of the most charming women that I ever met, and not at all brazen in her masculine habiliments, which she first donned seventeen years ago to get the more conveniently through ambulance work. In Persia she must have broken down under the drag and impediments of a feminine wardrobe, to the slavery of which she could not now submit. She was newly married in 1870. Her husband, who is about 40—a singularly nice fellow, and by profession a civil engineer—treats her as a comrade and adores her. No wonder. Though so jaunty, so spruce, so "dear," and looking so like a little masher, she is not intentionally coquettish, but is absorbed in her work, and equal to it. Her conversation is exhilarating, and that without boisterousness, and she has a splendidly ready wit of a feminine savor. The voice, the smile and the gracious manner are of a piece with the wit, which reminds one of some of Shakspeare's heroines. It was so funny to see her, hat in hand, doing the honors to Madame Carnot at the opening of the Persian museum. The hair is cut as close as the scissors could go and squared at the temples. Madame Dieulafoy has exquisite hands, but wears no rings. All the elegance of her attire is in the masher-like shirt collar and figured silk cravat. This remarkable French lady rather shuns than courts publicity. "Not at home" orders are perpetual at her house, unless when the concierge recognizes an intimate friend, and she won't let herself be interviewed.—*London Truth.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA EXPRESS ROBBED

Masked Men Stop the Stage—$3,500 in Gold Dust Secured.

A most daring robbery took place on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock about 26 miles above Soda Creek. The Cariboo four-horse stage, Mr. J. R. Tait, driver, was on a bridge when two masked men confronted him with a rifle and pistol, and ordered him to stop his horses. They then compelled him to leave the stage, and took the sack out of the waggon which contained $3,500 in gold dust. He was then ordered to get into his place and drive on. One of the highway men wore a dark calico mask; the other had a flour sack over his head. One man stood on each side of the stage when they ordered the driver to stop, and the largest man kept Tait covered with the rifle until he drove away. There were no passengers on the waggon, and as the driver had the reins in his hands he had no chance to use weapons. The Government agents are scouring the country with a number of special constables, and all the Alexandria Indians are hunting for the robbers. A reward of $500 has been offered for their capture. It will be a very difficult thing for them to leave that portion of the country, and news of their arrest is expected in a short time. Mr. F. S. Barnard states that he believes the same men robbed the stage four years ago, and succeeded in getting clear with $4,000. Mr. Tait's brother was driving the stage at that time, and the robbery took place about 100 miles below the scene of the robbery on Saturday last.—*B. C. Daily Times, July 3rd.*

A New Direction for Art.

The hot spell in Orillia (by the way, isn't Orillia a summer resort to which the residents of less favored regions flee to escape from the heat?) has set the *Packet* man to moralizing, with this result: You remember how sweltering hot it was the other morning. I proposed to go down to town without a collar. Mrs. P. at once objected with "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" I came off second best in the argument which ensued, and started off—a little late in consequence—keeping my neck (for all the world just as if I had a boil on it) as nearly as possible in the centre of the starched abomination. It has been duly impressed upon me that it is vulgar to perspire, and so the more I tried not to do it the hotter I became. Half a mile from home the starch began to melt, and at Slaven's corner I might as well have had a wet cloth round my thorax. Fortunately this was not the day where there was no water in the fountains, but all the agony might have been avoided if the fellow's wife hadn't been a virtual slave to Mrs. Grundy. If the Mayor of Orillia were to frame a by-law to the effect that during the dog-days coat, waist-coat and collar be deemed unnecessary to a complete toilet, his year of office would ever be remembered with gratitude. The young ladies would leave off painting plaques and bannerets, and take to the embroidering of braces and waistbelts. Art would receive an impetus; we would all look forward to the "latest novelty in shirtings" and a zest would be added to our daily life. It must be enacted however, that only the quietest patterns be worn in church, as the display of gorgeous apparel is quite sufficient as at present.

The World is His.

Miss Travis—Do look at Mr. DeSmith! He seems to be lost in thought.

Poseyboy—Yes—lots of empty space for him to wander around in.

Jay Gould has in his conservatories at Irvington probably the largest and most varied collection of valuable plants in America.

THE FORCE OF NATURAL GAS.

Amazing Power of an Agency that Shakes the Earth.

Although the wells about Findlay are under control, the tubing is anchored, and the awful force is held under the gates and levers of steel, it is impossible to escape a feeling of awe in this region at the subterranean energies which seem adequate to blow the whole country heavenward. Some of the wells were opened for us. Opening a well is unscrewing the service pipe and letting the full force of the gas issue from the pipe at the mouth of the well. When one of these wells is thus opened the whole town is aware of it by the roaring and the quaking of the air. The first one exhibited was in a field a mile and a half from the city. At the first freedom from the screws and clamps the gas rushed out in such density that it was visible. Although we stood several rods from it, the roar was so great that one could not make himself heard shouting in the ear of his neighbor. The geologist stuffed cotton in his ears and tied a shawl about his head, and, assisted by the chemist, stood close to the pipe to measure the flow. The chemist, who had not taken the precaution to protect himself, was quite deaf for some time after the experiment. A four-inch pipe, about 60 feet in length, was then screwed on and the gas ignited as it issued from the end on the ground. The roaring was as before. For several feet from the end of the tube there was no flame, but beyond was a sea of fire sweeping the ground and rioting high in the air—billows of red and yellow blue flame, fierce and hot enough to consume everything within reach. It was an awful display of power. We had a like, though only a momentary, display at the famous Karg well, an eight million feet well. This could only be turned on for a few seconds at a time, for it is in connection with the general system. If the gas is turned off, the fires in houses and factories would go out, and if it were turned on again without notice, the rooms would be full of gas and an explosion follow an attempt to relight it. This danger is now being removed by the invention of an automatic valve in the pipe supplying each fire, which will close and lock when the flow of gas ceases, and admit no more gas until it is opened. The ordinary pressure for house service is about two pounds to the square inch. The Karg well is on the bank of the creek, and the discharge-pipe through which the gas (though not in its full force) was turned for our astonishment extends over the water. The roar was like that of Niagara; all the town shakes when the Karg is loose. When lighted, billows of flame rolled over the water, brilliant in color and fantastic in form, with a fury and rage of conflagration enough to strike the spectator with terror. I have never seen any other display of natural force so impressive as this. When this flame issues from an upright pipe, the great mass of fire rises eighty feet into the air, leaping and twisting in fiendish fury. For six weeks after this well was first opened its constant roaring shook the nerves of the town, and by night its flaming torch lit up the heavens and banished darkness. With the aid of this new agent anything seems possible.—*C. D. Warner in Harper's Magazine for July.*

Choosing a Text.

The late Rev. Dr. E——, of Glasgow, was met in Argyle street one day by a very diminutive (in stature) brother of the same denomination, who hailed from the Highlands, and who was about to enter the matrimonial state. Accosting the doctor, he said: "I'm going to be married, Dr. E——, and I would like you to come down to O—— and preach me in," (meaning kirk him). "Ye're gaun to be married!" said the doctor. "Who is the happy woman?" "Oh! Miss Gracie P——," replied the embryo benedict. "All right, then; I'll preach ye in," said Dr. E——. So all arrangements were made. When the time arrived the Glasgow divine found his way to the manse of O——, where he met with a very hearty reception, the young couple having just arrived from spending their honeymoon. The following morning (Sunday), when in the vestry, the newly-made benedict thus addressed the doctor: "Now, doctor, I hope you'll make no allusion to my marriage in your sermon, I think Mrs. R. would feel it." "Never fear that, my little man," said the doctor, "ye're that wee ye're hardly worth while takin' notice o'." Thus assured they parted—the one to his pew, the other to the pulpit. All went well till the time for the sermon came, when, to the amazement of the minister and the amusement of the large congregation, the doctor gave out for his text these words: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this Grace given."

An Eastern Calamity.

The Hong Kong *Daily Press* gives a most doleful account of the ruin and misery wrought by terrible weather, in the East River district especially. Such rains have not been known for more than 100 years. Unquestionably the rainfall has been of a most unprecedented character. The town of Shekhung, the chief sugar mart of the Province, has several times been flooded and many persons have been drowned, while from all parts of the province comes tales of ruin and disaster in some form or other.

Poor Rule That Didn't Work Both Ways

Charlie—Did you ever see such a fellow to argue as Brown? I argued with him a whole hour yesterday, but he wouldn't give in.

Herbert—You're right, 'cause I know I had to argue with him a whole week before he stopped arguing.

Charlie—What a fool a fellow is to argue so much.

Herbert—Yes—a perfect idiot.

The Doctor's Prescription.

Ethel (to the family physician)—Why, doctor! you really don't think that powder hurts the complexion? Dr. Gruff—Well, no; some kinds don't. Ethel—Oh, please tell me which kind is the best, and I promise I will use no other. Dr. Gruff—Baking-powder—take internally.

A Lucid Explanation.

Teacher (to class)—In this stanza what is meant by the line: "The shades of night were falling fast?" Bright scholar—The people were pulling down the blinds

THE SUN'S ENERGY.

Its Generating Power and the Work it is Capable of Performing.

The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of the enormous energy of the sun is by measuring the amount of heat which his rays are capable of generating; and, further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work we are able at once to estimate the amount of work which the sun is capable of doing, and also the quantity of energy he must be losing year by year. By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of his radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance, and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water, for instance, it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy. Like everything else connected with this wonderful body, figures give us no adequate conception of his energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators. Thus, Herschel considered it in relation to the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time, and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives when the sun is overhead would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes. From this it can be calculated that if the body of the sun were entirely surrounded by a sheet of ice on its surface of more than a mile in thickness, the sun's heat would entirely melt this coating of ice in the same time—namely, two hours and thirteen minutes. Prof. Young uses an even more striking illustration. He says: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of ninety-three million miles, and if the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, not in a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum and it would be water, seven more and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except, of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space, and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained, to the solar system. If we estimate in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent, on an average, to about forty tons raised a mile high yearly, or to one-horse power continuously acting, to every thirty square feet of the earth's surface. It is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kept alive and active. It keeps us warm, and drives our steam engines and water-wheels; it circulates our atmosphere, and brings us rain and snow in due season; it grows and nourishes our plants and animals, and, in a word, is the source of almost every earthly blessing.

A Joke on Hermann.

"I once had a singular experience," he said, "while giving a performance at the house of the Governor of Montevideo, in which I had the tables turned on me. During my performance I noticed three half savage Patagonians standing aside from the rest of the company, and I at once determined to have some fun with them. From the nose of the first I took an orange, from the hair of the second I took a number of silver coins, and the third was overpowered with terror when I extracted a live rat from his nose. Uttering a cry of fright, the Patagonians withdrew. While receiving the congratulations of the guests on the success of the entertainment I discovered that my watch and chain, purse, eyeglasses and handkerchief were missing. In a short time the Patagonians returned, and the one from whose nose the rat had been taken handed me the missing articles. He had picked my pocket at the moment he appeared to be overcome with fright."—*New Haven Union.*

Too Thin-Skinned.

Summer resort hotel man—I am very sorry, sir, but you won't do here, and I must dispense with your services.

New clerk—Eh? What's the matter?

"You are too thin-skinned."

"Sir?"

"Oh, I mean no offence, none at all: it's your misfortune, not your fault. You see, your skin is so thin that the blood shows through. You blush up easily, and when the thermometer is over 150 in the shade your face gets so red and you look so uncomfortable that it drives away custom."

What Ails the Newspaper Men?

A despatch from Minneapolis, Minn., says: Ariel C. Harris, one of the best known newspaper men in the northwest, has eloped to South America with Mrs. E. J. Frederick, a woman who has for the past two years filled a position as typewriter for the Minnesota Abstract Company. Harris leaves a wife and two children.

"One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers
But they whom Truth and Wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed."

Those who are *wise*, and who love the *truth*, will believe what we say when we tell them that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than all other medicines now known to science. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The Higher Education.

"What did your daughter graduate in?" asked a friend of another. "White silk, with a satin corsage and elbow sleeves," was the prompt answer. "I mean what branches," said the startled guest. "Oh, her—her—why, the usual studies, I suppose," answered the perplexed mother.

"Logic is Logic."

Now there was the case of our friend Mckay
He said to himself, in his resolute way,
That a cough which was growing from bad to worse
Must be cured, in spite of a slender purse.
An ocean voyage was out of the question,
A Florida trip a useless suggestion;
Yet die he wouldn't! His money he paid
For the "Golden Medical Discovery," by Dr Pierce made;
And as sound as a nut is his health to-day—
"Logic is logic, that's all I say."

THE HEAD IN HOT WEATHER.

A Veteran East Indian Tells How Americans Invite Sunstroke.

Before Captain Crockhart assumed command of the steamship Devonia he served many years as first officer on steamers plying through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal to the East Indian ports. On his last trip to New York he chatted with a reporter about the hot weather and the frequent records of prostration and sunstrokes found in the newspapers here during the torrid summer.

"It is astonishing," said he, "that a people so practical and scientific as the Americans should permit this evil to go so long unchecked, for the vast majority of sunstrokes are easily preventable by affording proper protection to the head. Almost every man I meet in New York has his hair trimmed closely with one of those diminutive lawn mowers in the hottest months, and wears the flimsiest sort of a hat, whether of straw or felt. That is a weak shield against the penetrating rays of your glaring, scorching sun. Women find a natural safeguard in their abundant hair, especially when they wear it coiled on the top of the head. Of course they are not exposed as much to the sun's rays as the men are, but even if they were the ratio of prostration would be much larger among the males with their thin headgear and closely cropped hair. Sunstroke is almost unknown among the natives of eastern countries. You may think that the coiled turban of an East Indian is a heavy and ungainly thing to wear about one's brain, but instinct and experience have taught him the advisability of giving ample protection to the head, no matter how coolly he may apparel the rest of his body. Then, too, the use of umbrellas is very general in countries near the equator. Europeans in the east realize the value of light but thick helmets. You in New York will learn after awhile to wear the right kind of hat in summer. Then there will be fewer sunstrokes, except such as are produced by sheer negligence or alcoholic excess."—*New York World.*

What Would You Call This?

When I was a boy about 17, in 1874, I went to college during the day and after school hours I worked for my board at my stepfather's. One afternoon, returning from college, and about five blocks from home, I suddenly made an involuntary jump, such as boys are wont to do when something pleases them, and said aloud: "Grandfather is here!" He lived nearly fifty miles distant in the country, and of whose coming none of the family were aware, as he seldom visited the city. I thought it was strange to act as I did, and when I reached home I asked my mother: "Is grandfather here?"

She replied, "No," looking surprised, and said, "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just for fun," I replied.

Going upstairs at once to change my clothes, as I came down the front stairs and entered the shop by a side door, who should come to the front door simultaneously but grandfather! Now, no one of all the relatives knew of his coming, and all were greatly surprised at the occurrence and how I should know what no one else knew in the city.—*F. W. Diehl in Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

Was Ashamed to Come Out.

Mr. Meadow Brooks (opening the door of bathing-house)—Why, Clarence, old boy I've been looking everywhere for you You've been away from the piazza for three hours.

Mr. Mickaskel—Oh, Dicky, you really don't know! While I was in the watah some horrid thief came into the bathing-house and stole me necktie, and I've been confined heah ever since.—*Judge.*

Will You Read This For $500?

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are abundantly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by inquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at 50c.

Justice Deferred.

A Scotch judge having sentenced a sheep stealer to be hanged on the 28th of the then current month, the prisoner called out to him—"My Lord, my Lord, I hae'na got justice here the day!" The judge, who was arranging his papers previous to leaving the court, looked up with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, and consolingly answered—"Weel, weel, my mon, ye'll get it on the 28th!"

Will You Try Nerviline

For all kinds of pain? Polson's Nerviline is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains. Buy a ten cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy. Large bottles 25 cents.

Summer Plans.

Mrs. Featherly—Oh, my dear Mrs Sprongie, where are you going to spend the summer?

Mrs. Sprongie—I don't know, I'm sure. It all depends on Charley's business. If he can only make a fashionable failure we'll rent a cottage at Newport.—*Rochester Herald.*

Good for Jeff.

What queer combinations are wrought by time! Sheridan received his first commission from Jefferson Davis, when the latter was Secretary of War. To-day Davis is one of the sincerest sympathizers the sick man has.—*Mail and News.*

DON L. 30 88.

DON'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1888.

Change in Business !

The undersigned has disposed of his Newspaper and Job Printing plant in Flesherton to Mr. W. H. Thurston, late of the Toronto World. Mr. Thurston is a thoroughly practical man, an able journalist, and is well known in the district. A full announcement in connection therewith will be made in next week's ADVANCE.

The public's obedient servant,

A. R. FAWCETT.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

We wish that the ADVANCE devil would adopt some means so that he could avoid making blundering mistakes as were made in the prices of cattle that was quoted last week. Some mistake must have been taken out when I put during last week by Hugh McArthur, Wm. Watson and others. Mr. Watt takes the lead, for he has a speckled beauty on Kincardine street bridge the other day that weighed over 2 lbs. Aye mon, 'twas a gude yen!

Mr. Hugh McArthur tells how he was out looking after his cattle a few days ago and fell in with two young bears which he followed across the fields and into a piece of woods owned by Mr. T. Ferguson, in the suburbs of the village. On reaching the bush they turned to show Mr. McArthur their teeth and he retreated.

The base ball club are jubilant over their victory at Markdale. The return game will be played this week.

It is just delightful to walk into the Telegraph and Post Offices since they have been placed under Miss Brown's management. Everything neat, clean and in order. The windows are decorated with the finest collection of house plants in the village.

One of our citizens remarked the other day that "Muddy Valley must be completely dry, never a croak or chirp this two weeks." Perhaps the late showers will enliven the said Valley a trifle.

Muddy Valley.

From our own Correspondent.

The farmers around here are earnestly praying for rain. We hope they will be answered as the crops are getting badly withered with the sun. There are fields of oats heading out and the straw not over six inches long.

Mr. John Alcorn happened with a slight accident the other day in which he had both eyes badly blackened. He has a breechy horse and in order to explain in the field he has him blindfolded. One day not long ago he had him in the stable and was in the act of putting on the blind he threw it over his eyes suddenly when the horse became frightened and struck him in the face with his foot marking him badly. We have seen worse who were at the Irish Lake row that came off safer.

Mr. Archibald Shaw, from Dakota, is the guest of Mr. D. Ferguson.

Mr. Jeremiah Burke, of Proton, and Miss Coin, of Seaforth, were united in wedlock a few days ago. The happy couple have our hearty congratulations.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Letter from W. Suggitt, Esq.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

It was a delightful thing to see people of different conditions making their way to the place of prayer and joining in the old familiar hymns and rendering their ascriptions of praise to the Great Ruler of earth and sea.

Day after day passes—all in their ocean home straining every effort to make each happy—some telling the stories of bygone days, past to return no more, some reading, and others availing themselves with the amusements furnished in the ship.

But, silence reigns! The moment has arrived to catch the first glimps of the dear old land, and in a few hours the Great Unseen Captain—who has ever been with us all the way across the troubled sea of life—leads his earthly ship in safety to the harbor where she would be.

On Saturday, 9th of June at 3:30 p.m. passed the Parisian, of the Allan Line, and wondered if dear Mr. and Mrs. Beecroft were on board. I understood they expected to sail about that time.

Monday, the 11th, at noon, Liverpool is reached and the parties, which had never met before, dispersed, never, perhaps, to meet again on earth. Warm friendships had been formed.

After having passed through the Customs, took train for town of Hull. Next day visited the far-famed city of Lincoln, where I called upon friends. Viewed the celebrated cathedral and far-famed bell. Visited Mr. Legard's former home and other places, then returned to Hull.

LETTER NO. 2.

Mr. Suggitt's second letter was written at Kilham, East Riding of Yorkshire, June 28th, and we give that which is of interest to the general reader. Mr. Suggitt says:

In my last I had visited various places in Lincolnshire. I may say I saw King William's statue at Hull. Your friend, Mr. Wm. Guy, of Maxwell, told me to watch and when King Wm. heard the High Church clock strike he would come down from his house and go to dinner! Kindly let friend Guy know he can't have heard it, for he is there in the market yet (and likely to be!) so is the Church, and the clock.

I saw the monument of that great and and good man, Wm. Wilberforce, also the house and room in which he fiast saw light. At Beverley I saw the grand old minster, which is said to have been used by Oliver Cromwell as a stable during his wonderful exploits in England.

Visited the shop where I worked fifty years ago. It is carried on still by younger members of the same family. Went and had a view of the old house, where I boarded with a brother's family. When I left for Canada, they had one little baby girl. Now I have met with five noble looking nieces all married and comfortably settled in the town of Hull. My sister also alive and looking exceedingly well, although 75 years of age. I have seemed to live those early days of my life over again!

Apart from my own dear family connections, I have been most agreeably surprised to meet with so many of my earlier associations. Arriving at my own native town, Great Duffield, the first enquiry was for Mr. Merkin and his good lady, school children with me. You will understand how glad and what a happy meeting, when I inform you that same R. Merkin and myself two boys 20 years of age, were placed on the Methodist plan together as Exhorters and Prayer Leaders—this is 50 years ago. I found him still living and working for Christ. In the summer of 1809, the church of St. Peter's, in the Parish of Little Duffield, one mile from my native town, it was, from an entry in the Parish Account Book, rebuilt; but this statement clearly does not apply to the chancel arch, tower, and South wall of the chancel—these all tell of a church of great antiquity, whilst the fact that Alfred, King of Northumbria, was buried there A. D. 705, leaves no doubt that this has been the scene of Christian worship for 12 centuries.

I also visited the place where I had spent seven long years as an apprentice and where I had formed many Christian associations. Surprised to find so many still living. Mrs. James Beecroft's native place. She had been there about two weeks, had left when I arrived, but learned since that they had not yet sailed home—having heard from them by friends, who had seen Mr. and Mrs. Beecroft in Hull. Cannot say when I shall return home. I am enjoying myself very much. Had the pleasure of reading the Flesherton news in THE ADVANCE. Regret to learn of Mrs. Duncan's death, but it is all right.

With kind Christian greeting, ever yours till we meet in Glory,

WILLIAM SUGGITT.

A ten acre field of standing hay belonging to Mr. Miles near Maxwell caught fire last Saturday and the whole field soon levelled to the ground. The fences were also burned in places.—[Dundalk Herald.

THE dwelling of Mrs. McKnight's farm, con. 2, S. D. R., occupied by Mr. Chris. Wendorf, was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The contents were nearly all consumed. An insurance of $150 was on the building.—[Hanover Post.

Bert Telford, a little fellow about nine years old, son of Mr. Robert Telford got the ends of his third forth fingers on the left hand badly crushed, while playing with the cog wheel machinery of a grindstone, last Wednesday afternoon.—[Chatsworth News.

We are sorry to learn that our friend Assessor, Mr. James Campbell of Pretty River Valley met with a bad accident lately by falling on a snag and cutting the calf of his leg in a horrid manner. Mr. Campbell will likely be laid up for two or three weeks.—Thornbury Standard.

The Rev. Mr. Ross, our Presbyterian minister here has been invited by the session and managing board of Maxwell and McIntyre Presbyterian Congregations to accept a call there at a salary of not less than $800 with manse. We have not yet heard his decision on the matter.—[Dundalk Herald.

Not a particle of calomel, nor any other deleterious substance, enters into the composition of Ayer's Pills. On the contrary, this medicine is carefully compounded from the curative properties of purely vegetable substances. Try it.

The chambermaid at the Middaugh House found a pocketbook under a pillow while making one of the beds last Tuesday forenoon. She at once handed it over to Mr. Middaugh, who on referring to the register, found that Mr. V. Adams, of Drayton, had occupied the room. To say that Mr Adams was pleased on the recovery of his pocketbook, which contained between two and three thousand dollars, would be a mild-way to express his feelings.—[Durham Chronicle.

If you wish to restore the blood to your wasted cheek, and so improve your health that plumpness and strength will succeed emaciation and debility, purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This remedy will benefit you more surely and speedily than any other.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 21 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$2,800

WILL purchase the Feversham Grist, Saw and Oatmeal Mills. Apply to MOBERLY & GAMON, Collingwood

STRAYED

FROM the premises of the undersigned, on or about Friday, July 20th, one large Black Sow. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded. McCONNELL & BLAKELY, Butchers, Flesherton.

CARD OF THANKS.

I WISH to publicly thank the Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Company for the prompt and ready manner in which, through their agent, W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton, they settled the claim of insurance on barn destroyed by fire June 7th. C. J. SPROULE.

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

TO SELL our Choice Varieties of Nursery Stock, either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for. Address, with references, MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, ROCHESTER, N. Y. 309-78

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion !

Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.

JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency !

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Rakes, Waggons, Buggies, Sleighs, Cutters, Fanning Mills, Spring Tooth Cultivators, Grain Drills, Broad-cut Seeders, Spring Tooth Harrows, Iron Harrows, Two-Furrow Gang Plow, Plows, Scufflers, Turnip Drills, Land Rollers.

Flesherton

ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

—and have got in the—

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 75 to	4 75
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 45	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15	0 15
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	19	23
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
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Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and P. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property,
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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. SPROUL,
Flesherton. Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money lender. Deeds, Mortgages, leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Charges very low. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Postmaster, Flesherton.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

Miscellaneous.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to
ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order
J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

THE HIGH BRED DURHAM BULL,
"KING BILLY,"
The Royal Champion!
Will be for service at Lot 162, Con. 2nd West, T. & S. R., Artemesia.
Terms 50 cents. Come along, boys! Prices to suit the times!
W. C. PARKER.

The last Rose of Summer
Will shortly be gone,
And the last chance this summer
TO PURCHASE

Summer Goods at Clearing Prices

Meaning by that, any price to clear them out, is now offering at

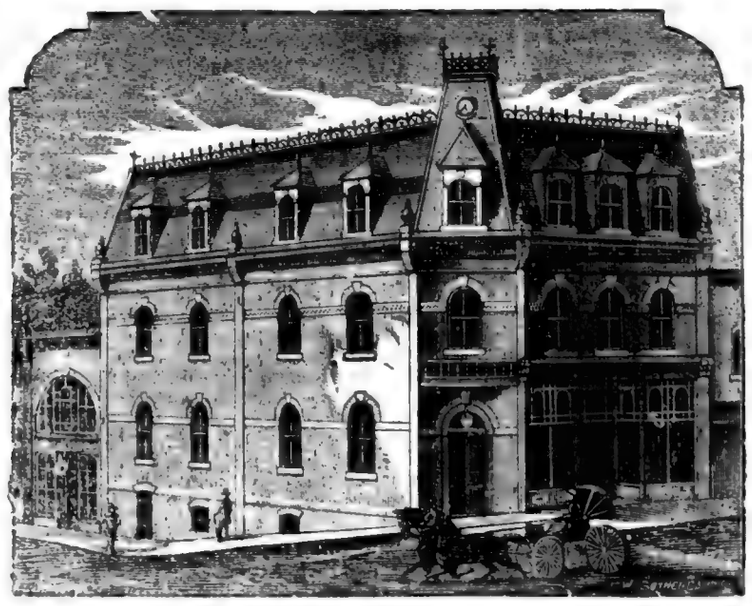

M. RICHARDSON & CO'S

MILLINERY for a Song---providing it be well sung.
DRESS GOODS for----well, say a small consideration.
MUSLINS, PRINTS, GINGHAMS----take them away.
GLOVES, from 5 cents per pair, all sizes.
MENS CLOTHING, Hats, &c., see them before purchasing.
BOOT & SHOE stock kept well assorted in Styles & Sizes.

OUR NEW TEAS
ARE INTERESTING
CHEAPER THAN EVER!

SUGARS FOR FRUIT PRESERVING, A LARGE STOCK SECURED BEFORE THE RECENT ADVANCE IN PRICES.

Building HARDWARE, Paints, Glass
And all requisites at CLOSE FIGURES.

We are Buying Butter, Eggs, WOOL, and Other Produce
For Cash or Trade.

We are receiving consignments of FALL GOODS, of which further notice will be given.

M. RICHARDSON & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

BATTLING WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

A Young Lady's Fearful Struggle and Narrow Escape.

A Pittsfield, Mass., despatch says: Miss Gertrude Clapp, a young and wealthy society lady who lives in this city, was brutally assaulted and robbed by some unknown man on Gold avenue last night at about half-past 9 o'clock. She was walking alone from Mrs. Allen's, on Pomeroy avenue, to Mrs. Hubbard's, on Gold avenue, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. When she reached a dark place where the electric light is almost shut out by the thick foliage of shade trees a man leaped over the hedge directly in front of her and in a hoarse voice demanded her money. Miss Clapp is a very muscular young lady and not easily frightened. She refused to give him her pocketbook, but he stepped up to her and took her roughly by the arms and told her he must have her money. She gave him a blow over the head with her umbrella, which he snatched away from her and grasped her by the hair. She then struck him a vigorous blow in the face with a large glass smelling bottle. This made the scoundrel very angry, and with a terrible oath he told her to give up her money or he would murder her on the spot. He had pulled much of her hair out by this time and struck a blow in her face. She called for help and the man caught her by the throat and threw her to the ground, holding on to her throat tightly and demanding her money. In her desperation she handed him her pocket-book, which contained about $20 in bills and some gold pieces, in all about $30. The desperado now relinquished his hold of her throat, and having possession of her pocketbook started away a few steps.

Miss Clapp now shouted "Etop thief!" and he returned to her and choked her till she came near fainting. Her situation was now very desperate, and she struggled hard with the villain, who had succeeded in throwing her upon the ground. The struggle lasted for some time. The man continued to curse, and as no one approached he grew bolder. Miss Clapp found that she would soon become exhausted, and she summoned all her strength, and as he relaxed his hand from her throat she shouted as loud as she could and the villain ran away. Miss Clapp feared he would again attack her, and she ran as fast as her weak condition would allow her, and reached Lawyer E. M. Wood's residence, about twenty rods away on Gold avenue, in a very exhausted state. There were wicked marks on her throat, but no other serious injury had been done her.

The assault took place when the wind was blowing very hard and just as a heavy thunder shower was coming on from the northwest. The vivid flashes of lightning revealed the man's features and dress. Miss Clapp thinks he was between 25 and 30 years of age, of medium height and of a powerful frame. His eyes looked like those of a madman as she caught glimpses of them by the lightning flashes. He wore dark clothes and a derby hat. Every effort has been made to-day by the police to find some trace of him, but all efforts have thus far failed.

STEWED CHINAMEN.

How the Bodies of Deceased Celestials are Prepared for Shipment.

A New York telegram says: The remains of sixteen dead Chinamen packed in tin barrels were shipped by the National Express to-day for Cathay, China, where they will be deposited in the flowery burying grounds of that place. A firm of celestial philanthropists assembled together some time ago and made a tour of the States to collect the bones of their deceased compatriots and ship them back to China. They started from San Francisco, some months ago, in search of the heathen dead. They went to Los Angeles, to Denver, Kansas City, Wheeling, W. Va., Pittsburg, Beaver Falls, Philadelphia and New York, and collected in all 215 bodies. In each city they first located the graves of their friends and carefully exhumed them. Buried as the bodies were in ordinary Caucasian coffins, the difficulty of transporting them seemed large and the expense appalling. Some proposed to ship all the boiled flesh in one barrel and the bones in a packing case, but the idea was scouted on account of the difficulty that would attend the division of the material among mourning relatives at home. So it was agreed to stow every man separately and to boil him down to the smallest possible space imaginable so as to set in a jelly when cold. Square tins suitable for holding one boiled body each were obtained and the remains were cooked so as to fit exactly. It was found that a Chinaman's corpse could be boiled down so as to average about 33 pounds, and that is what was done with all of them, big and little alike.

A PLUCKY PREACHER.

He Tackles a Burglar and Gets the Best of Him.

A Minneapolis telegram says: Early Thursday morning a Minneapolis preacher had the physical courage to tackle and the strength to conquer a would-be burglar. Wednesday night the Rev. W. T. Chase, of 1,413 Harmon place, retired at peace and harmony with all the world. About 4:30 Thursday morning he was aroused by a premonition of danger. He opened his eyes and was startled by seeing a strange man leaning over him. His first thought was that of a burglar after something, and he determined to prevent him. Springing up he grasped the fellow with both hands, and then began a rough-and-tumble fight. It was first preacher, then burglar on top. At last Dr. Chase got the fellow to the top of the stairs, and then, using all his strength, he hurled him head first down the steps. The fellow landed in a heap at the bottom, but gathered himself up before Mr. Chase could reach him and ran to a side window, rolled out, and started on a run for the park. Mrs. Chase heard the noise and rushed out from her room just in time to see the wrestling match. "Let him go, father! Let him go!" said she; but her husband hung on and proved that he could handle a terrestrial devil as well as a spiritual one.

Times are tough on the poor of Russia. They have but little to sell. They are heavily taxed, and the London *News* says they are actually starving to death in great numbers.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

Crossed in Love a Young Girl Marries in Pique and Dies in a Poorhouse.

A Middletown, N. Y., despatch says: The death of an inmate of the Chenango county almshouse brings to a close a very strange and interesting life story. The name of the deceased was Amanda Townsend, and she was born and reared in New York city, where her nearest of kin, the Townsends and Colgates, are people of wealth and high standing. While she was yet in her teens her hand was sought in marriage by a young man whom she favored but who failed to be acceptable to her parents. She was sent to Richfield Springs to spend the summer, and probably also to separate her from her lover, and while there was informed that he on whom she had fixed her affections had proved faithless and renounced her. She laid the blame of her disappointment in love on her parents and friends, and in a fit of anger and spite she eloped with and married an ignorant and uncouth young fellow named Harvey Doyo, who had been doing menial jobs around her boarding-house at the Springs, and with whom she had struck up a chance acquaintance. The elopement made a stirring sensation at the time. The ill-matched pair went to the vicinity of the husband's native place in Chenango county, and in a lonely spot on the side of the mountain between Oxford and Coventry they built a small rude cabin which they occupied for nearly a score of years thereafter as a home. At first the young wife's relatives used every possible inducement and entreaty to persuade her to forsake her spouse and coarse and uncongenial surroundings and return to a home of refinement and ease, but all efforts in this direction were unavailing and were ultimately abandoned. Whatever may have inspired her course, whether conjugal affection or pride or resentment at supposed wrongs, the educated and refined woman accepted isolation and poverty and stuck by the side of the uncouth rustic she had chosen for a husband to the last. The final separation came in the county almshouse, to which the pair had been removed in a sick and helpless condition from their cabin on the mountain side. Her kindred in the city, shocked to hear that she had been a charge upon public charity, visited her and renewed their offers of a home with them, but she still declined to be parted from her husband. She died one day last week in the alms-house, and an undertaker commissioned by her relatives gave her remains respectable and fitting burial in the rural cemetery at West Coventry.

CHICAGO'S HAUNTED HOUSE

Weird Tales of Ghosts Have Frightened Tenants for Many Years.

A Chicago despatch says: A curious example of how the popular superstition that a house is haunted ruins the name of the property is shown by the destruction of the handsome two-story brick house at No. 126 Langley avenue. This residence is in perfect repair, and were it not for the fact that it is known as a haunted house the workmen would have no reason for disturbing it. But the weird tales of what the spooks do there in the midnight hours have frightened all tenants away, and the house has been an unprofitable property ever since the ghosts moved in.

It is in a fashionable quarter of the city, and ten years ago its occupants were three maiden sisters named Trowbridge Elizabeth, aged 43, Anne, aged 40, and Nora, a half-witted woman of 25. They lived modestly, dressed well and had some property. On the evening of July 21st, 1879, a policeman was summoned to the house. He turned the slide in his lantern and led the way to the second floor, where, hanging in the archway of the folding-doors, they saw the bodies of the oldest sisters, each suspended from a hook that had been screwed into the woodwork. Within a week a sign "For Rent" was put up on the house, but renters passed by on the opposite side of the street and pointed out where the tragedy took place. Soon strange stories began to circulate about the neighborhood. Servant girls going to early mass asserted that they saw the ghosts of the "old maids" moving through the deserted rooms, while some insisted that they heard shrieks and moans. People of intelligence laughed at the idea of spooks, yet, in spite of the fact that the house had been put in thorough repair, it remained without a tenant for several years. Finally a family from the East who had heard none of these stories moved in. Within a week they were occupying another house, and the sign "For Rent" was again put up. Their domestic said that every morning the furniture would be arranged differently from the way it was the night before, while after midnight the sound of feet was plainly heard pattering around in the hallway and on the stairs. Since then several tenants have lived there, but only for a short time. They all laughed in a half-hearted way at the idea of the house being haunted, but nevertheless they could not be induced to stay.

The double suicide of years ago and the stories of the revels of the spooks have cost the owner many thousand dollars. He is now tearing the house down and will have it rebuilt from the very foundation.

Revolting Treatment of a Boy by a Woman.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Emma Carleton, a determined-looking woman of 40 years, was convicted before Recorder Smith in General Sessions yesterday of whipping Albert Bowker, aged 14 years, with a shawl strap on June 17th. She tied his legs together and whipped him with the strap until the boy was covered with red welts an inch broad. In some places the skin was broken. The boy declared that the defendant beat him for fifteen minutes without ceasing. The jury found her guilty of assault in the third degree, the punishment for which is not more than $500 fine and a year's imprisonment.

The old man Zenug, sent up by Judge Rose at Brantford in 1884 for counterfeiting, has been released.

There is no doubt of Jay Gould being a sick man. He is suffering from nervous prostration. So bad is his condition that no person is admitted to see him on business. His family are naturally a good deal worried about his condition, but hope that a strict abstention from all business will in time effect a cure.—*New York Times.*

AMONG THE MORMONS.

An Englishwoman's Sad Experience—Her Husband Betrayed and Murdered—Her Son Lost and Herself a Castaway.

A Chicago despatch says: A woman giving her name as Elizabeth Turnbull Rutler, formerly from England, was picked up in the streets apparently fainting from hunger. She claimed to have had nothing to eat on a four days' trip from Ogden, on her way to England. She told the story of her terrible experience among the Mormons. Her son, she stated, had been induced against the wish of his parents to join a party of emigrants organized by Mormon missionaries in England. Not hearing from him, it was learned he had been prevented by the elders from writing. The father, frantic with anxiety, followed to Utah. He found employment with a Mormon farmer named Joseph Holbert, but was unable to save enough to continue the search until pretending to join the Church, when Rutler got money and sent some to his wife, but all his letters, telling of the condition of affairs in Utah, were intercepted and others substituted, urging her to come to Utah with the missionaries. She obeyed, and she states the women in the party were subjected to fearful indignities *en route* by the elders. Rutler was murdered shortly after she joined him. He had inadvertently given a young woman an inkling of his plans to find his boy and escape. The Mormons asserted that Rutler's death was accidental. The woman was defrauded out of her husband's savings, but fleeing to Ogden she earned enough money by working in a hotel to pay her passage home. The amount of railway fare was larger than she expected, but sooner than delay longer, she deprived herself of food on the way to Chicago.

Latest from Scotland.

Up to June 29th the Glasgow International Exhibition had been visited by 1,456,149 people.

Annie S. Swan, the popular authoress, is married to one of the assistants to the professors in Edinburgh University.

The Greenock folks are actively exerting themselves at present to erect a worthy monument to James Watt on the site of the house in which he was born.

Rev. James Overend, rector of St. James' Episcopal School, Edinburgh, died suddenly recently from the bursting of a blood vessel while engaged in the work of the school.

A beautiful window has just been erected over the altar in St. Ninian's Church, in memory of Captain J. S. Crawfurd Stirling Stuart, of Castlemilk and Milton, by his children.

The agricultural area of Ayrshire is 317,000 acres. It occupies third place in Scotland, Aberdeen having 613,000 and Perth 348,000. The total acreage in Scotland is 4,861,000.

The death is announced of Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., London, in his 85th year. Mr. Anderson unsuccessfully contested Falkirk in the Liberal interest in 1852 and Ayr Burghs in 1868.

Mr. J. W. Malcolm, jun., of Poltalloch, M.P. for Argyllshire, is at present suffering from ill-health, and has been ordered by his medical advisers to take the baths at Marienbad, in Bohemia.

The negotiations between the Edinburgh and Leith Corporations and the Edinburgh & Leith Gas Company, with reference to the acquisition of the Edinburgh and Leith gas concern, have now been amicably completed. The gas shareholders are to get an annuity of 9½ per cent. and £11,000 in cash the former being equal to a payment of £14,000 a year.

Mr. Colin M. Langmuir, General Manager of the City of Melbourne Bank, has been elected President of the Victorian Institute of Bankers. Mr. Langmuir, who is a native of Aberdeen, received his early training as a banker in the Union Bank of Scotland. He joined the City of Melbourne Bank as accountant in 1876, and was appointed General Manager in 1880.

A young man from Edinburgh had been addressing a prayer-meeting somewhere in the North, and after the address was over he said he would give out a hymn. "Na," said an old elder, "we maun hae a psalm." "No," replied the young man, "I'll give out a hymn; I can't get a psalm to meet my case." "What's he speakin' aboot?" said an old wife who was sitting near. "Oh!" answered the elder, "this lad says he canna get a psalm to meet his case." "Weel, weel," said she, "I doot the lad hasna a case at a' if he canna find it in the psalms."

Two splendid albums have been presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales as souvenirs of their recent visit to Glasgow. One is bound in green leather, and contains a series of photographs, on satin, of the Exhibition and of the principal buildings of the city; the other is bound in blue plush, and in it are thirty water-color sketches by members of the Glasgow Art Club. On the covers are electro-plate reproductions of old Indian plates in the British Museum, and the hinges and clasps are also of chaste electro-plate, with the Royal arms.

A cat, the property of Mrs. Simpson, Abbey street, Melrose, wandered into a neighboring house some time ago, and, the tenant leaving for a fortnight, the animal was inadvertently imprisoned in one of the rooms. It was not discovered till the lady's return at the expiry of that time. Pussy was in a famished state, and had given birth to three kittens, which were alive when discovered. In her endeavors to escape the cat had torn part of the plaster off the wall.

Three little girls were amusing themselves one day recently in the Blackadder, in a shallow part of the river above the "Keil-holes," at Berwick, when the youngest of them, a child 3 years of age, daughter of Mr. J. Broomfield, painter, fell, and was carried by a sharp current into one of the pools below. Her sister—a girl about 5 years of age—seeing the child's danger, went to her assistance, boldly wading into the pool till the water reached her neck, and succeeded in getting hold of her clothes, as she was floating about, and brought her to land in a state of great exhaustion, just in time to save her from drowning.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest "creation" is a dress of salmon-colored satin, trimmed with silver passementerie.

HEREDITARY CRIME.

The Remarkable Record of Thirty Families.

MISAPPLIED BENEVOLENCE CONDEMNED.

A Buffalo despatch says: The report of the Committee on Organization for the next Conference of Charities and Corrections was adopted to-day. Bishop Gillespie, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was elected as President; Dr. O'Reilly, of Toronto, and four other Vice-Presidents were named. The next conference will be held in San Diego, California. One of the most interesting topics of the conference was discussed to-day by Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, of Indianapolis. He presented as his contribution, "The Children of Ishmael, a Study in Social Degradation." Mr. McCulloch had upon the stage with him an immense diagram showing the social condition of thirty families through five generations, embracing 1,692 persons. The paper read upon the subject was one of the most interesting of the whole conference. The history of all these had been people followed up, covering a period of fifty years back. That history was one of the most startling nature, and covered 7,000 pages in the records of the charity organization at Indianapolis. There had been 121 prostitutes in the lot, and the illegitimate children were very numerous. The name Ishmael was chosen, as that family was the most central. One man had a family of eleven illegitimate children. There had been several murderers in the group, and thieves without number. They did not work, but they lived by begging and petty thieving. They are generally diseased. The children die young. Licentiousness characterizes all the men and women, and from this results mental weakness and general incapacity to work, and this is all met by the benevolent public with unlimited public and private aid, encouraging them in an idle and wandering life, and in the propagation of similarly disposed children. These and other grim facts were presented and deductions drawn from them. General unchastity characterizes them, and their instincts are as low as brutes go. The speaker believed that public relief was in a large degree chargeable with the perpetuation of this stock, and what public relief fails to accomplish private benevolence supplements. The so-called charitable people who give to begging women and children have a large sin to answer for. "It is from them," said Mr. McCulloch, "that this pauper element gets its consent to exist. Charity, so-called, covers a multitude of sins, and sends the pauper out with the benediction, be bountiful and multiply. Such charity has made this element; has brought children to the birth, and ensured them a life of misery, cold, hunger and sickness. So-called charity joins public relief in producing still-born children, raising prostitutes, and educating criminals." Out of all these 1,692 persons, Mr. McCulloch said he knew of but one who had risen from them and had become an honorable man. The force of inherited parentism or pauperism drives them on with irresistible force. "What can we do?" said the speaker in conclusion. "First, we must close up official outdoor relief; second, we must check private indiscriminate benevolence or charity, falsely so-called; third we must get hold of the children."

MERCY FOR A MURDERESS.

Pearl Eytinge's Eloquent Appeal on Behalf of Chiara Cignarale.

An Albany, N. Y., despatch says: Pearl Eytinge pleaded with Governor Hill yesterday afternoon for the life of the murderess Chiara Cignarale. She presented an introductory letter from Senator Cantor, and made her plea in a most dramatic manner. In a trembling voice she thus addressed the Executive: "Mercy for poor Chiara Cignarale! Oh, sir, we pray thee give one kindly thought to that poor dying creature, driven to despair by the cruelty of one who had broken his altar vows, forgotten his faith in God, dishonored the name of man by striking to earth the pale, weak, hopeless mother of his children. We implore Your Excellency to consider that dread disease has already fastened upon her poor, frail form. We have seen her upon her prison couch with great, sad, yearning eyes, from out whose dark depths sorrow and repentance are shadowed forth; we have watched her wan lips moaning in ceaseless supplication; and we beg you to grant her the blessing of Executive clemency. Exercise that grand official power and with one stroke of thy mighty pen spare poor Chiara's life, and send her that blessed reprieve wherein to save her soul and make her peace with God."

Governor Hill heard the plea patiently, though his thoughts were plainly on the big bunch of letters which had accumulated in his absence. He said he was familiar with the case, and that the newspapers had prevented a life sentence by charging the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Howe, with abandoning his client. He consulted a few moments with the Pardon Clerk, and then courteously assured Miss Eytinge that he would consider the case very carefully.

It is believed that the commutation of sentence, for which the Governor's fair visitor pleaded so earnestly, may possibly be granted.

Improvement on an Old Sell.

A good story is related at the expense of a hotel proprietor at Tacoma, W. T. A stranger, who had been stopping at the house for a few weeks, asked the proprietor how far it was to Mount Ranier, which appeared to be only a couple of miles distant, although in fact it was nearly 100. The proprietor winked at the bystanders, and said that perhaps it was a mile away. The boarder said that he believed he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the "tenderfoot," who, after borrowing the proprietor's fine field-glass, immediately started. The joke was too rich for the hotel man to keep, and he treated all hands. But the pedestrian did not return. The landlord at last became suspicious, and found that the valise which the "tenderfoot" had left was filled with brick-bats, and that he had carried off 17 towels, and everything else that he could get into his pockets. Besides this he owed two weeks' board bill. He is probably still walking.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A PROFITABLE BARGAIN.

For a Glass of Beer a Drummer Gets Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

This may seem a large sum for a small article, but it was virtually paid by a man of great resources who had an ingenious expedient for saving the horseflesh of the world. About ten years ago a veterinary surgeon who was with the army in Bombay found that the excessive heat of that country caused the tops of the horses' necks to sweat freely and thereby produce sores under the leather collars. All the expedients that he could suggest were of no avail to remedy this state of things. One-fourth of the horses used for draught purposes were laid up by what is called "sore neck."

This "vet" in his younger days had studied chemistry, and he found that sulphate of zinc was the best and almost the only cure for horses' "sore neck," but the difficulty in applying this preparation lay in the fact that the horse had to rest during the times of the application, otherwise the collar would rub it off and there was no chance of the horse's recovery. A thought struck him that to make a zinc pad and put it under the collar would at any rate prove an ameliorative, and may be a cure. The man, though ingenious in his way, was much given to drink, and was looked upon by the officers of the army as a "ne'er do weel" with bright ideas. While this idea was simmering in his mind and before he had put it into an actual test he happened to be in a drinking bar. His finances were at this time at the lowest ebb, for his future pay was mortgaged for all it was worth and the publican refused to trust him with any more drinks. An American drummer happened to be representing a large leather house and knew a good deal of the difficulty with which the American farmers of the southwest had to contend. The two men got into conversation, and as a natural result the veterinary spoke of the idea that was uppermost in his mind and said that he thought he knew of a remedy of that most troublesome of complaints of which all horses in hot countries suffered. The American was perfectly convinced that he was talking to a man of good ideas, though bad principles, and asked what he would take for the idea.

"I am awfully hard up and can get no more drink on trust, so I will give you the idea for a glass of beer."

"Done!" said the other.

The American at once saw that there was probably millions in this and he conceived the notion that the matter oozing from the sores on horses' necks would corrode the pad and produce sulphate of zinc—thus the disease would provide its own remedy. He also saw that zinc, being a non-conductor of heat, would keep the parts cool. The more he thought of it the more he liked it, and although his business should have kept him in Bombay some months longer, he in a few days took the first steamship for Liverpool and then for Boston. Arriving at Boston he threw up his appointment with the house and started the manufacture of zinc pads, after obtaining a patent for the idea, and is now worth $200,000. These zinc pads are used in every country on earth and are the greatest blessings the farmer enjoys.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

How Russell Sage Paid a Boy who Returned Lost Money.

Several days ago Russell Sage visited the Broadway (N.Y.) clothing establishment of Messrs. A. H. King & Co. for the purpose of rehabilitating his outer self in fashionable and seasonable apparel. After much discussion with the salesman as to the particular shade and fabric and an unsuccessful effort to effect a reduction in the price of a suit, Mr. Sage effected a deal by which his summer wardrobe was replenished by several suits of clothes at about the price that Berry Wall would expend for a fancy waistcoat. Shortly after the millionaire's departure from the realm of "bargains" in clothing a diminutive cash boy picked up from the floor of the store a small roll of bank notes containing $26, which, with commendable honesty, he carried to the cashier's desk, where it was placed in an envelope to await the probable call of the loser. Yesterday morning bright and early, Mr. Sage, attired in his newly-purchased garments, presented a worried countenance at the cashier's window in Messrs. King & Co.'s store. He had lost $26. His identification of the bills found on the floor was correct in every particular, and the money was immediately handed over to him, to his evident satisfaction. Mr. King beckoned to the little fellow whose integrity had rescued the railroad man from pecuniary loss, and said: "Mr. Sage, here is the boy who found your money."

"He has done his duty," said the man of millions, "and will find his reward in the future," and rolling up his wealth and carefully depositing it in his waistcoat pocket he took a dignified departure.

A Pretty Tough Place.

The editor of the Louisa *East Kentucky Magnet* must have run against something unpleasant when last in Cincinnati. He writes: "If we were called upon to point out a place filled with woe, sorrow, torments, tortures, doleful shades, wantonness, crimes of the blackest, horrors, murders, assassins, harlots, all concentrated in one vast, furious hell, we would unhesitatingly say Cincinnati. We are reminded of the sewers and slum holes of Paris, but we pass that by and give the answer, Cincinnati. The Eternal City under Nero, where men were tarred, placed upon poles, a torch being then applied, were used to illuminate the city, in the face of this we give the answer, Cincinnati. Jerusalem, with her hill of skulls, where Christ was crucified, with all these in our mind's eye we answer in favor of Cincinnati.

A Small Boy's Long Journey.

Little Willie Leonard, a 6-year-old boy, started off from Pittsburg last week on a 4,000 mile journey all alone. His ticket was bought for him through to Anthracite, a small mining village on the Canadian Pacific Railroad in British Columbia. The boy's father left Allegheny about one year ago and went to the west, and since that time Willie has been living with an aunt in Allegheny. Last week his father sent for him, and Thursday the child was placed in charge of the Ft. Wayne conductor, with orders to be passed along until he reached his destination.—*Detroit News.*

LOST ?

Lost labor? Nay, not so. The planted seed,
Unheeded and forgotten, yet shall grow
In fruitful silence, and to traveller's need
Shall grateful shade and sustenance bestow.
No act of good or ill, no task of hand
Or brain, no faithful striving of the soul,
But leaves a foot-print on life's level sand
Or, graves a letter on th' eternal scroll.
No toil is wasted: though we may not see
The harvest of the strife, the work, the rhyme.
The Master saith "What is that to thee?
Use thou the means—leave thou the end to time."

Lost faith? Ah, never What though dark the cloud?
We know beyond it lies the polar star.
Pallid the lips and hands and close the shroud—
But doubt we regions where no shadows are?
What if no answer to our cry comes back?
Our trust shall be its own supreme reward.
Knoweth the meteor of its shining track?
Or sentinels the treasures that they guard?
Not to ourselves alone shall be our faith.
But, as a lamp upon a darkened road
Guides least the bearer, light life's rugged path,
And show some faltering foot the way to God.

Lost love? Least yet of all can love be lost,
Love, the eternal—love, the portress sweet
Of Heaven's strait door—our rampart 'gainst a host
Of 'leag'ring foes—the messenger whose feet
Upon the dark heights of our sorrows haste
With lovely promise. What if thorns of pain
Crown our life's holiest effort? What if waste
Wait our soul's wealth, and sacrifice be vain?
Lost? Never dare we deem that love is lost!
Through loss and woes uncounted unatoned
Love lives and gives—and knows his heavy cost
Most blest unthanked, best guerdoned when unowned.

Annie Rothwell, Kingston.

THE LADIES' GOSSIP.

Tramping Ten Thousand Miles for His Wife, Only to Lose Her Again.

QUEER NUPTIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

A Land in Which the Women Always Begin the Courtship.

SOME ODDITIES IN COSTUMES.

The Rich Mormon Girls on Strike Against Polygamy.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

Latest Parisian Novelties.

A cablegram from Paris says: Embroidery will enjoy exceptional prestige next winter. Already clothes are being made less heavy. Add to the dress or garment the rich furs that fashion will impose and you will have some idea of their cost. Fortunately for modest purses common sense allows the gentlewoman to wear a plain gown, without frill or ornament. If it only fits well and the minor appointments correspond in dainty thought and freshness one can yet afford to be smiling and gracefully indulgent to the more bedizened favorites of fortune. Moreover, nothing prevents one from embroidering a vest in finely-striped Louis XV. silk or peau-de-soie, and this, with plain cloth or velvet redingote and a plain jupe of peau-de-soie, with three pinked plaitings at the edge, will be charming, and, as the French put it, a select toilet. One vest can be made to do much service. In buying the buttons for these redingotes—there are only six in front and three on each side—choose something artistic and of value and get them from a jeweller of repute, for they make or spoil garments. First the fit, then the buttons, and last of all consider the goods.

Woman in Zuni Land.

In Zuni Land the woman makes the first advances looking toward marriage. The woman raises the family. She transmits the name. She sends to the youth she chooses a basket of meal or peaches, and if he is inclined toward her he forthwith makes a present of "primary consideration," consisting of a whole deerskin, beautifully dressed and snow white. That signifies that she is provided with shoes for life. The skin is placed over the foot and then rolled around the leg and strapped down with delicate thongs. You can always tell a newly-married Zuni woman by the large roll of deerskin and by the small silver buttons that adorn the leggings. Whenever the foot piece wears out it is cut off and the roll is replaced. When the woman becomes old the roll is small. The only sanctification of the marriage is the formal adoption of the young man after the acceptance of the bundle. He is then the step-son of the girl's father.

Independence for Our Girls.

If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of a monarch to learn a trade, it ought not to be beneath the sons and daughters of Republican America to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so. It is absolutely certain that happy marriages will be promoted by this very independence among women. Not being at leisure to nurse every passing fancy, girls would elect to wait patiently until the light of true love came into their lives.—*Century.*

Wearing Real Flowers.

A rather pretty mode is the wearing of real flowers in "trails" of bouquets on parasols at garden parties. It dates from the flower festa. There were a few at Lady Lytton's garden party early in the month, and very many at Mme Carnot's last, which wound up the season. The Presidentess was still dressed in black and white, in which colors she appeared at the dinner at the Russian Embassy, the dinner at the British Embassy and the garden party there. It is a pity for young butterflies that garden parties cannot become fashionable, there being now so few gardens (save in the Faubourg St. Germain) in Paris large enough for festal purposes. The Lockroys have a fairly large one, which I expect next year Mlle. Jeanne Hugo will make, in her natural character of Rose Queen, a centre of festivity. This season she has been debarred from social gayety by the attack she had of inflammation of the lungs. As in England, fashion over here now holds its most brilliant revels after Easter, and they go on to July, when the heat chases the butterflies to the seaside. Those beauties who are no longer young, and who mean to be beautiful forever, prefer the old way of only seeing company indoors. The crude sunlight of the garden party pitilessly shows what faces are made up. I suppose that this is why the broad-leafed hat is so much worn, and why parasols are made so impervious to the sun's rays by means of lining, lace covering, and natural flowers.—*Paris Letter to London Truth.*

Polygamy in Utah.

"The prettiest bather in the lake," said a returned Utah tourist to a Denver *Tribune* reporter, "was a sweet blonde, daughter of historic Hiram Clawson, who came to Utah with Brigham Young and built the first house in Salt Lake and Utah Territory. Mr. Clawson married two of Brigham Young's daughters, and has 32 living children." "Is polygamy dying out in Utah?" asked the reporter. "Very fast. The rich and intelligent young Mormon girls won't go into it. I saw at the theatre Miss Clawson, accompanied by a handsome young Mormon beau, to whom she is engaged. When I asked her if she allowed her beau to have another sweetheart she looked solemnly down at her solitaire ring and said, half bitterly: 'No, unless he is smooth enough to fool me.' *Harper's Bazar* is killing polygamy among the rich and respectable. No husband can afford to buy four or five bonnets and sealskin sacques."

The Right Kind of a Wife.

What a clever man wants is a clear-headed, sensible wife, who will forget his vagaries in remembering his brilliancy, and remain a constant shield between his sensitiveness and disagreeable things; something, in fact, like one of those cushions that sailors put down the side of the vessel to keep it from jarring too roughly against the dock. Look at me, for instance. I never wrote a word for publication, painted a picture, composed music, or did anything clever in all my life. But I make my husband just the sort of wife he needs.—*Irish Times.*

Hair Reform Association.

A Hair Reform Association has been started in Japan, and is doing good work in the interest of neatness and simplicity. Ten years ago Japanese women were accustomed to wear their hair piled up in a most exaggerated and complicated fashion, and the arrangement of their chevelure was a labor of at least two hours.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A Wife Lost and Found.

A Chicago correspondent of the New York *World* writes as follows: When Frederick Wilks, a tall, good-looking young man went home last night he found a note from his pretty little wife, Annie, that told him she had run away. The young man spent last night and to-day looking for Annie, with the aid of the police force, but she has probably gone far enough to be able to elude him. They had only been married a few months. They are from Nottingham, England, where Annie was the prettiest slip of a girl in town. Frederick fell in love with her when she was 17 and he 19 years old. He got a day set for their marriage, but just before it came Annie ran away to America. Her lover followed her, found her in New York city, and a marriage ceremony was again arranged for, when the girl disappeared again. This time she slipped back to England. He followed her and, after tramping up and down the country several weeks, found she had gone to the Continent. To the Continent went the constant lover, and for months she led him a will-o'-the-wisp chase from city to city. Finally she got back to Nottingham, and he caught her, and, before she could get away again, they were married. She made it conditional that they should go at once to America. They sailed for New York, and thence drifted to Chicago, where Frederick has been employed as bookkeeper. He says he has tramped 10,000 miles for his wife and is ready to tramp 10,000 more, if necessary.

Nuptial Arrangements—A New Fashion.

It is fashionable now for husbands and wives to keep separate bed-rooms. Kings and Queens have set the example, and the newly coupled folks in our fashionable world are following it. No secret is made of the custom. The nicest of our output of June brides will calmly show you her own daily boudoir, and then exhibit the bedroom of her husband. And the Duke of Marlborough and his bride, the beautiful Widow Hamersley, sailed away on their honeymoon voyages in two staterooms.

More than that, I have it from a positively trustworthy source that on the evening of the wedding, after the Clews dinner at Delmonico's which was concluded at 10.45 p. m., the chaperon, Mrs. Cruger, and the Duchess were driven in a carriage unattended to the Hamersley mansion on Fifth avenue, and the Duke, after passing some time with his friends in ordinary post-prandial entertainment, sought his quarters at the Albemarle Hotel. This was construed as ducal politeness.

The idea is that the bride must not be intruded upon, and that she must be left to invite her husband to call sooner or later, as the fancy suits her. In one instance the wedded couple went right away on diverse tours, to meet at the end of a week in some distant place, the locality being kept a secret from their acquaintances.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Seasonable Dainties.

A delicious dish for this season is red raspberry. Take a quart of the fruit, and after looking it over carefully put into a sauce-pan with a half cup of boiling water. When it boils add a half cup of white sugar and the same quantity of red currants off the stem.

In a pudding dish beat up the yolks of three eggs with a pint of milk and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir in the berries and place in a moderate oven to bake. It should be done in about a half hour. Just before removing spread on top the whites fo the eggs beaten to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let it get delicately brown and serve ice-cold. Blackberry pudding may be made in the same way.

For a tea dish blackberries mixed with currants and served with powdered sugar and cream are delicious, and are much nicer than the berries plain.

A simple huckleberry pudding, especially good for children, is made as follows: Get a pint of the berries and put into a deep fruit dish. Make a custard out of a pint of milk, brought to a boil, into which two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch is stirred. Sweeten to taste and pour over the berries; eat cold.

For and About the Fair Sex.

Drawn hats in black point d'esprit make very attractive head gear for mourning, and are as light as possible. Black Neapolitan is also very attractive for the same reason.

The fancy belts of gray and tan suede kid are very stylish as well as those in fancy leathers and morocco. Many sorts of belt buckles are stylish on these pretty belts. Rhine stone, silver and jetted designs.

Fancy ribbon sashes are stylish for young girls, and will be worn with fabrics which require no other finish than this ornamental sash. Beautiful designs in flowers on a moire ground are exceedingly pretty for young girls, and make a mull or a Swiss muslin dress into a most attractive gown.

The proper simple refreshments at an afternoon tea are tea and bread and butter.

One of the four state executioners of Austria is a woman. She is large and muscular.

An advertisement for a wife in Berlin recently brought 277 answers, 87 of whom were widows.

Mrs. Moses Fraley wears four gowns a day at Long Branch and never repeats a gown for three weeks.

At the time of the marriage of General and Mrs. Harrison their stock of table cutlery consisted of six knives and six forks.

THE SINKING FRENCH COAST.

A Prediction that Paris will be Submerged in Ten Centuries.

Just lately, says a writer in the London *Globe*, on the coast of Brittany, one of those geolocial discoveries has been made which suggest to the mind periods of time making the longest human life appear but a span, and exhibiting processes quite dwarfing the most ambitious human achievements. This is the disclosure, by the displacement of a mass of sand during the last high tides, of a forest that must have been buried for some twenty centuries at least. The situation is just opposite Saint Malo, at the foot of the cliffs of Saint Enogat and Saint Lunaire. The forest is supposed to have once extended from Saint Malo to beyond Mount Saint Michel. This discovery is considered of great scientific interest, as it affords a remarkable illustration of the gradual sinking of the French shore. The progress of this sinking during the last 2,000 years is clearly shown in an old map found at the abbey of the Mount Saint Michel. Within no more than seven centuries back as many as seven parishes are said to have disappeared by the subsidences of this region. And in the Bay of Douarnenzes there is known to have existed in the fifth century quite a flourishing town called Is, the scene of the famous tragical legend. Even now, at low water, may be seen the old walls of Is, which are called by the inhabitants Mogber Greghi (wall of the Greek). The people of the country pretend that they can sometimes hear the old church bells of the submerged city ringing with the motion of the current. French geologists estimate that the gradual sinking of the soil of Britanny, Normandy, Artais, Belgium and Holland is not less than seven feet a century. At this rate it is calculated that in about ten centuries all the channel ports will be destroyed, and Paris itself will become a maritime city. In another ten centuries it is predicted that the French capital itself will have become entirely submerged, excepting, perhaps, that the tops of the Pantheon, of the Arc de Triomphe and some other monuments may be discernible at low water by the people who will then be living.

Why the Romans Went to Bed Early.

History tells us that ancient Rome, even in times of festival, was always as quiet as the grave after the closing in of the night—a fact which De Quincy thus accounts for: "They went to bed early in those ages simply because their mother earth could not afford them candles. She, good old lady, or young lady (for geologists know not whether she is in that state of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or to 'a certain age') she, good lady, would have shuddered to hear any of her nations inquiring for candles. 'Candles, indeed!' she would say, who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have provided gratis? What will the wretches want next?' The Romans, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting around a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilious himself was obliged to trundle off into the dark. Tarquinius may have been a very superb fellow, but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark."

Did Not Like the New House.

The Boston *Advertiser* says: A well-known Boston gentleman keeps pigeons at his country place near Milton. The birds lived in the barn until recently, when he built a new hen-house, with a dove-cote in its second story. The barn was then boarded up, and the pigeons invited to enter their new home. They unitedly refused, and slept in the trees for a week. Then a consultation was held, and all but one adopted the new abode. The one stalwart stayed in the trees a few days longer, and then was seen to fly a great height in the air and disappear. Some days later he turned up in Waltham, where he was recognized by a man who had reared him, and who had marked his wing. The bird had been near Milton for nearly two years, and had originally been brought there from Waltham in a closed basket.

In Desperate Condition.

Wife—John, dear, what would you do if I were to die?

Husband—Don't speak of such a thing. I would be desperate.

Wife—Do you think you would marry again?

Husband—Well, n—no; I don't think I would be as desperate as all that.

An Alaska Indian, sentenced to prison for 99 years for murder, interrupted the judge by asking if the Government was going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term, or would they let him out when he died.

FOUND IN THE ROCK'S HEART.

A Steed and His Rider, Who Had Been Hidden There for Years.

Henry Martin, who resides up in the direction of Antelope Basin, Wyoming Territory, recently came across a ghastly relic of early days which might well form the foundation for a tale of frontier life. He was out prospecting in a wild and broken part of the country, where in the midst of an elevated plateau it is not uncommon to suddenly find oneself on the brink of a crevasse or cleft in the rock, a plunge into which would inevitably prove fatal, says the Laramie *Boomerang*. It was in examining one of these strange openings formed during some tremendous convulsion of the earth ages ago that Mr. Martin saw pinned between the adamantine walls far below him the whitened bones of a man and horse. He made a circuitous journey around the hill which brought him to where it was possible to enter the narrow gorge, and by difficult climbing over jagged boulders to reach the skeletons. He cautiously picked his way through for a distance of several hundred feet, and at length reached the object which had excited his curiosity. There was no doubt, from the position of the animal and his rider, that they had plunged headlong to their death either while being pursued or in some mad ride which did not leave time to check themselves on the brink of the yawning chasm. The man must have been fully six feet in height, and between 50 and 60 years of age, the latter supposition being established by the fact that he had during life lost some of his teeth and the bone had grown over the cavities afterwards. The skull showed a rather intelligent forehead, the cheek-bones were prominent and the general shape of the head indicated that the bones were those of a Mexican. This theory was confirmed by the discovery of a rich Mexican sombrero, with heavy gold trimmings, all in a good state of preservation. The skeleton was found in a perpendicular position, the head downwards and tightly pinned between the two walls of rock. The rider had fallen from his stead and the bones of the latter were similarly suspended, but twenty feet further up. In a little basin at the foot of the gorge was discovered a copper plate about six inches square, and strangest of all, a plug of tobacco of apparently ancient manufacture, but seemingly as perfect as when the dead man had put it in his pocket to solace him in his lonely ride across the hills.

Mental Effects of Hot Weather.

One of the most interesting studies bearing upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of a high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive, egotistic man, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent upon publishing his personal discomfort. Instead of sitting still and cooling his mind through work or genial diversion, he moves busily about telling everybody how hot he is, with gestures and ejaculations to match. He is a mental radiator, bent upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and without intending it is generating his own discomfort within others. On the other hand, the man of even temperament, of cool mind, avoids all mention of physical and thermal conditions on a hot day. He purposes to get his mind as far away from them as possible. He hears his nervous friend fling down his pen or spade and declare that it is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort. One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator and transmits his own conditions.

The mere physical temperature of a man on a hot day is not the measure of discomfort. In this busy season hundreds of Canadian farmers toil in open fields in the hot sun in such excessive perspiration that hardly a dry thread is found on them through the day. But if one is accosted from the roadside and reminded that it is a terribly hot day he will generally reply with drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of on the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the promise of good crops. What is true of man is true of beasts. One of the most painful sights to a person of kind heart is to see the distress of the horses that pull the street cars on a scorching day. These animals receive the best of care and treatment by the companies, and their muscular strength is not overtaxed so far as mere work is concerned. A horse doing the same work on a country road would not perspire much. It is the tremendous strain upon their nerves caused by constant fear of losing their feet on the smooth paving when starting the car that chiefly induces both their sweat and semi torture. Even with a horse it is the condition of mind that largely decides its power to endure heat and work.

Killed by Cherry Stones.

The practice of swallowing cherry stones caused the death of 17-year-old Pauline Wurster at her home, No. 148 Dauphin street, on Monday, after an illness of a week. Dr. Forman, the coroner's physician, yesterday made a *post mortem* examination and found that peritonitis had been caused by cherry stones. The little tubelike appendix suspended from the junction of the large and small intestines, the use of which physiologists have never been able to discover, was found choked up with cherry stones. The lower end of it had become ulcerated and had also been ruptured by the pressure of the stones, and the contents of the intestines as well as the stones escaped into the cavity of the bowels, producing violent inflammation.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Dying of a Spider's Bite.

Mr. Russell, the engineer of the pile-driver at work on the track of the "O.K." line at Milan, has met with a singular misfortune. A few days ago, while at work he drank water out of a dipper and felt a sting in the end of his tongue. Looking into the dipper he noticed a spider in it. At first he took no notice of the bite, but his tongue commenced to swell and soon became so large that it filled his mouth. A doctor was summoned and he did all in his power to relieve the suffering of Mr. Russell, but all his efforts were ineffectual, and on Wednesday his condition was so critical that his wife and child, who live in this city, were sent for.—*Quincy (Ill.) Whig.*

BIRDS FOND OF MIRRORS.

They Will Wash Themselves There, and Play with the Reflected Image.

Do you know that the little canaries you keep in cages are fond of mirrors, asks a correspondent of *Youth's Instructor*. We have seen little girls, and older ones, too, who were fond of mirrors, but who ever heard of birds that used them? I will tell you about a little canary that lives at the house where I board. Some time ago our landlady got a canary and put it in a cage alone. The little bird was taken from a large cage holding a dozen birds. He was very homesick and lonesome, just as you would be if you were taken away off among strangers, away from mamma, papa, sisters, brothers and everybody you ever knew. Just so our little birdie cried and moaned, and would not eat nor sing. It wanted to go home and see its mamma. The lady did all she could to comfort and make it feel at home. She talked to it and petted it, giving it clean water, good seed, apples and everything she thought it would like, but it was of no use; birdie kept crying and wouldn't make friends, but wanted to go home. One day his mistress brought him a large piece of broken mirror, as big as my two hands, and placed it inside his cage where he could see it readily. Do you suppose he cared for that? Indeed he did. He hopped down and, going up close, looked in, seeming to be perfectly delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing and putting on all the airs he was master of. He was not homesick at all after that. He spends much of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down just as close to the glass as he can get. You see, he thinks he is sleeping beside that other little bird. His mistress often lets him out into the room, where he can have more liberty. She may put that glass anywhere in the room, and he will find it and spend most of his time before it. One day the little fellow acted very naughtily. He got angry and tried to get into a fight. It all happened because he wanted his own way and could not get it. He went up to the glass so lovingly and tried to coax the other bird to come and play with him somewhere else. The looking-glass bird would not follow him, but went the other way every time. Then the canary got provoked, and flying at the bird in the glass tried to have a real fight with him. He tried it only once, and then he looked ashamed of it. The blame, you see, was all on one side. That shows how foolish it is to get angry and pick a quarrel. He washes himself before the large mirror in the room, pluming his feathers and making his toilet with much satisfaction; and, like all folks that spend much time before the glass, he is getting very vain.

Bringing Debtors to Terms.

A Paris tradesman has invented a new device for dealing with a recalcitrant debtor which may become common. A gentleman who, to use a rather hackneyed phrase, is well known on the turf, had the misfortune to lose a large sum of money at the races, and rumors as to his solvency were soon spread about the city. Applications were at once made to him by his numerous creditors, and he succeeded in coming to satisfactory arrangements with all of them except one on whose books he was down for a mere trifle of £1,200. The creditor refused to compound, and wanted the money at once. As his debtor was unable to "come up to the scratch" the tradesman threatened to send out advertisement vans and "sandwich men" over the city to emblazon the insolvency of the gentleman well known on the turf, who was also a Knight of the Legion of Honor, before the eyes of all men, women and children. This did not in the least alarm the debtor, who evidently regarded the threat as a gigantic joke. To his surprise and vexation, however, the "sandwich men" are let loose on the metropolis. They carried boards and banners with inscriptions thereon setting forth the name, titles, qualities and liabilities of the debtor. With these they marched one fine day along the Boulevard des Italiens, and, diving down the Rue de Richelieu, they made for the Stock Exchange, round which they walked silently and solemnly three times. After that they returned to the Boulevards, passed the Madeleine, traversed the Place de la Concorde and proceeded slowly and steadily up the crowded Avenues des Champs Elysees, where their terrible inscriptions were paraded before the gaze of nymphs and *noceurs* who were going out to the Bois, of quiet political or professional people who were taking their daily drives in the same direction, and of the hordes of mothers, nurses and children who usually congregate on fine afternoons in the same pleasant part of Paris. This was too much for the debtor, who summoned his tormentor before the *Parquet* on the ground of his trying to obtain money under false pretences. This dispute was too peculiar and unprecedented for the Magistrate, who postponed their verdict.

Munchausen Outdone.

In the forest of Esterel a man and woman were at work, recently, and not far off a babe—an infant six months old—was lying in its cradle, which had been moved to the front of their cottage in order that the little cherub might inhale the fresh air under the watchful gaze of its fond parents. Suddenly a noise was heard, and an enormous eagle, swooping down from the cerulean sky, seized the babe with beak and claws and began to soar once more toward the sun, when the distracted father, rushing madly into his hut, took up his gun. Without a moment's hesitation the man pointed his weapon at the cruel bird and fired. The eagle dropped earthward as dead as a door nail, and its slayer now achieved another feat that would have won him any amount of applause at Lord's. He held out his hands and caught the child as it fell, the little one escaping without so much as a scratch, and returning from its journey into mid-air as "bright as a button." So Tell of immortal renown has a rival. The only drawback is that a skeptic has hinted that if it were carefully examined the majestic bird might prove, after all, to be only a canard.—*London Telegraph.*

Pomposity with an Unimpeachable P.

New Boarder—"What a pompous-looking man that Mr. Darby is; don't you think so?" Old Boarder—"Pompous! I guess you'd look pompous if you'd captured the strawberry out of the shortcake for three successive days the way he has!"—*Judge.*

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County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

A son of Mr. Hector Stewart, of Bentick, was carring a scythe last week when he fell and cut his hand half off. Dr. Gun dressed the wound and hopes to save all the boy's fingers.—[Grey Review.

Our exchanges are cautioning ministers against too lengthy sermons during the summer months. Josh Billings once said that a minister who couldn't strike ile in thirty minutes should change his business.—[Pickering News.

There was a very destructive fire in Creemore on the morning of the 17th inst. Messrs. Gillespie and Casy's block was reduced to ashes. Loss estimated at $20,000. Supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Mr. Richardson's farm house and buildings, near Corbetton, were entirely consumed by fire last Friday afternoon, caused by a spark wafted by the wind from a fallow distant about four hundred yards, settling near an old straw stack which almost immediately ignited.—[Shelburne Economist.

On Monday evening last Harry Craig, a little fellow of eight years, second son Mr. Wm. Craig, photographer, was amusing himself by climbing in a new building while the workmen were absent. He lost his balance and fell to the ground from a second storey window. Strange to say he picked himself up, and beyond being rather sore and shaken up seems none the worse for his tumble.—[Owen Sound Advertiser.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that on Monday last, the wife of Mr. Geo. Hendrie, Lake Shore line, Sydenham, near Annan, while standing near a mare feeding in the stable, was bitten by the animal, taking a piece out of the corner of her lower lip and tearing the lip to the chin. Mrs. Hendrie was immediately brought by her husband to Dr. Lang, who dressed the painful wound, and she is now doing as well as could be expected. The animal had hitherto been considered gentle and quiet.—[Owen Sound Times.

CAMPING QUARTETTE.—On Monday last Wes. Armstrong, E. E. Richardson and Charlie Sarjeant, of Flesherton, and Willie McFarland, of Markdale, four respectable youths, armed to the teeth with shooting irons, fully equipped with fishing tackle and their wagon so heavily laden with camp paraphernalia and provisions that two of the party had to walk, started for the famous Bell's Lake there to spend a week scalping Indians, hunting bears, netting fish, spearing frogs, bagging fowl and mashing mosquitoes. We hope their expectations may be fully realized and patiently wait for particulars of their exploits.—Markdale Standard.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

NOTICE.

To the Ladies of the County of Grey.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

CLIMO'S STORE IN FLESHERTON

and bring your Produce and ask to be shown the beautiful PRINTS suitable for any wearing. We have beautiful Satteen Prints at from 10c. to 14c. per yard—such values you have not been offered before.

Highest Price allowed for Eggs, Butter and Wool.

The best way to destroy Beetles is to sprinkle Paris Green and Water on the Potatoe Vines. You can get the Sprinklers at Climo & Co's which are cheap and good. Only a few on hand.

Yours Truly,

CLIMO & CO.,
Wright's Old Stand, - Flesherton.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contract Work of every Description.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 150 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 371. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUG. 2, 1888. A. R. FAWCETT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

REMOVED!

RUSSELL'S Jewelry Store

Has been Remov'd to the Stand formerly occupied by J. W. Bates, Flesherton.

Noted

Tit-Bits.

Telling what goeth on in and around Flesherton.

Mr. Will Thompson, of Orillia, is visiting friends in Artemesia.

Miss Johnston, of Manitowaning, is visiting at Mr. W. P. Crossley's.

Mr. Samuel Kingston advertises two good houses for sale or to rent in this week's ADVANCE. See advt.

Call and see Parlor Suites, now being shown at Flesherton Furniture Warerooms. Quite new in design. The best ever brought into this section, and at prices lower than cheap trash goods have been offered by County dealers in the past.

Birth.

At Kimberley, on the 1st inst., the wife of J. R. Fawcett, of a daughter.

Mill Burned.

Mr. Wm. Hogg's saw mill at Little Falls was destroyed by fire about 11 o'clock on Wednesday night of last week. There was nothing saved.

Gone to England.

Squire M. Richardson and wife have gone to England on a pleasure trip. They will be absent until October. We wish them a pleasant time and a safe return.

Visiting Friends in U. S.

Mr. Thos. Hollinger, the popular Clerk in Mr. R. Trimble's store here, visited friends in Boston, Detroit and Toronto last week. He reports having a splendid time.

Binder Contest.

A [illegible] under the auspices of Artemesia Agricutural Society. Due notice as to date and place will be given in these columns later on. The enterprise of our Township Society is very commendable.

A Big Porcupine.

On Thursday morning last a monster porcupine was discovered by Lieut. J. J. Field prowling around among the branches of one of his apple trees. The Lieutenant drew a bead on the hedgehog with a rifle and killed it The animal weighed sixty-six pounds and was a splendid specimen of the procupine tribe.

Medical Partnership.

Dr. Hixon, M D. C. M., and Dr. Hutton, M. D. & M., have formed a partnership for the practice of their profession in Pricevie. The former is well known to the majrity of ADVANCE readers, while the later will be in the same position. Dr. Hiton recently practiced with Dr. Pattuilof Brampton.

In the Waste Basket.

A Kimberley correspondent, signing himself "One wlwas There," will understand why his letter does not appear in THE ADVANCE, when we tell him that he forgot to furni the Editor with his name as a grantee of good faith. Articles so sent us are invariably consigned to the waste basket.

Death of Servant Stone.

On Saturday t, at his late residence, Artemesia, aft a brief illness of three days, died Servt Richard Stone, aged 42 years. Deced was an old resident of Artemesia l very highly respected. He became a ember of Flesherton Volunteer Comy in the year 1866 and never failed attend annual drill from that time to tday of his death, except on one or two occasions, when he could not possibly ad. He was a Christian in the highest best sense of that term. His death is ersally regretted in this district and wrever he was known. He was Sergt in No. 6 Company Volunteers, a member of the Orange order. On May last his remains were interred in e Flesherton cemetery, attended by largest funeral *cortege* ever seen in is locality. The last sad rites at the e were performed by the Orangemen the Volunteers under command of Lt. J. J. Field. Rev. J. W. Shilton, A., officiated Flesherton brass band led the procession.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr. Hurd and family, of Toronto, are the guests of Mr. Thos. Duncan.

Mrs. James Kester and youngest daughter returned to Flesherton on Monday evening from visiting friends near Stouffville.

Mr. J. B. Spurr, of the Dundalk Herald, gave us a pleasant call on Monday last.

Booth, the Boss Barber, Flesherton, has his shop in Strain's block very attractively fitted up.

Mr. and Mrs. James Beecroft returned home from England last week. Their many friends were pleased to meet with them again, although very sorry to learn that the trip had not been as beneficial to Mr. Beecroft's health as had been anticipated. We hope, however, that good results will ultimately follow.

Fatality at a barn raising.

A fatal accident occurred at a barn raising, near Rocklyn, on Monday last. Deceased, whose name was John Shaw, fell from a beam, striking his head upon a brace. We have been unable to learn exact particulars, but believe death occured a few hours after the accident. Mr. Shaw was a bachelor.

Correct you are, Bro. Blyth.

The East Riding of Grey Agricultural Society will hold its fall exhibition in Flesherton, on Monday and Tuesday, September 24th and 25th. We have received a copy of the prize list, printed at the Advance office, in pamphlet form, and which for clearness of impression and neatness in its general make up would do credit to many offices in much large places. —[Chatsworth News.

Our Base Ball Club.

The Flesherton Base Ball Club has been re-organized. The following officers were elected for the season :

A. Munshaw, President.
C. J. Leitch, Captain.
G. H. Hawke, Sec.-Treas.
D. Clayton, Asst. Captain.
H. Hawke, C. W. Wright, and J. Davis, Working Committee

Now, ye clubs of surrounding towns and villages, prepare for the struggle.

Tramps Abroad.

The invasion of the Presbyterian church one night last week (which we omitted to mention in last week's issue) shows that the worst "species" of tramp is around again. More burglaries are committed by these fellows in the rural districts than by the professional [illegible] They they were not as successful as they anticipated on the occasion named, was due to the careful manner in which Mr. Neil always looks after everything connected with the church.

Eugenia and Redwing.

An exciting base ball match was played at Kimberley the other day, between Eugenia and Redwing clubs. At the end of the ninth inning the scores stood : Redwing, 18 runs ; Eugenia, 16 runs. It was one of the best amateur games ever played in the County. There were three "whitewashes" on each side, while the playing of both teams was brilliant throughout. Eugenia team had two men who never played in a match before, which, no doubt, had considerable to do with their defeat. The return match will be looked forward to with much interest.

Entrance Examination.

Of the 529 candidates who wrote at the recent entrance examinations at Owen Sound, Meaford, Durham and Markdale, only 111 were successful. 118 candidates wrote at Owen Sound, of which 47 were successful ; 56 at Meaford, of which 26 were successful ; 51 at Durham, of which 21 were successful ; and 34 at Markdale, of which 17 were successful. Of the six pupils sent up to Markdale by Mr. Irwin, Principal of Flesherton Pubic Schools, five passed, viz., Lou Armstrong, Bert Armstrong, Lewis Ludlow, Frank Sullivan, and Martha Beatty—very creditable, indeed, to Mr. Irwin. Frank Sullivan stood fifth highest on the whole list of successful candidates. We congratulate the successful pupils, and, at same time, bid the unsuccessful ones "be of good cheer"—"there's a good time coming."

At Mulmur Lake.

TO MISS MARION MCDONALD.

I have forgotten many things
And forms and faces of the past,
But time can never do away
With ONE remembrance—this shall last.

That summer day at Mulmur Lake—
The friends that met—the songs we sang—
The words we spoke in kindly mirth—
The pressure of the hands we wrung,—

Are not forgotten. Time shall pass
And with it other memories take,
But this is painted in my soul—
That summer day at Mulmur LAKE.

In changeful gleams those waters meet,—
A varying green, now dark, now light;
A fitful, rare, mysterious hue,
Here strangely deep, there softly bright.

A weirdness overhung it all,
A sense of awe my spirit knew;
Yet, mingled with that dread, I felt
A thrill of rapture at the view.

The solemn silence on the shore,
Broken at times by some sweet song—
The dip of oars—the waters' plash—
The echo from the hills among,—

Come to me in the quiet hours,
And thus doth fancy sweetly take
Me back to other scenes and sounds—
That summer day at Mulmur Lake.

And we that met—Ah! strangely, too,
From far apart we gathered there!
Some from the City of the West
And some our own Canadian fair,

And shall we ever meet again
To kindly greet—the hand to take?
And to recall those pleasant hours
That summer day at Mulmur Lake?

We know not. But a prayer I frame,—
In sweet sincerity 'tis given
May we, if meeting not on Earth,
Meet where no parting is—in Heaven

EDA B. VANDUSEN

Owen Sound, July 23rd, 1888.

An Innocent Abroad.

Bro. W. Doll, now of Winnipeg, formerly of Port Perry, and a member of the Masonic lodge here, gave instruction to a friend here, a member of the lodge, to entertain the brethren of the lodge at his (Bro. Doll's) expense, as a manifestation of his fraternal regard for the members of his mother lodge.

The entertainment took place on the evening of Friday, 22nd inst., and took the form of a conversazione. The W. M Bro. Prince, occupied the chair. Several brethren made highly complimentary remarks on the genuine worth of the generous entertainer—as a true man and a worthy Mason.

All, not alone his "brethren of the mystic tie," but all acquainted with Bro Doll, are greatly pleased to learn that he is prospering admirably in his adopted home.—Port Perry Standard.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

A Legend.

A lovely woman in an eastern land
Once swayed a kingdom with her slender hand;
Her burdens heavy grew and weighed her down,
Upon her brow there pressed a jewelled crown.

Too cumbersome for its tender resting place,
The golden weight adorned a weary face;
She cried: "I have grown tired of my power.
It seemeth more unbearable each hour.

"Let some one come that I may crown him king
Within his hand he must a guerdon bring
That shall by far my boundless wealth exceed.
So, having it, I'll feel no other need.

Her wish was known, and lo! from far and near
There thronged around her poet, prince and peer,
With offerings of dazzling beauty wrought
In wondrous shapes and with deep meanings fraught.

They laid their gifts down humbly at her feet.
She sighed: "Alas! I find them incomplete.
Within these sparkling stones no solace lies;
I dream of wealth revealed in human eyes."

Morn after morn a suppliant went away
Until there came unto her throne one day
A man with empty hands, yet noble face
And form of matchless mold and peerless grace

The queen looked up and asked: "What gift hast thou
To tender for the crown upon my brow?"
He gazed within her eyes and naught replied.
She crowned him, saying: "I am satisfied."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Lee Park—Lord Lee's estate of Adinbrooke—presented a scene of unusual animation on that winter morning when Sir Frederic Oliphant drove his daughter and Jack Ross past the school-house over the hill; for the weather, though bitterly cold, was bright, and the sun was shining on the lake, on which a crowd of skaters were disporting themselves. Lee Park was not so remarkable for its extent as for the beauty of its situation. It lay in a valley with hills on three sides of it, while the mansion itself was built on the rising ground at the back. The lake lay quite in the hollow, and the sun glinted through the tall skeleton trees, on which the hoar-frost glittered and sparkled like diamonds. The ice was perfectly safe, and a quaint, little chalet on the banks of the lake afforded accommodation to the chaperons and lookers-on. Bright fires were blazing in the two little rooms, and refreshments were provided for the skaters, who, numbering fully fifty, were enjoying themselves thoroughly.

It was a bright, animated, pretty sight, and sufficiently unfamiliar to Jack Ross to have an additional charm in his eyes. The bright faces, the ladies' pretty skating-costumes, the snow-covered hills around, the ruddy light thrown from the fires in the chalet over the frozen lake, the glimpses of vivid color here and there from a bright hued shawl, or wrap or rug, thrown upon the hard ground, the merry voices and laughter, all contributed to make the scene one of unusual interest and brightness in Jack's sight.

But there was another reason for everything looking *couleur de rose* in Mr. Ross' sight on that fine sunshiny morning. The few words he had exchanged with Guy Stuart on the terrace at Erindale had cheered him wonderfully. He had fallen in love with Madge almost at first sight; the little tricks of speech and manner which the young girl had quite unconsciously acquired during her intimacy with Shirley gave her an additional charm for Jack; and, before many days had elapsed of his vistit at Cotsford, where he had met her, he was irretrievably in love. At first he had given himself up to his happiness without a thought; but then it struck him that Sir Frederic Oliphant's only daughter and heiress might justly aspire to a wealthier and more highly placed husband. After all, he had but little to offer a woman whom he loved; his income, handsome though it was, depended a great deal on his residence in India; and how could he expect that Sir Frederic and Lady Oliphant would allow their darling to accompany him thither, even if Madge loved him enough to risk the perils of a voyage and to give up all her dear ones for his sake?

He had been very heavy-hearted when Sir Frederic and his daughter had left Cotsford, and he had been undecided as to the prudence of accepting the invitation to Erindale which Sir Frederic had given him with unusual cordiality, and which Madge had seemed to second with a glance from her sweet eyes. At first he had concluded that it was better to refuse; then he decided that, cost what it might, he would not deprive himself of the happiness a few days more of her society would give him; and, since the danger only touched himself, the happiness was worth the risk.

And, when he saw Madge in her own home, he loved her all the more deeply. When he saw her with her father, so bright and sweet and frank, and with her mother, so tender and careful and loving, the affection he had already conceived for her grew deeper and more intense; and he felt that there could be no happiness for him on earth if she did not share his life.

Jack's early manhood had been a solitary one, for although he had made many acquaintances in India, he had made no friends; and for many a long month after he had left England he had been weighed down by a sense of remorse and shame for the wrong he had committed, and which had caused his sister such bitter woe. He had not known the real extent of the misery which her visit to Dumlfe had wrought for Shirley; but he had seen how terribly she had suffered at the thought of his disgrace, and in many a solitary hour during his voyage out to India he had dwelt with shame and horror on the depth of sinfulness into which he had fallen, and from which poor Shirley had rescued him at such a cost to herself; and he made a firm resolve to keep in the narrow path of honor for the future.

He had left England for his post at Calcutta just before the time fixed for his sister's marriage, and, knowing that she was betrothed to and professed a passionate love for Major Stuart, he was not a little surprised to receive a few lines from his uncle, Sir Gilbert, telling him that Shirley was now Lady Glynn. The note gave him no particulars, and he had to fill in all the details for himself. He fancied that there was no difficulty in doing this, for he had seen Sir Hugh's evident devotion to his sister, and he remembered his own expressed regret at her engagement to Major Stuart. Shirley was very young, he thought, and like many other girls before her, she had accepted the first offer made to her, and, repenting afterward of having done so, Guy Stuart had released her from her promise. Jack thought the marriage had taken place rather too soon perhaps; but, after all, Shirley was not very happy at Fairholme Court.

Shirley had been married some few months before she wrote to her brother, and then she said nothing about the circumstances of her marriage, nor did she say much, Jack noticed, about her domestic happiness. He knew that her husband was wealthy and most indulgent, and on several occasions Sir Hugh himself had written a few cordial lines asking him to return home even for a time; but Jack resisted the invitation all the more easily because Shirley did not second it warmly. Sometimes he had seen his sister's name in the papers as being present at some stately entertainment or in a list of distinguished guests at a country house, and he had had some undefined idea that she was not very happy; but in her letters to him she had never hinted at any unhappiness, and he had not asked her any questions.

Sir Hugh's death, the news of which reached him not only from private correspondents, but through the medium of the press, had startled and shocked him terribly, and he had read with mingled indignation, horror, and wonder the account of Guy's trial for the murder of the friend who had betrayed him. At the time, he was making preparations to return to England; but the illness of his senior partner had detained him, so that he arrived in England only to find that his sister had disappeared and that every search had been completely unavailing.

Jack's anguish at these tidings was acute and bitter; and, when he heard from Oswald Fairholme the circumstances of Shirley's marriage, his remorse was great. All the suffering which she had endured had been caused by him—the brother who loved her, and to whom she was so tenderly attached. He had at once confessed to Guy the motive of Shirley's presence at Dumfife, and Guy's gray eyes had flashed at the thought of how cruelly poor Shirley had been betrayed.

"If I had known that," he said, in a low, deep tone of pain, "I should have found it much harder to forgive him even than I had already. Heaven knows," he added, brokenly, "if I did not murder him in deed, I had slain him in my heart more than once."

Between Jack Ross and Major Stuart a warm friendship had arisen. It had begun, as was natural, in their great mutual attachment to Shirley and their ceaseless anxiety about her welfare, and it had increased as they grew to know each other better and discovered the noble and endearing qualities each possessed. Another great bond of union between them was their loneliness, which drew them daily closer together. Every one of the few who had maintained their friendship for Guy had other ties; Oswald Fairholme had his wife and children and the superintendence of his estate, for Sir Gilbert had died in the winter, and his son had taken possession of Fairholme; while his mother and two younger girls had removed to London. And, although Jack would have been made welcome by his aunt, he felt that there was [illegible] duality between them; and he was happier when with Guy.

It was a strange and touching bond which existed between them; and, although they never mentioned Shirley except when they were alone, she was constantly in their thoughts. Jack was inclined to despair sometimes, and say that she must be dead, or she would not leave them in such cruel suspense; but Guy, remembering a look in her eyes when they had parted, and those few heart-broken lines she had written, felt that surely "Heaven would be merciful, and let them meet again."

But Jack was not thinking of his sister on that bright winter day when he knelt at Madge Oliphant's feet to put on her skates. For once Shirley was forgotten, with all the misery of the past and the wretched uncertainty of the present. Guy's words had lifted a load from the young man's heart, and he felt unusually cheerful and light-hearted. Something, too, in Madge Oliphant's manner, in the look in her blue eyes, made him hope that he was not quite indifferent to her, and it was a bright as well as a handsome face which looked up at hers with such significance in the earnest tender eyes. Jack Ross was feeling what the quaint old song so well expresses:

"To-day, to-day, where'er I pass,
A glory lightens through the grass,
A glory weights the flower;
A glory lies on the shining grass.
A glory crowns the burnished flower

"To-day, to-day, where'er I look,
Soft laughter dimples o'er the brook;
Glad smiles break on the air;
Light laughter shines o'er the wimpling brook,
And smiles shine out in the sunny air."

Never had scenery looked so lovely to Jack as that of Lee Park, never had their been such a delightful piece of ice to skate upon as the lake; never had there been such a bright sky; and, above all, never had man had a sweeter companion to skate with than Madge Oliphant! It was not that she was a very graceful and capable skater; Madge, like many other English girls, was only sufficiently adept to glide smoothly over the lake, and she was, moreover, rather timid. It was very delightful to Jack—himself an accomplished a skater as any Canadian could be—to feel the little hands tightening over his arm, and to meet the sweet alarmed blue eyes as they looked up confidingly into his, and Madge had never had so careful and expert and tender a teacher as she found in him; while Sir Frederic, having satisfied himself that his daughter was in good hands, sauntered off with Lord Lee to the house for a quiet talk.

"You are getting on famously, Miss Oliphant," said Jack, as they rested for a few moments. "If the ice continues for a few days more you will have mastered the outside edge!"

"Thank you!" cried Madge, brightly. "I am afraid I must be a terrible bore, Mr. Ross. You cannot possibly enjoy yourself towing me about like this."

"Can't I?" Jack said, smiling into the demure blue eyes. "At any rate, I manage to bear the infliction with equanimity."

"That is so considerate of you," Madge rejoined, lightly. "Confess, though, that you would much prefer gliding off by yourself."

"Why should I confess to what certainly would not be true, Miss Oliphant?"

"Would it not? It is really very good of you to help me!"

"It is very good of you to let me do so," Jack answered, with an involuntary pressure of the little hand which still lay in his, "I see scores of envious individuals looking after us."

"Young ladies envying me your assistance," Madge replied, demurely, looking at him for a moment.

"No; young men envying me the happiness of assisting you," he answered earnestly; and the sweet saucy blue eyes dropped under his earnest glance.

"Shall we go on, Mr. Ross?" she said, a little abruptly.

"If you have rested," he answered, rather regretfully.

"Oh, I have quite rested! But perhaps you are tired of being a 'support.'"

"You know that I am not," he replied; and they glided away together, many eyes, as he had said, following them with envious or admiring looks, for Miss Oliphant, both as beauty and heiress, had a little train of admirers who usually followed her and danced attendance upon her; and some of the young ladies of the neighborhood would not have been averse from a flirtation with the handsome, fair-haired, bronzed stranger who seemed to have eyes for no one but Madge.

After one or two rounds of the lake, Madge sat down on a safety apparatus of peculiar construction in which Lord Lee had great faith, but which had not had a chance of proving its utility; and Jack, standing beside her, looked down on the pretty flushed face and graceful figure with a world of longing and love in his blue eyes.

"Do you know that you look like Balzac's *femme peinte par elle meme?*" he said, smiling, after a minute's silence.

"Do I?" she answered, laughing, and putting up her hands to her face with the prettiest, shyest gesture possible.

"Ah, I know, that rouge won't come off," he said, lightly. "I am glad to see that you are not very tired."

"I am not a bit tired," she answered, gayly. "But I am wondering what has become of mamma and Guy."

"Perhaps Lady Oliphant was tired, and preferred to go back."

"I should not be a bit surprised. Will you not sit down, Mr. Ross?"

"Thank you," Jack answered, and took the offered seat by her side; then Madge's roses deepened and Mr. Ross's blue eyes looked as if nothing could induce them to leave her face.

For a few minutes neither spoke; a sudden fit of dumbness seemed to have fallen on the pretty chatterbox by Jack's side, and he himself was at no time a great talker. Still it was he who broke this silence first.

"Miss Oliphant," he said, rather unsteadily, "may I tell you an episode of my past life?"

Madge started, and the pretty roses faded a little.

"It is something that I want you to know," he said, very gently; "for, although our acquaintance has not been a long one, I should like you to know the worst of me at once."

"The worst!" Madge said, looking startled. "[illegible] my poor sister's story—do you not?"

Madge hesitated.

"I know that she was engaged to poor Guy, and that she married Sir Hugh Glynn," she said, gently; "but that is all—and that she was very unhappy."

"Her life was spoiled through my fault," said Jack, gravely. "Had I been an honest man, Shirley would have been a happy woman now."

"An honest man!" Madge repeated, gently, not shrinking from him as he had expected her to do.

"Yes. Let me tell you," he said, eagerly; "and, when I have related it to you, you will know why I wished you to hear the story."

He told her gravely and earnestly, without trying to excuse or palliate his own wrong-doing, of the foolish and guilty action which had so nearly been his ruin, and which indirectly had caused all poor Shirley's misery; and Madge listened with a touched, sorrowful expression on her face and a deep sympathy in the blue eyes which, so bright when he began, were dim and misty when he ended. It was a painful story; and the revelation of her own feelings toward Jack which had come to her that morning made her feel for the suffering Shirley had endured, and helped her perhaps to understand it better than she could otherwise have done.

"Ah, poor thing, poor thing," she said brokenly. "How terrible for her, loving one man to be married to another."

"Yes, and married by a fraud, by a—He is dead—I would not speak in anger now," Jack said, checking himself suddenly. "And you see it was all my fault, Miss Oliphant."

"Yes," Madge said very softly; "but, however great a fault, it is never too great for repentance, if you repented it sorely."

"My repentance could not give Shirley back her lost happiness," he exclaimed gloomily. "When I think," he added, with sudden passion, "of the lives blighted by my sin, it—"

"Hush, hush!" Madge said gently. "You must not talk so. You must try to forget it. Your sister suffered in silence, that this burden of remorse might not be laid upon you; is it right of you, or grateful toward her, to go on burning all your days for a sin which you have so repented?"

"And she—Heaven bless her!—so atoned for," he ejaculated bitterly; and they were silent for a space, during which Madge's heart, in her pity for the pain on his handsome face, stole out of her keeping and passed into his forever.

"Must I tell you the reason for making this confession to you, Miss Oliphant," he said tremulously "that or have you guessed that only to one woman whom I loved with all my heart I wished to make my wife, should I confess that episode of my life? Is it presumption to tell you that, unworthy, utterly unworthy as I am, I love you, that I shall ever love any but yourself? Nay, do not answer me yet; I know," he continued hastily, "that you cannot love me yet; but may I try to win you? I think Sir Fred would not object; if you give me leave I will speak to him—and—Madge"—his voice was broken and unsteady now in great earnestness—"I think the hope of winning you—only the hope—would make a new man. I think I could forget in a measure the misery of my past. I could take my stand among my fellows without feeling shamed and humiliated. Do you think—ah, do not answer me hastily!—that at any future time your feelings toward me will alter sufficiently to let me hope?"

The rose had deepened and faded, the sweet red lips were quivering a little as she listened, and the girl's warm heart was beating fast.

"No," she said softly; "I do not think they will."

Poor Jack turned white to the lips at the prompt and unexpected answer.

"Forgive me," he said tremulously, as soon as he could command his voice sufficiently to speak at all. "I was very wrong. I had no right—and—"

Madge turned to him with a little wonder in her eyes, and, seeing his agitation, guessed its cause. The color which had ebbed away came stealing back to her cheeks as she said softly—

"You ask me if my feelings will ever change toward you, and answer that I do not think they will; but—but—" She leaned toward him now, and her little hand stole into his; "Madcap" Madge had disappeared, and a gentle, tender, true-hearted woman was there in her stead, who said, in the sweetest words which had ever fallen upon Jack Ross's ear—"But why should you wish them to do so, since—since I love you, Jack?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

White as death, trembling in every limb, and with a world of startling horror in her eyes, Shirley looked up into the grave, tender, compassionate face bending over her, the face of the man whom she loved, and from whom, for that love's sake, she had fled—the man who was now, she believed, betrothed to Madge Oliphant; and, almost as pale, but less unnerved, he stood looking down upon her, noting with intense sorrow the changes which a year had wrought in her face. For a few moments he dared not trust his voice to speak; he was afraid he should break down, and he knew that she had already been dreadfully agitated and tried; and he mastered his own emotion out of pity for her.

"I did not think to find you here—and thus," he said gently; and the horror in the great hazel eyes grew even more intense as she answered him.

"And it would have been less hard to die than to see you here."

The words came slowly, one by one, from the parched livid lips, and each one fell upon Guy Stuart's heart painfully.

"Those are bitter words to hear," he said, in a voice of pain.

"Do you think they are not still more bitter to speak?" she asked, in the same slow fashion. "But they are true."

"True!" he repeated earnestly, a great sorrow in his gray eyes. "True from you to me, Shirley?"

"Yes."

He stooped over her, and tried to take the little trembling hands; but she shrunk back from him and rose to her feet, moving away from him backward, with her hands outstretched toward him, as if to keep him from her.

"No," she cried, in a shrill, unnatural voice. "Do not touch me—do not touch me!"

He stopped immediately, looking at her with unfeigned surprise and alarm. What strange reception was this from the woman who, when they had last met, had parted from him with her arms about his neck and her lips to his? What madness was this? Often, in the time of trouble which had followed her disappearance, he had wondered if his brain were giving away under the weight of anguish; and now, as he pushed his hair from his forehead with a troubled gesture of pain, he thought that he must be losing his senses.

"Why did you come?" she said brokenly. "Why did you not leave me alone?"

"Leave you alone!" he repeated after her. "Shirley, do you not know that for all these long weary months I have been doing my utmost to discover your whereabouts?"

"And yet you knew that I had come away to escape from you—to escape from you!"

She was standing by the wall now, leaning against it, and still holding out her hands with the same gesture of abhorrence, the same expression of horror in her eyes. Guy stood still by the table, resting his hand upon it, a great sorrow and pity upon his face and wonder deepening in the gray eyes.

(To be continued.)

A Good Suggestion.

The police authorities on the American side of the Niagara River have received orders to arrest all persons who may hereafter go there for the purpose of performing daring feats at the Falls. Now let our Provincial Government issue similar instructions, and an end will be put to the tragic follies which have been perpetrated by cranks who are not fit to take care of themselves. Like precautions need to be taken in connection with circus shows and certain industrial exhibitions.—*St. Thomas Times.*

Objectionable Features.

Brown—How do you like your new house?

Smith—Well, there are some objectionable features about it.

Brown—What are they?

Smith—The landlord's.

Taking No Chances.

Groom (to bride; they are waiting for the minister)—Hadn't I better skip out and see what is the matter, my dear? The minister should have been here twenty minutes ago.

Bride—No, George; you stay right where you are.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Napoleon as a Deserter.

When the first Napoleon, having abandoned Moscow, arrived at the ferry on the river Nieman, he asked the ferryman, who did not know him, if many French deserters had crossed over.

"No," was the reply, "you are the first."

At the Club.

Jack Hardup (who always forgets to repay)—I say, old fellow, lend me a dollar, will you? I have nothing but a large bill in my pocket.

Friend (who has been caught before)—Whose is it, your tailor's?

DAY FIREWORKS.

Novelties in Pyrotechnics—Some Costly Display Pieces.

The Japanese day fireworks are coming into greater favor this year, says the New York *Mail*. Shells containing figures of animals, birds, fishes, dragons, caricatures of men and women and beautifully colored smoke effects are thrown from a mortar high into the air. Some of these figures are very odd. One shown the reporter represented a great red vase, the upper part of which contained a hideous face. Another was a monkey holding a big globe. Another was a Japanese woman dressed in a yellow gown and kneeling in great terror. Upon her head was a large rat. There was a figure made up of a big fish with a cat on its back, the cat holding reins run through the fish's mouth. A man riding a turtle and another riding a fish were odd figures, as were also elephants whose faces resembled the caricatures of Gen. Butler. The remarkable ingenuity of the Japanese in this kind of work was shown in other figures, such as the flags of all nations, groups of scorpions upheld by parasols, dice boxes, lamp-posts, an American Goddess of Liberty with a Japanese cast of countenance, figures of savage-looking Japanese officers, sailors in boats and like designs.

One of the oddest pieces is a colored "gallopade." It consists of a long drum, which turns on its centre with great rapidity, driving with much force wide spreading bursts and trails of brilliant fire, and forming a circle of dazzling effect. Within this circle of fire revolve, in contra directions, two wheels with illuminated centres of variegated colors, and which throw out jets of fire. The "Man in the Moon" is a novelty. It shows a large, round, laughing face, illuminated from behind with brilliant fire, showers of brilliant sparks being thrown from it in six directions. Other new designs for this season among the large exhibition pieces are "Boss Tweed's Diamond," a peacock's tail, Italian rosette, Egyptian pyramid, Chinese spider, Gothic cross, a revolving snowbake, a jewelled star, baskets of jewels, emerald jewels, Saxon pyramid, a puzzle wheel, "Star of America," "Cross of Honor," Egyptian mirage, Don Quixote's mill, "Shield of Iris," fairy dance, whirligig polka and G. A. R. motto.

The larger of these exhibition pieces cost from $60 to $150 each; the smaller from $10 to $50. Exhibition cases of fireworks, containing an assortment of pieces and bombs, rockets, Roman candles, etc., cost from $7.50 to $200 each. "Water fireworks" are an attractive novelty. They are made for use in water only, and consist of "diving devils," flying fish, "floating illuminators," Roman floaters, water volcanoes, spray fountains, jewelled fountains and water wheels.

A Dog Puzzled by Dress.

A cattle man from Arizona, William Wilson by name, has just come down to the city and brought with him a dog that would have delighted the heart of the author of "Sartor Resartus," for the animal flaunts a true Carlylean contempt for the flipperies of civilization and the useless adornment of clothes. Mr. Wilson sent Nugget, the dog, to board with a dog-fancier in a canine boarding-house, and then went to a clothing store and exchanged his cowboy's rig for new clothes of the latest cut. The next day he called on Nugget, but Nugget would have none of him. The master whistled to the dog, petted him and made every effort to make him understand that affection was not changed, even though clothes had been. The dog looked up at the silk hat which had taken the place of the broad-rimmed slouch to which he had been accustomed, sniffed at the dude-like cane, and surveyed the light trousers from several points of view, and then walked off to the corner of the room, lay down and gave a long, mournful howl. Mr. Wilson tried to coax him out of the corner, but could not. Nugget would look up at him with a knowing expression in his eye, and occasionally give the feeblest little wag to the end of his tail, but he could not be induced to reconsider his evident determination not to recognize his master in any such ridiculous attire as that. Mr. Wilson went to his hotel, donned his cowboy's rig again and then returned to Nugget's quarters. The instant the dog saw him he was almost wild with joy, and his delight at seeing his master again clothed as he thought a man ought to be was almost unbounded.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

He Wanted Noise.

Jinks—Are you going to Oconomowoc this summer, Jones, as you did last?

Jones—Heaven forbid, that place is too quiet.

Jinks—Too quiet. Why, I thought this was one of its principal attractions.

Jones—So it is for some families; but you never heard my wife scold. I am going to Niagara Falls where the roar of the waters is so loud that it drowns every other noise.

Jinks, who is contemplating matrimony, begins to whistle in a low tone, and the expression in his eyes has a far-away look that is painful.—*Peck's Sun.*

Expected Too Much.

Indignant Customer—I sent my little girl to your store an hour ago, sir, for twenty-five cents worth of carbolic acid, diluted four-fifths with water, and here is what you sent me. There isn't five cents' worth of the acid in this mixture.

Druggist—Did you want twenty-five cents worth of carbolic acid itself, sir, with four times its bulk in water added?

Customer—That is exactly what I wanted, sir.

Druggist—Then you should have sent $1.25. Do you suppose I get my water for nothing?—*Chicago Tribune.*

Marriage customs in India are to be reformed. The bride and groom hereafter must have attained the ages of 14 and 19 respectively. The families will not spend so much in festivities.

A Pittsburg man has invented a glass conduit which he thinks solves the problem of underground electric wires. Plates of glass are grooved on the upper surface, and the wires are laid in the grooves and cemented there with pitch. Then other plates of glass are laid over the first, and wires put upon them in the same way. When all the wires are laid the whole is inclosed in a wooden box and embedded in cement.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Queen of Sweden is undergoing peculiar treatment to restore her nerves to a normal condition. Her doctors have ordered her to rise early, make her own bed and dust and sweep the room. She has to take a walk in the garden before breakfast, work among the flowers afterward and lead an active outdoor existence all day long. Already the Queen has been benefitted by this curious "cure," the "chambermaid treatment," as it is called.

POLYDORE DE KEYSER, Lord Mayor of London, seems to be a most remarkable man. His eccentricities are almost startling. Not long ago he inspected the boys of the British naval training-ship Warspite. During his address he told the boys that his wife would take great pleasure in giving each one of them a shilling, which he hoped "they would keep throughout their future lives as a souvenir of the occasion."

ENGLAND has now many attractions to present to the stranger in the shape of cathedrals alone. Restorations and completions have been going on for many years, and much of the domestic wealth of the country has found an outlet in church decoration and church architecture. One of the grandest of the old buildings was Bristol Cathedral, dating as far back as 1142, and partially rebuilt in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. The work of restoration begun some years ago has just been completed at a cost of $400,000.

OLIVER P. RAHM, inventor of the self-scratching match, is living quietly in Booneville, N. Y. He is now an old man, and his fortune, estimated at $250,000, gives him every comfort and successfully keeps the wolf from the door. His famous match was an inspiration which came to him in sleep. On retiring he had attempted to light his gas with an ordinary match, in doing which he burned his fingers. He had a dream which suggested the device by which he made a fortune.

THERE is a movement on Lord Zetland's estates to "celebrate suitably" the jubilee of his earldom. He is, however, a sensible man, and has written that while he has no objection to the proposal he must stipulate that there shall be "no fuss" concerning himself. The fact is that the Earldom of Zetland was given by the Queen to Lord Dundas simply because he had loaned large sums of money to the Duke and Duchess of Kent and had shown himself to be a most accommodating creditor.

IN England a man may call himself almost anything he pleases and nobody will object. For something like 30 shillings he may advertise in the *Times* the taking of a new name, and thereafter he will be John Jones or William Smith, just as he prefers. There is little or no litigation over titles or names, which are really nowhere of less importance. A man may call himself Lord So-and-So, and, though he may be laughed at about the clubs, nobody will take the trouble to dispossess him of the empty title.

A GERMAN paper recommends a solution of paraffine in heavy coal tar oil for the purpose of protecting walls exposed to the weather. Papered walls which showed dampness in wet weather gave no traces of it after an external coating of this preparation had been applied. One part of paraffine and two to three parts of coal tar oil is solved in a moderate heat; sufficient oil must be used to prevent the solution from becoming sticky. The vessel containing it must stand in hot water while the paint is being applied, which must be done on hot days when the bricks or stone are thoroughly dry. One coat is sufficient.

IT has been reported that some workmen while tearing down a building on New Bond street in London discovered a roll of canvas, which turned out to be the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which was cut out of its frame in May, 1876, and disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Messrs. Agnew had purchased the picture for £10,000 about three weeks before the theft took place, and the only tidings they had received of it since then was a letter from this country, in which the writer offered to restore the portrait for a stipulated sum. Inquiries made have not yet verified the report.

IT is announced that five patents were recently issued to a Baltimore electrician covering methods and apparatus for heating by electricity. The inventor, it is claimed, has made a radically new departure in the art of converting electricity into heat, whereby the losses incident to all previous efforts in that direction have been practically overcome. By this system dwellings and other buildings can be supplied with heat from central generators by the same conductors which now supply them with incandescent electric lights, and at a cost considerably less than the methods of heating now in vogue.

EXHAUSTIVE experiments in the manufacture of aluminium have recently been made at the Krupp works at Essen Germany, and with the most gratifying results. The metal is turned out pure in chunks, some of which weigh nearly 100 pounds, and the cost of production is said to be considerably less than a shilling (25 cents) per pound. A company has been formed in England for managing the process on a large scale, and its patents also cover the manufacture of sodium, potassium and artificial cryolite. There can be no doubt that when once aluminium is offered for sale at a few cents per pound, it will come into general use.

MR. FLETCHER, Chief Inspector of Alkali Works in Great Britain, in the course of his annual report deals with a subject of much interest to manufacturers. In remarking upon Mr. Hargreave's hot air engine, or thermo moto, he says that it will not only effect the prevention of black smoke, but promise to revolutionize our methods of producing power. It has been found that energy of forty horse-power can be obtained with the expenditure of two gallons of coal tar, or 45 pounds of coal per hour. Either liquid fuel or coal can be used. This result is five or six times more favorable than that realized by ordinary steam engines.

A NEW factory in Grapeville, O., will commence the manufacture of glass upon a new system, which, it is confidently expected, will prove far superior to the old method now in vogue. In making glass under the present system the factories must remain idle while the pots are being charged with melted glass, while under the new innovation this difficulty is surmounted by the division of the tank in two compartments, one being used for the purpose of melting while the blowing part is stored in the other. This permits a continuous supply to the blower and obviates the necessity of idleness during the time consumed in charging a pot.

ERASTUS BRIMMER, who committed suicide in New Jersey the other day, had long been famous for his phenomenal appetite, which gained him the nicknames of "Pete the Eater" and "Hungry Pete." No farmer ever kept him over a month. He would eat at meals enough for six ordinary hands, and outside of meals was continually seeking food. One day he ate three medium-sized baskets of peaches and topped off with a pint of molasses. On another occasion he ate four dozen doughnuts, washed down by three quarts of milk. He was never known to be troubled by indigestion.

GREAT interest is taken in the East in the railway between Siam and Southwestern China, which will be about 1,000 miles long. It has been surveyed, but more surveyors are going out from England. It is expected that this railway will postpone for a long time the construction of a line between Tonquin and China. The China Railway Company has, by the way, completed its line as far as Tang-ku, and in April the train began to run from that point to Tong-san. The remaining section of the line, between Tang-ku and Tien-Tsin, will be pushed on with unremitting energy, and in a few months' time the "flying wheels" will be making their revolutions to the delight and amazement of the people of Tien-Tsin.

THE experiment of tobacco growing in England, which has just been tried, has been so successful that in the course of a short time those persons who have been expressing in a very decided manner the opinion that a tobacco crop is that to which agriculturists will soon look to enable them to pay their rent, may renew their exertions to obtain the sanction of the Excise for the planting of tobacco on a large scale. Since the time of Charles II. this represents one of the first experimental crops brought to maturity and passed through the various processes of manufacture. The mere rearing of tobacco plants seems to be comparatively easy; but whether the enterprise can be pursued successfully while current excise obligations remain represents a problem that awaits future solution.

THE London *Lancet* publishes a suggestion relative to the fitting out of ships for the accommodation of phthisical and convalescents generally, with the view of giving them the medical benefit of pure sea air. The proposition, though not new, is excellent. The ships might cruise near enough shore to supply the invalids with fresh meats and vegetables. There are many people who, as the Philadelphia *Medical News* says, "are suffering from lung hunger and lung thirst and might regain their lost health if they could get access to the limitless supplies of fresh and pure ocean air, for the like of which they pant at home." An advantage of paramount importance in the ocean hospital is that it would give consumptives exemption from the excessive crushing changes of temperature which are so frequent on land, and which, perhaps, more than any other climatic causes, send thousands into the grave.

"BUT you must not think that, with all those pleasant surroundings, I am not anxious to get home," says ex-Warden William J. McGarigle in a letter written to a Chicago friend. "There is only one Chicago. I served it well and honestly, and would like to spend my days there." Without attempting to pass judgment on the truth of the closing statement of Mr. McGarigle's letter, the *News* says that the gentleman is eminently correct as regards the unique character of the city. There is but one Chicago. But the ex-warden should remember that there are also one weary and waiting sheriff, one empty cell, one defeated verdict, one Joliet. These are all thrown in with the one Chicago, and Mr. McGarigle must take them all or none. If the ex-warden can make up his mind to resume business and social relations with the people of this city, he will be received with open arms and handcuffs. His decision on the matter is anxiously awaited.

BUSINESS men, as a rule, write their signatures badly. Usually the signature is the worst written part of the letter. Why is this so? To the owner of the signature it is an easy enough matter to understand it, but easy it is to no one who is unacquainted with it. Those who read character by the handwriting always look carefully at the signature. It tells more than any other part. A good, bold, decipherable signature is a novelty these days, and the hotel registers are too often mere Chinese puzzles, which even the hotel clerks, used to all kinds of signatures, are not always able to decipher. Among business men it is sometimes necessary to cut the signature from a letter and paste it on the envelope in the hope that somebody may be able to decipher it when it reaches the post-office from which it was sent. In many signatures there is a good deal of affectation. People should get into the habit of writing their signatures so legibly that he who runs may read. The signature is something that every man who writes at all writes often enough to be able to write plainly. Why then should he seek to so tangle it up that nobody can tell what it is?

A STUDY of the clauses in the English Local Government Bill relating to the changes in the method of granting liquor licenses, and the compensation to be allowed in cases where such licenses should be refused, serves to show that there was a strong foundation for the public sentiment which compelled the Government to abandon the proposed scheme. In England, from the time of Edward VI., when licenses were first granted, they have never been looked upon as personal favors granted to any man, but as legal limitations and precautions taken against the trade. They created no personal claim beyond the letter of the license; no vested interest for the holder of the license, and, above all, no local privilege in the house where he carried on his trade. The compensation clauses, therefore, of the Local Government Bill virtually created a new law, and that by indirect action. A statement drawn up in opposition to the clauses, based on careful inquiries, showed that a house which had been built at a cost of $4,000, and which had been granted a license, was sold for $31,500. If the license had been withdrawn under the new Bill the compensation would have been fixed at $27,500. Another house, with a license, worth $10,000, was bought by a brewer for $59,500, and the compensation would have been $42,500. The calculation was that the Bill would have endowed and protected the drink trade at a cost of $1,250,000,000. This compensation would have gone not only to publicans but also to brewers, and even still more to ground landlords. The Government surely could not have foreseen and rightly weighed the consequences of these clauses in the Local Bill.

BANANAS A BLESSING THERE.

Salvador Makes Pretty Nearly Everything Out of the Fibers of the Tree.

A young Salvadorian, with the dark eyes and inky hair of his country, talked to a reporter the other day about the Central American banana tree. The tree is 2½ to 3 feet in circumference at its base. Its tapering fibrous body, without a branch, is from 10 to 15 feet in height. The fibers, separated by a thin pith, are as long as the body of the tree. These fibers are used in Salvador, just as they are taken from the tree, as shoe-strings and as cords for all purposes. The natives use them largely for bridal reins and lariats. The raw material costs only transportation to the rope-walks. Each banana tree bears in the twelve months of its existence only one bunch of fruit, but from two to ten trees spring from the roots of the one that has fallen. In Salvador the bunch of bananas is worth fifteen cents, and the dead tree nothing. A cordage factory or paper mill or coffee sack maker, were not the dead trees numberless, would give for each tree ten times the value of the fruit it has produced. Split, dried and packed, the bodies of the banana trees might be shipped profitably to the United States; but there is no reason why some enterprising American would not take them in hand and ship to Salvador the proper machinery for their manufacture, as labor is fully two-thirds cheaper there than in New York. In Salvador ropewalks are found in unfrequented streets and suburban roads. The native machinery consists of a crank attached to an upright board, with which a native boy twists the fibers of the bandana and cactus. A man skilled in the ropewalker's art splices the fibers together, adding to the length and thickness of the revolving cord. The stem of each banana leaf consists of the toughest and finest threads, and these leaves, two and a half and three feet wide, and ten to fifteen feet long, resting on the heads of native women, are umbrellas in the rainy season in roofless market places and streets of Salvador. These are the carpets on which the people sit and the beds on which they sleep. "There is a fine opportunity," said the Salvadorian, "for some enterprising American with a small capital to do a thriving trade and make money by introducing western ideas and machinery to the people of Salvador."—*New York Mail and Express.*

A Judgment Dress.

Old Mrs. H——, of Mackinac, was one of the most penurious of women. When she lay dying she told her daughter to bring her a many-colored plaid silk dress which she had always worn for her best, and ordered her to divest it of its black breadths.

"They are full enough to make you a gown," said the old woman, "and the front will be all I need."

"If that's what you want of it," said the girl as she stopped ripping, "you can have it all. I wouldn't be seen alive in the old thing, and I should think, mother, that you wouldn't want to go flamming around at the day of judgment with only half a dress on."

That settled it, and the old woman was buried in the whole gown.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Looked in the Dictionary.

A little girl, 9 years old, was spending the summer in a country boarding house, where she became a great favorite with the other guests. One of them, a young gentleman, was so devoted that his attentions became quite annoying to her.

One day she said to her mother. "Do you think Mr. Brown ought to call me a puny devil?"

"Why, no, my dear," replied her mother, somewhat shocked, "of course not! But are you sure he did? You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not," said the little one, triumphantly. "He called me an 'imp,' and I looked in the dictionary to see what it meant, and it said 'a puny devil.'"

Out to See a Woman.

The proper thing now with the "summer girl" is to go out between the acts, just like a man, and drink soda water. A duo or trio of girls go often to the theatre unattended by male escorts, always adopting the English plan, and each paying for her own seat. At the end of an act they get up and flo out to drink soda water, one of them "standing treat" for the entire party. Then they walk back, laughing and chatting for all the world like their brothers. Lots of the girls also accompany their escorts in their entre act journey, and probably enjoy the opera the more for not sitting in their seats while the curtain is down. —*Washington Critic.*

Worse than an Orphan.

Little Chicago boy—Kin ye help a poor, harmless boy?

Kind citizen—I reckon so. Are you an orphan, sonny?

Boy—I'm wuss ner an orphan. Me fadder an' mudder is both divorced an' married agin' an' I don't know whose boy I am, an' am slowly forgettin' my own name.—*Epoch.*

A Dutiful Son.

"Yes, our little 4-year-old is such a comfort and such a help to me," said Mrs. Eastside to a lady caller. "Why, he can take care of his little baby sister as well as my nurse. He is in the next room playing with little Dorothy. (Raises her voice)—Val-ter."

"Yeth, mamma."

"What are you doing, Walter?"

"Oh, I'se des playin' at I'se a barber, and I'se shavin' her wif papa's razor." (Tableaux).

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

"That young lady whom you seem to admire so much," said Joe Evans, as we walked around the ball-room, "is Diana Evrescourt. She it was jilted Earl Harcourt. The poor fellow went over to Europe to hide his sorrow and I read in a foreign paper to-day that he lost his life during a terrific storm in the mountains."

As I looked at the girl's lovely face, so pure in its expression, I could hardly believe that she had sent poor Harcourt to his death.

Joe left me a few moments later, and I saw he was talking very earnestly to Miss Evrescourt. I was in the midst of a dashing waltz when a terrific cry startled every one in the room and I turned just in time to see Diana Evrescourt fall heavily to the floor in a dead faint.

In an instant all was confusion. But no effort served to break the deathlike faint, and amid murmuring expressions of sympathy and curiosity as to the cause of her sudden illness, the motionless figure, with its rich robes flowing, and its golden head drooping like a broken flower, was tenderly lifted and carried from the room.

"I am so sorry I broke it to her so harshly," Joe said, as he walked home. "But how should I know she would care? The girl has some heart, after all, it seems."

"Joe," I said, "have you never thought that some mistake may have been the means of parting Harcourt and her? That it might not have been her fault?"

"That could not be," Joe replied decidedly, "for Earl showed me the letter which was sent him breaking their engagement. No girl could have ever loved a man and written as she did."

Two years afterward I was walking through a crowded thoroughfare, when I came face to face with a stalwart-looking young man whom I could have sworn was Earl Harcourt or his twin brother. At once the thought flashed over me that perhaps my friend had escaped death in the mountains, where he was supposed to have perished two years before.

At the risk of making a mistake I stepped to the gentleman's side and told him that his resemblance to my lost friend, Earl Harcourt, prompted me to address him.

"I am Earl Harcourt myself," he said. "And you—yes, I remember—you are Hugo Benton."

That night we talked away into the "wee, sma' hours," and I listened with vivid interest to the account of his great peril and providential escape from death.

"But why have you never returned to America?" I asked him at length.

A shade passed over his face.

"Because," he replied, "America is too full of painful memories for me to ever wish to go back. Save Joe Evans, there is no one there I care for, and I made up my mind long ago (as time went by and brought me no word from him) that new interest must have crowded his old friend from his heart. Of course, I had no idea a false report of my death had reached him, or I should have understood his seeming neglect. When did you see him last, and how is he?"

Now had come the opportunity for which I had been waiting. Drawing Joe's latest letter to me from my pocket I laid it in his hand. It ran in this way—and the reader will not wonder that as Earl Harcourt perused its contents a strong agitation was visible upon his dark face:

"You inquired in your last concerning Miss Evrescourt. I have a reparation to make to her. In my anger for what I deemed her cruel falseness toward Earl Harcourt I spoke and thought bitter things of her, as you know. I have lately learned that the poor girl (equally with my dead friend) was the victim of a cleverly planned plot.

"Her father ardently desired her marriage with a wealthy suitor whom he favored, and thinking if the engagement between her and Earl could be broken there would be no obstacle to his schemes, he himself imitated his daughter's handwriting in the note which sent Earl a broken-hearted man away from his native land.

"It was through a friend, Mr. Evrescourt's lawyer, that I learned the above. While examining his client's papers after his sudden death a few months ago he discovered indubitable proof of what I have told you, and knowing of my affection for Earl and that I blamed Diana for all that occurred he felt it his duty to tell me the facts of the case.

"Even as I write Diana Evrescourt is very ill. I fear she is not long for this world; you know her mother died young."

That was all that bore upon the history I am relating.

As may be readily surmised, the next outgoing steamer numbered among its passengers Earl Harcourt.

Though I was not on hand to witness the meeting, I heard afterward how quickly, in the refulgent light of love which fate had so unexpectedly restored to her, Diana Evrescourt's illness of body and sadness of heart left her.

A feeling of dulness and languor,
Which is not akin to pain,
And resembles suffering only
As the mist resembles rain.

Is often the first indication of incipient disease. In such cases the famous "ounce of prevention" is the highest wisdom, and may be found in its most potent form in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, by its wonderful blood-purifying and invigorating tonic properties, will quickly restore the ebbing vitality, repair and strengthen the system, and thus ward off threatening sickness. Its saving influence reaches every organ of the body.

Fiery and anarchistic Louise Michel has given vent to her revolutionary ideas in a drama lately produced at the Theatre des Batignolles in Paris entitled "The Red Rooster."

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

PAPER.

A Yankee Manufacturer Says That Paper Is Now Made From Nearly Everything.

"We are now making about everything, from a shirt to a car wheel, out of paper; but we are also making paper out of nearly everything," said a Yankee manufacturer to a *Telegram* reporter.

"The most recent invention in our trade (and it is one which bids fair to revolutionize it altogether) is the process of making paper out of cotton. It was recently discovered by a gentleman from Georgia, who has thus opened up another great industry to the South, for the hulls of the cotton seed, hitherto considered utterly worthless—a mere waste, in fact—are now found to be the most valuable for the making of paper pulp.

"The discoverer, after much study, came to the conclusion that the hulls could be made into paper pulp. An analysis of the hull showed that it is composed of nine layers, the two upper ones being black and coarse, while the remaining seven are of very fine fibre, and after being subjected to a certain chemical process can be bleached a fleecy white. About 500 pounds of these hulls were sent to a paper mill for experiment, and the result was the product of the finest textile pulp that the chemist had ever seen, while the paper woven from the pulp makes a much better and smoother article than ordinary 'news print,' as well as a good quality of writing paper."

"Can paper be made cheaper from this pulp than by the old process?"

"The time and cost of reducing the hulls to pulp is only 50 per cent. of what the present process requires, thus the price of paper will be reduced about one-half, while the quality will be much better. Perhaps I can illustrate the exact difference in this way: To reduce the poplar wood to pulp requires twelve degrees of baume liquid, with 120 pounds of steam pressure, and the time consumed is sixteen hours, but with the cottonseed hulls the time is only eight hours, with one-half the liquid and steam pressure.

"In addition the cotton stalks can be used as well for the manufacture of pulp, and by the process stated above can be made to produce a good class of paper."

They "Mean Business."

If any one has given Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy a fair trial and has not been cured thereby, the manufacturers of that unfailing remedy would like to hear from that individual, for when they offer, as they do, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh which they cannot cure, they mean just exactly what they say. They are financially responsible, and abundantly able, to make good their guarantee if they fail, as any one can learn by making proper inquiry. Remedy sold by all druggists, at 50c.

Didn't Want a Cast-Off Tooth.

Mary—Oh, Sadie! This loose tooth, I declare I'll pull it out. Sadie—Oh, no, Mary, don't! Ma'll make *me* wear it. (Sadie gets all her sister's cast-offs.)—*Texas Siftings.*

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known, Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A ten cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25c.; trial bottles only 10c.

An Experienced Prospector.

"Hello, Jones! Where are you going?"

"Getting ready to develop my gold mine?"

"What machinery do you take?"

"None. I'll take my wife along. She'll be sure to find the pockets, if there are any."

"What's In a Name?"

Shakspeare said there was nothing, but there is. Would Cæsar have had such notoriety if his name had been Caleb W. Petersgill? Think of Patti drawing $7,000 a night if the bill-boards announced her as Jane Brown! The idea is absurd. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets is a name that has made a record. These tiny, sugar-coated pills cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness.

The contract for the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie water power canal will be let next Thursday, and engineers and contractors from all parts of the country are there looking at the job and preparing bids on it.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally.

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUN L. 31 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, AUG. 2, 1888.

VALEDICTORY.

With this issue a new era in the history of THE ADVANCE commences—one, too, full of sadness to myself, because of the severance of many ties of warm friendship. Dear reader, your Editor for more than seven years is about to "step down and out." Next week the editorial chair will be occupied by my successor, Mr. W. H. Thurston, for whom—knowing his personal worth—I bespeak that extensive patronage and cordial moral support extended towards me during my business career in Flesherton. May the new era be a bright and prosperous one for Editor and readers!

One of the most difficult things in this world is to bid farewell to true and tried old friends. It is especially the case with me. I can scarcely find words to express my feelings. The past comes rushing before me like a vision of the night. Back through the years that have come and gone, in sunshine and in darkness, I can see the cheery faces and hear the encouraging words of the dear old friends of the past and the present. Did adversity come, the dear old faces beamed forth as brightly as when the sunshine of prosperity scattered its beams along our pathway. In the hour of trial, there they were, as true and firm as the everlasting hills. In the hour of triumph and success, they were the first to share in our happiness and speak words of good advice. All through those seven years and four months they have been loyal to THE ADVANCE and its Editor. Full of gratitude and affection for these dear old "hearts of oak," the Editor bids them farewell, with the hope, of course, of meeting with them occasionally after he has gone out from their midst and taken his place in another sphere.

The path of duty is frequently strewn with thorns, and he who faithfully carries out the honest dictates of his conscience, must necessarily collide with all kinds of disturbers of the public peace. The inevitable follows: enemies are made. We have made enemies, but, in this parting hour, we bear them no malice. If we have made such, through ignorance of the facts in any case, we sincerely ask to be forgiven; if the contrary, we heartily forgive. *Errare est humanum.*

On the 1st day of April, 1881, we commenced business in Flesherton—a mere hamlet at that time, containing less than three hundred people. There were only three or four brick buildings in the place at the time. Seven years later we find a flourishing village, with handsome public buildings, business blocks and private residences, and new structures constantly being added. The population, too, has been more than doubled. We merely mention these things to show the rapid and substantial growth of the place. And while we do not wish it to be inferred that THE ADVANCE has been the element in bringing about such a desirable state of things, it cannot be denied that it has been an important factor. THE ADVANCE was established on the 1st of June, 1881, and has been growing in public favor, we are glad to say, ever since. To use a familiar phrase, this journal has "had its ups and downs," but to-day it is firmly established, and we now pass the reins of power to our esteemed successor with everything in trim condition for doing a more extensive business even than has been done in the past. In this connection, we are pleased to announce that the policy of THE ADVANCE will be continued on the old lines.

Yearly advertising contracts will be continued until the completion thereof by Mr. Thurston, my successor; but all such contracts are payable to me up to date, August 1st; from that date until completion of said contracts they are payable to Mr. Thurston. Subscribers of THE ADVANCE, who are in arrears, are kindly asked to pay their subscriptions to Mr. Thurston; those who have paid in advance will receive their paper as usual.

We have every confidence in the ability and integrity of Mr. Thurston, and ask our friends to accord him a warm welcome and a hearty support. He is a native of this County—(in fact, both he and myself first saw the light in the same Township, viz., Euphrasia)—a practical printer, and a clever journalist. He is also somewhat of a poetical genius, and we venture to prophesy that there will be some bright things in the Poet's Corner from time to time. But we need not multiply words, as the public will shortly have ample opportunity to draw its own conclusions.

We would like to say more, but space forbids. We now step down and out and bid our readers adieu. The parting, on our part at any rate, is tinged with sadness, when we remember the old friends and the loved scene of our first venture; but we look out hopefully upon the great business world beyond, and take fresh courage.

Farewell!

Gratefully yours, dear friend and reader,

A. R. FAWCETT.

[Just as THE ADVANCE was going to press I received a telegram accepting my offer, re purchase of the Newspaper and Job Printing plant of the Streetsville Review. In a week or two at farthest, all being well, I will make my bow to the people of Streetsville and County of Peel. Such is life!—Ever yours, A. R. FAWCETT.]

SALUTATORY.

As stated in last week's issue, a change has been made in the proprietorship of this paper. With the first number under the new management I feel it my duty to give a few words of greeting to new friends. In looking over the list of subscribers I notice many personal friends among them—friends whom I have known for many years, and whose goodwill I prize. But there are hundreds whom I do not know personally, and consequently I am called upon to introduce myself. This is my native county, and the place is dear to my heart as the "home of my childhood." In fact it is simply a case of a chicken coming home to roost.

For several years I have watched with pleasure the successful career of my predecessor, Mr. Fawcett, and I desire to pay a tribute to his business ability, tact, perseverance and foresight in establishing and guiding to so successful an issue the venture which he embarked upon seven years ago. He departs from Flesherton with the well-wishes and hearty god-speed of all our citizens, who sincerely hope his future field of labor will be still more useful, and, financially, even more successful than has that of the past.

As to the future course of this paper, I prefer not to say a great deal at present. Certainly there is an ideal. That ideal is to give a bright, newsy paper, and one that will still be a credit to the town which gives it birth, and constitute a big value to its patrons for their money. Whether that ideal will be gained I leave my readers to decide.

In closing this little conversation I would just say that I desire your co-operation: any schemes for the future advancement and prosperity of this town and its surrounding townships will receive mine. Finally, and above all, assist us with your patronage, and—keep your eye on us. I remain,

Ever yours,
W. H. THURSTON.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

News scarce.

Haying about finished. Crop very good and saved in prime condition.

Fall wheat harvest has commenced. The crop is a very fair one.

The late rains have made a great change in the appearance of the spring crops. Turnips are a failure. Potatoes look well. Bugs are very plentiful.

Mr. Hogg's saw mill was burned last week. Have not learned the amount of loss or insurance, if any.

Mr. Robert Buchanan and Arthur Johnston have each made a large sale of cattle.

Holidays now and the small boy is in the height of his glory.

The tonic and alterative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are too well kgown to require the specious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of the marvelous cures affected by this preparation are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land.

Farmer's and People's Institute.

Singhampton, July 26th—A Public Meeting in compliance with a Requisition to J. R. Sing, Esq., President of the Farmer's Council for Osprey and Nottawasaga Union School section of Singhampton, was held here on Wednesday evening July 25th, when a farmer's and people's Institute, was successfully instituted, with William Pearson, President, David Grant Sr. and George Thompson, vice President, John Stinson, Treasurer, and David Grant, jr., Secretary. Other officers were also elected. Among other business transacted the following is a synopsis:—That monthly Public Fairs shall be held in Singhampton under the auspices of said Farmers and People's Institute, and that the first of said Public fairs shall begin on Monday September 10th, (1888) and continue thereafter on the second Monday of each and every Month, for the sale and purchase or exchange of cattle, horses, and sheep, with other live stock, and articles of agricultural productions and requirements.

That petitions were signed to Nottawasaga and county Simcoe councils to the effect as follows:—Whereas William Lynn, Esq. Deputy Reeve of Sunnidale Township, having presented a petition to the county Simcoe Council calling for a method of Public weighing grain markets, at product buying stations with Monthly cattle, horses, and sheep, selling fairs, therefore petitioners respectfully request that the respective councils will unitedly work so as to have a uniform method of said Public markets and fair established through county Simcoe and in Market Places where necessary in the several counties and Provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

A prominent feature in the platform of the Farmers and People's Institute is that by Regulations to Presidents future meetings be held as may be deemed advisable for Public Discussion, etc., also as was contended that with a general adoption of said Farmer's and People's Institutes and said Public weighing markets certain progressive advantages must follow for agriculturists and the people generally.

WM. PEARSON, Pres.
D. GRANT, JR., Sec.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 25 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Partnership.

DR. HIXON, M.D.C.M., DR. HUTTON, M.D.C.M.,
Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.,
PRICEVILLE.

Houses to Rent — or For Sale!

Two good Houses—one brick and one frame—with lots and fruit-bearing orchards, to rent or for sale cheap. Good brick Baker's Oven in connection with frame house. Both buildings lately repaired and refitted throughout. For particulars, apply at THE ADVANCE office or to the undersigned. SAMUEL KINGSTON,
371-4. Proprietor.

$2,800

WILL purchase the Feversham Grist, Saw and Oatmeal Mills. Apply to MOBERLY & GAMON,
Collingwood.

STRAYED

FROM the premises of the undersigned, on or about Friday, July 20th, one large Black Sow. Any person giving information leading to the recovery of the above will be suitably rewarded. McCONNELL & BLAKELY,
Butchers, Flesherton.

CARD OF THANKS.

I WISH to publicly thank the Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Company for the prompt and ready manner in which, through their agent, W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton, they settled the claim of insurance on barn destroyed by fire June 7th. C. J. SPROULE.

WANTED!

Locat and Travelling Salesmen.

TO SELL our Choice Varieties of Nursery Stock, either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for. Address, with references, MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
369 78 Rochester, N.Y.

The Thorough-Bred Durham Bull,

Gray Champion!

Will stand for service at Lot 151 2 West, Artemesia—about one mile from Flesherton Station. This is a first-class animal and farmers desirous of improving their stock will do well to bring their cows to him. He is in prime condition.

TERMS.—$1 per cow. Reduced rates according to number of cows brought by any one man.
JOHN ADAMS, Proprietor.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cast Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	

Flesherton ROLLER MILL!

The undersigned begs to announce to his numerous customers that he has got the Mill in

Good Running Order

— and have got in the —

Very Latest Improved ROLLER PLANT

And capable of turning out First-Class FLOUR and am prepared to give my customers GOOD YIELDS AND FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage as I am prepared to please.

I Remain Yours Resp.,

WM. BRADLEY.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 75 to 4 75
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78 0 80
Barley	0 50 0 55
Oats	0 45 0 45
Peas	0 60 0 60
Butter	0 15 0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15 0 15
Potatoes bush	0 40 0 50
Pork	6 50 6 50
Hay per ton	7 00 8 00
Hides	4 50 5 50
Wool	19 23
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 06 0 06
Turkeys	0 10 0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25 0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50 0 60

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—STRAIN'S Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B.R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland will please ask for rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot 23, Con. 11, Artemesia, containing 100 acres more or less. For particulars apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

THE HIGH BRED DURHAM BULL,

"KING BILLY,"

The Royal Champion!

Will be for service at Lot 162, Con. 2nd West, T. & S. R., Artemesia.

Terms 50 cents. Come along, boys! Prices to suit the times!

W. C. PARKER.

The last Rose of Summer
Will shortly be gone,
And the last chance this summer
TO PURCHASE

Summer Goods at Clearing Prices

Meaning by that, any price to clear them out, is now offering at

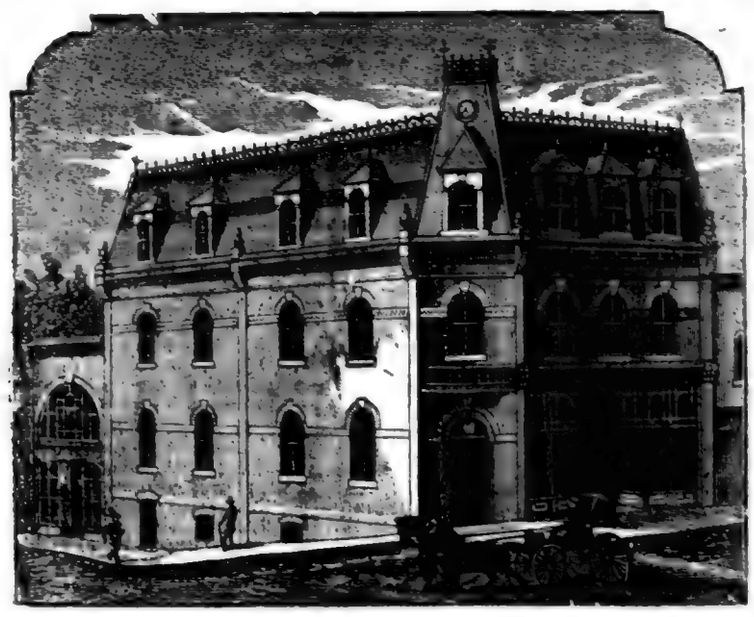

M. RICHARDSON & CO'S

MILLINERY for a Song---providing it be well sung.
DRESS GOODS for----well, say a small consideration.
MUSLINS, PRINTS, GINGHAMS----take them away.
GLOVES, from 5 cents per pair, all sizes.
MENS CLOTHING, Hats, &c., see them before purchasing.
BOOT & SHOE stock kept well assorted in Styles & Sizes.

OUR NEW TEAS
ARE INTERESTING
CHEAPER THAN EVER!

SUGARS FOR FRUIT PRESERVING, A LARGE STOCK SECURED BEFORE THE RECENT ADVANCE IN PRICES.

Building HARDWARE, Paints, Glass
And all requisites at CLOSE FIGURES.

We are Buying Butter, Eggs, WOOL, and Other Produce
For Cash or Trade.

We are receiving consignments of FALL GOODS, of which further notice will be given.

M. RICHARDSON & CO., - - FLESHERTON.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

Stanley's Travels and Labors in the Congo Reviewed—The Missionary and His Work—What the Whole Amounts to.

A Paris cable gives the following letter from Richard F. Burton: I do not despair of Stanley, even if the mysterious white pasha of the Bahr-el-Ghazel should turn out to be Emin, which is probable. Stanley is an artist in the surprises, catastrophes and properties of a drama, as well as in its denouement. He is, in fact, a sort of a geographical Sardou and when the world pulls out its cambric handkerchief he will probably come up smiling and ask, "What the deuce is the matter?" I am a great admirer of Stanley. He is simply the prince of African explorers of this day or of any day. But as an administrator I rank him as below par, and the best proof of this is that of all the new stations he has founded on the Congo, at a cruel expense and waste of life and labor, as well as of gold, there is hardly one that has not been abandoned and left to fall in ruin. On the present occasion his avowed object was the rescue of Emin Pasha, who has distinctly and determinedly declined to be rescued, but Stanley's real object was to divert the ivory trade from the long and expensive Zanzibar line to the cheap and safe waterway of the Congo. The idea is excellent. By this means Belgium recoups the millions wasted upon expeditions and stations. Zanzibar, also, under the unprejudiced annexationists, our cousins-German, can have the sole profit of the slave exportation; nor would a Teuton of them all raise a hand against what brings grist to their mills. Stanley has thus, by one touch of his magic wand, converted the Congo Free State, the happy hunting ground of Tippoo Tib and his merry Sawahili men—absurdly named Arabs—into a Congo Slave State par excellence. The great slave mines are now transferred from the Unyamwezi country, the old Mountains of the Moon, to the Upper Congo. These fresh diggings remain to be exploited. Tippoo Tib is made Governor (God save the mark!) of those new slave reserves at a salary of £300 a year, where he can easily make £30,000 a year, and where his followers are pretty sure to shoot him if he talks any nonsense about the abolition of slavery. You must not expect to hear any truths of this kind in England, where the imperious and tyrannical opinion of society subdues even the boldest spirit. A well-known administrator was sent to the Congo, and after a careful inquiry found Mohammedanism a grand and saving fact, and set down the Christian missionary as an utter humbug in all except being a doughty explorer, a laborious and useful linguist and an able collector of other men's money. The administrator goes home fully resolved to state the facts uncompromisingly before the public of Great Britain; but, although the administrator is an honest man, the influence and association of old ideas trooping back into his brain, so act upon him that so far from stating the facts he states clean to the contrary. He stands up and declares that missionaries are the cream of creation and that the gospels are overspreading the land, while, if he mentions Islam, it is in a patronizing tone, as if Mohammed were a mere courier to the founder of Christianity. All this is utterly unfair. It allows the unfortunate public no chance of learning the truth. The narrator may be honest and honorable, but he dare not state the facts nor have the courage of his own opinions. If he did society would turn upon him with the usual "Oh, no, we never mention him!" and his name never would be heard unless accompanied by a snarl or sneer. The fact is, England's chronic disease is religiosity in the few and hypocrisy in the many.

(Signed) RICHARD F. BURTON.
Hotel Meurric, Paris, July 18th, 1888.

Desperate Attempt at Suicide.

A Montreal despatch says: A singular case of attempted suicide occurred on the Longueuil ferry wharf yesterday morning. A well-dressed, middle-aged man was seen coming on the wharf and violently striking his head against one of the mooring posts on the wharf three or four times. The people who were standing at a distance hurried to the spot, where they found the man lying on the ground, with a large gash in his head and apparently dying; but what was their surprise when they tried to raise him from the ground to see him jump up and with a bound throw himself into the river. When he came up for the first time he made the sign of the cross and raised his eyes to heaven; but when he saw that one of the men on the wharf was jumping after him, he ducked his head under water and bubbles rose rapidly. Simpson succeeded in holding the would-be suicide when the latter rose a second time. "For God's sake, let me go down," almost inaudibly uttered the half dead man. His rescuer, however, would not listen and brought him to shore, where Renaud, for such was his name, asked the bystanders, "Please, let me drown, or kill me one of you." The would-be suicide was ascertained to be Albert Renaud, a well-to-do grocer. He is believed to have been suffering with *delarium tremens*.

A Dot for Hard Drinkers.

A Russian physician named Portugaloff declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for drunkenness, administered in subcutaneous injections. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day. After a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in two hundred drops of water, and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty four hours.

Why They Didn't Speak.

He—Why, there's Johnson and his wife walking across the street and they haven't spoken a word to each other in four months.

She (with great interest)—You don't say so. Tell me all about it. Why did they quarrel?

He—They didn't quarrel.

She (disappointedly)—They didn't? Why didn't they speak for four months, then?

He—Because they couldn't. He was away in Europe for that time.

She—O! you brute.

The Florida orange crop is estimated 2,000,000 boxes.

A SUICIDE'S LIFE

Might Have Been Saved by Three Men, But They Were Afraid to Cut Her Down.

A New York despatch says: Miss Annie Stillwell, a boarder at the house of Charles Johnson, on Carpenter street, in Camden, committed suicide yesterday, but she might have lived to die a natural death if three men had done as they ought and not have had silly scruples. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Johnson saw Miss Stillwell come in and go up-stairs early in the day. As this was an unusual thing for her boarder to do she mentioned the fact soon afterward to her husband and got him to go to Miss Stillwell's room to see if she was sick. Mr. Johnson is an invalid himself, and it was only with great effort he climbed the stairs. He knocked and knocked but received no response, and as he was too weak himself to break in the door called over to Joseph Butcher, who was at work on the next house, to come in and help him. Mr. Butcher came and burst in the door, and the two men were horrified to see Miss Stillwell hanging by a rope around her neck, apparently dead. Neither of the men would touch her, so they called in Isaac Lovett and asked him to cut her down, but he wouldn't because, like the other men, he believed no one had a right to touch a suicide but the coroner. They sent for Dr. Beale, who cut the rope and found the woman just dying. He endeavored to revive her, but she died soon, and then the three men were sorry they had not cut her down when they discovered her, as her life could have been saved. Miss Stillwell was in her nightdress, and near her was found a note saying:

"Dear P——, I have no home. May God have mercy on my soul! Dear cousin, forgive me, for Jesus' sake! Mother, brother and sisters forgive! Oh! I ask all to forgive me that I have ever wronged. Good-bye."

Miss Stillwell had not been in perfect health lately, and was inclined at times to be erratic and did many queer things. She was well known in Camden.

Temperance Notes.

The various temperance bodies of Tasmania have resolved on positive action against the liquor traffic. Encouraged by the success of local option in Victoria, Tasmania has decided to come to the front.

The opening of the Prohibition Park on Staten Island was one of the features of the celebration of the "glorious Fourth" in the metropolitan district. Ex Gov. St. John, Dr. Funk and other notable temperance advocates were among the speakers of the day.

Miss Willard's suggestion that the white rose be adopted as the emblem of the Prohibition party to offset the red rose of the democracy is being received with enthusiasm. If the Republicans would don the yellow rose, the campaign of 1888 might very properly be called the war of the roses.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., has placed wall-pockets in the buildings occupied by the volunteer fire companies of that city and expects soon to have them also in other places. These pockets are kept filled with religious papers and other good literature.

Directors of the London and Northwestern Railway have shown their appreciation of the movement by establishing temperance houses at many stations along their line for the accommodation of their employees. These taverns have been successful from a financial as well as a social and moral point of view.

A prominent liquor dealer in Parkersburg, W. Va., applied to the court for the renewal of his license. The court after listening to petitions and protests and the argument of the counsel granted the license. Immediately the daughter of the liquor dealer, a beautiful young woman, a deputy clerk of the county, rushed into the court room and demanded to be heard. The court granted a hearing. For twenty minutes she held the judge and audience spell-bound by her eloquent pleading against granting her father a license to sell drink. The judge reversed the decision and refused the license.

Mrs. H. B. Kells, one of the most accomplished women in the south, has come out into the prohibition party movement in Mississippi, and is to edit a W. C. T. U. paper which has just been started for that State. Mrs. Kells has long been devotedly attached to the white ribbon movement, and although she has done excellent service, has not until now made it her occupation to help in this work. She is an acquisition of which any society in any State or city might be proud. Mrs. Kells expects to attend the national convention in New York city.

The National Temperance Society will hold its annual temperance camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, beginning Wednesday, Aug. 1st, and continuing five days. Addresses will be delivered by George W. Bain, Edward Carswell, Mrs. Emily L. McLaughlin, Bishop J. P. Newman, Miss Julia Colman, Rollo Kirk Bryan, Gen. C. B. Fisk, Rev. Dr. T. L. Poulson, Rev. W. C. Steele and others. The Park sisters, of Boston, and Mrs. Alice J. Osborne, soprano of Tremont Temple, Boston, will furnish music. The meeting will be under the management of J. N. Stearns, Corresponding Secretary of the society.

New Style of Pride.

Two little misses belonging to different households but living in the same neighborhood, on the east side, have ceased to speak as they pass by. Death lately robbed one of them of a baby brother. The other evening she went by the house of a neighbor while her former companion was sitting on the doorstep with a young lady. Both with a toss of the head and a swing of their skirts expressed their mutual contempt. "Why!" said the young lady to the one on the doorstep, "don't you speak to Maggie any more?" "No, I don't," was the response; "she thinks she's awful smart just because their baby died."—*Buffalo Courier.*

SOME friends of Yseult Dudley, the young Englishwoman who shot O'Donovan Rossa, are making an effort to secure her release from the asylum for insane criminals at Auburn. There is some question as to the legality of the detention of a person who is not a criminal in the eyes of the law in an institution maintained by the State for the care and custody of those sentenced to imprisonment on conviction of a crime.

THE UNBURIED DEAD.

Some who Walked About Two Thousand Years Ago.

The dead of ancient Egypt are exhibiting in the Egyptian Hall, says the London *News*, and it is a curious, mournful spectacle. Mr. Flinders Petrie has been digging at Hawara in the Fayoum, and has brought his mortuary spoils to England. The most remarkable thing in the gallery is an assortment of Egyptian portraits, painted in wax. At a late period, after the Roman annexation of Egypt, it became usual to fix the portrait of the dead on the outside of the mummy case. Some twenty or more of these effigies are here, and visitors will be surprised by the vivid coloring, the life-like, modern air. Here are beautiful women with large, dark eyes; here are men in the prime of life, with the characteristic hard Roman face. Here, above tiny mummies, are touching portraits of little girls, dead in their sixth winter, like the child Erotion, whom Martial so tenderly laments. One portrait of Artemidorus represents a handsome young man with a gilded laurel crown—he may have been a poet, and may have contributed to the "Anthology." The whole array of vivid characteristic heads, unburied after 1600 years, and in some instances still attached to their lacquered mummy cases, must impress every observer with a sense of the fleeting of time. They might have been painted yesterday. But Artemidorus, within that red case and under these gilded figures of the dog-headed god of the graves, has been dead nearly 2,000 years. We cannot say he has been dust. The head of a lady, with the long hair pins yet in her hair, with the silken lashes on her cheeks, is exhibited apart. This has a ghastly look; ghastly, too, is the malicious look of life on the gilt face and beaded eyes of an older mummy case. These faces, in high relief, are stiff and unnatural, not like the portraits, but certainly they were portraits, too, in their way. The slippers, the combs, the toys, the glassware of the dead, are gathered here, and here is the sham copper money which was buried with them long after Christianity came in, that they might pay their way in Amenti or Hades. Broken false coin was good enough for the dead, and the mummies of Hawara carried with them no silver or gold; nay, even their poor copper money they never spent in the kingdom of Osiris. Mr. Flinders Petrie has discovered many other things curious and less melancholy. Among them is a terra cotta, representing a Roman lady in a sedan chair, with two chairmen, one of whom is looking back over his shoulder. The chair had windows and folding doors to close in front when the weather was cold or wet. Mr. Flinders Petrie has also brought a papyrus of the second book of the Iliad, which he has not yet unrolled. The writing is extremely beautiful, as easy to read as print, and in this very different from our other Homeric papyri. These were manifestly fragments of cheap editions, and their readings are worthless. Mr. Petrie's papyrus appears to contain an excellent text, though doubtless later than the revision of Aristarchus (160 B. C.)

The Revival.

A gentleman writes to ask if we believe the John street revival is a healthy kind of excitement and likely to accomplish any permanent good.

Well, from our secular standpoint we can look at it in a cold, calm and critical fashion. It is an interesting movement—a popular outburst, indicative of an appetite on the part of thousands for something they have not had as a regular diet. It deals in none of your conservative methods, packed in ice, and so eminently respectable that it is considered indecorous to exhibit any emotion; but is one of the old-fashioned affairs, like a conflagration, or a fire in a dry pine forest where the crackling and roaring of the flames are both superb and awful. It holds sinners over the pit, throws them into the brimstone lake and then asks them how they like it, and if they want to come ashore. There is an element of terror in it, but a predominance of earnest and eloquent persuasion and pleading.

Yes, we like to see a man, like this young Harrison, and his fellow workers, who are in dead earnest. If they go a little too far, why, the rest of the world don't go far enough. If he makes the devil devilish and warns his hearers that they are going to have a warm spell by and by unless they hold up—well, we rather think he won't do any harm. Most men are pachydermatous, and it takes a sledge hammer to make an impression.

As a rule you needn't be afraid of anybody's getting too much religion. Besides, this is a free country, and no one need go to hear the preaching unless he wants to. He is not taken by the scruff of the neck and lugged into church, but does as he pleases. The crowds that attend the meetings seem to be satisfied, and therefore the best thing for you to do is to give them your good wishes, and then stay away if you don't like them.—*New York Herald.*

Exclusiveness of "Society."

The number of people who have real merit and talent for society who are kept out by the exclusiveness of self-constituted tyrants of society must be very large; but if they have tact and learn to wait they will find their way. The most certain way to please is to show a modest indifference to the smiles of the great. (They call it patronage in England. We have no such ugly word here, nor have we any really "great people" socially.) They should not "push." There is, however, always an ideal exclusiveness, a society which should only admit the cultivated, the wise, and the good. Every hostess should inquire into the general characteristics of her guests, their moral, social and political standing. We use the word political in its largest sense. In spite of all we can do, objectionable men and women do get into the most carefully guarded society; and we have as yet no such inviolable insight that we can rate Dives and Lazarus before their deaths as they are said to be rated afterwards.—*Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.*

Charge for Paper.

Drummer (indignant at being charged with writing paper at a Toronto hotel)—How did I come to be charged with writing paper? I never had any.

Waiter (desiring to mollify him)—May be not, sar. Hit's de paper de bill was made out on.

FAILURE OF TURRET FORTS.

The Professors of Fortification Must Invent Something New.

The *Times* published, upward of a month ago, an account of the experiments in firing with the steel cupola turrets manufactured at the works in St. Chamond, Chatillon and Commentry. It was explained that the discovery of the new explosives had induced the military engineers to construct forts composed of an enormous block of concrete, within which the space was obtained necessary to receive a small garrison, stores, and the turret, or two turrets, armed with cannon, sometimes simply rotary like those of St. Chamond, sometimes rotary, descending and ascending, like those of Chatillon and Commentry. The firing with the turrets had given excellent results.

The second portion of the experiments, not less important and interesting, has just been conducted in the presence of M. de Freycinet. The question was whether the turrets, after their great success in firing on the enemy, could themselves stand fire. Had this been the case, France, by means of a series of forts, could have supplied the gap on her frontiers and stopped the invader long enough to mobilize behind the protection of these works.

Unfortunately, the experiment does not seem to have been satisfactory. The turrets were shattered by the first shot, and became terrible projectiles, for the fragments of steel struck with the violence of a cannon ball. The firing, it is true, was at 140 metres, whereas in a real siege the distance would be 3,000 or 4,000 metres. There is, however, nothing to show that the accuracy and force of the explosives would be lessened by distance, so that the result is very significant, for the possibility of an effective armament of frontiers, if what is said be correct, is placed in doubt.

The coating of concrete, indeed, has resisted, but this is an illusory resistance for a fort, and is no obstacle to an enemy's march. The newspapers to-day argue that the fortress must be coated with concrete, but this is a hazardous inference. If the fort resists, while its guns are speedily silenced, it stands for a little, whether of concrete or not. Some way must be found of arming the forts for aggressive purposes; then only can they supply a substitute for a strong frontier and stop the march of the enemy. It would be better to have cannon without walls than walls without cannon, and after the experiment of Chalons it is apparent that the struggle will continue between the engineers who construct and the artillerymen who destroy.

One conclusion, however, which was not looked for at Chalons resulted clearly from the last experiments, namely, that an iron plate, whatever its thickness, does not offer sufficient resistance to the new explosives, and that iron-clad ships are already practically useless, and are condemned without ever having had a chance of showing what they could do. How many millions have been spent in vain! What labor has been thrown away, without one experiment being made which could be turned to account!—*London Times.*

A Domestic Dialogue.

"How do you like my new dress?" inquired Mrs. De Jaison of her husband.

"Isn't it a little"——

"No, it isn't. Now, Alfred, I think you're just horrid. It's the new color, emerald green."

"Yes, dear, but I was only going to say"——

"Oh, I know! That it isn't the color I ought to wear. If it was that horrid Miss —— you would think it lovely."

"But I didn't mean"

"Yes, you did, too. You're mean enough for anything. And you've never noticed my new chip hat, either."

"Why, my love, I thought"——

"You thought! Of course you did—that it makes me look frightful. I—I—declare it's to-o-o b-a-d!"

"If you'd only let me speak"——

"Speak! Why, what else have you done for the last half hour—just to find fault too, with everything I had on. What's that? A diamond for my birthday present? Oh, you dear, precious old sweet! Why didn't you say so, and not tease me so? I could not imagine what you wanted to say."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Going into Particulars.

The superintendent of schools in a Plymouth county town, we will call him Mr. A., one day visited a school taught by Miss B., and in the course of the morning said:

"Now, children, I wish you to take notice what I do and then write an account of it."

Then he stepped to the blackboard and wrote a sentence upon it.

All the children except one wrote in effect that Mr. A. came into the school and wrote on the blackboard, "I love a good school."

One little fellow, however, followed instructions more literally, and completed the story by adding, "and then he went to the platform, sat down, played with his watch chain, twirled his mustache and winked at Miss B."—*Old Colony Memorial.*

"Intemperate Temperance."

Mrs. Ada H. Kepley is editing a temperance paper in Effingham county, Ill., and her aggressiveness has gotten her into trouble. Her paper is called the *Friend of Home*. She has published each month a list of those seen drunk on the streets of Effingham between the date of each issue. One man whose name appears in the black list in the last issue claims he was not drunk and had the editor arrested. Mrs. Kepley appeared before the Justice of the Peace in her own defence, but a fine of $5 was imposed upon her. She appealed the case, and the trial promises to be more exciting in the higher courts than it was before the Justice of the Peace.

Osmi Martin is the name of a 16-year-old girl forger, who has been astonishing commercial and detective circles in Detroit. Her forgeries were of small cheques, which she had cashed at various places. She was a type-writer for an advertising agency.

A. J. Drake, of Palatka, Fla., has a vest of homespun that was worn by his grandfather during the Revolutionary war. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and Mr. Drake frequently wears it on state occasions.

CAUGHT IN A TIGHT PLACE.

He Furnished the Rope for a Raving Maniac Who Desired to Commit Suicide.

A number of detectives in the Central Bureau were talking of the peculiar freaks of insane prisoners whom they had had in charge in times past, when Detective Frank Blakely said:

"When I was a turnkey at the jail some years ago, an insane woman was brought there who was constantly harping on suicide. One couldn't talk with her two minutes but she would make the assertion that she would kill herself the first chance she got, and once upon that theme she would talk about nothing else. I got so tired of her at last, that to vary the monotony and try to get her mind in a different channel, I said I would help her carry out her purpose. She seemed pleased at the idea and I asked her how she wanted to go, by poison, hanging or the pistol. She chose hanging, and I provided her with a nice new rope. I went to the corridor where she could see me, made the noose, gave her full instructions how to tie it, throw the rope over the top of the cell door, get up on a chair, adjust the noose and then kick the chair away. I watched her carefully all the while I was talking, but she did not weaken. Then I bade her good-bye, saying:

"'I'll be back in half an hour, cut you down and put your tongue back in your mouth. You know, when people hang, their tongue runs out about a foot.'

"'Well, it never phased her. It was the most horrible thing I could think of, but she never said a word. Then I went out. Just as I descended the stairs two prisoners in one of the lower wards were fighting, and one was likely to kill the other. After twenty minutes' hard work I got the fighters separated and locked in their cells. Then I went into the jail office and sat down. In about five minutes I remembered the crazy woman and the rope, and my hair fairly stood on end! I had intended when I left her to go only to the foot of the stairs, remove my boots, and tip-toe back in my stocking feet and watch her. As it was, fully half an hour had elapsed! 'My God!' I thought, 'If that woman has hanged herself I am her murderer!' I mounted the stairs and, with a sickening sensation at the heart, entered the corridor. There lay the rope on the floor, untouched and just where I left it, and the woman was seated in one corner of her cell, with her hands over her eyes. Well, boys, I am not a praying man, but I don't believe any mortal ever thanked God with more genuine gratitude than I did at that time. It broke the woman of her insane desire for suicide, and you can bet it broke me of ever trying anything so foolish again."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Things to be Avoided.

An argument in "company."

Fault-finding, though gentle criticism is in good taste.

Avoid beginning a conversation by an allusion to the weather.

Avoid talking to any one person in the presence of others in a language not understood save by the two persons using it unless addressing a foreigner in his own tongue, and then others should be made aware of the topics of conversation.

Avoid using the word "she" or "he," accompanied by a nod of the head or a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the person spoken of, but speak the name of the lady or gentleman.

Avoid all remarks intended to have a double meaning.

Do not betray egotism.

Do not be satirical save in defence of yourself against impertinence.

Never show that you notice any error in language, either of punctuation or grammar, on the part of those with whom you are conversing.

Do not whistle, loll about, scratch your head or fidget with any portion of your apparel while in conversation.

Be alert to avoid absence of mind.

Do not ask to have a sentence repeated unless you actually failed to hear it. Many persons have contracted the careless habit of saying "What?" "Eh?" and the like.

Never interrupt the person who is speaking.

Marking Goods at Odd Prices.

It has become a frequent custom among dealers to mark their goods at some odd prices, such as 23, 47 or 98 cents. Said a Broadway dealer the other day: "You'd be surprised to see how much of an inducement these markings are to purchasers. The return of two or three cents in change seems a small matter, but long observation has taught me that many a person will buy an article for 23 cents, for example, which he would not buy if it were marked 25 cents." The principle also extends to comparatively high-priced goods, which are often marked a certain number of dollars and an odd number of cents. The odd price is almost invariably so fixed as to be slightly less than the value of some coin in common use, the idea being to tempt the purchaser by the return of the small amount of change.—*New York Sun.*

The Tramp's Expedients.

HE TRIED DISSIMULATION.

Tramp—Say, boss, won't yer give a feller a few cents to buy a loaf of bread?

Stout party—Look here, young man, you don't want that money to buy bread; you want it for rum. Now if you had told me the truth I might have given you a quarter.

Tramp resolves to play the truth racket in the future.

HE TRIES THE TRUTH.

Tramp—Say, Cap'n, won't you give a poor feller suthin? I want to get a glass of gin.

Solemn party—Ah, poor fellow! So degraded and yet so honest. It does my very soul good. Here, my friend, is a tract, and a word of welcome to our meetings for reformed drunkards.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A couple of lovers came together for the first time in a long while:

She—Why, George, you have grown a moustache since I saw you last.

He—Yes, my darling, I have let it grow in order to give you a pleasant surprise on your birthday.

Henry V. Perrine, a wealthy and eccentric merchant who died at Dayton, O., recently, had never drawn a check in his life although engaged in many daily business transactions. He paid all of his bills in cash.

"I'll Beat You Up To-day."

Oh, tell me what's become of you, pretty Nelly Martin,
Little Nelly Martin, with your golden yellow hair
That glistened in the sunshine of the bright, unclouded morning,
And was blown in fluffy ringlets by the wild plum-scented air,
As you stood there in your "nighty"—it was warm and nice in May,
And shouted from your porch to mine: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

Like a baby saint you seem to me as I look back with yearning,
Little Nelly Martin, with your eyes so big and blue,
To the days when hearts were pure and clean beneath our gingham aprons,
And the only bit of rivalry that came between us two
Was in getting up o' mornings—I can almost hear you say,
In that gay, triumphant voice of yours: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

I wonder where I'd find you now, little Nelly Martin,
I wonder if your hair is yet that pretty golden brown;
Is that baby love of ours by you, too, unforgotten?
Mayhap you have your little ones a-clinging to your gown,
But, though you be a matron and your locks be sprent with gray,
You're still the little girl that sung: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!

WATER TELESCOPE.

How to Make an Instrument by which to See Under Water.

No doubt a good many of our boys and girls are ignorant of the fact that they can with very little trouble and at almost no expense construct an instrument with which they can plainly see what is going on under the water over which they sail their boats. The very idea of such a thing is attractive, and we propose to tell you how the thing is done. The water telescope may be made of wood or tin, whichever you prefer, and we will describe both. The tin is better because it is lighter and more easily handled. Its manufacture is very simple. Get a tinsmith to make for you a funnel-shaped tin horn about three feet long. It should be eight to ten inches in diameter at the bottom and broad enough at the top for both eyes to look into. In the bottom put a piece of glass cut to fit and make it perfectly water tight. Leave the top open. The inside should be painted black to prevent the reflection of the light upon the surface of the tin. Around the outside of the bottom solder on several sinkers to offset the buoyancy of the air in the water tight horn, and make it easier to submerge. If it is not convenient to get a round piece of glass, have the large end made square and use square glass. That's all there is of it, and when you sink the instrument down into the water and put your eyes to the small end of it you will be perfectly astonished at the plainness with which you see all kinds of fish and water animals swimming around in a state of nature. A wooden water telescope is made of a long, square, wooden box ten inches square at the large end and four or five inches square at the other. Make all the seams water tight by means of putty and paint. Put a piece of glass in the large end and leave the small end open to look into, as you do with the tin instrument. A great many of you will go on boating and picnic parties this summer, and you can imagine how much such a contrivance would add to your amusement and pleasure, to say nothing of the instruction derived from studying the inhabitants of the water at home. Using the principle of the water telescope, a well-known naturalist had a boat made with a glass in the bottom, through which he could see every movement of thousands of fish as they swam along through the clear water. Fishermen in Norway use the water telescope at their work with the best results, sometimes discovering a new kind of fish that might otherwise have escaped the notice of man.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Some Queer Negro Names.

The negroes of the Bahama Islands dearly delight in fine names, and ransack their memories in order to christen their children with sufficiently high sounding ones. The author of "The Land of the Pink Pearl" says that in the Bahama Islands there are innumerable "Prince of Waleses," "Prince Alberts" and "Prince Alfreds." There is a man named Tiberius Gracchus, a boy called Thaddeus de Warsaw Toot, and a sergeant, Duke of Wellington. They now have begun christening children Randolph Churchill. It is also a common practice to call them after the month or day of the week on which they were born or christened, as March, July or Monday. Scripture names are very common, as are others descriptive of a class, such as Evangelist, and I have heard of parents who wished to have their children christened Iniquity, Misere Lizzie and Solomon's Porch. One may also find Brinhilda, Clotilda, Cassandra, Sarelita, Malvira, Eulalia, Denisia, Daphne and a host of others, religious, classical, ordinary and Spanish, but every one of them high sounding.—*Youth's Companion.*

From a Climatic Standpoint.

Everybody, they say, has a mental estimate of his own of heaven and hell. My estimate of the former place is an October morning on a cliff of golden furze that fronts a shining sea, with nothing but a soaring bird between me and the crystal brightness of the sky, and a friend within arm's reach. Of the latter place I seek no drearier prototype than to be one of a perspiring crowd of people not yet educated up to the bath reform on a day like this in a Chicago West Side street car. For the imp to poke up the flames of my torment, let the car be an open one, and let my back to back neighbor be a lout clad in a greasy coat and last year's underclothing.—"*Amber*" *in Chicago Journal.*

The Times Against Him.

Tramp—I know it, ma'am; I'm always out of work, but it's all my cussed luck.

Woman—How is that, po r man?

Tramp—I'ts this way, ma'am. In the winter I feel like mowing lawns, and in the summer I just actually crave to shovel snow, and nature continually balks me. Have you such a thing as a pie in the house?

Then Come What May.

Niagara Falls Landlord (to guest)—Shall I have your bill made out, sir?

Guest Ah, no, not yet, not yet; let me have one more look at the Falls!"—*Epoch.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

Shelter Belts and Pear Trees.

Additional evidence is continually coming to our knowledge of the value of timber screens for fruit trees in exposed localities. A two-acre orchard of the Lawrence pear, planted on a modern slope facing the west, was exposed to the strong west winds. A double line of Norway spruce was planted on the west side of the orchard, about the same time that the youngest pear trees were set out, or a few years sooner. They afforded an excellent screen to the pear trees for eight or ten rods, while more remote from the screen the trees were much exposed, and showed less vigor in growth. Strong, healthy trees will withstand disease better than feeble ones, and when the blight swept through the country very few of the pear trees in this orchard perished where they were well sheltered by the screen; but, of the less vigorous trees more remote from it three-fourths perished by the blight.

Wild Mustard.

The above weed is becoming very common in many parts of this country. In Ops, near Cunningham's Corners, whole fields are one mass of yellow; in Emily in places it has a firm footing, while few districts are entirely freed from it.

The farmers should "get up and get" rid of it in some way, else the record here will be the same as elsewhere—a great depreciation both in the annual crops and in the value of the farm.

Let the Farmers' Institutes take up such questions as "How to destroy wild mustard," and dabble less with factious politics, and every one will be more benefited.

Meantime, the appearance of many farms from wild mustard is disgraceful.—*Victoria Warder.*

Seldom Lie Down to Sleep.

It is a fact not generally known that at least four out of every ten horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to sustain the weight of his body. The habit is a very dangerous one for the equine as well as the human somnambulist. Only last week a fine horse in the stables of a big manufacturing concern in the city went to sleep while standing in his stall and fell heavily to the floor, breaking one of his legs. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of somnambulism, and there is no way of curing them of the disease.—"*A Horseman*" *in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Shade for Poultry.

Poultry, as well as other kinds of farm stock, require shade in the extremely hot weather. If they are allowed their liberty, as they are upon some farms, they can secure this themselves; but if they are confined to yard and henhouse they are liable to suffer from extreme heat. To remedy this it is a good plan to set one or two shade trees in the fowl yard that will furnish the desired shelter from the sun. For this purpose the fir tree possesses some peculiar advantages. It is a rapid grower, the lower branches are wide spreading and droop to the ground in such a manner that the tree, though trimmed to the height of three or four feet, forms a perfectly shaded bower, under which the hens will rest in comfort. Another thing, the tree being green and of thick foliage also affords protection from winds in winter, furnishing a lee in the sun, in which fowls will stretch themselves with a great degree of comfort.

Value of Woodlands.

The Pennsylvania Forestry Association, in a recent publication, desires every farmer and every owner of woodland to know:

That his wood lot contains a valuable crop, which it will pay him not only to cut down and slaughter but to manage and utilize judiciously.

That it is possible to utilize the old trees in such a manner that a new, valuable crop is produced, instead of the inferior crop which now so often takes the place of the virgin forest after indiscriminate cutting.

That, as an intelligent manager and husbandman, he would do better to see to a natural reproduction of his wood lot, to cut with regard to the spontaneous young growth, rather than to clear indiscriminately.

That the time has come when forest destruction must give way to forest management, for timber is becoming more valuable every year as it grows scarcer in the country at large.

That in the woodlands in proper proportion lie to a large extent the conditions of a favorable climate and successful agriculture.

That upon forest growth depend healthfulness and equableness of climate.

That the forest breaks the force and tempers the fury of the northern and cools and moistens the breath of the southern wind.

That by its own cooler and moister atmosphere in summer and warmer atmosphere in winter it tends to equalize temperature and humidity over the intervening fields.

That while the open, treeless, heated prairie prevents the fall of rain, allowing moisture-laden clouds to pass over it undrained, we must thank our forest-clad hills and mountains for our more frequent, more gentle, more useful showers, and, above all

That the forest cover of the mountains preserves the even water flow in our springs, brooks and rivers, while its destruction or even deterioration increases the danger of floods, washes off the fertile soil, and then brings down unfertile soil into fertile valleys, lowers the water level, and, in general, throws out of balance the favorable conditions for agriculture.

That while we advocate the cutting and using of the wood crop as we need it, we must not any longer, as we have done, squander and waste it; we must not clear where clearing produces danger to the surrounding country.

Other Farm Notes.

A correspondent tells of a farmer of his acquaintance who sows parsley seed with his clover and timothy for hay and pasture. His sheep and cattle are very fond of the parsley, and he thinks they thrive the better for eating it. Too much of it will render sheep so fat that they will not breed. It gives an aromatic odor to the hay and makes it more palatable.

A cow should be milked out in five to eight minutes. It is hard work on the wrists and muscles, but it must be done or the cow will get a habit of dribbling the milk, which is very tiresome. To cure this habit, which has been brought on by slow milking, the milking should be done more quickly, and in time the trouble will disappear.

I feed mangels principally to hogs, says a writer in the *Ohio Farmer*, and can winter a sow in good enough breeding condition on four quarts of cut roots, with one pint of meal, twice a day, and when thus fed hogs require no water. Taking one year with another the expense of this ration is about 2½ cents a day per hog; and if any one knows of a cheaper food I would be pleased to hear from him.

Professor Maynard, of Amherst, according to the *Michigan Farmer*, finds that pyrethrum applied to trees and vines at the rate of 1 pound to 100 gallons of water will destroy many small young insects and paralyze the old ones so they will fall from the trees. Canker-worms or other insects which crawl may then be kept from returning to the trees by bands of tarred paper wrapped around the trunks.

Animals cannot thrive their best on dry food alone, however rich and plentiful. Such food cannot keep the system clear and in free, wholesome action. Animals so fed may take on fat very readily. The most clogged and diseased system tends to that excess, as we frequently notice in diseased corn-fed hogs. The rapid taking on of fat is no indication of health and thrift—quite the contrary.

The farming of the future must be gradually contracted in the number of acres. Higher cultivation, more remunerative crops. Less hard work over broad fields and closer attention to special paying crops on the fields that surround the house. More pasture, more stock and plenty of ensilage—this ensures the purchase of less commercial fertilizers and the very best results from the contents of the barn-yard.

Several New England co-operative creameries have reduced the cost of butter-making to about 3 cents a pound, and last year returned their patrons an average price of 25 cents a pound.

Care of a Cold.

A cold is a departure from health, and should really be attended to at once. Do not let it cure itself. Get rid of it soon. Do not feed it, though, but starve it. One cold after another nearly always ends in thickening of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and before you are aware of it you become the victim of a winter cough. The morning tub (cold, I mean) is a very sure preventive of colds. Never overclothe nor overheat yourself. The neck should be kept cool. Keep away from fires indoors if you are subject to colds. Cough, if not the result of simple laryngeal bronchial catarrh, may mean a very serious departure from health, and the sooner one sees a doctor in such a case the better. Do not be afraid to consult him. Remember, it is only those that delay who suffer in the end. I do not advise you to rush away to a physician with every trifling ailment, but—it is better to be sure than sorry. Many people would benefit much by taking cod-liver oil for a month or six weeks about the changes of the season. Probably the diet would have to be lowered a little and an occasional mild aperient taken. Getting thin is another serious departure from health. One generally does lose weight in winter, and regain it in summer; but a slow and steady decrease in weight calls aloud for medical interference. Want of sleep and restless nights are symptoms which cannot be overlooked. The cause must be found and removed. The trouble may certainly arise from overwork and worry combined, but in most cases the stomach and digestive system are the roots of the evil. Nervous people worry most, but they also work most. Well, the question one is inclined to ask himself when he feels something wrong with himself is: "Am I overworking myself?" I would answer thus: If you really enjoy working it cannot injure you very much; but, on the other hand, if it is force work, and you find little pleasure in it, then it will tell on your constitution. But many people cannot afford rest. Well, but wonders can be done by taking exercise; by breathing only fresh air night and day, indoors and out, and by careful regulation of the diet. In conclusion, let me entreat of you, as you value your happiness, not to neglect first departures from health. The story of the reservoir has really a moral for every one of us.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Elephants Playing Ball.

The elephants had their bath and game of ball at the Zoological garden yesterday. Empress and Jennie with shrill trumpetings jumped into the big pool and enjoyed themselves like two school boys out for an afternoon swim. Empress was the first in the water and Jennie soon jumped in after her companion. They rolled over and over, climbed on each other's backs and plunged together below the surface, coming to the top with snorts of delight and shooting out from their long trunks great streams of water. Keeper Pendergast stimulated the sport by casting two inflated bladders into the pool with which the elephants sported for a long time, catching them and throwing them at each other's heads. When the keeper thought the fun had continued long enough he prodded the unwilling beasts out with a long pole. Then he threw a score of inflated bladders on the brick pavement surrounding the pool which the elephants pounded with their feet till all of them had been exploded, a proceeding in which they seemed to see almost as much sport as in their bath.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Shadow and Substance.

The Quakers have many habits and customs that "worldly" people would profit by imitating, says *Fibre and Fabric.* They do nothing unnecessary, and save labor and wear and tear of mind whenever they can. When tools are hung up against a wall, there the shape of a tool is painted against the wall, so that when a tool is removed and not returned the silent monitor remains. When a hammer, saw or monkey wrench is hung up there its shadow is painted, so that if the real hammer is gone, the painted hammer remains to remind the owner that the borrowed tool has not been returned.

A Blow for Protection.

Citizen (to leader of a street band)—Why do you play that big horn?

Band leader (winking slyly)—Vell you see, dose blayers in mine band ish ferry bad. I blays der pig horn and drowns der whole caboodle. Ef it vasn't for dot der beebles would lynch us pooty quick out. I knows mine pisiness, ain't it?

SOME SUMMER DRINKS.

Zinc and Citric Acid Don't Go Well Together.

"Wait a moment, doctor; let's have a glass of lemonade."

A large crowd was pushing and elbowing its way toward the grand stand at a near-by resort when the above remark was made to a tall, fine-looking man who seemed to be suffering from the excessive heat. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned at the throat, his cuffs were turned back over his wrists, and his appearance was that of a man in the last stages of "wilt." The invitation to partake of lemonade seemed agreeable to him, but he no sooner got to the stand where light beverages were dispensed than he gave a gasp and started back, saying: "None for me. I admit I am thirsty and a glass of lemonade would be very refreshing, but look—that settles it."

With the handle of his palm leaf fan he pointed to the huge lemon squeezer made of galvanized iron.

"Why, dear, that's all right. They make the drink to order. That won't go off—it's only a lemon squeezer."

"The law should prohibit its use. Rather than drink lemonade made by that machine I would drink the water from yonder horse trough. That lemon squeezer is made of galvanized iron or iron coated with zinc. Every time a lemon is squeezed by it the citric acid of the lemon coming in contact with the metal dissolves the zinc and forms an unwholesome and poisonous salt. Zinc is a metal which is readily attacked by the weakest acids and no article of food or drink should ever be allowed to come in contact with it. Find me a place where they use the old-fashioned wooden squeezer or where the lemon is macerated in a procelain or glass vessel and I'll gladly join you in a glass of lemonade, but here, where they use the death-dealing zinc machine—never!"—*New York Mail and Express.*

VAST VARIETY OF COLD DRINKS.

"How many kinds of drinks do you sell, anyhow?" asked a reporter of a druggist.

"I can serve you now with 136 different cold drinks," said the druggist, "and 20 hot drinks, and won't charge you over 25 cents for any."

The reporter looked upon this as a skillfully served hint, and modestly called for a pint glass of lemonade—5 cents.

"Guess how much of that lemonade I have sold in a day?" said the druggist, taking a turn at questioning.

"About 300 glasses."

"Way off. Why, on a warm day I empty that vessel, well, a dozen times, and it holds 150 glasses. Then orange phosphate comes next, and after that vanilla soda, of which I sell about 100 glasses a day."—*New York Sun.*

"Smelt Like a Bar-Room."

The young woman who determined to shame her husband by taking to tippling, says *Neal's State Gazette*, began operations on Wednesday by setting out an exceedingly vulgar, red-labelled bottle on the back parlor table in the most unostentatious way. About the hour her husband was expected home she took a good gulp of the liquor, and when she heard what she supposed to be his footsteps on the stoop she drank another finger of it, and, putting some more in her hand, rubbed it over her lips. Then she flied up to her room to wait for him. She was intensely gratified by the consciousness that, as she expressed it, she "smelt like a bar-room." To her surprise the door-bell rang, and she went to the head of the stairs and peered over the rail to see who had come in place of her husband. It was her mother, her father and a cousin or two from the country. The old lady spied her, and there was nothing to do but come straight down and kiss and be kissed all around. She was mortified, for her parents are very straight-laced, pious folks, and could not help but smell the gin with which she had perfumed herself so liberally. Worse still, while she was assisting her father to rid himself of his overcoat the rest of the party filed solemnly into the presence of the red-labelled bottle in the back room. Nothing was said about the odor of the bottle, and she was too proud to try to explain what looked so badly for her. She told her husband, however, and he was so impolite as to throw himself on the bed in convulsions of laughter. She was so angry that she theatened to leave him. "You can't," said the monster, "your folks would not receive you. The most they would do would be to put you in the inebriate asylum."

Curved Caterpillar in the Air.

There was a waterspout over Witenham woods, Dorchester, yesterday. A line black clouds hung about 30 degrees from the horizon, and depending from it was a funnel-shaped cloud of the same color about 8 degrees in length and about 2 degrees in apparent diameter, tapering to a point. Soon the funnel assumed a wavy form and its diameter at the top lessened in about four minutes it looked more like a curved caterpillar than anything else, with a well defined head at the lower end of what had been the funnel, and in length, if straightened, about 10 degrees. Then it faded, leaving the head for a longer time visible, as a separate speck of blackness on a gray background. A thunderstorm followed, which continued throughout the day.—*London Star.*

A Very Cruel Man.

Judge (to prosecuting witness)—"Have you any real cause of complaint against your husband?"

Wife—"Yes, sir. He refuses to buy me a new bonnet, and I haven't had a silk dress for two years."

Judge—"But I thought he came home drunk and beat you over the head with a chair?"

Wife—"Well, he did; but I wouldn't count that if I could get the dress and the bonnet."

A bear was shot up in Bay county the other night as it was trying to lug off a 200-pound hog, and the body of the bear was found to weigh only 194 pounds. It is conceded that the bear was the biggest hog of the two.

In the vicinity of Montreal the depredations committed by the sparrows have arrived at such a pitch that the farmers of the neighbouring municipalities have banded themselves together into an extermination society.

STORIES OF PICTURES.

Some Exceedingly Interesting Things Seen in Europe by Bishop Beckwith.

Among the many beautiful things brought from the other side of the world Bishop Beckwith has the photograph of an old picture in one of the art galleries, which represents the "Last Supper." The original has a history, which is this: A monk was incarcerated in prison for some grave offiance, and doomed to die upon a certain day. If he could paint the "Last Supper" in a certain length of time he would receive his freedom. If he failed, the following night he would die. The monk worked upon his canvas, putting heart and soul into his work and wasting away as he did so, until he became weak, nerveless and perfectly prostrated. The day before the expiration of his sentence the canvas was complete with the exception of the face of Judas. Try as he would, no inspiration came to him for that face. In the same prison was another monk who hated the artist. On the last day he entered the cell and asked the poor, nerveless, trembling, almost dying man if his picture was done.

No, he could find no face for Judas, he was answered.

The monk, exultant because of the artist's failure and the certainty that he would die, turned with a look of demoniac exultation and left the cell. As the artist watched his face he sprang up in ecstatic excitement, rushed to the canvas, painted the face of the vanishing monk, and so regained his liberty, and at the same time gave to the world one of its grandest pictures.

Bishop Beckwith says one of the finest pictures he ever saw was in one of the picture galleries in Italy, and was "Napoleon in Hell." Napoleon wore the same frown as in life, and the devil, the most conspicuous figure on the canvas, was represented as having the most strikingly beautiful face imaginable. In the background were figures and faces of women taunting the great emperor with having bereft them of their loved ones, while he, cowering 'neath the guilt of uncontrolled ambition, was suffering remorse in the nether regions.—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Honey Extractor.

A foreign paper notices the death at Venice, Italy, of Major Von Hruschka, the inventor of the honey extractor. He was a retired Austrian officer, and the invention of the honey extractor occurred in this way: His apiary was in Italy, and one day when he was in his apiary his little boy came there. The boy had a small tin pail tied to a string, which he was swinging in a circle, holding the end of the string in his hand. The indulgent father gave the youth a small piece of comb filled with honey, putting it into the little pail. The boy after a while began to swing the pail again as before, with the honey in it. A few moments after he became tired of that amusement and put the pail down to talk to his father, who took it up, and, by chance, noticed that the honey had left the comb and settled down into the pail, leaving the comb perfectly clean that had been on the outside of the circle when the boy was swinging it around. The major wondered at the circumstance, and turning the comb over bade the boy swing it again, when to his great astonishment the other side of the comb also became perfectly clean, all the honey being extracted and lying at the bottom of the pail. During the following night Maj. Von Hruschka, after going to bed, commenced to think the circumstance over. On the morrow he commenced a series of experiments which resulted in his giving to the world the first honey extractor, which by whirling, something like his son whirled that little tin pail, gave him the pure liquid honey, extracted by centrifugal force, leaving the honeycomb entirely free from the liquid sweet, which he gave again to the bees to fill, allowing him the pure honey for making wine, mead and metheglin or honey cakes as desired, without employing the troublesome and primitive method in use up to that time of mashing up the combs containing the honey, pollen, and sometimes brood, too, to let the honey drain through the cloth in which it was placed, giving what was formerly known as "strained honey."

Too Much Proverb.

While the prisoners in the Austin jail were out in the yard a few days ago, two of them who were under sentence to the penitentiary were heard comparing notes about as follows:

"I don't believe in proverbs," said prisoner number one; "it is believing in proverbs that brings me here."

"How so?" said number two.

"Well, you see when I was a boy I often seen folks pick up pins, and when I asked them why they did it they said:

If you see a pin and let it lay
You will have bad luck all the day.

"Yes, that's so. I've heard that myself."

"Well, it don't work. I have picked up a pin, and I've had bad luck ever since. I was arrested the very same day, and now I've got to go to the penitentiary for three years."

"What has that to do with picking up pins?" asked number two.

"Well, you see the pin I picked up was a diamond pin worth $150. I believed in the proverb about having good luck, so I picked up the pin in a show case, but they telephoned for a policeman, and here I am," and he winked at the jailer.

The other prisoner thought for a moment and then he said:

"When I come to think of it, proverbs are what have brought me into this fix."

"How so?" asked the man who had picked up the pin for good luck.

"Well, I had heard about horseshoes bringing you luck, so I picked up horseshoes. Horseshoes are my weakness."

"Them horseshoes you went off with were fastened onto another fellow's horse, weren't they?" queried number one.

"Jess so."

"When I get out I'm not going to tamper with any more proverbs," remarked number two.

"Me neither," responded number one.

"Fall in, boys," said the jailer, and they went back to their cozy retreats on the inside of the jail.

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Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Mary Johnston and Mr. J. Roseborough, pupils of the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute, are spending their vacation with their parents here.

There will be no service in the Methodist church here next Sabbath owing to the Quartely, meeting which will be held in Durham.

There has been a great deal of anxiety here about the dry weather, but haying is about over and the hay has been an average crop.

At the recent sale of cheese made at the Victoria factory, 8½ cents per pound was realized.

Quite a number of people from around here took advantage of the excursion to Lewiston and Niagara last Thursday. Your corr. also took in the pleasures of the day. The sail on the lake was very pleasant, and the fine weather throughout the day made everything go off jovial.

The remedy which most successfully combats malarial disorders, is Ayer's Ague Cure. It is a purely vegetable compound, and contains neither quinine nor any other dangerous ingredient. Warranted to cure chills and fever.

W. C. T. U.

IS IT RIGHT.

Is it right to licence a man to make drunkards and then punish the drunkard. Licensed Bar-rooms are neither a benefit in village or town they neither tend to man's improvement mentally or physically. The tendance of the Bar-room is to make a poorer class of Citizens, a poorer class of workmen—less valued Friends and less valued neighbors. Then we say emphatically,—Away with the Bar-room.

The Temperance Tree.

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink."—Isaah, 5th c., 22nd v.

What a mighty tree thou hast grown
Since long years ago thy seed was sown;
Sown in his hearts of men by hand divine,
In days of old, look thou not upon the wine.

Thy root is is deep within the soil,
Around thy trunk no serpents coil;
No fear from thee of adder's bite,
Thou dost protect and aid the right.

Thy branches reach across the sea
All looking, reaching, up towards Thee;
Though not alike, yet joined in heart,
Of the grand old tree a part

To guard the home they all agree,
Like children of one great family;
A refuge from the serpents power,
Thou art growing stronger every hour.

Think not it can e'er be slain,
"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
And right shall ever conquer wrong,
Though the strife be fierce and long.

Thy foes have tried, but all in vain,
To stay thy branches, rend thee in twain;
Yet all united thou still dost stand
For God, and home, and native land

ELLEN AGNES MARTIN.
Bruce, Brookings Co., Dakota.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: "I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE.

To the Ladies of the County of Grey.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

CLIMO'S STORE IN FLESHERTON

and bring your Produce and ask to be shown the beautiful PRINTS suitable for any wearing. We have beautiful Satteen Prints at from 10c. to 14c. per yard—such values you have not been offered before.

Highest Price allowed for Eggs, Butter and Wool.

The best way to destroy Beetles is to sprinkle Paris Green and Water on the Potatoe Vines. You can get the Sprinklers at Climo & Co's which are cheap and good. Only a few on hand.

Yours Truly,

CLIMO & CO.,

Wright's Old Stand, - Flesherton.

I have received a Very Large Assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES!

Several Hundred Pairs of Mens', Womens' and Childrens' which I am offering

VERY CHEAP.

WM. CLAYTON, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con. 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY, 179 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

345-371.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. WALTER BOOTH.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Try The Advance one year for Six months for 50 cts.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 373. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

The Most Beautiful

And Select Stock of

WATCHES

CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES

and EYEGLASSES,

Between Shelburne and Owen Sound is to be found at

Russell's

Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Call and look at our Fine Watches, bearing from 3 to 5 year warrants. We sell them so much cheaper than you can get them elsewhere that it will pay you to come twenty miles and buy from us. Our stock of

18 K. WEDDING RINGS---GEM RINGS,

IS SIMPLY IMMENSE. If you want a wedding ring it will pay you to go to RUSSELL'S, as you can do better there than elsewhere. Just try and see for yourself and remember that the only place to get your watch or clock repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

School commences on Monday

Priceville baseball club plays Dundalk on Saturday.

The first load of stone for the new bridge across the Boyne was delivered on Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Shilton gave an interesting and eloquent sermon on Sunday evening last upon the subject of Prayer.

We had a call from Mr. S. A. Stinson, of Collingwood, on Monday. He pronounces that town as prosperous.

For Sale, or will exchange for stock—A Melodeon, Rosewood case, excellant tone and in good order. This is a chance for someone; don't miss it. For particulars enquire of R. P. Legate Flesherton.

Young, old, and middle aged, all experience the wonderfully beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children, suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald head, or with any scrofulous taint, become healthy and strong by the use of this medicine. Six bottles, $5

The editor of this paper went picking berries the other day. He saw sixteen partridges, heard an imitation wildcat and had his pants torn. And yet he grumbles because he didn't get a chance to grapple with a bear. Some people are never satisfied!

Wanted.

A good weaver, or a smart girl willing to learn. Apply at Flesherton woollen mills.

Departure.

Mr. A. R. Fawcett, late proprietor of this paper, left for his new home in Streetsville this morning. May success perch upon his banner.

Presentation.

On Saturday evening last Miss Wood, on behalf of the Flesherton Station Baptist congregation, presented Rev. T. Watson with a well-filled purse.

Left Over.

Two communications have reached us with reference to the formation of Farmers' Institutes at Maxwell and McIntyre. They arrived too late to be available, but will appear next week

An Interesting Trip.

Mr. Joseph Blackburn left on Tuesday for a trip to Gorrie. He arrived home last evening, accompanied by the late Miss Ella Ayres, with whom he has formed a life partnership. Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn have our very best wishes for their future happiness.

Dumped.

Charlie Sargeant, butcher of Markdale, had quite a funny accident on Tuesday He was driving over the bridge at that place, when his horse drew the cart, meat and baskets over the bridge. It is said there was a muchly mixed turnout about that time, but that nothing was damaged. "A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse," but it seems neither of them availed in this case.

A Social Gathering.

A very pleasant social gathering was that held over Medical Hall on Saturday evening last by the S. O. T. It was called together for the purpose of tendering publicly to Mr. Fawcett, who is leaving this community, the heartfelt wishes of the society for his future welfare. Mr. Fawcett has for a long time been identified with the temperance movement in this place, and temperance workers generally feel that they are losing a strong ally in Mr. Fawcett's removal. A number of speeches were made. Miss Carrie Davis gave a ricitation in excellent style. Dr. Christoe presented, on behalf of the Society, a beautifully engrossed and framed address to which Mr. Fawcett replied very gracefully, yet with deep emotion. After refreshments had been served and a little social chit-chat indulged in, the gathering dispersed.

Personal.

Master Ed. Strain returned home from his trip to Manitoulin Island.

Mrs. Cuthbert and two daughters, of Toronto, are visiting at Mrs. Campbell's.

Mr. Fred Leitch is home visiting his parents here. He looks hale and hearty.

Mr. Joseph H. Strain, of the firm of Strain Bros., merchants at Minot, Dakota, is home on a visit to his parents here.

Sudden Death!

Mr. T. H. Carr, lumber buyer for McCraney, McCool & Wilson, of Toronto, while assisting to load flat cars on Friday last at Flesherton station, was suddenly seized with an attack of heart syncope and fell from the car to the ground so violently as to sustain a fracture of the skull. Death was instantaneous. He was unmarried. The body was sent to Allandale. Mr. Carr was a man of about 38 years of age

An Improvement.

The recent improvement in the front of Mr. P. N. Munshaw's premises is a new departure in the higher style of architectural adornment. In addition to a neatly constructed stone wall, fronting on Peter street, surmounted by an iron fence in the Graeco-Roman style of architecture, the grounds are in course of preparation to make it an attractive feature in the ornamentation of our town

The Hired Man.

A gentleman in this town told us a good story of absent mindedness the other day. He had a hired man who was very absent-minded indeed. One day this individual had occasion to drive a cow some little distance to water. After starting on the return journey he fell to musing and jogged along behind the cow with his head down. On arriving at the stable he looked up, but the cow wasn't there. She wasn't anywhere, that he could see. She has not turned up yet, and that was ten years ago. That cow disappeared as mysteriously as the "Lost Sir Massingbird," but she left her tale behind her.

Garden Party.

The garden party at the Station on Wednesday night of last week was a very pleasant and successful affair. Mr. R. Cook and Mr. J. McMullen spared no pains in preparing the school grounds for the occasion. The school itself is a credit to the section, the grounds are well-selected, and the tastefully planted trees all seem to be doing well. The lady friends, led by Miss Wood, provided an excellent tea and served it in a pleasing and attentive manner. Lemonade, cordials and ice cream were also provided. After enjoying the ample repast, pleasant conversation and several games, the company was called to order. T. Granger, Esq., presided, and filled the position very acceptably. His encouraging remarks, his friendly spirit and kindly, suggestive criticisms of the various items of the program were very timely and well received. Miss Sproul and Miss Irwin, from Markdale, rendered most agreeable aid by singing and playing. The Flesherton brass band inspired enthusiasm by the several pieces they gave, and by the cheerful way in which they responded to the invitation. Miss Rutledge gave a recitation, and Mr. Wilson sang a song that recalled many sweet associations of other days and distant lands. Mr. Parker, son of Rev. Mr. Parker, late of Priceville, gave an earnest, friendly speech. Mr. Ingham, of Toronto, gave "the speech of the evening," and Rev. T. Watson gave an explanation of the principles on which the Christian mission at the Station is worked, showing that the mission is wholly in the hands of and controlled by the Station community, and that people of every name, and no name at all, are there enabled to work together in the Redeemer's cause, with no other bond than that of mutual confidence and oneness of aim. The singing of the National Anthem, led by the band, thus brought the proceedings to a close. Near midnight the band marched into Flesherton in martial order, with even step and burning lights, and played one of their finest selections on the village square.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

The rain storms of late have just saved the green crops from being a failure. Everything is growing nicely now, but some people are complaining about the rain spoiling their small potatoes—making them grow into larger ones.

The Eletric Fluid played a bad prank on the 3rd inst. by passing through the gable of an unoccupied house owned by Mr. J. McDougall, and reducing it to ashes in the midst of the heavy rain. A number of fruit and ornamental trees were broken by the wind, on the above date, in this neighborhood.

There has been a good deal of talk lately in scientific circles about eclipses, transits of certain stars, black specks in the sun's face, etc., but some of our citizens, a few days ago, observed a "Black" without specs passing across the surface of our town. The astrologers pronounce said phenomena to be the anual transit of a certain Bunnessan star passing through this portion of the atmosphere, and that said transit is always accompanied by more or less noise It was also visible at the station, only with the difference that said movement or noise was more distinct and prolonged.

Two young Pilgrims, one hailing from Irish Lake, and the other from Flesherton station, came into town a few days ago to try the stimulating "waters" at the shrines of "Tom" and "Duncan" They acted something like the turkeys that ate the fermented cherries, but the boys didn't pluck their feathers off, or put them under the pump.

WHAT THEY SAY.

17 to 6 at Flesherton, and our boss pitcher didn't play either—B. B. Club

Keep Miss S. Henderson on the alto—congregation.

Don't you want to join the Agr. Society—J. McArthur.

I know how to buy groceries now—Jim.

TO

OLD

PATRONS

AM OBLIGED FOR

CONTINUED CONFIDENCE

AND PATRONAGE.

Will be with you again next week.

JEWELER BROWN.

MARKDALE.

FEARFULLY FATAL FIRE.

Seventeen People Burned to Death in a New York Fire Trap.

ALL ESCAPE CUT OFF.

Men, Women and Children are Fairly Roasted Alive.

A last (Friday) night's New York despatch says: Thirteen people were burned to death in a six-story brick building in the rear of 197 Bowery this afternoon. Six more, burned so badly that they will probably die, were removed to various hospitals. The house was a ramshackle hidden in the middle of the block, the only entrance to it being a narrow alley from the Bowery. In front of it runs a four-story building, on the first floor of which was a saloon called the White Elephant. Adjoining this is Harry Miner's People's Theatre. In the rear of the burned building were two houses hemming it in on the Christie street side. In this caged-in building lived about 150 people. Each of the six floors was occupied by a single family, the head of which was a tailor, who made clothing for the cheap wholesale clothing houses and employed from fifteen to twenty men and women and children, in addition to his own family, in making up the clothing. They were all Polish Jews and the employers and employed worked, ate and slept in the rooms of the dingy tenement. The tenants who rented the apartments were O. Corn, S. Graft and Marks, S. Harris and H. Levine. About 4.15 o'clock this afternoon, while all the occupants of the building were busily at work in the closing hours preceding their Sabbath eve, flames broke out in the lower floor. Fire had already gained such headway that it was in full possession of the stairway, and escape by it seemed impossible. Many of the frightened inmates, however, rushed through the flames into the narrow court with clothes ablaze. Six of them were so severely burned that they were taken to the hospital and may die. There were fire escapes in front and rear of the house, but before any of the inmates had time to escape by them the flames had ascended through the house and were rushing from the windows so that descent by the fire escapes was impossible. One man, already half burned to death, escaped from a fourth-story window and fell, a mangled mass of flesh, in the little courtyard. Others jumped from the second story windows and escaped with bruises. A. H. Sheldon, manager of the People's Theatre, on discovering the fire, sent out an alarm and the firemen responded, but when they arrived the flames already had complete possession of the house and nothing could be done to save it and little to save its inmates. Charles W. Norman, property man of the theatre, with several of his comrades, ran to the roof of the theatre, carrying a ladder, which they stretched over to a window of the burning building. A woman with her hair and clothing already ablaze appeared at the window and Norman called to her to cross over the ladder. She cried back that she could not leave her two children. Norman tried to cross over on the ladder, but the flames drove him back and he could not save her. Afterwards the charred bodies of the mother and two children were found in the building. Three men, however, availed themselves of the ladder and escaped to the roof of the theatre. When the firemen had at last drowned the flames so that they could enter the house they searched floor by floor as they ascended and on the third floor they found the burned bodies of a man, a woman and a boy. On the fourth floor they found five bodies so badly burned that it was impossible to tell whether they were men or women. On the fifth floor no bodies were found, but on the sixth there lay on the floor five more bodies and they also were burned so that it could not be told whether they were men or women. This made thirteen bodies found in the building. That of the man who escaped from the fifth story window increased this list to fourteen, while it is feared the deaths of some, if not all, those in the hospitals will make this number greater. While the firemen were searching the ruins, the cry came that the roof was falling in, and the crackling of timbers was heard. The firemen did not desert the building, but ran to the windows, where they awaited orders. They shouted to Chief McGill, who was on the roof of a lower house. He climbed a ladder and saw the roof sagging in, and gave orders to prop it up. All the bodies had not been taken down and until this was done the firemen would not desert the place.

The list of the dead as far as known is as follows: Adele Graft, aged 28, with her new-born babe and two children, aged 7 and 4; Philip Laloph, aged 23, killed by jumping from the sixth story; Henry Schwartz, tailor. Ten men and one woman are at the morgue burned beyond recognition. Six were seriously, and in most cases fatally, burned or injured and several others slightly. Six others are missing. The missing are believed to be among those burned beyond recognition. The death of Isaiah Spennett at the hospital at a late hour this evening makes the seventeenth death to midnight.

One of the most pitiful incidents of the terrible calamity was the death of Mrs. Graft. In the awful panic she gave birth to a child and the mother and babe were burned to a crisp. Her two children were victims by her side.

Beer is King in the Motherland.

According to the latest Parliamentary returns, $7,500,000 was received for beer licenses in England last year, and as an indication of where the profits go it is announced that Lord Lansdowne has just sold three of his finest pictures, two Rembrandts and a Cuyp, for $250,000, to Sir Arthur Guinness, who has made his money in brewing beer.—*Boston Herald.*

Husband (to wife)—Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his son in life? Wife—I certainly do. I am thankful, John, our boy will never be handicapped in that way. Husband—Oh

CUPID'S VICTIMS.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose's Third Husband—Other Matrimonial Ventures.

A London cable says: On Thursday the young curate of the church at Fulham, under a special license, quietly married the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, known on the turf as "Mr. Manton," to her third husband, a brother of Lady Durham. Not a whisper of the event had been heard previously, for the secret was well kept. It has been the social sensation of the week. The groom was Marcus Henry Milner, a young man of 22, while the bride is in her 71st year, and she has been married twice before, the first time in 1836. No woman in London society has a wider or more peculiar reputation. She does and says things which nobody else would venture upon. Her anecdotes and her jokes are generally better suited to the smoking than the drawing room, and she is very apt to stagger the most hardened man of the world by what some of her friends call her "emancipation from conventionalities." Other people may be hampered by the rules and obligations of ordinary life, but the Duchess of Montrose acknowledges no such restrictions. Everybody knows that the old Duchess takes a great interest in racing, and is indeed the proud owner of a stable, her horses running as "Mr. Manton's." She likes play actors and everybody, provided they are young and do not belong to her own sex. Naturally, therefore, she generally has a young man or two in her train, and one of them she has chosen for her husband. There is a matter of nearly fifty years' disparity in their ages. But what of that? The Duchess has fully £20,000 a year, and is nice and lively as a cricket. Crabbed age and youth can live very well under such circumstances. Mr. Milner is not the first young man who has married for money.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose was born in 1817, and at the age of 19 married the Duke of Montrose. When he died on December 30th, 1874, at the age of 75, the Duchess was well advanced in years, and had borne the Duke six children, the first of whom was born in 1845 and the last in 1872. Within thirteen months of the Duke's death Duchess Caroline married W. S. Stirling Crawfurd, of Milton, the celebrated owner of successful racers. The Duchess, in retaliation for the criticisms of the Montrose family, took every opportunity to display her preference for her second husband.

A social sensation was caused by the announcement that the Duchess had secured one of the most valuable and interesting pieces of burial ground in all Great Britain for the remains of her second husband, who died in 1883, paying $150,000 for the ground alone, and invited from the best architects of Europe plans for a mausoleum of classic style and unprecedented grandeur. The Duchess declared that this sepulchre would exemplify her affection for Crawfurd, and that it was her ambition to excel the effort of Artemisia.

Miss Violet Isaacson, daughter of the great dressmaker, Madame Elise, was married to Lord Beaumont in London on Saturday.

The Duke of Aosta, the ex-King of Spain, and his niece, Princess Letitia, the only daughter of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, will be married in Turin in September.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

Mrs. Hamel Miraculously Recovers the Use of Her Leg.

A Lowell, Mass., despatch says a miraculous and well attested instance of faith cure has occurred in this city and excited the wonder of all who know the circumstances. Twelve years ago Mrs. Charles Hamel, of this city, then a little girl, contracted a severe cold which settled in her right knee. Since that time she has been unable to step without a crutch. The best physicians have treated her in vain. During her married life she has worked hard in domestic duties and reared four children. She is of a very religious nature, and has regularly attended the services of the Novena this week at St. Joseph's Church, of which she is a member, going to the church in a hack. Thursday was the last day of the services, and she attended high mass with a determination to end her sufferings by prayer. She used her crutch on going to and returning from the communion table, and then knelt in her pew and prayed for relief. At the close of the service she arose from her knees and, leaving her crutch in the pew, walked to the door without assistance. Since that time her limb has been apparently well and strong. Her case has created great astonishment, and hundreds of people have called upon her to hear her story. The crutch has been hung in front of the altar of the church.

It Was a Long Walk.

A Parkersburg (W. Va.) despatch says: It is rare, indeed, to record an elopement on foot, but such a case has just occurred in Jackson county. Miss Hester Tyre, 18 years, in spite of the opposition of her parents, decided to marry George Fineld, 19 years. He was a farm hand, and between them they only had $1.25. Last Friday they met by appointment and walked fifty miles to the Ohio River, taking three days for the journey. Crossing the river, a justice united them. The appearance of the groom and that of his blushing bride betrayed their poverty, and the justice declined the piece of silver offered as his fee, and gave the happy young woman a blessing, which he sealed with an official kiss, and bid them go, and saw that they were ferried back to West Virginia for nothing. When on this side, after another fifty miles' walk, the home of her parents was before them. They footed every step of the way, happy in their new relations, and reached the old homestead this morning to find father and mother, who thought their daughter lost, waiting a blessing and a welcome.

He Would Try.

Proud Father (displaying twins to Mr Oldboy)—What do you think of them, old fellow?

Mr. Oldboy (who doesn't care for babies) Not bad, Jinks, not bad. Er—are you going to try to raise 'em both.

The Prince of Wales is going to Dublin. It is said that Mr. Gladstone has made him a good Home Ruler.

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF AGONY.

John Anderson Tells of His Dreadful Experience in the Well.

A Johnstown, Neb, despatch says: John Anderson, who was imprisoned in a well nine days and was released on Saturday, says that when the boards and sand closed in over him he was crowded into a box about two feet square and with not enough room for him to stand erect. He could not get on his knees or sit down, but had to stay in a crouching position during the whole of his imprisonment.

About the first three days," said Anderson, "I got along very well, but after that I began to want water badly. The fourth day when it rained I heard what I thought was water slowly dropping. Feeling around I found it, and holding my mouth open managed in this way to get about a dozen drops of water, which gave me much relief. I had no difficulty in breathing until the well below me came so near being filled by sand occasionally coming in, caused by the diggers above. I had breathed the air over so much that it had become impure, causing me to feel a smothering sensation, but about this time the rescuers got near enough to let in air from above.

"By having a good supply of chewing tobacco I did not suffer so much for food as might have been expected. From the beginning I could hear considerable that was said and done above. I heard the waggon when it started to town for lumber and heard some one say the man is dead and the order given to try and pull my box out. When they began to pull I knew there was great danger of the boards giving way and crushing me, and for my own safety and to give evidence of being alive, I cut the ropes and heard the exciting talk that prevailed when it was discovered that I was alive. It was music to me and from that time on I was hopeful of being rescued.

"About the sixth day I felt something crawling on my hand and found it to be a fly. I thought by this that an opening had been made from above. I was correct, for soon a wet rag was passed to me. In reaching it to me it became covered with sand, but no honey ever tasted better than that wet rag. Soon a bottle of water and a piece of bread were given me and I was truly thankful.

"From this time on I began to gain strength, and by helping my rescuers the time passed quicker than one would suppose. When my feet, which are badly swollen, are better, and I dare eat a square meal, I will be all right."

THE PARTHIAN'S PASSENGERS

Transferred and Sent to Boston From Cottage City.

A Cottage City, Mass., despatch says: The schooner which collided with the steamer Parthian was the Ayr, Captain Fowler, of St. John, bound for New York with a cargo of lumber. The weather at the time of the collision was foggy, and Captain Fowler, of the Ayr, mistook the position of the steamer when she whistled, and headed directly for her. The next instant the Ayr's bowsprit struck the steamer, snapped and fell off. The Ayr rebounded, struck again and again. At the third time she struck the Parthian just at the water line, making a ragged hole about four feet in diameter just amidships in the engineers' compartment. In a moment every one was on deck, and the wildest confusion reigned for a short time. Capt. Nickerson and First Mate Lane showed wonderful coolness, checked the prevailing excitement and controlled the crew. On their assurances of safety, the passengers soon calmed themselves, and nearly all had retired within an hour after the collision. Captain Nickerson headed for Vineyard Haven, where the Parthian was run aground about 11 o'clock. This morning at 10 o'clock the tug Confidence and lighter Oak, of the T Wharf Company, of Boston, transferred the passengers and baggage to Oak Bluffs wharf, Cottage City, and left here on the steamer Martha's Vineyard at 4.45 this afternoon.

SAVED BY PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Mother's Careless Act Atoned for by Her Bravery.

A Chicago telegram says: Mrs. J. Norman attempted last evening to replenish the fuel in her little oil stove while the wick was still aflame. She allowed the oil to run over and it ignited. The flames reached to the ceiling, and Mrs. Norman seized a pail of water to quench them. This only tended to make matters worse. The blazing oil ran in streams about the floor and ignited Mrs. Norman's dress. She hastily rolled herself in a blanket and extinguished the blazing garments before she was severely burned. Little Clara Norman, who attempted to put out the fire, also had her clothes ignited. She seized her baby brother in her arms and was about to rush out with him. The flames had communicated to his clothes and the two would have been burned to a cinder had not Mrs. Norman caught and wrapped them in the same blanket which had saved her. She then smothered the flames from the burning stove and fell to the floor exhausted with her efforts. Fortunately all three escaped with a few slight burns, which will soon heal.

FOUGHT FOR THE MOON.

Wild Indians Badly Frightened by the Eclipse.

A Muskogee, I.T., telegram says: Four thousand blanketed Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Delawares were at the Anadarko agency last week to get their rations, when the total eclipse of the moon occurred. The savages were filled with alarm and became very demonstrative. The principal chief ordered them to shoot at the "evil thing trying to harm the moon," and the entire force of Indians opened fire in the air, keeping up the shooting for upward of an hour and until they were out of ammunition. When the moon appeared in full, after the eclipse, wild whoops went up for what they believed to have been their victory.

It is related among other exploits of the desperado Ike Lambert, who was recently arrested in Alabama for killing three men, that he once compelled a young lawyer to pick a banjo all night for his amusement, keeping him covered the entire time with a loaded revolver.

A MYSTERIOUS CONCERN.

Its Proprietor Says he Coins Money from Dirt.

A Boston despatch says: There is a man in Melrose who claims to have discovered the art of coining money out of dirt, and he has been doing it some time. The business has been conducted in such a mysterious manner as to attract the attention of the secret service officials, but they have left his retreat mystified, but satisfied that he is not breaking the laws. The man's name is C. H. Washburn, and his inventive genius has enabled him to manufacture aluminum from ordinary clay. He keeps the method a profound secret, yet the facts have leaked out. For two years this mysterious work has been conducted at Red Mills, but none of the town's citizens have obtained the slightest hint of what is going on. Those in charge of the experiments are extremely reticent. It may be spoken of, however, as the "atomic theory," or the disintegration of one substance and the formation of another by a new combination of atoms. This combination has been secured by the action of certain chemicals. To purchase these chemicals without betraying the secret, and transport them to the factory, has been one of the most difficult features of Washburn's secret, yet he has done it successfully, and only the capitalists backing the inventor know how it is done. This mysterious shipping of chemicals and boxes with their unknown contents attracted the attention of the Government officials who are on the lookout for counterfeiters. Detective Canton was the first outsider to force his way within the barred door, and he found nothing, as Washburn and his assistants were engaged in a legitimate experiment. The Government agent, after a careful examination, concluded there was no cause for him to interfere. Mr. Washburn is 40 years old. After five minutes' conversation one is unlikely to soon forget him. "People think all sorts of things of me," he said. "Some imagine I am a counterfeiter, others that I illegally carry on a still. You might go to my laboratory now, and you would see nothing to shed light on what I'm doing. The secret is not to be discovered, but it is big enough to revolutionize commerce by and by. Why, I use water for fuel, and that is only one of many wonderful things I can do. It's too early to say anything yet. In two months I expect to have all in readiness, and then the public shall be enlightened." Washburn has the backing of prominent capitalists in Boston. He was formerly in charge of the Government secret service.

A CORNER ON HYSTERICS.

Sixteen Silk Mills Employees Make an Exciting Scene.

A Wilkesbarre despatch says: The silk mills in South Wilkesbarre were the scene of an unusual and exciting incident yesterday afternoon. One of the young women employed there was taken with an epileptic fit. She fell to the floor and the other girls gathered around and became most alarmed and excited. Suddenly one of them gave a wild shriek and fell over in violent hysterics. The excitement increased, and in a minute or so another young woman was seized with hysteria. The girls were now almost wild with nervous excitement, and one after another was seized with hysteric convulsions. Their cries and struggles as they lay quivering on the floor combined to make the scene an extraordinary and exciting one. Sixteen of the girls were thus prostrated. Medical aid was summoned, and the girls were revived and sent home.

A MASONIC ASYLUM.

The Munificent Gift of John Hodge, of Lockport, to the Order in New York.

A Lockport, N. Y., despatch says: Junior Grand Warden John Hodge, of the State Lodge of Masons, has donated the old Gov. Hunt place in this city, valued at $50,000, to the State Lodge for an asylum. The estate consists of a beautiful stone mansion on an eminence, with lodge, acres of lawn, barns, summer-houses and conservatories. There are 80 acres of land. The name of the place is Wyndham Lawn. This munificent gift of Mr. Hodge will be greatly appreciated, and may bring the State Asylum to Lockport.

Royal Blushes.

The Queen of Italy on recent occasions received guests seated in the chair of state just under a picture of her husband, the king. She was dressed in a severe robe of black velvet, which showed off her magnificent pearl necklace to the greatest advantage.

When the Princess of Wales opened the royal naval and military bazaar she was dressed in navy blue silk, with three bands of scarlet on the bodice and some touches of red visible on the skirt. The young Princesses Victoria and Maud, simply dressed in brown tailor-made costumes, were with their mother.

On the recent 70th birthday of the King of Denmark his daughter-in-law, the Princess Waldemar, presented to him a piece of embroidery made by herself representing in heraldic fashion the coats of arms of the principal members of the imperial and royal families of Russia, England, Hanover and Orleans, who have become united to that of His Majesty.

The King of Sweden was on his last birthday the recipient of a pretty little letter from a Swedish girl 6 years of age, who, beginning her epistle "Dear King," informed him that as his birthday coincided with her own she had written in order to congratulate him, particularly as she "loved her dear king so very much." He wrote back: "I thank the little Miss S. A., 6 years of age, for her letter of congratulation on my birthday, which is also hers. May she become a good woman, and thus afford pleasure to her King Oscar." The letter was accompanied by a handsome gold bangle.

A curious story anent the Japanese Emperor's opinion of dancing is told by the Tokio *Dempo*. That journal relates that recently a minister of state, while in audience, touched upon the subject of dancing, whereupon his majesty expressed the opinion that the prevalence of such a voluptuous custom was a sure indication of the decay of the nation. The State Minister in question, hearing his majesty express such strong views on the subject, upon retiring from his presence immediately gave private orders to those engaged in the construction of the new palace to dismantle the dancing saloons in the new building, which was already completed.

WHOSE SWEETHEART?

I had always been led to think that my sister Kate would marry Bert Evarts, for he was in the habit of running in to see us at all hours of the day, and they were together a good deal.

That was before Mr. Hope began to call at the house. He had been very kind to us after father died. Found work for us both and made presents to mother, but it made me uneasy to see him so much around my sister. I thought she was not behaving right toward Bert. It never occurred to me that she did not return his love.

One day Kate comes to me in a great state of excitement and lays a letter in my lap. I see that Bert has spoken at last, and my other suspicions are stilled. I open the letter and find an offer of marriage, signed "Mortimer Hope," requesting that if her answer is favorable his heart may be gladdened on his return by seeing his betrothal ring on Kate's finger.

"Kate," I exclaim, "I didn't think you could marry an old man for his money?"

"For his money!" she stammers, "why, I have been in love with him all along. Where have your eyes been?" looking at me in astonishment. Where have they been, indeed? I kiss her silently and steal into the garden, wondering how Bert will take the news. He is just coming in the gate, and a smile crosses his frank face as he sees me. The smile changes to gravity as I tell him of Kate's engagement. That is the only sign he gives that what I say has power to move him. After a while he says:

"Bonnie Kate—hers should be a happy fate. I hope and trust that it may be."

We walked along silently together for a while, then he said abruptly:

"Margaret, I am going away for a while. I came to-day to bid you all good-bye."

Ah! the brave fellow! As if I did not see through his transparent ruse. But not for worlds would I have him suspect that I know what is passing in his mind. So, carefully schooling my tones to quiet friendliness, I utter a few commonplaces of regret, and in a short time we are at the house.

Bert goes, and after a while Mr. Hope returns. We see him very often, and it is not long before I acknowledge to myself that notwithstanding he is 40, while Kate is but 18, her love and pride in him are only equalled by his adoration for her.

As I watch the lovers an intense longing comes into my heart to be loved myself—even as my sister is. But my glass shows me a pale, plain face and a small insignificant figure, and the conviction is forced upon me that not for such as I are this world's richest blessings.

One afternoon when Mr. Hope and Kate are out driving I wander down to the beach and clamber up the cliffs to the narrow ledge of lichen-covered rock, which is my favorite seat.

I sit and think, regardless that the moments are flying, and that before a great while to remain will be fraught with danger. I think of the past and of the future and of how lonely I shall be when my sister shall have gone to make the light of another home, and then my mind turns on Bert, struggling with his disappointment.

I draw my shawl closer around me and rise to go, but I find that while I have been thus absently musing, with noiseless, insidious approach the treacherous tide has risen.

In an instant a full realization of the terrifying truth bursts upon me. The water had covered the narrow foot-path by which I came, and is even now licking with hungry tongues of foam the rocks beneath me.

On my knees upon the cold stone I sink, and with upraised hands pray as I never have before. I am so young to die: "Oh Father in Heaven, have pity!"

Then I call aloud for help; it is my last hope and a feeble one, for I know that if they have not missed me no one could hear my voice above the roar of the elements.

The waters rise still further, until a wave sweeps its chilling embrace over my feet. Another; one more cry: "Help! help!"

A voice answers me; surely I recognize it.

"Margaret is that you? Where ——" The wind takes the sound away, but I know that God has heard my cry, and that deliverance is at hand.

Over the heaving waters to the jagged ledge of rock upon which I stand comes a boat. Then I feel myself snatched from my perilous position and strained for an instant close to a warmly beating heart, while Bert cries:

"Saved, my darling? Thank God that I was not too late!"

Then I know no more till I wake to consciousness, to find myself wrapped in my mother's and sister's loving embrace.

So it is that I find that it is little, plain I that Bert loves after all, and has loved all along, though, thinking from my habitual calmness of manner toward him (he attributed it to indifference) that I did not care for him, he had never dared to put his hope into words.

He had returned just as the storm had arisen, and I had been missed, and, knowing my fondness for the ocean, had sought me with a heart torn with anxious apprehension.

"All's well that ends well," and that it is well with Kate no one can doubt who sees her in her stately home, its beloved mistress and sovereign; while that it is also well with me I can safely affirm, since do not I reign a queen, too, in one noble, loving heart?

She Only Wanted Tea.

It seems that Catharine Gafney, who fell heir to $100,000 by the death of her bachelor brother in Chicago, was in the Blackwell's Island (N. Y.) Almshouse when found.

"Is there anything you want?" asked the lawyer when he had informed her of her good fortune.

"Yes," she answered quickly; "some tea. I only want plenty of tea."

"Well, you shall have all you can drink," said Mr. Stillwell, handing her $5.

"Oh, no; not all that. Fifty cents will be enough," she said, pushing the money away.

"Then," said a Boston reporter in his fine Athenian style, when reporting the laying of a corner-stone, "the holy priest, with impressive ceremony, blessed the stone in a solemn manner, which was 31 inches long, 17 wide and 13 deep."

"The Guest of the Evening."

Good acts are a fruitage ripe and rare
That bears not fingering. Let me then beware
To touch with venturous hand this curving branch,
Nor lean too heedlessly against the tree
Thus at its prime o'erladen heavily
With golden harvest of a stock so stanch,
Lest I by some rude shock at this light hour
Bring down the Virtues in a mellow shower.

To drop the figure, friends—let's be content
The guest shall fancy less than we have meant.
Speak not too closely of his special good:
That we are here tells more than trumpets could.
Our friendship holds its merits as the light
Holds the hid rainbow; storm that makes them bright.
The modest veil they wear I may not raise,
Lest he should blush to hear, and I to praise

NINETY-FIVE WORDS A MINUTE.

Extraordinary Type-Writing at Cincinnati—Result of the Competition Between Experts.

An extraordinary type-writing match which occurred at Cincinnati last week deserves the attention of all who are interested in rapid writing. The contest was between Frank E. McGurrin, of Salt Lake City, and Louis Traub, of Cincinnati. The match was for a purse of $500, one-half of which was put up by each contestant.

The conditions of the match were that the whole time to be occupied in writing was an hour and a half, forty-five minutes of which was devoted to writing from dictation, and forty-five minutes to writing from copy read by the operator. It was agreed that the matter to be written should be ordinary court proceedings selected by the judges and new to both operators.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* thus describes the contest: Mr. McGurrin won the choice and chose dictation first, while Mr. Traub, who was in a separate room, wrote from copy. The judges also acted as time-keepers. Mr. McGurrin used a Remington machine, while Mr. Traub operated the caligraph. It was a brilliant performance on the part of both men. It was evident that Mr. Traub could operate faster than his machine would respond, and he was to that extent placed at a disadvantage.

Owing to the compactness of the Remington keyboard Mr. McGurrin was enabled to copy without looking at the keyboard at all, and he could have taken the dictated matter nearly if not as well blindfolded. He displayed marvellous speed, and won the purse, although Mr. Traub proved himself a worthy competitor.

During the contest Mr. McGurrin rested fourteen minutes and Mr. Traub fifteen minutes, the time allowed by the conditions of the match. The men finished at twenty minutes of 12. At the end Mr. McGurrin had written from dictation 4,294, or 95.55 words per minute; from copying 4,415 words, or 96.11 words per minute, making a total of 8,709 words. Mr. Traub wrote from dictation 3,747 words, or 83.26 per minute, from copying 3,191 words, or 70.91 per minute, his total being 6,938 words. Mr. McGurrin beats Traub on the whole time 1,771 words, or 25.38 per cent. An analysis of McGurrin's work shows that he made over seven and one-half strokes per second on an average. Traub's matter contained a considerable number of mistakes, while McGurrin's was comparatively free from errors, the majority of them trivial. The extent of McGurrin's wonderful performance will be better understood when it is stated that he wrote in an hour and a half as many words as would compactly fill four columns of the *Enquirer*.

Underground Pipes for Large Cities.

The increasing requirements of modern civilization are well illustrated by the extent and variety of underground pipe systems now employed in large cities. Thus there are in actual operation:

1. Pipes for conveying and delivering illuminating gas.
2. Pipes for conveying and delivering fuel gas.
3. Pipes for conveying and delivering drinking water and for fire purposes.
4. Pipes for conveying salt water for street sprinkling and for fire purposes.
5. Pipes for draining and carrying off sewage and surface water.
6. Pipes for delivering hot water under high pressure, for heating purposes and power.
7. Pipes for delivering cold water under high pressure, for power.
8. Pipes for delivering live steam under pressure, for heating purposes and power.
9. Pipes for delivering compressed air, for purposes of power and ventilation.
10. Pipes for producing power where required, by vacuum or suction, and for ventilation.
11. Pipes for conveying letters and packages, by compressed air and vacuum.
12. Pipes for regulating clocks, by compressed air.
13. Pipes for conveying mineral oils.
14. Pipes for electrical wires for electric lighting, electric railways, telephones and telegraphy.
15. Pipes for power ropes for driving machinery, moving street railway cars, etc. —*Scientific American.*

How to Live Long

"Storage of Life as a Sanitary Study" was the title of Dr. Richardson's address at the recent annual meeting of the Sanitary Institute. It cannot have been particularly comforting, even to the members of the institute itself, who may be supposed to act up to the level of sanitary laws. Dr. Richardson agrees with the old saw which links together the two ideas of a merry life and a short one. Everything, he thinks, which quickens the action of the heart beyond its natural force and speed is a stimulant, and must therefore lessen the vital force or "storage of life." Clearly the man who would outlive his fellows must abstain from most of those things which make life enjoyable. He may not even dwell in the unruffled calm of a luxurious ease, for all luxuries are bad, and shorten the natural term of life. The probable duration of this term, supposing the ideal sanitary life is lived, is to be ascertained, according to Dr. Richardson, by adding up the parental ages for three generations back, and taking their average by dividing by six.

If love laughs at locksmiths, he just "snickers right out" at bail bonds. Two eloping couples have jumped heir bail and gone on with their surreptitious honeymoon during last week.

Jawkins is a mean man. He says all the vacation he wants is—for his wife to go away on hers.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Where the grape vines refuse to grow cut them back late in the season and allow a new shoot to come up from the ground.

Prof. Henry, of Wisconsin, has found that a cow can be fed for 17 cents per day in that State, while the income from the butter made varied from 34 to 50 cents per day.

The farmer who thinks that to make money he must go where land is cheaper should consider well if he would not make more money by making the land deeper and richer.

London *Garden* says that the hybrid white Rosa rugosa, named Madame Georges Bruant, is semi-double and white in color. The expanded flowers are not so pretty as those of the parent.

Do not mistake copperas for sulphate of copper. The sulphate of copper is blue vitriol; copperas is sulphate of iron, or green vitriol. The copper sulphate is that used as an insecticide.

Cucumber vines should be made to trail on a bush, as the cucumbers can then be more easily picked, and they also grow long and of better shape than when the vines are left on the ground.

It is necessary in order to become a successful fruit grower that the person should observe the progress made by all plants in his section, and then endeavor to select from the best varieties.

It seems to be admitted that one can breed for eggs just as one can breed for milk or butter. An egg from a good layer will be more likely to produce a good layer than an egg from a poor layer.

Is it advisable to color butter in order to give it a marketable appearance? Is it not better to sell it on its merits alone, in order to induce a better feeding and secure quality as well as natural color.

Many farmers who have planted orchards on hill-sides have spent much time resetting and doctoring. Able writers say that a side hill where the water runs off quickly is the very place for the worms to hatch their young.

Animals appreciate a clean bed at night. It is not to their comfort to allow straw that has been saturated with urine to remain in the stalls. The best bedding is cut straw at present. Later on leaves can be used to advantage.

To secure good corn for next year the farmer should begin while the corn is growing to make observations. He should note and mark all prominent stalks, as the maturity, vigor and prolificacy are as important as the germination of the seed.

Skim-milk is excellent for pigs at all seasons. They will grow upon such diet when everything else fails. Give them all they will drink, and then if allowed root in the clover field after the crop has been cut they will need but little grain of any kind.

It is claimed that a good cow should give 6,000 pounds of milk per year, and that when she gives only 3,000 pounds she is kept at a loss. The 3,000 pounds represent about five quarts per day for 300 days. Every quart over that amount lessens the cost of the whole.

When cultivating on both sides of the hedge the hiding places of many weeds are destroyed. Hedges should be cultivated and kept clean the same as crops, as the cultivation not only permits of keeping them in better shape but increases in thickness and utility.

The *Breeders' Gazette* remarks that it is a pleasant reflection for the breeder of improved cattle that he is engaged in a business that cannot be, to any considerable extent, overdone, and that the growing requirements of the country will constantly outrun his efforts.

Many people believe that corn fodder has a higher nutritive value if cut when the grain is well formed. Dr. Collier has made more than 100 analyses of corn fodder in all stages of growth, which prove that the fodder actually increases in nutritive value until the ears become ripe.

Peter Henderson says that after the cabbage maggot (Anthomya brassicæ) is once developed no application will kill it that will not at the same time kill the plant. Drawing the earth away from the stems, thus destroying the eggs before they hatch, if carefully followed, will save the crop.

A corner of the barn, or an outbuilding devoted to the purpose of a workshop, in which a bench can be placed, will enable the farmer to do many small jobs that otherwise entail loss of time in sending to the woodworker or blacksmith. Only a few tools are required, and the cost will be but a small sum.

If the pear trees bear spotted or cracked fruit, the New York *Tribune* recommends a liberal dressing of wood ashes as a remedy. It should be scattered around the trunk and as far out on the ground as the branches extend. The trunk should be washed with strong soap suds.

Sow oats and peas together, and turn the crop under as soon as it covers the ground. A large amount of green manure may be grown and ploughed under in this manner, as it is not necessary to secure heavy growth. As fast as one crop is plowed under seed down to another.

When raising calves to be your future milch cows it is not necessary to keep them fat, but they should be made to grow as rapidly as possible. To do this give them the use of a good pasture as soon as they are weaned or old enough, and allow a good mess of ground oats at night. The shelter is also very important, as they should not be exposed at any season of the year.

Don't let your manure heap fire-fang during warm weather. When the interior has heated and the contents decomposed turn the heap over, throwing the coarser materials in the centre. If it is necessary to prevent over-heating before the heap can be handled make several holes in the centre with a crowbar and pour on quite an amount of cold water.

The younger an animal the greater the proportionate gain for the food consumed. When an animal matures it gains very slowly, and as it does not then grow the gain is in fat only. A young animal gains in meat, bone and fat. There is a point reached when the animal can be sold to the best advantage, but the farmer must keep a record of the cost, weigh his stock from time to time, and learn when to dispose of his stock.

Poultry that have the range of the farm after the crops are off really cost but little, and the eggs pay a fair profit, even when prices are low. It is not economical to keep the hens confined in summer. They can, by liberal feeding and good management, be made to pay well in confinement, but they should be made to utilize the food that would otherwise go to waste, which they will do if allowed to forage.

The digestive organs soon get out of order when grain is fed to the exclusion of grass or bulky food. This is true of all classes of stock and also of poultry. It is better to feed hay alone than to allow a surfeit of grain, especially in summer. A variety of food promotes digestion and prevents disease. It is also more economical to give a variety, as less food is then required.

The good points of an ox: A broad, intelligent face, with head up; small neck and horns; length of body; straight back, heavy shoulders, with full brisket, broad loins, hips and stifle; well thighed and flanked down; medium stomach; straight leg and rather short; heavy arm, wide gambrel joint, a good foot and small tail.

One of the principal causes of heaves in horses is the feeding of dirty or dusty hay. Ordinary clean hay can always be fed with safety if properly cut up, moistened and mixed with ground grain, but to feed the musty or dirty sorts is very injurious. Clover, owing to its liability to crumble, often gets dirty, even after storage, and should never be fed without being previously moistened.

The various elements of plant food found in the earth are attracted to the surface in the greatest quantities by keeping the soil mellow to a good depth, and this is done by deep plowing and sub-soiled. Besides the plant food contained in the earth, there is also stored in the air large amounts of plant food, the use of which by plants is greatly facilitated by keeping the soil loose and moist. Deep plowing, therefore, favors the appropriation of plant food under all possible conditions of soil and air.

The *Rural New Yorker* has been trying to ascertain among the correspondents what the three most popular grapes are. For the best three white grapes, Niagara received 12 votes out of 16; Lady, 10 votes; Empire State and Pocklington, 5 each; Duchess and Martha, 4 each; Hayes, 3, and twelve others one or two votes each. For the best red grapes Brighton stood first, Delaware second and Ulster Prolific third. For blue or black, Worden stood first, Concord second, Wilder third and Moore's Early fourth.

"Sheep," said a member of the New York Institute, "should be bred to that type that will yield the greatest quantity of wool. In 1840 the average weight of fleeces was less than two pounds, now many flocks average five to six pounds. Much improvement had been made from 1840 to 1860, but still greater ones since. The sheep which have been celebrated for giving the heaviest fleeces have been among the most wrinkly and greasy. A sheep having a good constitution, large carcase, close wool and oily fleece is my 'ideal.'"

The *Farmers' Magazine* says: The special food to cause hens to lay are secret preparations, but the following is considered a good formula. Two pounds each of bone, linseed cake, dried meat, oats, oyster shells, all finely ground; one ounce of sulphur, two ounces of red pepper, four ounces each of common salt and copperas and one ounce of bread soda. Mix the whole thoroughly, and allow a tablespoonful of salt three times a week to each fowl. As the cost of these substances will be but little, quite a large quantity can be made at once.

Household Hints.

To cleanse a soured sponge, use lemon juice and lukewarm water.

Oil of lavender sprinkled around a room will rid it of fleas.

Tubs and pails well rubbed with glycerine will not shrink.

Never feed a baby starchy food unless you desire to kill it.

See that all food is well cooked, eat plenty of ripe fruit, but not to excess, and if you travel where typhoid fever rages, drink coffee or tea only.

Have the rooms well ventilated, let in the pure fresh air every day and you will be troubled no more with morning headaches and lassitude.

A cistern is purified by placing a sack of charcoal in the water; if the latter gets very low and is no longer wholesome, boil it before using.

During the summer months meat is not a necessity, and pork and corned beef should be left severely alone. Many persons eat these meats and drink ice water all day, then wonder "what makes them feel so queer."

Sprinkle camomile flowers in the beds and the fleas will leave. To drive away fleas from dogs and cats, saturate a string with oil of pennyroyal and tie it around them. By repeating this application every twelve or fifteen days the fleas will leave.

Cream for coffee may be manufactured, and the forgery seldom detected, by beating the yelk of an egg with one tablespoonful of cold water, heating the milk and pouring over the egg, stirring constantly, and still stirring when the boiling hot coffee is added.

A Work of Twenty-Five Years.

It is not from America but from France that the colossal proposal comes for preparing a catalogue of 2,000,000 stars. This bold conception emanates from Dr. Gill, whose astronomical observations at the Cape and elsewhere have produced some notable results and who has put forth his scheme for a star catalogue on this gigantic scale in the organ of the bureau of the permanent international committee for the execution of a photographic map of the heavens. Dr. Gill contemplates the establishment of a central office under the direction of a chief, with assistant secretaries and a staff of measurers and computors. The work, it is calculated, would occupy twenty-five years. Admiral Mouchez, who defends the proposal against some rather fierce opposition which it has provoked, says that the proposed catalogue would cost $4,000,000.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

A curious sight was witnessed the other night at Delvois' Opera House, in Elgin, Ill. Forty young ladies, all dressed in red, white and blue, recited "Sheridan's Ride" by pantomime.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Paris is the city where suicides are the most numerous. The proportion of suicides to the total number of deaths is: In Vienna, 1 to 160; in London, 1 to 175; in New York, 1 to 189; in Paris, 1 to 72.

Ruin by rabbits, wholesale and irreparable ruin, has overtaken several of the ranchmen in New Zealand, where their sheep died of starvation on wide ranges of pasture, everything green and succulent having been devoured by the rabbits.

Lord Lamington has introduced a bill in the British Parliament declaring that, in view of the deceit practiced in the sale of foreign meats, all persons selling meat raised elsewhere than in Great Britain and Ireland, or the Channel Islands or Isle of Man, will be required to procure licenses and to display a sign announcing that "foreign meats" are for sale.

Rev. Samuel Jones, who is a kind of religious blizzard, is very level-headed on the subject of matrimony. He remarked in a recent sermon that "the best thing on this earth is a happy marriage and the worst thing an unhappy marriage. Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder, but whom the devil has joined let them go to Chicago.

Congressman Wheeler, of Alabama, has introduced a Bill into the United States Congress directing the officer in charge of the eleventh census to ascertain, report and publish the birth rate and death rate among poor whites and among negroes and by birds of every description and character. The object of this is to see if the statement that the death rate among mixed races is greater than among those of pure blood is true.

Patterson's Salvation Army is the real stuff. Three women held the door the other night, like Horatio at the bridge, "in the brave days of old," while the leader gathered in one or two young disturbers. One of the two roughs jumped from a window to an awning and got away. His companion, with the leader after him, managed to reach the window and jumped, but the women seized hold of his coat tails, and he hung suspended from the window. Finally he was released and made his escape.

Rider Haggard, the thrilling narrator of many adventures, has now experienced one himself. The steamer on which he sailed for Iceland, to look for materials for a new novel, was shipwrecked off the Orkneys, and the passengers had to clamber up some dangerously-precipitous shores before they were all safe again, as at last they were, not a single life being lost. We can imagine Haggard at the height of the excitement, rushing wildly around from passenger to passenger, giving instructions in tattooing wills on the backs of wives, children and friends before they tied on their life-preservers.

The highest priced labor in Holland is the diamond cutter,-the most proficient earning $22 a week, working twelve hours a day. Average wages there are, however, only $8.70 a week, twelve or sixteen hours a day. Bakers are paid $8.84 a week, paper makers $8.60, sugar makers, $4.82, painters, $6, engravers, $11. Well, living as an effect must be cheap since the products of these Hollanders can be sold to advantage even in the United States, and manufacturers are prepared to abandon protection and all that it implies and locate in Europe. In Holland, men at low wages and with cheap living are better off than the Americans with high wages and dear living.

His Proposal Rejected.

Some months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

Myrrha, said he, with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, you knew my wife?"

"Yes."

"It is not good for man to be alone."

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave unto each other until death parts them?"

I have.

I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife and I feel very lonely.

"I should think it likely.

"I think I must do something to restore to me her kind consolations and the memory of her many virtues.'

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause, "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make.

"A proposal!"

"Yes."

"Ah!" she said, blushing and covering her face with her hands.

"I have concluded to write my wife's biography. Now, I have but little skill in literary exercises, and if you will correct my manuscript and write the headings of the chapters I will give you $5."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"I'll see you hanged first and then I won't, you—you—"

She left the room, not being able to express her rage. The widower sighed, took his hat and went home. —*Detroit Free Press.*

The Echo of a Dinner Bell.

Police Justice—Foolish man, why did you smash that plate-glass window, when you surely knew that you must go to jail for it?

Culprit (desperately)—Well, Judge, since the warm weather commenced I've been living in a fashionable boarding-house, and I'm just hunger-mad from a diet of napkins and silver. Please send me where I can get something to eat.—*Puck.*

An Allentown, Pa., firm of tailors employs a pretty young lady as collector. If a debtor murmurs something about being short of money and hints at "calling again" she smiles sweetly at him and takes a seat from which she seldom rises without the money due in her hand.

—Women who gamble might be appropriately called tiger lilies.

OUR LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The Officials Found Him a "Demon of Detail."

Lord Lansdowne, the late Governor-General, was a very punctilious man, and had quite a reputation for his mastery of details. He used to inquire very carefully into any account before him, and against every item that he disapproved of or did not understand down went a blue pencil mark. He used to have all his pencils sharpened for him. On one occasion the chief messenger neglected to perform this duty. The same morning the messenger was afflicted by a visit from the Governor-General, who held a pencil with a broken tip. "Sharpen that pencil," said he. The messenger did so, and never forgot his duties again. Lord Lansdowne had a specialty for criminal cases. He would inquire carefully into all applications which were forwarded for executive clemency, and when not satisfied would ask for further information. In this respect he was approached by Lord Lorne. It is related of the latter that during the time Minister of Justice Macdonald held office he recommended a case for mercy. The Marquis of Lorne was not satisfied with the bare recommendation, and sent back for further particulars. The whole of the facts had, therefore, to be forwarded. Lord Lansdowne used always to keep an arm chair on his right hand for the use of Ministers. Occasionally the caretaker in cleaning the room would disturb its position. The alteration never failed to be noticed by the Governor-General.—*Ex.*

Leasing Prisoners.

At the late meeting of the National Prison Association at Boston Rev. F. H. Wines, in the course of a paper on American Prisons in the Tenth Census said:

The leasing of prisoners to private persons for a pecuniary consideration is the greatest blot upon our American prison system. It is, in so far as it goes, a virtual abdication of the direct responsibility of the Government for the treatment to be accorded to convicts. The best that can be said of it is that the States which have adopted it do not know what better to do. The leased prisoners are all in the Southern States, namely: Georgia, 1,504; in Texas, [illegible]; in Alabama, 784; in North Carolina, 405; in Mississippi, 353; in Virginia, 918; in Florida, 185; in Tennessee, 154; in South Carolina 145, and in Louisiana, 72. Some of them are leased by the State authorities for graver crimes, and some by the counties for simple misdemeanors. Their condition is for the most part deplorable in the extreme, especially in the county chain gangs. Of this class of convicts 4,404, or nine-tenths, are negroes; and it is urged in extenuation of the system that the States named are unable to furnish suitable labor for negroes inside of prison walls. It is also said that the negro lacks pride of character, and that he does not regard confinement in a penitentiary as particularly disgraceful, nor does he dread it as white prisoners do. The system is, however, so inherently vicious—involving, as it does, an enormous death rate and an extraordinary number of successful attempts at escape—that it does not meet the approval of the better class of citizens in the Southern States, and it is undoubtedly doomed to speedy extinction.

The Cause of Cancer.

A paper on cancer in the *Lancet*, Dr. James Braithwaite, of Leeds, discusses the possible causes of proliferation, or rapid growth of the malignant cells. The great change in the habits of the population in regard to food seems to have some connection with the increased frequency of cancer. The whole population consumes more meat than it formerly did, and the upper and most of the middle classes dine late. In the case of the latter this implies the eating of meat three times a day. Dr. Braithwaite lays emphasis on the fact that cancer has nearly doubled during the last twenty-five years, whilst the mortality from consumption has become very much less. In the well to do parts of London the disease is common; in the poorer and hard working parts it is rare. It may be argued that in the poorer parts people do not live long enough to have the disease to which old age is undoubtedly predisposed; but to full a diet of meat does most harm in old age. Cancer is very rare in herbivorous animals and comparatively common in carnivorous animals. But besides this suggestion of cause there is another, that owing to greater anxiety and pressure in business life the resisting power to the change of tissue has been lowered. In limestone districts the mortality among farmers from cancer is less than in other districts, and it is suggested that the reason is that in limestone regions farmers are more prosperous, and so have less anxiety.

A Plague of Mice

Australia is suffering from a plague of mice. It is said that from Coomebarabran to Coolah there is hardly a residence that is not troubled in this way. The mice come in droves, and eat everything in the place. On one station, 2 shillings per 100 was offered for their destruction, and during a single night 2,000 were killed. The price then went down to 1 shilling. In one hotel in three nights 1,000 were killed with a mixture of flour and strychnine. At another place the mice ate the whole carcase of a freshly killed sheep in one night, leaving only the bones by the morning. At another station a man was kept whose sole duty was to keep the mice away from the provender during the time the horses were eating it, and this the man found a difficult task. The week before the races at Coolah the vermin got into the horse boxes at the station and actually ate the bandages from the legs of the racehorses. Sleeping people are said to have been attacked by them. The crops were being destroyed. The mice climbed up the stalks and ate the cobs. Many fields, acres in extent, had been abandoned, the corn being eaten completely away. People were at their wits' end to devise the best means for destroying the pest. The mice burrowed in the fields like rabbits in miniature warrens.

At Saratoga.

"Maw, how I perspire!"

"Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again.'

"Do you want me to say 'sweat?'"

"No, you wretched vulgarian; you must say you are bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't got no style about us.'

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1888.

OUR IMPRESSIONS.

We came to Flesherton with a knowledge of some of its people and of its situation, but without a deep insight into the grand possibilities in store for it in the future, or the real advantages which it enjoys in the present. In this matter we have been very agreeably surprised—in fact, astonished. It is pleasant to have this to say, and we say it in all candor. No one who has not lived here for some little time can properly understand this. Centrally located, in the heart of the county, it enjoys excellent facilities for drawing to it a trade unexcelled by any inland town in the county. It has good business houses and excellent thoroughfares leading to it; consequently it has the advantages of a first-class market. Since we first set eyes upon this village, over twenty years ago, it has grown out of all recognition. And yet, in looking over an old directory of the County, published in 1860, we notice the names and advertisements of some of Flesherton's prominent business men of to-day. Why is this? Simply because it has been and is a healthy place for business men to live in. Flesherton was not hatched in an incubator, and hoisted into its present position by a speculative mania. Its growth has been "slow and sure, but healthy, yer honor," like Pat's carbuncle.

It is a picturesque little town, too, looking at it from an artistic standpoint, with its pretty churches, magnificent school and neat streets, and can be made still more beautiful with little effort, as the population increases and grows wealthier. We are one of the Fleshertonians now, and after three weeks' residence we can say emphatically that we are glad of it!

CROP PROSPECTS.

Never howl—it is wolfish, not Christian. A few weeks ago there was scarcely an individual in our land who did not howl for rain. That Providence who ruleth all things has endowed the community at large with enough and to spare, notwithstanding our gloomy forebodings. Let us take a "cast" over our correspondence:

ARTEMESIA.

Hay, light; fall wheat, avorage, moderate, with some failures and some excesses such as Thomas Kells, Esq., and his neighbors, who will reap at least 35 to 40 bushels per acre. This shows that the glory of our country has not departed as a grain-growing district, but that a higher knowledge of tillage is the main requisite. Spring grains and root crops are all that could be desired.

GLENELG

The eastern part of Glenelg suffered from the drought, both in grass and cereals. However, as a cattle-producing township it has no superior; consequently its revenues will not fall short.

OSPREY.

This township, taken all through, has a fair average yield of farm products. Their hay crop was moderately good, and grain crops fair to full

PROTON

comes up with a good showing of both hay and grain. Fall wheat is successfully grown upon lands that a few years ago were thought to be worthless. Root crops are abundant.

MELANCTHON.

The northern portion of Melancthon will apply to Proton in every respect.

EUPHRASIA.

In some portions of Euphrasia the wheat, pea and hay crops are considerably above average, and farmers as a general rule are well satisfied with their prospects.

A soap agent secured orders in Wiarton last week for $280 worth of soap. That is a dollar's worth for every man, but we guess they need it.

The Markdale Standard egotistically remarks that, as their band was at a garden party, is was impossible for them to be present at the band tournament in Walkerton to compete for the prize. We always thought garden parties were good for something, and now we know what it is. Walkerton people ought to present a medal to the thoughtful individual who engineered that garden party.

The election in Halton next Tuesday is expected to be a red-hot one. Halton was one of the first electoral districts to adopt the Scott Act, which it six months ago repealed. Whiskey now flows as free as water all over the county, but although Halton has repealed the Scott Act, Prohibition is one of the liveliest issues of the present campaign. Both of the candidates have sat in the House of Commons, and both have been unseated. Mr. John Waldie floats the Liberal flag and Mr. David Henderson, who held the seat during last session, but since displaced, nails his colors to the mast head of the Old Man. Mr. Henderson's majority over Mr. McLeod at the last election was 140. The coming contest will be a close one. Evidently it is a case of whiskey or no whiskey. Shall the people go dry or shall they permit the licensed vending of wet goods in their midst? If history does repeat itself, the inhabitants of Halton won't go dry; Scott Act or no Scott Act, Mr. Henderson has put himself on record as in favor of Prohibition, while Mr. Waldie won't declare himself.

BASEBALL.

The best game of baseball ever witnessed on the Flesherton diamond was played here on Saturday between the home and Priceville clubs. For the first four innings the score stood 2 to 2, and the playing was exceptionally brilliant for amateur clubs; in fact we have seen professional clubs play much worse. During the first half of the fifth inning the umpire gave an erratic decision and the visitors scored four runs with two men out. The umpire admitted his error, but it was too late to remedy it. This disheartened our boys, and they steadily fell behind, until, at the end of the ninth inning, the score by innings stood:

Flesherton.....1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—6
Priceville.....2 0 0 0 5 1 5 4 0—17

Considering that our team has only been organized two weeks, the way they held the visitors down to so small a score was subject matter for surprise. We considered the game of Saturday a grand success, and predict a much closer one next time, when our boys have got their muscle up.

NOTES.

The game throughout was remarkable for the small number of hits got off either pitcher

Priceville has a good ball tosser, but Clark, of ours, throws much fairer ball.

There were only about three good hits made in the whole game.

Clayton's catch to right field, and Clark's at centre field were the features of the day.

Russell makes an elegant first base, but made one or two costly fumbles

Williams picked four fouls off the bat in grand style. He knows a thing or two about catching.

Flesherton did better work in the field than Priceville, but the latter got there all the same.

The game was put through in exactly league time—two hours.

A. Watson, of Priceville, met with a bad accident. He is quite willing to inform enquirers as to the nature of it.

Don't fill the system with quinine, to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is the specific for this disease, and leaves no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, or other disorders.

General News.

The Canghuawaga Indian murderer has been arrested.

General Sheridan was burried at Washington on Saturday.

A through line of railroad now connects Paris with Constantinople.

Hon. Wilfred Laurier spoke at the political picnic at Oakville on Monday.

Laborers on the South Norfolk railway struck for an increase of pay on Saturday.

Two hundred people were drowned at Valparaiso, Chili, by the bursting of a reservoir.

The children's jubilee tribute, amounting to £6,000, has been presented to the Queen.

Gendral Middleton goes to British Columbia about the latter end of this month.

Hon. John Haggart has been sworn in as Postmaster-General and is now in South Lanark.

Sir George Stephen has resigned the presidency of the C. P. R., and leaves this week, with Lady Stephen, for England.

General Middleton has received word from an officer in the Skeena expedition that the men are doing well and are likely to return soon.

John M. Thomas, a company hand, 80 years old, at work at the head of shaft No. 1 of the Susquehanna Coal Company at Nanticoke, Pa., Saturday, stepped from the platform upon which he was standing and fell headlong down the shaft, a distance of over 900 feet, to the bottom. Every bone in his body was broken, and the flesh was rendered as soft as jelly, making it impossible to tell the poor man's head from the trunk, so terribly was it mashed. He was to have been married on Sunday.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Anniversary sermons in connection with the Methodist Church will be preached here next Sabbath. There will be a tea-meeting on the Monday evening following.

Mrs. Chisholm, of Manitoulin, is visiting her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. H. Armstrong.

Farmers who have fall wheat in this vicinity say it is a good crop this year, and owing to the recent rains the other crops will be good.

Miss Lizzie and Maria Hutchinson are visiting friends in Berlin.

Last Monday night, about 10 o'clock, some person or persons unknown tried to set fire to Mr. C. Johnston's barn. Mr. McKay was the first to notice the fire. He immediately aroused Mr. Johnston, and they hastened to the barn just in time to quench the flames, which were rapidly spreading. Mr. Johnston tracked the incendiary for some distance, but so far no more trace of the party has been discovered.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 75 to	4 75
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 45	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15	0 15
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	19	23
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting Cornwells Improved Self fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLAWSON AND SENECA

FALL WHEAT FOR SALE. Apply to
THOS. KELLS, Vandeleur.

OWEN SOUND

Collegiate Institute

WILL OPEN ON

Monday, 27th August, 1888

Excellent Staff of Teachers. Inspector officially reports it the

Best Equipped School in Ontario.

Classes for First, Second and Third Class Certificates, Junior and Senior Matriculation with honors, and law and Medical Examinations.

At the Examinations, 1888, all the University Matriculation Candidates were successful, four obtaining honors, and one a proficiency scholarship. The Candidates at the recent examination from this School obtained

The Largest Number of Teachers' Certificates in the Province.

FEES—Full Term, $3

Apply to
F. W. MERCHANT, Principal,
or D. R. DOBIE, Sec. Board of Education.
Owen Sound, Aug. 13th

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island, the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, THE 25TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the town of Cornwall and Maple Grove, the deepening and widening of the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places

For the works at Galops at the lock keeper's house, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing, and for the new locks, etc, at lock stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $1,000

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS cheques will not be accepted must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender

By Order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to
NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's Building. Residence, Wm Wright's.

Partnership.

E. F. HIXON, M.D.C.M. **J. G. HUTTON,** M.D.C.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.

PRICEVILLE

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Munro's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and fitted in the latest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON
A. A. CHESLEY Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co., and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAYCOCK,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

Miscellaneous.

Houses to Rent — or For Sale!

Two good Houses—one brick and one frame—with lots and fruit-bearing orchards, to rent or for sale cheap. Good brick Baker's Oven in connection with frame house. Both buildings lately repaired and refitted throughout. For particulars, apply at THE ADVANCE office or to the undersigned SAMUEL KINGSTON
311 Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

FLESHERTON

Implement

Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broadcast Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Wagons,	*Iron Harrows,*
[illegible]	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Sleighs,	*Plows,*
Cutters,	*Scufflers,*
Fanning Mills,	*Turnip Drills,*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	*Land Rollers.*

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

NOTICE!

To Farmers and the public in general.

Now that the Public Schools are about to open, I would respectfully call your attention to our

Full and Complete Stock OF

SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

IN ALL CLASSES.

CALL AT

W. RICHARDSON'S

DRUG STORE

Also Lubricating Lardine Oils for Machines.

VOTERS' LIST,

1888.

Municipality of the Township of Artemesia.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office at Flesherton, on the 4th day of August 1888 and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WM. J. BELLAMY,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

Dated this 7th day of August, A.D., 1888.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne Ont.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

Friday last was Durham's civic holiday.

Owing to drouth the fruit crop in the Parry Sound district is a total failure.

Chesley is to have a village bell to awaken the sleepy denizens in the morning.

Durham's band had the "gall" to compete at Walkerton in the second class band competition.

On Friday evening, Denis, the youngest child of Eugene Murphy, of Mt. Forest, was drowned in a cistern belonging to F. McCulloch.

Hutton & Carr's flour mill, and Mr. Jackson's residence, at Wingham, were consumed by fire last Wednesday. The loss is estimated at $38,000, with insurance of $12,000.

Mr. Thos. Kells, a leading farmer in Artemesia, had 16 acres of barley lying cut at the time of the heavy rain last Friday, which will depreciate its value fully twenty-five per cent.—[Markdale Standard.

Next week the World will not whirl. Farmers are too busy to read papers just now anyway, and we have some jobs on hand we'd like to hustle out before next spring. And hence the whyness.—[Beeton World.

A young lady named Annie Greer, 19 years of age, was brutally and criminally assaulted by two young villains at Mount Forest, a week ago last Sunday. The names of the young fiends are Alex. McCannell and Albert Hall. The latter has been arrested, while the former is still at large.

During the thunder storm of last Friday evening, the large frame barn on Mr. T. W. Myers' farm, Amaranth, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. About twenty tons of hay, a democrat waggon, one buggy, a pair of bob-sleighs, one cutting box, two fanning mills, &c., were also destroyed. Insurance about $500 or $600.—[Shelburne Economist.

Harry Kribbs, a four-year-old son of Mr. L. Kribbs, city editor of the Empire, and who is on a visit at his grandfather's, Mr. Cliff, narrowly escaped drowning last Saturday. He was playing around the pond at Crawford & McCracken's saw mill when he tumbled into the water and got under the logs. Fortunately another young lad named Willie Wills was at hand and he rescued the little fellow just in the nick of time.—[Durham Chronicle.

During the storm of Friday last a sort of cyclone passed over the corner of Collingwood township, carrying away all in its track. The width of the devastated district was not more than four rods, but the violence of the wind was very great. To those who saw it, it appeared like an immense black column marching across the country, tearing down buildings, rooting up crops, sweeping away fences and leaving ruin in its trail. On lot 16 on the 3rd con. of Collingwood township, it unroofed Mr. Code's barn, and Mr. Rock's house. On the next lot it carried the roof off a house belonging to Mr. Graham. It then struck into the swamp, twisting off trees and leaving the stumps standing about ten feet high. The crops were partially uprooted and tangled in every direction.—[Collingwood Bulletin.

Mr. C. Johnson's farm buildings, two miles north of this village, were set on fire by an incendiary last Monday night about 10 o'clock. Mr. McCrae who had been down to the cheese factory was returning to the house, when his lantern went out, and looking towards the barn he saw a light which at first appeared like a lantern inside. A closer inspection revealed the fact that the inside of the barn was in flames, and rushing to the house he awakened Mr. Johnston, who, with Mr. McCrae, rushed to the barn, with pails of water, not stopping to adjust his wearing apparel beyond his night clothes. On entering the barn they found a lot of straw in flames which reached the roof, but by dint of hard work, which was only just in the nick of time, they got the flames under control and found cloths steeped in coal oil where the fire originated. There were over 40 tons of hay in the building, which was joined to the driving shed, stables and other barns. The incendiary escaped by the back of the barns and owing to a very slight shower his tracks were observed in the dust. He was evidently a big man but has not been captured.—[Dundalk Herald.

Artemesia Council.

Council met in the Township Hall, Flesherton, on Monday, 6th inst. All the members were present.

By-laws 423, to levy County and Township rates for 1888, and 424, to levy school trustees' rates, were introduced by Mr. Sharp and passed.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp—That this Council ask Mr. McKee to be present at next Council meeting to give a statement regarding the misunderstanding between Mr. McKee, as commissioner, and Geo. Boyce, contractor.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Sharp—That the Clerk notify Glenelg Council of obstruction in the Saugeen River, on town line, Artemesia and Glenelg, in the village of Priceville, requesting them to appoint one of their Council to act with Mr. McArthur, who is hereby appointed to enquire into the same.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp—That the Reeve issue his order for the following accounts: A. R. Fawcett, printing, $64.25; Wm. Davis, 107 loads gravel at 5c, $5.35; John Highgrave, 67 loads do., 5c, $3.35.

Moved by Messrs. Cairns and Sharp—That the usual grant of $25 be paid to the treasurer of the township agricultural society of Artemesia for the year 1888.

It was decided to offer a reward of $100 for the conviction of the person or persons who set fire to Mr. Hogg's mill.

This being all the business to be disposed of, the Council adjourned.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Harvesting has commenced in this section, but is said to be a very light crop. A meeting was called here on Saturday by a gentleman named Wallace, for the purpose of organizing a Farmers Institute and also a monthly fair for the purchase and sale of cattle, sheep, etc.

One of our merchants, who is noted for picking up and entertaining strangers, succeeded a few days ago in having a guest of a speculative nature, and sold him a quantity of spectacles and other small wares, to be paid for in a short time. The guest left with the goods. It then occured to the merchant that everything might not be all right, and after a few days he found his man at Singhampton and recovered what was unsold, and returned home happy.

The quarterly services in the Methodist church drew a very large attendance on Sunday last.

Rev. J. W. H. Milne is home on a visit to friends, and expects shortly to take charge of a congregation in Halton county.

John Clinton, of Manitoba, is visiting his friends here. He speaks in the highest terms of the prospects of his adopted home.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. We also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery, where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be obtained.

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FLESHERTON

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

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CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument. W. T. BAER & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

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Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract, Granulated Eye-lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness. THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.

THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. Enclose stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. W. T. BAER & CO., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies Belt $4 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens Belt $3, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, night emissions, Etc. The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of Testimonials on file from those cured of female diseases, pains in back and hips, head and limbs, nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder, sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma, heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation, erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 28th, 1887.

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DISEASES OF MAN.

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THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER.

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

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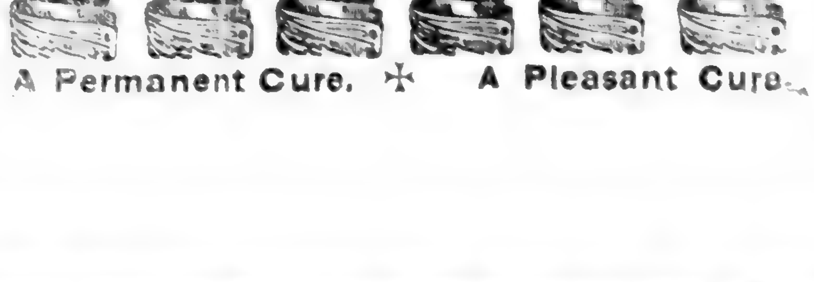

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

Of Perfect Form.

(By Herman Meade.)

I saw her where the shadows lie
  Beside a shelvy stream;
Where the yellow bees go buzzing by,
  And starry daisies gleam.

Now filmy fabrics, furbelowed,
  Concealed her symmetry;
Her only gown the light, which showed
  Her perfect form to be.

Those shining limbs so fitly dressed,
  Those big brown eyes and hair,
Had foiled an artist at his best,
  And filled him with despair.

And her's, such quaintly, quiet ways,
  Illumed by soft alarms;
What could I do but gaze and gaze—
  And gaze upon her charms!

But why those chilling glances, love—
  That frown upon your brow?
You, surely, are not jealous of
  A first-prize Jersey cow.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

There was something unutterably touching to Guy Stuart in Hugh Glynn's expression when he looked at his wife, it was so full of passionate adoring love; but it had so much humility and reverence, such intense sorrow and compassion, that Shirley herself could hardly meet it with anything like composure; and Guy's lips quivered as he watched her trying to smile as she lifted Hugh's head and held the cordial to his lips with a pitying tenderness which was almost maternal in its deep compassion. She had never seemed so beautiful in the eyes of these two men, who had loved her with such a fatal passion, as now, when the lustre of her beauty was dimmed and faded by sorrow.

"I wish you would rest a little, Shirley," said Sir Hugh, entreatingly. "You are quite worn out. Leave me with Guy, dear, for a time. Do you know, old friend," he went on, "that I have been happier during the few days I have been concealed here than I have been for many a long year—except on that day which began so well and ended so terribly? If she had loved me as deeply as I loved her, she could not have been kinder and gentler. And yet," he continued, unsteadily, "it is but heaping coals of fire upon my head."

She touched his lips with her finger with a little entreating gesture, and he smiled slightly.

"Leave us, my dearest," he said tremulously. "Try to sleep for an hour. Ah, how many nights it is since you have had any rest!"

"Go, Shirley," Guy put in gently. "Remember how much depends on you keeping well just now—and even an hour's rest will refresh you."

She smiled faintly as she turned away and passed into the little sitting-room, where she sunk down into an arm-chair, far more exhausted even than she knew by the terrible anxiety she had undergone, and which seemed so wonderfully lessened by Guy's sharing it. For a few moments she leaned back, thinking of all the misery and suffering, and shuddering at the thought of what was yet to come; and her fatigue overcame her, her eyes closed, and she sunk into the heavy sleep of prostration.

Meanwhile, in the inner room, the two men who had been friends and bitter enemies, and were friends once more, were talking earnestly in low broken voices; and Sir Hugh was telling his story, with long pauses between, caused by the weakness; and Stuart listened with an aching heart, feeling that for every sin his companion had committed such misery must have atoned.

"You must let me begin at the beginning, old fellow," Hugh said, in his feeble voice. "It will avail nothing to hide any of my sin and shame from you, and perhaps it will make you excuse me a little; although, indeed, you, in your uprightness and honor, Guy, can hardly understand how low I have fallen."

"Can I not? Ah, you hardly know how low my anger made me fall, Hugh! I am a murderer in intention, although not in deed—for I could have killed you in my heart."

"No wonder!" Sir Hugh said sorrowfully. "But I loved her so madly, and I was so wildly jealous that you had succeeded where I had failed. It maddened me too to know that your love was so much purer and better than mine. I felt that had the cases been reversed, you would have gone away and left her to me, concealing your sorrow in order to spare her pain. Yes, beyond hatred, beyond jealousy, beyond every other feeling, was that awful sense of humiliation; it galled me into madness. Beside your love, mine looked so worthless. You would have given your life for her happiness; I would—and did—sacrifice her happiness to my passion. Ah, it is not only now that I see this, Guy; although now, when the end is so near, I see it yet more clearly! The sin stands out in all its blackness."

"Dear old fellow, do not think of me now," Guy pleaded gently, his eyes dim as he looked down at the pale face and emaciated form which had once been so handsome and strong. "Surely it is not necessary!"

"I should like you to know it. Guy; it will make you think more gently of me in the time to come, and you will much more readily forgive the sin against yourself."

"I forgave long ago, Hugh—fully and freely."

"Yes, I know you did," he answered, a faint smile irradiating his pallid face. "Still I want to tell you, so that you may know that, if I sinned, I have suffered. Even when I congratulated you on your engagement," he went on, after a pause, "I was resolved to steal her from you if I could, and I racked my brain to know how I could succeed. That very night I told her how madly I loved her; I fancied that my wealth—you were a poor man then, Guy, although you were rich soon after—would tempt her; that, like many other women, she was to be bought. I am afraid my previous experience of the sex had taught me to think of them as mercenary"—with a faint bitter smile; "but I do not know whether I hated or loved her most when she turned to me and said so proudly that you would not so betray your friend. Well, I tried to disguise my anguish; but Latreille—Heaven knows that I would not speak in anger now!—tempted me. He told me how Shirley's mother had been inveigled into a Scotch marriage, and how easy it was to steal a wife in Scotland; and from the time I heard that story, Guy, I never rested from seeking an opportunity of obtaining the same power over Shirley as another miserable traitor and coward like myself had obtained over her mother. And the opportunity soon came. You were called away, which removed one obstacle from my path, and then came her brother's letter, which she opened in my presence. Do you remember, old fellow, that almost your last words to her had been that she was to trust me? I reminded her of them, poor child, in her misery You know how I drove her to Dumfife and passed there as her husband; the little note which was such conclusive evidence in my favor she wrote me quite unaware how greatly it would tell against herself. I knew, and Latreille knew, that when we left the inn she was my wife by the laws of Scotland; but she, I need hardly tell you, was as ignorant as a child of what had been done. When I left her at the Court, I put my lips to her cheek with a laughing little speech which she did not understand; but she shrunk from me with a little cry of pain which made me feel ashamed and furious at once. Then I went away. The accident I met with prostrated me for weeks, and the preparations for your marriage went on; and, when I could spare Latreille to go and see what was doing, the wedding-day was fixed, and I had—Yes, I know that the rest need not be told. But, Stuart, if I could have undone it then, I would. Great Heaven, shall I ever forget Shirley's face when she shrunk from me? I think I saw then for the first time the heinousness of the sin I had committed."

He fell back upon the pillows, faint and exhausted, and Guy brought water and bathed his temples and raised him on his arm as tenderly as a woman would have done, and, as he revived, he looked up and smiled faintly into the grave face.

"Those were not happy years," he continued brokenly, "how could they be? How could the poor girl be happy with a man whom she did not respect? She failed in none of her duties, but I know how she suffered. How often have I watched the misery on her face when she thought herself unobserved, and the tears which lay upon her cheeks when she had cried herself to sleep! Never, until you had spoken to her, had she treated me with anything but coldness, and I could not complain. I knew that I deserved even worse at her hands. My poor Shirley! And then you came back, Guy, and you forgave me so nobly and generously, and after a time you induced her to think more gently of me and to forgive me. That night at Easton—ah, shall I ever forget it?—she told me that she had forgiven me, that she would try—poor darling!—to be a better wife to me and I cried like a child to think that there might be happy days in store for us both—thanks to you."

"Dear old Hugh—poor fellow!"

"I had deserved to be miserable, Guy. Even now my punishment has not equalled my sin," he said pitifully. "Let me continue. I had dismissed Latreille as soon as Shirley came to Maxwell. She was ill for weeks, as you know. Think, old fellow, how sad it was for one who loved her to know that the illness was all caused by him. When she was better, we went abroad, I heard no more of Latreille for some time. I had paid him liberally for aiding and abetting my villainy—I must call it so, Guy—there is no better word—and he was spending the money and enjoying himself; but a couple of years after he reappeared, demanding, rather than begging, assistance. Several times I gave him sums of money; but at last, wearied with his importunity, I refused. He then threatened me; if I did not accede to his demands, he would publish the whole story of the Scotch marriage and my treachery, and disgrace me. I have always been a coward, then. Again and again I gave him money, at times large sums, and he grew more and more insolent when he saw the cowardly wretch with whom he had to deal. His letters and constant reappearance made my life miserable. I hoped that you, and perhaps Shirley herself, might be induced to think that the marriage had not been a voluntary act, and that I had been ignorant of what I was doing. I was maddened by the fellow's threats and insolence; and, when I told him to do his worst, the world would not believe him, he said that the world would believe you, and that you would make it public. It was just at this time that we went to Easton, and it was you who casually mentioned having seen him passing the hotel. I knew then that he had followed me. Late that night, when I was alone on the balcony, feeling grateful—Heaven knows how grateful—for the wondrous happiness which seemed to be opening for me, he passed again, looked up, and accosted me. I went down to him, and he renewed his entreaties and threats, and, fearing that my new-found happiness would be destroyed by his means, I agreed to meet him the next morning on the cliffs."

"Hugh, rest now," Guy entreated, as he saw the exhaustion and faintness which Sir Hugh struggled against so bravely. "You shall tell me the remainder another time."

"There may be no other time for me," he said sadly. "The best thing I can do is to die and leave her free, and perhaps Heaven will let me do it. No; let me tell you now; and then, when you know all, I will rest. You remember," he continued, after a long pause of weakness, "how we started together—shall I ever forget Shirley, as she stood on the balcony that morning?—and how, as we walked across the beach together, I tried to thank you for what you had done for me. I never loved you as I loved you then, Guy. Even in our boyhood, when we had been such friends, you had never been so dear to me; and I stood and watched you out of sight, and sat on the rocks waiting for him. When he came, I saw at once that he was prepared to be insolent, and I resolved to be firm with him. I had brought with me two hundred pounds in gold and notes that Pears had brought me down a day or two before, which I intended to give him as a last bribe. He was in a most insolent mood; he had left the inn in a neighboring village where he had been staying, saying he would not return, and he had made up his mind to speak to you. But even the taunting words and insults were no excuse for my anger. I turned upon him at last, and lifted the stick—your stick, old fellow, which I had asked you for a keep-sake—oh, how sorry I was for that afterwards!—and struck him. He fell immediately to the ground, and never spoke afterward. I had—oh, merciful Heaven, I had killed him on the spot!"

Sir Hugh covered his face with his trembling hands, and lay back, shuddering violently, the cold dews gathering on his forehead, his whole frame shaking with horror and anguish. Guy, scarcely less agitated, could hardly utter the few words of consolation he strove to speak; and there were a few moments of painful silence ere Hugh Glynn resumed the pitiful story.

"Heaven knows I had no intention to hurt him," he went on, with an accent of unutterable sadness; "and, when I saw him lying there, I had no thought but that he was stunned or had fainted. I knelt by him and did all I could to restore him, but, of course, in vain. Then, when I realized what I had done, when I found myself a murderer, with the stain of blood upon me, I went mad, I think. I had but one idea—to escape; and then a horrible notion entered my head. If I could disfigure him enough—Oh, Guy, Guy!"

For a few moments there was no sound in the room but the uncontrollable weeping which broke from the baronet and rent his weak frame with terrible sobs; Guy's face too was hidden—he was trying to shut out the awful scene which the words conjured up. It was indeed an awful one—the dead man lying with his face upturned, the sky overhead, the sea beyond, and the murderer trying to escape the results of his crime, if it might be so called.

"You know how well I succeeded," continued Sir Hugh, when he could speak. "I took off his coat and put mine on him; the clothes he was wearing had been mine once—I saw that directly. I put my ring on his finger, and all that I had about me which could lead to recognition I put into his pockets, and then I left him there. I never imagined but that it would be thought an accident; and I did it all with an awful calmness which I think of sometimes now and wonder at. My one thought was to escape. I shrunk with an unutterable horror from what was before me if I gave myself up, although now I can see that I ought to have done so. I had plenty of money—that was one difficulty removed; and I walked to the nearest station, carrying the bag Latreille had with him, and took a third-class ticket for London, which I reached late that night—that terrible night. Do you remember the storm? Will you ever forget it, Guy? The next morning my first action was to disguise myself effectually," he went on, after a long pause, "With money, in London, it was not difficult; and then I took quiet lodgings in a part of town where I had never been in the old days; and for a time I remained there, ill and weak with a nervous fever, during the continuance of which however I was never light-headed. Strangely enough, I had no fear of pursuit; I knew that the poor fellow would not be missed, and I felt sure that the body would be taken for mine. One day—the very first time I was able to read a newspaper—to my inexpressible horror, I saw what a mistake had been made—what a terrible mistake!"

He had become very faint and exhausted during the last few minutes, and his voice had sunk so low as to be almost inaudible; but he was so anxious to finish his story that Guy had not sufficient strength of mind to prevent him and make him rest. Raising him gently, he gave him some more of the restorative which the doctor had left with Shirley, and, supported in Guy's strong arms—for it was easier for him to breathe thus—he resumed his story.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"When I read that you had been arrested on the charge of having murdered the poor fellow," Sir Hugh went on, "I think I realized for the first time what a miserable coward I was. My first impulse was to go and give myself up at any cost; but my courage—bah, I had no courage, so I cannot say it failed me!—my cowardice conquered. Heaven only knows what I suffered during those days, Stuart—you in prison, and that poor broken-hearted girl did not suffer more—at least you were not tortured with remorse as I was. Again and again I lived those terrible hours on the rocks, in that awful solitude I had so dreaded being disturbed—again and again I saw in anticipation the trial, the crowds of accusing faces, the hooting multitude. How I shrunk from it all you may guess when I tell you that two or three times I went out to try to obtain poison, and that once I went down to London Bridge—Don't, Guy, dear old friend, don't grieve so—I have been a coward from the beginning. A coward's death would be a fitting end for my career. But I will not speak of it since it pains you," he added brokenly. "When the time of the trial came on, I went down to Exminster. I had no definite plan, except that, if you were convicted, I was determined to confess all, and—"

"Stop!" Guy said breathlessly, lifting his hand for a moment. "You were at Exminster. Then it was not a delusion—I saw you."

"You saw me! Where?"

"It was at night," Major Stuart said unsteadily. "I was leaning out of the window of my room at the hotel, and a man passed down the street—a man with a great dark beard, and—"

"You recognized me?"

"The face reminded me of yours; but I fancied it was a delusion—you were so much in my mind," Guy said tremulously; and Hugh looked at him in silence for a few moments.

"If I had recognized you, Guy," he faltered, "I think I should have told you all. Would to Heaven I had!"

"When I saw that you were acquitted, I went back to town," Sir Hugh continued, "and I lived there as long as my money lasted. After a time I got less fearful of recognition, and I used to go out and wander about the city, and I became familiar with all kinds of misery which I had never even suspected before; and when my money failed I got odd jobs—all kinds of work. I have driven a hansom for weeks, old fellow, and held horses, and—But I said I would not distress you," he broke off, with a faint smile. "Is it not strange?" he went on, in a moment. "When Shirley was in London, we could not have been far from each other, I feel so thankful now that we never met."

"Hugh, my poor fellow!"

"Have you any pity for such a mean, miserable, cowardly wretch?" the unhappy man said brokenly. "Heaven bless you, Guy. I might have known how you would have received me. I m ht of had faith in you; but, old fellow, m one consolation all this time lay in the thought that you and Shirley were happy together. Old fellow, why was it—"

The wistful eyes seeking Guy's face so inquiringly finished the question, and Guy answered it with a grave gentleness.

"She sent me away," he said with a slight smile. "Poor child, she feared that the—" He hesitated, knowing that his words could not but add to the suffering which Sir Hugh was already enduring; and the latter guessed the conclusion of the answer, even as Stuart divined the end of the question.

"I understand," he said. "Well, it was as well perhaps. Soon—very soon, old friend, she will be free indeed," he added feebly; "and I shall be truly glad to leave her in your care. Poor darling, how greatly she has suffered, and how nobly she has forgiven! Hers is a heart of gold, Guy, and you are worthy of each other. But, to end my story, I must tell you how I came here. Give me another mouthful of that cordial, old fellow—just enough to enable me to finish."

Guy did as he was requested.

"My health was failing me, and I began to long for a breath of fresh air again," Sir Hugh resumed. "The London fogs were killing me, and I thought it would be so terrible to die in the midst of all the filth and misery and degradation in which I had passed the last months of my life. So one morning I set off on foot and worked my way along the road, getting a few pence for an odd job here, or a meal there, and sleeping in a barn or wherever I could get shelter. I had no route to follow, I just went on and on, until the snow overtook me outside this village, and I lost my way in the fields on that Christmas-day. I had wandered about for over an hour, night was coming on, and I was weary and exhausted, when I saw a light in a window a little distance. I managed to struggle across to it; the curtains were not drawn over the window, and I could see into the room. A woman was sitting alone by the fire and I was just going to knock and ask her for shelter, when she rose and came to the window. The next moment I recognized her, and the surprise so overcame me that I fell forward on the snow, and lost consciousness for a few moments. When I recovered, I managed to creep round to the door. A numbness was stealing all over me. I felt that I was dying, and my one wish was to hear her forgive me before the end came. I tried the door; it was locked; and there was a sound of a dog barking violently. I remember dimly trying to pray, but even my senses were too dead for that; and then I recollect nothing until I found myself lying with my head on Shirley's knee, and her dear face bending over me, with Heaven's own pity reflected upon it. How can I tell you how good she was to me then, Guy—how she warmed and fed me? And, even when I told her what a guilty wretch I was, she did not shrink from me—she only hid her face for a moment, and let me keep her hands in mine."

He was silent; his wife's noble self-devotion and perfect forgiveness had touched all that was good in him; and there was a great admiration mingling with the sadness on his face as he thought of her. She seemed to him more than woman—better, nobler, holier; she was no longer the girl whose beauty he had coveted, and who had been his wife; she was an angel of goodness, of compassion and of mercy; and the halo which surrounded her in his thoughts surrounded Guy also. By their nobility he saw how high he might have risen; by it too he saw how low he had fallen.

Very wistful and entreating and sorrowful were the blue eyes now, which Guy remembered so gay and smiling, and, if it had not been that he feared to distress Sir Hugh, Guy could have hidden his face and wept like a child at the recollection of the past days and the knowledge of his companion's great suffering—a greater far than his or Shirley's since they had not the heaviest burden of all to bear—that of remorse.

He saw too that Hugh was very ill; not only was he weak and debilitated to a degree sad to witness, but he breathed with difficulty, and more than once his narration had been stopped by a fit of coughing which racked his weak frame with a terrible force. It was evident that even with care he could not last many months—even weeks; and Hugh, looking up into the grave pitiful face, read the thought, with quick intuition.

"Yes, I shall not last long now, old fellow," he said quietly. "And it is all for the best. These last days have not been unhappy, except when I saw how much anxiety I was causing that poor child. It was so pleasant—ah, so pleasant!—to be nursed by her, to feel her hand about me as gentle and tender as if I had not been the worst foe she ever had; to hear her voice with its pitying tones was sufficient to make me happy. At first I was too ill even to thank her, or to realize how terribly I was adding to her anxiety by my presence here; but I can imagine now what those days must have been to her, in her anxiety for me and her dread of discovery—a dread which my wild terror must have increased a hundred-fold."

"Hugh"—Major Stuart's voice was very grave and tender and compassionate—"I cannot let you talk any more now. You have talked more than you ought to-day. Rest a little, and when you are stronger we will consider what is best to be done. Ah, here is some one whose influence is greater than mine!" he added, smiling, to Shirley came in quietly and went softly as the other side of the bed. "Nurses' and doctors' orders are paramount, are they not?"

"Shirley knows that I shall rest all the better for the relief of telling you all this, Guy, and making you—selfishly—I confess—share my burden—and hers, poor child! Have you rested a little, dear?" he added wistfully.

Shirley forced a smile to her lips as she answered in the affirmative, and, sitting down by his side, took the attenuated hand in hers and held it between her own; and after a time, the weary, blue eyes which dwelt upon her with such love closed, and he fell asleep.

Gently and noiselessly Shirley disengaged her hand from his, and, with Guy, went into the other room. The day had worn on toward evening now, and the gray, wintry dusk was filling the little room, which looked drear and desolate without fire or lamp. For a few moments they stood in silence facing each other, both too deeply moved to speak; then Shirley said softly under her breath—

"Guy, tell me, what must we do?"

"I am almost too stunned to think," he answered. "It is a terrible position for you, my child."

"And for him! Oh, Guy, think of the consequences of discovery!"

"You trust me, Shirley?"

"Fully," she answered, looking up at him with steady eyes but quivering lips.

"Will you let yourself be guided by me in this?"

"Oh, so gladly, Guy!"

"Dear, will you let me trust Oliphant?" he asked, very gently.

"If you think it best, Guy," she answered faintly.

"I think it is our only course, Shirley," he said, with the same extreme gentleness and pity. "Already Hugh's presence is suspected here, and only the people at the Hall can do away even in a measure with the suspicion. Besides, we must find some way of removing him to safer quarters."

"Removing him!" she repeated, with frightened eyes. "He is so weak, Guy."

"Yes, poor fellow, and we must wait for a day or two. Let me ask Oliphant's advice: and, dear child, it will surely be a comfort to you to trust Lady Oliphant?"

"Lady Oliphant?" she repeated shrinkingly. "Oh, Guy, must I? She was very cruel to me to-day."

"My child, think under what impression she labored when she spoke to you. Believe me, it grieved her to the heart."

"And—and—and you think it best, Guy?"

(To be continued.)

Stage Gossip.

There are signs of a decadence in the popularity of amateur theatricals in Brooklyn. The scandals that have arisen in these silly organizations within recent months have opened the eyes of prudent parents to the dangerous allurements of Thespian dilettanteism. The tragical story of the downfall of Miss Murphy, who was one of the favorites of the amateur stage in Brooklyn, has capped the climax. A record of the domestic disasters growing out of this fribbling in dramatic art would be surprising as well as interesting.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has felt called upon to make a formal and even official denial of the report published in this country that he was to marry Miss Ulmer, the comic opera songstress. This act was pronounced a brutal cut by the little brunette's admirers and one of them declared himself quite ready to call Mr. Gladstone out for it. Word to this effect was carried to the Premier's athletic son and in reply he returned a message stating that his footman would be pleased to attend to any gentleman who might call in the capacity of second to Miss Ulmer's champion. That ended the twaddle about a duel.

London gossips are puzzled over the identity of a completely pretty girl who drives in Rotten Row in carriages emblazoned with the crest of the Duke of Portland. It might ease their anxiety to know that the fair-haired beauty is none other than Miss Jennie McNulty, who played ducks and drakes with dudish hearts when with the Adonis company at the Bijou. Josie Hall, wedded to a German baron, Miss McNulty sporting the arms of the House of Portland, Adelaide Detchan whistling her way into the company of lords, the gypsy-like De Lussan carrolling a career for herself among the belles and blades of Belgravia, Mary Anderson declining coronets as disdainfully as though they were stale buns, Martinot snubbing princes from the door of her Paris salon—what a great people we are, to be sure!—*American Exchange.*

All the Passengers Etherized.

A very peculiar accident that set a whole railroad car full of passengers in a state of intoxication occurred on Sunday last on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. Dr. Ott, of Pleasant Valley, got on the train at that station to go to Quakertown to perform a surgical operation on a patient. The doctor took with him a large bottle of ether, which he laid on the seat beside him. The jolting of the train agitated the potion to such an extent that the bottle exploded, and in a moment the atmosphere was laden with the drug. The male passengers in the car made a dash for the door, but many of them could not get out, and, together with about a dozen ladies, were overcome by the ether. When Conductor Hammond went into the car to take up the tickets he, too, was overcome before he could retreat. The brakeman missed the conductor, and on looking into the car saw him, with the others, laughing and grimacing. As soon as possible the windows were thrown open and the passengers revived.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Why We Keep Cool.

Prof. Archibald is a leader of physical meteorology in England. He has been interviewed on the ice question. Asked why it is so cold, he replies after a natural and rational fashion, and his theory, stripped of its scientific jargon, is as follows: "The late winter in the region of the north pole was one of abnormal severity. Vast icefloes and icebergs were carried far to the south. These deposits, breaking up in the usual manner, have detached and sent off frozen emissaries to prove once more that in years of great abundance of floating ice in the north Atlantic the month of June and the summer generally have been abnormally cold." In America, so far, the effect of the Archibald theory has been to give us an abundance of moisture and weather which, especially for small grains, cannot be bettered.—*Chicago News.*

Post-Office Scarcity.

Ecuador, with about one million inhabitants, has only 47 post-offices, but they are so widely distributed that it requires a mail carriage of 5,389 miles to reach them all—72 miles by canoes and 5,317 by horses and mules. About 500 miles of the seaboard is also covered by foreign steamship mail service. Between Quito and Guayaquil there are two mails each way weekly by couriers—the usual time one way, travelling day and night, being six days. Other sections of the country are less favored, the receipts and departure of mails ranging from once a week to once a month, as people happen to be going.

"I don't see," said Mr. McGuire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he was going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there is nothing to point that way."

A SECRET TOLD.

"Well, how did you like Miss Preston?" said Susan Lowry, as she walked around the ball-room on Reginald Payn's arm. He had been away from home several years and she was telling him the news.

"She is a very attractive young lady," he murmured, looking in the direction of a beautiful girl who was dancing.

"Arthur Ringgold found her more than that," said Miss Lowry. "I am told she is a terrible coquette."

Reginald's face clouded over. He had heard the terrible news of the day of his return that his dearest friend, Arthur Ringgold, had taken his life, and the reason for the act was unknown.

"He was my dearest friend," he said sadly. "I would give anything to know why he was a suicide."

"I can tell you," said Miss Lowry "for I am one of the few in the secret. Arthur was deeply in love and became engaged to a certain young lady. One day she wrote him a cruel letter breaking off the match without any word of excuse. The shock of this rejection so unsettled his mind that he killed himself."

"I should like to know that wretched woman's name," said Reginald, gritting his teeth savagely.

"I will tell you if you give me your word of honor to keep it secret," said Miss Lowry, looking around uneasily.

"I promise," he said in a low voice.

"It was Kate Preston!" she whispered in his ear.

"And I am engaged to dance in the next set with her!" he replied, with a shudder of disgust.

"Then keep your engagement or it will excite suspicion," and Miss Lowry glided away into the crowd.

Reginald Payn had hardly time to recover his composure when the next quadrille was called. With studied politeness he led Kate Preston to her place, and, in the intervals of the dance, addressed to her the customary commonplaces in a manner so little indicative of his real feelings that he was amazed at his own hypocrisy.

"Can it be," he could not help saying to himself, as, from time to time, he stole glances at his partner's face, "that treachery can lurk beneath a look so guileless?"

And well might he ask the question, for marvellous as was Kate Preston's beauty more than half its charms lay in the expression of truth and purity which shone in every feature.

For days afterward Reginald was haunted by two thoughts. One was Kate Preston's surpassing beauty; the other, of Susan Lowry's plan of punishment. The more he dwelt upon the former, and felt its power, the more resentment drove him to brood over the latter.

Which had most to do with impelling him to continue his acquaintance with Miss Preston it is hardly likely he could himself have told. At any rate the acquaintance grew and ripened, while every day revealed to Reginald some new grace and charm, whose influence he might have found it difficult to resist but for the antidote of Susan Lowry's secret.

To add to his perplexity, he fancied he could perceive growing indications of interest, on the part of Kate, in his companionship. Was she really beginning to care for him, or was she practicing the same deceit that had lured his friend to destruction?

More than once Reginald was on the point of casting aside Susan Lowry's story and judging Kate for himself. One thing alone restrained him. Inquiry had confirmed Susan's story by placing the fact beyond question that a close intimacy had existed between Kate and Arthur Ringgold for some time before the latter's death.

One day Reginald lost his self-command, and uttered words—wild, passionate, incoherent words—that drove the blood from Kate Preston's cheeks, and then brought it back again with a burning rush. The next thing she knew her hand was clasped in his as she leaned sobbing on his shoulder. Reginald was conscious that he had her love, and that in spite of himself he had given her his. The moment had come when, at the cost of a pang to his own heart, he might crush the deceiver of his friend. Should he strike or forgive?

"You say you return my love," he murmured, in a voice shaken with emotion; "the same was said as earnestly, no doubt, to Arthur Ringgold, by one who broke her troth and drove him to despair and death!"

Kate looked up wonderingly, and drawing back, said, with calm dignity:

"Doubt me, if you will, but cast no reflection on the memory of the dead. The woman who pledged her faith to Arthur Ringgold, and kept it to the last, was my cousin, Hester Lisle. The relative with whom we both lived was Hester's guardian, who, having planned for her a different match, would never have consented to her marrying Arthur; so, to enable the two to meet, it was arranged that Arthur should pretend that his visits were meant for me, which gave rise to a rumor, I have heard, that he was my suitor instead of hers.

"One day Hester received a sealed packet containing all her letters to Arthur. Among them was one in a hand resembling hers, but which she had never written. It professed to be a withdrawal of her plighted troth. For a moment she seemed stunned as by a sudden blow.

"'Come?' she cried, as soon as she recovered speech, 'let us go at once and set right this cruel deception.'

"At the same moment came the terrible news of her lover's tragic death, and before many weeks she had followed him to the grave. Hitherto I have kept her secret, and would not now divulge it, but to protect her memory."

"Thank God!" Reginald exclaimed, clasping Kate to his breast, for he knew her words were true.

"But how came Susan Lowry," the reader will ask, "to know of the forged letter?"

For the best of all reasons; she had written it herself—her motive being jealousy, she having long secretly loved Arthur Ringgold, and having divined, with her woman's wit, the truth as to his relations with Hester Lisle. Susan's subsequent conduct is explained by the hatred she bore Kate Preston for the latter's share in Arthur's and Hester's courtship.

All the Pope's Jubilee wine is to be distributed among the hospitals.

PALATE-TICKLING DAINTIES.

With a Pleasing Preliminary Pen-Picture to Warm the Imagination.

"How insignificant and tame," exclaims a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, "seem the entertainments of the present day in comparison with those of the past." Then he cites this curious example:

When Queen Elizabeth paid her second visit to the Earl of Leicester, in 1775, a temporary bridge of 70 feet in length and 20 feet wide was thrown across a valley to the great gate of the castle, and on each side stood columns hung with the offerings of seven of the deities to Her Majesty. Slyvanus offered two cages of wild fowls, Pomona two large silver bowls filled with apples, pears, oranges, lemons and pomegranates; Ceres presented two silver bowls containing barley, wheat and oats. Bacchus gave "two silver lyvery pots" filled with wine and grapes in clusters—both white and red—as his offering. Neptune presented a large plate strewed with fresh grass and containing various sorts of sea fish. Mars offered the habiliments of war, and Phœbus gave musical instruments of various descriptions. During the seventeen days of the Queen's stay at Kenilworth, to prove the Earl's hospitality "the clok bell sang not a note while Her Highness woz thear; the clok stood also still with all; the hands stood firm and fast, always pointing at 2 o'clok," which was the banquet hour. It is impossible to describe all the festivities, but it may be added that the quantity of beer drunk amounted to 320 hogsheads.

There is much similarity between ancient and modern convivial customs; our manner of filling glasses, pledging present and absent friends, the distribution of different wines, do not differ so very much from the ancients. Generally at entertainments among the French wine has an admixture of water, excepting immediately after soup, when it is drunk pure. Liquors may be regarded as identical with the goblet or cup of sweet wine introduced at a Greek feast. Pineapples steeped in arrack impart an exquisite flavor to the spirit, and by age it becomes a delicious liquor, which is unrivaled for making nectarial punch. Little fancy biscuits—and their name is legion—such as wine, Zwieback, walnut, spice nuts, cream leaves, Brunswick and a host of others, are appropriate to serve with wines of all sorts.

One of the most important things in serving fish for the first course at dinner is to see that it is hot and served immediately when ready. The addition of salt to water in which fish is boiled seasons the fish and at the same time hardens the water so that it extracts less of the nutritious part of the fish. A baked salmon, trout or pickerel should be placed upon something raised from the bottom of the pan to prevent burning, such as a piece of perforated tin or muffin rings. Frequently fish is baked to form a ring, cooked slowly, and basted frequently with melted butter and a little water. A large coffee cupful of cream, adding to it two spoonfuls of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a little bouquet of parsley, must be stirred in, the whole heated together in a basin of boiling water, and then poured over the fish which is in the hot dish. Served with lobster or shrimp sauce or plain melted butter with fresh sprigs of parsley boiled for a few minutes in it greatly adds to its flavor.

A marrow pudding is made with half a pound of lady's finger cakes, a quarter of a pound of beef marrow chopped fine, a quarter of a pound of well-cleaned currants, half an ounce of candied lemon peel, a little dash of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, and a wineglassful of wine or brandy; put these on a dish and fill up with custard, having previously put a border of paste on the edge of the dish. It will be ready to serve in half an hour.

For the dessert, fruits-frappee may be made of vanilla ice cream lining the mold. Fill the centre with fresh berries or fruit cut in slices, cover closely and put it in the freezer for half an hour, with ice and salt packed closely around it. Strawberries and ripe peaches are very good prepared in this way. The fruit must only be chilled, not frozen.

Coffee should always be made at home, if possible, meaning by this to grind it at home and keep it in a jar closely sealed. Soyer's method is excellent: To make a pint, put two ounces in a stewpan, set it dry upon a moderate fire, stirring with a wooden spoon continually until the coffee is quite hot, but not the least burnt. Pour over a pint of boiling water, cover close, and let it stand by the fire, not to boil, for five minutes; then strain it through a cloth or piece of thick gauze, rinse out the stewpan, place the coffee again on the fire, and, when nearly boiling, serve with hot milk, if for breakfast, but with a drop of cold cream or milk if for dinner. French fashion orders a pint of coffee made as directed, then add a pint of boiling milk, warm both together until nearly boiling, and serve. This is for breakfast. Black coffee without milk is preferred after dinner.

Curious Ignorance.

In a case recently tried before Lord Coleridge, and involving the old Protestant-Catholic quarrel as to the right to the custody of children, the evidence was curious because exemplifying the vagueness of many poor persons in their notions of religious observance, if not of religious belief. The mother of the children was brought up a Wesleyan Methodist, but she occasionally attended a Catholic chapel, and she had sent for a priest on her deathbed. By the oldest child's own admission, all her brothers and sisters were baptized as Roman Catholics. Yet some of them went to the Wesleyan Sunday school. The father knew that they went there, and himself occasionally dropped in at the parish church, while the mother and elder sisters took their choice of the Wesleyan chapel or the barracks of the Salvation Army. Another sister, the oldest child, a member of the Salvation Army, sometimes attended the Roman Catholic service, and sometimes Wesleyan, and while showing great solicitude for the "Protestant religion," admitted that she had never heard of the 39 articles. Another witness, when asked whether he was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, said he did not belong to either Church, but he was a Protestant "as far as that goes." All this would seem to show that, in matters of religion, many humble souls are a good deal more solicitous about things than about names.

ITS TOUCH IS DEATH.

The Terribly Venomous Serpent That Lurks in the Tropics.

There are eight varieties of him (the fer-de-lance), the most common being the gray speckled with black, precisely the color that enables the monster to hide himself among the roots of the trees by simply coiling about them and concealing his triangular head. Sometimes he is a beautiful flower yellow; then he may never be distinguished from the bunch of bright bananas among which he hangs coiled; or he may be a dark yellow or a yellowish brown, or the color of wine lees speckled with pink and black, or a perfect ash tint, or black with a yellow belly, or black with a rose belly—all hues of tropical mould, of old bark, of putrefying trees, of forest detritus. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes; at night it glows like incandescent charcoal. And the fer-de-lance reigns absolute king over the mountains and the ravines: he is lord of the forests and the solitudes by day, and by night he extends his dominion over the public roads, the familiar paths, the parks and pleasant resorts. People must remain at home after dark unless they dwell in the city itself; if you happen to be out visiting after sunset, only a mile from town, your friends will caution you anxiously not to follow the boulevard as you go back, and to keep as closely as possible to the very centre of the path. Even in the brightest noon you cannot venture to enter the woods unescorted; you cannot trust your eyes to detect danger; at any moment a seeming branch, a bunch of lianas, a pink or gray root, a clump of pendant yellow fruit, may suddenly take life, writhe, swell, stretch, spring, strike. Then you will need aid, and most quickly; for within the space of few heart-beats the stricken flesh chills, tumefies, softens, changes color, spots violaceously and an icy coldness crawls through all the blood. If the physician or the *pousseur* arrives in time and no artery or vein has been directly pierced there is hope; but the danger is not passed when the life has been saved. Necrosis of the tissues begins; the flesh corrupts, tatters, tumbles from the bone, and the colors of its putrefaction are frightful mockeries of the hues of vegetable death, of forest decomposition, the ghastly pinks and grays and yellows of rotting trunks and roots melting back into the thick fetid clay that gave them birth. You moulder as the trees moulder: you crumble and dissolve as dissolves the substance of the balatas and the palms and the acomats—the Death-of-the-Woods has seized upon you. And this pestilence that walketh in darkness, this destruction that wasteth at noonday, may not be exorcised. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The haunts of the creature are in many cases inaccessible, inexplorable; its multiplication is prodigious; it is only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane fields, and makes the high roads perilous after sunset, yet to destroy three or four hundred thanatophidia on a single plantation during the lapse of twelve months has not been uncommon. The introduction of the mangouste (the ichneumon) may, it is hoped, do much toward protecting the workers in the cane fields and on the cocoa and coffee plantations, but the mangouste's powers are limited, and the ocean of death is illimitable.—*Harper's Monthly.*

The Husbands They Look For.

How women do differ in regard to the kind of men they want to marry. Indeed, there seems to be very few who have succeeded in getting the one fancy had painted for them. No doubt they all had their minds made up to marry an ideal, but when their fates came along the ideal was forgotten, and is only recalled as an idle fancy. With some it may be more serious. For instance, those who abandoned their ideals and married rakes or worthless creatures in the guise of men. These unfortunates often recall the husbands they had in the mind's eye or the worthy young men whom they had snubbed because they were poor. "I am an old maid," writes a correspondent, "or at least I am classed with this set. My years fully justify the younger public in giving me a back seat.

"I had an ideal. So fully was I impressed with the idea that a tall, dark-haired, handsome man would come to me that I would not allow myself to care for any one of the many gentlemen who were anxious to become my suitors. Well, he came one day, and I was certain that he had been sent by my good angel. I loved him at sight, and would have married him within a month. It was not long, however, until I found that he drank and gambled and did many other wrong things. Then I gathered all my strength and said no. He promised to reform for my sake, but again I said no. If he would not reform for his own sake and from principle he would not reform permanently for me. He did these things because it was in him to do them.

"I take no stock in these sentimental reformations. They seldom outlast the honeymoon. My ideal was not long in finding another angel, for whose sake he reformed. A year after their marriage she was the most miserable creature I ever knew. He died a gambler and she a sorrow stricken wife and mother. I would say to all young ladies: Have no ideals, but resolve to marry none but honest, industrious, sober, manly men. Study to make yourselves fitting companions for such men, and you will have no trouble in finding such. My ideal man haunts me still; yet when I see one that resembles him I shudder and shut my eyes. So great was my surprise, and so bitter my disappointment when my ideal vanished, that I never have had the heart to thank again of marriage."—*Cor. Pittsburg Gazette.*

And She Does.

May—Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?

Jennie—Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?

Mary—Oh, my young man. He's street car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk.

Jennie—What does he say?

Mary—Sit closer, please!

A New Sensation.

Milk Inspector (taking his vacation on farm)—"Ha! That's a fine drink Glorious! What is it made of, madam?"

Farmer's Wife—"That's milk."

A CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE.

How He Married a Squaw and Became Owner of Silver Mines.

The story of Mr. Oliver Dannais, who lately purchased the Hon. Mr. Thibaudeau's residence at Longue Pointe, Que., is a most interesting one. When quite a young man he left his little place, Sorel, and went out west with a view to make a fortune. After several adventures he fell in with a tribe of Indians at the foot of the Rockies, and noticed that they used silver nuggets for loading their guns. They refused at first to let him know where the ore came from, but through perseverence and by marrying a girl of the tribe, he became possessed of the secret and afterwards got a patent to explore these rich mines which are now known under the name of the "Beaver Mines." Later on Mr. Dannais settled at Port Arthur, where he now owns valuable real estate. By a second marriage Mr. Dannais has a family of seven children who, with their mother, will come to Montreal in October next. Mr. Dannais' fortune is said to be worth $2,000,000.

There's a blessing in the bottle on whose label we can read
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the woman who has need
Of a remedy for troubles none but women ever know
'Tis their best and truest friend and happy thousands call it so.
As they think of years of suffering that was theirs before it came
Bringing them the balm of healing and they bless the very name
of this wonderful and deservedly popular remedy for the various ills woman is heir to. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman, sold by druggists *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Timely Warning.

Young Precocity (to Oldboy, who has the misfortune to be very bow-legged)—Oh, I say you ought to come away from the fire.

Oldboy—Why, my boy?

Young Precocity—Can't you see how your legs are warping?

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Domestic Discipline.

Father—"The boys are in a fearful rage. What have you been doing to them?"

Ugly aunt—"I didn't do anything to them."

"But you must have done something to them."

"I didn't do anything except give each one of them a kiss when I arrived.

"Well, don't do it again. If the children are to be punished, let me know it and I will attend to them."

"Death Has So Many Doors to Let Out Life."

Sang an old-time poet. In those days they had not discovered remedies that shut these doors. How different is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from the old-time doses. Consumption, or lung-scrofula, is one wide door that it shuts, if taken in time. *Don't waste a moment then*, lest life slip through that open door.

A Mere Trifle.

Mamma—What's the matter, precious? Mabel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to your poor little sister?

Mabel (virtuously and defiantly)—Nothing.

Mamma—You have! I know you have!

Mabel—I only told her she's got to die some day, and she says she won't.

Don't Do It. Do Not Wait.

If suffering from pain, but go at once to the nearest drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's Nervilene, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nerviline is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nerviline. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

A Dangerous Sense of Humor.

Charlie (dejectedly)—Say, Tom, I've lost my best girl.

Tom—No? How did it happen?

Charlie—Aw, I was altogether too funny for her.

Tom—Too funny? What do you mean?

Charlie—Well, you see, she was crazy to have a pet dog, so I gave her a pug and told her I selected that kind because it matched her nose so perfectly. See? Confound a funny man, any how.

Having But Little Fun.

Pretty Sunday-School Teacher (at picnic—You don't seem to be having a very pleasant time, Mr. Sissy. You have sat here quite alone for a long time.

Mr. Sissy (in a low, guarded tone of voice)—Yes, Miss Maude, and I shall have to remain here until all have departed. I accidentally sat down on a custard pie.

One of the Parisian fads is to wear ears of corn on the head. The style elsewhere is to wear the ears on the head and the corns on the feet.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The Great Dismal Swamp

of Virginia is one enormous quagmire of decayed vegetation, a region of gloom and desolation; but not more so than the system when blocked up by decayed animal matter, which poisons the blood and brings gloom to an otherwise happy household. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets remove all waste matter, and give nature a chance to build up.

Sir Charles Dilke is taking the baths at Baden, in Argau, Switzerland.

All Americans Know Him.

"One of the most comical things I've ever heard was told me in the Caucasus," said Dudley Winston, the young man who accompanied his father on the mission to Persia. "It was in Tiflos, the capital of Georgia. You know, there's an American store there—a big place of business, where all sorts of 'Yankee notions' are dealt out at enormous profits to the natives. I dropped in there. One of the objects of interest to which the Russian salesman directed my special attention was a patent potato peeler. 'Dees instrument,' he said, 'eese medd by ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.' I was astonished. 'What house did you say?' 'Ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.' 'Never heard of it,' I said; 'I guess you are mistaken.' 'Meestaken? No sare. I have often heard of ze 'ouse, and I have often seen ze name of ze 'ouse. I will show him to you now. Oh, it is a firm which enjoys great fame here.' And with that he looks for a specimen potato-peeler and brings one out. 'Zare, sare,' he says, 'eese ze name engraved in ze metal. See.' I burst out laughing until my sides ached. There was the legend, 'Pat. Aug. 17th, 1873.' And the 'Pat. Aug.' part of it he had taken to be the firm's name. I found that this potato-peeler was famous under the name of 'Pat. Aug.' all over the Caucasus."

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feeling? **WHY** do I have Backache? **WHY** Neuralgia and Rheumatism? **WHY** does Scrofulous taint and Erysipelas show itself?

BECAUSE your blood is filled with **Poison**, which must be **Completely Eradicated** before you can regain health. You must go to the root of the matter. Put the Kidneys—the great and only blood purifying organs—in complete order, which is complete health, and with

Warner's Safe Cure

and **WARNER'S SAFE PILLS** your **Cure is Certain.**

WHY do we know this? **BECAUSE** tens of thousands of grateful ones in all parts of the world have voluntarily written us to this effect.

There is no stand-still in disease. You are either growing Better or Worse. **How is it with YOU!**

WHY not **to-day** resort to that medicine which has veritably **Cured Millions**, and which will cure **you** if you will give it a chance?

All of Warner's preparations are Purely Vegetable. They are made on Honor. They are time-tried. They are **No New Discovery. Untried and Worthless**; on the contrary, they have stood the test—they have proved their superiority. They stand alone in pre-eminent merit and **YOU KNOW IT.**

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems. Cure of mind wandering. Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit, 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington, 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc., etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BRANDES, E. H. COOK, Pres. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS Generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

"We believe that an extent of tight sought raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the [illegible] in this country.

And the *Review* says:

"After a most thorough investigation of Mr. Page's business as compared with others in the same line, we have become fully satisfied that in the [illegible] of quality he is confessedly at the head.

QUERY. If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same lines?

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

COOK'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GREAT

REDUCTIONS

In Every Line of Goods at

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Come in and see for yourself. We will give from

20 TO 40 PER CT. DISCOUNT!

Don't fail to see our 35c

CASHMERE

we are now selling for 22½c. yd.

EMBROIDERIES,

All prices, from 1c a yard up. Regular prices from 5c a yard up.

CRETONNES,

Just see them. Beautiful 22c goods for 13c yd.

BOOTS,

Of every description, AWAY, AWAY DOWN.

Now, if you want a Tremendous Bargain in a first class staple article, just call and try J. G. Anderson's

We are giving 5 lbs of our famous 30c Tea for $1.

TEAS!

All other lines equally reduced. Come at once, as our stock is not extra large, and we are

Bound to Sell at Some Price.

Butter and Eggs

AS GOOD AS CASH.

AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Jim Gordon's' Handsome Wife.

AN OLD MINER'S TALE.

'Twuz in the year of '49, when western gold wuz free
Fer them ez had the hardihood to penetrate the land
Where it wuz sed the rivers rollin' down oward the sea,
Gleamed red with golden nuggets, set in beds of golden sand.

Our claim we named "Aurora," and its owners numbered ten—
That is, not countin' on Jim Gordon's handsome wife.
She kem from no one knew jest where, ner how, ner why; but then
'Twuz no consarn of ours what made her choose a miner's life.

She wuz the only woman the Aurora ever knew,
And 'mong the men she held a sway despotic as a queen;
Though some of us far in the east hed wives, and famblies, too,
Yet all agreed that never yet wuz woman fairer seen.

But there wor one among our crowd—I hate to say his name,
Fer he wuz lazy oz a snail—we called him Lazy Mat.;
He hung around Jim Gordon's house, and talked to Gordon's dame
While Jim he grinded at the rocks er sifted on the flat

Then one day Jim come missin', and the camp it struck 'ith gloom:
We found him at the bottom of a canyon, stiff and cold,
And buried him where white-capped mountings towered above his tomb—
A victim to the fatal fire, the burnin' thirst for gold

The manhood in our hearts went out to Jim's poor widder, then,
Fer she wuz left in circumstances most uncommon poor,
And couldn't leave the diggin's fer her childhood's home agon—
At least she sed so, and her grief it 'peared quite good and pure.

And so we jined our heads and hearts, and laid a quarter toll
On all the dust and nuggets thet we washed out, day by day,
Till we hed saved enough to fill a good-sized sugar-bowl
Enough fer all Jim's widder's wants, of heavy, shinin' clay.

That is, jest eight of us chipped in, for Mat wuz loafin' 'round,
"Perventin' of the widder bein' lonely," as he sed,
"Fer she wuz fraid of sperits, and the mountings, she hed found,
Wor jest like fallin' tombstones, now thet Jim wuz lyin' dead.

And so we helt a meeting jest in front of Gordon's door
One 'evenin' when the sun dropped low behind the mounting peaks,
And gave her all the gold, and sed we'd like to give her more
Then she broke down, and tears jest ran like rain across her cheeks.

Perhaps you think my story, somehow, ought to bout here?
Well, I hev jest a little more, and then my tale is through:
Next day two folks wuz missin' from the diggin's, and 'twuz clear
The widder and the gold hed skipped, and Mat hed dug out, too!

And that is jest 'bout all my tale; some swallowed their disgust,
But more dumbfoundered miners never drew the breath of life.
And some of us we ripped and tore, and some of us we cussed,
For bein' so magnannymus to Gordon's handsome wife.

And then suspicious thinds crep out—we satisfied our minds
Thet all wus not jest on the squar when Gordon met his doom.
We'll only know, for sure, some day when Gabriel's trumpet winds,
And breaks the shackles of the dead—the secrets of the tomb. —W. H. T.

Flesherton, Aug. 10, 1888.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

NOTICE.

To the Ladies of the County of Grey.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT

CLIMO'S STORE IN FLESHERTON

and bring your Produce and ask to be shown the beautiful PRINTS suitable for any wearing. We have beautiful Satteen Prints at from 10c. to 14c. per yard—such values you have not been offered before.

Highest Price allowed for Eggs, Butter and Wool.

The best way to destroy Beetles is to sprinkle Paris Green and Water on the Potatoe Vines. You can get the Sprinklers at Climo & Co's which are cheap and good. Only a few on hand.

Yours Truly,

CLIMO & CO.,

Wright's Old Stand, - Flesherton

BOOTS & SHOES!

ALWAYS ON HAND.

A LARGE VARIETY

TO CHOOSE FROM AT

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FARM for SALE

BEING Lot 6, Con 7, Osprey, half mile from Maxwell, 100 acres, 60 acres cleared, well watered, and under good state of cultivation. Well fenced. Large frame barn and stable, frame house. For further particulars apply to JOSEPH RADLEY,
179 Spadina Avenue,
345-371. Toronto

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited

Feb. 17th, 1888. WALTER BOOTH.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 374. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, [illegible]

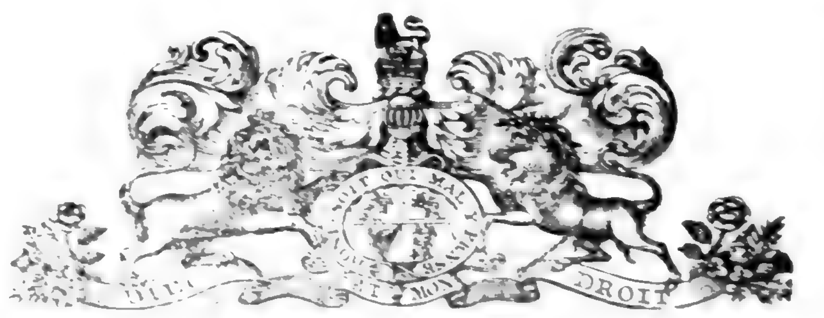

The Most Beautiful

And Select Stock of

WATCHES

CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES

and EYEGLASSES,

Between Shelburne and Owen Sound is to be found at

Russell's

Noted Jewelry Store, FLESHERTON.

Call and look at our Fine Watches, bearing from 3 to 5 year warrants. We sell them so much cheaper than you can get them elsewhere that it will pay you to come twenty miles and buy from us. Our stock of

18 K. WEDDING RINGS---GEM RINGS,

IS SIMPLY IMMENSE. If you want a wedding ring it will pay you to go to RUSSELL'S, as you can do better there than elsewhere. Just try and see for yourself and remember that the only place to get your watch or clock repaired properly is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

6 lbs. fine uncolored Japan tea for $1 at J. G. Anderson's.

Mr. Geo. Keefer advertises a fine property for sale in this issue.

Rev. Mr. Wilson was inducted into his new charge at Charleston on Tuesday.

Don't miss seeing those lace curtains J. G. Anderson is selling at 75c. per pair, regular price is $1.

Go to J. G. Anderson's and get a nice Hyson TEA AT 10c. [illegible] Price 25c. lb.

Rev. Mr. McLeod of Priceville [illegible] ed the pulpit of Chalmers church [illegible] on Sunday afternoon last.

We have received a neat [illegible] programme of the Southern [illegible] held at Brampton Sept. 11th [illegible]. The list of attractions is [illegible].

Mr. Thos. Henders[illegible] [illegible] and 3 [illegible] look after [illegible] member the date.

1000 doz. Buttons at J. G. [illegible] regular prices from 10c. to [illegible] selling at 5c. doz. Come at once if you want to secure Bargains.

Remember the big reduction [illegible] line of goods at J. G. Anderson's. Now is the time to buy goods at just about half price.

We have received the prize list of the Great Northern Exhibition, to be held at Collingwood Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28. It is neatly got up, and published by the Enterprise book and job office.

If you want to secure some of J. G. Anderson's Famous 30c. tea at an extra reducted price, come at once. You can get 5 lbs. for $1.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the value of Ayer's Pills, and prescribe them with the utmost confidence as the most effectual remedy for diseases caused by derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels.

Booth, the boss barber, sharpens razors. He will shave you, or sharpen the instrument and let you shave yourself. He's a little shaver, but stands high in the profesh.

A garden party will be held to-night, Thursday, at Maxwell. Young man, go and take your best girl. Elderly people, go and enjoy yourselves. Rev. Mr. Leggott will be glad to receive you.

If you desire to possess a beautiful complexion take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and removes blotches and pimples, making the skin smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance. Take it this month.

We had a pleasant call last week from Mr. John Clinton, of Winnipeg, who has been home on a visit to his parents in Artemesia. Mr. Clinton teaches a school near Winnipeg. He pronounces the crops of that vicinity as good, and the prospects bright.

The Flesherton Ladies' Aid Society intend holding a garden party on Thursday evening of next week, on the grounds of Mr. Bentham. When the ladies engineer a garden party it is bound to be a success. Go. Admission only 15c. and 10c.

Wednesday and Thursday last were big days in Owen Sound. A number went up from Flesherton and returned with awe still stamped upon their countenances at the wonderful leap of Prof. Hogan with his parachute. He was the attraction. The races and other things were a secondary consideration.

Married.

In Flesherton, on the 20th inst. by Rev. T. Watson, Mr. A. McGillvray, late of Proton and Meaford, to Mrs Sarah Smith, of Flesherton.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Page, of Welland, are visiting at Mr. Dundas's and Mr. Munshaw's.

Mrs. W. Irwin is visiting friends in Leamington and [illegible].

Mr. W. Irwin, principal of our public school, attended the Provincial Teachers Association [illegible] pleased with the [illegible].

Notice.

Having secured the services of a first-class hand [illegible] [illegible] weaving done [illegible] carpet weaving a specialty. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Handsome Presentation.

[illegible] Thursday [illegible] a number of [illegible] friends of Rev. Mr. Wilson Presbyterian minister [illegible] waited upon [illegible] a gold watch. [illegible] substantial way [illegible]

The Dog Dealer.

Mr. Fawcett of Flesherton last week [illegible] [illegible] arrangements had been entered into with the railway company for his safe transport. He was placed in the baggage car and [illegible] But he wouldn't [illegible] He took a bee line for the [illegible] and stopped not until he arrived at this office. We are detaining him on probation. If he is a good "sticker" we may keep him; if otherwise our [illegible] will probably be that Streetsville needs him more than Flesherton.

A Heavy Loss.

On Thursday evening last, after the heavy storm had passed, the light from a burning building was noticed towards the northeast. It proved to be the barns and sheds belonging to Hector Kennedy, of lot 30, con 8, Artemesia. This added one more to the long list of casualties by lightning which have occurred of late in this vicinity. Mr. Kennedy lost his barn, a fine shed, [illegible] a threshing machine, fanning mill, twelve pigs, and a [illegible]. He saved a valuable stallion and a wagon. His loss will be very great, as he was insured for less than $500.

A Social Gathering.

A very pleasant social gathering was that which met on Friday evening last at the residence of Mr. Thomas Kess, Artemesia. There were refreshments and games. Flesherton brass band furnished good music, and the beautiful grounds of Mr. Kess were enjoyed by moonlight. The proceeds, amounting to twelve dollars, were presented to Rev. Mr. Wilson's good lady by the indefatigible workers who got up the entertainment. Several went out from Flesherton and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The band returned about 1 a.m. and "made Rome howl" around town with their little toot toot. It was very nice, though, and we'll take some more, gentlemen.

Matrimony and Presents.

Wednesday evening of last week was a very important evening in Flesherton for at least two persons. On that evening Mr. Joseph Blackburn returned with his bride. They were met at the station by our brass band and escorted to the neat residence on Toronto street, where the ladies had made all preparations to receive them. Shortly after these arrival, Mr. Blackburn was presented with a valuable easy chair by the Oddfellows, of which society Mr. Blackburn is a member. He also received from Mr. M. Richardson a very handsome marble clock, and from Mr. Richardson's employes Mrs. Blackburn received a very pretty sett of china. A number of presents, more or less valuable, were received from outside friends.

The thunder storms which [illegible] Flesherton and vicinity last Thursday have seldom been surpassed in fury. The heaviest portion of the storm was felt just to the north of and east [illegible] where [illegible] stories of extraordinary [illegible]. The hail did not do any very [illegible].

Electric Philosophy.

Two farmers from near Dundalk [illegible] on Collingwood street the other day [illegible] were heard to remark as follows:

[illegible]

Charivari.

[illegible]

Valuable Property for sale in [illegible] Village of Flesherton. For particulars apply to A. R. Fawcett, [illegible] office, Streetsville, [illegible] J. W. Armstrong, Flesherton.

Notice.—All accounts due me for Printing and advertising must be paid to J. W. Armstrong as soon as possible.

A. R. FAWCETT.

[illegible] Office, Streetsville.

TO OLD PATRONS.

AM OBLIGED FOR CONTINUED CONFIDENCE AND PATRONAGE.

[illegible] be with you again next week.

JEWELER BROWN.

MARKDALE.

The Weary World.

Far down the winding lane of years
The weary world is slowly wending;
From walls of fate and gates of tears,
To weary prayers no answer sending,
Yet through it all sweet spirits call,
Through lonely days of grief and aching,
"Hope's roses blossom on the wall
To keep the world's great heart from breaking."

Across the sobbing sea of doom,
The weary world is slowly drifting;
Eyes wet with tears pierce thro' the gloom,
But see no signs of rest or rifting.
Still angels bright from some far height,
Repeat thro' hours of weary waiting,
"Hope's sunlight shines thro' darkest night,
To keep the world's great heart from breaking."

O'er troubled ways, by paths of rue,
Faint souls press toward the land of pardon,
Burdened with crosses, wet with dew
From far Gethsemane's lone garden.
Yet to and fro, now high and low
A voice is sweetest music making—
Hope singing on thro' pain and woe,
To keep the world's great heart from breaking.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Yes, Shirley. And there is Jack you know."

"Poor Jack! He will be sorry he ever came home," she sighed.

"Jack will look upon his visit to Erindale as the most fortunate thing which ever happened to him," he answered cheerfully. "One thing more, Shirley. You are not equal to any more of the fatigues of nursing alone, and I will bring Daunt to you."

"Daunt?" she said questioningly.

"Yes, my faithful soldier-servant and friend. He is a first-rate nurse, and you may trust him as you trust me, Shirley. I am more than thankful he is with me at the Hall. And now, dear, are you sure that you believe I will do all I can for him?'

He had taken her hands in his, and was looking down at her with earnest eyes, which were as frank and friendly as if he had not loved her with the one great love of his life; and Shirley answered with equal earnestness—

"Yes—oh, yes! I trust you, Guy; and—and I cannot tell you what a relief it is to me to know—"

"I can guess that," he said gently, as her voice failed her; "you have borne it alone too long as it is. And now, dear, I must leave you. I will send or bring Daunt to you as soon as I can—although perhaps it will be better for me not to be seen coming here again to-day. Do you expect Mr. Litton?"

"No, not again to-day."

"Then trust to me, dear; I will do all that is best for you. Heaven help you, poor child!"

As he left her, she sunk upon her knees by the table and hid her face in her hands, for a few moments in uncontrollable weeping, although the tears had lost much of their bitterness and the throbbing heart was much lighter. Her husband's voice, calling her gently from the other room, made her spring to her feet and hastily dash away the tears, while she closed the shutters and drew the curtains over the windows ere she answered his summons. The fire which she had lighted in his room was burning dully, and she coaxed it into a blaze ere she went to the bedside and bent over the wasted form propped up upon the pillows.

"You want me, Hugh?"

"When do I not want you, Shirley?" he said, smiling faintly. "Were you resting?"

"No. Can I do anything for you?"

"Not just now, dear. I want to tell you something."

She knelt down beside him and took his hand in hers; and, as his eyes rested on her face, he saw the traces of tears.

"My poor Shirley!"

She smiled at him bravely.

"I am so much happier now, Hugh," she said softly—"so glad that you had more faith in Guy than I had."

"If the secret had been yours only, you would have trusted him, dearest child; but I know why you feared, Shirley. There is no nobler man on earth than Guy Stuart."

A light and warmth came over her face for a moment, and she bowed it upon the clasped hands to hide it from him; but he saw it and smiled sadly.

"Shirley," he said, after a moments' pause, "do you know what Guy would do if he were here in my place?"

"He would try to sleep," she replied with a faint little smile, "as I hope you will do, Hugh. Your hands are very hot and your temples throb. Let me bathe them for you."

But this weak detaining clasp was on her hands.

"Not just yet, my darling. Let me say to you what I have to say to you first. Raise me a little, Shirley; I cannot see your face now. Ah, that is better!"

She had raised his head upon her arm, and had brought her face on a level with his, and his eyes rested upon it with inexpressible tenderness and pity and love.

"Shirley, you have not answered me," he said softly, in a moment.

"Answered you?" she replied, looking bewildered.

"Yes, my question—what Guy would do if he were here in my place."

"I did answer it, Hugh," she said, smiling slightly; and the smile seemed to pain him, for he closed his eyes for a moment and his lip quivered.

"You cannot imagine Guy placed in such a position as mine," he said presently, with an intense sadness and self-contempt. "I cannot either, dearest, because, if—if—"

"Hugh, I cannot let you talk any more," she said earnestly. "Mr. Litton will be angry when he comes."

"No, he will not; he will understand, Shirley. I have been thinking that, if I had not committed that dreadful deed, and if we had lived as we had been living," he said, unsteadily, while she bowed her head not to see the tears in his dim eyes, "if I had been dying I should not have been so blessed as now. Ah, my darling, you would have been kind and pitiful, I know—it is not in you to be otherwise; but you would not have tended me as you are doing now, you would not have let my head rest upon your breast, Shirley, and held my hand in yours. Do you know, my darling injured wife," he added with sudden passion, "that your forgiveness and his—Guy's—seem an earnest of Heaven's pardon and mercy? I shall die happy now."

Her tears were falling fast as she listened, and with tender fingers she softly put back his hair from his brow.

"You have no thought of bitterness in your heart against me?" he said tremulously.

"Oh, Hugh, how could I have? I can only remember now that you loved me far, far more than I deserved, and that you have so much to forgive in my hardness and coldness for so many years. Hugh, do you ever think of them now?"

"Never, my darling—how could I?'

He rested his head against her shoulder, and, as he went on, although he took her hand in his, he did not look upon her face.

"I never think of the past now, Shirley," he said softly. "It is always with the present my thoughts are occupied—with the present, and—and the future."

"The future!" she repeated, in a startled voice. "Let us think only of the present, Hugh—of your safety and—"

"I have been a coward long enough, dear," he said, in a tone of such extreme gentleness and pity that Shirley's heart sunk with a new dread and pain. "Darling, in the light that is shining on me now—the light of the other world which I am nearing so quickly—I see things so much more clearly. I see not only that all my life, even before I knew you was selfish and worthless, but I see that—"

"Hugh, you are not feeling worse to-night; you are not suffering no more pain than usual?"

"No—oh, no! Does it hurt you to hear me talk thus? Ah, don't let it, my dearest! I am almost happy to-night, although my Shirley, I feel your tears upon my forehead."

"They are not tears of sorrow, Hugh. I, too, am comparatively happy to-night!"

"Then will you forgive me for making you sad again?" he said wistfully. "My darling, this—what I am going to tell you—has been in my heart for days; but Guy's face to-day told me that I was right. Love, when I asked you a few minutes since what Guy would do in my place, you did not answer. You felt in your heart, Shirley, that Guy, had he committed a crime, would have been brave enough and honest enough to bear the consequences from which I shrunk with so much cowardice. Shirley, must I tell you, dear, what I have been thinking of, lying here?"

She had sunk down upon her knees by his side, and hidden her face: they were both too deeply absorbed to hear the door opening from without—the door which she had left unfastened after Guy's departure—and stealthy quiet steps in the adjoining room. Shirley was too full of anguish at the thought of what he was going to say to heed anything else; Hugh was too grieved at the pain he must give her.

He put his trembling hand gently upon the bowed head, as it rested upon the counterpane.

"Darling," he said very softly, "do you know what Guy would have done in my place?"

"Oh, Hugh—hush!"

"It will be easier and best in the end, my child," he answered. "Guy Stuart would have given himself up, and I—"

"Oh, Hugh—Hugh!"

"And I will give myself up!" he said steadily.

A cry rose to Shirley's lips, but died away unuttered when she saw that two strange men were standing in the room, looking down at them with something like pity in their stolid faces; and the firelight, as it danced up cheerily, fell ruddy and glowing on some bright steel implements which one of them held.

Shirley knew that what she had dreaded had come. There was no need for Hugh to give himself up.

CHAPTER L.

"And they will not accept bail?"

"No. We offered any sureties they liked to ask; but they were refused."

"Monstrous," exclaimed Sir Oswald Fairholme indignantly, as he paced with hasty steps up and down the room. "To have taken him to prison at all in such a condition as you describe was already cruel enough, but—"

He broke off with a gesture of pain and anger, and Guy Stuart's eyes followed him, as he went restlessly to and fro, with great sadness, in their depths.

They were together in a sitting-room of the County Hotel at Adinbrooke, the nearest assize-town to Erindale, whither Sir Hugh Glynn, in no fit state for either fatigue or agitation, had been taken, charged on his own statement with the murder of Edwin Latreille.

As Guy said, every effort to induce the magistrates to take bail had been vain. Perhaps the case was too grave to admit of their doing so; perhaps too they felt that the sacrifice of a few thousand pounds in order to effect his escape would be little considered by Sir Hugh Glynn's friends. In any case, they refused, and, after the magisterial inquiry, he had been conveyed to the Adinbrooke jail to await his trial.

It was Daunt who, going to the cottage that night, and finding what had happened, had brought the tidings to the Hall, where they were received with a burst of horrified pain and almost incredulity. Major Stuart had told Sir Frederic and his wife the story of the woman who had lived among them for the last six months as Mrs. Grant, and all their sympathies had been aroused for poor Shirley in her anguish. Of course Jack Ross had been summoned to receive the news which was of such importance to him; and Madge, whom it had been deemed wiser to keep in present ignorance, was somewhat startled by her lover's face when she saw it after the conference. But, when the arrest became known, all further secrecy was out of the question. Shirley had been brought back to the Hall, to be tenderly soothed and cared for by Lady Oliphant and her daughter, while the three men exerted themselves to the utmost for Hugh. The best legal advice was telegraphed for from London, and everything was done—but in vain—to induce the magistrate to accept bail; and Guy's heart was heavy within him for Hugh and for Shirley, on whom this trial must fall so heavily.

"But how did they discover him?" Sir Oswald said, presently—he had come from Fairholme, travelling night and day to be with his cousin in her distress, "I thought every trace had been followed up minutely and they had always failed?"

"Yes; we had even desisted from further inquiry; but something aroused Clarke's suspicions, it seems. He was at the public-house at Westbury when poor Hugh passed, and he thought he was a suspicious character. You know Clarke was the detective employed in the case, and since then he has been actively employed in hunting up every clew."

"Employed by whom!" Sir Oswald asked, quickly.

"Your sister's lawyer," Guy answered, with some reluctance.

"Ah, I thought so!" exclaimed the baronet, a flush of pain rising in his dark cheek. "So, it is to Alice that poor Glynn owes his arrest?"

"Indirectly; and, of course, she thought she was hunting that poor wretch who—"

"Even then," said the other, quickly, "such persistent vengeance is unwomanly to a degree!"

"No one will regret Glynn's arrest more than Lady Eastwell," said Guy, gently. "You must not feel anger against her, Fairholme; she has been terribly deceived."

"It has been a horrible business from beginning to end—and we are not at the end yet," Oswald rejoined, wearily, as he threw himself into a chair. "What a life he has led, poor fellow, all this year and more! And Shirley too—how has she lived through it?"

"I think it has almost killed her," was the unsteady answer.

"And no wonder! The thought of it is terrible! What must the reality have been? Guy, I cannot tell you how deeply I feel all this; and the worst is that one feels so powerless to do anything to help any of you."

"Every one is powerless!" Stuart said, sadly. "And there are nine long weeks before March, Oswald."

"Nine weeks—yes; but—"

The baronet broke off suddenly, and their eyes met—the same thought was in the mind of each, but neither gave it utterance.

"Heaven be merciful," Oswald said unsteadily then—"merciful to them both. She can hardly bear much more."

"I think Heaven will be merciful," Guy answered, in a low tone of pain; and there was a short silence.

"You found him worse, Stuart?"

"Not suffering more, but weaker, and so anxious about Shirley that his anxiety was doing him serious injury. I promised that he should see her to-morrow."

"Will she be equal to it?"

"Yes. She is anxious also to see him. Oswald, I think, had it not been for this, they might have been happy together at last. I think she might in the time to come have grown to love him."

"Through her great pity?"

"Yes."

Oswald shook his head; and Guy went on eagerly.

"You know that pity is akin to love," he said, earnestly; "and she pities him so truly, poor child! Heaven help her and give her strength for what she has to bear yet!"

And indeed, if ever a poor weak woman needed strength, Shirley did then. She had struggled bravely against her terror and misery at Sir Hugh's arrest, she had let him go with dry, tearless eyes that had a look in them which hurt him more than any tears could have done; but, as soon as all necessity for bearing up was over and her eyes could no longer rest on the haggard face, she had broken down completely, and for three days she had lain in a semi-stupor of weakness and exhaustion. At the Hall, Lady Oliphant and Madge had been her constant attendants, although at first poor Madge had been so broken-hearted at the sad story she had heard and the misery in Jack's blue eyes that she had been fit for little; but, when she saw how much her sorrow added to Jack's distress, she made a brave stand against it; and Madge's face, tender and anxious, but smiling, was almost the first thing Shirley's weary eyes rested upon when she awoke from the exhausted slumber into which she had fallen, and Madge's presence was a great comfort to her in the dark days which ensued.

Shirley's meeting with her brother was a terribly trying one. By Mr. Litton's advice, he had not been allowed to see her until the first shock of Sir Hugh's arrest had passed; but, when the young surgeon—who was indeed a friend in this season of distress—had given permission for them to meet, Jack's anguish at the change in her was so intense that he broke down and cried like a child upon her breast, so that it was Shirley who was the comforter then.

But even his love for Madge Oliphant and his engagement to her, to which Sir Frederic and Lady Oliphant had given a cordial assent, could afford poor Jack but little consolation in those days. In after years, looking back at them, he felt that, but for Madge's love and her tender sympathy, his reason would have failed him at the thought that this greatest misery was also to be laid at his door, while the girl herself felt, what every true woman feels, that, if love brings joy in his train, he also brings much anxiety and sorrow, and that the deeper the love the greater the anxiety.

While Guy Stuart and Sir Oswald were at Adinbrooke, Lady Oliphant and Shirley and Madge were together in one of the pretty luxurious sitting-rooms at the Hall, waiting with what patience they might for the return of the two men, who had gone over in the morning to Adinbrooke for the magisterial inquiry.

It had been a long day to all three; longer, far longer, to them, waiting in the quiet house, with every luxury around them, than to those who were going through the pain and excitement of the proceedings at Adinbrooke and listening to the inquiry taking place there. It was not a long one; there were no witnesses against Hugh; the deed he had committed among the rocks at Easton had no human witnesses. But there were certain formalities, questions of indentity, *et cetera*, to be gone through, and the magistrate was inclined to be dilatory. Even when it was over, and Hugh had been taken back to prison, Sir Frederic had waited, in the hope that bail would have been accepted; and Guy had received permission to exchange a few words with the prisoner, whom he found perfectly calm about himself, but dreadfully anxious about Shirley.

Thus it happened that the shades of evening were drawn over the little county town as Guy and Oswald started homeward; and Madge, who had been sitting waiting for them on the terrace, turned away with a little sigh, and went back into the firelit room where Shirley and her mother were seated.

"Tired, Madge?" said Shirley's low, sweet voice as she looked up from her sofa and held out her hand to the young girl as she entered.

"No—oh, no!" Madge answered, forcing a smile, and kneeling down on the rug before the fire, to which the sofa was drawn up. "But—it has been a long day, Shirley."

"Yes, dear," Shirley replied gently, with a little tremor in the voice she tried to render firm. "And I am sure it has been a very long day to Jack too."

She smiled a little as she saw how the pretty color rose in the girl's fair face; and Madge lowered her hot cheek and rested it against the gentle hand which held hers, and they were silent for a space, while Lady Oliphant went on busily with her crewel-work by the little table on which a reading-lamp was burning, and tried to seem quite calm and at her ease, and to ignore the quick throbbing of her heart at the thought of the sorrowful tiding Sir Frederic might have in store for Shirley, who had not doubted for a moment but that bail would be accepted.

The pretty room was very still, and the firelight fell upon the two girls—Shirley was little more—as they sat there, with their hands clasped, and Madge's golden head resting against the cushions on which Shirley leaned. They made a pretty picture in their attitudes of unconscious grace, and with the great sadness on each fair face—a sadness so much the greater on Shirley's. Madge wore a soft clinging dress of some rich dark blue material, and the fire gleamed ruddily on the silver necklet and waistband that she wore, while Shirley's dress of black velvet was merely relieved at the throat by a profusion of black Spanish lace fastened by a gold brooch—for Mrs. Grant, the village schoolmistress, with her simply homely attire, had disappeared, and Lady Glynn had come back in her stead.

It was to please her brother that Shirley had put aside her black serge dress and resumed her former graceful attire; and Madge did not wonder, as she looked at her, that the two men—Guy Stuart and Sir Hugh Glynn—had loved her so deeply. Greatly as her beauty had been impaired by trouble, she was wonderfully lovely still, all the lovelier perhaps, for the deep sadness in the hazel eyes and the pain lingering round the sweet pale lips; and, as she crouched by her side, Madge thought she had never seen a lovelier face.

They were both silent and thoughtful as they sat in the firelight. Shirley's thoughts were with Hugh at Adinbrooke, and her heart was heavy and anxious; but Madge's had wandered back to the first time she had seen Shirley, and the intense attraction and fascination the latter had always possessed for her. She was recalling their first interview in the little, ivy-grown lodge, and how, the next day, Shirley had at first refused and then accepted her offer of the situation of village schoolmistress; and she remembered that it was only after she—Madge—had told Mrs. Ford that Guy was going abroad that she had accepted it. Poor darling, Madge thought pitifully, with a closer grasp of the frail fingers, how she must have suffered!

Shirley felt the caress and smiled. It was very pleasant to her, after shutting herself out so long from human sympathy, to be surrounded with such love and care and tenderness, and she put her hand caressingly on the golden hair and smoothed it with tender fingers.

"What should I do without you, Madge?" she said, fondly.

"Am I indeed any comfort to you?" the girl asked, eagerly.

"I could not tell you how much, my child. From the first time I saw you you have helped me, and what we should have done without you now I hardly dare to think. But it is a sorrowful beginning to your engagement, dear."

"Not at all sorrowful, Shirley," the girl answered, wistfully. "It has not made me love Jack the less because he is in trouble.'

"And I think it has deepened, if it be possible, his love for you, Madgie. Your happiness and his, my child, seem like a little streak of golden sunlight peering through our dark clouds."

The sound of a horse's hoof on the frozen ground without made Madge start up; but it was only Mr. Litton, who came in presently in his riding-dress, bringing with him a breath of fresh air from the outside world. Shirley's face brightened as she saw him, and she held out her hand to him with a smile.

"How are you, doctor?' she said, as, having shaken hands with Lady Oliphant, he passed on to her sofa. "You are fagged and tired, I am afraid."

"Mr. Litton is just in time for some tea," said Lady Oliphant cheerfully, as a footman appeared with the tea-equipage; and Madge, jumping up, insisted on passing the cups, and on the young man's resting in the comfortable arm-chair which she pushed forward him.

"I came over thinking I might—But I heard from Peters that they had not returned yet," he said, rather disjointedly. "Are you better this evening, Lady Glynn?"

"I am very well," she answered, gently. "But, Mr. Litton, there is something troubling you—can you not tell me what it is?"

He laughed slightly, then, with a sudden impulse, drew his chair nearer to her sofa, and said, in eager but lowered tones;

"Lady Glynn, I have to thank you for a letter you kindly wrote on my behalf. It was so very good of you to think of it in all your trouble."

"I could not forget," she returned gently, "that through your great goodness to me, Mr. Litton, you brought sorrow upon yourself."

"The letter was far more generous than I deserved," he said rather unsteadily, as he touched the hand she held out to him with such frank cordiality; "and—and—"

"Has the letter done what I wished it to do?" she asked earnestly. "You must not say that it was more generous than you deserved: it could not be. We can never forget how good you were, Mr. Litton, and I am grieved that your goodness should have given you any pain. You have heard from Miss Venn?" she added softly.

"Yes."

"And she is penitent, I hope?" Shirley said smilingly.

"She is very penitent," he answered.

(To be continued.)

Henry Villard is at the head of a South Pole expedition.

Rev. Dr. Frank L. Norton, of Lynn, Mass., is probably the richest clergyman in the country.

Jesse D. Carr has been ordered by a Government agent to remove a stone fence which he has built around 40,000 acres of Government land in California.

ON TOP OF SINAI.

The Mountain on Which the Glory of the Lord Rested.

It does not seem high, because it was yet half hidden from our view by the intervening hill. As soon as this hill was mastered the plain of Er Raha, or "Plain of Assemblage," came into full view, with the Sinai range at its southern extreme. The combination was satisfying—convincing. Here was the one great feature, the want of which prevented Mount Serbal from contesting for the honors of Sinai. There is no plain in the vicinity of Serbal extensive enough to accommodate an assemblage as large as Moses led. But here is a vast plateau of sufficient extent, and, as we shall presently see when we view it from Mount Sinai summit, so located that Moses could overlook it all when he read the law. This must be the "true Sinai," the very mountain upon which the glory of the Lord rested in the sight of the people. When facing its awful, stately grandeur, I felt as if I had come to the end of the world. How many pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to this very spot to reverence, to sacrifice, and to worship! I dismounted to contemplate the sublime panorama, and Elihuel, my camel driver, sat down beside me. He hardly seemed to understand my actions and at last interrupted my reverie by exclaiming as he pointed to the lofty group, "Jebel Mousa—Tayeeb!" "Mountain of Moses—good!" He also reverenced it, for he was a Mohammedan. What impresses the American traveller most sensibly here is the fact that, although mountains abound and stream beds are more plenty than in our own White Hills, a cascade or water fall is never heard. When the rains fall the water rolls down these bare, rough diagonals uninterrupted and empties into the wadies, which in turn impetuously roll the torrents into the sea with great speed before the parched earth has time to absorb more than a mere surface supply. What a surprise, then, when arrived at the highest ridge of the vast plateau of Er Raha, to see a bright oasis full of trees laden with the blossoms of spring backed by the strange, contrasting, gloomy walls of the convent of St. Catherine. No location could be more charming—in the narrow valley, nestled at the feet of the closely protecting mountains. Upon the highest ramparts are set both the cannon and the cross. It was both castle and convent we were approaching. More than once the inmates have been obliged to defend themselves against the marauder. At one time every monk was massacred. Since then more care has been exercised. We were obliged to prove our friendship before we could gain admittance. We could not even encamp in the neighborhood until our credentials were examined and approved. Arriving at the convent wall we sent up a shout to the top. In the course of time the voice of a monk sent down a squeaky response. To a point near the top of the wall a tiny structure shaped like a dog kennel is attached. From this a small rope was let down, to which we attached our firman, or letter of introduction, obtained at the branch institution at Suez. This was hauled up slowly and soon answered by a great noise in the aerial kennel. Then a thick cable was lowered to us and we were asked to "get in and come up." But the low gate in the wall was swung open at that moment and we chose to enter the convent by it rather than go up by cable. When we arrived at the quarters of the Superior we saw that the cable was not let down hand over hand, but that a clumsy windlass, worked and turned by Bedouin serfs, was the power behind the throne. The combination is believed to be the first passenger elevator in the world. It seems as though no semblance of humanity should remain in a place made sacred by so many holy associations, but the convent is inhabited by about sixty monks, varying in grades of sanctity. Nine of them yielded to our camera. A beardless youth afforded us considerable amusement. Repeatedly he came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged for some recipe to make his beard grow. He said that he would not be allowed to read chapel service until he had a beard; that nearly all the monks but him had beards.—*Century*.

Millais and His 5,000 Guinea Fee.

Sir John Millais allows nothing to interfere with his summer holiday. Last year, when he was on the eve of leaving for Scotland, a card was brought to him on which was printed "Mr. Jehosaphat Smith, Chicago." The gentleman was shown in, and Sir John asked his pleasure. "Wall, said the American, "my wife and three daughters are waiting in a cab, and I want you to paint us straight away." Sir John politely explained that he was just leaving London and could not undertake the job. "It's pretty hard if you won't," pleaded the gentleman from Chicago; "we've come over from America on purpose to be put on canvas by you, and I don't mind giving 5,000 guineas for the job." Sir John Millais hesitated—5,000 guineas is a large sum to throw away—but the moors and his fishing rose before him, and he still refused. "You must call again next year," he said, as he showed Mr. Jehosaphat Smith (of Chicago) to the door.

Quick Witted Maine Girl.

A poorly-clad little girl came into the store of one of our stationers recently. She wished to buy some writting paper, and finally was shown some for 5 cents a quire. "How much will half a quire be?" she inquired in a half-fed, plaintive little voice. "Three cents," replied the clerk. "If you please, I'll take the other half," was the quick response.—*Augusta Journal*.

Stanley and Frechette.

The Quebec correspondent of the *Empire* is right in saying that His Excellency the Governor-General is generally esteemed in Quebec. But he is wrong in accusing Mr. Frechette of lauding rebels, etc. These are tactics which are unworthy of a respectable paper. At the present time Mr. Frechette is engaged in literary work, not politics.—*L'Electeur*.

Lady Canvasser (with patent medicine, to stout gent)—I assure you, sir, it's an A No. 1 article. I know many who praise it to the skies.

Stout Gent—No, doubt, madam, for it has sent many to the skies to praise it.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Interesting Items for the Agriculturist, Gardener and Housekeeper.

If grape vines are growing too fast and slender, pinch off the ends.

It is stated that over 500,000 rose plants are annually imported into America from England, France and Holland.

Use a mason's trowel to scrape the moss or loose bark off the stems of fruit trees, taking good care not to injure the inner bark.

A poor tool on the farm imposes a tax upon the user every day it is employed, often greater in a year than the whole price of a good tool.

After careful experiments a dairyman concludes that bran is profitable for the milkman, but that oats are much more profitable for the buttermaker.

The old advice to treat a cow as a lady is first-class advice. If anybody cannot do that, and milk rapidly and thoroughly, better not attempt to milk at all.

Hay contains the largest amount of nutriment per acre when somewhat past the bloom, but the proportion of nutriment per ton is greater when cut at an earlier stage.

Whenever boughs of trees or vines become troublesome, lop them off, no matter what time in the season. Cut smoothly; don't mangle or tear or skin the parts which are left.

No aged sow that has proved herself a good breeder and sucker should be disposed of to make room for young and untried sows as long as she will raise large litters of good pigs.

A prominent dairyman says to prevent blackleg give a mixture of four parts of saltpetre, three parts sulphur and two parts copperas once or twice a day during spring and fall.

Whenever you see little holes in the currant and gooseberry leaves the best thing to do is to apply white hellebore, dusting carefully over the leaves. If the work be done carefully the remedy is almost certain.

Take a bushel of air-slacked lime, ten pounds of sulphur and about four ounces of crude carbolic acid, mix thoroughly and scatter anywhere in the poultry house. This is a perfect specific against all manner of vermin.

Considerable of the work of pruning next year can be avoided by going over the trees and rubbing off all the shoots and water sprouts that have started up where they are not wanted. This ought to be done before the wood hardens.

A remedy for ants in the lawn is to dig to the bottom of the nests as soon as they are discovered. Throw out the loam and then cover the bottom to the depth of about ten inches with coarse salt; fill up with soil, and usually the ants will not trouble any more.

Add to the capacity of your farm by adding to the strength of the soil. Many farms of fifty acres produce more and are more easily cultivated than other farms of one hundred acres. If you can double the productiveness of your farm you will more than double its value.

The weighing of the milk, testing of the cows, and knowing to a dollar what one is doing, is a great help to the dairy farmer. It enables him to get rid of poor milkers and replace them with good ones, and the latter cost no more to keep and handle than the former.

A 2-year-old steer requires in his daily food, to enable him to make an even, well-developed growth, about one pound of flesh-forming food to eight pounds of fat and heat-producers, and this is about the proportion in which these two classes of nutrients are found in good timothy hay.

Not only should skim milk be warmed when it is fed to calves but it should also be warmed when it is fed to young pigs. The fact is that cold milk is just about poison to the bowels of any young animal that it is fed to. Not only should it always be warm when it is fed but it should invariably be sweet.

In using kerosene or coal oil in an emulsion for destroying insects considerable care should be taken to keep it thoroughly mixed. If allowed to stand even a few minutes the oil and water will separate and often considerable damage will be the result, as the oil alone will injure the trees and plants quite seriously if applied to them.

There are so many beautiful annuals that blossoms if early sown, from the early spring until frost comes, that the succession can be easily kept up, and one need never be without them. It will require but little time to cultivate them, and the vigor gained from the outdoor exercise will compensate for its outlay even if the flowers yielded no other returns.

No implement needs better care than those that are costly or difficult to construct. Some of them are used but a short time during the year, such as harvesters. They should be well cleaned, and every part subject to rust given a brushing over with kerosene. If convenient, expensive machinery should be covered, as during the winter there is always an accumulation of dust that does more or less damage to implements.

The potato field should not be allowed to grow up in grass after the crop is off. To allow weeds and grass to take possession is simply allowing the field to be seeded with such pests for next season, thereby doubling the amount of work during the busy period. Sow the potato field to some kind of crop, rye being excellent for that purpose.

To make blackberry wine: Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask; to every gallon add two pounds of sugar, cork tight and let it stand until the following October and you will have wine ready for use without further labor.

Small potatoes are very nice cooked in this way: Peel them and boil in salted water; do not let them boil until they get soft. Beat one egg, and have ready some fine cracker crumbs; roll the potato in the egg and then in the cracker and fry in butter until a light brown, turning frequently that the color may be uniform; or the potatoes may be dropped into hot lard. In this case a cloth should be laid over a plate and the potatoes should be drained for a moment in this before sending them to the table.

In fruit growing remember that fruits are like grain and vegetable crops in this, that they must have manure to keep up the fertility. Unlike vegetables and grain, however, their feeding roots are mostly at the surface. It is best, therefore, annually to top-dress fruit trees. If manure cannot be had, any fresh earth from ditches or roadside spread half an inch or so under the trees will have a wonderful effect. Indeed, we do not know but that for the pear tree a thin layer of road sand is one of the best of manures. We have seen apples thrive amazingly with a coating of coal ashes.

A large English farmer says that his manure which is taken from the stables and piled up under a shed all winter is worth in the spring four times as much as that which has been exposed to the weather. This is undoubtedly nearly correct if the exposure be a bad one, such for example as throwing the manure out of the stable window and letting it rest in a pile against the side of the stable exposed to the rain dripping from the roof. In this way most of the fertilizing salts are drained out of it into the earth below the heap or are washed away in the overflow of the yard, and the manure is left of little value.

Entire wheat muffins.—For a dozen muffins there will be required a cupful and a half of entire wheat flour, a cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of water, an egg, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt and two table-spoonfuls of sugar. Mix the dry ingredients and sift them into a bowl. Beat the egg until it is light, and add the milk and water to it. Pour this mixture upon the dry ingredients, and beat them quickly and vigorously. Pour the batter into buttered muffin pans and bake for twenty-five minutes in a rather quick oven. The batter will be thin and will give a moist muffin, but that is as it should be

Batter pudding.—Mix smoothly one tablespoonful each of flour and sugar, with a pint of milk and a pinch of salt. Pour it into a well-buttered pie-dish and leave it in a slow oven till set. It must not boil.

Cornstarch cake.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, the whites of five eggs beaten to a froth, one cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour and one of cornstarch. flavor to taste.

Amouretten.—Steep some neatly shaped slices of bread, without crust, in a custard of egg, milk and a little sugar, well beaten together. Fry a golden brown and serve very hot, with a squeeze of lemon and sifted sugar over them.

Pearl barley pudding.—Simmer a tablespoonful of pearl barley till thoroughly swelled in milk. Lay it in a pie dish, pour in the milk and a little sugar; place some tiny pieces of dripping (well clarified) on the top and bake.

Tapioca and apples.—Core the apples and stew them, well covered with water, either whole or in quarters, with sugar to taste, till tender. Boil three or four ounces of tapioca till liquid, pour it on the apples and bake half an hour. Serve with a jug of milk.

Cup pudding.—Mix carefully one cup each of flour, ground rice, finely chopped suet, milk and raisins, with a tablespoonful of soda, the same of ground ginger (if liked) and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil four hours and serve with sweet sauce; but it is very good without.

Marmalade pudding.—Five ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of suet, two ounces of candied peel, one lemon, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of marmalade. Chop the suet very finely, shred the candied peel, grate the rind of the lemon; put these ingredients with the crumbs into a basin, and mix with them the marmalade and egg. Well grease a basin, turn in the mixture, cover with greased paper and steam four hours.

Floating island.—Beat the yelks of three eggs until very light; sweeten and flavor to taste; stir into a quart of boiling milk, cook till it thickens; when cool pour into a low glass dish; whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; sweeten, and pour over a dish of boiling water to cook. Take a tablespoon and drop the whites on top of the cream, far enough apart so that the "little white islands" will not touch each other. By dropping little specks of bright jelly on each island a pleasing effect will be produced. Also by filling wine-glasses and arranging around the stand adds to the appearance of the table.

A desirable dessert.—Sponge cream furnishes a very delicate and easily made dessert. The ingredients are: One pint of fresh milk, three tablespoonfuls of gelatine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs. Put the gelatine into cold milk, let it stand for a little while; put on the stove and bring the milk to a boiling point; then add the sugar and yelks of the eggs, which have been well beaten together. Remove from the fire and stir in the whites, which have also been beaten stiff. Add a little salt, flavor to suit and pour into moulds wet first so the cream will turn out easily

Velvet cream.—Two tablespoonfuls of strawberry jelly, two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, whites of two eggs beaten stiff; then whip the cream; fill a wine-glass one-half full of the whipped cream, and fill the glass with the above mixture beaten to a cream.

Tomato Savoy.—Four pounds of tomatoes, one pint of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, cinnamon, cloves and mace. Peel and slice the tomatoes, adding the vinegar, sugar and spices. Boil half an hour and bottle, corking tightly to exclude the air. If not exposed to mold this will keep for years in a dry closet.

The Danger of Travel.

Charlie—Harry, do you know that I don't like to travel on the railroad on Monday.

Harry—Why?

Charlie—Because there's always a wash-out on the line.

The Hat Went With the Boy.

At the Mountain Resort.—Fond Mamma (whose son had just been rescued by De Jones from a watery grave)—"Thank you ever so much, Mr. De Jones, but you've forgotten to get Tommy's hat."

VASTNESS OF INDIA.

A Populous Nation With Great Cities and a Future.

For 80 years at least writers have endeavored to bring home to the outside world a knowledge of the vastness of India, but so far as can be perceived have failed. The average man, says the *Fortnightly Review*, reads what they say, learns up their figures, tries to understand their descriptions, but fails, for all his labor, to realize what India is—a continent large as Europe west of the Vistula, and with 30,000,000 more people, fuller of ancient nations, of great cities, of varieties of civilization, of armies, nobilities, priesthoods, organizations of every conceivable purpose, from the spreading of great religions down to systematic murder. There are twice as many Bengalese as there are Frenchmen; the Hindostanees, properly so called, outnumber the whites in the United States; the Mahrattas would fill Spain, the people of the Punjab with Scinde are double the population of Turkey, and I have named four of the more salient divisions. Everything is on the same bewildering scale. The fighting peoples of India, the men are as big as ourselves, as brave as ourselves, and more regardless of death than ourselves, number at least 120,000,000, equal to Gibbon's calculation of the population of the Roman empire. There are 400,000 trained brown soldiers in native service, of whom we hear perhaps once in ten years, and at least 2,000,000 men who think their proper profession is arms, who would live by arms if they could, and of whom we in England never hear a word. If the Prussian conscription were applied in India, we should, without counting reserves or land vehr or any force not summoned in time of peace, have 2,500,000 soldiers actually in barracks with 800,000 recruits coming up every year—a force with which not only Asia but the whole world might be subdued. There are tens of millions of peasants whose hoardings make of India the grand absorbent of the precious metals, tens of millions of peasants beside whose poverty fellahs or Sicilians or Connaught men are rich, millions of artisans, ranging from the men who build palaces to the men who, nearly naked and almost without tools, do the humblest work of the potter Every occupation which exists in Europe exists also in India. The industry of the vast continent never ceases, for India, with a population in places packed beyond European precedent, imports nothing either to eat or drink, and but for the Europeans would import nothing whatever. She is sufficient to herself for every thing save silver. Amid these varied masses these 250,000,000, whose varied descriptions would fill volumes, the tide of life flows as vigorously as in Europe. There is as much labor, as much contention, as much ambition, as much crime, as much variety of careers, hopes, fears and hatreds. It is still possible to a moneyless Indian to become vizier of a dynasty older than history, or finance minister of a new prince whose personal fortune in hard cash is double that of the late Emperor William, or abbot of a monastery richer than Glastonbury ever was, owner of an estate that covers a county, head of a firm whose transactions may vie with those of the Barings or Bleichroders. One man, Jute Pershad by name, fed and transported the army which conquered the Punjab.

How Americans Look.

Frederick Barnard, the illustrator, surprised me a little the other day when he said: "You Americans are not a bit like the English in your appearance. In the course of a century or so you've changed from the English type altogether. The voices of your women have grown loud and shrill, and your men have got darker faces and keener eyes. I've got so now that I can tell the New-Yorker pretty well by his eyes wherever I find him. They are sharp eyes and are set near together, as though their owner had brought them close to his nose by poking that organ into very narrow places where it was necessary to see at the same time. You look like a lot of ferrets. Then the eyebrows, instead of going straight across the face slope downward at the outer edge and come rather close together above the nose. That not only makes you look shrewd, but it makes you look bored and tired and dragged out, as I suspect most of you are. A great many of you look like actors. Boston people look somewhat different from New Yorkers, as they ought to, for they live in a more Christian town than this. Your eternal jumping and rushing in this city make me tired, as the boys say."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Cruise of a Bottle.

Captain Gleadell, of the steamer Germanic, reports that a bottle thrown overboard from the Celtic two years ago, in latitude 49 degrees 31 minutes north, longitude 30 degrees 45 minutes west, was picked up recently at Rivadeo, on the north coast of Spain. The bottle had travelled 1,050 miles east-southeast, half east, at the rate of nearly 3½ miles per day. This is a very slow rate of translation for any drift matter in the current between the points named. A bottle thrown into the Sargasso Sea, on its northeast margin, has been known to reach Cuba, a distance of 3,300 miles, in 437 days, making an average daily progress of more than 8 miles. This is about the speed made by other like waifs in the Atlantic Equatorial current. The cruise of the bottle reported by Captain Gleadell must have been apparently much longer than a great circle drawn between the point at which it was thrown out and that at which it was picked up. It cannot indicate the rate of the ocean currents, but it shows very clearly their general direction in the higher latitudes of the North Atlantic.

In a "Smoking Car."

Funny doctor (with cigar, to individual smoking foul pipe)—You should really take care. I'm a medical man, and I can assure you, my dear sir, that 99 per cent. of the cases of throat disease arise from the smoking of foul pipes." Individual: "Humph! And do you know, doctor, that 99 of the cases of black eye are caused by not minding one's one business?"—*Moonshine.*

W. H. McBean, a young man of good family, was arrested at Winnipeg on Saturday night on a charge of outraging an Icelandic servant girl in his father's family. He asserts his innocence, and says it is a case of blackmail.

A STEER CLEARS A STORE.

It Begins With Cabbages and Ends With Red Peppers.

As a drove of steers was passing the grocery store of Wm. Peters, at the corner of Hancock and Jefferson streets, last evening, one of them with a mind of an inquiring turn walked into the open door and started on a tour of investigation through the store. The place was filled with customers, who fled precipitately at the steer's approach. Those who could not reach the door crouched under the counter in an agony of fear. His bullship leisurely proceeded to inspect the cabbage pile, and, after munching contentedly at it for a few moments, turned his attention to a basket of red peppers that lay within tempting reach. After a sniff he concluded they were edible, and taking a good mouthful began to chew. No sooner had he broken the skin of the red-hot vegetables than the fire began to burn, and he stamped around the store in agony, bellowing with rage and pain and threatening to demolish everything within reach. Spying a crate of eggs he made a plunge for them and emerged from the box with his head coated with egg yelks. After stamping around the store for a short time he escaped and joined the herd. An immense crowd had gathered around the store, and a Tenth district policeman was considering the best means of ending the show, when the steer rushed into the street.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Western Unique.

"Away out on what is known as the south branch of the Union Pacific Railway, in Gunnison county, Col., is a station called Parlin. There is nothing of the place except a depot and a post office, and every train must stop there five minutes, whether it is a passenger or a freight train. Not many feet distant is the house of John Parlin. The house is made of logs and is on the side of a hill which stretches back and hitches itself to a mountain that raises itself up until its snowy summit touches the blue sky. The waters come down the mountain side in a silvery laughter, and all day long make music within a stone's throw of John Parlin. The acres of foliage, the pastures green for miles about belong to John Parlin. The herds of blooded cattle on the hillsides and in the valleys are John Parlin's. Near the station and in the middle of as limpid a stream of water as ever charmed a fairy is a dairy in which are crocks and crocks and crocks of milk from John Parlin's Holstein herd.

"Here in this secluded spot, remote from the contentions of this busy world, came the railroad engineer running his line. John Parlin took him in and gave him of his cheer in a hospitable manner that would inspire an American Walter Scott. The engineer went away, and later on came other railway men—some of them magnates—and John Parlin furnished them food and rest and plenty of milk. Then they told him they wanted 1,500 acres of his land and asked him to name his price. The old man, in his generosity of heart, in his nature which partook of the freedom of his home and its picturesque surroundings, said to them: 'You can have 1,500 acres if you will put a depot over there near the dairy and make all of your trains stop there five minutes. The road was built. The agreement was kept, and is till this day. And John Parlin sits in the doorway of his log house and sees the trains come in and stop. And the passengers and the engineers and the firemen and the conductors and the brakemen leave their trains and go over to the dairy and partake of John Parlin's Holstein cows' milk, fresh and cooled by the mountain stream, free of charge. Then they return to the train and it speeds away, and John Parlin stands in his doorway and waves his hand and his children shout in nature's grasses at the departing scene."—*Chicago Times.*

Mrs. H. B. Stowe Sadly Altered.

After the death of Professor Stowe the eyes of the twin daughters of Mrs. Stowe, who were her inseparable companions, detected a change in their mother, and have courageously admitted of late that the wonderful personality of Harriet Beecher Stowe is sadly altered. At times, it is true, she is her old self—a woman of tremendous force of will, unfailing common sense and a mind remarkable for vigor and quality.

In her times of clouded mentality she will deny acquaintance with her oldest and best friends, and forget facts as familiar to her as the fingers on her hand; again, she will stop strangers in the street, question them, and, as in the case of an Italian peddler whom she recently confronted on the sidewalk, she will berate them soundly for imaginary offences. But she is so slight and frail in appearance, so gentle and winning in manner, ordinarily that every one realizes that something is wrong with the little woman, and they treat her as they would a child. Her neighbors were long ago made aware of the fact that, like Emerson, she is failing at the top, and with a great tenderness and thoughtfulness they speak of her as of one who has made a long and useful sojourn here and who is now living in two worlds at one and the same time. Occasionally she seems so like her own strong self that those about her hope she is recovering, but the condition is temporary, and the delightful conversationalist and practical woman is gone, and with the eclipse of the former individuality the beautiful eyes look vacantly upon well known faces and familiar scenes, and she is merely a memory of her other self.—*Laura C. Holloway in New York Graphic.*

Mr. Thistle's Mistake.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a note in which he asks me to be his wife."

"Written you a note? Why in thunder didn't he come himself?"

"It would have been pleasanter that way no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid, and besides, papa think how much more binding the note is."

A wheat crop of 30,000,000 bushels up in Manitoba offers a rather floury prospect.

Sarah Bernhardt is to return to Paris from England on Friday of this week. She will rest throughout August, and then will take steamer for India and Australia, to be gone seven months—time enough for the claws of her pet tiger to grow into good-sized scratchers.

GORGEOUS FLOWER BEDS.

What a Skilful Gardener Has to Show in Boston.

Thousands of visitors have been to the Danvers hospital grounds the past few weeks, says a Boston letter, and the horse cars carry great loads daily, extra trips being made on visiting days—Mondays and Wednesdays. The main object held in view by the many strangers is to see the marvellous flower beds designed and arranged by the florist and gardener, Ettore Tassinari, which are now in prime condition, and rival anything of their kind in the United States. The largest design is a Chinese pagoda, 17 feet high, with a dome supported by six pillars, and archway beneath them high enough to pass under without stooping. There are three fountains and thirty varieties of plants in portable boxes, and the back of a shield, flags and draperies. Florists from far and near have pronounced this design the best they ever saw. A solar clock or sun dial attracts much attention, as it accurately tells the time of day by a shadow cast by a pole of growing plants placed at an angle of 47 degrees, and pointing to the North star. The shadow falls on floral numerals in the rim of a horse-shoe shaped bed of plants. There are numerous beds of lesser note, and several photographs have been taken of the principal ones.

Regular Hours for Sleep.

The final word of physiology to the student is not to turn night into day, and to never subtract from a due measure of sleep. No one needs regular and full hours of sleep more than the brain-worker. I believe we lose nothing by taking nine hours of sleep; no one can do sound and bountiful thinking with less than seven or eight hours. We are creatures of habit. It is all important that the young be taught the need of regularity. We become sleepy at regular hours, if we habitually take sleep promptly when the hour comes. Sleeplessness is brought about by irregularity. So, again, if we deduct from the regular hours given to sleep, it becomes difficult to sleep at all. Drugs compel it for a time, but no drug exists which gives normal sleep, or fails in time to make us its slave. Natural sleep can come only by a natural process. Night, let it be understood, is not, and is never, the time for study.

The very best rule is to study in the morning, before breakfast, before noon; and again, if necessary, before the third meal, but never in the evening. The later hours of the day should be given to sport, to light reading and to those occupations that relax the nerves. Let no temptation whatever induce you to return to writing or study, or even letter-writing, or to anything annoying or exciting, after 4 in the afternoon. Defer all matters liable to arouse and intensify attention or anxiety until morning. If you have a worry let it alone till the early hours; and so with any problem that taxes the brain. Children should be forbidden their books in the evening. We shall be driven to reverse the prevalent fashion of turning night into day. The night has the advantage of relative quiet, but the disadvantage of being the true time for sleep.—*M. Maurice, M.D., in Globe Democrat.*

Fall Shades in Millinery.

Millinery Trade Journal

The syndicate of Paris manufacturers have adopted the following as among the leading colors for the coming season:

Emeraude—a deep, rich, emerald green.
Scarabee—a dark, yellowish green.
Couroncon—a shade lighter than scarabee.
Feupliere—a shade lighter than couroncon.
Nil—a light, watery green.
Coquelicot—a rich, blood red.
Cardinal—a dark scarlet.
Boulanger—a bright, live-blood red.
Bouton d'or—a golden yellow.
Mais—a straw yellow.
Volcan—a reddish terra cotta.
Alezan—a dark, reddish brown.
Pactole—a light, golden brown.
Oxide—a dark slate.
Lionceau—a dark fawn.
Heron—a gray drab.
Luciole—a gend'arme blue.

Curious Relics.

In searching some old clothing which belonged to the late Archibald Hall, Sprague's road, in one of the pockets were found two 50 shilling notes of the Bank of British North America, of a very ancient date and style. They had evidently been in possession of the old gentleman for some years previous to his death, put away and forgotten, only to come to light when the clothes were being ripped up for some household purposes.—*Galt Reporter.*

Druggist (excited)—Run and overtake Col. Bourbon, James. I've made an awful mistake in his prescription! James (seizing his hat)—Wh—what's the mistake! Druggist—The prescription called for spiritus fermenti and aqua. I gave him all aqua. The dose will kill him

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Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1888.

A CRITICAL PERIOD.

The mining commission, appointed at last session of the Ontario Legislature, have now been at work some time, taking evidence as to the mineral wealth, and the extent of mineral-bearing rocks in Ontario. This work is one of vast importance to our Province. It is an undoubted fact that we are more wealthy in minerals of many kinds than has hitherto been dreamed of. Gold, silver, copper, iron, platinum, asbestos, mica—in fact all the valuable minerals—are to be found in the neighborhood of that vast rocky expanse of highland which forms the watershed between Hudson's Bay and the great chain of inland lakes. The Canadian Pacific railway has made this field of wealth easy of access, and afforded an answer to the enigma of how to develop those resources. Upon this stretch of country, lying to the north of us, the United States is gazing to-day with a jealous eye. She sees that Canada in the near future will be able to produce her own wealth, and become entirely independent of the source from which she has heretofore drawn to a large extent. She sees a rival nation growing and expanding on her northern border, with all the concomitants that go to make a powerful people. The United States has attained her growth in area, and begins to feel Mexico crowding her upon the one side and Canada upon the other. The amount of bragadocio and bluster indulged in by members of the American Senate during the last two or three years give us substantial proof that Canada is a very large thorn in the Americans' side. They would like to annex Canada to-day—three years ago they would not accept her as a gift.

And what has brought about this remarkable change of front? Simply the fact of Canada jumping suddenly into the position of a commercial competitor and a dangerous rival to American interests on this continent. We consider this to be a critical period in Canadian history. Overtures have come in a friendly guise from across the border for commercial union. Commercial union, forsooth! when Canada is just beginning to feel her power among the nations of the world! Even the purblind Globe has at last withdrawn from its former position in this matter.

Canada's wealth in mines is a new surprise, being now made public through this mining commission. Her forests are the grandest on the continent, her highway from ocean to ocean is a marvel to the world, her grain-growing qualities are not excelled. The American people are long-headed. We thank them for their tardy appreciation, but we appreciate ourselves sufficiently to uphold the dignity which is justly ours, and work out the grand destiny which is surely in store. And we intend to do it.

Friend Spurr of the Dundalk Herald had a giant mushroom handed in last week by Mr. T. Ladings, of Dundalk. Bro. Spurr straightway expressed the lion's share of the big fungus to the Empire, Toronto. He retained a small portion for himself, but forgot his next door neighbor to the north. Not that we are hungering for mushrooms. They are not a necessity to our corporeal welfare. In fact we wouldn't have eaten it anyway, for it requires butter to fry mushroons, and our cow is dry. But we would just have liked to "throw ourselves" on a botanical diagnosis of this genus of the fungi tribe. The following interesting description, from the Empire, will be easily translated by our readers with the aid of a botanical text book and Webster's unabridged

"This remarkable fungus, while possessing may of the characteristics of the agaricus campestris, is yet more likely a cantharellus cibarine, that great English rarity, and which has hitherto not been known to Canadians, though somewhat plentiful in North Carolina. Were it not for the short stem it is exactly the shape of a marasmius arcades. In this specimen the pileus is some 44 inches in circumference, while the stem, above the plainly marked annulus, is quite a foot in circumference. The volva is of a somewhat dun color, while the hymenium is particularly well developed and of a tawny chocolate. The height of this agaric is about eight inches."

The motion to ratify the Fishery Treaty was lost in the U. S. Senate yesterday by 30 to 27.

Written for the Advance.

The Man I am Looking For.

My dear sympathetic readers! Did you ever try to pass a man on the street who would not be passed? Not a dun, or anything of that kind; ah, no; one of those uncommon, once-in-a-long-while individuals who seems possessed of your mind—tries to pass you on the same side that you try to pass him; then when you decide to try the other side he concludes that your scheme is a good one and does the same? He would keep this up all day if you didn't stand stock still and allow him to go his way and hunt for some one else to butt against. Do you recognize him? Then if you do you know the man I am earnestly in search for. I want to find him. I have a chunk of iron in my coat sleeve, and I'm going to knock seventeen different kinds of rheumatic pains into his left arm when we collide.

The other day I was running to catch a train. I had to pass a telegraph pole, and in rounding it I met this individual face to face. We both recoiled and tried the other side. Then we backed up, each with the idea that the other would stand still, and came together like two billy goats. We butted, and jammed, and rammed each other on both sides of that pole until I got faint and had to hug the post until my assailant had veered out into the street and got past. When I gathered myself together my train had disappeared, and so had the man.

Then, just last week, when it was raining and blowing great guns, I was walking down street with my umbrella pretty low over my face when I was jabbed in the pit of the stomach with an umbrella held by this same individual as he was hustling along with *his* umbrella held away down to keep the rain off his vest. I sat down on the pavement. Couldn't help it. And when I had got up and wring out the most uncomfortable portion of my pants, the man was not in sight.

As I said before, I am now hunting for him, and there will be a real nice little job for a surgeon when we meet. The great trouble is that I never come across him excepting when I am in a hurry. At other times he keeps mighty scarce. My wife suggests very slyly that perhaps I am, like Stockton's "Hundredth Man," the one I am looking for, myself. If I thought I was I would stand up before a looking-glass and bang him until there wasn't a piece of him left large enough to feed a crow. SAM STUBBS.

General News.

Hon. John Macdonald is at Halifax.

A young son of Edward Haulan was burned to death in Toronto last week.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau was robbed last week, at the St. Louis hotel, Quebec, of a gold watch and chain valued at $600, and a considerable sum of money. The thieves escaped.

A terrible ocean steamship collission is reported from New York. The Thingvalla and Geisar, of the Danish steamship line, collided in mid ocean, the latter sinking within five minutes and taking down with her 117 human beings. The passengers on the Thingvalla were taken off and brought to New York by the Wieland.

The G. T. R. station at Omemee was burned on Saturday morning.

R. J. Creighton, agent of the New Zealand Government, says that a mail line between Vancouver and Brisbane will probably be established.

A terrible murder was committed near Consecon, Prince Edward County, on Saturday. The murdered man was Leslie Church, and the murderers, who have been jailed, are Peter Loveless, aged 55, and his sons, John Loveless, aged 23, and Wellington, aged 19. The latter is charged with firing the fatal shot. He is the youngest son and looks a raw country youth rather than a murderer. It was a neighborly feud of long standing.

It is reported that Premier Greenway's deal with the Northern Pacific for the running of the Red River Valley railway has fallen through.

On Thursday night a fearful storm raged through part of Eastern Ontario and part of Quebec. In the Valleyfield district 25 lives are said to have been lost by lightning strokes and the blowing down of houses.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

A severe thunder storm passed over this section last Thursday. The rain fell in torrents and was accompanied by hail in large quantities. There was a fierce wind at the same time, which did considerable damage to standing grain and fruit trees.

A garden party was held at the residence of Mr. T. Kells last Friday evening, and was well attended. The Flesherton brass band was present, and as usual their music was well appreciated. The proceeds, which amounted to about $12, were presented to the Rev. Mr. Wilson as a token of respect.

During the holidays a new floor has been laid in the school house by Mr. Wm. Hutchinson.

School commenced on Monday.

Mr. J. Brodie and daughter, Mrs. S. Warling, were down to Brampton on a visit to friends a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. James Sparling was here last week fitting up his threshing engine for the present season's campaign.

Mr. Yorke Richardson, of Chatsworth, was here last week sinking a well for Mr. J. Warling.

What has become of the Meaford Road baseball club? Have they died a natural death?

Kimberley.

Miss E. J. McConnell, of this place, was married on the 1st inst. to Mr. John Butson, of Muskoka. The bride was the recipient of a large number of valuable presents. The happy couple left for their future home on Monday. May joy be with them.

This village has become a musical centre, surely There are nine instruments within a radius of a quarter of a mile. One house monopolizes no less than three of them.

Berries have been plentiful this year, but will soon be things of the past.

Our new school teacher entered upon his duties here on Monday.

Our farm crops are nearly all good.

MELL O'DEA.

Died.

At Flesherton, on the 21st inst., Audrey Alice, daughter of W. Booth, aged 1 month and 2 days.

TO THE DEAF. A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 75 to 4 75	
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to 0 80	
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 45	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 14	0 14
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	19	23
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.

Apply at once to GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton,

Or to J. GEO KEEFER, Forest, Ont

CLAWSON AND SENECA

FALL WHEAT FOR SALE. Apply to

THOS. KELLS, Vandeleur.

OWEN SOUND

Collegiate Institute

WILL OPEN ON

Monday, 27th August, 1888

Excellent Staff of Teachers. Inspector officially reports it the

Best Equipped School in Ontario.

Classes for First, Second and Third Class Certificates, Junior and Senior Matriculation with honors, and law and Medical Examinations.

At the Examinations, 1888, all the University Matriculation Candidates were successful, four obtaining honors, and one a proficiency scholarship. The Candidates at the recent examination from this School obtained

The Largest Number of Teachers' Certificates in the Province.

FEES—Full Term, $3

Apply to

F. W. MERCHANT, Principal,

or D. R. DOBIE, Sec. Board of Education.

Owen Sound, Aug 13th.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's Block. Residence, Wm Wright's.

Partnership.

E. F. HIXON, M.D.C.M. **J. G. HUTTON,** M.D.C.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.,

PRICEVILLE

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of '88

WILL VISIT FLESHERTON, Monday in each month. Teeth extracted without pain. Teeth filled in the highest style of the art, and at moderate rates.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, Flesherton.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Dundalk.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office Thursdays as noted above.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

On Real Property.

S. DAMUDE,

Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,

DEPUTY CLERK ORTONVILLE.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGENT, &c.

DEEDS MORTGAGES LEASES &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

Houses to Rent or For Sale!

Two good Houses one brick and one frame with lots and fruit bearing orchards, to rent or for sale cheap. Good brick Baker's Oven in connection with frame house. Both buildings lately repaired and refitted throughout. For particulars, apply at THE ADVANCE office or to the undersigned. SAMUEL KINGSTON,

371-4. Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at the [illegible] Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Call And See PARLOR SUITES

[illegible] SHOWN A[illegible]

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

[illegible] prices lower than cheap, trashy goods that have been offered by country [illegible].

A Large Stock of

Cane and Perforated Chairs

In a variety of styles, at from

60c EACH.

Beautiful Cane Seat with carved backs, $1 each.

Ladies' Rockers, perforated, $1.35

Our stock of Bedsteads, Cots, Cribs, Cradles, Cupboards, Bureaus, Tables, in fact every line, has been still further marked down. Our premises are large but our stock is larger.

BOUGHT CLOSE!

AND

Well Selected.

A few Children's Carriages to be sold at a small advance on cost. One or two more Express Wagons at cost.

OUR

UNDERTAKING

Establishment

We are striving to bring to the very front in the County, and is acknowledged to be the lowest in price.

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned [illegible] Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office [illegible] on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October [illegible] for the formation and construction of a [illegible]

The works will be let in two sections, one of which [illegible] the formation of the canal [illegible]

A map of the locality together with plans and [illegible] on and after TUESDAY the 9th day of [illegible] next, where printed forms of tender [illegible] Manual [illegible] relative to the works can be seen at the [illegible] in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

[illegible] that tenders will not be considered unless [illegible]

[illegible]

A. P. BRADLEY.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

[illegible] will be received [illegible] until the arrival of the eastern [illegible] on TUESDAY THE 25TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, for the construction of two locks [illegible] deepening and enlargement of the entrance of the Galops Canal. And for [illegible] of the Cornwall Canal. The construction [illegible] lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel way of the [illegible]

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops at the Lock-keeper's house, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal at Dickenson's Landing, and for the new locks, etc., at lock stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same and further a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $[illegible]

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
[illegible]

FLESHERTON

Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.

Binders, [illegible], Mowers, [illegible], Wagons, [illegible], Scuffers, [illegible], Fanning Mills, Spring Tooth Cultivators,

Grain Drills, Broadcast Seeders, Spring Tooth Harrows, [illegible], Two-Furrow Gang [illegible], [illegible], Turnip Drills, Land Rollers.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries established over 40 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Nurserymen, [illegible]

County and District News.

[illegible] Columns of Our Ex[illegible]

[illegible]

Donald McFadden, Durham, got his leg broken by a tree falling on him.

E. A. Wood, of Collingwood, dropped [illegible] runaway horse.

It is estimated that the late storms have done $[illegible] damage to roads in the township of Mulmur.

In the band tournament at Walkerton last week, county list, Hanover took 1st [illegible]

"Doc" Symes, a son of Dr. Symes, well known in Meaford some twenty years ago, met with an accident in that town last week, which resulted in his death.

[illegible] tournament in Durham [illegible] says The Review [illegible] Flesherton [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Thos. McGirr [illegible] of Euphrasia has a [illegible] over nine feet in height. It is of the "Sweet Southern" variety. This [illegible] story for Mr. McGirr [illegible]

[illegible] nine feet [illegible] forward. Meanwhile Mr. McGirr takes the cake.—[illegible]

Mr. Bell, of [illegible] lakes, recently [illegible] which measured two feet from the point of its ugly nose to the tip of its horny alligator-like tail. The genial Mr. A. S. Cochrane, now in this vicinity in charge of the Government and Natural History Survey, happened at Mr. Bell's and after calmly feasting his artistic and scientific eye upon the huge reptile for one blissful moment his active brain told him that his turtleship would be a good representative for Glenelg at Ottawa and do honor to his constituents as well as credit to himself, so he purchased him of Mr. Bell, and after stall-feeding him on proto-oxide of hydrogen and [illegible] soup served with "aqua a la mode" for two days, shipped him to the above department at Ottawa. The turtle will be skinned and stuffed and placed in the museum along with thousands of others curious specimens gathered throughout the length and breadth of this vast Do[minion]. [illegible] estimate the age of this turtle at [illegible] years.—Markdale Standard.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that until the hacking cough is relieved, [illegible] have no opportunity to heal.

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary [illegible]

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

[illegible] *in Flesherton.*

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

[illegible]

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON.

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

[illegible] Wagons, Lumber Wagons, [illegible]

[illegible]

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.
Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER IT'S INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered [illegible] a written guarantee given with each instrument. W. T. BAER & CO. 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places. Actina No. 2 quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung Diseases.

Actina No. 3. Positively cures all diseases of the Eye, Cataract, Granulated Eyelids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness. THE EYE TREATED WHILE CLOSED.

THE ACTINA IS SOLD UNDER OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE ON 15 DAYS TRIAL. [illegible] stamp for handsome [illegible] W. T. BAER & CO. 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' belt $4 for female complaints it has no equal. Mens Belt $5, combined Belt and Suspensory $5.

CURES Seminal weakness, errors of youth, lost manhood, [illegible] emissions, Etc. The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts. [illegible] without inconvenience. Hundreds of Testimonials on file from those cured of female [illegible] nervous debility, general debility, lumbago, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, disease of the kidneys, spinal disease, torpid liver, gout, leucorrhœa, catarrh of the bladder, sexual exhaustion, seminal emissions, asthma, heart disease, dyspepsia, constipation, erysipelas, indigestion, impotency, piles, epilepsy, dumb ague and diabetes. Send stamp for handsomely illustrated book and health journal. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Agents wanted everywhere. Pat. Feb. 25th, 1887.

Cures Guaranteed

Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

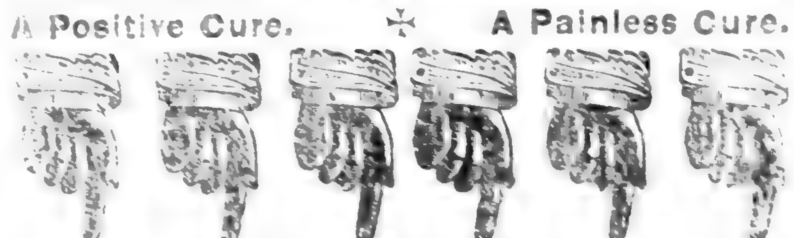

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER.

[illegible]

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

[illegible] the effects of abuse [illegible] weakness [illegible] No. 8 [illegible] Want of energy [illegible] aversion to society, want of confidence [illegible] inability to fix the attention [illegible] of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability [illegible] emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart [illegible] acquired. In short, the spring [illegible] function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and [illegible] to the effects of self abuse [illegible] notice. If you are [illegible] the enjoyment of life [illegible] advice. If you are advanced in years No. 8 will [illegible] broken down, physically and morally [illegible] send your address and 10 cents in stamps [illegible] Book Form on Diseases of Man. [illegible] communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

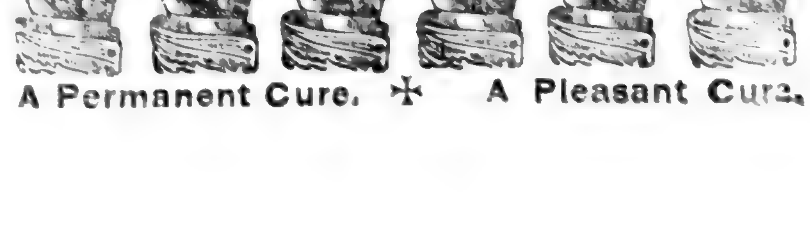

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

THE DARK SECRET AGAIN.

Capt. Andrews and His Little Dory Pushing Across the Atlantic.

A New York despatch says: Captain Andrews, who sailed from Boston, July 4th, in his little dory, the Dark Secret, on his perilous and adventurous voyage to Queenstown, was seen Aug. 1st by the people on board the steamship India.

Capt. Jameson, of the India, reports that he spoke the Dark Secret on the morning of Aug. 1st, about 864 miles out from Boston. Her position when last seen was a little to the southwest of the great banks and, as pleasant and favorable weather has prevailed since the India passed the dory, Capt. Jameson considers it most probable that he has succeeded in passing this region of dangerous mist in perfect safety. The India is the third transatlantic steamer that has spoken the Dark Secret since she started.

Captain Jameson, when he arrived yesterday, gave a *World* reporter the following graphic account of his passing Captain Andrews and his little stanch craft:

"It was," he said, "about 7.30 on the morning of August 1. The previous night had been very stormy, but when the morning dawned it began to clear, and the sun slowly crept through the vapory mists. All was quiet and placid, the sun shining brightly on a smooth and almost unruffled sea, when Second Officer Kean, who was in charge of the bridge, directed my attention to what he thought was a small ship's boat some distance off on our starboard side. I slowed down and waited the boat's approach. As the little latten-rigged boat, its mutton-leg shaped sail closely reefed, came skimming along, mounting the billows, I soon perceived that the lonely occupant was not a shipwrecked mariner and that he did not wish any assistance. Wrapped in his oilcloth suit, holding the tiller of his little dory, the sole occupant of the boat, his eyes bright and cheerful, a ruddy, healthful-looking glow suffusing his whole countenance, looked 'monarch of all he surveyed.'

"When I hailed him he replied: 'This is the Dark Secret, Captain Andrews, from Boston to Queenstown. I am well. Please report me when you arrive in New York.' I was astonished at his courage and daring, and before I had time to say anything more the Dark Secret and its bold commander was continuing on its long voyage. Captain Andrews was in the best of spirits, and, judging from his looks and actions, has not suffered any hardships, although he is making but slow progress. He has plenty of provisions—at least he did not wish any from me. Although I saw the captain but for a few minutes, I can tell his friends that he is still strong enough to shave himself. He was perfectly clean of all beard and had the appearance of being shaved but a short time previous to our meeting him."

DINING WITH THE LORD MAYOR.

Lord Salisbury Speaks of Ireland, Egypt, Bulgaria and Peace.

A London cable says: The Ministers were banquetted by the Lord Mayor last evening. Replying to the usual toast, Lord Salisbury said the great curse of Ireland was poverty. The Government, he said, was not able to diminish poverty or to enrich men, but they could enable men, without interference, to enrich themselves. The Government had been successful in lessening the tyranny which an association had exercised over the Irish people, and had increased the sanctity of contracts. If the Government of Ireland, he declared, was administered with the same judgment and firmness as now for a few years longer, the liberty and prosperity of the country would be restored. In Egypt, Lord Salisbury said, the expectations of the Government have been exceeded. When Egypt should be able to deal with her foes without help Great Britain would gladly leave that country absolutely. As to Bulgaria, he hoped that the statesmen of the Continent were being convinced that it would be best to leave her to herself. He believed that the Emperor of Germany appreciated the value of peace, especially to Germany. Nothing, he believed, was more desirable for the peace of the world than that the policy of Russia should become more parallel with the policy of Great Britain. All that occurred in Europe recently had been in the direction of peace, and England's efforts were always in the same direction.

The Great Lone Land.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Private advices received in the city to-day from Edmonton, N. W. T., state that James Hyslop and E. Nagle, who wintered on the Athabaska River about 30 miles south of Chipewayan, arrived at the Landing on July 13th. Lord Lonsdale was at Chipewayan on May 22nd, going north. Last winter was very severe at Lake Athabaska, stormy and cold, at times forty below, with a hurricane blowing. On account of the severe weather the Indians were frequently unable to hunt, and as rabbits were remarkably scarce they suffered greatly from hunger. Nineteen out of one camp of twenty-three Indians died of starvation at a point about four days' travel northeast of Chipewayan. The Hudson Bay Company sent out provisions to the camp and brought in the survivors. About fifty Indians, so far as heard, starved to death in this district last winter. Two wood buffalo were killed at about sixty miles off Chipewayan. The band out of which they were killed numbered about sixty. Buffalos are also found on the Birch Mountains, west of Fort McMurray, on Salt River and near the Great Slave Lake. The beaver are reported to be dying off in great numbers in the region from Fort McMurray southward, from causes not given.

C. P. R. surveyors are in the vicinity of Battleford, spying out the land. It is not known what their intentions are, but it is generally thought the company intends building a branch from the main line to the North Saskatchewan.

'Since I broke my funny-bone my arm has filled with humor," wrote a patient to his doctor the other day. "How would you treat it?" "As a joke," answered the doctor, facetiously.

London has fewer inhabitants to the house than any other of the great cities of Europe. Vienna has the most persons to the house, having five times as many as London.

THE RED FLAG.

Collisions With the Police and Military and Riotous Demonstrations at Paris.

A Paris cable says: Fifteen thousand persons marched in front of the hearse bearing the remains of General Eudes, the ex-Communist. They wore bouquets of red immortelles. M. Basley, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was present, and he and M. Rochefort were greeted with cheers and shouts of "Vive la Revolution" and "Vive la Commune." The procession started at 11 o'clock. The pall-bearers were MM. Vaillant, Lefrancois, Arnold, members of the Commune of 1871, and M. Ostyn. Louise Michel marched after the hearse. A brigade of police headed the procession. Large bodies of workmen and strikers followed quietly. The waiters and hairdressers in the line were noisy and demanded that the red flags which were carried covered be unfurled. The crowd along the route shouted "Vive la Commune" as the hearse passed.

When the procession reached the Boulevard Voltaire three red flags were unfurled. A commissary of police attempted to seize one, when some one in the crowd fired a revolver at him, but the bullet went wide of its mark. Another commissary was beaten with sticks. M. Rochefort was set upon by an Anarchist, who handled him quite severely. The police seemed powerless before the menacing attitude of the mob. The gendarmes made a charge in front of the Prince Eugene Barracks, striking in every direction with the butt ends of their muskets. They succeeded in releasing the police who had been surrounded by the mob, and captured the red flags. When the procession arrived at the Mairie of the Eleventh Arondissement a revolver was fired and a bomb thrown close to the police station, but the bomb did not explode. The police reserve left the station and charged upon the crowd with drawn swords, wounding and taking into custody many persons. The procession continued on its way to the cemetery, but grew smaller as it progressed. A number of orations were delivered at the grave amid cries of "Vive la Commune," "Vive la Revolution." The gathering then dispersed. The police did not oppose the display of red flags in the cemetery.

BRITAIN'S NAVAL WAR.

The Sandfly Surprises a Cunarder and Captures Her.

A London cable says: The British squadron off Bantry Bay and Queenstown harbor is causing much excitement. The fast cruiser Sandfly, 5,255 tons burden and 300 horse-power, belonging to the British squadron, which escaped from Bantry Bay to this harbor, proceeded to sea yesterday morning, and after capturing two steamers, sighted the Cunarder Samaria from Boston with 107 passengers aboard, about four miles southwest of the harbor. Immediately the Sandfly dashed at full speed at the liner, steaming at the rate of 21 miles an hour. Attacking the liner, she fired at her repeatedly, and at length succeeded in capturing the steamship after a hard engagement, causing great excitement among the passengers of the liner, who knew nothing of the naval mobilization. The Allan liner Caspian, from Liverpool, *en route* to St. John's, with 200 passengers, was also captured of the port, after which the Sandfly returned into harbor, and is now making preparations for the capture of the Britannic and Nevada, both due off the coast to-morrow from New York.

LUCKY EXCURSIONISTS.

A Michigan Central Train Wrecked and Nobody Hurt.

A Detroit despatch says: About 12 o'clock yesterday a train of nine cars from Columbus, Ohio, bringing about 450 excursionists to Detroit, jumped the track, about 20 miles from the depot. It is thought a loose rail was the cause. The engine went off, taking with it the tender and three or four cars. The first, a baggage, was turned on its side in the ditch. The next, a passenger coach filled with people, was completely upset. The end and platform were smashed, but luckily not a soul was seriously hurt. Several were scratched considerably and all thoroughly scared. Those in the rear cars were quite badly shaken up. It is a strange thing that there was not a terrible loss of life, as the train was well under way and every car was filled with people. Those in the first coach were piled in a promiscuous heap. Word was sent to Detroit from the nearest station and a train sent to bring the passengers up, after a delay of six or seven hours. The wrecking train is at work at the scene of the accident.

A Very Clever Trick.

A saloon-keeper tells this story: A neat trick was played on me the other day by an old toper. The old fellow brought in a black bottle and called for a pint of whiskey. I filled the bottle and kept it while he went through his pockets for the change. Presently he put on a look of dismay and said he had lost his money. "All right," says I, and, turning out the whiskey, gave him the bottle. He took it and went away, saying he would come back after the liquor presently. He did not come, however, but five minutes later I found him sitting on the stoop around the corner poking in the bottle with a stick, and after every poke turned out a thimbleful of whiskey into a cup. I seized the bottle and made an investigation. What do you think I found? Why, the old rascal had forced a sponge as big as my fist into it, and this had soaked up a good glassful of my whiskey when I filled the bottle.

Sound Rules for a Woman's Life.

A New Hampshire woman, who recently celebtated her 80th birthday, having prepared every article of food with her own hands, upon being asked how she kept herself so vigorous, replied: "By never allowing myself to fret over things I cannot help; by taking a nap, sometimes two, every day of my life; by never taking my washing, ironing and baking to bed with me, and by oiling all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit faith that there is a brain and heart to this great universe, and that I could trust them both." Sounder rules could not be framed. Many a woman would be happier and live longer through adopting them.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

A temperance advocate says: "Avoid alcoholic drinks and be cool."

A FIENDISH ASSAULT.

Brutal Villains Horribly Mutilate an Old Woman Whom They Hated.

A New York despatch says: A case in which the most fiendish brutality is exhibited was unearthed by Detective C. A. Oliver, of New Brunswick, N. J., at South Amboy yesterday.

The detective was engaged in picking up clews in the Griffin murder case, when he incidentally learned of a horrible assault having been committed upon an old Polish woman, Rosella Wysocks, by George Grabosh and Abraham Snyder, in a disreputable quarter of the old town. He found the apartment of the woman, where a horrifying spectacle met his gaze.

The woman lay upon a ragged pallet breathing faintly. Bending over he was startled upon beholding that her lips had been torn from her mouth, and that the teeth of both jaws were visible where the cheeks had been torn in a horrible manner. Her gray hair was matted with blood, and several gory wounds appeared in the skull. She was unconscious. From the Poles living in the neighborhood a reporter learned the story of the crime.

Some days ago Mrs. Wysocks, who is a widow 50 years old, incurred the enmity of Grabosh and Snyder, the latter being her stepson. On Monday, while the old woman was alone, these men entered the dining apartment with the evident intention of murdering her. Grabosh seized a hammer and beat her over the head, while the brutal stepson fastened his teeth to her lips, biting off one at a time, and ejecting them upon the floor, where they were subsequently found lying beside the blood-stained hammer. Although the outrage was known at South Amboy within half an hour of its occurrence, there was not a physician who would volunteer to go to the victim's aid. The county physician, who lives at Milltown, a suburban village of New Brunswick, took the case in charge, and found her in almost a dying condition. He said last night that she might recover with careful nursing, although it was not probable.

After a search Dectetive Oliver succeeded in capturing the fiends who committed the outrage. They were handcuffed and taken to New Brunswick, and finally committed for trial. When the full details of the crime were known at South Amboy there was some talk of lynching the brutes, but they were then far out of the reach of an angry mob which had clustered about the house of the unfortunate woman.

BRUTE BOHAN'S VICTIM.

The Rockaway Beach Sufferer Nearing her End—Peritonitis has Set In.

Mrs. Kate Bohan, of Fairview avenue, Rockaway Beach, lies at her home hovering between life and death. Her brute of a husband, William Bohan, who plucked both her eyes out, will be brought before Justice Healy at Far Rockaway to-day. Mrs. Bohan, who is suffering intense agony, is under the treatment of Dr. Philleo, who said yesterday that peritonitis had set in, and that he was afraid it would soon reach the brain and cause death.

On the strength of this statement Cronin took the poor creature's ante-mortem statement, which is horrifying in its details. She said she was married to Wm. Bohan, her second husband, on December 9th, 1883. He time and again assaulted her, and two years ago plucked out her right eye. When she returned from the hospital she wore spectacles, but her husband used to hide and break them. He frequently threatened to kill her. On July 30th he succeeded in gouging out her remaining eye. "I think it was with his thumb, I am not sure."

"I screamed," continued Mrs. Bohan, "and the cook came in and took my grandchild, who was in my arms. Then I felt something on my cheek and I could not see. I asked the cook what was on my face, and she said blood. Then I said, 'My eye is gone.' Then I felt my eye lying on my cheek. I was in such a condition I don't know whether my husband said anything or not. I think I felt something touch my eye when he put his hand on my face."

The attention of the Grand Jury, which meets in September next, will be called to the case. Justice Healy to-day will undoubtedly hold Bohan to await the action of the Grand Jury.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HYPNOTIC HALLUCINATION.

The Result of an All-Absorbing Expectation.

One of Charcot's disciples in France, Dr. Luys, writes W. A. Croffut in the "North American" for August, has experimented with medicines with hipnotic patients, and has caused much excitement by his proclamation that medicines would operate without being administered at all. He declares that a corked vial of laudanum laid upon a patient's neck induced sleep, although the patient did not know what it was; that a vial of valerian, similarly brought in contact with the person, was followed by deep dejection; that hasheesh caused hilarity and buoyancy, etc. I have repeated these experiments, but do not obtain any of the alleged results. If the responsive does not know what is said to be in the vial, no result whatever follows; and if he knows or believes some particular medicine to be in the vial, and knows the effects which follow the use of that medicine, he will have those external symptoms, whether that medicine be actually there or not. Hypnotic hallucinations are the result of an all absorbing expectation. If the responsive thinks he is drinking too much whiskey, he will become helplessly inebriated; if he thinks he is at sea in a storm, he will be afflicted with violent nausea, enough to convince any sceptic of the genuineness of the emotion; if he thinks he has swallowed laudanum, he will fall into a sleep. How far this delusion will go in physical repairing or impairing I do not know, but I should not like to give a gum drop to the most sensitive of mesmerized ladies, and afterward tell her that she had swallowed strychnine

Miss Frances Wetmore, who has been appointed Government Physician for the Island of Hilo, makes her visits on horseback and answers every call.

Queen Victoria has invested in an Italian villa, having purchased the villa Palmiero, at Florence, which she once occupied, paying for the property £24,000.

THE CORPSE RAN AWAY.

Henry Graham's Great Act in Running Away After Having Been Hanged.

That the bodies of the dead, even a lon time after the moment of death, do perform actions which have all the appearance of volition are instances familiar in literature. Physicians, it is true, assure us that in these movements volition does not enter; and they have given to this muscular movement the name of "reflex action," and this, apparently, we are expected to accept as a perfectly lucid explanation of a phenomenon which without the name would be obscure. Enlightened by the term "reflex action," it must be discontented and exacting curiosity that would not rest and be thankful.

At Hawley's Bar, a mining camp near Virginia City, M. T., a gambler named Henry Graham, but commonly known as "Gray Hank," met a miner named Dreyfuss one day, with whom he had had a dispute the previous night about a pack of cards, and asked him into a bar-room to have a drink. The unfortunate miner taking this as an overture of peace gladly consented. They stood at the counter, and while Dreyfuss was in the act of drinking, Graham shot him dead. This was in 1865. Within an hour after the murder Graham was in the hands of the vigilantes, and that evening at sunset, after a fair, if informal trial, he was hanged to a limb of a tree which grew upon a little eminence within sight of the whole camp.

The original intention had been to "string him up," as is customary in such affairs, and with a view to that operation the long rope had been thrown over the limb, while a dozen pair of hands were ready to hoist away. For some reason the plan was abandoned, the rope was given a single turn about the limb at a suitable distance from the noose, the free end made fast to a bush and the victim compelled to stand on a horse, which at the cut of a whip sprang from under him, leaving him swinging. When steadied his feet were about eighteen inches from the earth.

The body remained suspended for exactly half an hour, the greater part of the crowd remaining about it. Then the judge ordered it taken down. The rope was untied from the bush, and two men stood by to lower away. The moment the feet came squarely upon the ground the men engaged in lowering, thinking, doubtless, that those standing about the body had hold of it to support it let go of the rope. The body at once ran quickly forward toward the main part of the crowd, the rope paying out as it went. The head rolled from side to side, the eyes and tongue protruding. With cries of horror the crowd ran hither and thither, scrambling, rolling over one another, cursing. In and out among them, over the fallen, coming in collision with others, his direction governed by blind caprice, the horrible dead man 'pranced,' his feet lifted so high at each step that his knees struck his breast. The deepening twilight added its terror to the uncanny scene, and brave men fled from the spot, not daring to look behind.

Straight into the confusion from the outskirts of the crowd walked with rapid steps the tall figure of a man whom all recognized as a master spirit. This was Dr. Arnold Spier, who, with two other physicians, had pronounced the man dead, and had been retiring from the camp. He moved as directly toward the dead man as the now somewhat less erratic movements of the latter would permit, and seized him in his arms. Encouraged by this, a score of men sprang shouting to the free end of the rope, which had been drawn entirely over the limb, and laid hold of it, intending to make a finish of their work. They ran with it toward the bush to which it had been fastened, but there was no resistance; the physician had cut it from the dead murderer's neck. In a moment the body was lying on its back, with composed limbs and face upturned to the kindling stars in the motionless rigidity appropriate to death. The hanging had been done well enough; the neck had been broken by the drop. Dr. Spier knew that a corpse which, placed upon its feet, would walk and run, would lie still when placed upon its back. The dead are creatures of habit.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Drop in a Nickel and Then Talk.

Glasgow has a system of automatic telephone call boxes. There are seventy-five of the boxes scattered throughout the city, and every subscriber has a key to them. A non-subscriber wanting to use them must first ring up the exchange and ask if the connection he desires can be made. If it can he drops the fee, which is either three pennies or six, according to the distance he wants to talk, into a hole in the box. The pennies as they fall break a circuit and ring a bell at the central office. When the bell has rung the required number of times the central office marks the connection. At the end of three minutes allowed for conversation the connection is broken automatically. The average time to put two persons in telephonic communication in Glasgow is 35 seconds; in Birmingham, 40; in Liverpool, 33, and in Dundee, 20. This was ascertained from the results of 10 calls in each town.

She Bites Her Finger Nails.

The wife of a very well-known iron operator of Pennsylvania is now stopping at a fashionable hotel near Long Branch, says a correspondent of the New York *Sun*. She is beautiful, witty and accomplished, but she bites her finger nails. She says she cannot help it. She acquired the habit in childhood, and has tried every means to break it up, but without success. At times she succeeds in resisting the inclination until all her finger nails are triumphantly long, but invariably they disappear as if by magic the first time she is disturbed, annoyed, or rendered nervous. She does not know when she bites them. She suddenly finds them all gone. Her doctors tell her the habit is incurable except for very strong-willed, phlegmatic persons.

This is the time of the year that a woman packs her husband's coat, containing the book of tour tickets, in the bottom of the trunk that starts just ahead of them.

It is announced that the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria will meet at some point on the Austrian frontier in the autumn.

HOW FREAKS ARE MADE.

Manufactured by Wholesale from Various Commonplace Materials.

"Did you know that the finest artist in the world in the manufacture of freaks and curiosities is an Alaskan?" asked an expert in the show business of a New York *Graphic* reporter. "It's a fact. I was surprised myself, for I always supposed that he would be a Yankee. He was away when we called, but his assistant was there. They were making Egyptian mummies that day, a full line of them for a museum in Paris. They are made of plaster of Paris and boiled in tobacco juice, and they are stunners when they are done. It is a curious yarn how the reporters got on to his place. He occupies a place under the roof and dries his curiosities on the flat roof in the sun. The elevated railroad pushes along over the city here, and some travellers by the morning train saw a curious sight out on one of the roofs. It looked like a collection of dead bodies drying in the sun, and a conglomeration of hideous monstrosities and blood-curdling freaks of nature. Of course somebody investigated it, and as a result the birthplace of the freak was found.

"I wish I could give you that Alaskan's name, but I can't. It's a stunner in length, and he is an artist of as distinguished talents as his name is long. He made the man-ox that struck the professors of anatomy everywhere. He drew the skin over the ribs so adroitly that there seemed to be absolutely no fault in it, and it puzzled the scientists as well as the common people. There are two or three other freakmakers in the Bowery that we called on, but there are no others that approach this fellow. He is a jim-dandy, and no mistake. A mermaid is nothing at all for him. He can draw a chicken's skin over the skeleton as handily as you can draw on your glove, and no man can swear that it is artificial."

"Are none of these freaks genuine?"

"Mighty few that I know anything about are very genuine. Most of this man-ox, man-horse, mermaid, sea serpent, Egyptian mummy, royal anatomical marine museum stuff is manufactured. Of course, there are some freaks of nature in the way of monstrosities that are genuine. The India rubber man is a freak of nature, and I was in to see the centaur of a man-horse at the dime museum. That's genuine if you like it. It's a coon with his legs twisted out of shape. The poor cuss was marked in birth, and can't walk upright—a dead give-away of a fake that don't excite any particular interest. 'Australian children' are idiots. Circassian women can be made with ease and celerity. Bearded women can be found anywhere. The country is full of Albions, and if it were not, they can be manufactured to order any time.

"Do you remember that sea serpent that we exhibited at the State fair a year or two ago? It was 20 or 30 feet long, and was the queerest looking thing I ever saw. It had big chunks of bone on the side of it, and had a mouth big enough to take in a long boat. Well, this Alaskan made that. How did he make it? Blamed if I know. He's ahead of me on that. It was a good job. He made a sea serpent lately for Dr. Dee, and I ran across it at Exeter. One of the professors at Phillips' Academy went in and looked it over. He said he had doubts about its being genuine.

"Ha! ha! Well, I don't blame him. I had my doubts, too, but they were based on a different foundation—the difference between theory and fact, you see. The doctor had a mighty good lecture to go with his museum. He had one or two mermaids, and one of them he considered a particularly valuable specimen. He never failed in the course of his address to relate that this was positively the only mermaid ever captured alive. He said that she seemed to mourn for her home at the bottom of the sea, and to continually utter plaintive cries, and sung in a mournful heart-breaking key. They fed her everything in the line of fresh fish, but she pined away and died, and thus ended the existence of the only mermaid ever captured alive.

"The doctor had a bang up show on the outside. His pictures were very gorgeous and true to fact. In front of his mermaid he had a large patch of green grass and the green waves curling up.

"One day an old chap, with his town meeting hat on the crown of his head clear to his ears, came up and looked at the mermaid as she fluttered in canvas true to the picture of her home beneath the wave.

"As he gazed at her in rapt suspense and noticed that she was the only specimen ever captured alive, he looked up to the orator at the door and said, 'Say, mister, what do you feed her on?'

"There may have been truth as well as poetry in the reply of the doctor as he looked down and said: 'My dear sir, we feed her entirely on suckers. She has to have something very fresh.'

"By the way, you may quote mermaids this season as very cheap—anywhere from $5 to $35.

"I notice that our friends are from the suburbs to-day, getting their systems charged with electricity. Well, it's a good point. It won't hurt 'em any if they don't work the racket too strongly. This plunging at the electric battery to see how much you can stand don't pay for a cent."

"They Skun."

The story the other day about the pious little boy who tried to walk on the water in the bathtub recalls another of an equally pious little girl. She was eight years old, and lived in the country; she had started one day rather late for school with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glimpse of a clock dial through an open door; it lacked five minutes of 9.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the pious little girl, "it's five minutes to 9, and we'll be late to school."

"I'm afraid we will."

"Jennie," said the pious little girl, impressively, "I'll tell you what we must do; we'll kneel right down here and pray that we won't be late!"

"H'm!" said the other, "I guess that we'd better skin right along and pray as we go!"

They "skun," and got there.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did you ever go to the circus, Jim?" asked one small urchin of another. "Not a real circus," said Jim, reflectively, "but I've seen my mother water the garden with the hose."—*Somerville Journal.*

BAD FITS OF THE BLUES.

The Growth of Selfishness—Why it Should be Struggled Against and Banished—Why People Ought to be in Society.

There is a mental condition with which we all become acquainted some time or other during our existence, which is neither ennui, discontent, temper, nor disappointment, but simply sheer depression of spirit; and, as a rule, we cannot altogether account for it even to ourselves—it is inexplicable to us, but the fact of its presence is undeniable, and it may be defined as temporary mental and physical collapse Weariness would generally have more raison d'etre, and be attributable, in the majority of cases, to overwork of various kinds, worry, or anxiety, either of which would suffice to cause it. But depression is somewhat different; it is insidious in character, while its origin is doubtful and sometimes unknown; it varies in degree from a sense of dulness to a condition approaching hypochondria.

And in severe cases, even when they are only of brief duration, the amount of despondency is so great as to make a person in easy circumstances, and without troubles, almost wish for death in preference to the distorted and gloomy views of life which are engendered by depression when it is suffered from in an acute form. An extraordinary fact about this is that in the case of pure depression the surroundings are not always effectual as a curative. For instance, one's dearest friend may be present, or one's self dining out, say, and yet it is only by a strong effort that a semblance of cheerfulness is obtainable, though if similarly situated when in one's normal condition much pleasure would be felt. People say the exercise of a rigid self-control would prevent, or, at least, greatly ameliorate, depression; but it would surely need an iron will to do this, as one may wish to be lively and talkative in the society of others, and still the feeling of utter despondency will conquer for the time.

The query naturally comes, why should a person be causelessly depressed to this extent? Well, the chain of evidence between cause and effect is not always so clearly defined; but dyspepsia would be conducive to depression—so would great monotony or a relaxing neighborhood—any of these three conditions would, in time, bring things to such a pass. A person under the influence of the "cerulean demons"—(an euphemism for a well-worn slang-designation) is certainly trying to the rest of the family, but it is undoubtedly worse for the individual. Imagine a morbid state of mind during which all desires have temporarily fled, and are replaced by a complete mental exhaustion and disinclination for either work or pleasure.

When one feels convinced of one's personal uselessness and inferiority to one's contemporaries and associates, a conviction increased by retrospection, then repentance and good resolutions both vanish—the former seems unavailing, the latter appear futile—and one concludes that life in general is a mistake, and one's own in particular a miserable fail ure. The foregoing paragraphs are an epitomized description of the feelings people are liable to when suffering from depression. Of course there are degrees of despondency, and in the milder forms or the commencement it is not very difficult to dissipate it. The study of self, if pursued *con amore*, is apt to become too engrossing (altogether it may be neither amusing nor profitable), besides which it creates or aids the acquisition of downright selfishness.

This is accompanied by self-indulgence to an extent which might in a measure justify the melancholy thoughts referred to above. Selfishness is of rapid growth, and, unless kept under subjection, becomes permanent, and it really does not answer. Look around on the most popular people of one's acquaintances, and it will be seen that the most worthy of affection and respect are those who study and contribute to the happiness and well-being of others more than their own. Such persons are not usually addicted to depression; they are too much engrossed with their associates to give time or thought to moods and feelings; consequently they are generally cheerful, and at least characterized by moderately good spirits.

The moral to be adduced is that selfishness is a mistake, for it grows on one with increasing years, and is therefore to be avoided and struggled against; while the more we occupy our minds and the faculties of brain and body the less we shall suffer from depression of spirits (unless from physical causes or trouble), which are fed by want of moral control and absence of congenial society or employment. *London Queen.*

The Lack of Smypathy.

We are a practical people, and we have no fiddle faddle sentiment about us. We have no real friendships nowadays. We must not get too deeply interested in anybody, or if anything happens to him or her we may perhaps suffer a little pain, and what's the good? Selfishness is the first law of our modern life. Self-sacrifice may still exist among women, but women are weak things at best. Charity? Give him $5; send him something to eat that is dainty; go and knock on the door and see how he is, and then go off to your fun. Affection? Say you are sorry he is sick, and forget all about him. Dead? "Poor fellow! He was a good fellow and I am sorry he's gone. What card was that you played?"

But perhaps, after all, there are some eyes that the tears come to; somebody's hand grasps the sufferer's and sends the comfort of true sympathy through his weakening frame; perhaps somebody sits in a chair by the fire in a lonely room, and fancies she sees him there, feels his arms about her, hears his voice and pays a tribute to him with a throbbing heart. Somewhere or another it may be, some merry laugh stops half uttered, and somebody rises from the joyous party and says: "I cannot play to-night; I am not well." But it is curious that the larger the world grows the smaller the sympathetic circle seems to get. The more friends a man has the less real friendship. To be happy? It is to have one woman who loves you to love, and one man who trusts you to trust. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Senator Sawyer says a man will never die as long as he walks about.

Dr. William A. Hammond asserts that the brain is not an organ absolutely essential to life.

DEATH DEALING WIRES.

They Kill a Lineman in Hoboken and a Boy in Atlantic City.

James O'Neil, a lineman employed b the Hoboken Electric Light Company, was instantly killed last night. He ascended the pole to arrange the lamp at First and Washington streets. He had barely reached the lamp when he fell lifeless to the sidewalk. The electric current had done its work quickly. The visible evidences of its force were his torn garments, which looked as if cut with a sharp edged knife. The flesh was lacerated at his right wrist and in his side was a wound eight inches long by an inch and a half wide.

O'Neil was 35 years old and lived in Brooklyn. The remains were removed to Coroner O'Hara's Morgue and the County physician was notified.

Atlantic City is having a surfeit of accidents and crimes. Drownings and murders were followed last night by the almost instant death of a boy from electric shock.

Little Louis Mund was the victim. He lived on first street, Philadelphia, in a house in which his father (now deceased) kept a saloon and in which the first American flag was made.

He with his brother, Collie Mund, aged 13, and Charlie Albrecht, aged 12, had climbed to the roof of the dressing room of Albrecht's summer garden. There they played until nearly 7 o'clock, when they were called down by Fred. Albrecht, an elder son of the proprietor. Collie Mund alone obeyed the summons. The other two waited some time and then Louis grasped the electric wire on the side of the garden to steady himself in his descent.

The current had just been turned on and the shock was instantaneous. The wire had been spliced and the point of the joint had not been covered. Little Louis staggered a few steps and then pitched head foremost to the ground, a distance of about fifteen feet.

Drs. Armstrong, Sanders and Wrath were quickly summoned, but all their efforts were without avail. Brandy was poured into him and other remedies were applied, but he was dead. The body was tenderly cared for and now rests alone in the music hall, where an inquest will be held by the coroner this morning.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Peculiar Contempt of Court Case.

The *Representative* says that while the sittings of the last Division Court were being held in Mount Forest, Judge Chadwick presiding, a peculiar case of what the judge termed "contempt of court" arose in this way: Opposite the court-room is situated the Vulcan Foundry; the running of the machinery caused a humming noise, which penetrated the court-room, disturbing the judge's equanimity to such an extent that he ordered the bailiff to notify the proprietors, Messrs. Snow & Blackwood, that the noise would have to be stopped. On receiving the judge's order the foundrymen, thinking it was a high-handed piece of business on the part of the judge to require them to stop their machinery and thereby suffer loss, returned answer that they would stop when their work was done. They were quickly replied to by the judge through the bailiff, that, unless the noise was stopped at once he would fine them $20 for contempt of court. The bailiff returned to the court room with a message from Snow & Blackwood telling the judge to fine away. Mayor Halstead then went over from court and advised the firm on behalf of the judge to stop their machinery, which was reluctantly done, the firm giving notice of their intention to send in a bill of damage to court, which they did. Messrs. Snow & Blackwood are former residents of Galt, and the outcome of the case will be awaited with a good deal of interest. Public sympathy is, of course, with the firm, whatever the law may be in the matter.

Cricket Extraordinary.

There is a small village, only a few miles from Berwick, where a cricket club has recently been started, and the members were glad to secure the services of the boots of the hotel, who had been a famous batsman in his day (at least, so he said) to coach them up in the game. Boots was never tired of recounting his prowess in the field and at the stumps, among other anecdotes telling of an occasion on which he played against an All-England Eleven an innings which lasted three days. This was disputed by a bystander, who declared such a feat impossible. Boots, however, declared he was correct, offered to "back his statement," did so for the sum of five shillings, and won it with the following explanation: The match in which he performed his exploit was commenced on a Thursday, and he was the last man to go in on that day, the stumps being drawn when he had only played one over. Friday it rained persistently, and there was no play. On Saturday morning he was bowled by the first ball he received, so that he actually stood up for *three days*, though whether his performances was a creditable one is a matter of opinion.

Reading Lessons for the Very Young.

The fly Oh, see the lit-tle fly! Does he not look fun-ny as he pran-ces Gai-ly over grand-pa's bald head? See grand-pa make a Grab for him! Ob-serve the qui-et smile on the Fly's face as he lights on another part of that massive dome of Thought. What did grand pa say? Did he re-fer to a mill-dam? No, he did not re-fer to a mill-dam; he re-fer-red to the Fly.

The cat—Get on to the Cat, children! All an-i-mals were made to serve some use-ful purpose, except the Cat he was made for Fun. Cats come in all the fash-ion-a-ble shades. Some of them sell for as much as twenty-nine dollars, but none of them is worth a cent. The Cat has a wild eye and a ten-or voice. He lives upon an-i-mal food and the back Fence. Is it wicked to shoot cats? No, it is not wicked to shoot Cats. No one ever objects, except the Cat.—*Time.*

It is said that the oldest man living anywhere is James James, a negro of Santa Rosa, Mexico, who was born near Dorchester, S. C., in 1752. He was with his master in the revolutionary war, was 40 years old when Washington was elected President, went to Texas when 101 years old, moved into Mexico five years later, and now, at the ripe age of 136, lives in a little hut, to which he is confined by rheumatism, and is supported by contributions from the citizens of Santa Rosa.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A YOUNG BRIDE ELOPES.

After a Two Weeks' Honeymoon She Runs Away with a Married Man.

There is a disconsolate husband in Dutch Kills, L. I., and his name is Anton Kasha. He is a tailor, who lives on Moore street, and does all the finer work for Brokaw Brothers, Devlin & Co., and other well-known clothiers of this city. He is only 26 years of age, but he has crowded into his life a great many love escapades. His first wife has been dead only since June, a year ago, and he has lost no time in wooing Miss Jennie Roessler. She is a handsome brunette and worked in the cigar factory of Robinson & Ries on Third avenue, between Eighty-second and Eighty-third streets. He met her first at Wiebeck's Hall at a ball held there on last Thanksgiving Day. After this he frequently visited her at her house. She was at first rather averse to receiving his attentions but was finally persuaded to marry him. A hall was hired for the wedding, an orchestra engaged and a supper served. The celebration was the talk of the neighborhood.

The young woman's affections were evidently fixed elsewhere. Alexander Ries, of the firm for whom she worked, was enamored of her charms. She received his advances and her companions in the factory noticed the friendly terms upon which they were and the matter became a subject of general discussion. Kasha was not suspicious. He placed every confidence in his wife. He told her that he desired her to give up work and attend simply to household duties. She explained to him most plausibly that her earnings would help to pay the expenses.

On Saturday last she told him she had some clothes that she wished to take to the laundry. She made up a bundle and left, as was her habit, to go to work. She did not return that night, but Kasha was not worried, thinking she had stopped with friends. Sunday passed without any signs of the appearance of the young bride. Then the husband became alarmed. He told her brother, Joseph Roessler, who lives opposite, and the two put their heads together. They went to the factory on Monday and saw Mr. Robinson. He told them that Ries, who has a wife and two children, had not been at the works since Saturday. Jennie left at the same time.

Ries is well-to-do, owns a few houses, and was regarded as a model man.—*New York World.*

ASMUS IS DEAD.

He Says He was Mad at Ida Morrison and so Swore She Shot Him.

Peter Asmus, the young musician who shot himself on Wednesday night at Mrs. Southwick's house of ill-fame on Potter street, died last night at 10 30 o'clock at the Emergency Hospital. The unfortunate girl whom he accused, in his dying statement, of firing the fatal shot was released from the custody of the Fourth-precinct police by order of Coroner Kenney as soon as Asmus confessed that he had done the shooting himself.

He stated yesterday morning that he made the false statement because he was mad at the girl.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Ruling Passion.

Jamie Anderson had returned from college, where he had passed a most successful examination, and brought with him a boxful of presents for the members of his family. These were as suitably chosen as a young man's taste could dictate, that for his aged grandmother being a bonnet of marvellous size, ornamented with many colored ribbons and flowers, with which the old lady was vastly delighted. Some hours afterwards the pleased recipient was missed for a while, and after a search was found sitting in a little-used room with the bonnet on her head. "Whit are ye daein' here a' alane?" she was asked. "Rin awa, dearies, rin awa?" was the quiet response. "I'm jist gettin' used to the braw thing, sae that I'll no' be thinking about it a' the time in the kirk the morn."

How to Secure Some of the Best Things in Life.

Some of the best things in life can be stored up only by the generosity which gives, asking for nothing again. Such are warm affections, kind feelings, benevolent dispositions. Every service willingly rendered, every help gladly given, every effort to encourage the disheartened, to teach the ignorant, to lift the fallen, not only perform their intended work, but even more surely react upon the doer. They may or may not bring him the love, respect and gratitude of those he befriends, but they will infallibly bring brightness and sweetness into their heart, increasing his power to do good, and storing up within him those dispositions which cannot fail to bless him while enabling him to bless others.

Two Hundred Miles Without a Curve.

The new Argentine Pacific Railroad from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes has on it what is probably the longest tangent in the world. This is 340 kilometers (211 miles) without a curve. In this distance there is not a single bridge and no opening larger than an ordinary culvert, no cut greater than one meter in depth, and no fill of a height exceeding one meter. There is almost an entire absence of wood on the plain across which the western end of the road is located. This has led to the extensive use of metallic ties, which will be employed on nearly the entire road.

A Very Poor "Toun."

The burgh of Anstruther in Scotland is three centuries old. It is sixty-nine years the senior of Glasgow. Thirty years after being raised to the rank of Royal Burgh (in 1617) the town was called upon "to feed five oxen to banquet the King," but the Bailies pleaded poverty: "Our toun is ane very mean toun—yea, of all the burghs of the realm the meanest—neither is there ane flesher in oor toun, nor any other person that is accustomed with feeding of beef, we being all seafaring men and fishers."

Several years ago a valuable calf belonging to E. G. Bancroft, of Warehouse Point, sucked a diamond ring from his finger as he was teaching it to drink milk. The calf grew and became a valuable cow, and the other day died mysteriously. A post-mortem examination showed that the ring had recently become detached from the muscle, where it had hitherto remained harmless, and had been the cause of death.—*Savannah News.*

COOKS IN A STEW.

A Chef who Pines for the Fleshpots of Egypt—Mme. Diel's Weakness.

Two cooks—one Adrien Pierre Dournear, the chief cook at Delmonico's establishment at No. 411 Broadway, the other Ernest Diel, the cook of the Calumet Club—seem to have made a bad mess in getting married. The "fifth rib" was evidently too much for their capabilities.

There is, however, a difference in the two suits which came up for a hearing yesterday before Judge Beach, of the Court of Common Pleas. In the case of Delmonico's *chef* the wife is the complainant. According to her they were married in Paris on August 29th, 1868, just twenty years ago. They got along very well together—he as master of the "spit" and she as mistress of their household—until recently, when he succumbed, as she says, to the fascination of a Mrs. Philomena Glatezey, with whom she says he is now living at No. 107 Wooster street. On this charge she seeks an absolute divorce, and on application of M. Louis Mathot, her counsel, Judge Beach appointed Howard J. Foster a referee to take testimony in the case. Meantime the accused *chef* has put in no answer to the suit, thinking possibly that it might be jumping from the frying pan into the fire, though the probabilities are that in the end he will find himself done to a brown turn

The cook of the Calumet Club is the complainant in the second suit. He sues for a limited divorce. He and his wife have been married only some three years, and he declares that they have been living in hot water ever since. The testimony in the case was begun yesterday before Thos. V. Callahan, the referee. In response to questions by M. Louis Mathot, his counsel, Mr. Diel told a pitiful story of his matrimonial grievances.

"What's your wife's greatest fault," he was asked.

"Getting drunk," was the prompt response. "I have had to send her two or three times to Blackwell's Island on account of it. The worst of it was she would come to the club when she was drunk and raise terrible rows there, and I came near losing my place on account of it."

"Had she any other faults?"

"W-e-l-l, yes, if you call them faults—throwing flatirons at me and trying to carve me with a carving knife."

Mrs. Diel denies all the allegations against her except her commitments to Blackwell's Island for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.—*N. Y. Herald.*

In the Height of the Season.

The influence of locality on some of the ordinary affairs of life is simply tremendous.

Miss Daisy Buffinton, of Ripped Gap Station, Illinois, arrived at the Pequot House, New London, last week, and, taking a stroll the following morning, got into a pleasant conversation with a barnacled boatman on the pier.

"What a charming place this is," she remarked, as she gazed wistfully at the pretty little navy at her feet.

"It is pretty peart, ma'am, but you'd orter got here during th' height of th' season. Then you'd a seen."

"Isn't the month of July called the height of the season?"

"Bless yer heart, no," was the reply. "Yer see they git kinder soft like, an' them as gits inter shoal water gits kinder shore-touched, an' them that comes from outside is pow'ful touch, an' sorter dis'pated like, so's yer don't want ter 'sociate with 'em to enny great extension."

"I haven't been here long," exclaimed Miss Buffinton, "but if that is a fair description of the general run of the people here I think I'll go farther East," and she dodged a sculpin that the old merman pulled in with a spiteful jerk.

"People!" he said. "I warn't talkin' about people. I wuz a referrin' to clambs!" —*Time.*

A Little Fish Story.

A few days ago a travel-stained tramp entered a farmer's house just about an hour previous to dinner. He offered to chop some wood if he were given a square meal in return. The farmer's wife, being in need of wood for her stove, set him to work at once. When dinner time came she called him inside, and having fish for dinner, put one little smelt on his plate, while on her own and her husband's she had nice big ones, reserving more on the platter.

The tramp dubiously lifted his little fish on the fork, held it to his ear and returned it to the plate, repeating this several times. Being at last asked what he meant by doing this, he answered:

"A brother of mine crossed the sea about six months ago, but not having heard from him so far I thought I would ask the fish whether he could give me any tidings."

"Well, and what did the fish say?" asked the farmer's wife.

The tramp answered: "The fish told me he was too young to know much about the sea, but if I would ask one of the big fish on the platter he might be able to answer my question."

The Festive Carpet-Cleaner.

The first thing I do with the carpet reminds me of trusting. I hang it up.

The next thing I do reminds me of the Hamilton Baseball team. It's hard to beat.

The next thing I do reminds me of grasping an old friend by the hand. I shake it.

The next thing I do reminds me of an undertaker. I lay it out.

The next thing I do reminds me of election when every man who is nominated by one party is elected. A clean sweep.

While putting the carpet down reminds me of sailing against the wind. I have to keep tacking.

Nothing to Wear.

"I don't see how I can go," said Mrs. McStyle; "really, I have nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear!" exclaimed Mr. McStyle; "where is your cream satin?"

"Why, John, how ridiculous you are! You know that is worn threadbare!"

"I don't see how that can be. You have not worn it above three times."

"Very true; but then, think of the times I had to try it on while it was making."

M. Manzen, a Norwegian athlete, is making a journey through Greenland on snow shoes, with the object of finding the Polar Sea.

TALK ABOUT TOBACCO.

Bits Which Lovers of the Weed May Also Love to Read.

Says *Tobacco*: During the past year many of our Havana importers who have had occasion to ship tobacco to Canada for the purpose of saving the 10 per cent. additional duty levied on goods which have been stored here for the period of one year have been the victims of thefts. Of late the pilferers have become more bold and now, instead of one or two carrots being taken, it is not an uncommon thing for a bale to be relieved of six or eight.

Says the Chicago *Times*: If a man goes to a cigar store where he is unknown and calls for a 10-cent cigar, unless he is an expert in selecting good tobacco, in nine cases out of ten he will have a 5-cent cigar thrust upon him. This is the verdict of a majority of the smokers in Chicago with whom I have talked, and I have been studying their opinions purposely for several weeks.

Says the West Key (Fla.) *Equator*: On the farm of W. H. B. Johnson, who lives six or seven miles west of Bartow, there is said to be tobacco three feet high. A single plant has twenty-five leaves to the stalk. One of the leaves is fourteen inches wide and twenty-two inches long. The tobacco was raised on common fine land which was cleared this year.

Women Who Go Fishing.

Mrs. Cleveland spent the anniversary of her wedding, June 2nd, 1888, fishing for trout. The President and his guide accompanied her. The first lady of the land has always had phenomenal luck in hooking the elusive trout and on this occasion her good fortune did not desert her. Mr. Cleveland considers himself quite a connoisseur at angling in mountain streams and he felt very particular that his beautiful wife should handle her rod with scientific grace. "Let me show you how to cast your line," he said. "Never mind, thank you," she replied with a smile of confidence, "I can do it." The President looked suspiciously on when Mrs. Cleveland waved her slender split bamboo over the crystal waters. There was a splash and a speckled beauty adorned the end of her line. She safely landed him and while the President lashed the waters his wife caught five more trout, all weighing fifteen pounds. "Do you wish to show me how to cast my line?" she asked throwing a sly glance at her husband. The President suppressed a smile and said not a word. He didn't catch a fish all day.

Aside from preparing one of those meals which give her husband so much delight, Mrs. Lamont's greatest pleasure is fishing for trout. Her husband taught her the little art, and not long ago they decided to try thir skill together. "I can't fish with you," said the colonel. "I'll go up the stream and you fish here. When I return we'll have fish for dinner, and you must keep still or you'll never catch one." As the private secretary disappeared on the side of the mountain his wife was gayly humming one of her favorite tunes. After awhile, about dinner-time, Mrs. Lamont heard a noise behind her, and a voice said: "Well, dear, I caught a fish."

"Oh, did you?" replied his wife. "I've caught three, Dan; just look."

The colonel was slightly embarrassed, but pronounced the fish beauties. They weighed in all nine pounds. The merry campers had fish for dinner, but for some reason Mr. Lamont neglected to relate one of his noted fish stories during the meal.

Gail Hamilton's first attempts at Walton's art was fishing for cod. Being unsuccessful she concluded to try trout. She chose a position by a dashing stream on White Mountain. "It must be a splendid place for trout, the scenery is so beautiful," she said. Her brother, to whom she spoke, made no reply, but seeing her wants well supplied, departed. A fish troubled her hook. The fair fisher began to get impatient. The waters were as clear as glass. "Why couldn't I peep over and see the fish swallowing my hook," she asked. Then she moved toward the edge of the stream and peered into the placid pool. A large speckled trout glided through the sparkling waters. She began to get excited. The fish touched her line. Swish! splash! "Help! Brother!" Miss Hamilton found herself in the middle of the stream. The rock she was sitting on had given way. The hook had caught on the limb of a tree. Her brother helped her to dry land and when she saw the bare hook she exclaimed, "Why, where's the fish?" "Still swimming, I suppose," replied her brother.

Harriet Hosmer is a splendid angler, having enjoyed the sport from girlhood. She never fails to catch a good mess every time she goes fishing. This story is told of her. One time she was on a train that was passing a lake where she had spent many happy hours hooking bass. The familiar scenes filled her with an irrepressible desire to cast her line. Running out on to the platform she secretly pulled out the coupling pin, and while the rest of the train went gliding on her car came slowly to a halt. Miss Hosmer had her fish, but it cost her father a neat sum of money.

Courtship a la Mode.

Reginald—Elsie, I love you. I—

Elsie (interrupting)—Really, Mr. Regin—

Reginald (interrupting)—Before you finish come out and have some wine jelly, ice-cream, cocoanuts, lemonade, fried oysters and a sherbet.

Elsie (fondly)—Reginald, I always loved you.

The Hartford *Religious Herald* tells this An old grandfather had become quite feeble and his hand shook so that he could hardly hold a dish. Frequently they slipped from his trembling fingers and were broken. His son harshly scolded him for what he called such carelessness. One day the latter's little boy came into the room, to find his father at work on a block of wood, and asked him if he was making another pig's trough. He replied: "I'm making a trough for an old hog to eat out of. The fact is, it is for your grandfather. He's broken so many dishes that I must stop it or we'll all go to the poorhouse. Now, my boy, you run awa and play." But the boy hesitated, and slowly said: "Father, hadn't I better stay and learn how to make it, so when you get old and break up the dishes I can make one for you to eat out of?" The rough wasn't finished.

GREAT
REDUCTIONS

In Every Line of Goods at

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Come in and see for yourself. We will give from

20 TO 40 PER CT. DISCOUNT!

Don't fail to see our 35c

CASHMERE

we are now selling for 22½c. yd.

EMBROIDERIES,

All prices, from 1c a yard up. Regular prices from 5c a yard up.

CRETONNES,

Just see them. Beautiful 22c goods for 13c yd.

BOOTS,

Of every description, AWAY, AWAY DOWN

Now, if you want a Tremendous Bargain in a first class staple article, just call and try J. G. Anderson's

We are giving 5 lbs of our famous 30c Tea for $1.

TEAS!

All other lines equally reduced. Come at once, as our stock is not extra large, and we are

Bound to Sell at Some Price.

Butter and Eggs

AS GOOD AS CASH.

AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

THE FARMERS ORGANIZE.

A public meeting, in compliance with a requisition to Mr. Hector McDonald, President of the Farmers' Council at McIntyre, Osprey Township, was held here on Wednesday evening, Aug. 8, when a Farmers' and People's Institute was successfully organized, with Mr. Edward Potts, President; John McKinnon and Allan McLean, Vice Presidents; Samuel Scott, Treasurer; D. McDonald, Secretary; D. C. McIntyre, Captain; Duncan McIntyre, Lieutenant. A finance council of five, with an executive council of twelve, and two auditors were also elected, making twenty-six officers of this institute for s.s. No. 2 of Osprey Several speakers took part in discussing the propriety of petitioning county and municipal council boards, together with the Dominion and Provincial Governments, to unitedly work so as to establish a uniform method of public weighing at grain market places or where produce is sold and weighed at all railway stations, as with such a system of monthly public fairs for sale and purchase, or exchange of cattle, horses, and sheep, and an economical method of market-like accommodation, to admit of farmers receiving cash payments instead of truck trade for butter, eggs, poultry, fruit, potatoes, etc., if publicly established throughout market places and where necessary in the several counties of Ontario and other provinces of the Dominion of of Canada, certain progressive advantages must result to immensely prosper agriculturists and almost all other citizens, as claimed for in a petition presented by Mr. Lynn, deputy reeve of Sunnidale, to the County of Simcoe Council, whose committee reports thereon at their next session in November. It was also contended that as very few farmers had votes, or a voice, in the villages, towns or cities where markets are usually run to the detriment of farmers and most other citizens, it therefore became the interests of agriculturists, with villages, towns and cities, to unite as co-workers in making Farmers' and People's Institutes auxiliary colleges, educating institutions in all market towns, or school sections, and thus through union of action to bring influence to bear upon certain monopoly buyers, boards of trade, municipal and county council boards, together with our respective governments, not only public weighing markets but also many other public benefits must soon be forthcoming by securing legitimate relief from ring monopolists of our produce and other markets.

Among other business transacted, the Institute in session unanimously passed the following resolutions. "That monthly cattle fairs be held at McIntyre Corners, and that the first horse and sheep-selling cattle fair be held during October next, on same day on which the township annual show fair is to be held in said McIntyre

"That this Institute also recommends the general adoption of public fairs for the sale, or purchase, or exchange of cattle, horses and sheep on same day at all township, fall and spring show fairs, as most likely to be made practically beneficial to agriculturists, if published in posters of forthcoming township show fairs.

"That the Institute in session also recommends the general adoption of said public weighing markets as directly in the interests of agriculturists generally.

"That the public press may also be pleased to publish reports of said institute meetings and otherwise advocate the objects therein indicated."

H. D. McDonald, Secretary.

Maxwell.

In compliance with a requesetson to Mr. A. Wallace, of Stayner, organizer of Institutes, Farmers' Councils and monthly selling fairs, a public meeting was held here on Saturday, Aug. 11th, when a Farmers' and Peoples' Institute for the Village of Maxwell and adjacent country was successfully organized, with the following officers, viz: Thos. Gamey, President; W. Sproule and J. Gamey, Vic-Presidents; Dr. Scott, Secretary; W. Long, Treasurer; R. Coutts, Captain; H. Guy, Lieutenant. A Finance committee of five and an Executive council of twelve, with two auditors, were also elected. The meeting was well attended and a deep interest was manifested by farmers and citizens in discussing the necessity of establishing public grain-weighing markets, the formation of monthly selling fairs, and other matters which would benefit agriculturists and citizens generally. Among other business transacted, the following resolutions were adopted, Viz.:—That Monthly Public Fairs shall be held in the Village of Maxwell, under the auspices of said Farmers' and Peoples' Institutes, and that the first of said fairs will be held on Friday, Oct. 5th, and continue monthly thereafter on the Friday before Markdale fair, for the sale, purchase or exchange of horses, cattle, and other live stock, dairy and other agricultural products. The Institute repectfully recommends farmers and citizens generally to assist with the fair and to co-operate in petitioning the Township and County Councils and Governments to have public weighing markets, by public scales, and licensed weighers at said markets.

BOOTS & SHOES!

ALWAYS ON HAND.

A LARGE VARIETY

TO CHOOSE FROM AT

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF —

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff oints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment.

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

NOTICE!

To Farmers and the public in general.

Now that the Public Schools are about to open, I would respectfully call your attention to our

Full and Complete Stock

OF

SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

IN ALL CLASSES.

CALL AT

W. RICHARDSON'S

DRUG STORE

Also Lubricating Lardine Oils for Machines.

VOTERS' LIST,

1888.

Municipality of the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Flesherton, on the 4th day of August, 1888, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WM. J. BELLAMY,
Clerk of the said Municipality

Dated this 7th day of August, A.D., 1888.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 375. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUG. 30, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SAVE MONEY!

SAVE MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

WATCHES

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

Spectacles, Silverware, Etc.,

During the month of September, 1888, at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store.

We will give a DISCOUNT of

20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1 and over,

In order to clear out some of our immense stock, to make room for

LARGE FALL IMPORTATIONS

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Hampden, Illinois, Springfield, Columbus, in gold and silver cases, in ladies' and gents' sizes, bearing warrants from 3 to 5 years.

The finest make of American walnut spring and weight Clocks, bearing warrants from two to four years. An $18 Watch for $14.40; a $20 Watch for $16; a $12 Watch for $9.60.

In Silverware we have the most beautiful selection ever shown in this county, at equally low prices. Ladies' Brooches and Barpins, Earrings, Necklets, Guards, etc. Gents' Tie pins, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Charms, etc., at the same terrible reductions. Also the most lovely and large selection of

Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings

and 18 K. WEDDING RINGS ever shown in this section of the country. Come at once and get the choice of the great reductions, and remember that the only place to get your Watches, Clocks or Jewelry repaired is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Special reductions on goods for presentation purposes.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Streetsville needed the dog.

Economy is a great revenue. Save money by attending M. Richardson & Co's Midsummer Discount Sale of summer goods for the next ten days.

Malarial poisons can be entirely removed from the system by the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. This remedy contains a specific, in the form of a vegetable product, used in no other Ague preparation. Warranted.

Save money! Save money by buying your watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, spectacles, etc., at Russell's noted jewelry store. 20 per cent. discount off all cash sales of $1 and over for the month of [illegible]

Scrofula, in the [illegible] corrupts and contaminates every tissue and [illegible] the whole body [illegible] whether at [illegible] in the form of [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Somebody passed through Durham with a load of blasting powder last week and the C. P. R. have replaced a rotten plank in the station platform. And still the march of empire moves along.

We had a call last Thursday from Mr. R. McFarlane, of Durham, who was taking a drive across country. "Bob" is an old friend, and we were glad to see him. He tried to instil a little enthusiasm into our baseball club in the matter of a tournament which is being agitated to take place in Durham. Whether he succeeded in convincing them that it was to their advantage to attend or not, we have not learned.

LATER.—The boys have enthused and intend going.

A Handsome Present.

Mr. Aikenhead, hardware merchant, of Toronto, has presented the Board of trustees of the Methodist Church, Flesherton, with six dozen iron pew plates. We thank Mr. Aikenhead, on behalf of the church members, for his handsome donation.

CHINA HALL. M. Richardson & Co's China Hall is again stocked full with a large new stock of new and handsome designs in Crockery and Fancy Glassware, and all goods in that line for fall trade. Call and inspect.

A Motto.

Sunday afternoon last a motto with a history was presented to the Methodist Sunday school here. The motto was begun by the late Mrs. R. J. Sproule, and completed by her daughter, Miss Ada Sproule. It was very neatly worked in berlin wool, and should be much prized by the recipients on account of the old associations.

A Baptism.

Mrs. Thos. Aikenhead, of Toronto, has been visiting at the residence of her father, J. W. Armstrong, for some time. On Saturday Mr. Aikenhead arrived by the noon train, and in the evening Rev. Mr. Shilton officiated at the [illegible] Mr. Aikenhead [illegible] daughter. Mr. A. returned to the city [illegible] Monday morning's train.

Bloody Dundalk.

The people of Dundalk are a cantankerous lot, anyway. Last week two of these harmonious denizens of the swamp had a law suit over a dead dog. The dog was passed back and forth across the line fence until there was simply the tip of the tail left. Then they went to law. And this week one Jean Criqui was fined $10 and cost for scaring another man with a toy pistol, while the magistrate intimated that he had half a mind to fine the complainant as well. Bro. Spurr is in clover. It reminds us of the gory, wild excitement of mark Twain's western journalistic career. Sick 'em on, brother, its news we are after.

Another car load of new filled Salt at M. Richardson & Co's.

Self-Binder Contest.

There will be a self-binder contest on the farm of Mr. George Stewart, near Flesherton, on Tuesday, Sept. 4th, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. sharp.

HALF PRICE! HALF PRICE! HALF PRICE! Going at half price—Gloves, Hosiery, Gents' Ties, Parasols, 500 doz. or more of Fancy Buttons, at M. Richardson & Co's this week.

Notice.

Having secured the services of a first-class hand [illegible] happy [illegible] all persons requiring [illegible] Rag carpet weaving [illegible] satisfaction guaranteed. W. H. Fleshe[illegible]

Just see those beaut[illegible] G. Anderson is selling [illegible] yard. Regular prices from 1[illegible]

Sheep Worried.

There are two [illegible] given [illegible] Mr. Chas. Irwin [illegible]

[illegible] strychnine [illegible] interests [illegible]

M. Richardson & Co., having large consignments of fall and winter goods on the way, have decided to clear out the balance of their summer goods at a sacrifice. Decided bargains will be given.

Can Defy Starvation.

There was quite a heavy frost here on Tuesday morning, but it did not do much damage. The three editorial pumpkin vines are safe, and our potato tops died down long ago (bugs!); the two citron and cucumber vines came out unscathed; therefore we are in a position to defy starvation for another ten months, providing the cordwood trade is brisk this winter. This will settle the matter with our city cousins of the press, who have been wagering that this frost would knock us out.

Button, button, button, who has the button? J. G. Anderson has 1000 doz. buttons, which he is selling for 5c a doz., regular prices from 10c a doz. up.

The Patriarch.

An interesting communication from Mr. Wm. Purdy, of Winnipeg, was given in the last issue of "The Patriarch." In the same issue there appeared an original poem, by the same writer, which was much appreciated, and appears elsewhere. Mr. Purdy was ably introduced by Dr. Christoe, who testified to the fact that the writer was formerly an active member in the Sons of Temperance, and that though he is now weak and afflicted he still takes a deep interest in the welfare of the order and of the temperance cause generally. "The Patriarch," in answer to several questions, wishes to say that it does not generally appear in print, but as its full title indicates, is read from manuscript once a month at the regular meetings of the Sons of Temperance.

Bears.

As the bear story season has arrived, we have been keeping our eyes and ears [illegible] tendency that may [illegible] On Monday, during the course of our peregrinations in search of news we observed Mr. Bates Fawcett [illegible] a bear's head in his buggy. In answer to our inquiry as to the object, he simply remarked "bears." After some difficulty we gleaned from him the fact that bears had been committing depredations on the farm of Mr. Cunningham, two miles north of Flesherton, having killed a sheep for that gentleman. Mr. Fawcett cautiously lifted the robe from the buggy seat and displayed a trap, large and strong enough to hold a mastodon, with teeth of terrific length. The trap was attached by a cable to a baby sawlog. The bear is expected to walk into that trap without the least hesitation. Should he do so we will let the public know.

Personal.

Mrs. W. S. Copley, of Toronto, is [illegible] ing her mother, Mrs. Wm. Clark.

Mr. Newton Henderson, of the Dominion Bank, Toronto, is rusticating in Flesherton for a few days with his parents.

Mr. Wm. Fawcett, of Detroit, is on a visit to his parents in Flesherton.

Extraordinary bargains in Women's and Children's Boots and Shoes [illegible] clear out the line, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Fire At Priceville.

Mr. J. Brown's saw mill was [illegible] on Tuesday evening [illegible] the [illegible] Mr. Brown [illegible] garden party got up by [illegible] byterian young ladies on Thursday [illegible] was fairly successful [illegible]

1000 doz. Eggs wanted [illegible] prices paid in cash or trade [illegible] Anderson's.

Items From The Station.

Mr. R. W. C[illegible] has been ill [illegible] days, and is not much better yet.

The new station house is not visible except to the mind's eye.

Our school has opened again with every prospect of another successful term.

Mr. S. Muir's new house is getting towards completion, and by its neat design and commanding appearance breaks the monotony of the road towards Priceville.

T. T. T. J. G. Anderson is giving 1 lbs. of Young Hyson Tea for $1. Regular price 25c lb.

Valuable Property for sale in the thriving Village of Flesherton. For particulars apply to A. R. FAWCETT, Review office, Streetsville, Ont. or to J. W. Armstrong, Flesherton.

NOTICE.—All accounts due me for Job Printing and advertising must be paid in to J. W. Armstrong as soon as possible.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Review Office, Streetsville

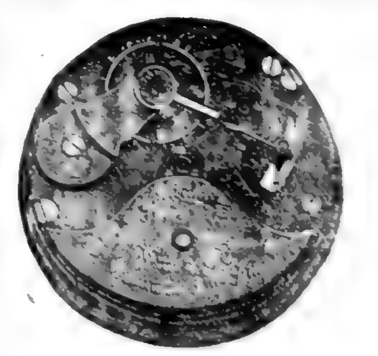

TO

OLD

PATRONS.

AM OBLIGED [illegible]

CONTINUED CONFIDE[illegible]

AND PATRONAG[illegible]

[illegible] next week.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE.

DANISH STEAMERS COLLIDE.

Over One Hundred Persons Sent to the Bottom.

CONDUCT OF THE CRAZED PASSENGERS.

Arrival of the Steamer Thingvalla at Halifax.

A last (Thursday) night's New York despatch says: The steamship Wieland, Capt. Albers, from Hamburg Aug. 5th, via Havre Aug. 7th, with merchandise and 113 cabin and 455 steerage passengers, reports that on Aug. 14th, thirty miles south of Sable Island, at noon, she saw the Danish steamer Thingvalla, Copenhagen for New York, with signals of distress. The Thingvalla had collided on the 14th, at 4 a m., with the steamer Geiser, of the same line, from New York August 11th, for Copenhagen. The Geiser sank in about five minutes. Fourteen passengers and seventeen of the crew, among them Capt. Moller, are saved. Seventy-two passengers and thirty-three of the crew were lost. The steamer Wieland brought 455 passengers from the Thingvalla and those saved from the Geiser to New York. The Thingvalla will endeavor to reach Halifax. The Wieland is at Hoboken.

OCCURRED IN A FOG.

The Geiser left this port on August 11th bound for Stettin. The Thingvalla was on her way to this city, and was advertised to leave here on August 25th. A very heavy sea and a dense fog were experienced through the night and early morning of August 14th. It is said an object could not be distinguished 50 feet away. The Thingvalla struck the Geiser on the starboard side amidships about 4 o'clock in the morning. The ships then parted and within five minutes the Geiser sank. The crew of the Thingvalla did all they could to save the Geiser's crew and passengers while still in doubt whether the Thingvalla was not dangerously disabled, but owing to the heavy sea only 31 were saved. No other vessel was near at the time. The Wieland, on her way to this port, was 100 miles away. At 11.30 o'clock on the morning of the 14th the Wieland was sighted. Signals of distress were made and a transfer of passengers began. The sea was heavy, but no mishap occurred in the transfer. The officers of the company were unable to-night to give a list of the lost.

CAPTAIN ALBERS' STORY.

Capt. A. Albers, of the Wieland, tells the following story: At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 14th we passed some wreckage floating in the sea, and suspected that an accident had happened near us. A little later we sailed through a sea of oil, and sighted a broken boat of the Geiser's. About 11.30 we sighted a steamer to the northward about eight miles off, and seeing she had a flag of distress up we ran down to her. It proved to be the Thingvalla. Captain Lamb, of that vessel, came to us in a small boat and begged us to take off his passengers and those he had saved from the Geiser. He said his own vessel was so badly injured he expected her to sink at any moment. Her forward compartment had been carried away from halfway above the deck to below the water line. I sent the boats and the Thingvalla lowered two boats, and in five hours we had the saved passengers and crew of the Geiser on board. The sea was very rough, and the work of transferring the passengers was very difficult. The immense hole in the Thingvalla's bow was patched up as well as possible, and she started for Halifax. The collision, so far as known, was caused by the fog. The chief officer of each vessel was on deck at the time of the collision.

AN OFFICER'S ACCOUNT.

Third Officer Peterson told much the same story of the occurrence. He said—The fog was very dense. Through the night rain had fallen at intervals. The first we knew of the Geiser's approach was when she appeared on the starboard side, right upon us. The Geiser was struck opposite the engine-rooms amidship. The Geiser being heavily loaded was low in the water, so that the Thingvalla carried away her own compartment. The upper part of her bow ran over the decks of the Geiser. The Geiser's deck-houses were carried away and the state-rooms smashed in and the occupants killed. He first heard a bell ring in the Geiser's engine-room, but could not tell what the order was. He was on deck at the time. He then heard the bell again, this time to back, and the steamer had commenced to reverse when the Thingvalla struck her. The Geiser's whistle was blowing at the time. One of the Geiser's passengers was picked up with a broken leg.

As soon as the Wieland arrived in the lower bay Capt. Moller, of the Geiser, left the steamer on a revenue cutter. He went to the office of the company, where he was closeted a few moments with the agents. He only left word that the accident was due to the weather and went away without stating where he was going. The rescued crew of the Geiser were taken to the Hotel Denmark on the arrival of the Wieland.

BADLY INJURED.

The Thingvalla presents a strange spectacle, with nearly the whole of her bow torn away, leaving an immense hole exposed to view. A long piece of bow hangs over the hole, which reaches back into the sides of the ship over fifteen feet. The projecting piece hangs over the water like an outstretched arm, and shows where the powerful iron plates were broken through and snapped off like pipe stems. Crowds flocked to the wharf to see the steamer, and the wonder is expressed that she ever reached port. No one is allowed on board, and the only statement to be obtained is that of the captain. The steamer will discharge her cargo, be examined by the port warden, and be repaired here. She will be here probably for a couple of months. After repairing she is to reload her cargo and proceed to New York.

CAPT. LAMB'S REPORT.

Capt. Lamb has given the following statement of the disaster to the newspapers: It was just about 4 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th, a few minutes before the watch had been changed, and my second officer who was on deck came down, and I asked him how the weather was. He said it was raining, but not foggy. He retired a few minutes later. I heard the telegraph signal for the engines to reverse. This was the first intimation I had of any trouble. Leaping from my berth I ran for the deck. As I was hurrying up a collision occurred. It was a terrific shock, the steamers coming together with a frightful crash. Rushing forward I found the Thingvalla to be locked with another steamer, which I did not then know. As I approached I saw a man, whom I afterwards found to be the Geiser's second officer, jump on to our deck. My steamer had cut right through his room, where he was sound asleep, and he leaped out of his bunk on to the Thingvalla's deck. It may have been two or it may have been four minutes before the engines were reversed and we backed off. Without delaying a moment I went to quiet my excited passengers, who were crowded on the deck and shouting and crying with fear. At the same time I looked after the safety of my ship, not having any knowledge as to what was the extent of our damage. The officers were already engaged in cutting away and launching lifeboats. One of the Thingvalla's boats had just been lowered when the other steamer went down stern first. This scene was a frightful one. I cannot attempt to describe it. Some of her passengers were rushing madly about her deck, while others were crowded in several boats on the water. It turned out afterwards that the ship foundered. A number of the passengers must have been killed in the bunks by the force of the collision, and never knew what happened. As the steamer plunged beneath the water, carrying down those on board, she capsized the boats that had got away. The air was rent with agonizing shrieks and prayers. Most of the people probably went down with the Geiser, and were followed soon after by the ill-fated souls in the boat, who must have been sucked under as the ship sank.

RESCUING THE PASSENGERS.

Three of our boats were already launched and trying to save as many as they could from the doomed Geiser; but it was slow work, as comparatively few managed to keep afloat after the steamer's disappearance. Three boats were all I could get out in the time we had, and I did not know but what we might want the remaining ones for ourselves. The two vessels were not more than 100 or 150 feet apart when the Geiser went down. The screams of the drowning lasted perhaps two minutes, then suddenly all became quiet. Our three boats returned loaded with the saved who had been picked up in the water and off the bottoms of their capsized boats. I sent the boats back to continue their search for survivors, but they returned with only the corpse of a woman. We provided the survivors with dry clothes, hot coffee and wine and made them as comfortable as possible while attending to the injury to ourselves. The day was just beginning to break when the collision occurred. It was raining, as the second officer told me just before. It was not foggy. I heard the men around me say it was eight or ten minutes between the collision and the sinking of the Geiser; but I could not pay any attention to the time.

CAPT. MOLLER'S ESCAPE.

Capt. Moller told a most wonderful story of his escape. He was standing on the Geiser's bridge as the steamer settled down, and he jumped into the sea. He felt being sucked under by the ship, and while struggling to keep afloat he got his two legs entangled in a piece of wreckage. This turned him round in the water three or four times, and for some moments he was helpless, but finally succeeded in disengaging himself and managed to reach the surface again, breathless and almost exhausted. He then got on top of an upturned boat and held on till rescued by the men from the Thingvalla.

INJURY TO THE THINGVALLA.

After the Geiser disappeared we began jettisoning the cargo to keep the Thingvalla afloat. The crew and passengers worked side by side, throwing overboard what was brought out of the hold. What was jettisoned consisted solely of wood pulp and provisions. There was not much wind but there was a heavy swell. Between 9 and 10 o'clock we reached the forward bulkhead. We then stopped throwing the cargo over and got to work shoring up the compartment. We were leaking badly in the forehold, and we kept the pumps going all the time, so that the water had not time to gain on us. At 11 o'clock the steamer Wieland, for New York, hove in sight, and we transferred all the rescued passengers, as well as our own 450 passengers, to her. The Wieland proceeded about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, leaving us also steering for New York. We continued the work of shoring up the compartment, but after a while, on account of the wind and sea increasing, we found it impossible to keep on for New York, and decided to head for Halifax. At this time it still looked very much as if we might sink, and some of the crew refused to work, wanting to be transferred to the Wieland before she left us. We went as slow as two knots an hour, and sometimes found that too much. We just had to crawl, that was all. On Wednesday afternoon a fishing vessel hove in sight, and we bore down for her. She proved to be the schooner Capis, of Lahave, Capt. Cleversey, and I engaged her to stand by and accompany the steamer to Halifax, so as to be able to help us in case she should go down. Last night the sea was so heavy I had to turn the steamer around, running stern foremost and steering by the schooner, which was connected by a hawser with the steamer's bow. We ran against the wind this way all night.

The Danish Consul has concluded that the investigation of the cause of the collision between the steamships Geiser and Thingvalla will be held in Copenhagen. The survivors of the crew and such of the passengers as wish will leave to-morrow by the Savonia, of the Cunard line. The loss on the vessel is $350,000 and on the cargo $120,000. The insurance is not known.

A pretty design for a lace corsage has a yoke which is laid in fine lengthwise folds or tucks, the fulness below being laid in gathers, or large or small or side box plaits. The full sleeves are finished just below the elbows with frills of lace.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew dined with Mr. Gladstone a few days ago and told him that if he would visit America he would get such a reception "as no one has received since Lafayette."

TO SEARCH FOR STANLEY.

A Lieutenant of the U. S. Navy Organizing an Expedition.

A Washington despatch says: Lieut. A. Mason Shufeldt, of the Navy, who has recently returned from China, is now here arranging for obtaining a year's leave of absence to go abroad, and will leave very soon, probably at the end of August, for Europe *en route* to Zanzibar to organize and lead an expedition in search of Henry M. Stanley. Lieut. Shufeldt is a son of Rear Admiral Robert W. Shufeldt, who made the treaty with the King of Corea, and is possessed of the same spirit of restless love of travel and exploration that has characterized his father. After accompanying his father in the cruise around the world at the time the Corean treaty was made, Lieut. Shufeldt obtained leave and went to Madagascar, which he thoroughly explored for the first time. His operations in that neighborhood took him to the Zanzibar coast also, when he became familiar with the language of the people of that part of Africa. In his researches there he was materially aided by Sir Henry Kirk, the British Consul-General on that coast, who is himself a well-known African explorer, having been a member of Stanley's expedition at the time the American found and brought back tidings of Dr. Livingstone. Sir Henry and Lieut. Shufeldt are firm friends, and the latter will proceed first to enlist Sir Henry's aid in organizing the proposed expedition. It will be necessary for Lieut. Shufeldt to be at Zanzibar in the first half of November, for during the latter part of that month the trading caravans that have come down from the interior to dispose of their skins, gold dust and ivory in exchange for goods are getting ready for their return journeys. The caravans that reach the coast go only to the western boundary of their own country and there turn over a share of goods to other caravans that have brought products across their own country, and these transfer again to tribes still further in the interior. By taking advantage of this annual trading custom Lieut. Shufeldt hopes to be enabled to make his hazardous journey at very much less expense than other such expeditions have done, and will utilize the return of the caravans next summer to enable him to return safely to the coast.

Shufeldt is just 34 years of age. He is tall and wiry like his father, and is possessed of an iron constitution. He proposes to bear some part of the expense himself, but a portion will be contributed by persons interested in the results to be obtained, and Shufeldt will utilize his experience in book form.

WARNED IN A TRANCE.

Singular Story of the Mysterious Cure of an Unknown Disease.

A Findlay, O., despatch says: In Marion township, this county, a young daughter of Henry Searfoss, a prominent farmer, had been ill for several weeks with a disease of which none knew the origin, and which completely baffled the skill of the attending physicians. Her malady was such that the body would at intervals grow as cold as death and be covered with green spots. On last Monday she lost consciousness, and for 36 hours was in a trance, the warmth of her body being the only indication of life. Tuesday night she was aroused from her slumber, and told a strange story of what had occurred to her during her period of unconsciousness, in which she said a man appeared to her, and with a buggy wheel showed her how her injuries came about; after which he brought a sheet, a bucket and three bottles containing wine, whiskey and alcohol, and explained how these might be used to effect a cure. If they were not used he warned her that at 7 o'clock on the morning of the next day she would begin failing, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon death's approach would be realized, and at 9 o'clock the next morning she would be dead. The family physician laughed at the whole thing and bade the parents pay no heed to the spirit injunction, which advice was followed, and at once the predictions of the vision began to come true, and the girl grew rapidly worse. The family, thoroughly alarmed, hastened to apply the treatment prescribed in the trance, and an immediate change for the better made itself apparent, followed by a steady improvement. Yesterday Miss Searfoss was able to be up and around, and is now as well as ever.

A BRIGAND ROMANCE.

A Balkan Chief Captures a Pretty Girl and Has a Mock Marriage.

A London cable says: A large portion of Turkey and the Balkan States is infested with brigands, and their number is rapidly growing. These outlaws, taking advantage of the absence of railway and telegraphic communication, become bolder daily, and the consternation of the better class of inhabitants is increasing to such an extent that many of them are leaving their homes, and taking refuge in the large towns. Recently a band of brigands invaded a small Roumelian town, and captured the daughter of a peasant, a young girl famed in that locality for her beauty. The chief of the band, wishing to make the girl his wife, had a mock marriage ceremony performed, one of the band personating a priest. He then sent a messenger to the village authorities informing them of the marriage and demanding that it be formally registered upon their books, a proceeding that would render the ceremony valid. The authorities refused to comply with the demand and the chief sent the messenger back with his ultimatum, which was that he would sack the village if his demands were not immediately acceded to. The officials are now endeavoring to gain time by parleying with the chief, hoping meanwhile to be able to recover the girl by stealth.

That Gilt Bible with Gold Clasps.

"Talking about swindlers," said old Deacon Blizzard, "about two years ago a book pedler came along, and, as we had no Bible in the house, I bought one with a pretty red cover, with 'Holy Bible' in gilt letters on the back, and clasps on to it, and I'm danged if we didn't discover last week that the book was a volume of census reports for 1870, with a bogus back; and maybe we'd never found out how we'd been cheated if my wife's sister, who had come to visit us, hadn't gone rummaging through the book, looking for a recipe for mince pies, which Amanda said she had mislaid somewhere."—*Drake's Magazine.*

LUNATICS LET LOOSE.

Crowded Into One Cell Four Madmen Try to Kill One Another.

The insane department of the jail was a perfect bedlam yesterday for a few moments, and the madmen confined there shrieked and gibbered like frightened monkeys. They startled the attendants with cries of "murder" and all was in the utmost confusion. Two of the crazy men were rolling each other over the floor and they were covered with blood. The only reason they did not murder each other was because they had no weapons. It all happened because four patients were placed in one cell for lack of room. They got along very well together until Edgar Simpson began to make one of his stump speeches. He has the idea that he is a great stump-speaker and that he must denounce every person he meets as a politician who is inimical to the interests of the people. He delights in "waving the bloody shirt," and began a vigorous tirade against the southern confederacy and all who were in its service. This was more than the military spirit of "Gen. Stonewall Jackson" could brook. He is a lunatic who claims to be the great general himself and he was ready to resent the personal insult given by Simpson. He waxed hotter and hotter, and when a colored patient and Charles Hobenreyser were introduced into the cell he was in a dangerous frame of mind. He made a rush for the stump-speaker and the two were soon pounding each other until their noses were fountains of blood. The colored lunatic became very excited and pushed Hobenreyser into a corner and held him there and butted him with his head. The noise caused all the other lunatics to become frantic and their shouts drowned the din of the combatants. Attendants, with great difficulty, separated the men and placed them in different cells. —*Chicago Times.*

WELLS COLLEGE SCANDAL.

A Professor Charged with Defrauding the College Out of $20,000.

An Auburn, N. Y., despatch says: The destruction of the main building of Wells College at Aurora last week turned public opinion towards that institution, and a discussion of its history and future prospects followed. This sudden interest has revealed the fact that Prof. Edward L. French, the registrar and instructor in physical and natural science, has defrauded the college out of $20,000, and that the college had secured a judgment against him for that amount. The judgment was filed in the office of the County Clerk in this city on June 9th last. The judgment has been returned unsatisfied. As Registrar French had the handling of all moneys received from the pupils in payment of tuition fees, it was his duty to deposit all receipts in the bank to the credit of the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees. For several years, it is said, French had appropriated $500 or $600 each year of this money to his own use. He had no difficulty in deceiving President Frisbee and the Board of Trustees, as there was no record kept of money received from the pupils. About a year ago French resigned and went West. In a short time he came back and again resumed his duties at the college. His dishonesty was accidentally discovered about six months ago by President Frisbee. French's wife is the only representative of the Wells family living, and out of consideration for her the trustees refused to prosecute French. When his shortage was discovered he was allowed to resign and go West.

HANGED TO AN APPLE TREE.

Mr. Silva, of Morgan Park, Chicago, Runs Across a Suicide.

"There were plenty of other apple-trees in the neighborhood," said C. P. Silva, indignantly, to an evening *News* reporter to-day, "and I don't think it was right in him to come and hang himself in my door yard."

Mr. Silva was speaking of the suicide of a German gardener, who used to work for him on his place in Morgan Park. The only name Mr. Silva knew him by was Adam, and that he once lived in Englewood; that he was presumably an unmarried man, and that he drank a good deal, are all the items in his past career known to Mr. Silva.

He had gone back and forth from his house to the chicken-coop several times during the morning without noticing the corpse under the apple tree, and it was not until Mr. Silva started for the train that he looked back and saw a man apparently kneeling under a tree. He turned and found it was Adam, with a clothes-line around his neck, and fastened to a limb of a tree, the body partly resting on the toes, and the clenched hands almost touching the ground. He had probably hanged himself during the night, as the body was cold and rigid.—*Chicago News.*

An Indian Elopement.

A St. Andrews correspondent of the St. Croix *Courier* writes: "The Indians at the point are intensely excited over the sudden disappearance of Horace Nicholas and his brother's wife. The latter has a dark bronze complexion, with features well defined, and is a typical Indian beauty; the former possesses no great attraction and is somewhat morose in disposition. It is a clear case of elopement, the two thinking that life could be made more enjoyable by living together. They selected a day on which the woman's husband was visiting the fishing and hunting grounds at Grand Manan. When last seen, the lovers were plying their birch canoe in the direction of Pleasant Point. It is said that they have pitched their tent there, and propose remaining as long as they possibly can do so undisturbed."

Initials by Telephone.

All people who have occasion to telephone names have had great difficulty in making initials understood. B, C, D, E, G, P, T and V sound so much alike that to distinguish between them is almost impossible, and M and N also sound very similar. A system used with very satisfactory results, when the person at the other end of the wire has understood it, is to give a word beginning with the letter that is the initial in question. For instance, suppose the name is B. P. Smith. A score or more of other combinations have almost the same sound, but if the sender says: "B. P. Smith; B for butter and P for pepper; B. P. Smith," there is no difficulty in understanding.—*New Haven Palladium.*

TWINS LIFT A DEBT.

A Fortunate Mother Wipes Out a Mortgage.

"If you make up the even two dozen children by next year I will lift the mortgage off the farm," said the owner of a piece of land in Montgomery county, a short distance from Pottstown, to Mrs. Nader, the mother of twenty-two children, as she was rocking the twenty-second child in a cradle upon the occasion of his visit. The man meant his offer as a joke—but——

The next year the owner was on hand promptly to collect the interest, when to his surprise the proud mother motioned him to the cradle, and lifting the coverlet, showed him fine twins, which completed the two dozen. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it. The owner lifted the mortgage, and said he believed in protecting home industry.

Mrs. Gilbert, who formerly lived at Franklin street and Fairmount avenue, proudly told her friends that she was the mother of twenty-two children, all in good health, and Mrs. Osler, who lives near the Market street ferry in Camden, is famed far and near as the maternal proprietor of nearly a quarter of a hundred children, and says she will live long enough to see each one of her twenty-three offspring the happy parent of a third generation of Oslers, who are well represented in the city across the Delaware.

A happy attendant at the games of the canny Scots at Gloucester yesterday was a mother from the land of thistles who kept her eye on the lively movements of fifteen young Scots who danced the Highland Fling to the music of three bagpipes.

At one of the largest hotels in Atlantic City last week there stopped a fine-looking old man of some 90 years, now a retired merchant. He has been married three times in nearly the century of his life, and he had eighteen children by his first wife, six by a second and four by the third, making a total of twenty-eight. The oldest of this young colony is 70 years of age and the youngest 16. The old gentleman is hearty and happy, and takes his daily bath in the surf with as much gusto as his 30-year-old grandson and his 8-year-old great-granddaughter. — *Philadelphia Record.*

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

Albert E. Krahe, Arrested in Montreal for Forgery, Pleads Guilty and is Sentenced.

Albert E. Krahe, who forged a cheque for $2,900 on his employers, Messrs. Kilsch & Co., of New York, and who, it will be remembered, was captured in this city recently with his pretty young wife, and went back voluntarily to New York with the detectives, pleaded guilty on Wednesday before Judge Martine, of New York, and asked for mercy. Judge Martine said that for the sake of the young man's wife and mother, who were in court, he would give him a chance to reform, and sentenced him to the Elmira Reformatory. It will be remembered that Krahe confessed his crime while in Montreal and also stated that his infatuation for his young wife, whom he wished to load with handsome presents, had led him to make out a cheque on the firm of which he was cashier, of $2,900 instead of $900 with which to pay the employees.—*Montreal Gazette.*

How Many Stars are There in Sight?

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6,000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or about 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration it is not likely that more than 2,000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by an ordinary eye. About 2,000 other stars are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, only 4,000 ever come within the range of our vision unless we make a journey towards the equator.—*Century Magazine.*

Climate and Peculiarities of Our Pacific Coast.

(Correspondence Montreal Witness.)

At Valdey Island, south of Seymour Narrows, it rains frequently; north of that it rains generally; in Alaska it rains always, so people say. But we could not afford to lose the clouds on the mountains, and the grandeur of the humid sunsets beggars description.

At Victoria, whose twelve thousand people are buried in profound repose, are all the sweet flowers and old-time institutions of the mother country. There are hansom cabs, a few bad smells, graduated society, and ivy and daisies, apple trees, oaks, elders, sweet clover and holly, broom and bracken. Its thick green grass, and all the little nameless weeds familiar to English eyes, bring back to English people a thousand reminiscences and tender thoughts. There is dreamy quiet in Victoria. Sybarite villas and cottage gardens, delicious air, cheap fruit and few mosquitoes. It is a place to dwell in; a place in which to rest and be at peace.

A Rising Young Man.

To his fond father, who has asked him where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had the last quarter." "Indeed. Well, where are you?" "I'm fourteenth." "Fourteenth, you little lazybones! You were eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?" "Yes; it's nearer the stove."

A Little Boy's Philosophy.

A little boy running struck his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow; you won't feel the pain to-morrow," said a bystander. "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Poluted.

A confirmed tippler remarked in the presence of his little son that at one period he didn't touch a drop for two years. "Pa," said the little fellow, "was that your first two years?"

Land of the Beautiful Dead.

I.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps
And nigh to the tower of the king,
Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps
And joy loves to linger and sing,
Lies a garden of light full of heaven's perfume,
Where never a tear drop is shed
And the rose and the lily are ever in bloom—
'Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

II.

Each moment of life a messenger comes
And beckons man over the way;
Through the heart sobs of women and rolling of drums,
The army of mortals obey.
Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow,
A face from each fireside has fled,
But we know that our loved ones are watching us now
In the land of the beautiful dead

Not a charm that we knew were the boundry was crossed,
And we stood in the valley alone.
Not a trait that we prized in our darling is lost:
They have fairer and lovelier grown.
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of night
Into bondage at dawn break are led,
So they bask in the glow by the Pillar of Light,
In the land of the beautiful dead.

O! the dead, our dead, our beautiful dead,
Are close to the heart of Eternity wed.
When the last deed is done and the last word is said
We will meet in the beautiful land of the dead.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Some of the Crazes in Wood that Have Been Popular for Years.

There are many crazes in the furniture business in respect to different woods and their imitations, says the New York *Graphic*. For many years walnut was a wood that held absolute predomination over all other woods for furniture. But while other woods have become very popular and walnut is apparently on the decline, yet, really, walnut will always be a fashionable wood. The price will gradually increase, for the large demand is fast consuming the supply. In many States fifteen years ago the farms were enclosed with walnut rail fences, as the wood was not so valuable in those days. But in these States where walnut grows the lumber that would have been formerly cast aside with the "culls" is to-day sold for high prices. Even the small limbs of walnut trees are now sawed up into material for rungs and posts of parlor chairs. The old snarled limbs and knots of the walnut trees are sought after with avidity by buyers through the country districts, who sell them to firms that manufacture them into ornaments for antique shelves, fancy hassocks and other similar furniture. Rail fences in these districts are now a rarity in the extreme. But, as to the various woods that are used in the manufacture of furniture, maple, ash, poplar, gum and cherry comprise the list. What is known as quarter-oak is the latest craze. Quarter-oak is made by first sawing a log from end to end through the middle. Then each half sawed from end to end through the middle, thus leaving four quarters. Each quarter has only three sides, one the bulge part of the log, and the other two sides being flat and coming to a sharp edge. The boards are sawed off the sharp edge and each sawing, therefore, throws off a board wider than the one before it. Sawing the quarters of the log in this manner the lumber is beautifully cross-grained. The cross-grained lumber is worked into the finest parlor furniture at present. The wood is susceptible of a very fine polish, and the cross-grain produces an effect, made by both nature and the saw, that is far superior to the art of the most experienced grainer. But one of the prominent features still in the furniture business is the staining of woods. There are tricks in all trades, and this is the greatest one in the furniture manufactories. A very simple preparation, composed of crude oil and lampblack, is rubbed on the highly-polished surface of oak, and when it soaks into the pores of the wood the wood then takes on a dark hue. The varnish is then applied, which gives a neat finish to the wood, and this is then a fair imitation of antique oak. The common gum is often stained to represent cherry. Cherry itself is very valuable and is left in its own natural color, although it is sometimes stained to represent rosewood. Soft maple, poplar and gum are stained with preparations of burnt umber, crude oil and lampblack, to produce an imitation of mahogony. Ash has a very pretty grain that stands out prominently under color, and it can be stained to imitate red cherry. Sycamore is a wood largely used for bed-posts and it stains nicely in imitation of walnut.

A Dog on Long Sermons.

A correspondent, "A. H A.," of the London *Spectator*, of August 4th, writes: "During a recent journey in Canada I met with a striking instance of reason in a dog. I was staying at the Mohawk Indian Institution, Brantford, Ont. Rev. R. Ashton, Superintendent of the school, is also incumbent of the neighboring Mohawk church (the eldest Protestant church in Canada). Mr. Ashton is very fond of animals and has many pets. One of these, a black-and-tan terrier, always accompanies the ninety Indian children to church on Sunday morning. He goes to the altar rails and lies down, facing the congregation. When they rise to sing, he rises; and when they sit, he lies down. One day, shortly before my visit, a stranger-clergyman was preaching, and the sermon was longer than usual. The dog grew tired and restless, and at last a thought occurred to him, upon which he at once acted. He had observed that one of the elder Indian boys was accustomed to hand round a plate for alms, after which the service at once concluded. He evidently thought that if he could persuade this boy to take up the collection the sermon must naturally end. He ran down to the back seat occupied by the boy, seated himself in the aisle and gazed steadfastly in the boy's face. Finding that no notice was taken, he sat up and 'begged' persistently for some time, to Mr. Ashton's great amusement. Finally, as this also failed, the dog put his nose under the lad's knee and tried with all his strength to force him out of his place, continuing this at intervals till the sermon was concluded. Did not this prove a distinct power of consecutive reasoning?"

Wall street has just lost one of her most daring speculative leaders, Charles A. Johnes, who in the last few years has made over $2,000,000 in the stock market, breaking down his health utterly in the strain and excitement involved therein.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE greatest woman in the world died last Monday. She was a Nova Scotian, her maiden name was Anna Swan, and she was the wife of Capt. Bates, the Kentucky giant. Her actual height was 7 feet 9 inches, and her weight 325 pounds. She had been exhibited all over the world, yet she was as modest and retiring as a woman of her size could be. She had one child, but it died in infancy.

AN interesting experiment was recently made by a Dr. Durand in reference to the relative power of imagination in the two sexes. He gave to 100 of his hospital patients a dose of sweetened water, and shortly afterwards entered the room, apparently greatly agitated, saying he had by mistake administered a powerful emetic. In a few minutes four-fifths of the subjects were affected by the supposed emetic, and were mainly men, while every one of those not affected were women.

WHETHER or no there exists some mysterious connection between camp meetings and rain, the fact remains that the weather during their continuance is generally of a decidedly moist character. This year has been no exception to the rule; but instead of dampening the enthusiasm of the dwellers in tents it appears to have added to it. The camp-meeting, amid all other changes, is likely always to remain as a distinctive feature of Methodism, valuable for the physical rest which it affords and for the friendly associations which it engenders.

THOSE who deprecate the principles on which the opposition of organized charity to indiscriminate alms giving is based would have their eyes opened could they read the details of a case in one of the courts of New York this week. A lame woman who was imported by one Greenfield as his capital in a begging venture, sued him for the recovery of $235, being a balance of $300 she had deposited with him during her twenty-six weeks' operations less board at the rate of $2 50 a week. She gained the suit with interest and costs and once more illustrated the profitableness of begging.

EIGHT big ocean steamers are being built for the trans-Atlantic lines, and some sharp contests of speed are expected when they are floated, for all are being built with a view to lowering the record. The Guion line has on the stocks what will be the biggest vessel afloat—not including, of course, the Great Eastern, which is to be broken. She will be 11,500 tons. Sir William Pierce, who designed the Oregon, Alaska, Umbria and Etruria, is her designer, and he says she will cross the ocean in five days. Her length will be 560 feet, breadth of beam 63 feet and depth of hold 53 feet. Several striking departures will be made in her construction.

THE Duke of Marlborough has recognized the force of the point that his New York marriage with Mrs. Hammersley was of very doubtful validity and has had another ceremony performed in England. This removes all doubt in the matter, as there can be no question as to the validity of the English marriage. The Duke's experience should be a lesson to every divorced defendant who may want to go to New York to get married. The New York law prohibits a person against whom a decree of divorce has been granted for his or her marital infidelity from marrying again during the lifetime of the complainant without leave of the court.

UNITED STATES Consul Leoning, of Bremen, reports the arrival in that port of some tobacco grown in the German colony of Cameroon, in Africa. It is the product of a first crop, and is regarded as fully equal, if not superior, to Sumatra leaf. The price paid in Bremen for this tobacco was 50 cents per pound. Similar grades of Sumatra sell for 88 cents to 95 cents per pound. Quite a boom in this tobacco is now being experienced in Bremen. Companies are being formed and capital is being liberally invested in its cultivation. It is expected to compete sharply with Sumatra, being of quality equal to the Dutch product and much cheaper.

A TELEGRAM from Pittsburg to the New York *Times* says that a "prominent local mining engineer and coal expert thinks natural gas is giving out." He says: "Within two years at furthest coal lands will be selling for what they were considered worth before natural gas was thought of. This will be due largely to the failure of the gas fields to supply the demands made upon them. Gas, like oil, will in time exhaust itself. New fields may be opened, but, taking all in all, I think the outlook for coal was never so bright since natural gas came in use." Similar predictions were made concerning the petroleum supply twenty years ago.

THE marriage of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, last week, to Agnata Ramsay, daughter of Sir John Ramsay, has created extraordinary interest on account of the remarkable university career of the bride. Both bride and bridegroom enjoy the distinction of being seniors in classics, a coincidence without parallel. Dr. Butler is a man of high academical distinction and extremely popular. One of the bridesmaids was a fellow student of the bride at Newnham College; she wore spectacles, giving her a curious appearance. Dr. Butler is 55 years of age and the bride 23. He presented her appropriately enough with finely bound copies of Plato, Sophocles and Dante.

THE old proverb, "Better late than never," has just been illustrated by a striking instance. Ninety-seven years ago some person, now unknown by name, posted in Paris a number of the *Gazette Universelle*, directing it to "Monsieur X——, in Morges, Switzerland," but the newspaper did not arrive at its destination until last week. It appears that the *Gazette*, which had been waiting for delivery ever since January, 1791, had got mixed up with a bundle of other newspapers, and was found with its cover and address still intact amidst a heap of rubbish in a garret. The finder conscientiously sent it to the Morges postmaster, by whom it was as conscientiously forwarded to the present representative X—family still living at Morges. So unique a specimen of postal integrity deserves to be exhibited in a postal museum, or would not be out of place amongst the curiosities in the Newspaper Museum at Aachen.

NO ONE can accurately estimate the damage which has been done, especially in recent years, by bush fires. These are all accidentally started; that is they have developed, unexpectedly, from smaller fires. The persons setting them out, however, have exhibited a criminal carelessness. The owners of valuable river property are found fault with because they discriminate as to whom they will allow to camp upon it, but the fault-finders would be less given to severe criticism were they aware of all the anxiety and worry the campers have caused. A few days ago, says a Kingston paper, tourists were refused a landing at one man's wharf, and on the same day a fire was started in his bush. Before it was checked it had burned over a considerable territory. That was not the first experience of the kind which the landlord had had, and he is to be excused if he curtly warns every camper henceforth to go elsewhere with his fires Later, another property owner, near to the same place, had most of his hay burned up, and the scarcity of fodder makes the loss a serious one.

MCKEE RANKIN writes to the Chicago *Times* that the late Bartley Campbell had nothing to do with "The Danites." It was dramatized from Joaquin Miller's sketch, "The First Families of the Sierras," by P. A. Fitzgerald, of Philadelphia, an old acter, to whom Rankin paid $25 an act for the work as fast as it was done. The play, under the title of "Poor Little Billie Piper," was first read to Joaquin Miller in the summer of 1876, Rankin says, and to Bartley Campbell in the following winter. Rankin adds: "This P. A. Fitzgerald was considered an unlucky man, and I was certain that managers would never listen to a play written by him; so I hired Miller to father the work and paid him $5,200 for the fraud." This is a fair illustration of many happenings in the Grub street literary line. The stage carpenter who sawed out the play got $200, the literary charlatan who lent it his name got 25 times as much, and the actor of it probably doubled the last named sum at least twenty times. And Bartley Campbell and Louis Aldrich got the hint of that profitable piece of theatrical joinery out of poor Fitzgerald's work to boot.

PROBABLY the most aggravating passenger the street car drivers have to deal with is the able-bodied man who pulls the bell and then proceeds to alight before the car stops. Of course the driver obeys the signal and then looks round for his passenger to alight. Nobody stirs, and on further investigation he sees the person who rang the bell across the street, unconscious of or indifferent to the fact that he has caused the driver and horses unnecessary labor and the passengers unnecessary delay. Of course, if a passenger wishes to do so it is his privilege to pull the bell rope, and nobody will complain. But in that case let him keep his seat until the car stops and then get off. But if he proposes to leave the car while it is in motion why does he ring the bell? There are many citizens who never think of stopping a street car to get on or off if they are alone and unencumbered by baggage. No one should try it, however, who hasn't learned to jump with the car, a precaution that is sometimes neglected by people old enough to know better and who are very much surprised on stepping off the wrong way to find themselves lying flat on their backs in the streets.

In a recent report to the English Education department Sir James Chrichten Browne, M. D., gave it as the result of his investigation of alleged over-pressure of work in elementary schools that "the seeds of disease are being sown broadcast by the schoolmaster." He found that suicide, insanity, and many diseases of the heart and the kidneys are increasing in England year by year; and he expressed the opinion that "the main cause of this increase is over-pressure in elementary schools." This is a startling judgment of high authority on a subject of strictly vital interest, and we have no reason to question its truth. To force the unformed and reluctant brain to tasks beyond its normal power is far more cruel than to overtask the muscular system by excessive physical work. In the latter the body soon reaches its maximum of possibility and there stops, with a stunted growth, a premature development, and an enfeebled system as its consequence. In the former there is an excited condition of the nerves, a permanent damage to the brain, and a deterioration of all the vital functions which depend upon the brain. There are many small graves where children lie buried who might have lived the allotted span of human life but for the baneful haste and ambition of indiscreet parents. There are many schools which are worse than slaughter-houses.

A Self-Sacrificing Host.

At one of the country hotels, after the fourth or fifth execrable meal, I determined to speak to the landlord. He was a mild-mannered man, and I beckoned him out behind the house and began with:

"Say, do you realize that you are keeping one of the poorest, meanest hotels in all Tennessee?"

"Why, no!" he exclaimed in great surprise.

"You have the poorest beds I ever slept in, and I've slept in a hog-pen once or twice."

"You don't say?"

"Your cook ought to be killed with a club, and your cross-eyed waiter should have been in the grave long ago."

"Well, well."

"How you have managed to get along and keep the place beats me. I don't want to be mean, but I want to ask you if you can't improve things a little?"

"I can, and I'll cheerfully do it, sir."

"It's for your benefit to please your guests, of course?"

"Of course it is, and I'm bound to do it. I'll make an improvement in less than half an hour."

In about 20 minutes he came around to me on the veranda, smiling and rubbing his hands, and said:

"Well, I've made it. I've cut the cook's wages down a dollar a month and swapped that cross-eyed nigger waiter off for a lame wench! Bet your life things have got to go different here, if it costs every cent I take in. Can you suggest anything else?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sisters of the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, have obtained from Bishop Walsh permission to found a convent school at Wyoming, to be conducted as a branch of the Ursuline Academy.

FAMOUS HORSES KILLED.

Some of the Notable Animals Lost in the Corning Smash-Up.

Quite a stir was caused in sporting circles by the news of the fatal accident to the valuable horses owned by the firm of Langtry & Gebhard. Ten horses, of the aggregate value of $100,000, were killed in the collision at Corning. The horses were shipped on Sunday afternoon by the Wells-Fargo express, at the owner's risk, the company being released from all liability. The car was expressly fitted up for their occupancy and was to go directly to Englewood, Ill., where the horses were to be given a three days' rest. The horses owned by Mrs. Langtry were St. Saviour, Pauline and two black tandem horses. Pauline was a French thoroughbred and had been the property of Mrs. Langtry for several years. An oil painting of the intelligent-looking animal is hung conspicuously in the drawing-room of her Twenty-third street home. Orphan Boy, one of those killed, was a trained polo horse and had been seen often at the Newport meets. Mrs. Langtry's five-hundred-dollar white English bulldog, together with several young terriers, were also sent with the horses. The bulldog, curiously enough, refused accommodations in the car and insisted on accompanying the fireman in the cab. The dog could not be induced to leave his new friend's side and was crushed beneath the engine, while the fireman was frightfully scalded. The trainmen who came into the Erie depot from the west yesterday told interesting stories of the peculiar actions of the knowing dog and the attention he attracted along the line. When the train was in motion he occupied the fireman's bench and lay with his head on his paws, gazing ahead through the open cab window. Neither the tooting whistle nor the clanging bell disturbed his repose. At the several stopping stations he jumped down and ran about, but when whistled to before the train started he would leap into the engine and resume his watchful position. The dog was a great pet of Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Gebhard and a party of friends were to leave to-morrow in the "Lily's" special drawing-room car for her farm in St Helena, Cal., but at a late hour yesterday a telegram from Long Branch was received at the Twenty-third street home directing that the arrangements be delayed. It is thought by friends of Mr. Gebhard that he took the precaution of insuring his horses. The loss of the horses named does not by any means exhaust his stock of racing material. He has several fast ones left, all of which have been entered in Monmouth Park races this season. Among these may be mentioned the bay filly Sweetheart, by Spendthrift, the black 3 year-old filly Her Ladyship, bay gelding Volunteer, by Mortimer, and a chestnut gelding by Owas.

Mr. Buck, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, received a despatch from Mr. Gebhard yesterday morning informing him that he was going to the scene of the accident at once, and asked him to have everything in readiness for the care and comfort of Mr. Aby if it was found possible to remove him to this city.

Of the horses in Mr. Gebhard's lot the four best known were Echo, Helvet, St. Savior and Palanca.—*N. Y. World.*

THE LILY AT THE WRECK

Discourteously Treated by Port Jervis Hoodlums Mrs Langtry Washing an Injured Woman's Hair An Errand of Mercy.

Fred. Gebhard, his cousin [illegible] Blanc, Mrs. Lily Langtry [illegible] re, Mr. Gebhard's valet, and the [illegible] of the party, have come a[illegible] gon[illegible] says Wednesday's Port Jervis [illegible] They arrived in the handsome palace coach La Lee, owned by Mrs Langtry, on Tuesday morning, and although they originally intended to return the same night, they concluded to wait until noon to-day. This was done in order that they might take with them Mr. C. W. Aby, the superintendent of Mr. Gebhard's California stock farm, who was so badly injured in the wreck at Shohola last Sunday night. Mr. Aby is suffering from a compound fracture of the arm, a severe cut in his wrist, and several bad bruises on his back. He was able to walk to the car, which was switched in front of the Delaware House, and will, no doubt, have a pleasant journey to Jersey City in one of the finest palace cars in the country.

To the discredit of Port Jervis hoodlums, and also some older but equally ignorant people, we must confess that the Langtry party were used most discourteously. Coming here on a mission of mercy—to care for their injured employees they were intruded upon in a most outrageous manner. Their car was switched near the Germantown crossing for the night, and the occupants hoped to obtain a much needed night's rest. Instead of that the car was surrounded by a gang of women, men and boys, who insisted on climbing on the platforms, and even went so far as to throw stones and lighted matches through the open, but lace curtained windows. In addition the most vile language was indulged in, until finally the party were compelled to walk down town and take quarters in the Delaware House until their car could be brought down to the centre of the yard where police protection could be obtained.

The goodness of Mrs. Langtry's heart was exhibited by her travelling so far, unsolicited, and by her subsequent conduct in visiting nearly all the injured. This morning, hearing that Mrs. Sarah Slater, one of the injured, was liable to lose a portion of her beautiful head of hair, by reason of the scalp wound she received, and which was filled with matted blood, glass, etc., she spent upwards of an hour in washing and combing it out. This was another act of kindness, and one rarely exhibited by women worth $250,000 in their own right. All who came in contact with Mrs. Langtry acknowledge that she is a most accomplished and courteous lady.

A Necessary Precaution.

A Pittsburg hostess promises in the near future the latest "fad," a Babylonian tea—that is, a tea on the housetop. There should be a balustrade erected for the convenience of the gentlemen who take their "tea" cold.—*Pittsburg Post.*

It seems strange that though the wheel of a steamboat may be kept going continuously, it only works in its turn.

NEARLY BURIED THE WRONG BOY.

An Extraordinary Case of Mistaken Identity in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn came to the front yesterday with an extraordinary case of mistaken identity. On Thursday last the nude body of a boy was picked up in Buttermilk Channel by Captain Lewis, of the tug W. H. Howie, and taken to the foot of Conover street, whence it was removed to the morgue.

Philip Ulrich, a Glen Island policeman, of No. 567 Baltic street, missed his son John, aged 11 years, who had gone to visit his grandmother on July 30th and had not returned on the day when the body was found. He gave a description of the missing child to the police on August 7th, and on Thursday evening was informed by them of the finding of the body and its removal to the morgue. He at once visited that institution and made a careful examination of the body. It had been so long in the water that decomposition had set in, but Mr. Ulrich was convinced by certain marks on the face and breast that it was that of his son.

From the morgue Mr. Ulrich went home, stopping on his way at an undertaker's and instructing him to prepare for the burial of the remains. When he reached his house he told his wife that he had identified their son in the morgue, and they mourned their loss together.

Early yesterday morning Mr. Ulrich called upon Mrs. John Bulkley, his mother-in-law, at No. 59 Amity street, with whom he is not on friendly terms, as she was bitterly opposed to his marriage with her daughter, and told her of the news.

"Your boy is not dead," said Mrs. Bulkley, emphatically, when Ulrich had finished his sad story.

"He is!" exclaimed Mr. Ulrich; "I have seen his dead body!"

But the old lady was [illegible] and though she was reduced for a time to tell all she knew still persisted that the child was alive. Finally she asserted that he was at St. John's Orphan Asylum, St. Mark's and Albany avenues, Brooklyn.

Now it was Mr. Ulrich's turn to be incredulous, and he insisted upon Mrs. Bulkley's coming with him to the morgue and seeing for herself whether the story he had told was true. She was so persistent in her refusal to go to the morgue and so emphatic in her assertion that the boy was in the asylum that Mr. Ulrich at length decided to postpone his visit to the morgue and go to that institution.

When he reached the asylum and asked for his son the little fellow was brought to him. He was in the best of health and spirits, and Mr. Ulrich's relief at seeing him alive and well was beyond expression. "Johnnie" said his grandmother had induced him to go to the asylum with her and had left him there.

With a lightened heart Mr. Ulrich returned to his home, taking the boy with him. Last night, when questioned as to the motive of his mother-in-law in placing his son in the asylum, he said:

"The Mother Superior told me that the woman who brought the child there said that his mother was dead and his father away. The reason why Mrs. Bulkley put my boy into the asylum was that she thought my second wife did not like him. Now, the fact is the child has never been whipped or maltreated by either his stepmother or myself. There's one thing certain, and that is that I'll make it hot for Mrs. Bulkley on a charge of abduction."

The body of the drowned boy is still unidentified at the morgue, and Mr. Ulrich yesterday countermanded the order for the living boy's funeral.—*N. Y. [illegible]*

The Canada Thistle—How to Get Rid of Them.

Almost every one knows something about this very troublesome seed. I can remember the time when I had never seen one of them. Tho' I am not engaged in farming at present I will try to tell those who are so engaged and are troubled with this great pest how to get rid of them. Several years ago I sent an article to the [illegible] this subject, which I have good reason to know did some good. I shall now, as well as I can remember, repeat what I then said. I simply related my method and how well it succeeded. I gave two examples. I had one small field in which spring wheat entirely failed and the thistles grew up very thick and rank. I allowed them to get full size and when they were just beginning to blossom I took a skimmer plough and turned them nearly under and let them die till they completely rotted. Then I ploughed the field and sowed it with fall wheat, which yielded a magnificent crop, and we were able to bind it all without gloves. In another field there was one large patch of thistles which had troubled me for years and seemed to gain every year. I summer-fallowed that field thoroughly, using both gang and skimmer freely; the result was that we had a good crop and could harvest nearly all without gloves on that place where the thistles had been. About five years ago the thistles had accumulated in one corner of the wooded pasture where the timber had been taken off. I went down one day when rain was falling very gently, and with a scythe cut them all off. Three years ago I sold the farm. About two weeks ago, being in the neighborhood, I felt a little curiosity to go and see if the thistles had reappeared on that land to any extent, and found that very few had made their appearance after the lapse of five years. Now, I think it is quite possible and easy to write prohibition and annihilation in regard to the thistle and [illegible] of them. When they get to the full size and are then ploughed under, I think the crop is equal to a good coat of manure. As I told the readers of the *Globe*, in any way they can be made to pay their way. Let it be this motto of every farmer, "Keep the thistles down and cut." United we can is all important; give them no quarter and triumph is sure. E. TOWNSEND.

—Two boys were trying to jump down a few steps on the stoop of a house wherein they resided. Says John to Jim: "Can you jump down six steps?" Answer Jim: "I wouldn't risk it here. We better go to some other house. If I break my neck here in front of my house I get the licking I ever had." And off they went.

First Mormon missionary: How did you leave Baxter county, Smith, by rail? Second Mormon missionary: Yes, fence rail. And I can smell the tar yet.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, AUG. 30, 1888.

THE FISHERY TREATY.

Last week, in the American Senate, the Fishery Treaty met its doom. Whether the rejection of this treaty is merely a bid for the anti British vote by the Republican party, or whether it is a defiance of Canadian rights, appears an undecided point with many Canadian journalists, yet a large majority of them concur in the belief that it is simply a *coup d'état* on the part of Republicans, and that after the approaching elections the matter will be reconsidered and everything amicably adjusted. It is at least well to accept the most charitable explanation forthcoming. Still there is no doubt whatever that there are several firebrands in the American Senate who would like to see Britain and the United States once more set by the ears. They are not at all backward in making this known, and have iterated and reiterated as much time and again. One of these spread-eagle orators lately asserted that the States "licked Britain once, and she can do it again." Hot-headed, hasty, and egotistical, such men require the ruling power of master minds to modify their ardor. But there does not appear to have been any of these evenly-balanced intellects in the American Senate of late years. At least a turbid, boiling stream of fiery elocution has had free scope during the late debate, and with the result that the United States Senate has [illegible] the wrath of Britain and of the Democratic party the doom that was to end a long series of [illegible]. They say in effect by this act, "We will not have [illegible] on those terms at we [illegible] we have with [illegible] and fisheries [illegible] to [illegible] all probability it would have been in force among them to-day and worked well.

with, and it remains with Canada to decide whether the edge shall be turned against its wielders. It is thought by many that Canada will look upon it merely as a bubble upon the seething sea of political warfare now rolling around the American people, and allow it to pass on its way unheeded. It is a bad business, to say the least, and the question arises, how much of this slander, and defiance, and calumny, must Canada endure before reaching that point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue? Will it be wisdom to wink at it all, and laugh while we swallow the bitter pills, until American politics acquire a calmer and more rational phase, before we decide whether the challenge be in earnest or no? It is, at any rate, a most mortifying and humiliating position for Canadians to be placed in.

THE NECESSITY OF THE HOUR.

Flesherton needs closer railway connections. For years she has suffered the inconvenience of having her railway station placed just sufficiently far away from the village to be a continual source of irritation and annoyance. It is safe to say that this inconvenience has cost the business men of Flesherton thousands of dollars in cartage and bus fares alone, besides being a heavy drag upon the prosperity of the village itself. Some time ago our station was burned down, and has not been rebuilt. Gentlemen of Flesherton, now is your opportunity to secure the one thing necessary to the future growth and wellfare of our now prosperous village—a station within a convenient distance of its business centre. It is the company's intention to rebuild this fall, and when we are aware that they can send a company of men along, with material, etc., and rebuild within a very few days, it is obvious that there must be no delay if we are to secure this boon. It is a matter of vital importance that we secure better railway facilities. A deputation should be sent to wait upon General Manager Van Horne with a view to this end. Will our leading men move in the matter, or will they allow the present opportunity to pass away, possibly never to have another equal-

Flesherton was not hatched in an incubator, and hoisted into its present position by a speculative mamma. Its growth has been "slow and sure, but healthy, yer honor," like Pat's carbuncle. Flesherton Advance. Pat's carbuncle was lanced by a physician and its formation revealed a very morbid growth. Does the Advance carry the simile thus far?

[Dundalk Herald. Ours was lanced about fifteen years ago, Bro. Spurr, and the "morbid growth," when last heard from, was kicking up dido about twelve miles to the south of us, in the swamps of Proton. See paragraph elsewhere referring to Dundalk.

It would do you good to see those beautiful 22c Cretonnes that J. G. Anderson is selling for 13c a yard.

Died.

At the residence of her father, Meaford Road, on the 26th inst. Annie E. Buchanan, aged 22 years.

Eighteen persons were killed by a boiler explosion at Neenah, Wis., on Friday evening last.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Harvesting is the amusement of the day here now.

The recent rains have spoiled the small potatoes, but they have not damaged the large ones.

Miss Giles, who has been visiting friends around here for some time back, left for Owen Sound last Saturday.

The Rev. J. A. Ross, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Dundalk, very ably filled the pulpit of the C. M. church, here last Sabbath evening.

The tea meeting held here last Monday evening was a success financially; the evening proved satisfactory for the occasion, and the proceeds, which were about $40, went for the erection of a shed, with a lecture room above it.

Special Discount Sale of Summer Goods this week and next at M. Richardson & Co's. Call early and secure bargains.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. William Farr, formerly miller of this place, but now of Lockton, has just been paying a visit to his numerous friends and acquaintances in and around Eugenia.

As Mr. S. Hawkins was driving along Inkerman St. this morning his horses took fright and ran away. They were stopped, however, before any serious damage was done.

There was a slight frost here on Tuesday morning but crops are now so far advanced that very little damage was done, so far as present indications show.

Mr. Clemes, teacher, has returned again, looking hale and hearty after his summer vacation. Consequently school re-opened last Monday morning. Attendance about 40.

Miss. Sarah Latimer has returned to Toronto after spending a few weeks visiting her parents and friends in this vicinity.

The rocks of Eugenia are at last being utilised for building purposes. A quarry has been started near Mr. Sloan's factory for furnishing stone to construct the Boyne bridge. Quarry men pronounce the stone of superior quality, and the time may come when we shall see "The pregnant quarry teem with human form."

T. B. Gilliland, Esq., is away on a visit to the residence of his late father in the Ottawa district.

Don't forget Russell's, Flesherton, great reduction sale for the month of September.

Having a Hard Time.

Friend Fawcett, late proprietor of this paper, is having a hard time of it in Streetsville. He met with an accident the other day, and this is how he discourses about it: "On the sidewalk leading from Queen street to the C.P.R. [illegible] there is a plank, one end of which projects [illegible] six inches above the level of the other plank. Monday the [illegible] was walking rapidly along [illegible] walk when the toe of his left foot came suddenly [illegible] with the [illegible] projecting plank. His body described a half circle as he shot out [illegible], but it was not found necessary to secure the services of any of our medical men. Somebody should nail down that plank." The Streetsville Review of last week contained the farewell of Mr. Bell and salutatory of Mr. Fawcett. The latter is enlarging and otherwise improving his paper. We calculate he can do it, too, as the Yankee says. The Review will be our most interesting exchange.

R. T. of T.

Rev. Mr. Shilton, B. A., has kindly consented to preach the annual sermon to the Royal Templars on Sabbath evening the 9th prox.

Call at J. G. Anderson's and get 5 lbs. of his famous 30c uncolored Japan Tea for $1.

General News.

Fifteen lives were lost in a steamer collision on San Francisco Bay on Wednesday last.

Eight hundred workmen were drowned by an inundation in China.

Hon. Mr. Mowat returned from England on saturday.

The Manitoba Government and the Northern Pacific officials have signed the new contract.

The C. P. R. bridge across the Credit, near Meadowvale, collapsed on Saturday under a freight train, but fortunately no lives were lost.

A young man at Gananoque was killed on Saturday by being struck with a baseball.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of Wm. Elliott, Jr., Lot 12, Con. 1, Euphrasia [illegible] about July 23, four heifers (3 two years [illegible] and 1 yearling). Owner may have them by [illegible] property and paying expenses.

FISH, [illegible] UIT!

OYSTERS

AND GAME.

Ice Cream and Cooling Summer Drinks in Their Season.

A Good Stock of Confectionery Always on Hand.

ORDER YOUR

FLOUR AND FEED

FROM

S. SPIRIT, FLESHERTON.

MEDICAL HALL,

Flesherton,

To the Front

—FOR—

School Books, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Slates, Pencils, Inks.

PAINTS,

Ready mixed, cheapest in Town. Brushes, Oils, Turpentines, White Lead, and Dry Paints.

SPICES,

Whole, ground and mixed, for pickling purposes.

COFFEE

What is Coffee: Cocoa, Chocolate.

Baking Powder.

Absolutely the best in town. A present with each package.

DRUGS

Of large variety. Patent Medicines in full supply. Lime Juice, Syrups, etc.

TOILET SOAPS,

And Perfumery.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 75 to	4 75
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 15	0 45
Peas	0 60	0 60
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 14	0 14
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	19	23
Sheepskins	0 50	1 06
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

Considerable damage was done to standing crops in Proton during the hail storms of last week.

A North Dakota grain dealer says that thousands of acres of wheat have been left uncut on account of damage done by frost.

A freight train on the Manitoba road ran into a herd of cattle near Fort Buford, injuring five trainmen and killing a hundred cattle.

Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, Minister of Justice, has been made a K. C. M. G.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to Collection of Notes and Accounts. Get their Notes discounted.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's Block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Partnership.

E. F. HIXON, M.D.C.M. J. G. HUTTON, M.D.C.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.,

PRICEVILLE.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Morrison's Hotel, [illegible] of each month. Teeth extracted and filled in the latest styles, the best and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST. [illegible]

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co., and F. & L. B. & S. Society. Money to loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,

On Farm and Town Property.

[illegible]

W. J. BELLAMY,

[illegible] CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER [illegible]

[illegible]

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES [illegible] prepared [illegible] Terms [illegible]

E. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.

Apply at once to

GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton,

Or to

J. GEO. KEEFER, Forest, Ont.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at [illegible] P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Notice to Contractors.

...TUESDAY, the 2... day of October...

... Secretary.

...t of Railways and Canals...

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, THE 23rd DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galops, at the Lock-keeper's house, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20 at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

County and District News.

Clipped and Condensed from the Columns of Our Exchanges.

... to the bushel and average 2... to the acre. He was paid 95 cents per bushel for it at the mill.—[Durham Chronicle.

During the heavy storm on Friday evening last Mr. Edward Martin's barn, on lot 31, con. 5, Mono, was struck by lightning and entirely consumed, with all its contents. The barn contained... hay and fall wheat, one team of horses, a mare and a colt, seeder, waggons, etc., and a new set of harness used for the first time that day.—[Shelburne Free Press.

The antiquarians of Amaranth have something to study over just now. Mr. W. B. Jelly, reeve of Amaranth, has discovered part of the remains of some huge animal that existed in prehistoric times. There is a low place in a swamp on Mr. Jelly's farm which holds water during the greater part of the year, and was found very convenient for watering cattle. In the summer months it dries up. A few days ago Mr. Jelly and his sons attempted to clean the place out. After digging through the black muck they came to sand filled with all kinds of shells similar to those to be seen on the beach of any of our large lakes. When they had dug about five feet they found four large ribs of some animal now extinct. The ribs are over four feet in length and, from appearances, have been longer. The circumference of each rib in its smallest part is six inches. Shortly after they discovered the ribs they struck a small spring and the hole filled with water, which prevented them from prosecuting their search any farther.—[Shelburne Free Press.

Our readers will remember that some little time ago we noticed the discovery of material at Shallow Lake, Keppel, by Mr. R. J. Doyle, having all the necessary ingredients for making a high grade of Portland cement. Satisfied that the deposit was of great value, a company was organized, and test kilns erected for burning the material. We are informed that Wm. Robinson, Esq., civil engineer, of this town, is now in England arranging for the purchase of the most improved machinery for manufacturing Portland cement from the deposit of carbonate of lime and clay at Shallow Lake. Mr. Doyle received a letter from him this week, which says that he is having the cement thoroughly tested by English engineers, who are greatly surprised at its great strength. The English Government standard for tensile strength of cements ... Mr. D...

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The garden party in connection with the Methodist parsonage, on Thursday evening last, came off in the usual satisfactory manner. Amusements and recreatives for all were indulged in until a late hour. The Flesherton Brass Band, although a little late in putting in an appearance, added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The Ladies who had the matter mostly in hand provided largely of the good things to satisfy the appetite, of which there was enough and to spare. And to consume the remainder a social was held on Monday evening, and with the pomised String Band passed another pleasant evening. Total proceeds, about $50.

Harvesting has commenced in earnest, and the sound of the reapers and binders can be heard in all directions, but many complaints are made of the short straw.

A meeting of the newly formed Farmers Institute was announced for Saturday evening last, but the members failed to put in an appearance. Surely they do not intend letting it die so young.

The Drunkard's Grave.

... of Winnipeg and was read at last week's meeting of the Sons of Temperance from The ...

Tune — The Lone Pilgrim.

... marked by a stone,
And ... will be at the last judgement
... before the white throne.

...

You can get a Fine English Straw Hat for 1... a Superfine for 5c more, at M. Richardson & Co's Discount Sale of straw goods this week.

Address to Rev. Mr. Wilson.

... Rev. A. Wilson at the manse, Markdale, arrived ... last week.

Rev. A. Wilson:

Dear Sir,—On behalf of your many warm friends and admirers in this locality, we avail ourselves of this favorable opportunity, on the eve of your departure from amongst us, of signifying our appreciation of your faithful and untiring efforts in the discharge of your christian duty whilst laboring in this field. We acknowledge with pride and pleasure your fearless and faithful devotion to duty, whether in the pulpit, on the platform or in private life; and the many useful lessons of instruction given by you we feel assured are now bearing fruit, and will continue to ameliorate and elevate humanity long after you have ceased to be an active worker in the Master's vineyard. We also join in acknowledgement of the many estimable qualities of your amiable and devoted wife, Mrs. Wilson, for whom with yourself we shall always entertain the highest regard. We earnestly hope that the new field upon which you are entering, and the christian charge you are assuming, may appreciate and enjoy your ministerial and social labors and be benefitted as much thereby as those you are now leaving. We sincerely wish you God speed in your many arduous duties as a christian minister, and will always watch with pleasure your future success in the divine life. As an additional mark of the esteem in which you are held, we respectfully ask you to accept this ...

Signed ...
Wm. W...
Thos. K...

Martyrs to Headache

...

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes ... W. DeV..., ... Brooklyn, N. Y., "I had ... able headaches. I commenced ... of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A... st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykens, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broadcast Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	
Waggons,	*Iron Harrows,*
Buggies,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Sleighs,	
Cutters,	*Plows,*
Fanning Mills,	*Scufflers,*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	*Turnip Drills,*
	Land Rollers.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New Fonthill Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

... in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

... *FRAMES and MOULDINGS* ... the new *BROMIDE PORTRAIT* ... wherever introduced. *SAMPLES* ... particulars as to Price, Style ...

MRS. BULMER.

HEARD'S Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Waggons, Lumber Waggons and ... Harrows. ... Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing ...

THIS SILVER-PLATED INSTRUMENT

Can be used by any member of the family from Infancy to Old Age with perfect safety.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

Price - - $3.

ORIENTAL

CATARRH IMPOSSIBLE UNDER ITS INFLUENCE

The only catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on 15 days trial; a written guarantee given with each instrument. W. T. Baer & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

ACTINA

THE GREAT EYE AND LUNG RESTORER

Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion or powder ball, but a Self-generating Vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places.

Actina No. 2.—Quickly relieves and thoroughly cures all Throat and Lung diseases.

Actina No. 3.—Positively cures all diseases of the Eye. Cataract, Granulated Lids, Inflamed Eyes, near and far sightedness. This Eye ...

This Actina is sold under our written guarantee on 15 days trial. ... W. T. Baer & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ont.

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT

Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Ladies' Belt $... Men's Belt $5 ...

CURES

The only appliances giving a direct current of Electricity to the parts. ... Hundreds of Testimonials on ...

Cures Guaranteed

Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A Painless Cure

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous ... weakness, ...

Symptoms for which No. 8 should be Used.—Want of energy, ... want of ... aversion to society, want of confidence, ... inability to fix the attention ... depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, ... loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse ... barrenness, palpitation of the heart, ... disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible ... In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

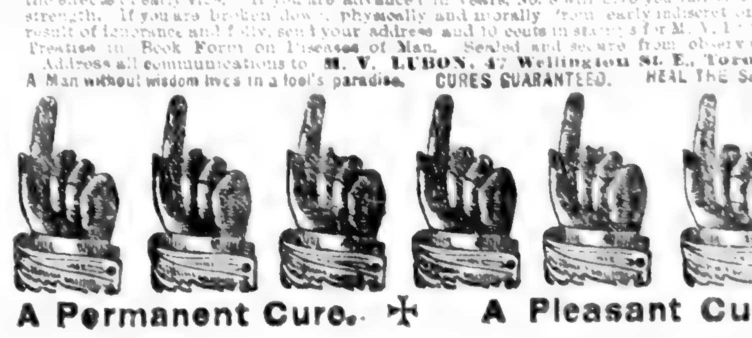

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

A Country Idyl.

"Oh, let me leave the city's heat,
  Its fripperies and formalities,
And place once more my tired feet
  On nature's actualities.
I'll turn from fashion's mimic train,
Its aping arts, its high disdain,
And bathe my tired heart and brain
  In primitive realities."

He turned from "fashion's mimic train,"
  And sought the calm rusticity
Of field and forest, lake and plain,
  Disburdened of publicity.
But horse flies marked him for their prey,
And down his backbone day by day
The caterpillar wound his way
  In sinuous eccentricity.

And when beneath some arbor snug
  He'd lie in thoughtful revelry,
The bumble-bee and tumble-bug
  Would come with fiendish devilry,
With daddy longlegs run a race,
And march in military pace
Across his bleared and blistered face,
  In wild, tumultuous revelry.

And while the still breeze from the south
  Lapped him in dreams elysian,
The gay green frog leaped in his mouth
  With acrobat precision;
The woodchuck nimbled at his nose,
The weasel chewed up both his hose,
The snake crawled thro' his underclo'es
  In wandering indecision.

He lay there in the valley green,
  The city's strain to calm off,
And the farmer with his mowing machine
  Then mowed his outstretched arm off.
And then he rose with murderous will
And roamed the earth and vowed to kill
All poets who with fiendish skill
  Such pastoral lies could palm off.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Then you must forgive her," she said, averting her eyes from his face, with a little pang at her heart when she saw the pain there. "I have forgiven her; but"—he paused, and his strong fingers pulled nervously at his mustache; then he went on rapidly—"I care for her far too much to keep up a show of resentment against her; still I am not at all sure that it would not be wiser to go away and never see her again."

"Why?" Shirley asked.

"Because—because I can hardly think she cares for me when she doubted me on such slight grounds, Lady Glynn."

Shirley glanced at him: there was no mistaking the pain on his face; and she felt sorry that a girl who had been fortunate enough to win such a love as his should have been weak enough to doubt it, and so raise doubt in his own mind.

"You must not say the grounds were slight," she said earnestly. "Most women,' I think, would have been vexed and pained and you must not think that, because she had not perfect faith, she has not perfect love. Girls are different from men, you know; they want constant assurance of the love they inspire, and you must try to forget her jealousy in love."

"That is love's curse," he answered, smiling, but his face was brighter for the earnest words she had spoken; and the pain he had felt at the want of faith in him which pretty Rosie Venn had shown was almost removed.

Presently the sound of wheels rapidly approaching the house made Madge start up with a quick joyful exclamation. Shirley too rose to her feet; but her knees trembled, and she was forced to sit down again while she tried to appear composed and to quell the nervous agitation which seized her. Madge flew out into the hall, and Mr. Litton followed, for he feared that he might be needed in his professional capacity if Sir Hugh had returned with his friends.

Soon the room door opened and Sir Frederic Oliphant entered, going over to Shirley with outstretched hands and very troubled eyes; and, as she looked up at him, her own were very dim.

"My poor child," he said, gently, "they would not accept bail! We did our best."

"I am sure of that," she said gently, and turned away from him for a moment in silence. "How did he bear it?" she asked steadily then, looking at him with brave steadfast eyes.

"Well and bravely," he answered warmly. "There was a sad dignity about him which disarmed even those who were inclined to be bitter against him."

"I am glad to know that," she said. "Will they let me see him?"

"Yes; if your are well enough and equal to it, you may see him to-morrow."

"Thank you, I shall be well enough. And Guy!"

"Guy remained at Adinbrooke; he wished to be near Sir Hugh."

"That is like Guy," she said softly; and during the rest of the day she was very quiet.

CHAPTER LI.

Punctually at 12 o'clock on the ollowing day Lady Oliphant's brougham drove through the quaint old town of Adinbrooke, and turned up the hill where the old castle stood which was now used as the county jail, and drew up at its gate. The morning was fine and clear, and, as Shirley Glynn and Lady Oliphant passed into the building, a ray of wintry sunshine fell on the younger woman's lovely face, touching it with a momentary brightness which faded as they entered the comparative darkness within. The governor, a stately, military-looking man, with a stern yet not unkindly face and a heavy iron-gray mustache, came down to meet them. He had met Lady Oliphant before, and shook hands with her in a frank friendly fashion, bowing low to Shirley as he did so, and looking at her with interested eyes as they went on together. He had heard much of her beauty and grace, and her name had been familiar to him when she had been a queen in society and *feted* and sought after and followed.

His face was touched with a deep compassion as he preceded the two ladies to his own private room, where Guy was waiting, looking haggard and worn and pale, as if the night had been a long and restless one.

Shirley gave him her hand in silence, and a gleam of tenderness stole into his weary eyes as they met hers, while his heart ached for her with an agony which had never ceased even for a moment. If he could have spared her any further suffering, he would gladly have done so at the cost of his own life; but this trouble nothing could lessen—pains, influence, wealth, all were alike powerless.

"I must ask you to wait a few minutes," Captain Graham said courteously. "It will not be longer, I think."

He placed chairs for them, then left them alone in his pleasant sitting-room. It was a cheerful room handsomely furnished, and windows looked over a garden which in the summer was bright and fragrant with the beauty and the smell of flowers. Lady Oliphant and Guy exchanged a few sentences as they waited; Shirley sat by the window, looking out with wistful eyes and pale parted lips. Something in the place seemed to stifle her; even in that cheerful airy room she could scarcely breathe; and Guy, without speaking, opened the window near which she sat. Her eyes glanced up at him gratefully, and then she looked out again at the dreary garden.

Presently the door opened, and a pretty golden-haired little girl came bounding in, but stopped shyly, seeing the strange ladies. Guy bent down to her and took her little hand in his. She was a daughter of Captain Graham's, whose acquaintance he had made the night before.

"Don't go away, Amy," he said, smiling. "Come, and speak to these ladies. Did you want your father?"

"Yes," she whispered shyly, shaking her curls over her face as she left her hand in his; and Shirley turned from the window at the sound of the sweet childish voice, and the stilled sensation at her heart left her as she saw the shy bright blue eyes looking at her wistfully from beneath the veil of falling yellow hair.

"Whose little girl are you?" she said softly: and the child crossed the room and put her chubby little fingers on Shirley's soft sealskin.

"Father's," she answered brightly.

"And mother's?"

"Yes; but mother has gone away, you know; the angels came and fetched her."

"Did they, darling?" Shirley's fingers were parting the wavy golden hair from the pure white brow, and her eyes, very intent and tender, were studying the child's face.

"I was sorry," the child went on, "because no one ever kissed the place and made it better, when I fell down, as she did; but father was very sorry;" and the bright face shadowed a little at the remembrance.

"And you were his little comfort?"

"Yes, who told you so—did father? He always calls me that."

Shirley lifted her on to her knee, and pressed her quivering lips to the pretty hair; and the little girl with all a child's quick instinct and pity for any one suffering, put up her arm and clasped Shirley's neck and nestled her golden head against the soft sealskin of Shirley's coat; and there was inexpressible comfort in the tight clasp and the clinging little hand.

It seemed to Shirley, as she sat there with Amy Graham nestling in her arms, that much of the darkness which had fallen upon her spirit as she entered the castle had been lifted since the child had entered the room. That anything so good, so bright, so innocent should have lived in that gloomy place was sufficient to remove half its gloom: and Amy never guessed what a little comforter in truth she had been to the beautiful lady who had clasped her so tenderly and so closely.

"You live here always, Amy?"

"Yes, always; but sometimes we go away together to the sea-side, father and me and the nurse."

"Do you like the sea-side, my dear?"

"Yes; but I like the castle best."

"You have no little brother or sister?" Shirley asked softly.

"No"—the child shook her head as it rested against Shirley, and the blue eyes grew very wistful—"I had a little brother once, but he went with mother to heaven."

"Captain Graham has seen great trouble." Lady Oliphant said, in a low voice. "He lost his young wife and little son within a few days of each other."

Shirley looked up wistfully; she was thinking, perhaps that "grief is more for the living lost than ever it is for the dead;" but she remained silent; and in a few moments Captain Graham came back, his stern face softening into a beautiful tenderness as he caught sight of the child in Lady Glynn's arms and saw the more peaceful look in the beautiful hazel eyes which met his with sudden swift inquiry.

"Sir Hugh can see you now," he said quietly. "Have you been making friends with my daughter, Lady Glynn? She is generally a little addicted to shyness."

"She was not afraid of me," Shirley said as she put the child down—and Captain Graham noticed how long and close and fond the kiss was which she pressed upon the rosy cheek—and then she followed the governor out of the room.

He led her himself down the long passages and the stone steps, thinking meanwhile that it was rare for the gloomy prison to receive such a beautiful visitant, and himself too opened the door of the cell where Sir Hugh was confined.

"I will take care that you are not disturbed," he said very gently. "And, Lady Glynn, I need hardly tell you that he is very weak, and that—"

"I will not forget," she said steadily. "I will not be less calm than I am now. Thank you, Captain Graham."

She went in softly; he closed the door after her, and Shirley was in the prison-cell with which her dreams had been haunted more than once.

It was a bare whitewashed room, scrupulously clean, and through the high barred windows a ray of wintery sunshine had struggled in and lay softly on the floor, while in the little grate a fire was burning cheerily. Sir Hugh was fully dressed, lying upon the bed with closed eyes, and he looked so haggard and attenuated and death-like that Shirley's heart almost ceased to beat with a sudden fear. Her noiseless movements, the soft unrustling velvet dress that she wore, did not attract his attention, and she was fully a minute in the room, watching him, before he saw her.

Her thoughts went back almost involuntarily to the days when she had known him first, and she saw him again as he had been then, so handsome and distinguished, so full of life and health and gayety; she remembered the New Year's-eve ball at Fairholme Court and their interview in the school-room, which had been the beginning of such misery, and it almost seemed as if she could hear again the patter of the rain against the window-panes as she had heard it then, and the moan of the wind in the leafless trees. And it was his love for her which had brought him to this grievous strait, the impulse of an undisciplined heart, which, having always received "good," could not bear to resist "evil."

The heavy lids were slowly lifted, and his eyes opened and he saw her, and over his face came a sudden brightness which gave it for a moment some of the beauty of other days. The next minute she was kneeling beside him, and his weak arms were round her, his face hidden where Amy's golden head had rested a few minutes before, and there was silence.

It was Shirley who, remembering Captain Graham's injunctions, moved first. She disengaged herself gently from his weak clasp, and put him back upon the pillows, and his eyes dwelt upon her with all the old passionate tenderness as she bent over him.

"So you have come to me, Shirley?" he said at last, while his eyes drank in the beauty of her face and his hands clasped hers closely.

"You expected me, Hugh? You knew I would come?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what, dear?"

"But I was almost sorry afterward that I had asked you. This is no place for you love."

"It is my fittest place, Hugh; and as often and as long as I can I will be with you here."

He smiled feebly.

"How pleasant it is to hear you speak in that little tone of decision," he said. "It is very pleasant to see you in that dress, Shirley."

He touched her velvet and fur with his slender fingers for a moment; and she smiled bravely into his altered face.

"I am glad," she said brightly. "But tell me of yourself, Hugh."

"Of myself, dear?" he echoed. "There is not much to tell, save that I am happier, much more at rest, than I have been during all these long months."

She stooped toward him and put her lips to his forehead.

"And you are not suffering much, Hugh?"

"No—hardly at all. And I am much stronger. Captain Graham sent me that arm-chair, Shirley: and it is only sheer laziness which makes me lie here."

He rose as he spoke, and staggering to his feet, managed with Shirley's aid, to reach the arm-chair, where he lay back exhausted even by that effort.

"I can see you better here," he said presently, smiling at her, with his pale lips quivering a little and his eyes very dim. "And I want to see as much of you as I can, my brave, generous darling. I seem to have so much to say to you, Shirley, and—and not very much time to say it in."

As she was kneeling by his side, he took her hand, and, folding it in both his, pressed it near his heart. The touch seemed to lessen the pain there, he thought, as he met the wistful eyes.

"They told you about yesterday, dear?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Yes. Was it very painful, Hugh?"

"No, my darling I think I am dead to pain now. I remember thinking once that, if you knew of my crime, the sight of the horror and repugnance in your eyes would kill me; but, when you knew it, and Guy, it seemed as if I did not care who else saw my shame. And they were all very good and patient, Shirley, although poor Guy was terribly cut up because they would not take bail."

"We were grieved at that, Hugh."

"Were you, my darling?" he said wistfully. "I think it is almost better so. I have been such a burden to you these last weeks that—"

She raised her hand to his mouth and silenced him, and he caught it and pressed it fondly to his lips.

"It is better so, Shirley," he said again. "I cannot help feeling what misery I should have saved you and Guy if I had been honest and brave enough to do what was right at first. But regrets are unavailing and useless—besides, it is too late for any atonement now."

They were silent for a space then, the eyes of both resting on the red glow of the fire, and Hugh's faint, struggling breathing alone breaking the stillness.

"Guy has been so good to me," he went on softly. "I have no words to speak of his goodness. I think the very sight of him puts life into me, Shirley. My darling, it takes so much of the pain away to think that I leave you in his care."

Weeping now, she leaned her head against his arm, and asked him tremulously and brokenly through her tears not to speak to her; there might be happiness for them yet.

"For you, yes, my best and dearest, happiness enough, I pray Heaven, to atone in some measure for the misery of the past; but Shirley, if you look forward a little, only a few short weeks, you can not but see that it will be better for me. Darling, forgive me! I did not mean to pain you. I am not worthy of one of those precious tears, and yet they make me so happy."

They were falling now thick and fast upon his fevered hand, and it seemed to Hugh Glynn that they fell upon his heart like the blessed rain from heaven upon the parched earth, bringing healing and softening and fertility where all had been dry and barren before.

"Last night, dearest child," he went on quietly—and Shirley noticed that he never called her his "wife all through these bitter days—"when I awoke all the past came before me—all my past life so selfish and worthless and useless, and all the wretchedness I made by my fatal love for you—all those years of our married life, when—"

"Ah, do not talk of them!" she entreated sadly. "I cannot think of them now without deep pain. If I had been less proud and unforgiving, if I had not cherished my anger against you, all this might never have been. Oh, Hugh, I am as guilty in the sight of heaven as you can be—ay, and more guilty, since my sin lasted for years, and yours was immediately repented of."

"Love, you had every right to hate me," he said sadly; "I had injured you past all forgiveness. But let us not talk of the past, since it so pains you. Let us talk of your future, Shirley."

She started and looked up at him.

"You know, dear child, that by the will I made soon after—after"—he hesitated a little, then went on hurriedly—"I stole you from Guy, I left what was all yours by right away from you, and now—"

But her gentle hand upon his stopped him.

"Hugh!" she said entreatingly.

"What would you say, my dearest?" he asked as he saw how her lips quivered and how the pained color rose in her face.

"Hugh—that will—do not change it—I could not—"

There was no need to finish the sentence; he understood her, and a flush of shame rose to his hollow cheek.

"I see, my dear," he said, after a long silence. "I will not urge you then. Tell me about your brother," he went on presently. "Will he ever forgive me all the misery I brought on his sister?"

"He thinks that he was more the cause of that misery than you, Hugh," she answered gently. "But you are very weary, dear. Will you let me read to you now?"

"Yes, presently. Do you ever sing now, Shirley? I have so often thought of that song you sung one day in the oak parlor at Fairholme Court. It was the day Guy proposed to you, I think, and I shall never forget your face as you sung it. Oh, my darling, soon, when you are free, you can place your hand in your king's with perfect confidence, for

"'Titled by gift of God is he,
And rich in a rarer thing than wealth!'

Does it pain you for me to talk thus, Shirley?" he continued, wistfully. "Dear, it is my only comfort now to think how your future will atone for the past."

"Let me read to you, Hugh," she pleaded earnestly.

"Presently, dear. It is so pleasant to look at the happier things in store for you. You have had bitter things long enough, poor little woman; but, if it pains you, I will think of them when I am alone. Yes, I am ready, dear, if you will read."

The Book, a worn and shabby little volume, which had taught them both many a lesson during those terrible days at Erindale, was lying on the table. Shirley drew it toward her, and turned over the leaves hesitatingly.

"Always the same chapter, Shirley," he said, with a little smile. "You know—that which tells of the son who was dead, and alive again, who was lost and found."

Steady and sweet and grave and reverent was her voice as she read those grand words which tell of a Father's infinite love and never-failing pardon—words which have brought comfort and healing to many a sinner; and, as he listened, the look of peace deepened on the haggard attentive face of Hugh Glynn, and his thin burning fingers closed over her hand.

When the reading was over, they sat for awhile silent in the dim firelit cell, their hands clasped and Sir Hugh's head resting on his wife's shoulder. The same strange sense of unreality which had been upon Shirley before was upon her now; it was all part of the same dream. Was it possible that it was Hugh Glynn, the man she had hated and despised, who was lying thus peacefully against her now, and that it was her heart which was so full of pity and compassion and tenderness? Was it his hand which clasped hers, his voice which said softly—

"Love, I am too happy! It is not right that such a wretch as I have been should know such blessedness as this! Shirley, it seems to me more than ever now that your forgiveness and Guy's are an earnest of that other forgiveness for which I hardly dare to hope."

And then again he pressed her hand passionately to his lips; in his humiliation he never sought to touch her mouth and call her by tender names, which almost broke her heart, remembering how he loved her and now he had suffered for that love.

After a time, seeing that he was very much exhausted, she induced him to rest upon the little pallet-bed again. It was approaching the time when she must leave him, she knew; and he guessed so also by the sorrowful yearning which came into her eyes.

"If I were brave enough and unselfish enough," he said huskily, "I would tell you not to come here any more, my darling; but I cannot give up entirely the comfort of seeing you. But do not come often, Shirley; this is no place for you, and—"

"Hugh," she answered steadily, "I will come, as I said, as often and for as long as they will let me."

He smiled gratefully and sadly.

"It will not be for long, dear, even at the longest," he said feebly. "Thank Heaven, oh, thank Heaven for that! Oh, Shirley, if you could know how the thought of the trial haunted me at first, how often oh, how often—I saw the crowded court, the judge, the accusing faces, the contempt of my crime and cowardice and baseness in every eye! How I used to wake at night struggling with the terror of it, and dared not go to sleep for fear of it recurring! Oh, Shirley, even now, if I dared, I would pray that the end might come before that, that I might not be judged at any earthly tribunal, but by that Judge who is more merciful than any earthly judge!"

And Shirley, as she bent over him trying to soothe the agony of terror which had seized him, in her heart echoed his prayer.

CHAPTER LII.

Three weeks went by. Sir Hugh Glynn was very ill, sick unto death; and with every hour the certainty increased that he would not live to be tried for the deed he had done under the summer sky on the rocks at Easton. His illness was a complicated one, brought on partly by exposure and want, partly by remorse and misery. The exposure to the weather on that Christmas night when he had been found senseless in the snow by the woman he had wronged so deeply had aggravated the chest-complaint from which he had suffered for months; one lung was entirely gone, the other was going fast, and the end might come at any time.

Daily, almost hourly, he wasted and became weaker, and each day, when the prison door closed after Shirley, she wondered whether, when she came on the following day, he would be living to give her that fond bright smile which always came into his eyes when they rested upon her, no matter how great his suffering had been the minute before.

To the last day of her life Shirley remembered Captain Graham's kindness and consideration for her then. The circumstances of the case were strange and unusual certainly, and perhaps admitted of unusual privileges; but every care and kindness which were possible were extended to Sir Hugh in his prison-cell; and he was grateful and contrite exceedingly.

He did not suffer much, except when the terrible paroxysms of coughing recurred and the subsequent hemorrhage, and a word of complaint never passed his lips. It was often difficult to Guy Stuart, remembering the Hugh Glynn he had known in the by-gone years, to recognize him in this patient, uncomplaining, penitent sufferer. That Hugh Glynn had been so proud, so selfish, so impatient of any contradiction, so unbending, so heedless while the prisoner in Adinbrooke Jail was so unselfish, so tender over others, so repentant and gentle, that he won sympathy from all with whom he was brought in contact.

Shirley saw him daily for a short time. Sometimes he was well enough to talk to her, at others he was able only to lie with her hands in his, and his eyes resting with undying love and tenderness on her face. Sometimes he would ask her to read to him—always those same blessed merciful, divinely beautiful lines which comforted him as nothing else could. Sometimes his mind wandered a little from very weakness, and he would murmur disconnected and broken words which told them much of what he had suffered and borne in the past; but often, when he was in this condition, the touch of Shirley's lips upon his brow and her voice speaking his name would bring him back to the present, and he would make a pathetic struggle against the unconsciousness for a few moments; when he would wander again, or sink half into a stupor, half into a sleep.

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE SERMON.

Archdeacon Farrar on the Religious Denominations.

Ven. Archdeacon Farrar spoke thus in the course of a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, and in anticipation of the Lambeth Conference then about to sit:

"Perish the hand which would circumscribe by one hair's breadth the limits or the definition of the Church of Christ; perish the arms that would exclude from that one flock of the Good Shepherd the 'other sheep which are not of this fold;' perish the narrow superstition that the wind of God, which 'bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth,' can only be conveyed by mechanical transmissions. I, for one at any rate, refuse to flatter the priestly pride which would sectarianize the catholicity of the Church of Christ. The articles which I accepted at my ordination taught me that the visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men wherein the pure Word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered, and I, for one, even if I were to stand alone, would repudiate and protest against the uncatholic teaching which would pretend to do what it cannot do by unchurching any who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

"When I speak of the Church in general I do not mean this or that communion, under this or that organization, but I mean, in their ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, the whole multitude of the saints of God. What! are we not to claim as full and honored members of the Church of Christ in every possibly true sense of that word because they were Moravians those holy missionaries who planted successfully

Sweet Sharon's Rose
On icy plains or in eternal snows?

Or Williams, the Apostle of Polynesia and the martyr of Erromanga, because he was a dissenter? Dr. Carey and others in India, because they were Baptists? Or Elizabeth Fry because she was a Quakeress? If there are any who think that He who died for all mankind cares mainly or chiefly for outward organization, their views of Christ are not such as I learn from Him who made keeping the commandments the essential entering into the Kingdom of Heaven. I say with Whitefield: "Do they profess repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ? If so, they are my brethren." True and unswervingly loyal in my love for the Church of England, yet I would stand bareheaded before any true saint of God, and be he Romanist or Independent, or Quaker or Presbyterian, so he be a saint of God, desiring ten thousandfold more that I may stand with him before the throne of Christ rather than with those who, though they may have had "Lord, Lord," or "The Church, the Church," forever on their lips, and have spent their lives in the endless round of outward ordinances, may yet, if their lives have been unloving and unworthy, hear those awful words, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," and "Depart from Me, I never knew you." For it is Christ, and Christ alone, it is not episcopal government, or apostolic succession, or ancient ritual, or the orthodoxy of curiously articulated creeds; it is Christ, and Christ only, and the innocence which shines in the lives of them that truly believe in Him, which has been the strength of Christianity."

How She Got Out.

"O, papa, I was caged once," said a little girl. "When I was visiting auntie in the country last summer I went into some bushes, and after a while I found I was caught. The bushes were so thick that I couldn't get out."

"Well, how did you finally get out?"

"O," she replied, with a toss of her curly head, "I had a little hatchet and I hatched myself out."—*Chicago Tribune.*

This is the Worst.

Blifkin's boy, who was engaged in rubbing Dalmatian insect powder on his dog, got off this dreadful one to his mother: "How does a campaign flag differ from this insect powder?" Of course she gave it up, and the boy answered and said: "Because one is flung to the breeze and the other is brung to the fleas." He had to go to bed without his supper.

The King of Denmark will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign on Nov. 15th next. Recently he learned that a subscription was being promoted among all classes of Danes to present him a magnificent jubilee gift in the shape of a country seat in Jutland. He has written a letter in which he states that when he looks upon the existing economical conditions of Denmark and sees the hard struggle for existence which his people are carrying on he feels obliged in conscience to refuse to accept any gift so costly.

Mr. T. Gallagher, Chatham township, while engaged fixing a rack-lifter the other day, slipped and fell a distance of 30 feet to the floor, escaping with a few bruises.

BOYS ON THE FARM.

Agricultural Education in the Common Schools.

THE TEXT BOOK REQUIRED.

Mr. Thomas Shaw on the Great Want of the Day.

MINISTER DRURY'S SENSIBLE IDEAS.

The twenty-eighth convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association was concluded yesterday afternoon at the Normal School, Toronto. The President, Mr. J. H. Smith, occupied the chair.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. McQueen, Kirkwall; Recording Secretary, R. W. Doan, Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, D. H. Hunter, Woodstock; Treasurer, W. J. Hendry, Mimico.

The President introduced to the convention Mr. Thomas Shaw, Secretary of the Central Farmers' Union, who read a paper on "Agriculture in Our Rural Schools." After complaining that agriculture was not taught in the public schools, Mr. Shaw went on to speak of the coming text-book on the subject, dealing closely with what it should contain. The following are the prominent thoughts advanced in the paper:

The reasons why agriculture has not received more attention at the hands of our educational authorities are not far to seek. It has been sought by those who need it most—the farmers. Hitherto they have been so largely absorbed with the work of removing physical obstructions on their farms, and getting bread and butter for their families, that they have not given due attention to the nature of the mental food they should get at the school. They have not clamored for the introduction of an agricultural text-book, or it would have come long ago. They have been content with bread when they could have had the butter for the asking. This Province has many thousands of Common Schools, and High Schools by the score, and these are not too many, and yet it has but one school virtually where agriculture is taught. Though the Guelph College were brimful of students, only one farmer in 1,500 could send his son there. The sons of the 1,499 must go without instruction in what is to be their future life-work, or get their instruction at home—a sweeping reflection this on the ignoble content of the farmer. Thus it is that the flower of rural communities are drafted away into the cities, that in the governing voice of the country the farmer gets a place amongst the thirty rather than the first three, and that in the social scale he is pressed tightly against the wall. We are without a text-book. Why? Book-making is a good deal of a trade. It is largely governed by the law of supply and demand. Now that farmers clamor for it, it will come. The old national series of school books come from Britain. A book adapted to the wants of Canada cannot come from Britain or any country but Canada. The soil of Canada forbids it, the climate of Canada forbids it, and the honor of Canada forbids it. It must be written by a Canadian. The reasons why the study of agriculture should be introduced into our rural schools are not far to seek. There is first its relative importance to the farmer, whose children almost exclusively fill the forms of rural schools. It is to him both meat and drink, and clothing and money. It is the steed he rides from the cradle to the grave, and the funeral car that conveys him to his last resting place. Why shouldn't he be taught this from his earliest infancy? We know of no study so well calculated to stimulate the perceptive faculties at a tender age as the study of agriculture. Then there is its relative importance to the whole community. The prosperity of every one is largely bound up with that of the farmer. The number of the spokes in every wheel of business, the number of wheels and the number of revolutions are largely determined by the success attending the operations of the farmers. About two-thirds of the population of this country are farmers. I believe they own more than two-thirds of its property, and they furnish more than two-thirds of the brains that stock the professions. The part they play in the commonwealth is nearly all in all a two-thirds' factor, and therefore they are surely entitled to a two-thirds' consideration at the hands of our educational authorities. A boy who, to the practical training he gets at home, adds sound theoretical instruction from a school text-book will beat the boy at farming who has only the first. Whatever, then, tends to improve farming should be countenanced by the whole community.

A TEXT-BOOK NECESSARY.

There is no doubt in my mind as to the best mode of introducing agriculture into our Common Schools, though I am not so clear as to all that the medium of instruction should contain. It should be introduced through means of a text-book worthy of the name. I do not in the meantime favor the erection of any additional schools of agriculture, but I do favor the wholesale utilizing of the rural schools we have for teaching agriculture. When this is done the want of departmental instruction in the higher schools will force itself upon public attention, and these for the time being will become nurseries for the Agricultural College.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

I do not know who the writer of that text book will be, but I can tell you, as already more than hinted, that he will be a Canadian, and I may add that his hands will bear upon him the marks of hard and honest manual toil. As to the style of this bock it will be written in the plainest Anglo-Saxon, its language so simple that a child will understand it, and in so pleasing a manner that both young and old will love to read it. It will be rather under than over scientific, bearing upon its every page the stamp of the intensely practical. The strong meat of science is rather for maturer minds, though, if finely minced, some of it is good for children. It is almost impossible to convince the average farmer of Ontario that a cattle beast, during the first year of its life, when properly fed, will gain two pounds of flesh per day on a less feed ration as readily as it will gain one pound during the third year of the same. But there will be no difficulty in convincing his boy if taken in time. It is a hopeless task to endeavor to convince the farm matrons of Ontario that their methods of making butter are defective, but their daughters may be easily convinced if taken young. These truths, simple as they are, mean millions to Ontario every year.

CONTENTS OF THE BOOK.

It will treat of the soils of Ontario—their formation, composition, and more especially the crops they are best capable of producing, hence the style of farming to which best adapted; will give the different modes of draining, and the benefits that follow when this is properly and judiciously done; also the modes of tillage most suitable to them, noting in a general way the allowances to be made for the class of farming adopted, whether mixed or special. It will treat of a rotation of crops, having a due regard to variations of soil and subsoil, the disturbing influences of climate, and the resources to which recourse must be had when this rotation is interfered with, through lack or excess of moisture, snow or frost, causing failure to one or a number of crops. The principles that underlie successful farming will be made prominent. Here we refer to adaptation of animal and plant life to locality, having reference to market facilities as well as to sustaining them in an ever increasing vigor; the proper utilization of labor and labor facilities, and the great wisdom of being forehanded in everything. It will include the wide subject of fertilizers, and the deep subject of the principles of feeding animal and plant life. The right treatment of this section will throw firebrands into the scrub stock system, and thin the ranks of land robbers, who are ruining the agriculture of our country, and it will slay the intruding weeds of Canada by the hundreds and the thousands. There will be a

CHAPTER ON WEEDS

and insects, their habits and the best means of destroying them, with plates of the most dangerous of the intruders. The methods of destroying them must have a due regard to locality, for those almost diametrically opposite succeed best in different localities sometimes. A goodly section will treat of live stock and products, possibly of their origin, certainly of their utility, characteristics, and a summary of the principles of management.

FARM ARCHITECTURE.

with plans and drawings. We have good models of dwellings and outbuildings now. A description of the most suitable modes of fencing would be valuable, and so much at least of forestry as treats of windbreaks, and the trees most suitable for reforesting this country with the best modes of planting them. Horticulture will come in for its share of attention, including the useful varieties of fruits, adaptations and outlines of management, with the principles of successful gardening. The farmers' garden with a diagram will serve an excellent purpose. There might be room too for the statement of the general principles of bee-keeping, and the beautifying of home and surroundings.

THE FARMERS' DEMAND.

The farmers of this country are soon going to ask that agriculture be taken down from the shelf in our High Schools and given a place among the first three, and when they ask it it is going to be done. But it is infinitely more important to get it first into the common schools, where the masses may be reached. When these get into the fairyland region of agricultural study they will extend their explorations, which shall soon reach the higher schools, where their hunger must be ministered unto.

DEPARTMENTAL REGULATIONS.

In the general directions of the departmental regulations I find the following in reference to the use of the authorized text-book: "Special attention should be given to such points as how plants grow, and what they feed upon, how farms are beautified and cultivated, the value of shade-trees, what trees to plant and when to plant them, the relation of agriculture to other pursuits, the effects of climate on the habits of people, poetical selections on rural subjects; talks on natural history, should form part of the instruction of every Friday afternoon." I don't know who wrote these regulations, but with all due deference to the gentleman I fear he was a "book farmer." It is very well to know "how plants grow and what they feed upon," and something of this should be embodied in the text-book. Nor is it unimportant to know how to beautify farms, but less so than to know how to make them profitable. The relation of agriculture to other pursuits is not of little moment, but the study of it is certainly better adapted to maturer minds. "The effects of climate on the habits of a people" might prove a profitable study for pupils in the High School or the Agricultural College, but it is surely more important for young persons to know the effects of climate on the habits of plants by which life is sustained. The poetical selections on rural subjects I would relegate to the farmers' wood fireside, and leave the "Talks on natural history" as part of the Friday afternoon exercise. In the compilation of our text book it should never be forgotten that the large majority of those who study it will never attend a higher school, and therefore the overwhelming importance of having it filled brim-full of knowledge that is intensely practical.

CONCLUSION.

It is quite possible that all the landmarks that fix the limit of its claims upon other classes may not be very easily pointed out. That agriculture has claims upon the favorable consideration of the whole community has already been shown, but the extent of those claims has not been defined. The forest of the vision here is so thick with underwood that I frankly confess I can scarcely see the light on the further side. Agriculture in Canada is unquestionably the first mustard tree, and the fowls that repose in its branches should be encouraged to do so, but how far they should be compelled to eat of its fruit is an open question. The lawyer of the city might not wish his son to spend time in the study of agriculture, while the member of the school board might choose differently in the case of his son. But the obscurity that hangs over this part of our subject will be dispelled before the advancing light of the expression of public opinion, which will ultimately make known the desire of majorities, as to how far the landmarks that mark the limit of the use of this text-book shall extend. In the meantime let us have the book at the earliest possible moment, and may it be a worthy forerunner of a magnificent Canadian agricultural literature that is yet to be.

Hon. Charles Drury.

Mr. Drury, Minister of Agriculture, who came in while the paper was being read, was called upon to address the association. He said he had come to the conclusion that there was something wrong in the system of education in looking at the effect produced upon the young men who pass a step beyond the Public Schools. He regretted to state that the young men who attended the High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, and universities seemed to be imbued with an idea that labor with the hands was undignified and unbecoming to a gentleman. The result had been that those who had been looked forward to as the hope of the future of agriculture in this country had gone into other pursuits. There had been a measure of disappointment in the effect which education had had upon the tastes and inclinations of the young men. He had always looked forward to the time when the farmers of this country would be well educated men in the broadest and most liberal sense. He saw no reason why the farmers should not aim to educate their children, but he had known many instances where, after farmers had had their sons educated in the high schools, they refused to return to the farm. He did not know where the fault lay, but this was a great matter of disappointment in the educational system. If the introduction of a text book upon the subject of agriculture would meet the case it would be a boon to the country. All of the professions were at present overcrowded. Canada could furnish unlimited means for the employment of tens of thousands of our best men in the field of agriculture. There was a feeling abroad that for a man to spend his life upon a farm was to "waste his sweetness on the desert air," and that if a man was in possession of sufficient means to spend his life as a gentleman farmer he ceases to be a gentleman when he is obliged to work with his hands. He had once heard a clergyman say that he had been a farmer, but that he had got above that sort of life. (Laughter.) He was not sure but that the same gentleman would have been a better farmer than a preacher. Whatever could be done to promote a better judgment as to the true dignity of labor, and whatever could be done to educate our young men to believe that there is a field of usefulness for them upon the farm would be a lasting benefit to the community. He trusted that the Minister of Education would at an early day see his way clear to place in the Public Schools of the Province a text-book upon the subject of agriculture. (Applause.)

Mr. G. W. Ross, M. P., Minister of Education, made a brief address, in which he assured the association that he was always glad to receive their advice. The position of Minister of Education was not without its difficulties. He was proud of the system of education in Ontario, and knew of no better system in the world, though of course it was capable of much improvement. He advised the association to act with caution and prudence. (Applause.)

After passing various votes of thanks the association adjourned *sine die*.

A Runaway Street Car.

"Keep your seats or you'll all be killed!" The excited individual who thus exclaimed was Conductor Warren, of Allen street car No. 78.

Yesterday he ran extra during the noon hour, his regular route being on Virginia street. The car was on Fourteenth street, near the State Normal School. Suddenly both brake-rods broke, and the car, heavily loaded with men, women and children, started down the grade banging against the affrighted horses' heels. Driver Welch, seeing that he could not stop the car, did not forget the first law of nature and with great presence of mind unhooked his team, turned them to one side and allowed the car with its terrified human freightage to proceed. It was at this juncture that the conductor cried out as above narrated. At the corner of Vermont street a lady, despite the protest, jumped from the car. The West avenue car pulled up from York street and the driver saw the runaway coming. It was too late to pull back, so he turned in, and by thrashing his horses managed to keep ahead. After a while the car slowed and the men were able to get off and block the wheels. The lady who had jumped off was picked up with a badly strained back, was placed in a carriage and driven to her home on Eagle street.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Another Swindling Game.

Numerous complaints reach the police here from the Eastern Townships and from farmers in the vicinity of this city about Yankee swindlers, who, if the report be true, have at least fleeced thirty or forty tillers of the soil out of a good portion of their savings. It appears that these men sell to the farmers reapers and mowing machines and other farm implements on the instalment plan. Part of the money the farmer pays down, and for a part of it he gives a note, which the Yankee copies, forges the signature and returns on the day when the note is due with the cleverly forged note and receives his money from the unsuspecting farmer. Three days later the genuine note is presented to the farmer for collection. The swindler had had the genuine note discounted and of course the farmer has no means but to pay the amount. A detective was engaged this morning by one of the victims.—*Montreal Star.*

Young Frenchman—"Ah, oui. Eet ees fix by custom in Paree, when a young man marry he get certain number francs from the father of the girl." Young American—"It isn't so in this country. Here you must not only be able to support the girl but very often the rest of the family into the bargain. Say, what's the fare to Paris?"

"We don't want any poetry, young man," said the editor; "we have enough on hand to last longer than the paper." "I am not a poet, sir," replied the young man, indignantly; "I am selling a soap warranted to remove oil, tar, pitch or stains of any kind from the finest fabrics of the loom down to three-ply carpets. You do me a gross injustice, sir." "I beg your pardon," said the editor, contritely.—*Life.*

AN OCEAN GROVE GIRL.

She Uses Cork Stays, but Has Considerable Trouble with Them.

She tripped down to the foamy edge of the surf and ran back, screaming prettily as the water ran over her toes. And all the spectators smiled. And then she ran down again and danced on one toe and then on the other, and then on both at once as she got all the way up to her ankles. Then picked up all her courage, and as a big wave rolled in she ran to meet it. It flopped her bang up against the beach, knocked her sailor hat into shapelessness, and, as it receded, drew her out as if she had been a wooden ball. It was almost too much of a good thing and she struggled and wiggled and spluttered. And while she struggled to get a foothold another wave seized her and she dipped over the top of it as light as an eggshell. Quick as thought came a third, and she danced over the top of that also, and every time she tried to get on her feet she was whisked back.

Then she realized that she was beautifully floating out to sea, and she sent up a scream that startled the bathers near her. One of them, young and brave and strong, rushed—for it was too shallow to swim—to her rescue. He seized her by the shoulder, but her feet would not down, and being a wise and thoughtful lad, he towed her into shore. She scarcely stopped to say thank you, and with the red blood of confusion showing in her tanned cheeks, rushed away to change her garments. She might have escaped with that had she not imparted the secret of the episode to a friend. And the secret was this: She was a prudent girl with a proper regard for her safety. She had taken out the whalebones of her corsets and introduced cork stays, and had put another layer of cork in her stockings. She had miscalculated the effect, only to find that while the cork kept her nicely above water, it quite as effectually prevented her getting down also. The story came out, and the girl left Ocean Grove simultaneously.—*Lit'rary Press.*

A Wonderful Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cts. It has fairly attained a wide world-reputation. If you have a dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectorations of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers, the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

Ironclads versus Locomotives.

War comes high, and next to it preparations for war. The English Admiralty estimates that a first-class ironclad costs £750,000, or in our money about $3,750,000. First-class locomotives cost about $10,000 apiece, so that 375 locomotives, that serve the uses of peace, could be built for the money put out on one vessel which is good for nothing if not a destroyer of the productions of peace.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break," says Tennyson; and the part that ill health often plays in heart-wreck is too great for computation. Uterine disorders especially bedevil the spirits and sap the springs of vitality and nervous force. For these distressing diseases, functional irregularities, unnatural discharges constant pains, weak back, lassitude, dullness, sinking sensations, ill temper, and all weakness and derangements peculiar to females, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a perfect specific. Sold by all druggists.

True to Life.

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say: 'See, baby, papa!'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now, I want to look through the paper!'"

When dread disease, with iron hand,
Hangs its dark mantle over thee,
Escape its silent, awful hand
With Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, colds, and consumption if taken in time. Of druggists.

Sentiment and Business.

Young man—I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise; you remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her, and would disgrace the family.

Old man—Young man, that was sentiment; this is business.

Let The World Know It.

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, etc. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain-subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cts. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cts. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

Snakes Among the Nutmegs.

Connecticut snake hunters are astonished at the great number of rattlesnakes abroad this season. Until a few years ago a rattler was a curiosity in Connecticut, but since the hill towns began to grow up to brush they have come in. In the beautiful town of Farmington rattlers are especially plentiful. Ten have been killed in that town since the season opened. The other day Jason Peters, of Farmington, killed the tenth rattler just as it was approaching his doorstep on an errand of investigation, apparently, respecting the interior of the house.

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Sir Charles Synge Christopher Bowen is acknowledged as one of if not the best lawyer among the English Lords Justices. He is a grave, pale and almost melancholy looking man, and his manner is gentle and apparently timid, and has a peculiarly gentle voice. All his utterances have an academic ring about them, which peculiarity he has possessed since he made his first forensic speech. Off the bench he is a rather shy man. Strangers on meeting him would scarcely credit that he is a great equity judge; indeed, he is generally accredited with being rather "slow" for public man.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will be the guest this summer of the founder of Sage College at Illinois.

Warner's Safe Cure

1 has been before the public now about ten years, and in that time has **proved itself to be all that it has been represented.**

2 **It is purely vegetable,** contains nothing harmful, and **DOES purify the blood and CURE disease,** as it puts the kidneys, **the only blood purifying organs,** in complete health.

3 **It cures permanently.** We have tens of thousands of testimonials to this effect from people who were **cured years ago** and who are well to-day.

4 **It is a Scientific Specific,** was not put upon the market until thoroughly tested, and has the endorsement of Prof. S. A. Lattimore, M. A., Ph. L.L.D., Official Analyst of foods and medicines, N. Y. State Board of Health and scores of eminent chemists, physicians and professional experts.

5 H. H. Warner & Co. **do not cure everything from one bottle,** they having a specific for each important disease. **Fight shy** of any preparation which claims infallibility.

6 The testimonials printed by H. H. Warner & Co. are, so far as they know, **positively genuine.** For the past five years they have had a standing offer of $5,000 for proof to the contrary. If you are sick and **want to get well,** use

Warner's Safe Cure.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,916 at Boston, large classes at Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Pres. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus post free from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a good MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The Shoe & Leather Reporter, N. Y., and Shoe & Leather Review, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their [illegible] parison the Reporter gives him the endorsement [illegible] and the head of any competitor and that his present [illegible]

And the Review says:

"Mr. Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his [illegible] the largest dealer in this country, if not in export [illegible] in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more [illegible]

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

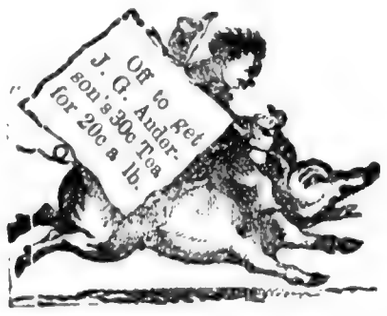

And still there are

MORE

BARGAINS

TO BE GOT AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Don't forget to ask for

THAT CASHMERE,

Regular price 35c a yard, now 22 1-2 c a yard. It is a yard and a quarter wide.

Those DRESS GOODS

We are selling at 12 1-2c a yard, regular price 20c a yard. Beautiful new goods.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN

Boots and Shoes!

30 Per Cent Discount off Men's Long Boots.

1000 DOZEN BUTTONS!

Selling at 5c a dozen, regular prices from 10c to 50c a doz.

COME SOON

In order to secure Best Bargains.

1000 doz. Eggs Wanted

RIGHT AWAY!

Top price paid in Cash or Trade. The Famous

New Process Electric Soap,

To be Got Only at

J. G. ANDERSON'S

Mammoth Bargain House.

He Lost his Bride.

Some weeks ago a citizen of Varney began to pay his attention to a Normanby girl, who was stopping at his mother's and whose atttractions were heightened by the fact that she was an heiress. In about four months she will be twenty-one years of age, when she will come into possession of a $3000 farm. The Varney-ite was devoted and persistent and the young lady finally consented to marry him.

The young man was in receipt of many congratulations upon his success. And why shouldn't he be? for the winning of an heiress is not an every-day occurrence. The day selected for the tying of the matrimonial knot was Monday, 20th inst., and great preparations were made for the event. The time came around, the guests were assembled and the minister on hand, when the groom suddenly bethought himself that a license was necessary and he posted off in hot haste to Durham to procure one. He was to have been back at 6 o'clock, when the ceremony was to take place, but was delayed and did not make his appearance until eight. In the meantime the young lady grew impatient at his delay and a young man who was present, and who was to have been "best man" at the feast, induced her to go away with him.

Then followed a scene, or rather a series of them. The ladies of the house followed, and vainly implored her to return, but she refused to listen to them and continued on her way with her "ay Lochinvar. This exasperated them and they demanded the dress and shoes she was wearing, which they claimed were theirs. She took them off.

AND FLUNG THEM AT THEM.

And as the dews of night had begun to fall and it was somewhat chilly her companion very gallantly took off his coat and placed it around her and together they wended their way into the interior of Egremont.

The feelings of the Varneyite on reaching home and finding that the bride—and of course her $3000 farm—had flown, may be better imagined than described, but with commendable self-restraint he neither raved nor swore. His trust in womankind has, however, been destroyed and his favorite saying in future will be "as fickle as a woman's mood."—[Durham Chronicle.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: "I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

BOOTS & SHOES!

ALWAYS ON HAND.

A LARGE VARIETY

TO CHOOSE FROM AT

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

Also to Contractors for Timber Feet.

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATT

HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

Has removed to the shop on Main street, next door to Wm. Stewart's block, next Wm. Bradshaw's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

The Manitoba Government has secured important modfiication of its contract with the Northern Pacific, and the bargain as it now stands is much more favorable to the Province.

Mr. James, grain inspector for the State of Minnesota, and Mr. Shelly, inspector at Duluth, report that the greater part of the Minnesota and Dakota wheat crop has been injured by the frost.

NOTICE!

To Farmers and the public in general.

Now that the Public Schools are about to open, I would respectfully call your attention to our

Full and Complete Stock

OF

SCHOOL SUPPLIES!

IN ALL CLASSES.

CALL AT

W. RICHARDSON'S

DRUG STORE.

Also Lubricating Lardine Oils for Machines.

GET YOUR MEAT

—:FROM:—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 376. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1888. W. H. THURSTON.

SAVE MONEY!

SAVE MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

WATCHES

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

Spectacles, Silverware, Etc.,

During the month of September, 1888, at

Russell's

Noted

Jewelry Store.

We will give a DISCOUNT of

20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1 and over,

In order to clear out some of our immense stock, to make room for

LARGE FALL IMPORTATIONS

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Hampden, Illinois, Springfield, Columbus, in gold and silver cases, in ladies' and gents' sizes, bearing warrants from 3 to 5 years.

The finest make of American walnut spring and weight Clocks, bearing warrants from two to four years. An $18 Watch for $14.40; a $20 Watch for $16; a $12 Watch for $9.60.

In Silverware we have the most beautiful selection ever shown in this county, at equally low prices. Ladies' Brooches and Barpins, Earrings, Necklets, Guards, etc. Gents' Tie pins, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Charms, etc., at the same terrible reductions. Also the most lovely and large selection of

Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings

and 18 K. WEDDING RINGS ever shown in this section of the country. Come at once and get the choice of the great reductions, and remember that the only place to get your Watches, Clocks or Jewelry repaired is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Special reductions on goods for presentation purposes.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

A few lines left yet in summer goods at M. Richardson & Co's discount sale continued. Bargains going.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Flesherton Presbyterian church intend holding a concert on the second evening of fair, further particulars of which will be given later on.

When used according to directions Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to eradicate from the system Fever and Ague, Intermittent, Remittent and Bilious Fever, and all malarial diseases. Try it.

Suggestions are being considered as to making the Boyne bridge spring the best in the township, by the way, a drinking fountain and watering trough for the benefit of the public.

Rev. T. Wesson has been elected by the Flesherton Division Sons of Temperance, and was initiated to the office of D.G.W.P., in place of A. R. Fawcett whose removal makes a change necessary.

Mr. B. Thompson is making extensive improvements on his property, situate at the corner of Beechill and Elizabeth streets. He is evidently bent upon doing his part to make the most of the natural beauties of our village.

Disorders of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, can be cured by restoring the blood to a healthy condition, through the vitalizing and cleansing action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest, and powerful and most highly concentrated alterative available to the public.

In Union Cashmeres, all wool Cashmeres, foulle cloth, crepe cloths, opera twills, Scotch tartans, plaids, fancy meltons, tweed effects, etc., you can get excellent values and a large and choice stock to select from at M. Richardson & Co's.

The new Boyne bridge is to be a stone and brick structure, in which good workmanship and artistic taste will doubtless be displayed. The bridge ought to bear a memorial tablet to the individual on whom the oversight of the concern falls, and who for so many years has devoted himself with untiring zeal to the welfare of the township.

Mr. P. Lucas desires to inform the public in general that the rumor lately circulated, to the effect that he has been selling roller flour, is utterly false. Mr. Lucas informs us that he has never sold a roller flour, and never intends to, also that he has always had his wheat for flour for sale since last winter, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Returned.

Mr. Wm. Suggitt dropped in on us quite unexpectedly on Monday. He is looking hale and hearty after his ocean voyage.

A Burglary.

The store of Mrs. Thos. Jordan, of Epping, was burglarized on Wednesday night last, a full account of which will be found in our Kimberley correspondence. Since receiving the above correspondence we learn that several of the articles stolen have been recovered [illegible] they were hidden by the [illegible] ing some of the clothing and a gold ring.

Fall underwear just in. A large stock, fine lines, prices low, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Lusus Naturæ.

Our exchanges may revel in stories of big squashes, tall corn and bloated hens eggs, but we have the medal on fruit. Mr. John Beecroft has a crab apple tree loaded with both blossoms and fruit. In the same garden are also pear and apple trees in bloom. We intend shortly to advertise Flesherton as a winter sanitarim for invalids who are in the habit of wintering south of the 35th degree of latitude.

Personal.

Mrs. T. Akitt, of Collingwood, is visiting at Mr. Beecroft's.

J. W. Henderson and family returned to Toronto last week.

Misses House and Mrs. Scott, of Hamilton are the guests of Mr Patch for a few days.

New goods arriving daily at M. Richardson & Co's for fall and winter trade. In dress goods, mantle goods, fine fabrics and newest designs, a large stock. M. Richardson & Co.

Garden Party.

[illegible] ladies [illegible] of the Methodist church, Flesherton, held a garden party at the residence of Mr Bentham on Wednesday evening last. The evening was delightful, as also was the attendance good. The ladies provided a veritable abundance of good things. Flesherton's band enlivened the proceedings, and everybody appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

On Friday evening a young people's social was held at the same place for the purpose of the ladies' [illegible] boys and girls of Flesherton were with them, etc., and [illegible] for the purpose for which they were assembled.

For bargains in gloves, hosiery, buttons, belts, ties, and parasols, go to M. Richards n & Co's discount sale this week.

East Grey Exhibition.

The committee appointed at the last meeting of the board to arrange for special attractions during the show to be held here on the 24th and 25th inst. met last Friday, and decided to have baseball and lacrosse matches on the first day of show, to entertain visitors. The directors, in order to assist in making it a success, will purchase two valuable cups, with prize funds, to be awarded to the best lacrosse and baseball teams to be known as directors prizes and to be competed for on the first day of show on the exhibition grounds. In addition they will offer prizes for bicycle races, bagpipe competition, foot races, etc. The directors' efforts to make our show a grand success will meet with the approval of our enterprising citizens, who will render them such assistance as may be needed to make it by far the best exhibition ever held [illegible] Special attention to the [illegible] keeping the [illegible]

Flesherton Station Items.

Considerable [illegible] grain, in spite of the [illegible] harvest operations of the locality. Notwithstanding the [illegible] were [illegible]

Mr A. McLeod has lately made an addition to his house. He and his family are away for a short time.

Mr D. Muir has erected one of the largest and best barns that is to be seen in this part.

Plant [illegible] the [illegible] carelessly deposited [illegible] of stone, sand heaps and [illegible] obstacle [illegible] their most [illegible] manner [illegible]

The Literary Society expects to [illegible] during this month, at [illegible] will have an interesting [illegible]

The natural social and spiritual advantages might be made far more of than they are. Unity, energy and perseverance are [illegible] to [illegible] faster.

Self-Binder Contest.

A test of self-binders came off on Tuesday as announced, on the farm of Mr. Geo. Stewart, near this village. Only two machines competed a Noxon and a Patterson. The judges on the occasion were R. Oliver, J. R. Graham and A. Stewart, jr. A large number of spectators were on the field. The field of grain cut by the two reapers during the contest was about five acres. After examining the different points of both machines, the judges agreed in awarding the palm to the Noxon reaper, but not without some dissatisfaction on the part of a number of gentlemen who express themselves elsewhere in this issue.

A Sad Accident.

On Wednesday of last week Mrs Sproule, living near Maxwell, mother of our fellow-townsman, R. J. Sproule, and Dr. Sproule of Markdale, M. P. for East Grey, met with a severe and what [illegible] Mrs. Sproule [illegible] town an old lady of 75 years. While walking along the road in the vicinity of Maxwell she attempted to turn around suddenly, when she fell, breaking her left arm and [illegible]. The [illegible] old lady is not likely to [illegible] her ultimate recovery.

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Remarkable Meteor.

A meteor of extraordinary brilliancy and erratic movement, lit up the darkness last Wednesday evening about 9.30. It appeared from this point travelling upward towards the northwest at an angle of about 45 degrees, and was exceedingly large. A large number of people with whom we have conversed there in agreed that at first it was a very large rocket which was about to be fired, but it was proven to be a meteor of rare beauty. It was observed all over Ontario, and from the Rochester Observatory we learn that it was the finest single specimen of meteoric fireworks which the professor there had ever seen. The stone appears to have come in contact with the earth's atmosphere at an angle, the resistance of which gave it an upward turn, just as a bullet fired at a slant into the water will return to the surface.

Valuable Property for sale in the thriving Village of Flesherton. For particulars apply to A. R. Fawcett, *Review* office, Streetsville, Ont., or to J. W. Armstrong, Flesherton.

NOTICE.—All accounts due me for Job Printing and advertising must be paid to J. W. Armstrong as soon as possible.

A. R. FAWCETT.

Review Office, Streetsville.

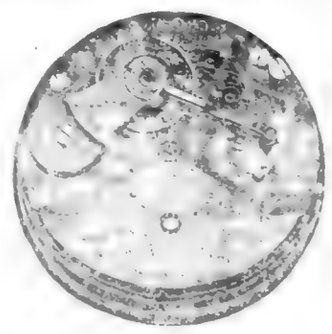

TO

OLD

PATRONS

AM OBLIGED FOR

CONTINUED CONFIDENCE

AND PATRONAGE.

Will be with you again next week.

JEWELER BROWN.

MARKDALE.

SUNK TO THE BOTTOM.

The Oceanic Sinks the City of Chester in San Francisco Bay.

THE USUAL PANIC AND LOSS OF LIFE.

A San Francisco despatch says: One of the most terrible marine disasters that have occurred upon the Pacific coast was that which took place about 10 o'clock yesterday morning in the bay of San Francisco, at a short distance from Golden Gate. The City of Chester left her dock at 9.30 and started on her regular trip to Eureka, on the northern ocast of California. An unusually large number of passengers stood on her decks and waved adieus to their friends. The Chester steamed slowly down the bay, and when within two miles of the Heads encountered a thick fog. Capt. Wallace began to blow his whistle to warn all vessels of his approach. The Chester proceeded cautiously on her course till off Fort Point, when the sound of another whistle floated across the water. Captain Wallace answered the signal. This warning was evidently misunderstood, for in a moment's time those forward saw the huge prow of the Occidental and Oriental steamer Oceanic emerge from the fog. She had just arrived from Hong Kong, and was proceeding up the bay to her docks. She was so close to the Chester that there was no possibility for the latter to escape. The cabin passengers were nearly all on deck, and the captain, seeing the danger, called to them to prepare for the shock. A panic ensued, particularly among the women and children, of whom there was a large number. The Oceanic struck the Chester on the port side and the shock was terrific. Her prow cut into the Chester's upper works and then crushed down to the bulwarks, tearing the great timbers, and breaking into the staterooms and cabin. The wildest confusion prevailed. The bow of the Oceanic crashed into the middle section of the Chester, cutting her almost in half. When the vessels were locked, several of the Chester's passengers were passed up over the Oceanic's bow. As soon as the larger steamer could clear herself, she swung around and began to lower boats. The officers and crew of the Chester seemed to lose their senses, and several passengers stated afterwards that some of the crew clambered aboard the Oceanic, leaving the passengers to cut away the boats. One of these was lowered as soon as possible and several passengers were taken off. Others provided themselves with life-preservers and jumped overboard. The greater portion were compelled to remain on the steamer, which began to settle soon after the collision. Torrents of water rushed into her hold, and in five minutes after the collision the Chester had disappeared. She sank in fifty fathoms of water. Those of the passengers and crew who came to the surface were picked up, but the greater number went down in the rushing water and never appeared again. As soon as it was known that the collision had occurred tugs and other boats went to the scene and rendered what service they could in picking up the living and dead floating among the wreckage. The greatest loss of life is believed to have been among the steerage passengers, of whom there were 23 on board, and only two of these were accounted for. The others are regarded as lost. The cabin passengers numbered 70, and of these ten are lost. Three of the crew are lost. None of the survivors were landed until after 1 o'clock, and at a late hour last evening there was still much doubt as to the number lost. The City of Chester was an iron steamship, valued at $150,000.

A GREAT YARN.

A Manacled Horse Thief Springs Through the Window of a Railway Car.

A Joliet, Ill., despatch says: "Big Jim" Ryan, Sheriff of Cook county, Wyoming Territory, arrived at the prison last evening with a noted cowboy horse thief named Jim O'Connor, sentenced for three years. The sheriff related a story of interest regarding the escape of O'Connor from his custody while coming through Iowa on the Rock Island fast train. The sheriff and his prisoner had been seventy two hours on the cars, and were nearly tired out for want of sleep. The prisoner was heavily ironed with shackles. Just after the train had left Des Moines, and while it was yet dark, the prisoner asked Ryan for a drink of water. The officer went to the tank, not ten feet distant, and was pouring out the water, when his attention was attracted by a terrible crash of broken glass. He turned and found that O'Connor was gone, having plunged head first through the window while the train was flying along at top speed. The sheriff was carried several miles before the train stopped. Ryan rushed up the track and about daylight discovered where the desperado had struck, but instead of finding his mangled remains, as the sheriff fully expected, he found tracks entering a large corn field. It was not until late in the afternoon that O'Connor was captured. The prisoner had irons on both legs and hands, yet had made his way for twelve miles from the railroad, and when found was hid beneath a hedge-fence. There was not a mark upon him to show that he was in the least bit hurt.

A Diabolical Deed.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: On a farm near Bavaria, Kan., a man became incensed at the actions of a boy who was teasing him while feeding a thresher, and he forced the boy into the machine, which mangled him almost beyond recognition. The incensed neighbors ran the perpetrator of the horrible deed down, and prodded him to death with pitchforks.

Fall River, Mass., has a citizen whom Diogenes would have been pleased and honored to afford quarters on the parlor floor of his celebrated tub. This individual has recently distinguished himself by telling the truth in an advertisement, "Horse for sale." He plainly announces that the animal is of ugly disposition, and recommends it to nobody unaccustomed to horses.

Judge Hughes was attacked with rheumatic gout on his return trip from Winnipeg, and is now at his son-in-law's residence at Sarnia.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

Latest Live Scottish News by Mail.

The Duke of Portland has signified his intention of presenting a public park to the villagers of Galston.

It is again rumored that Lord Advocate Macdonald is about to be raised to the Bench as Lord Justice Clerk.

A little girl at Lugate, near Stow, has died from drinking from a stream into which sheep dip had been poured.

The death is announced at Dumfries of Mr. George Graham, a noted and highly respected agriculturist in the South of Scotland.

A marriage is arranged between Lady Elizabeth Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, and Hon. Robert Preston Bruce, M.P.

A tablet to the memory of Charles Darwin is to be placed on the house in Lothian street, Edinburgh, where he lived when studying at the Edinburgh University.

Lady Victoria Campbell, a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who devotes herself to Christian work, is learning the Gaelic language in order to get hold of the Gaelic heart.

Some complaints of the alleged desecration of the parish churchyard of Farnell have arisen out of a goose building her nest and hatching a brood under a raised tombstone.

Mrs. Balfour Stewart, in recognition of the services rendered to science by her late husband, Professor Balfour Stewart, has been granted a pension of £50 a year from the Civil List.

The knitting industry of Shetland, according to Mrs. Fyvie Mayo, which now brings into the islands a yearly revenue of from £10,000 to £12,000, all originated in the quick observation and tact of one man.

Mrs. Somerville, of Edinburgh, has been unsuccessfully suing R. Gordon, merchant, for damages for calling her "a woman." Like Bob Sawyer's landlady, she decidedly objected to be called a woman.

Mr. William Bonar, of Kensington—a member of the distinguished family which includes Dr. John Bonar, of Greenock; Dr. Horatius, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Andrew, of Glasgow—passed away on the 27th ult.

By orders from the Scottish Office in London the imprisoned Clashmore crofters Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. McLeod and Hugh Mathieson—were on the 8th inst. liberated from the Calton Jail, Edinburgh, and sent to their homes

Misses Frances, Blanche and Amy Tulloch, in consideration of the distinguished services of their late father, Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, have each received a pension of £25 from the Civil List.

On the 30th ult. the town-crier of Jedburgh announced through the streets that "the persons who were observed stealing strawberries in Bongate nursery between 6 and 7 o'clock on the previous evening were requested not to do so again."

Prof. Blaikie is taken to task for stating in his biography of Patrick Hamilton that the proto martyr of the Reformation was born at Kincavel, near Linlithgow. It is contended that Stonehouse, near Hamilton, where his father, Sir Patrick, had a barony, was his birthplace.

Rev. Gavin Lang, of Inverness, officiated at the funeral of Colonel Cameron, of Inverailort, by whose death the last male representative of that family disappears, as also, through his mother, do the Macdonells, of Barrisdale, a once powerful branch of the Glengarry Macdonells.

Lord Fife has sold the estate of Edinglassie, and also the remaining portion of the estate of Invermarkle, the extent of the whole being between 7,000 and 8,000 acres. Edinglassie has been purchased by Mr. John Walker, of Kingswinford, Dudley, and the remaining part of Invermarkle by Mr. Alex. Geddes, of Blairmore.

The inscription on the Gordon statue at Aberdeen is: "Charles George Gordon, R.E., C.B., Major-General. Born 28th January, 1833; fell in his country's service at Khartoum, January, 1885. Dedicated to his memory by members of the Gordon Clan. 'I have done my best for the honor of our country. Khartoum, 14th December, 1884.'"

Rev. Mr. Peters, Mid Parish Church, Greenock, has not received any stipend for four or five years, the Town Council declining to accept the receipt upon which he wrote "Accepted under protest." He now intimates that he is prepared to sign conditionally on the receipt being worded as "alleged legal stipend;" and this condition has been agreed to.

On the 6th August Mr. Andrew Millar, jun., writer, Paisley, died at Toward from peritonitis, after a few days' illness. The deceased, who was about 60 years of age, was a partner of the firm of Millar, Walker & Millar, writers, Paisley, and acted as clerk to the Abbey School Board, and was also clerk to the Abbey heritors. He was till within a short time ago a colonel in the local corps of the volunteers.

Worked the Child Cornetist to Death.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: Docka Pihlgreer, 9 years old, who had travelled all over the West as "the child cornetist," died here yesterday from the effects of overwork. She was a delicate little thing, very small for her age, yet she had been required to practice on the cornet three hours a day, Sunday not excepted, besides performing afternoons and evenings. She was brought here Monday by the Peeks, under whom she was playing, but was not given the least medical attention. Her mother is a variety actress. The coroner's examination showed that death resulted from heart failure, due to nervous exhaustion.

A Sky Terrier.

A little boy, 6 years old, and a little girl, 8, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed: "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky terrier."

Not Always Behind.

It is not always boys who are ungrateful It is sometimes the daughter's unkindness that is sharper than the serpent's tooth. A pretty miss on the train pettishly said to her mother, "Come on; you're always behind." A venerable gentleman passing stooped and said, "Never behind when you were sick, was she?"—*Christian Advocate.*

EVICTIONS IN WEST CLARE.

Thrilling Scenes at Evictions on the Vandeleur Estates.

(Letter in the London Daily News.)

On either side of the door of Simon Connell's house was a small window stuffed with brush wood, and through both windows the syringes began to play. Therefore, to protect the emergency men, the sheriff ran up and clapped his shield upon one of the small windows, while a battering-ram follower stuck another shield upon the second window. A prod from a long pole thrust the sheriff and his shield away from the wall, and a torrent of hot water fell all over the battering-ram warrior, who, in spite of it all, maintained his hold upon his shield, sheltering his head behind it. A constable substituted a wooden board for the sheriff and his shield, and in order to keep the board in its place posted a ladder against it. This stopped the syringe play in that quarter, but through the other window the hot water torrents rushed, frequently drenching the shield-bearer from head to foot. Inside there were only Simon Connell, his son and his two daughters—four people, three of them very young—pitted against all the cavalry and infantry outside, and with a hot-water syringe or two against all those heavy batons and rifles and sword-bayonets. "Have you finished with your hot water yet?" the shield-bearer exclaimed ironically. "No, you spalpeen," the man inside replies, "there's plenty for ye." "Out wid it, then, my lad," retorted the other. Out it did come, and no mistake, sousing the emergency man from head to foot, and reducing his billycock to a pulp; but ere long the old ramming song breaks out, "Back away with them, back away with them," and the battering-ram is at last in full swing, thundering against door and wall, shaking the fort at each blow. At the seventh blow a portion of the door gave way, and through the aperture came promptly forth hot water and steam. At the tenth blow the door fell in pieces, but, as the breach was still not wide enough for the storming party, the battering-ram was turned upon the portions of the wall on either side of the entrance. The men drawn up on the right of the farm-yard square, as also those on the left, were drawing their batons, twisting the thongs round their wrists and preparing for a rush. Down comes a huge fragment of the wall, down comes another, and another, exposing the dimly-lighted interior and the figure of a young girl with dishevelled hair rushing across the room. "Back away with them." Down comes another piece of wall in a cataract of bricks, stones and dust. "Charge," and up the heaps of broken wall, like troops scaling an enemy's earth-works, the constabulary rush, with batons overhead. They disappear down the other side in a cloud of dust, while the roof, deprived of its wall supports, shook as if it would fall and bury defenders and stormers alive. Through the dust and steam I could see figures rushing madly about. For about a minute or so, though the time seemed longer, there were the sounds of wild tramplings and scuffling, shrieks of women, and groans, and then they all came out in headlong confusion, captors and captives, and, held fast in the grip of three constables, the father, Simon Connell, with torn clothes and face pale as a corpse, and one side of his head and the whole of his breast and waist-coat literally streaming with blood. He had three terrible wounds in the head. He tottered as if he would faint. Well, I fancied myself pretty well accustomed to ugly sights in battle of another sort, but I must confess I felt dazed and sickened at the spectacle suddenly bursting upon me of this poor, toil-worn, broken-down Irish peasant helpless and bleeding, in the hands of the strong men who were wrecking his hearth and shattering his old home into ruins. "He fought like a demon," said a constable who hurried past me. His head dropped over his chest, he staggered to a walk, the R. I. C. supported him. He sat down on the ground, leaned his back against the wall and groaned. The regimental doctor came up. Lint, scissors and the other necessary materials were fetched from the ambulance waggon, and Connell's wounds were dressed. Connell's son, a boy, was wounded on the head, and the blood ran down his face, but his hurt was not serious.

The last eviction to-day was that of Margaret Madigan, who holds 136 acres at Ladnore. The approach of the sheriff to the farm must have been for some time anticipated, for the roads were cut up and blockaded in several places, and as a consequence the sheriff was delayed for a long time in getting the ram up to the house. The house itself, a neat thatched cottage, was well strengthened with huge timber beams and stout young trees to resist, for a time at least, the assaults of the battering ram. When at length the door was forced open a shower of hot water deluged the bailiffs. The ram was then directed against the adjacent wall, which, being very old, soon crumbled to dust beneath its strokes. More water was thrown out and no reply given to the repeated calls for surrender made by Col. Turner. Inspector Hill, snatching a shield from one of the bailiffs, rushed into the house, when a stone thrown from a loft in the house caused him to beat a precipitate retreat. He then said to Col. Turner: "A case for fixed bayonets, sir;" but Col. Turner said: "No; try batons first." Cecil Roche headed a baton party, which was to take the house by storm; but another stone or two routed them. Just now the aged tenant and her grandchild came out of the house, and it became apparent that the male defenders had taken refuge in a small loft at one end of the house. As they refused to come out, Col. Turner ordered in a dozen men with fixed bayonets, Inspectors Dunning and Hill leading the attack. They were received with a volley of stones, to which Mr. Hill replied by throwing one up into the loft, while Mr. Dunning called out to Col. Turner, "Shall we fire, sir?" Col. Turner replied, "Certainly." Whilst this fusillade of stones was in progress a couple of policemen had succeeded in putting up a ladder against the aperture of the loft, and up to this Messrs. Hill and Dunning climbed armed with bailiffs' crowbars. With these instruments they forced a way into the loft, where a desperate struggle ensued. The two men were overpowered, handcuffed and brought down from the loft. One of them had a bad cut on the side of the head. Mr. Dunning's finger was cut, and Mr. Hill's tunic torn at the shoulder. The two prisoners were brought before Cecil Roche who remanded them in custody. When most of the furniture had been removed the ram was again set in motion, and two sides of the house were levelled, so as to render it perfectly uninhabitable.

How to Have Fine Shoulders.

Begin with ten minutes' work, the wet towel pinned tightly around the hips, corset off and a Mother Hubbard gown on, which is the best modern version of the Greek robe possible. Wet the head well, for the exercise will pump the blood well over the body, heating the temples and spine; roll up your sleeves, sponge and wipe the arms dry and go to work, moderately at first. In ten minutes or less quit, sponge off the muscles that quiver and burn, drop into an easy seat and rest ten or fifteen minutes, then pull again, resting and working for an hour. Keep this up a month and you won't know your shoulders and arms for the same. Walker, in his known work on artistic beauty, says the absence of fine arms in women is due to long sleeves and want of exercise. Pumping, sweeping, spinning, throwing stones at a mark and playing quoits are all better than tennis or rowing to secure finely-modeled arms and busts. The way to get the most benefit from work is to time oneself and see how much can be done in a quarter hour, a half hour, and so on till the sweat flows, that great restorer of the complexion and refiner of the figure. It carries off the grossness of the body, and though it is a proverb in outspoken districts that such a one is "too proud to sweat," and I have heard ladies of middle station in society aver that they never perspired, as if it were a sign of gentility—they never failed to pay the penalty in thick sallowness of face and adipose. The moderate, easy-going woman grows fat. The active, quick-footed one keeps down her flesh and shows as trim a waist and ankle at 45 as she had at 20. The fatal thickening at the back of the neck by which men profess to know women past 40, is an unnecessary consequence. The woman who uses the shoulders freely and rapidly will show as flat and fine an outline at 80 as my beautiful Italian "Reading Girl," and there is hardly a pleasanter sight after the roses and lily figure of 16 than one of these trim, nice, wholesome ladies of 60, with a waist as fine as that of her own granddaughter. A woman who is too fine to work is too fine to be fair, and she will be stout—the one fatal defect in a woman of any age.

Passionate Versifiers.

A new lady poet appears as a contributor to that valuable Democratic journal, the Detroit *Free Press*. The name of this lady is Sarah K. Bolton, and her poem is upon "That Last, Last Night," and we quote:

> Your hand, electric to my own,
> Your lips, more precious than a throne,
> Were mine, ah joy! and mine alone,
> That last, last night.

We suggest to the gifted but too careless author of these lines that they violate the canons of orthodox poetical art. While it may not be improper for a young lady to smack a gentleman electrically on the lips, provided he is her declared and accepted lover, and she is his affianced bride, it is contrary to all rules to kiss and tell; and no lady who is admitted to the privilege of holding the thrilling hand of her beloved, and hanging on the precious honey of his lips should go away and forget this fundamental rule of good manners. Next, there is something unpleasant in the remark that these lips were last night hers alone. What did she expect? Did she think he would allow other girls to kiss him also? We are anxious about our lady poets. They manifest a disposition to publish in their verses occurrences that are, doubtless, very sweet in themselves, but which ought not unnecessarily to be dragged into the full blaze of impertinent notoriety. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Old World Church Notes.

Tarsus, the city of St. Paul, will soon be able to boast of an American training school for orphans. There are several institutions of the kind, we believe, and this one will support and house about fifty children.

Dr. Tschakert, professor of ecclesiastical history at Konigsberg, announces the discovery of a large number of sermons and scholia from the pen of Martin Luther. The documents had by some means found their way into the town library of that city. The sermons must have been preached at Wittenberg or neighborhood between 1519 and 1521.

The Congregational, Presbyterian and Reformed Churches of Japan are about to form an organic union. The basis of the union will be the Apostle's Creed and the Nicene Creed, with the historical confessions of the three Churches—all held in subordination to the Bible. The polity is to be a mixture of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism. Congregationalism will prevail in the individual church, but over the united body the Presbyterian forms will prevail. The union paves the way for the formal national adoption of the Christian religion.

Queen of the Gypsy Camp.

A few days ago Undertaker William K. Reed, of Troy, N.Y., was called to go to the gypsy camp at Sickles' Creek to make preparations for the burial of one of the number. Arriving there he found the body of a young woman, a member of the party, who was very handsome in form and face. The entire camp was in sadness over the sudden death of this young woman, who was the pet of the party, and who was considered the queen of the camp. Mr. Reed was told that they were going to burn up everything belonging to the dead woman. Valuable blankets, shawls, dresses, her private carriage, harness, letters, and, in fact, everything she owned, was cast on the pile and burned up so as to keep away evil spirits and bring good luck to her followers. One blanket she had used as a coverlet, handsomely worked, and worth at least $20, was consumed with the rest.

He Wouldn't Bite.

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea and the men were all starving; they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and if it should be me I'd jump into the water." "But," said the mother, "they would fish you out!" "No they wouldn't," said he, "for I wouldn't bite."

AH, YES, THE WOMAN.

Two Men After Her, and the Government Finds a Smuggler.

P. J. Rogers, the smuggler, captured in Boston on Saturday, was before United States Commissioner Hallett Wednesday and was held in $2,000 for the September term of the United States court. It is believed that this case is but the precursor of others that will soon be brought before the courts. One case contains all the elements of a French novel. A well known doctor of philology, who has had the honor of imparting a knowledge of modern tongues to infant Hohenzollerns in Germany, and who is known in the United States as the inventor of the "Meistershaft system" of acquiring European languages, came to Boston about twelve months ago and settled down in an ultra fashionable boarding house. His system of teaching brought an ample income, as many wished to learn German from one who had taught the children of the German Emperor. He became a great favorite at the boarding house, and among others who sought his acquaintance was a railroad man, a travelling agent for one of the most prominent roads in the country. As the intimacy grew closer between these two, the railroad man explained to the doctor how it was that he could live in a style apparently beyond his income as an employee of a corporation. With his railway business he combined that of smuggling into this country woollen fabrics of the highest class. To those whom he knew he was always glad to furnish suit patterns at a price much less than they could be obtained in a legitimate manner. As the revenue was impersonal and not among the possibilities as a student of modern languages, the doctor could see no evil in evading it, and as he wanted some new clothes, his railway friend voluntered to get his clothes made in Canada and bring them through free of duty and the bargain was closed. Between the sending of the order and the reception of the goods a new factor arrived in the person of a beautiful woman with whom the doctor and the railway man straightway fell in love. The latter became the favorite suitor and the doctor was in despair. Then the clothes came, and with them an idea to the doctor. He saw how to obtain revenge. He addressed a note containing the facts about the railway man's scheme to a customs' official and refused to pay for the clothes. The last act showed the smuggler the necessity of caution, and by the time the authorities had got their investigation well under way he found an immediate call for his presence in Canada.

KILLING NO MURDER

When a Wife Kills Her Husband.

At Chester, on Saturday week, before Mr. Justice Field, Mary Ellen Coleman was charged with the manslaughter of her husband, John Coleman, at Stockport, on the 17th of April last, and pleaded "Guilty" to the charge. From the statement made by the prisoner's counsel it appeared that the deceased man had been in the habit of brutally ill-treating the prisoner, and on the day of the fatal blow the deceased had been drinking heavily, and the prisoner endeavored to get him home from a public-house. While doing so he kicked her violently in the chest. She retreated into another room, and the deceased followed her and sat down on a chair by the fire, leaning down to where a poker was lying. This the prisoner seized, and dealt the deceased a blow, not of a violent nature, on the side of the head, and from the effect of this blow the deceased died four days afterwards. His Lordship * * * sentenced the prisoner to one day's imprisonment.

When a Husband Kills His Wife.

The trial of Neale, the draper, charged with the manslaughter of his wife, took place at the Leeds Assizes. His wife had committed adultery with a man named Black, and Crown Prosecutor Mr. Stansfeld declared to the jury that "speaking not as a counsel for the Crown, but as a man, he should have acted as the prisoner at the bar had done." The presiding judge, Mr. Justice Smith, said that the prisoner had done "that which was proper" in kicking the man Black downstairs; and went on to suggest that in a paroxysm of rage, induced by the action of Black, the prisoner had turned upon his wife and inflicted upon her the injuries of which she died. "There were," Mr. Justice Smith continued, "manslaughters and manslaughters," and as the prisoner at the bar had been in prison awaiting trial for two months, His Lordship expressed his determination to inflict no further punishment, but ordered him to be imprisoned for one day, which was equivalent to discharging him.

How to Dine Wisely.

Just now there is a good deal being written and wisely written about the extravagance of the workingman in food; but if the workingman would learn to dine wisely and to diversify his meal with a soup and a salad he'd not only have a better dinner but a much cheaper one. When all the hygienic cranks have exhausted themselves, civilization has not been experimenting in living all these centuries for nothing, and there is good reason for supposing that the regulation of proper dinner in courses, when it is not rendered unattractive and ridiculous by elaborations induced by ostentation rather than by consideration of the palate, is the dinner best suited to the human stomach as well as the pleasantest.—*New York Graphic.*

Gossip About Old Cities.

It is supposed that Rome at one time contained 5,000,000 inhabitants.

Babylon contained 144 square miles, and London contains but 120.

In the Eternal city there were 1,780 palaces, and 46,602 houses divided into flats.

The palaces of Rome each accommodated about 350,000 people.

It took Jonah a day to get into the middle of Nineveh, which occupied more space than London.

Dentist—Well, how do the new teeth work?

Patient—Not very well. They seem to cut the others.

Dentist—That is perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know.

Such a Hat.

'Tis torn and 'tis tattered,
'Tis bruised and 'tis battered,
'Tis ragged and rimless and flabby and flat;
The ribbons are faded,
The feathers are jaded,
Did ever you see in your life such a hat?

'Twould surely take hours
To tell of the flowers,
The wreathing of daisies with bunches of green,
The dainty wee feather,
All helping together
To make it the cunningest hat ever seen.

But, turn from its beauties
And think of its duties,
Its thrilling adventures and sorry abuse;
For, over and over,
That rascally Rover
Has made it his plaything, to tear or to lose.

'Twas left in the garden—
Of course it was hard on
Those beautiful trimmings all out in the storm.
'T was flung up for cherries,
'Tis picked full of berries,
And Kitty has found it a nest snug and warm.

But look at the glancing
And beaming and dancing
Of those bonny eyes peeping out from the crown;
The flaxen hair curling
And flowing and whirling
With crumpled old ribbons forlorn hanging down.

Yes, take them together
In all kinds of weather—
The cheek like the roses, the laughter so gay,
The dimples so merry—
'Tis surely the very
Best hat you have looked on for many a day.

—*Sydney Daure.*

THE BRAVE HEART WON.

Flora Wylde was a young lady who persistently refused to accept the rich lover Cecil Clay, whom her ambitious mother had selected. Flora was determined to marry no one but Reginald le Brun and together they devised a plan that would put to rout the machinations of the enemy.

The scene of this victory was to be on the occasion of the oratorio which Flora and her mother were to attend with Mr. Clay.

The night came and the party was seated in a box where they were in full view of the audience, and many a lorgnette was levelled at Flora's piquant face. Until the music began there was a restless glance in her blue eyes as they swept the crowded house. But when the grand opening chorus of the oratorio commenced all nervousness vanished, and the lovely face became as rapt and calm as though all earthly trials were past, and had been succeeded by a heavenly peace. This continued until the time came when custom allows a short rest for the singers, and also that compliments may be exchanged between friends. Then as the door of the box which contained Flora's party was opened and the face for which Flora had been searching appeared within it, it would have been amusing to a student of human nature to watch the changes of facial expression which Reginald's entrance produced upon the different occupants.

Flora rose suddenly and went to meet him, and in a low tone asked: "Have you been disappointed?"

Then Reginald whispered joyously: "All is as I hoped. The highest honors have been awarded to me, and the professorship is mine. What says Flora in answer to my query of this morning?" The girl flushed a radiant rosy red, hesitated for a moment, then, with a supreme effort, gathered up her courage, and put up her lips for a kiss. Mute with astonishment (for it was the first time in all their acquaintance that the shy girl had accorded him the privilege), Reginald bent and touched the quivering, tender mouth with his own.

Flora then drew her arm through his and led him forward from the shadow of the curtain, which had hidden this little scene from the audience (but not from the surprised group within the box), and said:

"I am so happy, for Regie has won a noble success, and what influences his life will make or mar mine, as he is my affianced husband. I suppose it is no news to you, Mr. Clay, so I speak openly. Mamma has undoubtedly told you of what she calls the 'boy and girl' attachment between us."

Mr. Clay murmured something about "being flattered by Miss Wylde's confidence," and something else which was as unintelligible to himself as to Flora.

Mrs. Wylde turned first red, and then pale, and meanwhile had no alternative but to accept the outstretched hand of the gentleman whom Flora had introduced as her future son-in-law. Then the music recommenced, and all had an opportunity to regain at least a degree of self-possession before the last of the oratorio.

Mr. Wylde had always had a liking for the young student, and being altogether in the dark as to the real by-play which was going on he gave Reginald a cordial shake of the hand at parting, and invited him to dine with them on the following day, saying as he did so: "Women folks are very fond of mysteries, when my wife has allowed such a trap to be sprung upon me. Why, man, I had no more idea that my little Flora had any thought of marrying than that I myself was to be transported to another country."

And Reginald kept his counsel, and only smiled, and accepted the invitation.

What passed between Flora and her mother can be better left to imagination. Suffice it to say that Flora was forgiven, and that the wedding day followed soon after the engagement.

One of the handsomest of the bride's presents came from Cecil Clay, accompanied by a note, which ran as follows:

> With congratulations and best wishes from one who, as he cannot take the first place in the bride's heart, is glad to petition for that of a friend. That the girl who, by her frank avowal, saved a poor fellow the mortification of a refusal may have as unclouded and brilliant a life as the gem I send her is the earnest wish of
>
> CECIL CLAY.

The gem alluded to was a diamond solitaire of great size and of limpid purity, and was set in a pendant of fairy-like delicacy of workmanship.

Too Busy to Answer.

Inquiring Child—Father, what is the difference between sitting up and sitting down? Father (with perfect confidence in his ability to explain)—Why, my child, when somebody is standing up and he seats himself, he sits down, and when he dosen't go to bed and sits down he sits up. Then with a dawning doubt of his ability to make it quite clear: "You see, my child, if he sits down, why, he—I mean if he sits up——Go to your mother, and don't ask me questions when I'm busy."

CURRENT TOPICS.

One of the great attractions of the Irish Exhibition in London is Edward Hogan, the Irish piper. Hogan has but one competitor for the high honor he holds of being chief piper in Ireland, and that honor he modestly gives to his own brother. The pipes in his hands sound an entirely new depth and breadth of harmony, and thousands are delighted both with the instrument and the artist.

While Gen. VonMoltke began his military experience in the Danish service, in which he was engaged until he attained his 22nd year, he was not born in Denmark but in Parchim, Mecklenburg, a State which likewise gave birth to Blucher. A branch of his family had settled in Denmark, and it was through this connection that he entered the Danish army, which he quitted in 1822 to enter that of Prussia.

It seems that the wily Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, has been overreached at last. His Royal Highness recently beheaded the members of a rebel deputation who came under a flag of truce with terms that were displeasing to Muley. A short time afterwards the rebels sent in their submission and promised to pay tribute. Muley sent his cousin and 200 horsemen to collect it, but the rebels surprised them with an ambuscade and murdered the whole party.

The Japan *Gazette* makes this calm announcement of the punishment of native members of its staff: "On the 3rd inst. Mr. Terada, of our staff, was convicted of being implicated in publishing documents the authorities desired to keep secret, and sentenced to fourteen months' imprisonment without labor. Mr. Maeno, also of our staff, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment on a similar charge. Messrs. Hoshi and Ishiguro were also found guilty of the same offense, and were sent to jail for eighteen and twelve months respectively."

Once more, says the *Financial News*, suggestions are in the air for a postal tube between Dover and Calais, and this time in a more detailed form. The idea is to suspend two tubes of about a yard each in diameter by means of steel cables across the channel, forty yards above the level of the sea. The steel cables will be fixed to pillars at distances of about 800 yards, and in each tube a little railway will run, with cars capable of carrying 450 lbs. in weight. No parcel of greater weight than this will be taken, and the cost is estimated at the modest figure of £1,000,000. It is also proposed to run telegraph and telephone wires through these tubes.

In Marion Crawford's latest volume, "With the Immortals," the author is supposed to have held communion with the illustrious dead. In one of the chapters Heine is asked which is the finest poem. "The finest poem in the world," says Heine, speaking from above, "is the book of Job, the next best is the 'Iliad,' the next is the 'Divine Comedy,' the next 'Paradise Lost,' and the last great poem the world has seen is 'Faust,' though that is held to be more a tragedy than a poem." Now the doubters of spiritual manifestations will have to infer that this is Mr. Crawford's opinion rather than that of Heine. Communing with spirits by authors of books taxes one's credulity as severely as do the performances of the professional mediums.

The big houses in London have lots of cats about them, which grow fat while folks are in town and starve when they go out to the country. This has caused much distress to members of the Animals' Institute, particularly as even the Queen's cats were subject to the same difficulty. But this year it was humbly and loyally pointed out to the Queen that her Windsor cats would starve while she was away, whereupon Her Majesty was graciously pleased to order them all put in baskets and taken along to Osborne with the rest of the Court, which was done. This has become fashionable. Society papers solemnly inform us that prettily decorated cat baskets are in great demand, and the happy pussies may be seen by dozens at the railway stations going to mountain or seashore just like anybody else.

It seems an odd thing that an English name could not be found for "the most powerful vessel ever built for the British navy, with the exception of the Nile and Trafalgar." This is the first class battle ship Sans P reil ("None Such" would have sounded much better in British ears), which was launched on the Thames recently, after costing in construction the enormous sum of £814,000. Her engines represent 12,000 horse power, the vessel has a displacement of 10,470 tons, and she is to be equipped with two 110-ton guns, a 30-ton gun and 33 smaller pieces of ordnance, besides 18 torpedoes and a number of machine guns—truly a formidable colossus of the deep. But her speed has yet to be tried, and that is an element in efficiency of modern men-of-war which the present naval manœuvres have already shown to be of much greater importance than Admiralty authorities have hitherto been willing to admit.

The police of Montreal are on the lookout for swindlers from the south side of the line who have successfully done between thirty or forty Eastern Township farmers out of large sums of money. The swindlers sold alleged farm implements and took cash deposits and notes for the balance. The notes were discounted and the proceeds pocketed before date of payment. Then the farmers were waited on by the swindlers with what now turn out to be forged copies of the notes, and by offers of discount were induced in almost every instance to pay. The original notes were duly presented for payment, and the victims had to find the money a second time or stand an action for recovery on protested notes. The Montreal police also have information of a swindle on an Ontario horse dealer by a supposed buyer from the States. The latter in paying for the stock counted a hundred dollar bill twice, and got away before his victim could obtain redress.

Probably the Russian army is the most heterogeneous in the world, so far as its ethnology is concerned. From information on the point just issued by the Russian Statistical Department we learn that of the 227,906 recruits levied in 1885, the racial composition was as follows: Russians, 169,052; Poles, 17,212; Bulgarians, 406; Tchecks, 12; Lithuanians, 5,800; Letts, 3,424; Greeks, 155; Moldavians, 2,350; French, 1; Germans, 3,572; Armenians, 142; Bohemians, 39; Georgians, 3; Jews, 10,011; Karehans, 309; Tchouds, 20; Esthonians, 2,604; Laps, 1; Moravians, 1,707; Cheremissians, 704; Votiaks, 841; Zyrians, 282; Permians, 68; Voguls, 5; Chuvachis, 1,529; Tartars, 4,508; Bashkirs, 3,017, and about 100 belonging to three other races or tribes. In all, then, the Russian army comprises 32 different race, or at least tribal, elements, among which it is noteworthy neither Ossetians nor Circassians are represented, so far at least as these recruits are concerned.

The practical joker is a twin brother of the man who "didn't know it was loaded." It is a matter for regret that both are allowed to run at large, unrestrained and unmuzzled. The latest practical joke, and one probably fatal in its consequences, is reported from an Indiana town. A half intoxicated man was induced by his companions, the other evening, to shoot at a dummy constructed of straw and old clothes, under the impression that he was firing at a man. The assaulted figure fell heavily to the ground, and the victim of the practical joke, believing himself a murderer, fled. There is now every reason to believe that he committed suicide, and the brilliant geniuses who contrived this uproarious bit of fun are of the opinion that their joke was more of a success than the plans and specifications called for. It is to be deplored that there is no law to reach these individuals whose bubbling humor can only find vent in pointing a loaded revolver at some person's head, or in concocting the joke which is dangerously near the line of tragedy.

Several of the south side glass factories, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, are now using electricity for a novel purpose. Heretofore when they wanted to cut one of the large cylinders of window glass a simple but primitive method was used. This consisted of the pulling out from the furnace a thin shred of glass heated white. This was quickly wrapped around the bottle shaped end of the cylinder and it burned through or fractured the glass. A pair of tongs had to be used in the process. By the new method the glass cylinder is encircled with a fine wire, the extremities of which are put in connection with a small electric battery. It is necessary that the wire adhere closely to the glass. When a current of electricity is passed through the wire the latter becomes red hot and heats the glass beneath it. Then a single drop of water deposited on the heated place will cause a clean breakage of the glass clear around in the path of the wire. Contrary to what takes place with the usual process in the treatment of this fragile material, it is found that the thicker the sides of the cylinder are the better the cut.

Some curious statistics, lately published with the authority of the French Academie des Sciences, indicate a source of fallacy with respect to centenarians, to which Mr. Timbs used to attach much importance. In the very old, vanity is apt to exaggerate the age, just as in earlier life it often acts as a disturbing influence in the opposite way; hence the statements of *soi-disant* centenarians must be received with caution. It is said that in Bavaria, in 1871, out of 37 persons who claimed to be 100 years old, only one (a woman) was found, on official investigation, to have really reached that age. In Canada, of 82 supposed centenarians, only 9 successfully underwent the ordeal of a similar criticism. An inquiry of the same kind has just been made in France, with the result that, of 184 persons registered as centenarians in the last census, 101 have been found to have no claim to that honor. Of the remaining 83 (52 of whom were women and 31 men), the age was certified in 67 solely by the statements of relatives; in only 16 was any documentary evidence forthcoming. Most of these centenarians belonged to the south-western part of France, especially the foot of the Pyrenees.

Taking a Tiger's Picture.

A thrilling incident, which recently happened in India, is related by the native papers. It was no less a feat than the photographing of a tiger and a buffalo at the instant they were in deadly conflict. The whole affair had been deliberately prearranged. The buffalo was carefully tethered to a stump in the middle of a field. The artist, who was of course in peril of his life, coolly focussed the horrid beast. Then the tiger was let loose, and springing upon the buffalo, struck the huge creature to the earth with a single blow of his paw. The camera, at this intense moment, took its instantaneous impression, and the result was a picture vividly representing the deadly scene, and its victim at the very moment of dying. "The one beat of the heart," says an account, "that intervened between the awful blow of the tiger's paw and the victim's positive surrender of existence, sufficed for the photographer to catch and fix with unerring fidelity the attitudes of the slayer and the slain." The striking achievement has its scientific use. It settles by indisputable testimony of the sun's rays, the much mooted question by what method the tiger destroys its prey. The artist was a man of rare courage, for in order to achieve this triumph of his art he took the chance that the untamable rover of the jungle would leap on him instead of the victim intended for his deadly onset.

The Baby Carriage.

It was a terrible mistake for the handsome editor of the London *Advertiser* to remain a bachelor; nature intended him for something better. See what he says: We haven't much sympathy with the petulant people who find fault with the baby carriages on the market on busy days. The husband can't leave his work to do the marketing, so the good wife must do it. She often has no one to whom the baby can be entrusted, and perforce the little one must be taken along. No doubt they are often a source of discomfort, but probably the greatest part of it is felt by the lady in charge of the carriage. The people who jostle and scramble in a crowd are infinitely more disagreeable than a baby carriage. Oh, no, let the carriages alone, and perhaps in the years to come, when the present generation are bent and feeble, some of those now in baby carriages may be near with strong arms to give us a helping hand over the rough places.

At an auction in London last week Puttrick Simpson's hundred works and pamphlets and Joanna Southcote's writings, many very scarce, were dispersed. Some had the seal of the prophetess on the covers.

THE RED MAN'S CORN PITS.

Remarkable Food Storehouses of Canadian Aborigines.

Mr. J B Freeman, M.P.P., contributes to the *Canadian Advance* the following particulars of some ancient corn pits or caches found in the township of Townsend, as given to him by Mr. Richard McMichael, one of the early pioneers:

About sixty-two years ago Mr. McMichael was engaged with others in clearing the timber from some land in Townsend, Norfolk County, when their attention was called to some particular depressions, and, after the timber was removed, investigation revealed the fact that these pits or holes all contained charred or parched corn. The corn was in a good state of preservation, except for a few inches near the surface where it came in contact with the earth; it was bright and glistening, showing little signs of decay. There were eighteen of these "caches," they were uniform in size and round in shape and measured five feet across. The corn was found from three to four feet below the surface, and, although the corn was thrown out to a depth of four or five feet, the earth was not reached below. We are not left to conjecture as to how this corn came to be deposited here, for we know that this was the Indian method of preserving their surplus corn supply. Early writers tell us that the country between Lake Huron and Lakes Erie and Ontario was at one time thickly populated by the Indians, and that the game was scarce and that there was more corn grown each year as the population increased and the game disappeared, but in no instance have I met with any record when such large quantities of parched corn have been found in any place inhabited by Indians. Then there was no indication that this had been stored up preparatorily as a food supply in case of war, as there was nothing in the surroundings that would suggest this, nor was there anything like a stockade, or a village, or general camping ground, for in almost every instance, where their villages or camps once stood, the first settler could find traces of them, but in this instance there were only some ashes, and on an adjoining farm can still be seen a large stone that was used, no doubt, for grinding corn. I have said that these pits were found in the forest; there was no difference in the size of the timber in or about them, in fact, one of the largest pine trees growing near was partly in and partly over one of these depressions, and the usual way of computing the age of a tree by its rings or circles, that some contend mark each year's growth, would indicate that this tree was near a thousand years old, but, as I do not think that this method is trustworthy, say that the pine tree was four or five hundred years old, and then we can scarcely realize the fact that the corn in these pits should have shown so little signs of decay, but there can be no doubt about its being just as Mr. McMichael stated, as no one who knows him would question his veracity.

Mrs. Livingstone's Grave.

We are fifty miles from the mouth of the Zambesi, the mile-wide water shallow and brown, the low sandy banks fringed with alligators and wild birds. The great deltoid plain, yellow with sun-tanned reeds, and sparsely covered with trees, stretches on every side; the sun is blistering hot; the sky, as it will be for a month, a monotonous dome of blue—not a frank, bright blue like the Canadian sky, but a veiled blue, a suspicious and malarious blue, partly due to the perpetual heat haze and partly to the imagination, for the Zambezi is no friend to the European, and this wild region is heavy with depressing memories. This impression, perhaps, was heightened by the fact that we were to spend that night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank with a broad verandah shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and the remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening twenty years ago, when in the same bedroom, at the same hour, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife, and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest: and, as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this might be not less worthy of immortality.

Spendthrift Luxuries.

The garden lunch, the latest and favorite form of entertaining at Lenox and Bar Harbor, is superseding the afternoon lawn party in the affections of the fashionables because it gives scope for so many more picturesque effects, costs very much more and is therefore more exclusive and delightful. The idea is to ask people at 1 o'clock and give them a good lunch, half in the house and half in the gardens, some under tents, some under trees and the older people on the verandas. A band plays under the trees while the feast goes on and sometimes the young people come in for a turn or two of the waltz in the long drawing rooms before they scatter for drives and afternoon teas.

A Birthday Present.

A boy was teasing his little brother about the shape of his nose, when the little fellow quietly remarked: "I can't help it; I didn't buy it myself—it was a birthday present."

"Men usually marry their opposites," said Cholly, reflectively. "That is true," said the old man, a little surprised at Cholly's unusual brilliancy. "All the married men I know have married members of the opposite sex."

WHERE IT IS HOT.

The Irtish Valley is the Hottest Place on Earth.

I laughed at a Russian officer in Omsk who told me that the heat in the valley of Irtish was often so intense as to cause nausea and fainting, and who advised me not to travel between 11 o'clock in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the day was cloudless and hot. The idea of having a sunstroke in Siberia, and the suggestion not to travel there in the middle of the day, seemed to me so preposterous that I could not restrain a smile of amusement. He assured me, however, that he was talking seriously, and said that he had seen soldiers unconscious for hours after a fit of nausea and fainting, brought on by marching in the sunshine. He did not know sunstroke by name, and seemed to think that the symptoms which he described were peculiar effects of the Irtish valley heat, but it was evidently sunstroke that he had seen. At the station of the Voroninskaya, in the middle of this parched desert, we were overtaken by a furious hot sandstorm from the southwest, with a temperature of 103 degrees in the shade. The sand and fine, hot dust were carried to a height of a hundred feet, and drifted past us in dense, suffocating clouds, hiding everything from sight and making it almost impossible to breathe. Although we were riding with the storm, and not against it, I literally gasped for breath for more than two hours, and when we arrived at the station of Chreemshanka it would have been hard to tell, from an inspection of our faces, whether we were Kirghis or Americans—black men or white. I drank nearly a quart of cold milk, and even that did not fully assuage my fierce thirst. Mr. Frost, after washing the dust out of his eyes and drinking seven tumblers of milk, revived sufficiently to say: "If anybody thinks that it doesn't get hot in Siberia, just refer him to me!" At the station of Malo Krasnoryarskaya we left the Irtish to the right and saw it no more. Late that afternoon we reached the first foothills of the great mountain range of the Altai, and began the long, gradual climb to the Altai station. Before dark on the following day we were riding through cool, elevated Alpine meadows, where the fresh green grass was intermingled with blue bells, from spirea, gentians and delicate fringed pinks, and where the mountain tops over our heads were white, a thousand feet down, with freshly fallen snow. The change from the torrid African desert of the Irtish to this superb Siberian Switzerland was so sudden and so extraordinary as to be almost bewildering.—*George Kennan in the Century.*

Notes from the Orient.

The first tea crop is said to be about 200,000 half-chests less than last year. The teamen have made good profits on fine teas.

The treasury of China is said to be in a very exhausted state, owing to the money required for filling up the Honan breach and for the Emperor's marriage.

The Foochow *Echo* of June 9th says: We regret to learn that the squall of last Saturday caused a very serious accident in this city. It is stated that a very high fire-wall was blown down, burying under it a few houses and about eighteen people, mostly women and children.

The Japanese are becoming so fond of card playing that in Kioto alone over 340 people are kept employed in the manufacture of playing-cards, both Japanese and foreign, and the annual sales in Kioto amount to 53,557 yen.

A rather alarming outbreak of sporadic diarrhœa has occurred in Hong Kong. In the jail four or five deaths have occurred, and in the general community many natives and a few Europeans have succumbed. The unusually cool and wet weather and pollution of the streams are the principal causes.

The Straits *Times* says: The son of a Chinese headman at Banda has been studying law in Holland, and has passed all his examinations there. By last advice he has blossomed into a fully qualified lawyer. He has cut off his queue, donned European dress, and married a Dutch lady. His coming out to practice in Java will raise no small stir among European lawyers there, who do most business among Chinese clients. A Chinese competitor in the field would draw away a good many of their customers.

Sir Thomas Esmonde's Marriage.

The announcement that Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde is to wed Miss May Brady, the charming daughter of Judge Brady, has caused something of a sensation in social circles in this city. Parnell's handsome young ambassador came to this country so quietly, and was so retiring and unostentatious while here, that no one for a moment thought that the artful Irishman was planning to steal one of the prettiest and most accomplished young ladies in New York. Just how or when the young people met and courted is not known. Sir Thomas has landed possessions in Waterford County, Ireland, worth $10,000 a year. He comes of good patriotic stock. Henry Grattan, the Irish Demosthenes, probably the most distinguished of all Irish leaders, was his great grandfather, and some of the spirit of the great opponent of Castlereagh, and of the act that united Ireland with England, is inherited by Parnell's young lieutenant. Sir Thomas enjoys the distinction of being the youngest man, with a single exception, who ever sat in the House of Commons. Charles James Fox was a parliamentary leader before he attained his majority. Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde was elected to represent Waterford in the House before he was 23 years old. Although representing a Catholic constituency, he is a Protestant. Miss May Brady is the second daughter of Judge Brady, and a very beautiful and accomplished young woman, who is well known and admired in the social circles in which she moves.—*New York letter in the Chicago Herald.*

A Pointer for the Politicians.

A little girl, visiting Niagara with her father, and seeing the foam at the foot of the Falls, exclaimed: "Pa, how much soap it must take to make so much suds!"

A Georgia baby, not quite 2 years old, "has fallen over the foot of the bed 111 times."

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1888.

OUR EXHIBITION.

The East Grey Agricultural Society's fall show will be held in Flesherton on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24 and 25. On our local page will be found the announcement of the board of directors, and by which it may be seen that the list of special attractions will be of an exceptionally interesting character. The East Grey fall show has now become well established, and successful. The prizes are large, and the list of prizes lengthy. There is no reason to doubt that our fall fair of 1888 is going to be a particularly successful one in every particular. The magnanimity of the directors in providing, at their own expense, the two valuable cups to be competed for by lacrosse and baseball teams, is highly praiseworthy, and should be appreciated in a substantial manner, as no doubt it will, by an overflowing attendance of visitors.

Such being the case, we would urge our manufacturers and farmers to unite in insuring the still greater success of our home fair. It is a necessity; it is a recognized and substantial benefit to exhibitors, as well as those who are not exhibitors. New ideas of local interest are received; new energies are acquired and fostered in the community, and competition makes keen the ambition to excel in each particular branch. We place much more benefit upon the home fair than upon the larger, longer advertised concerns, such as the Industrial presents in Toronto. Patronize the foreign fairs if you will there is also much to be learned in them, as well as at home—but you, our exhibition concerns you most, reader. Let us make it interesting, then, if you have a little cash and time to spare, you can "take in" the outside world with a clear conscience.

Our editorial remarks of last week about station matters has called forth a letter from a gentleman in Toronto, which we would be glad [illegible] Such letters [illegible] vicinity, and we [illegible] Flesherton support [illegible] advocate [illegible] the station [illegible] long ago. We [illegible] like [illegible] ing to do anything in this matter, or are our public men [illegible] and [illegible] dozed that they cannot "stir their stumps," to use a homely expression? The present station facilities to Priceville are not such that it would be compelled to make any strenuous opposition; in fact Priceville people have expressed indifference in the matter, and say the removal of the station one mile further east would make no material difference to them. Considering the immense advantages to be gained, is it not criminal in us to display so much apathy in our own welfare. Let us be up and doing.

London has a new evening daily, the first number of which is before us. It is called The Evening Times, is printed in large type, has a neat appearance, and with a fair show of advertising. We notice, though, that it begins life by using "boiler plate" miscellany and story, but will probably discontinue that when it "gets on its feet," as it looks suspicious in a daily. We wish it abundant success.

By the way, the Toronto World uses the same "blacksmith" material, the wherefore and why we would like to have explained, as "Billy" and "Jim" have always prided themselves upon the *newsy* quality of their matter. Perhaps that latest circular, which does not come under the "injunction" head in Hoyle, and which the World has not mentioned in its columns, explains it.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

It once more becomes our painful duty to report the death of one of our loved ones, Miss Annie Buchanan, which sad event took place at the residence of her father, Mr. Wm. Buchanan, on Sunday morning, 26th ult. The deceased had been in delicate health since last winter and hopes were held out at one time of her ultimate recovery, but they were in vain. Her funeral took place on the following Monday afternoon and was largely attended by friends and well-wishers, who followed the remains to their last resting place in Irwin's burying grounds. A memorial service was held in the Wesley Church last Sunday by the Rev. J. W. Shilton, from Romans the 14th chapter and 7th and 8th verses: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lords." The church was filled to the doors; every available space was occupied. The large attendance, both at the Funeral and Memorial service, showed the respect in which the deceased was held in this and surrounding neighborhood.

Priceville Items.

By our own prowler.

The new Presbyterian Church edifice is rapidly being closed in, and begins to present an apperance in keeping with the taste of the present age.

The removal of a large and dilapidated old building from the principal street, near the hotel, is a decided gain to the appearance of the village. Possibly before long a substantial structure may take its place and prove that somebody believes that Priceville has not seen its best days yet.

Mrs. Walker, of Toronto, paid a two days visit last week to her parents, Mr and Mrs Brown, of the postoffice. We are glad to state that Mr. Brown's foot is improving, and it is hoped his long confinement to the house is about to cease.

Miss Cordelia Reid of Rockford is spending a holiday with her parents not far from here.

Priceville needs a new cemetery, and on [illegible] the matter in hand while [illegible] sites are still available.

Autumnal tints are just beginning to impart to fields and woods a peculiar charm.

The New Station.

To the Editor of the Advance.

Dear Sir, Allow me to make a few remarks upon your railway facilities, of which you had an Editorial Note in last week's Advance. You said the station [illegible] burned some time ago, it would perhaps be the only chance Flesherton would have to bring it nearer. You are right. It is a chance in a lifetime. To look at Flesherton, one cannot help being forced to admit that it has a better chance than any other village around. Since the Valley Road has become an established fact, the best route for all grain and farm produce grown in Euphrasia and Collingwood townships is to come to Flesherton, on account of the said road leading to it. Then Osprey township's best market is Flesherton, on account of its excellent gravel road. Collingwood has seen its best days, and on account of the high rates charged by the Northern railway the markets along the C. P. R. can afford to pay a higher price for produce than Meaford, Thornbury, Collingwood, or any of the towns in that direction. Now then Mr. Editor, if the C. P. R. had its station in Flesherton instead of a mile and a half away, the village would soon outstrip any of its sister villages in every respect. But how is this to be brought about? The railroad company will not do it without assistance. The citizens at the station and Priceville will fight any move of the kind so that it depends largely on the township of Artemesia to move in the matter. Osprey will no doubt help. It is in their interest to do so, but it is the people of Artemesia, and especially of Flesherton, who have to get this change made. It will assuredly pay them to offer the Co'y. a certain amount of money to bend the track and build the station in the village. If it was brought as far as or into Mr. Varty's brickyard, then the money which is intended to straighten the road to the present station would go a long way towards paying for the construction of the work. It will be an insane thing to let the chance go by, without trying to get the much needed change. Yours respectfully.

G. W. L.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Another daring burglary was committed on wednesday night on the premises of Mrs. Jordan, Epping. An entrance was effected through the window on the north side by the removal of a pane of glass and drawing the nails that fastened down the window, and hoisting it. A pile of dishes which lay on the window sill inside was carefully removed and set down outside. The burglars seemed to be sociable fellows, for not being satisfied with carrying off ready-made clothing, boots, suspenders, and three or four dollars in cash, they went to the cellar, got some pies, brought them up, and ate them in the store. It would appear that the boots were required for their own personal use for the lamps were set down on the floor while they fitted on the boots. It is surmised that the intruders were pretty familiar with the premises, as the cash they took had been kept in a small vessel in the postoffice, also their getting the pies.

Since writing the above I have heard that Mrs. Jordan's loss is much greater than at first estimated, exceeding $100.

The new bridge over the Beaver near this place is approaching completion, under the able and skilful management of Mr. J. R. Fawcett, contractor.

The repairs on the fourth line at "Kerr's Elbow" are creditable to the reeve, road commissioners, and Mr. Lang, who did the work. For years that was a dangerous place, especially in winter.

A meteor of dazzling splendor appeared about 9.30 o'clock Wednesday night in our zenith, passing from south-east to north-west. It presented the appearance of a powerful streak of phosphoric light.

M. R. H.

M. Richardson & Co. invite inspection of their unusually large and attractive stock of fall goods, opened this week.

Trial of Binders.

We, the undersigned, were present at a field trial of binders on the farm of Mr Geo. Steward near Flesherton, on Tuesday, 4th inst., between the Patterson and Noxon binders, and would say that the Patterson is the lightest draught and makes the best sheaf, and is, we think, the best constructed:

A. STEWART,	SAMUEL PEDLAR, jr.,
H. CULLEN,	WM. BEECROFT,
WM. MCMURRAY,	J. GILCHRIST,
AARON TELFER,	GEO. WARDROPE,
JACOB HOLLY,	JOHN TELFER,
WM. PEDLAR,	JOHN HARGRAVE,
H. PIPER.	J. HICKLING.

Women's boots and slippers, very cheap, at M. Richardson & Co's discount sale. SEE THEM.

Funny He Didn't Break.

The precocity of some children is remarkable. A friend of ours has a little boy who will be a philosopher some day if his bump of acquisitiveness keeps on growing at its present rate. The little fellow's father is a printer, which, of course, explains his cuteness.

Freddie's mamma had been giving him his regular Sunday lesson from the Bible. She told him that God made all the little boys, and girls, and everybody. Freddie was quiet for some time. Finally he said:

"Mamma, does God live 'way up there in the sky?"

"Yes, dear."

And he made me up there?"

"Yes."

"Then it's funny I didn't break in two when he frowed me down, ain't it, mamma?"

R. T. of T.

The members of Fountain Council No. 146 are earnestly requested to meet in their hall, Sproule's block, at 6 o,clock p.m. on Sunday the 9th inst. and to proceed from thence to the Methodist church.

Married.

Rutledge—Buggin—At Methodist parsonage Markdale, on the 3d September, by the Rev. Geo. Buggin, C.W. Rutledge, editor Standard, to Ada Auggin, daughter of the pastor.

General News.

China refusess to ratify the American treaty restricting Chinese immigration.

The Retaliation Bill was reported back to the House of Representatives on Saturday.

All the members of the Salvation Army at Newmarket were arrested on Saturday night on the charge of obstructing the street.

Several firemen were buried and burned to death in a burning building in Baltimore on Saturday morning.

Hotels in the North-west possessing certain prescribed accommodation are now allowed to import and sell liquor containing four per cent. of alchohol.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 20 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description FREE to any Person who applies to Nicholson, 30 St James St. Montreal.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886
122 E. 27th St.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons, while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STONE FLOUR!

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Desires to call on the public in general that the rumor lately circulated, to the effect that he has been selling roller flour, is utterly false. Mr Loucks would inform the public that he has never sold roller flour, and never intends to, as the mill he has always had the one door to hand and it has since last winter, all rumor to the contrary notwithstanding.

STRAYED.

CAME to the premises of Hugh Knott, Jr., Lot 12, Con. 3, Euphrasia, on or about July 21, four heifers, of two year olds and 1 yearling. Owner may have them by proving property and paying charges.

0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour		$1 75	to	4 75
Fall Wheat		$0 78	to	0 80
Spring Wheat		0 78		0 80
Barley		0 50		0 55
Oats		0 45		0 45
Peas		0 60		0 60
Butter		0 15		0 15
Eggs, fresh		0 14		0 14
Potatoes bush		0 40		0 50
Pork		6 50		6 50
Hay per ton		7 00		8 00
Hides		4 50		5 50
Wool		19		23
Sheepskins		0 50		1 06
Geese		0 06		0 06
Turkeys		0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair		0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair		0 50		0 60

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Special Attention paid to Collections, Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Bank of Toronto.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's Block. Residence, Wm. Wilkins'

Partnership.

E. F. HIXON, M.C.P.M. **J. G. HUTTON,** M.C.P.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.,

PRICEVILLE.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

WILL VISIT FLESHERTON, ON [illegible] HOTEL [illegible] at moderate rates.

REFERENCES BY KIND PERMISSION TO [illegible]

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, [illegible] Conveyancer, Auctioneer, Collector and sale of lands, Agent for C.C.C. Co. and P. P. B. W. Society. Money to loan at [illegible] per cent. MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

On Town or Farm Property [illegible]

S. DAVIDGE,

Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY,

IMP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER INSURANCE ACT, &C.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared [illegible] Interest [illegible] Money to loan at [illegible]

E. J. Sproule,

POST MASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Agent for Insurance and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.

Apply at once to

GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton,

Or to

J. G. C. KEEFER, Forest, Ont.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Jno. F. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Call and see PARLOR SUITES

NOW BEING SHOWN AT

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

Quite new in design. The best ever brought into this section, and at prices lower than cheap, trashy goods that have been offered by country dealers in the past.

A Large Stock of

Cane and Perforated Chairs

in a variety of styles, at from

60c EACH. EACH.

Beautiful Cane Seat with carved backs, $1 each.

Ladies' Rockers, perforated, $1.35

Our stock of Bedsteads, Cots, Cribs, Cradles, Cupboards, Bureaus, Tables, in fact every line, has been still further marked down. Our premises are large but our stock is larger.

BOUGHT CLOSE!

AND

Well Selected.

A few Children's Carriages to be sold at a small advance on cost. One or two more Express Wagons at cost.

OUR

UNDERTAKING

Establishment

We are striving to bring to the very front in the County, and is acknowledged to be the lowest in price.

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island, the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after [illegible] the 9th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms [illegible]

[illegible]

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August 1888.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the St Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, THE 25TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galops at the Lock-keeper's house, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at Lock stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places then [illegible]

[illegible]

Department of Railways and Canals.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cast Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Owen Sound baseball club "waxed" the Walkerton club last week to the tune of 9 to 6.

Shelburne is going to have waterworks. It carried a bylaw last week for the issue of $12,000 debentures for that purpose.

Mount Forest sends a girl missionary to the Telegu district, in India. The lady, Miss Fanny Stovel, left last week for her far-away field of labor.

A Grand Valley church choir was suspended for a month because they misbehaved themselves while returning from a special service at Farmington.

Mr. T. McGirr, of Egremont, has corn 9 ft. 1 inch high. Mr. R. Lethbridge, of Owen Sound, goes him nearly two feet better by producing a stock 10 feet 9½ inches high. These are tall stories, but true.

Orangeville had two fires last week. Wm. Judge's store and stock, and Miss Kyle's millinery establishment were destroyed. Loss on both about $24,000; insured for $11,000. Another fire, of incendiary origin, in the jewelry store of Mr. Acheson, was extinguished without any loss.

The Pickering News man is wrestling with big cucumbers now. The last one he dissected was 12½ inches long and had a pedigree attached. Its grandfather was the Duke of Edinburgh's head gardener, and it was exported by a Mr. Green. It was a Green cucumber. The News man appears to be as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

We expect to hear of an editorial catastrophe in Durham within the next few days. The editor of the Chronicle is still after the unfortunate who lost his intended bride last week. He satirises the poor wretch thus: —"The Varneyite who was jilted last week has his eyes on a Glenelg girl, said to be worth $7000. It is to be hoped that he will be more successful than in his last venture."

"Green corn" socialbles are the latest fad with Hanover people. The Hanover Post says the one to be held there this week is "the last and only one to be held this season." Unless green corn has lost the properties it contained when we hooked and roasted it in the dim long ago, we are much mistaken if Hanover people don't find it the "last and only one" wanted in several seasons.

While sweeping out one of the [illegible] on Monday, Mrs. [illegible] W. Smith [illegible] Mt. Forest, was greatly startled [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] would have to follow that white streak [illegible] but in front there is nothing to point the way. Then there fell a silence broken shortly by the familiar "yum-up" [illegible] of the party. [Meaford Mirror.

Orangeville is now connected by telephone "with all towns of importance within a radius of fifty miles." So says the Dufferin Advertiser. Anybody with an ordinary "readiness" at comprehension will understand the importance of this announcement. We lived in Orangeville at one time, but the readiness was not so marked at that period as it is now. We believe this is owing to the presence of so many fire bugs within its limits. But why didn't you spell it "redness," at once, Mr. Advertiser?

The London Times has come to the conclusion that Retaliation will work its own cure without any action on the part of Canada.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever [illegible] in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES [illegible] Gallery. [illegible] all particulars as to Prices [illegible] obtained.

MRS. BULMER.

[illegible]TON.

HEARD'S Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

McTavish & Legate

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO

[illegible]

D. McTAVISH. R. P. LEGATE.

BOOTS & SHOES!

ALWAYS ON HAND.

A LARGE VARIETY

TO CHOOSE FROM AT

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

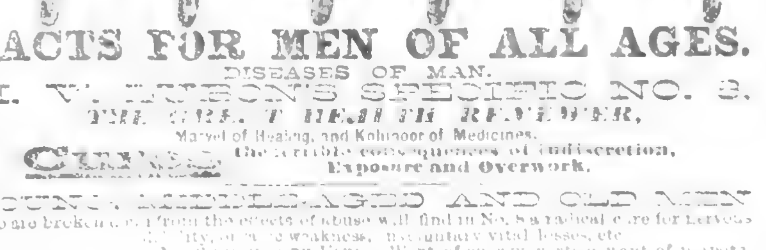

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

CURES The terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, often innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally, from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

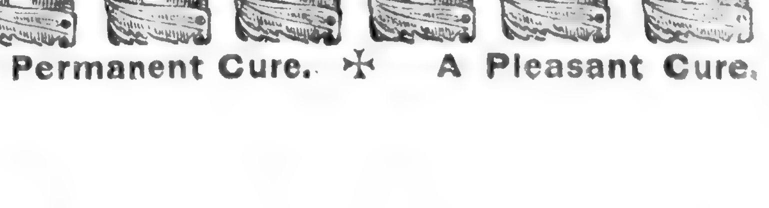

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

The Friend of Ages Ago.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
—Yes, if you'd just as lief as not.
—*John Paul.*

There are several things that trouble one's age,
And work for a man much woe,
Such as gout—and doubt—debts that *will* run,
And rhyme that will *not* flow.
But when all has been said, do we not most dread,
Of the many bores that we know,
That ubiquitous ban, the woman or man,
That knew one "ages ago?"

In youth—you were young; and foolish perhaps;
You flirted with high and with low,
Had one love on the hill, and one down by the mill
Yet never were wicked, ah, no!
And this friend knew you in a far-away way,
In a way that was only so, so—
Just enough to give hue to the cry about you
"Oh, I knew him ages ago!"

You are married now and quite circumspect,
Your pace, like your speech, is slow,
You tell in a bank, keep silent in church
Are one it is proper to know;
But this vigilant friend will never consent
That your virtues unchallenged shall go—
Though she never demurs, but only avers
That she knew you "ages ago."

And sure I am that if ever I win
To the place where I hope to go—
To sit among saints—perhaps the chief—
In raiment as white as snow,
Before me and busy among the blest
Perhaps in the self-same row
I shall find my ban, this woman or man,
Who knew me "ages ago."

And shall hear the voice I so oft have heard—
Do you think it is sweet and low?
As it whispers still with accent shrill
The refrain that so well I know;
"Oh, you needn't be setting much store by *him*,
This new angel's not much of a show,
He may fool some saint who isn't acquaint—
But *I* knew him 'ages ago!'"

Whatever Is—Is Best.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time punished
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error
In the great supernal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall cry as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is—is best."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

It was a weary time for all, this long struggle between life and death. Sir Hugh's constitution was naturally a strong one, or he would have succumbed long before, and his frame offered a desperate resistance to the inroads of disease. Neither Mr. Litton nor the prison surgeon gave any hope, or had any fear—since by far the greatest mercy to him would be death—that he would recover; but there was an acknowledged dread in their minds that he might linger on until the sessions, and so stand his trial. Shirley had no such dread; she seemed certain that he would die before the time appointed for the next sessions, and that he would pass on to that higher judgment which can never err.

Sir Hugh Glynn's arrest and imprisonment caused a great excitement in the fashionable world—a far greater excitement indeed than his supposed murder had caused. The whole story was so romantic and mysterious, so many rumors were afloat about the strange circumstances of his marriage and the reason of the unfortunate valet's power over him, that the sensational papers reaped a splendid harvest and their contributors were at no loss for matter. Hardly a day passed but some new and startling facts, facts which had but very slight foundation, were brought to light, and Lady Gynn's beauty and grace and strange disappearance and stranger reappearance were widely commented upon. It might have troubled Shirley had she read all these thrilling paragraphs; but she never glanced at a newspaper during these sad days. Her whole thoughts were given to the dying man dying with such a stain upon a name which had been honored; dying, the last representative of an ancient and noble family, in a prison-cell!

But, great as the excitement was in the great world, it was hardly greater than Lady Eastwell's sorrow at the thought that she had been indirectly the means of Sir Hugh's arrest. At first her knowledge of the circumstances of Shirley's marriage and of Latreille's part therein had made her suspect that the latter knew more of the murder than had transpired. There had been no mention of his name at Guy's trial; but, after Major Stuart's acquittal, which had incensed Alice, who firmly believed him guilty, she had set the cleverest detectives to work to discover Latreille's whereabouts. That he was an accomplice was not impossible, she thought; she knew him as a daring and unscrupulous man, and she felt sure that if he could be found he would throw some light upon the subject. How the detectives succeeded she now knew; they had thought to find Latreille when Sir Hugh gave himself up as the murderer, and Guy's innocence was clearly proved.

Alice was almost despairing when the tidings reached her. She had loved Sir Hugh Glynn as well as it was possible for her to love any one, and she had hated Guy as his murderer with a bitter, vindictive hatred. That Shirley—who, after all, had done her cousin no wrong—should suffer, troubled her little; and even at the time of the murder her sorrow at Sir Hugh's fate had been greatly lessened by the thought that the death should be atoned for. But now, when all had come to light, the wretched woman saw how greatly mistaken she had been, and how cruelly she had wronged Major Stuart and Shirley, and she saw in the full light of day into what a fatal abyss her jealousy of Shirley had plunged her, and her grief was very profound.

The thought of Sir Hugh dying in a prison haunted her day and night; and even a letter which, at her husband's request, Shirley wrote to her gave her but little consolation. In a few gently worded earnest lines Lady Glynn begged her, in her husband's name and her own, not to regret what she had done, for it had been Sir Hugh's fixed intention to give himself up to justice. She was in no way to blame, and she must not blame herself for a moment. Sir Hugh was quite at peace, the note said, and they sometimes talked of the old days at Fairholme Court. And the letter closed with an earnest entreaty for forgiveness for the shame which he brought upon all those in any way connected with him, and with every kind wish for her happiness and her husband's.

Alice read it with floods of bitter repentant tears, and her agitation and excitement were such that they brought on an attack of low fever. As soon as she was convalescent Lord Eastwell took her abroad, and the illness was the beginning of a happier life for him, for his imperious wife grew gentler and humbler and her suffering did not bear only bitter fruit, but the flowers of charity and gentleness and patience bloomed in her heart.

At Easton the strange revelation was read with mingled feelings, and Lucie Grey now the happy wife of her father's curate, an earnest single-minded young clergyman of good means who worked as a labor of love—hastened to Erindale to Shirley. Ada was abroad with her husband; but it was very pleasant to Shirley to renew her old friendship with those who had been so good to her in her misery, who had seemed then to be her only friends.

So the days became weeks, and February set in, cold and snowy. In March the sessions would come round; but before March another visitant came to the quiet cell, a visitant the shadow of whose wings had hovered long above it.

It was drawing near the hour for Shirley's daily visit, and the fire was burning cheerily in the grate. Guy Stuart was sitting by the bed on which Hugh lay dressed—he always insisted on being dressed, although the process was a slow and exhausting one. He was raised upon pillows, and breahting with great difficulty, and the dews of a great agony were upon his brow; but he was easier now, although the last paroxysms of coughing had been terrible, and had shaken him with horrible violence, and he was but half conscious for a time.

Presently he turned his languid eyes upon Guy, and a little gleam like smile lighted them for a moment—lighted them, then faded.

"It is almost her time, is it not?" he said feebly.

"Yes, dear old fellow, only a few moments more."

"It will be the last time, Guy. Nay, don't look so grieved, old friend. Why should you? It is better as it is. Lift me a little—I can talk more easily so; I have something to say to you before she comes."

Guy raised him gently, with all a woman's tenderness in his strong hands, and as he did so Hugh's blue eyes went to his face with a look of grateful affection.

"Dear Guy," he said unsteadily, "how good you have been to me all my life long! I won't say anything more about forgiveness, old friend, because you have proved how completely you have forgiven. Let me tell you rather what visions I have seen; what dreams I have dreamed, while I have been lying sleepless here.'

His weak hands clasped the strong fingers more closely, his eyes, with the same fond gratitude, rested still upon his friend's face; but Guy's own eyes grew very dim and his lips quivered as he listened.

"I have seen in the future, Guy," he said softly, "a happy home brightened by mutual love and joy and peace, a home which I am not forgotten, but where I am remembered sometimes with compassion and pity - ah, don't interrupt me, Guy! Is it not better to be remembered thus than to be recalled with execration, which I merited? I see in this home, old friend, two persons whom I have wronged, oh, so cruelly, but whom through all my madness I have loved and honored, and I see them perfectly happy in their mutual love and perfect trust! I see the husband—he has your face, Guy—strong, brave and true, loving and protecting, striving, by a tenderness which never swerves or falters, to make his wife forget the misery she has suffered through me. I see the wife—she has a face whose loveliness made me mad once, old fellow—loving and honoring, trusting and looking up to a man worthy of all her tenderness, and making the sunshine of his home and of his life. It is such a pleasant picture that I should like to linger over it, Guy; but—I dare not!"

"Hugh, dear old friend, cease," Guy said gently, the tears standing in his gray eyes, his lips quivering almost beyond the power of speech.

"Is not the picture pleasant in your eyes, Guy?" asked the dying man, conquering his difficulty of breathing and of utterance in his desire to continue. "Or are your eyes so dim with watching in this little room that they cannot see it? Let me go on, Guy; and do not grieve so bitterly. Can't you guess the pleasure those dreams have given me? I see, too, in that happy home, a pale young mother lying with a child in her arms, who is your son, Guy," he resumed after a moment's pause. "I see the stately old house bright with restless little children, whose swift feet scamper down the galleries, and whose sweet gay voices echo through the old rooms, filling them with mirth and laughter. Guy, sometimes in the old days, before this heavy trouble came upon us, I used to think that if Heaven had given us a little child things might have been different; but, oh, how thankful I am now that—"

His voice failed him, and he sunk back upon the pillows. There was a long silence, broken only by his struggling breathing, before he spoke again.

"Will my dreams be realized, Guy?" he said wistfully.

"Hugh, dear old fellow!" was all Guy could say, as he lifted his head for a moment and looked at him.

"You love her still, old friend?"

"As I have always loved her."

"That is well. And she loves you; you will be very happy."

"I will do my best," Guy said tremulously; and a faint glad smile parted the pale lips.

There was something inexpressibly pathetic and touching in the thought of the dying man thus planning a life of happiness for those whom he had so cruelly wronged. Strong man as he was, Guy Stuart had some difficulty in restraining his tears.

"It is almost time now?" murmured Sir Hugh, restlessly, after a few moments. "She is not late, Guy?"

"No—oh, no! She is never late, Hugh."

"Never late!" he repeated softly. "No, Heaven bless her."

Almost as the words passed his lips the door opened softly, and Shirley entered. She was very pale, paler even than her wont, Mr. Litton had told her how near the end was; but there was a steady brightness in the eyes which went so earnestly to the pale face on the pillows, and which saw the sudden wonderful brightness which came over it as Sir Hugh's dying gaze dwelt upon her.

"Dear Hugh"—there was an infinite tenderness in the sweet voice as she bent over him—"how is it with you?"

"It is well, my darling," he answered, softly, weakly lifting her hand to his lips in his usual caress of tender greeting, while his wife touched his brow with her lips, and felt, with a quick pang, how icy cold it was already.

"See what I have brought you!" she said cheerfully. "Are not these lovely, Hugh?"

They were some fragrant hot-house flowers, and they seemed to Hugh Glynn to bring some of the freshness and beauty of the earth which he would never see again. His eyes rested on them with a great sadness and an intense longing.

"They are lovely," he said, "and so sweet!"

She held them up to him, and he inhaled their fragrance and touched them with his languid fingers tenderly, almost as if they had been living and could feel his touch. Shirley watched him with quivering lips.

"Madgie sent them, Hugh, with her love," she said.

"Did she? That was good of her, the pretty child! She is like a flower herself, a bonny English rose. The time has seemed long, Shirley," he went on wistfully, looking at her.

"Have you been waiting, Hugh?" she said sorrowfully.

"I am always waiting for you, Shirley."

She bent over him tenderly, putting back with gentle hand his hair from his damp brow.

"I will not leave you again, Hugh," she whispered; and a wonderful brightness came over his face.

"Is it indeed so?" he said eagerly. "You may stay with me?"

"Yes; they have given me leave."

"Ah!" There was a slight pause; then he added softly, "I understand!"

She smoothed his pillows, making him easier in his rest, and, having given him something to moisten the parched lips, she sat down by him where his eyes could rest upon her.

"Do not go, Guy," he whispered presently, when Major Stuart made a movement to depart. "Stay with us—we need you."

And Guy stayed.

The minutes went by and grew into hours in the little white-washed room, where it grew dark so early, and the dying eyes rarely left Shirley's face, except to rest for a moment upon the flowers.

"I am glad I saw her once," he said, struggling against the increasing weakness. "She will make Jack happy."

"Yes, dear Hugh."

"I am glad I had an opportunity of thanking her for her goodness to you, Shirley," he murmured. "Heaven bless her for it—Jack's pretty little sweetheart!"

After that there was a long silence, during which Hugh lay back with closed eyes, the ashy-gray pallor deepening, and the shadows darkening round his lips.

"You are not suffering, Hugh?" Shirley whispered once.

"No, darling," he answered, opening his eyes and letting them rest upon her with ineffable love. "I am past all suffering now."

"And—and you are not afraid?"

"Afraid? No, my dearest. I am so tired; and the thought of rest is so grateful to me. I feel as if I were travelling to meet a friend, Shirley, and as if I were footsore and weary after the long and dreary road; but the end is so near now—the journey is almost done."

He slept for a little, and, when he next spoke, the short rest seemed to have refreshed him, for his voice was a trifle stronger, and not so husky.

"There is one thing, Gu , I want to say to you," he said earnestly—so earnestly that Shirley's eyes filled. "It has been on my lips so often; but somehow things seem to drift away from me, and I forget. Guy, will you—I am leaving all my cares to you, dear fellow—will you see if there is any one belonging to that poor fellow to whom you can make any poor atonement?"

"I will make every possible search, Hugh. Trust me."

"Thank you, old friend. I do not think there is anything else," he said wearily. "And nothing troubles me now," he added, in a moment, "but the remembrance of the pain I have given you, my darling."

"Do not let that trouble you, Hugh; forget it now, even as I have," she said earnestly.

"I cannot forget it, dear," he murmured, with the same weariness. "It is always present with me—present with me oftener than the look on that poor fellow's dead face which haunted me so terribly at first."

"Hugh, will you not try to think of other things now?" she whispered tremulously.

"I will think—as I have thought so often of late, my dearest—of the visions I have seen—the visions of which I have told Guy, and of which he will speak to you some day."

He looked at his friend for a moment with a grateful smiling regard; then he turned his face toward Shirley, and she rested her head on the pillow beside his.

The end was drawing near now. Presently the doctor came. He stayed a few moments, and administered a restorative which lessened the difficulty of breathing; and Sir Hugh thanked him faintly for all his kindness and patience ere he went away again.

In the stone passage without he met Captain Graham coming toward him.

"It is a question of minutes now," said the surgeon, in answer to the questioning look. "He has not half an hour to live."

"How does she bear it?"

"Bravely. I think her face looks the face of an angel just now."

His face touched with a deep compassion, the governor passed on, and entered the cell. Hugh glanced at him with startled eyes; he was lying now with his head supported on Shirley's arm, and his hand closed unconsciously over her fingers as Captain Graham entered.

"You will not take her away?" he said, with pale lips.

"No—oh, no!" was the immediate answer.

"Thank you. You have been very good to me. Will you take my hand?"

Instantly Captain Graham took the proffered fingers in a friendly clasp. Sir Hugh smiled faintly, thanked him again, and then turned once more to his wife.

The Governor of Adinbrooke Castle had seen and would probably see many sad sights in the years he had spent or would spend within the walls of the old prison. He had seen agony and woe and defiance and terror, but he had seen no sight which had touched him so deeply as this; no scene had ever passed before his eyes so full of sad significance and pathos, and a mist came between him and the group by the bed on which the firelight fell, touching Sir Hugh's face as he lay back upon the pillows, and lingering on the soft folds of Shirley's velvet dress and on her bent, uncovered head, while Guy knelt in the shadow, and the fragrance from the bright-hued flowers rose sweetly upon the air. Captain Graham was not an impressionable man, but to him in after-years as well as to Guy the scent of stephanotis or a glimpse of its white starry blossoms always brought back that scene.

Presently, when the governor had left them, the chaplain of the prison entered, a gentle white-haired clergyman, a fitting bearer of the Master's message to the sin-sick souls among whom he labored so patiently and untiringly. As he stood by Shirley's side, he put his hand upon her head with a murmured blessing. He knew all her story; for he had been constantly with Hugh during the past three weeks, and the latter had received his ministrations with gratitude and earnest penitence. He greeted him now with a smile and a few murmured words of thanks; then his eyes came back to rest once more on Shirley's beloved face, never to leave it again.

It was an evidence of Sir Hugh's deep penitence and humiliation that all this time he had never called Shirley by the name of wife; nor had he kissed the sweet tender lips which had spoken only words of gentleness to him since that Christmas night. He was not worthy, he felt with bitter pain; and sometimes, when she bent over him to put her lips to his brow, he shrunk from her as if the touch brought pain. But now, as his weakness increased he moved his head feebly, so that it should rest upon her breast; and she supported him with unfailing gentleness.

"Do you suffer, Hugh?"

"No, my dearest."

His voice was so low and faint now that only she, quite close to him as she was, could hear the words, and, as she bent over him again, the clear silvery tones of her voice reached his failing senses, and the peaceful expression grew upon his face. She was repeating to him softly the words of Him who was giving her comfort now in this dread hour, the words of the Great Physician who came not to those who were whole, but the ailing and sick-laden and weary, whose hands were waiting even then to open the prison doors that were never to be barred again, whose death had paid all ransom due. No sweeter, truer death-bed message was ever given; and even the old clergyman felt his eyes fill with tears at the perfect faith and trust and love which the words evinced.

And the shadow of the hovering wings drew nearer and nearer as each minute went by.

"Shirley!"

The heavy head resting upon her bosom lay still and helpless now; only the great eyes raised to his face, and never moving thence, gave token that he lived.

"Yes, dear Hugh."

"The end is drawing nearer; it is very dark, is it not?"

"Evening is coming on, dear."

"I can hardly see your dear face, Shirley. My darling, I never dared to hope that such happiness as this should be mine—that I should die in your arms."

"You are happy, Hugh?"

"Quite happy."

The words parted the pale lips, but were uttered with difficulty; the failing eyes never moved from her face, so full of compassion and tenderest pity.

"Is Guy there?" he murmured, after a minute's silence.

"Yes, Hugh—yes, dear fellow! What can I do for you?"

"Do you remember some lines we read together long ago and liked—some lines from Sintram about death? You will not have forgotten; Guy, let me hear them now."

There was a momentary pause as Guy recalled the words, and with them the place where he had read them first—Hugh Glynn's luxurious college rooms, with their books and flowers and the open piano at which Hugh had been sitting when Guy first read the words.

"Have—you—forgotten, Guy?"

"No, dear Hugh." And softly and clearly Guy repeated the lines:

"When death is coming near,
And thy heart shrinks with fear,
And thy limbs fail,
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smooths the way
Through the dark vale.

Seest thou the eastern 'dawn,
Hear'st thou in the red morn
The angel's song?
Oh, lift thy dro ping head,
Thou who in gloom and dread,
Hast lain so long!

"Death comes to set thee free,
Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend.
And all thy fears shall cease
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end!"

The death-dews were gathering upon Hugh Glynn's forehead; the dying eyes, almost blind, almost unseeing now, still looked upward at Shirley's face.

"Shirley, my friend—has come; will you—this once, my darling? It will be the first—and the last—time."

She understood him, and, stooping instantly, put her lips to his in one long last kiss. When she raised her head there was a smile upon his face which lingered there.

"Hugh—oh, Hugh!"

But even her voice had no power to call him back from the goal which he had reached. As their lips had met the overshadowing wings had touched him, his head fell back, his eyes closed. He had come to the end of the journey.

In the whitewashed prison cell, with flowers on his breast, and a faint smile upon his lips, the erring, sinful wanderer lay at rest.

* * * *

So it happened that the sensational newspapers never reported the trial to which they had looked forward so eagerly, and only a quiet little paragraph appeared announcing Sir Hugh Glynn's death in Adinbrooke Castle, and making public his confession of the crime which he had committed, and for which his suffering must have atoned in the eyes of his fellow-men. He had stood at no earthly tribunal, no earthly judge had summed up the particulars of his crime; but to the Judge who is all-merciful, all-loving, those who mourned him most deeply left him, with contrite and grateful hearts.

* * * *

The June roses had bloomed and faded and summer had twice succeeded summer before Guy Stuart came back from a tour abroad, the beginning of which had been taken up with researches for any kindred or relatives of the unfortunate man who had met his death on the rocks at Easton. Every effort had failed, and therefore even the poor atonement of gifts and money was impossible; so Guy, having discharged his duty, pushed onward in his travels, biding his time as patiently as he might until he could return to England and ask the woman he loved so dearly to crown his life with the light and glory of her love.

(To be continued.)

DANGER IN EATING BERRIES.

Seeds and Pits Which Often Produce Physical Ailments.

Can people swallow the seeds and pits of fruit with impunity? It is a topic that may be more important than others of more apparent weight. The slightest amount of physiological knowledge might be supposed to bar the swallowing of cherry stones, yet a young woman died in this neighborhood the other day from peritonitis caused by such indulgence. This violent form of seed swallowing, however, may be considered as a little apart from the real inquiry, since it is not exactly common, though doubtless much sickness and not a few casualties are caused by it. But what of smaller seed-swallowing? The country has been startled by the prostration of Congressman Randall, and it seems to be proved that the disaster was, at least in part, occasioned by Mr. Randall's over-indulgence in berries in his particular body condition. Doctors tell us that the common physical trouble under which Mr. Randall labors is always more noticeable in berry season than at other times of the year, the seeds being the aggravating influence. It is not the size of these foreign substances that is the consideration, but their bulk when swallowed in quantity. One would hesitate about swallowing the small handful of pits contained in a moderate bunch of grapes (they make quite a formidable showing), yet they are, all the same, swallowed in eating the grapes, and possibly pack in the stomach or bowels, an entirely indigestible mass of woody fibre. As to yet smaller seeds the process is precisely similar, depending only on the quantity of such food eaten. The seeds of blackberries are enormous in size and quantity compared with the pulp, and in eating a comfortably large saucerful of this fruit one swallows the equivalent in seeds of those of a large portion of grapes, or of a number of cherry stones. But are we then to bar small fruit as a diet? Scarcely, but more prudence can be exercised. They should be eaten in moderation, early in the day rather than at night, and with the greatest caution, if at all, by persons in the physical condition of Mr. Randall. The rejoinder may be made that this stony dissipation has been going on for ages; so it has, and much mischief must have marched hand in hand with it. It is clear, at least, that persons with impaired alimentary organs should make the works of those parts as easy as possible, and not load them with quantities of foreign indigestible matter.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

He Was Unacquainted With History.

A good many years ago a Scotchman and an Englishman fell into a warm dispute about the privileges resulting to each country from the Union, each of them divesting his own country entirely of any share of them. At length the Scot safely observed that if the English had no advantage by the Union why were they so forward in promoting it, and why were the Scots so backward to agree to it? "Why, sir, as to the former, because it freed them from the devastations committed by their plundering parties; and, as to the latter, because it deprived them of the rich booties which they received from England at the expiration of every temporary truce." "Ay, ay, was that the way? I did not know—I'm unacquainted with history; but what the d——l had the English ado but to wear them back?" "Why, sir, at a fair engagement, in open war, they never could stand us; but, having their own mountains and forests so near for a safe retreat, it was impossible to prevent their plundering parties from committing frequent depredations." "Ay, ay, I did not know these things," said the Scot, "and were the English too hard for them at a fair engagement?" "Indeed, sir, they were. The best and bravest of the Scots allowed of that." "Ay, ay, I'm unacquainted with history, but it is believed to have been otherwise where I live." "Where," said the Englishman, "do you live?" "At Bannockburn!" "Hem—" Not another word ensued. The subject entirely dropped, and the shrewd Caledonian sat squirting in the fire as if he meant nothing by the answer.

A Nursery Yarn Refuted.

A little girl came to her grandfather the other day with a trouble weighing on her mind. "Auntie says the moon's made of green cheese, and I don't believe it." "Don't you believe it? Why not?" "Because I've been looking in the Bible, and found out that the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows."

Wife—John, I had a fearful fall this morning.

Husband—How was that?

"I was going down the cellar stairway"—

"And I s'pose you slipped and fell?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll have to be more careful I just paid $12 to have the stairway painted and if you keep on you'll have it all scratched and dinged."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Still Harping on the Bustle.

The Princess of Wales recently appeared at a fete in London in a bustleless gown, and some two dozen leaders of fashion have since followed her example. The dress was not flat in the back, but was made to curve gracefully by the aid of two small reeds, the uppermost one placed about eight inches from the belt line.

Big Feet Look Best in Black.

When will women learn that big feet look their best in black? Not in shiny black, like patent leather, which naturally attracts the eye, but in dull black, like soft kid. They can wear lovely slippers or low shoes of this kind in the morning, and for evening a black satin one is always good form. A very high heel will not make a large foot look small. It simply puts it upon a pedestal, and the lookers-on have an opportunity to measure its length. A black velvet slipper can only be worn by Cinderella, and the foot of Cinderella must be slender, else the pile of the velvet will make it look thick. A large buckle is never desirable, except with a slender foot and very low instep; when there is a fine arch a small buckle or bow wants to be adhered to, so that the natural beauty may be shown to great advantage.—*Bab in New York Star.*

What the Connemara Cloak is Like.

A specimen of the Connemara cloak, which Mrs. Cornwallis West has lately introduced from its native bog into London society, was lately seen at a Narragansett hop. It is, when on its native heath, made from the finest black cashmere, but that worn by Mrs. O'Donnell over her bare shoulders and thrown aside at the ball-room doors, notes the Providence *Journal*, was of soft gray stuff. This cloak has hundreds of small plaits hung from a small, well-fitting shoulder-piece, the plaits being flat at the top and the fulness coming out over the skirts. The secret of its manufacture is in its home, Ireland, and the garment to be correct, like the one at the pier, must be imported.

Neither Has He.

Mother (returning home)—Well, how have the children been behaving while I've been away?

Father—O, they're cross and bad tempered.

Mother—Is that so? Well, where did they get their bad temper, I should like to know?

Father—I declare I can't tell. But I am sure their mother hasn't lost any of hers.

She Sized Up the Situation.

Dainty little maiden, prithee tell me why,
With all your winsome graces, Cupid goes you by?

Thus the little maiden: "Sir, I've always said,
Foolish is the lassie who will love or wed."

But, my little maiden, I am sore afraid,
Rue will be your flower if you stay a maid.

Then the little maiden dropped her modest eyes,
Said: "Good sir, the foolish wed, but who, alas is wise?"

Nine Women to One Man.

Probably there is nothing in any other part of our warring world just like the state of affairs described in a South American letter to the Boston *Transcript*, as indicated thus:

Nothing astonishes the visitor to Paraguay so much as the vast preponderence of the female over the male population. The proportion is something like nine to one. This is the result of a long and very fierce war, in which the Guaranians followed and supported a cruel and ambitious ruler through indescribable hardships and sufferings. This war ended only with the death of the man who waged it, and has reduced the whole population to about one-sixth of what it was twenty years ago, leaving only women and boys. These women are as beautiful and fair to look upon as can be found in any part of the world. They are of medium height, rather slight and lithe, with finely moulded limbs, small, pretty hands and feet, and figures of matchless grace and beauty that would serve for models of a sculptor's art. Their carriage is so easy and natural as to be almost the poetry of motion, for the freedom from high-heeled boots and tight clothing has left their step light, supple and strong. Their dress is of the simplest form; a short tunic or robe, not unlike a skirt, falling to below the knees, and a sheulder covering not unlike a shawl - both pure white and adorned with pretty native laco. They are gracefully worn, and bewitchingly serve to half reveal and half conceal the form beneath.

Latest Fashion Notes.

There is a decided revival of black toilettes in Paris.

Fashion says the bustle will be worn smaller or entirely discarded the coming season.

Ear-rings are no longer considered an essential part of a woman's toilette.

Two or three small scarf pins are worn by young ladies, thrust in the front or side of the high standing collars of English gowns.

Jet beads are being combined with stee and with crystal beads that are gold in the centre, in the passementerie, in preparation for autumn wear.

Black hats are worn with costumes of any color, a convenient fashion doing away with the necessity of so many different colored head coverings.

An exquisite costume for autumn is made in mahogany-colored wool, with long, full drapery, caught up on one side with heavy cord and tassels; collar, cuffs and epaulettes to match in passementerie.

Belts are more worn at this season than later, with heavy wool gowns. Some new designs in leather show *repousse* designs, like fish scales or fine ivory carving. Steel and oxidized chains around the waste confine the fullness of some makes of gowns.

He Struck it Rich.

Stone—Hello, Upson, old man, you're looking fine; you must have struck luck since I last saw you.

Downes—Yes, old boy; I've struck the boss fake; no more poverty for me, no more small salaries; I've written a book, and my fortune is made.

Downes—I'd like to know what you could write about.

Stone—Hush don't give it away; great snap; have written on "How to Live Comfortable on Ten Dollars a Week."

Stone—But you never could.

Downes—Nor any one else—that's why they all buy the book to find out.

Stone—H'm, yes—I see.

A TRAGIC LIFE HISTORY.

How Beautiful Minnie Wallace Fought to Prove Herself Innocent of Murder.

Perhaps not one out of the many persons who see a beautiful, dark-haired young lady pass through the corridors of the Grand Pacific every day would guess at the tragedy and romance that surround a period in her life history. And yet she has passed through scenes that would have placed the marks of care in the face and silver strands in the hair of a woman less brave. As she passes to and from the dining-room in the hotel every eye is turned towards her, and her coming is looked for again. Minnie Wallace is certainly very attractive. She is slight, graceful and well-formed, with hair black as midnight, soft, shining and with a tendency to wave and curl caressingly about her shapely neck. Her hazel eyes are large and honest, underneath eyebrows that are well-arched. Her features are regular, lips rich in color, gleaming teeth, shapely hands and feet and a smooth, white skin, with enough color in it to brighten up the whole face. In addition to all these personal charms she is wealthy.

Those who see Minnie Wallace now would never imagine that she was Minnie Wallace Walkup, the heroine of one of the most exciting murder trials which ever was recorded in the annals of the State of Kansas. She was born in New Orleans in 1869. Her father is J. E. Wallace, one of the leading lawyers of that city. She was reared in luxury, for her father always had a good practice and lived well. She attended school at the St. Louis Institute until she was 15 years old. At 16 she was married at Covington, Ky., to James R. Walkup, a very wealthy cattle dealer, of Emporia, Kan. Her husband was a well-preserved man, 52 years of age, quite tall, and of fine appearance. The marriage took place July 22nd, 1885, Minnie's mother being present. Minnie and her husband went to Emporia at once, where an elegant home was open to receive her. Her husband had been a widower and had two grown-up daughters and a son who was married and had children of his own. Yet the girlish bride was happy. It is true that in the course of the trial in which soon afterwards she took such a prominent part she testified that she did not love her husband, but added that she never loved any other and thought more of him than of any man she had ever met. Whatever happiness there was in this strange marriage was destined to be of short duration. On Aug. 22nd, just one month after the wedding, James R. Walkup died and the surrounding circumstances warranted the belief that death had been caused by arsenic poisoning. He had been sick for several days and had been nursed by his child-wife, which caused suspicion to fall on her. She was indicted by the grand jury, and in the following October the trial, which lasted several weeks and created interest all over the country, came off, when beautiful Minnie Wallace asserted her innocence and pleaded for her life. The prosecution was urged by her dead husband's two daughters, who, in the event of her conviction, would have profited largely in the division of their father's estate. Minnie knew no one in the town, and every one's hand was against her.

Not every one, for Hon. William Jay, another wealthy citizen of the place, became her champion and spent $4,000 in her defence. He had never known her, but he looked into her eyes and thought he saw only innocence there. It was proven that she bought arsenic a short time before her husband's death, but she claimed that it was purchased at his request. Druggists from Cairo and elsewhere proved that he had been for years a confirmed arsenic-eater, and then the tide of public sentiment began to turn in her favor. She showed that she had placed the arsenic in the drawer of a dressing-case and a servant had been bribed to hand the poison to her master. In his weak condition he did not correctly gauge the dose, and before anything could be done he was dead. The child-widow was placed on the witness stand, and when she told her story, a scene followed such as no court ever saw before. Crowds had gathered daily, and on this day there was not a dry eye in the court room. The jurymen, the lawyers, and even the judge wept, and the stenographer's eyes were blinded so that he could not see to write. The girl who had had but one friend to stand by her in her hour of trouble had now captured the hearts of all, and they were ready to swear that she was innocent of the heinous crime laid at her door. The verdict of acquittal was returned, and Minnie Wallace Walkup was a heroine.—*Chicago Times.*

New Wrinkle for Milkers.

Says *Farm and Home:* Some time ago there was an animated discussion in *Farm and Home* respecting the relative merits of wet and dry milking. The plan which I am going to describe is both and neither. The milker works mostly by drawing out the teats between his fingers, but "full-handed," as it is called. That is to say, he grasps the teats firmly, and squeezes out the milk by opening and shutting his hand without moving his position. When he can get no more, he takes from his breast pocket a bottle of glycerine, pours some in his hand, and quickly rubs it on the teats with his fingers. This glycerine treatment leaves the teats beautifully supple and tractable for the 'full-handed' process at the next sitting, quickly heals all sores, and keeps the udder and teats sound. It seems to make a perceptible increase to the yield. Will other milkers try it and report?

Wiping the Bishop's Mouth.

A lady, whose establishment was very small, invited Dr. Monck, the Bishop of Gloucester, to dinner. She engaged, for the occasion, the services of an old butler, who had retired and become a greengrocer, and of a boy who knew nothing of waiting. The boy was as nervous as he was ignorant, and annoyed the old butler by constantly asking for instructions, until at last the man, in a moment of impatience, said: "Stand behind the bishop's chair, and when his lordship takes a glass of wine take your napkin and wipe his mouth!" The boy took the jocose reply for a serious command. He stationed himself behind the bishop, waited until that dignitary had drunk a glass of wine, and then, as deliberately as nervousness would permit, wiped his lordship's mouth.—*London Society.*

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

It Has Been Discovered at Last With Reasonable Certainty.

"We have generally an announcement to make, but not often of so much importance as that of this day. It is the discovery of the Pool of Bethesda." So writes Mr. Walter Besant in the *Quarterly Statement*, issued by the Palestine Exploration Fund. He is jubilant, as all Palestine enthusiasts are likely to be, that a vexed question in regard to a site is apparently settled forever. Bethesda is mentioned only by the fourth Evangelist. In the fifth chapter of his gospel John says: "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market (or gate) a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches." The word translated "pool" in the authorized version is given by some authorities as "swimming bath," and the phrase "pool by the sheep market" is possibly better rendered "sheep pool." Eusebias explains the occasional red color of the water of this "sheep pool" as being a trace of the carcasses of sheep washed in it before sacrifice; hence the name. There are, according to the Evangelist, five porches, or porticoes, around the pool. These, Dr. Geikie thinks, charity built for the accommodation of sufferers. It seems to us, however, equally probable that they formed part of the original scheme for the bath. Five porticoes would seem to imply a pentagonal structure, but this is by no means essential. A rectangular pool with a portico on every side, divided by one across the middle, would answer the description. "Bethesda" (a Hebrew name which was very probably invented by St. John) may mean either "house of mercy" or "the place of the pouring forth" (of water). At the northeast of modern Jerusalem, close to St. Stephen's Gate, stands the Church of St. Anne. At the time of the Crimean war it was a ruined mosque, but when the French came into possession of it they restored the church and handed it over to the Algerian monks. It is near this Church of St. Anne, and in connection with excavation made around it that the real Pool of Bethesda has recently been discovered by Herr Conrad Schick. There is a courtyard to the northwest of the church, which leads through a newly opened passage into another courtyard some fifty feet square. At the north of this latter courtyard there was at one time a small church. Beneath the floor of this sometime church are vaults, and through the floor of these vaults a cistern is reached, cut into the rock to a depth of 30 feet. The cistern is a portion of the original pool of Bethesda. There is still water in it, but it is difficult to say whence it comes. This, in brief, is Herr Schick's report of April 5th. Since then further excavations have been made, and he has prosecuted more extended inquiries. A twin pool has been discovered. Further examination will bring more details to light; but it may now fairly be assumed that the two pools, tanks or cisterns thus discovered really constituted the Pool of Bethesda, "having five porches," where Christ healed the paralytic of eight-and-thirty years' standing.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It Made the Engineer Cry.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer incidents happen to us," said the engineer. "I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl not more than 3 years old toddled on to the track. There was no way to save her; it was impossible to stop or even slack in that distance, as my train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and, after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes; I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I had stopped for, when he laughed and shouted at me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked and there was a great big black Newfoundland dog holding that little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home."

No Divorce for Mrs. Langtry.

Your correspondent has definite news direct from the husband of Mrs. Langtry. A cousin of his is Hillary Langtry Bell, an artist now residing in this city. He says that all overtures on the part of Mrs. Langtry looking toward the husband's consent to a divorce have been repulsed anew. Langtry will not consent to a legal separation. "There is a home here in England for my wife whenever she chooses to come to it," Langtry is quoted by his cousin as saying, "although not so good a one as she is able to maintain in America. It was her ambition to cut a dash in the world that separated us. She has no ground on which to get a divorce from me, not even that of non-support, and I will contest any proceeding which she may bring. Neither will I consent to a proposition that I myself obtain a divorce, which I could do, but which would enable her to marry again in the United States. Therefore, I do not believe that there will be a divorce of any sort very soon."—*New York Correspondent.*

Curious Case of Seasickness.

The Albany *Journal* says: One night recently a young man boarded the Hudson River steamer for New York with his widowed mother, who had never travelled on water, of which she had a horror. The old lady's step became more and more tremulous as she approached the boat, and after some hesitancy and expression of her fears of seasickness, she was escorted aboard and safely deposited on one of the comfortable cushions in the main saloon. Her son then left her, and returning half an hour later, inquired how she felt. She answered: "I am deathly sick. Can't you do anything for me?" The son replied: "Mother, the boat has not yet left the dock." In imagination she had been tossing on the deep, but the son's reply cured her sickness.

Mr. Vanderbilt has taken Lansdowne House, in London, and will probably entertain next season.

Rev. Father Chiniquy is now in Montreal.

PLANS FOR KEEPING GRAPES.

How to Preserve Late Varieties at Small Expenditure.

There are a number of methods in use for keeping the late varieties of grapes so as to lengthen the season for this fruit. These methods all depend for their success on the same conditions. In the first place, it is desirable that the fruit shall retain its bloom, hence great care in handling it is necessary to prevent the branches coming in contact with each other. It is also necessary that imperfect or bruised berries be clipped from each bunch. Following are two simple but effective systems that may be utilized to advantage, whether the amount of fruit to be saved be large or small. Both plans admit of the free circulation of an even temperature around each bunch and prevent the same from rubbing against each other. The first method is to take new shoe or soap boxes, or any box of about the same size, and nail cleats on the inside of the ends or sides about one inch from the top, and between them bars at various distances, as required by the varying length of the bearing shoot cuttings. The bars are made by nailing a small strip on top of each. As late as possible, cut off the bearing shoots containing the bunches, with pruning shears, and shorten them so that they will go between the end of the box and the top part of the bar, resting on the bottom part, thus hanging their bunches in their natural position. By this method the boxes can be handled without shaking the shoots off the bars, carried to the light, each bunch examined as winter advances, decaying berries or bunches removed, and the best kept without any moldy taste, as is so common when they are packed solid.

The second plan is equally simple. All that is required are two or more iron or wooden hoops, two lengths of wire to every two hoops to hold them in position and some string, and the contrivance is complete. When hung up it is the easiest thing in the world to trim out decayed or useless berries; in fact, the stock of grapes can be kept in good condition without even shifting the contrivance at all.

For Sweet Home's Sake.

Mothers, wives, sisters! why that patient hopeless suffering, those pinched, melancholy faces that sadden home and cause anxiety to loved ones, while so potent and harmless a remedy as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be obtained of your druggist? It is a panacea for all "female complaints," of marvellous efficacy and health-giving qualities. The debilitated, and sufferers from those excruciating periodical pains, "dragging down" feelings, back-ache and kindred female disorders, should use this certain remedy at once, and be restored to the blessings of health for home's sake. Of druggists.

A Sagacious Tramp.

Woman (to tramp)—If I give you a nice dinner will you help me put up some patent self-rolling window curtains?

Tramp—No, ma'am. I'll saw wood, carry in coal, or dig post holes, but I wouldn't help a woman on window curtains if she gave me a Delmonico spread.—*New York Sun.*

With Satisfaction.

Polson's Nerviline, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is, in fact, a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

A Sprained Throat.

A little boy, whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whiskey in her husband's bottle by bathing the little fellow's wrist with it. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming, "Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

The Mistakes of Moses

and Ingersoll are common topics of conversation, but the mistake we wish to comment on here is the great one so many people labor under that consumption (which is really only Scrofula of the lungs) is an incurable disease, and that there is no hope for one suffering from it. This terrible malady that yearly fills so many graves, can be surely cured, if not too long neglected. Be wise in time, if you are afflicted with it, and arrest the undermining influence that is sapping your life-blood, and hurrying you to an untimely grave, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy that never fails in its life-giving mission, if taken in time. All druggists.

A Close Observer.

An English editor asserts that he has noticed the growing popularity of the Royal Family in Ireland. That editor must be a very close observer to perceive such a small thing.

He is almost as observing as Mr. Spriggs' aunt.

"The days are growing longer," observed Mr. Spriggs to his family.

"Oh, yes, I have noticed it," interrupted the aunt.

"They are half a minute longer," added Spriggs in the same tone of voice.—*Texas Siftings.*

$500 Reward.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh which they cannot cure. No matter how bad the disease has become, or of how many years' standing, it yields, in due time, to their skill. This famous remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

A fugitive item says one of the wealthy passengers who recently sailed for Europe in a Cunard steamer wanted to arrange with the captain for the exclusive use of a lifeboat for his family, and "four sailors to row," in event of disaster!

"Yes," she said, "the waves in a storm remind me of our hired girls at home." "Hired girls, madam?" "Yes, they are such awful breakers."

HISTORY OF A WORD.

An Albany Paper Claims to Have Been the First to Use Telegram.

It seems incredible that it was only a little over forty years ago that the telegraph was invented and put in practical use. It may not be generally known that the Albany *Evening Journal* gave the word "telegram" to the world. In its files of April 6th, 1852, the following was printed, and from this paragraph was derived the word "telegram," now found in every dictionary:

A NEW WORD.—A friend desires us to give notice that he will ask leave at some convenient time to introduce a new word into the vocabulary. The object of this proposed innovation is to avoid the necessity, now existing, of using two words, for which there is very frequent occasion, where one will answer. It is telegram, instead of telegraphic dispatch or telegraphic communication. This word is formed according to the strictest laws of the language from which its root comes Telegraph means to write from a distance. Telegram, the writing itself, executed from a distance. Monogram, logogram, etc., are words formed upon the same analogy and in good acceptation. Our friend, moreover, says that the House line, if disposed to be precise, should call their communications teletypes, as they are printed, not written. In a generous spirit of toleration he proposes no action upon the last suggestion; but as to everybody else, except the employers and customers of the House line, he would have them "held and firmly bound" to speak, write, print and telegraph telegram, instead of any two words signifying the same thing, under penalty of being considered verbose and tedious.

Got Too Big for the Cab.

Daniel Kenyon, the oldest engineer on the Erie Railroad, has been made a ticket collector at the Pavonia ferry house in Jersey City. He is 66 years old, and was an engineer since 1847. He was of slight build when he got his first engine. Several years ago he began to grow fat, and recently reached and passed the 300 pound mark. Then he was not able to squeeze into the cab of his engine and had to resign. The place he now occupies was made for him. While an engineer he had charge of the fastest train on the road. He never had an accident happen to any train in his care, and he travelled an average of 2,500 miles a month.

Cardinal Howard has recovered from his recent illness.

WHAT

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES

BACK ACHE,
BLADDER TROUBLES
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
HEAD ACHE,
NERVOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION.

There is **no doubt** of this great remedy's potency. It is **no New Discovery unknown** and maybap **worthless,** but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. **To be well, your blood must be pure,** and it never can be pure if the Kidneys (the only blood purifying organs) are diseased.

DIZZINESS,
AGUE,
DYSPEPSIA,
FEMALE TROUBLES,
BAD EYES,
IMPOTENCY,
DROPSY,

CURED WITH WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

Ask your friends and neighbors what **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** has done for them. Its **record** is **beyond** the **range** of **doubt.** It has **cured millions** and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** will **cure you** if you will give it **a chance.**

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,003 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

DUNL, 36 - 8.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

And still there are

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BARGAINS

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J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Don't forget to ask for

THAT CASHMERE,

Regular price 35c a yard, now 22 1-2 c a yard. It is a yard and a quarter wide.

Those DRESS GOODS

We are selling at 12 1-2c a yard, regular price 20c a yard. Beautiful new goods.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN

Boots and Shoes!

30 Per Cent Discount off Men's Long Boots.

1000 DOZEN BUTTONS!

Selling at 5c a dozen, regular prices from 10c to 50c a doz.

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In order to secure Best Bargains.

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RIGHT AWAY!

Top price paid in Cash or Trade. The Famous

New Process Electric Soap,

To be Got Only at

J. G. ANDERSON'S

Mammoth Bargain House.

MANITOBA.

THE MOON AND STARS—APPARENT SIZE—WONDERFUL BRILLIANCY—THE WEATHER AND HARVEST.

From our own Correspondent.

"The bright day is gone,
The moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illume the night."
And cheer us on our way
With rays so brightly shining—
Akin to sunlit day.

Mr. Editor: While I was living in Ontario a full moon, just rising, generally appeared to me the size of the fore wheel of a waggon—on unusually clear nights sometimes as large as the hind wheel. After removing to North Carolina I was surprised to find that it frequently appeared the last mentioned size. But here, in this extraordinary clear atmosphere of Manitoba, the moon not only looks as large as the hind wheel of a wagon, but sometimes ten feet in diameter, and so near that, in imagination, I can see

Hill, valley and [illegible]
Stream, tree and fountain
[illegible]

And although I cannot hear the "music of the waters" or "what the wild waves are saying" I will not say that I cannot see the "Man in the Moon" wink, blink, or smile. However, he almost seems like an acquaintance, so apparently near me, and I have looked at him so often in a "cousinly way," but "respectful I'd have you know."

Perhaps some will say "this is all imagination." I reply that I never yet found any person who could "out see" me in long distances, having "beat" those accustomed to scanning the "wide extended deep" to see if there was "a sail in sight."

By steadily gazing, and letting "imagination run," I can make the moon look much larger than I have described, but this is not the proper way. The size it appears at first is the rule I go by.

THE STARS.

Beautiful star.
"Up above the world so high,
Like a diamon I in the sky."

Their size, brilliancy, and "color" is wonderful, astonishing, innumerable, exceedingly more so in this great North West than in parts where the atmosphere is not so transparent.

I do not know that I can better end these "rambling notes" than by quoting the concluding lines of that beautiful poem by Addison in the old "English Reader" (our best school book when I was a boy, perhaps the best yet) if some of our "worldly wise men" want-to-be skeptics, trying-to-be-infidels, would study and commit to memory the entire poem, it might aid them in becoming better men, and making others so, but this is not their aim.

The poet Addison is speaking of the moon and stars in the lines referred to, which are as follows.

[illegible]

"Ask [illegible] the Lord [illegible]."

THE WEATHER.

There has been a little rain during the "rainy season," deservedly. Not a constant "drip drip" but similar to "bad harvest weather" which sometimes occurs in Ontario. It generally ceases about the time harvesting fully begins, not causing deep mud which would be the case in such soil, were it to so rain in spring and fall. The showers are comparatively dry in fact.

MANITOBA'S

and North West Blizzards, (in Canada "mind ye") are more feared than felt, yet the latter should be "look'd out for" not knowing what might happen. However, I would not exchange climate with those countries of long intensely hot summers, malaria, serpents, and cyclones which are fearful realities, and cannot be "fenced against" as we can the cold. Prairie winds do blow "mighty powerful" but are not inverted aerial maelstroms.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

THE HARVEST

is being gathered in, probably the most bountiful ever known in Manitoba and the North West Territories. Slight frost did occur, but "the cold wave" has given way to warm, fine summer weather.

Artemesia Council.

Artemesia Council met on Monday, all the members present.

Bylaw No. 425, appointing John Hassard, John H. Anderson and Jacob Sloan as collectors for 1888 was introduced and passed.

Bylaw No. 224, to levy school trustee's rates for 1888, was also introduced and passed.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: J. R. Hogg, goods for H. Kearns, $2; postage, $3.95; W. H. Thurston, advertising and job work, $4.60.

The following motions were passed:

Boland—Sharp—That Geo. Boyce be paid the sum of $5, said amount to be payment in full for all road jobs done under the supervision of Wm McKee as commissioner for Ward No. 4, in the year 1885, and which work has been in dispute since that time.

McArthur—Boland—That the reeve, Mr. Sharp, and the Township Clerk be a committee to receive bonds from the collectors for the year 1888.

McArthur—Boland—That the reeve and Councillor Sharp be and are hereby authorized to issue their order and draw on the township treasurer for sufficient sums of money as the work on the Boyne bridge requires.

Boland—Cairns—That John McArthur be paid $2 for expending special grant on town line, Proton and Artemesia.

J. McArthur was instructed to build culverts at McPherson's, gravel road, and at Vauce's, south line.

The Council then adjourned.

Hot Springs, Arkansas, has been swept by a flood and thirteen people drowned.

HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, 4s 6d, 11s, 22s, and 33s each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World

☞ Purchasers should Look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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AND GAME.

Ice Cream and Cooling Summer Drinks in Their Season.

A Good Stock of [illegible]

ORDER YOUR

FLOUR AND FEED

FROM

S. GRIMES, FLESHERTON.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood,** a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula,** is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in [illegible]

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH*

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 377. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SAVE MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

WATCHES

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

Spectacles, Silverware, Etc.,

During the month of September, 1888, at

Russell's

Noted

Jewelry Store.

We will give a DISCOUNT of

20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1 and over,

In order to clear out some of our immense stock, to make room for

LARGE FALL IMPORTATIONS

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Hampden, Illinois, Springfield, Columbus, in gold and silver cases, in ladies' and gents' sizes, bearing warrants from 3 to 5 years.

The finest make of American walnut spring and weight Clocks, bearing warrants from two to four years. An $18 Watch for $14.40; a $20 Watch for $16; a $12 Watch for $9.60.

In Silverware we have the most beautiful selection ever shown in this county, at equally low prices. Ladies' Brooches and Barpins, Earrings, Necklets, Guards, etc. Gents' Tie pins, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Charms, etc., at the same terrible reductions. Also the most lovely and large selection of

Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings

and 18 K. WEDDING RINGS ever shown in this section of the country. Come at once and get the choice of the great reductions, and remember that the only place to get your Watches, Clocks or Jewelry repaired is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Special reductions on goods for presentation purposes

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Cool evenings.

Harvest about ended.

Time to think about getting a new overcoat.

By the way, that reminds us that there are a number of unpaid subscriptions on our list.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.—Apply at J. G. Russel's, Flesherton.

A first-class tailorss desires situation for the fall. Apply at Advance office.

Clearing sale at Climo's. Every thing at and less than cost. 18c. allowed for Prime Tub Butter.

Rev. Mr. Stewart, missionary of Toronto, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church here on Sunday afternoon.

Eugenia baseball team plays a return match with the Redwing club, on the latter's ground, on Saturday.

Mr. J. H. Strain, who has been here for some time visiting his parents, returned to Dakota last week.

The editor had a pleasant visit from Mr. T. Jackman, of the Markdale Standard, on Sunday.

Messrs. Dannde and Gibbons went shooting on tuesday, and came home with an even dozen of partridge. A fine bag!

We have to thank the directors of the Great Northern Exhibition, to be held at Collingwood Sept. 25 to 28, for a very neat complimentary ticket.

The Orangeville Presbytery meets at that town on Tuesday next, when arrangements will be made for supplying this circuit with regular ministerial service.

The next sitting of the Fifth Division Court for the County of Grey will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Thursday, Oct. 4, at 10 o'clock a. m.

We have placed before us the September number of the Canadian Horticulturist. It is, without exception, the finest publication of the kind which we have received.

The East Grey fall exhibition, to be be held in Flesherton on Sept. 24 and 25, bids fair to be the finest thing of the kind ever held here. The attractions for both first and second day are exceptionally good, and will no doubt draw a very large crowd.

The sound of the hunter's gun is once more heard throughout the land, and he cometh home in the gloaming, if successful, by the most populous thoroughfare; if otherwise he waiteth until dark and sneaketh around by the back streets. You see we know ourselves how it is.

The next meeting of the South Grey Teachers' Association will be held here on Monday and Tuesday, the 25th and 26th of October. Dr. McLellen will be in attendance and deliver a public lecture in the evening. Those who have heard the Doctor need not be told of his merits as a lecturer.

Grow Flowers.

It has pleased us to observe that a large number of Flesherton's citizens have an eye to the beautifying of their homes with flowers and shrubs. There is nothing more pleasing to the eye, or that adds more to the beauty of any home, than a well-chosen collection of flowers and shrubs. Rochester is called the flower city from its well-known partiality for flowers. Every lawn in that city is a bower of bloom, and almost every window a bouquet. Travelers remember this and take away with them a pleasing sense of having enjoyed a pleasure that can scarcely be defined. Place shrubs about your houses and flowers in your windows, and visitors to the village will note and truthfully surmise that the citizens are what they should be, tasteful, thrifty, and good neighbors among which to pitch one's tent.

Priceville cattle fair next Monday.

Mrs. Aikenhead has returned to Toronto.

At Red Flag for Bargains. 18c. for Prime Tub Butter.

Markdale is going to turn her roller shating rink into a town hall.

18c. allowed for Prime Tub Butter. Climos are giving up Business. You can get Bargains.

Rev. Geo. Buggin of Markdale will preach educational sermons in the Methodist church, Flesherton, next Sunday morning and evening.

Rev Andrew Wilson, of Toronto, will, D. V., occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, Flesherton, on Sabbath afternoon next at the usual hour.

The Flesherton cattle fair on Monday last was well patronized by both buyers and sellers, still only a small number of cattle changed hands, and the quality, as a general rule, was somewhat inferior.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Try it.

Anniversary services will be held in Priceville on Sunday, Sept. 23, in connection with the Methodist Church, and on the Monday evening following a tea-meeting will be held in Watson's Hall in aid of the church fund. A splendid program is being prepared and a good time is insured. See posters for particulars.

HAY WANTED.—Farmers having good No. 1 hay for sale will hear of a purchaser by applying to Thos. Sturdy, hay presser, 26 Catharine street south, Hamilton. N. B.—I am at present pressing in Dundalk, and will be at Flesherton, if business will warrant removal, for a few months in *winter*.

Prices $8 to $11 per ton.

Anniversary Services,

The anniversary sermon in connection with the Flesherton R. T. of T. was preached in the Methodist church on Sunday evening by Rev. Mr. Shilton, from Proverbs 24th chapter, 11th and 12th verses. There was a large audience present, who were treated to an eloquent, practical and sometimes touching discourse by the pastor. The society gathered in their hall previous to the service and marched to the church, about 72 strong, where the centre portion of the church had been reserved for them. It was a pleasant sight to see so many individuals in the procession, with faces expressive of confidence in the righteousness of their cause. The neat badges of the society are, in our estimation, superior to the old style of glittering regalia. It may be gathered from the above turnout that the R. T. of T. of Flesherton are in a very flourishing condition, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that only a little more than one half of the number turned out.

The Boyne Bridge.

Work on the construction of this bridge was commenced on Tuesday. Before it is too late we would like to offer a few suggestions upon the matter. Taking the old adage as a text, that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well, and looking to the future, we would suggest that it be raised some two or three feet higher than we believe is the present intention, and the rise on the south side graded a little. This would give a much finer and easier approach to our village, as well as add to the beauty of the place. The extra cost would be very little above the present specifications, and it could be done much easier now than at some future time when it would become a necessity, as it is intended to build a substantial structure that will endure for all time. Build it high enough, build it broad enough, to answer all future requirements, and make the approach a little ornamental as well as substantial.

A Fall Poem.

BY OUR FALL POET.

How dear to the heart are our summers of pleasure,
With picnics, excursions and fishing galore,
When the gifts of the gods are thrown down without measure,
And Flora bedecks all the world from her store

But fall! bitter fall, with its rains and it hailing
Its mud and its frost, can we sing to its praise
We sigh for the picnic, but all unavailing—
'Tis gone far away with the long summer days!

And what shall we do for our lawn garden party,
That gave us the rehumatiz from the night air?
It lingered too long, yet regrets are quite hearty
But a good time is near—otherwise the fall fair.

Yes, fall is approaching with pleasures and [illegible]
The grape turneth blue in the sun ran [illegible]
Fall rains drizzle down through the [illegible]
And pumpkins hang low on the frost bitten vine.

Our Fall Exhibitions.

East Grey at Flesherton, Sept. 24 and 25.

Artemesia at Priceville, Oct. 2

Great Northern, Collingwood, Sept. 25 to 28.

Proton, Dundalk, Oct. 11 and 12

North Grey, Owen Sound, Oct. 10 and 11.

South Grey, Durham Sept. 25 and 26

We know of no mode of treatment which offers, to sufferers from chronic diseases, a more certain hope of cure than that which is comprehended in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For purifying and invigorating the blood, this preparation is unequaled.

Valuable Property for sale in the thriving Village of Flesherton. For particulars apply to A. R. FAWCETT, *Review* office, Streetsville, Ont or to J. W. Armstrong, Flesherton

NOTICE.—All accounts due me for Job Printing and advertising must be paid up to J. W. Armstrong as soon as possible

A. R. FAWCETT,
Review Office, Streetsville

TO

OLD

PATRONS.

AM OBLIGED FOR

CONTINUED CONFIDENCE

AND PATRONAGE.

Will be with you again next week.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE.

LATEST ENGLISH NEWS BY MAIL

Singular Accident to Excursionists.

A serious accident happened last week on the large passenger steamer Duke of Connaught, which is at present engaged in taking passengers from Fleetwood to the Isle of Man. When the vessel left Fleetwood at 4 o'clock a gale was blowing from the west, and drenching showers fell at intervals. She had not proceeded more than a few miles when the mainmast snapped twenty feet from the deck, owing, it is said, to the pitching of the steamer. The mast fell on the bridge with a crash, and there broke into three pieces. The deck was crowded, and the fractured mast and wreckage fell among the excursionists, injuring seriously six of them. The captain immediately turned his steamer and ran back to Fleetwood as rapidly as possible, where medical aid was promptly procured.

Dismissed with Ignominy.

A singular scene was witnessed at Colchester the other day, when the volunteers encamped on the Abbey Fields were paraded to witness the "drumming out" of a private of the 3rd Essex Volunteer Battalion for neglect of duty and insubordination. The shoulder straps and buttons having been torn off the culprit's uniform, he was marched under escort to the railway station and summarily dismissed.

Poisoned by Hemlock.

At an inquest held at Consett last week on two little boys named Bernard and Joseph Molloy, who died suddenly on Monday, the medical testimony showed that they had sucked the ends of hemlock stalks, absorbing such a quantity of poison as to result in their death. The doctor stated that hemlock was a very active and dangerous irritant at this season of the year. A verdict of "Poisoned by the juice of hemlock" was returned.

Killed by Swallowing False Teeth.

A man named Darcy has died at Birmingham from swallowing a set of false teeth in his sleep. He went to the Queen's Hospital the day after he swallowed the teeth, and, all the ordinary methods to remove the obstruction having failed, his throat was cut open and the teeth extracted. For a time he did well, but pleurisy set in as a result of the operation, and he died.

The Banns Forbidden.

As the vicar of South Acton parish church was publishing the marriage banns from the altar at the morning service on Sunday week the congregation were startled by a young lady announcing in a clear and collected voice, "There is just cause or impediment." Her voice rang through the sacred building just at the moment when Mr. Dunn had concluded the customary invitation, "Ye are now to declare it." The lady appeared to be quite young, about 16 or 17, and was pretty and well-dressed. She bore herself bravely and refused to be hustled out. She was evidently laboring under a deep sense of injury.

Life in London Slums.

An inquest was held at Poplar Town Hall on Saturday week into the circumstances attending the death of a little fellow of 7 named Ephraim John Bond, the son of a bricklayer, at 13 Brunswick road, Poplar. The child was taken ill on Sunday and died on Monday night. The mother said her house had been flooded and a large quantity of sewage matter still lay under the floor. Dr. Wadley said when he saw the deceased on Monday night he was suffering from bronchitis and "dying as fast as he could." Without doubt his illness was attributable to the state of the house, as owing to the water under the floor and the dampness of the walls it was a shocking place for the child or any one else to exist in. The cause of death was acute bronchitis. Verdict accordingly.

Other Jottings from the Old World.

Sir Beaumont Dixie has been received into the Church of Rome.

The important collection of engraved gems in the British Museum has been catalogued by Mr. A. H. Smith in the form of a small volume describing altogether 2,349 pieces.

The friends of Canon Knox Little will be glad to hear that good accounts have been received of his health from Denmark, where he is on a walking tour, sometimes covering thirty miles a day.

Lady Butler's "Scotland for Ever"—probably the best drawn of all her pictures—has been purchased by an anonymous benefactor for £1,000 for presentation to the Art Gallery at Leeds. The same lady's "Floreat Etona" is about to be engraved in the "mixed method" for publication by Messrs. Graves.

A married woman named Jane Medlen was charged at the Thames Police Court on Saturday week with loitering in Wellesley street dressed in male attire; but after hearing the evidence, which showed that the accused had adopted this unsuitable attire so as to watch the movements of her husband, of whom she was apparently jealous, the magistrate, with a timely caution, ordered her to be discharged.

A month ago, George Frederick Curzon, 12 years of age, was attacked by a large black dog in the neighborhood where he lived, Smith-down road, Liverpool. The principal wound was in the boy's lip. It was dressed, the wound healed up, and the boy appeared to be perfectly well until a few days ago, when symptoms of hydrophobia supervened, and he died in great agony on Saturday week.

In an action tried in the Queen's Bench the other day, before Mr. Justice Manisty and Mr. Justice Hawkins, in which a court milliner and dressmaker sued a lady for £303, the balance of an account for dresses and other articles supplied to the defendant, Mr. Justice Hawkins caused considerable laughter by inquiring what was meant by the items in the account "ladies' silk pants" and "gentlemen's silk vests." No answer was returned to the inquiry.

Latest from Ireland.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is to address a meeting in Glasgow on 1st Oct.

The Queen has subscribed £50 to the Royal Irish Constabulary Fund, which was started recently.

The young woman named Lavery, who was shot during the progress of a Nationalist demonstration at Lurgan on the 15th ult., died next day.

Mr. Wm. Hellier Baily, a man whose name has been familiar to scientists and others in Dublin for many years, has died at the age of 69 years.

Major Dennis, of Ravenswood, Newtownbarry, died on the 9th ult., after being hurt by a car which struck him while training a young horse.

Sir Wm. O'Malley was married on the 7th ult., in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, to Miss Caroline Favey. The bridegroom is a widower of 70 and the bride only just out of her teens.

Mr. Parnell was born at Avondale, in County Wicklow, in 1846. He is a descendant of Parnell, the poet, and his family have been associated with Irish Parliamentary life for upwards of a century.

Rev. John Smith, of Templetrine, County Cork, had a narrow escape from drowning at Tenby on the 14th ult. He was carried away by the current, and only reached the rocks two miles away when completely exhausted.

Best Books for Sunday School Libraries

A writer in the New York *Independent* discusses what kind of books should be placed in Sunday School libraries. A supply of suitable new books is clearly very necessary, if it be true as stated that since the "Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society" came into being they have sold four tons of the old "goody-goody" kind of books as waste paper. The *Independent's* advice is as follows: I have learned that it is not safe to accept any book on the merit of the author without careful examination. Mrs. Burnett has written the sweet, helpful stories of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," but she has also written "Through One Administration," a book which should go into no Sunday School library. While Pansy is almost always true and helpful, her book, "From Different Standpoints," is considered objectionable by many. This is also true of Louisa Alcott's "Moods." Very few persons would think of disapproving of George MacDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" or "The Marquis of Lossie," but many object to "Robert Falconer" as unsettling to the simple Christian faith of the young.

Mayne Reid is an author whose books must be selected with care. They are very fascinating to the average boy and some of them may legitimately satisfy his taste for thrilling adventure. Such stories as "The Cliff Climbers," "The Wood Rangers," "The Plant Hunters," "The Forest Exiles" and "The Young Voyageurs" have undoubtedly stimulated many a boy to a healthful love of woods life. A minister who finds his greatest recreation and pleasure during his summer vacation in plunging into the almost unknown wilderness, testifies that his first taste for his healthful enjoyment was given by the reading of Mayne Reid's books. I must, however, warn the boys against some of them. Banish "Oceola," "The Scalp Hunters," "The War Trail," "The White Chief" and "The Wild Huntress" from the shelves.

Jules Verne is a writer condemned by many; but some of his books I believe to be healthful and stimulating. It is a natural step his "At the North Pole" and "Desert of Ice" to Kane's "Arctic Explorations" and other works on exploration. It is true that Verne blends fact and fiction so skilfully that it is difficult to distinguish between them; but I believe that his books of the character of those mentioned do stimulate a taste for reliable works of travel and exploration.

The elder boys and girls should be encouraged to read Sir Samuel Baker's Paul du Chaillu's, Livingstone's and Stanley's wonderful travels in Africa; Parkman's "Oregon Trail," Irving's "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures," Bayard Taylor's "Travels," and Isabella Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" and "Life in the Rocky Mountains."

Librarians testify that it is more difficult to supply reading for girls than for boys. This would not be true if girls were encouraged, as I believe they should be, to read the same books which their brothers read. Why should a girl not enjoy works of travel and adventure, historical stories and juvenile books of popular science, as well as fairy tales, the quieter pictures of home life, and the never-failing love story?

A girl has the advantage of a boy in her reading, in that her mind develops and matures much earlier; so that she may safely begin to read at the early age of 13 or 14 authors which boys had better leave until some years later. A girl of 13 may not appreciate the keen edge of satire and the fine analysis of character in Dickens' and Trackeray's novels, but she will find much that she can understand and enjoy, and her taste will be cultivated for the best reading. These authors are not so safe for inmature boys, for too often their pictures of certain vices are painted in a light to awaken admiration rather than abhorrence in the minds of boys.

Specimen Old World Tragedies.

Mr. W. S. Hosley, steward to Lord Braybrooke, at Audley End, was found dead the other day in the grounds surrounding the mansion. It appears that he attempted to drown himself in an ornamental lake, but scrambled out again, and, opening a vein with his penknife, bled to death. Domestic troubles are said to have preyed on the mind of the deceased.

A terrible tragedy is reported from Kopacs, in Hungary. A man named Mati had a quarrel with his wife, a young and beautiful woman, whom he had lately married. She sought refuge in his mother's house. Mati followed her there, and on his mother—an old woman over 0—remonstrating with him, he seized a chopper and literally hacked his mother and wife to pieces.

The woman who wades into the ocean with her two-year-old child in her arms, and then ducks the screaming unfortunate in the water until it becomes wild with fright, is still with us. She is one of the things that never die. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should have an agent on the beach to arrest all such unnatural fools.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

Sarah Ann—Oh, ain't my brother a clever boy, Jane? Why, he's only been at school two months, an' he's got the Catechism. Eliza Jane—Wot's that? Why, my brother's only been to school two months, an' he's got the measles!"

THE FAITH CURISTS.

Rapid Growth of the New Gospel of Healing.

SOME WONDERFUL EXAMPLES.

Interesting Letter from the Hon. H. G. Joly on the Subject.

The Faith Curists of New Jersey are developing in force and the congregations at their Sunday services are rapidly increasing in converts and enthusiasm. They are spreading the gospel of faith as a cure for all the ills that the body and soul are heir to. Brother Elsey is the leading worker, and has for his adviser Rev. Dr. Simpson, of Forty-fifth Street Tabernacle, New York (formerly of Knox Church, Hamilton). The Mount Zion Sanctuary, which is also a home for invalids awaiting cures by faith, is under the direction of the Society of the First Born in Erie street, Jersey City.

THE LORD WILL CURE.

On Sunday afternoon the sanctuary was filled with devout worshippers and a fair sprinkling of curiosity seekers, who were addressed by Rev. M. D. Hancox, of the Church of the First Born, who preached from Leviticus, xxvii: "Whatsoever a man giveth to the Lord it shall be made holy." In illustrating his text the preacher said that if any one gave his body to the Lord, He would accept it and care for as His own property. If it was ill He would cure it. "If you have a headache or your liver is out of order the Lord will cure it, for you are his peculiar property. He will take care of you so that you shall not dash your foot against a stone."

AN EXPERIENCE.

At the same hour the Elsey Memorial chapel members, converts and friends to the number of about 300 met in the grove on the high bank of Newark Bay at Pamrapo, on the fifteen acres of ground recently bought as a site for their proposed mission and held services. The ground reaches to the blue waters of the bay, where their baptismal services are performed.

Rev. William Raymond, of Troy, N. Y., spoke on the subject of cures by faith. He said that during the last war he was so ill in Washington that the physicians told him he could not live. He went into the woods north of that city to die. While praying to God to receive his spirit, a change came over him, and in one minute he was completely cured and stood on his feet a well man, after five years of intense suffering. He is now 70 years old and for fifty-one years has been preaching the gospel of faith, and has cured over 2,000 persons. He said that men born blind had been made to see and the deaf made to hear as readily as others. Let the healing of the body lead and salvation is sure to follow.

WONDERFUL RESULTS.

He instanced the case of Mr. Osborne of Troy, who was completely paralyzed on his left side. The speaker visited him, and taking the palsied hand in his own, offered a silent prayer. In a few minutes the fingers of the hands moved, the arm was lifted to the head, the paralysis left the leg, and within a week the man was well and walking about Troy.

HON. H. G. JOLY'S LETTER.

Hon. H. G. Joly, of Quebec, has written a letter to the press in which he says: No one can witness suffering without wishing to relieve the sufferer, but few know how much they can do in that direction. After reading the article on "faith cures" in one of your issues, I felt it might perhaps be of some use if I can give my experience on the subject. For many years past I have relieved a good deal of suffering by very simple means, holding the patient's hand with one hand and passing the other over the affected part; in a great many cases the relief has been a permanent one.

INFLUENCE OF AN IDEA.

Instead of attempting an explanation which I have no authority to give, here are some extracts from lectures on the principles and the practice of medicine, delivered by Prof. J. Hughes Bennett before the Edinburgh College of Medicine. Under the head of "Influence of predominant ideas on the body," he says: "In all cases of relief there can be little doubt that any benefit that did occur may be attributed to a strong belief on the part of the patient in the efficacy of the means employed." He calls it from the Greek monoideism, or one idea, meaning, I suppose, the concentration of the minds of the patient and the operator on one single idea, viz., cure.

WHAT PROF. BENNETT SAYS.

This subject, however, says Prof. Bennett, is in its infancy, and has to be separated from the charlatanism which has hitherto been mingled with it. The labors of Dr. Esdale among the natives of India and of Mr. Braid in Manchester exhibit a worthy commencement of the rational treatment of disorders by the means now alluded to, and there can be little doubt that in no long time its influence, when further studied, will be acknowledged. But how far this influence is dependent on the confidence of the patient, on the belief of some mysterious circumstance which is presumed to produce the effect, or on some unknown law regulating function through the mind, further observation alone can determine. He then speaks of suggesting thoughts to patients in different ways and creating impressions on the mind, and mentioned cures of insomnolence, spasms, relief or cure of hysterical paralysis of the limbs or special organs of sense, and torpid functions of lactation, perspiration, defaecation, etc., etc., have been rendered more active.

HIS EXPERIMENTS.

With few exceptions, I have only succeeded with uneducated people, whose confidence was unlimited and who were willing to accept any suggestions as to the effects of my attempts at curing them. The process may be called "mind cure" or "monoideism," as Prof. Bennett calls it, or "faith cure," which is the best name, after all. For without faith the cure does not work; faith on the part of the patient in the operator; faith on the part of the operator in himself and in the power above, whose help he instinctively looks for.

Any one can relieve suffering in this way who will give his whole heart to the task. If you wish to test the purest joy of life, you will find it in relieving suffering among those whose only future is their health, in enabling the workman, crippled with rheumatism, to resume his work, or the poor mother to take, once more, charge of her modest household and her children. If you think that my statement may induce some of your readers to try the faith cure, publish it; but I leave it to you to do what you think best.

H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE.

EXPERIMENTS IN MESMERISM.

Making Subjects Insensible to Pain—A Girl is Persuaded that a Cow Sings, but Positively Refuses to Play Cards.

(W. A. Croffut in North American Review.)

Mesmerized sensitives do not see any of the objects or people in the room except the operator, or hear anything except his voice. They can be made apparently cognizant of their surroundings only by having their attention explicitly called to them by the operator. Even then they generally see imaginary objects only. Their eyes are open and their sight appears to an oculist entirely normal, but there is no co-ordination of the faculties. If I introduce "a gentleman," they treat him as such. If I introduce him as a "young person," they wonder whether he is a boy or girl, and are liable to address him as either. Mesmerism is as perfect an anæsthetic as ether and as harmless as water. Any mesmerized person can at once, by a single stroke of the hand, be rendered totally insensible to pain, and can have a tooth drawn, a cataract removed, a cancer cut out or an arm cut off without feeling the slightest pain. This has been so often demonstrated that amputations frequently takes place under its influence in the Paris hospitals, and it is successfully employed in obstetrics.

It is quite erroneous to suppose that the conduct of the responsive is directed in detail by the operator. He only suggests the general line of thought, and each responsive pursues it according to his own knowledge, experience or prejudices. I say to my responsives, for instance, that I have a wonderful educated cow with seven heads. They all want to see it. I call their attention to the imaginary stable door near by; they look toward it, and when I snap my fingers they all see a seven-headed cow enter. Now, by questioning them, it becomes obvious that they all see a different cow. Unless I have designated her color, one sees a white cow, another a red cow, and so on.

Then I tell them that she can dance—can waltz and keep time with music. I hand one of them a cane telling him it is a flute and that he is an eminent performer, and he goes through the motions of playing to the dancing cow. They all hear different tunes, but the exhibition is satisfactory. I now add that the cow can sing—can sing a different part with each mouth—can sing seven ballads at once. At this point there is perhaps some incredulity expressed. They see the cow stand up on her hind legs and hear the seven ballads—and this, I may as well add, is the narrative of an actual experiment.

Five of the six mesmerized persons believed that she sang. "She is singing Tit Willow," said one. "And a Warrior Bold," said another.

"I hear singing," said the incredulous one, turning to me. "'Annie Laurie,' isn't it? How do you work her?—the machinery, I mean?"

The others laughed at him. "Why, the cow sings," said a young lady. "Can't you hear her sing? Can't you see her sing?"

As a rule the responsives can be completely dominated and made to do anything of which they are physically capable. They could generally be induced to take poison or jump off the house, or throw themselves under a locomotive, or attack one another with deadly weapons; but there are some exceptions. I was unable to overcome the fear of one of my responsives, whom I sent to assault an imaginary Indian in the park. He refused to go and said it was "difficult to kill an Indian."

A young lady, one of the brightest sensitives I have ever seen, steadfastly refuses to play cards. I tell her she is Buffalo Bill, and easily induce her to assume his character, but when cards is suggested, "No, I never play cards. It is wrong!" she says, and I cannot move her. I could make her jump out through the window or put her hand in the fire, but play cards she will not. I was puzzled by it, till, inquiring, I ascertained that her religious parents had brought her up very strictly and taught her it was "wicked to play cards."

Valuable Medical Advice Gratis.

We are not so sure that cheap quinine is such an unalloyed blessing. It has come about that nearly every family now has its quinine bottle, that it is sold at many general stores, and that the doctor rarely meets an invalid who has not been thoroughly dosed with quinine. The drug, when taken continuously or excessively, is an injurious one; and its therapeutic value is greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. The value of quinine in "colds," bronchitis, ephemeral fevers, anorexia, general malaise, and various other minor ills, is most problematical.—*Medical Record.*

Living on Stewed Weeds.

"I was surprised," said a prominent physician, "at what I learned of the details of the dietetic hotels of Japan from so close an observer as John La Farge, who has recently spent a number of months in Japan. He tells me that the rice growers, the peasantry who cultivate the rice in Japan, are far too poor to be able to eat it. The poverty that is too great to admit of a rice diet in a rice-growing country is beyond our imagination. What do they eat? That is what I asked. Weeds, stewed weeds, as well as I can learn."

Just a Thimbleful.

Wife—Are you going out this evening, John?

Husband—Well-er-yes, my dear; I don't feel just right, and I thought I would step around the corner and get just a thimbleful of brandy.

Wife (pleased that she could save him trouble)—Well, you needn't go out for that, John; I have a little brandy in the closet.

So she filled her thimble full, and he gulped it down and tried to look happy.

RETENTIVE MEMORIES.

Some Remarkable Feats of Recollection Chronicled.

Mr. Staunton, the United States War Minister during the great civil war, had a very retentive memory, and was especially well up in Dickens' works. One evening in the early part of 1868 Dickens, then on a reading tour in the States, was dining with Charles Sumner, when Mr. Staunton and some others were present. The War Minister was put to the test, and when started could repeat from memory a chapter from any of Dickens' books, showing a much greater knowledge of the works than their author could boast. Mr. Staunton accounted for this intimate knowledge of Dickens by mentioning the habit which he had formed during the war of invariably reading something by the author of "Pickwick" before going to bed at night. The late Bishop Prince Lee, first Bishop of Manchester, was similarly gifted. It is related of him that being once, at an evening party, started by a lady with a line quoted from "Marmion," he went right on with the poem from memory, and could have recited the whole. As a further test the same lady quoted a few words from a conversation in "Ivanhoe," whereupon the Bishop repeated the whole chapter correctly from memory. But greater than any of these was Lord Macaulay. From a very early age the retentiveness of his memory was extraordinary. When only 3 or 4 years of age, his mind mechanically retained the form of what he read so that, as his maid said, he talked "quite printed words." Once as a child, when making an afternoon call with his father, he picked up Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" for the first time, and quietly devoured the treasure while his seniors were engaged in conversation. When they returned home the boy went to his mother, who at the time was confined to her bed, and sitting down at the bedside repeated what he had been reading, by the canto, until she was tired. Later in life his wonderful memory was always a subject of interest to his friends, and occasionally was put to searching tests. One day at a Board meeting of the British Museum, Macaulay wrote down from memory in three parallel columns on each of four pages of foolscap a complete list of the Cambridge Senior Wranglers with dates and colleges attached, for the hundred years during which a record of the names had been kept in the University Calendar. "On another occasion," says Trevelyan, "Sir David Dundas asked: 'Macaulay, do you know your Popes?' 'No,' was the answer, 'I always get wrong among the Innocents.' 'But can you say your Archbishops of Canterbury?' 'Any fool,' said Macaulay, 'could say his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards,' and he went off at score, drawing breath only once in order to remark on the oddity of there having been both an Archbishop Sancroft and an Archbishop Bancroft, until Sir David stopped him at Cranmer." Macaulay once said that if, by any possible chance, all the copies of "Paradise Lost" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" in existence were destroyed, he could write them both out again, complete, from recollection. When O'Connell made his motion, in 1834, for the Repeal of the Union, Mr. Tennant, M. P. for Belfast, delivered a speech lasting for three and a half hours, full of figures and calculation, entirely from memory, in which he trusted so completely that he sent the MS. of his speech to the newspapers before he delivered it. His confidence was not misplaced, for the oration was spoken without a single mistake, or even a momentary hesitation. Another Irish M. P., Mr. Robert Dillon Brown, member for Mayo, had the same useful faculty. He would dictate a speech to an amanuensis, and twenty-four hours afterwards, without looking at it or thinking of the matter in the meantime, could repeat it word for word. Woodfall, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* and brother of Junius' publisher, was able to report accurately in the morning the debate of the previous evening, without taking any notes. In some cases the mental action involved in feats of this nature would seem to be quite mechanical and unintelligent. In the newspapers of January, 1820, there are accounts of an extraordinary man who was known as "Memory-corner Thompson." This man, although he could hardly remember anything he heard, could yet retain perfectly the names and descriptions of large collections of objects that met his eye. He could take an inventory of the contents of a house from cellar to attic merely by surveying them, and could afterwards write it out from memory. He could draw from recollection accurate plans of many London parishes and districts, with every street, alley, public building, public house, etc., duly noted, down to the minutest topographical details, such as pumps, trees, bow-windows and posts, all correctly marked. Conspicuous instances of this mechanical kind of memory are to be found amongst the famous mental calculators. Jedediah Buxton was a celebrity of this kind about the middle of the last century. He had but little education, and indeed was not able to write his own name. But in arithmetic and in abstruse calculations his powers were wonderful. The following is a specimen of the problems which when put to the test he solved mentally in a few minutes: Find how many cubical eighths of an inch there are in a quadrangle mass measuring 23,145,789 yards long, 2,642,732 yards wide, and 54,965 yards thick. When in London in 1754 he was taken to see Garrick as *Richard III.* at Drury Lane. The play did not interest him, but he occupied himself in reckoning the number of words he heard, and in counting the number of steps made by the dancers. The American boy, Zerah Colburn, who came to London in 1812, was a similar phenomenon. He had no knowledge of the rules of arithmetic, and was quite unable to explain how he arrived at the answers to the problems submitted to him. Mental power of this nature would seem to imply an unwholesome development of one part of the brain at the expense of the rest. The retentiveness of such a memory as Lord Macaulay's is greatly to be preferred to the abnormal mental activity of an animated calculating machine.

Mme. Mutsu, wife of the Japanese Minister in Washington, is petite and slender, has dead-black hair, a clear olive complexion and kindling black eyes.

Two Sinners.

There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river that is running riot?
And the boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And a man's the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And the Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before;
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand,
And the world strewed their pathway with flowers abloom,
Crying: "God bless lady and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden went astray
In the golden dawn of life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond love led—
And love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from her sin,
But no door opened to let her in;
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy in heaven.
For this is the law of the earth we know,
That the woman is scorned, while the man may go.
A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Commonplace Woman.

We have read, as you know, for ages and ages,
Of a willowy maiden devoid of a spine,
A fabulous, pre-historic young person,
Who on white of an egg and a cracker could dine.

But I write to you now of a commonplace woman,
Who's shockingly healthy and fearfully fat,
Who never has headache or nervous prostration.
Commonplace! what could be more so than that.

She doesn't do Kensington cat-tails or rushes,
Nor has she a screen with a one-legged stork,
She doesn't adore Charlotte Russe or blancmanges,
But prefers unromantic, commonplace pork.

She hasn't a quilt of crazy silk patchwork,
Nor the tiniest bit of crocheted macreme;
She cannot perform Beethoven's sonatas,
Nor sing but the most commonplace little lay.

She hasn't a gift for the art decorative,
Pasting Japanese monsters on Yankee stone jar,
That stands in a corner to look so esthetic,
But that grieves to the soul the old household Lar.

She never paints song birds nor crickets on china—
To be drowned every day in our teacups, alas!
Or ferns, cabbage-roses of ribbon or velvet,
And naught did she know of the much-hammered brass.

She cannot write poems that glow like a furnace,
Nor sonnets as cold as the Appenine snow;
For if she chops up her ideas into meter,
There's a rush in the ebb, and a halt in the flow.

She doesn't believe she was born with the mission,
Un'ess, it may be, to be happy and well;
Nor does she at all understand protoplasm,
And looks upon women who do as a "sell."

But there's worse to be told of this commonplace woman,
Who owns neither bird, nor dog, nor pet cat;
They say that she's really in love with her husband.
Commonplace! what would be more so than that?

And when we all stand at the last dread tribunal,
Where great and where small are assigned each a part,
May the angels make room for the commonplace woman
Who knows naught of literature, science or art.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

An Abundance in the Red-Headed Girl's Veins Prevents Her Tanning.

A red-headed girl, I believe, never turns brown. That, I understood from a learned physician, is because she has too much iron in her blood. It is the iron that gives the fine Titian hue to her hair. If she had less iron in her blood her hair would probably be brown or chestnut, or perhaps blonde. The varying degrees of redness that you see in different red-headed girls is due to the different proportions of iron in their blood. A girl with glossy, brownish hair that shows red in a strong light has only a fair share of iron in her blood, but a bricktop, if I may be permitted the expression, a bricktop is full of iron. The doctors know of no way of neutralizing the effect of the iron. Perhaps they wouldn't resort to it even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes red-headed girls so strong and hardy and good-natured. It also is the cause of freckles, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that mosquitoes never bite red-headed girls. So you see, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red-headed girl has many advantages over her dark-haired sisters.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Cure For Insomnia.

"So many cures have been advocated for sleeplessness that I am tempted," writes a correspondent, "to propound my own recipe, which, if it may appear somewhat impracticable and far-fetched, has at least the advantage of simplicity. It is merely this: when you have tossed and tumbled about one bed until your pillow seems to be on fire and your sheets red-hot, turn into another—I mean another bed. You will find the sheets and the pillows refreshingly cool, and it is probable at all events that you will go to sleep. The recipe is not at all infallible, and it is of course necessary to have another bed to turn into, which is not always possible. But when practicable it is worth trying; and if it fails one can always fall back on the undoubted fact that there is no universal cure for sleeplessness. What is one man's meat is another man's poison."

False Economy.

Wife (reprovingly)—The great trouble with you is, John, you buy a good many things you don't need, simply because they are cheap. That is very false economy.

Husband—Here is a lady's watch I bought to-day for $20 that's worth every cent of $30.

Wife—Oh, thank you, John; why, it was a real bargain!

After the Musicale.

Miss Screecher—Well, dear, how was my voice to-night? Did it fill the room?

Miss Veracity—At first it did, but afterward——

Miss Screecher—Well?

Miss Veracity—It emptied it.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Beautiful Apartments of Queen Victoria at the Quaint Palace of Holyrood.

A CHILD WITH NINE GRANDPARENTS.

The Queen's Edinburgh House.

Although Queen Victoria had visited Edinburgh before, she did not reside in the palace of Holyrood until August, 1850. She had, meanwhile, selected the rooms to be fitted up for Prince Albert, herself, and their children, and they have remained ever since very much as they were first prepared. The suite selected was that corresponding to those of Mary Stuart and Darnly, in the northwest corner, the Queen's being in the southwest corner. Even the little turret chamber, in which Mary Stuart was at supper with Rizzio the night he was torn away and stabbed to death has its counterpart in a similar little tower room, opening into a splendid room known as Prince Albert's drawing-room. According to the ground plan of these towers, which is the same, this drawing-room corresponds with Queen Mary's bedchamber in the other corner, and there are two of these little rooms, as there are two towers flanking each side of the room. Mary Stuart used her other tower room as a dressing-room, but in Prince Albert's drawing-room they are mainly cosily fitted up with modern luxury.

The first room of the suite is called the Queen's breakfast-room, and is by no means the small apartment which usually does duty as a breakfast-room. Most of the rooms in this suite are large, and the breakfast-room is none of the smallest. The walls are paneled with oak half way up, and the mantel-piece is also of oak, finely carved. The prevailing tints in furniture and wall decorations are green and gold, and the furniture is thoroughly modern and comfortable. Next to this is a little square, oak-paneled room, apparently used for nothing at all. The only remarkable thing about it is a very ornamental roof, representing a blue dome and being studded with silver stars. Next to this is Prince Albert's dressing-room—a fine, handsome apartment, with some superb panel paintings. It is furnished in green and gold. Prince Albert's drawing-room is one of the most splendid in the suite. It is nearly fifty feet long, and here are the two little tower rooms opening into it. It has an exquisitely worked ceiling, with the monogram of Victoria and Albert inserted in numerous panels, and has handsome furniture and hangings of red and gold. The Queen has two drawing-rooms, besides a throne-room. Her bedroom is hung with artistic tapestry, and over the mantel is a modern painting of Venus rising from the sea. The state drawing-room contains some of the ornamentation of the two Charleses, and the cipher "C. R." is seen in many places on the walls and ceilings, especially in the Queen's drawing-room. The oak paneling in this room is beautiful, and the ceiling, a delicate green, with the monogram of Victoria and Albert, the Scotch emblem of the thistle, the rose and the shamrock, is much admired. Besides this room, there is what is called the evening drawing-room, which was the Queen's favorite apartment. This is in red and gold, too, but the walls are heavy with tapestry brought from Buchingham Palace, and there are other reminders of her English home.

The throne-room is the most imposing of the suite, and there the Queen held her levees. Its proportions are very nearly sixty by thirty. It is hung with crimson damask, and the royal arms are plentifully sprinkled about. At one end is a throne, which was made for George IV., when he made his celebrated visit to Scotland in 1822. A portrait of the first gentleman in Europe in Highland costume, and painted by Sir David Wilkie, hangs on the walls, beside numerous Hanoverian portraits. There is but one Stuart represented among those portraits, and that is Mary, the wife of William of Orange.

A Baby With Nine Grandparents.

Effie Webster, the little 16-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Webster, of Reading, Mich., is a representative of the fifth living generation—having father and mother, grandfather and grandmother on both sides, great-grandfather and great-grandmother on both sides, and great-great-grandmother on the side of the father—nine grand parents. The great-grandparents on the mother's side have thirteen great-grandchildren and twenty-three grandchildren.

She Came Down Like an Angel.

California has a petticoated balloon jumper. Her name is Mrs. Van Tassell; she is young, handsome and blonde, and she weighs 165 pounds. She made her first jump at Los Angeles the other day. The Chief of Police sent detectives to prevent her getting into her husband's balloon, from which she had advertised to jump; but she escaped from them, made the ascent, and, when she was a mile above the city, dropped. She landed, feet foremost, safe and sound.

She Picked Out Six Damsels for Him.

One hundred and thirty-six Peking carts were to be seen outside a gate of the Nanhai Palace at Peking, China, on the morning of July 9th, each containing a fair candidate for the Emperor's harem from mandarin families of the Manchu, Mongol and Chinese banner population. The Empress held a fresh inspection on thrt day and selected for the youthful Emperor of fei-pin six damsels of the lower rank of kungnu, 20.

Florence Nightingale at 69.

Miss Florence Nightingale is now a confirmed invalid, and is a patient at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Her services during the Crimean war injured her spine, and she has never recovered from the effects thereof. This illustrious philanthropist is nearly 69 years old.

Queen Victoria and Her Pearls.

Queen Victoria has a great fondness for pearls, and has taken care that each of her daughters shall have splendid ropes of them. One of her first purchases, after the birth of each child, has been two or three very fine pearls, and on every succeeding birthday she added one or two very perfect and carefully selected ones to the string, so that it was completed by the time they were ready to "come out." These necklaces are very well known in England, and they have been worn frequently this season. The young daughters of the Princess of Wales have them, too, thanks to their grandmother. The English papers even have commented upon this rivalry and say: "It is surely a blunder that our Princess should have lent her countenance to a custom worthy only of glorified pork-packers and millionairesses from the other side of the Atlantic. They admit that, though London is the great diamond market, New York is her biggest customer, the sales here being estimated at something like $50,000,000 a year, and two large firms of this city carrying a stock valued at $1,500,000 each. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts' pearls have been the most splendid seen in London this season. She has three strings of three sizes, which hang around the neck apart from each other. She also has a ruby pendant, with seven large stones of the true pigeon's blood color, and these are set amid very fine diamonds, the whole attracting much attention whenever she has worn them in London. Another one of her jewels commented on by the society papers there is a lizard with a ruby head, emerald body and diamond legs."

A Singular Test of Strength.

In a recent issue of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* we find an account of a novel contest of human against brute strength. Two residents of Dearborn county, Indiana, Wm. Liddle, a merchant, and Jesse Crim, a blacksmith of the village, laid a wager that they could outpull any two horses in the township. Steven Cook, a farmer, who owned a fine team, accepted the bet, and not long ago, in the presence of a concourse of neighbors and friends of the respective contestants, the trial of strength was made. Liddle and Crim lay flat on their backs with their feet firmly braced against an immovable structure arranged for the purpose, and with their heads pointing from the horses, that were hitched a distance of 40 feet away to a piece of timber held firmly in the hands of the prostrate men.

The test was to be decided by the horses either pulling the timber from the hands of the men, or else pulling them from the ground to their feet. Three trials were to be made, each of three minutes' steady pulling. The excited farmers and villagers crowded around the parties to witness this singular feat of strength and endurance. The horses were twice whipped into pulling their best, but with distended muscles and swelling veins that told of the terrific strain upon them the prostrate men held the horses to their position. At the third trial the excited farmer lashed his horses to force them to their utmost, when, by a sudden jerk, the timber in the hands of the resisting men, and to which the horses were hitched, snapped in two pieces. The end of one piece struck Crim in the side as it broke, and rendered him unconscious for nearly an hour. He was supposed to be dead, but finally recovered, and is out of all danger of serious results from the blow.

What a Man's Ear Shows.

In China long ears are considered an indication of wisdom, and common people think they are the Emperor's chief characteristic.

Pliny says: "When our ears do glow and tingle some do talk of us in our absence."

Mollinaeus, an ancient writer, says: "If his ears tingle 'tis a sure sign that others speak of him."

In "Much Ado About Nothing" we read: "What fire is in my ears?"

Herrick alludes to the ear superstition:

"One ear tingles; some therebe
That are snarling now at me."

An earlier writer (1598) says: "If their ears tingle they say it is a sign they have some enemies abroad that do or are about to speak evil of them."

An old writer says of the superstitious man: "When his right ear tingles he will be cheerful, but if his left he will be sad."

In popular weather lore, when the ears ring at night a change of wind is at hand. Forster, an old meteorologist says: "Singing in the ear portends a change of weather."

It seems formerly to have been a form of endearment to bite one's ear. We read in "Romeo and Juliet:"

"I will bite thee by thine ear for that jest."

The ear was in Egypt a hieroglyph of obedience. The saying "walls have ears," is very old. Chaucer says: "The heldf hath eyen and the wood hath ears." The phrase "to set people by the ears" had its origin in a pot-house custom of stringing pots by the handles or ears, and clashing them together in carrying them.

The Scotch ask: "Right lug, left lug, which lug lows?" So in Hull, England, it is said that slander is talked about you if the left ear burns; but if the right, men speak well of you. In Lancashire this is reversed. The Dutch say that some one is praising you if the right ear itches, but if the left he calls you names. In the latter case bite your little finger and the evil speaker's tongue will suffer accordingly. In this country it is said that people talk well of you if the right ear tingles, but evil if the left.

The Empress's Monument to Her Husband.

The choice of the monument which the Empress Victoria is about to erect over the grave of Frederick III. is another instance of the delicate consideration which distinguishes the actions of the widowed Empress. During their stay at Toblach the Emperor and Empress were much interested in the small old church of "the Holy Grave" at Innishen, which has often attracted the attention of visitors to the Puster valley by its peculiar architecture. The Emperor himself went over the church, and the Empress made sketches of various parts of it. At present two prominent German architects are at Innishen, making plans of the church, an exact copy of which is to be built as a mausoleum over the remains of the Emperor at the Friedenskirche.

Asking Too Much.

Old lady (to druggist's boy)—"What does the proprietor do, boy, when he gives arsenic for somethin' else?"

Boy—"Well, I dunno; sometimes he does one thing an' sometimes he does another. You can't expect, ma'am, a $3-a-week boy to keep track of the boss all the time."

An Inaccurate Definition.

Teacher—"You may tell me, Willie, what a ruminating animal is." Willie—"One that chews its cubs."

THE CREWS OF BIG SHIPS.

It Takes a Good Many Men to Manage the Ocean Racers.

The crew of a big ship like the City of New York numbers a good many more persons than some regiments of soldiers, says the New York *Sun*. The New York is commanded by Capt. Frederick Watkins, and his right-hand man, the chief officer, is S. F. Barff. To help these two to navigate the ship six deck officers are provided, and three of them are constantly on deck when at sea. In addition to these, in what may be called department of seamen, there is boatswain and his mate and 36 sailors, of whom 12 men are called quartermasters, who are detailed to steer the ship and stand on lookout. There is also a ship's carpenter, who is generally as handy aloft as with the saw and adze. In charge of the machinery are a chief engineer, Mr. McDougall, and 27 assistant engineers, beside two electricians and their three assistants who look after the electric lights; three donkey men, 31 leading firemen, 54 firemen, 63 trimmers and one blacksmith. The donkeymen are foremen in charge of the boilers; the leading firemen are also called greasers, and it is their duty to keep the machinery oiled and cleaned. The 54 firemen shovel coal into the furnaces, and see that it is spread just right to burn as hot as possible, and when a furnace needs cleaning they do the work. The trimmers shovel the coal from the bunkers into the stoke hole. Mr. McLeod, the chief steward, is assisted by Mr. Finlow, formerly steward of Jay Gould's yacht Atalanta, and by 146 other people, of whom seven are women and eight are boys in their teens, called bellboys. Mrs. McNichol is the chief stewardess, and four women help her in the first cabin. The second cabin and the steerage have one stewardess each. Of the other people in this department 36 are table waiters, 16 are bedroom stewards and attend to keeping staterooms in order, 10 are occupied in the pantry, 16 are cooks, 6 are porters, 5 are messroom stewards and wait on the officers, 14 are in the second cabin, 16 are in the steerage, 4 are bakers, 3 are butchers and 5 are storekeepers, and this term includes the bartenders and the men in immediate charge of the rooms where provisions, etc., are kept. While this completes the list of the three great departments into which a ship's company is divided, there is yet a purser, who is a keeper of accounts, besides having a lot of other important duties to attend to, and the ship's surgeon, who has one assistant. The number of stewards carried varies with the passenger traffic. The total number of the crew of the City of New York when she sailed was, according to the purser, 394.

"The Field is the World."

There are 75 Episcopal churches in New York city, and 44 of them are entirely free.

There is some idea of holding the next Pan-Anglican Council in the United States. The American bishops have made the suggestion to the English prelates.

Cardinal Lavigeris, who is trying to suppress the slave trade, was, before he left London, cordially received by the Prince and Princess of Wales and by Lord Salisbury. While in England he was elected a member of the Anti-Slavery Society. In the prosecution of his mission the Cardinal intends to visit all the capitals of Europe.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen recently entertained at Dollis Hall 350 of the residents of the homes for working girls in London. Among those present on the occasion were Dr. George Macdonald, the novelist; Captain Sinclair and a large number of ladies and gentlemen interested in benevolent enterprises and the reformation of the masses.

There has been much discussion of late regarding the relative merits of Christianity and Mohammedanism as a religion suitable to the African race. Rev. Isaac Taylor and the traveller Johnstone contend stoutly for the superiority of Mohammedanism. A new opinion has been advanced by Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, now in Scotland, who, while preaching at Oban a few days ago, expressed his conviction that God had used Mohammedanism as a means of preparation for Christian missions.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, in an address to the University Extension students at Oxford, described novels as the "prose poems of the day." Novels, he said, were no longer looked at askance or read in secret as they once were. It was now no uncommon thing for clergymen to put one another through a course of examination to find out which was best up in his "Pickwick." The novelist had latterly entered the domain of theology, as he had already fraternized with art and science. "Novelist, preach on, if you will lift me higher," said the bishop. "We have tried to do all in our power. God speed you! We are brothers in one common end." Professor Jowett complimented the bishop, and stated that he seemed to have the power beyond any of his contemporaries of adapting the religion of Christ to the wants of the nineteenth century.

In recent times laymen have not been privileged to any extent to preside in Presbyterian assemblies. It was considered a rare example when, a few years ago, Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle, a licensed preacher, but never in charge of a congregation, was elected moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod. His brother, Sir George Bruce, who is an elder in the Church, is now named for the chair. The suggestion is creating some difficulty. Dr. Walter Morrison, of Westbourne, London, writes to the effect that to elect a layman to the moderator's chair would be unconstitutional, besides being out of the order of succession. Dr. Burns, of Kirkliston, gives an account of the American assemblies and makes special mention of the efficient manner in which a layman this year discharged the duties of vice-moderator. Dr. Burns thinks the Americans are moving in the right direction and recalls the fact that John Erskine, of Dun, a layman, was six times moderator in the Scottish Reformative Assembly, and that the honorable office was held also by George Buchanan.

It is only 60 years ago this month that the first stage carrying the United States mail westward passed over the Allegheny mountains. The road taken by the stage was from Cumberland, Md., to Wheeling, a distance of 130 miles.

A DASHING EXPLOIT.

How Forty Daring Englishmen Captured 400 Beloochees.

The recapture of Mone from the rebel leader Twek-nga-lu in the beginning of May is a good example of what rapid and determined action will do with a semi-civilized enemy. The relieving party under Col. Sartorious, of the 1st Beloochees, started at daybreak, in a downpour of rain, from a village in the hills to the west of Mone. About two miles from the town Mr. Scott, the assistant superintendent of the Shan States, with Lieut. Fowler, of the Beloochees, and six men of the Ride brigade, mounted on officers' ponies, went off from the main column to make a dash on the palace. Mr. Scott had been in Mone several times before, and was able to take the party by a jungle path round the south of the town. From there they galloped straight on the palace, disregarding the armed men in the streets. The eastern gate was fortunately ajar, so that it was not necessary to dismount. The clatter of the hoofs brought Twek-nga-lu to a window. Mr. Scott knew him by sight, and, with the assistance of a soldier, had the rebel tied to his own bedpost within two minutes of entering the palace inclosure, which is over a hundred yards square and full of detached houses. Twek-nga-lu had a repeating rifle loaded with sixteen cartridges lying by his bedside, but had not time to seize it. The four gates were then closed and guarded by one man each, and another guarded Twek-nga-lu. Mr. Scott and Mr. Fowler, with the corporal of the party, then went to meet the body-guard of twenty men, all armed with guns. Mr. Scott demanded the name of the leader, who proved to be Twek-nga-lu's chief fighting-man. He then announced who he was and called on them in Shan to sit down, advancing all the time. Kun-sang, the leader, refused, whereupon Mr. Scott promptly knocked him down, seized the gun of the man behind him, and shouted out that he would shoot any one who did not sit down immediately. The corporal and Mr. Fowler each covered his man as he came on. Before the Shans could realize the situation, five had been disarmed, and the rest then gave in. Messrs. Scott and Fowler collected all the guns and swords, the corporal kneeling in the Hythe position ready to fire. In five minutes the palace was completely in their hands and the main column was heard firing to the north of the town. A quarter of an hour later they marched into the palace and found everything settled, Twek-nga-lu bound and his chief leaders under guard. When it is considered that the town was held by 400 men and that the force inside the palace outnumbered the capturing party by nearly ten to one, the affair may be considered as successful an example of prompt daring as is to be found out of a lady's romance. The capture of Twek-nga-lu is likely to have the most satisfactory results. The disturbances which broke out in the southern Shan States in April were mainly due to his advance and his intrigues, and now that he and his chief leaders have been captured, the complete establishment of peace may be anticipated.

—*St. James' Gazette.*

The Main Spring Broke.

The folding bed is apparently unknown in Virginia.

The other day a tall and rather verdant F. F. V. arrived in town, on a Government office bent, and took quarters in a Washington boarding house.

As it was the dull season the Virginian was quartered in a large front room where the bed folded silently up, like Longfellow's Arab tent.

It so happened that the Virginia boarder met some friends from Alexandria during the evening of his first day in Washington, and when he reached home the hour was late.

Reaching his room he fell on the bed, boots and all, and the springs being worn the structure began to close up.

The elevation of his feet, however, did not trouble the new boarder in the least; he was already slumbering peacefully, and the bed, of course, did not close tightly. In the morning the absence of her new boarder from breakfast troubled the landlady to such an extent that she went with the maid to investigate. The Virginian's door was open, the room undisturbed and the bed apparently closed. The maid, however, discovered his hat on the floor, and then in sepulchral tones called attention to the feet protruding from the top of the bed.

The terrified women pulled the bed slowly down, and the new boarder, awakened by the motion, crawled out in a rumpled state.

"I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion, but his Virginian politeness quickly getting control, "I was feeling a little peart last night and sat down rather hard on the bed, and I—I reckon I busted the mainspring."—*Washington Cor. New York Press.*

Women Getting off Cars.

Woman, lovely woman, will wilfully persist in getting off street cars backward before they stop, despite conductors' cautions. A young woman fell flat on Niagara street a day or two ago because she jumped off while the car was moving, and that same night the writer saw an elderly woman saved from a like fate on a Main street car by the conductor's seizing her just as she was about to leap. Of course the innocent creatures think that if a man can jump off a moving car with impunity, they can. But no man can get off at right angles with a car, putting down first the foot on the side toward the horses without spilling himself promiscuously on the pavement. If women won't wait until the car stops, they should remember these simple rules: First, face the same way the car is going; second, pull skirts clear of the car; third, put the outside foot well forward and brace the body back; fourth, hold on with both hands until the driver stops the horses; fifth, step off.—*Buffalo Express.*

Had Him There.

Countryman (to celebrated Hindoo Snake Charmer)—I s'pose you know a good deal about snakes, Mister? Hindoo Snake Charmer—Snakes, sir, have been the study of my eventful life. I know all about them. Countryman—The hull business? Hindoo Snake Charmer—Yes, sir. Countryman—Well, I wish you'd tell a feller where the body leaves off an' the tail begins.—*New York Sun*

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1888.

INTEND TO RETALIATE.

For some time past the members of the House of Representatives at Washington have been wrangling over a marrow-bone of contention, viz., the Fishery Retaliation Bill, which finally passed the House on Saturday last. It still has to go before the American Senate, and in all probability will be passed there also. It strikes us that it must be a humiliating spectacle to the honorable citizens of the United States, this mixture of bluster, bravado and pandering to the Irish vote—for that is the whole secret of the situation. The Irish vote of the United States is a very important factor in the election of a president for the "grand and glorious?" republic. Republicans want it, and Democrats require to retain it. Hence the political manoeuvering in their representative houses, the low depths of groveling insult and calumny heaped upon Great Britain and Canada, and the pitiful spectacle of a people who try to make political capital at the expense of the finer feelings and friendly advances of a neighboring people. It will, at least, have the effect of placing the stars and stripes in unenviable contrast with the union jack; it will remove the film from the eyes of many Canadians who have looked with clouded vision upon the glitter and glamor surrounding the republic to the south of us and thought it a good thing to connect ourselves more closely with—in fact place ourselves under the control of the American mercantile world. There are a few such, but we predict that the sorry spectacle which has lately been presented, of American Senators and American Congressmen trampling upon our just deserts, and outraging diplomatic justice, will very largely have the effect of disgusting even these advocates of closer intimacy with everything American, in politics, at least.

As a proof of the low ebb of American politics, and the depths of unmanly degredation to which American politicians can descend, this fishery business is a glaring illustration. Scouting the conscientious endeavors of Great Britain and Canada to effect an amicable settlement, they, for the basest of political purposes, refuse to accept any peaceful terms, and have the effrontery to say, in effect, "Heed not our boasting—we wink while we talk." The New York Tribune says:

"That this Administration will exercise the powers conferred by the bill, if it shall become a law, scarcely anybody believes. The composure of Great Britain and Canada has been undisturbed except by a single belligerent editoral in a London newspaper, and the brave ravings of a gallant Canadian militiaman. Neither Great Britain nor Canada believe that President Cleveland will exercise the powers which it is proposed to grant."

This is very consoling to think upon, at any rate, when consider that any retaliation attempted will recoil upon the United States with as great force as it can hit us. This latter is the cause of our "composure."

Toronto is once more bubbling over with enthusiasm and excitement. Its big exhibition was formally opened on Tuesday by His Excellency, Governor Stanley. On Monday he was tendered a royal reception by the municipal officers of the city, in the Horticultural Pavilion, at which 5,000 people were present. Toronto, if anything, is a loyal city, and always receives in a magnificent manner the representatives of our Queen.

Emin Bey went into the heart of Africa to hunt slave-traders; Stanley went to hunt for Emin Bey, and now another glory-hunting American has gone to search for Stanley. And still the fever-haunted marshes of Central Africa cry out, "Come on, Macduff."

A Bad Spirit.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Will you kindly permit me to explain a matter going the usual rounds, and which, if allowed to pass unchallenged, may do more harm than desirable.

A man of this Village who gives his name as *Spirit*, on Friday the 7th inst., endeavored to vent his spleen on myself in this way—: A particular friend of mine, one who has been under obligations to me more or less for the past ten years, went to this Spirit's green grocery to transact some business, when this said Spirit feigned sickness, and asked him to get him some stimulant from the drug store. He desisted, told him to get some from the hotel. He told him no, that he could get nothing but trash, or words to that effect. He told this Spirit to send the boy for it. His second plea was that we wouldn't give it to the boy. Upon this emergency this innocent old man was induced to come. But the Medical Hall had certain definite rules regarding the sale of liquors.

First, we never use the privilege the laws give us, to sell indiscriminately, even to the *six ounce* limit. We must always have a reasonable evidence that it is to be used as a medicine pure and simple. So that it is no marvel that in this instance the same safeguards were used. Let me say, the old gentleman has a daughter, who was and is out of health, and for whom stimulants had been ordered before. When the question was put, is this for sickness? his reply was "Yes." Next question, "how is your daughter now?" The answer was, "not very well." So that it was given to him, as understood by us, for his daughter. But no sooner had this stimulant passed to this man, who subscribes himself as Stephen Spirit, than he supposed he had us under his clutches. I am told he has the bottle sealed for the day of doom and destruction. I hope he will keep it where he can always see it as a warning to his unexampled meanness.

Now it so happens that a licensed medical practitioner is not limited to *six ounces*, nor to sixty ounces, as long as he does not wantonly give it for the sake of trade. In this case I was present, and the liquor was given upon a medical privilege only. I hope this explanation will serve two purposes—first, by exonerating us from blame, and second by establishing the character of a man who lives among us.

One other thing I merely state, that a man who utters such a sentiment as this, "That he hopes that God nor the devil will get him until he gets vengeance," is a dangerous man, and it is a question whether I ought not, as a public man, arraign him for expressions so amenable to punishment. I will decide upon the course I shall pursue hereafter. Yours,

DR. CHRISTOE.

Sept. 10, 1888.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

In the last issue of The Advance a statement was made to the effect that the goods stolen from Mrs. Jordan recently were recovered. I have inquired and find that there is no clue as to the articles stolen, or the burglars either, except that an old suit of tweed was left behind, being the remnant of a good outfit.

Our neighbor, Mr. R. J. McAfee, had, a few days ago, a very narrow escape from a large bear. As he was going from the 7th to the 9th line, through the bush, a dog that accompanied him came suddenly upon a large bear, which was sitting, or lying, in a small stream, cooling himself when disturbed by the dog. As soon as bruin spied the dog he went for him, and the dog went for Mr. McAfee, and Mr. McAfee went for a tree and climbed up the tree with all the agility and dexterity he possessed. The bear did not attempt to climb up after Mr. McAfee, but cast some terrible glances at him, and after a while moved off. The dog used the precaution of keeping a safe distance between himself and the bear.

Bears have got so numerous that it is almost a daily occurence to see from one to four between the 9th and 11th lines.

There is a good hunting club organized for the express purpose of lessening the number of bears in that part of the township, and the first hunt of the season will take place in a day or two.

Local News.

Trout fishing ends on Saturday, and fish stories will be at a discount for another eight months. Here is our last, as a kind of farewell: From Kimberley we had forwarded to us last week a quarter of a trout which weighed when caught 2lb. 10 oz., and measured 17⅝ inches in length. The piece received made a breakfast for three.

Fire Bugs at Dundalk.

About 1.30 Sunday morning fire broke out in Dundalk in the store owned by John Connor and occupied by James Egerton as a liquor store. Despite the efforts of the people the fire spread and soon J. D. Morgan's store and dwelling, C. H. Jewell's furniture workshop, the Hanbury block, occupied by Jeweller Johnston, and James Connor's store and dwelling, were in flames. The total loss is estimated at about $8,000; partly covered by insurance. Jewell's furniture store and Hanbury's store being built of brick, these buildings were saved, though badly damaged at the back. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

Since the above was put in type we learn that one or two arrests have been made in connection with the affair, but the parties were discharged. The constabulary of Dundalk are about as big a farce as their lockup, and that is saying a good deal.

An Explanation.

The communication from Dr. Christoe, in this issue, may appear somewhat obscure to many of our readers who are unacquainted with the circumstances. We did not care, from charitable motives, to mention the matter heretofore, but now that the Dr. has made it public property we feel at liberty, and in duty bound, to explain the disagreeable affair fully. Some two or three weeks ago Dr. Christoe felt it his duty to bring Mr. Spirit before J. W. Armstrong, J.P., where he was fined on two different informations, viz., for using abusive language, and furious driving. Since that time Mr. Spirit appears to have been laying a deep plot to wreak a heavy vengeance upon the Dr., and taking advantage of the latter's amiable disposition, he found it not difficult to secure sufficient evidence, as he thinks, to convict the Dr. for selling more than the prescribed six ounces, and has accordingly laid information before the license inspector. We are sorry that the matter has gone so far. It is only a personal affair at best, and such things should never occur in a village which boasts the same amiable nature that Flesherton inhabitants are noted for. We should like to see the thing dropped, and an amicable settlement arrived at. Such would reflect more credit upon both parties than eternal warfare, where no just object is to be attained.

Birth.

Born—At Flesherton On Saturday, Sept. 8, the wife of J. B. CLIMO of a daughter.

General News.

Hon. Edward Blake's health is reported much better.

The Provincial Exhibition was opened at Kingston on Monday.

A war among the American Northwestern Indians is threatened.

The damage done by the frost in Maine is estimated at $1,000,000.

The floods in Austro-Hungary are causing an immense amount of damage.

The Red River Railway will not be open for passenger traffic until Oct. 1.

Two business blocks in San Francisco were burned Sunday; loss, 1,250,000.

The Retaliation Bill was passed in the House of Representatives on Saturday by a vote of 174 to 4

The writ has been issued for Montreal East, the election to take place on the 16th inst.

It is estimated that eighty persons lost their lives in the recent West India hurricane.

The steamer Baltic, of Collingwood, is ashore on One-Tree Island in the North Channel, Lake Huron.

An Indian has killed six out of a herd of seven buffalo which he found at the Red Deer Forks, in the Northwest.

Hon. Edward Blake has given $2,590 for scholarships in the Department of Political Science in Toronto University.

Last week a large quantity of whiskey was seized at the Sault, which had just been smuggled from the American side.

Six applications for divorce have been entered at Ottawa for the coming session.

Sir Francis De Wilton, Rev. Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Charles Wilson believe there is no cause for alarm regarding Stanley.

Maine returns would seem to show that the Republicans have elected all the Senators and that the Democrats have gained a few seats in the House.

Two earthquake shocks have occured at Vostizza on the Corinthian Gulf, doing great damage. Troops have been despatched with a supply of tents for the homeless and provisions for the destitute.

Sir George Stephen is still in Scotland, and it is learned has already felt much benefit from the rest and relief from his presidential labors and cares. He shortly returns to London

---

Owen Sound News.

The harbor is filled with steambarges and consorts and sailing vessels with grain and coal, and indications point to a good fall trade.

Farmers around here cannot grumble about the crops. All grain crops are excellent and prices are good.

Mr. Kough, the extensive breader of Galloway cattle, has shipped for exhibition at Kingston 11 head of Galloways—4 bulls and 7 females. He will show at Toronto and London.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 25 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Piano For Sale.

A beautiful 7 octave upright Dominion Piano nearly new, at a bargain. Apply at Advance office

Strayed or Stolen.

From the premises of W. C. Parker, lot 62, 2nd west, Artemesia, two sows in pig—one aged and the other young, black, and black and white spotted. Information thankfully received as to their whereabouts.

W. C. PARKER.

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Fall Wheat	$0 78	to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78		0 80
Barley	0 50		0 55
Oats	0 30		0 30
Peas	0 50		0 55
Butter	0 15		0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15		0 15
Potatoes bush	0 40		0 50
Pork	6 50		6 50
Hay per ton	7 00		8 00
Hides	4 50		5 50
Wool	19		23
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Cheese	0 06		0 06
Turkeys	0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50		0 60

GEO. MITCHELL,

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MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

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James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.

Apply at once to GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton,

Or to J. GEO. KEEFER, Forest, Ont.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, THE 25TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops at the Lock-keeper's house, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $1,000.

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

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By Order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Meaford is calling loudly for a high school.

Orangeville is to have eighteen electric lights.

The Durham Chronicle man says the editor of the Review goes fishing and shooting on Sunday.

The News says that if there is one thing more than another that Chatsworth excels in it is the "young hoodlums, shamless girls and young women it produces.

Durham is becoming depopulated. Three of its "enterprising" citizens left for the Northwest last week, one for British Columbia, and one for England. It must be somewhat lonesome in Durham now.

A special officer of customs has seized the American tug Gladiator on the Georgian Bay for having towed a raft of logs from French River, Ont., to Midland, and not reporting or clearing at either place. The vessel is in charge of the sub-collector at Algoma Mills, pending a deposit of $400 or release by the department.—[Collingwood Enterprise.

Mr. D. McCorkindale, of Sullivan, met with a serious accident on Monday of last week, resulting in the loss of one of his feet. While driving on the horse-power of a threshing machine he accidentally got his foot caught in the cogs of the power, and although the horses were stopped almost instantly by two men close by, his foot was so badly crushed that it had to be amputated.—[Chatsworth News.

They had a "green corn and onion" festival in Hanover lately. The Post says it was financially a failure, which was probably owing to the absence of some people who should have been there. Our explanation of its failure would be the presence of the onions. Onion festivals are nice things to stay away from. One can enjoy them better about a mile off. Therefore they don't pay financially.

The infant child of a woman named Hunt, who lives in Markdale, died on the train Saturday night week. The mother noticing something wrong with the child, called on a lady near her, who took the infant in her arms, shortly after which it died. The strangest part of the story is that the mother could not be induced to take the child after its death. The corpse had to be taken off the train at Markdale after the mother left the train.

The pedigreed cucumber which the Pickering News man dissected last week knocked the poor fellow out. His mind and stomach are still weak, and he has begun writing cucumber poetry. Here is a sample of his poem:

Six cucumbers sat on a garden wall
Inviting the sun's torrid rays;
And the old lady who placed them there
Watched them with kindly gaze.

A boy chanced along one moonlight night
To where they were spread on the wall;
He said veni, vidi, vici and
Then set up a terrible squall.

It was an unequal struggle, doctors could do nothing, the unfortunate youth died.

The lady found him a narrow grave,
And smoothed out his funeral pall;
And all the year round, his ghost may be found
Astride of that garden wall.

For some nights past vandalism has been rampant in Thornbury. The oatmeal mill here was badly damaged. The spout where farmers put in their oats was chopped away, and also cut away inside, and were it not for the fact that Mr. Hood had taken the precaution to put in a stop pin at the end of the spout a large quantity of oats would have gone down the river and been carried away. On Friday evening last a large number of windows of the mill were smashed with stones. Other depredations were carried on such as breaking into Mr. Thornton's barber shop and carrying away his sign over to Mr. Hood's residence. Large sticks of wood were thrown against the houses of sleeping residents. Now fun is fun, but such rowdyism as this should be severely punished.—[Thornbury Standard.

Last Saturday afternoon it was rumored around town that a bear was trapped in John McDowell's bush about a mile and a half from the village. Chas. McConnell, whose trap it was, had bent over a small tree fastening it to a larger one, hanging on the bend thereof a cow's head. In endeavoring to reach the head Bruin stepped into the trap which was placed below. About 50 of our citizens went out to bring the bear to town alive, and as the dark night was just closing in when they left, a fire was lit for them to carry out their programme. once on the scene, the bear was lassoed and dragged down to the ground. Then three poles were got and one placed over the neck, another over the body and the latter over the hind legs. The fore and hind legs were then bound with cords and a pole run between them. The bear was thus carried out of the bush hanging to the underside of the pole, where it was put into a wagon and brought to town. The bear was then driven to Chas. McConnell's and a chain, placed around his neck and fastened to a post in a pen which was surrounded by a boarding about four feet in hight. The cords were cut and bruin released from his uncomfortable position. Being full of rage he seized a five foot pig trough in his mouth and wielded it about as though it was a stick. This was left him to play with and the following morning found him on the other side of the fence hanging by the neck quite dead, having no doubt tried to jump to the ground and failed on account of the length of chain. The result was a post mortem examination which revealed that Bruin had died in good health, was very fat and weighed 150 pounds.—[Dundalk Hearld.

Hon. Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, once said:—"In all towns where a newspaper is published every man should advertise in it, even if nothing more than a card stating his name and the business he is engaged in. It not only pays the advertiser, but it lets the people at a distance know that the town you live in is a prosperous community of business men. As the seed is sown so the fruit recompences. Never pull down your sign while you expect to do business, for it often indicates that business is poor and you are losing your grip commercially speaking. The judicious advertiser will receive in return ten dollars for every one invested in the columns of a live newspaper."

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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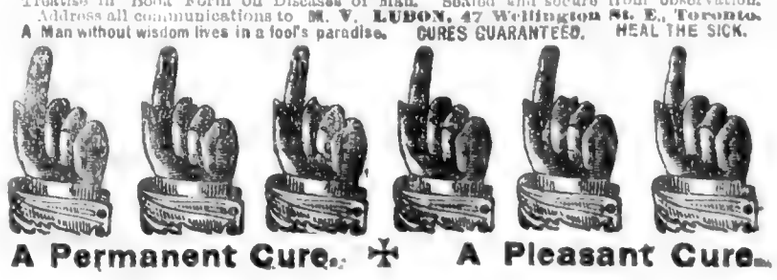

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

The Master and the Reapers.

The master called to his reapers:
"Make scythe and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands,
And the grass from the meadows green;
And from off of the mist clad marshes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master
We will bring thee the yellow grain
That waves on the windy hill-side,
And the tender grass from the plain;
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought, ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
And the breezes of summer blow
Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
Have ripened soft and slow.

"But out on the wide, bleak marsh-land
Hath never a plow been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soil is wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea-wind,
Are the only care they know.

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
There food hath been sharp sea-sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye all, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shore."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

He had not seen Shirley for more than a year, and only once or twice during his long exile had a letter from her reached him—frank, and friendly letters, such as a sister might write to a brother who was absent from her. Guy had smiled a little sadly over the cordial words; they were the only letters he had received from her, save the few during the brief separation just subsequent to their engagement, and contrasting them with those, he saw how the eager young girl had grown into the grave saddened woman who had suffered and loved and borne a load of anguish rarely laid upon the shoulders of frail humanity. But all the letters breathed a spirit of tenderness and trust which touched Guy sensibly as he read them, and which made it easier to keep away from her until such time had passed after that peaceful death in Adinbrooke Castle as would admit of his claiming the precious charge Sir Hugh had left him.

He heard much of her from others, more especially from Lady Oliphant, who was a constant correspondent. She told him how useful and earnest and beautiful was the life which Shirley led in the pretty cottage-home he had chosen; for she had steadily refused any of Sir Hugh's wealth save the small annuity he had left her in the will he so regretted at the last. She told him what good she did, how much she was loved, and she cheered him with a few words of hope which brightened Guy's lonely life abroad with the thought that perhaps, after all, the visions poor Hugh Glynn had seen with his dying eyes might become blessed realities in the time to come.

But, when the roses were in bloom a second time, Guy received his summons home in a pretty affectionate note from Madge Oliphant, asking him to come back to be present at her marriage.

And, with his heart beating with a sense of joyous expectation and a passionately tender longing for the sight of Shirley's face once more, Guy turned his own toward home.

CHAPTER LIII.

It was on a lovely summer evening that Guy Stuart got out of the train at the little country station, and found Madge and her ponies waiting for him in the golden sunlight. She greeted him joyfully, and as he bent and kissed her cheek, it seemed to him that he had seen nothing so fair in all his wanderings as this "bonny English rose."

"It was very good of you to come to meet me yourself, Madgie," he said, as he accommodated his long limbs to the limits of Madge's fairy-like little vehicle.

"Did I not always come to meet you when you came to Erindale?" she asked, gayly.

"Yes; but you were only a lassie then; now you are a young lady about to be married, and a very important personage altogether. When is the great day, Madgie?"

"The great day is to-morrow," she replied, with a laugh and a blush. "You will soon see outward and visible signs of it."

"To-morrow! Then I am only just in time?"

"Yes. We expected you quite a week ago."

"You gave me no date, Madgie. I suppose you were in such a wild state of excitement that you forgot that I was not likely to know what day you had fixed."

"In a wild state of excitement!" she echoed, tossing her pretty head. "*A propos de quoi*, Guy?"

"*A propos* of a wedding! Young ladies are always wild about weddings, so what they must be about their own particular one passes the limits of my imagination completely!"

"Well, you see, I am the exception which proves the rule," Madge said, laughing. "I am much as usual, thank you."

"You are as saucy as usual, Madge. How are your father and mother?"

"Very well, indeed."

"And the Hall is turned upside down, I presume?"

"Nearly," Madge answered, gayly. "The dining-room is intact; so you will have your dinner in peace, which assurance will, I know, be a great comfort to you. You see, Guy," she added, more soberly, "I should have preferred a very quiet wedding, but mamma and papa did not like disappointing all the village people, who have been looking forward to all kinds of gayeties; so last night there was a ball for the tenants and household, and—"

"To-night?" said Guy, laughingly.

"There is a dance for ourselves. Mamma wanted it to-morrow night; but I said that I did not see why I should be out of it, so I begged to have it to-night."

"Quite right. And, if the bride-elect will honor an old fogy so far, I beg to put in a retainer for a dance or two."

"As many as Jack will let you have," she said, merrily. "Guy, how dare you call yourself an old fogy? You look ever so much younger than you did when—when I saw you last."

"Do I? I am glad of that. I am glad too, Madgie, that Jack has been able so to arrange matters that he will not be obliged to take our sunshine away from us."

"No; that has been settled very comfortably. Mr. Kearton takes the management of the house at Calcutta, and Jack stays in England."

"It would have gone hard with your people to spare you, Madgie."

"Yes, my heart was almost broken when I thought of it. It was so terrible to think that I must leave either papa and mamma or Jack. It was miserable, Guy."

"Poor little Madgie!"

"Sometimes I almost wished that I had never seen Jack," she said, half ruefully: "and the next moment I felt that not even mother wanted me as he did."

"Poor Jack! The past shadow will make the sunshine of the present all the brighter."

"That was just what—" Madge began, impulsively, but she stopped, coloring a little.

"Just what, Madgie?" Major Stuart asked, looking at her with a little smile; but Madge shook her head, smiling also, and did not finish her sentence.

Perhaps he guessed what the conclusion would have been, for he did not urge her; but a great longing came into his gray eyes.

They drove on in the golden sunlight, down the pretty leafy lanes which were so pleasant in Guy's eyes. When he had seen them last they were bare and leafless and glittering with hoar-frost, now the hawthorn, both pink and white, was blooming in the hedges, and the banks were ablaze with floral treasures.

Perhaps it was because the thoughts of both were so full of Shirley that neither of them spoke of her. Once or twice glancing at the grave face of the man by her side, Madge saw the yearning in his gray eyes, which she interpreted rightly; and she touched the pretty ponies lightly with her whip to increase their pace; for were they not bringing them home to Erindale Hall and to Shirley?

The golden sunlight was taking a shade of rose-color when they turned in at the park gates, passing the little ivy-grown lodge where Shirley and Madge had first met, and driving swiftly up the avenue, Sir Frederic and Jack were standing on the white stone steps, and the great hall door was crowned with an arch of flowers, one of the unmistakable signs of the morrow's proceedings; and, while Guy greeted the two gentlemen, Madge disappeared into the house.

"The child would not let any one meet you but herself," Sir Frederic remarked, smiling. "We are glad to see you again, Stuart, and I hope your wanderings are over."

"I hope so, too," Guy said, smiling, but with a great earnestness in his voice; and they all proceeded together under the flower-crowned doors into the great hall, which was likewise full of unmistakable signs of the coming event, where they stood talking, until Madge returned, slipped her hand through Guy's arm, and led him away, talking fast and merrily the while, to hide her great agitation.

At the door of a little room which Guy remembered well as her own favorite sanctum she stopped, opening it very softly, and motioning to Guy to enter. She did not follow, but closed the door after him, and then slipped away with an April face of smiles and tears as she thought who was waiting for him within.

For a moment after he had entered the room Guy thought that it was empty, but the next he became aware of a slender woman in white standing by the open window, with her face turned toward the setting sunlight and his heart gave a sudden great bound of joy and gladness as his eyes rested upon her.

How often during the long months of his exile and waiting he had yearned for the sight of her face, the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand! Even as a thirsty man in the desert craves for water he had thirsted for her, his darling, whom he had loved so faithfully, so unselfishly, so perfectly, all his life long.

She was so lost in some day-dream or musing that she did not hear him enter, nor the closing of the door, and he was able to watch her for some minutes unperceived. He saw that she was no less beautiful than she had been in the old days, and that her loveliness had increased rather than diminished; and, as she stood there in the sunlight, in her soft white dress, with one deeply tinted rose nestling in the lace at her throat, she was a sight "to make an old man young."

As she stood, she sighed softly—sighed although there was a little smile upon her lips; then she turned quickly, feeling suddenly, as people do, that some one was watching her; whereupon Guy immediately went forward; and all her heart went out in glad welcome to him, although for a second she could not move. Then she held out both hands to him, and the next instant—how it happened neither ever knew—she was in his arms, held there in a clasp which spoke more plainly than any words of Guy's longing and Guy's love, while her eyes—the lovely, lustrous hazel eyes, so passionate—looking up to his, told him, better than the sweetest words could all he wanted to know.

In that moment it seemed to Guy that all the past suffering was forgotten in the the great joy and blessedness of their reunion. For many minutes he could find no words to speak to her; she was so true, so beautiful, so loving, that he could not utter what he felt; his joy and love were alike dumb. But she needed no words. He held her in his arms, crushing her in a close, fond embrace, looking down at the sweet face as if he would never tire of the rapt fond gaze: and, as they stood thus, the golden sunshine streaming into the pretty room fell upon them both, a presage of the happier days to come.

Shirley was the first to break the rapturous silence. Putting her hands upon his breast, she looked up into his face.

"You have come back to me, Guy?" she said softly.

"I have come back, my darling."

"You will not go again?"

The sweet voice was a little hurried and breathless now.

"Not if you tell me to stay, Shirley."

There was another silence as Guy watched the lovely pink flush mounting over the fair pale face up to the roots of the pretty hair. The sweet eyes were downcast now, the red lips quivering a little.

Guy stooped down and steadied them with his own and the flush faded.

"Shirley," he said very earnestly, very tenderly, very softly, "if, during all these years we have passed far from each other, you have learnt to love me less than you used to in the old days, and not only to love me less, but to love me differently—as a friend, as a brother—let me hear it from your lips now. But—"

"But what, Guy?" she said, lifting her eyes now to his, with a little smile in their lustrous depths.

"But if not, Shirley—if you care for me still—"

"If!" she repeated, with a tone of tenderest reproach in her sweet voice, and her arms crept up about his neck.

Closer in his arms now, nearer to his heart, clinging to him with a love which had never swerved not faltered, a love which had endured, and would endure, they were very happy.

* * * *

The tenants' ball given in honor of Madge's marriage had been a great success, and the ball given to Sir Frederic and Lady Oliphant's friends on the eve of their daughter's wedding-day was not less so. The entertainment gained considerably by the presence of the charming bride-elect, whose fair and radiant smiles were pleasant to see and to remember.

Out of consideration for the event next day, it was not to be a late party, but dancing was kept up with unabated vigor, and the bonny queen of the ball must have danced her tiny satin slippers into holes on the occasion.

Many of the guests were to remain at Erindale for the night, in order to be present at the wedding on the next day, and from garret to basement the grand old house was bright with light, while the gay strains of the dance-music rose and fell softly.

"Madgie," Jack whispered, when, having waltzed her cleverly out of the circle of the dancers, they found themselves for a few minutes alone in the solitude of the conservatory, where the light fell on the rich-hued flowers and on Madge Oliphant's golden hair and white dress, colorless and pure as the dress she would wear next day, "tell me, my dearest, are you quite happy?"

"Quite happy, Jack," she answered, leaning her bright head against him for a moment.

"You have no fears, no misgivings, Madge?"

"No fears—oh, no—and no misgivings, Jack—save one."

"And that, my own?"

"Is that I am not worthy of your love!"

He caught her in his arms and pressed his cheek to hers.

"And you never think—you never fear that Oh Madgie, even now, in my great happiness, I cannot help thinking of—"

"Jack"—she lifted her head and looked at him with deep earnestness—"this evening, when I went to Shirley, and she told me that what we had all so longed and wished for was to take place, she said that she had no regret now for the past, that all the sorrow had been blessed to her, that the present happiness was brighter for the past darkness, that there was no shadow—not one—upon her or Guy now. Jack"—the golden head was pressed closely against him now—"if you cannot forget, think of it as she does—with gratitude and love; and"—she looked up smiling—"out of that trouble has come something for which you at least ought to be thankful, you ungrateful boy, since without it you would never have known me!"

He drew her closer in his arms.

"And you are more than able to make me forget the past," he said tremulously: and the last shadow of the cloud fell away from them.

Other lovers beside Jack and Madge sought the solitude of the conservatory to talk to each other in uninterrupted felicity; but perhaps of all none were more peacefully happy than Guy Stuart and Shirley Glynn as they stood there toward the end of the ball, while Sir Frederic and Lady Oliphant were speeding the parting guests. Many an interested and admiring glance had followed Lady Glynn that night, for her story was well known, and it surrounded her with a halo of romance which her grace and beauty had increased: while to her, as well as to Guy, a ball-room was a sight unfamiliar enough to be interesting and pretty, and to have many a touch of pathos and sentiment.

"Shirley," Guy said softly, as he bent over, "when am I to take you home?"

"When you like, Guy," she answered, smiling.

"Thank you, my dearest," he said with a grave tenderness which pleased her; and there was a steadfast light in the deep gray eyes which boded well for the happiness of the future which rose before them with its rainbow of hope and joy. "Do you remember, Shirley," he added, "that once before I said that, looking into the future, I could see no shadow of parting with you?"

"I remember, dear Guy."

"But the shadow ought to have been there, dearest."

"I saw it, Guy," she said softly.

"I cannot see any shadow now, my darling. Can you, Shirley?"

"No—for there is none, Guy."

* * * *

Unmistakable signs of a wedding were plentiful the next morning; and the sun shone gayly on Madge Oliphant's wedding-day, streaming through the stained glass windows of the parish church on the assembled guests as they waited for the bridal-party.

The old church was crowded, the chancel alone being reserved for the guests; the rest of the building was thronged with the good people of Erindale, the women in their gala dress, the men with nosegays in their button-holes in honor of Miss Madge.

And in the carved pews of the chancel there were familiar faces—Sir Oswald and Lady Fairholme, the latter as bright and sweet and sparkling as ever, and Mr. and Mrs. Litton, who had been married a year or more, and were settled in London, where the young surgeon's skill and perseverance and genuine love of his profession were meeting with their reward. They had come down for the occasion, for Rosie Litton and Madge had been fast friends in their girlhood. There, too, was Shirley, grave and beautiful in her rich dress of shimmering silk and lace; and, as Mr. Litton's eyes rested upon her, he recalled the pale trembling woman who had come to him through the winter night, and their midnight walk through the snow. There also was Guy, so tall, erect, and stately, with a wonderful tenderness in his eyes as they dwelt upon Lady Glynn, his face that of one who has borne and endured, and conquered sorrow, and learned peace and faith through pain.

There was a low but irrepressible murmur as Madge and her dainty white-robed bride-maids came up the aisle and a gleam of passionate tenderness and joy flashed into the eyes of the handsome young bride-groom who stood waiting for her, and by whose side she knelt to make the vows which she purposed, with all the strength of her pure young heart, to keep.

It was a pretty sight and a touching one. Shirley's eyes watched them with a grave tenderness which had something a little wistful and sad in it. Perhaps she was thinking of her own wedding-day and its disastrous ending, and of the tears which had fallen upon the gleaming satin and lace of her wedding-dress. No such fate was in store for Madge, she thought thankfully; and, looking at Ruby, she met her earnest and sympathizing glance with a fond little pressure of the hand. The next moment they were both smiling at Bertie Fairholme, who, in a dainty court-suit of velvet and lace and silk stockings, brought up the rear of the bride-maids with little Amy Graham, and who had evidently given all his childish heart to his little golden-haired companion.

It was a pretty wedding, the guests said afterwards, the prettiest that some of them had ever seen. There was no lavish display of wealth, and the good wishes that followed the young bride were heartfelt and earnest. As she went down the path on her husband's arm the sunshine fell upon them both, as it fell upon their future lives.

Within a month from the day there was another wedding in the old church, a very quiet wedding, with no gay *cortege* of bride-maids and groomsmens, but which, notwithstanding, the village turned out to witness to a man, for there were a beautiful bride and a noble-looking bride-groom, and a few true and tried friends who had been with them in their sorrow and were with them to share their joy. Mr. Venn was assisted in his office by Mr. Grey, the Vicar of Easton, and his curate, his daughter Lucie's husband; and his wife and daughters were present. Jack and Madge were there also, having returned to England for the purpose, the former a proud and happy young husband, the latter the prettiest little matron imaginable.

As Guy and Shirley went down the aisle together, inseparable and blessed, those who loved them felt that their "feast of joy" was not the less glad because of their experience of misery. They had learned to suffer and to endure, and the suffering and endurance had ennobled and strengthened them; and, as the sunshine fell upon them and the soft summer air floated by, it seemed as if some passing angel had touched them with his flying wings and blessed them with a heavenly blessing; and no sweeter words had ever fallen upon Shirley's ears than those two which Guy uttered when they were once more alone—"My wife."

"For them
Night has faded far away;
Their sun has risen and it is day;"

and from their present bliss they could look back thankfully and without pain on that long and desert land through which they had toiled with weary feet.

A plain white marble tablet in the church where they worship bears, without name or date, the short prayer—

"MISERERE, DOMINE!"

and, in the words of him in memory of whom it was placed there, the future lives of Guy Stuart and his wife may be summed up—

"I see a happy home brightened by mutual love and joy and peace, a home where I am not forgotten but remembered sometimes with compassion and pity. I see two persons perfectly happy in their mutual love and trust. I see the husband, strong, brave, true, loving and protecting, and striving by a tenderness which never fails to make his wife forget the misery she has suffered. I see the wife loving, honoring, trusting, and looking up to a man worthy of all her tenderness, and making the sunshine of his home and of his life. I see too in that happy home a pale young mother lying, smiling and serene, with a child in her arms. I see the stately old home bright with restless children, who scamper swiftly down the galleries, and whose sweet gay voices echo through the old rooms, filling them with mirth and laughter."

And what the dying eyes saw in vision has come to pass in reality; for it is even so.

THE END.

To Death in Her Bridal Robes.

A romantic case of attempted suicide is reported from Buda-Pest. As the morning express from Vienna was approaching the station at Palota a girl in a white bridal dress and a wreath of orange-blossoms on her head rushed out from a copse, and threw herself in front of the engine. Before the train could be stopped the locomotive had passed over her body. The unfortunate creature, fearfully mutilated, was conveyed to Buda-Pest, where on reaching the railway station her legs had to be amputated. Although her case is critical, hope is entertained of saving her life. It appears that the girl, who is only 18, was a governess residing close to the spot where the attempted suicide occurred. The faithlessness of the man to whom she was engaged to be married is said to have driven her to her desperate resolve.

A Mad Bull in a Theatre.

Much excitement was occasioned at Nottingham, England, the other day, by an infuriated bull. The animal knocked down and injured several persons in the market-place, and afterward rushed into the Theatre Royal, entering by the stage door. It did considerable damage among the scenery. A number of property deer used in forest scenery were conspicuously exposed, and these the bull savagely attacked and destroyed. Eventually the animal was driven into a blind alley, and despatched by a bullet.

Fun After Dinner.

Helen—Oh, Ethel! there's a man-of-war coming directly toward us.

Ethel—Do let me take the glass! I have been here six weeks, and it is the first man of any kind I have seen.—*Life.*

BATS CAPTURE A HOUSE.

They Drive the Inmates Out by Fear of Ghosts.

There is a dwelling on West Fayette street, near Fulton avenue, that for the past twelve months has been the cause of much fear to superstitious neighbors, particularly to the colored colony in Bruce street. In the last year the house has had three tenants. The first family lived there two months, the second about a month, and the house then remained idle for a little time. The neighbors would see the new tenants get their furniture and coal in and then make preparations to vacate. Servant girls whispered the stories of the strange house to one another, and many were the conjectures of the cause of the queer doings. Shortly after the first family moved in the children would wake up and scream for protection, declaring that some one was in the room, and had pulled the bed clothes off them. The gas would suddenly flare up after burning steadily for some time, and go out, leaving the occupants of the house in utter darkness. This sort of thing continued until the folks moved into more desirable quarters. Loud and unaccountable noises were heard in the house nights. Except that one of the back third story windows was open there was no entrance except by unlocking either the front or the back door. The young folks in the neighborhood would give the house a wide berth and scurry along past it as quickly as possible. The windows would rattle and the doors bang without any apparent cause, and finally the thing got to be intolerable and the second tenant moved. The next family that moved in were entirely ignorant of the reports that had been circulated about the house, and they settled themselves in the firm belief that they had secured a good dwelling at an extremely low figure. In a little while they, too, began to be disturbed, and would vainly light the gas after it was repeatedly put out. One night recently it was determined to ascertain, if possible, what caused the strange doings, and watch was set. The lights were dimmed and all but two of the family retired. After getting nearly asleep the watchers were rudely awakened by the sound as of the flapping of wings and a peculiar chittering noise. The gas, which had been dimmed, had gone out, and refused positively to be lighted again. The watchers were in a dilemma. Matches were at a premium, and in the dark none could be found. The flapping of wings kept on, and the alarm was increased visibly by the smothered cries and the uneasiness of the ghost catchers. After a long search a match was discovered, and the fears of the scared people were considerably lessened by a ray of light from a gas jet. The cause of all the excitement was two large bats. They continued to flutter until one had been killed and the other escaped by the open window. The next day an examination of the gas pipes was made, and they were found to be clogged up in such a manner that when an extra force of gas was put on the whole house was cut off. The mystery of the noise in the house was cleared up. It is supposed that the bats had free access to the house at all times, and their flapping around the rooms, particularly when the house was vacant, made the racket. The question of the bedclothes being pulled off the children is only accounted for in the belief that they went to bed after partaking of too much supper, and were restless and kicked off the clothes.—*Baltimore American.*

Queer in the Extreme.

An artesian well sunk under the salt waters of New York Bay, on the Jersey side, produces pure fresh water in abundance.

The English put-a-nickel-in-the-slot machines have got so far along that they now give a chew of tobacco to any one who drops in a penny.

Mr. Sinn, of Royston, Ga., dreamed the other night that he had shot a burglar, and awoke to find that he had shot himself and was minus a finger by the operation.

There are two sunflower stalks of natural growth at Rochelle, Fla., one of them has 1,000 and the other 1,136 blooms and buds. The stalks are about ten feet high, with branches reaching out about six feet.

One Huolarinen, of Helsingfors, Finland, was during his life believed to be on a friendly footing with the devil. His will leaves all his land and property to that individual and the authorities of Finland are much troubled about what to do.

In Paris a man makes a living by going about the streets playing on a clarionet through a canula placed in a hole in his throat after the operation of tracheotomy. When he has finished a little tune he takes the canula out and exhibits it to the audience to show that there is no deception.

Mainly About Women.

Boucicault and his daughter Nina do not speak.

Tableaux at summer resorts are giving entertainment at much expense of time and labor, and the "May Queen," the "Gypsy Camp," "Jacob's Dream" and others are making their annual appearance.

Ella Wheeler Cox seems to have become a convert to the mind cure. In a recent poem she says:

Think health, and health will find you
As certain as the day,
And pain will lag behind you
And lose you on the way.

A distinguished physician, who recently retired from practice, has built himself a fine house in the suburbs of Paris. Over the portico he placed the following simple but significant inscription:

Who would have thought it,
Melons and cucumbers bought it!

Sarah Bernhardt has gained a good deal of flesh of late. But she is far from requiring a Banting process.

Where the Quail Belongs.

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history.

"To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked.

"To birds of prey," was the reply.

"And to what class do quail belong?"

There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question:

"Where does the quail belong?"

"On toast!" yelled out the hungry boy at the foot of the class.

Mr. Crowley, the Liberian chimpanzee who has attracted so much attention at Central park, New York, died yesterday morning of malaria.

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
  Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
  To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
  Oh, fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still
  For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault
  The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
  Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah, what are kisses on cold clay lips
  To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
  For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
  Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boys,
  Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home
  Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
  And fill young heart's with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled
  Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
  Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
  And fill young hearts with sweetness.

A Bitter Reflection.

Oh why so sad, my lady fair?
  What pales thy cheek and dims thy eyes?
Thy drooping face is mark'd with care,
  Thy heaving breast betrays a sigh.
What lacks thy lot to make it sweet?
  What joy is there that is not thine?
What makes that heart in sorrow beat
  And give of happiness no sign?

Ah, woe is me! I loved a youth,
  Handsome in face, and brave and strong,
The paths of honor and of truth
  Were his, for he could do no wrong.
Two years ago he sailed away
  To seek his fortune o'er the seas,
And I've been yearning every day
  That he'd return his love to please.

But ah! I've waited long in vain
  For my old sweetheart to return;
No message came across the main
  From him for whom my soul did yearn
Until to-day, when I am told
  His ship is due to come in port;
He comes back worth a pile of gold,
  At least, so says the last report.

Then why repine, sweet maid? You should
  Be overjoyed to hear the news;
You soon will wed a husband good,
  How can you, then, this grief excuse?
The lady answer'd, "Would you know
  Why tear drops from my eyes now fall?
To tell the true cause of my woe,
  I-married-some-one-else-last-fall.

MUST WED OR LOSE A FORTUNE.

His Uncle Leaves Him $280,000 on Condition that He Marry.

James L. Babcock, formerly of Chicago, but now of Ann Arbor, will meet with smiling encouragement from mothers with marriageable daughters, for by the death of his uncle he inherits $280,000 in money and bonds upon condition that he marries within five years. Luther James, the deceased uncle, resided for many years at Lima, Mich., and became one of the wealthiest men in the county. He was a bachelor, and in fact, a woman-hater. His brothers and sisters married and had families, and the old bachelor grew to love and admire his nephews and nieces. He finally selected James Luther Babcock as his particular favorite, whom, as he grew to manhood, the old man helped and put in charge of a bank at Ann Arbor. The favorite nephew prospered. He fell in love with a beautiful girl and was accepted. The wedding day was fixed but the dream of happiness was doomed to fade into mist. Uncle Luther James opposed the match and James Babcock accepted the fiat and broke of the match. He is now 45 years old and still unmarried, but some will say that his uncle's will has recompensed him for the loss of his bride. The banker can now marry if he pleases, and if he declines to fill the condition the property is to be given to the sisters, nephews and nieces equally. By the will, which was probated in Ann Arbor on Tuesday, the two sisters and twenty-one nephews and nieces receive $5,000 each, the residue going to James L. Babcock on the odd condition named.—*Chicago cor. New York Sun.*

Complex Family Relations.

The way people can mix up themselves and their relations in the matter of marriage was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of a backwoods Maine family, of which a correspondent writes:

A father, son and grandson married three sisters.

That looks simple enough, doesn't it?

It hasn't dawned on you yet.

Well, see here:

1. Amos, the father, married Abigal.

2. Benjamin, the son of Amos, married Betsey.

3. Charles, son of Benjamin, married Caroline.

What then?

Amos is a brother to his son.

Amos is grandfather to his daughter.

Amos is grandfather to his sister.

Amos is father to his grandson.

Amos is his own grandfather, his own son, and brother-in-law to himself.

Benjamin is brother to his father.

Benjamin is brother to his son.

Benjamin is brother to his mother.

Benjamin is brother to his daughter.

Benjamin is the son of his sister.

Benjamin is the husband of his sister.

Charles is brother to his father.

Charles is brother to his grandfather.

Charles is brother to his mother.

Charles is brother to his grandmother.

Charles is grandnephew to his wife.

Charles is grandchild to his aunt.

Charles is married to another aunt.

Charles is the son of his aunt.

Charles is the husband of his sister.

Love's Labor Lost.

Taking pity on a very forlorn looking tramp yesterday, an uptown housekeeper promised to give him something to eat, and, thinking he might want to wash his horridly dirty face and hands before eating, she sent a servant out with a basin of water, a fresh cake of soap and a towel. A few minutes later the lady returned to see if he was in a condition to be invited into the kitchen when the tramp broke out:

"See here, mum, ef yo can't spare me nothing better to drink out of than a tin basin, an' ef you ain't got nothing better to eat than this queer-tastin' cake, why, I ain't got no use for this napkin."

The infant son of Emperor William of Germany was baptized yesterday. He was christened Oscar Karl Gustav Adolph.

THE MARK OF CAIN

Carried by a Man Who Killed His Brother.

A few days ago Terry Shelton was brought from North Carolina to Georgia upon a warrant sworn out in Fannin County.

As he boarded the car, having come several miles through the country, the idlers at the country station stared hard at the strange man and wondered who he was.

The passengers looked once and looked again, and wondered who he was.

"Who is that man?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Did you ever see the like?"

It was that way everywhere. The babies even seemed to understand that something was wrong, and they stared too.

Not once during the ride did the strange man leave his seat—never once lifted his eyes from the floor. His broad-brimmed hat was slouched down to his eyes, his hands thrust into the pockets of his blue jean trousers, and there he sat.

"Who is that man?"

"What's the matter with him?"

The strange man is Terry Shelton and the mark he carries is the mark of Cain. That was nine years ago; the murder was in 1879. Human judges have declared him an innocent man, and human justice has meted him life and health, but the mark is there.

May be, as Shelton himself says, the Judge that branded Cain has branded him, and the mark will go with him to the grave.

The story was told here yesterday to a *Constitution* man, by one familiar with the details, a North Carolinian that has known Shelton for years.

"Terry and Tom Shelton," said he yesterday, "were brothers. Their father was an educated man and a wealthy one, but he died in the war, and the boys have been brought up by their mother.

"She was a horrible woman—a tigress. The property of the old man was squandered and lost, and the boys grew up vicious and uneducated. Tom was the elder. They both married and lived on adjoining farms in Cherokee county. Their mother lived first with one and then with the other.

"The boys were hard workers and shrewd in a trade, so in spite of their dissolute habits they might be considered well-to-do farmers.

"One day in '79 Tom went over to Terry's house, and while he was there they began quarrelling. The mother of the two boys stood in the door and watched. Suddenly both sprang to their feet, Tom with a knife and Terry with a pistol, and an instant later Terry had fired. The ball went through Tom's forehead, killing him instantly.

"Terry told this to the jailer:

"'I had an empty barrel in that cylinder and thought that would be the next one to be struck. I intended to snap that at Tom to stop him, and then if he came further to kill him. I didn't intend to shoot. It was a mistake, and I am not guilty of murder.'

"On the trial, however, the old woman swore in Terry's favor, put all the blame on the dead son, and as she was the only witness Terry was acquitted.

"Three weeks later she came back to town and wanted Terry arrested. She said that Terry had provoked the quarrel and that the murder was cold-blooded.

"It was too late for that.

"Terry Shelton went to Alabama, then came to Georgia, and went back to North Carolina to escape punishment for crimes committed here.

"I saw him when he first came back to North Carolina. When he had left his head was covered with a magnificent growth of curly brown hair. He was very proud of it, and even in jail used to keep it well combed. He had a thick, heavy beard and long moustache.

"When he came back there was not a hair on his body. His hair, beard and moustache were gone. There was no sign of eyelash or eyebrow, and his body was as free from hair as the palm of your hand.

"The effect was startling. It would frighten you to look at him. The skin was natural and healthy in color and condition, but absolutely bare.

"I could hardly recognize him even after he had spoken to me.

"'Where is your hair?' I asked him.

"'I am marked,' he said quietly.

"'How do you mean?'

"'By the Almighty, just as Cain was marked.'

"'Was it all taken out at once?'

"'No, it was pulled out, one hair at a time. It took eighteen months to get it all out.'

"'One hair out at a time,' I repeated after him.

"'Yes, my brother's ghost did it. Whenever I sat down he sat down behind me and began pulling them out. When I went to bed I could feel him plucking them out, one at a time. It lasted that way for eighteen months, and it nearly killed me. No way to stop it. I was absolutely powerless.'

"'Did you do anything for it?'

"'All that could be done. The doctors say there was no blood disease, no skin disease. They tried everything they could think of to save my hair and to restore what was lost, but they did no good.'

"'Do you still do anything for it yet?'

"'No, it is God's own mark and God only can take it away. Everywhere I go now people point me out. Those that know me tell their children that I killed my brother, and their children will tell their children's children. Those that don't know me stare and wonder. Somehow or other it makes people distrust me. It will be so, I suppose, until I die. It is Cain's mark.'"

"It didn't reform him then?"

"No. He tries to reform sometimes, but it does no good. He wanders around and is always in trouble. The people in our country believe as firmly as Shelton does that the mark is a curse that will go with him through life. The man is Cain and that is Cain's mark."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Different Experiences.

Handsome Man—Saved another lady from fracturing her skull. She fainted on the hotel steps, and would have fallen on the stone pavement if I had not caught her. It is remarkable how much ill health there is among the women of the present day. They are always fainting.

Homely Man—I never noticed it.

FRIENDS WHO HAD NOT MET.

Romantic Incident of the Great Michigan Prairie Fire.

One day this week a pleasant-faced young lady arrived at the Clinton House, Kingston, and said she was from Grand Rapids, Mich., and that she desired to be conveyed to the residence of Mrs. Augustus Elmendorf. The proprietor told her that Mrs. Elmendorf lived on the Hurley road, and if she would wait until after dinner he would take her to her destination himself. While in conversation before dinner the young woman said Mrs. Elmendorf was a dear friend of hers and had been since both were little girls, but had never met.

This statement caused astonishment among the young woman's auditors. Questions elicited from her the following romantic story: "In the fall of 1871 a disastrous fire swept over the portion of Michigan where I lived. In a few hours my father's house and many others for miles around were destroyed and we were left destitute. This was at the time of the Chicago fire; and besides doing so much for the sufferers in that city kind eastern people did not forget the sufferers by prairie fires. Ulster county people were generous, sending many boxes of food and clothing. In the town of Olive, at that time, lived Bertha, the little daughter of Ephraim Bishop. She had been told of the sufferings of the little children in the west, and among her offerings was a dress for a little girl. When she had finished the dress she wrote a note telling who had made it and asked that the little girl who received it write to her and let her know 'all about it.' In due time a letter was sent to little Bertha. It gave a history of the fire and its ravages, and how delighted the writer was when a letter was found in the dress pocket telling who had sent the garment.

"For seventeen years the correspondence thus begun was continued. The two little girls passed into womanhood, and owing to circumstances neither could control they never met. Photographs were exchanged, and woman's love sprang up between them. Bertha Bishop some years ago married Augustus Elmendorf, a farmer, whom you tell me you will soon take me in to see. I am the Michigan girl who received the dress. No, I am not married. This summer good fortune has given me the opportunity to visit the east, and I have come to Ulster County to see the friend who is so dear to me."

After this story had been told in a way that went direct to the hearts of her auditors, the young lady seemed no longer a stranger in Kingston. During the afternoon she was taken to the home of Mrs. Elmendorf, where she was given a joyful welcome.—*Kingston Freeman.*

Muscular Vegetarians.

"I'm not a vegetarian," a well known doctor said to-day, "but there are some interesting points in their favor. I suppose to-day that two-thirds of the exhaustive physical labor done in this country is done by vegetable eaters—that is, by European peasantry that grew up on a vegetable diet. A large part of our athletes are Irishmen and Scotchmen, and in Ireland and Scotland vegetarianism is practically universal among the poorer classes—the classes that furnish the athletes. Even China and Japan, with all their terrible poverty, even to the point of habitual starvation in their lower classes, give us giants and wrestlers; and of the two the better physical conditions prevail in Japan. We get the better athletes from Japan, which is even more given to vegetarianism than China.—*New York Graphic.*

How to Make Colors.

Brown—Made with red and black.

Bright brown—Carmine, yellow and black.

Rose—Lake and white.

Chestnut—White and brown.

Purple—Carmine and blue.

Lead color—White and black.

Pearl—Blue and lead color.

Pink—White and carmine.

Chocolate—Black and Venetian red.

French white—Purple and white.

Green—Blue and yellow.

Pea green—Green and white.

Dark green—Green and black.

Orange—Red and yellow.

Straw color—White and yellow.

Flesh Color—White, lake and vermilion.

Olive—Red, blue, black and yellow.

Buff—Yellow, white and red.

Vermilion—Carmine and yellow.

Lavender—Carmine, ultramarine and white.

Sky blue—White and ultramarine.

Umber—White, yellow, red and black.

Drab—Umber, white and Venetian red.

Consumption Often Cured Spontaneously.

No fact is more remarkable than that there is no disease which is apparently so curable as phthisis. I hardly ever open a body of a person dying from an injury or disease, but traces of the previous existence of tubercle in the lungs are found, and it is apparent that this disease has been arrested and a cure effected. Similar cases are seen in cattle, but more seldom, as the animal is slaughtered for food before the process of cure can be completed. Emaciation sets in, this alarms the farmer, and the animal is hurried to the shambles before its leanness becomes so marked as to render its carcass unmarketable.—*Dr. Henry Littlejohn, Glasgow.*

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Food for Thought.

One of those shoppers known as "tasters," who chew calico to see if the colors are fast, went into a prominent dry goods store on the avenue. Approaching the calico counter she inquired of the clerk;

"Have you any blue striped calico on a red ground?"

The clerk, who knew his customer, answered politely:

"Not a mouthful."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

The Aged Augusta of Germany and Her Grandchildren.

Bellevue Castle, on the outskirts of Berlin, has become the favorite resort of members of the royal family. The aged Dowager Empress takes her daily walks there. There seems little life in the tottering gait, little vitality in the wrinkled, care-worn face. Yet her vanity is still boundless, and no man has taken her portrait for over thirty years, a fact which explains the surprise of foreigners who purchase groups of the imperial family and find the hoary widow looking younger than ex-Empress Victoria. Near the Dowager Empress, on her afternoon walks, is another picture which is in bright contrast to her and often engages Her Majesty's attention—the frolics of her great-grandchildren. A part of the park has been laid out for their use, and here, true to the Hohenzollern blood, they play "soldiers in peace." The eldst, Prince Frederick William, the ruler of Germany in the days of some future Bismarck, now 6 years old, is commander-in-chief, and fully impressed with the importance of his position. A few days ago he asked his mother to have a fort built for his amusement, but he was compelled to content himself with a guard-house instead. Here he orders one of his brothers to stand watch, salute him as he passes with a little wooden gun in regular military fashion, and relieves him after duty by brother No. 2. At other times he drills them and, dressed in his miniature uniform, demands unconditional obedience on the part of the junior Princes. It is amusing to see the perfection with which the commands are executed and hear the sonorous soprano of the commander-in-chief, the high-sounding language when a stomach is too far forward or a foot out of place at "Right dress!" The youngest boy is just out of the cradle; still he toddles about in his own peculiar way, and gives promise of a future leader. The father appears among them often and takes command, degrading the eldest son to the ranks for the time being. But this he accepts with pride, desirous to show his own proficiency. He will be well drilled at 10, when all royal princes receive the rank of first lieutenant. Then his command will be genuine.—*Berlin Letter.*

Dr. Pillbags' Diagnosis.

To Dr. Pillbags, Patrick came
  With a most woful face;
Says he, "Dear Docther, phat's your name,
  Will you plaze trate my ca-e."
The doctor looked him in the eye,
  His tongue he made him show;
Said he, "My man, you're going to die;
  You've got *tic-douloureux*."
"My faith," says Pat, "phat's that you say?
  I've got 'tick-dollar,' oh!
Yes lyin' thafe, I always pay
  Your bill before I go.
I'll have no more to do wid yes,
  I'll docther my own case."
He took a dose of P. P. P. P.'s,
  And wears a brighter face.

Use Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets for torpid liver, constipation, and all derangements of stomach and bowels. By druggists.

How to Paint a Residence.

Parts of wood to be painted which are soiled by smoke or grease are to be washed with a solution of saltpetre in water, or with very thin lime whitewash. If soapsuds are used to wash off the smoke or grease, they should be thoroughly rinsed with clean water or the paint will not harden.

The best time to paint the outside of a house is early in the winter, or in the spring, when the air is cold and no dust is flying.

The first, second and third coats of paint, on the outsides of buildings, should be prepared by mixing the white lead with boiled linseed oil and allowing each coat to dry hard before applying the next.

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's Nerviline will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or facecache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhœa, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggists a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain cure." Safe, prompt, and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

Could Not be Tickled.

I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but, of course, they always gave it up at once when they saw his solid look. I tried the plain, and it worked admirably; and it is my only protection, even unto this day, for my cuticle is as sensitive as ever. The deduction is simple—a man holds his breath and the tickler is baffled.—*Science.*

The "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Kept His Promise.

"Be mine," he cried with voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" That was forty years ago, and the heartless girl refused him. Yesterday he died. Girls, beware.

That Deadly Scourge!

Tubercular consumption is simply lung-scrofula—the active and dangerous development of a taint in the blood. The grand blood-cleansing botanic principles contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery specially fit it to purify the blood, and prevent the formation of ulcers in the lungs and bronchial tubes. Liver complaint, skin disease, and sores, are also cured by it. All druggists.

Miss Katie Beach, once the fiance of Alan Arthur, has become engaged to Mr. Thompson, a wealthy Philadelphian.

PARNELL'S KNIT JACKET.

A Man who Thinks More of his Mind than of his Mantle.

Says a writer in the Chicago *News*: It is a fact not generally known that Mr. Parnell wears every night in the House of Commons the knit jacket that was given to him in Kilmainham jail. It is a brown and rather shabby garment, knit of coarse wool, and over it he usually wears a black coat. It is said that he wears this particular garment as a part of a vow he made when in prison, and that as long as it holds together he will go on using it. No man in Parliament pays less attention to his clothes than does Mr. Parnell. Except at a dinner party or some social function of that sort, when he wears the most irreproachable evening dress, he is the worst-clothed gentleman in public life in Great Britain. This is the more noticeable, as clothes are part of the religion of the upper classes, and the average gentleman in London would sooner be seen talking to a correctly attired pickpocket than to a shabby peer. If ever you go to the House of Commons, pick out the seediest-looking man below the gangway and you will have Parnell; but you must do that before you look at his face or catch his eye, because when you do that you will be wholly unable to remember what he has on.

—It is the poor struggling attorney who is dressed in a little "brief" authority.

"THE STARRY FIRMAMENT ON HIGH,"

Sang Addison. But hadn't you, for a few years at least, rather look at the firmament from the underside?

YOU CAN DO IT

by observing the laws of health and resorting to that cheat the grave medicine

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

You are out of sorts; a splendid feeling and appetite one day, while the next day life is a burden. If you drift on in this way you are **liable to become insane.** Why?

Because poisoned blood on the nerve centres **wherein the mental faculties are located** paralyse them and the victim becomes non-responsible.

There are thousands of people to-day **in insane asylums and graves, put there by Kidney Poisoned Blood.**

Insanity, according to statistics, is increasion faster than any other disease. Is your eye-sight failing? Your memory becoming impaired? An allgone feeling on slight exertion upon you? If so, and **YOU know** whether this is so or not, do not neglect your case until reason totters and you are an imbecile, but to-day, **while you have reason,** use your good sense and judgment by purchasing **WARNER'S SAFE CURE** and **WARNER'S SAFE PILLS;** medicines warranted to do as represented, and which will **cure you.**

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,057 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin Judge Gibson, Dr. Brown, B. H. Cook, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus post free from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

DUNN 37 38.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

And still there A re

MORE

BARGAINS

TO BE GOT AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Don't forget to ask for

THAT CASHMERE,

Regular price 35c a yard, now 22 1-2 c a yard. It is a yard and a quarter wide.

Those DRES GOODS

We are selling at 12 1-2c a yard, regular price 20c a yard. Beautiful new goods.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN

Boots and Shoes!

30 Per Cent Discount off Men's Long Boots.

1000 DOZEN BUTTONS!

Selling at 5c a dozen, regular prices from 10c to 50c a doz.

COME SOON

In order to secure Best Bargains.

1000 doz. Eggs Wanted

RIGHT AWAY!

Top price paid in Cash or Trade. The Famous

New Process Electric Soap,

To be Got Only at

J. G. ANDERSON'S

Mammoth Bargain House.

"Take a Fool's Advice."

The following miserable doggerel has been laid upon our table. We give it space for the simple purpose of illustrating the sad depravity of our modern poets. It is perhaps needless to say the writer is unmarried, and likely to remain so, if the girls accept our advice.

Let babes delight to howl at night,
For 'tis their nature to,
And make their dads dance round in white,
As all dads ought to do.

But, fathers, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Kids are necessities, you bet,
And midnight howls and cries.

Let them remind you what you were
Yourself, in years gone by,
When you were wont to rip and tear,
And howl, and screech, and cry.

J. W.

Can Dogs Reason?

Many and almost incredible are the accounts given of the sagacity, reason, courage, intelligence, and attachment of the dog. The following incident, witnessed and related by Dr. Cowan, will serve to illustrate some of the foregoing.

As the Dr. was walking down Liberty st. Pittsburg, he noticed a lively little dog trotting ahead of him. When the little dog came up to where a large dog was lying, he accosted him in a very friendly manner, put his nose up to the big fellow's, elevated his tail, etc. The big dog was in a surly mood, for he jumped up, took hold of the little dog, and gave him a great shaking. After the little dog got loose he started down the street, wearing a very dejected appearance. He soon came to where another large dog lay in front of an office. The little fellow brightened up, advanced to the big dog, put noses together, and held a short conversation. Suddenly the big dog jumped up and in company with the little one went back to where the little fellow got his thrashing. The small dog halted, and the big one advanced right up to where the first big fellow was. At once both large dogs assumed a fighting attitude and at it they went. The battle was fierce and long, but the little dog's friend whipped the other big fellow completely. During the performance the little dog sat at a short distance, apparently deeply interested, and when his friend had vanquished the surly big dog the little fellow jumped and skipped with evident satisfaction. He trotted off with the big dog down the street after the fight. It is evident the little dog told his champion, the big dog, about the bad usage the surly dog had given him.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

s an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff oints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FISH, FRUIT!

OYSTERS

AND GAME.

Ice Cream and Cooling Summer Drinks in Their Season.

A Good Stock of Confectionery Always on Hand.

ORDER YOUR

FLOUR AND FEED

FROM

S. SPIRIT FLESHERTON.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your house for 6 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and mention this paper. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those whom we call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 413, PORTLAND, MAINE.

The Advance

ONLY

25c.

TILL

JAN. 1, '89

Train Wrecking.

LONDON, Ont., Sept. 10.—Meagre details of a fiendish attempt at train wrecking on the Grand Trunk Railway reached this city at a late hour last night. It appears an east bound freight train, on reaching a point about three miles east of Bothwell, between 8 and 9 o'clock last night, ran into an obstruction, but, as the train was moving slowly, the only damage done was the derailing of the engine. The trainmen, on making an investigation, discovered that two heavy rails had been placed across the track.

The officials here are confident that the object of the miscreants was to wreck No. 55 express for the purpose of plunder, but they were foiled, for that train was from one and a half to two hours late, and the freight had received orders to come on. Had the express been on time in all probability a terrible disaster would have been the result.

About 1 o'clock this morning an engine having on board Constable Logan and a posse left for the scene with the object of locating the scoundrels.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

GET YOUR MEAT

—FROM—

Blakely & McConnell,

GENERAL BUTCHERS,

FLESHERTON!

☞ Cash paid for fat cattle, &c., &c.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 377. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SAVE MONEY!

SAVE MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

WATCHES

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

Spectacles, Silverware, Etc.,

During the month of September, 1888, at

Russell's

Noted

Jewelry Store

We will give a DISCOUNT of

20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1 and over,

In order to clear out some of our immense stock, to make room for

LARGE FALL IMPORTATIONS

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Hampden, Illinois, Springfield, Columbus, in gold and silver cases, in ladies' and gents' sizes, bearing warrants from 3 to 5 years.

The finest make of American walnut spring and weight Clocks, bearing warrants from two to four years. An $18 Watch for $14.40; a $20 Watch for $16; a $12 Watch for $9.60.

In Silverware we have the most beautiful selection ever shown in this county, at equally low prices. Ladies' Brooches and Barpins, Earrings, Necklets, Guards, etc. Gents' Tie pins, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Charms, etc., at the same terrible reductions. Also the most lovely and large selection of

Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings

and 18 K. WEDDING RINGS ever shown in this section of the country. Come at once and get the choice of the great reductions, and remember that the only place to get your Watches, Clocks or Jewelry repaired is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Special reductions on goods for presentation purposes

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Be sure and come to the fair on Monday and Tuesday.

It will be the best ever held here.

F. G. Karstedt has removed his shop to Strain's block. See advt.

At Red Flag for Bargains. 18c. for Prime Tub Butter.

The sound of the thresher is heard in the land.

Clearing sale at Climo's. Every thing at and less than cost. 18c. allowed for Prime Tub Butter.

Priceville and Dundalk baseball clubs intend to compete for the cup, with others yet to hear from.

Remember the tea-meeting and entertainment in Priceville on Monday evening next.

Friend Spurr, of the Dundalk Hearld, called on us last Tuesday. He has no earthly use for the Flesherton buss.

A credit auction sale will be held on the farm of Alexander Melvine, Lot 24, Con. 10. Artemesia, on Saturday, Oct. 6, when a large lot of farm stock and implements will be disposed of.

An auction sale of farm stock and implements will be held on the farm of Mrs. Routledge, Lot 33 con. 9, Artemesia, on Oct. 1, at 1 o'clock.

We show exceptional value in men's and boy's natural wool UNDERWEAR and Cardigan Jackets. M. Richardson & Co.

We received a pleasant call last week from Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Galt, who has been spending holidays in this vicinity.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church will have a refreshment booth on the fair grounds both days of the fair.

Maxwell will hold its first monthly cattle fair on Friday, Oct. 5, when a large number of buyers have expressed their intention of being present.

Take Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the sufferings of body and mind, caused by habitual constipation. A moderate use of Ayer's Pills will invariably regulate the bowels.

In boots and shoes our stock is now complete.

Call and inspect. If you dont see what you want ask for it. M. Richardson & Co.

Canker humors of every description, whether in the mouth, throat, or stomach, are expelled from the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other remedy can compare with this, as a cure for all diseases originating in impure or impoverished blood.

The Markdale brass band have played in their Sunday cloths until they are played out, and are about getting a uniform. They will now blow more than ever. The suits will be dark navy blue, the fronts and cuffs of coats adorned with gold trimmings and brass buttons; epaulets trimmed with gold fringe, the pants with a broad gold stripe, so as to match the caps. The suits will cost $182. A grant of $20 has been received from the council towards paying for the suits.

We have been shown models of the two cups to be competed for by baseball and lacrosse clubs next Monday. They are beauties, and no mistake. Highly artistic in design, they are gotten up specially for this competition, stand twelve inches high, and are something that the winning clubs may well be proud to carry home after the fight. We feel confident that no handsomer prizes have ever been offered in this section of country, and they should invite a very spirited competition.

18c. allowed for Prime Tub Butter. Climos are giving up Business. You can get Bargains.

HAY WANTED.—Farmers having good No. 1 hay for sale will hear of a purchaser by applying to Thos. Sturdy, hay presser, 26 Catharine street south, Hamilton. N. B.—I am at present pressing in Dundalk, and will be at Flesherton, if business will warrant removal, for a few months *in winter*.

Prices $8 to $11 per ton.

Special novelties in black goods, Mantle Cloths and Ulsterings now in at M. Richardson & Co's.

From Streetsville.

We received a very interesting letter from friend Fawcett, of the Streetsville Review, last week, in which he expressed satisfaction with with his new home. There are large manufacturing firms in Streetsville, employing many hands, and business is booming. We are very glad to here it, and trust the boom may long continue, and strike the Review office with such force that the staff will require to be doubled, and a book keeper engaged. That is the best wishes we will give at present, brother, but when all this happens then we will do some more wishing.

Millinery. Our millinery department in charge of Miss Maud Richardson, is now full and well assorted in all the new and fashionable goods of the season. Hat, Bonnet, and dress trimmings, the novelties of the season. M. Richardson & Co.

New Postoffice.

For some time Mr. R. J. Sproule has been engaged in fitting up a new post-office for Flesherton. It will be one door east of the old one, and fitted up in orthodox style with a large number of lock boxes and drawers. Mr. Wm. Clark is the mechanical engineer, and thanks to his skilful hand the carpentering is of the very neatest description, and will be a lasting and tasty monument to Mr. Clark's mechanical ability. The boxes, which Mr. sproule has imported from Yale, are all in position, and the new office will be ready for occupation in about a week.

Educational Sermons.

Rev. Geo. Buggin, of Markdale, preached two very interesting educational sermons here on Sunday last. Mr. Buggin is a polished speaker, and succeeded in convincing the Methodist people of Flesherton that the great need of to-day is to secure the highest learning possible for our ministers, as the exigencies of the day demand it. He pointed out the fact that newspapers and periodicals of to-day were usurping the ground which has heretofore been tilled alone by the church, and that in order to keep pace with the press it was necessary for our ministers of to-day to secure the best possible education, and our colleges are formed to that end. There were several interesting points in his morning discourse which we would like to mention but space forbids this week. The proceeds of collections and subscriptions were very satisfactory.

A Sad Death.

On Wednesday last, the remains of Robert Spicer, aged 33 yrs., were intered in the Dundalk cemetery by the Canadian Order of Foresters of which he was a member. At half past two, the Foresters and members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen fell in line and marched to the house, following the corse to its last resting place, where, after service had been read, the members each marched round the grave throwing evergreens on to the coffin as an emblem of a future and eternal life. Mr. Spicer was an old and much respected citzen of Dundalk, a good christian, an affable father and a devoted husband. Our sympathy rests with the bereaved family in their sad affliction.—[Dundalk Hearld.

Mr. Spicer had been employed by R. J. Sproule, of this town, for some time, and was taken ill while here. He returned to his home in Dundalk, and died after about two weeks' illness.

The Mists of September.

For the Advance.

Down in the valley the sunlight is chasing
The mists of September to-day;
Warm breaths of morning are quickly replacing
The frosts that kiss summer away.

Slow rise the mists, but the sunshine is stronger
And gathers them up as a scroll,
Till the vision grows dim and can view them no longer
As onward and upward they roll.

Ah, heart! as the mists of September now vanish,
Each cloud that envelopes thee here
The great Sun of Righteousness eftsoon will banish,
Dissolving each crystalized tear.

And down in the valley, though sunlight may linger
Long after the dawning of morn,
Will soon pierce an endless and scintilent finger—
The night of its mists will be shorn.

HATS, CAPS, and READY-MADE CLOTHING. Our stock in this branch of business is abreast with our well-sustained record of having the right makes and right prices. Come and see. M. Richardson & Co.

There is no place in East Grey like the Flesherton Furniture Warerooms for bargains. Special discount sale in every department during the fall show.

Hay Burned.

A man named Dixon, living near Kimberley, set fire to some stumps in his meadow last week. There were two hay stacks in the meadow when the stumps were lighted, but they are no longer there. They disappeared in smoke along with the stumps. Mr. Dixon loses one hundred dollars' worth of hay, and claims to have learned a thing or two about firing stumps.

DRESS GOODS—NEW FALL DRESS GOODS. In this line we have made special efforts this season to place before our customers an unusually attractive line—See them.

Eugenia baseball club went out to Redwing on Saturday and got done up to the tune of 9 to 4. Only seven innings were played.

COMPETITION

DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

ENGLISH

AND SILVERWARE.

Quality and completeness of stock to select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Gem and 18 K. Wedding Rings.

No Catch Prices. Goods as represented

OR "CASH" REFUNDED.

Can do better for Customers—"Cash" or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey Co."

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

This World is Very Funny.

This world is very funny,
No matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it and be "hard up" all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To "catch up" without attaining
Till he makes his life a burden when it should be bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand dollars yearly
Would be just the figure to make happiness complete;
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles,
For his outgo then increasing makes his both ends worse to meet.

He is run in debt and borrow,
"Flush" to-day and broke to-morrow,
Financiering every day which way to postpone day of doom;
Spending money ere he makes it
And then wondering what takes it
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does before he should;
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal good.

A Punster's Queries.

Upon what did the "carriage spring?"
From whence did the "lemon drop?"
Oh, what did the "apron-string?"
And who did the "accordeon-stop?"

How far did the "roller-skate?"
And whom did the "watch-charm?"
How long did the "paper-weight?"
And who did the "burglar-alarm?"

Whose path did the "iron-bar?"
And how long was the "ink-well?"
Against whom did the "glass-jar?"
And what did the "prison-cell?"

And what did the "pastry-cook?"
And what property did the "carpet-tacks?"
Oh, what did the "cotton-hook?"
And who did the "sealing-wax?"

What did the "clam-bake?"
And why did the "water-fall?"
Who did the "milk-shake?"
And how loudly did the "base-ball?"

What conspiracy did the "grass-plot?"
And whose brain did the "hat-rack?
When was the "grape-shot?"
And what person did the "car-track?"

A Lullaby.

As sung by Gardner, the clever German dialect comedian.)

Sleep, my darling sleep,
My sweet one, on my breast,
Close thy blue eyes, little love,
And rest, my darling, rest.
Soft blow the gentle south-wind, sweet,
From over the summer sea;
Dream on, my darling, dream,
My sweet one, dear to me! Sleep, my babe

CHORUS—
Then rock a bye, hush-a-bye, dear little darling,
Ley-u-le-o, Ley-u-le-o!
Rock a bye, hush-a-bye, dear little darling,
Ley-u-le-e-o! Hey!

Sleep, darling, while the bright stars
Their silent watch do keep;
Sleep, darling, while the fair moon
So gently guards thy sleep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
Bright dreams fall down on thee;
Dream on, my darling, dream,
My sweet one, dear to me! Sleep my babe!

CHO.—Then rock a-bye, etc.

Two Lives.

Among the lonely hills they played;
No other bairns they ever knew;
A little lad, a little maid,
In sweet companionship they grew.

They played among the ferns and rocks
A childish comedy of life;
Kept house and milked the crimson docks
And called each other man and wife.

They went to school; they used to go
With arms about each other laid;
Their flaxen heads, in rain or snow,
Were sheltered by a single plaid

And so—and so it came to pass
They loved each other ere they knew;
His heart was like a blade of grass,
And hers was like its drops o' dew

The years went by; the changeful years
Brought larger life and toil for life;
They parted in the dusk with tears
They called each other man and wife.

They married—she another man,
And he in time another maid;
The story ends as it began—
Among the lonely hills—they played.

Silver and Gold.

Farewell my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free;
I claim for you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,
And you too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldlings,
Whose love to lucre flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should count as mutual prize.
But I'm not avaricious,
And you're not sordid-souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen;
I am the Winter's bond slave,
You are the Summer's queen;
Too few the years you number,
Too many I have told
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger,
(And you grew never old)
Would I had less of silver,
But you no less of gold

A LITILE.

So little made me glad, for I was young;
Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
Gray skies with scanty sunshine piercing through—
How little made me glad when I was young!

So little makes me happy, now I'm old:
Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the fire;
The children grown unto our heart's desire—
How little keeps us happy when we're old!

And yet, between the little then and now,
What worlds of life, of thought and feeling keen!
What spiritual depths and heights unseen!—
Ah me! between the little then and now.

For little things seem mighty when we're young;
Then we rush onward through the changing years,
Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little: we are old.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

A Curious Case of Left Handedness.

A French physician mentions a curious case of left handedness. One child in a certain family was left handed, and a second appeared, at the age of 1 year, also to be left handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry her child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it, and soon became right handed.

CURRENT TOPICS.

An English-Volapuk dictionary will be issued before the end of the year.

The house in London, 13 Picadilly terrace, where Byron passed the wretched period of his married life, where Ada was born, and where he wrote some of his earliest poems, is now being altered, and will be entirely changed.

Advice from England says that the machinery of the great steamship City of New York has been seriously racked by the vibrations of the two mighty 10,000 horse-power engines with which she is equipped and that some new arrangement of the twin-screw apparatus will have to be adopted.

The committee of the Irish Exhibition in London have a great difficulty with their dairymaids. No fewer than twenty of them "have gone and got married" since the exhibition opened. The Irish girl seems to be as charming as she was in the days when Moore wrote sweetly verses extolling her charms.

By Lord Douglas Gordon's death the succession devolves on Lord Esme Gordon; but he has no son, and the eventual heir of the historic title of Marquis of Huntly will probably be found in the son of Lord Granville Gordon. Lady Granville Gorden is one of the London ladies who have taken to trade. She is a fashionable and popular dressmaker, and her sister, Mrs. G. Howard, is a bonnet-maker of high repute.

A scientific sharp declares that the constant jar of walking on the city pavements can be largely prevented by imitating nature "The human heel is covered with an elastic pad. Now, as to walk barefoot would be out of the question, it is suggested that we replace the hard boot-heel with one made of elastic rubber. It would cost but a few cents a month in repair, and would have the additional advantage of lessening the noise of hurrying feet, and preventing, to an extent, broken bones in the winter."

A London physician, writing of the peculiar effects of certain professions on the health, advises clerks to discard the high stool so commonly used by bookkeepers and accountants. He regards it as far healthful in every way to stand when working at a desk. If need be the clerk may rest a few moments by sitting down in an ordinary chair, but to work all day in a cramped position necessitated by the high stool is ruinous to the health, and must, sooner or later, result in the breaking down of the individual who does it.

Edward Hulse, whose engagement is announced to the only daughter of Edward Lawson, of the London *Telegraph*, is 29, tall and fair. He is the Conservative representative for Salisbury, and one of the youngest members of the House of Commons. He is a capital sportsman. His fiancee is well known in London and rarely misses driving daily in the Park a magnificent pair of chestnuts in a park phaeton. She is dark, petite, and pretty in figure and in face, with a beautiful complexion and a magnificent head of hair.

Canada *Presbyterian*: When the hot weather begins each summer there is a cry from many quarters for short sermons. Twenty minutes, it is said, is the right length for a sermon in the heated term. When the heated term is over we never hear any cry for longer sermons. Perhaps preachers lengthen without being asked to do so. Possibly those who want twenty minutes sermons during the heated term would be happy to take them all the year round. One thing is certain—nobody says the weather is now cool, let us have longer sermons.

Frequently man succumbs to the slightest injury, and again he will live through the most terrible physical ordeal. Two or three days ago a man in Chicago in some way got under a moving locomotive and was dragged about 100 feet before the machine could be brought to a stop. Then the body was found so tightly wedged that it was necessary to obtain jackscrews and raise the locomotive to free him. He was carried to the hospital, where he was revived, and then astonished doctors and nurses by getting on his feet, bidding them good night, and going on his way.

"Rapidity of execution, not fine work," says the Chicago *News*, "is the distinguishing feature of all American handicraft. American carpenters and wood-workers do more good work in a given time than any of their brothers of other lands, but it does not have the faultless neatness of the product of Chinese and French artisans. The Chinese, for instance, make chairs, cabinets and even houses without the use of a single nail, and every piece of wood is fitted to its place with hair-line exactness. It is not considered extraordinary in China to spend three years in the construction of a single bedstead.

A despatch from New York says that Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, has spent several years of study upon a new method of making heavy ordnance, and, as a result, has obtained patents upon an invention which may revolutionize the entire system of manufacturing heavy missile-projectors now in vogue. Dr. Gatling's invention is stated to be the casting of the heaviest ordnance in solid steel around a central core, which is used in several ways for obviating the disadvantages of the old-style guns. The result, it is claimed, will be the production of an infinitely better gun at a reduction of 50 per cent. in cost.

A process for imparting some of the properties of metal to wood has, according to the *Building World*, been adopted in Germany. The surface of the wood becomes so hard and smooth that it is capable of assuming a high polish when operated on by a burnisher, and its appearance approaches that of a metallic mirror. The wood is steeped in a bath of caustic alkali for several days at a temperature of about 180 deg. Fahr., and it is afterwards placed in a bath of hyposulphite of calcium, to which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added. The third bath consists of acetate of lead, at a temperature of from 95 deg. Fahr. to 120 deg. Fahr., and the wood is allowed to remain in it for a period of 30 to 50 hours. After having been thoroughly dried, it is in a condition for being polished with lead, tin, or zinc.

Captain Condon, in the recently issued quarterly statement of the Palestine exploration fund, states that the "Ten Tribes" were taken from Samaria by Sargon in the year 722 B.C., and to the number of 27,280. Their places, according to the recently discovered historical tablet, which gives the above date and figures, were supplied by foreigners. Where the "Ten Tribes" were located he finds it not so easy to answer. The burden of tradition, he says, is to the effect that they found a new home in the lands adjacent to the Caspian Sea, and he inclines to the belief that the inhabitants of Georgia, Kurdistan and Bactria, more to the east, "are descendants of Israelite tribes." This view finds support from Benjamin of Tudela, who travelled from Spain, in the twelfth century, and who found independent Jewish tribes in those regions.

The annual report of the Superintendent of Foreign Mails of the United States expresses the expectation that in the near future every government of the three Americas will be embraced in the parcels post system already extended to Mexico. Jamaica, Barbados, the Bahamas and British Honduras. The western world will be thus united in a postal and commercial bond which will contribute materially to the intimacy of its various peoples and greatly facilitate their inter communication. This American parcel post system is the growth of less than a single year, the first convention having been signed on October 1st, 1887. Many of the pending conventions are so far advanced that it is not improbable that the system will be extended to several more countries before the year is complete. This movement is free from nearly all the objections to which most of the pan-American propositions are subject and is much more practical in its advantages.

The extensive use of saccharin in certain food substances in Paris—in champagne, for instance—has caused the Council of Hygiene to institute a series of inquiries into its effects upon the animal economy. The Commission, which has recently reported, was unanimous in considering saccharin a medicament rather than an aliment of food proper; and they thought the employment of the substance in alimentation should be prohibited. The Commission intimated, however, that they considered it might advantageously be used as a substitute for sugar in certain diabetic conditions of the human body. In this connection, it may be useful to note that the scientific name of saccharin—which as everybody knows is one of the infinity of useful compounds prepared from coal tar—is "benzoyl sulphonic amide."

A marriage by proxy, or, as it is called, "marriage by the glove," is prevalent in Holland, and is brought about by the fact that many of the eligible young men, after having finished their education, depart for Dutch India. A friend selects a willing young lady, generally one with a substantial dot and otherwise conforming closely to specifications of the letter. A photograph of the favored one is enclosed in the return epistle. After the lapse of a few months a soiled, left-hand glove, with a power of attorney, is received from the faraway bachelor. The friend in Holland marries the selected bride in precisely the same manner as if he were the actual groom and the young wife departs in the next India mail steamer to bring happiness to the lonely one in the far East. A marriage of this description is as binding as if the bridegroom were present, and is never repudiated. If either party to the glove marriage should die before meeting in India, the survivor would share the property of the deceased in accordance with the law.

Recently the Chinese residents at Lhassa, in Tibet, implored the Emperor to cause arrangements to be made which would enable them to receive the copies of their almanac at the earliest possible date in each year. This anxiety would seem very curious, were it not the fact, as we are informed by a writer in the *Chinese Recorder*, that the almanac is the most important book to the Chinese. Its space is far too important to be occupied with the matter which fills Western almanacs. It contains astronomical information which is useful, but its great mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of their everyday life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which and the direction (*i.e.*, the point of the compass) toward which it is done, it is of the utmost importance to the Chinese that every one should have correct information, available at all times, to so order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity, and secure good luck and prosperity. Consequently, the almanac is, perhaps, the most universally circulated book in China.

Photographers in New York are advertising for good-looking young women who do not object to earning a living by means of their beauty. The *Sun* of that city reports a photographer as saying: "We must have handsome and artistic pictures for exhibition at Fairs, in our establishments and in show cases. Lately many fashionable ladies have objected to having their photographs exposed to common gaze, and as they were usually our best pictures we were in a quandary. The homely women are the cause of it all. A handsome woman is justly proud of her looks, and does not mind having her picture on exhibition; but her homelier sister sees it, is jealous of its beauty, and says: 'I would not allow my likeness to be gazed at by everybody. It does not show good taste.' The handsome woman is convinced by her arguments, and forbids us to use her photograph. Mrs. Cleveland, than whom there is no truer lady in the land, does not object to the exhibition of her photographs. Why should the others? We must have specimens of our work for advertising purposes, so we propose to pay handsome, respectable girls a good price to let us take their pictures for these purposes. I am now getting some ready for the American Fair. Very few suitable girls apply. A beautiful subject applied this morning. Her features and figure were faultless, but the only dress she had was a jersey, and as that would not do we had to let her go. The costumes must be modest and the girls respectable."

Sensationalists say that Kaiser Wilhelm is going to Paris peacefully to exchange compliments with President Carnot.

M. Renan's advice is to devote the early years of life to thought and study. "France," his opinion is, "will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of 40.

The only Indian in Dakota to whom naturalization papers have been issued is th Rev. Luke P. Walker, a graduate of Indian School at Carlisle, Pa. He is a full-blooded redskin, but has completely severed his tribal relations.

The Empress of Germany has sent to the Czarina a beautiful fan of violet wood, which, when opened, displays the portraits of the four sons of the Emperor William and herself. On the reverse side are biblical texts in the hand-writing of the Empress which bid the great ones of the earth to be united in friendship.

According to evidence given before parliamentary committee, the value of the bare land within the "metropolitan area" of London is £418,000,000, and of the buildings £212,000,000. The rates and taxes paid by the land amount in all to £500,000 yearly, while the buildings pay £7,000,000. It does seem as though the ground owners had it all their own way in the British metropolis.

The Queen has commanded Sir Henry Ponsonby to thank Mr. Framjee Bhumgara for a copy of a "Life of Her Majesty," in the Goojeratee dialect, which was recently presented by him. The Goojeratee-speaking classes in India have long prided themselves on their loyalty to the Crown, and during the progress of the Jubilee celebrations last year the *Rostgafter*, the organ of that community, issued gratuitously a large number of copies of the above-named work.

A member of the Society of Friends, in writing to the London *Times* on the subject of separation of the sexes in church, says that the Society of Friends, the least ritualistic of all the religious bodies, has from its origin separated men and women in the meetings for public worship. In Cradoc, Middlesex County, there is a Baptist congregation which divides up in church the same way. A lady leads the singing. Near Bell's Lake, Grey County, a Methodist congregation also sits in church with the sexes on either side.

A correspondent recently despatched a postal card from London via the Brindisi and Suez Canal route, to Hong Kong, with the request that it might be forwarded on to the addressee via San Francisco and New York, which was done. The card was duly received by the original sender the other day, the time taken in its transit round the world being exactly seventy days, which is about forty days' quicker than that accomplished ten years ago. The card was franked for its long and circuitous journey for 3½d, and it travelled upwards of 25,000 miles.

The *Militar-Zeitung* (Vienna) shows the following figures in estimation of the average range of the improved firearms respectively possessed by the infantry forces of Austria-Hungary, Germany and France. The Mannlicher is claimed to carry beyond 4,113 yards, the Mauser will hit at 3,250 yards, whilst the Lebel is assumed to be certain for 4,550 yards. The accuracy of aim with the Mauser is extremely doubtful, as the arm is defective in constant equipoise, and its centre of gravity is two much forward of the hold. The force of penetration with the Mannlicher bullet is twice as hard, and that of the Lebel twice and a half stronger, than the Prussian projectile.

The life of the railway civil engineer is marked by many hardships and privations of which the traveller, as he journeys swiftly over the line which the surveying party marked out with toil and difficulty not long before, seldom thinks. A despatch to the San Francisco *Examiner* from Salt Lake, Utah, gives the following illustration of this fact: "News comes from Hicko, sixty-five miles west of Pioche, that a man who was reported lost from the Utah Central surveying party was found at Quartz Springs. When the party left that place coming eastward he walked ahead and sitting down under a tree by the roadside he went to sleep, allowing the waggons to pass unobserved. He awoke bewildered and walked back to the springs, where he remained five days without food. When found he was digging out a rabbit from a hole in the side of the hill. He was taken to Hicko, where he is now recovering, though still somewhat flighty as a result probably of the five days' starvation, or possibly of sunstroke."

The New York *Sun* gives the following list of names of men over 70 years of age who preserve the vigor of their faculties and are actively engaged in their several occupations, with editorial comments to the effect that these and other facts show that the average number of years allotted to man is increasing:

Airy, Sir G B.	Astronomer	87
Bancroft, George	Historian	86
Barnard, F. A. P.	College President	78
Barnum, P. T.	Philosopher	78
Bartlett, Sidney	Lawyer	89
Bismarck, Prince	Statesman	73
Blackie, J. S.	Scholar	79
Bright, John	Statesman	77
Browning, Robert	Poet	76
Bunson, Robt. Eberhard.	Chemist	77
Cameron, Simon	Statesman	89
Chevreul, M. E.	Chemist	102
Conant, T. J.	Scholar	86
Curtis, Geo. Ticknor	Lawyer	76
Dana, J. D.	Geologist	75
Davis, Jefferson	Statesman	80
Doellenger, Ignatius	Theologian	89
Dow, Neal	Reformer	84
Ericsson, John	Engineer	85
Feuillet, Octave	Author	76
Field, David D.	Lawyer	83
Gilbert, John	Actor	78
Gladstone, William E.	Statesman	79
Granville, Earl	Statesman	73
Grevy, Jules	Statesman	81
Grove, Sir William R.	Physicist	77
Hamlin, Hannibal	Statesman	79
Holmes, O. W.	Poet	79
Hubner, Baron	Diplomatist	77
Kenrick, Peter R	Archbishop	83
Kinglake, Alex. W.	Historian	77
Lagouve, En'st Wilfred.	Dramatist	81
Leo XIII.	The Pope	78
Lesseps, Ferdinand de	Engineer	83
Manning, H. E.	Cardinal	80
Meissonier, Jean Louis.	Painter	76
McCosh, James	Metaphysician	77
Musurus, Pacha	Diplomatist	81
Newman, J. H.	Cardinal	87
Owen, Sir Richard	Anatomist	84
Peabody, Andrew P.	Clergyman	77
Pole, William	Whist authority	74
Quatrefages, J. L. A.	Naturalist	78
Tennyson, Alfred	Poet	79
Thomas, Ambroise	Composer	77
Thurman, A. G.	Statesman	75
Verdi, Guiseppe	Composer	74
Vermilye, Thomas E.	Clergyman	85
Von Moltke	Soldier	88
Weir, R. W.	Painter	85
Whittier, J. G.	Poet	81
Woolsey, T. D.	Publicist	87

She Would Better Take Him.

"Mr. Sampson asked me to be his wife last night, papa." "And what did you say?" "I told him he must give me a little time, and he said I could have the usual thirty days or 5 per cent. off for cash, and then he stopped and apologized. What am I to think of him, papa?" "Think of him!" shouted the old man. "That young fellow is full of business, and you can't say 'yes' too quick!"—*Grip.*

CHINESE BASEBALL.

Two Wash-house Nines Meet in Deadly Fray on the Green Diamond.

The national game broke out in the Chinese quarter at San Francisco a short time ago, and a team of wealthy tea-importers and soap-and-water millionaires was organized. Some Chicago flat-iron artists took the cue, so to speak, and put another nine in the field. To-day they will meet in mortal conflict. Yesterday they practiced. Mr. George Edmondson and Mr. George Mayer, who manage the laundry trust, took their men to the grounds in carriages and brought their names out on a piece of red paper which looked like an overdue wash bill. The Chicago players were attired in large, roomy trousers of blue cloth and carelessly-arranged white cotton shirts. The San Francisco people wore trousers cut from a flour-barrel pattern and coffee-sack surtouts. All played bareheaded except Arthur Moi, who had a liver-colored pair of ready-made pantaloons and a black frock coat topped off with a soft black hat.

Sam Moi, captain of the Chicago club, was hired to make remarks that look like a gridiron after it had been struck by a pile-driver. Barney McGaffney umpired the game. Mr. McGaffney has only a timid acquaintance with Chinese and Sam Moi interprets the game. "Three strikes," shouts Mr. McGaffney. "Bun-gele-wong he-ho," cries Sam Moi. That means "run," and the Celestial makes a lunge for the first bag. It usually gets there safe, as the old lady who plays first base has a catch-as-catch-can bout with the sphere before she gets hold of it properly.

The Chinese are not the inventors of baseball. They prefer such delicately agile and intellectual games as lawn tennis and bungloo. They smoke cigarettes, but eschew gum. They throw a ball with the wild desperation and lavish precision of a school girl. Pitcher Don Moi, of the San Franciscos, has as many frills on his delivery as a professional. He holds his hands above his head a moment, pulls down the ball, blows a jet of spray on it, and with a backward over-hand twist tosses the sphere somewhere between the first base and the grand stand. Tall Doi, the Chicago twirler, has no professional tricks, but he probably excels Mr. Don in missing the plate. Tee Moo, the San Francisco catcher, wore China bracelets and an openwork undershirt whose largest ingredients were the holes in it. The keen wind tanned his russet skin with a ghoulish whistle, but Mr. Tee did not shrink from it. He very frequently caught the ball, too, but only unstinted expenditure of muscle got the ball to first base. Such a thing as throwing to second base would be a weird Munchausen tale to the Chinese catchers.

In the third inning a tall brunette largely devoted to a thin, knotty neck, a loose, black night gown, short in its reach, and long kitchen apron, sidled up to the plate and picked up a maple chop stick. He loosened a hinge in his back as he smote the ball. It rolled nearly to the second bag. It was a great hit. The short stop, who stands ten feet behind the pitcher to escape being hurt by grounders, ran after the ball. The second baseman trotted briskly after the same object, and the centrefielders who played within an arm's length of the second base passed out in the same direction. "Ki-yi, long-leap-heap, plum-dum!" screamed Sam-Moi. The old lady was hastening to the first base. The three maids were playing ring around a rosy over the ball. They finally got it and the entire three carried it to the pitcher as if it were an egg.

At one critical moment two base-runners got on the second bag, and a wild confusion ensued. The baseman was out holding a conference with two fielders and the pitcher about a fly that had dropped near the foul line. One of the runners passed the man ahead of him and scored, while the other pulled up at third. The basemen never play away from the bags, and the outfielders play on the base lines. The players laughed and shouted as much as the spectators. They coached each other and made puns in Chinese and played from noon until the sun went down.—*Chicago News.*

His Nerve Helped Him Out.

Husband (Tipsey; late home; wife fixing up her hair before the looking-glass; her heart full of rancor; ready to give him a dreadful scolding)—Why, dear, what are you doing?

Wife (snappishly)—Don't you see what I'm doing. Fixing up my hair.

H—Well—hic—I'm glad to see you doing that.

W.—And where have—

H.—I shay I'm glad to see you doing that. For you have the most beautiful hair I ever saw.

W.—Where have you—

H.—I shay you have the most beautiful hair I ever saw. And it just matches your face. For you have the most beautiful face—hic—I ever saw—so there.

W. (smiling)—Do you think my face beautiful?

H. (putting his boots under the pillow)—You are the most beautiful woman in the world.

W. (lovingly)—You darling, John, you are a sad flatterer. Let me unbutton your collar for you.

Who the Apaches Are.

The Apaches are believed to have been the Faraones and Taracones whom the Spaniards discovered in 1540 to exist in large numbers near the Seven Cities of Gold. They were never conquered by the Spaniards. During our century they have numbered nine large tribes, and include the great tribe of Navajoes and the Utes, in all about 35,000. Some of the tribes are small. Most of them are self-supporting on their great reservations in Arizona, New Mexico and southern Colorado. They have remained the most savage in their superstitions and ways of living, and in their warfare of all the North American Indians. Their vast country, with its great mountain ranges, fertile valleys, wide table lands, forests of pine and oak, masses of flowers and fields of rich grass, plains and tremendous gorges, offers every possibility of wild, barbarous, pastoral, agricultural and civilized life. It should be dotted with homes and farms owned by Indian farmers and mechanics.—*September Wide Awake.*

Last week a copy of the first edition of the "Life of Grimaldi," by Dickens, and illustrated by Cruikshank, was sold at auction for 54 pounds 10 shillings.

ENRICHED BY A DOG.

Singular Inheritance of a Church—A Fund of $1,500 Left for the Care of a Canine Which Reverts to Religion on the Animal's Death.

(Philadelphia Record.)

By the death of a dog at West Chester, the St. Peter's P. E. Church, of Tredyffryn township, Chester county, is $1,500 richer. The animal was a pet of Mrs. Elizabeth Shee, an aged and somewhat eccentric lady, who died two years ago at West Chester, where she had lived. The lady left behind her an estate of about $10,000, which by her will was disposed of in a peculiar manner. The strangest clause was the one which provided for the dog Ryno, as he was called. A fund of $1,500 was set aside for investment, the interest to be spent in the maintenance of the animal and for his proper burial after his death. Upon his demise the principal was to revert to the church which the lady had attended in her life. Mrs. Shee died early in March, 1886, and Squire Peter Carey, of Phœnixville, who was named as her executor, provided a home for the four-footed heir at the house of a relative of the lady at West Chester, where the dog lived a pampered existence until a week ago, when he died of a complication of diseases, the result of age and an overindulgence in the sweets of life. The existence of a moneyed aristocrat is too much for the average dog, and Ryno is said to have been a cur very much below the average, and succumbed to high living. According to the letter of the will Ryno was buried not far from the grave of his dead benefactor. He was wrapped in a sheet and placed in a box according to the last wishes of Mrs. Shee. The canine had barely been placed under the sod when the church people wrote to Mr. Carey, the executor, stating that they were ready to receive the money. He replied that the principal is so invested that it is not likely that it will be paid over before next spring. The secret of Mrs. Shee's attachment to the dog is a mystery, for the animal was a mongrel of the lowest order. He was surly and snappish, and devoid of any beauty or attractions. He had been brought into Mrs. Shee's house in an early stage of puppyhood, and had always been with her. The dog died in a spasm, and is said to have suffered greatly for hours before death relieved him. It is whispered among the neighbors that his dogship hung on to life too long to suit some people. The parties concerned are all satisfied, however, and there will be no investigation into his death.

Two Dozen Compressed Facts.

There are 2,750 languages.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
The average human life is 31 years.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Watches were first constructed in 1476.
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
The value of a ton of silver is $37,704.84.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Coaches were first built in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

One million dollars of gold coin weigh 3,685 pounds averdupois.

One million dollars of silver coin weigh 58,920.9 pounds averdupois.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

A Stream of Silver.

There is a stream of silver pouring into Washington at the rate of half a million dollars' worth a day. It comes in the shape of fresh, glittering new dollars, standard silver dollars of the mintage of 1888, with the milling unnicked and the face of the Goddess of Liberty fresh from the stamp. The stream is flowing at present from the Philadelphia mint, but before long the sluice gate will be switched around and the shining flood will be turned in from New York, then, after a time, from New Orleans, and finally from San Francisco, thus giving the United States a silver belt that will outshine even that of a champion pugilist. The Adams Express Company carries the silver in trunks or iron-bound boxes, guarded by armed men. At this end of the line the silver is carried direct to to the treasury department in great iron-latticed waggons, that look like the animal cages in a menagerie. At the treasury the boxes are taken into the building and into the basement, then down a winding stairway in the northeast corner of the building into the sub-basement, where the air at present has an odour of soft mustiness that brings thoughts of mysterious treasures, hidden gold, stories of Capt. Kidd, and similar ideas. The visions of the mystic are suddenly dispelled by a prosy, business-like door of grated iron that bars the way and brings the visitor to a halt.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

They Enlisted at Least.

You are right, Sir John Thompson, in declaring that five Canadians enlisted in the Northern army for one that rallied to the help of the South during the war of the rebellion.

Your figures are accurate, but you err in following them to the conclusion that Canada's sympathies were with the North.

The sympathies of the country were against slavery, but do not rely on Canadian enlistments in the Union Army to prove it. Where the treasure was, there were also the hearts of the valorous Canadians who took a brief for liberty in that controversy.

Even your eloquence cannot arouse the American people to any true appreciation of the services of the Canadian veterans. Your speech embalms in pure Saxon the activity of our athletic compatriots who "jumped the bounty."—*Toronto Telegram*

Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage" is about to appear in a richly illustrated form in England.

LIGHTNING-RODS GOING OUT.

No Protection, but on the Contrary Strongly the Reverse.

"Lightning-rods are going out of use. Why? Because they are not believed to be the protection it was once thought they were."

That was what an electrician told a reporter.

Fifteen years ago the lightning-rod agent was everywhere in the land, and more especially at every farmer's door. To-day, it is claimed, their number has materially decreased, and farmers are discontinuing the use of the rods.

"What is your opinion upon the subject of lightning-rods?" was asked of Chief Walker, of the City Electrical Department.

"Candidly, in nine cases out of ten," he replied, "I think they are humbugs. I believe it is a fact that more barns are struck and burned that have lightning-rods on than with them off. In the first place, it is best to keep electricity as far away from a building as possible. The object of the lightning-rod is to attract it. The rod is supposed to act as a conductor of the electrical current to the earth, but instead of being carried off, the current, in consequence of faulty construction of the rod or attachments, is frequently switched into the building. The end of the wire is supposed to be buried in moist earth, the moisture acting as a good conductor. Without strict attention the iron becomes oxidized and rusts off, and then the rod is worse than nothing. It is a positive danger under such circumstances, attracting the electricity of the atmosphere, and having no adequate outlet for it. Then, again, the same danger arises when the insulators upon the side of the building become defective. The lightning is attracted from the atmosphere, where it might have remained but for the rod, and it is turned loose against the building on its way to the earth. If, for instance, the attachments on a barn are poor or worn out, the current may be deflected and set fire to the contents. This is no uncommon occurrence. In this city some years ago the rod on the Belmont waterworks was struck and it fused. The current flowed on down and played about the machinery in the liveliest kind of a way. A big stone was knocked off the Washington monument by lightning. When the ground contact is good and the lightning is about to strike a building a rod may be of use, but I think the rods do more harm than good. There was a time when farmers were scared into rodding their barns and houses, but I think they are getting over that.'—*Philadelphia Record.*

Pins, Twelve Dollars a Paper!

From an article entitled "Hard Times in the Confederacy" in the September "Century" we quote the following; "In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book.

"In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets 'brought through the lines'; for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedsides of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminie garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

"But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either."

Divorced and Married in Fifteen Minutes.

A novel divorce suit has just been terminated in the Owen County (Ind.) Circuit Court. The parties to the suit were John W. and Sarah J. Medaris, who had lived happily as husband and wife for seven years, with not a cloud to mar their domestic felicity. About two months ago a third party, named Elijah Starrett, of Clay County, made his debut in the neighborhood of the Medaris household. He met Mrs. Medaris, and it was a case of love at first sight. A coldness sprung up between husband and wife. The result was a suit for divorce by mutual agreement, which is best related as follows:

"The parties to this suit agree that they will separate agreement and that each shall testify in behalf of the other." With this understanding they went into open court and testified in the case. The Judge granted a decree of divorcement, and within fifteen minutes the newly divorced lady, accompanied by Elijah Starrett, presented themselves before the now astonished Judge and demanded that he say the marriage ceremony for them. Within fifteen minutes, and by the same Judge, Mrs. Medaris was the wife of Mr. Starrett. The late husband witnessed the marriage ceremony.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Sea Serpents to Order.

Stranger (to seaside hotel proprietor)—I heard you had a sea serpent down here this year and I thought I'd run down and see it.

Hotel proprietor—Yes, sir. The bar-room is just down that hall. Ask for a glass of Sprigg's XXXXXX and then go directly to your room and wait ten minutes.

When held up to a strong light, a fresh egg is very clear, and the air cell at the large end is very small. The smaller the air cell the fresher the egg, as the cell expands the egg becomes stale. A fresh egg has a somewhat rough shell while that of a stale one is very smooth.

"LEATHER APRON."

A Creature Who Might Have Come Out of the Pages of a Penny Dreadful.

Whitechapel has a murder mystery which transcends anything known in the annals of the horrible. It is Poe's "Murder of the Rue Morgue" and "Mystery of Marie Roget" rolled into one real story. It is nothing less than a midnight murderer, whose step is noiseless, whose strike is deadly, and whose cunning is so great that he leaves no trace whatever of his work and no clue to his identity. He has just slaughtered his third victim and all the women in the Whitechapel are terrified, while the stupidest detectives in the civilized world stands aghast and say they have no clue. When the murder of Mary Ann Nichols, who was cut into ribbons last Friday, was investigated, it became evident that that the murder was the work of the same hand that committed the two proceeding ones. All three were moneyless women of the lowest class. All were killed in the street between 1 and 3 o'clock in the morning, and all were mutilated in the same fiendish and peculiar way. The coincidence was so great as to strike even the detectives, and they are now looking for the one man whom they believe to be guilty of all three crimes. The man is called "Leather Apron," and nobody knows him by any other name. He is a character half way between Dicken's "Quilp" and Poe's "Baboon." He is short, stunted and thick set. He has small, wicked black eyes, and is half crazy. He is always hanging about the deep shadows that fill the intricate network of the courts, passages and alleyways in Whitechapel. He does not walk, but always moves on a sharp, queer run, and never makes any noise with his feet. In addition to the three women he is believed to have murdered, he has scared a hundred more of them nearly to death. Every street-walker in Whitechapel has her own story to tell of him. He lives by robbing them late at night, and has kicked, cuffed or knocked down a score of them in the last two years. His usual lodging place is a fourpenny lodging-house in a poverty-stricken thieves' alley off Brick lane. He has left there now, however, and nobody knows where he is. He is suspected of having committed the three murders from the fact that he has frequently drawn a knife on women, accompanied by the same threats which have been carried out on the dead women.

The story of Mrs. Colwell, who heard the screams of the woman as she was being murdered, is to the effect that she was clearly running away from somebody who was murdering her, and yet she could hear no other footsteps. The blood stains on the sidewalk indicated the same thing—that the murderer, whoever he was, was noiseless in his pursuit, and this quality points directly to "Leather Apron." He is a slipper-maker by trade and gets his nickname from the fact that he always wears a leather apron and is never seen without it. One peculiar feature of the case is that none of the police or detectives appear to know him, he having always kept out of their sight, and they are now gleaning information concerning him from women he has assailed.—*London Dispatch.*

Origin of a Popular Song.

Mr. Scanlan is one of the few actors who really compose their own songs and words. The usual way is to get some one to write a song and then sing it as their own composition. But no one ever accused Mr. Scanlan of doing anything like that, for he can sit down and write a song before you in half an hour, although it might not be very good unless the inspiration was on him. That simple little melody is his masterpiece, and he will sing it as long as he lives. Do you know how he came to write "Peek-a-Boo?" Mr. Scanlan told about it at the West hotel the other day.

"I was sitting in a nook in my home on Fourth avenue, New York, one day about eight years ago," said he. "I was looking over some songs of Samuel Lover's. You know that the music for them is lost, and I had an accordion in my hand trying to pick out a tune that would fit them. While I was doing so some children were playing about the door. With children's curiosity they peeked in at me. I saw them and began to say "Peek-a-Boo," nodding my head at the same time. Unconsciously, the accordion played a few notes to suit what I was saying. The idea struck me. I dashed off the chorus of the song on an envelope and wrote a stanza or two. Afterward I finished the song. The music came naturally. I could hear it running through my head while I was writing the song. That is the history of "Peek-a-Boo"—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Miss Rives' Literary Work.

A few days ago Miss Amelie Rives (Mrs. Chanler) said in regard to her literary works: "I think out my plots, but I don't know what the characters will say until I take up the pen. "Herod and Mariamne" was written a year ago last winter. It was a month's task. I had had the plot in my mind two years before, but had not put it to paper."

"Will it be put on the stage?"

"I don't know. A manager wanted me to go on the platform and read, but that was out of the question. He has made a proposition to 'dramatize' 'Herod and Mariamne.' That is what he wrote. Perhaps he meant to reduce it to stage proportions, but his offer was vague."

"What will come next—a play or a novel?"

"The next will be a play. Its title is 'Ethelwold.' It is based on incidents in English history just prior to the reign of Henry II. The Harpers have secured it, and it will be issued about the first of the year. After that I have no fixed plans, but will, naturally, continue to write."

Johnny's Mistake

Johnny was told that he might have half the grapes. When his mother went to the cupboard she found that Johnny had taken all the grapes, leaving none for his sister. When spoken to about the matter Johnny replied: "Mamma, I'll tell you just how it was. When I had eaten half of the grapes I happened to think that I'd eaten up Gracie's half instead of my own. I was real sorry; but then I couldn't help it. I'd given her part of my half, only they were so good that they were all gone before I knew it."

EVERYBODY A SPECULATOR.

Life One Big Lottery for More or Less Bread and Butter.

I have the *Globe's* letter asking me these questions: Would you advise speculation as a means of adding to a man's savings? and, if so, in what manner—in stocks, in real estate, or in what? And what should a man do who has $100, $500, $1,000 or $10,000 to invest?

Why didn't you ask me how a man should go to heaven? Whether his religion should be that of a hard-shell Baptist, soft-shell Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregationlist, Presbyterian, Catholic, Shaker, Mormon, Silent Quaker, Hebrew or Faith Cure? Or whether a man should be in favor of high license, low license or no license at all for the beverages that the human appetite demands, a female sufferage advocate, a protectionist or free trader; or whether he should want his $100, $500, $1,000 or $10,000 in specie or greenbacks?

In forty-five years' experience I find, personally and by observation, that speculation is the great underlying principle of all the traffic of this world from the cradle to the grave. Adam and Eve entered into a speculation and were punished. Lot's wife made a heavy plunge in the speculative line and got cornered in salt. Joseph's brothers made a speculation when they divided his coat of many colors, and later on he returned the compliment by cornering the corn market in Egypt. This was before the Chicago Board of Trade was organized. The Jews speculated in the money changes in the temple at Jerusalem during our Saviour's time.

Thus it comes down to the present day, when there is a speculation going on among literary men as to whether Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," was written by William Shakspeare or Lord Francis Bacon. A man speculates when he buys an orange grove in Florida or a farm in Maine or Nebraska, when he builds a hotel in Yellowstone Park, or when he proposes to a young lady as to what her answer will be and which will have the best of the bargain. When a man buys a fine-tooth comb he speculates on his harvest. A doctor speculates as to whether his prescription will kill or cure, and the druggist, who may be out of the ingredient wanted and supplies another, as to what the result will be. If a man builds a hotel at the seashore, or a steamboat, he speculates on his patronage. If he studies for a lawyer, he speculates on his future divorce and boodle cases, his breach of promise suits, his prospects of "spook" cases and the number of criminals he will defend.

When a farmer plants onions, potatoes, cabbage and squash he speculates on his crop. Even the person who drops a nickle into the slit of the automatic scales speculates as to his weight. A hen speculates when she sits on the eggs how large a brood of chickens she will hatch, and a man who pays sixty cents for a half-roast spring chicken five years later in generally said to speculate. And the honest politician now and then enters into a little speculation.

I don't see how you are going to change the currents of men's minds, when speculation is the great principle upon which finance, politics, amusements, literature and religion are based. The verb "to speculate" can be stretched and twisted into about as many ways as an elastic band, and no one be a bit the wiser.

The old Quaker gave his son good advice when he said: "Thee must get money and get it honestly;" but when his son had reached the gate he called him back and repeated the first part of his sentence, "Thee must get money."

As before stated, life is a gamble from the cradle to the grave. If any of your contributors or correspondents can suggest some means by which a man can earn a livelihood without speculation, I would be very happy to adopt it, even in my ancient days.—*Rufus Hatch, speculator, in the Boston Globe.*

The Wonders of the Phonograph.

There seems to be hardly any term to the life of a phonograph (writes the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*). "I heard some cornet-playing yesterday, orginally given out in America, which has been repeated in England more than a thousand times, and all the notes are still as distinct and clear as ever. The sensitiveness of the phonograph is also very extraordinary. It was taken to the Crystal Palace for the Handel Festival, and it registered the perfect roar of Niagara which arose from the movements of the multitude. Through this roar comes in curious distinctness the sound of the band and the voice of the chorus. Mr. Edison's secret lies mainly in the construction of his diaphragm. He uses two. To one is attached the needle which makes the record. It i sthe recording angel. To the other, more sensitive, is attached a pointer not much thicker than a hair, but strong enough to cause vibrations in the diaphragm and to send forth thereby the sound to the ear. I hear that Mr. Edison has abandoned, for the present at all events, his wax cylinders. They had failed to go safely across the Atlantic. Curious people handled them and spoilt them. Mr. Edison is now at work preparing a new recording substance. At the same time he is also inventing a battery warranted to work ten hours, and recording the time during which it has been used. The wonderful invention is approaching, but has not yet reached, absolute perfection."

The Molehills and Mountains of Life.

Mrs. De Cash—Oh, yes, my plan of managing a man is to let him have his own way in small things, and then he is more impressed when you oppose him in great things. It is simple enough and very easy.

Fair young bride—But what do you call small things?

"Oh, smoking in the back library, sitting with his legs crossed, neglecting to properly adjust his necktie and so on. There's no use fighting about such things. But when a man begins criticising milliners' bills it it is time for a woman to assert herself."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Lord Charles Somerset was telling a long story about his walking in the woods at Capetown, Africa, one day, when he came suddenly upon a huge shaggy lion. "Thinking to frighten him," said the noble lord, "I ran at him with all my might." "Whereupon," said another, interrupting, "he ran away with all his mane." "Just so," said his lordship.

BEAUTIES OF A BANK NOTE.

The Commerce's New Issue of 5's, 10's, 20's and 100's an Elegant Success.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce directors do not believe in putting old wine in new bottles. The magnificent new building at King and Jordan-streets is rapidly arriving at its top, and in order to conform with the pristine newness of the building and its decorations the gentlemen at the head of the bank ordered a complete set of new notes wherewith to ornament the coffers. The new notes commenced going into circulation yesterday. A sufficient supply has not yet arrived from the printers, but as soon as it does, allowing time for signing, the old notes will be withdrawn from circulation. Mr W. Smith, the regular signer, will be assisted by a staff of five or six clerks, and it is expected that with these it will be several months before the task of fixing the countersign will be completed. The denominations of the new bills are 5's, 10's, 20's and 100's. They are all handsome pieces of the engraver's art, and a counterfeiter will find that they are his despair as well as the artist's delight. The backs of the bills are covered with an artistic blending of almost every kind of lathe work ever brought into use on banks bills. The faces are also distinguished for the beauty of the engraving and the intricacy of the design. It would be time misspent for the counterfeiter to attempt a re-engraving. The danger of tholography is also turned aside. The yellow tint photographs an inky black, and is so indefinitely blended at the borders with the other colors that it is absolutely impossible to photograph. The face of the 5 shows Literature reclining gracefully in flowing drapery, and with her arm leaning negligently on a book. This piece of engraving was done by the oldest and most successful engraver in the world, Alfred Jones, of New York. On the opposite side of the note, the right hand side, is the bank's seal. The body of the face is filled in with the usual declaration, and the figure 5, in multiplied forms, constitutes the border. The chief figure on the back is a cut of the new building. This is the prominent feature on the backs of the notes of other denominations.

The face of the $10 note has the figure of Britannia for a centre-piece. She is surrounded by cherubim representing commerce, justice, finance and agriculture. On the left hand is the bank's seal, and on the right hand Art is busy with his brushes and pallet. The face of the $20 note shows Mercury riding on a dolphin. To the left the various kinds of navigation are portrayed. History pursues her vocation in the right hand corner. The centre piece of the $100 note is a pictorial sketch showing Science, with emblematic figures about her.

The bills are signed by Mr. Henry W. Darling, the President, and will be countersigned by Mr. Smith and his assistants. The new issue cost $28.75 a thousand.—*Toronto World.*

A Woman's Big Bluff.

After two or three days of weary search a Canadian named Williams, living near St. Thomas, located his eloping wife here in Detroit. She had run away with the hired man and they were boarding with a family on Champlain street. An officer went with the husband to interview the faitless one, rather expecting trouble, but there was none. The visitors were ushered into the sitting-room and the wife rose up and calmly asked:

"Who did you wish to see, gentlemen?"

"Mary, I've come for you!" replied the husband. "Why did you run away from me and the children? Where's that scoundrel of a Pete?"

"Mary? Mary? Haven't you made a mistake, sir?" she queried.

"Come, Mary, none of that," he answered. "You've got to go back with me."

"Sir, what means this language?" she demanded. "Officer, did you bring this man here to insult me?"

"He says you are his wife."

"Of course she is!"

"His wife! I never set eyes on him before! He is either drunk or crazy!"

"Not my wife!" he shouted. "Haven't we lived together 18 years? Didn't you and Pete skip from home ten days ago? Haven't you got two children waiting for you to come back? And haven't I come to waltz you home and pound Pete within an inch of his life?"

"I must demand your protection," she said to the officer. "This has gone too far already. The man must be crazy."

"I want her arrested," said the husband.

"Try it at your peril!" she replied. "My husband will demand ample satisfaction for this outrage!"

"You must be mistaken," said the officer.

"No, I hain't!"

"But I guess you are, and we will go."

"Your name and the number of your badge, please?" asked the woman, and when they were given she wrote them down and bowed the officer out. The husband went, too, but vigorously contended that no mistake had been made. Two hours later he returned to the house to make another effort, but the wife had disappeared, leaving behind her a note which read:

"To the police.—Please use the old man gently. He is very soft on top of the head. Yours truly—Pete and I."—*Detroit Free Press.*

St. Patrick's Sons Paraded and Little Mona Knew the Reason Why.

Mona had always lived in a country town, and, in her mind, parades and processions are always associated with funerals.

Last St. Patrick's Day, as she stood at the window a section of the big parade passed by.

"Who are those men, mamma?" she asked.

"They are the Sons of St. Patrick," was the reply.

After a few minutes' reflection the 14-year-old asked:

"Is the old man dead?"

The carrier on the mail route between Viroquo and Prairie du Chien, Wis., made his last run last week and the route has been discontinued. In the early days of Wisconsin Gov. Rusk used to drive a stage on this route.

Mary Robinson, the English versifier, is about to publish a volume of historical essays entitled "The End of the Middle Ages." What is much more important, she is also going to get married.

THE ADVANCE.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1888.

On Thursday last there died of yellow fever, in New York, a man who will long be remembered to the scientific world as one of the brightest lights that has ever shone in the firmament of science, in the person of Richard A. Proctor. He was one of the great astronomers of our day, and a brilliant and prolific writer on almost any scientific subject. Among his quarter of a hundred books may be mentioned, "Mysteries of Time and Space," "Our Place Among the Infinities," "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," "Flowers of the Sky," etc. Professor Proctor was an Englishman, born at Chelsea in 1837, but owned an observatory in Florida, where he contracted yellow fever, which attacked him at New York while on his way to England. By his sudden death, in the zenith of his success, the world has sustained a great loss.

The great exhibition which has now been in progress for over a week in Toronto, has been a marvel of success. Some $624 have been raked in, over and above the amount taken during the same period last year (altogether $27,031.48), and on Monday sixty thousand visitors entered the turnstiles. This is all nice and proper, but we would be much better pleased if about forty out of that sixty thousand would enter our turnstile and pay up for the paper. We place it at a low estimate, as we dont wish anyone to infer that we are inflicted with hoggishness.

The Streetsville Review comes to hand this week enlarged and changed to the popular eight page style. It is immensely improved in appearance, although we cannot say we are in love with its new motto: "Strike! while the iron is hot!" We think it would be more suitable for the blacksmith with whom it originated, and we would have liked to see the Review bearing the good old motto which brother Fawcett gave to the Advance! "Truth before favor;" "Principles, not men," or "Hew to the line," etc. The new motto is more appropriate to a labor paper, or an Anarchist publication. However, we are glad to see the Review so much improved in appearance, and hope the people of Streetsville will appreciate a good thing when they have it.

East Grey Exhibition.

Our exhibition will be held on Monday and Tuesday next, Sept. 24 and 25. That it is going to be a big success is demonstrated beyond a doubt, as entries are coming in thick and fast, and the extra attractions to please the people are of a very interesting order. Below we give the program for the two days:

FIRST DAY.

Directors' Prizes, two silver cups, to be awarded to the best baseball and lacrosse teams. Lacrosse competition open to the county: baseball open to clubs in the east riding of Grey only. Play to commence at 10 o'clock a.m. Articles in the hall will be judged and open for visitors at 4 o'clock p.m. A good day's sport. Come early and see our popular national game.

SECOND DAY.

Judging of cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry and all manufactures. Bagpipe competition, bicycle and foot races. Hall open for visitors from 10 o'clock a.m.

Considerable editorial and other matter crowded out this issue.

Fall Fairs.

East Grey	*Sept. 24-25*
Proton	Oct. 11-12
South Grey	Sept. 25-26
Glenelg	Sept. 27-28
Artemesia	Oct. 2
North Grey	Sept. 25-26

Spring beds from 1.50. Woven wire spring mattresses at $2.50. Everything else at corresponding low prices at Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

We have hesitated in giving publicity to the communication of Mr. Spirit. It descends too low in the scale of personality, and we will not publish any more of the same quality; but as the writer was justly entitled to one reply to the attack on him of last week, we have felt in duty bound to publish it, at the same time reserving to ourselves the right to omit a few sentences of too splenetic or virulent a nature. We do not desire this style of newspaper controversy. It does not redound to the credit of either party.

Every person we meet is making enquiry as to when the baseball and lacrosse matches are to be played, for the silver cups awarded by the Directors of East Grey Agricultural Society, as a prize to be competed for during the exhibition. Games to commence on Monday, first day of Show, at 10 o'clock a.m. sharp. The question is asked why commence so early in the day? The answer is, so many clubs will compete that they must commence early to get through playing before darkness comes on. Everybody is coming to see this great match. It is all the talk for miles around. It will be a fine contest, no doubt.

Dress Trimmings. Special novelties in these lines at M. Richardson's

An Enterprising Neighbor.

It will be remembered that some time ago Mr. McGowan of Priceville purchased the Edge Mill estate in Durham, and has now in full blast one of the best flouring mills in the Province. All our old settlers know it is a first class water power; but Mr. McGowan has taken advantage of its natural position, giving a power unequaled in this Province, while its facilities for custom or mercantile work is unsurpassed. The machinery has been constructed under the able superintendence of E. P. Cave, which is a guarantee of excellence in itself; while the structure and carpenter arrangements have been under the judicious and skilful workmanship of Mr. J. McLeod, who stands first in the class of skilful architects. The mill-dam has been rebuilt under the same management, and stands unrivalled on the noble Saugeen.

Presentation.

A few friends visited the home of Mr. Joseph Blackburn on Wednesday evening, and presented him with a nicely bound Commentary on the Bible, containing four volumes, and Mrs. Blackburn with a piece of silver. A very pleasant time was spent. The gift was accompanied by the following address:

To Mr. Joseph Blackburn, Superintendent of Chalmer's Presbyterian Church Sabbath School.

DEAR SIR, An eminent poet has said that language has been given us that we may be the better enabled to conceal our feelings. Even if this were so, we would not seek to employ any language but that which would give expression to the heartfelt feelings of respect and esteem which we entertain towards you. Our presence here this evening is for the purpose of giving expression to these feelings; and in doing so it would be quite superfluous on our part, at the same time repugnant to you, were we to dwell upon your many good qualities. We are perfectly well aware that far beyond the limits of our Sabbath School the name of Josep Blackburn is synonymous for that which is just, upright and good. Go where you will, speak to whom you may, the verdict is the same. As teachers associated with you in the work of the Sabbath School, we may be permitted to say that we are well pleased to have you as our superintendant. Your affable nature, the tact which you display, and the deep piety which pervades your utterances at once command attention and respect. Sabbath School teachers often met with much to discourage them, but we are ever reminded by you that it is the work of the Master in which we are engaged, and that He will help us in time of need.

As further evidence of the kindly feelings that exist between us, we ask you to accept of these volumes, not for the intrinsic value attachable thereto, but for the spirit in which they are given. As you peruse these pages in years to come the circumstance of this evening's proceedings will pass before your mental view, recalling to your mind pleasant reminiscences.

Owing to your recent marriage, we have deemed this a doubly fitting occasion to present this testimony.

It is our hearts' desire and prayer to God that you and your amiable bride may be long spared to each other, that He who is the source of all good may shower down upon you his richest blessings, both spiritual and temporal.

A Bad Spirit.

Editor Advance.—The intellectual size of a man may be measured with tolerable exactness by the tone and character of his utterances. In last issue of the Advance Dr. Christoe illustrates the lowness of his character and breeding by using the above heading as a low burlesque upon my family name. I will be charitable enough to suggest that probably it was the vile poisons, under the name of whiskey, which he has been illicitly retailing to the public, and which may have been uppermost in his mind when "A Bad Spirit" suggested itself to his unfertile imagination.

The second paragraph of the effusion is cowardly clap-trap, and were it not that it would implicate a third person, I would expose his subterfuge—the usual retreat of cowardly criminals. The whole paragraph is an absolute lie.

The third paragraph: He does not "sell indiscriminately." There are persons in this vicinity who will sustain me in the assertion that more whiskey bottles are filled in one of our drug stores for "family use" than are filled at Mr. Munshaw's Hotel, and with a degree of "indiscriminate" recklessness as to results, which neither Mr. Munshaw nor his employees would sanction. Indeed, those who are disappointed at Mr. Munshaw's Hotel in bottle filling or otherwise find a ready supply elsewhere in our model christian town. The Dr. allows himself ample scope in his "reasonable evidence" when supplying thirsty souls with the "water of life." I would like to suggest a few of the questions he would propound to an applicant at his bar, but but in view of pending investigations I refrain; yet it would be amusing to know the nature of the medicine dose, and the disease it was supposed to counteract in this lusty patient he supposed "the old man" was getting the whiskey for.

The Licence Law is much too indefinite and vague to be placed in the hands of unprincipled practitioners, as Dr. Christoe has proven himself to be. There was no medical "privilege" or "certificate" required in this instance in obtaining the liquor. It was gotten as an every day occurence, and with the connivance of one who occasionly expounds Holy Writ from the altar of the Tabernacle in this town, and a vehement advocate of Prohibition tyranny for the country at large.

The last papagraph of his whining drawl contains the expression "vengence" as coming from me, which is a libellous untruth. I have long been aware of the immoral double-dealing of this creature on the whiskey business, and did say to a friend "that I would be even with him. and no acquaintance of mine will deem me so absurd as to discharge a whole pack of artillery to annihilate a wizened phantom in mortal shape.

Respectfully yours,
STEPHEN SPIRIT.

Flesherton, Sept. 15, 1888.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

The beautiful weather of the last two or three weeks has enabled most of the Farmers to complete harvesting in a satisfactory manner, and although the quantity may not be up to the average, the quality is said to be excellent.

The new store opened out by Mr. J. Carr is making times lively in the mercantile business.

With regret we have to record the death of Donald Cameron, one of the pioneer settlers of this neighborhood. An attack of Inflammation which seemed to baffle medical skill and kind care, caused his death. He died on Wednesday last and his remains were laid at rest in the McIntyre Cemetery on Friday, leaving a large family and many acquaintances to mourn his departure.

Mr. A. Henry, while working about his barn was badly injured by an eve trough falling and striking him on the head. It was thought at first that his injuries were fatal, but he is now in a fair way of recovery.

Quite a large number have gone from here to visit Toronto's great exhibition.

Mr. W. Long, and Mr. D. K. Preston, are away, visiting friends near Kingston.

Mr. H. Fields is having his well drilled and is now over 60 feet deep, while a well dug on the school ground, only a few yards distant, and a little over 20 feet deep, has ten feet of water in it. The school trustees will shortly have to give an account of this ten feet of water.

Inistioge.

Interesting news scarce.

Miss Graham, of Everett, is visiting her brother here, Mr. W. Graham.

Harvesting is a thing of the past for another year here but the recent frosts have done considerable damage to some of the late oats.

Bush fires have been raging around here for some time back, but they have done no serious damage so far.

A few of our enterprising people are down attending the "Great Fair" which is being held in Toronto.

Practice is going on lively here by the S. of T. who intend holding an entertainment here shortly, but we have not learned the date yet, which we will chronicle in our next epistle.

It has been decided to build a large shed in connection with the Methodist Church, together with a lecture room, which we think will be a great benefit to this place when completed, as there are some magnificent orators here who we would like to see express themselves publicly.

Well Mr. Editor, we will have to bring this "Budget" to a close as our pencil is geeting very short.

Visitors to the fair MONDAY and TUESDAY next are invited to call and inspect our magnificent full stock, and premises, when an attractive display of new goods will be found. M. Richardson & Co.

Died.

KESTER—In Flesherton, on Sunday morning, 16th inst., Nelson, son of James Kester, aged 25 years.

It is now supposed that Capt. Vangele was the "white pasha" whose presence was reported in the Bahr-el-Ghazel Province.

A large number of workmen were partially asphyxiated in the Hoosac tunnel on Saturday by coal gas from a locomotive, and many of them had narrow escapes.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to
NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot No. 10 Con. 5, Euphrasia, containing fifty acres. The above property is situated about one-and-a-half miles from the village of Kimberley, all under cultivation and magnificent land.

Apply to
A. ALDOUS,
Kimberley P. O.

STRAYED or STOLEN.

Lost from the premises of John Sherwood, Lot 177, back line east, Artemesia, about Sept 6, 3 milch cows, one light red and two dark red, the darkest having left horn off with star in face and wears a bell. The light red cow has hind teat blind. Information as to whereabouts thankfully received.

JOHN SHERWOOD.

Piano For Sale.

A beautiful 7 octave upright Dominion Piano nearly new, at a bargain. Apply at Advance office.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 80	to	5 00
Fall Wheat	$0 78	to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78		0 80
Barley	0 50		0 55
Oats	0 30		0 30
Peas	0 50		0 55
Butter	0 15		0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15		0 15
Potatoes bush	0 40		0 50
Pork	6 50		6 50
Hay per ton	7 00		8 00
Hides	4 50		5 50
Wool	19		23
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 06		0 06
Turkeys	0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50		0 60

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's.

Partnership.

E. F. DIXON, M.D.C.M. — **J. G. HUTTON,** M.D.C.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.,

PRICEVILLE.

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DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER INSURANCE ACT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Ravelworking, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.
Apply at once to
GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton,
Or to
J. GEO. KEEFER, Forest, Ont

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Jno. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

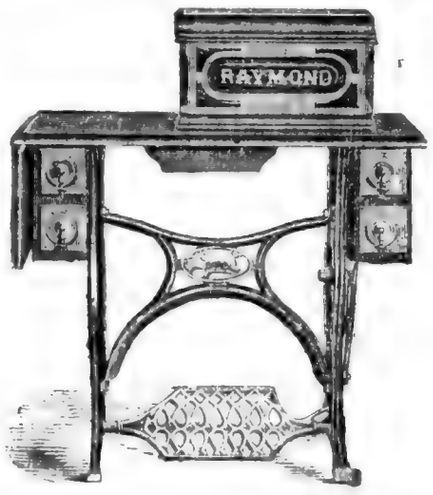

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THE EXHIBITION

DON'T FAIL TO

EXAMINE THE EXHIBIT OF

J. E. MOORE,

of the FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS, both in the exhibition building and at our store,

Nos. 1 and 2 Durham Street.

Six Beautiful Plush Parlor Suites in Walnut Frames. Bedroom Setts. in a number of Styles, from $11 to $30 per set in Elm, Mahogany and Walnut Woods.

The justly celebrated NEW RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE—The best in the world.

And the well known, tried and tested KARN ORGAN,

Will both be shown. All kinds of repairs and Needles kept in stock. It will pay, as well as interest you, to walk through our Show Rooms and see goods and get prices. Don't forget the place,

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS

Durham Street, Flesherton.

Our Undertak'ng Department

Is complete. A good stock of polished and cloth-covered Coffins and Caskets on hand.

A first-class Hearse in connection.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot of

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL!

F. G. KARSTEDT,

Having purchased the stock of WM. STRAIN, is now in a better position than ever to take the lead in

STOVES,

TIN,

COPPERWARE,

And Metal Work of all kinds.

Eavetroughing a Specialty.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

STRAIN'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

The Shelburne Free Press is responsible for the following outrage upon the truth: Mr Samuel Lawrence, of Mulmur, with his new machine, threshed 100 bushels of oats in 19 minutes one day last week, on Mr. Wm. Wilkinson's farm in Mulmur.

A sad death occurred on the C. P. R. train going west on Monday evening. A young man, named William McAuly, who was being brought home from Toronto in the last stages of consumption, died on the train as it reached Arthur station. The lifeless body of the young man was met here by those of his friends who were at the station expecting to see him alive.—[Mt. Forest Rep.

Mr. Wm. White, of Sullivan, son of Mr. Donald White, has been troubled for some time past with a peculiar growth of flesh on one of his toes, which finally became so troublesome that on Monday last he found it necessary to have the overgrown member amputated. William will now take a rest for a couple of weeks. [Chatsworth News.

Mr. Francis Lundy, of 3rd line east, Chinguacousy, recently left several bags of wheat standing out in the field over Sunday, intending to sow the grain Monday following. In the meanwhile three horses belonging to Mr. Lunday saw the grain and ate a considerable portion of the same. Two of the horses have since been reported dead, while the third, it is said, is not expected to recover. [Streetsville Review.

Mr. James Baird, of the 8th con. of Holland, near Massie, met with a severe loss by fire last Friday. While Mr. Baird and wife and the older members of the household were at work in the fields, about noon, they suddenly discovered the barn on fire, and before anything could be done to save any portion of the contents the building was enveloped in flames. Mr. Baird's loss is very heavy, in fact the family is left destitute, as the barn, 200 shocks of fall wheat, all his oats and peas, all his farm implements and vehicles were consumed, together with all the winter bedclothes which were stored away in the granary, and he had no insurance. As Mr. Baird is a hard working, sober, pushing man, with a large family, his situation is all the more pitiable, and we have no doubt if a subscription list was opened in his behalf it would be liberally responded to by the public generally. It is not known how the fire originated. [Chatsworth News.

Grey Assizes.

From the O. S. Times.

The Fall Assizes commenced here on Tuesday, 11th inst. Judge Street presided. The docket is unusually small, there being only three civil and one criminal case, and the latter was left over from the Spring Assizes. The small number of civil cases may be accounted for by the Court coming on so close after vacation. The want of criminal cases speakes well for the morality of the county. Judge Street entertained the Bar at supper on Tuesday evening at the Seldon House. The Grand Jury after being sworn in, made a visit to the jail, there being no other business for them

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

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HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

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WAGGONS, SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, DEMOCRATS, &c.

CARRIAGE - PAINTING - PROMPTLY - ATTENDED - TO.

Also TRIMMINGS in great variety. HORSE SHOEING promptly attended to. Special Attention given to Contracted or Tender Feet.

D. McTAVISH, R. P. LEGATE

A Positive Cure. ✢ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the ardent duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a dog's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✢ A Pleasant Cure.

STONE FLOUR!

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Desires to inform the public in general that the rumor lately circulated, to the effect that he has been selling roller flour, is utterly false. Mr. Loucks would inform the public that he has never sold roller flour, and never intends to; also, that he has always had stone flour on hand and for sale since last winter, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Advance

TILL JAN. 1, 1889,

For 20 cts

Strayed or Stolen.

From the premises of W. C. Parker, lot 6d, 2nd west, Artemesia, two sows in pig—one aged and the other young, black, and black and white spotted. Information thankfully received as to their whereabouts.

W. C. PARKER

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 40 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

CROPS AND THE WEATHER.

Latest About Manitoba's Wheat—A Severe Frost Down East—Potatoes a "Drug" in Western Ontario.

A Montreal despatch says: Mr. Duncan McIntyre, the well-known railway capitalist, returned from a trip to Manitoba to-day. Speaking of the harvest outlook, he said that he had seen the crops of Morden and Gretna marketed. They realized 80 cents per bushel. They were sound, and Mr. McIntyre was satisfied that if the crops in Manitoba and the Territories were marketed before there was any drop in the prices the farmers would realize 50 per cent. more money than last year. There would have to be an allowance made, Mr. McIntyre said, for considerable damage to wheat raised along the Manitoba & Southwestern, as well as along the Monitoba & Northwestern. The main line of the Canadian Pacific from Poplar Point to Moose Jaw was comparatively free from frost. The districts that suffered most were those in the south and north, and the low lying lands and fields with a northern exposure. Strange to say, most of the damage was done on the Southwestern lines, contiguous to Dakota. There was no damage to the barley crop, which had been largely secured. The oat crop on the main line of the Canadian Pacific and the Manitoba & Northwestern was very heavy, and had not suffered from frost.

Private orders received to-day by one of the largest grain firms here, from their agents in Manitoba, state that about 50 per cent. of the entire crop has been gathered. Of this 25 per cent. is stated to be rusted, and 40 per cent frosted, leaving only 35 per cent., or half of the entire crop, in good condition. Of the crop yet uncut 85 per cent. is reported to be still green and unfit for gathering for a week or two. Of course these figures are not official. The price of wheat continues to advance very fast here.

The weather throughout Manitoba and the Northwest was fine yesterday. Special weather bulletins showed that the temperature at 7 a. m. was as follows at these points: 45 degrees above zero at Calgary; 45 above at Medicine Hat; 51 above at Swift Current; 52 above at Mossejaw; 48 above at Broadview and 55 above at Winnipeg.

Mr. T. C. Irving, of *Bradstreet's* received yesterday afternoon a despatch from their Winnipeg office to the effect that reports regarding the crops are conflicting; that no data is obtainable for true figures. The actual loss, however, will not probably exceed 25 per cent. of the entire wheat yield. The barley and oat crop are practically uninjured.

Now wheat is selling at Oak Lake, Man., at 83c. per bushel.

Potatoes are so plentiful in South Essex, that it is difficult to obtain a market for them at any price.

Mr. P. R. Daly, of Belleville, says the heavy frost the other night did considerable damage in this section. Back north, he says, ice was formed on the water and with another cold blast the fall pasture would be ruined. The corn and buckwheat crop has been badly injured by the frost as well.

A BIG WHEAT SALE.

A Million Bushels Sold all at Once.

A Chicago despatch says: Leopold Bloom and B. F. Hutchison gave the Board of Trade men something akin to an electric shock to-day when Bloom sold 1,000,000 bushels of December wheat to "Old Hutch" at 95½ cents. "Hutch" is short on December, and has been covering himself up the best way he could for some time past. Frank Magin, one of the brokers, was buying this morning, and Bloom sold him a little. The market was strong at 95½ cents, and it looked as if it might go a little higher.

"I ll sell you a million December at 95½ cents," said Bloom.

"I'll take it," said Magin quickly. The transaction involved nearly $1,000,000, and is one of the biggest individual operations on the record of the board.

"How about margins?" some one asked.

"I'll put up $250,000," said Bloom, and he bustled over and spoke to "Hutch" about it.

"That's something that don't interest me," said the old man. "The Secretary's office is the place for that."

But Bloom wasn't satisfied, and he rushed down stairs and presently returned bringing with him stocks and other securities to the amount, so he said, of $300,000. These did not appear to particularly concern Mr. Hutchinson, however, and their owner carried them back to his office. In the afternoon Bloom announced that both he and Hutchison had put up $250,000. This was denied at "Hutch's" bank.

A STRANGE STORY.

Alleged Suicide of a Horse Suffering from Disease.

A Port Jervis (N.Y.) telegram says: A remarkable story of the death of a horse by suicide is told by Peter Lamar, a reputable citizen of this town. He owned a handsome brown mare, notably intelligent, kind and fast, for which he had refused $1,000. The mare was suffering with a painful and fatal disease. One day last week two veterinary surgeons visited her and their treatment apparently augmented her pain. When she was turned loose in the field where she was kept she immediately trotted off to a shallow stream of water, and wading into one of the deepest pools she plunged her head under water and held it there until she sank down, first upon her knees and then upon her side and was drowned. Her owner insists that the sagacious animal knew what she was doing, and that it was a clear case of suicide.

Regained Her Sight.

A Lookport, N. Y., telegram says: Mrs. Jennie Robinson, wife of William Robinson, a waggon maker of Gasport, lost the sight of an eye recently and the sight of the other was affected. She had the best medical aid, but without success. Her blindness dates from October, 1887, and came on suddenly. In the same manner she awoke yesterday morning and found that the sight of both eyes had been restored as it were by a miracle.

At a reception given by Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, the diamonds worn by three ladies present represented a value of $250,000. Mrs. Field herself has one of the finest collections of jewels and precious stones in the West.

WINDSOR BLOOD FLOWS

At the Testing of a New Fire Alarm System for the Burg.

A last (Wednesday) night's Windsor despatch says: Yesterday afternoon bad blood, which has been existing between certain of the town officials, culminated in a row and two fights, commencing before the Town Hall and ending in the office of Waterworks Clerk Reed. The principals were Ald. Davis, his son Fred and Waterworks Engineer Hall. The Fire, Water and Gas Committee of the Council had met for the purpose of testing a new fire alarm system, to witness which the engineer thought he should have been specially invited by the Chairman of the committee, Ald. Davis. He accused Davis of wilful discourtesy toward him, telling him besides, that while he had intentionally omitted inviting him (the engineer) to witness the testing, he (the chairman) had invited his own son to be present without having obtained the permission of his fellow-committeemen. Young Davis hereupon called Hall a liar, and on the latter's retorting began the first fight by striking Hall a terrific fist blow on the left eye. Hall struck back and for a minute or two a vigorous round was fought. Ald. Egan and Drake separated the contestants with the help of Chief Baines. Young Davis went away and his father, the alderman, went into the waterworks office and sat down at the desk, while Engineer Hall was led away to have his damaged face attended to. This last accomplished, Hall returned and going into the waterworks office immediately began fighting with the alderman. Hall was making it quite lively for the former when peace-makers again appeared and put a stop to the second fight. Both opponents were bleeding quite freely. It is expected that Police Court suits will grow out of the fight. The testing of the fire alarm system was postponed till to-morrow afternoon.

TO MARRY A CHINAMAN.

A Beautiful Brooklyn Heiress Falls in Love with a Celestial.

A New York telegram says: Brooklyn bobs up a second time within a year with the betrothal of an accomplished American young lady to a Chinaman. The marriage a year ago was between Ju Sing, a Chinese missionary, and a wealthy middle-aged lady residing on the hill. They appear very happy. The parties to the present alliance are Thomas Bowe and Miss Annie Tuttle, who resides with her sisters and a widowed mother on Gates avenue. Eight years ago Tom came to Brooklyn and opened a laundry. He prospered, saved money rapidly, began to turn his thoughts to religion, devoted himself to the study of the English language, and joined the Chinese mission. Two years ago he became a member of the Moravian Church, Rev. Dr. Edward Walle, pastor. Bowe's influence among his heathen brethren grew, and he became a power in the Church. He gave up his laundry business and became a missionary. At Sunday school Bowe met Miss Tuttle. The young lady took a great interest in the proselyte, and they evinced a fondness for being together. Miss Tuttle is a member of a wealthy Brooklyn family. Her father has been dead some years. The young lady was provided with every luxury and comfort. When Mrs. Tuttle was informed of the daughter's infatuation there was a scene. The mother pleaded and the sisters implored, but all in vain. Annie turned a deaf ear and said she would marry the Chinaman in spite of all. Bowe is studying to enter the ministry and then go to China as a missionary. The nuptials will be celebrated before the departure. Miss Tuttle is of medium stature, petite, with golden brown hair, and 25 years old. She has long been a prominent member of Dr. Chamberlain's Presbyterian Church. Her celestial lover is about 28 years of age.

HE TOOK FRENCH LEAVE.

A Parson Disappoints His Expectant Bride at the Altar.

An Ottawa despatch says: The little village of New Edinboro' is in a high state of excitement to-night over the sudden collapse of a wedding which was to have taken place in St. Bartholomew's Church this evening between Rev. Ware Ami, pastor of the French Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Graburn, widow of the late Captain Graburn, of the Marine Department.

The engagement of the couple, both of whom are well on in middle life, was announced some time ago and was strongly opposed by the friends of the clergyman, who, for a while, resisted the pressure; but it is said that when he was officially informed that his marriage would not only result in his losing his living here but in his being expelled from the Presbyterian Church he gave in and one of this evening's papers announced that he has left on a visit to France.

This, however, does not appear to have been known to the bride and her friends who assembled at the church, and great indignation was expressed when it was found that the prospective groom had changed his mind at the last minute. Legal proceedings are spoken of.

Caught It From His Cattle.

A Lancaster, Pa., despatch says: Henry Stehman, a prominent farmer of Conestoga Township, has died from splenic fever, contracted from his cattle. Dr. M. L. Davis, assisted by a number of physicians, made a post-mortem examination and the condition of the liver and spleen confirmed their previous impression. The best medical authorites have held heretofore that splenic fever can not be conveyed to the human system. Dr. Davis will make a report of the circumstances to the state and national health authorities.

News for the Deaf.

A Kansas City despatch says: At the convention of physicians held in this city the committee appointed from members of the different societies to investigate and report upon the most practical and reliable artificial means for relieving deafness have reported unanimously upon the invisible device of H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., known as the sound disc, which concentrates the waves of sound.

In London high heels are going out of fashion, and ladies' boots are becoming broader and lower and heavier. Small waists are no longer considered good style, and the dress reformers are congratulating themselves on the results of their efforts and endeavors.

THEIR SECOND WEDDING.

A Queer Sequel to a Raid by the "Rebs" Twenty-Four Years Ago.

A Philadelphia despatch says: An unusual wedding ceremony was performed here to-day. About it was an echo of the great civil war. The contracting parties were Dr. Frederick Ward Saunders, of York, Pa., and his bride of twenty-four years ago, the mother of his children. This couple had lived together for twenty-four years in the relation of man and wife and reared a family, but the evidence of their having been legally married was destroyed, and so after all these years they were again married to-day. On June 23rd, 1864, Dr. Saunders was married in York, Pa., to Miss Ellen Belle Loy. Just after the ceremony the rebs raided the town and pillaged Dr. Saunders' house, among others. Among the things caraied off was the Doctor's "marriage lines," and among the things desoroyed in York by the "Rebs" were the records of the church in which the doctor was married to Miss Loy. So every evidence of their being legally married was gone. For years they lived on together indifferent to this, but as their children grew up and their property increased, Dr. and Mrs Saunders suddenly came to the conclusion that for the sake of their children and estate, and in view of questions arising regarding to their property, they had better have a perfect record of their marriage. They came to the city and got a license to marry from the licence clerk and were to-day again joined in the bonds of holy wedlock.

A MARTYR MOTHER.

Sad Fate of a Lady while Saving her Children.

Mr. A. E. Wallace, of St. Thomas, received a telegram yesterday announcing the sad death of Mrs. Wallace's sister, Jessie, wife of Mr. J. Grant, of Winnipeg. The deceased, it appears, was the victim of a heroic effort to save her children's lives. She must have upset a lamp, and her clothes igniting, she rushed to her three sleeping children, disregarding her own sufferings. She awoke them and saw them to a place of safety. They tried to extinguish the flames. The youngest child narrowly escaped the mother's fate, for her night clothes were scorched. The parents of deceased reside in Acton. Mrs. Grant is known to quite a number of citizens, having quite recently paid a visit to St. Thomas.

Latest Northwest News.

A Winnipeg despatch says: It is authoritatively announced that the running time on the St. Paul & Manitoba road between this city and St. Paul will be cut down to 17 hours.

Two hundred and twenty-five head of cattle from the Cochrane ranche arrived here yesterday and were shipped on to Montreal to-day.

Gentlemen connected with the Manitoba & N. W. road express ignorance as to the reports circulated here to the effect that the road in question is passing into the hands of the C.P.R. Mr. Biggs, the Winnipeg lawyer who had the drawing up of the railway agreements recently made, received a telegraphic summons to St. Paul to-day from the officials of the Manitoba road. This summons is taken as giving color to the reports now in circulation to the effect that the Manitoba road are purchasing or leasing the Emerson branch of the C.P.R. with the view of competing for the trade of this Province.

Edward Papamakiss, Indian missionary, has arrived with four Indian assistants to attend the meeting of the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, to be held on Monday next. Most of the delegates were expected to arrive to-morrow.

The Hudson Bay Railway promoters are continuing negotiations with the Government, and it is said they desire to effect an arrangement for the completion and operation of the 40 miles of road already constructed, and are unwilling to recede from their first proposals and accept a guarantee from the Province upon $2,500,000. They claim to have assurances of a Dominion guarantee upon four or five million.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Mrs. Grant, who was badly burnt last night, died this morning. She sacrificed herself to save her sleeping children whom she awoke and took to a place of safety while her own clothes was burning. The youngest child narrowly escaped sharing her terrible fate.

A temperance convention is to be held at Regina to protest against the concessions recently made and proposed to the liquor traffic.

Hung by Her Heels.

No more dramatic scene can be imagined than that witnessed at Newark last evening, says the Newark *Call*. A madman held his wife by the heels hanging from a third-storey window, and the woman, head downward and expecting to be dropped to death every instant, clung desperately to an infant in her arms and filled the air with shrieks. Some men entered the house, and by instantaneous understanding two of them crept softly behind the lunatic and seized the woman's feet, while others struck down and secured the man. The woman was then carefully drawn back, still holding her infant, and both lives were saved, but it is feared that the shock has unsettled the poor woman's reason.

Splinters of News.

A young crocodile was captured yesterday at Troy, N. Y.

John Ford, a prominent citizen of Columbus, Ind., while insane from typhoid fever yesterday killed his wife and one child and severely wounded another child.

Texas fever has broken out n three dairy herds in Orange county, in which some twenty cows have died. Strict quarantine has been adopted to prevent the spread of the disease.

A Diabolical Deed.

The Wingham *Times* tells of one of the most diabolical tricks ever perpetrated in that vicinity. Some miserable wretch in the form of man placed Paris green and salt on the pasture field of Mr. Richard Palmer, of the 2nd concession of Morris, whereby seven fine young head of cattle were destroyed. It is a very heavy loss to Mr. Palmer, who is working a rented farm.

The condition of Mrs. Yeomans, the temperance lecturer, is not so alarming as reported. The lady will recover.

TRUE HEROES.

Men and Women Who Stayed to Face the Pestilence.

The heroes and heroines brought out by the epidemic are numbered by the hundred. Instance after instance is recorded of the unshaking devotion of husbands, wives, sons, daughters and friends in the face of that most terrible of all scourges, yellow fever. While it has been very light here, so far, and the mortality small, yet the same dread is excited by the mere name of "yellow jack." When Robert Grace, the brave watchman of the Subtropical fell ill he went immediately to Dr. Mitchell's office and stated his case. The doctor diagnosed it. "You have yellow fever, said he "and you should go to the Sand Hills at once, but you can go home and bid your wife good-by, if you desire first. The strong man grew faint a moment, then straightened up, and with a long breath said calmly, "No, I am ready to go at once. If I went home I might carry the deadly infection to my dear ones." He went to the hospital, obeyed the doctor's most minute orders, and as a result was discharged two days ago. What an effort it must have cost him to see in his mind's eye the dread disease before him, and to fell its deadly clutch, and then fully realize that perhaps he might never see those dear ones again! Yet he marched bravely away to what, for all he knew, meant death in a most horrible form in a short time.

From the returns to-night is seen that Mrs. Grace is down. Dr. Sollace Mitchell says that she emulated her husband's bravery and self-denial. She was out nursing, and this afternoon she sent for Dr. Mitchell, and he found out that she was attacked by the scourge and so imformed her. With a woman's heroism, she had him send for the ambulance and went to the Sand Hills, sending a message of love and farewell to her husband. She had a 15-year-old daughter at home, and she said that she would not bid her farewell for fear of carrying the infection to her. Other instances are related where wives refused to leave their husband's bedsides though warned of their danger, and where a husband presisted in watching by a sick wife until he was so reduced as to become an easy prey to the never satisfied scourge.

Mrs. Hopkins, who died yesterday, was one of the brave women who stood at their post. She was at the stamp window of the post-office but a day before she was taken ill.

The *Herald* correspondent paused at the window in his rounds, and seeing her cheerful face asked: "Aren't you going to leave, too, Mrs. Hopkins?"

"No," said she decidedly. "My place is here, and I see no reason why I should desert it."

Miss Kidd, the telephone chief, remained at her post till the scourge seized her. While many others left their posts she, in company with three assistants, remained steadfast. From their position they heard of the thousand and more wild rumors flying about regarding the plague, but like good soldiers, they remained till stricken down, one by one, until now only one remains. The telegraphers, after the first exodus of scared operators, settled down to business and behaved like veterans; likewise the newspaper men, and many others in various branches of trade. Certainly the crop of heroes and heroines is large, and Jacksonville should be proud of them. —*Jacksonville Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Landlords in Scotland.

The Highlands and the Hebrides are the home of romance. There is a legend for almost every step you take. But the cruellest of these are not so cruel as, and none have the pathos of, the tales of their own and their fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of th battlefield, and of clan meeting clan in deadly duel, have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird or the stranger might have his shooting or fishing as well as his crops. At first people could not understand it. The evicted went to the laird, as they would have gone of old, and asked for a new home. And what was his answer? "I am not the father of your family." And then, when frightened women ran and hid themselves at his coming, he broke the kettles they left by the well, or tore into shreds the clothes bleaching on the heather. And, as the people themselves have it, "in these and similar ways he succeeded too well in clearing the island of its once numerous inhabitants, scattering them over the face of the globe." There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western-Islander, who once loved his chief better than his own life, could tell such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasanter to read of bloodshed in the past than starvation in the present. A lately published book on Ireland has been welcomed by critics, and I suppose by readers, because in it is no mention of evictions and crowbar brigades and horrors of which newspapers make good capital. I have never been to Ireland, and it may be you can travel there and forget the people. But in the Hebrides the human silence and the ruined homes and the almost unbroken moorland would let us, as foreigners, think of nothing else. —*Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

A Queer Old Man.

There is living in Deep River, Ct., a devout person whose custom is to open his wife's grave in the village (Fountain Hill) cemetery, whenever one of the pets which she had during her lifetime dies, and to deposit its body by her side. Twice the ground has been opened, in the first instance to lay in the grave the remains of a pet mockingbird that died soon after the interment of its mistress, and a second time for the deposit of the household cat, which died recently of old age.

One on the Bartender.

I knew a man who for cunning could not be beaten. He liked his toddy. So in order to get his liquor free gratis, he takes two bottles just alike and fills one with water, and leaves the other empty. He gets the empty bottle filled with gin, and puts it in the same pocket with the water, and tells the bartender to "hang it up." The bartender says "No trust." "All right, boss," returns the man, and hands the bartender the bottle of water and walks out, both being quite contented. And the bartender puts back the water into his decanter of gin.

OLD MAIDS.

Women of Independence—The Salt of the Earth.

A lovely woman, a faithful daughter and kind sister, respected and beloved, committed suicide one day last week, because her sister aged 20, was about to be married, while she, at the age of 30 had not the courage to face the world as an "old maid." Every day, with a man's courage and a woman's patience, says an exchange, she had taken up the petty burdens and cares of life that it might be easier to those she loved. And yet in return she was lightly, thoughtlessly spoken of as an old maid. Yet the old maids of the world are like the salt which giveth savor. Women of honorable independence, winning their way in life where many "lords of creation" miserably fail, the grand dependence of parents and brothers and sisters. They lighten for others the burdenes of a married life which they do choose to carry for themselves. The title of "old maid" ought to be considered a badge of nobility instead of a title of failure in life.—*Dunsville Advertiser*

Ontario High Court of Justice.

AUTUMN ASSIZES—1888.

The Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and of Assize and Nisi Prius in and for the several counties of the Province of Ontario, will be held as follows:

The Hon. Chief Justice Galt

Toronto—Civil Court—Tuesday 11th September. Criminal Court—Monday, 8th October.
Simcoe—Monday, 22nd October.
Orangeville—Tuesday, 30th October.
Milton—Monday, 5th November.
Brampton—Monday, 12th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice MacMahon.

Welland—Monday, 17th September.
Cayuga—Monday, 24th September.
Hamilton—Monday, 1st October.
St. Catharines—Monday, 15th October.
Stratford—Monday, 22nd October.
Berlin—Monday, 29th October.
Guelph—Monday, 5th November.
Brantford—Monday, 12th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Rose.

Whitby—Monday, 17th September.
Belleville—Monday, 24th September.
Kingston—Monday, 8th October.
Brockville—Monday, 15th October.
Cornwall—Monday, 22nd October.
Picton—Monday, 29th October.
Napanee—Thursday, 1st November.
Cobourg—Monday, 5th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Street.

Owen Sound—Tuesday, 11th September.
Barrie—Thursday, 20th September.
Lindsay—Monday, 8th October.
Peterboro'—Thursday, 11th October.
Perth—Monday, 15th October.
L'Orignal—Friday, 19th October.
Pembroke—Tuesday, 23rd October.
Ottawa—Tuesday, 30th October.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Falconbridge.

London—Monday, 10th September.
Chatham—Thursday, 20th September.
St. Thomas—Monday, 1st October.
Sandwich—Monday, 8th October.
Sarnia—Thursday, 11th October.
Goderich—Tuesday, 16th October.
Walkerton—Tuesday, 23rd October.
Woodstock—Monday, 29th October.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

The Hon. the Chancellor.

Toronto—Thursday, 1st November.
Woodstock—Tuesday, 18th September.
Stratford—Monday, 24th September.
Barrie—Tuesday, 23rd October.
Whitby—Monday, 29th October.
Lindsay—Monday, 26th November.
Peterboro'—Friday, 30th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Proudfoot.

Brantford—Monday, 17th September.
Guelph—Thursday, 27th September.
Owen Sound—Thursday, 18th October.
Hamilton—Monday, 12th November.
Simcoe—Tuesday, 20th November.
St. Catharines—Monday, 26th November.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Ferguson.

Walkerton—Monday, 1st October.
London—Monday, 8th October.
Chatham—Thursday, 18th October.
Sandwich—Thursday, 25th October.
Sarnia—Monday, 29th October.
St. Thomas—Monday, 3rd December.
Goderich—Monday, 10th December.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Robertson.

Ottawa—Monday, 1st October.
Cobourg—Monday, 15th October.
Belleville—Monday, 29th October.
Kingston—Monday, 5th November.
Brockville—Thursday, 8th November.
Cornwall—Tuesday, 20th November.

Fall Fairs in Canada.

Name of Fair.	Place where held.	Date.
Great Central	Hamilton	Sept. 24 to 28
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 10 to 22
Provincial	Kingston	Sept. 10 to 15
Southern	Brantford	Sept. 11 to 13
Central	Guelph	Sept. 12 to 14
Barton Township	Race course	Sept. 12, 13
Huntingdon	Huntingdon	Sept. 13, 14
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	Sept. 16, 17
Southern Co's	St. Thomas	Sept. 17 to 20
N. and W. Oxford	Ingersoll	Sept. 18, 19
Western	London	Sept. 20 to 29
St. Catharines	St. Catharines	Sept. 24 to 26
Central	Ottawa	Sept. 28, 29
Northwestern	Wingham	Sept. 25, 26
Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27
Dufferin	Orangeville	Sept. 26, 27
W. Wellington	Harriston	Sept. 27, 28
Esquesing	Georgetown	Sept. 27, 28
Welland	We land	Sept. 28, 29
Rainham	Rainham	Sept. 28
St. Ann's	St. Ann's	Sept. 29
Saltfleet	Stoney Creek	Oct. 1, 2
Palmerston	Palmerston	Oct. 1, 2
Dunnville	Dunnville	Oct. 1, 2
Barrie	Barrie	Oct. 1 to 4
Brampton	Brampton	Oct. 3 to 4
Central	Port Hope	Oct. 2, 3
Central	Lindsay	Oct. 2, 3
N. Brant	Paris	Oct. 2, 3
Cayuga	Cayuga	Oct. 2, 3
Peninsular	Chatham	Oct. 2 to
Townsend	Waterford	Oct. 2, 3
Northern	Walkerton	Oct. 2 to 5
N. Oxford	Woodstock	Oct. 3, 4
Smithville	Smithville	Oct. 3, 4
S. Grimsby	Smithville	Oct. 3 to 5
C. Wellington	Elora	Oct. 4, 5
Puslinch	Aberfoyle	Oct. 4
S. Waterloo	Ayr	Oct. 4, 5
S. Norwich	Otterville	Oct. 5, 6
Wellandport	Wellandport	Oct. 5, 6
Niagara	Niagara	Oct. 5
W. Flamboro'	Dundas	Oct. 5
Nassagaweya	Brockville	Oct. 5
Jarvis	Jarvis	Oct. 9, 10
Acton	Acton	Oct. 9, 10
Rockton	Rockton	Oct. 10
Abingdon	Abingdon	Oct. 11, 12
Halton	Milton	Oct. 11, 12
Erin	Erin	Oct. 17, 18

Missed Her Chance.

"Dear! dear!" he said as he laid down his paper and looked around the car, "but a hundred million dollars is too much for any one man to have."

"Who's got it?" asked the man on the right.

"Jay Gould."

Then for a moment everybody was silent. An old woman with a bundle on the opposite seat began to move about uneasily, something like a blush came to her cheeks, and she finally leaned forward and hoarsely whispered:

"And he isn't a widower, is he?"

Everybody laughed, and she got huffy and left the car at the next crossing. Luck always runs against some people.

Similibus, Etc.

Travis—Hello, DeSmith! You're looking better than I expected. I understood that you were completely crushed by that love affair. How did you recover?

DeSmith—Fell in love with another girl

HOW YOUR FALL HAT WILL LOOK.

A Return to Styles of Five Years Ago—Women's Hats.

It is a remarkable fact that this fall there is a recurrence to the shapes in vogue five or six years ago. The English makes are running to small hats with taper crowns. They are either cedar, black, tan or seal brown in color.

The most fashionable of the English black hats seem little at a first glance. They are a trifle fuller in the crown than those worn a year ago, but the curl of the brim, so dear to the hearts of the ultra-fashionable, remains the same. The domestic hats have a full round crown, with a heavy curl to the rim, and they are built in three different heights. As regards colors they are similar to the London shades, with this addition—a fine burr color.

The silk hat is a dashing affair, rich in every line. The bell is slight and delicate with a heavy curl. The brims are in all sorts of widths, suiting the tastes of the young or old.

A coach hat, just introduced in this country, is heavily glazed, either in white or black. A procession of coachmen wearing them would be an interesting spectacle.

The ladies will be delighted to learn that their wants have not been overlooked. Riding hats, expressly constructed for them, have a slight taper with a curling brim in perfect harmony with the upper part of the tile. The design is very attractive and is sure to meet with instant favor. Their needs in travelling headwear have also been well considered, and the result is a shape known as the "Faust." The colors are many, but the most fashionable will be the check, the red and the black.

The season for straws is well nigh at an end. To meet the demands of those who want something elegant but in direct contrast to the stiff derby, hatters have put on the market a class of soft goods which are sure to prove very popular. They are of cloth, in checks and plain goods. The crowns are round and square, to suit the varied tastes of the many people who travel on steamboats and railway trains.

The "Tyrolian" is a soft hat, and the sale of them thus far has been very large. They are something on the Alpine order.—*New York Evening Sun.*

A MOTHER'S VALUE

And the Remorse that is Sure to Come to a Wayward Son.

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was the yearning cry repeated. "If I could only see my mother!" The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he did not seem to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes were far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry, "If I could only see my mother!" An old sailor sat by, a bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left. "Oh! that's the reason," he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me, 'My son, when you come to die you will remember this.' Oh, if I could only see my mother!" He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him. Boys, be good to your mother.

A Curious Discovery.

As already announced, a remarkable archæological discovery has just been made in German Altenburg, a small town between Vienna and Pressburg, on the Danube. From further details now published it appears that Prof. Hauser, under whose direction the Carnuntum excavations are carried on, ever on the alert, had for a month past observed the color of an extensive corn field, which varied in every part. He found an elevated post of observation, and, after a week's close attention, declared it to be his opinion that the corn field was growing over the site of an ancient amphitheatre. His drawings showed that the oblong centre piece was somewhat concave, and the corn was quite ripe in that part, because there was much soil between the surface and the bottom of the theatre. Elliptical lines of green, growing paler the higher they rose, showed the seats, and lines forming a radius from the centre showed the walls supporting the elliptical rows of seats. The professor waited impatiently for the corn to ripen, and the moment it was out the excavations began. They have shown that the almost incredible suggestion was perfectly correct. Six inches below the soil the top of the outer wall was found, and from there the soil gradually grew thicker until the bottom of the arena was reached, the pavement of which is in perfect condition. From the theatre a paved road leads to the Camp of Carnuntum. As soon as the theatre has been entirely freed of the soil covering it, all the measurements will be taken, and it will be ascertained what arena it is.—*London Times.*

An Obliging Lord.

The late Lord Alfred Paget was the oldest member of the Queen's household, having held a small position as Marshal for something like 50 years. He was a rollicking old chap of the old school. He lived plainly, had a strong sporting turn, and was familiar with all the men about town in London. He fairly haunted the theatres. He was on the free list at most of them and had the privileges of the stage door. His greatest happiness was to aid in coaching a new actress or provide a late supper for a jaded ballet girl.

A Modern Bathing Suit.

"Can't you spare me little money papa?"

"How much, dear?"

"Well, I want to buy enough material to make one of the new-fashioned bathing suits."

"How much is the stuff a yard?"

"Three dollars."

"All right, my dear. Get what you want. Here is half a dollar."—*Richfield News.*

FAT WOMEN, ATTEND.

What You Should Wear and What is to be Avoided.

Fleshy women are dressmakers' terrors, writes a female correspondent of the Denver *Republican*. Nearly all fashions are devised with slender women in view, and when applied to fat women, without due discrimination, make of them nightmares. One can drape a thin woman to give her the curves and dimpled lines of a developed form. But rare is the woman who can overcome the ponderosity of flesh. With broad-busked corsets and 16-boned waists, the same bodice which the slender woman wears, strained till it fits like eelskin, is buttoned over the fat woman and makes her look fatter than she is. Not one of 200 pounds in four dozen knows how to bring out the dignity which is possible to such a figure. A fat woman in the usual plain, long habit bodice is always less well clothed than she ought to be; sometimes, if she draws her corset lacings too tight, an object which in plain English is disgusting. Half the troubles of flesh arise from treating it in a way diametrically opposite to the right one. The fleshy woman, when she observes that her waist measure is growing larger, sets her foot down commonly as resolutely as she may against such an undesirable progression. She buys the stiffest stays, warranted "unbreakable," in the market, and when the modiste fits her, two attendants lay their hands on the rebellous flesh, and push and squeeze it together, until it makes great protuberances above and below, and a groaning, squeaking, machine-confined area between. Now the fat woman makes a mistake when she discloses to a non-sympathetic world just how stout she has become. That is a little matter which is her own secret, and one which she should guard sedulously. The woman of perfect form is the only one who can afford, for æsthetic reasons, to display her figure in the close fitting polonaise or basque. The woman whose figure is too full should treat it exactly as does she whose slenderness is too fragile—disguise it with long, rather loose, lines. To come to details, the stout woman should shun the short waist or Josephine bodice as she would the plague. She should never yield to the seductions of a belt or girdle. She should never wear a basque or any garment which makes a break at the waist all the way round. The gown which gives her repose, dignity and almost grace is the gown which gives you her figure at one sweep, adding to her apparent height and taking the eye off her girth, making the proportions better. She wants the longest lines she can get and the most graceful curves. She should avoid anything which breaks up her attire into parts, leading the eye to study her in detail. She wants to be an imposing whole with a presence as attractive in its way as that of the smaller woman. The tea-gown is the first gown in years which showed her her opportunity. The tea-gown itself does not suit her, but it is very generally built on the model of a loose-fronted princess robe, and some modification of the princess gown is the stout woman's fit attire.

CORSET PRESSURE.

Ten Scientific Conclusions as to the Effect of Tight Stays.

Conclusions with respect to a few of the most palpable changes brought about by corset pressure have been tabulated by the *American Analyst* as follows;

1. The maximum pressure at any one point was 1.625 pounds to the square inch. This was during inspiration. The maximum in quiet breathing was over the sixth and seventh cartilages, and was 0.625 pound.

2. The estimated total pressure of the corset varies between thirty and eighty pounds—in a loose corset about thirty-five pounds, and in a tight corset sixty-five pounds.

3. Within half a minute after hooking the corset such an adjustment occurs that a distinct fall in pressure results.

4. The circumference of the waist is no criterion of tightness. The difference between the waist and measure with and without corsets gives no direct clew either to the number of pounds pressure or to the diminution in vital capacity. Relaxation and habit seem to effect these factors largely.

5. The capacity for expansion of the chest was found to be restricted one-fifth when the corset was on.

6. The thoracic character of the breathing in women is largely due to corset wearing.

7. The thoracic cavity is less affected by the corset than the abdominal.

8. The abdominal wall is thined and weakened by the pressure of the stays.

9. The liver suffers more direct pressure and is more frequently displaced than any other organ.

10. The pelvic floor is bulged downward by tight lacing one-third of an inch.

All About Fish.

The first shipment of salmon from the Skeena river was sent forward over the C. P.R. the other day. It comprised 340,000 cans and required a special train of fifteen cars.

A Boston fish dealer wrote to the Mayor of Chicago that he had shipped several barrels of fish to Chicago which had not reached their destination. "I wish," said he, "you would run around the depots and see if you can find the fish anywhere. If you do, write me and I will send the postage."

In the fishing grounds of New Brunswick the catch of sardines has been very large, so large in fact, that the supply is greater than the demand and the fish are spoiling. The price offered is from $2 to $3 per hogshead.

She will Have an Inning.

Brown (taking Robinson home)—What d'ye s'pose your (hic) wife'll say t'morrow morning, Robinson?

Robinson—She'll (hic) shay new hat an' silk dressh, Browny, ole boy, an' b'gosh she won't shay'em (hic) mor'n once, either

His Lordship Turns the Crank.

A young man, shabby and dirty, plays a street organ in London, with a big card on his breast bearing these words: "Utterly destitute! I am Viscount Hinton, the eldest son of Earl Poulett. Vide 'Burke's Peerage.'" His Lordship was a few years ago the clown and contortionist of the Surrey Theatre.

SOME RICH YOUNG MEN.

Gilded Youths Who Have Big Incomes and Spend Them.

"Billy" Wall, elder brother of Berry, has an income of $25,000 and lives at the Rossmore Hotel, writes a New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*. Much of his time is passed in the hotel cafe, and his friends say that never a day passes when the barkeeper does not take $20 from him. He is credited with losing $10,000 every season on the race track. One of his weaknesses is theatre parties. He does not go beyond his income, but his pockets are uniformally empty when the 1st of January comes around.

There is a crank tennis player and promising amateur actor named Valentine G. Hall. He has just graduated from Columbia College and is going to be a lawyer. While an undergraduate he spent $5,000 a year in outdoor sports.

Shirley Onderdonk, the millionaire contractor's son, is allowed $8,000 a year. He is an Adonis of 21 and a great ladies' man, like many of his fellow-students at Yale. He is also fond of driving his tandem team. He has a $1,200 valet who used to be with an English Earl, now bankrupt. He once laughingly said it cost him $2,000 a year to be one of the boys, $1,500 for society, $2,000 for horses, $1,300 for clothes and $1,200 for valet.

A youth of 20, noted for his extreme paleness among the habitues of the Hoffman House cafe, is Frank Abbott, jun. His father allows him $6,000 a year. He dresses with excellent taste and is blessed with a figure that can be fitted to set off the goods. He is gentlemanly in all his tastes—one of your quiet men about town, spending freely, but without ostentation, and affecting in the same way the ultra fashionable summer resorts.

J. Carmon Harriott, who tried for some years to rival Berry Wall as a dude, has an allowance of $18,000. He is a first-nighter at the theatre and goes to all the balls. He reckons on an expense of $75 when he takes a lady to a ball. Most liberally does he order wine at Delmonico's. Twice a year he goes abroad to look up the styles. His clothes are made at Poole's. He has a regulation English valet of exalted antecedents. In the summer he goes to Saratoga, and every pleasant afternoon drives a tandem team attached to an English dog-cart, with some stylish girl beside him and his flunky behind.

Howell Osborne, who has such a positive penchant for running away with actresses, has a large income, and is always heels over head in debt. He belongs emphatically to the spendthrift order. There are judgments for $8,019, $11,878 and $43,673 recorded against him. He was heard of at Monaco early this year, and was understood to have a yacht there. That was after the conclusion of his little affair with Fay Templeton. Fay probably stuck to him as long as his money held out.

"Fool Who Doesn't Follify."

One of the soprano songs of Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, "The Tower of London," is addressed to the guardians of the castle during a particularly gloomy period of the opera, and runs as follows:

I.

Give us an experiment
In the art of merriment;
Into it we throw
Cock that doesn't crow.
Banish your timidity
And, with all rapidity,
Give us quip and quiddity,
Willy—nilly, O.

II.

River none can modify—
Into it we throw
Fool who doesn't folify,
Cock that doesn't crow.
Banish your timidity
And, with all rapidity,
Give us quip and quiddity
Willy—nilly, O.

Handsome Robert Downing, the tragedian, is soon to be married to a Miss Griffith, one of Maryland's handsomest belles and a favorite in Washington society. Her father is one of the wealthiest planters in the south.

Fanny Davenport took a steamship at San Francisco, Thursday, to make the trip hither by way of Panama. Miss Davenport's tour will open at Toronto, Oct. 22nd.

Williard Spenser will have a novelty ahead of "The Little Tycoon," who will accompany Advance Agent Rosenthal on his travels. It is in the shape of a Japanese mascot. Spenser has arranged for the importation of a Japanese 12-year-old boy.

Fresh from Vanity Fair.

The coiffure which is designed to go with the low crowned hats is low in the neck and is known as the catogan braid.

Feather ribbon is an entirely new fabric used for a trimming on fall hats. It is used as a band about the crown and has a pretty effect.

The sateen Henrietta is simply in all silk fabric which is woven like the silk wrap fabric which has always borne the name of Henrietta.

Ottoman ribbons are in shot effects for millinery and are very pretty. Velvet ribbons are also to be worn and those which embody color will be most stylish.

Low crowns are stylish on walking hats for fall wear, the lower the more stylish it is. Felt will be worn quite as generally as straw for early as well as late autumn.

Little children who wear the Directoire model gowns have the hair braided in two side braids and brought up around the head where they are fastened on top by bows of narrow ribbon.

The fall importations of felt hats show a variety of pretty colors such as red, suede, tan and dark gray known as oxide and a light gray known as Colombe. This latter is a soft dove color.

The very becoming aureole hats are in dark straws for fall wear, and are worn back from the face, the front being faced with velvet or shirred lace. A rouching of lace set next the hair makes such a hat much more becoming. The crown being very low, the outside trimming is set upon that.

They Won't Marry to Get a Home.

While driving on the road from Skowhegan to Hartland, with my son, we counted nine ladies driving two-horse mowers and seventeen young ladies driving one-horse rakes.—*Pittsfield Advertiser.*

In The White Mountains.

Miss Begonia—I love music. Do you play on any instrument, Mr. Smith?

Smith (who acted as college waiter last summer, absent-mindedly)—Only the gong.

A FAMOUS NURSERY RHYME.

How "Mary Had a Little Lamb" Came to be Written.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

Millions of children have been amused and entertained with the story of Mary and her lamb. But as the children grew older the reality which the pretty story seemed to them in earlier days gradually faded until they began to think that the picture was but the imagining of a youthful poetic mind, and Mary and her little pet were declared but a myth. But the whole story is a true one, and Mary is living to-day at No. 29 Central street, Somerville, Mass. She is Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, and she is 82 years old. The scene of the lamb episode is in the town of Sterling, a quiet place not far from Worcester. Mary's childhood home is still standing. About a third of a mile in a northerly direction was the little district schoolhouse, where the children from all the country round came, and of them all Mary was a favorite. The children all liked her for the same reason that the cows, horses and sheep on her father's farm did, simply because she had those natural qualities that drew others to her. The old school-house has long been numbered with the past, but right across from the triangular spot where the lamb went to school stands a school-house almost an exact counterpart of the old one. Of all those who attended school the day the lamb made its first and last appearance, not one, so far as is known, is living, with the exception of Mary. The lamb was born one cold March night and was almost dead when Mary found it and nursed it back to life. It grew very fond of her and "followed her to school one day," and crept under the seat. Mary was very much mortified when the lamb pattered out into the middle of the room, "and so the teacher turned it out." But it "waited patiently about till Mary did appear," after school hours. The little pet was gored to death that winter by a cow in the barn. The poem was written by John Roulstone, who visited the school the afternoon the lamb was there, and thought the episode a pretty one for some verses. There were but three stanzas in his poem—the last two were added by a Mrs. Townsend.

Nasal Catarrh.

is a dangerous disease. From its tendency to extend to the throat, bronchial tubes, and finally to involve the lungs in consumptive disease, it should be promptly cured, that these grave dangers may be averted. So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy of their ability to cope successfully with this very prevalent disease, that they have for years offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh, no matter how bad or of how many years standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy only 50 cents, by druggists.

Adapted From Dr. Johnson.

Tom Stott (an uncouth sort of a man, rushes into a gentleman's house)—Here, Mr. Button, is a parcel for ye. (Then rushes out again with equal haste.)

Mr. Button—Now, Tom, that's not the way to bring a parcel to a gentleman's house. Give me the parcel and I will show you how. I will be you and you shall be me.

Mr. B. (coming into the house very quietly with parcel)—Good morning, Mr. Button. This is a parcel from Mr. Bates. Good morning, sir.

Tom S.—'Morning, Tom, here's a dollar for you.

Tell the good news to the suffering—
At last is a remedy found,
Which might have saved, had they known it,
Many who're under the ground.
Tell of the "Favorite Prescription,"
Bid hopeless women be glad—
Bear the good news to poor creatures,
Heart-sick, discouraged and sad.

"Female diseases," so terrible in their effects, and so prevalent among all classes, can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

How to Do It.

Irate matron—Never, sir; never will you marry my daughter with my consent. I hate the very sight of you, sir, and I wish I could find some way to make you miserable.

Obnoxious suitor—Well, then, why don't you become my mother-in-law?

"The tetter-board of life goes up
The tetter-board of life goes down."

Up and down, up and down—one day a millionaire, next day "dead broke"—one day buoyant in spirits, next day gloomy as a fog—one day in seeming perfect health, next day "laid out" with a bilious attack or your stomach "on a strike." This is the way the world wags now-a-days. If you are bilious, melancholic, dizzy headed, dyspeptic, want appetite or have a torpid action of liver, kidneys or bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless; one a dose.

Overmatched.

Visitor—You married a widower, did you not, Mrs. Hendricks? Mrs. Hendricks—Yes, I am John's second wife. Visitor—In any little domestic quarrels which occur, you know, in the best of families, does he ever refer to his first wife? Mrs. Hendricks—Never; he doesn't dare to; he's my third husband, and I can more than meet him.

Nerviline, What is it?

Polson's Nerviline is a combination of the most potent pain relieving substances known to medical science. The constant progress made in this department of science points upward and onward. Nerviline is the latest development in this movement, and embodies the latest discoveries. For neuralgia, cramps, pains in the head—exteranl internal, and local—Nerviline has no equal. Expend 10 cents in the purchase of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be convinced of its marvellous power over pain. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

An English writer declares that the custom of pairing off guests at dinner arose in the middle ages, when there was only a single plate and drinking cup for each couple, and that while the man cut up the meat the woman put the pieces in his mouth, and they both drank from the same cup.

ADELAIDE NEILSON'S GRAVE.

Where the Beautiful Actor Sleeps in Brompton Cemetery, England.

It was my fortune to know Adelaide Neilson intimately, and to possess her friendship, and this day I laid a handful of red roses upon her grave. Some other friend had preceded me in this pious pilgrimage, for a few flowers, in a glass of water, were already placed at the foot of the great cross of rough marble that marks her grave. It has been a dull and bleak day. The sky was leaden-colored, save toward the west, where were visible a few threads of white fleece, streaming across a narrow field of blue. The sun was hidden, and the wind that crossed the thick, green foliage of the trees had in it the distinct chill of autumn. But the grass was dense and bright and all around the grave there were flowers in rich growth and lovely bloom. The marble block upon which Neilson's cross reposes is completely covered with ivy. In front of the cross, at the right and the left, are two clumps of great tiger lilies, now blooming and fragrant, while all around the inclosure runs a little hedge of geranium and fuschia, both in abundant blossom and commingled with the blue stars of the lowly anemone. A tiny shrub of cedar is growing on the centre of the grave, within a sheaf of many-colored leaves. The turf has been freshly raked. Everything is orderly and neat; and, indeed, the care that is taken of this place seems almost ostentatious. The same funeral bell was tolling that tolled here eight years ago, when the actress was buried, and upwards of a hundred persons paused by the grave during the first five minutes of my stay beside it—many of them pausing to read the inscription, "Gifted and beautiful—resting."

Three years ago to-night I visited Neilson's grave under vastly different circumstances—obtaining admission to the ground at a late hour, after the gates had been closed. The moon was shining then, and the white stones glimmering among the dusky trees seemed in some strange way sentient and watchful, keeping their vigil with the dead. It was a cold and still night—silent save when the leaves stirred by an occasional gust of wind, or when the ground was jarred by the passage of a train on the neighboring district railway. What a contrast with the life and light and color and joy, the eager sympathetic multitude, the brilliant scenes of action and enjoyment that used to surround that peerless woman only a few short years ago! To-day, of all the gazers that looked upon the cross scarcely one seemed ever to have herd her name. Truly "man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain." The patient little household drudge, the toiler in the factory, the nursery-maid, the vagrant gypsy girl, poring over her mother's play-books or speaking sonorous verses to her audience of dolls, becomes, in a few brief years, a princess in the art circles of the British capital, the admired associate of wits and nobles, the idol of the stage on both sides of the Atlantic, the most accomplished actress of her time in the juvenile heroines of Shakspeare; and then, at the summit of her prosperity and renown, before her youth has faded or yet the bubbles have ceased to sparkle in the golden goblet of life, she sinks suddenly into the tomb. And now, eight years later, of all that she was and all that she accomplished, nothing remains but a handful of roses withering on a piece of marble. "So runs the world away."—*Willie Winter in the New York Tribune.*

Returning from the Honeymoon.

Mrs. Young—Won't you put away your paper now, and talk for a while, Jack?

Mr. Young—Yes, my love. Just wait till we get to the tunnel.

YOU SUFFER

from Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Liver Trouble, Jaundice, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, etc.—**You need Suffer no longer.**

Warner's SAFE Pills

will cure you. They have **cured tens of thousands.** They possess these points of superiority: sugar coated; purely vegetable, contain no calomel, mercury or mineral of any kind; do not gripe; never sicken; easy to take; mild in operation. And for these reasons are **especially the favorites of women.** Ask for

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from

PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

DON L. 38[illegible]8.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

And still there Are

MORE

BARGAINS

TO BE GOT AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Don't forget to ask for

THAT CASHMERE,

Regular price 35c a yard, now 22 1-2 c a yard. It is a yard and a quarter wide.

Those DRES GOODS

We are selling at 12 1-2c a yard, regular price 20c a yard. Beautiful new goods.

1000 DOZEN BUTTONS !

Selling at 5c a dozen, regular prices from 10c to 50c a doz.

COME SOON

In order to secure Best Bargains.

1000 doz. Eggs Wanted

RIGHT AWAY !

Top price paid in Cash or Trade. The Famous

New Process Electric Soap,

To be Got Only at

J. G. ANDERSON'S

Mammoth Bargain House.

Priceville Items.

By our own Prowler.

The harvest is ended and the summer is nearly gone. The shrill whistle of the steam thresher is heard in all directions.

A great rush to the Industrial Exhibition this week.

There is more interest than usual centred in the Artemesia Agricultural Exhibition, to be held here on Oct. 2. Proton will be represented by 25 or 30 members. Glenelg and Egremont will come in next year. Now, if this society and the village would work together and procure a suitable site and neat buildings, this exhibition would be second to none in Grey.

We have now a mail service which enables us to answer or receive answers to communications from or to Toronto and other places the same day.

About $650 was paid out on the fair ground for cattle on Monday.

Mr. J. Stewart is said to have three ducks which lay half a dozen eggs almost daily.

The verdict of our citizens on the railway discussion is about as follows: The editor may blow his horn, Flesherton may rage, but the station shall not go further from us.

General News.

The Provincial Fair was brought to a successful close on Friday.

The floods are still creating havoc in various parts of Europe.

Eighty-seven persons were drowned by a steamship collision at the Canary Islands.

Forty-four persons were drowned and $2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed by the mexican floods.

Major Barttelot, who was leading an expedition in search of Stanley, has been murdered by some of his men, and the circumstance causes fresh fears for Stanley's safety.

At the Cardwell Conservative convention, held at Mono Mills Friday, Major Evans announced his retirement from the field and Mr. R. S. White, of Montreal, son of the late member, was nominated.

Another dynamiter has been captured in Chicago.

Fifty Germans, suspected of being spies, have been expelled from France.

The freshet in North Carolina has caused damage to the amount of $1,000,000.

Col. Adam Conkle, a veteran of 1812, died at his home near Beamsville on Sunday.

Mr. Taillon, of the Quebec Local Opposition, has been appointed a judge of the Supreme Court.

A gentleman recently informed us that he never found a satisfactory scare-crow until this summer. He made a small wind-mill, fastened a piece of loose tin to each fan, and set it up on a pole in the field. The wind made the concern revolve, the tin jangled, and the crows settled down in a neighbor's field to discuss the new wrinkle.—[Pickering News

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON

Implement Agency !

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continned support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Waggons,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators,
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

FISH. FRUIT !

OYSTERS

AND GAME.

Ice Cream and Cooling Summer Drinks in Their Season.

A Good Stock of Confectionery Always on Hand.

ORDER YOUR

FLOUR AND FEED

FROM

S. SPIRIT FLESHERTON.

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

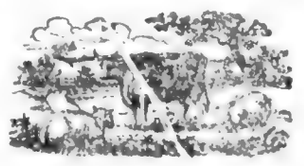

MEAT, MEAT!

FRESH MEAT.

Nice Tender Meat

And Meat of all Kinds

—AT—

Blakely & McConnell's.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B [illegible]

LOAN.
Eugenia

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 379. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SAVE MONEY!

SAVE MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

WATCHES

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

Spectacles, Silverware, Etc.,

During the month of September, 1888, at

Russell's

Noted

Jewelry Store

We will give a DISCOUNT of

20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1 and over,

In order to clear out some of our immense stock, to make room for

LARGE FALL IMPORTATIONS

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Hampden, Illinois, Springfield, Columbus, in gold and silver cases, in ladies' and gents' sizes, bearing warrants from 3 to 5 years.

The finest make of American walnut spring and weight Clocks, bearing warrants from two to four years. An $18 Watch for $14.40; a $20 Watch for $16; a $12 Watch for $9.60.

In Silverware we have the most beautiful selection ever shown in this county, at equally low prices. Ladies' Brooches and Barpins, Earrings, Necklets, Guards, etc. Gents' Tie pins, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Charms, etc., at the same terrible reductions. Also the most lovely and large selection of

Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings

and 18 K. WEDDING RINGS ever shown in this section of the country. Come at once and get the choice of the great reductions, and remember that the only place to get your Watches, Clocks or Jewelry repaired is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Special reductions on goods for presentation purposes

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Kimberley correspondence too late for this issue.

Dress Trimmings. Special novelties in these lines at M. Richardson's

A full stock of boots and shoes, all sorts and sizes, good and cheap, at W. Clayton's.

Special novelties in black goods, Mantle Cloths and Ulsterings now in at M. Richardson & Co's.

An excursion train left Flesherton station last Thursday morning for Toronto. This was the final excursion to the great exhibition, and about two hundred people took advantage of it.

A meeting of members of the base-ball club is called for Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Munshaw's hotel, to transact important business.

On and after Oct. 1, the Flesherton postoffice will be open from 8 a. m. till 7.30 p.m., R. J. SPROULE, postmaster.

A few prize blankets left at the Flesherton woollen factory. Call and get some of them before it is too late.

W. H. FLESHER.

We show exceptional value in men's and boy's natural wool UNDERWEAR and Cardigan Jackets. M. Richardson & Co.

The East Grey Teachers' Association meets in Flesherton on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 25 and 26, programmes of which have just been issued from this office.

Kimberley played baseball on Saturday last with the Rocklyn club, and came home with flying colors, with the score at 19 to 28 in favor of Kimberley. The return match is to be played next Saturday.

Some improvements have been made on the road to the station. Water-ways have been dug on the hills, rough places covered up and large stones picked off. Still we will never be satisfied until the hills are gone entirely.

One young man, on Thursday morning last, arose rather late for the excursion train, and legged it to the station at a two-forty gait with his coat in his hand. He caught the train, but imagine his disgust when he found that the excursion rates were good for the train which followed an hour after. He felt like stopping the train and putting himself off.

In boots and shoes our stock is now complete.

Call and inspect. If you dont see what you want ask for it. M. Richardson & Co.

Thanks, Many!

The editor was made happy on Tuesday by a gift of the prize potatoes shown by Mr. James Stewart, of the Valley. They are of the White Star variety, and are remarkable for the smoothness of their skin. They are the finest table potato we have seen. Mr. Stewart will please accept our most hearty thanks.

HATS, CAPS, and READY-MADE CLOTHING. Our stock in this branch of business is abreast with our well-sustained record of having the right makes and right prices. Come and see. M. Richardson & Co.

HAY WANTED.—Farmers having good No. 1 hay for sale will hear of a purchaser by applying to Thos. Sturdy, hay presser, 26 Catharine street south, Hamilton. N. B.—I am at present pressing in Dundalk, and will be at Flesherton, if business will warrant removal, for a few months *in winter*.

Prices $8 to $11 per ton.

When symptons of malaria appear, in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will prevent a development of the germs of disease, and eradicate them from the system. A cure is warranted in every instance.

The horse which was killed by lightening last week was partly cremated in a bush within the village and nearly lifted the town on Sunday with effluvia. The health inspectors ordered its removal which was done on Monday morning. —[Dundalk Herald. Readers will please observe that the horse was buried "in a bush within the village." The same bush, we presume, where they trap bears and hunt rabbits?

Millinery. Our millinery department in charge of Miss Maud Richardson, is now full and well assorted in all the new and fashionable goods of the season. Hat, Bonnet, and dress trimmings, the novelties of the season. M. Richardson & Co.

The Markdale Standard of last week has the following funny little story. What does it mean, anyway friend Spurr: J. B. Spurr, of the Dundalk Herald, visited Flesherton last week. He remained over night at the hotel, and arose from his dreamy couch about half an hour after the bus had left for the station. When last seen by the denizens of Flesherton he was hoofing it in a whirlwind of dust towards the west. We believe he overtook the train at Proton Station.

Fine Grapes.

We had forwarded to us last week several bunches of grapes, of the Salem variety, grown at kimberley by Mr. J. M. Thurston. We do not hesitate to pronounce them the finest grape ever grown in this section of country. They were fully one third larger than any shown at the East Grey Exhibition, and commanded the admiration of many callers at this office.

Lecture.

Rev. Mr. Wilson gave a very entertaining and instructive lecture on Monday evening, in the Presbyterian Church, on "Scotland's Martyrs," telling in graphic terms of Scotland's struggles and triumphs in the cause of religion. The lecture was free, and was listened to by a large and attentive audience. At the conclusion a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Watson, seconded by Mr. Neil, was tendered to the lecturer.

Personal.

Will Wright and Stewart Bates have both returned to their professional studies, the former to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, and the latter to Toronto Medical College. They left by Wednesday morning's train.

Dr. Dixon, of Priceville, left on Tuesday to take a course in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Mr. John A. Wilbur and wife, of Hamilton, have been visiting at J. G. Russels for some days. Mr. Webber is employed in the Hamilton postoffice, and is now taking his vacation.

Killed on the Railway.

We made a business trip to Toronto on thursday of last week. When just this side of West Toronto Junction a conductor, who had boarded the train at Mono Road to assist the regular conductor, was knocked off the train, thereby sustaining injuries from which he died the same evening in Toronto hospital. A long iron bar on the under side of the car had become loosened, and while leaning over to see where the trouble was, the unfortunate man came in contact with a post, smashing his face and injuring him otherwise. The regular conductor was standing at his side when he was knocked off, but made no attempt to stop the train. This seemed to us a piece of heartless inhumanity. Deceased's name was Wm. Mason. He was a married man and resided at Wingham.

Concert.

The entertainment given by the Ladies' Aid of Flesherton Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening was attended by a large audience, and was a success in every sense. Mr. Joseph Blackburn occupied the chair. The program consisted of vocal and instrumental music, with one recitation by Mr. D. W. Thomson. The Parks Brothers gave a couple of duets, accompanied by Mr. Vanzant on the cornet. Mr. J. R Anderson, of Markdale, gave a couple of Scotch songs, and was roundly encored. Miss Lizzie Richardson, Miss A. Armstrong and Miss VanDusen sang solos. Our handsome young bachelor confrere of the Dundalk Herald raised up his voice in a couple of patriotic airs, Miss Damude playing the accompaniment. Mr. Spurr's singing was good, and the musical editor will be welcomed when he returns for a like purpose. The Glee Club rendered two or three pieces, but were not in their usual form. Flesherton brass band was in attendance.

Fooling a Pickpocket.

Mrs. A. S. VanDusen has the proud satisfaction of knowing that she fooled a pickpocket in bad shape during the fair on Tuesday. When going to the grounds she took the precaution to remove all valuables from her pocket-book, as she was given to understand that strangers of questionable quality were in town. While on the grounds she was jostled against by a stranger. She gave him a shove and intimated that it was better for him to keep at a distance. He apologized very gracefully, but not long afterwards he was guilty of the same act, when Mrs. VanDusen, whose suspicions had been aroused, felt in her pocket for her pocket-book and found it gone. She collared the fellow and accused him of being a pick-pocket. This he denied strenuously, but pointing to the ground said: "There is your pocket-book." "Yes," said Mrs. VanDusen, "but there is nothing in it, and that's the reason you didn't keep it." When the lady informed him that she would have him arrested, the would be thief took to his heels, and may be running yet for all we know to the contrary. Mrs. VanDusen deserves thanks for dropping on to the gentleman's racket so neatly, causing him to make himself scarce for the remainder of the day.

Artemesia fall show at Priceville on Tuesday next. Markdale on Friday.

Jenkins, late editor and proprietor of the Durham Chronicle, has been sent to jail for thirty days for contempt of Court.

COMPETITION

DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

AMERICAN CLOCK

AND SILVERWARE.

Quality and completeness of stock to select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Gem and 18 K. Wedding Rings.

No Catch Prices. Goods as represented

OR "CASH" REFUNDED.

Can do better for Customer—"Cash or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey C."

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

Owed to Halifax.

The haddock's feet are on thy shore,
Canada, my Canada;
The halibut's at my door,
Canada, my Canada.
For smelt and gudgeon, chub and eel,
For codfish, hake and mackareel,
Arise and meet the Yankee steal,
Canada, my Canada.

Thou wilt not cower in the brine,
Canada, my Canada;
Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line,
Canada, my Canada;
Defend thy sculpin, save thy skate,
Strike for thy shad with soul elate,
Don't swear, and spit upon thy bait,
Canada, my Canada.

Deal gently with a herring race,
Canada, my Canada;
Put up your swordfish in its place,
Canada, my Canada;
If for reprisal you would sue,
Just turn your other cheek—please do,
And take a Yankee snack or two,
Canada, my Canada.

—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY MARGARET CROSBY.

CHAPTER I.

It was a rainy day in September.

On a narrow road, flanked by tall pine-trees, in a remote part of New England, four horses dragged a lumbering stage-coach up a steep hill. On the seat beside the driver sat an old man, dressed in a baggy overcoat and a battered felt hat. He had no umbrella, and his indifference to the weather was to be inferred from the fact that he chose an outside seat in preference to the many empty ones inside the stage. He was talking to the driver with the sustained monotony of one who is secure from interruption.

"Well, as I was sayin," he said, "Deacon Bliss, he says to me, you got to cut *Memento mori* on them gate-posts, and that's all there is about it. You can cut your own name somewhere, with *Builder* under it, too, if you want to; but it stands to reason that *Memento mori* oughter go on the gate of a bury-in'-ground." He paused a moment, and then continued, with a latent twinkle in his faded, kindly eyes: "I *did* cut *Memento mori* on one of them gate-posts, and I cut Hezekiah Sanford in letters the same size on the other, so there's my monument fur all time, fur that wall ain't ever comin' down, and Deacon Bliss couldn't say a word. The next day as I was goin' down—"

At this juncture the driver's lips parted and emitted a short, sharp laugh. This tribute to his shrewdness was so unexpected that the old man paused and turned to him with a furtive look of questioning.

"You've got to the stone wall to soon, Squire Sanford; we ain't past Three-mile Corner, and you won't have enough to last till you get home," said the driver. The old man relapsed into an offended silence. After a moment's pause the driver said, with a jerk of his thumb toward the inside of the stage:

"Who are the folks yer goin' ter have to yer house, Squire?"

The old man turned over in his mind the feasibility of showing the annoyance that he felt at the interruption of his story; but on the consideration that Sam Hunter was too good a listener to be lost, he answered—

"One of 'em's Colonel Brennan, and the other's his brother. The young one's pretty sick—consumption, or somethin' like it, I reckon, and the colonel's brignin' him here fur a change of air. As I says to the colonel, this air will cure him if anythin' will. Why, my brother James's wife—I'll tell you about her, Sam?"

Hunter smiled grimly. "That story'll last till you get home," he declared.

The two inside passengers were not even occupying themselves by talking to each other, but were equally silent.

One was a man about 40 years old, tall, and strongly built. He sat somewhat stiffly forward on the edge of the seat, his attitude and expression statuesquely quiet. There was much that inspired confidence in the direct simplicity of his glance, shaded by a slouched felt hat, and something martial in the unconscious erectness of his bearing.

Beside him sat, or half-lay, a young man, enveloped to the throat in a heavy, loose ulster of yellowish cloth. The blonde effect of his fair hair and slight mustache was heightened by his excessive palor. His eyes were closed, and his dark lashes alone saved his face from being absolutely colorless. The clearly cut features were handsome, and the whole face was characterized by extreme sensitiveness. His long, white hands—the hands of an invalid—rested listlessly on the leaves of a sketch-book that lay on his knees. Over the shoulder nearest the open window was thrown a heavy travelling-rug, which, constantly displaced by the jolting of the stage, slipped to the floor. Each time that it did so the older man leaned across, and lifting the rug, rearranged it with awkward tenderness. A muttered "Thank you!" was the only audible notice that his action received, but the youth's level brows met each time in a quick frown of irritation. At length when this had occurred several times he opened his eyes.

"That will do, Dick. I'm very much obliged, but I'm quite warm enough without it. How much longer are we to be in this hideous machine?"

"Just beyond the top of the hill, I think," was the answer, spoken in a strong, unmodulated voice. Then, as if glad to avail himself of the opportunity to speak, he asked, anxiously: "How do you feel now, Julian? Any better than when we started? It's a poor day, but the air's far more bracing than that close city." He inhaled a long breath of the fragrant piney air. "I couldn't have breathed in that place another day. No wonder you're sick. I tell you, Julian, a week on the plains would make a different fellow of you! Even this place we're going to will do you good."

"I suppose so."

"I'm sure of it, my boy. You've spent too much time in that studio; you haven't lived an active life. A few weeks here will set you up, and then we'll try camping out. It'll be just the thing for that cough of yours. Nothing like sleeping in the open air for curing a cold."

The young man shivered uneasily.

"Can't I do anything to make you more comfortable?" continued the older man. There was only a shake of the head in reply. "Then I think I'll go on top for awhile, and perhaps you'll get some sleep."

He leaned out of the window; the summit of the hill had been reached and the thinning of the pine-trees showed the rolling country, with wooded hills, glorious with autumn tints of gold and dun and flaming crimson. The rain had stopped falling, and the dull gray of the sky was broken by patches of deep blue. Before there was time to hail the driver the stage stopped at the gate of a farm-house which stood some ten yards back from the road. It was one of those long, low houses which do not seem to be built on the ground, but to grow out of it, clinging lovingly as close as possible to the earth. Two large elms overshadowed it, and to the right there was an apple-orchard, with a distant view beyond of meadow ond woodland, and silver gleam of a large sheet of water. Close to the house, on the other side, were straggling barns and outhouses.

The two men clambered down from their high seats. Hunter went to the back of the stage and began silently lifting down down the luggage; Sanford walked up the irregular flag-stones, which lay on the grass in front of the house, forming a path to the door, while Colonel Brennan opened the door of the stage.

"Julian," he said, "here we are, my boy!" The young man lay with his eyes closed, but when his brother spoke he opened them with a dazed expression. He got out, but staggered slightly as he tried to walk up the path. His brother supported him, and as they reached the door Sanford came out, followed by an old woman, dressed in a dark calico gown and short white jacket. She led the way to a room on the right of a little hall, talking rapidly all the time.

"Oh—now—jest to think of my not bein ready for you! Why, I didn't s'pose the stage 'ud be along for a half-hour yet! But I know you'll excuse my jacket. Now the young man *does* look sick, don't he? But you see if this ain't the best place—"

Her flow of words was interrupted by an exclamation from Colonel Brennan.

"Julian! What's the matter?"

The dazed look in the youth's eyes deepened, his pallor became deathly, and swaying slightly for an instant he toppled over on the floor in a dead faint.

Mrs. Sanford contemplated him for a moment, in silent amazement.

"Oh, the awful! the dreadful! what under the canopy!" she gasped; then throwing her apron over her face she rushed from the room, calling:

"Winifred Amanda Sanford—do you come down-stairs this minute! The young gentleman's layin' dead on the floor, and I'm sure I dunno what to do!"

Colonel Brennan knelt down by Julian and supporting his head, his eyes fixed on the white face in an agony of apprehension

"Go and get some water," he said to Sanford; "be quick about it!"

There was a sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs, the rustle of a dress, and a tall young woman entered the door. She carried a glass of water in her hand, and crossing the room knelt down by the young man and began to bathe his forehead with a handkerchief which she dipped into the water.

"Fan him, please!" she said to Colonel Brennan; "there's fan on the mantle-shelf."

During fifteen years of a rough Western life Colonel Brennan had been almost unconscious of the personality of the few women he had come in contact with; yet at this moment there pierced through his anxiety a sense of the extreme composure of her manner. He obeyed blindly.

It seemed a long time before Julian's eyes opened. When they did, he scarcely knew where he was. Bending over him he saw a beautiful face—calm—serene—pitying. No; "goddesses do not pity," he vaguely thought. "Where am I?" The face hovered a moment before his wavering eyes, and then melted away.

"Julian!" said his brother's voice, pleadingly. "Look here, my dear fellow, how do you feel? Are you better?"

The familiar tone broke through the net-work of dreams in which he seemed to float. With the full tide of returning consciousness came a feeling of impatience at his weakness; he raised himself to a sitting position.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm all right. That's very odd, that sensation. I never had it before."

He attempted to rise, and with Colonel Brennan's assistance he stood on his feet.

"I think I'll sit down," he said; "I'm rather dizzy yet." He dropped into a chair that stood near him, and looked around, as if more fully to take in his surroundings.

It was a small room with a low ceilling; two sides were of wood painted dark red, as was the high mantle and open fireplace. Above the mantle were little cupboards with brass knobs on the doors, that reminded one curiously of the lockers in the cabin of a ship. A brilliantly flowered paper covered the two remaining sides of the room. The furniture was of the most antique pattern, and extremely shabby. Fiddle-backed chairs, and long, uncomfortable wooden settes were arranged against the walls. The only modern things in the room were a new, shinning melodeon and a large rocking-chair, covered with black haircloth. Near the door stood Sanford and his wife. The old woman came forward with an air of mingled fright and importance.

"Well," she said, "that's too bad. For the land's sake! I was real scared when you went off like that. Don't you think he'd best go to his room and rest a bit, and and I'll send his supper up to him? There, now, if I didn't forget about them cakes!" she exclaimed. "Where's Winifred, Mr. Sanford? She'll take you up to your rooms, and I know you'll jest excuse me!" She left the room hurriedly, as she spoke, followed by her husband.

Julian turned to Colonel Brennan with a slightly puzzled air.

"Wasn't there—*was* there someone else here a minute ago?" he asked.

Before his brother could reply Sanford returned with his daughter. She stood in the doorway speaking to her father a moment, apparently unconscious of the intent scrutiny that Julian was giving her. She was unusually tall, and ther was a generous sweep in the lines of her figure. The setting of her head and throat on her shoulders was fairly majestic, and her soft dark hair wound around the arched head, and growing low on her forehead, contrasted with her gray eyes and the fair bloom of her skin. She might have been, in spite of the flower-like freshness of her beauty, twenty-eight or thirty; there was nothing of the young girl about her.

"I guess you'd better go up and rest," said Sanford, kindly. "I'm glad you're all square again. Winifred—this is my daughter Winifred—she'll show ye upstairs."

Winifred led the way, and Colonel Brennan followed, supporting Julian. The stairs were not wide enough for two people abreast, and the colonel fell behind. At the top of the stairs Julian wavered, and would have fallen again had it not been for the young woman, who turned quickly and threw her strong arm around him. His brother was at his other side in an instant, and together they helped him to his room, and settled him in a large arm-chair.

"Thank you!" he said warmly, to Winifred. "I should have fallen if it had not been for you."

She did not notice his speech. "I'm going down to get something for you to eat," she said, calmly. Her voice was clear and low. "Mother'll bring it up in a minute. Tea s ready, if Colonel Brennan will come down."

She drew down the blind of a window where the sun shone in on Julian's face, and then turned to go, but at the door she stopped, and with her head raised with stag-like erectness, swept a barely imperceptible courtesy and left the room.

Julian's eyes flashed as he looked after her. "Go down, Dick," he said; "I'll do very well here. It may be imagination, but I seem to feel better already!" There was a spark of animation in his manner as he said the words.

He took his pencil and sketch-book from his pocket, and began to draw rapidly.

From the stairs came the sound of stamping and gasping, and the old farmer made his appearance in the doorway, staggering under the weight of a heavy gun-case.

"Where's this to go, Colonel? In your room on t'other side of the passage? What have you got in here anyhow, that's so mighty hefty?"

"Hold on!" called the colonel, "I'll help you with those things, Sanford. Julian, I'll be back after awhile." He followed Sanford, and Julian still bent over his sketch in entire absorption, when he was roused by a voice at his elbow.

"Now, sir jest take a bite and see how much better you'll feel."

Mrs. Sanford stood before him, with a large tray, on which was a medley of eatables—coffee and boiled fish, a pumpkin-pie and a dish of green pickles. There was something in the scent of the coffee and the home-like aspect of the blue-and-white cracked china that pleased and tempted Julian. "Why, Mrs. Sanford," he said, "that looks uncommonly good."

"Now you begin and eat that. You better try them pickles. Winifred made 'em, and she's a powerful hand at pickles. I do hope you'll like everything; it's the first time we ever took boarders, but we tried to fix things nice." She set the tray table, and in doing so her eyes fell on the sketch. She snatched it from Julian with the same abruptness that characterized all her actions. "Child of grace! if that ain't Winifred!" Something in the idea seemed to touch her sense of humor. She laughed immoderately, holding it at arm's length at first, and then putting on her spectacles to examine it more closely. "Now, ain't it nice to draw like that; she *is* pretty as a picter, if I *do* say it." She spoke in a tone of rambling meditativeness. "Folks say it's strange she ain't married; but, lor', she won't look at the young men 'round here. I dunno why, but it's funny when there ain't one of them but has asked her—and she so pretty!"

Julian held out his hand for the sketch, coloring slightly as he did so. "You don't know what her beauty is," he murmured under his breath.

The old woman did not catch the words, but the tone reached her ear. The foolish vacancy of her expression changed to a keen look of curiosity for the space of a second.

"Well, I know folks do take on about her, and her pa sets an awful store by her."

"Mrs. Sanford," said Sanford, from the door, depositing Julian's trunk in the room, "supper's ready, and s'pose you come down." He was in his shirt-sleeves, and spoke with some irritation of manner. "Where did you put my duster?" he continued, with a warning look.

His wife looked deprecatingly at him.

"Oh, Mr. Sanford, I jest hung it up in the store-closet. I thought, perhaps, you'd be agreeable to tryin' your black coat for a spell in the house, now we got company."

"No, I won't Mrs. Sanford; what would I have to wear to funerals, I'd like to know? No; you get my duster—lively now! and don't you go fur to hang it up in that store-closet of your's again."

They went down the hall, Sanford expostulating and his wife apologizing, until their voices died away in the distance.

The sunlight faded in the room where Julian sat. He had finished his supper, and as the twilight grew he continued to touch up the little sketch of the haunting face he had just seen, adding lines and shadows until the likeness, which had been striking at first, was entirely destroyed. He tore the leaf out of the book, and crushed it impatiently in his hand. "There's no use trying to draw such a face," he thought, "when one has only seen it once. What lines in her head and brow? How do such people happen to have a daughter looking like a goddess? How quiet and calm she was! It's scarcely human. I couldn't tell whether she was sorry for me, or only quietly contemptuous at my weakness." The evening wind blew in at the window chillingly; with the sun's departure all warmth had gone from the air. Julian went to the window and drew it down. The room wore an air of dreary melancholy. The old four-post bed, with its white curtains, loomed strangely in the dim, gray light. At the side of the room the opening of the black-painted fire-place yawned like a cavern. Some dead leaves on the hearth executed a fantastic dance as the wind swept up and down the chimney. Before the window the branches of the trees waved incessantly. The damp air seemed to strike into the young man's breast, and his cough echoed with a hollow sound. "Why did I come here?" he thought, half-hopelessly.

On the threshold of this chill and gloom there appeared a sudden vision. In the doorway stood Winifred Sanford, holding above her head a lighted candle; the downward light illuminated her face and figure, deepening and shadowing her eyes, tinging the bloom of her cheeks, outlining the calm curve of her lips. In her other hand she carried a basket of kindling-wood.

"May I come in?" she asked, with a slight smile. "Mother thought it was getting colder out of doors, and you might like a fire."

Brennan started to his feet.!

"Oh! thank you, you're very good," he stammered, confusedly; "I won't trouble you; let me do it?"

She only looked at him in surprise.

"I always make the fires," she answered quietly, "and as you're sick you'd better keep quiet and rest."

Something in her manner silenced Brennan. Half-unconsciously, partly from exhaustion, he sank back in his chair and watched her as she knelt on the hearth, and setting the basket beside her, rapidly laid the kindling under the logs that rested on the and-irons. She touched the shavings with the candle and the flames leaped up the chimney, flashing into the darkest corners of the room. The warm glow seemed to draw out the rich womanliness of the kneeling figure, and to humanize Brennan's dreary thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly, "but will you let me paint your portrait some day?"

For the first time her composure varied. A deeper color came into her face, and she turned her head slowly toward him with an upward glance, in which there was the faintest semblance of coquetry.

"Yes, if you want."

"Has anyone ever painted you?" he asked eagerly.

"There never has been anyone to do it," she answered.

"Then I shall be the first." The thought seemed to give the young fellow deep pleasure. "Have you always lived here?"

"Yes, always, except when I ran away to the convent."

"Ran away," he repeated, "why did you do it?"

"I couldn't stay here always, and I never see anything."

"But what did you go for—not to be a nun?" he hazarded

"No," she said, smiling a little. "To study; to get away from here. I was tired of it. I had a friend there, and she got me in; but father came and took me away when I'd been there three months. It was a good while ago, and I haven't been away since;" she paused a minute, "we're poor," she added, simply.

She stood up and leaned against the mantle, looking down at the young man. The fire-light flickered on her face and on her violet print dress, tinging it with pink reflections. The folds of the soft material fell with the simplicity of sculpture. As if pleased with the rapt observation of the young man she stood motionless for a few minutes, and then walked toward the door, saying—

"I think I'll go now. You'd better go to bed, Mr. Brennen. It's easy to see that you're tired out." There was a note of protecting kindness in the sweet voice.

Again the little courtesy, and the vision had disappeared.

Brennan was alone once more, but the room was changed. There was the ruddy fire-light, the snapping, crackling pine logs, the warm, scented air, and whether his eyes were opened or closed the mysterious beauty they had first beheld floated before them. When his brother looked in on him, an hour later, he found him already in bed and asleep, and although he coughed at frequent intervals, he still slept, with a boyish smile on his face.

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks later, on an afternoon when there was a midsummer softness in the atmosphere, old Sanford sat an the bench on one side of the wide porch at the farm-house. He was busily engaged in whittling a piece of wood with a large jack-knife, talking steadily as he whittled. Colonel Brennan sat opposite to him, listening with grave attention. His heated face and muddy clothes, as well as the gun that leaned against the seat beside him, showed that he had just come in from a shooting-expedition.

"Yes," said Sanford, "I've wrote some sharp political satires in my day, and them also in poetry. That's something that comes by natur' and birth, and can' be trained into a man. I'll lend 'em to yer some day, colonel, or—" here his face became more animated, "I'll recite 'em to yer if you like. There's the battle of Bunker Hill, one of my historical poems. It was read at the town-hall, at Greenfield, last Independence Day, I do solemnly assure you, colonel. It begins—

"'A tear stood on the mother's brow,
As from the wall young Henry Dow
The war-tube lifted down.'

I could say it all, but p'raps you'd as lief read it. You kin judge of it better that way."

"Perhaps I can," the colonel answered, courteously.

"Then I've wrote also poems of natur'. Natur's an inspirin' subject. Jest take a day like this—" He took off his hat and let the air blow his gray locks off his withered forehead. "There's something so pure and holy in the hull look of everythin' to-day that it's like goin' into a church jest to go out into the fields. Mrs. Sanford now," here his eyes twinkled humorously, "ain't much on natur'. She looked out this mornin', and says she, 'It's a fine mornin' for bakin',' and then she went in-doors and she's b'en bakin' all day!"

The colonel's attention seemed to be wandering. His eyes were fixed on the orchard, where, through the green branches, in the distance, could be seen the gleam of a woman's dress and the outline of a man's figure. The occasional sound of voices was borne toward them by the breeze.

Sanford noticed the look.

"You needn't fret about that brother f your's, Colonel," he said; "he's all right. Winifred's out there, and he's paintin' her. That's the idea he took into his head. She's a sensible girl, a mighty sensible girl, and she'll take as good care of him as if he was her brother. How old is the boy?"

Colonel Brennen made a calculation.

"Twenty-two," he said. "I didn't think he was as old," he added, half to himself.

(To be continued.)

When the Circus Began.

"What time did young Sampson leave last night Clara?" asked her papa. "It was after midnight," replied the girl, with a haughty sneer; "we had a quarrel, and I bade him good-by forever." "If you quarreled, I wonder he didn't leave earlier." "We didn't begin quarreling until nearly 10 o'clock."

BILL NYE ACCEPTS,

And Prepares a Letter Which May be Used With Profit by Any Candidate.

New York World.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee: I have just learned by the merest accident that I was nominated some ten weeks ago as a candidate for the Presidency at the regular National Convention. Being out of town at the time, and our local postmaster refusing to forward newspapers without the payment of additional postage, I did not know about it, though I remember of telling a man last spring that if no other man in the party seemed really fitted to be its standard-bearer I would run. That was the end of it, so far as I was concerned.

When I made the promise I had an idea that possibly a better man would be found somewhere, and in that way I would be enabled to get out of it. Acting upon that supposition, I have made other arrangements, which, of course, I will now have to cancel. We had purchased and put in our coals for the winter, and also agreed to board the teacher at our house. I might name other plans we had made for the future which will now have to be entirely changed, but the above will show you that in going into this thing I am making sacrifices which are not generally taken into consideration during the heat and ascerbity of a political campaign.

If elected I will favor a higher price for the manufacturer and lower prices for the consumer.

I believe in submitting the tariff question to a popular vote of this conntry and Europe, after which I would reserve the right to do what I thought best about it.

I have not yet decided whether I would favor putting the best men into office, or whether I would let them remain where they are, in the newspaper business.

I favor some more things, but out of respect for the convention which nominated me I shall not embody them in this letter, but wait till I am elected and then jar the back teeth of those whose votes I now desire but whose opinions I despise.

My latch-string will be out during the day, and I shall aim to keep open all night. On Sundays visiting statesmen will please enter at the side of the house, and I shall ask one and all to please refrain from loud and boisterous language in the hall as they go away, even though there should be annoying complications in identifying umberallas left in the hall-rack and quids of tobacco left on the stair rail. Let each take such umbrella and tobacco as shall be allotted to him without repining, and thus elevate and ennoble the ettiquette and *tout ensemble* of our national political system—a system of which we are all so justly proud.

I trust that one and all will feel free to come and bring their dinners until November, for after that I shall, if elected, admit only respectable people, and very few of those. Prior to election I shall maintain a general social sink of iniquity, and I hope and trust that the various moral festers who claim that they knew me when I was poor and when my wife did her own work, and who now claim that they made me what I am, will call early, refrain from tying their team to the oleander and turn off their breaths on retiring instead of trying to blow it out.

The house will be open for visitors immediately after prayers and continue so until breakfast time on the following day. Guests and friends are requested to pass in through the folding doors leading out of the front parlor, view the remains and then continue out through the dining-room, kitchen and barn.

Memento pickets for making canes may be found in the hay-mow marked as follows:

TAKE ONE.

The apples on the large tree near the well are cooking apples and not good yet, any way.

If elected, I shall favor intemperance only in the case of sickness.

My wife joins me in the kindest regards to your committee and hopes you will always come to see us when you are in town. We are only a few miles from the station and you can easily find our house if you will follow the crowd. We think some of having a pink tea at our house on Thursday, and we would both be glad to see the National Convention and friends here before we take up the carpets. Yours truly,

Sign here:

P. S. I accept the nomination with pleasure.

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Nuns' veilings have a wide selvage and border and are made up very simply for afternoon costumes.

The novelty in silken fabrics is the bordered *armure*. There were bordered woollens for spring wear and bordered cottons for summer.

Paisley borders are found on cashmeres for house dresses, and very pretty effects are produced with a sash carrying out the idea of color in the costume.

Tinsel strips are seen on some soft woollens for street costumes. In dark shades of India twill and in light shades for house wear these costumes are eqeally stylish.

Another novelty in bordered fabrics is the hair stripe with a wide border of plain material. This makes up very charmingly for an autumn walking costume, and needs no trimmings whatsoever.

The selvage in some beautiful new woollen has its width extended to 1½ to 2 inches by a silk woven stripe about it. This is the sole trimming on these simple costumes, which have a pretty effect notwithstanding their simplicity.

Rare and beautiful Eastern stuffs have a background of cloth or gold. This at $15 or $20 per yard forms the petticoat in rich costumes. The Eastern gauzes are nearly as expensive and equally fashionable. It takes but little to embellish a dress and make it quite gorgeous.

Some small Boston boys were giving a Buffalo Bill entertainment the other afternoon, and young Joe Gammon was an Indian whose business it was to be stabbed by the scout. To prepare for the act he had stuffed the breast of his jacket with newspapers, but the knife of Buffalo Bill found a joint in the armor of the redskin, and with a shriek of "Ow" the child of the forest dropped to the ground. The wound was severe enough to warrant hospital treatment.—*New York Sun.*

WAYS THAT ARE DARK.

The Terrible Traffic in Young Chinese Girls in Canada.

KIDNAPPED AND TORTURED.

Christian People in Victoria Rescue Them by Strategy.

A Winnipeg lester says: Rev. J. Starr, who has spent a year and a half in Victoria, B. C., is here attending the Methodist Missions' Board. In view of the prominent part that he has played in fighting the immoral traffic in girls the reverend gentleman was questioned about it. The women are captured in China and smuggled out to America, where they are sold to keepers of houses of prostitution. The ages of females stolen in this way ranged from 9 and 10 years to 20. The younger the female the more valuable is she deemed. Although most of them are kidnapped in China, some are heartlessly sold by their parents for the traffic. They are smuggled into the country under the guise of being wives to Chinamen. Once in the country they are practically slaves, being the property of the keepers, who paint them up and set them in the doorway of their dens, to solicit men as they pass.

BARBAROUSLY TORTURED.

If they do not comply they are terribly abused, sometimes being burned and bruised. One little girl, who had been rescued through his instrumentality, had one ear partially burned off, besides many burns and bruises about her body. When they enter the country a blackmail tax of $100 a head is extracted by a secret society known as "Highbinders." This is a society which is very powerful in China and every town where the traffic in girls is carried on. It is formed of Chinamen usually very wealthy. In consideration of the tax being paid the society gives the person buying the "slave" a guarantee that they will resist all efforts to rescue the person, and pay all legal expenses in connection therewith. So that in rescuing these poor unfortunates they had to fight this wealthy society, which had plenty of money and did not scruple to use it. At one time, Mr. Starr said, he had $11,500 worth of the "slaves" in his possession, so that it was not to be wondered at that his efforts to rescue would be resisted. He found it very difficult work, as the people of Victoria, and the police in particular, were very apathetic and seemed to take no interest in the matter. Fortunately there were two or three who gave noble assistance in the effort to stamp out the evil. A little home was established next to the parsonage where those who were rescued were taken and educated and taught the way of life. At first a few of them had to give the money to keep the institution going, but the Women's Missionary Society had taken it over and were now conducting it. Quite a number of poor unfortunates had been rescued; four had been sent back to China to their parents, and there were now six or seven in the home. The poor things were so abused and injured that they abhorred the business which their cruel keepers compelled them to follow. If one of the rescued did anything wrong in the home, all that was necessary to make them do right was to threaten to send them back to Chinatown. They would just as soon, said Mr. Starr,

BE SENT TO HELL.

as back to Chinatown. He told some interesting stories about the capture of these poor unfortunates. There were decent Chinamen who abhorred the traffic, and who assisted in stamping it out. It did not take long till the establishment of the home was known. Then some well-disposed Chinaman or woman would give information about a certain girl in a certain house who wanted to escape. A cab was procured, and a few of them would start for the place. The cab would be left a block away, then a Chinaman would go carelessly to the house where the girl was, ask to see her, and the moment he got his hands on her would rush out, when the others would join him, and a rush would be made for the cab. In a moment or two the whole neighborhood would be roused and a big chase made, but they usually managed to get off.

THE VICTORIA POLICE.

The chief of police was on one occasion applied to for assistance to rescue an unfortunate. He refused to send an officer along. One policeman, however, volunteered to go, and the rescuing party started. To their disgust, however, they found that intelligence of their intention had preceded them, and the girl they were after had been spirited away. Several hundred Chinese, most of them "Highbinders," were on hand to resist them if necessary. They did not carry any weapons, save a heavy cane. The Chinese were naturally cowards, and not likely to fight. The next morning a telegram was received from Nanaimo, stating that the girl they were after had been captured there and would be brought down. About 150 "Highbinders" were at the station to rescue her by force, but fortunately the provincial police had been telegraphed to, and were on hand to prevent a rescue. When the poor girl was finally got to the home, she was quite stupid from the effect of some hellish drug administered to her. She afterwards stated that she had

BEEN DRUGGED FOR DAYS.

It was with great difficulty that her life was saved, as the drug had taken a deep effect upon her system. So effective had been the campaign against the immoral traffic that for the past six months Mr. Starr did not think there had been a single prostitute landed. A Mr. Gardner, of the Customs department, who was an excellent man in every sense of the word, had been so vigilant and earnest in watching the ships that no subjects had escaped his notice. Thus to this gentleman alone much was due for the excellent results so far attained. So earnest was he for the salvation of the souls of the poor Chinese that he had resolved to go to China as a missionary, and he would shortly leave for that purpose. He had been born and educated in China and spoke the language fluently.

SOME GOOD CHINESE.

Mr. Starr said he would not like it to be understood that there were no good Chinese in Victoria. Although the scum of Chinese society usually find their way to this continent, still there were many Chinamen in Victoria whose word is as good as their bond to almost any amount of money at the custom house and banks. There are many decent men who have large establishments and who do a large business. The great objection on the coast to the Chinamen is that they never become citizens to the country. Even their bones must be sent back to China for burial. As laborers he had to bear testimony to their faithfulness and reliability. If they promised to do a certain job it would be done; if they were engaged to be on hand at a certain hour they would be there. They were sober, industrious and faithful, and if they were driven out of Victoria he really could not see what the town would do. They were the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were the cooks, the domestics and the scavengers of the place.

A FOOLHARDY VOYAGE ENDED.

Further Particulars of Captain Andrews Venture in His Little Dory.

Captain William A. Andrews and his little vessel, the Dark Secret, arrived in New York harbor Wednesday forenoon. The Dark secret is in comparatively good condition, although its bottom has not seen water for many a day. Captain Andrews, it will be remembered, is one of those foolhardy mariners whose sole ambition seems to be to cross the Atlantic in as frail a craft as can be turned out by a boat builder. After much preparation and considerable advertising, he sailed from Point of Pines, near Boston, Monday, June 18th, 1888, for Europe, in the Dark Secret, as he christened his little boat. It is only 14 feet 9 inches long. He went alone, and did not have on board even a stray cat or a yellow dog for companionship. His larder was well stocked with jerked beef, salt pork, canned goods and hard tack. He also carries as much fresh water as his limited space would allow. Since his departure he has been hailed by several passing vessels, to whom he reported he was all right and sanguine of completing his voyage. Of late nothing has been heard of him, and by many it was though the foolhardy mariner had found a watery grave. Such would in all probability had been his fate had it not been for Capt. Bjonedss, of the Norwegian bark Nor. On Aug. 19th Capt Bjonedss of the Nor sighted something to windward during the forenoon, which, through his glass he supposed to be a portion of a shipwreck. On getting closer to, it was discovered that the object was the frail craft above mentioned. Captain Andrews had been sixty days on the water in it without tasting a warm meal, and was so weak and emaciated that he had to be assisted on board the Nor. Capt. Andrews and his brother crossed the Atlantic in a little vessel called the Nautilus, in 1878. The voyage occupied forty-five days. The Captain says he will again make the effort to cross the ocean in the Dark Secret, and will start next spring.

Yellow Fever Experience.

"How is the fever usually treated?" It isn't usually treated in any particular way. Every time that it breaks out the doctors have to experiment, under guidance of former experiences, of course, till they find out what treatment is best; for what answers well in one outbreak frequently won't answer at all well in another. Sometimes, as in Savannah the last time the fever was there, dry quinine on the tongue seems to answer best. Sometimes other means are more effective. The champagne treatment is perhaps more generally effective than any other, but there is rarely enough of that costly medicine at command to supply the need in an epidemic. The late Dr. Gabriel Disosway Ayres, of Brooklyn, once told me that, on one occasion, he was in a British West India town when the fever was present there. He was travelling with a friend and the two remained a week on the island. One evening they dined with a physician there and next morning learned that he had died during the night with the fever. "I thought it time for men who had no business there to get away," said Dr. Ayres, "and we took ship the next day for Havana. In the night my friend was seized with the fever, and I treated him with champagne without saying anything about it to alarm the passengers. When he was out of danger I told the captain, who at once and very impressively said: "If you let anybody in Havana know that you poured champagne in a man with yellow fever they'll hang you.'" The doctor inferred that the champagne treatment, though a favorite one with British physicians, was at that time unknown among the Spanish. Curiously enough, I believe any other form of alcoholic stimulation in yellow fever kills with something of the precision of a Remington rifle, and, of course, men who are hard drinkers are doomed if they once get yellow fever. For that matter such men are doomed if they get any virulent disease, and upon affection I may say they are doomed anyhow.—*New York Com. Adv.*

Sire of the Sutherland Sisters.

Fletcher Sutherland, the aged father of the famous seven Sutherland sisters, died at his country home near Lockport, N. Y., on Thursday, of paralysis, aged 73 years. His daughters are known the world over as the seven long-haired sisters. He was a well-known figure wherever he went, always wearing a long seal-skin coat, even in summer. He was a prominent Methodist minister at one time, but left his calling as soon as his daughters took to the stage

How to Get Him to Church.

A New York politician is so fond of being "deadheaded" everywhere that when some of his friends were debating how to get him to attend church one of them said: "Charge an admission fee and he'll be after a pass before breakfast."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Why the Parson Beat a Retreat.

A pastor some time since sought financial help for an important charity. Among those whom he asked to give something was a lady who, unfortunately, bore a vinegary face. She declined to give money, but promised to "lend her countenance," to the cause. He retired in dismay.

A Reader of Character.

Mendicant—Please help poor blind man?

Kind Old Lady—Blind? Why, bless me, yes; there's a dime for you.

Mendicant—Thank ye, heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minnit I see ye comin' ye was a kind-hearted ole 'oman.

AROUND AGAIN.

The Poetic Young Woman Revists the Practical but Sympathetic Editor.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes your paper regularly."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush that pure heart, if he never struck a lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I could not get the last line of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me——"

Help her? Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood in his soul, as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

How softly sweet the autumn air,
The dying woodland fills,
And Nature turns from restless care—

"To anti-bilious pills!" added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody, now. Half the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse reads like this—

The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender meek and sad,
While from the valley comes the roar—

"Of matchless liver pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. This finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashion with poetry, and carries the right idea home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes; where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now, I'll read the third verse:

How sadly droops the dying day
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say—

"'The old man's drunk again', wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New! 'Deed it's new. Ben is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, spout means hook. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper. That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. O! don't be afraid, that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

The merry milkmaid's sombre song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—

"With holes in both her socks, by Jove!" cried the delighted editor. "You see——"

"Oh! no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden, "not that!"

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact, with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notion and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we have struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do; but, of course, you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

As silently she treads along
In autumn's mellow tracks.

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in our paper it doesn't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the impression of some fellow scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hands, rhymes with 'rocks,' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very picture you are showing up.

"I think you are right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he is wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

And close behind the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
And slips behind the maiden coy—

"And splits his pantaloons; done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute," and went out from him forever.—*Somerville Journal.*

Children and Fools.

Mr. Nicefellow (playfully to adored one's little sister)—Won't you let me have a bite of that apple?

Child—No.

Adored one—You must not answer that way. It is not polite.

Child—But, sister, he got such an awful big mouth that there won't be any apple left.

An Unknown Species.

New Governess—"Now, my dear, in what zoological classification would you place man?"

Pretty Girl—"Man?"

"Yes; don't you know what a man is?"

"No, ma'am. I've been spending my winters in a convent ladies' boarding school and my summers at seaside resorts."

AN EXCITING SCENE.

Shut Up in an English Railroad Car with a Madman.

On my way from Wales to London I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a railway train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed. One they call the Flying Dutchman. Another they name the Yorkshire Dveil. We were flying behind one of these locomotives sixty miles an hour. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in an English car, which a different thing, as most people know from the American car—the English car holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them occupying one seat facing four on the other. We halted at the depot. A gentleman came to the door, and stood for a moment as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelled him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intently engaged for perhaps an hour. The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow-passengers and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door I made that death-leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was, "What will the madman do next?" A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such an one he might make sad havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Also it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, "Let him go." Our humanity said, "Keep him back from instant death," and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in English railway trains is on the outside of the car, and near the roof and difficult to reach. I gave it two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kite-string. When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell rope on the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and as it is not once in a thousand times anyone is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which would have supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as if it beonged to him and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers. At this moment, when he thought the horror had climactertated, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage, eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May this occurrence never be repeated! We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or what way. We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp and the blood ran cold. When, at last, the light looked in through the windows, we found the afflicted man lying helplessly across one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the poor unfortunate for medical treatment, to disembark and move into another car.—*London Letter in the Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Chance to Make Money.

There has not, in many years, been a better opening for a giant than now, so the showmen say. Any man who measures seven feet and a half can almost fix his own price. That stature has never been exceeded so far as modern authentic history tells, except by Chang, the Chinaman, whom Barnum exhibited for several years. He lacked only three inches of being eight feet. Chang was an educated Mandarin of refined tastes, and after accumulating $50,000, enough to make him a Vanderbilt in China, he returned to his native land. No offers have since tempted him to become an exhibit again, and he used to declare that only a desire to journey in all civilized lands induced him to make his tour, which lasted six years. Peter Fekuti, the Hungarian giant, whose death was reported here last week, was to come to America next winter. He was seven feet four and very heavy. The American giants of recent times, Captain Bates, Captain Goshen and Anna Swan, were all less than that in stature, and they are all dead of consumption, the common destroyer of such overgrown persons. There is not at present in the show business in this country, according to the manager of the largest museum in New York, a giant exceeding seven feet counting out his hair and bootheels.—*New York cor.*

Misunderstood.

Minister (who has just driven his horse to a wedding in the country)—Can I hitch out here?

Prospective Bridegroom—Wall, no. Guess Sal and the folks'd rather have the hitchin' done in the house.

An impertinent New York reporter, while interviewing Mrs. Langtry about her intended trip to California, recently, asked: "Is there any truth in the report that you may return to us entitled to bear another name?" Mrs. Langtry, who is the personification of patience and amiability, did not order the presumptuous interviewer out of the house. She blushed, raised her fan and replied: "I have not obtained any divorce. While I remain the wife of Mr. Langtry it would be scarcely delicate, to say the least, to discuss the probability of my marrying another man."

—Potatoes are selling at 25c. a bushel in Battleford, N.W.T.

A Confession.

Do you remember, little wife,
How years ago we two together
Saw naught but love illumine life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
Would stare into each other's eyes
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue,
That speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
That used to happen often then:
How, simply passing in the hall,
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Caressing it with gentle pat -
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play
Through hours of agony we tarried?
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
Oh, we rejoiced when they were married.

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
Beneath the crescent moonlet new,
That smiled on us with silent charm;
So glad that we were married too.

Ah me, 'twas years and years ago
When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;
A fig for laugh of maids or men!
You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well—
We're ten times worse than we were then.

W. J. HENDERSON, *in the Spectator Century.*

GIRLS WILL BE BLIND

Chewing Gum Injures Their Eyesight—Over-indulgence Almost as Hurtful as Too Much Strong Drink—An Awful Warning.

"If the girls only knew that their eyes are being ruined by chewing gum they would shrink from it as they would from a viper," said a Chestnut street optician yesterday. "We all know to what an extent this chewing gum is carried on, and what a nasty habit it is. I would advise the girls to stop it at once. If they have a big wad in their mouths while reading this interview let them throw it out and 'swear off,' as the drinkers say, for in one respect these dainty girls are like drunkards. If they are chronic gum-chewers they are heir to all the infirmities that afflict the chronic whiskey drinkers. I have three girls who were addicted to the habit, but I broke them from it after a great deal of persuasion and some trifling punishment. The oldest girl has evidences of the habit, though, and will carry them to her grave."

"How are the eyes affected?"

"Well, the muscles of the jaw connect with the spine, and from the spine there are little fibrous tissues running in all directions. A number of these extend to the eyes and are called optic nerves. Now, if you will watch a person eating you will notice a palpitation of the temples when the lower jaw moves up and down in the process of mastication. This is caused by the working of the optic nerves, which keep the inner part of the eyes in motion and exercise the nerves as much as is needed to keep them in a healthy condition. These nerves are more tender and sensitive to a degree than one would imagine. When they are overworked they become shrunken and enfeebled, and then the process of deterioration in the eyesight begins. Of course the shrinking of the nerve draws the eye back into the socket, and as it is connected by slender threads of tissues to the pupil of the eye this also becomes affected. The consequence is that the eye becomes weak and loses its color, it becomes an unnatural-looking gray, and the vision is so much impaired by it that eye-glasses must be resorted to.

"One of my girls wears glasses just because she chewed so much gum. Her eyesight is practically ruined, and she has crows'-feet wrinkles about the outer corners that were caused by the flesh of the cheek being forced upward by the action of the jaw. She is also troubled with indigestion from the same cause. These are all symptoms exhibited by a person who drinks whiskey plentifully, and hence the comparison. Parents ought to take this matter in hand and see if they cannot rid their girls of the habit. It is a filthy one outside of the terrible effect it has upon the human system. If the parents will keep from their girls some of their little perquisites until they stop chewing gum they would soon give up the habit."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Storm of Cabs.

Policeman (to citizen clinging to lamp-post)—Shall I hail a cab, friend?

Citizen—G-grashus no (hic), offshur; don' (hic) hail any more cabs; they're hailin' all 'roun' now.

Consolation.

Edwin—Dearest, your cruel father kicked me down the steps last night.

Angelina—Do not complain, darling; submit to fate. Just think how lucky you are. Supposing I lived on the third floor.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

The ocean is immeasurably grand to look at in its majestic moods, but the sublimity ceases the minute you attempt to swallow it by the mouthful. *Martha Vineyard Herald.*

Where Ignorance is not Bliss.

Emily—"Oh, Arthur, how cruel! See that poor worm wriggle!"

Arthur—"That's all right. I cut him in two first, so he's perfectly dead, only he hasn't discovered it."

Aged violins of celebrated makes become quite valuable. A Stradivarius violin of 1716, made for the Marchese Pamparati, has passed from the hands of an Italian player, Bertuzzi, into the possession of a London gentleman, the price being $4,000

Business man—Has your husband much trade in the west? Shoe manufacturer's wife—He seldom refers to business matters in any way, but I judge that he has business connections in Chicago. He remarked last night that he had just received a large shoe contract.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have arrived at Bowood for a stay of several weeks, after which they are going to pay some visits in Scotland, and they will be invited to visit Balmoral before they leave for India. They will start from London for Bombay on October 11th or 18th.

There is a time when the laziest man can hurry. It is when the train stops 10 minutes for refreshments.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1888.

A change is about to be made in the proprietorship of the Owen Sound Times. We understand that Mr. Rutherford will take over the paper and run it in connection with his job office. We are glad to hear this, as it is an evidence of the stability of the Empire. Friend Creighton has a better berth now than running a country weekly, and the paper of which he is the head can boast a superiority over any daily newspaper in Canada. It is simply a magnificent success.

The deadly yellow fever has been making terrible havoc in the far south. Jacksonville, Florida, is its base of supplies, to use a military expression, and of late it has been sending advance corpse into adjacent cities. In Jacksonville it numbers its victims by the hundred daily. In that city, up to Sept. 23, 1,878 cases were reported, of which 212 had proven fatal. The dread disease has also shown itself in Atlanta, Jackson, Decatur, and other minor places. Yellow fever is the bane of the torrid zone, while smallpox holds about the same position in the north, although not quite so deadly in its march, thanks mostly to a better sanitary condition.

We are indebted to Mr. Peter Holman, of Flesherton, for copies of two foreign newspapers—Le Figaro, of Paris, and the Swiss Herald, published at Nice and Geneva. The Herald is a tourists' paper, and Le Figaro is one of the oldest of French dailies, having been founded in 1854, under the able editorial management of such brilliant writers as M. Rochefort, Sarcey, Villemessant, Scholl, Banville, and two or three others. A French correspondent says that "Figaro, of the important newspapers of the world, is the least reputable and most frankly mercenary." The circulation of the paper is from sixty to eighty thousand copies each day. M. Albert Wolff is the most important writer for Figaro. He is brilliant, but he is the homeliest man in the world, and we have his picture right here to verify our statement.

General News.

Gen. Boulanger is in Morocco.

The Toronto plumbers' strike is over and the cigarmakers' is on a fair way to settlement.

Angus Jacobs, the Caughnawaga Indian who killed his wife, was found guilty Thursday of manslaughter.

The C. P. crop reports state that there will be 15,000,000 bushels of wheat available for export from Manitoba and the Northwest, of which 11,000,000 are in perfect condition.

Hon. Edward Blake arrived home Friday, much improved in health.

The total gate receipts at the Industrial Fair were $59,604, against $51,070 last year.

Four cases of small pox have been discovered in Toronto.

When the system is debilitated by disease, it should be strengthened and renewed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine invariably proves itself worthy of all that can be said in its favor. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines. Price $1. Six bottles $5.

Died.

Fawcett—At Kimberley on Sat. morning, 22 inst. Mary, infant daughter of James Fawcett, aged seven weeks.

FLESHERTON'S BIG DAY.

THE EAST GREY EXHIBITION A GRAND SUCCESS.

Exhibits Good in Nearly Every Class—Flesherton Wins the Cup—A General Description—Notes of the Fair.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY.

The East Grey Agricultural Society have been favored with exceptionally fine weather for their exhibition this year. The first day of the fair opened warm and cloudless, which angured well for a big influx of visitors. Heretofore the "first day" has simply been a day of preparation and visitors have been nil. This year attractions were offered, in the shape of baseball and lacrosse matches, which had the effect of drawing to the grounds between two and three hundred people. The Owen Sound lacrosse team were to have been present to compete for a cup, bnt failed to materialize. However, the afternoon was quite fully occupied in witnessing two very interesting baseball games, of seven innings each, between Redwing, Priceville and Flesherton clubs. The games started about two o'clock, Priceville being pitted against Redwing, Flesherton having drawn the blank. Priceville had no apparent difficulty in getting away with their first apponents, the score being 20 to 4, in innings as follows:

Priceville—2 1 2 5 1 6 3—20
Redwing—3 0 0 0 0 0 1—4

The Redwings then dropped to the rear and watched Flesherton knock out Priceville very nearly as ignominiously as they had been. We have always maintained that Flesherton has the material for a first-class baseball club, and now we are in a position to offer proof to the fact. Our boys all appeared in good form, and surprised every spectator on the grounds, as well as their apponents, by most brilliant playing all around. The clubs were a tie at the end of the first three innings, in fact at the end of the fourth innings Flesherton was only one ahead. Then, in the fifth, the home club succeeded in rolling up six runs, and Priceville, in the first half of the seventh, only succeeded in counting one, thereby making it unnecessary for Flesherton to play the seventh. The score stood thu:

Flesherton—4 0 8 1 6 4—18
Priceville— 5 1 1 0 0 1— 8

This gave to Flesherton the handsome and costly cup presented by the directors. It is a very hannsome souvenier, and something that our boys may be, and are, very proud of. W. A. Brown, of Markdale, filled the onerous position of umpire, and did it, we think, to the entire satisfaction of all parties. "Kicking" was conspicuous by its absence.

About five o'clock the Agricultural Hall was opened to visitors. The display here was much above average. In fact no such collection, taking all departments into consideration, has ever been shown here. The fruit collection was very fine. It was a sight to gladden the eyes of fruit-lovers, and must be a surprise to many outsiders who have heretofore considered this as a not first-class fruit-growing section. Luscious plums, large and small apples of all varieties known in Canada, grapes, pears, etc., were present in large quanties and of the very finest quality. There was a very fair showing of vegetables, Mr. Norton, of Holand, taking several prizes. The grain shown was excellent in quality, although there was not a very large display. Ladies' work was scarcely up to the standard, although there were some very fine specimens shown. The competition in butter and cheese was not very keen—not as keen at it should be, by a long way. This is one article which it would pay farmers to take more pains with than they do. So much butter of inferior quality is foisted upon the market that it tends to keep the prices low. Most of the butter shown was good—not any of it coming under the head of inferior, and the first and second prize articles were prime.

SECOND DAY.

This was the great day of the show, and opened as auspiciously as did the first, with a bright and cloudless sky. Vehicles began to come in at an early hour, and by noon there was a large crowd of people in town, on business and pleasure bent. All the departments were open. It was expected that the Owen Sound lacrosse club would have been down on the morning train to give our boys a tussle, but once more they did not manterialize. Our confidence in Owen Sound lacrosse men is very badly shaken. However, two scrub teams were got up from Flesherton young men, who played an exhibition game.

In the hall a large crowd of people viewed the exhibits. Among many shown we noticed two magnificient sets of harness, shown by D. Clayton, Flesherton's harnessmaker; a fine display of stoves by F. G. Karstedt; a very neat case of fancy chinaware, by M. Richardson & Co., which also contained the silver cup won by the baseball club on the previous day; a fine parlor suite, by friend Moore of the Flesherton furniture warerooms, etc. Articles in the hall were very tastily arranged, under the instruction and supervision of several of Flesherton's professional merchant wiudow-dressers.

An exhibition which interested the ladies very much was that made by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. They had three machines on exhibition,—a magnificent drop cabinet, a plain machine, and an old-fashioned one as a comparison with those embodying the late improvements. It was interesting to note the radical changes that have taken place in the construction of this old and standard machine. We see before us now an instrument that approaches as near, one would think, to perfection, as it could be brought. Almost noiseless, shuttle very simple and inserted underneath. It will do etching with single stitch, and the tension is adapted to any kind of thread. There is also a buttonhole maker attachment. The shuttle is an oscillating hook, and of the most simple construction. Mr. Carson is agent for the machine in Flesherton.

The poultry exhibit was above average, in fact good, several grand specimens of geese and ducks being shown; the other fowl were just medium.

Mr. J. H. Heard had a fine display of wagons and buggies on the ground, consisting of two lumber wagons, two democrats, and two buggies, all finished in the highest style of Mr. Heard's well-known art. This was the finest display ever shown by the firm.

In the live stock department lay the weakest point of the fair (with the exception of horses), spectators remarking that the show of cattle and other stock appears to be degenerating year by year. This is hard to account for, although a partial explanation may lay in the fact that farmers are going more and more into grain and fruit raising than they have formerly. Horses, also, appear to claim more attention than heretofore, and by the exhibt made on Tuesday we would judge to some purpose. There were some grand specimens of equine flesh shown, and the exhibit was the best which Flesherton has seen.

We have devoted so much space to a general description of the fair that it is impossible to furnish our readers with the prize list this week. That will follow in next edition.

It is a pleasing duty to state that the East Grey Exhibition of 1888 has been an unqualified success, the receipts amounting to more than double those of last year. This was no doubt owing partially to the pleasant weather which favored it, but we are loath to place all to the credit of the weather. We would fain hope that it is rather an awakening of the yeomanry to a sense of the importance attachable to the home fair, which is of much more benefit to them than the large general fairs which have sprung into existence within the past few years.

Notes of the Fair.

The fakir was out in full force, and raked in many dollars. When will our people, young and old, learn the lesson of wisdom and let this class of villains alone!

A lady had her pocket picked, but caught the thief in time to make him disgorge her pocket-book.

The R. T. of T. gave a hot dinner in the town hall, which was partaken of by a large number.

The ladies of the Methodist church gave a cold lunch on the grounds.

The foot race was a dismal failure, only two starters appearing, —, Bruce, of Thornbury, and J. Gibbons, of Flesherton. Bruce took first.

There were no entries for the bicycle race.

The directors wore smiling faces on Tuesday evening.

We hope the smile will be more pronounced next year.

Among the visitors from Markdale we noticed Mr. Routledge and wife, of the Standard, W. A. Brown, Esq., and wife, and R. L. Stephens and wife.

Tea Meeting at Priceville.

The tea meeting held at Priceville on Monday evening under the auspices of the Methodist Church, was an unqualified success. A large number of people were present. Speeches were given by Revs. Mr. Buggin, of Markdale, Shilton, of Flesherton, and McLeod; also Dugal Maclean, of Priceville, Mr. McLean's address being the hit of the evening. As Mr. McLean remarked, if he had received the seven years' chances of other speakers "he could knock the spots off them." He succeeded in doing it as it was. Miss Whitmore gave a recitation, which she rendered in a pleasing manner. Mr Brander gave a humorous recitation which was received with much applause, entitled "Sugar for Naething." Rev. Mr. Ottewell, to whose energy the people of Priceville are indebted for the excellence of this entertainment, informs us that it was one of the most successful concerts ever held in Priceville. About a dozen went over from here, including the Flesherton Glee Club, which rendered several pieces quite nicely. The quota from Flesherton was composed of two loads—ten in one rig and two in the other. Mr. Earl Strain and—well somebody else used the single rig.—

New Station.

Work has been commenced on the building of a new station at this place. A gang of men are now filling up the depression on the east side of the track, and when this is done the new building will be erected, larger and finer than the old one. Two new side tracks have been laid which were found necessary, owing to the largely increasing shipping trade done at this point. Our wishes for the bending of the track have not been met, but that is not our fault. A "man can but do his best," and if others fail in their duty "a man" has the satisfaction of carrying a clear conscience, which the other fellows have not. Flesherton has grown and throve for years with the station where it is, and Flesherton is going to thrive still more, even if there never comes an upheaval of dry bones and a nearer connection with the railway.

DRESS GOODS—NEW FALL DRESS GOODS. In this line we have made special efforts this season to place before our customers an unusually attractive line—See them.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

APPLES FOR SALE.

Choice apples for sale by
M. R. HAMMOND,
Postmaster, Kimberley.

Farm to Rent.

100 acres, being lot 35, 5th Con., Artemesia, 80 acres improved. Apply to
HENRY DOWN,
Flesherton P.O.
Or at the place. tf

Strayed or Stolen.

From Lot 35, 5th Con., Artemesia, 2 heifers, 1 year old, red and white. Information thankfully received by
HENRY DOWN,
Flesherton P.O.

Piano For Sale.

A beautiful 7 octave upright Dominion Piano nearly new, at a bargain. Apply at Advance office.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 80 to	5 00
Fall Wheat	$0 78 to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78	0 80
Barley	0 50	0 55
Oats	0 30	0 30
Peas	0 50	0 55
Butter	0 15	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 15	0 15
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	19	23
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 06	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50	0 60

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

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Office, Strain's block. Residence, Wm. Wright's

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DENTISTRY.

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SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Manslaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.

Apply at once to GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton,
Or to J. GEO. KEEFER, Forest, Ont

THIS PAPER may be found on file at [illegible] Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where Advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot of

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL!

F. G. KARSTEDT,

Having purchased the stock of WM. STRAIN, is now in a better position than ever to take the lead in

STOVES,

TIN,

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And Metal Work of all kinds.

Eavetroughing a Specialty.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

STRAIN'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

A Positive Cure. ✢ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

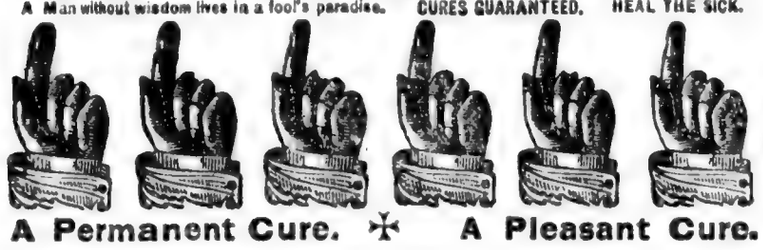

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HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

A terrible accident occurred last Monday night about three miles from Thornbury. Mr. Sampson of Toronto while on a fishing excursion, camped near Archie Laundry's place on the lake shore. During the night the camp fire caught the tent and before Mr. Sampson and party were aware of the danger their blankets and bedding were in flames. Mr. Sampson was badly burned about the head and arms and his son received great injuries about the feet. Both had to be taken by first train on Tuesday to the city for treatment, and are reported doing well. —[Thornbury Standard

Mr. James Hare, a respected farmer living near Holland Centre, met with a serious accident on Saturday, which will probably render him helpless the rest of his life if it does not even yet prove fatal. They were hauling in oats that day, of which a load had just been driven into the barn, and Mr. Hare was standing on it pitching off, when the horses suddenly stepped forward and the jerk threw him backwards off the load. He fell heavily, the back of his head and shoulders striking the floor first and rendering him insensible. He was carried to the house and medical aid at once summoned, when, after he returned to consciousness it was found that his body was completely paralyzed from the neck down. Mr. Hare, who is the father of our respected Township clerk, is upwards of 70 years of age, and Dr Oldham, who is attending him, considers his case a very critical one. —[Chatsworth News.

Grey Assizes.

Sutton v. McLaughlan.—Verdict for plaintiff.

Farrar v. Gilray.—Tried at the Spring Assizes here, when verdict was given for defendants. Upon application of plaintiffs a new trial was granted. Verdict for plaintiffs.

QUEEN v. FAREWELL.—This was a case of criminal libel. The defendant, Jerome Farewell, editor of the Union Standard, was charged by Alex. Crosse, the prosecutor, with publishing in his paper a letter and his comments thereon, which libelled him. The reasons given for bringing a crimial action instead of a civil suit, was that Farewell was not supposed to be worth anything. The defendant relied on the defence that he had nothing to do whatever with the newspapers, having sold out a couple of years ago to Elias Lemon of this town, and produced the Bill of Sale. Mr. Lemon testified to the same effect. The jury found a verdict of "Not Guilty," Jno. Creasor, Q. C. and W. Dyre for prosecution. Mr. Fullerton for defendant.—[O. S. Times.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVean, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH sent for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. **ONE PERSON** in each locality can secure one **FREE.** How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful **HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the **SOLID GOLD** watch and **COSTLY** samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do, send your address at once, you can secure **FREE** one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of **COSTLY SAMPLES.** We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 413, PORTLAND, MAINE.

STONE FLOUR!

STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Desires to inform the public in general that the rumor lately circulated, to the effect that he has been selling roller flour, is utterly false. Mr. Loucks would inform the public that he has never sold roller flour, and never intends to; also, that he has always had stone flour on hand and for sale since last winter, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

FISH, FRUIT!

OYSTERS

AND GAME.

Ice Cream and Cooling Summer Drinks in Their Season.

A Good Stock of Confectionery Always on Hand.

ORDER YOUR

FLOUR AND FEED

FROM

S. SPIRIT FLESHERTON.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

The Advance
TILL JAN. 1, 1889,
For 20 cts

At The

Central Store,

PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Pivots,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	

ROYAL WEDDING DRESSES.

The Magnificent Costumes Worn at the Great French Wedding Yesterday.

POEMS IN SILKS, SATINS AND LACE.

A cable correspondent supplies the following additional particulars of the wedding of the Duke of Aosta to Princess Letitia in Turin yesterday:

The cavalcade escorting the carriages, which was composed of officers clad in mediæval Savoy costumes and divided into four troops, were dressed respectively in blue and green. It is the first time since 1859 that a member of the Bonaparte family has made a marriage into one of the reigning families in Europe.

The wedding robe of Princess Letitia was of white silk, the style of the First Empire, adorned with rich silver embroidery and wreaths of orange flowers. She wore a splendid diadem in diamonds. The grand mantle was of white silk, and was over six and a half yards in length. Attached to the corsage, it formed an immense train. On it were embroidered in silver 360 bees and 160 eagles, the emblems of the house of Bonaparte. The three sons of the Duke of Aosta presented their future step-mother with a pearl necklace which cost $60,000.

The Queen of Italy looked well in heliotrope silk. The Queen of Portugal was dressed in a rich cream brocaded silk.

After the wedding, all the characters in the *fete* having assembled at the palace grounds, the scene presented was most brilliant and picturesque. The flower basket was now full of life and the brightness of varied colors in costumes of cavaliers standing on its outer edge gave additional animation and a black mass of at least 100,000 people collected around completed the most imposing picture. Twelve bands played together a wedding march arranged upon Mendelssohn's.

Kossuth sent the following telegram to Prince Jerome:

"An old man, an exile from my native land, divided from the past by an abyss, I yet retain deeply graven in my heart one feeling—that of gratitude. There was a time when I was entitled to speak in the name of Hungary. That time no longer exists; yet I may state that many Hungarians, like myself, are mindful of all that Prince Napoleon accomplished for the freedom of Hungary, and that they unite with me in sending their congratulations on this solemn occasion."

The two most magnificent dresses were worn by Queen Margheretta and Princess Mathilde. The former wore for church a mauve satin, brocaded with rippled lines in the same color and having a directoire coat in a pale silver gray brocade of the same pattern, made with long, square ends at the back, reaching to the skirt hem. This coat has a deep vest in mauve brocade, elaborately embroidered with steel cord and steel and crystal beads; the skirt breadths part in front over straight folds of the gray brocade, each side of the opening being edged with embroidery to match the vest; the short dolman wrap of the gray brocade is also bordered with similar embroidery and is lined throughout with plain mauve satin.

The Princess Mathilde wore a tulle of bluish pearl color, the front and sides and skirt elaborately embroidered with gold and bordered with gold lace, and the former dotted all over with spots formed of a single gray pearl and one gold spangle combined. The edge skirt front was finished with deep fringe in gray pearls and steel beads, falling over a band of gold lace. The train, over four yards in length, is in pearl gray faille brocaded with bouquets of red and pink roses, with their foliage intermixed with gold flowers. This magnificent silk was manufactured at Lyons over twenty years ago expressly for the Empress Eugenie. After the death of Napoleon III. the Empress presented it to the Princess. The sides of the train are each caught together in a single long, narrow fold, which is held in place by bow knot shaped ornaments in gold passementerie, and it is lined throughout with gold yellow satin.

The Duke of Aosta and Princess Letitia have been at the royal palace since Thursday, receiving deputations and presents. Probably the most worthy of mention is the gift of 400 ladies of Turin—a Sedan chair, richly embellished, and intended to remind her of a lost art of Turin. Also a gift from the municipality, a tapestry chest in the style of the seventeenth century, containing specimens of the richest brocades, silks and velvets of Italy.

So ended the long talked of marital *fete*. Henceforth Princess Letitia is sister-in-law to her own mother, stepmother to one set of cousins and aunt to the remainder, while the Duke becomes son-in-law to his sister, nephew to his brother and brother-in-law to his nephews.

A Pretty Experiment.

Suspend from the ceiling a thread which has previously been soaked in very salt water and then dried. To this fasten a light ring and announce that you are about to burn the thread without making the ring fall. The thread will burn, it is true, but the ashes it leaves are composed of crystals of salt and their cohesion is strong enough to sustain the light weight of the object attached to the thread.

Another form of the same experiment is to make a little hammock of muslin to be suspended by four threads, and, after having soaked this in salted water and dried it, as before directed, to place in it an empty egg-shell. Set the hammock on fire; the muslin will be consumed and the flame reach the threads which hold it, without the egg falling from its frail support.

With great care you may even succeed in performing the experiment with a full egg, in place of an empty shell, taking the precaution, however, to have it previously hard boiled, that you may escape an omelet in case of failure.

Longevity.

"Longevity! I should say longevity did run in our family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two, Bill was six foot four, and George he had more longevity than any man I ever see. He was six foot seven if he was a foot."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has gone to Marienbad to recuperate from the dissipations of fashionable London.

A SORROFUL SPECTACLE.

A Young Man Finds His Bride in Her Coffin---She Fell Dead at a Dance, While He was on His Way to the Wedding.

A Detroit telegram says: A sad little cortege left 31 Twentieth street before 9 o'clock this morning for Woodmere Cemetery. All that was mortal of Mary Cowan, a good-looking girl of 21, was laid to rest in that city of the dead. Robert Crawford, who lived at Delray, was the unwelcome suitor of the girl, the latter's step-parents turning a cold shoulder upon his advances towards Mary. She was, however, determined to marry Crawford, and the wedding was set for last night. Their acquaintance had been of about a year's duration, and within the last three weeks she left her step-parents' home and went to Delray to live with Crawford's sister, Crawford himself being absent on a lake steamer. On Saturday night some of Mary's friends invited her to indulge in a last dance before her marriage, and she accepted it somewhat against her inclination. During the progress of a quadrille, towards the close of the evening's pleasure, Mary suddenly became faint and dropped limp and lifeless in her partner's arms. She was quickly given air and sprinkled with water, but she did not revive and physicians were called. By the time the latter arrived the girl was dead. The doctors made an examination and found that she had been very tightly laced. On opening the corset the flesh was found to be doubled over under the pressure of the stays. The physician's verdict was that she had expired from the bursting of a blood vessel, caused by overheating and tight lacing. Mary was always a remarkably healthy girl, and the doctors in view of that fact could arrive at no other conclusion. The corpse was brought to Detroit Sunday and was viewed by a large number of friends. Young Crawford arrived at his sister's house last night to claim his bride and was nearly prostrated with the sad intelligence. Unknown to the dead girl's step-parents he appeared at the funeral services at the house this morning. He was the picture of grief and he was too late to get a view of his affianced's face before the lid was shut down. He remained outside during the most of the ceremonies, and then, moved by a strong impulse, he made his way into the house and requested that the lid be raised. His wish was granted; he took one last, long lingering look at the loved features of the dead; then, burying his face in his hands, he, sobbing, turned away and moved sorrowfully out of the room.

DOWN TO DEATH.

Heartrending Details of the Great Hurricane in Cuba — Hundreds Dead, Thousands Homeless.

A Havana despatch says: In Caibarien the damage done to property by the recent cyclone is enormous. The total number of lives lost in the city and its suburbs is forty-six. The situation at Vuelta Abajo is sad indeed. The tobacco crop is a total loss, and over 3,000 houses, shanties and other small houses are totally destroyed. Then thousand people are left homeless and in great misery. The greatest damage caused on the island by the storm was at Sagua and in Isabella. Over 1,000 buildings were destroyed. The sea rose six feet. Many of those who escaped death from flying timbers were drowned. The loss of life in Sagua alone is over 400. A passenger train in Isabella running thirty miles an hour was caught by the wind. The rails were bent as if they were hairpins, the train being precipitated into a marsh which completely covered it. Seventy-two lives were lost. In Sagua the only building standing is the residence of Domingo Madariaga on the coast at a place called Higueratta. The Spanish schooners America, Anita, Segunda, Ignacia, Esperanza and Atoona are ashore and total wrecks. In Ceiba del Agua over 100 houses were destroyed. The damage caused by this terrible hurricane is estimated at over $10,000,000. Over 800 persons lost their lives. Thousands of persons are homeless and perishing from hunger. A special from Caibarien says that seventy-two bodies, victims of the late hurricane, have been recovered.

Facts Not Generally Known.

A club of society women in London is going to start a large poultry farm near London. Bee culture is also included in the scheme.

The city of Pueblo, Mexico, has just had a hailstorm so violent that her streets and roofs were blanketed with white, and all traffic for the time suspended.

Topaz is not a particularly valuable stone, but it has now gone to the top as the latest fashion for beautiful, white-throated women's necklaces. The result must be a rapid advance in price, which change, with some people, will only add to its liquid, golden charm.

From the report that of 560 convicts received in a Pennsylvania jail last year only eighty had learned a trade, the lesson is drawn that every boy ought to learn a trade. But it may have been that the eighty went to jail in consequence of practising the very trades they had learned.

In New Mexico the Spanish language is the language of the courts, the council and the assembly. Legislative debates are carried on in Spanish, and laws are framed in that language. English is a secondary tongue, and a person is at a decided disadvantage even in transacting business unless he is familiar with Spanish.

All in the Family.

Employer—So you think you ought to have an increase of salary?

Clerk—Yes, sir; I will soon need double my present pay for I intend to marry.

Really, sir, I should like to accommodate you, but my business is not profitable just now, and every cent I add to your wages must come out of the small margin on which I support my family.

"Oh, that's all right. The money won't go out of the family. I intend to marry your daughter."

Signs of Portent.

Fan—Oh, Lil, when is your friend's marriage coming off? Do tell her to have pity on her friends and let it be soon, so we shall hear about something else.

Lil—You won't have much longer to wait. She and Tom have quarreled every day for a week, and I believe that's the last stage of necessary preparation.

HOOSAC TUNNEL ADVENTURE.

Workmen Overcome by Gas in a Tunnel are Rescued before the Express Ran In.

A last (Sunday) night's North Adams Mass., despatch says: A terrible disaster was narrowly averted in the Hoosac tunnel yesterday afternoon, when 69 workmen employed in the tunnel were overcome by the coal gas from a passing locomotive. The men were divided into three gangs, 39 being masons employed in repairing the brick arch, 22 in the electric light gang, and 8 in the track gang. The extra freight train No. 31 went east shortly after 9 o'clock, followed soon after by No. 49 west, filling the tunnel with smoke. When the second extra 31 came up the grade with a heavy freight, the engine had lost steam, so that when the train went into the tunnel the fire box was filled with fresh coal. The masons, working about 1,000 feet from the west end, were only slightly affected by the gas as the train passed, but shortly after the flagman towards the west shaft reported to Overseer McGrath that the trackmen in the 3,000 foot section and the electric light men in the 6,000 foot section were overcome by gas. Express No. 33 had just entered the tunnel from the west, and McGrath ordered it flagged, which proved a wise precaution. He then ordered all the men from their work to rescue the track and electric light men. Push cars were forced into the tunnel and the rescuers found the men lying all along the track, some partly and some wholly overcome. All the men were placed on the cars and brought out into the open air. Eighteen men were found unconscious in the 6,000 foot section, nearly all of them being on the east-bound track. Had the east-bound express been allowed to pass the slaughter would have been terrible. Some of the men were so badly overcome that it was several hours before they were fully restored to consciousness. It is thought that two of the men will die.

Latest Northwest News.

Miss MacPherson, of immigration fame, is in the city.

Hon. Edgar Dewdney, in his speech on nomination day, says he is against prohibition being continued in the Northwest.

According to the Calgary *Herald*, over 4,000 head of cattle have already been secured for export from the Alberta ranges.

The Hudson Bay promoters had another interview with the Lieutenant-Governor to-day. They said they received a promise of a guarantee upon $2,500,000, and, withdrawing their former objections, they will accept this if they can do no better.

The Methodist delegates at present in Winnipeg have been interviewed on the question of a union of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The general opinion was that, while such a fusion was desirable, there were difficulties in the way that would prevent such an amalgamation, at least in the near future.

The Local Government have decided to bonus the Hudson Bay Railway scheme to the extent of $2,500,000 and no more, the conditions to be of a cast-iron nature and to call for a completed road. It is said that the company will accept the offer, although they wanted $4,500,000. They hoped to induce the Northwest Legislature to pass at its next session legislation calling upon the Dominion Government to hypothecate a portion of the subsidy which the Northwest Provinces yet unorganised will receive in the future and to aid the Hudson Bay Road with it.

The Methodist Board of Missions has considered the items of the schedules, showing in detail the amounts asked for the support of missionaries on various foreign fields. The total amount asked for the Japan work was $22,479. The amounts for Indian work in the several conferences were as follows: Toronto Conference, $3,300; London, $3,835; Niagara, $2,220; Guelph, $1,978; Bay of Quinte, $1,723; Montreal, $1,205; Manitoba, $16,020; British Columbia, $15,227; grand total asked for Indian work, $45,503. The amounts asked for conferences severally, for domestic missions, were as follows: Toronto Conference, $12,840; London, $11,414; Niagara, $5,014; Guelph, $12,120; Bay of Quinte, $18,564; Montreal, $24,350; British Columbia, $8,543; Newfoundland, $23,885; Nova Scotia, $14,446; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, $15,434.

W. Bissett, farmer, of Minecta, was killed by falling from a load of grain, the wheels passing over his head.

David Ogilvie, hotelkeeper, of East Selkirk, while duck-shooting yesterday, accidentally discharged the contents of his gun through the calf of his leg. He died last night from loss of blood.

The Methodist Mission Board has adjourned. Much time was spent in discussing the British Columbia report. Rev. Mr. Starr presented the case and pointed out, that while the Methodists had a great hold among the Indians on the coast, their work was being discredited by the reports of the Government agents and others that the Methodist missionaries were sowing the seeds of sedition, inciting the Indians to rebellion, and, in addition, were guilty of immoral practices with the squaws. These representations were made to the Government, and it was charged that the removal of the Metlakahtla Indians to Alaska was due to missionary persuasion. The Board regarded the question as a most serious one and a long time was spent in discussing the various aspects of it. It was felt that the honor of the Church demanded an immediate investigation. A commission of three fathers was proposed, a start to be made at once. It is most probable that this proposal will be adopted and that an immediate start will be made.

How the World Changes.

The *Scottish Leader* says: "How different the world will be in a century may be gathered from two or three inventions that are just now being critically examined. An electrical carriage was tried the other night in St. James' street, and proved a complete success, running up and down the road as rapidly as though pulled by a team of horses, and absolutely under control. And now an enterprising inventor purposes to build rowing boats wholly of aluminium, the lightest known of all metals, and one of the toughest. A third invention promises a chemical substitute for silk."

Solomon Asher, a Philadelphia dancing master, who has just returned from an extended trip in Europe, says that Americans are everywhere regarded as the best dancers in the world.

A SOUTH SEA ROMACE.

The Lonely Inhabitants on the Island Ojee.

A New York telegram says: Two years ago Charles Murtagh, jun., 16 years old, the son of a well known citizen of Brooklyn, while looking over a large map of the world noticed in the South Sea a cluster of islands. The furthest was the island of Ojee. A boy's pride to write a letter to such a place seized him, and he asked his grandfather about the matter. Grandfather Murtagh had been a seafaring man in earlier days, and among his bosom friends had been a Captain Green. The latter left these shores many years ago, and had never been heard of afterwards. As a freak Murtagh told his grandson to address the letter to Green, and the letter was delivered to the captain of a vessel bound for Australia.

Last Monday the boy received a letter in answer. The edges were badly crumpled, and the missive had the appearance of having been handled over and over. The letter was opened, but no date was found therein. Farther down it was seen to have been written in July, 1887. The letter young Murtagh wrote really reached a man named Green, an inhabitant on the island. The writer and a number of other white people were alone on the island.

More than thirty years ago a vessel left New York for St. Helena, and the commander was Captain Green. There was a crew of 14 men, besides two women. Everything went well until the vessel almost reached the Canary Islands, when a gale sprang up. The ship foundered, the crew took to the boats, and finally, after many months' drifting, landed on the coral reefs of the island of Ojee, 7,000 miles from their original destination. There were no signs of habitation visible. They were castaways, with no immediate prospect of hearing from home unless by the chance of passing vessels coming that way. So it continued for years. Those on the island intermarried until the population reached 54. Plenty of game was found on the island. Finally a whaling vessel came that way, and some of the survivors went on board and engaged as seamen. The original number on the island finally dwindled year by year. Many died, until now only three men and nine women remained. The writer next said that for four years there had not been a vessel in sight. The letter had been written some time, but could not be dated, as it was not known when the next vessel would pass the island. The writer declared it a lonesome spot, but now there were plenty of cows and pigs, besides other cattle. Plenty of game kept him alive for years.

A Sad, Sad Tale.

A stranger with a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came wearily into a little western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to slake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and brow, and while he drank a denizen of the town drew near to quaff of the cooling water. He, too, had a careworn face and an air of general discouragement.

"Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the wayfarer.

"Yes—stranger now, but I used to live 'round here."

"No—did you? Lately?"

"No; its nigh on to ten years since I left."

"And you ain't been back since?"

"No. There's been a good many changes, I see, since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I useter know."

"Mebbe not; who'd you know?"

"Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Watts I useter to know—Sally Watts."

"Did you know Sally Watts? asked the denizen of the town.

"Knowed her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sally?"

"Yes, I——"

"Don you know Sally Watts?"

"Yes—I—I——"

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice and said cautiously:

"See here, mister, I've a favor to ask. It ain't much. Would you mind not mentionin' to Sally Watts that a stranger was 'round astin' fer her? She'd know it was me, an' I'd ruther have a hyener on my trail than Sally Watts. She's an idee I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, mister, mebbe you know how nigh she comes to bein' kin to the devil. If she ain't a Zantippy I never see one. Lookee here stranger; you've got a sympathetic kind of a face and I b'leeve you know how to feel fer a feller that's went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I useter be married to Sally Watts?"

The recipient of this confidence gave a little gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with deep fervor:

"Pity me, man, *I'm* married to her now!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bagging at the Knees.

Barclay Warburton, a Philadelphia dude, being asked how he kept his trousers from bagging at the knees, replied: "I only wear a pair of trousers one day and I don't know what my man does with them after that. To prevent their bagging for the twelve hours in which I wear them I have them lined around the knees with cardboard and I never sit down." Being asked what a man is to do who cannot afford 365 pairs of trousers a year Mr. Warburton replied: "Wear kilts as the Highlanders do."

Not Dangerous

"Julia, perhaps I am staying too late. Is not that your father tapping on the floor overhead?"

"Yes, Arthur, but don't go yet. He isn't dangerously mad until he goes tearing along the hall beating the gong."

The French court has rendered a decision which, if it were to be followed in this country, might give no end of trouble to spectacle and burlesque managers. Mme. Schaeffer, an actress at Rouen, absolutely refused to wear tights in a piece for which she was cast, whereupon the manager refused to pay her salary. She sued him, and the court decided that "the obligation to show one's legs was not of necessity a part of the dramatic profession," and gave judgment for the plaintiff with costs.

THE CANADIAN HOT SPRINGS.

An Apparently "Infernal Hole" in the Rocky Mountains—Some Wonderful Sights.

(E. Sprague in Toronto *Globe*.)

To the tourist the most interesting points will be the hot springs, flowing from different elevations of Sulphur Mountain. They are owned by the Government, which, at the lower spring, near the town, has erected very ornamental buildings for the use of bathers. The water at this point issues in two distinct ways from the mountain, offering the peculiarity of both inside and outside natural bathing facilities in warm water. Within, scooped in the cave is a large grotto containing a pool 90 feet in circumferance, from whose bottom issue several springs at a very high temperature, cooled, however, by a stream of cold water falling from one of the walls at the height of four feet and reducing the water to a tepid state. This cave was formerly entered by a ladder through a small opening in the roof, just large enough to admit a man's body. A small outlet to it was subsequently discovered, which has been enlarged and converted into a tunnel 100 feet long, now giving access to the grotto. The pool is lined with concrete and surrounded by a wooden platform furnished with benches. Seated upon one of these, gazing first down into the dark waters, then up to the lofty roof and walls carved by the action of the sulphuric springs into every imaginable variety of stalactite and fungoid formation, inhaling the brimstoney vapors at a temperature of 95°, no more weird or infernal spot could be dreamt of. Truly Stygian resorts in which devils might well disport themselves. Without, not 100 yards from the cave, is a basin, a large open pool just at the base of the mountain, which has been enclosed and converted into an ideal swimming bath; here the water can be regulated to any depth by means of a waste pipe. It is of a clear blue indigo color and may be seen issuing from the bottom in round indigo blue spots. The temperature is quite as warm as that of an ordinary hot bath, and this may be enjoyed in the open air under a green hill beneath a brilliant blue sky brilliantly reflected in the clear pool. Two miles from the town and hotel is the upper or hottest spring high on the side of Sulphur Mountain. At this point the water gushes from the rock at 120° Fahrenheit, and from it is conveyed by iron pipes to the C.P.R. hotel below. The best accommodation at this spot is afforded by Dr. Brett's excellent bath-house, which provides every convenience for bathing and swimming. The Government have made no improvements here as yet, probably owing to the distance from the town, beyond cutting a good road at the side of Sulphur Mountain.

Sudden Collapse of Peruvian Paper money.

Reports received in Washington from Callao describe the sudden collapse of the paper money of Peru. Part of this currency, amounting to 20,000,000 soles, was issued by the banks at Lima ten years, and guaranteed by the government. The remaining 40,000,000 soles is government money. Its purchasing capacity declined several years ago to one twentieth of that of silver, but in the absence of any other circulating medium, it continued to be used by the people. Finally, in the brief period of ten days, confidence was lost in it so rapidly that it was virtually repudiated in all business transactions not directly connected with the government which receives it in half payment for duties on imports, and pays it out to its employees. The amount of silver in circulation in Peru is very small. The banks and Commercial houses of Lima and Callao could not produce 2,000,000 soles. The experience of Peru is but a repitition of that of every other country that has violated the scientific law in establishings as a circulating medium an article that has no exchangeable value itself, and is not made redeemable in a commodity that has—only swift and disastrous.—*From the Science.*

A Child's Awful Death.

Thursday afternoon [illegible] ty-five tourists visited the summit Pike's Peak. Between 2 and 3 o'clock a severe electric storm, accompanied by a heavy fall of rain, occurred. The visitors took refuge in the signal station. Laura Cook, aged 14 years, daughter of George D. Cook, of Chicago, was standing in the doorway while the storm was at its height. Suddenly, and simultaneously with a deafening crash, a blinding light filled the room, and the spectators were horrified to see the blue blaze of a lightning bolt strike the unfortunate girl full in the face and circle downward around her body. She was knocked lifeless to the floor, and a fearful sight met the eyes of her friends. Her head was swollen to an enormous size, and her body and limbs were cut in strips and horribly mutilated. The incident is a peculiar phenomenon, and old mountaineers claim it to be the first serious electrical disturbance ever occurring above the clouds in the history of the state.—*Colorado Springs Special to Omaha Bee.*

A Lovely Woman

Overheard one say of her, "By heaven! she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she, indignantly, "and by heaven *only!*" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, enthroned on the rose and lily. Yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, with a dry hacking cough, night-sweats, and slight spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again, the picture of health and strength.

A Reverse Rule.

"My calling," said the letter-carrier "differs materially from all others." "In what way?" asked his friend. "Most people get their walking papers when they are discharged, don't they?" "Yes." "Well, I got mine when I was appointed."

A porter in a Cincinnati whiskey house went into a room where some empty casks were stored, carrying a lighted candle in his hand. Knocking the bung out of one of the barrels he stooped over to examine it, when a terrific report was heard, and he was hurled across the room. He was badly injured and the building was set on fire.

Marian.

(A Provencal Folk Song.)

" Mount' as passa ta Matinado,
Mourbieu
Marioun."

O where have you spent your morning, tell,
Yes you, Marian ?
Why drawing water, down at the well,
'Ti true, good man.
Who met you and whispered in your ear,
Yes you, Marian ?
'Twas one of the village girls, oh hear,
'Tis true. good man
Ain't a girl in breeches a novel sight,
Say you, Marian ?
Well, perhaps her skirt was a trifle tight,
'Tis true, good man
A girl with a sword ! I've ne'er seen one,
Have you, Marian ?
Well, her distaff hung down as she spun,
'Tis true good man.
Has a girl a moustache? Come, that's a good joke,
For you, Marian !
She was eating mulberries as she spoke,
'Tis true, good man,
I never knew mulberries ripen in May,
Did you, Marian ?
A bunch might be left from last year, I dare say,
'Tis true, good man.
Go gather a basketful then for me,
Yes you, Marian !
But the birds may have eaten them since, you see,
'Tis true, good man.
Come say your prayers now, I'll cut off your head,
Yes you, Marian !
But what will you do with the body when dead,
Tell true, good man ?
Oh, out of the window I'll fling it, you beast,
Yes you, Marian.
That the cats and dogs may all come to the feast,
Tell true, good man ?
I'll do for you this time, though for it I'll swing
Yes you, Marian.
But a rope around one's neck is an unpleasant thing,
'Tis true, good man.
You bad, lying scratch cat, I'll blacken your eye,
Yes you, Marian.
'Twas my cousin, the conscript, who bade me good-bye.
What, Jean ? Then why couldn't you say so at once,
Yes you, Marian,
Cause I like to tease a bit you old dunce,
'Tis true, good man.
You tease me too much, 'tis a shame and a crime,
Yes you, Marian.
Well, just keep your temper another time,
I'm true, good man.

—*M. R. Weld in the Academy.*

LITTLE NELL.

The Old Man Loved His Grandchild, Though He was a Drunkard.

An old man and a litile girl walked into a downtown saloon rbout 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was not the first visit. The white-aproned bartender regarded them curiously. The half-a-dozen loungers lowered their voices in respect to the little tot of femininity. Nervously fumbling in his pocket the aged toper called for a drink. The little girl left his side and with a fugitive glance at the bartender stole over to the lunch table. From noon until 2 o'clock a generous and tempting array of viands is generally provided in this peculiar resort. It had been removed a few minutes before the old man and his little compaion arrived. Raising on tip-toe the little girl looked over a clear expanse of snow-white tablecloto. A pitiful expression of disappointment passed over a face pinched with hunger and privations. The old man was just raising a glas of whiskey to his lips lips when the little girl rushed across the room and clutched him by the arm :

" Grandpa ! grandpa !" she exclaimed in a shrill childish treble, "don't drink; the lunch is all gone !"

The trembling hand withdrew the glass that had almost touched his lips. A look at the table verified the child's statement. He had already paid for the drink. Motioning the bartender to the end of the long polished bar, the old man said :

" Please give me back the money. I must go without the drink if I die for it. It's all we have in the world, and the little girl has had nothing to eat since morning. Please give me back the money."

" Here's a quarter ; don't come in here again," replied the bartender.

Hand-in-hand they went out, he with his head down and she with a glad look in her eyes. He started to go into another saloon, but she held him back. They walked half a block and entered a cheap restaurant.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Odd Items.

A Jeffersonville (N.Y.) bootblack has a card on his back stating that he will not black a drunken man's shoes.

Wonders never cease. A peach tree near Smyrna, Del., for three years past has seemed as dead as Hector, but this year it is loaded with fine fruit.

A colored woman in Atlanta, Ga., is the youngest of thirty-seven children, and, although not yet 38 years old, is herself the mother of twenty-seven children.

It is stated upon medical authority that readers should refrain from damping their fingers in turning over the leaves of library books, as this is a sure way to attract any stray bacilli that may be lurking around.

Pennsylvania has some girls worth having. In the haying season, a gentleman during a short drive counted nine young women driving two-horse mowers and seventeen managing horse rakes.

Mr. Stinyes, of Augusta, Ga., got married one day and eloped the next with an old sweetheart, whom only he swore he could love, and now there is a large and angry mother-in-law and law suit hovering in the horizon.

In digging a well near Goldsboro', N. C., the diggers came upon traces of an extinct volcano, and at once reported it to the state geologist, who will pronounce upon the discovery authoritatively in a few days.

A Georgia man is ready to swear that common soda is the most sovereign thing on earth for the bite of either mad dog or snake—notwithstanding that there is not the remotest possibility that fishing parties and so on will substitute it for the usual antidote.

Two farmers near Bowling Green, Ky., came upon a drove or flock or herd of weasels in the woods the other day. There were thirty or forty of the little fellows and they seemed to know that there is strength in numbers, for they evinced no fear at the approach of the men, but drew up in a solid mass and showed fight so determinedly that the farmers didn't molest them.

Children, who have been cautioned not to tease their little brother Elmer, as he was cutting a tooth, waited expectantly a few minutes. Then Ned spoke up; "I say, auntie, has he cut it yet?"

YRON'S BRUSSELS BALL-ROOM.

Where " Hush ! Hark !" Startled the Beauty and the Chivalry.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But, hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

So wrote Byron in " Childe Harold" (Canto III), as all the English-reading young men and young women in the world well know. Therefore, many people will read with interest the following extract from a Homburg letter by William Frazer in the London *Times*. Mr. Frazer this summer went over Waterloo field. He writes :

" One pathetic incident of this battle has escaped the notice of poets and painters. I can remember my father saying that on the evening of Quatre Bras he noticed many officers lying dead in the silk stockings and buckled shoes which they had worn at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the previous night, their servants having joined the column earlier, making it impossible to change their full dress uniforms. On returning to Brussels I determined to find, if possible, the scene of the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond the evening before Quatre Bras.

" Some time before leaving England I conversed with a lady who danced with my father at the ball, and who has, as you will see from her name, which I enclose, the best means of knowing where it took place. The lady, giving me at the same time a list of those who were invited, told me that Lord Byron's allusion to 'that high hall' was 'nonsense.' She added that the ball took place, not in the Duke of Richmond's house, but in a coachmaker's depot, a low-roofed room, at the rear of it, the street being named Rue de la Blanchisserie. I made many inquiries in England and in Brussels.

" I at last ascertained that the site of the Duke of Richmond's house was now covered by a large hospital in the Rue des Cendres. I visited the hospital, and one of the nursing sisters politely pointed out a wing which had formed part of the Duke's house. I examined the garden behind this wing ; neither in this nor in the building itself was there any trace of a ball-room. I observed above the wall of the hospital the roof of a high building, and inquired what it was. The Sister replied that it was the brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie. I walked round to this street, and was informed by the proprietor of the brewery that he knew nothing on the subject. After some conversation I asked if he could tell me of whom his father purchased the property ; he replied of a coach-builder named Van Asch. I inquired if the coach-builder had a depot. " Yes, a very large one ; it is now my granary." He then took me up on the first floor and I found myself in the room, the remembrance of which will live as long as the English language. It is 120 feet long, 54 feet broad, and about 13 feet high, the floor smooth enough to be danced on to-night." This room answers precisely to the description given to me ; it is immediately in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's house, it is in the street named, it belonged in 1815 to a coach-builder, and is capable of holding at least 400 persons.

" I do not think further proof can be required. I have the permission of the proprietor to give his name, V. Vanginderachter, brasseur, Rue de la Blanchisserie, 40 et 42. He most courteously added that we would be glad to show the room to visitors."

A Disgusted Humorist.

Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, in relating his recent experiences in London, said :—" Sometimes it was dreary work trying to be funny. Once I went to a reception, or assembly, at which none but Greeks were present. I have never seen so many magnificent dresses at one time. The women were exceedingly beautiful and richly attired, and all the men were handsome. Well, I went through my programme and tried my best to raise a laugh, but the audience sat and listened without moving a muscle. Just as I was ending the hostess came to me and said sweetly :—' Now, Mr. Wilder, please do something funny !' They carried me out in a hand basket and I reached my rooms in a collapsed condition. It was simply crushing."—*Rochester Democrat.*

Tender Solicitude.

Ethel's 4-year-old brother frequently amused himself by thumping Ethel's steady caller over the head with his tiny fists. He was thus employed one evening when he suddenly stopped, exclaiming : " Sister said me musn't hit oo on the head."

" Did she ? Why ?" asked Cholly, evidently pleased with the young lady's solicitude.

" Tause," prattled the artless one, " she said it might dent it."

A Double Case of Absent Mindedness.

Church choir soprano (who sings during the week in comic opera, to tenor)—I declare, Mr. Highsea, I'm mortified half to death! Do you know that while we were singing that anthem I forgot myself and winked at that old bald-headed Deacon Heavywate in the front pew?

Mr. Highsea—Too bad ! The deacon will be indignant.

Soprano—No, he won't—that's the worst of it. He forgot himself, too, and made a reach for the pulpit flowers.—*Time.*

A Post-Mortem Inquiry.

Customer—I say, waiter, this venison hasn't been hung.

Waiter (new to the line)—'Ung, sir? In course not, sir. I believe it was shot, sir. —*Fun.*

Nobody Fooled.

What the girl with the parasol and her companion are thinking — " It's awfully mean to lead him on so when I am already engaged ; but it is such fun ?" What he thinks—"This is a low sort of business for a man who's to be married in October. They are no end of sport, though, and I could have either of them for the asking."

M Zola's new novel, " Le Reve," is to be published in October, and it is announced as a work so unexceptionable in its moral tone that it can safely be placed in the hands " of the most modest young girls and the most pure-minded women."

CURRENT TOPICS.

A snug fortune awaits the man who can invent a cheaper substitute for India ink, which, by the way, comes from China, not India. Experiments are being made, but so far in vain.

Miss Charlotte M. Young, the novelist, is a devoted member of the church of England. With the proceeds of her novel, " The Heir of Redcliffe," she fitted out the missionary schooner, the Southern Cross, for the use of Bishop Selwyn ; and $10,000 from the profits of " The Daisy Chain " are said to have gone to the building of the missionery college in New Zealand.

An eccentrict will will be tested in the courts at Pesth in December. A physician, Dr. Goldberger de Buda, left $250,000 to accumulate for the benefit of his posteity until the interest would be sufficient to relieve destitution everywhere. The trustees calculated that they could effect a distribution when the capital reached $1,000,000,000, but they declined to act. The will will now be contested by claimants in America, London and Madrid.

The sergeant who was on guard at the fortress of Ham at the moment when the late Emperor Napoleon III. effected his escape has just died at Fraize in his 68th year. He and the soldiers about him were offered wine by the then Prince Louis Napoleon, into which a narcotic had been infused. The prisoner kept them in conversation until one by one they fell asleep, and, the coast being clear, he slipped away.

On Blizzard Monday young George Cosine, of Hicksville, Long Island, found a beautiful girl face downward in the snow. She was moaning in great distress. Mr. Cosine took the young woman up in his arms and carried her to the nearest pharmacy, where she found stimulants and extra wraps. Mr. Cosine's interest went further—he hired a sled and escorted the lovely maiden to her home. Rewarding him, the rescued lady, Miss Mary McEwen, has become his wife. The wedding took place on Sanday evening.

This from the Sydney (N. S. W.) *Freeman's Journal*, just received by mail, will serve to remind us that ours is still the summer end of the earth and that they are having roaring winter down in the antarctic regions. A heavy snowstorm occurred at Armidale on Friday night, and on Saturday the streets were covered with snow. Heavy falls of snow are reported from Orange, Inavereli, Tenterfield and other townships, and the weather up country generally is decribed as being bitterly cold.

At Trouville, a fashionable resort for the French, a pretty girl wore her hair floating upon her shoulders, with butterflies, brilliantly-tinted small birds and dragon-flies fastened upon it, so as to look as though captured in a golden mesh. Her small bonnet was covered with birds and butterflies, and her light-blue gauze dress was dotted over with others, and several kinds of insects as well. She represented Air. Her sister, a dark-haired girl, was Water. Her sea-green gown was trimmed in eccentric fashion with seaweed, and her hair, floating like her sister's, was similarly decked.

How absurd it is for people to make a show of themselves when they formally enter their life contract ! Read this current item about certain unbalanced young people : " Thirty-eight couples have been married at the Iowa fairs and captured more or less valuable prizes for the publicity of their nuptials, and of these thirty-seven have been divorced within thirteen months."

A patent has been granted for a waterproof compound adapted to be applied to the floors and walls of buildings to prevent the access of water and dampness, and which will also withstand extreme and varying temperatures of air, and which will be practically indestructable. The composition consists of the following ingredients, combined in substantially the proportions stated, viz. :

New Zealand (or Portland) cement, 100 pounds; cream of tartar, 3 ounces; pulverized ivory, 1 ounce ; quicksilver, 1 ounce ; isinglass, 4 ounces; marble dust, 5 pounds ; sand, 200 pounds ; rain water, 1 pail.

In compounding the ingredients a small quantity of cement, for instance, one pound, is mixed with the cream of tartar, quicksilver and isinglass and water enough to make a very thin paste, and the composition is let stand about twenty-four hours. If the weather be coid the composition should stand in a warm place. The remainder of the cement, the pulverized ivory, marble dust and sand are mixed dry, and the standing compound is thereupon added, together with enough rain water, about half a pail, to produce a plastic mass capable of being readily laid with a trowel or similar implement. After the compound is laid upon a suitable foundation, such as wood, earth, brick or metal, it becomes very hard, equal to steel, and capable of a very high polish.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

If every tongue that speaks her praise,
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase,
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet,
Of mingled accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land or tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, and Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Mantchoo,
Would shout, " We know the lady."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

How it Works.

Rich manufacturer—Well, how did you succeed at Castle Garden ?

Secretary—Finely. Engaged 20 Hungarians, 15 Poles, 17 Italians, 18 Bulgarians, 16 Russians, and a miscellaneous collection whose nationalities I didn't stop to ask.

Rich manufacturer—Glorious! That will end the strike in my factory. Now take this check over to the President of the High-Tariff League for the Protection of American Labor.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Common Experience.

First youth—By jinks, Harry, what's the matter ? Did Clara Vere de Vere refuse you?

Second youth (sadly)—No, she accepted me.

" Then what in creation are you looking so blue about ?"

" I spent so much money courting her that I haven't enough left to buy an engagement ring."

REAL IRISH STORY.

" Where Has My Sweetheart Gone ?" Answered in Time.

This from the London *Globe* sounds romantic, but the writer vows that he is telling Cupid's truth :

Just eight years ago a young Dublin engineer and the daughter of a wealthy rmer, who was also engaged in the Dublin provision trade, were married. The bride had managed the provision business for her family and was described as an amiable and lovely girl. After marriage the wedding party went to Glendalough and a most enjoyable day almost up to the hour of returning was spent, the company being a large one, when some misunderstanding occurred between the newly wedded pair. The bridegroom left the company in anger and walked the eight miles back to the city in time to catch an evening steamer to Liverpool; from that period until Thursday in last week he was never heard of. The bride felt her desertion keenly, but she stuck to her business. Her father meantime died and she was left in charge of great responsibilities. The wanderer was forgotten or believed to have died and some time since another succeeded in obtaining her affections. The wedding was arranged for an early day and invitations had been issued when the long missing husband put in an appearance in the city. He had been all these years in New Zealand and he had made money, which he had come home to share with his wife who, " strangely enough " adds the correspondent, " felt all her old love for him revive. He was very nearly being late, but his timely arrival saved a vast amount of after misery to all concerned."

No matter what the school of physic,
They each can cure an ache or physic—
At least 'tis said they can ;
But as Science turns the wheel still faster,
And quacks and bigots meet disaster,
To us there comes a man
Whose merit hath won countless zealots,
Who use and praise his " Pleasant Pellets."

The " Pleasant Purgative Pellets " of Dr. Pierce, though gentle in action, are thorough, and never fail to cure biliousness, diseased or torpid liver, and constipation.

Natural Selection.

" Men usually marry their opposites," said Cholly, reflectively. " That is true," said the old man, a little surprised at Cholly's unusual brilliancy. " All the married men I know have married members of the opposite sex." " I mean," said Cholly, " that a tall man is apt to marry a short woman and vice versa ; I wonder what kind of a woman I will marry?" And the old man opined that he would be liable to marry a girl with some sense.

The New Pain King.

Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms and cramps.

Nerviline cures promptly the worst cases of neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica.

Nerviline is death to all pain, whether external, internal, or local.

Nerviline may be tested at the small cost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent bottle of Nerviline, the great pain remedy. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

" The Flattering Tale."

Old lady (" down upon followors ")—" That young man who is just going out, I suppose, is your brother, Jane ?" Maid—" No, 'm. Not my brother, m'um—which he's a young man, m'um—most r'spect'ble, m'um—as I've 'opes of !"—*Punch.*

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching an stinging ; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Quite Another Affair

Mr. Bachelor (very cordially)—Allow me to congratulate you, dear boy. I hear you've married a widow.

Dear Boy (doubtfully)—You're mistaken ; she married me.

" An idler is a watch that lacks both hands ;
As useless if it goes, as when it stands."

Alas ! how many women, though household and children need their care, are necessarily idle, because suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex. To all such Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a precious boon, speedily curing internal inflammation, leucorrhea, displacement, ulceration, tormenting periodical pains, prolapsus, " bearing-down " sensations, morning sickness, bloating, weak stomach, nervous prostration, and tendency to cancerous disease. In all those ailments called " female complaints " it is the most reliable specific known to medical science.

Juke of the Zoo.

Knights promise to become as common in Canada as " professors," or as colonels in the United States at the close of the war. Sir Charles Tupper has gone up even a step higher, and is now a full fledged baronet, the " Sir " thus becoming hereditary. If this keeps on Harry Piper, of Toronto, will be made a " Juke."—*Rigetown Standard.*

Reprisals.

Tradesman (to Old Gentleman, who has purchased a lawn-mower)—Yes, sir, I'll oil it, and send it over imm——

Customer (imperatively)—No, no, no !—it musn't be oiled ! I won't have it oiled ! Mind that ! I want noise ! And, look here—pick me out a nice rusty one. My neighbors' children hoot and yell till ten o'clock every night, so—(viciously)—I mean to cut my grass from four till six every morning !—*Punch.*

Life at Mt. Desert.

He (who has been accepted)—Were you ever engaged before? She—Only once this summer. He—What? And here it is the last of August! She—But I only came last week.—*Life.*

A Scotch mother in Philadelphia was a delighted spectator the other day when her fifteen sons danced the Highland fling together at a Scottish picnic.

MACHINERY OUTDONE.

How Playing Cards are Cut—Facts About the Handling of Eggs.

" Speaking about the accuracy of machinery," observed a scientific man the other day to a New York *Mail* writer, " the degree of accuracy to which the human hand can be trained is equally wonderful.

" Playing cards are required to be cut with the sides quite parallel to each other, because if a pack be trimmed by the machine slightly wider at one end than the other, and they become turned ' end for end' in dealing, the excess in width of some cards over others at the end of the pack will be double the variation in any one card, which would facilitate cheating, a very minute variation being perceptible. The men who test these cards for this, make calipers of their finger and thumb, and, by passing them along from one to the other, detect a difference in width between the two ends which it is difficult to measure by any other means.

" There are men employed in factories where dried yeast is made whose business it is to put the yeast into packages weighing a certain amount each. It is on a table in front of them in a large plastic mass, and there are the scales for weighing it. But the men do not use the scales. They simply separate from the mass with their hands a lump of it and put it up, and you may choose at random and put it on the scales, and it will weigh exactly the right amount, the scales beam just balancing.

" When large numbers of eggs are handled and shipped to market, there is a process known as ' candleing ' eggs, which consists in taking them up in the hands (usually two eggs in each hand at a time), and holding them up before a lighted candle. The light shining through them reveals to the practised eye the exact condition of the contents. But some of the men soon get so that they do not need the use of the candle, the mere contact of their hands with the shells denoting the condition of the egg just as infallibly and much more quickly. And they distinguish in that way not merely eggs which are decidedly bad, but those which are just barely beginning to lose their freshness.

" Here are three different ways in which extreme skill of the hands is shown by persistent training. First, in detecting slight differences in magnitude ; second, in weight, and lastly, in texture or character of surface handled."

Misleading

" What in thunder do you mean by coming in here to get your head bandaged?" said an indignant proprietor to a battered tramp. " This is a plumber's shop and ain't no hospital, by a jugful."

" Why don't yer take in yer sign then ?" said the battered tramp, pointing to the legend " Tanks Repaired."

A Terrible Revenge.

Miss De Pink—No, Mr. Suitor, it can never be. I shall never marry a widower. The idea ! Catch me walking in any other woman's shoes.

Mr. Suitor (departing)—I had no intention, Miss De Pink, of offering you my late wife's shoes. You couldn't get them on.

A Transformation.

" Miss Screechowl sang at the musical last evening," said one musician to another, and she effected a wonderful transformation."

" Indeed ! How ?"

" Well, she sang ' It Was a Dream,' and turned it into an orthodox nightmare."

A Crisis for a Quaker.

" Is it true, mamma," inquired a little girl, " that a Quaker never takes his hat off?" " It is true, my dear," answered the fond mother, " it is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man." " But then tell me, mamma," answered the clever child, " how does a Quaker manage when he goes to have his hair cut ?"

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

" *We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

" *After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

Query: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,037 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin Judge Gibson, Dr. Brown, E. H. Cook, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus post free from

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

And still there Are

MORE

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TO BE GOT AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

Don't forget to ask for

THAT CASHMERE,

Regular price 35c a yard, now 22 1-2 c a yard. It is a yard and a quarter wide.

Those DRES GOODS

We are selling at 18 1-2c a yard, regular price 20c a yard. Beautiful new goods.

1000 DOZEN BUTTONS !

Selling at 5c a dozen, regular prices from 10c to 50c a doz.

COME SOON

In order to secure Best Bargains.

1000 doz. Eggs Wanted

RIGHT AWAY !

Top price paid in Cash or Trade. The Famous

New Process Electric Soap,

To be Got Only at

J. G. ANDERSON'S

Mammoth Bargain House.

On The Wing.

By our Travelling Reporter.

In passing through Kimberley the other day I had occasion to remain over night. I concluded to procrastinate by visiting the town. I first met the young and talented school master who I am proud to say is alive to his business, and we are pleased to find that Kimberley has been so fortunate in securing a teacher who is an example the young and rising generation may not fear to copy.

Next we called on Mr. W. Stewart. We thought by his stature he would be quite above us, but in a few minutes' conversation we discovered an individual of no ordinary talent. We questioned him on Township affairs, and being an old incumbent we must express that Euphrasia has indeed been fortunate in securing his services.

Mr. Hammond, the merchant there, speaks for himself. Who would pass through Kimberley and miss his genial smile.

We found Mr. Plewes to be quite a talker, yet he is very intelligent, and we have no doubt but he is much appreciated. Mr. Thurston needs no puff from us. Come once and see.

Passing through Flesherton we met the Editor of the Advance. On entering his sanctum two devils met us, but lo and behold you, on a while's conversation we found them to be human characters, clothed in their right minds, with intellects thoroughly balanced and quite capable of handling type with any firm north of Toronto. In conclusion we say success to Kimberley, and long life to the printer's devils.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The buzz of the threshing machine and the shouts of the ploughboy are again filling the land.

A great many youths from this vicinity took in the exhibition. They say that the sights were worth seeing, but sleeping in the Union Station over night did not catch them worth a cent.

Mr. and Miss Brown, of Singhampton, are the guests of Mrs. Wm. Jordan.

Rev. James Coburn very acceptably filled the pulpit here on Sunday last.

Two of our professional men got caught in a clothes line which had been carefully tied across the road, while returning from the band meeting on Tuesday evening last. One of them took the rope home with him, while the other fellow is rejoicing that he got off so easy, considering it is leap year.

Miss Acheson and Miss Cornfield are on the sick list.

The Inistioge echoes are : That hiring livery rigs is not profitable work. That Hunters have been visiting Inistioge recently. And that if our postmaster does not put a letter box in the postoffice something will happen to him.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

Quite a number round and around Eugenia went to Toronto Exhibition.

Miss Lizzie Crowe is visiting friends in Toronto.

The Methodist church here is undergoing long needed repairs, A stone foundation has just been completed and some brick is already on the ground for the purpose of bricking it. Work, I understand, is to be begun in about two weeks. A new roof is to be put on and the inside is to be completely overhauled, so that when the work is done it will be one of the finest country churches in Artemesia.

Miss. Aggie Gorley, of Toronto, is spending a few weeks visiting her parents and friends here.

Our British Columbia Letter.

This summer has been quite different from former ones, and particularly favorable for the crops on high lands. June and first half of July were nearly all rain, which gave the crops a fine start. Beautiful sunshine followed, and up to date, the temperature ranging from 80° to 86° in the shade. Everything seems deceptive in this climate. Your own eyes convey wrong impressions to the mind in regard to distance, size, etc. Why this is I will not try to explain. Ask an arrivrl what size a certain tree is, and ten to one it is twice the size he guessed. In this connection one of the numerous stories may not be out of place : A tourist left word at a hotel that he was just going to take a morning walk before breakfast, up to a certain mountain which appeard only distant some two miles. Not returning in a reasonable time, the rest of the party went in search and caught up to him about noon, standing partly undressed beside a small creek that one could easily step across. When asked his motive for undressing, he said everything was so deceiving, he did not know but what it might turn out to be half a mile wide, and he might have to swim across.

Salmon have been very scarce this season, wrath-provoking mosquitoes plentiful. The Alaska affair is a humbug. Spectators of every grade trying to boon the country. Crops good. Weather A. 1. Immigrants getting fooled. Time rolling along "alle samee."

J. M. WEBSTER.

Haney P. O. B.C., Sept. 17 1888.

Visitors to the fair MONDAY and TUESDAY next are invited to call and inspect our magnificent fall stock, and premises, when an attractive display of new goods will be found. M. Richardson & Co.

W. C. T. U. Department.

Two Beggars.

An old man of sixty rapped at the door of the writer and asked the privilege of working for a breakfast. The meal was given him and he ate with a relish. Rising to go, he stood with his gray hair uncovered, with his hard face touched with a bit of emotion, and said, in substance : "I thank you sincerely for this food. I was hungry. And while I thank you I want to warn you against coming to the condition I am in. When I was young I worked hard and made money. I spent it in the saloons. I put hundreds of dollars there. Now I am too old to work. I must wear rags for clothes and beg for a living. The saloons drive out and give me nothing. Last night I was driven from one and would have been in that terrible storm but for the kindness of a man who let me sleep in his shop."

A few days later another man of about the same age came begging for a dime. He claimed to be a cripple ; the hospitals were full. The dime was given him, in an hour he was seen to buy beer at a neighboring bar.

These are but samples of what may be learned every day by a little inquiry. There are thousands of old and young men reduced to beggary by drink. Licensed saloons tempt and rob and curse them till they are penniles, and send them adrift to beg from sober people or to steal. And in a good many cases these pauper makers stand behind their bars receiving the money which Christian charity has given these victims. Through the poor besotted beggar whom he has reduced to beggary, the saloon keeper reaches out to rob sober people and fatten off of the sympathy which his own curse kindles. A business like this cannot buy respectability by any amount of taxes, and in God's sight no number of signatures and votes can relieve it of the deepest infamy.—[Central Baptist.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 21 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes :

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes :

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy ; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began takirg Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

MEAT, MEAT!

FRESH MEAT,

Nice Tender Meat

And Meat of all Kinds

—AT—

Blakely & McConnell's.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal ; construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same ; and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks ; and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

Strayed or Stolen.

From the premises of W. C. Parker, lot 62, 2nd west, Artemesia, two sows in pig—one aged and the other young, black, and black and white spotted. Information thankfully received as to their whereabouts.

W. C. PARKER.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot No. 10 Con. 5, Euphrasia, containing fifty acres. The above property is situated about one-and-a-half miles from the village of Kimberley, all under cultivation and magnificent land.

Apply to
A. ALDOUS,
Kimberley P. O.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 380. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 4 , 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SAVE MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

WATCHES

CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

Spectacles, Silverware, Etc.,

During the month of September, 1888, at

Russell's

Noted

Jewelry Store

We will give a DISCOUNT of

20 per cent. off on all cash sales of $1 and over,

In order to clear out some of our immense stock, to make room for

LARGE FALL IMPORTATIONS.

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Hampden, Illinois, Springfield, Columbus, in gold and silver cases, in ladies' and gents' sizes, bearing warrants from 3 to 5 years.

The finest make of American walnut spring and weight Clocks, bearing warrants from two to four years. An $18 Watch for $14.40; a $20 Watch for $16; a $12 Watch for $9.60.

In Silverware we have the most beautiful selection ever shown in this county, at equally low prices. Ladies' Brooches and Barpins, Earrings, Necklets, Guards, etc. Gents' Tie pins, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Charms, etc., at the same terrible reductions. Also the most lovely and large selection of

Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings

and 18 K. WEDDING RINGS ever shown in this section of the country. Come at once and get the choice of the great reductions, and remember that the only place to get your Watches, Clocks or Jewelry repaired is at

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON.

Special reductions on goods for presentation purposes

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Two inches of snow on Wednesday. Ugh!

Is this winter, anyway? and what have we done to deserve it now, if it is?

The job of filling in at the Flesherton bridge was let on Monday afternoon to Mr. Wm. Varty.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Jos. Stafford, 4th line, Artemesia, was successful in passing the supplementary examination at Toronto University.

The new post office will not be ready for occupation until the latter end of next week.

A full stock of boots and shoes, all sorts and sizes, good and cheap, at W. Clayton's.

New Lard, Bologna Sausages, etc., to hand at Blakely & McConnell's.

To-day (Thursday) is Division Court day in Flesherton.

Mrs. Connell, of Guelph, who has been visiting at Mrs. Gordon's, returned home on Sat. last.

On and after Oct. 1, the Flesherton postoffice will be open from 8 a. m. til. 7.00 p.m., R. J. SPROULE, postmaster.

Flesherton Glee Club sang at a concert at Markdale on Friday evening last, and received a great ovation. They were in good form, and were encored to the echo.

Eugenia and Lady Bank correspondence crowded out this issue. Also an interesting article on temperance by an esteemed contributor, and Kimberley school report. Have patience with us and we will catch up in a week or two.

Baldness may be prevented, and a thick growth of hair stimulated, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation also restores the natural color to gray hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

The first snow storm of the season struck Flesherton on Saturday last, with considerable force. Notwithstanding this there are tomato vines in our garden which have not even been touched by the frost.

The letter in this issue from Mr. S. D. Gandin, now in New Hampshire, will be read with much interest by his numerous friends in this vicinity. It is well written and overflowing with information.

Sunday was a genuine winter's day in Flesherton. The snow came down as though it intended to make sleighing, but melted as fast as it fell. It came again to the extent of two inches on Tuesday night.

Life becomes almost a burden when the body is racked with the suffering which arises from scrofula. If any taint of this disease lurks in your blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will expel it. The entire system may be thoroughly renovated by taking this medicine.

HAY WANTED. Farmers having good No. 1 hay for sale will hear of a purchaser by applying to Thos. Sturdy, hay presser, 26 Catharine street south, Hamilton, N. B. I am at present pressing in Dundalk, and will be at Flesherton, if business will warrant removal, for a few months *in vel. &c.*

Prices $8 to $11 per ton.

Off The Track.

Owing to a freight train being off the track in the vicinity of Chatsworth, the morning train from Owen Sound did not arrive till twelve o'clock, m., on Saturday, and passed the up mail at this station.

Married.

MAGEE-HAWKINS.—In Flesherton, on the 24th Sept., by Rev. T. Watson, Mr. James McGee to Mrs. Ann Hawkins. Both of Meaford.

Died.

McInnes—Near Priceville, on Sept. 26, Mary Ann McInnes, aged 17 years and 6 months.

Missionary Grants.

J. W. Armstrong, Esq., attended the annual Missionary meeting of the Guelph Conference of the Methodist Church, at Kincardine, on Friday last, returning on Saturday. There were some $7,000 set apart for this conference, of which $200 were granted to the Eugenia and Euphrasia mission.

Glenelg Agricultural Exhibition.

The Glenelg Agricultural fall show took place at Markdale on Thursday and Friday of last week. Exhibits in the majority of cases were not as numerous as at the show here, in fact it was considerably inferior all through, with the exception of fowl. Markdale show can boast of the finest exhibit of fowl in the County of Grey. A great drawback to the Glenelg exhibition is want of space. Room for exhibitors is too limited. There were a large number of visitors on the second day, and we would judge that the show was very successful, from a financial standpoint.

Mutual Improvement.

Now that the long evenings are at hand, would it not be a good idea for the young people of Flesherton to form a mutual improvement society of some description to while away the hours and benefit themselves? A society of this kind could be made very interesting, as well as instructive, by the study of elocution, composition, historical research, social questions, and many other subjects, suitable for a society like this. We would like to assist in the formation of such a society, if some one would move in the matter. Even were nothing but the study of authors and history taken up, it would pay—morally speaking. What gentleman or lady will claim the honor of being first to attempt the organization?

Lockup.

A village like Flesherton, without some kind of a lockup, is at a great disadvantage, as proved last fair day. The crooks were swarming and there was no place to fasten them up if arrested. Consequently they were not arrested: for what constable could be expected to arrest and take charge of an individual for some hours probably all night—until a magistrate could be found to try the case. As one gentleman remarked to us, "even a lockup like Dundalk's would be better than nothing." That was a pretty piece of sarcasm, though. We would require something that would hold the victim, at least. But twenty-five dollars would go a long way toward erecting such a receptacle, and it would be money well spent. As it is now, crooks feel perfectly free to play their nefarious calling at our fairs and other gatherings, as their arrest is, in a manner, out of the question.

Artemesia Exhibition.

The Artemesia fall exhibition came off at Priceville on Thursday. The weather was unfavorable, but did not prevent a large turnout of visitors. The exhibition was fully up to the standard, with, probably, the exception of cattle, which were numerous, but of poor quality, as they have been at all the fairs which we have visited. Roots, grain, and fruit were good, and a magnificent lot of excellent butter was shown. Ye editor is now reveling in some of the prize bread, baked by Mrs. Henry King, of Priceville. The competition for our prize was keen, and closely contested, but Mrs. King's art evidently "took the cake" and we took the bread. We are sorry that, owing to the crowded state of our columns, we are unable to give a more extended account of the show, but will probably have something more to say about it next week, when the prize list will be published.

The editor of the Dundalk Herald is a bachelor, as nearly everyone knows by this time. Last week he gave his readers a half-column account of his love affairs. We have been through the mill, but must acknowledge that we could not quite understand this confession, and know not whether to congratulate or pity.

The Imp and the Farmer:

OR HOW THE DEVIL WENT CALLING

The farmer hath harvested all his grain
And is busily counting up his gain
While the breezes of fall are blowing
He sits in the kitchen, and thinks, and thinks
While the firelight flashes, then slowly sinks
And leaves the bright coals aglowing

The dog lies dreaming before the hearth
[illegible]
While the farmer sits there thinking
And under the spell of the amber glow
Strange thoughts and fancies quite free
As the coals are slowly blinking.

Now deep in the glow of that red hot coal
The farmer first sees a ghostly soul
Then the form of a sooty imp
And straight, with a squeaking, wriggle
A voice comes up from the coals
And these are the words we distinguish

"Oh, man look well to your subscription
Your subscription is fading away, mind you
While in luxury you revel."
And then as the farmer's hair arose
The imp skipped upward and backward
As he yelled, "I'm the printer's devil."

Next day the farmer drove into town
With a shamefish face he came rolling down
To the office of "The Advance"
He planked down a V., and then explained
"As for devils' visits, I'm not constrained
To give them another chance."

MORAL.—Will some more of our readers please examine the coals closely.

Very little, excepting shows, is attracting the attention of our respected contrefers at present. The Durham Chronicle published no less than three prize lists last week, while the Review only published one. And we think the Review did the wiser act. Possibly when brother Mitchell "disses" his italic caps he will think so too.

The Wiarton Echo, commenting on a steam buggy shown at the late Industrial Fair, remarks: "It requires, however, a much smoother country than this to make them a success." We should sneeze to ejaculate if it wouldn't. Only wrought iron trucks are appropriate to that section of country, with a generous supply of blasting powder to open up the way.

The Dundalk Herald is threatened with a libel suit.

COMPETITION

DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

AND SILVERWARE

Quality and completeness of stock to select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Genuine 18 K. Wedding Rings

No Catch Prices. Goods as represented

OR "CASH" REFUNDED

Can do better for Customers—"Cash" or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey Co."

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN.

MARKDALE, ONT.

Rover in Church.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung
The windows were open, and the breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn books from seat to seat.
Even the birds, in the pale-leaved birch
Sang as softly as if in church!

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
I wonder?" the gray haired sexton thought,
As his careful ear the tapping caught.
Rap rap, rap rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seats turned around.
What could it mean? for never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud
The minister paused (though his head was bowed),
Rappety-rap! This will never do,
The girls are peeping, and laughing, too!
So the sexton tripped over the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch, and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog
Right up the centre aisle he pattered,
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say,
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day:
But better late than never, you know,
Besides, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,
And hear what the minister has to say."

The poor little girl hid her face and cried'
But the big dog nestled to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be.
The dog being large (and the sexton small),
He sat through the sermon and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air'
And instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head
After the service, "I never knew
Two better listeners than Rover and you!"

—*James Buckham.*

A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY MARGARET CROSBY.

"Well," continued Sanford, "Winifred's a good seven year older than he is, and she's as well calc'lated to take care of other folks as she is to take care of herself. None of the fellows round here's been able to take her off her own hands yet, and I must say I ain't sorry, fur she's the light of my eyes." He paused for a moment and then added: "Yer brother's pretty sick, I reckon.' Colonel Brennan's eyes wandered toward the orchard again with a pained expression. "Still,' concluded Sanford, rising and kicking off the porch the little pile of shavings that had collected at his feet, "if this weather holds he'll get better."

He sauntered away toward the barn, still whittling as he went.

Colonel Brennan sat motionless, thinking deeply. His thoughts ran monotonously in a circle, always coming back to the same point. What was to be done for Julian? For the last few days he had certainly seemed to be better; but before—he shuddered as he remembered a week of constant rain and cold weather, when Julian's cough had increased as his strength had diminished, and when he had looked imploringly at his brother, as if beseeching a rescue from the death that seemed so near. There was a painful realization that all his care and tenderness had been inadequate to his brother's needs. Winifred Sanford alone had the power to help and influence him, and Colonel Brennan had come to depend upon her entirely where Julian was concerned. She had gradually given up all her time to the young fellow, treating him with the authoritative kindness of an older sister, which he accepted with an alternation of the petulance of an invalid and a sort of veiled adoration which no one was aware of but Winifred herself, although she betokened no consciousness of it.

Colonel Brennan's attitude toward her was curiously characteristic. He felt the warmest gratitude for her kindness to his brother, and a profound respect for what seemed to him the marvellous tact and knowledge shown in her care of him. Her beauty he barely noticed. The whole personality of the only woman he had ever loved, the young wife he had lost years before, had been so different, that, with his single-hearted devotion to her memory, admiration for a style so unlike was impossible. He was ill at ease with all women, but less so with this one, who swept the rooms in the morning with her sleeves rolled up, showing her strong white arms, handling the broom with a dexterity that compelled his admiration, even though her less practical charms did not. His heart sank when he thought that the time would soon come when he and Julian would be alone. The physician's orders were to return to New York in a month from the time of their leaving there. If Julian were no better on his return, Florida was to be tried as a last resource. "If we could only take Winifred Sanford with us," thought the colonel despairingly; "but that would be impossible." Some novel idea made the blood slowly mount to his bronzed face. Marriage would make such a thing possible? "Never!" he said aloud, almost fiercely. The next thought, following the first like lightning, was—What sacrifice would he not make for Julian? He started to his feet abruptly, and, taking his gun, followed in Sanford's footsteps to the barn.

In the orchard the still softness of the day seemed to be concentrated. Not a leaf on the gnarled branches of the apple-trees stirred a hair's breadth. On the rough grass the great red and yellow apples lay untouched. Under one of the largest trees Julian Brennan was seated before his easel, painting intently, now and then speaking to Winifred Sanford who stood before him. He had posed her by a low-sweeping branch, one arm stretched out, the hand grasping the bough. Her head was slightly raised in her customary majestic poise, and her eyes looked far away over the valley. The sun was low and flickered through the rusty-brown leaves and on her pink dress. One side of her face was shadowed by the leaves of the tree, but the other was bathed in the full sunlight. This light, which glorified her radiant health, only served to accentuate the wasting haggardness of the young man. He had grown perceptibly thinner in the last two weeks, but his face wore a look of deep content.

"You see that Dick and I always lived apart," Julian was saying. "Why, I scarcely know him! When I was a little chap, two or three years old, he lost his wife. He was awfully cut up by it, and is still, I believe. He went into the army, and after the war, to the West, and only came back a few months ago, when he heard I was ill. He's very good to me, but we haven't much in common; he doesn't know the difference between an oil-painting and a chromo, and I don't know a gun from a rifle! I believe he almost suffocated in my studio, and I suppose a week of his ranch life would kill me. Since my father and mother died I have had rather a lonely life, but I have always had my painting—it's been everything to me."

"And you were poor, too?" said Winifred, interrogatively.

"Oh, as far as money is concerned I have always had enough of that; but that doesn't make a fellow happy. It's useful; it's a means to an end; but I have sometimes wished that I had worked hard all my life, as Dick has; I would have a right to loaf then."

He looked up from his easel as he spoke. At the commencement of his last speech a singular beaming expression came into Winifrid's face, transfiguring it out of its usual calmness. It still lingered as he looked at her.

"Keep that expression!" he cried, ecstatically. "Raise your arm a little. Stop. I'll show you." He went to her, and placed her arm in the position he desired, touching it reverentially. He went back to his easel and for a minute painted in silence. Then he went on in a lower tone than before.

"The truth is, since I've been here I've been happier than I ever have been before; you are so good to me—you are so—" He paused and drew in his breath with a long inspiration, looking at her almost anxiously. She dropped her eyes so that her dark lashes rested on her cheeks, and then raised them, meeting his imploring ones composedly.

"I'm very glad," she said, graciously. "I like to be good to you." She said no more, but stood passively while he went on painting.

This superb creature's charm did not lie in conversation; it was in her beauty, the tone of her caressing voice when she did speak, and the perfect grace and harmony of every action. Whether she was sweeping and dusting the room, carrying pails of water with Lucinda, the "help," from the pump to the house, or only standing still, every line and curve was faultless and rested the eye and spirit of the beholder. She had a certain holy, Madonna-like purity and calm which was entirely exterior, a natural, physical gift, that had no connection with the inward workings of her mind. That and her character were equally commonplace. Although moderately capable and practical, she possessed but two remarkable attributes—the power of concealing her motives and a perfect appreciation of the value of her beauty. She was keenly aware that this had not brought her the change in her life that she had obstinately determined upon. There was but one road for success, marriage—not with one of her class, but a gentleman. Poverty in any rank of life she secretly despised. It was to be all or nothing for her.

The sun sank lower until it touched the horizon. The air began to grow cooler.

"Mr. Brennan," said Winifred, "it's growing late—you'd better come in now."

The youth leaned back wearily. All the enthusiasm had died out of his manner.

"Yes," he said, languidly, "I might as well. I've got that confounded pain in my chest again." He scrutinized first his picture, then Winifred. "It's no use trying to paint you! I want Tyrian dye to mix with black for your hair, and the transparency of that sky for your skin." He flamed up again with these words.

Winifrid gathered up the easel and painting materials, and stood waiting for Julian to move. He got up slowly.

"Just walk to the edge of the bank with me first," he said; "there's going to be a sunset!"

Winifred walked slowly to the outside of the orchard. Julian watched her with a dawning surprise in his face.

"Aren't you going to give me your arm?" he said, boyishly. "I'm not so uncommonly strong all at once."

She came back to him and he took her arm, leaning on it as they walked slowly away. The contact with her strong, fresh vitality seemed to give him strength, for he walked more steadily. When they reached the rapidly sloping ground they paused. The valley was bathed in a golden haze, as if the sun was shining through an atmosphere of powdered gold-dust. The lake lay like a plate of burnished brass. While they waited the sun sank out of sight, and the brilliancy faded from the landscape. At the horizon was the immeasurable golden distance that remains when the sun sets in a clear sky.

"Look!" cried Julian, pointing to it. "Was there ever anything so beautiful?" The excitable young fellow was on fire for the moment. "Ruskin calls it the type of infinity. There isn't a doubt but that the sky, day and night, shuts us in, like a great 'inverted bowl.' One can even see the end of the ocean where its meets the horizon, but that light goes on and on. It's like seeing all the way through space!"

Winifred understood not a word of this—therefore remained silent. Julian looked at her, but she turned away with seeming shyness. For the first time since he had known her her manner lost its air of confident protection.

"I think we might as well go back to the house," she said. "I heard mother calling me just now." Her shyness communicated itself to Julian. He still leaned on her arm as they walked back to the house, but did not speak to her.

"How good you are to me," he said, suddenly. "What should I have done without you these weeks? I suppose you despise a fellow who is such a broken-down wreck as I am?" He watched her narrowly as he spoke.

"I don't see why that should make any difference," she answered. "You are as much of a man, even if you are not strong."

Something in her words seemed to give him the deepest pleasure.

"Thank you!" he said, with proud gratitude, "I sha'n't forget those words."

"When are you going away from here?" she asked, irrelevantly.

"I—I don't know exactly," he stammered, his face falling. "I believe that Dick is under orders to take me off in two weeks. You don't want me to go, I hope," he added, with an uneasy laugh.

"No," she replied, simply. "Winter's coming on, and it's lonely here then."

His face flushed deeply.

"Would you, could you, imagine such a thing—" he began impetuously. The words died on his lips as Colonel Brennan came rapidly toward them from the house.

"Why, Julian!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you're only coming in now?" He came to the side where Winifred was not, and drew Julian's arm affectionately through his. "Ought you to let the boy stay out so late, Miss Sanford?" He addressed her with respectful deference. Julian looked from Winifred to his brother.

"How well you two people take care of me," he said.

The words chimed in with Colonel Brennan's thoughts and gave them a fresh impulse in the direction which they had taken.

"You think so, do you, my boy," he replied, gently.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening in the little parlor of the farm-house. A kerosene-lamp gave its unequivocal light from the high mantel where it stood. The brass knobs of the red-painted cupboards and the flashes of the gorgeous wall-paper shone brightly in its light. There was another lamp on the table where Colonel Brennan and Sanford sat, with a checker-board between them. Sanford, clad as usual in a crumpled linen duster, was engrossed in the game. He considered profoundly before each move. If his play was successful, he would cast a triumphant look at Colonel Brennan; if it was not, he drew in his breath, rubbed his head, and frowned.

Colonel Brennan played seriously, but absently, with the air of a man whose mind was occupied with other thoughts.

In a corner sat Mrs. Sanford, regarding them with vacant admiration. As Winifred came into the room by a side-door, a moment later, her mother turned toward her, and, pointing to the players, said in a loud whisper, "Now, *ain't* they a picter? The young man's gone to bed, and he said he didn't want no beef-tea, so you can go up as soon as you want, Winifred."

Her daughter did not reply, but seated herself by the fireplace, looking meditatively at Colonel Brennan. Suddenly her father struck the table sharply with his fist.

"There now, colonel, I've got you!" He swept Colonel Brennan's last two men from the board with an air of triumph. "And 'twas as much of a miracle as one of them in Scripture, for I had the odds all against me."

"Sh, now, Mr. Sanford," interposed his wife, reprovingly.

"Yes, it was; for I couldn't explain how I did it," he answered, argumentatively. "Now, every one of them miracles in Scripture can be explained on scientific grounds. I've explained some myself. Look at Elijah, going up in the fiery chariot—'tweren't nothing but a fire balloon!"

"Mr. Sanford, I'm going to bed. Air you comin'?" said his wife, conclusively.

"Well, I'm thinkin' some of it now," he replied, humorously.

As they stumbled through the dark hall, Mrs. Sanford remarked, abruptly:

"I declare to goodness, ef I don't think Winifred Sanford could have that man ef she wanted to, and yet she's takin' up with the young one. It passes belief what she wants, but she always *was* queer."

Sanford was behind her, and only caught her daughter's name.

"What's that about Winifred?" he asked.

"Nothin,' Mr. Sanford, I was just speculatin' on the queerness of some folks."

After their departure Colonel Brennan walked to the mantel and leaned against it, gravely regarding Winifred. He had given this young woman, of late, a great deal of silent, serious observation.

"How do you think the boy is, Miss Sanford?" he began, awkwardly.

He usually spoke of his brother in this way. It was part of his unconscious feeling for what seemed to be Julian's extreme youth.

"I think he is better."

"You are very kind to him."

She dropped her eyes slightly. "Oh! it is a pleasure."

"I really think that you have an influence over him that no one else has." He seemed to battle with his embarrassment. "I know no one to whom I am under such obligations as I am to you, Miss Sanford, or for whom I feel a deeper respect. I—I have never had a woman for a friend. Living a rough, hard-working Western life, I have been cut off from women's society; but I should like, with your permission, to consider you my friend"—these words were uttered with a direct sincerity that took the edge off his shyness—"that we might"—he paused for an instant, as if seeking the right words in which to express himself—"that we might act in concert, as it were."

A woman of the world might have been puzzled to know exactly what to reply to such a speech; but Winifred's power of divination and her experience were both meagre enough to give her no difficulty in answering. She always knew enough not to commit herself unless she chose to do it, and the object was very plain. Her lips parted in their exquisite smile.

"Why, yes; I'll be your friend, of course."

These words seemed to satisfy Colonel Brennan. Winifred moved toward the door, but stopped before going out.

"Your brother's cough is better, but he's very weak," she said.

Colonel Brennan paled a little under his tanned skin.

"Then you see that, too? He *must* get stronger—I'd give my life to save the boy." He spoke with fervent energy.

The young woman received this with one of her sympathetic silences, which might be construed as one pleased. The next moment she was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

Julian's portrait of Winifred Sanford was finished. He felt it to be the best thing he had ever done, and yet he did not care to have any one see it just yet; an inexplicable feeling, even to himself. His brother had gone out shooting that afternoon, and had not yet returned, which furthered him in the indulgence of his fancy. He carried it to his room, and, leaving it there, turned the key in the door, and put it in his pocket. This unusual exertion told on him; but the sunny warmth of the day drew him into the open air. He walked slowly and feebly across the orchard to a quiet meadow where the hay-stacks still stood, drying for the winter. Throwing himself on the loosened hay at the bottom of one of the largest stacks, he lay watching the little clouds that drifted across the sky. A sort of rapture of content possessed him. With his thoughts of the future the thought of Winifred Sanford was inextricably mingled. It seemed as natural to love her as to breathe. She was as necessary to him as the air he lived in. The difference in their ages caused him no uneasiness. It was something he had never realized. He thought vaguely that his brother would be surprised when he knew all he hoped; but with all Colonel Brennan's unconsciousness of her beauty and charm, and his romantic devotion to his first love, Julian thought that he must feel what seemed to him Winifred's perfection and, that his happiness would be a happiness to his brother.

As he lay there he became aware of a presence near by. Winifred Sanford moved slowly across the grass toward him, and stood looking down at him.

He tried to get up, but she motioned him to keep his position, and sat down beside him, leaning against the hay-stack. He raised himself on his elbow and watched her in that position. She wore a large straw hat, tied down with a pale flowered ribbon. There was less of majesty and more of yielding tenderness in her beauty than usual.

"What did you do with my picture?" she asked; "mother wants to see it."

"Not yet," he answered, pleadingly. "In a day or so I will."

"You paint very well," she said.

"It's the best thing I've ever done. It isn't any wonder—you've inspired me. I've planned a dozen pictures since I've lain here. You will see how my pictures will sell now."

She regarded him seriously with her shadowy eyes.

"Why do you sell your pictures when you are rich?" she asked.

A slight shadow crossed Julian's face.

"I wonder what put that into your head? I have hardly a cent in the world beyond what Dick gives me. Dick has all the money; he's made no end of money in the West, and although he's been very generous to me I can't expect to live on him always. It's quite possible that some day he might want to marry again. I have my profession; I shouldn't be quite grovellingly poor without Dick, but I shall never be rich."

Winifred listened attentively, but without any change of expression. The shadow passed from Julian's face as he watched her. She seemed by reason of her exquisite serenity to be raised above the consideration of such accidents as poverty or wealth.

Julian leaned toward her.

"Winifred!" he almost whispered.

A loud voice broke the silence.

"Winifred!" called old Sanford from the orchard, "your ma says please come to the house directly; and it's my advice, Mr. Brennan, that you come in shortly. Weather's changing, and there's going to be a tempest pretty soon, or my name ain't Hezekiah Sanford."

Winifred stood up. "Don't go! I beg you," said Julian ardently; "I want to speak to you. I have something to say to you."

He rose also, and caught one of her hands in both his, with a rapid, involuntary movement.

She quietly drew her hand away.

"I must go now."

"Tell me that I may hope!" he cried.

She smiled vaguely. "If you like to hope, you may."

With these words she left him. He did not attempt to follow her, but stood watching her, with all the hope and passion of a first love in his young face. He flung himself on the ground again, with an inarticulate murmur.

The slight breeze died away entirely, and the air became oppressively still. In the almost suffocating quietness Julian's confused thoughts became vague and peaceful. He lay bathed in dreamlike expectancy for a long time, while the sky darkened with leaden clouds, and the twilight fell rapidly. The wind rose, blowing in fitful gusts, then sinking into stillness once more.

When Colonel Brennan came in from shooting, it was already quite dark, and one or two great drops of rain fell as he reached the farm-house. Mrs. Sanford stood on the porch watching the coming storm with a scared face.

"How is Julian?" he asked, anxiously.

"Now don't you worry—he's all right!" she exclaimed. "I see him go up to his room awhile ago, before the storm came up, and just now, when I went up there to see what I would make him for his supper, his door was locked, so I didn't disturb him. I thought likely he was resting. Winifred was askin' me just now, too, and I told her I never see anything like the way you two folks take on about that boy."

Colonel Brennan's face lost its anxious look. He followed Mrs. Sanford into the sitting-room.

"Will you tell your daughter that I would like to speak to her for a few minutes, if she will come here," he said; "I shall consider it a favor."

Something in his grave manner seemed to impress Mrs. Sanford.

"Oh, the awful!" she said abruptly; "yes, I'll tell her." She lighted the lamp on the table, and precipitately left the room.

With the first violent shower of rain Julian roused himself, chilled and startled. His first sensation was one of profound loneliness. This feeling deepened as he struggled with difficulty, almost blinded by the blasts of wind and rain, toward the farm-house, guided in the darkness by the lights in the windows. As he neared it there was no sign of any uneasiness or search for him. He heard Mrs. Sanford's voice in the kitchen, in cheerful conversation with Lucinda. At length he reached the house and leaned against the frame of one of the parlor windows, unable to go farther, his heart beat violently from exhaustion. The shutters were closed, but through the slats he saw into the brightly-lighted room. By the table stood his brother and Winifred Sanford. He could see both their faces, and in spite of the roar of the wind, their words reached him distinctly through the open window.

"I can't give you my first love," his brother was saying. "I suppose that is over for both of us, but I can give you a loyal affection and trust. I will do all in my power to make you happy. This is not said to influence you—I know that it could not—but everything that money can do to make your life a pleasant and easy one shall be done. What do you say?"

He waited gravely for her answer.

A triumphant smile came over Winifred's face.

"I say yes," she answered firmly, looking straight into his eyes.

Colonel Brennan took one of her hands in his, and, bending down, kissed it, not tenderly, but gratefully.

"You have made me very happy, and now you must help me make Julian happy," he said.

At these words Winifred turned her head slightly aside, but her smile lost none of its triumph.

As he listened the life seemed to go out of Julian's body, and to rush back with indignant strength. He staggered away from the window, and rushed blindly through the darkness, not knowing where he went. The fury of the storm was an outlet for the burning grief and dismay that panted within him. He had reached the outskirts of the wood beyond the hay-field, when his momentary strength suddenly left him. He flung his arms up, with a loud groan, which was caught by the wind and whirled away, almost before it was uttered, and stumbling, he fell heavily, striking his head against the gnarled trunk of a tree. He lay motionless, while the storm raged over him. The volume of steadily descending rain seemed limitless. The minutes lengthened into hours before the blasts of wind and rain had spent their strength. They gradually decreased until there was silence, except when a soft shiver of wind in the branches of the trees caused a quick patter of rain-drops on the dead leaves which covered the ground.

The moon pierced through the trees, touching with her pale light the dark shadow under them that still lay motionless.

With the moonlight came voices, but there was no answering voice to guide them to him whom they sought. * * *

The next day Colonel Brennan sat by his brother's bed, where the young man lay, a mere shadow of life. Since they had found him the night before, he had lain thus—still, white, unconscious. After one glance, the doctor, who had been summoned in haste from the village, had told them that he was dying. The reasons that he gave were many and conclusive, but to Colonel Brennan the one inevitable fact was sufficient.

The strong man leaned over Julian in helpless agony.

"Julian!" he implored, "what does it mean? I can't understand it! Don't leave me. I was going to make you so happy. Speak to me only once!"

For a moment there was only silence. The bright afternoon sunlight filled the room as Julian's eyes opened slowly, as if stirred from his lethargy by his brother's penetrating appeal.

Winifred Sanford's portrait, standing on the mantel opposite, was the first thing the young man's eyes rested upon. Warm and glowing in the mellow light, to his numbed senses it was no semblance, but an exquisite reality.

He held out his hands with momentary strength and passion.

"*Winifred, Winifred—I love you!*" he murmured. Then his eyes closed again.

Colonel Brennan caught the words. His face became white.

"Oh God!" was forced from his lips. "It can't be that Julian!—it can't be——"

At these words Julian's eyes opened again, and this time there was a singularly lucid expression in their depths—a look of full recollection and intelligence.

"It's just as well that I'm going, dear old fellow," he murmured. "It has all been a mistake."

He relapsed into unconsciousness and in the night passed quietly out of life.

* * * * *

Two weeks later, Richard Brennan and Winifred Sanford were married at the little Methodist Church of Granfield. They were to go to New York immediately after their marriage, and from there to sail for Europe. Winifred looked supremely content, but Colonel Brennan wore a baffled, haggard air. His manner to his wife was kind, but he seemed to shrink from the congratulations of those of the Sanfords' friends who came to the wedding, filled with fluttering curiosity.

As Mr. and Mrs. Sanford drove home in the two-seated waggon, after parting with their daughter, Mr. Sanford said, with a rueful sigh:

"Winifred's quiet, maybe, but it's goin' to be a long sight quieter without her."

"His brother's dead, but that ain't all," Mrs. Sanford replied, with more than her usual irrelevancy. "Winifred'll get on *anyhow!* She's quiet all the way through; she don't *feel* much. *She* has made a rise and no mistake; but I dunno as I ever see a bridegroom look as *mortal miserable* as that one did to-day."

THE END.

The Style in Square Shoulders.

Fashionable girls in New York are apparently gone daft on the question of square shoulders. Anything to equal the pose which young women now affect in their tight-fitting costumes, when they occasionally trip into town from Newport, Narragansett or other towns is difficult to imagine. While they are on their feet they are beautiful to look upon and beyond criticism or cavil. It is when they are seated that the great and glaring flaw of the present artificial and fashionable construction of the American young girl becomes evident. While they succeed in holding their shoulders back, it is impossible to keep the neck at the same angle, when seated, unless their faces are held at the same level as the floor. Hence their heads necessarily droop forward, leaving a long and noticeable distance between the neck and the back of the high collars. It gives the effect of cutthroat suffering. But it is remedied when the girl leans forward again or rises to her feet. Then everything fits in with the correct and shapely beauty that is the second nature of America's most beautiful and famous product.—*New York Sun.*

Three New Dances.

Three new dances were introduced at the Dancing Masters' Convention held in New York city this week. The dances are called the "glide mazurka," introduced by Prof. A. M. Lomas, the "diamond lanciers," and "the Berlin," by Prof. Pitt Rivers. The only difference between the "glide mazurka" and the old dance of that name is that the waltz is substituted for the polka step. The effect is graceful, but the "glide" in this respect will not be without its usual complications, sometimes peculiar, and oft times disastrous. The "diamond lanciers" is facile and graceful, and is destined to become very popular. "The Berlin" possesses a slow, graceful polka movement which can be converted into a waltz, a polka or a schottische.

"I'm Hurried, Child."

"O mother, look! I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why
There was no butter! Oh, do see its wings!
I never, never saw such pretty things—
All streaked and stripped with blue and brown and gold—
Where is its house, when all the days are cold?"
"Yes, yes," she said, in accents mild,
"I'm hurried, child."

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
And when she thought you'd gone down stairs
Then dolly was afraid, and so I said:
'Just never mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near,'
When dolls are 'fraid, do you s'pose He can hear?
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled;
"I'm hurried, child."

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—
The sun has left, and won't you, by-and-bye,
Dear mother, take me in your arms, and tell
Me all about the pussy in the well?
And then, perhaps, about 'Red Riding Hood?'"
"Too much to do! Hush, hush! you drive me wild;
I'm hurried, child."

The little one grew very quiet now,
And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow;
And then it queried; "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are littler than I,
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A big clock! Oh, as big as it can be!
For you and me."

The mother now has leisure infinite;
She sits with folded hands, and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill,
She sits at leisure, questioning God's will.
"My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night!
Is heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge me light?
The time drags by."

O, mother sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray, do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thy own; and miss the right
To blessedness, so sw ft to take its flight!
While answering baby questions you are
But entertaining angels unaware;
The richest gifts are gathered by the way
For darkest day.

Temperance Notes.

Dr. Geo. A. Brooks, of London, England, leader of the Prohibition party of that country and one of the most eloquent orators of the English platform, will visit America this month.

From South Africa comes the news that a new church of Talus has adopted the resolution: "No member of this church shall drink the white man's grog or native beer, nor touch it with his lips."

The Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Rockford, Ill., have published a wide awake five column four page paper for distribution at their county fair. The paper bears the name *Our Hobbies*, and presents the different lines of work carried on by the society.

It may not be generally known that John Alden, the celebrated publisher, is a staunch temperance man. He gave up a good position in Chicago because he would not consent to sell tobacco. He is just bringing out a special number of his well-known magazine entitled "Literature," devoting the September issue to temperance work.

Mrs. Maria Bateman, of the Boston W. C. T. U., is a regular visitor among the women imprisoned at the Tombs every Sunday afternoon. This lady has also extended her efforts to the Charlestown court room, in behalf of the unfortunate, and has been cordially welcomed by the presiding judge.

Mrs. Ellen W. Greenwood, of Brooklyn, N.Y., for years an acceptable pulpit speaker in that city, will give the annual sermon at National Convention, Sunday, Oct. 21st, in Metropolitan Opera House. It is expected that Bishop Fallows will speak at some time during the convention.

A good and earnest temperance worker, Mrs. Sasaki, the Secretary of Tokio (Japan) W. C. T. U., has resigned her office and devotes her time to the editorial work of the *Temperance Magazine*. Her successor is Mrs. Takeo, well educated in both the Japanese and English languages, and who graduated with honor from the Tokio Normal School when quite a young lady.

At the meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society lately held in Milwaukee, a resolution was adopted favoring the strict enforcement of all laws compelling the closing of saloons on Sunday and prohibiting the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards; and agreeing to petition the State Legislature to pass a law to prevent saloons from doing business within 200 feet of a church or school-house.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the celebrated philanthropist, who expends her entire annual income in doing good, has decided to present an elegant flag to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its approaching convention in Metropolitan Opera House, New York city. It will be Mrs. Thompson's idea of a "woman's flag," emblematic of peace, purity and justice. The motto will be "For God and Home, and Humanity." The border will be made up of flags of all countries and will predict "the Parliament of Man the Federation of the World."

Each W. C. T. Union of Brooklyn, N.Y., appoints some of its members to visit the jails two days in each week. They not only take part in the regular religious exercises but labor personally with the prisoners trying to influence them to lead better lives. A movement is on foot to establish a home to which those wishing to prove by their actions the sincerity of their repentance can go after their release from prison, and from which they can be recommended to some honest and respectable employment. The Jail Committee of Hamilton have found it a necessity to have such a house, and one has been conducted in a small way for the past year with good results.

No statistics are needed to assure you that temperance reform lies at the bottom of all further political, social and religious progress. Drink is the curse of the country. It ruins the fortunes, it injures the health, it destroys the lives of one in twenty of our population, and anything which can be done to diminish this terrible sacrifice of human life and human happiness is well worthy of all the attention and study we can give it. * * * The agitation will go on without us if not with us. If we are silent, the stones would cry out. If there is in the whole of this drink business any single encouraging feature, it is to be found in the growing impatience of the people at the burden which they are forced to bear, and their growing indignation and sense of the shame and disgrace it imposes upon them.—*Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., President of the London Board of Trade and Chairman of National Educational League of England.*

SALMON FISHING REGULATIONS.

That was a sad story of the shooting of Mrs. Susan Howes on the New Brunswick salmon stream, and scarcely less sad is that of Miss Annie Phillipine, the sister of one of the young men suspected of the crime, as given in the Andover correspondence of the St. John *Sun*: Not many years ago the father of Annie, Henry Fritz, Eugene and Mary Phillipine lived in very comfortable circumstances in London, and Annie, his eldest child, received a very liberal education in Switzerland and France, the countries from whence her parents came. But Annie's mother died, and in the course of time Mr. Phillipine took unto himself another wife. Then followed reverses in business, his wife refused to share his humble lot and returned to the comfortable home of her people, but Phillipine set out with his little family for America, hoping in the new world to win back the smiles and favors of capricious fortune. At Halifax he secured a clerkship with Messrs. Darley Bentley & Co., agents for the ocean steamship line operated by the Societie Postale de l'Atlantique, while the boys and Annie tried their hands at farming in the Annapolis valley, with the result that so often attends the efforts in this line of city-bred emigrants from the old world. Their father rendered what assistance he could out of his slender income, but that only served to delay the downward progress. Two years ago the five children settled on the Tobique and twelve months later their father died Annie seems to have been the bond that kept the boys together on the farm. Under the direction and control of a capable farmer they might have done as well as hundreds of others who build uphomes in the forest, but they had little or no knowledge of farm work, and lacked the steady application necessary to success, the latter possibly owing to the mutations of the life through which they had passed. At times they worked in the woods; at times they tilled their land; occasionally they labored for their neighbors. No one with whom your correspondent talked gave them a bad name, or credited them with the nerve to originate an evil deed. They were rather of that class who, leading a restless life, follow where bolder men lead. Everybody who knows her speaks in the highest terms of Annie, who has been mother, sister and Christian counsellor to the boys. Without a murmur this noble girl, fitted by education for a higher life, immured herself in the forest depths that she might care for the orphans left in her charge.

The young lady told the Court that when her brother Henry started out to catch a fish in the river near by, there was nothing save a few potatoes in the house to eat. And this delicate girl of 24, who for two years has acted as the head of a family of five orphans in a strange land, bitterly reproached herself for having given a tardy assent to Henry's proposition to take a mild revenge on the armed men who drove him from the pool whence he was trying to replenish the empty larder. "I felt maddened," said Annie, that "Henry was fired at, but if I had forbidden him he would not have gone out to frighten those men the next day." The Sheriff of Victoria, when he went up to the Phillipine house to summon this witness, found the family on the verge of starvation. The wife of Sheriff Tibbetts states that when Annie was brought down to Andover, she was utterly destitute of under-clothing. Without food or money, or sufficient raiment to protect her from the cool night air, her only thought was to save her brother from the gallows. Do you wonder, says the *Sun*, that tears rolled down the cheeks of the sturdy farmers in court, and that women sobbed as if their hearts would break, as they listened to Annie Phillipine's evidence and realized that while aiming to prove he had not fired the fatal shot she was but forging link after link in the chain of evidence identifying her brotner as a participant in the terrible deed? Had she been his wife, the law would have closed her lips as tightly as if sealed by death, but being only his sister her testimony was not debarred by statute.

Henry Phillipine went to the Tobique River, in New Brunswick, to catch a fish to feed his starving brothers and sisters. Mr. Howes, of Boston, fired a gun to frighten away the poacher. The next day, Phillipine and some other young men fired at the Howes party, as they say, with no worse intent than to frighten them, but Mrs. Howes was shot and killed. The settlers express their horror at the crime and desire to see its perpetrators punished. At the same time they take advantage of the opportunity to protest against the system which preserves the fishing for wealthy aliens and prevents the native population from obtaining food for their families. From the *Sun's* account of the tragedy and comments thereon we learn that the lower part of the Tobique is by no means a wilderness. It is peopled by intelligent and, for the most part, industrious, law-abiding settlers, who will compare favorably with any like community in the Maritime Provinces or the New England States. Deeds of violence are practically unknown, though the dwellers along the river bank have pretty strong ideas about "fishing rights," and bitterly resent the selling of the best pools to "absentee landlords." Much that is calculated to deceive the public has been set afloat concerning the fishery regulations and leases. No man is prevented from fishing in what the law prescribes as a legitimate way in front of his own land. He can sell that privilege to another as freely as he can sell the right to cut hay or logs on his own farm. There is some ungranted crown land on the upper part of the river, from which the local government probably receives fifty to one hundred dollars a year for the right to catch salmon there, but the chief owner of wild lands is the New Brunswick Railway Land Company, which controls the fishing within its territory. The lessees of the several pools combined together this year to rigorously suppress poaching, and have caused notices to be posted all along the river that trespassers on their reserves will be punished to the full extent of the law. Whether the enforcement of the law has been at all rigorous, as compared with former years, is difficult to determine. There have been some convictions and forfeitures, but it is pretty clear that the poachers have been more scared than hurt. Be that as it may, much ill-feeling has been aroused and sweeping threats have been indulged in on both sides. It is contended that so long as the owners enjoy the right to fish in the waters that run through their lands they have nothing to complain of, no matter how the fishing privileges on the crown lands are disposed of, and on its face this appears to be a reasonasonable contention. But many of the settlers do not think so. Said one, in reply to the *Sun's* inquiries: "The law as it exists has been framed for the protection of the rich man from the States and is intended to prevent the poor residents from catching fish even for their own use. You know very well that salmon are only to be found in quantities in pools here and there along this or any other river. Cast your fly, if you are rich enough to own a proper outfit, for miles and miles and the fish will not rise. They are either not there, or if there are intent on making their way along the stream. You might waste days and days and not land a single fish. If you want to catch one with the legal apparatus you must go to the pools. You are not allowed to use a net or a spear even in front of your own door to save your family from starvation. A common hook and line will not land a salmon in the same way that you catch a sturgeon or a halibut—by main strength—for the mouth of this fish is so tender that the hook will tear out as soon as any great force is applied. You must have a forty or fifty dollar outfit, swell rods, reels, lines and ever so many flies, for the salmon has a very capricious taste. Now how many of us can afford to put the price of a waggon into fishing tackle that we can only use in front of our own farm, with the possibility of not catching a salmon from one end of the year to the other? The prohibition to use spear and net does not in the least worry the men who are rich enough to lease pools and spend ever so much money for fancy outfits. The law might with equal fairness prohibit the shooting of partridge or duck except with a gun costing over $100. I hold that when men living along a river want a fish they should not be forbidden to feed their families by means of a spear or net. Prohibit netting and spearing in the pools or wherever salmon congregate in numbers, if you will, but do not take away all of our substance and give it to the stranger. The salmon is a food fish, intended for the use, not amusement, of man. Protect it in every legitimate way for the benefit of the people who pay the taxes and make New Brunswick what it is; but do not turn our free country into a private pleasure park for the millionaire alien."

How Stanley's Expedition Started.

Mr. Herbert Ward, the African explorer, met Mr. Stanley and his followers as they were setting out on their present expedition. "I never," he says, "in my life was so struck with any sight as with Stanley's caravan on the march. Egyptians, Soudanese, Somalis, Zanzibaris and others, nine hundred strong. It took me two hours to pass them, and then I met the second in command, Major Barttelot, a young fellow, burnt very dark, with a masher collar fixed on a flannel shirt, top-boots, etc. He was carrying a large bucket that some fellow had abandoned. 'I say, are you Ward?' he shouted. 'I am Ward,' I said, 'and I now belong to your expedition.' 'I am very glad to hear it,' he replied; 'Stanley has spoken of you; and so you are coming along; that's right—very good business!' He seemed to be full of tremendous spirits, looked very fit, and I admired him immensely. Tippoo Tib, the notorious slave trader of Stanley Falls, has come round from Zanzibar with Stanley, and in his silken robes, jewelled turban and kriss, looks a very ideal Oriental potentate. It is thought 'good business,' as Captain Barttelot would say, getting him for an ally. He had forty-two of his wives along with him. Some of them are handsome women. One little stout lady, decked out in magnificent costume, appeared to be rather free in her behavior, I thought; she winked at me, decidedly. I gave her two fowls, and we parted on a friendly footing."

Glorified Spinsters and Bachelors.

As for "the Glorified Spinster," we decline to think her glorified at all. She is simply a woman who lives a more or less unnatural life of self-dependence—the degree of the unnaturalness depending on the degree of her self-dependence and the completeness of the disappearance of that religious devoutness which prevents loneliness from degenerating into self-dependence—just as a glorified bachelor, if there be such a being, is simply a man who lives a more or less unnatural life of anxiety for himself, instead of for others, on behalf of whom his nature craves to act. There is no gratification in any kind of mutilation, and it is as much a mutilation of the feminine nature to live the self-dependent life without the power of constantly entering into the feelings and wants of others, as it is a mutilation of the masculine nature to live a life of self-dependence in which there is no large element of constant responsibility for the external necessities of fellow-creatures.—*London Spectator.*

The Parson Gets in Firstly.

"Well," pleasantly remarked Brother Doeg, as he greeted the pastor on his return from the long vacation (six weeks is a long vacation for a preacher), "well, you have come back to work at last. And what do you suppose the devil has been doing all the time you were away on vacation?" "I don't know," replied the parson, for it was he, "but if he has been any busier in some of the pews than he was before I went away, he needs a great deal longer rest than I've had, and he needs it a great deal more, too, poor fellow." And Brother Doeg forgot what he had intended saying and couldn't think of anything new until after the pastor had announced the first hymn.—*Deacon Burdette.*

One Way to Make Money.

There are more ways than one of making money, and there is a man in this city who is profiting by one of the other ways. All photographers use a paper impregnated with a silver solution. This man makes periodical visits to the photograph galleries and secures this paper. He burns it and refines the ashes, securing quite an amount of silver. His bargain is for 20 per cent. of the silver produced, and some weeks he secures over $100. It is hard work, but he makes a fair living at it.—*Chicago Herald.*

The richest and most influential Chinaman in Chicago is Hip Lung, the Mayor of the Celestial colony there and the laundry king of the city. He is a little man physically. His fortune amounts to $200,000.

A STEER ON THE STAIRS.

Lots of Excitement in a South Park Flat.

Strange noises came from the direction of the front door of 2,803 South avenue. The second flat is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Fowler and their son William. The strange noises grew louder.

"Burglar," whispered Mrs. Fowler with a shudder.

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Fowler, "no burglar would be fool enough to make such a racket as that."

Mr. Fowler got up and lighted the gas in the hall. Presently Mrs. Fowler heard him say:

"Well, I never!"

When the gas blazed up Mr. Fowler was amazed to see standing on the stairs just below the first turn a large Texas steer, with the back yard gate on one horn and the front hall hat tree on the other. The steer looked at Mr. Fowler and Mr. Fowler looked at the steer. The steer seemed to have no explanation to offer as to why he should call at that hour of the night. So Mr. Fowler inquired:

"What do you want here? This is no china shop."

The steer dropped the back-yard gate and shook the hat tree at Mr. Fowler. Then he pawed up a yard or two of stair carpet, and bellowed in a rich baritone voice that awoke everybody in the block. The steer climbed a step or two higher.

"Shoo!" said Mr. Fowler, waving the front flap of his nightgown at the animal "shoo! scat! Get out; you're not wanted."

But the steer only pawed up another yard of carpet and shook the hat tree at Mr. Fowler.

The steer, having recovered his wind, had made up his mind to come up those steps at a jump. Mr. Fowler got inside and shut the door barely in time. The animal knocked, but was refused admittance. Then he hung the hat tree on the door knob, pawed up some new carpets, bellowed sonorously and started up the stairs to the third flat. Meantime quite a crowd of neighbors had gathered in the front of the house. Presently a couple of men in slouch hats and spurs, with coils of rope in their hands, came up.

"Seen anything of a strange steer?" they inquired.

"You'll find him up stairs in that house," said a bystander.

The cowboys dashed up the stairs. They had a rope around his horns in a jiffy, and he came down humbly enough. The cowboys explained that the steer had got away from them at the stock yards.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Some charming models in children's head gear are just imported: they are Directoire shapes in drawn velvet on silk and nothing more becoming could be devised.

Scarlet of a yellow tint is pronounced bad, hence it will not be worn the coming season except by children whose bright complexions will stand such trying color, although by right it is not at all a child's color. Veronese red will be worn by children also and with more satisfactory results.

The combination of red and purple is not a pretty one, nor is purple and green, yet both will be worn the coming season, and the fashion which sets its seal upon these combinations is French. Modistes were the first to put these trying colors together, but now the modistes and milliners both essay to make something stylish if not very harmonious out of these difficult shades.

There is an innovation in the polonaise which is ever a convenient and useful garment. The waist is shirred or smocked and a girdle is worn with it; the sleeves are of the mutton leg variety and are gathered into a wide cuff of velvet or other trimming; the petticoat may be plain or with a shirred ruffle on the edge. A very pretty model for a young girl is such a costume in a woolen fabric, plaid or plain.

No Leveler Like Misfortune.

Robert Garrett is the richest patient in the records of lunacy. When you find the representative of $10,000,000 in such a sad condition it certainly seems sensational. What an estate to go into the hands of a guardian? It may be remembered that Robert Garrett was holding a private conference with William H. Vanderbilt at the time the latter died. They were in Vanderbilt's office, and no one else was present when death seized one of these magnates of wealth, while the other gazed on the scene with horror. Garrett's mind soon afterward began to fail, and various theories have been advanced. It is well known that they were rivals for the western traffic, one representing the Baltimore & Ohio nd the other the Central-Hudson. How strange that of these two contending capitalists the one should be resting in his tomb on Staten Island while the other is in a state of mental eclipse, which to him is little better than a living death. Who would have forecast such a fate? But the great have their share of misfortunes, as Shakespeare says:

> "Yes, like enough high battled Cæsar will
> Unstate his happiness—and things outward
> Do draw their inward quality after them
> To suffer all alike."

True enough, there is no leveler like misfortune, and the loss of reason is one of the greatest that can befall anyone of the race.—*Macaulay Cor. Rochester Democrat.*

Of Course He Had It.

Doctor (in passenger car)—Is there a gentleman from Kentucky on board?

"Yes, sir; I'm from Kentucky."

"Well, there's an injured man in the baggage-car and he needs some liquor; let me have a little from your bottle, please."

Independent of Marriage.

Jack (who has come into a fortune)—Now that I have all this money, Dick, I don't know what to do first.

Dick—Why don't you marry?

Jack—Never! The fortune has done away with all necessity of marrying.

A Boomerang

He (a new arrival at a country hotel, to unknown lady)—Aw—have you been long a captive in this—er—menagerie?

She—You can hardly call me a captive; perhaps keeper would be better, for I am the wife of the showman and have to help feed the animals.—*Bazar.*

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is about to publish a book entitled "The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith."

NEW COSTUMES FOR BEAUTIES.

Some Visions of Loveliness in Frocks.

MRS. LANGTRY AND MRS. POTTER INVEST

A Paris correspondent cables that he interviewed Mrs. Langtry in Paris and asked her about the new dresses which she has gone there to obtain for her next season on this continent. "Are they pretty?" queried the correspondent.

"Pretty!" echoed Mrs. Langtry. "Don't let me say—ask Worth. I call them frocks: he calls them creations. I think he is right. They are very elaborate.

"He comes to me and says, 'I will make you one like this and another like that, and I say, 'Oh, not another single one.' Then he persists and says, 'Just let me tempt you with this,' and he begins to explain and it sounds so nice that—well, I find another 'magnificent creation,' as he calls it, added to the list."

"Give me an idea of some of these 'creations,' please."

Mrs. Langtry beamed, for where is the woman worth the name who does not discuss dress with gusto?

"Well," she replied, "I have from fifty to sixty dresses for my new plays. You may imagine, therefore, that it is no easy job to remember exactly each dress. Indeed, I have not seen them all, and a great many more 'creations' will be revealed to me next week in Paris. Among those I have seen so far these are the ones that have taken my fancy most. My favorite is a *directoire* style of dress. The skirt is made of white and black embroidery, which is copied from designs in the Museum in Lyons.

"Another remarkably beautiful costume is a ball dress. The bodice is white, crossed with a sash like the Order of the Garter. I am to pin all my jewels on this sash. No. 3, to my mind, in point of loveliness is an orchid dress, quite a novelty. It was designed from lovely, rich orchids. The most vaporous dress, as far as you can imagine, is made to imitate the delicate flower of pale Ophelia, mauve in the centre, growing darker and darker at its ends. Let me see again. I have two dresses of a peculiar striped velvet made very simply, after the style worn in Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons in the National Gallery. One is old blue and pink, the other pale blue and maize.

TEA GOWNS FOR STAGE WEAR.

"Tea gowns are the things nowadays, to my mind, for the stage. They give freedom of action and are very adaptable to stage surroundings. Felix has made the most lovely tea gowns. One particularly is remarkably pretty. It is in the Empire style. The skirt is embroidered in all colors and a deep jewelled belt goes 'round the waist. Another is a pale pink crepe de Chine. The train is attached to one shoulder and one hip. In another the back is of silver gray brocaded plush, and the front is of white and silver silk gauze, embroidered in silver, and the train is bordeer with the darkest Russian sable.

"For a coat I have a novelty. It is of chamois leather color, embroidered all over with gold and silver, opening over a waistcoat of silver fox fur."

MRS. POTTER, THE NEW YORK BEAUTY,

is also in Paris, and she told the correspondent that when she lands in New York, at the end of this week, she will wear the latest description of fashionable costume in the gay capital. It will be a dress of russet brown China crepe, which is of all her gowns the most unique and becoming. The lower skirt hangs in simple folds, made rather full; the upper skirt is short in front and made with irregular pleats on the side, which have no hems, the finish being raw edge of the material. The bodice, slightly pleated in the front and back pieces, is confined at the waist by an absinthe moire ribbon in long ends and loops to the bottom of the skirt. The neck is festooned with green China crepe, around which will be worn a voluminous scarf of the same green color and material. The most remarkable feature of this costume is the sleeves, which are rather Turkish in appearance, but have been named the Capulet. A hat of brown velvet, made high in front, with a low flat crown, will be worn with the costume.

Among the stage dresses which M. Worth has completed for Mrs. Potter is an evening gown of brocaded gray silk, with a court train and an overskirt of white mousseline de soie. The bodice is low necked and the short sleeves are trimmed with a chiffon de mousseline de soie and a long fringe of silver and steel beads, which hang from beneath the arms and reach to the bottom of the waist.

One of the most original compositions of M. Worth for Mrs. Potter is a wrap called the Cora. Two in this fashion have been made. One is of absinthe colored cloth, to be worn with the boy's costume in "Rosalind," and the other for driving—is of brown cloth and covers the entire dress similar to an Irish cloak, but differing in the shoulders, where, instead of being full or pleated, it fits snugly and opens at the left side, with an armlet arranged on the right. There is a front seam and one on each side, down which and around the neck are bands of black and gold galon.

A reception dress which Mrs. Potter bears to America is of dark blue velvet and is made very plain. It has no trimmings, with the exception of black jet fringe, which hangs beneath the arms and around the neck.

Something Like a Memory.

A writer in the New York *Times* says: "A most remarkable instance of memory has just come to my notice. Its possessor is a lady member of Dr. Howard Crosby's church in New York. Without having taken a single note, she will when she goes home write out every word of her pastor's sermon, and she tells me she never makes a mistake of a "the" or an "and" that every sentence not only embodies his idea, but gives it in his exact language. For twenty-five years this lady has been performing these feats of memory, and during that time she has written out some 2,000 sermons. The manuscripts of some of them she has bound and presented to Dr. Crosby. They make forty large volumes.

When a Cincinnati husband was asked in court if he dragged his wife out of bed by the hair he said he couldn't really remember, as that was a very busy morning with him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1888.

The Canada Citizen gives some interesting statistics with reference to committments to jail for drunkness in the seven counties which lately repealed the Scott Act, during the last year which they were under the operation of that law, and the last year they were under a license law. The total figures are, for the former, 36, and the latter, 160. There is a whole volume of conviction contained in those figures.

It appears that friend Fawcett's motto, which we took exception to, was only temporary. The Review says:

"Our permanent motto: The welfare of the people is the supreme law: How do you like it, brother Thurston?"

Well, it's an improvement—a decided improvement—but we would like to see a clause added, making "the welfare of the printer the supreme object." Kindly attend to this, brother, and our satisfaction will boil over.

John Charles Dent died in Toronto last week. Mr. Dent was a native of England, and came to this country when quite young. Since that time he has made himself an enviable name in Canadian literature in the capacity of an historian. For a time he published and edited "Arcturus," a high-class literary perodical, in Toronto, which only ran about a year, when it suspended for want of support. Mr. Dent was but 35 years of age, and Canada loses one of her most promising literary characters in his death.

The Hamilton Times publishes a long editoral, dealing with the injustice of the present land system of this country. In a poor, weak way, it tries to palm off some of Henry George's theories as its own argument, and says: "What's the use of a man working like a slave in a factory, day after day, week after week, year after year, to earn money and hand it over to the landlord and the land speculator?" The Times' agitation for a reform in this is all right, but when it asks, "Dost like thy taskmaster, workingman?" and "if so keep right on voting the Tory ticket," we would rise to remark that the Grits were in power several years ago, and "the oldest inhabitant" does not remember any perceptible diminution in the scale of rents during that period! The theory is strong, but the application weak.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Thurston of this place is more than busy, in fact overtaxed. She has no less than five pupils taking lessons in music and they receive instruction, all separate, in different places, and at different times. Miss Thurston's musical abilities are said to be of a very high order.

Many of our friends and neighbors have returned from the Toronto exhibition, highly pleased with what they saw.

Another new portable saw mill is about being erected on the 3rd line by that enterprising gentleman, Mr. Walker.

The new bridge over the Beaver on the 4th line is completed and is certainly a monument to the skill of Mr. J. R. Fawcett, contractor.

Farmers are well pleased with the return of grain in all cases when they have threshed, especially the fall wheat. Messrs. Wiley and Best threshed 500 bushels of fall wheat for Mr. T. Ellis one afternoon lately. It was thought that potatoes would be a poor crop, but it will be otherwise—they are good, especially the late crop.

Prize List East Grey Agricultural Society.

Following is the prize list of the East Grey fair, held in Flesherton on Monday and Tuesday of last week. In all cases the person named first took first prize.

HORSES.

DRAUGHT.—Pair draught horses, John Somm, W. McLaughy. Brood mare, S. Stokes, A. McMullen. 2 year old gelding or filly, F. Cairns, S. Sheardown. 1 year old gelding or filly, Wm. Chard, B. Wright Spring foal, W. Buchanan jr., A. McMullen.

GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES.—Pair general purpose horses, John Hill, R. Porteous. Brood mare, R. McAfee, W. C. Parker. 2 year gelding or filly, J. Hill, R. Porteous. 1 year old gelding or filley, R. McAfee, R. McAfee. Spring foal, A. Madill, R. McAfee.

ROADSTER AND OTHER HORSES.—Pair roadster horses, W. McConnell, A. Beattie. Pair carriage horses, D. Stinson, D. Thompson. Buggy horse, Dr. Sproule, W. McConnell. Saddle horse, D. McLean, J. A. Lever.

CATTLE.

Durham heifer, 2 years old, Jas. Mercer. Ayrshire bull, 2 years old, A. Cairns, sr., A. Cairns, sr. Ayrshire cow, A. Cairns, sr., R. Oliver. Ayrshire heifer, 1 year old, A. Cairns, sr. Ayrshire heifer calf, A. Cairns, sr. Devon aged bull, R. Oliver. Devon, 2 years old bull, R. Oliver. Devon cow, R. Oliver, R. Oliver. Devon heifer, 2 years old, R. Oliver. Devon heifer, 1 year old, R. Oliver. Devon heifer calf, R. Oliver. Grade cow, Jas. Mercer, J. O'Brien. 2 year old heifer, Jas. Mercer, J. Mercer. 1 year old heifer, Irwin Fawcett, I. Fawcett. Pair working oxen, D. Stinson, Irwin Fawcett.

SHEEP.

COTSWOLD.—Ram lamb, R. Oliver. Pair aged ewes, R. Oliver, R. Oliver. Pair Shearling ewes, R. Oliver, R. Oliver. Pair ewe lambs, R. Oliver, R. Oliver.

LEICESTER.—Ram lamb, R. Oliver, R. Oliver. Pair aged ewes, R. Oliver. Pair ewe lambs, R. Oliver.

SOUTHDOWN.—Aged ram, T. A. M. Ferguson. Shearling ram, R. Oliver. Ram lamb, R. Oliver. Pair aged ewes, T. A. M. Ferguson, R. Oliver. Pair Shearling ewes, R. Oliver, R. Oliver. Pair ewe lambs, R. Oliver, J. Mercer.

SHROPSHIRE.—Shearling ram, J. Buskin. Ram lamb, J. Buskin, J. Buskin. Pair aged ewes, J. Buskin. Pair Shearling ewes, J. Buskin. Pair ewe lambs, J. Buskin, J. Buskin.

SWINE.

BERKSHIRE AND OTHER BLACK BREEDS.—Aged boar, R. Oliver, C. Irwin. Aged sow, D. Thompson, W. Mitchell. Sow pig, C. Irwin, W. Mitchell.

SUFFOLK AND OTHER WHITE BREEDS.—Boar pig, C. Irwin. Sow pig, J. I. Graham, C. Irwin.

POULTRY.

Pair Brahamas dark, W. J. Cooey. Pair Brahmas, light, J. McGee, W. J. Cooey. Pair Leghorn white, W. Barnhouse, W. J. Cooey. Pair Leghorn brown, C. Bellamy, J. McGee. Pair Hamburg, golden penciled W. J. Coote. Hamburg, silver penciled, J. McGee, J. McGee. Houdans, J. McGee. Spanish, white face, W. W. Trimble, W. W. Trimble. Game, black red, J. Smith, J. Brodie. Plymouth rock, J. H. Heard, J. H. Heard. Bantams, black red, T. A. M. Ferguson. Aylesbury ducks, W. J. Cooey, J. H. Heard. Other ducks, J. McGee, T. A. M. Ferguson. Geese, W. J. Cooey, Jas. Beecroft. Turkeys, J. A. Lever, T. A. M. Ferguson.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.

FALL WHEAT.—Clawson, D. Stinson, R. Ruthvan. Other variety, R. Ruthvan, D. Stinson.

SPRING WHEAT.—Russian, J. Brodie, D. Stinson. Other variety, J. Stewart, W. J. Cooey. Barley, J. Brodie, J. Mercer. Oats, white, J. Brodie, J. Mercer. Oats, black, D. Stinson, W. Norton. Peas, small, J. Mercer, J. Brodie. Peas, large R. Ruthvan, J. Brodie. Indian corn, white, T. A. M. Ferguson, J. Holley. Indian corn, yellow, T. A. M. Ferguson, W. Norton. Collection beans, J. McGee.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, early rose, Irwin Fawcett, J. Ferris. Potatoes, other variety, J. Stewart, W. Buchanan, jr. Collection potatoes, C. Bellamy. Mangold, globe, J. Ferris, W. Norton. Mangolds, long, W. Norton, J. I. Graham. Turnip, Swedish, J. Holley, D. Thompson. Turnips, other field, J. A. Lever, J. I. Graham. Turnips, table, T. A. M. Ferguson, J. Miller. Beets, Long Blood, R. Oliver, J. Ferris. Beets, other variety, D. Thompson, J. I. Graham. Carrots, field, T. A. M. Ferguson, W. J. Cooey. Carrots, Early Horn, J. I. Graham, W. Norton. Parsnips, J. Ferris, R. Oliver. Onions from bulb seed, D. Thompson, J. Ferris. Onion, potato, W. Norton, J. Milner. Cabbage Winningstead, D. Thompson, J. Milner. Cabbage, Drumhead, D. Thompson, Mrs. Bulmer. Cabbage, other variety, D. Thompson, J. Milner. Cauliflowers, W. Norton, J. Milner. Colory, white, R. Oliver, A. Beattie. Celery, red, J. Miller, Jas. Ferris. Pumpkin, J. Holley, D. McMullen. Squashes, J. A. Lever, E. Gordon. Citrons, W. Norton, J. H. Heard. Tomatoes, W. Norton, W. Barnhouse. Watermelon, Mrs. Bulmer, W. Norton.

FRUIT.

FALL APPLES.—Red Astrichans, I. Fawcett, J. Brodie. Duchess of Oldenburg, I. Fawcett, W. Buchanan, jr. St. Lawrence, Jas. Stuart, T. Kells. Gravenstein, R. Ruthvan, R. Gilray. Alexandria, I. Fawcett, H. Weber. Collection, Jas. Stuart, J. Brodie.

WINTER APPLES.—Northern Spy, J. I. Graham, J. Brodie. Baldwin, Decision witheld until apples are properly named. Spitzenburg, J. I. Graham, D. Graham. Golden russets, J. I. Graham, D. Graham. Roxbury russets, J. I. Graham, D. Graham. Pomme Grise, W. J. Cooey, R. Ruthvan. Snow apples, Dr. Sproule, D. Graham. Collection, D. Graham, J. I. Graham.

PEARS.—Bartlet, W. Norton, J. Brodie. Flemish beauty, R. Gilray, J. Brodie. Clapp's favorite, J. Brodie. Louise Bonne de Jersy, J. Brodie, D. Graham.

PLUMS.

Lombards, J. W. Armstrong, T. A. M. Ferguson. Smiths Orleans, W. Norton. Golden Drop, J. W. Armstrong, W. Buchanan, Jr. Victoria, J. H. Heard, T. A. M. Ferguson. Reine Claude, J. Brodie. Gages, A. Madill, H. Weber. Collection, T. A. M. Ferguson, R. Gilray. Coll. Crab Apples, J. I. Graham, Jas. Stuart. Grapes, White, J. H. Heard, W. Barnhouse. Grapes, Colored, J. H. Heard, J. I. Graham.

DAIRY OR OTHER PRODUCE.

Butter, 5 pounds, J. Abbott, I. Fawcett. Butter 15 pounds, W. Norton, Jas. Ferris. Butter, tub, Jas. Ferris, J. Milner. Cheese, home made, W. Norton, G. Stewart.

MANUFACTURES.

Lumber wagon, J. H. Heard. Democrat wagon, J. H. Heard. Buggy, covered, J. H. Heard. Buggy, open, J. H. Heard. Cutter, single, J. H. Heard. Cutter, double, J. H. Heard.

Set heavy team harness, D. Clayton. Set carriage harness, D. Clayton. Pr. gent's sewed boots, J. Smith, W. Barnhouse. Pr. gent's stoga boots, J. Smith, W. Barnhouse. Pr. ladies boots, J. Smith, W. Barnhouse.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Pr. Blankets, Mrs. Milner, H. Flesher. Fulleloth, factory made, R. Heron. Flannel, all wool, R. Heron, H. Flesher. Flannel, union, Mrs. Milner, W. Norton. Rag carpet, S. Stokes, Mrs. Milner. Stocking yarn, W. Buchanan, H. Flesher. Woollen mits, R. Ruthvan. W. Norton. Woollen socks, W. Norton, J. Abbott. Patchwork quilt, Mrs. Gilray, Miss Norton. Knit or crochet quilt, Miss Norton, Miss Ferris. Quilt, any other kind, Miss Norton, Miss J. Stewart. Col. Berlin wool work, Mrs. Milner, Mrs. Gilray. Arrasene work, Mrs. Munshaw, Miss Damude. Braiding in cotton, Miss Ferris, Mrs J. A. Lever. Embroidery in silk, Miss Armstrong, Miss Richardson. Embroidery in cotton, Mrs. Milner, Miss Norton. Embroidery in worsted, Mrs. Milner, Miss Norton. Crochet work in cotton, Mrs. Gilray, Mrs. Milner. Crochet work in wool, Mrs. Milner, Mrs. Gilray. Point and honiton lace, Mrs. Milner, Mrs. Munshaw. Fancy knitting in wool, Miss Norton, Mrs. J. Beecroft. Wool work on canvas, Miss Armstrong, Miss Norton. Needlework, ornamental, Miss Norton, Mrs. Munshaw. Manx Art, hand made, Miss Norton, Mrs. J. A. Lever. Leather work, ornamental, Miss. J. Stewart, Mrs. Gilray. Macrame lace, Mrs. Munshaw, Miss. Norton. Pr. worked slippers, Mrs. Milner, Miss Norton. Tatting, Mrs. Milner. Wax Fruit, Mrs. Milner. Wax Flowers, Mrs. Gilray, Miss Armstrong. Col. Photos, Mrs. Bulmer. Crayon drawing, Miss Armstrong, Miss Gordon. Pencil drawing, Miss Damude, Miss Armstrong. Water color painting, Miss Armstrong. Oil painting and drawing, Miss Damude, Miss Armstrong. Feather wreath, Mrs. J. Buskin, Mrs. Gilray. Cotton Batton wreath, Mrs. Gilray, Mrs. Milner. Farmers. wreath, Mrs. Milner. Cretonne work, Mrs. Milner.

PLANTS

Table Bouquet, Mrs. Beecroft, Miss E. Gordon. Foliage Plant, Mrs. C. Bellamy. Geranium, Mrs. Damude, Mrs. Munshaw. Hanging basket, Mrs. Damude, Mrs. Munshaw. Calla Lilly, Mrs. Damude, Mrs. Munshaw. Begonia, Mrs. C. Bellamy, Mrs. Bulmer. Cut Flowers, Mrs Beecroft, Miss E. Gordon. Coll. Plant Mrs. Beecroft, Mrs. C. Bellamy.

General News.

A strong impression prevails in Washington and many other places—that the Retaliation Bill is dead.

A house-to-house inspection in Buffalo has brought to light seventeen cases of smallpox, which have been kept concealed from the health authorities.

Emperor Francis Joseph narrowly escaped being shot during artillery practice at Stemfield.

The Ontario Wheel Company's works at Gananoque were burned Sunday; estimated loss, $25,000

Premier Greenway, being interviewed at London, expressed himself as satisfied that there was no great fear of a hitch in connection with the Red River Valley road.

APPLES FOR SALE.

Choice apples for sale by
M. B. HAMMOND,
Postmaster, Kimberley.

Piano For Sale.

A beautiful 7 octave upright Dominion Piano nearly new, at a bargain. Apply at Advance office.

A few prize blankets left at the Flesherton woollen factory. Call and get some of them before it is too late.

W. H. FLESHER.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

WEEKLY EMPIRE

CANADA'S LEADING PAPER.

(Height, 11 inches.)

THE EMPIRE since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal; but, in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every Farmer in the Dominion this fall, the Publishers have had prepared a Handsome and Life-like Bust of

SIR JOHN MACDONALD,

To be given to every subscriber to the WEEKLY EMPIRE PAYING ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ONLY $1 PER ANNUM.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Notice to Contractors.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, already mentioned, advertised to be let on the 2nd of October next are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:

Tenders will be received until

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination at this office and at Sault Ste Marie on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

By Order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 27th September, 1888

STONE FLOUR!

STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Desires to inform the public in general that the rumor lately circulated, to the effect that he has been selling roller flour, is utterly false. Mr. Loucks would inform the public that he has never sold roller flour, and never intends to; also, that he has always had stone flour on hand and for sale since last winter, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 80	to	5 00
Fall Wheat	$0 78	to	0 80
Spring Wheat	0 78		0 80
Barley	0 50		0 60
Oats	0 30		0 30
Peas	0 50		0 55
Butter	0 16		0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 15		0 15
Potatoes bush	0 40		0 50
Pork	6 50		6 50
Hay per ton	7 00		8 00
Hides	4 50		5 50
Wool	16		18
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 05		0 05
Turkeys	0 7		0 8
Chickens per pair	0 20		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40		0 50

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office Strain's Block Residence, Wm. Wright's

Partnership.

E. T. HIXON, M.D.C.M. — J. C. HUTTON, M.D.C.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.

PRICEVILLE.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

All Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. To intending patients, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, &c. Conveyancer &c. Agent for purchasers and sellers of Farms and Town Property. Issuer of Marriage LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES,

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.

Apply at once to GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton.

Or to J. GEO. KEEFER, Forest, Ont.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising may be made for it.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot of

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL!

F. G. KARSTEDT,

Having purchased the stock of WM. STRAIN, is now in a better position than ever to take the lead in

STOVES,
TIN,
COPPERWARE,
And Metal Work of all kinds.

Eavetroughing a Specialty.

F. G. KARSTEDT,

STRAIN'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

A Positive Cure. ✝ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✝ **A Pleasant Cure.**

HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

The rate of taxation in Orangeville is 22 mills on the dollar—Brampton 23.

The Dundalk Herald gives its readers fair warning that in three weeks it will take a holiday and suspend publication.

A new paper is about starting in Bolton, to be called, we believe, the Bolton Advertiser.

Mrs. Hugh Watt, wife of the gentleman who founded and conducted for some years the Meaford Monitor, died at that town last week of typhoid fever. The case is a sad one. Mrs. Watt was visiting old acquaintances in Meaford, when she was taken ill. The Mirror says:—It is two years or more since she last saw her husband, he being medical superintendent of an hospital at Barkerville, Cariboo District, B. C., and Mrs. Watt having left there to stay in Toronto with her two sons while they are attending college. Mrs. Watt would have been unable to reach Meaford in time to see his wife before death ensued, even had he started when he first received word of her illness, the journey requiring some 10 or 12 days. The same cause prevented his attendance at the funeral. The two sons were present at the mother's bedside when she passed away. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon, the remains being interred in the Meaford cemetery.

About two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon Minnis' sawmill, in Holland, about four miles from this place, was the scene of a shocking accident. Chas. Garbutt, a young man 21 years of age that day, son of Mr. Wm. Garbutt, was engaged in cleaning away the rubbish from under the shingle saw, when it caught his left arm just above the wrist, cutting and mangling it horribly. The saw was not running under full power and either in the saw tearing through the flesh or the young man's efforts to get away he was thrown over and the saw caught his right side cutting a horrible wound from the groin to the right breast, but fortunately not cutting through the bowels. The arm was horribly torn and lacerated, the muscles and arteries were cut through and splinters knocked off the bone with the points of the teeth and the flesh torn from the bone up to near the elbow. Dr. McCullough was sent for and dressed the wound on the body, by which time Dr. Oldham was also sent for, and assisted in dressing the lacerated arm. Hopes are entertained that it can be saved.—Chatsworth News.

The 12th annual convention of the provincial W. C. T. U. meets in Sarnia from the 12th to the 14th of October. It promises to be a meeting of unusual interest. Each county will be represented by a shield showing the number of unions in the county, and number of members.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

WHEN VISITING

Flesherton

DON'T FAIL TO

EXAMINE THE STOCK OF

J. E. MOORE,

of the FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS, both in the exhibition building and at our store,

Nos. 1 and 2 Durham Street.

See Beautiful Plush Parlor Suites in Walnut Frames. Bedroom Setts. in a number of Styles, from $11 to $30 per set in Elm, Mahogany and Walnut Woods.

The justly celebrated NEW RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE—The best in the world.

And the well known, tried and tested KARN ORGAN,

Will both be shown. All kinds of repairs and Needles kept in stock. I will pay, as well as interest you, to walk through our Show Rooms and see goods and get prices. Don't forget the place.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS

Durham Street, Flesherton.

Our Undertaking Department

is complete. A good stock of polished and cloth-covered Coffins and Caskets on hand.

A first-class Hearse in connection.

Photos,
Photos,
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We are now turning out stock far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MES. BULMER,

FLESHERTON

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

A DEAD MAN'S DIARY.

Revelations of the Life and Actions of Emperor Frederick.

GERMANY ASTOUNDED, ENGLAND GRATIFIED

Frederick the Father of German Confederation—Bismarck's Intrigues and Bavaria's Unwillingness.

A Berlin cable says: The publication of the Emperor Frederick's diary is everywhere recognized as an event of the greatest national importance. Official and political circles, however, that are intimately versed in the innermost history of the construction of the German empire, have been astounded by the publication, whilst the whole German people are stirred to their very depths by the relations which show the real greatness of the deceased Emperor Frederick, his influence in creating the empire, and his noble aims for its future.

The *National Zeitung* complains of the indiscretion of the publication as shown in the selection of the passages, and says it was obviously not intended by the Emperor Frederick that they should be made public. It instances the revelation that at Versailles there was much friction between the Emperor, then Crown Prince, and Prince Bismarck over the declaration of the existence of the German Empire; that Prince Bismarck drafted the letter in which the King of Bavaria is made to appear as having reluctantly invited King William of Prussia to assume the Imperial dignity, and that in October, 1870, Prince Bismarck informed the Grand Duke of Baden of his determination to wage persistent war against the Papal doctrine of Infallibility, and to otherwise assail the influence of the Catholic Church in Germany. It is argued that a disclosure of the nature of this last revelation is alike wanton and impudent, and will tend to revive the slumbering fires of the Culturkampf again and to direct the rage of the clericals against Prince Bismarck, as the sole origin of the policy of the repression of Catholics.

LIBERAL ORGANIZATION.

The diary commences with the date July 11th, 1870. On the 29th of the same month Frederick wrote: "My principal thought is how to carry out a Liberal organization in Germany after peace has been secured." The diary details conversations with his father, Bismarck and Ruggenbach on the subject, and he wrote that they were slowly coming around to his views. On October 9th Bismarck confessed that he had not thought the desire for an imperial crown was so strong among the German people, and that he was mistaken in 1866 in treating the question with such indifference.

DESIRE FOR PEACE.

Under date of October 18th Frederick writes: "This birthday reminds me of the seriousness of the task I shall some day have to solve in German politics. I hope I shall not live to see more wars. Evidently there are many who look forward with confidence. I also am certain of the fulfilment of the task, because I know that I will prove myself worthy of this confidence."

BAVARIA'S OBSTINACY.

The following pages revealed the slowness of the negotiations, Bavaria obstinately refusing to consent. The Grand Duke of Baden was one of the warmest supporters. Even Prince Bismarck seemed discouraged at the attitude of the southern States. An entry, under date of Nov. 14th, details a conversation wherein Emperor Frederick urged the forcing of the South Germans. He said to Prince Bismarck: "Let us act firmly and imperiously. You will see I was right in saying you were not sufficiently aware of your power." Prince Bismarck protested that it would drive the Southerners into the arms of Austria, and remarked that only Emperor Frederick entertained the idea of acting with a majority of the States against Bavaria. He thought it would be better to let the suggestion emanate from the Reichstag.

A HEATED CONVERSATION.

A further somewhat heated conversation between Emperor Frederick and Prince Bismarck appears to have borne fruit. Under date of Nov. 21st Emperor Frederick writes that Prince Bismarck has been induced to take up the subject seriously. Prince Bismarck intimated to the German sovereigns that unless they offered the imperial dignity to the King the Reichstag would. This menace had its effect. After Bavaria had offered the crown to the King an entry under date of Jan. 18th, 1871, expresses the hope that our ancestors' dreams of German unity are fulfilled. He then describes the coronation.

A UNITED NATION.

On March 7th Emperor Frederick writes: "Even the greatest imprudence will not undo that which has been gained. Such experience as I have had in the last decade cannot be in vain. I shall have a strong hold over the united nation, because I shall be the first sovereign who without reserve adheres to constitutional institutions."

INDISCREET REVELATIONS.

Another of these indiscreet revelations is pointed out to be the statement of the deceased Emperor that during the negotiations at Versailles, it was proposed to proclaim as King of France Leopold II., King of the Belgians. M. Thiers said he would favor the scheme, if it implied a union of Belgium and France. The diary does not state the reason for the abandonment of the proposal; but the French people will accurately surmise that Prince Bismarck's project to create a Franco-Belgian monarch implied the disruption of France into several states, and the acquisition by Belgium of the northern provinces. The project is certain of revival if France should be crushed in the coming war.

TOUCHING FEATURE OF THE DIARY.

The most touching feature of the diary is the evidence of the unfailing kindness of the Crown Prince Frederick's disposition and his diffidence of character. On July 24th, 1870, the eve of the French campaign, he writes: "At the baptism of my last-born, the King was too much affected to hold the child. Which of us will come back? I am appointed to act on the flanks of the principal army. I shall scarcely be able to carry out the great enterprise." When victory was declared on the side of the Germans, he comforts a French colonel, a prisoner, who had said, "We have lost everything," by replying, "You are wrong in saying you have lost everything. Having fought like brave soldiers, you have not lost your honor." On the day of the battle of Sedan he writes, "Die Weltsgeschichte ist das Weltgerecht," comes to me from my school days. Napoleon comes up in the middle of a potato field near Douchery. Bismarck and Von Moltke run up to him, he wants passage for his army into Belgium. Bismarck speaks to Napoleon. He tells him that the King insists upon an unconditional surrender; the capitulation is signed; I proposed Wilhelmshohe as a place of residence for Napoleon, and advised the King to ride and meet the Emperor."

INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.

The Crown Prince then describes the interview as related to him by the King. Napoleon assured the King that he had only given in to public opinion when he resolved upon war. He showed marvellous ignorance of the German armies. He thought the force before Sedan was the Red Prince's army. He asked where Prince Frederick Charles was: The King answered: "With seven army corps before Metz." Napoleon drew back with every sign of painful surprise; his face contracted itself painfully, and for the first time he knew that he had not had the flower of the German army opposed to him. After a half-hour's interview, the King and the Emperor came out. The latter, perceiving me, held one hand while with the other he wiped away the tears which were running down his cheeks.

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND.

Referring to the attitude of England after the German triumph was assured, he writes on October 20th: The Queen, who follows our actions with touching sympathy, telegraphed to the King exhorting him to "high-souled dealing."

Commenting on the fact that each side appealed to Heaven in its own behalf, there occurs on December 25th the following entry: "It is really a piece of irony on the message of good will that each party calls on God to aid its cause. In every success we incline to prove by it that we have the support of Heaven against our opponents."

THE DAILY STRUGGLE.

The last entry before the return to Germany displayed the nobleness of the men:—"March 8th.—When I see my endeavours to help the oppressed acknowledged by Germany and her neighbors and that the people are gaining confidence in my future I feel quite happy. Moral earnestness in political convictions can only be the result of inward struggles, which must be continued daily, and for which oneself is responsible."

THE ENGLISH PLEASED.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Rarely have Englishmen been so overjoyed at Continental revelations purely personal in character as in the case of Kaiser Frederick's diary. People here seem to imagine Frederick's reputation mainly a matter of English concern. Dr. Mackenzie's treatment and the attack on the Empress deepened this feeling. The discovery that Frederick was the actual maker of German unity is received as a tribute to English perspicacity, and the further discovery that the Prince was capable almost of bullying Prince Bismarck into actually bullying the South Germans to acknowledge German unity is received here as an English victory. Dr. Mackenzie's book is not yet published, but is certain beforehand to be championed, though he avoids politics altogether. The truth is that the Crown Prince, instead of being more English than German, was more German than Prussian, and if the full details are published it will come out that his passion for German unity was largely inspired and fed by the Prince Consort.

SELKE'S ROMANTIC STORY.

He Rescues a Girl from a Watery Grave and is Left $150,000.

A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: A romantic story comes to light in this city. Here is Charles W. Selke, 22 years of age, a mechanic. Selke tells the following: "Four years ago I was cook on a vessel belonging to Taunton, Mass. On the afternoon of September 22nd, 1881, we ran into the harbor of Newport. I left the ship about sundown for a trip in the city. I had been ashore but a short time, and was walking on the beach, when I saw a young girl jump or fall from a rowboat, 50 feet from the shore. I went to her rescue and came near losing my own life in attempting to save her. She was about 16, and very pretty. I had swam ashore with her and had laid her on the beach, when a gentleman came running down from one of the cottages. He was the girl's father, and had missed his daughter. I told him how I had rescued her, he asking my name and something about my condition in life. He took his daughter and myself to the cottage and placed $1,000 in my hands. We sailed the next day. The gentleman gave me his name and New York residence, but asked me to promise never to tell his name. I promised. He invited me to call on him any time, as he would be glad to see me. I called on him in New York three or four times. He died in May last. I received a letter from the executor of the estate shortly after asking me to come to New York. I went and listened to the reading of the will, and learned I had been left $150,000 upon certain conditions. I can go no further. Another promise prevents me from letting these conditions be known."

Nothing will induce Selke to divulge the name of his benefactor. The conditions prescribed are that he shall marry the girl. He says he is undecided, but will probably refuse to marry.

A Remarkable Dream.

A Mobile, Ala., despatch says: In the wreck at Hurricane Bayou, on the Mobile & Birmingham Road last June, several men were killed and the bodies of two young men who had ridden on the baggage car platform could not be identified. Yesterday Mrs. John L. Devine and Mrs. M. Morris, of New Orleans, visited the potter's field and had the bodies disinterred. Mrs. Devine recognized her son, Louis, and Mrs. Morris recognized her brother, John Murphy. Mrs. Devine recently had a remarkable dream, which resulted in the finding of the bodies.

As a new industry, Scotland is advised to gather ice.

NONE HAS DARED TO ARREST HIM

For Three Months a Murderer Has Wandered in the Adirondacks.

A Jayville, N. Y., despatch says: In the Adirondack forest to-day roams a man whom the law wants, but none has dared to arrest. Charles Brown, a lumberman in winter, a guide in summer in the Saranac region, went into George Berkley's hotel June 23rd. He asked for liquor, but it was refused him. When Berkley came out, an hour later, a bullet from Brown's Winchester sent him to his last reckoning.

Shouldering his gun, the murderer, without saying good-by to his wife and children, plunged into the forest. Sheriff Dustin, of Franklin County, offered a reward of $1,000 for his capture, and officers have been looking for him in every part of the woods. Three days ago Brown turned up here, ragged and desperate. A friend gave him food and shelter and kept his secret. To him Brown told the story of his wanderings.

"I have not had a minute's rest from the time I shot Berkley," he said, "and it doesn't seem as though I could find a spot where I am not known by some one. The day I shot Berkley I went in a boat I stole south as far as I could on the Upper Saranac and from there to Long Lake, where I stopped over-night at 'Bill' Carey's camp. Carey knew me and told the men in the other camps. Next morning two men came to the camp and talked with me. They acted as though they wanted to arrest me, but did not dare to do so. As I went through Long Lake village I was recognized again, and about two or three miles out five men drove by me in a waggon. Pretty soon I saw the men coming back towards me on foot. Then I struck off in the woods and got away from them. I had a long tramp around Blue Mountain Lake, and finally brought up half-starved at Potter's, on Cedar River. Potter knew me and gave me away to three other men who were outside while I was eating lunch. When I came out one of the men gave me a cigar, but none of them tried to detain me. At a lumber camp on Moose River some one recognized me. I begged ammunition enough to carry me through, and for three weeks I had nothing to eat except the game I killed with my rifle and the berries I picked by the way. About two weeks ago I determined to have a square meal and came out to Muncy's Hotel, at Little Rapids. A man stopping there spotted me at once and said he meant to arrest me. I told him if he attempted it I would shoot. He gave it up. Then I came here."

He declared that he would not give himself up before the winter. He secured ammunition and left for Long Pond. Should he persist in his efforts to avoid arrest there are plenty of hunting camps in the woods that will afford him shelter through the winter, and in which no one will disturb him, but without suitable clothing and depending on the forest alone for food the hunting camp would probably prove his grave.

A BOGUS WEDDING.

A Winnipeg Damsel Entrapped Into a False Marriage.

A Winnipeg despatch says: A sensation on the street to-day was the illegal marriage performed between James W. McLee and Eliza Harriet Bettsworth, daughter of a respected C. P. R. employee working in the city. The man in question is James McKay, lately an employee of the C. P. R. ticket office in this city. Some weeks ago McKay *alias* McLee cultivated the acquaintance of Miss Bettsworth. Possessing a pleasing manner and a glib tongue, he succeeded in winning the girl's affections, and representing himself as a single man, though married, his attentions were reciprocated by the apparently unsuspecting girl. Matters went on until an offer of marriage was proposed and accepted, and McKay took her before a friend of his on August 2nd, and the rigmarole was gone through of pronouncing McKay and Bettsworth man and wife. No marriage license was produced, and the girl became suspicious. McKay, accompanied by Strachan, went to the office of Fonseca, "issuer of marriage licenses," and there procured a proper form of marriage license, which set out in the usual way that James W. McLee and Eliza Harriet Bettsworth, spinster, aged 24 years, were licensed to become man and wife, etc., the rest of the blanks being filled out in the usual way by Mrs. Fonseca, who has issued innumerable licenses "for better or for worse." McKay's bondsman signed Charles Strong on the license, but was really W. R. Strachan. A man named Degan, employed in Golden's auction rooms, was the man who tied the nuptial knot. McKay drove to St. Boniface in a hack this morning and took the train south, so that he is now safe across the line. At Fonseca's office he swore deliberately that he was a single man, and had the consent of the girl's parents to the marriage, all of which it is unnecessary to characterize as false. Strachan and Degan have been placed under arrest.

An Old But Brave Baggage Agent.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: Patrick Tracy, aged 60, for 16 years baggage agent of the Old Colony Railroad at Hyde-Park Station, was killed to-day while trying to save the life of Mrs. Mary Young, aged 69, of Sharon, who had fallen in front of a train while crossing the track. Mrs. Young was injured in a probably fatal manner, and would have been instantly killed but for Tracy's action.

How They Do It in Kentucky.

An Erlanger (Ky.) despatch says: The Democratic barbecue here to-day was a stupendous affair. Fully 15,000 people were on the grounds. Judge W. E. Arthur presided at the meeting this afternoon when Speaker Carlisle, Senator Blackburn and others spoke. Fifteen head of cattle, forty sheep and 100 lambs were roasted for the feast.

The costliest house in Washington is the Worden mansion, the millionaire owner of which has made a large fortune in Washington real estate. It is of white stone and looks like a Venetian palace, with a handsome tower and a spacious court-yard. It is finely furnished and the walls are hung with beautiful pictures.

The printer girls in the United States are to have an organ entitled the Printer Girl, run by their order in Topeka, Kas.

MAJOR BARTTELOT'S EXPERIENCES

Interesting Extracts From His Letter—Tippoo Tib's Faithlessness—The Difficulties of the Expedition.

A London cable says: Following are extracts from Major Barttelot's letter, which was addressed to Mr. Mackinnon, Chairman of the Emin Relief Committee: "I have the honor to report to you that we are about to make a move, though with far less numbers than I originally intended. Tippoo Tib has at last, but with great reluctance, given us 400 men. I have also obtained from another Arab, called Muni Somai, 30 more carriers. We shall move not earlier than the month of June, and our forces will be as follows: Soudanese, 22; rifles, 22; Zanzibari, 110; rifles, 110; loads, 90; Manyema, 430; muskets, 300; loads, 380. The officers who are going are: Major Barttelot, in command; J. S. Jameson, second in command; W. Bonny and Sheik Muni Somai, in command of the Manyema force. Sheik Muni Somai is an Arab, of Kibuyeh, who volunteered to accompany the expedition as commander under one of the native contingents. My intentions on leaving this camp are to make my way along the same route taken by Stanley. Should I get no tidings of him along that road, to proceed as far as Kavalli, and then if I hear nothing there to proceed to Kihero. If I can ascertain neither at Kavalli or Kihero his whereabouts, no matter how far it may be, I will endeavor to reach him. Should he be in a fix I will do my utmost to relieve him. If neither at Kavalli or Kihero I can obtain tidings of him I shall go on to Wadelai and ascertain from Emin Pasha, if he be there still, if he has any news of Stanley, also his own intentions as regards staying or leaving. I will persuade him, if possible, to come out with me, and, if necessary aid me in my search for Stanley. Should it, for sundry reasons, be unnecessary to look further for Stanley, I will place myself and force at his disposal to act as his escort, proceeding by whichever route is most feasible, so long as it is not through Uganda, as in that event the Manyemas would leave me, as I have promised Tippoo Tib that they shall not go there, and that I will bring them back or send a white officer with them back to their own country by the shortest and quickest route on the completion of my object. This is always supposing Emin Pasha to be there and willing to come away. Rumor is always rife and is seldom correct. Concerning Stanley I can hear no news whatever, though my labors in that direction have been most strenuous. He is not dead, to the best of my belief and that of the Arabs. Concerning Tippoo Tib I have nothing to say beyond that he has broken faith with us, and can only conjecture from surrounding events and circumstances the cause of his unreasonable delay in supplying men and the paucity of the supply. This morning I had loads for Tippoo Tib's, and Muni Somai's men stacked and Tippoo Tib came down to see them. Prior to issuing orders he took exception to the loads and said they were too heavy. The heaviest was 45 pounds, and his men could not carry them. Two days before he had expressed his approbation of the weight of the very same loads he refused to-day. The whole business has become thoroughly distasteful to him, which his professed friendship for Stanley cannot even overcome. His treatment of us this morning showed that most thoroughly, but should he not act up to his contract, I hope it will be taken most serious notice of when it comes to the day of settling up. He has got us tightly fixed at present, but it should not always be so. The loads have been weighed and handed over, powder and caps issued to the Manyema force, and we are all ready to start, which we shall do to-morrow morning. I have told you of all now that I can think of, but I would bring finally to your notice that Tippoo Tib has broken his faith and contract with us. The man Muni Somai, I think, means business, and, therefore, I trust, all will be well.

HOW ABOUT ITS EFFICACY?

Fr. McGlynn Suddenly Called on to Administer the Sacrament.

A New York despatch says: For the first time since he was excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church Dr. McGlynn on Thursday exercised his priestly functions by administering the sacrament. Just as he was entering the Cooper Union to attend the meeting of the united labor party, an excited man rushed up and said a man was dying. At the head of the stairs leading into the hall the man lay gasping. Dr. McGlynn hastened to the place. He knelt down, while those around removed their hats and some knelt beside the clergyman. Dr. McGlynn made the sign of the cross above the dying man and moved his lips repeating the form of prayer for granting what is known to Catholics as conditional absolution. Then the priest took from his pocket a well-worn wallet, which had done similar duty on many such occasions, and took from it a minute substance. Holding this between his finger and thumb for a second while he continued to pray, he placed it between the lips of the unconscious man, who, as he received it, gave up the ghost. Thus the sacrament of extreme unction of the Catholic Church was administered. Another brief prayer and all was over. Dr. R. Q. Stanton, who was passing at the time, applied his ear to the heart of the prostrate man and pronounced him dead. There was no more for the priest to do, so Dr. McGlynn arose and left the corpse to the care of a policeman. No clue to identification could be found.

A Long Street Car Line.

There is a street car line in Buenos Ayres, S.A., on which sleeping coaches are used. The line is about 200 miles long and horses are used in transportation. When a man goes a day's journey on the cars he takes a sleeper, each of which is provided with four folding bunks. The cars are about eighteen feet long. Horses are employed because they are plentiful. Fuel is scarce and consequently dear.

Bismarck's sleeping room in his country seat at Friederichsruhe is very simply furnished. The bed and chairs are of pine and entirely unadorned, and there is nothing about them beyond their unusual size to distinguish them from the beds and chairs found in the homes of the humblest German peasants.

THIRTEEN YEARS FOR EACH EYE.

Gouger Bohan Sentenced to a Long Term of Imprisonment.

A New York despatch says: William Bohan, who gouged out his wife's eyes, was called upon to answer the second indictment against him yesterday. He had abandoned all idea of a defence after his conviction on the first indictment on Monday. He pleaded guilty.

Judge Garretson then addressed the prisoner. He said: "Bohan, you have been convicted on two counts by an impartial jury. There is a horror attached to the crime with which you are charged that sends a chill through one. Your wife has been a faithful woman. She has supported you, has filled your pocketbook and has almost impoverished herself in your interests. You are deserving of no mercy."

There was an impressive hush in the court room, and every one present listened with eager ear for the sentence that was to follow.

For the first time Bohan grew pale. He stood up in answer to the call of the clerk. He had nothing to say, and was sentenced to fourteen years and six months' imprisonment on the first count and twelve years and six months on the second count.

When the prisoner heard the sentence his eyes filled with tears. He asked permission to see the sightless victim of his cruelty, and she was led into an inner room, where they met.

When she heard his step Mrs. Bohan reached out her arms expectantly. She groped around uncertainly to find him. He was abashed at first, but finally threw his arms around her and broke down completely. He sobbed upon her shoulder while she sought to console him. Bohan then turned over to his wife the deeds of his property.

Bohan, after he had been locked up in jail, repeated his former statement, that the whole matter was an accident. He said he loved his wife and would not harm her. Warden Quinn searched him after his return to the jail, as there had been rumors that he would attempt to take his life.

Advertising for a Husband.

A young woman, who was a cook in Kensington, attended at Hammersmith Police Court, London, the other day, for the purpose of obtaining a warrant for the apprehension of a person who she said had defrauded her of £33. The detective handed a written statement to the Magistrate, from which it appeared that in July she advertised as follows: "A respectable young woman would like to correspond with a respectable young man; Church of England; over 5 feet; a country one preferred." In answer she received a letter, and saw a young man, who represented that he was a chemist's assistant at Woolwich and expected to pass an examination. She saw him several times, and on his promising marriage she bought a quantity of furniture and met him at Charing-cross, where she gave him £33 to purchase the chemist's shop at Woolwich. She saw him again and then he stated that his uncle was ill at Northampton. He left her on the understanding that he was going to Northampton to see his uncle and would return. She had not seen him since, and she further stated that she had parted with her money thinking that he would marry her and buy the shop. Mr. Paget, after reading the statement, said it was a breach of promise, but not false pretence. He said if girls would advertise for husbands and meet young men he could not help them. He saw no reason for the warrant, but she could bring an action for breach of promise of marriage. The applicant left the court with the officer.

Newspaper English.

"Such wretched English as we get in our newspapers!" exclaimed a certain Chicago clergyman not long since. "There is no polish in the work. It is clumsily done. Words are badly chosen, shades of meaning are lost in bungling composition, and sometimes there are grammatical errors. I don't see why our newspapers cannot be better written." One night last week this clergyman happened to be in the Chicago *Tribune* office. Near where he stood talking with one of the editors of the paper was a reporter writing. On the desk in front of him lay his open watch. With one hand the young man was moving a pencil with amazing speed, and with the other was manipulating a cigarette with that skill and ease which only come of long experience. The clergyman's curiosity was roused. "Why the watch?" he inquired. "Oh," replied the editor, "the young man has just come in from his assignment. He has been busy all afternoon gathering information concerning a matter of considerable public interest. He has been doing some lively hustling and is probably tired. He is also hungry. But his superior has told him that he is to have his copy finished at a certain hour. In two hours he must write a column and a half. That is why his watch is out. He is timing himself. If he finds that he is falling behind he will work all the harder to catch up. That is the way newspapers are made. Would you like to write your sermons in that fashion, and then have somebody go over your work at his leisure and criticise your style and your choice of words?"

A Jackdaw In Church.

The London *Times* says:—Our Canterbury Correspondent writes;—The audacity of the jackdaw of Rheims has been equalled, if not excelled, at Monkton, in Kent. During Divine service a jackdaw, belonging to Mr. Stapleton Cotton, made its way into the sacred edifice with the congregation, and not only took a lively part in the responses, but also became exceedingly talkative at other times. The whole congregation were in a titter, the clergyman himself with difficulty kept a straight face, while the school children present broke out into open laughter. Things became so bad that the clergymen was compelled to order the children out of the church. Then an effort was made to capture the intruder, which had perched itself boldly upon the reading desk. The bird, however, flew to the rafters above, where it remained (still talkative) till the end of the service.

"The really efficient laborer," says Thoreau, "will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure." We were thinking of this as we came down in our barouche this morning.

The Disappointed.

There are songs enough for the hero
  Who dwells on the height of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
  For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
  For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
  Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
  The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls, with his strength exhausted,
  Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence
  With a sorrow all unknown,
For those who need companions,
  Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
  Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
  Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
  Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart o'erflowing
  This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
  Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
  Who barely lost the race.

For the pain would be imperfect
  Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
  And love that are wasted here.

—*Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.*

THE BARNARD COMET.

It May Become Visible to the Naked Eye in November.

The Albany *Express* says: "Prof. Boss, of the Dudley Observatory, has computed the orbit of the Barnard comet discovered on the 2nd inst. Further calculations will be necessary to determine its true orbit, and present results are merely approximate. As nearly as can be ascertained now, the comet is about 190,000,000 miles from the earth and 170,000,000 miles from the sun. It will probably reach its perihelion about December 10th. The comet and the earth are moving toward each other, and their approach is at the rate of 3,000,000 miles per day. Naturally it will increase greatly in brightness, but as it was extremely faint at discovery, it is yet matter of doubt whether it will become visible to the naked eye. At present it rises about 1 a. m. at a point a little north of east; but later on it will rise before sunset and be visible during the entire night. The present physical appearance of the comet indicates that it is intrinsically bright and that it will probably develop a large tail, but the display it will make as seen from the earth depends entirely upon the distance from the sun when nearest. The present calculations make this 125,000,000 miles, with a very large margin of uncertainty. Should it turn out to be as small as 110,000,000, the comet will be a brilliant object in the November skies. Prof. Boss intends to repeat his calculation near the end of September, when a great number of observations will have been accumulated, which will make it easy to determine the orbit with greater certainty."

Device for Packing Apples.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, who has had experience in gathering and packing apples, describes as follows a device and gives some practical instructions in the matter. Gather the apples as soon as they are ripe, which is as soon as you can pull them easily from the twig. Sort them while picking, leaving all small and imperfect ones on the ground. I would like to impress it upon the mind of all fruit growers that it does not pay to put small or imperfect apples in the barrels. Small apples fill the spaces between larger ones; they do not measure any, and lower the price of the product. Put all sound and perfect fruit in bushel boxes, and take them to some central point to pack in barrels. Make a table, say 6 feet long, 2½ to 3 feet wide with sides 6 to 8 inches high. Have the legs long enough so that a barrel will go under one end. The other end should be four inches higher, so the apples will have a tendency to roll toward the end where the barrel is. Empty the fruit from the boxes into this table, set the head of the barrel with smooth apples. Now, by holding one hand half way down to catch the apples, you can let them drop in from the table. The advantage of a table is that you can see any defective fruit, and, by turning them half over as they go into the barrel, you see all sides of them. Again, your hands being free, it enables you to sort them much better than from baskets, and more, it saves handling. Every time fruit is handled you lose 10 per cent. A man with a true eye and quick hands will fill barrels as fast as another can head them.

Don't Learn to Carve.

Never learn to carve, young man. There is no fun in it. A knowledge of the art saddles you with a responsibilty which, while it may procure you invitations to dinner, sits heavily on the soul and brings wrinkles on the forehead. If you do not perform the work artistically you are criticised. If a tough foul gets away from you and takes refuge in a lady's lap you are laughed at and made an enemy of the fair one whose dress you soil or spoil. You offend Jones if you send the choicest cut to Smith, and vice versa. You must send the best away and reserve only the least to be desired for yourself. The waiters make you the subject of their remarks, and by putting their heads together and jerking their thumbs over their shoulder in your direction embarrass you dreadfully; you know by the fiendish leer on their faces that you are set down as a blacksmith. If the room is warm you are thrown into a violent perspiration; your color wilts, necktie gets awry, your appetite leaves you, and when your labors are finished you begin your dinner with the air of one who has been in a pugilistic mill and come out second best. Don't learn to carve.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

A Colossus.

A 9 years old lad named Hamel, belonging to Etchemin, just above Quebec, is attracting a good deal of local attention as a future colossus. Although only 9 years old, as already stated, he has all the appearance and size of a well grown young man of 20. He measures 44 inches around the waist, 26 inches around the thigh and 15½ around the calf of the leg.

DR. DONALD C. HOOD has collected many facts relative to the use of salicylic acid for rheumatism. Of 728 patients treated with salicylates 523 were relieved of their pain within seven days; whereas, of 612 patients treated by other methods, only 140 were relieved within the same time.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE "silent Von Moltke" isn't at all silent at home. He is, on the contrary, a charming, lively and amiable companion. He is very fond of the wife of his nephew, who presides over his household, and of her children. He loves whist and roses, and of these flowers cultivates a great variety.

A BODY of Russo-Polish Jews, who for the past eight months have been exploring Palestine in order to report on the districts most suitable for their scheme of emigration, have returned to Russia. Their report is that the soil of Palestine is unlikely to repay cultivation, and that also they would be subject to attacks from Turks and Arabs. This report, however, will not be taken as final.

GASPADIN ASHINOFF has, at his own expense, conquered twenty miles of territory on the east coast of Africa along the Indian Ocean, and has named it Moscow, and set up there an independant government, of which he is the head. He keeps an army of 1,000 men, 130 of them Russians and the rest Abyssinians, and after a hard fight has secured from the native king from whom he seized the territory a treaty recognizing him as a sovereign.

A FAMOUS French lady, the Countess Pellegrini Boy, has just died in Italy. The Countess was the daughter of Gen. Boy, who fought in the campaigns of the revolution and the empire, and she married Count Pellegrini of Parma, one of her father's aides-de-camp, in 1811. After the fall of Joachim Murat the Count and his wife returned to Parma, where the former died some years ago. The Countess, who was born in October, 1789, lived in the utmost retirement, and to the last remained a grande dame of the eighteenth century.

THE Rev. Alexander Hannay, D. D. Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and his companion, Mr. Henry Lee, of Manchester, left England six weeks ago as a deputation to the Congregational Churches of Australia and New Zealand. A letter from Dr. Hannay describes the tropics and the Southern Cross as delusions. He likens the Southern Cross to a skeleton kite; and as to the tropics, the temperature was suggestive of overcoats, and the sky was as full of clouds as the sky in the West Highlands when a storm is gathering.

THIS is from the New York *Sun*: "Too late to be of much use this year, but in time to be adopted extensively next summer, the girls have learned the beauty of the flannel-shirt idea, and many of them have put it into operation. A flannel shirt exactly like those made for the men, boy's size, worn instead of a dress body, and belted at the waist, is very charming and comfortable beyond imagining. Dealers in men's furnishing goods in fashionable shopping districts are making frequent sales to the girls of shirts made to sell to the girls' small brothers."

THE London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: "I remember the poet Browning saying how helpful Carlyle was to him when he was a young man, and he has still a great admiration for the illustrious writer. The public will be pleased to learn that Mr. Browning has entrusted to Mr. Norton, for the purpose of publication, some letters that passed between Carlyle and himself more than fifty years ago. A portion of this correspondence, which is of great interest, will shortly appear in the second series of the 'Letters of Thomas Carlyle,' which cover the period from 1826 to 1835."

C. N. JORDAN estimates that he has signed his name millions and millions of times as bank president and Treasurer of the United States. When he was President of the Third National Bank he signed his name as often as 15,000 times in one day, and he used up from fifteen to thirty pens a day. His coat sleeves suffered greatly in the work, but they could be repaired, while the flesh on his wrist, which suffered the most, could not be repaired, though he rubbed it freely with vaseline and cold cream. Mr. Jordan writes with a light stroke, and he says as Secretary of the Treasury he consumed only one-third as much ink as his predecessors.

A SANITARY Congress for South America has recently been held at Lima. Articles relating to the public health were signed by the delegates from Bolivia, Chili, Equador and Peru. They declare the object of the Congress to be to establish an international system among the States of South America, and to check the development and spread of infectious diseases, especially yellow fever and cholera, as well as the plague. Intelligence offices are to be established, and a system of inter-communication by which the appearance of any infectious disease may be known at once. They also adopted detailed regulations relating to disinfection and quarantine.

M. PRILLEUX, a Frenchman, has just discovered an infallible remedy for the potato disease. This is the recipe—Put thirteen pounds of sulphate of copper and the same quantity of chalk into twenty-two gallons of water, and souse the plants with the mixture. An experiment made from the 5th to the 16th August saved the diseased plants thus treated, while 32 per cent. of those which were left to themselves went to the wall; but the disease must be taken in hand as soon as the first black spots have been perceived on the leaves. The remedy is simple enough, and so is the application, which has been favorably received by the Paris Academy of Sciences.

THE suicides of Paris sometimes do droll things in taking leave of a world that proves too much for them. The *Figaro* of August 23rd supplies an instance. A carpet dealer having by a long run of hard times been brought to that particular state of despair known to our French friends as weariness of pulling the devil by the tail, took a header into the Seine. Somehow or other the water refused to drown him. Recognizing the force of the adage which says that drowning is impossible to one born to be hanged, he returned to his lodgings and quietly hanged himself, having first written this cheerful note: "Friends and neighbors who cut me down, take a bit of my rope and maybe it will bring you good luck."

IN France last year many more women than men applied to the Court for divorce and judicial separation. The figures were as follows, For divorce, 1,848 men, 2,733 women; for judicial separation, 453 men, 2,564 women. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, in a recently published interview, declared as the last word of American free thought that women should be free to demand divorce at discretion, but that men should only be allowed to claim it on certain clearly defined breaches of the nuptial contract by the wife. The proposal is noteworthy as indicating the way in which the pendulum is swinging to-day. The law, long unduly favorable to the husband, will probably in future err if at all in being too favorable to the wife.

AN interesting meeting was held recently in Exeter Hall, London. The occasion was a farewell to Mrs. Booth-Tucker, daughter of the "General," and fifty missionary officers who were about to set sail for India. It was announced that during the last year $35,000 had been spent upon land and buildings in India and some $25,000 for the maintenance of the work. The Governor of Ceylon, it was stated, had granted the army the privilege of working among the prisoners, and had further promised an annual grant of money. The missionaries now going out go voluntarily and without guarantees, and they have promised to wear the dress of the natives and as far as proper to adopt their customs. The "General" handed his daughter her "commission," and ordered her to be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ and a loyal and obedient soldier of the army.

ACCORDING to the *British Medical Journal* half of all who live die before 17. Only one person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but one in 100 reaches 60. The married live longer than the single, but out of every 1,000 born only 190 are ever married. Of 1,000 persons who have reached 70 there are of clergymen, orators and public speakers, 43; farmers, 40; workmen, 33; soldiers, 32; lawyers, 29; professors, 27; doctors, 24.

A CALIFORNIAN company has been organized to manufacture soap out of a material that is skimmed from a boiling spring in in that state. The substance hardens by exposure to the air, is like soft clay, and is supposed to be a mixture of borax, alkali and lubricating oil.

WORKING FOR FATHERLAND.

The Remarkable Growth of Berlin and the People's Great Patriotism.

Under the heading of "New Berlin" many interesting particulars of the progress of the Prussian capital since 1871 have been gathered by Prof. Palcezy, who contributed them as a feuilleton to the *Neue Freie Press*. There are now, it seems, twenty-five public libraries in Berlin, with more than 100,000 volumes. Vienna's twenty-nine public squares are compared with forty-eight possessed by Berlin. Though Vienna has its Prater and Paris its Bois de Bologne, Berlin surpasses both in Grunewald, with its immense extent, its hills and vales, its woods and lakes, villas and hunting lodges. The northern limit of Berlin now lies close to the houses of Charlottenburg, the largest suburb. That city expends yearly more than 10,000,000 marks on the poor, and mendicants in the streets are unknown. The citizens take pride in serving their city without reward More than 12,000 of them are now working for the town gratis, while the number of paid officers is comparatively insignificant.

More than half of the thirty-one magistrates who carry on the direction of affairs in the "red house" have no salary, though their office is no sinecure. The unselfish devotion to the general well-being is the guaranty for the further development of the city. It is only four years ago that the Prussian Landtag voted 4,000,000 marks for the increase of the royal museums of Berlin. Several millions of marks have been recently voted for deepening the bed of the Spree and for improvements of the Upper Spree Canal, which will greatly facilitate the trade of the city. The city railways cost enormous sums. The Ministerial palaces, though simple in style, have luxurious and commodious interiors. Four monumental post-offices and the magnificent Polytechnic at the west end of the Thiergarten are the boast of the city. The new palace of the Reichstag in the Konigsplatz is rising from its foundations, and in less than three years it will probably be the greatest ornament of the city. A striking illustration of the progress of Berlin is the almost unexampled increase of the students in the university, who numbered in 1887 no less than 6,888. At this moment the university of Berlin is the most frequented in the world; that of Vienna comes next. The number of professors is about 300. The pupils in the new Polytechnic number more than 1,200, and all the other schools are in a flourishing condition.—*London Daily News.*

Origin of the Campaign Rooster.

The campaign rooster of politics which ornaments the columns of partisan journals the day after a successful election has a strange origin as a party emblem, says the New York *Sun*. There was a Democrat editor in one of the towns of Indiana named Chapman. One of the Democratic managers of that date thought things were not going as prosperously for the party as they should go. He wrote to stir the politicians, and among other things he said: "Tell Chapman to crow" and claim victory. This letter, by accident, fell into the hands of the Whigs. They printed it, and in the whole campaign, from one end of the country to the other, the words "Tell Chapman to crow" were ringing in derision. The Boston *Herald*, which is pretty good authority, adds that the year following this episode the late Colonel Charles G. Greene, of the Boston *Post*, when the Democrats began to win victories, turned the laugh upon the opponents of Democracy by getting out the cut of a rooster in earnest. This was the origin of the crowing fowl in American politics.

A Doctor Appreciated.

Jeweller Henry Popper, of New York, called on Dr. Markus Maskiewiez, of that city, yesterday and handed him a $300 gold watch.

"Why, what's this for?" asked the doctor in surprise.

"You saved the lives of my two children, who suffered from diphtheria, and I can never forget you," spoke the man. "Don't decline such a small gift from me."

The doctor accepted it. He it was that recently saved the life of a Brooklyn woman who had previously robbed him of his watch; and it is very likely that Jeweller Popper was prompted to make the gift after reading the recently published item to that effect.

SAVED HER LOVER'S LIFE.

A Would-be Suicide's Bullet Checked by the Appearance of His Sweetheart.

Miss Sylvester did not like to jilt her lover, for they had spent many happy hours together, but he was only a poor clerk on a small salary and she was tired of penury. When Waldo Lynn, a rich old bachelor, proposed to him she accepted him, but she was very sorry afterwards for having been so hasty.

The trouble was that young Christopher would not give her back her letters when she broke off the engagement, and she was very much afraid that he would show them to Mr. Lynn. Get these letters back she must, and this is the way she set about it. She had a friend on the same floor where her former lover boarded, and as luck would have it, his door was not locked on the day she called there, so she slipped stealthily into his room.

She felt rather ashamed of herself, too, for all about the place were arranged little presents she had worked for him during their engagement. Tears came to her eyes when she opened his desk and took out her letters, which had been labeled: "Letters from my darling Lillie," but she put them away in her pocket quickly.

She walked softly to and fro over the carpet and looked at the room. How prettily he had framed her picture! How he had cared for her little presents! Had she driven him away? Where was he going? Oh, there was his own photograph.

"Heigh-oh!" sighed Miss Sylvester. She took it in her hand. "How handsome he is!" she whispered. "How good he looks! I often think that Mr. Lynn really has a cruel expression. After all, what will his money be to me if he is miserly? He has such a close-shut, thin-lipped mouth. People are always mean with mouths like that, they say. Oh, dear; he's been writing a letter."

She picked up the portfolio and saw the words:

"DEAR MOTHER—When I wrote you last I told you how happy I was. To-night I sit down with an aching heart to tell you that it is all over. I believe my heart is broken. She has jilted me for a rich man, and I, fool that I am, cannot even hate her. She asked for her letters back. I could not bear to give them. They are all I have left. I——"

No more had been written.

"Am I crying?" asked Miss vester of herself. She was, and bitterly. "Is that what he wanted the letters for?" she sobbed. "There—I won't take them," and she slipped them from her pocket, unlocked the desk, and replaced them in their box.

"At least I may leave him with that consolation," she said. "How I wish I had never seen Mr. Lynn; and, oh! how I wish I had never come here," she added, wringing her hands, as the horror of her position once more crept over her. It was growing dark; the gong was ringing for dinner. What would happen next?

The next thing that happened was this—Some one came upstairs. The door opened and Mr. Christopher entered.

Miss Sylvester had retreated to a closet, but it was dark enough to allow her to peep through a crevice. Mr. Christopher flung himself into his chair and uttered a groan. Miss Sylvester peeped out a little further. He was, as well as she could see in the darkness, pulling his hair with both hands. Then he groaned again.

There was desperation in the tone, and it terrified Miss Sylvester to such a degree that she did not shut the door after he had lit the gas. Through the aperture between the door and the jamb she watched him closely; saw him stoop over his valise, open it, take forth several white articles and a blue one, and then stand erect, holding a revolver under the gas jet.

Evidently he was about to commit suicide, and forgetting all else save that his life was in danger, Miss Sylvester flew out of the closet and across the room, and clinging wildly to his arm, sobbed forth these words:

"Oh, James, dear! I didn't know you loved me so truly. O, please forgive me! I hate Mr. Lynn; I hate him. I never cared for any one but you."

The pistol fell to the floor, and though Mr. Christopher might now, indeed, have had his revenge on the girl who had used him very badly, he only clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

However, the proprieties must be observed, and in five minutes more Miss Sylvester was outside of the street door.

Somebody must be unhappy in this world. This time it was Waldo Lynn. But bachelors of 40 are tough, and have too much experience to suffer greatly over a broken engagement. Besides, Miss Sylvester and Mr. Christopher were evidently intended for each other.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Home Life.

Wife—What is the matter, John? You are the most impatient man I ever saw.

Husband (struggling to button his shirt)—I can't find the dinged button-hole.

Wife (placidly)—Have you looked under the bureau for it?

The Burdens of Womanhood.

Thousands of women are silently suffering untold misery simply because they shrink from consulting a physician in those numerous complaints arising from functional irregularities and disorders. Many a modest girl and woman prefers to bear her heavy burden in silence rather than to go to the family physician for advice. All sufferers from this class of disorders can, however, find prompt and sure relief in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a specific in such cases, and has brightened the lives of countless women by restoring them to perfect health.

No Fear of That Policeman.

"Now you children, I'll tell you what it is; if you make any more noise in front of my house I'll speak to that policeman!"

Chorus of Juveniles (much tickled)—That policeman! Lor', we ain't afeerd of him! Why, that's father!

An aged widower got married recently for the fourth time, notwithstanding that he had a house full of grown-up children. While the marriage ceremony was being performed audible weeping could be heard in the back room. One of the guests who had heard the sobs asked one of the children who it was. "That's Emily," was the reply; "she always howls when papa gets married again."

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAN

The Ages at Which They Died—From the Conquest to William IV.

The following table, showing the ages at death of all the English Kings and Queens since the conquest, and the diseases of which they died, will no doubt be interesting to our readers. The statistics were prepared by the late Cornelius Walford:

Name.	Age at death.	Cause of death
William I.	60	Rupture and fever.
William II.	43	Shot by an arrow.
Henry I.	67	Surfeit of lamphreys.
Stephen	49	Piles.
Henry II.	55	Grief.
Richard I.	43	Shot by an arrow.
John	49	Poison or grief.
Henry III.	65	Age.
Edward I.	67	Diarrhœa.
Edward II.	43	Murdered.
Edward III.	65	Course of nature.
Richard II.	33	Consumption.
Henry IV.	46	Apoplexy.
Henry V.	33	Pleurisy.
Henry VI.	49	Murdered.
Edward IV.	41	Ague.
Edward V.	12	Smothered.
Richard III.	42	Killed in battle.
Henry VII.	52	Consumption.
Henry VIII.	55	Ulcerated leg.
Edward VI.	15	Consumption.
Mary	42	Smallpox.
Elizabeth	69	Course of nature.
James I.	58	Ague.
Charles I.	48	Beheaded.
Charles II.	54	Apoplexy.
James II.	67	Course of nature.
Mary II.	33	Smallpox.
William III.	52	Fall from horse,
Anne	49	Apoplexy.
George I.	67	Paralysis.
George II.	77	Died suddenly.
George III.	82	Course of nature.
George IV.	68	Bursting of blood vessel.
William IV.	72	Course of nature.
Victoria	69	Whom God preserve.

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is one of the most common and distressing complaints incidental to this climate. It is not confined to any particular season, for whilst most general in the winter seasons, yet many suffer its excruciating agony in the heat of summer. In late years this form of disease has become better known, and consequently the means of relief have become greatly increased in numbers, as well as in efficacy. Among the most powerful and penetrating combinations, placed within the reach of the public for the relief of neuralgia, we can mention no remedy equal to or more certain than Polson's NERVILINE. Its power over pain is something wonderful, and we advise a trial for neuralgia, or any other painful complaints. Nerviline is sold by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle, also trial bottles at 10 cents.

The Appreciative Lion.

Fat Man—We want to see the animals.

Keeper—You can't come in here. If the lion sees you he will become soo excited.

Don't be Humbuged

with that foolish idea that Catarrh cannot be cured! The world moves and medical science is progressive. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists. at only 50 cents.

Poison the fountain, and the stream is impure; poison the blood, and its taint is carried through the entire system—those innumerable veins and arteries carry disease and death instead of life and vitality. As a result, you have Headache, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and General Debility. An inactive Liver means poisoned blood; Constipation means poisoned blood; Kidney disorder means poisoned blood. The great antidote for impure blood is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Acting directly upon the affected organs restores them to their normal condition. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A Good Act.

Ed. Corrigan, the Chicago horseman, appears to have some show of warmth in his heart. A few days ago he presented Mayor Roche with $1,068 out of the profits of the running races there, for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers.

The baby King of Spain has the cholera infantum. Probably this is owing to the negligence of his Minister of the Interior.—*New York World.*

WEBSTER

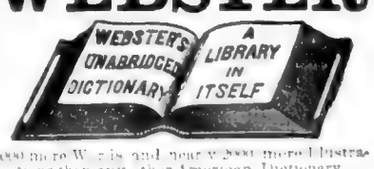

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

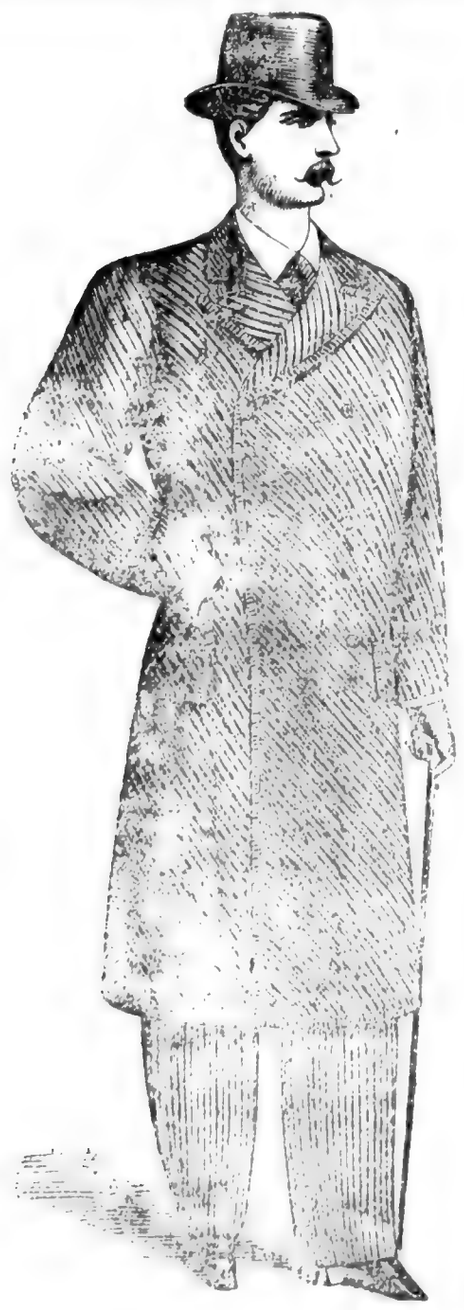

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A beautiful range of plushes in the latest shades, at a surprisingly low figure.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR STOCK OF

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots of the best manufacture at rock bottom prices. Button and Lace Boots in great variety at prices sure to suit you.

THE TOP PRICE PAID

For Butter and Eggs

A lot of choice Butter in Tubs or Rolls wanted by 1st November.

At Cash Price for Trade.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK

An Interesting Letter from New Hampshire.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir.—Thinking that a letter from my pen regarding the far away state of New Hampshire might be perused, not without pleasure, by at least some of the many readers of the Advance, I have thus ventured to trespass on your valuable space. Leaving the Queen City on 25th of July, via C. P. R., I arrived the following evening at my destination, Plymouth, N. H., a wealthy town with a population of some 2,000. This part of the state is noted fer the beauty of its wild mountain scenery. One who has not been among such mountains can form but a faint idea of the scene. As we gaze in a poetic muse, we write.

Majestic mountains! In thine ambitious pride,
Lifting thy tall peaks till shrouded in the sky.
Oh! everlasting hills, thy rugged grandeur
speaking in praise of thy Creator.
But now as still we gaze, thy head,
Quickly evolving from the rolling clouds, is all
aglow,
Tinged with the glory of yon setting sun,
Which sinks to rest behind the western hills.

Points famous to the tourist are, Mounts Washington, Prospect, Profile Hill, and Bald Knob, ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height. As you may imagine, visitors from the city further south are very numerous during the hot months of summer. For their accomodation large boarding houses are built, and these are usually well filled with anxious seekers after health and pleasure. The financial benefit derived from this is, only too often, counterbalanced by the diffusion throughout the rural districts of the vices and follies of the city, with but little of the redeeming virtues.

New Hampshire is now under total prohibition, and apparently the law works well, as it is commonly said to be very difficult to buy any intoxicants of any kind.

Hard cider has long been a favorite drink in the farming community, and he is thought a very temperate man indeed who will not provide his men with their daily allowance of this beverage. Thus we see the force of custom, even though known to be an injurious one.

The farms here are usualy large, but so broken by hills that only about one third is capable of cultivation, being flats or "intervals" between the hills. The staple crop is hay, with oates, corn, and beans on a smaller scale. On the farm managed by my brother 100 tons of hay are cut annually, selling at $15 per ton.

Although settled for a century and a half yet, in improved machinery, and ways of doing work, this state is far outstripped by Ontario. Yet men of great wealth are very common, but it is wealth which, in the most of instances, has been accumulated some years ago. Lumbering is extensively carried on here all the year around. Pine, spruce, and oak, grow in great abundance on the mountains, down which the logs are drawn on slides, to portable saw-mills placed at their base. The pine lumber is extensively used in making packing boxes, paper, car wheels, etc. This industry is a source of almost inexhaustable wealth, as a fresh suply of pine may be cut from the same land about every thirty years.

As will have been noticed by the reader of the public press, the Presidential campaign is now becoming very interesting to the American citizen. Large political flags, bearing the names of the rival candidates, are to be seen in every town and village, floating in the breeze.

I had an opportunity, a short time ago, of attending a political demonstration, or "flag raising" held in honor of the Republican candidates, Harrison and Morton. Gen. Harrison is said to be a direct descendant of that Harrison who fought for the cause of liberty, in the army of Oliver Cromwell. About 500 persons were present, and a pleasing contrast to such gatherings in Ontario was the presence of many ladies, all seemingly interested in the question at issue. Short, though able speeches, were delivered amidst the greatest of enthusiasm. The gist of the speakers, remarks was; "America for Americans," free opposition to Commercial Union with Canada, and to President Cleveland's proposed readjustment of the tariff.

From statistics before me, I have gleaned the following facts: In this county, Grafton, with a population of about 12,000, they have 143 paupers, entertained at the public expense to the tune of $25,266.04. These are mostly Americans with some Irish, but, I am glad to say, not a Canadian among the number. Thus it costs every man, woman and child of the county, on an average, over half a dollar per head to support paupers. Let the chronic grumbler re taxes in Grey County pause and consider the above and be thankful.

Fearing least I have already taken up too much space, I will close with good wishes for the continued prosperity of The Advance.

Yours truly,
S. P. GAUDIN.

To the Deaf.—A Permanent cure for Deafness and Head Noises, in the need of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send full description of it FREE, to any Person who applies to
Nicholson, 50 St. John St., Montreal.

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Strayed or Stolen.

From Lot 35 5th Con., Artemesia, 2 heifers, 1 year old, red and white. Information thankfully received by
Henry Down,
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At The

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PRICEVILLE,

Unprecedented Bargains in every department during the present month in order to make room for Fall Purchases.

Highest Prices Paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Call and inspect our goods and compare prices before making purchases.

A. McCABE.

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Implement Agency!

J. G. Carson

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cast Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators,	

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill; now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

MEAT, MEAT!

FRESH MEAT.

Nice, Tender Meat

And Meat of all Kinds

—AT—

Blakely & McConnell's.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Bradshaw's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for fifty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. WALTER BOOTH.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island, the construction of locks etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS (cheques will not be accepted) must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th August, 1888.

Strayed or Stolen.

From the premises of W. C. Parker, lot 32, 2nd west, Artemesia, two cows to appraise need and the other young, black and white spotted information thankfully received as to their where-bouts.

W. C. PARKER.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established [illegible] years. The old reliable nursery. [illegible] push, energy, good habits and clean record always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROS. NURSERY COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot No. 10 Con. , Eubrasia containing fifty acres. The above property situated about one-and-a-half miles from the village of Kimberley, all under cultivation and magnificent land.

Apply to
ALDOUS
Kimberley P.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 381. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
RUSSELL,
THE NOTED JEWELER.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Beechnuts, boy, broken branch, bones busted.

A new sidewalk has been laid on Peter street. This will be the prettiest street in the village ere long—in fact is now.

Mr. C. J. Conron has rented the Feversham flour and oatmeal mills. Gristing and chopping every day. First class oatmeal for cash or exchange for oats.

J. G. Anderson's store front which has been undergoing repairs for some time is now completed. This improvement will enable Mr. Anderson to display his large stock of goods to the very best advantage.

Many forget that the hair and scalp need cleansing. Extensive use of Ayer's Hair Vigor has proven that it is the best cleansing agent for the hair—that it prevents dandruff and stimulates the hair to renewed growth.

"For years I suffered from loss of appetite and indegestion, but 'ailed to find relief until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine entirely cured me. My appetite and digestion are now perfect." —Fred. G. Bower, 496 Seventh st., South Boston, Mass.

Streetsville Review: Bro. Thurston of the Flesherton Advance, sends us some very creditable specimens of fine job printing. Your work is bound to attract attention, friend Will.—Considering that this praise comes from a first-class and artistic job printer, such as the business men of this vicinity know friend Fawcett to be, it falls with a pleasant tinkle on our ear, and we murmur, amid our blushes, thanks!

Thanksgiving Day.

The Governor General has set apart Thursday, Nov. 15, as a Thanksgiving day for the Dominion.

The Greatest Offer yet.

We will send The Advance to new subscribers from the present date until the end of 1889 for only one dollar. Roll in your subscriptions now—the sooner you do so the more you get for your money.

Ploughing Match

The annual ploughing match of the Artemesia Agricultural Society will be held on the farm of Andrew Beattie, Esq., Toronto and Sydenham road, on Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1888, beginning at 10 a.m. sharp. For full particulars see large posters.

Departed Hence.

Mr. W. A. Milburn, long and favorably known in this vicinity, he having been in business in Flesherton for some time, until last spring, when he sold out to Mr. R. P. Legate, carriage maker, departed last Thursday for Victoria, British Columbia. He has the best wishes of a large circle of friends for his future success in the Pacific country.

Boyne Bridge.

The masonry and carpentering work on this bridge being all completed, last week Mr. Varty commenced the filling in. So far as we are able to judge the workmanship is of first class character, and is creditable to the mechanics; but the engineer displayed a shortsighted policy in making the bridge so narrow. At least that is everyone's verdict. The building of the bridge has cost $365, thus far.

Wanderers Return.

Mr. Matthew Richardson and lady, who have been on a tour through England and Scotland for the past two months, returned home Wednesday evening of last week. They express themselves as highly pleased with their mammoth excursion, and look as though it had been productive of much benefit in a physical as well as mental sense. Mr. R. says their trip was a very pleasant one, although they were detained some little time by fogs in the Gulf.

M. Richardson & Co. are now in the market to purchase all kinds of grain, dairy, and other farm produce.

A full stock of boots and shoes, suitable for fall and winter wear, at Wm. Clayton's.

Mr. G. Sproule, late of Vancouver, B. C., returned to Flesherton last week looking hale and hearty. We believe he purposes remaining here for some time.

Dr. Carter has changed his residence, and may be now found at Mr. J. G. Russel's. The office still remains in the old place, Strains block.

Rev. Mr. Orr, of Mono Mills, preached a very interesting sermon in the presbyterian church here last Sunday. Rev. W. Mills, of Sunderland, will occupy the pulpit on Sabbath next.

J. R. Brodie, Esq., is the printers' friend. We received from him on Tuesday a basket of apples, of the Sherwood's Favorite variety, which we pronounce the most toothsome, and the handsomest we ever ate. Many thanks.

Owing to the public accomodation of the village being limited, difficulty will be found in securing lodgings for all the schoolteachers who are to be present here on Oct. 25th and 26th, at the South Grey teachers' convention, it is requsted that persons who can conveniently make accomodation for one, two, or more, will to make the fact known to Mr. Irwin, principal of our public school.

Cattle Fair.

The cattle fair held here on Monday last was the best, in every respect, which we have had for some time. There were a large number of cattle offered and sold quite readily at fair prices. The class of cattle were much superior to those offered at any of the late fairs.

Anniversary Services.

The second anniversary of Flesherton Baptist Chapel will be celebrated on Sunday next, Oct. 24, when Rev. D. A. McGregor, B. A., of McMaster University, Toronto, will preach in the morning at 11 and in the evening at 6.30. Special offerings at each service in aid of the building fund. Mr. McGregor will also preach at Priceville the same day at 2.30 p.m.

Inistioge S. O. T.

A public installation of the Inistioge Sons of Temperance was held in the Methodist Church, at that place, on Friday evening last. The entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, speaking, recitations, etc., was given for the purpose of raising funds to build a hall in connection with the Church, for entertainment purposes. We have to thank the management for an invitation to be present, and regret our inability to do so.

Maxwell Cattle Fair.

The first of the Maxwell monthly selling fairs was a decided success on Friday, Oct. 5th. About 120 head of cattle, a large number of sheep and pigs were offered for sale. There were six buyers here and a large number of cattle and sheep were bought. Most of those that were not sold were too young. Almost everyone was satisfied, and we hope to see more buyers at our monthly fair, to be held here on Friday, Nov. 2nd, 1888. Dr. Scott, Sec'y. Farmers' and People's Institute.

Enterprise.

We love to see an enterprising young man. But when the enterprise causes haste, and haste error, we would like to give the young man a bit of advice. Last Tuesday evening, at Priceville, after the show, the Durham Review scribe put the directors of the affair to considerable inconvenience by demanding the privilege of securing the prize list for publication, and as it was not properly prepared, the consequence was that Mr. Review's prize list was fairly bristling with errors—several articles left out and wrong names given. We really think the enterprise didn't amount to a great deal in this case. You had better reprint the list from our columns, Mr. Review.

Comfort for cold feet. Wm. Clayton has received a large supply of winter-wear, felt boots, stockings, rubbers, etc.

High Honors.

William H. Wright, son of John Wright, who lives near Flesherton, has been studying law for the past three years and has passed a most successful examination at Osgode Hall, taking the highest honors, with scolarship and prize of one hundred dollars. This is especially creditable to young Wright, as he came in competition with a large number of students who have had superior educational advantages, many of them holding University degrees. We learn that he has obtained a good position in a law office in St. Catharines.

Promoted.

We glean a little news from a Peterboro paper that will be of interest to many of our readers. Mr. R. H. Henderson, well known in this vicinity, and lately of the C. P. R. freight department, Peterboro, has accepted an engagement as tavelling railway representative of the Travellers' Accident and Life Insurance Company. His duties will be to solicit policies from the railway men on the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, Credit Valley, C. P. R. and other lines, his district on the Canada Pacific extending only from Havelock to Toronto. The inducements andprospects held out make the situation a profitable one. Mr. Henderson has our sincere congratulations.

MEDICAL HALL,
Flesherton,
To The Front
—FOR—
School Books, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Slates, Pencils, Inks.

PAINTS,
Ready mixed, cheapest in Town. Brushes, Oils, Turpentines, White Lead, and Dry Paints.

SPICES,
Whole, ground and mixed for pickling purpose.

COFFEE,
What is Coffee; Cocoa, Chocolate.

Baking Powder.
Absolutely the best in town. A present with each package.

DRUGS
Of all varieties. Patent Medicines in full supply. Lime Juice, Syrups, ect.

TOILET SOAPS,
And Perfurmery.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Colts for Sale.

Mr. Arthur Johnston, of the Meaford Road, Vandeluer P.O. has three fine filly colts, rising two years old, which he desires to dispose of. Buyers will do well to inspect these animals.
A. JOHNSTON.

RAM LAMBS for SALE.

Five finely-bred Leicester Ram Lambs for sale. Any person desiring good breeding stock will do well by applying to
JAS. STEWART,
Kimberley P. O.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00 to 5	50
Fall Wheat	$1 00 to 1	00
Spring Wheat	0 95	1 00
Barley	0 50	0 50
Oats	0 29	0 30
Peas	0 56	0 57
Butter	0 16	0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes bush	0 40	0 50
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	7 00	8 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	16	18
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 8
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per pair	0 40	0 50

General News.

Violent storms have prevailed in the North Sea, causing the loss of many lives.

The Manitoba Ministers are entering charges of crimial libel against the managers of The Winnipeg Call and Free Press.

Counterefeiters at Belleville are supposed to be sending out bogus Bank of British North America bills, which are circulating in different localities.

Some fiend, apparently, in Toronto, sent three boxes of poisoned candies to Galt. The children of Mrs. John Cherry, who received one of the boxes, were poisoned, and one of them died.

This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKGAE.

COMPETITION
DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

AMERICAN CLOCK
AND SILVERWARE.

Quality and completeness of stock to select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Gem and 18 K. Wedding Rings.

No Catch Prices. Goods as represented
OR "CASH" REFUNDED.

Can do better for Customers—"Cash" or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey Co."

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,
MARKDALE, ONT.

LONDON HORRIFIED AGAIN.

Two More Women Brutally Murdered and Mutilated.

NO CLUE TO THE FOUL FIEND.

Who May Be a Lunatic of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Stamp.

A last (Sunday) night's London despatch says This morning the whole city was again startled by the news that two murders had been added to the list of mysterious crimes that have recently been committed in Whitechapel. At an early hour it was known that another woman had been murdered, and a report was also current that there was still another victim. This report proved true. The two victims, as in the former cases, were dissolute women of the poorest class. That the motive of the murder was not robbery is shown by the fact that no attempt was made to despoil the bodies.

THE FIRST MURDER

occurred in a narrow court off Berners street at an early hour this morning, beneath the window of a foreigners' Socialistic club. A concert was in progress and many members of the club were present, but no sound was heard from the victim. The same process had been followed as in the other cases. The woman had been seized by the throat and her cries choked, and the murderer with one sweeping cut had severed her throat from ear to ear. A club man on entering the court stumbled over the body, which was lying only two yards from the street. A stream of warm blood was flowing from the body into the gutter. The murderer had evidently been disturbed before he had time to mutilate his victim. The second murder was committed three-quarters of an hour later in Mitre square, five minutes' walk from the scene of the first crime. Policemen patrol the square every ten minutes. The body of the unfortunate woman had been disembowelled, the throat cut and the nose severed.

THE HEART AND LUNGS

had been thrown aside and the entrails were twisted into the gaping wound around the neck. The incision shows a rough dexterity The work of dissection was evidently done with the utmost haste. Pending the report of the doctors, it is not known whether or not a portion of the viscera was taken away. The doctors, after an examination of the body, said they thought it must have taken about five minutes to complete the work of the murderer, who then had plenty of time to escape the patrol. Mitre square, the scene of the second murder, is a thoroughfare. Many people pass through the square early on Sunday morning on their way to prepare for market in the notorious Petticoat Lane The publicity of the place adds to the

DAUNGNESS OF THE CRIME

The police, who have been severely criticised in connection with the Whitechapel murders, are paralysed by these latest crimes. As soon as the news was received at police headquarters a messenger was despatched for Sir Charles Warren, Chief Commissioner of Police. He was called out of bed and at once visited the scene of the murder. The inhabitants of Whitechapel are dismayed. The Vigilance Committees which were formed after the first crimes were committed had relapsed their efforts to capture the murderer. At several meetings held in Whitechapel to-night it was resolved to resume the work of patrolling the streets in the district in which the murders have occurred.

THE VICTIMS.

The Berners street victim was Elizabeth Stride, a native of Stockholm, who resided in a common lodging-house. The name of the other victim is not known. In consequence of the refusal of Home Secretary Matthews to offer a reward for the arrest of the Whitechapel murderer, the people of the East End on Saturday petitioned the Queen herself to authorize the offering of a reward. Dr. Blackwell, who was called to view the remains of the Berners street victim, gave it as his opinion that the same man, evidently a maniac, had committed both murders. The Berners street victim had evidently been dragged back by a handkerchief run around the throat. The inquest will be held at 11 o'clock on Monday morning. Four doctors will be on the jury. The inquest in the Mitre square murder will probably be held on Tuesday.

A London cable has the following in regard to the Whitechapel murders: All of these have similarity of subject, time and method. The killing is done between midnight and dawn, the victims are women, cries are never heard. No fabled vampire was ever more noiseless than this mysterious murderer. One woman's head was severed from the trunk in Aldgate, adjoining Whitechapel, and another woman's face, throat and thorax were disgustingly mutilated in a little square not far from the Tower, into which three streets opened, and where there were excellent means of observation. The best idea of the awful degradation of the men who frequent the Whitechapel slums can be gathered from a description of the women, whose ability to keep alive proves the existence of men so low as to consort with them. These wretched women swarm the streets by thousands, even now, but keep close together and look sharply around for murderers, even while pretending to laugh, and asking each other whose turn to be cut up will come next. The language in which they speak of the fiend who has made it his business to murder them it is impossible to reproduce. Such profanity and hideously foul language as may be heard coming from the group of women of any Whitechapel corner can probably not be heard anywhere else. Some of these poor animals have actually grown old in their misery, shrivelled, horrible, gin-soaked hags, who fight and quarrel on the gutter's edge, and to approach within yards of whom is torture.

The younger women, the queens of these slums, are even more distressing to look at. Some are mere girls, almost children, but all celebrate any stroke of fortune by getting drunk. Bright colors distinguish them. Light blue is the favorite color. Cheap brocades, dragging in the mud, and ostrich feathers as sadly out of curl as the dissipated owners' hair, are favorite outward signs of such prosperity as may be attained in Whitechapel. The poor creatures when born were dropped upon the surface of the worst pool of human degradation that can be boasted by any great city on earth, and all they can do is to sink deeper down into it, fighting and drinking cheap gin as they go.

Infants brawling through heaps of refuse in the slums, never having been made jealous by the sight of clean, fat babyhood, were fairly contented, and their parents evidently found their lives much enlivened by the sensation which has come upon them. The scenes of both murders were swarming with curious crowds, preference being given to the place where the most savage murder occurred, and up to to-night morbid citizens were busy lighting wax matches in the dark corner of Mitre square, trying to discover blood stains.

No new theory worth entertaining has been put forward. That advanced by your correspondent on September 8th, namely, that the murderer, whether a maniac or not, must possess some knowledge of surgery, is accepted as proven. The attempt to connect the crime with some American medical student who is supposed to have offered large sums to various hospitals for an anatomical specimen has been given upas ridiculous. The anatomical specimen in question can easily be obtained for a few shillings. It is suggested that the murderer must be a respectable-looking individual, as in the present state of terror the most degraded Whitechapel women would not dare trust themselves with a rough. But that is rubbish, for every social law in Whitechapel is based on want and hunger, and the lowest brute on earth with means to procure gin would quickly find a Whitechapel woman eager to help him drink it. The murderer must be very strong, since he appears to have been able in each case to overcome his victim with ease and stifle any loud outcry. Besides being strong, the murderer must have a terribly sharp knife, for I have just come from the mortuary where the first of last night's victims lies. The gaping wound in the throat shows plainly the division of the jugular vein and the windpipe and the notch caused by the knife coming in contact with the vertebræ. The wounds on the throat of the Mitre square victim are almost identical.

Scene in Church.

An extraordinary scene occurred in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Bradford, England, the other Sunday morning before Mass, a sergeant of the Essex Regiment having been attacked and badly cut about the ear by a woman sitting in a pew behind him who had previously armed herself with a pair of scissors. The woman was at once secured and given into custody, and afterwards admitted to the police that she had attacked the wrong man, having mistaken the sergeant for a man who had for years persisted in annoying her It was subsequently ascertained that the woman, who is an American on a visit to friends in Bradford, had at one time been an inmate of an asylum in New York.

The Grand Trunk Railway.

At the ordinary half-yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company at London, Eng., on the 30th of October, a resolution will be submitted, authorizing the directors to acquire the first mortgage bonds of the Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon Railway Company, by exchanging therefor a portion of the 4 per cent. perpetual debenture stock now held by the company. Traffic contracts between the Beauharnois Junction and the Grand Trunk Companies will be ratified.

Got the Queen's Bounty.

The wife of a laborer named Searle, living in Linford street, Battersea, England, having given birth recently to two boys and a girl, the matter was brought under the notice of the Queen by the Rev. A. Werninck, of St. Andrew's, Battersea, and Her Majesty has sent the usual donation of £3.

Not a Complete Wreck.

Mrs. Lott—And has nothing been saved from the wreck?

Job Lott (tragically) — Nothing absolutely nothing—except my honest name!

Mrs. Lott—H-m! With that, and the trifling assistance of the property you transferred to me three months ago, may be we can start again!

Two Opportunities.

"Suppose you should run out of bread at sea, Mr. McFinnegan, what would you do?"

"Live on the mate, begorra."

The proper answer would have been: Get a roll from the ocean.

DISILLUSIONED.

I was desperately, madly, devoutly
In love with a woman, so fair
That, as usual, I thought her an angel,
With halos encircling her hair.
She was older than I—but what of it?
Her age but enhanced her, for then,
She was not so unselfish—preferring
A boy to society men?
But one day I got over my "spasm,"
And out of love's arms I soon slid
When I heard that, when chaffed by some women,
She called me "a snippy young kid"

—*Judge.*

Rev. Samuel Fear, superannuated Methodist minister, Elora, and the oldest minister in the Guelph Conference, completed the 86th year of his life the other day. To celebrate the event he went on horseback from his residence, Elora, to Mr. Hugh Hamilton's blacksmith, half a mile, to have his horse shod. There are few ministers of the Gospel who reach Mr. Fear's age, and fewer still who show such signs of vigor 76 as he does at 86.

There are extraordinary rumors that Princess Maud of Wales is betrothed to Grand Duke Nicholas. Princess Maud is not yet 19, and Grand Duke Nicholas has turned 20. The pair have had an opportunity of knowing each other well. They enjoyed the measles together at Copenhagen last year. But the fact that they are first cousins is likely to restrain the Prince of Wales in the project. The story is a simple fable, but the Empress Dagmar and the Princess of Wales rather favor some such match.

Archdeacon Sanders, of Exeter, who died a few weeks ago, showed himself to be more philosophical and more merciful to his survivors than most prominent clergymen, for he left directions in his will that all his manuscript charges and sermons were to be burnt by his executors.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY

The 48th session of Queen's College, Kingston, began yesterday. It is expected that the attendance of students will this season reach 475.

At Montreal yesterday the jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Cazs, accused of murder at Coteau Landing. Jacobs, the Caughnawaga wife-killer, was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

William Steele, of Stratford, who eloped from that place recently with a Mrs. Haddock, was arraigned before Judge Elliot at London yesterday morning charged with the larceny of certain houshold effects, the property of Mr. Haddock. Judgment was reserved.

The boy Hurst, one of those injured in the boiler explosion at Whitby on Monday, died yesterday morning. The father, John Hurst, and Gibson, the other two dangerously scalded, have been taken home. Hurst will recover, but the physicians will as yet extend no hope for Gibson.

The new medical school was opened in London yesterday morning without any splurge or splutter or red tape formalities of any kind. About 60 students were present, and Dr. Waugh delivered the opening lecture on surgery. It is expected the roll, in the course of a few days, will embrace about 80 students altogether.

Typhoid fever is on the increase in London, and some seven or eight cases have been reported at the Health office within a week. Cards have been placed on houses where the disease prevails, and every precaution is being taken to prevent the disease from spreading. Several cases of diphtheria have also been reported lately.

The new chapel in connection with the Sacred Heart Academy, London, was consecrated yesterday morning by Bishop Walsh, assisted by a number of the clergymen of the diocese. Besides the chapel the new addition includes a fine hall, music rooms and other improvements, the whole costing $25,000. The chapel is especially designed for the accommodation of students and nuns at the academy and will seat 200 persons.

Mr. F. Jehin Prume, the eminent violinist, who returned to Montreal yesterday morning from Europe, met with a painful accident last night at Plattsburgh It appears that his son boarded a wrong train after supper, and Prume leaped into the train after him to tell him of his error. The moving train was stopped about 600 feet from the station to allow them to jump off again, and while wending his way back along the track Prume fell into a culvert almost 20 feet in depth. He was unconscious when his son and friends came to his aid. A doctor was immediately summoned, and it was found that Prume had fractured his arm and received several ugly wounds about the head and face.

Billy Chambers, a Brockville tough, was run in on Saturday for being drunk. He was found in his cell shortly afterwards hanging by the neck by his waist-strap to the bars of the cell door, and was with difficulty restored.

D. Cunningham, keeper in the Kingston Penitentiary, has been informed that beyond doubt it was his son who perished in the hotel burned on Saturday at Jack Fish, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A telegram from Operator Scott says only his bones remain.

The yacht Sunbeam, whose going down with five men near Brockville on Sunday last has been fully reported, was grappled in a depth of 90 feet on Sunday and towed ashore, but none of the bodies were clinging to her. Diver Jelly, of Ogdensburg, was there yesterday, but refused to go down at the place where the yacht was found.

On Sunday afternoon six young lads from Brighton set sail from the dock in a small sail boat to visit the Murray Canal. The trip to the canal was safely made and the return was nearly accomplished, when a gust of wind struck the boat and capsized her. Four of the boys clung to the boat and their cry for help was heard. Mr. Covell and a friend rescued the lads from their perilous position, saving them from a watery grave. The two boys drowned were Bert Stanberry and Jake Scriver. They were about 16 years of age. Their bodies have not yet been recovered.

A curious case of suicide occurred on Sunday in a little house quite near the Trocadero, Montreal. A lad named Eugene Bloc, 14 years of age, fell in love with a plaster cast of Venus that was in his father's house. Young Eugene would gaze at the statue for hours, and would get up at night to look at it. This lasted a month The father became angry, as his son did not work and neglected his studies. So the father broke the statue into pieces. Eugene was so much affected that he went to his bed-room, twisted a sheet around his neck, and strangled himself. Next morning the lifeless body of the young Pygmalion was found by the parents.

Prof. Geffecken states that he had Emperor Frederick's permission to publish his diary three months after his death.

A despatch from Auckland, N. Z., says the British Consul at Raratonga has been instructed to proclaim a British protectorate over the Cook Islands.

Advices from Zanzibar state that communication with the towns on the southern coast is interrupted. Capt. Curson and Lieut. Walters landed at Lindi under the guns of the flagship and rescued a German employee in the face of a thousand hostile natives.

No steps whatever are being taken in London for a Congo expedition. So far as the English committee is concerned, it is paralysed. The German expedition is making progress, and the result is likely to be that the Congo will become German. Fainter and fainter grow hopes of Mr. Stanley, and the fear is now that the white man on the Bahr-el-Ghazel is not he.

Advices from Africa say an expedition consisting of 300 Houssas, led by English officers, left Winnebah, on the Gold Coast, to punish the Tojo negroes for murdering Capt. Dalrymple. The expedition was met by a well-armed force of natives and a severe encounter took place, resulting in a defeat of the natives with a loss of 300 killed. The Houssas also suffered heavily, 64 being killed and most of the survivors wounded.

M. Janssen has been appointed by the Belgium Government Governor of the Congo State in place of Gen. Strouch, resigned. In future the post will be held by three functionaries, one in the Congo State, one in Brussels to attend to administrative duties and a third on leave, ready to relieve either of the others. Captain Thiess will devote himself to the finances of the Congo State, and Captain Conquillot will attend to native affairs.

Turkey signs the Suez Canal Convention. This neutralizes that waterway, and slightly, but perceptibly, increases the English hold on Egypt. There is, however, a cloud on the horizon. Suakim demands a larger garrison, disturbing Egyptian finance; and, if the Soudanese grow troublesome at Wady Halfa, and the financial balance be overthrown, the international commission comes into play, to the exclusion of the sole English interest. The situation at Suakim is disquieting, but not immediately dangerous.

A royal salute announced the arrival of Emperor William at Munich yesterday. He was received at the railway station by the Prince Regent and the members of the Royal family. The Emperor and the Regent embraced and kissed each other repeatedly. The Emperor expressed the pleasure it gave him to visit the capital of the country which had played so important a part in the history of the Empire. He hoped he might be granted power to devote himself to the good of the country, in the same spirit that animated his grandfather In conclusion, he asked the burgomaster to convey to the citizens of Munich an expression of his gratitude for the splendid reception that had been accorded him. The party then drove to the palace amid the acclamations of the people.

An engineer captain has been arrested at Portsmouth for showing an American over secret parts of the Spithead forts.

Patrick O'Brien, Nationalist member of Parliament, was released from Kilkenny jail yesterday. He had been in prison for seven months for offences under the Crimes Act. He looks worn and pale. He was given an enthusiastic reception by the priests and people of the place.

The Corn Millers' Association, at a meeting held at Leeds yesterday, advanced the price of flour 1s. 6d. per bag of 18 stone, making a rise of 7s. per bag within seven weeks. The advance is due to the poor condition of English and the increased values of foreign wheat.

The trunk of a woman was found in a recess of the new police offices on the Thames embankment yesterday afternoon. The head, arms and legs were missing. The remains, which were in an advanced state of decomposition, were wrapped in rough cloth and tightly bound with cord. It is believed that the arms recently found at Pimlico and Lambeth were cut from this body.

An inquest was held at London yesterday on the body of the woman found murdered in a narrow court off Berners street Sunday morning. A sister of the victim was called and deposed that she awoke at 12 o'clock on Sunday morning and heard kisses and a sound which she thought was made by a person falling to the ground. She was convinced that her sister was dead, and after reading the accounts of the murder in the newspapers went to the morgue and recognized the body of the murdered woman as that of her sister. The house in which the witness resides is several miles from Berners street. The murder is believed to have been committed about 12 50 o'clock Sunday morning.

The President has signed the Chinese Bill, and transmitted it to Congress with a long message.

On Sunday evening Roy Cummings, the 15-year-old son of Norman Cummings, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and a companion climbed to the top of the new 100 feet stand pipe of the hydraulic company. After viewing the city they started to descend, when Cummings was taken with a fit, and despite the efforts of his companion to hold him on the ladder, fell to the ground and was crushed to death.

Mr. O. T. Sabin, 50 years of age, for thirty years a resident of Detroit, committed suicide on Sunday evening. Sunday being a very disagreeable day, he and his wife did not go driving, as they usually do, but sat in their pleasant home at 683 Third avenue, and passed the day in reading and conversation until about 4 o'clock, when Mr. Sabin got up and left the house by the rear door. About an hour later Mrs. Sabin, wondering at his long absence, went out to the barn to see what he was doing, and not finding him below she went upstairs, and was horrified to see him hanging to a beam dead. No reason is known for the act. His business was not extensive, but was safe. He owned some property and had about $5,000 in the bank. He was not involved in the recent corner in September wheat.

What Sawdust is Good For.

The uses for sawdust are steadily multiplying, and it is in ever increasing demand. It is used very extensively in packing goods for shipment. For stabling purposes it is used quite largely, being cheaper and cleaner than straw. Many thousands of cords are used yearly in the manufacture of terra cotta. It also enters largely into the construction of apartment houses, for filling walls and floors to deaden sound. These are but few of the uses for which sawdust is in demand. Shingle excelsior, when made of cedar, is an excellent moth exterminator, and is much used in packing. Planer shavings are used for all kinds packing and also for bedding in stables, stock cars and stock yards.—*Boston Budget.*

A Jealous Lion.

M. Bidel, the French lion-tamer, tells a story of [illegible] and lioness who had for many years dwelt together in one cage, and whose "mutual endearments were incessant, demonstrative and touching." A bachelor lion came to live next to them, and one day, the door between the two cages being left open, the lioness slipped through to visit the bachelor. "The betrayed husband was beside himself with passion; there were anguish and hatred in his face, and it was plain that his heart was broken." When the lioness was driven back to her cage she was instantly killed by her husband.

The Dominion Government are still without news concerning Mr. Ogilvy, of the Geological Survey, who left last summer with Dr. Dawson for the Yukon gold country, and has not been heard of since February last.

Baron Rothschild's Alphabet of Success.

The following "alphabet" is printed on a neat card and hung up in coffee taverns and places of resort and business in Great Britain—an example which might well be followed in Canada:

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation nor business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few especial acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right,
And success is certain.

Notes about the Fever Fiend.

King-Hall, the New York *World* correspondent at Jacksonville, is now pronounced out of danger, and, with care, he will be on the street in a day or two. He will go to Pablo for a few days to drink in the strengthening sea air.

The mortality from yellow fever at Jacksonville has been increased rather than decreased by the cold weather.

"Fear," says the New Yerk *World*, "is worse than fever."

George Francis Train wants to go to Jacksonville and put an end to the epidemic by means of the faith cure

The Florida fever has given a scare to some Southern California towns, and they are busy cleaning dirty streets and localities.

Mules Sometimes Die.

A mule belonging to the strawboard factory deliberately drowned himself last Monday. This is the second mule belonging to the factory that has within a short time killed himself by drowning. The mule is generally reputed to be a philosopher, and it is possible that the two suicidal mules, in view of the fact of being compelled to help draw large loads of straw, calmly determined that life is not worth the living.—*Chester (M. D.) Register.*

A Cat Market in Paris.

A cat mart has been started here. What fun it will be to read the quotations and market reports, which last may probably run thus: Tabbies, dull; toms, buoyant; kittens, lively; Angoras, depressed; brindled, very brisk; Persians in great demand; tortoise shells, heavy. The French, from the concierge to the Prime Minister, are keenly alive to cat beauties. Did not the redoubtable Richelieu allow a pet tabby to use his Cardinal's hat for her nursery? *—Paris Letter in London Truth.*

Man vs. Pony.

A novel race was witnessed in England recently between a Mr. Stowel, County Court Bailiff of Shaftesbury, Dorset, who rode a pony, and Mr. Swain, the landlord of the Crown public house, of the same town, who was on foot. The race was for £1, over one mile, and was run around a hayrick, which the competitors had to turn eighty times. The bailiff on the pony beat the landlord by two laps.

Fell Dead at His Sweetheart's Feet.

George McCurdy, aged 27, while walking along the street late at night with his betrothed, Miss Lucinda Gonder, was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs and dropped dead on the sidewalk, dragging Miss Gonder down, who was endeavoring to help him along to a physician. On seeing her lover dead Miss Gonder fell over in a swoon, and was with difficulty resuscitated. - *Canton (O.) special in Cleveland Leader.*

A Successful Experiment.

First Preacher—You appear to be having remarkable success, brother.

Second Preacher—Yes, my people have been very liberal since I changed my plan of taking the collection. I now have it done before the sermon.

Has that made a difference?

A very great difference. If I find the collection is small I preach a two hour's sermon on 'charity,' but when it is large I give them a 20 minutes' sermon on the delights of heaven."

Contradictory.

"*Pawtucket!*" shouted a brakesman on a New England Railroad.

And an old lady from the West glanced about inquiringly, but when the same silver-tongued automaton, after some hours, opened the door and bawled: "*Nantucket,*" she stared at him until he banged it shut, when she turned to a fellow-passenger with the remark:

"It's more'n likely he tuk t himself, and then lied about it!"

An Overpowering Temptation.

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Rural Crops.

There is an apple tree near Kentville, N. S., which last year produced 25 barrels of luscious gravensteins.

St. Helena (Cal.) public schools were closed some days ago for three weeks, to allow the pupils to pick the grape crop.

The London barber who shaved sixty men in sixty minutes is again discounted, this time by a Philadelphia artist, who performed the operation upon twenty men in eighteen minutes. This, of course, is away ahead of all records, but it is questionable whether the shaving was as well done as the average customer would like. Most men would rather spend a minute or so overtime in the barber's chair and come out with clean, smooth faces.

And now Amelia Rives-Chanler is troubled with insomnia.

Be Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simple dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defects discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steepy hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a heedless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor,
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—*Good Cheer.*

Extraordinary Adventure in a Train.

The wife of a forgeman named Wilkinson, who resides in Warrington, England, has just been the victim of an outrage which she alleges was perpetrated by a fashionably-dressed "lady" while travelling between Warrington and Norwich, on the London & Northwestern Railway. Mrs. Wilkinson tells a most extraordinary story, from which it appears that on Tuesday evening week she left Norwich, having been on a visit to some relations, and took train home to Warrington. She occupied a seat in an ordinary third-class compartment, in which sat another woman with two children. They were at that time the only occupants of the compartment, but immediately before the departure of the train a young "lady," fashionably attired, jumped into the carriage and took a seat opposite them. A few moments after the train had been in motion the stranger passed a few general observations and at the same time rose and changed her seat for one between the two women. There was nothing in her manner to excite the suspicions of the occupants of the compartment, but the "lady" had not been long reseated before the women and children became unconscious. On returning to consciousness some little time afterwards the women missed their stylish traveller, who seems to have quitted the carriage at Greenbank station, taking with her the contents of the purses of both women, amounting to nearly £2. Singular to state the four unconscious occupants of the compartment came to their senses simultaneously. The women on looking round found that their purses had been abstracted from their pockets, and were lying empty on the seat. Mrs. Wilkinson states that her purse contained £1 1s 6½d, while the other woman, who comes from Runcorn, had in her possession about 17s, part of which had been given to her to make some purchases for a relation at Northwich. The matter has not been reported to the police as the parties appear to think that the probable arrest and prosecution of the 'fashionable lady" would involve them in considerable expense.

Give It to the Preacher.

The exodus of young men from New Brunswick is so great that Rev. Mr. Mowatt, a Presbyterian minister in Fredericton, felt called on to refer to it in a sermon one Sabbath recently. It was the exodus from his own congregation that impressed him with its serious aspect. He said he was appalled at the number of the young members of his congregation who had called upon him during the year for church certificates and to say good-bye. The great majority of the exodians went to the United States. Referring to Mr. Mowatt's remarks, the Fredericton *Gleaner* says: "It is too true that too many are leaving us. And is it not time that our people should take some serious thought of the exodus? It is no empty wish to leave their cheering firesides and friends that impels the young men and young women of our city to go elsewhere. It is not that they have taken a dislike to our city and its people. It is simply force of financial circumstances which impels them thither * * * * * Is not the fault with our own people? We admit that the restriction trade policy of the Dominion Government is sapping the very life from our industries and general business; but when we have the opportunity to make our voice heard and its power felt we somehow or other forget our duty and vote for the continuance of the very evil we at other times so loudly complain of." It will now be in order for the Tory organs to charge Rev. Mr. Mowatt with "disloyalty," "running down the country," etc." He has stated what he knows to be a fact, and that is sufficient reason in the eyes of the average Tory newspaper why he should be denounced.—*Montreal Herald.*

A Slight Mistake.

The Dean of Durham (Dr. Lake) is very quick to seize an occasion. A large meeting of temperance reformers was held in Durham the other day. At the conclusion of Evensong in the cathedral, the Dean, seeing a larger congregation than usual, went to the lectern, and there in a hospitable speech welcomed the visitors to his cathedral. He commended their work, and compared it favorably with that of the Crusaders of old. The evident amusement with which the Dean's remarks was received may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the temperance folk had taken their departure from Durham some hours before, and the Dean's hearers consisted of a host of "cheap trippers," who had availed themselves of the licensed victuallers' excursion to the Durham flower show.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Time Required.

Husband—It takes you half an hour or more to find your pocket, doesn't it?

Wife (sweetly)—Yes, about that, John, dear; but it takes you longer than that at times.

The Montreal Nationalists are boasting that even if they lost the election they made the Government spend a heap of money and compelled their candidate, Mr. Lepine, to denounce the execution of Riel.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Inspectress Anna M. Parks noticed the fulness of the skirts of Mrs. Matilda Bender, a passenger of the steamer Rhaetia, just arrived at new York. She was requested to step into a private room, and was there searched. Five pairs of satin slippers, three yards of crape, three yards of dress goods, four yards of alpaca and a pair of trousers, which she wore, were found.

Amongst the Cree Indians of Canada the husband lives in the wife's house, but never speaks to his parents-in-law till his first child is born, and, though the father is not a member of the family, his child is, and so confers on him the *status* of "father of so-and-so," which becomes his name, the whole being then brought to a logical conclusion by the family ceasing to cut him.

The kicker is a developer; the croaker is an incubus. The kicker incites to improvement; the croaker to indignation and resentment. The kicker only is heard when he is given one-dollar accommodation at three-dollar rates; the croaker would be just as noisy if he was getting three-dollar accommodation and paying nothing. The kicker is a lively, jovial, progressive fellow: the croaker is a dismal nuisance who lags superfluous on the stage.

Reform in the matter of shirt-collars is demanded. John Crentz was found dead in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, on Thursday night. A thin blue mark over the windpipe led the coroner to declare that the direct cause of the man's death had been a collar two inches high that he was wearing at the time of his demise. The popularity of high collars gives an unpleasant significance to this disaster.

Mr. Jackson, the husband of the late lamented authoress Helen Hunt Jackson, was married recently, and is now residing at Colorado Springs, Col. He married a niece of his first wife, and there is still, therefore, a Helen Hunt Jackson. The grave of the first Mrs. Jackson, known to fame as "H. H.," is literally covered with visiting cards left by tourists, who climb the mountain near Colorado Springs to visit the last resting place of this remarkable woman.

The eighth annual report of the English Inspector of Retreats under the Habitual Drunkards Act, 1879, for the year 1887 has just been issued. Sixty-six patients in the aggregate were admitted to the seven retreats during the year as against seventy-three in the previous year. Several patients received their discharge for various reasons at the request of the licenses from the local justices before the effluxion of time. Very satisfactory work was reported from all retreats.

The Forth bridge, which has been styled the "Last wonder of the world," has been under construction six years, and will require another year for completion. The proportion of this vast and costly structure can hardly be realized from the figures. There are eleven spans, two of which measure no less than 1,710 feet each, making the most majestic arches the world has ever seen. The extreme height of the bridge is 361 feet; the foundations are some 91 feet below the surface of the water, and there is a clear headway of 150 feet for ships of all sizes to pass under.

The United States War Department has recently been collecting statistics of the number of horses in several countries of the globe. Russia has 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500 000; the Argentine Republic, 4 000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2 800 000 and 300 000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2 624,000; Spain, 680 000 horses and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2 000,000 horses, Belgium, 383,000; Denmark 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125 000, and Portugal, 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules.

The Queen has granted permission to Mr. Fred. Kitton to engrave, for his forthcoming collection of Dickens' portraits, the pencil sketch of the novelist now in her possession. This drawing, which was made from life by R. J. Lane, the Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, represents Charles Dickens as he was in the Pickwickian days. It was bought by the Queen from Mrs. George Cattermole (Miss of the artist, who so ably assisted in illustrating "Master Humphrey's Clock." This interesting portrait is now being engraved for the first time, and will doubtless add considerable value to Mr. Kitton's book.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* recently said; "The faith-cure people seem to avoid Jacksonville, yet they have a chance there to make the best possible test of their theories." This challenge to the faith-healers did not long remain unaccepted. Rev. John L. Willetts, of Salem, O., writes to the *Dispatch* that a woman in his congregation is ready to go to Florida, provided the doctors will promise not to meddle with the patients intrusted to her, but leave them entirely in her hands. She thinks that not a single one will die under her treatment. Mr. Willetts believes that three-fourths of his congregation would follow him to Florida on the same terms, but it is said that in the present critical condition of affairs the authorities are not willing to countenance any experiments.

The two hundredth anniversary of the death of John Bunyan, "The Glorious Dreamer," as he has been called, was recently celebrated. Large numbers of people, among them many Americans, visited the grave in Bunhill Fields, now tastefully enclosed and planted with trees and flowers, a graveyard where lie the remains of Thomas Bradbury, Cromwell's sons—Richard and Henry—Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, Dr. Waugh, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and many others of earlier and later renown. At the Bunyan Meeting House, Bedford, Dr. Brown, the pastor, and the biographer of Bunyan, improved the occasion by preaching from the words, "He was a burning and a shining light" (John v. 35), to a crowded house.

Dr. Fening, a German Government official, professes to have discovered a new derivation for the name England, or the English. The word, he contends, does not originate, as has for a thousand years been supposed, from the Angles, or from the district of Angeln, in Schleswig, but from the Engern, a numerous and very powerful Saxon race, formerly living near the banks of the Weser. He bases his theory partly on the statements of the old British monk, Gildas. He lived considerably earlier than Bede, and speaks only of the Saxons who colonized Britain. Dr. Bening points out that, in Schleswig, Engelland is very small, and now has barely eight thousand inhabitants; moreover, it lies on the Baltic, not on the North Sea, like the country of the Engern.

There is a humorous as well as a serious side to the law. The old-fashioned way of leaving a shilling to the legatee with which to buy a rope to hang himself has been improved upon. Probate was granted last week of the will, dated 18th June, 1887, of a testator who died recently in London and left all his residuary estate to two grand daughters, having appointed as sole executrix a daughter to whom he bequeathed £25, and to his wife one farthing, which he directed the executrix to forward to her by post, unpaid, as an indication of his disgust at the treatment which he had received at her hands, and especially in respect of the abusive epithets, such as "old pig!" and others, which she used in circumstances which he explained, but did not think justified such opprobrious language. The will has evidently been carefully drawn, although not apparently by a solicitor, and is engrossed in a clerk-like manner, and duly executed by the testator.

Early Autumn Farm Notes.

Raw carrots, sliced, are appreciated by horses and cows at all times.

Turn the sod under after frost appears if you wish to kill the cutworms.

Do not put fresh skimmed milk into the churn unless you want to waste one-fifth of your butter in the buttermilk.

There are many instances where thirty-five bushels of grain might just as well be grown on one acre as twenty, if the right variety had been sown.

The small potatoes can be utilized by boiling them for stock. They are as valuable for that purpose as the larger ones.

Old brush, rubbish piles, etc., afford excellent harboring places for rats, and unless removed the rodents will work down and burrow under the barn walls.

Never allow a seedling tree to grow unless you intend to graft it. It is a waste of time, as no dependence can be placed on the quality of fruit from seedlings.

Rail fences are not cheap if the annual value of the land occupied by them is taken into consideration. Wire is much better as well as more durable.

Toads are the policemen of the garden. They speedily transport insect depredators to a place where they will do no more harm. And this interior jail is quite capacious.

Mr. Havmeyer, of New Jersey, has twenty-four silos of 2,000 tons capacity. He recently opened one that was filled seven years ago and found its contents in excellent condition.

Sprouts growing around the base and bodies of fruit trees are very unsightly, even though they may do no great harm, and should be removed without delay as soon as they appear.

Corn cut for fodder while in bloom, either to be dried or silced, contains but 13 per cent. of solids. If left until ears are formed and the kernels begin to glaze it will have 25 per cent. of solids.

The famous cow Rioy Marchioness is dead. She was bought in 1875 for the magnificent sum of $6 615 although then only 5 months old. She has produced ten calves, all noted animals of great merit.

The great preponderance of testimony shows that soft food is better for cattle than is dry feed, and that in the dairy it is no trouble, with plenty of ensilage, to keep up the summer flow of milk all the year.

As soon as an animal is fully matured it ceases to gain, except in fat, unless very thin. It is the young animal that makes the heavier gain in weight, but it is easier to fatten a matured animal than a younger one.

Weeds that have not perfected the seeds can be used for bedding, after being dried, and then thrown on the manure pile, but if the seeds ripen they will be carried back to the land in the manure.

One True Gentleman.

This incident, told by James Payn, suggests a new and novel definition of a gentleman: "A lady singer, a little passee as to years, and whose voice was not so good as it used to be, failed to please the pitiless throng; they groaned and hissed, whereupon a person in the gallery called out, reproachfully: 'Let the bloomin' old cow have fair play.' Then the lady came down to the footlights, and with marked distinctness expressed her satisfaction, that in the assembly before her "there was at least one true gentleman."

A Tax on Marriage.

A London *Daily Chronicle* St. Petersburg telegram says that in Yarkand the Chinese authorities have imposed a most curious tax, namely, 5 cop on all women who intend entering the bonds of wedlock. A traveller who has been there informs me that all merchants who visit Kashgar are obliged to take a wife. As soon as they leave the town the wife obtains another husband, and thus the 5-cop tax brings in a considerable revenue to the Government.

When Tried, Make a Note Of.

An old New England housekeeper says: "No insect that crawls can live under the application of hot alum and water. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water, then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling hot to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, the cracks in the floor and the crevices in the skirting or mopboards."

Dr. W. L. Candee, of Milwaukee, Wis. who is nearing the century mark in life, saw the first steamboat ascend the Hudson and rode upon the first railroad built in the United States—between Albany and Shenectady. He was intimately acquainted with Robert Fulton, the inventor of steamboats.

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen at dinner lately. "She hasn't struck me yet," answered his wife, meekly. "But she has done almost everything else."

Aunt—Has any one been at these preserves? (Dead silence.) Have you touched them, Jimmy? Jimmy (with the utmost deliberation)—Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner.

"SPACE COSTS MONEY."

Some Plain Words to Those Who Can Fit on the Cap.

The Galt *Reformer* publishes the appended remarks to its patrons, and as they apply—happily only to a few in this city—they are reproduced for their special benefit.

"We again call the attention of the public to the fact that our space costs us money, the same as a merchant's stock costs him, and they have no more right to expect us to give it to them free than they would have to expect a dry goods man to give them so many yards of cloth or a grocer to give them so many pounds of sugar. We have given dead-head notices of sports and entertainments in consequence of which they were very successful. We have given dead-head notices of church services, in consequence of which there was a good attendance and large collections. We have given columns of reports, and the promoters of these events have thought we were well paid and under a compliment to them if they sent us a few tickets gratis. One gentleman even told us that he thought there would be no necessity of getting any bills for an entertainment if we wrote it up well. Yet had we suggested that there was no necessity of paying him a salary if he would just do the work required of him gratis, this same gentleman would not have thought it was the correct thing. Fortunately for the printer these are only the exceptions, most people recognizing the fact that any printing they got was done at a reasonable rate, and was full value in itself and that the advertising should be paid for—that the complimentary tickets were an invitation for a reporter to be present and take cognizance of what was going on, that this in the majority of cases was an inconvenience to the reporter himself who would naturally rather be attending to his own private affairs. Newspapers are now generally giving up the dead head advertisement principle; they find, like the railroads, that it does not pay, that in fact they cannot afford it. Labor and paper cost money. News is one thing, an advertisement is another, though there is more or less news in all advertisements. Many readers consider the advertisements the most important part of the paper, because from them they get the information desired, but if all the advertisements were put in free there would soon be no paper, or else subscribers would have to pay a great deal more for their papers than they do now."

Personal Points.

Mrs. Keefer is having a very satisfactory trip through the Maritime Provinces, speaking in the interests of temperance and of woman's work in relation thereto.

A Mr. Bell, of Lahave Islands, Nova Scotia, aged 86 years, is daily engaged in fishing, and goes six miles a day to haul his nets.

A museum has been erected to the memory of Lady Brassey in her husband's palace in London. Curiosities from all parts of the world are gathered there, and form, it is said, a remarkable collection.

Nearly three months ago Mrs. Youmans was attacked with muscular rheumatism, a day or two after her return from the Montreal convention. She is now suffering from inflammatory rheumatism in its most acute form, resting only while under the influence of opiates. Her friends hope she may soon be able to be removed to Dansville, N. Y., where she may have the benefit of special treatment given there, but at present this cannot be undertaken with safety.

The *Scottish American* says of Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie S. Swan), who has been on a visit to Rev. Mr Morton, of the Congregational Church, Hamilton: "She is the most popular Scotch novelist of the day. She intends spending a short season of recreation in Canada and the United States. We may be sure that wherever she goes the authoress of "Aldersyde" will be warmly welcomed.

A Thief's Gall.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* of Sunday last has the following: J. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, Canada, dined yesterday with a party of friends. Comparative honesty between Canadians and Americans was the facetious table talk. E. A Cummings and R C Givens were present. While the party were about to leave a citizen came in and coolly took Mr. Robertson's silk umbrella and overcoat and walked out of the door. It was so cool a job that all were dumbfounded. Mr. R. soon jumped to his feet and rushed to the door and caught the man on the pavement. 'Excuse me, sir!" he said; "you have my coat and umbrella!" "Ah!" the man said; "indeed? Why, my dear sir," looking at the umbrella, "a mistake sure. Here they are." "You are the most polite thief I ever saw," said Mr Robertson. "Yes, I've been in the business a long time. Say, Cully, please don't have me collared." "Why, no, indeed; they ought to send you to Congress—a man with your gall. I live in Canada, where they only sneak umbrellas and coats at night. "Good day, sir." The episode gained the Canadian editor the debate and cost the Chicagoan about $11 50.

A Relic of the Manitoba Rebellion.

Railway men in making the grade on the north bank of the Assiniboine, at Winnipeg, turned up the skeleton of a man, supposed to be that of Scott, shot by Riel's orders in the first rebellion. Military buttons were found, and Scott is said to have worn a similar kind on his clothing when shot. The bones have been carried off by relic hunters. The skeleton was only 20 inches under the surface and was within a short distance from where the tragedy occurred twenty years ago.

If there is anything that makes a thrifty Yankee mad it is to have a checked satchel, worth with contents about $5, turn up just after he has put in a lost baggage claim for $50.

Prof. Kolransch has recently estimated the quantity of electricity in a flash of lightning. He finds that from 7 to 35 flashes would be required to keep an incandescent lamp burning an hour.

Think of a man going to the gallows with the photograph of the girl he murdered in one hand and a small American flag in the other! That was the wretched spectacle afforded at the last San Francisco execution.

Caught by a Thread of Hair.

As Alice and I walked out one day,
In March's windy weather,
A gust blew one of her curls astray,
And we were close together.

A single thread, cast softly there
Around my button-hole,
The more we tried to untwine we made,
The more the hair resisted.

And somehow our fingers got entwined,
Her cheeks grew hot with blushes,
I said "Let's never the hair unbind
And the March wind stirred the rushes.

All this was many a year ago,
But still, that day I bless,
Her hair is silver, while mine is snow—
Her answer—you can guess!

That single hair proved a band of steel,
To bind us to each other
Together we share our weal and woe
And though wed, I am still her lover.

Is Marriage a Failure?

A correspondent says to us and asks: "What do your readers think of these rules to make marriage a success

Rule 1—Never under any circumstances let the wife introduce her husband to her mother.

Rule 2—Never let the wife ask her husband for money, but always pay her bills out of her own private income.

Rule 3—Never let the wife ask her husband where he is going or where he has been; and, at whatever hour of the night he returns, let him always find his wife waiting up with his slippers ready, and the spirit stand on the table.

Rule 4—Never let the wife ask the husband to come home to dinner at any fixed hour; and if he doesn't come at all take no notice.

Rule 5—Always have one or two pretty young lady friends staying in the house in order that your husband may have some one to talk to.

Rule 6—When the babies begin to come, put them out to nurse until they are of an interesting age, and have left off crying. Then buy all their clothes yourself, and when they go to school get your papa to pay for their education.

Rule 7—Never ask your husband to take you anywhere unless he offers to. Then be careful not to have a headache or to trouble him to get you anything. If after the play or the opera is over he wants to go to his club, say: "Don't bother to see me to the carriage, dear." Kiss him and let him go. If he objects to the kissing omit it.

Rule 8—When your husband sees you, always wear a smile. Never be ill or out of sorts, and never fail to let your husband know that you consider it a very great honor to have married him, and that you are filled with a sense of your own unworthiness for such an exalted position.

The strict observance of these rules will enable many a wife who is asked "Is marriage a failure?" to reply with a large and triumphant "No."

Our Sanity Never Secure.

Each mind feels a certain wave of unhappiness when it looks in upon itself and marks how many wheels must be in perfect order to secure what is called sanity. In such moments of introspection the thought comes that not only is the thinker crazy, but all men and women are not a little crazy; that perfect sense is impossible. A professor in a Chicago college walked into a canal in broad day light. He was thinking of something else than the canal and of his good black suit of clothes. He enjoyed his scientific reverie, but he got wet. He had to retire to his home and change the external wrappings of his wise, pompous soul. The man who was telling this story of the unfortunate professor walked out of a railway car at the next station and left his valise in the rack to go on and on and never to be found. Thus, while the canal wet the clothes of one rational being, the railway carried away all the clean shirts of another. A third man got off at the first station to wait for the next train to bring him his railway ticket and his bunch of keys. In an hour the ticket and keys came, but his big valise had been left behind and the trunk was not locked.

The persons designated as insane are a little less rational than the average, but in each person in the circle of nations there is going on a perpetual struggle between what is called the vital principle and the millions of atoms—the atoms being liable to stampede like a herd of wild cattle.—*Professor David Swing in Chicago Journal.*

Don't!

A health crank out West is preparing a manual of "Hygienic Donts." Here are a few specimens: Don't drink alcholic or malt liquors. Don't drink coffee, tea or cocoa. Don't drink hot water, for it parboils and destroys the stomach. Don't drink cold water, for it paralyzes the digestive organs. Don't drink milk, for it causes consumption. Don't eat bread, either leavened or unleavened; they are both deadly. Don't eat pork. Don't eat raw vegetables or fruit, for they both contain living organisms. Don't eat them cooked, for cooking induces deleterious chemical changes. Don't walk fast, as it uses up your life. Don't walk slow, as it makes the muscles flabby."

A Sequence in Courtship.

A suburban Boston poet has discovered that the order of sequence in courtship is first to get on good terms with the girl; second, with the dog; and third, with the parents.

During the month of August 12,894 immigrants arrived in Canada, and the total arrivals from January 1st were 116,037, or an increase of nearly 14,000 as compared with the same period last year.

The Empress of Japan is becoming one of the best informed women of the time. She is a student of German, Russian, French and Italian, and has certain days on which Japanese is a forbidden language.

Rev. R. T. Cunningham, of Bowden, England, was suddenly seized with illness on September 10th while attending a meeting of the Manchester Presbytery, and expired within a few minutes afterwards.

The Methodist congregation at Owen Sound, finding their present church too small for the congregation, propose the building of a handsome edifice west of the river in Bay Ward.

Mr. Gladstone was flogged but once at Eaton. So the English papers say in a "Personal" current there. He got the gad because he pluckily stood up for a boy who was a little deeper in the mud than Pupil Gladstone was in the mire.

THE ADVANCE.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1888.

The election in Cardwell last Wednesday, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Thomas White, resulted fittingly in the return of his son Robert White, by a majority of 112. The election, in many respects, was one of the most interesting which has taken place for some time. Mr. Stubbs, the opposing candidate, was also a Conservative, but not a nominee of the party. He came out on his own hook as a local candidate, receiving the full Reform vote, and a good portion of the Conservative. Yet he was left out in the "cold, cold world," and in the face of events Mr. White's victory was a grand one.

FLESHERTON'S BUSINESS.

A Resume of the Business and Business Men of Flesherton.

The village of Flesherton has been written up, in a general way, in these columns, upon more than one occasion. This week we go into it upon a more elaborate scale, and furnish our readers with a short description of all the more important business enterprises of the place. We issue a large number of extra papers, and those who are not subscribers will please consider it as a gift should a copy fall into their hands.

M. RICHARDSON.

Readers of The Advance, and especially those who are among the numerous customers of Messrs. M. Richardson & Co's general store, will appreciate our reference to this popular and prospering business and the advantages which the firm possesses in supplying the public with their wants of everything in the mercantile line.

First we may say that Flesherton is fortunate in the possession of a business such as this one. In it the citizens of our town and people of the surrounding country enjoy all the advantages offered by smaller establishments in the cities. The record of this firm is as successful as it is long and one which any firm might be proud of. Established nearly a quarter of a century, doing an extensive trade over the surrounding country, with a wide acquaintance in the wholesale markets, the firm is in the very best position to keep the business to the front. Our readers are too familiar with their commodious brick establishment and the immense assortment of goods displayed to give any detailed description of here. We cannot refrain from noticing the fine appearance the interior presents, the splendid system and general order observed. Each and every department, consisting of dress and mantle goods gloves, hosiery etc., hats and caps, gent's furnishings, carpets, and house furnishings, ready made clothing, groceries, boots and shoes and hardware is simply complete. The firm has in the past imported a considerable quantity of stock and in this particular we may mention the recent trip of the senior partner, Mr. Richardson, across the ocean, from which he has just returned. While in the Old Country he had an opportunity of visiting personally the great manufacturing centres with the result of better facilities being opened for their importations handled, want of space will not permit of any detailed description. It consists of everything in the line of staple and fancy dry goods, dress and mantle goods, gloves, hosiery, etc., tweeds, worsteds, etc., hats and caps, gents' furnishings, carpets, and house furnishings, also groceries and ladies' shoes. The business well deserves its large trade.

R. TRIMBLE.

It affords The Advance pleasure in reviewing the business interests of the town in refering to the old established, well known and popular business of Mr. R. Trimble, general merchant.

This business is too well known over the country to require any extended mention.

Mr. Trimble has been established over a third of a century, having been engaged in the mercantile trade 35 years, and is one of the oldest established in Grey County and the pioneer institution in Flesherton. It is unnecessary for us to say that the business has exerted a marked influence in stimulating the volume of business and in drawing trade to the town. The deserved popularity the business has acquired has been secured by a careful study of the wants of the people, by handling a superior class of goods and by the fair dealing for which it is well known. Mr. Trimble has devoted his energies to meeting the wants of the people in his line and his large trade and well stocked store show how he has succeeded. The stock is an excellent one, which for want of space we are unable to give any detailed description of. The different departments are as follows: Dress goods department, gloves, hosiery etc., hats, caps, and ready made clothing, of which there is a large assortment, carpets and house furnishings. The boot and shoe department contains a heavy stock of all grades and sizes. In the grocery branch is a full line of pure family groceries, provisions, meats etc.

The upper story is used for the storage of merchandise, ready made clothing, hats, caps etc. In addition is a large wareroom for provisions, crockery etc. The stock is an extensive one and well assorted.

W. RICHARDSON.

The aim of this issue of The Advance being a description of the mercantile interests of Flesherton, a business that will come in for a prominent mention is the popular drug, stationery and fancy goods store conducted by Mr. W. Richardson. Readers of The Advance, and particularly those among the numerous customers of Mr. Richardson's business, will appreciate our reference to this well-conducted store, and the advantages it offers in supplying the public with everything in the line. The subject of our sketch enjoys the advantages of long and practical experience, and we may say is a chemist and druggist of more than ordinary ability. He has been established upwards of 20 years, and we have no hesitation in saying that he has one of the best equipped and most ably conducted stores of the kind in this section of the country. One of the essential features of drug business is knowledge to discriminate in pure drugs. Every ingredient which enters the composition of drugs here, is subject to the most careful examination before using. The stock is large and complete in every department. It consists of pure drugs of all kinds, druggists' sundries, the leading patent medicines, etc., books, including school supplies etc., stationery and a fine display of fancy goods. The stock also contains wall-papers, borderings etc., also a full line of paints, varnishes, and dye stuffs of all descriptions. Prescription work is carefully attended to.

J. E. MOORE.

There is no line of business in our town in a more advanced condition than that carried on by Mr. J. E. Moore, furniture dealer and undertaker. Since establishing about a year ago, Mr. Moore has met much more that ordinary success, in developing a large trade. The Advance is pleased to note the progress of this business and the deserved popularity it has acquired, the result of a careful study of the wants of the people, by handling a superior class of goods and by the fair dealing for which it is well known. Mr. Moore has devoted his energies to meeting the wants of the public in his lines and his well stocked store and large trade show how he has succeeded. An inspection of Mr. Moore's warerooms will convince that he is able to supply the public with anything in his line according to the taste and means of all. The stock is an excellent one and is large and varied. It consists of all kinds of household furniture, parlor and bedroom sets, centre and extension tables, sideboards, lounges, spring beds and matresses, etc. Special attention is given to the undertaking department, being fully supplied with evrything required in the line, hearse, and funeral supplies of all kinds, etc.

S. SPIRIT.

Next in our business review, we will refer to Flesherton's popular flour and feed business carried on by Mr. Stephen Spirit. The Advance is pleased to note the success which has attended Mr. Spirit's efforts. He has worked up a flourishing trade and has made his business very popular with the general public. The success he has achieved has been attained by handling a superior line of goods and giving careful attention to business. At Mr. Spirit's store the public find a choice and well assorted stock, consisting of the best brands of family flour, all kinds of feed etc., provisions, meats, etc. The business is one which supplies a want in our mercantile line and during the time Mr. Spirit has been established, about one year, he has been conducting it in a successful manner.

W. CLAYTON.

Our business record would be very incomplete without reference to Flesherton's old established and well known boot and shoe business, carried on by Mr. W. Clayton. It affords The Advance pleasure to note the successful manner in which his business has been conducted. Mr. Clayton has been established upwards of 27 years and during the long period the business has been before the public a large yearly trade has been done. The public have found from experience that their wants in this line can be supplied here in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Clayton enjoys the advantages of long and practical experience, and is in the very best position to keep his business to the front. His store is always found well stocked with a line of boots and shoes secured from the best wholesale dealers, and of all styles and sizes from the ladies' finest French kid to the mens' and boys' heavier wear, also rubbers and overshoes. Boots and shoes are also made to order from the best of material, and repairing done. The stock also includes a full line of goods.

The business well deserves its large trade.

J. G. RUSSELL.

We have pleasure in devoting space in our business review to a description of Flesherton's popular jewelry business, conducted by Mr. J. Russell. This business is too well and favorably known over the surrounding country to require any extended mention. Mr. Russell has been established about 5 years and has met with very gratifying success in devoloping a large trade. He has devoted his energies to supplying the public with everything in his line and his well equipped store and large trade show that he has succeeded. The deserved popularity the business is secured by a careful study of the wants of the people, by handling a superior class of goods and by the fair dealing for which the business is well known. Mr Russell enjoys the advantages of long and practical experience and is a jeweler of more than ordinary ability. His neat and attractive store, which is handsomely fitted up with fine wall and counter cases, etc., contains a stock as fine as the markets afford, consisting of gold and silver watches of the best makes, clocks of great variety and jewelery of all descriptions, ladies' gold and colored sets, rings, chains, charms, brooches, etc., also silverware, spectacles, etc. Special attention is given to the repairing department.

F. G. KARSTEDT.

Next in our business review, we have pleasure in refering to Flesherton's popular and well conducted stove, tinware, and hardware business carried on by Mr. F. G. Karstedt. Among the enterprising business young men of the town the subject of our sketch takes a prominent place. Mr. Karstedt established about one year ago and has met with more than ordinary success in developing a large trade. From the inception of the business most commendable enterprise has been displayed and the trade has been largely increased. Mr. Karstedt is thoroughly practicle in every detail of the business and is in the very best position to offer to the public all the advantages of the trade. The popularity the business has acquired has been secured as the result of handling good goods at resonable prices and fair dealing. The stock is in fact an excellent one and consists of, in the stoves department, a full line of the best makes of coal and wood stoves. Mr. Karstedt is able to offer advantages in this line. In tinware is all kinds of housefurnishings in tin, iron and copper wares. Special attention is given to jobbing and eavetroughing, furnace work, hot air heating, etc. Mr. Karstedt recently bought out the stock of W. Strain.

D. CLAYTON.

Flesherton's popular and well conducted harness manufacturing business, carried on by Mr. D. Clayton, should not be omitted from this review. Among the businesses of the town which have gained prominence for the high standard to which they have been raised, this one occupies a prominent place. Mr. Clayton has been established about 4 years and has met with most satisfactory results, developing a trade over the surrounding country. He has acquired for the past a deserved popularity, having the reputation of turning out a class of work second to none in the country. He enjoys the advantages of long and practical experience and is in the best position to keep his business to the front. All kinds of harness, light and heavy, double and single collars, etc., are manufactured and a good stock is always on hand of, besides harness, everything usually found in a first-class harness shop, as whips, combs, brushes, etc. The business well deserves its large trade.

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL.

A good public hostlery where the public can obtain suitable accommodation is an important instinution in any town. In this respect Flesherton is in advance of most places of its size. Mr. Munshaw's hotel is one which is second to none in northern Ontario. The hotel is a large brick structure and one that is creditable to the town. Its popular and able management has made it a favorite with the general public. The hotel is excellently furnished throughout and affords every comfort and convenience to guests. Good stabling is also in connection and a buss connects with all trains. Mr. Munshaw has been conducting the hotel apout 26 years and is well and favorably known to the general public. The town is fortunate in the possession of an hotel such as this one.

PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO.

Among our busines notices, Flesherton's popular and well conducted photograph studio should be prominently mentioned. In this particular it affords The Advance pleasure to state that the town has one of the best photographic studios in this section of the country. Mrs. Bulmer is deserving of credit for the high standard to which she has raised her business and the excellent work she turns out. The studio is handsomely fitted up with all the latest appliances for scenery, etc., all kinds of photographic work is done, from an ordinary portrait to the most elegant cabinet. Engraving is also done under the different processes. Any one who appreciates artistic work should call on Mrs. Bulmer.

GEO. MITCHELL, BANKER.

Among the business institutions of a town one of the most important for the easy transaction of business is a bank. Since June last Flesherton has enjoyed the advantages of an institution of this kind, established by Mr. Geo. Mitchell, a gentleman of large banking experience. He does a general banking business, including the negotiation of drafts, notes, receiving deposits, etc. The bank is located second door north of Richardson & Co's.

J. H. HEARD.

This large establishment is so well known over the county that it is unnecessary to enter into details. Mr. Heard manufactures all kinds of buggies, wagons, and democrats, in a style equal to anything north of Toronto, as his exhibits at the shows will testify. He also does a general blacksmithing business.

JAS. SULLIVAN

Is the oldest tinsmith in Flesherton. Repairing, eavetroughing, etc., done in a superior manner.

Other businesses, which we have not space to mention fully, are: The Medical Hall, Dr. Christoe, proprietor; R. P. Legate, carriage maker; the cheese factory, by Stewart Bros.; Flesher's woolen factory; Bradley's roller and flouring mills; Mr. Damude's large tannery, and R. J. Sproul's sash and door factory.

Artemesia Council.

Council met in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday, Oct. 1st. All the members present. A letter was received from W. J. Monaghan, road commissioner of Osprey, asking that the hill on town line, Osprey and Artemesia, opposite lot 1, 3rd range, north, be cut down, and offering to expend $10 if the Council would grant a like amount.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: Thos. Gunn, grading and raifing on town line, Artemesia and Glenelg, $2.50; various parties, for work and material on Boyne bridge, $365; John Boland, letting and inspecting work done on Valley road, $4. Ten dollars was granted to meet a like amount from Osprey for cutting down hill before mentioned. It was moved by Messrs. Cairns and Sharp, that Mr. Boland meet Mr. Gilray on hill between Emphrasia and Artemesia to repair hill.

The people of Ramsay County, Dakota, are reported to be in a state of starvation and are appealing for aid.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

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G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $6 a bottle.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

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DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

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A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store., Markdale. Money to Loan..

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John W. Armstrong,
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AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
On Town or Farm Property.
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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

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James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.
Apply at once to GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton.
Or to J. GEO. KEEFER, Forest, Ont.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at [illegible] Advertising therein (10 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot of

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

REMVOAL!

F. G. KARSTEDT,

Having purchased the stock of WM. STRAIN, is now in a better position than ever to take the lead in

STOVES,
TIN,
COPPERWARE,
And Metal Work of all kinds.

Eavetroughing a Specialty.

F. G. KARSTEDT,
STRAIN'S BLOCK, FLESHERTON,

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

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M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RE-NEW'ER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

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A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

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THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Lady Bank.

Correspondence of The Advance.

As you have not heard from us for some time, I thought I would jot down some few items to let you and your readers know that we are still flourishing in this thriving community. Several changes have taken place lately, some hearts made happy by making one of two, others made sad by having their pet ones rudely taken from them and carried beyond the Georgian Bay, about which we may hear more hereafter.

The harvesting is nearly completed in this section, there are only two or three slothful farmers who have not quite finished yet. The sound of the reaper has given way to the hum of the thrasher and the husky voice of the ploughboy. There are several machines going the rounds, but Mr. Heron's steam thrasher takes the lead. He has employed good and experinced hands and according to accounts gives entire satisfaction Mr. Wm. Osburn has also purchased a machine and does good work. We wish him a prosperous season.

Owing to the bad harvest weather a great deal of the grain was taken in rather wet and farmers are almost compelled to thrash immediately on account of the grain heating. The yield is much better than was at first expected and the quality fully up to the average.

Mr. E. Hanly is erecting a fine dwelling house. Mr. Stocks has already completed the stone work. Mr. Heron of Maxwell has the contract of the wood work, Mr. Monaghan, of Feversham, has the plastering, and the brick work is still to let, according to last account. This is the first brick dwelling in the neighborhood, and when completed will be one of the finest and most commodious.

Mr. T. Paul has purchased a fine pony with which he contemplates running the mail and buss between here and Feversham once a week. He says he is now going to give up jockeying and settle down to farming.

Quite a number from the neighborhood took in the Toronto Exhibition and a goodly number also visited the Great Northern.

Mr. J. W. Tyson has bought Mr. W. T Paul's for the sum of $1100 and contemplates moving as soon as circumstances will permit. Mr. Tyson is a modern Hercules—a perfect storehouse of strength—but he will find full scope for all his energies on that farm among the stones

Eugenia.

From our own correspondent.

On Wednesday (Sept. 26th) Mr. Mckenzie Duncan of Tryone and Mrs. Sloan, widow of the late James Sloan, were quietly married at the residence of J. B. Sloan, Esq., Eugenia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Watts of this place.

The bride was beautifully attired in garnet velvet decorated with flowers. The small bonnet which she wore was trimmed with the same material, and she looked exceedingly handsome, so did also Miss Maggie Gorley, the bridesmaid. The groom was supported by his brother Joseph.

After the ceremony the happy couple left for their home in Tryone. We join in wishing them long life and much happiness.

Priceville Stage.

To the Editor of The Advance

After several years' delay the village of Priceville has been provided with all the stage accommodation necessary for the convenience of the villagers and residents of the neighborhood. On visiting this section lately I was much pleased to observe this improvement, as I expected to hear all parties expressing themselves as well pleased with it. However, to my great surprise, I found that many instead of being satisfied were doing their utmost to discourage and cry down what their more enterprising fellow-villagers had worked so hard for.

I think, Mr. Editor, you will agree with me that this style of doing things is very different from what goes on in your own flourishing village that I have had the pleasure of visiting. I find each and every one vieing with the other in working for the interests of the place they live in, and the accommodations of all kinds of hotels, stores, liveries, etc., are of the best, each person in his own way working for the benefit of the other. This is as it should be, and shows the good common sense of your fellow villagers.

No wonder the Village of Priceville is going down hill and its people getting scattered over the Province in search of some place where they can feel that they have some interest in pushing ahead, without finding a block placed in their way at every step. This selfish and old fogy system is played out. Some of the people in Priceville have sense enough to see the advantage of regular daily communication with the outside world. Those who do not see it let them go on in their ignorance, but those of you who have your own interest and that of your village at heart support all schemes for improvement, if for no other reason than that it will pay. PUBLIC.

An Albany, New York, distillery was prohibited by law from allowing its refuse to flow into the Hudson, because the nuisance killed the fish. But the manufacture of alcoholic poison by the same distillery, for the murder of human beings, is licensed and protected by law.

This is a remarkable case of inconsistency, and is matched by a case in Chicago when the proprietors of a distillery were prohibited from feeding the refuse of the distillery to cattle, but protected by law in supplying their vile product to human beings.

It is surprising to note how much greater value is placed by some people upon the lives of fish and cattle than upon man, who was created in the image of God.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed a night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

FISH, FRUIT!

OYSTERS

AND GAME.

Ice Cream and Cooling Summer Drinks in Their Season.

A Good Stock of Confectionery Always on Hand.

ORDER YOUR

FLOUR AND FEED

FROM

S. SPIRIT FLESHERTON.

FLESHERTON
Implement
Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Waggons,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators,
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

The Advance for $1 till Jan. 1, 1890.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Notice to Contractors.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates

Tenders will be received until

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination at this office and at Sault Ste Marie on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

By Order
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Priceville,

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCAIBE.

APPLES FOR SALE.

Choice apples for sale by
M. R. HAMMOND,
Postmaster, Kimberley.

Strayed or Stolen.

From Lot 35, 5th Con., Artemesia, 2 heifers, 1 year old, red and white. Information thankfully received by

HENRY DOWN,
Ieserton P O

FATAL FALL THROUGH SPACE.

Young Man Carried to a Great Height Hanging to a Balloon,

AND THEN DASHED TO THE GROUND.

A Horrifying Spectacle Presented to the Visitors at the Ottawa Fair.

PROF. WILLIAMS' NARRATIVE.

A last (Wednesday) night's Ottawa despatch says: Thomas Wensley suffered death here to-day in the most appallingly tragic manner, in the presence of twenty thousand horror-stricken spectators. Among the attractions at the fair being held here is a balloon ascension, in which the aeronaut, when he reaches the height of some two thousand feet, leaves his air ship and reaches the earth by means of a parachute. A great portion of the afternoon was occupied in inflating the monster sphere with hot air. A score of men surrounded the canvas holding it down. Just previous to the ascent, the aeronaut crawled in and got into his cage, arranging with the men that he would shout "Let go" as soon as he was ready. He did so, and every man dropped his hold except one. When the balloon became clear of the ground the gazing multitude were amazed to see a man clinging by his hands to the side of the balloon and out of reach of the aeronaut. The great bag rose like a bird, and in an instant was 20 feet in the air, but brief as the time for thought was, a score of people screamed for the man to drop. He seemed not to heed them, but clung to his perilous hold. For a moment many thought that he was a confederate of the performer, but it was soon clearly seen that the unfortunate fellow was rushing up into space with nothing to save him from an awful death but his own weak hands. The great multitude gazed on the terrible scene being enacted in their sight, hushed into death-like silence. Up and up went the balloon, and the hope grew on the trembling sightseers that the unwilling voyager was caught in some of the tackle and would suffer no worse fate than whatever might befall the balloon. This hope was doomed to almost instant extinction, for when about a thousand feet had been traversed, he let go his hold and began his fearful descent to earth. "God help him!" burst from a thousand throats. Men's faces grew white, and hundreds hid their faces. Heart sick women wept hysterically, and many fainted outright. Such a scene can only be witnessed once in a lifetime. The poor wretch fell for twenty feet in a perpendicular position and then slowly turned horizontally on his back. His arms and legs were spread out, and he had all the appearance of an inanimate object as he rushed with sickening velocity earthward. He fell just behind the dwelling of a Mr. Holt, who lives on Bank street, which forms the western limit of the fair ground. The thud which his body made on striking the earth was distinctly heard by the horrified people who lined the western part of the grounds. The body was picked up and taken into Holt's house, where it lay awaiting recognition. It was not long before it was identified as that of Thomas Wensley, about 25 years of age, son of a man of the same name employed in the Civil Service as an engineer. As the body lay with the clothing on, it gave no evidence of the frightful impact it had sustained; but an examination showed that the neck was broken, the right arm fairly shivered, and probably many of the other bones of the body fractured. There was not a speck of blood visible on his person. Hundreds of curious people seemed fairly mad to see the body, and Chief McVeity and his men had a hot quarter of an hour's work keeping them back. The people then began to speculate how the unfortunate young fellow had gone up with the balloon. It was quite evident that he was not entangled in the ropes, but was merely hanging on and could have let go at any time. Why did he not let go at once; why did he not let go when the people shrieked to him to do so? The only theory consistent with soundness of mind was that he had a very firm hold of the balloon, and was switched into the air before he was aware of it; and, finding himself then at a dangerous distance from the earth, he hung on as long as he could. It was altogether the most wofully thrilling sight that one could well imagine.

INTERVIEW WITH THE AERONAUT.

Your representative was the only newspaper man who saw the aeronaut and got his story of the occurrence. His name is Williams, being the man who performed at the Toronto Fair. He said, "Before going into the basket I told the men who were holding the balloon down when I shouted 'Let go,' to do so. I got in and shouted, and instantly felt the balloon rise. What was my horror, when I got clear of the crowd, to find a man hanging to the balloon 20 feet away from me. I shouted at him to let go, but he did not appear to heed me. He was looking down at the crowd, apparently unconcernedly. I shouted to him again; but again he seemed to take no notice of me. It flashed on me that he was deaf or mad. I really can't tell just what my thoughts were. Then I confess I was totally unnerved. I could not do anything to help. He was clinging to a half inch rope which encircles the balloon inside the canvas. I had made up my mind not to make my descent until I saw whether my companion would be able to keep his death grip of the rope. I knew that with our combined weights the balloon would soon begin to descend. Indeed, it was beginning to slow up when he let go. He went by me with a rush, and the balloon, relieved of his weight, shot up again. I watched his body descend fairly spellbound, and it was as much as I could do to carry out my own act. He never said a word nor cried out even when he dropped his hold. I could not see his face very well, but it appeared set and white. After shouting to him the second time I never spoke, but the two of us mounted speechlessly into the air. I cannot account for his act. I never had such a thing happen to me before.'

"Do you suppose he was sensible when he struck the earth?" I asked.

"He never knew what happened him. He would lose his senses before he got half the distance he fell. I reckon we were about nine hundred feet from the ground when he let go. I fell four hundred feet once before my parachute opened, and I was the next thing to unconscious when it opened and slowed up my descent."

"Will you go on with your act on Friday?"

"Oh, yes, I'll be all right by then, although this business shook me up pretty bad. It was terrible to be so near him and yet quite impossible for me to do anything to help him."

The affair caused great excitement, and nothing else is talked of on the streets to-night. An inquest will be held to-morrow morning. The protests of the Ministerial Association against fair attractions will now be thought by many to be justified by this event.

THE SMITTEN BUFFALONIANS.

The People Concealing Smallpox Patients From the Authorities.

A last (Thursday) night's Buffalo despatch says: One death from smallpox is reported from the Quarantine Hospital to-day. The victim was Mrs. Ida Abraham, aged 27. The health physicians yesterday found smallpox in a house occupied by two Polish families on the east side of the city. In one of the rooms of the building they discovered a woman, 28 years of age, with two children. The woman was in bed and had a severe attack of smallpox. Beside her was her babe, and although the little one has not come down with the disease, there is no hope of its escape. The woman must have been sick over a week, for the case is in an advanced stage. Neither she nor her children have been vaccinated. In the same house is a boy, aged 10 years, who has the disease in a milder form. He too has been sick a week and has not been vaccinated. These cases have been concealed and only the energetic measures instituted led to the discovery. No physician had been employed. The woman and boy and three children were taken to the pesthouse last night. In the family of Crier Elithrope, of the Supreme Court, a case developed this morning. A boarder in the house was taken ill. The physicians pronounced the case one of virulent smallpox, and the victim was removed to the Quarantine Hospital. Two more concealed cases were found on Shumway street this afternoon, a boy of 8 years and a man of 40. The latter is a bad case. The house to-house inspection has proved to be a wise measure, but it has proved to the physicians the existence of the disease to an extent not anticipated. The physicians had previously felt no alarm. They had gauged the extent of the disease by the cases reported to the Board of Health. They had no thought then that there might be cases that would not come to their attention, as there were no physicians in the city who would be so derelict of duty as to conceal them. The authorities had no idea that people would undertake to get through a siege of sickness such as small pox is without a physician, and thus have a means of concealing the case from the proper authorities, but such is evidently the case, and doubtless this one thing has much to do with the spread of the disease. In pursuance of this discovery the Board of Health lost no time in getting at that class of people who have no regard for public safety, and as a result of the house-to-house inspection some seventeen cases have been discovered where the existence of the disease was unknown.

Latest Scottish News.

The Helmsdale fishermen have met and passed this resolution: "That this meeting adopt the Plan of Campaign, and that the harbor dues collected be paid into the bank and kept there until satisfactory improvement be made in the Helmsdale harbor."

Ex-Provost A. Corner, Wick, died at his residence, Willowbank, the other day. He was one of the original members of the Wick Chamber of Commerce, founded in 1836, and held for over a quarter of a century a seat in the Town Council.

An event of uncommon occurrence happened at Stonehouse, Lanark-hire, recently. Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hamilton, New street, celebrated their diamond wedding, having been married for the long period of 60 years. With the exception of eleven years spent in the neighboring parish of Lesmahagow, the old people have lived all their days at Stonehouse. Although both are in their 80th year, they are hale and hearty and pursue their daily avocations with as much spirit as if they had only seen half their years. They have brought up a family of twelve, eight of whom are living.

At a meeting of the Clyde Defence Committee on Sept. 13th, a report presented by the Joint-Conveners, Mr. John Burns and Sir Donald Matheson, was adopted. It expresses approval of the scheme of defence submitted by the Government, but proposes that in addition a first line of defence should be established by the erection of fortifications on Garroch Head and the Cumbraes.

Rev. Mr. Douglas, of the Abbey Parish, Arbroath, Forfarshire, at whom several shots were lately fired through his study window, has received a threatening letter, signed "Your Assassin," in which the writer intimates that "I yet will have your life before the year is gone."

The annual Argyllshire Gathering took place at Oban on Sept. 12th and was largely attended. Among the visitors were Prince Henry of Battenberg, Baron Von Pawel Rammingen and the Marquis of Lorne. A ball was held in the evening.

An archway erected at the foot of Blackford Hill, Edinburgh, in memory of the late Sir George Harrison, for some time Lord Provost of the city, was on Sept. 12th formally inaugurated by the Earl of Rosebery and handed over to the custody of the corporation.

Rev. J. M. Robinson, of Spring Hill, N. S., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Moncton Presbyterian Church as successor to Mr. Hogg, who went to Winnipeg.

Rev. E. W. Waits, of Chatham, N.B., has accepted a call to Knox Church, Owen Sound, and will take charge of the congregation on the 1st November.

Jay Gould pays his physician, Dr. Wm. Munn, $20,000 a year, and has contracted for his services for twenty years, or until the time of Mr. Gould's death.

—A philosopher has recently made the discovery that we are just as well off without the missing link as we would be if we had it, because if we had it there would no longer be a missing link.

MUCH MARRIED MR. BROWN.

The Polygamist Sentenced to Four Years and Six Months—Joy Among the Wives.

A Detroit (Mich.) despatch says: About fifteen of the thirty-three women who were married to James W. Brown, the champion bigamist, since 1883, confronted him in the Recorder's Court yesterday afternoon. The list of victims included Helen Brownlee and Anna Winters, of Chicago, who, with M. Hazel, Mary Benjamin and Nancy Robertson, were the only ones called upon to give evidence against Brown. The Benjamin woman was the prosecuting witness.

It was established that Brown's method was to advertise for a housekeeper, select as a victim the one from among the applicants who pleased him most and marry her as soon as possible. He would desert her after a few days. Five clergymen of this city certified to marrying Brown to as many different women, and the case against him was so clear that the prosecutor left it to the jury without argument. Brown testified in his own behalf and made a sorry mess of it, contradicting himself at every turn. He professed not to remember any of his dupes; asserted that he was only once married, and that his wife was dead, and that he had once been confined as a lunatic at New Orleans. Brown was pallid and looked like a sick man. During the trial Nancy Robertson's indignation could not be repressed, and she denounced Brown as a perfidious wretch. The jury agreed with her evidently, for they took but four minutes to find him guilty. Sentence was deferred so that they could further investigate Brown's doings.

A Detroit, Mich., despatch says: When James W. Brown, the convicted polygamist, was brought into the Recorder's Court this afternoon for sentence several of his numerous wives were present. Judge Gartner asked him the usual question, if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed. Brown answered that he had his say yesterday.

"As far as your case is concerned, Brown," then spoke up Judge Gartner, "you have been convicted of bigamy. You failed to remember anything about these numerous marriages, and it seems to me that a man of such poor memory as you is dangerous to the community. The statutes prescribe the penalty, but the court is left some discretion in the matter. Your physical condition seems deplorable, but it is more a matter for executive than judicial clemency. It is the sentence of the court that you be confined in the State Prison at Jackson for four years and six months."

The extreme penalty is only five years, and Judge Gartner took into consideration the six months Brown had spent in jail.

Immediately after the sentence three handsome brunettes, tall, slender and fashionably dressed, entered the County Auditor's office to draw $30 apiece for witness fees in Brown's trial. Two of them were Brown's wives—Mrs. Hagel and Mrs. Benjamin. The clerk, anxious to identify them, asked laconically, "Both Brown's wives?" The women looked at each other, giggled and assented, while the third, anxious not to get mixed in with the wives, shifted uneasily away.

"Well, it was pretty bad case, wasn't it?" queried the clerk, by way of showing a kindly interest.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hagel, the tallest and handsomest member of the Mormon family. "We were very much deceived in that old Brown," added Mrs. B. spitefully.

Later more of Brown's wives came in for their fees, and all expressed the liveliest satisfaction over his sentence.

A BANDANNA GIRL.

She Captures a Burglar Single Handed and Presents Him to the Police.

A Fort Wayne, Ind., despatch says: Miss Edith Hamilton, the 15-year-old daughter of Hon. Montgomery Hamilton, a leading banker and politician, is the heroine of the day. She has captured a burglar single handed and turned him over to the police. About 1 o'clock this morning Miss Edith awoke. Hearing somebody prowling around the house, she jumped out of bed, snatched a revolver which lay on the bureau and ran out into the hall, where she was confronted by a masked burglar nearly six feet tall. The plucky girl ordered the fellow to surrender, but with a savage word he advanced upon her, when she, quick as a flash, raised the pistol, and, aiming at the burglar's head, fired. This prompt action thoroughly cowed the man, and, although the bullet merely inflicted a slight wound on his forehead, he begged the girl not to shoot again. She kept the fellow covered with her pistol and called for help. The inmates of the house were too frightened to come to the rescue, but two police officers, who had heard the shot, appeared on the scene, and the girl turned her prisoner over to them. When out of range of the girl's revolver the burglar showed fight again, but was quickly overpowered. This morning Judge O'Rourke sentenced him to four years in the Penitentiary. His name is Martin E. Hillis, and was formerly employed in the machine shop of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A Bridal Trip in a Balloon.

A North Easton (Mass.) despatch says: Professor James K. Allen, who made a balloon ascension from the fair grounds at Providence this afternoon, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Davis, who were married in the basket just before the ascension was made, landed in a cedar swamp in Easton last evening about 6 o'clock. The balloon dragged across the swamp for nearly two miles, the party being obliged to cling to the ropes above the basket to keep out of the water. They were finally rescued by the drag rope being caught and made fast to a tree. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will proceed on their bridal trip by rail, while Mr. Allen will make another ascension in the morning.

She Nearly Swallowed an Eel.

A New York despatch says: Miss Mamie Nolan, of Newark, has been in the habit of drinking water directly from the aqueduct by putting her mouth to the tap. While she was drinking the other day an eel about ten inches long passed through the faucet and went half-way down her throat. The eel was pulled from her throat and she fully recovered from her fright in an hour, but her throat is still sore.

EIGHT YEARS WITH A BROKEN BACK

Strange Case at Black Rock that Has Puzzled Physicians—A Wife's Devotion.

(Buffalo News.)

"It is one of the strangest cases on record; he has lain on a water bed for eight years with a broken back," was said by one who knew George West, who died at Black Rock on Monday.

"The devotion of his wife cheered him all through those years of pain, and it was her tender care that prolonged his life," was also said, and it was true.

Exactly eight years and six months before he died George West, a young, hearty, well-liked railroad man, stood on the top of an Erie car in the yard at Black Rock. He was employed by the road. By an accident for which another employee was to blame he was hurled from his place and was picked up insensible. He was carried home to his young wife and a physician summoned. The latter declared that West's back was broken, and that he could live but a few days at furthest. But West hung on to life. Dr. Marclay, who was called into the case, decided that the injured man could not live. He wrote to a famous New York surgeon, detailing the facts, and asking if there was anything that could be done.

"Nothing can be done; the man must die," was the reply of the skilled New York man.

A. P. Laning, the famous Buffalo lawyer, partner of Hon. D. H. McMillan and James Frazer Gluck, undertook to prosecute a claim for damages. For weeks and months West was expected to die, but he hung on with marvellous tenacity. The railroad people offered to settle, but were refused. Then Laning [illegible], and a settlement was made by Mrs. West receiving her husband's salary for two years. That started her in a little cigar and stationery business next to the Sherman House, beside the International Bridge. She made a living for herself and crippled husband, and has taken care of him all the time, although he was unable to be of the slightest service to himself. He lay on a rubber bag filled with water, and gradually wasted away. He had no children.

The prolongation of West's life has been a marvel to many physicians.

SOLD HIS WIFE FOR $50.

An Extraordinary Matrimonial Transaction Before a Hoboken Justice.

Amos Snyder, a baker, of North Bergen, N.J., on Monday caused the arrest of his wife, Julia Snyder, and his hired man, Charles Wilkins, on a charge of undue intimacy. Snyder married his wife about three years ago, and a year or more ago hired Wilkins to work in the bakery. It was not long before Mrs. Snyder began to show a strong liking for Wilkins. Snyder was not fully convinced that Wilkins was paying marked attention to his wife until Saturday last, when he accused his wife of being unfaithful to him, and a quarrel was the result. On Sunday, while Snyder was away from home in New York, his wife drove away from his house in a buggy in the direction of Guttenburg. When Snyder returned home he searched for his wife without success. On going to his bakery he discovered that the safe in his office had been opened and that $900 in cash had been extracted therefrom. On the counter was the following note in his wife's handwriting:

DEAR AMOS—My love for you has died since I saw Charlie. I have gone with him. JULIA.
P.S.—Have taken some money.

Snyder hurried to the office of Justice Seymour, in Hoboken, and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the eloping couple. When confronted by them in the court-room he offered to withdraw the complaint if his money were returned to him. His wife thereupon handed him over the cash which she had taken from the safe. Snyder then startled the court by offering to sell his wife to Wilkins for $50. Wilkins promptly accepted the offer and counted out $50 in bills to Snyder, which the latter pocketed with a serene smile and left the court-room. Wilkins and Mrs. Snyder went away together, and were last seen boarding a train for Pennsylvania.—*New York Press.*

Charles Dickens' Reportorial Methods.

It was my good fortune when a resident of England to form the acquaintance of the great master of novelists, Charles Dickens. I picked him up from the street just as he had been knocked down by one cab and was in danger of being run over by another. He was at the time, as he always was, a reporter. That night I tramped with him through the worst slums of London. He told me his business, and in some way we became friends, and often after that I accompanied him on his night walks. Many characters that I saw on these excursions have peered at me since then from the pages of his novels. One thing that impressed me about Dickens was that he never took notes. I never saw him with a pencil in his hand, nor did he seem to be paying any attention whatever to what was going on around him; yet in the newspaper articles that made up the complete volumes of "Sketches by Boz" I recognized that every scene, sound or incident of the trip had been indelibly impressed upon his wonderful mind.—*Henry Manistre in Globe-Democrat.*

Same Place; Different Girl.

A Boston artist declares that a newly-betrothed lover commissioned him to paint a certain secluded nook in the rocks on the shore because there he had declared his passion. The picture was painted, but before it was done the lover said to the artist: "Of course I will see you through on that picture, but my engagement is off, and, of course, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else I will take another picture and be extremely obliged besides." The painter assented to the agreement, but within a week his patron again presented himself. "It is all right," he announced joyously. "I'll take that picture." "Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked. The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession and grinned, as he said, "Well, not exactly. It was the same place: but the girl was different."

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing!" broke in a little shaver. "My sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times."

ESPECIALLY FOR THE LADIES,

But the Sterner Sex May Find Pleasure in Reading.

Eccentricity of the Phonograph.

A curious fact revealed by the phonograph is that people generally do not know their own voices. The husband will recognize the wife's voice in a phonograph, and the wife will recognize the husband's, but neither will recognize their own speech. This must be mighty disappointing to the man who thinks himself a silvery-tongued orator.

Scene in a Shoe Shop.

She walked into a shoe store and said to the polite clerk: "You may show me a pair of walking-boots, No. 4. I used to wear 3s, but I go in for solid comfort now," says an exchange. The clerk tried the boots, but they would not go on. "Strange," she murmured; "it must be rheumatism. Try 4s, B width. I know I can swim in them, but my feet are so tender." While the clerk was getting them on she said: "I used to have a beautiful foot: not small, but such a good shape. I never had a small foot, but I wore 2½ sizes for years, until I walked so much and grew heavier." "Your foot is a peculiar shape; the instep is so high—that is why you require a large size," said the clerk, who had no fear of Ananias before his eyes. "I've heard," she said, "that the Venus dee Medeechy wears No. 5, and she is a model of true proportion." "Exactly," said the clerk, growing red in the face as he pulled and tugged to get them on. He had never heard of "dee Medeechy," but he was up to a trick or two himself. "After all," he said, "these are too large. You'll find the 4s just right." He was only gone a moment, but in that time he had erased a 5 E from the inside of a pair of shoes and substituted 4 B. "There, I thought it was strange," she said, when they were on and paid for; "why, those are just as easy as my old ones. I believe I could just as well have had 3s after all." And the young man without a conscience went back to his duties with the air of one well satisfied with himself.—*New York Sun.*

Jottings.

The autumn fashion will show among really well-dressed people a modification of the much-discussed "bustle," not the abandonment of it. If women would learn that being "well dressed" does not mean a fortune upon the back at one time, what a stride art and elegance would make! Diamond earrings with a tailor-made gown is a first-rate example of being badly dressed.

Sashes will be worn with almost all costumes and in every way—back, front, or at either side, to the taste of the wearer.

Miss Elizabeth Farsan was recently elected Principal of the largest public school in Chicago over a number of male competitors. She is a very popular lady, and the people living in the ward in which the school stands—the richest and most populous in the city—are delighted by the appointment.

Tartans in Style.

A New York correspondent writes: Sons of Scotia and daughters, too, will learn with pleasure that the coming winter brings with it a "rage" for the clan-tartans. They are shown everywhere. The Royal Stuart, the Gordon, with their bright colors, are thrown off against the sober but rich and handsome black and white of the MacPherson (Cluny), while the Mackenzie, the "Seventy-first," and the Campbell are all in demand. Little tots of children are all clad in kilted skirts, and very bright and attractive the costumes are. Rough materials, too, are popular, and a bright cardinal red in bonnets and ribbons is seen. Red cloaks are to be worn largely as wraps, the old "Connemara" shape coming up again.

Gossip Around the Work Basket.

Rich Mrs. Crocker has given $19,000 to the Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco. This, presumably, is a fair specimen of a bonanza widow's mite—a mite which many a widow would think a mountain.

A new dinner-table wrinkle, according to the foreign gleaner in the New York *Sun*, is a dish of dark-colored jelly, in the centre of which is an electric light. The effect of its sudden illumination is said to be magnificent.

"The college hat, or mortar board," says the New York *Sun*, "is becoming fashionable for street wear by London women. Leather belts of great size and coarseness, with steel buckles, are also showing up."

Denial is made of the much-talked-of engagement of Joseph Chamberlain to Miss Endicott, who is said to be betrothed of "a young lawyer of Massachusetts."

The Comtesse de Paris has ordered 1,500 small gold roses to present to some of the most faithful adherents of her husband's family.

Pampas plumes sell at 5 cents each, and the farmers of Santa Barbara county clear more than $1,800 an acre raising them.

Of the fifteen students sent by the Government of Siam to receive professional training in England, four are young women.

A lady in Jersey City wears the bloomer costume in the street for the comfort of it.

Mrs. Lyman Beecher has given $80,000 to Baldwin (O.) University, which in turn pays her an annuity.

A Novelist's Arithmetic.

In Dickens' Christmas number, "Dr Marigold's Prescriptions," one of the tales, "To Be Taken in Water," describes the adventure of a clerk who was travelling through France in charge of "a quarter of a million" in specie. He had it "in two iron boxes, inclosed in leather to look like samples." The French porters seemed to have noticed that the boxes were heavy, but managed them well enough, two porters to each box. My copy of "Dr. Marigold" has a marginal annotation by an impatient reader. "Bosh! A quarter of a million in gold would weigh upward of two tons." The calculation does not seem to be quite accurate, but it would weigh about one ton seventeen hundred weight, avoirdupois. A thief who got at the boxes is described in the story as stopped in making his way out of a window with a carpet-bag half full of sovereigns. The annotator reckons again, from the description of the bag, that it must have weighed 500 pounds. One wonders that errors so easily noticeable escaped the sharp editorial eye of Charles Dickens.—*Notes and Queries.*

WEAR HATS ALL THE TIME.

A Curious Custom of Some Persians Not Attended with Baldness.

From time to time I have noticed theories setting forth the chief causes of baldness, such as abnormal heat from the head cover, and "constriction of the blood vessels of the head by tight hats." Prof. T. Wesley Mills holds that "the principal root of this trouble is in nervous strain.' All these theories may have something to do with the loss of hair. During several years' residence in Hong Kong, in my professional duties, I had to do with a goodly number of persons, representing a large variety of nationalities, and in my study of these people I found that many theories deduced from local experiences at home were, in some cases at least, hardly broad enough to cover all facts found at large in nature and bearing upon the specific points of investigation. Familiar with some of the popular theories as to the cause of baldness, I was surprised to find men who always wore a covering to their heads, and during business hours and who always when out of doors wore a very tight hat, were never bald and possessed a wonderfully strong, thick head of hair. I refer to the Parsees (Persians). There is a sacred, religious law among them that no man shall go with his head uncovered. When the Mohammedans invaded Persia, the major part of the native Persians who were not exterminated fled farther east into India, found protection and a welcome home among the Hindoos, a people of castes, and in order that these strangers should always be identified, also knowing that their religion obliged them to wear a head covering, a law was passed to compel all Parsees to wear a certain style of hat whenever exposed outside of their own private home. The hat prescribed is as tall as an American silk hat with no brim; it truly might be called a "stove-pipe." This hat is worn inclining backward on the head from 35 to 40 degrees, and, in order to keep it on its place, the brim is made to cling very close to the head; being so tight and so constantly worn that quite a deep depression is caused substantially around the head; it seemed as if the skull might be involved, but, not having the opportunity of examining one, I was not able to fully determine. Whenever this hat is removed, a skull cap immediately takes its place. In my professional duties these hats often had to be removed, and it appeared to me as a curious fact—if some of the popular theories were altogether true—that these people should never be bald. Therefore, I instituted a series of strict inquiries. Many of these gentlemen spoke English intelligently, also French, German, Persian and their local Hindoo dialect. Some of them kindly allowed an examination of their heads, and also assured me that they never knew one of their race that was bald.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Rough on the Dudes.

The other night, says the New York *Star*, three dudes, dressed in the height of fashion, who were returning to their homes in Brooklyn, amused themselves by overturning ash barrels. Their actions were watched by an officer standing in the shade of a near-by tree. As they passed under the spreading branches of the tree the policeman came from his ambush, and, stopping the trio, said: "This is nice, gentlemanly conduct. No doubt to you it's rare fun. Now, if you want to avoid disgrace and the loss of $10 each you must come back with me and I'll show you what to do."

"Oh, only a little joke, old man," explained one of the dudes.

But the officer was obdurate and made the fellows march back to overturned barrel No. 1.

"Now," said the policeman, "place the barrel in its proper position, gather the ashes and rubbish and place them in the barrel."

"But surely you don't mean that," exclaimed one of the missing links in horror.

"Do what I say, or I'll arrest you," replied the officer.

With great reluctance the three took their first lesson in garbage gathering, and the same operation had to be performed until the four barrels which they had upset had been refilled. When this had been finished the officer allowed them to go home.

The Mystery of the Comb.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to so simple an act as that of combing the hair. Yet we learn from old church history that the hair of the priest or Bishop was thus combed several times during divine service by one of the inferior clergy. The comb is mentioned as one of the essentials for use during a high mass when sung by a bishop, and both in English and foreign cathedrals they were reckoned among the costly possessions of the church. Some were made of ivory, some were carved, others gemmed with precious stones. Among the combs specially known to history are those of St. Neot, St. Dunstan, and Malchias. That of St. Thomas the Martyr of Canterbury is still to be seen in the Church of St. Sepulchre, at Thetford, and that of St. Cuthbert at Durham Cathedral. From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divination, and from its appearance in combination with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in various parts of Scotland, it seems probable that this was one of the objects of pagan veneration which early Christian teachers deem it prudent to adopt, investing it with some new significance.—*The Century.*

Queer Facts and Happenings.

Edith Birkham, of Racine, Wis., lost her life by falling out of bed.

Boys found a cracked demijohn in a cree near Rome, N.Y., inside of which was a sucker that was over a foot long and so large that it could not escape.

A Washington Territory man left $2,000 for all the delicacies of the season to be fed to his dog, while his old father was made heir to his watch and chain only.

The widow and daughter of old Dr. Wheaton, of Birmingham, N.Y., were attired at his funeral in white dresses, and wore bouquets of flowers, while the remains lay on a sofa covered by a many-colored robe.

While Andrew Lockwood was rowing across the reservoir below Andover, N.J., a three pound black bass jumped into his boat.

MATRIMONIAL.

A Brilliant Wedding in Scottish Upper Tendom.

The great event of the season in the southeast of Scotland has been the marriage of Miss Constance Nisbet Hamilton, the rich proprietress of Biel, Dirleton, Belhaven and Pencaitland, East Lothian, to Mr. Henry T. Ogilvy, son of Sir John Ogilvy Bart., of Inverquharity, Forfarshire. The ceremony took place in the private chapel at Biel House, without any bridesmaids, yet the whole *elite* of the district, as well as many from a distance, seemed to have turned out, though the hour fixed was an early one—8 a.30 m. Bishop Dowden officiated. Most of the guests left immediately afterwards, as the newly-married couple were not going on any extensive marriage tour, but intended passing the honeymoon at Biel. Though everything was thus gone about in the sensible manner which might have been expected of Miss Hamilton, her bridal dress might have excited the envy of ladies generally. She wore an extremely handsome dress of the richest ivory white velvet brocade, with long train. The petticoat was of ivory white satin, and was completely covered with valuable antique Brussels lace, which had been inherited from the late Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton, the bride's mother. The bodice was fastened in front by five large diamond buttons or brooches, and had a high ruff and trimming of the same valuable lace. Her veil, which was of the same Brussels lace, was long, and was fastened back with large diamond stars; and in her hair she wore a spray of white hawthorn (the Ogilvy badge), myrtle and white heather. She also wore a ruby and diamond brooch, a triple horseshoe diamond brooch and two diamond rings, the gifts of the bridegroom; a hawthorn spray in diamonds, the gift of the brother and sisters of the bridegroom; and in her hair a diamond ornament, the gift of Sir John Ogilvy. In addition she wore a tiara of five diamond stars, and a diamond necklace, with cross and ear-rings: and wore rings and bracelets of the same valuable stones from her family jewels. She carried a beautiful bouquet, composed of white heather and myrtle. The marriage presents were very numerous and valuable.

A Good Kind of Face to Have.

Memory of events.—This is shown by a wide, full forehead in the centre.

Reasoning power.—A high, long and well defined nose and a broad face exhibits this great faculty.

Moral courage.—This faculty manifests itself by wide nostrils, short neck and eyes set directly in front.

Language.—This faculty is exhibited in many parts of the face, particularly by a large mouth and large, full eyes, opened wide.

Self-Esteem.—This faculty shows itself in a long and deep upper lip. Large self-esteem gives one dignity, self-control and perfect independence.

Firmness.—The presence of this faculty when very large, is indicated by a long, broad chin. Firmness is synonymous with willfulness, perseverance and stability.

Perception of character.—This is indicated by a long, high nose at the lower end or tip. This faculty is very useful, if not indispensible, to a Judge in the exercise of the functions of his office.

Powers of observation.—The situation of this faculty is in the face just above the nose, filling out the forehead to a level with the parts on each side of the nose. It is a faculty which enables one to concentrate the mind upon the subject being discussed.

Conscientiousness.—This is shown in the face by a square jaw, a bony chin, prominent cheek bones and a general squareness of the features of the entire face. To be conscientious means that one has a sense of justice, honesty of purpose, rectitude of character and moral courage.

The Champion Dove Story.

Ever since Noah's messenger hastened back to the friends who had shared with her the long seclusion caused by the worst storm on record, to show them the first signs she found of better weather coming, the dove has been considered a bird of good omen. The people of a church in Belfast report a singular coincidence last Sunday. Just as the pastor was reading the words: "I beheld the spirit descending as a dove out of heaven, and it abode upon Him," a beautiful dove fluttered in at the open door and alighted upon the railing of the back gallery. It next flew to the pulpit, and after resting a minute perched upon the speaker's head. Being brushed away the dove flew down beside the Bible, and finally, near the close of the sermon, flew out through the open door at which it had entered.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Too Much Modesty.

"John," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?" "Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on her golden head, that was pillowed on his manly bosom. "This is the year when the proposing is done by the young ladies?" "Yes." "I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?" "Why, Mamie, dear, I never gave a thought—I—er—to—to—tell the truth, I've only known you for—that is to say—" "I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose. I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest, I couldn't be so immodest. I am going to let you do the proposing yourself in the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way is good enough for me." And the gentle maiden gave her lover a beaming smile; and yet the youth rejoiced that he had found such a treasure of modesty.

Knew the Youth.

Young Winks—I think I'll call on Miss De Puyster this evening. There's no one there.

Young Binks—How can you tell?

Winks—Her little brother is playing in the front yard. If there was any one there he'd be in the parlor back of the sofa.

Lieutenant-Governor's Proclamation.

The *Ontario Gazette* of to-day contains a proclamation raising the village of Forest, in the county of Lambton, and the village of Deseronto, in the county of Hastings, to the dignity of towns; also annexing the water lots to the town of Parkdale. The proclamations will go into effect on Jan. 1st, 1889.

MR. KERBY'S STRANGE DREAM,

In Which He Learns Particulars of His Mother's Death.

There are many who, while not believing in spiritualism, have a strong and abiding faith in presentiments, especially when the belief is actually forced upon them by demonstration. Such is Mr. Joseph Kerby, of Montreal, the representative of an English mining syndicate. He is of the old Kerby family of Brantford, it being his brother James who built the Kerby House in that city. Mr. Kerby was in Toronto a few days ago and in the course of conversation he told a remarkable story. In 1863, when the American war was at its height, he went south from Chicago to look after some cotton business. At Nashville, Tenn., he was captured by the Confederate forces as a spy and thrown into prison. After a few months there he was transferred to Libby Prison, and for some offence towards the officer in command was placed in the black hole with a single companion. One night his comrade in misery awoke and heard him sobbing, and waking him up, asked why he was crying. He said he had dreamt that his mother had died in Brantford, Canada, that night; and what particularly impressed him was that she had insisted upon dying upon a certain bed and in a certain room which she had never before used. Some weeks after this Mr. Kerby was released and several letters handed to him. Among them was a black bordered one from home. Before opening it he told the officers that he knew it would contain the announcement of his mother's death. Relating his dream he opened the letter, which fully bore out the strange presentiment, his mother having died the night in question. Mr. Kerby returned home; and before allowing any one to tell him the circumstances of his mother's decease, he related graphically the death bed scene, naming those who were present, including Dr. Reginald Henwood, who still practices in Brantford. The circumstances attending the death and those that he dreamt were alike in every particular.

New Hints for Home.

Do not amuse the children by letting them cut the pictures out of your Dore bible.

Indiscriminate giving is a bad thing. It is better to help pay the running expenses of a charitable organization than to give a piece of pie to an unworthy tramp who has a ruined digestion.

Never black your boots with stove polish and deal gently with your wife if she cleans her jewels with your tooth brush. This is an experience that is bound to come to man some time in life.

Be sure to have an elaborate method of opening your doors from the inside. This will keep burglars in the house until the police come, unless you argue too long with your wife as to whether it is the cat or a June-bug that you hear counting the silver in the dining-room.

A Very Obliging Editor.

The Port Hope *Times* man desires to be on perfectly familiar terms with his readers, as the annexed general invitation which appears in his paper will testify: Don't forget the editor when you have a news item. If your wife licks you, let us know of it, and we will set it right before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of visitors. If a youngster arrives at your home, begging for raiment, buy a quarter's worth of cigars and come around, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish you a suitable name for him or her, as the circumstances will permit: and if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a bam.

Diabolical Crimes in Hungary.

Two fearful crimes are reported from Pesth. In one case a tailor, named Gnadig, poured through a funnel melted lead into the right ear of his sleeping wife. Finding she was not dead the wretch then proceeded to strangle her, but was interrupted by the arrival of the neighbors, who found the unfortunate woman still alive, but in a desperate condition. The murderer is still at large. The other case is that of a butcher, who fired a revolver at his brother-in-law, and, believing he was dead, went home and killed his victim's child, a baby 10 months old. He then attempted to commit suicide.

A Sad Case.

Artist (to pupil)—"That study is all out of drawing. It defies every law of composition, and has not a color ever seen in nature. Can't you see that for yourself?"

Pupil—"It looks all right to me."

"Well, I'll have to give you up. You will never be fit for anything but a member of a hanging committee."

The Last Man Who Ought to Complain.

Bald-headed Man.—Here, waiter, this is an infernal outrage. Here is a hair swimming around in the soup.

Waiter.—Well, don't make such a fuss about a trifle. Hair is what you need most, ain't it?

The Smart Small Boy Again.

Tom, 3 years old, who has a brother of 3 months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water; he can't cry milk."

The Toronto Christian Institute, erected by Mr. Wm. Gooderham at a cost of $25,000, was formally opened last night.

—The Hamilton Powder Company have taken an action for $10,000 against the Guarantee Company of North America for the policy of insurance upon their cashier, Samuel Johnson, who committed suicide. Shortly after Johnson's death, it will be remembered, it transpired that he was a defaulter to the extent of about $5,000.

Gustav Freytag, the German novelist, prefers not to use the title of nobility which has been conferred upon him.

Wm. Keeler, a member of the Belleville fire brigade, who has repeatedly ill-used his wife, gave her a severe castigation last week, which resulted in the members of the fire department ostracizing him and striking his name from the roll. Mrs. Keeler returned to her parents in Tyendinaga, and it is reported that Keeler is endeavoring to effect a reconciliation.

SAD DOMESTIC STORY.

Woman Arrested for Killing her Husband—A Man in the Case this Time.

An Ottawa despatch says: Another tragedy is reported from Mattawa. It appears that a dispute took place between W. G. Gilmor, proprietor of the Union Hotel there, and his wife concerning a young man, Joseph St. Denis, who, Mr. Gilmor averred, was too intimate with Mrs. Gilmor. The result of the row was that Mrs. Gilmor threw a ginger ale bottle at her husband's head, cutting him badly. He died shortly afterwards, and the doctors testify that the effect of the blow was the cause of death. When Mrs. Gilmor was summoned during the night time to her dying husband's bedside St. Denis was in her room and escaped by the window. He testified at the examination which followed into the sad affair at Pembroke that he had been intimate with Mrs. Gilmor for the past year and had access to her room at any time. Judge Deacon gave him 24 hours to leave the town. Mrs. Gilmor has been arrested for manslaughter and lodged in Pembroke jail.

A Haristocrat.

Mr. Parvenue—That's all settled about them carriages, then; but look 'ere, the missis said I was to be sure and have a crest painted on 'em.

Coachbuilder—Oh, certainly, sir. What is your crest?

Mr. P.—Well, I—er—that is, I—er—I s'pose I've forgotten it: but that don't matter, do it? You can find me a crest, can't yer, if I pay for it?

Coachbuilder—Oh, yes, sir, by hall means. I've got a few 'ere as you could choose from, sir. 'Ere you are, sir; lions is popular, but helephants is very peculiar.—*Fun.*

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Put it to a Scientific Test.

"My dear," remarked a husband, as he struggled to pull of his boots, "I (hic) really think I've lost my mind.

"Well, John," responded his wife, anxiously, "why don't you have a microscopical examination made and find out for sure?"

At first a little, tickling cough.
'Tis nothing but a cold.
They say "'Twi l soon wear off
Alas, the story old!
The hectic cheek, the failing strength,
The grief that cannot save,
And life's wan flame goes out, at length,
In a consumptive's grave.

If persons would use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when irritation of the lungs is indicated by a cough, it would be an easy matter to avert consumption. Be wise in time.

Noble Father.

He—I must break off my engagement, Violet.

She—Why should you do that?

He—Well, your father has failed; how can he support a son-in-law in the style in which I have lived?

She—Why, you goose, he failed on purpose to meet the extra expense.

It is not Disputed

That Nerviline, the new pain remedy, is a good article. Some indeed claim that the old fashioned preparations are just as good, but any sufferer can satisfy himself by expending ten cents on a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline, that nothing sold can equal it for internal, local or external pains. Always speedy in effect, prompt and certain in every case. H. S. Webber, Orangeville, writes: "My customers speak very highly of Nerviline as a remedy for toothache and neuralgia." All druggists and country dealers sell Nerviline. Try it to-day.

An Old Time Wedding.

"My wife wore a white dress and a pair of white cotton gloves when we were married," said General Alger, of Michigan, the other day. "We took our wedding trip in a buggy from Grand Rapids to a little settlement called Grandville, about seven miles distant. I wore not even cotton gloves, and I'll tell you why: I didn't have money enough to buy 'em."

Too well known to need lengthy advertisements- Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Not Particular.

Dogvendor—You take this animal. I sells him for five dollars. That is dog-cheap.

Lady customer—Is he a particular breed?

"No'm he ain't a bit pertikeler. He'd just as leive go with you as me. So he wud."

Value of Advertisements.

"Do I believe in advertisements," said a prominent lawyer a day or two ago. "Well, rather; and in the hidden advertisement more than in any other. I remember, one day, reading a very interesting story, that ended in what I took to be a puff for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. I threw down the paper in a rage. Not a week after that I needed some medicine of that kind, and went and bought those same little pills." "Did I find them good?" "Why, yes, the best thing of the kind I ever saw, but that has nothing to do with the first question, and I only mention the joke on myself to show that advertising does pay."

Equal to the Occasion.

Irate wife—This is a nice time of night for you to be getting home!

Aggravating husband—Yesh, ver' nice. Beautiful moon (hic) light: no peramb'lators on street; everything (hic) nice'n quiet.

Heroic Treatment.

Patient—At times when I eat too much I suffer terribly. What would you recommend, doctor? Doctor—A stomach pump.

Old Lady—Ah, you bad boy! draggin' your little brother like that! S'pose you were to kill him! Bad Boy—Don't care got another indoors!

Five Decorative "Nevers."

Never permit a white marble mantel to disfigure an otherwise tasteful room. Cover it with a draped mantel board.

Never have a dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

Never have a carpet patterned with gigantic roses or other actual flowers that harmonize with nothing. The colors in a carpet should, in a great measure, complete the color and scheme adopted for the room.

Never put a piece of furniture into a room merely because it is pretty and will fill up. Every article should have its real or apparent use. As a general thing the necessary pieces will occupy all the space that should be allotted to furniture.

Never hang a picture from one nail. Aside from the mere question of safety, the use of two nails, the cord stretched across them so as to come down squarely to the corners of the frame, has a symmetrical effect, and makes the walls look very much more finished.—*Home.*

Cold Water and Cholera Infantum.

We endorse the following remarks of Dr. H. F. Hendrix on cholera infantum (says the "Monthly Bulletin" of the Iowa State Board of Health in the *Weekly Medical Review*. During the progress of the disease, and for some time before active symptoms manifest themselves, we have noticed the insatiable thirst of these little patients, and always noticed marked relief from giving them plenty of cold water. It seems strange that any one should deny a simple remedy like this so pleadingly demanded. Dr. Hendrix, moreover, claims that it is beneficial as a preventive. He says: "I feel it my duty to say (taking my own observation as a guide) that cholera infantum will not occur in any case where a plentiful supply of cold water is given at all times and on all occasions, night or day, whenever the little one desires it. And, further, I would like to impress upon the minds of those who have the care of children to lay aside any scruple of reserve they have in regard to giving cold water, and to give it freely. Those not able to let their wants be known should have it placed to their lips and let drink to their satisfaction."

Do Figures Lie?

Do figures lie? Let us see.

Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens two for $1, getting for 30 chickens $15.

The others sold hers three for $1, getting for her chickens $10.

This made $25 realized on the 60 chickens.

The merchant called to divide the money said:—

"You sold your 30 chickens two for $1, and you sold your 30 chickens three for $1. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of five for $2. Well, 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes $24 your chickens brought."

But as shown above the women actually had $25 in their pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

Do figures lie?—*Spence's Paper.*

Did Not Effect Him.

"This thing makes me tired!" exclaimed the farmer, when he caught his hired man sitting on the shady side of the haystack.

Mebbe it does," was the reply, "but it don't make me tired. It's the all-fired work that uses me up."

The M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Canada, R. T. Walkem, Q. C., of Kingston, has ordered as a donation from Grand Lodge the sum of $200 to be forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Florida for the Masonic Relief Fund, gotten up to assist those of the brethren suffering from the yellow fever scourge in that State.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,003 at Detroit 1,300 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,316 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, S. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that to extent of right-weight raw materials* [illegible] *and earliest, Mr. Page sells the least of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says.

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business* [illegible] *same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, right-weight skins he is* [illegible] *the largest dealer in this country, and superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY. If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNL. 41 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

YOUR

Special Attention!

IS CALLED

TO THE

DECIDED BARGAINS

In Dress Goods, Mantlings, etc.,

—AT—

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

A beautiful range of plushes in the latest shades, at a surprisingly low figure.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots of the best manufacture at rock bottom prices. Button and Lace Boots in great variety at prices sure to suit you.

THE TOP PRICE PAID

For Butter and Eggs

A lot of choice Butter in Tubs or Rolls wanted by 1st November.

At Cash Price for Trade.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

Artemesia Exhibition.

Following is the prize list of the Artemesia fall show, held at Priceville on Tuesday, Oct. 2:

HORSES.

Span heavy draught horses, John McLean. Span general purpose horses, 1st. J. Graham, 2nd. A. Stewart sr. Span carriage horses, David Thompson, Wm. Stewart. Hack horse, Adam Muir, M. Riely. Brood mare, J. Knox, D. McMullan. Heavy draught 2 year old colt, John McLean, F. Cairns. 1 year old colt, J. Graham, D. McDonald. Spring colt, C. McKinnon, A. Ferguson. Gene al purpose 2 year old colt, H. McPherson, F. Cairns. 1 year old colt, C. McKinnon, M. Williams. Spring colt, D. Ferguson, J. McMillan.

CATTLE.

Durham bull, W. Fruke, T. A. Ferguson. Devon bull, R. Oliver, 1st and 2nd. Devon cow, R. Oliver, 1st and 2nd. Grade heifer, R. Oliver. Ayrshire bull, A. Cairns, 1st. and 2nd. Ayrshire cow, R. Oliver, A. Cairns. Grade cow, A. Ferguson, W. Watson, sr. Two year old heifer, R. Oliver, A. Ferguson. One year old heifer, A. Whitaker, 1st and 2nd. Heifer calf, A. McLeod, T. A. Ferguson. Yoke oxen, John McMillan. Yoke three year old steers, A. Whitaker. Yoke 2 year old steers, A. Whitaker. One year old steer, A. McLeod, T.A. Ferguson.

SHEEP.

Long wool ram lamb, R. Oliver, M. Ferguson. Aged ewes, R. Oliver, G. Swanston. Shearling ewes, R. Oliver, 1st and 2nd. Ewe lambs, R. Oliver, R. Oliver. Leicester ram lamb, R. Oliver, R. Oliver. Pair aged Leicester ewes, R. Oliver, W. Meads. Shearling ewes, W. Meads. Ewe lambs, R. Oliver. Fine wool sheep, R. Oliver, 1st. and 2nd.

PIGS.

Berkshire boar, R. Oliver, T. A. Ferguson. Sow, A. McLean, T. A. Ferguson. Spring pigs, W. Ferguson, J. Oliver. Suffolk spring pigs, J. Graham.

POULTRY.

Pair of game, J. Brodie, J. Brodie. Black Hamburgs, T. H. Atkinson, R. Conkey. Golden Hamburg, W. Cooey, T. H. Atkinson. Silver Hamburgs, T. H. Atkinson, J. Cooey. Buff Cochins, J. Brodie, 1st and 2nd. Black Spanish, T. A. Ferguson, W. Cooey. Brahmas, J. Cooey, J. Brodie. Leghorn, W. Wilcox. T. H. Atkinson. Plymouth Rock, T. A. Ferguson, W. Watson, sr. Aylesbury ducks, D. McMullin, M. Ferguson. Other ducks, T. A. Ferguson, M. Ferguson. Turkeys, T. A. Ferguson, J. Cooey. Geese, M. Riley, D. McMullin.

GRAIN.

Fall wheat, Clawson, J. Brodie, J. Stewart. Fall wheat, other kind, M. Williamson, A. Stewart sr. Spring wheat, Rusian, J. Brodie. White Fyfe, J. Stewart, A. Stewart. Other kinds, J. Stewart, — Hardy. Barley J. Brodie, D. Thompson. Oats, white, J. Brodie, M. Ferguson. Oats, Black, J. Brodie, J. Cooey. Peas, small, J. Brodie, F. Cairns. Peas, large, J. Stewart, J. Brodie. Corn, W. Ferguson, J. Graham. Timothy seed, J. Brodie, W. Stewart. Col. Beans, J. Brodie, — Hardy.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

Early rose potatoes, F. Cairns, W. Meads. Other kind. F. Cairns, J. McLean. Collection potatoes, D. Thompson, 2nd J. Brodie. Swede turnips, M. Williamson, D. Thompson. Other turnips, J. Graham, M. Williamson. Mangolds, W. McAuley, W. Ferguson. Beets, D. McMullin, W. McAuley. Cabbage, D. Thompson, A. O'Strander. Cauliflower, R. Oliver, T. Conkey. Potato onions, D. Thompson, W. Fruke. Top onions, D. Thompson, J. Brodie. Field carrots, J. Graham, T. A. Ferguson. Table carrots, W. McAuley, J. Graham. Pumpkins, D. McMullin, J. Aussum. Squashes, J. Lever, W. Ferguson. Celery, R. Oliver, J. Graham. Citrons, T. A. Ferguson, W. Ferguson. Tomatoes, T. A. Ferguson, J. Bentham. Col. vegetables, J. J. Graham, T. A. Ferguson. Parsnips, W. McAuley, R. Oliver.

FRUIT.

Winter apples, J. Graham, H. Matthewson. Fall do., D.G. McLean, J. Graham. Col. apples, J. Brodie, D. Thompson. Crab apples, J. Stewart, W. Meads. Plumbs, T. Conkey, R. Whitaker. Pears, W. Watson, A. McLeod. Grapes, J. Brodie, J. Graham.

FLOWERS.

Hand bouquet, Mrs. W. Wilcox, Mrs. J. Bentham. Table bouquet, Mrs. J. Wilcox, Mrs. J. Bentham. Col. house plants, Miss Brown.

DAIRY, ETC.

Honey in comb, J. Aussum, W. Watson. Honey strained, J. Watson, W. Watson. Roll butter, H. King, A. Stewart jr. Tub butter, H. King, W. Stewart. Home made cheese, G. Stewart. Maple syrup, J. Hazzard, W. Stewart. Maple sugar, J. Richardson, J. Hazzard. Set horse shoes, M. Riley. Men's calf boots, W. Conkey, T. Conkey. Men's kip boots, W. Conkey. Women's shoes, W. Conkey. Home Made full cloth, J. McMillan. Plain flannel, T. A. Ferguson. Woolen yarn, T. A. Ferguson, W. Stewart, Men's socks, Mrs. J. Bentham, Mrs. W. Wilcox. Woolen mits, Miss King, Mrs. Wilcox. Men's gloves, Mrs. Wilcox. Patch work quilt, Mrs. Wilcox. Other quilt, Mrs. J. Hazzard, Miss Stewart. 2 loaves bread, Mrs. King, Mrs. J. Oliver. Berlin wool work, raised, Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson. Col. of Berlin wool work, R. Conkey, Mrs. T. Ferguson. Hair flowers, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson. Gent's shirt, Mrs. J. Lever. Hooked mat, Mrs. W. Wilcox, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson. Crochet in cotton, Mrs. R. Conkey, Miss King. Fancy knitting in cotton, Miss Brodie, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson. Fancy knitting in wool, Mrs. Hazzard, Mrs. Wilcox. Braiding, cotton, Mrs. J. Lever, Miss Stewart. Tatting in cotton, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson. Breadmakers' yeast prize for bread, Mrs. J. Lever, Mrs. Mathewson. Sponge Cake, Mrs. T. A. Ferguson.

JUDGES.

Stock, Dr. Jamieson, D. McLeod. Grain, R. McGowan, Chas. McKinnon, Durham, and Mr. Hislop, of Artemesia. Ladies work, Mrs. Dr. Jamieson, Mrs. J. Woodland, Durham, and Mrs. Leitch, Flesherton.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home, Post free 3d.—Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St. John Street, Montreal.

A series of strange murders of dissolute women in Whitechappel, London, have occurred during the past few months. The victims were horribly mutilated, and the crimes have baffled detictives and police force alike. It is now decided to employ bloodhounds to assist in running the assassin to earth.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."**

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

FLOUR, FLOUR!

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

MEAT, MEAT!

FRESH MEAT,

Nice Tender Meat

And Meat of all Kinds

—AT—

Blakely & McConnell's.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Barnhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th, 1888. *WALTER BOOTH.*

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal: construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $30,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

Strayed or Stolen.

From the premises of W. C. Parker, lot 69 2nd west, Artemesia, two sows in pig—one aged and the other young, black, and black and white spotted. Information thankfully received as to their whereabouts.

W. C. PARKER.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot No. 10 Con. 5, Euphrasia containing fifty acres. The above property situated about one-and-a-half miles from the village of Kimberley, all under cultivation an magnificent land.

Apply to
A ALDOUS
Kimberley P.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

Supplement to The Advance, Oct. 11th. 1888.

GLENELG FALL EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition has steadily improved from year to year and the one held last week proved by all odds the best yet Notwithstanding the very unpropitious weather of the first day, which hindered many from bringing out what they had entered yet there was a fine exhibit. A superior lot of horses were shown in the various classes proving to a demonstration that this district is fast coming to the front in the breeding of horse flesh. Cattle, sheep and pigs were not so well represented yet there were some fine specimens in each class. The poultry show was the finest exhibit of any in the county; over 60 pens of fine birds were shown, and yet there is room space required in the poultry building. A very attractive and creditable exhibit was to be seen in the hall. Mallat & Sons fine display of stoves, of their own manufacture, attracted much attention and were justly admired. The show of fruits, roots and grain was indeed very fine, while the ladies department was well filled with articles of a high order. The fancy work by W. T. Jackman, of the STANDARD office, attracted a good share of attention and called forth numerous favorable comments. Johnny Dundas and others had on exhibition some fine paintings that were admired by all. The collection of photos. by J. Hamilton was fine and displays good taste in his line of business. As we give several prize lists which occupy much valuable space from week to week we are obliged to be very brief in this portion of our report. The officers of this exhibition have a right to the thanks of the community for the honorable and satisfactory manner in which they conducted the whole affair, and are also to be congratulated on the genuine success of the Show.

PRIZE LIST

HORSES.—Span heavy draught, Wm Walker, Wm McLoughry. Span general purpose, Wm Purvis, Samuel Davis Span carriage horses, Wm Henry, Wm Leggett Span of roadsters, Andrew Beattie, Wm Leggett Buggy horse, Dr. Sproule, Hugh Mercer Saddle horse, Robt Walker, Wm Douglass Brood mare, Thos Hill, Mr McAfee Spring colt, draught, Wm Brady 1st & 2nd Spring colt, general purpose, Mr McAfee, J A Halbert Spring colt roadster Wm Walker George Noble. Colt, two years general purpose, Wesley Bower, John Weber Colt one year, general purpose, Mr McAfee 1st & 2nd Colt, 1 year, draught, Wm Charlesworth Colt, 2 years, roadster Walter Taylor Joseph Beattie Colt, 1 year, roadster, Geo Noble, Wm McLoughry Speeding in ring, Jas W Sproule, Walter Taylor. Thoroughbred bull, J A Halbert Grade bull James Mercer Thoroughbred cow under 2 years, John Hutchinson Jas Bell. Pure bred cow Wm Henry Grade cow Jas Mercer, Wm Walker Thoroughbred heifer 2 years, Wm Henry Jas Mercer Grade heifer 2 years James Wilson Wm Walker Grade 1 year Wm Henry Wm Hall Spring calf thoroughbred Chas Fawcett Spring calf grade Wm Walker Walter Douglass Yoke oxen D Sproule, R McBride. Pair steers 2 years Wm Henry Pair steers 1 year Wm Henry Pair fat cattle Jerseyman S G Bennett

LONG WOOL SHEEP.—Aged ram, Joseph Shepherdson. Shearling ram, B Coleman. Shearling ewes Joseph Shepherdson 1st & 2nd Ram lamb B Coleman 1st & 2nd Pair ewes Joseph Shepherdson 1st & 2nd Ewe lambs Joseph Shepherdson 1st B Coleman

FINE WOOL SHEEP.—Aged Ram Jas Brooks Shearling ram John Dyas Shearling ewes Jas Brooks Ram lamb John Graham 1st & 2nd Ewes, John Brooks Ewe lambs John Graham 1st & 2nd

SWINE.—Boar over 1 year, B Coleman, Berkshire, Silas Ritledge R W Brisbin Sprinkles, B Coleman, Silas Ritledge

SHEEP.—Boar Jas Elliot Sow Alex Smith D McDuffe Sucking pigs Alex Smith Thos Brady

POULTRY.—Best rooster of any variety Jas Mercer W Hassett Jr Senr. White Leghorn rooster W Hassett 1st & 2nd White Leghorn hen W Hassett 1st & 2nd Golden penciled Hamburg rooster W J Cooey, Golden penciled Hamburgh hen W J Cooey 1st & 2nd Silver spangled rooster W J Cooey Jas Brisbin Silver spangled hen W J Cooey Game rooster, James Brisbin Game hen Jas Brisbin 1st & 2nd Plymouth Rock rooster, W J Cooey Jas Brisbin Plymouth Rock hen, B Coleman W J Cooey White Brahma rooster, B Coleman 1st & 2nd White Brahma hen, B Coleman 1st & 2nd Dark Brahma rooster, W Haskett B Coleman Dark Brahma hen W Haskett, B Coleman Buff Cochin rooster Jas Brooks Buff Cochin hen, W Haskett 1st & 2nd Spanish rooster Jas Mercer, Wm Douglass Spanish hen Jas Mercer W J Cooey Black Minorca rooster W Haskett Pair geese

Hugh Johnston, B Coleman. Pair Turkeys, R McBride. Wm Douglass, Pair ducks, Pekin, B Coleman 1st & 2nd. Pair ducks, small. Wm Douglass, B Coleman. Pair ducks, common, J A Halbert, W J Cooey.

GRAIN—Clawson wheat, R Bennett. Fall wheat, any other kind, Hugh Johnston, Wm. Douglass. Russian spring wheat, Jas. Brodie. Any other kind of spring wheat, Jas Brodie, W. J. Cooey Barley, Jas. Brodie 1st & 2nd. Large peases, Jas Brodie, Hugh Johnston. Small white peases, Jno Shears, Jas Brodie. White oats, Jas Brodie, James Mercer. Black oats, Wm. Norton, James Brodie. Timothy seed, Hugh Johnston, James Brodie. Six ears Indian corn, Wm. Norton, A Shell Beans, Edw Rutledge, Wm Norton.

ROOTS—Col potatoes, H Johnston. Rose potatoes, Wm Douglass, Joseph Beattie. Potatoes, other variety, R H Stinson. Joseph Beattie. Swede turnips, R Watson, Wm Norton. Turnips, other variety, Hugh Johnston, R Watson. Mangold Wurtzels, Wm Norton, Jas Nelson. Blood beets, R H Stinson, C Littlejohn. Turnip beets, Geo Noble. R H Stinson. Field carrots, red, John Graham, R Watson. Field carrots, white, R H Stinson, Jas Nelson. Early horn carrots, R McBride, Wm Haskett. Parsnips, R H Stinson, W Haskett. Celery, R D Biggar, Wm. Norton. Cauliflower, R D Biggar, William Norton. Cabbage, John Shears, R D Biggar. Red cabbage, Wm Norton, R D Biggar. Yellow Globe onions, Wm Douglass. Red tomatoes, J W Sproule, Wm Norton. Seed onions, Wm Norton Dutch set, R H Stinson. Onions, other variety, Wm Norton, Hugh Johnston. Salsify, W Haskett. John Graham. Squash, C Littlejohn, R Coleman. Pumpkins, G S Bowes, John Shears. Cucumbers, C Littlejohn, Geo Noble. Citrons, Wm Norton. Geo Noble. Water-melon, Wm Norton.

FRUIT—6 winter apples, J Shears, J Gilray. Six Greenings, John Weber, Andrew Beattie. Apples any other variety, C Littlejohn, John Weber. Crab apples, John Hewitt, D McDuffie. Pears, Dr Sproule, John Graham. White Grapes, Thomas Gilray, John Graham. Colored Grapes, Thomas McNeal, Jno Graham. Egg plums, Wm Norton, G S Bowes. White plums, Thos Davis, C Reynolds. Lombard plums, Jas Brodie, John Weber. Plums, other variety, Edw Rutledge, Wm Douglass. Butter, tub, Hugh Johnston, R H Stinson, Wm Sarjeant. Butter, rolls, John Hewitt, R H Stinson, Hugh Johnston. Cheese, factory, Thos Elliot 1st & 2d. Cheese, home made, Wm Norton. Bread, home made, Wm Sarjeant, S Halbert. Maple sugar, Wm Fleshier, C Littlejohn. Maple syrup, R H Stinson, Edward Rutledge. Strained honey, C Reynolds. Heaviest dozen eggs, John Weber, C Irwin.

MANUFACTURES—Buggy, G Noble, W McNally. Mens coarse boots, S Halbert, Alex Kay. Mens fine boots, S Halbert, Alex Kay. Pump, Wm Jackson. Panel door, Thos McNeal 1st & 2nd. Window sash, Thos McNeal 1st & 2nd. Tinware, Haskett Bros 1st & 2nd. Penmanship, Wm Dundas. Satinet, John Hewitt, R McBride. Fancy flannel, R H Stinson, Wm Norton. Plain flannel, R Watson, Wm Norton. Pair fulled blankets, Wm Norton. Horse blanket, John M Davis, R Wright.

LADIES' WORK—Berlin wool, raised, Wm Norton, Thos Gilray. Berlin wool, not raised, D. Sproule, J A Halbert. Collection wool work, Dr Sproule, R Watson. Crochet in wool, Wm Norton, Wm Dundas. Crochet in cotton, Thos Gilray, Wm Douglass. Embroidery in silk, Wm Dundas, B Wright. Embroidery in Cotton, Thos. Gilray, Wm. Norton. Darned net, B. Wright 1st & 2nd. Fancy knitting in wool, Wm Norton. Thos Gilray. Fancy knitting in cotton, Hugh Johnston, Wm Norton. Macrame lace, R Watson, Wm Norton. Braiding in cotton, Dr. Sproule. Thos Gilray. Braiding in wool, Wm Norton. Knitted or crochet counterpane, Hugh Johnston, Wm Norton. Fancy quilt, Wm Norton, Hugh Johnston. Log cabin quilt, Wm Norton, Wm Flesher. Patch work quilt, Wm Norton, Thos Gilray. Rag mat, Wm Dundas 1st & 2nd. Leather work, Thos Gilray. Gent's shirt, hand made, Wm Norton. Wax work, Thos Gilray. Five yards rag carpet, R S Rae, J W Sproule. Crazy patchwork, Wm Dundas, W T Jackman. Knitted lace, Wm Norton, Thos Davis. Arrasene work, B Wright, Wm Norton. Wood work on canvas, Thos McNea, Dr Sproule. Pair woollen mits, Wm Norton, Thos Davis. Pair mens socks, C Littlejohn, Hugh Johnston. Pair ladies' stockings, Wm Norton, C Littlejohn. Kensington painting, R Watson. Wm Hassett. Crayon drawing, Wm Dundas 1st & 2nd. Collection paintings, Wm Dundas 1st & 2nd. Collection photographs, J Hamilton 1st & 2nd. Bouquet of natural flower, G S Bowes, R D Biggar. Collection house plants, Wm Dundas 1st & 2nd. Cage of canaries, Thos McNea, Wm Hassett. Oil paintings, Wm Dundas 1st & 2nd.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—Lord Derby colt, by W C Pearce. Wm Brady. Pen sheep, by J G Anderson. Joseph Shepherdson. Herd cattle, by J E Marsh. Jas Mercer. Spring colt, by J E Marsh, Jas Mercer. Spring colt, Terror, by T Campbell, Geo Noble. Roadster spring colt, by J E Marsh, Geo Noble. 50 lbs. butter, by W J McFarland, Hugh Johnston. 25 lbs butter, by Wm Lucas, Hugh Johnston. Boy leading colt, by W A Brown, Wm Douglass. Fattest beast, by F Sarjeant. Wm Henry. Buggy horse, by Dr. Sproule. Hugh Mercer. Lady driver, by James W Sproule. Miss Lizzie. Driving horse, by Robt Matthew. Jas Sproule. Handwriting, boy under 15, by R D Biggar. Wm Douglass. Fancy dress, under 16, by C W Rutledge. Cheese MeNea. Bread made by Breadmaker, baking under 16, Hugh Johnston. Wm Norton. Carriage horses, under 16 hands, by Thos Jennings. Carriage horses over 16 hands, by Thos Jennings. Jas Sproule. Swede turnips, by W J Manley, R Watson. Parsnips, any other kind, by W J Manley, R Watson. Mangels, by R L Stephen, John Graham. Swede turnips, by R L Stephen, Hugh Johnston. White field carrots by R L Stephen, James Nelson. Dark Brahmas, by J W Cooey, W S Hassett.

JUDGES.

Horses—Mr. Holmes, V S., and J. Boyd and Duncan McLeod.
Cattle, Sheep and Pigs, Robert Oliver, Chas Moffat, Esq., and Wm. Foster.
Poultry, Chas Bellamy and John Plewes.
Grain, Fruit and Dairy, R. J. Sproule James Brackenridge and Mr. Anderson.
Roots, D. R. Ellis, R H Stinson and S Hill.
Ladies Work, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs Grandison, Miss Christie and Mrs. Stinson.
Implements—F. J. Spears and J. H. Heard.

—Markdale Standard.

FLESHI

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VOL. VIII, NO. 382.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
RUSSELL
THE NOTED JEWELER.

Colts for Sale.

Mr. Arthur Johnston, of the Meaford Road, Vandeluer P.O. has three fine filly colts, rising two years old, which he desires to dispose of. Buyers will do well to inspect these animals.

A. JOHNSTON.

RAM LAMBS for SALE.

Five finely-bred Leicester Ram Lambs for sale. Any person desiring good breeding stock will do well by applying to

JAS. STEWART,
Kimberley P. O.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FLESHERTON
Implement
Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Manshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Waggons,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators,
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

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Flour .....
Fall Wheat .....
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Barley.....
Oats .....
Peas .....
Butter.....
Eggs, fresh.....
Potatoes bush.....
Pork.....
Hay per ton.....
Hides .....
Wool.....
Sheepskins .....
Geese .....
Turkeys .....
Chickens per pair
Ducks per pair ...

HERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 18, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Dr. Scott, of Maxwell, has purchased the practice of Dr. Kerr of that village.

Wanted—fine dairy or roll butter for private orders, by M. Richardson & Co.

Remember, The Advance until Jan. 1, 1890 for only 81.

There are over 100 pupils attending the Flesherton public school.

A full attendance of the members is requested at the next regular meeting of Fountain Council, No. 146, R. T. of T.

Scarcely a day passes but some of our nimrods are away after the wary grouse and nimble hare. Their success, as a general thing, is indifferent.

Mrs. W. Irwin returned home last Thursday from her eight weeks' visit to friends in Detroit and Leamington.

Kimberley school report for September has been crowded out the past two weeks, and now it is too stale for publication. Therefore we apologize to Mr. Hewgill for its non-appearance.

The Flesherton Furniture Warerooms, J. E. Moore, proprietor, is the place to get bargains in house furnishings. Every line full up and prices low down. See their Walnut and Mahogany Bedroom suites.

The Owen Sound Times comes to hand this week in a new form—that of the popular eight page style. The improvement is a marked one, and the paper reflects much credit upon the new manager, Mr. J. Rutherford.

Every wife and mother in the country should know the great value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier. It gives tone, health, and strength, to the vital organs, corrects all irregularites, and expels impurities from the system. Young and old use it. Price $1.

"Joe" McConnell, of Messrs. Blakely & McConnell, Flesherton's popular butchers, has been laid up for about two weeks with bilious fever. We hope to see Joe's smiling face abroad again in a few days, and himself on the war-path after fat beeves.

A friend sends us from New York a copy of the Sunday World. This mammoth paper covers 36 pages, considerably larger than the pages of the Advance. The New York World is the most popular daily paper published in that great city of great newspapers. Mr. Pulitzer, the proprietor, is coining money from it.

Change of Business.

As will be noticed by our advertising columns, Mr. Geo. Blackburn, well and favorably known in this vicinity, has purchased the flour, feed and confectioney business of Mr. Stephen Spirit. Mr. Spirit intends going south for the benefit of his health.

Closed Out.

Mr. Clinc, who had been in business here for some months, held an auction sale of household and store goods last week, and shook the dust of the town off his feet. He returned, we believe, to his old home at Cobourg.

Auction Sale.

An unreserved auction sale will be held on the farm of Mr. W. T. McKee, Lot 38, Con. 4, Artemesia, on Wednesday, Oct. 24, when a large quantity of stock and farming implements will be disposed of. Terms—All sums under $5, cash; over that amount one year's credit.

Quid pro Quo.

The Flesherton Advance is agitating for a lockup in that Village. No one knows the moment one may be urgently needed, for the editor has taken to writing poetry.—Grey Review. There is no immediate danger of the Review man being incarcerated for anything he may write of a spicy nature.

Send a 2 cent stamp to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a set of attractive album cards.

Mantles, ulsters, Dolmanetts, everything new in ladies' jackets, a fine assortment at M. Richardson & Co's.

Miss Lou Armstrong returned home from Hamilton on Thursday, where she had been spending some time with relatives.

Several Fleshertonians went down to the Dundalk fall fair on Friday. The day was wet and disagreeable, and the show was not a great success, either in exhibits or attendance.

We notice by the prize list of the Collingwood G. N. W. show that Mrs. Beecroft, of this village, took ten prizes for flowers—five first and five second. How is that for our Flesherton florist?

Miss Maud Richardson has a choice stock of millinery for her customers this fall, and is kept busy.

Why suffer with that aching head when you may be cured with Ayer's Cathartic Pills?

A large lot of children's mantles and cloaks from 50 cents up. Remarkably cheap goods at M. Richardson & Co.

We are happy to announce to our readers that Mr. M. Richardson has kindly consented to write for the Advance a series of letters, descriptive of his late pleasant trip to the Old Country. Mr. Richardson's facile pen will undoubtedly construct something of an exceedingly interesting nature, the first instalment of which may be looked for next week.

The new overcoas shown this season at M. Richardson & Co's are calculated to defy the most rigorous cold. Men's ready made clothing at close prices.

Fair warning! Third and last call! In order to meet our own obligations we are compelled to press for settlement of outstanding accounts. To save cost and unpleasantness, please pay up at once.—unsettled claims will pass out of our hands Nov. 1st. J. E. Moore.

Steamer Explosion.

On Saturday last the boiler belonging to Mr. Jas. Sparling's steam thresher exploded on the farm of Mr. T. Gilbert. Our Meaford Road correspondent gives full particulars elsewhere.

Prizes for Flesherton.

Mr. J. H. Heard, of Flesherton, took seven prizes at the Proton show, held at Dundalk on Friday last for articles as follows: First for iron harrows, cutter, and lumber wagon; 2nd for democrat wagon and buggy; 1st prize for grapes, and 2nd for citrons. Mr. Heard took a large collection of apples along, but they were bruised in carriage else they would have taken prizes, too. The Dundalk Herald credits Proton with raising fine grapes. Considering that Mr. Heard's grapes were the only ones shown, the editor's jubilation falls very flat.

Anniversary Services.

The second anniversary of the dedication of the Flesherton Baptist Chapel was celebrated last Lord's Day, when sermons were preached by Rev. D. A. McGregor, B. A., of McMaster University. The morning's sermon was a masterly handling of some of the deepest truths concerning the Kingdom and Kingship of The Messiah, and dealt mainly with matters that are seldom touched by the ordinary run of the present day preaching. Persons walking in the light of the Kingdom could not fail to find in the discourse much that would be highly helpful and was in exact accord with their deepest yearnings. Persons not enjoying that Light would feel as the Athenians of old felt when first they listened to other parts of the same great theme. In the evening Professor McGregor gave a sermon that was characterized by refined expression of the simplest truths of the Gospel. Prof. McGregor also preached in Priceville in the afternoon to a large and appreciative audience.—com

Wanted, 10,000 bushels new barley till orders before close of navigation. Highest market prices for peas and oats paid by M. Richardson & Co.

Literary Notices.

The October Rural Canadian is to hand and is brimful, as usual, of helpful suggestions and information for the farmer.

That old and well-known family paper, the Farmer's Advocate, is happy and more than sustains its well-earned popularity. It publishes the prize lists of the Provincial and Industrial exhibitions.

The Canadian Horticulturist appears to improve with each number, and is winning for itself a place long filled by American publications, which it is superior to in every way for the Canadian fruitgrower, as it deals largely with Canadian subjects, and the fruits most suitable to our climate.

It was'nt the Kitchen Door.

A young lady who has been visiting at Dundalk tells us a very funny story about the editor of the Dundalk Herald, and we can't resist the temptation of making it public. The gentleman referred to responded to an invitation to be present at a private social, and after his arrival was exalted to the responsible position of waiter. A cellar door opened off the dining room, and the young gentleman, in making a bolt for the kitchen with an armful of dishes, mistook the cellar door for an entry to the cookery department. One version of the story is to the effect that he was carried home on a stretcher, and came out in a brand new suit next day. Another, that he crawled through the cellar window and escorted himself home by a back street. On this point deponent was not very clear. At any rate there was an accident of some kind. Possibly the details are not entirely correct, but if friend Spurr will furnish us with the true facts we will be most happy to make any amendations.

Illustrated Book on Deafness Sent free. How they may be cured at home. Post free 3d.—Address Dr. Nichol[illegible] St. John Street, Montreal.

COMPETITION

DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

[illegible] & CO

AND SILVERWARE.

Quality and completeness of stock select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Gents' 18 K. Wedding Rings

No Catch Prices. Goods as represented

OR "CASH" REFUNDED.

Can do better for Customers—"Cash" or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey Co."

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

GS TO
LL,
WELER.

This Year's
YRTLE
CUT and PLUG
OKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
PLUG and PACKAGE.

TED! At once. Local and traveling nts for our goods. Liberal commission salray and expenses, to competent and men. For terms and full particulars.
J. F. LeCLAIRE, Nurseryman, Brighton, N. Y.

e Advance for
till Jan. 1, 1890.

E MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

fully Corrected Each Week.

.....	$5	00	to 5	58
heat	$1	05	to 1	10
Wheat	1	05		1 10
.....	0	45		0 60
....	0	30		0 31
.....	0	58		0 58
....	0	16		0 17
resh.....	0	16		0 16
es bush.....	0	75		0 75
.....	6	50		6 50
r ton.....	8	00		8 00
.....	4	50		5 50
.....		16		18
kins	0	50		1 00
.....	0	05		0 05
s	0	7		0 07
ns per pair	0	20		0 30
per pair	0	40		0 60

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

CHAPTER I.

THE WINE IN THE GRAPE-FLOWER.

Spain or Clapham?

A brand new Clapham villa, all dust, dulness, and decorum, with "Mr. Augustus Jones" upon the brand-new door-plate. A drawing-room, like one's life, oppressively stiff and uninteresting, dining-room to match, husband to match, everything to match! Fine Brussels carpets beneath one's feet; a sun possessing the warmth and cheerfulness of a farthing rush-light overhead. Servants to wait upon one and consume one's means; a brougham, perhaps, bearing the Jones coat-of-arms and liveries; indisputable respectability, indisputable appearance—value, how much of solid good to one's self?—well maintained. Amusement, pleasure, play, the quick-coursing blood, the jollity, the "go" of existence, nowhere.

So much for Clapham!

And Spain? Spain, just across the Pyrenees there—Spain, from whence the warm wind blows on Belinda's face at this moment—what of that alternative? An uninteresting husband to start with, so much in common has futurity's chances both; but not a stiff, not a dull one. A genial little human creature in the main is Maria Jose de Seballos, wine merchant and commission agent of Seville, unburdened, 'tis true, by superfluity of intellect, but light of step in waltz or cachuca, and singing tenor love songs passably; his swarthy fingers too be-ringed, his swarthy locks too bergamoted for the very finest taste; his diet overtending somewhat toward garlic; and still, if but by virtue of his Spanish picturesqueness, less vulgar far than Mr. Augustus Jones of Clapham. What would life be by his side?

In the first place, thinks Belinda, sagely, life, did one marry the little Sevillian, need not of necessity be passed at his side at all. Maria Jose would naturally have to look after his agency business, travel to distant countries for wine orders, take his pleasure, as Spanish gentlemen do, in club or cafe, leaving his wife free. Free—in a flat in a Seville street; no appearance to keep up; no respectability; a tiled floor instead of Brussels carpet beneath one's feet; not a hope of brougham or liveries this side of heaven—but free! The good warmth-giving sun of Spain overhead; a hundred sweet distractions of dance and tertulia to count the days by; bull-fights, theatres, and music for one's Sundays; enjoyment, in short, the rule, not the exception of life, and with only Maria Jose, who, after all, stands comparison with Mr. Augustus Jones right well, for drawback.

Belinda crosses her arms, shakes her head philosophically, yawns a little, then casts herself full length on the turf, in one of those attitudes of delicious southern laziness which Murillo's beggar children have made familiar to us, and, gazing up through the branches of the cork trees at the intense smalt-blue of the sky above, begins to meditate.

Sunburnt as a maize-field in June, unshackled bodily and mentally by rule as any young gitana who roams the mountains yonder, through what contradictory whim of fortune came Belinda O'Shea by this high-sounding name of hers?

A name reminding one irresistibly of the musk and millefleur of boudoirs, of Mr. Pope's verses, china teacups, rouge, pearl powder artifice! She will be 17 in a month or two, but possesses few of the theoretic charms assigned by poets and novel-writers to that age. Her hands and feet are disproportionably large for her slender limbs, her waist is straight but formless, her gait and gestures are masculine—no, not that either, to eyes that can read aright the girl is as full of potential womanly grace as the grape flower of wine; and still I dare not call her "feminine," as people of the north or of cities understand the word. She can play paume, the national Basque fives or rackets, with any gamin of her stature in St. Jean de Luz; in the excitement of the sport will show hot blood like her comrades—occasionally, indeed, say, at some disputed point of a set match, will be tempted into using a very mild gamin's expletive or two; she can row, she can swim, she can whistle. But through her great, dark eyes, poor, forsaken Belinda, the softest girlish soul looks out at you with pathetic incongruity, and though her vocabulary be not choice, she possesses Heaven's great gift to her sex, a distinctly, excellently feminine voice. Of her possible beauty at some future time we will not now speak. She is in the chrysalis or hobbledehoy stage, when you may any day see a skinny, sallow, ugly duckling of a girl turn into a pretty one, like a transformation in a Christmas piece. Eyes, mouth, feet, hands—all look too big for Belinda at present; and as to her raiment, her tattered frock, her undarned—no, I must really enter a little upon the antecedents of my heroine's life before I make known these details in all the disgraceful nakedness of fact to the public.

To begin with, the blood of earls and kings (Hibernian kings) runs in her veins. Her mother, the Lady Elizabeth Vansittart, fifth daughter of the Earl of Liskeard, at the romantic age of 41, fell in love with and married a certain fascinating Irish spendthrift, Major Cornelius O'Shea, whom she met accidentally at a Scarborough ball; endured the neglect, and worse than neglect, of her handsome husband, for the space of two years; then, happily for herself, poor soul, died, leaving Cornelius the father of one baby daughter, the Belinda of this little history.

Why Major O'Shea, an easy-tempered, easy-principled soldier of fortune, no longer himself in the freshest bloom of youth—why O'Shea in the first instance should have been at the pains to woo the elderly Lady Elizibeth no one could tell, except that she *was* Lady Elizabeth and that interest, that *ignis fatuus* of ruined men, might be supposed to lie dormant in the Earl, her father's family. Whatever his motives, whatever his matrimonial disappointments, the Major, even his best friends allowed, behaved himself creditably on his wife's death. Wore a band that all but covered his hat, swore never again to touch a card or dice box (nor broke his oath for three weeks); and wrote a letter full not only of pious, but well-worded sentiments to his father-in-law—from whom, despite many touching allusions to the infant pledge left behind by their sainted Elizabeth, he received, I must say, but a curt and pompous dozen lines in reply. Then, his duties as a widower discharged, Cornelius cast about him to see how he should best perform those of a father. The sum of £3,000, Lady Elizabeth's slender fortune, was settled inalienably on the child. "Me little one is not a pauper entirely," O'Shea would say, with tears in his good-looking Irish eyes. "If Providence in its wisdom should be pleased to sign my recall to-morrow, me angel Belinda would have her mother's fortune to stand between her and starvation." And so till she had reached the age of seven "me angel Belinda" was indifferently boarded, at the rate of about £40 a year, and no holidays in a Cork convent. Then O'Shea brought his face and lineage once more to the marriage market, on this occasion winning no faded scion of nobility, but the still blooming widow of a well-to-do London lawyer, and Belinda, for the first time since her birth, had to learn the meaning—bitterer than sweet, poor little mortal, in her case—of the word home.

Before she had been a week under the roof of her father and his new wife, the iron of cold neglect, sharper to a child's sensitive nature than any alternation of harshness and affection, had entered her soul.

The second Mrs. O'Shea was a woman whom all the ladies of her acquaintance called "sweet"—you know the kind of a human creature she must be? A blonde skin, the least in the world inclined to freckle, blonde hair, blonde eyelashes, eyes of a dove, voice of a dying zephyr. A sweet little woman, a dear little woman, an admirably *well*-dressed, and, what is more, a *well-conducted* little woman, but—not fond of children. Nothing could more beautifully befit her character and the occasion than her conduct toward her small stepdaughter. "I should never forgive myself if the poor darling grew up without regarding me as a mother," said Mrs. O'Shea, not wholly forgetful, perhaps, that the poor darling could call the Earl of Liskeard grandpapa. "And, though the Major is so sadly indifferent, on the *most vital* of all subjects, I feel it my duty to bring her at once under Protestant influences." But the Protestant influences established—a grim London nurse in a London back-nursery; the discovery made, too, that obdurate aristocratic connections were in no way to be softened through the child's agency—and Belinda, on the score of love, could scarce have fared worse had she been one of the gutter children whom she watched and envied, through the prison-bars of her window, down in the court below.

Had she been ornamental, the bolls of life might have broken differently for her; a rose-and-white flaxen-curled puppet sitting beside another rose-and-white flaxen-chignoned puppet in a brougham, being scarcely less attractive, though on the whole more troublesome, than a good breed of pug. But she was very far indeed from ornamental; a skinny, dark complexioned child, with over-big eyes looking wistfully from an over-small face, and hair cropped close to the head, *coupe a rasoir*, according to French fashion often adopted for the younger children in some Irish convents. And so, all fortuitous accidents working together and against her, Belinda was left to starve! Her small body nourished on the accustomed roast mutton and rice pudding of the English nursery, and soul—eager, fervent, hungry little soul that it was—left to starve.

She tried, impelled by the potent necessity of loving there was in her, to love her nurses. But Mrs. O'Shea's was a household in which, notwithstanding the sweetness of the mistress, the women servants shifted as perpetually as the characters in a pantomime. If Belinda loved a Sarah one month, she must perforce love a Mary the next, and then a new Sarah, and then a Hannah. She tried, casting longing eyes at them from her iron-bound prison-windows, to love the neighboring gutter children—ha-by gutter children, free to make the most of such grimy fractions of earth and sky as fate had yielded them! She tried—no; effort was not needed here; with all the might of her ardent, keenly-strung nature, Belinda, throughout those early years of isolation and neglect, loved her father.

Little enough she saw of him. O'Shea had come into a fortune of some thirty or forty thousand pounds by his second marriage, and was spending it like a man. (Like a monster! Mrs. O'Shea would declare piteously, when the inevitable day of reckoning had overtaken them. Would she ever have consented to a brougham and men servants and Sunday dinners—Sunday dinners with her principles—if she had known that Major O'Shea was a pauper, not worth the coat he was married in!) Occasionally, twice in three months, perhaps, the fancy would strike Cornelius to lounge, his pipe in his mouth, into the child's nursery for a game of romps. Occasionally, after entertaining some extra fine friends at dinner, perhaps he would bid the servants bring Miss O'Shea down to dessert, chiefly it would seem—but Belinda was happily indiscriminative—for the opportunity her presence afforded of airing his connection with the Earl of Liskeard's family. On a few blissful Sundays throughout the year he would take her out for a walk through the parks.

This was all—the sole approach to parental love that brightened Belinda's lonely child's life; and as years went on even this scant intercourse between O'Shea and his daughter lessened. Difficulties multiplied around the man; truths of many kinds dawned upon the poor pink-and-white fool whose substance he had wasted. Recriminations, long absences, cruel retrenchments of expenditure, falling off of fair weather friends, all followed in natural sequence. And then came the crash in earnest; Belinda's pittance their only certain support for the future! The house in May Fair must be exchanged for one in Bayswater, the house in Bayswater must give place to lodgings; the lodgings from "elegance," so called, must sink to respectability; respectability to eighteen shillings a week, no extras, and dirt and discomfort unlimited. Belinda, instead of roast mutton and rice pudding, must eat whatever cold scraps chanced to be over from yesterday's meals, and no pudding at all; instead of yawning over French verbs, or thrumming scales on the piano, must run errands, mend clothes, crimp chignons, plait false tresses, and generally make herself the milliner, lady's maid, and drudge of her stepmamma, Rose.

Barring the hair-dressing duties, which, seeing the strait to which they were reduced, goaded her to desperation, I should say the change of fortune affected the girl's spirits but lightly. Children of a certain age rather like catastrophes that cut them adrift from all old landmarks, so long at least as the catastrophes wear the gloss of newness. Belinda, by temperament, craved change, movement, action of any kind, and of these she had far more in Bohemia than in Belgravia. She had also more of her father! Not a very desirable acquisition, one would say, viewing matters with the eyes of reason; but Belinda, you see, viewed them with eyes of love—enormous difference.

Cornelius descended the ladder of life with a philosophic, gentlemanly grace, that added the last drop of bitterness to Mrs. O'Shea's cup. It was not the first experience of the kind, it must be remembered; and so long as abundant alcoholic resource fail not, 'tis curious with what ease men of his stamp get used to these little social vicissitudes. O'Shea had worn a threadbare coat, had frequented a tavern instead of a club, had drunk gin and water instead of claret and champagne, before this, and fell back into the old, well-greased groove of insolvency almost with a sense of relief.

Belinda, who could see no evil in what she loved, thought papa's resignation sublime!

His dress from shabbiness degenerated to something worse, his nose grew redder, his hours and his gait alike more uncertain. In Belinda's eyes he was still the best and dearest of fathers, the most incomparably long-suffering of husbands. "Rose must have her chignons crimped, must put on her pearl powder and her silk dresses, just as if we were rich, still," the girl would think with the blind injustice of her age, "while papa, poor papa, wears his oldest clothes and broken boots; yes, and will sing a song at times to his little girl, and be gay and light-hearted through it all." And the wisdom of the whole world would not have convinced her that there could be courage, of a kind, in Rose's crimped chignon and silk dresses, and cowardice—that worst cowardice which springs from the apathetic despair in her father's greasy coat and broken boots and gin-and-water joviality!

The truth was this: Cornelius knew that his last trick was made, Rose that she had the possibility of one still in her hand—a certain Uncle Robert, crusty, vulgar, rich, "living retired" in his own villa at Brompton. Very different would Belinda's story have turned out had this uncle chanced to be an aunt. The old lady never lived who could resist the blandishments of Cornelius O'Shea when he willed to fascinate. Upon the coarse, tough heart, the hardened, unbelieving ears of Uncle Robert, the Irishman's sentiments, repentance, touching allusions even to honor and high lineage were alike wasted. Rosie had chosen to throw herself away upon a scoundrel. Don't talk to him about birth; Uncle Robert called a man a gentleman who acted as a gentleman. Rosie, poor fool, had made her bed and must lie upon it—for Uncle Robert's language was no less coarse than his intelligence. Still, let her come to want, let the scoundrel of a husband decamp, take his worthless presence to any other country he chose, and keep there, and the door of Uncle Robert's house would never be closed against his sister's child. And as the old man had not another near relation upon the face of the earth, Mrs. Rose knew pretty well that, O'Shea's disappearance once compassed, not only would the door of Uncle Robert's house, but a fair chance for a place in Uncle Robert's will, stand open to her.

A last card, I repeat, was to be played by Mrs. O'Shea. She played it well—with that instinctive knowledge of male human nature that you will find in the very shallowest feminine souls. Uncle Robert was a democrat to the back bone; tittle-tattle from the bloated upper ten must consequently be distasteful to him, were it but as proof of his own radical theories; and Rose could prattle to him by the hour together about her lady's card debts, and his grace's peccadilloes, and her poor dear O'Shea's intimate connection with the aristocracy. Uncle Robert was as proud of his purse as any self-made man in England. Nothing swelled him with the righteous sense of solvency like the sight of another's pauperism; still for *his* niece to have appeared discreditably dressed before the servants, a poor relation in all the galling indecency of a merino gown or mended gloves, would have exasperated the old man beyond measure. So Rose took excellent care to do her pauperism genteelly. In the most scrupulously neat silk dress—"the last of all my pretty things, Uncle Robert. Oh, if you knew—can we poor women help being foolish?—if you knew how dreadful it is to one to give up the refinements of life!"—in the most becoming attire, I say, that women could wear, this simple creature would pay her humble, tearful conciliatory visits to the Brompton villa, and seldom return without a crisp piece of paper, never entirely empty-handed, to the bosom of her family.

At last, one fine spring morning, came an overture of direct reconciliation couched in the plainest possible language, from Uncle Robert's own lips. Let Major O'Shea betake himself to America, one of the colonies anywhere out of England that he chose, solemnly swearing to keep away during the space of two years at least, and Uncle Robert not only promised to receive back his niece to preside over his house and sit at the head of his table, but to pay O'Shea the sum of three hundred pounds before his departure. Enough, surely, to last, if the man had a man's heart within his breast, until such time as he could gain a decent independence for himself by work.

Cornelius was absent from home, that is to say, from their dingy lodgings, for the time being, when this occurred; had been absent more than a fortnight, Heaven knows on what mission—I believe he called it the Doncaster Spring Meeting to his wife and daughter. He returned late that same evening, rather more hiccoughing of speech than usual, and with just sixpence short for the payment of his cab-hire in his pocket.

Rosie broke the news of her uncle's proffered generosity as O'Shea sat drinking his hot gin-and-water after supper, Belinda mending a very torn stocking with very long stitches at his side.

"Of course it is impossible," sighed Mrs. O'Shea, with tears in her meek eyes. "I feel it a duty to mention the proposal, if only to show the Christian spirit of my relations; but of course such a separation would be impossible."

"Impossible, Rose!" sighed O'Shea, his sodden face brightening. Of so fine and discursive a nature was the creature's hopefulness, that the bare mention of three hundred pounds and of being rid of his domesticities sufficed to inspire him with the visions of a millionaire. "Who talks of impossible? Am I the man, d'ye think—is Cornelius O'Shea the man to let his own paltry feelings stand between his family and prosperity?"

And in less time than it takes me to write, husband and wife had made up their minds heroically to the sacrifice. The details were not difficult to agree upon. Cornelius would seek his fortune in America, "the best country on earth for a man of resolution and ability." Poor, semi-widowed Rose took refuge at Brompton. Belinda, with the hundred and twenty pounds a year derived from her mother's fortune, might be considered independent. She should be sent to some moderately expensive boarding-school for the next two years, the term of her father's banishment, and Uncle Robert had considerately said that she might look upon his house as her home during the midsummer and Christmas holidays.

Belinda independent, Cornelius put upon his legs and offered his freedom, and Rose restored to a pew in church, fine clothes, and livery servants. What a touch of the magician's wand was this!

Next day was Sunday. Major O'Shea dyed his whiskers, which he had suffered to grow gray under the cold shade of poverty, brushed up his coat, put on a pair of lavender gloves, and lounged away the afternoon in the park, his hat as rakishly set on his head, his whole air jaunty as in the palmiest days of his youth. Madame after duly attending morning service—for was it not her first duty, said Rosie, her eyes swimming, to offer thanksgiving for her own and her dear O'Shea's good fortune?—madame, after attending morning service, betook herself to Brompton, and employed the remainder of the day in talking over events and planning a thousand agreeable domestic comforts for herself with Uncle Robert. Belinda, poor little fool, cried herself white and sick with passionate grief. She did not want respectability, or boarding schools, or a home in the holidays. She wanted all she loved on earth, her worthless old father, and was to lose him.

"We really have very different ways of showing our affection," said Mrs. O'Shea, when she returned well dressed, blooming, full of hope in the future, and found the child crouched down, dinnerless, dirty, her face disfigured and swollen with tears, beside a fireless hearth. "I suppose I shall suffer, more than anyone else by your papa's absence, but I do *what is right*. I do not embitter the thorny path of duty still more to his feet"—Rosie had always a fine, florid style of metaphor of her own when she tried to talk grand—"by useless tears and lamentations."

From that night until the final separation, scarcely more than a week, Belinda kept her feelings better under control. She worked a little purse in secret, upon which you may be sure many a salt tear fell, put in it all her slender hoard of pocket money, and pushed it into her father's not unwilling hand on the day of his departure—instinct telling her what kind of gift would to Cornelius be the welcome token of filial love. When the supreme moment of parting had arrived, she clung to him, shivering, tearless, dumb; while Rosie, whose only feeling was one of cheerful relief, cried almost to the verge of unbecomingness, and uttered every imaginable wifely platitude about the heart-rending cruelty of the situation, and the dreadful, dreadful pain that her devotion to duty and to her husband's interests was costing her.

Then came the removal to Brompton; fine rosewood and mahogany, excellent dinners, city friends, Uncle Robert's vulgar, purse-proud talk—all, it would seem, very tasteful to Mrs. O'Shea. And then, less than a twelve month after Belinda felt the last kiss of her father's lips, came a New York paper, directed in a strange hand, to Uncle Robert, and containing the bald announcement of Cornelius O'Shea's death. The poor, little girl, away at a second-class Brighton boarding-school, was summoned home in haste; the blinds of the Brompton villa were drawn decently close for four days, and partially lowered on the fifth, or imaginary funeral day; Rosie, for the second time in her life, veiled her sorrow under the most bewitching weeds. Uncle Robert talked about the mysterious ways of Providence, kept the corners of his mouth well down before the servants, and ere a week was over had made a new will leaving every shilling he possessed at the unconditional disposal of his dear niece, Rose.

O'Shea, in short, in dying had committed by far the best action of his half century of life, and everybody in his house knew it. Everybody but Belinda! Nature has compensation for us all—gives a neglected little daughter to love, to mourn, even a Cornelius O'Shea. Fiercer than ever grew Belinda's rebellion now against Uncle Robert's smart furniture, dinners, butler, all of them bought, she would say, her dark eyes flashing fire through her tears, bought with papa's life. If they had not driven papa away from England he had not died, nor she been desolate! Let them send her away—anywhere on the face of the earth that was *not* Brompton. Yes, she would go to school abroad—to Boulogne, Berlin, as they chose. Only—pathetic stipulation for her age—let her remain away until she was old enough to see after herself in life, unaided, and let her have no holidays. And a charmingly opportune chance of gratifying the girl's perverse fancies was not long in presenting itself. Sedulously reading through the educational columns of the *Times*, Rose one morning, with a lighting of the step-maternal bosom, came upon the following:

RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR PARENTS AND GUARDIANS:

"A lady of literary attainments, socially unencumbered, and entertaining advanced ideas as to the higher culture and destinies of her sex, offers her society and influence to any young girl of good birth, for whom improvement by continental travel may be desired. Terms moderate, and paid invariably in advance. References exchanged."

By the next post, Mrs. O'Shea and the lady holding advanced ideas were in communication. They interviewed each other; they exchanged opinions on the destiny of the sex; they exchanged references. After some battling, the commercial part of the transaction was brought to a satisfactory close, and Belinda, sullenly submissive to anything that divided her from Rose, Brompton, and uncle Robert, made her next great step in life.

The name of her new preceptress (of whom more hereafter) was Burke, Miss Lydia Burke—a name not unknown to fame either in the speech-making or book-making world. And under, or often without this lady's care, Belinda's "culture" has been progressing up to the present time; no material change occurring meanwhile at Brompton save Uncle Robert's death, which took place about three months before the date at which this little history opens. Some smattering of languages the girl, drifting hither and thither over Europe, has picked up; some music and dancing of a vagrant kind; a good deal of premature acquaintance with human nature; life opened, I fear, at somewhat tattered pages of her class-book; neglect, not invariably the worst educator, for her master.

A socially unencumbered lady, bent on correcting the mistakes made by her sex during the past six thousand years, and with the higher destinies of the future of her soul, could scarcely have time to waste on the one unimportant unit immediately beneath her eyes. In few minds are broadness of vision and capacity for small details co-existent. The mind of Miss Lydia Burke was of the visionary or far-embracing order—an order quite beyond the wretched details of fawn dresses and darning needles. Nowton forgot his dinner hour; could a Miss Lydia Burke be expected to notice the holes?

But this brings me back exactly to the point at which a certain pride in my poor little heroine forced me into retrospection—the holes in Belinda's stockings.

CHAPTER II.

AMBROSIAL CASH.

It is but too obvious that they are a haphazard, unlawful pair. Belinda darns not, neither does she sew. Her clothes go uncounted to the washer-woman, and return or do not return as they list; by natural processes of selection, such as are of tougher fibre than their fellows survive and come together in the end, irrespective of any primitive differences in color or design. Of these stockings that she now wears, one being grey, the other brown, both ragged, it would indeed be hard to conjecture the original stock; nor is their incongruous effect lessened by a well-worn pair of the sandals of the country, *espargottes*, in Basque parlance, linen slippers, roughly embroidered in scarlet, and bound high above the instep by worsted sandals. Her frock is of rusty black, texture indescribable; her hat of unbleached coarse straw, so battered out of shape that one must see it on a human head to recognize it as a hat at all. And she wears her hair in plaits, tight, hideous plaits, tied together at the ends, according to the fashion of the Spanish peasants, by a piece of frayed-out, once green ribbon.

Spain or Clapham? Raising herself lazily from the sward—such mixtures of dust and lifeless stock as here in the south we dignify by the name of sward—Belinda, after several more yawns, draws forth from her ragged pocket a letter, written on sea-green English note-paper, that must certainly have cost the slender double postage, and in a characterless little boarding-school ladies' hand:

"My dearest Belinda."

"Dearest—for her to call me 'dearest!' when papa himself used to think 'my dear little girl' sufficient! But Rose must be a hypocrite, even in writing."

"You will be surprised, and *I hope pleased*, to hear that I am coming all the way to the south of France to see you. I am sure, when I look at St. Jean de Luz on the map, it quite takes my breath away. I have always had a horror of the Bay of Biscay, and can never sleep in the train as most people do, and then I am such a coward about strange beds! But of course Spencer will be with me, and as there have been several cases of smallpox close at hand, and I am so frightened about it, Dr. Pickney says the wisest thing I can do is to pack up my boxes and run. I have been vaccinated three times, and although the doctors say not, I think it always *took a little*. I do hope there is no smallpox about in the south. If you have not been vaccinated already, you might get it done as a precaution before I arrive. I trust, dear, you will find me looking pretty well. I am in mourning still, but of course slight, for poor Uncle Robert has been dead three months; indeed, the milliners scold me for wearing it any longer. But I consult feeling, not fashion, in such things, and what can be more becoming than pale lavender silk richly trimmed or a white Sultana polonaise edged with black velvet and a *deep* fringe! I wish I knew whether hats or bonnets were best style in foreign watering-places. I have written to 'The Queen' to ask, but I am afraid I shall not get the answer before I start. Nothing is seen in London but those large flat crowns, which never suited me; and the Dolly Vardens have got so dreadfully common; Really, as I often say to Spencer, dress is one long trial. Were it not for those I love, I would—but this is a subject on which I dare not trust myself to speak. My dearest Belinda, I shall have news to tell you when we meet, of the most deeply interesting nature, affecting the future of *us both*. I am glad you have made acquaintance with Augustus Jones. He is a prime favorite of mine—indeed, he *will* make me correspond with him—young men are so foolish—and, as I tell them all, an old woman like me! What you say about his 'vulgarity' is something ridiculous. How can it matter whether his father sold patent stoves or not? Has a young man money? How was his money made? is the question the world asks. I only hope he will be still at St. Jean de Luz when I arrive, which may be almost as soon as this letter. Present my compliments to our excellent friend, Miss Burke, and believe me your own affectionate mamma,

"Rose.

"P. S.—Augustus Jones has a villa at Clapham, *elegantly* furnished—everything in the first style! I have often dined there in his father's time with poor dear Uncle Robert. Augustus will be an excellent *parti*, I can assure you, Belinda, for any girl who may be fortunate enough to win him."

(To be Continued).

There is only one way to eat corn off a cob, and that is to take the ear in your hand. Holding the ear down with your foot and gnawing the corn off is tabooed in mannerly society.

When Jim was Dead.

When Jim was dead,
"Hit served him right," the nabors sed,
An' 'bused him for the life he'd led,
An' him a-lying thar at rest
With not a ro-e upon his breast!
An' menny cruel words they sed
When Jim was dead.

"Jes' killed hisself," "Too mean ter live,"
They didn't have one word ter give
Of comfort as they hovered near
An' gazed on Jim a-lying there!
"Thar ain't no use er talk," they sed.
"He's better dead!"

But suddenly the room growed still,
While God's white sunshine seemed ter fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips c ose—close to his,
As tho' he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a touchin' sight ter see—
"Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"

I tell you when that cum to light
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Throwed kindly arms of love that day,
And mingled with their own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

—*F. L. Stanton.*

Temperance Notes.

A committee of the French Senate reported recently that the drinking of spirits in France has assumed the proportions of "a social danger."

Statistics show 10,000 people are killed by whiskey where one is killed by a mad dog. What of it? Shoot the dog and license the sale of whiskey.—*Religious Telescope.*

Mrs. Hutchinson, a competent and most indefatigable worker in the W. C. T. Union of this city, expects to be present at most of the sessions of the National Woman's Christian Union, to be held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, within a few days.

Colonel Coran, of the Bengal Artillery, says: "Abstinence agrees with Europeans in India. At one station, when drink was sold, I lost my men in scores. When drink was stopped, I didn't within the same time lose a single man."

Rev. David Davies, of the Regent's Park Chapel, in the annual sermon of the League at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, said: "Even in the celebrating of the Lord's Supper some £50 000 was spent every year by the churches; so that the reclaimed drunkard found at the Lord's table just the very same temptation that he used to find in the taproom! Could Satanic irony reach such a pitch as that? He thought it was worth the while of the Church of Christ to abstain from taking wines which were intoxicating at the Lord's Supper, so that there might be no temptation associated with the recollection of a finite love."

It is a notable fact that the fashionable Clyde watering places of Kilcreggan and Cove are practically placed under the Maine law. There is not a single licensed public house from one point to the other of this favored shore. The old natives will tell you of the time within living memory when the peninsula had six licensed houses one at "the Clachan," the cluster of quaint cottages round the corner at Rosneath, one at Cove, one at Kilcreggan, another at Colport, and still another at Muirahane, with a sixth at Rosneath ferry; and if all stories are true, these did not lack patrons. The changed condition of affairs is indicated by the remarkable fact that now there is only one licensed house on the entire peninsula, that being the inn at the Rosneath ferry. The Duke of Argyll from the outset made an express stipulation in all the feus on the Kilcreggan shore that none of them should be used for the erection of a public house, and this provision has been faithfully adhered to with the happiest results.

You would perhaps be interested to hear an item which is fresh. It comes from the testimony of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. In that deeply interesting periodical we have this statement made, that in 250 miles of coast line, that is in the tropical region of Africa, on the west coast, no less than twenty ships a year arrive there with a thousand tons of intoxicating drinks on each of them. Think of it—twenty thousand tons of intoxicating drinks every year poured in on that limited tract of country. One of the missionaries connected with the Church Missionary Society says: "If this thing is continued it is only a question of a few years for me and my people." There was a vessel connected with a South African company which took 25,000 cases of gin, and these were delivered to two factories alone, and the poor blacks part with valuable ivory, splendid skins, items of value of all kinds—what for, do you think? A case of Hollands! Now mark that. The cost of manufacture from the time he gets it is 2s. 9d. It contains twelve ordinary brandy size bottles, and it is mainly made up of oil of vitriol and other co mpounds that are a disgrace to be sold at all. It should be a crime for men to vend such things for their fellow-men to drink. But they do this, and get a hundred times, and often 200 or 300 times, the value of that with which they part. Think of dozens of these poor men, with little brain or will power, tearing open these cases, and draining the contents of the bottles until their brains are on fire, until they dance, laugh, roll over and foam at the mouth, and ultimately present such a hideous spectacle that if ever one had a picture of pandemonium you have it there. And that is being carried on to-day by the intelligent nation of which we form a part. I hope God will not grant this people prosperity again until we deal practically with this question. We have it on Scriptural authority that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." That applies to a nation as well as to the individual, and we have been sending out for years a whole brood of unclean birds, and many of them are finding their way home to roost.—*Henry Varley.*

A Fine Compliment.

Husband Prof. Widehead paid you a very fine compliment after dinner last night, my dear.

Wife—Oh, did he? What did he say?

Husband—He said that you weren't handsome, but you were one of the most intelligent women he ever met.

Wife—Prof.—What's his name has received his last invitation from me.

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "Oh, yes; that's where I got acquainted with him."

—"Name the sacraments," said a local Sunday school teacher to a member of her infant class. "Baptism, confirmation and vaccination," was the prompt reply.

—A rolling-pin gathers on dough.

KILLED LIKE A PIG.

Further Particulars of the Juvenile Crime in Cape Breton.

The horrible story recently telegraphed from Cape Breton is confirmed by the North Sydney *Herald* which tells the following story: A dreadful homicide occurred at Cow Bay on Wednesday last. It appears from what we can learn that several young boys had been watching the killing of a pig. In some way this aroused their curiosity, and, as such sights sometimes do, it made a very strong impression upon the minds of the children. During the day they attempted to imitate the killing of the pig and bound one of the young fellows hand and foot and held him on the ground. An old rusty knife being the only instrument at hand it was tried with bad effects upon his throat, and an ugly wound made, from which the blood flowed freely. It is said they also inflicted a bad wound in his abdomen. The little fellow, who made as much resistance as he could, was unable to avoid being cut. He managed to escape, however, and was taken home, when he took sick and expired next day. His death was caused principally by blood poisoning, introduced by the rusty knife, making a gash in his throat. This is an extraordinary and particularly sad tragedy. The young people do not seem to realize the terrible nature of their deed.

Latest Scotch News.

On the 13th ult. the non-commissioned officers of Edinburgh garrison celebrated the sixth anniversary of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in which the Cameron Highlanders took part.

On the 17th ult., an elderly man named James Mackie, who resided at Roseburn Place, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, met his death in the Glen at Roslin. He had been walking with his wife along he bank of the river Esk and fell over the rock into the stream in the attempt to look over. He was picked up dead.

When the Queen visited Glasgow Cathedral in 1849 all the ministers of the city were accommodated with seats at the west door, where she was received by Principal Macfarlane. There are only six of these ministers now alive — Drs. Somerville, Smith, of Cathcart, Ramage, and Fergus Ferguson, and Messrs. David Russell and Robt. Bremner.

At a meeting of a sub-committee of Edinburgh Town Council held on the 18th ult., it was agreed to recommend that designs should be asked for the proposed statues to Wallace and Bruce, but that no premiums should be offered. The cost of the statues is to be about £3,000, and it is proposed to erect them somewhere on the south side of Princes street.

A recent visitor to the last resting place of Rob Roy writes: "I have just visited the old kirkyard at Balquhidder. I had on this and on a previous occasion to send to the village to get a person to point out the grave of Rob Roy and his wife Helen. English friends were with me on both occasions, and their remarks on the neglected condition of these graves brought the blush to my face. It is almost impossible to decipher the few words on one of the stones which would indicate to the tourist that he stood near such an interesting spot." Surely the Glasgow folk might do something to improve this condition of the Macgregor's grave.

Jottings of a Day.

Wareham, Mass., has a monument to the memory of a cat that lived to the good old age of 20 years and 2 months. It was not erected by public subscription.

What's a poor burglar going to do for a living if the women of the land get in the habit of going to bed with a loaded revolver within reach? Two or three cases have recently come to light where burglars have been shot and even captured by women.

Wilson Waddington, of Savin Rock, Conn., is said to be the largest landowner in the United States. He is believed to own over 2,000,000 acres of grazing land in New Mexico and elsewhere, and he has also made large investments in real estate in Western cities.

A new feature of picnics and lawn parties has broken out in England, suggested by the Prince of Wales. It consists of wheelbarrow races, only the conditions are that each gentleman shall take a lady in his wheelbarrow, and the two who come in first get a prize. This novelty may be expected to strike this country about next season.

Gen. William T. Sherman seems to have not the slightest fear of death, and talks of it sometimes in an off-hand way that is extremely weird. Not long after Sheridan's funeral Sherman was speaking to a friend of the many prominent officers of the late war who had died. "I shall have to hurry up," remarked Sherman, "and die pretty soon, or there will be nobody but militia to bury me."

What Ailed Hannah.

Fat Widow—Doctor, I want you to answer my questions candidly.

Doctor—Certainly, my dear madame.

Well, am I in love, or have I only got fatty degeneration of the heart?

To be Developed Later.

"So your old uncle is dead, Charley?"

"Yes, died yesterday."

"He was a very eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was altogether right in his head?"

"Well—er—I couldn't say, you know, until the will is read."

Cheap as Dirt.

"You charge a very high price for pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer to a dentist.

"Oh, I don't know about that," was the confident reply, "we only charge a dollar an acher."

During a recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Hungary he was much impressed with the magnificent mustaches worn by the coachmen of that country, and engaged one of the most distinguished looking to accompany him back to England. On arriving at Marlborough House the imported Jehu saw that all the other coachmen wore clean shaved faces, so he went to a barber and joined the beardless brigade. That evening he returned to Hungary upon request of the Prince.

One of the great needs of this country seems to be young women type-writers who won't get married.

ORANGES VERY SCARCE.

None of the Fruit Brought from Florida—High Prices Rule.

"Unless the yellow fever plague in the South shall be speedily subdued there will be very few Florida oranges in the market this winter," said a produce merchant today. "Although the orange trees in the great groves along the St. John and Indian Rivers are now bending to the ground under the weight of the ripening fruit, the fever has had such a terrifying effect on the people that enough help cannot be secured to gather the enormous crop, and oranges are rotting on the ground. As a matter of fact the fruit could not be shipped North now, even if the crop were properly gathered, for the quarantine restrictions are so rigid. Oranges were never so dear as they are now. Nearly all there are in the market are brought from Bermuda, and these are not very good in quality. They are selling for $5 a box and finding plenty of buyers, but when the Florida supply is in good condition the Bermuda variety can be had for $2 per box. No Florida oranges will be received so long as the Fruit Exchange at Jacksonville is closed, and that will not be open until the fever shall have been stamped out."

A Little of Everything.

Cremation is still illegal in France.

Boston was 258 years old on Monday.

The herring-sardine packers of Maine will cure and pack 550,000,000 herring this year.

The wife of a well-known Vienna banker lately displayed forty toilettes in twenty-one days in Carlsbad.

Mark Twain says that he has no difficulty in sustaining the *role* of M.A., but the part of PA often gives him a good deal of trouble.

Thieving is carried on in Chicago in full dress. The men who have been caught lately are stylishly dressed and wear silk hats of the latest pattern. But they are discovered as quickly as in any other disguise.

A new disease has broken out among the grapevines of the Santa Ana and San Gabriel valleys of California. It is termed the sapsour, and the cause of it no one knows. The vines begin to wither and in a short time die.

The following verse from the Iroquois Bible shows what a jaw-breaking language that dialect is: "Aontonseeke taousaiakos8athene nasatapon oni kari8anersaak serapon ikonnhetie nok eh nonk8ati aonsasonk8asarine tisnonkati ne Skennen."

A quarrel with a funny cause took place recently in water-submerged Augusta, Ga. A gentleman paid a negro $1 to carry him on his shoulders to the hotel, and a serious misunderstanding arose about the position the gentleman should occupy on his porter's shoulders.

A Bay City (Mich.) horse doctor stood talking to a friend the other day. The end of a bottle peeped out of the former's pocket. Along came a fellow looking for a drink. He spied the bottle and dexterously removed it from its hiding place. He took a big swallow and stopped with a jerk. It contained horse medicine made up of ammonia and other unpalatable liquids.

It is said that Alexander Dumas lives strictly by measure and weight. He rises at 6.30 in summer and 7 in winter. His first breakfast invariably consists of a glass of milk. The second, which he takes at noon, is a very plain meal. Dinner occurs exactly at 7 o'clock, and by 10 he is in bed. He walks three miles every day, and never works after 4 in the afternoon, and he is a strong and thoroughly healthy man.

An Austrian Pompeii has just been unearthed near Zara. Zara is the capital of the Austrian Province of Dalmatia. Thousands of coins of the Diocletian period and of other early times, rare specimens of Grecian and Roman sculpture and Byzantine architecture were discovered along the Dalmatian shores. Amphitheatres, temples, catacombs and other evidences of a busy and highly civilized community were unearthed.

An officer of a French regiment condemned several soldiers for breaches of discipline to run for three hours, carrying their rifles and full equipments. A corporal named Vallad, at the end of two hours, fell down exhausted. The sergeant wished to let him rest, but the superior officer insisted that he be made to get up and finish his task, saying that he should run until he dropped dead. The corporal got up and shot himself dead with his rifle.

A Very Old Fashion Revived.

The idea of "thumb rings," to which I alluded some little time ago, has become an established fact, and jewellers are showing broad bands of dull gold with a large jewel sunk deeply into them, designed to encircle that clumsy member, the thumb. The facts have been traced that Queen Elizabeth decorated her royal thumb with a ring, and the fashion revived during the reign of George II. Eccentricity is the keynote to jewelled ornaments, and the dainty woman who cannot bring her nerves into sufficient subjection to permit her wearing live, spider-like bugs as ornaments consoles herself with very realistic imitations. *September Table Talk.*

A Mixed Up Minister.

In an old Scottish Parish Church the minister was very deaf. One Sunday the precentor had to give out the intimations in the following order: New hymn books, baptisms, and other minor matters. But the precentor, commenced with the baptism first, saying: "There will be a public baptism here next Sunday, and parents will give in their names during the week." The minister, thinking he was intimating about the hymn books, said: "And parents who have not got them will kindly come to the vestry after this service. Small ones, 1d.; large ones, 2d.; red backed ones, 3d."

—The use of unusual words and foreign phrases is no more a proof of culture than the wearing of a flannel shirt is that a man does his own washing. Both are mere surface indications of what is possible.

"Have you paid any attention to the controversy about marriage as a failure."

"Yes, considerable. But marriage is a success."

"What makes you think so?"

"My wife's late uncle left her $10,000.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A WESTERN paper, in deprecating the statement that most criminals are illiterate, says that in Massachusetts nearly all forgeries are committed by well-educated men and women. How could an unlettered man commit a forgery?

MITRE square, in which the last of the murders of the Whitechapel butcher was committed, is but a few blocks distant from the Bank of England. It is in the very heart of the business quarter. The greatest wealth and the greatest poverty thus exist side by side in the British metropolis.

A WOMAN was bathing in Cork harbor when the tide carried her out beyond her depth. She was in great danger of drowning when Miss Murphy, daughter of Ald. Murphy, of Cork, sprang in and succeeded in dragging her on to a rock in the harbor. There the two were compelled to stay until some men on the cliffs saw them, and, swimming out, brought them safely to shore.

A NOVEL means of suicide has just been tried in Chicago. Mrs. C. J. Delon, a widow, is the inventor of the process. The other evening she committed suicide by running a rubber tube from an open gas jet to a sort of reservoir made by her bed clothing. When the reservoir was full of gas Mrs. Delon put her head under the bed clothes and was immediately overcome by the gas. She had been in poor health for some time.

THE "beauty" show at Spa, Belgium, appears not to have been a brilliant success. After a postponement there were only twenty competitors. Several girls, including one from Poland, were prevented from attending by their parents at the last moment. The prize of ten thousand francs, it is thought, will be secured by a Guadaloupe Creole named Smucaret. A Parisian and a Swede have also a fair chance.

IT is not generally known that Miss Harriet Fraser, the only survivor of the late Simon Fraser, the discoverer of British Columbia, is still living at St. Andrews, in Stormont County. Fraser began his memorable explorations in 1792, and died at St. Andrews in 1862. He was offered a knighthood for his services, but was forced to decline through stress of circumstances, and left his family quite poor. Sir John has been applied to for help to the last bearer of the honored name.

AMONGST the many startling disclosures with which scientific investigation has made us familiar, one of the most extravagant is the discovery according to which the nose is said to be gradually losing its power to discharge its traditional function in the case of the civilized people. When the sense of smell vanishes altogether—as, it is affirmed, will infallibly be the case one day—the organ itself is bound to follow its example sooner or later. It is, no doubt, a fact that the olfactory sense is much keener in the savage than in the civilized man, and it is reasonable to conclude that the more we progress in civilization the duller the sense will grow, and as nature never preserves useless organs, when the nose loses its power of smelling, the nose "must go."

Two young women coming towards Memphis, Tenn., from a town in Alabama were put off the train the other night at a small station outside the city on suspicion of being refugees from the plague-stricken district. Their trunks were pitched off after them. It was almost dark, and rain was falling heavily. They sought shelter in the only house near at hand, but were refused admittance. There was a number of white people and negroes in the place, but only one would approach them. He got them two chairs, and they sat out in the rain until they could induce a negro to take them into Memphis. They had to pay him five dollars. On the way in they were met by some men who threatened to arrest the negro if he did not take the women back. Their pleadings finally prevailed, and they were permitted to enter the city. This is only an instance of the discomfort and peril that spring from the dread of letting the yellow fever get within the limits of the southern towns.

THE London *Daily Telegraph* has wound up its long series of columns and columns of letters written in reply to the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" The paper has received 27,000 letters on the subject, and while most of them were bosh, the *Telegraph's* conclusions drawn from the lot probably voices fairly well the English idea. It says: "The consensus of letters is overwhelmingly strong against early marriages. Our law ought, we think, to forbid marriage to young men under 21 and to young women under 19. Among the working classes especially this would produce, we believe, an excellent effect. Then, also, it is clear to our mind that the law of divorce must be enlarged to permit dissolution of marriage for desertion, for lunacy, for confirmed inebriety, for conviction of disgraceful crimes, as likewise for established incompatibility of temper and temperament, such as a just and prudent judge would admit to be adequate. That the marriage service as it stands calls also for alteration has been abundantly demonstrated by these letters, and the sooner His Grace the Primate finishes with the Athanasian creed and turns his attention to passages in that service which shock young minds and disconcert older ones the better."

A Boston woman made the tour of Europe and came home and never even mentioned it to her most intimate friend. Dumb? Ah! You've struck it.

One of the last pension bills vetoed was that of an Indian woman, who claimed that her son and support was killed in the army. It was shown that he enlisted for bounty, deserted, died a natural death twenty years after, and that she had a husband.—*Detroit Free Press*

—It is easier to manage and marshal 100 men than to control one woman when her mind is set the other way.

It requires just double the power to propel a steamship twenty miles an hour that it does to drive the same vessel sixteen miles an hour.

—There is a policeman in Boston who has carried his club for fourteen years and has never struck anything but attitudes in all that time.

—Boys who think they know more than their fathers out to be encouraged to run away from home for a couple of weeks, in order to learn that pies do not grow on trees.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Monkey skin for muffs and trimmings will be more popular than ever.

The Empress of Austria, though a famous horsewoman, is rather nervous about horses she does not know.

A discussion of the Malthusian theory elicited the statement that clergymen, as a rule, have the largest families.

Ladies' maids can now be hired in New York by the evening or the hour. Some skilful dressers have a large number of clients.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," is a slight woman with a colorless face, dark hair, large nose, and small but piercing black eyes.

The Duchess of Wellington is lame and has to use a crutch. She is considered beautiful and is very fond of birds, of which she has a large collection.

Guiletta Dionesi is a girl 10 years old. She plays the violin and interprets works of the greatest musicians in a way that arouses the wildest enthusiasm in Italy.

A bunch of flowers above the forehead is almost as much used to fasten bridal veils as the jewelled clasps so much affected in New York, and the fashion is really in much better taste.

Little Josef Hofmann says he is not much disappointed because he is not coming to America this year; "but," he adds, "I should like to see the pretty ladies again." The rogue!

The Virginia story-writer is still a celebrity; for as yet the killing frost has not fingered the quick-come flowers of her fame. Therefore the following description of the lady in question is of interest:

"Who," asks the Buffalo *Express*, "has heard of a woman cashier or clerk or private secretary embezzling her pockets full and skipping to Canada? It is about time that the superior honesty of the woman in business should be recognized and rewarded.

It seems now as if the reigning winter bonnet would match the lightest tint of the street frock or cloak, and would be trimmed with black velvet, with black strings. This style is very generally becoming, although rather sombre, and black "hulls" some of the new greens and some of the new reds completely.

The Chicago *Tribune* has been undertaking an inquiry on its on account as to the fate of divorced women, and states that 75 per cent. of these persons marry within a year. The inference is that re-marrying is the principal object for which divorces are generally sought and is an evil resulting from the too easy divorce laws.

According to the Boston *Transcript*, yellow is the color which seems to have revealed itself to the novelist of to-day, although some very pretty cream colored frocks are wandering through the pages of current fiction, and pretty Rose in "Robert Elsmere" has a multiplicity of frocks, each one exceedingly esthetic. After yellow will come green, probably, and then the red velvet and silk will return to the old familiar round.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler is a beautiful woman, and in that unique particular the stories floating about in regard to her are true. She has the kind of beauty that both men and women admire. A wealth of golden hair—the very shade that hair bleachers would give the world to copy—worn in a loose knot on the back of the neck and in fluffy pompadour curls in front; large brown eyes, the expressive kind, and, most unusual of all—that is, with blonde hair—the blackest and longest of lashes; eyebrows only a little darker than the hair, therefore Mrs. Chanler must always escape the accusation of dyeing hers; a fresh complexion which is enhanced instead of disfigured by the tiny mole on her right cheek, and teeth which even ivory cannot match. If smiles and a pleasant, cordial manner denote amiability, then Mrs. Chanler has that virtue, for in spite of having been deluged with interviews all day yesterday she submitted once more to a list of questions.

A Droll Appeal for a Holiday.

The following letter, says the *Pioneer*, has been received in a local office in India:—"Honoured Sir,—With every preponderance of due respects I humbly beg to state that by your honour's favour my wife begotten a girl five years ago, and when all hope vanished for a male child for the inheritance of my progenitor's names, I was got a son one year ago, and forasmuch it behoves all Hindus men to offer all male child to our deity for his future growth and prosper in after life when he gains his manhood. I beg your kind honour will allow me two months' leave to visit Jugernath's Shrine, which will cost very much moneys. Also by some opportuno I will make arrange for my daughter's matrimony, if not my caste brethern will not let me join in fellowship. For these latters expenditures 500 rupees will be required—namely, half to be given to bride's bridegroom, as is our customs. Now your honour if Congress promoters would manifestly do their duties trouble. No one making any arrange for poor to the country then why I give your honour men's hardships by which deleterious and abominable customs be abrogated as how can poor man pay such large sums for daughter's matrimony; moreover if he is not pay then he is made objectionable man and outcasted from all fellowship in caste. I therefore beg your kind honour will have consideration on my case and order Khazanchi to pay 25 rupees from my pay to B——D.——until my full some of 250 rupees I am borrow from him be discharged. For this kindness of act, I bless your honour and bless your honour's body will begotten 1 000 sons who will live to be Methusalehs and be vigorous, healthy and forcible as Goliath."

She Would Rule by Love.

Belva Lockwood, having visited the Capitol, at Washington, the other day, was plied with questions by several of her Congressional friends as to the course she would pursue if the fortunes of politics should place her in the Presidential chair. Finally, it is related, Mr. Morrow, of California, said: "But you couldn't be commander-in-chief of the armies. How would you arrange that?" Mrs Lockwood thereupon shook her finger archly at her questioner and replied sweetly: "I would dismiss the armies and rule by love."—*Rochester Democrat.*

THE ADVANCE.

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Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, OCT. 18, 1888.

ON FALL SHOWS.

With the advent of fall shows it is a pertinent question to ask, what is their position at the present day? Are they deteriorating in excellence? Is the interest taken in them as keen as it was a few years ago? Do the large exhibitons tend to centralize the attention of the farmers upon them alone? To the first of these queries we would say: The position which the township fall show holds is that of a local competitive outlet for the enterprising farmer or manufacturer who aims to excel in his particular branch. It opens up a way whereby he can make the superiority of his wares known, locally, and commands for him the attention and emulation of his fellow workers. In this manner new varieties and a better class of grain and roots are introduced; a warmer degree of competition engendered, and the first-prize farmer has no difficulty in disposing of his merchandise at a considerably advanced figure over those who do not attempt to produce and show to the people a superior article. Query two. We do not think so. In some classes, such as implements and cattle, in this section at least, there may be a slight falling off. Yet taking everything into consideration, we do not note any diminution in the excellence of the general exhibits during the last twelve years; in fact there is a distinct improvment, most notable on fruit. Query three: We are loth to acknowledge that there does not appear to be quite the same interest taken that there was formerly. We do not maintain that this is caused by the attractions of large fairs, as some have held, but mainly to a sad spirit of jealous rivalry which is always the bane of any public or private undertaking where it shows itself; partly, and in fact largely to unjust or careless decisions on the part of judges and other small matters of neglect or partiality. These all tend to disgust exhibitors, as well as spectators. We hold that none but the most competent, consistent, and upright judges should be appointed for the purpose; and herein lies the great secret of success. In answering this query we have answered the fourth. The local show is a necessity, and should be fostered by our farmers. Its decadence would work an evil which, it will be hard to remedy, and if allowed to die, will injure the farmer more than he imagines.

The editor of the Dundalk Herald inflicts upon his readers a two-and-a half column editorial, dealing with a little private business venture which he had with a literary gentleman named Phillips. Mr. Phillips desired to write up the village of Dundalk in the same manner that Flesherton was written up in this paper last week, but Mr. Spurr did not see any material benefit to be derived from such an act, and eventually refused to have anything to do with Monsieur Phillips. In his long article the editor conveys the idea that this latter gentleman is a fraud of the deepest dye. Now we have nothing to say as to Mr. Phillips actions in Dundalk. All we can offer in rebuttal is this: Mr. Phillips came to us with the same offer that he made the Dundalk editor, and although we saw that it would not pay us financially, we thought it would be a good thing for the town and told him to go ahead. He treated us honorably and dealt in none of the underhanded scheming which Mr. Spurr accuses him of. And yet, for one reason simply, we are sorry that we had anything to do with Mr. Phillips, and that is this: We could have done better justice to the scheme ourselves; there was too much mechanical grinding out of sterotyped flattery in the articles, and they did not meet with our approval, nor cover properly the proposed ground of a descriptive portrayal of the business facilities of our favored village. This was the only fault we had to find with Mr. Phillips, and yet it is a very grave one—so grave that we would advise our brother publishers to discourage Mr. Phillips should he lay his scheme before them, as he is not really competent for the work. Neither is any stranger competent who drops into a town and attempts to write it up without any familiarity with the subject matter of which he has to deal.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The shotguns were well tried on Monday, Oct. 1st, when a shooting match took place. Captains, James Lawrence and Wm. Stewart jr. led the battle. Captain Stewart was victorious. Marks as follows: Stewart 1.750, Lawrence 1.495. A grand supper was then partaken of at Burritt's hotel.

The trustees of the Methodist Church contemplate fencing the Church lot, building a shed and repairing the Church for convenience of the choir. We hope they will not be backward in pushing the work, as it is very necessary to have these things done.

Mr. Heman Hurlbert, who has been farming near Thornbury, is moving into the village.

Mr. T. Lewis of Toronto, also thinks the country village is better for his trade, and will move here shortly.

A number of the boys left here morning, Oct. 9th, for the winter months. We wish the boys "every success."

[We owe our esteemed correspondent an apology for the non-appearance of his letter last week. Something had to be sacrificed.—Ed Advance.]

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Dr. Kerr of this village has sold his practice to Dr. Scott. We are sorry to loose Dr. Kerr as he has been with us so long. Dr. Scott seems to be well liked wherever he has been.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston returned from their visit to their old home in Newboro' and vicinity.

W. Long returned the same week from his trip to Kingston. He is now very sick with intermittent fever, but we hope to soon see him around again.

Mr. James Sterling has been sick for some time. We hear he is slowly improving.

Mr Wm. Milne has sold his farm etc., and intends starting for Oregon very soon.

The Missionary service of the Methodist church was held on Sunday last. The Rev. Mr. Flint, of Ravenna, conducted the meeting. The meeting held on Tuesday evening was addressed by Mr. Flint, Mr. Roberts, of Meaford Road, and Mr. Leggott of Maxwell.

The services of the Methodist church are now held in the church near the parsonage. It having been decided to keep that one instead of the other.

Mr. C. M. Field of this village has opened up a tailor shop in Heathcote. We wish him every success there.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

On Wednesday, of last week, while Messrs. Warling and Walker were threshing with their steam thresher on the premises of Mr. Thomas Gilbert, the boiler exploded, badly frightening, but not seriously injuring any person. Mr. Warling was lacing the belt at the time, and received a slight blow with some of the flying debris. Portions of the boiler flew over the barn and other parts through it. Fire from the furnace flew all around, and set fire to the straw stack on the opposite side of barn from where the engine stood, but it was extinguished before getting any headway. The cause of the accident is unknown.

Hon. Jas. Patton, collector of Customs for the port of Toronto, died in his office of heart disease on Thursday evening last

A Handsome Present.

Subscribers to the Weekly Empire this year will receive a great sight more than value for their money. Each and every one will get a handsome bust of Canada's Premier, Sir John A. Mcdonald. It stands eleven inches high, and is an exceedingly faithful likeness of a man who has been one of the most remarkably successful politicians of our age. Aside from its political associations, it is a memento which should grace every Canadian home, irrespective of party. The Empire will please accept our thanks for a sample of the bust. Those who would care to examine the bust may do so at this office.

The Christian Test.

Sunday morning last Rev. J. W. Shilton read for his morning lesson Romans, the twelfth chapter. That is a chapter which may be studied to advantage by every professing Christain and those who make no such pretensions as well. We do not dare sit as judge upon our fellow men, but are constrained to believe that if the stature laid down by Paul in this chapter must be attained by every Christian, a large number of our old church members and officials are still in the Liliputian stage of development How many of them really obey that mandate, "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath;" "Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink!"

A Clever Capture.

News reached here on Monday, of a clever capture of a burglar at Holland Centre on Sunday morning. The facts appear as follows: A young man who was coming home very early on that morning observed a light in Price's store, and thinking that all was not right he quietly alarmed a number of the residents, when they surrounded the store and surprised the busy burglar in the act. He was handcuffed and taken to Owen Sound. Two of his pals, who were supposed to be watching outside, were engaged at the time in trying to burglarize another store in the vicinity and escaped. We have been unable to gather the name which the culprit gave, but he is a professional, and expressed great disgust at being collared in so small a hamlet, when he had always escaped in many large cities where he has plied his trade.

Markdale's Plum.

The respective committees of the township of Artemesia and village of Markdale, appointed to arrange financial matters between Artemesia and the newly incorporated village, met at Dr. Christoe's office, Flesherton, on Friday last. There were present on behalf of Artemesia the reeve, Dr. Christoe, and Mr. McArthur; the other member of committee not putting in an appearance. Mr. J. McFarland, reeve, and Wm. Brown, Esq., appeared for Markdale. The following settlement was arrived at, viz., Markdale to receive $128, being nearly four cents in the dollar of the total assets of the township, and is to receive at the same rate its proportion of non-resident taxes in Co. Treasures hands at time of its incorporation. It is also provided that in case the Township is entitled to any government grant at or before incorporation of Markdale, it is to receive its share at the same rate unless the amount be settled by government.

The Little Mill.

A mile and a half from Flesherton, in the romantic valley of the Boyne, stands "the little mill," a name which has been familiar in the surrounding country for many years. When first built by Mr. Plewes it was not the commodious building of to-day, hence its distinguishing title. It continued for some years to be the favorite resort of farmers with grain, as it had secured for itself an enviable name for honest tolls and excellent flour. Then it deteriorated to a certain extent until within the last year or so, when Mr. P. Loucks purchased it and proceeded at once to make it as popular as ever it was in the palmy days of years ago. Mr. Loucks is a first-class, conscientious miller, we believe, and the large business which he is working up denotes this fact clearly. Farmers come from many miles away, to prove the quality of flour turned out by "the little mill," and they always come again. We had the pleasure of examining thoroughly this ancient and historical mill one day last week, and Mr. Loucks, the gentlemanly proprietor, has our congratulations upon the successful business which he has worked up among the farming community. His advertisement will give you all the technical facts.

An extensive mail robbery was committed in Buffalo on Thursday night.

James F. Farley was found guilty of murder at Peterboro' Friday and was sentenced to be hanged on Nov. 8.

Over sixty people were killed by a collision on the Lehigh Valley railway on Wednesday night.

The greatly-feared smallpox epidemic is not likely to strike Toronto this year, as the patients in the hospital are rapidly recovering and no new cases have been reported Compulsory vaccination, however, is still continued.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of W. T. McKee, Lot 38 Con. 6, Artemesia, two steers, one black and the other red, 2 years old. The black one was found dead on the road near my premises. The red one is now at my place, and the owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses.

NOTICE.

Having disposed of my business to Mr. Geo. Blackburn, I desire to publicly express my thanks to the people of Flesherton and vicinity for their heartily support and patronage in the past, and would bespeak for them a continuation of the same to my successor.

STEPHEN SPIRIT.

Flesherton, Oct. 10, 1888

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having purchased the flour, feed and grocery business of Mr. Stephen Spirit, I would say that it will be my aim to cater to the public in a manner that will retain for the business the reputation which it has hitherto had for fair and satisfactory dealings with customers.

The public's servant.

GEO. BLACKBURN.

Flesherton, Oct. 16, 1888.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

GALOPS DIVISION.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, THE 30TH DAY OF OCTOBER INSTANT, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ready for examination at this office and at the Lock-Keepers house, Galops, on and after TUESDAY, THE 16TH DAY OF OCTOBER INSTANT, where forms of tender may be obtained by Contractors on personal application.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $6,000 MUST accompany the tender for the works.

The respective DEPOSITS RECEIPTS—cheques will not be excepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 11th October, 1888.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., Ont.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

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DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

Head Office, 761 Yonge St., Toronto.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, Flesherton.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

Flesherton, Co. Grey.

DIVISION COURT CLERK COMMISSIONER, C.B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of Lands. Appointed for C.L.C. Co. and F.P.B.&S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE.

Two very desirably located lots in the village of Flesherton. An excellent chance to secure a good site for a private residence.

Apply at once to GEO. KEEFER, Flesherton.

Or to J. GEO. KEEFER, Forest, Ont.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at the... P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot o

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✝ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

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M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✝ **A Pleasant Cure.**

HEATH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment.

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

The Effect of Alcohol on the System.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR,—At this advanced period of the nineteenth century, almost everyone has become thoroughly familiar with the different phases of the temperance question as presented by the vast army of ministers, temperance lecturers and such like who have been engaged in this laudable work for generations past. Yet, notwithstanding the fact, there is still much, that to a great number of your readers will prove quite new, and we hope interesting as well. It has been conceded on all sides, that intemperance is a great social evil. Men will tell you it is a social evil because it fills our jails and our prisons with its victims; because it converts the mild and loving parent into a veritable fiend; because it sows poverty and pauperism broadcast over the length and breadth of our land; Now sir, while these evils wrought through intemperance are momentous in the extreme, we consider them but trivial when compared with the great force it exerts in degenerating and obliterating those higher powers of intellect and physical organization for which the human family has been noted throughout the generations that are now lost in the decades of years.

We hold, that alcohol has a tendency and a very great one, to lessen the mental and physical powers of the individual addicted, to the use of it. And not only does it weaken the physical organization of the person immediately using it, but of the coming generations of which that individual may be progenitor. It has been thoroughly established by scientific men, that there is not an organ, or delicate nerve, or membrane, or fluid vessel, that it does not hurt by contact, or deteriorate if the contact be continued. The heart, the seat of man's vitality, is especially subjected to an excess of strain so long as any alcohol remains in the system. Alcohol contains no food whatever, it is never digested, neither indeed can be, so continues to injure and disturb the vital organs until elimination takes place However, this is but one of the least of the evils which is the outcome of the presence of alcohol in the system. The changes and deteriorations of structure and in the condition of the blood which takes place in consequence of the presence of alcohol are of a vastly more serious character. The whole surface of the body, and every organ, muscle, nerve, blood-vessel, and even the bones are enveloped in coverings of membrane. Besides serving as bandages to hold every structure together in perfect order, these membranes are the filters of the blood. Every portion of matter taken into the system has to pass through these filters or membranes, and by them are arranged throughout the system so as to build up and give strength and energy to the whole human structure. Nothing can pass through these membranes that is not in a state of aqueous solution, so the solid portions taken into the system as food, must be chemically changed in order to pass through these filters. Moreover these membranes in order to fulfil their proper functions, must be charged with water even to saturation. Alcohol absorbs water freely, and commences to do so as soon as taken into the system, and thus the natural supply of water is drawn from the membranes and the result is they become thickened and shrunken and are greatly reduced in functional powers. The pulse becomes weakened, there is a sense of weariness, and the victim feels the slightest exercise to be a laborious toil. Following up this course of reasoning, we see that alcohol must naturally cause a relaxation or paralysis of the minute blood-vessels. This causes the heart to beat more quickly, and as every beat of the heart tends to force the blood through the arteries, every vessel becomes dilated and is held in a state of unnatural relaxation and unnatural tension. If this tension is continued a change of diameters in these vessels takes place, and soon the whole web-work of blood, upon which the organs of the body are constructed, is deranged. As stimulation goes on, the heart becomes enlarged, its exquisite values are drawn out of their fine proportion, the orifices are dilated, the walls of the ventricles are thickened, and the result is the membranous envelops becomes cartilageous, and even bony. Nature tries still into assert herself, but try as she will, the wearied heart give up, and the man dies, a victim to alcoholic poisoning. True, death does not always overtake its victim in this way. Sometimes the brain, the liver, or the lungs may be first to yield to the ravages of intemperance, or indeed, as is frequently the case, apoplexy may end the unequal contest.

Now sir, let us look for a moment at the effect of alcohol upon the liver. It is a well established fact, that the liver has a remarkable capacity for holding active substances in its cellular parts. Alcohol finds its way there very promptly; and with the free drinker of ardent spirits, it is almost continually saturated with it This has the effect of retarding free secretion and the passage of fluids. The organ at first enlarges from the distension of its vessels and the thickening of its tissues Afterwards there follows a contraction of membrane, and a gradual shrinking of the whole mass of the organ in its cellular parts. When the liver has become a shrunken, hardened mass, dropsy in the lower extremities appears, and the case becomes absolutely hopeless. Passing from the physical to the mental we come to the higher and more appalling forms of disaster which spring from the drinking customs of society. It is clear, that a substance which attacks and injures every functional structure in the body, must seriously effect that delicate and wonderful piece of mechanism, the brain. The moment you disturb this organ, you disturb the mind. Hurt the hand, or the foot, or almost any other organ of the body, and yet thoughts may remain clear, and the intellect balanced: but touch the brain—congest its finer blood-vessels, thicken its delicate membranes and impare the quality of the nervous matter they inclose, and deterioration of brain-structure has commenced, which if not arrested may terminate in insanity. Now sir, seeing that alcohol helps time to produce the effects of age: and that it is the genius of degeneration; that is fraught with the most prevalent and direful results to the mental and physical structure, is it any wonder, that at this stage in our Worlds History we have a new political party looming up on the horizon, to the cry of "Prohibition, Total Prohibition." May they grow, and expand, and spread their influence until it shall shake our fair Dominion from circumference to centre: until this small twig shall become a mighty tree, spreading its branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Arctic to the International.

Yours,
MARIETTA.

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVean, 392 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Notice to Contractors.

TIME WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates.

Tenders will be received until

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

By Order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 22nd September, 1888.

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

FLOUR, FLOUR!

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public

Satisfaction is guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

APPLES FOR SALE.

Choice apples for sale by
M. K. HAMMOND,
Postmaster Kimberley

WEEKLY EMPIRE

CANADA'S LEADING PAPER.

(Height, 11 inches.)

THE EMPIRE since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal: but, in order to place the **WEEKLY EDITION** in the hands of every Farmer in the Dominion this fall, the Publishers have had prepared a Handsome and Life-like Bust of

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

To be given to every subscriber to the **WEEKLY EMPIRE PAYING ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE.**

ONLY $1 PER ANNUM.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto

THE UNION PROPOSALS.

Senator Sherman on the Position of Canada and the States.

WHY HE FAVORS AMALGAMATION.

Closer Trade Relations Would Prevent Annexation.

OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

A New York Despatch says: The *Sun's* Washington special gives Senator Sherman's views on the Canadian question. The Senator said: Mr. Wiman has strong predilections for Commercial Union. I differ with him a good deal about it. I know of no case in history where Commercial Union has advanced political union. It was tried between this country and Canada twice and utterly failed. It was tried by the American colonies before the declaration of independence and utterly failed. It was not until they secured a political union under the name of a confederacy called the United States that they were able to make a stand against the parent country. Even that confederacy proved to be insufficient to secure Commercial Union, and so the United States formed a constitution, and then for the first time had a commercial and political union. Commercial Union followed political union. The Zollverein never promoted union in Germany. It promoted discord. There were treaties of all kinds between England and Scotland for centuries, but they never could unite those people until by accident the crowns of both countries fell upon one head. Therefore I think that these gentlemen, like my friend Butterworth, make a mistake when they look to Commercial Union as a road to political union. I think Commercial Union promotes points of difference, not points of union. From the scene of the fishery controversy clear to Vancouver's Island there are points of controversy that cannot be avoided by Commercial Union. The farmers of New York are in interest opposed to the farmers just opposite to them in Canada, although they are perfectly willing to unite with them. It is true, Commercial Union tends to increase trade, and yet political union is the only thing that can bring about absolute reciprocity of trade and communion of interests.

Do you think Canada is ready for political union now?

No, I suppose not. That can only come after long consideration. It cannot be hurried. In regard to negotiations I will say that no proposition has been made. The furthest anybody has ever proposed to go at this time is simply to express a willingness on the part of the United States to consider favorably political union. I make no secret or reserve as to my opinion of Canada. I have said for forty years that the political union of Canada and the United States was the inevitable destiny. When quite a young man I travelled in Canada, and last year I crossed the whole continent from Montreal to Vancouver, and know perhaps as much about it as any public man here.

Did you talk with politicians there?

I talked with members of Parliament. I dined with Sir Donald Smith at Montreal. I never saw Sir John Macdonald in Canada. I presume I have met him here, but I do not recall him. He is undoubtedly the great man of Canada. I think political union would be of mutual benefit to both countries, but of special benefit to Canada. The long boundary line of four thousand miles, half of which is an intangible line, and the other half water crossed daily by vessels of both countries, makes a union necessary or war inevitable. I do not say there is any feeling that would justify war, but the situation is much as it was between the Scotch and English. Wars grow out of trivial things. They do not grow out of emnities. They grow out of accidents. The line between Canada and the United States is incapable of fortification or defence, and custom houses are useless. As a matter of course any invading army would go around the forts. As for the custom houses. I know that a certain amount of smuggling is going on all the time. You cannot prevent it. I would not like to say what I know as having occurred. It is a matter of notoriety that they get liquors across the line. Now the trouble is less than ever, because our tariffs approximate. If you have exactly the same duty, the prices would be just the same, and nothing would be gained by smuggling. There are more than 1,000,000 native Canadians living in the United States, and citizens of the United States have more than $100,000,000 of capital invested in Canada. The similarity of the people in language, descent, habits and institutions make union easy and natural. The lines of commerce from Canada to this country are lines of longitude, not of latitude. The coal of Nova Scotia is shipped to New England and the anthracite of British Columbia is needed in California. Ohio sends her coal to Ontario cheaper than Nova Scotia or British Columbia can. The iron, copper, nickle, silver and lumber of Canada, north of the lakes, are more easily transported to populous regions like Chicago and Buffalo than in any other directions. They will not bear transportation to England, as the cost is too great. Canada wants our markets and the United States wants her natural resources. All the products of Manitoba and the Northwestern Territory naturally follow the valley into Minnesota and Dakota. It is a fight with nature to carry those products east or west over the mountains. The Maritime Provinces of Canada have their natural outlet and market in New England, which can furnish them capital and enterprise. The United States will find in these Provinces what the United States needs—a real nursery for seamen. The Provinces will fall heir to all the fisheries of New England without dispute or contention. I know of no Province or section but would gain largely by union, without losing any local advantage it now possesses.

What attitude would Great Britain pursue in case Canada wished to join us?

I think from a broad point of view England would get its compensating benefits. She has now practically renounced the allegiance of Canada. She recognizes the independence of Canada. It might be a great object for her to be relieved from the duty of defending and protecting the Dominion. Her commercial interests are not affected in the least, because Canada would use just as much of the British products as now, but they would be imported into our country. We are altogether, the largest consumers of British products. We are her best customer, and the union of Canada with the United States would only add to our trade with Great Britain. I am not in favor of union with Canada except by peaceful means, by making it the interest of both parties. I do not want to go to war to acquire territory. Territory acquired by war is worth nothing. What I would like to see is that the Provinces of Canada now organized in separate and distinct autonomies and having sufficient population should be represented in Congress, like our States. Then the jealousy and rivalry that now exist between Ontario and Quebec would disappear. We absorbed Louisiana with the French population. We took in Missouri with much of that population. We absorbed California with the Mexican-Spanish population, a more incongruous population than the French in Canada would be. The French-Canadians were friendly to this country at the time of the war of independence and they are now. Quebec would as readily adopt political union as Ontario.

Can there be any such thing as a partial acquisition of Canada, for instance of one of the Provinces?

I do not think Great Britain would consent to that. There would be greater difficulties to encounter by partial union than by a general union.

You are in opposition to the President on the Retaliatory Bill.

I am not in opposition to him. I differ with him. I think the retaliation measures probably will never be authorized and would never be put in force by the President if authorized, but the right of American fishermen to enter the ports of Nova Scotia and tranship their catch will always be insisted on, and every American of every party and every creed will think it is small and petty business to exclude the fishermen of America from entering Canadian ports, while we open our ports to all the nations of the world—black, white, barbarous and civilized—and Great Britain does the same. So long as that grievance exists it will lead to retaliation.

Is there a strong desire on the part of the United States for the peaceful acquisition of Canada and Mexico?

I do not think there is a very strong desire about it, but I think there is a willingness to agree to it. I think that expresses it. Senator Sherman further said: The public debt of Canada, $300 000,000, would not trouble us. Three years of the whiskey tax would pay it all.

JACK, THE RIPPER,

Threatening to Disembowel More Whitechapel Women.

A London cable says: Nothing that the newspapers can present to their readers receives any attention except the Whitechapel murders. Important political utterances which ordinarily would provoke general discussion are unread, and continental affairs of vital interest to England are thrust aside as of no consequence whatever. The police have adopted the theory that the letter and postal card signed "Jack, the Ripper," sent to the Central News a week ago Thursday, emanated from the actual murderer. Fac similes of the letter and card are posted in every police station and upon every dead wall, accompanied by a paragraph begging any person recognizing the writing to communicate with Gen. Sir Charles Warren, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan police. The Central News received another communication from "Jack, the Ripper," Saturday afternoon, announcing his intention to commit more murders that night, and upon the strength of this the police have ordered every man on duty and are assisted by hundreds of amateur detectives. The reign of terror which has prevailed in the Whitechapel district during the past week still continues.

AN ODD WEDDING.

She Can't Speak Russian and Her Husband Can't Speak English.

A Detroit despatch says: The marriage of Baron Barthod Hoyningen Huene, first lieutenant of the Regiment of Chevaliers Guides of Her Majesty the Empress of Russia, to Miss Annie Lothrop, eldest daughter of George V. N. Lothrop, recently Minister to Russia, took place at St. Paul's Church last evening. The edifice was filled with the friends of the family. Following the ceremony Mrs. Lothrop held a brilliant reception.

Baron Huene is the descendant of a German family long settled in Russia. He is 30 years old. Miss Lothrop is very beautiful, and her father is one of Detroit's millionaires, besides being the leader of the Michigan bar. The betrothal only occurred a few weeks ago in London, and the young couple have been acquainted but a comparatively short time. The bride does not speak Russian nor the bridegroom English.

A Cradle for a Coffin.

Mrs. Ruth Hull, of Wallingford, whose greatest wish was to be buried in a coffin made from a cradle in which she was rocked when a babe, died Thursday afternoon at the age of 74. The coffin was made from the cradle two weeks ago and taken to her residence while she was confined to her bed. Since then she has had it kept in her room. She seemed to take much pleasure in it. It was her idea to have the coffin made a number of years ago and use it as a lounge. Her dying wish was that no funeral services be held nor any minister attend.

Thirty ostriches, which arrived at Marseilles from Algeria, were being placed in the train for Paris, when a man endeavored to pluck some feathers out of one of the "birds of the desert." He immediately received a kick from the ostrich which killed him on the spot.

Caution!—"I was gane to axe ye, Donald, if ye'd lend me a half-croon." 'Eh, mon; I've got but one lendin' half-croon, an' that's oot just at present."

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

Arrest of an American Charged with the Crimes—New York Mad Doctors Give Their Views on the Matter.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: An American, who refused to give his name or any account of himself, but who said that he had only recently arrived from New York, was arrested at 11 o'clock last night on suspicion of being the Whitechapel murderer. He is well dressed, rather tall, of slight build, and clean shaven. He accosted a woman in Whitechapel, and asked her to go with him, and threatened if she refused to "rip her up." The woman screamed and the man rushed to a cab. The police gave chase, seized the man, and took him to the Lemon Street Police Station, where he exclaimed to the inspector in charge: "Are you the boss? I guess I am in a pretty fix now." He was placed in a cell and will probably be charged to-morrow.

WHAT DR. HAMILTON THINKS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—New York has become a great whispering gallery since the latest news about the Whitechapel butcheries. These awful crimes are becoming the general topic of conversation. Lawyers, detectives, judges and doctors wrangle over theories. All agree in denouncing the London police.

"I can conceive of these crimes being one only by an insane person," said Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the well-known alienist, "and they were very probably committed by a man belonging to a class of insane persons known as *piquers*. It is a form of insanity manifested by a variety of impulsive desires to do mischief, such as to destroy property and cut and mutilate. With this condition is associated a homicidal tendency, and a state of sexual aberration."

"Assuming the murderer to be a madman, what is his probable mental condition now?"

"Oh, he is probably reading the news paper accounts of the murders and enjoying it, going all over the crimes again in his imagination. But he may belong to another class of lunatics who have awful spells of remorse, and who only kill when the impulse seizes them. He may suffer great mental anguish. There is another class of lunatics whose lust is excited by the personal peculiarities of their victims, who will be seized with a fury on seeing a woman with a peculiar kind of hair or a peculiar figure. In these Whitechapel cases there are strong signs of sexual aberration in the manner of mutilation. I think the murderer will do a great deal more killing. The more he gives way to his passion the more pleasure it is likely to give him. His mental condition at the time he sheds his victim's blood is one of extreme exhilaration."

"You have spoken as though you assumed the murderer to be a man; might it not have been a woman?"

"It is very, very improbable. Women who suffer from the form of insanity that the defilement of these bodies indicates do not commit homicide."

DR. SPITZKA'S THEORY.

Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, who is known far and wide as a tireless and advanced investigator of mental diseases, also believes that if the cabled stories of the Whitechapel murders are true, the murderer is probably a lunatic, and a man, not a woman.

"How do you suppose he manages to cut the throats and mutilate the trunks of these women without covering himself with blood, so as to make detection certain?"

"It could be done by making a sudden pass at the throat from behind, but it is a very difficult operation, requiring great practice. This man is probably educated, but I hardly think he is refined. That he knows something about surgery is, I think, pretty certain. The fact that he is able to slay his victims so quickly and effectively and to disembowel them in such a short time points in that direction. Then in all but one case he has removed the same organ from the body and taken it away with him. To find and cut out this organ would be a difficult thing for a layman. The madman probably has put these specimens in alcohol, and is thrilled with pleasure when he gloats over them or perhaps he has eaten them."

"What will be the probable effect of a continued exemption from detection upon the brute who is terrorizing Whitechapel? Will he grow bolder?"

"He may, and yet it is not impossible that he may suddenly subside and be heard of no more. He may become overgratified. He very likely has exhausted himself till he is capable of no other form of pleasure, and from too great indulgence may become even incapable of that. In Westphalia three or four years ago a man killed thirteen innocent country girls and defiled their bodies by mutilation to gratify the same extraordinary passion or fury that has in all likelihood inspired the Whitechapel crimes. They were all stabbed in the back in the same way. He suddenly ceased, and no one has ever discovered who he was. He was satiated."

Horace Davenport's $15.

"We have received to-day the biggest contribution to the yellow fever fund that has yet been made," said Secretary English, of the Mayor's office, last evening. "It was from Horace Davenport, of the Board of Trade, bootblack, who brought in $15 as his gift. The $15 represents his entire earnings for last week. Where is another gift that can equal it? No millionaire has done so generous an act as the lad who shines the shoes for millionaires. His is an act that will 'shine' long after he has laid away his brush and 'kit.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Swimming.

Albert Death is the name of a swimmer who recently undertook to beat time in a race from the Queen's Road Bridge, Dalston, to the locks in the canal, an unmeasured distance. Death swam in ordinary street attire, and this is what made the race interesting. He covered the distance, beating time nearly four minutes. He now offers to swim any man in the world, fully dressed. Death is 40 years old, and weighs 154 pounds.

Sugar barrels are no longer wasted. They are bought at second hand and broken up; the staves are then washed, packed in bundles and sent back to the West Indies at a profit, to be rehooped.

DASHED TO THE GROUND.

Over a Hundred People Injured at a Church Dedication—The Walls Give Way and a Temporary Floor Falls.

A Reading (Pa.) despatch says: Over 100 people injured is the record of an accident which took place yesterday afternoon during the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Polish Catholic Church in this city. Previous to the ceremony of the corner-stone laying there was a street parade, participated in by all the Catholic societies of this city and adjoining places. Probably 7,000 people gathered at the site of the church in the afternoon to witness the ceremonies. About 1,000 were crowded on a temporary floor laid on the joists and walls of the edifice, which had been carried up one story. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, arrived in the morning and personally conducted the ceremony, assisted by the priests of the three Catholic churches here. After the corner-stone had been laid Father Libichi, pastor of the congregation, arose to speak, and had hardly commenced his remarks when the newly constructed walls gave way and one-fourth of the floor fell with an awful crash, precipitating 200 people to the ground a distance of from fifteen to eighteen feet. Men, women and children were thrown into a confused mass, with joists, brick, stone and mortar on top of them. The excitement was intense, but willing hands at once commenced the work of extricating the unfortunates, many of whom had to be carried out and placed in neighboring houses, where their injuries were attended to, and they were then removed to their homes or to the hospital. It was fully two hours before the wounded were all cared for. It is said that several children are still missing. Nine are very badly hurt and may die, and fourteen others had limbs broken. The remainder are not very seriously hurt.

REMARKABLE CAVE FOUND

Near Lake Mindemoya, on the Manitoulin Island.

A Providence Bay despatch says: On the 21st of September, as Rev. William Schroeder, of Carnarvon; Messrs. J. C. Evans, of Puslinch, and Daniel Hagey, of Woodstock, were fishing on Lake Mindemoya, the latter-named gentleman took a stroll on shore and discovered a cave 78 feet in length and 11 feet width, with an arched ceiling of sufficient height for standing room. There are also two beautiful domes, formed by some freak of nature, in the limestone rock. Two branch passages on the left of the entrance have since been found, one of them over 130 feet in length, which cannot be explored in an upright position. Several skeletons, in a fair state of preservation, were grouped near the entrance. One of the skulls had the appearance of having been perforated by a rifle bullet, others crushed by some blunt instrument. It has been learned that some of the present Indian population discovered this cave, with its silent inmates, over 30 years ago, but had no knowledge as to how the skeletons came there. None of the white settlers knew of it, and it is to them a source of wonder and astonishment. Nothing besides the skeletons was found except a broken arrow-head, a shell ornament and a large quantity of fish scales. It is situated on the farm of Martin Buck, second concession of the township of Carnarvon.

BEATEN TO DEATH.

A Woman, Horribly Abused, Dies From Her Injuries.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: On Wednesday last Coroner Ross, of St. Andrews, held an inquest on the body of Mrs. John Naylor, who was beaten to death in her house, five miles from Clarendon Station, on the New Brunswick Railway. The finding of the jury was that deceased came to her death from blows inflicted by some persons unknown. Two men of a fishing party lodged at Naylor's on Friday night of last week, and while there they had several drinks. This is all that was known of the occurrence until the following Saturday afternoon, when the woman was found lying in an insensible condition a few yards from the house. She died on Sunday morning. It is alleged that the woman was indecently treated and so badly beaten that she died from the injuries received. The whole of her body when discovered was discolored, and tufts of hair from her head were found on the floor and in the bed. The neighbors have demanded an investigation and another inquiry will be had. The woman's husband was arrested this morning by the deputy-sheriff of St. Andrew's and is now in custody. He is believed to be in part responsible for the death of his wife.

Death is Painless.

The act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering; is really unconscious, insensibility always preceding it, says the "Forum" for October. Any anguish that may attend mortal illness ceases before the close, as thousands who have recovered, after hope had been surrendered, have borne witness. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to the effect are numberless.

Customs Decisions.

The following decisions were rendered by the Board of Customs of the Dominion last month:

"Appleton's Railway Guide," 6c per lb. and 20 per cent.

Coffee and cream, sweetened, condensed in tins, 1½c per lb. and 35 per cent.

Cottolene, a substitute for lard, 2c. per lb.

Inland Printer, Chicago, 6c. per lb. and 2 per cent.

Leatheroide, a manufacture of paper, 35 per cent

Oxide of iron, dry, 20 per cent.

Painted cotton netting, an imitation of wire cloth, 5c. per square yard and 15 per cent.

Pearl collar buttons or studs, 25 per cent.

Tin foil labels, printed, 15c. per lb. and 25 per cent.

Tin whisk holders, lacquered, 25 per cent.

The growing utility of celluloid in the arts is having a marked effect in lowering the price of ivory, notwithstanding the yearly decrease in the output of the latter.

DR. MACKENZIE AS AN AUTHOR.

His New Book Certain to Create a Great Sensation.

A London cable says: Dr. Mackenzie is heavily handicapped. He has been absolutely debarred from obtaining any copies of official documents, while free access to them is allowed his adversaries. At the very last moment he was compelled by certain august personages to suppress the reproduction of an autograph statement of Emperor Frederick, which reflected on the conduct of Prof. Bergmann in the strongest possible language. The twenty illustrations which appear will doubtless excite a great deal of interest. The most important are the carefully prepared diagrams showing that Prof. Bergmann made a false passage. The various stages of the growth in the patient's throat are illustrated by wood cuts. The book may be roughly divided into a narrative of the medical controversy and statistics. In the first chapter is a graphic description of the first consultation at the Kron Prinz palais. The historical portion concludes with the death-bed scene. The second part will principally interest the medical profession. In the third, Dr. Mackenzie proves almost inevitably the fatal consequence of thyrotomy. In the ninth chapter is an eloquent sketch of the personal character of the Emperor. Dr. Mackenzie has labored under countless difficulties, but no medical work is ever likely to cause so profound a sensation. He dedicates it to no one, but has chosen the pungent motto from Shakspeare: "What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou find to hide thee from thy open and apparent shame?"

MURDEROUS TOOTH-PULLING.

Revolting Revelations at a Nova Scotia Inquest.

A Halifax (N S.) despatch says: The inquest on the body of Mrs. Wm. Selig, at Caledonia, Queen's county, shows that she died under revolting circumstances. She was in a delicate state of health, and had the whole of her teeth extracted by Dr. Andrews under the influence of ether. The woman's wrists were held by her husband while Dr. Andrews drew out her teeth. She struggled very hard before she went under the influence of the drug. When seven teeth had been pulled out she began to struggle and said: "I am awake now; don't take any more teeth out." Her husband let go his wife's hands, when Dr. Andrews said in an angry tone: "D—— it, hold her hands." The husband did so, and two or three more teeth were pulled out. Subsequently pieces of teeth were extracted from the gums. Mrs. Selig complained that her gums hurt her, and Dr. Andrews, after hesitating, gave her "something to ease the pain," by injecting a fluid into her arm with a needle, remarking at the time: "Why do I have it if I don't use it?" After that the woman said she felt sleepy, and Dr. Andrews said she'd be as bright as a button in the morning, and he went to bed. Mrs. Selig moaned piteously, soon became unconscious and died shortly after midnight.

A SAD FATE.

The Terrible Sufferings of a Young Man Crushed by a Tree.

A Montreal despatch says: A peculiarly sad case came under the notice of the Notre Dame Hospital authorities on Saturday week. Ovila Gauthier, a 23-year old man from Vaudreuil, was almost crushed by a pine tree falling upon him at Riviere des Lievres, 32 miles north of Le Ferme des Pins, near Buckingham, Que. His fellow-laborers picked him up, put him on an improvised litter and carried him 32 miles, camping in the woods during the night amid torrents of rain. At 10 o'clock on Monday morning they arrived at Le Ferme des Lievres, where a physician could not be got to dress the poor man's wounds. His agony was intense, but his friends could do absolutely nothing for him. Drenched by the rain, they had to proceed by the river in canoes, making two portages of considerable length. On Tuesday evening they finally reached Buckingham, where a physician attended to some of the injuries and others he pronounced already past a cure. They arrived here in the city on Wednesday evening and proceeded to Vaudreuil, where the young man's parents live. Finally, as the physicians there could not do anything for him, he was taken to Notre Dame Hospital on Friday morning, where it was found that gangrene had set in in one of his legs. The last rites of the Church were administered and the poor fellow is not expected to live.

FATALLY MANGLED BY THE CARS.

The Body Robbed by Brother Tramps, Who Decamp.

A Montreal despatch says: A horrible accident occurred on the C P R. yesterday morning by which a man whose name is at present unknown lost his life. Shortly after the Ottawa express for Montreal passed Lachute three men were noticed walking on the track. The engineer whistled and rang the bell. Two of the men left the track, but the third kept on walking, paying no attention to the danger signals. An endeavor was then made to stop the train, but too late, and the unfortunate man was run over and his head and one arm completely severed from his body. The train was running at the time forty miles an hour and could not be stopped for some distance. It was backed up to the scene of the tragedy, where the two companions of the victim was seen rifling the pockets of the deceased and had even removed the boots from his feet. On the approach of the train hands the pair made off into the woods. The remains of the unfortunate were gathered up and laid at the side of the track to be sent for and brought to Lachute later on. The deceased and his companions were evidently tramps.

The Obliging Editor.

Facetious Visitor in Newspaper office (to Editor)—May I use your brains a moment? Editor My brains? Visitor (smilingly picking up scissors)—Yes, sir. Only a moment. I want to— Editor (with great cordiality)—Certainly you may. Use them as long as you please. Always glad to furnish brains to a man who hasn't any.

There is only one sure way to stop a small boy from asking questions, and that way is not satisfactory if you have any further use for the boy.—*Journal of Education.*

THE BALLOON BURST.

How the Most Experienced Æronaut in the World Met His Death.

The coroner's inquiry into the death a few days ago in Essex, England, of the famous æronaut Simmons has brought out a singular feature of the accident by which he lost his life and his two companions were dangerously injured, and indicates a new danger in ballooning. The evidence shows that the accident, which followed an attempt to land, during which the anchor was caught in a toll, was caused by the bursting of the balloon. The silk was unusually large and correspondingly heavy, but it was not ripped with one large rent, as would have been the case had it caught on a tree, but was found torn into several distinct pieces. Besides this, the bursting was accompanied by a loud report, which was heard not only by those near by who were watching the balloon, but by persons a considerable distance away, who knew nothing of the balloon until afterward.

Mr. Simmons was an æronaut of thirty years' experience and this was his 495th ascension. When he landed from his last previous ascent a few days before an old lady said to him, "You men cannot have much care for your lives," and he replied: "I have made 494 ascents and I don't feel very much fear now."

The balloon was the Cosmo, one of the largest ever made, holding 62,000 feet of gas and capable of carrying 2,400 pounds. The basket was of iron wire network, instead of wicker. He carried a thirty-pound grapnel and ninety-one feet of rope—too light an anchor and too short a rope, some experts say. He went up about the middle of the afternoon with W. L. Field and Mr. Meyers, the latter of the South Kensington Natural History Museum, both of whom had made previous voyages. It was intended to cross the channel to France, but, darkness coming on, the party decided to descend for the night. The country was somewhat wooded, and two or three attempts were made to land, but each time ballast had to be thrown out and the balloon sent up again. A field that seemed fairly clear was at last chosen and the grapnel let out. It dragged through a field of wheat and then caught in a large tree. In an instant the huge balloon pulled up short, swung to the ground, and began to bump up and down, straining at the end of its tether. Simmons pulled desperately on the valve rope and shouted to Field to help him. Meyers held a bag of ballast awaiting an order to throw it out. Three times in scarcely more than as many seconds the great balloon bounded up and down, struggling frantically like some immense wild beast at the end of a long rope. Each time it sprung sixty feet in the air. As it rose the third time to that height there came a sudden report, the silk collapsed, and the car with the three men in it fell to the ground. Men from the fields running up found it battered into a shapeless wreck and its three late inmates unconscious. Simmons' skull was fractured and he had suffered other injuries. He died in three hours without regaining conciousness. Mr. Field had a simple fracture of the right thigh and a compound fracture of the left leg, besides innumerable bruises. Mr. Meyers had internal injuries, and was covered with bruises and cuts.

Æronauts can give no satisfactory explanation of the bursting of the balloon. It was undoubtedly caused by the sudden stoppage, but why the strain of a quantity of gas should become excessive on that account has not been explained. It is said that there is one similar case on record.—*New York Sun.*

Old Country Sports.

On the 13th ult. Mr. Alfred Nixon, of the Catford Cycling Club, London, started from Edinburgh at 12 noon to attempt to ride to London on a "Safety" bicycle in 48 hours. He accomplished the journey in two days eight hours.

The Comtesse de Paris has earned immortal fame at Strathtay, as the gillies and keepers declare that she is one of the finest shots ever seen on the "country-side."

An interesting book might be written about the laws relating to games and sports. They begin in the time of Richard II., when servants and laborers were enjoined to use bows and arrows on Sundays and holidays, and to leave all tennis, football, and other games called "coits, dice, casting of the stone, kails and other such importune games." If any one played such "unthrifty" games they were made liable to six days' imprisonment under Henry IV. Strange to say, "unlawful" games were allowed on Christmas Day. Here are the names of some of the unlawful games: Logetting in the fields, slide-thrift (otherwise called shove grost), bowling, coyting, closh-cayls, half-bowl, tennis, dicing table, carding, hand in and hand out, and queckboard.

At the championship angling competition on Loch Leven, Scotland, on the 11th ult., thirty-two clubs were represented and the takes were generally good. The position of champion was gained by Mr. Malcolm, Stirling, whose basket contained 17 trout, weighing 18 lb. 5 oz.

Evanescent.

Wife (tearfully)—Oh, dear, dear, I've lost that $10 bill you gave me.

Husband—Are you sure? I saw you have it in the dining room and in the parlor also.

Wife—When did you see it last?

Husband—I never saw it last, my dear. A $10 bill is one of the things that doesn't last very long in this house.

A Sure Cure.

Citizen—What are you doing with that man?

Policeman—I've just arrested him.

Citizen—But he's as deaf as a post.

Policeman—He'll get his hearing before the magistrate.

Grandpa—Well, Fred, you're an uncle now; you ought to be real proud over it. Little Fred—No, I oughtn't to. I ain't no uncle. Grandpa—Why not? Little Fred—'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl.

KING JA-JA, of West Africa, is 52 years of age, and has only 200 wives. But for only one of his better halves, if such an expression can be allowed mathematically, has he any affection. She is the mother of his sons "Saturday" and "Sunday." "Saturday" is now at school in England.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

How the Ladies of New York are Dressing this Season—The Latest Way of Arranging the Hair.

A New York correspondent writes: The bustle must go! Can you imagine anything so delightful as to be able to sit on a chair away back in comfort, instead of resting one's self by sitting on the edge of the chair and bracing your shoulders against the back, causing backache, neckache and headache? Many of our best dressed ladies are discarding the bustle altogether. The effect in some cases is startling, and one is apt to remember one's school days, when our brothers compared us to a yard of pump water, and called us gawky. However, it is the fashion and quite the correct thing. I met a young lady on Broadway richly attired in a suit of sage green, plain underskirt of lighter shade, a directoire coat of the darker, long straight coat tails in the back, cut away in the front, a vest of heavy broche, white ground and pale damask roses, double-breasted; a long boa of cream lace was carelessly tied about the throat; a large hat of birds' breasts, wings and eagle's claw holding the rim against the crown, over a face, young and dashing, with a "I know I've left my bustle at home" kind of a look. She tripped along and many were the admiring eyes turned in her direction, although I heard a dude on the corner remark that "that girl was as flat as a pancake." A

NEW WAY OF DOING THE HAIR

since the bustle is being discarded is *a la coiffure Josephine.* Hair of medium length is now easily dressed; gather the hair up on the crown of the head, tie it firmly, curl the ends and pin all around the head closely, not quite to nape of neck; the bang must be pointed and narrow. It is very tedious to dress the hair in this style, but effective. Many ladies wear false curls pinned closely about their heads instead of curling their own hair; bands of steel, pearl beads or jet are worn with the coiffure. A new fad is the long cane, with silver and gold head, carried with the directoire costume and trimmed, like the little pugs waddling by the side of their mistress, with a bow of ribbon to match costume. New hosiery is displayed for the coming season in gorgeous colors. Wide stripes of delicate flesh tints and deep crimson are seen; in others checked effects are given in contrasting colors. The hosiery this season is anything but modest in colors, and the neat black hose will soon be a thing of the past. Sauntering up 5th avenue, I met a Montrealer, who came to this city not long since for the benefit of his friends—a lawyer, fair, with the air somewhat of a Sherbrooke street bank clerk; but, alas! the velvet coat had disappeared, and he was attired in the latest New York cut. The downy moustache was trimly curled and his legal highness stood gracefully poised against one of the pillars of the 5th Avenue Hotel, rolling his eyes and making frantic efforts to dissolve the head of his cane.

Big Boodle in Bets.

A regular betting cyclone has swept over the country.

North, East, South and West immense sums are staked on the elections.

If Mark Twin took his jumping frog to the Hoffman House he could get rich in an hour.

Meanwhile they are betting on a Jumping Cat that will take a leap in November.

Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands put up every night on the Presidential result.

Old stagers say that such a gambling mania has never been heard of before.

More money will change hands on elections this year than on the turf.

And the strikes will swell immediately when bets are ripe on the battle for Mayor.

From the way citizens toss big wads of money about you'd think the whole town was populated with plumbers.

Bets of $10,000 in cold cash are chronic, and before the next week we'll see this doubled and trebled.

Billy Edwards, Captain Conner and Jim Peacock, who hold the stakes, look like Safety Deposit vaults.

There's no tariff on betting, excepting the loss of your vote if challenged; but nobody scares at that.

Whichever way the gift-edged cat jumps next month, plenty of doleful citizens will wear crape for the next year.—*New York Telegram.*

A Word With the Business Men.

If you want to be healthy you must eat regularly, as meat to-day will not serve you for to-morrow. To be well and hearty eat at every meal time—to be prosperous in business advertise regularly. Stop the one and you starve and die. Stop the other and your business takes consumption and dies also. Spasmodic advertising is like having a "feast and a famine"—more famine than feast as a rule—and is never satisfactory. To take out your card in dull times is like killing your horse because he is a little lame. It is in dull times the most advertising should be done and it is in dull times that advertising is the most effective, as more notice is taken of printers' ink then than at any other time.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"Let Us Both Be Thankful!"

A commercial traveller, who occupied the same compartment with a clergyman, asked him if he had ever heard that in Paris as often as a priest was hanged a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied in his blandest manner: "Well, then, let us both be thankful that we are not in Paris."

Contradictory.

That was a contradictory sort of an effusion written by a discharged clerk to his former employers:

Sept. 1, 1888.

Roe & Doe.

GENTLEMEN: You are no gentlemen.
Respectfully yours, JOHN SMITH.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Skidmore—There goes one of the most remarkable men of the present day. Hawkins—Indeed? What has he done? Skidmore—Began keeping a diary January 1st and didn't stop until last week.

Many a proud man who holds his head erect in the street hangs it in the horse car when there he sees a lady clinging to the strap.

—No man was ever scolded out of his sins.

INDIANA'S PULPIT PRODIGY.

Pascal Porter, in Roundabout and Knee Breeches, Preaching in Cincinnati.

The little church opposite Lincoln Park has had a sensation for the past week in the shape of a 12-year-old boy preacher. His name is Pascal Porter. His parents are plain farmers. His mother died eight months ago, and his father, an ordinary man, with no great amount of either sanctity or learning, but a plain, everyday man, travels with the gifted son. He sat in the tall pulpit behind the big Bible and crossed his hands and peered at the audience with the composure of a veteran. One of the silver-haired men introduced Mr. Johnson, over 60, to make a prayer; then hymns were sung, and the boy stepped forth with the assurance of a lawyer and the elegant composure of a society gentleman. The audience was composed for the most part of married women, who always love bright children and old men. The boy preacher wore a roundabout, a little white collar about his neck, knee-breeches and buttoned shoes. The idea of his preaching to silver-haired old men recalled the story of the 13-year-old Christ who entered the temple, but the old men went up and shook him warmly by the hand. And the lad greeted them with respect, yet not childishness. When the hymns had been sung and the organ ceased expectation was on tiptoe. The audience was hushed, and placing one hand on the pulpit the boy preacher announced as a text, "Lay Hold on Life." He had found the lines somewhere in the Bible. He noted the difference between the old and revised versions, then spoke of a life of pleasure, quoted a verse from Tennyson, talked about the radiant effulgence of a gay company. Then he contrasted the pleasures of sin with the pure joy of the Christian, but he didn't detail much of the pleasures of sin, so called, nor did it appear that the innocent boy knew very much about them. He declared the joy of the Christian was the child of hope. Then he drew a sort of picture, as he called it, of Christian life. Then he concluded with: "My prayer to God is that you shall all receive eternal life where there shall be no more parting," and the kid sat down behind the tall pulpit. He preaches next Sunday evening. He is a prodigy of memory. That he knows what he is talking about is questionable. His composure before an audience is remarkable. He has addressed 3,000. He does not hesitate for a word, and when he does it is the hesitation of a person who has learned his lesson well. He has been preaching 2½ years, and was born at Volga, near Jefferson, on November 6th, 1876. Prodigies among children are not uncommon. Dr. Watts wrote hymns when he was 4 years old. Pope, the poet, rhymed as a child, and Dryden, when a boy at school, won a prize for the best essay on the miracle of Christ at Cana by simply writing:

The modest water saw its God and blushed.

which was the great poet's way of expressing that the Saviour turned the water into wine. The father of this child says that his boy began preaching at Sunday School—got right up and talked on. At any rate the child is a curiosity.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Fresh from Vanity Fair.

Cashmere colors combined with black silk make an altogether novel combination, and will be stylish the coming season.

White costumes for the house are more and more popular, and are worn at all hours. The matinee gown is sometimes of white surah, although chudder cloth is preferred by those of moderate purse.

Black armure is combined with oriental silk, which includes all the rich, brilliant colors in a chaotic weaving. The petticoat is of the oriental silk, also the vest and trimming, which has the same coloring and is used as a finish to black silk costumes.

Metal trimmings are lavished on morning toilets for house wear this season. Cashmeres and soft woolens of any sort are trimmed in these fashionable passementeries. All soft demi-shades are worn for morning gowns in preference to the very delicate colors. Copper, old rose, gobelin blue and reseda are fashionable colors.

One of the new fabrics particularly appropriate for a tea gown is the double faced surah woven in two colors. The arrangement in a French model shows both sides of the silk in different parts of the costume. That it is a self-trimmed garment, saving the long lace fichu which is worn with it. Peach blow is a beautiful shaded yellow pink, which makes an exquisite tea gown, worn with a creamy lace boa which falls from the neck to the feet.

Amelie Rives Parodied.

A parody on "The Quick or the Dead," entitled "The Rock or the Rye," has been published in Mobile. Here is a sample of it: "There was a yawping wind a-howl that night, with no mist to moisten it; yet it cringed and whimpered, snored, and was hushed incessantly, as though wet to its skin with a blizzard. Agamema was deucedly cut up by her beauless walk from the grocery, and from finding thereat no letter from Rye; for she had expected him to write, remittingly. In the jim-jam lightning she saw her own profile clear cut athward the suave and complacent sky, like acids on litmus paper; and the dry, whitey-mauve sand swirled clutchingly about her massive feet in that wetless wind. And after what thunderous fashion those feet pounded warmbathward.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Origin of a Fashion.

A charming French duchess, so the story goes, had given her promise to attend some festive ceremony at the Trouville casino. Being behind time, she put her gloves on while driving, and never discovered till she stood in the full blaze of the casino drawing room that with her black and white silk costume she had put on one white and one black glove. It appears that her maid had laid out two pairs of gloves for her to choose from, and that the duchess in her hurry had taken one of each pair. The mischief, however, could not be undone, and the odd result was that at the next fashionable assembly all the ladies at Trouville wore gloves of different colors.

Made That Himself.

"Where did young Browne get his money, papa?"

"From his uncle, old Sam Brown. He inherited everything he has in this world, except the final 'e' to his name."

SHE LOVES A BURGLAR.

Why Pretty Nellie Callahan Cursed Her Mother in Court.

In the month of July the dwellings of George E. Porter, No. 812 Fifth avenue; Henry Dreyfuss, No. 60 West 52nd street; William F. Bidall, No. 138 East 37th street; George E. Holt, No. 24 East 58th street, and Mr. Brady, No. 142 East 38th street, were robbed of over $10,000 worth of diamonds and jewellery.

Detective-Sergeants Vallely, Evanhoe and Murray, on August 3rd, arrested the burglars and found a portion of the stolen goods. The prisoners gave their names as John Donohue and Thomas Whittaker. Yesterday the burglars pleaded guilty to the five indictments of burglary before Recorder Smyth, and were remanded until this afternoon for sentence. Since Donohue's imprisonment in the Tombs he has been frequently visited by Nellie Callahan, a pretty brunette of 17 years, whom he had induced to run away from home a few days previous to his arrest. On September 14th, Mrs. Annie Callahan, No. 340 West 17th street, the girl's mother, secured a warrant for her daughter's arrest. It appears that the prisoners made use of Nellie by having her pawn the jewellery and supply them with money. A week ago Nellie called upon her mother. She was bedecked with jewels and defied her mother to interfere with her. Before Mrs. Callahan could summon an officer Nellie walked away. She was followed from the Tombs to the residence of Donohue's mother, where she was introduced as the burglar's sister. She was arrested. On searching her the detectives found in the bosom of her dress a letter from Donohue to her, in which he vowed eternal love, and wrote that he was glad to see that she would not forget him, although he was in prison. She was taken to Jefferson Market Court and Mrs. Callahan appeared against her. Nellie was defiant and said they could send her to prison, but she would never willingly go to the House of the Good Shepherd. She cursed her mother and tried to strike her. She was sent to the House of the Good Shepherd.—*N. Y. Mail.*

One of Jim's Jokes.

It would take a volume to record the many "good things" which the late James Fahey used to deliver spontaneously among his friends and newspaper associates—bright sayings and keen witticisms that would have added lustre to the humorous literature of the day had they but found their way into print, but which have perished with him, poor fellow! I remember one funny story that went the rounds of "the boys" at the time, and made every crowd roar to whom it was recounted. Jim, who was editing the *Evening Canadian*, was invited to a small affair at the Rossin, but failed to attend. Some of the fellows next day were telling him what a good time he had missed.

"I'm sorry, of course," said the genial Irishman, "but the fact is, boys, I really didn't have black clothes to go in. The only garment I could have donned, in contradistinction to my unstudied everyday attire, was an old ulster; and, as I didn't care to dress up in that ulster and make all the guests who didn't happen to have on ulsters feel jealous and bad, why, I ambled home and took to my bed. It is quite true I might have announced myself as the Man from Ulster, but it would have occasioned me too conspicuous and painful notoriety. My native instinct, you know, is to be humble and get in my two columns of stuff a day without any libel suits." T. —*Grip.*

A Queer Cat Story.

A correspondent of the *Forest and Stream* tells a story about a favorite cat that spends a good deal of her time in a cosy old arm-chair. Her owner last May put four hen eggs into the chair by way of seeing what puss would do with them in order to make her bed more comfortable. Strange as it may appear, puss took kindly to the eggs and in due time hatched four fine chickens. For weeks after the chickens were hatched she licked them all over every day with her tongue, caressed and fondled with them as much as if they had been her own kittens. Whenever the chickens strayed from the nursery she carried them back in her mouth as if they had been made of the finest of glass.

A Remarkable Wager Won.

A man won a wager in Washington a few days ago by lighting his cigar by the aid of a lump of ice. He took a piece of clear ice, about an inch thick, from the water cooler, whittled it into the shape of a disk, and with the palms of his hands melted its two sides convex, thus giving it the form of a double convex lens or burning glass. With it he focused the sun's rays on the end of his cigar, thus lighting the cigar. How many fires occur in this way that are said to be "involved in mystery?"

He Knew Women.

"So you're not coming to the school's picnic, Johnny," said Mr. Perkins.

"Yes, I am," said Johnny.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed Mr. Perkins, "your mother said in my presence you could not go."

"Guess you don't know women!" said Johnny, scornfully; "wait till I've asked the fiftieth time."

A Modern Trust.

Would-be customer—Will you trust me for a few things for a couple of days?

Grocer—Come around in a couple of days and I will.

Would-be customer—But I will have the money then.

Grocer—Then is when I would trust you!

He Got a Demerit.

Professor of Chemistry—Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a vial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to produce a valuable article of commerce?

Goodsby (waking up)—Br-r-randy.—*Judge.*

Literal Construction.

Irate Father (to young Binks)—See here, young man! didn't I tell you never to enter my gate again?

Young Binks—Yes, sir; and I didn't. I clum over the fence.

—The most curious thing about a falsehood is that it can get over so much territory by simply lying around.

GUARDING HIS DEAD MASTER.

Hanged Himself and the Dog Had to be Shot Before the Body Was Removed.

The police had a savage fight this afternoon with a dog that stood guard over his dead master's body, and would not yield until fourteen bullets had been lodged in his body. Then the faithful animal fell dead beside the remains which he had guarded so well. The man, John Gynan, had committed suicide by hanging. He was a well-to-do bachelor, who lived alone at South Salem Point. His only companion was a big Newfoundland dog. When Gynan's body was discovered the dog was lying beneath, and the shoes showed where the dumb companion had tried to revive his master. While the policemen were cutting the dead man down the dog stood by with his eyes riveted on his master's face, but the moment they tried to remove the body he became ferocious. He bit both men until they were glad to beat a retreat. Then he caressed the dead man's face, whining piteously the while. The police tried to coax him away, but he showed his teeth every time they approached, and his savage growl warned them to keep their distance. The blockade continued for over an hour. Then one policeman fired two shots at the faithful brute. Then the dog plunged down the stairs to the door and again blocked the way, snapping at all who approached. He became so rabid that it became absolutely necessary to kill him. Fourteen bullets were fired at close range before he fell dead. Then the dead body of the master was carried over the inanimate form of the pet dog.—*Salem (Mass.) Corr. New York Sun.*

The Testimony

Of hundreds of druggists bear witness to the efficacy of Polson's Nerviline as the most potent pain remedy in the world for all kinds of pains. Nerviline is composed of newly discovered ingredients, and is equally good for internal or external use. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle, and test it at once. T. R. Melville, Prescott, writes: "My customers who have used Nerviline speak highly of it, and I am satisfied it will take a leading place in the market before long." Try Polson's Nerviline for pains. Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.

Sufficient Evidence.

Young wife (gloomily)—Do you suppose our husbands really went fishing last Saturday?

Second young wife (confidently)—I am sure of it.

First young wife—They didn't bring home any fish.

Second young wife—That's my principal reason for believing they went fishing.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

A Lawyer Pops the Question.

Widow—But, my dear sir, what a gigantic bill of costs you have made for this short deed of conveyance.

Attorney—I merely wished to prove to you, madam, what a lucrative profession mine is, and what an excellent match I should make for you.

"Tis better not to be, than be unhappy," and no one can be happy whose system is deranged by poisonous secretions. Nearly all ills that flesh is heir to arise from torpid liver and derangement of the digestive organs. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets correct irregularities of the liver, prevent constipation and promote good health. Buy them off your druggists.

Took Him at His Word.

Visitor—Does your daughter play, Mr. Phirkin?

Father—Certainly she does, Mr. Younghead.

Visitor—I am glad of it, I adore music myself. A piece well excuted fairly carries me away.

Father—Jennie, give us a selection on the piano.—*Life.*

"Oh! where shall rest be found?"
The worn-out mother sighs:
Stockings to mend, and trousers to darn,
Dishes to wash, and butter to churn,
While my back feels to break, and head and heart burn,
And life is a constant friction.
The summer came and went,
The matron no longer sighs,
Elastic her step, and rounded her cheek,
Work seems but play, life is now sweet,
And the change was made in one short week,
By Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Positive remedy for those derangements, irregularities, and weakness so common to womankind.

A woman in Denver was so sensitive that when her husband called her a slouch she took poison and died. An average eastern woman would have simply replied: "You're another," and in ten minutes the storm would have been over.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit, 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington, 1,215 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc., etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, S. H. COOK, Pres. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from

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DUNL. 42 '88

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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Special Attention!

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TO THE

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In Dress Goods, Mantlings, etc.,

AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

A beautiful range of plushes in the latest shades, at a surprisingly low figure.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots of the best manufacture at rock bottom prices. Button and Lace Boots in great variety at prices sure to suit you.

THE TOP PRICE PAID

For Butter and Eggs

A lot of choice Butter in Tubs or Rolls wanted by 1st November.

At Cash Price for Trade.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Wiarton Echo: In August of last year **Mr. Jas. Flett**, of this place, advertised for a wagon-maker, a single man required. The advt. was answered by a R. M. Commings, of Markdale, who claimed he could fill the bill in every respect. He was engaged by Mr. Flatt and has been in his employ ever since until Saturday morning last when he took his departure out the back door to the station and has not been heard from since. Commings was a man of about 35 years of age, very dark complexion and not overly prepossessing in appearance, but through claiming to be rich and a single man he flitteed around among the young ladies and apparently unsettled as to which he would select to be his partner for life, as he could promise several to marry then at an early date, and some, we believe, he promised to wait a year or two for, and what the outcome would have been is hard to tell had not and incident occured on Wednesday of last week that stripped the mask from our swarthy masher and showed him up in his true colors. The incident was due to a gentleman from Markdale who was well acquainted with Commings who chanced to attend our fair and innocently gave the whole thing away, which was to the effect that the supposed rich young man was a very poor married one having a wife and a large family in Markdale. This knowledge was ruinous to Commings' chance to sky lark any more here and took the grand bounce which he at once got from his employer, with complacence. The fair ones who were broke up on the shape of the bronzed young man will not find his *Commings* and goings so frequent as before and that the latter is of more value to them than the former. Thus ends quite enough romance to make a dime novel.

A Blaze. About half past seven Tuesday evening fire burst out in the City Hotel stables. In a few minutes the whole building was envoloped in flames and in half an hour was reduced to ashes. It was with well directed efforts that W. J. McFarland's residence was saved as the woodshed adjoining extended close by the stable. The stallion, "Honest Tom," was rescued from the burning stable without injury. Cause of fire unknown. We have been unable to learn whether there is any insurance. Markdale Standard.

Joe Fletcher, a Toronto bigamist, was arrested in Owen Sound last Tuesday, by P. C Daley. His last victim is a Miss Campbell, late of Sydenham township, who is worth considerable money and property. Fletcher will likely get a long enough term of imprisonment to enable him to reflect a little on the evil of too much marriage and its results. [Chatsworth News.

One of the curiosities of the curious year 1888 has been shown us in the shape of ripe raspberries picked on Saturday last by Mr. R. Jamieson, 3rd line south. On the branch were ripe berries and a quantity of well-formed and good-sized green berries. Wednesday morning previous the ground was covered with snow to a depth of eight inches. [Mexford Mirror.

Orangeville pays its chief constable $100. We have a suspicion that the constable must be a Chinaman, or a retired millionaire with whom money is no object

The Stayner Sun says that they have had frost there every month since January, July excepted.

Thornbury Standard: The Euphrasia fall show was the best ever held in that township.

Markdale has a new jewelry store.

A good flow of gas has been struck in Collingwood.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $400 until lately. Best ONE watch in the world. Perfect time Keeper Warrants 5. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your house and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freights, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 63, PORTLAND, MAINE.

J. E. MOORE,

Maker and dealer in

ALL KINDS OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

Durham Street,

Flesherton,

Special attention is called to our

FALL STOCK!

Which is now complete. For variety, quality and prices we are able to eclipse all former efforts. We are selling

BEDSTEADS

At from $2 each.

A really handsome Bedstead at $3.

WASHSTANDS

At from $1.50, and

B-U-R-E-A-U-S-!

At $6.

Making the whole furniture for a bedroom, including a chair, less than $10.

CHILDREN'S CRADLES, COTS, CRIBS,

In a number of styles and at equally low prices. In

BEDDING

We are making a specialty just now, by offering a good Spring Mattress at $1.50. Woven wire Mattresses at $2.50. Good quality of sea grass Mattress at $3.

Tables. Tables. Tables.

Kitchen and Dining Uables, Parlor and Sewing Tables, Lusic and Fancy Tables, in fact tables to suit every taste and for every conceivable purpose.

One New Karn Organ for Sale,

Very cheap. Agent for the celebrated

New Raymond

Sewing Machine, a number of which are to be seen at our showrpoms. Remember the place,

J. E. Moore,

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms, Durham Street. Flesherton.

Our Undertaking Department is A 1. Good hearse and good horses in connection. Charges very moderate.

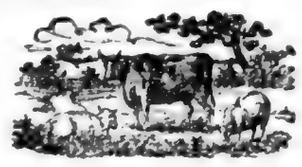

MEAT, MEAT!

FRESH MEAT.

Nice Tender Meat

And Meat of all Kinds

—AT—

Blakely & McConnell's.

REMOVED.

Booth the Boss Barber,

has removed to one of the shops in Wm. Strain's block near Wm. Bankhouse's boot and shoe shop, Toronto street, where he will be happy to see the smiling faces of all his old customers and as many new ones as have concluded to give me a chance to maintain my reputation as the Boss Barber—not only of Flesherton, but of the entire district for twenty miles around.

The patronage of the ladies respectfully solicited.

Feb. 17th. *WALTER BOOTH.*

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Sec. . . . and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of Canal on the Canada side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island, the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel way at both ends of the canal, construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks, and a BANK DEPOSIT RECEIPT for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective DEPOSIT RECEIPTS cheques will not be accepted must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888

Strayed or Stolen.

From the premises of W. C. Parker, lot 62, 2nd west, Artemesia, two sows in pig - one aged and the other young, black, and black and white spotted. Information thankfully received as to their whereabouts.

W. C. PARKER.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 40 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy good habits and clean character always succeed We can give you good pay and steady work Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot No. 10 Con. 5, Euphrasia containing fifty acres. The above property is situated about one-and-a-half miles from the village of Kimberley, all under cultivation on magnificent land.

Apply to
A. ALDOUS
Kimberley P.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 383. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1888. W. H. THURSTON.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO
RUSSELL,
THE NOTED JEWELER.

Colts for Sale.

RAM LAMBS for SALE.

NOTICE.

This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
T & B
In bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKGAE.

FLESHERTON
Implement
Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Waggons,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators,
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

The Advance for
$1 till Jan. 1, 1890.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5	50	to 5	50
Fall Wheat	$1	10	to 1	15
Spring Wheat	1	10	1	15
Barley	0	50	0	65
Oats	0	34	0	35
Peas	0	58	0	60
Butter	0	17	0	18
Eggs, fresh	0	17	0	17
Potatoes bush	0	75	0	75
Pork	6	50	6	50
Hay per ton	8	00	8	00
Hides	4	50	5	50
Wool		16		18
Sheepskins	0	50	1	00
Geese	0	05	0	05
Turkeys	0	7	0	07
Chickens per pair	0	20	0	80
Ducks per pair	0	40	0	60

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Oh, these muddy roads!

Curling club members are now hitching up their suspenders, preparatory to the grand "scoop her oop."

Rev. Alexander Grant is expected to preach in Flesherton Baptist Chapel on Thanksgiving day, when there will also be a public tea. Particulars on bills later.

We want to know what is wrong with a lot of our correspondents this week? If you are dead, gentlemen, please send in your obituaries for next week's issue, and oblige!

Dr. Kerr, of Maxwell, called on us on Monday. The Dr. has disposed of his practice and intends leaving us in a few weeks for a foreign field. As yet he is undecided as to exactly where he will locate.

OYSTERS! Miss Hind desires to inform the public that she has fresh oysters, tea, coffee, pastry and confectionery for sale. Go and get a plate of luscious bivalves, and wash them down with a cup of Miss Hinds' delicious coffee. Strain's Block, next door to Russell's.

Rev. R. G. Anderson, late of Fyfe, Scotland, filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church here on Sunday afternoon last. Mr. Anderson has only been out from the old country about six weeks, and expresses himself as very much pleased with this country and its people. He says he would not care to return.

Flesherton had a pleasant visit from A. B. Fawcett, of the Streetsville Review, last week. He arrived on Friday and returned on Monday. Mr. Fawcett is a pleasant gentleman to meet, and we hope he will have a good time while he is with us.

The Meaford Standard remarks that [illegible]

Behold the Pedagogue.

The festive pedagogue is among us. He walketh abroad at night and assembleth together during the day in solemn conclave, debating among himself the best methods of doing several things, chiefest among which is the inflating of his salary and how to live on $250 a year. He looketh cheerful, he dresseth well, he has the run of the town, and knows how to appreciate his freedom as a true gentleman. Behold the Pedagogue!

It is useless to attempt the cure of any disorder, if the blood is allowed to remain impure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are traceable to a disordered condition of the blood, and in numberless cases have been cured by taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The experience of years furnishes the most convincing evidence that thousands of lives are annually saved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It speedily cures all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs.

A Handsome Bag.

Mr. P. Munshaw went out shooting on Thursday last and returned in the evening with seven partridge and one woodcock—the best bag of the season. Peter is a shooter from Shootville.

A Letter Box Wanted.

A correspondent writing from Inistioge desires us to demand of the postmaster there that he insert a letter box in his postoffice for the convenience of the people. We make the demand. Give them a letter box Mr. Postmaster.

A Postmaster Dead.

Mr. Wesley Long, postmaster at Maxwell, died on Friday last of congestion of the lungs. He was buried on Monday. Mr. Long was sick but a short time. He has been postmaster at Maxwell for many years, and was universally liked in his public and private life.

Singing it Out.

Friend Routledge in exuberance of married bliss, as he was lately married, howls out this: "All goods by fortune's hand is given, a wife is a peculiar gift of heaven." Whether this praise or sarcasm we do not know, for some men's statements sometimes go to show, that, if we understood aright their drift, a woman is a blamed "peculiar" gift.

Accident to a Horse.

Rev. Mr. Wa[illegible] Flesh[illegible] with an unfortunate accident by the disabling of his horse. He [illegible]

Ghosts.

[illegible]

Singing Match.

[illegible]

The School Teacher's Soliloquy.

[illegible]

Burglars in Grey.

A despatch [illegible] dated Oct. 20, says [illegible] a gang of professional operating in this [illegible] small villages. Scarce [illegible] that does not bring [illegible] place [illegible] plunder secure [illegible] here has just been [illegible] Vance, of Hepworth, [illegible] twelve miles from [illegible] last evening last his [illegible] entered and [illegible] two suits of clothes and two [illegible] stolen. Mr. Vance keeps [illegible] worth Station [illegible] 25c. [illegible] burglars stole [illegible] to [illegible] over $20 [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

Barber fixtures and business for sale. Apply to W. H. Bo[illegible] Flesherton. Severe illness.

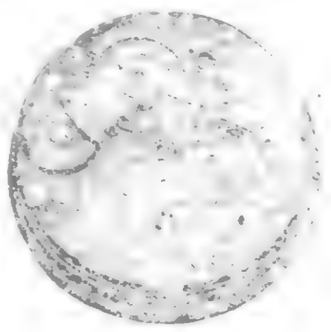

COMPETITION
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Fine Gilt and Glass
[illegible]
AND SILVER
Quality and Design selected from
Celtic Greek.
NEXT DOOR TO
[illegible] K. Wardlaw
No Catch Prices represented
OR [illegible]
Can do better for Customers—"Cash" or "Credit"—than any other jeweler on "Grey C[illegible]
Watches carefully and promptly repaired.
JEWELER BRO[illegible]
MARKDALE, ONT.

BORN.

BLAKELY.—At Maxwell, on Friday, Oct. 19th, the wife of Thos. A. Blakely, of a son.

Died.

LONG.—At Maxwell, on Friday, Oct. 19th, Wesley Long, postmaster at Maxwell, aged 54 years.

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

Belinda crushes the letter together contemptuously, flings it up twice or thrice, ball fashion, into the air, then thrusts it away, still in its crumpled state, out of sight, and lapses back into castle building.

"Spain or Clapham." Just as she has for the third time asked herself this fatal question, an Englishman in full afternoon Hyde Park dress emerges from the Hotel d'Isabella, about fifty yards distant from the little place or square where the girl is sitting, and espying her, approaches.

The new-comer is young, florid, not distinctly ill-looking as far as features go, but most distinctly vulgar. The way he wears his hat, his jewelry, his necktie—everything about the man is short—jars on your taste, you know not wherefore. And then he is mosquito bitten! And mosquito bites are not wont to improve the impression of the features, or to confer, even on worthier men than Mr. Jones, the air of distinction.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Belinda. Upon my word you have found out the only bit of shade in the place." Augustus attempts the drawl of the high-bred swell, as he has seen that personage depicted on the stage; not with very marked success.

Belinda pushes her ragged hat a little back from her forehead, stretches out her shabby sandaled feet in the dust, then, glancing up at Mr. Jones much as one small boy glances at another with whom he is inclined to quarrel, but whose strength he measures, begins to whistle.

"I thought yesterday you told me you meant to give up that—that slightly unfeminine accomplishment of yours," he remarks after a minute.

"And I," retorts the girl, "thought you promised never again to make use of that shocking 'Miss Belinda.' If you had pluck enough to say 'Belinda' outright I could bear it. But as you have not, and as you seem to think it necessary to call me something, do say 'Miss O'Shea.' You have no idea how *caddish* 'Miss Belinda' sounds."

The tomato hue extends itself over poor Mr. Jone's very ears and neck. "Oh! For the future, then it's to be 'Belinda' between us, is it? Only too happy on my part, I am sure. But I must ask one thing back."

He has taken a place beside her, after carefully selecting a comparatively clean patch of turf on which to deposit his Hyde Park splendor. "I must ask one thing back—that you always call me 'Augustus.'"

She looked at him through and through with fearless child's eyes. "'Augustus!' I hope you have brought me some maccaroons, Augustus? Augustus, try not to kick Costa when you think I am not looking. No, I could not. If I saw you every day till I died, and if I lived tobe a hundred years old, I could never call you 'Augustus.' I might do it once, she corrects herself, "half a dozen times even, if you bribed me handsomely; but from my heart, never."

"In other cases you don't appear to feel much shyness about doings," remarks Mr. Jones, cuttingly. "It seems to me that you call half the English and American fellows in the place by their Christian names."

"Ah, they are only boys," says Belinda, with a smile brimful of unconscious coquetry. "You would not have me 'mister' my chums—the fellows I play paume with—would you?"

"I would not have you play 'paume' as you call it, at all," replies the young man, in a tone of deliberate, half-tender patronage. "I like a dash of *chic* as well as any man." I am afraid poor Augustus pronounced it chick. "But it must be *chic* of the right kind, bong tong, and all that sort of thing. Now what—what should we think in England of a girl who would be seen playing fives, as you do, and in such company?"

"But then you must remember, I love it passionately," cried Belinda, "passionately to distraction! What do I care about being ladylike? If you could play, yourself, you would not be such a muff as to talk about 'tong'! Ah, the moment," cries the child clasping her graceful dark hands, "the moment when you are twenty all through the air—you know that game is to be made off your own schistera—you strike, you—but of course," breaking off, with mild pity for her hearer's ignorance, "of course it is no use talking paume to people who don't understand paume! Well, then comes the bolero. Surely you would allow me one now and then, Mr. Jones, just between the lights, you know, and under the shadow of the trees?"

"I don't mind the bolero, or fandango, or any other of the native cancans, provided they are danced by the right people," answers Mr. Jones with his drawl. "Quite the reverse. When one of these Basque peasant wenches has gone through her barbarous gesticulations, and brings me her tin cup for payment, I put my sous into it with all the pleasure in life."

Belinda's eyes flashed daggers at him. "I cannot imagine you giving a sou to any one on any occasion with pleasure," she exclaims with spiteful emphasis. "And you speak as you do because you know no better! You don't understand the peasants or their dances. You measure everything by your own Clapham tastes, sir! However, we will not argufy." The reader is asked to pardon this and other linguistic peculiarities on the part of Belinda. "I have my ideas, you yours, and no doubt Rose will back you up in them when she is here. You did not know, by the bye, that my mamma was coming to St. Jean de Luz, did you Mr. Jones?"

Mr. Jones hesitates.

"Rose corresponds with you, I know," cried Belinda, scanning his face. "Don't be ashamed of your little weakness, Mr. Jones. 'Young men are so foolish,' as Rose says. I can see you know, just as well as I do, that my step-mamma is coming to St. Jean de Luz."

"Well, yes, I know that Mrs. O'Shea is coming here, certainly," says Augustus, deliberation having shown him, perhaps, that to tell the truth for once costs nothing. "Indeed I had a few lines from her, written from Paris by to-day's post. I have her letter in my pocket," where, however, he has the discretion to let it rest. "As far as I can make out, we shall have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. O'Shea and Captain Temple arrive this evening."

Up rushes the crimson in a flood over Belinda's face. "Captain Temple! I don't know what you mean by Captain Temple!" she exclaims, suspecting what he means only too well, and coloring with hot shame over her own suspicions. "Rose is coming here alone with her maid, of course."

"Oh, of course!" repeats Augustus, with the slow-affected drawl that irritates Belinda to such desperation. "I don't for a moment mean that Mrs. O'Shea under these, or any other circumstances, would act otherwise than with the most lady-like propriety. Still, when one considers everything, Miss Belinda, there is no great wonder in Captain Temple happening to travel in the south of France just at the time when Mrs. O'Shea and her maid happen to cravel here too!"

His smile, his tone, a sudden scorching remembrance of certain lachrymose allusions in more than one of Rose's recent etters, bring Belinda from suspicion to ertainty.

"If I thought—if I could believe such a thing!" she exclaims, then stops short, both sunburnt fists tight, her lips set together like a small fury's.

"If you could believe that two people who loved each other in their youth—I conclude you have heard the romance story before this? if you could believe that two people who were in love with each other some dozen or more years ago, were fated to marry and be happy at last, what then? asks Augustus. "Mrs. O'Shea's marrying again would not interfere with your life much, as far as I can see."

"If Rose marries again, I swear never to speak her or to her husband while I live," cried Belinda, tempestuously. "I will not believe such disgraceful news until she tells me with her own lips; and I have not the very smallest curiosity in the matter. Is he dark or fair? Good heavens, are you dumb, Mr. Jones? What kind of man, I ask you, is this miserable Captain Temple?"

"Roger Temple is fair—yellow rather, all those Indians fellows are alike; shuts his eye at you as he speaks. I met him once or twice dining at your mamma's before I left town, and we had not two words to say to each other. I don't care for your 'haw-haw,' Dundreary army men," says Augustus. "Too much of the shop about them for my taste."

"Too much of what for your taste?" asked Belinda. With profound disdain. Ah, was not the only human being she ever loved of this same Dundreary army genius as Captain Temple!

"Too much of the shop—their shops. Too much patronage of other fellows whose line doesn't happen to be in ramroads and pipe-clay like their own."

"And I," says the girl, stoutly, "love soldiers, and if ever I marry anybody it shall be a soldier. How different you and are in everything—difference of the blood, I suppose! We O'Sheas are a fighting family. Two great-uncles of mine feel side by side across the hills there at Badajoz"—she indicates by a nod of her head the distant ridge of Spanish Pyreenes—"and my papa was a soldier, and though it happened he never came in for foreign service, did a great many brave acts, I can tell you, during the different riots and electioneerings in Ireland. Most likely you have no connection with the army, Mr. Jones?"

None, except a maternal uncle who was an army tailor, Mr. Jones might answer, if he had a mind to speak the truth. He waives the question adroitly enough, however, by returning to the matter in hand. "Well then, as you are so fond of the fighting profession, Miss O'Shea, you will have an additional reason for loving your new papa."

Belinda snatches up the schistera which lies at her side, and for a moment affairs look threatening. Not much more provocation evidently would it need to fire the war-like blood of the O'Shea's that runs in her veins.

"I—I was going to ask you to come down to Harrambour's," says Mr. Jones, springing up hastily to his feet. "Don't be angry with me, Belinda!" He can call her Belinda at the safe distance that separates them now. "And let us make all our differences up over some maccaroons."

Every man, says the cynic, has his price. Belinda's price, as a very short acquaintance has taught Mr. Jones, is maccaroons.

A child of seventeen, without a sou in the world for maccaroons, and an Augustus Jones, his pocket lined with British banknotes, ready to buy them for her! Does it require a very profound knowledge of human nature to foresee how things are likely to end—unless, indeed, some other actor, offering something sweeter than maccaroons, chance to cross the stage of Belinda's little life drama!

She hesitates, relents, and a minute later they have quitted the place, and are making their way down the principal street of the town toward the maccaroon shop. St. Jean de Luz is taking its wonted afternoon siesta at this hour. The awned balconies are deserted; the very churches, filled morning and evening to overflowing, with fans, prayer-books, and flirtations, are empty. A bullock-dray or two are to be seen in the market-place, the bullocks in their brown holland blouses patiently blinking, with bullock philosophy, at existence; the drivers asleep within the wine shops. A team of close-shorn Spanish mules stand, viciously whisking at the flies with their rat tails, in the shade; the muleteer, his face prone to mother earth, reposes beside them. Other living forms are there none, save an occasional half-broiled Murray-guided Briton, and five or six ghostly cur-dogs—the cur-dogs at St. Jean de Luz never sleep. It being low-water, the river-mouth and harbors are sending forth "liberal smells of all the sunburned South." The distant, mountain sides are absolutely painful to the eye in their shadeless ochre yellow. Heat, as if a very rain of fire, quivering, piercing, intolerable, is everywhere.

And Mr. Jones does not bear heat gracefully. By the time they reach the maccaroon shop Mr. Jones is in a state of evaporation made visible, and anathematizes the climate, pavement, scenery, people, in the very ugliest cockney vernacular, and with the ugliest cockney ignorance.

"He is horribly, horribly vulgar!" thinks Belinda, as she bites her maccaroons and glances from beneath her eyelashes at the dewy, blistered, mosquito-scarred face of her companion. "If maccaroons were only attainable through any other means!"

Which they are not. And the maccaroons are super-excellent, fresh made this morning; and after the maccaroons came a vanilla ice, and a chocolate cream, and more maccaroons! And then of so generous a temper is Augustus this afternoon—then they adjourn from the shop to the refreshing shade of the awning outside, and Belinda is told to call for whatever cooling drink she chooses while Mr. Jones (who holds the firmest English belief as to alcohol and a thermometer at a hundred and ten in the shade going well together) orders himself—oh, in what execrable French—a brandy and seltzer, and prepares to smoke a cigar at her side.

Mr. Jones smokes his cigar; Belinda sips her iced orangeade, Spanish fashion, through a barquilo, beside him; and so a drowsy hour glides away.

"And I must be off," says Belinda as the clocks of the town strike five. "We are all in for a match of paume as soon as the sun is off the upper Place."

"'We!' and who are 'we?'" asks Mr. Jones, with a tender smile. The brandy and seltzer had softened him—but, unfortunately, tender smiles lose half their effect when they are associated with mosquito bites!

"Oh, the usual party, Jack Alston, and Tom and me against the two Washingtons and Maurice la Ferte. Who will you back? You must not judge by what you saw last night. Jack Alston and I can beat the lot when we play our best."

"I should like to bet that you will let Mr. Jack Alston and his friends play their match without you." And now Augustus rises, now the mosquito-bitten face is affectionately, horribly near Belinda's. "I should like to think that you care just enough for me, Miss O'Shea, to give all these fellows up for once, if I ask you."

His tone is more earnest than Belinda has ever heard it yet, and she wavers, or appears to waver. The remembrance of maccaroons that are past, the hope of maccaroons that are to come; vanity gratified by a full-grown man, an Augustus Jones though he be, taking so deep an interest in her affairs—all these considerations, and perhaps something a little deeper than these, sway the girl, and she wavers, casts down her eyelashes, plays irresolutely with the strings of her schistera.

"You will promise me to play no more at that confounded game, either this evening or any other evening!" whispers Augustus with growing emphasis.

Another moment and Belinda will have committed herself—Heaven knows what compromising renunciations! But even as the words rise to her lips, an unexpected ally, against Mr. Jones and on the side of paume-playing, bolero-dancing, and all the other sweet unlawful pleasures of her vagabond life, appears on the scene.

"Costa, why Costa, old boy, where have you been all day? Down, sir, down. When will you learn that Mr. Jones does not value your attentions?"

Costa is a grand looking old Spanish hound, not altogether of purest breed, perhaps, but a noble brute despite the blot upon his escutcheon, possessing much of his nations grave dignity of demeanor, and a face brimful of fine dog intellect and feeling.

"Try not to be frightened, Mr. Jones," says Belinda, glancing maliciously at the expression of her admirer's face. "Perhaps he won't bite if you keep very quiet. Dogs know so well when people are afraid of them. Have you come for maccaroons, my old Costa, eh? You have, have you? Mr. Jones, Costa says he has come for maccaroons." It may be observed that Belinda has not a grain of false pride on the score of begging alms for her friends. "Costa has come for maccaroons, and I have not a single sou left in the world!"

She stoops down, and with one arm bent fondly round the old dog's neck, looks up, with the prettiest beseeching air imaginable, at Augustus Jones. But Jones buttons up his pockets. He is not altogether a miser, as different sections of the London world have practically learned; will spend money freely enough on riding horses, bracelets, opera stalls, churches that need snowy windows, philanthropic effort that publishes printed lists: on his vices, his virtues, his anything. But maccaroons for a dog! This absolute waste, this simple flinging of money for the sake of flinging it into the sea, Mr. Jones cannot stand. Looking upon the folly as a speculative investment, means to a possible end, 'twere different. "You desire to marry yourself, as you consider, well," could some voice whisper to him; "the ambition of your heart has been ever to wed your gold to aristocratic blood; and despairing of better chances, you would fain win the out-at-elbow little Arab, the granddaughter of the great Earl of Liskeard, for your wife. Humor her whims, even this present babyish one, if you would hope to succeed"—could Mr. Jones realize this as truth the maccaroons were Costa's. But he does not realize it. He is devoid alike of sympathy and of fact; qualities, both of them, springing from imagination, not reason; and goes no further than his own lights illume the path. He detests all dogs, detests Costa in particular, with the bitterest hatred, that which springs from fear. And as I have said, Mr. Jones buttons up his pockets.

"Maccaroons for Costa!" repeats Belinda, stretching out to him a little sun-burned palm. "Not like them? You should see whether he likes them! Try the experiment. Why, when Maria Jose was here, we gave him two francs' worth all at once, and he ate them up before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Did he, indeed" says Augustus, looking disgusted whether at the allusion to a rival, or at the vulgarity of Belinda, who shall say? "Then the only thing I can remark is, I am sorry Mr. Maria Jose had not better sense than to waste his money on such absurdity."

Quitting her hold on Costa, Belinda starts to her feet, and stands upright and determined before Augustus, her small child's face flaming red as any pomegranate flower. "Mr. Jones," she exclaims, "if I ask you to give Costa two francs' worth of maccaroons at this moment, do you mean to tell me you would not do it?"

"I should prefer giving the money to the first worthy object of commiseration who happens to pass along the street," Mr. Jones answers didactically

"Will you give Costa one franc's worth of maccaroons, now, this instant?"

"I—I never heard of feeding a dog on maccaroons; I think it a deuced ridiculous waste of money," stutters Jones, without offering to put his hand into his pocket. "I can be as liberal as most people, Miss Belinda, on the right occasion; but if I have a predilection, and a very strong one, too, it's against seeing good money wasted."

Belinda looks at him, from his mosquito-bitten forehead down to the tips of his Bond street boots: looks at him with those clear eyes of hers, not only up and down bodily, but morally through and through.

"Oh! I understand. I know now why Costa hated you from the first. Dogs are not such fools. If you have a predilection, you say, 'tis against seeing good money wasted. If I have a predilection, and a very strong one, too, 'tis for wasting it. Money—bah! what is money? So many dirty bits of silver stamped with this head or that, and good just for the quantity of sweet stuff it will bring you. To spend, to waste, to scatter money to the winds, is one of my predilections; paume-playing, bolero-dancing, liberty—sweet liberty—are the others! And I am no more likely to change in my opinions than you are in yours. Good-bye, Mr. Jones."

She turns on her heel, and swinging her schistera to and fro in a way to shock Mr. Jones' nicest susceptibilities, walks off; Costa, his head well erect, as though he felt himself master of the situation, at her side.

CHAPTER III.

LIGHT WEDDED, LIGHT WIDOWED.

St. Jean De Luz is awakening from its afternoon siesta; by the time, an hour later, that the Paris train arrives, every nook, every corner of the quaint little Basque town is full of life and color.

As six o'clock strikes a carriage draws up, with the extra flourishing of whips indicative of new arrivals to be fleeced, before the Grand Hotel Isabella. Waiters, chambermaids, mine host himself, all come out, salaaming, to secure their prey; and forth steps an elegant fool of the very first water—English, and of the sex whose helplessness is its charm—upon the pavement.

"*Mes bagages—ou est mes bagages?*" sighs a soft voice in that curious language known as French in suburban boarding-schools, but unintelligible south of the Channel. "*Dix bagages, touts adresees*, and a piece of blue ribbon on each. *Dix*, ten oh, would anybody make them understand! *Dix*." Holding up ten helpless lavender gloved fingers. "Really, Spencer, I think you might try and be of some little use."

At this appeal another elegant fool (but of second water—a cheap copy of the first flimsy glace silk instead of richest cord) steps languidly forth from the carriage. She too is admirably helpless, and she too speaks a tongue incomprehensible out of England; the polyglot smatter of advertising abigails who "talk three languages with ease, and are willing to undertake any duties, not menial, while on the Continent."

They address themselves to the host, to the waiters, to the coachman. Nobody understands them; they understand nobody. "If I had only be-spoken Belinda!" sighs the lady piteously. "If you had had the slightest consideration, Spencer, you might have reminded me to telegraph to Miss O'Shea."

The words have scarcely left her lips when a knot of little lads, English and French, shoulder their way along the street. At the word "Belinda," the foremost of the gang turns and nudges the boy who comes next. They all stop, they all stare; one of them gives a low meaning whistle across his shoulder, and in another second or two Belinda appears upon the scene, her battered hat more battered than when we saw her first, two hours ago; the flush of heat and victory on her brow, her espadrilles so kicked to pieces that how they kept upon her feet at all is miraculous. She passes along, whistling, forgetful of Mr. Jones and their quarrel, of Rose's letter and threatened arrival, forgetful of everything except the game of paume she has just played and won, when suddenly the elegant fool number one looks full into the girl's face and, electrified, recognizes her.

"What, Belinda, can that be you?"

"What, Rose, arrived already!"

"How dirty she is!" (mentally.)

"How painted she is!" (all but aloud.)

And then the ladies kiss; hugely to the entertainment of Belinda's comrades, who have certainly never beheld Miss O'Shea engaged in any of these feminine amenities.

"You—you have grown, I think," says Rose, scrutinizing with horror-stricken eyes the girl's ragged, dust-stained clothes, and remembering with all the shame of which her small soul is capable that the lady's maid scrutinizes them also. "And you are sunburnt—you are very sunburnt, Belinda."

"I should say I was, just! If you had been playing paume under such a sun as this, you would be sunburnt too. But where is your maid? You don't mean to say that you have travelled all the way from Brompton to St. Jean de Luz alone?"

Rose at this gives a side-glance at the gorgeous abigail, and whispers in Belinda's ear: "That is my maid, my dear, and the most helpless, the most unbearable creature in the world. Still, as I had her from Lady Harriet Howes—and a particular favor her ladyship made of it—I don't like to change. It's an immense thing" plaintively, "for one's maid to have lived in a good style of place, you know."

"I know!" repeats Belinda, with her mocking gamin laugh. "Yes, I am just the fellow to know about fine ladies and their maids, am I not! But do you mean to say, Rose, that you and that magnificently dressed young woman have travelled from one end of France to the other without getting run away with?"

"I—I have not been altogether without an escort," responds the widow, and blushes.

Belinda thinks she must have been wrong about the paint; not knowing that there are women who blush and paint too.

"I was fortunate enough in Paris to come across a very old and dear friend, who took me about a little, and then, somehow or other, I met with him again at Bordeaux. Curious coincidence, was it not?" laying her plump hand with girlish playfulness upon Belinda's slender arm. "But I have more curious things still to tell you when we are alone. *Mes bagages.*" This to the dignified Basque coachman, who, with the air of a prince, his cap on his head, stands waiting to be paid. "Belinda, will you make that savage comprehend that I want my luggage? Ten large boxes, tell him, each with a blue ribbon, and—oh, the awful dog! Some one take the awful dog away!" Costa has been critically examining the new-comers, mistress and maid, and conveys his poor opinion of them to Belinda by a short, gruff bark. "I thought all the dogs in France had to be muzzled by law. Spencer, Spencer, get between me and that monster!"

It is long before Rose can be made to believe that her precious boxes will be brought up from the station like all other people's boxes, on the hotel omnibus. Then, when rooms have to be selected for her, arise new troubles. She must have a bed-room communicating with a drawing-room (and the drawing-room must have a balcony covered with flowers), a bed-room near some one else's in case of fire—a bed-room not too near some one else's in case of their talking in their sleep. And Spencer's must be on the same floor. And is there any way of ascertaining who slept in the rooms last? Will Belinda request the people of the house to swear that there has been no one here with the smallpox this summer?

"Swear? Why, a Basque will swear anything you ask him," cries the girl mischievously. "Of course people with smallpox have slept here this summer, as they have at every hotel in the place. What does it matter, Rose? You will be so mosquito-bitten, like our friend Augustus, by to-morrow morning that you won't recognize yourself in the glass. A touch of smallpox more or less cannot matter."

With which scanty consolation, Rose, the tears rising in her foolish frightened eyes, has to be contented.

She languishes away to a mirror, and taking off her veil, begins to dust her delicate rose-and-white face with her cambric handkerchief.

"I have grown quite an old woman, have I not?" She puts a smile on the corners of her lips, then turns and presents her face for the girl's admiration. "I dare say you would hardly have known me if you had met me, without warning, in the street. Now, tell me the honest truth, dear; I hate flattery."

Rose, at this present time of her mortal life, has approached as near as it is possible for a good-looking woman ever to do to her fortieth year. But, if there be truth in that delightful French adage that a woman is the age she looks, we may call her nine and twenty; of course I mean after her art labors are over for the day.

elinda examines her with eyes that would pierce all the enamel, all the rice powder in the world. "We none of us get younger, Rose; you no more than other people. But you look well in health. I am surprised to see you out of mourning," she adds, giving a cold glance at her step-mother's white-and-lilac finery. "Has your uncle Robert been dead six or eight weeks? I do not remember exactly."

"Eight weeks! Oh, Belinda dear, how thoughtless you are." Rose, to do her justice, feels far more amiably disposed toward Belinda than Belinda feels toward Rose. Life flows at its smoothest just at present with Cornelius O'Shea's widow. Dear Uncle Robert opportunely removed to a better world; his will all that could be desired by surviving relations; good looks within the reach of one's own industry still, and a lover, handsome, young, well-born, to crown all. How can Rose feel anything but amiable, especially now that she sees how unfortunately plain this poor little alien step-daughter of hers has grown up! "Uncle Robert has been dead more than three months, and I am only just in second mourning. The milliners tell me it's ridiculously deep, and indeed I remember seeing Lady Harriet wear scarlet six weeks after old Miss Howe's death; but I—I know what a friend I have lost! Of course I could not enter upon these delicate subjects in a letter, Belinda, but Uncle Robert has left me everything, unconditionally. Money, house, plate—everything. I only hope I may be guided!" says Rose, turning up her eyes, "guided to make a right use of what is intrusted to me."

Colder and harder grows the expression on Belinda's face. Can the girl forget by whose absence, whose death, Rose's good fortune was purchased?

"Oh, you are very lucky, Rose, very! But, somehow, I cannot find words just now to wish you joy. What are your future plans? Are you going to live in that big house at Brompton all alone?"

Mrs. O'Shea's eyes sink to the ground. "I—I have many things to talk to you about, Belinda, as I hinted in my letter. But when I have told all my little story I am sure you will feel for me in my position. The romance of two young lives!" murmurs Rose, modestly apologetic. "Love sacrificed to duty! A heart slowly breaking during a dozen years! Belinda, my dear girl, you have heard—you must have heard of Roger Temple?"

But not by a word or look will Belinda assist the widow's bashfulness, or help her forward in her confession. "I believe that I have heard of such a person somewhere," she answers, in a tone of the most freezing indifference. "Your friend, Mr. Jones, mentioned him, I think, Rose. But I pay so little attention to anything Mr. Jones says."

(To be Continued).

How to Soothe a Dying Man.

Nurses in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness; but still it is the poor soldier who suffers most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth. Witness the following story: Chaplain "So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments; why didn't you call me?" Hospital orderly—"I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just sooth'd him as best I could myself." Chaplain—"Why, what did you say to him?" Orderly—"'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're mortal bad.' 'I am,' sez 'e. 'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you'll get better.' 'No,' sez 'e. 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're going fast.' 'Yes,' sez 'e. 'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you can hope to go to 'eaven.' 'I don't think I can,' sez 'e. 'Well, then, 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you'll go to 'ell.' 'I suppose so,' sez 'e. 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you ought to be werry grateful as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go.' And I think 'e 'eard, sir, and then he died."—*Hospital.*

The wealthiest living Welshman is said to be G. W. Taylor, of Denbighshire, Wales. On his Austrian estate, which he sold recently, he realized the enormous sum of $21,000,000.

If the able women who are wasting too much time writing essays to prove that "marriage is a failure" were compelled to sit up all night attending to a sick, fretful and feverish baby, they would soon change their minds and declare that marriage howling success.—*Scranton Truth.*

Jamie's Comin' Hame to Me

(From the Dundee News.)

By the river sadly sitting,
Sat a maiden at her knitting,
While the sang birds fast were flitting
To their hame in yonder tree.
Sweet her silvery voice was ringing
Thro' the vale the echo bringing;
This the burden o' her singing:
Jamie's comin' hame to me.

Oh! the days are lang and dreary,
Ance sae happy and sae cheery,
And m' life is sad and weary
Sin' he gaed across the sea.
He has left me lonely, mourning,
Longing for his safe returning,
Love within my bosom burning;
But he's comin' hame to me.

Fast the summer leaves are dying
While the autumn winds are sighing,
And the ship is homeward prying;
Soon I will my laddie see—
See his face my cares beguiling,
Welcome him frae danger toiling,
Soon I hope to see him smiling;
Jamie's comin hame to me.

Oh the tenderness, the feeling,
Like angelic music stealing,
Oh! the love the face revealing,
As she sang her melody,
And the strain so sweetly flowing
Mingled with the soft winds blowing,
Singing 'mid the sunset glowing—
Jamie's comin hame to me.

Latest from Ireland.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his son are at present in county Clare.

Three Irishmen have been Prime Ministers of Victoria, Australia.

Mr. P. Mahoney, M.P., has presented Mrs. Gladstone with a Kerry heifer from the Irish Exhibition.

The new schools of the Christian Brothers, which have been erected at a cost of £6,000, were opened at Castlebar the other day.

Mr. Mitchell, Superintendent of the Great Southern & Western Railway, died very suddenly at Kilkee, on the 16th ult., while entering the sea to have a bath.

Rev. James White, of Carrickfergus, has been presented with a purse of £300 at the celebration of his jubilee. His church is one of the oldest in Ireland, having been organized in 1620.

A sad drowning accident, by which two little children, daughter of Mr. Stewart, Nun's Island, lost their lives, occurred recently at the Salmon Weir. They fell in opposite the jail, and when found life was extinct.

An old woman, named Bridget Manning, died on September 24th, in the Drogheda Union, of which she had been an inmate for some years past, leaving behind her the sum of £120. She had no known relatives.

A costly and handsome stained glass window has been erected in Rathgar Church, Dublin, "In loving memory of the Rev. Wm. Fleming Stevenson, D.D., first pastor of this church; ordained March 1st, 1860; died Sept. 16th, 1886."

Rev. Thomas Olden, vicar of Ballyclough, Mallow, under the title of "Holy Scriptures in Ireland One Thousand Years Ago," is about to publish a translation of an Irish commentary on St. Paul's epistles ascribed to the eighth century, and preserved in a manuscript at Wurtzburg.

Aughavana, the famous shooting lodge of Mr. Parnell, has been sold by him to the Government. The glen is one of the most historic spots in Ireland. It was there Lord DeWilton was defeated with much bloodshed by Feagh MacHugh O'Bryne, and some of the chief exploits during the Irish rising of 1798 were witnessed in the glen.

Eaten by an Alligator.

A horrible story was brought to the city to-day from Ossabaw Island. Three days ago half a dozen negro boys were swimming in Buckhead Creek. Marck Jackson, 18 years old, swam out beyond the others and was treading water when suddenly he gave a shriek, threw up his arms and disappeared. There was commotion in the water and the other boys hurried ashore. A few minutes after a 'gator's nose was seen for a moment sticking up above the water. Johnson's parents did not accept the 'gator story. They thought that the boy had the cramps and drowned. They got some of their neighbors to drag the creek. Several hours were spent in searching for the body, but it could not be found. Yesterday the boys found a suspicious spot on the bar, making out in the creek, and the sand had been terribly disturbed, but the tracks were too large for a turtle's. They began digging in the loose sand, and were horrified at uncovering a human body. When all the sand had been removed the trunk of the missing body was seen. The legs and arms were gone and the body was horribly mangled. It is the 'gator's habit to bury its food, and it is supposed the negro boy was samian's victim.—*Savannah Special in the Macon Telegraph.*

A Rat Steals $177.

A Brantford correspondent sends the following: Charles Tomlinson, night watchman at the Plewes mill, in Holmedale, had an extraordinary experience yesterday. He was doing some work at about 5 a.m., and took off his coat and vest, the latter containing a roll of bills to the value of $177. When he proceeded to put on his things again he discovered that the money had disappeared, and at once came to the conclusion that the rats, of which there were a number in the vicinity, must be responsible for the theft. Acting upon this impression, he searched high and low until 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when his diligence was rewarded by discovering the missing roll on a sill in the basement near a rat hole. The bills were somewhat gnawed, but otherwise they will prove just as serviceable as ever.

Conclusive Evidence

Myrtle—He's awfully attentive to her, you know.

Lily—How far has it gone?

Myrtle—Very far, I'm afraid. He held her prayer-book upside down at church yesterday, and I'm sure I heard him say "woman" instead of "amen."

—Rather a novelty has been introduced lately in the shape of a noiseless clock for sick rooms, the invention being coupled with a night-lamp. When the lamp is lighted the necessary diminution takes place by combustion. At other times a mechanical arrangement allows the water to drop in the regular fashion. The fluid escapes at a uniform rate and keeps both clock and lamp a-going.

LIFE IN MANITOBA.

The Freaks of the Frost and the Prospects of Settlers.

DELICIOUS PRAIRIE SCENERY.

A Country Without Rain From September Till Spring.

We have been favored with a perusal of an interesting letter written by Mr. James Aikenhead, the well-known Toronto wholesale merchant, who is now visiting in the neighborhood of Brandon. It was addressed to his son, Thos. E., and from it the following extracts are made:

As every thoughtful person in Ontario takes an interest more or less in the wheat crop of Manitoba, I suppose you would like me to say something on that subject. From all I could learn from farmers and storekeepers at Brandon, Griswold, Oak Lake and Virden, there will not be more than half the crop saved. The frost has not merely damaged the wheat this year, it has utterly destroyed it. The reason of that is that seeding time came two weeks later than usual, and the frost caught the grain in a state of development when it was not able to bear it, and the result was that there was scarcely anything at all in the ear. Other years frozen wheat could be sold for at least half price, or could be kept for seed for the coming season, as it answered just as well for that purpose as if it had not been frozen, or on a pinch you could make bread of the flour, which could well be used by parties that could not afford to be too particular. In my journeying to and from the above named places I have passed thousands and thousands of acres that the owners will never attempt to make any use whatever of. Many of the farmers have already burned their wheat; one can see fires in every direction; others, who do not intend to use that land next year, leave the crop standing to be removed when they have more leisure. The frost has been very erratic in its operations and no one can account for this. It has taken the country in sections. One man in Oak Lake told me he considered himself well off, he had only four acres frozen, but his brother, who owned the farm next to his, had not enough for seed for next year. The same way the party I am stopping with has not been damaged at all, and his brother, who only lives two miles away, has actually no wheat. Then again, some have had a part of their crop slightly damaged and the rest good; but cases of that kind appear to be very rare. Some parties tell you very philosophically that as a Province they will not be worse off than they were last year; that if half the crop is lost, still as much more will come in as did last year, for they are getting nearly or altogether twice as much for their wheat as they did last year. This will be very consoling to those who have lost half and will get as much for the balance as they got last year for double the quantity, but I don't see where the comfort comes in for the poor fellows who have little or no wheat. I think they at least will be very much worse off, whatever the Province may do.

When I came to this Province I had an idea, which I think is very prevalent in Ontario with parties who have never visited Manitoba, that is, that the prairie is one continual level, which soon becomes very monotonous. No idea could be more erroneous. About three miles from here you come to a chain of hills that extend for a great many more miles than I can tell or find out by inquiry, but I know by experience that a drive among these hills is one of the greatest pleasures that a man could possibly have. Get in a comfortable rig behind a good span of horses—if you have the ribbons in your own hand so much the better. At first you get up quite a nice little hill; as soon as you reach the top you see one a little higher and make your way to it to find that you have half a dozen to choose from, and you have to select one to bring you to a higher plane. At last you see one and you think that when you reach there you will surely be at the highest point of the ridge, but when you get there you find that hill top rises above hill top in every direction till at last you feel quite sure that you have got among the everlasting hills in more senses of the word than one. As you go darting along from hill to hill you feel the air very invigorating. It is that in all parts of this country, but I think there is an additional flavor about the air in the hills; it is delicious—you feel that you want to drink it in. When at last you have reached the top of the ridge the prospect in every direction is grand beyond description.

Another thing that takes very much away from the monotony is what are here called bluffs. They are patches of red willows, very stunted; never grow very high, and seldom reach three inches in diameter. It is not thought good to have many of them on a farm, but a few of them are very convenient near the house. The fowl are very fond of them, and delight to go off and find a place for themselves to build a nest. They also supply plenty of firewood, good enough for summer use, but not heavy enough for winter. If near the house they also afford a great amount of shelter from the stormy winds that blow. There are often swales in the centre of the bluffs. A swale is a natural hollow in the land. In the spring, when the snow melts, the swales are all full of water, and wild ducks on all of them. There are some very extensive swales. As the summer advances the small ones gradually dry up, and the wild geese and ducks flock in great numbers to the larger ones.

I will mention only one other break in on the monotony, that is, the ravines—you meet with them in almost every direction. When you come first to the edge of one and look down at the road you think it must be very dangerous to drive a span of horses down there and up again at the other side, but when you have gone through them a few times you get rid of that feeling. The ravines also have their uses at this season of the year, when all the small swales are dried up and the large ones are too far away. The farmers have to send the cattle to the ravines to drink. They have to go from the farm that I am stopping at present, but they have not to go far in any of the ravines till they come to hollows where there is plenty of water for the cattle. They have no fall rains in this country. They never expect to see rain, except it may be a passing shower, from the 1st of September till the following spring.

They have no barns here, all the wheat is stacked in the field when it is cut, four stacks forming a square with a space in the centre for the threshing machine to pass in. The machine is fed from four stacks. When the threshing is over the grain is brought to the granary to be winowed and sacked ready for market, and the straw is all burnt up. No value is set on wheat straw. A farmer keeps as much oat straw as he thinks he will require for bedding the cattle. If hay should run short in the spring the oat straw can be fed to the cattle, and it will keep them in some kind of condition till the hay comes in. But no use at all is found for wheat straw.

IT IS RIGHT TO KICK.

Better Do So Than Submit to Being Imposed Upon.

I have met the railroad hog a great many times, writes M. Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*. I never meet him without making a kick. He is growing scarcer every day, and I sometimes flatter myself that I have contributed to drive him out. When I left Toledo for Cincinnati the other day the train was crowded and people were standing up in every coach. In my car was a man occupying two seats. He had a bad looking head on him, and he cared so little our rights for that he did not look up from his book. There were five of us standing up, and I said to the group:

"Gentlemen, there are three seats for which we have paid. Let us take possession."

"He'll kick and raise a row."

"But we'll kick and raise a bigger one."

"Yes, but what's the use of quarrelling with a hog?"

"It is just such men as you who have made him a hog. You have allowed him to impose on you until he has come to think he owns the railroad."

Not one of the four would move. I went to the other end of the car, where three women were crushed into one seat, picked up a 12-year-old boy near by, and walked up to the hog and asked:

"Have you paid for four seats here?"

"That's my business!" he promptly replied.

"And mine and the public's."

I cleared the seat of his baggage, seated the woman and the boy, and then crowded in beside the hog. He made an awful row but it was useless. He was left with what he had paid for, and we got what our tickets called for. Let every passenger kick on the railroad hog, and he must go.

One day last spring there were 10 of us at a hotel table in Nashville. The soup was scorched and no one could eat it. Not a potato brought to us was done. The milk for the coffee had turned. I invited the others to go to the office with me and kick. They were drummers every one, but not one would go. When people speak of drummers as kickers they are way off. They will put up with more and do less complaining than any other class of men on earth. In the present case one of them spoke for all when he said:

"Yes, things are bad and ought to be righted, but we are here only for the meal and it won't pay us to kick."

I went out alone. The landlord was in the office, and I asked:

"How long since you were in the dining-room?"

"A week, I guess."

"You don't oversee the meals?"

"No."

"Well, please go to the head table and taste the milk, examine the potatoes and smell of the soup."

He departed at once. When he returned he was hopping mad. The head waiter was called out and dressed down, the head cook got nicely peeled, and the landlord shook my hand and said:

"That kick of yours will benefit this house $5,000. I had no idea things were running thus."

The natural inference with him was that as long as no one kicked everything must be going all right and everybody satisfied. A thousand men had no doubt gone away mad and injured his house.

A THIEF'S FATE.

Shot Dead While Trying to Bite Off a Young Woman's Finger.

An Indianapolis despatch says: Jesse Mason, who lives near the village of Stilesville, Hendricks county, was paid some money on Saturday. That night, about 8 o'clock, Logan York, of that neighborhood, with one of his associates, went to Mason's house and asked for matches. While Mason turned to get them York and his companion rushed into the room. Miss Mason came from the family room, and, taking in the situation, seized a chair, with which she attacked York. He seized her hands, put one of her fingers in his mouth and was biting it off when her brother, Oran Mason, ran to her assistance and, placing a shotgun over her shoulder, shot York in the face, instantly killing him. The other man escaped.

Is a Mormon Elder a Clergyman?

An Ottawa telegram says: An inquiry has been received by the Department of Justice from a resident at Wilberforce, Ont., as to whether or not a Mormon elder can legally celebrate marriage in this Province. The reply was that Chap. 131, R. S. Ontario, provided that a minister or clergyman of any religious denomination might legally solemnize marriage between two persons not otherwise incapacitated, the parties being licensed or the banns having been first duly published, and that it was a question of fact whether or not a Mormon elder was a minister or clergyman within the meaning of the statute.

A Terrible Life.

"I don't understand women," remarked a postman, "and"—after a pause—"I don't believe I want to, either."

"What's the matter?"

"If I hand a letter to a woman she looks at me severely and says: 'What! only one?' If I give her six she says: 'What! only six?' and if I had a hundred for her she would make the same remark. If I have only a paper to deliver—well, it's a terrible life to lead."

The Prince of Wales has discarded brown flannels this year for a gray suit.

Rev. Donald McGillivray was ordained as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church to China at St. James' Square Church Toronto, last night.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY

Lady Stanley has promised to visit the Ottawa convents shortly.

Counsel finished their argument in the suit against the Ontario Investment Association on Saturday.

The four Chinamen still continue to be the temporary wards of the Grand Trunk Railway at Niagara Falls.

A man named Dierch, second officer of the ship Sidderha, lying at Quebec, attempted suicide yesterday, but was rescued.

Thomas Demers, employed by Messrs. Breaky, lumber merchants, of Etchemin, Que., was killed on Friday by some cars which he was loading passing over him.

Mr. D. W. Newcombe, the postmaster of Yarmouth Centre, who was stricken with paralysis while stepping out of his buggy at his son's residence in St. Thomas, died on Saturday.

On Saturday Robert Swanton, barber, of St. Thomas, accused of the theft of $375 from Dan Coughlin, cattle buyer, and arrested on suspicion some days since, confessed his guilt.

A farmer named Peter T. McIntosh, who resides at Glen Falloch, in the Township of Charlottenburg, near Cornwall, was struck by a freight train on Friday night while walking along the track near Loney's Corners, and instantly killed.

Mr. Mung Koon, merchant, of Montreal, who was naturalized as a British subject in 1886, and has resided in Canada for five years, is very indignant because the United States authorities will not allow him to proceed to New York to attend to his business. He is anxious to test the case in the law courts if that is possible.

David Hill, of Strathroy, died on Friday night. His death was brought about by the exertions he had made in nursing and attending some of his friends who had been taken ill with diphtheria. Having been much weakened by his attention to them he administered some medicine to himself incautiously, which so prostrated him that he was unable to recover. He was buried at St. Marys this morning.

On Friday afternoon a quarrel occurred at Englishtown, near Port Hope, between Stephen Barkwell and Wm. Mitchell, a ship carpenter, who was digging in a potato patch belonging to Mrs. Nelson and to whom Barkwell had lent a rake. While asking for the rake angry words occurred between Barkwell and Mitchell, and the latter used his hoe, he says in self-defence, and inflicted ugly wounds on Barkwell's right hand. Mitchell was arrested.

Henry Morris and Charles Jarvis, two youths of London West, who had a good time a week ago with money belonging to the father of the latter, were before Judge Elliot Saturday afternoon on the charge of stealing money. The evidence was clear against them, and young Jarvis was sentenced to four years in the reformatory for the offence. Morris was allowed out under suspended sentence. He was accused of receiving the money, knowing it to have been stolen.

About 3 o'clock yesterday morning a number of citizens of Smith's Falls were alarmed by a loud report. It was thought by some that an earthquake had taken place, but investigation revealed the fact that the post-office had been robbed. Burglars forced an entrance through the iron door at the back of the building and completely ransacked the office safe, which was literally destroyed by the nitro-glycerine. About $500 worth of stamps, $40 to $50 cash, and two tin boxes containing Mayor Ferguson's (the postmaster) private papers are missing. The citizens turned out in large numbers yesterday and scoured the neighborhood without success.

Mr. Gladstone has found time to write an article entitled "Queen Elizabeth in Reaction and in Reform" for the November "Nineteenth Century."

Emperor William and King Humbert reviewed 33,000 troops at Camp Centocelle, Rome, on Saturday. Ten thousand spectators gathered to witness the review. Emperor William repeatedly expressed his admiration of the bearing of the men. He especially praised the manœuvres of the Bersagliere and mountain artillery.

Public concern about the Whitechapel murders, though no longer at white heat, is smouldering and ready to break out again in a panic if occasion offers. Not much has been gained by the coroner's inquest, and little that is either new or important is revealed. The police are still daily assailed for their inability to discover the murderer. Socialist leaders, notably those who cannot forget or forgive their defeat at Trafalgar square, are publishing elaborate attacks on the whole police system. The effort to drive Sir Charles Warren out of office is continued, with no visible result.

The German Emperor's visit to Rome interests the English, irritates the French, rouses the Italians to enthusiasm, and produces in Berlin that solid satisfaction which springs from the success of a great policy. Italy regards the Emperor as her guest. Yet he has gone from the Quirinal to the Vatican, only changing carriages by the way at the German Embassy, and the Pope has received him as cordially as the King. European journals do not push enterprise to the point of professing to state what passed at this memorable interview. There is, however, a general agreement that at Rome as at Vienna the young Emperor has shown unfailing tact in difficult positions.

Perhaps no incident in the history of the week has created so much amusement as the appearance of Sir William Harcourt in a new character, as an apostle of temperance and chairman of a temperance meeting. Sir Wilfrid Lawson claims the credit of converting him, but Sir William's movements have always been considered with reference to current politics. The temperance people were strong enough to force the Ministry to abandon the licensing clauses of last session's Local Government Bill. Sir William and his friends, finding themselves compelled to elect between the publicans and the teetotallers, have cast in their lot with Sir Wilfrid Lawson's United Kingdom Alliance.

J. H. Zehner, of East Saginaw, Mich., a poor man who during the summer kept a peanut and flower stand, has just drawn $5,000 in the New Orleans lottery.

Wm. Jarvis, aged 12 years, shot Pearl Kelly, aged 5, yesterday afternoon with a pistol at Waterloo, N.Y. The boy told the girl to stand off and see if he could shoot her eye out. The girl complied and he fired, the ball taking effect over her eye. She is dangerously injured, and the doctor thinks she cannot recover.

Al. Moore, a young man mixing in social circles and of good family (says an East Saginaw, Mich., despatch), employed in a drug store in Saginaw and latterly in a drug store on this side, while under the influence of morphine, it is supposed, remembered the combination of Mr. Bernep's safe, went there, opened it and took $60. He was arrested and bound over to the Circuit Court. In default of $500 bail he is in durance vile.

A. O. U. W.

Important Decision Regarding Liability of the Order.

A decision has been rendered in the Supreme Court of Iowa in the Ancient Order of United Workmen controversy. The case came from Clinton county, in that State, where Henry Bock was a member of Schiller Lodge. After the division in the Order in 1882, at which time Schiller Lodge remained with the State organization, Bock and several other members united in organizing a new lodge called Loyal Lodge. The Grand Lodge—National branch—refused to issue to him a new certificate without the surrender of the former one. Bock kept up his dues in both lodges until his death. The State Grand Lodge paid the full amount of the certificate held by his wife, taking up the receipted certificate. Like claim was then made upon the Loyal Grand Lodge, but payment was refused without the surrender of the certificate, which the claimant could not produce. Suit being brought, the District Court found for the defendant. The Supreme Court affirms the finding on the ground that Bock had only one contract of insurance, the full amount of which plaintiff has received.

Points to Young Writers.

There is a great deal in sending the article to the journal for which it isn't at all adapted.

Wait at least two days before you write to inquire why you haven't heard about the article.

When your article is finished, don't revise it. Above all, don't prune it; that might strengthen it, but it will also shorten it.

Write on paper foolscap size, or on wall paper if it is more handy. It creases so beautifully when you cram it into the envelope.

Use pale blue ink, and don't aim at legibility. If you have no blue ink, black ink that has been frozen and thawed out three or four times will do as well.

Should the editor, through dementia or the idotic fortuity of circumstances, accept your article, send him another right off. In fact, keep sending them. Load them in a gatling gun and make a target of him.

If you live near the publication office, don't send your MS., but take it yourself. Read it to the editor; read it boisterously, so that others within hearing may enjoy it. They may doubt the massiveness of your brain, but not the capacity of your lungs. Get into the editor's lap, if possible, walk all over him, figuratively speaking.

A Plausible Reason.

Jack—Say, Dick, why don't you marry that Miss Jones, if you esteem her so highly?

Dick—There are serious objections to such a step, Jack.

Jack—Objections? I am sure she is pretty enough, amiable, intelligent, of good family, and not without worldly inheritance. What possible objection can you have?

Dick—I s'pose I can tell you something in confidence and you won't repeat it?

Jack—Every time, old boy. What is it?

Dick—The objections were filed by Miss Jones.

The Season's Manly Sports.

Mrs. Scrubbins—Oh, dear! I'll be so glad when the hunting and fishing season is over. My husband is awfully fond of such manly sports, but he always overexerts himself.

Caller—I should think he would learn by experience.

"Well, he don't. He got back last night so tired he could hardly walk, and this morning he's upstairs with the awfulest headache and he can't eat a thing. Such a time as he must have had keeping out of the way of snakes. He thinks he sees 'em yet."

Mr. Levy-Lawson, proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, is dead.

—The new hussar coat is very stylish, with its black silk passementeries docked with gold on the jacket fabric of deep blue or Russian-green cloth. Sometimes they are decorated with aiguillettes or tags, with gold or silver points. The peculiar style of these military coats consists in the superb fit of the shoulders, the majority of them being slightly wadded.

—Husband (on his return from business)—Why, my dear, what is the matter? You look ill. Wife (faintly)—Oh, John, I've just been reading an almanac, and I find I have twenty-seven diseases, any one of which may prove fatal.

Mr. G. W. Newcombe, Yarmouth Heights, lost $3,500 by the flight of Leslie, the Winnipeg Customs House officer, recently. Leslie was Mr. Newcombe's agent in the Northwest, and collected his rentals, etc. Before leaving for the land of the free, Leslie gathered in all rents and arrearages and fled with the funds.

Bride—Henry, do you know that you snore?" Bridegroom—No; do I? I'm very sorry to hear it. Bride (dryly)—So am I.

—Don't ridicule the poor man who supports ten or a dozen dogs. Perhaps that's the only way he has to keep pup.

Coal loses from 10 to 40 per cent. of its evaporative power if exposed to the effects of sunshine and rain.

The Prince of Wales and Crown Prince Rudolph have returned to Vienna.

Daniel Goulding, formerly a warder in Tullamore jail, was arrested yesterday, charged with having committed perjury at the inquest into the death of Mr. John Mandeville. Goulding deposed at the inquest that Mandeville had been ill-treated by himself and other warders under orders of the governor of the jail. Goulding was bailed.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1888.

EDUCATION V. CONCEPTION.

Since the organization of the Common School Law of Ontario in 1848-7, the tendency has ever been centralization in the Educational Department at Toronto all thought, will, and outward action so far as the public were concerned, their sole liberty in the matter being the production of pupils, and paying all monetary demands without murmuring. The enfeebling influence of the system in its early days of incipient tyranny in high places" exhibited itself in a very short period by the absence of parental action in overseeing their children's lessons preparatory for school. Parental power was ignored and their influence stultified. The teacher is now under ban, and the centre at Toronto think, act, and operate all the soulless automaton teachers in the Province. We don't disparage the teachers, but the system which has reduced a highly intellectual class of educationalists to such an abject condition of subserviency, all thinking done by the Central Committee.

True education tends to activity and liberty of thought, and promotes the growth of freedom and independence, combined with individuality of action. We highly approve of centralized power in the administration of public affairs, to take the initiative in any movement prototive of the public weal; provided always that such powers is the direct representative of the governed. Educational power should be so distributed that the central power would be merely the focus of the educational light of the nation; and any system which does not recognize this as a fundamental principle will produce intellectual slavery and a decline of national prestige. A school system, to be in harmony with British constitutional usage, should be towards decentralizing, by gradually remitting to the people their inherent educational rights so soon as they may become sufficiently educated to exercise those powers with even a tolerable degree of success. Let there be centralized light, but decentralized power; the more numerous the rays causing the central light, the brighter the illumination; while a centralizing power, whether representing a monarchy or self constituted oligarchy, is certain to produce mental darkness and intellectual imbecility.

The school system of Ontario has been lauded to a degree which its intrinsic merits do not justify; and as the intellectual demands of the people are shut out from the auditory of the junta at Toronto, there is little prospect for improvement, unless the electorate revolutionize the country at the polls. That noblest gift which God has bestowed upon man—Thought—is stifled into inaction, by both teachers and pupils; and the junta themselves give ample evidence of its utter absence in any higher sense than a love of self, their highest intellectual development being a nimble use of scissors, paste-pot and brush in the compilation of their semi-annual batch of school books. Thought is that principle which has elevated the British nation to the foremost ranks among the nations of the earth; and its decay in the ranks of the Yankee nation is the result of their inherent British principles becoming impregnated in their school system with a graft from the poisonous tree of Prussian despotism; and we, in turn, have borrowed from the Yankees. To-day they are unrepresented by a single statesman in their national councils. Such is the effect of education. Every Prussian boy can read and write, with a smattering of Latin, yet it leaves him a boy forever intellectually speaking. He is the creature of the state craft, and never allowed to think. Taking number as a data, the Chinese are the most universally educated people the sun shines on, and yet, as a people, they are abominable in private life, and vile in public life. Give us the British subject, ignorant though he may be of book learning and mental slavery, but governed by the unwritten statutes (Truth, Honor, and integrity of character) which pervades every British community, and one man is worth, in a national sense, a regiment of either Prussians or Chinese. Those who secured the peace of the world by their valor at the Nile, Trafalgar, Talavera, Vittoria, and Waterloo, were not likely to be heavily handicapped with book learning in the race of victory; neither need any Canadian look to other lands for movements of fame, while history records their deeds at Detroit, Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, and Stony Creek, the rank-and-file of whom were no doubt comparatively illiterate; but each man thought for himself, and of himself, and thus each individual became a pillar of the State.

The school system has latterly been sapping the foundation of our individuality and national independence of character, looking to governments and systems for aid in their performance of that which we should could and eventually must do for ourselves; and the government which usurps the right of the people to act for themselves in matters exclusively social, should be hurled from power ere they get the last link in their chain of tyranny welded. Governmental aid has a deteriorating effect upon those who receive it, and is subversive to the true end and aim of education. We are over governed politically as well as educationally, and the man who will effectually cauterize this loathsome ulcer on the body politic, will deserve well from posterity. Leave us free to develop ourselves, and improve our individual condition; for we have no faith in the value of legislation as a factor in the development of human character. As national progress is the sum of individual industry, energy, and uprightness, so is national decay the sum of lethargy, selfishness, and vice; hence it follows that if the present generations of Canadians would be patriotic and philanthropic, they will remove the obstacles that will otherwise hinder the rising generation from receiving an education in harmony with the decrees of the Higher Law

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Hannah Boyd, a domestic in the employ of a gentleman in Thorold, has been arrested on suspicion of being one of the criminals who lately forwarded the poisoned candies to Galt, causing the death of one person. Miss Boyd has not a savory character, but whether she is connected with that heinous crime remains to be proven. Detectives have been working on the case for some time, and this is the first fruit of their labor. Detective Murray, who has the case in hand, is a light-haired, cool-headed detective, and the impression prevails in Toronto that he knows what he is doing. It is to be hoped he does, for these detectives do sometimes cause more trouble and loss to individual characters than could be counterbalanced by the bringing to justice of a score of criminals.

There are lively times in Winnipeg. The R. R. V. track laying has progressed so far that a crossing of the C. P. R. has been reached. The latter company deny the former the right of crossing their tracks. The matter is now sub judice, but the Manitoba government appear unwilling to wait for a decision, and it was thought that on Monday they would force a crossing. They had more than a hundred men upon the ground for that purpose. However, the C. P. R. had 200 men present, three engines ditched at the proposed crossing and a high fence built. The crossing has not yet been made, and it is not probable that it will be so long as the C. P. R. can fight matters in court. In face of the recent agreement between the C.P.R. Company and the Government, it is, to say the least, a rank injustice on the part of the former to fight the building of this railway; but necessity and monopolies know no law.

Editor Jeakins, of the Brussels Budget, who has been in jail for the last thirty days for contempt of Court, is once more at liberty. His case for libel, brought by the postmaster at Brussels, came off at Goderich last Friday, when the jury brought in a verdict of $1 against this redoubtable modern Don Quixote of the quill. Teaching school was his forte. He had better go back.

A New Apple Ladder.

We were shown the other day, at Hall's, a contrivance for picking apples which is a great improvement upon the old style of ladders generally used for that purpose. The accompanying rough cut will give a better idea of it than we could by words. The scantling, pointed at top, and the cross bar at bottom of ladder admit of placing it in any position, by having the round I per cent in a crotch of the tree and placing foot of ladder on the ground. The cross bar of which will prevent turning of the ladder. It is the invention of Mr. J. M. Thurston. Though rather late for the fall, the excellence of the contrivance will commend itself to fruit raisers, and they will have ample time to construct one for themselves this winter and have it in readiness for next year.

Teachers' Association.

The South Grey Teachers' Association is assembled here to-day and to-morrow, Thursday and Friday. This, Thursday evening, a musical entertainment will be given in the Town Hall by the band, Glee club, and school scholars, at which Dr. McLellan will give an interesting lecture on "English Literature and its value in Education." Short speeches will also be given by Mr. F. W. Merchant and Mr. Hagarty, of Mount Forest. The daily sessions of the Association will be held in the school house, and all will be open to the public "without money and without price." Be sure and attend this evening's entertainment, as it is free and will be instructive. The daily sessions will be: Thursday, 10 a. m. to 12 a. m., and 1.30 to 5 p. m. Friday, 9 to 12 a. m. and 1.30 to 4 p. m. Following is the program in detail:

Thursday, morning session—Opening exercises; enrollment of members and general business; appointment of General Committee; auditors' report; how to interest parents in school work, by Messrs. J. E. Smith and A. Gillispie. Afternoon session—President's address, Mr. C. Ramage; review lesson, with class, Messrs. W. Irwin and M. N. Clark; phonic readings, Mr. McLellan; music, Holt system, with class, Mr. C. J. Sproule and Misses Anderson and Porter, school games and amusements, Messrs. W. Blakeston and J. Kerr; arithmetic, (analytical reduction) to junior classes, Mr. Thos. Allan. Evening session—Dr. McLellan's lecture and entertainment in Town Hall.

Friday, morning session—Question drawer and reports of Committees, delegates' report, election of officers and general business; grammar as public school study, by Dr. McLellan. Afternoon session—Expedients in arithmetic; Messrs. Rundle and Oxenham; Character building, Inspector Campbell; Temperance, Messrs. Cowan and Clemes.

The Country Editor's Calendar.

January—Election month; Bring in cordwood.

February—Blockades and storms.

March—Spring lambs.

April—The first robin and Spring poets.

May—Get ready for fish stories. Sudden decline of the poet.

June—This is an off month. Farmers too busy to read the paper, and it don't make much difference whether it comes out or not.

July—Talk about the weather and new potatoes.

August—Barns burnt, accidents, excursions and tall grain stories.

September—Big potatoes, turnips and fall shows. Offer the paper for two years and a half for one dollar and get three new subscribers.

October Begin to talk about wood again as soon as first snow storm comes. Get some benevolent tailor to make overcoat for note at six months.

November Read up politics for winter campaign and lubricate your mouth and stomach.

December Spend the most of this month in prayer that some kind hearted Samaritan will present you with a Christmas turkey; attend every caucus, vestry and political meeting for all it is worth, as this is the only season in your year that is paid by the elect.

A Pleasant Gathering.

A pleasant social gathering was held which took place last Friday evening at the residence of Miss Dalmude, when members of the Presbyterian choir assembled to do honor to one of their number, Miss Annie Dalmude, who was about leaving us for several months visit to friends at a distance. The affair was somewhat of a surprise party to Miss Dalmude, to whom was read the following address, accompanied by the presentation of a beautiful album:

To Miss E. Dalmude, organist Presbyterian Church:

[illegible]

After the presentation a dainty luncheon was served, music indulged in, and altogether a happy time was spent. Miss Dalmude is a prime favorite among her fellow choristers, and many wishes for her happiness and speedy return accompanied her.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Bame, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes: [illegible]

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Swann's Block. Residence, J. G. Eastc[illegible]

Partnership.

E. F. HIXON, M.D.C.M. J. G. HUTTON, M.D.C.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.

PRICE HILL.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

[illegible]

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office: Swann's Block
A. A. CHESLEY, B.A. Resident
Mr. FROST will be found at the [illegible]

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. Grey.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COUNTY NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Agent for the Dominion Savings & Investment Society. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Over McCallum's Store.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DALMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER INSURANCE AGT, &c

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. [illegible] and properly executed. Insurance in the best first class companies. Money to loan at lowest rates.

E. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn on short notice. Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive his prompt and careful attention at [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of W. T. McKee, Lot [illegible] Con 4, Artemesia, two steers, one black and the other red, 2 years old. The black one was found dead on the road near my premises. The red one is now at my place, and the owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

[illegible] Central Store, [illegible]

Pric[illegible]

BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOTS THAT R[illegible] BOOTS!

[illegible]

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!

[illegible]

P. L[illegible]CKS, Proprietor

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.
GALOPS DIVISION.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED [illegible] under-signed and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, THE [illegible] for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ready for examination at this office and at the Lock-keeper's house, Galops, on and after [illegible] by Contractors on personal application.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of [illegible] must accompany the tender for the works.

The respective deposit receipts [illegible] will not be cheques [illegible] must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

[illegible]

Department of Railways and Canals.

DRESS AND
MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making. Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting—Cornwell's Improved Square fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture store.

Jennie McBride.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Notice to Contractors.

T[illegible]

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

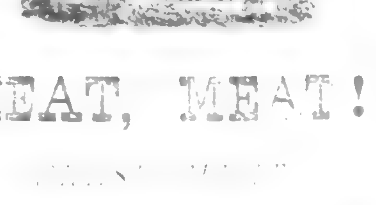

MEAT, MEAT!

[illegible]

Nice Tender Meat

And Meat of all Kinds

AT

Blakely & McConnell's.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 [illegible] Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. [illegible] ladies and gents sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

SALESMEN WANTED [illegible]

[illegible] CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY [illegible]

FARM for SALE

[illegible]

APPLES FOR SALE.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

Having disposed of my business to Mr. Geo. Blackburn, I desire to publicly express my thanks to the people of Flesherton and vicinity for the [illegible] support accorded me in the past, and would bespeak for him a continuance of the same [illegible].

STEPHEN SPIRIT.

Flesherton, Oct. 16, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having purchased the flour, feed and grocery business of Mr. Stephen Spirit I would say that it will be my aim to cater to the public in a manner that will retain for the business the reputation which it has hitherto had for fair and satisfactory dealings with customers.

The public's servant

GEO. BLACKBURN.

Flesherton, Oct. 16, 1888.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

MR. EDITOR—In compliance with your request I furnish some jottings of our recent travel. Though late, I trust it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers.

"AT LAST WE ARE OFF,"

I said to my wife, as we were comfortably seated in a C. P. R. train, and glided out of Flesherton Station on a summer evening, July 31st, on our way for Montreal, where we arrived next morning at 8.15. We found on arrival at the office of the Dominion S. S. Company that our friend, R. J. Sproule, who is agent for the company, and from whom we had purchased our passage, had already by letter and telegraph made the best provision for comfortable beths on board the Sarnia, which was to sail next morning. After inspecting our room, and taking a look over the vessel, we left our baggage, and being relieved of all anxiety on that [illegible] had the whole day before us in which to see Montreal. As one of the oldest and most populous cities in our Dominion it is worthy of more than a passing notice, but I recollect that other correspondence to The Advance this summer has brought it to your notice [illegible]

[illegible]

in the future. We strolled through the city till wearied, then went on board the Sarnia and slept without rocking.

Early in the morning we were astir to watch the boat being towed out into the river, and soon heard the stroke of her engines, the rumble and splash of the screw, and the jumble of sounds which seemed in after days to have a weird rythm and to which we found ourselves unconsciously attaching strange words and meanings.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Station, [illegible]

[illegible] Square, the [illegible] is a green with [illegible] Facing [illegible]

[illegible] we could [illegible] and statuary, yet [illegible] a feeling akin to pity [illegible] and women of fine mien, with countenances indicating refinement and intelligence, as they finished their devotions walk up and kiss the toe of a huge dark statue of St. Joseph, seated on a pedestal with bared foot projecting conveniently for the osculatory performances, which seemed to close the devotions of many of the worshippers.

We dined at a French restaurant and survived, but we will take no such risks

[illegible]

Inisitoge.

Miss Pickwickweller of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. James Brown.

Mrs. William Reid, who has been seriously ill with Malaria fever, is speedily recovering under the superior skill of Dr. Griffin.

The farm and chattels of the late Mr. George Glazier were sold by public auction on the 16th.

Feversham.

[illegible]

Prot[illegible] Station.

[illegible]

[illegible] which such [illegible] every [illegible] the very [illegible] are made of human gull[illegible] have [illegible] that they cannot afford [illegible] time and strength [illegible] but must seek [illegible] work with [illegible] note, will always be welcome, and [illegible] myself [illegible] respectfully [illegible]

A CONSTANT READER.

[illegible] Montreal.

General News.

[illegible] has been one death from smallpox in Toronto.

M. de Lesseps says the Panama Canal will be open for traffic in July, 1890.

The steam barge City of Montreal, of Colborne, has been wrecked in Lake Superior.

The United States Congress adjourned on Saturday, after holding the longest session on record.

In the Brussels libel suit, Grant v. Jenkins, the jury at Goderich returned a verdict for the plaintiff of $1 damages.

A girl named Hannah Boyd was arrested at Thorold on Saturday by Detective Murray on the charge of being implicated in the Galt poisoning case.

Two steamers were sunk by collision in Christiana Bay and eighteen men drowned.

A despatch from Botenza, via Rome, says that ten cars of a train crowded with excursionists returning from the Naples fetes were crushed in a remote portion of that district by a landslide, consisting of about fifty metres of rock. The telegraph wire being broken by the fall of rock, help was delayed two hours. The scene that followed the disaster was horrible. Seventy injured passengers and ninety corpses have been taken from the wreck. There are still two cars buried beneath the rock, and it is certain that the list of the dead will be increased. The work of excavation continues.

Why You Feel

so weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be good with befouled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest vessels. Do you know that every drop, [illegible] two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and [illegible] the [illegible] of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the [illegible]

"The Life of the Body."

[illegible]

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands [illegible] Alterative and Blood Medicine. [illegible]

[illegible] C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: [illegible] past 25 years I [illegible] Ayer's Sarsaparilla [illegible]

[illegible]

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: [illegible] Sarsaparilla [illegible]

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally [illegible] in all forms of Scrofula, [illegible] Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c., and as [illegible]

Spring and Family Medicine

[illegible] "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

sells." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

WEEKLY EMPIRE
CANADA'S LEADING PAPER.

(Height, [illegible] inches.)

THE EMPIRE since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but, in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every Farmer in the Dominion this fall, the Publishers have had prepared a Handsome and Life-like Bust of

SIR JOHN MACDONALD,

To be given to every subscriber to the WEEKLY EMPIRE PAYING ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ONLY $1 PER ANNUM.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

APPALLING DISASTER.

MANY PASSENGERS KILLED,

And Hundreds of Others Badly Wounded.

HEROISM OF A YOUNG LADY.

Fearful Sufferings of the Imprisoned Victims.

A despatch from Wilkesbarre says: The fifth division of the Father Matthew excursion train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, returning from Hazleton, was wrecked above Pennsylvania Haven last (Wednesday) night, and the cars piled in one shapeless mass. All the cars were crowded, and the fatalities will run into a woeful figure. All the physicians from Whitehaven and near by points are at the wreck, as are also all the Lehigh Valley officials from Wilkesbarre. The number killed is variously reported from 25 to 80 persons. The only information is from passengers on the Central Railroad trains, who report a horrible condition of affairs, the groans of the wounded being heard across the river where the tracks of the Central run. At the Wilkesbarre depot hundreds of people are gathered on the platform, many weeping for the safety of their friends, supposed to be on the wrecked train. Nothing further than this is known there.

Later—It was section No. 5 of the excursion which ran into section No. 4. The latter had lain at Whitehaven so as to be 10 minutes behind the preceding section. A flagman was put out for protection, but the engineer of section 5 did not see his signals it seems. The bodies of four children were taken from under the engine immediately after the wreck, and the other occupants of the cars had to be cut out through the windows and doors of the cars. The exact number of wounded cannot now be ascertained, but it may reach 150.

A. W. Wells, a prominent attorney and member of the Legislature, was fatally injured, while others barely escaped instant death. Among those seriously wounded are J. W. Stewart, secretary and treasurer of the Comstock Castle Stove works. Some say fully 500 people were hurt and this is probably true, but 150 will doubtless include all who were injured at all seriously.

The cars were smashed and broken and hurled off the track. The road lies close beside the Lehigh River, a steep embankment 60 feet high running down to the water. Several of the cars rolled down this, and others were crushed against the cutting on the other side.

The engineer jumped off just before they struck. The fireman was seriously injured. About sixty people are killed and as many wounded. Twenty-five bodies have been taken from the wreck. News is hard to get; there is no telegraph office at Mud Run.

The third section of the excursion train had stood on the track a few hundred yards from Mud Run waiting for sections ahead to get out of the way. A flagman, some say, had been sent back with a lantern to guard the train from the rear. Suddenly the passengers on the rear platform saw a train approach at a high rate of speed. Several of these passengers who saw the danger jumped and escaped. In an instant the flash of a headlight illuminated the interior of the ill-fated rear car. There was a frightful crash, and the engine plunged her full length into the crowded mass of humanity. The shock drove the rear car through the next one for two-thirds of its length, and the second car was forced into the third. Not a single person escaped from the rear car. The second was crowded with maimed and bleeding bodies, and the third car had but few passengers who escaped. The uninjured said that the shattered engine was pouring forth streams of scalding steam and water which hid from their eyes the fullest measure of the horrible scene, while its hissing sound deadened the shrieks and groans of those imprisoned in the wreck. Ghastly white faces peered into the windows to be greeted by faces far more ghastly. Some of the dead sat pinioned in their seats erect as in life, staring open-eyed, as if aware of

THE HORRIBLE SURROUNDINGS.

As the steam and smoke cleared from the rear car its awful sights were revealed. The timbers were crushed and wrenched, while on all sides hung mangled bodies and limbs. The few bodies which were not mangled were burned and scalded by the steam, and little remained in the car which bore human semblance. The Scranton Pioneer Corps who were on the train plied with zeal the broad axes which were meant for holiday occasions. They were, however, but little adapted to the work, and were soon rendered useless. In the meantime the windows of the car were smashed in, and brave men entered and released those least hurt or least entangled. In one case they found John Lynch, of Wilkesbarre,

HANGING FROM THE ROOF BY ONE LEG.

His cries brought friends, who, to relieve his suffering, stood upon the wreckage and held its weight upon their backs until he was released from his terrible position. A young lady was found caught by the lower limb. One of her limbs was quickly released, but the other could not be freed, and an unfortunate misdirected blow of an axe severed it from the body. She heroically bore her torture, and taking out her gold watch she handed it to an acquaintance as a gift to a friend at home. She was put on board one of the trains and given all possible care, but she could not survive her terrible injuries, and died in the arms of friends on board the car. To free the bodies in the rear car, the trainmen attached a locomotive to the wrecked engine and started to pull it from the wreck. The first movement of the shattered wreck brought from the wounded such awful cries of distress that the surrounding friends ordered the engineer to desist on pain of his life. They did not wish to see the mangled forms still further mutilated. The few houses about the spot were thrown open to the suffering and bonfires were lighted to aid the work of relief. It is not probable that the work will be completed before noon. The passengers gave many different accounts of

THE PROBABLE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT,

some attributing it to the negligence of the flagman in not going back with the red light. Others say the fourth section which ran into the third had no air brakes.

After the news was received at the hospital confirming the worst fears the scenes at the depot were heartrending, indeed. Dr. Trimmer, from the wreck, reports that many of the injured were badly burned by gas coming from the engine stack. The killed, as far as can be learned, number 49.

A special despatch from Easton, Pa., says: The story of the disaster on the Lehigh Valley Railroad last night at Mud Run, as told by an official of the railroad is as follows: Eighty-seven car loads of people attended the parade at Hazelton from Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Carbondale and other places. There were eight sections of the train, and these followed passenger train No. 12, with orders to run ten minutes apart. These orders were also delivered to the telegraph operators at all signal stations. The seventh section came to Mud Run ahead of time, and was stopped until ten minutes expired. The danger signal was displayed at the station, and the rear brakesmen were sent back as an additional protection. Section No. 7 lay a short distance beyond the station. No. 8 came thundering along and the brakesman gave the engineer the signal. He failed to heed it and dashed by. The train plunged on, disregarded the signal at the station, and the awful disaster followed. The last train was filled with people from Carbondale. Three cars were telescoped. Half an hour after the accident Superintendent Goodwin left Bethlehem for the scene of the accident with a carload of physicians. A gentleman who has arrived from the scene says: The section of the train wrecked was made up of Jersey Central passenger cars, which are only shells or apologies for cars. Two of these were completely demolished, and the other two are next to worthless. Fifty-six persons are dead, and some of the forty persons injured will die. Some of the dead and injured have been sent to their homes at Scranton and Pleasant Valley, and the rest when I left were lying in the cars. The section that collided with the section that was standing above the station was drawn by two engines. The first engine ploughed through the last car in the train and partly through the next one above. Many of the dead and injured that were in these cars were found beneath, on top or alongside of the engine, some of them mangled beyond recognition. When I left the wreck had been cleared and trains were again running on time. Henry Cook was the engineer of the first engine and James Sharkey of the second. Cook leaped from his engine, and when I left could not be found. His fireman was severely but not dangerously injured. I was told that Sharkey said that when he saw the signal to stop he shut off steam. When he saw the danger signal on the target at the depot he reversed his lever, but Cook's engine continued using steam and pulled him into the wreck. Sharkey escaped injury. The story that some of the cars were thrown over the embankment is not true. From my knowledge of the strength of the cars I should say that if they had been Lehigh Valley cars instead of Jersey Central the accident would not have been so disastrous, and I doubt if more than three or four persons would have been killed. The distance from the end of the seventh section of the train to the spot where the brakesman stood giving this morning and found to be 1,000 feet the signal to the eighth section was measured. As the train was ascending a grade it could have been stopped in less than that distance. According to the investigation thus far made the company's rules and orders were complied with by the telegraph operator and the crew of the third section.

Two of the injured at the hospital here died this morning, and six or eight more will die. There are still a number of dead unidentified.

Mr. Jas. McGinly, Recorder of Deeds at Luzerne County, was on the section that ran into the preceding train. He said: I was in the second car from the engine and saw the train ahead of us. We were running at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour, I should judge. I realized that there would be a smash-up, but I could not help myself. It was impossible to get out of the car, and I did not think it would be serious any way. The crash was a terrible one, though none of us in the car in which I was seated were injured, nor were any of us thrown over the seats, but the scene that followed makes me shiver. I have heard and read thrilling accounts of railroad disasters, but never pictured in my mind anything like this. The horror of that moment cannot be expressed in words. We ran to the cars in which lay the injured people. One would say: "Oh! lift that iron and take me out. For God's sake help me." Another would exclaim: "My leg is fast, cut off my leg. Get an axe and cut it off." Others begged for help in various ways, and with the most piteous appeals. Every few minutes one of the poor victims would die. Some were being scalded by escaping steam, some were crushed to death, and some dying slowly of their awful injuries. To look on and be powerless to render aid was enough to drive a man mad. I hope I may never witness such a scene again.

At 6.30 last evening the funeral train arrived in Wilkesbarre, bearing fifty-seven dead bodies. They had been partially prepared for burial, and lay upon boards placed upon the backs of the seats in three passenger coaches. It was an awful sight indeed to look through the long coaches at the bodies, each covered with a white cloth. Here the form of a boy of 12 years and beside it that of a stalwart man. As the train drew up to the station it took a dozen policemen to keep back the frantic crowd of friends and relatives who had come from Scranton and Pleasant Valley to meet their dead. A special coach had been provided for these friends, but they insisted upon entering the car containing the dead and were only stopped by force and the efforts of five priests, who were on the train. One body was removed from the cars at Wilkesbarre. The train then continued on its way up the Delaware & Hudson road to Miner's Mills and Scranton. The people in the special coach again began to clamor for permission to enter the funeral car, but were again refused, it being alleged that no one had the keys. Several who were in search of missing friends became desperate and soon broke down the car doors and began a frantic search for their loved ones. Clothes were torn from the mangled and scalded bodies revealing the gay uniforms of St. Aloysius men, cadets and other members of societies. Those who knew their relatives were on board also flocked into the cars and began rearranging the attire or coverings of the corpses. Many were distorted and in horrible attitudes, and friends endeavored to lessen their frightful appearance. At Miner's Mills the train stopped to leave the body of James Flynn. No lights could be obtained and much of the work was done in partial darkness. It was as the train drew up at Pleasant Valley that the most heartrending scenes were enacted. Ropes had been stretched about the station and guards kept the immense throng back. The shrieks and screams of stricken friends and relatives were pitiful in the extreme. The first body carried out was that of Oscar Gibbons, 13 years of age, borne in the arms of his stalwart brother; then one after another forty-six white-sheeted bodies were carried out and given into the charge of friends. The shrieks and cries of the women and the hoarse shouts and imprecations of the men made a terrible scene. When all were out the train again pulled out to bear the remaining dead to Scranton, Minooka and points beyond.

Engineer Foote now says that he did not see any danger signal. As soon as he saw the train ahead he put on the air brakes, but the second engineer pushing him did not obey signals and kept up a full head of steam. This story is not believed, and the general impression is that Foote was asleep.

A PAIR OF THEM.

The Ontario Investment Association and the Superior Loan Company's Method of Doing Business.

A last (Friday) night's London despatch says: The evidence in the Ontario Investment case, now being heard in Chancery before Justice Ferguson, was concluded to-day. Mr. Osler's cross-examination of Mr. E. Nelles, the plaintiff, in regard to the status of the Superior Loan & Saving's Society, which had amalgamated with the Ontario Investment, showed that the former had done business very much on the same plan as had the latter. The Superior's total amount of stock aggregated $765,000, of which $402,850 was owned by the solicitor, W. W. Fitzgerald, subscribed for at 10 and 15 per cent. premium. What was required of the premium was paid either in cash or by loans from the company. Two thousand six hundred dollars had been advanced S. F. Peters on stock on which nothing had been paid, the society advancing a loan to pay the premium on the stock. Witness detailed several similar transactions.

Commenting upon these admissions, His Lordship said: "I may be very much in the dark, but I never heard of anything of this kind going on before—advancing loans on stock upon which nothing has been paid and providing the subscriber with the premium."

Mr. Osler. Ours is perhaps a big child, but I think they are pretty much twin in that respect.

Mr. Cassels—Yes, Siamese twins.

Mr. A. A. Booker was called for the defence and identified a list of the shareholders of the Superior at the time of the amalgamation. Several had since disposed of their stock. Dividends had been paid to the owners of permanent stock up to 1887 by the Ontario Investment. Several of the shareholders had since become irresponsible.

Mr. Osler put in the copy of the original writ and an order made by Judge Davis on June 14th, 1888, to make the Superior Company party to the suit as one of the defendants. It was then that the plaintiff began the attack on the act of amalgamation.

This closed the defence and Mr. Blake addressed the court on behalf of the plaintiff, questioning the power of the Ontario Investment Association to perform the act of amalgamation and contending that his client's consent to becoming a shareholder had been induced by fraud and misrepresentation. Mr. Blake spoke for over three hours.

The Prairie Province.

The convict who recently escaped from Manitoba penitentiary is the man Groesbach, who recently held up and robbed the Qu'Appelle mail. He had been employed to assist the chaplain at the penitentiary, and taking advantage of the opportunity which presented itself, helped himself to the parson's clothes and horse and rig and made for the boundary.

The town of Wapella had a narrow escape from destruction from a prairie fire.

Curry, one of Capt. Gauthier's fishing crew, claims he was robbed of $1,000 in a hotel at Selkirk on Tuesday night. The police are investigating.

Two lads named Coats and Lecapelaine, who left a few days ago with a rig belonging to a liveryman here, have been arrested as they were about entering the States.

The grading of the Portage extension will be completed on Tuesday next.

It is announced that the Regina & Long Lake Railroad will come into the possession of the Canadian Pacific Railway and be extended to Saskatchewan next year.

The public were greatly shocked to-day by the announcement that Alexander Taylor, proprietor of the well-known book and stationery store, had been shot through the body and conveyed to the hospital. The shooting occurred at Taylor's own residence, on McDermott street. How it occurred is not known, as Taylor refuses to give any particulars. He had been drinking to a considerable extent of late.

No Hard Times.

"Talk about the sad condition of the poor," said a monopolist, "I've been investigating of late on my own account and I find that the poor can purchase more for their money now than they could fifteen or twenty years ago. Why, a locomotive can be purchased for $10,000 now that would have cost $30,000 twenty years ago."—*Cartoon.*

The ingenuity of manufacturers has gone so far that not only is almost everything now made out of paper, but paper is now made out of almost everything.

ONE WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.

Affairs of the Ontario Investment Association—Losses of a Million and a Quarter—Fictitious Loan and Stock Transactions.

A last (Thursday) night's London, Ont., despatch says: The suit against the Ontario Investment Association occupied the attention of the Chancery Court to-day. Mr. Booker estimated the association's losses at about $1,250,000, which would have to be written off. At the time of the suspension the paid-up capital was $720,000. The currency debentures had been paid off in full and the sterling debentures were paid as they matured. He thought all claims would be met when the shareholders who were good paid up and that paid-up shareholders would get a dividend of 30 per cent. Mr. Booker described the transaction in connection with the Royal Exchange property, Chatham, which was bought by Mr. Charles Murray, then President, for $24,000, upon which the association loaned to him that amount without any security whatever at the time. It was not till a couple of years after that Murray, in consideration of the nominal sum of $1, executed a deed to Taylor and his successors in office.

John Hunter, post office clerk, and uncle of Henry Taylor's wife, gave evidence as to the $174,000 in loans which appeared against him on the books. He was surprised to hear of the amounts with which he had been credited with borrowing. He had had implicit confidence in the directorate of the association and was aware they were making use of his name, but not to the extent that had since been charged. The directors wanted to transfer the stock to him and realize on it in his name. Cronyn, Murray and Henry Taylor made the arrangement with him. He was not to receive a cent in return for his name, not even commission. When his signature was required to any of the transactions he had attached it without even reading what he was signing. The directors' motive in handing the stock to the witness was to improve the apparent status of the association as they considered "it would not look nice" owning so much stock.

Henry Taylor, in the course of his evidence, said a very large amount of the $815,000 purporting to be loaned on building society stock was really loaned upon the association's stock. He could not say why. From $200,000 to $300,000 was placed on the balance sheet as loaned on building society stock instead of as their own stock. It never occurred to witness that he had no right to loan upon their own stock. In regard to the John Hunter transactions, he said: "For the purpose of the business of the company we preferred to have them appear in the shape of a loan, as the company did not wish to appear as borrowing upon their own stock."

Mr. Blake—Did John Hunter purchase the stocks he was represented to own?

Witness—No.

Mr. Blake—Was he to pay any money for it?

Witness—No.

Mr. Blake—Was the entry a sham?

Witness—It was incorrect.

Mr. Blake—Answer my question. Was it a sham and a false statement?

Witness—Well, yes. Mr. Taylor further said the mortgages on Manitoba property were made to him as an individual. He knew the company had not the power to loan money on Manitoba property. They were applying for the power. Mr. Taylor admitted that in the lists of shareholders sent to the old country certain names were down for blocks of shares which were really owned by individuals. The parties referred to owned some shares.

Mr. Blake—And you did not object. You knew it was a falsehood, and yet you did not object.

Mr. Taylor said he probably knew of it.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Lawyer Supposed to Have Been Killed Is Alive and Well—Awkward Position of His Wife.

An Atchison, Kas., despatch says: Some excitement has been created in Atchison by the discovery that George W. Ocker, eight years ago an attorney at the Atchison bar, and who has been thought to be dead since that time, is alive and well in Colorado, enjoying a lucrative law practice under his right name. In the fall of 1880 Ocker disappeared, and his young wife was on the verge of insanity. Being penniless she could not institute a vigorous search for him. In January, 1881, the mangled remains of a man were found near the village of Monrovia, on the central branch of the Union Pacific railroad, and identified as those of Ocker. In time the supposed widow was wooed and won by a well-to-do farmer of Nomaha county, whom she married, and has borne several children. Now comes the blight. She was a wife when her second husband married her.

Don't Bandage Your Eyes.

The custom, prevalent among physician as well as the laity, of tightly bandaging or tying up the eye as soon as it becomes inflamed or sore is a bad one. The effect upon the eye is bad. It precludes the free access and beneficial effects of the cool air, and at the same time prevents or greatly retards the free egress of the hot tears and morbid secretions of the inflamed conjunctiva or cornea, or both. In those cases, too, where a foreign substance has got into the eye, the bandage (which is usually clapped on the first thing) presses the lids more closely against the ball and thus increases the pain and discomfort by augmenting the laceration, caused by the foreign body. This cannot fail to be harmful. In those cases where the light is painful it is my habit to adjust over the organ a neatly fitting shade, which, while it excludes the light, allows the free access of air.—*Health.*

A Hint to Farmers.

There is nothing more capable of drawing a mortgage off a farm than a team or two of good brood mares that are able to do as much one week with another as geldings and raise valuable colts each year besides. They will pay the rent or the taxes or the mortgage every time if you only handle them right.

Mr. Conway, of the Lachine Canal, has inspected the break in the Cornwall Canal, which he reports to be a very bad one, but he thinks it can be repaired in ten days.

JAMES FARLEY SENTENCED

To Be Hanged on the 8th November, But Strongly Recommended to Mercy.

A Peterboro' despatch says: Excitement was intense all day yesterday over the murder trial at the Assizes. It will be remembered that on Sunday, June 24th, James Farley, an employee of Howe's Circus Company, which was giving exhibitions here, shot an Indian named Simon Elijah, also one of the troupe. The shooting was the outcome of a drunken debauch and quarrel, which had extended all through the day, culminating about 4 o'clock in the afternoon in Farley deliberately shooting down his victim on the Market square. It is needless to detail the particulars of the crime. Both men had been drinking, and an old feud between them broke out afresh. They met on the Market square, some words, bantering on the part of the Indian and threatening on Farley's part, passed between them, and in the presence of several bystanders Farley drew a revolver and shot Simon Elijah. The Indian died a couple of days afterwards, and Farley was held for murder. Yesterday the case was tried, and the public interest was manifested by the eager crowds who attended the court-room. Mr. W. R Riddell, of Cobourg, conducted the prosecution, while Messrs. O'Meara and Burnham defended the prisoner. The prisoner is about 22 years of age and lived in Philadelphia. His father is here now, and attended the trial. After the evidence was taken and the counsel had made their addresses, His Lordship, Mr. Justice Street, delivered his charge, in which he did not attempt to paliate the crime, but rather charged against the prisoner, in whose conduct he could find no plea for clemency. The jury retired about 4 15, and in three-quarters of an hour returned with their verdict, which read, guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. His Lordship asked their reasons for the recommendation, and these being given—the inebriety of the parties and the fact that the Indian had threatened Farley—he proceeded to sentence the prisoner. Farley, when asked if he had anything to say, replied in an unsteady voice, asking leniency because of his poor father and mother. His Lordship said his duty was plainly before him, and he could do nothing else than pass the sentence of death upon the prisoner. He added, however, that he would forward the recommendation of mercy of the jury to the proper authorities for their consideration, but he could hold out no hope for the prisoner that it would be of any benefit to him. His sentence was that the prisoner be taken to the jail and there held until the 8th of November next, when he be hanged by the neck until dead, concluding with "and may God have mercy on your soul," to which Farley added a scarcely audible "Amen." The prisoner received the sentence with the same hopeless bearing he had maintained from the beginning. He watched the proceedings with interest, but his pale face wore a despondent look that only deepened somewhat when his doom was pronounced.

Latest Scottish News.

The widow of Alexander Morrison, shipowner, Stornoway, has left £1,000 for behoof of the poor of that town.

Decree of *cessio* has been granted against D. Macmurchy, ex-police sergeant, Oban. Donald says he has no assets, "unless it be his wife."

Rev. David Williamson, late parish minister of Assynt, Sutherlandshire, died at Tain on the 24th ult., at the advanced age of 89 years.

The recumbent marble figure of Montrose about to be placed in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, has been completed by Mr. Rhind, the sculptor.

Dr. Daniel Thwaites, of Barwhillanty, Castle Douglas, died there on the 21st ult. He was a brewer at Blackburn, where he amassed a fortune of two millions sterling.

Lady Dudley has insured her life for £100,000 for the benefit of her younger children. This forms a strong protest as well as a provision against the law of primogeniture.

The ministers of Arbirlot, Carmyllie, Monikie and Lochee have entered on the enjoyment of the bequest made by the late Fox Maule, Earl of Dalhousie, whereby an endowment of £200 a year is added to the emoluments of each.

On the 25th ult. a shooting affair of a rather mysterious character occurred at Prestwick. A young man named David Boyd, draper, Ayr, accidentally shot his sweetheart, Mary McAlpine, when out for a walk. He has been arrested.

When Sir John Sinclair was about to enter Parliament he was advised by a canny auld Scotch laird—a near neighbor of his—as to his line of conduct when he entered upon his duties, thus—"Be aye complainin', and be aye takin' and be aye sayin' ye hinna got enough."

The Lord Provost of Perth was on the 24th ult., in accordance with time honored custom, made the recipient from the municipality of a silver cradle, the official form of congratulation on an important domestic event occurring during His Lordship's tenure of office.

On the 25th ult. Professor Baldwin, the aeronaut, made a descent of 4,300 feet at Hamilton race course, Lanarkshire, Scotland, by means of a parachute. The folds of the parachute were not fully pressed open by the air, and but for a steering gear recently added to the machine he would have been killed.

In the death of Lord Craighill at Edinburgh on the 23rd ult., aged 71 years, the Bench of Scotland has lost one of its most upright, conscientious and painstaking judges. Next to that of the late Lord Deas there has no name been better known and, by a certain class, greater feared, than that of Lord Craighill for many years. His name was John Miller; was the son of a Glasgow merchant; was educated in the western metropolis, and was admitted to the Bar in 1842. In 1874 he was raised to the Bench, assuming the title of Lord Craighill, and on the death of his father-in-law, Lord Neaves, in 1876, he was made a Lord of Justiciary, in which office he was best known throughout Scotland.

—Bumptious Youth—I tell you what, grandmother, I'll never marry a girl who is not my inferior. Grandmother (severely)—Addison, do you want to marry an idiot?

The Lost Baby.

(By C. E. Jakeway, M.D., Orillia.)

Through the broad, old-fashioned kitchen, kicking up a rousing din,
Hushed the farmer's noisy children, when their weary mother called them in.
They'd been out upon the haystack, sliding down upon the hay,
Till the sun set and night's shadows chased away the light of day.
Just brimful of merry mischief, fairly boiling over with fun,
Round the chairs and tables romping, did they rush and shout and run.
And their merry peals of laughter echoed to the attic wide,
Then they tumbled down the cellar in a game of seek and hide.
"Goodness me!" the father shouted; "mother, can't you put those rogues to bed,
For their clatter and their racket is enough to split my head."
But the roguish little urchins said they'd be as good as good
While their grandma told a story—that was if she only would.
So the good old grandam kindly put her knitting needles down,
While her spec's she pushed above her brow near to her cap's quaint crown,
And, as o'er her age-dimmed features a bright ray of pleasure crossed,
Said she guessed she'd tell a story 'bout a boy that once was lost.
"He was such another mischief as my little Tommy here,
Always told in' after something just without a bit of fear
Now, one day, his ma was busy making pancakes for the tea,
When she sudden-like bethought her, 'Where can little Ted Hunt be?
I've not heard his merry laughter for ten minutes, I dee are—
Johnny, have you seen the baby in the barnyard anywhere?"
Johnny from the stable answered, 'Just a little while ago
He was chasin' the old rooster with the handle of a hoe.
And he told me he was going to the bush to have some fun—
"Guess I'll shoot some great big bearses wif yis hannel for a gun.
Then he ran off round the corner of the pig-pen over there,
But I'll look around and find him with his gun out here somewhere.
'Pon my word the gate is open, leadin' out into the wood:
P'raps he's gone out after 'bearses,' for you know he said he should.
'Harry, Johnny,' screamed the mother, 'go and find him if you can'
As with white and frightened features she herself the search began.
Round the barnyard, house and stable, up and down the stumpy lane,
Sought she for her precious baby, but her search was all in vain.
Then she blew the horn as loud as ever she could make it ring
Till the men came from the logging bee down by the mineral spring.
And they went in all directions, searching for the missing child,
While the father and the mother were with anguish almost wild.
'Mother,' said the father to her, 'will you go up [illegible]
Bring back both the lanterns with you, for it's fast becoming night.'
Off she ran with eager footsteps till she reached the shanty door,
There she stopped in blank amazement, for before her on the floor
Was the little lost one seated, playing with a pan of dough.
'Why my tot, where has you been to, yats yust what I wants to know'
I went seepin wif de piggies, an' I hided den from you,
And den when I went to find you, den I guess you hided too.
So I hied till I was seepy, den I seeped a hull lot more
Till I found de pan of nice stuff, and made pictures on de floor
Fondly did that loving mother press her darling to her breast,
Thanking God her little birdie had not wandered from its nest.
But the great, rough men on coming at her call from out the wood,
Laughed at mother's dough-daubed darling just as hard as e'er they could
There, the story's over, children, off to bed you'd better go!
Yes, your father was the lost one, and I found him 'mong the dough.

A Curious Wedding Invitation.

A novel wedding invitation announcing marriage of Charles A. Beaton, of Lansingburg, and Miss Ada Titcomb, was shown to a Troy (N.Y.) *Press* reporter on Saturday. It reads as follows:

WRITTEN INVITATION.

To .....

Friends,—I do most cordially invite you all to come to my house Monday evening, October 8th, 1888, at 7 p.m. Presents received until 3 p.m. on the day of the wedding. Come one, come all. Compliments of

CHARLES A. BEATON
and
MISS ADA TITCOMB.

The wedding is not likely to take place. It is said that when the prospective bride saw the wedding invitations she waxed exceedingly wroth, and Charley now fills the *role* of a discarded and disconsolate lover.

A Natural Apprehension.

Snifkins, a young travelling man of this city, is trying to learn the violin. The other evening he was working away with the most commendable industry when a tap sounded at the door of his room.

"Come in," he said, pausing in his wild endeavors.

The door opened and the Irish domestic put her head through the door.

"Oh, it's you, is it," she remarked in a relieved tone.

"Yes, it is I. What did you want?"

"Nothin'; only the missus sint me up to see if the baby wasn't up here tryin' to break yer fiddle."

The Views of King Alfred.

Not long ago in a public school examination an eccentric examiner demanded "What views would King Alfred take of universal suffrage, the conscription, and printed books, if he were living now?" The ingenuous pupil wrote in answer: "If King Alfred were still alive he would be too old to take any interest in anything."

What is Life Without Love.

Magistrate—Madam, your husband charges you with assault. Madam—Yes, your honor; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow in answering that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, your honor (tears), and a woman's life without love is a mere blight.

He Ruined the Custom.

Proprietor (to recently engaged waiter)—You will have to go; I can't keep you.

New Waiter—What's the matter?

Proprietor—Whenever a customer asks you if the fish is fresh you get red in the face. You'd break up the whole business in a short time.

Why She Went Home.

First Guest (at summer health resort)—You are going home early this season, Mrs. Caution.

Second Guest—Yes, I have to go for my health.

Charles Dickens said: "There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth."

CURRENT TOPICS.

A CITIZEN of Brooklyn who is 70 years old, blind, in good health and the possessor of $1,500,000 in worldly gear, has married his cook. There is a great to do in consequence. A poor man might marry his cook without unfriendly criticism, but what right has $1,500,000 to marry a cook?

DR. COOPER, of Pittsburg, has invented a process which he expects will supersede embalming and cremation, being much less expensive than either. He subjects a dead body to hydraulic pressure, and condenses it into a small, solid block, like veined marble. The body of a full-grown man can, he claims, be reduced to a cube of twelve inches. Dr. Cooper exhibits a small cross, apparently of marble. "That," says he, "is the body of a child converted into a handsome ornament." The material is tasteless, odorless and seemingly imperishable. Cremation costs £10. Compression will cost only a fifth of that sum.

IF you cut down a tree in the month of its growth, and cut it right off at the butt and not trim it out any, in a few days that tree will be seasoned. "I do that," says an expert, "when we cut oak timber and leave the limbs on. When it is cut in June we find it seasoned in December, when we go to take up the winter's firewood. We find if it is cut when the sap is out of the wood it soon becomes sap-rotten. If you cut beech, poplar or birch for rails or posts, cut them in June or July and let them lie with their limbs on. You will have wood then that is not rotten. You will have fine poles out of the birches or poplars, for they will be seasoned."

A CONSTRUCTION detail that is gaining much popularity in some western cities is the bricking in of frame houses. The building is sided up with matched stuff, as if complete; then a brick face wall, four inches thick, is laid in contact with the exterior, tied on by spikes about every sixth course. A boy distributes them all around on top of the wall. They are laid in the mortar-bed ready and driven through into the siding until the heads are flush with the face of the wall, when the next courses are laid, and so on. The walls present the appearance of solid masonry, are durable, and, as they add to the warmth of the buildings, seem to present substantial recommendations, especially for severe climates.

POTTER PALMER, the Chicago millionaire, lives in a house that is said to be more like a castle than any other residence in Chicago. No two rooms are alike in style or finish. The house is built with a rotunda surmounted by a Moorish dome and all the doors open into a circular hall. The supporting pillars and the balustrades are made of polished marble. An elevator, panelled with plate-glass and upholstered in satin, carries the occupants of the house to the upper rooms. Mr. Palmer has two sons, lads of 12 and 14 years of age, who have their gymnasium, shooting-gallery and play-rooms in a house built specially for their use, and they are taught all the accomplishments as well as the manly arts.

A SPANISH merchant in Barcelona always goes to bed two or three days whenever he can be spared from his business, and laughs at those who spend their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest working women in England, who has conducted a large wholesale business for many years, retains an excellent nervous system at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to the habit of taking one day a week in bed. There is no doubt whatever in the mind of any thoughtful physician that more rest of this sort would lessen nervous and many other derangements, caused by too much physical wear and tear. An hour at midday, too, on a couch or on a rug on the floor will do much.

LETTERS from the yellow fever region are all stopped when they reach the quarantine lines, says the Buffalo *Courier*. Each letter is put under a machine with a long arm attached, and this is provided with a dentated concern punctured at the ends. A powder of a detersive and germicide character is forced through the arms and down through each tooth. The arm comes down through each letter and from the apertures the disinfecting powder is blown. It permeates the letter or newspaper, as the case may be, and is believed to thoroughly destroy whatever chances of microbe existence there may possibly be conveyed. Some complaints have been heard as to the disfigurement of letters, but none as to the evidences of protection.

ACCORDING to a writer in the Liverpool *Post* what in past years has annoyed the Prince of Wales has been the slavish imitation of his dress affected by the mashers and dudes, more especially the latter, who are of American birth. Last year he took effectual means for putting a stop to this folly. Immediately on his arrival the old order of things prevailed. The cut of his coat, the pattern of his waistcoat, the shade of his necktie, were sedulously copied. Then a happy idea occurred to the Prince. He ordered from some unknown source a hideous suit of dirty, blanket-hued tweed. He put on a red shirt with a blue collar; wore a soft felt, low-crowned, cream-colored hat, with a band of orange ribbon, and thrust a blue silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. This, with tan shoes, completed a costume the like of which was never seen on land or sea. But it effected its purpose. The Prince had it all to himself, and this year he has no occasion to repeat the practical joke.

THE papers read this year at the Edinburgh meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute have been of more than common interest. They form a series of prose epics, describing the onward march of the iron and steel industry, and celebrating its splendid achievements past, present and to come. They tell us of new machines and new appliances, bringing with them the gift of new powers and more complete control over the stubborn fabrics with which the institute has to do. New metallic compounds have come into being in the progress of industrial art, some of them of great value, and offering advantages to which iron and steel of ordinary make can put in no claim. The main subject of jubilation in the present year has been the Forth bridge, now approaching completion. This bridge and its glories the institute appropriates as its own. It has only been by the advances made of late in the manufacture of iron and steel that the construction of such a work has been rendered possible. It stands, therefore, as concrete evidence, representing in itself the performances of brains and hands which have had no direct share in planning it or putting it together. It is the latest and greatest creation of triumphant metallurgic skill, combining and calling into requisition every resource which the progress of modern art has brought within reach of its designer, and which it is the office of the members of the Iron and Steel Institute to chronicle and to perfect.

A Case of Dysentery

The diet should be chiefly milk and lime water, uncooked beef juice, the whites of eggs and water, and light meat broths. No solid food should be allowed. Drinks lukewarm are most easily borne; cold fluids generally cause abdominal pain. Stimulants should only be administered by the advice of the physician; they are rarely needed excepting in the most desperate cases. When the thirst is excessive plain soda, barley water or gum arabic water are palatable and refreshing. During convalescence the diet is to be most carefully regulated, and when the patient begins on solid food he should indulge only in the white meat of fowls, delicate fish and very light puddings. The first step is to remove as early as possible all irritating matter from the bowels by a cathartic. To accomplish this there is no safer remedy than castor oil. If taken clear vomiting will very likely be induced. Therefore, it is best to have a druggist specially prepare it. He should make into an emulsion one ounce of castor oil, and to it add twenty-five drops of laudanum; that dose is for a full grown person. In many instances if this is taken within a few hours after the attack commences, and a proper diet is regularly adhered to, no other treatment will be needed. By the use of the oil the dysentery is converted into a simple diarrhœa, which soon disappears of itself. —*Boston Journal of Health.*

How Laughter Indicates Character.

It is unquestionably true that the many different varieties of laughter are indicative of particular tempers and characteristics. An eastern authority on the subject has carefully classified them, and a peculiar classification it is, too. It is based upon the sound of the vowel that prevails in the laugh. Thus persons who laugh in a broad Latin "A" are open-hearted, honest people, fond of noisy jocundity, but perhaps of voluble mood. Excessive jerking laughter, however, is an evidence of vulgarity. Those laughing in a dry "A" are respectable, but little expansive, and a hard lot of people. When the Latin "E" prevails there prevails also a phlegmatic, melancholy temper. Timorous, unsteady people, also those imbued with malignity, laugh in a kind of swelling "I." Laughter in "O" is the utterance of proud, bold, imperative, somewhat bantering people. Beware of those who laugh in "oo" (u). They are traitors, haters, scorners.—*Kansas City Journal.*

A Permissible Form.

Wife (piously)—Henry, I wish you wouldn't swear so.

Husband (shocked)—I don't swear, my dear.

Wife—Yes, you do; or just the same thing. You mustn't say 'by George,' or 'by Jove,' or 'by Ned,' or by anything.

Husband (submissively)—Not even buy new bonnet, love?

Then she was very, very sorry for her thoughtless reform movement, and, coming close to him, threw her arms about his neck and asked him to forgive her.

Too Much of a Dose.

Mrs. Minor—How did the doctor tell you to take the medicine, Mr. Minor?

Mr. Minor—He said at first that I should take a mouthful three times a day, and then he looked at me in a puzzled sort of way and said that after all he guessed it would be better to take only a wineglass full at a dose. What do you suppose made him change his mind?

Mrs. Minor—I can't imagine.

An Unlucky Day.

Lucretia wants to know "the lucky days to be married on." If your young man is addicted to the flowing bowl, Lucretia, and smokes cigarettes, and reads baseball news while his mother splits kindling wood take our word for it that any day from January the 1st to December 31st inclusive is a mighty unlucky day to be married on. —*Drake's Magazine.*

Hotel French.

Sarah Althea Hill, the wife of D. S. Terry, is out in a proclamation in the San Francisco press relative to her recent assault upon Justice Field. She signs herself "Mrs. D. S. Terry, *nee* Mrs. William Sharon." This is the first time that we ever heard of a woman who was born the wife of a male citizen. It is evident that Mrs. Terry has acquired the French language from reading hotel bills of fare.—*New York World.*

They Thought "Arms" meant Legs.

"Yes," said the general, "our Indian allies were helpful, although their lack of knowledge of the English language frequently gave rise to embarrassing situations. I remember particularly at the battle of Tippo-Tibati an alarm was sounded and I gave the order: "To arms!" and every mother's son of them mistook my meaning and took to their legs."—*Christian Guardian.*

The Root of the Trouble.

"Robert," said the father sternly, "don't let me ever hear of you going to the closet again for cake."

"It wasn't my fault, pa."

"Not your fault?"

"No; if ma hadn't told you you wouldn't have heard of it."

A Texas steer charging down a city street always prefers the chap who wears two watch chains, but the steers don't get loose often enough.—*New York Telegram.*

The New York Republicans have nominated Joel T. Erhardt for Mayor.

Rev. Mr. Freeman, a retired Episcopal clergyman, who has resided in London for some time past, died yesterday morning after an illness of considerable duration. He came to London from Chatham.

ALDERMANIC AMENITIES

The Vancouver Aldermen as Bad — Their Ontario Confreres.

Ald. Humphries claimed that the Board of Works had given permission to have the logs burned on the ground.

Ald. Oppenheimer—The Board never gave such permission.

Ald. Humphries—You keep still and wait until I get through, then you can talk. You have a habit of talking me down, but I won't have it.

Ald. Oppenheimer—Excuses must be made for Ald. Humphries as he is like a good many others; he has a few teeth out in front and ——

Ald. Humphries—Don't you call me a liar or I will crack your head.

Ald. Oppenheimer—The trouble with Ald. Humphries is that he has been out getting several toddies.

Ald. Humphries (advancing and greatly excited)—You are a liar a —— liar.

His Worship—Order, Ald. Humphries, or I shall have to order you out of the room.

Ald. Oppenheimer, continuing, said the Board of Works never gave instructions to have the logs piled in that manner or the brush burned.

It was moved, seconded and carried, That the City Engineer be provided with a horse and buggy.

The report was then adopted.—*Daily Advertiser's Report of the Vancouver, B.C., Council.*

Rev. C. A. Johnson's Suit.

This suit is brought by Rev. C. A. Johnson, editor of the *British Lion*, against the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. The defendants have filed their defence, which sets out that the plaintiff is a professional beggar; that they had not the accommodation at their hotel that he demanded; that he had no luggage and did not tender the proper charge, and that at the time of demanding entertainment he was not a traveller, and was not deprived of food and lodging while upon a journey. It further sets out that the Queen's holds itself out to the public as entertaining only people of wealth and refinement. That the plaintiff did not apply in good faith for accommodation, but for the purpose and with the expectation of being refused, or for the purpose of being entertained in social equality with a class of guests to which he did not belong. That the defendants would have been willing to entertain him had he applied properly and have submitted to the regulations of the hotel providing separate accommodation for persons of African blood.

The Great Inflammatory Remedy.

NERVILINE, the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', write: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Nerviline may be tested at the small sum of 10 cents, as you can buy a sample bottle for that sum at any drug store. Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

—Is marriage a failure? One way to find out the truth of the matter is to observe the seedy looking and sour old bachelor. Is bachelorhood a success?

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

—Tailor-made bodices, English redingotes, much cut away at the hips, over Louis XIV. waistcoats, elegantly decorated, and French polonaises, artistically draped and adjusted, divide favor almost evenly this season.

No mortal yet has e'er forecast
The moment that shall be his last;
but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have forever settled the question of a comfortable existence until that moment does arrive, and put to flight the melancholy forebodings of sufferers from biliousness, headache, indigestion, constipation and kindred ailments.

A Missionary's Chinese Bride.

A New York despatch says: The announcement is made that Rev. F. L. A. Pott and Miss S. N. Wong were married at Shanghai, China, last August. Mr. Pott is the son of James Pott, a merchant of this city, and the bride is a Chinese lady, the daughter of the late Kong Wong, who was prominent in the Episcopal Church's missionary work in China.

A Disgusted Witness.

A witness, in describing a certain event, said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Wilkins."

"What was the name of the other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel.

The witness was disgusted with the levity of the audience.

Two Blooming Cheeks.

Masher—My dear Miss Rustic, you have the most blooming cheeks I have ever seen Let me congratulate you. Miss Rustic—Well, you have the most blooming cheek I have ever seen, but I can't congratulate you on the fact.—*London Punch.*

A large manufactory in New York, where nearly three thousand persons of all ages and both sexes are employed, is flooded with Republican high tariff literature, and every voter in the establishment is given to understand that the bosses want him to vote that way. The firm is a member of a trade combination or semi-trust arrangement, and needs high tariff to swell the profits.

HOW THE "JAPS" SLEEP.

Down on the Floor, With a Rolling-Pin for a Pillow.

A Yokohama letter says: The Japanese bed [illegible]ting. [illegible]mply a futon spread upon the matfuton over the on this and spread another wooden pillows and rest their heads upon is a thickly wadded re happy. A futon like our comfortable, and a quilt, exactly rangement such a bed is for the ry nice ar- The bed is easily made, and in the keeper. the futon is folded and put away in a cloing and the chamberwork is done. They wear no night dresses, but as every person, even in the poorest and humblest station, takes a hot bath once, and in the majority of cases twice, a day, there is nothing uncleanly in the wearing of the same dress at night which is worn in the day.

Effects of Climate.

We hear a great deal said about the beneficial effect upon invalids of the climate of Colorado and other western localities, but when a man changes his place of residence in the hope of improving his health without first trying Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, he makes a great mistake. In nine cases out of ten he might save his time and money. The great remedy owes its power over all affections of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh and even consumption, which is lung scrofula, to the simple fact that it purifies and enriches the blood and invigorates the debilitated system.

—"Why don't you believe in friendship?" asked one acquaintance of another. "Because it's like an umbrella that always turns inside out in stormy weather."

Sweet Flowers.

The fairest buds are often the first to wither, and the ravages of disease make havoc with the beauty, as well as the strength and happiness of the fair sex. The prevalent disorders among American women are those of a most distressing description. These "weaknesses," as they are suggestively termed, insidiously sap the health and the patient becomes pale and emaciated, the appetite grows fickle and feeble; she loses strength as the attacks increase in severity, and is in despair. There is relief for all such sufferers in Dr. Pierce's world-famed Favorite Prescription, which *cures* all "female complaints." Its use is followed by cessation of the "dragging-down" pains, return of appetite, and in due course, vigorous health.

Two Examples.

The Kindergarten: Teacher—Now, children, anything that crawls along the ground instead of walking is called a reptile. Can you give me an example of a reptile? Ina—A worm. Teacher—Yes, that will do. Can any one give me another example? (Long silence. Finally Peggy Bright speaks up.—I can, teacher. Teacher—Well, Peggy, what is it? Peggy Bright (triumphantly)—Nother worm.

The First Cousin of the Dude.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and healed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value.—*Detroit Free Press.*

According to letters of Queen Elizabeth lately published among the Hatfield papers her pet name for the Duke d'Alencon, to whom she was betrothed for ten years, was "the frog with the little fingers."

$120 PER MONTH FOR reliable men and women to work for us at their homes and among their neighbors. Respectable [illegible] and steady; salary [illegible] at the end of each month. Enclose $1.00 for [illegible] and we will furnish instructions etc. and see for yourselves. Write at once [illegible] ADO.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a good MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N.Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,300 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, S. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 257 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

DOMLE 43 88.

[illegible]'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

YOUR

Special Attention!

IS CALLED

TO THE

DECIDED BARGAINS

In Dress Goods, Mantlings, etc.,

AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

A beautiful range of plushes in the latest shades, at a surprisingly low figure.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots of the best manufacture at rock bottom prices. Button and Lace Boots in great variety at prices sure to suit you.

THE TOP PRICE PAID

For Butter and Eggs

A lot of choice Butter in Tubs or Rolls wanted by 1st November.

At Cash Price for Trade.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Bread is 14 cents a loaf in Meaford.

John Smith, of Meaford, slid his finger into a planer. The planer slid it out on the other side.

Mr. M. McKinnon will take Mr. D. C. McMorris' place as editor of the Meaford Mirror.

The Grand Trunk is going to run but one train a day on the Walkerton and Wiarton branches, during the winter months, which the papers along these routes deplore exceedingly.

Collingwood Enterprise: A shooting match took place at Feversham on Thursday last, for an oyster Supper, between teams representing Collingwood and Osprey Townships. It was a close contest, Osprey winning by one point.

The editor of the Beeton World had a mammoth potato prdsented to him the other day. He straightway placed it on exhibition behind the bar of an hotel, and when anyone comes in to see the the wonder he pilots the way. Great head, Clawed. Big head.

Albert Hall, of this town, who was confined in the Guelph jail on a charge of rape, was bailed out on Thursday last, by order of the Chief Justice of Ontario, himself in $1500, his father, Willet Tanner and William Dickson, in $500 each. His trial will come off at the assizes on the 5th November. He arrived in town on last Friday.—[MtForest Rep.

Thornbury Standard: Messrs. T. Keast and G. Sheeres, who are enthusiastic admirers of fine fowl, saw an advertisement in a respectable American Stock Journal describing a new kind of fowl, called the Red Tops. Eggs were advertised at $6 a dozen, and the quality of the fowl described as very extraordinary. Mr. Keast sent for a dozen eggs, costing in all nearly $8. A hen covered them for over four weeks without results. The Eggs were discovered to be boiled.

The Chatsworth News, commenting on the burglary at Holland Center last week, says: The captured burgler was at first very communicative and stated that he heard and saw people outside at the window but thought they were his chums. He also stated that they knew all about where Mercer kept his cash box and that his pals had shoes with them so that the man who went inside carried no money for fear of detection. He seemed greatly disappointed at his companions not showing when they saw that he was in a fix and could not shoot without making a turn of himself. In a few minutes more, he said, he would have been into the safe, and his capture was most fortunate as Mr. Price had some $600 in it, which he will be careful not to leave there at night, or any other money in future. There is no doubt but that this is the same gang that has been going through the country for some time past and who burglarized Flesherton post office and Holland Center station, Walters Falls and other places within the last year. They are also the same gang, no doubt, that went through Prospect Isle post office last Friday night as they were seen here on Saturday afternoon, coming into the village from Owen Sound way about 5 o'clock. They drove an iron-gray horse in a top buggy; one of the fellows who escaped is a stout man with a heavy, dark moustach, full long face and a rather prominent Roman nose, and a sharpe look out should be kept for the remaining two. They have frequently been seen in this neighborhood and if a sharp look-out is kept for them there can be no great difficulty in capturing them, as they have driven the same rig for some time, which would lead to the opinion that the iron-gray horse and the rig they drive is either their own or that they are regular customers at some livery stable in this section of country.

An Owen Sound despatch says: It has been discovered from letters found in the trunk of the man found dead on the beach last week that his proper name was J. A. Turcotte, and it further appears that he had been in the employ of the Manitoba Government in connection with the Public Works department up to August. A letter was also found in his trunk bearing the address J. A. Turcotte, No. 6 Charlotte street, Winnipeg. It is an invitation to an overture at Government House, showing that the deceased was well known and respected in Winnipeg.

The Canadian Pacific has reduced its grain rates from Winnipeg.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot o

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✢ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Many of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervousness, debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

Symptoms upon which No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, nervousness, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, dizziness, forgetfulness, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, confusion, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes unsuccessfully combated. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

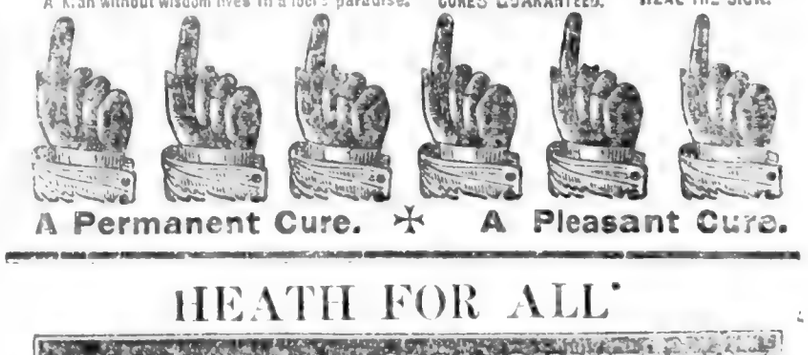

A Permanent Cure. ✢ **A Pleasant Cure.**

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Jan 1, 1898

What It Is to be Forty.

To discover a sprinkle of gray in your beard,
And a thinness of crop where the upland is cleared;
To note how you take your slippers and gown,
And hug to the fire when you get home from town—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find that your shadow has portlier grown,
That your voice has a practical, business-like tone;
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A sleigh ride, a party, a dance or a dine;
Why, of course, you'll be present, you never decline;
But, alas! there's no invite, you're not "young folk" you see;
You're no longer a peach, but a crab-apple tree—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen,
And that blooms like a rose in a garden of green,
A dapper young clerk in an ice-cream saloon,
Both a dude and a dunce, is to carry off soon;
And a boy that is ten, and the pride of your eye,
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;
At thirty his fire has a soberer flame;
At forty his dreams and visions are o'er,
And he knows and he feels as he ne'er did before
That a man is a fool till he's forty.

Popular Science Revelations.

The pollen of the plane tree is said to produce an influenza precisely like hay fever and rose cold.

Professor Oser, of Vienna, has been experimenting with "condurango" bark as a tonic, and thinks it worthy a place in materia medica as a symptomatic remedy.

Disagreeable moisture of the hands may be overcome by rubbing the hands several times a day with the following mixture: Tincture of belladonna, half an ounce; eau de Cologne, four ounces.

French physicians report great success with the internal use of antiseptics in typhoid fever. According to this method of disinfecting the internal organization the disease runs a shorter course.

An English invention is the "centre-cycle," having four wheels a foot in diameter and a large wheel in the centre. With it the rider is enabled to go up hill as easily as to go forward on level ground.

According to Professor Ewing earthquake movement is not a shock at all, but a "wobbling" of the ground in all directions. A movement of the earth an inch and three-quarters is the greatest yet recorded by the instruments in Japan, while the movements are usually measured only in hundredths of an inch.

According to *L'Industrie Parisienne* a laundryman in the vicinity of Paris has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap or lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process, it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst soiled cotton, or silk, cleaned by this method, are made whiter than they could be by the use of an alkali.

An Electric Storm.

While off the banks of Newfoundland, the White Star steamship Adriatic, recently arrived in New York, encountered an electric storm. For three-quarters of an hour there was a very lively time, which was not fully appreciated, however, until the storm had passed over. There had been a heavy fog all the morning, with the wind from the south, and for some time before the storm it had been raining. Suddenly the air turned warm, and for three-quarters of an hour there was a remarkable display of lightning, with almost incessant thunder, which was peculiarly terrifying to the passengers. What startled the sailors most, however, was the unwonted warmth. It had been cold and raw all the morning, but as soon as the ship struck the storm the air was like a muggy day in midsummer. An officer on Saturday said that it seemed as though a pail of hot water had been dashed on the deck, as the rain splashed up on his hands. The vessel itself was not affected by the storm, but even the officers were apprehensive until it had passed over.

Result of Fast Travelling.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the subject of the daily race between the two fast English trains to the north, says: "There is one point of which I have seen no notice taken—the increased wear and tear mentally and bodily of the driver and stoker on these special trains. A friend of one of the drivers told me that he saw a marked effect on his apparent health. The driver told him his anxiety was greatly increased. On one occasion his stoker, who had gone along the engine to oil a valve, became paralyzed with fear, so that he could not move forward or backwards. The driver had to leave his place and follow his stoker and seize his hand, and so they regained their standing place. The distances run are so great and the pace so rapid that any oiling, etc., is done with increased risk. The force of the wind is so great that when the stoker creeps along the foot plate alongside the engine he has to hold by the rail like grim death, and has been carried off his feet."

Vindicating Himself.

"I hear you are going to marry again, Smith?" "Yes; the fact is I feel that I must, merely in self-vindication. Ever since I married my first wife, I have been known as Mrs. Smith's husband; but if I marry again, you know, my new wife will be forced to take a subordinate place in the family, and everybody will speak of her as Mrs. Smith's husband's wife. See?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A Suggestive Explanation.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbor's boys, as his companion came out of the alley gate; "ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have ye?" "Nop." "Didn't ye get any?" "Yep; but I didn't stay to finish it.'" "What made ye leave so soon?" "Well, I said something at the table, and everybody but pa laughed."

Wife—I mended the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed, John dear. Now am I not a thoughtful little wife? Husband, dubiously—Well, er-ye-es, you are thoughtful enough, my dear, but how the mischief did you discover that there was a hole in my trousers pocket?

CURRENT TOPICS.

A new rifle introduced in the British army has given some astonishing results, as, for instance, hitting a target 104 times out of 629 shots, at a distance of 2,800 yards, or something more than a mile and a half.

Statistics lately published in England show that the world has 700 Crœsuses worth $5,000,000 or over, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India and 125 in other countries.

A clergyman recently returned from a vacation spent in the North of Scotland says the summer nights are so short there that there is hardly two hours of darkness. At Inverness he was able to read at 11 o'clock at night without the aid of artificial light.

Though working newspaper men have been commingling at almost every hour of the day and night among the stricken yellow fever victims at Jacksonville, only four have been, so far, attacked by the scourge, and three of the four are sure of recovery.

The native Hawaiians are said to be disappearing very rapidly, and it will not be long before the race is extinct. Their language is still quite generally spoken, but as English is the language of the court the native dialect is bound to fall into decadence.

People who went to laugh at George Francis Train when he lectured in New York the other night for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers felt the tears coming into their eyes while he gave his reminiscences of the epidemic in New Orleans, that carried off his father, mother and three sisters.

Princess Sophie, the young sister of the German Emperor, and the prospective bride of Constantine, Duke of Sparta, the heir to the Greek throne, is not pretty, but attractive. She has a round, fresh face, and looks a little like her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and a good deal like her late father, Emperor Frederick.

The New York *Times* says that "the farm wife has been the drawer of water, the hewer of wood—in actual fact, very often—and the servant of all, even of the hired man; to cook, mend and wash for him, to wait upon him and to do all this at times for several of them." She is indeed a treasure, and cannot be too highly valued.

Professor Duns, in unveiling the bust of Hugh Miller in the Wallace monument, expressed the conviction that the appreciation of the grandeur of Miller's struggle against early hardships which characterized his life is more and more deepening, and so, too, in regard to his word as a literary man, a publicist and a man of science.

A commission of the British Association which has for some time past been discussing the matter of the liquor traffic among the native races has announced that in 1885 Holland sent to Africa 1,099,146 gallons of spirits and in 1886 the city of Boston alone sent 737,650 gallons of rum. Since 1883 Hamburg and Bremen have sent to Africa thirty million gallons of spirituous liquors.

Dr. Edward Pick, a celebrated English teacher of memory, has arrived at New York, where he will enter the field against Prof. Loisette. Dr. Pick says that the way to remember anything is to have it impress the mind strongly and pleasantly at first. We have our doubts about this. Many a man forgets an appointment to dine with a friend, but no man ever yet forgot the date set for his hanging.

Rosa Wiss, a young girl of Meridan, Miss., had 5 cents given her as a joke for a birthday present. She bought a yard of calico with it and made a sunbonnet, which she sold for 40 cents. This she invested in more calico, made it up, sold the garments and reinvested the capital until she had $10. With this she bought potatoes, planted them, paid for the cultivation of her crop, for gathering and carting to town, and made $50 clean profit.

Robert Garrett, the once envied heir to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is dying of softening of the brain. His death is not far off, as the disease is making swift progress. Six powerful attendants are required to hold him when his violent attacks come, and then his blood-curdling shrieks frighten almost the whole village of Ringwood, N. J. It is now well understood that the peculiar financial freaks by which he attracted the attention of the country a year or so ago were the operations of a diseased mind.

Coffee is a handy and harmless disinfectant. Experiments have been made in Paris to prove this. A quantity of meat was hung up in a closed room until decomposed, and then a chafing-dish was introduced and 500 grammes of coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room was completely disinfected. In another room sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia were developed, and ninety grammes of coffee destroyed the smell in about half a minute. It is also stated that coffee destroys the smell of musk, castoreum, and assafœtida.

It was in June, 1884, that the survivors of the Greely Arctic expedition were rescued and only now has Congress voted to those rescued men money-commutation of fuel and quarters and extra-duty pay. Lieut. Greely wears the star of a Brigadier, and Sergt. Brainard does credit to the modest shoulder-straps of a Second Lieutenant, but the recent passage of the relief bill is the first recognition that any of their comrades have had. Republics are not always ungrateful, but they are often exasperatingly slow.

A cable correspondent reports that hypnotism has, for the first time, become an instrument in the hands of French justice. A shoemaker named Pichereau, living in the town of Paimbœuf, had persistently denied a robbery of 200f., of which he was accused. The judge before whom he was tried went at once to a professional hypnotizer, who had the man's eyes blindfolded, much as if he was giving a public performance, and at last discovered the stolen money under an old stone wall. Thanks to the hypnotizer the shoemaker was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Fuel oil will be used throughout the entire plant of the Wisconsin Glass Company, which will be operated by three different companies. E. A. Howard, of Chicago, who has charge of one end of the pipe line recently laid from Lima, O., to Chicago, says that it has not been officially determined to extend the line to Milwaukee, the consumption there not being great enough to warrant it. There is so large a demand for fuel oil in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin mines that the company intend to run a line of tank steamers to Duluth, Ashland and other lake ports.

A visitor to the Valley of the Yosemite in California, says that one important fact to be observed there, but which is never mentioned in the guidebooks and seldom in newspaper correspondence, is that the women visitors who explore the place to any extent do so on horseback and ride astride. The steeps are so abrupt that a woman who attempts them perched unnaturally on one side of a beast is sure to come to grief, and coming to grief on mountain trails where the precipices are a mile high is a matter of life and death. Women must either leave the glories of the Yosemite unseen or they must employ all the advantages which nature has given them. And really, when you come to think of it, why shouldn't women ride astride as well as men? Is there any reason against it except conventional custom? If there is any other reason, what is it? Among the Plains Indians and other equestrian peoples, women ride the same as men, and never think of riding any other way.

To-day's Church News.

Miss Delphine Baker is about to establish a Christian newspaper in Jerusalem.

Mr. Philip Phillips, "the singing pilgrim," has been giving three lectures in Glasgow, entitled "Around the World in a Chariot of Song."

The novel spectacle of lady missionaries preaching in the vernacular among the women was witnessed at the Ruth Jattra at Mahesh and Bullubpore, India.

Mrs. Sheridan Knowles has bequeathed $5,000 to Mr. Spurgeon's college, the same sum to his orphanage, and $500 to Ardbeg Chapel, Rothsay.

A letter has been received from Dr. J. F. Smith, Queen's College missionary to China, telling of his safe arrival at Che-Foo, North China.

Bishop Baldwin, of Huron, sails from Liverpool for Canada on the 25th instant, Mrs. Baldwin's health having been restored during her stay in Germany.

The Oban *Times* states that Mr. Macpherson, the minister of Inverary, is a strong advocate of land nationalization as the only effective solution of the land question.

George O. Barnes, the evangelist, has recently decided that Jehovah never intended the human race should make food of the animal kingdom, and has begun a crusade against beef eaters.

Rev. Walter Laidlaw, President of the Albany County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at West Troy, N.Y., is a nephew of Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, of this city.

An illustration of Western dash and daring is found in the fact that the recent session of the Kansas Methodist Protestant Conference was held in a village in which there was but one Methodist Protestant family and no church of their own, and yet it was well entertained.

There is a worthy office-bearer in St. Andrew's Church, Woolwich, who is determined to teach the rising generation how to give. As he carries round the collection plate he supplies with pence the children who have not come prepared for the occasion.

The vicarage of Halifax, which is in the gift of the Crown, is now at the disposal of the Government. The income of the vicar of that famous Yorkshire town is £2,000 per annum, and he has in his gift over thirty livings, averaging over £300 a year each.

There is truth in the remark that a bag, if empty, hangs loosely by its string, but the more there is put in it the closer is the mouth drawn and the harder is it to get anything out. So, often, as men have more means to give, it is more difficult to obtain money from them.—*Christian Inquirer.*

The Mending of Marriage.

In an ideal state, when all the people were honorable, the marriage contract might perhaps be safely abandoned, and "unions of affection" substituted for it. But, as things are, the outcome of the proposed change would probably be one from which every person of pure mind would shrink in abhorrence. If this battle has really got to be fought, it is well that all who have regard for the sanctity of home life should take up their position without loss of time, and follow Miss Chapman in declaring that the State cannot afford, by giving too great facilities for divorce, to relieve the few who make unhappy marriages at the expense of the majority who make happy ones. It may well, however, institute such reforms of the marriage tie as she points out. In the matters of the guardianship of children, and of the conditions under which divorce is now granted, reason and common sense dictate that the woman should be given the same rights as the man. Marriages for money should be regarded as "relics of savagery." Children of both sexes should be brought up together, and fuller opportunities given for young people to know one another before betrothal. And in the religious service the woman's equality with, rather than her submission to, the man should be distinctly recognized.—*Christian World.*

Here to Stay.

Fashionable Wife (tugging at a string)—Mrs. Cleveland may succeed in doing away with the bustle, but there is one thing that has come to stay.

Husband (looking around from his shaving)—What is that?

Wife—The corset.

A prominent woman lawyer of Ohio is Miss Florence Cronise, of Tiffin. She has been in active practice for fifteen years, and has secured a competence and a large list of clients.

AN ANIMAL WITHOUT FEAR.

Lightning, Cyclone and the Iron Horse Defied by the Peccary.

Texas has within her borders a beast into whose narrow skull fear never enters. It is a peccary—the Havilinah of the Mexicans, the Dicotyles Torquatus of zoologists. Bravery is a notable attribute of man, and it was discovered in birds, beasts and fishes. I don't claim the quality for the brute I am about to describe, says a correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press*. I believe bravery cannot be said to exist in senses devoid of fear. I conceive that an appreciation of danger is a necessary menstrum to the nobler courage. It is not the man of dogged indifference I admire; it is the man who refuses to fly when duty bids him stand and though he fear death, fears dishonor more. Now, the peccary has no particle of fear on account of any show of odds, and appears to live only for the purpose of madly dying when opportunity offers. The game cock fights with heroic valor, but one sees in his swimming eyes when gaffed and bleeding in the pit glances of regret and nameless fear. The pachyderm of the Texas forest dies in "a matter of course" manner, as if he was meant to end that way and was glad of it. He looks up in the tree where the man sits who shot him (few men of experience ever shoot them from any other standpoint) and anon he holds up his cloven foot and glances at it. If the peccary regrets anything in the hour of dissolution it is that he was not made like a squirrel to climb. Texas and Pacific and Fort Worth and Denver city locomotive engineers often encounter droves of peccaries, as I suppose do all engineers who operate on the Western Texas railroads. No whistle is sounded to frighten them. The engineers know that peccaries cannot be frightened. The engine rushes into the midst of the drove, and those not killed outright die madly charging and biting at the wheels that crush them. A peccary is in all respects a hog. He looks, smells, tastes like a hog—and is a hog, but for a thing of indomitable courage of the lower type, for a hater of quenchless fury, and a fighter to the last throb of his heart, commend me to the fierce Dicotyles Torquatus, the indigenous Texas hog, a brute that would, if he could, while riding in the midst of a cyclone, bite at the zig-zag flashes of the death-dealing lightning.

The Rosy Girls of Norway.

The kitchen is the living room in a well-to-do farm house. I have walked into these frequently, and generally found the mothers putting the finishing touches to the pot when preparing a meal; and I could never tell which were the daughters of the house and which the servants. By the way, the latter are not ashamed of their calling, and when I have asked a pretty one if she were the daughter she says: "Oh, nein, I am a servant." Many of the women in the mountains and upper valleys are very comely—not beauties, but ruddy, rosy, plump and healthy specimens of femininity. If I should write verses I would not write them to "the girl with the raven locks" nor to "the red-haired girl," but just now would write a sonnet to "the sweet girl of the tow head." The women do their full share of the work of the land, but we have found the heavy labor is done by the men. The women reap and bind grain and rake and mow hay.—*Correspondent of the Chicago Mail.*

Equal to European Cheese.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* of last week (under heading of dairy reports) says: Mr. Valancey E. Fuller, of Oaklands Dairy, Hamilton, Ontario, has just sent to this city some samples of Cammembert cheese, fromage de Brie and other soft cheeses, which experts declare to be equal to those made in Europe. They were made from Mr. Fuller's celebrated herd of Jerseys, of which Mary Anne of St. Lambert is a prominent member. Mr. A. E. Whyland, of Thurber, Whyland & Co., owns a bull from the herd (St. Andrews of Orange) which is one of the finest specimens of the breed in the United States, having taken first prize at the Newburgh fair last year.

'He most lives who thinks the most.
Acts the noblest, feels the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest
Lives the longest, lives in one hour
More than in years do some whose
Fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.'

These lines describe that condition of perfect health which all men and women *wish* to enjoy. To be able to think clearly, to incline to do noble acts, to live long and joyously, we must be free from the domination of disease. By taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery we may, by purifying the blood, escape consumption, general debility, and weakness, and *all* blood and skin diseases, and verify the truth of poetry as well as fact.

In Great Trouble.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked a lady of a friend whose eyes were red from recent tears.

"Oh, I'm—boo-hoo—in such trouble!"

"What has happened? Something dreadful, I am sure."

"Yes; it was something d-dreadful."

"What is it? Has your husband been drinking harder than usual?"

"No, that's not it. He has signed the pledge, and he is so disagreeable when he is sober."

Geraniums Ten Feet High.

G. C. Clark of New Haven, has in his front yard a couple of rose geraniums 10 feet high. These plants were raised from slips in two years. He recently set them outdoors, as they had grown too tall for the rooms in the house. The rose geranium is the largest and fastest growing variety of the plant, but 10 feet is a remarkable height even for that species.

Doubtful Compliment.

Guest—I wish I had come here a week ago. Proprietor—Ah, that's very flattering to my hotel. "I don't know about that. What I mean is that I would have preferred to have eaten this fish then instead of now."

Question of Schools.

First mother—The school around the corner is a most excellent one. My boy does learn so fast.

Second mother—Oh, you're mistaken, utterly mistaken. It's a miserable school. My boy doesn't learn a thing.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

A Family That Completely Eclipses That of the Hovers at Adolphustown.

An Adolphustown correspondent gives a remarkable case of longevity in connection with the U. E. Loyalist family of Hover, of that township. A gentleman favors us with another case even more remarkable. The persons referred to below are also of U. E. Loyalist stock, being descendants of the late Lewis and Miriam Davis, Sidney, who lived about two miles from the city of Belleville. Five of their children still survive, viz.: Cornelius Davis, born April 5th, 1800; John Davis, February 9th, 1802; Mrs. Dorland Clapp, January 10th, 1806; Mrs. Hester Morden, January 10th, 1808; and James Davis, December the 14th, 1810. The age of Cornelius Davis is, therefore, 88 years, 5 months and 22 days; John Davis, 86 years, 7 months, 19 days; Mrs. Dorland Clapp, 82 years, 8 months, 18 days; Mrs. Hester Morden, 80 years, 8 months, 18 days; and James Davis, 78 years, 9 months, 14 days. Their total age amount to 417 years, 4 months, giving an average of 83 years, 5 months and 18 days. Cornelius Davis lives in the front of Sidney, two miles from Belleville; John Davis in the 2nd concession of Thurlow; Mrs. Dorland Clapp, in the 4th concession of Thurlow; Mrs. Hester Morden has lived in Belleville all her life until very lately, but now lives with her son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Dickens, of Napanee. She is at present visiting her son, Mr. George Morden, in Deseronto, and is hale and active. James Davis resides in the State of Iowa. It is, indeed, very seldom that we find so many members of one family reaching such an advanced age.—*Deseronto Tribune.*

She Will Surely Find It.

"Bridget," said the head of the house, arrayed in evening dress. "I am unexpectedly called out for the evening, and I want you to see that your mistress gets this note as soon as she comes in, without fail."

"Yis, sorr," responded Bridget, "I'll have it in the pocket of the trousers ye've just taken off."

My love was like a lily fair
Low drooping in the sultry air
My heart was rent with grief and care.
I loved her well.

But lo! The wonder grows and grows.
My love's now like a blooming rose.
How bright her face with beauty glows,
I dare not tell.

The wandering bee would stop to sip
The nectar of her perfect lip.
'Twas Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription wrought the spell

Significant.

"Mamma, the quandary has come; Billings has proposed, and Toozle too." "What shall you do?" "I am at a loss, mamma. Toozle writes that he would surround me with every luxury and make his whole existence one sweet thraldom for a smile from me." "And Billings?" "He says he's very poor and has been working all his life and barely earned a subsistence." "Accept Billings, my child. Don't delay another instant. A man must be pretty well off before he has the courage to proclaim his poverty."

The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Polsen's Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficial power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far-reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic. Neglect no longer to try Nerviline. Buy to-day a 10 cent trial bottle and be relieved from all pain. J. Wilson, druggist, Goderich, writes: "Nerviline gives good satisfaction." Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.

Perfectly Obvious.

The idea that people can be enriched by heavy and unnecessary taxation, that a man's condition can be improved by taxing him on all he wears, on all his wife and children wear, on all his tools and implements of industry, is an obvious absurdity.—*Thurman's Acceptance.*

The only reliable cure for catarrh is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Only a Shake.

"No, my man, I haven't anything for you," said a gentleman to a tramp with outstretched hand.

"Who asked for anything?" replied the tatterdemalion. "Don't you see I'm a politician? All I wanted was to shake."

The Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society yesterday presented the Governor-General with an address and secured his consent to act as patron of the society.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason were engaged in their usual evening debate. Said he, for a clincher, "Well, there's no use arguing with a woman or a jackass." "I wish I had known that at the start and saved my breath," said she.

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Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1888.

"THE FAKIR."

The Dundalk Herald writhes under the short article which we devoted to it and the fakir two weeks ago, and expresses astonishment that we would uphold a man who dealt honorably with us, after having heard from the Herald that he was a fraud. While sorry that friend Spurr feels sore over our remarks, we cannot help but think that he is raising somewhat of a "tempest in a teapot," as the remarks we made were really not so severe or sarcastic as the Herald man appears to have taken them to be.

The press is a "fraternity," but not sufficiently so. That is irrelevant in this case, however. Mr. Phillips is a member of that fraternity, too, Mr. Spurr; he is entitled to gentlemanly consideration from his fellow members, and when he is "down" he is entitled to a helping hand to assist him to rise. That was the identical case in this instance. He was "down" in pocket and spirit when he struck Dundalk, and the citizens and paper gave him a kick by way of assistance. This is a kind of charity with which we have no sympathy. Mr. Phillips came to us and laid the exact facts of his treatment before us even as the Herald has given them, with the one exception of his having left his overcoat behind as security for board. Even this latter was no disgrace, friend Spurr—far from it! We helped him out, and had no great cause to regret it. You will please excuse us, Mr. Herald, if we cannot appreciate your kindness and astuteness in hopping onto a "fraud" before he has defrauded you. We never "lauded Mr. Phillips to the skies as a man of unpeachable character," nor yet unimpeachable character. We know enough of human nature to understand that a man will do things under certain pressure of circumstances that he would not otherwise do; yet in this instance we cannot see that he had done anything criminal or anything that would justly entitle him to the title of fakir, according to our interpretation of the term.

In conclusion we would thank the Herald for its batterdy smile. According to it we are progressing favorably, and although it may not be with the miraculous speed which has characterized the Herald editor's growth during the past short year, still it is a perceptible growth. But mark you, brother ego! We would prefer the chrysalis state of development, with the knowledge that we had wronged no man, to the batterdy stage, with an uneasy feeling of having done an injustice to a fellow being.

It now transpires that Hannah Boyd had nothing to do with the poisoning case, and she has been discharged from custody. Another case of detective smartness, although the officials claim to have elicited some information from her that *may* lead to the arrest of other parties—a flimsy tale to let themselves down easy.

The R. R. V. crossing at Winnipeg has not been made. The injunction still holds until adjudicated upon by the higher court.

S. G. Teachers' Convention.

A Large Attendance and a Pleasant Time.

On Thursday and Friday of last week the representatives of learning in South Grey assembled in Flesherton to commune among themselves and debate school matters. There were big and little

teachers, lady and gentlemen teachers, good looking and homely teachers, young teachers and old. Our artist has selected two of the best looking for purpose of illustration, but offers as apology for the amateurish work the information that the cuts were dug out with a shoemaker's awl, which is not just the instrument for fine art engraving. If you recognize the pictures please don't give it away. The ladies were all dressed neatly, and most of the gentlemen.

The gentleman subject of our illustration may not have worn a hat of the latest fashion, but there was a big head under it, filled with the latest and most fashionable learning of the day. The outward appearance cannot, in all cases, be strictly maintained upon the pitiful salaries doled out to the majority of our teachers. Therefore, reader, do not be too hypercritical.

The first day's proceedings were devoted to reading minutes, appointment of committees. Mr. Reid read a paper on "How to interest parents in school work," which was discussed by Messrs. Gillespie, Glendenning and others. In the afternoon President Ramage read an address entitled "An Inquiry into the incentives used in schools." The principle incentives mentioned were praise, emulation, rewards, punishment, percentages and examinations. The secretary conducted a review lesson on the railways of Ontario. Messrs. Clark, Glendenning and others took part in the discussion. Mr. Sproule, having prepared a class in music, gave an exhibition showing proficiency made in the theory of music during the past few months. The class showed themselves familiar with the staff and ready in reading the hand signs used in the Holt and Tonic sol fa systems. A vote of thanks was presented to Mr. Sproule and class. Dr. McLellan introduced the subject of Educational Psychology. He defined Psychology to be "The science of the facts or phenomena of self." The Dr. was listened to with great interest. The nominating committee presented their report.

The evening meeting, held in the Town Hall, was well attended, the hall being uncomfortably full, and many were turned away. Flesherton band was in attendance and rendered selections in a manner that should cause Flesherton people to be prouder than ever of their musicians. The Glee Club was in good form and was loudly encored. A pleasing feature of the evening was the songs by a large class of school children. Much credit is reflected upon their instructor, Mr. Russell. M. Richardson, Esq., presided in his usual happy manner.

DR. MCLELLAN'S LECTURE

upon "English literature and its value in Education" was an interesting and eloquent appeal for the introduction of literature into our public schools. He claimed that our school system was the best on earth to-day, and he had examined many foreign systems; yet it was not without its defects; the most serious of which, in his opinion, appeared to be the comparative neglect of literature. Classical literature was not taught to the extent it was at one time. In his estimation this was nothing but right, as English literature is the grandest which the world ever produced, and the most applicable to our purpose; it was the noblest vehicle of human thought, and stronger far than hosts which go forth with battle flag unfurled. Youth was the time to develop a taste for the right kind of literature. He admitted that we could teach a good deal better than we are doing, and thought more time should be devoted to the teaching of mental arithmetic and less to geography. The young scholar's head was crammed too full of strange foreign names which were of no material benefit. When he was a boy he was crammed full of long names, which he had forgotten—and he was glad of it. He was in favor of music in schools, along with literature. He did not wish to become acquainted with the man who did not want music taught in the schools.

Our schools have not the appliances for teaching literature which they ought to have. It was a mistake to have excluded the library. Art is defined as a harmony—a unity—and literature was an art, characterized by a unity, and it harmonized. Art in its highest form is poetry. The perfect poem was the perfect expression of the perfect human mind. In this definition he was supported by Schiller. The characteristics were these: "In the image of God created he him." Man was given the power to know the truth, to love the beautiful, and almost to create. Poet from the Greek means creator. Worship meant a feeling of reverence or worship of the lord of the manor. These were characteristics of the perfect human mind. The lecturer gave a poetical example of the adaptation of the power of thought, proving that in that way the grandeur of expression and melody were fully brought out, quoting as a humorous example the young man who falls in love; his first act was to create an ideal and address it in a poetical form.

Our schools should teach literature, but they should teach the right kind and in the right direction. It would have a powerful influence. By it we could reach the heart of humanity. There was a time when physical force predominated. This was the intellectual age, and the lecturer believed there was a better age coming. The heart power should be developed. Man was not all brain—the heart should be cultivated as well as the intellect. We want such heart power developed that we would be willing to sacrifice ourselves for the good of others. This science did not teach. He (the lecturer) did not despise science, but the tendency was to neglect heart culture. Music was an important element in this. Martin Luther said that the devil hates music. The Dr. believed that when he heard a man denouncing music in schools the devil or one of his minions was not far away. He entered a strong plea for music in schools.

As to what books we should select for the study of literature, the Dr. said there were a hundred great writers placed in the temple of the immortals. Select from these. The tendency of to-day is to read trashy books. There were very few homes, whose libraries, if searched, would reveal the works of the masters. He would advise parents to educate from the earliest period, and inculcate a taste for that which is good. He did not find fault with good fiction, for fiction is akin to poetry. Among the trashy class he specified such writers as Mary Jane Holmes, Ouida, Rider Haggard, etc. Scott and Dickens were standard fiction writers. He likened the reader of bad fiction to the poor old man in Pilgrim's Progress a muck raker. He would make the mother master of the moral development of the child. That was the mother's profession, and the mother could redeem humanity. There was no grander mission than that of the mother's influence upon the child. He was sorry to say that it was not exerted to the extent which it should be, and the consequence was that there was too much left to be made in many cases in school. There was also a tendency to neglect a healthy development of the memory. Memory was a most important factor, and should be assisted with appeals to the child's imagination by the use of appropriate selections that would appeal to the heart, examples of which the lecturer gave; and patriotic and moral songs.

As to how he would teach literature, the Dr. said that the love of it was a germ in every human heart. There was one general rule, and that was that the teacher would have to love it himself. Whatever you love that you can teach well, and the pupils will learn to love what you love and hate what you hate. He warned the teachers against the danger of being too mechanical, and wound up a most instructive lecture with a translation of the beautiful thoughts contained in that little poem in our school book, "Where did you come from, baby dear?" The whole lecture was replete with sparkling gems of truth, presented in a manner that secured for the lecturer the sympathy and attentive hearing of his audience, from the smallest child to oldest listener.

Dr. Christoe and Rev. Mr. Watson moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was responded to with much enthusiasm.

Friday morning's meeting opened with a reading by President Ramage, after which Rev. Mr. Watson led in prayer. Dr. McLellan concluded his subject of Psychology. Secretary Irwin then gave his report of the Provincial Teachers' Association. Mr. McArthur supplemented the remarks. Mr. Allan illustrated his methods of teaching reduction. In the afternoon, after adoption of delegates' report, Dr. McLellan spoke for over an hour upon phonic reading, illustrating the analytic and synthetic methods. The synthetic is the method practiced in the schools in Toronto. The committee on Reading Circles reported as follows: "Your committee appointed to consider the subject of reading circles would earnestly recommend the object for which they are instituted, and recommend that two districts be formed, with Durham and Flesherton as centres, to organize and decide what work or author they will first read and discuss, and also arrange for future meetings, election of officers, etc. The provisional president at Durham to be Mr. N. W. Campbell; at Flesherton, Mr. W. Irwin."

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: President, W. Glendinning; first vice-president, Miss Elsie Inkster, second vice-president, C. J. Sproule; Secretary treasurer, W. Irwin; management, Messrs. McDonald and McArthur, and Misses Anderson, Drummond and Porter.

Mr. Hagarty, of Mount Forest, read a paper on Memory and Judgement in the teaching of English. The meeting then closed, to assemble at call.

The Pickering News man writes a very readable article on "How editors are made." We are not acquainted with Mr. Clark, but would like to be—would like to silently wring his hand and mingle our tears with his over mutual experiences, for we were brought up that way ourselves.

General News.

Mr. Isaac Cockburn's saw mill at Gravenhurst was burned Friday; loss about $20,000.

The Blood and Stoney Indians are indulging in hostilities in the vicinity of Morley, N. W. T.

The exploring expedition to the site of Babylon, sent out by the University of Pennsylvania, was wrecked near the Island of Patmos.

Parkdale voted in favor of annexation to Toronto Saturday by a majority of 126.

Hannah Boyd, the girl arrested in connection with the Galt poisoning case, has been remanded for a week. To a reporter, Detective Mat. Bowie declared his belief that Miss Boyd knew nothing of the matter, and that a man and two women, whose names he would not mention, were the guilty parties.

Since the above were in type the girl has been liberated.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. P. MARSHALL,

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RE-OPENS JANUARY 7, 1889.

STAFF: W. Williams, B. A., English, French and German; J. F. Brethour, B.A., Classics; J. L. Cox, B. A., Mathematics; W. H. Stevens, B.A., Science; T. H. McGwil, B. A., Commercial. Record of 1887, Six matriculants, two first B's, nine first C's, (highest in the Province), twenty three seconds, twenty-one thirds, besides others at minor examinations. The school makes a specialty of teacher's work, and during the past eleven years has passed 80 firsts (9 A's, 6 B's, 73 C's), 29 seconds, 305 thirds; or a grand total of 839. It is also fully equipped for Junior Matriculation and Third professional examinations.

Session for announcement to

W. I. WILLIAMS, Principal

Collingwood, Oct. 25, 1888.

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James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

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Miscellaneous.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of W. T. McKee, Lot 28 Con. 4, Artemesia, two steers, one black and the other red, 2 years old. The black one was found dead on the road near my premises. The red one is now at my place, and the owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

HEARD'S Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

Leaving the port of Montreal, we steamed down the St Lawrence, and as the morning mists cleared away, and the sun rose, we watched with constantly increasing interest the varied and ever-changing panorama on both shores of the river. For a long distance below Montreal its average width is about two miles, but widens out to ten miles in breadth at Lake St. Peter, which is some thirty miles long; then gradually contracting until we reach Quebec, distant 180 miles from Montreal. Along the whole distance the shores are dotted with hamlets, villages and towns, and we could not but remark the magnificence of the churches in every little place as compared with other buildings, the massive towers and tall spires, each surmounted with a cross, indicating power and predominence of the Catholic church in the province of Quebec.

The strong current of this mighty river enables outgoing vessels to make good time in the run to Quebec, where we arrived at 4 p.m. and dropped anchor. W... passed on our left the cove where Wolfe and his brave little army landed the night before the battle on the plains behind the city. Point Levi, on the opposite shore to Quebec, has grown wonderfully since I last saw it, and is now a large town with some very fine public buildings, and ferry boats are constantly plying between it and Quebec. The old city has a somewhat changed aspect since I was here. Dufferin Terrace has been built, a beautiful promenade along the river, and though on a lower level than the citadel yet overlooking the old town. Having obtained leave to go on shore I hailed a boat on the river, and although engaged at the time the owners promised to come back for us, and in a short time ... for our descent, which, with willing ... hands, and ropes, we easily accomplished. We had the boat to ourselves ... party ventured to leave the s... I gave my wife credit for ... share of ...

...

surprise and won for Britain the key to this country.

The Parliament buildings are comparatively new and of a very ornate style of architecture. We returned to our boat, as daylight was gone, and next morning proceeded on our way towards the ocean.

(To be Continued.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Living yet.

Miss Walker has been engaged by the Trustees to teach the school here for six months. The present teacher, Miss Ford, in going to attend the Normal school for a term, after which she will again resume her duties as teacher here.

The annual shooting match was held here on the 15th, with W. McCallum and W. Kells as Captains. Kell's side came out best by 30. The largest score was made by A. H...lly, on Mac's side, being 930. A bountiful supper was provided for the occasion by Mrs. C. Pritchard, the loosing side f...ting the bill.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Aggie G...ley who has been spending some weeks visiting friends here, has returned to Toronto.

Mr Walker Sloan cut his leg severely the other day with the adze, but he is able to be around again.

Mr. Clemes, the school teacher, spent Thursday and Friday at the Teachers' Convention, consequently no school, and the small boys took the opportunity of ranging the woods in search of squirrels, chipmunks, and other game.

Mr C. B. Sloan has just completed some important repairs on his flume preparatory to the seasons work.

Owing to the extremely unfavorable weather some farmers to the north of us have not finished harvest, and in general, work is rather backward.

Mr. John B... left last week for Serpent River, where he intends prosecuting his trade of shoemaking. We wish ...

...

Feversham.

...

The Milton Reformer last week contained a scathing editorial anent the disgraceful scenes witnessed on the streets of that town on fair day. It says there was more liquor sold on that day than ad sold "during the fairs in the six years of Scott Act." "Whiskey," says the Reformer, "reigned supreme, and the air was filled with shouts and curses of drunken men, fighting, staggering, rolling in the mud so that they looked like hogs in the mire." Truly a terrible picture and one, we trust, which will never be reproduced. —[Streetsville Review.

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Priceville.

... a position to offer the best value in ... Our stock is ... complete ...

BOOTS AND SHOES.

... in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

... continue unapproached ... Low Prices ...

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

is prepared to ... and grinds on the ... bushel. Seven cents per bag ... Chopping done every day ... in the estimation of the public. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

GALOPS DIVISION.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals" will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, THE ... DAY OF ... for the construction of two ... and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ... on and after TUESDAY ...

In the case of firms ... the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same ... accompany the tender for the works.

The respective deposit cheques will not be accepted ... Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates ... on the terms stated ... The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. B...

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, ... 1888.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

I wish to inform the ladies of Flesherton and vicinity that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Dress and Mantle Making.

Good fit guaranteed.

Your attention is especially called to my system of cutting- Cornwells Improved Self-fitting Chart—for which I am agent. Those desirous of learning to cut by this system can do so at moderate cost by applying to me.

Shop next door to J. E. Moore's Furniture Store.

Jennie McBride.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Notice to Contractors.

T... above mentioned advertised ... let on the ... of October next, are ...

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

...

MEAT, MEAT!

FRESH MEAT.

Nice Tender Meat

And Meat of all Kinds

...

Blakely & McConnell's.

SALESMEN WANTED

...

FARM for SALE

...

APPLES FOR SALE.

...

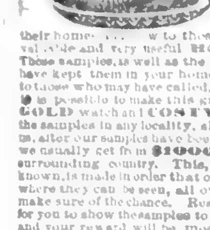

...solid GOLD WATCH ... sold for $100 ... Best ... watch in the world ... Gold Hunting Cases ... elegant and magnificent ... works and cases of equal value ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

NOTICE.

Having disposed of my business to Mr Geo Blackburn, I desire to publicly express my thanks to the people of Flesherton and vicinity for their heartily support and patronage in the past, and I would bespeak from them a continuation of the same to my successor.

STEPHEN SPIRIT.

Flesherton, Oct. 16, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having purchased the flour, feed and grocery business of Mr Stephen Spirit, I would say that it will be my aim to cater to the public in a manner that will retain for the business the reputation which it has hitherto had for fair and satisfactory dealings with customers.

The public's servants.

GEO. BLACKBURN.

Flesherton, Oct- 16, 1888.

J. E. MOORE,

Maker and dealer in

ALL KINDS OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

Durham Street,

Flesherton,

Special attention is called to our

FALL STOCK!

Which is now complete. For variety, quality and prices we are able to eclipse all former efforts. We are selling

BEDSTEADS

At from $2 each.

A really handsome Bedstead at $5.

WASHSTANDS

At from $1.50, and

B-U-R-E-A-U-S-!

At $6.

Making ... for a bedroom ... a chair ...

CHILDREN'S ...
CRADLES,
COTS,
CRIBS,

In a number of styles and at equally low prices. In

BEDDING

We are making a specialty just now, by offering a good Spring Mattress at $1.50. Woven wire Mattresses at $2.50. Good quality of sea grass Mattress at $3.

Tables. Tables. Tables.

Kitchen and Dining Tables, Parlor and Sewing Tables, Music and Fancy Tables, in fact tables to suit every taste and for every conceivable purpose.

One New Karn Organ for Sale,

Very cheap. A... the ...

New Raymond

Sewing Mac... a number of which are ... be seen at our show... Remember the place.

J. E. Moore,

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Our Undertaking Department is A 1. Good hearse and good horses in connection. Charges moderate.

Nov 1, 1888

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by.
The tear-drop fell on each wrinkled cheek;
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and fearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting room wall—
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so high and tall.

Then the father shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs—
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight
In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered: "Father, not yet, not yet;
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away.
The boys come back, and our Mary too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

Johnny comes back from the billows deep;
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say good-night to me.
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose play is o'er,
And it comes to rest at my knee

So let them stand there, though empty now;
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"Belinda, when we were both young—the day will come, I hope, child, when you will sympathize more with the trials and temptations of others—when we were both young, Roger Temple and I first met. And he cared for me."

Dead silence; the widow confused and stroking down the folds of her silk dress with her white fingers; Belinda's slip of a figure standing upright beside the window, her arms folded, her lips and eyes about as "sympathetic" as though they had been carved in granite.

"He cared for me—too much for his own peace—but duty stood between us, and we parted!" Of this the reader shall know more than by Rose's hazy utterances. "We parted. Fate was hard upon us both. And now—Belinda, must I say more?"

"Say everything, please, if you want me to understand you."

"Roger Temple has asked me to be his wife at last, and I——"

"And you—are going to be married again!" interrupts Belinda cruelly. "For the third time! Then all I can remark is, you are very fond of being married, Rose."

A heartless, unwomanly speech enough; but Belinda, like many other raw girls of her age, is absolutely heartless in matters of love; and at this moment passionate, unreasoning jealousy against the rival of her dead father is sending the blood to her brain too quickly for her to be very nice in the choice of words.

"I'm sure I don't know how you can be so unfeeling," says Rose, almost crying. "But you were always the same. Even when you were little you had no more sensibility than a stone. And Roger always expresses himself so beautifully about you, and the Temples are such a good family, and everything; and then to say that I—I, of all women living, am fond of being married! I do hope, Belinda, whatever your own opinions may be, you will not express yourself in this most heartless and indelicate manner before Captain Temple!"

"Captain Temple?" repeats Belinda, all innocence. "Why, when am I ever likely to see Captain Temple?"

"You will see him in St. Jean de Luz to-day."

"Captain Temple in St. Jean de Luz! You mean to tell me, Rose, that you and a young man are travelling about the world together?"

And Belinda, the first and last time in her life such hypocrisy can be recorded of her, puts on an air of outraged virtue edifying to behold.

"Roger met me in Paris and again in Bordeaux," says poor Rose, blushing through her rouge with vexation. "Roger was the old friend I told you of. And there was always Spencer—and we have taken care never to stop at the same hotel even. He has gone now to look for a lodging in quite another part of the town. If you knew, Belinda, if you only knew what a soul of honor Roger Temple has, you would not talk so lightly!"

"Ah, but you must remember I know nothing at all about him," retorts the girl, "and my education does not dispose me to take any man's honor on trust. Never mind, Rosie," she goes on with an assumption of pitying complaisance: "I am shocked, I own, but I will keep what I know to myself. I will not say a word, even to Burke."

"And will you behave with feeling, with consideration to Roger Temple, for my sake?"

Before the girl can answer a man's step sounds in the corridor, a knock comes at the door.

"*Entrez*," cries out Belinda, in her clear young voice.

"My things!" sighs the widow all in a tremor, her heart reverting to the possessions which lie nearer to it even than her lover—her bandboxes.

And the door opens.

"Roger! You have found your way already, then?" Rose exclaims, with rather a forced little laugh, and retreating hastily from the light that falls unbecomingly full upon her through the open window. "Belinda, dearest, my very old acquaintance, Captain Temple. Now mind," with infantine candor, "I shall never forgive either of you if you don't fall in love with each other at once. I have been like that always. Miss Ingram used to say I was quite absurd. Whoever I am fond of must be fond of all my friends!"

But, long before Rose had ceased twittering her small falsities, Belinda's eyes and Roger Temple's have met—met and spoken the truth.

"In life as on railways," a master hand was written, "at certain points, whether you know it or not, there is but an inch, this way or that, into what train you are shunted."

Into what train has Belinda's passionate heart been shunted, all unknowing, at this moment!

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT MEN CALL LOVE.

Rose spoke of the romance of two young lives, of love sacrificed to duty, of a heart slowly breaking during a dozen years. This we may set down as the poetic form of the story about herself and Roger. Now let us have it in the prose.

The story, in the prose form, is simply this: Rose married in her girlhood to an elderly London lawyer and launched into a narrow circle of dull, professional respectability, was, at six-and-twenty, as really fresh and ingenuous a young person as ever breathed. Neither perruquier nor Bond street chemist needed then. Her flaxen hair, smoothly braided according to the fashion of the day, adorned her youthful face. Her complexion, innocent of cosmetic, was, in spite of some few freckles, like a just opened dog-rose. So Roger Temple met and loved her.

The Indian mutiny was just over at the time, and Roger, a fair-faced boy of nineteen, had come back, wounded, after his first dark taste of soldier's work, to England. He made Rose Shemadeane's acquaintance at an East London dinner party, and, not knowing, till dessert, at least, that she was the crown and blessing of another man's life already, conceived for her as wild a passion as ever foolish lad conceived for still more foolish woman since the world began.

The London season was at its height, even Rose's humdrum life enlivened by an unwonted share of parties, theatre-going, drives in the park, visits to the Zoological; country cousins who must be amused staying in the house. Roger saw her, dogged her, worshipped her everywhere. One of the country cousins being female and unmarried, it might be assumed that Mr. Temple's attentions were honorably matrimonial. Mr. Temple being well-born, young, handsome, of good expectations, was it not a manifest duty to offer him encouragement?

Thus Rose, with small platitudes, stifled her small conscience for a fortnight or so. Then the end came—the end of the prologue, not the play.

Watching the hippotamus together one July Sunday afternoon at the Zoological, the country cousins, the nonentity of a husband, all but within earshot, young Master Roger made a fool of himself. In stammering, passionate whispers, told Mrs. Shelmadeane a secret which Mrs. Shelmadeane had been calmly aware of for some time past, but which it was shocking, oh, unendurably shocking, even to think of, the moment the confession happened to find its way into words.

She walked away from him, her fair young matron face ablaze, and, with the air of a new Cornelia, laid her hand upon her husband's arm. Three evenings later—Rose twenty-six, remember, Roger nineteen—was waltzing with him at a ball to which duty bade her chaperone her country cousins at the Hanover Square rooms.

Mr. Temple had been wicked—so wicked that it really took one's breath away to think of it—in daring to regard her, an honored wife, save with feelings of iciest respect and esteem. But Rose, gentle soul, felt constrained to pity the poor misguided fellow, to lead him, if it might be, into better ways. And that Bloomsbury Square life and husband of hers, illumined by present experience, were so hideously monotonous, and the homage of a man, handsome, young, distinguished like Roger, was honey sweet to vanity.

A better woman, or a worse one, a woman inspired by imagination or guided by experience, might have been terrified at such a position. Good, passionless, unimaginative, self-saturated Rose, the first little cold shock of the plunge over, felt no terror at all. What she did feel strongest, I think (when one can disinter it sufficiently for analysis from the mass of small vanities, triumphs before partnerless country cousins, etc., in which it was embedded), was—gratified sense of power.

The infatuation lasted out the London season. Then old Shelmadeane carried his wife off to Margate—tardily suspicious, perhaps, as to the kind of sacrifice she was making to duty—and Roger's leave of absence came to an end. He was angry, bitter, sick at heart; his divinity during their last interview having sermonized and sympathized, and altogether tortured him beyond measure; determined to return to India, without seeing her again, determined to despise, to forget her.

Long letters passed between them, with or without Mr. Shelmadeane's knowledge—I refrain from speaking with certainty on this point—but letters certainly that Mr. Shelmadeane or any one else in the world might have read with safety. Rose, indeed, half thought at times that her victim repressed all allusion to his tortures too successfully. Every mail, every second mail at first; then once in three or four months; then twice a year. So the correspondence attending Roger's ill-starred passion was carried on. At last Mr. Shelmadeane died.

And Roger Temple, of course, flew to England to put in first claim for the possession of his beloved one's hand? No, Roger Temple did nothing of the kind. He was away up the country pig-sticking, when the letter containing the news of Rosie's widowhood reached him, after some delay. And he loved sport passionately. And the two or three men who formed the party happened to be his closest friends. And must not weeds be worn a decent time before they are replaced by wedding favors?

Roger neither rushed to England nor wrote any letter designed to compromise his Rosie's newly-gained liberty. It must be remembered that he had now been wasting in despair during a good many years; also that men get into the habit of everything, even of hopeless passion, and against their better reason may feel disturbed by having to abandon a settled mood of thought.

He wrote the widow as exquisitely delicate a letter of condolence as was ever penned; putting himself and his own selfish hopes and fears utterly away in the background; dwelling wholly on her and on her loss. He spoke tenderly, and with vagueness, of the long years of their separation; he spoke with greater vagueness still of the day of their possible reunion. Of marriage, of anything that could by possibility be constructed into a hint of marriage, he spoke not a word

An ordinary, intelligent woman, before she had read such a letter to the end, would have known that her lover's love for her was over. Rose, guided by the irrefragable logic of a fool, deduced from it only a new proof of her slave's devotion to her welfare.

"There is one far distant, who adores me, but who is too high-souled, too generous, to think of anything but my grief!" she would say to Major O'Shea, who got an introduction to the pretty widow, and indeed set steadily to work love-making, before her crape was six weeks old. "Ah, Major O'Shea, if you had only the conscientiousness, the noble, forbearing, unselfish nature of that poor fellow in India!"

And then Cornelius would respond to the effect of his heart being stronger than his reason, of his impetuous feelings hurrying him beyond the cold bond of conventional decorum. And the widow would sigh and blush, and wipe a tear or two, and call him a sad, sad man, as she yielded her hand to be kissed. And the upshot of it all was, that the next news Roger Temple got of Rose Shelmadeane was a flaming announcement in the *Times* of her infidelity to him; by special license, an archdeacon and three or four of the lesser clergy assisting, at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Singular perversity of men's nature! The news of this marriage cost him not only the most poignant jealousy, but a revival of his love in all its first fresh ardor. The existence of a husband, of any husband, seemed really some necessary, mysterious condition of Roger Temple's passion. You should have seen the letter of good wishes that he wrote the bride; bitterest veiled reproach discernible through every courteous phrase, every pleasant little congratulatory message to Major O'Shea! Rosy cried herself almost plain for the day after receiving it; hid it jealously from Cornelius, to whose philosophic mind the whole matter, you may be sure, would have been one of profoundest indifference; and wrote Roger a pleading, self-extenuating reply by return of mail, with three violets—ah, did Captain Temple remember the bunches of violets he used to bring her during the happy days of their friendship in Bloomsbury Square—enclosed.

And Captain Temple, Rose has had his own word for it since, kissed violets and letter both, and set up the writer on the old pedestal in his imagination—I was very nearly writing his heart—that she had ever held.

Some slight insight into Rose's domestic grievances as Mrs. O'Shea, the reader has had already; we need not farther enlarge upon them. Cornelius spent her money, neglected her, went to America, where his fate awaited him. And Rose, on her Uncle Robert's death, found herself once more free—free and with a handsome little income, villa at Brompton, plate, linen, and accessories, at her disposal.

And then it was that she and her old lover looked again upon each other's faces. Roger had returned to England unexpected by his friends, his long leave having been given him some months earlier than he anticipated; and on a certain May night, Rose at that moment believing him to be thousands of miles away in India, knocked at the door of the Brompton villa and inquired, in a voice whose accents he vainly strove to command, if Mrs. O'Shea was at home.

At last a fluffy-haired, brilliantly complexioned—alas, that I must write it!—middle-aged lady came forward to him and bowed! a lady extremely overdressed or underdressed—as you like to term it. "I am not aware that I have the honor——" she began, looking at him strangely.

And then he knew her voice.

Poor Rose, if she could have seen into her quondam lover's heart just at that moment!

He watched her during the next hour or so with feelings about equally balanced of disappointment and blank surprise. Every woman's good looks must decline after the lapse of the twelve best years of her maturity, and Rose's had really, in the common acceptation of the phrase, "worn well." But it was not any fading due to age, it was not time's natural footprints on cheek or brow that shocked him thus; it was the absolute, startling transformation of her whole personality!

He had not really dined, Mrs. O'Shea discovered; had arrived in London late that afternoon, and, forgetful of bodily sustenance, had rushed away to call on her at once. So a little supper was organized, accompanied by a bottle of Uncle Robert's best champagne. And then this man and woman, who had played at love so long, began looking into each other's eyes, to talk of all that they had suffered (in imagination or reality) since they parted. And the cruel intervening years faded away. They were whispering beside the hippopotamus, they were murmuring farewells upon the Margate beach, again. And by and by Rose's hand, youthful and white still, found its way into Captain Temple's. It trembled; he pressed it to reassure her. Rose, with a sigh, made a feint of moving away. And then, for the first time in their lives, their lips met, and Roger's fate was sealed.

The wax lights had burnt low by now, and Rose kept her face well in shadow, nay, hid it bashfully out of sight, on her lover's breast. And when he kissed her beautiful golden hair it never occurred to him to think from what dead head it might have been sheared; and when at last she lifted up her face to falter out softest promises of life-long truth, he did not even see the rice powder it had left upon his waistcoat!

Who loves, cavils not; and Roger Temple, or Roger Temple's imagination, loved during this hour's intoxication at least.

What he thought and felt next morning, when he had to review his position, and Mrs. O'Shea's complexion by daylight, none but Roger Temple ever knew.

CHAPTER V.

COMPLIMENTS, NOT CARESSES.

Belinda's eyes have met Roger's and, in spite of all her foregone jealous resolves, the girl finds it hard to steal herself against Rose's future husband. Never in her whole vagabond, loveless life has such honest human sunshine shone on her as shines now in Roger Temple's smile.

"I don't know about falling in love, but I am sure Belinda and I mean to be friends, Rosie," he says, advancing. "Do we not, my dear?"

And before she can find time to put herself on guard, Captain Temple's bronzed moustache has touched her cheek. It is the kind of salutation that could scarce, by the very iciest prude, be stigmatized as a kiss, and yet it bears such a significantly marked family resemblance to one to be unpleasant in Rosie's sight.

"I—I, really, Roger—Belinda looks so ridiculously younger than she is!"

"Not a bit," cries Roger, and now he rests his hand kindly on the little girl's shoulder. "Belinda is fifteen years old—you told me, did you not, that she was fifteen? Well, and she looks it. Don't mind Rosie, Belinda. Rosy turns rusty at the thought of having a grown-up daughter."

"I shall be seventeen the week after next," says Belinda, holding up her chin.

"I don't know what people mean by taking me for a child. I have certainly seen enough of the world and its wickedness to make me feel old," she adds, with the accustomed hard, little ring in her voice.

"Belinda will look different—I trust Belinda will look totally different when she is properly dressed," says the widow, glancing down at her own elegantly flowing draperies. "I must really have a serious talk with Miss Burke about these short skirts."

"Ah, but Miss Burke is not here to be talked with, Rosie," cries Belinda. "My natural guide and protector has been away in Spain a week or more, collecting facts for her book, and I am knocking about alone, as you see—me and my dog Costa."

"Alone!" stammers Rose, shocked not so much, perhaps, at the fact itself, as at having the fact exposed before Roger. "You don't mean actually alone, my dear?"

"Well, no; I have my chums, of course, the fellows who were with me in the street when you arrived. Now, Rose," she goes on, pitilessly, "tell the truth! Were you or were you not ashamed when you first saw me?"

"I—I was surprised, Belinda" says Rose, in her sweetest little feminine treble. "It is not usual in England, you know, to see a girl of seventeen wearing her dress above her ankles. And then those fearful—What must I call them, Belinda?—what do they call those fearful door-mat things you have on your feet?"

"They call those fearful things *alpargetas* in Spanish, *espadrilles* in French," answers Belinda, coolly holding out a ragged, sandalled foot for inspection. "If you played paume on the hot sand for hours together as I do you would be glad to wear espadrilles, Rose; yes, or to go barefoot altogether, as I do, oftener than not."

A blush of burning shame rises over the widow's face.

"Our dear Belinda wants a year or two of sound English training," she remarks, in a tone that to Roger sounds dove-like, but that Belinda remembers and interprets only too well. "That is the worst of continental education. One has to sacrifice so many good solid English qualities for accomplishments. Still, in these days, a girl must be accomplished. A couple of years in a select English boarding-school will, I have no doubt, render Belinda all that our fondest wishes could desire."

Belinda, on the conclusion of this little tirade, looks hard into her step-mother's eyes for a moment or two; then, shouldering her schistera, she moves across to the door.

"I must be off," turning and bestowing a nod full of caustic meaning on the lovers. "And unless you want me to join some gang of wandering gipsy players, as I have often thought of doing, you had better not talk about boarding-schools any more. My accomplishments, Captain Temple," looking with an air of mock modesty—"Rose talks of my accomplishments, for which the good solid English qualities have been sacrificed! I will tell you what they are," checking off each accomplishment on her dark, slim fingers as she proceeds 'bolero dancing, slang paume'—of each a little. Knowledge, learnt practically, of how to keep myself and dog on twenty sous a day board-wages. And a taste for bull-fights so strong, oh! so strong," this with unaffected enthusiasm, "that I would sooner go without meat for a fortnight and church for a year than miss the chance of going to one. For further particulars apply to Mr. Augustus Jones."

And so exit Belinda, whistling—yes, Rose, whistling; keep from fainting if you can—as she goes.

"A quaint little original, our future daughter," says Roger, whose eyes have certainly opened wider during the conclusion of Belinda's tirade. "But a good-hearted child, I'll be bound. You must not be too hard on her, Rose."

"I hard!" sighs the widow, looking at him reproachfully. "When was I ever hard on any one? If you knew, Roger—but of course men never understand these things—the trial that poor girl has always been! I can assure you I look upon Belinda as a chastisement, sent to me for some wise purpose by Providence."

She seats herself on a sofa, discreetly away in the half light, and with an air of resignation takes out her pocket-handkerchief. "I have made sacrifices no real mother would have made for her—can I ever forget the devoted, blind attachment of her poor, dear papa for me? Sending her away, Heaven knows at what expense, to the continent, and always writing that she should have the best of masters, and everything; and now this is the result. How painfully plain she is."

"Plain? No, Rosie, anything but plain. Belinda is just at that awkward age when one does not know what to make of girls, and her dress is not quite like other people's, is it? But she has magnificent eyes, and a pretty hand."

"A pretty hand! Belinda's hands pretty! Why, they are enormous, six and three-quarters at least, two sizes bigger than mine, and as brown! But you think every one you see lovely, Roger," says Rose, pettishly. "I declare one might just as well be ugly one's self. I have never heard you speak of any woman yet that you could not find something to admire in her."

"And all because of you, my dearest!" cries Captain Temple, with warmth. "When a man admires one woman supremely, can you not imagine that every other woman, yes, even the plainest, must possess something fair in his sight for her sake?"

He comes across to her, stoops, and rests his hand on his betrothed's fair head. It is a favorite action of Roger's and one that Rose would be exceedingly well pleased to see him abandon. Who can tell what horrible trick *pastiche* or plate may not play one in some unguarded moment or more than common tenderness?

"I shall be quite unhappy about my dresses if they do not arrive soon," Rose goes on presently. "Ten large cases, you remember." Does not Roger remember those awful ten cases well; in Paris, Bordeaux, everywhere? "And a bit of blue ribbon on each. There can be no mistake if the railway people are honest, but abroad one never knows. I'm sure nothing would have been easier than for Belinda to run back to the station; still, she did not offer, and in my delicate position as a step-mother, I have never required the slightest attention from the poor girl. Oh Roger," Rose's hand is in her lover's now, and he is beside her on the sofa. "If I dared, how much I should like to tell you a secret—something we are all concerned in!"

Roger's natural reply is, what should prevent her telling it? Ought there to be any secret, present or to come, between persons whose lives, like theirs, are to be spent in one long, delightful confidence?

"Well, then—I'm a very naughty girl, I know," Rose avows, kittenishly, "and I dare say you will scold me sadly, but I've been match-making! It is not quite by accident that Mr. Augustus Jones is in St. Jean de Luz!"

"Accident or no accident, the fact is a deuced unpleasant one," remarks Captain Temple. "How or why Mr. Jones came here is Mr. Jones's own concern, but the bore of having to encounter him! I really did hope, Rose, that we had seen the last of that atrocious man when we left London."

"You are prejudiced against him, sir. I'm afraid you don't like poor Augustus because he was a little too attentive to me."

"Rose!"

"Oh, come, Roger, I know what your ruling passion is, and always has been. The green-eyed monster, sir——"

"Rosie, I swear——"

"Well, we cannot help these things, my dear; I am ridiculously without jealousy myself. Poor Major O'Shea often said he wished he could see me a little more jealous, but I can make every allowance for it in others. I ought to be able to bear all the jealous suspiciousness of men's natures after the experience that I have had!"

There is silence for a minute, and any one watching Roger Temple's face attentively might discern there a good deal the look of a man who is trying to repress his weariness under the perpetual, exacting babble of a child. "I don't think you judge of me correctly, Rose," he remarks after a time. "Who ever judges another correctly? Who can read but by his own light? We were talking of Mr. Jones, were we not? Ah, yes, and you think me jealous of Jones! So be it, my dear. Poor little Rosie," he bends forward and salutes the widow's cheek—very tenderly, I may almost say fearfully. Roger is better acquainted with feminine weakness, as regards rice powder especially, than he was on that first fatal night at Brompton. "And now what about this grand secret of yours? You have been match-making, have you? I hope you don't mean to marry our little daughter Belinda to Mr. Augustus Jones?"

"He would be an extremely nice husband for her, from a worldly point of view," says Rose, turning over and over the diamond, a gift of Roger's that rests on her plump third finger. "And as to education—old Mr. Jones was sensible of his own deficiencies, and had his son coached up by the most expensive tutors. Any one hearing Augustus talk would say that he was quite well educated enough—for a married man."

"And presentable enough, refined enough? The sort of husband a girl could not only love, but be proud of? Well, Rosie, manage it as you choose. If you like Mr. Jones, and if Belinda likes Mr. Jones, you may be sure that I shall not forbid the banns."

"Ah, there is the difficulty. Belinda does not like Mr. Jones. Belinda and I never liked the same thing or person yet." Poor Rosie, if the mantle of prophecy could but fall upon her shoulders at this moment!

"But you could help me so much, dear, if you would—and you will, I know?" upraising her eyes coaxingly to her lover's. "You will help me in my plans for Belinda's happiness? It was all through me, Roger—don't be cross with me if I confess the truth—it was all through me that Mr. Jones came to St. Jean de Luz."

"Through you that Mr. Jones came to St. Jean de Luz! And why should I be cross with you, you little goose?"

Rosie talks like a girl of sixteen: Roger treats her like a girl of sixteen—yet is sensible, mournfully sensible, ever, of the grotesqueness of so doing.

"You see, I knew that Augustus was anxious to marry. I suspected, feared," says Rose, with modest grace, "that his hopes in some directions might have been just a little blighted, and the thought struck me—as he was going abroad and had asked me to plan his tour for him—the thought struck me to bring him and Belinda together. What he wants is connection, what she wants is money——"

"But Belinda is a child still," interrupts Roger Temple. "You are building all these castles in the air, dear, kind little soul that you are, Rosie, for her good, but the thing is ridiculous. Belinda's home must be with us for the next three or four years. Ample time, then, to begin match-making. How could a child of her age possibly decide," goes on honest Roger—"how could an innocent-hearted child of Belinda's age possibly decide whether she ought or ought not to sell herself for the so many thousands a year of a snob like Jones?"

"Roger, my dear," answers Rose, in her sweetest, most angelic tones—whenever she is annoyed, Mrs. O'Shea's angelic proclivities become more marked—"excuse me if I tell you that all those romantic ideas about selling one's self for money are out of date. Belinda never was a child. Belinda has not one youthful sentiment belonging to her; and as to innocence, poor thing!—you heard what she said about bull-fights, without fainting! Those fine interesting-looking fellows in such danger, and the horrid bulls goring everybody. I'm sure to see a picture, to read a description of one, is sickening enough."

"A matter of custom and nerve, Rosie. I have known some English women capable of worse cruelty than being present at a bull-fight."

"And the very best thing for the girl's safety and our peace of mind will be to get her respectably settled as quick as possible. My own opinion of Belinda—I would say so to no one but you, Roger—is that she is without heart. And a woman without heart——"

But the generalization is opportunely cut short by the arrival of the boxes and blue ribbons. In her joy over her recovered finery, Rosie forgets all other human considerations; and her lover, with orders only to smoke one cigar, and to be back at the post of duty in an hour at latest, recovers a breathing space of liberty.

(To be Continued).

The Boys Are Improving.

An exchange tells of a schoolma'am who has introduced a novel system of spelling in her school. When one of the girls misses a word the boy who spells it correctly is permitted to kiss the girl. The boys are improving, but it is feared that the girls will soon forget how to spell their own names.—*Tionesta (Pa.) Democrat.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Eye-Tickling Sights on Rotten Row when the World is Abroad.

VOWS AT THE ALTAR.

Latest Fashion Frolics and Household Ornaments.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Gowns That Act.

There is one thing about these Parisian dresses that has never been noticed, even at the North, where the critics are anxious to discover something new, and that is the remarkable dramatic quality of the gowns which Worth gets up. Put a woman in one of Worth's gowns and place her on the stage, and she is bound to act. The gowns themselves do the most of the work. They pose, they gesture and they speak. They draw tears from the eyes of the highflyers, and cause the gallery to cease eating peanuts. What greater victory could they have? —*Atlanta Constitution.*

Before the Marriage Altar.

"Doctor, I feel miserable in mind and body—what shall I take?" asked an old bachelor patient of his physician. "Take a wife," answered the doctor gruffly. "Many are thy men who have profited by taking this prescription," says the author of "How to be Happy, though Married" in his new book, "The Five Talents of Woman," just published by the Scribners. "Before marriage they were worth little, after it worth much. Man never appreciates his inferiority to woman so thoroughly as when he stands before the altar in the presence of an audience of friends and hears the clergyman make him husband. Nine out of ten men in such a position tremble as if they were about to be arrested for murder, while nine out of ten women go through the ceremony as gracefully as if it were an every-day occurrence. And it is this timorous creature in a dress suit that promises to protect the calm and placid angel whose orange blossoms are his aureole. What delicious sarcasm there is in the thought! And in after-life, when the husband gets torn up by care, and when a little trouble comes to steal away his peace of mind, how is it then? The woman whom he promised to protect becomes his protector. She sees sunshine through the clouds. She smoothes out the wrinkled brow of care. She props up his flagging spirits. She puts new life into his bosom, new hope into his soul, and he goes forth in the morning with new strength and new zeal to wrestle with life and its responsibilities. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she isn't broken up and doesn't go to pieces as soon as a man."

Should a Girl Dress Quickly?

Between the brisk young woman who can dawn upon the breakfast table completely dressed in 10 minutes neatly and ... ned to the ... after her ... ght of a new day, and the leisurely damsel who requires 45 minutes or an hour for the same operation, there is a whole gamut of feminine variations. The close observer of these varying types of fair dressers finds each possessed of interest. There is the honest, candid girl, who confesses that it takes her an hour to assume the raiment of the day and to do full justice to the mysteries of the dressing bureau and the bath. She takes her hour and no one expects better things. There is the girl's opposite—yet counterpart—in the equally truthful young woman who says she can make ready for breakfast or the walk in ten minutes, and who does so in nine cases out of ten. Then comes the host of erratic ones. The girl who will be "ready in a minute," only to keep up expectancy on the part of the waiting one twenty times the minute. There is the fair one whose voice cheerily rings out a statement that she has only her bonnet to put on, or a bow to pin, who apparently devotes more time to that simple operation than to the varied operations of appareling. The art of putting into one's daily habiliments with rapidity, and yet with neatness, is possessed by the minority of Eve's daughters only. Let this trait of rapidity in dressing abound be of honest acquisition, and through heredity, for of a surety Eve was not given to spending much time at her toilet, and yet her fair descendants do not inherit their remote ancestor's traits.

Beauty's Home in London.

Here is an extract from a London letter in the Cleveland Leader: London is a great centre, to which much of the female beauty of the world gravitates. A morning on Rotten Row at "beauties' hour," between breakfast and luncheon, when the sun shines brightly and society is sauntering up and down the bridle road which extends from Apsley House to Kensington Gardens, is a sight as well worth seeing before dissolution as the Bay of Naples. At first the eye is almost dazzled by the brilliancy of complexions and the costumes. Here, for instance, trips along a dream of loveliness in a fawn-colored gown, with a profusion of frills of creamy lace, and such cheeks! Another beauty of the purest Saxon type wears one of the prettiest of hats of a yellowish tint like honeysuckle, with bows on either shoulder. Her black, open-worked stockings and low shoes and tight gloves contrast delightfully with the rest of the costume. These dark "fix-me-ups," extending to black silk underwear, I am told, *le dernier cri*, or the perfection, a bit of Parisian ...

How to Shampoo One's Own Hair.

... sure of having the hair ... ed is to have some one ... w. In England, in the ... a department of hair ... accomplished barber, ... for showering and ... r of ladies for one ... a good shampoo ... h is a large sum ... After combing ... raid it loosely ... all elastic band. ... a and first wash ... castile soap; ... water, soap it ... ward thoroughly ... a towel. Wipe ... id and brush out, beginning at the lower end, when it will not tangle. Let the hair loose in the sun and air and it will dry in less than half an hour. A woman's hair should be washed at least monthly if kept fine and healthy.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Brilliant Costumes From France.

Here from the New York *Herald* is a description of some of the costly costumes worn on the stage of that city this week by Mme. Jane Hading. One gown (as *Clare*) is a bridal dress of white satin, covered entirely with duchesse lace and caught up with pearls and orange blossoms. The pearls are as large as the flowers, and are fastened in garlands. The bodice to this dress is extremely decollete, and some beautiful diamonds are to be worn with it. A second gown is of ceverte, or "faded rose," pink silk, and has a short train. The front from the shoulders to the hem of the garment is covered with cut beads of many colors formed into a diamond-shaped passementerie, and a third is of pearl gray faille silk, trimmed with bands of Honiton lace, with a girdle and collar of black moire.

Plush and Satin This Season.

"Plush," says the New York *Sun* in its foreign budget, "will be much used this season for tea gowns and *robes de chambres*, and also for evening reception and dinner dresses. More satin also will be seen than usual."

Secrets of the Family.

Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and the like.

A paste of whiting and benzine will remove spots from marble.

A salt ham should be soaked over night in plenty of soft water previous to boiling.

After washing a wooden bowl, place where it will dry equally on all sides, away from the stove.

Fruit-stains on white goods can be removed by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the spots.

Hive syrup is good for croup or inflammation of the lungs. It must be kept in a cool place, for if it sours it is very poisonous.

If you want poached eggs to look particularly nice cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water.

A creaking hinge can be cured by the use of a black lead pencil of the softest number, the point rubbed into all the crevices of the hinge.

Corks may be made air and water tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine. They must be kept down with a wire screen.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel. Polish with chamois.

Suet should be cooked before it is stale. Boil for two or three hours, then strain through a linen cloth. One fourth of this fat and three-fourths lard is a good mixture for frying doughnuts.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water, makes an excellent wash to pour hot into the sink at night after you have finished using it.

Novelties in Bric-a-Brac.

For fancy tables brass and onyx in plain designs are the fashion.

Flower vases in cut glass of the finest crystal are growing in favor.

The latest table lamps are of oxidized silver in antique design and of gold and silver combined.

A serviceable hand-glass, with bronze frame of rustic work, is ornamented with hand-painted field flowers.

A convenient cologne case has three cut-glass bottles of varying sizes, with gold stoppers and a lizard-skin case.

For decorating Worcester ware, hand-painted floral designs seem to be selected in preference to landscape scenes.

Odd candlesticks of majolica ware, representing Turkish pipes, folded newspapers and clowns' heads, shells, etc., are much admired.

Half Dozen Fashion Notes.

This is a gold and silver braid season.

The bustle is not moribund. It is dead.

Gobelin blue remains a very fashionable color.

Brick red or Venetian red shades are in favor.

The sleeves of all wraps are made looser and more flowing.

Fringes, which for some years have been neglected as trimmings, have again been taken into fashionable favor. So says the New York *Sun*, which furnishes five more notes, as follows:

Wanted—Well-Trained Mistresses.

They tell me that the great want of the age is well-trained servants. I think that well-trained mistresses are wanted. My experience has been that if a servant be well treated the mistress will be well served. Never let her feel degraded because she waits upon you and does your work. Let her understand that you sympathize with her in all her joys and sorrows.—*Women's Journal.*

The Leading Lady Bustleless.

The latest novelty in clocks is of onyx. French marble is also made into beautiful, rich designs. Gold finish adds to their ornamental properties.

A fancy wall-pocket in majolica is a folded handkerchief to imitate a cornucopia. Other designs of the same material have been appropriated for holding flowers.

At the new play at the Paris Gymnase the leading lady wears a dress in which the "tournure," "strapotin" or "nuage," as they call it, the bustle in our tongue, is absolutely lacking.

Noah's ark seems to have been drawn upon to supply eccentric designs in paperweights. The latest importation of bronze ware includes designs of every animal known to creation.

A very eccentric receptacle for flowers on the breakfast table is an imitation napkin of majolica carelessly bunched together in the form of a lunch-basket. From between the folds peep the head and tail of a turkey. —*Jewellers' Weekly.*

Colors That Harmonize.

Red and violet do not accord well.

Orange and yellow accord incomparably better than red and orange.

Black never produces a bad effect when it is associated with two luminous colors.

Green and blue produce an indifferent effect, but better when the colors are deep.

Blue, when placed by the side of orange, increases the latter's intensity, and *vice versa*.

Green and violet, especially when light, form a combination preferable to green and blue.

Red and blue accord passably, especially if the red incline rather to a scarlet than a crimson.

When two colors accord badly together it is always advantageous to separate them by white.

While grey never exactly produces a bad effect in its association with two luminous colors, yet in most cases its assortments are dull.

Red and yellow accord pretty well, especially if the red be a purple red, rather than scarlet, and the yellow rather greenish than orange.

Yellow and green form an agreeable combination. The arrangement of yellow and blue is more agreeable than that of the yellow and green, but is less lively.

LONDON STREET VIANDS.

The Sensible English Belief that One Sleeps Best on a Full Stomach.

As liquor is abundant and good, so is food, cooked and on sale. For a penny the London beggar may buy a bowl of beef or pea soup and a large piece of bread, enough to keep off starvation for a day. The spoon he eats it with and the bowl he eats out of are chained to the table. Nothing is left lying around loose in that style of restaurant. Two kinds of soup constitute the entire bill-of-fare for the penny soup-house. For a halfpenny there is always a hot roasted potato ready on the sidewalk. These potato-roasting ovens are trundled about on wheels, and are built to resemble a small locomotive. They are known as "Murphy Busters." Another style of street kitchen deals in kidney and eel pies, smoking hot and twopence each. The "ham and beef shops" are ready with their cooked wares at noon—corned-beef at twopence, for the lowest amount weighed out; and for a ha'penny each a paper cone filled with freshly-boiled potatoes or turnips. "Winks," a species of salt-water snail, are boiled in quantities and sold on the streets. The fried-fish kitchens about 10 at night are filled with people, plate in hand, waiting for the well-browned sole from the great frying vats at fourpence the plate, with a generous quantity of fried potatoes added for a ha'penny. Sixpence buys the supper for a small family, and twopence more pays for the inevitable pint of porter. The 10 o'clock supper is the Englishman's most enjoyable meal, and twenty odd millions of people over there eat it and do not suffer so much from indigestion as we do. It looks odd at first, though, when you make a call, to see at 10 o'clock the table spread as if for dinner and the roast beef hot from the oven brought on.—*New York Star.*

Their Names and Pseudonyms.

Josh Billings—Henry W. Shaw.
Andrew Jack Dowling—Seba R. Smith.
Artemus Ward—Charles Farrar Browne.
Bill Arp—Charles H. Smith.
Gath George Alfred Townsend.
Fat Contributor—A. Miner Griswold.
Hawkeye Man—Robert J. Burdette.
Howadjii—George William Curtis.
Ik Marvel—Donald Grant Mitchell.
James Yellowplush—Wm. M. Thackeray.
John Paul—Charles H. Webb.
John Phœnix Capt. George H. Derby.
Mark Twain—Samuel L. Clemens.
Max Adler—Charles H. Clark.
Eli Perkins—Melville D. Landon.
Petroleum V. Nasby—David R. Locke.
Bill Nye—William E. Nye.
Nym Crinkle—Andrew C. Wheeler.
Old Si—Samuel W. Small.
Orpheus C. Kerr—Robert H. Newell.
Pelig Wales—William A. Croffut.
Peter Plymley—Sydney Smith.
Miles O'Reilly—Charles G. Halpin.
Peter Parley—H. C. Goodrich.
Ned Buntline—Col. Judson.
Brick Pomeroy—M. M. Pomeroy.
Josiah Allen's Wife—Marietta Holley.
Q. K. Philander Doesticks—Mortimer Thompson.
Mrs. Partington—Benj P. Shillabar.
Spoopendyke—Stanley Huntley.
Uncle Remus—Joel Chandler Harris.
Hosea Bigelow—James Russell Lowell.
Fanny Fern—Sarah Payson Willis.
Grandfather Lickshingle — Robert W. Criswell.
M. Quad—Charles B. Lewis.

Rome's Welcome to William.

Here is a literal translation of the song that the Italians sang for His Majesty Emperor William on his entrance into Rome:

"Hurrah! Let our trumpets give forth their most joyous blasts, for the flight of an eagle strikes the air! Hurrah! Let our seven hills repeat the echo of the acclamations!

CHORUS OF MEN.

"To thee, O son of the strong, to thee the strong we give the salute of Rome, of Rome resuscitated in her liberty! One day our two peoples in battle fought against their true destinies. But our two flags shine in the sun, brothers, to-day. The Tiber salutes them and the Elbe responds. The hands that an evil hour divided are clasped in joy!

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

"We raise toward thee the silvery voice of our concert, toward thee, the friend of our people, the guest of our King! Thy rays of glory which so brilliantly rise from the horizon, we salute in our songs, a messenger of happy days! To thee, Lord, be the glory and the love of nations. May history write one day thy name in her book of gold.

ALL TOGETHER.

"Let hymns burst forth before him who clasps the hand of Humbert! Hurrah! Let the trumpts sound loudly, while civilization caresses with its rays the colors of the two standards! Hurrah!"

It is no wonder that the youthful Kaiser has a pain in his ear.—*New York Sun.*

The large plaster centre-piece fell in the East End Methodist Church, Kingston, during the service on Sunday evening. In its descent it smashed the circular reflector over the chandelier, and the whole mass fell amongst the worshippers. The largest fragment broke the back of a pew, but singular to relate only one gentleman was slightly cut on the head by a piece of the reflector. There was considerable alarm for some time among the congregation.

HARSH TAILORS.

Their Treatment of Pretty Young Gentlemen Devoid of Cash.

("Observer" in Toronto Globe)

I hear some serious complaints against the tailors. It seems that several of the prettiest young gentlemen of the community actually have been refused credit by paltry, common tailors on Queen and Yonge streets. What are they to do? They must have new suits. Is not the winter almost on us, with balls and parties and operas that cannot go on except these pretty young gentlemen are present? Is society to suffer for the contumacy of these wretched tailors? Are our sweetest young gentlemen to go with threadbare garments for the want of a little vulgar cash? Wasn't it enough that these drawing room lilacs should descend to the indignity of patronizing a tailor off King street, where, to be sure, their credit was exhausted? But that's no concern of these miserable needle-shovers on the second-rate streets. Their business is to clothe the pets and let society go on and whirl. The tailors have to live! Don't we know it? But haven't the darlings to live also and to keep society alive, too; and is the whole social structure to go down in ruin just because a lot of pestilent tailors insult the finest gentlemen in the land by insisting that they must descend to the vulgar practice of paying for their own clothes? The winter won't wait. The tailors must. How could the young gentlemen have money? Hadn't they to take a month's holidays last summer. No, not two weeks! A month! Why, even a tailor takes two weeks' holidays. You couldn't expect the pets to run with the tailors. Then there was ice-cream to be supplied to the colony of fair admirers, and picnics to organize that you couldn't get on without, you know, like you could your clothes, and betting to do on the races and baseball and lacrosse and the other games, and all this that had to be settled for in beastly cash, and still the presumptuous tailors expect the pretty ones to pay for their clothes! It's downright stupid, you know. The vulgar tradesmen ought to be proud to make clothes for the fine young gentlemen and ask no questions. If this sort of things goes on the beastly practice of paying for things may become common, and actually these fine fellows will have to put into clothes, just simple clothes for wearing, the money that belongs to the clubs and opera and balls and parties and the other events that are never complete without the pretty young gentlemen.

Temperance Notes.

No boy will be admitted to the Chambersburg (Pa.) Academy who uses tobacco in any form, on the ground that tobacco produces baneful effects on the minds and health of the students.

The W. C. T. U. of Calcutta has had printed and is circulating two leaflets written by Mrs. Leavitt. Two successful public meetings have been held, and signatures to the pledge and the World's Petition are being secured.

According to the statement of the ex-Mayor of St. Louis, the revenue from saloons was over $2,000 less than the expenses with which they taxed the city. This exclusive of the poverty resulting to homes and individuals.

A Bill appropriating $80,000 for a home for Mormon women has passed the United States Senate. This work has been accomplished through the efforts of Mrs. Angie F. Newman, National W. C. T. U. Superintendent for work among Mormon women.

The fourth week of November is set apart by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars as Missionary Week throughout the Order. Each lodge is urged to hold an open meeting and to do all in its power to advance the interests of the organization.

Miss J. Armenia Ackerman, of California, who has recently been in Alaska on an organizing trip for the National W.C.T.U., has remarkable powers of indurance. During the past year she has been able to work without a week's rest, and on one trip spoke 97 consecutive nights.

As an outgrowth of the W.C.T.U. lately formed in Paris, France, a Loyal Temperance Legion has been organized among the children of the orphanage connected with Miss De Broen's Mission. The temperance work is spreading fast among the poor. At a late meeting of the union thirty-nine signed the pledge.

It is stated on the authority of the Russian physician and publicist, Portugaloff, that strychnine in subcutaneous injections is an immediate and infallible remedy for drunkenness. The craving for drink is said to be changed to positive aversion, and after a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. The establishment of inebriate dispensaries in connection with police stations is recommended by Dr. Portugaloff.

"Keep It Tae Yersel,' Jock."

In a school in Aberdeenshire one day a dull boy was making his way to the master for the third time with an arithmetical question.

The teacher a little annoyed exclaimed: "Come, come, John, what's the matter now?"

"I canna get ma question richt," replied the boy.

"What's wrong with it this time?"

"I've gotten auchteenpence ower-muckle."

"Never min," said a smart boy in a loud whisper, with a sly glance at the master; "keep it tae yersel,' Jock."

Making Marriage a Common Affair.

A gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose three wives within a few years showed his continued confidence in the fair sex by taking unto himself the fourth. At the wedding some one having asked his 15 year-old daughter who had performed the ceremony she innocently replied: "Oh, Dr. Moore, I guess; he generally marries papa."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The man who sang: "The dearest spot on earth to me is home" must have had a very extravagant family.

John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant, is said to be the most heavily insured man in the country. The policies which he carries on his life aggregate more than $1,000,000.

The Mikado of Japan is said to look upon it when it's red about as often as any ruler on the rolling ball.

AN ENGLISH MAYOR'S IDEA.

A "Battle of Flowers" Makes a Very Lively Carnival Time at Blackpool.

The summer resort town of Blackpool, England, recently had a novel fete, called a "battle of flowers," devised by the Mayor and carried out under his superintendence. A mass of flowers weighing eight or nine tons, including dahlias, chrysanthemums, marigolds, marguerites, sunflowers, asters, gladioli, ferns, laurel and myrtle, were distributed free among the owners of licensed carriages. Owners of private carriages were also invited to take part in the festival, and many did so. There were 150 carriages in the parade when it started. The houses along the principal streets were decorated with flowers and evergreens, many of the devices being unusually large and fine. Great crowds came from all the country round and by special trains from the cities to see the carnival. The Mayor's carriage was first in the line, covered with pink and white asters and ferns. His four daughters, each with a party of friends, occupied the four following carriages, and beamed from among perfect bowers of flowers and ferns. All of the carriages were similarly decorated. The drivers all wore white coats and straw hats, which had been presented to them by the Mayor. Several bands of music accompanied the procession. At a given point the carriages drew up and the occupants began to pelt each other with small bouquets, a large stock of which had been loaded into each vehicle. All the way back over the route this new war of the roses continued, and the people along the streets joined in heartily, pelting those in the carriages with the blossoms and being pelted in turn. The fun was furious for two hours, and generally good humored, although some of the gentlemen in the carriages became indignant at what they thought was undue vigor on the part of those along the street. They were merely laughed at, however, and pelted.—*New York Sun.*

TALKING 90 MILES.

Successful Test of Telephoning from Buffalo to Boston and New York.

The Buffalo *Evening News* reports that the new long-distance telephone, which is soon to be put in operation there, was tested by the officers and directors of the Bell Telephone Company on the 14th inst. The connections had been put in at 5 p.m., and communication was at once opened between Boston, Springfield, New York, Troy and Buffalo. The wires worked well, and conversations between the most distant points could be as easily carried on as if both parties were within a block or two of each other in the city. The line belongs to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, of New York, and is 800 miles in length, going through Troy down to New York, thence to Boston via Springfield, Mass. The test shows that the problem of long-distance telephoning has been solved, and all interested were congratulated on its success.

In this connection the Times learns that the Bell Telephone Company of Canada is now building a line of the same character between Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Ingersoll, Woodstock and London, and propose to give those of its subscribers who have a large business between any of these two points, a perfect means of communication, free from all disturbing sounds on other lines. The instruments used in this system are more powerful than those in ordinary use, and each conversation requires the use of two complete copper wires for the whole length of the line. These instruments, and the method of securing the above wonderful result, are of course patented by the Bell Company. It would only be necessary to build a line of the same sort from Hamilton to Buffalo to enable Toronto and London to be put on direct with New York and Boston, and the company would of course undertake this if sufficint business for such a line could be relied on.

Told by the Teeth.

The shape and placing of the teeth are not without significance in the character given by the mouth. When the upper gum shows above the teeth directly the lips are opened it is a sign of cold and phlegmatic nature. Short, small teeth are held by the physiognomists to denote weakness and short life, while rather long teeth, if evenly set in the head denote long life. The more the teeth, in point, size, shape and arrangement, approach to those of the carnivorous animals, the more violent are the animal instincts in the person; while the more human teeth in shape and position approach to those of the graminivorous animals the more placid is the character. White, medium-sized, and evenly set teeth, which are seen as soon as the mouth is open, but which are entirely exposed—that is, do not at any time show the gums—are a sign of good and honest natures. Projecting teeth show rapidity, small, retreating teeth, which are rarely seen unless in laughter, show weakness and want of physical and moral courage. The lower teeth projecting and closing over the upper range are indicative of a harsh nature.

The Laws of Heredity Illustrated.

Grigson (who has tripped up his friend, Prof. Grampoon's, campstool just as the latter was sitting down on it)—"Hi! Don't! It's no good cutting up rough you know—I inherited a tendency to practical joking, and can't help it—you said so yourself!"

Grampoon—"Quite so, my dear fellow; you're not to blame a bit! But I've inherited a tendency to kick practical jokers, and can't help it either." (Kicks him.)—*Punch.*

After the great fire in Chicago, a firm on Madison street bulletined their removal by means of a signboard erected like a guide board over the remains of their old establishment:

Moore & Goe,
House and Sign Painters.,
Removed to 111 Desplaines Court.
Capital. $000.000.30."

Magistrate (to baseball umpire, charged with being drunk and disorderly)—It is simply outrageous, young man, the condition in which you are brought before me. You are a disgrace to the great national game.

Umpire—Wh-a-at! That'll c-h-ost you twenty-five (hic) dollars, judge. No back t-talk (hic) t-to me, or I'll fine you the limit.

YOUR

Special Attention!

IS CALLED

TO THE

DECIDED BARGAINS

In Dress Goods, Mantlings, etc.,

-AT

J. G. ANDERSON'S.

A beautiful range of plushes in the latest shades, at a surprisingly low figure.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES!

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots of the best manufacture at rock bottom prices. Button and Lace Boots in great variety at prices sure to suit you.

THE TOP PRICE PAID

For Butter and Eggs

A lot of choice Butter in Tubs or Rolls wanted by 1st November.

At Cash Price for Trade.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Orangeville is now lighted by electricity.

The Times requests more police protection for Owen Sound.

Jno. McFadden, an old man over 80 years, died in Owen Sound gaol last Thursday, from paralysis.

We take exception to the latter statement. The Red Indians which includes every known tribe of North American Indians (it is not a distinguishing title)—used such receptacles. Read Dr. Dawson's "Pre-historic Man," or Catlin.

The Holland Centre burglar came up for trial at the County Judge's Criminal Court last Friday and elected to be tried by Jury at the next General Session of the Peace. He gives his name as Frank O'Neighl, of New York. The General Sessions will be held in December.—[O. S. Times

Mr. Frederick Hilts left a big turnip at this office Tuesday evening which takes the cake. It is a swede weighing 27½ lbs. Half an hour later Mr. B. Bush, of Liverpool, sent us in a swede weighing 28lbs. easy. The largest yet.—[Pickering News.

Thornbury Standard: Our excellent citizen, Mr. Wm. Fawcett, ex-Deputy Reeve of Euphrasia, has a peculiar goose. She is now and for some time past been laying right along. We expect to have one of the old lady's eggs for dinner, but we can not understand why she is doing business this time of year.

An exchange says: The man who refuses to subscribe to his home paper, and yet borrows it from his neighbor as soon as it leaves the press, would drop a nickel with a hole in it in the contribution box at church, sigh because the hole wasn't bigger, and then go home and do without sugar in his coffee for a week in order to get even.

Grey Review: Mr. Joseph Jacques, of Egremont, the other day picked up a piece of very ancient Indian pottery on his farm, which is now at his office. It is only a portion of what had once been a bowl or cooking pot. These relics of pottery are found at intervals all over Canada and Northern States and are supposed to have belonged to the race previous to the Red Indians.

According to the Journal a new pest has made its appearance in the city of St. Catharines. It is an insect about the size of a pea and is destructive to carpets, clothing, etc. In one house the carpets have been ruined. In another residence a gentleman had a new suit of clothes destroyed. They differ from moths, inasmuch as they eat whole pieces out of the fabric.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Perkins, Pa., writes: "For years I suffered from headache, dreadfully, every Spring, the blood and caused by impurity of for days and biliousness. It seem would split open. weeks that my life till I took Ayer's Nothing relieved me medicine has cured me Sarsaparilla.

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot o

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BELMER,

FLES[illegible]

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

CURES the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervousness, debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, fondness for solitude, inattentiveness and inability to fix the attention on any particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—a result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, inanition, constipation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will restore you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed [illegible] from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Washington [illegible] Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. [illegible] SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bo

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invalua plaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulc Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COU(

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for c olnts it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establish

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Stre

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, at cine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spuri

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., No. 384. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

L-O-O-K!

—AND—

READ CAREFULLY

And you will find that at

Russell's - Noted - Jewelry - Store,

FLESHERTON.

Is to be found the finest, best and cheapest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc.

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illinois Hampden, Columbus, New Haven, in silver and gold and gold filled cases, in ladies and gents' sizes, from $9.50 to $75, warranted from two to five years. Swiss silver watches, ladies' and gents' sizes, from $7.50 to $50, warranted from three to five years. Also the finest line of

AMERICAN SPRING AND WEIGHT CLOCKS

In prices from $2 to $10, bearing warrants from two to four years.

The finest line of ladies' Barpins, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, and Chains; gents' Solid Gold and Rolled Gold Chains of the finest quality and pattern; full 18 K plain rings and ladies' gem rings; cuff buttons, collar buttons, scarf pins, charms, etc. A beautiful line of

SILVERWARE

Suitable for birthday and Xmas presents, at very low prices. Also the famous B Laurence Spectacles, Eyeglasses, etc., the finest in the world. Buy no other.

If you have a watch or clock that refuses to go or keep time, take it to

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON,

And it will be made perfect at a reasonable price.

Colts for Sale.

Mr. Arthur Johnston, of the Meaford Road, Vandeleur P.O. has three fine filly colts, rising two years old, which he desires to dispose of. Buyers will do well to inspect these animals.

A. JOHNSTON.

RAM LAMBS for SALE.

Five finely-bred Leicester Ram Lambs for sale. Any person desiring good breeding stock will do well by applying to

JAS. STEWART,
Kimberley P. O.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Waggons,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators,
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

WANTED! At once. Local and traveling agents for our goods. Liberal commissions, or salray and expenses, to competent and reliable men. For terms and full particulars, address.

J. F. LECLANE, Nurseryman,
Brighton, N. Y.

The Advance for $1 till Jan. 1, 1890.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$6 00	to	6 00
Fall Wheat	$1 10	to	1 10
Spring Wheat	1 10		1 10
Barley	0 50		0 60
Oats	0 34		0 34
Peas	0 58		0 60
Butter	0 17		0 18
Eggs, fresh	0 17		0 17
Potatoes bush	0 25		0 25
Pork	6 52		6 25
Hay per ton	10 00		10 00
Hides	4 50		5 50
Wool	18		20
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 06		0 06
Turkeys	0 7		0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 6		0 [illegible]

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Quarterly services were held in the Methodist Church last Sunday.

Novelties in embroidered dresses at M. Richardson & Co's.

PURSE LOST. In Flesherton, on Monday Oct. 29, a purse containing about $9.75. Finder will kindly leave it at this office.

All persons indebted to the firm of Blakely & McConnell are requested to call and settle before the 15th inst., otherwise the accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

Hallowe'en passed off in Flesherton last week without any demonstration of a serious nature, which goes to show that our young men are possessed of considerable common sense.

Mr. D. Madill, of Maxwell, brought in two curiosities in the shape of twin apples. He says there were a number of these double apples on the one tree.

Look out for the entertainment under the auspices of the Methodist Ladies' Aid, week after next. Full particulars next week.

Avoid the harsh, irritating, griping compounds so often sold as purgative medicine, and correct the irregularities of the bowels by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are invaluable as a family medicine.

How to keep your feet warm in winter is something worth knowing. Call at M. Richardson & Co's, they will explain the *How* to do it.

A single bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will establish the merits of this medicine as a blood purifier. Many thousands of people are yearly cured of chronic diseases by the faithful use of this remedy. It is unequaled for the cure of scrofula.

J. P. Marshall, dentist, visits Markdale professionally the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of every month and will resume regular visits to Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, which will fall on Nov. 8th, being the day after the first Wednesday. Mr. Marshall is well known in this vicinity, as he visited Flesherton regularly twice a month for nearly five years.

Cattle Fair.

The cattle fair held here on Monday was well attended by buyers, but the quantity of stock offered was very small and of poor quality. A buyer informed us that 500 head of cattle might easily have been sold had they been offered.

Distons, and Shurley & Dietrich's crosscut saws. See the stock and prices at M. Richardson & Co's.

Kind Words.

In a private letter from the head master of Mount Forest high school that gentleman kindly says: "Your report of Dr. McLellan's address is admirable, and if done by your own reporter exceedingly creditable to your enterprise. The 'fine art,' too, was intensely amusing."

New Barber Shop.

Mr. Wm. Nelson, of Orangeville, is opening out a new barber shop in the premises lately occupied by Miss McBride's dressmaking establishment. Mr. Nelson is a tonsorial artist of the first degree. Call and welcome him. He expects to be ready for Saturday's work.

Shooting Match.

The Shooting match at Eugenia, last Monday, was not as well attended as might have been expected. The marksmanship was only moderately good, yet a very pleasant time was enjoyed. Another meeting will take place to-morrow (Friday) at 1 o'clock, p.m., as there yet remain on hand some 36 turkeys, besides geese, ducks and pigeons.

Furs and fur trimming, fine value: knit wool goods, childrens coats and hoods, ladies wool underwear, at M Richardson & Co.

Concert.

The Huber & Atwood concert company gave a three nights' entertainment in the Town Hall last week to very fair houses. The entertainment was not strictly first class, although quite amusing. The club swinging of Miss Atwood was exceedingly good, if not better, than we have ever seen. It downed Toronto's great and only Paul Patillo. The company is worthy of patronage.

Bad Accident.

Mr. Wm. Clark, of Flesherton, met with a bad accident in Markdale on Friday last which will confine him to the house for some time. He was working on a ladder, and in moving the ladder slipped, falling some fifteen feet upon the sidewalk below, and striking upon his head. Dr. Sproule, who witnessed the accident, ran to his aid. He was able to come home on Saturday, but the doctor has given him strict orders to remain in doors for two weeks at least, fearing that the brain has been injured, and that any manual labor might superinduce inflammation or brain fever.

A Sad Coincidence.

News arrived here last week of bereavements in the families of two old Flesherton boys, the two telegrams arriving at the same time. Mr. Geo. Keefer, of Rodney, Ont., lost an infant daughter, aged two months, and Mr. C. E. Vandusen, of Chicago, lost an infant son, aged one year and two months. The latter was interred in Flesherton cemetery. Rev. Mr. Shilton preached the memorial sermon on Sunday evening.

Thanksgiving Day.

Rev. A. Grant, whose thrilling address so much delighted Flesherton audiences on his previous visit, is to be here again on Thanksgiving day. Those who heard him on the former occasion will doubtless be glad of this chance of hearing him again, and those who have not heard him will enjoy a glad experience listening to his inspiring words. A public tea is to be held and the proceeds devoted to wiping out some debt connected with the Chapel, the manse, and other improvements, which will add much to the appearance of that part of the village.

Obituary.

Thomas Atkinson, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, Priceville, died on Thursday morning, the 25th day of Oct. The deceased had been a resident of our village for fifteen years and was well and favorably known to the public as a hotel keeper. There were but few who took such an interest in the comfort of his guests as he did. During the time he lived here he accumulated a good deal of property and wealth. Was always punctual in his payments, and at the time of his death left the property clear from any incumbrance. In politics he was a Conservative, never backward in speaking in behalf of his party. His remains were buried on Saturday in the New Cemetery, in the town of Durham, and were followed by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances. He leaves a wife and two boys to mourn his loss. They have the sympathy of the whole neighborhood in their sad bereavment.—[Durham Chronicle.

That Ghost Story.

As we intimated in our item about the alleged Innistioge ghost, the brother who is absent from home is, or is about to return, and our prophecy that he would "put a head" on some one is about to be verified. We are sorry to hear that friend Spurr, of the Dundalk Herald, is the individual singled out to be operated upon, and probably the Durham Review, which reprinted his indiscreet item, will come in for a new (sore) head, too. At least one libel suit is on the tapis. Mr. Spurr has gracefully apologised, but whether the apology is accepted remains to be seen. We are in possession of all the facts concerning the "disapperance" of Mr. Jordon. These facts throw no discredit upon any person. His absence was caused simply by financial difficulties, and the individuals who circulated the ghost fad feel very much like sneaking away to some big swamp and losing themselves.

How to See a Show.

A young man with long hair laid the following lines on our table yesterday. He says they have a local significance. Of course we cannot say what he means by that, but suppose the individuals interested will know.

If you wish to see a show
And do not care to go
And sit among the bald heads in the hall,
Just get a little ladder
And place it in the shedder
On the outside of the house against the wall.

You then can gaze inside,
And watch the dancers glide,
Without paying your nickle or your dime,
But take care you are not seen,
For the girls might think you mean
And laugh and giggle at you all the time.

Mr. James McMulkin, representing the Home Knowledge Association, is in this vicinity for the purpose of securing subscribers. The "Home Knowledge Association" have brought the work of standard authors within the reach of all. This can hardly fail to have a very beneficial effect upon our national life, and therefore the Association deserves to succeed.

An important credit sale of farm stock and household furniture will be held in the village of Maxwell on Wednesday, Nov. 21st, being the property of Dr. Kerr, who is removing. Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp. John Speers & Co. auctioneers.

Mr. Jas. Speers, Lot 17, Con. 12, Osprey, offers his farm for sale. If not sold before Saturday, Nov. 24, will be put up at auction at R. T. McGirr's hotel, Feversham, and if not then sold will be to rent. See bills.

Chatsworth public school was totally destroyed by fire last week. The building was of brick, two storeys, containing four rooms, built last year. It cost $5,000 and was considered the best public school building in the county of Grey. About 160 children were in the school at the time, and all escaped unhurt. The building was insured in the Sydenham Mutual for $3,000.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home Post free 3d.—Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St John Street, Montreal.

COMPETITION DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

DIAMOND CLOCK AND SILVERWARE.

Quality and completeness of stock to select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Gem and 18 K. Wedding Rings.

No Catch Prices. Goods as represented

OR "CASH" REFUNDED.

Can do better for Customers—"Cash or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey Co."

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

The Runaway.

He comes with flying feet
Through the long deserted street,
While the rain
Makes sweet music as it falls
In great drops, on roof and walls,
And each pane.

See, he stops, and on his toes
Rises. 'Tis the toy store's shows
That he spies;
Oh, what rapture swells his heart,
And his pretty lips part
With surprise.

To his head wet locks curl close,
Mud-tipped is his little nose—
Naught cares he—
And one stocking o'er his shoe
Falls, and leaves exposed to view
A black knee.

Ragged is his dirty gown,
And he's drenched from foot to crown,
Happy elf!
In a realm of china pets
And the cars, he quite forgets
His poor self.

Now a reeking horse's neigh
Calls him from the toys away,
Half in fear;
Three grass blades he feeds the beast,
And he thinks this quite a feast—
The sweet dear!

The rain has ceased. Behold
How the sun makes liquid gold
In the road;
Plays about the baby's face,
And on e'en his rags a grace
Has bestowed.

Wet as mermaid, out of breath,
Joins a woman, pale as death;
As she spies
The stray babe, a wild delight
Beautifies her visage white,
And he—with his entire might,
kicks and cries.

MARY M. MCCARTHY.

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

CHAPTER VI.

"MRS. GRUNDY, SIR!"

A pine-wood ballroom, wide open on three sides of the sea, an orchestra composed of harp and piano, a second smaller room for ecarte and tresillio; such is the St. Jean de Luz Casino. Hither evening after evening resorts as motley a crowd as you will anywhere meet in your travels; the bluest blood of Castile side by side with shopkeepers from Burgos, heads crowned and decrowned, wandering artists, respectabilities and other respectabilities, all jostled together in the delightful republicanism of watering-place life. Hither, when the absence of Miss Burke gives her freedom, by night as well as by day, comes Belinda.

Not within the precincts, sacred to payers, of the ballroom. A terrace of sand extends round the whole area of the building; and from this terrace Belinda, with other waifs and estrays like herself, is accustomed to watch the dancers, the dresses, the pretty women, the flirtations inside—I am afraid not without some occasional sharp pangs of envy at her heart.

She haunts the terrace, as is her wont, Costa at her heels, between nine and ten o'clock of the first evening of Rose's arrival. It is an unusually gay little ball at the Casino; some particular connection of ex-Spanish royalty present, and the dancing-room is thronged. Swan like throats and delicate complexions from Madrid, oriental eyes and Titian-like coloring from Seville, marble whiteness and chiseled Grecian features from Cadiz. Oh, what pretty women these Spaniards are, what a jest is life to them! A song, a waltz, a flirtation in their earlier years, and then tresillio and prayers to the end.

"They are not exactly bad looking," says Rose, glancing about her coldly; "not quite such an orange yellow as I expected. But their style is distressingly theatrical, is it not, Mr. Jones?" Rosie has come to the Casino ball well escorted; Mr. Jones, who is also staying at the Hotel Isabella, on one side, her legitimate slave—I mean her future lord and master—on the other "Captain Temple," she runs on to Roger, "you say you think these creatures handsome! How would you like to see any one you cared for, any English woman, dance in public with a bare neck and short skirt, as they do?"

"The short skirts display admirable ankles, Rose," replies Roger. "Are introductions necessary in these parts of the world, I wonder? I should like to tempt my fate with that little blonde in pink satin, if I dared. Or will you waltz with me yourself, Rosie? In a whisper this. "For the sake of old days, my love! We have never waltzed together since that night—you remember?—at the Hanover Square rooms."

But Rosie, a good many years ago, gave up round dancing, finding that exercise, indeed, physically incompatible with the maintenance of a waist of twenty-two inches. She enforces her position now upon the very rigidest moral and æsthetic grounds.

"I never waltz, on principle, Roger. I do not approve of fast dances. I think it the worst possible taste for a woman who has experienced the serious sorrows of life to take part in such frivolties. But dance, pray, if you like. Think of your own amusement, not of mine. I understood that we came here to look on. But it does not matter. Nothing matters. Amuse yourself! I dare say Mr. Jones will not mind having to take care of me while you are away."

Tears are in Mrs. O'Shea's eyes, and Roger, of course, remains. It is no very great sacrifice for him to make. The little blonde in pink satin is distractingly pretty; she is glancing at him above her fan at this moment. But a man who has passed the dozen best years of his life in Madras can scarcely be enthusiastic about waltzing with the thermometer at ninety-eight. And it is better—a dozen times daily Roger tells himself this—better far to get broken thoroughly and at once to the bit which he has voluntarily taken between his teeth. A man choosing a bride of Rosie's age must learn to "look on" at most of life's amusement, and by her side. Poor Rosie! Would the dear little woman be as dear, as lovable, as thoroughly a woman as she is, if she possessed strength of mind sufficient to be devoid of jealousy? Is he not only too lucky a fellow to have won her, charming feminine weaknesses and all, as his own?

The dear little woman, though she will not accord the objectionable pleasure of waltzing to her lover, sees no evil in an occasional mild flirtation or two on her own account. Augustus jones is her devoted attendant. Augustus introduces ere long some other young Britons, much of his own stamp, picked up at the *table d'hote* of the Hotel Isabella. Rose is "surrounded;" Frenchmen and Spaniards turning to look at the *passee* pretty English woman as she smiles and chirrups, and casts up her eyes with all the well-considered airs and graces of mature coquetry, at her loud talking young compatriots.

Roger takes himself quietly off among the crowd. Waltz he will not, as Rosie on such high grounds disapproves of waltzing; but though his limbs be fettered, no embargo is laid upon his eyesight. For a short time longer in this mortal life Roger Temple may at least admire. He comes across the blonde in pink satin, whose eyes and fan make play at him as only the eyes of a fan of a Spanish woman can; comes across other blondes, other brunettes. Finally he reaches the end of the room that stands open to the seashore, goes outside for a breath of cooler air, probably not without dreams of a consolatory pipe under the starlight, and finds himself face to face with his future daughter.

"What, Belinda, my dear! Alone in the dark and no partner? Let me take you in to Rosie."

"Not if I know it, sir! I come here to watch the amusement of my betters, not to show myself. Think of Rose's face of horror if I walked across the ballroom to her like this!" holding out a fold of her ragged frock with a gesture in which there is to the full as much pride as humility.

"Rose is much too kind-hearted to take notice of your dress," said Roger. "All Rosie cares for is to see other people made happy."

"H'm. I see you are an excellent judge of character, Captain Temple."

"And then she could introduce you to partners—I take it for granted you like dancing? Rosie has got hold of some young men from the hotel, who would, I am sure, be only too happy——"

"To take pity on my forlorn condition, if my mamma did her best to make them! Captain Temple, do you think seriously I would dance with any of those English snobs Rose is talking to?"

"One of those horrible English snobs is the rich Mr. Jones," says Roger, stroking his moustache, and remembering the lesson in match-making he received before dinner from Rose. "I thought Mr. Jones was an admirer of yours, Belinda?" he adds, looking inquiringly into the girl's upturned face.

"An admirer—I suppose Rose told you that? As if I went in for admirers—I! Do I look as if that kind of rubbish was in my line of life?"

Roger hesitates. His heart goes out toward this poor neglected child, with her tattered clothes and shaky morals, and sweet, imploring woman's eyes; but with the best will in the world he finds it difficult to be kind with her—every look, every tone, every smallest gesture of Belinda O'Shea's so utterly sets patronage or compassion at defiance.

"And Mr. Jones cannot dance round dances," she goes on presently; "they send the blood to his head, Captain Temple," her voice softening in a moment, a wistful, pleading expression coming round her lips, "do round dances send the blood to your head, I wonder?"

Roger had a flower in his button-hole, an oleander bud, abstracted for him by the fair fingers of his betrothed from one of the bouquets upon the dinner table. And as she speaks, Belinda, with all a child's ignorance of shame, removes this flower from its place, raises it an instant to her face, then fastens it in the waist belt of her own dress.

"Do round dances send the blood to your head, Captain Temple? I should so like a waltz if you will have one with me!"

"If—why of course I will, my dear child! You should have asked me sooner. Hark, there is a waltz beginning now. We shall be just in time."

He forgets Rose and Rose's strong opinion as to fast dancing, forgets that Belinda is still in the disgraceful frock and ill-matched stockings, forgets everything but the child's wistful, pleading face! One waltz, poor little girl? Ay, and as many more as she chooses, thinks kind-hearted Roger. And takes her hand and leads her bravely within under the gas lights, and among the silks and satins—yes, close to the owner of the pink satin and the fan, whose blue eyes glance at him no longer.

"I may as well take my hat off, though," cries Belinda, preparing to start without loss of time. "Hi! Costa, boy, guard!"

She flings back her ragged hat to the old dog, who ever since Roger's appearance upon the scene has been watching matters suspiciously, and is now peering with jealous eyes round the corner of one of the doors. Then she puts her slim, sunburnt hand upon Captain Temple's arm.

"I asked you to dance just to try you," she whispers, when they have gone once or twice round the room. "I thought—yes, and I hoped—you would be too ashamed to be seen with me, and then I should have had a good excuse for hating you. But you were not. You are a better fellow at heart than I took you for, although you are——"

"Although I am what, my dear?"

"I wish you would leave off calling me my dear, and—and I can never talk when I am dancing," says Belinda, illogically.

"At all events you have not made up your mind to hate me yet?" whispers Roger in her ear.

Fate lands them, when the waltz is over exactly opposite Rosie and her train of attendants. And Roger Temple, for the first time certainly in his life, feels himself a coward. Something about the lips of the little pink and white woman who owns him makes him tremble; yes, tremble! Let men who are not lovers laugh, in the flippant levity of their souls, if they will!

"What a wax Rosie is in," says Belinda, who possesses to the full the cruel acumen of her age. "I remember that particular smile of hers so well. It always came before my worst whippings."

Roger is silent. That his Rose possesses some few thorns he knows; innocuous feminine prickles of jealousy, vanity, and the like. How if little tempers be added to the list? The little tempers of an exacting woman of for——. But no, not even in imagination will Roger's chivalrous heart go within a hundred miles of that obnoxious numeral!

He shifts the subject, and puts off the lecture that he knows to be in store for him by proposing that they shall go outside again. "Does Belinda mind the smell of a pipe! If not——"

"Mind!" the girl interrupts him. "Now, just once and for all, Captain Temple understand this—Belinda minds nothing! What do you pay for tobacco in England? Sixteen shillings, twenty francs a pound? Well, the next time I go to Truro, if I can only run the custom-house, I shall bring you back some real Spanish in my pocket. Cheating the government? Oh, we don't trouble our heads about governments in this country. We smuggle whatever we can, and are thankful. We save one franc fifty on the pound of tobacco, and get a better weed, sir, into the bargain."

They go outside, where Costa, bearing the hat between his teeth, joins them; he lays it down at the feet of his little mistress, and with a low, half-impatient, half-loving bark, thrusts his nose beneath her hand for a caress.

"This is the best friend I have on earth, Captain Temple. He would pull you down—oh, as soon as look at you, if I held up my finger. Would you not, Costa?"

Costa, at this appeal, moves stealthily round to Roger Temple and criticises his heels dog fashion.

"Here, poor fellow, here, Costa!" says Roger, holding out his hand.

And wonder of wonders to Belinda, Costa crouches, fawns, licks it. Evidently, whether she likes her father's successor or not—and she is doing her best, yes, did her best, throughout every moment of the waltz, to detest him—Costa means to accept Roger Temple as a friend.

She calls the dog off instantly. "I did not think you would fawn on new-comers. Costa—down with you, down! I want none of your hypocritical attentions. You are the first of my step-mamma's favorites I have ever known Costa to speak to, sir. You should see his delicious hatred of Burke and Mr. Jones."

"Ah, dogs understand some matters better than we understand them, Belinda. Costa has seen too much of life to put all men in the same category as you do."

They saunter forth into the night side by side; this southern night which is but a whiter, more voluptuous day, balmy as an English summer noon—air so clearly lustrous that every remotest object on sea and land stands out, as though 'twere chiselled in silver, against the deep purple of the sky.

Roger Temple lights his pipe and begins—a little way Roger has in most feminine society—to feel his heart grow soft. Belinda whistles.

"Will you take my arm, my dear? I beg your pardon, I must try not to disobey orders again, but you see I cannot help forestalling events, somewhat."

"Forestalling—what do you mean by forestalling?" says Belinda, turning on him sharply. "At what time, pray, of my life, or your life, or anybody's life, are Captain Temple and Belinda O'Shea going to be so wonderfully affectionate to each other, so wonderfully familiar?"

"Well, I should hope when they live under the same roof together," answers Roger, kindly. "Before very long, yes, before many more weeks are past, you must know that I look forward to your staying with us for good, Belinda. You have had quite enough, I think, I—I mean Rosie, thinks—of Miss Burke's protection. Surely you will allow me to speak to you as I should to my own little daughter, then?"

"Your daughter I am nobody's daughter!" she cries quickly. "I hate the sound of the word. I hate step-relationships. There was a time once—but now I have no one on the face of the earth I love—I want no one! And as to living with you and Rose I prefer knocking about the world with Burke, by long odds, thank you. We are 'Miss Burke,' and 'Miss O'Shea always. We don't like each other, and we don't pretend we do! We are not any kind of relations, or step-relations, Heaven be thanked!"

The bitterness, the suppressed passion of her childish voice, do but soften Roger's heart toward her more and more. "Allow me to offer you my arm, Miss O'Shea, will you?"

"No, I thank you, Captain Temple. I find it quite hot enough walking alone. We are not used to such fine manners, are we, Costa, in our class of life?"

Belinda races away with Costa along the sandy slopes. When Roger catches her up, a hundred yards or so farther on, all the gravity of her mood has melted into the wildest spirits.

"It was good fun, that waltz we had, down at the Casino, Roger—if you call me 'my dear,' why should I not call you Roger, 'step-papa Roger?' I enjoyed it all the more because I knew how my espargottes and my stockings, and everything about me, riled Rosie! But for real dancing—bah! if you want to see that, you should come with me to the Place Ithurbida and see how the peasant girls dance the bolero. It is not the third of a kilo away; I can hear the tambourines from this and I'll promise to bring you back, safe and sound, Roger, and Rosie is so happy with her young men!"

She pleads to him; the soft night shining on her lips and eyes, and for the first time it occurs to Roger Temple that this wild little Arab child will be a pretty girl some day.

"Take me where you will, Belinda. I do not believe in you overmuch, but I will believe in Costa. I am sure Costa would not stand quietly by and see me murdered."

"Ah, that shows how much you know Costa. Did I not say you were a good judge of character? However, you need not be afraid. If I owed my enemy a grudge—mind, I only say 'if'"—but even as she qualifies her speech thus, malice indescribable lurks in her voice—"if I owed my enemy a grudge, I would sooner let him live his fate out than put an end to his sufferings quickly! However, these are affairs of Spain, Roger, not of yours or mine. How sentimentally you gaze at everything!" He is gazing, if the truth be told at her face. "You think this a most romantic spot, no doubt?"

The spot is romantic in its own rugged way, and seen by this starlight, which flatters old nature as a court portrait-painter flatters women's faces. A broad Salvator-Rosa-looking sierra of arid turf, dotted here and there by a low white cross or stunted cypress, and with the dead unbroken blue of the Atlantic for a background.

"You are standing over one great vault, sir. St. Jean de Luz is healthy to a proverb, the Basque people say—except when we get the pestilence! Unfortunately, we get the pestilence pretty often, and then we have to be buried, not by ones and twos, but dozens, just wherever our friends can find room to dig trenches. I shall bring Rose and Mr. Jones up here some fine evening, make them sit down on one of these little mounds, and go into dear little raptures about the beauties of the climate and the scenery, and then inform them that they are sitting on dead men's bones. Bones?—whole skeletons, by scores. Only yesterday I saw the children playing 'fossette,' I don't know how you say it in English, into a skull."

"And so, naturally, the place is a favorite haunt of yours," remarks Roger. "Just the kind of taste I should have expected from a person of your grave and melancholy character."

"I would sooner keep company with skulls than fools, any day," retorts the girl, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Perhaps in years to come, when you've had as much experience of—of different varieties of intellect as I have, you will come to the same opinion."

She leads the way down a rough bullock-track or gulley, that diverges at this point from the shore, a few minutes' walking brings them out upon the main road; ere railroads were, the world's highway to Spain, but seldom traversed now save by outlying bands of Carlists, or by the baggage mules and ox-drays of the country people. Straight before them are the mountains, transparent, wondrous violet in the shadows, faint alabaster (for the moon will be here anon) along the crests. The river, the lights of the town gleam beneath. From the Place Ithurbida, a thicket of olives and cork-trees close at hand, rise sounds of music; barbaric, blood-stirring, dance music, about as much like the threadbare Parisian tinkle-tinkle of the Casino waltzes as the smell of the moorlands in September is like a barber's shop.

"Now you shall see dancing in earnest," says Belinda, arching her slender arms cachuca fashion above her head, and her whole little figure seeming to become instinct on the moment with life and music. "Tra, la, la, la, la, lira, la, lira, lira!"

The orchestra is composed of a Basque tambourine and bagpipe, both instruments played by one old woman in rags, with castanet accompaniment, *ad libitum*, from the fingers of the performers. The *corps de ballet* consists of three couples of men and girls, all of the lowest order of the people, not a shoe or stocking among them, but "artistes," every one, if originality and fire, joined to the most perfect power of expression, the most finished neatness in execution, may be said to constitute art. These Basques dance as they smuggle, drink, gamble, with passion. Money-seeking as the French, pleasure-loving as the Spaniards, every hour of these people's vivid lives they live. Imagine northern peasants, for pleasure, after a summer day's toil, dancing cachucas and fandangos till midnight!

Belinda, at Roger's side, remains a silent spectator throughout one dance. With the first notes of the next her feet began to twinkle.

"This is the Basque bolero, the national dance," she whispers to him; "but there are none of the best dancers here to night. You should see the Gitanas who come down from the hill country at fair-time, or"—little witch, as if she thought had suddenly struck her! as if it were not expressly for this that she had lured him thither!—"or you should see me. Will you see me dance a bolero, Captain Temple?

"Some time or another, my dear child. Some evening at Rosie's hotel, when——"

"Now, this moment, out-of-doors, to real Basque music, or never! What, do you think I would dance a bolero on a floor, with Rose shaking her head and describing how nicely the young ladies used to turn their toes out at Miss Ingram's! I dance for you, sir, now or never! If you are shocked, you know you can easily walk off in another direction and pretend you don't belong to me."

Her slight little form trips away into an open space between the trees, six or eight yards distant from the principal performers, and there, partnerless, unashamed as was ever court duchess during the stately performance of a minuet, the Earl of Liskeard's granddaughter dances her bolero. All the originality of gesture, the supple strength, the staying power of the peasants, Belinda possesses to the full; but she possesses something more, poor child!—the graces born of mind as well as matter, the delicate, exquisite alternations of fire and langour which are the very poetry of true dancing—and of whose seductive charm she is only too profoundly ignorant.

Roger watches her with pleasure as regards the gratification of his artistic sense, and at the same time with curious, poignant pain. He has lived too long in India not to be reminded of Nautch girls and their performances by this kind of exhibition; and Rosie's animadversions on the subject of Belinda's return, with unpleasant clearness, to his mind. The peasants, with the perfect natural breeding that characterizes their race, take no further notice of the child than by a smile or a nod as they pass her in the evolutions of the dance. When it is over they seat themselves on the turf, the girls together, the men a little apart, and all begin chatting in that liquid bastard Sanscrit of theirs, which of itself is music. Belinda trips gayly back to Roger's side.

"I dance tolerably well—I dance better than any of those fine die-away Hermoines and Dolores at the Casino, don't I?" she exclaims, holding up her eager face within about a foot of Roger's in the moonlight.

The bolero has lent new animation to Belinda's expressive features. Her deep Irish eyes are all aglow; her parted lips tremble. Roger Temple discovers that there are materials not only for a pretty, but for a very pretty girl in his future step-daughter, and can by no means bring himself up to the sternly virtuous spirit of admonition that would befit the occasion.

"You dance a vast deal too well, Belinda—too well for the present company, I mean."

"Ah, those are your English prejudices—Mrs. Grundy, sir! I heard the same story from poor Mr. Jones this morning. My 'company,' as you call it, is every bit as good as that mob of Madrid shop-keepers we danced among at the Casino. Don't you know that the Basques are a people of nobles? Why, the very beggars wear their rags with an air that makes you feel the vulgarity of soap and water; and as to the bullock drivers—there is not one of them but has a pedigree—so long! and who feels, yes, and looks noble, every inch of him."

"Then let the Basque nobles dance boleros by themselves," says Roger. "I am of a jealous disposition, child. It does not please me that your pretty dances and your pretty self should be at the mercy of every stranger who may happen to pass along a public roadway."

Up leaps the blood into her brown cheeks. The reproof, if reproof it be, savors of a tenderness to which she has been so long unused, a tenderness that sinks with such dangerous sweetness on her heart.

"Do I dance prettily?" Her eyes for the first time fall beneath his; she trifles, a little abashed, with the pomegranate bud in her waist-belt. "I made you come here because—oh, because I wanted to shock you, as I shock Mr. Jones and Rose. But do I really dance prettily—better than the peasant girls?"

"So much better, Belinda, that I should like to bid you never dance another bolero or cachuca while you live."

She stands a moment irresolute, then turns from him without a word. Vanity, childish triumph, and a burning, perfectly new sense of womanly shame are holding the oddest conflict imaginable in Belinda's heart, and keep her dumb.

"If I had only the right to exact a promise of you," goes on Roger, possessing himself, as he speaks, of her hand, and pressing it with kindly warmth.

"But you have not the right; no, not as much as Augustus Jones has!" she exclaims, snatching her hand away abruptly and bursting into a peal of laughter. "Augustus might have bought me, perhaps, with a franc's worth of maccaroons; but you—you! Reserve your jealousy, Captain Temple, for the time when Rose takes to dancing boleros with the peasants. And as for me:

"—Buvous, chantons,
Et fetons, tour a tour,
Et l'ivresse, l'ivresse,
L'ivresse, et l'amour."

She sings the bacchanal chorus with greater spirit than ever; then, pirouetting the step of the bolero as she goes, disappears among the olives, nor joins Captain Temple again until he is within a dozen paces of the Casino.

Mrs. O'Shea, star-gazing on the terrace with Augustus, receives them with honeyed smiles. Admiration acts upon Rosie's moral faculties like wine; and she has really been a good deal admired this evening—or a good deal stared at, which comes to very much the same thing. When one reaches a certain age, is it not wisest to accept "attention" just as one receives it, without criticising its quality too closely?

"Oh, you naughty, naughty children!" She nestles her hand at once under Roger's arm, nor takes it away again. "We have been looking for you everywhere. What a nice waltz you had! I was so glad to see Captain Temple dancing with you, Belinda! But I am afraid you found those sandal-things dreadfully inconvenient to dance in, dear?

The italics, the plentiful notes of admiration convey venom, trebly distilled, to Belinda's sensitive ear. Roger hears only the soft veiled voice, feels only the plump pressure of his beloved one's hand upon his arm; and he "blesses her unaware."

"This is really not half a bad sort of view," says Augustus, pulling at his wristbands with the self-consciousness of a man who wants to be unconcerned, and addressing the Atlantic. "On the right we have the ruins of St. Barbe, still bearing marks of the English guns of 'thirteen,' on the left the coast of Spain, while closer at hand—"

"Rises the gloomy church-tower of St. Jean de Luz," cries Belinda, imitating the poor wretch's pedantic company-voice to admiration. "That sacred edifice in which Louis XIV. was formally betrothed to Marie Theresa, Infanta of Spain, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and sixty. How long will it be, Mr. Jones, before your great book of travels is published? 'Twould be a pity, upon my word, that so much valuable research should be wasted!"

"Belinda—Belinda, my dear, how can you!" says Rose, admonishingly. "Mr. Jones, why do you let her? I am sure it is all most interesting. Poor dear, Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette—we read the Peninsular War straight through at Miss Ingram's. But Belinda is such a quiz! Really, it seems like something in a novel—doesn't it Roger?—to be so near Spain."

This is literally Rose's conversational style reduced to orthography; style that one may call the absolute, perfected vacuity of human speech; but yet that, lisped by a pretty woman, now making play with her eyes, now suffering giggling eclipses behind her pocket-handkerchief, now pressing her fingers confidentially on your arm, is not without its charm to the superior intellect of man.

Roger replies, "Yes, indeed, Rosie, at safe unmeaning answer that he keeps always ready for the foolish little babble of his beloved one. Augustus, who, like other unhappy young men of his class, regards silence as a lapse of breeding, once more starts a subject. "How many persons would Captain Temple suppose, now, this Casino might be capable of holding?" He suspects that Roger dislikes him; he knows that he detests Roger; and shifts from one leg to another, fidgets at his glove button (Augustus Jones wears yellow gloves at these Casino balls) as he addresses him.

"How many people? Really, Mr. Jones, I have not the very smallest notion." Capital fellow though Roger be to those who know him and whom he likes, I feel that when he is addressing men like Mr. Jones I cannot altogether clear him from the imputation of "shutting his eyes as he talks!" "Kind of thing I never guessed in my life. Belinda, can you tell Mr. Jones how many people the St. Jean de Luz Casino holds?"

"Of course I cannot," answers Belinda, with her crushing brusquerie. "Who in their senses would ask such a question unless they were collecting materials for a guide-book? Now, if you wanted to know about the people themselves, I might enlighten you."

"Enlighten us by all means," says Roger Temple. And he moves, despite a slight unwillingness in Rosie's fingers, nearer to the girl's side. "Begin with the little lady in pink satin. There she is opposite, looking over her fan at the gentleman with the ferocious moustache. Do you know anything about her?"

"Anything? I should just say I did. And about the man with the moustache, too! Why those are the people from Burgos, who——"

And then, such a story as Rosie, straight-laced, over-scrupulous Rosie, is forced to listen to! Such a story—succeeded by such a dozen others! Constantly frequenting the society of gamins younger than herself, Belinda has picked up all the watering-place wickedness afloat, simply as a gamin picks up wickedness, and details it without a blush.

(To be Continued).

Now I See.

"One thing I know: that whereas I was blind, now I see."—St. John ix. 25.

I know not much of law or lore,
I'm but a simple youth,
Master of mystery no more
Than treasurer of truth.
But one thing's plain and clear to me,
I once was blind and now I see.

The Scribes and Pharisees, no doubt,
Are wise and mighty men,
Prepared the Sadducees to rout
With either tongue or pen.
But matters move that even they
Can neither see nor sound to-day.

It hath been written: there are things
From wisest men concealed,
Which by the Sovereign King of Kings
To infants are revealed.
And "Mercy upon whom I will!"
Remains on record still.

So in His everlasting love
He hath revealed to me
What angels round His throne above
Desire and long to see.
"Unto the poor He'll honor pay;
The rich He empty sends away."

I see, and, blessed be His name,
Not only with the eye
That glorifies my mortal frame,
But that which cannot die,
The luminary of the soul
Which through eternity shall roll,

And by that inward light I scan
In Him who placed it there
The Sun of Righteousness, the Man
Who carries all my care—
My Guide and Comforter, with whom
I see no terror in the tomb.

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

Hamilton, Oct. 26th, 1898.

To-day's Church News.

Rev. J. F. B. Tinling, East Finchley, England, devotes ten minutes of each Sunday evening service to missionary news. He covers one portion of the mission field before he proceeds to another. Africa is the subject at present. He is arranging to have a large missionary map of the world hung up close to the pulpit.

Mrs. Taylor, a believer in faith healing at Bristol, fractured her arm about a month since; but she declined to call in medical assistance, declaring that she had been cured of erysipelas and other ailments by faith. Instead of healing, the fractured limb grew worse, and when a doctor was at length summoned it was too late.

The annual report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada just issued shows that the total income for the year amounts to $219,480, being an increase of $19,278 06 over the previous year. There has been an aggregate gain of 10,000 in the membership of the Church during the year. In the last fifteen years the income of the society has risen from $108,000 to $220,000.

Rev. Robert W. Rayson, late acting minister at St. Paul's, Kingston, has been appointed to the mission of Lombardy, near Smith's Falls.

The rumor that Dr. Cameron Lees was to ask the Queen to inaugurate the memorial of Montrose in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, is contradicted.

Bishop Ryle thinks the Whitechapel murders will do good in the long run, for people need to be roused to see what man is capable of when left alone.

Mr. W. E L Hunter, who was elected President of the Carlton Street (Toronto) Young People's Association a few evenings ago, is the son of Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter.

The Whyte Brothers are assisting Rev. Dr. Hunter, pastor of Carlton Street Methodist Church, Toronto, in a series of special revival services to be continued for four weeks.

There are nine Presbyterian Churches in Cleveland, Ohio. The First Church is building a large stone church at a cost of $75,000 on Euclid avenue. It has a membership of 1,024

The vegetarians now include Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. He finds himself all the better without supplies from the butcher, but does not think he is any more a saint because of his diet. He finds the new method a pleasure, not a hardship.

Rev. S. G. Bland was about to leave the Kingston Hospital when it was found that the pressure of the artificial limb upon the nerve near the knee caused him pain, and another operation has been performed, which will detain him for a week.

Daniel Hand, an aged and wealthy resident of Guilford, Conn., has given to the American Missionary Association of New York $1,000,000 to be held in trust by the association, the interest to be devoted to the education of colored people in the South.

The parish of Spencerville and Troupetown, Frontenac, to which Father McGrath has been appointed, is the eleventh formed by Bishop Clary. The Diocese of Kingston has now the same number of parishes that it had before the Diocese of Peterboro' was formed from it.

The obsequies of the Right Rev. Bishop Welles, of the Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee, took place yesterday afternoon in Milwaukee. The services at the cathedral were very impressive and the cortege, preceded by a procession of priests behind a cross-bearer, attracted much attention as it slowly proceeded through the city to Forest Home Cemetery.

At its closing session at Montreal the Evangelical Alliance passed resolutions that the Society of Jesus is at variance with the principles of religious freedom and empowering the Executive Committee to take such steps as to the estates as they think proper. In the evening Senator Macdonald presided. An address was given by Mr. S. McPherson, of Chicago, on "Home Mission Work." Rev. Mr. Burgess, of India, made a very eloquent address on "Foreign Mission Work," after which the Convention adjourned.

Sticking to Facts.

New tenant (in a towering rage)—"See here, sir; before renting that house for a year I asked you if any of the neighbors were musicians, and you said they were not. Sir, that's the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Every house on the street has a piano or cabinet organ, to say nothing of fiddles, flutes, cornets and banjos."

Real estate agent (calmly)—"My dear sir, none of your neighbors are musicians. They only think they are."

Rev. A. T. Donald presided at a largely attended flower mission service in the hall of St. Vincent Church, Glasgow, designed to attract the non-churchgoing in the parish. Each person on retiring was presented with a bouquet of flowers with Scripture text-card attached.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Variety of Jottings That Will Interest the Fair Sex.

SOMETHING ABOUT WINTER FASHIONS.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Patti is singing at concerts in Wales for the benefit of the poor.

A real, live princess keeps a millinery store on Fifth avenue, New York.

Sealskin jackets, by all accounts, are to have a run greater than last winter.

Lizard skin is the fashionable material for portfolios and other articles of the kind.

Corduroy suits are to be fashionable this season in all the new colors and shades.

Hats are almost universal, but the bonnets will soon come back in great elegance.

The fur muff is to be very large and something like the ones our grandmothers carried.

A black silk underskirt embroidered in red with all the chess figures is a new and startling thing.

Umbrella handles of silver are almost as big as a muskmelon, but dudes do not find them as palatable.

The general opinion seems to be that marriage is a failure because people are not a success—*New York Herald*

Some advance girls of the period are wearing the real Scotch cap, after the manner of Roys and McGregors.

Mr. Du Maurier uses his two pretty daughters as models for his witty "society sketches" in *Punch*.—*Roseleaf*.

Jet and beaded capes are already out again, and in the sun or gaslight just as brilliant a shoulder cover as ever.

Furriers say the boa is to continue in fashion, but this may be because they have, perhaps, a large stock of them on hand.

Women's visiting cards are to continue square in shape and men's very small. This is the edict from those who deal in pasteboard.

Verigris is a new shade of greenish gray which is seen in some of the new imported models. It is very ugly in itself, but combines well with bright colors.

A curious local name for a plant is "John-go-to-bed-at-noon," applied in England to the yellow goat's beard, which opens at 4 and closes just before 12 o'clock.

One of the most desirable plots of land at Bar Harbor is owned by an Irish woman, who lives on it in a small hut. She has had offers of $150,000 for the land, but refuses to sell.

Mrs. Lizzie Hay, who, single-handed, lately gave his quietus to a Texas terror who had been in the habit of holding up stages full of men, is described as under 20, auburn-hair, and as lithe as a panther.

Black is worn in some part of the costume and helps to satisfactorily subdue the brilliancy of color which is everywhere and on every occasion so manifest. A black hat of the startling proportions of the Empire is the chic thing to wear with a bright toilet and renders it more picturesque.

"To keep a baby quiet who has passed the age when everything goes into the mouth," says the pitiless Warwick Valley *Dispatch*, "touch the tips of the thumbs and forefingers with dissolved gelatine and give him a downy feather to play with. He will spend half an hour picking it from one adherent finger to another, and so back again."

The black satin large cloak or Douillette of Louis XVI. is a very effective garment, which is more effective still when worn with the large, graceful round hat of black. It is shirred on the shoulders and falls to the bottom of the dress, a flounce of lace making the finish or in its stead sometimes a heavy ruching of pinked out satin is set about the edge all around.

The round neck takes the place of the heart shape and is becoming to women with pretty throats. One sees this on the corsages of any house gown, be it a matinee or tea gown. The Empire models have low-necked effects on garments for the street, but these pneumonia coats and wraps will be seen chiefly on the stage, as no climate such as ours can be tampered with in any such dangerous fashion.

The *Decorator and Furnisher* talks sensibly about taste: Don't put your initials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow sham will read "John Brown, my property." It's all right to mark things of use in some such a way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them make the letters small and put them on the back of the object, not on the front. The woman who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a useless thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and when you have a picture don't let the shopkeeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall, and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread.

Thinness is Sinful.

Mr. Taplin, a missionary to whom we are indebted for an excellent account of the natives of Australia, tells a curious story against himself. "When," he says, "I asked the word for sin, they gave me one for 'thin,' and so I was led into representing that it was hateful to God for man to be thin; and that they would be condemned for it. So they came to the conclusion that it was pleasing to God for people to be fat. In fact, I had been telling them that all lean people went to hell, and fat people to heaven."

The British Company in Zanzibar has been successfully started and has conciliated all classes of natives. Dr. Meyer and Mr. Baumann have arrived safely from Pangani, where they were chained, stripped and flogged and made to work as slaves till British Indians ransomed them.

"WHAT MY LOVER SAID."

The Old Poem that is Creating a Literary Sensation all Over the Country.

Almost as interesting as the question, "Who wrote 'Beautiful Snow?'" or its predecessor, "Who Struck Billy Patterson?" is the problem just sprung upon the country by the claim of Mrs. O. C. Jones, of Vermillion Parish, La., that she is the author of the beautiful poem once attributed to Horace Greeley—"What My Lover Said." The poem is one of the gems of American literature and if a list of fifty or a dozen perfect poems by American authors were made out, it would be entitled to a place. The lines are given below. Mrs. Jones' claim has set going a controversy which promises to bring out a good deal of interesting reading. The hitherto accepted history of the poem is that it was written some thirty years ago by Homer Green, one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, and published in that paper modestly signed with his initials. The "H. G." was taken by many for Horace Greeley's initials, and brought out a disclaimer from him and the discovery of the real author. The *Journal of Commerce*, one of the best literary authorities in the country, published this explanation when the question was raised in 1876. Some papers are now attributing the poem to Richard Realf, but on what grounds does not appear. The Boston *Globe* publishes the verses as the work of Homer Green, whose title has not hitherto been questioned. Following is the text of the poem:

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted its pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hurry over,
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover;
And he held me there and he raised my head
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into mine eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him,
And he knew I could never wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was a most dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh! the whispering wind around us!

I am sure that he knew when he held me fast
That I must be all unwilling,
For I tried to go, and would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh! the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover
And the moon and stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the chill,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

Why the Dog is No Longer Bathed.

"If I can't feed Jim I won't wash him," was the startling announcement which a parlor-maid hurled at the fair president of a fashionable establishment in this city yesterday. Jim is a white, curly-headed dog, whom the maid in question had hitherto kept in a state of surprising cleanness.

"What's the matter, Mary?" asked her mistress.

"Well, you see, mum, Jim don't like bein' washed, and Eliza she allers wants to feed him. Jim, he's gettin' to hate me, 'cause I wash him, and never get a chance to give him nuthin' to eat. Now, I don't want no dog, no nobody, to hate me and look at me suspicious-like: so if I can't feed him, Jim won't get washed by me no more."

And the latest intelligence from the seat of war indicates that Jim's white coat will shortly be black, for Eliza maintains her monopoly of feeding him and Mary as steadfastly declines to incur canine odium as the reward of a tedious and trying task.

A Curious Funeral Ceremony.

One curious ceremony still survives and has puzzled the learned. When a Parsee dies, a dog (originally a fox-eyed dog was demanded, but now a yellow dog with white ears is orthodox) is brought in and made to look upon the body. What the significance of this is the modern Parsis cannot explain, or rather they offer contradictory explanations. Perhaps it is connected with the Parsee tradition of the dogs of Yima, the lord of death, who has two hounds which go through the earth scenting out those who are marked for the grave, and afterward escort their souls to the place of judgment, guarding them on the way from the evil spirits. Possibly the bringing in of the dog to look at the corpse had its origin in the idea of securing the attention of the dogs of Yima to the just departed spirit and so insuring the due protection of the latter on its last perilous journey.—*New York Tribune Book Review.*

On Sunday evening Victor Hill took a buggy and drove two miles east to the house of his father-in-law, Z. Moffett, at Winchester, Ind., where his wife was staying. He entered the house, asked his wife to let him see their baby, and when she refused he drew a pistol and shot Zimi Moffett in the back as the latter was leaving the room, inflicting a slight wound. He then shot at Mrs. Warren Harper, his sister-in-law, but her corsets saved her except from a slight contusion. Then he shot his wife through the heart, killing her instantly. Armed men are pursuing him through the woods.

Dried grapes, a cheap substitute for raisins, are making their first effort for a place in the market.

A lady in Atlanta, Ga., lost her only child just one year ago, and not a day has since passed that she has not gone to the cemetery and knelt in prayer beside his grave.

DO DREAMS LAST LONG?

Some Expansive Visions During Sleep Are of But a Minute's Duration.

This interesting question has been recently discussed in Germany, among others by Dr. F. Scholz, who has given some striking examples from his own experience and observation. It is not possible to give a definite answer, and probably dreams vary much in point of duration, just as they vary in force and vividness. At one time the figures of a dream, whether they emerge from the horn or the ivory gate are as real as in life; the sorrow is even more intense, the happiness more realistic. At another time they seem to live only in a pale moonlight, and we watch the scenes rather than participate in them. It is very certain, however, that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, though extended occasionally to the length of a minute. In proof of this, Dr. Scholz tells the following story from his experience: "After excessive bodily fatigue and a day of mental strain, of a not disagreeable kind, I betook myself to bed after I had wound up my watch and placed it on the night-table. Then I lay down beside a burning lamp. Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well known ship. I was again young, and stood on the look-out. I heard the roar of the water, and golden clouds floated around me. How long I so stood I did not know, but it seemed a very long time. Then the scene changed. I was in the country, and my long-dead parents came to greet me; they took me to church, where the loud organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said for the sound of the organ, which continued to play. I took my son by the hand, with him ascended the church tower—but again the scene was changed. Instead of being near my son I stood near an early-known but long-dead officer—I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the manœuvers. I was wondering why the major should look so young, when quite close in my years an unexpected cannon sounded. Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up and noticed that the supposed cannon shot had its cause in the opening of the bed room door through some one entering. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occurrence." Dr. Scholz has collected many other examples of a similar kind.—*London Globe.*

SHAM RUSTICITY.

Crazy Idea of a Prominent Society Woman at Newport.

A unique cottage entertainment was given on Monday night by a prominent society lady of Newport, R. I., Miss Gertrude Gilbert. It was termed an "autumnal oyster roast." At 11 o'clock the fifty guests were ushered into the servants' hall, which was artistically decorated. Pumpkins made into "jack o' lanterns" hung from the ceiling, and bunches of red berries, together with branches of evergreens, ears of corn, wheat, red peppers, apples and other autumnal products covered the walls and gave a warm and rural appearance. The guests then seated themselves at long tables, at each cover being a tin plate, on which were a coarse napkin, a bottle of beer and a large mug, and underneath the table a wooden pail, in which the oyster shells were to be thrown. For those who did not care for oysters, salads and pates were served. The scene was a novel one, the evening dresses of the ladies being in great contrast to the perfect simplicity of the entertainment. After enjoying the "roast" the guests proceeded to the drawing-room, and several new dances were participated in, known as "Dancing in the Barn," the Highland Schottische and "The Muffin Man," which were danced with vigor until long after midnight.

The Funniest Thing.

Mrs. Sniverly is the wife of the captain of a volunteer company. She attended a review at which her husband was commanding officer. Mrs. Sniverly laughed all the time, and when she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied: "It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dared open his mouth at home, ordering all those men about, and they doing just what he told them. Why doesn't he try that game on me?"

A 10-Year-Old Drunk in Montreal.

A very sad case of drunkenness in a minor came up before the Montreal Recorder yesterday. Tommy Nichols, the accused, when called appeared in the dock, that is, the top of a head was seen moving towards the three-feet high gate of the dock. The boy is an orphan, and was found on the street in a beastly state of intoxication. He was sent to the Reformatory for five years.

A despatch from Potenza says that there were 400 passengers on the train which was crushed by a land slide a few days ago. One hundred and fifty dead and wounded have been identified. Many of the victims are unknown. Scores continue to be unearthed. Soldiers are working hard at the wreck. The work is impeded by cold and snow. An entire theatrical company was killed. Several headless and armless corpses have been found in the neighboring river. A mother who had been driven mad by the catastrophe refused to release from her embrace two dead children. A young priest was buried for two hours, and when extricated it was found that his hair had turned white. An entire family, consisting of six persons, was killed.

Capt. R. Powell and a young man named Warfield, while engaged at Cambridge, Md., on Monday, in friendly wrestling on an oyster boat, fell overboard and were drowned.

The other day at Kearney, N. J., a fifty-foot flag-staff on one of the cupolas of the Clark Thread Mill was splintered by lightning and the building set on fire. Fifty yards distant stood the tallest chimney in the country, 335 feet high, and surmounted by a cast-iron cap weighing 16 tons, yet the electric fluid sought the flag-staff rather than the lofty chimney.

A United States guard still keeps guard over General John A. Logan's tomb at Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington.

A STORY OF PATTI.

It Took Two Hundred Pounds to Get Her Shoes On.

Of course, Col. Mapleson's book would be incomplete without some stories of Patti. On one occasion, at Boston, he tells us, when he was only able to offer the famous prima donna £800 instead of £1,000, which he had engaged to pay her beforehand for each performance, she was unwilling to receive the money.

The agent declined the money and formally announced to me that my contract with Mme. Patti was at an end. I accepted the inevitable, consoling myself with the reflection that, besides other good artists in my company, I had now £800 to go on with.

Two hours afterwards Signor Franchi reappeared.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how it is you get on so well with prime donne, and especially with Mme. Patti. You are a marvellous man, and a fortunate one, too, I may add. Mme. Patti does not wish to break her engagement with you, as she certainly would have done with any one else under the circumstances. Give me the £800 and she will make every preparation for going on to the stage. She empowers me to tell you that she will be at the theatre in good time for the beginning of the opera, and that she will be ready dressed in the costume of Violetta, with the exception only of the shoes. You can let her have the balance when the doors open and the money comes in from the outside public, and directly she receives it she will put her shoes on and at the proper moment make her appearance on the stage."

I therefore handed him £800 I had already in hand as the result of subscriptions in advance. "I congratulate you on your good luck," said Sig. Franchi, as he departed with the money in his pocket.

After the opening of the doors I had another visit from Sig. Franchi. By this time an extra sum of £160 had come in. I handed it to my benevolent friend and begged him to carry it without delay to the obliging prima donna, who, having received £960, might, I thought, be induced to complete her toilet pending the arrival of the £40 balance.

Nor was I altogether wrong in my hopeful anticipations. With a beaming face Sig. Franchi came back and communicated the joyful intelligence that Mme. Patti had got one shoe on. "Send her the £40," he added, "and she will put on the other."

Ultimately the other shoe was got on; but not, of course, until the last £40 had been paid. Then Mme. Patti, her face radiant with benignant smiles, went on to the stage, and the opera, already begun, was continued brilliantly until the end.—*New York Sun.*

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

During a fight at New York between two colored women, Mary Slater and her sister, Sarah Thompson, Mrs. Slater threw Mrs. Thompson downstairs and killed her. Mrs. Slater was arrested.

In the suit at Lowell, Mass., of Mrs. Myra Beals against Dr. Augustine Thompson, of Moxie nerve tonic fame, for $50,000 for having alienated her husband's affections, the jury awarded the plaintiff $30,000.

The odor of gas on the top floor of the Eagle Hotel, of Hoboken, N. J., at noon yesterday caused the housekeeper to make an investigation. All the rooms were open except No. 14, which had been rented to a couple who registered as Mr. and Mrs. Stone Saturday night. The door was forced open and both were found lying on the bed dead.

Two ladies from Pennsylvania, who were visiting their brother, a Mr. McKinley, near West Liberty, Iowa, were killed on Friday night by a Burlington & Cedar Rapids passenger train. Their death was the result of the stubbornness of a boy, who persisted in driving them across the track when the engine was almost upon them. The lad paid the penalty of his folly with his life.

Jas. Clark, of Ludington, Mich., while crazed with liquor, attacked his mother with a large knife, and cut her throat and head in a horrible manner. The knife nearly severed her windpipe. The doctors say the woman cannot recover. Sheriff Darr was called. Upon his arrival Clark met him in the yard with a club, and a desperate struggle ensued. Clark finally dropped his club and sprang into the house, where he picked up an axe. Sheriff Darr sprang after him and shut the door from the outside. By this time City Marshal Kennedy arrived, and Clark was arrested and placed in jail.

David Sellers and his wife, living near Mount Gilead, Ohio, were murdered on Thursday night, and their farm-house was fired by the perpetrators of the crime. Their daughter and hired man, who slept upstairs, were awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning by smoke before the flames had gained much headway. They escaped, and finally succeeded in getting the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Sellers out. Both were dead. The man's head had been burned off and the woman's skull had been crushed and her jaw broken. Sellers was very wealthy, and was in the habit of keeping money in the house. It is therefore supposed the murder was committed by burglars.

He Resolved to "Foller."

"Say, boy, if you foller me any further I'll black your eye." "Will you?" "You bet!" "Real black?" "Awful black!"

Then I'll foller. If I can get a black eye I won't have to go to school for a week!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Grub Expert.

Mushrooms are nice to eat, unless they are toadstools.—*Buffalo Times.*

Jay Gould is one of the hardest men in New York to interview. It is almost impossible for a reporter who has no personal acquaintance with him to get in sight of him, either at his office or in his home.

Mrs. John A. Markle, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who has not spoken above a whisper in twelve years, was examining some goods at a bargain counter the other day, and was surprised to find that her voice had returned in full tone.

City Treasurer Harman, of Toronto, tendered his resignation on Saturday to the Executive Committee. It was accepted, and Assistant-Treasurer Coady appointed to the vacancy.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1888.

THE VALLEY ROAD.

It is now ten years since the valley road was first seriously talked of, but only within the past year or so has actual work been commenced upon it. It has now been opened out, and many think that it is, as orignally intended, a suitable outlet for farmers from the north during winter months. This is a mistaken idea. Last week we took occasion to traverse its whole length for the purpose of satisfying ourselves as to the possibility of its meeting the requirements for which it was intended during the coming winter, and must say that we were disagreeably surprised at its condition. On the Euphrasia side it is quite a respectable road either for summer or winter travel. On the Artemesia side of the town line it is the reverse. It is simply impracticable in its present condition. About [illegible] dollars have been spent on this road by the municipality of Artemesia, and it will yet require a large outlay to put it in passable shape. It seems a pity that this large sum of money should remain idle without producing any perceptible return. The road, if completed, would be of the very greatest service to the township, and should be made passable for winter travel as soon as it can be done without straining the township's finances. We would like to have communications from some of our township fathers on the matter, letting the people know what the prospects are for securing easy access to the fertile districts of the Queens Valley. Is the road to be left in its present condition, or is it the intention to complete the work already so far advanced?

No new developments have been made in the Manitoba railway war.

Latest advices indicate that the Republicans have won the day in the United States, but the complete returns are wanting.

The recount in the East Northumberland election case has resulted in Dr. Willoughby's majority being increased to eight. It is folly in nearly every case to demand a recount or enter an appeal in election matters. "To him that hath shall be given; and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Election appeals and recounts are "built that way."

Lord Sackville West, British representative at Washington, has been recalled, which was demanded by the American Government upon the ground that he had written an indiscreet, politically tinted letter to an American elector. If the American Eagle is not afflicted with a bad case of quinsy after this screaming election, it will be lucky for him. The hurricanes which have been blowing through his pin feathers are calculated to make a mighty sick looking bird of him if he don't keep his mouth shut a little more.

A writer in the Markdale Standard of last week indulges in some amusing sneers at our article on Education of two weeks ago. He signs himself "Student." Perhaps the gentleman thinks we do not know who he is. In this he is mightily mistaken. We were looking through the window while he wrote. For the information of the general public we would say that he *is* a student, but only a "freshman" (that is, one of the first year)—and so fresh is he that he has spoiled before attaining the blessings of a higher education, judging by his composition and the appearance of the gentleman. Below we furnish his photograph, taken while he was in the act of writing:

It is exceedingly true to life, with one exception—the ears are not long enough. For this we offer an apology. The bird which you observe coming to his assistance denotes that he is a-ravin'. This is a class of animal with which we do not argue a great deal. Should he care to discard the mask of an ass, and sign his proper name, we might deign to give him a few pointers as to how he may improve his advantages, and, at least, learn the rudiments of the art of composition.

Manitoba.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR,—I promised that I would send you an account of my trip to the great North-West. My journey through Manitoba was chiefly confined to the southern portion of it, which is generally considered to be the garden of that province. After a three days' ride from Toronto our excursion party reached Winnipeg and I did not see one farm of cleared land from the time I left Huntsville till I got within thirty miles of East Selkirk, a distance of 1000 miles, over rivers, past lakes, through tunnels, etc.

With regard to the wheat crop, this year it has been a partial failure all over the province, while in some parts it was utterly destroyed with the frost. All the way from Winnipeg to Deloraine, over 200 miles, there were large fields of wheat standing, which were going to be committed to the flames. The frost seemed to favor some of the settlers more than others even in some of the most frozen districts. I knew three farmers who farmed next to one another; one of them sold his wheat for 93 cents per bushel, the second man realized 55 cents per bushel, and the third man left his uncut. Perhaps the Lord was merciful to the righteous, but if this had been the case my opinion is that ninety per cent, of them would not have been left one stem. The farmers of Manitoba have a different mode of threshing from what we have in Ontario. The thresher hires a full gang of men and thresh the grain for four cents per bushel, the farmers having nothing to provide but the board of the men while working. The removing of the straw from the machine is the most comical part of the threshing business. The straw is allowed to remain at the tail of the machine till a bunch of about six or seven hundred weight has been formed, when there is a stout pole about 16 feet long placed behind it with a horse hitched to each end which slides it out of the way, and as wheat straw is no value there for feed it is left on the prairie to be consumed by the prairie fires. The root and vegetable crop, though greatly impeded by the frost, were immense. Manitoba promises to be a great stock raising country, as cattle do well on the prairie in summer and the native grasses can be stacked at a cost of two dollars per ton for winter feed. The kind of stabling which is used in Manitoba is generally made out of sod, covered over the top with straw, which makes a very warm stable. I believe that if the farmers of Manitoba get two full crops every three years that they would be ahead of Ontario farmers as far as money matters go, to say nothing of the severity of their winters; but frost is a yearly inspector to that country. Manitoba has the soil, but it has not the climate.

JAMES F. HUTCHINSON.

An explosion in a French colliery killed 80 miners.

Inistioge.

Any amount of mud and wet weather.

Mr. J. F. Hutchinson has returned from the North-west.

Hallowenn passed off here rather quietly although some men are reported to have lost ploughs, gates, etc.

The Methodist Quartly meeting in connection with circuit was held in Dundalk last Sabbath.

The Dundalk Herald says that the trustees of the Dundalk public school are advertising for a male head master. "Wonder what is meant." Perhaps we had better keep quiet as a Spurr is sharp.

Mrs. Thos. McQuary is absent visiting friends near Ottawa.

It is rumored around here to the effect that it was the Inistioge correspondent that sent in the information about the ghost story, which is exciting Inistioge so badly. Well, for the information of those who do not know I will say that the Inistioge correspondent had nothing to do with the sending in of the information. When the Inistoge Correspondent sends newsy items she generally sends the trtuh and not guess-work.

Heathcote and Kimberley News.

Correspondence of The Advance.

The people of Heathcote are having a lively time over the selection of a teacher for the ensuing year. The contest appears to be between the preacher and teachers on the one hand, and the ratepayers on the other. Evidently their spiritual adviser imagines that he, and he alone, knows just how to meet the requirements of the case. In accordance with this view he proposes importing an outsider, whom rumor has been busy with. The good people of the village think they have had enough of a certain kind of scandol to serve them for the next decade. Taking this very proper view of the case, they propose engaging the services of Mr. Gaudin, who is a young man of unimpeachable character, an excellent scholar and a very successful teacher. However, he is a home man, while the other is a perfect stranger, save for the short time he was in their midst prospecting last summer. It is to be hoped the trustees will soon learn to go alone, and, that our ministers will also learn to spend their valuable time in preparing better sermons, and to leave school business to those to whom it belongs.

Dr. McBride is overhauling his residence and fitting it up for the winter, and now the matrons of the village have their noses pointed skyward. They imagine they scent a wedding in the near future. Who do you think it will be Mrs. O'Flaharty?

Mr. Fawcett (Ex-dep. Reeve,) is polishing up his armor, and is even now thirsting for Peter's blood. Peter stripes his whiskers, folds his arms, and with the blandest smile imaginable says, "Come on old hon, I am ready for the fray."

A rumor reached the village lately to the effect that Trumen Burritt, of Kimberley, was about to take unto himself a spouse. However, interviewing the youthful candidate for matrimonial honors, we discovered that the said rumor had for its foundation nothing more than the appearance of a young girl in the village carrying a white bundle on her back and walking with a crutch in each hand. Did she enquire for Trumen? Well now, its news you want.

Artemesia Council.

Council met in the Town Hall on Monday last, all the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. A communication was received from Jane Hogg, asking refund of statute labor. Certificates of filing of voters' and jurors' lists were received from clerk of the peace. Agreement of ratification of financial arrangements between Markdale and Artemesia was also received. The following accounts were ordered to be paid: John McArthur, inspecting culvert at McPherson's, D.R., $2; W. H. Thurston, printing, $7.60; reeve, Clerk and Assessor, selecting jurors, $4 each; H. Cairns, letting and inspecting four jobs on Town Line, $3; Leonard Betts, repairing bridge, $1.

Moved by Messrs. Sharp and Boland, That the clerk and reeve be instructed to issue trustees' order for school funds if required, as the Council will stand adjourned till Dec. 15, next. Carried.

McArthur — Boland — That the reeve be paid $10 for the plan, letting and inspection of the Boyne bridge, and that Mr. Sharp be paid $2 for his services in connection therewith. Carried.

Boland—Cairns—That the committee appointed to settle matters between Markdale and Artemesia be paid the sum of $4 each; also that J. McArthur be paid the sum of $2 for inspecting culverts. Carried.

Boland—Sharp—That Thos. Manders receive the sum of $1 per month, for six months, as he is in indigent circumstances. Carried.

Boland—Sharp—That the pathmaster of the village of Flesherton be loaned the sum of $13, to be deducted from statute labor levy for village of 1889. Carried.

Boland—Sharp—That report of committee re corporation of Markdale be adopted, and that said corporation be paid the sum of $128, being their apportionment of the assetts of this corporation. Carried.

The Council then adjourned.

Locals.

Our Reviewer.

The Canadian Horticulturist for November is an exceedingly interesting number. $1 per annum. Published at Grimsby, Ont.

The Rural Canadian for November contains a large amount of instructive reading matter for the farmer. C. B. Robinson, publisher, Toronto. $1 per annum.

Worthy of Note!

Mr. Henry Ball, editor of the Creemore Advertiser, had a surprise party the other evening, when a large number of citizens of that burg presented him with a hat and an ebony walking stick, also Mrs. Ball with a valuable lamp. We congratulate our brother pub. on his good fortune. It so very extraordinary that it will probably be heralded far and near.

M. Richardson & Co have been selling boots and shoes for the past twenty-three years and the young men and women of the present had their first baby boots from this old establishment and now go there for their babies' boots. See!

Died.

At Rodney, on the 30th ult, Mary Leota Hazel Keefer, aged 2 mos. 24 days, only daughter of W. C. Keefer.

VANDUSEN—In Chicago, on Tuesday, Oct. 30, David Edgar only son of C. E. VanDusen, aged one year, 2 months and 10 days.

BORN.

LEGATE—On Friday, Nov 2, the wife of R. P. Legate of a daughter.

A superb stock of ladies and childrens mantles at M. Richardson & Co.

A steamer was sunk by collision off Cowes and 22 persons are supposed to have gone down.

Jacksonville's yellow fever record up to Sunday is: Total cases, 4,277; total deaths, 304.

Seventeen miners were killed in a Pennsylvania coal mine on saturday evening by an explosion.

Another break has occurred in the Cornwall Canal bank and there is little prospect of vessels being able to pass through this fall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Blacksmith Shop for Sale or Rent.

The blacksmith shop, known as Adison's, on the 4th line, Artemesia, about 3½ miles from Flesherton, is offered for sale or to rent. For terms, and particulars apply to

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Eugenia P. O.

Butcher Business for Sale.

A good paying butcher business is offered for sale in Flesherton, five and six brevos killed each week, besides small animals. To an enterprising man this is a first class opportunity for securing a nice business. For further particulars apply to

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
butchers, Flesherton.

Flesherton Meat Market!

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
PURVEYORS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Dealers in fresh and cured meats, sausage (our own make), lard, bologna, etc. etc.

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME, in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only $4 per hundred.

Call and ascertain prices, whether you buy or not.

Collingwood Collegiate Institute.

RE-OPENS JANUARY 7, 1889

STAFF—W. Williams, B. A., English, French and German; J. H. Brethour, B. A., Classics; E. B. Cox, B. A., Mathematics; W. H. Stevens, B. A., Science; T. H. McGwill, B. A., Commercial. Record of 1887-88: Entrance, 1st class, 2nd class, specials; First Cs, high in Province, two; three seconds, twenty-one thirds, several certificates at minor examinations. Thorough training in specialty of teacher's work. Attending pupils eleven years has passed 86 honors, 75 A, 74 Cs, 130 seconds, 300 thirds, and gained for 1 of 338. Rates and full calendar from Rev. or Mr. Collegiate and Commercial examinations.

Send for illustrated circular.

WM. WILLIAMS, B. A., Principal.

Collingwood, Oct. 22, 1888.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton on Thursday on the day following.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's

Medical.

DR. CARTER.

M. C. P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's Block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

Partnership.

E. F. HIXON, M.D.C.M. J. G. HUTTON, M.D.C.M.

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.

PRICEVILLE.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Munshaw's Hotel, 1st and 3rd of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at reasonable prices.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on [illegible]

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, C.B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C.L.C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and manufacturing all the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Miscellaneous.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of W. T. McKee, Lot 5, Con. 4, Artemesia, two steers, one brindle and one red, rising two years old. The brindle one was lame on the near fore foot. The owner is requested to prove property and pay charges, else they will be sold to pay expenses.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 c's

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

THE GLOBE Christmas NUMBER

READY FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

A GREAT HOLIDAY PAPER

New Type, New Press, Fine Paper, Five Handsome Lithographed Plates, First-Class Illustrations, Original Matter and Superior Workmanship.

THE BEST XMAS PAPER EVER ISSUED IN CANADA.

THE LITERARY MATTER in the CHRISTMAS GLOBE will be entirely original and will include stories from the ablest pens in Canada. The subject matter being wholly Canadian.

FIVE HANDSOME LITHOGRAPHED PLATES accompany the paper, the premium one being a scene from Vancouver Park, B.C., from a painting by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the celebrated Canadian artist.

MECHANICALLY the XMAS GLOBE will be in every way first-class, and no expense will be spared in having it surpass anything of the kind ever before published in this country.

As the DEMAND will be very great, we would advise intending purchasers to leave their orders at their newsdealer's or send direct to this office not later than the end of the present month, as the supply will necessarily be limited and we cannot undertake to print a second edition.

The price has been placed at ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY

It is intended to have the edition ready the first week in December in order to allow plenty of time for mailing copies long distances so as to reach destination for Christmas.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., Toronto.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE, the best family newspaper in Canada and THE RURAL CANADIAN the best agricultural paper in Canada. Both from now to end of 1884 only $1.25.

NEW

FALL GOODS! MEDICAL HALL,

AT

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have only to defer to a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still remain unapproachable. Our motto being Good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

is prepared to buy or Grist wheat at the highest market price in the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for

Barter three quarters of the public Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

To The Front

FOR—

School Books, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Slates, Pencils, Inks.

PAINTS,

Ready mixed, cheapest in Town. Brushes, Oils, Turpentines, White Lead, and Dry Paints.

SPICES.

Whole, ground and mixed for pickling purpose.

COFFEE.

What is Coffee? Cocoa, Chocolate.

Baking Powder.

Absolutely the best in town. A present with each package.

DRUGS

TOILET SOAPS,

And Perfumery.

SALESMEN WANTED

FARM for SALE

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect time keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us, after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 613, PORTLAND, MAINE.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

The St. Lawrence river is contracted to less than a mile in width between Quebec and Point Levi, but the mouth of the St. Charles river, which joins it just below the city, forms a magnificent basin nearly 4 miles long and 3 miles broad. The beautiful island of Orleans and the shores of Point Levi shut in the basin on the north-east and east. We passed the old French village of Beauport, where Montcalm had his headquarters in 1759, and where he first met in conflict the British forces, Moncton's Grenadiers.

The next object of interest was the falls of Montmorency, about 8 miles below Quebec: the river empties over the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, over a precipice 230 feet in height, being 60 feet higher than Niagara Falls. The waters decend in a bright fleecy sheet twenty-five yards in width, and seemed to hang like a beautiful lace veil over the face of the rock. We heard no sound and saw no motion, but the foam sparkled in the sunbeams and the rising mist from the cauldron below was beautifully tinted with all colors of the rainbow.

The surrounding scenery is tame and not nearly so beautiful as our Eugenia river and falls. Some thirty years ago this was the scene of a sad accident. A suspension bridge was hung from the two shores directly over the waterfall, but unfortunately one of the arches gave way soon after it was opened. A farmer with his horse and wagon, and two foot passengers who happened to be crossing at the time, were precipitated over the fall to the river beneath, and no vestige of the unfortunates was ever seen again.

The day was one of the brightest, and the scenery grand. At long distances we descried the tall church spires glittering through the trees which shaded the dwellings of these French towns. Sometimes we had in sight five or six towns at one time. On our left we traced the long blue line of Laurentian range of mountains, running parallel with the river till it reaches the gulf, and in the evening sunset when the western sky was flecked with brightest warm shades of gold and crimson the mountain range, like a broad blue ribbon with wavy edge, crossed between the gorgeous sunset and its reflection in the waters of the Gulf which we had now entered. Before dark we came in sight of the island of Anticosti on our left, which is some 75 miles long. It was on this barren island that the ship Brooklyn, of the Dominion Line, was run ashore in a snow storm some four years ago and became a total wreck. No lives were lost then, but several of the crew and passengers afterwards died from the effects of the exposure and consequent suffering from cold.

Next morning, Sunday, bright, but cold, giving us intimations of ice in proximity, we saw two whales disporting themselves. One was quite near and showed his huge back up above the surface of the water, all the while sending jets of spray in spurts high up in air. The next objects of interest were icebergs. We came near to one, on the end of which was an upright column some 200 feet high. It presented to us the appearance of an old woman seated in the berg looking at the sunset. We had now the coast of Newfoundland in clear sight, and in the afternoon were near enough to see the windows of the French fishing settlement on the coast. We saw the hulls of two large ships aground, one of them was the Royal, which was crushed and cracked by icebergs a few weeks before. At nightfall we were entering the Straits of Belle Isle, one of the outlets of the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. From its source west of the great lakes to this point the St. Lawrence is 2,300 miles in length, and viewed in connection with the western lakes, of which it constitutes the outlet, was, before the discovery of the great American lakes, supposed to be the largest river in the world. The [illegible] Spanish coast [illegible] Indian [illegible] The [illegible]

me company. A waiter with a half concealed sardonic grin on his face waited my order for breakfast. I gave it desperately and he went for the victuals and I went on deck. I've never seen that breakfast yet. The sounds of distress coming from behind the sleeping apartments begot in my sympathetic nature a kind of fellow feeling, and I vamoosed. We were a sickly, uninteresting company for two days, then as we recovered we found our companionship in distress had made us very sociable.

To be continued.

A Woman's Aim.

OR HOW SHE "SHOOED" THE HENS.

I say Jack, did you ever see
A woman's flower-beds in spring?
She plants the seed, but I declare
It is a very curious thing
That she can't leave it half an hour
Before "those hens" come trooping by
To dance upon her precious beds
And make her flower-seeds fairly fly
I watched my wife one day this spring
She rushed to drive away the troop.
But coldly still those hens schottished—
Then to the ground my wife did droop.
Therefrom she picked some dozen stones
(You may suppose Jack, there was fun)
But first she gave a "shoo, you there!"
Then fired the pebbles one by one.
The first one struck a poplar tree
The hens still waltzed upon those beds
The second came within four yards
Of touching one of those hens' heads.
A third stone rack'd a window pane
My wife now put on "Shoo" once more.
A fourth just missed "those dreadful sons"
By some few yards it struck our door.
"Her patience soon will cease," I thought,
And laughing turned my head away
But rather felt I'd have to rise
To shut those hens up for the day.
I looked again—what saw I?
(Perhaps 'twas longer I forget)
My wife was there, so were the hens)
And Jack,—she had not hit one yet!

BERTH B. VANDUSEN.

Owen Sound

General News.

Toronto has 255 miles of street.

W. A. Foster, Q. C., Toronto, died on Thursday last.

Australian and Indian Catholics have presented the Pope with $1,000,000.

The Manitoba railway case is likely to be taken up by the Supreme Court within a week.

The Ontario Government will pay $1000 for information that will lead to the conviction of the Galt poisoner or poisoners.

The Haytians have captured a British schooner laden with arms and ammunition.

A dispatch also says the rear guard of Stanley's [illegible] a year ago have arrived at Zanzibar. They state that Stanley expected to reach Wadelai in January last, and as it is known that he had not reached that place in April the uncertainty as to his fate remains as complete as ever.

Two old ladies named McLeod were occupying the hind seat of a conveyance, met with a serious mishap Sunday last while returning from a church in Kinloss to their homes. A couple of boys caught on the hind seat, in attempting to get a ride pulled the seat over, capsizing the old ladies on the roadway. One was quite seriously injured, if not fatally, while the other escaped comparatively uninjured.—[Mt. Forest Confederate.

A farmer living on the Durham road between Allan Park and Durham was overcome by a peculiar lapse of memory last Sunday morning. At early dawn he arose and thinking it was Saturday proceeded to haul in his turnips. He had taken several loads in when a neighbor coming along interrogated him. When the farmer was told that it was Sunday he was horrified at his desecration of the seventh day and made tracks for his barn with his team at a double quick pace. He attended church twice that day to make amends for his unwitting transgression and vows he will keep track of the Sabbath in future.—Durham Chronicle.

Stop the tap.

Distillers and brewers make liquors that they may sell them. If there were no buyers, there soon there would be none made. The terrible liquor traffic can be [illegible] the cry can be stopped.

L. B. Heard's [illegible]

Kimberley School Report for November.

Fourth Class.—Ella Carruthers 374, Fred Thurston 295, Priscilla Dynes 250, John Howell 229.

Third Class, sr.—Herby Fawcett 117, Joseph Carruthers 116, Vincent Gilbert 104, Ethel Hurd 99.

Third Class, jr.—Rachel Abercrombie 153, Hattie Dynes 121, May Smith 92, Willie Lawrence 80.

Second Class.—Maud Smith 123, Fannie Battrick 115, Maggie Howell 103, Christina Ellis 89.

Average attendance for the month 46.

F. J. HEWGILL, Principal.

Pupils in order for second department:

2nd Class,—Henry McLean 325, Fred Baker 273, Jessie Gilbert 190, Wesley Dynes 181.

2nd Part, sr.—Mary Abercrombie 200, Millie Hurd 151, Annie Wickens 151, Geo. Stewart 48.

2nd Part, jr.—Willie McLean 114, Minnie Battrick 93, Annie Hill 93, Ida Thompson 84.

1st Part.—Ethel Plewes 50, Clara Hurd 31, Dorthy Mundle 30, Becky Hammond 30.

M. ABERCROMBIE, Ass't Teacher.

Attendance 27

On Friday last while Greenaway threshing machine was working at Mr John Sargent's near Holland Centre, Mr S. was working near the tumbling shaft when the coupling caught on his pants leg throwing him down and tearing the leg of the trowsers off. John was surprised how quickly it did its work, but he escaped injury.—[Markdale Standard.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

TAKE NOTICE!

THAT

G. H. BLACKBURN'S,

next door to M. Richardson & Co's, is the place to get your

Flour, Feed and Provision.

All kinds of confectionaries and delicacies, oysters and pickles [illegible]. Oatmeal, cornmeal, cracked wheat, rolled oats, and everything usually kept in first class [illegible] and you will be [illegible]

BREAD AND CAKE MAKING.

[illegible]

Jennie McBride.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Attorney-General Webster's Prolix Speechifying—League Bank Books Must be Produced.

A last (Wednesday) evening's London cable gives the continuation of the report of the Parnell Commission as follows: The Attorney-General informed the Court that the other side still continue to ignore the order for the production of the League's bank books.

Justice Hannen intimated that if the refusal to produce the books was final, the court would have recourse to its powers to compel their production.

Attorney-General Webster then continued the presentation of the *Times'* case, making a further review of the articles on "Parnellism and Crime." He quoted from a letter of Patrick Egan, in which the writer sent £50 for the payment of men who had committed outrages, and said that evidence would be adduced to prove that Mr. Parnell knew that Egan had supplied Sheridan and Boyton with funds to enable them to promote outrages. He would not suggest that Mr. Parnell knew the particular individuals who were to be attacked, but he did know that outrages were a part of the League system. Prior to the Phœnix Park murder, Mr. Parnell neither did nor said anything in condemnation of the crimes committed by members of the League. When Mr. Parnell appeared in the witness box he would ask him what he had ever done to put down acts of violence before May 1st, 1882, the month in which the Phœnix Park murders occurred. The issue (after the murders) of the manifesto reprobating them, signed by Parnell, Dillon and Davitt, was only done under necessity. It would be proved by Capt. O'Shea that Mr. Parnell objected to signing the manifesto, and that he signed it finally with reluctance. Capt. O'Shea acted as a medium in the negotiations with Mr. Parnell for the suppression of outrages. When the question arose regarding Mr. Parnell's control of his comrades, Mr. Parnell declared that there were some men who must be let out of prison, and he named Brennan, the late Secretary of the League, as one of those who must either be kept out of Ireland or in prison. The court, said the Attorney-General, could draw its own conclusion as to what Mr. Parnell knew of Brennan's connection with crimes. Mr. Parnell, continued the Attorney-General, also advised that Sheridan and Boyton be allowed to return to Ireland, as they could control those who were engaged in the commission of crime. All this showed that Mr. Parnell had a thorough knowledge of the sources of violence. The Attorney-General further accused Mr. Parnell of having criminal knowledge regarding the use of vast funds by the League for criminal purposes. Accounts published by the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* gave the receipts of the Land League from October, 1879, to October, 1881, as £144,890. Only £44,877 of this sum was accounted for. How was the remaining £100,000 applied? Did Mr. Parnell know the uses to which this large sum was devoted? Was it so expended that its distributors did not dare to give an open statement? If the League was a constitutional body, why should its books be removed to London, there to disappear? Some items of account could be traced which disclosed Mr. Parnell's relations with murderous associations. For instance, a cheque for £100 sent to Byrne and one for £25 sent to Quinn.

The Attorney-General was then proceeding to expand upon the support received by the Parnellites from the *Irish World*, when the court adjourned for the day. The Attorney-General's exhaustive method of presenting his case is patiently submitted to by the court, the judges having determined, in accordance with usage, to permit counsel in their opening addresses to follow their own line. Public interest in the case has begun to wane under the influence of the Attorney-General's prolix exposition. A general impression is growing that the *Times'* case is weaker even than its enemies imagined, and that the task confided to the Attorney-General is beyond his powers. Should he continue at his present speed, another week will not see the end of his speech. To-day he brought his story of the League's misdoings only up to 1882. The lack of concern shown by the public disappoints the newspapers, which had made unusual preparations for reporting the proceedings and for increased circulation. The sale of evening papers is entirely unaffected by the trial.

A good deal of the documentary evidence upon which Webster's brief is based was obtained, it appears, from a certain Land League clerk. If Webster's hints may be trusted this man will be put into the witness box to prove that the Central Executive Committee of the Land League actually paid money for the commission of outrages. A more important promise made, however, in somewhat vague terms, was that the *Times* would name the persons who supplied the forged Parnell letters and specify the sums paid for them.

Labouchere says: There is a good deal of discussion as to the reason for the appearance of Sir Richard Webster and Sir Henry James as counsel for the *Times*, after the persistent statements that they had withdrawn from the case. Some hold that they have been induced against their own wishes to appear because the *Times'* case is so weak that they could not be spared. Others hold that they had themselves insisted on appearing, notwithstanding the advice of the Government, feeling that they were not at liberty to sacrifice their client

Give Us a Woman Who Laughs.

For a good, every-day household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not always be just right and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield nor life one unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no one woman should be without.

In Ottawa there are numerous cases of typhoid fever, but none of them are of a malignant type, though several are serious. Dr. Robillard, as medical health officer, does not see any grounds for alarm, nor anticipate any epidemic.

Rev. D. Savage is holding evangelistic services in Portage la Prairie.

A BAD WIDOWER.

He Burns Barns, Maims Horses, Fires at People and Gets Arrested.

A Quebec despatch says: Full details have come to hand of the arrest made by the Provincial police in St. George's, Beauce, Que. The name of the prisoner is Jean Rodrique, a widower of some 40 years, who has two children and a very bad reputation. He is said to have burned several barns, and in order to revenge himself upon the cure of the parish cut the tail and mane of his horse. He harbored an ill-feeling against a farmer named Joseph Bolduc and fired his revolver at him, fortunately without injuring him. A warrant of arrest was issued, but when the officers went to execute it they found that Rodrique was a second Bartley or Morrison. The High Constable Groleau approached to arrest him, but was driven away by his man at the point of his revolver. A bailiff named Morin then made a similar attempt while Rodrique was mowing in his field, but the latter threatened to cut him in two with his scythe and he prudently withdrew. Then application was made to Quebec for the Provincial police, and Constables Buteau and Mercier arrested their man, as reported yesterday, after having spent three or four days in the county. He is now safely in jail at St. Joseph, but it is strange how fearful the people in the country are of so daring an offender. The police could find nobody to drive them for fear of incurring the hostility of the outlaw.

Latest Scottish News.

Dundee has thirteen swimming clubs.

Rev. William Hamilton, late parochial schoolmaster, Tranent, died lately, aged 81 years.

Rev. J. Adams, Aberdeen, has been elected minister of Inverkeilor Free Church, Forfarshire.

It has been arranged that Councillor Colston is to be the next Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

There died at the manse of Logie-Buchan, Ellon, two weeks ago, the Rev. Andrew Gordon, minister of the parish.

Mr. Robert Air, for 50 years precentor in Queen Anne Street U. P. Church, Dunfermline, died a few days ago, aged 75 years.

At the Unitarian Conference in Glasgow, Rev. H. Williamson, Dundee, said that the Unitarians made very few converts in Scotland now-a-days.

The county ball came off at Hamilton on the 4th October. It was brought to an abrupt close through Colonel Aikman dropping dead between the dances.

There died at No. 13 Grosvenor Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland, on 11th October, Lady Margaret P. Maconochie Welwood, of Meadow Bank and Garvock, and youngest daughter of the 9th Earl of Stair.

There died recently at West Kilbride, a lady who was the granddaughter of Tam o' Shanter's "ancient trusty drouthy crony" "Souter Johnnie." She was the widow of David McDowall, and her maiden name was Janet Davidson. Mrs. McDowall had attained the age of 80 years, and was a shrewd and intelligent lady.

There died recently at Peebles an old Scotswoman who had attained the age of 95 years, the last 60 of which were spent in that quiet town. Mrs. Walker was born during the siege of Dunkirk by the Duke of York in 1793, during which her father was killed. Her maiden name was Katherine Maclauchlan, and she married first of all James Cowan, of the Scots Greys, and latterly of the 42nd, and along with him was present at Waterloo after the battle. Upon his death she married James Walker, of the 21st Foot, who died in 1868. For the last few years she stayed with her granddaughter, Mrs. Brunton, in Cross street, Peebles, where she was carefully attended to in her old age, and passed away peacefully to her final rest.

The city of Edinburgh having obtained the sanction of the Dean of Guild Court for the removal of the Canongate Cross from its present site at the southeast corner of the Tolbooth to the one in front of the Churchyard, operations are to be commenced at once. The base on which the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh stood within the precincts of St. Giles' Cathedral from 1869 to 1885, when it was restored by Mr. Gladstone, is to form the pedestal of the column. It is to be placed in the recess at the entrance to the Canongate Parish Church, occupying a position on the west side similar to that filled by the Home Fountain on the east. When mounted on the pedestal the cross will reach a height of over eighteen feet. The cross will thus be rescued from the decay to which it was fast hurrying, and will be preserved within a short distance of its original site as a monument of the bygone glories of the Canongate.

Latest from Ireland.

Sir Edward Guinness has contributed £500 to the Royal Irish Constabulary Jubilee Pension Fund.

Blaney Balfour, of Townley Hall, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of Louth, vice John Foster, deceased.

Lord Lurgan has sold his entire estate in Ireland to his tenantry, merely retaining in his own possession the castle domesne.

The only daughter of Sir Michael Morris, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, has entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity at Miltown.

The shareholders of the Ulster Bank have good reason to be satisfied with their property, which has this year paid a dividend of 18 per cent.

The Duke of Leinster has refused the use of the Naas Town Hall for a banquet to be given after the National demonstration which is to be held there.

Oh, Ask Some Married Man!

Did Walter Scott believe that marriage is a failure? He sang:

> O woman, in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light, quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel thou!

Is woman a ministering angel only when a witness of the pain and anguish produced by her capricious and variable temper?—*Chicago Herald.*

Deserves a Bonus.

The wife of a farmer named Dufort, of Mascouche, Que., has given birth to her thirtieth child. She has been married twenty-one years.

THE NEXT POPE.

A Forecast Regarding the Successor of Leo XIII.

Signor di Cesare has prepared a revised edition of his well-known work, "Il Conclave di Leone XIII.," comprising a new second part, in which, according to an article in the current number of *Italia*, this able and well-informed writer discusses very freely the delicate question of the probable choice of the future conclave.

If a new Pope had to be elected now, it is considered certain that he would be an Italian. The nation which next in order would have the best chance is France, where Cardinals Pitra and Lavigerie have conspicuous pretensions; but a French Pope would arouse the most determined opposition, not only from Italy and Germany, but also, in present circumstances, from Austria and Hungary, and very likely from the English cardinals. As regards the latter, the objections are purely personal. "Newman," it is observed, "is 87 years old; Manning, who has lost of late some of the harsh dogmatism of the neophyte, and who would be inclined to reconcile the independence of the Papal See with the necessity for Italy of having Rome, is 80, and Howard is very ill."

None of the Spanish, Portuguese and American cardinals will, it is considered, be able to exercise any considerable influence. Moreover, the Italian cardinals exceed in number all those of other nations in the proportion of 35 to 29, and it is expected that the next cardinal will also be an Italian. It is believed that the very dissension now existing between the Roman Curia and the Italian Government will help the election of some one of these, as this is a guarantee that the one chosen will not be a subservient ally or a partisan of his national Government.

The question remains, which of the Italian cardinals has the best prospects? This, we are told, will depend upon the political situation of Europe. If no war takes place the Roman Curia will go on "feeding and folding" its hope of restoration of temporal power. If war comes and the Italians are defeated, these hopes will be strengthened and emboldened, and in either case the Sacred College will probably choose one of its most uncompromising members. In these conditions Cardinal Monaco, "the ideal Pope of the majority of the Sacred College," would probably be chosen. Should very severe national disasters, however, bring the extreme wing of the Intransigeants to the fore Cardinal Porocchi, who is described as "a sort of living puzzle" and "the leader of all that are most immoderate among the followers of the Vatican," would stand some chance. But if in consequence of a great victory or some other circumstance the Sacred College should feel inclined to desist from the struggle for the temporal power, the choice would lie between three men, "saintly, pious, learned, and charitable," namely, Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples; Cardinal Alimonda, Archbishop of Turin, and Cardinal Battaglini, Archbishop of Bologna. Among these the gentle, benevolent, and widely popular Battaglini stands conspicuous; but notwithstanding his great erudition, ability and virtue, it is admited that the Archbishop of Bologna does not enjoy the sympathies of the higher hierarchy who are said to dislike him on account of his moderation and liberal-mindedness.

Such are the views of the best informed of outsiders in Italy regarding the future history of the Papal power. It will have been seen that they involve a good many contingencies.—*London Standard.*

RAISED BY DEAD CATTLE.

A Remarkable Occurrence in Ohio River Steamboat Annals.

An Evansville (Ind.) despatch says: A somewhat remarkable thing took place in the river just below this city this morning. A few days since the steamer Robert B. Carson collapsed and sank in 40 feet of water, together with 30 head of cattle confined on the lower deck. For two or three days a number of hands did all in their power to raise the sunken boat, but without avail, and the project was abandoned. Early this morning, however, to the surprise of one of the harbor boats, the pilot house and hurricane deck of the Carson suddenly appeared above the water. When a crew was sent down the steamer was floating along, sustained and upheld by some mysterious agency. This was subsequently traced to the cattle themselves, which had become inflated to almost bursting proportions by gas generated in the carcases, and the combined buoyancy of these dead bodies had actually lifted the steamer to the surface, as the boat sank when they were cut loose. Old steamboat men declare it the strangest occurrence in all their nautical experience.

A Curious Theory.

Rider Haggard has a curious theory regarding the fate of Henry M. Stanley. He thinks that the explorer is alive, but that he has been seized, taken into the interior of Africa, and deified by some of the tribes. He is inclined to think that Stanley will be treated with the greatest kindness and veneration, but that he will not be permitted to escape. When the interior tribes find a real live idol who seems to them to be godlike in appearance and power they are not likely to give him up. All of which is about as probable as Haggard's story "She."

A Mighty Mean Man.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Jenkins warmly. "Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkinsop, surprised. "Bet me $10 I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Jenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver loaded, and then set the barn door up edgewise."

Just the Other Way.

He—I never met any one who could talk and play at the same time with so much ease as you. I don't suppose you use your brain at all in playing.

She—Oh, yes, indeed, altogether; but I don't use it in my conversation.

D. P. Thompson, a Portland (Ore.) bank president and millionaire, landed in Portland thirty-five years ago and began life as a woodchopper. At the end of five months' labor he had a fortune of $40.

NOT NEXT OF KIN.

An Important Decision on the Subject of Bequests to Sweethearts.

W. D. Welch, a travelling man, insured his life in the Royal Arcanum for $3,000, and made the money payable to his affianced bride, Miss Hettie Parke, now Mrs. Palmer. The Arcanum wrote Miss Parke as the beneficiary, although its by-laws specially limited beneficiaries to next of kin, blood relations or actual dependents, to neither of which class did Miss Parke belong. A year ago Welch was frozen to death in Minnesota, and Miss Parke and his two brothers, Seymour C. Welch and L. C. Welch, claimed the insurance. It was argued for the Welch brothers when suit was brought that the Royal Arcanum, having no power under its by-laws to make Miss Parke the beneficiary, the policy was void, and that they took the insurance money as heirs. For Miss Parke, Miller Case, Judson & Hogan argued that in insuring Welch with the understanding that the money should be paid on his death to his sweetheart the institution contracted a liability, and despite its prohibitory by-laws it was estopped from refusing to carry out its obligation. Judge Shepard decided that under the by-laws and a decision of a court of Massachusetts, Miss Parke was not entitled to the insurance money, and it should go to Welch's brothers. Miss Parke will appeal the case. —*Chicago Herald.*

PREFERRED DEATH TO MARRIAGE.

Shocking Suicide of a Girl While the Bridal Party Waited.

A Richmond (Va.) despatch says: A gay wedding party had assembled at Powhatan Court House to witness the nuptials of Miss Nannie Gordon and Mr. Henry Flippen, both of whom moved in the highest social circles. One o'clock p. m. was the hour appointed for the ceremony, but at the last moment it was announced that the bride had disappeared. Miss Gordon could nowhere be found. The groom and the friends and relatives of the bride were naturally much alarmed. A search was at once instituted, and, the earth being wet and soft, Miss Gordon was tracked from her residence to the bank of the Appomattox River, a distance of two miles and a half. Here all traces of her were lost, and the awful suspicion that she had committed suicide flashed upon the minds of the searching party. The river was then dragged and the body of the young lady was found just fifty yards from the point where her footprints ceased. The groom and the family of the unfortunate girl are overwhelmed with grief. No cause is assigned for the act of self-destruction, which yet remains a profound mystery.

A MISER'S DEATH.

A Woman Living in Squalor Who Owned Thirty-five Thousand Dollars.

A Sioux Falls, Dak., despatch says: Mary Ann Irvine, one of the most noted characters of this section, died on Friday night of heart trouble. During her residence of thirteen years in this vicinity she has lived in the utmost filth and squalor. She was vindictive to an extraordinary degree, and has figured prominently at nearly every term of court as defendant on various charges. No one ever darkened her door, and it was only a very short time before she died that even her own children dared to enter her room. When it was discovered she was dying she was asked if a physician should be sent for, but she objected to incurring so great an expense, and not until she had struck a bargain with the doctor as to the fee would she allow any medicine to be administered. After her death a search among her effects revealed deeds, mortgages, notes and bonds, and cash to the amount in the aggregate of $35,000. The woman was 63 years old, and has three children, to whom the property reverts.

The Carlyle Family Bequests.

Probate of the will of the late Thomas Christopher Burrows of Warton, Lancashire, was granted on the 11th inst. to the surviving executor, Thomas Carlyle, of Waterbeck, Dumfries, to whom is bequeathed £500. Among other legatees are Mary Ann Wishart, Elizabeth Martha Wishart, Ann Moses Isabelle Carlyle, Dr. Wm. Johnson Carlyle and Mary Brooks, each £1,000; Isabelle Margaret Armstrong, of Ecclefechan, gets an annuity of £60, and and on her death an annuity of £30 is to be paid to her sister Mary. Subject to the life interest of his sister, Mr. Burrows has left his personal estate in trust for distribution in equal shares amongst Dr. W. J. Carlyle, Isabelle Carlyle, the Rev. W. Chasel de Boinville, Mary Johnson Carlyle Wishart, and five others, the value of the personalty being £46,042.

Confirmation has been granted in Scotland of the trust disposition and settlement, dated 9th July, 1883, of Mrs. Jane Carlyle Aitken, who died on the 27th July last, and who was the widow of James Aitken, of The Hill, Dumfries. The value of her personal estate has been declared at £5,069 by the executors, her son-in-law Alexander Carlyle, of Rudall Crescent, Hamstead, and John Houston, James Houston, James Barbour, William Maxwell and John Grierson, of Dumfries.

Religious Obligations of Mohammedans.

Formerly every pious Mussulman was required to pray fifty times a day. Afterward forty-five prayers were struck off.

Another of the daily duties of a Mussulman is to bathe. The right side had to be washed first.

Followers of Mohammed are required to give in alms daily one-tenth of all they possess.

Mohammedans endeavor yearly to make pilgrimage to the four sacred spots of Islam. The pilgrim is counted a very holy man.

Ramadan is the terrible month of weary fasting and nightly feasting. The month is a lunar one, and this year begins May 25th.

A Permanent Fence.

Little Dick had been listening to the recitation in geography of an older brother. "I know what an island is," said he to mamma.

"Well, what is it?" asked mamma.

"It's a little piece of land all fenced round with water," proudly answered Dick.

Coal is up to $10.50 a ton in Winnipeg, and is likely to go higher.

SHYING HORSES.

How to Cure Fractious Equines of Their Disposition to Shy.

A horse that after shying reassures himself, making no effort to get away, but calming down as soon as he perceives that he was falsely alarmed, is pretty certain to make a safe beast. Horses can be cured of shying only by the experience which they gain when carefully driven. The practice of flogging after the event, besides being cruel, is an extremely unwise one. But if the animal cannot be induced by coaxing to pass a particular object, the whip must be used. When your steed stops from fright and refuses to go on, it is a good plan, I think, to speak reassuringly to him and at the same time to tap him gently with the whip as a reminder that there is a power behind him which he must obey. I believe that some Houyhnhnms never shy, but such a one is rare indeed. It was only the other day, however, that I was told, and on good authority, of a 4-year-old colt that showed no fear of a train of cars in motion the first time that he saw them, and I have myself, on at least two occasions, driven green horses past a pile-driver in action without their being frightened in the slightest degree. These same horses would jump a little when a dog rushed at them suddenly and unexpectedly. Practically, then, it is possible to find a horse which won't shy—that is, an animal so sensible and discreet that he can be relied upon never to shy dangerously. I can tell another story which will illustrate my meaning. I was once driving a very gamey and intelligent but rather snappish chestnut mare. At one point in the journey it was necessary to cross a long covered bridge. For some reason the mare paused at the entrance and was evidently in great alarm, but after a word or two from me she made up her mind to venture across. She laid her ears flat back upon her head and rushed over the bridge at the fastest trot of which she was capable. Once across, her fear subsided, but so great had it been that she broke out in a profuse sweat. In thus acting the mare showed the very highest courage, and the manner in which she comported herself on this one occasion was a sufficient guaranty of her safety as a driving horse.—*Boston Post.*

A TORONTO ROMANCE.

The Farmer's Daughter Elopes a Second Time With Her Pedler—An Angry Father in Pursuit.

Last Thursday night an elopement was nipped in the bud at the Union Station, Toronto, by the sudden appearance of the girl's father and her big brother, who severely chastized the man, by name Morton Sinclair, a pedler of small wares, and took the girl home. She was Maria Hennilstone, the daughter of a York township farmer. Maria promised to forget all about her lover, but she didn't. Yesterday afternoon she received permission to spend the evening with a neighboring family, but as she did not return late at night her father went to her bed-room, and there found a letter. The address bore the single word, "Father," and it was in Maria's handwriting. It was written by Sinclair to his daughter, and she appended a short postscript to it asking forgiveness. The letter was as follows:

DARLING MARIA,—Fate was against me and you last week, and I have hardly got over the effects of the meeting at the Union Station, but Maria darling, I am well enough to make another attempt to secure you, precious one, for my own. Darling, I cannot tell you what agony I have suffered for your sake. Those reporters of the papers are infernal liars. My eyes ain't black, and there isn't a scratch on me. I could have licked the stuffing out of the old man, but he was your father, darling. Do you love me enough to fly with me again? I cannot live without you. If you will come, meet me at the holler tree, our post-office, and I will be waiting with a rig and a friend to-morrow night at 7 o'clock. Dearest Maria, do not disappoint me and I will make you happy forever.

From your anxious and loving friend,
MORTON SINCLAIR.

P. S.—God bless you, my darling. Never mind your clothes; you can buy lots when we are married. M. S.

Love and kisses. * * * * * *

MARIA'S PARTING WORDS.

FATHER,—I cannot live without him. Good bye. Please forgive us. We cannot help it, we love each other so much.

Your loving daughter,
MARIA.

P. S.—Tell mamma I will write.

Mr. Hennilstone, accompanied by his son, immediately started in pursuit, but he did not reach Toronto till after midnight, and found that Sinclair and his daughter had left with the 11.30 train for Detroit. Private Detective Reid telegraphed to a detective in Detroit to head them off. Farmer Hennilstone left for Detroit yesterday.

Besieged by Bears.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* reports that civilization is apparently a failure in the district of Oloncz, in Russia, where the bears have obtained complete mastery over the peasants. After conscientiously eating all the horses, cattle, sheep, dogs and poultry in the neighborhood the bears arranged themselves into besieging parties and quietly settled down to watch every village for miles around. Not a peasant dares to leave his hut; starvation is threatened over a large tract of country, and according to latest advices the unfortunate moujiks were eagerly looking for a relief expedition from the nearest garrison.

The Hangman Goes to Jail.

On Thursday Wm. Armstrong, alias Macdonald, the man who officiated as hangman at the execution last February of Robert Neil for the murder of Central Prison Guard Rutledge, was before the Toronto Magistrate on a charge of drunkenness. He promised to reform and was allowed to go. But he took the train to Little York and there got full, told the passengers of his proud profession, announced he was on his way to Peterboro to hang Farley, raised a row generally and was arrested. Yesterday Mr. Wingfield, J.P., sent him to jail for ten days.

Drain the Pond or Burn the Town.

J. T. Wilson, of Birmingham, will present a remarkable petition to the next Alabama Legislature. He will ask the Legislature to drain a large pond which now exists about one mile from Decatur Ala., and if the pond cannot be drained he prays that the town shall be destroyed. He says all Decatur's yellow fever troubles have come from that pond.

—"I came to see you, ma'am," said the tramp, "because they told me you were a friend of the human race."

ROCHESTER RAPPINGS.

The Story of the Extraordinary Fraud Practiced by the Fox Sisters.

An ordinary and feeble exposure of Spiritualism in the Academy of Music of New York Sunday evening was invested with peculiar interest by the presence and speech of a pitiful woman of middle age, in whose childish tricks, as she now avers, the whole amazing movement of modern Spiritualism began. These tricks were the celebrated Rochester rappings, or knockings; sounds which first were made by Margaret and Catharine Fox, children of 8 and 7 years of age, in a little house in Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848. The children were roguish creatures, and wanted to tease their mother, who was "a good woman and easily frightened," says Margaret now. They slept in a little chamber under the roof, above their parent's room, and at night would make noises which the mother could not understand, by simply bumping on the floor an apple tied to a string. Then they found they could snap their great-toe joints, and made much better raps in that way. The mother told the neighbors, the neighbors came in to hear the raps, and presently an elder sister, 23 years older than Margaret, suggested spirits. This sister, then Mrs. Leah Fish, now Mrs. Underbill, made the children keep up as a serious deception what was begun in mere mischief, and the neighbors helped by insisting on talking with the "spirits." The children, instigated by their grown sister, answered these questions; at first they made one rap for "yes," instead of three, as later, and as has become the fixed habit of the original taps or of the animated tables. The neighbors made up their sapient minds that murder had been committed in the house, and by and by drew out quite a history of the murder, and even fastened the crime on an unfortunate man of the neighborhood, who was looked askance at accordingly. The cellar of the house at Hydesville was dug in and bones found, and thus the excitement augmented. The children went to Rochester, and then all over the country, and were exhibited, wondered at, investigated, slandered, mobbed and made the sensation of the next four or five years. Thus, according to Margaret Fox (the widow, as she says, of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer), what has grown to be the religious sect of Spiritualists, numbering some millions in this country and England, originated. The elder sister, Mrs. Leah Underhill, who figures in Margaret's story as the temptress, gives a widely different history in a book of 500 pages lately published by T. R. Knox & Co., of New York, entitled "The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism." Here we have the whole supernatural theory set forth, finding that the Fox family and their forbears were full of superstitions and gifts, a great-grandmother with the second sight, an aunt who saw her own tombstone in a vision nine years before her death, with the full date of that event inscribed upon it; and so on. Mrs. Underhill's story is exceedingly interesting, and it is reliable so far as we can see in its account of the experiences of the girls in their remarkable career. Several investigations are described in it, and the knee-joint theory and toe-joint theory are both described—for Mrs. Kane's confession confirms an old explanation of the raps, instead of bursting on the world as a novelty. The Fox girls won many friends of distinction—Judge Edmonds and Robert Dale Owen of course prominent among these, but also Horace Greeley, the Cary Sisters and others, who never were ranked in the public estimation with Spiritualists. Yet, notwithstanding all the astonishing progress of the faith in these forty years, Margaret Fox-Kane declares it began in deception and that nothing genuine has ever been done in connection with it, and that all mediums are deceivers and all manifestations can be reduced to sleight of hand or other trickery. Twelve or fourteen years ago there was a remarkable access of interest in the Spiritualistic phenomena. It was the time when "materialization" was the new sensation; when the bewitching Katie King, daughter of a pirate, appeared nightly in a Philadelphia house to reveal the secrets of the spirit world; when a Vermont village became famous as Spirit Vale, and through the mediumship of the Eddy Brothers M'me Blavatsky conversed with her Russian ancestors and with Hindoo brothers, and had a decoration from the grave of her dead husband, in the Caucasus, dropped into her lap. The country was more excited than it had been since the Rochester rappings themselves. The "Atlantic Monthly" opened its dignified pages to Robert Dale Owen's careful and conscientious account of the Katie King marvels. But, alas for the credulous! before the magazine sheets were fairly dry from the press Katie had materialized, indeed, into a pretty widow who played the part for a living, and who might have played it longer had she not one evening eaten onions for supper. A spirit that smelled of so mundane a scent was enough to shake anybody's faith. With this exposure fell all the rest, and since then it has been a continuous record of exposed mediums all over the country; and there is no more popular interest, outside of Spritualists themselves, in any part of the subject, except so much as belongs to researches of psychical societies.

Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane and her sister, Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken, have both resolved to expose the fraud which they created. Mrs. Kane is a devout Roman Catholic now. All the money she may have gained in her career of imposition, as she now terms it, is gone; she is a poor woman, older than her 48 years should have made her, very much afraid of what her sister Leah, who must now be over 70 years old, may do to her, and so timid that it fairly overset her to face 2,000 people in the Academy of Music Sunday night. She read a statement full of penitence and contrition, and then showed how she made the raps. She stood on a raised platform on the stage, and the raps were audible all over the theatre. She went down among the audience and placed her foot on another person's showing how the motion was produced. Half a dozen doctors, whom she made to exhibit proofs that they were really doctors, went upon the stage, and each in succession held her stockinged feet while she made the raps. There seemed no doubt about it. This is the severest blow the Spiritualistic alphabet has received. Whatever has been exposed, it yet seemed possible to believe in the raps; they are so peculiar in their sound and so distributed in their apparent locality all over the room—as it was in the great New York theatre. No one who has heard them can be imposed upon by any of the counterfeits which the exposers of Spiritualism give. And it still is pretty hard to give up the notion that the real raps have some uncanny source, for those who have heard them where it does not seem possible there was any trickster present with a gifted toe-joint.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Prize Poem.

Last February a native of the town of Dumfries, Scotland, offered a gold medal as a prize for the best poem written on the subject of M. Louis Kossuth at the grave of Robert Burns. When, thirty years ago, the ex-Governor of Hungary lectured at Dumfries in advocacy of the liberation of Hungary from the thraldom of the Hapsburgs he visited St. Michael's Churchyard. "He gazed long," we are told, "in pensive sadness at the figure of the ploughman poet and of Coila, and then earnestly conversed with his Hungarian companion in their own Magyar tongue, that possibly being the language in which he could best give vent to his pent-up feelings. Kossuth at the grave of Burns—the patriot-chief dropping a tear at the grave of the bard! What a theme for a poet! Will no lyre awake under the influence of such a theme?" The question was answered by the donor of the gold medal. In the six months allowed for the reception of the pieces, forty-nine in all were received—many worthy of the grand theme—and the one which carried off the gold a truly noble poem. The judges were Mr. Wm. McDowall, editor of the Dumfries *Standard*; Mr. Thos. McKie, advocate, Edinburgh, and Mr. Francis Bennoch, Tavistock Square, London. Mr. Alexander G. Murdoch, a Glasgow poet, whose efforts the TIMES has before now had occasion to praise, was the winner, and he has sent a finely-printed copy of the piece to Mr. Alex. H. Wingfield, of Hamilton. Mr. Wingfield regards Mr. Murdoch as the foremost Scottish poet of the time, and this his latest effort goes a long way to establish that estimate. Below will be found a few of the more striking passages of the poem:

KOSSUTH AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

Immortal picture, fixed in memory's light,
To which proud Freedom's stretch'd forefinger turns,
Kossuth, the champion of Truth and Right,
Beside the grave of Burns!

A nation's hero, flush'd with fight and fame,
Standing apart, and with uncover'd head,
By his grand dust who worshipp'd Bruce's name—
The patriot-poet, dead!

Dead? nay, not dead; the poet never dies;
He lives, as lives the hero of a land;
Proud-set in mausoleum'd memories,
Truth's torchlight in his hand.

Death gives the bard but longer lease of life;
The spirit of his song is never dumb;
Whole peoples march to it, in peace and strife,
As armies to the drum.

Kossuth and Burns' names deathless as the stars!
Twin-record of a battle waged for man;
A red light, threatening, like the soul of Mars,
Oppression's power and ban.

Soldier of God! had Burns been of thy day
He would have grasped thy hand with fervent pride,
Thou later Wallace! lighting Hungary's way
Up Freedom's steep hillside.

Like Burns, thy passion was the good of man,
The breaking down of Wrong, and false degree,
Defying, to the death, each curse and ban
Would hold men's souls in fee.

Unhappy Burns, thine was the martyr's part,
In that thy life was dash'd with wreck and gloom;
And meet it is that Kossuth's lion heart
Should beat so near thy tomb.

That tomb to which, though grander tombs there be,
The Scottish heart in fond remembrance turns,
For, holds it not our noblest legacy—
The dust of Robert Burns?

Oh, had Kossuth fit words as he stands there,
His noble heart by strong emotion thrill'd
How would he pour forth, like a prophet's pray'r,
His soul, with worship fill'd.

Too oft, alas! high worth, and genius both,
Have trod life's path with bruis'd and bleeding feet,
Making of Conscience an inviolate oath—
The God-voiced paraclete.

Pale Hungary bled; but with a firm right hand
Kossuth redeemed her banner from the fight,
And waved it, exiled from his native land,
In the world's open sight.

And glorious was the aftermath that came,
As come it will to all who nobly strive;
The torch he lit burn'd with consuming flame,
That no wrong could survive.

And now, his country stands unshack'd, free;
The chains that bound her once are cut in twain;
Kossuth's life-work is her proud legacy
Brave Hungary lives again!

The sun goes down; but high above the night,
In far-set isolation, spaced alone,
For ever and for ever, orb'd in light,
The stars of God burn on!

Immortal picture, rescued from the years,
To which the eye of fancy oft returns;
Kossuth, a century's hero, shedding tears
Beside the grave of Burns!

An Irresistible Demand.

My dog was held for ransom, and Pat was sent to rescue him.

"Pat," said I, "did you tell the man that if he did not give up the dog at once, I would have him arrested?"

"Oi did that same, sorr."

"What did you say to him?"

"Oi tould him jist what yez tould me to tell him. Oi wint there where he had the dorg, and oi sez to him, oi sez, 'The boss sez,' sez oi, 'av yez don't disgorge that dorg,' sez oi, 'he sez he'll have the law on yez, sez he, that's what he sez,' sez oi."

"And did he disgorge the dog, Pat?"

"To wanst, sorr."—C. S., in *Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for October.*

Miss Minnie, Who Carries the Mail.

Oregon has a woman mail-carrier. Her name is Miss Minnie Westman, and she carries Uncle Sam's mail from the head of navigation on Siusaw River over the Coast Range Mountains, following up the river to Hale's Post Office station, within fifteen miles of Eugene City. Her route is twenty miles long, and is situated right in the heart of the mountains, where all the dangers and adventures incident to such an occupation abound. She carries the mail night and day and fears nothing. She rides horse-back and carries a trusty revolver. Miss Westman is 20 years old.

Trouble with Servants.

First housekeeper—Oh, I'm in such misery with my servants!

Second housekeeper—So am I. I have a jewel of a girl and she refuses to stay. What's your trouble?

"Nine refuses to go."

An Englishman has invented an electric gun. There is a small storage battery fixed in the stock from which a current strong enough to explode the cartridge is communicated. It is said that one charging of the cell will explode 5,000 cartridges.

ASTRONOMY'S FUTURE.

Those Startling Revelations Which Are Expected From the Lick Telescope.

It is announced that the astronomers in charge of the Lick observatory in California have made some discoveries in regard to matters and things on the moon's surface of such a startling and incredible nature that they do not dare to make them public. The promise of a full disclosure of these remarkable discoveries at some future time is tantalizingly held out, but at present nothing definite can be learned from the astronomers. These able scientists answer all anxious inquiries with portentous shake of their wise heads, and the little they have to say on the subject is so vague and mysterious that it merely seems to give a keener edge to the curiosity of the millions who have not had an opportunity of looking through the biggest and most powerful telescope in the world. It is to be hoped that the promised revelations will not be long delayed. Anything will be better than this suspense. As matters stand even the wildest guesswork is in order. The wonderful stories told in Locke's "Moon Hoax," and in the similar tales of Poe and Verne, may turn out to be tame and commonplace by the side of the facts which are soon to be made public. Perhaps the investigation of the Lick astronomers will show that the moon is inhabited, and that its dwellers have a civilization of their own. We are also prepared to hear that the moon people have reached an advanced stage in the industrial arts. All this in a general way has been surmised by bold speculators, but we have never had any light thrown upon the details. The stature of the moon people, their mode of life and their occupations, the size of their cities, the architecture of their buildings, the scale of their engineering works, their modern conveniences—all these matters have therefore been beyond our knowledge. Will the Lick scientists raise the curtain and bring these things before us? It may be suggested that according to the generally accepted theory the moon is uninhabited and without vegetable life, or even an atmosphere. The statement, however, that the discoveries made through the big telescope are too startling to be told to the common herd until after a consultation with the most eminent astronomers of the world as to the most judicious way of presenting the facts of the case will lead most people to the conclusion that old theories have very little to do with the matter in hand. The only thing that the public can do under the circumstances is to brace up and get ready for the shock that will come with the expected deluge of information. What the moon is able to endure we ought at least be able to hear without losing our equilibrium.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

How They Came to Fix It.

A well known lawyer told me a few days ago a story of late experience.

I've had a funny case lately. It was a divorce case, and I was counsel for the lady. I never heard two people abuse each other so. I never knew two people to make such a bitter, hard fight as those two. The property was considerable, and I had it tied up with an injunction. All efforts to compromise were no good. At last I thought the man was trying to cheat the woman, so I stopped negotiations for a compromise and prepared to put the case into court. The lady came to see me.

"It's no use, madam. I am going to put the case straight through the court."

"I wish you would; it's what I want. I never will compromise with that man—never, never, never!"

"All right. You will call here at 10 o'clock to-morrow, and we will see about the witnesses."

Next morning at 10 o'clock she was there. She was neatly dressed in great style, and she sat down with a pleased assurance.

"Well, madam, let us proceed."

"I want the case dismissed."

"Dismissed! How is that?"

'Well, we've fixed it."

"You have?"

"Yes. It's all settled."

"May I ask how you settled it?"

"Well, last night he came up to my room. The door was locked, and when he knocked I said, 'Who's that?' 'It's me. 'You can't come in.' He kept knocking. I told him he couldn't come in, and he knocked harder, and I told him louder he couldn't come in, and he kicked the door down and came in, and we sat down and fixed it all up."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Mother's Love and Courage.

The heroism of a mother when her children are in peril has been the theme of many an orator and poet. Illustrations are almost "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." The last one was furnished by Michigan City, Ind. The father was in town at work and the mother was in the field, also at work, perhaps; for they seem to be humble folk. Suddenly a cloud of smoke went up from the roof. Then the woman saw some angry flames. In a few minutes she was in front of the blazing dwelling. Her two children, a boy and a girl, were in a chamber and couldn't get out. Without a thought of herself she rushed defiantly through the fire, caught the girl in her arms, protected her as best she could by holding her close to her breast, and made her way to a place of safety. The child was badly burned, nevertheless, and the clothes of the frantic mother were all ablaze. She made a second attempt, but was driven back by the blinding, suffocating smoke and the solid wall of fire. The boy could not be saved, but his agony was short and his cries were soon stifled in death. It is a pathetic story, but it shows that a mother's love is the divinest and most intrepid thing on earth.

The housekeeper of Warwick Castle, in England, who died recently, left a fortune of $350,000, all of which had come to her in the shape of fees from visitors.

The woman with a patent button fastener to sell easily gets away with the people of Seattle, W. T., according to the *Intelligencer.* Walking quickly up to a staid old gent on the street she will dexterously clip a button from his coat before he lets loose of the idea that she is going to hug him, and when he expostulates she produces her button fastener and instantly replaces the button, tight and solid. Of course he buys a box of the fasteners, and the lady seeks another victim to practice her arts upon.

HE WANTED TO GET OUT.

A Voice that Startled an Expressman Who Was Resting on a Coffin.

He was an express messenger on the Santa Fe a few days ago. It was a night run, and there were two passengers in the car. Just as it began to grow dusk the train stopped at a small station and a dead body was taken aboard. Nothing in particular was thought of this, however, and as there was nothing to do, and the train would not stop again for a long distance, both messengers prepared to go to sleep. One of them decided that the box containing the body would be a good place to rest on, and so he arranged himself comfortably thereon and went to sleep.

How long he slept he has no idea, but suddenly, as if in a dream, he heard a voice say:

"Let me out."

The messenger, startled, lay half awake for a moment, when in no uncertain tones came the words, apparently from within the head of the box on which he slept:

"Confound you, let me out!"

It was quite a distance from where the box lay to the other end of the car, but the messenger is positive he cleared it in two jumps. Trembling with fear he shouted to his companions, but before he had a chance to tell his story, the self-same voice exclaimed:

"I want to get out of here."

Neither of the men spoke for a moment, and then the man who had first heard the voice said:

"Jim, that corpse wants to get out."

Jim thought for a moment and then said:

"Well, I reckon it wouldn't be right to keep him in there if he wants to get out."

So the two cautiously made their way to the head of the box and debated what to do, when the same muffled voice was heard to remark:

"Polly wants a cracker!"

Then the mystery was explained. Some one in Denver had expressed a parrot to a friend in Kansas City. Its cage had been set away and forgotten, and the bird had naturally become hungry and thirsty. So it waited as long as it could and then made itself heard in the manner that so horrified the express messenger.—*Kansas City Journal.*

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Hon. Jas. G. Blaine passed through St. Thomas via the Michigan Central yesterday, *en route* to Buffalo. He travels in the private car of Gen. Alger, of Detroit.

"Taken In."

"I used often to read the newspaper aloud to my wife," said Bert Robinson, "and once I was fairly taken in by a patent medicine advertisement. The seductive paragraph began with a modest account of a sea-serpent, but ended with setting forth the virtues of a certain Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which, it was alleged, was a sure cure for all throat and lung troubles and would even cure consumption, if taken in time. The way I was taken in was this; I had a lung trouble and I bought a bottle of the remedy. I was a stranger to it and it took me in—and cured me.

Adolphus Cousins, a Michigan Central Railway switchman, residing at 99 Kains street, St. Thomas, had his left arm badly bruised and torn while engaged in coupling cars yesterday morning.

Nothing in the World Like It.

Nothing can equal Polson's Nerviline as a remedy for internal, local, or external pains. It is the strongest, therefore the best. Nerviline penetrates at once to the source of disease, and affords immediate relief. C. B. Allison & Co., druggists, Picton, speaking of Nerviline, state: "Our customers speak of it in the highest terms." Nerviline nerve pain cure will always command the praise of all who use it. Nerviline is an honest remedy. Always sure, and prompt to relieve, and therefore is the best remedy to keep in the house. Buy a sample bottle, which costs but ten cents, and be convinced that Nerviline is the best pain remedy in the world. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

It is understood that Rev. Mr. Walsh, pastor of Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church, Ottawa, will enter the Anglican communion on the cessation of his pastorate at Emmanuel Church next week.

$500, or a Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by inquiry, have offered, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is mild, soothing, cleansing, antiseptic and healing. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents.

Two Pictures.

IN COURTSHIP.

"What makes the stars so dim to-night?" she asked.

"Your eyes are so bright they outshine them," he said as he tenderly pressed her hand.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

"I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the moon?" she said, musingly.

"One, if it was long enough," he snapped; "why can't you talk sense?"

—The good apples never hide their light under a bushel. They are always in plain sight in the top of the measure.

London circles are very suspicious over another big withdrawal on Saturday of gold on account of the Russian Government. About $10,000,000 have now been sent from there to St. Petersburg, and Russians are weak on the theory that this means that Russia is hoarding gold in preparation for war next spring.

POINTS ABOUT PNEUMONIA.

How to Tell the Approach of the Malady

Dr. J. B. Johnston writes in the *Medical Summary* as follows:

The approach of pneumonia is not always without warning. There are usually certain feelings or sensations of the body which tell, with greater or less certainty, that an attack is beginning. An individual, for a day or two previous to the actual invasion of the disease, feels badly in a general way. These bad feelings consist in a chilliness of the whole body, and if his clothes be at all damp with perspiration he feels cold and uncomfortable. He is feverish, and yet it seems impossible for him to get warm. This feverishness is attended with great chilliness, which increases when he is exposed to a draught of cold air. As evening approaches all these bad feelings are increased, and when night comes on he has pains in his back and limbs, accompanied by a slight cough and unnatural frequency of breathing, with unusual quickness of the pulse and a feeling of uneasiness or oppression about the chest. His sleep is disturbed by chilliness, restlessness and unpleasant dreams. The warmth of his bed and bed-chamber may cause a slight cessation of his bad feelings, and in the morning, feeling better, he goes out attending to his business, only to have all his bad feelings return with increased force at the approach of the ensuing night. Should he heed the warning implied by the return of his bad feelings, and confine himself to an equal temperature of about 65°, and partake of copious drinks of hot tea, coffee or milk, he may possibly avert an attack of the disease. But, unfortunately, he is apt to neglect to do this, and his going about is only arrested by an actual invasion of pneumonia, which usually comes on in from one to three days.

Rev. Dr. Wardrope acknowledges with thanks the receipt of $100 for Presbyterian Home Missions from the same friend "Unknown" who, a little while ago, sent him $200 for Foreign Missions.

Instinct in Brutes.

Few things are more wonderful than the instinct that guides the brute in the choice of its food and medicine. In India the mungoose, when bitten by the deadly cobra, is said to seek among the grass for some unknown herb or substance which it swallows and is thereby enabled to counteract the effect of the poison. Man, when his system is deranged by the accumulated poisons engendered by constipation or a sluggish habit of body, should seek relief in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which will at once establish a permanently healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Dr. Watson, of Queen's University, looks for the time when Protestants will be all united in this country, and cathedrals, religious art and music will rival the best productions of the Old World.

HISTORY OF COLORADO.
By counties and sections. Complete statistics in regard to its mineral, agricultural, pastoral, timber land and water interests. All you want to know. Large book, well bound, mailed to any address on receipt of $1. $9 per doz. JOHN L. BISHOP & SON, Pueblo, Colorado.

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We want a good MAN in your locality to pick up
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The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement
"*We believe that to extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that its present stock is the largest held by any house in the country.*"
And the *Review* says:
"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in its specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"
QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

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Men's and Boys' Long Boots of the best manufacture at rock bottom prices. Button and Lace Boots in great variety at prices sure to suit you.

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For Butte and Eggs

A lot of choice Butter in Tubs or Rolls wanted by 1st November.

At Cash Price for Trade.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Euphrasia township tax rate is 4 mills on the dollar.

Meaford fishermen have had fine sport this fall trolling on the bay for salmon.

The Collingwood Bulletin says they have no use for street lamps, as there are very few pedestrians on the streets at night.

The Mt. Forest Confederate says the Methodist Church there intend holding a grand patent palatable puff paste pumpkin pie pic-nic.

Mr. Stubbs, the defeated candidate, has entered a protest against the election of Mr. White, member of Cardwell. Mr. Elgin, of Orangeville, is solicitor for Mr. Stubbs.—[Shelburne Free Press.

An accident occured at Mr. Russell's threshing about three miles from the village last Friday when Mr. H. Lonsway fell through the mow on to the floor breaking his breast bone. The accident is a serious one.—[Dundalk Herald.

When old Mr. John Cooke was digging his potatoes he turned up one very big one. Picking it up to get the 'helt of it" he was astonished at its light weight. Examination proved it to be hollow and a mouse had a nest with six of a family in its interior.—[Beeton World.

There is not much sentiment in the average hen. He will eagerly scoop the last morsel from an egg with a silver spoon, without giving a thought to the lame hen out in the pouring rain seeking material for her next effort.—[Pickering News.

A boy threw a stone at a dog last week, the dog dodged, and the missile went through R. A. Bunting's window. It was a $2.50 shot for the boy, and the dog now laughs till the tears ooze through its whiskers.—[Pickering News.

Bruce Telescope: On Tuesday 30th inst. Thomas Thompson, son of James Thompson of Carrick, came in to Walkerton for a load of shingles, he started for home between 11 and 12 o'clock a.m. Just beyond the Sheriff's gate the horses are supposed to have become frightened at something and became unmanageable and ran against a shade tree one horse taking one side of the tree and the other horse the other. Thompson evidently fell before reaching the tree, as he was crushed between the wagon and the tree. Mr. Budd was the first to arrive at the scene of the accident, Dr. Stalker being immediately sent for. The Dr. superintended the taking of Thompson home and found the leg broken at the thigh bone and also five or six ribs broken, crushing the liver and lungs which undoubtedly was the immediate cause of death. There was really nothing that could be done for him as he was dying, and beyond medical aid. He lived about half an hour after reaching home. The deceased was a young man of about 25 years of age, and his awful death we trust may have a salutary effect on his companions.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII, NO. 384. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

L-O-O-K!

—AND—

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Is to be found the finest, best and cheapest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc.

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In prices from $2 to $10, bearing warrants from two to four years.

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SILVERWARE

Suitable for birthday and Xmas presents, at very low prices. Also the famous B Laurence Spectacles, Eyeglasses, etc., the finest in the world. Buy no other.

If you have a watch or clock that refuses to go or keep time, take it to

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON,

And it will be made perfect at a reasonable price.

THE GLOBE Christmas NUMBER

READY FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER,

A GREAT HOLIDAY PAPER

New Type, New Press, Fine Paper, Five Handsome Lithographed Plates, First-Class Illustrations, Original Matter and Superior Workmanship.

THE BEST XMAS PAPER EVER ISSUED IN CANADA.

THE LITERARY MATTER in the CHRISTMAS GLOBE will be entirely original and will include stories from the ablest pens in Canada. The subjects treated being wholly Canadian.

FIVE HANDSOME LITHOGRAPHED PLATES accompany the paper, the principal one being a scene from Vancouver Park, B.C., from a painting by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the celebrated Canadian artist.

MECHANICALLY the XMAS GLOBE will be in every way first-class and no expense will be spared in having it surpass anything of the kind heretofore published in this country.

AS THE DEMAND will be very great, we would advise intending purchasers to leave their orders at their newsdealer's or send direct to this office, not later than the end of the present month, as the supply will necessarily be limited and we cannot undertake to print a second edition.

The price has been placed at ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY.

It is intended to have the edition ready the first week in December in order to allow plenty of time for mailing copies long distances so as to reach destination before Christmas.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., Toronto.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE, the best family newspaper in Canada, and THE RURAL CANADIAN, the best agricultural paper in Canada. Both from now to end of 1889 only $1.25.

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Carriage Works,

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Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Thanksgiving day.

Indian somewhere.

Hurry up, girls, only two more months of leap year.

Ladies' or Gentlemen's fur coats. Grand value at J. G. Anderson's

The question which is agitating a certain Fleshertonian is, who borrowed my horse?

The building of the station is progressing slowly. The filling has been completed and framing is being proceeded with.

We were exceedingly sorry to learn that brother Fawcett, of Streetsville, has been ill with gastric fever. He is now improving.

If you want to get anything in furs be sure to see J. G. Anderson's stock.

We had a pleasant call on Tuesday from Mr. T. Hall, one time proprietor of the Dundalk Herald. He is now in the insurance business.

Fleshertonians can now boast one of the neatest postoffices in Grey. Last week saw its occupation. Mr. Sproule deserves much praise for his enterpaise.

M. Richardson, Esq., occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church on Sunday morning, and delivered a very interesting sermon.

Stewart Bros. ship this week their last make of cheese, for which they have been given the highest price paid to any cheese manufacturer in Canada, viz., 10 cts. per lb. This last shipment is worth $3,500.

All persons indebted to the firm of Blakely & McConnell are requested to call and settle before the 15 inst., otherwise the accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

Mr. E. G. Lucas, manager of the Lucas banking institution, Dundalk, was united in marriage on Oct. 31 to Miss Hattie Dean, of Toronto. It is in order now for Flesherton's handsome bank manager to go and do likewise.

10 tons of Fowl wanted by 1st of Dec. at J. G. Anderson's.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly, purifying and enriching the blood, improving the appetite, strengthening the nerves, and invigorating the system. It is, in the truest sense, an alterative medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

Rev. Mr. Drum.

For the past two Sundays Rev. A. H. Drum, a graduate of Knox College, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Flesherton. We listened with considerable interest to his discourse on Sunday last, knowing that he is one of the few whom the Presbyterian people of this field have in view as a possible resident minister when the time comes to make a "call." Mr. Drum is a comparatively young man, with a rather prepossessing pulpit presence. He is an interesting talker, and has evidently been, and is, a student of deep penetration and quick perception. His declamation is good, his mind is original, and he impresses one as being earnest in his labors. His articulation is not remarkably clear, but we are almost undecided as to whether we should class this as a failing or not. He will no doubt improve in this in future years. His discourse was from Romans 1, 16: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." This subject he treated in an original manner and with an easy flow of attractive diction that secured for him a deeply attentive audience. If the securing of Mr. Drum's ministerial services depended on our vote it should unhesitatingly be given.

FOR SALE.—A top-buggy in good condition. Will take part pay in wood. Apply to W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton.

The best value in Persian lamb, beaver, astrachan or neutra fur caps, is at J. G. Anderson's.

W. J. BELLAMY is still lending money for North of Scotland Mortgage Co,, interest 6½ per cent. Mortgages maturing can be renewed at 6½ per cent. at a cost of $3.50.

Farmers, be sure you read every word in J. G. Andersons new advertisment this week.

The Messrs. Hawk Bros. have shipped an immense quantity of eggs to New York and elsewhere this fall. Saturday last they shipped a car load to New York. The other day, when we visited their establishment, over 60,000 dozen eggs were on hand.

From a private letter we learn that Thos. I. Fawcett, son of Mr. W. Fawcett, of Euphrasia, has secured a lucrative and important situation as manager of the Empire Tea Company, Woodstock. Mr. Fawcett is a nephew of our esteemed fellow townsman, Robt. Fawcett, Esq. We tender congratulations.

Improving.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Sproule, of Maxwell, mother of R. J. and Dr. Sproule, M. P., who, it will be remembered, fell some time ago and sustained severe injuries of limb, is now able to be around. Considering that she is an old lady of eighty, the cure is quite remarkable.

To Our Readers.

We do not propose to fill The Advance with long announcements of what we can do in the line of clubbing with city papers, as our space is limited and they would crowd out more interesting matters; but should you desire a city daily or weekly in connection with our paper we can give it you at an astonishing reduction. Therefore call in and ascertain our terms before clubbing with any other paper.

Borrowing a Horse.

Some enterprising young or old individual entered a stable in Flesherton the other evening, harnessed Mr. Karstedt's horse and drove off to see his girl. It was returned before the owner awoke next morning, but was found covered with mud from mane to hoof. This is a somewhat dangerous way of borrowing a horse, and one which we would advise the perpetrator to discard for the future.

Busy Death.

Grim death has been busy in our midst during the past week. Two have been taken away. The first was Mrs. Wyeville, wife of Thomas Wyeville, who was taken severely ill while visiting at her sister's, Mrs. Lever, who lives about a mile from Flesherton. After two days of suffering she passed away on Friday morning last, and was burried on Sunday, Rev Mr. Shilton preaching the funeral sermon to a large audience in the evening. The R. T. of T. turned out in a body in token of respect to the dead, who, along with her husband, was a respected member of that society. She left a family of one child, and was aged only 22.

The second death was that of Miss Ella Stewart, daughter of Alexander Stewart of the back line, near the station. Miss Stewart came home from Toronto a few weeks ago suffering from lung trouble, but nothing serious was apprehended. Dr. Ross, of Toronto, waited upon her, but notwithstanding she passed quietly away to her rest on Saturday morning. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family. The funeral on Monday was a very large one. To make the affliction still harder, Mr. Stewart is unable to walk owing to a cut which he received on the knee with a drawing knife. He had to be assisted from his bed and into the outer room to view the remains of his beloved daughter ere they were laid away.

If people, troubled with colds, will takes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church, they will avoid coughing. The Pectoral soothes and heals the irritated tissues, and controls all disposition to cough.

J. P. Marshall, dentist, visits Markdale professionally the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of every month and will resume regular visits to Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, which will fall on Nov. 8th, being the day after the first Wednesday. Mr. Marshall is well known in this vicinity, as he visited Flesherton regularly twice a month for nearly five years.

One of the grandest socials of the season will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid in the basement of the Methodist Church on the evening of Wednesday, the 21st of Nov., doors open at 7.30; refreshments served about 8 o'clock. A choice programme has been provided, consisting of music, readings, recitations, etc. The Glee Club, Miss Christoe, Miss Armstrong, the Misses Richardson, Miss Leitch, and Mrs. W. Trimble will discourse sweetest music. Mr Thurston, Mr. M. Richardson, Mr. Shilton, and others will give readings, recitations, and addresses as they deem best.

R. J. Sproule, Chairman.

Admission for adults 15 cts., children under 12 years 10 cts.

Come and spend a sociable evening.

Look out for the Oddfellow's concert on Thursday, Dec. 11.

Mr. M. Richardson's letters to the Flesherton Advance anent his recent trip to "Merrie England" are charmingly delightful, if we may be permitted to use the term. One could hope they would last forever.—Streetsville Review.

Died.

WYEVILLE.—In Flesherton on Friday, Nov. 9, after a short illness, Mrs. Sarah Ann Wyeville, beloved wife of Thomas Wyeville, aged 22 years

STEWART.—In Artemesia back line on Saturday, Nov. 10, 1888, Ella, daughter of Alexander Stewart, aged 19 years, 9 months.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head, How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St John Street, Montreal.

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Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

O'SHEA ON THE STAND.

His Revelations Create Quite a Sensation.

HE IDENTIFIES PARNELL'S SIGNATURE

The Kilmainham Treaty—Parnell and the Fenians.

A last (Wednesday) night's London despatch says: The Parnell Commission resumed its sitting this morning. Attorney-General Webster called Captain O'Shea to the witness stand. Capt. O'Shea stated that at Mr. Parnell's request he conferred with Mr. Gladstone in June of 1881. The interview was accomplished without the knowledge of Mr. Parnell's colleagues. After Mr. Gladstone's speech, made in the House of Commons, May 16th, 1882, Mr. Parnell spoke of the awkwardness of the speech and how it annoyed Egan and others. Negotiations were discontinued until 1883, when Messrs. Parnell and Dillon were in Kilmainham jail. The proposals which the witness made to the Government in 1882 were made without the authority of Mr. Parnell. Certain members had replied to them in Parliament about the time that Mr. Parnell was released. After the latter's return from Paris he conferred with the witness at the latter's house, and at these conferences they were always alone. Captain O'Shea stated that Mr. Parnell desired to release Michael Davitt from imprisonment, but not Brennan. The Irish leader also authorized the witness to confer with the Government, and said that if the question regarding the arrears in rent was settled satisfactorily he would advise the tenants to pay their rents, and would himself denounce as outrages all resistance to law. Mr. Parnell said that he had power to carry out this guarantee.

The witness continued—Mr. Parnell said that Sheridan would be a most useful man in the work of putting down boycotting if he could only see and converse with him. Boyton and Egan would also be useful, he said, if they could be convinced of the wisdom of the proposed new policy. When Mr. Parnell was in Kilmainham jail a letter was written and signed by him, which witness took the next morning to Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. The letter was afterwards presented to the Cabinet.

Attorney-General Webster here read the letter. It expressed Mr. Parnell's opinion that if the arrears question were settled he and his colleagues would be able to suppress outrages. It urged the importance of agrarian legislation, and concluded by saying that "if the programme sketched was carried out, it would enable us to co-operate cordially in the future with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles."

"After the letter had been written," continued Capt. O'Shea, "Mr. Parnell said he would tell Dillon and O'Kelly, letting them know as much as was good for them." The day after the Phœnix Park murders, Mr. Parnell showed witness

THE ANTI MURDER MANIFESTO

which it had been decided to issue. "It was a mistake," said the witness, "to say that Mr. Parnell was not in favor of the manifesto. He only disliked the amount of bombast in the document, but he said that that was necessary in order to satisfy Davitt's vanity." (Laughter, in which Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt joined.) "About this time," went on the witness, "Mr. Parnell told him that he had been obliged to ask for police protection, as his life was in danger. Witness, in a subsequent interview with Mr. Parnell, warned him that Sheridan was a murderer and a concoctor of murders and the police could not allow him to remain in the country. Mr. Parnell replied that he did not communicate with Sheridan personally, but knew some one who did. He asked that a month be given him to communicate with Sheridan. Seven letters were here shown the witness, who declared with certainty that the singature attached to them was that of Mr. Parnell

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Sir Charles Russell here asked the court to permit him to postpone the cross-examination of the witness. He said the latter part of O'Shea's evidence came upon him as a surprise, and it was impossible to do justice to his clients in the cross-examination without preparation. Justice Hannen said he could not perceive any good reason for postponing the cross-examination.

Sir Charles Russell thereupon decided to proceed, and Capt. O'Shea, in reply to his questions, said that Mr. Buckle, editor of the *Times*, had asked Joseph Chamberlain to get him to give evidence. Mr. Chamberlain showed witness Mr. Buckle's letter in July last. Witness did not agree to give evidence, however, until he had been subpœned by Mr. Parnell. Mr. Houston, Secretary of the Irish Loyal Union, saw him take down in shorthand his statement for the *Times*. Mr. Houston told him it

WAS A STATE SECRET

how the *Times* got the letters it had published. Mr. Chamberlain told him that Mr. Parnell accused him of procuring facsimile letters and of dining with Mr. Buckle. Witness had heard Piggott and Callan mentioned as the men who had given the letters to the *Times*. Witness knew Patrick Casey, but did not know him as a dynamiter. He had heard through a Nationalist named Mulqueeny that the police had found a letter in the League's rooms in London, in which Frank Byrne acknowledged the receipt of a cheque from Mr. Parnell, which had been sent to him to enable him to escape from the country, but the authorities had assured him that no such letter had been seized. He did not know that Mulqueeny was a member of a secret society. He knew him as an advanced Nationalist—that is an old Fenian, whose views were different from both the dynamiters and Invincibles. Mulqueeny had been threatened with death by Gen. Carroll Davis and Hayes, the civil engineer, who was supposed to have conceived the London bridge outrages. Mulqueeny had given offence by joining other advanced Nationalists in signing a protest against witness' exclusion from Parliament by Mr. Parnell.

Sir Charles Russell—Did you ever threaten Mr. Parnell?

The witness—Threaten him? How do you mean? I have been angry with him, and once I turned him out of my rooms in Dublin.

Sir Charles Russell—Why did you turn him out?

Witness—I told him to get out, as I did not want to see him again.

Sir Charles Russell—Have you ever said you would be revenged on Mr. Parnell?

The witness—I never remember saying so.

Sir Charles Russell—Have you ever said that you had a shell charged with dynamite to blow him up?

Witness answered "No."

To further questions the witness replied that he saw the original of the fac simile of one of the *Times'* letters last week. He believed the writing was Mr. Parnell's. He had not heard before that the *Times* had published the fac simile. There were in existence compromising letters and documents, and it had been said that he was engaged in a conspiracy to get these letters, but he had never stabbed a man behind his back. He had been anxious to give evidence in order to clear himself and to refute the slanders which had been circulated by Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. Mulqueeny had told him that Mr. Parnell had paid for the escape of Byrne. He did not know Mulqueeny's address. He saw him last Saturday. He could not recollect paying Mulqueeny's expenses to Paris in order to get signatures to the protest against witness' exclusion from the Parnellite party. Returning to the Kilmainham jail treaty negotiations, witness said the chief conditions of the negotiations were that the League should be broken up if the Irish landlords would reduce their rents and receive compensation from the exchequer. Many of the memoranda which he had made were destroyed in 1883, when there was danger of a Select Committee of Parliament being appointed to inquire into the Kilmainham treaty, and it was intimated to him that the utmost reticence ought to be observed on the subject.

Sir Charles Russell—Intimated by whom?

Witness—By Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who said it was the opinion of another person, namely, Mr. Gladstone.

This statement caused

A SENSATION IN THE COURT,

and Justice Hannen asked that everybody abstain from manifesting their feelings during the proceedings.

Sir Charles Russell—Was it then you destroyed the memoranda?

Witness—Yes. Certain memoranda which were in another box and which included some of Mr. Chamberlain's letters escaped destruction. It was Mr. Gladstone's wish that I should be as reticent as possible, from motives of political expediency.

The fac-simile of the *Times'* letter was again handed to witness, and he said that he was decidedly of the opinion that it was Mr. Parnell's writing. He had never discussed the question as to how the *Times* became possessed of it, because he did not know. When he first saw the letter in the *Times* he did not think it was genuine. This was not because of any peculiarity in the writing, but because he could not understand why Mr. Parnell should say, "You may show him this, but do not tell him my address." Witness said he never had any doubt about the signature. He had had numerous letters from Mr. Parnell of about the same date as the letter referred to, and could not mistake the writing.

Under cross-examination by Mr. Healy, witness stated that when he contested Galway for Parliament the Parnellites attacked and denounced him in every way in their power.

The court then adjourned till to-morrow.

The Liberal Radical Union has formed a London committee on the Parnell fund, and has issued a special appeal for subscriptions to the fund.

SOMETHING LIVELY.

The proceedings were enlivened by Mr. O'Shea's examination. The court was crowded, the Parnellites being present in full force. Messrs. Parnell, T. Harrington, Davitt, Arthur O'Connor, T. M. Healy and Biggar kept close watch on the proceedings. O'Shea proved a good witness, giving his evidence in a calm, matter-of-fact way. He was clear on the smallest detail and equally cool and precise during the cross-examination. His narrative of the Kilmainham negotiations, though largely a matter of history, was listened to with rapt attention. Expectation was at its height on the production of the alleged forged letters. Would the witness show any hesitation regarding the signature? He must know it well. Taking up a letter he scanned it with careful deliberation for a few moments and then said in a distinct tone, without over emphasis: "It is Mr. Parnell's signature." Several other letters were scrutinized in the same way and evoked the same unqualified statement: "It is Mr. Parnell's signature."

The most striking point elicited by the cross-examination was his charging Sir Wm. Harcourt with coming as an emissary from Mr. Gladstone to warn him to preserve the utmost reticence in regard to the "Kilmainham Treaty." Although the witness did not allege that Sir Wm. Harcourt advised the destruction of the memoranda, he explicitly stated that it was on the hearing of Mr. Gladstone's wish that he destroyed the documents.

THEY BOTH FOUGHT SHY.

Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination was expected to elicit the reason for the rupture between O'Shea and Parnell, but both sides chose to leave this unravelled. The witness stated that up to June, 1886, he believed in Parnell's honor and knew that he was opposed to outrages. Neither Sir Charles Russell nor Sir Richard Webster proceeded to inquire as to what caused him to disbelieve in Parnell's honor. Whatever was the cause of the rupture, the animus of the witness was apparent. The Parnellites probably felt the quiet malignity of the evidence more keenly than the best-informed outsider.

A cablegram was received to-day from Principal Grant, dated Hong Kong. It bore only one word—"Homeward."

The King of Holland is better to-day. He is in no immediate danger, but his recovery is considered hopeless.

By-laws granting $75,000 to the Napanee and Tamworth Railway and $225,000 to the Kingston, Smith's Falls & Ottawa Railway will be submitted in Kingston on the 29th inst.

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION

Seen by Arab Traders in November—Experiences of the Expedition.

A Zanzibar cable says: Couriers from Tabora bring direct news from the Stanley expedition, a portion of which was met at the end of November, 1887, by Arabs trading between Lakes Victoria Nyanza, Nzige and Tabora. These Arabs met Stanley's rear guard at a point west of Albert Nyanza, southeast of Sanga, just as the expedition was preparing to cross swamps caused by the radiation of the streams that abound in that country. The Arabs did not see Stanley. The detachment seen consisted of thirty men. They stated that Stanley was two days ahead. The expedition had suffered greatly on the march through a thick forest, where it was impossible to advance more than a mile and a quarter daily. They had also suffered in the marshes, where many had disappeared or died. Forty were drowned in crossing a great river flowing from east to west. One white man had died. Stanley was obliged to fight some tribes that refused to supply him with provisions. The expedition had often halted in the expectation of receiving reinforcements from the Congo. The rear guard at the time met had only been on the march five days after a halt of three weeks due to the illness of Stanley and a great part of the escort, who had been attacked with fever. The Arabs estimate the total strength of the expedition after all losses at 250 men. The health of Stanley was then good. The rear guard, which consisted of natives of Zanzibar, stated that Stanley had decided that he would no longer advance in a northeasterly direction, but would strike toward the north, hoping to avoid the swamps. After getting a certain distance north he intended to take an oblique line to the eastward and go straight to Wadelai, where, it was thought, he would arrive fifty days later, or about the middle of January, 1888. The Arabs were of the opinion that the expedition was still strong enough to reach Wadelai.

A London cable says: It will be remembered that on August 1st information was received from Zanzibar that two messengers had arrived there who had left the interior about the beginning of April, and who reported that Stanley had not arrived at Wadelai up to that time. The messengers stated that in the month of March Emim Pasha did receive some vague and indecisive news of the explorer, which had filtered through from tribe to tribe, but that the reports were very conflicting. Some declared that Stanley after losing a number of men and a large portion of his supplies was hemmed in by hostile tribes between the Maboda country and the Albert Nyanza, while other rumors were to the effect that he had been attacked by the tribes in the Matongora Mino district, and after several conflicts had diverted his course in an unknown direction.

KIDD'S GOLD UNEARTHED.

An Old Pirate's Kettle of Spanish Doubloons Found.

A Fall River, Mass., despatch says: For generations the large farm on Horse Neck, Westport, has been in the hands of the Eddy family. Three generations back was Amasa Eddy, who was a pirate under Capt. Kidd. When Kidd came to his untimely end Eddy returned to his farm and gained a good reputation. He placed 1,550 Spanish silver coins in a kettle and buried it on his farm. Eddy died at the age of 94 and left a document, drawn up in the traditional style, leaving the buried treasure for the use of his descendants when they desired a little ready cash. Amasa Eddy, his son, was Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, a conservative man, who put no faith in the tales of buried gold. His son, James M. Eddy, runs a hotel just outside of Providence. He owns the family farm at Westport and the document came into his possession. Following its directions he dug at odd times, but without success until yesterday, when he unearthed an old iron kettle and 1,550 big doubloons. Eddy is not through searching and is confident still that there are more hard Spanish doubloons buried on the farm. There is little doubt that the treasure is the long lost store of Capt. Kidd.

A Lost Limb From a Street Car Accident

On Saturday night as a woman named Mrs. E. Falconer was stepping on a south bound car on Yonge street, Toronto, she was knocked down by a car going north, the wheels of which passed over her thigh. She had a 7 months' old child in her arms, which miraculously escaped injury. Mrs. Falconer was removed to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate the injured limb.

Criminally Careless.

Miss Maude (meeting her cousin, young Mr. Sissy)—Why, you are not looking well, Charley.

Mr. Sissy (feebly)—No, Maude. I'm suffawing from shock. I was wun down lahst week by a cawwidge in Central Park.

Miss Maude (indignantly)—I think it is a perfect outrage, Charley. These nurses seem to think they own the centre walk entirely.—*New York Sun.*

An Unfortunate Suggestion.

Elderly Maiden (to druggist boy)—Well, I do declare, if I ain't forgot what I came for! Boy (full of business)—Hair dye? rouge? lotion to remove freckles? wrinkle eradicator? bottle Bloom of Youth? Elderly Maiden hails a passing street car.

A banquet was given at Paris on Saturday night to General Boulanger. Eight hundred guests were present. In a speech General Boulanger derided the Government Revision Bill, and declared it an insult and a defiance to public opinion. He was convinced of the ultimate success of his own scheme. The speech was much applauded. After the banquet a procession was formed of Boulanger sympathizers, and the general was escorted to his hotel. One hundred carriages were in the line.

—A dweller in the country has observed that a good file is now a part of the outfit of the professional tramp. He finds it useful when there is a barbed-wire fence between him and something desirable.

—Live within your income, says the practical adviser; but if he would tell how one may live without it he would have the merit and the glory of instructing a large constituency.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Wonderful Dresses Now Being Worn in Upper Tendom.

COSTUMES FOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

An Odd Courtship and a Queer Way of Bleaching the Hair.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Latest Parisian Conceits in Costumes.

A Paris correspondent writing last week says: Being admitted to the inner sanctuary of an establishment near the Rue de la Paix, I had a glimpse of a series of gowns for various crowned heads, as well as queens of fashion in Europe and America.

One of the prettiest of this firm's creations was for the Duchess of Morny, the South American beauty, and daughter of General Guzman-Blanco, Brazilian Ambassador to Paris. The costume was a dinner gown of cream and white brocade, with a corsage cut in form of a directoire casaque, decollete, and fastened with large ivory buttons. The petticoat was of yellow satin, draped with yellow gauze and cream lace, and at the belt a long green sash.

A Queen's Gala Gown.

The Queen of Greece had ordered a gorgeous dress to be worn at the Greek jubilee which will soon take place. The foundation of the costume was of pink velountine, but it was completely draped with white gauze, magnificently embroidered with silk of ancient colors and gold threads, and finished with a fringe of gold, blue, pink and yellow. The decollete bodice was finished with the same regal embroidery.

Another gown for the Greek Queen was a little dinner dress of flame colored crepe de chine. The plain train was finished with delicate fringes of black jet and the decollete bodice of fire hued crepe was tied with narrow black ribbons. A garden party costume of the same order was of pale blue crepe de chine, made with the selvage edges showing and draped with blue gauze.

For Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was finished a superb dinner dress of white satin trimmed with castor fur and gold and silver embroidery. The long princess train is finished with fur and embroidery around the full length. A scarf of rose colored crepe, embroidered, comes from the sides to tie in front.

A house dress for Mrs. Vanderbilt had the entire back made of plain rose silk and the front draped with pink crepe de chine, embroidered with garlands of roses and leaves in colors. A wide sash of green moire ribbon was tied in front, catching up the gauze in a festoon. Another visiting toilet for the same lady was a brocaded black velvet, with straight skirt, trimmed with black jet. The manteau was of the same material, closely fitted in front, but open sufficiently to display the vest of black jet.

A Lovely Tea Gown.

For Lady Randolph Churchill was a handsome tea gown of dark, prune-colored cashmere, with front of same colored velvet embroidered with oriental colors, with puffings of striped yellow gauze, and tied at the waist with pale blue ribbons.

A visiting dress in *directoire* style, of serpent green velvet, had panels inserted in the skirt of black, embroidered with large roses in dull tones of pink and blue, with green leaves. The bodice of green velvet was finished with revers and waistcoat of brocade.

A magnificent court dress for the Duchess of Edinburgh dazzled one's eyes. The long court train of rose-colored satin was brocaded bunches of feathers in gold and moss green. The front petticoat was of cloth of gold. The corsage was a long pointed bodice of the brocaded rose satin, with soft drapings of rose gauze and finished at the right shoulder with a bouquet of yellow and moss green feathers tied with a knot of velvet.

Another toilet for the Court of England was a little dinner dress of old rose stamped velvet with the decollete corsage trimmed with puffings of gold tulle.

Bleaching Hair by Sunshine.

"A shapely little Philadelphia blonde who is stopping at a Second avenue hotel," says the New York *Journal*, "has been the object of much admiration and envy on account of her magnificent golden hair, which has all the sparkle of champagne and glitters like diamond dust. The wonderful color she attributes to the daily sun baths she gives her tresses. She has had an enormous straw hat made from which the crown has been cut, and she sits with this on her head for at least an hour every day in the sun on the roof of her house. Her hair is spread out on top of the brim, which also shades her face, and the result of this treatment is a mass of shimmering tresses that a poetic minded admirer has compared to 'distilled sunshine.' These sun baths for the hair are said to be of Venetian origin, and American blondes will find that no chemical process will give them equal results."

A Very Odd Courtship.

Here is a curious courtship story from Washington: George Sieman wooed Miss Mali, daughter of Rabbi Bernstein. When asked for his daughter the worldly, as well as godly, father replied: "If you mean business, as you say you do, you place in her hands $500 as a guarantee that you will be on hand at the appointed time. If you appear the money belongs to you and your wife, and if you fail to appear she keeps the money." "Very good," answered Sieman, who subsequently produced the $500, which he placed in the hands of Miss Mali. Subsequently Sieman explained to his prospective father-in-law that he was suffering from heart disease and rheumatism. He told the rabbi how his daughter might become a widow at any moment should they get married. He finally decided that he had better not get married, and agreed to forfeit the $500. Thus the matter was settled, and Sieman still remains a friend of the family.

The Snipped-off Sealskin.

The day of the long sealskin cloak is about over. Short sealskin jackets are coming into fashion. The Louis XV. jacket is also looming up again.

No Bustle for Theo.

Theo, the great actress, has come out courageously in favor of flat jupes and no bustles. * * * Her stage hair is now flaxen blonde and put up much *a la diable*.

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Birds' wings and tails and quill feathers are much used in millinery, but whole birds are no longer seen on hats or bonnets.

The very latest fancy in waists of gowns for grown woman is the guimpe bodice, very much like the guimpe waists of little girls.

The variety in styles of wraps, bonnets, hats, gowns and materials this fall makes it a dress-as-you-please season and no mistake.

The wide English sash, passed twice around the waist and knotted low on one side, is seen on numbers of imported fall costumes.

Green is an extremely fashionable color, and in its various shades of emerald, lapis lazuli and beryl is fashionably combined with blues, olives, browns and dull reds.

The ends of ribbon bows and the fringes of cut cloth are given the finish of passementerie spikes or balls on many of the dressiest garments for big and little people.

The favorite style for the cloth gown is the Directoire, but dressy toilets of silk, broche, moire and plush demand the dressier lines and fulness of the Empire styles.

At nearly all the fasionable church weddings now, says the Philadelphia *Times*, little chalk marks are made on the carpet in front of the chancel to tell each member of the bridal party where to stand. This is in order to have them at regular distances and make a good appearance.

Striped white lawn, woven to imitate drawn-work, is used for underwear.

Silver and coral is the latest combination of which fancy articles of jewellery are made.

Plain tulle, in colors to match the silk it is draped over, is used on light-colored evening dresses.

The latest advices from Paris report that flowers made of velvet and silk, with foliage in autumn tints, will be used to trim velvet bonnets.

Seaweed has been dyed by a special process in most delicate tints, and used for ball gowns, falling in a shower from small pearl-enameled shells.

A new headdress for those who do not care to wear positive capes is made entirely of ribbon, which forms the crown, sinking into a wreath of fine blooms, such as heather.

The new veilings have triple spots arranged like a pyramid either in chenille, crocheted silk or embroidery, and tulle of this kind can be had in white, green, yellow, pink, gray and blue.

The Tobacco Business in Turkey.

The tobacco factories of Cavalla are sorry places on a warm day. As many as three hundred men and women may be seen huddled together in a stifling atmosphere engaged in sorting the leaves, which the country people bring in bundles from the tobacco farms on the plains of Philippi. In the different factories as many as four thousand are thus employed—four thousand of the dirtiest and most unwashed vagabonds of creation. I think the ignorance of those who indulge in tobacco concerning the process it has gone through is only to be compared to the bliss of those who enjoy a good dish of macaroni and who have never seen it manufactured at Naples.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Peace Must Prevail.

Husband (impatiently)—Is it possible, my dear, that you cannot keep those children quiet for a moment?

Wife (soothingly)—Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can.

Husband—Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that cheque for $50 that you've been bothering me for.

Wife sternly) —Children, go upstairs at once! and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.

"Sabbath Breakers" in Scotland.

Breaking the "Sawbath" is still liable to severe criticism by the Scotch. Lord Fitzhardinge and friends, who have been shooting in the neighborhood of Lairg, have occasionally taken a quiet drive or sail on a Sunday afternoon. In public meeting, under the chairmanship of Rev. Mr. Noble, the local Free Kirk minister, it was resolved that "pleasure sailing" and "driving about in vehicles" were "a profanation of the Sabbath, and offence and grief of the religious population, an annoyance and distraction of church-going people on their way to and from the sanctuary, and a general lowering of the moral tone of the community." These resolutions were forwarded to the parties concerned.

Taking the Bull by the Horns.

Tommy (anticipating things)—I wasn't at school, yesterday, Miss Bangs.

His Teacher (severely)—No; you were not.

Tommy (decisively)—Miss Bangs, I've got to turn over a new leaf or get into trouble.

Putting it Delicately.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl."

"I do, sir (with emotion); and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

The so-called smallpox epidemic in Buffalo is practically at an end. No new cases are reported, and the only case outside the quarantine hospital is that of a boy on Clinton street, who has a mild attack of varioloid. There have been in all 92 cases, and 23 persons have died.

President Carnot has issued a decree extending the time for the registration of foreigners to January 1st, 1889.

The appeal of James O'Kelly, Nationalist member of Parliament, against the sentence of four months' imprisonment imposed upon him for violation of the Crimes Act, has been dismissed, but the sentence has been reduced to two months without hard labor.

—Basket patterns are the correct thing in silver waist belts. Thick coils of silver rope are also worn as belts.

LORD ROSEBERY ON IRELAND.

Manly Statement of the Liberal Position Regarding the Island.

Lord Rosebery, addressing a great gathering of electors at Leeds the other day, said: If our policy is simple, the principle that underlies the policy is simpler still. We believe, to put it as shortly as I can, that Governments are made for the people, and not the people for Governments. (Cheers.) The people are not even made for treaties of union. Treaties of union are made for the people. All Governments and all treaties are only arrangements for the popular good, and when they fail to satisfy that requirement they are doomed. (Cheers.) If you view the Government of Ireland according to that standard it stands condemned. (Cheers.) It has never existed, it has never even pretended to exist, for the good of the people. It has been conducted on behalf of a class, of a party and a sect. It works, and has worked, continual misery and shame. (Hear, hear.) No one has denounced the situation of affairs with more vigor and with more eloquence than those two members for Birmingham who now employ so much vigorous rhetoric in denouncing their old friends who have attempted to redress that wrong. (Hear, hear.) I believe that that truth is so patent and so obvious that Her Majesty's present advisers see it themselves. I firmly believe that the Parliament of 1886 will not pass to a natural death without Her Majesty's Government endeavoring to offer the Irish people that measure of local government which they denounce us for offering. (Hear, hear.) But whether their hearts be turned to the good of the people or not, sure I am of this—that the democracy of England and of Scotland have embraced the cause of the people of Ireland—(hear, hear)—that they are determined that this iniquitous farce of administration shall cease—(hear, hear)—that they have determined that a Local Legislature shall be set up in Ireland for the determination of distinctly Irish affairs so long as the Imperial supremacy is safeguarded. (Hear, hear.) They have determined that Irish government shall no longer be a happy hunting ground for Tory principles—(cheers)—or the mere machinery for keeping the discordant army of the Unionists in order, but that it shall be administered for the benefit, and for the whole benefit, of the Irish people. (Cheers.) To that compact Yorkshire has set her hand—(cheers)—to that compact Leeds, the constituency of the Gladstones—(loud cheers)—who chose the son and who chose the father—(cheers, and "And will do again")—and who would fain have kept the father only we held tight on to him—(laughter)—I say that Leeds, the constituency of the Gladstones, and Yorkshire have set their hands to that solemn attempt. I do not doubt their success, because, more than Leeds or even Yorkshire, the Liberal party has taken up with determination—and the Liberal party has known adversity, has known reverses, has known calamity, but when it has once set its face to an object it has never known permanent defeat. (Loud cheers, amid which the noble Earl resumed his seat.)

A Totally Blind Prospective Lawyer.

At Osgoode Hall yesterday morning the articled students were formally admitted under-graduates of the Law Society by a Committee of the Benchers. Amongst the students was Mr. William Stewart, B.A., of Queen's University, and his admission was unique in the history of the Law Society of Upper Canada. He is permanently blind, having met with that terrible affliction in Montreal in 1878, through smallpox, which he contracted in the summer of that year. He had just graduated, and was making preparations to move to Toronto to pursue his legal studies, when he was overcome by the blight in his career. He is now determined, notwithstanding his blindness, to become a barrister-at-law, in the study for which he will be assisted by a large number of his fellow-students of old Queen's. The Law Society will be asked to examine Mr. Stewart orally at the various examinations, and if they accede his friends are quite confident that three years from hence he will be enrolled amongst the gentlemen of the long robe in Ontario.

He Got Her and a Blessing.

Banker—So you want to marry my daughter?

Youth—If you please, sir.

B.—What are your means?

Y.—Well, sir, to be frank, I haven't got any.

B.—Haven't got any means and want to marry my daughter. Confound your impudence!

Y.—I beg your pardon, sir, but I hope my means will shortly be ample.

B.—Have you any business?

Y.—I am the confidential clerk of a millionaire, sir, and——

B.—Confidential clerk of a millionaire! Take her, my boy, take her, and my blessings with her.

No Assets.

"Grindstone, I am sorry to learn that you have been compelled to make an assignment. Will you be able to save anything out of the wreck?" "All I can save, Kiljordan, will be my own self-respect and incorruptible name." "Grindstone, you shock me. I had heard it was a bad break-up, but didn't know it was a total smash."

An Editor's Warning.

A Western editor has this bulletin on his door: "You can tell all you know in five minutes. This is Presidential year. The editor does not know who will be elected. The editor has a loaded pistol. He has shown signs of insanity within the past few days. Don't camp on his shoulder."

—Some men will persist in sleeping in church. It's a nod caper, too.

—The man who keeps his own counsel does not often have to hire a lawyer.

—This old-fashioned china, for practical purposes, is not what it is cracked up to be.

—Rev. Dr. Archibald, formerly of Knox Church, St. Thomas, has gone with his family to reside in Denver, Col.

—Sneer not at the boy who patiently remains tied to his mother's apron strings. The boy who submits to such loving fetters will never, later in life, find himself tied to the end of a rope.

BILL NYE.

He Hears from the Young Author of "The Quick or the Dead" School.

The following letter, written in a nervous, cramped hand, on an empty stomach, with red ink, was received some months ago, but politics and other matters of greater importance, yielding more money than literature, have crowded out an earlier reply. I do not use the full name, which is that of a young woman, I judge. At least, her first name is Jennie, and, as nearly as one may be able to approximate one's age by simply knowing one's name, I would say that she was no doubt 16 years of age on the 1st day of last April.

HUMBOLDT, Minn., Aug. 12, 1888.

DEAR SIR: Will you pleas to tell me what would be the price for a good sised book not to large nor not verry small now this is Just one that I have commenced to write myself and i think it is going to be a verry good one Please to tell me where I could get it printed and also all you know about it as I am verry proud of this one pleas be so kind as to not menshion this inclosed find a stamp for an answer please to obledge me I am Yours truly Pleas to address it to me at St. Vincent in care of Mr. Tho's Brown as I am here now Yours Should I write it on both sides of the paper it being so you can tear it out and turn it over P. S. The name of it is

The Folly of Blarkeyed Nell—
The Second Daughter
ore
The Brenett Flirt

Replying to this long-neglected letter, I would say briefly, yet succinctly and even tersely, that much would depend upon the size of the book. There is a tremendous call this season for an eight-ounce book, with small flecks of foam on it.

Can you write such a book? Can you write a book full of implied and expressed passion? Can you churn up the great depths of human nature and shorten the longing which one may have for another heart against which to throb? Can you do this and still go on with your primary studies at Humboldt? Can you prepare such a work and still get your spelling lessons every day?

I do not know why you should have referred the matter to me, however. I would rather refrain from giving advice in matters of literature as a general thing, for I am not a regular literateur. I could not write a book about "The Brennett Flirt" to save my life. Writing passionate things in red ink, on both sides, I regard as a gift. I cannot do it.

Latest Scottish News.

The Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, Scotland, have appointed a committee to draw up a letter to Lord Moncreiff expressing the regret of the faculty at his retirement.

The Glasgow Town Council have adopted a minute of the Gas Committee containing proposals for the city acquiring the works of the Partick, Hillhead and Maryhill Gas Companies.

The Glasgow Volunteers neither desired nor applied for payment of any expenses incurred by them in connection with the royal visit. The Renfrewshire Volunteers did and got snubbed.

Messrs. Clark, the thread manufacturers, Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland, have bought the Linside Nursery Grounds, which lie to the east of their present works, at a cost of £14,000. They will build a big extension.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce Mr. McEwen described the proposed intelligence department of the London Jubilee Institute as "the greatest burlesque of business of which he had ever heard."

Not a little sensation was caused in St. Ninian's Free Church, Leith, on the 7th of October, by a middle-aged man, just as the minister had uttered the words, "Let us pray," suddenly rising in his seat and exclaiming aloud, "Prince Albert Victor is my lord, god and king. Amen."

The Scotch Established Church receives from the teinds £250,000 a year, largely augmented since the last Parliamentary return on the subject; manses and glebes are valued at £50,000; direct vote from Consolidated Fund, £25,000; church and manse rates on feuars, £42,000.

Why She Was a Heroine.

We were running down from Charleston to Savannah, and the train was humming along at a high speed when the danger signal blew and the air brakes were put on hard. As the train stopped all the passengers piled out to see what was the trouble, and we soon discovered that a culvert around the short curve had been washed out. A negro woman had flagged the train with a white apron, and of course we looked upon her as a heroine.

"When did you discover that the culvert had gone?" I asked.

"Just about half an hour ago."

"And your first thought was to stop the train?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you are a brave woman. We owe our lives to you."

"Does ye? I nebber thought of that."

"But you stopped the train."

"Yes, sah, but I didn't want dat bullgine to git off de track an' go plowin' frew my cotton patch an' frowin' hot water all ober the place. Dat's why I stopped the train, sah."

Cruel Nell and the Lovesick Parson.

Young Clergyman—The great hope of my life is to marry you one of these days! Miss Nelly—Certainly you shall, my dear Mr. Primrose, just as soon as Charley proposes.

While a circus train was standing on the track at Chestertown, Md., a locomotive halted opposite the car in which the elephants were confined. Six of the elephants thereupon thrust their trunks into the water tank on the locomotive's tender, and in a few minutes had drained it dry.

—Young lady (badly frightened)—Oh, George, there comes papa. George (ditto)—Where? where? Young lady—Hear him slipping along the hall in his stocking feet? George (greatly relieved)—Be calm, darling, be calm. George is not afraid of looking feet.

Near Hopewell, Pa., yesterday, several miners, when riding on a hand car on the Sandy Run branch of the Huntington & Broad Top Mountain Railroad, were thrown from the car by a train. Sam Hastings was killed, Martin Maher had his skull crushed and seven others were seriously injured.

A GIRL BLACKSMITH.

First-Class Horseshoes Made by Fifteen-Year-Old Annie Bole.

Among the exhibits at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, few have more interest than the dozen horseshoes to the right of the main entrance. These horseshoes, perfectly shaped, handsomely polished and withal scientifically correct, are the work of Miss Annie Bole, aged 15 years. Miss Bole is the daughter of a teamster, and lives in the rear of a blacksmith shop at 911 Battery street, kept by a man named Walsh. It was in this shop that an *Examiner* reporter found her yesterday. Walsh said that the young lady had been taught by him, and he was very proud of his pupil. "I've seen dozens that tried it," he said, "but none of 'em had the natural talent for making horseshoes that the young leddy's got. Mis' Huntington, that's worth her forty millions, made a good offer at it, but couldn't quite do it. There ain't a man this side of Lunnon that could make horseshoes like that young leddy." At the blacksmith's request, Miss Bole made a horseshoe then and there. A piece of round iron was cut off by Mr. Walsh and Miss Bole rolled up her sleeves, thereby revealing a rather small arm, tied on a leather apron and plugged the iron into the fire. The young lady is about five feet three inches high and rather fragile than strong. She brushed the hair back from a laughing face and soon the hammer was ringing on the red iron with a true sound. She made the crease in the shoe, turned it into shape like a veteran, regardless of the flying sparks, drove the nail holes, and finally turned out as fine a shoe as ever graced the foot of a race-horse, for Miss Bole will have nothing to do with shoes for ordinary dray horses, but confines herself exclusively to the finer shoes of composition or polished iron. Miss Bole said that she first became animated with the idea of making horseshoes by watching the blacksmith. Finally she asked him to let her try it, and he was so much pleased with her first effort that he showed her all that he knew, and the result was the exhibit at the Mechanics' Institute. She says that she will not make any practical use of her accomplishment, though she seemed anxious about her exhibit, and several times asked: "Will I have to go out to the fair and make a shoe there before I get anything?" Her instructor confidently expects that she will take a premium. The horseshoes were filed, polished and finished in her own little vise, which she keeps in her own room. Mr. Walsh declares that he is going to send one of the horseshoes to the Queen of England. —*San Francisco Examiner.*

Peculiar Fatal and Other Accidents.

While a 7-year-old son of P. D. Henry, of Whitefield, Ont., was playing with an open penknife, he ran against a door frame, the blade penetrating his body to a considerable depth. The lad is likely to recover.

Gavin Wallbridge, a student at Upper Canada College, dislocated his shoulder while playing football on Wednesday. John Bertram, another student, fell off a ladder in the grounds yesterday, breaking his arm.

A few days ago Mr. Wm. Jones, of Altercliffe, with his brother, went to Pelham with some cattle, both being on horseback. When returning William had just crossed the Chippawa bridge when his horse bolted and threw him. The unfortunate man broke his neck and died instantly.

A Haysville, Waterloo, despatch says: A cow belonging to R. C. Tye, of this place, got an apple stuck in its throat. Mr. Tye thought that he could push it down with a whipstock, but the cow did not like to be treated in such a way, and gave a jerk and broke off about a foot of the whip in her throat. The animal had to be killed.

On Wednesday afternoon, while Thomas Foley, sen., was operating the barking machine in Davy's pulp mill, Thorold, the knives came in contact with some hard substance, breaking the machine in pieces, one of which struck Mr. Foley in the face, severing his nose and producing a fracture of the frontal bone. As Mr. Foley is advanced in years, the doctors consider his injuries very serious. Some of the pieces of machinery passed through the roof and crossed the canal a hundred yards away.

Not an English Name.

"George," asked a brilliant young K street girl of her best man, "isn't the British Minister that everybody is talking about an Englishman?"

"Of course he is," replied George.

"Well, I don't understand how that can be," continued the charming creature, "for I heard papa say his name was Dennis. Dennis isn't English, is it, George?"

And John put on the mantle of charity and went out into the chilly night.—*Washington Post.*

A Compromise Suggested.

"Thomas," sternly said the small boy's father at the breakfast table, "don't throw away that piece of bread. Flour is growing so dear that I can hardly keep you supplied with bread enough to eat, so you mustn't waste any of it." "Tell you what, popper," said Thomas, "I'll agree to stop eating bread, if it's so dear, and eat nothing but pie."

Forced Virtue.

"What is Sniggins running for?"

"I didn't know he was running for anything."

"Oh, but he is, then. I saw him going to church last Sunday."

—Chicago *Globe*: "It doesn't take a goose or goosebone, a weather prophet or a ground hog, a corn husk or the burrs in a steer's tail to tell that this is going to be a hard winter. So prepare."

Ticket Agent Moffett, of Knoxville, Tenn., found among his father's effects recently a gourd over 100 years old, which contained, among other old papers, a note from Davy Crockett, payable to William Moffett, for one shilling and threepence for a barrel of whiskey and a keg of cider.

Millionaire Flood was once worth $40,000,000, it is said, but his present fortune is estimated at $15,000,000. The difference is due to the great shrinkage in the values of Comstock mining stocks and to his loss of $5,000,000 in the Nevada Bank wheat deal.

PHOSPHORESCENT EYES.

How They Light Up When Their Owner is in Love.

Take, says Shirley Dare, in a recent letter on beauty of the eyes, a young sensitive person of consumptive habit, in ordinary health and in love. Watch the eyes of such a one, and you will see as pretty a specimen of phosphoric light as that which plays about certain flowers in full bloom. The state of nervous excitement uses up the phosphorus of the body pretty fast, and it will flash behind the eyelids like the fire on summer waves. Botanists and other people have seen the mimic flashes a white lily three days blown will send from its petals on a warm electric summer night. I have seen as literal a flash leap between the eyelids of a lad of 25, dead in love as he could be with an absent woman. He was nervous, a trifle poetic and overstrung, his eyes dilated, changeful after glittering like a cat's. In short a human battery, overcharged with nervous electricity. In one case beside, that of an Italian actor, Rossi, I have noticed the same flash which appeared to leap from the eye, not play-like sheet lightning within it. But then Rossi was a highly electric as human beings are, in normal condition. Love and genius both are literally a combustion of nervous force, and the eye is the peep hole at the fire in the brain.

Steam-Heated Passenger Trains on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

The stove as a means of heating cars on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad will be entirely abolished.

During the past year the officials of the New York Central in charge of its passenger equipment have been actively employed in testing various devices for heating cars by means of steam obtained direct from the locomotive, and have decided on a system combining simplicity of construction and management with the most satisfactory results. A two-inch iron steam pipe runs under each of the cars, connection between the cars being made with a metallic joint and a sleeve. This main pipe connects with a system of pipes inside each car, one running lengthwise of the car, with branch pipes extending under the seats. At the centre of each of the interior pipes is a key by which the steam from the main pipes can be cut off, thus reducing the temperature of a single car without interfering with that of cars more distant from the locomotive, which is the source of the steam supply. Since the advent of cold weather all the cars composing the trains known as the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Vestibule Limited, and the New York, Chicago, Cincinnati & St. Louis fast express, besides a large number of the local trains running on the various parts of the road have been successfully heated by this means. All the drawing-room, sleeping and dining cars, passenger coaches, and the baggage, mail, express and postal cars in service on the line will be fully equipped with the steam-heating appliance.

A Ten Years' Mystery Yet Unravelled.

The death is announced of the wife of Mr. John McVey, Yarmouth, near St. Thomas. Deceased had been speechless for nine years; the death of her son, John, through an accident, and the disappearing of her daughter, Maggie McVey, in November, 1878, since which time no trace of her has been discovered, having worried her so much that she was stricken with paralysis. She was aged 71 years, 7 months and leaves a husband, two sons and four daughters, all of whom reside at home.

The Health of the Province.

On Thursday afternoon Dr. Bryce, Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, visited Cooksville to ascertain the cause of the outbreak of typhoid fever there. The probable cause he found to be impure well water. Some of the wells were too close to the houses or were otherwise badly situated. In all, five cases have occurred there and one of them has proved fatal. No new cases of smallpox were reported yesterday.

Resenting an Insult.

Robinson-Jackson, I hear that Brown called you a liar last night.

Jackson (bitterly)—Yes, he called me a liar.

Robinson—And didn't you resent it?

Jackson (warmly)—Resent it? You bet I did! I told him that was simply a matter of opinion and not of fact. No man can call me a liar and get away with it.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Wife—I was so annoyed, my dear, today to find one of my pictures displayed in a photographer's shop window.

Husband—Why didn't you go upstairs and tell him to take it out?

Wife—I declare I didn't think of that and, besides, the picture is a very good one!

Rattlesnakes as Food.

It was said of a strong political partizan that he would swallow rattlesnakes if party interests demanded it. It is only men of this sort who, without protest, swallow the large, old-fashioned pills. Sensible people, requiring medicine to cleanse their systems, invariably use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are unrivalled in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

How Far it Went.

Miss Westend—Oh, Miss Tiptop, is it true that while abroad you became engaged to the Duke of Oldcastle?

Miss Tiptop (reluctantly)—N—o, but my waiting-maid got acquainted with his valet.

In a missionary sermon in Chicago last Sunday the Rev. J. H. Barrows said that "along the Congo River a population equal to that of the United States is living amid a tropical luxuriance of vegetation on a soil that produces three crops of corn a year. The Rhenish mission in Herreroland has 2,500 baptised converts among a giant race of black herdsmen seven feet high, the tallest Christians on the globe."

John Guy Vassar's will bequeaths about $600,000 to various educational, charitable and religious institutions.

—If a man wants to get a good idea of the way his personal interests appear to the world in general he wants to go out of doors some still, calm night and look at the waning moon through the small end of the opera glasses.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

One View.

"Do you consider marriage a failure, madam?" was asked of a Chicago lady.

"No," she replied. "No, I do not, although I have been divorced five times. My little book here will show you why I do not regard marriage as a failure."

The reporter scanned its pages and found therein the following account:

Alimony payable, George W. Barrowly, of Indiana, $4,000; Henry F. Smithers, of Michigan, $1,500; Thomas C. Carleton, of California, $3,600; James H. Dawkers, of Tennessee, $1,900; Charles H. Wilkie, of Flordia, $5,000. Total, $16,000.—*New York Sun.*

Look Here.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief? If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or external pains. J. B. Carman, druggist, Morrisburgh, writes: "All the parties I supply speak very favorably of Nerviline, and always purchase a second lot." Polson's Nerviline is sold in sample bottles at 10 cents; large size 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Try a ten cent bottle.

An Honorary Member.

Tommy—My father is a church member.

Johnny—So's mine.

Tommy—But my father says your papa ain't, 'cos he don't never come to church, nor put nothin' in the collection box.

Johnny (bravely)—Well, my papa is an honorary member, and honorary members don't chip in.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience unpleasant to sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and it is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'til it is too late—'til the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The Near Future.

Elderly Bride (to her husband)—Darling, when I begin to grow old and plain will you worship me as passionately as you do now?

Young Husband—Ah! dear, can you doubt me? Do you imagine for a moment that my love for you is so short-lived.

Style.

The most fashionable color at present, is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing what a change is being daily wrought by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, backache or nervous prostration, should give it trial. All druggists.

The corner-stone of the big Spreckle Sugar Refinery at Philadelphia was laid with appropriate ceremonies yesterdad afternoon.

The White House at Washington derives its name from the fact that the Virginia freestone, of which it is built, was painted white to conceal the discolorations caused by smoke and water.

There is only a distinction without a difference between an auburn haired sweetheart and a red headed wife.

HISTORY OF COLORADO.
By counties and sections. Complete statistics in regard to its mineral, agricultural, pastoral, timber land and water interests. All you want to know. Large book, well bound, mailed to any address on receipt of $1. $9 per doz. JOHN L. BISHOP & SON, Pueblo, Colorado.

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.
Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.
Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit, 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington, 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

DON'T, 45 '8

FOR SALE,
A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,
WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR
All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the
TIMES PRINTING CO.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid.

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, NOV. 51, 1888.

Complete returns of the late elections in the United States give Harrison (Republican) a large majority in the electoral council. Next March will see him occupying the presidential residence at Washington and a general scattering of Democratic office holders throughout that country. We have gone to a great deal of pains to secure a photograph of the President elect, a copyof whose picture we present herewith to our readers. It is a true likeness, and we leave it to students of physiognomy to

study and speculate therefrom as to as to the ability of General Harrison to occupy with honor the high position in which he is about to be placed. For our part we would judge from his picture that he is a man of remarkably keen perception, studious, of a somewhat stubborn tendency, and a forceful character. The features remind one somewhat of the late General Grant. If his executive ability is as high as the latter's the Republicans may in all probability feel themselves safe for another 25 years.

And still the London horrors continue to be perpetrated right under the nose of the London police force, and they are powerless to discover the fiend in his ghoulish work. The body of "Jack the Ripper's" ninth victim was discovered on Friday morning last in a bedroom in Dorset street, Spitalfields, showing the same marvelous handiwork exhibited by the operator upon his former victims. London's chief of police, Sir Charles Warren, is enjoying holidays in Russia, while the murderer proceeds with his devilish work of murder, unchecked by what was formerly supposed to be the finest police force in the world. This is one of the strangest cases experienced in history, and places a deep stain of disgrace upon Scotland yard and the whole detective force which it will be no easy matter to eradicate. The mythical story of Dr. "Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" has even now been far eclipsed by this later homicidal monomaniac, as Dr. Warren designates him.

Locals.

The Globe Christmas Number.

Among the souvenirs of the coming Christmas season none will rank with the forthcoming Christmas Globe, a publication upon which will be lavished the resources of the artistic, literary and mechanical skill of the Dominion. There will be thirty-six pages, of the size of the Illustrated London News, printed from new type, on the very finest paper, and bound in handsome illuminated cover. All the literary matter has been prepared expressly for this number, and includes contributions from the ablest pens in the country. There will be a profusion of pictures, illustrating the stories, and sketches, and also three very fine colored pictures, the principal one a copy of Mr. L. R. O'Brien's picture of Vancouver Park, British Columbia. Orders for this paper should be placed early, as there is certain to be an enormous demand. Orders may be given through any newsdealer, or by sending to this office direct.

The Northern Business College.

Owen Sound is the proud possessor of a business training college which has, during the seven years it has been operating, secured a large and increasing patronage, and a most enviable reputation. We are personally acquainted with the principal, and know him to be a man of sterling integrity, deep knowledge, energy and ability. We can heartily recommend young men and women to Mr. Fleming's care, and guarantee that his painstaking tuition will be just what they require to fit them for the battle of life. See advertisement.

We have received from the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, a copy of their annual announcement, bound in cloth, a copy of their "Family Record," and a photo engraving from one of the prize specimens. The penmanship is wonderful, and Mr. Fleming will please accept our thanks.

Auction Sales.

An auction sale of farm stock and implements will be held on Lot 3, Con. 13, township of Osprey, on Friday, Nov. 23, 1888, sale to commence at 1 o'clock. John Speers & Co., auctioneers.

A credit sale of farm stock will be held on Thursday, Nov. 29, on lot 25, con. 8, township of Osprey, when a large number of cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, etc., will be disposed of. John Speers & Co., auctioneers.

A credit sale of farm stock, implements and household furniture will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 27th, on lot 20, con. 4, Osprey. Wm. Milne, proprietor; John Speers & Co., auctioneers.

The Huber & Atwood Company of specialists give an entertainment in Priceville on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16 and 17. We commend the company to the Pricevilleites. They are worthy of patronage. They show in Markdale to-night (Thursday.)

Highest cash price paid for lard at Blakely & McConnell's.

Priceville Items.

We are all well in and around town, no diptheria, malaria, or typhoid fever among us. Of course this is due in a large measure to the clean, tidy state of our village.

It is often said by visitors from foreign countries, that the "Indian summer" is the most pleasant season of the year in Canada, and it is no except to the rule this year.

A large amount of ploughing is being done by the farmers in this vicinity, more than the avarage quantity.

Mr. R. B. Reily, late engineer in McGowan's flouring mill, who accompanied Mr. Geo. Louck and family to Algoma a couple of weeks ago, is back again. He does not speak very encouragingly of the Thessalon neighborhood.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Kimberley is a matchless place for matches, taking in wedding matches and shooting matches, for the past few weeks. Monday, 5th inst., was the date of a very hot battle between captains J. Smith and E. Rear, the latter being victorious by eighty points.

Mr. T. Sherwood has moved into Kimberley, having purchased, and is going into the brick-making next season. Success Tom.

Miss E. A. Ellis has gone to Meaford, where she will remain for some time. Miss E. will be much missed here, especially in the choir, and as a worker in the Sunday School.

Miss M. E. Smith, of Flesherton, is visiting friends here.

Master Ed. Howe, who has been away in New Hampshire for about two and a half years, is visiting friends here.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

Monday morning, November the 5th. The air is mild, but cool and pleasant. The loyalists of Feversham standing in the business houses seem to be meditating in profound contemplation over the "Gunpowder Plot," of which to-day is the 283rd anniversary, and also the 200th anniversary of the landing of William III., an event not less unimportant, because it marks the commencement of the extirpation of Popish domination in England.

Mr Bluiser, who was reproved for his bad behavior at the S. A. barracks on the past two Sundays, seems to have considered the reproofs of maternal source, and as a means of advancing his spiritual welfare, as he joined, body and soul, in their religious devotions, purchased a War Cry, and on his return home made the valleys of the beaver re-echo with laudable howlings of "Te Deum."

Mr. A. Houron has rented the Feversham mills, and is doing grand work. He solicits patronage.

There has been, during the past two weeks, as great a rage for chipmonk tails as there was for rats during the French Revolution.

We are pleased to see the smiling countenance of Mr. John Paul around again. He is speedily recovering from his long illness.

There was a raffle at Mr. W. Moffat's Wednesday of last week, which was successfully carried out by the Feversham boys, and a few others who slung up their chink deliberately and were very successful in capturing a large number of the feathered race, but through the shrewdness of some of the eighth liners they were left greatly in the minority of what they had gained, which is a distinguishing feature of theirs.

There seems to be a blissful attraction in matrimony, for one of our widowers who has been the possessor of two comely spouses, both of whom have passed from time into eternity, is striving almost incessantly to arrest a third virgin. We envy him not; we wish him success.

JIM.

[Unavoidably crowded out last week. Ed.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

Messrs. Thomas Hawkins and Wm. Saigeon have gone to Sault St. Marie, with the intention of joining a camp of lumbermen and spending the winter in the pine woods of Northern Michigan.

Mr Akitt has put a new roof on his mill and made other needed repairs, in preparation for the winter's work.

Mrs. Woodburn, who has been away to Bloomfield, U. S., for a short time past, returned on Saturday looking somewhat improved in health. Her many friends will be glad to welcome her back.

Among other improvements in our thriving town we notice that Messrs. Fenwick and Akitt are having their houses weather-boarded. None too soon, as we were treated to quite a fall of the beautiful this morning as a warning that bleak winter is not far off.

I said some time ago we were going to have one of the finest churches in this part of the country, and my anticipations have been full verified so far. The work is now almost complete on the outside, with the exception of the vestibule. It is clad with white brick, and the building now presents quite an imposing appearance on top of the hill overlooking the town. Mr. Elijah Paul is the contractor, and he has accomplished his work with a masterly hand.

General News.

Mr. W. R. Meredith, Q. C., leader of the Ontario Opposition, is removing to Toronto.

James Scott, of the Township of Dawn, was murdered by his insane wife Thursday morning last.

Mayor Roche has refused to allow the Anarchists to parade in Chicago to commemorate the dead Anarchists.

Mr. W. A. Werratt, a Toronto barrister, narrowly escaped death from a dose of poison taken in mistake for medicine.

An attempt was made to wreck a train on the Stratford and Goderich branch of the Grand Trunk on Saturday night.

Railway Commissioner Martin, of Manitoba, is trying a new plan with the crossing of the Manitoba Southwestern branch of the C. P. R. by the Portage extension, simply notifying the company that the Government would make the crossing and submitting plans for the same. The plans are objected by the C. P. R.

Streetsville nimrods are very successful. The Review says that several who went to Muskoka returned with fourteen deer, and several bears. The Review is going to commence next week the publication of "Reminiscences of the hunt club."

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$6 00	to	6 00
Fall Wheat	$1 10	to	1 10
Spring Wheat	1 10		1 10
Barley	0 50		0 45
Oats	0 33		0 33
Peas	0 58		0 58
Butter	0 17		0 18
Eggs, fresh	0 17		0 17
Potatoes bush	0 25		0 25
Pork	600		6 00
Hay per ton	10 00		10 00
Hides	4 50		5 50
Wool	18		20
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 05		0 05
Turkeys	0 7		0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 30
Ducks per pair	0 50		0 60

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALE Of Valuable Farm Property.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage made by Andrew C. McRae, default having been made in payment thereof, will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION,

At Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton,

—ON—

Monday, Nov. 26th, 1888,

at 12 o'clock, noon, the following property, viz.

Lot No. 7 in the 2nd Concession, Township of Euphrasia in the County of Grey, containing by admeasurement 100 acres more or less. This is a fine hardwood bush lot, and is about nine miles from Flesherton. The sale will be subject to a reserve bid.

TERMS—one-half cash, balance secured by mortgage payable in from one to five years at option of purchaser.

A deposit of $100 to be paid at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to

STAUNTON & OHEER,
Vendors Solicitors,
Or to R. J. SPROULE, ESQ.,
Auctioneer, Flesherton.

Nov. 7, 1888

It Pays To

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College, OF OWEN SOUND

The best and most practical course of study.
The best teaching staff.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results to our students.
Unsurpassed facilities.
Each student's graduate.
For circular and full information regarding the course of study to pursue, address
C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 1888

Farm for Sale

The subscriber offers for sale that valuable property on the 4th line, Osprey, better known as lot 1 containing 125 acres, 90 cleared and 60 under cultivation, the remainder pasture and meadow. New frame barn, stone foundation, stables, etc., new frame house, cellar, and stone foundation. This is a magnificent property. Possession immediately. For terms, etc., apply to

A. McKENZIE, Maxwell P. O.

Blacksmith Shop for Sale or Rent.

The blacksmith shop, known as Adison's, on the 4th line, Artemesia, about 3½ miles from Flesherton, is offered for sale or to rent. For terms and particulars apply to

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Eugenia P. O.

Butcher Business for Sale.

A good paying butcher business is offered for sale in Flesherton, five and six beeves killed each week, besides small animals. To an enterprising man this is a first-class opportunity for securing a nice business. For further particulars apply to

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
butchers, Flesherton.

Flesherton Meat Market!

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
PURVEYORS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Dealers in fresh and cured meats, sausage (our own make), lard, bologna, etc. etc

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME, in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only $4 per hundred.

Call and ascertain prices, whether you buy or not.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot No. 10 Con. 5, Euphras containing fifty acres. The above property situated about one-and-a-half miles from the village of Kimberley, all under cultivation an magnificent land.

Apply to
A. ALDOUS
Kimberley P.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, and those North of Durham Road a Specialty.

Medical.

DR. CARTER.

L.C.P.S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's new Residence, Main St.

Partnership.

E. F. HIXON, M.D.C.M. **J. G. HUTTON, M.D.C.M.**

Physicians, Surgeons, &c., &c.

PRICEVILLE.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

Will visit FLESHERTON Monday in each month, commencing the First Monday in March, and remain the following week. Those desiring artificial teeth inserted will find it to their advantage to call at this time. Charges moderate.

Head Office, 262 Yonge St., Toronto.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and P. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property,

S. JAMIESON,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend on lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Pricеville.

Having received our Fall stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being: Good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

General Store, Pricеville.

A. McCABE.

FLESHERTON

Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators.	

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

Collingwood Collegiate Institute.

RE-OPENS JANUARY 7, 1889

STAFF—W. Williams, B. A., English, French and German, J. H. Brethour, B.A. Classics; L. Cox, B. A., Mathematics; W. H. Stevens, B.A. Science; T. H. McGwil, B. A. Commercial. Record of 1887, Six matriculants, two first B's, nine first C's, (highest in the Province), twenty-three seconds, twenty-one thirds, besides others at minor examinations. The school makes a specialty of teacher's work, and during the past eleven years has passed 86 firsts (9 A's, 6 B's, 71 C's,) 439 seconds, 305 thirds; or a grand total of 883. It is also fully equipped for Junior Matriculation and the professional examinations.

Send for announcement to

WM. WILLIAMS, Principal

Collingwood, Oct. 22, 1888.

WANTED! At once. Local and traveling agents for our goods. Liberal commissions, or salary and expenses, to competent and reliable men. For terms and full particulars, address.

J. F. LECLARE, Nurseryman,
Brighton, N. Y.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 6 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your house and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the finest solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 488, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Buy a new

HARNESS

PURCHASE A

SLEIGH ROBE

INVEST IN

A new Whip

BIG DISCOUNT

—FOR—

C-A-S-H

D. Clayton

HARNESSMAKER,

FLESHERTON.

is prepared to give you large DSCOUNTS for CASH on all kinds of harness, whips, blankets, etc.

A

Huge Stock!

—OF—

SINGLE, TEAM, AND DRIVING HARNESS, on hand.

Sleigh Bells, Robes, Whips, Hoof Ointment, Axle Grease, Curry Combs, Brushes, and everything required in the line of harness makers' supplies.

WE ALSO DEAL IN A SUPERIOR QUALITY

—OF—

TRUNKS

CALL and EXAMINE our extra large stock before buying anything in these lines elsewhere.

D. CLAYTON.

N. B.—My accounts are now ready and waiting for settlement. As I am in great need of money, all persons who are indebted to me are requested to call and settle, ON OR BEFORE DEC. 1st, otherwise their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

D. Clayton.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

We talked of English homes, and lanes, and fields, and gardens, and our Scotch lady friend grew poetic in her description of the bonnie hills and braes, the daisies and the heather, which she loved and left in childhood's days, and while we anti-dated our joys our Irish friend who had left the Green Isle forty years ago, a raw Irish lad, came and sang to us in sweetly plaintive strains :

If England was my place of birth
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonnie Scotland was my home
Her mountains I'd adore;
For happy days in both I've spent,
And hope for days to come,
Then steer my bark for Erin's Isle
For Erin is my home.

The following Sunday morning we sighted the north coast of Ireland and before noon were opposite the signal station from whence our arrival would be telegraphed to Liverpool and New York.

Passing the entrance to Loch Foyle, with its stirring memories of the old city of Derry, we next came in sight of the Giant's Causeway, that remarkable formation of rocks which used to rank as one of the seven wonders of the world. For eight miles along the coast the cliffs rise from 400 to 550 feet high, and have the appearance of immense architectural structures, being composed of basalt rock regularly arranged, supporting platforms upon which other columns rise tier on tier, with wonderful order and uniformity in size and shape. This appearance suggested the idea of structural design, but of such magnitude that the human races now were but pigmies compared to the builders of these rocks, hence the name Giant's Causeway.

Next morning we were waiting for the tide outside the bar of Mersey river, and walking early on deck we noticed the body of a man floating past us in the water, seen a few moments then gone forever. What a host of queries it suggested! Every human being has a history. What was his, and how came he there? Perhaps some loved ones in some cottage home wait in vain for his return; may be the door is left on the latch and through long nights wakeful ears listen for his footsteps, or as the village postman winds his horn, hearts beat quickly in faint hopes for the letter that is to tell where the long lost one is.

Steaming up the river we enter the busiest shipping harbor in the world. On our right, New Brighton and Birkenhead; on our left, the city of Liverpool, with her seven miles of magnificent docks, with ships from all parts of the world. A tender came alongside and passengers and baggage were transferred to it and soon we were on the landing stage, but could not say we were on terra firma, as it is a huge floating structure rising and falling with the tides, but is of such magnitude as to accomodate a number of extensive buildings for railway and steamboat offices, custom offices, freight houses, etc.

It was the middle of August, and a little band of voyageurs from that horrible cold and snow-bound country called Canada, we were surprised to see more ladies wearing furs, and men with overcoats, than we had seen for months before leaving Canada.

"This looks solid and is like the English Character," remarked a young American who, on his first visit to England, walked up into the city with us and noted the massive stone buildings, warehouses, shipping offices, etc., adjacent to the docks. We parted with our fellow voyageurs with some regrets and were left with one only, a gentleman from Toronto, and having the day before us strolled through some of the principal business streets and noted in the crowds of pedestrians the wonderful variety of nationalities and races represented here sailors and merchants from almost every part in the world.

Liverpool is the largest cotton market in the world, and may perhaps claim an equal pre-eminence as a wool market. The trade in grain and all other breadstuffs is enormous; more than half the exports of the entire kingdom are from this port.

We entered a large market called St. John's, covering about two acres. The immense roof supported by 116 pillars. The busiest part of the day was over, and a walk through showed us one of the important advantages of living in a large seaport, the distributing centre of the world's products. The large variety of fruits, not only of English growth, but of every clime, were spread in tempting abundance and offered at very low prices. the large quantities of cut flowers for sale in bunches, bouquets and wreaths, evidenced a very large demand, and the general taste and love for this "myrtle." In the quadrangle formed by the exchange buildings and the city hall there is a very remarkable monument erected in honor of Lord Nelson. At the four angles of the base are seated large statues of half nude men, manacled, and each in attitude of sorrow. Above them are representations in medallion relief scenes of four memorable naval battles. This is surmounted by figures in bronze about ten or twelve feet in height, the central one of which is the one armed hero, Nelson, who in the act of cheering his men has just received his death wound. Above and behind him a tall angelic figure of Victory holds a laurel wreath above his head as if in the act of placing it on his brow. Below and peeping from the folds of the drapery is a grim death's head and skeleton arm is stretched upwards, and with clutching bony fingers spread over Nelson's left breast. This is only one of the many costly monuments we saw in England erected to Nelson's memory.

We next visited St. George's Hall, the most celebrated public building in Liverpool. It is on an elevation and in a fine open space surrounded with elegant and costly public buildings. It is in pure Corinthian style, with massive columns on every side, each one like a solid block of turned stone 45 feet high; on the north side there are two fine equestrian figures of the Queen and Prince Albert, and it seems marvellous that such masses of stone could be supported on the three slender legs of the horses, the fourth being raised in the act of stepping. Two stone lions by the celebrated sculptor Flax, larger than elephants in bulk, are placed on pedestals facing Lime Street.

To be continued.

Mr. A. M. Tyson shot a deer on Tuesday of last week about two miles from Wiarton, that weighed three hundred pounds. This is the largest deer that has ever been killed on the Peninsula. [Wiraton Echo.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."**

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE PEOPLES GREATEST INTEREST

is where can they get their flour, feed, and provisions cheapest in town.

IT IS AT BLACKBURN'S.

All kinds of meal always on hand.

TO THE FARMERS AND PUBLIC GENERALLY:

HOT COFFEE and GOOD LUNCH!

at all hours of the day, ONLY 15 cts. All other lines in stock as usual.

The peoples faithful servant,

G. H. BLACKBURN.

Remember the place—Next door to M. Richardson's

J. E. MOORE,

Maker and dealer in

ALL KINDS OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

Durham Street,

Flesherton,

Special attention is called to our

FALL STOCK!

Which is now complete. For variety, quality and prices we are able to eclipse all former efforts. We are selling

BEDSTEADS

At from $2 each.

A really handsome Bedstead at $3.

WASHSTANDS

At from $1.50, and

B-U-R-E-A-U-S-!

At $6.

Making the whole furniture for a bedroom, including a chair, less than $10.

CHILDREN'S
CRADLES,
COTS,
CRIBS,

In a number of styles and at equally low prices. In

BEDDING

We are making a specialty just now, by offering a good Spring Mattress at $1.50. Woven wire Mattresses at $2.50. Good quality of sea grass Mattress at $3.

Tables. Tables. Tables.

Kitchen and Dining Tables, Parlor and Sewing Tables, Music and Fancy Tables, in fact tables to suit every taste and for every conceivable purpose.

One New Karn Organ for Sale.

Very cheap. Agent for the celebrated

New Raymond

Sewing Machine, a number of which are to be seen at our showrooms. Remember the place,

J. E. Moore,

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Our Undertaking Department is A 1. Good hearse and good horses in connection. Charges moderate.

The Tired Wife.

All day I had the wife been toiling,
From an early hour in the morn
And her hands and feet were weary
With the burdens that they had borne,
But she said to herself, "The trouble
That weighs on my heart is this—
That Tom never thinks to give me
A comforting hug or a kiss.

"I am willing to do my duty
And use all my strength and my skill
In making the home attractive,
In striving my place to fill.
But though the approval of conscience
Is sweet, I am free to say,
That if Tom would give me a hug and a kiss
I would take all the time away.

And I counted over and over
The years she had been Tom's wife,
And thought of the joys and sorrows
She had known in her married life.
To be sure there was money plenty,
And never a lack of food,
But a kiss now and then and a word of praise,
Would have done her a world of good.

All unwary a one is longing
For words that are never said
And many a heart goes hungry
For more than bread.
But Tom had an inspiration,
And when he went home that day,
He petted his wife and kissed her
In the old time lover like way.

And she—such enigmas are women—
Who had held herself up with pride
At her husband's display of fondness,
Just hung on his neck and cried
And he, by her grief reminded
Of troubles he might have shared,
Said: "Bless my heart what a fool I've been,
And I didn't suppose you cared."

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

All she tells her stories well; dramatizing a scene in Spanish here, throwing in some caustic bit of mimicry there, keeping her characters vivid and living before her audience, always.

"We have had enough, more than enough scandal," cried Rose at last. "You have quite taken my breath away, Belinda. These may be the moralities of foreign watering-places, the subjects of foreign conversation, but they are not English. I declare, when we were girls we did not know the meaning of evil!"

"How hard of comprehension you must have been, my dear," observes Belinda, cheerfully. "I suppose that was in the innocent days when you first met Captain Temple?"

The taunt makes Roger himself wince. The innocent days when he first whispered his passion to old Shelmadeane's young wife beside the hippopotamus!

"You are severe this evening, Belinda," he remarks coldly. "You make no distinction between friend and foe. Rose, my dear," bending over the widow and whispering—yet not so low but that Belinda's ear can catch every lover-like syllable—"is it not late for you to be out, after all the fatigues of your journey? Let me take you back to the hotel, dearest. You look pale."

"Oh, but Belinda," says Rose generously, and making a feint of quitting her lover's arm. "Don't anybody think of me! See Belinda home first."

"Thanks, very much, Rose," cried the girl. "As Belinda has been seeing herself home (only she never had a home) during the last four years, she will probably be quite capable of doing the same to-night."

"If—if I may be allowed?" And Mr. Jones puts himself forward in obedience to a glance he received from Rose. "It is too late for Miss O'Shea to pass through the town without an escort."

"Miss O'Shea has got Costa for her escort," begins Belinda, with her usual sturdy independence, then abruptly she discovers that Roger Temple is watching her face, and a new freak of perversity takes possession of her. "Miss O'Shea has got Costa, but she will be only too glad of your protection, now and at all times, Mr. Jones!"—smiling affectionately at Jones with her lips, and mocking him, ridiculing him, despising him with her eyes.

"You will see if that is not a match," remarks Rose, as the two figures walk away together in the moonlight

CHAPTER VII.

MAMMON WINS HIS WAY.

They walk for a considerable time in silence, Belinda and Mr. Jones. At last, "I hope you have forgiven me for not feeding Costa on maccaroons?" whispers the young man, pressing her unresponsive hand ever so little to his side.

"Do you, Mr. Jones—why?" She accepts his arm out of sheerest perversity, and because she guessed that certain eyes were watching her; but her heart feels wicked against poor Augustus, wicked against the whole bright world which forms a background for Roger Temple and for Rose. "When I know people detest me, I would much rather be without their forgiveness than with it."

Not an encouraging answer for a man on the eve of proposing. But Mrs. O'Shea's wary arts during that starlight conversation on the terrace have brought up Mr. Jones' resolution to the sticking point. So much familiar talk of Lady Althea and Lord Lionel "Belinda's nearest relations, Mr. Jones—the people, whenever our dear Belinda does settle in London, with whom she and her husband must be constantly and intimately thrown"—so much familiar talk, I say, about possible cousins in the peerage, not unmingled with suggestions that, in our dear Belinda's position, a happy early union, rather than large settlements is what Rosie's step-maternal heart yearns after, has made Mr. Jones resolute to win or give up all to-night.

He does not love, he sees no remotest chance of bringing himself to love this meagre, dark-skinned, bitter-tongued mite of an earl's granddaughter. But Jones is not a man to be turned from any project, commercial or matrimonial, by obstacles so paltry as personal likes or dislikes. The earliest sacred truth instilled into his childish soul, his highest mature conception of moral law, is that Christians and Englishmen should buy in the cheapest market whatever article they require. He, Jones, requires the article birth; has hunted it up and down many English watering-places, as men of the Cornelius O'Shea genus hunt money; and now has it under his hand, to be bought for a song (did not Rosie wisely throw in the hint about modest settlements?) the only difficulty being as to the article's consent. But after sunning himself in the widow's smile, and listening to the widow's silky flatteries during the past hour and a half, Mr. Jones cannot but feel that he is a very captivating fellow, indeed, in women's eyes, and entertain but little fears as to that.

"I have never been fortunate enough to find you at home yet, Miss O'Shea." He makes this next attempt at tender talk just as they reach the Maison Lohobiague, on the third floor of which Miss Burke and Belinda lodge. "I should like," sentimentally, "to see the apartment where you spend your time, if I might?"

It seems to him that the task of bringing her to terms will be easier of accomplishment indoors than out. Never yet has he seen Belinda between four walls, and the idea strikes him that she may prove more manageable within a restricted space; like a squirrel in a cage, a colt within a pound, or any other inferior animal whom it is man's supreme pleasure to tame and subjugate.

"The apartment where I spend my time. Burke's den! Well, if you want to see it, you had better use your legs and walk up now. Miss Burke, as you know, is away; our servant—actually we have a servant, Mr. Jones, just to set our soup going of a morning—went off to the bull fight at Fontarabia yesterday and has not appeared since. So you must not expect to see things in apple-pie order."

She quits his arm, bestows a series of hugs and farewells on Costa—the poor old dog, well-trained, stopping discreetly three or four paces away from Miss Burke's threshold—then vanishes out of sight beneath an overhanging stone *portecochere* or archway, whither Mr. Jones, his dapper feet tortured by the stones, his yellow-kidded hands extended to save his nose from collision with the wall, follows her.

The dark, winding staircase seems trebly dark after the intense moonlight of the streets; and Mr. Jones, a careful man not only as regards moral but bodily risks, pauses at the bottom.

"Come along, if you are coming," rings out Belinda's voice from airy heights overhead. There is plenty of light when once you get up here, only look out after your shins meanwhile."

The "plenty of light" proceeds from a solitary oil lamp, which sheds its dim, religious rays before the figure of a saint on the landing of the second floor.

"We live one story higher still," says Belinda, Mr. Jones stopping to turn up his British nose at this work of sacerdotal art.

"And unless Juanita happens to have left a candle, I shall have to entertain you in the dark. However, there is the moon."

"And and the brightness of your eyes, Belinda!" says Jones, groping his way up the steep staircase after her.

"And what?" shouts the girl sharply, through the darkness. "There is such an echo, Mr. Jones—no hearing a word unless you speak more distinctly. What did you say would light us?"

But something, either in the tone of her voice or in the distance that separates them, restrains Mr. Jones from again launching into the hazardous region of compliment.

Half ajar stands a huge oaken door blackened with time, crusted with dirt, a door as old, probably, as the solid masonry of the house. On a vigorous push from the girl's hand, it creaks slowly back upon its hinges and Mr. Jones is introduced to "Burke's den," a room bigger than Isle of Wight church, the roof joisted and innocent of all modern refinement of lath and plaster, the walls of the indescribable smokey grey of ages. Vast pictures of saints and martyrs in different stages of burning or mutilation, French studies, probably after Ribera, exaggerations, nightmares of that master's most expulsive realism, hang around. Saints and cobwebs may, indeed, be said to furnish the room. Of furniture proper there is—a table that was once carved and gilt, now in the last stage of rickety decay, and of which one leg is propped up by a pile of battered books; a lofty pier glass, overdim with antiquity for purposes of reflection; three crippled chairs, piled pell-mell at the present moment in a corner; and a shelf containing in all about twelve pieces of crockery, of different sizes and patterns

Mr. Jones looks around him, open-mouthed, Belinda having been fortunate enough to find a candle whose solitary light barely pierces from end to end of the sombre shadowy room

"And you—you live here!" he exclaims, with unaffected amazement. "What a place—what pictures! It gives one the horrors to look at them."

"Well, yes—the Maison Lohobaigue is not furnished according to Clapham taste," retorts Belinda, with her frank impertinence. "But it suits me better. I like the old, shabby room, Mr. Jones, and the 'orrid pictures and the cobwebs; yes, and I should be very sorry to exchange them for any stuccoed cockney gentility. I have lived here two years off and on; Miss Burke has made it a sort of headquarters in all her comings and goings, and I have grown to the place. If Burke would only get killed on a railway or made a professoress, or anything, I should be quite content to stop in the Lohobaigue with Costa always!"

And now Augustus feels is the time for him to crush down on this poor pauper child with the magnificence of his offer. "Miss O'Shea—Belinda," he cries, coming up beside her very close, "there is no necessity for you to spend your days in these miserable foreign places any longer. Since I saw you this afternoon I—ahem—I have been talking to your mamma."

"Step-mamma. If you are not accurate you are nothing."

"And I have made my mind up! I have made my mind up, fully," says Jones, with magnanimity, "as to my line of conduct. There may seem, there are disparities." He glances with an air of condescension at the girl's dress, at the appointments of the meagre room. "Still, as Mrs. O'Shea says, six months of the first educational advantages in England would work wonders, and, at our age, we can afford to wait, can we not?"

"I should answer better if I had a glimmering notion of what you mean by 'we.' Are you going to school again, Mr. Jones? Mind your 'h's,' you know, if you do."

"Belinda," his voice shakes, his color rises. (How hideous he is, communes Belinda with herself! How the mosquito-bites glow and radiate from out that purple blush!) "Do you think you ever—I mean, I know I never——" confound it all, why will the girl fix those hard eyes of hers upon his face!—"never saw any one so likely to make me happy. Oh, come, you mustn't take your hand away——" which she does, with unmistakable energy, the moment she feels his touch. "I will not let you go till you answer me. Belinda, could you ever care for me enough to be my wife?"

"You are a more complete fool than I took you for, Mr. Jones. If you really want me, me to marry you, why not say so like a rational being, instead of stammering and hesitating and blushing like a schoolboy ashamed to tell the truth?"

Mr. Jones stands silently recovering his nerve after the plunge. "It will, I know, meet the wishes of Mrs. O'Shea and of Captain Temple," he remarks at last, almost humbly.

"What will?"

"Our marriage, Belinda."

"Did they tell you so?"

"Mrs. O'Shea led me to believe——"

"Rose leads everybody to believe everything. And he—Captain Temple?"

"It can be no interest of Captain Temple's to put himself in the way of your settlement, I should say."

She turns from him, she walks quickly to the further end of the room; a certain dignity, a child though she be, in every movement of her poor little ragged figure. Then she comes back to the young man's side and looks steadily with her honest eyes into his.

"A thing like this cannot be decided in a moment, Mr. Jones. If you want really and truly to marry me, you must, I suppose, have some good reasons for doing so. That is not my business, however. Every one is free to have his own crotchets about happiness! But what I do want to know, and what I dare say you can tell me, is—why should I marry you?

"I should hope, a little because you like me," suggests Augustus, trying with imperfect success to throw a lover-like warmth into his voice. "That is the reason, generally, I believe, for which young ladies accept men."

"Is it, indeed? I thought liking had nothing whatever to do with such things. I thought the lover said, 'I can afford such a house, a carriage, servants, diamonds, on condition that you take me for a husband!' And then that the young lady reckoned up the sweets and the sour together, and answered yes or no, according to whether she found the bargain good."

"Is that the kind of a way you wish me to address you, Miss O'Shea?"

"It is the best way for you to address me if you want to get a sensible answer, Mr. Jones."

She perches herself on a corner of the rickety table, tilts her hat back on her head, and swinging her sandalled feet to and fro in the air, begins—as coolly as though she was scoring up the points at paume—to reckon the items of the projected "bargain."

"Carriage, so much; diamonds, so much; house, so much. We will begin with the house. How large a house, exactly, should you and I have to live at Clapham?"

"I am not joking, and you are," replied Jones, sullenly. "Of course if you do not choose to take the thing seriously, I have nothing more to say."

"Well, would you mind my having my supper first? I am as hungry as a wolf, sir! Burke leaves me on a kind of board wages when she goes off literaturing, and I have not eaten a mouthful since your maccaroons. You will not mind? Thanks. And while I eat, you know, you can make yourself agreeable, tell me all the delightful projects you and Rosie have been laying out for my future welfare."

Belinda's supper consists of a big slice of household bread, and another rather bigger one of melon, washed down by cold water. Having produced these refreshments from the shelf, which at once answers as dresser, larder and pantry, she resumes her former place on the corner of the table, and unincumbered by knife, fork, or plate, sups.

"I cannot imagine what put it into your head to think of me, Mr. Jones. Oh, I know why you came to St. Jean de Luz; of course Rosie planned your tour for you! But what first put it into your head to think of me in that sort of light?" For a moment her long eyelashes shade her cheek, the cheek that neither pales nor reddens under his gaze. "I have not made myself over-and-above civil to you, have I?"

"Well, no, not anything very particular," Mr. Jones asserts.

"And I am sure I am not what you, with your fastidious tastes, would think lady-like"—oh! the curl, imperceptible perhaps to Augustus, of her upper lip!—"nor what any one," with a thoroughly sincere sigh this, "would think pretty. Now what in the name of Heaven, can make you wish to marry me?"

"I—I because I love you," begins Jones, stammering.

"Tell that *blague* to some one else," interrupts the girl with sudden passion, "not to me! If you loved me, I should feel it here!" clasping her graceful brown hands to her breast, "just as I feel that Costa loves me, and I would marry you—yes, even you—to-morrow out of gratitude, and if you had only a hundred a year instead of all the thousands you talk of. But you do not. You care no more for me than I for you, and so——"

"And so I suppose you will not marry me," says Jones, with mortification that he would fain hide under an air of banter.

Belinda hesitates—looks away from him. She is a child, with all a child's instinctive craving for the sweets of liberty; but she is a Bohemian as well, with all a Bohemian's keen appreciation of money, and what money will bring. It would—it would be sweet, she feels, to wear finer dresses, richer jewels than Rosie's, to invite Rosie and Captain Temple condescendingly to dinner, lend them one's opera box, take them for a drive occasionally in one's carriage. And then to bid good-bye forever to Miss Burke! The thought of Augustus Jones as a life-companion may be hideous, but half its hideousness vanishes, surely, if one remembers this—he would replace Miss Burke.

"I am certain I shall make you wretched, Mr. Jones; but as you seem, you and Rosie, to have set your minds on this engagement—stop, though, I must ask one thing first: is your name on the door-plate, I mean of the Clapham villa? That I could not stand."

"My name—on a door-plate?" says Jones, as indignantly as though the blood of all the Howards ran in his veins. "Why, what do you take me for? No one but professional men, apothecaries, or that sort of thing, ever ticket their names outside on a door-plate."

"Well, then, I could never suit you nor you me, the whole thing is preposterous; still, if you would like to try it, just as an experiment——"

He rushes forward rapturously.

"Oh, I thank you—very much obliged, indeed!" Belinda springs upon her feet and puts herself in a not altogether unscientific attitude of self-defence. "We may be engaged if you like, but I will have no fooleries of that kind. Do you hear me—I will not! Mr. Jones, you shall never kiss me."

And then, quick as thought itself, flashes on her the remembrance of the moment when her eyes first met Roger's this afternoon, of the hour spent with Roger alone under the stars, of the moment when he praised her—ah, with praise how unlike the fulsome compliments of this legitimate lover!—and when vanity, shame, and minglement of feelings such as her life had never known before, held her dumb.

"Never kiss you! Not even when we are married, I suppose?" remarks Mr. Jones, unwisely jocular.

"Married—who talks of being married?" cries Belinda; such mutiny against her own weakness, such disdain, such mockery of her captor in her eyes!

"You talked a moment ago about trying the experiment, did you not?"

"I said that we might try being lovers—no, not lovers either—that we might try being engaged; and I keep to it. You are going away to visit the Pas de Roland, you know, to-morrow—"

"Not now. I shall have no spare time for sight-seeing now," interrupts Augustus, amatively.

"Why not? Because Rose is here? Oh, Rose has quite enough on her hands without you. You will go to the mountains to-morrow, and you will stay away four days, as you intended, and admire every waterfall and rock and ruin Murray bids you. By that time I shall be used to the thought of—of Clapham, perhaps. Miss Burke will be back for one thing, and I shall have had a good deal," with a sigh, this, "of Rose. I shall feel better disposed toward any change. Mr. Jones, if you will promise never, as long as you live, to kiss me, I dare say I shall not be very sorry to see you come back."

And not one other warmer word or promise can Augustus wring from her. She will try being engaged, minus love-making, as an experiment; and if he will promise never as long as he lives to kiss her, perhaps after four days' absence she may not be very sorry to see him return.

So much for his present chance of an alliance with the noble family of Vansittart

CHAPTER VIII.

VANITY VERSUS CONSCIENCE.

Mrs. Augustus Jones. Belinda Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Clapham.

So Belinda, when she is alone, rings every possible change upon her future titles as a matron, and finds each tuneless. But then the diamonds! reflection that ere this has governed the conduct of so many a wiser, older, better woman.

Wistfully gazing through the open window at the sky, Belinda thinks of the remote Belgravian days when her papa was in the first delightful flush of Rose's money

the days of dinner parties and balls, when even she, Belinda, wore pretty frocks, and occasionally tasted the society of lovely, bare-necked beings, with flowers in their hair, silken trains, fans, lovers, instead of watching them forlornly from without, as she did to-night. How would she look bare-necked, with flowers in her hair, with a train, a fan, lovers? How if she should attempt a rehearsal of the effect (lovers excepted) with such rough materials as she may have at hand!

Miss Burke, as it chances, has left the key of her travelling-case in the lock alas, the frame of mind for wrong-doing given, and when does the demon opportunity fail any of us?—and in Miss Burke's travelling-case lies, neatly folded, that lady's black silk dress. In shorter time than it has taken me to write, Belinda, candle in hand, glides into the adjoining room, the sanctuary of Miss Burke's maiden charms, opens the case, gazes, vacillates—handles!

The skirt is too long, for Miss Burke is of loftier stature than herself. So much the grander will be her train. And the sleeves must be tucked up, and the bodice pinned down, and white lace, also of Miss Burke's, added here and there, for lightness. She collects together such dislocated sewing implements as the household can boast, with absorbed interest stitches down a fold here, puckers up a plait there; finally skips lightly out of her own dingy, Cinderella frock, and a minute later stands radiant in the majesty of rustling silk, short sleeves, bare throat, and train—a young lady.

She is not an ugly girl, after all. So much the tarnished glass upon Miss Burke's dressing-table assures her promptly. Her neck and shoulders look lily fair, compared to the sun-tan of her face; her arms are delicately fashioned and tolerably plump for seventeen. But the pig-tails! She snatches off the hideous frayed out green ribbons, unplaits them, and behold! the ill kempt, neglected hair falls round her slender figure in waves of silky chestnut. A pair of gloves of Miss Burke's supplies an impromptu cushion, over which she coifs it high above her forehead, as the little Spanish blonde in pink (the blonde Roger Temple admired) was coifed to-night. A scarlet passion-flower wet with dew, from the balcony, finishes the picture.

Not ugly! Why, she is pretty already—a year or two hence will be admirably so, prettier than was even Rose in her prime thinks Belinda, gazing at her own transfigured self in a kind of rapture. The only thing she lacks now is jewelry—ear-rings, bracelets, a necklace for her throat; the Jones diamonds, in short. Pending the possession of these, could no substitute be found to give one some imperfect foreshadowing of their splendor?

On the landing of the second floor stands, as we know, the life-sized figure of a saint; martyred, satin-slippered, glittering with gorgeous paste adornments. If the good old Beata would only lend that necklace of hers for half an hour, ten minutes, long enough to yield some one faint foretaste of the sweets of brilliants! If—assuming her permission—one were to borrow it, say! The glass case can be opened by a cunning hand from the back. And no living soul is about; and it could not surely be much of a sin, considering that the saint is but a big wax doll with bead eyes.

She creeps down the echoing stone stairs, her heart beating, her unaccustomed feet entangling themselves at every movement in her trailing skirts; she reaches the landing of the second floor. There stands the Beata, her livid hands crossed on her breast, her bead eyes awfully wide open. There are the paste brilliants.

The cranky fastening of the glass door gives a groan as she opens it, causing Belinda's guilty conscience to quake again; but no ear save her own hears the sound. She unclasps the necklace, shivering as her fingers come in contact with the clammy wax throat; then bears away her booty, her legs trembling under her at every step upstairs. She takes it to the light of her solitary candle; admires its mock effulgence; clasps it, trembling, around her little warm soft neck; surveys herself on tiptoe in the tarnished mirror above the chimney-piece; and where is conscience now, where remorse?

She surveys herself, well nigh awe-stricken by her own fairness. She feels that to be the possessor of real diamonds she would cheerfully become Mrs. Augustus Jones, and start for Clapham to-morrow. Now, nothing is wanting but a fan and lovers. The fan can be had—a huge gilt and black structure, of the date of thirty years ago, which lies for ornament on the mantel-shelf—and of this Belinda possesses herself. But the lovers? Bah, some unimportant details are sure to be wanting at every rehersal.

She struts up and down the room, her train outstretched, her fan in motion, her eyes glancing complacently at the *mignon* little figure the glass gives her duskily back. "If Captain Temple could see me—if Captain Temple could see me now!" thinks vanity. "If he knew I could be anything but ragged, and hideous, and a gamin. And if he did know this, what would Captain Temple care?" says another sterner voice than that of vanity. "Of what account is the whole world to him by the side of Rose, and Rose's beauty?"

A sudden leaden weight sinks dead on Belinda's heart. She is nothing to Roger Temple; holds no more place in his present than in his future. She seems to stifle. The saint's paste diamonds must surely be too heavy, so painful is the choking feeling in her throat. Turning abruptly away from the sight of her finery and of herself, she extinguishes the candle; then goes out bare-armed, bare-necked, in her diamond necklace and train, upon the balcony.

It is now past midnight, and something like cooler air begins to stir across the sleeping country. Balmy sweet is the air; every floor of the vast old house has its balcony, every balcony its flowers; the sky is all a-quiver with stars; mountains, river, plains, are lying in one great hush of purple sleep. Belinda rests her arm against the iron balustrade, and, gazing away westward toward the rugged line of Spanish coast, muses.

Click, click! goes the sharp sound of a vesuvian, close, as it seems, beside Belinda's ear. She turns with a start, and there on the adjoining balcony, *en robe de chambre*, and placidly lighting his midnight pipe of peace, stands Roger Temple. Roger may breakfast with Rose, dine with Rose, walk with Rose, spend any number of hours during the day that he chooses alone with Rose; but it would be the acme of indiscretion for him to lodge under the same roof with her. Thus the widow well versed in the minutiæ of surface morals decides. And so—from Scylla to Charybdis—fate, and the landlord of the Hotel Isabella together, have contrived to lodge him under the same roof with Belinda.

Belinda sees him, grasps the whole dramatic capabilities of the situation in a moment, but gives no sign. Now, she feels, is a magnificent opportunity for her to act, and with a purpose! A glance at Roger Temple's face convinces her that he does not recognize Rose's vagrant, out-at-elbows step-daughter under the disguise of civilization. Now she will have a rare opportunity of arriving at a truth or two; now may she even test the practical worth of a "life-long fidelity," see if this devoted lover cannot be led into a passing flirtation—moonlight, loneliness, the certainty of the crime remaining undetected, favoring.

With an unconsciousness the most perfect she resumes her former attitude, and after a minute or two of silence sings, in that undertone for which we have no word in English, the whisper of singing, a stanza of the Mendicant Student serenade, familiar from one end of the Peninsula to the other.

Desde que soy estudiante,
Desde que llevo manteo,
No he comido manjar sopas
Con suelas de zapatero.

She has a sweet, a sympathetic voice *in posse*, like the beauty of her face; and melody and voice alike harmonize deliciously with every external accessory of the scene.

"Brava, brava!" exclaims Roger, when she has finished. "That first verse was so excellently sung that it makes me eager for the second."

"Senor!" she exclaims, holding her head up with dignity, and in such a position that the moon shines upon its soft young outline full.

"I beg a thousand pardons," says Roger, putting his pipe hastily out of sight. "But the senora's song was so charming that I forgot that we had no master of the ceremonies to introduce us. Has it not a second verse?"

"My song has a second and a third verse," replies Belinda in English, strongly flavored with Castilian gutturals. "I must acquaint his lordship, however, that I believed myself to be alone. I never sing for the pleasure of strangers except when I am on the stage."

"The stage!" repeats Roger Temple, scrutinizing the girlish face and figure critically. "Why, is it possible?"

"I have acted as long as I can remember," says Belinda, with all the effrontery conceivable. "If his English excellency has travelled through any of the principal Spanish towns he must have heard of me."

"When the senora favors me with her name I shall be able to question my memory more accurately," answers Roger.

Belinda pauses for a minute or two; then, "My name on the stage is Lagrimas," she tells him, "or as you would say it in English, 'Tears.' Doleful, is it not? but I do not wish it changed. Who would not sooner be called tears than laughter?"

She sighs, and, half turning from him, rests her cheek down upon the graceful bare arms that lie folded on the balcony. Seen thus in the moonlight, her bright hair falling around her shoulders, her childish face grown pensive, she seems to Roger as fair a little creature as ever blessed man's vision in this prosaic world; and his pulse quickens. The balconies are distant about four or five feet from each other. Leaning across the giddy intervening space, two persons of steady nerves might easily clasp hands, or at least touch fingers, if they so minded. They are alone together, he and this girl, absolutely alone, as were the first pair of lovers in Eden; and yet impassably divided, as their lives are destined in very fact to be forevermore. And Roger's pulse quickens.

(To be Continued).

Gin a Body.

Gin a body meet a body
  Gaein' through the town,
Gin a body cheat a body,
  Need a body frown?
Ilka thing maun hae its tariff;
  Some are fearfu' high,
Yet a' the folk they pay the tariff;
  Nane it passes by.

Gin a body meet a body
  Comin' in to buy,
Gin a body chouse a body,
  Need a body cry?
Gin a body strip his neighbor,
  Leavin' him a' bare,
Gin a body rob a body,
  Need a body swear?

Amang the train there is a swain
  Fu' dear I know, mysel';
And what's his name of gruesome fame
  I deftly choose to tell.
And well I'm lief to name the thief—
  I winna tell a lie;
And gin ye ax, I name him Tax
  On ilka thing ye buy.

Gin a body tax a body,
  Gin he steals his purse,
Gin a body fule a body,
  Need a body curse?
Gin the mon wha maks my coatie
  Robs me of my ain,
I'm the fule that maks the robber—
  Why should I complain?

Wha's the faut, thou craiket loonie—
  Wha's the faut but thine?
Wha's the dupe, and wha's the duper,
  Wha's the goose, in fine?
Gin a body meet a body
  Comin' through the town,
Gin the body wears but shoddy,
  Need a body frown?

—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

FLOWERS RAISED IN POTS.

Houses Should be a "Bower of Beauty" During the Winter—Best Varieties.

At this season the gardener and housekeeper will be actively forecasting for the winter display of flowers and plants. Skilful hands will already have brought forward to a good state of development most of the plants that are to make the decoration of the greenhouse and window for the next six months. A good stock of chrysanthemums will unfold their beauties some weeks later, and by proper management, if suitable varieties have been selected, will continue in bloom until the close of the year. Chinese primroses should now be stock little plants and making a vigorous growth, and so, also, geraniums of all kinds, and begonias, bouvardias, carnations and callas; and these constitute a large bulk of the plants most relied upon for winter flowers. Heliotropes, winter-blooming fuchsias, abutilons, azaleas, roses, jasmines and others are raised in smaller numbers by the amateur, and play a minor part.

But all these, though in great variety, fail to satisfy us, since so many other blooming plants can be made to contribute their brightness to the dull months. Those who have the best collections of the kind named will not fail to supplement them with a liberal stock of the bulbous plants, which flower freely in the winter months; and those who, by circumstances, have been prevented up to this time from having a collection of plants can now take advantage of the opportunity of the present season to lay in a stock of bulbs in such variety that they may have abundance of bright, sweet flowers nearly all winter. Reference is now made specially to the Holland bulbs, which can be so cheaply procured and so easily raised. In regard to the methods of treating these bulbs our readers are all well informed, but we would impress upon them the importance of laying in a sufficient supply of flowers from January to May, as may be done. What can be brighter or more delightfully fragrant than the hyacinths? What gayer than the tulips? What sweeter than the narcissus? And then we need only to mention the names of crocus and snowdrops and scillas and ixias, and anemones to bring to the mental vision a most delightful sight. These plants represent the greatest amount of winter bloom for the least expenditure of time, care and labor.

But let us look about for what more there may be in the way of bulbous plants of easy culture suited to the same purposes. First, let us notice the freesia. Here is a plant admirably adapted to the greenhouse and the window garden. Its graceful, white flowers are pleasingly fragrant. The bulbs can be potted for several weeks in succession during autumn, and thus a supply of them be provided to bloom continuously from midwinter to the latter part of spring.

The chionodoxa, or glory of the snow, a bulb of comparatively recent introduction, is as easy to raise as any of those already noticed. It has flowers that are porcelain blue with white centres, and are produced abundantly. The one peculiar treatment that is essential to the welfare of all potted bulbs is that they may be set away in a dark, cool place, but one free from frost, where they can develop their roots before the growth of leaves commences. When the roots have filled the soil and are running around the sides of the pots, the bulbs can be brought into a light place, and then the leaves and flower stems will be produced, but the blooming will be abortive if attempted sooner.

Beside the bulbs already named we might still mention oxalis, a number of which are excellent, free-flowering plants of the simplest culture. The lily, in its many varieties, kindly responds to pot culture. Some of the best varieties are the auratum, or gold-banded Japan lily; the common white, or candidum; L. Japonicum longiflorum; L. Harrisii or Easter lily of Bermuda; L. speciosum, or as it is better known in the trade as L. lancifolium, both rubrum and album, and the variety known as L. Precox. The value of the lily of the valley for winter blooming is well known.

Another excellent bulbous plant for winter flowers is the cyclamen. The species most in use, and the best is Cyclamen Perisicum in its cultivated varieties. —*Vick's Magazine.*

Mr. Balfour addressed a Liberal-Unionist Conference at Wolverhampton yesterday. He was jubilant over the Conservative victories in the municipal elections, and said they proved that Unionism was progressing. The Unionists were defeating the Gladstonians, even in strongholds of that party like Leeds. He said the policy of the Government was winning all along the line. Crime in Ireland, Mr. Balfour said, had been reduced almost to the level of 881. He thought the outcry over evictions was absurd. One hundred thousand persons were evicted in New York yearly without comment.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The statue of General Gordon, which has been erected in the very centre of Trafalgar square, London, midway between the two fountains, and was unveiled the other day, is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R. A. The pedestal is relieved on either side by bronze panels, in which an effort has been successfully made to allegorically depict the virtues of the late general.

Cincinnati *Enquirer*: "It is a wrong adjustment for a husband to kill his wife first and himself afterwards. He should commence with himself."

The relative merits of Mohammedanism and Christianity in Africa are being discussed. Canon Taylor contends that Mohammedanism should not be interfered with in Africa. Professor Drummond says the question is whether the Arab or the European is to reign in Africa. "Africa," he says, "belongs to nobody, yet it is claimed by everybody. The Arabs pour into it from north and east, with the deliberate purpose of making a paradise a hell."

A civil engineer the other day claimed there is a difference between an error and a mistake, and he illustrated it in this way: "If a surveyor's instrument is at fault and he records what it registers, as it is registered by the instrument, that is an error: but if he records it differently from what the instrument registers it, that is a mistake." This means that if the instrument makes a mistake that is an error, but if the man makes an error that is a mistake. Here is food for reflection for dictionary makers.

The Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony were enjoying themselves in Mufti after the style of good Haroun Alraschid while in Styria not long ago. They fell in with a sturdy peasant, of whom they begged a lift, and were politely accommodated in his cart. On parting from him they revealed their real State dignity, by way of making him happy and contented for life, but found him equal to the strain. "Well, my friends," he replied, "if you be the Emperor of Austria and you the King of Saxony, I had better tell you who I am. My good fellows, I am His Holiness the Pope." Fancy the feelings of the potentates on being thus taken for a brace of bluffers!

The Funeral Directors' Association, whose members are among the undertakers of the United States and Canada, in their recent annual convention at Baltimore, received a report from a committee on burials of those who die at sea, and Undertaker Laube, on the committee, in the discussion that followed, said: "I want to call special attention of the press to this. Steamship companies refuse to bring corpses to home ports for proper burial, alleging superstition of sailors as an objection. Against tearful protests of poor people their dead have been cast into the sea, but who ever heard of this disposition of the rich and prominent? At Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia steamship companies have refused to listen to us, and we want the common people to know bodies can be safely brought home."

Maybe some one would like to know the titles of the Czar of Russia. Here are a few of them: Alexander Alexandrovitch, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias of Moscow, of Kiev, of Vladimir, of Novgorod; Czar of Kazan, Czar of Astrakhan, Czar of Poland, Czar of Siberia, Czar of Khersoness-Tanrida, Czar of Grusia; Gosudor (sovereign) of Pskov and Grand Duke of Smolenski, Lithuania, Volynia, Padolia and Finland; Prince of Estland, Livland, Kurland, Semigalia, Samagitia, Belostok, Kurelia, Tyer, Yougor, Perm, Viatka, Bulgaria and others; Gosudor (sovereign) and Grand Duke of Novgorod, Belozersk, Udor, Abdor, Knodia, Vitebsk, Matizlav, and ruler of the entire northern land; Gosudor (sovereign) of the lands of Iversk, Kartalinski and Karbardinski, and of the regions of Armenia; Heir-Gosudor (sovereign) and Possessor of the Princedoms of Tcherkassia, Mountain and others; Heir-Apparent of Norway, Duke of Shleswig-Holstein, Stormalenski, Ditmarsen and Oldenburg; Gosudor of Turkestan, etc., etc.—*London Star.*

An ingenious contributor to the Berlin *Neue Musikzeitung* elaborates the theory that the character of a man is to be predicated from the special vowel which predominates in his laughter. For instance, persons in whose laughter the letter A (sound *ah*) is dominant are open, jovial, honest folk, who delight in noise and movement. "Laughter in E" is an indication of the phlegmatic and melancholy. Children almost invariably "laugh in I," and this is also observable in persons of a naive, docile, modest or undecided character. "Laughter in O," which the writer regards as the most dignified of all the laughing tones, is the mark of noble and bold tempers. The worst of all the laughters is that in U, which is the characteristic of the misanthropical.

A correspondent of the *Northwestern Railroader* advances a curious theory for the increasing prevalence of floods and rainstorms. He says that there are over 30,000 locomotives in use in North America, and estimates that from them alone over 53,000,000,000 cubic yards of vapor are sent into the atmosphere every week, to be returned in the form of rain, or over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day—"quite enough," he says, to "produce a good rainfall every twenty-four hours." Estimating the number of other non-condensing engines in use as eight times the number of locomotives, the total vapor thus projected into the air every week in this country amounts to more than 470,000,000,000 cubic yards. "Is this not?" he asks, "sufficient for the floods of terror? Is there any reason to wonder why our storms are so damaging?" Why is it, if this theorist is correct, that the greatest rainfalls and floods are generally found where the railways are the fewest?

The long looked-for report of the scientific commission which investigated the great volcanic eruption of Krakatoa in 1883 has at last made its appearance, and it seems strongly to confirm the theory that the famous "red sunsets" of that time were caused by the canopy of dust and steam thrown up by that tremendous convulsion of nature. So great was the explosion of the burning mountain that the noise was heard over one-thirteenth of the total surface of the earth. At Batavia, thirty miles away, buildings were wrecked by the concussion. In Ceylon, two thousand miles away, a sound as of heavy guns was heard. At Rodrignez, nearly three thousand miles away, it was distinctly heard, like the roar of distant artillery. The sea wave caused by the upheaval was perceived as far away as the English Channel, while a great atmospheric wave swept three times from Krakatoa to the antipodes and back again. Fully one and one-eighth cubic miles of rock were hurled into the air, some fragments reaching a height of thirty-one miles, while an incalculably vast cloud of dust and vapor filled the air at a height of from seventeen to twenty-three miles. It is not difficult to believe that enough of this dust and vapor was wafted to this side of the world to produce the beautiful phenomena that were the wonder and delight of every observer of the sunsets.

No Unalloyed Happiness.

Fannie—So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and all its possibilities?

Hattie—Yes, my husband is very rich.

Fannie—And you enjoy it all very much?

Hattie—Very much, indeed.

Fannie—And your husband?

Hattie—Oh, well, you know in this world, dear, we have to take the bitter with the sweet."

Our Village Industrial Competition.

Husband (just home from the city)—My angel!—crying—whatever's the matter?

Wife—'I hey've—awarded me prize medal (sobbing) f' my sponge cake!

Husband (soothingly)—And I'm quite sure it deserv—

Wife (hysterically)—Oh—but—'t said—'t was for the best specimen—o' concrete!

Popularity.

Mr. Small—That man over there makes half a dozen trips down town every day, and scores of women he dosen't know nod to him and try to stop him. The Victim—Is he an actor? Mr. Small—No, a street car driver.

The Czar's Will.

Miss Dumps (reading)—The Czar has his will in every phase of life in Russia.

Mrs. Dumps—Well! Well! I thought he was married.

England next month will be deeply agitated by the question of the secularization of public schools. Sectarian schools now receive fully $10,000,000 annually from the Treasury. The report of the Royal Commission on Education, a body which contained, besides Cardinal Manning, a preponderant number of Church of England dignitaries and sympathisers, now proposes to levy on the taxes as well for the support of these sectarian schools up to the amount of $2.50 for every scholar in average attendance. The whole Noncomformist body is up in arms against this proposal, and a big education conference is called for November 20th to fight it tooth and nail.

A riot occurred at Middletown, Lancashire, on Thursday evening. It arose from an attempt to rescue a prisoner. The police who had charge of the prisoner took refuge in a shop. A crowd besieged the place and threw stones at the doors and windows. Several persons were injured. One civilian is dying from injuries received.

J. D. Sheehan, member of Parliament for East Kerry, was arrested at a meeting of Lord Kenmare's tenants on Saturday for advocating the Plan of Campaign. Mr. Sheehan has been taken to Tralee jail. The police offered to release him on bail if he would promise to keep silent until his trial, but he refused to do so.

G. W. Standish, of Flagstaff Plantation, Me., is a direct descendant of Miles Standish, of Puritan times. He is a stalwart man 52 years old, and is eight in line from the famous captain. His farm occupies the ground on which Arnold camped on his Quebec expedition.

The Russian Minister of the Interior yesterday received a telegram from the Minister of the Imperial Court stating that five minutes before the Czar's train arrived at Kutais, *en route* from Tiflis to the Black Sea, a Kouban Cossack, disguised as an officer, was arrested at the station for having on his person several handy explosives and some poison in gelatine capsules. When arrested the man attempted to poison himself. Years ago he was expelled from a university for an imaginary political offence and his career ruined. He was one of the founders of the South Russian Revolutionary Society. Other members of the society have been arrested at Simferopol.

Some days ago a German named Weiland, in Raglan township, was loading his gun in the house to shoot a porcupine. As he was placing the cap on the gun he turned around, and in some way the weapon was accidentally discharged, the contents going into the stomach of his 13-year old daughter, who was standing at the table washing dishes. The child vomited, and then sat down and ate heartily. About five hours afterwards she expired. The father is nearly distracted.

In numbering the rooms in the great new Drexel building in New York, the Philadelphia street system of numbers has been adopted, the hundreds indicating the floors. No. 1036 indicates room 36 on the tenth floor, and No. 815 indicates room 15 on the eighth floor. The Philadelphia and St. Louis plan of street numbering, by which a new hundred is begun at each street corner, is a great convenience in large cities.

—Empire gowns for misses are made of fine woollen, with a striped selvege or gay Persian bordered edge for trimming.

Neapolitan red is a new reddish brown, similar to the old Bismarck brown. As yet it is seen only in expensive fabrics.

—Many of the bodices of the new overdresses fasten diagonally, and they accord perfectly with the fashion of raising the drapery high on the left side.

—The following assignments are reported to-day: Clavering, R. Parkinson, general store; London, J. B. Glass, stationer; Tilsonburg, Hogan Bros., bakers.

—At a meeting of the Directors of the Huron & Erie Loan and Savings Society, of London, on Saturday, Mr. R. W. Smylie tendered his resignation as manager, which was accepted.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMRAY.

The Quebec Local Legislature is likely to meet on January 10th.

The Mormons in the Northwest have decided not to practice polygamy.

Sheriff Iler, of Windsor, has recovered from his recent serious indisposition.

A lodge of the Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, was organized at Kingston on Friday. Grand Master Emo, Montreal, was present.

The valuable gold watch and chain stolen from Mr. Chapleau's bed-room at the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, a few weeks ago, has been recovered in New York.

It appears that Mr. Mackenzie Bowell was favored with a Murchison letter asking him for advice on the Presidential election, but he did not reply.

About 6 o'clock on Saturday morning the nightwatchman of the new drainage works in St. Andrew street, Quebec, was found dead in the excavation.

A Hungarian gentleman is at present in Ottawa conferring with the Department of Agriculture concerning the emigration of Hungarians to the Canadian Northwest.

William Preeper, the condemned murderer in the Halifax jail, has become the object of female sympathy. He is supplied abundantly with cooked food, fruit and tracts.

The body of James Quinn, jun., who was drowned near Waubausnene on the 26th ult., was recovered yesterday and taken to Orillia, where the funeral will take place to-day.

At the morning session of the Court of Queen's Bench at Montreal on Saturday the grand jury returned a true bill against Alfred Belarger for the murder of Emma Genereux, who died some days ago under suspicious circumstances.

Mary, the 7-year-old daughter of Wm. May, of May Bros., millers, St. Thomas, was caught while playing in the mill on Saturday in the shafting and whirled round several times. When the machinery was stopped she was picked up apparently lifeless, but with medical assistance her breathing was restored and it is hoped she will recover, though her head and body are badly bruised and battered.

Bridget Clopper, of Belleville, on Friday concluded to die. She dressed her 6-year-old daughter in her best apparel, tidied herself up as best she could, and started for the bay. She waded into the water and finally lay down on her back. A young man named De Marsh passing at the time saw her position and went to the rescue, but seeing the neck of a black bottle protruding from her pocket, took possession of it. Mrs. Clopper followed his action, and, after a spirited engagement, recovered her property and went home.

Germany will resume the building of ironclads.

The new Austrian army Bills maintain the war strength of the army at 800,000.

The Catholics of Australia and India have presented the Pope with $1,000,000.

M Goblet, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has received a note from the Vatican, in which the papal claims to temporal power are again asserted.

Advices from Saigon say pirates attacked a post consisting of forty men of the Foreign Legion and seven pagodas in Tonquin and killed all but one man.

Cardinal Newman is very low and cannot live long. The English Catholics are profoundly stirred. Prayers were offered for him throughout the country yesterday.

A terrific explosion occurred yesterday in the Campagnac coal pit in the department of Aveyron, France. Eighty miners were killed. Forty-two bodies have been recovered.

Mr. Phelps, the United States Minister, will deliver an address before the Glasgow Juridical Society on the 15th inst. The municipal authorities of Glasgow will afterwards give a banquet in honor of Mr. Phelps.

Lord Dangan, who is the defendant in a breach of promise suit brought by the charming Phyllis Broughton, has submitted an answer to the claim of the actress. It is not likely that the trial will come off before January.

The demonstration of University students in Berlin on Friday to Drs. Bergmann and Gerhardt was a dismal failure. The medical students absented themselves, and only 200 of the others, out of a total of 5,000, took part in the procession.

The Norwegian barque Nor, from New York, October 2nd, for Stettin, collided with and sank the steamer Sarmundham, off Cowes. Twenty-two persons are missing and are supposed to have been drowned. Eight survivors have landed at Weymouth. The Nor was abandoned. Her crew have landed at Portland.

It is proposed to turn Lister's Manningham Cotton Mills, at Bradford, over to a limited liability company. The Manningham mills employ 9,000 persons, and are the largest of the kind in the world. They represent a capital of £4,000,000. Mr. Lister is a member of Parliament, and is a Fair Trader in his views.

A despatch from Zanzibar says: The Germans have burned all the dhows and boats in Whidi harbor. Lieut. Fitzherbert, of the Algerine, in the face of a heavy Arab fire, chased a dhow with two hundred slaves off the north coast of Madagascar until the dhow grounded. Sa Kalavas carried off all the slaves except twenty-seven, which Lieut. Fitzherbert captured with the dhow. The reports regarding Stanley are discredited here.

Mr. Gladstone will open the Liberal Conference at Birmingham to-day, thus carrying war into the enemy's camp. The Liberal leader will speak daily until Thursday, and the crush to hear him is so great that tickets of admission to the hall in which he speaks are selling at fancy prices. Despite the scheming of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the reception which will be accorded to the Grand Old Man promises to be the biggest one on record. It is, however, uncertain whether the hot bloods of the Chamberlain faction will be openly hostile or not.

A singular crime is reported from the neighborhood of Cahors, in the south of France. A 17-year-old nurse girl had been whipped severely by her mistress for neglecting a girl, 7 years of age, left in her charge. After the punishment the young nurse took the child out for a walk, and when they had reached the high banks of the River Lot she fastened herself and the child together with a horse-chain which she padlocked round their waists, and then leaped into the water. She was seen by several persons, but before they could get down the steep river banks the two girls were drowned.

Jacksonville's yellow fever record up to yesterday is: Total cases, 4,277. total deaths, 364.

David Boody, of Brookfield, Mich., aged 60, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat on Friday evening. He cannot recover.

The political excitement between whites and blacks in the vicinity of Charlotte, N. C., is so intense that the militia will probably have to be called out.

An earthquake shock was felt in Memphis, Tenn., on Saturday morning at 3.50 o'clock. People asleep in the upper stories of buildings were considerably alarmed. Its duration was only a few seconds.

The leaders in the Children of Zion Church at Grand Rapids, Mich., have signed an address declaring certain rumors reflecting upon the character of the late Bishop Paterson to have been investigated and found untrue. But find the scandal based on facts. Briefly, the story is that Mary Hawley, daughter of one of the Bishop's constituents and a favorite with him, had been accompanying him on his travels in Europe and the Holy Land, and by her he had a child. He had a wife and several children in Grand Rapids.

The United States express messenger on the train of the Northeastern Railway which arrived in New Orleans on Saturday morning at 7 o'clock was robbed at 5 a. m. between Lacey and Derby stations, 50 miles from the city. The express officials decline to state the amount of the robbery, but it is understood to be between $40,000 and $50,000. The robbers entered the express car, surprised Henry McElroy, baggage-master, and Charles Lowrey with a cocked revolver and threw sacks over their heads. After securing the contents of the safe the robbers pulled the bell-rope.

Another shooting affair occurred near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Saturday night. Henry Berlew and George Llewelyn, two citizens of Pittston, were returning in a carriage from Pleasant Valley, when their horse was stopped in a lonely spot in the woods by two hunters who carried rifles. The hunters said they wanted to ride. The men in the carriage whipped up their horse and drove away. They had gone but a short distance when the hunters fired upon them, fatally wounding Berlew and seriously injuring his companion. The horse ran away and was not stopped until Pittston was reached. The men were taken from the carriage unconscious. There is great excitement over the affair and lynch law is threatened.

Hon. Edward Blake passed through Winnipeg to the east on Thursday night. He made a short call on Gov. Schultz, accompanied by his two sons.

The resignation is announced of Mr. E. H. King, formerly General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and for the last fifteen years a director on the London Board.

Judge Church in opening the winter session of the Court of Queen's Bench, in Montreal, yesterday, denounced in no measured terms private detective agencies.

Mr. Alfred Harrison, carpenter, while working in the Grand Trunk Railway yard, Stratford, on Thursday afternoon, unloading timber, was knocked off the car and injured very seriously, but it is thought he will recover.

There is considerable disappointment felt in English-speaking circles of Montreal at the appointment of a French Canadian Chief of the Fire Brigade over the head of a qualified English applicant by the votes of two English aldermen.

Lieut. Oscar Pelletier, of "B" Battery, Que., who was wounded in the thigh when in the Northwest, was yesterday attempting to catch hold of or drive into his quarters a buffalo which is owned by the officers, and which they brought with them when young from the Territories. The animal turned on Mr. Pelletier and badly gored him in his other thigh, from the result of which he will be laid up for some days.

Herbert Spencer's health has improved, but he writes from his retreat at Dorking to say that he never expects to be able to do as much work as formerly.

M. Alennikoff, director of the Caucasian Railroad, committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself with a revolver. He left a letter addressed to the Czar.

Patrick Gilligan was shot dead yesterday near Athlone, Ireland. The crime resulted from agrarian troubles. Four persons have been arrested for complicity in the murder.

During a torchlight procession last evening in Belgrade stones were thrown at the Austrian Legation and several windows were broken. A number of arrests were made. The authorities have made apologies to the Austrian Minister.

The Parnell Commission upon rising yesterday stood adjourned until next Tuesday in order that the *Times* may have leisure to arrange for the continuity of evidence, a course which Sir Charles Russell has from the first insisted upon.

Joseph Kavanagh, who shot at a man named Planche Cox in a tavern opposite the Law Courts, London, on Thursday, has been remanded for trial. He said he had admitted to Cox that he made a certain statement, which had appeared in the *St. James' Gazette*, but he intended to deny it when he was examined by the Parnell Commission. This confession caused the quarrel which resulted in the shooting.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock on Thursday night, when the streets were full of people, a man boldly forced the door of Col. McConnel's loan office, on Pearl street, Grand Rapids, Mich., using a jimmy for the purpose. He helped himself to valuables and departed without attracting attention. Several thousand dollars' worth of watches, diamonds and other articles are missing. The man was so bold in his operations that although seen at work nobody suspected anything wrong.

King Leopold of Belgium has shown himself possessed of almost as great a craze for building as Mme. De Pompadour, and many new buildings at Ostend and elsewhere are tasteful monuments to his love for improvement.

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

Saws! Saws!

Cross-Cut Saws! Cross-Cut Saws!

AND AXES

Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having five gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined siller steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you Another line I would particularly call your attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Several beavers has been caught in the rocky Saugeen, near Durham, this fall.

Mr. Thos. Earle, of Badgeros, died suddenly of heart disease while picking potatoes on his farm.

The Grey Review last week published a poorly-constructed synopsis of Dr. McLellan's lecture in the Town Hall, Flesherton, of three weeks ago. Another evidence of the editor's enterprise.

It seems that the report of the entering of a protest against the return of Mr. R. S. White as M. P. for Cardwell is without foundation.

A. T. Biggar, of Glenelg, had eighteen out of twenty-five fine geese killed by a mischievous fox last week.

The Times complains that Owen Sound fishermen openly violate the law, and that, too, while the Government steamer is in that harbor.

The Bruce Herald says the citizens of Walkerton have discovered a plan to dispose of surplus cats, by dumping them into the editor's well. Well, well! quite a catacomb, indeed.

Mrs. Morrow, Glenelg, a lady of some 63 years slipped while getting out of the buggy and fractured her hip bone. The injury is considered serious, especially owing to the age of the woman. Dr. McBride attended the patient, and she is doing as well as could be expected. [Markdale Standard.

A great big, healthy dog poisoner struck Orangeville last week and silenced forever the "yaps" of eight or ten valuable dogs.

The Durham Chronicle man wants a good sized, permanent boom to strike that town. That's what the residents have been waiting for this last twenty-five years.

Suicide. Robert Futhey, a superannuated school teacher, about 84 years of age, of eccentric disposition, living at Singhampton, on Thursday made a determined attempt to take his life by cutting his throat almost from ear to ear with a razor. He is in a precarious condition but with care may recover. [Colling wood Bulletin.

The trustees of the Dundalk Public School had over a hundred applications in answer to their advertisement for teachers, with salaries ranging from $350 up to $600. After six hours' deliberation Mr. S. Nelly, of Lakefield, was chosen to the position of head master, and Miss Sutherland of Linton appointed to take charge of the thrid division. There were only 8 female applicants. [Herald.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

BOOTS & SHOES!

I have a large stock on hand, suitable

For Fall Wear.

Men's and Boys' Long Boots,

Also a large variety of LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' WEAR. A lot of

Summer Goods Selling off Cheap.

WM. CLAYTON'S, - - FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MES. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✠ **A Pleasant Cure.**

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS:

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 84. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

L-O-O-K!

—AND—

READ CAREFULLY

And you will find that at

Russell's - Noted - Jewelry - Store,

FLESHERTON.

Is to be found the finest, best and cheapest stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc.

In Watches we have the famous Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Illin is Hampden, Columbus, New Haven, in silver and gold and gold filled cases, in ladies and gents' sizes, from $9.50 to $75, warranted from two to five years. Swiss silver watches, ladies' and gents' sizes, from $7.50 to $50, warranted from three to five years. Also the finest line of

AMERICAN SPRING AND WEIGHT CLOCKS

In prices from $2 to $10, bearing warrants from two to four years.

The finest line of ladies' Barpins, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, and Chains; gents' Solid Gold and Rolled Gold Chains of the finest quality and pattern; full 18 K plain rings and ladies' gem rings; cuff buttons, collar buttons, scarf pins, charms, etc. A beautiful line of

SILVERWARE

Suitable for birthday and Xmas presents, at very low prices. Also the famous B Laurence Spectacles, Eyeglasses, etc., the finest in the world. Buy no other.

If you have a watch or clock that refuses to go or keep time, take it to

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store,

FLESHERTON,

And it will be made perfect at a reasonable price.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

General News.

Right Hon. Jos. Chamberlain was married to Miss Endicott at Washington on Thursday last.

Several vessels have passed through the Cornwall Canal.

W. P. Webb has been sentenced to death at Brandon, Man., for the murder of his wife.

James Edward Beswick, a well-known insurance man, was accidentaly shot and killed by his friend, Edward Apted, at Toronto Thursday.

The legal expenses in connection with the Parnell Commission are estimated at $15 a minute. Seven thousand pounds of the Parnell defence fund have already been spent.

The loss by the stoppage of navigation in the Cornwall Canal is estimated at $551,500.

The Manitoba Legislature adjourned on Saturday, to meet again on January 31st next

Mr. Keely has been put in gaol for contempt of court in failing to produce plans, etc., of his celebrated motor, as ordered by the judge.

Received—1 carload Goderich salt, 1 carload coal oil, part carload groceries and dry goods, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Oddfellows' concert Tuesday, Dec. 11th. Don't you forget it,

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.

Look here! You can get coal oil for 15c. a gallon by taking 10 gallons, at J. G. Anderson's.

Another stock of those heavy overcoats received this week at M. Richardson & Co's. These goods are fine value and sell quick!

Mr. S. Frost, merchant, ran across a curosity, on Monday, while dealing out tea to a customer. The curosity consists of a fine piece of workmanship in the form of a delicately made little box filled with tooth-picks. The box is thirteen sixteenths of an inch wide, five sixteenths of an inch thick and two-and three eights of an inch long, and on one side, within a space angling from nine-sixteenths of an inch on one edge to an inch an a half on the other edge there are nine distinct squares and three half squares of wood so closely fitted that one can scarcely discern a joint, and the entire box consists of eighteen pieces of wood entirely foreign to any grown in this country that we have ever seen. On one side the box is stamped "Kobe Tea Company, Hiogo, Japan," and it was filled with eighteen tooth-picks, one of which was presented to us and now stands in our museum alongside of the 10 foot cornstock.—[Chatsworth News.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Rev. [illegible] Timmins preached in the Presbyterian Church last Sabbath.

If you want a good watch or clock at a very small price, go to Russell's noted Jewelry store, Flesherton. It will pay you.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Mr. Nelson, Flesherton's new barber, arrived last week and opened up his new shop. He may be found in Moore's block, Durham street, in the premises lately occupied by Miss McBride as a dressmaking establishment.

Remember the grand concert and lecture in Town Hall, Flesherton, under the auspices of R. T. of T. on Dec. 18, 1888.

Vitality and color are restored to weak and gray hair, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Through its cleansing and healing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases.

Mr. J. G. Keefer, of Forest, Ont., was visiting his parents in Flesherton this week. He returned on Monday.

For Winnipeg.

Mr. Wesley Armstrong, who has been with Russell, the jeweler, for the past three years, has secured a situation with W. F. Doll, Winnipeg's big jeweler, and leaves next week for the west.

If your watch or clock needs repairing always take it to Russell's, Flesherton, for a perfect job.

A Prolific Animal.

Mr. Rufus Wickens, of Kimberley has a two-year old sow which downs the record. Within eighteen months past she has given birth to, and raised, thirty-seven porkers. She is now caring for a litter of *ten*. The sow herself is black, and the pigs are pure white.

If your eyes are weak and troublesome, call at Russell's, Flesherton, and get a pair of the famous B. Lawrence spex. They are best it the world buy no other.

Examination.

The high school entrance examination will be held in the school house, Flesherton, on December the 19th, 20th and 21st. Teachers having intending candidates will kindly notify Inspector Campbell at an early a date as [illegible]

A complete stock of the far famed B Lawrence spex at Russell's, Flesherton, to fit any sight.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving day went off very quietly in Flesherton. Every person who owned a gun was on the war path. No services were held in any of the churches. A tea meeting and lecture was held in the Baptist chapel, but the attendance was not large.

Christmas Cards and all foreign Christmas Papers are completely put in the shade in Canada this year by the publication of the greatest Christmas Paper ever published. Those who know, say the Chrismas Number of THE MONTREAL STAR will take the public completely by storm. For sending away to friends and to preserve at home it will be the most taking thing ever seen in this country or in Europe either.

Feversham news too late for this week.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.

Boots of every description at prices to just suit you, at Andersons.

FOR SALE.—A black Percheron mare rising three years old, apply to Peter Holman, Flesherton.

The Mount Forest high school will hereafter present to every entrance candidate that passes there, a handsome diploma. Gold and silver medals are also offered to the highest candidates. Examination begins Wednesday, Dec. 19th.

First cold snap of the season this week. Hawk Bros. had 200 doz. eggs frozen Monday night.

It is rumored now that Flesherton is to have two barbers.

W. W. Buchanan, of Hamilton, the great temperance speaker, will be in Flesherton on 18th Dec., under the auspices of Royal Templars of Temperance; also the glee club and Parks Bros.

No woman can be contented and happy if her skin is covered with pimples and blotches. These disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The medicine is perfectly safe to take, and is a thoroughly reliable blood purifier.

Wm. McLaughrey, Esq., assessor for the township of Artemesia, received a telegram from Minneapolis of few days ago informing him that his brother had been stricken down with typhoid fever, and was confined in the hospital at that city. It was a very severe attack, but we believe he is progressing favorably.

Nothing New, Gentlemen.

There is absolutely nothing new in municipal matters here yet. Other constituences are making preparations for the fray, but Artemesia is dormant. From which we infer that the municipal fathers of the past year will still remain our "daddies" next year. Well, we guess the family is agreeable.

Didn't Arrive.

Of late we have had two or three complaints of letters which have been forwarded to us remaining unanswered. We can only say that such letters never arrived. Two letters mailed at Priceville never reached us. We cannot account for this, but if any more complaints reach us there will be an investigation by some one.

A Martyr Wanted.

With the advent of snow and ice Flesherton youngsters have commenced sleighriding upon the sidewalks. When somebody gets a leg and nose broken, collar bone smashed, spinal vertebrae unhinged and seven and a half ribs pulverized into kindling wood, then, perhaps, the authorities will make a mild request that the boys desist in future. Who will [illegible] himself a martyr?

Save your money for the grand lecture and concert under the auspices of R. T. of T. Music by the glee club and Parks Bros. and lecture by W. W. Buchanan, of Hamilton. This will be a great treat. Don't miss it.

Bear!

Mr. W. McLeod and J. McFadyen, Esqs. of the station, were out shooting partridge on Monday, and came home with a bear story. They claim to have shot a bear twice back of the station. The first shot tore away what should have been his tail and the second took his head half off. The bear then took to the woods in a swamp. Messrs. McLeod and McFadyen have never been known to tell a lie under ordinary circumstances. Their veracity is as unquestioned as George Washington's. But then George Washington might not have stuck to facts had he thought it best to run from a bear and tell about it afterwards.

Birth.

In Flesherton, on Sunday, Nov. 18, the wife of Mr. John Wright of a daughter.

The Veil of The Future.

The veil of the future was lifted to night
As I sat in the darkness alone,
And I saw the rough pathway my poor feet must tread—
There were hopes to be buried and tears for the dead,
And I mournfully, tremblingly, sobbingly, said
"Yes, the veil of the future
Is lifted to night,
But my path lies in darkness—
Look, where is the light?"

The veil of the future was lifted again,
And a glorious light met my eyes,
'Twas the Beautiful City whence sorrow and [illegible]
[illegible] "[illegible]"
der'd,
And I silently prayerfully, joyfully said
"Yes, the veil of the future
Is lifted to night
I must pass through the shadows—
Then, Lord, comes the light."

[illegible] VANDUSEN

Go to J. G. Anderson's for fur caps, coats or robes; best value in town.

Get a pair of felt sox and rubbers, away down cheap, at J. G. Anderson's

FOR SALE.—A top-buggy in good condition. Will take part pay in wood Apply to W. J. Bellamy, Flesherton.

Felt boots, felt socks with heavy rubbers, felt overshoes, all at lowest prices at M. Richardson & Co's.

W. J. BELLAMY is still lending money for North of Scotland Mortgage Co., interest 6½ per cent. Mortgages maturing can be renewed at 6½ per cent at a cost of $3.50.

P. H. Morris, of the firm of B Lawrence & Co., the great spectacle firm, will be at J. G. Russell's on Wednesday Dec. 12. This will be a chance in a lifetime to get your spectacles fitted. Remember the date.

J. P. Marshall, dentist, visits Markdale professionally the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of every month and will resume regular visits to Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, which will fall on Nov. 8th, being the day after the first Wednesday. Mr Marshall is well known in this vicinity

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head, How they may be cured at your home Post free. H. Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St John Street, Montreal.

COMPETITION DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

AND SILVERWARE.

Quality and completeness of stock select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Genuine 18 K. Wedding Rings.

No Catch Prices. Goods represented OR "CASH" REFUNDED.

Can do better for Customers—"Cash or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey Co.

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"Your philosophy is beyond your years, senora. Surely nothing should seem so good as laughter in one's youth."

"Youth!" echoes Belinda, raising her head quickly, and forgetting the Spanish accent and her assumed character together. "What have I to do with youth, sir? When I was young? Why, from the time I was thirteen——"

And there her eyes met Roger's full in the moonlight. She stops, and droops her face, crimsoning.

"Plenty of hard training has come to me in my life, senor," she goes on after a space, but without lifting her eyes again to his. "Sometimes I feel, a little too keenly, how well my name Lagrimas fits me. But why should I talk of such things to-night! You know my country, Spain?" turning to him with the most irresistible of all coquetry, the coquetry of ignorance. "No? Well, you should run down there some day, now that you are so near. I will be your guide, if you choose.'

"Done," says Roger, gayly. "It is a bargain that we take a Spanish tour together, Senora Lagrimas, is it not?"

"I don't think I said anything about 'together,' did I? But never mind about that. Yes, we can go down to Granada first, if you like. It will take us about a week to see the Alhambra, and then—— But is His Excellency quite sure," pointedly, "that his time is his own, that his friends will give him leave of absence?"

"Oh, no question of that," says Roger, with the airy assurance of an unfettered man. "The doubt is rather, will the Senora Lagrimas keep her promise?"

No question of that! Ready, after three minutes' temptation, to be led captive by the first strolling actress who accosts him from a balcony! So much for engaged men, thinks Belinda. So much for the romance of two young hearts, the fidelity of a lifetime, etc. Let us try this devoted lover of Rosie's a little further.

"I mentioned your friends, senor, because I know that you are not alone here. You may not have noticed me, but I certainly saw you to night at the Casino with ladies.'

Roger Temple looks the very picture of innocence. "At the Casino?" he repeats. "With ladies? Ah, to be sure, I believe I did speak to some English acquaintances of mine for a few minutes."

"There was an ugly little girl for one; a girl very sunburnt, very ill dressed; you danced a waltz with her; and another lady not so young. Your mamma, probably, senor."

"Step-mamma," assents Roger, unblushingly, "and the step mamma also of the little sunburnt girl with whom I danced."

"Consequently you and the girl—are—are——"

"Ah, that is a knotty point, the precise relationship between that young lady and myself. I will not allow you to call her ugly, though, Senora Lagrimas. Sunburnt she is, ill-dressed she may be, ugly, never."

"Well, for my part, I did not see a good feature in the young person's face," says "Lagrimas," with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders. "A skin like a gipsy's, a wide mouth, a low forehead!"

"Magnificent eyes and eyelashes, teeth like ivory, graceful little hands and feet, and the sweetest smile, when she chooses to smile, in the world."

"I should think hers a vile temper, judging by her expression, and as to her manners! I have been here some time, senor. I know the girl by sight, and by reputation. She plays boys' games with boys, robs henroosts after dusk with that dog of hers; she talks—swears, some people will tell you, like a gamin of the streets, and——"

"And for each and all of these oddities I like her the better," interrupted Roger, warmly. "Belinda is just the kind of girl to grow into the most charming of women, in time."

"A charming woman! After the pattern of the other lady who is not so young, the step-mamma?"

"No, not after that pattern precisely, senora. Your vast experience must have taught you, surely, that there are more kinds of charming women in the world than one. Belinda has been neg—allowed to run a little too wild, hitherto; but circumstances, I am happy to say, will place her under my guidance now."

"Will they, will they, indeed, Captain Temple!" interpolates Belinda, mentally. "We shall see more about that by and by!"

"She will live in my house, will stand to me in the position of a daughter, and I mean to reform her."

"Ah, heavens, how praiseworthy! How Christian! Reform Belinda? With the aid of a prim English governess and a staff of attendant pastors and masters of course?"

"Well, no," answers Roger. "I have no great belief in prim English governesses, neither are pastors or masters very much more to my taste. I shall reform Belinda, as much as she needs reforming, by kindness alone. It strikes me, that what the poor little girl wants is not sternness, but love."

Belinda turns her head away with a jerk; her throat swells, the big tears rise in her eyes. If he had said anything but this, if he had called her ugly, wicked—any hard name he chose, she could have borne it better!

"Belinda should be extremely grateful for your—your pity!" she remarks, as soon as she can command her voice enough to speak. "For my part, I don't in the least value that kind of regard."

"No? And what kind of regard do you value, may I ask?" says Roger Temple, his tone softening.

"Ah—what kind? when I have known you a little longer than ten minutes I will tell you."

"The day we visit the Alhambra together, for instance?"

"Perhaps. Meantime, in Belinda's name, I thank you a thousand times for the pity you are charitably enough to bestow upon her! Good-night, senor. I leave you to think over your fine projects of reformation alone."

And with a mocking reverence "Lagrimas" salutes him then, assuming the air of a princess at least, and with a grand sweep of her rustling silken train, leaves the balcony.

She quits him, I say, with the air of a princess; the moment she is out of sight, turns, peeps through a rent in the dilapidated Venetian blind, listens with eager, breathless curiosity to find out what Roger Temple would do next.

Captain Temple for a minute or two keeps silence. Then "Senora, Senora Lagrimas," he cries softly.

But no answer comes to his appeal.

"Only one word—do you live here? Is there any chance of my seeing you again to-morrow night?"

Belinda is mute as fate.

"I shall listen for your voice toward eleven o'clock. If you do not take pity on me, I shall remain out here all night, remember, heart-broken."

"So much for engaged men, I say," thinks Belinda. "Oh, if I was really wicked—if I was half as bad as they give me credit for—could we not have a comedy in earnest out of all this?"

"The balconies are not very far apart, senora," remarks Roger, presently. "It would be quite possible for a desperate man to leap from one to the other."

A half-suppressed, malicious laugh is Senora's only reply to this thrilling suggestion.

"I all certainly make the attempt before long, and if I fail, mind—if I fall, and am stifled down in all that harbor mud below, my death"—plaintively—"will be upon your conscience."

A laugh, rather more malicious, rather louder than before, is her reply.

"Senora Lagrimas! for the last time, will you or will you not come out and speak to me?"

And once more Belinda's silence says "No."

"I give you three chances, Senora Lagrimas."

Silence.

"Lagrimas."

Silence.

"Belinda, my dear!"

She flashes out upon him like a storm-wind; her lips apart, her eyes gleaming, so that they eclipse the saint's diamonds on her throat.

"You you dare to say you recognized me all the time?" This she asks him as soon as her indignation gives her breath to speak.

"I recognized you all the time," Roger confesses humbly. "I knew you when I was lighting my pipe; I believe, before you saw me at all. Why in the world should I not recognize you, my dear child?"

"Because I had been fool enough to disguise myself under this rubbish." With a fierce little gesture she apostrophizes Miss Burke's fine silk. "Because—oh, if I had known, if I could have guessed that you, of all people, would see me! And the nonsense you talked, sir; the nonsense you dared to talk, knowing it to be me!"

"We have been talking very pleasantly," answers Roger Temple. "I cannot say I remember talking any particular nonsense."

"What, not when you told me to my face that circumstances had put me under your guidance, that you meant to reform me? You to reform me!"

"It was a rash speech, I admit. I am not sure that it was nonsense."

"And then our tour in Spain—but you shall keep to that, you shall keep to that, Captain Temple. Whatever Rose says, and whether the scheme is up to the Miss Ingram standard of propriety or beneath it, I mean to hold you to your word. We are going to spend a week in Granada together, you and I."

"Of course; Rose with us. What could be pleasanter? Rose with us, and——"

"And Augustus Jones, too, if you please," interrupts Belinda, a curiously abrupt transition in her voice. "In the selfishness of your own happiness, you and Rose, you seem entirely to forget other people's. I go nowhere without Augustus, now."

"Without Augustus," repeats Roger blankly. "Why Belinda, is it possible—can you mean——"

"I mean that I will go nowhere without Mr. Jones. Now come, Captain Temple, or as we are discussing family matters, let me call you by a sweeter future name—come now, step-papa, don't pretend! No concealment between near and dear relatives. As if you and Rosie did not know everything about my poor Augustus just as well as I do!

"I should be very sorry to know one thing," says Roger culpably negligent of his future match-making duties as a parent. "I should be very sorry to know that you cared seriously, young, ignorant of life as you are, for a person like—Jones!"

It seemed as though the obnoxious monosyllables would nearly choke him.

"Care! And, pray, who said anything about caring, sir? I am going to marry Mr. Jones—we settled the whole affair to-night—marry, not care for him."

Marry, not care for him. As much repulsion as a man can feel, theoretically, toward a distractingly pretty little girl, not five feet distant from him in the moonlight, Roger feels at this moment toward Belinda O'Shea. Rose was right. The Vansittart blood runs in her veins, poor child, and the blood is bad! Scarce seventeen yet, and she has the cold, mercenary instincts of a woman of thirty, and not by any means a good woman of thirty, either!

"You are slow with your congratulations—and the match is really a desirable one, step-papa; not of course for a moment, speaking of Augustus personally. Brand-new villar at Clapham—if he does leave out a few of his h's, poor fellow, he makes up amply for them with his r's—villar at Clapham, opera-box, diamonds. My appearance is greatly improved by diamonds, is it not?" Holding up a pendant of the saint's necklace between her fingers.

"Certainly. What lily is not improved by a little paint? All that glittering finery Mr. Jones' first offering, I presume."

"No," answers Belinda, calmly. "There has not been time, I am sorry to say, for offerings yet. He walked home with me after I left you and Rose at the Casino (poor Augustus felt, as I did, that our company was not wanted), and I invited him in, just to keep me company while I ate my supper. And he proposed."

"He proposed. And you——"

"Accepted him, step-papa—what else should I do? And then, when I was alone again, the thought struck me of borrowing Burke's Sunday silk, just to see how I liked the taste of fine clothes; and I stole this necklace, sir, from the throat of old Beata who lives on our second landing—a paste necklace, only, not real diamonds such as I shall have when I am Mrs. Augustus Jones! Was it wicked, I wonder?" sudden compunction for the sacrilege she had committed coming back upon her. "Captain Temple, do you think, now, the blessed old saints, when they are once safe in heaven, ever trouble themselves about the jewels they have left behind them on earth?"

They talked on and on, and presently Augustus is forgotten, and presently Rose. Belinda is Lagrimas again, and Roger the wandering Englishman who has fallen but too quickly a victim to Lagrimas' charms. By and by the air, all at once, grows fresh; a flicker of pink light begins to show above the glorious chain of mountain peak toward the east, and with a start Belinda realizes that it is morning—that Miss Burke will be back before noon, that Roger is the lover of Rose, and that she has decided to spend her life at Clapham with Mr. Augustus Jones!

"Captain Temple, do you know that the sun is going to rise, that we have been out here since midnight, you and I? I hope you never mean to talk of reforming me again. Oh, if Rose knew! Shall you tell her?"

"Shall you tell Mr. Jones, Belinda?"

And then their eyes meet, with a sweet, sudden look of intimacy; they have been acquainted now near upon a dozen hours, and the girl questions him no more.

They bid good-bye and part; the tacit promise exchanged, though no word of promise be spoken, of seeing each other at the same place and time to-morrow night.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FINGER OF FATE.

"You would never guess what has happened, Roger, never! And I am not at all sure that I am wise to tell you, you naughty, naughty, jealous man—only when he comes it may be worse!"

It is noon next day; and in Rosie's cool, Moorish-looking drawing-room at the Isabella the lovers are love-making, the widow in an embroidered India muslin wrapper, and as coquettish and playful of demeanor as any youthful bride of eighteen.

"If it will ease your conscience to make confession, I promise solemnly to restrain my jealousy," says Roger; not, it may be presumed, without some uneasy conscience twings of his own. "You have made another conquest, Rose?"

The droop of Mrs. O'Shea's eyelids says yes.

"I was sure of it. That little Portuguese Jew at breakfast—no, the Spanish officer last night at the Casino! Rose, if it is that good-looking Spanish scoundrel——"

"Oh, Roger, don't be violent! How can I help men being so ridiculous? and I, who never give one any encouragement! No, it is neither the Spaniard nor the Portuguese—I mean it is some one else as well. "Oh, I do feel so guilty, I'm sure these things never happen to anybody but me."

"I dare say they happen to most pretty women," says Roger. "But put me out of my torture, quick. Who is my latest rival, Rosie?"

"Well, you must know, dear, Spencer went to the post-office this morning and there was a letter for me."

"It was a declaration?"

"It was from cook. I left orders with her to write regularly every week and indeed a friend of Spencer's is staying in the house as a precaution. I never like to doubt the honesty of the lower classes, Roger, and of course you cannot make away with tables and chairs; still there are the clocks and ornaments, and as to the house linen——"

"But my rival, Rosie, my rival? While you talk about the cook and the house linen, I am burning with impatience, remember."

For once at least during his courtship, Roger Temple contrives to unite veracity with sweetness.

"Well, it seems he called very soon after we left. 'A tall, military-looking gentleman with a moustache,' cook says, 'and would take no denial, but walked in as if the place was his own' those are exactly her words—'and looked round at everything, and particularly hard at the photograph of Captain Temple in the breakfast-room.' Ah, Roger, what he must have suffered! Well I know what he must have suffered at that moment!"

"What who must have suffered, my love? The end of the story is naturally that cook searched for the teaspoons on the military gentleman's departure and found them missing."

"The end of the story is nothing of the kind," said Rose, fluttering up her feathers like a little sparrow. "The end of the story is that cook gave him my address here—and I am afraid told him other news that made him most unhappy—and he said he should follow me straight to St. Jean de Luz. I call that something like constancy, poor fellow! Although he must have known the hopelessness of his position, to resolve, without a moment's hesitation, upon following me."

"Other people, knowing the hopelessness of their position, have remained constant to you, Rose," says Roger Temple, tenderly.

Does it flash across his mind that fidelity seems to be more closely allied with the state of hopelessness than with that of hope?

"And I shall have you both upon my hands at once. And I am sure he is of the most fiery, combative temperament—those glowering, deep-set eyes that give a man such a look of power, and beautiful, long, auburn moustache, and six feet one at least, adds Rose, with a reproachful glance at her lover's inferior stature.

"Rosie," says Roger, with a thoroughly sincere sigh, "do you want to drive me clean out of my senses? Who is he? Deep-set eyes, auburn moustache, power, and six feet one! I cannot endure it, Rosie. There are limits, remember, even to my long-suffering."

Rose dimples and colors and casts her eyelids up and down as, all unsuspicious of latent irony, she drinks in this flattery which is the very meat and drink of her small soul.

"It is Colonel Drewe, then, as you insist upon knowing. He refused, it seems, to give his name to the servants, but I—oh, there are intuitions that cannot be mistaken. It is Stanley Drewe."

"Drewe, Drewe—the lackadaisical old dandy with a flower in his button-hole, whom you have got in your photograph book? You had a tremendous flirtation with Colonel Drewe once, my dear, had you not?"

"You would not blame me in that affair, Roger, if you knew all. You were far away in India; indeed, it was in poor Major O'Shea's lifetime, and I am sure his passions were so violent I never dared look at any man twice. But whatever party I was seen at during one whole season, Colonel Drewe was certain to be there too. If I went to the opera I saw him. If I drove in the park I saw him. It was an infatuation, and if I had been free—however I was not free!" says Rose in a tone of exquisite abnegation. "I was not free, and he behaved beautifully, poor Stanley! He went to Gibraltar with his regiment, and we have corresponded a little since; only the other day, indeed, I sent him an announcement of Uncle Robert's death. What a blow this must be to him."

A look not so much of anger as of pain passes over Roger Temple's face. He may have ceased to be enamored of Rose; he has not ceased to be enamored of his own ideal love for her; the love which, wise or foolish in itself, has for a dozen years been part and parcel of his life. For the sake of that, not because of the *fade* flirtation of these two elderly London butterflies, he feels wounded.

"A blow to Colonel Drewe! What—our engagement, Rosie? Had matters gone so far between you then, that Colonel Drewe has a right to consider your marrying another man than himself 'a blow!'"

"Ah, Roger dearest, I implore you not to be angry! How can I control poor Stanley's feelings? I declare between you all, I don't know which way to turn. And now to think of the dreadful embarrassment of having him here!"

"As far as I am concerned, there will be none whatsoever," answers Roger, coldly. "You and Colonel Drewe, of course, know best what reason you have for embarrassment."

He is annoyed, lowered, for her sake, rather than his own. But Rose, who is now adept at reading the character of others, sets him down simply as "jealous" (a mistake into which vanity not unfrequently conducts intelligence of her calibre), and twitters on and on about poor Stanley's infatuation and deep-set eyes, and her own innocence and the embarrassment of riches that awaits her in the way of admirers, until the very excess of her folly brings her lover back to good temper. Dear simple-hearted little Rosie! Who can be angry with her long! Her vanities are so childlike, her flirtations, like her whole character, so transparent.

"You may be sure he rushed to England as soon as ever he got the news of Uncle Robert's death. I am not a fool, Roger, and I don't think myself quite hideous, but I know very well that men like to marry money, and that in my small way I am an heiress! Can't you fancy him looking round the house, speculating? And then to come upon your portrait. I wonder, now, whether it was quite proper of me to have it hung up yet! Nothing would pain me more than for Colonel Drewe to think me indelicate."

"We are certain, I suppose, that it is Colonel Drewe, Rosie? There is no one else among your numerous victims whom the cap would fit?"

Oh, yes, on this point Rosie is confident. If it had not been for the moustache it might have been the Rev. Rowland Lascelles, whom she met last year at Malvern, the most elegant, the most spiritual-minded of men. But no, with a conscious little sigh over her Malvern reminiscences, the moustache settles it. Colonel Drewe it must be and no other. "And what makes it the more remarkable, Roger," adds Rose, with her most sapient and logical air, "I declare, it looks like the finger of fate—I dreamed of poor Major O'Shea only last night! It seemed some one in America had told him of my engagement—in dreams, alas, in dreams only, our dead are restored to us!—and he had brought me over the most lovely turquoise and pearl set as a wedding present (Major O'Shea always used to say how pearls became me), and was exceedingly pleased at the marriage, and said he wished you joy from his heart. Was it not most remarkable?"

"Most remarkable and most unpleasant," answers Roger, getting annoyed in earnest. "For God's sake, Rose, dream no more dreams! Rivals of flesh and blood, powerful colonels and elegant parsons, I can stand, not the others——"

But happily, at this very delicate juncture, the door opens, and the entrance of Belinda and Miss Burke puts an end to the love scene.

CHAPTER X.

"LAGRIMAS!"

Miss Lydia Burke is by no means an unfavorable sample outwardly of the Women of the Future. She has a tolerable sandy complexion, tolerable sandy hair, teeth almost over-white and even, and a pair of very wide-awake, and small grey eyes. Her walk is wiry; her figure like a bit of watch-spring; her age the hitherward side of forty. What in this bright, energetic-looking lady should have introduced the sad elements of hatred and disbelief into Belinda's young life? What has caused the inalienable discrepancies between them?

Mainly I imagine, this unchangeable law; that reality and shams will no more mix together than will oil and water. Born of no superhonest stock, reared in no superhonest school, one virtue from earliest babyhood took sturdy root in Belinda's soul; the virtue of absolute truth. Organizations exist so fine that their possessors can detect the presence of certain flowers or animals as if by instinct. Belinda is gifted with the same prescience, the same kind of moral divining-rod as regards imposture. And poor Miss Burke, while she forever preaches Earnestness, Women's Work, Women's Mission, is an arch impostor—false, sham, to her finger-tips! Not an uninteresting type to the philosophic student of character; but to an ignorant, ardent mind like Belinda's, about as nauseating a specimen of human nature as our race can produce.

They never came to open or violent rupture, Belinda's money stood between Miss Burke and want; Miss Burke stood between Belinda and her step-mother. They detested each other, were necessary to each other, kept together. Is not a good half of the world forever performing that same duo, in this queer comedy of errors, this jumble of mistaken, enforced companionships, that we call society?

"Poor little Belinda is so curiously frivolous, so thoroughly, constitutionally devoid of all seriousness of purpose," Miss Burke explains, whenever the subject seems to require self-extenuation. "But, her health being delicate—her papa and mamma both in an early grave!—I try to reconcile the out-of-door life she leads, to my conscience."

"Burke is the out-and-outest impostor that ever walked," Belinda will say to her gamin friends. "I saw Tartufe at the play once, and by Heaven, he was nothing to her! What is she an impostor for? If I knew that I might detest her less. I believe the creature is false to her own conscience. I believe she dreams lies!"

So things have gone on until they are as we see them now. Miss Burke collecting ideas for her new great work on social reform, "The Woman of the Future;" Belinda running wild, neglected, as nearly on the road to ruin as was ever innocent, honest little human soul, about the streets of St. Jean de Luz. The practical at war with the ideal, as we so often find to be the case in this imperfect world.

Nothing can be blander than the meeting between Belinda's step-mamma and her preceptress. Miss Burke has held religiously to the letter of the bargain sealed between them in London, has kept the girl conveniently out of Rosie's way during the past three years. Rosie has held to hers; each quarterly payment for material watchfulness and superior intellectual culture has been paid in advance without a question. They begin to talk platitudes. Rose thinks dear Belinda grown, though a little sunburnt; Miss Burke trusts dear Mrs. O'Shea has overcome the fatigues of travelling? A very wearying journey from London to St. Jean de Luz.

"Yes, indeed, especially when one is travelling alone with one's maid," cries Rose, sensitive even as to the smaller proprieties, and virtuously conscious that she only "met" Roger Temple in Paris, Bordeaux and elsewhere. "One does feel so miserably helpless without a gentleman!"

"Well, for my part, I see no use in them, whatever," says Miss Burke. "When you are alone you have nothing but your luggage to look after. When you are burdened with a man," this with a depreciatory glance in the direction of Roger, "you have to look after him and your things too."

"My things!" exclaims Belinda, in her mocking voice. "Well, Miss Burke, in the present state of affairs, my "things" would not require much looking after, with a man or without one. Do you know, ma'am," seriously, "the washer-woman says there is really nothing more of mine for her to bring back. The last remaining tatters I had have vanished.—carried away by the sbirds, I suppose, to build their nests."

She perches herself on her accustomed favorite place, the corner of the table, and looks round cheerfully on the company as she volunteers this information.

A cold glitter comes into Burke's eyes. "You are almost of an age, I must say, Miss O'Shea, to begin to care for order. No achievement in life can ever be made without order. When I was seventeen I had no greater delight than in the neat arrangement of my wardrobe."

"But I have no wardrobe to keep clean, ma'am. Wardrobe? Why, this is my only frock, and as to stock——"

"Belinda, my dear Belinda, you forget! Another time!" interrupts Rose, coloring. "What have you been doing with yourself to-day, my love? And last night—did Mr. Jones see you safe home? I had a note from him this morning saying he had gone off to the mountains, and that I must ask you for particulars. Now what does it all mean?"

She frisks over, like a little lambkin, to her step-daughter's side, and putting her arm round her waist—Belinda holding herself uncompromisingly stiff under the caress begins to gush and titter, school-girl fashion, in her ear. Miss Burke and Roger are thus left to make conversation for each other.

(To be Continued).

How It Feels to be Hanged.

Frank H. Mason, the paroled prisoner who was brought from West Virginia last week by Mr. Cherrington, was "strung" up three times by a mob in the wilds of West Virginia, about forty miles from any railroad. He was suspected of stealing $43 from a store in Calhoun County, and was captured in Roane County by a posse of horsemen, who levelled their guns on him just as he was entering a cornfield. He was then subjected to a variety of inhuman treatment which would make a Hercules shudder, with a view to making him confess. He said: "At dusk I was taken out of the jail to a beech tree about 50 rods away. They threw the rope over a limb, and swung me off over a little embankment. The pain at first was terrible, but soon stars flitted before my eyes. There were more than a million of them, it seemed to me, moving in every direction. Then I began to see all the different colors imaginable, blending in the most beautiful and fantastic outlines. I tell you if you had a thousand paintbrushes, and all the paints in the world, you could not make so many pretty colors. This sensation was pleasant, and I thought I was in a dream. I don't know how long I hung, but my most severe pain was just as I was coming to my senses again. I shook violently, and it seemed as though it would kill me."—*Ohio State Journal.*

A Point in His Favor.

"This is scandalous," said Mrs. Lushly as she ushered her spouse into the hall very early in the morning. "You must have been making a nice exhibition of yourself down town."

"I was perfectly (hic) shober, orderly, an' dignified all er time," replied Mr. L., assuming an injured look that almost threw him off his balance.

"That is nonsense," said his wife positively, "just a moment ago, while I was looking out of the upstairs window, I saw you trying to unlock the door with a toothpick."

"Posh'bly. Posh'bly; but you bessher life I knew too much to pick my teeth wisher door-key (hic) didn't I?"

A Victim of His Wife's Rapacity.

"Seems to me you are always wanting money, Mary Jane. I gave you 75 cents yesterday. Do you think I am a gold mine? Here's a quarter."

(Uptown an hour later.) "What's that? Carry this State by 15,000? I've got $50 that says he won't. Put up, gentlemen, or shut up. Money talks!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The infant child of Paul Bullintz went into spasms on hearing the shrill whistle of the steamer City of Newport, at Bullock's Point, recently, and died in a short time. The family were on the wharf, and the father will sue for damages, claiming that the whistling was unnecessary.

A drum major at Flint, Mich., hurt himself severely while playing with the gorgeous staff with which he excites the wonder of he small boys.

At the Beach Hotel Hop.

How lightly through the dance she trips!
How tastefully she dresses!
What eyes, what cheeks, what lips!
What lovely golden tresses!
Ah, surely, ne'er, o'er shoulders fair,
Rolled such a wealth of golden hair!

In every dancing trees we read
The oft-repeated story:
That lovely woman's hair, indeed,
Is lovely woman's glory.
Love lurks among the tresses fair,
And every ringlet is a snare.

Oh, rare and radiant maid, at thee
How many eyes are glancing!
Around thy snowy neck they see
The golden ripples dancing;
And thou art deemed an angel bright,
Dropped down to grace the ball to-night.

What rapture, were that beauteous head
Upon my breast reclining,
And every gleaming, golden thread
Were round my fingers twining;
Wherever in the world I'd be
That would be joy enough for me!

But, gracious! what do we behold?
The damsel sweet is crying;
Her rippling locks of shimmering gold
Upon the floor are lying;
And to recover them she springs—
'Tis nothing but a wig, by jings!

Girls Who are in Demand.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips:
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust, too,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone—
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost,
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
There are few who can understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls
There's a constant, steady demand.

Japanese Hush-a-Bye Baby Song.

"Nenne no omori doko ye itta?
Ano yama koete a-sato ye itta.
O-sato no o-miyage nani moratta?
Denden, taiko, ni sho no fuye.
Oki-agari koboshi, ni inu hariko.
Boya wa il ko da,
Ne-ne shi-na!"

Translation.

Hush-a-bye, bye!
Darling baby is so good,
Hush-a-bye, bye!
Where is nursie gone, where did she go?
Over mountains far away to the town, I know.
What buys she for baby dear, in the village store?
Cymbals, drums, flutes, and oh! plenty, plenty more.
Paper doggies, pretty toys, everything for baby,
Darling baby is so good,
Hush-a-bye, bye!

WORE ONE GOWN ALL SEASON.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde Surprises Her Society Associates—Style of the Dress.

It has long been the cause of hissing and reproach on the part of tedious and discursive reformers that women must rival the Athenians in their desire for new things wherewith to clothe themselves and flaunt within the radius of the male regard. If a gown is a good one—a becoming and a beautiful gown—they ask: "Why must a female consider it a reason for shame and sorrow that she must wear it many times?" And then we are told that in the days of our grandmothers it was not thus; that gowns then were handed down from mother to daughter, and a woman's best frock remained her best frock for a generation without causing her a pang. Those can believe such tales who choose, but at all events it is true and vouched for by veracious Americans just now returning from the season in London that Mrs. Oscar Wilde, one of the acknowledged beauties of the world's capital, has worn one evening gown, and one only, throughout the entire three months which make the fashionable period of society there. The esthete designed it for her himself, and it is eminently becoming, being made of pale pink China crape, embroidered with gold and in the extreme of the directoire styles. Of course pale pink crape will not last out a season. It is almost needless to suggest that at the end of three months it would have probably changed to deep gray, but while the material was constantly renewed the model remained the same. Mrs. Wilde has a beautiful, a perfect figure. She is tall, and while well rounded is lithe and sinuous, and there is not an angle about her, therefore she can afford to wear that extreme type of directoire fashions which pitilessly display the faults of a woman's outlines, and beside whose revelations those of the bathing dress are as nothing. This eccentricity on the part of the esthetic's wife caused infinite talk. People couldn't believe their eyes when they met her night after night in the same gown. It came to such a pass that when they knew she was on the list of the invited the guests always watched for her and laid bets among themselves as to whether she would have the courage to wear the pink gown again. When she appeared—always in the pink gown—a smile would pass over the waiting audience and the women would raise their eyebrows expressively at each other.—*New York World.*

Such Weather!

"And how are we to-day, madam?"

"Well, doctor, the cold I caught the day before yesterday is rather better; but the one I caught on Monday week is ever so much worse—and I caught a brand new one last night!"

At the Seashore.

"Yes, I have seen the day when Mr. Rich, the millionaire, did not have a pair of shoes to cover his feet."

"And when was that, pray?"

"At the time he was bathing."

—"It is no longer fashionable," says the Boston *Journal*, "to wear flowers in the street, but it is considered correct to carry two or three roses, a cluster of pinks or a bunch of violets in the hand."

—How can you say that a man contracts debts when he is constantly expanding them?

WHAT HEAVEN WILL BE LIKE.

Dr. Talmage on the Probable Experiences of Those Who Will Get There.

THE SENSES WILL SURVIVE.

A New York reporter has been asking various famous clergymen for their views on heaven, "as seen by the eye of faith." Here is what Talmage thinks: "I imagine that we shall do in heaven what we do on earth in our most elevated moods. The constitution of our minds will not change, and I imagine that our tastes that are dominant now will be dominant then. One of the great satisfactions of heaven is in the fact that a man can follow his tastes there that he has possessed here. A great many persons cannot follow the tastes they naturally possess in this world because they have to encounter difficulties in getting a livelihood. A man may be fond of music, yet here he is obliged to heave coal. Another has a fine taste for paintings, but on earth he can afford nothing better than a chromo. A woman may have an exquisite taste for beautiful flowers and can appreciate fine scenery, but she hardly ever sees anything outside of the city in which she lives or the dull routine of her home, where all her tastes are suppressed. In heaven her tastes will be gratified. A Christian astronomer when he dies will enter upon an enlarged sphere. He will have a better observatory at his disposal, a further reach of exploration. In heaven the astronomer will see these other worlds. He will see all that God has created. In other words he is going to be furnished with celestial rapid transit. He will be able to visit Jupiter before breakfast and after tea go to Mercury, after having spent the day with a few friends in Mars. The bodily limitations that confine us will all be gone. The soul will be released and enjoy a freedom which will be delightful and expanding. On earth we can have no real or adequate conception of the human soul, no more than we can the aspirations of the bird we see confined in its cage. The soul is cabined up and has only a couple of windows an inch or two square to look through. In heaven the vision will be limitless, its movement swifter than thought. My ideas of heaven have greatly changed. When I first entered the ministry I had imagined a poetic heaven; now it has become to me a home circle. We can do there whatever we please; our nature is enlarged there; we will enjoy more freedom, a higher state of existence, and go on improving through all eternity We have an imperfect nature in this world, and here we cannot no as we please. We are bound down; our best moods have no scope, no freedom; we are tied down in a great many instances to uncongenial pursuits to which we have become devoted by accident or the force of circumstances. In heaven all this will be changed. Locomotion will be rapid, and, to use a material idea, we shall be able to fly like the bird—that is, if we want to go anywhere the mere wish will accomplish it. This body of ours is the same in outward form that it was seven years ago, yet it is another body. Here is a scar on my finger that I got when I was a boy. It is not the same scar, for our bodies change every seven years, yet it is there. We lose this body at death, and we are promised another body at the resurrection. But that body will be a spiritual body. It will be diaphanous, luminous, ethereal. The soul will have room for expansion, there will be no dross or corruption. My idea is that in heaven our natures will be so enlarged, beautified and enriched that every delightful longing of the purified soul will be satisfied. Our higher aspirations will be gratified, our sensibilities refined and soothed, our tastes for the beautiful, the true, the noble have full and perfect satisfaction. In short, heaven will be a state, a condition of happiness the extent and fulness of which no human mind can comprehend or fully understand. There will be no material life there, as the Spiritualists believe, but an immeasurably enlarged sphere of existence, no time, no space, no hindrance. To wish will be to do, a beatific existence, the glory of which will be equal to the glory and goodness of God."

He Was Green.

City Editor (to a new reporter)—"You say this man was blown up by a can of nitro-glycerine, but you don't say whether he is dead or alive."

New Reporter—"I waited around there four or five hours, but couldn't learn it."

City Editor—"Why couldn't you learn it?"

New Reporter—"Because he hadn't some down when I left."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Why He Went.

"Is Mr. Bromley tall?"

"Personally he is."

"Personally?"

"Yes. Officially he is short—$30,000 short. That's why he went to Montreal."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Non-suited.

Lawyer—That coat's too long, the waistcoat is too long; in fact the whole suit is too long.

Tailor—I am very sorry, sir; but I always supposed gentlemen of your profession preferred long suits.

The Charm of Truth.

Angry farmer (to boy in tree)—What are you doing in my apple tree? Boy—Stealing apples, sir. Angry Farmer (after a second thought)—By gosh! Eat'em, my boy, eat'em.—*Life.*

—Thousands and thousands of people who were once addicted to intemperance in drinking have quit for good. The majority of them are dead, however.

Oh woman, what can man to you deny,
With charms and beauties that make mortals daft?
Fair as the river that reflects the sky,
Deep as the river and as full of craft.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," is writing another novel.

Upward of 1,000 children are reported to have died from measles in Santiago, Chili, in less than two months.

A toadstool will lift 340 pounds of solid weight while growing, and a common cabbage head will burst staves as thick as those used in pork barrels.

TWO GHOST STORIES.

Was it a Dream?

A press telegram relates that Stephen Pearl Andrews and Courtlandt Palmer had an agreement that the one dying first should within one year after death send to the survivor a certain message. The exact words of the message were fixed upon, and as neither the meaning nor wording of the message was known except to these two, the receipt of it by the survivor would go a good ways towards proving life beyond the grave. Andrews, the noted spiritualist, died first, but although in the flesh familiar with most leading mediums of this country, his disembodied spirit found no means to send the significant words fixed upon to Palmer, the materialist, and the latter went to his grave unconvinced of the life of the soul after the death of the body. The writer can tell of a similar compact, having a dissimilar but hardly more satisfactory ending. Eighteen years ago a disciple of some unusual medicalism hung out his shingle in a small city in the State of New York. A lack of patients rapidly taught him the need of patience, and ere many months he was confronted by grim necessity, the mother of invention. His office was on the second floor, and nearly all the front wall of the building between the sill of his windows and the tops of the windows below was occupied by the sign of a wholesale liquor dealer, who did business on the first floor. With the doctor's family occupying a position as companion and friend of the wife and in some measure governess for the children, was a young lady whose mental brightness was out of all proportion to her worldly fortune. She urged upon the doctor the necessity of some announcement of his principles which should attract first attention and then business. Accepting her views he had painted a long, narrow sign to hang just under the window, and above the sign of the liquor dealer. The sign was hung one morning, and the doctor stepping into the street was startled by an effect the young lady had foreseen from the first. He read:

.....

He who deals out Poison deals out Death.

.....

John Baxter, Wholesale Dealer in Liquors.

Within twenty-four hours the doctor was famous in the city, and, thanks to the pens of the reporters, within forty-eight hours his name had gone all over the State. His lack of patients ended. The young lady alluded to, while a member in good standing of the Methodist Church, was a fearless free-thinker. She was not a spiritualist, but an honest inquirer as to the future. She had marvellous mastery of planchette, but explained it without allowing spiritual interference. However, she believed that if mind did not exist beyond matter, there should be some way of making it known to the living, as she firmly held in the supremacy of mind over the body on earth. While discussing these and like topics, an agreement was entered into between this lady and the writer to the effect that the one dying first, if still retaining spiritual life, should return and set all the doubts of the survivor at rest. Years passed away, the writer had been for a long time a resident of Minnesota, and the compact was a thing scarcely ever thought of, when it was recalled by the reception of a newspaper then two weeks old, which contained an account of the last illness and death of the lady, a sketch of her life, and a full report of a funeral sermon not at all in harmony with the views she held while living. Whether cognizant of the sermon, she gave no sign so far as I know. No message relative to that or any other ideas or experiences after death came back at that time. Some months after a member of a secret Order, to which I belonged, died. He was not an intimate friend, press of business kept me from the funeral and there was nothing to impress it on my mind—surely nothing to connect it with my compact with the dead lady.

Another year went by. Then one morning, after I had been some time awake and as I was lazily summoning resolution to get out of bed, a singular thing happened. The wall of the room opposite the bed, and directly in front of my eyes, became a stone wall. That this change caused me no surprise was the only experience making this seem like a dream. Piercing the stone wall was an arch about eight feet high and opening into a passageway which I knew to be of interminable length. Into this archway from the long passage approached the dead member of the secret Order already alluded to. He was fully clothed in uniform he had no right to wear except in transacting business for the society, under orders. He bore orders in the manner customary in the society. He gave me the salute due from him to one holding the position I had attained since his death. He spoke clearly, plainly, perfectly naturally, and with official gravity: "Miss —— instructs me to tell you that there is a life beyond the grave. Her duties are such as to render it impossible to return herself to give you any information." He saluted again and disappeared, the arch and wall were gone, and I, now the most astonished man on the face of the earth, was staring at the familiar features of my room. There was no consciousness of an awakening, no sensation of having slept since early dawn, but greater wonder and an excitement momentarily increasing, which made it difficult to dress. So far as I know there had been nothing in my mind or surroundings for weeks previously likely to call up such a vision. I do not explain the affair, nor regard it as significant. It left me only confident that I was not sleeping at the time. Whatever illusion or delusion may have deceived me, it was not, in my opinion, a dream.

Recently I read of the doctor as a great leader in some mind or faith cure movement in Chicago. Just how it differs from the rest I never took the trouble to find out, but as his medicalism is different from orthodoxism so his faith differs from other faiths or his cures from other cures. In interviews given to press representatives, he is to-day teaching almost identically the theories held by the lady, but which he scouted while she was a member of his family. Perhaps she has converted him by posthumous argument. The foregoing is a record of facts and actual experiences.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THE STANDARD OF LOVELINESS.

Something About the Belles of Different Races.

Various, says the London *Standard*, are the opinions held by a wide diversity of races regarding their beauties, though it is often difficult for people bred under another sky to share their enthusiasm. The Circassian women, who have a sort of conventional reputation for loveliness, are affirmed by those who know them best to be far from worthy of their celebrity. Short legs, glaring red hair, faces so long and narrow that their heads seem to have been squeezed between two boards and flattened, noses out of proportion to the rest of the features, and complexion of a dull lead-like hue, scarcely constitute beauty according to our standard. The Moors and the Tunisian Jews regard corpulence as absolutely essential to beauty, and the inmates of rich men's harems are stuffed with nutritious food, like Strasbourg geese for the market. The Chinese poets sing of deformed feet as "golden lilies," and the rocking of their women in attempting to walk as the "waving of a willow." Other races have equally odd ideas of what constitute loveliness, for they "improve" their persons by flattening their foreheads, tattooing their skins, cutting off their fingers, filing their teeth or dyeing them black, blue or tartan, painting their bodies, slitting their ears, compressing their waists, putting stones, bone or metal through their lips, cheeks or ears, and in a dozen other ways trying to enhance the poor 'prentice work of nature. A Felatah lady dyes her hands and feet with hennah, stains her teeth alternately blue, yellow and purple, one here and their being left its natural color, pencils her eyelids with sulphuret of antimony and dyes her locks with indigo. The Hydah woman inserts a plug of wood or ivory through her lower lip until it presents the hideous appearance of a fleshy shelf over her chin. A Chinese or a Siamese lady cultivates long nails. A Hottentot belle cannot get her nose flat enough, or a Persian beauty hers high enough. On the northwest coast of America no reproach is more bitter than for one Indian girl to tell another that "Your mother was too lazy to flatten your head." Tattooing is almost universal among half-civilized or savage races; in New Zealand the Maori women, before they began to imbibe European prejudices, even tattooed their lips, lest they should have the reproach of being red. Some races slit their ears until they hang in loops on their shoulders. Others insert huge rings and other ornaments through the cartilage of their noses. The Louisiade Islanders regard the lid of a sardine box as a particularly neat piece of jewelry; and even European women have not yet ceased to suspend bits of stone and metals through the lobes of their ears. There is, in truth, no possibility of arriving at any standard of beauty.

SLEEPING AFTER MEALS.

A Widespread, but Mistaken Belief—Rest for the Brain.

There is a widespread superstition, cherished by a great majority of the people, that to sleep immediately after they have taken food is to endanger health, to favor the onset of apoplexy, etc. a superstition based on the assumption that during sleep the brain is normally congested. There is, no doubt, such a thing as congested sleep, but during normal sleep the brain is anæmic. When a person has taken a fairly abundant lunch or dinner the stomach demands a special influx of blood, wherewith to accomplish its work of digestion; no organ can more easily comply with that demand than the brain, which, when in full activity, is suffused with a maximum amount of the vital fluid. But a derivation of blood from the brain to the stomach can only take place, except in exceptionally full-blooded and vigorous persons, on the condition that the cerebral functions be meanwhile partially or wholly suspended. Hence many people after taking dinner feel indisposed for mental action, and not a few long for sleep. The already partially anæmic brain would fain yield up to the stomach a still further supply of blood and yield itself up to refreshing sleep. Doing so it gains new strength; meanwhile digestion proceeds energetically, and soon body and mind are again equipped to continue in full force the battle of life. But superstition, the child of ignorance, intervenes, declares that sleep during digestion is dangerous, admonishes the would-be sleepers to struggle against their perilous inclination, and, though telling them that after dinner they may sit awhile, assures them of the adage, "after supper walk a mile." The millions of its victims continue, therefore, the strife to which it condemns them, and ignore the suggestions offered to them by the lower animals, who have always practiced the lessons of sound physiology by sleeping after feeding whenever they are allowed to do so. Hence the human brain and human stomach of such victims contend with each other during the digestive process; the brain, impelled by superstition, strives to work and demands blood to work with, while the stomach, stimulated by its contents, strives to carry on its marvellous chemistry, and demands an ample supply of blood for the purpose. The result of the struggle is that neither is able to do its work well, and the brain is enfeebled by being denied its natural rest during the digestive process, and the healthy function of the stomach degenerates into dyspepsia.—*Westminster Review.*

When Mrs. Cleveland received the Persian Minister the other day she wore a rich brown faille draped over a white cloth petticoat, with a border at the foot braided in gold, Persian in colors and design. A white cloth vest with similar braiding was inserted in the basque, and she looked very handsome.

A young Syracuse lady has become so addicted to the use of cloves that her health is becoming broken and her physician says that unless she abandons the habit she will pay the penalty with her life. She has been known to consume a quarter of a pound of cloves in a day. As a between-the-act operator, she would be an expensive success.

Lady Dudley, the famous English beauty, is as white as a pond lily.

There is, perhaps, no more infallible sign of vulgarity than the mistaking of fashion for good breeding, and yet there is perhaps no error more common.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has made the most remarkable recovery her physicians have ever witnessed. When she left Sag Harbor it was believed that she could not live to reach Hartford. Now, however, she is better than she has been for some years and is able to walk.

A contributor to *Nouveaux Remedes* cites a statement by a Brazilian physician to the effect that flies are, as we lately suggested, most active agents in the propagation of yellow fever. Their agency in spreading pulmonary consumption is unquestionable, and Koch is of the opinion that they may play the same part in spreading cholera.

Princess Louise her and mother-in-law do not seem to pull well together. The Marchioness is now staying at Inverary Castle on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and Lord Lorne is also there. More than ten years have elapsed since the Princess was last at Inverary, and her stay will be brief, as she is to open a new College of Science at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday next.

J. Q. A. Ward, of New York, is engaged upon a statue of Henry Ward Beecher for Prospect Park, in that city. It will be of heroic size and will show the subject dressed in his characteristic manner. The granite pedestal, to be designed by R. M. Hunt, will be nine feet high. At either side of the pedestal will be bronze figures. At the left a young negress will be seen laying a palm-leaf at Mr. Beecher's feet. At the right will be figures of two white children. Mr. Ward is also engaged upon a statue of Horace Greeley for the *Tribune* building.

Stories of the eccentricities of the baby king of Spain continue to amuse Europe. The continent is laughing at his latest escapade, which came near to involving his country in serious trouble. A newly-appointed minister to Spain from an influential European country reached Madrid and after a time was presented to the young potentate. The minister is bald-headed, but wears a long, flowing beard. "Oh, mother," exclaimed Alfonso, when he caught sight of the diplomat, "he's combed his hair the wrong way." The relations between Spain and the minister's country are somewhat strained at present, but a settlement of the misunderstanding is hoped for.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: For the first time in the annals of the London University College, a lady is put up as candidate for a professional chair. The Chair of Archæology, vacant by the retirement of Sir Charles Newton, will be contested by Miss Jane Harrison, whose lectures on Greek art have won for her a high place among the lecturers of the day. This lady, a graduate of Newnham College, is recognized by scholars as holding an almost unique place among them for her knowledge, especially of the popular form of Greek art expressed on vase paintings. She has been several times in Greece, where every sort of honor has been paid to her by the King, by professors, and by officials.

"Dr." David Hostetter, the bitters man, died in New York city the other day. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth who went to California in 1850, crossing the Isthmus of Panama upon a mule and going thence to San Francisco in company with Commodore Garrison and Ralston, the future banker. He kept a grocery store in San Francisco for three months and was then burned out. In 1853 he began the manufacture at Pittsburg of his bitters from a formula supplied by his father, an educated physician, and, it is said, peddled his goods through the street in a wheelbarrow. He originated Pittsburg's natural gas enterprise, having in 1875 taken the gas in rubber bags to that city for analysis. He carried a life insurance policy of over $300,000.

The official report on the Great Yukon River, just made by the Dominion explorers, shows that for 600 miles it is in British territory. This includes 200 miles of the gold-mining regions where the chief mining camps are situated. The river is 2,300 miles long, of which 2,000 are navigable without a single rapid or portage. Its breadth is six to seven miles in places and averages three or four. Rivers emptying into the Yukon are broader than the Hudson at New York. Little of the region traversed is fit for agricultural purposes, although there are valleys suitable for stock raising. Potatoes and other vegetables equal to the best produced in Ontario are raised at the further northern posts of the Hudson Bay Company. The country abounds with minerals and the winters are not more severely felt than those of central Canada.

In 1852, when Pierce (Democrat) and Scott (Whig) were the candidates for President of the United States, the New York Democrats wanted to carry Pennsylvania by sending a large sum of money to Philadelphia to help the boys "pay expenses." They were so closely watched by the Whigs that there was but little chance of effecting the scheme secretly. John Brougham, the great comedian of the day, was a strong Democrat, and undertook the job. He made a wager of $5,000 that he would play at the Bowery Theatre, New York, and in Philadelphia the same night. The wager created the greatest excitement. Brougham got through his piece at the Bowery by 10 o'clock, arrangements having been made to take his company by the wagons of Adams' express to the Jersey City depot. Everything was ready. The police cleared the streets on the line of route for the race against time, and away flew the express wagons to the ferryboat, all Broadway being in an uproar. The special train was reached and flew with lightning speed, reaching Philadelphia in due course, when the numerous *boxes of silver and gold* were safely landed, which accompanied the "theatrical baggage!" John Brougham played his piece, finishing after midnight, won his wager, and carried Pennsylvania for the Democrats! That's the way they did the thing "befo' de wah."

No Need of Worry.

Dame (at table)—My gracious! You are spilling that gravy on the carpet.

New waitress (cheerfully)—There's plinty more in the kitchen, mum.

In Scotland in October the weather was unusually genial, and this enabled farmers to overtake the late work of the harvest under exceptionally favorable circumstances.

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ANNEXATIONISTS REBUKED.

At a banquet of dental societies of the State of New York, held in Syracuse, at which 250 members were present, Dr. Beers, of Montreal, replied to the toast: "Professional Annexation." His speech on that occasion has been published in the Empire, and has created a wide-spread interest in Canada. Its fearless tone and denunciation of American injustices have placed Dr. Beers somewhat in the light of a hero in the eyes of loyal Canadians. Right in the heart of the enemy he delivered telling blows, and scathing rebukes of political unfairness on the part of American officials, and to the croakers and intriguers in our own country. It was one of the most eloquent and telling efforts of the kind which has yet been delivered on the subject, and should be read by every Canadian. It does seem that the commercial annexationist, alias commercial unionist, alias political annexationist, should entertain from the reading of this article so strong a sense of shame that he would forever remain silent upon the question. Dr. Beers is well known in the literary world, and is a citizen of whom Canada may well be proud. The sentiment expressed in the following extract breaths of true loyalty, and it is men who possess this sentiment that are the true rulers of the destiny of a country. He said: No one more than loyal Americans would despise the poltroon who carries his patriotism in his pocket; the disloyalty of the political parasite who would make patriotism a house of cards, and dollars the chief end of the people; intriguers who hiss out secession or annexation when they fail to get their political crimes or crotchets enshrined; men whose hunger for notoriety and power is a fever of their existence. I am sure that you could have nothing but contempt for any free people who measure their allegiance purely by commercial standards, and who, fearing to face the difficulties which meet every nation, turn pedlars instead of protectors of their national birthright. Just as you had and have your croakers and cowards we have ours, but, Mr. Chairman, Canada is not forsale! There have been prophets like Goldwin Smith since the days of Elizabeth who have predicted England's decline in their time, but all the colonial [illegible] of England has been devel[oped] since the time of Elizabeth. We have, as you have, bitter partizans in the press and in politics who delight to foul their own nest, who revel in the rain that destroys the crops, and who sincerely believe they can change the climate if they could change the government. We have a few of those wiseacres of society who assume to possess a monopoly of foresight, and who, like Caius Caligula, think the world would have been better made could they have been consulted. But these people no more represent the convictions of Canadians than O'Donovan Rossa or our fire-eating politicians and papers represent those of true Americans.

And again:

Confederated Canada, respected Canada, loyal Canada, progressive Canada is a personal and political insult to the sore-headed parties who opposed Confederation, who would welcome annexation to Turkey or Russia were we neighbors, or rejoice even at annihilation rather than live the agonizing life of seeing their prospects and predictions destroyed. There were millions of your own citizens glad to do their worst to dismember your union; there were thousands who gave their lives to wreck the republic that their own State interests might be promoted. Yet when a few obscure cranks in Canada declare in favor of annexation, you think they speak the sentiment of a sober people who do not find it necessary to indulge in the spectacular or the rhetorical that you may see and hear the truth. You choose to ignore the treason of many a Southern newspaper to-day as you did twenty-five years ago, and you exalt as gospel the partisans of the Canadian press, who are incapable of telling the truth.

Dr. Beers is by no means an old man, and this remarkable speech strengthens the desire that he may some day prove himself a servant to his country in a public capacity and win for himself a name which will stand high upon the pedestal of fame, among the few grand titles which are already shining down the years.

Sam Armstrong, Esq., M.P.P. for Parry Sound district, is resigning his seat for the purpose of taking the registrarship of that district. Another good grit salted down!

Some one said that "Woman is the root of all evil." Last Saturday Frank Barber shot and killed himself at Niagara Falls. He had been entrapped into a marriage with a dissolute woman, and the horror of this disclosure was more than he could bear and live.

Municipal Matters in Euphrasia.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR, We notice according to the Markdale Standard, that councillor Erskine is once more aspirant for county honors in this township. It will be well remembered, that this same Erskine a few years ago was foolish enough to take the field in opposition to Mr. Fawcett, the then incumbent of the office of second county representative. On that occasion the electors of Euphrasia spoke at the polls with no uncertain sound. Erskine was given tangible proof that Euphrasia was not in need of his services as a county representative. Comprehending this fact, he complied with the township's request "to step down lower," and accordingly very soon appeared in the field as a candidate for the office of councillor. However, notwithstanding the very open reproof administered to him at that time, he is still mean enough to attempt to sneak into the coveted position between Fawcett and McAusland. He has not moral courage enough to oppose either one of the above named gentlemen alone, but finding them in deadly combat, he is willing to forego his manhood and attempt to sneak in as it were unobserved. His conduct brings very forcibly to our mind a story we read in our boyhood. On an occasion two mastiffs met one carrying a bone, the other torn by the ravages of hunger. The hungry one seized the other in an attempt to wrest the bone from him. On this No 1 dropped the bone and engaged the other in deadly combat. At this juncture a little half starved cur which had been following the first mastiff stole up, seized the bone, and made off with it. He had not gone far when the death of the second mastiff left the first at liberty to regain his property. On coming up with the cur he seized it, threw it down, placed his huge paw upon it, and in this position proceeded to devour the bone. This completed he grasped the poor little cur between his [illegible] jaws, carried it to a pond near by, swam with it to the centre, dipped it beneath the surface a few times and then dropped it. The poor little cur on being released, ran howling home while the mastiff trotted on his way wagging his tail with satisfaction. We have no objection to seeing Erskine in the field as a candidate for the Dept. Reeve [illegible] when the present contest between McAusland and Fawcett is satisfactorily decided. Fawcett claims [illegible] that it was inact[ive] [illegible] that defeated him a lot polling day [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] and McAusland [illegible] a small transaction which took place at the Council board. A certain individual living in the vicinity of Kimberley sold gravel to a pathmaster, and it appears in the drawing of the gravel some fancied damage was done to the individual's private roadway. He went to the Council and stated his grievance very generously on his own mind, making the remark, "that he did not expect full pay for the amount of damage done, that if he received one half he would be well satisfied. The reeve proposed giving him ten or twelve dollars. Oh! said Erskine, let us make it fifteen or twenty. McAusland immediately draws up a motion to the effect that this more than generous public philanthropist be paid the sum of fifteen dollars as a reimbursement for the alleged damage done. Said fifteen dollars to include five dollars, the price of the gravel sold and drawn over said private road. Erskine signed this motion and every member of the Board voted for it save one and that one, the very one who had the best right to understand the merits of this individual's claim on the public funds. We see then, that this township paid ten dollars for the drawing of five dollars worth of gravel. Moreover this was only half value, for surely they would not give more than the man claimed, so really our township fathers valued that damage at twenty dollars, such alone can be the inference drawn from the facts adduced. We noticed again this money was voted away without a report from any member of the Council Board, a case without a precedent in the annals of township affairs. Was it not clear to this gravel vendor, that if he sold gravel, there must of necessity be a roadway to the pit, that wagons would of necessity leave some impression on the soil they passed over. All this considered, he must have sold the gravel to make money, just as he would sell a load of wheat, hay or wood. Then in the name of reason, when he of his own free will took the consequences, why should McAusland and Erskine squander the township's money, in making presents of this kind to every Tom, Dick and Harry who has cheek enough to ask for them. Are your public thoroughfares in such a good state of repair, that our township must forsooth squander the public funds building individual private roads. We ask, has this township ousted Fawcett in order to place such a free-handed incumbent in the Dept. chair. Is this, or rather are these the men, who can with such lavish hands squander township moneys the men who aspire to a seat in the County Council. Electors of Euphrasia, beware

A WESTERN RATE-PAYER.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Threshing is about wound up here for this season and the farmers seem satisfied with this year's produce.

Engineer Johnston has resumed his situation at the Proton Station saw mills.

Mr. McArdle has been re engaged as teacher in S. S. No. 4, Artemesia, for the ensuing year.

Mrs. W. Reid and Mr. A. Lonsaway, who have been on the sick list for some time back, are both able to be around again.

Practice is going on lively here preparatory to the Methodist S. S. Anniversary, which comes off about Christmas.

The Dandalk Herald has been trying to explain in its recent issue the difference between "master" and "teacher", and it has come to the conclusion that there is none. The two words are in the same gender of course. However we will leave the matter to the readers of The Advance and Herald, to judge which of the two expressions are the most proper, a "male head teacher" or a "male head master." We do not deem it necessary to enter into any lengthy discussion about a matter so trifling, but judging from the editorial we presume that the editor was absent from the Herald office last week and that he left his devil in charge of the paper.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville The second Thursday in each month
Dundalk Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton- Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham Third Tuesday in each month
Chatsworth Monday before Durham
Holland Center Saturday before Chatsworth.
Priceville Monday before Durham.
Hanover Monday before Durham.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$6 00 to	6 00
Fall Wheat	$1 10 to	1 10
Spring Wheat	1 10	1 10
Barley	0 50	0 65
Oats	0 33	0 33
Peas	0 58	0 58
Butter	0 17	0 18
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 25	6 25
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	4 50	5 52
Wool	18	00
Sheepskins	0 50	1 06
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 05	0 05

Flesherton Pathmasters' Statement, 1888.

RECEIPTS

J. W. Armstrong, treasurer, statute labor commutation	$172 40
Poll tax	9 60
Lumber sold	1 07
Councillor Sharp, grant	10 00
Peter Munshaw, grant	5 50
Borrowed from Council for statute labor account, 1889	13 00
	$212 57

EXPENDITURE.

Boyd Bros., account for lumber	$ 16 30
M. Akitt, account for lumber	93 54
Wm. Bradley, sawing and delivering crossings	5 00
John C. Adams, 5 cedar crossings, $5, and 100 posts, $4.50	9 50
Richard Smith, 1 cedar crossing	1 00
Wm. Heard, 32 cedar posts	2 24
J. E. Moore, 15 cedar posts	1 05
J. E. Moore, cedar plank	3 60
Wm. Irwin, 27 cedar posts	1 89
M Richardson, nails and spikes	7 35
J. G. Russell, building sidewalk	4 30
Wm. Smith, ditching and cutting weeds	4 25
D. Taylor, 2½ days' work	3 12
John Bellamy, 7¾ days' work	10 87
Chas. Bellamy, 10 days' work	15 00
W. H. Elder, ploughing and scraping	3 00
Henry Holman, drawing logs	1 00
Henry Wilson, drawing logs	1 00
N. Lawrence, teaming	0 50
Alfred Wilkerson, work	0 50
Wm. Varty, moving and building side-walk and filling earth	23 00
P. Holman, statute labor	1 80
Wm. Clayton, statute labor	2 10
Printing statement	1 00
Cash balance on hand	0 96
	$212 57

P. Holman and W. Clayton, pathmasters.

The Advance for $1 till Jan.1, 1890.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of T. A. Gamey, lot 13 and 14, 2nd south of Durham Road, on Nov 12, a small black mare. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses, and take it away.
T. A. GAMEY, Flesherton Station P. O

SALE Of Valuable Farm Property.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage made by Andrew C. McRae, default having been made in payment thereof, will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION.

At Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton,

ON

Monday, Nov. 26th, 1888,

at 12 o'clock, noon, the following property, viz:

Lot No 7 in the 2nd Concession, Township of Euphrasia, in the County of Grey, containing by admeasurement 100 acres more or less. This is a fine hardwood bush lot, and is about nine miles from Flesherton. The sale will be subject to a reserve bid.

TERMS one half cash, balance secured by mortgage payable in from one to five years option of purchaser.

A deposit of $100 to be paid at time of sale. For further particulars apply to
STAUNTON & [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Or to [illegible]
Auctioneer, Flesherton.
Nov. 7, 1888

AUCTION SALE OF Valuable Farm IN THE Township of Artemesia

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a mortgage from David W. Jenison to the vendor which will be produced at the time of sale, and on default of payment of the moneys thereby secured there will be offered for sale by Public auction

AT MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, **in the Village of Flesherton,**

Wednesday, the 5th Day of December, 1888,

At 10 o'clock, a.m., by A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer.

The north half of Lot No. 36 in the ninth concession of Artemesia, containing 50 acres, more or less, of which about 45 are said to be cleared and under cultivation and fenced. On the premises are said to be a frame house and a barn and orchard

TERMS--Ten per cent. at time of sale, and for the balance terms liberal, and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to
W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ., Flesherton,
Or to MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors' Solicitors.
Toronto, Nov 12th, 1888

—It Pays To—

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study.
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 1888

Farm for Sale

The subscriber offers for sale that valuable property on the 4th line, Osprey, better known as lot 4 containing 125 acres; 90 cleared and 60 under cultivation, the remainder pasture and meadow. New frame barn, stone foundation; stables etc. new frame house, cellar, and stone foundation. This is a magnificent property [illegible] possession immediately. For terms, etc., apply to
A. McKENZIE, Maxwell P. O

Blacksmith Shop for Sale or Rent.

The blacksmith shop, known as Allison's, on the 4th line, Artemesia, about 3½ miles from Flesherton, is offered for sale or to rent. For terms and particulars apply to
DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Eugenia P. O.

Butcher Business for Sale.

A good paying butcher business is offered for sale in Flesherton, five and six beeves killed each week, besides small animals. To an enterprising man this is a first class opportunity for securing a nice business. For further particulars apply to
BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
butchers, Flesherton.

Flesherton Meat Market!

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
PURVEYORS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Dealers in fresh and cured meats, sausage (our own make), lard, bologna, etc. etc

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME,
in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only $4 per. hundred.

Call and ascertain prices, whether you buy or not,

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office S[illegible] Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, MD CM.
M[ember] of the college of Physicians and S[urgeons] [illegible]
[illegible] east of Grier's store [illegible] Priceville, Nov 19, 1888
[illegible]
J. G. Hutton, MD.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L. D. S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the [illegible]
Will [be] at FLESHERTON Munshaw's Hotel [illegible] Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the [lat]est styles of the art, and at moderate rate
HEAD OFFICE, [illegible] YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CRESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER INSURANCE AG'T, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best Value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well assorted stock.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises substantial and serviceable for Men and Boys.

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still retain the unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCAIBE.

FLESHERTON

Implement

Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Steppers,
Buggies,
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators.
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Hoes,
Scufflers,
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first class new Chopping Mill, now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Kinglnia.

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot No. 24 in the 6th Con. of Artemesia containing fifty acres. The above property situated about one-and-a-half miles from the village of Kimberley, all under cultivation and magnificent land.

Apply to
A. ALDOUS
Kimberley P.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHAS. BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

Buy a new

HARNESS

PURCHASE A

SLEIGH ROBE

INVEST IN

A new Whip

BIG DISCOUNT

FOR

C-A-S-H

D. Clayton

HARNESSMAKER,

FLESHERTON.

is prepared to give you large DSCOUNTS for CASH on all kinds of harness, whips, blankets, etc.

A

Huge Stock!

—OF—

SINGLE, TEAM, AND DRIVING HARNESS, on hand.

Sleigh Bells, Robes, Whips, Hoof Ointment, Axle Grease, Curry Combs, Brushes, and everything required in the line of harness makers' supplies.

WE ALSO DEAL IN

A SUPERIOR

QUALITY

OF

TRUNKS

CALL and EXAMINE our extra large stock before buying anything in these lines elsewhere.

D. CLAYTON.

N. B.—My accounts are now ready and waiting for settlement. As I am in great need of money, all persons who are indebted to me are requested to call and settle, ON OR BEFORE DEC. 1st, otherwise their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

D. Clayton.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

The interior of the central hall is finished in polished granite and the rarest colored marbles, the roof being supported by massive pillars of polished granite, each column formed seemingly of one solid block, 25 to 30 feet in length. This hall is profusely adorned with statuary of eminent men. There are two other large halls, in which the courts are held. I recollect being at one assize here where I saw four men at one time on their trial for murder. They were all condemned and hung at one time at Kirkdale gaol, when executions were as public as it was possible to make them. We next visited the Brown museum, facing the west facade of St. George's hall. Near this is a lofty column surmounted with a colossal figure of the Iron Duke, old Wellington, who shares with Nelson the adoration of the people everywhere for their martial heroes.

After resting a while in the reading room we went to the museum containing the extensive colection of Egyptian and other antiquities and articles of vertu, collected by Joseph Mayer; also the contents of several other museums of the town, forming in all one of the rarest and richest collections in the kingdom. It would occupy a day to go through the department of natural history alone. Here are specimens of nearly every known bird and fish, numbering thousands, also almost every known animal except the domestic animals. There is attached an aquarium, where in large tanks with heavy plate glass fronts the denizens of the sea, as well as of fresh water, are seen disporting themselves in their native element, mid rocks, corals, shells or seaweed. The collection of Egyptian antiquities is very extensive, and contains mummies excellently preserved. Here we see a man who walked the earth in the time of Moses, and from the record on his coffin of stone was a door keeper in the temple of Isis. Here again we look on an Egyptian princess who lived two thousand years ago. Again we look on an Egyptian warrior who won earth's fame and died long before Britain had a name among the nations. Some of their coffins are of stone weighing several tons each, and covered with inscriptions. I was most interested in the extensive collection of rare and ancient clocks and watches, some of the latter being too large for any pocket; even the outside pocket of an overcoat would be encumbered with them. Others were very small and of strange shapes; one was a beetle with green enameled wings: on pressing a spring they fly up and disclose a tiny dial on the beetles back. Another watch was in the form of a tiny padlock, and was made by Louis XVI. for his queen, Marie Antoinette. We noticed a rare and rich set of jewelry made by order of Napoleon I., and given by him to Josephine. It consisted of exquisitely cut cameos set in enamelled gold, and included necklet, bracelet, ear rings, brooch, and tiara. The collection of ancient arms and armour was very extensive, but to give casual notice of the one hundredth part would be too long and tedious.

Our Toronto friend went north by midnight train, but we did not leave until 9.30 next morning. The ride through the country after the monotonous scenery of an ocean voyage was to us charming. It was hay harvest, and as the day was fine we passed scores of fields with groups of men and women busy making or gathering hay. The neatly trimmed hedgerows, the cosy homesteads, the deep green of the grass lands, divided in fields of all shapes and sizes, the picturesque groups of haymakers, all combined to give scenery to us unrivaled beauty. We recalled those beautiful lines of Mrs Hemans on English Homes.

"The cottage homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amid their ivy mantled trees,
On all the pleasant land.

Mid glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from his world of leaves,
And household there they newly sleep
As the birds beneath their eaves.

Passing the large manufacturing centre of Wigan & Preston, we came into a less populous but more picturesque district. Stopping awhile at Lancaster, we saw quite near the station, which is on an eminence over looking the town, the Ancient Castle remarkable for its elegance and embracing the courts and gaol within its precincts. Looking down into the old town we saw the magnificent aqueduct carrying the canal over the river, which is also spanned by a bridge with fine arches. Anon we are carried at great speed into the county of Westmoreland, and approaching the old town of Kendal, which lies in a hollow on our left, we saw on a hill overlooking the town the ruins of an old castle, in which Catherine Parr, on of the queens of the much-married King Henry the 8th, was born. Kendal is one of the oldest manufacturing towns in England, the woollen manufacturing having been established here by Flemish weavers in the 14th century. Kendal green cloth is mentioned by Shakespeare, and was celebrated in his time. From here the grade rises until we reach the summitt of Shap Fells, and the road passes the famous quarries of shap granite. The cuttings are through solid beds of granite, which give a peculiar metallic rumble to the train as though passing through an iron tubular bridge. From here I noted the rate at which we travelled to Penrith, ten miles, exactly ten minutes.

To be continued.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure the Remedy for you.

High License.

HOW IT STIMULATES SHEBEENISM.

A despatch from Scranton, Pa., says that high license fails utterly to do useful work in Lackawanna County. The court licensed only 241 persons to sell liquor, but more than 1,300 are paying the federal liquor-dealers' tax, (which is necessary even for those with a local license, to escape most severe penalties.) Thus more than 1,000 men are selling liquor in the county in violation

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene L. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $1400 on application. Best ONE watch in the world. Perfect Time. Warranted Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases, elegant and magnificent. Both ladies and gents sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. It is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and ONLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 613, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE PEOPLES GREATEST INTEREST

s where can they get their flour, feed, and provisions cheapest in town.

IT IS AT BLACKBURN'S.

All kinds of meal always on hand.

TO THE FARMERS AND PUBLIC GENERALLY:

HOT COFFEE and GOOD LUNCH:

at all hours of the day, ONLY 15 cts. All other lines in stock as usual.

The peoples faithful servant,

G. H. BLACKBURN.

Remember the place—Next door to M. Richardson's

Bargains

BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!!

BARGAINS!

Now is the time to secure them,

BEDROOM

—AND—

PARLOR SUITES

QUITE NEW in design, very tasty and neat, to be sold at a small advance on cost.

Beautiful new line of

LOUNGES

IN RAMIE.

TAPESTRY and NEW SILK COVERINGS.

These goods have all been bought very close and we intend giving custmoers the full benefit.

Handsome Hall Stands, in Mahogany Finish

Must be seen to be appreciated

Sideboards!

in a number of styles and finish

All at equally low prices.

THERE ARE STILL some of those low priced

BEDSPRINGS!

Try one, rest well, and prolong your life.

NEW RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE.

At $30.00.

J. E. MOORE.

Undertaker and furniture dealer. Undertaking special attention.

ANOTHER LONDON HORROR.

Body a Woman, Terribly Mutilated, Discovered.

"JACK THE RIPPER" ONCE MORE.

Enormous Increase of the British Navy Contemplated.

MEDICAL AND POLICE SURMISES.

The Police Management Discussed in Parliament.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHITECHAPEL.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The doctors who have examined the remains of the latest victim of the murder fiend refuse to make any statement until the inquest is held. Three bloodhounds belonging to private citizens were taken to the place where the body was, and placed on the scent of the murderer, but they were unable to keep it for any great distance, and all hope of running the assassin down with their assistance has been abandoned. The murdered woman told a companion last evening that she was without money, and unless she obtained a supply she would commit suicide. It has been learned that a man respectably dressed accosted the victim and offered her money. They went to her lodgings on the second floor of the Dorset street house. No noise was heard during the night, and nothing was known of the murder until the landlady went to the room early this morning to ask for her rent. The first thing she saw on entering the room were the woman's breasts and viscera lying on a table. Dorset street is short and narrow, and is situated close to Mitre square and Hanbury street.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE HORROR.

The murder which took place in Spitalfields, Whitechapel district, on Friday morning, is undeniably a continuation of the series which was for a while interrupted for want of opportunity or inclination. In this case the murderer worked leisurely, as is made evident by the fact that the killing was done in a room fronting on the street on the ground floor and within a few yards of a temporary police station whence officers issued hourly to patrol the district. Although the metropolitan police system is not yet discredited, the bloodhound theory is entirely thrown out, since the murder was not discovered until 10 o'clock in the morning, while the streets were teeming with people and traffic was going on uninterruptedly.

Gen. Sir Charles Warren was early on the scene and told a reporter that all the precaution in the world could not prevent the work of such murderers. The sole chance remaining to the police, he said, was to catch them red-handed, and their change of tactics increased the difficulty. In the open air, where the killing has been done hitherto, the chance of their apprehension was slight, but in the case of an indoor murder, such as the last, the hope of arresting the perpetrator was almost barren of fruition. This latest murder will undoubtedly cause a large number of arrests on suspicion, but whether the monster will be brought to book is matter of extreme doubt since he has left no clues not marked over by the officers investigating the previous cases. The most annoying feature of the case is that the arrest of a number of innocent persons will have to be repeated.

The opinion of Archibald Forbes and Mr. Winslow, that the assassin is a homicidal maniac, is confirmed by the latest murder, and the prediction has become general that another murder will soon follow. The brutality of the mutilation to which the last body was subject surpasses all the others. In the room to which the corpse was taken chunks of flesh and portions of the viscera were strewn on the floor and table, and the stomach of one of the surgeons gave way at the spectacle.

In the House of Commons last night Mr. Conybeare asked the question whether it was true that another woman had been murdered in London? General Warren, the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, he said, ought to be superseded by an officer accustomed to investigating crime. The question was greeted by cries of "Oh! Oh!"

The Speaker called "Order! order!" and said that notice must be given of the question in the usual way.

Mr. Conybeare replied I have given private notice.

The Speaker—The notice must be made in writing.

Mr. Cunningham Graham then asked whether General Warren had already resigned, to which Mr. Smith, the Government leader, replied, "No."

At 1 o'clock in the morning Mary Jane had been heard by a fellow lodger crooning a drunken song, perhaps to the murderer. From that hour till half-past 10 o'clock, when the body was discovered, is all a hideous blank. Before the *post mortem* examination a photographer was set to work in the court and house. The state of the atmosphere was unfortunately not favorable to good results. The photographer, however, succeeded in securing several negatives. The *post mortem* examination lasted two hours, and was of the most thorough character. Every indication as to the manner in which the murderer conducted his awful work was carefully noted, as well as the position of every organ and larger pieces of flesh. The surgeons' report will be of an exhaustive character, but it will not be made public until they give evidence at the coroner's inquest.

Dr. Forbes Winslow says the murder is the work of the same homicidal lunatic who committed the other crimes in Whitechapel. The harrowing details point to this conclusion.

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDIES.

Whitechapel is, I fear, becoming a much maligned district. It is not altogether the modern Alsatia that, from much we have lately heard, many people may naturally infer it to be. It is a quarter of eastern London containing not less than 60,000 inhabitants; but it is the most thickly populated and the poorest part of London, and the criminal element here is proportionately large. To a stranger by day the place has no other appearance than that of a very busy, crowded neighborhood, full of large warehouses and stores, and the streets so blocked with traffic that a timid person may be a quarter of an hour waiting for a chance to cross a road. Whitechapel is conterminous to the Thames and some of the large dockyards, and in addition to the stationary has a large foreign population. In the evening is the time to see Whitechapel to advantage, when the large houses are closed down and the hum of traffic has hushed for the day; then the women without bonnets and the men without coats take their ease in the street, in front of the bars, and at the theatres that throng the neighborhood. On Saturday evening the place is *en fete*, for three reasons—because every one has some money, because no one hurries home (not having to rise early in the morning), and because a large portion of the denizens are of the Hebrew persuasion, who after sunset go in for a "rare high time." Here, then, is to be seen a strange mixture of rowdyism and villainy, struggling poverty and drunken destitution, half naked impudence and flaunting vice, fine clothes and flash jewellery. Following is a graphic description of something that can be seen there, by the gifted pen of George Sims, whose knowledge of London is, like the late Mr. Weller's, both "extensive and peculiar":

We had not been surveying the busy scene many minutes - what a scene Whitechapel road is on Saturday night!—before we heard a cry, and instantly there was a rush towards a gateway. It was only two ladies quarrelling; but as we hurried up a small boy saluted us with a grin and exclaimed, "'Ere ye har, guv'nor! This way to the murder! Triple murder up this court!" There was a roar of laughter, and, the true cause of the case being ascertained, the crowd dispersed. The border line between the horrible and the grotesque has grown very fine in Whitechapel of late. There has probably been a revulsion of feeling, and the inhabitants have relieved their overstrained nerves by laughing. Certainly last Saturday night, although another murder was confidently expected, the general body of sightseers and pedestrians were making light of the matter. Along the pavement, which for many a mile is hedged with shooting galleries and various arrangements based upon the six-throws-a-penny principle, plenty of hoarse-voiced ruffians were selling a penny puzzle, in which the puzzle was to find Jack the Ripper. Jack was upon every tongue, male and female, last Saturday night. The costermonger hawking his goods dragged him in; the quack doctor assured the crowd that his marvellous medicine would cure even Jack of his evil propensities; and at the penny shows, outside which the most ghastly pictures of "the seven victims," all gashes and crimson drops, were exhibited, the proprietors made many a facetious reference to the local Terror. Just past the Pavilion Theatre we came on a gentleman who was standing in the roadway and banging on an empty bloater box with a big stick. As soon as he had obtained an audience he delivered himself as follows: "Tennybrooze! Tennybrooze! If there's any gent as was here when I give Tennybrooze for the Seesirwitch I'd be werry much obliged if he'd come forward. I give every one as bought my enverlope Tennybrooze when he was 20 to 1, and now I've got another enverlope 'ere what's got the winner of the Cambridge. If there's any one as 'ears my voice ternite as was here when I give it, he'll p'raps say so. I haint Duglis 'All, and I haint Jack Dickinson, but my brother's the 'ead jockey in a big racin' stable, and my information's the best as money can buy, though I sell it in Whitechapel for a penny. I belong to Whitechapel, and I like to do my neighbors a good turn. I haint Johnny the Ripper. I'm Johnny the Tipper. (Roars of laughter in the crowd.) Yus; Johnny the Tipper, what give yer Tennybrooze; and here I've got the winner of the Cambridge at 20 to 1, and it's one penny." Johnny the Tipper then went round with his envelopes, but evidently he hadn't a racing audience, for the sale was slack, and, cursing his "blooming luck," Johnny put his hands in his pockets and took the certain winner of "the Cambridge" off with him to another pitch. I'm afraid he hadn't backed his Cesarewitch tip for himself, as he was in the last stage of raggedness, and as he turned away I heard him mutter that he'd been out six hours and hadn't earned his "doss" yet.

Six Children at a Birth.

A Dallas, Tex., despatch says: Mrs. Judge Hirsch, of Navarro County, gave birth to six children on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 3rd. The mother and children are doing well, and the father is trying to be happy. A reporter who visited the homestead found about 100 people present, all examining the babies. There are four boys and two girls. The father, George Hirsch, is 31 and his wife 27. They have been married five years and have three children besides the recent accession. Hirsch is of German descent and has named the boys Frederick, Mills, Cleveland and Thurman. The girls are Victoria and Louise. All are perfectly proportioned, but very small. The babies all seem healthy. The Hirsch family is poor, and the mother is a large, healthy woman. The babies are all tagged to preserve their identity.

An Unhappy Medical Student.

A Kingston despatch says: There is an unhappy student in the medical college here. He has been boycotted by his fellows, who have sworn to refuse to speak to him or recognize him in any way. He is accused of telling the police the hiding place of the resurrected bodies recently recovered. He denies the accusation. Some years ago a student for similar work was given twenty-four hours to leave the city. Months afterwards it was discovered that he was not the culprit.

Good Cause for Forgetfulness.

Wife (tenderly)—Do you remember, Charles, how embarrassed you were when you proposed to me?

Mr. Hardup—No, dear; I've been so embarrassed since we were married that I have forgotten all about it.

—Things do not always follow as a matter of course. A man who makes puns is not a pundit; neither is one who plays in a band a bandit.

—Jay Gould is no ordinary man. He is one among millions—of dollars.

A REMARKABLE COFFIN.

Probably the Most Unique Casket Ever Devised—A Wife's Strange Tribute.

A Wilmington, Mass., despatch says: Dr. Henry Hiller died Monday evening and will be buried Sunday in the most expensive and elaborate coffin ever devised to hold the mortal remains of man. In order to avert this common fate of humanity or at least to lessen its force, Mrs. (Dr.) Hiller conceived the idea some years ago of preparing burial caskets for herself and her husband, which would not only rob the grave of its victory, but would express by their carved symbology the thought that life and death are one and the same in nature's grand economy.

Two vines creeping up from the foot of the lid meet about a human skull carved from nature. Out of the skull's left eye-socket creeps a lizard, giving the death's head a most ghastly appearance. A caterpillar crawls along the rim around the emblem of death, but round about are daisies and roses and a butterfly, while in the bottom of the vine is a bird. Above the plate and directly over the place where the heart of the deceased will be are branches of English and American oak intertwined. In place of a glass cover at the head there is a brass plate, cast and engraved, representing the river of death and the angel of death leading a fair maiden down through the reeds and grasses into Lethe's waters. In the horizon the sun is just sinking from sight. Below the river are engraved the words:

HENRY HILLER.

In each lower corner is a stanza of poetry composed by Mrs. (Dr.) Hiller.

The panelled sides of the lid are wrought no less beautifully than the top. In the centre of one side is a globe on wings, representing time; on the other is a burning urn, a symbol of death. On one of the end panels of the lid an owl—the bird of the night—holds a field mouse lightly in its claws; on the other end panel are a bat and two serpents.

All the panels of the lid have foliage and flowers, maple branches entwined with morning-glories and other symbols of nature's beautiful side, but mingled with them are snails and serpents and grasshoppers, a marsh fly and horrible dragons with ghastly grinning faces.

A CHILD'S TERRIBLE VIGIL.

Locked Up All Night in a Cold and Dismal Basement.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Mathilda Matheson, a widow residing at No. 55 Summit street, Brooklyn, has been in the habit of sending her 6-year-old daughter Maggie to the Industrial School at No. 139 Van Brunt street every morning to be cared for during the day. One of her brothers always escorted the little girl to and from the school, which is conducted by the Children's Aid Society, and is a sort of day nursery. The children generally are quartered in rooms on the upper stories and fed in the basement. Mrs. Matheson said that shortly after 6 o'clock on Saturday evening she sent William for his sister. When he had rung the bell for several minutes a woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and informed him that Maggie had been sent home some time before. William returned, and, as Maggie had not yet arrived, the mother was nearly crazy with fear. After searching the neighborhood she gave the alarm to the police, but they were not able to find her. Mrs. Matheson searched the streets all night, and about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning found Maggie, surrounded by a number of gentlemen, on Van Brunt street. Her eyes were inflamed and her cheeks swollen. She was blue from the cold, and could hardly stand on her feet from exhaustion and fright. Mrs. Matheson said, after taking the child home, she told how, after being dismissed, she went down in the basement, where she fell asleep and remained so for some time. When she awoke she was unable to get out, but spent most of the night in screaming and crying. Nobody came until morning, when the 14-year-old son of the janitor descended the stairs and turned her into the street. Mrs. Matheson indignantly said: "They might have either brought her home or sent me word that she was there, instead of turning her into the street in her broken-down condition."

MORMONS IN THE NORTHWEST.

Interview With a Delegate from the Colony at Lees Creek.

An Ottawa despatch says: Canada will have to wrestle with the Mormon question next. Messrs. Card, Lyman and Taylor, three members of the Mormon Church, are here. They represent the Mormon settlement at Lees Creek, N.W.T., and came to Ottawa on business with the Interior Department. The delegates are desirous of securing a town site at Lees Creek. Mr. Card was interviewed by a reporter yesterday. He said: "We have numerous letters of introduction, and before going home we will visit Montreal. The colony consists of 125 souls. We do not exclude other Christians from the settlement. Our business is combined ranching and farming, but not on a large scale."

"Do you propose to practice polygamy?"

"We do not propose to break the laws of the country," was the response. "We are Christians. We believe in Jesus Christ, and believe in Him as strongly as any sect on the face of the earth."

"In what essential particular do you differ from orthodox Christianity?"

"The great difference is that we believe in modern as well as ancient revelation, through the medium of prophets, seers and revelators. We will not do any proselytising in any particular place."

"Is your Church gaining ground?"

"It is in a prosperous condition, despite persecution by the American Government. The faith was revealed to Joseph Smith, our first prophet, in 1830. Our adherents now number half a million and apart from Utah we have colonies in Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Colorado and Nevada. The settlement in the Northwest is not the inception of a movement to transfer our entire Church to the protection of the British flag."

Premature Age.

Customer—"Is that horse fast?"

Dealer—"Well, he's not so fast as he used to be, but he s a fine horse yet."

"He looks awfully old."

"Yes; he was fast in his youth, you know."

THE PLACE OF CRUCIFIXION.

Where Was the Real Calvary of the New Testament?

(Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson in the November Century.)

The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt bedizenments of candles and altar shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—a decorus but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below across some intervening space, left by grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the Apostle Paul (Ephesians v. 14) was well fulfilled; "Awake, thou Adam, that sleepest (for thus the former versions read in the text), and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee." The art-people say this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced. Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more—something else at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough; it would put an end to the awkward and offensive imposters daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulcher, so that devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that put heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with an infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?

AFTER DINNER TALK.

Salisbury Speaks at the Lord Mayor's Banquet—He Jokes About the Sackville Affair, and Talks of European Peace.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The procession to-day on the occasion of the induction into office of the new Lord Mayor was devoid of the usual pageantry, and was a tame affair generally. The weather was fine.

The usual banquet to the Cabinet Ministers was given at the Guildhall this evening. Lord Salisbury delivered a long speech. He denied that the Government had yielded to their opponents on the question of policy. They were never more resolute or more confident in advancing a policy which they honestly believed they could successfully execute. England had perhaps noticed that popular institutions existed to the westward. (Laughter.) Events in America would add more to the history of electioneering than to the history of politics. (Laughter and cheers.) If there was any complaint against the Washington statesmen it did not involve the two nations. (Cheers.) The Washington statesmen had not apparently commended themselves to the approval of Americans. (Cheers.) In regard to the peace of Europe, Lord Salisbury said it appeared that all of the rulers had an earnest and intense desire to maintain the peace. He trusted that they would continue in their present attitude. The only danger might be an outburst of the people of some country, who might disregard the wise counsel of those in power. Year after year saw larger armaments and vaster services for defensive purposes. If the process continued where would it end? He had heard on good authority that five great powers maintained 12,000,000 of armed men. He did not suggest that that fact ought to diminish the confidence of the public in the maintenance of peace, but he thought that amid such preparation the English Government must not remain unready. (Cheers.) If England's commercial community felt that the Government's power of protection was insufficient, the terror that would result would cause a greater loss than any expenditure necessary to maintain confidence. But European nations must view their armaments with misgiving. England only sought to protect her shores and her commerce.

The Turf.

The smallest winning jockey on record is, without doubt, Kitchener, who rode Red Deer, the winner of the Chester Cup (England) in 1844. Red Deer's impost was 56 pounds, and of this Kitchener's bodily weight was a few ounces less than 40 pounds, the balance being lead in the pad.

The late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph Churchill, says "Rapier" in the London *Illustrated Sporting News*, Oct. 27th, has taken to dreaming winners, and, what is a very great deal more, dreaming them accurately. In a vision a few nights since His Lordship dreamed that No. 22 (Veracity) on the card had won the Cambridgeshire, and, being a practical dreamer with a belief in himself, he backed No. 22 to win him £1,000. There is no doubt about this most recent addition to the list. For one moment he may have doubted whether he was a flyer at dreams after all, for the first number put up by the judge was "2" (Tenebreuse), and we began to wonder how it was we had missed the white jacket and green cap, but "2" was speedily taken down. The judge had told his man to hoist "22," but the chattering round his box made his voice inaudible, and so caused the mistake. However, the "22" was soon put up, and Lord Randolph awoke to the fact that he had developed a new accomplishment and had won £1,000

CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

What is the Proper Temperature for Chill November.

With November's chill days, furnace fires are aglow, and the great stove in the cellar has begun its season's work. After watching sick beds in rooms heated by steam, by open fires, by stoves and by furnace heat, I am decidedly in favor of the last, provided sufficient moisture be added to the heated air before its comes into living rooms. Steam heat is too dry, open fires cannot keep up an even temperature nor warm a room in northern midwinter, and stoves burn oxygen from air too rapidly without providing a fresh supply. In a certain house where professional duty led me every day of last December, there was not a daily variation of temperature of two degrees from 70° Fahrenheit the whole month. Plants grew luxuriantly and flowered in wide halls, and climbing vines converted more than one room into an amateur conservatory. The master, a man of leisure and scientific mind, told me that his delightful winter home was heated by two furnaces; that he had discarded steam after a year's trial and was satisfied. Ventilation was fully provided for, and the sick chamber, whence my patient soon emerged, was attractive enough, even to one who was leaving for summer islands of the Caribbean. What is essential, from a sanitary point, in heating houses, is to have temperature even throughout. There is probably no better way of catching cold, of laying foundation for pneumonia or bronchitis than stepping out of a warm bed into a cold or cool hall. Every skin pore is open or relaxed, every nerve of resistance is half asleep, and the insidious chill that has proved forerunner to so many dangerous diseases of chest and throat, sends one shivering back to blankets that are some time in getting warmed up again. While sleeping, room temperature should be lower than the rest of the house, kept so by open windows, and if this suggestion is followed there can be no harm done by needful nightly wanderings. A proper range at night is 60 to 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Beside the bed of those who are given to these nocturnal excursions should always stand a pair of bedroom slippers, ready to be slipped on at short notice; for cool currents of air are always playing about floors, and bare ankles are exceedingly sensitive to small temperature variations. There is a change of late years in the winter heat of American homes. With almost universal substitution of better forms of heaters for old time stoves, and better understanding of ordinary health law by the people, has come a cooling down of the suffocating temperature that made our homes dry forcing-houses and sent our people out into the wintry cold about as well fitted to face it as if they were naked. Except in rooms where sick are, or aged peasons, mercury should never rise above 70°, nor fall below 65°. A narrow range, truly; but within such limits lies the zone of health. Foreigners coming here in cold weather used to find our houses insupportably hot; and more than one visiting medical man has said to me, "Now I see one of the causes at work to produce American nervousness."—*American Magazine for November.*

A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like a Medicine.

The cheerful man or woman is infinitely less likely to succumb to disease and infection than the discontented and unhappy. When we found a soldier in the general hospital during the war, discontented and homesick, we made no delay in getting him a furlough, well assured from previous observation that few under such conditions would recover. On the other hand, no sickness was so threatening and no wound so severe but that we had hope of his recovery when we found him plucky, cheerful and hopeful. We fear that too few physicians and attendants upon the sick—too few parents and children and neighbors—are well enough versed in psychology. Of all the misfortunes that befall the sick, none is greater than the visitation of a long-and-sad-visaged physician or clergyman. One of the greatest blessings of the Christian religion is that it imparts to its sincere possessor a contentment with the present and a hopefulness of the future, a cheerfulness and happiness, that not only preserve health in the individual, but exert a healthful influence on others.—*Bulletin of the Iowa Board of Health.*

Tricks of the Mattress Trade.

At a meeting of the Provincial Health Board, in Toronto yesterday, a letter from a doctor in Guelph was read, enclosing a sample of the wool batting found in a mattress direct from the manufacturer's hands. It was a collection of the odds and ends about the floor of a woolen factory, including the sweepings. It had an offensive smell and was stated to have a most pernicious effect on the health of the unfortunate people who have to sleep on such beds. The letter concluded by urging upon the Board of Health the necessity of pressing on the Government to have an inspector appointed wherever such manufactures exist, with power to prevent such "abominable outrages upon the health of the unsuspecting public."

Expensive Building Material.

"How is your papa getting along?" asked Mrs. Yeast of the Crimsonbeak boy the other day, when she was waiting for his mother to make her appearance in the parlor.

"Oh, bully! He's going to build a house."

"Going to build a house! How do you know that?"

"Well, I heard mamma say he brings a brick home in his hat every night."

A New Theory.

"Papa," said Freddie, who has lately manifested some very deplorable mental tendencies, "is it proper to say that the sun sets?"

"Yes; certainly."

"I bet I can tell what the sun sets for.'

"Well, what for."

"So's to hatch out the moon."

California papers note that a great change has come over the old mountain mining counties. The mines are no more, but in their stead are orchards and forests. Bartlett pear trees growing in quartz piles, and a dense growth of young woodlands creeping down over the abandoned workings are among the things that would astonish the old forty-niner.

Contentment.

Once there lived a little maiden, who was very sweet and fair,
Who had eyes like purple pansies, and long, sunny, flowing hair;
And 'twas said through all the country she was loved beyond compare.

Yet she had no wealth nor dower—just a lovely, smiling face,
Just a kindly, gentle nature, and a maiden's winsome grace;
But at times she longed for jewels, to wear silk and costly lace.

And it chanced she lay a-sleeping in the garden once in June,
And the sunlight kissed her tresses, and the breezes sang a tune,
And the roses were half jealous all the summer afternoon.

And she dreamed of wondrous treasures, of a castle by the sea,
Of a prince who came to claim her, and whose praise seemed melody
Like the music of the waters flowing on delightfully

And she longed for Time to pass her like a sudden spirit flown,
For her youth to vanish quickly, and to be a woman grown,
That the prince might kneel before her, and might claim her for his own.

And in part her wish was answered, for there came to her one day
One who offered wealth and station, and indisputable sway;
Tho' she had no love to give him, yet she did not turn away.

But I've heard a sad-eyed woman stands alone at close of day,
And her heart is grieved and troubled, let men praise her as they may,
For her happiness has left her—taken wings and flown away!

And I think, O friends, 'twere better, in th journey here of ours,
Not to dream of power and riches, nor of stately domes and towers—
But to live in sweet contentment, like the little birds and flowers. —*The Independent*

NOT A FLAT.

The Woman Who Knew What She Had Bought.

A good story is told by the New York *Press* which a firm of prominent furniture dealers in that city succeeded for some time in keeping quiet. The firm alluded to had a very elegant parlor set of solid mahogany of the finest upholstery. It also had duplicates in veneered wood and cheap plush in the store-room. The costly outfit, which was worth about $200, was displayed in the window and marked:

THIS ELEGANT PARLOR SUITE
ONLY
TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS.

One day a mild, meek-looking woman came in, examined the furniture and invested. She took a receipt for her money, left her address, and was bowed out by the smiling salesman, who assured her that "the things would be sent right away." In due time the waggon arrived at the young woman's house and backed up in front of the door.

"Hold on," said the purchaser, "don't unload yet."

Then she climbed on the van and made a very peculiar examination of the load. At last she said to the driver:

"I'll go back with you to the store. These are not the goods I purchased."

And back she did go, despite protests and assurances that everything was all right. When she walked in she was not the mild mannered creature of two hours before.

"You've tried to swindle me," she cried. "I bought one set of furniture and you sent me another. Now, I want what I paid you for. How do I know? Because in every article of that set you sold me I stuck a pin while you were not looking. Now, I'm going to pick out my property and see that you send it over. If you don't there'll be trouble."

There was no trouble, and the little woman is again looking for a sharp merchant with a similar "bargain" on hand.

Ex-President Hayes' Home.

"Nellie Bly" writes very pleasantly in the New York *World* of ex-President Hayes' fine old homestead at Fremont, Ohio, and of the lives of its inmates. The mansion is of the old-fashioned southern type, with a broad hall through the centre and large, pleasant rooms on either hand. The Hayes are very popular among their neighbors. The ex-President has been charged with penuriousness, but all accounts from those who know him will agree that he is, on the contrary, extremely charitable, though very quiet and unostentatious. He and Mrs. Hayes expend on charities about $10,000 a year. The chickens, of which so much has been said by the newspapers with a view of poking fun at the ex-President, are the pets of Mrs. Hayes, who is extremely fond of all kinds of animals. Neither Mr. Hayes, however, nor any other man need be ashamed of raising good poultry. The homestead is filled with rare treasures of a literary and artistic character, the accumulations of years of culture, opportunity and pecuniary independence. The general still cares for his old war horse, Whitey. The Hayes' family life is a happy one.

On the Way to the Caledonian Games.

Officer O'Grady (recently appointed)—Shtoy, ye divil! Where's yer pants?

Fergus McTavish (in kilts and with bagpipes, with dignity)—Pants, mon! I hae nane!

Officer O'Grady—Then, divil the shtep ye take till ye go into Levi's store and put up th' harmonicon for a pair o' blue flannins to conserve th' dancency av yer legs. D'ye think ye're at home in Africa, ye haythen baboon?

A Fond Farewell.

Friend—"I say, old chappie, are you off?"

Sackville-West—"Well, rather! One can't open one's mouth in this blooming country without putting one's foot in it, you know."—*Chicago News.*

At Sea.

Miss St. Clare (from the west)—What is the bell ringing for? Saltonstall (concisely)—Fog. Miss St. Clare—I don't see why they have to ring a bell to tell there's a fog. Look at my bangs.—*Boston Beacon.*

Forty-one years ago a Rhode Island man asked the hand of a young lady and was refused. The pair have just been married and are enjoying their honeymoon, he at the age of 72 and she at 61.

—Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.

PRICES A CENTURY AGO.

Some of the Features of Life When the Country was "Rough, Raw and Democratic."

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

Those who enjoy the benefit of a rum market and the "corner grocery" of today can have but a faint conception of the difficulty of procuring food in the western country 100 years ago. Around Fort Pitt it was found necessary to issue a military order to keep down prices and keep up a supply, while the courts in Virginia at that day established these prices in the counties over which its court had jurisdiction:

Price of corn, per bushel	$1 65
Oats, per quart	04
Whiskey, for a pint	06
Whiskey, with sugar added, one-half pint	08
Beer, per quart	04

In the posthumous papers of Wm. Clark, of Beaver county, Pennsylvania, the legal fee of that day is fairly indicated by this note:

JULY 4, 1811.

"Three months after date I promise to pay David Hayes, or order, $2 in merchantable wheat, rye or other trade, as will suit said David, for attending to a case of habeas corpus, in which Charles Take, imprisoned, was discharged. JOB MOSE."

In the vestry registry of St. John's Episcopal Church, Hampton, Virginia, three miles from Old Point Comfort, this occurs:

To Mr. Barlow, for seventeen sermons, at 350 pounds tobacco, 5,950 pounds.
To Rev. John Reid, salary, 16,000 pounds.
To Rev. John Reid, board, 1,500 pounds.
To Rev. John Reid, for clerk, 1,000 pounds.
To Mary Clark, sexton, 400 pounds.
To Widow Lawrence, being poor, 500 pounds tobacco.
Agreed with James Briggs to keep Eliza Miket for one year and to find her in clothes, for 1,300 pounds tobacco.

From an entry elsewhere in the book it appears that 16,000 pounds of tobacco sold for £101 11s. 7½d.

In 1776 the Virginia House of Burgesses took the salaries of the clergy, and in 1802 confiscated the glebes, and in that year "Parson Hubbard," the last of the Colonial parsons, laid down the Bible and prayer book and was buried in the poor farm churchyard of Isle of Wight county.

A curious letter has been preserved from Francis Yeardley, son of Sir George Yeardley, one of Virginia's early governors, written to John Ferrar, telling of a notable transaction with "Emperor of Roanoke," who sells North Carolina, at this time called South Virginia, to the King's agent for a house and £200. In conclusion, Yeardley begs to kiss the hand of his correspondent with the fair hands of his "virtuous countrywoman, the worthily to be honored Mrs. Virginia Farrar." Mrs. Virginia Ferrar, or Farrar, was the daughter of John Ferrar, jun., and the granddaughter of John Ferrar, of the Virginia company.

From the old records of Montour's Run Presbyterian Church, of Allegheny county, it appears that in response to the call Dr. John McMillan, the pioneer Presbyterian preacher of western Pennsylvania, and the founder of Jefferson College, was appointed to preach at Montour's Run, "On ye fifth Sabath of July 1, 1785."

There was no church or meeting house at that day, but services were held in what William Cullen Bryant calls:

God's first temples,

the grove in the vicinity where the church now stands. In winter services were held in any member's house to suit convenience. On April 9th, 1789, the united congregations of upper Raccoon and Montour Run issued a call for the pastoral services of Joseph Patterson, on these terms:

Salary, $110, to be paid in corn, wheat, pork or provisions.

The call, which was accepted, was signed by 162 men and one lady, Mrs. Mary Wilson. None of the pioneers survive, but their descendants still meet in the old Montour church.

The Minister Thanked Heaven.

An old sea captain sat in the lobby of the Custom House yesterday afternoon. He was in a talkative mood, and related a number of funny experiences he had had with the ministers. There was one in particular which amused him very much as he recalled it.

"Once, when he left London, he began, to make a trip to Baltimore, among the passengers on board was a preacher. We had hardly got out of the river before the good man became awfully sick, and he felt sure something was wrong with the ship. He related his fear to me, and to allay them I took him to the fore part of the vessel, where a number of sailors were busy working.

"'Do you hear those men swear?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Isn't it shocking. What will become of them?'

"'Well, I don't know,' I answered, 'but it must be plain they are not worried about the condition of the ship.' The reverend gentleman saw the point and felt much easier.

"The next day a terrible storm arose. The vessel plunged in the trough of the waves, and the passengers were greatly frightened.

"I noticed the preacher going to the same part of the ship, and I followed him. Suddenly he stopped and listened attentively. Then he exclaimed: 'Thank heaven, they are still swearing.' I need not add that the boat didn't go down."—*Baltimore News.*

No Extenuating Circumstances.

Judge—"Prisoner, the evidence shows that you brutally assaulted the plaintiff. Have you anything to offer in extenuation?"

Prisoner—"No, sir; my lawyer took all the money I had."—*Puck.*

HER FATE.

No longer on the garden gate
Fond lovers swing.
November breezes regulate
That sort of thing.

Within the cosy parlor now,
Before the grate
They sit, and never notice how
It's growing late.

The blazing coals illuminate
With ruddy glow
The cosy room, and, though 'tis late,
He does not go.

Nex day she has a sleepy air,
Her pa's enraged;
But, after all, what does she care?
She's engaged.

—Every dog has his day, my boy; but how much better off is the mule, who has his years. Haw, haw, haw!

FIGHTING A GRIZZLY.

Terrific Encounter of a Western Stockman with Mr. Bruin.

James Ingle, a stockman, residing near the main range of the Rockies, in Colorado, has for some time past been losing large numbers of cattle, often finding their carcases terribly mutilated and half buried in some deep canon or glen far up among the fastnesses of the mountains. So, taking one of his best herders and a full supply of arms and equipments, he started out with the bold determination of hunting up some of these wild and savage beasts. A ride of several miles brought the two men to the foot hills, and they began at once to scout the ravines and patches of brush where they supposed one of the monster animals might lie concealed. For over two hours their efforts proved fruitless, but at length, emerging from a deep and narrow valley, they suddenly espied an immense grizzly less than six rods distant, and leisurely moving in an opposite direction, evidently making for the craigs and peaks further up in the range. On perceiving the hunters the bear started to run for a dense thicket near by, but Ingle, in order to head him off from the hiding place, put spurs to his horse and dashed ahead recklessly. The grizzly, seeing his chance of escape likely to be cut off, became infuriated and rushed toward the men savagely. It being down hill the animal's jumps were enormous, and he rapidly shortened the distance between himself and the hunters. Ingle's horse was frightened so badly that it became unmanageable, and while he was struggling with his equine the bear overtook him, and with a tremendous leap caught the horse by the withers, hurling both it and the rider to the ground. Ingle, being an active man, regained his feet instantly and darted toward cover. A few bites and groans, and the bear killed the horse almost instantly, and then proceeded to overtake Ingle, who was rushing for a place of safety at the top of his speed. Fortunately, the ranchman's herder came to his rescue, and placing himself and horse almost squarely in front of the bear's course, diverted the latter's attention, and caused the bear to give them a hard chase over rough ground that well nigh resulted in their destruction. At length, skilfully avoiding the animal, the herder returned to his partner, and again, with guns in hand, they started after the bear. He was found behind a small clump of bushes, and, when he saw his enemies approaching, rushed out to vanquish them. The men stood their ground and gave him several shots from their Winchester rifles, but even these failed to quell his fury, as he continued to rush upon them, with open jaws, growling frightfully. The bear was almost against Ingle, when, at an opportune moment, and with great dexterity, the latter jammed his rifle barrel down the animal's throat and discharged the weapon. The bear was severely stunned and staggered, but he managed to give Ingle a fearful stroke with his paw that felled the latter to the earth breathless and seriously wounded. Springing upon his victim and with his mouth filled with gore the bear was in the very act of grasping Ingle's head in his enormous jaws when the herder gave the animal a [illegible] shot that dropped him instantly. The fall of the dead bear on the body of the hunter almost crushed the latter completely, and it will be many months before he fully recovers from his injuries. After taking his partner home the herder returned and skinned the bear, which was an enormous silver tip, the hide being considered quite valuable. The desperate encounter, however, has proved rather discouraging to the hunters of this section.

They All Shirk It.

Before one of the Liverpool revising barristers a claim was made on the part of John Pritchard, whose qualification consisted of freehold houses in Howe street, and whose residence was described as "Rhosllanerchrugog, near Ruabon." Mr. France (to the friend who appeared for Mr. Pritchard)—"You say that Mr. Pritchard lives at ——; you know the place." (Laughter.) The Applicant—"Where?" Mr. France—"Oh, I can't pronounce it (loud laughter), and I must leave it to Mr. Leader. (Renewed laughter.) Mr. Leader—"Does he live at Rose——; you know where I mean? Applicant—"Yes, he lives there." Mr. Leader—"Well, we must accept that, for I can't for the life of me pronounce the word. It is sufficient to strangle one." (Great laughter.) The vote was allowed.

It is Different When You Win.

Mr. Boggs—I invested a few dollars in a ticket in a lottery a spell ago, Amanda, and——

Mrs. Boggs (horrified)—Oh, Mr. Boggs! To think that I should ever be a gambler's wife!

Mr. Boggs—And it drew a $15,000 prize.

Mrs. Boggs (hugging him rapturously) Oh, you dear old Boggsy! Now I can have a sealskin sacque. Can't I?

Ran in the Family.

Bessie (just home from boarding school)—"I'm delighted to see you, mamma." (Kisses her.)

Mamma (regarding her suspiciously—"Bessie, you didn't kiss with a burrowing motion when you went away from home. You've learned that from somebody with a long moustache!"

Religion a la Mode.

The Rector—My dear Mrs. Worldleigh you must miss your church very much; I feel for you.

Mrs. Worldleigh—I don't miss my church as much as you would suppose, for I make Janet sit at the window Sunday morning and tell me just who are going by and how they are dressed.—*Judge.*

A little 4-year-old girl in Macon, Ga., has just got $600 for a father who is dead, and has the assurance of $19.50 a month from now until she is 16 years old. Uncle Sam makes the payment under the arrears of pension law.

—The girl who takes her engagement ring to the jeweller to find out how much it costs, will never make a satisfactory wife, especially if the young man finds it out.

THE Duke of Argyll is very fond of bird and animals. At one time he imported to Inverary some moose deer, Canadian starlings, wild turkeys and musk rats as an experiment. The deer died, the rats and starlings have never been seen since, but the gobblers are doing well.

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD.

A Story Told by George Francis Train in a Lecture for the Yellow Fever Fund.

George Francis Train lectured to 200 persons in Clarendon Hall last night for the benefit of Jacksonville sufferers. Nobody presided, and he introduced himself. He talked of a great many things, of which he himself was the greatest. Touching upon the Jacksonville fever scourge, he reverted to an epidemic in New Orleans fifty-two years ago.

"It was dreadful," he said. "No coffins there, nor any hearse, nor funeral, nor mourning. Only a cart and a boy that stopped before the door and called:

"'Bring out—bring out—your—d-e-a-d!'

"I remember they took out my little sister Josephine. I remember how they tossed the box over among a lot of others. My father and mother and I went after it in a carryall. I remember the rain and the water splashing about the wheels in the cemetery. Again in two days came that cry:

"'Bring out—bring out—your—d-e-a-d!'

"It was my little sister Ruby, then. How different from at Jacksonville, where they do it up in style, with fine coffins, and money and help pouring in from all over the world. Yet again we went to the graveyard, and there was left only my little sister Ellen, a weak, delicate little thing, gentle and mild, the fairest flower that ever bloomed. She had always been my special playmate. A little fellow 4 years old don't remember much, but her face has been with me all through my life, and I shall never forget it, nor how one day there came again that cry:

"'Bring out—bring out—your—d-e-a-d!

"I clung to the box, I remember, and struggled against their taking it away. After that went the servants, I remember, and the doctor, and then the nurse, and at last they showed me my mother, sick, and in a few days she, too, had gone. Then there came a letter from my aunt, far away in New England, and it begged them to send one—little Georgia, at any rate, before all were dead. So my father took me to the ship Waverly, and I remember how we walked from one ship to another to get on it. He tied a card about my neck, and on it wrote:

"'This is George Francis Train, my only child. Consigned to John Clark, jun., Dock square, Boston.

"'Take good care of the little fellow; he is only 4 years old; all dead but one out of a family of eleven.'

"I remember that I floated out into the warm, pleasant gulf, and along and along day after day, floating in the sunshine, floating north, floating at last into the beautiful harbor of Boston. And I seem to have been floating ever since."—*New York Sun.*

Vital Wicks.

"There are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood, and breath." Thus writes an eminent American author. The most frequent derangements occur in the blood and in the liver, by which, when in healthy condition, the blood is purified. Look out for the terrible chain of diseases that owe their inception to torpid liver and consequent impure blood. When the symptoms of liver and kidney troubles, consumption (Lung-scrofula), bronchitis, and dropsy, make their appearance, the system is in immediate need of a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Its marvelous effects have been tested and proven in the cure of tens of thousands of cases. It purifies and enriches the blood, restores lost vitality, and effectually eradicates the seeds of the worst maladies that afflict mankind.

In Chicago.

C.—"Have you heard about Jones?"

D.—"No; what is it!"

"Something very mysterious. He has disappeared with upward of $1,000."

"What is there mysterious about that? It happens every day."

"But, man alive, it is his own money that he disappeared with."

"Incredible! Incredible!"

Quack Advertisements

Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we think it behoves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn this far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

Stallions for Canada.

The Edinburgh *Agriculturist* states that during the last nine months there were exported from Scotland 2,954 Clydesdale stallions. Of the number exported 1,671, or more than one-half, went to British North America and 568 to the United States.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Worse Than a Failure.

Parson—I am astonished to hear a man with three married daughters say: "Marriage is a failure."

Citizen—Well, sir, when you have three families besides your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.

A Queer Lottery.

"What a lottery marriage is!" exclaimed Cora. "Why, there's Mary Andrews, she's married De Smythe—rather stupid, but the best catch of the season."

"Yes," assented Miss Snyder. "But it is a queer lottery. She drew a blank that is worth ten thousand a year.'

ROCKING STONE.

Wonderful Rock That Stands on a Pennsylvania Farm.

Imagine a stone, in size containing about five hundred cubic feet, in shape nearly as round as an orange, in weight not less than 80,000 pounds or 40 tons, and so nicely balanced upon a rock that a child 10 years of age by pushing against either the north or south side can rock it back and forth; yet the strength of a hundred men without levers or other appliances would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position. Such is the celebrated rocking stone on the farm of J. McLaury, two miles west of Monticello. This is one of the greatest natural curiosities in our whole country. What sculptor could chisel out a piece of marble of its size and then poise it so nicely that it would vibrate under so light a touch? But its shape, size and position are not the most wonderful things about it. Its body is composed of a somewhat loose and soft sandstone, in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles of a diamond like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the solitary specimen of its class. Around and under the rock are of a totally different structure. The table on which it rests is a hard stone nearly as firm and close grained as the bluestone of our quarries. From whence came this wonder and how?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Ills, Wills, and Pills.

An odd mixture of words, but the sufferer from constipation, indigestion, impure blood, biliousness, and other such *ills*, can be cured if he *wills*, without taking the horrid, old-fashioned *pills*. These are superceded in our day by those wonder-working, yet tiny, little globules, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. No griping, no drastic purging; do not cause costiveness afterwards, as the old-style pills do. One little Granule a dose.

The Modern Cane.

First Dude—Bajove, ole chappie, you've fohgotten yoah walking-stick to-night.

Second Dude—Didn't fohget it; too tired to carry it.

In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But I think I would be performing a greater service to you and your sex by singing, not in measured rythm, but by setting out some strong truths in simple prose. If you or any of your female friends are suffering from ulcerations, displacement, bearing-down sensations, or unnatural discharges, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is sure to eradicate these complaints in a short time. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. The guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

—Another good cure for insomnia is to have the nurse sleep up in the attic with the baby.

—When a man ventures an opinion he will find some one who opposes it. Hence a man without opposition is a man without opinions.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in the country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that as a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,316 at Boston, large classes of Columbia College students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

D C N L. 46 8

FOR SALE,

A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,

WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the

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HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

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BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

Saws! Cross-Cut Saws! Cross-Cut

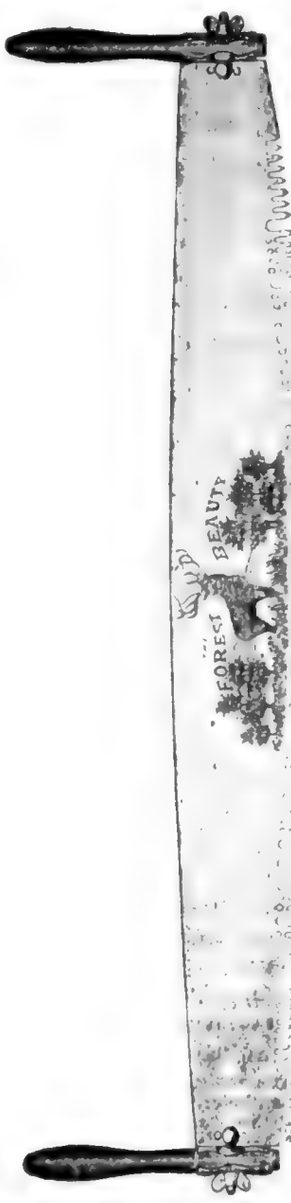

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Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having nve gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined silver steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at th

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you. Another line I would particularly call your attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to shew goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

The Grey Review only issued a half sheet last week.

The Chesley Enterprise has been enlarged. Six colums extra have been added to it, making it an exemplary country weekly.

The Dundalk Hearld man's longings are still unappeased He says: We want some wood, dry wood, green wood, stove wood. We have none left but a few sticks and the editor's head. Pay your subscription in wood and don't bring any that is watersoaked. See!

On Friday last the boom holding a large number of saw logs at the mill here broke and the river being high 300 of the logs went over the dam and were carried down the river. If not intercepted at Walkerton they may be captured at the lake.[Hanover Post.

In the garden of Mr. I. Welland may be seen a lilac tree in bloom The tree to all appearance had made due preparation for winter, its summer dress having disappeared entirely. If the mild weather continues the tree will in a few days be as green as in the month of June. [Hanover Post.

An Elmwood young lady lent her fellow her umbrella the other night which he promised to return on his way to the early train. True to his promise he arrived at the young lady's residence about 5 o'clock in the morning and rapped at the door. Judge of his surprise when the door was opened a moment or two afterwards to find the young lady herself standing there, in her night dress, and apparently sound asleep. She mechanically took the umbrella and closed the door again and when questioned about the matter afterwards remembered nothing about it whatever. Young ladies of somnambulistic tendencies shouldn't arrange untimely calls.—[Chesley Enterprise.

Burglars tried to effect an entrance into Messrs. Calhoun and Sons store last Friday night or Saturday morning by cutting the small window pane in the door, with the object no doubt of opening it from the inside. The glass was cut with a diamond and one or two pieces removed, but no sooner did a small piece of glass tingle on the floor inside, than one of the boys who was sleeping in the store heard it. He listened and on hearing them a second time he fired a shot into the counter whereupon they decamped and have not been seen since. The door in the store did not wake up. [Dundalk Herald.

Glenelg.- It looks as if the electors of Glenelg are going to have a fine array of men to pick a council out of at the approaching municipal election. For Reeve it is likely Mr. Jas. Skene will again try his luck in opposition to Mr. C. Moffat, and we are inclined to think with success For Deputy. Messrs. John McMillan, Jas. Staples and Geo. Lamb are spoken of. However it all of them run John McMillan will likely get the office. For councilors, Messrs. Williams, John A. Black, Pat Neil, Thos Sullivan, J Barry, J Firth, and Geo Firth jr are spoken of. If they all run there will be a lively time and a close contest. [Grey Review.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✠ **A Painless Cure.**

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

Symptoms for which No. 8 should be Used.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, intuitrition, constipation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes in necessary required. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the ardent duties of business, unfascinated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. By a use of a vance 1 in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 17 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

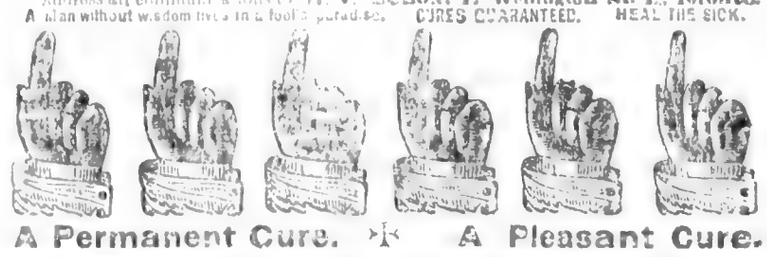

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☛ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 337. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THE 12th of Dec. '88

REMEMBER!

The 12th of Dec. is the day that

Mr. P. H. Morris the great optician,

of the firm of B. LAURENCE & Co., Montreal,

—WILL BE AT—

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON.

to test eyes and fit the famous B. Laurence spectacles to all requiring them, if your eyes are weak and troublesome. This is a rare chance to

GET YOUR EYES THOROUGHLY TESTED.

COME ALL, COME EVRY ONE

IT WILL PAY YOU.

No charge for consultation.

REMEMBER, **Wed. Dec. 12, 1888**

—AT—

Russell's - Noted - Jewelry - Store,

FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

General News.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau is seriously ill.

The Quebec Legislature is called for the 9th January.

Seven ice-bound vessels have foundered in the Sea of Azov.

The first Chinese railway was formally opened on November 9th.

Aylmer, Que., was visited by a disastrous fire Friday night.

Two hundred Alsatian recruits mutinied on their way to join the German army.

It is rumored in Boulangist circles that the Government intend to expel Boulanger.

An impression that the French Republic is in serious danger prevails in London.

Ex-Judge Armstrong, chairman of the Labor Commission, died suddenly in Sorel Friday night.

The surplus revenue of the United States for the year ending June 30th last was $111,341,278.

The newly built barn of the Ontario Agricultural College was burned Monday evening; loss, about $25,000.

Lord Sackville and his daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain left Washington Friday en route for Europe.

The Toronto Labor Reformer says that nine teen city Aldermen have declared in favor of the $600 exemption on houses.

The schooner Edward Norton was wrecked on the Massachussetts coast and fifteen out of her crew of sixteen were lost.

It is said that an American has invented a contrivance by the use of which dynamite shells can be used with ordinary guns.

Two colored women, for keeping a disorderly house in Owen Sound, were sent to the Mercer Reformory last week for six months.

Gen. Harrison emphatically declares that he has said nothing, either before or since the election, regarding the annexation of Canada.

A fearful gale raged along the Atlantic coast Monday. Many vessels were wrecked and a number of sailors drowned—how many is not yet known.

In the race between O'Connor and Teemer, rowed on the Potomac on Saturday for the sculling championship of America, O'Connor won by ten boat lengths.

Dr. Valentine, of King street west, Toronto, was arrested Sunday charged with committing an abortion upon the person of a young girl named Lydia Charlton supposed to be dying.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 182 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home Post free 3d.—Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St. John Street, Montreal.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Ask for our prices before clubbing with any other paper. It will pay you.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts.

Hawk Bros. shipped their last carload of eggs last week.

Winter arrived in reality for the first time on Monday. It was a "corker" too.

Mr. W. H. Elder has removed to Proton Station, where he is going into the hotel business.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis.

We have received a splendidly printed and mounted map of the Dominion from Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, who will accept our thanks.

If your watch or clock needs repairing always take it to Russell's, Flesherton, for a perfect job.

If your eyes are weak and troublesome, call at Russell's, Flesherton, and get a pair of the famous B. Laurence spex. They are the best in the world—buy no other.

Mr. W. J. Bates, of Toronto, was in town for a few days during the past week. Travelling for a furniture house appears to agree with him, judging by his jolly appearance.

Mr. Thos. Henderson, dentist, will be in Flesherton on Saturday and Monday, Dec. 1 and 3, to attend to your refractory teeth.

If you want a good watch or clock at a very small price, go to Russell's noted Jewelry store, Flesherton. It will pay you.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

Ayer's pills are always ready for use. They rre sugar-coated, easy to take, and sure to bring relief and cure. They are effectual in all diseases caused by disorders of the stomach and digestive organs

Southampton correspondence came to hand just as we were going to press. All matter intended for current week should be in our hands on Tuesday.

The date of the I. O. O. F. entertainment has been changed from Tuesday, Dec. 11, to Wednesday, Dec. 12. Don't forget this.

BUGGY FOR SALE. A good single buggy will be sold cheap. Wood taken in part payment. Apply to Jas. Kester, Flesherton.

Mr. Henry Down, who has rented his farm near Flesherton, left with his family for Detroit on Wednesday, where he intends taking up his abode.

Friends Meetings.

Mr. Wm. Moore, of the town line, Euphrasia and Collingwood, held three services in the Town Hall on Sunday last, morning, afternoon and evening, to very fair audiences. Mr. Moore is of the Quaker faith, and an ordained minister.

Sacred Concert.

A sacred concert will be held in Flesherton Baptist Chapel on Wednesday, Dec. 5, when an excellent program will be presented. Vocal and instrumental music, by good artists, and Flesherton brass band. Chair to be taken by Jos. Blackburn, Esq. Admission 15 each and 25cents per couple. See bills.

Returned Home.

Mr. F. T. Carr returned home from Gravenhurst on Saturday last, where he has been employed during the past summer in one of the large mills at that place. Mr. Carr informs us that on Friday the mercury stood at 25 ⊃ below zero at Gravenhurst, with about the same amount of snow that we have here.

A complete stock of the far famed B. Lawrence spex at Russell's, Flesherton, to fit any sight.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy---a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth.

New mantle cloths and ulsterings received this week at M. Richdrdson & Co's.

Messrs. Petch and Hawk are on the warpath after raccoons. They have captured eight or nine thus for.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1.

Mr. J. McFadyen held a shooting match at the station last Thursday, when a large number of turkeys and geese were captured by several lucky individuals.

Rev. Mr. Dobbin, of Caledon East, preached in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday afternoon, Rev. B. B. Smith, of Rosemont, will occupy the same pulpit next Sabbath.

Mr. Bradford Powell, who, it will be remembered, had his right arm severed in Bradley's saw mill last spring, and who has been away in Buffalo and Toronto all summer, returned home on Friday. His arm is quite healed, and although a little weak he can use it quite freely. The recovery was a surprise, even to the doctors who attended him.

Here is A Grand Opportunity.

The weekly Empire, Flesherton Advance, and a fine bust of Sir John A. Macdonald, all for the sum of $1.75. Balance of this year free. The busts will be delivered from our office. This also applies to old subscribers who renew.

Auction Sale.

An extensive auction sale of farm stock and implements will be held to-morrow (Friday) on the farm of Mr. Henry King, lot 22, con. 3, S. D. R., Artemesia. Sale at 1 p.m. sharp. The usual terms are given. D. McCormick, auctioneer.

Social.

The social held in the basement of the Methodist church on Wednesday evening of last week, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, was a very pleasant affair, and netted a little over $18. R. J. Sproule occupied the chair in a very satisfactory manner. The program consisted of refreshments, readings, music by the Glee Club, the Misses Richardsons, Miss Leitch, etc. M. Richardson entertained the audience with a short, laughable social talk, and a very pleasant social was brought to a close by singing the Doxology.

Blushing Out Loud.

A friend forwarded to Dr. McLellan some time ago a copy of The Advance containing our report of his lecture in the Town Hall in Flesherton. That friend showed us a letter on Friday last which he had received from the Dr., and the following opinion was given therein: "I like the report in the paper very much. It is not often that a local paper gives, or apparently can give, so good a report." All of which makes us blush so loudly that it would be painful to observe us.

Accounted for.

It now transpires that the letters spoken of last week as not having been received from Priceville were never mailed to us. One was, the writer says, given to the stage driver, and the other might have been sent in before the change in proprietorship. These two have now been accounted for, but there was one posted in the eastern part of Euphrasia which has not arrived, although it was mailed two months ago, according to the writer's assertion. It is very seldom a loss occurs, in fact it is almost impossible for a letter to go astray if properly mailed. Don't trust them to the stage driver; write your address plainly, leave your letter unsealed if for publication, and one cent will land it on our table every time. If these instructions are not followed out no blame can attach to any person but yourself. As for the possibility of a letter becoming lost in the mails between here and Priceville, it is absurd to think of, and we even doubt if the two letters complained about even left the store of the complainant. It was probably a case of forgetfulness.

The Baptist Teameeting.

We are informed that our item concerning Thanksgiving day in Flesherton was scarcely correct. The Presbyterians gave up their service on account of the service in the Baptist Chapel and on account of the same service the Methodists did not arrange for any special gathering. Rev. A. Grant—one of the most popular and original of Canadian ministers, preached in the afternon to a fairly good audience. The sermon was very impressive and was heard throughout with the most marked attention Tea was served in the evening. M. Richardson, Esq., presided in the evening. A number of the friends in the village gave several musical selections and rendered the "Te Deum" with excellent effect. Rev. A. Grant's address was full of pithy clearness and practical common sense. Rev J. W. Shilton, B. A., gave a very pleasant and appropriate address. Without collection or any appeal for money the proceeds of the day were nearly $23. The reason we were not able to give a complete report last week was on account of absence from the village.

They'll Get There Yet.

There are some young fellows in this village who are liable to get into trouble if they don't quit fooling with firearms. On thanksgiving day they had their poppers out and shot a valuable dog belonging to Mr. Hurd, but the bullet chanced to glance and the dog's life was saved. About the same time Rev. Mr. Shilton was in his yard when a bullet came flying past his ears—too close for comfort. If the young rascals had been arrested for attempted murder it might have taught them a salutary lesson. They'll get there yet, though, if they keep on monkeying with guns, let them not loose sight of the fact.

P. H. Morris, of the firm of B. Lawrence & Co., the great spectacle firm, will be at J. G. Russell's on Wednesday, Dec. 12. This will be a chance in a lifetime to get your spectacles fitted. Remember the date.

COMPETITION

DEFIED!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches for Presentation or Personal use.

AMERICAN CLOCK

AND SILVERWARE.

Quality and completeness of stock to select from not equalled in Central Grey.

Sizes Complete in Gem and 18 K. Wedding Rings.

No Catch Prices. Goods as represented

OR "CASH" REFUNDED.

Can do better for Customers—"Cash" or "Credit"—than any other jeweler in "Grey Co."

Watches carefully and promptly repaired.

JEWELER BROWN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

THE MODERN BORGIA.

She Escapes Hanging, but will Live in Solitary Confinement for Life.

A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE CRIMES.

A Boston despatch says: Sarah Jane Robinson, the Somerville prisoner, has escaped hanging on Friday for a fate scarcely less deplorable. The Executive Council, with the concurrence of the Governor, on Tuesday commuted to solitary confinement for life in the State prison at Charlestown, the sentence of death passed upon her for the murder of Prince A. Freeman, her brother-in-law.

This woman was also found guilty of killing six others by means of arsenic, and it is generally believed that those do not include all the crimes of this character that could be brought home to her. The lives of nearly all of her victims were insured, and at their demise she reaped the main benefit of the policies. In the early part of August, 1887, Wm. Robinson, aged 23 years, a son of the murderess, while at work in a wholesale house on Commercial street in this city, was struck in the back, between the shoulders, by an empty soap box that fell from about thirty feet above him. The injury did not seem to be serious and he went home alone. A few hours later he vomited freely, but this was not regarded as an alarming symptom. His mother dosed him a little, and as he did not rally immediately she sent for Dr. Emory L. White, of Somerville. Dr. White is the medical director of the General Prescott Colony of Pilgrim Fathers, a mutual benefit organization, in which young Robinson was insured for $2,000. Dr. White knew of the death of Lizzie Robinson, a daughter of Mrs. Robinson, a few months previous, and had heard of other frequent deaths in the family. This fact had awakened some slight suspicion in his mind, and he determined to watch William's case very carefully. He found his patient lying on the lounge, exhibiting apparently symptoms of nausea. The doctor called again the next day. The symptoms were then exaggerated, and, while he did not recognize convincing signs of poisoning, yet he was sufficiently suspicious to make an effort to procure a sample of the contents of the young man's stomach for analysis. He sought an opportunity to do this unobserved, but failed until his fourth visit, and then it had to be done with the knowledge of the mother. Dr. White sent the sample to Dr. Wood, the Harvard chemist, for analysis, and very soon received word that it contained arsenic in dangerous quantities. He called at the house again with this knowledge, and was at once importuned by Mrs. Robinson to tell her the result of his investigation. He evaded her questions as well as he could without exciting suspicion, gave her the impression that nothing out of the way had been discovered, and did his best to save the life of the young man, who at that time had sunk very low. The discovery, however, had come too late, and William died within a few hours. Dr. White took his information to the police and the medical examiner. The medical examiner's investigation corroborated the information furnished by Dr. White, and after a brief inquiry by the police they arrested Mrs. Robinson on the day of the young man's death for the murder of her son.

Immediately after the arrest the police began a thorough investigation of the strange woman's antecedents. They found that within five years no less than eight persons had died in her household, as chemical analysis proved, by arsenical poisoning. The victims were Oliver Sleeper, her landlord, 72 years old, who died August 10th, 1881; her husband, Moses Robinson, jun., 45 years old, who died July 23rd, 1882; Emma M Robinson, a daughter of 10 years, who died September 6th, 1884; Elizabeth B. Freeman, a niece, aged 1 year, who died April 25th, 1885; Prince A. Freeman, aged 33, a brother in-law, who died June 27th, 1885; Elizabeth A. Robinson, a daughter of 24 years, who died February 22nd, 1887; T. A. Freeman, 7 years old, a nephew, who died July 23rd, 1885, and Mrs. Annie Freeman, wife of Prince A. and a sister of Mrs Robinson, who died while under Mrs Robinson's care in South Boston on February 6th, 1885. On the 12th of last December Mrs Robinson was placed on trial for her latest crime, the murder of her son. After a trial lasting five days the jury disagreed. In February last she was tried for the murder of Prince A. Freeman, her brother-in law, and convicted on the 11th of that month. On the 28th of last June she was sentenced to be hanged on Friday next. Mrs. Robinson is a strange woman, full of whims and caprices. In personal appearance she is keen, rather ascetic, but tolerably good looking. She dresses in old fashioned style, and generally quite plainly. A remarkably sharp, dark eye gives her face an almost cunning expression.

The Nun of Kenmare Resigns.

A Utica, N. Y., despatch says: Sister Mary Frances Clare, known so widely in the religious and literary world as "The Nun of Kenmare," the author of about thirty books, and founder of numerous schools, convents and institutions for the training of working girls, has resigned her position as Mother Superior of the Sisters of Peace. She is now living in retirement in this city, engaged in literary work. It is estimated that the Nun of Kenmare has given over a million dollars to works of charity and mercy. She comes of an illustrious family and is a native of Dublin.

A Betrayal of Confidences.

A highly intelligent lady was superciliously particular that none of her children should ever hear any word spoken which has the most distant resemblance to a vulgar sound; but betrayed freely to them every confidence placed in her by others, telling them all kinds of secrets, and so habituated them to neglect all feelings of confidence, as though she considered that of no importance in bringing them up in the way they should go. If consistency be a precious jewel anywhere, it is in the training of a family of children.—*Barnaman.*

An Edinburgh cabman charged at the Police Court with failing to drive at a walking pace past a church during the hours of divine service, was let off by the magistrate on the ground that the hire was a doctor hastening to a patient.

LILY POWELL'S MURDERER

Still Remains Undiscovered—Allen and Worthen Both Discharged.

A Sherbrooke, Que., despatch says: Rev. Frederick Powell, a Congregational minister, came to this country from Birmingham, Eng., a few years ago, bringing with him his daughter Lily, a beautiful and accomplished young lady. For three years Mr. Powell travelled for Cadbury Bros., after which he purchased a farm near Dudswell, but not being an experienced farmer the profits of his labor were inadequate to meet the wants of his family. Lily then decided to go out and earn her own livelihood, and thus lighten the burden on her father's shoulders. Although she was of an amiable disposition, she was unaccustomed to the restraints placed upon one in the situation to which she had been reduced, and as a consequence, she did not remain any great length of time in one place. She was here last spring searching for a situation, when she met George Allen, a mill-owner of Danville, who engaged her as a domestic. She remained in his house but a short time, her excuse for leaving being that he had made improper proposals to her. She then secured employment in the house of one of Allen's neighbors, where she remained until one dark night a few weeks later, when she was waylaid on a lonely road and murdered, her body afterwards being dragged across a field and thrown into a small millpond. The murderer, whoever he was, evidently attempted to outrage the poor girl, who struggled in defence of her honor and who, being unable to maintain the unequal fight, was finally overcome and ruthlessly choked to death. The murderer then attempted to conceal the evidences of his terrible crime by throwing the body into the pond. Suspicion pointed to Allen, who, with his mistress, Algie Worthen, were arrested at Coaticook, on October 31st, and lodged in jail here. It was alleged that Allen had induced Miss Powell to accompany him home for immoral purposes, that she had repulsed him, and that determined to accomplish his fiendish purpose, he had waylaid her and in the struggle killed her. It was also believed that he was leaving the country when captured at Coaticook. The prisoners appeared before Judge Roux here, and the evidence of sixteen witnesses failed to connect Allen or the girl with the crime. The private prosecutor in his evidence said that the main reason for issuing a warrant against Allen was a rumor that he was leaving the country. When searched at Coaticook a return ticket to Sherbrooke was found in his pocket, while his valise contained tar-rope for use in his mill and a pair of shoes that he had purchased for one one of his neighbors at Danville. Both prisoners were discharged.

EVE-LIKE JAPANESE.

A Somewhat Startling Sight for an English Member of Parliament.

At Yokohama, Mr. Cain, M. P., had an embarrassing little adventure. At the back of every Japanese house, he says, is a pretty little garden with a large bath house, containing tubs of hot and cold water. The Japanese are as scrupulously clean in their persons as in their houses, and often wash all over two or three times a day. The room in which we had our dinner looked out upon the large open window of the bath house, in which three men and two women were tubbing with that absolute disregard to decency which characterized our common parents before the fall, when they were naked and not ashamed.

Later on in the evening, as I was passing to my room, one of the waitresses, in costume of Eve, made me a most profound and grave bow, wishing me good night. No Japanese has as yet become civilized enough, with all their wonderful civilization, to believe it possible that he or she is naked. In summer time this condition of things is universal. It is a little embarrassing at first to the modest European, but one soon gets used to it, and accepts it as the primitive innocence of a simple and guileless people.—*London Times.*

WEEPING AT THE GRAVE OF ROVER.

Mrs. Wilmot's Pet Dog Buried in a Costly Casket at Bridgeport.

A Bridgeport, Conn., despatch says: The pet dog of Mrs. Samuel Wilmot died Monday, plunging the household into deep sorrow. Some heartless individual had administered a dose of poison. The funeral occurred this morning and was attended by the family and a few friends. The casket was lined with white satin and covered outside with purple velvet. The remains looked perfectly natural and peaceful. The interment was in the family's private lot. The members of the family stood weeping around the grave, while what remained of Rover was laid at rest. Some of the floral offerings were expensive and unique, one being a dog kennel of roses tipped with sprays of dog fennel.

To Execute by Electricity.

A New York despatch says: At the meeting of the Medico-Legal Society last night the Committee on Capital Punishment by Electricity made its report. The committee concluded that the death current should be applied to the criminal in a way that is effective and certain. A long perforated table should be laid on a chair, overspread with a rubber cloth. The criminal lies down on the table or sits upright in the chair and is bound tight with strong cords. His head fits into a helmet, which is strapped across his forehead and around his neck. The helmet should be securely fastened, and an electrode not over an inch in diameter should be placed immediately under his back and extending down to the feet. A dynamo with not less than 3,000 volts should be used.

Odds and Ends.

A Dickens Club has been organized in Thorold.

A chicken social was the substitute for a prayer meeting at the Barrie Methodist Church recently.

Robert McClung while skating at the Midland Roller Rink the other night fell and broke his arm.

A school teacher was fined $2 and costs at Ashton, recently, for whipping a child. Several of the children took up a collection and paid the fine.

J. Chittcik, of Walkerton, lost a valuable cow a short time ago and J. Morton found it dead in the bush with a large tree across its body.

STRIKING STRIKERS.

Serious Rows in Brooklyn Between Police and Street Car Employees.

A last (Thursday) night's New York despatch says: The striking street car employees in Brooklyn rioted this morning. At half-past 10 the company started a car from the stables near the King's County penitentiary, adjoining Prospect Park. Twelve mounted policemen and a patrol waggon containing nine officers acted as escort. The vehicle proceeded without obstruction to Myrtle avenue, when a tremendous body of strikers and sympathizers filled the street. They stood on the track and surrounded the car, refusing to give way. The officers charged on the crowd and dispersed them several times, but the rioters followed the car, throwing stones and other missiles. At Flushing avenue a large waggon was placed on the track. In the meantime the crowd increased to enormous proportions. Hundreds of yelling and shrieking men stood on the streets, asking the officers to come on and fight them. Again and again the officers charged the mob, but it was like trying to break a heavy stone wall. They would not yield an inch. A perfect shower of stones, rocks and clubs descended on the heads of the bluecoats. The police did great work and many of the rioters were carried off the scene with cracked heads, bleeding faces and badly injured limbs. Sergt. Sutton was severely injured by being struck in the face with an immense rock. The same rock, after injuring the sergeant, struck the driver of the car, a man named Hoffman, and also injured him severely. At Gwynnett street, where the Loriener line branches off, the mob succeeded in tearing up the switch, and the attempt to run the car any further was abandoned. The police left the car at the mercy of the mob and began to charge in earnest. The mounted officers drove their horses into the crowd, and many were trampled under foot. After clubbing the crowd until they grew tired, they devoted themselves to the task of arresting the ringleaders. Hugh Garrett, John Burke and six others were taken into custody.

At half-past 10 o'clock a car was started from the stable at Park and Nostrand avenues. One hundred policemen, twenty-five of them mounted, surrounded the vehicle. They had proceeded only a few blocks when a mob of frantic, howling men advanced upon them, hurling all kinds of missiles in the air. Inspector Reilly ordered a charge, and the big body of policemen swept down the street like a cyclone, driving everything before them. Right and left they whacked their long sticks on the heads of the rioters, scattering them. The mounted men drove into the mob, trampling upon them fearfully. Still the rioters rallied. The stones, bricks, mud and clubs continued to fly through the air and many officers were badly injured. Finally a last charge was made by the police and the mob was dispersed. Six men were arrested. At ten minutes past 11 o'clock another car was started from the Nostrand avenue stables. The mob made a feeble attempt to reform its lines, and some of the leaders began to roll heavy boulders on the track to retard the progress of the car. Inspector Reilly again swooped down upon the miscreants and in two minutes the street was clear. The car then proceeded.

Latest from Ireland.

Alex. Price, master of the Enniskillen Workhouse, died on Oct. 20th, at the age of 76 years.

James Hartigan, ex-Rate Collector for Limerick Union, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling £60.

At Collooney, on the 26th ult., James McLaughlin, who had been arrested at Derry, *en route* for America, was charged with the murder of John Brien, ex constable, near Sligo.

On the 27th ult. an esparto boiler burst in the North of Ireland Paper Mills at Ballyclare, county Antrim. Frank Rankin was killed and several persons were injured, the majority being scalded by the boiling water.

One of the notorious Invincible convicts, Joe Mullet, is said to be lying seriously ill in the infirmary of Maryborough Jail, while "Skin the Goat" has been for some time mad, and raves about the Phœnix Park murders.

The land sub-commissioners have reduced rents in South Tipperary by about 30 per cent.

Mr. Matthew Anderson, for many years Crown Solicitor of Dublin, died recently. He had charge of all important State prosecutions for the past thirty years.

The celebration of the golden wedding of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam was continued last week at Coolattin Park, where about four thousand persons shared in a series of festivities.

The Land Purchase Court have confirmed the sale of farms of Lord Abercorn's estates in Tyrone and Donegal to 411 tenants for £267,254. £53 000 will be retained by the Commissioners as a guarantee.

Dr. Freyer, a Galway student, who graduated with first class honors and who won the gold medal at Queen's, has treated successfully the Nawab of Nampur, an Indian Prince, and received the big fee of £10 000.

Very large consignments of Irish cattle have been made to Scotch and English ports, 50 000 head having been shipped in one week, and prices are improving, so that the prospects of the approaching Christmas markets are highly encouraging.

A Necessary Caution.

"Remember, Uncle Rastus," cautioned the Magistrate, "that you are not compelled to disclose anything which may criminate yourself." "Den, I reckon, I'll keep my mouf shet, Judge," was the wise reply.

Water was let into the Cornwall Canal on Wednesday night, yesterday a tow of light barges was let into the canal to test the strength of the new bank, and it is expected navigation will be fully resumed to-morrow.

The Duke of Argyll has a habit of star-gazing with his hands folded behind him. One day he was in this posture, with a fine bunch of grapes in one hand, when a monkey belonging to his coachman sneaked up and stole the fruit.

INSANE WITH GRIEF.

A Woman Sets Fire to Herself and Five Children—The Life of But One Saved.

A Pittsburg (Kansas) despatch says: Late last night Marie Berthune, wife of one of the victims of the mine disaster, set fire to herself and her five children, and all but the eldest daughter were burned to death. Among the bodies recovered yesterday from the fatal shaft was that of Louis Berthune, and when his wife recognized the mangled remains a shriek was heard and the grief-stricken woman swooned. When she recovered, her reason had gone. As she evinced no disposition to become violent, little attention was paid to her, and all day long she sat at her door, regardless of the cries of her five children, the youngest a babe five months old. Late Sunday evening she apparently roused from her stupor and took her children to the improvised morgue, where lay the body of her husband. She led each child up to the ghastly corpse and, still with that awful silence which had marked her from the beginning of her bereavement, led them away to the little hut which sheltered them in the past. No attention was paid to her by those who were busy with the dead and dying, but about midnight a cry of "Fire" from the village of Frontenac gathered a crowd of workers from the mine to the streets. It was seen that the Berthune cabin was in flames, and willing hands were soon at work to save the inmates. The eldest child, aged 9 years, succeeded in escaping from the fire which devoured the rest of the family, and her story was one that sent a thrill of horror through her hearers. She said that her mother sent each of the children to bed with a kiss, and then sat down by the stove. The girl could not sleep, and lay watching her mother, who, after sitting for some time, took the can of coal oil and poured it over herself and the bedclothes of the children. The grief-stricken woman then set fire to some paper and scattered it about the room, and soon the whole place was in flames. The daughter struggled a short time with her mother in an endeavor to get away, but the burning oil on her mother's clothes caused such intense heat that she soon relaxed her grasp. The girl finally managed to get out of the door, where she fell exhausted and frightfully burned. The cabin burned like tinder, and soon nothing was left but the glowing embers, from which were raked the charred bodies of the insane mother and her four children.

Latest from Scotland.

Lord Provost Sir Thomas Clark took farewell of the Edinburgh Town Council on the 30th ult.

A Frenchman is presently undergoing a fast of thirty days in Edinburgh to demonstrate the efficacy of a certain herb, which he wishes to sell for £20,000.

The Free Church of Scotland Sustentation Fund for the last five months shows an increase of £859 7s. 9d. compared with the corresponding period of last year.

The funds have now been raised—£5 000 from a private donor and over £2,000 by the community—for the erection and endowment of a Cottage Hospital in Forres, Morayshire.

By the bursting of a boiler attached to a threshing machine at the farm of Scotston of Usan, near Montrose, Forfarshire, on the 30th ult., three men were killed and another dangerously injured.

The strength of the Salvation Army in Scotland, as stated at the recent annual meeting in Glasgow, is 106 corps, being an increase of 32 during the past year. The income for the year amounted to £10,533.

Professor Paterson, of Edinburgh, referring to Dr. MacGregor's recent glorification of war, said that it was not more than thirty years since equally eloquent ministers were advocating the maintenance of slavery.

The British War Office authorities have approved of the Wallace sword being transferred from the armory at Dumbarton Castle to the National Wallace Monument, and the relic is to be handed over to Mr. C. Rogers, of Edinburgh, for that purpose.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Hon. Henry J. Moncreiff, advocate, to be a Judge of the Court of Session in room of the late Lord Craighill. The new Lord Ordinary is the eldest son of Lord Moncreiff, who retired from his appointment as Lord Justice Clerk only about three weeks ago. He was born in the year 1840, and was called to the bar in 1863.

Mr J. H. A. Macdonald on the 30th ult. presented his commission appointing him Lord Justice Clerk to the Judges of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, and was installed into office. His Lordship has taken the title of Lord Kingsburgh. Mr. J. P. B. Robertson, the newly-appointed Lord Advocate, and Mr. T. S. Darling, the new Solicitor-General, also presented their commissions and were sworn in.

Gored to Death.

A Montreal despatch says: A young Frenchman named Joseph Lemieux met with a terrible death this afternoon. About 1 o'clock an ox belonging to a herd that was being driven to St. Cunegonde, one of the western suburbs, escaped from its drivers and made off in the direction of the city. Finally it reached Mr. J. K. Ward's lumber yard. It was closely pursued, and suddenly it became desperate, and turning around made a rush at young Lemieux and gored him in the thigh. Blood streamed from the wound, and a telephone message was sent to Notre Dame Hospital; but when the ambulance arrived about half an hour later the young man was dying, and in a few minutes he breathed his ast. The exasperated animal's horn had ruptured the femoral artery and the victim had bled to death. Lemieux was only 19 years old, and was unmarried. The body was removed to his father's house in the neighborhood.

Convincing Evidence.

Squeezy—But do you think the young lady really cares for you?

Dudewell—My dear boy, I know she loves me.

"But how do you know?"

"How do I know? Great Christopher! didn't she listen to me for half an hour last night? Not many girls would do that, you know."

The last vestige of snow has disappeared off old Mount Rose. Such a thing has not happened before in the recollection of the oldest white settler.—*Reno (Cal.) Gazette.*

ANOTHER CHARLEY ROSS.

A Buffalo Boy Stolen in Chicago and No Trace Left Behind.

The Chicago police are mystified over the strange abduction of a Buffalo boy in that city, and as yet have found no clue to his whereabouts, nor can they find any one who would have an object in stealing the boy. Nearly a month ago John Conway, who is now residing at No. 769 Root street, Chicago, went there from Buffalo. Mr. Conway was out of employment and went there to find work. Having only one child, a boy named Johnny, 6 years old, his wife being dead, he decided to leave him in Buffalo temporarily, and the Sisters of Charity there consented to take care of the child. Mr. Conway found employment in one of the packing-houses at the stock yards and at once wrote to Buffalo to have the boy sent to him. Johnny was put on a Michigan Southern train, in charge of Conductor Ladd. He reached Chicago on the afternoon of Nov. 1st. The sisters had written to Mr. Conway to meet the boy at the train, but he failed to receive their letter in time, and the child arrived at the Van Buren street depot alone. For several hours the poor little fellow sat in the waiting-room expecting his father to come for him. Late that night an officer took him to the Harrison street station. He was cared for by the matron and efforts were made by the police to locate his father. A day or two later he was sent to the St. Joseph Orphan Asylum. Mr. Conway finally received the letter from Buffalo and was much disturbed. He went to the railway officials, and after some inquiry learned of the arrival of the child and that he had been taken to the Harrison police station. At the latter place he was informed of the further disposition of the boy and went at once to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. This was Wednesday night. An hour later Mr. Conway rushed over to the Stanton avenue police station and informed the desk sergeant that his boy had been stolen from the orphan asylum. He was sent up town to Inspector Bonfield's office, where he again related his story. The Chicago *Herald*, which relates the story as above, says the officers at St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum were nearly as perturbed as was Mr. Conway when they learned the state of affairs. They say that on Tuesday afternoon, election day, a man called at the institution and inquired if a boy named Johnny Conway had been sent there. He then said he was a police officer and had come for him. He showed a letter from Detroit to some person here, which spoke of the boy, mentioning the name of Conductor Ladd, in whose charge the boy came to Chicago, and telling the recipient to "have Crane investigate." The man did not give his name, but it is presumed that he was Crane. The boy was given into his charge, and the two left together. The police have as yet found no trace of either of them. The motive for the abduction, for such it appears to be, is not known, and Mr. Conway claims that he cannot imagine any motive.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

An Englishman Finds Himself in New York While He Thought He Was in London.

A New York despatch says: A well-dressed Englishman, with a full black beard, approached Policeman Ripple, of the 19th precinct, on Saturday night and asked where he was. Being informed, he asked, "London?" "No, New York," replied the policeman. The man looked bewildered, and after asking the question over several times said that at his last recollection he was in Cheapside, London. "I must have been insane," he declared. The strange individual readily consented to be taken to the station-house. Standing before the desk, he appeared perfectly rational, and expressed his inability to realize that he was not in London. "I just came to my senses a few minutes ago," said he to the sergeant, "when I heard a voice saying, 'There goes the Whitechapel murderer,' and I imagined everybody was looking at me." The sergeant deemed it advisable to detain the man, to which the latter made no objection. He gave the name of Henry Johnson, and said he was 37 years old, and that his home was in West London. He said he believed he had been in a trance. Soon after being consigned to a cell, the man began shouting loudly, and the doorman found him lying on the cell floor struggling about. He attacked the doorman when the latter entered his cell, and an ambulance which was summoned conveyed the strange prisoner to Bellevue Hospital. The police found in the Englishman's pockets portraits, taken by a London photographer, of two young ladies, and a third one was that of an old lady. There was also a lock of gray hair and a letter addressed to Lizzie McKay, of London.

The Wreck of the Umbria.

Capt. McMickan is credited with holding "scientific" views respecting the duty of a steamship commander in a fog. He thinks that the safest course in thick weather is to let the vessel go at full headway, because, if a collision occurs, the vessel that is making the better speed is less likely to be injured. The opinion certainly is justified, as a matter of scientific navigation, by the crash off Long Beach. The slow going tramp steamer was run down and sunk, while the ocean racer that was showing its paces in the thickest weather escaped with hardly a bruise on its keel. It was a very good exhibition of the science of self preservation on the high seas, but withal a merciless display of recklessness and selfishness. The race being ordinarily to the swift the fast vessels alone are to be considered safe in a fog, if this principle of navigation be generally applied. The greyhound of the sea will soon come to have another name if these ideas are to prevail. They will be known as marine tigers, preying on unsuspecting and timorous victims.—*New York Tribune.*

Inquisitiveness Rebuked.

Tramp (to gentleman in evening dress)—Sir, can you assist a man who is utterly broken down?

Gentleman—No, sir. I saw you emerge but now from a drinking saloon.

Tramp (catching the key)—When I solicited your alms, sir, I did not question the source of your wealth. Equal courtesy would have suggested that you leave unquestioned the source of my downfall, sir. I have the honor to wish you good evening.

Kissed by the Lips of Death.

I cradled my child in my arms,
  My babe, like a paradise bloom
Blown down on the breath of a song,
  And held by a thread of the loom
That weaveth all things beautiful—
  Even flowers and fair, earthly things,
And purpling mists borne through the gates
  On the sunset's shadowy wings.

And then, as I sat in the dusk,
  I sang in a confident tone:
"Mine all mine. No matter what comes,
  This blossom is always my own."
But, low! as the words left my lips,
  A stranger bent over me there,
Disputing possession with me
  For this, of all flowers the most fair.

"Not thine, but my loved one," he said,
  "And this is the seal of my right"
He kissed the white brow of the child,
  And, smiling, passed into the night.
Oh! I knew the face of him then;
  As I felt the chill of his breath
I knew that the child in my arms
  Had been kissed by the lips of Death!

TALES OF STRANGE LANDS.

Prices for "Charming and Good-Natured" Girls in Central Asia.

The famous Russian artist and traveller, Vasilli Verestchagin, in speaking of Turkestan recently, said: When you pass the Ural Mountains, the frontier between Europe and Asia, you enter upon the steppes, which in the spring are beautifully green, covered with grass and flowers, and which in autumn are made quite barren by the sun. Farther on begins the great desert of moving sands. The steppes during spring are covered with the tents of the Kirguis, a very large collection of tribes occupying the whole of Central Asia. The Kirguis are a mixture of the Mongol and Turks, and number a few millions. They are a very good-hearted people and are Mohammedans, but not very fanatic.

A charming and good-natured girl can be purchased for, say, 100 horses, 10 or 20 camels and a few hundred sheep, in addition to a large tent, some cloth and some money, if the man has any. Once the price of the girl is settled upon and one-half or one-third of the amount is paid, the future husband can come to the tent of the girl's father, and is even allowed to remain there with her in the absence of the girl's parents, but only for a short time.

When the whole amount is paid the husband can take his wife to his own tent. There in that country, as in Europe, it is not wise to let the future husband take his wife without getting from him all that he has promised to give for her.

I remember a charming young woman who was bought by her husband for 150 horses. As the husband was very old and she was the third wife, and moreover as she bore no children, she was beaten nearly every day, and finally came to me for consolation. I have a sketch of her in one of my albums, and you will see that she is a most beautiful woman.

The Kirguis look on their women, as I learned from actual conversation with a Kirguis chief, who introduced me to his young and pretty wife, as having no other object in life than to vie with the other wives in their efforts to please the head of the family.

"Do you mean to say that your custom to have only one woman is better than ours, which is to have many of them?" the chief asked.

"Certainly," I answered.

"But do you understand," he continued, "that when there are many they get along much better? Every one of them understands that, if she ceases to please me, or if she is capricious, I shall leave her tent and go to the tent of another wife and live with the other wife. So they strive one against the other to be kind to me."

I did not approve of this reasoning, and I said: "In our opinion there is something more in the woman than her person. Our women are united to their husbands, not only by the body, but by the mind, heart and soul."

"What!" he exclaimed. "But if my wife by accident should lose an eye and be blind in one eye for life? Do you mean to say that I must remain with her for the rest of my life?"

"Certainly," I answered.

Then the Kirguis chief spat in disgust on the floor of the tent and exclaimed, "What a miserable law!"

Quite naturally, the Kirguis remain on their camping ground so long as there is grass for their cattle; then they strike their tents, and as the summer becomes hotter they go higher and higher up the mountains, so that in July, for instance, they pitch their tents immediately under the snow line.

Is Thanks a Compensation?

There is a nasty little abbreviation going the rounds. It has been caught up, and has spread into all classes; I mean "thanks." People used to say, "I thank you," "I am obliged to you." Now, when you pick a young woman out of a ditch, she snips out "thanks," and skips off as if the matter were square. You wipe the mud off your shoes and meditate. Or if, going home at night, after a hard day's work, you secure a seat in a car and a woman comes in, you rise promptly and tender it to her; she sweeps her ample silk into the gap, and a small "thanks" floats through the air to you. Is it compensative? If that woman had only looked you straight in your eye and said: "Sir, you are very kind, and I am greatly obliged to you," you would have felt not only paid, but would have a great accession to your chivalry. To stand for an hour would be easy, for a happy exhilaration would put life into your whole frame. But to be paid with an abbreviation! I once had a manuscript returned as follows: "Dear Sir,—We return your manuscript, with many thanks. You were very kind to have allowed us the pleasure of perusing it. Only that we are full, so far ahead as to make it unjust to detain your valuable paper, leads us to return it." Bless my soul! but I believe I was just as glad as to have had that paper published.—*M. Maurice, M.D., in Globe-Democrat.*

At the Ball.

Miss Keane (to the handsome young physician)—Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening.

Young Physician (quietly)—Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know. —*Drake's Magazine.*

It is claimed that the most beautiful woman in all northern Michigan attends to the wants of travellers at the lunch counter of a hotel in Mackinaw city.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Interesting Experiments with Strawberry Culture.

ADVANTAGES OF WARMTH TO STOCK

(Uncle John's Budget.)

Preventing Hens from Sitting.

As the breaking up of broody hens is often a matter of annoyance and inconvenience, I should like to give my method, which has proved very effective, without resorting to any of the various cruel methods in use. I have a raised pen with a slat bottom, just wide enough apart so they can stand comfortably, and feed nothing but oats. As it is the oversupply of fat that causes the hen to want to sit, in the first place, the most sensible plan is to reduce her weight and thus cure her broody inclinations, and get her in good condition for laying at the same time. Three or four days' confinement under such conditions usually suffice to cure the most persistent sitter. And I should like to say that in case hens get too fat to lay, which often happens, a diet of oats is the best ration for reducing them to laying form.

Success with Strawberries.

There was grown on the farm of Hon. Erastus Corning, just outside the city limits of Albany, N.Y., the past season, a field of Sharpless strawberries that for luxuriance of growth and yield of fruit surpassed anything in the fruit growing line that we have heard of of late. The berries were grown on soil that ten years ago was used for nursery purposes—undrained, rich, black soil, with all the manure it will hold. The extent of ground planted was three-fourths of an acre. The plants were grown in matted rows, but many of the runners had been cut out and the plants thinned, so that when examined under the mass of foliage they seemed to stand three or four inches apart in the rows, which were fully two feet wide, and the growth seemed a foot or more high. One-third of the bed had borne one season. We speak thus particularly of the growth as it shows what high culture and fertilizers will do. The total amount received for berries from this bed was $605, which at an average price of ten cents per quart would make the yield 6,050 quarts. No account was taken of the berries used in Mr. Corning's family and also in that of the gardener. And yet we hear people talk that the berry business is overdone! Well, so it is, the growing of common five-cent berries; yet there is still "room at the top." Does not the above show it? The German gardener has found by trial that the Sharpless is the best berry for his soil, and he grows it to perfection. This is a great point in successful fruit growing, whether it be berries or other fruit. Experiment—try the different old and new varieties, and settle in your own mind which is best adapted to your soil, locality and market. All these conditions must be noted, and when the decision is made, then make still another decision—to grow the largest crop, to get the highest prices for the finest fruit, put up in gilt edge packages. But do not get conceited and think you know it all. Be quick to "catch on" to any good thing. Prove all things and hold fast the best, and success will follow.

Warmth of Farm Buildings.

Warmth in winter is only created by the food. No stoves, or methods of warming the buildings, can be conveniently used without risk of damage and increased cost of labor. The bodies of the animals are the stoves and the food the fuel. The better the protection afforded the animal the less fuel required to promote warmth. In addition to the warmth created the animal must be supplied with food for growth and fat. When more food is given than is required for bodily warmth the surplus heat is stored in the body in the shape of fat, and when the heat is insufficient the body will convert the stored fat into heat and eliminate it off in the shape of the warmth so often noticed when entering a stable. All energy or heat when used for service is dissipated or lost, and this is a constant process. What the farmer should do is to save as much of this heat as possible and convert it into fat.

It is not the open side of the stable that causes loss of heat, but the motion of the air. Every time there is a current of air, no matter how small, it carries off the warmth by putting the air of the stable in motion. The animals usually make the stalls very warm by the heat from their bodies, but a small current of air, coming down on the upper part of the body, may cause the animal to take cold and become ill. In view of these facts it seems as if there would be an advantage in plastering the barns and stables, not so much with the view of adding to the warmth of a building containing a large herd, but in order to close all cracks and crevices, or by using tarred felt the walls may be made close. Ventilation can then be provided in some convenient manner, but no system of ventilation will be perfect or safe that permits cold draughts of air to pass over the stock during the winter. There is a great saving of food when the buildings are warm and comfortable. The annual loss of stock food through the agency of cracks in the walls of stables in this country is large, and would be a surprise if a true estimate could be given. The annual saving of this loss would more than pay for all the repairs made to buildings, and it is economical, therefore, to have the buildings warm. Another point to be considered is that the health of the animals is promoted and there is less liability of disease, and consequently a greater production of meat, milk and butter. With warmth, and the requirement of a smaller ration for each animal, more stock can be kept, which not only adds to the profit, but also to the manure heap, upon which the fertility of the farm depends.

Other Farm Gleanings.

Mud on the cows should not be allowed. Use the brush. A cow should be kept as clean as a horse.

Cooked clover, and the mess thickened with ground oats, makes an excellent addition to the food of the brood sow.

It is claimed that an occasional rolling with a heavy roller will so compact the soil that ants will be driven away.

Cold frames can be used for forcing some of the hardy plants in winter. Early cabbage and lettuce are grown in this manner.

Mix wood ashes, cinders and gravel together for your garden walks, and run a roller over it after each rain until it is well packed.

Lawn fertilizers are clean, free from weeds and as odorless as possible, being intended for use by ladies who make a specialty of flower gardens.

For forcing lettuce, radishes, etc., in a greenhouse the temperature should never be more than 50° day or night. Too much warmth is injurious.

In feeding grain to poultry it is better to vary it, allowing wheat and oats as well as corn. Cooked potatoes make an agreeable change for laying hens.

Rhubarb plants should be covered with manure and the covering left on until spring. The result will be strong and large stalks when the growing season arrives.

An application of kerosene oil will materially prevent rust on the iron work of implements. Implements should be put away in a dry place where dampness cannot reach them.

Damp floors cause cold, due to evaporation. The feet of animals are injured, and disease of the limbs occurs when they are compelled to stand or sleep on damp locations. The bed of the animal is very important. It is economical to use clean, dry material daily, and not delay changing the bedding until the whole is saturated with urine.

The fall colt will pay well, as the dam will not have much labor to perform at this season. By the time the colt is weaned the spring work will commence, and the colt can be put out on the pasture.

Cut out the old canes of blackberries and raspberries as soon as the ground freezes and burn them, which will aid in destroying insects. It is not advisable to postpone such work until spring, as it cannot then be done as well as now.

If there be any place in your garden where the soil is poor, and in which nothing seems to thrive, plant it thickly with petunias. These will thrive through any drought and produce an endless supply of beautiful flowers throughout the season.

Early maturity is an important factor in the qualifications of beef cattle. A good 3-year-old steer can be made to dress 70 per cent. if properly fed. It is the young, quick-growing steer that pays, and it should be marketed as soon as it reaches that point at which the greatest profit is obtained.

Roses should be mulched around the roots with loose material. Leaves or straw, with cornstocks laid thereon to hold them in place, is excellent. Mulching greatly assists in protecting strawberry plants during the winter, and as leaves will soon be plentiful a supply should be collected for mulching purposes.

The *Rural World* believes that the general farmer with 200 acres of land should keep fifty sheep for utility's sake alone. Such men can afford to estimate the value of sheep from the standpoint of meat, fertility and the general advantage to the farm, regardless of the market price of wool.

Where raspberries and other small fruits are grown in the garden, and the labor is not great for so doing, they should be banked up with dirt as a protection to the roots and canes against frosts. Trees are also benefited by having earth banked against them. The earth should be removed early in the spring and the ground leveled.

Good cider vinegar is always saleable and it pays to convert the surplus apples into cider for the purpose of making vinegar. The artificial vinegar cannot be used for choice pickles and other purposes for which good cider vinegar only is adapted, and does not, therefore, largely compete with it.

Plants sometimes need a variety of food as well as animals. Variety gives them all that may be needed. A plant will not thrive if given an excess of one kind of food and stinted in another. In applying fertilizers, the object should be to use substances that are lacking, to a certain extent, in the soil.

Don't try to crowd fifty hens into a poultry-house suitable for only twenty-five, as the larger the flock the fewer the eggs, proportionately, unless they have perfect accommodations. As a rule small flocks give a larger profit from the same outlay than when numbers are kept that cannot be properly provided for.

Now is the proper time to select the seed potatoes for next year. They must be carefully handled and stored separately from the crop. Select those that are well matured, even and smooth, and particularly those that are free from all signs of disease, as disease is easily communicated by seed. The small potatoes may be cooked and fed to stock.

Though no correct estimate of the value of manure can be made, yet Prof. Lawes gives the following as an estimate that is as correct, on the average, as can be arrived at. He gives the value of manure from cottonseed meal at about $28 per ton; linseed meal, $20; beans, $16; clover hay, $10; cornmeal, $7; straw, $3; and turnips, $1. The value of manure depends not only upon the food, but also upon the condition of the animal that makes it.

The garden plot should now be cleaned up and all material raked and burnt. A heavy plough should be used, and the soil turned over so that the frosts can penetrate, which will kill cutworms and many insects, as well as render the plot more easily cultivated in the spring. All the clods and lumps will be pulverized by the frost, and if cross-ploughed early in the spring it will be an additional advantage. If the plough cannot be used spade it up. A light application of lime will also be found beneficial.

Some time ago Professors Morse and Sweet, of South Chicago, agreed to eat crow if Harrison was elected, provided Messrs. Smiley and Kendall, two prominent citizens of the place, would do the same upon the election of Cleveland. Yesterday the losers each ate a crow nicely toasted, and declared the dish was equally as good as duck. Each mouthful was washed down with a good gulp of wine.

Collections are being made in Chicago for the benefit of a large number of army veterans located in Dakota who are reduced to penury through the freezing of their crops last August and September.

A STARTLING STORY.

A Sensible Dead Man Who Ate Bread and Drank Wine.

An elderly gentleman, residing in the Rue Rochechouart, Paris, who was supposed to be dead, has suddenly come to life. He has a nephew, who, being duly informed of his demise on Sunday, repaired at once to the house with his wife, to keep watch over the mortal remains of his uncle until they should be borne to their last resting place. On Monday evening, as the lady was tired, her husband sent her to the drawing-room to take some repose on a sofa; and a servant, having placed some wine and broth on a table, he threw himself into an arm-chair in the bedroom and soon went soundly to sleep. On awakening at 4 in the morning he found that the broth had disappeared and that the bottle of wine was half empty. Becoming alarmed, he went to his wife in the drawing-room, aroused her and told her what had happened. She returned to the bedroom with him, but the pair had hardly reached the door when they heard a noise. They paused at the threshold and to their consternation, a voice bade them not to be afraid, but to come in. The husband entered the room, but soon rushed out with his hair standing on end. He had seen his uncle's ghost. The old man was sitting, enveloped in a sheet, on the side of his bed. The supposed corpse had the utmost difficulty in getting his panic-stricken relatives to understand that he was not dead after all. "I am alive!" he repeated, adding that the preparations for his funeral had not escaped his notice. He had been in a lethargy, and, waking up, he had helped himself to the broth, which had done him good. Hearing some one approaching he had got in bed, as he was anxious not to cause any alarm, but Richard was himself again. He felt perfectly recovered, and certainly on closer examination the uncle's appearance by no means belied his words. The refreshments had come in most opportunely to restore him, and as he was much pleased with the affectionate attention which his relatives had shown him after his supposed departure from this world, everything was soon made happy and comfortable all round. The doctor of the quarter had not yet officially confirmed the demise of the worthy uncle, who seems to have taken a new lease of life.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Latest News Notes.

Over thirty students have volunteered for mission work as a consequence of Mr. R. P. Wilder's stirring up in Toronto.

The students of McMaster College and the young ladies of Moulton College ate their Thanksgiving turkey together at McMaster Hall.

At Vienna the German Emperor noticed at court a lady with extraordinarily long and beautiful hair, and asked her, "From whence have you it?" "It is the gift of God, Your Majesty," she replied.

Not until Gen. Harrison's wife's portrait begins to appear on advertisements of tooth powders and cigarettes will the people fully realize that the Republican party has once more taken hold of the reins of government.—*Chicago News.*

Henry Hunter and William Alexander, two well-dressed and intelligent looking men, have been arrested in Toronto on suspicion of being the confidence sharpers who have been victimizing well-to-do emigrants and others in Montreal, Toronto and other places.

A Victoria (B.C.) paper tells the following curious story: "A merchant of this city, named Gordon, was in his office one night when a flame broke out in another part of the premises. He rushed over to the place and found that an ordinary vulcanized rubber ring, which had been brought up from the cellar during the day and placed on an empty cracker box, had taken fire. It was quite alone, and the only tenable theory of the combustion was that it was spontaneous."

A Royal Breakfast.

A letter written by Anne Boleyn about three and a half centuries ago has just been published. It was written on the occasion of her first visit to London, and the writer describes, among other things, the unfavorable effects produced in her case by the late hours and dissipations of the capital in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. She writes: "We rise so late in the morning—seldom before 6 o'clock—and sit up so late at night—being scarcely in bed before 10—that I am quite sick of it. The irregular life which I had led since I came to this place has quite destroyed my appetite." She then proceeds to mention a little detail which illustrates the ideas of the Lady Anne Boleyn and her contemporaries as to what was the normal appetite in a healthy Englishwoman at that period.

"You know," she writes to her correspondent, "I could manage one pound of bacon and a tankard of good ale for my breakfast in the country, but in London I find it difficult to get through half that quantity."

The Mighty Dollar

is long distanced by a 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures colds, cramps, colic, pain in the head, sciatica, pain in chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great pain remedy, Nerviline. Sold by druggists. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of Nerviline, only 10 cents. *Take no substitute.*

Theory and Practice.

Rev. Moses Meecker (jumping up)—Why on earth do you interrupt me in this way, Maria? You're enough to drive one crazy! Didn't I tell you I should be busy all the morning writing my sermon on Patience?

They "Swore Like Our Army in Flanders," may be said of many sufferers from biliousness, headache, constipation, indigestion, and their resultant irritability, intellectual sluggishness, ennui, etc. The temptation to thus violate a sacred commandment, however, is speedily and permanently removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—tiny, little, sugar coated anti-bilious Granules; nothing like them. One a dose. Druggists.

It is possible in France to insure the life of a child one day old.

The quickest sight-seeing on record is that of an American woman, who claims to have done Paris in ten hours.

ON $115 A YEAR.

That Is What "A Woman Who Knows How" Can Dress On.

Ellen Osborn writes from New York to the Kansas City *Journal*: It is the incidentals which have to be looked after most closely. Little things count up so fast. I wear two pairs of No. 2 boots in a year, cost, $8; slippers, $1.50; rubbers, $1. I spend $3 for two pairs of kid gloves and 50 cents for a pair of silk gloves in summer. Somebody always knits silk mittens for me in cold weather. I spend an average of $10 a year for stockings, flannels, renewing underwear, etc. Such things don't all wear out at once. Of course, there are ribbons, which are great rejuvenators of languishing gowns, but I take them and an occasional pretty thing in ruching out of my car fare. If you walk you are so much the healthier, and the pennies saved will make you very fine. Count, now, and see if I have kept within my estimate:

Winter dress	$14 00
Winter bonnet	3 00
Winter cloak	18 00
Spring dress	2 00
Spring bonnets and hats	4 75
Summer gowns	10 00
Boots and shoes	10 50
Gloves	3 50
Flannels, etc.	10 00
Total	$95 75

Madeline had certainly not overdrawn her funds.

"What did $43 buy in a year?"

"Two good wool gowns at $8 each, soft, easily draping gowns they were, too, made at home, of course; $15 worth of shoes and underwear. Two bonnets at $3 each; $4 worth of checked wool from which I cut myself a spring jacket."

"An allowance of $25 a year more to admit, say once in two years, of a substantial silk for dress-up would put me above the cares for clothes. A woman who can't dress on $115 a year doesn't know how," and Madeline nodded decidedly.

"Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
  Smile, and a world is weak before thee!"

But how can a woman smile when she is suffering untold misery from complaints from which men are exempt? The answer is easy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an infallible remedy in all cases of "female weakness," morning sickness, disorders of the stomach, nervous prostration and similar maladies. As a powerful invigorating tonic it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. As a soothing and strengthening nervine it subdues nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction.

Good or Bad—Which?

Jones—Good morning! Beastly morning, isn't it?"

Robinson—Horrid day. Good day.

"Good day."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Beauty's Dower.

Where grace and beauty most abound
True happiness will oft be found.
Where ruby lips and glowing cheek
The gift of rugged health bespeak,
The artist, Nature's nobleman,
We risk the treasure of his art,
Depicting deftly as he can,
The lines engraven on his heart.
Fair maiden, may life's richest joy
Spread her bright mantle o'er thee;
May years but gently with you toy,
And pleasures sweet, without alloy,
With fairest blossoms cover thee.
But should, perchance, thy beauty fade,
Thou can'st call quickly to thy aid
Our Golden Medical Discovery.

Remember that Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sure cure for all skin eruptions and diseases of the blood.

Something to Match.

Major Stofah—"Can you sell me a blue necktie to match my eyes?"

Clerk, politely—"Very sorry, sir, we are just out of blues, but I can sell you a beautiful red one to match your nose."

Canon Liddon has been sojourning at Hawarden as the guest of Mr. Gladstone.

Canon Wilberforce, who has again broken down from overwork, has gone for a change to Constantinople.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore 1,005; Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,310 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Pres. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from

PROF. LOISETTE, 257 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

D C N I, 47 8

FOR SALE,

A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,

WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the

TIMES PRINTING CO.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE HOUSEWIFE'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1888.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

AN INSULTING PUPPY.—Says the Flesherton Advance: "THE GREY REVIEW last week published a poorly constructed report of Dr. McLellan's lecture in the Town Hall, Flesherton of three weeks ago. We would like to ask the wonderfully knowing scribe of the Advance who made him a judge of men who stands head and shoulders above him in literary attainments. The article referred to appeared less than two weeks after the lecture was delivered and the gentleman who wrote it is one who is a representative of the teachers of the riding, honored and respected by the whole profession. Just to get a fling at us the Advance man (if you can call him such) is willing to insult the intelligence of the teaching fraternity, who will no doubt remember him and estimate his ability about its full value."

The above delectable piece of composition is from the Durham Review. The editor evidently had a very sore head. There was no insult implied, in anything we said, to the teachers of South Grey, and no one but an imbecile could construe anything insulting out of it. The report referred to was poorly constructed; it was disconnected and fragmentary. That fact remains, even supposing it were the best public school teacher in Ontario who had penned it. In the eyes of the Review, this assertion is an insult to the teachers of South Grey because one of their number happened to be the writer! Bah! It was quite unnecessary to give us the gratuitous information that the editor (save the mark) did not write this report. No one in their sober senses would ever dream of him attempting anything more than a ten or twelve line local, and even then the construction gives him dead away. Now he wrote the item quoted above—observe the expression, "men who stands." The Review should know better than it appears to what constitutes an insult. It is an adept in such matters. When the late proprietor of this paper had severed his connection with it the Review flung after him an insult which no gentleman or man of gentlemanly instincts about him would be guilty of. In noticing his departure it said: "We may now expect something readable." You are getting it, young man. But it makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored, doesn't it? We have always remembered that little discourtesy, displayed in the manner of a coward, a blow struck when there was no chance of defence. And this is the individual who shouts out "Insulting puppy!" The echo returns and howls around the Review editor's ears, "Insulting puppy!"

Canada has a new sculling champion. By O'Connor's defeat of Teemer at Washington on Saturday he becomes Champion of America. Hanlan was a marvel in his day, but the bright star faded, and with the fading Canada bobs up serenly with another and still brighter luminary. Stick to your back seat Uncle Sam.

He sah for dear ol Canada,
As o'er the Yanks she climbs,
Her muscle sons take all the buns
And U. S. silver dimes.

A process has lately been invented whereby milk may be kept from souring for a month, grape and apple juice for six months, and sweet wine for a year. The inventor is now experimenting on an apparatus which it is claimed will keep subscribers from souring on the editor. We are open to receive donations with a view to helping him along.

The canal through the Isthmus of Corinth was proposed about 2,500 years ago—600 years before Christ. The plan was laid before Mr. Mowat, who took it into his serious consideration. After 700 years of careful thought Mr. Mowat approved of the scheme, and work was begun in the time of the Emperor Nero. It is believed that it will soon be finished. —[Hamilton Spectator.

A despatch says: It is stated on good authority that Hon. Edward Blake received a retainer of $10,000 before accepting a brief from the Canadian Pacific railway in the Manitoba railway case just concluded in the Supreme court. Well, that's a very fair price for two day's work; Edward can't complain; $30,000 a week, $1,560,000 a year. Yes, after profound consideration and mature deliberation we have decided that Ed. has a little the start of us on salary. But then we give full value for ours.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR.—In your issue of the 8th inst, under the heading "Heathcote and Kimberley News," I observed a paragraph relating to school matters containing statements reflecting seriously upon myself, and questioning my right to take any action in the matter of so great importance as that to which reference is made. I am sure, had your correspondent known all the particulars in the case, and he could have known them had he enquired of me, he would never have written what he did. You will kindly allow me a little space to make a few explanations which I know will place the matter in a true light, and I hope be satisfactory to all.

There are few persons who take a deeper interest in the education of the youth of our country, and no class of men to whom Ontario owes more for her educational advantages, than the ministers of the Christian Church. This is as it should be. As a citizen and a parent I claim the right to use my influence to get the very best teacher possible to instruct my children. The exercise of that right need not interfere with any other person, and in this case it did not, as this following statement of facts will show.

Careful enquiry was made on two occasions of this present teacher as to whether the school would be vacant. An affirmative answer was given each time. Application was then made on behalf of the person in question, knowing him to be a man of grand principle and good character, fine spirit and first class record as a teacher. This application was made prior to any other, and therefore could not be in opposition to him, not for the purpose of taking advantage of another, for the return of Mr. Gaudin from B. C. was not known by myself at that time. The person applying wished to know the mind of the trustees as soon as possible, that if not engaged he could look elsewhere. No undue influence on my part was used to get him engaged. I simply made the application, answered a few inquiries, and left the matter with the trustees. If they yielded to any influence brought to bear upon them it was that of those who would not allow the trustees to be guided by their own honest convictions, and frustrated their own purpose by so doing. I am very sorry that anything has occurred to mar the peacefulness of our quiet village, and hope that in the end all will be satisfactory. There are other items in your correspondent's communication which I deem not worthy of notice, and allow them to pass in silence.

Yours in behalf of the public good, intellectually, socially, morally, and religiously. W. H. MADDEN.

P. S. I do not intend to pursue this matter any further.

Heathcote, 19th Nov. 1888.

Cheap Light.

Received—One car load No. 1 coal oil, and selling at 14c per gallon in small or large quantities, at R. Trimble's.

Salt.

Received—One car load fine Goderich salt, 300 lb. barrels at lowest figures. R. Trimble's.

Another consignment of those famous overcoats which cause such a commotion amongst clothing dealers, at R. Trimble's.

The finest and cheapest lot of ladies' and gents' fur caps in town, at R Trimble's.

Thirty-Day Race.

Free for all! Go as you please, for a pair of felt boots, socks or rubbers, lower than the lowest, at R. Trimble's

Overshoes and rubbers in endless variety and cheap at R. Trimble's.

Poultry Wanted.

The highest price paid for turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, at R. Trimble's

Butter Wanted.

Top prices paid for choice butter in tubs and rolls, at R. Trimble's.

Cross-cut Saws.

All latest makes and bottom prices. Please inspect before purchasing elsewhere. R. Trimble.

We have done some wonderful whittling of prices. Call and see. We want the whole community to awake and wonder at our wanderful enterprise. R. Trimble.

Locals.

We have received some fine samples of job printing from Mr. J. G. Keefer, of Forest. They are very creditable. Thanks.

Master Wesley Armstrong departed on Saturday last to win fame, honor, experience, lucre, etc., in the far Northwest. We hope he may collar them all. Wes, went west by way of Weston and Toronto.

Coal oil of superior quality and lowest prices at M. Richardson & Co's. Call and get particulars.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

Just think, 50 cents for a pair of youth's long boots, regular price, $1.75. See them, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Do you suffer from indigestion or loss of appetite? Are you troubled with liver or kidney complaint? Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation purifies and vitalizes the blood, thus restoring health and strength to the digestive and assimilative organs. Try it.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption cure.

Furs in coats mantles, shoulder capes, muffs and capes, for ladies and gents, all the new styles, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Ben Townsend, of the Durham Review, has taken unto himself a wife. Benny is a bolder young man than we gave him credit for. Long life and happiness to you old boy.

A large range of ladies and misses' mantles, ulsters, jersey jackets, etc., at M. Richardson & Co's.

Note Dr. Hutton's change of card this week. Priceville has only one doctor now, but he is quite capable of coping with any and all of the sickness.

Didn't Come off.

The mortgage sale advertised to take place at Munshaw's hotel on Monday last has been postponed until Jan. 30 next. There was but one bid made.

One Thousand Dollars Reward.

A reward of one thousand dollars is offered by the publishers for the best letter of suggestions for a Christmas souvenir that will equal the Christmas Number of the Montreal Star at the published price. Competitors to give their full name and address. This year's Christmas Star has twenty-eight pages of beautiful illustrations, articles from eminent writers, four superb supplements and other attractions of a surpassing character. It is far and away ahead of anything yet published. Orders for copies to be sent to England are the largest on record. Those who cannot procure it from a newsdealer will receive it by sending the small amount of 40 cents to the publishers, Montreal. Postage stamps of one and three cent denomination will be accepted.

Died.

CLINTON.—On town. line, Osprey and Artemesia, on Saturday, Nov. 24, Geo. Thomas Clinton, aged 19 years. Death was caused by the bursting of a blood vessel.

Mens' and boys' long boots at greatly reduced prices at M. Richardson & Co's.

Meaford Real and Inistioge correspondence crowded out.

In Memoriam.

OF ELLIE STEWART, WHO DIED NOVEMBER 10TH, 1888.

By Sister Jennie.

Oh death, how cruel Methinks thou art
To snatch from us away,
The flower that scarce had oped its bud,
And leave others in decay;
The sweetest flower in the garden plot
Could but satiate thy thirst,
Though faded ones around it grew,
You plucked the fairest first.

But Thy will, Oh Lord, on earth be done,
As it is in Heaven above;
Thy loved ones Thou call'st early home,
She answered that call of love.
We worked, we watched, we prayed in vain,
Thy hand we could not stay,
With feeling of regret and love
We saw her pass away.

Why is it we stop and sigh,
Or check the gathering tear?
Why is it then we call and look,
For Ellie we find not here;
To us the warning was too short,
No time to say adieu,
Till death had stopped the beating of
That heart so kind and true.

"We'll miss her now," you'll hear some say,
But ah! they little know
How pure a mind, how warm a heart
Was stilled by death's fell blow;
"We'll miss her now"—how mild the sense
To some those words may mean;
"We miss her." Oh, the anguished form
To us those words are seen.

"We miss her" Ah, 'tis lightly said,
But how should others know
The light, the hope that died with her,
When she was called to go,
It was Lord's word, God's call of love,
Why cease we not our weeping
We hope to meet to part no more—
She is not dead, but sleeping.

Flesherton, November 19th, 1888.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$6 00 to	6 00
Fall Wheat	$1 10 to	1 10
Spring Wheat	1 10	1 10
Barley	0 50	0 65
Oats	0 33	0 33
Peas	0 58	0 58
Butter	0 17	0 18
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 35	6 25
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	4 50	5 52
Wool	18	00
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 0

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOAR FOR SERVICE.

MR. Wm. CAMERON, Lot 35, 8th Con. Artemesia,

Has a thoroughbred [illegible]
TERMS, 75c. cash and $1 if booked.

STRAYED.

Came to the premises of the undersigned about the 6th of September, 5 yearlings, red and white. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses

JOHN TYSON, Feversham P. O.

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving, shampooing razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.

W. J. NELSON.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of T. A. Gamey, lot 13 and 14, 2nd south of Durham Road, on Nov. 13, a small black mare. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenes, and take it away.

T. A. GAMEY. Flesherton Station P. O.

AUCTION SALE
OF
Valuable Farm
IN THE
Township of Artemesia

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a mortgage from David W. Jamison to the vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale, and on default of payment of the moneys thereby secured there will be offered for sale by Public auction

AT MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,
in the Village of Flesherton,
ON
Wednesday, the 5th Day of December, 1888,

At 10 o'clock, a.m., by A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer

The north half of Lot No. 36, in the ninth concession of Artemesia, containing 50 acres, more or less, of which about 45 are said to be cleared and under cultivation and fenced. On the premises are said to be a frame house and a barn and orchard.

TERMS—Ten per cent. at time of sale, and for the balance terms liberal, and will be made known at time of sale

For further particulars apply to
W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ., Flesherton,
Or to MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS,
Vendors' Solicitors.

Toronto, Nov. 12th, 1888.

—I t Pays To—

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern
Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study.
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 1888.

Flesherton Meat Market!

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
PURVEYORS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Dealers in fresh and cured meats, sausage (our own make), lard, bologna, etc. etc.

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME, in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only $4 per. hundred.

Call and ascertain prices, whether you buy or not.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D. C.M.

[illegible] of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario

Enquire at office, 2nd door east of Grant's or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, painlessly and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AG'T, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule.

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and, Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

are the unapproachable. Our motto being

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

FLESHERTON

Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies,	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators.	

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
Eugenia.

FARM for SALE

Being part of Lot [illegible] containing fifty [illegible] acres, situated [illegible] with village of [illegible] and magnificent land [illegible]

[illegible] to
S. ALDOUS
Kimberley P.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

Buy a new

HARNESS

PURCHASE A

SLEIGH ROBE

INVEST IN

A new Whip

BIG DISCOUNT

—FOR—

C-A-S-H

D. Clayton

HARNESSMAKER,

FLESHERTON.

is prepared to give you large DSCOUNTS for CASH on all kinds of harness, whips, blankets, etc.

A

Huge Stock!

—OF—

SINGLE, TEAM, AND DRIVING HARNESS, on hand.

Sleigh Bells, Robes, Whips, Hoof Ointment, Axle Grease, Curry Combs, Brushes, and everything required in the line of harness makers' supplies.

WE ALSO DEAL IN

A SUPERIOR

QUALITY

—OF—

TRUNKS

CALL and EXAMINE our extra large stock before buying anything in these lines elsewhere.

D. CLAYTON

N. B.—My accounts are now ready and waiting for settlement. As I am in great need of money, all persons who are indebted to me are requested to call and settle, ON OR BEFORE DEC. 1st, otherwise their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

D. Clayton.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

PENRITH.

Old Penrith stands, of wide renown,
As once the finest northern town
Of England—ere a Saxon dame
Was allied to a Norman name,
And many a tale of love was told
Neath castle walls of Penrith old.

The town is pleasantly situated on the western slope and base of a wooded eminence, called the Beacon Hill, on the summit of which there is a tower, built probably for a lookout station when the beacon fires on the hill tops were the only means of signalling impending dangers during the long period of border warfare. This hill forms part of the once famous Inglewood forest.

As we came out of the railway station the first object that attracted our attention was the ruins of the old Castle on a fine elevation west of the town. It was built in the fourteenth century, and was the residence of Richard III. when Duke of Gloucester. The remains of the outer walls, still standing, show that it has been a place of considerable strength, being built of red freestone filled up in the middle with small stones concreted with hot lime, or cement, forming a solid mass and averaging five feet in thickness. It was besieged and destroyed by Cromwell or some of his followers.

It was about noon on market day when we arrived and walked down into the Old Corn Market, and I tried to locate the shop where I served as apprentice thirty years ago. The oldfashioned front with bow windows had disappeared, and it looked as strange to me as the faces of the busy crowds of country people, not one of which I recognized. We went to the Old Crown hostlery, where my forefathers had been accustomed to stop on market days, for the past seventy years. It was unchanged, but the people were all strangers to me. Shortly after I found my brother and sister, and we spent the rest of the day very pleasantly with them. We dined in the same room where John Wesley preached on his visit to Penrith over a hundred years ago, and as we sat we listened to the sweet music of the chimes in the old parish church near by, the same chimes that delighted Wesley. The bells were new then but the church was old, part of it having been there for seven hundred years. Indeed its foundation is beyond the scope of historic record. We looked with curious wonder at the colossal stones in the old church yard, marking the place known as Giants Grave. They stand there yet, probably little changed, for what is a hundred years to their age? They are said to mark the grave of Ewan Cusario, a man of gigantic stature and great courage, who ruled Cumberland with regal sway in Saxon times. There is another very ancient monument, called the Giant's Thumb, which, with the former, have excited and baffled the curiosity of autiquarians.

Leaving Penrith the same evening, our next stopping place was the old border city of Carlisle, which we left next morning for Glasgow. Passing the border into Scotland, the first place of much interest was Gretna, where run-away couples from England were formerly married by a blacksmith, who, dispensing with license and other formula, on receipt of a small fee declared the candidates for matrimony man and wife, and married they were by Scottish law.

Following the course of the Clyde through Annandale and Lanarkshire, past many romantic spots and places rich with historic interest—Carstairs, Linto Hill, Bothwell and Drumclay—one place the scene of a signal victory, the other of disastrous defeat of the Covenanters, so vividly described by Scott in "Old Mortality," we at length reached Glasgow, the industrial and commercial metropolis of Scotland, and next to London the greatest city in the kingdom.

At the commencement of the present century Glasgow had a population of eight thousand; now its population is about eight hundred thousand, and on the day we arrived there were excursions from all parts of Britain to see the Exhibition, adding probably a hundred thousand more to the population. We got outside seats on one of the main omnibus lines running through some of the busiest thoroughfares, and had a fine opportunity of seeing the enormous traffic of this busy city—styled by Max O'Rell the dirtiest and blackest in the kingdom, although it did not so impress us. Argyle street, the Trongate, St. Vincent and Sanchiehall streets will compare favorably with the finest business thoroughfares in England. Unlike Edinburgh, they are not adorned with statuary and monuments in every open space. Glasgow is too practical, too much given to moneymaking to have anything stand in the way of business; but one large open space—George square,—is set apart for statues. Entering it, you might dream that all the statues in the city were having a mass meeting; here are Walter Scott, Robert Burns, David Livingstone, James Watt, Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, Campbell and Peel, and many others. Some are on a bust, but unlike their prototypes are not noisy, but they seem to say Glasgow bodies are too busy to be bother with us and have packed us all into one square. The square looks like a cemetery or a sculpture yard. Some of the stone statues are on foot and some on horseback, and in the centre Walter Scott, on a column eighty feet high, overtops the crowd.

To be continued.

A job lot of boys' long boots, good stock, from 50 cents per pair up, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 26 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Farm for Sale

The subscriber offers for sale that valuable property on the 4th line, Osprey, bet or known as lot 4, containing 125 acres; 99 cleared and 60 under cultivation, the remainder pasture and meadow. New frame barn, stone foundation; stables, etc., new frame house, cellar, and stone foundation. This is a magnificent property. Possession immediately. For terms, etc., apply to

A. McKECHNIE, Maxwell P. O.

Blacksmith Shop for Sale or Rent.

The blacksmith shop, known as Adison's, on the 4th line, Artemesia, about 3½ miles from Flesherton, is offered for sale or to rent. For terms and particulars apply to

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Eugenia P. O.

THE PEOPLES GREATEST INTEREST

s where can they get their flour, feed, and provisions cheapest in town.

IT IS AT BLACKBURN'S.

All kinds of meal always on hand.

TO THE FARMERS AND PUBLIC GENERALLY:

HOT COFFEE and GOOD LUNCH:

at all hours of the day, ONLY 15 cts. All other lines in stock as usual.

The peoples faithful servant,

G. H. BLACKBURN.

Remember the place—Next door to M. Richardson's

Bargains

BARGAINS

—IN—

BARGAINS!

Now is the time to secure them,

BEDROOM

—AND—

PARLOR SUITES

QUITE NEW in design, very tasty and neat, to be sold at a small advance on cost.

Beautiful new line of

LOUNGES

IN RAMIE.

TAPESTRY and NEW SILK COVERINGS.

These goods have all been bought very close and we intend giving custmoers the full benefit.

Handsome Hall Stands, in Mahogany Finish

Must be seen to be appreciated

Sideboards!

in a number of styles an finish

All at equally low prices.

THERE ARE STILL some of those low priced

BEDSPRINGS!

Try one, rest well, and prolong your life.

NEW RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE.

At $30.00.

J. E. MOORE,

Undertaker and furniture dealer. Undertaking special attention.

Married an' Gone.

The house is dretful lonesome since Milly's gone away;
Though she's only gone across the road it's
[illegible] to stay,
An' when she comes to see me now she's full o' talk o' Fred,
Tell I'd like to take him back the barn an' punch him in the head.
It seems to me th' good old days is over now a r' gone,
An' nothin' left but lonesomeness an' gray hairs comin' on.
Why, I'member when she used to come a-toddlin' to the gate,
An' be watchin' down the lane for me, an' couldn't hardly wait
Tell she saw me comin' a-hurryin' up the lane to her an' h me,
An' then nothin' could n't hold her, she's so glad to see me come
Then when old sand man came around and sleep[illegible] would be,
No one could tell the stories right exceptin' only me.
An' then when she was older how her purty cheeks would glow
When she'd say, "I'm'd stick to father, did'nt want no other beau
There's no one now to scold me ef I wear a shabby coat,
There's nobody to lead me in the way that I should vote.
There's n one but remember tell suthin's like to break,
Though I try to seem as chipper as old times jest for her sake.
O, Milly, if you only could be hitt o once again—
Jest my four-year old, that didn't love no one but father—then
Jest to keep ye so—unchangin' tell the sleepy time me round,
An' you and me, my baby, slept together under ground!

Men and Deeds.

Wanted, men,
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faith with kind eyes,
Not wealth in mountains piled,
Not power with gracious smile,
Not even the potent pen—
Wanted men!

Wanted, deeds,
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond realistic aims,
Not sensuous lazy calms,
Not soothly scented creeds—
Wanted, deeds!

Men and deeds!
They that can dare and do,
Not longing of the new,
Not praising of the old,
Good life and actions bold,
These the occasion needs—
Men and deeds!

—*Parrar.*

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"A very interesting country this, sir," observes the lady, looking warily at Roger's handsome face—oh, Miss Burke, you who fifteen years ago, could look at no man without a melting smile! But such are the results of earnestness. "Interesting, I mean, to those who visit it with a purpose."

"Yes, I am told you get very fair snipe-shooting here in winter," answers Roger, who does not understand the argot of Miss Burke's sect.

"I speak of the inhabitants; sunk now in superstition, but the remnants of a noble race. You are, perhaps, not aware that the Basque has outlived five distinct peoples—the Carthaginians, Celts, Romans, Goths, and Saracens?"

"Murray," says Belinda, in a stage whisper. "'Introductory Remarks on the Pyrenees,' page two hundred and forty-nine."

Roger strokes his moustache and tries to look edified. "The Basque must certainly be very old," he begins, foolishly.

"But the work I am engaged on at present, the work that indeed fills every moment of my time, is the search of illustration. You have, perhaps, heard through Miss O'Shea that I am writing a book? No; I might have guessed as much. Miss O'Shea's interests do not lie in the direction of my own. A book entitled 'The Woman of the Future.' I am a laborer, sir, though a humble one, in the greatest reformation of our day, the work of restoring women to the pedestal from whence the blinded prejudices of centuries have dethroned her."

"Ah, yes," says Roger, in no very enthusiastic tone, and glancing as he speaks at the patches where darns ought to be in Belinda's stockings. "For my part," he adds, gallantly, "I cannot see that any reformation is needed. It seems to me that women are exceedingly charming as they are."

"As the Turk, as the debased Asiatic thinks of his slaves?" cried Miss Burke, hotly. "Do you, an Englishman, actually advance the proposition that to be charming is a fit motive for an immortal being's existence?"

"The most charming women appear to me to be so without any motive at all," says Roger, mentally measuring the distance between his adversary and the door. "But I am really the worst fellow living at an argument."

"Oh, that is a very easy way of escape. It is perfectly evident to what cynical school you belong the sunshine light in which you regard our sex! Can you solemnly affirm, sir, I ask it with the earnestness the subject requires, that you do not look upon us as toys?"

Thus put, as it were, upon oath, Roger Temple considers Miss Burke's personal attractions more closely than he has yet done; the thin, cold features, the glistening eyes, the watch-spring figure. He feels that he does not, that in his wildest moments he never could look upon her in the obnoxious light she deprecates, and with a perfectly clear conscience answers, "No."

"Then may I ask what do you look upon us as?" says Burke, pitilessly.

Roger not only measures the distance between himself and the door; he rises to his feet. He has been held a brave soldier in action, a hardy sportsman in the field; but he is horribly afraid of Miss Lydia Burke. "I—I really beg pardon—but I have usually looked upon women as women," he answers, humbly.

Miss Burke turns her head away in contempt.

"It really is most wonderful," sighs Rose, who has caught the last words or two of the discussion, "most extraordinary how gentlemen do dislike intellect in us! I am sure, for myself, I envy superior women, and I have always wished and wished to be blue; haven't you, Belinda?"

"Oh, I like my natural hue well enough, Rosie," answers the girl, pertly. "Still, if I were forced to change, I believe I would as soon be blue as some other colors. Superior women do not usually wear rouge or pearl powder, do they?" She looks more thoroughly hard, more deliberately, selfishly wicked than ever as she implants this savage stab. Alas, where are all the budding graces, where is the soft, shy, dawning womanliness of the "Lagrimas" of last night?

"But must your choice, of necessity, lie between the two, my dear Belinda?" Roger asks, in that quiet tone of his, which at once softens and exasperates her. "Are blue and rouge the only two colors in the world?"

"Certainly they are not, Captain Temple. There is sun-tan for instance, Van Dyck brown; the fine natural color of gamins, beggars, gypsies, and all the great unwashed of nature. My color."

"Unwashed! You quite pain me with these expressions, Belinda," said Rose. "But you must try not to despair about your complexion, dear. Spencer shall make you some of her milk of roses. She got the receipt from Lady Harriet, and they say the effect is extraordinary; that sun-tan, and even freckles, can be cured by it. For my part," encouragingly, "I have no great faith in cosmetics. You are fair or you are swarthy by constitution."

It is long before the visit draws to an end; and Captain Temple, doubly guarded by Rosie and Miss Burke, does not exchange another syllable with Belinda. At last, in the middle of one of Miss Burke's finest perorations on woman's destiny, the girl brusquely takes her departure from the room; and accompanying her to the top of the hotel stairs, Roger gets a word or two with her alone.

"You are not going to play paume to-day?" For she has a racket ball and schistera, as usual, in her hand. "Under this broiling sun! Belinda, I will not allow it."

"Will you not, indeed, Captain Temple? Why not, pray?"

"I do not choose to spoil your complexion, for one thing."

"My unwashed complexion that is to be improved by Lady Harriet's milk of roses! Isn't it fine to hear Rosie and Miss Burke talk! What advantages I have had, sir, in being guided by those two extremes of feminine intelligence."

"Promise me you will not play paume, Belinda, to-day, or any other day."

She hesitates and looks down; a quiver on her lips, a tell-tale blush shining beneath the clear olive of her cheek.

"Lagrimas!" he whispers softly. "Will you promise?"

And then she raises her eyes. They promise—unconsciously they promise a world too much to Roger Temple.

CHAPTER XI.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Have you watched an almond tree flower? Bare, shivering boughs to-day, to morrow, under the first warm kiss of April, a cloud of odorous blossom. Such change, such sudden miracle of growth is wrought during the next four days in Belinda. Her cheek gains color, her figure roundness; her hair no longer disfigured by the villainous plaits, hangs round her neck in waves of glossy chestnut. Her movements lose their masculine roughness, her dress grows neat. Girlish grace, girlish softness, modesty—all have come to her. Who shall unriddle those things?

"Belinda is not going to be so unfortunately plain, I do believe," Rose will remark complacently to her lover. "She has quite made up her mind to marry Mr. Jones—quite; and you see how she brightens up at the prospect of riches. I am afraid I was right about that poor thing from the first, Roger. Belinda has no heart."

Miss Burke accounts for the transformation otherwise. "A nature like Belinda's," says Miss Burke, "can only develop from one frivolity to another. Her childish love of play outgrown, and Belinda takes to what? Earnest work, higher culture, recognition of the world's wants and miseries? No! To muslins, ribbons, and laces; the livery, the badge of woman's degradation in the social scale."

So think these ladies. What does Roger Temple think?

Roger Temple is in the frame of mind, reader, when all of us are apt to shun self-communion, to keep the eyes of the spirit shut. By nature the most chivalrously loyal of men, Roger is drifting, daily, hourly drifting, into disloyalty. He is more attentive, more devoted than ever to Rosie during the hours that he is at her feet—poor, unconscious Rosie, perpetually devising toilets for Colonel Drewe, who as yet comes not! But there are a good many hours of the day when he is not at Rosie's feet. The adorers of mature beauty are generally debarred from adoration during the forenoon, that sacred, mysterious time for women to whom Heaven hath given one face and who manufacture to themselves another. Till eleven o'clock every morning Roger is free, and Belinda also. After the Casino ball at night he is free again; and then, in the starlight, "Lagrimas" steals out upon the balcony (so fatally near his own) of the Maison Lohobiague!

Miss Burke, absorbed in the "Women of the Future," sees nothing. Rosie enwrapped in lavender ribbons, Spanish combs, and agitated suspense about that elegant creature Stanley, suspects nothing. And then, under the southern sky, in this do nothing life, the path, no difficult one in any climate, that leads from flirtation to friendship, from friendship to a warmer feeling, is so easy.

Four glowing nightless days pass by like one; Miss Burke engaged philosophically, Rose making futile millinery preparations for Colonel Drewe, Roger Temple and Belinda falling about as desperately in love with each other as ever two people fell on this contradictory earth. For the fifth day Rose has planned an eight hours' excursion into Spain's *Hendaye*, Fontarabia, home through the mountain pass of Behobia by moonlight. Mr. Jones is to return early in the morning from his tour, and as a matter of course will accompany them. "Two pairs of lovers—I never heard of anything so ridiculous," says Rosie. With this Miss Burke, note-book in hand, as duenna or fifth wheel of the coach.

Augustus arrives punctually by the early morning train from Bayonne, and with lover-like ardor makes his way at once under the broiling sun to the Maison Lohobiague, where Belinda, already equipped for the day's excursion, meets him just outside the house. Forgotten Jones during his absence, she has not; nor her own quasi encouragement of his suit, having indeed been pointedly reminded of both about six times during each twenty-four hours by Rose. But just at this present moment, dressed, poor little girl, in a summer frock and hat that Spencer has condescendingly made up for her, a flower in her waist-belt, the sunshine that human lives know once in its extremest brightness shining from every feature of her face—at this particular moment, I say, the sudden apparition of Augustus, more blistered than ever after his journey, more mosquito-bitten, more amative, comes upon Belinda with all the cold chill of an unexpected misfortune. She changes color painfully, does not offer to take his outstretched hand, and can find no utterance of welcome more flattering, more lover-like, than the monosyllable, "You?"

"Me," says Mr. Jones, ungrammatically tender. "I have not kept you waiting, I hope? You have not been expecting me long?"

"Expecting? Well, certainly not. I don't know that I expected you at all," answered Belinda dryly. "You have seen Rose?"

No, Augustus has not yet had that pleasure. He found a note from Mrs. O'Shea on his table, inviting him to accompany them for the day into Spain and then—"Then, of course, I rushed off at once to see you, Belinda," he adds in tenderer accents than before. "Has time hung heavy on your hands?" Mr Jones has an unhappy knack of composing sentences brimful of murdered aspirates! "Has your heart told you that—that some one you cared for a little was away during the last four days!"

"My time has not hung in the least heavily on my hands," answered Belinda, coldly, emphasizing every "h." "But I have been aware of your absence, if you mean that."

"And what have you been doing with yourself? No paume-playing, I hope?"

"I have given up paume-playing forever," she exclaims, her cheeks glowing, a sudden shame coming into her eyes as she makes the confession.

"My dear Belinda, this delightful compliance with my wishes," begins Augustus.

"Your wishes!" she interrupts him quickly. "What do you mean by that, sir? What do you suppose your wishes have had to do in the matter?"

"A good deal, I should hope, considering how we stand to each other as—as engaged people, and that," says young Crœsus, purpling.

Belinda turns from him impetuously; she trifles with the flower in her belt, she stoops and pats Costa, who with an air of dignified triumph sits in the sunshine eyeing the discomfiture of his enemy askance.

"I did not think you would begin any of that ridiculous nonsense again, Mr. Jones," she remarks after a minute's silence. "Engaged, what for, pray? Maccaroons at *Harranbour's*? We shall have time enough to get some, I dare say, before we start for Spain."

Without answering a word, Jones shifts his position from one leg to the other, then stands critically gazing into the transparent, girlish face before him. Wounded vanity is flooding Mr. Jones' intelligence with a curious amount of light at this moment.

"I don't know how it is, but it seems to me that you have altered a good deal since I went away, Miss Belinda. Upon my word you look three, four, any number of years older."

"That is not a complimentary speech to make to a young lady, is it?" cries Belinda, but in a fluttering, ill-assured voice, with the traitor blood still deepening in her cheeks.

"And your dress—all those refined female elegances with which I have so often wished to see you invested," says Augustus, pompously. "But I suppose, as you expected me to-day, I may without vanity attribute a little of that to——"

"Pray don't hesitate."

"To the very laudable desire of giving me pleasure, my dearest Belinda."

Upon this she lifts her eyes, and returns his gaze unflinchingly. "I have taken to 'refined elegances' as I have given up paume-playing, to suit my own taste. I never thought for one moment of giving you or any one else, pleasure, never."

The natural expression, by no means an angelic one, of Mr. Jones' face, replaces in a second all the oily tenderness which, as a suitor, he had thought it wise of late to dissemble. Truth, he feels, is going to be told between him and this keen-tongued little vixen at last, and he is quite determined to render truth as unpalatable to her as may be. "Well, Mrs O'Shea," looking at his watch as he speaks, "you are not in a very complimentary mood this morning, it seems; so the sooner we wish each other good-bye, the better. As regards your party into Spain, you will mention to Mrs. O'Shea, perhaps, that circumstances do not allow of my accompanying you."

"I will deliver any message you like to send by me, Mr. Jones."

"I have received a letter that calls me back at once to London, and shall leave this cursed hole with only too much pleasure, by the twelve o'clock train. However, I have no doubt you will find Captain Temple a very willing substitute! Before we part there is one question that I should like, just for curiosity, to ask you. What was your object in giving me the answer you did four evenings ago, here in your own lodgings?"

"The answer!" she stammers. "I don't know what answer you mean. Oh, Mr. Jones, do forgive me if I have offended you!"

"What was your object, I ask?" he persists savagely. "Is it so perfectly impossible for you to speak the truth?"

"I answered you more in jest than earnest. You know it. I said that we might try being engaged. We have tried it, and—the thing is impossible. Forgive me, Mr. Jones. I have acted very foolishly, very badly, I know, but I ask you to forgive me. I am wiser now."

"No doubt of it," says Augustus, with one of his odious smiles. "It would be impertinent, I suppose, to inquire under whose influence your wisdom has been gained?"

She stands for several seconds dumb, as though she had not understood the question; then, from throat to temple, the poor little girl turns white. Her secret—a secret hitherto to her own inmost conscience—is bared before her, like a committed sin, in this moment's piercing light. She changes from pale to red, and then to pale again. Her whole childish face works piteously. "I—I am wiser now," is all she can repeat; oh, with what trembling lips, with what scorching, irrepressible shame!

"Wiser in one sense of the word, no doubt, you are," says Augustus, watching her with contemptuous coolness. "There may be two opinions, perhaps, as to the worldly wisdom of these little changes of fancy. Is it your step-mamma, I wonder, or Captain Temple who is acting as your adviser? Not your step-mamma, surely?"

At the insolence of his tone, his look, Belinda's self-possession returns to her. "My own heart is my adviser, sir," she cries. "My own heart tells me I could never endure to live a day with you as your wife, let alone a lifetime!"

"And have you made up your mind—although you do treat me so cruelly I must always take the warmest interest in your welfare—have you made up your mind, Belinda, to live under Captain Temple's roof for the future?"

"I shall do whatever he thinks best for me, sir." The words stab her, but she utters them with a kind of despairing resolution. "It would be impossible for me to live under the roof of any one I like and honor more than I do Roger Temple."

"Oh! What very delightful sentiments, what charming filial submission! And you were so desperately prejudiced, if you remember. Only four days ago you were ready to quarrel with me for assuming the possibility of Mrs. O'Shea's marriage."

"I did not know Roger Temple then," says Belinda bravely and simply. "I can excuse Rose now. I think she or any other woman would be honored by becoming Roger Temple's wife."

And having got back to the familiar region of truth, the girl's stout spirit rallies. No further blush of shame rises to her cheek, no further tremble of the lip betrays her. Shame was for the first discovery of her weakness. For her love itself, misplaced, hopeless though it may be, she can feel none.

Mr. Jones makes his exit, not again to cross the stage of this little drama; and Belinda stands blankly gazing at a world from whence all fair perspectives, all gracious harmonies of color, seem abruptly blotted out. The cheerful streets—'tis a high Basque festival, and the town is thronged with peasants from the neighboring villages—the balconies with their gayly-painted awnings, the flush of purple hills across the river, every familiar object upon which she looks seems changed—vivid, intensified, as external objects become in moments of sharp bodily pain, and still distorted to Belinda's untuned, jarring sense. Her life is distorted. The gamin life, with its April joys and tears, is over. Over! why she feels old already; those children playing yonder under the trees seem separate from her by a score of painful years! The past has died by sudden harshest blow, and she has no future. That is for Rose; for all happy women whose love has been sought for and returned. And then——

Then across the girl's heart sweep thoughts that are intoxication, memories of words spoken by Roger Temple to "Lagrimas" when there was only the night and solitude to hear—words carrying with them the ring of truth, of earnestness, all unlike the tawdry compliments he lavishes on Rose. Ah, if he care for her ever so slightly, and she may see him sometimes, feel the pressure of his hand, meet the kindness of his eyes, can she not be contented?

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEMORY OF A KISS.

On reaching the Hotel Isabella, Belinda finds her step-mother alone, dressed in the sprightliest, most juvenile white muslin wrapper, and wearing on the summit of her blonde locks what the Parisian milliners neatly term "a ravishing futility," in the way of a cap or badge of widowhood.

"Belinda! and not Mr. Jones? Well, it is positively a reprieve—I am too upset, too miserable to bear the presence of a man. Oh, my dear girl, think what tortures of suspense I am going through! Colonel Drewe has arrived—is staying in this very hotel."

There is not one of her little poses in which Rose is more successful than that of bashful girlish perturbation. In her youthful white dress, and holding a microscopic patch of cambric and valenciennes to her lips, she really at this moment does not look a day over two-and-twenty; in a half light, of course, and viewed, as every work of genuine art deserves to be viewed, from the proper focus.

"It appears he came by a late train yesterday, but I knew nothing about his arrival till this morning. The poor fellow picked up Spencer's acquaintance in the courtyard, and questioned her, and oh, Belinda, I fear things are worse than I anticipated! Spencer says the fiery look that came into his eyes when she told him Captain Temple was here was something fearful."

"Lucky that you can keep out of his way for the day, Rose. There was a beautiful Spanish duchess in this hotel last summer, and six duels were fought about her before the season was over. We must hope Colonel Drewe will have had time to get his fiery feelings under control by the time you come back to night."

Mrs. O'Shea for a minute or more examines the pattern of her laced handkerchief in silence. "The duty that lies before me is a most cruel one," she sighs at last, looking up with soft, remorseful eyes at the ceiling. "I *hope*, in consenting to marry my poor Roger, I have acted conscientiously. I hope it, and I believe it. My rejection of him would have cut Roger Temple adrift from his last moral stay in life. But I cannot forget that there are other, it may be prior claims. You talk of duels jestingly, Belinda! You little know how necessary it is for me to see Colonel Drewe without delay, and alone. For want of women displaying discretion," says Rose, solemnly, "some men's lives have been sacrificed in positions like this."

"But where is he all this time, Rose—where is this fiery-eyed Colonel Drewe? If you mean to see him before we start you must make haste about it."

"Ah, my dear child, there is the difficulty. Is it my duty to start at all?" And then, beckoning Belinda to her side, and speaking in whispers, Rose unfolds a series of little Machiavellian plans, by means of which she hopes to mystify everybody throughout the remainder of the day. Roger, in the first place, is to be told that she is suffering from headache, and the party must start for Spain without her. Then Colonel Drewe is to be admitted—not at first admitted; the wily Spencer must hold him at arm's length with accounts of her mistress's suffering condition until his feelings be sufficiently worked upon. "And then," says Rosie, "I shall take care, you may be sure, to put everything before him in a light as little wounding to his own vanity as possible. My engagement, fortunately, has never been actually given out, and I know, when I have him alone, I can say many things that will soften the blow to him. Poor, poor Stanley! Ah, if I could only persuade him to return quietly to England by this evening's express! Roger need never know more about the visit than I choose to let him know, and—"

(To be Continued).

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Desperate Encounter Between Maddened Bulls on the Edge of a Precipice.

Thomas S. Moore, a well-known and substantial citizen of Garrard county, Mo., tells a graphic story of a desperate encounter that occurred on the crest of a knob in his neighborhood several days ago between a couple of enraged bulls, in which both were killed. The animals had wandered to these heights, and, upon sighting each other, at once engaged in a duel to the death. Those unacquainted with the instincts of such creatures cannot easily imagine what extreme ferocity they sometimes display. In speaking of the incident Mr. Moore said:

"Being interested in the study of geology, I happened to be on the knob at the time, and was startled about 4 o'clock in the afternoon by a fearful bellowing. Looking some distance ahead, I saw the animals advancing towards each other with their noses on the ground, turning this way and that, and casting dust into the air with their forefeet. When only a few yards apart they suddenly leaped to the attack with a frightful noise and began to gore each other with frightful energy. Above the fierce and noisy trampling could be heard the grinding of their interlocked horns and the violent snorting of brutal rage. The breeze blew aside the dust, and revealed the tigerish character of the onset, as with wide-set limbs and tails curling in the air, they charged again, stabbing with their pointed horns. Tiny streams of blood shot down their necks and sides, while their distended nostrils emitted a reddish foam. The prodigious strength of these magnificent animals thus brought into activity afforded a spectacle both tumultuous and thrilling. The exertion of the encounter, added to the pain of each newly inflicted wound, inflamed their combative spirit to the pitch of tempestuous fury. One of the bulls, following up a temporary advantage, plunged his horns into the chest of his antagonist, and, with a quick upward jerk of the head, ripped open the flesh to a depth of several inches, while from this gaping wound jets of arterial blood began to spurt. In a towering passion and with gleaming eyeballs, charging furiously upon his adversary, the wounded bull drove his horns into its abdomen, making a horrible opening, through which the entrails gushed. The impetuous and stormy nature of the contest had carried the combatants to the verge of the cliff, but, blind with deadly fury, they saw no danger. Each mortally wounded and weakening momentarily from profuse loss of blood, waged the battle with that fiendish desperation shown only in wounded animals. It was evident, however, that a crisis was near at hand. The situation had resolved itself into the grim condition of the death struggle. With lowered heads they backed away a few yards, defiant, implacable and again collided with a force that seemed to split their very skulls. This terrific shock staggered the bull with the chest wound and forced his eyeballs from their sockets. He suddenly plunged forward to his knees on the brink of the precipice, and remaining in a quivering stupor, with his open mouth burrowing in the dust. The other, tottering and covered with blood, but still terrible in his weakness, charged heavily upon his kneeling and senseless foe, struck him in the flank with the force of a ponderous projectile and hurled him headlong over the precipice. The body executed a somersault in midair, fell with a noisy crash through the tree tops upon the rocks below, where it was subsequently preyed upon by vultures. The remaining bull seemed to realize in a stupid way the danger to which he himself was exposed. He drew back from the brink over which his hideous muzzle had been momentarily thrust, and with his entrails trailing on the ground, staggered a little distance off, fell prone to the ground, rolled over on his side, shivered a moment and then lay still in the embrace of death. The battle lasted nearly an hour, and in point of sanguinary details and tragic horror has no parallel within the limits of my recollection."

Diphtheria Carried by a Turkey.

A fowl with diphtheria was brought to the house of a veterinary surgeon on April 24th and died on the 29th. The feeding and nursing of the bird devolved on a lad aged 14, who was assisted by his brother, aged 5. On the evening of May 11th the writer was called to see the little boy of 5, who had been poorly for a day or two. He had enlarged cervical glands on the left side, which had come on rapidly. He was a delicate little fellow, with fair hair and anæmic aspect. The fauces were more or less covered with diphtheric membrane, the left tonsil more especially. Under the administration of biniodide of mercury and iron the throat symptoms cleared up and the child made a good recovery. On the day after this case was first seen the boy who fed the fowl was feverish and had similar patches over his fauces, but not to the same extent as his brother. A sister, aged 9, had also a similar explosion on the fauces. On the 18th the mother, who nursed them, was attacked, and was similarly treated. They were all kept well up with beef tea and stimulants.—*British Medical Journal.*

The New President and His Wife.

Notwithstanding the result of the election Mrs. Cleveland's photographs sell as well as ever. Mrs. Harrison doesn't like to have her pictures placed on sale, and none are to be had.

President-elect Harrison was walking down to his office one afternoon of last week just as the Public Schools were dismissed, when an enthusiastic boy dashed up to him and exclaimed, "Oh, General, ain't you glad!"

Rev. W. T. Turner, Methodist pastor at Harrow, Ont., died suddenly the other day.

Office boy (to editor)—There's a mad old gent outside, sir, what wants to see you. Editor—Did he say what he wanted? Office boy—Yessir; he said that you printed a poem that his son writ, an' he says he'll have satisfaction or go to a hosspital.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle, and he rushed into the house to inquire:

"I suppose you've gone and done it again?"

"What?"

"Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave."

"I hadn't anything to do with her leaving."

"Then who had? She looked heart-broken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing! She got a letter this morning from her aunt in Canada, telling her that she had been left $5,000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful!"

"Humph! And didn't you put too much work on her?"

"No."

"Nor make her feel her position?"

"No. Her position was in the parlor about half the time."

"Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Everything will be upset now for a week, I suppose."

"Oh, no. You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you will?" Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to destruction, you want a rub at me! I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"

He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired what for he said:

"What for? Why the child and I have got to have something to eat haven't we, and who's to cook it if I don't take hold?"

"I can cook."

"Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter my kitchen and prevent my child from feeling the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't."

"But I will! I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the northwest end of last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long, Mrs. Bowser. I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve the life of my child."

"Shan't I help you get supper?"

"Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bowser, put your feet on the lounge, get a cud of gum in your mouth, and sit and chew and chew, and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that.

When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the tea-kettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the ice-box and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which we had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel gave it a wipe and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak and soon had it a-sizzling. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got down the dish pan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make us a cup of tea and we'll get along."

"Mrs Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no half way work with me," he replied with great frigidity. "You can afford to neglect the comfort of this family, but I cannot. Please return to your gum-arabic or novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, slashed off half a pound of butter and stirred it in, and then remembered the baking powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box, and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulder blades, flour on his hair, and baking powder in his hind pocket I do not know, but it was probably while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't trifle with the mixing-board, but used the spot where he had pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall to the floor three different times with a dull thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a tea cup, and presently the oven door shut on his tins. He had just forty biscuit.

By this time the steak had burned black on both sides, and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea. To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he summoned me to the banquet. He had the table-cloth on criss-cross, the butter on a pie plate, the cake in the cheese-dish and his beefsteak was placed in the centre of the table on a pie tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked as I sat down.

"Oh, no. You have done splendidly."

"I am aware of it. This table has never looked so homelike before."

His biscuits were raw in the middle, white top and bottom were so wonderfully and fearfully made that I had to laugh.

"The biscuit, you can't beat 'em. Wait till you taste one!"

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down and pretended to enjoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak, Mr. Bowser," I said as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself."

"I don't think it is properly cooked."

"Well, I do! If that isn't a nice steak then we never had one in this house."

He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed everything together in the flour pan, wiped on whatever he could find loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again. That night after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get, Mr. Bowser was taken with chills and colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the beef and the biscuit he said:

"Mr. Bowser, if you hadn't the stomach of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago. You'd better quit this sort of nonsense if you want to live the year out."

And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bowser turned on me with:

"Don't expect me to shield you again! Your jealousy prompted you to put poison into that flour while I was down cellar! If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DOLLAR DINNER.

The First Offering in Competition for a Hundred Dollar Prize.

The New York *Press* prints the following as the first offering in competition for the best menu for a $1 dinner:

BILL OF FARE.

Meat: Roast leg of mutton. Vegetables, mashed potatoes, creamed onions. Dessert, rice balls with soft custard.

Cost—mutton, 4 pounds, 60 cents; potatoes, 1 quart, 7 cents; onions, 6 cents; bread, 5 cents a loaf; rice balls and custard, 22 cents. Total, $1.

Preparation—No good housekeeper need be told how to roast a leg of mutton or how to mash potatoes. For creamed onions boil half a dozen onions in three quarts of water one hour; pour off the water, cut the onions into small pieces, season with salt and pepper, serve with cream sauce.

To make sauce boil half a pint of milk; take one tablespoonful of butter and half a tablespoonful of flour; rub the mixture to a cream and stir the cream into the boiling milk. Stir until the sauce is smooth, and pour over the onions.

To make the dessert, soak a cup of rice in cold water one hour; pour off the water and add two cups of milk; then cook one hour. When cooked add a little salt.

Dip small custard cups into cold water and fill them with the rice and set away until cold. When ready to serve turn the rice balls on a flat dish and put a little currant jelly on top of each.

For custard put one pint of milk into a double boiler, mix one tablespoonful of corn starch with half a cup of cold milk; when the milk begins to boil stir in the corn starch and cold milk and cook ten minutes. Meanwhile beat four eggs with half a cup of sugar. After pouring the boiling mixture over the eggs and sugar cook the custard five minutes, stirring it all the time. Remove from the fire and add a little salt and a large teaspoonful of lemon extract; allow the custard to cool; pour over rice balls and serve.

Little Pick-Ups, Droll and Odd.

A grandmother only 25 years old is the chief curio in Hancock, Ind.

A man out West was acquitted of stealing sausages because a link was wanting.

Ann Arbor, Mich., claims the honor of originating the "He's all right" yell. It has been known for many years among college men there.

Willard Perkins, of Waterbury, Conn., has received the trophy annually given to the heaviest member of the Fat Men's Association of the State. Mr. Perkins weighs 452 pounds.

A Michigan man who decided to settle in Jasper, Ala., shipped his goods there by rail and then, with his wife and two children, drove the whole distance—1,000 miles. They had a splendid time.

A Maine genius has discovered that spruce sawdust is an excellent substitute for sand in making common mortar for plastering houses. He has used it making a house in Greenville, and other masons in the State are experimenting with it.

Under the laws of France a person reported dead by a legal official must remain dead, no matter how much he may come to life. If he wish to live he must take some other name.

A man at Laramie laughed at an Indian who slipped down on the street five years ago, and the other day the red man came around and stabbed him in the back as a reward.

Rev. Dr. Talmage says that General Harrison has daily family prayers at his home, and that few laymen can deliver more devout or impressive prayers in household worship than he does. He will maintain the same habit at the White House.

It is a piece of astronomical luck that, as viewed from California, the eclipse of the sun in January will be total. This will give the great Lick telescope a notable opportunity of usefulness—always provided that the day shall not be cloudy.

Sign Your Name Legibly.

If there is one man who deserves to be hanged without benefit of the clergy it is the one who sends you a letter, requesting a reply, and signs his name with such a combination of insane flourishes that the prince of darkness wouldn't be able to read it. This man will frequently write very plainly from the beginning of a letter to the end, and then, taking it for granted that you are perfectly familiar with his name, get up on the pen and ride it all over the bottom of the page, under the impression that he is appending his signature. A murrain on him and all his scurvy kind. —*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

How Germans Do It.

Theatre-goer to his neighbor—See how I make that lady in front take her hat off.

Neighbor—Bet you don't.

Theatre-goer (aside)—Done. (Aloud) What charming hair that lady has!

The lady removes her hat.—*Ulk.*

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR says that during 17 years' service as member of Parliament he came in contact with the most eminent medical men of England, and he put the question to most of them: "Did you, in your extensive practice, ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions they answered "No."

DISEASE IN THE COUNTRY

Caused by Sanitary Carelessness—Dr. Lucy M. Hall's Observations.

A New Yorker recently took a drive of some days with his wife through Vermont. One day they stopped for dinner at a pleasant country inn, situated in a beautiful little village, which from its location should be the abode of health. After dinner the New Yorker fell into conversation with the pastor of one of the village churches. It soon came out that the clergyman had previously lived for some years in one of the larger cities of New England, having been forced to abandon the charge of an important church there by impaired health, which he was here seeking to recruit. The stranger, naturally enough, asked the minister whether he thought there was more sickness or less in the village where they were talking than among people in equally good circumstances who live in our larger cities.

"I hardly know what to say," the clergyman replied. "Of course there is more disease to every thousand of the whole population in a city like New York than there is in a rural county in Vermont by reason of the great excess in the tenement house districts; but I have grave doubts whether there is as much sickness proportionally in those quarters of cities where people live in comfort and under rigorous sanitary regulations as there is in this village. Certainly there is a great deal of sickness and a number of deaths every year in a place like this, which might be prevented, and which would be prevented by the authorities in a well governed city. To mention only a single case, and this is not one to be talked about here: One of the most prominent families in this town, well to do people, living in an excellent house and presumed to be intelligent in matters of health, suffers constantly from disease. They have had typhoid fever and diphtheria, and somebody is ailing most of the time. They think it strange, but you would not. The truth is that if they lived in a city they would be hauled before the health board within twenty-four hours for violating the ordinances in letting all the waste from their kitchen flow into the yard and ooze there, polluting the air and breeding disease."

That there was nothing exceptional in the village referred to is proved by a very interesting and valuable paper which was read by Dr. Lucy M. Hall, of Brooklyn, at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association in Saratoga, upon "[illegible] Sanitary Condition of Country Homes." She had gathered the necessary data for a judgment by the examination, during her vacations, of sixty-five ordinary farmhouses in New England, the middle and the western States. She found that little care is taken as to the character of subsoil, and that over half were located on wet clay soils. In more than half the cases, also, the houses were too closely shaded, and sunlight was too much excluded from all parts of the house. In a majority of cases the cellars were found to be damp or wet. Barns and stables in New England averaged not more than fifty feet from the houses, and outhouses less than thirty feet, the water supply being undoubtedly contaminated by one or the other of these causes in a number of cases. Slops were thrown into the yard from the back door in three-quarters of the New England farmhouses examined.

Now for the result. Dr. Hall found that lung affections, diphtheria, typhoid fever and rheumatism had played sad havoc in these farmhouses. Ninety-three per cent. of the whole number in New England had a record of lung fever and diphtheria and 55 per cent. of typhoid fever. There is not a particle of doubt that the greater part of this disease was directly due to damp cellars, neglected slops or contaminated water; in other words, was preventable, ought to have been prevented, and would have been prevented if the sufferers had lived in a city with a thoroughly efficient health department.

We are glad that attention has been called to this important matter by an organization of such weight as the Social Science Association. So many city people pass a considerable part of the warm weather in the country that the danger is by no means confined to the permanent residents. One of the incidental advantages of the vacation season ought to be the spread of the fundamental principles of sanitary science among the farming population by their city visitors.

The Land of Hats.

Do any of you study geography? If you do, get your map and find Corea. That is the land of hats. If your father lived there he would have a hat to wear in the house, another out of doors, another to wear in the rain, another when he marches with the soldiers, besides several dress-up hats. His every-day out of door hat would have a crown shaped something like a top, and the brim would be as broad as the seat of your little chair. If your father had lost a friend he would put on a hat shaped like a wash bowl and it would cover his face all over. If you had three brothers, and they each owned so many hats, where would your mother keep them?—*The Little Pilgrim.*

"It's a Hextra."

At an old-fashioned hostlery in London two gentlemen were dining, when a dispute arose as to what a pineapple was. One of the diners insisted that it was a fruit. The other, with equal confidence, gave it as his opinion that a pineapple was a vegetable. A bet was made, and the friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table. "John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple—is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?" The waiter rubbed his hands, placed his head on one side, and with a pitying smile replied, "It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is a hextra."

A Husband's Fault-finding.

"Wives in these days are very negligent about their household duties," said Young-husband.

"So I have heard."

"Yes, take my own case, for example. I come home at all hours and still my wife never has the dinner ready."

The "Mrs. Andrew Carnegie," which was exhibited for the first time at the Chrysanthemum Fair in New York, has created quite a furor among the florists; $1,250 was offered and refused for the plant. It is not particularly dainty, but is very large and vigorous.

A TALE OF TWO TAYLORS.

The Dromios Outdone by Two Western Reserve Ohioans.

Judge Ezra B. Taylor, who represents the Nineteenth Ohio district in the House at Washington, recently received a letter that called up a remarkable coincidence in his life. Here is the story as told by him to a Washington *Star* reporter:

He was born in Portage county, O., sixty-five years ago, attended school with Garfield, and the two kept up a friendship in after life. When Garfield was elected to the Ohio State Senate in 1859 Judge Taylor was practicing law in the State. Shortly after Garfield took his seat Judge Taylor got a letter from him stating:

"I received your letter and will be glad to do anything I can for you. I am surprised, however, that you should desire such a position. I thought your practice was worth much more to you."

This may not be the exact language of the letter, but it was about this. Judge Taylor did not understand the letter. He wrote to Mr. Garfield telling him so, and saying that he was right in supposing his law practice was worth more than any position under the State Senate.

Shortly after that Mr. Garfield called on him and handed him a letter, asking if it were not his. He examined the letter and replied that it was certainly his handwriting and his signature, but that he had not written it, unless he had done so in his sleep, and then he pointed out that it was postmarked from another part of the State. The letter asked for the appointment of a deputy sergeant-at-arms of the State Senate, was written in the judge's handwriting and signed plainly with his signature, Ezra B. Taylor. Mr. Garfield wanted to submit the letter to an expert to pass upon the chirography. Judge Taylor said he would acknowledge that he could not tell it from his own. It was submitted to an expert, who, without hesitation, said he could take his oath to its being Judge Taylor's writing. It was a mystery they could not penetrate, and they dropped it.

Not long after the State Convention assembled. Judge Taylor was walking down the corridor of the principal hotel. There were mirrors on the walls in which he could see his reflection. As he approached the end of the corridor he thought there was another mirror directly in front of him in which he could plainly see his own face and form. He drew closer, and——No; it was not a mirror. It was a man. It was himself in flesh and blood. The two looked at each other, and it seemed as if each had lost its identity in the other. Had they turned around three times neither could have been certain he was not the other fellow. Neither spoke. They just looked at each other and passed in opposite directions. Later in the day Mr. Garfield, with the double leaning on his arm, approached Judge Taylor. He introduced them: "Mr. Taylor; Mr. Taylor. No; Mr. Ezra B. Taylor, Mr. Ezra B. Taylor."

They were the same in name, in form, in face, in age, voice, carriage, manner and general appearance. Judge Taylor was then known as Colonel. He had been named after a distinguished clergyman, Ezra Booth. The duplicate was also known as Colonel, and said he was Ezra Booth, but he did not know after whom he was named.

A few weeks ago Judge Taylor got a letter from a lady in Wisconsin stating that she had noticed the name of Ezra B. Taylor as voting against the Mills Bill; that an Ezra B. Taylor, formerly living in a certain part of New York, had been a very intimate friend of her father, who was now dead. They had, she said, lost sight of this friend soon after her father's death, and they were anxious to find him. They hoped the Representative might be he.

Judge Taylor wrote a prompt reply, stating that he had never lived in New York State, and had never heard of the lady's father; but this did not end it.

A few days ago he got another letter from the lady stating that she had been delighted, on receiving his letter, to recognize in the address the handwriting of her father's friend.

It has not yet developed whether the Ezra B. Taylor this lady seeks is the one who died or yet a third party to the drama.

But, to add another romantic feature to the case, it now appears that the Taylor this lady seeks might have reasons for concealing his identity from the family on account of some business relations with the deceased father, whom he may have owed money.

Curious Causes of Combustion.

Relative to spontaneous combustion, the fires of the year in Boston have furnished some new observations of interest. In one case, according to the *American Architect*, a quantity of feather dust in a bedding manufactory took fire without apparent reason. It was found, however, that a piece of thick glass had been lying on the feathers, and the sun's rays, concentrated in some way by the glass, had set fire to them, although the day was a cold one in the month of March. In another case, a number of tarpaulin hats were lying, packed together, in a window. The high temperature, with, perhaps, the close packing of the hats, caused them to burst into a blaze. Two other fires were caused by putting paraffine paper, such as candy is wrapped in, into a refuse barrel, which contained a little sawdust; and a third, which destroyed $20,000 worth of property, was occasioned by putting some greasy paper, which had been used to wrap lunches in, into a wooden refuse barrel, which contained some sawdust and sweepings.

Latest Northwest News.

(Winnipeg Special.)

While skating on the ice on Red River on Saturday afternoon, Walter and Percy Skead, two brothers, broke through. Walter went down before assistance arrived and Percy was rescued in an exhausted condition. Walter's body is not yet recovered.

G. C. King, Postmaster at Calgary, was severely burned about the face yesterday and will be laid up for some time.

It is probable that a large quantity of wheat will be stored in the elevators at Portage la Prairie until the completion of the Red River Valley line early next year to get the benefit of competing rates.

A verdict of not guilty was returned by the jury at Brandon in the case of Fletcher, charged with the murder of one Matheson, at Binscarth, in March last.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

An Eagle and a Game Cock Dwell Together in the Utmost Harmony.

The time may never come when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and both be on the outside, but the spectacle of a chicken and its mortal foe, the eagle, resting in cordial fellowship on the same roost comes very near expressing the idea of universal peace foreshadowed in the prophecy of the lion and the lamb. While the Robinson Fishing Club, of which John O'Neil, the well-known restaurateur, at 600 Grant street, is a member, was encamped at North East Pa. last July, two large eagles were seen in the vicinity of the camp for several days. Frank Casey shot one of them, seriously injuring its leg. It fell, and was rescued from the dogs. The bird recovered, but it remained very lame. Upon the return of the club to the city the king of birds was presented to Mr. O'Neil, who keeps it in the rear of his stable. When it first came it ate large chickens with facility and without compunction, and small ones ditto. Mr O'Neil is somewhat of a chicken fancier, and takes pride in the fine qualities of his game cocks. Last April a splendid fighting cock of the black Spanish breed was hatched. As he grew older, a large Shanghai rooster, the lord and master of the roost, intimidated him and drove him out of the family circle, so that for a long time he has held himself aloof from his kindred, roosting always by himself. About two weeks ago Mr. O'Neil discovered that the eagle was amicably sharing his roost with the cock. The result has been a strange intimacy between the two. The rooster goes for short periods during the day to look out for his provisions, but always returns soon to the society of his friend, and, all in all, he spends the greater part of his time with the latter. The eagle, on his part, seems to have entirely conquered the predilection for chickens as food, and always welcomes the return of his little companion. He has also ceased to wage war on the other fowls, and is content to lunch on three pounds of fresh meat every day. Mr. O'Neil thinks the strange friendship will only be ended when the game cock comes to a realization of the fact that the blood of heroes courses through his veins, and proceeds to lay the black Spanish rooster at death's door, and takes his rightful place at the head of the barnyard family. The rooster is a handsome, red plumaged fellow. The eagle is of the variety known as the black eagle, and measures seven feet four inches from tip to tip, weighing between fifteen and twenty pounds. He stands captivity very well. He is quite gentle at times, and at others very cross. Two noticeable facts about the eagle are that he verifies the old statement that the king of birds won't eat carrion, for he won't even touch meat that has been killed a day; and that, when he has a fowl to kill, he knocks the life out of it with his wings. *Pittsburg Dispatch.*

MONEY IN STREET MUSIC.

Profits of Hand-Organ Men and Other Itinerant Noise-Makers.

The Boston *Record* says: Sympathetic ladies who send nickels and silver pieces by a servant to the poor organ grinder who stands at their door, or who throw down to him from an upper window pennies wrapped in thick writing paper, may like to know how much a man gets in the course of a day and what he does with his money.

For the latter he does not spend more than a seventh part of it. He puts it safely away, and keeps increasing it. Sometimes he joins at night a select club of his fellow-countrymen, who gamble their pennies away in long and delicious excitement.

How much do you think he earns?

More than a carpenter, a bricklayer, a policeman, a postman, or a salesman in a store who wears gloves and a high hat. He averages four dollars a day. He labors systematically, and has his regular beat and his varied art to extract the penny from persons of each class he plays before. On an average he plays on 200 blocks a day, and it's a deucedly poor block that does not pay two cents.

The girls who are seen daily on our streets dressed in pretty Switzer or Neapolitan costumes, drawing or playing what is known as a "piano or organ on wheels," average from ten to twenty dollars a day, and as a rule they are not required to labor more than six hours a day.

The latest "wrinkle" in street music is a young woman who sings, accompanied by three swarthy sons of Italy on the harp, violin and piccolo. She has a sweet voice, dresses attractively and sings "songs that reach the heart" and pocket at the same time. She is not an Italian, as many suppose, but an English girl, who is said to be the wife of a son of the sunny peninsula. One who is acquainted with her history informed the writer that she was of first-class family, fairly educated, and of a penurious nature. For the latter reason she adopted her present mode of obtaining a living. Her income is over thirty dollars a day, from which she pays a few dollars to her accompanists. She sings on an average fifty times a day, and always in localities where many men are employed; before printing offices, manufactories, etc., and in courts and places immediate to the principal thoroughfares where street pedestrians are numerous. It is said that in a few years she intends to "cross the water" and live in quiet ease for the remainder of her life, by that time having acquired a small fortune. Old women who sit upon sidewalks playing "hurdy-gurdies" with a placard of petition about the neck, average a laboring man's wages, even in dull times.

It is an old saying that "the world owes everybody a living," and from the above it cannot but appear as a truism.

She Had Made It White as Snow.

Mr Popsy (ruefully examining his pipe)—Who has been fooling with my old meerschaum?

Mrs. Popsy (a young bride)—O, darling, it was so old and black and dirty that I put it in the kitchen fire and watched it carefully until it was burned to this lovely snow-white.

A Good Reason, Too.

It is said that in eight cases out of ten if a man gets $50,000 all of a sudden he will either go cracked in the head or make a laughing stock of himself. That's doubtless the reason why Providence keeps $50,000 away from so many of us.—*Detroit Free Press.*

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

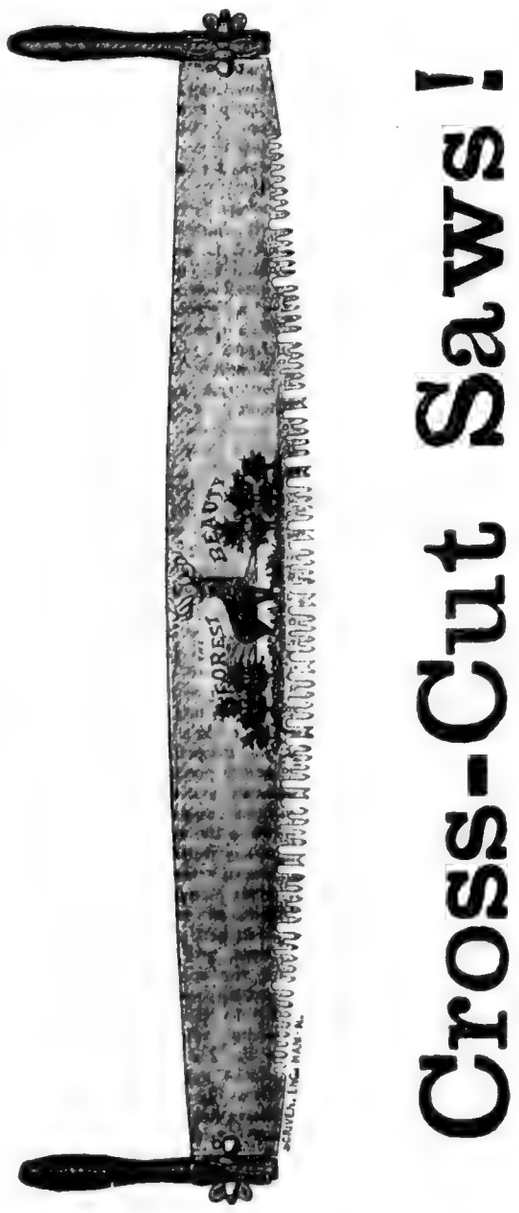

AND AXES

Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having nve gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined siller steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you Another line I would particularly call yonr attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

There is wailing in Arthur town, Joseph Reid lost a black collie pup.

The Streetsville Review removed to larger and more commodious premises.

A party of Owen Sounders came down to Markdale on Thanksgiving day and took home fifteen rabbits and several partridges.

If the Meaford Mirror uses its other exchanges as much as it does The Advance, there can be very little original matter in it. Last week it cribbed four news items from us and palmed them off as its own. How much will you pay weekly for advance proofs if we forward them to you in time for publication, Mr. Mirror?

The Durham Chronicle man does not think we rank any too high as an artist. Sorry to hear you say so, dear boy. Do you think there is any chance of us improving ourselves? Do we show any evidence of a taste for art? Could we, think you, by forty or fifty years' practice, merit a favorable criticism from the Chronicle. Art critic. Tell us, tell us quickly, for the fate of this paper no doubt rests upon your profound verdict, Mr. Mitchell!

Bro. Thurston, of the Flesherton Advance, showed considerable enterprise recently securing a good cut of the new President of the United States for the columns of his paper.—[Streetsville Review.

The question to decide is whether is the Review or Chronicle the more competent judge?

The Mt. Forest Confed. says Mr. J. Allison has decided to supply Mt. Forest with milk, and that he is selling by auction his stock and implements. We suppose he intends to generate his milk from the town pump.

Feversham.

Johnny Grey, of the 12th concession of Osprey, when at the S. A. meeting a few weeks ago, was so much charmed by a fair damsel of very promising appearance that he attempted to escort her home on horseback, but the poor quadruped, like the donkey of old, stupefied by its exceedingly uncommon burden, refused to go, and set at naught his master's commands, when the gallant was compelled to dismount his pony, tie him to a tree, and lead his girl home arm in arm. He arrived at home before dawn, however. We pity the poor quadruped.

Captain Johnston of the Salvation Army is about to be removed from this station.

Faith is not measured out to fall men alike, or Geordy and Freddy had not done that which they did. They drove to a neighboring village for two ladies, brought them to the barracks, took them home because they were too gallant too do otherwise. One cutter carried the whole party, must they not have had faith as an over grown turnip.

Mrs. E. Hall has moved from this village to take up her abode in Toronto.

Master Herd Hamilton is learning the milling business with A. J. Gordon.

Messrs. Paul Bros. are doing a rushing business in the cutter line, having no less than a round dozen all waiting for the first snow.

JIM.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✢ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.**

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✢ A Pleasant Cure.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 388. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DEC .6, 1888. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROP.

THE 12th of Dec. '88

REMEMBER!

The 12th of Dec. is the day that

Mr. P. E. Morris the great optician,

of the firm of B. LAURENCE & Co., Montreal,

—WILL BE AT—

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON.

to test eyes and fit the famous B. Laurence spectacles to all requiring them, if your eyes are weak and troublesome. This is a rare chance to

GET YOUR EYES THOROUGHLY TESTED.

COME ALL, COME EVRY ONE

IT WILL PAY YOU.

No charge for consultation.

REMEMBER, **Wed. Dec. 12, 1888**

—AT—

Russell's - Noted - Jewelry - Store,

FLESHERTON.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

General News.

Saturday the inquest into the death of Meta Cherry, at Galt, was closed, the jury returning a verdict of wilful murder against the unknown party or parties who sent the poisoned candy.

Lydia Charlton, the victim of the abortion case, died early Saturday morning.

Lord Salisbury, in his speech at Edinburgh, expressed himself in favor of woman suffrage.

Roland Gideon Israel Barnett sailed from England Saturday for Halifax in charge of a detective.

Dr. Forest, M. P. P. for L'Assomption, was unseated for bribery by agents by the court at Montreal Saturday.

The stamping and japanning departments of the McClary Manufacturing Company's works, at London, were burned Friday night. Loss, $100,000.

Rear-Admiral Simpson, of the United States Navy, died on Saturdry.

The price of wheat on the farmers' market at Toronto on Saturday was $1, the lowest figure reported for about three months.

Lord Salisbury in one of his Edinburgh speeches indicated that his Government favored the emigration of Crofters. He also commended the hanging of Riel by the Canadian Government.

A strange accident of a fatal nature is reported from Madoc. Peter Carl and Joseph Sofa were felling a large tree, which lodged in another. When they had freed it they found that it was falling towards them and tried to get out of the way. In running away Sofa fell and his axe struck Carl in the calf of the leg, severing an artery. Before a doctor had arrived Carl had bled to death. The same axe, after cutting Carl, was struck by the fallling tree and flew back and struck Sofa, cutting a big gash in his leg above the knee. Sofa is likely to recover.

The Canadian Pacific station at St. Boniface, Man., was burned Monday.

At the annual session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance Tuesday, Mr. Thos. Webster, of Brantford, was reelected Grand Worthy Patriarch.

Ex-Queen Natalie had returned all the presents which she had given to King Milan, and 1,000,000 francs has been placed to her credit in the bank of Servia.

Champion oarsman William O'Connor returned to Toronto Monday night, and 50,000 persons witnessed the procession which escorted him to the Horticultural Gardens, where he was presented with an address by Mayor Clark, a cheque for $1,000 and $300 in gold.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Teacher wanted for S. S. No. 1, Artemesia and Euphrasia. See advertisement.

Messrs Petch and Hawk are now mourning over the loss of six coon skins in the tannery fire.

Rev. Mr. Watson has built an extension to the Baptist Chapel shed, owing to a necessity for increased accommodation.

BUGGY FOR SALE. A good single buggy will be sold cheap. Wood taken in part payment. Apply to Jas. Kester, Flesherton.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.

High School entrance examinations will be held in Flesherton and Dundalk on on Wednesday, Dec. 19. Inspector Campbell will officiate in Flesherton, and Mr. Irwin in Dundalk.

Remember the I. O. O. F. entertainment in the Town Hall on Dec. 12. For program see colored bills. Come and bring everyone else.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Rev. Mr. Buggin, of Markdale, had a slight attack of appoplexy while in his pulpit on Sunday morning week. His physician recommended him to retire from the active ministry.

See J. E. Moore's new advertisemen next week, and in the meantime examine the display of Xmas goods on show at warerooms, and select some of the various bargains he is offering.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

The new station is nearing completion. It is now being painted, and when completed will be the neatest and best of its kind between Owen Sound and West Toronto. Mr. McGill, our urbane station agent, expects to remove into his new and cosy quarters about Christmas.

Beautiful fringed Christmas cards at Russell's Jewelry store, for only 15 cts.

Rev. Mr. Shilton preached on Sunday evening last from Isaiah LV., 10 and 11. His sermon was one of the most vigorous and earnest which we have yet heard from his lips, and attracted universal interest.

If you want a beautiful piece of silver-plate for a wedding or Xmas present, Russell's, Flesherton is the place to go.

The Methodist Church choir has been immensely improved of late by the addition of several new voices. The choir now numbers fifteen, and their singing on Sunday evening last was quite pleasing. May they go on improving, until they are at least equal to that of the Presbyterians.

We have never seen such a fine assortment of Christmas cards at the low prices that Russell of Flesherton has. Do not fail to see them.

Changed Hands.

The Dundalk Herald has once more changed hands, Mr. Spurr having disposed of the business to Mr. T. Hall, formerly proprietor of the paper. Mr. Hall has returned to his old love, and Mr. Spurr has not yet decided where he will pitch his tent. We hope it may be within talking distance, as we would not like to lose sight of friend Spurr altogether; and while sorry to lose him as a neighbor, we gladly welcome Mr Hall back to his old roost. While the Herald may have lost a "Spurr," it has probably made a little "Hall" by the transaction.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St. John Street, Montreal.

R. T. of T. election of officers will take place Tuesday evening next, Dec. 11th. All the members are particularly requested to be present.

A grand teameeting will be held in the Grange hall, Feversham, on Thursday, Dec. 20th. Tea from 5 to 7 p. m. Admission 25 and 12½ cents. See posters for particulars.

Have you seen the the Christmas cards and fancy goods at Russell's Jewelry store, Flesherton? If not you should go at once and you will see the finest assortment at the lowest prices in this country.

Flesherton division S. O. T., No 412, will meet on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11th, instead of Wednesday, to enable all to attend the Oddfellow's concert on Wednesday the 12th. W. Leitch, R. S.

The annual meeting of the L. C. Association of East Grey will be held at Markdale, on Friday the 14th day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of officers and other business. All are invited to attend. Wm. McLoughry, President, A. Turner, Recording Sec.

The annual teameeting in connection with the Salem S. School will be held in the church on Friday evening, Dec. 21st. The program will consist of vocal and instrumental music, dialogues, recitations and readings. Speeches will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Watt, of Eugenia, Rev. Mr Leggott, of Maxwell, and others. Tea served from 5 to 6 o'clock sharp. Admission, children 10 cents, adults 25 cts. All are cordially invited to come and spend a pleasant evening. See Bills. J. W. Benson Sec.-Treas.

Here is A Grand Opportunity.

The weekly Empire, Flesherton Advance, and a fine bust of Sir John A. Macdonald, all for the sum of $1.75. Balance of this year free. The busts will be delivered from our office.

A very large stock of the finest sewing machine oil in the world, at Russell's Jewllry store, Flesherton.

Rev. W. G. Mills Chosen.

At a congregational meeting held in the Presbyterian Church on Thursday last the Rev. D McLeod, interim moderator, presiding, for the purpose of selection of minister for the charge from the candidates who have occupied the pulpit for the last three months, Rev. W. G. Mills, B. A., of Sunderland, was the unanimous choice.

The above item was overlooked in the make up last week.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

A Bad Accident.

Particulars have reached us of a bad accident which happened to a party of three ladies, about two miles east of Eugenia. Mrs. James Stewart, 10th line, Artemasia, her mother in-law, and Miss Turner were driving along the 35th sideroad about 7 o'clock in the evening of Thursday, 22nd ult., when some portion of the harness broke in going down a hill, the rig ran upon the horse's heels, causing the animal to kick ferociously, smashing the rig to atoms and rendering the three ladies unconscious, in which position they remained on the roadside fully an hour. Miss Turner was the first to recover and managed to return home and secure assistance, although she was scarcely able to articulate. Mr. Turner had Mrs. Stewart, jr. and sr., conveyed home, where the latter lies in a critical condition and being an old lady her chances of recovery are small. Mrs. Stewart, jr., and Miss Turner are recovering. The escape of the whole party from death was remarkable.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

Best quality yarn for 45 cents per lb., ready scoured, at the Flesherton woollen mills.

Mr. Richardson's letter is held over until next week.

All parties indebted to the Flesherton woollen mills, will please call and settle before the 20th inst.

The editor of this paper is somewhat of a sportsman. He bagged three rabbits and three partridges on Friday after last. Partridge soup and partridge soup and [illegible]

The promenade concert in aid of the East Grey public [illegible] to-day at [illegible] the first [illegible] have been held.

Mr. Wm. Clarke, who [illegible] by a fall at Mrs Lace's, is able to be around once more.

Heaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

On Monday morning, the 11th inst Mr J. Stephens, who had been ailing for some years past, passed away to that home from which no traveller returns to give an account of his journey. He has left a wife and five small children to mourn his loss.

Still another. On the following Sunday, the youngest child of Mr. C. Jones passed over to the same place.

Mr. John Warling lost a valuable mare last week by a kick from her mate. His loss is over $100.

Mr. J. G. Anderson is on the war path looking after the taxes for our township fathers.

Mrs. Richardson of Chatsworth is here on a visit to her friend.

Mrs. C. Pritchard had a wood bee last week. It was the first of the season.

SACRIFICE SALE

TILL JAN. 1st, 1889

10½ PER CENT. off all sales of WATCHES and CLOCKS or ONE SIXTH off marked price.

20 per cent. off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS do. do.

25 per cent off general lines JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

Markdale is the only place this section where you can CLOSE COMPETITION PRICES.

It will pay you to drive here, as you can find a large stock to choose from at cut figures.

CALL THIS MONTH!

If you never have before,

—AND—

Test This Statement!

that I have a very fine stock at

Bed Rock Prices!

Discounts considered. Fine repairing receives general attention.

JEWELER and OPTICIAN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

A Pretty Good World.

This world's a pretty good sort of world,
Taking it all together,
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather,
There are friends to love, and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache, for those who make
The best of the situation.

The sun and rain ripen corn and grain
[illegible]
And truth shines white and clear, despite
The blackness of fraud and treason ;
There's plenty of work for busy hands,
A love to lighten labor,
And [illegible] for you and me to do
[illegible]

There are quiet nooks for lovers of [illegible]
[illegible] in happy union
[illegible] retreats from the [illegible]
[illegible] sweet communion
And there's a spot where the sun shines [illegible]
[illegible] always a lamp to light it ;
And if there's a wrong, we know [illegible]
That the God above will right it.

[illegible] for us to make a fuss
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For the world's a pretty good sort of world
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] better.

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"And altogether [illegible] two three falsehoods [illegible] Belinda, [illegible] myself [illegible] on her [illegible] falsehoods and deceits [illegible] Why have [illegible] of them. Why not go straight [illegible] take its [illegible]

"When you [illegible] older, child, when you have [illegible] the jealousies of the [illegible] I have you will know that [illegible] straight, as you call it, does not answer. Gentlemen like being deceived if the deceit saves them from undergoing anything disagreeable, and those women who know how to deceive gracefully gracefully, mind, are always the most popular."

At the door of the hotel Belinda finds Roger trying, with rather poor success, to look sympathetic while Spencer holds forth to him respecting her mistress's headache. As the comedy proceeds, an Englishman, tall, of military cut, but with the unmistakable air about him of a man at odds with fortune (Colonel Drewe must surely have fallen in the world of late), peeps through the trellice of vine and jessamine that overshadows the salle a manger window close at hand, and listens. He shifts about a little ; he turns red ; gets one good stare at the handsome, unconscious face of his rival, then draws back—draws back, but—alas for military honor that I must confess it—listens still!

"And so Rosie cannot go with us," says Roger.

"Rosie! He calls her Rosie!" The unseen takes out his pocket handkerchief and wipes his forehead.

"Belinda, what must we do? Put off the excursion till another day—"

"Mrs. O'Shea begs you would not on any account do that, Captain Temple," says Spencer. "It is one of her little headaches, you know, sir."

"Oh, he knows, does he?" thinks the gentleman behind the vines and jessamine.

"I'm afraid Mrs. O'Shea and you were out too late last night, Captain Temple. Mrs. O'Shea complained of her head before retiring."

Roger again does his best to look contrite, and again fails signally. "If Rose really wishes us to go, Belinda? Rosie is so unselfish—never likes other people to be disappointed—perhaps we had better be guided by her. We shall be a nice little party of three, you and Miss Burke and myself."

"And Mr. Jones," adds Belinda. What on earth should make Colonel Drewe start so oddly at the sound of the girl's voice. "Don't forget that Mr. Jones has come back from the mountains."

"Jones—ah, to be sure, Jones," says Roger in an altered tone. "On second thoughts, I don't know that I have courage enough for the expedition. If Miss Burke were to get me alone among the ruins and begin to argue about the suffrage, I might become a convert to the Women of the Future before I knew where I was. It will be safer for me to remain behind."

Belinda turns away abruptly. "Amuse yourself well, Captain Temple," she cries, looking back at him across her shoulder. "Mr. Jones is not going to Spain at all; in another hour Mr. Jones will be on his road to England ; but never mind, Burke and I will have an improving day by ourselves. Good-bye. I have not a moment to lose."

Her slip of a figure trips away out of the court yard, and before she has progressed a dozen steps Roger Temple has joined her—is on his way to Spain, his terror of Miss Burke and of her doctrines, it would appear, suddenly overcome. Spencer watches them curiously. Whatever other personage in a love plot remains blind to the truth, be sure that the lady's maid is never long unenlightened. Spencer watches them, drawing inferences of her own as to the future happiness of Captain Temple and her mistress. The stranger, from behind his cover of vines and jessamine, watches them also.

Belinda feels in a dream, still a dream that is no longer one of pain. Her child's life has been spoiled for her, 'tis true ; and all the future's gold is for Rose, not her. But she, not Rose, is with Roger now. Their excursion into Spain will last some six or seven hours—six or seven hours to be got out of a lifetime of separation! Her hand is upon Roger's arm—he insists that she needs his help to get her through the crowd—and his eyes are telling her that she is fair ; and her foolish heart beats with pleasure ; and she wants nothing on the whole wide earth but what the moment gives her!

Propriety, in the shape of Miss Burke, overtakes them at the railway station. They get their tickets for Hendaye, the last town this side the frontier, and in another quarter of an hour are walking, as well as the scorching, breathless heat will allow them, along the banks of the Bidassoa. Here, advised of Murray, their plan is to take the boat for Fontarabia. Fontarabia, that looks but a stone's throw distant, across the quivering expanse of harbor mud. But man and Murray may propose, fate finishes. They get into one of the unwieldy flat bottomed boats that ply between France and Spain, assured by the scarlet-skirted boatman, in patois, only understood of Belinda, that there will be water enough to carry them to Fontarabia this tide, and rather more than half way across run aground. The boatmen shove, swear, smile. When a Spaniard smiles you may know that your hour has come. "What is to be done? Ah, God knows. This, then, is to be done, as their excellencies insist upon an answer. Either they will remain where they are some small three quarters of an hour and walk ashore on their own legs, or be carried thither in the boatmen's arms, now ; or they can wait, a matter of several hours, for the return of the tide. Their excellencies will have the condescension to decide." Meanwhile the boatmen take out each a little roll of paper, and prepare with the most dignified good breeding imaginable, to fold their midday *cigarettes*.

"I vote for being carried ashore at once," cries Belinda. "Propriety, ma'am! What does that matter? I would rather be improper than have sunstroke any day."

"And I," says Miss Burke, "would sooner perish than be encircled by the arms of those men, of any men. I will never quit this boat living, save on my own feet."

And not by one hair's breadth can she be made to swerve from her principles. She will wait till the tide is so far ebbed that she may walk ashore across the mud ; will wait, if need be, till nightfall ; will risk the danger of sunstroke, to the profanation of a man's, although but a red-skinned boatman's arms; the Woman of the Future will never bring hers [illegible] to submit.

"[illegible] the [illegible] says Roger [illegible] if [illegible] there [illegible] her [illegible] mind. Miss Burke, perhaps the [illegible] would [illegible] for Belinda and me to [illegible] as we can, look out for a hotel, order [illegible] and so on. This will [illegible] more [illegible] seeing Fontarabia aft[illegible]ward, and—"

"Leave me, I beg, sir," says Miss Burke, putting up her umbrella sternly, "but without compliments. Miss O'Shea, I must ask you to dispose of your day entirely without reference to me. Settle with the boatmen? No, I thank you." Roger, enslaved by old world superstitions as to woman's helplessness, having at this point weakly taken out his purse. "I will settle with them when they have fulfilled their engagement, when I find myself safe on land, not before."

So the matter is settled. One of the men lifts Belinda from the boat, about as easily as a child lifts a kitten, then wades, bearing her in his arms, through the shallow water. Captain Temple is conveyed on the stout shoulders of the other. A couple of minutes later they are ashore on Spanish soil and alone.

"And now, Senora Lagrimas," says Roger, "what just cause or impediment should hinder you and I from going on to the Alhambra?"

The question is a jest, of course. Unfortunately, just as Roger puts it, Belinda's eyes meet his in one long, wistful, sorrowful look—then droop abashed. And the story is told.

As it is told in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, reader, the unbidden eloquence of look, or tone or touch, making itself felt before the lips have ventured on the colder expedient of speech. Well the intervening space of time that follows, be it of months or minutes, is, I take it, about the most ambrosial of all love's calendar, especially of love that shall never know its earthly end, to which the present is all in all.

They explore the sights of Fontarabia as conscientiously as though they were some prosaic couple whose romance had begun with money considerations, was now yawning itself into extinction throughout a wedding tour. They visit the ramparts, still lying in blackened ruins, as British gunpowder left them. They look down on the classic Three Fords, the scene of that wild night struggle when the Duke won the passage of the Bidassoa, inch by inch, from old Soult. By and by they saunter up to the church through the high street of the town. But they forgot two things ; to search for a hotel or to order dinner. They also forgot the existence of Miss Burke.

The church takes them more than an hour to walk round. Nothing remarkable in the way of art has Fontarabia's parish church to show; the gilded saints and virgins, the windows, the relics, are precisely like all others of their kind. They linger, side by side, silent, not meeting each other's eyes. Heaven knows what thoughts filling the hearts of each. At length the organ begins to play a dreamy set of waltzes, followed by an air from one of Verdi's operas. A sleepy-looking priest saunters down the aisle, putting on his gown as he goes, a sleepy looking chorister boy with incense burner and book saunters behind. And then in lounges a christening party, everybody gossiping and laughing, with that frank familiarity toward mother Church that characterizes the whole most Catholic nation. Belinda and Roger make their escape through a side door, left open by the drowsy eyed priest, and which leads down five or six breakneck stairs, into the sacristy.

The sacristy is old, older by centuries than the main body of the church, and is filled with vests, stoles, canopies, dilapidated Beatas and other ecclesiastical property of that nature. The air is redolent of stale incense, mustiness, and garlic—what place in Spain is not redolent of garlic? How if they were to open a window, afford other pagan lungs a little more of Heaven's pure air and a little less of the manufactured odor of sanctity? They open one and discover a balcony, or mural terrace, about twelve feet in length, exquisitely cool, sunless, and siesta inviting, and with the whole panorama of town, river mouth, and harbor outstretched beneath.

"Perhaps from this height we shall be able to see Miss Burke about somewhere," cries Belinda, tardily conscience-stricken.

Remark the cruelty of fate, the pertinacity of that unspiritual god, Circumstance. In the streets, upon the ramparts, guarded at every step they took by an attendant mob of beggar children, they were safe, comparatively. And then the christening drives them into the sacristy, and garlic and stale incense drive them out upon the balcony, where they are as [illegible] each alone as they were on that first evening when "Lagrimas" sang her student song under the stars, and then, and then

"Belinda," says Roger Temple, somewhat irrelevantly, "don't speak of Miss Burke, child, until the subject is forced upon us. There is something you have omitted to explain to me, and this is a good moment to have it out. Mr. Jones has gone—my profound gratitude go with him—but why? What sent Mr. Jones away?"

"I'm sure I don't know ; that is, of course, I know," answered Belinda, lucidly. "Mr. Jones went—well, because he found there was no good in his remaining any longer."

"I see. You have behaved badly to him, Belinda, confess it! Four days ago your dearest hope in life was to possess the Jones' diamonds. Don't you remember what you said that first evening of our acquaintance, the evening when Senora Lagrimas promised to show me the Alhambra?"

She turns away quickly, yet not so quickly but that Roger can mark the conscious reddening of her cheek. "I behaved badly to him, I know, and to myself too ; badly from beginning to end. It makes me ashamed when I think of it. But now—oh, I have grown old and wise suddenly. It seems quite a year since you and Rose first came to St. Jean de Luz."

"I am sorry we have made your time hang so heavily."

No answer. Though they are only talking of Augustus Jones and his diamonds—talking as they might do if Rose or Miss Burke stood by, instinct tells Belinda what supreme moment hurries on apace. And her heart is beating so that she can hear its beats. If her life depended on it she could not lift her eyes to Roger's!

"However, you will be rid of us soon. Spencer is not amusing herself, it seems, and Rose says she dare not stay more than two days longer. Don't quite forget us when—Belinda, oh, my darling!"

And with this all is over. The tears are raining down her cheeks, and Roger Temple has taken her hands in his and spoken words such as he never, no, not ever in that unlawful whisper beside the Loppepoint [illegible], spoke to Rose.

"I have been so miserable," she stammers, after poor little confession, presently, "miserable, hopeless, happy [illegible] at [illegible]. Don't think badly, don't think altogether badly of me, sir, and never, never, never tell Rose!"

"Think badly of you, Belinda, child! That is the cruelest stab. What, in God's name, do you suppose I think of myself?"

"And you will never tell Rose?—I mean when you are far away, and all this is like a dream? You will never tell Rose, and you will not blame me more than you can help, when you think of me."

"Blame you, my dearest!" And Roger draws her, shrinking, trembling, with a rapture that is half joy, half fear, to his breast.

The organ plays on and on within the church, and the priest's voice drones out the christening service, and down beneath, on the shore, the fisher children are calling to each other, and far off ebbs and falls the Atlantic. Belinda knows not whether the soul is last a minute or an hour. To human hearts in intense pain, the arbitrary divisions of time exist not. Roger loves her, Roger loves her, and she is with him—her hand clasped in his, his breath upon her cheek, his whispers——

"Montrez moi les robes de pretre," cries a voice in rasping tourist French. "Quand j'ai vu je paie, vas t'en."

And into the sacristy, note book in hand, stalks Miss Burke, her sharp little point of a nose crimsoned by the sun, her boots thick with unsavory harbor mud. A dirty small boy in a dirtier surplice, one of the functionaries of the church, attends her.

Belinda and Captain Temple come in at once from the balcony. Belinda, to whom, as we know, the small change falsehoods of conventionality are not familiar, hangs her head and is silent. Roger has the extraordinary assurance to express his satisfaction at the meeting, and to add—Miss Burke watching his face, I blush for him as I write it—that they were "looking for her."

"So I perceive," says the lady curtly. "Looking for me among the idolatries of a Popish church! May I inquire whether you have also looked for a hotel and ordered dinner? I believe, I believe, Captain Temple, it was for that purpose that you left me alone in the boat."

"Well, I—I—the fact is, I don't know that we came across any hotel," says Roger, with an air of penitence. "But if you and Belinda will remain here, I——"

"I have found a hotel, and have ordered dinner," says Miss Burke. "When a gentleman," with a northern emphasis on the word, "when a gentleman happens to belong to my party, I invariably take care to see to all practical matters myself. Lucky I am accustomed to independence."

She turns tartly away, and with the help of her small cicerone proceeds to overhaul the "idolatries" of the place ; the vestments, embroidered by loving, foolish fingers in many a distant convent cell, our Lady of Delight, our Lady of Pain—all are viewed in the same cold, business spirit by the Woman of the Future, and catalogued in the irrepressible note book for literary use.

Belinda keeps studiously by her side, and far away from Roger. The sound of Miss Burke's voice, the expression of Miss Burke's eye, have brought the poor child back roughly from Elysium to the world in fact. Five minutes ago she was in her lover's arms, happy to the verge of pain, uncalculating of the future, unconscious of either innocence or guilt. He is Captain Temple, Rose's affianced husband, now, and she is divided from him on, forever, and evermore. That caress was their first and last. The delight that, beat out thin, is made to extend over thirty or forty years of some women's lives, has lasted for her as long as a kiss lasts—no more.

They eat their dinner of strange herbs, garlic predominant, at the one modest posada the town possesses; drink their coffee, or what the innkeeper writes in his bill as coffee, in the street, the whole population, lay and clerical, of Fontarabia looking on ; then the quick Southern night falls suddenly on the plain and mountains, and they must prepare to return. Belinda's promised six hours of happiness are all but spent. All but—how many a fateful turning in one's life is encompassed by those two short words!

Miss Burke insists that she, and she alone, shall make the bargain for the carriage. "Captain Temple undertook to arrange for us about the boat," she remarks. "If we wish to get back to France to-night, the business part of the matter had better now be left to me. It requires moral courage to hold one's own with these shilly-shally, false tongued Spaniards, and gentlemen as a rule are not possessed of moral courage. I am."

As the sequel proves. After half an hour's hot contest, Miss Burke has succeeded in beating the cochero down to the very lowest fraction for which mortal souls may be conveyed across the frontier to St. Jean de Luz; the fruits of her moral courage being the oldest, craziest carriage that Fontarabia can produce, with a horse gaunt and shadowy as ever came from Dore's pencil in his illustration of Don Quixote.

And here again, mark one of these results of hidden causes which we are pleased to call fate. Had Miss Burke ordered any decent, Christian pattern of conveyance, with cattle to match, they had all remained decorously in each other's society throughout the journey; no further whisper, or ghost of a whisper, between Roger and Belinda possible. But this cranky vehicle is so heavy, the horse so weak, that long before they reach the frontier bridge at Irun, they are going at snail's pace ; by the time they commence the ascent of Behobia they have come to a dead lock. The driver descends from his box ; swears fearfully in Spanish, French, Basque ; cracks his whip, applies his shoulder, or goes through the pantomime of applying it to the wheel. In vain. Not a step further can poor Rosinante stir. Their highnesses, these ladies and the gentleman, must make the ascent on foot if they would reach St. Jean tonight. No help for it. The horse was one of the best horses in Spain in his day, but what will you have? to every pig comes Martinmas—his day is past. If their highnesses had only consented to hire a pair.

Roger and Belinda jump out at once; Miss Burke refuses to move, again on principle. The man undertook to drive her from Fontarabia to St. Jean de Luz, and he shall hold to his bargain, if he take the whole night about it.

So "fate" has her way. On goes the cranky carriage; on go the swearing driver and the high souled Burke. Belinda and Roger are left alone once more. Alone, but how far more cruelly divided, how infinitely nearer than when they loitered beside the altars of the old church at Fontarabia. Now has come the moment of temptation in earnest. They have but to turn their faces and the road to the Alhambra lies straight as road can lie before them. And in the heart of each is the memory of a kiss!

CHAPTER X I.

"BOHEMIAN HONOR."

"Take my arm, Belinda. The way is steep."

The way is steep, the loneliness profound. Upon one side stretches forth the Atlantic, silent at this hour, and motionless as any little mountain tarn ; upon the other are wild sierras and rocky defiles of the Pass. Behind them—the lights from a score of scattered villages gleaming through the dusk—lies Spain, the land of dreams, the land which even prosaic middle age cannot quit without a sigh.

"And we have not seen the Alhambra after all," says Roger, some minutes later. She took his arm, as he bade her; her hand has become clasped, who knows how? in his, and she does not seek to draw it away. "Correctness," the outwork of weakness, so prudently born of knowledge, is to Belinda's Arab soul unknown. She is only honest as yet.

"No, we have not seen the Alhambra," in rather a shaky voice comes her answer, "and we are not likely to see it together, at all events."

"Six short hours in Spain, and four of those spent with Miss Burke! Now what can be the use of people like Miss Burke?" speculates Roger philosophically. "I suppose one ought to accept them without questioning, like heat or electricity, or any other irreducible phenomena. They exist, and that is as much as will ever be known about them."

"I dare say I shall know enough about Burke before I have done with her," remarks Belinda.

"You—you are not going to live with Miss Burke any longer?" says Roger, hurriedly, and by no means calculating into what imprudence he will be betrayed next.

"I don't see what I should gain by leaving her, sir. We are accustomed, at least, to hating each other! I might be worse off among strangers."

"Belinda," stopping short and looking down into her face, "what is the use of talking or pretending to talk like this? As if either of us could forget! You to spend the best years of your youth with Miss Burke, and I—great heavens! the thing is a mockery! But it is not too late, my darling, it is not too late. We may draw back yet."

There are few men who make love really well, as regards eloquence of speech ; ardent emotion and rounded periods seldom going hand in hand, save in very highest regions of melodrama. But language that in black and white reads trite enough may easily be alchemized into poetry of a glorious summer night, in a mountain sierra, with the stars shining overhead, and an uncritical heart of seventeen beating time to all you say.

"I don't want to draw back," says Belinda, misunderstanding him. "All this has come upon me—I scarce know how—come upon me whether I wished it or not. But if I could, I would not draw back now, for I shall have been happy."

Roger folds her to him in a quick embrace. "And we shall be separated no more, my child," he whispers. "Why it would be monstrous for the happiness of our lives—of all our lives—to be sacrificed for mere want of courage to speak. We shall be separated no more."

"Never separated," repeats Belinda, half impatiently. "We shall be separated forever, sir, and you know it! Separated a thousand times more than if you were going to marry a stranger."

"Marry! Don't talk of my marrying. I can never marry any one but——"

The words are spoken under Roger Temple's breath, but they fall, with clearness such as human speech never possessed for her before, on Belinda's ear. She turns deadly white ; even with this mask of night upon her face, Roger can see her change color. She breaks from his embrace.

"Tell me what you mean outright, Captain Temple. Say what you have to say plainly. You do not consider yourself bound, then, to marry Rose?"

And thus Roger is forced upon the very horns of the dilemma. Easy to suggest a possible dereliction from duty, by sign or whisper ; horribly hard to put into language with the honestest pair of child's eyes in the world looking straight into one's weak, troubled soul. "He had made an egregious error." Something to this effect does he at length contrive to answer her. "During the past dozen years or more he had mistaken a sentiment for passion, and Rosie, poor Rosie, it may be, had mistaken too. But Rose must be appealed to—the happiness of all their lives left in her hands."

"Captain Temple, let us understand each other," she cries, lifting her eyes, with piercing earnestness, to his face. "After a dozen years' fidelity, you love Rose no longer, it seems—are ready to throw her and your fidelity to the winds, and for my sake! Well, now, if this indeed is truth, not flattery, carry it into effect without delay. If we mean to commit a dishonest action, let us get it over at once, and without the treachery of soft words—appealing to poor Rose's generosity, leaving the happiness of all our lives in poor Rosie's hands—bah! I, at least, am not made of such mawkish stuff!"

"Belinda, child. Great heaven! if you knew——"

"Over away there, sir, not a couple of miles off, is Spain. I know every turn, every short cut through the mountains. What hinders you and me from going to the Alhambra as we planned? Miss Burke will say she left us, and Rosie, poor Rosie, must guess the rest. Are you ready?"

(To be Continued.)

Latest from Scotland.

The old woman Boyd, who is in Ayr prison under sentence of death for murdering her grandchild, has been reprieved.

A child of Gregan, Culnaigtrie, Kirkcudbrightshire, recently fell into a pot of boiling porridge and was scalded to death.

All the money required to place a monumental brass over the grave of Bruce in Dunfermline Abbey has now been subscribed.

On the [illegible]th inst. Mr. Robert Porterfield, writer, Dumbarton, fell into the river Leven and was drowned. He leaves a widow and family.

The congregation of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, has decided to call the Rev. John McNeill, of Edinburgh, to be their minister.

Mr. W. Valentine, farmer, Stonehaven, was killed the other day. While oiling the machinery of the threshing mill the wheel started and broke his neck.

A movement is on foot at Aberdeen to place a memorial stone over the grave of William R. Broomfield, the recently deceased composer of hymn tunes.

The first meeting of the new Town Council of Edinburgh was held on the 9th inst. Treasurer Boyd was elected Lord Provost ; Councillor Clapperton, Treasurer ; and the vacant Bailie's chair was awarded to Mr. Steel.

Immense shoals of salmon have been lying in the sea off Berwick, and the salmon, many of them fish of very large size, jumped solidly and incessantly, and made the surface of the water, otherwise smooth, quite turbulent.

Rev. Mr. Donaldson, of Strathaven, recently said that Christianity is judged now more by what we are doing for Christ in the world around and how we are meeting its various demands, than by the stereotyped orthodoxy of our religious opinions.

The Cumnock people have received a rude shock on hearing the report that the local Covenanters' flag, at present in the Bishop's Castle at the Glasgow Exhibition, has been sold by its possessor, Mr. Dugald McGeachin, shoemaker, Cumnock, for £50. It seems to be the prevalent notion that the flag really belongs to the town, and not to the keeper of it. "This," writes Mr. A. B. Todd, "certainly was the light in which Mr. McGeachin's father looked upon himself—the 'keeper' only of the banner ;" and this seems to be confirmed by a poem on the flag written by the late Rev. James Murray, parish minister of Cumnock, nearly thirty years ago.—*Christian Leader*.

Fresh Foreign Waifs.

"High play" is the initial news of the season from beautiful, but wicked, Monte Carlo.

The average number of dog-bitten patients at Pasteur's establishment in Paris is 100.

Scattered all over Europe are sorrowful American girls who have found titled marriages a failure.

No less than eight steamships for the trans-Atlantic trade are now in progress of building on the Clyde.

Among the permanent residents of Paris, it is said, the exiles of Russian nobility are the most noted for extravagance and prodigality of life.

Duchess Decazes, formerly Miss Singer of New York, has astonished even the Parisians by the magnificence of her equipages on the Bois.

With the beginning of the new year, it is said, many English railway companies will abandon the use of second-class carriages.

English newspapers are full of advertisements of "castles," "halls" and celebrated estates for sale or to let. This is to be regarded as one of the significant signs of the times.

Helmets Superseding Travelling Skll Caps.

The old fashioned silk travelling or skull cap, says the New York *Sun*, is fast being superseded by the English plaid double-peaked helmet. By actual count on an evening train for Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Road this week there were nine travellers wearing plaid helmets and only two with black silk head gear. The helmet covers the eyes and excludes the light if one wants to doze, while it feels and looks more like the orthodox head covering if one steps off the train at a station. On the other hand the skull cap always conveyed the idea that its wearer had pulled the lining out of his hat for temporary use.

Cannibals Live the Same Way.

Paterfamilias (at the supper-table to Mr. Thomas Catch, Susie's beau)—It is said that a Spaniard can live upon an onion and a few olives a day. It seems surprising to us, does it not?

Susie's Little Brother—Mr. Catch, know what you live on.

Mr. Catch—What, Tommy.

Little Brother—On your aunt said so.

The sale of Grattan's library has just taken place in Dublin, Ireland. There were upwards of 5,000 volumes, and Grattan, like Coleridge, was in the habit of enriching his books with marginal notes, of rare value for the generation amongst whom the intellectual riches of the great orator are being distributed.

A NEW ENGLISH GAME.

Which Is Described as Rivalling Chess In Fascination.

The inventor of the game of "naval blockade" has now invented another game called "invasion." The Boston *Herald* describes "invasion" as follows.

It is played on a specially prepared map, which is divided into a great number of small squares, and on which the Channel and the southeastern corner of England are shown. The general idea is that the English have lost command of the narrow seas, and that an enemy's invading fleet has appeared on the coast. The objects of the enemy are to effect a landing, to advance upon London and to seize the capital. The object of the British is, of course, to prevent his doing so. Britain is provided with fourteen blue counters, each of which may be supposed to represent a brigade or an army corps, and each of which, previous to the commencement of the game, must be put on a square which is assigned to it by the rules. When all the British counters are in position, they may be taken as representing bodies of troops posted at Yarmouth, Ipswich, Harwich, Southend, London, Chatham, Dover, Deal, Dungeness, Lewes, Horsham, Bognor, Portsmouth and Bournemouth respectively. Most of these places are connected with one another, and ultimately with London by arbitrary constructed lines of railway. The enemy is supplied with twelve white counters, which he may dispose anywhere at sea, provided that no counter be placed within one clear square of the British coast. Each of these counters also represents a brigade or army corps; but, until it has been moved to a square on shore, it is supposed to be on board ship and unable to deal a blow on land. White begins the game, and the players then move alternately, moving one counter one square at a time in any direction. Blue may not, however, move off England; nor may white, when once he has landed, retreat to sea. White, too, cannot land on a square which is already occupied by blue. If a blue and a white counter be in adjacent squares on the mainland, the player whose turn it is to move must capture his opponent's counter by removing it from the board and substituting his own; and if, from any cause, he fails to comply with this rule, he forfeits his offending counter. A variation in the method of moving may occur when a counter occupies a square through which there passes a line of railway. It is then entitled to be moved two squares forward and back, instead of only one, provided that it follows the line. In these circumstances it can also capture an opponent on the second square or on the first, but not at one move on both. One position on British ground is supposed to represent the Dover mouth of the completed channel tunnel. If white can occupy this without incurring immediate capture his position there becomes impregnable so long as he chooses to hold it, and, in addition, he recovers three counters, should he have already lost so many, or the first three which he may lose during the subsequent operations. White wins if he succeed in placing one of his counters on London. Blue wins if he capture all white's counters. The game is very simple and very attractive. A draughts player could learn it in five minutes. But, although it is simple, it is by no means easy to play with success. The number of combinations which may be made on either side is practically without limit. There is absolutely no room for the operation of chance, and the issue must in every case lie in the hands of the player who develops the greater amount of tactical ability. It is, therefore, a game which may easily, to some minds, become as enthusiastic as chess; and the impedimenta which are needed for playing it are so cheap and so portable that "invasion" may fairly be described as a game for all classes and for all places.

Personal Points.

Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the seven surviving members of Harvard's class of 29.

Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler says she is anxious to have "The Quick and the Dead" forgotten as soon as possible.

Four brothers were married to four sisters at Louisville yesterday. This was settling up or settling down two families at short notice. It is not said whether they drew lots for choice.

Mrs. Crawshay, of Brecon, England, has placed in the hands of William Rossetti the sum of $12,500, the income from which is to be used annually as a prize to the woman who shall pass the best examination on the writings of Byron, Keats and Shelley.

The Italians were not pleased with the manners of Emperor William of Germany. They complain that he has a brusque way of cutting his sentences short and that he mounts his horse clumsily. Then, again, he is not fond of macaroni. Altogether, he is far from the Italian's ideal of a hero.

DR. GRACE PECKHAM gave a sensible talk on nervousness, the great national complaint, in New York the other day. In the course of it she said that "Americans are always talking about their health, and declaring their nervousness. Parents say to their children: 'You mustn't do that. It will make you too nervous.' 'How nervous you are to-day!' Only a few days ago a child of 9 years had said to the lecturer, 'I am so nervous to-day that I don't know what to do.' Thus by keeping this idea constantly before the minds of children they catch the infection and become nervous before their time." We have no doubt that Dr. Grace Peckham is right, and that a great deal of the nervousness so general is directly due to this constant hunting for it and talking about it.

PLYMOUTH Church has not gone to the ruin that was predicted since Beecher's death. A recent report shows that 110 new members have joined since Dr. Abbott became the pastor, and that through his wonderful faculty for organization he has got the church machinery in better shape than it ever was before. He has set the young people of both sexes to work, and he has managed to throw labor of some kind upon almost every active member of the church, and he has done all this in such a way that the people feel it is an actual pleasure to render the assistance asked of them, for Dr. Abbott himself remains the busiest and hardest working pastor in Brooklyn.

TO BE READ AT A GLANCE.

L[illegible] of Gossip for Miss and Madame.

If it pleases your ladyships.
—*As You Like It, I, 2.*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is expected to spend the winter at Washington.

The latest bit of waggery is that the bustle has gone to join the dodo.

Mrs. Cleveland is continuing her study of French. Her teacher is a French woman.

Essie Jenyngs, the Australian actress, who is expected to throw Mary Anderson into the shade, is going to London at last.

"Coeducation is the thief of time." That's the way a Cornish man put it in speaking of the mingling of sexes as students in the college class rooms.

Rev. Dr. Dike declared at the meeting of ministers in Baltimore that in the last twenty years there have been 300,000 "broken marriages" in the States.

A friend who lately returned from a visit to Mrs. U. S. Grant in New York says that she is anxious to rent her house prior to a contemplated trip abroad next spring.

The Queen of Portugal is having a very jolly time in Spain. She and the Queen of Spain have become great friends, and Madrid society is enjoying the festivities which are only possible when two crowned women meet "to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

A Rutland (Vt.) family while eating dinner discovered a small tin box in the centre of the butter. It was opened and found to contain a "reminder to some unmarried Christian gentleman of his duty." The note was from "a girl, 18 years of age, good-looking and an excellent housekeeper."

A lady visiting Nyack, N. Y., from the City of Churches took a hot brick to bed with her on Sunday night. About midnight she was awakened by smoke, and she found the lower part of her bed on fire and her toes just touched by the flames. A loud Brooklyn scream aroused the household. The impending conflagration was extinguished, and the lady's toes were anointed with sweet oil.

Well, Why Is It?

Why is a cat's tail like the earth? It is fur to the end.

What sin is the foe-man to the door? A step farther.

What is a point of time? The middle of an hour glass.

Why is a tutor ever scotch? He is apt to be taught.

Why does an ill maid wear mittens? To keep the chaps off.

Why is a door in the potential mood? It would, or should be.

What is a board of education? The sole trustee's struggle.

What sticketh closer than a brother? A postage stamp, by gum.

Why is a traitor tied to a dog's tail like death? It's bound to occur.

Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon? He has been to sea.

What is it that will give a cold, cure a cold and pay a doctor's bill? A draught.

Why is the North Pole like an Albert whiskey manufactory? It is a secret still.

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.

Why is it dangerous to go out in spring? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistils, and the bullrush is out.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you can squeeze to get cider, and the other you can get 'sider to squeeze.

Perhaps You Know That

Under the State law of Michigan no Jew-ess can cast a vote.

One pound of seed will yield about 10,000 asparagus stalks.

The oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut, near the foot of Mount Etna. The circumference of the main trunk is 212 feet.

A toadstool will lift 340 pounds of solid weight while growing, and a common cabbage head will burst staves as thick as those used in pork barrels.

It is said that when a girl gets to be 35 she is fond of being called Daisy, if that happens to be her first name. At 16 she insists on being called Miss Smith.

Ornamenting letter and note paper by hand is becoming a very remunerative branch of industry in New York, as well as in London, Paris and Vienna.

But Was Different.

Brown—Will you be my wife, Evelyn?

Evelyn—Well, really, I — —

Brown—I must tell you I lost $100,000 in Wall street yesterday.

Evelyn—I cannot marry, Mr. ——

Brown—But I got it back again the same day (lights a cigarette with a $2 bill).

Evelyn—As I was going to say, I cannot marry, Mr. Brown, anybody except you.

A Fatal Puff.

Newspaper Man—Did you see that clever little puff I gave you this morning about your recent success in business and how well you are doing?

Potts (gloomily)—Yes, I saw it.

Newspaper Man—Well, weren't you pleased?

Potts (earnestly)—Shears, there were seven creditors at my house this morning before breakfast.

Keeping Them Quiet.

Wife (returning from church)—Why, my dear, where are the children? I don't hear a sound.

Weary husband (who has been keeping house)—I don't know and I don't care; but I think likely they are down stairs in the jelly closet.

About Smoking.

Prof. Roberts estimates that London wastes $23,000,000 every year in smoke. Certain tobacco reformers will advise London to save this enormous sum by giving up smoking.—*Buffalo Express.* It would not mend matters to smash their pipes would it?

—Raining cats and dogs is surely no worse than hailing strangers.

THE JAPANESE MAIDEN.

A Country Where Flirtation and Coquetry Are Unknown.

A pretty Japanese maiden, dressed in soft embroidered silk, sitting on the mat on the floor, bending over a koto, on which she strums an accompaniment to her voice, would in all probabilities touch the heart of a young Japanese, but no matter how much he might be touched, he must appear utterly indifferent to her and ignore her charms and her presence. For, progressive as is Japan, young men and women are never allowed together alone and such a thing as a flirtation or coquetry is unknown. Unlike China and Corea, Japan allows parents to invite a young gentleman to their house as their guest, but he devotes his time to the parents, and the daughter may play the koto, or entertain him in other ways, but she is noticed no more than is a colored servant-woman by a guest in a southern home. It seems strange to us that custom can so control feelings and sentiment, especially when every day we see here at home young men doing the exact opposite, ignoring parents and older members of the family, and feigning more interest in the young woman than they really feel. Marriages in Japan are carried on much as they used to be, the parent making the choice, but now-a-days if it chance that either young lady or young gentleman, seeing the other, object to become husband or wife, the parents do not force the matter, and, as a rule, babies are not betrothed by their parents as they are in some of the Asiatic countries. Neither are women so secluded as they are in those countries, for nearly as many Japanese women are to be seen on the streets in Japan as are American women in this country. In fact, the Japanese woman or girl is to Asia what the American girl is to Europe. *American Magazine.*

The Silent Secret.

Helene Rogermere sat upon the silken divan in the palatial residence of her father, the plumber, on Fifth avenue. Beside her, his bow-lock drooping gracefully over his alabaster brow, sat Roe Reginald Rosecranft, the poet and lit-er-a-teur. The night was waning. Through the parlor window shone fair Luna, with all her pristine fire at the next-to-last quarter, while behind a fleecy cloud as she reached on a nocturnal flirtation with Jupiter. It was a time for the communion of souls to be [illegible] and attenuated atom encircled the tapering waist of Helene, and her fair head rested upon the shoulder of his threadbare coat. Roe was mossy.

"Is thy soul restless to-night, my love? Has the divine afflatus seized thee in its resistless grasp?" came upon tender accents from the poet, and inclining to her pliant beauty, he said: "Let me assuage. I serve."

And still the poet was restless.

"Will no word of mine relieve thee, dearest?" said Helene.

"Hardly," was the reply, in a hoarse, cadaverous tone. "Words will not suffice."

Then Helene leaned over her poet-lover and pressed a burning kiss upon his alabaster brow. Looking into the azure depths of his soulful eyes with an arch smile, she purred:

"With kisses sweeter, love?"

"Alas! no," was the heart-broken reply, "for these are evanescent."

"Shall we walk upon the balcony, dearest?" whispered Helene, in mellifluous accents.

"Alas! no, my love. I am too weak," murmured Roe Reginald with a consumptive sigh.

Helene was perplexed.

"Tell me truly," she pleaded, "has thy love for Helene grown cold? Has another usurped my place in thy affections? Art weary of me, love? Speak, I implore you!"

Driven to frenzy by these piteous appeals, Roe Reginald leaned over the fair woman soon to be his bride and clasped her to his breast in a passionate embrace.

"Wouldst thou know," he hissed between his clenched teeth, "what it is that gnaweth at my vitals which no poetry, no kisses, no love, no moonlight, no affection can assuage? Then list and I will tell thee."

Roe Reginald Rosecranft, the poet, placed his thin and trembling lips close to the shell like ear of his inamorata and in a tremolo-pizzicato voice shrieked:

"I'm hungry. Have you got any cold ham in the house?"—*Evening Sun.*

Will There be a Collector at the Gates Ajar?

Nothing so sure as death and taxes is true enough perhaps, but formerly people imagined that when death came along taxes stopped. It turns out that we're changing all that, witness this little item which is going round the country: "Cremation is illegal in France and bodies have to be taken to Italy to be burned. M. Morin, dying recently in Paris, left instructions that his body should be sent to Milan to be burned. This was done, and the cost of the incineration was but fifteen shillings. The Italian custom house, however, levied $70 import duty on the body when it came into the country, and the same amount export duty when the ashes were taken back to France."

Mackie & Co.'s steamer Newburgh, of Leith, while on a voyage from Grangemouth to Calhuns with coal, foundered in the North Sea. Sixteen persons were drowned, and one was rescued and landed in Norway.

A CRITIC'S idiosyncrasy is said to have possessed Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, the last of a circle of eminent men and women which once included Emerson, Alcott, Charlotte Cushman and Margaret Fuller. She is 86 years old, and although surrounded by intellectual friends of both sexes, she devotes herself exclusively to Sarah Winnemucca, an untutored Indian woman, even sharing her room with her.

IT is said that there is a general expectation that the senior wrangler for the ensuing year will be Miss Fawcett, the only daughter of the late Postmaster-General. She has always beaten the best men of her year in the Trinity examinations. There is a legend that she applied to one of the most famous of university mathematical coaches, and asked to be taken as his pupil. She was not received, however, and the story goes that the learned but ungallant tutor declared that "he would teach no tabbies." He might hold a different and more respectful opinion now.

IT WILL TOLL NO MORE.

St. Sepulchre's Bell Has Rung for Condemned Prisoners for Three Centuries.

The traditions of nigh three hundred years are about to be violated by the Charity Commissioners of the city of London, who have ordered that hereafter the bell of the Church of St. Sepulchre be no more tolled during the hanging of condemned persons in the Newgate prison near by—or, at least, that if the bell be tolled, it be at the expense of the parish or the friends of the criminals and that the fund from which payment for that last service to the living has been made since 1605 be devoted hereafter to some other charitable purpose in the discretion of the church authorities. Fifty pounds was the bequest made in the year named by Robert Dowe, citizen and merchant tailor, to pay as a rublet on the right hand side of the altar in the church and records, after ringing the greatest bell at the church on the day the condemned prisoners are executed and for other services forever concerning such condemned prisoners.

The "other services" were the most interesting thing about the affair. On the night before the hangings the clerk of the church had to ring a bell under the windows of the cells of the condemned men, and having thus attracted their attention, repeat certain warning rhymes appropriate to their approaching taking off. Having thus awakened in their bosoms thoughts of things eternal, he was to go away, and the next morning to stand in front of the church when the cart with the condemned passed on its way to Tyburn and to present to each criminal a nosegay. Then he had again to ring the bell that he had used the night before and repeat certain prayers, with an admonition to all good people to join him in beseeching mercy for the souls of the condemned. There were hangings every week in those days, and in order that the clerk might not grow careless and neglect to fulfil these last offices for the condemned with proper formality and unction, the beadle of the Merchant Taylors' Hall was directed to be present and supervise the ceremonies, and it was provided that for this he should receive an "honest crispend."

When the gallows tree was removed from Tyburn and hanging took place at the Bailey, the nosegay presentation and the prayings in front of the church were stopped, and in time the custom of tolling the bell after execution under a good wind was forgotten also. The tolling of the great bell, however, has always been regarded as a fair, and there is some opposition to its omission even at this day. The original fee was a penny, but it grew to a groat, greater sums being sometimes given to procure the devotion to the souls of deserving prisoners upon their release from Newgate, or to some other service more in accordance with modern ideas than the mournful tolling of a knell or the presenting of posies to criminals on their way to Bangor.

So identified has the church of St. Sepulchre become with these last rites for the condemned that its name is popularly supposed to have some connection with the fatal ceremonies. The church, however, was built and named long before Newgate prison was ever thought of, and its being the nearest church in the city reason why it was chosen as the shrine for saying masses for the souls of the damned. It was founded in the thirteenth century, rebuilt 100 years later, and after the great fire the present structure was built by the famous Wren. Capt. John Smith, one of Pocahontas fame, is among the great men whose bones lie in the vaults beneath its pavement.

Syllabic Enthusiasm.

Two well dressed men, both far advanced in liquor, happened to meet on turning the corner of Broadway into Fourteenth street, at the Morton House. One of them had a bedraggled bandana around his hat. The other's breast was covered all over with American flags and Harrison campaign buttons.

"Hurror f' hurror f' f' Cle," stammered the first man. Then the other broke in with

"Y' mean hurror f' Har-"

"No, f' Cle-"

"No, f' Har-"

"I tell y' it's Cle-"

"Har-"

"Cle-"

And they bumped against each other and tried to wave their arms, but so did not get beyond the first syllable of their candidates' names. When last seen they were bowling down Fourteenth street arm in arm, one shouting "Ror f' Cle," and the other "Ror f' Har-"—*N. Y. World.*

A Philosophic Middy.

At a ball given at St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, the London *World* says:

"The 'middies' were greatly to the fore, especially at supper, and that their coolness in difficulty has not diminished since the legendary days of Mr. Easy may be inferred from the reply given by a midshipmite to one of the stewards of the ball, who asked whether he preferred a married or unmarried partner. 'Well, you see, we're only here for a day or two, so it's quite immaterial to me which it is.'

Obituary.

Scottish literature mourns the loss of a hard worker in the field of letters in William MacDowall, for many years editor of the Dumfries and Galloway *Standard*. As the author of the "History of Dumfries," "Burns in Dumfries" and "Among the Old Scotch Minstrels," as well as works on phrenology and archæology, he left memorials that are likely to perpetuate his name among lovers of Burns and all who take interest in Scottish local history.

He Took the Ten.

A subscription paper for some religious object was passed to a zealous church member in town recently, when he remarked: "Well, I can give $5 and not feel it." "Then," said the solicitor, "give $10 and feel it." The point was seen at once and the "ten spot" was forthcoming.

THE inventor of Volapuk, Johann Martin Schleyer, is not dead, as a recent cable despatch stated, although he has been dangerously ill and received the last sacraments. The Baden baths cured him, and he lives to edit the *Volapukable Zenodik*, the official organ of the society, whose headquarters have lately been removed to Paris.

THE "KING DEVIL."

A New Weed That May Become a Great Pest—Its Origin.

In August, 1879, Prof. Lester F. Ward, while returning from a hunting excursion in the North Woods, discovered near Cartnage, N. Y., a new variety of hieracium, or hawk-weed, of which he obtained two specimens. The next day after a long search, he found it in a farm at Live's Mills, a small village about ten miles from Watertown, large patches of the same plant. The individuals were many of them smaller and [illegible] than the others, but there was no doubt they were of the same species as the specimens secured the day before. He secured a great number of the specimens, and remarked to his companion that, unless the farmers of that region adopted some measures to destroy the weed, it would give them much trouble in the future. On his return to Washington, Prof. Ward identified his specimens as belonging to the species hieracium pratum, a variety of hawk-weed very common and a great pest to farmers in many parts of Europe, but little known in America.

Last summer Prof. Ward visited St. Lawrence county again, and one of the first things he was informed of was the appearance, six or eight weeks ago, and the rapid spread since, of a weed they call the "king devil." Prof. Ward at once identified it as the novel variety of hawk-weed he had discovered during his former visit in that neighborhood, and, of course recalled to mind the warning he then uttered. When the king devil once gets into a field it completely covers the ground with its coriaceous green leaves, preventing the growth of any other plant or weed. It took such complete possession of one field of thirty acres that there was absolutely nothing else on it—there could be nothing else.

Inquiry as to the local origin of the king devil traced it to the [illegible] where Prof. Ward had found the [illegible] here, therefore, was the [illegible] was introduced one of the worst pests the farmers of the United States [illegible] under and from [illegible] over the country. [illegible] appeared [illegible] sent [illegible] Prof. Ward identified his specimens as belonging to the species hieracium pratum, a variety of hawk-weed very common and a great pest to farmers in many parts of Europe, but little known in America.

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A MODERN HERCULES.

Philadelphia Lays Claim to the Strongest Man Yet.

[illegible] a man of [illegible] dollars [illegible] George Sepman, a sculptor in marble and statuary. He stands six feet four and a half inches in his stockings, measures [illegible] inches around the chest and weighs [illegible] pounds, scarcely an ounce of which is what you [illegible]. His proportions are symmetrical, and he can stand [illegible] the upright by resting his fingers of [illegible]. Sepman recently paid a visit to the gymnasium on Arch street and gave an exhibition of what he could do. The pupils stood [illegible] curiously when he picked up the 100-pound dumb-bell and twirled it between his fingers as a dude might do with a bamboo cane. When he stretched out his arms and asked all who possibly could do so to jump on his back, arms, shoulders and head to take a ride, eight sturdy and strong men complied with the request, and holding on to his ears, hair and collar button, they bore their weight upon him. He carried them without much difficulty, and the gymnasts who saw the performance were almost inclined to think contemptuously of their own comparatively puny physique. Not satisfied with this the young giant went to the strength testing scales and pulled up the 2,000-pound weight with ease. He then wrapped two straps around his shoulder and back, and fastening the ends to 1,500 pounds of iron, he calmly raised the weight and took a promenade around the hall with his load.

As his last act, instead of wrestling with a Numidean lion, as Hercules of mythological fame did, he caught hold of a bear which a friend had expressly brought and hugged the animal so hard that it grunted for mercy. Sepman has yet to perform seven more difficult tasks, and then he will pose himself as a modern Hercules and the hero of twelve unparalleled feats of strength.

Another Village Scandal.

Village Maid—"It's just as I supposed. The Widow Dash has forgotten all about her husband already, and he hasn't been dead a month."

Dame—"La, me! I shouldn't wonder."

"Yes, it's perfectly awful—it's abominable the way she acts, the heartless, cold-blooded, stuck-up thing. You know her husband's first name was Hamilton, and she always called him Ham."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, at the market to-day she asked for ham, and her voice didn't tremble once."—*Philadelphia Record.*

His Curiosity Aroused.

"Keep away from that," said a restaurant keeper to an Irishman who was standing in front of a newly arrived box of turtles, holding his finger in evident pain. "What are you doing there anyhow?"

"I wor investigating."

"Investigating what?"

"I wor trying to see which was the head and which was the tail ov that baste over there in the corner ov the box."

"What did you want to know for?"

"I've a curiosity to know whether I've been bit or stung."—*Merchant Traveller.*

THE London correspondent of the Dublin *Express* yesterday says: "Mrs. Gordon-Baillie, the notorious confidence woman, has resolutely refused to obey the prison rules, and has been punished in consequence. Her wealth of hair has been materially reduced, and a visiting justice declares that he had a difficulty in recognizing her as the saucy lady he had seen at the Old Bailey."

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1888.

DURHAM AND MEAFORD RAILWAY.

There is a project on foot for the building of a line of railway from Durham, via Markdale, to Meaford. A number of prominent business men of those places have determined to apply for a charter at the next session of Dominion Parliament. Providing that the charter is granted, we do not anticipate that the road will ever be built. It would be a foolish enterprise if it were. This railway would never pay for its construction. The Markdale Standard of last week says: "The benefit to be derived from a connection with two gigantic competing lines, such as the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R., cannot be over estimated." Let us look at the situation and see where the competition comes in. Markdale is distant 25 miles from Meaford and the Grand Trunk at that point; 17 from Durham and the Grand Trunk there; therefore the proposed line would connect at each end with the Grand Trunk system. The new line would essentially belong to the latter system. It then becomes plain that Markdale would be the one solitary point to be benefited by the scheme, and we even doubt if the benefit derived by Markdale would amount to a "row of beans" as the great roundabout length of the Grand Trunk lines would practically preclude any material competition. Capitalists will thoroughly understand these facts, and the charter will be placed among other archieves to moulder away, incompany with the charter of the Saugeen Valley Railway, which was to run from Kincardine via Walkerton, Durham, Flesherton, etc. The Durham, Markdale, and Meaford railway will never be built.

Toronto has an "Old Curiosity Shop" in the person of one James French. About a month previous to each and every municipal election "Jimmy" French comes out in the press with a long letter detailing the many glaring abuses perpetrated by the whole aldermanic horde during the past year. He insists on every occasion that there is not one conscientious man among them. The whole council should be sacked. These convictions he not only publishes in the newspapers, but prints them on quarter-sheet bills and posts them all over the city. He is laughed at for his pains. His opinions have no weight. As a citizen he is not admired. He has wealth, and spends the most of his time looking after it, except when he is concocting some tirade against the august aldermen. His quixotic ideas upon how Toronto's municipal machinery should be run are quite amusing. Jimmy French has a mistaken idea that his wealth should command respect from every rank of society, and he appears to get no manner (a moral impossibility, to be sure) upon snubs. A few years ago he hand-picked a barrel of fine Northern Spy apples from his orchard in Yorkville and shipped them with compliments to Queen Victoria. They were returned in a few weeks, accompanied by a curt note from Mr. Ponsonby, secretary to the Queen, informing Mr. French that Her Britannic Majesty had no use for his apples. Mr. French paid the freight money both ways.

Letters now appearing in the Toronto papers recall the gentleman to our mind. There are some funny people in this world.

That old and influential paper, the Montreal Witness, is showing evidences of increased prosperity. The daily on Saturdays is now a twelve page paper, and on other days eight. We are pleased to note the thrift of this well-known paper.

The editor of the Meaford Mirror always keeps an open almanac before him, and informs his readers of all the astronomical occurences, such as "new moon," "first quarter," "second quarter," "sun crosses the line," and other kindred phenomena. The compositor has very nearly finished his almanac for this year, and at the end we expect to see "Try Yaggard's Hello Oil," or "Drink plenty of Northorp & Leeman's Burdock Blood Distractor."

In the prospectus which we received recently from The Youth's Companion office, we notice an array of noted contributors which promises unusual excellence for the coming volume. First among them is the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, affectionately called the "Grand Old Man," the greatest of living statesmen, who writes on "The Future of the English-Speaking Races." Then General Lord Wolseley, who will tell of his strange personal adventures in the field with British armies. Then Professor Tyndall, and Justin McCarthy, who writes of "Leaders in the House of Lords," Archdeacon Farrar, on "Musicians and their Struggles," and Professor Huxley. Among American contributors we find such well known names as Lieutenant Schwatka, who writes of "Tight Pinches in the Arctic," Andrew Carnegie, on "Bits of Advice to Young Men," Dr. Austin Flint, Judge Oliver, Wendell Holmes, jr., on "Young Men in the Law," Admiral Luce, Colonel Thomas W. Knox, James Parton and at least one hundred others.

The Companion is a welcome visitor weekly in more than 400,000 families, and has won a place in home life obtained by no other publication. The wonder is how any family can do without it. The publishers announce that any new subscriber who sends $1.75 now, can have The Companion free every week to January 1, 1889, and a full year from that date.

The Christmas Globe.

The Globe Christmas number, just received, is deserving of the highest possible praise. It is, without exception, the finest thing of the kind ever published in Canada, and reflects the highest possible credit upon its publishers. The three separate lithograph plates accompanying it are alone worth more than the price asked for the whole. There are 31 pages of original reading matter and illustrations, the literary work being from such well known pens as "Seranus" (Mrs Harrison), Luke Sharp, of the Detroit Free Press, Bel Thistlethwaite, and numbers of other graceful writers. The letterpress and artistic work of this elegant souvenir are fully equal to that of the London Christmas publications which are sold at 50 cents, while this is placed at the nominal price of 25 cents. It is a matter of surprise to us that the Globe should see fit to place it at so low a figure, but we hope their enterprise may meet with its just reward

Cheap Light.

Received One car load No. 1 coal oil, and selling at 16c per gallon in small or large quantities, at R. Trimble's.

Salt.

Received One car load fine Goderich salt, 300 lb. barrels at lowest figures. R. Trimble's.

Another consignment of those famous overcoats which cause such a commotion amongst clothing dealers, at R. Trimble's.

The finest and cheapest lot of ladies' and gents' fur caps in town, at R. Trimble's.

Thirty-Day Race.

Free for all! Go as you please, for a pair of felt boots, socks or rubbers, lower than the lowest, at R. Trimble's

Overshoes and rubbers in endless variety and cheap at R. Trimble's.

Poultry Wanted.

The highest price paid for turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, at R. Trimble's

Butter Wanted.

Top prices paid for choice butter in tubs and rolls, at R. Trimble's.

Cross-cut Saws.

All latest makes and bottom prices. Please inspect before purchasing elsewhere. R. Trimble.

We have done some wonderful whittling of prices. Call and see. We want the whole community to awake and wonder at our wonderful enterprise R. Trimble.

THE FIRE FIEND'S FROLIC.

He Visits Flesherton and Leaves sad Traces Behind.

S. DAMUDE'S TANNERY BURNED TO THE GROUND.

Heretofore our village has been remarkably free from the ravages of the fire fiend, but it was not always to remain so. One of our old landmarks is gone. Mr. S. Damude's tannery, built some eighteen years ago, was, on Saturday evening last, standing; Sunday morning it was nothing but a heap of smouldering embers and smoking ruins. Between 1 and 2 o'clock Sunday morning Mr. Gibson, who lives nearly opposite the tannery, awoke and noticed flames breaking from the windows. He quickly gave the alarm, but the fire had progressed too far to admit of it being checked. A large number of willing citizens turned out and renderd good assistance in saving buildings at rear of the tannery, containing valuable stave and shingle machinery, bark, etc., and on which there was no insurance. In about an hour and a half from the time the fire was noticed no traces were left of the old tannery, excepting smoking embers; and to-day that portion of the town presents a dreary aspect indeed.

Comparatively few of our citizens knew of the fire until next morning, but those who were present worked like Trojans and with good effect, for which service Mr. Damude desires us to publicly and heartily thank them.

Late on Saturday evening Mr. Damude, as was his custom, visited the building to see that everything was all right, and found them so, apparently. There was fire in the stove, and the only satisfactory explanation advanced of the catastrophe is that through some defect in the stove or pipes ignition took place. The theory of incendiarism is too absurd to countenance for a moment. Mr Damude has no enemies. He is one of Flesherton's most energetic and highly respected citizens, and an unusual amount of sympathy is expressed for him on every side, as the loss to himself will be great. Insurance covers nearly one half the loss, which is estimated at between seven and eight thousand dollars. There was a large stock of finished and raw hides in the building, some of which, being in the vats, will be saved, though somewhat damaged. The engine and boiler are more or less injured, though not totally destroyed

Right at this point, and now that Flesherton has had a taste of the scorching element, we would insist upon the necessity of having some manner of means by which the natives could be aroused to assist in quelling possible conflagrations. In this case valuable time was lost while people were being awakened. In other cases the time wasted in summoning assistance might prove even more disastrous. If we cannot have a fire brigade and fire protection, at least let us have a bell by which the citizens could be summoned to assist in saving valuable property. In the past we have happily not required it; in the future there is every possibility that it would be of untold value.

Mr. Damude's safe came out of the ordeal very badly scorched, but papers and books were not destroyed.

Dundalk Again Singed.

About 4.30 Sunday morning last fire broke out in Dundalk in the harness shop of Mr. Douglas, Proton street, spreading to the Anglo-American hotel and Graham's store. The stock in the harness shop was wholly consumed. A portion of the hotel furniture was saved, as was also Graham's stock of dry goods and groceries, although the latter was damaged to a great extent. The newly formed hook and ladder company did good work in preventing a further spread of the flames. The loss is almost wholly covered by insurance in every case. Grahams loss, about $3,500, insured for full amount; Douglas' harness shop, $600 insurance, which covers loss; hotel, owned by John Connors, loss $3,000, partially insured. This creates another gaping void in the business quarter of Dundalk, but as the insurance companies will have to foot the bill it will probably be a blessing, rather than otherwise, to the place, resulting in larger and more handsome buildings being built upon the ruins.

It was another case of incendiarism.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you.

Another batch of those nice cardinal wool mats, cheap, at the Flesherton woollen mills. Who will get first choice!

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

The tax collector is on the war path.

Mr. F. T. Carr, who has been in charge of a lath mill in Gravenhurst for the past summer, returned on Saturday. The invigorating air of the Muscoka lakes and rocks evidently agrees with him, as he is looking hale and hearty. His many friends welcome him back again.

I understand that Mr. Clemes, the school teacher, has been reengaged for the ensuing year.

Mr. Jas. Campbell met with a severe accident on Friday. He was engaged in boarding up the end of a building for Mr. Jas. Armstrong, and when near the top of the ladder the bottom of it slipped out and he fell to the ground, lighting on his knee, forcing the cap of the knee some inches out of its place. Dr. Carter attended to him on Saturday, and the patient is progressing favorably

Sewing machine needles of all kinds at Russell's Jewelry store, Flesherton.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Teacher Wanted!

For U. S. S. No. 1, Artemesia and Euphrasia, holding a third class certificate, duties to commence 2nd of January. Apply to

JAMES STUART, Sec., Kimberley P. O.

BOAR FOR SERVICE.

MR. WM. CAMERON, Lot 35, Con 8, Artemesia.

has a thoroughbred Berkshire boar for service TERMS, one cash and $1 if booked

STRAYED.

Came to the premises of the undersigned about the 6th of September, 5 yearlings, red and white. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses

JOHN TYSON, Feversham P. O.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 50	to $5 56
Fall Wheat	$1 00	to 1 03
Spring Wheat	1 00	1 03
Barley	0 45	0 55
Oats	0 31	0 32
Peas	0 57	0 57
Butter	0 17	0 18
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 00	6 40
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	20
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., Ont.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D. C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel

Priceville, Nov. 29, 1888

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Monshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office, Scarth's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent to purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and is now being sold cheap. Good and serviceable for Men and Boys in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

are the best in the market. Our Motto is Good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCAIBE.

FLESHERTON

Implement

Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Reapers,	*Grain Drills,*
Mowers,	*Broadcast Seeders,*
Rakes,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Forks,	*Iron Harrows,*
Waggons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Ploughs,*
Buggies,	*Ploughs,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators.	

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth Bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first class new Chopping Mill now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN,
Eugenia.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

EVER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
Holland Centre—Saturday before Chatsworth.
Priceville—Monday before Durham
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

Buy a new

HARNESS

PURCHASE A

SLEIGH ROBE

INVEST IN

A new Whip

BIG DISCOUNT

—FOR—

C-A-S-H

D. Clayton

HARNESSMAKER,

FLESHERTON.

is prepared to give you large DSCOUNTS for CASH on all kinds of harness, whips, blankets, etc.

A

Huge Stock!

—OF—

SINGLE, TEAM, AND DRIVING HARNESS, on hand.

Sleigh Bells, Robes, Whips, Hoof Ointment, Axle Grease, Curry Combs, Brushes, and everything required in the line of harness makers' supplies.

WE ALSO DEAL IN

A SUPERIOR

QUALITY

—OF—

TRUNKS

CALL and EXAMINE our extra large stock before buying anything in these lines elsewhere.

D. CLAYTON

N. B.—My accounts are now ready and waiting for settlement. As I am in great need of money, all persons who are indebted to me are requested to call and settle, ON OR BEFORE DEC. 1st, otherwise their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

D. Clayton.

Singhampton.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR—Kindly allow me a short space in your valuable paper to correct a statement made in the Collingwood Enterprise of last week in regard to a number of young children being fined for talking and laughing outside of the Presbyterian Church of this place on the evening of Thanksgiving Day during service, by saying that their pas' and mas' are chasing Davy for his scalp. Now, Mr. Editor, this is false: they don't want his scalp as it might cost too much. Again, some of them were accused of keeping their children from Sunday School. Such is not the case, as the children refused to attend under the circumstances. We all know that Davy gets a number of pointers, and we know as well where they are coming from, but many thanks.

Not much news just now, but Joe is going to move in a few days to his new residence. We wish Joe and his family prosperity.

A large number of our village children are down with whooping cough, but by our skilful Dr., Hamilton, some of them are getting nicely over it.

Our little hamlet is getting a fast name, but it is principally owing to outsiders who very often disturb the peace. Wm. Milnie, Twp. Clerk of Osprey, is retireing, also Dr. Kerr, of Maxwell, and the Township Fathers proposed a send off in respect for them in the shape of an oyster supper, to be held in the village of McIntyre on the evening of Nov. 30th next. A very good time may be expected.

P. S.—I may here state that Davy should not be so fast at fining the children, as he has quite a number of them himself.

[The above came to hand too late for last issue.—ED. ADVANCE.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

Dr. Scott is getting great call, and is giving good satisfaction. If success attends him in the future as it has in the past, he is destined to be a distinguished practitioner.

Mr. Thos. Henderson, of Toronto, paid his friends in this locality a short visit. He is looking well, and possesses features that tell of a joyous city life.

Mr. Sandy Hudson, who sold his farm to his brothers a few months ago, and until a few days ago was making great preparations for his removal to Michigan, now declares the sale null and void, alleged cause being the encroachment of female authority. But I guess the brothers backed out, because Sandy's farm is a little sandy.

Revival meetings will be held in Bethel church every night of the following week.

R. F. McCarr has become the possessor of a race driver of the name of Luke the Hunter.

Last Sunday night the S. A. barracks were crowded, some even standing, although the building is capable of seating between two and three hundred. Lieut. Dobson was there. She spoke well and delivered an intelligent address. But little Capt. Wright's patience was entirely exhausted by the flirtation of beardless youths and spinsters of not more than seventeen. Bad order and disturbance prevailed during the whole ceremony.

Mr. Geo. Holmes, of Toronto, is getting cattle spare timber very extensively.

JIM.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy: hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

XMAS, XMAS!

A

—CALL AT—

Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton,

Will convince everyone that their stock of Ladies' and Gent's

GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, CLOCKS, CHAINS, BROOCHES, BARPINS, EARRINGS,

Silverware, Spectacles, Fancy Toilet Sets, Christmas Cards, Razors, Knives, etc.

Is the finest and cheapest in this section of the Country.

WE CAN AND WILL GIVE YOU

BARGAINS

A Ladies fine GOLD AMERICAN WATCH for $26.00 worth $33.00. Gents' fine GOLD from $35.00 to 50.00 worth from $40. to $00.

Big discount for cash

from NOW to 1st JAN. 1889 on all goods. Do not forget it: will pay you: and always take your watch and clock repairs to RUSSELL'S, Flesherton, for a perfect JOB.

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern

Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

[illegible]

McCULLOUGH

Valuable Farm

For Sale in the Township of Artemesia

[illegible]

in the Village of Flesherton,

Wednesday, the 5th Day of December, 1888,

[illegible]

TERMS: Ten per cent at the time of sale, balance in thirty days thereafter without interest.

[illegible]

W. J. HELLAWELL,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated, Nov. 12th, 1888.

Farm for Sale

[illegible] offers for sale that valuable [illegible] on the 1st Concession better known as [illegible] containing 95 acres. Well cleared and [illegible] under cultivation; the remainder pasture and [illegible]. New brick house, stone foundation, stabling, etc., new frame house, cellar, and stable [illegible]. This is a magnificent property [illegible] possession immediately. For terms, etc., apply

A. McKENZIE, Maxwell P. O.

Blacksmith Shop for Sale or Rent.

The blacksmith shop known as Adson's, on the 6th line, Artemesia, about ¾ miles from Flesherton, is offered for sale or to rent. For terms and particulars apply to

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Eugenia P. O.

THE PEOPLES GREATEST INTEREST

[illegible] can get your boots, feed, and [illegible]

IT IS AT BLACKBURN'S.

[illegible]

TO THE FARMERS AND PUBLIC GENERALLY

HOT COFFEE and GOOD LUNCH:

[illegible]

The peoples faithful servant,

G. H. BLACKBURN.

Remember the [illegible] or to Mr. [illegible]

Flesherton Meat Market!

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,

PURVEYORS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Dealers in fresh and cured meats, sausage our own make, lard, bologna, etc. etc.

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME, in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only $4 per hundred.

Call and ascertain prices, whether you buy or not.

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, opened a new barber shop and bath

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to [illegible] would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving [illegible] all done in the highest style.

W. J. NELSON.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of T. A. Gamey, lots 13 and 14, 2nd south of Durham Road, on Nov. 12, a small black mare. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses, and take it away.

T. A. GAMEY, Flesherton Station P. O.

THE ASHBOURNE ACT.

Hot Words Between Mr. Dillon and Lord Hartington.

LABOUCHERE AND TREVELYAN TALK.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable gives the continuation of the debate previous to the taking of the vote on the Ashbourne Bill as follows: After Mr. Dillon had spoken last night on the motion to introduce the Bill, Major Saunderson held the floor for a while.

Lord Hartington said he thought Mr. Dillon's argument was not very cogent against the Bill, but was very cogent in favor of coercion, because he not only confessed, but boasted, that the value of land had been reduced from twenty to fifteen years' purchase by a combination which rendered it impossible for a tenant with safety to take a vacant farm.

Mr. Dillon denied that he used the words "with safety."

Lord Hartington retorted that nobody ever followed Mr. Dillon without receiving a contradiction.

Mr. Dillon hotly protested.

Lord Hartington, amid great excitement, resumed his speech. He said he had not intended to make any imputation, but Mr. Dillon insisted upon exactness in reproducing his arguments which it would be difficult to attain. He proceeded to argue that Mr. Dillon's language justified everything that the Government had been forced to do in order to uphold the law in Ireland. The land purchase and arrears questions were quite distinct. The rejection of the Bill would not facilitate fair dealing with arrears, the necessity for which he thought was much overrated. The Government never refused to deal with the arrears question. The delay arose from the difficulty in deciding as to how to deal with the subject. The Ashbourne Act had been a most successful experiment. Why abandon it now? The experience thus gained without loss would be invaluable when Parliament t embarked on a more ambitious scheme of land purchase.

Mr Morley made a spirited defence of Mr. Dillon against the remarks of Lord Hartington. He said that Mr. Dillon's character stood as high as that of any member of the House. As to the taking of vacant farms, which Mr. Dillon never denied, Mr. Dillon never spoke in favor of an [illegible] among the tenants, not to [illegible]. Mr. Morley fully supported Mr. Gladstone's contention that the arrears question was more urgent than the Ashbourne Bill, which, he said, ought to be postponed. The Government admitted the necessity of a settlement of the arrears question, and having a majority on both sides of the House they must be held responsible for not dealing with the question. (Cheers.) He denied that the Ashbourne Act had been such a success as Lord Hartington had asserted. Among other reasons in proof whereof he spoke, Mr. Morley said that only a sixth of the £3,000,000 used had been expended in the west of Ireland. He quoted articles from the Birmingham *Gazette* to show that the Chamberlain party considered that the extension of the Ashbourne Act would be as dangerous as Mr. Gladstone's scheme yet they preferred to support it rather than to injure the position of the Government, "and this," Mr. Morley exclaimed, "is the party that stumps the country, saying that a great moral gulf divides us!" (Cheers.) "Yes, it is a great gulf, and your morality lies at the bottom." (Renewed cheering.) The speaker said his position in reference to the land purchase scheme was unchanged, but he did not want to purchase land at any price. The Government professed to have prepared a comprehensive scheme, why not produce it? Depend upon it, he said, if they voted this five millions they would never see their scheme, but would vote for an indefinite postponement of the land settlement question, in addition to embarking on an unsound financial policy and delay in dealing with the arrears.

Mr. Smith, the Government leader, in defending the Government against the charge of a breach of faith, reminded the House that he, in July last, informed them that this Bill would be introduced in the autumn session.

The House then divided, Mr. Gladstone's amendment was rejected, 300 to 246. The motion to introduce the Bill was agreed to. The Unionists voted solidly with the Government. Two Gladstonians, Haldane and Grey, voted against the amendment, and two others abstained from voting.

LONDON, Nov. 21. In the House of Commons this afternoon Mr. Madden, Solicitor-General for Ireland, moved the second reading of the Irish Land Purchase Bill.

Mr. Labouchere moved that the Bill be rejected. He complained of the undue haste with which the measure was being pressed forward, and said there was an obvious desire on the part of the Government to prevent the country from considering their proposals on the question of land purchase. He denied that Parliament had obtained at the last election any authority to legislate upon this question, the immense importance of which requires the special sanction of the country. As the Bill stood it was a gross injustice upon the British taxpayer. Besides that, it was injurious to Ireland, as it would encourage a gigantic system of absenteeism. Until a Home Rule measure was carried nothing ought to be done toward land purchase.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Liberal, warned the House that if it assented to the Bill it would not be able to stop further grants and it would soon be called upon and compelled to advance millions. Among the dangers of the Ashbourne Act, not the least was that it committed the British taxpayer to a system of landlord purchase which gave no good security for advances and which left the tenant in a position to repudiate if bad years rendered him unable to pay his instalments.

On motion of Mr. Parnell, the debate was adjourned.

Mr. Gladstone leaves London on Saturday for Hawarden. He will not return to London during the present session of Parliament.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—In the House of Commons this evening Mr. Smith moved that the rule compelling adjournment at midnight be again suspended to enable the House to conclude the debate on the Irish Land Purchase Bill. Carried, 195 to 159.

On motion to go into committee on the Bill,

Mr. Parnell proposed an amendment giving the Government power to instruct the Land Commission to deal with arrears when fixing judicial rents. He urged that in view of the fact that it was agreed on all sides that the arrears question must necessarily be settled, it ought to be dealt with without delay in conjunction with the question of land purchase. This done, it would place the tenant in a position to contract freely with the landlord, protect the exchequer against loss, and give the Ashbourne Act the best possible chance to work with smoothness.

Mr. Smith contended that the course which Mr. Parnell proposed would place the tenant in a distinctly worse position than before, by recognizing arrears as a charge that might continue to hang around his neck even after completing his purchase. Now, after a contract for purchase had been agreed upon, the arrears became *ipso facto* wiped out.

Mr. Dillon held that the mischief of arrears occurred before the agreement for purchase was signed.

Mr Parnell's motion was rejected by 182 to 148.

THE WHITECHAPEL SCARE.

Jack the Ripper Writes a Saucy Letter—The Recent Scare.

A London cable says: The latest Whitechapel sensation has been sifted down to nothing but the mere ravings of a drunken woman after a row with her lover. The woman is even of a lower type than those who fell prey to the Whitechapel murderer. Her associates say that she is very quarrelsome, and that the man whom she accused of trying to cut her throat has been visiting her for a year. The people in the house heard them quarreling, and when the man ran down stairs and the woman came to the top of the landing and screamed, "He tried to cut my throat, follow him," three men gave chase, but the fellow got away easily enough. But the police know who the man is and where he lives. They have been watching his house all day, and when he gets over his fright and returns home they expect to get him. There is, however, not the slightest reason to suppose that he is the Whitechapel fiend. The police say that the woman inflicted the wound on her throat herself. The injury is very slight.

The most interesting incident of the day is another letter from Jack the Ripper, dated Portsmouth. Here it is:

"Dear Boss—It is no good for you to look for me in London, because I am not there. Don't trouble yourself about me this return which will not be very long. I like the work too well to leave it long. O, that was such a jolly job, the last one. I had plenty of time to do it properly. Ha! ha! The next bit I mean to do with a vengeance. I am going to cut off their heads and arms. You think it is a man with a black mackintosh. Ha! ha! When I have another one at catch me. So good bye, dear boss, till I return. Yours, "JACK THE RIPPER."

The letter is in the same hand as the one received just before Mary Kelly was murdered.

Investigations by the police show that the Whitechapel woman who reported this morning that she had been attacked by a man, who went to her lodging with her, is a prostitute of the lowest order. She suffered only a slight abrasion of the skin on her throat, and the police place no credit in her story of an attack. They believe she inflicted the injury herself while she was drunk.

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

Two Young Men Fatally Crushed by an Express.

A Montreal despatch says: A shocking double fatality took place at Dorval, fifteen miles from the city, on the Grand Trunk Railway, yesterday, by which two young men, Irish Noel and Philip Cassavant, met a horrible death. Both men, who were plasterers employed in the erection of the new station building at Dorval, were walking on the track in the vicinity of the station when two trains came along behind them, one the regular Toronto express and the other a gravel train, both bound west, but on different tracks. Seeing that the men made no attempt to get off the track, a crowd of laborers at the station shouted to warn them of their danger, but apparently owing to the noise of the trains they did not hear, and before either could leave the track the express rushed over them. Both bodies were terribly mangled, and death in each instance must have been instantaneous. The remains were gathered and brought to the morgue here, where an inquest will be held to-morrow.

THE "QUEENS OF THE ROAD."

Two Girl Horse Thieves Escape from a Kansas Jail.

A Hutchinson, Kan., despatch says: The two female horse thieves escaped from jail last night. The Sheriff of Hamilton County was in Newton, Kan., on other business, and had left the keys to the jail in a hotel. Some one got the keys, let the thieves out and then returned the keys. It is six weeks since these daring "Queens of the Road" earned extended notoriety by their bold attempt to steal a vehicle and team of horses. They had been stealing horses for a year, having run off with thirteen. The girls are of a dashing type, both blondes and handsome. Ida says she is the daughter of a Philadelphia minister, and Emma claims to be the daughter of a wholesale clothing dealer in Boston. They stood confinement in the little Western jail with an assumption of "don't care" which would have done honor to the most hardened frontier horse thief.

How He Got Ahead.

Editor Society Journal (to reporter)—Mr. Jinks, the directors have ordered me to raise your salary. You bring in more society scandal than all the other reporters put together.

Jinks—Thank you. The advance will be handed over to my wife. It is hers by right.

Editor—How so?

Jinks—She is secretary of the ladies' anti-gossip club.—*Cartoon.*

Capt. James Brooks, commander of the steamship Arizona, has crossed the Atlantic 601 times.

PARNELL AND CHURCHILL

Speak on the Irish Land Purchase Bill.

WHICH PASSES ITS SECOND READING

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: The debate on the Land Purchase Bill was resumed in the Commons to night by Mr. Parnell. He declared emphatically that he opposed the Bill, as he believed that it was so designed that under the present circumstances it would be impossible to put it into effective operation. He had always held that the creation of a peasant proprietary was the only means of solving the land question. His own Bill simply asked that Church tenants be allowed to acquire land by paying the Church Commission annually for forty-nine years a rent equal to 4 per cent. on the capitalised value of the holdings. That would have created no risk to the Imperial Exchequer. The Conservatives opposed that proposal, but the time would come when they would find it needful to go further. The Irish party were always ready and eager to assist in a settlement of the land question. It was calumny to say that any one of the Irish members tried to make political capital out of the question or opposed the Bill because it would make the government of Ireland easier. (Cheers.) On the contrary, their opposition to the Bill was due to the knowledge that it would cause a loss to the Exchequer without effecting its ostensible object. The Government had not taken up the land question with a view to helping tenants, but at the solicitation of landlords, who, seeing that they could not any longer maintain their position, wanted to dispose of their property at inflated prices. (Hear, hear.) The Bill did not contain provisions enabling the State, when supplying money, to decide what tenancies it would be desirable to purchase in the public interest. The Government left the landlords to decide. Congested and rack-rented estates would not be touched under the Bill. The only way to make the landlords of congested estates agree to accept the value of their property was to empower the commission to purchase at such a price as would really represent the landlords' interests. Arrears ought to be considered along with the reduction. Otherwise the land purchase arrangements were futile. He would not like to predict that tenants might repudiate bargains made under the measure on the ground that advantage had been taken of their necessities, but the Bill would not assist that large and permanent settlement that was desirable. Any bargain with the farmers ought to have a basis that would put repudiation out of the question. (Hear, hear.) The measure showed an entire absence of consideration for the national sentiment. The present system of Government trampled upon the national feeling. If the Government meant to attempt a large scheme of land purchase it was essential to establish in Ireland representative authority to act as a buffer between the tenants and the State. The tenants would have their 85 and may be 101 members of Parliament. (Parnellite cheers.) Government would be as much dependent as now upon the Irish vote. No sane Government of self respecting character would tolerate the sending of tax collectors around the cottages with an army and a crowbar brigade to enforce payments. If the national sentiment was conciliated there would be nothing to fear from the influence upon the hot youth of the country of all the Fenian propagators from New York to San Francisco. It was those who exercised coercion that fomented disaffection far more than Ross. (Hear, hear.) This was not merely an agrarian question, it was knit up with national aspirations. If the Government meant well to tenants by the Bill he implored them to insert suitable provisions dealing with arrears the tenants' greatest difficulty. That done he could cordially appreciate the measure, and the Legislature would reap its reward in the conciliation of the people. (Cheers.)

Lord Randolph Churchill said that the assertion that the Bill was introduced to enable landlords to sell at inflated prices would not bear examination. The Parnellites know that inflation did not exist in Ireland, but very much the reverse. Regarding the national sentiment, he appealed to Mr. Parnell to say what room there was for romance in dealing with a matter of fact, the advance and repayment of money. (Hear, hear.) Had Mr. Parnell any alternative Bill? Would he support the principles of Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886? (Mr. Parnell here gave a negative shake of his head.) Then, what other scheme?

Mr. Parnell—I would accept the Bill if the disadvantages connected with it were modified by dealing with arrears.

Lord Randolph, continuing, said he trusted that after the recent speeches of the Ministers the Government would bring up the arrears question early in the future. In the meantime he could not admit that coercion militated against land purchase. (Cheers.) How could it impede free action on the part of either landlord or tenant? (Hear, hear.) As a financial operation the Bill certainly was not good enough. The security for advances was totally insufficient, but the risk might be worth incurring when limited to an advance of ten millions, which would not be tolerable under a larger scheme. It would never do to make the State the immediate landlord of the Irish tenantry. The present measure would not apply to more than 25,000 holdings. It was not likely to be a danger to the State, though probably it could not be safely extended. (Hear, hear.)

The Bill passed the second reading by a vote of 299 to 224.

Mr. Parnell has given notice that he will move that the Committee on the Ashbourne Bill be empowered to instruct the Land Commission to deal with arrears when fixing judicial rents.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, in the course of the debate, criticized the Government's action, and in conclusion said he believed the Government would find when they had to render an account of these advances to the country that they had never made a proposal more damaging or disastrous to themselves.

The Radicals continued the debate, compelling Mr. Smith to carry a division by cloture.

TROUBLE AMONG THE IRISH.

Evidence Before the Commission as to the Cause the Kerry Outrages.

GETTING UP THE "TIMES" CASE.

Nationalist MPs to be Prosecuted. A Murder Verdict.

A London cable says: The examination of witnesses from County Kerry was continued at the sitting of the Parnell Commission yesterday.

Mr. Leonard, agent of the estates of the Earl of Kenmare, said the League was as active as ever. He thoroughly disagreed with the statement of Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, that the League was a thing of the past. In his part of Kerry the fight that the League was making was at its hottest. The Plan of Campaign was all-powerful. Formerly a writ could be executed by the sheriff with the aid of four policemen, but now four hundred soldiers were required. The members of the League met every Sunday after attending mass to arrange the week's programme of rent resistance and intimidation. The resistance came from well-to-do people. Until the year 1881 the tenants had been friendly, but after the League was formed they scoffed at him and the landlord.

On cross-examination the witness admitted that in 1880 it was necessary to give tenants assistance, as some of them were blue with hunger. There were 2,000 tenants on the Kenmare estates. Two hundred of them, though very poor, had always tried to pay their rents. Since 1850 the Earl of Kenmare had expended £173,000 in the improvement of his estates. His bill for labor now amounts to £300 weekly. Only such rent was taken from poor tenants as they could afford to give. Witness did not seek to collect rent from persons blue with hunger, and the law was never enforced against tenants of that class.

The court adjourned.

The clerk of the commission handed to Edward Harrington a summons to pay a fine of £500 which the court had imposed upon him for contempt. Mr. Harrington states that he will not pay the fine and intends to question the right of the commission to enforce it.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: At the meeting of the Parnell Commission to-day George Curtin gave the details of the murder of his father. After the murder the Curtin family were boycotted and their male servants were compelled to leave their service. On cross-examination, Curtin testified that he was a member of the League when it was first organized. His father was Vice-President of a branch. Witness had no reason to believe that the League was implicated in the crimes against his family. Various branches of the League had denounced the murder of his father.

Miss Fitzmaurice, another witness, deposed that in June, 1887, a letter signed by a man named Dowling, Secretary of a branch of the League, was received by her father, requesting him to attend a meeting. Her father did not go. After his the people's demeanor toward her father changed, and he obtained police protection. Witness gave in detail the facts in connection with the shooting of her father while he was on his way to attend the Listowel Fair in January. On cross-examination witness stated that her father and uncle had disagreed respecting the farm on which her father resided, and the people sided with her uncle. She knew the League had been suppressed in County Kerry.

Counsel for the Parnellites here read an article published in the Kerry *Sentinel* condemning the murder of Fitzmaurice, and regretting that the League had been suppressed, and that the beneficial effects which arose from the organization had been lost.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: At the sitting of the Parnell Commission today Inspector of Police Huggins testified concerning outrages at Castle Island, county Kerry.

Sir Charles Russell objected to the witness giving evidence regarding matters beyond his personal knowledge.

Presiding Justice Hannen said he admitted the reports made by the police at times for what they were worth.

The witness, resuming, quoted from statistics which showed that from November, 1882, to September, 1887, 160 outrages were committed.

On cross-examination, the witness said he believed that armers' sons initiated the outrages in order to evade the payment of rent. He knew of twenty bogus outrages. He was not aware that men had connived to damage their own property in order to secure compensation from the Quarter Sessions. He did not think that all the outrages were due to secret societies. Some of them were the result of family quarrels or of private malice. He had connected the League with moonlighting, because prior to the existence of the League Kerry had been peaceful.

Mr. Reid, one of the counsel for the Parnellites, asked, "What is your ground for assuming this connection?"

Witness—At every meeting of the League landlords and bailiffs were denounced. As a consequence, both of these classes became unpopular, and nearly every man who has been murdered belonged to either one class or the other.

Mr. Lockwood, one of the Parnellites' counsel, then asked the witness how long he had been engaged in getting up a case for the *Times*.

Sir Henry James, one of the counsel for the *Times*, objected to the question, whereupon

Sir Charles Russell exclaimed warmly: "We charge and intend to prove that the whole executive authority, even including the resident magistrates, is engaged in getting up the *Times* case."

The witness then denied that the *Times* had employed him.

On re-direct examination by the prosecution, the witness stated that no case of bogus outrage had ever been returned by the police as a real outrage.

It is announced that Messrs. John O'Connor, Finucane, Sheehy, Mayne, Condon, Patrick O'Brien and Tanner, all members of the Irish Nationalist party in the House of Commons, will be prosecuted for intimidating renters of evicted farms.

In the House of Commons this evening Mr. Sexton asked whether it was true that seven Irish members were about to be prosecuted, and if so, whether there was any relation between the prosecution and the delay in the debate on the Irish estimates. If there was not, he asked if Mr. Smith, the Government leader, would give the assurance that the members would not be withdrawn from their Parliamentary duties until the estimates were settled.

Mr. Smith denied having any knowledge of the prosecution. He certainly desired the members to remain until the estimates were considered.

The Vatican has ordered the Bishop of Raphoe to recall Father McFadden, who is at present lecturing in London, to his parish duties.

A coroner's jury at Milton, County Cork, has rendered a verdict of wilful murder against Constable Swindel, who fatally stabbed Patrick Ahern during a conflict between the people and the police at that place.

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Mr. Walter Lennox, jun., representing Mrs. Langtry, is in town making arrangements for that lady's appearance here.

Hoffman, the boy pianist, has recovered his health, but will not reappear in public for some time.

The expectation that Madame Adelina Patti will take the part of *Juliette* in the forthcoming performance of M. Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," at the Grand Opera is causing a great stir in Paris. Twenty pounds is said to have been offered for an orchestra stall, and some enthusiasts have subscribed for the whole year in order to obtain the right to be present when Patti sings.

Sir Arthur Sullivan received a few days ago a letter from the Duke of Edinburgh who had, by request of the Sultan, sent several selections of Sir Arthur's operas for the Sultan's band. It appears that the Sultan was so pleased with the music that he asked the Duke of Edinburgh to acquaint Sir Arthur with the fact that he has been decorated with the Order of the Medjideh.

The *Catholic News* is authority for this little bit of personal history regarding Mary Anderson: "Notwithstanding her fatiguing evening's work and the comparatively late hour at which she is able to retire for rest she never fails to attend 7 o'clock mass every morning. She goes in dress plainer than a shop girl's, and can only be distinguished by the rapt earnestness of her devotion. How sweet and pure a lily in the dramatic garden of passion flowers!"

Eugene Oudin, leading tenor of the McCaull Company, is composing the score of a new opera. Those who have heard the numbers already finished are enthusiastic over the beauty and grace of the melodies and the skill and originality displayed in the setting of the ensembles and the orchestration.

The highest priced singer at the French Grand Opera is the baritone Lasalle. He gets $17,000 for an engagement of eight months. The contralto, Mme Richard comes next with $10,000. Escalais, tenor Melchisedec, baritone, Jean de Reske, tenor; Ed. de Reske, bass, and Mme. Escalais, soprano, follow in order. Mme. Mauri, the dancer, gets $8,000.

A curious paper by an English organist on "Melody in Speech" asserts that a cow moos in a perfect fifth and octave or tenth a dog barks in a fifth or fourth; a donkey brays in a perfect octave; a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale. Each person has his fundamental key, in which he generally speaks, but which he often transposes in sympathy with other voices or when he is excited.

The little pianoforte "prodigy" Otto Hegner has been spending the last few months at his native town of Basle, diligently studying under Professor Hans Huber, with the object of increasing his repertory of classical music, which last season was somewhat restricted. Last week he gave a recital at Basle, and fairly astonished his fellow-townsmen. He is expected on this continent next year.

To Buy Canada.

A Detroit despatch says: An Indianapolis despatch to a sensational evening paper says an intimate friend of Gen Harrison says he, like all Presidents, will desire to do something that will give his Administration a prominent place in the history of his country, and he has reason to believe that one of his first official acts will be the negotiation for the annexation of Canada. The General believes the United States can and should receive Canada in this manner. His idea is that the territory can be annexed to the United States by assuming Canada's debt. If the territory cannot be assumed for that consideration Gen. Harrison would favor paying a considerable bonus. It is understood he has said privately that the surplus in the treasury could not be spent in a better manner than by buying Canada. He heartily approves such a move, and will so recommend in his first message to Congress.

She Fooled with Kerosene.

A special from Geneva, N. Y., tells the following story: Mrs. Carl Bardeck kindled a fire this morning. It did not burn fast enough and she poured kerosene oil on the flame. The result was an explosion which scattered the burning oil in every direction. The husband and three children, who were sleeping in an adjoining room, were awakened. Mr. Bardeck became so frightened that he mistook a window for the door and dashed through it, cutting himself in a horrible manner. The family were finally rescued after being terribly burned. The woman will die.

Lieut.-Col. Buller, commanding the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, was fatally injured at Woolwich on the 8th inst. by stepping out of a railway carriage on the line instead of on to the platform. Col. Buller served with distinction in the Zulu and Egyptian wars.

Conjugal love cannot be preserved in family jars.

THERE is said to be kindred blood in the veins of Jefferson Davis and Gen. Harrison, the new President of the United States, resulting from numerous intermarriages between the Harrison and Davis families.

Miss Georgia Davenport, governess to the King of Spain, is a young Irish woman, hired to avoid offending any political party in Spain.

The Old Rocking-Chair.

My grandmother sat in the old rocking-chair
(But she was not my grandmother then),
And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair,
And she laughed a defiance to men!
Her sun-bonnet fluttered like bird on its string,
Her hair wandered free on the breeze,
And gayly, I ween, did my grandmother sing
Underneath those old gnarled apple-trees.

My grandfather rode through the white orchard [illegible]
And tethered his roan to a tree;
He'd a well-powdered wig on his silly young pate,
And high tasseled boots to his knee.
From the pink apple blossoms that over [illegible] hung
He brushed off the dew with his hat,
Till he came to the place where the rocking-chair swung
And my merry young grandmother sat.

The king-cup and daisy bloomed round in their pride,
And bees of their sweetness did [illegible]
[illegible] grandfather [illegible] and my grandmother sighed.
[illegible] the [illegible] with his whip,
[illegible] granny, she hummed her a charming song—
Faint heart never won [illegible] fair
He wooed, and he prayed, and before very long
[illegible] two in that old rocking-chair.
[illegible]

A HUSBAND TOO MANY.

The Story of Enoch Arden Re-Told With Variations.

A sort of Enoch Arden story with variations was related at the Central Police Station, Philadelphia, the other day. When the case of William Decker was called by Magistrate Pole, Mrs. Rachel Decker charged her husband with assault and battery, and said that he had worked but one week of the past year. The Magistrate asked William what he had to say, and the husband replied: "Her first husband came back last week, and my wife wants me out of the way so that she can live with him."

Mrs. Decker colored up at this and said: "It is true that my former husband is in the city, but when I married Decker ten years ago I thought my husband was dead. His mother died a short time ago, and I engaged a lawyer to secure some money left by her. Through mention of the matter in the newspapers my first husband returned. He came to my house last Friday under the influence of liquor, and quarreled with Decker, who was also intoxicated. If I had not interfered blood would have been spilled. My first husband's name is William Toner, and I would prefer to take him back if I must live with one of the two, for he treated me better than Decker has." She further stated that she had two children by each husband, and that her first husband is now supporting the children. Decker was held in $600 bail for Court.

Horses for Military Use.

A London correspondent, in a chatty letter upon European military matters, writes: "Several times in the spring I ventured to urge upon Canadian farmers the advisability of breeding horses fit for English military use. I have this week ascertained another reason why they should do so. Some military men were of opinion that we could get what we wanted at the Cape of Good Hope, and some months ago an army veterinary surgeon was sent to South Africa to report on the supply of horses available. It is the old story of the snakes in Ireland. There are none. Mr. Nunn says the Cape horses have deteriorated since the days in which India generally drew her supplies thence. The Suez Canal has diminished the contact with the Cape and farmers have stopped breeding, so that Cape horses do not run over fifty-eight to fifty-nine inches at the shoulder, are deficient in bone, narrow chested, pinned in at the elbows, badly developed, with split-up muscles in croup and thighs, and with crooked hind legs—in a word, 'good before but bad behind the saddle.' On the other hand, they are good-tempered and quiet, can live on what they pick up or a little oat cake, and can do long journeys on very bad roads in the hottest weather without showing signs of 'service.' In Basuto Land the animals are a little better, but they are only cobs, and yet they can cover 60 to 80 miles a day, carrying 180 to 196 lbs. So we cannot look to the Cape for horses for other than mounted infantry work, and the field is therefore all the more open for American breeders. I have on previous occasions said so much in detail of what our army requirements are, that it is needless to again occupy space with it." The *Times* has repeatedly pointed out the advantages to Canadian farmers and others in breeding horses for military purposes in foreign countries. Canada can become the source of supply if the farmers give it proper attention and breed their strong general purpose mares to thoroughbred horses.

Annie S. Swan on Niagara.

The authoress of "Aldersyde," Annie S. Swan, who has been staying in Hamilton for some time, in a letter in the *Christian Leader*, gives a description of her visit to Niagara Falls, which concludes as follows: "I was left to be lulled to sleep by that wild lullaby which for ages has thundered through the night. It did not disturb my slumber, and by sunrise I was up and watching the sun gleams and the rainbows making beauty amid the terrors of that awful torrent. It grows upon one, the majesty and grandeur seem to sink yet deeper into one's being. There is no monotony. I cannot imagine that familiarity with the sight could ever lessen the sense of awe. And yet perhaps it would. I have a feeling now that the memory of that great torrent rushing madly in its rocky bed, and the music of its roar as it gathered itself for the final leap, will remain with me while I live."

A Good Reason.

Mistress—Why, Nora, how dusty the chairs are!

Maid—Yes, mim, there's nobody sat on them to-day, mim.

At a Boston hotel the head waiter came out of the office and informed the learned and cultured clerk that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table. "Go in again," said the Browning saturated clerk, "and propitiate him in some way. I leave it to you." Back went the waiter to the dissatisfied boarder and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get right out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

INCIDENTS OF A MEMORABLE SIEGE.

Weighty Significance and Literal Fulfilment of Prophecy—"And Shall Keep Thee in on Every Side"—Date of Cessation of Jewish Sacrifices.

And when he was come near he beheld the city and wept over it. * * * For the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee, and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.—Luke xix. 41-44.

It was but a generation till all this was fulfilled to the letter, and it is known to-day from the page of history what horrors those were over which the Saviour wept as He foresaw them at that hour. Not to dwell upon the fearful story of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman army under Titus, son of Vespasian, in A. D. 70, let a sentence or two from a writer of to-day suffice.

"At last Titus drew a line of circumvallation round the doomed city, and began to crucify all the deserters who fled to him. The incidents of the famine which then fell upon the besieged city are among the most horrible in human literature. The corpses bred a pestilence. Whole houses were filled with unburied families of the dead. Mothers slew and devoured their own children. Hunger, rage, despair and madness seized the city. For the first time for five centuries, on July 17th, A. D. 70, the daily sacrifices of the temple ceased for want of priests to offer them. Disease and slaughter ruthlessly accomplished their work. At last, amid shrieks and flames, and suicide and massacre the temple was taken and reduced to ashes. The great altar of sacrifice was heaped with the slain. The courts of the temple swam deep in blood. Six thousand miserable women and children sank with a wild cry of terror amid the blazing ruins of the cloisters. Romans adored the insignia of their legions on the place where [illegible] had stood."

This was what sin had brought upon that city which was once "the joy of the whole earth." This was the vision of Jerusalem which led the Lord, as He beheld the city, to weep over it. And again, on the way to Calvary: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."—Luke xxiii. 28-31. This passage is understood to have reference also to the second advent.

Mrs. Gordon-Baillie's Lovesongs.

The notorious Mrs. "Gordon-Baillie," now undergoing a sentence of five years penal servitude for swindling hundreds of British shopkeepers, is not unknown in the theatrical and literary world, says a contemporary. Her real husband is a young actor, Mr. Knight Aston, once well-known as an operatic tenor who played some years ago in "La Perichole" and other operas by Offenbach, with Miss Selina Dolaro, at the Royalty Theatre, London. Under the *nom de plume* of "Ayrd Whyte," this versatile woman has written passionate love poems for magazines, and was at one time very anxious to obtain the valuable acting rights of several popular comedies and dramas with the obligation of paying the authors for the use of their property. But even adventuresses are fallible, for Mrs. "Gordon-Baillie," possibly for the first time in her career met her match in a well-known dramatic publisher, who having momentarily secured some deposit money under a contract which the lady was anxious to rescind, was clever enough to retain the same, much to the chagrin of the pseudo-manageress. One of Mrs. "Ayrd Whyte's" love songs is singularly prophetic of her varied career. It is called "Aujourd'hui," and contrasts the present with the past, yesterday with to-day:

Cold blows [illegible] wind across the mountain,
Faded are [illegible] by the [illegible]
No kiss [illegible] all silent [illegible] fountain
[illegible] 'Tis to-day.

Where "My Lord" Caused Trouble.

A worthy Canadian professor of Trinity College, Toronto, following the custom of his country, fell into an awkward mistake at the Church Congress last evening by applying the title "lordship" to Bishop Coxe who, at the close of the professor's remarks, humorously declined the honor of a title which has no existence under our republican form of government. The bishop at the same time told a story of how an American, though in a contrary kind of way, landed himself in a little difficulty in the Dominion. "A citizen of our own fair city," said the bishop, "was summoned to a court somewhere on the other side of Niagara river, and he persisted in calling the judge, who was a distinguished jurist, 'Sir,' 'Sir,' 'Sir,' whereupon the lawyer who had employed him as a witness, cautioned him to be careful and say 'my lord.' In desperation the witness exclaimed: 'I can't say my lord, Mr. Judge. I can't talk like you Britishers.'"

Christmas Weather Proverbs.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.

A green Christmas, a white Easter.

A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard.

A wind on Xmas day, trees will bring much fruit.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear a man afterward.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun.

If the sun shines through the apple-tree on Christmas day there will be an abundant crop the following year.

And Papa Said Never a Word.

Father—Johnnie, you must go to bed now.

Johnnie—I don't want to, papa.

Father—But you must, my son. Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise, you know.

Johnnie (sagaciously)—You didn't go to bed early when you was a little boy, did you, papa?

They say of Colonel Dupree, of Georgia, that during the late canvass he went up to a perspiring farmer, who was plowing with a stubborn ox, and offered to take his place while the plowman went for water. The offer was more than accepted, for the farmer stayed at the house till dinner, and the candidate plowed three hours under the hottest sun of the season.

A COFFIN FOR THE LIVING.

The Strange Caper of an Intoxicated Cincinnati Father.

A very peculiar case developed yesterday afternoon in Columbia, the east end suburb. About 1 o'clock a well-dressed man appeared at Watkins' undertaking establishment. He seemed excited and grief stricken and, in fact, exhibited all the semblance of woe natural in a man who had suffered death in his family. His name he gave as Edward Green, and explained between sobs that his little 5-year-old boy had just died with the diphtheria. Green ordered a hearse, carriage and a neat coffin. The tearful father left, and Watkins proceeded to fill the order with dispatch, as owing to the contagious character of the disease, the afflicted father had decided to have the funeral with [illegible]. The little cortege was soon on its way to the stricken house, which is on Eastern avenue, near Crawfish road. The undertaker reached the dwelling, and was a little surprised to find it bore no signs of death. [illegible] [illegible]

From the Bench to the Gutter.

The Chicago [illegible] says: The shadows of the evening were lengthening, and lights from the street lamps and the dingier shop windows were beginning to illumine the rough and broken sidewalks and dispel the gloom of the street, when an old man, clad in little else than rags, and tottering with the infirmities of age, entered one of the lowest of the many drinking houses on South Desplaines street, at the corner of Schiller. He entered by the side door very quietly, with the evident intention of being left unnoticed. And so it was. The bartender hardly glanced up from his seat behind the counter, and the old man tripped into a chair near the battered stove in the corner. He sat quite still for several minutes, with his head inclined forward, chin resting upon his breast. Then his hands dropped listlessly to his sides, the muscles of his limbs relaxed, his body slipped downward on one side, fell in a heap to the floor, and Wm. W. Drummond, who once wore the judicial ermine of the United States and was recognized as one of the eminent jurists of his time, was dead in a barrel house, the resort of the lowest of the low characters of a great city, dead among people with whom he lived for years yet [illegible] had once been a Chief Justice in the United States.

She Welcomed the Burglar.

Early this morning a [illegible] entered the residence of [illegible] [illegible] Armstrong [illegible] his two daughters sleep. Miss Hattie Armstrong was awakened by hearing a heavy footfall, and [illegible] the burglar threw a wrap over her head, with the threat, "Keep quiet or I'll shoot you!" Miss Sadie, her sister, seizing a poker struck the intruder on the head, the blow sending him reeling downstairs. He escaped through the window. [illegible]

The Grey Nuns.

The Grey Nuns were founded as a religious order in Canada about a hundred and fifty years ago, the mother house being in Montreal. *La Minerve* of Thursday contains an interesting account of the progress of this order, from which it appears that it now numbers in the Dominion 1,301 persons, namely, 1,080 professed nuns, 141 novices, and 80 postulants. They have 102 establishments in different parts of the country, spread over twenty-three Roman Catholic dioceses.

The First Kiss in the Honeymoon.

Anxious mother—Why, my daughter in tears! What has happened?

Married daughter—I—got mad at Arthur this morning and said a lot of mean things, and then he said lot of meaner ones and boo hoo! I couldn't think of anything mean enough to say back, boo hoo!

Custom Work.

"Ah, darling," he murmured, rapturously, as he entangled his arm about her necks, "you couldn't be nicer if you had been made to order."

Then the girl disentangled his arm, and rising to her full height, said in a low, it can never be done [illegible]

"Benjamin Harrison Worthington, [illegible] since E. Bird is no hand-me-down girl."

Too Sensitive.

[illegible]—I'm afraid, deacon, that we'll have to notify our pastor that his resignation would be accepted if tendered. The Deacon—Why? Don't you think he is an able and faithful expounder of the word? [illegible]—I'm! Well, he may be all that, but then you know a cultured congregation like ours may be willing to believe things, but don't like to hear them mentioned.

The Ruling Passion.

Child (to its father, a judge, deep in his papers)—Oh, papa, my pussy stole a cracker!

Judge—Ten days.

Annie Pixley does a whistling solo.

There is one woman journalist, and only one, reporting the proceedings of the Parnell Commission at the London law courts. She is said to be none other than Mme Venturi, the well known friend of Mazzini. She holds the seat allotted to an Irish newspaper and corresponds with some continental journals.

TOOTHMARKS IN AN APPLE.

A Slight Clue That Led to the Speedy Arrest of a Georgia Burglar.

The *Telegraph's* Hazelhurst correspondent made mention yesterday of the arrest and committal of a negro named Chandler Jones for burglarizing the store of J. L. Milton at that place on the night of the 15th. Jones was bound over in the sum of $1,000. The circumstances of his detection are peculiar, and the work was done by Detective E. A. Wilson, of Shackelford's agency at Macon. When he arrived at Hazelhurst he made an examination of the store and found that the [illegible] had been [illegible] by the insertion of a [illegible] between the [illegible] and [illegible] forcing the bolt into the [illegible]. He then [illegible] an examination [illegible] the way of a [illegible] apple [illegible] which [illegible] had [illegible] teeth. His detective instinct [illegible] he examined this apple [illegible] to the marks that were [illegible]. He saw the two front teeth of the [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] that he was [illegible] to offer no resistance, and submitted to the handcuffs. He was wearing a suit of clothes stolen from Mr. Milton, and a fine watch [illegible] from Mr. Milton. After [illegible] the detective found where he was stopping, and [illegible] a valise with a number of [illegible] goods and in the valise were the [illegible] attached to the clothing and on which were Mr. Milton's cost and selling marks.

And thus another [illegible] downfall [illegible]

Sprinting.

[illegible] says: The [illegible] question as to who was the [illegible] champion professional sprinter of this country was definitely settled at St. Louis on October 21st, with the first meeting of the Professional Athletic Association of America was held. Harry Bethune, of Cornwall, Ont., who has been generally considered the fastest sprinter in the country won the title of champion by winning the 75 yard dash [illegible] and the 100 yard dash in [illegible]. This is not the best that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Ont. May [illegible] 1862. He [illegible] [illegible] inches. He began as an amateur some five years ago in Canada, winning the 100 and 220 yard championships. His first appearance as a professional was in 1885, when he won a 150 yard handicap in Philadelphia from the [illegible] mark. Since that he has [illegible] races in every part of the country, and when he so wished has always won.

He Loved Her Very Still.

"And do you really love me, Ned, [illegible] now as you did when we were first married?" asked the fond wife of her busy husband, tenderly putting her arms around his neck.

"Yes, Mary, I do," was his soul-satisfying reply. "Now, hang you, keep still!"

Wine, Women and Song.

But the greatest of these is women. "Wine is a mocker," and song is good to soothe the savage, but women respond to every action, power and sentiment of the human mind when in good health. But [illegible] afflicted with disease [illegible] tantalizing, coquettish, cross, and hard to please. For all "female complaints," sick headache, irregularities, nervousness, prolapsus and other displacements popularly known as "female weakness," and other diseases peculiar to the sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the great world-famed remedy.

[illegible] line of John Boyle O'Reilly's poem on Crispus Attucks," says the Boston [illegible] is likely to live in popular memory. For years to come the orator, [illegible] and [illegible] will repeat the grand truth: 'The Tory is always a traitor [illegible]'

A Wise Husband.

[illegible] on the [illegible] extravagant [illegible]

[illegible] You seem [illegible] how [illegible] save [illegible]

Don't Read This for $500.

For many years, through nearly every newspaper in the land the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, as any one can easily ascertain by proper inquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

A Birmingham, Ala., man made a clock which he intended as a present for a friend. He set it running and it went all right for awhile and suddenly stopped. It was afterwards ascertained that the person for whom it was intended had died at the very time indicated by the clock. It has been set going frequently afterward, but always stops at the same hour.

WHO SLEW ALL THESE?

A Humorous Choir Boy's Ready Response.

A London correspondent, who vouches that he was present, sent the following from Reading: In one of the suburban churches there is a humorous choir boy, the avowed enemy of a severe curate. On Sunday evening the latter gentleman took for his text the words, "Who slew all these?" His enemy, the choir boy, was unable to resist the temptation, and in a voice audible in the remotest part of the church, replied: "Jack the Ripper." Thereon the [illegible] left [illegible] box, took the boy by the ear and led him into the vestry.

Love in a Cottage.

"Charley," said Mrs. [illegible] Jane, "I notice that your [illegible] seem to be [illegible] over with happiness. I am glad [illegible] tell me [illegible] what has [illegible] as he [illegible] a [illegible] for a while I was [illegible] had no appetite [illegible] but the use of [illegible] Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery [illegible] out and [illegible] a new man [illegible] there [illegible] store."

[illegible]

[illegible] for 50 cents.

[illegible]

[illegible]—What [illegible] breakfast this morning? [illegible] the [illegible] before [illegible] a cup of [illegible] and a [illegible] of water.

A Single T[illegible]

[illegible] that is needed to [illegible] that [illegible] is the most [illegible] and certain remedy in the world [illegible] costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove [illegible] to be [illegible] as an external or internal remedy for pain of every description [illegible] equal. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. [illegible]

Avoid substitutes.

—The season of A[illegible] began this year Dec. 2nd.

A woman [illegible] Broadway has the monopoly of all the [illegible] [illegible] So [illegible] boards [illegible]

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.

Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at [illegible] 1,005 at [illegible] 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] N.Y. State Normal College, [illegible]

PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

we want a good MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

[illegible] Cash Furnished [illegible] Address [illegible] [illegible]

FOR SALE.

[illegible] Boiler and Riley Automatic [illegible] 10-horse Power Engine.

WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

TIMES PRINTING CO.

[illegible]

[illegible]

BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

Cross-Cut Saws!

Cross-Cut Saws!

AND AXES

Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having nve gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined siller steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you Another line I would particularly call your attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Stayner has a bran new mechanics' institute.

One of the Shelburne papers claims that the Pickering News is the best local paper published in Ontario But then the Beeton World comes in competition with Shelburne, you know.

A serious accident happened to a child of Mr. Plumerfelt, of Sydenham, last week. The three children—two boys, aged respectively seven and four years, and a girl two years—were alone in the house, when the eldest, in handling a gun which was supposed to be unloaded, accidently discharged it and some 40 shots entered the body of the brother. The child is in a very critical state.

Thornbury Standard :- Our old friend Mr. Kay, who now lives in Manitoulin Island, sends us a report stating that the skeleton of a man has lately been discovered near the north shore of the Island, which when put together measures 12 feet 3½ inches. If correct, and we cannot doubt the veracity of Mr. Kay, this skeleton must be the largest ever discovered. It is also stated that the skull much resembles that of an Indian, but seems to have been from a man more intelligent than the average stamp.

Shelburne Echomist :- Last Sunday morning a heavy freight train from the north was proceeding down the grade into Orangeville yard when the men lost control of it and it ran into a siding on which a number of cars were standing. When the collision occured the train was moving at the rate of about fifty miles an hour. The fireman had three fingers taken off in some manner while he was in the act of jumping, while the driver sustained only a slight injury to one foot. The locomotive and a number of cars were completely wrecked. The loss is estimated at fully $50,000.

Dufferin Advertiser :-On Thursday last while a young son of John Leighton, of Mono, was amusing himself, in company with a couple of other boys, with a revolver, the weapon was discharged and the ball entered the abdomen of young Leighton. Dr. Henry of this place was sent for, and some time was spent probing for the bullet. The Dr. could not find the ball in the young man, and he abandoned the search. It became necessary to remove the boots from the feet of the young lad, and while this was being done the bullet dropped from one of them. In penetrating the body of the boy the ball had been diverted in its course and had sprung out of the hole it had made in entering his body. He will recover.

Hanover Post :- A case is reported from Owen Sound which requires looking into. About a year ago a German resident of north east Bentinck named George Schuerman went bail for the appearance at the Assizes of two young men who had got into a scrape. When the Assizes came on, the young men skipped out and left Mr Schuerman in the lurch. He is now in jail awaiting his trial, what for dear only knows, unless it is to make him pay the bond. It is a poor place to make money in jail The Crown is aware of it. He is a poor man with a large family depending upon him It is said there is nothing bad about him and that he is a good neighbor. His case is looked upon by the community as a great hardship Dr. Landerkin has been asked to intercede for Mr Schuerman and he has promptly set to work to find out the particulars of the case with the view to his release.

There are some very vicious pugs around Chesley. There are also some very courageous men in the same vicinity A Mr. Ramage bought three of those fighting swine, and the Enterprise tells the sequel: The pugs were, after a good deal of trouble, landed in Chesley, but before they could be put into the pen broke away and went home again. The next day they were brought back again and shut up, but the same night broke out and again went home. It required a small army to fetch them to town the third time. They were penned up and the doors barricaded, but when an attempt was made to kill one of them they made a combined attack on the butcher, and he had to climb up the wall of the pen to escape being torn in pieces. He clung to his narrow perch in terror until his assistant borrowed a rifle and came to his relief. Two of them were killed, but the third one still remains and there isn't a man round town dare enter the pen. For vicious hogs commend us to Sandy Blue.

A large Assortment

OF

M'en's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✢ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8,

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, innutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes in recently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wines in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. "If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

A Permanent Cure. ✢ A Pleasant Cure.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 339. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DEC ..78 1888. W. H. THURSTON.

XMAS, XMAS!

—CALL AT—

Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton,

GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, CLOCKS, CHAINS, BROOCHES, BARPINS, EARRINGS.

Cards, Razor Knives, etc.
is the finest and cheapest in this sect
Country.

WE CAN AND WILL GIVE YOU

BARGAINS

A Ladies fine GOLD AMERICAN WATCH for $26.00 worth $33 00. Gents' fine GOLD from $35,00 to 50.00 worth from $40. to $60.

Big discount for cash

from NOW to 1st JAN. 1889 on all goods. Do not fail to call: it will pay you; and always take your watch and clock repairs to RUSSELL'S, Flesherton, for a perfect JOB.

—CALL AT—

RICHARDSON'S Drug Store

AND SEE HIS STOCK OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR

Xmas and New Year's

PRESENTS

BEFORE YOU PURCHASE ELSEWHERE. HE HAS THE

LARGEST ASSORTEMENT IN TOWN,

BOTH—

Useful and Ornamental.

Albums. Satchels, Purses, Cards, Books, Toys, Sweets, etc.

OVER 500 LBS. OF SWEETS JUST IN.

A merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year to ALL.

Wm. RICHARDSON.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Artemesia Council will meet at Natal

Mr Dunnde is still in the fight. See adv.

The farm which was sold by public au

sold for Mr. James

R. T. of T. Entertainment.

Baptist Chapel Concert.

New Livery.

Mr. W. P. Crossley has decided to go into the livery business. He will have two hacks, one at the station and one at Chantilla.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker.

Mr W. Taylor has rented the Mansfield house. He will go into the [illegible] with Mr. Sutherland. Possession to be given Mr. Newcomb Sept.

Concert.

A concert will be held in the school house, Flesherton Station, on Friday, Dec 14, when a choice program of recitations, recitations, songs, etc. etc. will be given. Admission 15 cents, 25c per couple.

Dr Sinclair, the specialist, will be at Munshaw's hotel on Wednesday, Dec 19. Dr Sinclair is a regular practitioner whose health will not permit the confinement of ordinary practice. He is well and favorably known in Flesherton. Don't forget the date.

Busy Death.

Death has been busy around our midst. On Tuesday Mrs. Russell, wife of Flesherton's well-known jeweler, was taken suddenly ill and died on Thursday afternoon. The funeral took place on Friday, and the corpse was followed to the grave by a large number of friends and sympathisers. The R. T. of T. turned out in force, deceased being a member of that body. Rev Mr Shilton officiated and the Royal Templars also read their beautiful burial service at the place of interment. Mr. Russell has deep sympathy from the whole community in his severe bereavement. The deceased lady was a general favorite, and her genial smile and kindly disposition will be greatly missed by her many friends.

Rev. Mr. Shilton preached the memorial service on Sabbath evening to an extraordinary large congregation.

DEAFNESS CURED. A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the Head. How they may be cured at your home, Post free 3d. Address Dr. Nicholson, 40, St John Street, Montreal.

Changing Their Resting Place.

Mrs. W. [illegible] Mrs. W. [illegible]

One year last [illegible] was taken ill with [illegible] and was carried to St. Louis. It was in the [illegible] Flesherton to have [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] Mr. A. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] assisted in removing Mr. Wright's remains to Mr. Crossley's, [illegible] deceased's many years ago.

Flesherton Cheese Factory.

The closing meeting of the [illegible] was held [illegible] for the purpose of winding up the past season's business, and as the proceeds of the last sale were to be distributed, and the cost in connection with [illegible] Ontario Act, it was necessary [illegible] for these was a large attendance of patrons. The following statement was given by the secretary. The total milk received at the factory was 1,306,966 lbs. from which 131,641 lbs. of cheese were made, and 105,440 lbs. of cheese. This was sold for $13,191.61, [illegible] average [illegible] cheese.

The disbursements were as follows: Making cheese, $1,320.50; dairy milk, $963.46; president, $20.00; secretary, $20.00; sundries, $17.35; cash to patrons, $[illegible] cheese to patrons, $228.18; total, $3,492.61.

The costs of the above mentioned Jaw suit, which were $550.00, was provided for by those who were patrons of the factory in 1886, according to the amount of milk sent in by each of them that year. Those of them who were present at the meeting paid their several shares without a murmur.

The following were elected officers for the following year: George Stewart, president; William Wilcox, vice president; James Brodie, secretary; W. Wright, J. Teeter, D. Thompson, J. Cullins, A. Stewart, T. Wright, J. Fenwick, R. Oliver and R. Akitt, directors; W. Wilcox and J. Wright, auditors.

Why You Feel

"The Life of the Body."

Blood and Blood Medicine.

Spring and Family Medicine

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SACRIFICE SALE

TILL JAN. 1st, 1889.

WATCHES and CLOCKS

SILVERWARE MUSICAL GOODS

JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

CLOSE COMPETITION PRICES.

It will pay you to [illegible] can find a large stock to [illegible] from at cut prices.

CALL THIS MONTH

If you [illegible] buy

AND

Test This Statement!

that I have a very fine stock of

Bed Rock Prices!

Discounts [illegible] Parties [illegible] patronage receives [illegible]

JEWELER [illegible]

MARKDALE, ONT.

The Tongue.

"The lo[illegible] and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian pr[illegible]blem wisely saith
"A lengthy tongue [illegible] an early death

Or sometimes take this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose [illegible]ed
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"Ready?" repeats Roger Temple gravely. Wonderfully has his blood cooled, amazingly has reason reasserted herself, under the shock of the girl's audacity. "You are asking me you know not what, Belinda, but the fault is mine, wholly mine. We will, as you say, stoop to no treachery of soft words. I will speak openly to Rose to-night, and ——"

"And whatever Rose answers, whatever you may work upon Rose to answer, mind, I have done with you!" cries Belinda, in a voice of concentrated passion. "You think you know me because you have amused yourself by flirting with me for a half dozen days, sir, because you have played a few scenes of moonshine love on a balcony, and won me to say what I said to you this afternoon. But you know me no more than the first stranger who meets me in the street. What! You think I would sink so low as to marry you—Rosie's lover?"

"You stooped so low, I thought, as to like me a little," is Roger's reply. "But you are ashamed already, small wonder. God knows of your folly!"

For a second or two Belinda is dumb. "If I lived fifty more years," she breaks forth then, "if I lived to be an old, old woman, I should never be ashamed of what you call 'my folly.' Never. If if such a feeling were shameful, how could it have come into my heart? I never tried, I never wanted to like you. I knew nothing at all about it till I woke up to-day, and then it was too late to go back."

"Too late, indeed," repeats Roger.

"Well, I can't help what I feel any more than I can help breathing, but my actions—those are my own. And to think that I would take you by stealth, dishonestly take you from Rose, —, who wouldn't do a sneaking thing to save my life!"

"Belinda, I ——"

"I don't pretend to be good or virtuous, you see, for I've been so kicked about here and there, and have seen so much and heard so much, that I don't rightly know what virtue is. But whatever game I play, I play it fair. You have promised to marry Rose, and you must marry her, by heaven! Whether you love her or not, you should love your own honor too well to think of change now."

"You read me a sharp lesson," says Roger Temple. "You make me see my own conduct in a fearfully clear light, Belinda."

"Yours! You have not been to blame at all," cries the girl, womanlike in this, that she would sooner guilt rested with them than blame with the man she loves. "You meant only to be kind to me at first for Rosie's sake. How could you guess I was going to make such a miserable fool of myself?"

Her voice quivers, breaks down; she covers her face between her hands, and once more Roger's arm, unresisted, holds her close. The embrace lasts for a minute's space or more and Roger is the first to speak.

"Before we go on our way again, before we go back to our path and duty, I want you to say just one word, child—that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive. If I could choose, I would live the time over again, since I have known you yes, up to this very minute."

"And are we going to be friends or enemies in the days to come?"

"I don't know about 'friends.' I shall care for you till the day I die, as I do now."

"And I may have one more kiss—a last one?"

She throws her arms around his neck without a word.

But Roger does not misunderstand her this time. In the intensity, the abandonment of that caress he reads aright, that Belinda is taking leave of him for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

And now the closing act remains to be played. Scene, Rosie's Drawing-room at the Isabella; a lamp or two artistically disposed round the central figure of the tableau; Venetian shutters, half closed; a voluptuous fragrance from the magnolias and orange flowers in the court-yard below. Central figure, Rosie, dressed in the palest lavender silk that ever milliner called mourning, with white Spanish veil, with jet comb and earrings, with the bloom of undying youth (warranted) on her cheek.

To her, just as nine o'clock strikes, enters Belinda, tired-looking, dust-stained, her cheeks paler than her dress, her eyes showing all too plainly the remarks of recent tears.

"Why, Belinda, I thought you were never coming back, any of you! And what an object! I am more thankful than ever I did not go. These sort of days are mistakes."

"Utter mistakes," repeats Belinda, sinking into the first chair she comes across. "You have had by far the best of it at home, Rosie."

"It certainly is nice to say one has been in Spain, but one can say it just as well without going, and as to churches and things, they are all alike, and you never know what horrid disease you may catch. How do you like me in a veil? Spencer insists that she has pinned it right, but I am not sure that it should be fastened so high. Now, just see—oh, you must stand up to get the full effect—do you think one inch lower would be more becoming? Look at me attentively, full face and profile."

Rosie turns herself slowly round, as the wax ladies with big eyelashes turn in the barbers' shops, and Belinda watches her with a pang of wearied envy; envy, not of her charms, but of this all-engrossing vanity which so fills and satisfies the creature's own selfish life.

"Spencer is right, Rose. It is pinned to perfection. An inch, half an inch, either way, might spoil the effect."

"I thought it looked rather well," says Rose, coquettishly surveying herself in an opposite mirror. "But, of course, in trying a new style one is apt to be nervous. And then I have a horror of anything theatrical. Nothing, I know, would occasion Colonel Drewe such a shock as to find me looking theatrical. He had always the most fastidious taste."

"Colonel Drewe?" repeats Belinda, a little absently. "Ah, to be sure, I had forgotten. You and Colonel Drewe have not seen each other yet, then?

"No; poor, dear fellow—Stanley does not yet know the worst! He wanted to call on me, not ten minutes after you had started, but Spencer made so much of my headache—she is really a fool, Belinda, when you put her to the test—Spencer made so much of my headache, and my sufferings, that, at last, he took her at her word, and went to Biarritz for the afternoon, saying he would call again at nine, for certain. Spencer declares the passionate expression of his eyes when he said those words 'for certain,' was enough to make your blood run cold."

"Then I am not wanted, Rose," says Belinda, rising. "If Colonel Drewe is to be here with passionate eyes at nine, the sooner I take myself off the better."

But the widow will, for no consideration, be left alone; is coy as a girl of seventeen at the thought of receiving Colonel Drewe, any gentleman, at nine o'clock in the evening, unchaperoned. At least Belinda must stop until the first shock of the meeting the first agonized shake of the hand is over.

Just as she is speaking comes a discreet lady's maid's tap at the outer door of the apartment, and in another moment appears Spencer, in a faded grey silk dress, with mock jet cross and earrings, with downcast ogle of mock modesty, a cheap imitation of her mistress to the last.

"The gentleman who called this morning, ma'am, would be glad to know if you are sufficiently well to receive him?"

Spencer's face telegraphs the intelligence that the visitor, in point of fact, is at her heels; and Rose, stoking a little further away from the lamp light, adjusts her handkerchief and eyelashes to perfection point.

"I will make an effort to see this gentleman, Spencer"—how Colonel Drewe's heart must thrill at that veiled cooing voice! "I am far, very far, from strong yet, still, if it be a matter of business——"

Another two seconds and the visitor is midway across the room.

He is tall, just Colonel Drewe's height, and has the unmistakeable military air dear to Rosie's heart. So much, without uplifting her eyes, the widow can discern. But what—what ails Belinda? The girl has grown white as ashes; she starts, trembling, to her feet; a cry of doubt, fear, hope, all blended, comes from her lips.

"Belinda, my dear, let me introduce ——" begins Rose, rising with a languid grace from the sofa. "I don't think you and Colonel—Colonel——"

The poor soul turns green under all her pearl powder, feels her limbs give way beneath her; shrieks—a good natural shriek, for once, just as she would give at the apparition of a frog or a spider. Then, the genius of folly inspiring her, moves a step or two forward, and sinks into the stranger's arms.

"I knew it all along!" she gasps out. "My heart told me you were never really, really dead!"

O'Shea—for it is needed Cornelius—holds his wife in a sort of rapture to his waistcoat. He bends his head down over hers.

"There are feelings too sacred for utterance," he exclaims. "The years, the cruel years of our separation fade away, and it seems but yesterday I held my only darling to my heart."

"But I am changed!" murmurs Rose, the identical remark she murmured on that first night of Roger's return from India. "I am an old, old woman now!"

She lifts her face; traces of rice powder rest on Major O'Shea's waistcoat, as they rested erstwhile on Roger's, and then, looking into each other's eyes, and holding each other's hands, husband and wife, in broken oft-interrupted accents, make mutual confessions.

Cornelius throws infinite pathos into his. The newspaper announcement of his death, he declares, was, in the first instance, a hoax, one of those cruel practical jokes to which the most innocent men may fall victims. Afterward fretting, as was his habit, about his poor devoted wife, away in England—the idea crossed his brain of working out the mistake to her benefit. "My life, up to that time," and tears are in the good old fellow's eyes as he speaks, "my life up to that time, had brought little else but harm to those I loved. I resolved to see if the supposition of my death might not prove to their advantage. My Rosie's mental sufferings!" Rose, at this point having managed to falter out something decorous about the suddenness of the blow and her own anguish of bereavement. "Ah, my love, the years of tranquil domestic happiness before us now must atone for that. The end, my Rosie—'tis false morality but let us hope that in this case at least the end will justify the means."

"I'm sure I hope it will make no difference about Uncle Robert's will." This is Rosie's first really earnest and coherent utterance. "I know my uncle would never have left me a shilling if he had thought ——"

"That that worthless scoundrel and spendthrift, Cornelius O'Shea, still haunted the earth," interrupts Cornelius, with admirable frankness. "Set your mind at rest, my dear girl. I consulted my lawyers about all the troublesome business technicalities of the matter, immediately upon my return to England. The money is as legally and truly yours as you are legally and truly mine, and only mine, Rose."

So much for Major O'Shea. Rosie gets through the difficult part she has to play not without credit. After looking forward to being the wife of a man, young, handsome, distinguished, as Roger Temple—nay, after hesitating, one short quarter of an hour ago, as to whether Roger Temple or that elegant creature, Stanley Drewe, should be the object of one's choice, now suddenly to find one's self folded in a husband's legitimate embrace! A husband with his nose redder, his head balder, his whole person, alas, a vast deal older, slovenlier, uglier than when one parted from him. Would not the situation be tragic to many a wiser and better woman than poor Rose?

She sighs more sincerely than she ever sighed in her life before; she weeps some furtive scalding tears on O'Shea's well-worn waistcoat. She is sorry exceedingly; sorry in the very depths of her soul over his resurrection. But although a husband, Cornelius is still a man, and it is not in Rosie's nature to act otherwise than with angelic outward sweetness toward any member of the other sex.

"You seem to forget that we are not the only people in the world," she whispers to him, after a time. "You quite forget the cause that brought me to St. Jean de Luz—Belinda."

And now Belinda, who has with difficulty restrained herself during the scene of tender connubial reunion, rushes forward and flings herself upon her father's breast.

She never sees that his coat lacks fashion and his waistcoat freshness. Cheap cigars, brandy, absinthe, none of these things are perceived by Belinda. "Papa! My own darling papa!"

As she clings to him, she feels his lips upon her head, the blind, adoring love of old childish days thrills through her heart. She kisses his face, his hands, the sleeve of his threadbare coat. She sends up a passionate, mute thanksgiving to Heaven in her great joy.

"And so Belinda has grown up a beauty after all," says O'Shea, holding his graceful brown girl at arm's length that he may the better admire her. "But I have seen you already to-day, Belinda. I watched you this morning—little you all suspected it—when you were starting from the hotel. A good-looking young fellow that who was with her, Rose, eh? It would be indiscreet, I dare say, to ask his name?"

"His name is Temple, Roger Temple," answers Belinda, her face burning with blushes, more for Rose's sake than her own.

"An old friend of mine—and Mr. Shelmadean's," adds Rose. Poor Rose! She must be really more than mortal could she make this renunciatory speech in a cheerful tone. "I had run down here with my maid to see our dear Belinda, and—and we met Captain Temple—accidentally——"

"As you have now met me, Rose," says Cornelius, coming, with admirable tact, to her rescue. "Quite a chapter of accidents, is it not? But never mind, my love! All's well that end's well, and I shall be only too delighted to make Mr. Roger Temple's acquaintance. This moment," adds O'Shea, looking much as gentlemen look when they get on their legs to return thanks after dinner "this moment is the happiest—the crown, the flush, so to speak—of my whole chequered life. But let me set myself right in the opinion of those who are dearest to me. I come back, after long absence, after years of reputed death; I find my Rosie fairer, younger than when I left her, and with her affections still mine, and I am the happiest fellow this side of the equator. But," exclaims Cornelius grandly, "had a cruel fate ordained otherwise, had I found my beloved wife in a position where duty demanded such a sacrifice, I would, whatever the cost, have kept the fact of my existence a secret, and in a distant land have prayed to my last hour for the happiness of her from whom honor, the strongest feeling of which man's breast is capable, held me apart."

Major O'Shea seems to have grown an inch taller during the course of this peroration. He pronounces the word "honor" with the marked emphasis you will frequently observe men of somewhat shifty character attach to it. His daughter gazes at him with fond, wet eyes and trembling lips, while his wife—well, I don't want to be hard on Rosie any more, so we will say that his wife, too, weeps.

Just as the family group has assumed an interesting position, in walks Roger Temple.

"This—this is Captain Temple" stammers poor Rosie, "Cornelius, my dear ——"

"Captain Temple, let me introduce myself," says O'Shea, airily, and moving towards his wife's friend with outstretched, cordial hand. "A dead man may dispense with formalities. Very happy and proud to make Captain Temple's acquaintance!"

Five minutes later the restored husband and supplanted lover are chatting together with a friendliness that must dispel Rosie's last lingering dread as to the probability of a duel. In half an hour's time O'Shea is whispering affectionately in his wife's ear—Darby and Joan together on the sofa (I have been harsh, too harsh, upon Rosie, more than once: it gives me a pleasure to part from her in peace, happily restored to a husband's sheltering arms); and Belinda finds herself at an open window, in the farthest corner of the room, with Roger Temple by her side.

They talk commonplaces for a long time, talk about the clearness of the night, the beauty of the stars, the sweetness of the orange flowers in the courtyard. They keep at a distance; they dare not look into each other's eyes. And all the while they know that they are lovers; that the good-bye spoken between them a couple of hours ago is cancelled; that they are free; and God willing, mean to pass the rest of their lives together, hand in hand.

"Time for me to be thinking of the Maison Lohobiague and Miss Burke," says Belinda at last. "There is Costa waiting patiently at the gate, as usual, to take me home."

"Home! Don't let me hear you say the word any more in connection with the Maison Lohobiague," exclaims Roger. "You have finished with the Maison Lohobiague and Miss Burke forever."

"Yes; I suppose papa will like me to live in England now. Poor papa—if you knew how good it is to be able to say that word again!"

"I hope another word may seem as good to you some day!"

No reply in speech. She only turns to him her dark eyes shining through a mist of joyful tears, and Roger Temple is contented.

THE END.

A large panther followed by three cubs ran along a much-travelled road near Middletown, N. Y., last week. Nobody was harmed and the quartette escaped.

—An eagle sailing half a mile above the earth can see a field mouse; but while that is pretty good it is beaten by a chap in this town who can see his tailor a mile away on a cloudy day.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

Horrors That Are Being Perpetrated These Very Days.

"I paid a visit to Sayol's camp. A scaffolding of beams at its entrance was ornamented with fifty hewn-off right hands. Musket shots later on proclaimed that the leader of this gang was practicing musketry at his prisoners. Some of my men told me that the victims of this cruelty had been cut up immediately to furnish a cannibal feast, for Tippoo Tib's auxiliaries from the Lomami, the Bene Kalebwe and the Batetela are cannibals." Reading these words one would think that they were part of some romance, due to the vivid imagination and genius of Mr. Rider Haggard; but no, they are, alas! an actual narration of facts witnessed by the famous African traveller, Lieut. Wissmann, and related by him in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society on the 25th of June, 1888. It may be urged by some that surely this horrible and diabolical conduct of Sayol, the lieutenant of Tippoo Tib, is a solitary and isolated instance, and that other slave dealers do not behave so atrociously. It may, perhaps, be the worst case which has up to the present been witnessed and described by a European, but it is unfortunately only a fair sample of what is daily occurring in tropical Africa, where murder and rapine are destroying whole tribes of negroes, the few and scanty survivors being dragged away as slaves. According to Cardinal Lavigerie, Africa is every year drained of 2,000,000 human beings by the slave trade. Not a tithe of these ever come to be domestic slaves "who after all are not so badly off," as is so commonly said by people who wish to plaster over the prick their conscience gives them when they say they are not the neighbor of the oppressed negro, and, like the priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side. For every slave they carry off the slave raiders murder about twenty, and of those they do drive away not a fifth come into the hands of the humane (?) slave owners of Morocco, Fez, Tuat, Tripoli and Arabia. The ivory trade has been blamed with causing most of the slave hunts in Central Africa. This is no longer the case. In several regions the stock of ivory is nearly or quite exhausted, and still villages are hourly burned and their inhabitants murdered or put into slave chains, clogs and forks. The only difference is that now, the able bodied men being no longer required for the painful and laborious work of ivory porters, they, along with the aged of both sexes, are slaughtered in cold blood, while their wives, sisters, daughters and young children are dragged away to become the servants, concubines and worse of depraved and debauched mongrels.—*London National Review.*

A Coachman's Awful Discovery.

A curious case is now engaging the attention of the police authorities here, telegraphs a Montreal correspondent. About six months ago a Mrs. McKean left her husband at Lake St. John and came to Montreal, alleging before she left Quebec that she was afraid of her life, and would stay no longer with the man whom she had promised to love, honor and obey. Coming to this city Mrs. McKean arrayed herself in man's attire, and entering the service of a well-known gentleman, was given a bed in the same room with the coachman. The latter remained in blissful ignorance of the real condition of affairs until last night, when the terrified Jehu discovered that for a half year his apartment had been shared, not by a handsome youth, as he supposed, but by Mrs. McKean, from Lake St. John. The indignant coachman had the woman arrested this morning, but there does not appear to be any law applicable in the case.

Plenty of Weather.

Maine Man—"I tell you down East beats the world for quick changes of weather. One day last spring I cut ice all one morning and had to run out and plant sun umbrellas over my tomato vines in the afternoon."

Western Man "Shouldn't wonder. I remember one day in Kansas when I went out with a mowing machine at sunrise and traded it for a snowplow before night, but that wasn't a circumstance to the day I went swimming in the Missouri River, and got carried so far out by the current that I was like to drown. I just tell you, I never expected to see shore again."

"Eh? How did ye get back?"

"The river froze over and I skated back."

Can't Get Head nor Tail of It.

A fellow who was not used to propounding conundrums got mixed thusly:

"Why is a hen—no, I mean a rooster, like a cent? No, that isn't it. Why is a cent like a fence on a rooster? Pshaw! I mean why is a fence like a rooster on a penny. No, like a cent on a rooster. Hold on a minute, that's not right either. Why is a rooster like a fence on a cent? I mean like a penny on a—no, I don't either. I mean, why is a rooster like a penny—a fence a—now, why is a penny like a fence on a—like a rooster on a fence? Well, anyhow, the answer is, because its head is on one side and tail on the other."—*Dansville Breeze.*

A Tonic Needed.

"Come here, Johnnie," said the old man, bringing out the strap, "it is time you had a taste of this."

"I didn't do nothing, pa," pleaded the youngster.

"In that case," said the old man, "I'll lick you for being idle."

An Unfortunate Admission.

Youngest daughter (of father of seven of them)—Papa, I can't I positively can't stand the strain! I m m must t-t-tell you I had planned to elope to night.

Papa—Just my luck! What did you want to peach for? Now I suppose I've *got* to stop you.

Sorry He Found It.

Office Boy—"Here is a pocket-book, sir, which you dropped." Muscular Merchant (grasping boy's hand and wringing it vigorously)—"Honest lad! What shall I do to show my gratitude?" Boy (wincing under his torture grasps)—"Let go my hand, sir, and we'll call it square."

—A man of strong character always makes enemies, but because a man has many enemies does not mean that he has a strong character.

MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITIES.

Singular Things That Can be Accomplished by Figures.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: A very curious number is 142 857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by seven gives all nines. Multiplied by one it equals 142 857, multiplied by two equals 285 714, multiplied by three equals 428 571, multiplied by four equals 571,428, multiplied by five equals 714,285, multiplied by six equals 857 142, multiplied by seven equals 999 999. Multiply 142,857 by eight and you have 1,142 856. Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142 857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start. Another mathematical wonder is the following:

It is discovered that the multiplication of 9 8 8 6 5 4 3 2 1 by 45 gives 44, 44, 44,44, 44, 45. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 by 45, we get a result equally curious—5, 555, 555, 505. If we take 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, 6, 666, 666 606. Returning to the multiplicand, 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53, 333, 333, 34—all 3's except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand, and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26, 666, 666, 667—all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now, interchanging the order of the figures 27, and using 72 as the multiplier, and 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 as the multiplicand, we get a product of 71, 111, 111, 112, all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72—the multiplier.

Very Good for a Detective Yarn.

A lady and gentleman were travelling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel!"

"Certainly, sir," she replied, with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him.

In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat. When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Certainly," madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said:

"It appears that we both are anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrist with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female attire have shadowed you; now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Curious Odds and Ends.

The Persian name for Americans is Yange Dconyn, which means a dweller of the new world.

People in Oregon have passed a very pleasant summer. They raised four crops of strawberries this year.

It was an old woman in Indiana who invented the whisk broom, and millions of them are whisking from daylight to dark without her having made a cent out of her invention.

A newspaper man in Liverpool secured the names of 482 sailors, and only two among them were named Jack. In all his talk with them he never heard them use a nautical expression.

A Brooklyn man intends to start a goat farm, which he thinks will bring him $10 80 per day. He will stock it with seventy-five goats, and as the ordinary goat will give three pints of milk a day, he calculates upon ninety quarts per day at 12 to 15 cents a quart.

The Prince of Wales has 17 brothers-in-law, 16 uncles, 57 cousins and 58 nephews and nieces.

A Clairsville (Ga.) druggist recently captured a young snake, to which he has been giving a certain amount of whiskey every day. At first his snakeship did not take kindly to the beverage, but of late has shown a decided hankering after it. When given all it can drink it rolls around on the floor and performs a number of odd antics, clearly proving that the glorious privilege of getting drunk is not denied even to snakes.

Not the First Time.

"Was it the girl's father who broke off the engagement?" inquired Jenkins.

"No," replied the jilted lover, "it was her little brother."

An Editor's Supply of Tongue.

Our thanks are tendered to Rev. Kenneth McLennan for a dried tongue of the northwestern reindeer, which is considered a rare treat by many.—*Whitby Chronicle.*

THE Tables of the Law have not been heard of since Nebuchadnezzar plundered the Temple at Jerusalem in the year 598 B.C. The Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, suggests that the archæological expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania may discover the original Decalogue amid the ruins of Babylon.

Revivalist Sam W. Small is trying to start an upstir in New Yook city, where there are more good people than there are words in the big dictionary.

On Saturday A. and H. Cartwright, sons of Sir Richard, went to Wolf Island on a shooting expedition. As Harry did not reach the bank yesterday anxiety was felt in regard to his safety, and Sir Richard went out in the afternoon in search of him. His brother is in Kingston from Toronto. It is thought the young men are all right.

Mr. Franklin McLeay, modern language master of the Woodstock Institute, is from overwork.

CURRENT TOPICS.

"BONE china," the very finest sort, which comes in Minton, Welgewood, Crown Derby, Royal Worcester, in fact, all the best makes, gets its name from the fact that phosphate of lime from calcined bones goes into its composition, and helps not a little to produce its creamy, translucent and velvety glaze.

So few are the Greek paintings which have survived that interest will be felt in a recent discovery at Eleusis of wall paintings, among which Jupiter enthroned can be made out, having a sceptre in the left hand and a Victory in the right. They are supposed to belong to the period of Roman domination.

THE case of a Christian bishop abandoning his creed to embrace Islamism is rare. Such an apostate is Monsignor Kerekin, Armenian-Gregorian bishop of the united diocese of Yurgah, Artakia and Marasch, in Asia Minor. He has assumed the name of Achmet Mukhtar, and his mother, who followed his example, is known as Fatmah Munire.

WHEN a defendant in Honduras is dissatisfied with the finding of a court he sometimes does not waste money on an appeal to a higher tribunal. Thus in Leimistan, Honduras, not long ago, Don Salvador Paredes, being worsted to the extent of $100 in an assumpsit case brought by Don Desiderio Paz immediately shot the judge dead.

A BUST of the late Norman MacLeod, executed by Mr. Hutchison, R. S. A., is about to be placed in the corridor at Balmoral, besides that of the late Principal Tulloch. Both of these illustrious Scotchmen were favorites of the Queen. It was of Dr. MacLeod she wrote in "Our Life in the Highlands" when referring to her first visit to Balmoral after the death of Prince Albert: "He spoke of the Prince so nicely and prayed for us so kindly that I felt a lump in my throat."

ACCORDING to *L'Industrie Parisienne*, a laundryman in the vicinity of Paris has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap or lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process, it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst-soiled cotton, linen or silk, cleaned by this method, are made whiter than they could be by the use of an alkali.

MR. F. BADEN BENSON, the President of the British Pharmaceutical Conference, adopts and recommends the following plan for the "happy dispatch" of poultry. A large wide mouthed stoppered bottle is kept charged with an ounce of chloroform. When a chicken has received sentence of death, it is held firmly under the left arm and its head slipped into the mouth of the bottle. A few deep inspirations follow, and the bird without a struggle becomes unconscious. Then, holding it by the legs its neck is dislocated by a quick stretch. The plan is so simple that it might be generally adopted.

ACCORDING to the following statistics France must be peculiarly blessed with a healthy climate. The number of persons in each 10,000 between ages 15 and 60 are: France, 5,373; Holland, 4,984; Sweden, 4,954; Great Britain, 4,722; United States, 4,398. The highest average ages of the living are: France 31.06; Holland, 27.76; Sweden, 27.66; Great Britain, 26.05; United States, 24.02. Out of every hundred deaths, those of persons over 60 are: 36 in France; Switzerland, 34; England, 30; Belgium, 26; Prussia, 19; Austria, 17. France has the lowest birth rate, which is 25.8 to a thousand; Great Britain, 31; Germany, 38.

DR. EDWARD W. BEMIS, a well known statistical authority, has written an article on the railways of the United States, in which he points out that the 150,000 miles of railway in the United States embrace one-tenth of the national wealth, or more than that of all our manufacturers, and that the yearly gross earnings of over $900,000,000 are more than three times the entire appropriations of the national Government, while the employees exceed three-quarters of a million of men, or more than any standing army in Europe.

ACCORDING to a correspondent in the San Francisco *Chronicle* the best blanket in the world is woven by the Navajo Indians. "These blankets are unique and curious, as well as durable, and hence their great price. The Navajoes raise their own sheep, and the wool is carded, spun and dyed by themselves. The very finest blankets are made, however, of threads raveled out of fine woollen cloth, called boletta, which they get from Old Mexico at $6 a pound. A first class blanket of this material would take a year's labor, and is worth as much as $150. An inferior grade may be had as low as $20. Germantown yarn is used for the commoner sorts, and a very fine article it makes. The cheapest kind may be had as low as $3, or even $1 50, though it takes three or four days to weave one. The chief, but by no means the only, merit of this blanket is its durability. Some are known to have been in constant use in Mexican houses for seventy years."

THE ground on which Philadelphia is built is claimed to be one of the richest gold fields in the world. The only difficulty is that the field cannot be worked. Nearly the whole city is underlaid with clay to the depth of about ten feet—an area say ten miles square. A cubic foot of clay, weighing 120 pounds, taken from a depth of 14 feet when the cellar of the 12th street market was excavated, was practically demonstrated to contain seven-tenths of a grain of gold, or one pound in 1,224,000. The experiment was repeated with about the same results with clay taken from a brick-yard in the suburbs. Supposing the whole mass of clay to be 4,180,000,000 pounds (and it is really much greater), the amount of gold would reach in value the enormous sum of $126,000,000. The gravel is much richer in gold than the clay, but there is not so much of it. Undoubtedly $200,000,000 worth of gold lies within fifteen feet of the surface, and still it cannot be used.

A SPOON-FED HORSE.

Queer Injury to a Valuable Animal—Fed Like a Baby.

A pure white Arabian mare that is being fed with a spoon is one of the curiosities that excites the interest and sympathies of the horsemen of Montgomery County. The animal belongs to John M. Wilson, of Norristown, and it is suffering from a most singular fracture of the jaw-bone. The injury is known as a fracture of the inferior maxilla of the lower jaw-bone posterior to the incisor teeth. Both bones of the animal's jaw are broken completely off, and the lower portion of the jaw is now being held in place by a mask of pliable copper, lined with cotton. The case is exciting widespread interest among veterinary surgeons. The accident to the animal occurred last Sunday night. While tied with a halter in its stall at Mr. Wilson's stables it broke loose, and, while mingling with the other horses, was kicked squarely on the front of the jaw. Dr. H. O. Dengler, a veterinary surgeon residing in Norristown, was summoned, and he found that the jaw was twisted to one side, and the animal appeared to be suffering but little pain. After an examination of the fracture he reset the broken bones temporarily, and applied a truss to the mare's head, and then bandaged it tightly.

On Monday Dr. Dengler telegraphed to C. J. Blank, of Easton, and J. Reinhart Z. Keelor, of Harleysville, Montgomery County, two veterinary surgeons, with whom he had a consultation. They made an exhaustive search of the archives of animal fractures, but could not find a similar case to the one they had under discussion where both bones of the jaw had been broken at the same time. Dr. Dengler then permanently set the broken jaw, an entire day being spent in the operation. The copper mask is kept tightly pressed to the animal's head, and its mouth is kept in a bucket of water to reduce the swelling in the jaw. The mare is kept in slings, which are securely attached to the roof of the stable, so as to guard against her lying down to go to sleep. The canvas slings will be kept about her body for about four weeks, by which time Dr. Dengler anticipates a marked improvement in the fractures. During that time it will be impossible for the animal to take ordinary nourishment, and she will be kept on a diet of milk, eggs, oatmeal, butter and gruel. This diet will be administered with a spoon, as the mouth is open but little more than an inch. The animal is in a comfortable position, and it is believed that by careful nursing and skilful surgical treatment she will recover.—*Philadelphia Record.*

JOSEPH MAHONE'S DREAM.

Part of It Came True, and the Remainder Is Awaited with Interest.

A bold robbery and a remarkable case of premonition connected therewith occurred yesterday. Joseph N. Mahone, a travelling man, representing one of the largest wholesale grocery houses of New Orleans, was the victim, being robbed of a fine gold watch and chain, $70 in cash, three checques aggregating a considerable sum and valuable papers. Mahone was overtaken when within three miles of Evergreen late yesterday evening by a dark skinned man with a small grip in his hand, who claimed to be returning from Andalusia, and said he had to walk back to Evergreen to take the cars home to Mobile, as his horse was taken sick and died at Gant's Mill, on the route. Mahone let him ride into town, and they put up at the same hotel, the stranger registering as James Pomeroy, Mobile. Upon retiring the stranger called for an adjoining room. When Mahone awoke in the morning he found an empty bottle labelled chlorofocm by his pillow. Mahone relates the following story connected with the robbery: He says he is a man of high nervous temperament, and from childhood has been affected at intervals by a strange, semi-conscious, trance-like affection, during which he has visions of different occurrences which in their vivid and realistic appearances almost persuade him of the truth of the scenes. He was so affected on Wednesday. While in a trance he saw plainly outlined before him a room with a man lying upon the bed, whom he recognized as himself. It was a darkened room, and it appeared to be night. By the faint glimmer of light through the window he saw a muffled figure stealthily enter the room and abstract a watch, money and other valuables from the clothes hanging on a chair. The thief left the room. He saw him go off, seemingly down a railroad. Then it seemed as though a cloud passed over the scene for a moment and in rapid panoramic succession he saw the party arrested stab the officer, overcome by superior numbers, confined in prison, tried for murder, convicted, sentenced to death and hung. This dream or vision made no particular impression at the time upon the mind of Mr. Mahone, but was deemed merely a vagary of the brain; but since the robbery he recalls the fact that the man who robbed him corresponds exactly with the one he saw in the dream. The room in the hotel and the other facts are exactly as they appeared. A part of the vision has come true, and it remains a matter of profound psychological interest to see if the remainder comes to pass.—*Evergreen (Ala.) despatch to Chicago Globe*

Agreed with Him.

Beggar (preliminarily)—"I've seen better days—"

Busy man—"So have I. Looks as if it had set in for an all-day drizzle. Confoundedly unpleasant. Got to take 'em as they come, though. Tra, la, la."

An investigation into the cause of a sudden fall in the Elkhorn river at Pierce, Nebraska, revealed the fact that a musk-rat had bored a hole in the dam.

The steamship Pomeranian is still kept in the St. Lawrence by the ice.

WHEN a landlord lets a house it is with the implied guarantee that it is not open to the weather, and that the plumbing and sewerage are not defective. At least that is the ruling of a Massachusetts court which has given judgment for $5,000 against a landlord who let a house in which the plumbing was so defective that the tenant's family were thereby made sick with diphtheria.

The English military authorities are getting out a new drill book, which will show some changes in drills. The book will be placed in use in Canada next season.

GIVING TO THE POOR.

Degrading Effects of Public Charity—London's Modes of Relief.

Those who are interested to examine the economic results of giving to the poor in England, Scotland and Ireland will find plenty of books on the subject. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" contains a good article under the heading "poor law." See also other encyclopedias.

The Scotch are proverbially thrifty and economical, and yet they have been degraded by the poor law of 1845. In some parts of Scotland there is ten times the poverty there is in Ireland! That law gives more relief than England's, and the money is regarded as a nice gift. Those who had savings in banks transferred them to others. Careful investigation, and even the labor test, did not quell the applications in any such manner as did the Irish workhouse. Matters came to such a pass that the fishermen of Wick could not get their nets mended, their former assistants saying that they could get a living easier from the parish.

In Ireland there is very little out door relief, the proportion of Scotland being almost reversed—five in door to one out door pauper. In spite of Ireland's unjust land system and high rents the whole number of her paupers does not amount to one half those of London alone. The Irish will submit to every privation rather than let friends go to the workhouse, which is the legal mode of relief, and is not a charity.

In London many people get relief who could do without it, and consider it no disgrace. Industry, economy, temperance and self restraint would enable most of them to take care of themselves if they would. Hence the workhouse is a necessary restraint, being uncomfortable or even disgraceful. They therefore shun it. If they may eat without work in some other way, they will; if not, many of them will work. Why are these people in such condition? It is a duty we owe to society to ascertain what are their thoughts, what the motives that have led them to such lives. If the result is that the vices and injustices and prodigality of the rich have in part induced such results, let it be exposed boldly and fearlessly. If injustice in the wage system and in land tenure is the cause in part, let this also be proclaimed.—*Charles W. Smiley in Popular Science Monthly.*

He Kept His Shirt.

The Mississippian said: "Down in my town some few years ago there lived a man who owned a small two story frame house. In the lower portion of that humble structure he 'kept store,' and in an upper room he slept. One night the house was discovered to be on fire, and it was feared for a while that the owner would perish in the flames. The fears were not realized, however, for the man awoke to the situation before the flooring on which he reposed was destroyed. There was no time for etiquette, nor for making any elaborate toilet. He just dropped out of the window, clad only in a shirt that was more remarkable for its brevity than its cleanliness. The devouring flames made short work of the house, and the luckless owner marched excitedly among the crowd, exclaiming in agonizing tones, as he fingered the shirt:

"'This is all I have in the world! I am utterly ruined—this is all I have in the world.'

"He repeated this so frequently that it became wearisome to more than one of those sensitive people who reside in Tupelo, and finally one of them yelled out:

"'If that's all you have, for heaven's sake tear it off, throw it in the fire, and start even with the world.'"—*New York Sun.*

Meeting Queen Victoria: Unawares.

The Queen drives daily, but never till 5 in the afternoon, and then, for the most part, in her own or her neighbor's forests, and not on the highroad. And the best piece of Deeside is peculiar. Whoever may by chance meet the Queen on these excursions will do well to behave as if he had not met her, nor seen her, nor let her see him. He will get behind a rock or tree, or otherwise as best he may make himself invisible, and act as if he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear. Such is Her Majesty's wish, perfectly understood of those who live in her vicinity and studiously obeyed. You may be going to dine at the castle that evening; reason the more why you should sink into the earth sooner than put Her Majesty under compulsion to recognize your existence when her soul longs for solitude. If, on the other hand, the passer by be neither tourist nor of such position as may entitle him to be known, but a gillie, or a groom, or laborer, the chances are that upon a signal from the carriage the postilions will pull up their four smoking ponies, and the Queen will ask a kindly question or two of the man about himself and his family.—*Scotch Letter to the Boston Herald.*

A Wise Old Man's Wisdom.

Enamored Youth (trying to sound his girl's father)—"About how much income should a young man have to be married on, Mr. De Rich?"

Mr. De Rich (meditatively)—"Well I married on $900 a year and was both comfortable and happy."

Enamored Youth (delighted)—"Indeed?"

Mr. De Rich—"Yes. You see I married a penniless girl who knew how to economize, but if I had married a petted and spoiled child of fortune like Miss Binks, or Miss Fiuks or—or my daughter for instance, I should have needed about $9,000."

Timely Caution.

Jeweller—Yes, sir: I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge. Young man—Well, inscribe on it "From George to Alice." Jeweller—Hem! The lady is your sister, maybe? Young man—The fact is, this is an engagement ring. Jeweller—Ah! My young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply "From George." Then it will do for anybody.

"Mr. Barrley, I would like to speak to you a moment on a subject——" "Some other time. Don't you see I am busy?" "I see, but I must speak now. I want your consent to the marriage of your daughter to me." "Go away at once; I cannot be interrupted except on business of importance."

GUARDS AT MILLIONAIRES' GRAVES.

An Occupation That Gives Many Detectives Constant Employment.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said a well-dressed, active-looking young business man the other day. "Now, it may sound strange to you, but the robbery of Stewart's body has been of great benefit to me and a great many other people whom I could name.

"In what way?" inquired the friend to whom the remark was addressed.

"Well, it opened up an entirely new line of business and created a demand for my goods in a quarter that I had never thought of before. You know I manufacture electrical watch clocks designed for use in factories and other large buildings where watchmen are employed. Well, ever since the Stewart grave robbery there has been a demand for these watch clocks in every part of the country for use in cemeteries. The grave of nearly every rich or public man is protected in some such way, and I could tell you of graves that are watched night and day by private watchmen.

"There's Vanderbilt's grave, for instance, down in the big mausoleum on Staten Island. I sold them two of my electrical clocks, one of which is placed inside the tomb and the other outside of it. Every fifteen minutes each clock is visited by a Pinkerton detective, two of whom are constantly on guard. One of these detectives patrols outside the tomb while the other is located in and sits behind the iron bars with a loaded repeating rifle on his knees ready for instant use. It would be next to impossible for any robber to get away with the remains of William H. Vanderbilt so long as the tomb is protected as it is now. The Pinkerton men are hired by the year, and there is quite a little colony of them established down there on Staten Island, very near the mausoleum. I think they keep eight or ten there all the time, so that those on duty at the grave are relieved at frequent intervals, and are, therefore, not liable to fall asleep at their posts. It costs more to look after the old man now that he's dead than is spent by most men when they're alive.—*New York Correspondence Savannah News.*

A MOUSE AT MASS.

How the Tiniest of Quadrupeds Came Near Stampeding a Congregation.

At the 10:30 high mass at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday morning, while the wealthier and more pretentious members of the congregation were intent on their "Aves" and "Hail Marys," and had their minds as nearly heavenward as it is possible to get those of the ordinary mortals, a mouse, as innocent of fat as the contribution box was of pennies, crept out from under the altar and reconnoitred the neighborhood of the chancel with no satisfactory stomach results. He was a traditional church mouse, and a sidelong glance at him was sufficient to satisfy the well developed [illegible] that [illegible] could give Lazarus points the hungriest day that [illegible] ever saw. Down from the sacred precincts of the altar to where the skirmishers for salvation were genuflecting and attending to the prescriptions of the Church wandered the mouse, and the stillness of things encouraged him. When he reached the first row of pews and nubbed towards one of them he got the first idea of his importance. One of the most sedate and extra fashionable dames of the two cities saw him and in a moment a holy moment she forgot the whole string of saints and good people and, gathering her skirts about her knees, mounted the stone whereon she had a moment before knelt. A mon dieu under her breath replaced the words of prayer and she suspended respiration until she saw it was spread towards another pew where sat the beautiful wife of a prominent politician, who held a cross to her lips. She supplied the cross and gracefully but silently elevated her skirts rather higher than even Parisian crossings require just now. Her example became contagious. Young women, dowagers, middy steerers, debutantes girls big and little in short for a moment there was well nigh a panic and nothing but the mouse and its precipitate retreat saved a big feminine rave from that Cathedral.—*Pittsburg Times.*

The Bill Was Passed.

An ex member of the Virginia State Senate told me the other day of an incident in his legislative career which I do not remember ever having seen in print before. A. L. Prideaux, not many years ago a member of the House of Representatives from the Ninth Virginia district, was, before he came to Washington, a member of the Virginia Senate. One day he introduced a Bill for the relief of the sureties of H. G. Wax, who was collector of taxes in Scott county. He made a brief explanation of the Bill, and when he sat down Edgar Allen, familiarly known as "Yankee Allen," who represented the Farmville district, rose and said:

> I wish to ax
> If Mr. Wax
> Has been too lax
> In collecting the tax;
> If such are the facts
> I am willing to relax
> And remit the tax
> Which the law enacts
> We should exact
> Of his sureties.

It is needless to add, my informant says, that the Bill passed by a unanimous vote.—*New York Tribune.*

No Cure For Him.

Old Lady—You seem to have a cold, sir.

Stranger—Yes, madame.

Old Lady—Well, I tell you what you do. Jes' go home and put your feet in a tub o' hot water an'——

Stranger (gruffly)—That's fine advice to give to a man with a cork leg; now, ain't it?

Louise Balfe maintains that marriage with handsome men is a failure. She has tried it twice, and has just cleared herself by law from both. "And I will not give up my freedom again," she declares, positively, "until I am wooed by a man who conceals his good qualities of mind and heart behind a very ugly surface. Male beauties are so egotistical, particularly if they are actors." Miss Balfe is an actress. Her ex husbands are good looking fellows, and each won Miss Balfe while playing the lover to her on the stage.

INDIANS NOT DYING OUT.

The Chief of the Senecas Before the Anthropologists.

New York Times. The Rev. W. Sanborn, of Lockport, who combines with his parochial duties the functions of chief of the Senecas, at the Cattaraugus Reservation, gave an interesting talk at Cooper Union yesterday afternoon, before the New York Academy of Anthropology, concerning the manners, traditions and growth of the Indians. The aborigines are not dying out, said he, but have been increasing throughout the country at the rate of 600 yearly, and they now number 300,000. Their first contact with civilization was blighting, like a sudden change from hot to cold, but by little and little they are learning to appreciate the comfort it brings. Mr. Sanborn spoke more particularly of the Six Nations or the Iroquois Confederation. They not only dress in the manner of American citizens, but have many of their home comforts. Mr. Sanborn attired himself in the garb of a chief, worn only on state occasions, and the ladies had an opportunity to inspect the really handsome bead work on the buckskin jerkin, sash, greaves and moccasins. An Indian couple sang with him several hymns that had been reduced to writing. There are no labials in the language, but it abounds in grunts, gutterals, the nasals, for some of which special characters had to be invented. On the table lay a big thigh-bone and tibia, a powerful jaw bone and a large and singularly [illegible] skull. They were the relics of an Indian chief found by Mr. Sanborn in a burial mound, twelve miles from Canandaigua. Evidently the chief was a man of brain as well as of muscle. Several stories were told, indicating that the Indian is by no means as stolid as represented, but is bright, keen and even witty. Mr. Sanborn believes in Fenimore Cooper's romantic Indians, and, to show the reason of his faith, read a pretty tale from the Bible of the tribe. He praised their hospitality and liberality. The women still cling somewhat to their traditional dress, but they are contented, for they enjoy the same political and social rights as the men. Courting is no longer done by proxy, and the women still have the right to pop the question when tired of waiting for a lover.

COON, BEAR AND DEER STORIES

Some Great Sport in the County of Simcoe.

John Reynolds, the veteran sportsman of Tecumseth, has been unbosoming himself to the Beeton *World*. Here are a few specimen bricks. Speaking of partridges, he said that they were not so thick as they used to be. Well, no. They were awful thick thirty five years ago round here. I remember one fall I had my gun with me, a muzzle loader—there were no breech loaders in those days—and I heard a partridge drumming near the creek. I saw it and was just drawing a bead on it when I heard something behind it. A big doe [illegible] I laid her out on the run. There were two bucks with her, and one stayed with the doe long enough for me to do for him. The other fellow made off but I knew he'd come back, so I laid waiting. Presently he comes along sparring very carefully and looking on every side of him as a scared deer. I let him come just so far and down he went. They were so big we couldn't get 'em out without putting a waggon road through the bush to 'em.

"Pretty good shooting. Yes, for but I've shot 10 deers with 10 shots one fall, and six bears with six shots. I have a good gun and there isn't a man stands in Canada to say that can be scared shooting. I can tell you when I've shot anything just where I've met before you see it. Deer used to be awful thick around here and I could go out at any time in the fall and have one in an hour. We had all we could eat and kept some on shares to venison too. The biggest bear I ever shot was a big black buck. It was raining and I had my overcoat on when I came across him living asleep in the bush. He had the finest horns, and I've often been sorry I didn't keep them. I won't tell you what he weighed, you'd think I was lying. Bears used to be thick too, and I've killed hundreds of them. I remember one big fellow that had played hog around. He'd think nothing of carrying off a pig of 300 lbs. I shot him in the cat-hold one night and if I was to measure what it we took to run him and what he weighed you'd scare me what an old hunter named Rogers did when I told him. But Matt Beal hauled him home for me on a jumper and he told Rogers he could swear to its weight. One of his paws cut off rose weighed five pounds—you can think what size he was."

A Young Man's Woe.

This world is a delusion and a snare, said a young traveling man to a companion.

"What's the matter now?"

"I have been fooled again. You can't judge anything by appearances, can you?"

"No, but what has set you in this melancholy train of thought?"

"Why, last Sunday I called on Miss Banksley and stayed for dinner."

"Didn't you have a pleasant time?"

"Extremely pleasant, but what impressed me most was the way Miss Banksley ate. She didn't touch a thing except a chicken wing, a biscuit and a Charlotte Russe."

"Quite spirituelle."

"I should say so. You can imagine the bold hardihood with which I asked her out to lunch at the theatre last night. But, oh, what a change——"

"Don't say another word, old fellow, you have my deepest sympathies. Here's five dollars, you can pay me when you get ready."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Talking to the Baby.

It is a wonder that brain fever and idiocy are not more common among infants when one remembers that 99 out of 100 babies are greeted with this speech, on which there is no copyright, soon after their arrival in the world:

"Well, well, well, it was a dear, s'eet b'essing, darling baby, so it dess was! Does it want to ky? Well, it s'all ky dess all it wants to, b'ess its own booful itty heartums of it! What! would it pucker up its itty mouf to ky—ky some more? there, there—they boo'se it, so they dess do, and they s'ant boo'se it, no they s'ant—b'ess the little sweetness of it! Now s'all it have on its own pitty d'ess? Yes, it s'all—its own booful dressmus? Oh, would it ky some more? Well, well, ky weel bard if oo want to! There, there, there!"—*Time.*

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, DEC. 13 1888.

The New York World is getting there very previously. On Dec. 1 it published a map of the United States with Canada all hacked up into nuncement and formed into twelve new states. Gol darn it, gall! The American butchers simply roll in gall. Canada is not growing fat to be slaughtered in this manner, and these sensational American publications may as well understand it right now and save their powder for more indifferent game.

John Dougall and Son of Montreal have hit upon a gigantic scheme to do cheap matter for their publications. They are offering prizes to school children for the best stories of adventure in pioneer life. Considering that all the school children in Canada have gone into the wilderness, fought bears, wild cats and wolves, hunted deer and undergone heartrending privations, we older heads who have lately come into the country will no doubt be exceedingly interested in the forthcoming reminiscences.

Professor Goldwin Smith says, "Great changers appear to be impending, and the day may come, as the Comtists think, when man will become so refined and intellectual that he will regard taking food as an ignominious necessity of his material nature, and will retire to eat in secret." Judging by Goldwin's attenuated form that day has already arrived at "The Grange," but we do not really think there is any danger of the infection spreading. When a man's intellect gets so far demoralized that it is ashamed to let the public know that its proprietor eats, then the intellectual and material nature might as well dissolve partnership, otherwise we'll perceive the result as exemplified in the professor himself. Ah, Goldwin! we thought intellect was getting a cool steam when you began the advocacy of Commercial Union, but now your new doctrine settles the matter. It was not only steamed but cracked. When the Englishman becomes ashamed of his roast beef, the Scotchman of his porridge, the American of his Thanksgiving turkey, the heathen Chinee his rice, or the Eskimo his blubber, then, we say, but not till then, will humanity become so intellectually refined that its material nature won't win the fight when a good square meal is placed before it after a day's labor in a field of rocks behind the plow. No, Goldwin, no!

Every one interested in growing fruits flowers or in forestry would find it to their advantage to take the Canadian Horticulturist, a beautiful monthly journal of high standing, devoted entirely to the subjects, and containing articles written by the leading fruit growers, florists, and foresters in Ontario. The Journal is to be enlarged in the month of January; the paintings and engravings of fruits and flowers continued and used even more liberally. Altogether, it is to be made as interesting and attractive as possible. It is published by The Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, at $1 per annum, which also entitles the subscriber to the privileges of membership of the Association including a copy of the Annual Report of the meetings and discussions, given verbatim, and a share in the distribution of trees and plants for testing in various parts of Ontario. Subscriptions should be sent in to L. Woolverton, M. A., Grimsby, Ont., Secretary of the F. G. A. of Ontario.

Quantities of American flour smuggled into the Maritime Provinces have been seized by the Custom authorities.

The Presbyterian church members in Durham have discarded their organ. We wonder what these poor people will do when they get to the better land and are invited to take part in the music of the angels. Their ears will surely not be attuned to the harp and psaltry. Music caused a schism in their church a few years ago. The "kickers" cannot surely expect to go where music is a principle element of worship when they depart from earth.

The Durham Chronicle man tells us that the chance for improving our artistic taste is small. We therefore infer that it must be perfect now, as perseverance will always bring improvement to the learner. In the same item he says that, judging by The Advance, we do not evidence a taste for art. Well, just wait until next week. We have a picture of the Chronicle man and his girl in a leap year attitude, which any person will easily recognise, that will bring him to his knees with a jerk. We intend to strike right along in our artistic career, notwithstanding the advice of our self-appointed critic. Look out for next week's paper Bro. Mitchell, and let us know if the likeness is "catchy."

Gip's comic almanac.—This well known annual, for 1889, is now in the bookstores. For ten years Canada's "own and only" Comic Almanac has delighted her people, and the new number is decidedly the best of the lot. The calander pages are unique and ingenious; the double page cartoon, "Irrepressible Tug of War," is first-class, while there are several full-page cartoons of no less merit, and any number of side splitting illustrations. The letter-press is capital reading. Ten cents will secure the book at any newsdealer's a modest tax for so enjoyable a *melange*, surely.

The special features of The Youth's Companion for the coming year, as announced in the Colored Souvenir we have received, include six Serial Stories, and One Hundred and Fifty Short Stories, fully illustrated. Also Tales of Adventure, Illustrated Sketches of Travel, Humorous Articles, Scientific and Historical Articles, Household Articles, One Thousand Anecdotes, timely Editorials on the leading questions of the day, and a whole page each week for the little ones. The Companion has won a place in the home life obtained by no other paper, and is read every week in nearly Half a Million families. With its Double Holiday Numbers at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and Easter, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements, its fine paper, beautiful pictures, no other weekly literary paper can approach it in value. It is really a $2 50 paper for only $1 75 a year. If you send $1 75 now you can have it to January 1st, 1889, and the whole year from that date, including the Supplements and Double Holiday Numbers, and the Annual Premium List with 500 illustrations. Address The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

A Cowardly act.

A colored woman residing near Flesherton sent her little boy into the village on Friday evening last to purchase a loaf of bread and some cakes. When starting for home he was set upon by about a dozen of Flesherton's courageous youths(?), his basket taken from him and filled with snow, completely destroying the contents. The little fellow went home crying, and without his supper. The names of these boys were secured, and upon being brought to task and shown the cowardliness of the act they agreed to more than make amends for the loss occasioned by their thoughtlessness, which was done forth-with, thereby showing that they were not wholly depraved. We think these boys will scarcely act the ruffian again in such a manner, at least we hope not.

General News.

Additions are to be made to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea.

The car ferry Maryland was burned at New York, causing a loss of $400,000.

The next session of the Ontario Division of Sons of Temperance will be held at Kingston.

The British steamer Hartlepool was wrecked near Norway and seventeen of her crew drowned.

Herbert E. Simpson, a photographer, has brought a libel suit asking $3,00 damages against The Toronto Evening News.

A mob at Birmingham, Ala., attempted to lynch a murderer, but were fired on and many of them killed by the sheriff's officers.

A deputation waited on members of the Ontario Government Thursday and asked for aid for the James Bay & Nipissing railway.

The contract for building the new Toronto Asylum at Mimico has been awarded to Messrs. John and Edward Dickenson, of North Glanford. The work will be commenced immediately. The new buildings will be on the cottage principle, consisting of eleven in all, covering seven acres. They will be of brick and will be constructed after the most approved plans, and the cost of the structures when completed will be in the neighborhood of $300,000.

An explosion of meal dust destroyed a Chicago oatmeal mill and killed four men Tuesday.

Priceville Items.

The fine weather and good roads are making business more lively of late.

The majority of farmers seem to be disposing of their hogs alive. There will be a very small quantity of dressed pork in this section of country.

McGowan's flour mills are doing a large and satisfactory trade.

The new church (Presbyterian) is nearly completed. The congregation is preparing for a grand service, to be held in the near future.

Sleighing parties are of daily (or rather nightly) occurence, some of them may end in a wedding party.

The curling club seem to spend many happy evenings with their "stanes" on the mill pond.

Kimberley Public School Report for November.

Sr. Fourth Class.—Peter A. Dynes 339, Ella Carruthers 336, John Dynes 319, F. Thurston 232.

Jr. Fourth Class, J. Howell 148, Geo. Burritt 140, Sarah Magee 134, Edith Gilbert 64.

Sr. Third Class,—John Hammond 140, Joseph Carruthers 134, Mary Stafford 117, Herby Fawcett 108.

Jr. Third Class, Ada Burritt 129, Hattie Dynes 123, Walter Baker 113, Richard Baker 112.

Second Class. Maggie Howell 121, Talmage Dynes 115, Christena Ellis 114, Rachel Lougheed 110.

Average attendance for sr. department 30.

F. J. HEWGILL Principal.

2nd Department.

2nd Class, Wesley Dynes 165, Henry McLean 157, Lillie Gilbert 141, Dawson Knott 127.

2nd Part sr. Millie Hurd 170, Mary Abercrombie 170, Geo. Knott 127, Geo. Stuart 126.

2nd Part jr., Willie McLean 65, Leslie Plewes 63, Mary Knott 63, Jennie Mundle 59.

1st Class, Beckie Hammond 59, Ethel Plewes 52, Clara Hurd 46, Maud Baker 40.

W. C. T. U.

In the light of these facts where is our boast of civilization: A petition has been presented to the King of Sweden, signed by 508,872 people, asking for the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic in that country. The Burmese King would not permit the sale of intoxicants. Under British rule the Burmese are now legally provided with the means of getting drunk.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:

New York, August 1, 1887.
122 E. 24th st.

Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the afflicted impel me to make the following statements.

My voice gave out, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth.
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BARGAINS!

A horse, cow, cutter and double sleigh, for sale. Lumber will be taken in exchange. Apply to J. W. ARMSTRONG.

Dec 7th, 1888. Flesherton.

Mount Forest High School

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

will begin Wed., 19th Dec., at 1.15 p.m. A handsome diploma presented to each successful candidate.

GOLD and SILVER MEDALS!

offered for competition.

The school will reopen for spring term on Monday Jan 7th 1889.

Classes in teachers' and university work, and vocal and instrumental music.

E. W. HAGARTY, B.A., Principal.

NOTICE!

Notwithstanding the late disastrous fire which destroyed my tannery, I am now prepared to buy as usual hides, tallow, and sheepskins, and will pay the highest prices in cash for them, and request my many customers to continue their patronage. I will use my stable as store house in rear of tannery.

S. [illegible]

Card of Thanks.

To [illegible]

I beg to tender my heartfelt thanks for your [illegible] in saving from destruction my tannery. Had it not been for your determined and united efforts my loss would have been very much greater. By your valued assistance you saved my stock of hides, which contained a large amount of uninsured, on which there was no insurance. I am sorry I cannot offer you something more substantial than only my thanks, and with this assurance that your kindness shall never be erased from my memory. Yours truly,

S. DAMUDE.

"The Week one of the ablest papers on the continent." Descriptive America.

Enlarged and Improved.

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

$3.00 per Year. $1.00 for Four Months.

The Week has entered upon its sixth year of publication greatly enlarged and improved in every respect, rendering it all more worthy the cordial support of every one interested in the maintenance of a first class literary journal.

The independence in politics and criticism which has characterised The Week ever since its first issue will be rigidly maintained, and increasing efforts will be made to improve its literary character and increase its value and attractiveness as a journal for the cultured home. Many new and able writers are now, or have promised to become, contributors to its columns and the constant aim of the Publisher will be to make The Week fully equal to the best literary journals in Britain and the United States.

As heretofore, Prof. Goldwin Smith will from time to time, contribute articles. London, Paris, Washington and Montreal letters from accomplished correspondents will appear at regular interval. Special Ottawa letters will appear during the sessions of Parliament.

The Week in its enlarged form will be the same size as "Harper's Weekly," and the largest paper of its class on the continent.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, PUBLISHER, 5 JORDON ST., TORONTO.

Blacksmith Shop for Sale or Rent.

The Blacksmith shop known as Nelson's, on the 10th line Artemesia about 3½ miles from Flesherton is offered for sale or to rent. For terms and particulars apply to

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, Proprietor P. O.

Teacher Wanted!

For S. S. No. 1 Artemesia and Euphrasia, holding a third class certificate, duties to commence 2nd of January. Apply to

JAMES STUART, Sec. Kimberley P. O.

BOAR FOR SERVICE.

MR. Wm. CAMERON, Lot 35, Con 8, Artemesia,

has a Pure-bred Berkshire boar for service. TERMS, 75c cash and $1 if booked.

STRAYED.

Came to the premises of the undersigned about the 6th of September, 3 yearlings, red and white. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

JOHN TYSON, Feversham P. O.

SALESMEN WANTED

for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 50 to	5 50
Fall Wheat	$1 00 to	1 03
Spring Wheat	1 00	1 03
Barley	0 45	0 55
Oats	0 32	0 32
Peas	0 57	0 57
Butter	0 17	0 18
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	5 40	5 50
Hay per ton	11 00	12 00
Hides	4 50	5 50
Wool	18	20
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON

Office: Strain's Block. Residence: J. G. Russ.

J. G. Hutton, M.D. C.M.

Monday [illegible]

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Flesherton, Nov. [illegible] 1888.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Marshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, C. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER for taking affidavits, Agent for sale of lands, Agent for Fire, Life and Accident Insurance companies, Conveyancer, and P. P. B. A. S. S. Most reasonable terms. Agent for [illegible] LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK, ARTEMESIA

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT., &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. prepared and properly executed. Best house offered in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

ChristmaS

1884.

Flesherton Furniture

WAREROOMS.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

—A—

Nice Selection

—OF—

Reeds and Rattan goods consisting of Gents', Ladies' and Misses' chairs, work baskets, foot-rests, ottomans, Bassenetts, etc.

See these goods and enquire prices when you are selecting your

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

We have some very handsome —AND—

Lowpriced

PARLOR and BEDROOM

SUITES.

Bedsteads, Mattresses and Bed Springs.

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

All Kinds

- OF -

REPAIRING

- AND -

PICTURE FRAMING PROMPTLY DONE.

All goods carefully packed and delivered a reasonable distance.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF

CASKETS

AND

BURIAL CASES, ETC.

A GOOD HEARSE IN CONNECTION.

Buy a new

HARNESS

PURCHASE A SLEIGH ROBE

INVEST IN

A new Whip

BIG DISCOUNT

FOR

C-A-S-H

D.Clayton

HARNESSMAKER,

FLESHERTON

is prepared to give you large DSCOUNTS for CASH on all kinds of harness, whips, blankets, etc.

A

Huge Stock!

—OF—

SINGLE, TEAM, AND DRIVING HARNESS, on hand.

Sleigh Bells, Robes, Whips, Hoof Ointment, Axle Grease, Curry Combs, Brushes, and everything required in the line of harness makers' supplies.

WE ALSO DEAL IN A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF

TRUNKS

CALL and EXAMINE our extra large stock before buying anything in these lines elsewhere.

D. CLAYTON

N. B. My accounts are now ready and waiting for settlement. As I am in great need of money, all persons who are indebted to me are requested to call and settle, ON OR BEFORE DEC. 1st, otherwise their accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

D. Clayton.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

To be continued.

We went to the exhibition which, excepting the Centennial exhibition, was the richest and most extensive I have seen. I looked for Canada's Court and was disappointed to find an exhibit so unworthy of the wealth, resources, and advancement in arts, science, and manufactures of our young country. Far better have had no special court for Canada than one so meagerly and miserably furnished, and so ill qualified to impress visitors favorably with our country. Excuse me attempting to describe the exhibition or the contents of the immense buildings. Almost overwhelmed with the wealth, the wonders of the vast collections from all parts of the world, we went outside into the park, and from one of the bridges over the Kelvin we watched with keen interest the variety of motors used for propelling steam engines, hot air engines, and electric engines, with every variety of paddle and screw. A Venetian gondola, with native gondoliers in native costume, busily plied their craft, and secured their share of the thousands of passengers who purchase a penny sail on the river. We were shown the Queen's jubilee presents in a separate building and in another, called the bishop's palace, there was exhibited a collection of the rarest antiquities, brought from the various museums of Scotland, many of them old and ugly enough, and worthless but for their historic interest. Here was the stool that Jenny Geddes flung at the minister's head in St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburg where he attempted to read a [illegible]

This wooden stool was the weapon used to strike the first blow in a national revolution, and is one of the most interesting relics of Protestantism. [illegible] Protestants have relics, although they do not use them to rub over broken legs or lame backs to cure them. This one came very near giving the Dean of Edinburgh a sore head in Old St. Giles church, on a Sunday afternoon two hundred years ago. He attempted to carry out the king's orders to restore episcopal usages and began to read the collect for the day. The indignation of the people was hardly suppressed when auld Jenny Geddes shouted "[illegible] ... Keep your [illegible]" and then she let drive with her stool, aiming at the Dean's head, which she barely missed. Thus began the struggle for religious liberty in Scotland [illegible] suffered cruel persecutions [illegible] were established [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] grounds seem to be laid out as a park [illegible] Leaving Paisley we [illegible] the [illegible] of Dunglas [illegible] Roman station at the terminus of the Roman wall. As we [illegible] we have a fine view of the [illegible] rock of Dumbarton, which seems like a huge boulder tumbled into the river. It rises ragged and bold some 600 feet above the surface of the river, and is connected with the main land by a narrow isthmus. The sun was setting behind the western hills of Argyleshire, and for a short time bathed the rock and its grey ruins in gold and crimson lights, and as it dipped behind the hills the outline of landscape and river grew dim and misty and we were at Greenock.

Next morning, taking a stroll still accompanied by our friend Mr B—, from Toronto, who was a charming travelling comrade, we came upon an old churchyard where Burns' Highland Mary lies buried. The gates were locked, but we climbed over and were standing by the grave over which a fine memorial monument has been erected, having a carved representation of the parting of the lovers, beneath this is the word "*Mary*," and the lines:

> Oh Mary, dear departed shade,
> Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Our meditations were disturbed by the shrill voice of an angry old woman who kept the keys of the churchyard and evidently feared she would miss her accustomed fee. "How gat ye in here, did ye no see the notice telling whaur the keys were keept." A shilling soon settled her clamour, and she shewed us through the church—the oldest in Greenock.

HEARD'S Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

—— MANUFACTURERS OF ——

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

FLESHERTON

Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity of thanking his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support at his new premises on the Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable [illegible] Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.

[illegible]

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

AT

Central Store,

Priceville.

[illegible]

BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOTS THAT R FOOTS!

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries [illegible]

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR P LOUCKS

Is prepared to exchange [illegible] on the [illegible] bushel. Seven cents per [illegible] Chopping done every day [illegible] big in the estimation of [illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

NOTICE.

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B. SLOAN
Eugenia

Farm for Sale

The subscriber offers for sale that valuable property on the 4th line, Osprey, better known as lot 4, containing 135 acres, 90 cleared and 60 under cultivation, the remainder pasture and meadow. New frame barn, stone foundation stables, etc., new frame house, cellar, and stone foundation. This is a magnificent property. Possession immediately. For terms, etc., apply to

A. McKECHNIE, Maxwell P. O.

—It Pays To

Go to THE BEST

AND [illegible]

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

[illegible]

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT & PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

THE PEOPLES GREATEST INTEREST

IT IS AT BLACKBURN'S.

TO THE FARMERS AND [illegible] GENERALLY

HOT COFFEE and GOOD LUNCH!

G. H. BLACKBURN

Flesherton Meat Market!

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,

PURVEYORS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

Dealers in fresh and cured meats, sausage our own make, lard, bologna, etc. etc.

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME, in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only $[illegible] per hundred.

Call and ascertain prices, whether you buy or [illegible]

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr W. J. NELSON, [illegible]

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line and would invite patronage. Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.

W. J. NELSON

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of T. A. Gamey, lot and 14, 2nd south of Durham Road, on Nov. 12, a small black mare. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take it away.

T. A. GAMEY Flesherton Station P. O.

AN UNHAPPY DUCHESS.

Extraordinary Behavior of the Duke of Sutherland.

ALLEGED WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

A London cable says: The death of the Duchess of Sutherland has set the upper circles of society talking. It is the end of the first scene of a distressing domestic drama in which Her Grace was the victim, and which recently narrowly escaped exposure in the law courts, where the case was settled after the preliminary issue had been joined. Until recent years the Duke and Duchess were exceedingly happy. The Duchess achieved honor by entertaining Garibaldi first in London society, when the Liberator, wearing a red shirt and buckskin breeches, was surrounded by fair women and great statesmen in the gilded salons and picture gallery of Stafford House, which it is now reported has passed into the temporary hands of the Vanderbilts for next season.

Some years ago the Duchess was appointed Mistress of the Robes, almost coincident with a casual meeting between the Duke and Mrs. James, the wife of an army officer. This lady was as spare as the Duchess was stout, and as dark as the Duchess was fair. Both ladies were about the same age, but Mrs. James' hair was streaked with grey. The Duke was fascinated with the lady. Compensation was offered Mr. James, who, instead of accepting, blew his brains out, causing an immense sensation at the time. Divorce proceedings between the Duke and Duchess were stopped, partly by the good sense of the families and partly by the direct instigation of the Queen, who was an especial friend of the Duke's mother. The Duchess bore the deprivation of her husband's society with exemplary resignation, but never met him except on formal occasions. Meanwhile the Duke spent the autumn, winter and spring yachting, generally in Southern waters, with Mrs. James, whose prudery sometimes required the convenient presence of an easily found complaisant chaperon. Last winter the Duke, meeting Admiral Sir Reginal MacDonald and some other intimate friends of the Prince of Wales, invited them to share his yacht for the remainder of the cruise in Indian waters. All went well till one day when the lady insisted that they or she should leave the yacht. The result was the Prince of Wales' friends were bundled over the side, not sorry to quit the orgies of the Duke and his companion. After this the yacht went to Siam, where the lady's brother is legal adviser of the King, who placed a palace at the Duke's disposal. Here even native feelings were outraged by the proceedings of the party, and the yacht was obliged to leave, to the great comfort of royalty and foreign residents. On his return last summer the Prince of Wales spoke seriously with the Duke, but without result, for the connection continued until death relieved the Duchess. Suffering society is anxious to know whether Mrs James' fascination over the Duke will induce him to marry her. The woman is clever. Her family produced more first classes at Oxford than any other in England, the father having been public orator and Disraeli's host in 1853.

PANIC-STRICKEN CHILDREN.

Exciting Time in a St. Louis School—Escaping Steam Causes a Scare.

A last (Wednesday) night's St. Louis despatch says: A panic occurred at the Blair School to day, and nothing but the great presence of mind of the corps of teachers prevented loss of life. The steam heating apparatus got out of order, and the rattling in the coils, coupled with escaping steam, alarmed the children, who, fearing an explosion, started for the door. Miss Bettina Krebb, the teacher in charge, got to the door first and prevented a stampede. Scarcely had order been restored, however, when the noise in the steam pipes was repeated with increased violence, and before Miss Krebbs could reach the door a second time the terror stricken children had gained the hall. The faithful teacher was borne to the floor and trampled upon, sustaining serious injuries. The excitement spread to room No. 10, just opposite, presided over by Miss Clara Stickle, and the children became unmanageable there. The shuffling of feet and the hissing of escaping steam spread the panic to room 14, Miss Mary P. Miller, and she too was thrown from her feet and trampled upon. The janitor appeared on the scene, and did rough but heroic work in preventing the children from trampling each other to death. A pupil in room No. 5 raised the cry of fire, and the pupils made a rush for the hall. Miss Cullen, the teacher, with commendable presence of mind and heroic efforts, quelled the disturbance, and in a brief period order was restored. Two of the teachers, Miss Miller and Miss Krebbs, were badly injured. Seven pupils were also injured. The panic created intense excitement, and many parents hurried to the school building to look after their children.

Cleveland Had a Popular Majority.

The Boston *Herald* says Cleveland had a plurality of 79,500 of the vote cast for President, the totals being: Cleveland, 5,569 990; Harrison, 5,490,491. These figures, however, are only approximate, and the official returns may somewhat alter them. The entire vote thrown was 11,285,825, or about 1,250 over the vote four years ago, when Mr. Cleveland had a plurality of 62,683 over Blaine.

Two Signs.

"Don't you see that sign up there?" asked the grocer, pointing sternly to a placard on the wall bearing the fateful words, "No Credit Given Here." "Yes," replied the man who had just asked for a barrel of flour on tick, "I see it. But how about that other sign up there on the other side, 'If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It?'"

Mr. Sankey arrived in England on November 1st. On the following Saturday he commenced a five days' mission in Bristol. Among the other American evangelists now in England are Rev. George J. Needham, Dr. Pentecost, Major Whittle and Mr. Philip Philips.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

The Suit Against Captain Walpole—Some Savory Evidence—Verdict for the Defendant.

A London cable says: Society received another distressing shock yesterday by the announcement that the heir of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Prime Minister of the first and second Georges, and the future Earl of Orford, had been sued for breach of promise. The case was called in the Queen's Bench Division. The plaintiff, Miss Vallery Weidemann, brought the suit against Captain Robert Horace Walpole for breach of promise and for libel, claiming £1,000 damages.

Not many months ago Captain Walpole and Miss Corbin, an American lady, were quietly married in Paris, and from subsequent events it is presumed that the affair was conducted privately owing to Miss Weidemann's avowed intention of making trouble for the groom.

The principal witness yesterday was Miss Weidemann herself. She is a bright, fresh-looking blonde, the daughter of a North German pastor, and a person of education and refined manners. Although subjected to sharp interrogations she told her story in an impressive manner. She testified that Capt. Walpole met her in 1882 at the Hotel d'Angeleterre, at Constantinople, where she was employed as governess to the proprietor's daughters. He met her at dinner one night and made her acquaintance, much against her will. He paid her marked attention for several days after that, and finally asked her to marry him, at the same time forcibly kissing her.

She angrily left him, and when she returned from the opera that night she did not notice that the bolt catch on her bedroom door had been removed. She sat at the window a few minutes before she knew that Walpole was at her side. She ordered him from her room and tried to ring the servants' bell, but he forcibly restrained her, and, after convincing her that he loved her sincerely, he finally accomplished his purpose. Next evening he dined with her, and as an earnest of his intentions he placed his signet ring on her finger. She has it now, though Capt. Walpole made repeated attempts to recover it. Next day he persuaded her to go to Cannes, and gave her £100. On arriving there she met his mother, but when she spoke of her supposed engagement, Mrs. Walpole told her the captain was only a friend, and that he would be ruined if he did not marry a rich girl. Mrs. Walpole contrived to have her put out of the hotel. Capt. Walpole then sent a friend—Capt. Darlington—to her to take her to Paris, where he promised to meet her. At Paris Walpole told her to meet him in Berlin, but when she arrived there she found that he had no intention of meeting her. She then went to her brother in law, in Germany, where her child was born in 1883.

The witness admitted by implication that when she heard of Capt. Walpole's intended marriage she sent to Miss Corbin the following note: "I shall meet you one day, and you will bear my curse to the —— end of your existence. This for marrying a man you have no right to marry."

The case was continued to day. Capt Walpole denied the promise, and the defence further set up that if it was made it was in Turkey, where no action is maintainable. He claimed that the signet ring was stolen, and the letter which he wrote his agent accusing her of theft is the basis for an action for libel, which Walpole will plead as privileged. In cross-examination the plaintiff contradicted herself, and declined to answer vital questions. Finally the jury interfered, the trial was stopped, and a verdict for the defendant was rendered.

AN ARMY OF TRAMPS.

They Invade a Hamlet in New York They Overcome Armed Resistance.

A Rochester, N. Y., despatch last night says. It was reported in this city to night by railway men that at a little hamlet near Olean, on the line of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railway, upwards of seventy tramps made their appearance at an early hour this morning, and began to invade the town and ransack the dwellings. A messenger was sent to Olean for assistance, and forty members of a local military organization armed with shot guns responded. This force was not strong enough, and the tramps, it was reported, soon had possession of the shot guns. Further assistance was asked of the surrounding towns. No more particulars could be learned of the affair or the truth of the report corroborated, as telegraph communication to Olean was cut off.

Latest Scottish Jottings.

There died at Arbroath, on the 10th November, James Adam, Inspector of Poor, aged 73 years.

Mr. Robert Brown, long a leading elder in the church at Midmar, and one of the most notable laymen in Aberdeenshire, died last month in his 91st year.

Sir Charles Pearson, advocate, has been appointed Sheriff of Renfrew and Bute, in room of the Hon. H. J. Monorieff, now a judge of the Court of Session.

The Duke of Cambridge has approved of the Ross Volunteers adopting the kilt and pattern of accoutrements worn by the line battalions of the Seaforth Highlanders.

The other day a marriage was celebrated at Leith between a D. D. and a lady whose united ages are 134 years. Principal Cairns officiated. Both have been married before.

Mr. John Sharp, of Balmuir, jute spinner and manufacturer, in Dundee, has given £1 000 towards the endowment of the Convalescent Home in connection with Dundee Infirmary.

The late Mr. David Kerr, of Park, long an elder in Lochwinnoch Church, was a lineal descendant of the noted Covenanter, Robert Kerr, of Kersland, and had the same spirit as his ancestor.

—"Long live the turkey!" says an enthusiastic contemporary. We do not endorse the sentiment. Two years is the extreme limit of old age which should be permitted in a turkey.

Christmas comes next, darn your stockings!

The man who finds fault when his newspaper is damp is equally dissatisfied when it is dry.

MISS WEST'S ROMANCE.

The British Minister's Daughter and Her Little Piece of Heroism.

A Washington despatch says: It is now seven years since Miss Victoria West emerged from a French convent, with a governess for companion, and came to Washington to preside over Her Britannic Majesty's Legation, her father being Minister Plenipotentiary. Miss West was an artless, unsophisticated girl of 18. Her great charm of face consisted in what the Italians call her sympathetic blue eyes. Countess Lewenhaupt, wife of the Swedish Minister, was young, handsome, high-born and very popular in Washington society. She kindly chaperoned Miss West and made all the first calls with her which the etiquette of this city requires. Attached to the Swedish Legation was a young man with one of those sorrows for which there is no help. Mr. De Bildt, while living in Philadelphia, had met and married the handsome and wealthy daughter of Mrs Bloomfield Moore, a lady whose name has long been associated with that of the poet Browning. Mr. and Mme. De Bildt were very happy in their pleasant home in this city. After the birth of their third child the mother was ill and delirious. She has never regained her reason. She had to be sent to a private asylum. Mrs. Moore came to Washington and kept house for her son-in-law, and took charge of the children. The house was on Connecticut avenue, near the British legation. De Bildt and Miss West were thrown much together, and but for the obstacle would have been declared lovers. It was deemed prudent for De Bildt to be transferred elsewhere, and Mrs. Moore, hoping that something might be done for her afflicted daughter, took her to Europe, and at one time news came that she was restored and is with her husband. But this is not so. The diplomats spoke of Miss West as being disconsolate, but she has been brave through her trial and kept up her cheerfulness, and when one sister came and then another she acted like a mother in giving them advantages. She styled herself "an old maid" at 23, but continued the handsomest and most attractive of the three sisters. She has the dignity of a mature woman.

One of Ouida's first novels was founded on a similar plot to this story, only the hero and the heroine were not heroic.

HRONEK GETS TWELVE YEARS.

A Chicago Anarchist's Punishment for Conspiring to Kill.

A Chicago despatch of Sunday's date says: Hronek, the Anarchist, was given twelve years' imprisonment by the jury last night. The verdict was rendered at 11 o'clock, the jury being out about an hour. It was a compromise, many of the jurymen being in favor of a longer sentence. Hronek bore the news well, but his face whitened. His wife fainted in the court-room and was borne out by her husband's friends. Hronek was indicted for conspiring with Chleboun and Chapek to kill Judge Gary and Inspector Bonfield. The plot was discovered by some of Bonfield's Bohemian spies, and Hronek was arrested with dynamite sticks in his possession. At his house a number of infernal machines were discovered, and it was also found that he had concealed a small arsenal of explosives in the house of a fellow countryman. The evidence was conclusive that Hronek was engaged in the dynamite business, and that he was an intimate associate of the men who participated in the Haymarket massacre and subsequent Anarchist demonstrations.

A MINE ON FIRE.

Eight Men Missing, Who Are Probably Dead.

A Calumet, Mich., despatch says: Fire was discovered at the eighth level of No. 3 shaft, Calumet branch, of the Calumet and Hecla mine this morning. A large party of men were working at the time of the fire, which when discovered had made such rapid headway that the smoke was terribly dense and their lives in great danger. All made a rush for the surface, but eight men are missing. That they are dead is not certain. Among them are two Italians named Joseph Mosolir and Toney Catavara. The mine location is completely covered with dense smoke, and the fire looks worse than it did, but being near the surface it is believed the damage financially will not be great. Nothing is known of the whereabouts of the eight men missing. They were working 1,700 feet deeper in the main engine shaft, and it is supposed, smelling smoke, they tried to escape and were smothered. Over 100 men were in this portion of the mine at the time, but escaped.

A Fine Estate Purchased.

Sir Douglas Stuart has sold the whole of his family estates in Perthshire to Mr. John Stewart Kennedy, of New York, a Scotchman who has made a very large fortune in America, and proposes in future to pass half of each year in Scotland. The Murtly and Grantully estates, of 33,500 acres, include some of the best grouse moors in the Highlands, notably Loch Kennard, Rohallion and Durmour, which are respectively leased by the Comte de Paris, Mr. John Bett and Mr. Barclay Field. Murtly Castle is one of the most beautiful places in Scotland. The gardens, lawns and woods stretch for miles along the banks of the Tay. The new house, which has remained a mere shell, will be completed in accordance with the original plans, and become one of the finest seats in the country.

A Suicidal Challenge.

Steve Brodie challenges any man on earth to jump from any three bridges in the country for $1,000 and the world's championship. Steve stipulates that each man shall name a bridge and the tossing of a penny shall decide the naming of a third. Both men are to jump together and swim 100 yards to a stake out, the man reaching there first to be the winner, and the match to be decided by the best two out of the three.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, possesses the original manuscript of Dicken's "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only manuscript of Dickens, with the exception of a few short stories, outside of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Childs has refused $6,000 for it.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

There is an alarming increase of pauperism in Montreal.

London coal dealers have raised the price to $6 50 per ton.

The Grand Divison of the Sons of Temperance of Ontario meets in Toronto tomorrow.

The Leeds and Grenville Counties' Council, after a warm debate, decided on continuing the bounty on wolverines.

Deputy-Sheriff Sherwood, of Ottawa, has been removed to the Guelph asylum, suffering from acute melancholia.

Owing to a feeling of dissatisfaction with the action of the Montreal Carnival Committee, it is possible there may be two ice palaces.

The village of Farmersville, between Brockville and Westport, with a population of 900, has become incorporated under the ambitious name of Athens.

Wm. Ewart, of Portsmouth, was found drowned yesterday morning in the slip opposite the own Hall. He was about the village yesterday. He was a bachelor and an Orangeman and aged 70 years.

Early on Saturday morning ex Constable Park was found lying on the sidewalk opposite a saloon on Notre Dame street, Montreal. His head was cut and his arm broken. He said he had been thrown out by the saloon keeper.

Some vulgar men last week at Perth held a wake over the body of "Yankee" Brown. The dead man was dragged from his coffin and placed on a table, a pipe was put between his teeth and other devices of "sport" carried out. The affair created scandal.

A young man named Isaie Charpenter jumped off a Canadian Pacific train while it was in motion at Hochelaga last night, when he slipped and fell under the wheels. The conductor, hearing his agonized scream, had the train stopped, but it was too late, and part of the unfortunate man's head was cut off.

Rev. Dr. Wardrope, Guelph, was elected Honorary President of the Queen's University Alma Mater Society. E. J. Ryan was elected President, defeating C. J. Cameron by nineteen votes. The undenominational character of the college is shown in the fact that the President-elect is a Roman Catholic.

Charles French, butcher, swallowed poison in a mistake for a black draught yesterday. He died three hours afterwards in great agony. His wife caused the mistake, and she is frantic with grief at the terrible occurrence. Three physicians did all they could to save the poor fellow's life, but without avail.

While Mrs. R. Moore, wif of a Sandwich East farmer, and her son and daughter, and the latter's baby, were driving into Windsor, the horses ran away and they were all thrown out. Mrs. Moore fell on her head and shoulders and sustained severe injuries; the baby is believed to be fatally hurt, while the others escaped with a few bruises.

An accident occurred on Friday night about 5 o'clock in the woods, in one of Gilmour & Co.'s shanties, near Madoc. Peter Carl and Joseph Sofa were felling a large tree, and the tree lodged in another tree. When they freed it they found the tree was coming the wrong way and tried to get out of the way. In running away Sofa fell, and his axe struck Carl in the calf of the leg, severing an artery. Before a doctor arrived Carl bled to death. The same axe, after cutting Carl, was struck by the falling tree and flew back and struck Sofa, cutting a big gash in his leg above the knee. Sofa is likely to recover.

Mr. John Bright continues to gain strength.

Mr. Sexton has been re elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

The Russians are building pontoons at Reni, in readiness to bridge the Danube at a location threatening to Bulgaria.

The British Land Commission has ordered large reductions in rents in the vicinity of Thurles. In some cases the reductions amount to 40 per cent.

Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, has intimated that unless the boycotting of a man named Ryan, for taking an evicted farm, shall cease, he will close the church of the parish in which the farm is located, and suspend all masses, sacraments and burials.

Birmingham is to become a city. Though having a population of 440,000, it is only a borough, as it has been for fifty years, and now is ambitious of a title which, says the town clerk in a letter to the Home Secretary, is supposed to carry with it an accession of dignity.

Mr. Henry George spoke at a banquet in London on Saturday night. Many notable Radicals were present. The first thing to do, he said, was to secure land values for public use, which would open a whole vista of possible reforms. He opposed a peasant proprietary. His speech was received with great enthusiasm.

In spite of the fact that a decree had been issued prohibiting a procession, a parade was held in Waterford last night in memory of the "Manchester Martyrs." The processionists carried banners and were headed by bands of music. The police made a charge on them with batons and succeeding in dispersing them. The people retaliated, using stones as weapons, and a scene of great disorder ensued.

A large vein of coal, of good quality, has been struck near Chamberlain, Dak.

The Calumet, Mich., mine is still on fire and there is no hope of saving the eight imprisoned miners.

Capt. Bundy, of Buffalo, is endeavoring to raise $6 500 to enable him to purchase a steamer to take the place of the Gospel ship, to carry instruction to the different islands, fishing and lumber stations and cedar camps in the lakes, where the men are isolated from churches.

At noon on Saturday Mr. Jos. Williamson, of Philadelphia, gave to a board of seven trustees property valued at $5,000 000, to be spent by them in giving the poor boys of Philadelphia eduction in mechanical trades. Mr. Williamson is 86 years of age and was born in Bucks county. He is the principal stockholder of the Cambria iron works.

Yesterday a bloody and murderous fight took place in the streets of Portland, Ore., between two factions of Chinese Highbinders. About twenty Chinese, all armed with pistols, participated. Over fifty shots were exchanged and the row lasted about ten minutes. Four Highbinders were shot down and two others badly wounded. Four were removed to the hospital, where one died very shortly after, and three others will likely die.

On Friday evening, while switching a train at the Michigan Central Railway yards, West Detroit, Switchman Joseph W. Cleary's foot caught between one of the ties and the rail. Before he could make his situation known to the engineer the train backed down upon him, throwing him upon his face. The wheels of the first car passed over his body, breaking one of his arms and a leg and badly crushing his head. Cleary was taken to the Sanitarium in an ambulance, where he died shortly afterwards. He leaves a wife, but no children.

MRS. FRENCH'S FATAL ERROR.

An Ottawa Butcher Accidentally Poisoned by His Wife.

An Ottawa despatch says: Charles French, butcher, was accidentally poisoned by his wife last night and died this evening. French, who was a total abstainer, closed his shop about 11 o'clock, and not feeling well got his wife to go to MacEachran's drug store and get him a black draught. Mrs. French is very near-sighted, and after ordering the draught turned away from the counter and spoke to MacEachran's brother about a pair of glasses. She had left her satchel on the counter, and into this MacEachran put the bottle containing the draught. Mrs. French did not notice him, and seeing a bottle on the table took it home and gave it to her husband. It was a liniment compound of chloral, iodine and camphor intended for another patient who was suffering from neuralgia. As soon as he had swallowed it French felt an intense burning pain and ran to the druggist's, where the mistake was discovered. French was taken to Dr. Graham's and a stomach pump applied, but he soon became insensible and remained unconscious until this evening, when he died. He was a young Englishman, about 30 years of age, who had just started for himself. He had been married about four years, but had no children.

From the Prairie Province.

The Manitoba & Northwestern Railway is now open for business to Saltcoats, the end of the track. Twenty or thirty miles will be built next year.

Last Tuesday night L. Davis, a Donald merchant, was robbed at Clanwilliam, in the mountains, of jewellery to the value of $2 000. It was stolen from under his bed while he was asleep in an hotel. There is no clue to the thief.

D. B. Campbell & Co. have completed their contract on the snowsheds in the mountains. Mr. Campbell goes to Ontario to take a contract on the Windsor extension of the C. P. R.

The incandescent electric light is to be introduced in Brandon, a company having been formed.

Horace Sims, a Brandon youth, confessed to robbing the safe of A. McLean, a merchant at that place. He hid the money in a pile of sawdust.

The by-laws authorising the city to raise $130,000 for the sinking fund by loan, and $15 000 for the colonization of lands about the city were defeated, only 433 votes being cast in all.

A man named Hector McDonald, of Rat Portage, who had become insane with liquor, started bareheaded and barefooted to walk to Winnipeg. He had covered over seventy miles of the distance when he was picked up by a train and brought to a hospital in the city. He is in a pitiable condition.

Shields, the Toronto boy convicted of stealing a cheque and gun, was sentenced to two years.

A 3 weeks old foundling was left at the door of Rev. Mr. Pentreath last night.

During the year 16 883 immigrants have arrived, being 351 less than last year to the same date.

Epidemics in Ontario.

Diphtheria has made its appearance at Belleville.

There are several cases of diphtheria in Trenton, and one at Corbyville.

A number of cases of typhoid fever and diphtheria are reported in Ottawa. Although not as prevalent as last season, still the cases are numerous enough to warrant it being characterized as epidemic.

Dr. Bryce is in receipt of information from Nipissing stating that black diphtheria is prevalent in that neighborhood and in several of the surrounding townships. The writer complains of negligence on the part of some of the local authorities in not taking the proper steps to stamp out the disease. The provincial authorities will look into the matter.

A Montreal Murderer's Sentence Commuted.

An Ottawa despatch says: It is understood that His Excellency has decided to exercise executive clemency in the case of Kehoe, now under sentence of death in Montreal for the murder of Dogherty, and that the death sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

In the case of Webb, who pleaded guilty of the murder of his wife in Brandon, Man., and of a British Columbia Indian named Tsimappore, which have been under consideration, the law will be allowed to take its course.

Artistic and Ugly.

Rural dame—Have you any pretty wall paper?

High Class Dealer (indignantly)—Pretty wall paper! No, madam. We keep nothing but the most highly artistic designs.

As near as She Could Get to the Name.

Mr. Chookley—It's quite a walk. Shan't I call that cab?

Miss Eastward (just arrived in town)—No; I don't think I should enjoy driving in one of those beautifuls.

Thos. Dean, one of the oldest residents of West Toronto, is dead. He was at one time a well-known cattle dealer, and did a large business with farmers and stock raisers of Western Ontario.

Lady of the house—Jane, who is that girl that just left the kitchen? Jane—Oh, ma'am, that's the lady what works for the woman across the street.—*Boston Beacon.*

An Episode.

SPASM I

In the vestibule at midnight
Stood the pair
And the sound was low and sweet
As their lips would gently meet,
While dear Charley would repeat,
"Oh so far!"

SPASM II

Down the dimly lighted stairway
Crept Her pa,
And his step was soft and low
As he nerved him for the blow
That would knock the dizzy beau
Oh, so far!

CONVULSIONS.

In the hallway shortly after
Lay her dad,
And his daughter held his head,
As the old man faintly said,
"I think his gloves were lined with lead,"
"Oh, so sad."

MORAL.—And the old gentleman didn't get just the same. J. H. W.

A FORTUNE TURNED HIS HEAD.

The Unfortunate Malady that Overtook Jeweller George Gowland.

For some time past neighbors and friends of George Gowland, a jeweller working in his wife's store at 191½ King street east, have noticed that his mind was wandering. A few months ago Gowland's father, reputed to be worth $80,000, died intestate, and in consequence of the action of a stepmother the estate was thrown into chancery. Gowland's share is said to amount to some $20,000, and as financial affairs with him have not been going on smoothly for the past few years, the immediate prospect of such a change in his circumstances had the effect of causing him to become quite unbalanced.

His peculiar mania is that he is now immensely wealthy. He indulged in monstrous real estate transactions, talked of banqueting the whole town, starting a crack livery-stable and in connection with this latter idea was making arrangements to purchase some twenty fast horses and fashionable turnouts.—*Toronto World.*

Physiology in the Public Schools.

Bona fide answers: "Occupations which are injurious are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood." "A stonemason's work is injurious because, when he is chipping, he breathes in all the chips, and then they are taken into the lungs." "The body is mostly composed of water, and about one half is aviricious tissue." "The body has an infinite number of bones joined together by the joints." "The spinal column is made of bones running all over the body." "Digestion belongs to the lower animals." "The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking." "The three coverings of the brain are the diameter, the perimeter, and the trachea." "The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach." "Anatomy is dissecting of bodies generally lifeless." "The organs of digestion are stomach utensils, liver and spleen." "The extent of the mouth helps the digestion of food." "It is far more reliable to drive out the fire of a room and put on extra clothing than it is to put on no clothing and sit in front of a burning fire." "Soap is important in carrying off the fat of the body." "What is eaten by the body has sometimes been taken as food." "The first step in digestion is mastication and in salivation; second, the muscles of the gullet."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Barter in Human Hair.

A human hair market is located at Moriaus, in the department of the Lower Pyrennees, and on alternate Fridays hundreds of hair dressers repair to the little place to buy the hair of the young peasant girls. The dealers wander up and down the long, narrow street of the town, each with a huge pair of bright shears hanging from a black leather strap around his waist, while the young girls who wish to part with their hair stand about in the doorways. The transaction is carried on in the best room of the house. The hair is let down, the tresses combed out, and the dealer names the price. This varies from 5 to 20 francs. If a bargain is struck the dealer lays the money in the open palm of the seller, applies his shears and, in a minute, the long tresses fall on the floor. The purchaser rolls up the tresses, places them in paper, and thrusts them into his pocket. Of course, a maiden can rarely see her fallen tresses disappear into the dealer's pocket without crying. But she consoles herself with the thought that the hair will grow again and by looking at the money in her hand.—*Gallignani's Messenger.*

Wonderful Feat of Memory.

Bets involving extraordinary and almost impossible feats have frequently been made and won. Some years since, when the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was delivering lectures throughout the country, Colonel de Meres, of the Troy *Times*, made a bet that he would sit on the stage with the orator, remember every word he said, and publish it in his paper the next morning. The wager being accepted, Colonel de Meres sat on the platform near Mr. Beecher, and at the conclusion of the lecture went to the office of the Troy *Times*, and without halt or stop dictated the entire discourse word for word.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Do Not Mourn for Buffalos.

We have cows that give better milk than buffalo cows, and the meat is far preferable to buffalo meat. Civilization has ceased to want even buffalo hides. A recent large consignment that had been stored away somewhere and forgotten proved a drug in this market. For robes other hides are now preferred. The stamp of nationality there is about the animal gives him a sentimental interest, but that is a most uncertain peg to hang the hope of his prolonged existence upon in this utilitarian age.—*New York World.*

—"Time and tide wait for no man," but when a woman is in the case even time and tide must wait or go on without her.

—Bustard (tragically)—I am ruined—ruined! I can't pay ten cents on the dollar! Friendly—Don't cut up so, dear fellow. Just think how much better off you are than your creditors.

At last we have a key to the whole mysterious affair. The Whitechapel fiend, "Jack the Ripper," as the Londoners call him, is said to be a powerful mesmerist. This accounts for it all. Jack not only mesmerizes his victims, and thus renders them powerless to resist, but puts the London police most effectually to sleep.

FASHION'S LATEST.

Trying "To Look as Much Like Men as We Can."

THREE NEW DANCES THIS WINTER.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.

Three New Dances

Will come into use among fashionable people this winter. One of these is the slide mazourka, which is a partial revival of the old round dance, combining the polka and the waltz. In its new form it has more of a waltz movement than before. The general effect is graceful, and the long, sliding step is sightly, unless practiced too carelessly on an overpolished floor. The other new round dance is called the Berlin, and is very ingenious, since its slow, graceful polka time can be used at will for a galop, waltz or a schottische. Many couples are either unable or unwilling to accomplish a polka and to them the Berlin will be welcome, while it will also be enjoyed by those who like a polka. The other novelty is the Diamond lancers, the figures of which are more intricate and fanciful than any of the showy quadrilles yet introduced.

Latest London Fashions.

"I promised," says Cousin Madge in London *Truth*, "to give you some further particulars about what is to be worn this winter. Well, dear, it appears to me that our chief aim must be to look as much like men as we can. To have a bodice made as closely resembling a man's shirt as possible is fashion's 'last cry,' to translate literally the French idiom. I saw several of these new bodices at Gloucester Road, when I went with Evelyn the other day.

"One was a pale-blue foulard, made exactly like a man's smoking-jacket in front, with a plaited shirt of white surah underneath, and a man's collar and a man's tie, all in the foulard. The dress was a sweet one, the skirting being also in this sea-green shade of blue foulard, and arranged in folds down either side of straight folds of white surah in front. There were double fronts of the blue, so that if the upper one were to blow back, the under ones were there to act as proxy.

"A very pretty yellow pongee silk dress had the skirt arranged in the same sort of wide plaits from the waist, each being caught near the hem with a bow of shot yellow ribbon. Bands of white silk guipure ran from the waist in the same direction as the plaits. The bodice had a drapery of silk from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist, a graceful arrangement that would be very becoming to the figure. The sleeve was gathered above the elbow and at the wrist.

"A pointed piece of silk guipure was so arranged in front as to look like an underbodice over which the pongee was draped. The high collar had a deep turn-down covered with guipure.

"A delicious ball dress was in eau-de-Nilmoire, the right side being draped with crepe of the same color, the folds looking admirably fresh, as though they had fallen there. A black net ball dress, with large spots of the size of a florin, was made with a bodice in velvet of an indescribably bright, soft tone of flame color. It will be a most effective dress.

"A gown that made me break the tenth commandment before I even had time to stop myself, was in striped tailor cloth, just like a man's tweed suit cloth, beige color. The bodice looked as if it must fit, the bones being molded so beautifully to the fall of the waist both in front and at the back."

Shaking Hands With a Saucepan.

What was there—was there anything that the woman of a hundred years ago did not pickle or preserve? They pickled parsley green to cheat grim winter of some of its terrors; they pickled nasturtions—and a very excellent pickle they make. They pickled the large shoots of elder to imitate the "Indian bamboo." They put out in the middle of May, and the middle shoots are the most tender." They pickled green walnuts "when they will bear a pin to go into them," which is also done to this day. They were aware that "the clusters of elder flowers make such a delicate pickle before it opens," and that to effect this it was only necessary to pour vinegar over them. They also knew that the seeds of elder should be pickled while still green, as a substitute for capers, and that "large cucumbers of the kind called green turkey, prepared as mangoes, are excellent, and come sooner into eating." They pickled radish pods, young artichokes, horseradish, samphire, marigold flowers and more things than can be enumerated. Having pickled nearly every green shoot, stalk, pod and seed, they began to do the same by plums, apricots, peaches, currants and grapes. When they set about making jams, no fruit escaped them, they even attacked vegetables. When they made cakes it was the same. Parsnips, raspberries, etc., were made into cakes, and red beetroot, potatoes and oranges into biscuits. The recipe for violet cakes reads delightfully: "Take the finest violets you can get, pick off the leaves, beat the violets fine in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, beat and sift twice their weight of double-refined sugar, put your sugar and violets into a silver saucepan or tankard, set it over a slow fire, keep stirring it gently until all your sugar is dissolved; if you let it boil, it will discolor your violets; drop them in china plates; when you take them off, put them in a box, with paper between every layer." Can anything be more charming and ethereal than this? The only point at which it seems to touch common earth is the sugar, and that is to be double refined. The china plates doubtless were such as would now make the joy of a collector and madden his wife by their price. Would that the time when women found healthy excitement in turning this mixture out of the pan, with the color of the violets undisturbed by the rude, passionate act of boiling, were back again; it was a time when Satan must surely have found fewer idler hands to do his work. For our own part, we never take up a paper and read some horrible story of a woman's guilt or folly without wishing that the days of silver saucepans and delicate confections were once more with us; it is more than probable that the women who err so greatly have, as Dr. Kitchener says, "never shaken hands with a saucepan in their lives."

Cheese Tartlets.

"These little cheese and damson tartlets, for which I am sending you instructions," writes Cousin Madge in London *Truth*, "are delicious morsels. Try them once:

Melt about one ounce of butter in a small casserole, then put in about eight or ten ounces of very fresh rich Cheshire cheese, which, however, you should have shredded finely previously; season it with a salt spoonful each of ground mace, saffron, nutmeg, cayenne and the tiniest pinch of salt. Stir it the whole time until it has dissolved, then remove it from the fire and let it get a few degrees cooler before mixing into it thoroughly two wine-glasses of warmed port and two of warmed cream, also the juice of half a very small lemon, and again whisk away to your heart's content until it is all a stiff froth. Set it aside to become as cold as ice, and while it is doing so line little patty-pans with either a well-made short paste or a puff paste. Put in as much as you consider sufficient of the "cheese stuff," also about six preserved damsons, with a little of their syrup. Bake in "quickish" oven until they are a lovely light yellow. Serve either hot or cold.

I myself prefer them cold. Either way, or anyhow, they are very good.

How an Empress Plays.

The Empress dowager of China amuses herself by playing a sort of hide-and-seek game on the water at night without lights. Lately her boatmen have taken to running away and others have refused to obey her orders. The reason for this disaffection is that according to law the penalties incurred should the Empress drown, even were it established that the boatmen were not in fault, include not only their death, but that of their families.

Fresh from Vanity Fair.

Novelty runs riot in the new boucle woolens, and one of the most striking designs exactly simulates the gimp used to edge carriage cushions.

Braiding done in a contrasting color appears on many of the handsomest cloth cloaks, and where fur is used beaver and skunk are easily long favorites.

The polka dot, like the poor, we have always with us, and never more than this season, when it appears on the necktie or the handkerchief of every other man you meet.

Immense round lace collarettes dated a la Pierrot are in great vogue, not only for children, but also for young ladies, who also wear them of colored crepe to match the dress.

It is said that if white velvet be not woven in sunshine, either in spring or early summer, there is no possibility of its keeping color, as the sun's rays alone can properly fix its paleness.

"Enhanced" is the last impossible epithet adopted by London tailors to designate any peculiarly atrocious fold or pucker or wrinkle wherewith it may please them to offend the gazing eye.

Paris just now sends out new winter underskirts woven in imitation of tiger skins, with the deep empire border, and they are so deliciously soft and warm that the bare sight of them is comforting.

Gray is beginning to divide honors with green in Parisian headgear, and in nearly all the models sent out by the best houses the bonnet brim is high and peaked, and the crown low and flat.

Pearl-edged ribbons have gone out of fashion. Thick-ribbed gros grain ribbon, with a plain satin edging, is that most in vogue, and also moire ribbon, which looks so well combined with velvet.

Ribbon plays a most important part in millinery, and as often as not constitutes the entire crown, with no foundation of any kind. In one of these a white wing had been placed in front, with a turnback brim of black crinoline.

Brains or Beauty.

Dufresny married his washer-woman.

Goethe's wife was a woman of mediocre capacity.

Emerson says: "It is not beauty that inspires the deepest passion."

Therese Lavasseur, the last dame of Rousseau, could not tell the time of day.

Racine had an illiterate wife, and was accustomed to boastfully declare that she would not read any of his tragedies.

Heine said of the woman he loved: "She has never read a line of my writings, and does not even know what a poet is."

It is an oft-quoted saying of Dr. Johnson that "a man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on the table than when his wife talks Greek."

"How many of the wise and learned," says Thackeray, "have married their cooks? Did not Lord Elden, himself, the most prudent of men, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant-maids?"

Jean Paul Richter declared that he would not lead a woman into the matrimonial noose whom it would not delight to hear him read the learned reviews of Gottingen, or the universal German library, when they sounded his praise, though it might be in some degree exaggerated.

Seven hundred people sat up all night to see the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton get in her carriage, but would one in a thousand lose a wink of sleep to get a glimpse of the learned wife of the pundit Yajnavalka, who discoursed with the Indian in Sanscrit on the vexed problems of life?

John Stuart Mill regarded the institution of marriage in its highest aim and aspect as "a union of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinion and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers with reciprocal superiority in them, so that one can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development."

Doing Him a Rank Injustice.

Dumley (to Brown)—Brown, I understand that Robinson referred to me yesterday as an old fool. I don't think that sort of thing is right.

Brown—Why, of course, it ain't right, Dumley. You can't be more than 40 at the outside.

—— Or for Worse?

Maria—Ye-es, d-darling, I will be yours. Don't ask papa to night; he might refuse. To morrow I'll get in one of my tempers, and then he's sure to consent!

The word "white" has been stricken from the Kansas Constitution.

AMELIA RIVES' SHOES.

The Digital Foot Covering of the Sensational Novelist.

Mrs. Amelia Rives Chanler is nothing if not odd. The other day she went to a reception with her hair in two pig tails, tied across her breast. She has taken to wearing sandals.

A gentleman who had occasion recently to visit the beautiful originator of the new shoes was in conversation with the lady when suddenly his eyes travelled to the edge of Miss Chanler's lovely home morning gown, and peeping out from the lower flounce he saw ten little white toes! Of course he started a trifle, and then his hostess laughed and showed him her new shoes.

"I have long thought of adopting digitated shoes," she said. "It seems to me heathenish to crowd the toes all together in tight shoes. Each toe should be as separate as each finger. Why should we crowd our toes all together and let our fingers go free? You have no idea with what comfort and ease I walk, now that I have adopted these shoes. Of course I cannot wear them in the city at present, but I hope soon to be able to do so, for I am sure many women of sense will adopt them.

Christmas Echoes.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Younghusband to the partner of his joys, who was about to start forth on Christmas shopping bent, "get presents for all the family-in-law, and buy a little of things for the boys; but don't spend more than a hundred dollars. We must live within our income." "Why, George, returned the lady, in an aggrieved tone, "you told me we'd $2,000 this month—you know you did." And Mr. Younghusband looked puzzled.

"Can you lend me $2 this morning, Mr. Williamson?" asked a beery friend entering the dreamer's office. "Sorry, Barrows, but I really can't." Mrs. Williamson went out this morning to buy a little surprise for me, and she took all the money I had."

Ethel, said the matinee to her daughter, "we must make the Christmas season a pleasant one for the boarders. Suppose we ask them all to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, so that we may put some little remembrance in each." "That is a very good idea, mother. We can give Mr. Mouldy a penknife, to Mr. Palette the artist, we can give a box of paints, young Scribbler would be delighted to have a patent lead pencil, and for Mr. Slowboy—well, let me see—what would you suggest for Mr. Slowboy's stocking, ma?" "Mr. Slowboy's unreceipted bill will do for Mr. Slowboy," replied the old lady, sternly.

Have you decided on your presents for the boys yet, my dear?" asked Mr. Hendricks, after the lads had left the breakfast table for school. "Not quite all. But I have decided, William, that they shall all be given something useful. There is no use of wasting money on useless toys for them to break—and, by the way, we need a new rug for the parlor and a dozen tumblers, William." "Ah! well, why not get the rug for George, and give the tumblers to John?"

Johnny was Right.

Teacher—Johnny, I should think you would be ashamed of yourself to run away from school for the sake of boating around in that old, leaky, flat bottomed boat. Weren't you afraid of getting drowned?

Johnny—No m—not so much as on shore.

Teacher—What nonsense! Did you ever hear of anybody going in a boat for fear of getting drowned?

Johnny—Yes m.

Teacher (astonished)—Who?

Johnny—Noer.

The Golden Gate Special.

The Union and Central Pacific Roads and Pullman Company put on December 5th, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars, to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bath rooms for ladies and gentlemen, barber shop, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children, make it the finest train in the world. Fare between Council Bluffs and San Francisco, including everything (meals, berth and meals—will be $100.

A Powerful Simile.

"As slow as a woman walking along the street, reading a letter," would not be a bad axiom to hurl into the language as a fixture.—*Puck.*

The Old Oaken Bucket
The Iron-bound Bucket
The Moss-covered Bucket

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolation from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the greatest blood-purifier of the age.

Life in Chicago.

Policeman (stopping citizen)—What are you running for?

Citizen—Because I'm cold.

Policeman—Well, don't do it again or I'll open fire on you.—*Chicago Globe.*

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic. Polson's Nerviline is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

Strained Relations.

Visitor—The milkman seems to be very gruff toward you.

Housekeeper—Yes; ever since I insisted that he must quit delivering us milk with straws and hairs in it our relations have been somewhat strained.

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster up Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

According to Oscar Wilde, George Meredith's style is "chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning."

LUCK-BEARING HORSESHOES.

Leave It on the Door—A Superstition Nelson Believed In.

The old superstition of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house as a protection against evil spirits, and an assurance of good luck, is as widely spread in the United States as it is in England or Ireland. It also prevails among nearly all Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and flourished largely in the East and West Indies and Hindostan. The old writers tell us that there are three elements united in the horseshoe—in the first place it is crescent shaped, secondly it is a portion of the horse, and lastly it is made of iron. Popular superstition has long endowed iron with protecting qualities. During the time of the plague in Rome, the inhabitants of the Eternal City drove nails in the walls of their houses as a safeguard against the dread disease. When the Arabs in the desert are overtaken by the deadly simoom, they seek succor from heaven by crying "Iron! iron!" Celtic, Finish and Welsh superstitions all agree that against witchcraft iron is considered the only guard. Custom even recites that it has always been considered a good omen to find old iron, and particularly to find an old horseshoe. In the mythology of England, horses were, and are to this day, looked upon as luck bringers. In some parts of England nowadays it is still thought that many forms of disease can be cured by burning a horse alive. A horse's hoof placed under an invalid's bed is considered a specific for many complaints in the north of Scotland. Many years ago, in Ireland, so it is said, upon the death of a favorite horse its feet and legs were hung up in the house and even the hoofs are preserved. All of which, it is claimed, serve as a preventive of all sorts of disease. Even in New York, among a certain class, the superstition may be seen carried out over many a house or shop door. The well-known song which was sung by Edward Harrigan a few years ago, made a lasting impression, and served to remind many of the folk attending the iron shoes. One of the stanzas was

[illegible]

On account of its form, historians state that the qualities formerly accorded to the crescent have been transformed to the horseshoe. The Chinese build their tombs at the present day in a semi-circle form like a horseshoe, and the Moors use it in their architecture. Lord Nelson nailed a horseshoe to the mast of his flag ship Victory and guarded it as if it had been a citadel. Dr. James, of London, who earned the sobriquet of "Lucky" from the amount of money he made out of his patent medicines, attributed his phenomenal success to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage.—*New York Mail and Express.*

I know I'm sick
I feel it
I throw medicine
The deep truly down.

is the mental exclamation of many a sufferer from headache, indigestion, constipation, torpid liver, etc. The use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets however, would transform these unfortunates and cause them to sing—

[illegible]

A Poor Job.

Shoddy loudly—I'd have you to sir, that I am a self made man, sir!"

Letters (looking him over intently)—Well, Mr. Shoddy, you look like it you do, indeed.

Miss Oscar Wilde has been lecturing in London on "National Dress for Women." The lecturer is, says the London *Star*, very young and pretty, but as a public speaker she has much to learn. To begin with Mrs. Oscar Wilde is wholly innocent of the demeanor of a public speaker. She giggles at her own witticisms, incessantly twists her shoulders, bends her head and explodes in a titter when she reads what she considers a particularly good thing. Her lecture was good in the main, simple, clear, undecorated.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,210 at Boston, large classes at Columbia Law students at Yale, Wellesley Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by Richard Proctor, the scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Judge Gibson, Dr. Brown, S. H. Cook, ex-N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from

PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

DOM. 49 -8.

FOR SALE,

A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,

WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the

TIMES PRINTING CO.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

Saws! Saws!

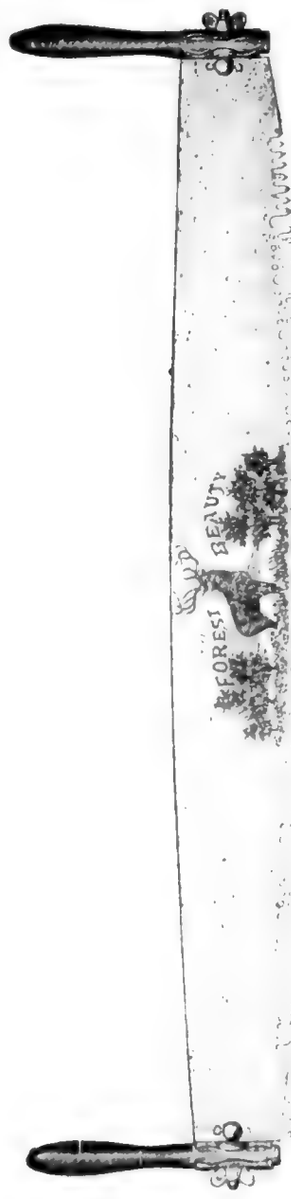

Cross-Cut Saws! Cross-Cut Saws!

AND AXES

Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having five gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined siller steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you Another line I would particularly call your attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

The County Council of Simcoe will build a poor house.

The Rep. says a turkey weighing 25 pounds was sold in Mt. Forest. At this season of the year, it would be worth, in Toronto, about $3,50. Pretty valuable bird, that.

A correspondent writing to the Beeton World says that he knows of no local paper "with more news or more spightliness or truthfulness." The first two are all right, but the latter well it shows that the writer has an overgrown swallowing apparatus. Some of Crawd's potato and turnip yarns would choke any ordinary man.

Shelburne Free Press :- It always pays to advertise On Monday afternoon Mr. John Hall, of Mulmur, lost $25 in Shelburne. He came at once to this office and ordered fifty dodgers In five minutes after they were printed Mr Hall had his money. The first dodger given out was to Mr. Mathews of the Massie House, and he happened to be the lucky finder He returned the money to Mr. Hall and refused the $5 offered as a reward Mr. Hall thinks Mr. Mathews is a very honest man, and we think so.

The Orangeville Post is to be issued as a daily for two weeks at Christmas time. The Post evidences this as a proof that the town is growing. Not at all dear Post. Twelve years ago, when we had the ill luck to tackle the printing business, we rolled up our sleeves and started in on the Orangeville Daily Advertiser, published by Mr. Munn It was a very respectable daily, too, and at it for the whole year No, the fact that the Post will run an advertising daily for two weeks during the holiday season does not prove that the town is any larger than it was twelve years ago.

After Many Years.

A despatch from Owen Sound says What promises to be an interesting case will come up before the Police Magistrate in a few days. The circumstances are these: About eighteen years ago a schooner, the Explorer, with a cargo consisting of mill machinery and two hundred barrels of whiskey, ran upon a rock near Tobermory and was reported lost. There was a crew of four on board the captain, his son and two men The captain and his son escaped, but the other two went down with the boat. The story of the wreck as told by the captain, whose name was Waddell, was that then striking the rock the vessel ran hard on and shifted her cargo forward. Sending the two men down to shift it aft, the vessel swung off the rock and went down bow foremost, carrying the two men with it. Reaching this place, the tale was related, and the insurance collected on the cargo and vessel Ugly rumors began to float about. Shortly after, Waddell and his son were out in a small boat on Lake Huron, and it was told by the boy that the boat capsized and his father was drowned; and he in his dripping cloths took the farmer, at whose house on the shore he first appeared, and showed him the upturned boat on the shore. The story was received as fact, and nothing more thought of the matter until about six years ago, when a small coasting vessel, going around picking up wreckage, was informed of the sinking of the vessel with the mill machinery and whiskey aboard, and the thoughts of securing two hundred barrels of "12 year old" was sufficient inducement to raise the boat So they went to work, and for their trouble found the boat had a full cargo of rocks and the two bodies of the crew among them. The bottom had been bored through in several places, and the whole surroundings indicated a plain case of cold blooded murder. These circumstances called to remembrance by some former acquaintances of Waddell, and, to their great surprise they recognized the captain in Chicago, and reported the fact to a friend of theirs. Mr Lymburner of this town, was also acquainted with Waddell, having shipped a cargo of lumber in the Explorer. Imagine Mr Lymburner's surprise a few days ago, when who should turn up on our streets but Waddell. Greeting him as Capt. Waddell, the man replied with a startled glare in his eyes, "I am not Capt. Waddell," and shot past past him. He was also recognized by a Capt. Morrow, who informed P. C. McAulay, who has the case in hand, and is working it up, with good prospects of bringing the guilty man to justice In the meantime Waddell is serving a fifteen days term in jail for beer drinking It is supposed the whiskey was sold and the proceeds pocketed and the mill machinery is reported to be now in use on a sawmill on the south shore somewhere being run by a son of Waddell's. Should the case prove true it will be one of the most sensational ever brought to here The appearance of the man who is now in gaol and known to Waddell, is that of a man of the most desperate character, so much so as to cause the magistrate to remark that he was the most villainous looking individual who has ever appeared before him In addition, there is a peculiarity in his walk which is identical with that of Waddell. The Crown Attorney has taken up the case and is making enquiries of the insurance companies interested.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Felted Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MES. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

A Positive Cure. ✠ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH REVIEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Koh-i-noor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

Symptoms for which No. 8 should be Used.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, dread for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feeling in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes insanity acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

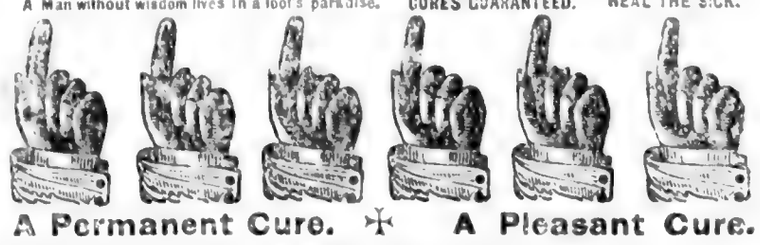

A Permanent Cure. ✠ A Pleasant Cure.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They are unequalled as a Medicine for Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

is unequalled for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 390. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DEC 20, 1888. W. H. THURSTON.

XMAS. XMAS!

CALL AT

Russell's Noted Jewelery Store,
Flesherton.

GOLD and SILVER WATCHES,
CLOCKS, CHAINS, BROCCHES,
BARPINS, EARRINGS.

Cards, Razors, Knives, etc.

CAN AND WILL GIVE YOU

BARGAINS

A Ladies fine GOLD AMERICAN WATCH for

Big discount for cash

CALL AT

RICHARDSON'S
Drug Store

AND SEE HIS STOCK OF GOODS SUITABLE

Xmas and New Year's
PRESENTS

BEFORE YOU PURCHASE ELSEWHERE AS HE HAS THE

LARGEST ASSORTEMENT
IN TOWN,

BOTH

Useful and Ornamental.

Albums. Satchels, Purses, Cards,
Books, Toys, Sweets, etc.

OVER 500 LBS. OF SWEETS JUST IN.

A merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year to ALL.

Wm. RICHARDSON.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Locality.

R. T. of L. Entertainment.

Birth.

L. O. G. T. Con

Con'tinued.

WATCHES and CLOCKS

JEWELRY. SPEX.

CALL THIS M

Test This State

Bed Rock. Pri

JEWELER and OPTICIAN

MARKDALE, ON.

A Day Cut'e'el.

L. C. Association.

Anniversary.

The 13th anniversary of Chalmers Presbyterian Church, Flesherton, will be held on Christmas night. A Christmas cantata, "The Prince of David," will be presented. Tea to be served in the basement. Admission 15 and 25 cents. See large posters.

GEORGIAN BAY ROMANCE.

An Old-Time Whiskey Schooner Tragedy and Its Sequel.

HAS CAPT. WADDELL COME TO LIFE AGAIN?

A despatch from Owen Sound says: What promises to be an interesting case will come up before the Police Magistrate in a few days. The circumstances are these: About eighteen years ago a schooner, the Explorer, with a cargo consisting of mill machinery and 200 barrels of whiskey, ran on a rock near Tobermory, and was reported lost. There was a crew of four on board—the captain, his son and two men. The captain and his son escaped, the other two went down with the boat. The story of the wreck told by the captain, whose name is Waddell, was that when striking the rock the vessel ran hard on and shifted her cargo forward. Sending the two men down to shift it aft, the boat swung off the rock and went down bow foremost, carrying the two men with it. Reaching this place, the tale was related and the insurance collected on the vessel and cargo.

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"I am not Captain Waddell."

And shot past him. He was also recognized by a Captain Morrow, who informed P. C. McAuley. This constable has the case in hand and is working it up with good prospects of bringing the guilty man to justice.

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Should the case be proven, it will be one of the most sensational ever brought up here. The appearance of the man who is now in jail, and reported to be Waddell, is that of a most desperate character; so much so as to cause the magistrate to remark that he was the most villainous-looking individual who had ever appeared before him. There is a peculiarity in his walk which is identical with that of Waddell. The Crown Attorney has taken up the case and is making inquiries of the insurance companies interested.

KILLED BY A COLLISION.

An Engine Runs Into a Street Car in Detroit—Ten Persons Injured, Some Fatally.

A last (Wednesday) night's Detroit despatch says: This afternoon the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern switching engine, on its way to the Junction, collided with a street car of the Fort and Croghan street line at Croghan street crossing, demolishing the car and injuring ten persons, five of whom will probably die. On the approach of the street car to the crossing the conductor, in compliance with the rules of the Street Railway Company, ran ahead to ascertain if the way was clear of trains, and seeing the engine, he turned to signal the car, which had kept on and was close by. But the signal came too late to Driver Thos. Evans, and despite his efforts the car glided down the sharp grade in time for the locomotive to come up and crash into it broadside. The street car was comparatively filled with passengers, about fourteen in all. When the locomotive crashed into it, the shrieks of the women and the cries of the men were heard a distance of several blocks. The side of the car was crushed in and the car overturned and pushed along a few feet, but a quick reversal of the locomotive prevented further damage. Opinion is divided as to whom to blame, whether Conductor Ross, of the street car, or Watchman Hurley, who did not have the block arms down to stop the passage of teams along the street.

An Embezzler Dying in Toronto.

A Wapakoneta, O., despatch says: Israel Lucas, ex Treasurer of Anglaize County, who fled to Canada about two years ago with $36,000 of the county's money, is dying with consumption. George Orr, while in Toronto, met Lucas and had a long conversation with him. Mr. Lucas intimated that he had prepared a complete history of the defalcation, and left the impression that all of the story of the steal was never told.

A Bride of 16 and Groom of 50.

A Reidsville, N.C., despatch says: Samuel Marsden, aged 50, and Gertrude Gibson, aged 16, eloped from Amelia county, Va., came here and were married last night. The bride, who is pretty, said she had plenty offers from younger men, but they were all drunkards.

That Would Be Nice.

A Mrs. Smith, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was caught in a patent folding bed which shut up with her, and she could not get out until the manufacturer of the bed had been sent for to open the combination. The manufacturer of every folding bed should go with the bed, to be handy in case of emergency.—*Peck's Sun*

A BLACKMAILING SCHEME.

The Men Who Tried to Entrap Phil Daly—A Remarkable Confession.

A New York despatch says: On top of the sensational developments in the now celebrated "badger" game played on Phil Daly comes a remarkable confession of one of the four conspirators, Herman, as made to Inspector Byrnes to-day. The confession lays bare a scheme of wholesome blackmail on prominent men and forcible extortion of money. The story puts yellow-covered literature to shame. Henry Harman was the green member of the gang. He was pressed early into the service, and weakened easily when Inspector Byrnes (in his presence) made the Stanton woman talk just enough to show that she was willing to turn States evidence. The man Herman is about 30, and is of German birth, and has a wife and children, though he spent most of his time with the Hammond woman. He is a butcher by trade. His last job was at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga. He met Meredith, the arch-conspirator, a couple of weeks before the election. Herman says that he introduced Meredith to the Stanton woman, and the quartette went to live at the 4th avenue flat, where the badger game was played upon Daly. Meredith was much pleased with the Stanton woman. She would make a good "crook," he said, because she had the "nerve," and he could make a lot of money out of her. The outcome of the matter was that about Nov. 28th Meredith told Herman that he had fixed it all with Addie Stanton for a big strike, and he would give Herman $15,000 to take a hand. The scheme was to write letters to men of wealth and prominence, to entrap them into the flat. The first who fell in and was "any good," that is, had any reputation or money to lose, was to be chloroformed and robbed. They calculated to get about $30,000 out of their victim by threats and blackmail.

Herman was assigned to the task of tying and torturing the prisoner. Daly, one of the chosen victims, came once and the chance was allowed to pass. Meredith was angry with Herman for it. The Hammond woman, who was a sort of a silent partner in the scheme, was out of the flat when Daly passed through his ordeal. She did not wish to be present at the time. The two men played cards in the kitchen, while the Stanton woman watched for the gambler. At 2 p. m. came the knock at the door. The woman played her part as agreed upon. When the rush came, Herman says he was so nervous that the pistol went off accidentally. Then they ran. What followed has already been told.

THE COMING BATTLE.

Arrival of British Troops at Suakim—Battle Expected Next Week.

A Suakim cable says: The first detachment of British troops arrived here yesterday on the steamship Hodeida, which entered the harbor, bringing from Suez 21 officers, 185 men of the Scottish Borderers, and 100 mounted infantry with horses. So soon as the troops assembled the Arabs opened a hot artillery fire from the trenches, mainly concentrated on the Twelfth Black Battalion, but they were quickly silenced by a reply from the forts and the Racer. The probability is that a fight between the Arabs and the troops under General Grenfell, sirdar of the Egyptian army, will take place next week. Reports put the strength of the Arabs in the trenches at from 700 to 1,000 men. There are, however, many more lying in the bush, within a short distance of the earthworks, and about 1,500 reserves stationed at Handoub wells, eight miles away. Many are merely tribesmen and slaves, but there are among them nearly 1,000 dervishes and ex Egyptian soldiers. The force under General Grenfell will consist of two brigades of Egyptian and black troops, supported by the second battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, one company of mounted infantry, and a small force of Egyptian cavalry and artillery, altogether about 5,000 under arms.

Gen. Grenfell has informed the Government that he considers this force ample to raise the siege. He expects to be able to mass his entire force by the end of this week.

A DESPERATE GIRL.

Shoots Herself Dead Because Her Mother Scolded Her.

A Watertown, N. Y., despatch says: Miss Anna M. Moore, the pretty and accomplished daughter of H. W. Moore, a well-known hardware merchant of Antwerp, this county, committed suicide in a fit of anger, after having been scolded by her mother for remaining out until 10 o'clock at night. The girl was 18 years of age and idolized by her parents. Tuesday evening, about 7 o'clock, she expressed a desire to go out for the purpose of visiting a young lady friend in the village. Her mother asked her to remain at home, but she dressed and went. When she returned at 10 o'clock the family had retired. The mother arose, however, and, going to Anna's room, upbraided her severely for remaining out so late. After Mrs. Moore had turned to leave the room Anna arose in a passion, went across the hall to a closet, got a revolver, a 22-calibre, and, placing the muzzle to her right temple, fired. The report of the pistol aroused Mr. Moore, who rushed upstairs, but fell fainting to the floor when he found what had taken place. Anna lived about three hours after the shooting, but did not regain consciousness. She had threatened to kill herself before when reproved by her parents. The revolver with which she took her life was taken from her father's store.

A Man to be Afraid Of.

Brown (to friend from out of town)—Let us cross over, Jack, there's a tailor on the next block whom I don't want to see.

Friend—Like all you New Yorkers—afraid to meet your tailor.

Brown—Great Scott, man! I don't wear a hundred dollars worth of clothes a year. It's my wife's tailor; he's the only man in New York I'm afraid of.

Dug. Grothers, who demanded $350 per month to play in Buffalo, is now willing to play in Toronto for $200 per month. Ball players are getting sense.

Mr. Gladstone has begun classifying his letters and papers. He has a little batch of 60,000 letters that he thinks worth preserving.

A BUTTON'S ODD HISTORY.

Used to Conceal a Note from a Prisoner of War to His Wife.

A Columbus, Ind., despatch says: A most unique relic of the late war is possessed by George Clutch, Commander of the Isham Keith (G.A.R.) Post in this city. It is a button off of a private soldier's uniform. During the latter part of the war Mr. Clutch's brother-in-law, J. F. Gallaher, whose home is in Ohio, had the misfortune to be captured by the rebels and confined in Libby Prison. The story of how the prisoners in that hell-hole suffered and died from starvation, exposure and ill-treatment is a part of history. After Mr. Gallaher had been there some time he began to feel the need of money, which would enhance his prospects of reaching the Union lines should he succeed in making his escape. A surgeon of his regiment, who was in the prison, was about to be exchanged. He cut off one of the large brass buttons from his uniform, and, separating the two parts of it, made a cavity by taking out the filling. He then wrote on a slip of blank paper, in a small but distinct hand, the following note to his wife, which he enclosed in the cavity and again sealed the button together:

LIBBY PRISON.—DEAR WIFE,—If we are not exchanged by 1st of December send me $30 in greenbacks. Put in a vial canned up in a can of tomatoes or blackberries. Send it in a box of provisions. J. F. GALLAHER.

This note is well preserved and was still resting snugly in its place in the button when shown to-day by Mr. Clutch. To continue the story, the button was made to take the place of another on the uniform of the exchanged surgeon, who reached home and delivered it to Mrs. Gallagher in due time. It could not have escaped the close scrutiny of the officers had it been conveyed out of the prison in any other manner, as the officers were particular to search all of the exchanged prisoners, including the surgeon, most minutely. Mr. Gallaher did not have much hope that his scheme would succeed, even should the note reach his wife, but he was surprised, for the fruit arrived in a short time, and although closely inspected by the prison officials, they failed to discover the vial containing the money concealed in one of the jars of thick preserves. Soon after receiving the money Mr. Gallaher succeeded in making his escape from the prison, being one of the chief participants in the great tunnel expedition. He found the $30 obtained in so novel a manner to be of great service to him in reaching the Union lines. When Mr. Clutch was in Ohio a short time ago he was given the button and its contents to keep as a memento, and it is greatly prized as such.

CONFESSED HIS CRIME.

How a Prussian Village was Burned to the Ground Many Years Ago.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., despatch says: A most sensational confession was made by a Chicago German named Heinrich Schance, aged 70, to Wm Radiger, of Kalamazoo, last May, in Chicago. It was the dying confession of Schance, who was a well-to-do bridge builder. He said: "It was in 1844 the crime of my life was committed. It has caused me untold suffering ever since. One dark night my partner, 'Sugar' Schultz and myself, robbed a barn in a suburb of Colverte, Prussia, of 100 bushels of rye. To throw off all suspicion of robbery, we returned to the barn and set it on fire. A strong wind was blowing, and soon, to our horror, 100 houses and stores were in flames. The village was burned to the ground. The suffering that night was horrible. Many mothers and children perished in the flames. Large rewards were offered for the arrest of the perpetrators of the deed; but we were never caught. As the people gathered at the fire we stole away through the woods. I immediately took a steamer for America, came to Chicago, and have been here ever since. My partner was a braver criminal than I. He remained, and is still living in Colverte, Prussia, where he is a wealthy merchant. Now I feel better, but be sure and not communicate this confession to the German officials." The confession was sworn to by Radiger before a justice and has been sent to the German Consul at Cincinnati.

LASHED TO THE PUMPS.

Fearful Suffering Endured by the Crew of a Sinking Schooner.

A Baltimore, Md., despatch says: This morning the schooner James A. Garfield arrived from Navassa with the shipwrecked crew of seven of the schooner Albert H. Cross, of Philadelphia and Newburyport, Mass. Capt. Henderson, of the Cross, tells a harrowing tale of shipwreck. The Cross left Charleston Nov. 15th, bound to Petersburg, Va., with 495 tons of phosphate rock. On November 17th they encountered a heavy gale, which lasted for several days. On the 21st she sprang a leak. The men got to the pumps, but the waves were rushing over the decks, which they swept clean. The men were lashed to the pumps, and were in that position until November 30th, when they were rescued by the Garfield. The men were completely exhausted and covered with salt water sores. The Cross sank in latitude 33.45, long. 73.40, two hours after her crew had been taken off.

TARIFF CHANGES.

Canadian Customs Rulings During the Last Two Months.

The following decisions were rendered by the Board of Customs at Ottawa during October and November:

Cotton seed bran, 20 per cent.
Cocoanut oilcake, 20 per cent
Galvanized wrought iron tubing over two inches diac., 30 per cent
Letter copying books, 35 per cent.
Parian busts or statuettes, 30 per cent.
Paper boxes embellished with chromos, etc., but without any printed matter, six cents per lb, and 20 per cent.
Pencil cases of all kinds, including gold, silver or plated, 25 per cent.
Suspensory bandages, as trusses, 25 per cent.
Scripture wall texts, not illustrated, 35 per cent; do., illustrated, 6c per lb. and 30 per cent.
Vases, glass, plain or fancy, 30 per cent.; do. china, 30 per cent; do. earthenware, 35 per cent.
Wool (no oils), dyed, 20 per cent

NOTE.—The items "vases" are not intended to include articles that should be classed as "table ware."

The defaulting clerk of the London Fair Association is in New York attending a medical college.

A DOMINIE'S WOES.

Persecuted into Matrimony by a Designing Widow.

LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE EMBRACE.

The Groom Renounces the Bride at the Altar, but She Refuses to Give Him Up.

The New York *World* says the Rev. H. F. Auld, a young Episcopal clergyman of Morrisania, two years ago betrothed himself to Mrs. Helen Christie, a buxom widow. The clergyman's friends say she completely bewitched him, and he became her abject slave. The attachment lasted a year, when, on March 14th, 1887, according to Mr. Auld's friends, the widow, taking leap year by the forelock, proposed marriage. This was quite a shock to Mr. Auld, who had loved her only as a mother. She took him to St. Paul's Church, corner of One Hundred and Fortieth street and Third avenue, however, requesting the clergyman there to marry them. The reverend gentleman refused, on the ground that it was Lent. Mrs. Christie then proposed a solemn betrothal, which was willingly entered into by Mr. Auld, and a formal agreement was signed. Finally Mr. Auld, who was influenced by his mother, told Mrs. Christie he could never love her, or even respect her as a wife, but if she insisted he would marry her. He resigned his parish, made arrangements to go to another, and told her that on his departure the ceremony would be performed. Mrs. Christie felt that she was compromised and threatened legal proceedings if the marriage did not take place immediately. Mr. Auld still hesitating, Mrs. Christie appealed to Bishop Potter, who summoned the parties before him. After hearing the evidence the bishop wrote a letter to Mr. Auld, sympathizing with him, but telling him he was bound to keep his word and marry Mrs. Christie. Last Wednesday Mr. Auld, accompanied by a friend, repaired to the residence of the Rev. H. S. Smith, and the ceremony was performed. It was a most dramatic affair. Before the witnesses Mr. Auld solemnly renounced Mrs. Christie, saying: "I will let you be my wife only in name. I will never live with you. I will try and provide for you, but you must never darken my threshold."

Mrs. Christie was just as emphatic. "I love him still," she cried, "and I marry him simply for the love I bear him." The ceremony was performed and Mrs. Christie went back to her home and Mr. Auld rejoined his mother. They have never laid eyes on each other since their wedding day. Last night a reporter called on Mr. Auld. He is a young man, very delicate, and is afflicted with a constant twitching of the head. He was extremely nervous, and when the reporter stated his mission broke down completely. "I have tried so hard to do right," he almost cried. "There has been nothing wrong between Mrs. Christie and myself, and now I am ruined forever because I was weak and foolish. I will only make this statement: I engaged myself solemnly to Mrs. Christie and, according to my promise, I have married her. That is all I have to say about it." Mrs. Auld, the mother of the reverend gentleman, also declined to make a statement except to the effect that her son had been persecuted. "He has been followed by that designing woman until she married him. My poor boy. He thought every woman like his mother. She said she loved him, and now she makes public the engagement which she had promised to keep secret." Mr. Auld, in listening, was so much affected by the turn matters had taken that he began to weep. "There is nothing more for me to do but to die," he said. "My career is ruined. I can see the heading in the paper to-morrow, 'Another Minister Gone Wrong,' and I have been so innocent and tried to do so much to suppress the scandal." "How did the woman come to have such an influence over you?" asked the reporter. Mr. Auld and his mother both groaned in answer. A family consultation was then held and a friend was called in, but they would say no more.

NOW JUST DON'T.

A Short and Concise Catechism of What Not to Do.

Don't put R. S. V. P. on your present to your rich uncle.

Don't misspell the word "presence" in the invitations to your Christmas party.

Don't hang up more than three pairs of stockings if you are visiting friends in the country.

Don't eat two mince pies, a plum pudding, lobster salad and ice cream, and then complain that the climate does not agree with you.

Don't impersonate Santa Claus in a seal skin sacque, rubber boots and auburn side whiskers.

Don't give your guest who has overstayed his welcome a travelling bag.

Don't send the unreceipted bill for her present to your fiancee in mistake for a Christmas card.

Don't decline a present simply because the expressage or postage has not been prepaid.

Don't attribute your bonbon headache to the drum your enemy sent your son.

Don't borrow money from your friend to pay for his present.

Don't present your wife with a handsome mahogany cigar box; and

Don't expect your husband to be pleased if you give him an ivory-backed hand-mirror.

A Popular Song Writer.

Mr. Milton Wellings, author of "At the Ferry," "Some Day" and other popular songs, says he has no definite time for writing. He works when the steam is up, and this often in the evenings. But music does not nearly absorb his whole energy. He writes musical criticisms, dabbles in fiction and is a bit of a painter. He is also an athlete and hates the affectation of art. "That kind of hypocrisy covers a multitude of faults," he said. "I dislike verse, too," Wellings added vigorously. "Do you ask why?" He drew from a drawer a huge heap of manuscript, with which he explained he was every day inundated.

A special proverb—Man proposes, but woman mustn't.

OLD WORLD NEWS BY MAIL.

Latest from Ireland.

Reports received from Ireland record the partial failure of the potato crop.

Mrs. Malone, stated to be 105 years of age, died at Ennistymon, Clare, the other day.

The Land Commission has reduced the rents on the Kenmare estates at Killarney 50 per cent.

The construction of the Mitchelstown & Fermoy Railway is to be commenced immediately.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon Rev. Hugh Hanna, D.D., of Belfast, by Galesville University, Wisconsin.

Mr. Rathbone, a Dublin gentleman, and a large number of merchants were cruelly hoaxed the other day. From early morning tons of coal were brought in rapid succession to the house of Mr. Rathbone, nearly all the coal merchants in the city having received orders. After these came funeral carriages, a hearse, furniture floats and vans. The thoroughfare was crowded. The victims of this stupid fooling are naturally greatly incensed.

Latest from Scotland.

Mr. Graham Murray has been appointed senior advocate-depute of Scotland.

Six hundred pounds has been subscribed to the fund for the erection of a Burns statue in Ayr.

Profs. Smith and Smeaton, of the New College, Edinburgh, complete this year the jubilee of their ministry.

On November 16th the members of Edinburgh Town Council presented Lady Clark, the wife of ex Provost Clark, with a diamond pendant.

Jessie King, one of the persons in custody in connection with the alleged child murders in Stockbridge, Edinburgh, has made a full confession of her guilt.

Dr. Ritchie, of Duns, Mr. Hogarth, of Stranraer, and Principal Morison are the only three remaining in service in Scotland of those who began their studies in the Secession Hall in 1834.

Rev. Dr. Gloag, of Galashiels, is to be nominated as Moderator of the Established Church Assembly of Scotland next year, and Rev. John Laird, Cupar-Fife, as Moderator of the Free Church.

Rev. Robert Thomson, Ladywell, Glasgow, is threatened with eviction from the Island of Inchcolm, of which he has been sub-tenant since the beginning of the present year. The Earl of Moray objects to him as a tenant.

Over 100 members of Stonehaven Free Church congregation have petitioned the Presbytery to establish a preaching station there, as they wish to sever their connection with the Rev. J. Robertson, whose preaching they consider "borders upon profanity and blasphemy, and fitted to bring the pulpit and its ministrations into contempt."

The ceremony of handing over the Wallace sword, which has lain in Dumbarton Castle for nearly six centuries, to the authorities of the National Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig took place in Stirling on the 17th ult. On behalf of the War Office, Colonel Nightingale, the commanding officer of the district, formally conveyed the weapon to the custodians of the monument, and afterwards Provost Yellowlees gave a public reception, at which Dr. Rogers gave a brief historical sketch of the sword, dealing particularly with the proofs of its genuineness.

"GOOD OLD VICTOR!"

How a Parrot's Salutation Led to a Swindler's Arrest.

Detectives obtain their hints and clues from many sources, but it is not often that they receive them through the instrumentality of parrots; yet this is just what has happened during the researches of M. Goron, the head of the Paris criminal department. This officer has been lately looking for the chief accountant of the "Catusse Band," a fellow named Victor Chevalier, and, going the other day into the rooms of a notorious receiver of stolen goods in Paris, he heard himself addressed in harsh tones as "Good old Victor; there you are!" This was enough for the detective, who, having silently satisfied himself that the loquacious bird was the property of the man for whom he was looking, proceeded to search the receiver's den for indications of a more substantial character.

After a long and minute investigation of the premises he found a letter from Victor to the receiver, in which epistle the robber announced that he was in Angers under the name of Felix Crozet. M. Goron immediately set out for that town, and arrested the owner of the too voluble parrot in the railway station.—*Paris letter in London Telegram.*

Mysterious Psychological Perceptions.

Prof. Edward Payson Thwing, M. D., Ph. D., for four years President of the Academy of Anthropology, New York, reports the four following: "The wife of Dr. W., a physician near Boston, had a dream or vision one night in which she distinctly saw her aunt. This lady resided several hundred miles away in a distant city. She appeared to be walking in the city, descending a hill toward a railway track. The dreamer saw the movement of her aunt as she approached the rails, and also that of a passing train, by which she was killed. A few days after a letter was received which narrated the death of the lady at the very place and under the very circumstances described.

The same person, at another time, woke in the morning with the conviction that a certain neighbor was dead, and so remarked to her husband, the physician. Neither of them had had any personal acquaintance with the individual. As they dressed and looked out of the window the first object seen was a crape on their neighbor's door. The lady had just passed away.

"The night that President Lincoln was murdered a neighbor of mine, writes a physician, declared that the President was killed by an assassin. It was several hours before the news reached the town.

"The wife of a New York clergyman made a similar statement just before the news arrived of the murder of President Garfield, and said that she saw him in a railway station surrounded by ladies and others."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

shall never be able to call this girl my own, and have lost a noble heart."

It had become dark while we talked, though we had not noticed it. It had seemed to me that I heard wheels halt before the house and steps in the anteroom. Then all was still again. My friend was just going to his writing-table to fetch a light, when the door flew open and a flood of light streamed into the room. Was it a fairy scene that met my eyes, did our excited fantasies deceive us, or were we dreaming with eyes wide open? In the open doorway, carrying in her hand a little Christmas tree, ornamented with burning candles, stood Tenzile; in the other hand she held a letter.

I sprang to my feet, and Dr. Franzeen stood as though transfixed, with staring eyes, pale and trembling, with his hands raised as though to ward off an apparition.

At this moment an elderly woman, whom I recognized as the housekeeper of Mrs. Carlson, stepped from behind the girl, took from her the letter, and with the words, "From my mistress, for the Herr Doctor," laid it in Franzeen's hand.

He looked at the letter, and opened it as if in a dream. For a long time he read, nor seemed to know what he was reading. Again and again he read. His pale face took on some color, the light returned to his eyes, and sinking into a chair he wept aloud.

The beautiful girl looked with affright at this singular man, and trembled perceptibly.

I did not deem it an indiscretion to pick up and read the letter. It was from Mrs. Carlson.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND:—I have learned that you turn for happiness elsewhere than to me. My life-aim is your happiness; hence I have bought the girl that is to bring you this message to-day, in order that you may be reminded, on each return of the holy eve, that I have loved you truly deeply and sincerely, and that I have placed your happiness above my own. My only wish is that you may make the lovely being happy, and that you may be made happy in your choice. Tenzile will return with my servant to her former mistress, and will remain with her as your betrothed until the necessary formalities for the wedding have been arranged. FLORA CARLSON.

While I was reading the letter Dr. Franzeen had risen and now stood calmly before the beautiful slave.

"You know what is contained in this letter?" he quietly asked.

"Yes," answered the girl, without raising her eyes, but with blushes suffusing her cheeks.

"You are satisfied with the destination the European lady has in view for you?"

"My duty is to obey," Tenzile answered tremblingly.

"Do you follow duty's call in this case with love—with your heart?" Dr. Franzeen questioned further.

Tenzile raised her eyes to his for a moment, fully and calmly, and said:

"Why should I not? I shall be to you a faithful servant."

"Not servant—my wife you are to be. Know you that?"

"It has been told me," came from her full, fine lips.

"And does not your heart leap with joy at the thought?" questioned Dr. Franzeen; "do you not feel a nameless happiness because of this?"

"I am rejoiced," said the girl.

"And if you had to belong to another man, would that make you unhappy?" the young physician continued, slowly.

"Then I would serve him, as it is my duty to do."

"Gladly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you would not be unhapdy if you could not belong to me?"

Tenzile smiled. "I would gladly see in you my future lord."

"You would not, however, feel unhappy, disconsolate, sad, if you could not belong to me?" persevered the young man.

"No," said Tenzile with the same smile.

The conversation had been carried on in the Turkish language. My friend now turned to me.

"The dream is over," he said: "I thought myself beloved. The girl belongs to another world than the one in which we live. She is a beautiful image, a beautiful plaything, but no wife for a Christian. Even if the letter and the mode of action of Mrs. Carlson had not already opened my eyes to a revelation, what nobility there may be in a woman, what she may be capable of, the purity of her love, the last few moments have torn from my eyes the veil that passion and intoxication of the senses wove over them. I go to throw myself at the feet of that woman, and to beg her forgiveness. This is the second time she has proved my saviour."

"Josepha," he continued, addressing the elderly companion of the girl, "do you go back to your mistress, conduct this pretty child to her, and tell her that I shall be with her in a few minutes to express my thanks."

Smiling sweetly, Tenzile took her leave and disappeared with the housekeeper. Darkness again fell upon the room.

"You will excuse me?" asked Dr. Franzeen; "I shall attempt to obtain forgiveness," he added simply.

"I know that you will find it."

We parted with a long pressure of the hands that said more than words could have expressed, and I returned to my lodgings.

I might have been at home an hour when I heard a waggon stop before the house, and in a few minutes Mrs. Carlson's little, gray-headed American servant stood before me with an invitation to come to the villa as quickly as possible, and to make use of the carriage she had sent.

I ran down to the carriage in such haste that the old fellow could scarcely keep up with me.

Stepping into the drawing-room I found Mrs. Carlson and Dr. Franzeen standing, hand in hand, with that bliss shining from their eyes that only such moments can bring forth; bliss such as probably no human twain experience a second time in this life. On a side table stood the Christmas tree that Tenzile had borne. The young girl had already returned to her former mistress.

How the reconciliation took place I never had a precise account. Dr. Franzeen merely hinted that he had said about the same thing to her that he had in his room to me—for that was all that at the moment he could think of. When he stepped into the lady's room and exclaimed, "Forgive me, forgive me! I have dreamed a hasheesh dream, but am now awake and see but you alone in this world" Mrs. Carlson fainted and lay senseless in his arms. At last she opened her eyes wide, looked deeply and gravely into his, slowly put her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

In far-away Turkey there was a "Merry Christmas." And so may the coming holiday prove to each and every one of our readers!

SLAVES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Poor Girls Enticed From Their Homes and Sold.

An extensive female slave trade is still carried on in Constantinople, in spite of the consuls of the Christian powers. Hardly a week passes without the arrival of a white-haired courier, between 65 and 70 years old, accompanied by a convoy of young girls, mostly from poor families in Galicia, whom he has induced to come with him to the Turkish capital, under the promise of a "splendid" situation or a "rich marriage." The Austrian consular officials, as well as those of other Powers, have kept a wakeful eye upon this old scoundrel, and stopped him from landing his "wares" in Constantinople itself. It is now discovered that he takes them to a spot where they are out of reach of European law, Kawak, the Turkish quarantine station on the Bosphorus. Here they are unshipped, and sent ultimately to Constantinople by the land route to Bujukdere. Here not a soul is troubled about their deplorable fate, and their redemption from the horrors prepared for them is only possible through energetic foreign help. The "proprietor" takes them to a certain bourse, called the Casino, where his living wares are dealt with exactly as if they were dead matter or shares. The price for the "coarser wares," as they are brutally described, varies from $150 to $300. The price of the "finer wares" is higher, reaching the level sometimes of $1,200. They are bought for customers in Smyrna, Alexandria, Cairo and other places under Mohammedan rule. The "brokers" attempt to conceal the nature of their trade by deceptive advices; for instance, "expect three dozen silver spoons" (which is technical for the "finer wares;" or "we send five vessels of meal" (a medium quality;) or "eight sacks of potatoes" (the coarsest quality).

Cullings from Grip's Comic Almanac for '89

Is a roguish Irishman an arrah-nt rogue?

A female domestic is a woman out at hire. A lady in full dress at the opera is a woman out —— or, rather, in attire.

How sharper than a banana peel it is to have a sidewalk tobogganing child!

These days, give a man an invitation and he takes a smile.

One man can lead himself into the belief that his sidewalk needs cleaning; but it takes a policeman, a summons to appear, and a $2 fine to make him drink—the bitter dregs of remorse and rage.

"When the Leaves begin to Fall" is a touching ode—to the heart. "When the Bills begin to Fall Due" is a touching ode to the pocket.

Given no coal ashes on the sloping pavement or given no patent creepers! Find how soon the ambulance will get there.

There is one disadvantage in Canadian agriculture. You can't raise an ice palace that will keep over summer.

"Have I your implicit trust, Adeline Evangeline?" he asked anxiously. "Yes, George Algernon St. Albans," she responded. "Your perfect confidence?" "Aye." "Sure." "Then, say, girly, can I strike you for half a dollar to pay my washerwoman?"

The First of the Season.—"What's the matter, John? You look down in your luck." "No, not exactly; but a few minutes ago, up street, I was down on my back."

There are two phrases which grew from Canadian politics, and which are indelibly inscribed on the annals of Canadian newspaperdom. "The Brawling Breed of Bribers" was coined by Christopher Finlay Fraser, and "The Puling Policy of Prating Partizans" was evolved from the brain of the late James Fahey. There is still another, but there haint nothin' to it.

Mrs. Langtry's Toilet Set.

Probably the most unique set of silver in this country belongs to Mrs. Langtry; it numbers over 200 pieces, not one of which is modern, except the beautiful Venetian mirror, which is framed in silver lilies, and shows the monogram of the Lily herself just on top. Silver brushes that the Venetian ladies of old used for their golden locks are now in the possession of this latter-day beauty. Then there are curious boxes in which the old Hollanders kept their finest tobacco, and that now holds hair-pins or any of the little knick-knacks of a woman's toilet. Mirrors carved by famous silversmiths of long ago, and that reflects the faces of other happy and beautiful women, and jars in which they kept the powder that made their hair white, or the rouge that made their cheeks pink. Silver flasks that held the veritable aqua-toffana, now bottle very innocent drugs, and great perfume jugs that once knew mysterious Oriental sweets are now overflowing with wood violet. The silver tops to the cut-glass bottles were in the long ago the cases of watches; in those days the covering was elaborately carved in scenes of the chase, and the watch was a source of great pride to its owner. The candlesticks once lighted the way to a bridal in Ireland, or stood at the head of a coffin, and the great silver holder so elaborately carved, and in which rests a big blue pin-cushion, was once brought on the table with a wooden bowl in it, in which were smoking hot those strange new vegetables imported from Virginia to Ireland and known as potatoes. It has taken Mrs. Langtry eleven years to collect this silver, and, after all, when is a silver set complete?

Gems of Wisdom.

No comforter's head ever aches.—Italian Proverb.

Things promised are things due.—French Proverb.

He who is feared by many fears many.—German Proverb.

He that will, does more than he that can.—Portuguese Proverb.

There is no house without its hush! hush!—Spanish Proverb.

Let every one look to himself and no one will be lost.—Dutch Proverb.

No solitude is so solitary as that of unharmonious companionship.—Phelps.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A Prolific Animal.

Mr. Rufus Wickens, of Kimberley, has a 2-year-old sow which downs the record. Within eighteen months past she has given birth to, and raised, thirty-seven porkers. She is now caring for a litter of ten. The sow herself is black, and the pigs are pure white.—*Flesherton (Grey Co.) Advance.*

Don't Carry Apples in Bags.

When I was a small boy, my father said: "Remember, never to carry apples or potatoes in bags or sacks, if you do not want them bruised." I have always remembered this very important advice. After I became a man and began to understand the reason and philosophy of the wise caution, I perceived that when a bag is filled with apples and they are lifted and tumbled about, as bags of salt and grain are handled, a large portion of the apples will be bruised, for the reason that the sides of the bag (the bag itself) and the weight of the apples will operate with a leverage by way of bruising a few apples on one side, and then on the other, until many of the apples will be badly bruised. Then, when a bagful of apples may be stood on one end, almost the entire weight of the packet will rest on a few apples at the bottom, the sides of which will be bruised or crushed in, to the great damage of the fruit.

If we fill a bag with eggs and oats (as eggs are usually packed in a barrel) and attempt to handle the packet, it will be perceived at once that too much pressure will crush eggs in many parts of the package. Eggs are not shipped to market in sacks, for the simple reason that a bag or thickness of canvas is not sufficient to protect the eggs from injury. For the same reason, fruit and potatoes cannot be transported in sacks without being damaged more or less. Sweet potatoes are frequently transported in sacks, when they get so badly bruised that they decay. Then buyers wonder what can make their sweet potatoes decay so soon.

Importers of valuable crockery often sustain great losses in consequence of having it packed in large and limber crates made of small trees and branches of trees. When a crate of crockery is hoisted from a ship it bends and twists and yields in many ways, thus operating on much of the contents with a powerful leverage, sufficient to break and ruin half the contents of the package. If the crate is stiff, like a strong box or hogshead, very few pieces will be broken. Thus it is with fruit. If apples, or pears, or sweet potatoes are well packed in a strong barrel or box, they will escape all that damage which will inevitably ensue when such commodities are transported in bags.—*E. S. Todd in Country Gentleman.*

Weed Out the Stock.

The *American Agriculturalist* says: "Now is the time to get rid of the poorer animals. It will not pay to winter them, as better animals will give larger returns for shelter, care and feed. It is not economy to keep a poor animal through any season; but it is most extravagant to keep it through the winter. It is the height of folly in stock-raising to sell the best and keep the worst. True, the best bring the largest prices, but if you sell the best and keep the worst, soon your best will be no better than your worst is now, and your worst will be such that the more you have the poorer you will be. You, by this plan, constantly make your animals poorer, and as the stock raiser makes his animals poorer he makes himself poorer. If he keeps up the process, bankruptcy is as sure as fate. The opposite policy is the winning policy. Sell the poorest and retain the best. And sell enough of the poorer animals that you may buy a few better than the best you now have. This is making your animals constantly better and yourself richer. Soon your worst will bring as much as your best now. If you have not the pure-bred animals, sell enough scrubs or grades to buy an animal of each sex, pure-bred. Hold fast to the full-blooded produce, and to the highest grades. Almost before you are aware of it you will have only pure-bred animals. If once we start with pure-bred animals, the increase of breeding make us rich in flocks and herds of the best blood in what, when the goal is reached, seems a very short time.

Standing by the Jerseys.

I have little fear of the future, near or distant, of the American Jersey breeder. The most interesting feature of the present condition of the Jersey market, however, is the evident absorption by the farming and dairy interest of the large majority of the Jerseys sold to-day. They are going, just where breeders want them to go, into the hands of those who buy largely on their faith in the capacity and practical usefulness of the Jersey in the butter dairy. Of course breeders would like to get better prices as the reward of their intelligent efforts in breeding; yet there is no field which the legitimate breeder more confidently seeks for the sake of the Jersey's reputation than that of practical service in the dairy of the farmer. It would seem to be a work of supererogation to recount the merits of the Jersey at this late date; suffice it to say that unquestionably the Jersey will produce more butter on the same amount of feed than any other breed known. The Guerneseys come nearer than any others, but they have not been so carefully developed for superior production. Farmers may rely on the truth of this assertion. I know that the large udders of the Holsteins are very attractive. I have seen specimens of the breed that were very superb models in form, externally, of the milch cow; but let a farmer buy one of these thirty-quart cows, and place her alongside of a fifteen-quart Jersey for a competitive test, and I venture the assertion that the quantity of hay and grain necessary to enable the Jersey to produce twelve pounds of butter a week would, if fed to the Holstein, cause her yield to fall in three months to ten quarts, with a butter capacity of probably six pounds a week. Farmers must not lose sight of the fact that the most profitable butter cow is the one that will make a pound of butter at the lowest cost for feed. I once took three quarts of pure milk of a well-bred and splendidly formed Holstein and set it for cream. I also took a quart and a pint of Jersey milk, to which I added a like amount of water, and set the mixture for cream. The adulterated Jersey milk showed one-fifth more cream than the pure Holstein milk. If you have a market that does not regard the quality of milk, it may pay to keep Holsteins. In Connecticut and New Jersey it is not considered a safe operation to sell Holstein milk unless labelled skim milk, since the law requires that whole milk shall show in those States respectively 13 and 12 per cent. solids. There can be no question that for profitable production of butter the Jersey cannot be equalled, much less excelled, and so I am pleased to see farmers investing in Jerseys. I know of many instances of farmers buying high grade and pure Jerseys for the butter dairy, and I never knew of an instance of their being discarded when once thoroughly tried. On the other hand, I have heard them say they were worth as much again as the ordinary cow of the country for butter production. There never was a time when so good a grade or quality of Jerseys could be bought as to-day. In the past ten years the breeding community has been educated to appreciate the inestimable value of the bull in all breeding problems. Every breeder has striven to have as the leader of his herd the very best bull he could afford to buy, and with the use of such bulls, the offspring of comparatively poor cows have been, so to speak, graded up to a higher level of merit, and the average intrinsic value of Jerseys bred in this country in the past five years is probably 100 per cent. superior to that of animals bred ten or fifteen years ago. Hence it is a good time for farmers to buy. I know that in the practical test of actual performance in the dairy, the Jersey cow will not disappoint, while by the time that farmers shall have built up their herds to a fulness that seeks a market for their surplus stock, they will find a demand at prices that will soon reimburse them for their original outlay.—*G. W. Parker in Country Gentleman.*

A Scientist's Delusion.

I once asked Prof. Tyndall how he accounted for the spiritualistic belief of a certain eminent man of science. He replied: "That man's intellect is a loom. Give him his facts, he will vigorously weave them; but his discrimination as to what are facts is faulty, and he will sometimes weave rotten along with sound threads into his weft." Not long after a female medium—a favorite with these spirit scientists—was detected by two gentlemen of the British Museum. While the spirit was walking about the room under a dim light she was clutched by one and the other, striking a powerful light, revealed the form of the medium supposed to be securely bound with sealed knots in a cabinet. The facts were certified in the *Times*. They were admitted. But the scientific man whose judgment Dr. Tyndall questioned wrote a letter to the *Times* maintaining that the spirit, not being able to materialize that evening, had that evening utilized the medium's body without that medium's consciousness or knowledge. What wise spirits! To select for this exceptional performance the particular evening when two scientists were present with apparatus for bringing their medium into disgrace! Yet such was the degree to which emotional enthusiasm could smother the brain which, simultaneously with Darwin, discovered the law of evolution!—*Open Court.*

The Power of Ink.

"A small drop of ink, falling, like dew, upon a thoughts, proclaims that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think," wrote Byron. The inspiration of his pen might give the dusky fluid such a far-reaching power, and we wish we were possessed of such an inspiration that we might, through a like medium, bring into such extended notice the matchless virtues of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, those tiny, sugar-coated granules which contain, in a concentrated form, the active principles of vegetable extracts that Dame Nature designed especially to promote a healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Beauty's Mecca.

Belle (third season, languidly)—Oh dear, I wish I had been born an English peeress.

Another Belle (first season)—Why, sweetest, because you are tired of trying to become one?—*Life.*

Poor Widow Bedott

She tried to write love poetry to the deacon, and could frame only—

Affection sore
Long time I bore.

Had the lone creature used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the sure remedy for the weaknesses and peculiar ailments of her sex—she might have secured the deacon's favor by the cheerful character of her verses.

Comparative and Superlative.

And you say they all were drowned?"

"Yes, all but one woman—a dressmaker—who managed to grasp a floating spar and she held on till help came."

"Ah, I see. The survival of the fitter."

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Death in the Kiss.

An Erie, Pa., despatch says: Mrs. William Savory, of Northeast, lies dying, a sacrifice to her love for a dead friend. Miss Stella Stinson had died of consumption, and when Mrs. Savory heard of her death she entered the room where the corpse lay and kissed the lifeless lips of her dead friend passionately. The undertaker who was temporarily absent from the room, had just saturated the face and lips of the dead girl with a poisonous liquid, and Mrs. Savory having absorbed the deadly poison, was stricken a few hours later, and her sufferings are extreme.

Desperation.

Miss Westend (confidentially)—Mr. Saphead proposed to me last night.

Rival Belle—Did he? When I refused him in the afternoon he said he was going to do something desperate.

A LONELY SINGER

Hurls Defiance to an Assembled Congregation—Pastor and Precentor Episode.

The members of the Carlton Street Presbyterian Church have almost unanimously taken the side of the pastor in regard to the precentorship, and yesterday the new singer, who is the choice of the congregation, was left in undisputed possession of his box. The only contretemps occurred during the morning services.

The second psalm given out by the minister was the 74th. He asked the congregation to sing the first three verses. Smoothly went the singing of the first two verses, and the third was sung in a tone indicative of its application to some of those present:

To these long lesclamations
Thy feet will do not tarry
But all the lies Thy foes have lone
Within Thy sanctuary.

With this verse the singing should have ended, but there fell on the startled ears of the faithful few the shrill, clear voice of a lady singer, who took up the next two verses and sung:

Amidst Thy congregations
Thine enemies do roar
Their standards they set up for signs
Of triumph over me.

A man was famous, and was had
In estimation
According as he lifted up
His axe upon thee.

The congregation listened in mute astonishment, not a solitary voice joining the lonely singer. Having thus flung the axe at the heads of those she metaphorically wished to slay, all settled down quietly and listened to a good old-fashioned "effectual" calling discourse from Rev. Mr. Cleland, who had come in to express sympathy with the pastor and congregation, and was called on to address them.—*Toronto Mail.*

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, insanity, to *death*? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

The Secret of Their Unhappiness.

Edith—So you and Tom were finally married, Nell?

Nell—Yes; but we're not happy.

Edith—What? Not happy? Why how's that?

Nell—We didn't marry each other.

Time For Action.

Minister—I hope you are a good little boy, Bobby, and always mind your father?

Bobby—Yes, sir, I always do what he tells me when he begins to call me Robert.

Several years ago a coal mine in Japan took fire and forty or fifty miners were entombed. Recently the mouth of the pit was opened, and, on searching, the bodies of the victims were discovered. By the action of water they were converted into stone.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit, 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,115 at Washington, 1,216 at Boston, large classes at Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, ecc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Pres. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF LOISETTE 257 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

D C M L 30 88.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

"We believe that to extent of right-weight raw materials consumed and shipped, Mr. Page holds the head of any competitor, and that his present business is the largest now done by any house in this country."

And the *Review* says:

"After a most thorough investigation of Mr. Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that he is to-day the largest dealer in this country, where in superlative degree, quantity is the test."

QUERY. If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

FOR SALE,

A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,

WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the

TIMES PRINTING CO.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

AT ITS OFFICE

Flesherton, Ont.

[illegible]

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor

CHRISTMAS TREE MARCH

[illegible]

Our Santa Claus rides.

Chorus

[illegible]

Our love he will always command
Hurrah for Santa Claus, long may he [illegible]
At his castle in Some Shereland

When Christmastime comes with its fun and glee,
Our hearts shall keep green as the [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Santa Claus laughs [illegible]

When we come before [illegible] all the [illegible] Christmas [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] will [illegible] That [illegible] of joy and merrymaking. [illegible] Eighteen hundred and [illegible] years [illegible] And [illegible] they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshiped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh. That was the first Christmas, that was the first day of rejoicing at the birth of our Saviour, and the rejoicing was coupled with gifts. How the traditional custom has been preserved down the past ages until the present time! Who would care to do away with dear old Christmas—the one day of all the year that is held sacred by every Christian [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] The World [illegible] [illegible] they have turned upon it. The Mail will [illegible] Mr. H. A. M[illegible] [illegible] libel suit against [illegible] The World revels in sensation, and it, no doubt, [illegible] [illegible] several instances of [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] happy unless he is libeling someone, casting insinuating slurs upon dancea officials and everything else that pertains to a manliness and gentlemanly manner which he has never arrived at. Although we have no sympathy with the Mail or Globe, yet it is nauseating to read the World's personal attacks upon gentlemen connected with both papers. It is hoped they may find a means of silencing this blatant braggadocio.

A rumor which appears to have gained considerable credence in official quarters, is to the effect that Stanley and Emin Pasha are prisoners in the hands of Osman Digna. Osman has forwarded a letter, which Stanley was the bearer of for Emin Bey, to Suakim, together with some cartridges similar to those which Stanley carried, announcing that he would deliver the prisoners provided he were left in undisputed possession of Southern Egypt. There are doubts as to the truthfulness of this report.

1888-1889 Illustrated.

The year 1888 is rapidly drawing to the [illegible] In this [illegible] the years all [illegible] in the same [illegible] It is a [illegible] they have. Each new year that enters upon the race of time gradually loses its grip, while we jump aboard the next and whirl along towards eternity. It is a habit we have of [illegible] there, [illegible] spectators of the [illegible] [illegible]

This year has been noteworthy in several particulars. A large number of [illegible] died. Some have been killed. Others have been retired without dying. Hon. Edward Blake, for instance, who interred himself [illegible] his law books once more. The country has grown considerably, too, during the past year. No less than twenty five immigrants have arrived from the United States all of them [illegible] and the heads of [illegible] [illegible] had triplets.

This reminds us that 1888 was leap year. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fallen somewhat into [illegible] Only one instance has come under our observation. In that instance the man died under the mental strain. [illegible]

IN HIS LAST HOURS

His dying words, it is said, were

[illegible] His appearance [illegible] [illegible] situation, and the [illegible] [illegible] that are [illegible] out through his hair. Note the [illegible] expression of his eyes! Now we don't look that way when she is being proposed to. You can't disturb her equanimity worth a cent.

It will be but two or three short weeks until 1889, when the [illegible] [illegible] the "divine" form in his overgrown fists and dandling upon his knee the demure yet satisfied maiden [illegible] [illegible] satisfaction in the [illegible]

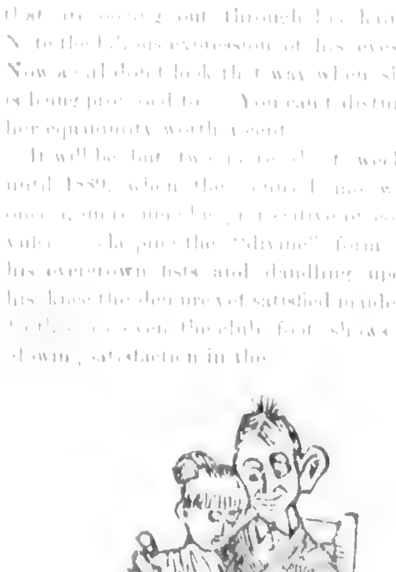

RETURN OF THE GENTLEMAN YEAR

An observer will see, by comparing our two illustrations, that the man's position in the first case is an unnatural one. This leap year business should be nipped in the sere and yellow leaf. What do you think about it, Bro. Mitchell of the Durham Chronicle?

Grip.

With the new year Grip enters upon its thirty second half yearly volume, a fact which speaks eloquently for the merits of this unique and favorite Canadian journal. No former attempt in the field of humorous journalism in Canada was ever successful, because in no former case was there the happy combination of elements essential to the success of such a venture. In the first place, an uncommon fertility of invention is required to keep a comic paper abreast of the times and this must be backed up by an artistic ability equal to the task of interpreting the happy thoughts evolved in a popular manner. [illegible] [illegible]

Inistioge.

The [illegible] in connection with the Methodist S. S. here will be held on Dec. 28th. The programme will consist of music, vocal and instrumental, readings, dialogues, and recitations. A grand time is expected as there has been great care taken in getting up the programme.

The Rev. J. W. M[illegible] [illegible] lecture here on Saturday [illegible] at seven o'clock in the evening, subject, "The man of the 20th century."

[illegible]

Manitoba.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr Editor. Perhaps your readers would like to read a few weather items, etc., direct from an old Ontarian, now a "drop, as it were, in the [illegible]" of this once Great Lone Land [illegible] which [illegible] about a quarter of a century ago.

[illegible]

THE WEATHER.

On October 18, our first snowstorm [illegible] for this season, weather mild and calm but as A. Z. described in [illegible] snowstorm in Ontario. "It came down in fat chunks of rags." Certainly I never saw larger "rags" (or flakes) in that Province. About six inches fell, and gradually disappeared day by day without a thaw, as is usually the case here. Since that time we have had several light "flurries," but much of the time ground bare, hard frozen, good wagoning, and weeks and weeks of Indian summer so common in this country, while unfortunate Ontarians were enjoying (?) snow, or nam. Yes, there have been some very cold days, and overcoats, etc., in good demand.

We can scarcely realize the fact that we are in the Northwest so far as actual winter is yet concerned. However there is unmistakeable evidence that

[illegible]

Well let him come, although a "cold hearted" visitor, much preferable to yellow fever and venomous reptiles of the south. I am thankful that Ontario's harvest was so good, and usual health and prosperity continues in that peaceful, progressive province. May "The Advance" share alike in the good things of this world, and its editor ever continue to point its readers to a "better country."

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, Dec. 5th, 1888.

P. S. This afternoon sufficient snow has again fallen to make it possible to use "runners," but "wheels" are whizzing "all the same."

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing, but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills,** in connection with the **Vigor,** may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

[illegible]

Auction Sale

OF VALUABLE

FARM PROPERTY

[illegible] County of Grey.

[illegible]

PUBLIC AUCTION

AT

THE [illegible] HOTEL

IN THE

VILLAGE OF EUGENIA

THURSDAY, THE 27th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,

At Twelve O'Clock Noon.

[illegible]

Terms of Sale

[illegible]

For further particulars, apply to

M. MURRICH, URQUHART & MacDONALD, Vendor's Solicitors, 13 York Chambers, Toronto

Municipal Notice.

[illegible]

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	\$5 50	to 5 50
Fall Wheat	\$1 00	to 1 06
Spring Wheat	1 00	1 00
Barley	0 50	0 58
Oats	0 32	0 33
Peas	0 57	0 57
Butter	0 17	0 18
Eggs	0 18	0 18
Potatoes, bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 50	6 50
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
[illegible]	1 00	1 50
[illegible]	0 50	1 00
[illegible]	0 05	0 05
[illegible]	0 9	0 00
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 36
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 00

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

[illegible]

Medical.

DR. CARTER.

M.C.P. & S. ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

[illegible]

J. G. [illegible] M.D.C.M.

[illegible]

Dental.

[illegible] DENTISTRY.

[illegible] L.D.S.

[illegible]

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month. Flesherton [illegible] the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, LL.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

[illegible]

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

DIVISION [illegible]

[illegible] LICENSES [illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town and Farm Property.

[illegible] Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY,

NOTARY,

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGENT, &c.

DEEDS, Mortgages, Leases, Wills [illegible]

R. J. Sproule,

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BY M. RICHARDSON

On our way back to our hotel we passed [illegible] where James Watt, the inventor [illegible] and great part [illegible] in this neighborhood, coming [illegible]

[illegible] incidents and characters of the story which captivated our imagination many years ago were brought vividly to mind as we glided over its placid surface in the summer day. The wild grandeur and the savage splendor of the surrounding scenery at the stern end, the sightless beauty [illegible] was more impressive than the western

[illegible] who writes [illegible]

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STONE

FLOUR!

[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

A. McKECHNIE, Maxwell P.O.

[illegible]

New Hardware Premises

Moore's Block, Durham St.

[illegible]

Came Astray

[illegible]

One Small Boy's Christmas.

The small boy looked at the Christmas tree,
And, straining his eager eyes to see,
Says he
"Now I wonder just what they have got for me.

"By Gee!
There's a bully old pair of nickelled skates,
The size of which clearly indicates
That they're meant for a boy of about my size—
If I get them I'll draw a prize.

"Then over there is a dandy drum,
Which I'm rather led to believe will come
My way, and a printing-press and type I see,
Which would be just about the thing for me.

"That clipper sled looks mighty fine,
And I shouldn't wonder if that were mine,
And I'm rather inclined to think, from the looks
Of things, that I'll get that box of books.

"And the shotgun up there behind the tree
I'm mighty sure is designed for me;
And the camera and the ba-e-ball bat
Are coming to me, I'll bet my hat."

BUT,

The camera went to another boy
And loaded him up with peaceful joy.
While the case of type and the printing press
Filled his cousin Tom with happiness;
And the nickelled skates, his brother Jim
Remarked, with a grin, belonged to him.
And the dandy drum and the clipper sled
Were both designed for his cousin Ned
But when the small boy sadly saw
The shotgun go he dropped his jaw,
And doleful, indeed, became his looks
When he lost his grip on the box of books,
While the thing that simply knocked him flat
Was the fact he missed the baseball bat.

AND

All that gladdened the small boy's life
Was a candy-bag and a new jack knife.

ENVOY:

To the boys who have read this jingle through
Let's hope that this small boy wasn't you!

Is Marriage a Failure?

Because the cake is not always light,
Nor the seasoned soup exactly right,
Because at the coffee some husbands rail
Tell me, friends—Does cooking fail?

Because sometimes our friends grow cold—
Full many a friendship's knell has tolled,
And its rosy hues grown ashy pale—
Listen again—Does friendship fail?

Because one mother is wicked or weak,
Though a child in vain should sympathy seek,
And home and children naught avail,
Answer me this—Does mother love fail?

"Why, no!" you say, "the cook is in fault,
Not enough soda or too much salt;
And trusty friends the false outweigh,
Neither cooking nor friendship fails," you say

"And mother-love is the land's one hope,
Naught with its grandeur and power can cope.
If one selfish mother you've found to day,
Still mother love does not fail," you say.

"Is marriage a failure?" now I ask,
The answer has proved a world-wide task,
But can we not find in marriage-marred lives
Selfish husbands, incompetent wives?

The husbands and wives are the failures, you see
Truly love-tuned hearts give harmony,
Two souls united, no dark secrets veiled,
Then who would ask, "Has marriage failed"

—*Frances Burton Clark*

TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A Christmas Story from the Land of the Harem.

It is a noteworthy fact that, in whatever distant country you may be placed, the return of Christmas always brings with it recollections of home and friends and happy Christmas cheer. Our hero found it so in dreamy Turkey.

Winter in Constantinople wears anything but a smiling face. It has nothing of the splendor of a northern climate, and lacks altogether the exalted stillness of snow-covered fields, creamy hills, and deeply buried forests. It has the character of an abortive spring that can scarcely resist the temptation to relapse into wet winter. But there are occasional intervals during which a mild, blue firmament covers the residence of the Sultans, the minarets and mosque-domes glitter and sparkle, and the waters of the Golden Horn ripple lovingly at the feet of evergreen hills, reflecting with dazzling effect the lovely blue overhead.

It was such a day, in the middle of December, 1879, while lounging in the reading-room of the German Club at Pera, that I met a former acquaintance, a young physician, of whom I had for some time lost sight, though I knew that he had not left Constantinople.

Dr. Otto Franzeen was an interesting man. Tall and slender of stature, his rosy face was remarkable for a pair of large, calm, brown eyes that contrasted surprisingly with his light-blonde hair and golden-blonde beard. But what characterized the man was the mystic calm of his manner and the paucity of his words. He spoke but little, went about alone, and his social relations with the foreign residents of the capital of the Ottoman empire were as limited as courtesy would permit.

This was the more singular, as Dr. Franzeen had, during his year's sojourn at Constantinople, acquired high repute among the foreign residents as a physician, without apparently any exertion on his own part, for he was smiled on by fortune in his efforts at cures; wherever he went sickness seemed to take its departure and health its place, so that people acquired a confidence in his ability that bordered on superstition. Of course, efforts were not lacking to allure the handsome young German, popular and money-making, and with such bright prospects, into the family circles, and especially into such as contained marriageable daughters. Clever and artistic traps were laid for him, and the daughters of millionaires, of whom there are not a few at Pera, sighed at him with but little effort at disguise. To this mixed society, on the border-land between Europe and Asia, Dr. Franzeen fulfilled all the demands of courtesy and good breeding—more than that, no prudent father, no scheming mother, no jovial brother, no lovely, lovable and rich daughter could lead him. The discharge of his social duties was simply the mechanical observance of unavoidable forms.

The young Dr. Franzeen seemed to live only for his profession and his lonely walks; but Love is a sharp-eyed god, or a blind one, according to circumstances, and it was reserved for the energy and slyness of the daughter of a Levantine banker, who was mortally in love with the blond doctor, to discover that he frequented the house of a young widow living in strict retirement, and that he had passed several very long evenings there. The lady, a native of Sweden, Mrs. Flora Carlson by name, was the possessor of a large fortune and was remarkably handsome; but she was all but hated by the Europeans because of the studied reserve which she maintained toward the society of Pera.

All this I had known of my countryman before we struck up an acquaintance. I saw him first in the reading-room in Pera, which he frequented, and we entered into conversation. The talk rambled through a variety of topics, but presently it became more personal.

"It is singular," he continued, after we had exchanged a few confidences, "that people here look on a man as though he were a child. They would guide each of my steps, and would absolutely lead me in the path to fortune and happiness. I am under surveillance by day and by night, and I believe the colony enters all my movements in a ledger. In this respect the Turks are different," he continued after a few seconds; "they call for my services, but as soon as I am out of their houses, I am dead as far as they are concerned."

"Then you also have practice among the Mahometans?" I asked, somewhat surprised, knowing that European doctors are only called to attend Turkish families in very exceptional cases, and then generally only very old men and such as have lived in Constantinople many years and are married.

"Yes," he replied, "I have more calls to Turks than to Europeans. My practice is extending with the former."

"No doubt a paying practice," I ventured.

"Very, but difficult," he replied in his uncommunicative manner; "the women I am expected to treat when covered by the veil, and that is impossible. I declare my inability to help them under such circumstances, and that is generally effective. With groans and sighs the veil is removed, and what it had hidden would in most cases better have remained covered."

"In most cases, but not in all?" I interrupted.

"No, not in all," he said pensively; "for the greatest beauty here I saw unveiled. She was a slave," he added, and into his eyes there came a peculiar light.

He fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the ground, and his slender, nervous hand played excitedly with a paper-cutter. The expression of his face had suddenly become so singular that I felt a great desire to hear more of that slave-girl. But from this time he relapsed into his wonted thoughtful silence. All my efforts to learn more failed.

After that meeting, weeks passed without my seeing the singular man again. Then we met again on several occasions, but I took care not to put any question to him or exhibit a desire to learn anything he did not volunteer to impart, and by degrees we became excellent acquaintances. But I myself knew absolutely nothing of my friend, except that he had been a practising physician in Berlin, had fought a duel and severely wounded his opponent, an officer, had fled to Greece and had then come here a year since.

One day Dr. Franzeen asked me whether I knew where he could obtain a Spinoza translated into German. I happened to have the volume he needed and gave him the book. After a few days he confided to me that the book was destined to be read by a lady, a highly cultivated widow, who now desired to form my acquaintance, and had commissioned him to present me to her.

In a house fitted up in the Pompeiian style, with the finest taste, though plainly and with a certain colorless severity, I found a magnificently formed woman, with an intellectual face and great black eyes—clear, dark, fiery and deep—that possessed rare powers of fascination. I envied my friend and feared for him at the same time, for this was a woman who might bring the most exquisite joy or the most exquisite pain to the man who falls within her magic sphere.

She greeted me simply and cordially. We talked on a wide variety of topics, and I admired the profound knowledge and the conversational powers she displayed. And withal she was truly womanly.

"I hate blue stockings," she remarked, "who only study in order to boast of their knowledge. As for me, I want to be able to analyze the phenomena of life, and to this end I need science and art. My past life, which was a glittering desert, and my present status, confirmed me in this predilection—I might say, they compel it. What else shall I do? How utilize my leisure? I have nothing to care for, and live isolated from all mankind, mostly by my own choice. Were I a woman who was loved and returned that love, then probably I would live only for my husband as wife and housekeeper, which I regard as the highest and noblest destiny of woman." And with these words she gave my friend a quick glance, full of fire.

My visit came to an end all too soon. I parted from this extraordinary woman with feelings of admiration, and the relations of my friend to her began to burden my heart. She loved him—but he? Silently he took his leave of her that evening, apparently lost in deep and heavy thought.

After that evening he disappeared, as was occasionally his custom. I met him nowhere, and even the widow failed to see him. That lady, it is true, answered my inquiries after our mutual friend with a calm voice and careless manner, but her face was more pale than usual, her eyes were surrounded by dark rings, and her features bore the expression of suffering. For a month I could not get sight of my friend. He developed a really wonderful talent to avoid meeting me, for he still went his professional rounds with regularity, but despite all my pains and artifices I failed to meet him either on the street or in places he was wont to frequent.

Nevertheless the air was full of rumors about him, one of which was to the effect that he was a frequent visitor at the house of a pacha's widow, and that he was infatuated with one of her slaves. Although the institution of slavery, and above all the slave trade, is officially abolished in Constantinople, in reality slavery exists to-day just as it did a hundred years since, but it must not show itself in public. For this there is good reason, since the Turkish household could not exist without female slaves. No Turkish woman, no Turkish girl, who would pass for respectable, may appear unveiled before a man; even the lord of the household must, when he enters the house, give the warning cry "Deudur!" (take care) that all women present, not his wives or daughters, may take refuge behind the veil and leave the house. Being thus encumbered they cannot perform the household work, hence the slave is a necessity, for she is a non-Mahometan—a mere thing—and may appear before any man without the veil. Should she rise to the dignity of a wife, she is at once invested with the veil, and she is thenceforward governed by the same moral and social code as the others.

The education of those slaves who are only luxuries constitutes a profession that is exercised chiefly by widows, but often also by the wives of high officials. The children are purchased from people of Caucasian blood; high prices are paid for a 5-year-old handsome and intelligent-looking girl; she receives a careful education and instruction in the languages, music and dancing, as well as in some of the arts, if she display any talent in that direction. Arrived at a proper age, the girl is sold into a rich and aristocratic family, in which the virtuous, highly educated, physically and intellectually developed girl occupies a most anomalous position. She waits upon visitors, entertains them, and is an article of luxury just as are, in our elegant drawing-rooms, the paintings of celebrated masters. Such a slave cannot be bought for less than $6,000. Not infrequently these young women marry men in high station, and some have even become the mothers of sultans.

Such a speculative educational institution was possessed by the widow of Essouf Pacha, and Dr. Franzeen had been selected by her as physician to the house. This was most unusual, but of five of her pupils who had lain prostrate with typhus fever, he had saved all. From that time the Turkish lady placed unlimited confidence in the young physician, and he paid regular visits in a house which otherwise was open only to the richest Mahometan buyers.

The rumor led me to think. Why did he hide himself from me? Why avoid the handsome widow, who, he must have known, loved him? There might be some truth in the rumor, although in one respect it must needs be false—one cannot court a slave. It is an impossibility for such a girl to follow the bent of her inclinations, for she is the property of her educator, and should she attempt flight the authorities would come to the aid of her owner, would find and return her to slavery, and should her lover and abductor be a foreigner whose legal punishment might cause diplomatic trouble, he would surely and silently disappear, never to be seen again. Hence there could be no thought of courtship in this case. But one way of getting possession of such a girl was open to a foreigner to buy her, and as he is not permitted to keep a slave or a mistress, to marry her.

I knew my friend to be without means, nor had he been able to accumulate much money doing his one year's sojourn in Pera. How then could he indulge such idle fancies? It is true Dr. Franzeen was a peculiar man, that I knew right well; but foolish he was not. In all his undertakings he had a clear, attainable end in view; and yet I was much disturbed by his conduct for the past few weeks.

One day—I was just reading my home-paper in the German club-room—a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and looking up I was surprised to see the lost one standing at my side. He looked thin and worn, and his attitude was less elastic than formerly.

"Shall we take a walk?" he asked in a somewhat tremulous voice.

I declared my willingness, and we took the turn to the old bridge. For some time he walked silently by my side and I followed his example, when presently he exclaimed, excitedly:

"You are well known in financial circles here, do you know any one who would loan me 15,000 francs for a year? I would like to borrow that sum and pay the usual interest."

"Then, after all, the rumor is correct?" I could not help saying.

"What rumor?" he asked excitedly.

"That you are in love with a slave-girl."

"And if it were so?"

"I thought you had other aims and ambitions."

"I had deceived myself," he replied without looking up, "I was blinded by the soul, the originality, the depth and the importance of the lady; I was fascinated by her individuality. But now a great passion has taken possession of the whole man in me—it is true love itself. I am infatuated with a charming being, full of youth and fragrance; a being like a May flower; the personification of youth; spring with all its spiritual and material charms. She is a slave-girl, it is true, a pupil of the widow of Essouf Pacha, but I am determined to buy this girl and make her my wife."

"Are you certain that your love is returned?" I asked.

"I fancy I can read love in her eyes—to speak of love I have as yet been unable, under the peculiar conditions that obtain in Turkish households. She casts down her eyes when I accost her, while the others look at me calmly; she blushes when I approach her, and her breathing is hurried; she trembles when I take her hand to feel her pulse, and she is always the first I see when I enter the house. If I discontinue my visits for a little while, she perceptibly revives on my return—that I have noticed."

"Have you, then, had an understanding with Mrs. Carlson?" I felt myself called upon to ask.

"That is impossible," he exclaimed excitedly; "what shall I tell her? What can I tell her? We are as good as betrothed. She is an extraordinary woman, remarkably handsome, rich, highly cultivated—but a certain something she lacked always; she never bewitched me, never drew me into such a delicious whirlpool of all my senses as does this quiet, youthful creature whom I have before my mind's eye wherever I am, who has taken possession of my entire being. With that lady I still possessed the power of thinking; here I am entirely without will."

"But as a man of honor you owe that lady an explanation," I ventured to remind him; "go bravely to Mrs. Carlson and tell her all."

"I cannot do it," he groaned.

"Then write her, at least."

"That would be cowardly; I could not bring myself to do it."

"Then you will come to grief, and you may besides bring ruin to two good, noble beings," said I, and parted in very bad humor from a man who could allow passion thus to unman him.

A few days after this meeting I received a letter from Mrs. Carlson, which ran as follows:

I am in need of a friendly service and have no one to whom I can apply for help. Your manner, your face inspire me with the courage to address you. Would you have the goodness to call on me at an early date? I rely on your knightliness.

FLORA CARLSON.

I hesitated not a moment to place myself at the disposition of the lady, took a carriage, and drove to her villa.

I found the beautiful widow looking yet more pale, and her eyes had a fixed, far-off expression, as though she had no concern with her immediate surroundings, but with something far away.

"Do not be surprised," said the lady, after she had thanked me for my readiness to serve her and my quick response to her call, "if I demand something unusual of you. Were it an ordinary matter I had not troubled you. You are the only friend of Dr. Franzeen, perhaps his confidant—then you know more than I can tell you. In that case you are also a dear confidant to me. I take that for granted, and in this capacity I invoke your good offices. Please"—and she made an heroic effort to maintain her composure, but her voice became almost inaudible—"go to the widow of Essouf Pacha and tell her you come as the messenger of Affarid Pacha—here is a card—and you wish to see Tenzile. You are a judge of men and women, I know. Observe the girl carefully, and report to me what you think of her appearance and how she impressed you. I need not tell you more," she concluded, giving utterance to the words with apparent effort; "I only wish to know how the girl looks, and have not the courage nor the strength to confront her."

This commission took me aghast. It seemed, then, she knew all. What was her object in sending me on this mission? Did she wish to become acquainted with her rival? How would that serve her? Did she desire to institute comparisons between that person and herself, and did she wish to be convinced of the possession of such superior charms on the side of the slave-girl, that the hope of successful rivalry would be vain; or did she hope that if the opposite were the case the man, charmed only by external appearances, would see his error and return to her? But the lady's character forbade her entertaining such thoughts or meditating such deeds. What, then, was her motive for this curious mission? Her feelings were too deeply involved for the gratification of ordinary curiosity; that was proved by the emotion and excitement she displayed when acquainting me with her wishes; still, she was a woman, and possibly these motives, connected, would guide her actions.

These thoughts ran through my brain while she was speaking to me.

"I shall endeavor to carry out your wishes," I replied, "though their fulfilment is not without difficulty, for one cannot well so describe another person that a third party shall see that person as she really is."

"You are a man and an artist," she replied, "and I shall hear the truth from you. With a woman, if she were the nicest judge of human nature in the world, and an artist besides, I should have my doubts. Beings of our sex judge only men rightly—at least as far as the effect—" She seemed to want to say something more, but broke off. "I can depend on you," she concluded abruptly.

Full of conflicting emotions, I returned to the city—to the Mahometan quarters.

The house of the Pacha's widow I found east of the Atmeidan, in one of the small side streets that branch out from that place; it differed in no respect from the rest of the Turkish houses—the same irregularly located windows with wooden bars, and the same red-painted oaken door, studded with great nails, with a massive knocker. Setting the latter in motion, the portal opened after some delay. I stepped into a small vestibule, which was partitioned in the middle by a wooden grating extending from floor to ceiling. Behind this wooden grating stood a black female servant, who demanded my business.

I explained to her my errand, and the negress disappeared. Presently she returned with a second, then came a third, and, finally an elderly Frenchwoman, evidently a governess. Then ensued a long parley. The four ambassadresses came and went. At last a lady in European costume, with yellow, Turkish face and sharp black eyes, appeared behind the grating, subjected me to a searching scrutiny from between the bars, heard my mention of the Pacha's name, which was on the card I carried, looked at the Turkish words written on the card, and retired, after saying a few, to me, unintelligible words to one of the black servants. The wooden grating opened, and beckoning me to follow, the old negress ascended a narrow, dark, stone stairway. I groped my way up the steps and again found myself before a wooden grating; this was opened by the negress with a key that hung from a steel chain around her neck, and crossing a grotesquely decorated dark hall, following on the heels of my black guide, I reached a large room, also dark. The negress went to a window, lifted a heavy curtain to admit light, and invited me, by a gesture, to wait there.

I now had leisure to look around in the large space. It was impressive in its baldness. The walls were painted in a bluish oil-color, upon which were sketched at regular distances gaudy birds of paradise, rocking themselves on chains of roses. On the walls hung a few oil paintings, portraits of the Sultan and of the German and Austrian Emperors; three quite modern Parisian sofas, a great piano, and an enormous, gayly colored paper lantern, suspended from the ceiling, completed the furniture of the room.

The Turkish lady presently returned, accompanied by the Frenchwoman, and introduced herself as the mistress of the house. She spoke very faulty French, and the governess was probably to act as interpreter. I signified to the widow that I could speak Turkish quite passably. She smiled pleasantly, scrutinized me still more critically out of her coal-black eyes, and pointed to a sofa opposite her.

"You wish to see Tenzile?" began the widow, when we were seated.

"On commission," I hastened to say.

"Affarid Pacha wishes you to paint her portrait for a European lady who is much interested in the excellent girl."

I was somewhat taken aback over this unexpected investment with the painter's skill—I am a sculptor—but quickly adapted myself to the situation, and said, "I believe such is the fact."

"Well," resumed the Turkish widow, "Affarid Pacha has opened negotiations with me for Tenzile, whom he has known since her childhood. He is, as you are aware, thrifty; the sum for reimbursement of the outlays for her education seems to him too large, and he cannot make up his mind. It is quite contrary to our customs to paint the portrait of a young lady unless it be destined for our most exalted lord, the Sultan. However, I will make a special exception in favor of Affarid Pacha and his clientess. You shall be allowed to paint Tenzile's portrait, but I cannot permit you to set foot in our house, be it for so ever brief a period, more than twice."

She made a sign to the Frenchwoman, who left the room and returned with a girl in Turkish dress.

"This is Tenzile," said the widow.

The girl was loveliness itself, the incorporation of youth and beauty. There was in her personality something that moved the heart, yet ravished the senses; a slender, neat, yet full figure—such a figure as only an ancient Greek sculptor would succeed in copying and displaying as the apotheosis of the loveliest budding womanhood. The curly, undulating golden-blonde hair; dreamy, great black eyes; the finely curved, gently sloping nose; the oval face, with the faintest suspicion of yellow, with the full, sweet mouth, together completed the singular witchery of her appearance.

I now realized how my friend could have become intoxicated by the breath of this child of a southern sun.

"The gentleman is to paint you, little daughter," explained the widow.

Tenzile made a graceful courtesy, and a lovely blush spread over her cheek.

"I am not very pretty," she began in good French; "I have a yellow face; my friends Serbe and Darie are much prettier."

Her voice was wonderfully elastic and sweet.

"The gentleman has a commission to paint you for a Frankish lady, Tenzile," the widow said; "he will only come twice, and you must, therefore, sit quite still," she added.

Tenzile bent her head in assent.

"It will not trouble you long," I said, addressing myself to the beautiful slave; "I shall only make a flying sketch to-day. However," I continued, turning to the widow again, "it is necessary that I should converse with the young lady, for thus the soul, which must speak out of the face, reveals itself to us, and I beg your consent to that end."

The Pacha's widow consented.

Taking out my notebook, which for the nonce served as a sketchbook, I sketched the outlines of the girl's face, meanwhile conversing with her on various topics. She showed a sharp intelligence and not uncommon knowledge, after the fashion of young, refined French women brought up in convents, and a childlike, affectionate heart. Me she observed thoughtfully and with curiosity. Her puzzled, earnest, innocent expression filled me with sadness, almost with pain. I could not bear to prolong the sitting. With deepest sympathy I took my leave from this girl, who, a creature of God like ourselves, was yet only a thing, with no control over her own fate—created to obey, unquestioning, the will of others.

I showed Mrs. Carlson—who, to judge from her expression, had waited for me impatiently—the sketch, and reported what I had seen, learned, felt and thought, as calmly, dispassionately, and objectively as possible. She remained speechless while I spoke, then suddenly caught my hand, bent over it, and kissed it before I could draw it away; hot tears were on it when I did; then burying her face in her handkerchief, she hurried from the room.

Sad at heart, I left the villa and walked home, wondering what was to come out of all this chaos.

I turned my steps toward the house of my friend. He was out; had left his lodgings but a few minutes before. But I found there a note addressed to me that was just to have been sent me; its contents suited my plans and purposes.

"'Dear friend," wrote Dr. Franzeen, "I feel very lonely. To-morrow will be Christmas; I hope you also have no engagement for the day. Shall we two forsaken ones spend the evening together in my quarters? I shall expect you if you do not at once decline the invitation."

The 24th of December proved to be a charming day; it is true the heavens were overcast, but through the enveloping fog there shone a gentle sunlight that invested everything with a dreamy aspect, the cupola-crowned houses of the great city, as well as the faded green hills and the gently murmuring waters.

I found my friend sitting at the piano, and was just in time to hear the last tones of a Beethoven sonata—he was a brilliant performer. Hearing me, he sprang up and greeted me, entirely unlike himself, with excitement and passionate warmth.

"If I had not that," and he pointed to his music, "I would have lost my reason ere this."

"Because you are parted from Flora?" I asked.

"Because I feel that I am acting irresponsibly toward that lady, and am facing an Oriental happiness—perhaps," replied, half-musingly, half-inquiringly.

"It is not yet too late to call a halt and atone for your fault," I put in.

"I cannot tear myself away from the dream of longing for that girl," he said with heavy breath; "it is only a dream; that I realize; for I shall be unable to raise the sum demanded in the short time left me, and I have found out, from the Pacha's widow herself, that various grandees of the city, among them Affarid Pacha, are suitors for the girl. She will be taken from me, my hopes and wishes are as naught, and yet I cannot give her up. But do you imagine," he continued painfully, "that the lady would hail me as a prodigal son? Then you have but a poor insight into her character; it is pure, refined and beaming like a diamond, but in ethical matter hard as that stone."

"The lady loves you," I asserted, "with the whole power of her noble, passionate soul."

"The less likely that she will lower herself by descending to my level."

"Do you believe you will be happy with the slave?" I now asked, involuntarily, in an earnest, weighty tone.

"If forever—that I do not know. But it would be an almost crushing happiness for years, and such years count an hundredfold," he replied passionately; "and you cannot count the greatest happiness by years; they are really only moments—continuous happiness would kill. But I

Standing Alone.

"The baby is standing all 'loney"
The children shout in their glee—
And father, and mother, and auntie
Must hurry, and come, and see.
So baby—the cute little darling!—
Is put through the wonderful feat,
And fondled, and kissed, and commended
For being so smart and sweet.

With the cunningest air of triumph
She stands in the midst of us all—
While the outstretched arm of her mother
Is ready to save a fall,
And whenever the little one totters
Ar und her is hastily thrown,
"'Tis very fine fun," thinks the baby—
"This frolic of standing alone!

Ah! many a time in the future
She'll long for the aid of that arm,
When the love and care of a mother
No longer can shield her from harm!
For oft when our need is the sorest,
There's no one to whom we can turn;
And standing alone is a lesson
'Tis hard for a woman to learn.

And often and over, my baby,
Before life's journey is done,
You will yearn in your hours of weakness
For something to lean upon.
When the props upon which you depend
Are taken away or overthrown,
You will find 'tis wearisome, baby—
So wearisome!—standing alone.

The Bachelor at the Play: Light on a Dark Subject.

I'm an unoffending bachelor, who likes a quiet time;
I hate a fuss made over me, and that is why I rhyme;
I go to see the drama and I have to doff my hat
When I sit me where the usher turns the chair from straight to flat.
I sit the act out, when the curtain with its rush of air
Comes down and chills my cranium, unhatted, bald or bare.
I get up and go out—these are rocky-bottom facts—
In order to put on my hat and wear it 'twixt the acts!
The women all around me and the one in front of me
Keep on their hats—their lofty hats—the stage I cannot see!
Their bonnets rise around me in a feathery parterre,
Their hanging-gardens block the view here, there and everywhere!
What can I do? I get up and I go out in a rage,
And there I meet some other men who couldn't see the stage.
We don our hats, condole a while—I'm giving you the facts—
And that is why we bachelors go out between the acts!

SHE WAS CONSOLABLE.

But the Traveller was Already Provided with a Wife.

Half a mile from the house I met Jeremiah, writes M. Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*. He was bareheaded, barefooted, coatless, vestless, and so freckled that it was hard to say what his natural complexion was. He rose up off a rock as I approached, made an awkward bow and said:

"Cribbins, stranger."

"Cribbins to you, my boy. And who may you be?"

"Jerry Watkins."

"Son of the widow, eh?"

"Yaas. Be you'n ne'un?"

"Yes."

"From the no'th?"

"Yes."

"Cum to see ma?"

"Yes; I'll stop for dinner."

"Glad on't. Gwine to hev' chicken. Ma sent me out to meet you'un."

"Many thanks to both of you."

"Say!" he continued, as he trotted along beside me, "I like you'un, you'un wears white shirts and clothes, and I'll jigger (bet) you'un knows roots from treetops. Hev' you'un cum to marry ma?"

I laughed, and he was much put out for a moment. Then he said:

"Wish you 'un would. Then I could hev a gun. If you 'un will I'll mind everything you say."

"Perhaps your mother does not want to marry again."

"Mugs! She'd marry you'un like lightning. Say! If you'un has her, you'un will git me a gun, won't you? Say! I saw a b'ar yesterday. Say! I know whar' I could shoot a powerful lot o' coons. Say! I'll speak to ma fur ye if you'un will promise the gun."

The widow was at the door to give me welcome. The second child, who was a 10-year-old girl, was barefooted and freckled and tow-headed, and the youngest one had on only a single garment, and was rolling in the dirt.

"Cum right in an' squat," said the widow as we shook hands. "Pete McCoy was saying last night that you were headed this way, and would stop. Ar' ye thirstable? May, jostle him over a glass of buttermilk. We'll cribbins (eat) in about an hour."

We talked about the weather, the state of the roads, etc., as she bustled around to get dinner, but pretty soon Jerry went out doors and called:

"Ma, ma, cum outer yere!"

"Jerry, you shet!" replied the mother.

"Ma, will you'un marry he'un?" continued Jerry.

"Now Jerry, if you don't stop yer guzzum I'll skin yer alive!" she exclaimed, as she stood in the door and flourished a skillet at him.

Jerry made off and sat down on a log, and the widow turned to me to explain:

"Don't pay no seriousness to he'un, sir, Jerry wants a new pop right bad, and I do say that I am dun tired of this yere gettin' along alone, but I'm not gwine to offer myself to anybody."

Just before dinner the oldest girl made friends with me, materially assisted by some candy, and she suddenly bawled out:

"Ma! ma gwine to marry him?"

"Now, Molly," chided the mother.

"Wish yer would," added the youngest, who went by the name of Nancy.

"Now, Nancy! While I do go fur to say he'un is the smartest looking stranger I've seen for a year, mabbe he'un don't think shucks of me."

I kept fighting shy of the main question, and by and by we sat down to dinner. The blessing had been scarcely asked when Jerry, who had made a tremendous effort to wash his face and comb his hair, looked up at his mother and asked:

"Has he'un asked you yit?"

"Jerry!" she chided.

"But don't he'un want yer?"

"Jerry!"

"But don't I want a new pap and a gun?" he loudly demanded.

"Don't serious him," she said to me as she helped me to the leg of a chicken. "While I will go fur to declare that I have 76 acres of land, 8 mewls, a cow, 32 hogs, 4 stacks of hay and $28 in cash, I've allus sorter disagreed with second marriages. They mayn't be happy."

"Your husband was a good man, I've heard," I replied.

"Yes. A pumpkin is good—good 'nuff fur a pumpkin. He knowed considerable, and thar' was considerable he never knowed. He was all goodness—too much of it. Never made a hundred dollars in his life."

"You must have been quite a business woman to have got along so well."

"You jigger! I kin turn a dollar as well as the best of 'em. While I will go fur to say second marriages are not allus happy the man who gits me won't git no sitter or complainer."

I managed to turn the subject for a while, but as soon as dinner was over Jerry took his mother into the other room for a consultation, and Molly came and sat down beside me and asked:

"Do you'un like ma?"

"Oh, yes."

"And she likes you. Wish you was my pap. Mebbe you will be by to-morrer."

I went out and sat down under a tree to smoke a cigar, and pretty soon Jerry came out. He had a business look over his face as he said:

"I've asked ma if she would hev ye."

"Have you? You are real kind."

"And she says she will."

"Indeed!"

"And now about that gun? When shall I get it?"

"Say, Jerry, did you ever have a dollar all at once?" I asked.

"Lor' no—nor two bits!"

"If I'll give you a big silver dollar will you let up on the gun until I come again?"

"Will I! Hoop snakes and bad fighters, but I will!"

I gave him the dollar, and he dashed through the house to show it to his sisters, and then started on a run to a neighbor's two miles away. When I returned to the house and said I must be going, I was met by such an avalanche of protests that I had to agree to stay until next day. That night I "sat up" with the Widow Watkins. I got around to it after awhile to state that I was living with my third, and had three sets of children numbering five in a set, and that I couldn't possibly see how I could make her my wife. I was very sorry, but helpless, and I hoped she would let me send her a new gingham dress from Salisbury.

"That's honest and straight," she said in reply. "While I will go fur to say I like yer looks, and I believe we could live happily together, if ye can't marry, why, ye can't. Ye would if ye could, wouldn't ye?"

"Quicker'n scat!"

"That's next to it, and I'll go fur to say that I'll wait five years on ye, and see how things turn. Mebbe I'll wait six, but I'll say five fur sartin. I'd as lief be a fourth as a second wife."

And she is waiting while Jerry writes that "guns hev got so cheapless that he kin git one fur $5."

Two Sides to a Girl.

Two sidedness is a visible peculiarity of the current belle. No matter how fair and square her disposition may be, her gowns have sides that do not match each other. These halved robes suggest those trick costumes that the double-voiced songstresses of the stage used to wear. With a dark, heavy side to turn to the audience when she sang in deep contralto, and a light side to expose during her high soprano warbling, she heightened the illusion. The coquette of to-day might keep two wooers simultaneously at her sides, and neither would afterward be able to confound her to the other by a description of her apparel. Even if it were evening, and her hands were gloved, one chap might swear truly that the hand he had fondled was pink, while the other might as correctly vow that the hand he had squeezed was drab. It is a freak of the more daring and eccentric girls to mismatch their gloves in that manner, making each hand harmonize in hue with its side of the toilet.

"Oh! I am glad to meet you," said a gallant but very near-sighted chap to one of a bevy of girls. "I think I was introduced to your sister a few minutes ago."

"It was to me that you were introduced," said the girl. Then, observing his doubt, she exclaimed: "You were on the lace-and-velvet side of me then, but you are on the satin-and-brocade side now," and she turned around to show him how like joined but dissimilar halves was her dress.

Hold Your Breath.

It is a fact not generally known, that if one holds his breath, wasps, bees and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes sting-proof, and holding the insect by the feet and giving her full liberty of action, you can see her drive her weapon against the impenetrable surface with a force that lifts her body with every stroke; but let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs and the sting will penetrate at once. I have never seen an exception to this in twenty-five years' observation. I have taught young ladies, with very delicate hands, to astonish their friends by the performance of this feat, and I saw one so severely stung as to require the services of a physician, through laughing at a witty remark of her sister, forgetting that laughing required breath. For a theory in explanation, I am led to believe that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin. My experiments in that direction have not been exact enough to be of any scientific value, but I am satisfied that it very sensibly affects the amount of insensible perspiration.—*W. L. Wilder in Science.*

His Curiosity Aroused.

"Keep away from that," said a restaurant keeper to an Irishman who was standing in front of a newly arrived box of turtles, holding his finger in evident pain. "What are you doing there anyhow?"

"I wor investigating."

"Investigating what?"

"I wor trying to see which was the head and which was the tail ov that baste over there in the corner ov the box."

"What did you want to know for?"

"I've a curiosity to know whether I've been bit or stung."—*Merchant Traveller.*

Mother—"Goodness me!" Is that Irene at the piano?" Little son—"Yes, ma.' "Well, go ask her what she is doing. If she is practising, she can keep on until the hour is up; but if she is playing, tell her to stop."

CURRENT TOPICS.

UPON the retirement of the President and Mrs. Cleveland from the White House there will be two ex-Presidents—Hayes and Cleveland—and five wives of ex-Presidents—Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Cleveland.

THE old form of "the," as in "Ye Merrie Englande," is often pronounced "ye" incorrectly by those who never heard that this form arose from the resemblance of the contracted form of "th" to Y. It was a form similar to the letter theta of the Greeks, embodying the consonant t and the aspirate.

ONE of the most successful advertisers a man who uniformly made advertising pay, had a practice of bargaining for a half-inch of blank space above the first line of his advertised announcements. It is truly remarkable how persistently an advertisement so set catches the eye which glances over the page where it appears.

LONDON'S famous preacher, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, says that he is always preparing his sermons, reading and thinking, but the specific preparation begins at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening. His great difficulty is to find a text, he having preached so many sermons in the course of his life. His published sermons fill 33 volumes and these he keeps on a shelf near hand so that he may look back and see that he does not repeat himself.

HORSES become indignant at seeing other animals abused. One of the most recent illustrations occurred near Birmingham, England. A horse and a goat were in the habit of grazing in the same field. A gang of young roughs amused themselves by throwing stones at the goat, and some of the most cowardly ruffians beat it with a stick. The horse raced to its rescue and seized one young rascal by the coat collar and flung him clear over the hedge into the road.

THE committee intrusted with the preliminary arrangements for the holding of the second Methodist Ecumenical Council reports satisfactory progress. A large meeting was recently held at the Mission House, London. There were present representatives from all the Methodist bodies in England. No definite plans will be adopted until the respective conferences have had an opportunity of considering the whole question. The Council meets in the United States in 1891.

IT has been stated that the enormous use of postal cards in the United States has had a seriously detrimental effect upon the manufacture of letter-paper and envelopes. The paper industry, it is said, loses from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 a year from this cause. The sum is doubtless greatly exaggerated; for the use of letter-paper has also increased with that of postal cards. But in Holyoke, Mass., 4,000,000 postal cards are produced daily, making a total production of 1,440,000,000 a year.

LORD ROSEBERY has announced his intention of printing and presenting to the Scottish Historical Society a volume of papers in his possession, entitled: "Lists of rebels transmitted to the Commissioners of Excise by the several Supervisors of Excise in Scotland, in obedience to a General Letter of the 7th of May, 1746." In these lists furnished to the Government there are more than 2,500 names of rebels, with descriptions of their rank and occupation, their place of abode, the value of their property, their acts of rebellion, etc. The lists are said to be very valuable.

THE Territory of Dakota, which will undoubtedly be the next division of the States to be received into the sisterhood, has a greater area than have New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and Delaware put together. It measures 430 miles from its northern to its southern border, and extends 370 miles east and west. The whole area of Dakota is 149,100 square miles, although, as is well known, a considerable section of the territory consists of the "bad lands." Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles, and California comes next with an extent of 158,360 square miles.

"THE beauty of the White House for the next four years," says the New York *World*, will be Mrs. Russell Harrison, wife of the President-elect's only son. She is a young and blooming blonde, with magnificent hair and brilliant eyes. Her figure is superb, and she carries herself with a vast amount of grace and dignity. Miss Saunders was her maiden name. Russell Harrison, her husband, is a quiet, well-dressed man, exceedingly proud of his handsome wife. The young couple are not quite as straight-laced in their ideas as Benjamin Harrison and his wife, and may be able to add an atmosphere of modernity to the social life of the White House."

"STARTING from the idea," says *Iron*, that the hand varies sensibly in size with the amount of blood present in it at any moment, Professor Mosso, the Italian physiologist, has made some most interesting investigations. In his first experiments the hand was placed in a closed vessel of water, when the change in the circulation produced by the slightest action of the body or brain, the smallest thought or movement, was shown by a rise or fall in the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel. With a large balance, on which the horizontal human body may be poised, he has found that one's thoughts may be literally weighed, and that even dreams, or the effect of a slight sound during slumber, turn the blood to the brain sufficiently to sink the balance of the head. The changing pulse even told him when a professional friend was reading Italian and when Greek, the greater effort for the latter duly affecting the blood flow.

Out of the Old Man's Barrel.

A young clergyman, receiving a visit from his rather clerical father, treated him to a rather long sermon at the Sunday morning service. "What did you think of my sermon this morning, father?" he asked his reverend parent at the dinner table on their return home. "Intolerably long, my son. I wouldn't blame any parishioner for going to sleep over such an infliction." "That's what I thought when you first preached it, father. I dug it up out of your barrel this morning."—*Religious Herald.*

J. H. Moss, of Coldwater, Mich., has raised 4,000 pounds of horse radish this year, and expects to raise five times as much next season. He runs a factory, where the job of grinding and bottling is peformed.

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF SNAILS.

A Delicacy Much Relished in Many European Countries.

Something like 90,000 pounds of snails are sent up daily to the Paris markets from the gardens of Poitou, Burgundy, Champagne and Provence, where they are specially reared for this purpose, the natural delicate flavor of their flesh being improved by feeding them on beds of aromatic herbs. It is not merely, however, as a delicacy that snails are so generally appreciated in France, says Prof. Goetegous in "Medecal Classics." They also take very high rank as a nutritious food, and from the time of the ancient Romans downward have been regarded as excellent in consumption and "weakness" of the chest. According to Payen they contain 70 per cent. of water, 16 per cent. of nitrogen, 1 per cent. of fat, 2 per cent. of salts and 5 per cent. of undetermined matter.

M. Charles Mene gives the following analysis of the edible snail, which is even more favorable: Water, 72.747; nitrogenous matter, 17.652; fatty substance, 1.125; non-nitrogenous, 6.300; salts, 3.176; nitrogen, 2.823. Dr. Ebrard, a French authority, who has made the snail his special study, declares that the weight of meat represented by the snails sold amounts to that found on cutting up a whole flock of calves and young heifers. He estimates the monthly consumption of snails in Paris at half a million. The market price of the great vineyard snail is from two francs fifty centimes to three francs fifty centimes per hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests bring only two francs to two francs fifty centimes. The proprietor of one snailery in the vicinity of Dijon is said to net over 7,000 francs annually.

The snail is reared and fattened with great care in some cantons in Switzerland as an article of luxury, and is exported in a pickled state. It is also eaten as a relish and nutritious article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy and in some sections of the United States. The Ashantees and other African tribes smoke them and eat them as daily food all the year round.

In Algeria, in the markets, large heaps of snails are sold by the bushel and the hundreds as an article of food. Vendors hawk them in the streets of Cairo. In modern Rome fresh gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door, and the housewives serve them either boiled in their shells, or stewed or fried in oil.

It is a common sight to see in an Italian city the people gathered around a number of baskets filled with snails, waiting for them to be thrown into a large iron pot suspended over a fire made between four stones. Herbs and love apples (tomatoes) are added, and when done the broth is retailed to the expectant bystanders. As the cook ladles out the savory concoction he or she gives utterance to trade cries.

Musical Nuisances.

Of all the social nuisances inflicted on suffering humanity the musical fiend is perhaps the most obnoxious to sensitive natures. He is the more objectionable, because he cannot be well avoided, he requires no foil, like that inveterate bore, the irrepressible retailer of stale jokes, but will sit by himself and disseminate all round him, as it were, unconsciously, the annoying influence of his personality.

One of the worst specimens of the class is the man who beats time with his foot or head during the performance of any composition, whether it happens to be a waltz or a Wagner opera. He has a worthy counterpart in the man who "hums the tune." Another horror is the obliging individual one meets in social circles who is wildly anxious to turn the leaves for the pianist, but being utterly unable to follow the player invariably does so at the wrong moment and occasionally drops a loose page on the floor, which he picks up and replaces upside down.

There is another specimen of the genus, who insists on learning the name of the piece played, only to receive an incorrect answer from his neighbor. Who does not positively loathe the man that in the dead silence which follows the performance of a song by an amateur of moderate powers, audibly remarks that he heard Patti, Nilsson or Campanini (as the case may be) sing that song most exquisitely.

Then there is the gentleman who is great on plagiarisms and always discerning them where they do not exist—the amateur composer who invents tunes, plays them with one finger, or whistles them and gets "one of those professional fellows to write them down."

Perhaps, however, he has a gift of improvising on the piano, although, as he tells you, he does not know a note of music. In such cases, escape from the room while he is absorbed in his task, is the only remedy. Another trying example of his kind is the explanatory demon, who tells his friend in an audible undertone all about the composition in course of performance, his statements being so utterly wide of the mark as to make one entertain murderous thoughts.

At the risk of being considered ungallant, it may also be stated that those ladies who persistently fan themselves without regard for the rhythm of the music, maintaining one unyielding metronomic tempo, innocently cause a great deal of distress to musicians of nervous temperament. It may be urged in palliation of the offences of these good people that their intentions are good, although their realization are the cause of much suffering to others.

An Interesting Child.

Brown—I want to tell you about my little boy. He

Jones—Excuse me, my dear fellow, but I've got to catch that 4.10 train and

Brown—He is the most ordinary child in existence. Never said a bright thing in his life and is remarkably backward for his age.

(They drink together.)

The Eager-Miller Case.

The investigation into the charges of County Registrar Eager against Judge Miller, of the County of Halton, will be commenced at Milton on the 20th inst. before Deputy Attorney-General Johnston, the commissioner.

Mr. Dolliver—So you want to marry my daughter? Have you any means of existence? Ponsonby—At present, none, but I have brilliant prospects. Mr. Dolliver—I dare say, but suppose I don't die for a good many years, what's going to become of you then?"

ADULATION CLOYS.

Too Much Love is Sure to Awaken a Contemptuous Return.

The idolized almost always despises the idolator, and as frequently shows the contempt he—sometimes she—feels. The adoring wife, who follows every word of her husband and makes herself as plastic as the amœba—who lives only in his smiles, and who breaks down into tears when he frowns, she makes a lovely picture in fiction, and Medora will never want a Conrad to admire her—hypothetically. In reality Conrad would have wearied of her before the week was out, and he would not have scrupled to show what he felt. And when the two natures come together in natural life, as they do sometimes, and the gelatinous, protoplastic, adoring wife, invertebrate and weak-willed, spends her days in mental adoration of her husband, the chances are that husband's mood toward her is one of distaste and contempt, and that utter weariness of the soul which comes from the constant reflection of one's own humor.

So with women. When they find a man foolish and weak-kneed enough to be always in an attitude of adoration before them they feel for him only scorn and that cruelty of tyranny which is the fitting portion for slaves—according to the creed of the slave-owner. They make him suffer in proportion to his love. His folly and want of reserve are matched by their hardness in letting him feel the effect on themselves. The state of both is pitiable—as pitiable as that when the wife is the little dove who fawns on the hand of the master who spurns, and whose self-respect is lost in her adoration.

All this applies to all forms of love—not only to that between husband and wife or between lovers. It applies equally to parents and children—to the mother who loves her children beyond reason, and therefore beyond their own good; to the father who is "Lear," with too certainly "Lear's" fatal fortune of ingratitude; to the daughter who makes a bad wife because she is too fond a daughter; to the son who makes a bad husband because too fond a son. How many married homes have been wrecked on this rock!—when the wife cannot tear herself from her mother and the husband sacrifices his wife to his mother. The wisdom of reserve. What a bit of true wisdom it is! Without it how the lights flare and the dust flies!—*London Spectator.*

UNDER A TROPICAL SUN.

A South Pacific Coral Reef Transformed to an Inhabited Island.

A most remarkable growth of coral islands, showing the short time required to transform reefs in the dense salt water of the Pacific Ocean to large bodies of land, is reported by Captain Delap, of the American ship Yorktown, which touched at Boston Island in March last. The Yorktown has just arrived at Sandy Hook with a large cargo of general merchandise, and Captain Delap made close and careful observation, not only of the island but of the natives also. The first visit to the island was made by Captain Duperry, a Boston explorer, in 1824. He named the island after his native city. While there he made an accurate survey of the island, as well as the outlying reefs, over which the sea made a clean breach at times. The largest island was without vegetation or life, and has been so marked on all navigators charts. When the Yorktown approached the islands the vessel was hove to, and in a short time was surrounded by copper-colored natives of a friendly disposition, who brought with them such fruit as was common to the islands. Instead of reefs, as had been seen by Captain Duperry, there were thirteen islands surrounding a salt water lagoon, densely covered with vegetation, and all inhabited. The group was called Ebon Island, and was three miles long having grown at least a mile in half a century. Three Germans were reported to have recently arrived there from New Zealand. With the exception of the latter visitors, who were probably shipwrecked sailors, and Captain Delap, no white men are known to have visited those islands since they were first discovered.

To-day's Varieties.

The petition against the return of Mr. Edwards Liberal in Russell has been withdrawn.

The Scotch terrier Fly, which is Mr Bright's special pet, has not left him since he has been ill. He lies day and night beside his bed.

Yesterday the Ontario Government were asked by a deputation from the Anti-Poverty Society to favor a $600 exemption on dwelling houses.

Hronek, the anarchist of Chicago, who has just been sentenced to twelve years in State Prison, when asked in court if he believed in a God, replied: "I have never seen him."

The largest continuous sleeping-car service in the world is that on the Santa Fe system, which runs through sleepers from San Diego, Cal., to Chicago, a distance of 2,311 miles.

It was reported in London, Ont., yesterday that O. & M. Bixel & Son, Strathroy brewers, having taken umbrage at statements made by Rev. Wm. McDonagh in a Scott Act sermon preached in the Front Street Church on Sunday, had taken proceedings against the reverend gentleman for slander, claiming $5,000 damages.

Intending litigants would do well to remember the famous "Jones County Calf Case" from Iowa, which is now for the fifth time to be taken to the Supreme Court. This case was begun in 1877 and the calves involved were valued at $45. Already the litigation over the matter has cost plaintiffs and defendants $20,000, and he end is not yet.

The Diphtheria Epidemic.

The latest information received by Dr. Bryce, Secretary Provincial Board of Health, from Powassan, Ont., and the vicinity of North Bay shows that diphtheria is increasing. Several deaths have occurred during the past few days. Dr. Lehman, Inspector of the Provincial Board of Health, will report on the necessity of a local Board of Health for the district.

The G. T. R. double track between Brockville and Gananoque was put in use on Friday from 4 o'clock.

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Is the only Saw made having nice clearances difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined silver steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and try this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you. Another line I would particularly call your attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

Artemesia Council.

Council met in the Town Hall on Saturday, Dec. 15. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. Reports of road commissioners of wards Nos. 2 and 4 were presented. Bylaw No. 446 for the purpose of appointing deputy returning officers, was introduced and passed.

Moved by Messrs. W. Sharp and McArthur, that George Wright be refunded three dollars and fifty cents for statute labor performed on lot 187, 188, 189, 190, third west. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. J. Boland and W. Sharp, that Geo. Pritchard be allowed his bill for repairing scrapers of $1.75, as payment in full for the old stove formerly used in the Town Hall. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and John Boland that Andrew Dingwall be refunded 26 cents, being an overcharge in taxes; also that Alex. McCabe be refunded $2.80, as an overcharge in taxes, all for the year 1888. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland that the Clerk be instructed to write to the Minister of Education respecting the taxes between school sections No. 6 and 7, Glenelg and Artemesia, and 6 Artemesia. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp, that Chas. Ryan be refunded three dollars for statute labor performed on lots 2 and 3, con. 8, Artemesia. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Kearns, that Edward O'Brien be refunded the sum of $2 taxes on lots 135 and 136, Second Range East, T. and S. road, said lots being over assessed. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and McArthur, that Chas. Johnson be paid $0.57½ for Artemesia's proportion of [illegible] Nelson's line, Artemesia and Egremont. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Sharp and McArthur, that Wm. Legg be refunded ten dollars on his half property on account of the loss by sheep killed by him. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Sharp and Cairns, that T. J. Stinson be paid $10 for cleaning ponds and filling in ditch with stone on the Sideroad between gravel road. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Cairns, that Mrs. Jos. Sturgeon be refunded [illegible]. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and W. Sharp, that the account of J. Boland be [illegible] to $3, for letting and inspecting [illegible]. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Cairns, that Mr. H. Cairns be paid $1 for [illegible] $1.60. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Sharp and Boland, that John Rose be refunded [illegible] certificates, per [illegible]. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. [illegible] Sharp, that [illegible] be paid [illegible] Treasurer's [illegible] Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Sharp and McArthur, that Wm. Legg be paid for [illegible] on 180 sidewood, $1.50; and for [illegible] on 40 sidewood, $1.50. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland, that the thanks of this Council be tendered to Dr. Clarke for the efficient and impartial manner in which he has presided over this Council as reeve for the present year. Carried.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

$85 Solid Gold Watch Sold for $100, until lately Best $85 watch in the world Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send **Free,** and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the **Watch and Samples.** We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Stinson & Co., Box 813, Portland, Maine.** FREE

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 50 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne, Ont.

Mr. H. A. Massey has entered a criminal libel suit against The World.

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OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR

AT

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Felted Stockings, Overs and Rubbers, Mens' and Boys' Long Boots.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any produced in Flesherton.

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be obtained.

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FLESHERTON

A Positive Cure. ✝ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 9

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Mary of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

CURES the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

We are taken down from the effects of abuse with finding No. 8 a radical cure for [illegible]

[illegible] Want of energy, nervousness, want of purpose, dread of society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, gloominess, loss of memory, excitability of temper, [illegible] weakness, [illegible] the results of self-abuse or maturbation, [illegible] loss of [illegible] palpitation of the heart, hysteric fits, impaired digestion, trembling of the hands, dizziness, drowsiness, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible evil, of [illegible] nervously acquired. In short, the spring of vital force has become lost, every function [illegible] Scientific writers and the experience of [illegible] the effects of self-abuse the great majority of cases I treat [illegible] under these notices. If you are incompetent for the duties of [illegible] No. 8 will give you [illegible] Internally from early [illegible] Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 27 Wellington St. E., for [illegible] Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

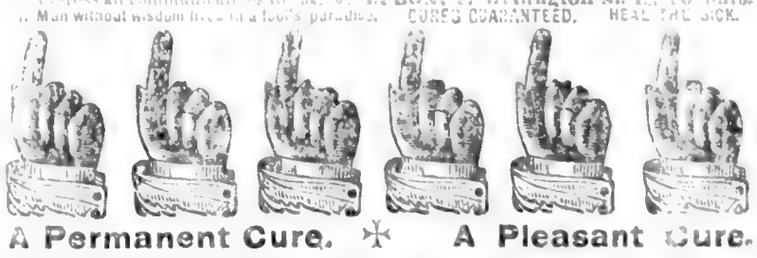

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HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate when Prostrate to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 391. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DEC 27, 1888. W. H. THURSTON,

XMAS, XMAS!

—CALL AT—

Russell's Noted Jewelery Store, Flesherton,

Will convince everyone that th

GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, CLOCKS, CHAINS, BROOCHES, BARPINS, EARRINGS,

Silverware, Spectacles, Fancy Toilet Sets, Christmas Cards, Razors, Knives, etc.
Is the finest and cheapest in this section of the Country.

WE CAN AND WILL GIVE YOU

BARGAINS

A Ladies fine GOLD AMERICAN WATCH for $26.00 worth $33.00. Gents' fine GOLD from $35.00 to 50.00 worth from $40. to $60.

Big discount for cash

from NOW to 1st JAN. 1889 on all goods. Do not fail to call: it will pay you; and always take your watch and clock repairs to RUSSELL'S, Flesherton, perfect JOB.

—CALL AT—

RICHARDSON'S Drug Store

AND SEE HIS STOCK OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR

Xmas and New Year's PRESENTS

BEFORE YOU PURCHASE ELSEWHERE. HE HAS THE

LARGEST ASSORTEMENT IN TOWN,

—BOTH—

Useful and Ornamental.

Albums, Satchels, Purses, Cards, Books, Toys, Sweets, etc.

OVER 500 LBS. OF SWEETS JUST IN.

A merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year to ALL.

W.u. RICHARDSON.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

A Happy New Year.

Look out for the eclipse on Monday next.

Remedy for

Rev Mr Shaw, of T

every other night of the M

here a week from Sunday

M

Sunday

Be

entertainment to-morrow

I

or Salt

Furniture Warerooms

The Collingwood papers, with Sound Tones and Streetsville Review, published creditable Christmas numbers last week

Smith's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption

All letters intended for the clerk of the

to Josiah Gamey, Maxwell, not Thos Gamey as inadvertantly printed in the

Sure

Salve Plaster Price 25 cents

Remember the Methodist Sunday School anniversary in the evening, New Years Day. Mr Armstrong has

with the

some well known and talented gentlemen

Presentation

esteemed M. Richardson, Esq., and Mrs Richardson, by the Choristers and Congregation of Dr Clark's Church, on the occasion of Mr. R.'s and Mrs Richardson's departure for Toronto

We

Artemesia to

and Arts Association of the Ontario Veterinary College examination

to Congratulate

Mr E. S. K

and will be found under the usual

with the presidency of East Garafraxa Society for the year. He has been

by a w

Resulted in Death.

Mrs. Steward, who was confined to a bed of weakness as is being mentioned a few weeks ago, has been suffering severe attacks of

which finally resulted in death on Saturday last. The deceased was buried on Sunday

A Close Call.

On Monday last Mr. Wm. Taylor, who lives on the 8th concession, had an accident that nearly cost him his life. While splitting wood for a sawing bee, through some mishap an axe was buried by mistake in Mr. Taylor's left leg, cutting the tendon and inflicting an ugly

The brethern of Victoria L. O. L. No. 244, held their thirty-ninth annual meeting on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, of which the following brethern were elected officers for the ensuing year: James Best, W. M.; W. J. Henderson, D. M.; Samuel Sheardown, Chaplain; T. J. Stinson, R. Sec.; J. C. Blakely, Treasurer; W. Sharp, D. C.; F. A. Blakely Sec. Committee, J. Lyons, Geo. Ludlow, Joseph Watson, D. A. Stinson, and E. Lomas.

Wood wanted at this office immediately. Those who can do so will confer a favor by bringing it in this week.

T M

A year Ago

Years Ago

that A

to matrimonial matters

Messrs Mr Douglas, Mr A Mc and Mr Thos Gamey. The

have fought a

business in municipal battles

Maxwell together in another Brotherly love Yes

business for himself at that point for two years, and speaks very highly of the prospects of the Sault as a future business center. Mr Bates confidently expects a

have granted to

Years for the purpose of building a

R W C Bates Knights of

Presbytery N

Orange Hall, Markdale, Dec 26th, when

and others were

Sir Kt Jas Bigelow, W

Wm Bradley, D P

M Mackie Co

Sir Kt

Sir Kt

Sir Kt Richard

Acton Tyler

The Markdale

improvements. Last week Mr

a gasoline engine

which he has

Dr Wright's Hotel

New Year's

was on Dr Wright's

Mr Stephens

Wednesday

the

Mr Bates

Toronto, and Thos. Bates, of the Sault are spending holidays with their mother here.

Christmas Visitors.

Mr W

returned to

Master J. Fields, of the Streetsville Review, and his respects to Flesherton

Mr

Legard, of Toronto, is home for a few days

Mr Webster, teacher in the Collegiate Institute, Owen Sound, was visiting at Mr. M. Richardson's and sang with the choristers Monday evening.

Mr Joe Gordon, Elora, was visiting his brother's family.

Mr. J. T. Wright, of St. Louis, is visiting with his father Mr. Thorp Wright.

Mr. Watkins, of Toronto, is visiting with his son-in-law, Rev. J. W. Shilton.

Mr. Stewart Bates and Miss Bates, of Toronto, and Thos. Bates, of the Sault are spending holidays with their mother here.

Sorrow and Joy.

Christmas Carols.

at twelve

carols. The night was dark, wet and

is to ugly

everything

SACRIFICE SALE

TILL JAN. 1st, 1889.

25 PER CENT

WATCHES and CLOCKS

ONE SIXTH

SILVERWARE

JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

Markdale is the only place this Section to get

CLOSE COMPETITION PRICES.

It will pay you to

as the largest stock to

CALL THIS MONTH

If you

before,

AND

Test This Statement!

that I have a very fine stock at

Bed Rock Prices!

Discounts considered. Fine repairing receives general attention.

JEWELER and OPTICIAN,
MARKDALE, ONT

Elopement.

On Christmas Eve there was a ball,
And I was not invited
I did not know the host at all,
And felt in no way slighted.
I went—I guess I had to go,
And heard the music's beat,
And caught the quiver of the floor
Beneath the dancers' feet
While a song I know
Said "Over the snow,
Over the snow and away"
There's sun on and sun
For scant six to be done
Before the break of the day"

The moonlight fell as cold as snow
On that great front of granite,
A minute seemed to pass so slow
A life-time could not span it
But, after all the sunny eyes,
Brighter than moonlit stone,
And in the house of all the roses
I saw (so happy) one
And then her carriage [illegible]
My lady's dapple-grays
I know (was it?) [illegible]
Her father second in place
And I on the last stone step she
And her eyes were level there
Over [illegible]
Have you seen one so fair

She stepped toward the carriage door
And then a sudden flutter
The footman, her father were
But she was in my keeping
And upon her upturned face
At the door I kept her feet
Stroke [illegible]

And up [illegible]
And [illegible]
The [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

MY LADY TONGUE.

By Amelia [illegible], Author of "The Quick and the Dead."

People used to say it was almost a duty for Colonel Henry Merriweather Page to marry a second time. A motherless boy might do well enough, but when it came to a girl growing up altogether among darkeys and men it was absolutely blood-curdling. The poor child was really dressed in a manner that was almost indecent, and it had even been said (there the informant generally put an impressive hand in a one-buttoned lisle-thread glove upon the arm of the person to be enlightened) that she actually used bad language—in fact, swore, as she heard her father do.

It was perfectly true that she rarely put in an appearance at church, and when she did participate in the hebdominal devotions of Brownsville parish, she was wont to clatter up the central aisle in a short and gatherless habit, which was extremely shocking to the taste of the congregation. She wore boots, moreover, and it was rumored a spur on occasions. Her greatest offense, probably, was her mode of dressing her hair, or rather of leaving it to dress itself. She had a small, shapely head clasped closely from brow to throat by heavy red-brown curls.

Colonel Page's pew was the most conspicuous in the pretty sandstone church, and the aspect of his daughter's handsome neck exposed in all its ingenuous frontery of a Sabbath, was a never-ending source of displeasure to the critical Brownsvillians.

Had not St. Paul expressed himself clearly, not to say strongly, on this very subject? Was not a woman's pretty almost as surely to be measured by the length of her hair, as the age of a horse told by the length of his upper lip? Could a young lady dye the face not to dye—tradition, but of the scripture, not the fashion, and yet be [illegible] The rector's wife [illegible] state carry all to [illegible] with M. Page upon the very [illegible]

[illegible] forty minutes, and at last he [illegible] entered, it was not [illegible] heavy, tan-colored padnamy, with a black [illegible] and pepper barege, trimmed with [illegible] buttons, as was then decent—things, but shades of that godly woman's choice. Colonel Henry Merriweather Page's blue flannel waist, and dirt-besprent skirt pinned up about her [illegible] trousers, hips, and muddy boots that left apparent impressions on the [illegible] of the drawing-room.

When Miss Nelson [illegible] dextrous manœuvring, had [illegible] tion, by what she considered a masterstroke, up to the mount [illegible] ion, Miss Page had replied merely by [illegible] a slight brown head through the [illegible] locks and saying:

"Why do I wear it this way? Oh! I like it, and dad likes it, and Dick," then, with a sudden oblique glance of her bright red-brown eyes, "I shall always wear it so, even when I am married."

"You seem to have no doubt on that score," the rector's wife had replied, in a voice which was dryer than the smile that accompanied it. Mrs. Nelson had what might be termed a well-irrigated mouth. "Pray, is it to be soon?"

Miss Page had laughed at this, flinging one blue-flannel arm over the chair in which she sat sideways, and Mrs. Nelson had shuddered both at the laugh and gesture, which she found unpleasantly in keeping with their owner's cropped locks.

"Dear me no! Good lack, no! I should think [illegible] the [illegible] had replied heartily. "I haven't [illegible] ideal, but, of course, he'll turn [illegible] they always [illegible] Old maids are [illegible] cidents."

"Accidents" the rector's wife had exclaimed, in a tone which I am unable to describe.

She held up the gray cotton gloves, ornamented with wrist tassels, these last sharing in the good lady's agitation. Their frisky bobbings developed a kittenish desire in Miss Page to seize and secure them. How delightful it would have been to observe the face of their wearer, had she done so.

Miss Page did not always control herself so well as on this occasion, however. She yielded to her inclinations without stint, not infrequently.

One of these events took place not long after the visit of the rector's wife, and that was when the rector's son proposed to her.

This gentleman was a pretty little personage, with the physique of a tolerably well-sculptured snow man. His orange-colored hair surmounted his orange colored ears with a pinion-like stiffness, which suggested the idea of a pair of Mercury-like heel wings having sprouted in the wrong place. He had orange-colored eyebrows, above little dark blue eyes, like raisins set into his pudding face, and his orange colored beard grew one way on one side of his face, and another way on the other, as though its owner were standing in a perpetual draught.

But neither a man's personal appearance, nor the fact of his being a rector's son, can have any appreciable effect upon his love affairs (so far as he himself is concerned). Thus it chanced that Timotheus Nelson became enamored of the hoydenish Miss Page, and proposed to her. It was bad enough until he got down on his knees. Judith could not stand that, and so down she went on her knees also, just opposite him, and said, as well as she could for laughing:

"Please get up."

You may be sure he did so with alacrity. He did more—he got up metaphorically as well, and remained from that time in a standing position.

He admitted that very night what he could never be persuaded to even so much as listen to before, namely, that for young women to apply scissors to their hair is as unseemly as a like application is meritorious in young men. He confided to his mother that he had once met Miss Page riding along upon the highway, and that she was whistling. He went so far as to state that with her mouth in that unfeminine position, he considered her positively plain, and concluded by stating that flaxen hair worn in demure bands on either side of a flaxen countenance was a sight at once refreshing and ennobling, after having looked for any length of time upon crisp brown curls, and a face that changed as often as an autumn sunset.

Mr. Timotheus Nelson had a cousin Lucy, who answered exactly to the flaxen ideal, and it was soon after made her Mrs. Timotheus Nelson. He took a certain pride in presenting her to Miss Page, and in listening afterward to her shocked exclamations in regard to the much discussed curls.

It was about this time that by something of a coincidence, a cousin of Judith also made his appearance in the neighborhood. He came unexpectedly, and met her just outside of Carylon gates, leading her horse Hautboy, who had gone lame all of a sudden.

She was rather a strange figure, tall and slight, and with as few curves as a growing lad. Her habit, which, in these days of galoon and gathers, was really noticeable for its lack of voluminousness, was gathered up almost to her knees, disclosing russet-leather boots, stained crimson for half their length by the scarlet sand. Her billy-cock hat was pushed back on her brown crest, and a sparkle of mud ornamented her left cheek like a fantastic patch!

Boughton did not in the least recognize her. He had not seen her since the days of white frocks and blue shoes and socks, when her hair had been a pretty tan color, and one of her front teeth missing.

He hesitated a moment, and then reined up and asked if he was or was not mistaken in thinking the gate to the left the one which led into the Carylon farm. She nodded and said that it was. Then he saw that her horse was lame, and, jumping down, asked if he could not assist her. She thanked him, and said no, that she thought could not, and that unless after the manner I have [illegible] to [illegible] of the [illegible], said carelessly:

"Are you really going to Carylon [illegible] course?"

"Decidedly," he had answered gravely. "I am Boughton."

Then it was that the culpable but conventional [illegible] of [illegible] explo[illegible] with [illegible] Hor[illegible] your [illegible] shall be forced out with [illegible] Cousin Phil, [illegible] not [illegible] Phil.

Here she did, with a bow, the [illegible] of her [illegible] the entrance of [illegible] gates, [illegible] identity must be established, at the same time inquiring her own.

"Why, I'm Judith!" she announced, reining out her hand to him with Host[illegible] bridle-rein yet over her arm. "I'm Judith Page, Cousin Phil. You don't look as [illegible] to."

"No?" said Cousin Phil, smiling [illegible] d, perhaps not unconscious of a hand[illegible] he mustache clipped [illegible] Tiger fash[illegible], across his upper lip, and of a [illegible] general impression of appearance which he had left with them when they last parted.

"No, no—not a bit," said Judith, bending a little away from him, while still keeping a friendly grasp on his hands, and eyeing him from the crown of his smart Parisian hat (there were Anglo maniacs in those days, but they were the exceptions and not the rule) to the toes of his patent leather boots.

"Not a bit," she repeated, earnestly.

"Why, in what way?" said Boughton.

"You're—you're well, you're such a dandy," replied candid Judith. "However can you wiggle your toes in such boots? Gad! it makes mine ache to look at 'em."

This made twice that she had used that somewhat extraordinary form of expression. Besides, Philip did not exactly enjoy being called a dandy.

"You have changed, too," he remarked.

"Me?" said Judith. "Oh! do you tell me? How?"

"Well, for one thing," said Boughton, lowly, "you—or didn't I swear when I last saw you."

It is impossible to imagine the effect that her placid reception of this scathing remark had upon him.

"Didn't I," she said serenely, still holding his hands. "I must have been very young. Yes, I was. I remember all about it now. You used to make me dolls out of radishes, and cut turnips into flowers for me. Oh, yes, and you taught me to fish with a crooked pin."

"You have become a fisher of men by now, I suppose," said Boughton, with an attempt at wit, which, however, left his cousin as unruffled as ever.

"Oh, dear, no," she assured him. "They fish for me! And mostly with crooked pins, I must admit!" she ended, with a laugh. "How tall and straight you are, cousin. I do believe I could walk under your arm. Let's try."

Philip held out his arm obediently, and she made the attempt, but her eyes were blinded against his coat sleeve.

"I know ever so much a better way to use my arm than that," said Boughton, suddenly possessed of a devil, and he let his arm drop to her shoulders, held her so, and kissed her.

She did not burst into tears, and raise her riding whip, and give him a smart blow across the lips, or rail at him like the little shrew he believed her to be. When she saw what was about to happen, she merely drew in her pretty lips to a hard white line over her teeth, and on that hard white line fell Mr. Philip Boughton's kiss. It was certainly nothing at all like what he had supposed it would be. Neither was her conduct. She stood quietly, looking at him squarely in the eyes, and drawing on a little further her dog skin gauntlets.

"Er—you have mistaken your way after all," she remarked finally.

"How?" he said, feeling somewhat curious and extremely uncomfortable.

She still looked quietly at him, while settling her cuffs and pulling forward the billy-cock hat.

"Er—you have behaved like a beast when you should have behaved like a gentleman," she replied, almost sulkily.

"Good afternoon." And she turned about in the other direction and walked off with her lame horse.

He had no one but himself to thank for all this, but that did not in the least mitigate his violent indignation. To be called first a "dandy," and then a "beast," in less than twenty minutes, by a very pretty young woman, is not calculated to add to one's enjoyment even of an Albermarle scene in the flush of a November sunset. And, by George! if one wasn't to kiss one's cousin, who was one to kiss?

Boughton was actually more furious than he remembered to have been in the whole course of his life.

As for Judith—well, I really do not know how to write concerning Judith's state of mind. It may perhaps be most concisely expressed by saying that, had she been in the place of her Jewish namesake, and Boughton in the sandals of Holofernes, she would have secured much hair with decided feeling of satisfaction.

Judith had never been kissed, and had had a charming and romantic fancy that the man who married her should be the only man to kiss her. Now Boughton had dashed this pretty ideal to bits, and broken the charm, and polluted—yes, polluted, Miss Page told herself with violence, her so long cherished lips. His moustache had scratched her nose, and whether one turns one's lips in over one's teeth or not, a kiss is a kiss, and she would be quits with him.

Judith's face was decidedly wicked as she made this last announcement, and there was ever so much more red than brown in her wide-open eyes.

Boughton in the meantime proceeded to Carylon, where he got a genuine Virginian welcome from Judith's father, who was his second cousin, and not his uncle. He was also regaled with a mysterious drink, which consisted of lemon peel and brandy and nutmeg, and several other ingredients, and which tasted very delicious, and which his host called "Colonel Page's own."

"Colonel Page's own" put Phil in a somewhat better temper, and he was disposed, after his second tumbler, to smile to himself over his little cousin's impetuosity, and went so far as to concoct a speech which he would make to her after dinner, and which ran to the effect that any one would be not only content but anxious to play the part of beast to such a beauty. During these meditations the colonel was telling him everything that happened to everybody in the neighborhood for the last twelve years.

"And, pah! sir," he ended, "but you should see my lass! Judy, you know. An outlandish beauty, Boston! The colonel's nickname for Phil, from that young [illegible] pet cat [illegible] "Lud, sir! [illegible] estate of [illegible] A. [illegible] of Life[illegible] [illegible] has [illegible] You never saw such an instance of [illegible] own, [illegible] case in the case of that girl and it [illegible] mistress, sir. Phil—a [illegible], look here. It makes her hopping mad to say it, but you [illegible] boy, [illegible] a young [illegible] ps. It breaks my heart, sir, it [illegible] k's my heart!"

The colonel rubbing [illegible] f his upper lip with his [illegible] and pursed up his lips as if to [illegible] but suddenly turned [illegible] pokesake.

"And the way that [illegible] is positively pathetic, [illegible] on my [illegible] To hear her talk, you'd think he was the smartest, bravest, prick-at-well-the-boy's-never-been-tested, that's a fact! I've hopes of him, yes, hopes of him!" said the colonel, who wouldn't have even made the foregoing admission had it not been for that extra glassful of the mysterious beverage, drunk in Boughton's honor.

Boughton all this while was [illegible] wondering if Judith would give [illegible] chance to make his graceful speech by appearing at dinner.

The colonel, who was a mighty hunter and sportsman generally, always dined late at this season of the year. He employed an overseer, and spent most of October and November in fox hunting. So it came to pass that they dined as a rule by candle light.

Phil spent a round hour in making himself presentable. He was a well looking young fellow, with long, clean limbs, and a curiously haughty pose of head. His hair was as abundant and waved much after the fashion of Judith's. Perhaps his most delightful feature was his mouth—well curved and parting a little one sidedly over uneven and very white teeth. His valet-de-sage had followed him in the care of his body servant, and he issued from his room finally, as deliciously and fragrantly fresh as it is only given to fair men to appear.

When he entered the drawing-room he found, a little to his surprise, that Judith was there already, engaged in the startlingly feminine employment of knotting. Boughton only saw that her foot, in its bronze slipper and silk stocking, was very slender—slenderer than he had ever seen, in fact—with an instep under which the young man was convinced he could have rolled a good-sized marble.

She had on a nice little frock of some creamy stuff, that fell about her, guiltless of crinoline, and a string of blue Persian beads around her throat.

The colonel was revolving slowly before the fire, with parted coat tails, and at the same time rocking backward and forward on his toes.

Boughton paused in the hall some time to watch them. They made such a pleasant picture in the wedded light of the wax candles and leaping fire. Beyond them was the handsome dusk of the oak-paneled room, with its high, carved furniture and big French mirrors.

As he entered, he saw that in one of these mirrors was another Judith, and another, and another, and another, stretching, like the kings in "Macbeth," to the crack of doom, for all he could tell. And they were all knotting, and all had delicate feet in bronze slippers, and wore blue beads, and not one of them looked up at him, although the colonel came boisterously forward and hauled him in by both hands, and bade his lass give greeting to her cousin Phil.

Quoth she:

"Yes, dad, dear, that's all right; we have met already. My ball, dad, darling; you are stamping all over it. Thanks," as Phil handed it to her.

Now the colonel was a good deal, as he would express it, "discomboberated." He said "Hey? what's that?" and looked from one to the other, and let go of his coat-tails in sheer amazement.

But as Mistress Judith maintained unbroken silence, and appeared absorbed in her knitting, Boughton was at the pains of explaining that he had met his cousin on the high-road, and how they had mutually recognized each other.

As he made these remarks he caught himself watching the subject of them out of the tail of his eye, and fell, moreover, into a strange fancy which likened the slim foot in the gray silk-meshes to an iridescent beetle caught in a somewhat bulky spider's web. Her hair was just about the color of her shoe, he observed a little redder, perhaps—and a bow of blue ribbon fluttered over her fair bosom like a butterfly.

The colonel laughed a good deal, and he had the rare accomplishment, or rather faculty, of laughing well. He was as handsome as his daughter, in a more regular way, and wore his thick, riotously curling hair in a queue. He had broad chestnut eyebrows, that met above his nose, which had a pert little but aristocratic ripple in it, and his mouth was set between two longish, curving dimples, like a pleasant sentence between two brackets. He had a deep cleft in his chin, which was sometimes more or less leveled with shaving powder, and he wore knee buckles of brilliants, and a stock and ruffles.

The colonel was a believer in the good old times, clamored for the retention of stage coaches, and always travelled in his private carriage. He took snuff, and treated himself to a pinch now, while slyly observing the hero and heroine of the adventure just related. He had his suspicions, had the colonel, that there had been a tow-row of some kind between the two, and he also noticed the Glengarry bow, and the beads, and the bronze shoes.

The colonel was a closer observer than people generally gave him credit for, and he recollected that Judith did not generally wear her bronze shoes to dinner, neither the blue bow, nor the beads. He was also aware of the fact that Phil Boughton was an extremely dashing looking youngster, and that the damosel in the chimney corner had announced her intention many years ago of "marrying her Phil." This was at the time of the missing tooth, and radish dolls, and fishing with crooked pins, etc.

It gave the colonel quite a comfortable and perfectly natural glow to think that Boughton's father was wealthy, and their old place one of the handsomest in Virginia. Also he recalled with satisfaction the fact that only two years ago Master Phil himself had graduated with honors at the L. L. of Ecoles des Ponts et Chaussees in Paris. A very good thing it would be, the colonel told himself, and perhaps they would remain with him at Carylon for some years—until, in fact—Here the colonel, who had been getting sober and sharper, sighed rather heavily.

Then Judith's love lap for the first time, but not at Boughton.

"Why do you sigh, dad, dear?" she said quickly.

"Oh, I reckon I'm hungry," said the colonel, with delightful prevarication. "I'm going to carry 'em up."

Exit the colonel.

As he left the room Boughton's heart resumed its normal, this time not a fat black tom-cat, but a fox-terrier, and leaped to her.

"Last [illegible] Here was [illegible] opportunity for that [illegible] and [illegible] to give it to [illegible] Heaven's sake [illegible] at what she was making. She replied to each with [illegible] making a [illegible] duck.

"Oh, [illegible] Dear," said Boughton. "Here at the [illegible] now, isn't it? Do you remember when I [illegible] you to come [illegible] how you used to go sailing about and [illegible] on everything, and never mind it a bit, and how poor Dick used to wobble and fall when it [illegible] a cropper?"

"Dick skates extremely well," said Miss Page, with [illegible] dignity. "Far better than I do." She rose after releasing her foot from the gray web, and began winding her silk about the long wooden skewer with which she had been working. "I have a few things to attend to before dinner. Pray excuse me," she said, finally, turning to him, and then left the room without further ceremony.

Boughton sank down into the little satin-puffed chair, which was yet warm with embracing her, and began pondering many things in his heart. He was just beginning to think that perhaps he had behaved like a beast after all, and owed her an apology, when a solemn voice at the door said:

"Dinner am served, sah."

Turning, he saw that this voice proceeded from a person inextricably tangled with his childhood's experiences. It was none other than Uncle Eden, the major domo of Carylon—an individual as black of hue as he was white of teeth and soul, for Uncle Eden had "got 'ligion" at the age of 10. He was so black as to be the possessor of a bloom like that on a damson, and had a pale pink scar down one cheek, which gave his skin the appearance of black satin having ripped over a rose-colored lining.

He hesitated a moment when he saw Phil, and then burst into a deep chuckle as his whilom tormentor started forward and took him by both hands.

"Uncle Eden," said he, "you don't look a day older than you did twelve years ago."

"Don' I, Marse Phil? Bless yo' ha'at! 'Cept fur yo' whiskerers, I'd dun b'en know yuh time I sot eyes on yuh. Lor'! it don' seem a day since I was yerkin yuh out er dat ar tub uv soft-soap whar yuh wuz a fishin' fur Miss Judy's shoe, she don' drap in it. Yuh sut'n'y is looking peart. Hi! dar—dat's de Cun'l—good-by 'till bime-by."

The dinner was a success. When is dinner not a success with hungry folks? There was a green goose with gooseberry sauce. Boughton had not tasted a green goose for twelve years. He thought French dishes *fade* and commonplace beside it. And after dinner he had another glass of "Colonel Page's own."

The next day there was to be a fox-hunt. They were to start at 6 o'clock sharp, the colonel told them, and Phil was to ride the colonel's favorite, "Trumpeter," as "Hautboy" was lame, and Judith preferred a great sun-colored brute, rejoicing in the name of "Eyebrows"—why, no one ever knew, as the gallant steed certainly possessed none. He had a blazed face and a sullen eye, and enough daylight under him to have illuminated St. Peter's every coign of disadvantage. But Boughton found that his rider had a way of pulling him along that told somehow, and the great raw beast jumped like a grasshopper.

It was a pretty sight as they rode out the next morning. The sun was just rising behind a zone of dull gray clouds. Beryl-green and topaz-yellow met with the softness of a kiss in mid-heaven, and the moon, wan, as though with much watching, crept down behind the naked acacia trees to the left. Over the brown lawn there was a light powdering of snow, and there was a keen wind abroad, together with much rustling of withered grass and trees.

They had some hot coffee, which Judith poured out for them, and the remains of the green goose, and then they set out at a huntsman's jog for the meet.

Judith had plenty to do in attending to Eyebrows, who was disposed to coquette with every dead leaf that blew across his way, and Trumpeter was sufficient of a handful to keep Boughton's mind completely upon himself.

"Ah, there's the music!" called the colonel at last over his shoulder. "Keep his head, Judy. He'd bolt in a minute if he thought he could."

They could hear the yow-yowing of the hounds now, fitfully borne toward them and away by the fluctuating wind.

"Once," said Judith, beginning to speak all of a sudden, "a friend brought a German baron—ever such a swell he was—to see dad. He stopped at Carylon about a week, and dad, of course, took him out hunting. You know dad can never resist calling any one's attention to the hounds when they're giving tongue. He says he's far better able to appreciate such harmonies than Beethoven or Mozart. Well, we had gotten just about here, and dad—dear dad!—shall I ever forget his face?—said: 'There, sir! don't you ever hear such music in your life, sir?' 'Vere—vere?' said the baron, eagerly, twisting all about in his saddle and hobbling on to his horse's mane. 'Vat musick? I can't hear no musick ver tose tam tawgs.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" thundered Phil, who was equally delighted with this anecdote and the sudden breaking of the ice between them.

"Judith," he began, and leaned over with his hand on her pummel.

He was just about to make his meditated apology when they were joined by some people, and he sat erect again in a tolerable hurry.

They had a long day of it. No less than three foxes were started, and the pace being young, and not so well trained as the heart of the master could desire, broke abominably. Then, when they finally settled down to work, reynard took to a drain, and was given up in despair. The fourth fox, however, gave them a capital forty minutes, but got them into the mountains finally, and they killed him over fifteen miles from Carylon.

[illegible]

SIFTING FOR FORTUNES.

Queer Sights at Westerly—Atlantic City Beach.

A raw summer [illegible] of brine was flayed against the shore [illegible] walks at Atlantic City yesterday. The [illegible]-strewed beach was full of sightseers. There was a curious [illegible] with the trip of one of the yachts to-day. The party was arrived by Capt. Will Gale in [illegible] vasant Alert. The [illegible] spoke a trim looking schooner off shore and the captain inquired after the people in Atlantic City. In the conversation that followed it was found that the schooner was no other than the Robert Morgan, which was blown high and dry on Sloop Ledge during the terrible storm of 1851, and upon which balls and parties were held all of the following season.

A small army of sand sifters were at work on the beach. Their outfit consisted of sieve, a shovel and a tin box. They dug the sand from around the posts on which the board walk had been laid. After reaching a depth of about two feet the sifters ran the sand through their sieve. Frequently their efforts were rewarded by finds of precious stones and jewellery.

To a curious visitor one of the sifters exhibited his treasure. It comprised diamond pins, a plain gold ring, a dollar gold piece, and a number of smaller coins. He had made a lucky hit in the morning, and was about $150 better off. He said there were cases where $500 had been recovered from the sand in a day, but that many days were often spent without recovering a dollar's worth. The action of the sea washes all particles around the posts along the beach, and the hundreds of dollars worth of jewellery and money lost by the summer crowds are gathered in by these patient toilers during the cold months.

Philadelphia Record.

The Wish-Bone

She. "There, it's yours. Now wish, but mind, you mustn't tell your wish or it will never come true."

He (tenderly). "But may I not tell you?"

She. "Oh dear no."

He (pathetically). "It never can come true unless I do tell you."

She (shyly). "Well, then, in such an exceptional case as yours, perhaps you had better tell me."

The Uncertainties of Life

Patient (to young physician). "You say, doctor, that I am well now, and that no further danger is to be expected?" Physician. "I apprehend none, sir; but life is uncertain." Patient. "Perhaps I had better pay your bill now." Physician. "Well, yes, sir, it might be as well, as I have said life is very uncertain."

Life is history, not poetry. It consists of little things, rarely illuminated by flashes of great heroism, broken by great dangers or demanding great exertions.

The Prussian blue dye was discovered by Diesbach, at Berlin, in 1710.

A Letter to Santa Klaus.

[illegible]

—Mrs. M. L. [illegible], in Detroit Free Press.

LEADEN WATER PIPES.

English Chemists Say They Are the Cause of Wholesale Poisoning.

Were some daring novelists, hungering after originality, to depict a country whose rulers allowed the many to be poisoned wholesale for enrichment of the few, he would surely be charged with absurdity. Yet there is such a country, and its name happens to be England. Let not any Gladstonite, however, prick up his extensive ears in expectations of a startling revelation that Lord Salisbury and W. H. Smith had entered into a conspiracy to murder the people. The evil is of far longer standing than the lifetime of the present Government; it apparently began when the community first learned the convenience of having water laid in their houses instead of dipping it out of wells or brooks. Leaden water pipes were introduced, at all events, a long time ago, and where they still linger wholesale poisoning goes on merrily as ever. Thus at Pudsey, a little time back, some sixty or seventy citizens were suddenly placed [illegible] by a mysterious malady which appeared to derive its origin from the water supply. Samples of the drinking water were accordingly forwarded to a firm of analytical chemists at Leeds, who at once detected the presence of lead in quantities distinctly injurious to health. Having obtained this information, the local board prosecuted further inquiry with the result of establishing the facts that all the sufferers lived at some distance from the mains. The theory is, therefore, that the water while lying all night in the leaden pipes connecting the houses with the mains becomes impregnated with the metal, and the Chairman advised the householders [illegible] water for a time [illegible] before supply [illegible]

Orange B[illegible]

The custom of wearing orange [illegible] at weddings [illegible] with us [illegible] female fashions [illegible] the latter country [illegible] is said to have [illegible] origin. There is, however, an old Spanish legend which gives a different account of its introduction. According to this, soon after the importation of the orange tree [illegible] the Moors [illegible]

[illegible]

of Europe.

A Nine-year-old Girl Official.

The city of Trenton can claim the brightest and youngest city officer in the State. Miss Hattie Owens, very cute and clever for a girl of 9, has been made second assistant city clerk and can now be seen on days at certain hours filing away in their proper order the official documents in the city clerk's office. When Colonel Owens, the city clerk, took possession of his new quarters the public documents appeared to be considerably disarranged, and, on complaining, he found a cheerful volunteer in the person of his young daughter, Miss Hattie, who is very small, but smart and methodical. She was assigned the work of reassorting, and is doing it well. She is rather annoyed on account of being a girl and announces that, as second assistant clerk, she desires to be called "Harry," and as such she is saluted by all the city officials. Miss Harry Owens is a pretty girl of pleasant address, and with the manner of one twice her age.—*Trenton Times.*

Somebody Get a Gimlet.

An inventive American from the Missouri region has taken out a patent at Washington for "stilts for horses." It is to revolutionize plowing round on the hillsides, for, however steep the ascent may be, this genius thinks that the animal will be enabled to preform its task in comfort when its legs are enabled by art to stand upon a level. The patent has really been granted to him, and it is said that he is considering further momentous discoveries of equal assistance to mankind.—*[illegible] Echo.*

George Frederick Watts, the English royal academician, has gone to Brighton, where he has fitted up a studio, and hopes to finish his "Court of Death," upon which he has been at work for many years.

When the little Princess of the Netherlands, now a mere child, becomes Queen of Holland she will be one of the wealthiest sovereigns in Europe. The civil list of Holland is remarkably large, amounting to $15,000,000 a year.

Mrs. Lucinda Ruggles died at Dodgeville, Wis., a few days ago, and she was buried in a coffin made from a walnut tree which her husband had felled forty years ago and stored away to make lumber for his own and his wife's coffins.

NAMES OF STATES.

Where They Come From and How They Were Made.

Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. Popular name, Lumber or Pine Tree State.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7th, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor at Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Popular name, the Granite State.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, Jan 16th, 1777, from the French verd mont, the green mountain. Popular name, Green Mountain State.

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learnt," said Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills." Popular name, the Bay State.

Rhode Island was so called in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. Popular name, Little Rhody.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Mocheakannew word, signifying long river. Popular name, the Nutmeg or Freestone State.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England. Popular name, Empire or Excelsior State.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn. Popular name, the Keystone State.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De la Ware, who died in this bay. Popular name, the Blue Hen or Diamond State.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore [illegible]

[illegible]

State.

Arkansas was so called [illegible] principal [illegible] Bear State.

[illegible] was so called by Juan [illegible] 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish, Pascua Florida.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river. [illegible]

Iowa was so called from its principal river. [illegible] Indian name, meaning the sleepy ones. Popular name, the Hawkeye State.

Minnesota is also an Indian word meaning whitish water.

California, a Spanish word [illegible] from an ancient [illegible] Popular name, the Golden State.

Texas, a Spanish word, applied to the republic. Popular name, the Lone Star State.

Kansas is an Indian name [illegible] the [illegible]

Emma Abbott in Church.

Emma Abbott sang "Nearer My God to Thee" in Trinity Church, San Francisco, on Sunday last and thrilled the congregation. The [illegible] musical editor describes it this way: "Suddenly, like the notes of a startled bird, rang Miss Abbott's sweet voice from the fashionable stillness. People cocked their ears and sat motionless as the melody rolled along among the gilded stars of the ceiling. It was 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' but it was not the well known melody of the old-fashioned church among the fragrant pines. There was more operatic lace and ribbon to the air. It expressed tender, trustful feeling in the piano passages, while in the crescendos and fortissimos the sentiment was of joy mingled with the passionate cries of love triumphant. A vocal solo with so much feeling in it is very rarely heard in churches from the regular choir, and a glow of delighted surprise overspread the faces of the listeners. She finished with a joyous burst, and a murmur arose from the congregation."

Rough.

Upson Downes—Say, Kirby, where's that silk umbrella I loaned you?

Kerby Stone—I found it was my own, so I kept it.

Upson Downs—Jove! Is that so? And here I have been dodging Old Hyson the last three weeks, thinking it was his!

ANOTHER SINGING MOUSE

Captured in the Dining-Room of a Kingston Man.

Mr. George Smith, of No. 2 Vaughn terrace, has become the fortunate possessor of a veritable singing mouse, which was captured in his dining room in this city, says the Kingston, Ont., *Whig*. Attention was first drawn to it by low musical sounds which issued from behind the buffet on the previous day, and after a careful reconnaissance and some dexterity it was driven into a paper bag which one of the ladies held—one of those few ladies who are not afraid of mice—while another manipulated a long prod in the space behind the buffet. Mr. Smith and a gentleman friend meanwhile stood courageously at a distance watching the proceedings. Subsequently the little creature was securely placed in a nice cage, and proved to be much like any other small mouse in appearance, except that it was thin and its tail unusually long, like some itinerant street monkeys who perform because they are hungry. Quite likely he came to Smith's, where he knew he could get food, and undertook to pay his footing by a musical performance. He was quite tame from the start and went at the cake and cheese without timidity almost as soon as they were placed before him, and afterward sang with almost the same abandon as when at liberty, though the intervals of silence were longer. Before he was caught he kept up his music for fifteen minutes at a time without cessation. He has a melodious, but modulated voice, and his utterance is a rhapsody of chirps and trills more or less varied and not at all monotonous like some parts of the song of a canary. Really he is a charming pet. He has an artificial nest in his cage, in which he hides or lies down at his pleasure, and his capers are quite amusing.

SPIRIT HANDS AT WORK.

Mysterious Disappearance of Articles from a Haunted Spot in England.

One night about fifty years ago a brutal murder was done at a lonely place on the highroad between Warwick and Stratford-upon-Avon, writes a London correspondent. The next morning [illegible]

[illegible]

A farmer in [illegible] Mass., [illegible] the polls to vote at the last election. [illegible] Democrat [illegible] the Republican ticket [illegible] was accepted [illegible] to the polls and deposited a clear Republican vote.

Cremation [illegible] slowly winning its way [illegible] At a congress of [illegible] advocates [illegible] it was reported [illegible] the course of [illegible] session that there [illegible] about [illegible] furnaces in [illegible] to [illegible] are in the United States [illegible] and one [illegible] completed in France.

[illegible] Patti as Juliet.

[illegible]

[illegible] in the old Greek style and fastened at the waist with a girdle. It was in this that *Romeo* saw her as he poured forth his song of love in the chamber scene. In the final act *Juliet* was stretched out in the white shroud of the tomb.

The Three Months' Depression.

Business man—"What? No money from the collections? I sent you out with a whole cartload of bills this morning."

Collector—"I couldn't find any of the arties at home."

"Eh? Where were they?"

"All out buying Christmas presents."

"I see. Too late! Too late! Put the bills away and start out with them again next March."

THE ROBESPIERRE BALL GOWN.

Description of the Latest Worth Creation.

The evening dress, intended for dinner or reception wear, is a real Robespierre ball gown, or the version of such a gown for this winter's wear by Worth. The under skirt and front breadth are of rich white and gold broche. The coat and train are of ruby colored velvet. The short jacket fronts have double revers. The inner rever is of white and gold broche, superimposed upon one of velvet. The [illegible] kerchief is a three-cornered point of fine Brussels lace crossed [illegible] a surplice over the chest, passing under the [illegible] wrinkled broad sash belt of soft red [illegible] and falling in a cascade below the same on the left side. The other figure represents the popular version of the directoire redingote. It is not very short waisted and the sleeves are only slightly fulled in at the armhole. It is of dark green plush, the fur black astrachan. The buttons are of green tinted mother of pearl inclosed in a gold rim, and covered with filigree figures in gold. The bonnet represents what they are wearing in Paris and London at present as directoire pokes, but they are not much like the bonnets that were worn in Paris during the [illegible] that followed the period when the guillotine was doing its work cutting off the heads of the pretty and graceful women who wore bonnets and head dresses of a much more exaggerated type, nor are they like the bonnets worn here at present, even by the fashionable few. Here women continue to wear the small pokes, toques, fanchons, capotes, turbans and round hats that are the favorite wear of the women all over the country. Whether they will be induced by midwinter to adopt the big bonnets and large, imposing hats that are [illegible] directoire and empire fashions remains to be seen.

KISSES BY PHONOGRAPH.

Many New Marvels Concerning the S[illegible] Writer.

[illegible]

[illegible] for Lemons

[illegible]

[illegible] Try it and see whether I am right.

Far From Consistent

Mrs. [illegible]sbergh (as the plover is picked up)—"Clarence, I think you are the most brutal, unfeeling, hardened wretch I ever knew! The idea of shooting that poor little inoffensive bird, and, er—ahem—er—er—which side of my hat would you put the wings on?"

A MOTHER'S CRY IN COURT.

"You—You—You Shall Not Kill My Boy."

"This was a cruel murder," said Judge Murphy.

McNulty [illegible] grew more agitated.

"It was unjustifiable and deliberately committed," the Judge continued. "You gave him not a moment's warning, not a chance to make peace with his Maker, not a moment for a single prayer."

Judge Murphy's tones were clear and cold. Perhaps he suppressed any emotion [illegible] scene, but if so he failed.

[illegible] remains," he said, "and that is to pronounce judgment on you. It is ordered that you be given into the custody of the sheriff to be imprisoned in the county jail until the day set for your execution, and that then you—"

The mother was on her feet. McNulty [illegible] his mother clutched the table and trembled. His wife cried softly, and the baby wailed plaintively.

"—Be hanged by the neck—"

"Oh God! My boy [illegible]"

She flung her arms around the condemned man's neck. A deputy sheriff gently drew her away.

"—Until you are dead." A wild shriek rang out, and the hopeless look of agony stood in the mother's eye.

"You—you—you shall not kill my boy," she sobbed. "[illegible] to me. Oh, Johnnie, my child, are you going to leave your old mother?"

"Order in the court." The court [illegible] adjourned yet," cried Judge Murphy.

McNulty stooped and kissed his mother. The tears filled his eyes, but he said nothing and gradually the blood receded from his face, leaving it deathly pale.—*San Francisco [illegible]*

To-day's Canadian [illegible]

Berlin municipal [illegible] will be in the evening.

The Lutheran Synod has sent Rev. F. [illegible], their President, to [illegible] to form a German congregation [illegible]

The Ottawa river is [illegible] between [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Real Husbands.

[illegible]

He Didn't Bounce.

[illegible]

Another [illegible]gement.

[illegible]

[illegible] Himself Away

[illegible]

An Exp[illegible]

[illegible] me what teaches the [illegible]

J. W. Watt, who has [illegible] the boots [illegible] for [illegible] Coal Oil Johnny, the speculator [illegible] operator, now [illegible] wells which gave "Johnny" [illegible] the millions he threw away in riotous living, to [illegible] in the workhouse.

A daughter of Dr. Gatling, famous for his Gatling guns, was recently married to Hugh O. Pentecost, the preacher.

The steamer Stanley, ordered for the winter service between Picton and Prince Edward Island, arrived at Picton yesterday.

Francis Darwin, a son of the late Charles Darwin, has been made university reader [in] botany at Cambridge, Eng.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, DEC. 27 1888.

Just notice the manner in which they pay off church debts in Brampton: "In answer to the appeal of the pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Rev. J. Philp, M.A., for $12,000 towards the extinction of the floating debt as a Christmas thank-offering to God, the congregation put upon the plate the grand sum of $13,911, an amount unequalled by any church in the Dominion at one collection."

Late accounts from Africa, which are considered authentic, inform us that Stanley is safe on the Aruwhimi river, a branch of the great Congo. The telegram states that Emin Bey is with him. Still, it is thought probable that Emin may be in the hands of Osman Digna. Stanley is not out of danger himself, but it is an accepted fact that he has not been made captive.

The Manitoba railway case which was lately tried in Ottawa has been decided in favor of the Manitoba Government. This means that the court has decided that the Manitoba people had a legal right to build their railway and cross the C.P.R., too. Mr. VanHorne intimates that he will continue the fight; but providing the Dominion Government grants a charter, which has been applied for, Mr. VanHorne will consider himself knocked out and will retire from the field. Mr. V.H. is a good fighter, but he fights against fate in this instance.

The letter from Mr. Thos. Kells, in another column, announces that one of the two days' meetings of the Farmers' Institute will be held in Flesherton. The array of talent provided for the occasion ought to draw an immense audience from the surrounding country. Matters of vital importance to farmers will be discussed. We will have something to say on the matter of Farmers' Institutes next week. In the meantime decide that it is very much to your interest to be present.

General News.

Mr. Ogilvie, the missing explorer has at last been heard from, at Victoria, N. W. T.

Owen Sound carried the by law on Friday loaning the Polson Iron Works Co. to the amount of $15,000

Another woman of low character has been found murdered on a street in one of the London suburbs, but she appears to have been strangled

Dr. Tanner, the excitable member for Cork, got himself suspended by the House of Commons Friday night by calling Secretary Balfour a coward and a liar.

The steamer Liet Erickson was burned near Seattle on Monday, and seven lives were lost.

George Sexsmith was killed by an explosion at the ammonia works, Front street Toronto Tuesday

A Zanzibar despatch to The London Telegraph says that all reports from that point regarding the meeting of Stanley and Emin Bay are untrustworthy.

The Mississippi steamer John H. Hanna was burned near Plaquemine, La., early Tuesday morning, and about 30 of her passengers and crew were either burned or drowned.

Advices coming by the way of Zanzibar state that Stanley was at Bonyale, on the Aruwhimi, on August 17th last, after having been with Emin Pasha, and that he was about to leave to join Emin Despatches from St. Thomas, on the west coast, say that Stanley and Emin are now together on the Aruwhimi.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head, How they may be cured at your home. Post free 34. Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St. John Street, Montreal.

Festive Christmas Time.

The Christmas festivities are once more a thing of the past. The Christmas tree is laid away—so is the plum pudding, goose and turkey. It was a dull, dreary Christmas, from an elementary point of view. A green Christmas, a muddy Christmas, and a poor business season it has been. But it was Christmas, nevertheless, and we all enjoyed it. Entertainments throughout the country were numerous. There were tea-meetings, Christmas tree socials, etc. We had the pleasure of attending one of the latter at Union Church, Euphrasia, on Christmas evening, which was one of the most enjoyable of its kind, given by the Sunday School. The two trees fairly groaned under their burdens. Speeches, recitations and a "candle-lecture" by Rev. Mr. Madden made up a rich bill of fare. They know how to "do things" at Union.

TEA AT EUGENIA.

A teameeting was held at Eugenia on Christmas eve, with a view to liquidating the debt contracted in bricking, roofing and otherwise improving the Methodist Church at that place. Rev. Mr. Shilton gave a solid, practical address. J. M. Thurston, of Kimberley gave a short address, and Rev. Mr. Buggin, of Markdale, contributed very largely to the pleasure by his pithy, humorous and interesting remarks. The proceeds of this meeting were about $55, which will set the Eugenia church upon its feet, as it were. Kimberley choir furnished the musical part of the program. Muddy roads prevented a large number from turning out who otherwise would have done so.

ANNIVERSARY IN FLESHERTON.

The only entertainment given in Flesherton was the anniversary services in the Presbyterian Church. The entertainment was most enjoyable, the children furnishing a greater part of the program. A well loaded Christmas tree shed its fruit to the intense enjoyment of a large number of little folk. A cantata, "The Prince of David," was beautifully rendered by the children. This was under the leadership of Mr. J. G. Russell, and reflected much credit upon that gentleman. Besides the cantata there were solos, readings, recitations and dialogues. Among the solos that sung by little Reta Damude was especially fascinating. The clear little childish voice was sweet and true. She was cheered with a regular storm of applause. Little Miss Annie Thompson also sang very sweetly. The proceeds amounted to over fifty dollars.

Victoria Loyal orange lodge No. 144. The brethren of Loyal orange lodge, No. 544, meet in their lodge room on Tuesday, Dec. 18, to celebrate their 38th annual meeting, for the purpose of electing their officers for the ensuming year, when the following brethren were duty elected to their various offices. James Best, Worshipfull Master; William J. Henderson, Deputy Master; Samuel Sheredown, Chaplain; James Thompson, Recording Secretary; John Wright, Financial Secretary; Joseph Blakely, Treasurer; William Sharp, Director of ceremonies; Thomas Blackely, Lecturer; Committee, John Lyons, George Ludlow, Joseph Watson, David A. Stinson, Edward Lomas, Thomas Wauchob, Tyler.

The officers elect were duty installed, and a very pleasant time was spent and all brethern present partook of a grand supper prepared by the Lodge

Manitoba.

From our own Correspondent.

WINTER HAS COME.

According to present appearances since writing you, Mr. Editor, on the 5th inst., Indian summer has to give way to King Winter at last. Sleighing is quite good now, only about four inches of snow, yet as serviceable on this smooth, level, hard frozen ground, as four times four, on uncommon surface, or "in mud." The weather is not very cold. I never in all my previous years, saw such a variety of "furs" worn by human beings. Much of it is very handsome. It is almost a pleasure to have winter come, where men, women, and children, can so well protect themselves against Jack Frost. The people are generally joyous, and courageous, not that shrinking, dreading of the cold here, as in some distant parts of "our" Dominion, where a damper atmosphere prevails, or in the south, in the winter season, where people experience such a heart-searching chilliness, taking all the energy and spirit out of them, as does the intense heat of summer. There is in Manitoba, and this whole Northwest, so much Indian summer, and continuous

SUNSHINE,

moon, and star light, that the winters do not seem very long, also, such a great variety of birds remain. Permit me to change an old stanza to suit the case.

Dear birds, your bower is green, or white!
Throughout the changing year,
Your plumage warm, your spirits light,
You have no sorrow in your song.
(Your stay with us is none too long.)
Few clouded skies to fear.

Again I say to Ontarians, and those farther east, if you are doing middling well stay where you are, if not, come this way, but,

DON'T LEAVE CANADA.

A Temperance mayor was elected yesterday for this city. The "women folks" now have a vote, and they used it "for all that it is worth," with happy result. No doubt, the earnest, faithful, encouraging sermons of the Rev's Crossly and Hunter arousdd the citizens to greater zeal, and activity. "Woman, last at the cross, first at the sepulchre, first to proclaim a risen Saviour," may yet be first to stamp out intemperance from the land.

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, Dec. 12, 1888.

Farmers' Institutes.

To the Editor of The Advance

DEAR SIR—The time is close at hand for holding meetings of the various Farmers' Institues throughout this province, two of which are to be held in our own electoral district, one at Markdale on the 11th of January, the other at Flesherton on the day following

Before sitting down to write you on this matter I had intended to explain to you the object Farmers' Institutes have in view, something of what they have already accomplished, and the great good likely to re ult in the future from the united action of the agriculturalists of this province. But believing that in order to do so I would require too much space in your valuable paper, I shall therefore content myself by sending you a copy of reports and proceedings of the Permanent Central Farmers' Institute of Ontario for the past two sessions, and I think after you carefully peruse the same you will think with me that Farmers' Institutes are very important associations, and that they have a great future ahead of them in advancing the great interests of agricultural communities and the country generally. And as many very important subjects affecting the interests of our people are to be discussed at the coming meetings, I sincerely hope there will be a very large attendance of all classes, especially of farmers. I think I can assure all parties that the program will be highly interesting throughout. The speakers are as follows: Professor Thos. Shaw, and Professor Simpson; likewise J. Mason, M. P. for South Grey; Dr. Sproule, M. P. for East Grey; Dr. Landerkin, M P. for South Grey; D. Creighton, M. P. P. for North Grey; John Blythe, M. P. P. South Grey; Professors T. B. White, and D J. Hunter, both of Loree, and many other local gentlemen will be invited to take part in the proceedings. The first day's meetings will commence at 12 o'clock noon, at Markdale. An evening meeting at the same place 6.30 p.m.

Second day's proceedings will be held at Flesherton, day following, commencing at 10 a.m. and 2 o'clock p.m. Evening meeting at the same place, to commence at 6.30 p.m.

Every effort is being put forth by the managing committee to make the evening meetings particularly interesting. The very best of music will be on hand, and very interesting speeches will be delivered by prominent gentlemen and a special invitation is hereby tendered to the ladies

Further notice will be given.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly

THOS. KELLS, President, C. G. F. I.

Singhampton.

It is our painful duty to announce the sudden death of Mrs. Wm. Pearson, of this place, after a very short and calm illness. A great sympathy is felt for Mr Pearson and his family in their sad bereavement. She led a christian life, and died in the beauty of holiness, and will rise again at the glorious resurrection.

Our neighbor John is suffering from rheumatism of the heart, but I trust will soon be restored to his usual good health.

Glad to learn that Mrs A McLean is fast recovering, and Sandy begins to feel very jolly over it.

J R will be in the field this coming year for councilman. He will hurt Joe, but Quaker or no Quaker he will poll a big vote. I think him a very suitable man for the position. He also intends to erect a large building on the corner lot opposite Mr. Stinson's, to down that of Davy's.

Mr. Joseph Metker is causing some agitation among our framers by asking tenders for the erection of a large barn.

Mr. Fred Roome, of Maxwell, left for Oregon with Messrs. Milnie and Kerr. We wish them all good success.

Mrs. Jane Chapman was buried on Monday in the Badjero's cemetery

FAIR PLAY.

The Children's Invitation.

TO THE NEW YEAR

Come, Happy New Year don't you see,
We've had our Christmas gifts and glee
Yes, and we have had Thanksgiving Day
We ate, we sang, were thankful, gay,
Kind old year now, is almost gone,
We thank him 'cause he stayed so long,
And gave us food, and clothes, and home,
While some poor children's forced to roam,
And without father, mother dear,
The world to them seems dark and drear.
But, Happy New Year, when you come,
We hope you'll bring them friends at home
We'll all be good, yes, every day,
And min I what Pa and Mamma say.
Old year good bye, you need not fear,
Come quickly come, Happy New Year

WM. PURDY

Winnipeg, Dec 26th, 1888

Married.

BLYTHE-WHITE.—At the Manse, Flesherton, on the 28th ult., by Rev. T Watson, Mr. George Blythe of Potaskie, Michigan, to Miss Jennie White, of Artemesia.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 50	to 5 50
Fall Wheat	0 95	1 06
Spring Wheat	0 96	1 00
Barley	0 45	0 55
Oats	0 32	0 34
Peas	0 55	0 58
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 40	7 00
Hay per ton	10 00	11 00
Hides	3 50	4 00
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 09
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies.

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c.; and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1, six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

308 Sewing-Machine FREE

In order to establish the name in a parts to introduce our machines in new localities where we have no agents, we will send **free** to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send **free** a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the **Singer** patents, which have run out, before patents run out is sold for $60, with the attachments, and now sells for $30. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure **free** the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.**

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. [illegible] Scotia and Dominion Banks

Medical.

DR. CARTER.

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON

Office, Strain's Block. Residence J. G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the [illegible] Surgeons, Ontario

Office [illegible] or Atkinson's Hotel

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

[illegible] Graduate of the

[illegible] FLESHERTON [illegible]

[illegible] HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL.

L. D. S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale [illegible] Wednesday

Flesherton every [illegible]

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,

[illegible]

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor [illegible]

MR. FROST will be [illegible] Thursdays and Fridays

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, C. GRAY

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, &c. [illegible] and sale of lands. Appraisements and [illegible] most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Farm or City Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY,

[illegible] CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT., &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES [illegible] and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on short notice. Auction Sales attended to [illegible] County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A FULL SUPPLY OF
CASKETS
—AND—
BURIAL
CASES,
ETC.

A GOOD HEARSE IN CONNECTION

Christmas
1888.

Flesherton Furniture WAREROOMS.

SPECIAL
ATTRACTIONS
FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

—A—

Nice Selection

Reeds and Rattan goods consisting of Gents', Ladies' and Misses' chairs, work baskets, [illegible], etchmatic Easels, nests, etc.

See these goods and enquire prices when you are selecting your

CHRISTMAS
GIFTS.

We have some very handsome
—AND—

Lowpriced
PARLOR and BEDROOM
SUITES.

Bedsteads, Mattresses and Bed Springs.

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

All Kinds
OF
REPAIRING
—AND—
PICTURE FRAMING
PROMPTLY DONE.

All goods carefully packed and delivered a reasonable distance.

Auction Sale
OF VALUABLE
FARM PROPERTY
Situate in the Township of Artemesia in the County of Grey

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage which will be produced at time of sale, there will be offered for sale by

PUBLIC AUCTION
AT
THE SAIEJOHN HOTEL
IN THE
VILLAGE OF EUGENIA
IN THE COUNTY OF GREY ON

THURSDAY, THE 27th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,
At Twelve O'Clock Noon.

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, and Province of Ontario, containing by admeasurement one hundred and two acres, more or less, being composed of [illegible] in the Township of Artemesia aforesaid, and which said lot is supposed to contain one hundred and two acres, more or less.

Terms of Sale

For further particulars, apply to
M. McEACHEN, Q.C., HART & McLENNAN,
Solicitors for Vendor.

Dated this 27th day of November, 1888.

Enlarged and Improved.
THE WEEK:

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON.
PUBLISHER, 5 JORDON ST., TORONTO.

BOAR FOR SERVICE.

MR. Wm. CAMERON, Lot 35, Con 8, Artemesia.

Teacher Wanted!

[illegible] Teacher Wanted for [illegible] Section No. [illegible] Artemesia. Duties to commence after the Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary to

[illegible]
Secretary.

NOTICE!

STRAYED.

NOTICE!

Municipal Notice.

I hereby give notice as follows:

THOS. GAMEY.

BARGAINS!

Lumber will be taken in exchange. Apply to
J. W. ARMSTRONG
Flesherton.

Dec 27th 1888

December Sessions.

[illegible] Tuesday.

Eaton v. Smith—An action for [illegible] Argued [illegible] plaintiff.

McDuffy v. C. P. R.—Plaintiff lives in Glenelg township, and has for neighbors Mr. Campbell and Mr. Beaton. The C. P. R. crosses the three farms. Plaintiff alleged that the part of the three farms which lay back of the railway track had been fenced in and used by the three owners as a common pasture that on the 4th of July last the railway fence in the Beaton farm was burnt, and that on the 25th of July one of plaintiff's colts was killed by a passing train that the value of the colt was $80 or $100. Action dismissed.

Owen v. O'Neagl was discussed on Wednesday afternoon. The prisoner was arrested, and the indictment charged him with breaking into Clarke Price's store at Heathcote Center and with the larceny [illegible] He [illegible] County [illegible] after which the [illegible] and did [illegible] a very strong chain of evidence [illegible]

Heathcote.

Monthly Fairs.

Proseville Monday [illegible]

FREE $25 Solid Gold Watch FREE
Value $100. Cases are [illegible] Best $50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Will be carried Heavy [illegible] and gold cases, with [illegible] and also [illegible] cases, [illegible] One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with an elegant and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express freight, etc. Address Quinton & Co., Box 618, Portland, Maine.

[illegible] CURED by Sutherland's Cure. Warranted cured by Sutherland's Cure. We guarantee

HEARD'S
Carriage Works,
FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

It Pays To

J. G. CARSON

Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

NEW
FALL GOODS!

General Store,
Priceville.

BOOTS AND SHOES

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

Tea, Sugars and General Groceries

General Store, Priceville.
A. McCABE.

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

NOTICE.

[illegible]

Farm for Sale

[illegible] Containing 150 acres [illegible] stables [illegible] new frame house [illegible] stone foundation. This is a magnificent property. Possession immediately. For terms etc. apply to

A. McEACHNIE, Maxwell P.O.

This Year's
MYRTLE
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.

See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

THE PEOPLES GREATEST INTEREST

IT IS AT BLACKB[illegible]

[illegible] BUSINESS AS GEN' RALLY

HOT COFFEE and GOOD LUNCH.

G. H. BLACKB[illegible]

Flesherton Meat Market!

BLAKELY & McCONNELL,
GENERAL
Dealers in fr[illegible] meats, [illegible]

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME, in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only $4 per hundred.

New Hard [illegible]
Parlor

Moore's Block, Durham St.

SALESMEN WANTED [illegible]
Write for terms to CHASE BROS. NURSERY [illegible]

KISS AND EMBRACE.

A United States Politician Proposes that Cousin Canada Shall Marry Cousin Jonathan.

RESOLUTION ON POLITICAL UNION.

A Washington despatch says: Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, has introduced for reference the following joint resolution authorizing the President to negotiate with regard to the unity and assimilation with the United States of the Dominion of Canada, or of one or more of the Provinces thereof:

"Whereas, the citizens of the Dominion of Canada are one with us in race, lineage, history and tradition; and whereas, the resources of the two countries supplement each other and the arteries of commerce, both natural and artificial, are so interlocked and mutually dependent upon each other that they ought to constitute a single system to be one and inseparable; and whereas, the commercial relations between the United States and the Dominion of Canada are and have been strained and unnaturally cramped and in a measure paralysed owing to the inability of the two Governments to establish such a system of international trade and commerce between them as is essential to meet the requirements of the situation; and whereas, the conditions and relations before referred to, as also the geography of the two countries, suggest the impossibility of a just and permanent settlement of the controversies pertaining to the fisheries, boundary and transcontinental trade except by a blending of efforts and interests under one governmental system, and point logically to the necessity and probability of a unity and assimilation between the two nations under one Government.

"Whereas, also, the bonds of sympathy resulting from kinship, race, language, tradition and substantial identity of governmental systems, together with a community of interests based upon commerce and its aids and agencies, are of such a character that such union and assimilation is being discussed and favorably considered by citizens of both nations, and inasmuch as it is believed that its early consummation would be of great advantage to all the citizens and subjects of the two countries, provided the same can be attained in a manner consistent alike with the honor and dignity of the United States and Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada.

"Therefore, with a view to aid in the consummation of what is [illegible] gested, be it resolved by the Senate [illegible] House of Representatives of [illegible] States, in Congress assembled, [illegible] President be, and [illegible] empowered to invite [illegible] the assimilation [illegible] people of the Dominion of [illegible] and the United States under [illegible] Government, such unity and assimilation to [illegible] upon the [illegible] several Provinces of the Dominion, or any one of them, into the Union of States upon terms of equality with the several States now composing the Union, and the assumption by the United States of the total indebtedness of the Dominion of Canada, or a just proportion thereof, [illegible] other equitable terms and [illegible] justice to the [illegible] demand.

"And resolved [illegible] to such negotiations [illegible] the appointment of [illegible] the Government of Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada [illegible] the wisdom and expediency [illegible] justing all controversies and differences which now [illegible] the two Governments, growing out of the fisheries or otherwise, by [illegible] tion as is herein foregoing stated, either as to the whole or any Province or several Provinces of the said Dominion, such negotiations to be conducted with a due regard to the amicable relations which obtain between Great Britain and the United States and the obligat[illegible]"

Gossip of the Dominion.

Kingston Medical College [illegible] 21st for the holidays.

Dufferin County [illegible] estimate the real estate at [illegible]

Three new [illegible] are [illegible] to be in full blast in Montreal.

Collingwood harbor [illegible] earlier than for years past.

Montreal has decided to [illegible] up barber shops and photograph galleries on Sunday.

Over five miles of the roadbed of the C. P. R. west of London are ready for the r[illegible].

The by-law making it compulsory for the Ingersoll Chief of Police to do detective work for the Scott Act has been repealed.

The death rate of [illegible] at present is enormous, among [illegible] people especially. Quite a number of cases of typhoid and scarlet fever and diphtheria are reported.

Luke Coulter, a brakesman on the N. & N. W. Division of the Grand Trunk, had his hand badly crushed at Bradford this week while coupling cars.

Mr. T. H. McGuirl, commercial master in the Collingwood Collegiate Institute, has been appointed commercial and drawing master in the Ottawa Normal School.

Mr. A. F. Ames, B.A., formerly mathematical master of the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, is now Principal of the Riverdale High School, Ill.

At a meeting of the congregation of Dumfries Street Presbyterian Church, Paris, on Thursday afternoon, at which the Rev. Dr. Cochrane presided, Rev. Edward Cockburn, M. A., of Uxbridge, was unanimously elected to the pastoral charge of the congregation.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

"I say, gents," remarked a seedy man to a party, "I ain't no bum. I don't want no rum, I don't wan't nothin' to eat, and I don't want no bed." "Well," said one of the gentlemen, "what is it you want?" "I want," said the man, "money enough to buy a snow shovel." The money was contributed by the "gents," and the seedy man was seen twenty minutes later buying "snow shovels" in a schooner house at Fifth and Vine. *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Do not bathe the baby either in the hour just preceding or following a meal.

INSIGNIFICANT NIAGARA

As Compared With the 2,000 Feet Fall of the Grand in Labrador.

A Quebec despatch says: Marvellous stories are related by the few Montagnais and Nascopee Indians who have penetrated far into the interior of Labrador respecting a cataract beneath whose terrific leap Niagara pales into insignificance. But one white man has ever seen these falls, and the Indians' ideas of measurement and distances are so imperfect that even where their stories agree it is exceedingly difficult to deduct from them anything like reliable data. An expedition lately undertaken by Randle F. Holme, F. R. G. S., and H. Duff, fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, to explore the interior of Labrador and investigate these falls, unfortunately failed in its object, the explorers having been misled by erroneous calculations as to distances and the exact location of the cataract, and compelled to return in consequence of running short of provisions. They got so near to the object of their expedition, however, that they were enabled, from the general configuration of the country, to form what must be a tolerably correct estimate as to both the location and magnitude of the cataract. This estimate agrees with the description of the Grand Falls furnished by Maclean, who visited them in 1839, and whose further progress into the interior was stopped by them. He gives the width of the river immediately above the falls at 1,500 feet, but says that the cataract itself is not more than 150 feet across. The height of the falls he estimates at 2,000 feet. This estimate is endorsed by a half-breed named Kennedy, met by Messrs. Holme and Duff in the interior, and who, thirty years before, was in charge of Fort Nascopee on Lake Petchikapon. One of the chief difficulties encountered by explorers desirous of reaching the falls is the obstinate refusal of the Labrador Indians to approach them. They believe them to be haunted, and think it impossible to look upon them and live. Kennedy was conducted to them by an old Indian named Louis over the Fire, who, being an Iroquois, does not share the superstitious belief of the Montagnais and Nascopees. Messrs. Holme and Duff were principally misled by the erroneous estimates and calculations as to distances [illegible]

[illegible]

AN OWL INDEED.

A Wounded Monster that Ate Mr. Orlando Seamons' Ducks.

A Parish (N.Y.) despatch says: [illegible] weeks ago Orlando Seamons, a farmer living here, found a duck in his barnyard dead and partly eaten. He thought the slayer was a coon, and so he borrowed a steel trap of his neighbor, George Thayer, and set it near the remains of the duck. The next morning the trap and duck were both gone. Seamons got Thayer's coon dog and tried to run the track, but the dog [illegible] around and lay down with an expression of contempt on his countenance. Nothing further was seen until a week ago, when Thayer found a duck torn to pieces under the shed in his barnyard. Thayer is an old trapper and hunter, and he did not take any stock in the coon theory. After dark the next night he set a trap near the remains of the duck. The next morning the trap was still set, but the duck had been dragged to one side and more was eaten off it. He then set three traps about the duck, and early next morning he had the culprit, an enormous old owl. He had got one toe in one of the traps Thayer had set, and upon the other foot was a trap—the one lent Seamons with the chain broken. The owl was also caught in another of the traps set by Thayer, so that he was held by three traps, and they were none too much. His toes were as large as a man's finger, and the trap on his leg, which would break a muskrat's leg, had not broken the skin. His wings measure six feet from tip to tip, and his head is twice as large as the Sun's office cat's. He had not been bothered to carry a steel trap for five weeks and earn a living besides. Mr. Thayer has him chained up in a barn, and is feeding him upon all the delicacies of the season.

The following incident occurred at the battle of Bull Run. In the heat of the action an officer, who has since become prominent and well known throughout the country, was then in command of a brigade on the right of the line. While riding over the field he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The general rode up to him, inquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join it at once. The man looked him full in the face, placed a thumb upon his nose and replied: "Oh, no, you don't, old fellow. You want this hole for yourself."

We are not made happy by saying we received more presents than we did.

MARRIED IN HER MIND.

Mrs. Helen C. Field Weds Mr. Windsor but He Doesn't Know It—She Had "Manifestations" at Midnight.

A Wichita, Kan., despatch says: A strange case of delusion, real or pretended, was brought to light in the Probate Court to-day, when Mrs. Helen C. Field was tried as to her sanity at the instigation of Perry Windsor, a prominent society man and manager of a leading loan and mortgage company here, to whom Mrs. Field imagines that she is married.

Mrs. Field's mother testified that during last June and July her daughter had been very sick and acted very queerly. She then insisted that she was engaged to Mr. Windsor, and one day went to his place of business and on her return told her mother that they were to be married that afternoon.

"HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID.

Mrs. Field dressed herself in a white dress and stood on the front porch that afternoon awaiting the coming of the groom. Mr. Windsor did not appear, of course, but she continued to dress herself in the same fashion for two days, and then her mother went to Mr. Windsor and asked him if he intended wedding her widowed daughter. The gentleman said he had no such intention. He added that he had been receiving anonymous letters and postal cards and also little packages of flowers, etc., from Mrs. Field, containing allusions to certain matters of which he had no knowledge, and that he wanted it stopped. It was then that Mrs. Field's mother concluded that her daughter was insane, and going home she told her what Mr. Windsor said, and advised her daughter to drop the matter. Mrs. Field seemed to give up the idea.

Nothing strange was noticed in her manner from July until about six weeks ago, when she again began to talk of signs and manifestations and connected Mr. Windsor's name with them. She would watch the window for a passing buggy, and on seeing the one containing her supposed lover would say:

"There is another sign. The marriage will now soon be consummated."

[illegible]

About this time she also began to talk of the Church and said she would not allow her lover to come between her and her God, as she thought he wished to. She would dress in her best and go to church at 10 or 11 o'clock at night and sit there, and on returning home would say a portion of the marriage ceremony had been performed.

Last Sunday night she went to church and sat some time. On returning she said part of the marriage ceremony had been performed and that in a few days it would end. Last Wednesday [illegible] she went [illegible]. She soon returned [illegible] said that the matter would be settled this week.

[illegible] she made another trip. On two different Sundays she dressed and awaited her lover to be married.

Mr. Windsor, the plaintiff, said that he met Mrs. Field about two years ago in a business way. Shortly afterward he began to get anonymous postal cards and letters, which considerably annoyed him. [illegible] letters and packages [illegible] with Mrs. Field's name [illegible] he had no [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] letters received. Mr. Windsor [illegible] wrote to Mrs. Field to [illegible], and after her mother had [illegible] under letters [illegible] stop.

About that time he was informed that there was a blackmailing scheme being worked by Mrs. Field, and he was asked if he was engaged to her. He, of course, said no. His idea was that the blackmailing theory was correct, and he took precautions accordingly.

Some of Mrs. Field's letters and notes were produced in court. One was a card giving Mr. Windsor free passage over the [illegible] Street Railway," and signed "Helen C. Field, Manager."

[illegible]

A letter written last spring said that she understood from "manifestations" that he was too ill to come to his office, but that if he would call on her it would be all right and she would waive formalities with pleasure.

About ten days ago he received her photograph, and three days ago he returned it by request. He had not spoken to her since last summer, and he never noticed her on the street. He had never spoken to her of marriage.

Mrs. Helen C. Field, when put on the stand, said the whole affair was all a mistake," and that she had misunderstood the [illegible]

The jury brought in a verdict of "not sane."

Personal Points.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, although now an octogenarian, is in excellent health and just as bright and witty as he ever was.

Lord Sherbrooke, better known as Robert Lowe, the English statesman, is reputed to be worth $10,000,000. He began life as a college tutor.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Pritchard, a former Boston girl, to Baron Von Schroeder, an officer of the Imperial Guard of Berlin.

Waldemere, the famous Bridgeport residence of P. T. Barnum, has been sold, and will be turned into a summer hotel. Mr. Barnum will, however, continue to reside in Bridgeport.

Sam Small describes those members of the church whose practices do not correspond with their professions as the pillar-shams of the church. Such people are not necessary to bolster up a cause.

Mr. David Loevi, of New York, named his infant son Benjamin Harrison and received this neat note from the President elect: "Let me express the hope that the way in life of the child may be pleasant and that the name which has been assigned without his consent may at least not impede his success in life."

Sir Morell Mackenzie's oratorical feat at Edinburgh last week almost surpassed the recent performance of Lord Salisbury. Within 40 hours he delivered three lectures and managed to attend two receptions and one large dinner party.

A QUEER WILL

Which Has Been Broken in Favor of Relatives.

The intentions of many testators have been rendered nugatory, less by any informality in the manner in which their wills were drawn than by the essentially fantastic and impracticable nature of the bequests themselves—bequests to which, in the interests of public policy or of social propriety, it was found inexpedient to give legal sanction. To this last category must now be added the provisions of the will made by the late Rev. William Wight, of the Arab's Tent, Chiselhurst, Eng., which was finally adjudicated upon by Mr. Justice Chitty. The deceased cleric had given instructions for the endowment of a female college of a certainly novel and not unattractive kind, since its object was to train ladies for the important duties of wives, house mistresses and mothers. Woman, the reverend gentleman proceeded didactically to observe, should be something more useful and more noble than a doll, a butterfly or a plaything for her husband. To carry out his generous aspirations the eccentric Mr. Wight propounded a scheme two of the features of which were that the young ladies who were to be trained to become exemplary wives, housemistresses, and mothers should rise very early and resort to salutary, the but not always convenient use of the cold bath. He further provided for quarterly conversaziones at this hymeneal college, and directed that two-thirds of the invitations should be sent to single gentlemen. He also directed that his remains should be buried in his garden, next to the grave of a dog named Labrador, for which animal he seems to have entertained a peculiar affection. The court, however, held these bequests to be illegal, and Mr. Justice Chitty made an order for the distribution of the property among the next of kin. Of the thorough impracticability of the plans laid down by the well meaning but eccentric testator there can be no reasonable doubt. Long ago the poet told us of ladies who at their demise left their wealth to endow a "college or a cat," and it would have been quite feasible for Rev. Mr. Wight to bequeath the whole of his property, had he so chosen, to the Royal Holloway College or to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As it is, the will which has been upset will remain only as a monument of futile generosity and misdirected anxiety to do good.

A TOUGH'S END.

Supposed to Have Shot Himself—His "Honorable" Career.

A last Friday night's Amherstburg despatch says: A shooting affair occurred near Gordon Post office in Anderdon, on Wednesday, which resulted in such injuries to Vincent McQuade, a well known tough, as will result in his death. About 9 o'clock, when all but himself were absent from the house, a report was heard, and when friends rushed in they found McQuade lying in the doorway leading from the dining room to the kitchen, with a horrible wound in the head, from which blood flowed very freely, while a double barrelled shotgun lay at his feet. The wound is eight inches long by four inches wide, extending backward from about an inch above the left eyebrow, and there is a break of about the size of a silver dollar in the skull. The doctors state that the patient may live a few days though his death will assuredly result. It is not known whether it was an accident or suicide, or if any other person had any hand in the affair. The gun must have been near his face when the shot was fired, as traces of powder were [illegible] on his face. A portion of the charge of shot lodged in the ceiling. At last reports the patient still hovered between life and death. McQuade was an adopted child of Patrick McQuade, having been taken from the church steps when an infant, and is about 25 years of age. He had borne a hard name for many years past, being almost continually in trouble with somebody, and he has been repeatedly before the courts. At the time of the affair his wife and her father were in a lawyer's office here, getting out an information for his arrest, he having that morning fearfully abused his wife, who is a good looking woman whom he married in Detroit. Her father, Thos. Beaty, lately from Virginia, was then endeavoring to secure McQuade's arrest for enticing his daughter from her home, she being under 16 years of age, for which the Dominion statutes provide a penalty of fourteen years' imprisonment. A few days ago McQuade and his stepfather had a dispute, when he threatened to shoot the old man, but the old man got the drop on him first, the ball cutting his clothing in its course. Last week McQuade also had an ear split in two by a razor in the hands of a colored man with whom he was fighting.

A Plea for Sleep.

Dr. C. Pollock, in the *Chautauquan*: A healthy baby for the first two years or so spends most of its time in sleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four or five years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner, and it should be put to bed at 6 or 7 in the evening and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours. Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six or eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life be cut short at an early age.

The Blindness of Love.

"Is love blind?" asked little Johnny, as Merritt and his sister came into the room, looking very innocent.

"Yes, my dear," replied his mother.

"If that's so," persisted the young fiend. "How could Mr. Merritt see when Cora got under the mistletoe?" And she called him her love, too.

CUSTODY OF CHILDREN.

Father vs. Mother—Habits of Father—Difference in Religious Belief.

An interesting case—*re* Dickson—was decided by Mr. Justice Street at Osgoode Hall on Tuesday. One Arthur Dickson applied for a *habeas corpus* with a view of obtaining an order to have his two infant children, who were under the age of 5 and 3 respectively, delivered to him by their mother, his wife. The learned Judge was satisfied from the affidavits that the applicant was a man of drunken habits, that he had on more than one occasion beaten his wife, that she was justified in leaving him on account of his ill-treatment, and that his habits and conversation rendered him unfit to have the charge of the children. He was not satisfied that there were not faults on the part of the wife also, but said that she at all events was a moral and sober woman. The father said that if the children were given to him he would place them under the care of his mother and sister; but the mother and sister said they were neither able nor willing to take charge of them. On the other hand, the mother of the children was living with her own mother, who said that she was able and willing to maintain them, and the judge thought they were in good hands where they were, and well clothed and properly fed and cared for. "Having regard to the welfare of these infants," said Judge Street, "and to the conduct of the parents, I think that the mother should have their custody for the present. * * * It is urged that the father has a right to have the children brought up as Presbyterians, and that their mother and her mother are both members of the Salvation Army. A perusal of the evidence leads me to the conclusion that as between the religious training to be at present expected from the father and that of the Salvation Army, I should choose the latter. When the children are older, the father may have a right to raise this question again; but at present it does not appear to be a pressing one, owing to the tender age of the children."

MISS CARRIE F. JUDD'S SPINE.

She Tells the Christian Workers at Chicago How the Lord Healed It.

The Christian Workers of Chicago held their annual gathering last week in the First Methodist Church. Rev. John Morrow, of Pittsburg, presided at both the morning and afternoon sessions. An address was made by Miss Carrie F. Judd, of Buffalo, who told how simple faith in Jesus Christ had restored her to health and strength. She related in her address, and afterward in detail to the reporter, the story of her illness. At the age of 15 she was stricken with a nervous malady. Her spine became affected. At the end of a few months she was obliged to take to her bed. She was helpless and confined to the bed for two years. She wasted away until she weighed only 85 pounds. By the power of prayer she had been restored to health and strength in a single night. Miss Judd, as she stood upon the platform, presented an appearance of robust and vigorous womanhood. She had never had a return of her trouble and had no fear that she ever would.

The afternoon session was opened with a testimony meeting, at which several told of having been cured of a variety of afflictions through their faith in Jesus Christ. One young man had been relieved in a single night of a [illegible] of spinal [illegible] and was a firm believer in the power of Christ to heal from all sin and disease.

Miss Judd then read a number of passages from the Scripture, in which it was plainly stated that by prayer and praise to God and an abiding faith in the truth of His promises all evils and illness that flesh is heir to can be removed. She said that once since her wonderful cure she had fallen and severely injured her knee, but that when she had said "Dear Lord, please make it well," she [illegible] firmly and constantly [illegible] been once removed.

Mrs. Shaw, the Whistler.

In conversation with a friend of Mrs. Shaw a correspondent learned that an observation of the lady's palate discloses a long, narrow, tube like vault, a peculiarity shared by all prominent vocalists. Her naturally long, slender waist developing into a bust, chest and shoulders of charming symmetry affords exceptional capacity for sustained and easy breathing. She has a quick ear for the intricacies of sound and reads readily at sight, and finds that what is once learned she never forgets. She experienced at first that difficulty so troublesome to the player upon brass instruments the flabby embouchure. Her chest, from bust to throat and shoulder to shoulder, has become wonderfully developed, and is unusually firm to the touch. She cannot whistle on an empty stomach, nor bear the least constriction about the waist, yet without a corset she could not whistle at all. Her throat must be loosely dressed, and she finds considerable increase in the fulness of neck. One advantage Mrs. Shaw shares with no whistler, amateur or professional, is that of looking at her very best while she whistles. Her face remains absolutely free from contortion, grimace or wrinkles. She says she has a sensation as of "grasping the notes" when she takes them on her lips. She needs fresh, cool air to do her best, and only becomes wearied in close, heated rooms.

Undertaker Wanted.

Wanted—In Indian territory, an undertaker. Must be able to kill his man before burying him. Wesley Barnett, a desperado, is now cooped up with a strong party in the Creek Nation and has a coffin made, which he keeps in his room in anticipation of his death. He has issued a defiance to the United States authorities, announcing that his coffin is ready, if he is killed, and daring the officers to come and put him in.—*Sunnyside.*

A curious incident in deer hunting is vouched for by a sportsman lately returned from the Maine woods. A party of hunters in a sledge on Lake Molunous saw ahead of them a large deer. Immediately there was a race over the ice, the sledge speeding across the lake at a rate impossible to the hunted animal. Suddenly the sledge met an obstacle and stopped. It was the deer, which had not only been overtaken but had been impaled upon one of the runners of the sledge. Its further capture was an easy matter.

My Girl.

A little corner with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth so pearly white
A little rubber ring to bite

[illegible] little plate all lettered round
[illegible] little rattle to resound.
A [illegible] creeping—see! she stands!
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair
A little willow rocking chair
A little dress of richest hue
A little pair of gaiters blue

A little school day after day
A little schoolma'am to obey
A little study—soon 'tis past—
A little graduate at last

A little muff for winter weather
A little jockey hat and feather
A little sack with funny pockets
A little chain, a ring and lockets

[illegible]

Content.

[illegible]

When.

[illegible]

TOUCHING WORDS.

The Empress Frederick on the Life and Death of Her Husband.

The following is a part of the letter written by the Empress Frederick which is published as an introduction to the memorial volume of her husband, prepared by Rennell Rodd:

"As you knew him in sunny days when he was the picture of life and health, as well as in the last sad year when that life was overshadowed by illness, I thought none would be better able than you to undertake the task of writing a short biography [illegible] which may make his name better known to the English [illegible] for whom he had so great a love, admiration and veneration, and which [illegible] and so [illegible] sympathetic [illegible]. I feel sure that the life of a [illegible] noble man must be interesting to [illegible] example so bright and pure can only do good.

"Those in humble ways [illegible] denied many of [illegible] by the rich, to whose lot [illegible] things of [illegible] imagine that the [illegible] bear great struggles [illegible] and tears are only for them. These [illegible] differently [illegible] borne with such patience and duty so cheerfully performed while sickness was undermining the strength of the strong man, they will be able to enter in some degree into the depths of regret and disappointment felt by a ruler who loved his people at being unable to carry out the long cherished plans for their welfare that he had so much at heart; they will [illegible] with admiration at the courage with which, when the shades of death were hanging over his path, he strode steadfastly along to the end.

"Grief and pain come alike to all; broken hearts are to be found in palaces as well as in cottages, and the bond of brotherhood seems strongest when love and pity unite all hearts, and reverence for what is good lifts up our souls. May this little history of the good and useful life of the Emperor Frederick appeal to the hearts of those who read it, and be as it were a greeting from him to his fellow sufferers in the hospital, to whom I so earnestly desire to do a small service; and to which you have so kindly promised to devote your pen. Yours sincerely, Victoria."

The Kansas Small Boy.

When Chaplain McCabe was in Kansas on a tour endeavoring to raise $1,000,000 for missions, a little boy heard his appeal and thinking of the large sum he had to raise, determined to help him. The first chance he had early in the week he gathered a basketful of chestnuts, which he sold for 5 cents. He sent this to Mr. McCabe with the note: "If you want any more let me know."—*Christian Inquirer.*

Answer, Noah.

Bright Boy—Mr. Withers, was every living thing except what went into the ark drowned in the flood?

Mr. Withers—Yes, everything.

Bright Boy—Fishes?

Beet Juice and Beauty.

Certain young women in Old Hurley use beet juice to heighten the charms of their complexions.—*Kingston N.Y. Freeman.*

A kingfisher attacked a black blass near Orlando, Fla. The bird sank its talons into the bass, intending to carry the fish off, but the task was too great, and, as the bird could not free itself, the bass found little trouble in drowning it.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It is announced that there are 20,000 professional criminals in New York city.

Snow drifts are three feet deep in Monroe County, Pa., while we, in the Niagara Peninsula, are enjoying Indian summer. But our Yankee neighbors continue to label the Dominion "snow bound Canada."

The west front of St. Albans Cathedral, England, presents what is said to be a unique specimen of ecclesiastical art—the head of an angel with whiskers. The angel is the counterfeit presentment of the late Lord Grimthorpe.

A [illegible] has been appointed professor of woodcarving in a western college. "Her first labors," says some droll person in the Baltimore *American*, "should be to teach the young ladies how to sharpen a lead-pencil."

Robert Smith, inventor of the railroad ticket, has just died in England. In the early days of British railroading receipts were given for travelling fares. Smith, then a railroad employee at Birmingham, hit upon the idea of the ticket.

There is a bronze group of a lioness and her cubs in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, that is an object of terror to every horse driven near it, so realistic is the sculptor's work. Last week it caused six runaways, and the Park Commissioners have, therefore, ordered its removal.

[illegible] physicians are endeavoring to induce her to depart from her present mournful seclusion and to mingle to some extent in the world. Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice [illegible] easily [illegible].

A London correspondent tells [illegible] the [illegible] persons who play leading parts in the Parnell [illegible] chief [illegible] Sir James Hannen, [illegible] chief defendant, Mr. Parnell, are both virtually vegetarians. Mr. Parnell has to avoid meat largely, and [illegible] at luncheon time is a glass of hot lemonade.

It is too apt to be the case that when well-to-do folks have made a Christmas offering to Saint Charity their consciences are quieted for the rest of the year. Not so with good Rebecca Roberts [illegible] of New York who, [illegible] a little while ago, left a half-million dollars to be used in giving poor women and children an outing when midsummer sunbeams beat the housetops.

[illegible] the famous elephant now at Cincinnati, is as bad as he is big. He has killed [illegible] keepers [illegible] and Sullivan, and now though he weighs [illegible] pounds and is worth [illegible] a pound, he himself is to be killed. The Robinsons are said to have decided to shock him to death by an electric current as thick and strong as a lightning stroke.

"How can I become a good mechanic?" [illegible] says: "The watchword of advance is, think. Think in all times and places. Remember that one hour's earnest thought upon a subject on which you have been reading is worth ten extra hours of reading upon it. The mechanic who will persistently study and think of his business will not drown. He will certainly come to the front even though he were confined in the walls of a prison."

[illegible]

[illegible] in the United States [illegible] half of bread.

[illegible] says the New York [illegible] eight or ten colored physicians who [illegible] a good practice in their profession [illegible] colored race, for several of them have a profitable [illegible] patients and at least one of them is a favorite with wealthy white [illegible]. Most of them are graduates of [illegible] medical schools and they find that their white professional brethren are perfectly willing to hold consultations with them in [illegible] cases.

Mrs. [illegible] formerly of Chicago, and [illegible] of the murdered millionaire, Snell, has taken herself to New York for the winter with her maids and her children. She says that people have no idea of the annoyances to which she and her mother have been subjected since the tragedy. They have been beset by detectives anxious to hunt down the murderer, and have received no fewer than 90,000 begging letters from all parts of the world.

Verestchagin, the Russian painter, when presented to the art students of the Normal College in New York the other day, said: "Young ladies, you are indeed very charming, and, in accordance to one of our Russian customs, I would like to salute you all individually. But since I cannot, I will kiss Professor [illegible] instead, and he will give you the kiss in my place," and suiting the action to the word, he turned to the blushing and dignified professor and, with a hand on each shoulder, imprinted a resounding smack on his cheek.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are thus pictured by the London *Daily News* as they appeared on the platform on the occasion of their recent visit to Birmingham. Both were in evening dress, she charmingly attired in crimson silk, black lace and diamonds, and carrying a swansdown fan. Mr. Gladstone, with the customary camelia in his coat, "his dress shirt open at the neck for strong oratorical efforts," and the way of his white tie thus made easy for its customary journey to the side of the neck in the course of his coming oration.

Since "Robert Elsmere" has become so famous a novel, it may be interesting to know the Harpers' copy readers unanimously condemned the book when it was offered that house for publication. They objected to it both because of its length and because, being in sense a religious novel, it demonstrated no new principle, and whether it was intended as a commentary and justification of Matthew Arnold or not, it merely illustrated a fact in intellectual and moral life that had been sufficiently illustrated already and was well recognized.

In anticipation of the proposed utilization of a large part of the sewage of Paris by irrigation on the fields of Asnieres, a commission appointed by the French Senate recently visited the irrigation fields at Berlin. These are now in working order and furnish the most extensive example of sewage purification by irrigation in the world. Berlin now contains more than thirteen hundred thousand inhabitants, having trebled in population in the last twenty years. In the [illegible] tricts the cesspool is still used [illegible] whole of the closely built portion of the city, containing [illegible] thoroughly sewered, and all waste [illegible] from this part of the population are [illegible] by water to the pumping stations [illegible] which they are distributed to the irrigation fields.

On a street car [illegible] was a [illegible] bowed to the popular [illegible] and yellow covered copy of [illegible]—that [illegible]

[illegible]

ROYALTY'S LIBERAL [illegible]

[illegible] New Housekeeper [illegible] Looks Forward [illegible]

[illegible] presents [illegible] are [illegible] generous [illegible] and [illegible] the Royal [illegible] the Queen is to [illegible] Crown Prince of Austria [illegible] and other personages are likely to be [illegible] Her Majesty's guests. There will be [illegible] the visit of the Emperor William either at [illegible] or early in July. The [illegible] trouble and [illegible] which the arrival of royal guests from abroad always involves are, however, compensated by the presents they distribute and the scale upon which these are dispensed by a wealthy sovereign may be judged from the fact that when the late Emperor Nicholas visited the Queen at Windsor in 1844 he left £1,000 for the servants at the castle and also gave £500 and a parure of diamonds worth £1,000 to the then housekeeper, and twelve gold snuff boxes, with his portrait set in diamonds, to the lords, grooms and equerries in waiting.

Not Too Tame.

[illegible] able excitement was created in Rich[illegible], Eng., lately. At first it was rumored that a lion had escaped from a [illegible] which was stationed in the market place, then it was rumored that a child had been worried by a lion, and there was quite a panic, it being the market day. The real facts were soon revealed when Mr. Robert Chandler was seen carrying in his arms the apparently lifeless body of his little daughter Alice. The child's face was covered with blood and its eyes appeared to be coming out of their sockets. It seems the child had been taken into the show by an elder sister, who was carrying her in her arms. As they were passing the lion's cage a man stumbled against them, and the ferocious beast took advantage by suddenly seizing the child's face in its claws, then made an effort to reach it with its mouth. Some men rushed to the rescue, but not before the child's face and [illegible] were frightfully torn. She lives, but is in a very precarious state.

A force of 100 men is employed upon the Canadian Ship Canal at the Soo, surveying the site of the canal and clearing it for the actual digging, which occurs next spring.

The Pope says that he thinks the good health he has enjoyed for the past 20 years is due to the regularity with which he has lived.

A DREAM OF WILD BEES.

A Bit by Olive Schreiner—Ralph Iron.

A mother sat alone at an open window. Through it came the voices of the children as they played under the acacia trees and the breath of the hot afternoon air. In and out of the room flew the bees, the wild bees, with their legs yellow with pollen, going to and from the acacia trees, droning all the while. She sat on a low chair before the table and darned. She took her work from the great basket that stood before her on the table: some lay on her knee and half covered the book that rested there. She watched the needle go in and out; and the dreary hum of the bees and the noises of the children's voices became a confused murmur in her ears as she worked slowly and more slowly. Then the bees, the long-bodied wasp-like fellows who make no honey, flew closer and closer to her head, droning. Then she grew more and more drowsy, and she laid her hand, with the stocking over it, on the edge of the table and leaned her head upon it. And [illegible]

[illegible] grew more and more dreamy [illegible] came [illegible] far, now near [illegible] then she did [illegible]

[illegible] for her sleeping babe. Bent forward and resting there with the bees [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] stay! [illegible] many [illegible] More [illegible] own [illegible] response [illegible]

"He shall succeed [illegible]"

He said: "He [illegible] runs with others [illegible] before him. For [illegible] to him and stra[illegible] him and he must wait and listen. And this shall be the strongest [illegible] across the burning sands where to [illegible] there is only the desert's waste, he sees a blue sea. On that [illegible] always, and the water is [illegible] as burning amethyst, and the foam is white on the shore. A great land rises from it and [illegible] shall see upon the mountain [illegible]"

The mother said [illegible]
And he sm[illegible]
She said [illegible]
And he said: "Who is real [illegible]"
And she looked up between his [illegible] closed eyelids, and said: "Truth."
And he leaned forward and laid his [illegible] upon the sleeper and whispered [illegible] singing [illegible] shall be thy reward: that the ideal [illegible] be real to thee."

The mother slept on heavily and [illegible] brain picture vanished [illegible] world.

Time-tried, Truely Tested.

Tried for years, severely tested and still growing in popular favor and use, is the record enjoyed by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the little sugar-coated laxative granules, sold by druggists, antibilious and cathartic.

Rebecca E. Robertson, recently dead in New York, left half a million to provide a free brief summer outing for poor people of that city.

TERRIBLE RAVAGES OF DIPHTHERIA.

Dr. Lehmann Returns From His Trip With [illegible]

Dr. Lehmann, who visited the [illegible] Bay, Ont., district for the Provincial Board of Health to ascertain the extent and cause of the [illegible] of diphtheria which has been [illegible] there, has returned to Toronto. In the [illegible] Bay district he found [illegible] cases [illegible] and four deaths [illegible] Bay he returned [illegible] and from there travelled [illegible] French River. Through [illegible] diphtheria prevailed [illegible] cases were reported and [illegible] occurred so far as could [illegible] medical attendance [illegible] districts. There is a [illegible] and one at French River [illegible] but there are none [illegible] causes of the disease were [illegible] pure drinking water and bad sanitary arrangements. The settlers [illegible] wells only a few feet in depth [illegible] ground and were not very particular as to how they disposed of refuse. [illegible] well drained the soakage [illegible] sage. So sparsely settled are [illegible] that no local Board of Health [illegible] organized. Lately, however, the ravages of the disease have abated. At [illegible] eighteen cases have so far been [illegible] [illegible] deaths. [illegible] the towns [illegible] [illegible] that company has control [illegible] sanitary arrangements of the [illegible] [illegible] and supply medical [illegible] [illegible] warning for the [illegible] very careless.

[illegible] Wise—For Sharp Eyes

[illegible] and hard-aught [illegible] Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery [illegible] sands have been [illegible] otherwise would now be [illegible] For all liver [illegible] lung diseases [illegible] specific.

His First Financial Lesson.

[illegible] I want to buy [illegible] to the candy store. [illegible] offer the man a liberal sum [illegible] for the [illegible] of the candy, [illegible] of stock, sell one-half [illegible] parties pay the man his money, [illegible] will have [illegible] the store. See?

[illegible]

Little Leaves of Soap

[illegible]

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.
Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.
[illegible]

SALESMEN [illegible]
Wages $[illegible] per day [illegible] Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR SALE,

A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine.

WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

TIMES PRINTING CO.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

[illegible]
BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

Saws! Saws!

Cross-Cut Cross-Cut

AND AXES

Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having five gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined siller steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you Another line I would particularly call yonr attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

The editor of the Meaford Monitor has taken the C. P. R. agency for Meaford.

Meaford Mirror :—A dressed hog sold by Mr. E. Chapel, of St. Vincent, to Mr. D. Smith this week weighed 480 lbs.

Mt. Forest Confederate ;—A sad accident occurred on Wednesday the 12th, in Proton. Mr. John Harvey and his hired man was chopping in the bush, when a lodged tree fell on Mr. Harvey and killed him almost instantly. He is an old settler and was a quiet and inoffensive man. He was buried on Friday, the 14th, at Mount Forest Cemetery.

Hanover Post :—On Monday the case of The Singer Sewing Machine Co. vs. Zimmerman was tried before Justice Proctor and dismissed. The defendant, who lives in Neustadt, got a sewing machine from plaintiffs, giving in exchange an old machine, $12 cash and a lien note for some thirty odd dollars. Not being able to meet the demands of the plaintiffs, and the machine not being on the premises, defendant was brought before the J. P. The machine was subsequently procured which the representatives of the company can get by giving up the lien note a document they have not seen since it was issued nor know anything about. V. Lang defended the case.

Durham Chronicle :—At an early hour last Friday a sensational little episode occured at the corner of Garafraxa and Lampton streets and which attracted quite a crowd of early risers and travellers. The centre of the scene was a young man of about thirty, a middle aged woman, his mother, and her daughter a little girl about 12 or 14 years of age. The trio stood beside a sleigh which was headed toward the station with the object of conveying them there in time for the first train. The little girl wouldn't go, not a bit of it. Her mother coaxed her in vain, and persuasion failing tried force but the child clung desparately to the sleigh box and screamed with a vehemence that left no mistake as to her repugnance, "I won't go, I'll die first." She didn't go nor did she die, but broke away from her mother and running up Lampton street was taken in charge by another of her brothers, who had came into town, as it so happened, with a passenger for the train, and was by him taken off to his home where she now is. The key to the situation is this : The woman parted from her husband some years since and moved down country where she is now living. She wants her daughter to live with her, but the child won't, preferring to remain with her father and brothers.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Alex Nevin is rushing business in the swamp this winter, taking out ties and sawlogs and rails and other things too numerous to mention. He was down below all summer until the cold weather set in, and then like the wild geese he turned his head towards a warmer climate and never stopped until he reached his own cabin in the bush.

Mr Hugh McLean is taking out timber for a barn he is going to build in the spring. That is right, Hughy, build a house next and then bring her home.

Red Sandy had a big wood bee a short time ago and he got a heap of wood cut. The boys worked hard, for they expected a good time at night and they got it too, thanks to Mr. Latham, fiddler, and L. Frook, caller off.

Mr. W. Blakeston is going on a visit to his brother who lives in Michigan. He is going to make good use of the Christmas holidays. We wish him a pleasant trip and a safe return.

Mrs. Alex Ferguson, of Dakota, is over visiting her many friends here, all of whom were very happy to see her. She gives a glowing account of the far west.

Mr John and T. Ferguson intend spending the greater part of this winter in the bush, as they have quite a number of jobs of wood at 23 cents per cord, but they dont split nor pile it. They are all right.

Mr. Editor, I suppose you would like to know what locality this batch of items came from, or, in short, where Balsam Valley is. It is about three miles south of Priceville, and half a mile from Muddy Valley. It is not much of a place yet ; it is not marked by any magnificent domes or spires, not even a small tombstone, but never mind, it will grow.

OBEN

You can have the Toronto daily World and Advance one year for only $2.50 A daily and a weekly for only $2 50 ! Think of it !

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✢ A Painless Cure.

FACTS FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, seminal weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, imnutrition, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendents of insane asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of early vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, the result of ignorance and folly, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Treatise in Book Form on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

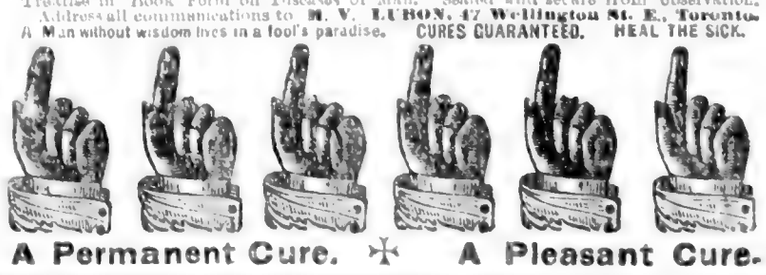

A Permanent Cure. ✢ A Pleasant Cure.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 392. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

CALL AT

RICHARDSON'S Drug Store

AND SEE HIS STOCK OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR

Xmas and New Year's

PRESENTS

BEFORE YOU PURCHASE ELSEWHERE. HE HAS THE

LARGEST ASSORTEMENT IN TOWN,

—BOTH—

Useful and Ornamental.

Albums. Satchels, Purses, Cards, Books, Toys, Sweets, etc.

OVER 500 LBS. OF SWEETS JUST IN.

A merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year to ALL.

Wm. RICHARDSON.

The Publishing and Patent Offices of the Scientific American.

Perhaps some of our readers have visited the extensive offices of the Scientific American, at 361 Broadway, New York, but many have not, and to such the following account may be of interest. A correspondent who recenty had the pleasure informs us that he was greatly surprised at the magnitude of the establishment. It suggested to his mind an enormous insurance company or banking house. At the main office, which is principally devoted to the patent business—forming as it does so important a part of the establishment—may be seen the members of the firm and their able corps of examiners. Ready access to the principals is afforded to every one; and here may be seen inventors from all parts of the country showing their models and drawings, and explaining their inventions. The models left by inventors form a large and interesting collection, and are kept in a room by themselves. The large corps of draughtsmen who prepare the patent drawings are for the most part experienced mechanics, electricians, or engineers, some of them having been connected with the U. S. Patent Office. Most of the correspondence is carried on by type writers, and this necessitates a seperate department, where a number of experienced female type writers and stenographers are constantly employed. The dark room, where the photographs of the patent drawings are copied, and where the photographs for the architectural department are developed, is also on this floor. On the floor above may be found the editorial rooms, compositors' and subscription room, and the engravers' department.

The Architectural Department occupies the top floor, and here may be seen the manager of this department, and also a number of draughtsmen at work preparing the plans and general designs for the Architect and Builder editor of the Scientific American, which is published monthly, and has attained a widespread circulation. The printing of the papers is carried on in a seperate building. At the entrance of the main office, which alone occupied a floor space of 60 by 165 feet, may be seen one of Prof. Draper's remarkable recording barometer which was built specially for the Scientific American, it is a remarkably fine and sensitive as well as a very expensive instrument.

Some idea may be had of the extent of the business done at the office of the Scientific American when we state that over one hundred persons are employed by Munn & Co. on their several publications and in their extensive patent departments.

General News.

Several business places in Deloraine Man., were burned on Thursday night.

W. H. Webb was hanged at Brandon Friday, for the murder of his wife.

It is feared that the mind of Rev. A. Thomas, pastor of the Carleton street Presbyterian church, Toronto, has given way.

Joshua Fraser who was once a Presbyterian minister, was burned to death in a hotel at Sharbot Lake Friday morning.

Mr. Thos. Heming, brother-in-law of the late Hon. George Brown, has died at Florence, Italy. Mrs. Heming died only fifteen days ago.

Dr. Mallory has been appointed registrar of East Northumberland, Mr. James H. Coyne registrar of Elgin, and Mr. James Smith sheriff of Welland.

Mr. Gladstone completed his 79th year on Saturday.

A Montreal coppersmith named Benson Sunday morning shot his wife dead and wounded her alleged paramour.

Bradford, England, is excited over the murder and mutilation of a boy after the Whitechapel fashion. A milkman is in custody accused of the crime.

$98 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send **free** to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send **free** a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the **Singer** patents, which have run out: before patents run out it sold for **$98**, with the attachments, and now sells for **$50.** Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure **free** the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 710, Augusta, Maine.**

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Fair day next Monday

Squire Fields furnished good skating in the rink on New Year's Day.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Did you see the good flannel that's selling at the Flesherton factory for 28 cts.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Toronto, will preach in the Methodist Church on Sunday, morning and evening.

Mr. R. H. Henderson, of the C. P. R. insurance agency, has been enlivening the village with his presence during the last few days.

We direct attention to the article by "Canadian" on annexation. It is well written, convincing and eloquent. The proper ring is there.

We have been a little late in publishing last week and this, owing to an extra rush of job work and the holidays, but feel sure our readers will gladly give us a day's grace at this festive season.

Messrs. John Lyons, Wm. Lucas, W. A. Brown, E. Rutledge, Jas. Mercer and Wm. McLaughry were appointed school trustees for Markdale last week.

This section of country is highly favored. Although we had a green—or rather muddy—Christmas, there was very good sleighing for New Years, while other people not twenty miles away scraped along on bare ground.

We are indebted to W. F. Doll, Esq., of Winnipeg, for a copy of the Christmas Sun. It is a highly entertaining publication, but is simply a reproduction of [illegible] Night Christmas number with [illegible] advertisements thrown in. Thanks, friend Doll.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr. N. Campbell, of Markdale, lost a child 3 years old, on Sunday last, which was buried in the Flesherton cemetery on Wednesday. Mr. Campbell was a resident of this place for some years, and has been extremely unfortunate in the rising of his family, having lost three.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Munn & Co., patent solicitors, in another column. Their name is familiar to patentees throughout the country. In connection with the publication of the Scientific American for the past forty years, they have prepared applications for more than one hundred thousand inventions, [illegible] of a character [illegible] extensive.

A Meeting of the Durham Chronic [illegible] held on Christmas [illegible] Hotel, and had to [illegible] this issue of this paper from [illegible] paper was not behind time, and quite up to the standard. Bro. Mitchell is what we would call a flexible editor. He can bend his steps to any point of the compass and, like James Gordon Bennett, direct affairs at home. We are extremely sorry that he was taken ill in this manner, as it deterred him from criticising our artistic work. We look for his decision this week.

At the annual meeting of L. O. L. No. 1085, Feversham, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Bros. James Elliott, W. M.; Ira Perigo, D. M.; Andrew McGirr, Chap.; Samuel Colquet, Fin.-Sec.; R. Kernaghan Treas.; C. Edwart, D. of C.; S. T. McGirr, Lect; J. Speers, T. Parks, R. Ottwell, A. Somberger, A. Hollinghead, Committee.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall,

We would welcome [illegible] immediately. Those who can do so will confer a favor by bringing it in this week.

Personal

Mr. R. W. Hollinger, of Toronto, has been up visiting his uncle, Mr. James Woodburn, of Glenfield Village, Eugenia. Being an old resident of Eugenia, and quite a favorite, he has spent a pleasant time among his many friends. His brother Tom, Clerk in Mr. Trimble's store, Flesherton, went down to Toronto to spend New Years with his mother and brother. Bob endorses the opinion of many others that there is no place for having a good time like Eugenia, each one vieing with the other to make it pleasant for their visiting friends.

Mr. Thos. Clayton, of Toronto, has been spending Christmas and New Year's holidays in Flesherton. He returned to Toronto on Wednesday.

Mr. Burton Trotter, of Manitoulin Island, is visiting his uncle, Wm. Strain, Esq.

Miss Addie Armstrong is visiting at Hamilton.

Miss Dannade, who has been on a prolonged visit to friends in Welland, returned home on Saturday last. We extend the hand of welcome.

Mr. Wm. Carson, and Miss Sarah Carson, both of Meaford Road, have just returned home after spending their Christmas holidays with friends in Barrie.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Artemesia Nominations.

It is a settled fact that there will be no election in this municipality. At the nomination on Monday last, all the old council was re-elected by acclamation, a thing which speaks very highly for the gentlemen composing the council of Artemsia township. It is something which they may look back upon with pride, as being almost without a precedent here. We tender congratulations to the council, one and all, upon this evidence of the satisfaction which their endeavors for the furtherance of the township's welfare has given. The following gentlemen will accordingly compose our council board for another year:

REEVE.

W. S. Christoe, M. D., nominated by R. Lever and C. W. Bellamy.

COUNCILLORS.

Ward, No. 1.—John McArthur, by John Hazard and T. McArthur.

Ward, No. 2.—John B. Boland, by T. Kells and W. McLaughrey.

Ward, No. 3.—Wm. Sharp, by John Wilkinson and Geo. Whitten.

Ward, No. 4. [illegible] Carnis, H. Ford and J.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Margaret Williams, an old lady 74 years of age, living near Instrogo, died very suddenly on Sunday last. She retired on Saturday evening in her usual health, and on Sunday passed peacefully away, in accordance with a desire she had often expressed that she might not die of a lingering illness. According to her desire, she was buried yesterday in the cemetery at Holland Center.

Auction Sales.

An auction sale of household property will be held in Flesherton on Monday, Jan. 7, (fair-day), in Dr. Christoe's block. Thomas Duncan, Proprietor. R. J. Sproule, auctioneer.

A credit auction sale will be held on lot 25, con. 4, Osprey, the premises of Mr. Jas. Rehill, on Thursday, January 10th, when a large amount of farm stock, implements, etc., will be offered. Terms: All sums of $5 and under, cash; over that amount twelve months credit. Eight per cent. off for cash. J. W. Morrow, auctioneer.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Barbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A Quick Return.

Another instance of the benefits derived from fraternal insurance societies was lately shown in the case of the late Mrs. J. G. Russell. Mr. Russell has requested us to thank the authorities of the Royal Templars of Temperance for their gratifying promptness in satisfying the claim against them for one thousand dollars held on Mrs. Russell's life, a check for which sum was received by Mr. Russell, in trust for his son, Richard W. Russell, within ten days after the order had been issued.

Ayer's Almanac 1889, published by Dr. J. C. Ayer and Co., Lowell, Mass., comes to us in the shape of a new pocket-volume of [illegible] hundred pages, being made up of [illegible] editions exclusively for the benefit of [illegible] many lands. A score or more [illegible] are addressed in their own languages in this volume, and could they all be heard clamoring together for Ayer's Pills what a Babel would break forth! Ayer's Almanac, in its familiar yellow cover, has long been known as the most accurate and reliable of its kind; and if any one is ignorant of the superior merits of Ayer's medicines, and suffers in consequence, it is not the fault of this enterprising firm, who scatter their "leaves" by the million for the healing of the nations. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Almanac.

Birth.

FLESHER—On Dec. 22 [illegible] W. H. Flesher of a son.

DEAFNESS CURE. A [illegible] Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the Head, How they may be Cured at your own Home. Post free 2d. Address Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

SACRIFICE SALE

TILL JAN. 1st, 1889.

16⅔ PER CENT. off all sales of WATCHES and CLOCKS! or ONE SIXTH off marked price.

20 per cent. off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS do. do.

25 per cent off general lines

JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

[illegible] only place [illegible]

CALL EARLY

[illegible] CL[illegible]

It will pay you to [illegible] can not [illegible] from at [illegible]

CALL THIS MO[illegible]

If you never have b[illegible]

—AND—

Test This State[illegible]ent!

that I have a very fine [illegible]k at

Bed Rock P[illegible]es!

Discounts considered. [illegible]e repairing receives [illegible] attention.

W. A. BR[illegible]

JEWELER and OPTIC[illegible]

MARKDALE, [illegible]

MY LADY TONGUE.

By Amelie Rives, Author of "The Quick or the Dead."

They had ridden about twelve miles, when Boughton began with some astonishment to listen to the tremendous beating of his mount's heart.

"Just hear this beast," said he to Judith. "I hope he's not going to die. I never heard a brute's heart go like this."

"What is it?" she said, reining up.

All her brown curls were in her eyes with the wind, and the weird light from the weather-glim full on her golden horse and his trappings. She was perfectly beautiful, Phil thought, or, what is so much better, imperfectly beautiful.

She laughed a little when he told her what alarmed him, but looked worried.

"Dad's miles ahead by this time," she said. "That isn't Trumpeter's heart. It's his dia—dia—oh! I never can say it. He's foundered, you know. Get down, and let's look at him."

She was off horse in an instant, and Phil beside her.

"Poor old beastie," she said, slapping Trumpeter's crest coaxingly. "I say, Phil, do you know how to bleed a horse? In the neck vein, you know. You don't. Dear me! Well, then, I'll have to try. Give me your knife. Don't say you haven't one. Gad! how he's breathing. Thank goodness, you have one! Now, come on! help me."

With Boughton's assistance she cut the bars of Trumpeter's palate, and as well as she could got the best part of her own and her cousin's whiskey-flask down the poor brute's throat.

Boughton was a good deal impressed, at the same time that he was provoked at being shown up in all his flagrant ignorance of the ills that horse-flesh is heir to.

They had a tiresome walk the rest of the way, for Judith would not remount Eyebrows, and poor Trumpeter, emulating his name behind them, was anything but a cheerful companion.

How Phil did wish that he had been able to spring from the foundered horse, all the time having a full cognizance of what ailed him—have whipped out his knife and bled him, and administered the whiskey, all without a word from Judith. And how he fumed over that idiotic speech about Trumpeter's heart. He thought Judith must have a contempt for him.

And, to tell the truth, she did. She blushed to think that some of the neighbors might have been with them, and heard her cousin's remarks, and seen the helpless way in which he stood about, while she righted things as best she could. Her eyes were still a good deal more red than brown whenever she allowed her thoughts to dwell upon him.

That night, as he came into the drawing-room just before dinner, he found Judith in the arms of a slim young man in a very elaborate costume—or rather, if the truth must be told, the slim young man was in the arms of Judith, who appeared to be alternately laughing and wiping her eyes as best she could on the lapel of his coat.

As Boughton came in, however, she stood erect and put up her hand to her curls, which were a good deal rumpled. Her eyes were brown as rain-washed autumn leaves now. No red in them whatever.

"Dick, your cousin, Philip Boughton," she said, speaking pretty coolly. And Boughton found himself in possession of the slim young man's hand.

"Er—glad to see you—er, just from Paris? Cold here, isn't it?" said the boy, languidly.

He was only a boy, after all, with a face something like Judith's seen in a spoon, and the same red-brown curls. His eyes, however, were a pale gray.

"No; I am from start to finish," said Boughton, gravely.

"Eh?" said Dick.

He did not laugh, neither did Judith. She scratched the chin of the black kitten in the Toby-collar, and looked gravely at Boughton between its ears.

"Oh, I see" said the boy, finally. "Been out hunting. Deuce of a time you had, Judy here tells me. Horse foundered. Awful nuisance, having one's horse foundered. Do you like hunting?"

"I haven't done much of it," said Philip, honestly, wishing devoutly that he had. He had eyes keen to look with as well as to look at, and saw the little downward clip of the girl's mouth, as she went on cosseting the little kitten.

"I've done a lot of it in my day," pursued Dick, laughingly. "And I must say it rather bores me."

"Oh, does it?" said Boughton. "It doesn't seem to bore your sister."

"Nothing bores Judy," Master Dick assured him in the same languid tone. "I tell her to wait until she's grown up."

"She's a bit more 'grown up, than you now, isn't she?" said Boughton, dryly.

"How do you mean?" Dick asked, allowing his eyes to open themselves, as it were, in despite of his own will, while Judith stopped scratching the kitten's chin, and looked a good deal astonished.

"Why, as you stand there together, I'm quite sure she's a good inch taller," said Boughton, calmly, with one hand in his pocket and the other meditatively at his moustache. "Yes, a good inch, I should say," he repeated.

Dick flushed, but Judith grew positively scarlet. The intense blush seemed to spread into her very eyes, and they reddened ominously.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said, in the small, still voice which is generally supposed to be monopolized by conscience. "Richard is a half inch taller than myself. We were measured only last June."

"Perhaps you have grown since June," suggested Boughton, quite unmoved.

"Not in grace, eh, Judy?" put in the boy, good-naturedly coming to the rescue. "You've got her in a perfect temper, cousin Phil."

"How can you speak so, Dick!" cried Judith, turning upon him, and dropping the kitten, which fell with a furry bounce upon the polished floor. "I see that you have even less consideration than before you went away. And, besides, you know very well that you are a half inch taller than I am."

"Suppose we test it," said Boughton, who somewhat felt an unaccountable pleasure in exasperating her. Perhaps he was reveling in the delight of taking the superior pose in his turn. "Here's a good back to measure with. If you will stand back to back with your brother——"

All the blush was in her eyes now. Her face had grown quite pale.

"You are insulting," she said, with her teeth shut, and walked out of the room.

This was a great deal more than Boughton had expected. He stood staring after her with the book still in his hand, and then opened it blankly and looked in it as if for an explanation. It was a volume of Miss Hannah Moore's private devotions, and so he closed it and replaced it on the little table whence he had taken it.

"Don't you mind her," said Dick, easily. "She's always twice as sweet after one of her tantrums."

This seemed in truth to be the case. She came in to dinner as suave as May, and took her seat beside Philip with a smile.

"How cross do you think I am?" she said, leaning toward him, and making a cushion for her round chin with her palms, her elbows being on the table.

"I am afraid I was very provoking," he said, eagerly. "I am sorry; will you forgive me?"

She said nothing, but went on smiling, so he took his forgiveness for granted, and partook of more green goose with a light heart.

Now it was very dangerous to take anything for granted with this young lady, especially when there were little sparks of vermilion in her eyes, as there were to-night. But Phil could not possibly have known this; the smile she bestowed upon him was so enchanting that he did not look higher, and so noticed nothing peculiar about the eyes.

Dick was to stop over until Monday, and the next day all three went out for a walk. This ramble happened to be very eventful. I may as well state that there occurred the time-honored episode with the bull, but Boughton neither transfixed the infuriated animal with a pitchfork, nor leveled it with a well aimed blow from his muscular fist.

It happened this way. They were passing through what was then known at Carylon as the "Mill Meadow," when a peculiar kind of rumbling noise attracted their attention. Dick was the first to look back.

"Good heaven's! Judy," said he, "it's Priddie's bull."

"Is it?" said Judith, losing color for an instant, and following the direction of his eyes. "Yes, it is, and not a fence within two hundred yards. Oh! what are we to do?"

"I tell you," said Boughton, straightening himself and feeling an abominable clutch in the hollow between his ribs, "run as hard as you can, while Dick and I—— Why, where is Dick?" he said, blankly.

"I'm—going—for—Priddie!" came back in broken bits over the shoulder of the flying youth. "He can—manage—him!"

Boughton said nothing. He turned again to Judith.

"That's all right. Run, now, as fast as you can, and I can easily keep him off with stones until Priddie comes."

"And leave you here for that brute to gore and trample?" said Judith, bristling in a moment. "I see myself!" she added, with fine scorn

All this time the bull was making a tremendous tow-row, and using one of his horns as a plow-share. He was coming nearer, too. They could see his little red eyes distinctly.

"Judith, I beg of you," said Boughton, giving her a not too gentle push.

"Well, I will," she said, suddenly.

She lifted her walking-skirt, and with a quick gesture, slipped off the red balmoral petticoat which she wore underneath. This she took in her hand and started off at a long, even run, before Boughton well realized what she was about to do. When she was within fifty yards of his bullship, she gave a view hallo which did more credit to her lungs than the occasion, and flourished the red skirt in the air.

Boughton's heart did actually stand still. He gave a dragging breath, got the best of his horror, which was inclined to make him week-kneed, and started off after the girl.

But the brute was before him, thundering on at a great lumbering pace, only stopping now and then to plow the ground with that ugly left horn of his.

Away went this modern Europa, in the direction of the nearest fence. Half way between it and her pursuer she dropped the red petticoat, and this his eminence tarried awhile to toss and worry and mix with the red clay.

Boughton had an awful fancy which he had no time fortunately to countenance. He seemed to see Judith being trampled and mangled in the same fashion as her pretty skirt, by those brute feet and horns. But thank, Heaven! it was only the next instant that she reached the fence and literally rolled over into the next field.

Then, for the first time looking back, she saw him.

"Get over! Get ov—er!—quick!" she called, in what voice remained to her. "If he sees you he will—kill you—oh!——' This as Boughton just managed to put the rails of the old snake fence between himself and the bull, who rushed alongside bellowing like a bovine demon, with his tail an exact reproduction of Hogarth's line of beauty.

"The—straw—stacks," Judith panted, as Boughton reached her. "He may—tear—that—fence—all—to—bits!"

He took her hand, and they ran together to a group of straw stacks some ten yards away, up which they scrambled together, loosening avalanches of straw, and slipping several times before gaining the top.

Once there, Judith cast herself down, making a little hollow of her two arms, into which she thrust her face. She was shaking from head to foot, not trembling, but wrenched with a convulsive movement, which went to Boughton's already not too calm heart.

He leaned over and put his arm about her as she lay, and then, as she did not pull away or remonstrate verbally, he ventured to rest his other hand on the red-brown curls. Something in their soft, almost living clasp upon his fingers went through his veins strangely.

"Judith," he said in a voice that he did not himself quite recognize. Then he cleared his throat and said it over again—"Judith," and then "darling!"

That roused Judith better than sal-volatile or a pail of ice water would have done. She sat up, and a little away from him, and said:

"There comes Priddie—and Dick."

Priddie, armed with a pitchfork, was running with all his might, and Dick, in the far background, was running also, but with very little of his. He had made at least thrice the time when he went for Priddie.

Then the bull was secured, and marched off meekly, with a prong of the pitchfork through the ring in his nose, and the whildom pedestrians also betook themselves dinnerward.

The colonel swore extensively when he heard about it all, and called Priddie some very ugly names, which gave the soul of Boughton infinite comfort. He vowed, moreover, that he would not rest in his four-post bed untill that bull was made into beef.

"And gad! if I wouldn't like to make that —— fool eat every square inch of him!" he ended, thunderously, fisting the table until the spoons and glasses gave tongue shrilly.

Boughton did not see Judith alone after that for more than a week. It was within ten days of Christmas, and she was endlessly occupied about something or other.

But she found time, however, to give him plenty of smiles and gay words in passing. And he had sent to New York for something which he knew that she very much wanted, so that altogether, though tantalizing, it was not very unpleasant. Phillip, moreover, was rather anxious to find out whether he was only deeply smitten, or very much in love, and he thus found time to discuss that momentous question with his inner man—that individual who is always such a loose or tight fit for his outer representative.

Of course the colonel had insisted upon his remaining until Christmas; and he was to hang up his stocking, of course—ha! ha!

And there should be some young folks, and bonfires, and what not. Also, there were some sleighs sent up from Richmond, and the place was literally resonant with the voices of expectant nigs, big and little.

On Christmas eve, however, Boughton managed to find her alone, although Dick had arrived, and she seemed busier than ever.

He was going along the corridor to his room, when he caught a glimpse of her through the half-open door of a little paneled room, which she called her "Tea Caddy." She was standing on the grey deer-skin rug before the fire, in the cream-white frock he liked, and wearing the identical blue beads and bow which he remembered so well. Her feet were sunk out of sight in the thick fur, but he fancied that she also sported the bronze shoes.

There was a glisten in her eyes which Boughton did not think was all firelight, and she clinked the beads of her necklace hurriedly together.

"Do let me come in," he said, pushing the door further open.

She looked up vaguely, as though from a dream, and said, "Certainly." So in he went, shutting the door behind him. It was a pretty room, with much blue chintz on windows and furniture, and many hunting traps about. There were two old chairs on either side of the fireplace, which could have held six Judiths apiece, and in one of these she now placed herself, still keeping her hand on the beads at her throat.

Boughton sat down on the rug at her feet, Turk-fashion, and took his crossed ankles into a capable grasp.

"I never saw half such a pretty room," he remarked, looking about him. "It's you, Judith, all over again."

"Is it?" she said, still in that absent fashion; and then added, with a sort of laugh: "Yes, it is rather blue."

"What? Are you blue?" Boughton asked, convinced now that the glisten was not due to the firelight. "On Christmas Eve, too? That will not do the least in the world. What's wrong?"

She tossed herself back into the open arms of the big chair with a petulant gesture.

"Everything!" she cried—"Everything!"

Boughton sat a moment gazing steadily to the fire.

"Judith," he said, at last, "can't you tell me, dear? I might help you, you know?"

"You couldn't! you couldn't!" she said, still vehemently knitting her chestnut brows, which in that position was absurdly like her father's. "Nobody can. I can't myself. Oh! dear!"

It is impossible to express the rebellion condensed into that one "Oh! dear." The room seemed to reverberate with it.

Boughton could think of absolutely nothing to say just then, so he edged along toward her over the deerskin rug, until he could rest his arm on the arm of her chair.

"Tell me," he urged. "Do, Judith. One can never tell. Perhaps I may be the very one to help you."

But she said "No," very curtly, and stared over his head into the fire.

Presently, however, she burst forth again:

"Was there ever such a wild place as the University of Virginia, do you think?" she cried.

At that, "Oh!" said Phil to himself. Dick had of course been getting into trouble, and had cast his burden upon his sister's plucky little shoulders, after his usual brave fashion.

"I don't know much about it, you know," he made answer. "What has Dick been telling you?"

She looked at him a little sharply.

"Why do you think Dick has been telling me anything?" she asked, in a rather careful voice.

"How else should you know?" Boughton said, easily. "But of course don't tell me unless you wish."

Suddenly she leaned forward, setting one hand back down in the other as they rested on her knees. Her necklace swung forward from her bending throat, and the fire-light cast dainty, circular shadows from its beads upon the snowy white of her neck.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said, suddenly. "Dick is in debt—that old, old story to sisters—for how much do you suppose?"

"I don't know," said Boughton, stupidly.

He was not thinking in the least of Dick just then. He was wondering how many of those little soft round shadows there were on her white breast, and whether he could count them if he tried.

"Well, then—for eight—do you hear?—for eight—thousand—dollars."

"That's not so very bad," said Boughton, reassuringly. "We can pull him through."

"'We?'" said the girl, haughtily, on the defensive at once. "Who do you mean by 'we?'"

All at once he got his arms about her. She felt his breath in her hair, on her throat.

"Who should I mean but you and I—you and I—you and I?" he went on repeating, in a sort of intoxication. "Judith—kiss me!"

"Kiss you?" she said, "kiss you?"

She was absolutely rigid with fury. Was ever man so blind as Boughton?—so deaf, one might say. He leaned forward and kissed the pretty blue bow, and the space of white flesh encircled by the blue beads. He looked up and would have kissed her lips, but was stopped by the furious light in her eyes. He started back and freed her in a moment.

"This is the second time," she said, with shut teeth, as he remembered her once before to have spoken—"the second time that you have behaved like a beast to me."

"Judith!" he said.

"Yes—a beast!" she said, biting down on the word, as it were, with her sharp little teeth.

"Judith," he said again, "take care—take care!"

"Take care!" she repeated. "Take care of what? Of the womanhood that you don't respect? There! Your lips have touched them, they are vile!

She jerked at the blue necklace with a sharp movement which broke it, and the pretty beads went rolling this way and that over the fur rug and the polished floor.

The kitten in the Toby-collar pursued one into a distant corner, and thought the episode gotten up for her especial benefit. One or two rolled down into Judith's bodice, and felt very cold and disagreeable, but she was too much wrought up just then to think of physical discomfort.

She stood opening and shutting her hands in a sort of helpless gesture of rage.

"How dare you treat me so?" she said, breathlessly. "How dare you?—dare you?—dare you?"

He was on his feet, of course, by this time, and stood facing her with his head well up, and his hands well down in his pockets, an extremely angry man. The lover was quite taken up by indignation.

"How dare you treat me so?" he returned, with rather ominous quietness. "Do you think it is very—er—ladylike to call people 'beasts?'"

"'Ladylike!'" panted poor Judith, who for the time being could not resist echoing him. "Ladylike!" she cried again.

"Ladylike—the Devil!" she said for a third time, bringing down her teeth with a vicious little snap over the terrible word.

Boughton was actually livid.

"Pardon me," he said, bowing and turning on his heel. "Good evening." But as he reached the door he wheeled around and came back to her. "Judith," he said, in a voice that she did not at all find familiar. "I meant to ask you just now to be my wife. Of course I leave at once. I will concoct some story to tell your father and Dick. Good-by."

He went without so much as touching her hand and closed the door, opening it again, however, to thrust a little mat out of the way. He did not again look over in her direction. Then he went finally.

And she stood staring at the closed door, thinking in a vague way that it was Christmas Eve, and that she had better ring for her maid to gather together the scattered beads—and that Boughton had gone, and that she had lost her temper and forgotten herself utterly.

There was a rigorous wind a-romp in the narrow hallways and the locust trees without, and in a distant corner the kitten was still scrabbling about with one of the fallen beads. It was quite still save for these noises, and the sound of the wood fire, which was busily "treading snow."

She stood there until the room seemed receding in a golden haze, and then she turned stiffly, and, stooping down, began to pick up the blue beads from the floor. The kitten, seeing her kneeling, scampered up, expecting a frolic. She lifted the pretty little brute to her white breast, and held it thus while she went on in her laborious search.

* * * * *

Judith did not see Phil again until three years afterward, when she was 21, and the civil war had broken out in all its horrors. He was a colonel on General ——'s staff, and happened to be encamped near Charlottesville, and Colonel Page asked himself and the general to dinner. The latter declined for some reason or other, but, much to Judith's amazement, Boughton came.

She watched him dismount from his horse, looking through her closed window blinds, and her heart emulated the action of poor Trumpeter's diaphragm on the memorable occasion three years ago. She saw that he had broadened a great deal and was browner—very much browner—in fact, quite dingy as to complexion, and that his undress uniform was abominably shabby.

Then she turned slowly away and went down stairs. She had thought a good deal over her toilet, laying out the four gowns in her possession on her narrow bed. Among them was the creamy one with the little blue bow at the bodice. She was as slender as ever, and could have worn it very well, but she tossed it aside decidedly. She finally clad herself in a gray serge, which had originally been a vivid pink, and belonged to one of her great aunts. A rosy tinge was still discernible here and there in the folds, after the fashion of that in a gray cloud at sunset. She put on a little tucker of old lace, which, alack, had been "done up" with bluing, but there were no bows, nor beads, nor bronze shoes this time. As for herself, she looked precisely the same as she had done three years ago, save that there was rarely any red nowadays in the brown of her eyes.

She went down slowly, coming to a halt on each shallow stair of the oak staircase. She was not at all sure of her reception. Would he stare grimly, and be very icy to her? Or would he merely ignore her? Or would he indulge in covert sarcasms, that only she could understand?

She made up her mind at last, however, and turning the knob of the drawing-room door, entered abruptly and noiselessly.

The colonel was established in his red-leathern half-way house, with his gouty foot on a stool, and Boughton sat astride of one of the various spindle-legged chairs, with his arms resting on its back, and his chin on his arms. He got up when Judith entered, and came forward to meet her, holding out both hands.

"Well, my Lady Tongue," said he, with the smile she remembered.

There was not a trace of bitterness, of sarcasm, of coldness in his voice. It was absolutely natural, if a trifle mischievous, and somehow this perverse young woman wished that it had been either one of the other three, rather than what it was. She found spirit enough at her command, however, to answer saucily:

"Well, Sir Oracle!"

He still held her hands, and looked down at her.

"You haven't changed the least," he said, presently. "Er—that is—have you?"

"No," she said, with all her old curtness this time, resenting the still very decided mischief in his tone.

"I don't know that I'm sorry," he said, gravely, and then the colonel called to him, and he turned away to answer.

They saw him very often during the next fortnight. He was always riding down at unexpected moments, and stopping in to dinner or tea. It is true that his conversation was chiefly with the colonel concerning war matters, and what had been, and what was to come, etc.

Dick had just joined Boughton's regiment, and the Colonel was as anxious to know all about him as though he had been in several engagements, whereas he had not been in any. He came jingling down with Boughton one day, in all the pride of his new trappings, flushed and really looking quite gallant. Judith had still the advantage of that half inch, but the boy was sturdier than at seventeen, and carried himself very well.

They arrived about sundown, and the Colonel, being confined to his room by a very sharp attack of gout, they had some chocolate in Judith's "Tea Caddy." The hard times of sweet-potato coffee and blackberry-leaf tea had not yet chanced, and Judith's chocolate was above praise.

Boughton cast a rather curious look about the room as he sat down, and Judith handed him one of the wide, shallow cups that he remembered. It was all just the same, all except the kitten in the Toby-collar, who was now a sedate matron with two children, who had each inherited a Toby-collar, as much like their parent's as possible.

Boughton took one upon his knee, and Dick captured the other, while Judith ministered to their mamma, with bits of cake soaked in the chocolate.

"I say," remarked Dick, suddenly, "by ——! if it isn't only a week from Christmas. Do you remember the way you trotted off and left us on Christmas Eve three years ago, Cousin Phil? You do, don't you, Judy?"

Judith said, "Oh! yes," that she remembered, of course.

Boughton, who was smoking one of the colonel's old Cabanas, lazily stroked the paw of the kitten on his knee with the unoccupied fingers of his cigar hand. Judith thought she detected a smile—the wraith of a smile behind the smoke haze. She drew herself up, and a very haughty look came over her clear, firelit features.

"Assuredly I remember it," said Boughton, all of a sudden, when Dick, who was busily engaged in tormenting his kitten by pulling its Toby-collar half over its ears, had forgotten that he had put the question.

"I should think I did," he went on. "The thermometer was only 15 above zero, and the waggon got stalled in a snow-drift before we were half-way to the station."

Judith again waxed perceptibly taller. She would have added two or three cubits to her stature if she could have done so. She told herself that she hated her cousin Philip Boughton very much indeed.

"Well, Jude certainly made a lovely present out of you, anyway," laughed Dick. "And I must say she appreciated it. I don't believe it's been off of her arm for the last three years."

Boughton could not repress a quick look in Judith's direction. She was making a fire screen out of one of her long hands, and he could not see her expression for the shadows from her fingers. But by-and-by, when Dick went out for something or other, he pitched his cigar into the fire, and went over beside her.

(To be Continued).

Another Trifle.

"Send it, mum?"

"Oh, dear, no! Most of the things we had sent last year came along about a week after Christmas. My husband will carry it."

"But isn't he rather heavily loaded, mum?"

"Not a bit of it. He says he carries a millstone round his neck down town, and I'm sure these little things won't bother him much. Here, Sammy—another trifle."

He Wanted to Copy.

Mrs. Jason—"Jehiel, I've had the awfulest scare. I opened the door and found the worst looking tramp I ever saw, Why, I couldn't say a word for ten minutes." Mr. Jason—"Do you know which way he went? I would like to get his make-up if it had that effect."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Words Could Express It Painfully Well.

Young Borrowe (who has been accommodated with a small loan—gushingly)—Oh, my friend, words cannot express the extent of my obligation to you for this kindly action!

Old Van Loan—Eh? Yes they can. Just sit down here and make a little thirty-day note.

The Proper Title.

In the Boudoir.—Radiant young wife (arrayed for the reception)—You solemn old boy! Don't you like my new dress?

Bearish old husband (critically, through his eye-glass)—H'm—well—I like it for the honesty of its title. It is decidedly a nude dress.

Lost Illusion.

"What, is everybody wicked, mamma dear?" "Yes, Bertie." "Are you wicked yourself, mamma, dear?" "Not so good as I ought to be!" "And—the police?"—*London Punch.*

Large quantities of lambs and sheep are being shipped from Elmira, Ont., to Buffalo.

Teacher—Tommy may tell us what shape the world is. Tommy—It is round. Teacher—How do you know it is round? Tommy—'Cause you told me yourself. Teacher—Yes; but my telling you the world is round doesn't make it round. How do I know it's round? Tommy—I s'pose somebody told you.

It Could Not Happen Now.

Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task,
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look and she would look,
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother,
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would rearrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown and ask:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse,
My boy, so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and song and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.
Our boys are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

—*F. Langbridge in Good Words.*

Her Christmas Gift.

A woman stood on weary feet,
Sifting an ash-barrel in the street,
And to her skirts clung, chattering,
A little, tousled, merry thing.

"To-morrow Christmas gifts will come;
I know, dear Granny, we'll have some."
She answered not. Heart sick and sore,
She picked the refuse o'er and o'er.

She would not speak the bitter thought—
"To such as us Christ cometh not."
She paused to wipe her lashes free;
It gave her eyes new youth to see.

A doll!—a black, discarded thing,
But yet a doll! With hand trembling,
The eager woman snatched the prize
And hid it from the baby's eyes.

"To-morrow Christmas gifts will come;
I know, dear Granny, we'll have some."
"Ah! darling, may you never doubt;
Christ will not let you do without."

Dear Little Alice.

Dear little Alice—may her joys increase—
Awoke one night, and near the mantel piece
Beheld Old Santa Claus, with bag and box,
Quite busily engaged in filling socks.
Delightedly she lifted up her voice—
That childish treble made his heart rejoice—
And said: "Dear Santa, I have waited long
To talk to you, and have I then done wrong?"
"Not so," the saint of Christmas said and smiled,
While a soft radiance fell upon the child.
"Not so; for those alone my face may see
Who very good and noble strive to be.
Speak then, my child; what is thy quest with me?"
Then answered Alice, "I cannot forget,
Dear Santa Claus, a little girl I met,
Ragged and homeless and with eyes so sad
That my poor heart has never since been glad.
Take them to her, dear Santa Claus, I pray,
All the rare things you brought for me to day;
Take them to her brighten her eyes of blue,
And say these presents came from me and you."
Then sleep quite overcame the little maid;
Back on the pillow her round cheek was laid,
Old Santa vanished; but an angel fair
Bent softly down and kissed her golden hair.

The Christmas Tree.

O,
the
Christ-
mas tree
so bright
and green,
awaits Old
Santa Claus
and the chim
ney place all swept
and clean gapes wide
its ponderous jaws.
The little stockings are
all hung up, and baby's
just makes four. Won't
Old Santa Claus be surprised
when he finds there is one more!
There's an elegant place up in the
tree to hang Johnny's gun and a place
for May and one for Kate to leave
their dolls upon. But for little baby
blue eyes a lower branch he must choose
Where she may reach and find the place
he's hung her first new shoes. Turn down
the light a little, now, so, Old Santa
Claus can see. And baby and all
must go to bed and be as good as
can be, and to-morrow morn get
up early, after a long night's
sleep,
and
come
softly
down
to the
Xmas
tree
and
see

Who will get the first peep.

Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year?
It is always Christmas, Dolly,
Where you came from? Tell me, dear!
Did you live with good Kris Kringle
In his home so far away?
Are you glad or sorry, Dolly,
That you're here with me to-day?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jol'y?
Oh, if you could only talk—
It seems too funny that you can't,
When you can laugh and cry and walk
I'll try awful hard to teach you
If you'll only fellow me;
I think you could learn a little—
Come now, just say A B C!

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Oh, if you could only eat!
I have lots of nuts and candy
And plum-pudding awful sweet!
I think you could eat a little—
Just a little—if you'd try;
Would you like some candy, Dolly,
And some fruit cake and some pie?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly
And don't you glad that Santa Claus
Put you in my stocking? I am,
And I think that you are, cause
You do seem so awful happy,
Do you love me Dolly dear?
Oh, ain't Christmas awfully jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year?

Juvenile Joy.

Benevolent Old Gent—"How my heart bounds when I see the happy faces of childhood at this joyous Christmas season. Note the beaming smile of the little boy now approaching. Heaven itself seems to have illuminated those little features. I will speak to him. One moment, little boy. Why are you so happy?"

Little Boy (grinning)—"Ma got mad and panked me with her new four dollar hair brush and—she broke it."

IN TWO HALVES.

THE FIRST HALF.

Wet and dreary. It is mid-winter; the scene is Kirklington, on the London & North-western; the time a quarter to 11; just after the night mail had flashed through without stopping—bound for Liverpool and the north. The railway officials are collecting, preparatory to going off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asked one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the quarter to 11 went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely?"

"No; he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and he went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a common white wicker basket, with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby—a child half a dozen weeks old, no more.

"Where did you come across it?" asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall, perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it, and got to look after it, that's enough for me!"

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse, a common snap bag purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn ticket and the half of a Bank of England note of £100.

* * * * * * *

A new parson—Harrold Treffry—had come lately to Kirklington.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending Christmas with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air, "yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather, of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my parish. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year around. He has a swarm of young children, and has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated; aghast probably at his utter incapacity to do his duty by his motherless little ones. I wonder whether you could rouse him. If you could only get him to make a sign, or cry, or laugh, or to take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children—that marvelous hanky panky of yours, those surprising tricks; a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps when the father sees them interested and amused he may warm a little, speak, perhaps approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?"

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a wizard of the north. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full grown. In addition to the quick eye and facile wrist, he had the rarer gifts of the suave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could upon occasion surprise his audience considerably by his power.

They entered the miserable dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were all skirmishing over the floor, except one, a child of 6 or 7, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, who stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors, and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, then an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, little ones, do you see this gentleman? He is a conjurer. Know what a conjurer is, Tommy?" catching up a mite of 4 or 5 from the floor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jakey"—and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gambols and were staring hard at their visitors—the moment was propitious; Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready in hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder and said—but without animation:

"It is very good of you, sir, surely; very good for you to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, but it ain't much as they've had to make 'em lately."

"It is good for all of us now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting and going toward him, the children gradually collecting in a far off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do it can be only a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resuming his seat began to turn the leaves over.

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was indeed a hopeful symptom. He was roused then to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All tricks, of course; it all comes of practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjurer for many a long day, and nothing less'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully folded paper from between the leaves of the Bible, "do you see this?"

It was half a Bank of England note for £100.

"How, sir, could any conjurer help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" asked Jack at once.

"I'll tell you, sir; short as I can make it. Conjurer or no conjurer, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help if you can."

Dan then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10.45 Liverpool express.

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace round the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H. L. M., and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto, "I strike"—not a common crest—and he never remembered to have seen it before.

And that was all?

"'Cept the bank note. That was in a poor old purse with a pawn ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name Hester Corrigan, in rude letters inside, and the pawn ticket was out in the same name.

THE SECOND HALF.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "big house," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell, the hostess, when seated at dinner next to Jack.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful tricks in conjuring, and one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards for instance."

"A charitable imputation; with whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone with a baleful light, like corpse candles in a sepulchre.

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself, for his own purpose as a clairvoyant, and when Mrs. Sitwell flagged he plied her with artless questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparations that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious facts of the clairvoyant conjurer are performed.

When the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room after dinner a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjurer made the conventional plum pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loaves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks, and juggled on conscientiously right through his repertory. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch—a dozen were offered. No, none of these would do. It must be a good watch—a repeater.

Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many earnest entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse.

With something like a growl he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious, old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch collector—all jewelled and enameled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked over it curiously, meditatively; then, suddenly raising his eyes, he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said courteously, "too much of a treasure, to be risked in any conjuring trick. An ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill-concealed satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, as Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was pounded into a jelly and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room.

"Oh, but it is too preposterous," Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say, quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the merest charlatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he cannot have learned beforehand by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis; try him yourself," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly or encourage so pitiable an exhibition."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would be in Jack's favor, so he said: "Can you tell what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his coat

"A pocket-book."

"Bah! Every one carries a pocket-book in his pocket."

"But do you?" asked several of the by-standers, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange duel.

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it—an ordinary morocco leather purse and pocket-book, all in one.

"Are you prepared to go on?" said the baronet, haughtily, to Jack.

"Certainly."

"What does this pocket-book contain?"

"Evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must, sooner or later, come to light."

"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word that this pocket-book contains nothing—absolutely nothing—but a Bank of England note for £100."

"Stay!" said Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly, and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so—you know it—it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the pocketbook from the hands of the really stupified baronet, and exhibited for inspection—the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful denouement of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said he, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"That other half was given to—shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Corrigan, an old nurse, six years ago."

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis in horror.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son; the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or a girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the first information of the fact, put upon execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained in a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly-born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Corrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down, in the shape of a half note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. It occurred to Mrs. Corrigan in her transit between London and Liverpool that though £100 would be acceptable on her arrival the child would only be an incumbrance. She therefore threw the basket containing him out of the window, forgetting that in it she had deposited her purse.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the same crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto, "I strike," which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockitt picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. From these facts and what we have been told by Mrs. Sitwell, Jack rapidly drew his conclusions and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession, combined with that of Mrs. Corrigan, who was found by the police, soon reinstated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockitt in after years had no reason to regret the generosity which had prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.

The Way Girls Do It.

"Oh, Kitty! I've something the best to tell you!"

"No?"

"Oh, but I have, though!"

"Do tell me, quick!"

"You'll never lisp it to any one?"

"No, indeed!"

"I wouldn't have you breathe it for the world!"

"Oh, I won't"

"Not to any one, remember."

"No—hope to die if I do."

"Well, then—oh, it seems so funny!"

"Oh, do hurry up and tell me."

"I'm afraid you'll tell."

"Oh, indeed, indeed, I won't."

"I'd never forgive you if you did."

"Well, but I won't!"

"He might not like it, you know."

"Who's he?"

"Oh, I forgot! How foolish I am!"

"Are you ever going to tell me?"

"Yes; yes—I said to myself right away that I'd tell you anyhow."

"Well, do, then."

"Well, then—oh, you will be awfully surprised!"

"Oh, do hurry and tell."

"Well—I—I'm engaged!"

"No?"

"Yes!"

"Well, who to?"

"To Charlie Lawson."

"Why—Lol—Brigham!"

"I am!"

"Tee, hee, hee!"

"Isn't it funny?"

"Why, you old darling!"

"Don't you congratulate me?"

"Of course, I do. Charlie's perfectly lovely. I'm awfully glad for you both."

"Oh, thanks!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Episodical Beauty.

Mabel—"I didn't see you at Edith's party last night, Maud."

Maud—"Dear, no; I couldn't go. And I heard somebody say you were just too pretty for anything, dear. I do wish I could have been there to see how you looked. Were you at all natural?"

A Trusted Friend.

Popinjay—I see Bigsby hangs around your store a good share of the time. I suppose he is getting to be your tried and trusted friend?

Blobson—Yes, he is my trusted friend and by and by, if he doesn't pay up, he will be my tried friend.

Unequal Warfare.

She (five feet, eleven)—I can't listen to another word!

He (five feet, five)—Do, do hear me! I may not be large, but I have a large heart ——!"

She—Oh, do go and love somebody of your own size.

Sir Edward Clarke, the present Attorney-General of England, began life as a clerk in his father's grocery store in London. He then entered the civil service, but left it to study law.

A St. Louis sportsman recently procured in Oregon a trophy that is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in the world. It consists of a large and perfect pair of caribou antlers which are entirely covered with a fine, close growth of hair.

THE "DOLLPHONES."

Mr. Edison's Wonderful Toy for Nice Little Girls.

Dolls That Sing "Rock-a-By-Baby"—They Can Talk in Any Language—Dogs That Bark and Cats That Ask for Milk—Repeating a "Simple Sentence."

Children all over the world will before long have reason to bless the name of Thos. A. Edison, for that wizard has just perfected a toy the like of which was never dreamed of by them even on Christmas Eve. In Mr. Edison's laboratory at Orange, N. J., there are numbers of dolls which speak as naturally as any human being. They are not like the old mechanical toys which by one's pressing their diaphragm squeak forth "mamma" and "papa," but they talk naturally and well, and repeat long sentences.

They are called the Edison talking dolls, although Mr. Edison coined a new name for them yesterday, in speaking of them to the *Evening Sun* representative. He called them "Dollphones." The talking dolls have engaged the inventor's attention off and on for the last two years, but it is only within a few weeks that they have been perfected. Now nothing remains but to manufacture them in large quantities and ship them to all civilized countries, so that at the proper time children, not only in America, but also in Europe, and even in far off Russia, will be able to possess dollies that in their owners' native language can talk to them.

EXHIBITION OF THEIR POWERS.

In a little room in the second story of the great laboratory at Orange were a dozen or so of the dolls yesterday in various stages of manufacture. Some of them were dressed and ready to entertain company, while others, while they could speak, did so, strange to say, without the use of their heads. Mr. Edison picked up one of the dolls, whose golden, curly hair and pink cheeks were lovely in their perfection, and whose light blue eyes stared in mild surprise at the reporter, and winding her up by inserting a clock key in the small of her back, handed her to the reporter. He then pressed a spring, and the doll, still looking at the reporter, said in a plaintive tone: "I love you, mamma; I love you dearly, mamma, but I am tired and sleepy now. Please put me in my little bed."

Another doll baby, who was musically inclined, sang in a sweet, childish treble, "Rock-a-by baby on the tree top" all the way through with good expression, and without a false note. She sang it quite loudly, too, so that any one could have heard her across a moderate-sized room. Still another sang a pretty little German song, but as the reporter did not understand German, he is unable to tell what the song was about.

"I have only lately succeeded in bringing this toy to a state of perfection," said the inventor, as he lovingly stroked the curly pate of one of his little talkers.

Mr. Edison permitted the *Evening Sun* man to talk to one of the doll phonographs. To thoroughly test it the reporter repeated this simple sentence:

"Eliminate space which is ascription of a perfect mathematical reason for a co-existing plurality, and all thought is resolved into a synthetic unit, which finds for its ultimate habitat the bosom of the great Logos."

Contrary to his expectations, the phonograph didn't break nor leave the room of its own accord, but instead repeated the sentence accurately.

HOW THEY ARE CONSTRUCTED.

"The phonographs," said the inventor, "which are used in these dolls are practically as perfect in their articulation and loudness of tone as the larger ones. They are on the same principle as my original phonograph, but whereas that weighed about 75 pounds, and cost from $75 to $80, these weigh only about a pound and a half apiece, and will be retailed at from $3 to $7, including a handsome doll. The great difficulty has been to train girls to talk with sufficient distinctness to the phonographs, but that we are now overcoming."

The little phonograph which, with its accompanying clockwork, is placed in each of the toys is the perfection of delicate mechanism, but at the same time is so strongly made and so durable that it will last as long if not longer than the doll itself. The cylinder which receives phonographic impressions is made of tin, and is consequently very durable. With ordinarily careful handling it will repeat a sentence thousands of times, and the last repetition will be as perfect as the first. The main difficulty has been in inventing machinery to make the doll phonograph so exact in its working that the cylinders may be interchangeable, and new cylinders with new sentences be substituted for the old ones at any time. So if a child should get tired of hearing its doll repeating over and over again the same sentence, for a trifling sum, probably less than $1, we can supply a new cylinder with any sentence and in any voice that the purchaser may desire.

The cylinders were in reality bands of metal about two and a half inches in diameter, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and half an inch wide. The surface before it received the impression of the phonographic needle was perfectly smooth, but after being talked to was full of minute depressions, some of them so light and delicate as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. The mechanism of the clockwork to which they are attached for use in the speaking dolls is too delicate and intricate for examination here. Attached to it is a governor like that on a steam engine, which prevents the doll from talking too fast, and so running the words into each other. So loudly and distinctly do these wonderful dolls talk that Mr. Edison informed the reporter he had listened to one talking over a long distance telephone from Boston to New York city. The doll talked with the telephone in Boston and was heard quite plainly in this city. Indeed, the telephone rather tended to soften and improve the tone.

But Mr. Edison has not confined himself to speaking dolls. The company will also manufacture dogs that bark and ask plaintively for meat; cats that mew and call in unmistakable tones for milk; horses that neigh and express a wish to be fed upon oats; cows that moo and boast of their milk giving qualities, and roosters that crow as naturally as the real, live article. —*Evening Sun.*

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JAN. 3 1889.

EAST GREY FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

The East Grey Farmers' Institute, which meets in Markdale on Jan. 11, Flesherton on the 12th, promises the most interesting ever held there. The questions to be treated by the various talented and well-known speakers, are questions which every one should be important for farmers to study and investigate in this progressive age, otherwise they cannot compete successfully with those who do study and understand them.

The Institute was inaugurated in Ontario, under government, in 1886, with the object of assisting and encouraging farmers to form themselves together into a mutual improvement society, and thus "further their own interests and encourage and foster education in relation to their calling." This embraces many branches, some of which may be mentioned:

To encourage the growth of an improved class of stock.

To foster the cheese and butter interests.

To afford protection from all encroachments that may come from other interests of the commonwealth.

To conserve and secure the just rights of farmers in their relation to legislators, corporations and individual monopolies, etc.

The objects are many and the benefits manifold. If for no other object, the last one named would be sufficient to demand an organization of this kind. In these days, in all business centres, each trade and calling has its own protective association to combat the aggressive individuals who otherwise would grow wealthy by a system of oppression. The farmer has not until lately, had a weapon of this kind placed in his hand. He has it now, and if he uses it not, it will be, literally, his own funeral. The farmer *must* study his own interests in every possible manner, learn the most economical methods, study the question from a scientific standpoint, and develop a more methodical manner of carrying on his calling, or he will find himself behind in the march of progress. Within the past few years only, science and invention have made remarkable strides in the direction of agriculture, with the result of having cheapened the cost of production. The farmer who does not take advantage of this by a personal attention is in the same position as the woman who would not buy a sewing machine when they were first introduced because she could now afford to hire her sewing done.

Let us witness a rousing turnout of farmers on this occasion.

For program, etc., see posters.

The nominations for Osprey on Monday were, for Reeve, Mr. Douglas, Mr. McGirr and Mr. Thomas Gamey. We have not received a list of the nominations for councillors.

Mr. Thos. A. Blakely, of Flesherton, has secured the agency for the well known firm of A. Harris, Son & Co., Brantford, whose farming implements have won a world wide reputation. Parties desirous of purchasing reapers, mowers, land rollers, gang plows, for next season's operations would do well to interview Mr. Blakely.

Methodist S. S. Anniversary.

As regularly as the seasons come around there has been for many years one season particularly interesting to a great number of the young people of Flesherton, and old too, for that matter. We refer to the anniversary of the Methodist Church Sunday School. It is something which has always been looked forward to with great interest, from the fact that it is the largest Sunday school in town, and the wonderfully painstaking training which has characterised the affair in past years. In this respect this season's anniversary was fully up to the mark of excellence, in fact it was surpassingly good. The attendance was about 600. The children had been carefully drilled for weeks by their long-time superintendent, Mr. Armstrong, and showed the result on Tuesday evening by an astonishing freeness from nervousness and shyness so common to children of tender years. The program was long and interesting. Little toddlers scarcely four years of age recited and sung, while as yet they had scarcely lost their baby tongue, and did it remarkably well. The recitations were interspersed with singing by the school, which also showed a perfect training that must have required much patience and perseverance on the part of Mr. Armstrong. Miss Bella Christoe, in her usual excellent manner, presided at the organ. The Secretary read the following report of the school for the past year:

On coming before you on another anniversary day we are thankful to God that we can report progress in our school work. We have on our roll names over 200 names and are enrolled for present year attendance of 175. The attendance of teachers during the year was 516, giving an average of ten per Sabbath. The attendance of officers was 252, or an average of 4 per Sabbath. Number of verses committed to memory during the year, by the girls 10,171, and by the boys, 3,589, giving a majority in favor of the girls of 6,185 verses, and an average of 25 per Sabbath. The pupils who committed to memory the most verses were, among the boys, Charles W. Smith; and the girls, E. Cullen, Charlie Richardson, Edwin Large, Lena Legg and Lorn Wright attended school every session in the year. It carries us sadness to refer to the death of one of our pupils, Nelson Keeler, who at our last anniversary gave promise of living a useful life. We have been visited by 237 persons, and extend a cordial welcome to all who will favor us with a visit to our school. We enter upon the New Year full of hope and trust, by the blessing of God, that our school may advance in the future as it has in the past, and wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

F. J. SULLIVAN, Sec.

The librarian's report showed that the number of volumns in the library is about 500. A large addition was made at the commencement of the year, and additions are constantly being made as they are required. The large number of books exchanged show how the scholars are interested in them. About 2500 books have been exchanged during the year, and now, at the close of the year every one is accounted for.

The Sabbath School papers have been regularly distributed every Sabbath that the school has been open, the number distributed being as follows: Copies Northern Messenger, 2430; Pleasant Hours, 156; Home and School, 1560; Sunbeam, 1300; S. S. Banners, 216; Quarterlies, 250, Catechisms, 100; total, 7116.

The second portion of the program consisted of a cantata, entitled "Santa Claus." The singing was exceedingly good and some of the costumes very fine, notably that of Mr. A. R. Fawcett, who came all the way from Streetsville to render the part of Winter, which he had taken some years ago when the cantata was given here. This costume was very "cool" and appropriate. Mr. Ed. Richardson represented Santa Claus, and counterfeited Santa to perfection. The seasons were represented by Misses Lena Large, Lou Armstrong, Tennie and Annie Richardson. Their signing was sweet and their parts well rendered. In fact the singing all through was thoroughly good.

The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and many were obliged to stand.

It was announced that the proceeds amounted to $90, which is in advance of anything of the kind known in Flesherton before.

Every body did ample justice to the many good things provided in the basement by fair hands and willing waiters.

It is with regret we learn that Mr. Armstrong, for many years superintendent of the school, has tendered his resignation. He leaves the school in a most flourishing condition, and with the regret of his pupils. We have not learned as yet who his successor will be.

Little Bertie Barnhouse and Ethel Trimble, recitation and song, were the pets of the evening.

The school, at the beginning of the year, has now the substantial sum of $115 to operate upon.

Flesherton Station.

From our own Correspondent.

Business at the Station for the past few weeks has been quite lively. With good prices for grain and pork, with Mr. James McMullen on the market, the farmers are making a general rush in with their grain. Mr. Johnston Little, blacksmith, is doing a business second to none in this part of the country in the line of repairing and horseshoeing, and also turns out some new work.

Our active and energetic friend, Mr. Cook, has just completed one of the best seasons for farmers for some years, in buying anything they had to dispose of in the line of cattle, sheep or pigs. He is now taking a little breathing time, for a few days, but will soon be driving to business again. Never say die, Rob.

Our station agent, Mr. Hogg, will be accorded to this part of the country, and our genial and obliging station agent, Mr. McGill, will shortly remove to Orangeville. Pity he says he is not likely to stay there. You know very well what I mean.

Mr. Hogg, our postmaster and general storekeeper, is doing a lively trade, and is just as pleasant as ever.

Our old time-honored friend, Mr. Woods, is still to the front, and for prices and good goods won't be beaten.

The concert that came off here in the school house was all that could be desired as far as the program of the evening was concerned. The children, each and all of them, showed that they received careful and efficient training at the hands of their teacher, Miss Bail, in the many pieces they took part in. Special mention might be made of the little girls who took part in the piece called "Autumn's Queen." It was received with great applause. The musical treat that McMullen Brothers gave on their violin, With Mrs. Irvine, of Markdale, presiding at the organ, was received with good effect. They were encored time and again. Dr. Hutton and Miss Wright, of Priceville, gave several pieces, which had a marked effect on the audience. Dr. Hutton has a rich and well cultured voice, and seems to have a musical talent of no mean order, and Miss Wright is just at home at the instrument. A reading by Mrs. Wilson was well received. Much credit is due to Miss Bail and Miss Woods for the untiring effort in regard to the entertainment to make it a success. I may also state that Miss Woods, on behalf of the children, presented to Miss Ball a handsome gift in appreciation of her service and the deep interest she had taken in the school for the past year. Mr. Thos. Granger presided at the concert with his usual good grace, but somewhat more poetical in his remarks.

Wishing you all a happy new year.

NED.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 ct. For sale at the Medical Hall.

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FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

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Fall Wheat	0 5	to 1 00
Spring Wheat	0 96	1 00
Barley	0 45	0 55
Oats	0 32	0 38
Peas	0 55	0 58
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 40	7 00
Hay per ton	10 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 00
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 8	0 0
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 0

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RECORD, 1888.

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For further information apply to

F. W. MERCHANT, Principal. D. R. DOBIE, Sec. of Board.

CAUTION.

ALL PERSONS are hereby cautioned against negotiating a note for ten dollars drawn in favor of John Foster, given by one Abraham Scott, dated April 18, 1888, due in six months from date, made payable at Heath Head Post office, as I have not received value for the same, said note having been lost.

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NOTICE!

[illegible]

NOTICE!

[illegible]

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so weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

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Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

For Merrie England.

BY W. RICHARDSON.

As we approach the eastern extremity the fairer features of the lake appear. From its southern shore rises Ben Venue, not the loftiest but certainly one of the most picturesque mountains in Great Britain. Scott thus describes it:

High on the south huge Ben Venue
Down to the lake in masses threw,
Crags, knolls and mounds confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world.

Midway in the lake is a rocky islet, thickly covered with trees, called Ellen's Isle, which the genius of Scott has invested with charms far in excess of its natural beauties. As our little steamboat came close into the shore under the shadow of its trees, we peered into the dense wood for a pathway to the retreat of the heroic Ellen Douglas, but in vain.

'Twas all so close with copse wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there.

Apart from the creatures of Scott, this little island has a certain interest; as the ancient asylum of the women and children of the clan McAlpine, or McGregor, when their homes were ravaged by their numerous enemies, and was always used by the freebooters of the clan to conceal the stolen cattle they had driven off in their plundering raids. Passing the islet, we were soon at the landing place, where we found coaches waiting to convey us to the famed pass of Trossachs to Callander, ten miles distant from the [illegible].

After leaving the lake we entered the narrow defile known as the Trossachs Pass extending about a mile eastward. Formerly the entrance from the [illegible] was [illegible] by a narrow [illegible] path formed "The Ladders," [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] supplemented by ropes, [illegible] of trees. [illegible] has been cut through the rock into the narrow vale with its barriers of rugged mountains, piled up rocks and hanging copses of rowan, birch, hawthorn, and oak, all inextricably blended and mingled together with a [illegible] which seems chaotic, yet with such variety of color and form, and a general air of savage majesty and grandeur [illegible] of awe and mystery. I am tempted to quote a few lines from Sir Walter Scott's fine description of this spot, and refer your readers for the full pen picture found in "The Lady of the Lake."

[illegible]

Emerging from the pass our cavalcade stopped for refreshment at the Trossachs Hotel, a stately turreted edifice built on the mountain side, overlooking Loch Achray. The hotel looks like a mediæval mansion, and is not out of harmony with the magnificent features of the scene. Before it is spread the Loch, a minature of beauty; it measures but a mile in length and scarcely a mile in breadth. At its western extremity there is a small but graceful gothic church, and the picture is closed in by the huge form of Ben Venue, 2,800 ft. high. We climbed the mountain side to take in all the beauty of the landscape on the margin of the lake. Near the chapel is a level meadow, the famous gathering place of the clans when hastily summoned to arms by cross of yew, which had first been charred at [illegible] and then quenched in the blood of a [illegible].

[illegible]

We [illegible] Loch Vennachar, at the eastern end of which we [illegible] [illegible] as the scene of the fight between Roderick Dhu and Fitz James. On our left we saw [illegible] presented as the first tarrying place of the messenger of the fiery cross.

[illegible]
And peep [illegible] massive [illegible]
Half [illegible] in the copse so green

Following the course of the stream which flows from Vennachar, which, mingling its waters with another stream of about equal volume, forms the river Leith. A few miles brought us to Callander, which has been designated the "prettiest of Highland villages." It is like a watcher at the opening of the glens, and is at this season crowded with tourists. Looking westward up the long crooked street of whitewashed houses and beyond, we saw Royal Ben Ledi, clothed in imperial purple. The sun was just setting behind his mighty form raying up far into heaven the spokes of splendor, like a halo round his head.

I have heard and read of Highland hospitality. In Callendar it is exemplified in charging the Sassenachs four times the value of what he gets.

Travelling by railway from Callander to Stirling, we catch a passing glance at Doune and its historic castle, and also of the famous old cathedral pile at Dunblaine. What musical names suggestive of such fine old Scotch ballads as "Charming Sweet Bessie, the Flower of Dunblaine."

Our train sped over the battle-field of Sherriff Muir, where in Nov. 1715, the Government troops, led by Argyle, came in conflict with the Highlanders, adherents of James the Chevalier, and where, as the old ballad says.

There's some say that we wan,
An' some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a man.

Passing the bridge of Allan, I looked out in the direction we were travelling and caught sight of "Stirling's Noble Rock," surmounted with the [illegible]

[illegible]

To the Ed[illegible]

Sir,—In a la[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the greatest, grandest, and noblest nation on the face of the earth. Does "Progress" know what constitutes greatness, grandness and nobility as applied to a whole nation? If not, we will tell him. It is the being possessed of all those nobler traits of character as a nation which you lack, Mr. Progress, as a loyal citizen. A nation is *good*, sir, according as she achieves glorious victories or gains historic fame. A nation is *grand* and *noble* according as her Government approaches the Christian ideal of perfection and according as her people as a nation conform to the laws of God and his Christ is found in the individual. Has the U. S. achieved any great feats that will compare favorably with those of Canada, much less with those of Old England? Has she a history emblazoned with fame? Has she shown grandness or nobility in her treatment of the Indian? Was it in her dastardly invasion of our territory in 1812, was it her action in connection with the "Fenian Raid" of '66? Is it in her desecration of the Sabbath? Is it in the laxity of her civil code? Enough! The blood of our slaughtered defenders answers NO. What then makes her great, grand and noble? Echoes answer, What.

Now Sir, what would be the results, suppose we had annexation tomorrow? We would sink into [illegible]; we would [illegible] our identity; we would cease to be a people. Generation after generation would [illegible] with our masters. When the screaming eagle would spread her wings to cover her offspring, we [illegible] on the fence and [illegible] we were protected by the "British Lion." What satisfaction [illegible] Canada like a tadpole in an ocean [illegible] whose [illegible] No, sir, Progress, we as a people are not hankering after annexation. If you are [illegible] over and annex [illegible] Canada. You are [illegible] are like a [illegible] neither good [illegible] We would recommend to your [illegible] attention the following quotation from Edmund Burke: "My endeavour was to [illegible] liberty for the [illegible] country in which I was born, [illegible] with [illegible] every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted my dearer, [illegible] comprehensive country."

Yours,

CANANDIAN.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

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[illegible] this opportunity [illegible] many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on [illegible] opposite [illegible] Flesherton. [illegible]

[illegible]

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It Pays To

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See T & B in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

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Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

[illegible] Come and [illegible]

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[illegible]

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IT IS AT BLACKBURN'S.

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HOT COFFEE and GOOD LUNCH!

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The peoples faithful servant,

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Remember the place. Next [illegible]

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Dealers in fresh and cured meats, sausage (our own make), lard, bologna, etc.

FISH, FOWLS, and GAME, in their season.

A. 1 BEEF, only [illegible] per hundred.

Call and ascertain prices, [illegible] you buy or not.

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MR. W. J. NELSON, [illegible] new barber shop and [illegible]

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to atten[illegible] would invite patronage. Hair cutting, shaving, [illegible] all done in the highest style of [illegible]

W. J. NELSON

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over [illegible] The old reliable nursery. Men with [illegible] good habits and clean character [illegible] We can give you good pay and [illegible] Write for terms to CHASE BROTH[ERS] [COM]PANY, Nurserymen, Colborne.

WHIPPED THEM AGAIN.

Digna Defeated by "Black Men" and Egyptians.

THE LOSS AND THE PRISONERS.

A London cable says: A despatch from Suakim says a feature of the fighting yesterday was the determined rush upon the trenches by the blacks and Egyptians. The Dervishes fought with the utmost bravery, a great many of them dying in the trenches. The charge of the Hussars is also especially mentioned. When the Dervish cavalry saw them coming they dismounted from their horses and planted their spears in the ground, but these proved no obstruction to the Hussars, who swept down upon the Dervish horsemen like an avalanche, cut through their ranks and left half of them dead upon the ground. The Hussars then re-formed and charged the remaining Dervishes, who fled. A large portion of the rebel force was not engaged in to day's fighting, being absent camping at Handoub and the wells beyond that place. It is believed the rebels will be reinforced and make an attempt soon to retake their lost position.

A despatch to the *Times* from Suakim says: The prisoners say they believe that all the mounted gunners were killed. All tell the same story of privation and cruelty at the hands of the Mahdi and Osman Digna. None of them wished to fight, but were forced to do so or persuaded to fight by promises of loot at Suakim and other rewards. The trenches were bare. They found no food, clothing or money, but only Snider rifles and cartridges. The prisoners know nothing of the reported capture of Emin, or of the fall of the Equatorial Provinces. The natives assert that Handoub would fall at the first approach of our troops. The Government ought not to lose this chance. The task is an easy one, as there is not the slightest sign of any gathering of the local tribes.

An official despatch from Gen. Grenfell, dated Suakim, 11.25 a.m., says: The enemy's loss was 400. The Hussars are still pursuing the Arabs; the trenches are nearly filled and two temporary redoubts are being built. The joint forces are entrenched. They will bivouac on the field to-night, the naval detachment with the machine guns remaining in the trenches. I have sent the man-of-war Starling and all the available steamers to anchor off Handoub in order to prevent a force from Handoub coming upon us. During the action the Dervishes were so badly punished that we expect to have a quiet night.

Afternoon—The Hussars who followed the fleeing Arabs have returned. They chased the enemy to within four miles of Handoub. They were still running.

Three zarebas and a stockade were built over filled trenches and manned by four Soudanese battalions and British soldiers. The space between them and the water forts was occupied by a battalion of horse artillery. The Emir of Trinkitat is a prisoner. He is wounded. Osman Digna's nephew and twelve Dervishes have been captured. All were wounded. Serious complaints are made concerning the quality of the sabres and revolvers furnished to the troops. Several cavalrymen returned with broken sabres, and in many instances their revolvers became clogged and were rendered useless.

Lord Salisbury, in his Scarborough speech, said the Ministry had no intention of entangling the country in a new Soudan expedition, but they could not abandon Suakim. The English, Egyptian and Turkish Ministries were unanimously of opinion that Suakim must not be abandoned. Lord Salisbury continued: "As long as the Khedive desires it we shall maintain the Red Sea ports. We are bound under the promise made by Mr. Gladstone's Government to do so. A British statesman's first duty is to prevent foreigners from thinking that every change of Government must necessarily mean the changing of our foreign policy. It would be madness to surrender Suakim when we are on the eve of suppressing slavery, because the final struggle with the slave dealers must be fought upon the Red Sea. By the Treaty of Paris we are bound to uphold the integrity of the Sultan's Empire."

Herr Dilthy, the director of the German East Africa Company, has returned from Zanzibar. He denied that the company is responsible for the rising in East Africa, which he attributes to the slave dealers. He regards the assumption of Imperial sovereignty in East Africa as an imperative necessity.

Murdered in the Streets of London.

A London cable says: The body of a woman, whose name is unknown, was found yesterday morning in the streets of Poplar, in the suburbs of London. An empty phial lay alongside the body, and the impression first formed was that the woman had committed suicide. At the coroner's inquest to-day, however, the physicians who examined the body testified that there were no signs of poison in the stomach, and declared their belief that the woman had been murdered by strangulation. They said the condition of the body justified this belief, and in addition to that there was a mark on the woman's neck, which showed that a small cord had been tied tightly around it. The woman was of low character. When the body was found it was still warm. It was lying in an open thoroughfare, and there is no possibility that the woman could have taken her own life. Some persons believe her murderer is identical with the Whitechapel fiend, who, they think, has adopted a new method of disposing of his victims.

The Vanderbilt Style.

Family Man—What is the rent of this house?

Renting Agent—What salary are you getting a month?

Family Man—One hundred and ten dollars.

Renting Agent—Well, that will be the rent.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Didn't Want to See Her.

Bobby—"Come and play with me Johnny.

Johnny—"I can't."

Bobby—"Go and ask your mother."

Johnny—"No, I won't; she's been looking for me all morning."

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.—**Commerson.**

BOB WINTON'S FORTUNE.

Romantic Story of the Scapegrace Son of a Rich Scotch Lord.

HE DROVE A CAR IN JERSEY CITY.

A New York despatch says: A Jersey City street car conductor has blossomed out as a full-fledged heir apparent to an English earldom. Something more than a year ago a young man of about 25 years appeared in fashionable circles in Brooklyn. He was known as Bob Winton. He was remarkably handsome and seemed to have sufficient means to live in good style. He immediately became a favorite among marriageable girls and their mammas, and it is said that some lacerated hearts still smart from the effects of the wounds he inflicted. Rumor had it that the young man belonged to an honorable English family and that his coming to America was the result of a family unpleasantness.

The handsome Briton attended the horse races and won considerable sums. Then he became addicted to cards. At first he was lucky, then fortune frowned, he ran short of money and began to dissipate. One night he visited New York with some companions. In an uptown resort he became involved in a dispute with some rough fellows, was assaulted and badly used up. His companions escaped from the place and the Englishman was not seen in Brooklyn again. It appears that he was removed from the gambling house where the row occurred, to a hospital, from which he emerged a week later without a cent in his purse and his pulse still weak. Feeling keenly his position, and ashamed, in his battered and dilapidated state, to return to his former quarters, he concluded to seek new fields. Accordingly, he crossed over to Jersey city and secured a position as conductor on the Montgomery street railroad. He assumed the name of Bob Hunter. He seemed much sobered by his experiences, and stuck manfully to his work. He was sociable, and became a favorite among the employees.

A while ago "Bob Hunter" again disappeared, but in his room at a cheap boarding house have been found letters which explain his identity and the cause of his eccentric movements.

It appears that "Bob Winton" is none other than the eldest son and heir of Archibald William Montgomery, the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, whose elegant country seat, Eglinton Castle, is situated at Irvine, in Ayrshire. The young Baron, although a scion of one of the oldest and noblest English families, was a scapegrace himself, and although heir to all the vast estates of the united families of the Eglintons and Wintons, was the black sheep of the flock. His follies led to exile and his appearance in New York. His return to England was due to the receipt of a letter of forgiveness from his father.

WHO OWNS THE TIMES?

An Important Question in the Times Parnell Scotch Case.

A London cable says: In the case of Mr. Parnell against the London *Times*, the court yesterday considered the proofs of the validity of the arrestments which had been made by the plaintiff. Two Edinburgh advertising agents testified that the plaintiff had arrested small sums which they owed the *Times*. Neither witness knew who the proprietors of the *Times* were. Their remittances were made to Mr. Wright, one of the proprietors. Mr. Hayman, representing the registrar of newspapers at Somerset House, proved that Mr. Walter was now the registered proprietor of the *Times* in behalf of himself and others, the *Times'* solicitors having written that there would be great difficulty in registering the names of all whom the Act might construe as proprietors, because some of the proprietors were minors, some were married women, and some resided abroad. They also said that in many cases the interest held was very small.

Mr. Walter testified that he had given no authority to register him as the proprietor, but he had expressed willingness to act as registered proprietor. He did not have a list of the proprietors. His own interest in the *Times* was one-sixteenth and a half of the offices. The printing business was his. Mr. Soames, the *Times'* solicitor, said there were a hundred proprietors of the *Times*.

The court adjourned to enable the solicitor to produce a list of the proprietors.

HE IS DRIVING MULES.

Prosaic Sequel to One of the Most Romantic of Recent Elopements.

A few weeks ago the Chicago papers contained accounts of the elopement of Miss Roach, the 19-year-old daughter of a millionaire capitalist of that city, with a young clerk named Cunningham. The young lady, it seems, was a society belle, and the marriage created the usual nine-day gossip in a large circle of friends and acquaintances. After the marriage the young couple came to Kansas City, and for a few days boarded at a leading hotel.

Their money running out and no remittances coming from the wealthy but irate father, Cunningham was forced to seek work. All the work he could find to do was as a street-car driver, and he is now swinging the whip over a pair of metropolitan mules, and his little wife is keeping house in a humble home on Charlotte street.—*Kansas City corr. Chicago Tribune.*

The Horrors of War.

An old officer tells of a gruesome experience on the field of Champigny after the battle. Seeing one of the gravediggers pushing a body into a trench, which he proceeded to fill up, he called to him that life did not seem extinct. "Nonsense," was the reply, "you evidently are not accustomed to this sort of thing. If we were to listen to them, there never would be a single one buried."—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

Just Like Him.

He—You don't mean to say you've got another new hat! Where's the one I bought you last week?

She (much surprised)—Why, my dear, Mrs. Parkins has one just like it!

He (staggered)—Oh, ah! (Is left trying to understand.)

In mediæval times it was the public crier who went abroad enumerating the goods that a certain merchant had for sale.

WHOLESALE MALPRACTICE.

The Social Sore Which a Chicago Reporter Has Laid Bare.

A Chicago despatch says: The *Times* has created an immense sensation by its exposure of the length to which malpractice is carried on by doctors and midwives. A reporter of that paper engaged a young woman to go with him to many doctors and midwives. He represented himself as brother of the girl and anxious to save the family from exposure of the consequences of her misconduct. A great number of the persons called upon consented to perform a criminal operation, stating there was no danger in it, that they had performed hundreds such operations, that they would provide a place for the girl to stay at and would entirely avoid publicity. The reporter so arranged it that both he and the girl heard from every person called upon some part of the answer sufficient to proceed upon. The *Times* is now publishing the names and addresses of the doctors and midwives called upon, with an exact report of their answers. In some cases the physicians refused to have anything to do with the case. In others they refused, but sent the girl to other doctors, who, they said, would take the case. So far the *Times* has published the names and addresses of twenty-two doctors and midwives who agreed to undertake the job, and of five who would not. From statements alleged to have been made by two of the doctors a maternity hospital on Calumet avenue near Thirtieth street, and described as an institution in which clergymen and physicians are interested, is a place where malpractice is systematically carried on. The Chicago Medico-Legal Association and the Chicago Medical Society have written to the *Times* commending its course, and signifying their intention of bringing all the guilty persons to justice. The *Times* promises still further disclosures.

A CANADIAN DOCTOR

Mysteriously Murdered in Detroit on Tuesday Evening.

A last (Wednesday) night's Detroit despatch says: Dr. Alfred E. Ecroyd came to Detroit from Mount Forest, Ont., with his wife and three children, in 1883, and located at 282 Third street. Last evening he was found dead in front of his house, stretched out on the sidewalk. Neighbors discovered the body, alarmed the household, notified Coroner Lansing, and sent for Dr. J. B. Kennedy. Arriving at the house, Dr. Kennedy and the coroner carefully examined the body and found fresh contusions on the back part of the head, partially concealed by his hair. These wounds or bruises are such as may have been made by a sandbag or some kind of a blunt instrument, but not such as would result from a fall. About a month ago the doctor was sandbagged and robbed of a gold watch and $40 in money, but last night when found nothing on his person apparently had been disturbed or taken. A careful investigation of the immediate surroundings disclosed the fact that the doctor's footsteps could be traced in the snow leading towards his house, while larger ones were found coming from a passageway and finally mingling with the doctor's. Dr. Ecroyd was a graduate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London. He belonged to an old and aristocratic family, and is said to have brothers in Montreal and London who occupy high stations in life. There is a mystery connected with his sudden demise, which it is hoped and believed will soon be unravelled.

MARRYING A CHILD.

A Girl of Thirteen Cajoled Into Marriage With a Man of Twenty-Four.

A Lyons (N. Y.) telegram says: A few days ago intense surprise was manifested when it was learned that Anna Davenport, 13 years of age, was married to Mr. McCarthy, 24 years old. It is to-day charged that Mrs. McCarthy, the mother of the bridegroom, exerted undue influence over the child to bring about the marriage. She has been arrested. Rev. A. H. Stearns, who performed the ceremony, is 70 years old and in very poor health. He makes the following statement: "I was sent for to come immediately to Mr. Shears'. Upon arriving there I at first declined to marry them, as I thought the girl too young; but Mrs. McCarthy assured me that Anna was 16 years old and that they must be married, that it was necessary they should be, that Miss Davenport's family demanded it, and so I married them, although it seemed very queer to me that her parents should not be present." It is binted that when the question of Mrs. McCarthy's undue influence comes to be investigated a sensational story will be evolved.

A Disgrace to Humanity.

A Boston despatch says: The most scandalous episode in the long history of Harvard University is the terrible disgrace that yesterday fell upon Prof. Henry Preble, assistant professor of Greek and Latin, who was discovered in the act of committing a nameless crime upon a young boy. Developments proved that such practices had long been the habit of the distinguished and heretofore highly-honored scholar. Details are impossible. The discovery, resulting from the depraved man's own carelessness, was a tremendous shock, not only to the faculty, but the entire city of Cambridge, where the news spread rapidly. There was no time for explanation given the disgraced man. He was not even allowed to resign, for Prof. Eliot ascertaining the truthfulness of the report, gave him only two hours to leave the University grounds. Prof. Preble has taken refuge with his family, who are doing their utmost to hush the disgraceful affair up.

He Was Fond of Dogs.

An English lady travelling in a Paris railroad car carried a pet dog in her lap. A French dandy beside her began to caress the dog. "Well, sir," said she snappishly, "I must say that you do appear to be very fond of dogs!"

"Madame," said he, "I learned to love them during the siege, and since that time I scarcely ever eat anything else!"

Mr. W. C. McLeod, of Woodstock, put $215 in his bank book and started down to the bank to deposite it. When he reached the bank he found only $15 and is now puzzled to know what become of the other $200.

ON THE NATURE OF SLANG.

Where Some of the Commonest Expressions Originated and How They Have Been Preserved.

What is slang? The first answer to this would be: "Something vulgar," something to be avoided, something of the vocabulary of the prize-ring, the bar-room and the stable. But that is not all of slang. It may be the "giving of nicknames to things" and ideas, but it is after all a genuine and an influential branch of speech. Some one defines it as one of the "feeders of what may be called a standard language," which, with little scruple, adopts and adapts the words it happens to want, but whether from technical terms or from a love of fun, it is entitled to be treated with respect, like any other working dialect. Slang is a condensation, the jelly of speech, says the *Mail and Express*, and it develops itself, curiously enough, along with the general laws of language. Thus it is of great use to the student.

Our common language, our mother tongue, is a great bond, but not so great as is that familiar misuse to which we sometimes put it when we freight it with our epithets and smiles. The public is no bad judge of any humor, yet it sometimes adopts a senseless bit of chaff, or a poor contemporary of the "meatier" slang, such catch words as "walker," "Whoa, Emma," and the infinitely silly chestnut being examples, Chestnut, as an equivalent for a stale joke, has become very stale itself—in fact, moldy. There are the failures, the abuses of the noble art of slang. It used to be a habit of etymologists, when a word became troublesome, to altar it a little, so as to put sense into it.

Perhaps the best exponent of useful slang was the adoption of the word contraband as expressing a fugitive negro. Gen. Butler is to be accredited with the discovery that "contraband of war" applied to a runaway negro; therefore he gave a new word to the language. The necessity of the occasion produced the word, and a contraband is a synonym for a colored man at Washington to this day.

Many of the English words of the last century came from the gypsies. Thus kidnap comes from the napping or stealing of a kid, gypsy for child. When we talk, therefore, of kidnapping an old gentleman for his money, we mistake the etymology of the work, unless he is in his second childhood. One sometimes travels far to find out the meaning of a word. No one thinks he is speaking Italian when he says he "has made a fiasco." Yet it is the Italian for flask. Why does it mean failure then? Because the glass blowers of Murrano, trying to make a piece of window or mirror-glass, and failing in the attempt, merely blew or made a common flask, or "fiasco," with the bit of glass. So with fresco, which simply means fresh. The paint must be put on for a fresco when the lime is fresh. Fresco painting is fresh painting.

The common slang word "mash" is from a beautiful gypsy word, "mafado," which means "to charm by the eyes." These vagabonds by the wayside are responsible for much beauty as well as dirt. The word "loafer" comes from the German "land laufer"—a vagabond, an unsettled roamer over the country.

Why should a man be called a spoon? Why spoony when he is making love? Simply because he is a "loeffel," which also means spoon. The idiom is also Swiss-German, "Liebe macht loeffel holz aus manchen jungen Knaben stolz"—"Love turns many a proud lad into wood to make a spoon of him." The word boss comes from the low Dutch. The word boss means master. "A rum chap" is simply a gypsy lad; it has no relation to the product of the still. A far-famed beverage, which inebriates more frequently that it cheers, has not to answer for the phrase "he's a rum un to look at.' It simply means he is a manly man. Certainly, it is not by literary dignity that we have to measure language in these days, and yet it is curious how many slang terms are from the most classic sources. To "nigg at whist" means to renig, that is Saxon for deny. Pal is a brother, and "conk" for nose comes from the sprouting fountain, the concha of the Romans. "Pow-wow" comes from the Indians. It is curious we Americans have no more of this hereditary language of the red Indian tribes.

A few years ago a wit declared that his antagonist was not "worth a tinker's execration," which was thought very funny, until some other wit exclaimed: "What is a tinker's dam? It has nothing to do with swearing. It is merely the dam or stoppage, made of flour and water, with which the tinker stops the gap he is mending, until the tin or the pewter has cooled." When this bread pill is thrown away it is a very worthless piece of dough. Hence its name and fame. It has passed into a proverb for worthlessness. It is much harder to trace the origin of a proverb, or to find out a quotation, than to follow up a word, because both are frequently quoted wrong. For instance, the "goose hangs high" is entirely wrong. It should be: "For everything is lovely when the goose whangs high," meaning that if the geese flying south utter their peculiar "whang," then the weather is sure to be fine.

As for quotations, many people sought lately for the familiar "Praise from Sir Hubert," and could not find it. The true phrase is "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," the line coming from "A Cure for the Heartache," the well-known old play.

The time of Spain's glory as a sea-faring and all-conquering nation is brought back to us in words redolent of the Gold Coast and of the Spanish main. "Boxing the compass" comes from the Spanish "boxar," "boxear," to sail round, to call at all points. Calaboose, a prison; picaroon, a pirate palaver, to talk, are all Spanish. The latter comes from the noble Spanish "palabra," meaning a word. The good dictionary word "vamp" was at first, on the contrary, a slang word, being rubbing up of old hats and shoes. Now, from being a cobbler's word, it has become a classic, and we talk of revamping the language.

It would seem a natural way of accounting for a slang word that it came through the interchange of money. Thus, "I do not care a rap," or a stiver, recalls two old Dutch coins. The word "dollar" is hard to account for. No one seems to know whence it came. It is probably Spanish.

The French argot is probably the richest, most peculiar and perfect language of slang known to civilized men. Those who have read Victor Hugo's novels have felt the need of Francisque-Michel's "Etudes de Philologie comparree sur l'Argot" to understand half of that wonderful book.

Demijohn comes from the Arabic damaghan; itself taken from the Persian glass-making town of Demaghan. How it got twisted into its present shape must be referred to that well-known elementary process of language, or that English habit of calling words as they are not spelled, which seems a part of the language.

Slang usually increases its store of words by formation at home, by the necessity of the case, by the happy inspiration of some humorist, who has found the fitting phrase, or by adoption from abroad. There are, however, words which come at night, spring out of the ground, as it were, which cannot be traced. Thus "dude," meaning a dandy, has no appreciable derivation. Like Topsy, it growed.

Slang, like other dialects, comes from the common people. A slang dictionary is not very pretty reading. It is primitive, to say the least, but slang is effective when it takes ready-made words and adapts them skilfully to new ideas. It is especially witty in the mouth of a refined person who uses the language of factories and stables and kitchens and shops, of prize fighters and artisans, philologically, with a sense, not only of its primitive meaning, but of its possibly funny application. American humor as developed by Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Bret Harte, and a thousand newspaper writers, is rich in this rollicking swagger of strange words, reminding one of old Stefano and Trinculo, in "The Tempest," "witty in their cups."

OFTEN SO.

The Man who Wants to Growl will not be Long Without an Excuse.

He was a large, elderly man, with an expression of discontent in his face, and when the porter had deposited his travelling bag in a section of the sleeping car the elderly man looked around at the ventilators, then critically at his neighbor across the aisle, and then he said to the porter:

"Where do we stop for supper?"

"Dining-car on the train, sir," was the answer.

"Is hey; what time is supper ready?"

"It is being served now, sir."

"Is hey—h-m; what time do we get to Albany?"

"Nine-fifty."

"Connect there with the train from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait long?"

"No, sir; only ten minutes."

"H-m; what time do we get to Buffalo?"

"Six-fifteen to-morrow morning."

"What time does the next train leave Buffalo for Cleveland after we get there?"

"Six-forty, sir."

The elderly man looked over his spectacles at the porter for a moment and then said:

"Want my ticket?"

"No, sir; the conductor will take it by and by."

"H'm—does that Cleveland train pass through Dunkirk?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time?"

"Six forty-three."

"How big a town is Dunkirk?"

"About 10,000 inhabitants, sir."

The elderly man seemed to be annoyed about something, and as the dialogue continued he became more so. He eyed the porter again and asked:

"What time does the train reach Erie?"

"Three minutes past 8, sir."

"How much bigger is Erie than Dunkirk?"

"About four times, sir."

This concluded the interview. The porter walked away and the elderly gentleman sat down, but he didn't seem to feel easy. He glared at the passengers across the aisles, then he took off his overcoat, sat down and commenced reading the evening paper, but threw it aside almost immediately, and rising again walked gloomily to the back end of the car and looked out of the window. Then he went back to his seat and sat there sullenly until the porter came that way again, when he said:

"See here, young man, if I take that 6.40 train from Buffalo to-morrow morning what connection can I make at Chicago for a northwestern train that stops at Kenosha, Wis.?"

"I don't know, sir."

The elderly man eyed the porter fiercely for a moment through his spectacles, then over them, and then he said sarcastically:

"You don't know!"

"No, sir. You see——"

"I see, yes I see, you don't know! When a passenger asks you a civil question—you don't know. Great scott! Why don't the railroad companies hire wooden dummies and save expense? Say, do you know beans when you see 'em? Do you know when it's night? Why don't you travel around with your eyes open? Say, why don't you—just one day? I would if I was you!" And as the porter went quietly about his business the elderly man took up his newspaper again. He seemed to feel more contented after that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Circumstances Were Against It.

Proprietor of Cafe—Come, James, let's close up and go home.

James—'Fraid we can't, sir.

Proprietor of Cafe—Why?

James—That party in room 4 has just begun to sing "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."—*Jewish Messenger.*

Why Tumblers Were So Called.

They were originally round bowls about the size of a large orange. When one of these bowls was empty, if placed upon the table, mouth downwards, so cunningly was it balanced, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again.

Fashions on Rotten Row, London.

The severe and perfect style which has always characterized the dress of men and women riding in the Row is passing out. For women the tall hat and perfectly fitting dark habit and plain linen collar and cuffs have been succeeded by conical and soft Tyrolese hats, sometimes even decorated with ribbons and feathers, and also gray tweed caps and other styles. A well-dressed man on horseback is rare.

John and Percilly.

(James Whitcomb Riley in Christmas Judg

We got up a church-doin's
  Last Christmas eve—
Kind o' dimonstration
  At I rally believe
Give more satisfaction,
  Take it up and down,
Than any show or entertainment
  Ever come to town.

Railly it was a theatre—
  That's what it was!
But bein' in the church, you know,
  We had a "Santy Claus"—
So's to git the old folks
  To patternize, you see,
And back up the institution
  Kind o' morally.

School teacher writ the thing—
  (Was a friend o' mine)
Got it out o' Longfeller's
  Pome "Evangeline,"
Er som'ers, 'bout the Puritans—
  Anyway, the part
John Alden fell to me—
  And had it all by heart.

Clairey was Percilly,
  (School teacher 'lowed
Me and her could act them two
  Best of all the crowd)—
Then blame ef he didn't
  Git her pap, 'y jing!
To take the part o' Santy Claus
  To wind up the thing;

Law! the fun o' practisun!
  Was a week er two
Me and Clairey didn't have
  Nothin' else to do!—
Kep' us jes' a-meetin' round,
  Kind o' here and there,
Ever' night, rehearsin' like,
  And gaddin' ever'where!

Game was wuth the candle, though,
  Christmas eve at last
Boiled around—and 'tendance jes'
  Couldn't be su'passed—
Neighbors from the country
  Come from Clay and Rush—
Yes, and 'crost the country line,
  Clean from Puckerbrush.

You see, the way the play run,
  Me a-actin' John,
And Clairey, mind! Percilly—
  There was sparkin' goin' on!
Play it all so natchural;
  And it tuck so well,
Even old man Santy Claus
  Had to stomp and yell!

So by the time his turn come
  Fer to take the floor,
It was nearly 12 o'clock—
  "Lacks a leetle more!"
That's what I whispered
  To Clairey, and she said
Somepin' in a whisper back,
  And laughed and shuck her head.

Meetin'-house jes' trembled
  As Old Santy went
Round amongst the children,
  With ther peppermint
And sassafrac and wintergreen
  Candy, "and a ball
O' popcorn," the preacher 'nounced,
  "Free fer each and all."

Schoolteacher suddently
  Whispered in my ear,
"Guess I got you!—Christmas gift!"
  Christmas is here!"
I gave him a gold pen
  And case to hold the thing—
And Clairey whispered "Christmas gift!"
  And I gave her a ring.

"And now," I says, "jes' watch me!
  'Christmas gifts,'" says I;
"I'm a-goin' to git one—
  Santy's comin' by!"
Then I rech and grabbed him;
  And, as you'll infer,
'Course I got the old man's,
  And he gimme her!

A QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

Victoria's Great Establishment and Her Army of Retainers.

Queen Victoria's household has nearly a thousand officers, subordinates and attendants. The lord steward is at the head of all with a salary of $10,000 a year. All officers and servants, except those connected with the Queen's chamber, stable and chapel, are subject to his orders. The active duties of this officer are performed by the master of the household, who gets $5,790 a year. The lord treasurer ranks next to the lord steward and acts for him in case he is absent, while to assist him he has the comptroller of the household, who likewise does nothing. The board of green cloth, composed of the four above named officials, adjudicate on offences committed in certain parts of the palace, and has clerks and secretary. The clerk of the kitchen and his clerks keep accounts, check goods, and give orders to tradespeople. There is a chief and many cooks, a head of the confectionery department, of the "ower" or linen department, a chief butler, table deckers, men in charge of the plate, pantry and of the coal, and lamp lighters and dispensers of alms. The lord steward is judge of the court of marshalsea, with power to dispense justice among the Queen's domestic servants, and the court has a knight marshal. The lord chamberlain gets $10,000 a year and, with the vice chamberlain, superintends all the officers and servants of the Queen's chambers, except the bed chambers, these being under the groom of the state, as well as the officers of the wardrobe. The keeper of Her Majesty's privy purse is her financial secretary at a salary of $10,000. There are the mistress of the robes, the groom of the robes, ladies of the bed chamber, maids of honor, bed chamber women, lords in waiting, grooms in waiting, gentlemen ushers of the privy chamber, daily waiters, quarterly waiters, grooms of the privy chambers, grooms of the great chamber, and gentlemen of the privy chamber. The marshal of ceremonies must have an absolute knowledge of court etiquette.

The official places of many of them call for no performance of duty, because with the change of customs the duties have become obsolete. The master of the tennis court does nothing. There are a master of the house, burgomaster, keeper of the swans, and hundreds of assistants to the officers mentioned. All this looks like keeping house under difficulties, says a writer in "Good Housekeeping," and Queen Victoria ought to be well paid for it.

A Horrible Discovery.

Mrs. Westend—"I am greatly disappointed in that Mrs. Newcomer. I was in hopes they would be nice neighbors, but I see they are not people of refinement; they are extremely, inexcusably vulgar."

Miss Westend—"Why, ma, you said only a few moments ago that you had not yet seen one of the family."

"No, I have not; but I just caught a glimpse of their coachman, and I was shocked, positively shocked. They—allow—him—to—wear—a—mustache."

Miss E. R. Rice, of near Albany, Mo., was married to James Shepherd, of Santa Clara county, Cal., at St. Joseph, Mo., last week. The cooing was by letter and neither saw the other till a few days before the wedding. Shepherd is reported to be a millionaire.

A BABY INCUBATOR.

The First Patient Doing Remarkably Well—Fear of a Relapse.

Ward's Island was shaken from centre to circumference yesterday afternoon. It was not an earthquake, but for practical effect it might as well have been. The centre of the catastropne was the Emigrant Hospital. In one of the rooms stood a solid-looking box three feet square and four feet deep. It had a lid, and in the lid was set a large pane of glass. A fine-looking man, evidently a physician, was gazing through the glass with intense anxiety, amounting fairly to agony, depicted on his face. He stood motionless. The box was perforated at the top with holes, and warm air, 75 degrees by the thermometer, percolated through them. The box was divided into two parts by a horizontal partition. Below the partition was a square sheet-iron box filled with water. Two tubes entered the small tank from the side. They connected with a cylindrical tin box under which stood a spirit lamp. The lamp heated the water in the cylinder and the hot water ran through the upper tube into the sheet-iron tank and the colder water in the bottom of the tank ran out into the cylinder and thus kept up a circulation of warm water into the tank. The heat from the water rose into the upper compartment of the square box and thus kept up an equable temperature of 75 degrees.

On the partition dividing the large box was a miniature bed, soft and comfortable. And on the bed lay a minute human being 14 inches long, with a girth of 12 inches, a head as large as a cat's of medium size and feet and ankles small in proportion. This was a baby, and the man gazing at the baby was Dr. A. M. Thomas. "Only asleep, after all," he finally exclaimed, as he broke the silence and heaved a sigh of relief. "I really feared she was having a relapse."

The baby was Edith Eleanor McLean, and she was born early in September last. Her mother, Agnes McLean, came to the city from Glasgow late in August; was so ill that she had to be taken to the Emigrant Hospital, and there gave birth to the baby, which at that time weighed but two pounds seven ounces, was a foot long and hardly three inches in diameter at the waist. It was thought that the manikin could not live, but Dr. Thomas, who had taken a special interest in such minute mortals, and who had already had a "hatching cradle," as he calls it, put into process of manufacture, had utilized this means of incubation, as it were, to sustain the life of the child by a proper temperature and gradually lead it on to assimilated vitality. The box, with its two compartments, with its cylinder attachment, spirit lamp and hot water, was the invention of Professor Tarnier, of Paris, whose plan of saving such weaklings as little Edith Dr. Thomas had resolved to give a trial. The temperature at first was 90 degrees, now reduced to 75 degrees. The spirit lamp got away with the degrees for a moment yesterday, and a rumor is current that the upheaval on Ward's Island was due to Dr. Thomas' momentary fear that the natural sleep of his charge was a dangerous lethargy.—*New York Press.*

SIGNIFICANT FLOWERS.

French Women Troubled About Bouquets They Carry.

Parisian dames and damsels have been rather exercised in their minds of late by an important difficulty in the matter of the flowers with which they either adorn themselves or carry as bouquets, says a correspondent. Fashion has decreed that during the ensuing season flowers will be more *a la mode* than ever. These innocent ornaments, either in their natural state or as imitated from nature's handiwork by the adroit and artistic fabricator of artificial blooms and sprays who abounds in the city on the Seine, have of late attained an alarming political symbolism and significance. The old conventional "language of flowers" seems to have had its day, and a new treatise or dictionary on the verbal meaning of the product of the garden and conservatory will soon have to be compiled. Quelles fleurs porter? "What flowers are we to wear?" is now the question asked by many Parisiennes of their friends, their milliners, of their favorite artists. The violet has long been the symbol of the Imperialists; the carnation is the emblem of M. Boulanger, and the cornflower is the new Prussian kaiserblume, more correctly kornblume. The rose has been adopted by the Comtesse de Paris, while difficulties have ever arisen here regarding the trefoil, which reminds people of the Irish shamrock and the moonlighters; and finally the primrose, which is the emblem of another league. The latest solution of the great floral difficulty has been offered by a practical lady who advises people to patronize no particular flower, but to carry bouquets composed of heterogeneous horticultural specimens—a proceeding which would obviate political or diplomatic conflicts.

It Catches Them.

Tourist—"Any good hotels round here?"
Hayseed—"Never heard of any!"
"Any hunting or fishing?"
"No, siree!"
"Nice scenery, I suppose?"
"Naw!"
"How about mosquitos and malaria?"
"The woods are full of 'em."
"How do you live round here?"
"Same as other folks."
"Yes! but what industries have you ot to support the place?"
"Summer boarders!"
"For heaven's sake, what brings them here?"
"Printer's ink, Mister, printer's ink!"

A Chance for a Sore Tongue.

Mrs. Poots—What are you looking so glum about?

Poots—Oh, there's a confoundedly tender spot on my tongue from resting against a broken tooth.

"Humph! You're always grunting about something. Funny I never have anything like that the matter with my tongue."

"Nothing funny about it. Your tongue is never at rest."

The freedom of the city of London will be conferred upon the Marquis of Dufferin in recognition of his "distinguished services to his country as a statesman, administrator and diplomatist."

CURRENT TOPICS.

ALL Hayti may be said to be ruled by the *cocomacaque*. It is a jointed stick about three feet long, of heavy, unbreakable wood, and is carried by the officers of the absurd Haytian army.

A PECULIARLY novel etter has just been sent by an inhabitant of Bath, England, to a friend at Trowbridge. It was written in shorthand on the back of a postage stamp, the address being in ordinary writing. The missive was dropped into the letter box at the General Post Office and was duly delivered at its destination.

A GENTLEMAN recently home from Europe has given us some memoranda of English as she is wrote on the Continent. In a hotel at Vienna was this notice: "Dejuners, diners, supers und a la carte zu jeder Tagesziet, a tontes heures, every time." Over a money changer's office in Salzburg: "Buying and sale of all sorts of Inlandish and outlandish moneys here.'

DO NOT err in clothing; all wool but all light is the rule for health. Exercise and a very well ventilated bed-room will give refreshing sleep, and this latter will speedily restore even the most debilitated system. But remember it must be a natural sleep versus that produced by narcotics.

THE Queen is the "nearest heir living to the Crown of Scotland;" it is as the lineal descendant of James VI. through his granddaughter Elizabeth, who married a German Prince, that Queen Victoria sits on the throne.

THE tendency of the better usage now is to ignore distinctions of sex in such designations. There seems to be a growing preference for "author" rather than "authoress;" "sculptor" is easier and more natural than "sculptress," and some go even so far as to prefer "actor," even when applied to women.

RECENT elections in England and Wales have placed medical men at the head of the municipal government in the towns of Hull, Bath, Marlborough, Wolverhampton, Liskeard, Morpeth, Godalming, Congleton, Calne, New Romney and Yeovil.

PUNDITA RAMABAI, the Hindoo woman who came to the United States and Canada two years ago to raise money to build a college for the education of Indian women, has returned to her home with upwards of $80,000. She was accompanied by Dr. Emma B. Ryder, who will have charge of the women's hospital connected with the college, and will lecture in the regular college course.

IT is stated that there are more ducks in Chi than in all the world outside of it They are kept on every farm, on the private roa s and on all the lakes, rivers and smaller streams. There are many boats on each of which as many as 2,000 are kept. Their eggs constitute one of the most important articles of food. They are hatched in establishments fitted up for the purpose. Some of them turn out as many as 50,000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked ducks are sold in all the towns, and many of them are exported to countries where Chinamen reside.

Long hair is the newest fad among men. It is said that Henry Irving set the fashion in England, the swells followed closely, and now the New York dudes are using all manner of hair-growers to coax out their own capillary covering, so that with their cape coats they may be English to the last degree. Clean-shaven cheeks are also necessary to the dude who would be finished in the true Irving mold. By the way, this new style is hardly a la Prince of Wales, principally because Albert Edward has little or no hair to let grow, and then again he insists on wearing a full beard.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, ex-Attorney-General and leading counsel for Mr. Parnell, has a well-known trick of driving a point home to a jury which is inimitable by any other advocate. He begins to lead up to it with his right hand in his tail pocket, under his gown. Then he extracts a snuffbox, transfers it to his left hand, opens it, takes a pinch between the finger and thumb of his right, and with the box still in his left hand, and the pinch still in transit, he makes his point unerringly, so that it reaches his hearers' minds at the precise moment at which the pinch reaches its destination. Then with an inimitable flourish of a red and yellow bandana the oratorical effort is complete. But to be properly appreciated it must be seen.

WHAT will happen next? We are now assured by a medical authority that "plain living" is a fallacy. It is asserted that the stomach never performs its duty so effectually as when called to act upon a variety of food, provided of course that the food is well cooked. The popular opinion now is that a dinner consisting of three or four varieties of solid food is more easily digested than the meal which is confined to one sort only. The old-fashioned dinner of a single joint and a simply made pudding is pronounced to be a fruitful source of indigestion. On this subject Dr. George H. Taylor says in the *Sanitary Era*: "Ready-digested and easily digested foods are the abominations of dietetics; they prevent normal incitation of the digestive organs, necessary for normal secretions; they encourage a false notion that nutrition can be assured without reference to expenditure or to providing any use for nutritive material, and thus are liable to cause unnatural, irregular, unmanageable increase of the unstable ingredients of the organism, which react injuriously upon the digestive secretions, especially those of the liver. The prevalent recourse to these presumably enforced methods of nutrition are, in short, a violent and abnormal reaction against the former prevalent reign of physic, depletents, and so-called alteratives. These old methods actually provide modes of disposing of unused nutritive supplies, although they be morbid modes."

Looking a Gift Horse in the Mouth.

Clara's sister—"Oh, this must be Arthur's present!"

Clara—"Open it quick! I'm so afraid it won't be from Tiffany."

Clara's sister—"Well, is it!"

Clara (critically)—"Yes, so it is. It isn't a case, though; only a box. That's awfully shabby!"

Clara's sister—"But see what's inside A lovely necklace!"

Clara (coldly,—"I don't call that very lovely. A last year's design, not half as rich as Polly Thurston's. I think Arthur was very skimpy indeed."—*Christmas Number of Life.*

SANTA CLAUS GAME.

But the Object of His Visit Was Not to Bring Presents.

Gabriel Barton was an editor. After years of patient toil and continuous self-denial he had succeeded in amassing as large a competency of boys and girls as you could expect to find in a monogamic community.

Yet Gabriel was not content. Instead of being thankful for the blessings with which his family board was surrounded three times a day, he pined for other boons which he did not possess. He yearned ever for gold—that insiduous canker that gnaws the soul beyond reparation, and leaves a dark, indelible stain on the proudest escutcheons.

"Gold, gold! I must have gold!" he cried incessantly.

His strange demeanor was the occasion of grievous perplexity to his wife, for Estelle Barton was a simple, unaffected woman, ill acquainted with the selfish nature and ways of the cold world.

"But why, dear husband," she asked, "why clamor for the unattainable? Be satisfied with what we have—'tis humble, I know, but so long as our nine children are in good health, and so long as the water tax is not due, we surely shall not perish. Prithee, be content."

But alas, Estelle Barton's wise words weighed naught with Gabriel. Ceaselessly he yearned for debasing lucre, and his morbid appetite made him thin and pale, and brought a faltering into his gait and a tremulousness into his voice.

One bitter, cold Christmas eve little Eugenia Barton, the 9-year-old daughter, and the senior child of the family, asked, pleadingly, "Papa, do you not know what day to-morrow is?"

Gazing into the depths of the child's innocent blue eyes, Mr. Barton said, "How came you to know, child, that my note fell due to-morrow?"

"Nay, papa," interposed Eugenia, "I did not know it. But surely you cannot have forgotten it. To-morrow is Christmas—Christmas, papa! our gladdest, merriest day in all the year!"

A far-off look came into Mr. Barton's lack-lustre eyes.

"Well?" he uttered, inquiringly.

"Tell me, papa," cried Eugenia, "tell me will Santa Claus come this year?"

"I think I can safely say that, unless he intends to break his record, he will not," replied Mr. Barton promptly.

"Alas!" sighed Eugenia; and with this she hung her beautiful golden head.

Mr. Barton regretted that he had cast a gloom over the child's hopes. He sough to explain his seeming harshness.

"Why should Santa Claus come?" he asked, bitterly. "Haven't the neighbors got through lending us what we need? Where in all this great and heartless city can we expect to borrow anything to hang up?"

"True," said Eugenia, "I had not thought of that. Forgive me, dear papa, if in my puerile heedlessness I have caused you pain."

That night Eugenia sobbed herself to sleep on the sofa with a volume of old files tucked around her shivering form. How long she slept we will not presume to say. But the golden sunbeams of the early Christmas morn were dancing through the window frames and floating o'er the hardwood floor when she awoke. A man stood before her—a man clad in habiliments of fur. Eugenia uttered a cry of joy.

"Santa Claus!" she cried.

The man smiled pleasantly with that part of his personality that was exposed to the rigorous temperature of the editor's home.

"Oh, Santa Claus!" said Eugenia. "I knew you would come; we've been waiting for you year after year until the rest had given you up, but I—I knew you would come!"

Again the exposed surface of the fur-clad stranger wrinkled into a smile.

"Thank you for coming," continued Eugenia. "I knew that my faith in you would be rewarded. So tell me, dear Santa Claus, what gifts—what wealth of beauteous things—have you brought to pour out into our grateful laps at last?"

The strange, fur-clad figure stood still a moment as if dazed; then drew a bit of coin from the mysterious depths of his shaggy robe and tossed it to the anxious child.

"There's a nickel for you, little 'un," he said, as his tone betokened a kindly heart. "But, bless you, I'm not Santa Claus. I'm a constable!"

"One Foot in the Grave."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned, to assure them that their steps need tend no longer toward that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, resulting in the "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs), if taken in time. Druggists sell it.

Figures That He Liked.

"Have you a good head for figures?

"No, but I have a good eye for them," and he gazed admiringly at a neat one flitting by in a handsome Newmarket.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Clearing Up the Difficulty.

Eddie—And did Santa Claus really bring that big rocking-horse down the chimney?

Mamma—I suppose so, Eddie. That's what they say.

Eddie (eyeing the stove pipe)—Good gracious, mamma! How it must have grown since it came down!

A SEASONABLE BET.

A Man Who Knew All About It Finds Himself Left.

"Christmas and New Year's do not come on the same day of the week this year," remarked a solemn man at the bar of a city hotel.

"I guess you are mistaken, stranger," retorted a young fellow who had just emptied a bottle of blue label.

"No, sir; I am not."

"But I insist that you are."

"I am not a betting man," drawled the solemn man, as he wiped a tear out of his left eye, "but I'll wager you a bottle of the widow that I am right."

"That Christmas and New Year's do not come on the same day of the week this year?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll cover your wager," chirped the young fellow, smiling at the bar-keeper. "Now prove to me that you are correct."

"Got a calendar?"

"No."

"Well, never mind. I can prove the truth of my statement with or without an almanac."

"Go ahead; I'm getting thirsty."

"Well, my dear young friend," began the solemn man, "you see Christmas and New Year's, which are only a week apart, occur in different years, and not on the same day of the week this year. Come now, order the wine; I'm in a hurry. The gag is a fresh one, and I must make time if I expect to find any more sturgeons to-day."

For Ladies Only.

Ladies—why is it, that when your husband or your children are ill, you consult the best physician at once, care for them day and night, wear yourself out with sleepless watching, and never begrudge the heaviest doctor's bill, if only the dear ones are restored to health; while day after day, week after week, you endure that dull pain in your back—that terrible "dragging-down" sensation—and do absolutely nothing to effect a cure? In a few years you will be a helpless invalid, and soon your broken-hearted husband and motherless children will follow you to the grave. Perhaps delicacy prevents you consulting a physician—but even this is not necessary. Poor sufferer, tell your husband how miserably you feel—perhaps you never did—and ask him to stop to-night and get you a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has cured thousands of women suffering from weakness and complaints peculiar to your sex.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so called remedy fails.

The most successful song writer of the day is said to be Will S. Hays, who has for many years been the river editor of a Louisville newspaper. He first became popularly known from his "Write Me a Letter from Home."

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.
Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.
Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detro 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia's students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn,, Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y

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MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally
We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up
CALF SKINS
for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in the country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in is specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

FOR SALE,
A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,
WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR
All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the
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J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

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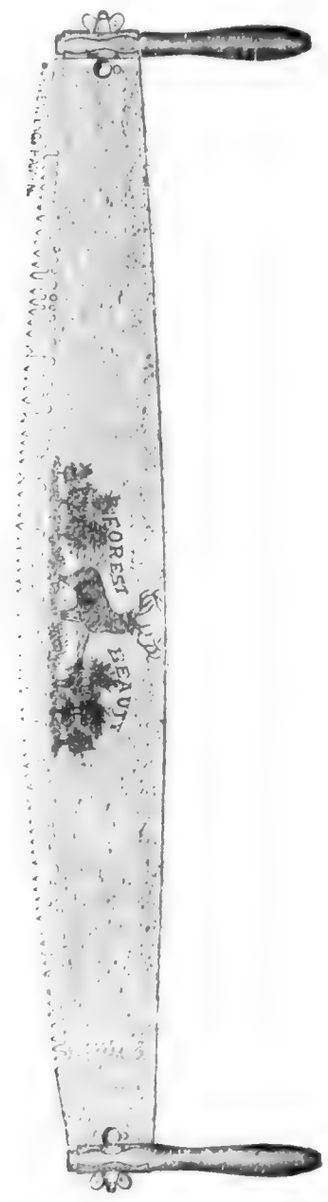

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Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having nve gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined siller steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you Another line I would particularly call yonr attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

Shelburne Free Press: The Manitoulin Guide says "that a man in the township of Burpee, who had a fight with a bear, succeeded in getting hold of the bear's hind legs and kicked his brains out against a tree." This story reminds us of one that Tom Bowers, of Mulmur, tells about his hunting scrapes in the days gone by. Tom discovered a run-away at the base of a high ridge of land and from the tracks he learned the deer were frequently on this path. So he started his dogs and then secreted himself behind a big tree close to the run-away. In a few minutes a large deer came sailing past and Tom grabbed it by the heels and held on. Every jump the deer made Tom said his feet described a semi-circle among the tops of the little cedars. Perseverance did the business, for after holding on to the deer for two miles, Tom was master of the situation. We don't vouch for the truth of this story. If you don't believe it ask Tom.

A huge bear was shot near the marsh in Luther last week, and when being dressed a pint flask of rye whiskey was found in its stomach. The bottle was tightly corked, and now the question is how did the bottle get there? Some are of the opinion that the bear must have swallowed and digested the original owner of the flask, who carried the whiskey in his pocket. This theory must be dismissed, as, if true, there would be buttons, jackknives, clay-pipe and other indigestible articles found along with the whiskey bottle. Our informant is a person of veracity or we would consider the whole story a hoax.—[Arthur Enterprise.

Chesley Enterprise:—On Sunday last constable Briggs of Tara arrived in Chesley and had a warrant sworn out for the arrest of John B. Allen of Chesley on the charge of having stolen a horse in Wiarton. He also brought with him a warrant for the arrest of a man named Curry as the principal offender. The horse had been hired from a livery man in Wiarton, driven to Chesley and put into one of the stables. Allen claims to have had nothing to do with the hiring of the horse, and says he was only taking a ride with Curry. The trial was held in Tara on Monday, when it came out that Currie had gone around Wiarton distributing printed circulars representing himself as being an agent of some of the Toronto papers for which he was soliciting subscriptions. He had hired a horse and rig to drive to Chesley, and on his way overtook Allen, to whom he offered a ride. Before reaching Tara, they stopped opposite a farm house and Allen held the horse while Currie went into the stable and stole a saddle. Further on they traded the harness with a man named Hyndman and got $2 to boot. Hyndman lost the money but got the experience so that in the deal he came out about even. After having the full particulars the magistrate committed Currie but honorably acquitted Allen.

Late Saturday night or early Sunday morning, Mr. M. A. H. Pidgays store, Chesley, was broken into and about six hundred dollars' worth of goods were stolen, consisting of horse clothes, oysters for sale on counter, axes and [illegible] Lamb; especially a large lot of men's overcoats, very much under value. About one hundred dollars' worth of silverware and silk handkerchiefs. Entrance into the building was effected by opening up a window in the storehouse and then removing the lock off the door leading to the store. No trace of the goods or the thieves has been found so far.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth.
Priceville—Second to before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

Municipal Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all letters designed for the township Clerk and Township Registrar of the Township of Osprey, should be addressed to the undersigned.

JOSIAH GAMEY,
Maxwell, Dec. 15th, 1888.

$85 Solid Gold Watch Free. Sold for $100, until lately Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send **Free,** and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the **Watch and Samples.** We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Gibson & Co., Box 413, Portland, Maine.**

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BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

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Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots. At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

A Positive Cure. ✝ A Painless Cure.

FACES FOR MEN OF ALL AGES.

DISEASES OF MAN.

M. V. LUBON'S SPECIFIC NO. 8.

THE GREAT HEALTH RENEWER,

Marvel of Healing, and Kohinoor of Medicines.

Cures the terrible consequences of Indiscretion, Exposure and Overwork.

YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED AND OLD MEN

Who are broken down from the effects of abuse will find in No. 8 a radical cure for nervous debility, organic weakness, involuntary vital losses, etc.

SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH No. 8 SHOULD BE USED.—Want of energy, vertigo, want of purpose, dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of confidence, avoidance of conversation, desire for solitude, listlessness and inability to fix the attention on a particular subject, cowardice, depression of spirits, giddiness, loss of memory, excitability of temper, spermatorrhœa, or loss of the seminal fluid—the result of self-abuse or marital excess—impotency, lumbago, emaciation, barrenness, palpitation of the heart, hysteric feelings in females, trembling, melancholy, disturbing dreams, etc., are all symptoms of this terrible habit, oftentimes innocently acquired. In short, the spring of vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Scientific writers and the superintendence of us no asylums unite in ascribing to the effects of self-abuse the great majority of wasted lives which come under their notice. If you are incompetent for the arduous duties of business, incapacitated for the enjoyments of life, No. 8 offers an escape from the effects of such vice. If you are advanced in years, No. 8 will give you full vigor and strength. If you are broken down, physically and morally from early indiscretion, true manly dignity and vitality, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for M. V. Lubon's Celebrated Book For Men on Diseases of Man. Sealed and secure from observation. Address all communications to M. V. LUBON, 42 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

A Man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise. CURES GUARANTEED. HEAL THE SICK.

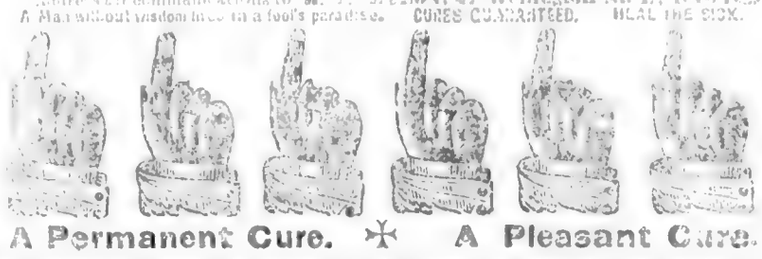

A Permanent Cure. ✝ A Pleasant Cure.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Jan. 10 1889

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 393. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

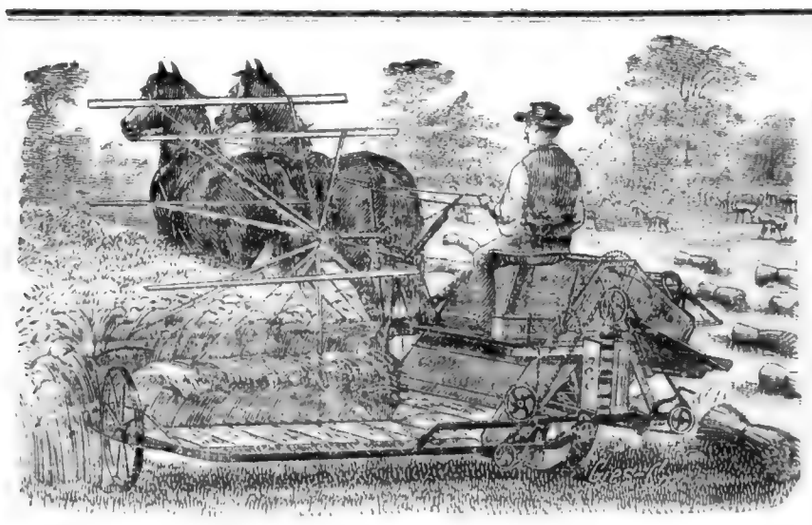

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower,
THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR,
LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Neil McDonal, at the townline, is going to erect a large frame barn next spring. Allen McKechnie hewed the timber for it. It will be a great improvement on the old log barn that stands there now.

Mr. Alex. Nevin is going to build an addition to his house; as he expects an addition to his family he means to be prepared.

Mr. Aaron Ernest makes it his business to call daily at the lighthouse to pay his respects to the proprietor. The citizens of Muddy Valley will not be surprised should a wedding come off there very soon.

Donald McDougald had a large woodbee the day before New Year. He supplied the boys with lots of fire-water, which the majority of them appreciated very much, himself included. They had a lively time at the dance that night and each Bonnie Laddie went home New Year's morning feeling light headed and heavy footed.

Mr. Moore, the hay presser, has been making hay a very scarce article in this settlement. He has bought of J. McNelty $200 worth; J. Campbell, $177 worth, and D. McCormack over $100 worth, and a large quantity from Mr. Hinks, B. Paton, J. Knox and Mr. Golden, where they are now pressing.

Mr. W. Stuart sold by public auction his farmstock and implements. He had a goodly share of the hot liquid there and the most of his stock went at a good figure. Mr. P. Ferguson bought his full bred blood colt, sired by that noted horse, Goldfinder, formerly owned by A. Hannah, Flesherton Station. Somebody else near by would like to have him but not being a good judge of horse flesh he refused to bid.

Mr. W. Blakestone has returned from Michigan, where he was spending his Xmas holidays. If was not that he is engaged to teach school for another year we think he would have stayed there as he was very much taken up with the country. He spent a couple of nights along with the roughs and toughs of both countries, in a lumbering camp. He says people in the lumberwoods are not half so disorderly as peoples here imagine they are.

Miss Mary Booth, of Toronto, was up spending a few days with her friend, Christina McDonal, of Proton. She has returned home again.

Mr. John Alcorn and wife are away visiting friends below Harriston. James Alcorn accompanied them. Dame rumor says he is in search of a wife. We wish him success.

It seem everybody has their own peculiar idea about the way to spend the first day of the year, as nearly every individual in this locality spent it in a different manner.

Some went to Sacket's corners, others went to Priceville and had a few drinks, Campbell drew hay to the station, the Bachelor in the bush went out to the old man in Durham, and to cap the climax D. Ferguson spent it killing pigs.

Mr. Editor, I wish you and all the rest of the Fleshertonians A happy New Year.

OBEN.

P. S. Enclosed please find one dollar for a years subscription to your paper.

[The last item is extremely interesting. Many thanks.—ED. ADVANCE.]

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The annual tea-meeting in connection with the Sabbath School was held earlier than usual the present season, but owing to the bad state of the roads was poorly attended. The entertainment consisted of the usual tea and cakes and dialogues, recitations, etc., and a short address by Rev. Mr. Shilton.

The second annual Xmas tree entertainment came off in the school house the Friday evening before Christmas, and was a decided success. The past teacher, Miss Ford, deserves great credit for the successful manner in which the pupils rendered their several parts.

Mr. R. Graham was re-elected school trustee at the annual meeting.

Mr. D. Johnson has sold his farm on the 11th and bought 50 acres from Mr. R. Shaw.

Mr. D. Walker is leaving the Meaford Road and going to live on the 9th line of Euphrasia, on a farm that he has purchased from Mr. J. Boland.

Mr. John Warling's family has been increased by the advent of a young daughter.

A debating club has been organized in the school house and meets on Friday evenings.

Kimberley.

Our anniversary and tea-meeting on New Year's evening, was the grandest affair of its kind ever held here. Our little church was crowded to its fullest capacity with a happy company. Speeches were given by Rev. Mr. Madden of Heathcote, Rev. Mr. Sanderson of Walter's Falls, Mr. Hammond and Mr. Hall. Mr. W. Dinwoody gave a recitation in his well known and effective style. The Kimberly choir was in good form and rendered some most excellent music. In fact the excellence of their singing was a matter of general comment. Our popular Reeve, Mr. Thomas Gilray, did graceful honor to the chair. The Messrs. Cook and Falls, of Rocklyn, gave some excellent solos on the mouth organ. At the close of the entertainment it was announced that $44.20 had been taken at the door, and $134 in subscriptions, making a grand total of $178.20. How is that for our enterprising village, Mr. Editor!

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Mr. Thos. Duncan held a sale of his personal effects on Monday. He will remove to Toronto.

The cattle fair on Monday was very poorly attended. Less than a dozen animals were offered.

Mr. J. G. Keefer of the Forest Free Press will accept thanks for a handsome illuminated carrier boy's address.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr. W. J. Nelson, Flesherton's new barber, visits Priceville every Friday. We commend him to the good people of that town.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Remember the Farmers' Institute meeting on Saturday next in Flesherton. Friday in Markdale.

Mr. Wm. Strain has given up the agency of Vicker's express. This company have withdrawn their service along the C. P. R.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Owing to absence in Toronto Mr. Richardson has been unable to give us his usual interesting letter. We substitute thefore a short original story.

Mr. Thos. Garret, of Glen Huron, for five years a resident of Flesherton, paid us a visit on Thursday. Mr. Garret founded the Flesherton cheese factory, and now carries on the same line of business at Glen Huron.

In giving our report last week of the Flesherton Sunday School anniversary we should have mentioned that Miss Edith Richardson accompanied the singers in the Cantata upon the organ. Miss Richardson's playing was extremely good.

The annual meeting of East Grey Agricultural Society, will be held in the town hall, Flesherton, on Wednesday, Jan. 16th, at 1 o'clock, p. m., for the election of officers, receiving reports, and general business. All are invited to be present.

Mr. J. G. Anderson has disposed of his Markdale business and will now devote his whole energies to the building up of his Flesherton trade. Heretofore several Fleshertonians felt a little jealous of J. G's frequent visits to Markdale, but now that he has fully decided to throw over his Markdale love, this will cease, and we forgive him his flirtation with foreigners. Call and test his prices.

There was a funny fracas ventilated before J. W. Armstrong, J. P., on Saturday last. Mr. Thos. Betts accused Albert Partridge of assault. There was a young lady in the case, and our worthy magistrate appears to have thought that a young lady is well worth quarelling over but not worth going to law about. At all events he dismissed the case.

At a late meeting of the Royal Templars of Temperance, it was moved by Bro. W. H. Thurston, seconded by Bro. Robt. Keefer, and unanimously resolved that we, the members of Fountain Council, No. 146, while keenly feeling our loss in the removal by death of Sister Russell, a charter member of this lodge, and beloved wife of Bro. J. G. Russell, Knowing his loss to be infinitely greater, would extend to him our profound sympathy, and would earnestly pray that God, who has allowed for our sister the day temporal to widen into the day eternal, may sustain our brother in his severe trial, and enable him "Ever to lean on Staff and Rod, and follow—meet at home with God."

Read D. McTavishe's new advertisement, and be sure and order your cutters and sleighs from him.

Notice should have been given last week of an orange soiree at Kells' Corners. It was a case of oversight on our part for which we are extremely sorry. The affair came off last evening. The result will be given next week.

An Interesting Case.

A case of much interest to people in this vicinity, and to merchants all over the Dominion, was tried at the Assize Court in Toronto, before Justice Rose, last Friday and Saturday. Mr. M. Richardson, of Flesherton, on January 15 last, purchased goods in Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton and shipped them to Flesherton by the C. P. R. While the goods were in the freight shed at Flesherton the building was destroyed by fire. Mr. Richardson sought to make the company responsible for his goods, which were valued at $682.41, of which $211.46 has been paid. The company contended that after having delivered the goods at the Flesherton station they were not liable for them. On Tuesday Judge Rose delivered a lengthy decision in favor of defendants.

Missionary Services.

Rev. John Shaw, of Toronto, preached missionary sermons in the Methodist Church on Sunday to large audiences. Mr. Shaw, though scarcely what you would call a powerful orator, is one of the most earnest, convincing and successful of Methodist ministers. He is overflowing with new and original ideas, and no one can listen to his impressive words without receiving new food for thought. The collections and subscriptions amounted to $105. Rev. Mr. Shilton at both services read statistics showing work done during the past year by the Missionary society.

Priceville's New Church.

The new Presbyterian Church at Priceville, which has been in course of erection during the past summer, was formally opened on Sunday last by Principal Cavan of Knox College, who preached morning and evening, to very large congregations. The new church is a model of beauty; though a little on the small scale, to overcome which difficulty a gallery has been erected, capable of holding about eighty persons. The building of this church has been engineered so successfully that it starts out in the good cause almost wholly free from debt, although costing some $3,000. Sunday morning's collection netted the handsome amount of $75, and with the evening offering would make fully $100. The Priceville Presbyterians are worthy of sincere congratulation upon the possession of this neat house of worship and its satisfactory financial standing.

TEA-MEETING.

On Tuesday evening a tea was held in the church, when a very large gathering was present. Over thirty Fleshertonians took advantage of the magnificent sleighing and paid their sister village a New Year's call. It was pleasant to witness the justifiable pride with which Priceville Presbyterians regard their new church. It is a pretty church, and well finished. It is not quite free from debt, as above noted, but so nearly is it that a few months will probably wipe out all indebtedness. The speakers on Tuesday evening were Rev. Mr. Watson, of Flesherton, Rev. Mr. McLeod, the pastor; Rev. Mr. Morrison, of Cedarville; Mr. Dugal McLean, Mr. McCormick and Mr. McCuaig, chairman of the building committee. Mrs. Gray, of Normandy, and Miss McKinnon sang solos. The efficient choir under leadership of Mr. McLeod, rendered several pieces very satisfactorily. Wm. Ferguson, Esq., occupied the chair. At the door $118.05 were taken.

Dundalk Herald:—Mr. Jas. Agnew caught a large wild cat on Tuesday. He has it still alive. This is the second one he has caught inside of a week.

The 16th anniversary of the Priceville Sabbath School will be held in the new Presbyterian Church, Priceville, Wednesday, Jan. 16, when an excellant program will be provided consisting of readings, recitations, dialogues and good music by the choir and children. Also adresses by resident clergymen and others. Refreshments will be served. Program to commence at 8 p.m. Admission: Adults 25cts. children not members of the school 10cts.

Victoria Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 244, met in their lodge room on Tuesday, the 18th of December, to celebrate their 38th annual meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, when the following brethren were duly elected to their various offices: James Best, Worshipful Master; William John Henderson, Deputy Master; Samuel Sheardown, Chaplain; Thomas James Stinson, Recording Secretary; John Wright, Financial Secretary; Joseph Blakely, Treasurer; William Sharp, Director of Ceremonies; Thomas A. Blakely, Lecturer. Committee, John Lyons first, George Ludlow second, Joseph Watson third, David A. Stinson fourth, Edward Lomas fifth, Thomas Wauchob, Tyler.

The officers elect were duly installed and a very pleasant time was spent, when all brethern present partook of a grand supper prepared by the lodge.

Married.

HILL—WOOD.—On New Year's day, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. Walker Shilton, B. A., Mr. Thomas Hill of Collingwood Township to Bella, youngest daughter of David Wood, Esq., of Artemesia.

MUIR—BROWN.—At the residence of the brides father, Priceville, on Wednesday, Jan. 9, by the Rev. Mr. McLeod Mr. Alexander Muir to Miss Esth Brown.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address Dr. NICHOLSON, John Street, Montreal

SACRIFICE SALE,

TILL JAN. 1st, 1889.

16⅔ PER CENT. off all sales of WATCHES and CLOCKS! or ONE SIXTH off marked price.

20 per cent. off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS ditto.

25 per cent off general lines in JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

Markdale is the only place in this section where you can get CLOSE COMPETITION

It will pay you to drive [illegible] can find a [illegible] from a [illegible]

CALL THIS MONTH!

If you never have before,

—AND—

Test This Statement!

that I have [illegible]

FOR SALE,

1 12-Horse Power and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power

THE GOVERNOR

JEWELER [illegible] Can be seen at office of the MARKDALE PRINTING CO.

MARKDALE, ONTARIO.

EXTREME NORTHWESTERN CANADA.

Explorer Ogilvie's Researches in the Yukon and Mackenzie River Districts.

A Winnipeg despatch says: William Ogilvie, D L.S., who has been engaged since 1887 in exploring in extreme Northwestern Canada, arrived at Calgary yesterday *via* Lac la Biche and Victoria. The route pursued by the party was from the Pacific coast up Chilcat Inlet by steamer, over the Taing Pass to Lake Lyndeman on Lewis River, a large branch of the Yukon, and down the Lewis River by canoes to the international boundary line. It had always been supposed that the Lewis was the main stream of the Yukon, but the Hootilenqua, which joins the Lewis from the east, about 200 miles from the coast, is the main stream proper. The party went into winter camp on the Yukon, near the international boundary, in the latter part of September. The greatest cold was in February, when the thermometer registered 57° below zero. Camp was struck on March 4th, when the party descended the Yukon 35 miles, to where a small creek runs in. They ascended this to the head through a pass in the Nehaunie range of mountains to the head-waters of the Porcupine River, another of the principal branches of the Yukon. This pass is 3,200 feet above sea-level The Porcupine was descended twenty miles, when on April 10th camp was made until the ice broke in the spring, which was on May 18th. The average depth of snow during the winter was about three feet. The Porcupine was descended to its confluence with Bell's River, coming in from the east. This was ascended to a pass in the Rockies about eight and a half miles long, with nothing to prevent a first-class railway being built through it. From the east end of the pass a small mountain stream was followed to its junction with the Peel River, flowing into the Mackenzie. On this stream coal of good quality and an abundant outcrop of asbestos were seen. The distance from the foot of the Rockies to where they entered the Peel was seventeen miles in a straight line. The total distance travelled from the Yukon at the boundary to the Peel River was 318 miles, crossing two mountain ranges, one in winter and one in summer. McConnell's geological survey party was met at the Peel. The ascent of the Mackenzie was begun on January 27th, and the survey continued until it combined at Chippewayan with the survey of the Peace and Athabasca Rivers, made by Mr. Ogilvie in 1886. A distance of 1,417 miles was covered. The only real obstacle to navigation in this distance was the rapids at Fort Smith. Wheat and barley are grown every summer at Fort Providence, in north latitude 61. A sample of wheat grown there was brought out and makes good flour. Mining is carried on on the Yukon and tributaries and pays during three months of the year. Forty-mile Creek, the scene of the gold excitement of 1887, unites with the Yukon about forty-one miles from the boundary. Twenty-three miles of this creek is in Canada. Mr. Ogilvie and his party left Edmonton for Calgary by team on Christmas Day.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

A Woman Foully Murdered—Tracklaying on the Portage Extension—Other Notes.

Archbishop Tache left for Montreal yesterday.

Crossley and Hunter, the evangelists, passed through the city for the east yesterday.

Mr. Ogilvie, D. L. S., left Edmonton for Winnipeg and the east yesterday. The party enjoyed excellent health, but was delayed by ice for five weeks at Chippewayan. It was also delayed one week on the Mackenzie River by bad weather and another two weeks on the salmon stream by increased work over what was estimated. Mr. Ogilvie found that the Mackenzie River was 200 miles longer than was reported.

Fire at the Walrond ranch, near MacLeod, destroyed several buildings and about 40 tons of hay.

A. J. Hoffield left Holland, a small village on the southwestern branch, yesterday at noon for his home, near Norquay, carrying liquor. His wife and three small children ran away on his appearance. He drove on to Norquay and returned home this morning with neighbors to find his wife lying forty feet from the door, dead, with her face fearfully mutilated. He says he only struck her with his hand. The Christmas dinner stood on the table as prepared, untouched. Hoffield has been placed in custody at Holland.

Mr. Kendricks, chief engineer for the Northern Pacific Railway, arrived in this city this evening. It is understood that he will look into the question of pushing the work on the Portage extension this winter.

Fun for the Bear.

A Chicago despatch says: City Treasurer Plautz has had some exciting adventures with a bear and a monkey which he won in a raffle. He endeavored in vain to induce the Park Commissioner to take the bear off his hands and then gave it to his brother.

The brother enjoyed the society of the animal twenty-four hours, and in that time the brute ripped up a carpet, pulled some furniture in pieces and hugged his new keeper almost to death. Yesterday the bear was returned to the City Treasurer without thanks.

In an hour he had forced his way out of the shed where he was confined, and began to make free with Mr. Plautz's little boy. He tore every shred of clothing from the terrified youngster and then held him up to the keen December wind. Mr. Plautz rescued his son with some difficulty and now keeps the bear in a cellar.

No More Theatricals in New York Hangings.

...riff (to condemned mur-...hair. Say your pray-...it. The electrician ...

... Won't there be no ...?"

...m step up the gal-...

... chance for me to ...e game?"

...ght here."

... Oh, my! I—I wish I ...

... "a duck of a bonnet" ...so much bill to it.

A SHIPWRE...

Sad Story of Suff...

A Halifax despatch ... of Tremont, Me., master of the schooner Montezuma, of Calais, Me., has arrived at Yarmouth with three of his crew and details of the loss of his vessel as follows: The schooner was of 78 tons and 38 years old, and owned by Boardman Bros. and the Eatons, of Calais. She left Calais on December 8th with lumber for Boston. On the 14th she left Machias for Boston, and soon after, during a heavy north-northwest wind, she was struck by a heavy sea, which carried away the only boat. The vessel began to leak badly, and the deck load, being frozen, could not be thrown overboard. The men were driven from the cabin. All their fresh water became salt, and they had to hang their provisions to the main boom, which got under water. For seven days the only food the crew had was a quarter of fresh beef only partially cooked, and the only water was a little caught in a bucket during a rain shower. The captain and two men had their feet badly frozen by the intense cold. On the second day of the storm the stern was washed away, with the rudder and hawsers, and the sea washed through the deck-house. On the 18th the head stays gave way and both masts went overboard. On the 21st the schooner Edward D. rescued the helpless crew, and carried them to Yarmouth. The rescued men are T. G. Lunt, of Salem; T. Lunt, Fred. G. Commice and Harvey Hurd. The captain and Hurd have their feet badly frozen. The crew saved nothing from the wreck.

FATAL FIGHT OVER CHICKENS.

Bloody Encounter Between Mennonites and Americans.

A St. Paul despatch says: A riot occurred yesterday morning near Tripp, Dak., between Russian Mennonites and Americans. A public sale was held at the farm of a Russian named Sink, and an American farmer named Merchant purchased a dozen chickens. When ready to start home he found two chickens missing, and complained to Sink, who told him to take something of equal value. He selected a goose and started for home, but was overtaken by a party of eight Russians, who claimed the goose as their property. A wrangle ensued that attracted others to the scene, and soon a general fight was in progress, in which some twenty men were engaged. Two brothers named Johnston, who were passing, joined in the melee with knives. A Russian named Mayer was stabbed, and he in turn split Charles Johnston's head with a neck yoke, inflicting a fatal injury. The same weapon broke the arm of George Johnston, and knives were used to slash up three other Russians badly, but not fatally. The Americans found the force opposing them too strong and withdrew from the field. The wounded Russians were taken care of by their companions, and nothing could be learned from them owing to their clannish customs. The affair has created intense excitement in the neighborhood.

FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

The Thrilling Adventure of a Druggist in Bridgeport, Conn.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) despatch says: Fred. B. Hubbard, a druggist, had a battle with an eagle last night and after a severe struggle captured it. He was walking at the West End when suddenly he was almost knocked down by the huge bird, which lighted on his shoulder and buried its talons in his flesh. He grabbed the bird, which then fastened its great beak in his hand, inflicting a severe wound. After a lively tussle the bird was made to break its hold and was thrown to the ground. In an instant it jumped up and fastened its beak in the fleshy part of Hubbard's leg, just above the knee. Hubbard managed to get a firm grip on the wings of the bird and thus held it a prisoner. He has three wounds, but has the satisfaction of having captured a live eagle.

Ancient Advertising.

It is affirmed that the first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1642, during the civil war in Great Britain.

In Greece it was the public crier who announced sales or bid the people come to the theatre or visit the public baths.

In England the first printed advertisement was gotten up by Caxton, the celebrated printer, who announced the completion of "The Pyes of Salisbury," a book containing a collection of rules for the guidance of priests in the celebration of Easter."

The advertising card is of entirely modern origin, although the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans knew something about advertising. They accomplished the desired results through the medium of posters, as several bills, painted in black and red, were discovered on the walls of the Pompeian dwellings.

The first authentic advertisement was published in the Mercurius Politicus, of 1652. In the year 1657, a weekly newspaper, devoted to the interests of advertisers, made its appearance in London. It was not until the eighteenth century that newspaper advertising became the recognized medium between the manufacturer and the buyer.

Dr. Griffin's True Name.

The Victoria (B C.) *Times* says: "Col J. H. Mahoney, the San Francisco detective, has been in Los Angeles this week. He declared Griffin's true name to be Griffin la Blanche; that he was born in Cuba some 40 years ago. The detective showed a number of letters and other documents, which he said were La Blanche's private papers. Some of them are written in Greek. They were dug up in the yard in the rear of E. T. Byram's house, on C street, in Los Angeles. Mahoney states they were placed there by La Blanche when he fled from that city. It is thought that such documents dug up light may be thrown on the convict's many peculiar transactions."

Couldn't Stand Everything.

A San Francisco gentleman owns a dog, on whose collar he has attached the following legend: "I will not be responsible for the damage done to people who persist in discussing 'Robert Elsmere' in this dog's hearing. He can't stand everything."—*N.Y. Tribune.*

Did you ever see a battery take position? It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help.

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count 30, and the guns rush for the hills beyond us. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling, the sight behind us made us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike a rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, 60 horses, 80 men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who should reach it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command:

"Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around; they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one belt, misses just one cog in the wheels, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it, aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grape shot and the serpent-like hiss of canister.

Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them the last shot. The discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and the roar of more than 8,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us, is a living foe! There are corpses around us that have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Long Courtship.

For thirty-five years John H. Buttrick, of Lowell, has been courting Miss Catharine Teressa McEnry. Mr. Buttrick is the head of a drug firm; he is also in the railroad business, and, what is more to the point, is wealthy, as well as well connected. Miss McEnry is 50, is well educated, and it is said that when Mr. Buttrick commenced paying attention to her that she was beautiful and much sought after by the youth of the town. But after the waste of so much sweetness on the Lowell air, after the coming and going of so many years, after the fleeing of thirty-five summers, with their trysts and their kisses, and the alleged promise of Mr. Buttrick to marry her unfulfilled, she is naturally discouraged, and has sought redress for her wrongs and balm for her wounded heart in the law. She has secured the services of that gallant old warrier, General Benjamin F. Butler, and the demand is for $75,000 damages—a moderate amount to be sure; scarcely more than $2,000 a year for the time that the courtship has been in progress.

Sic Transit. . . .

A few days ago there died at Saint-Etienne an old man named Petroviski, Count of Blanckemberg in the Polish nobility. The aged foreigner was reduced to absolute beggary. He was born in Warsaw in the year 1789, and went through the campaign of Napoleon I., after which he occupied a position as engineer in the district of Lyons.—*Figaro.*

Very few persons ... that we had living in Windsor a granddaughter of that prominent character in the Revolutionary War, Benedict Arnold. The lady referred to was Mrs. Shipman, widow of the late Stephen Royce Shipman and daughter of Richard Arnold, eldest son of Benedict Arnold of revolutionary fame. She was born in the township of Augusta, near Brockville, Ont. Her birth is registered in her father's family Bible in his own handwriting, "Born the 25th January, 1814, Charlotte Arnold." She was the fourth daughter of a family of six daughters and three sons, all of whom grew to be men and women; but now only two sons and two daughters are living. The deceased, in her younger days, received a very fair education having attended the County School very near her father's residence. For the times this was considered a good school. Afterwards, with an elder sister, she went one year to a convent in Montreal. October 31st, 1837, she was married to Stephen Royce Shipman, and removed to the Township of Ramsey, where her husband was engaged in business at a small village then called Shipman's Mills, named after the father of her husband, but now the flourishing town of Almont. Mr. Shipman disposed of his interest at this place and removed to the County of Hastings, near Belleville, where he erected a grist and saw mill. He resided some seven or eight years there and then disposed of the mills and removed to Kingston and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He died very suddenly on the 9th of Dec., 1847, at his son-in-law's residence, Sarnia, aged 79 years, leaving a widow, three sons and one daughter. After Mr. Shipman's death the widow, with the family, moved to Brockville, where she had two brothers and other connections living. After the marriage of her daughter she removed to Windsor, where she remained a while with her son-in-law and daughter. She then purchased a house and lot and commenced housekeeping. The last two years her health has been failing, but no one supposed her end was so near. A couple of weeks ago, on the advice of her physicians, she was removed to Harper's Hospital, where it was thought the facilities for nursing and medical attendance were more suitable. Notwithstanding the best medical attendance and all that loving friends could do she quietly sank to rest on Thursday last. The Rev. John Grey, pastor of the Windsor Presbyterian Church, which the deceased attended, visited her at the hospital and administered Christian consolation during her illness. The funeral took place on Saturday from her granddaughter's residence, Windsor, to the Protestant cemetery.—*Record.*

The Miseries of High Life.

Mrs. Westend—Oh, such a time as I do have with nurses! I've discharged three this week for not keeping the children quiet, and it hasn't done a bit of good.

Mrs. Tiptop—I notice the noise from the nursery is terrible. Well, I have the same trouble, and my husband, who is getting deaf, actually refuses to be treated for it. I can't see what sort of creatures these child's nurses can be. They don't seem to have a bit of sense. I actually caught one buying cheap candy with her own money to keep the little angels quiet. Just think of the impudence of the thing—putting cheap candy into the delicate stomachs of my children. Well I said I'd discharge her if she repeated the offense, and what do you suppose she did next? Why, when they began to yell and kick at her for not buying them a locomotive and cars big enough to ride in she actually threatened to have their father whip them, just as if she, a common, ignorant nurse, had a right to keep their father, my husband, at her beck and call. No wonder the children laughed and then yelled louder than ever. Even they could see the effrontery of the thing.

Mrs. Westend—Well, I'd send her flying. Dear me! What a racket! Hark! Ah! I understand it now. That miserable creature who calls herself a nurse is trying to stand little Billy in the corner for something. Isn't it awful. Now, if she hits him I'll just send for the police—I just will. I shan't be contented with a simple discharge. It's high time these creatures were taught a lesson.

Mrs. Tiptop—I think so, too. No wonder the little dears learn to yell and kick and bite when they have such examples set them. They see it's a mere question of physical strength—brute force—of course they do. Why don't these nurses keep the children amused? That's what they are hired to do. Well, I must hurry, for I have an engagement at the intelligence office at this hour. I want if possible to get a nurse to replace the one I have now. Since dear little Bobby kicked her shins black and blue she has hated him so she won't buy any more candy for him, and it almost breaks my heart to hear the poor little fellow cry.

Philosophy Under a Lamp Post.

Not many evenings ago a sedate individual, braced up against a lamp post on Bold street, was heard to murmur softly: "Yes, health is valued only when one gets sick; if there was no poverty in the world, riches would be a drug; it is only when a man is in trouble that he understands the true value of happiness, and we would never realize the grandeur of the electric lights if we had none of these blamed coal oil lamps in the outskirts of the city."

Masonic.

Over $30,000 have been raised toward the new Masonic temple at Grand Rapids.

Masonry knows no bounds. A magnificent new temple for the fraternity has been constructed and dedicated at Kamloops, in the Rocky Mountains. The building is an imposing structure. It is 52x34 feet, and two stories high. The Grand Lodge of British Columbia conducted the dedicatory ceremonies.

Beginning the New Year.

"Come, hubby, you ought to take me to the theatre New Year's Eve, seeing you didn't give me any Christmas present," said a newly married wife to her husband.

"Nonsense; I've only got one ticket, and we don't want to begin the New Year squandering money. We must learn to economize, now we are married," replied the brute.

...coveries Came About.

Valuable discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accidents. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire. The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glasscutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum. The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist by the name of Lundyfoot was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smoldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him. The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by the mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.—*London Tidbits.*

Cured of a Curious Delusion.

"That is a queer freak," said one of the newspaper men when the woman had departed, "but I know of a case stranger than that. It happened in my own family, and the victim of the hallucination was my uncle. He was a farmer and a wealthy man. When the war broke out he enlisted and fought bravely to the end. He had not been home six months when the strange fancy seized him that there was a small drum secreted in the top of his head and that he would never more have peace. He was sent to a private insane asylum. Except for this peculiar idea he was apparently as sane as you or I, and his conversation on any topic but this was rational. Finally the physicians hit upon a happy idea. They told my uncle that they would perform a surgical operation and take the drum out. So they had a miniature drum made, and one of them kept it in the palm of his hand where the patient could not see it. They then cut the scalp on top of his head until blood came, and the physicians pretended to draw out the drum through the top of his head, stitching the wound after doing so. My uncle was cured the minute he saw the drum.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Bricks for a Pillow.

A correspondent of the Shanghai *North China Herald* says that to the average Celestial it is a matter of indifference how long he remains in one position. He will write all day like an automaton; he will work from morn to eve without any variation, and apparently without any consciousness of the monotony. The Chinese school children will undergo any amount of confinement, unrelieved by recesses or changes of work, which would drive a Western pupil to the verge of insanity. Ever Chinese infants are said to remain as impassive as "mud gods." To the Chinese exercise appears to be superfluous, as they can sleep anywhere. With a brick for a pillow the "heathen Chinee" can lie down on his bed of stalks or mud brick or rattan and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation.

Remarkable Vigor For His Age.

Rev. D. Sutherland, Gabrus, C.B., writes to the *Witness*: "Malcolm McMillan, of Catalone, C. B., a native of Lochmaddy, North-Uist, Scotland, is 101 years of age; and all his senses are as good as when he was in his teens. A few months ago he cut and sewed a pair of milloloth trousers for himself. Last autumn he mowed away on the same field with his son, his grandson and his great-grandson and his day's work was equal, it is said, to the best of them. He was 40 years of age before he ever saw tea, and 43 before he ever put a tobacco pipe in his mouth. He never lost a tooth, and does not know what headache or toothache is. He is, best of all, a child of God and a Presbyterian, and has not been absent of the house on Sabbath for 20 years only to go to the house of God."

Going Down Hill.

Little Bobby—Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr. Jinks?

Mr. Jinks—I never go to any toboggan slide, Bobby; never even saw a toboggan.

Bobby (a trifle nonplused)—That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down hill at a furious rate.

Jan. 17 1889

Forget-Me-Not.

A mother's last good-by,
A dear friend's parting sigh,
A message from on high,
"Forget-me-not."

A love which God hath blest,
A maiden's heart confest,
A soldier's last request,
"Forget-me-not."

A patriot's love of fame,
A sweet, familiar strain,
A poet's last refrain—
"Forget-me-not."

A wish all hearts contain,
A voice from o'er the main,
A echo back again—
"Forget-me-not."

Never More.

Far away from the world her heart throbs are stealing,
Over field, over mountain, over river and rill;
She heeds not the charm of their silent appealing,
She's wrapped in her musings, and it's peace be still.

Where is her lover? and what path does he follow?
Does he ever look back to think of her pain?
Does he ever look back from mountain or hollow?
With a sigh that he never shall meet her again?

Let her dream of him now in the light wind that passes
Over lilac and myrtle, where lingers his shade;
Let her dream of him now in the turn of the grasses,
Where once in his wooing his steps may have strayed.

Ah, proud was the glance that unkindly estranged them,
And secret the torture both hearts had to bear;
Was either to blame that a light word had changed them,
And pride was the mask weeping love had to wear?

Love's chain may be severed and its bloom seem declining,
As steps full of sorrow proceed their own way;
But the links and the bloom will live on repining
Till the hearts of both lovers are wrapped in the clay.

HUGH FARRAR MCDERMOTT.

Bare-Legged Ushers for Mrs. Langtry.

In her forthcoming production of "Macbeth" in New York city, Mrs. Langtry positively refuses to be dictated to by criticism or tradition. One of the novel features about the plan will be introduced in the front of the house. Behind the scenes Mrs. Langtry's will is supreme, but in the auditorium Manager Joseph Reynolds' authority has such weight that the actress has gladly accepted his suggestion that the ushers be clothed in Highland costume. Kilts, plaids, bare legs and claymores are to take the place of the neat little military jackets that they usually wear. Not only the ushers on the main floor, but those in balcony and gallery as well are to don the Scotch undress. Even the man who takes tickets at the door is to wear it, and the colored porter who guards the Broadway entrance is to do the same. These two are inclined to protest against the novelty on account of their innate modesty. They don't like the idea of being stared at.

"I'll go on de roof 'n' shovel snow," said the colored man of all work. "I'll walk de tight-rope across de stage. I'll play eny part dey axes me from de star down tu de super. I'll do enything Misser Reynolds say 'cep'n' prance roun' de front door wid my legs all naked an' bar. 'Tain't right to su'ject er gineiman to undignerty like dat en dese civilizin' times."

He is entitled to sympathy.

"Aren't you afraid that the 'gallery gods' will pinch the legs of the upstair ushers?" Mr. Reynolds was asked.

"Well, we thought of that," he replied, "but have come to the conclusion that there's no danger. You see, Mrs. Langtry never draws a gallery. It is mostly the fashionable people who go to see her. No, we are not afraid of being guyed by the 'gods.'"

"Any other novelties?"

"I can tell you of one. All the tiresome part of the witch scene is to be cut out of the play."

Mr. Reynolds expects that Mrs. Langtry will furnish a pleasant surprise to the public.

The Night Before Christmas.

It seems that Troy lays claim to the honor of having first published to the world that remarkable poem, "The Night Before Christmas." "The first rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city," says a contemporary, "the Rev. David Butler, who resigned in 1834, had a daughter Harriet, who sometimes visited the family of Rev. Benjamin Moore, of New York, an eminent bishop of the Episcopal Church. On one of these visits she looked over the poems of his son, Clement C. Moore, who was a professor in the General Theological Seminary of his Church. She found the Christmas poem, which its author regarded as of no value, and carried it to Troy, where it was published in the Troy *Sentinel*, edited by Orville L. Holley. It was instantly copied by the press throughout the country, and has made the name of its author a household word in every home where the English language is read."—*Rochester Union.*

A Paradox.

"My son," said a mild parent, "it grieves me very much to see you keeping the company of worthless young spendthrifts. You should remember, my boy, that a fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, father," replied the prodigal, "I know all about that. But don't the fools still seem to have the most money in this world?"—*New York Evening Sun.*

—Underdone cake in the course of time will batter down any man's stomach.

"Zeb, the hermit fisherman," who lives a lonely life near Stonington, Conn., has amassed a fortune $50,000 from an annual income of from $300 to $500, which he has made from his fishing boat during the past forty years. He started with a capital of $90, which he invested in a dory, and his annual expenses, food and all, have rarely been more than $25.

Over twenty seizures of illicit tobacco have been made by Inland Revenue officers recently in Prescott and Russell counties.

—Young girls of 10 say that if they marry at all they will marry the best man to be found; but when their wedding day comes the "best man" is not the bridegroom.

—"Did you hear about the burglar who was arrested this morning?" "No. What for?" "For breaking into song." "Is that so?" "Yes. He got hrough two bars when some one hit him with a stave."

LADIES' COLUMN.

Household Suggestions.

Dark carpets do not need to be swept oftener than light ones, if you give them a good dusting say twice a week with a flannel cloth tied around an ordinary broom.

When one has been so unfortunate as to get machine-oil stains on white sewing saturate the piece of work in cold water immediately; soak for two hours, dry in the sun, then wash in the usual way.

If you are building, put the hooks in children's bed-room closets low enough to be easily reached by them. It is also a good idea to have a closet so arranged that sleds, rocking-horse and all large play-things can have a place.

Dust has such a sad way of insinuating itself wherever there is a place for it to lodge or work through that housekeepers are almost distracted to find brooms and dusters that will fit in every nook and crevice. A long-handled feather duster, a short-handled feather duster, a toy broom, a whisk broom, a flat bristle brush, a paint brush, and the ordinary cheese-cloth dusters seem to do all the dusting that is required if vigorously wielded.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Fur shoulder capes continue to be extremely popular for street wear. Embroidered and braided bands for cloth and woolen gowns grow in delicacy and elaboration of design.

The costliest wraps reach to the hem of the dress, and are lined throughout with fur or plush. White silk garters, clasped by a snowy daisy, or enamelled orange blossoms, are one of the details of bridal toilettes.

A boa of black fur, worn with a *decolette* toilette of black lace, forms a striking combination for an evening reception.

Some very rich black cloaks are made of black brocade in round peasant shape, with green plush fronts for their entire length, and green lining in the broad round hood.

Bonnets are chosen to match the cloak, instead of to match each gown. The low capote shapes, the toque and the round hat with projecting brim are the shapes that find most favor.

Sable on bonnets or round hats gives a touch of elegance, and sometimes forms the entire trimming. Fur and embroidery are almost as constantly seen now on bonnets as upon wraps.

In dull tones of red, emitting the fine odor of Russia leather, are walking and riding gloves imported from England. These can be made to order and will fit as the proverbial glove rarely does, delighting ever after by their durability and comfort.

The soft breast-feathers of turkeys, chickens, ducks, pheasants, with their delicate, well harmonized tones of brown, white, green and gray, are used in bands or as an entire covering for round turbans. Almost every shade of silk or velvet in the foundation combines with these soft colors.

Lace scarfs and boas in black and white are valuable accessories of the toilette. Black lace for street wear hides often some defect in a costume, softening the lines about the neck and falling in long, graceful ends nearly to the ground. After fashion has substituted some greater novelty these scarfs, if handsome in the first instance, become indispensable when going out of an evening without a bonnet.

Jet trimmings are more popular than ever.

India cashmere in white and light tints is a favorite cloth.

A pretty boa is made of soft green tinted flat ostrich feathers.

Fur panels on the skirts of street costumes appear to be growing more and more fashionable.

A tasty opera cloak is of white and gold brocade lined with pink plush and adorned with pink marabout bands.

Pale almond colored brocade or apricot brocade, made up in conjunction with golden brown, is a late French fancy.

The tendency is to dress the hair lower—in fact, the styles seem to require some hair on the neck, even when the chignon is high. The latest English and French fashion for younger women is to have the hair braided and arranged low on the neck in "twists" or loops, often tied with ribbons.

Hats, as we have already observed, have round flat brims, and are trimmed *en couronne* with tips of feathers.

Capotes of velvet or felt are larger than last winter; they have high borders and low crowns, and are much trimmed with feathers.

The chapeau is generally matched to the costume, the same material as the dress being employed for the capote or for the small toque, which is also much the fashion. If the material is a plain one, cloth or cashmere for instance, it is embroidered with beads or braided with small round silk cord of the same color. A bird and a bow of ribbon complete the trimming.

Two colors seem to divide popularity, dark green and navy blue, but the former predominates, and on dit that more of it has been converted into gowns and coats than any two other colors. Sometimes it is braided with black, or made up with black watered silk, trimmed with beaver or Astrakhan, or enlivened with a few touches in red. Some dressmakers call it directoire green, and say it is the same shade that was so fashionable during the early part of the century, while others call it watercress or laurel. Over black skirts, smart, light-fitting jackets of green cloth are worn, edged with a narrow binding of Astrakhan, with large revers of the same. Very large buttons fasten them.

The long Directoire coats, with the large square hip-pockets, cuffs and wide revers, are beginning to appear. They reach the edge of the skirt, all the fullness is clustered at the back, the front is open, and does not meet by at least a quarter of a yard, if not considerably more. This style is also fashionable for indoor wear. In fact, Directoire and Empire are the two styles of the season, and though people are hazy as to which is which, it is generally considered that the short-waisted look given by reason of broad folded waistbands, belongs to the latter. In most costumes, however, a connoisseur would probably see something of both styles, and few strictly correct.

The silks which have been selected for this winter season are of exceptional variety. Armure royal and morie have been blended in all colors, and large brocades in steel and black, green and black and other combinations bid fair to be universally worn. Russian velvet and corded silk is another novelty, and Pompadour chintz patterns on armure grounds and cream and gold. All these have been used for cloaks as well as evening dresses. One of the best Paris models of an opera cloak is a dead leaf brocade, trimmed with cock feathers; and many are made of the new Egyptian angola cloths with printed borders, white and grey, coral and white, beige and white, terra-cotta and white and other mixtures.

Deaf and Dumb Dancers.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League gave a ball in Lyric Hall last night. A party of about 200 young ladies and young men attended it, and they formed a very happy and joyful company, notwithstanding the fact that nearly every one of them was both deaf and dumb. There was excellent music, and the dancers kept remarkably good time to it, aided somewhat by the vibrations of the orchestra and by watching each other very closely. The young ladies were excellent dancers. There was never a quieter ball given in the city. The sound of the human voice was rarely heard, but the dancers kept up a lively conversation for all that. The Union League is a club of 14 boys and young men who are either pupils at or graduates from the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. At this school the articulate method is taught, but, notwithstanding this, one-half the proceeds of last night's ball will go to the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Wappinger's Falls, N.Y., which is named after Dr. Gallaudet, who was the great advocate of the sign system, which is at war with the articulate system.—*New York Times.*

Saved from an Earthquake.

Inscription on a tombstone in a burying-ground on the island of Jamaica: "Here lieth the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died the 22nd of September, 1739, aged 80 years. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion, and settled in this island, where, in the great earthquake in the year 1692, he was swallowed up, and by the great providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming till he was taken up by a boat and miraculously preserved. He afterwards lived in great reputation, and was universally lamented."

Oddities of a Day.

Many workmen in a York (Me.) bleachery spent Christmas with both hands in slings. A new lime used in dye a few days before had so softened the skin of their hands that the blood burst through.

A man in Malton, Nev., tipped a couple of barrels of whiskey into a natural spring which flowed on his premises and invited all the ranchmen for miles around to come and see it. The next day he sold the spring for $10,000 in gold dust and fled the country.

A Physical Impossibility.

Young Charlie Gunther (whose pa rich)—Jack, she just rejected me, and actually think she is laughing in her sleeve at me!

Jack—Oh, she cawn't do that, deah boy. Her dwess is sleeveless, don'tcherknow?

His Choice.

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakspeare or Edison?"

Little Son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison."

"Yes. Why?"

"Cause he ain't dead."

Sucked Before.

Little darling—That was a white sugar-almond I gave oo, Mr. Squeams. Does oo like it?

Crusty old bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question)—Very much, indeed, thank you.

Little darling—It was pink—once.

The Wrong Proposition.

"Well, my boy, he asked cheerfully at the breakfast table the morning after Cholly had taken the important leap, "how did things go last evening? Did she smile on your proposal?"

"No,' said Cholly, faintly, pushing away a breakfast roll. "She smiled at it."

A Modern Instance.

"Madame, are you a woman-suffragist?"

"No, sir; I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband."

A Hitherto Vacancy.

Miss Marigold—What's the matter, Mr. Pantley?

Mr. P.—I've got a very bad cold in my head.

Miss M.—I'm glad you've got something in it at last.

Regardless of Expense.

Nurse—We ought to have a piece of soft old linen to bind up Master Rupert's bruise.

Young mother (anxiously)—Ought we, Barker? (to under nurse) Jane, go right out and buy three yards of the finest old linen you can get.

It is denied that the Rev. Alexander Fownes Luttrel, who died recently at the age of 96 years, was the oldest Anglican clergyman in England. Archdeacon Philpot is 98 and the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards is 99 years of age.

It is a customary remark that wrinkles come from worrying, but a physician says most of them come from laughing.

—One of the most valuable lessons a man can learn is that the human family can get along very well without him.

—American experts claim that the addition of cotton seed oil to lard improves its quality for pastry cooks and is not an adulteration.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MICAJAH HENLEY, the man who invented roller skates, lives in Richmond, Ind. He was a poor wood-sawyer, and it took nearly his last dollar to pay for its patent, but the craze for skating that spread over the country made him rich.

DON'T swear at things up hill and down dale because your water pipe happens to be frozen, and hotly seek to thaw it out like that angry New York man who used gunpowder with more profusion than prudence. He is having a flat-on-his-back, oh-heavens-don't-it-hurt holiday season.

A WASHINGTON preacher is going on at a great rate about the Presidential inauguration ball which is to occur next March. He says that thousands of people in peacock costumes will hop around the hall. He is mistaken. Dancers haven't hopped for years and years. They all glide nowadays.

THE magnanimity of the male sex has again been shown. Two husbands in Galveston, Texas, discovered the other day that each had married the same girl. Instead of resorting to a court of law to decide the priority of claim, each one offered to resign in favor of the other. We are not told how the matter was settled.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, author of the now famous novel, "Robert Elsmere," was born June 11th, 1851, on the Island of Tasmania, about 120 miles southeast of Australia. She is the eldest daughter of Thomas Arnold, M.A., of the University of Oxford. Her first book was a story for children, entitled "Milly and Olly." In 1884 "Miss Bretherton" appeared, and the heroine of the book is said to be Mary Anderson, the beautiful actress.

IT is probable, to say the least, remarks the New York *Forum*, that fully 90 per cent. of the whole body of people spend nearly all that they can earn; of this 90 per cent. a portion may be setting aside a moderate part of the small earnings, become the owners of a house, or become depositors in a savings bank, or insure their lives in a moderate way. Of the remaining 10 per cent. a part save enough to protect themselves against want in their later years, and a very small part may become rich, and then need not work unless they choose.

Odd Items from Foreign Shores.

Bismarck is now said to be "thin and bony."

The flower trade of London is estimated to amount to £5,000 sterling a day.

The cleansing of the marble arch has been finished, and now, to the disgust of the old Londoners, it is as white as though it had been painted.

The character of annual awards of literary prizes by the French Academy may be inferred from the fact that the gold medal was given this year to "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, for a poem.

The cause of women's rights in France has progressed to the point of the introduction of a bill to grant to trades women paying licenses the right to vote at the elections of judges of the tribunal of commerce.

The Paris Prefect of Police has bought a wooden horse, harnessed, and all candidates for cabmen must show that they know how to harness and unharness him, and pass an examination on whatever other tests the Prefect may propose.

"Why Do I Suffer So

with headache and vertigo, doctor? I have a bad cough, too, and dull aches under the shoulder-blades; I'm losing weight, and am bilious all the time." The courteous physician answers: "If you inquire what is the cause of all this mischief, it is a torpid liver. That organ, you are aware, is the largest gland in the body, and its office is to carry off the waste of the system. When it fails to do its proper work, the refuse of the body is re-absorbed and goes circulating round and round in the blood, poisoning, not nourishing, the tissues. But why you continue to suffer in this way I am at a loss to understand, since Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would give prompt relief, and future immunity from such attacks."

Brother's Present.

Mother—"What are you working at so industriously, my dear?"

Daughter—"I am making a smoking-cap for a present to brother."

"Why, he does not smoke."

"I know he doesn't, but I don't know how to make any men's things except smoking-caps."

Cure Your Catarrh, or Get $500.

For many years the proprietors of Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, as any one can easily ascertain by proper inquiry, have offered, in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy, which is sold by druggists at only 50 cents, is mild, soothing, cleansing, antiseptic and healing.

Ontario Government Appointments.

John Johnstone Anderson Weir, solicitor Galt, has been appointed a notary public; Mr. James Smith, farmer, of Chippewa, has been appointed Sheriff of Welland; Mr. James H. Coyne, barrister, St. Thomas, Registrar of Elgin, and Dr. A. B. Mallory, Registrar of East Northumberland.

—The phonograph will be a failure in one respect. Many wives will not recognize their husband's voices. The familiar alcoholic breath will be missing.

—When a strand of feminine hair gets entangled in a masculine scarf pin it does not require a very heavy step in an adjoining room to make two hearts beat as twenty.

Mme. Hess, of Paris, has refused £5,000 for her hair, which is six feet long.

There is in Sydney, Australia, an ancient spinster of 105. She has smoked for fifty years.

Ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy are declared to be the most beautiful in all Europe.

—The skating season has opened—and the obituary editor fills his inkstand.

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER.

She Kept a Diary Until She Suspected Her Father of a Mean Trick.

Mark Twain, if he is in a mood, will tell the story of his own courtship in a manner worthy of the greatest of living humorists. When he first met the lady who afterward became his wife he was not so distinguished as now; his origin was humble, and for some years of his life had been a pilot on the Mississippi River. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again with the same result, and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl, "I think a great deal more of you than if you said 'Yes;' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task, to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What? What?" exclaimed the Judge rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtlessly getting a glimpse at it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzy and me?"

"No, no indeed!" replied the magnate, sternly. "No, sir, I have not."

"Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad;" and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

Mark has a child who inherits some of her father's brightness. She kept a diary at one time in which she noted the occurrences in the family, and, among other things, the sayings of her parents. On one page she wrote that father sometimes used stronger words when mother wasn't by and he thought "we" didn't hear. Mrs. Clemens found the diary and showed it to her husband, probably thinking the particular page was worth his notice. After this Clemens did and said several things that were intended to attract the child's attention, and found them duly noted afterward. But one day the following entry occurred:

"I don't think I'll put down anything more about father, for I think he does things to have me notice him, and I believe he reads this diary." She was Mark's own child.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Never Heard of "Davy Crockett's Coon?"

That's queer! Well, it was like this: Col. Crockett was noted for his skill as a marksman. One day he levelled his gun at a racoon in a tree, when the animal, knowing the Colonel's prowess, cried out, "Hello, there! Are you Davy Crockett? If you are, I'll just come down, for I know I'm a gone coon." Just take a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and see how quickly your biliousness and indigestion will emulate the example of "Davy Crockett's coon," and "climb down." They are specifics for all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

A Samaritan.

"Young man," said the conductor, "tobacco chewing is not allowed in the ladies' car."

"I am not chewing tobacco," replied the young man, with some severity; "I am chewing gum."

"Well, for heaven's sake," said the conductor, pulling out from his pocket his box of Old Comfort, "here, take a chew of obacco.

—"How are you getting on in business?" asked a gentleman of a merchant. "I am having a hard time of it. Luck is against me." "How so?" "Didn't you hear how burglars broke open the shop and robbed my rival over the way. Just think of what a lot of free advertising he gets. It's telling on my business."

—The man with a big foot lasts longer than the man with a little foot.

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit, 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington, 1,316 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DOMES
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

FOR SALE,

A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,

WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR

All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the

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HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

THE ADVANCE.

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Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION;

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JAN. 10 1889.

TO OUR READERS.

The first week in January is generally a critical period with publishers A large majority of subscriptions expire with the end of each year. Old subscribers, who, for various reasons feel that they are unable to subscribe for a paper, drop it for a time; new subscribers are added, and the subscription list is entirely rearranged. In our case this period has passed with a remarkably small loss of our old friends and a very satisfactory and substantial gain of new ones. The year begins with an enlarged subscription list, and we take this occasion to heartily thank old friends and new for their patronage. To retain this a publisher must furnish an interesting paper, and this we intend to do during the coming year. We have several innovations under consideration, and intend to materialize at least a portion of them. We would like to secure a few more correspondents in several neighborhoods. If those who can, will send samples of their correspondence, we will try and offer an inducement to make them regular contributors.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Why should not Flesherton have a mechanics' institute? The benefits to be derived by such an institution are acknowledged by all. There are many young men in this village who are at a loss to know how they may most profitably spend their evenings. If a mechanics' institute were formed the problem would be solved. The government, too, have made it a very easy matter to secure this boon for our young people, by volunteering to grant the equivalent for every dollar subscribed by citizens, with an extra subsidy besides. It only requires ten individuals with their fifty cent subscriptions to start the ball rolling Several gentlemen have already expressed to us their full approval of the scheme. The editor of this paper will render assistance in every way possible if some one will only take the matter up. It can be done quite easily. Markdale has her library, and we are willing to state a good reputation that the public-spirited citizens of Flesherton are not behind those of Markdale when it comes to a matter of this kind.

At the Board of Trade dinner in Toronto, Sir John paid both himself and Mr. Mowat a pretty compliment in the following words: "I have a sort of a fatherly interest in the Parliament of Canada, because I sat at its cradle, and my good friend the Premier of Ontario, helped me to rock the cradle. (Loud cheers.) The bantling has grown to a healthy state of maturity. It has come fully to age this year, and I would not be a man if I stated that it has not also shown evidence of having come to years of discretion. But really if you will look back to the events of the last twenty-one years, I think all those who were concerned in laying the basis of Confederation and in carrying out legislation under the constitution which was given to us in 1867—I think you will find all those who acted as legislators or as members of the Government of Canada and its legislatures up to the present date, you will have cause to be satisfied with them."

Some Americans have been playing sharp on English speculators of late. The Americans claim to have invented a new process for refining sugar by electricity, which would revolutionize the whole system. The Englishmen dropped their nickels into the slot to the tune of one million dollars, and then found out that the scheme was bogus. Our spmpathy with the Englishmen is not of a nature to cause an unnatural flow of tears. They place too much confidence in the infallibility of everything American, and when they do ocassionally get nipped it impels us Canadians to stick our thumbs in our sides and roar.

Sir John Macdonald spoke at the Toronto Board of Trade dinner on Friday evening. From reports in the daily papers we discover that there were no "croakers" present—everybody was satisfied with Canada's prosperity. This is passing strange when we remember the startling announcement in American newspapers that Canada was ripe for slaughter! Where are the cowards now who would have given us away? They are slinking into their little holes, one, by one, and very soon will be as extinct as the dodo. Could not Dr. Wilson secure a specimen for the University College museum before they become things of the past.

Municipal Elections.

Monday was a remarkably quiet day in Flesherton. We missed the election. The township clerk sat and sucked his thumbs and ruminated on the immutability of Artemesia electors. Would-be-scrutiners walked around with a dumpish cast of countenance, but the electors themselves looked cheerful, for they had saved the township a considerable sum by dispensing with an election. The citizens of Artemesia township recognize competent men when they see them. Other constituencies waged war among themselves, in the old orthodox style, while we looked calmly on and smiled. The fight in Osprey was warm, but Mr. Gamey once more gained the victory. Returns from surrounding towns and townships give the following results:

OSPREY.

Reeve, Thomas Gamey. Deputy Reeve Daniel K Preston. Councillors—John Spears, Joseph Taylor, and Wm. Monahan.

EUPHRASIA.

Reeve, Gilray; Deputy Reeve, Fawcett. Councillors—Stuart, Patterson and McNight.

PROTON.

Reeve, Roger; Dep Reeve, McMillan. Councillors, Shaw, Black, Corbett.

COLLINGWOOD.

Mayor, Lockerbie. Councillors—H. Evison, G. Henderson, John Duncan, H. Foreman, Thos. Bassett, Frank Telfer, James Guilfoyle, W. A. Hogg, A. McDermid, John Chamberlain.

DURHAM.

Mayor, D. Jackson, jr.; Reeve, N. McIntyre, Councillors—North Ward, L. Elvidge, C. McKinnon, A. D. Mackenzie; East Ward, H. Rose, A. Todd, H. W. Mockler; West Ward, G. Kross, jr., R. Bull and J. Barker.

MEAFORD.

Mayor, Jas. Cleland; Reeve, Agnew; Deputy, McIntosh. Councillors—Carson, Graham, Gibson, Badgerow, Sing, Barber.

OWEN SOUND.

Reeve, J Chisholm; Deputy Reeve, W. MacLean. Councillors—Centre Ward, S. Lloyd, J. Ravon, J. W. Redfern; River Ward, R. Taylor, J. Armstrong, R. Malcolm; Bay Ward, J. E. White, J. Riley, J. M. Davis.

DUNDALK.

Reeve, Hanbury; Councillors—Phillips, Nixon, Cornett and Morrow.

MARKDALE.

Reeve, J. McFarland. Councillors—John Ford Wm, Lucas, Wm. Brown, Angus Plewes. School Board—John Lyons, W. A. Brown, E. Rutledge, Wm. McLoughry, Jas. Mercer, W. Lucas.

An Organ Case.

Division Court is being held in Flesherton to-day, Thursday, when the famous organ case of Connell v. Brander is to be heard. This case has quite an interesting history. Mr. Connell is an organ agent living in Owen Sound. About a year ago he disposed of an organ to Mr. Brander, residing in Priceville. After having made the purchase, Mr. Brander countermanded his order, but in the meantime the organ had arrived at Flesherton Station, where it was destroyed in the late fire. Connell brought suit in the Division court here against Brander for recovery of value but decision was given against him. The case was appealed and came before the Queen's Bench in Toronto, from whence it was referred back to the division court for readjudiction.

Voting on a bylaw in Collingwood to raise $55,000 for waterworks and electric light and a bylaw to raise $20,000 for a new Town Hall took place Monday. The first was carried by a majority of 234, the latter by 186.

Rev. Mr. McKay, of Edinburgh, preached his first sermon in Canada on Sunday last in the Presbyterian Church here.

Mr. John Hales has opened out a flour and feed store next door to the post office. If you need anything in this line interview him.

A letter received from Master Wesley Armstrong gives the information that he has severed his connection with W. F. Doll, Esq., of Winnipeg, and is going into business with Mr. John Aikenhead, at Virden, Man, a town about 200 miles west of Winnipeg.

Bro. Fawcett, of Streetsville, spent several days of the past week in Flesherton. The Streetsville Review could not be recognized now by old subscribers of a year ago. It is away in advance of anything they have ever had there before. The business men appreciate it, too, and rush in their advertisements in a manner that tells emphatically on both sides.

Personal.

Misses Annie and Lizzie Richardson left on Monday to attend the Collegiate Institute at Owen Sound.

Master John Duncan of Toronto was home this week on a visit.

Miss Martha Beatty has gone to Meaford, where she purposes attending school.

Miss Nettie Merrick has gone to Toronto, where she will reside for some time.

Miss E Brown, the obliging post-office assistant, has been off on leave of absence during the past week. She was visiting with her sister, Miss Esther Brown, of Priceville, who has discarded a single life by taking, for better or worse, Mr. Alexander Muir, to be her lawful wedded husband, which interesting ceremony was performed yesterday. We tender congratulations to the happy couple.

R. T. of T.

The following are the officers elected for the term commencing January 1st, 1889: Bro. D. Blair, S. C.; Sist. E. Gordon, V. C.; Bro. J. G. Anderson, P. C.; Jos. Smith, Chap.; Bro Robt. Keefer R. S.; Sist. M.E. Smith, Ass't. R. S.; Bro, A. A. Chesley, F. S.; Wm. Barnhouse, Treas.; Sist. M. E. Ganton, Herald; Bro. Wm. Heard, Guard; J. I. Keefer, Sentinel.

Sunday School Meeting.

At the annual business meeting of Flesherton Methodist Sunday School, held on Thursday evening, Jan. 3, the following officers were appointed for 1889: J. W. Armstrong, Superintendent; M. Richardson, assistant Superintendent; J. W. Armstrong, Treasurer; Frank Sullivan, Secretary; Geo. Smith, assistant Secretary; Wm. Clayton, Wm. Barnhouse, Librarians; Teachers—J. W. Armstrong,—Wright, M. Richardson, W. H. Flesher, Wes. Lattimore, J. Smith, Ed. Richardson, Wm. Strain, Mrs. J. W. Shilton, Miss Christoe, Mrs. Gjerdrum, Miss Bellamy, Miss Lizzie Armstrong, Miss M. Richardson, Mrs. J. Smith, Mrs. M. Richardson, Miss Blakely. Committee—Dr. Christoe, Wm. Strain, W. J. Bellamy. John Breen, Thos. Granger.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

General News.

The feeling between the races in Mississippi continues high.

The annual convention of the Dominion Alliance will meet in Temperance Hall, Temperance street, Toronto, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 22 and 23.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict on Tuesday, declaring Dr. Valentine, Allie Wilkinson and J. O. Wood accessories to the death of the girl Lydia Charlton in Toronto.

The different candidates for municipal honors in the town of Aylmer met on Thursday, and by "head or tail" with a coin elected the mayor and council.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 50 to	5 56
Fall Wheat	0 95 to	1 00
Spring Wheat	0 95	1 00
Barley	0 40	0 55
Oats	0 32	0 32
Peas	0 55	0 57
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 25	6 75
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 00
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

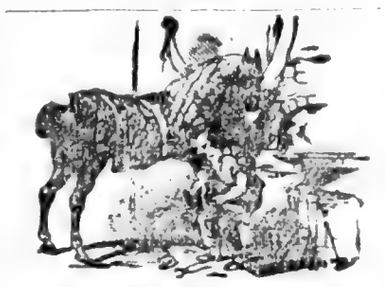

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

TENDERS WANTED.

The school trustees of S. S. No. 5, Flesherton, will receive tenders up to, and including Saturday the 19th inst., for the cleaning, dusting, and lighting of fires for the year 1889. Tenders to be left at Dr. Christoe's office.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to
J. W. ARMSTRONG
Flesherton Jan. 7th, '89.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SPECULATE,

as west Toronto Junction is booming. Manufactures are flocking in. Graham, Whitby, Real estate Brokers, 972 Queen St. West Toronto have a few more lots on very easy terms at the old prices, which will double in value in one year. Call or write for particulars.

Great Barga ins!

—ON—

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of Lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm 100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

OWEN SOUND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

RE-OPENS MONDAY, JAN. 7th

The Best Equipped School in the Province

A staff of seven specialists

RECORD, 1888.

ALL the pupils of the Institute who tried the University Examination were successful Four passed the Examinations of the first year, two obtaining honors and one a proficiency scholarship. Four matriculated, three with honors. The candidates from this school at the Departmental Examination received a larger number of Teachers' Certificates than did those of any other school in the Province. Five received First Class; thirty-three, Second Class, and thirty-two, Third Class. At the Art School Examination the Students of the Institute obtained three hundred proficiency certificates the largest number received by the pupils of any one institute. One pupil tried the Primary Examination of the Law Society and succeeded.

For further information apply to
F. W. MERCHANT, Principal. D. R. DOBIE, Sec. of Board.

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Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, Principal.
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 188

NOTICE!

SHINGLES constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Just put in first-class new Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain and get it chopped up in short order.

J. B SLOAN,
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GEO. MITCHELL,

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DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Bread, Buns, Pies, Cakes, Rolls, Tea Biscuits, &c.

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DR. CARTER,
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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's Block. Residence J. G. Russell's.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grieve's Store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Meighan's Hotel 1st and 2nd of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted on Rubber, in the most styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

Residence, 347 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L.D.S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office, Strain's Building, Flesherton.
V. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer
Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY.
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

Christmas 1888.

Flesherton Furniture WAREROOMS.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

—A—

Nice Selection

—OF—

Reeds and Rattan goods consisting of Gents', Ladies' and Misses' chairs, work baskets, foot-rests, ottomans, Bassenetts, etc.

See these goods and enquire prices when you are selecting your

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

We have some very handsome

—AND—

Lowpriced

PARLOR and BEDROOM

SUITES.

Bedsteads, Mattresses and Bed Springs.

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

All Kinds

—OF—

REPAIRING

—AND—

PICTURE FRAMING

PROMPTLY DONE.

All goods carefully packed and delivered a reasonable distance.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF

CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL CASES, ETC.

A GOOD HEARSE IN CONNECTION

For The Advance.]

Beelzebub and the Editor.

Several years ago I was engaged on the staff of the *Hammersmith Vidette*. That paper is not running now, and the town of Hammersmith has been incorporated as a city under a different name; therefore you are excusable for your ignorance as to the whereabouts of the place or of the brilliant literary talent that flowed forth in the columns of the *Vidette*. I say I was engaged on the paper, and it is mainly to rescue my own name from oblivion, and claim the honor due me as one of the literary lights of that sheet that I write this little reminiscense. From a pecuniary point of view my position was not an enviable one. Gentlemen who dropped in on business called me "Bub," but the foreman generally prefaced it with "Beelzy." I did not like the latter title, especially when given the plain, everyday name for old Beelzy, and in fact no one but the foreman dared use it around there.

The editor of the *Vidette* was a young unmarried man, probably 28 years of age. He was the whole reportorial staff, editor, manager and proprietor condensed into one, and he discharged the onerous duties of his position to my entire satisfaction, with one exception: he wouldn't disburse on pay day.

One afternoon Miss Edith Dobie, a handsome young lady, daughter of our town clerk, called on the editor, to solict missionary aid. She had never before visited our office, although her father was a patron of the paper and half supported it by placing all the town printing and his own (for he was land and insurance agent, bailiff, auctioneer, money-lender, etc., as well as town clerk) in the editor's hands for execution. I was closeted with the proprietor when this vision of loveliness entered, trying to persuade him to disgorge my previous week's salary, which amounted to $2. I had not been successful. This was the period of my service when I first became aware of the editor's susceptibility to any of the finer emotions of the heart. It was a decided blush that mantled his cheeks, and his embarrassment was almost painful. I was quite astounded when he pulled out a wad of money and gushingly tendered Miss Dobie a ten dollar bill. He then handed me my salary and I departed for the press room to scrub rollers.

From what I had seen I decided that the editor must be in love with Miss Dobie, and it was not long after this that my suspicions were verified very unexpectedly. Hurrying into the sanctum one day on an errand from the foreman, a particularly strange sight met my view. The editor was on his knees upon the floor, with hands clasped, while before him on a chair stood the waste basket, which he was apostrophising with an earnestness and determination that left no room for other mundane sights or sounds, much less my entrance. I listened attentively for a few moments. He was ranting away in a sickening manner about, "loving his darling to distraction," and so on. In the midst of one of his maudlin sentences I brought him to his feet with a suddenness that must have come near unjointing his vertebrae by shouting:

"Coal Oil."

"The Devil!" yelled the editor.

"Yes," said I, "the foreman calls me that sometimes, but you, as a gentleman, ought to be ashamed to call a boy names when you know it hurts his feelings. I shall tell pa."

"There, there, Samuel, never mind my boy." I will not do it again. I was just placing some waste papers in the basket; you may take it outside and empty it."

Now, of all the numberless duties devolving upon the office boy, that of emptying the basket is the least onerous. He takes a fiendish delight in conning over discarded contributions from literary fanatics, and offers from quack medicine vendors for advertising contracts at a rate that wouldn't pay for the ink in which they were printed. On this day, however, I found something more to be prized than all the riches which this cornucopia of mine had heretofore produced. It was the following letter, written in the editor's best style:

MY DEAR MISS EDITH,—I fear you may consider me bold in writing to you the words which I am about to pen. At no time in my life have I experienced so much trepidity in performing any duty as the one which I have voluntarily placed upon myself at the present moment, and added to my present difficulties is the fear that you may construe this letter as an evidence of cowardice, when it is only a desire to escape the possibility of hearing your sweet lips form the word "No." I want you for my wife, Edith, and if it is possible for you to be happy with me, delay not in sending a few lines to relieve the tantalizing suspense I have been laboring under for some time. Believe me, darling,

Yours devotedly, etc.,

By a strange coincidence, I also came across another note addressed to Miss Edith Gowan, a young lady who was attending high school and much given to writing love-sick poems for the paper, which seldom appeared. She evidently labored under the idea that the editor had nothing to do but revise and rewrite her manuscript. It was a scather. In it the editor informed Miss Gowan that "she aspired to a position which she could never occupy with any credit to herself," and several other sentences quite as severe. Possibly he concluded it was too severe, and threw it where my eagle eye observed it. As for the first letter, I understood perfectly how the editor had wavered for a long time between the ultimatum of writing and proposing in the othordox way, and how he had at last decided upon the former, and then, not quite satisfied, had proceeded to rehearse his part before the basket, where I disturbed him.

The finding of these letters overwhelmed me with emotions peculiar to good fortune. It tickled me more than the granting of a half holiday. It pleased me more than would a a ticket to the circus or a raise in salary, for I knew there was a mine of fun in them if the claim was properly worked. But I didn't work it properly. What gaurdian fiend of boyhood is it that always causes a boy's innocent jokes to turn out so disastrously for himself and everyone else? Acting upon the innocent desire for a little fun, I forwarded the letters to the respective ladies for whom they were intended, at least I thought I did, but subsequent events proved that the similarity in their names had led to a transposition of the two missives. In other words, Miss Gowan received the love letter and Miss Dobie got the "scather."

On the following day I was holding "copy" for the editor while he read proof of a quarter-sheet bill, when the door was suddenly burst open and the town clerk rushed in with a riding-whip in his hand and a tornado working on his face which immediately belched forth hail-stones of weight sufficient to knock the editor senseless.

"Look here, you vile maligner!" shouted Mr. Dobie, "what do you want by insulting my daughter in the way you have? You think she is not good enough for you, eh! My daughter! And she has been aspiring to the position of your wife, has she!"

"Mr. Dobie, I I"—said the editor.

"Aye, aye, is it, you villainous scoundrel! And what brought you around my premises so often for the past month? Was it the attentions she was paying you, you miserable puppy!

"I—I"—said the editor, faintly.

"Oh, you cowardly sneak, I'll make you sorry for this. I came here to horsewhip you, but that would be too easy, and I have something better! You have been living and prospering on my patronage heretofore, but I'll—"

The sentence was completed as he slammed the door after him and I did not hear all of it.

After his departure the editor staggered to a chair and fell into it. He seemed to require a rest, for his legs shook under him with a genuine ague vibration. I never witnessed such a ghastly, sickly and woebegone expression on any man's face as the experience of the last few moments had cast over his. It equalled in ghostliness that of the Laocoon or the Dying Gladiator, and there was a dazed and glassy expression about the eyes that made me fear of his sanity. I was petrified at thought of the terrible mistake I had made.

And then, before we had recovered from our stupefaction, there came a soft tap at the door and the high school miss stepped in. The editor did not glance up, and seemed not to hear her entry. I could feel my hair rising as the young lady skipped over to his chair and threw her arms about his neck. I moved towards the door when she stooped down and kissed him. That kiss awoke him from his lethargy and placed him on his feet like a flash.

"The devil!" he shouted. Ah, I beg pardon—

"Yes, it was me," I screamed, as I slid out the front door and swiftly but sadly wended my way home.

At the end of two weeks I heard that the editor had a breach of promise suit pending, brought by Miss Gowan. Then I went and explained confidentially to Miss Dobie the said mistake I had made. She laughed and cried in one breath when I explained to her my scheme for undoing the mischief.

The day of the trial arrived and I was in court. So was miss Dobie and her father. Miss Gowan's council produced the letter which had been quoted. It was all the proof they required and they rested their case upon it. The editor had no evidence in rebuttal, and things looked mighty blue for him. At this point I said:

"Mr. Judge, I know something about that letter and I wish to depose."

I was sworn, and stated as clearly as possible the facts that I have here chronicled. I also produced the letter originally intended for Miss Gowan and read it aloud, but before its completion plaintiff and her friends had all left the court-room. The Court was convulsed with laughter. The town clerk and the editor departed arm in arm, and I presume the preliminary draft of an agreement was drawn that day; at all events the *Vidette* was sold one week afterward, and the vendor took a half interest in the business of the town clerk, which, I presume, must have been a better paying one than the paper, as there was a bridal tour when the wedding came off.

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A "Bargain" Lesson.

All supper time had Mr. Tart
His wife's high spirits eyed;
Her air of being extra smart
No good to him implied.

She seemed as bursting to reveal
A secret just immense,
And when he, hurried, left his meal
Her joy became intense.

Then, with a glad, triumphant shout,
And victory on her face,
She gayly brought some bundles out
Of their safe hiding-place.

"Now, husband! see my bargains, here,
She cried in guileless glee;
"I've saved you fifty dollars, dear;
Won't you be proud of me?

"Look at these curtains—all marked down
From dollars twelve to eight;
These blankets, costing ten down-town,
Were six—just feel their weight.

"These vases, almost given away—
This dress, ha f value, too;
These other things—'twas bargain day
John, I can beat a Jew!"

Poor Mr Tart looked blue and grave;
At last he slowly said
"Where you he fifty dollars save
I can't get through my head."

"Why, John how easy! They'd have cost
You double what *I* paid;
It takes a woman never lost
In bargain time, to trade."

Next night John brought some bundles, too;
The duplicates exact
Of what his wife had purchased through
Her woman's bargain tact.

And, spreading them upon the floor
He bade his treasure (?) say
What they had cost him at a store
That had no bargain day.

Then while she speechless, gazed dismayed,
He, with a wicked laugh,
Showed that the bargains she had made
Cost him—a man—most half.

H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.

MY LADY TONGUE.

By Amelie Rives, Author of "The Quick or the Dead."

"Have you really worn that trinket all this time?" he said, with more of curiosity than any other emotion apparent in his voice.

"Certainly," said Judith stiffly. "You were very good in sending it to me, and I was very rude to you."

She got suddenly to her feet and stood in front of him.

"Cousin Phil," she said in a quick vibrating tone that he had never before heard her use, "I began three letters to you about that, but I was ashamed to send them. I was afraid you would not read them. I was sorry—I—I am sorry," she ended under her breath.

There was a pause, but before he could speak, she had turned back the sleeve of her gray gown from her pretty, blue-veined arm, and had unfastened the dull gold links with their sapphire settings.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him; "I—I ought not to have kept it. I—always meant—to return it to you."

"Did you?" said Boughton, in a somewhat curious voice.

He allowed her to put the bracelet in his hands, and stood turning it about in the glow from the fire which made daylight in the big blue stones.

"Of course you don't expect me to keep it?" he said at last, looking up at her.

"Why? why?" she said, rather blankly.

"Oh, well, because I like to fancy you more consistent than other women, perhaps. You knew it wouldn't be very consistent to tell me that you were sorry for a rudeness in one breath, and then to commit another in the next. Would it, now?"

"I—don't understand," said the Lady Tongue, who seemed all at once to have forfeited her claim to that title.

"Why, you see," Phil went on slowly, "it isn't very civil to return a gift. May I put it on for you?"

She stood perfectly silent for fully a moment. There was no sound save from the softly crackling fire. Then she held out her arm. As he slipped the bracelet back into its place he said, quietly:

"That was a very pretty custom among the Jews, was it not?—the custom of having betrothal bracelets."

"Did they?" said Judith, indistinctly.

"Why, you must have read of it. The lover put on the bracelet and then pushed back his sweetheart's veil for the first time. Your hair is like a veil, Judith."

"Is it?" said Judith.

There was a hammering at her ears, and his voice came to her indistinctly. She felt that he was drawing her nearer and nearer to him by the arm that he still held, then his hand was on her hair pushing it back from her temple and eyes. Then his mouth upon her mouth.

She seemed suddenly to break from a spell. She pushed him from her with might and main, and stood apart, shuddering but erect.

"You—you—think that you have only to command, Sir Oracle," she said in a steady voice. She even smiled a little. Then she took off the bracelet and laid it on the table between them.

"I cannot wear it," she said, very clearly. "And dad will be wanting me now. Good night."

She was gone, and Boughton stood for several minutes with his chin set in his thumb and forefinger, looking down at the pretty blue and gold kickshaw.

It was just three days after this that a rather lively skirmish took place in the Mill-Meadow

It was an encounter between Boughton's men, who were on their way to join General—— at Gordonsville, and a regiment that had lost its way in following.

* * * * *

The popping of rifles went on for some two hours, and then Judith could stand it no longer. She rushed out of the house with her father's field-glass, and stood on the top of a little hill near the ice-house, trying her best to make out how things were going.

She was as white as the fold of the little cambric kerchief crossed over her bosom. There was a horrid weight in her heart, an aching almost past endurance in her throat. She stood there for some moments, but could see nothing for smoke.

All at once she noticed the figure of a man running, in bold relief against the broad snow-fields beyond.

A strange panic got hold of her. What was about to happen? He came nearer and nearer, and she saw first that he had lost his cap, and then that he had no sword. Nearer he came, and nearer. He was a splendid runner, at all events, and what was very strange, he seemed to know the approach to the house quite well. As he came to the great clump of catalpa trees which grew on the hill-side just below the ice-house, he struck out to the left.

Suddenly Judith gave a cry. The field-glass dropped at her feet. She put up her hands to her throat, and again that terrible cry broke from her.

Twilight was setting in, but she had seen his face quite clearly. It was Dick—Dick her brother, her father's only son—Dick, the pride of her heart—her soldier—a Virginian. She stood for an instant, her eyes never moving from the copse into which he had darted, and in that instant she had made up her mind.

She rushed to a log cabin some twenty yards away. Uncle Eden was inside; the poor old fellow had sprained his wrist badly some days ago, and he was sitting alone over the smouldering fire with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth.

A moment later he was following Judith down to the copse.

"Dick!" called the girl softly; "Dick! answer; it is I—Judith."

He came after awhile, sullen and blood-stained. There was a bullet-scratch across one of his soft cheeks, and a lot of blood about him here and there.

"What's the matter?" he said, sharply. "How did you know that I was here? I have been wounded."

"And so have I—and so have I!" said the girl. Then she took his arm into both her hands. "Dick," she whispered, keeping his eyes with a look which haunted him for many a long day, "*I saw you running.*"

"Well?" he said, with an attempt at bravado. "What of that? I expect if you take the trouble to look, you'll see many a poor devil running before the day's over."

"I saw you running," she said again, in that strange whisper.

Then she threw herself on the ground before him and got hold of his cowardly knees.

"Oh! darling," she said, "oh! my darling. Go back—go back—go back. No one will ever know. You can say you came to get a horse. There is Hautboy—take him and go back. Quick—quick!"

He stood there, ghastly white under the red stains on his face, with his sullen brows drawn down.

"I tell you I'm wounded," he said. "I've been shot twice in this arm."

"Twice!" she cried. "If it were twenty times, what matter? Oh! Dick——"

"It's my bridle arm," he muttered.

"Your bridle arm? What! you stand there and tell me that? You—whose father has ridden to hounds many and many a time with his right hand so crippled with gout that he had to wear it in a sling? Oh! we are wasting time so. Come—come on—Eden's here. He will have Hautboy in a minute. Come, Dick! Come, darling Dick!"

Then he turned on her. He wrenched himself free from her hands, and stood scowling down at her.

"I will not!" he said, with shut teeth, as she herself sometimes spoke. "You think it's very grand, don't you, to come and bully a fellow with one arm helpless, to get on a great fiery steed like Hautboy and ride into that devil's mess down yonder? That's the way women are brave! Oh, yes—pushing men forward into all sorts of danger, and then playing the coward under cover of their own petticoats. Yes, I say——"

"Stop!" said the girl. She got to her feet, but looked at him no longer.

"Uncle Eden!" she cried.

He stepped forward, his black face taking on that strange ashen hue which is the synonym of pallor in a negro.

"Come with us," she said, once more speaking to her brother.

"What are you going to do?" he burst out querulously. "If you think you're going to force me into going, I'll be —— first!"

"Oh! coward—coward!" she said with a very mirthless smile. And then again, "Coward!"

It went through his very marrow. But he took no step forward.

"Come," she repeated. "Don't—don't be—afraid!" she smiled again. "I only want you to come to Uncle Eden's cabin, where you will be—safe!" Again the smile.

Then he followed her. Once inside of the cabin, she turned sternly upon him.

"Take off your uniform," she said. "I am going for Hautboy. Uncle Eden will stay with you."

"What—what are you going to do?" he gasped, staring at her.

"I'm going in your place. Don't sneer; I mean it. Have off your uniform by the time I come back."

He did not in the least believe her, but he took off his clothes as she bade him, more out of a sort of sullen curiosity than anything else. He wanted to see how far she would go.

In ten minutes she was back. He handed her the uniform with a sort of laugh, and she took it without a word and went down into the copse, leading Hautboy, who was saddled with a man's saddle. Half way there she turned and called the old negro, who stood the picture of misery just outside the cabin door.

"Uncle Eden," she said. She took his horny hand and held it between her soft palms. "I'm really going. He doesn't believe it, but I'm going. It—it's the only way. My father, Eden. Oh! dad—dad!" Then she went on quietly again. "I want you to get him off if I'm hurt, you know—well—killed. Either way there'll be room for him to start over. If I'm killed, and they bring me back, don't tell any one. Have me buried for—him. If they wonder about me, never mind. The other would kill dad. That's all. Good by, dear Eden."

She put one soft arm about his black neck, drew down his loyal old woolly pate, and kissed him twice. Then she went, and left him sobbing as though his heart would break.

It was a soundless gallop over the new-fallen snow, past so many familiar places and objects. Now came the old mill, now the barn, now the spot where she and Boughton had climbed the straw stacks that other December day. Now the leap over the mill-stream. She noticed that the marsh-mallows seemed abloom again, with their brown cups full of snow.

Suddenly there was a flash to one side. A sabre lying on the snow. There was blood on it. Ah! the one Dick had thrown away, of course. She dismounted and took it into her hand, and got up again. The blood was stiff with the keen air, and did not come off when she grasped the hilt On and on. Nearer and even nearer that harp, incessant sound. She had ridden as often on a man's saddle in her childish days as on any other, and she had a light, beautiful seat in her boy's clothes.

Ah, yes! there they were. How the smoke hung in the air. Some crows actually flew cawing away, as she rode under the dead sycamore tree where they had their nest. Nearer, nearer, nearer. That was what Hautboy's hoofs, as they suddenly struck the frozen road, seemed to say to her.

Then all at once came something close by her ear. The sound of a wasp alighting to sting. Another and another. Then she realized what it was. She was within range of the rifles. A bullet stung Hautboy's ear and he reared a little.

Suddenly he swerved sharply aside. They had nearly ridden over something that lay on the ground. Something huddled, and dark, and small-looking in a gray uniform. A sort of horror got hold on her; she looked back at it again and again, as she rode on. Then came another and yet another.

Then some lying in this way and that, and across one and another, and then, somehow, she was in a whirl of smoke, and of noise, and of leaping blades, and Philip was beside her. And he, too, had lost his cap, and there was a great ugly gash all across his cheek, and he was saying:

"Dick; You? Thank God! thank God! I thought you were killed. Come on—this once will finish 'em," and then she was rushing on with Philip, and on, and on, and on——

And then it was red as though blood had been poured into her eyes, and she could see it. And then golden as though with a great sunset. And then came darkness unutterable, and the noise as of a thousand rivers about, and above, and underneath her.

When Boughton rode up to Carylon, with Dick, as he thought, on the saddle in front of him, old Eden was the first who met him, and in spite of all his agony (for he thought the boy was dead) Philip couldn't help noticing with a dull sort of wonder, how the old man had aged since yesterday.

He shook in every limb, as he followed them upstairs, and then, when Boughton had laid down his burden on the bed in Dick's room, turned and shut the door, and went and fell on his knees besides the bed, and got hold of the coverlet with both hands, panting rather than sobbing, like one who has run a long way.

Boughton stood it as long as he could, walking up and down the room, forgetful of exhaustion in his tremendous excitement, then he came and sat down on the edge of the bed, and put one hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Don't—don't, Eden," he said, unsteadily. "He died so gallantly—poor little chap—I didn't know it was in him," he added, in a hushed voice.

Then cried the old man, lifting up his shaking hands with a certain uncouth majesty:

"Fo' Gord, suh, you must' know—you mus' know. I oyarn stan' tuh heah yuh call huh dat. Oh! my little miss—oh! my honey! Marse Phil, suh, she tole' me not tuh tell, but you mus' know, suh. Hit's right—Hit's right. Oh! Marse Phil, dat ain' Marse Dick, dat's Miss Judiff herse'f herse'f!"

"What?" said Boughton.

His blood stood still in his veins. There was one instant of absolute nonentity for him. And before he could speak again there rushed in and past him a wild figure, and flung itself on the bed, and moaned and wept and called the name of "Judith" many times. And this pale figure had Dick's pale gray eyes, and the eyes of the figure on the bed were closed. Also there was much red of blood in the red-brown curls.

And when at last the poor, repentant craven had swooned for very grief and horror, Boughton pushed him aside with his foot, and calling him "hound," added an ugly word back of his teeth.

But when the women came to dress her again as a maiden, he was kneeling there beside her with his face upon her hand—and they thought that he, too, was dead.

* * * * *

So the days wore away, and it was Christmas eve again, when the doctor, coming from Judith's room, said that for the first time he could tell them to "hope." On Christmas morning, she turned her sweet face with recognition toward the half-curtained window, and said:

"Don't I hear the bells, dad?"

He answered "Yes." It was all that he could say, the dear old colonel. And then she said, "Why, it must be Christmas day?" and this time he could only nod. So she asked him to draw the curtain, and lay very peacefully for a little space, looking out at the saffron glare of the weather glim, behind the network of the tulip trees just outside her window. After awhile she spoke again. Just one word this time.

"Dick?"

Then when he came in, his poor, weak features working piteously, she took him to her soft breast and crooned over him, being too weak for speech. And after many words he whispered:

"Oh! Judith, darling, you have given me something I never had in my life until now."

And she said:

"What, dear boy?"

Whereat, bending his face in her pillow, he sobbed out:

"Courage."

Then she reached for him with her thin, little hand, and here is what she said:

"I am so glad, dear boy. It's the only Christmas present I can give you," and she smiled at him, and kissed all of his face that she could reach for the pillow.

And that evening she asked to see Philip.

He came and took her hand without saying anything, but she could hear the clamor of his heart as he knelt close beside her.

"Phil," she said, "I—I thought you might have a Christmas gift for me? Have you?"

"I would have gotten you a thousand if I had known," he began; but she stopped him.

"Isn't there—the—the bracelet?" she said, not looking at him. "I would like it very much. I don't know whether it would stay on——"

He rose white, even to his lips, and went and fetched it. Then as he took her hand to put it on, he said:

"Judith, you know what this means?"

"Yes," she said, "and I—I have something for you, Phil; not much, but I thought you might like it, you know."

"Anything that you will give me I will appreciate," he said, "if it's only the ribbon that has tied your shoe. Tell me, what is it?"

Then said my Lady Tongue, making a sweet outward gesture with her little, slender arm:

"It is—it is myself."

They were married before he rejoined his regiment, and even the cruel war did not divide them; but Dick was shot at Gettysburg, and they said that no lad in all the South had ever died more bravely.

THE END.

FRENCH WOMEN DEFENDED.

At last a distinguished Frenchman has done himself honor by breaking a lance in defence of French women. In the *Fortnightly Review* for December the venerable Jules Simon undertakes to combat the false impression resulting from a failure to distinguish between Paris and France. The Parisian woman, he says, is one thing and the French woman another. But he insists that the Parisian woman is misjudged and maligned because the writers for newspapers, the writers of fiction and temporary observers in Paris paint her and describe her as she is in the Bohemia to which they penetrate, and not as she exists in the home life of the great city. The women of France, taken all in all, are as virtuous as the women of any other country, and they are the mainstay of religious influence. Their domestic virtues, their thrift, their business capacity, are beyond all praise. Their greatest weakness is their vanity. The restraint exercised by women upon the national tendency to irreligion is illustrated by an anecdote:

M. Cousin told me once a saying of Louis Philippe. In 1840 there was a quarrel between the Jesuits and the University; it was the old struggle between belief and unbelief, which takes every possible shape according to the spirit of the age, and, according to the period, shows itself in petty persecutions or in massacre. There had been a long discussion in the Cabinet. "Above all," said the King, as he rose to go away, "do not get me into hot water with my good queen." M. Cousin made fun at it; but he was wrong. Almost every Frenchman says as the King said, "Don't get me into hot water with my good queen." For my part I commend them, because I do not want to get into hot water with this "good queen," and I congratulate them, because this influence which they feel prevents them from yielding to the influence of sectaries, which would break up society if allowed to do as it pleased.

M. Simon concludes his paper with the following impressive statement:

The evil from which we are suffering is not a degraded state of morals, a condition which I do not believe exists. It lies in the attempts made on two sides, by the Socialists and the Jacobins to unchristianize France. My opinion is that they will not succeed, and for the last three or four years a powerful reaction has set in against them. But if they did succeed, above all, if they went so far as to take away from our women the support of religion, then, I admit, we should have to bid farewell to morality; not that it is impossible to construct a moral system without the support of a religion, but because this purely philosophical morality is only intelligible to great intellects, and exercises absolutely no influence upon the masses. The evil which we must fight against lies here, in the politics of the present day, it is not in the great mass of the nation, which is religious as well as virtuous.

Death of a Veteran.

The London *Times* says: "The death is announced of Mr. Jonathan Alexander, of Edinburgh, who was present at the battle of Waterloo. He was born at Edinburgh in 1799, and came of a fighting family, his grandfather having been with Colonel Gardiner at Prestonpans, while his father was an officer in the 26th Cameronian Regiment. Mr. Alexander joined the 52nd Regiment in the end of 1814, and in May, 1815, accompanied the troops from Ostend en route to Brussels and Waterloo. His regiment was in General Picton's division at Quatre Bras. Subsequently volunteering into the 66th, he accompanied that regiment from Portsmouth to St. Helena in October, 1815, and he remained in the island as one of the guard of the fallen Napoleon until his death in 1821. He used to speak of the anxious care with which the deposed emperor was watched and guarded. In 1822 Mr. Alexander formed one of the guard at Holyrood Palace, on the occasion of George IV.'s visit to Scotland, when the Scots Greys were also on duty. He received his discharge in 1838, since which period he had resided in Edinburgh. He had a fund of anecdote respecting the celebrated men whom he had seen, or with whom he had been thrown in contact.

Put His Foot in It.

"Can it be possible she's your daughter," said old Swank, "I declare, madam, I thought she was your sister."

"No, sir!" said madam, tickled beyond control. "She is my daughter, I assure you."

"Well, she certainly looks old enough, madam."

Love's Labor Lost.

"Tommy," said the teacher, sternly, "your writing is wretched; it is nothing but a scrawl."

"Well, what's the use of learning to write at all," asked Tommy, "when they are inventin' writin' machines almost every day?"

Says Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Many years ago, in walking among the graves at Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright white marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored descriptions of the surrounding monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' This was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life which I knew and I asked nothing more"

"Holmes says: 'Poverty is a cure for dyspepsia.' Do you believe that?" "I can't say, Bromley. I've never had dyspepsia."

TWO ABSENT-MINDED MEN.

Conversation Heard in a Theatre Between the Acts.

"Now, be sure not to forget," said a lady, playfully shaking her finger at her escort as he arose to stretch his legs between acts and, turning to a lady friend, exclaimed: "He is so absent-minded."

"Does he forget your letters and errands?"

"Oh, no, indeed; he is so absent-minded I never intrust any to him. But he forgets me. Why, only last week he went out between the acts and never returned. I went home alone and found him peacefully smoking his cigar before the open fire, quite oblivious of myself and the theatre. I was very indignant, but when I began with tears in my eyes, 'How could you go off and leave me so?' the whole occurrence seemed to flash upon him. He sprang to his feet declaring he had been worrying all the evening about something he had forgotten, and so overwhelmed me with loving protestations that I couldn't talk to him very seriously."

"How sad! I wonder if all men are so afflicted? My husband is. Why, I remember one day he arose from the dinner table and, feeling a slight uneasiness in his eyes, began operations upon them with a toothpick, nearly destroying his sight."

"How unfortunate!"

"Yes; and one night I asked him to replenish the fuel in the grate, and in a fit of abstraction he brought in a hod of water and poured it upon the fire, scalding himself and bringing ruin to everything."

"O-o-h, how perfectly awful! But I hadn't begun to tell you the worst about my husband. Why, it was only a week after our marriage, while walking down Woodward avenue arm in arm, he so far forgot himself as to imagine he had an extremely burdensome bundle under his arm, and he offered a newsboy a quarter to carry it for him.

"'But war's your bundle, mister?' the little fellow inquired. And, will you believe it, my Benedict deliberately turned me over to the small boy, and I was so mortified—"

Her voice was drowned by the orchestra. —*Detroit Press Press.*

He Refused to View the Corpse.

Recently Mr. Troutbeck, the coroner for Westminster, was about to hold an inquest at St. James Vestry Hall, Piccadilly, when a gentleman practicing as an accountant in Regent street claimed exemption from serving on the jury on the ground that he was 67 years of age and a little deaf. The coroner having explained that that was not a sufficient excuse, the gentleman said he thought a man of his age should not be subjected to "these little annoyances." The coroner said it was not a little annoyance at all; it was the performance of an important public duty.

At this injunction the gentleman declared that he had never seen a dead body in his life, and that he would not look at one if the coroner swore him in.

The coroner—You must act according to your oath and conscience.

The gentleman—I have no conscience in the matter. I shall not look at the body.

The coroner—You must behave yourself, or I shall order you to leave the court.

The gentleman—I shall be delighted. I am not bound to look upon a thing I have never seen.

The other jurymen were then sworn, the gentleman in question remaining seated.

The coroner—Will you be sworn?

The gentleman—No, I object to be sworn. I have never seen a dead body, and shall not look at one now.

The coroner—Do you refuse to serve?

The gentleman—If you tell me I am compelled to by Act of Parliament, I will be sworn.

The coroner—You are compelled by the Act of Parliament.

This did not satisfy the gentleman, who still retained his seat and refused to be sworn.

The coroner—Do you refuse to kiss the book?

The gentleman—I will if you give me a clean one.

The coroner—Leave the room, sir, at once.

The gentleman then left the court, at the same time warning the coroner's officer to keep his hands off him.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Looking After the House.

"Good-bye, dear," said the wife to her husband as the train stood in the station. She was going to the country to spend a few weeks, and he was to remain behind to look after the house.

"Now don't leave the house alone at night any more than you can help, will you, dear?"

"No, of course not."

"And see that the shutters are lw s fastened."

"Yes."

"And feed the bird."

"To be sure."

"Don't forget to have the butcher leave a little fresh meat each day for Fido."

"I'll see to that."

"Leave the upstairs windows open as much as you can, won't you, dear, but don't let any rain beat in."

"I'll be careful about that."

"Write to me often and tell me how everything is getting on."

"Of course. I must get off, the train is going to start."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Then he went to the house, looked it up, and engaged rooms at a hotel.

A Good Reason.

First Tramp—I wish I was President of this country for jist one day?

Second Tramp—What for?

First Tramp—For the salary, of course. —*Terre Haute Express.*

Glasgow's Underground Railway.

Glasgow, Scotland, will build a second underground railway 7 miles long, 26 feet wide and 18 to 23 feet below the surface, with the steepest grade at 60 feet a mile, at a cost of about $5,600,000 on which a return of 6 per cent. is expected.

Take Your Choice.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat."

"All right, sir. Will you have it too short or too long?"

...at on Isabel.
...say, from day to day,
...cise intent he went;
...nd badinage,
...ure, and not a sign
...notive or design,
...race of sentiment.

Now, Isabel, who liked him well,
Was fain to hasten Lionel
In proper way, to plainly say
Exactly what intent he meant.
For persiflage and badinage
Amuse one, but they give no sign
Of matrimonial design,
If unalloyed with sentiment.

So Lionel, it soon befell,
Observed a change in Isabel,
She turned away from trifles gay.
Her manner, coy but gentle, lent
To persiflage and badinage
A subtle meaning, and a sign
Of something—if 'twere not design—
Decidedly like sentiment.

Thus Isabel contrived so well
That, pleased and flattered, Lionel
Became one day, her willing prey;
For knowing not her bent, he went—
Left persiflage and badinage—
And plumply said to her, "Be mine!"
Since then, 'twere fair to state, in fine,
No lack there is of sentiment.

The Dying Year.

Now the blustering blast is blowing
Through the street,
And 'tis snowing, snowing, snowing,
And the sleet
Is a-slithering through the ways
Where the waggons and the drays
Soon give way to gaudy sleighs,
As is meet

And the boys who go to school
Gayly glide
O'er the slippery, icy cool,
Glassy slide,
Which that valetudinary
Mortal with the step unwary,
And whose nerves are somewhat scary,
Can't abide.

Now the mothers and their daughters
Don the fur
And go shopping—winter's slaughters
Ne'er deter.
From these signs he who is adept
Must one certain fact accept,
That we've reached ye month yclept
Decem-Ber.

Not a Bad Rejoinder.

(Toronto Mail.)

The following was sent by a lawyer to an editor:

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no other chanced to be nigh;
How—I thought—as I tumbled the editor's bed
How easily editors lie.

The journalist, equal to the occasion, sent him the following reply:

If the lawyer slept in an editor's bed
When no lawyer chanced to be nigh;
And though he has written, and naively said,
How easily editors lie!
He must then admit, as he lay on that bed,
And slept to his heart's desire,
Whate'er he may say of the editor's bed,
'Twas the lawyer himself was the lier.

Heigh-Ho the Holly.

Sing "heigh-ho, my children, dear,
Sing heigh-ho the holly!"
We will say good-by to the old, old year,
And greet the new with a shout of cheer,
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

With holly sprigs the pudding crown,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
Roast the big turkey, so juicy and brown,
And load the tables with dainties down,
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

Oh, hang high the mistletoe,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
With evergreen leaves and berries like snow
Under it let the true lovers go—
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

Pile the blazing yule logs higher,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
Dance shadow dances before the fire,
Dance little maidens, and never tire
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

Then fare ye well, you good old year,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
You gave us the smile, you gave us the tear,
But now young eighty-nine draws near,
And we must be ready to welcome him here,
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

The Garret.

With pensive eyes the little room I view
Where in my youth I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pairs of stairs
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small—
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet, charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys that time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes—ye dreams of love and fun!
For you I pawned my watch, how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off these happy times appear,
All that is left to life I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love and power
From fount of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.
—*Beranger.*

Crow's Feet Under the Lily's Eyes.

Those who saw her off the stage during her recent visit here tell me that even Langtry, the lily, is a trifle *passee*. Age is beginning to tell, and, notwithstanding her wonderfully fine complexion, there are wrinkles forming about her eyes and she is beginning to show a tendency towards *embonpoint*. Alas, that it should be so! but the hardships and dissipations of a stage life are not conducive to the welfare of physical beauty.—*Louisville (Ky.) Post.*

Principle Above Interest.

Mrs. Malaise—"Doctor, I beg you will not deceive me about my case. Believe me I am prepared to hear the worst."

Dr. Bismuth—"Well, then, madam, frankly there is nothing the matter with you whatever. You should try some other scheme besides ill-health to make yourself interesting."

The Test of Matrimonial Success.

One who knows says that it is not the proper thing now to exhibit wedding presents except to immediate relatives and intimate friends of the family. This, we believe, is all wrong. If the presents are not exhibited, how is a fellow to know whether the marriage is a success or a failure?

No Surprise to Her.

Miss Beauty—Do you remember that French count who followed me from place to place, and declared he was dying of love for me? Well, his family has put him in a lunatic asylum. Rival belle—I am not surprised. I always did think he was crazy.—*New York Weekly.*

...ues of London.

The annual banquet of the thieves of London, given the other day by the St. Giles' mission, was a most brilliant affair, says the New York *Sun*. The Lord Mayor bravely presided, in defiance of the old proverb. To this banquet, rare par excellence, none but thieves fresh from jail are admitted, except, of course, the members of the mission and their friends. The mission has a curious history. It was founded about twelve years ago by a thief nick-named "Fiddler," who abandoned his old profession and took to religion for a living. Since that time it has increased in power and usefulness. Every morning when the doors of the four prisons of London are opened to let loose the individuals who have discharged their debts to society, members of the mission come forward and invite the crooks to breakfast. Out of 18 000 of these worthies set free in 1887, 15,200 accepted the invitation. At the close of the repast a temperance pledge is presented to the guests, which they may sign or not, just as they choose. About one-third of the number sign the pledge, and about one-fourth of that third keep it. The mission furnishes money, tools and clothes to the crooks who display sincere intentions to lead better lives, and it finds employment for them, too. At the banquet in question about 200 guests sat down to table. There were some queer faces among them, and their costumes defied description. The ate in silence—that is to say, without speaking—but the rattle of their knives and forks during the engagement gave noisy evidence of their appetites. Gradually the din subsided, until there were only a few stray rattles left, like the close of a well-sustained infantry fire. Then the speeches began, but the members of the truly silent profession held their tongues. The Lord Mayor's speech was interesting. He said that ten years ago the population of the prisons of London numbered 20,833. It is now reduced to 14,536, and he attributed the reduction to the work of missions like that of St. Giles. When His Lordship left the banquet hall he felt for his watch, and he was happy to find that it was there.

How He Played Lady's Maid.

Mr. Goodman, in the sudden absence of his wife's maid, attempts to help her on with her new winter dress.

He—You just see if I can't help you just as well as that blamed English maid. Confound it, after I've helped you once you'll be wanting me to all the time, see if you don't.

She—Well, put it on carefully now over my head. Look out for my hair; I don't see what possessed me to put it up before I put this thing on, though I couldn't have raised my arms, I suppose, afterward. Look out, there's a hook caught in my hairpin. For heaven's sake, Charles, get it one way or the other, I'm stifling and my hair will all be down. There, now, that top steel is too high and the cushion interferes with it. Suppose you could get the cushion out? Rip it, pull it, anything! Don't you see it's 8 o'clock? Got it out? Can't you do it? Pull it, I tell you! All right. Now see if it looks too flat. Well, hook it then. Yes, you can, too, it's only a patent hook. Snap it! There, now, hold it so I can get my arms into the sleeves—not way up there—do you take me for a contortionist? Oh, I never can get those sleeves on; grab hold of the arm-hole with both hands, Charles, and give it a good pull up onto my shoulder; tell me if it begins to burst; does it? The veins in my hands will burst, I believe—open that window, will you—there now—give me the ends of that belt, will you; don't tell me, Charles, that you've twisted the waist, and I've got to take it off again! Why, how could you have been so stupid? Where were your eyes? No, you can't pull it off that way—pull it off just as you do a glove—there, now, do exert yourself to get it right this time. Open that window a little wider will you? What is the matter—caught something? Well, never mind. Unhook your watch, and let the chain hang on the dress—it won't be likely to fall off, and you musn't tear that lace; well, I'll get you another one if you lose it—do get those sleeves on again; there, now, pass me the belt. Oh, that fool of a dressmaker; she's got this so tight, when I told her I wanted to be comfortable. Open that door, will you, so there will be a draught? Now see if you can't hook this waist up. No—begin at the bottom. Why, don't you see, the hooks and eyes alternate on each side, so as to make it hold? Can't you get it together? Why, pull; I can stand it. Torn your finger nails out? Well, for heaven's sake, Charley, don't notice it now. I've got something I'll put on it after we get home. Can you hook that last hook, up on my left shoulder; and then that one down on my right hip? Now, get a good firm hold of the bottom of my skirt and give it a pull down all round. Now do get out of the way and let me look in the mirror. Heavens! I look like a perfect dump. Tip the mirror up a little more, will you? No, not that way—the other way—and go get me your hand-glass, won't you? Turn the gas up a little higher, and do keep out of my way; I can't see a square inch of my dress. Well, it looks a little better than I thought it did at first. Just give that drapery behind a smooth, will you? and pull that ruching up on my neck. There, now, put both your hands around my waist, and give it a good hard smooth down. There, I guess that will do now. I look very well. But for goodness sake don't ever ask me to let you help me again!"—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

A Bad Memory.

London papers relate a story of a Welsh preacher who started on the cars to fulfil an engagement. When the conductor came for his ticket he had forgotten to bring it, and had also forgotten his money. What was worse he had forgotten where he was going. It was found impossible to suggest to him any station that seemed to be the right one, and he had to telegraph home to have his friends look into his diary and send him word where he was going. Word came and he was started on all right.

Blifkins (thirstily)—So those two fellows got four years each! Soaper (mistily)—What two fellahs? Blifkins—Harrison and Morton, you know. Thanks! lemon in mine.

—The most successful dentist must expect to run against a snag occasionally.

Go to the Heart.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover and live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones. One day about ten years ago I went away from home to sell my first head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all a doll for my youngster—Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own, only rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though, I remembered it so well, and when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles or may be six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then; but once more I heard the cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of the hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough, I found the dripping little thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing now, I hope—what's that you have in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I, "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my Dolly.

It was my own darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirrip. That's Dolly yonder, with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think (but then I'm her father and partial, maybe), the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of Mississippi.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Royal Baby's Retinue.

Probably the magnificent state of the royal baby of Spain surpasses that of any other infant of western lands, but the retinue of the Emperor of China shows how they do such things in the east. The list of his attendants was as follows:

Eighty nurses.
Twenty-five fan bearers.
Twenty-five palanquin bearers.
Ten umbrella bearers.
Thirty physicians and surgeons.
Seven cooks.
Twenty-three assistant cooks.
Fifty servants and messengers.
Fifty dressers (to put on and take off imperial clothes).
Seventy-five astrologers.
Sixteen governors.
Sixty priests.

With thirty cooks and thirty doctors it is perhaps a wonder that Kuang Hsu, Emperor of China, has lived to be seventeen years old.—*Youth's Companion.*

Marriage Revealed by a Bicycle Header.

The marriage on Thanksgiving Day of Miss Sadie O'Neill to Enoch M. Fredericks, of Waukegan, has just been made public. The couple drove out into the country on Thanksgiving Day, ostensibly to spend the day with relatives. At Lake Villa, however, they boarded the cars, and were soon in Wisconsin and married. The matter was kept a secret until the husband took a "header" from a bicycle in Chicago a few days since, and received such injuries that he desired his wife to nurse him. The story was then told.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—It is considered strange that aristocratic people will consent to live in a commonwealth.

—A domestic war cloud threatens the man who dares to walk loud when the baby's asleep.

—When a young man asks a young lady for her hand, in nine cases out of ten she will refer him to her paw.

...UMMARY.

Mr. Henry Becher, Q.C., London, is very seriously ill.

Mr. Alexander Murray, a prominent business man of Montreal, died of apoplexy on Saturday morning.

Owing to the continued illness of Lieutenant-Governor Angers there will be no New Year's reception in Quebec.

A special meeting of Stratford City Council was held on Saturday afternoon, when the rate of assessment was fixed at eighteen mills.

A 3-year-old child of Mr. L. Arsenault, Metapedia, Que., was fatally scalded a day or two ago by falling into a vessel of boiling water.

Joseph Walworth was killed in a dynamite explosion while working at the construction of the C. P. R. branch at the Don on Saturday.

It cost $1,438.69 to enforce the Scott Act in Lennox and Addington, and the amount received in fines was $3,052.75. The sum to the credit of the Act is $1,614.06.

Four boys went into the woods at Gananoque, and one, Page, in carelessly handling a revolver thought to be empty, discharged it, wounding a lad named McGinty in the region of the bowels. The ball cannot be traced.

Fred. Geary, aged 13 years, was drowned in Moira Lake, near Madoc, on Saturday afternoon while skating with a number of other boys. Chas. Richards went through the ice with Geary, but was rescued by one of his companions, who caught him by the hair and held him up.

Sylvester B. Brown, Salt Lake City, son of Mr. Isaac Brown, Ernesttown, has committed suicide. He was a clever lawyer and in easy circumstances, but he fell into bad health, and fearing consumption and prospective separation from his wife and family, became despondent, and going into the yard shot himself.

Alfred Falardeau, aged about 28 years, fell through the ice on Friday in crossing Matchedash Bay, at Waubaushene, and was drowned. The deceased came to Waubaushene about seven years ago, and is supposed to have relatives at St. Sanveur, Quebec. He was in the employ of the Georgian Bay Consolidated Lumber Company, and was a steady, quiet man and a good workman.

The Montreal Judges on Saturday ordered the liberation of Adeline Trempe from the Good Shepherd Convent, to which she had been committed in 1885 for five years on a charge of vagrancy trumped up by her uncle, who wished to remove the girl from her mother, who was a Protestant. The Court was very severe on the Recorder for his action in illegally depriving the girl of her liberty.

A young blacksmith named Albert Seaton, while endeavoring to effect a crossing of the G. T. R. track at Clarence street, London, on Saturday night, ran against the side of an express engine and received some bad bruises and cuts on his head and face. No bones were broken. He thought he could cross before the engine came up, but was mistaken, and could not stop himself in time to prevent a collision.

The King of Wurtemberg is again in poor health.

It is reported at Suakim that the rebel tribes at Handoub contemplate surrendering to the British.

An escaped Soudanese has offered to bring Gen. Gordon's clothes, sword and papers, which are said to be hidden near Berber.

A manifesto issued by the new revolutionary group in France declares that a commune is the only remedy for Boulangism and Radicalism.

The Queen will, next week, bestow a special honor upon Gen. Grenfell in recognition of his services at Suakim, and, incidentally, it is asserted that the creation of a batch of new peers is imminent.

Advices from Suakim say that Arabic translations of the accounts published in London newspapers prior to December 20th of the plan of operations of the British forces there have been found in the possession of the enemy.

Louis and Joseph Lebourdois, respectively captain and mate of the barque Gylfe, of Quebec, were yesterday at Glasgow sentenced to ten years' penal servitude each for trying to scuttle their vessel and defraud the insurers. The attempt was made while the Gylfe was on a voyage from Quebec for Greenock.

The French Senate yesterday adopted the budget as amended by the Chamber of Deputies. Premier Floquet afterward read a decree closing the session. Mr. Bradlaugh the well-known English Radical, visited the Chamber of Deputies yesterday and conversed for some time with M. Clemenceau and other members.

Mr. Bright's prospects or possibilities of recovery are well described by one of his family as marvellous. Real recovery, unhappily, there can be none. His malady is incurable. But his condition has wonderfully improved. He even sits up, though a week ago he had no desire to rise from his bed. There is hope that his life may be prolonged for some months.

The Liverpool police were anxiously watching yesterday for the arrival of the steamer Lord Gough from Philadelphia believing that Kuhni, the Wisconsin murderer, was on board. Their anxiety was relieved, however, by a despatch from Queenstown, stating that the vessel had arrived at that port, and that the Dane had been arrested there and remanded for hearing. He made no resistance. He had a ticket for Basle, Switzerland, and intended to proceed to that country immediately.

Mrs. Frank Cheesebrough, of Bay City, Mich., was aroused from sleep on Saturday morning by a burglar attempting to chloroform her.

Joe Rather was hanged at Centre, Tex., on Friday for wife murder. He went to the gallows smoking a cigar, and said he was going straight to heaven.

The steamship Bristol, of the Old Colony Line, was burned at Newport, R. I., yesterday, and the Mexico, of the New York and Havana Line, was destroyed at New York.

Another desperate fight occurred last week between the police boat of Baltimore and a fleet of oyster pirates. After 600 shots had been fired five of the rebel craft were captured.

Ira Warford, of St. Elmo, near Chattanooga, and his family, consisting of four persons, were poisoned yesterday by eating head cheese. Warford is in a very precarious condition, and his wife is seriously ill. The children are doing well and will recover.

Last evening flames broke out in Brown row, Everson, Pa., belonging to the H. C. Frick Coke Company, and four houses were destroyed. The fire was caused by the explosion of two kegs of blasting powder. The house in which the explosion occurred was occupied by Poles. They were preparing powder for their work in the mines today, when a spark from a pipe ignited the stuff. There was a terrific explosion and seven of the men were frightfully burned, one of them fatally.

Big John, the famous Indian pilot, intends to run the Lachine rapids on New Year's day if the river continues clear of ice.

Mr. Herbert, the Canadian sculptor, has forwarded from Paris a bronze bust of Sir George Cartier, which is on exhibition in Montreal.

A young man named Humphrey, whose home was at Whitby, a brakesman on the Grand Trunk, was killed at Oshawa yesterday morning.

Counterfeit bills of the Ontario Bank are in circulation in Deseronto and vicinity. As a rule the bills are pretty well worn and pasted up with pieces of paper.

A temperance convention was held at Cataraqui on Thursday, at which it was resolved to energetically oppose the repeal of the Scott Act in Frontenac.

City Solicitor Campbell says Winnipeg will not pay the expenses of calling out the militia in the crossings dispute without resisting the matter to the end.

At the annual meeting of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada yesterday, Mr. William Smith, M.P., of Columbus, Ont., was elected President for the year.

Principal Grant says as the Japanese are largely abandoning rice in favor of bread, he can see no reason why the fertile prairies of the Northwest should not largely supply Japan with the wheat she will require for her thirty-eight million of people.

James Dingwall, an employee in Walker & Marlatt's pork house, Aylmer, was struck square in the face on Thursday by a barrel, which fell twenty feet, terribly injuring him, hurting his eyes and breaking his nose, and knocking him senseless for a time.

Peter McMaster, a desperate character, who has for a long time defied the authorities to arrest him, has been made prisoner by Mr. S. Wright, deputy-sheriff of Prescott and Russell. The prisoner attended a sale near Hawkesbury for the purpose of defying arrest, and when seized drew a revolver, but was overpowered and disarmed.

Mr. W. T. Gianque, weighmaster Michigan Central Railway at Montrose, and brother of Andior Gianque, Michigan Central Railway, while riding on an engine yesterday morning, fell off near Montrose Junction, striking his head on a tie, inflicting a terrible gash. He was picked up and conveyed to his home at Suspension Bridge but his recovery is doubtful.

Mr. John Bright's condition has further improved.

The appointment of the Crofters Canadian Commission is announced. The members are the Marquis of Lothian, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. King and Thomas Skinner. They are empowered to select Highland families for colonization in Canada.

Hon. Cornelia Prittie, sister of Lord Dunalley, was killed yesterday while hunting near Nenagh, County Tipperary. The horse stumbled and she fell from the saddle. Her feet becoming entangled in the stirrups, she was dragged for some distance head downward. She was 38 years of age.

On Thursday evening Stephen Weston, aged 59, residing at 231 Brewster street, Detroit, took by mistake a dose of carbolic acid instead of cough mixture, and fifteen minutes later expired.

A cablegram yesterday announced the death at Pau, France, of the Rev. Jas. Pettigrew Boyce, LL. D., D. D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville. He was 60 years old.

Miles Jobson, a wealthy widower, of Princeton, Ind., who was married on Christmas day, hanged himself on Thursday night. He left a note saying he had broken his promise not to marry again, given to his first wife on her deathbed, and he could not endure the reproaches of his conscience.

The Ideal Pavement.

The ideal pavement for New York, under existing conditions, is the Belgian block, with asphalt filling between the joints. This pavement is now laid on Fifth avenue, and is cleanly and solid if not noiseless. The experiment of a solid pavement of asphalt has been tried with success on Madison avenue for a short distance above Thirty-fourth street, and it is about the only stretch of pavement in the city where people can ride with comfort and talk in a conversational tone of voice.—*New York World.*

His Marriage a Success.

"Marriage a failure! I should say not!" remarked a Western farmer, whose opinion was desired on one of the great questions of the day. "Why, there's Lucindy gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfas', starts four children to skewl, looks arter the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims 20 pans o' milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetery, et cetery. Think I could hire anybody to do it fur what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success, sir; a great success!"

In the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday Premier Floquet spoke emphatically in support of secular schools.

—Cincinnati ladies just now have a craze for the divided skirt—"loglets" they are called.

—It doesn't necessarily follow that a seamstress is interested in the sewage question.

J. G. ANDERSON

HAS JUST TO *HAND* A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

Saws! Saws!

Cross-Cut Cross-Cut

AND AXES

Of the very best manufacture in America.

"The Forest Beauty"

Is the only Saw made having nve gauges difference between the the teeth and the back, requiring no set for hard wood, and are made from the best double refined siller steel, selected and spring tempered, insuring a

Perfect and Even Temper.

Before buying a Cross-cut Saw be sure and see this Saw, as they have no equal.

A first class stock of

FURS

of the very finest quality at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur coats and Caps at prices that will astonish you Another line I would particularly call yonr attention to is our

Stock of Boots and Shoes

of every description

AT - PRICES - UNSURPASSED

Any place. Don't fail to come in and see goods and get prices. We do not consider it trouble to show goods, even if you do not intend purchasing.

J. G. Anderson, SPROULE'S BLOCK.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A Half Hour Among Our Exchanges.

The Creemore Sun omitted publishing last week.

Walkerton high school board has raised the fee of admission from seven to ten dollars per annum.

Ontario contributes three fifths of the total postal revenue of the Dominion.

Extreme suffering is reported among the Norweigan settlers in Western Dakota.

One of Osman Digna's lieutenants has deserted his leader, and states that Emin Bey is a prisoner at Khartoum, where he is well treated.

Hon. Edward Stanley, son of the Govener-General of Canada, was married on Saturday in London to Lady Alice Montague, daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

City Solicitor Biggar, of Toronto, has given notice of application to Parliment for power to compel the removal of teleg graph poles and the placing of all wires under-ground.

At the next meeting of the Grey County Council the matter of regulating the width of wagon tires and making sleighs the uniform width of three feet, nine inches, will be again taken up.

Thornbury Standard: A large she bear was killed near Banks P.O. in this township on Monday last by Donald McDonald. Strange to say the bear was killed with one charge of buck shot, one of the shots going through the heart of the animal. Contrary to all experiences the bear was easily killed.

Shelburne Economist: On Christmas day William Sanderson, living on the townline between Amaranth and East Garafraxa, was brought before justices Park and McDougall charged with committing rape on one Miss Bell of Amaranth. The justices considered the evidence sufficient to warrant them in committing Sanderson for trial, and he was accordingly taken to Orangeville jail the following day. The prisoner is a married man about thirity years of age, and his accuser not more than 14 or 15.

Hanover Post: While in the woods fox hunting on New Year's Day, John O'Neill, of the South Line, Brant, met with a serious accident. He was running through the bush carrying the gun in his hand when it was jerked back by a limb catching the hammer and immediately discharged one barrel. The contents passed through the leg just above the knee. Being a strong, healthy young man it is probable that he will be around again in a short time.

Bruce Herald: Mr. John Lancaster, of North Brant, has been notified by the authorities of the bank of England, that he has fallen heir to an immense fortune, which had been willed to him by a distant relative. It appears the money has been lying in the Bank for some time, awaiting a claimant, as John's whereabouts was not known until recently. He leaves this week, accompanied by his legal adviser, to make good his claim to the boodle. If successful, John can lord it over the best of them.

Monday's Fin ire furnishes the following strange story: The wife of Mr. John Hawkins, residing at 41 Gloucester street, has been suffering for a number of years, and has been treated during that time by several medical men for catarrh of the stomach, consumption, etc., but her sufferings grew more and more excruciating until last week, when the symptoms told unmistakeably that something was biting her internally. Medical aid was summoned and a mixture administered which finally killed and expelled a lizard some eight inches in length and about as big around as the top of one's finger. Latterly Mrs Hawkins' life has been one of great misery and discomfort. She could not lie down to sleep, as in that position the lizard would come up in her throat and bite her. Since the reptile has been removed she has made rapid progress towards recovery. Mr. Hawkins is of the opinion that his wife swallowed the lizard some six years ago, when they lived in the country near Stratford, and were in the habit of drinking spring water.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately removed by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guaranteed. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth.
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

HEARD'S

Carriage Works,

FLESHERTON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specially.

Flesherton Carriage Works.

308 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send **free** to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send **free** a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the **Singer** patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for **$60**, with the attachments, and now sells for **$50**. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure **free** the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.**

CAUTION.

ALL PERSONS are hereby cautioned against negotiating a note for ten dollars drawn in favor of John Foster, given by one Abraham Scott, dated April 18, and due in six months from date, made payable at South Head Post office, as I have not received value for the same, said note having been lost.

JOHN FOSTER.
Proton Station P.O.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits, and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborne

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 394. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper.
Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower.
THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR.
LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Two Questions.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to ask, through your paper, the numerical strength of the Farmers' Institute for Centre Grey? Will the secretary or president please answer. And at the same time, I would also like to learn the number of taxpayers in Centre Grey. Any person answering the above, will much oblige

THOS. GRAINGER.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

The snowstorm has passed over us without doing any serious damage. It blocked the sidewalks in many places, but the amount of traffic at the sleighing has encouraged is making good roads everywhere.

The fair on Monday was poorly attended. prices were good for fat critters, not much demand for anything else.

Detective McDonald, brought some of the roughs to time a few days ago. Taxing the pocket is a grand way to check the ardor of young pugilists.

Our genial and respected friend, Dr. Rixon, who has been in New York for some time, is again in our midst for a few days.

Mr. A. Purdy, who has been doing business here for some time, has gone to the North-West to seek his fortune.

Mr. Herbert Watson, one of our enterprising young bricklayers, has joined the army of benedicts.

Some of the gossips predict a wedding on Durham Road street some day soon.

The annual meeting of the Artemesia Agricultural Society was held in Priceville on the 10th inst., and although the day was rough and stormy there was a fair number of the members present. A statement was made to the meeting that the advisability of doing away with Township socities would be discussed and voted on at the various Farmers' Institutes, when the following motion was put to the meeting and carried unanimously:

Moved by William Ferguson, seconded by James Brodie that this meeting depreciates and strongly disapproves of any legislation that would impair the powers or tend to any doing away with Township societies.

The following are the officers for the present year: R. Oliver, President; A. Stewart, Vice President; J. Brodie, Secretary-Treasurer; R. Black, G. Stewart, T. Ferguson, J. Graham, J. Brodie, D. Harrow, C. McKinnon, D. G. McLean and D. McMullen, Directors; W. Ferguson and M. Riley, Auditors.

Eugenia.

DEAR EDITOR;—Since I last wrote to you there are not many changes and no great events have transpired for the place is as conservative as the opinions of its people. The chief industries at the present are lumbering and preparing fire wood. Considerable timber is being taken out between this and Kimberley. Three lumber firms are engaged in the trade and trees that were in former years rejected, are now considered [illegible] a fact that [illegible]

of commerce. The prices too are far in advance of former years. Rock elm, birch and ash bring $40 a thousand, pine from $90 to $115, according to the amount of labor it will take to get it out of the swamps.

On Friday evening the Union Sunday School hold their annual tea-meeting in the Orange Hall. No pains are being spared to make this the entertainment of the season and a magnificent time is expected.

Miss Gaudin, of Owen Sound, is the guest of Mrs. Hiram Bowerman.

Quite a number in the town are on the sick list. Mr. Thomas Crow has been laid up for the past few days with a severe cold.

Mr. Steers, of Markdale, delivered the annual missionary sermon in the Methodist church on Sabbath evening. The Rev. gentleman gave a most eloquent discourse from Acts XVI. 30-31

Markdale.

Our Reeve has obtained a second baptism in his functional office. Much as we regard him a close contest would have done him no harm.

The recent elections for our little burg have developed the fact that merit counts for nothing in a municipal contest, especially when a candidate don't subscribe to the creed and receive the credentials of the rigid righteous. The late municipal contest for our village was conducted upon strictly clerical lines, with the result that the most popular man (Mr. Davis) has been thrown out.

Glenelg has passed through an ordeal which I hope it may never again experience. The past and present Reeve, has filled the civic chair with marked ability and fidelity; but, a few there were who supposed that gentleman had a will of his own, and could stubborn political bias to the rule of personal virtue, exercised the principles laid down in the Covenant of a British Freeman—THOUGHT for himself; and for this crime he must be slaughtered. It is to be regretted that the municipal platform is to be made a political Kaleidoscope.

General News.

Sir John McDonald was 74 years of age Friday,

Dr. Montague has been formally nominated by the Haldimand Conservatives.

A large vien of coal of good quality has been discovered near Deloraine, Manitoba.

The Whithy postoffice was invaded by burglars early Friday morning and about $500 in money and stamps stolen.

Rev. T. W. Jeffrey was presented with an illuminated address and a check for $1,000 by the citizens of Toronto on Tuesday night, as a mark of their trust in him as a man and a minister.

Dr. Junker, the German explorer, feels certain of Stanley's safety.

Afghanistan advices say that an attempt was made by a Sepoy to shoot the Ameer.

The obstructions placed in the way of the Red River road at the crossing of the C. P. R. southwestern branch have been removed.

A scheme is afoot in Montreal to have the present postoffice turned into quarters for the Board of Trade and the Corn Exchange and have a more commodious postoffice built.

The breach of promise case. Ross v Robertson, in which the ptaintiff sued or $5,000, was settled out of court Friday for $1,350. The parties belong to [illegible] Sound.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Skating on the rink Thursday and Saturday nights.

Township council meets on Monday next.

Mr. Climo, late merchant in Flesherton, was up last week on legal business.

Miss Damude left on Monday for Toronto, to attend Prof. Torrington's College of music.

All kinds of winter wear in Boots and Shoes at very low prices at Richardson & Co's.

We had a very pleasant call from Major Rorke, M. P. P. for East Grey, on Saturday.

Messrs. Petch & Mitchell have commenced business in Blakely & McConnell's old stand, as butchers, etc. Call on them for your meats.

M. Richardson & Co. have begun to close out Winter Dry Goods and Clothing this week—The best bargains will be had by applying early.

The organ case which was to have been heard at Division Court here last Thursday has been again postponed upon payment of $10 costs by plaintiff.

M. Richardson & Co. sell more crosscut saws than any other dealer in this part of Ontario. If you query why—call and see them.

See J. G. Anderson's mammoth advertisement in this issue. But then you cannot help seeing it, nor can you resist buying where such wonderful bargains are offered.

Mr. Frank Sullivan is in the agency business with Bradley, Garretson & Co. of Brampton. Hs is selling two exellent works—"The Beautiful, the Wonderful and the Wise," and "The Path of Wealth." Frank is a young man whom we would delight to see succeed.

Mantles and Millinery at startling prices to clear winter stock at Richardson & Co's.

The Flesherton school board met on Saturday and appointed their secretary treasurer in the person of Dr. Christoe. It is the intention to fit up the school grounds by terracing the front as soon as the weather will admit.

Overcoats, Overcoats at Richardson & Co's., on easy terms and greatly reduced prices.

Miss Damude, who is at present attending Prof. Torrington's College of music, in Toronto, will return home after completing her course, with the view to giving musical instruction to those who may desire it.

First Break in prices of Winter Goods at M. Richardson & Co.'s Reduction in Winter Dress Goods, short lengths at any price.

Now is the time to speculate as west Toronto Junction is booming Manufacturers are flocking in. Graham & Whitby, Real Estate Brokers, 972 Queen St. West Toronto, have a few more lots on very easy terms at the old prices, which will double in value in one year. Call or write for particulars.

Social.

On Wednesday evening of last week we had the pleasure of attending an Orange Social held at Kells' corners, Artemesia. The program consisted of recitations, speeches and music by several members of our Flesherton Band. Considering the severe weather a respectable gathering was present and apparently enjoyed themselves. After the entertainment the Flesherton contingent was invited to Mr. Thos. Kells' residence, where Mrs. Kells had prepared luncheon for them. Mr. Kells has a highly interesting and entertaining family, the soul of generosity, and after two hours of social enjoyment the Flesherton people returned home feeling that they had been amply repaid for venturing out.

Mr. Wm. Thompson, wife and daughter, of Dobbington, are visiting at Mr. Wm. Barnhouse's.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Entertainments and Sales.

Owing to inclement weather the credit auction sale of Mr. James Rehill, near McIntyre, has been postponed until Monday, Jan. 21. Remember the date.

On Jan. 25 an extensive credit sale will be held on lot 6, con. 5, Euphrasia, near Kimberley, the property of Mr. Thos. Carruthers. A large quantity of stock and farm implements will be offered, including a reaper. W. J. Shepherdson, auctioneer.

On Friday evening, Jan. 18, a Sunday School entertainment will be held at Eugenia. For particulras see bills.

A credit auction sale will be held in Feversham on Thursday, Jan. 24, the property of Mr. Edward Horton. Farm stock and implements. J. Speers & Co., auctioneers.

The members of Fountain Council, No. 140, R. T. of T., intend holding an open Temperance meeting in the Town Hall on the 5th prox., when a lengthy programme will be rendered consisting of speeches by several Rev. gentlemen, recitations, songs, addresses, etc., by the best local talent. All are cordially invited to attend.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Settled Down Again.

J. B. Spurr, our late lamented friend of the Dundalk Herald, has once more pitched his tent, this time in the village of Creemore. He took possession of the Creemore Advertiser last week, and that paper will now shine with an added Spurr of light. Welcome.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

District Lodge.

At the annual Orange District lodge, held in Flesherton on Wednesday of last week. the following officers were elected: Wm. Wright, District Master; S. Sheardown, Dep District Master; Thos. Kells, Chaplain; James Brodie, Recording Secrtary; John Boland, Financial Secretary; W. Sharp, Treasurer; E. Brodie, Lecturer; H. McLaughry, Director of Ceremonies.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland.

County Grand Black Chapter of Grey, met in Markdale Orange Hall, Jan. 9th, 1889, when the following officers were elected:—Sir Kt., James Brodie, Co. Grand Treceptor; Sir Kt., Thomas Gilray, Deputy Co. Grand Treceptor; Sir Kt., Wm. McClelland, Co. Grand Chaplain; Sir Kt., Rob. Clemmist, Deputy Co. Grand Chaplain; Sir Kt., Thos. Elliott, Co. Grand Registrar; Sir Kt., A. R. Dodds, Deputy Co. Grand Registrar; Sir Kt, Jas. Elliott, Co. Grand Treasurer; Sir Kt., Wm. Bradley, Deputy Co. Grand Treasurer; Sir Kt., Jos. Gibson, Co. Grand Lecturer; Sir Kt., Jas. Bryan, Deputy Co. Grand Lecturer; Sir Kt., Wm. Madill, Co. Grand St Bearer; Sir Kt., John McFadden, Deputy Co. Grand St. Bearer; Sir Kt., Thos. Abbott, Co. Grand Censor; Sir Kt., George Rutherford, Deputy Co. Grand Censor; Sir Kt., James Erskin, Co. Grand Pursuviant; Sir Kt., Johnson Little, Deputy Co. Grand Pursuviant; Sir Kt., Thos. Hanbury, 1st Co. Grand Committee; Sir Kt., James McMahan, 2nd Co. Grand Committee; Sir Kt., A. R. Parks, 3rd Co. Grand Committee; Sir Kt. Carson Price, 4th Co. Grand Committee; Sir Kt. James Mills, 5th Co. Grand Committee; Sir Kt., Thos. McLelland, 6th Co. Grand Committee; Sir Kt., Charles Little, 7th Co. Grand Committee. Next meeting to be in Owen Sound on the fourth Tuesday in January, 1890, at 2 o'clock P. M.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Scriptural Riddle for the Children.

A holy man, in lonely mood,
Far from his home, in want of food,
Was cared for by a servant rare,
With unwrought clothes, no beard, no hair.
No arms, no legs, has this servant had,
Nor power of speech, but yet was glad
To [illegible] this man [illegible] day
All he needed, nor wished for pay.
Now tell me children, if you can,
What was the servant, who the man?

Winnipeg, [illegible]

The first child answering correctly will receive a handsome present. Address this office

Are you going to Mrs. J's. Social?

Mr. Jas. Beecroft, we are sorry to learn, is quite ill. The doctors pronounce his ailment as catarrh of the stomach.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

If letter postage is shortly reduced to 2 cents, we intend writing personal letters to about a half dozen gentlemen who owe for this paper two and three years. We hope though, that they will not wait for the reduction.

A parlor social will be held at the Methodist parsonage, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society on Friday evening, Jan. 25. Admission 15 cents, children 10 cents.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Died.

WOODRUFF.—In Maxwell on Jan 15, John Woodruff, only son of Widow Woodruff, aged [illegible] years.

Born.

BLAKELY.—At Inistioge, on Wednesday [illegible] the wife of Joseph Blakely [illegible] son

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness. Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address Dr. NICHOLSON, John Street, Montreal

SACRIFICE SALE!

TILL FEB. 1st, 1889.

16⅔ PER CENT. off all sales of WATCHES and CLOCKS! or ONE SIXTH off marked price.

20 per cent. off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS disto.

25 per cent off genera[illegible]nes in JEWELRY, SPEC[illegible]TC.

Markdale is the onl[illegible]re in this section where y[illegible]n get

CLOSE COMPETI[illegible]N CES.

It will pay you to drive [illegible]s you can find a large sto[illegible]ose from at cut fi[illegible]

CALL THIS [illegible]H!

If you never ha[illegible]
—AND

Test This S[illegible]ent!

that I have a ve[illegible]k at

Bed Rock [illegible]s!

Discounts conside[illegible]o re-pairing receiv[illegible] attenti[illegible]

W. J[illegible]N,

JEWELER and O[illegible]

MARKDA[illegible]

I Resign.

I used to think my character
Was spotless as the snow;
I used to think 'twas stainless
As a hawthorn bush in blow.
But the stories that they're telling
You hardly could believe
They say that I'm a horse thief
Since they put me up for reeve.

Before the nomination
I was fit to lead in prayer,
But since that sad occasion
I've been frequent made aware
That I served a term in prison
From the court of last assize,
For bolting with the coppers from
A helpless dead man's eyes.

They say that missing goods are oft
Upon my person found;
That the neighbors lock the hen house
When they see me coming 'round;
That I never yet was sober
For an hour in all my life,
And that I'm too familiar
With another party's wife.

So I decline to run for reeve,
I rather would be free;
Chopping cordwood in the swamp
Is good enough for me.
The country will be losers,
And the voters all will grieve
When they learn that I've refused the job
And will not run for reeve.

—*The Khan, Beverly.*

When Love Was Young.

O, he was young and she was fair,
Rose wreathed was all her shimmering hair.
She at him such sly glances threw
O'er her great fan, what could he do
But kiss her?

For straight above her saucy head
Gleamed mistletoe and holly red.
'Twas Christmas time; they'd but just met,
He knew 'twas wrong, dear boy, and yet
He kissed her!

Her satin gown, I much suspect,
Had big puffed sleeves and square cut neck.
Her twinkling feet and silk shod were,
Why, if you just but looked at her,
You'd want to kiss her!

Her eyes were like twin violets,
And she, the worst of sad coquettes,
Looked boldly up and shyly down.
Was there a man in all the town
That would not kiss her?

Her lips were red as cherries are;
She was the sweetest girl by far
That trod the stately minuet
They danced that night. A monk'd forget
His prayers and kiss her!

I've heard her tell that in those days
Young love would laugh at our prim ways.
You think it shocking? Why—ha! ha!
'Twas grandmamma and grandpapa!
Let's go and kiss them!

Longfellow in Westminster.

Child! when you pace with hushed delight
The cloistered aisles across the sea,
Whose ashes old of monk and knight
Renew the legends heavenly-bright
That charmed you from your mother's knee;

And steal along the abbey's nave
With war's superbest trophies set,
To some torn minstrel's narrow grave,
Who more unto his century gave
Than Tudor or Plantagenet;

Scorn not the carven names against
When England strews memorial flowers,
But circled by her precious dust,
Salute, athrill with pride and trust
Your own dear poet, child of ours!

—*From the Longfellow Remembrance Book.*

For and About Women.

The average yearly income of the working women of Boston is $260.70, and her average expenses are reckoned at $261.30.

A contemporary says: "We have no use for a bustle. It should be sent to the rear."

Ladies who possess diamonds have them arranged into small coronets or half diadems.

Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, is said to not only have a clearly defined moustache, but to be actually proud of it.

Fans are chiefly of white feathers, with mounting of colored mother-of-pearl, or else they are of painted crape or gauze, with lace border.

The Philadelphia statistics show that there is not a trade or profession pursued in that city which is not more or less followed by women.

A Kansas schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. The boys are improving rapidly.

The redingote is the favorite style for walking-dress, while the jacket-bodice is preferred for indoor wear. We have been shown this week very elegant models in both styles.

The jacket-bodice remains in great favor. It is made perfectly tight-fitting, making the waist long, a little in the shape of a pear. It comes a little beyond the waist, peaked or rounded in front, forming a few plaits in the middle of the back, or else cut out into two or three small tabs.

Although coiffures are less voluminous than they were, the hair is still piled up on the top of the head, while a few light curls fall over the forehead. None but young girls wear the catogan, plaited or twisted, and tied in a bow in the neck. By way of ornament, a light aigrette of feathers or flowers, springing from the daintiest possible puff of tulle, is the style preferred.

The British Columbia Climate.

Eastern people have not yet become aware of the pleasant climate that is to be found in the Pacific province throughout almost the entire twelve months. When they do, a pilgrimage to British Columbia to escape the fierce heats of summer and the cold blasts of winter will be an annual affair with many of those who now seek hot and dusty southern California or the enervating and malarial climate of Florida. —*Vancouver, B.C., News-Advertiser.*

His New Leaf.

Very Rude Boy (to party who has slipped and fallen his length on the sidewalk) What! drunk again? I say, ole chap, yer beginnin' the new year wid a vengeance!

During December in St. Thomas there were 8 days when it rained, 11 days when it snowed, 36 days' frost. During December, '87, rain 5 and snow 11 days.

The biggest mail contract held in Canada is that undertaken by the B. C. Express Company, who make one trip a week from Ashcroft station, on the C. P. R., to Barkerville, in the Cariboo district, a distance of 79 miles, for $18,500 a year.

Young Laird to newly appointed footman—"Well, Donald, how do you like trousers?" Donald, heretofore a ghillie who had never worn anything but a kilt—"Aweel, sir, to tell you the truth, I fin' them very uncomfortable, especially about the sleeves!"

BAD MANNERS OF HUSBANDS.

Mothers to Blame for Not Instructing Boys to be Polite.

A friend was spending the day with me the other day, and while she was here our pastor called. After he left the friend said: "Did you ever notice with what respect Mr. Conrad speaks of his wife and how courteously he treats her at all times?" I nodded assent and my friend went on: "I suppose my husband is as good a man as ever lived, but his mother did not train him to be courteous to ladies. His sisters were his slaves, and thereby he is spoiled as a husband. I wish I could train several hundred boys to be husbands for the next generation. Do you suppose they'd consider it their prerogative to drive the girls out of the easiest chair, take the sunniest corner of the room, the best place by the light, throw books, papers or slippers down for some one to put away, and grow up with the idea that a wife must be the valet and the rest of the household stand respectfully by to obey orders? You smile, but this is anything but a subject to laugh over.

"I really believe husbands never think how their unkind ways hurt. They don't realize the difference to us—for instance, in their manner when they come to dinner. All day the wife has been alone with the children and servants, and is more hungry for a kind word from her husband then an epicurean feast. He comes in just as the dinner bell rings. 'For a wonder dinner is once ready on time,' the husband says. Couldn't he have saved the heart stab by saying: 'That's a pleasant sound to a hungry fellow,' and what hinders him from adding, what would be milk and honey to a weary soul all the rest of the day—nay, all the rest of her life—'You are a good wife, Cornelia?,' And if dinner is not quite ready why need he say, 'Of course not; never is?' In working mottoes for the home why hasn't some one taken Wesley's remark: 'I'd as soon swear as fret,' instead of hanging up 'I Need Thee Every Hour?'

"When I think I have a hard time I just think of the women who have no servants, but who themselves care for the children, wash, iron, cook, mend, churn, milk, carry wood and water, all for less than an Irish servant girl's wages. Of course men appreciate their wives, of course they do, but they keep their polite manners and courteous ways for—other men's wives. One time James thanked me for saving him room beside me at a concert, and then sort of apologized for being polite by saying he thought it was my sister Mary."—*Atalanta Constitution.*

Scrap-Bag of Women's Chat.

The choir girls of New York are grieving because they are being supplanted by boys.

Easy crying widows, says a misanthrope, take new husbands soonest; there's nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Forty-five ladies of Utica, N.Y., have signed an agreement not to let a man crowd past them between the acts at a theatre.

A woman can never bring herself to see herself as others see her. Each believes herself to be a distinct type of beauty. As there are many degrees of beauty, possibly they are right.—*American Hebrew.*

A London paper says the art of the goldsmith is disappearing, owing to the cheapness of diamonds. The value of jewellery now depends upon the precious stones it contains, rather than upon the beauty of workmanship.

A Michigan woman practiced with a revolver until she could hit a suspender-button at eight paces. Then there came a burglar into the house early one morning, and she sent a bullet pinging through her husband's left ear.

A Port Huron (Mich.) woman who was engaged in a lawsuit was required to give security for costs in the sum of $50. Stripping off her $50 plush cloak she threw it down, saying to the judge: "Take that!" The functionary was glad to have the case go over to the next term.

An editor out West put a love-letter he had written into the copy-box, and his editorial upon the proper observance of marital duties he sent to his love. The letter appeared in his paper, and he is chasing his compositors all over the country with a tomahawk in each hand.

"The young ladies of to-day," says a veteran observer, "are all dressed in the most perfect copy of the dresses worn by Josephine, Hortense and the beautiful Pauline, the Princess Borghese. The fashions have come back is exactly eighty-eight years. For it was in 1800 that this shortwaisted dress with little puffed sleeves was most marked."

A lady has been arrested in Atlanta, Ga., for wanting the inside of the sidewalk. She not only wants it, but she gets it whenever she goes out to walk. One man who refused to yield to her demand had his whiskers pulled and his hat knocked off, and countless scores of men have been pushed into the ditch. The lady says she will have the inside track if she has to fight for it until she dies.

A committee of Berlin ladies recently presented the Empress Victoria Augusta with a white silk apron on which the names of the Empress' five young sons were worked. The Empress, in acknowledging the gift, said that she was honored by the present, for an apron was always the symbol of the true German housewife. And then, putting the apron on, she said very simply: "My husband desires me always to wear an apron; he says it looks more homely.'

A Costa Rican Earthquake.

San Jose de Costa Rica was the scene on the night of December 29th and the morning of December 30th of a series of earthquake shocks of great severity. The shocks are believed to have originated in the volcano of Poaz, six leagues distance from the town. At Alajuela eight persons were killed and many were injured. The churches and principal buildings in the city suffered considerable damage. The inhabitants are encamped in the squares and parks. No further shocks having occurred, the alarm is subsiding.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

SAVING THE SIGHT.

How a Veteran Alabama Journalist Says He Preserved His Eyes.

The editor of the Huntsville *Democrat*, who has passed his three score years without the use of eye-glasses, and can still, with his natural eyes, read fine print, wishes to give other people nearing the sere and yellow leaf the benefit of his ocular experience. Therefore, he tells them that in 1865 he found his eyesight failing, indicated by dark specks flittering over the page and a hazy appearance of the letters when he was reading. Remembering to have heard his mother say that ex-President John Quincy Adams (who lived to about 80 years) had preserved his eyesight and read without glasses by pressing the outer and inner corners of his eyes together, the editor tried the experiment. After retiring to his bed at night, he has, ever since the autumn of 1865, before going to sleep, pressed gently together the outer and inner corner of each eye between the thumb and forefinger of the hand corresponding to the right and left eye, applying equal simultaneous pressure to both eyes. Or using but one hand, he has put the middle finger on his forehead above his nose, and pressed together the corners of one between the thumb and the forefinger, and the corners of the other eye between the third and fourth fingers, striving to give equal pressure to both eyes. The philosophy of the experiment is explained in this way—As the people pass the middle age, there is said to be (and we believe it) a tendency of the balls of the eye to lose their convexity—in common parlance, to flatten. The habitual pressure of the outer and inner corners of the eyes together prevents flattening, and thereby preserves the original normal convexity of the eyes, and thereby the original power of seeing. Near-sighted persons are exceptions to the rule. Their near-sightedness (as we understand) is caused by too great convexity of the eye. Oftentimes, as they advance in years, their eyes flatten—that is, lose their original convexity, and become more nearly like the good eyes of young people, and they can see better without glasses and lay them aside.

Whether our philosophical explanation is right or wrong, this one thing we know, that, whereas we, over seventeen years ago, were losing our original power of seeing, now, by the manipulation of our eyes as above explained, we can see clearly without the use of glasses, and can read small print almost, if not quite, as well as in our youth, while men and women many years our juniors, some of them our near blood relatives, who have not resorted to our mode of preserving the eyesight, are compelled to use glasses. Believing it our duty to mankind to do them all the good we can, we overcome our native modesty about writing of ourselves by the consideration that we may benefit others by relating our own experience.

The reason why both eyes should be subjected to the equal simultaneous pressure is that, to see clearly, both eyes should behold objects at the same local distance, and this cannot be if the two eyes have not the same convexity. If the two eyes should see objects at different distances, the objects would present different images on the two retinæ of the eyes and produce a confusion of images, and, of course, impair distinct vision. Instances occur of persons who have a natural infirmity of the eyes with different foci—one eye seeing at one focal distance, the other eye seeing at another focal distance. In such cases oculists provide eye-glasses of different foci, so accommodated as to correct the natural defect and make both eyes see alike.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Democrat.*

Cannon-Balls for the Cure of Constipation.

It is a very self-evident proposition in physics that a cannon-ball as ordinarily propelled, will, upon its abdominal impact, produce a movement of the bowels. Such a movement, however, says the *N.Y. Medical Record*, is attended with the serious personal inconvenience of producing a large hole in an important portion of the economy. It is not in this way, it need hardly be said, that Dr. H. Sahli, of Berne (*Correspondens-Blatt fur Schweizer Aerzte*) proposes to utilize the cannon-ball in therapeutics. He advises that it be simply rolled about upon the abdomen for five or ten minutes daily, in order to relieve habitual constipation. The weight of the ball should be from three to five pounds. In cold weather it can be covered with chamois, or kept warm by the stove. Better still, according to Dr. Sahli, is the plan of having the patient take it to bed with him at night, and thus letting the missile of war warm itself ingloriously in the arms of the victim of colprostasis. The best time to use the cannon-ball is in the morning, after waking. It is then to be made part of the morning toilet; the patient lying on his back in bed rolls his ferric bedfellow systematically over the abdomen. The direction is not of so much importance, as that of systematically treating every part of the abdominal wall. Abdominal massage is acknowledged to be a useful measure in torpidity of the bowels, and Dr. Sahli assures his readers that by his method he has been able to cure nearly all of his cases without the aid of medication. Of course, proper attention should be paid to diet and hygiene. When universal peace comes, the orator can speak not only of turning swords into ploughshares, but also of cannon-balls into aperients; while of Dr. Sahli it may be written: "Peace hath its victories, no less renowned than war."

It was the Cat.

There was great excitement in the Omaha depot the other day. A noise like the crying of a child was traced to a closed trunk, and when the bystanders put their ears closer they were sure that something was wrong. "My God!" cried one, "give me a handspike or something. There is a child inside and it will smother." No handspike was at hand, and the people began to pull keys out of their pockets, and at last the lock clicked. The cover was raised and inside were discovered an old maltese cat and five new-born kittens.

The Retort Courteous.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason were engaged in their usual evening debate. Said he, for a clincher, "Well, there's no use arguing with a woman or a jackass."

"I wish I had known that at the start and saved my breath," said she.—*Terre Haute Express.*

PATTI'S BEAUTY.

The Secret of Preserving the Complexion—The Human Passions.

Patti is fast becoming a rival of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, who preserved her beauty to such an extent up to her 60th year that the grandsons of the men who loved her in her youth adored her with as much fervor as their ancestors had done in their days. Patti is, to say the very least, a long way from "sweet and 20," more like "fair and 40," without the third qualification, yet people who saw her the other day in Paris could see no visible change, no mark of the last 10 or 15 years upon her. She was still as slim and rounded, still without a gray hair in her head, or a wrinkle upon her. There had not come under her chin that small break in the contour of the throat which is the first knell of dead youthfulness. Her hair lay in rich, plentiful black locks about a brow where not one line was to be seen. Her eyes were clear and bright as a child's, her cheeks smoth and pink, her teeth snowy and faultless and the delicate lines of her figure just exactly what they were a score of years back. Some impulsive woman seized her and demanded to be told the secret of her eternal youth and this is what Patti revealed to her. She said: "When I am at home I go to bed early—10.30. I rise early, that is, early for singers, which means 10 30. So you see when I am not singing I sleep nearly 12 hours in the 24. Plenty of sleep, that is the secret of beauty and freshness. I don't sleep until 10, of course, but I make it a point not to get up at once when I wake, but to take a glass of hot water and a lemon and read my letters before getting out of bed. It's a mistake to jump up right away after waking. I bathe in tepid water and then sponge off with a cold sponge. On singing days I take a light and early dinner at 3 and only a biscuit and a cup of hot bouillon after the performance. No great quantity of food and plenty of sleep, that's the way to keep one's complexion and figure intact. I rarely touch wine, a liquor glass full of whiskey after luncheon or dinner, sometimes a glass of champagne. Nothing more."

But the real and main secret of Patti's perennial youth, and the one she did not dwell upon, is the fact that she has never given way to any emotions. She has avoided all feelings of every sort, as far as possible, hate, love, everything that might make a line on her fair face.—*New York World.*

Better Declare a Truce.

The city editor of a leading newspaper sends out a reporter, we will assume, by way of illustration, to a politician with instructions to inquire as to whether or not he has been appointed to some lucrative position. The politician, with a great air of innocence and modesty, at first disclaims the rumor as a mistake. In the end, ten chances to one, and this time with an air off offended dignity, he will deny it indignantly and in toto as an invention of those "lying newspapers." The reporter has no alternative left but to write up what the politician says and in a week or so the appointment is officially announced, and the politician smiles at his acumen in keeping the other fellows off until his hooks were fixed.

Again, there is a rumor of a wedding, and the reporter goes forth on his mission, to be met with a prompt denial of it and an ill-tempered protest against the "lying newspapers." He contradicts the rumor on authority, and before the contradiction is cold, lo! an announcement of the wedding is sent in for publication.

A business man makes an important transaction of some kind, more or less interesting to the public, and the reporter "gets on to it" and goes for denial or confirmation. He usually gets a denial in the form of an assertion that no such sale is contemplated, and the report is duly printed. In a day or two the transaction is announced as consummated.

In the church a scandal arises and the truth is sought for publication. The truth is not found until it has been almost smothered by falsehoods. Now, after these instances, to put it plainly, who is the liar?

In the mass of news from many sources that has to be hurriedly collected and collated for a great newspaper, some that is incorrect will almost of necessity find its way now and then into its columns. In really reputable and carefully conducted journals this seldom happens intentionally.

So, among the millions of people who fill the multifarious positions of life, some even of those rated as honorable and reliable will occasionally lapse into untruth, or something so near untruth as not to be distinguishable from it, in their dealings with the press.

It were, therefore, well to declare truce between the press and the public on these points.—*Washington Post.*

Dr. Brydon's Escape Recalled.

One of the most terrible, as it is also one of the most thrilling, tales that history has to tell is recalled by the announcement in the Scottish papers of Miss Edith Brydon's marriage in Inverness Cathedral. The lady's father was the famous Dr. Brydon of the Afghan massacre of January, 1842—the one survivor who, wounded and faint and weary, after a most perilous ride, reached Jellalabad to tell Gen. Sale the piteous story of what had taken place in the Khyber Pass. They were 16,000—or, counting women and children, 26,000—who set out from Cabul on that ill-starred journey, and he was the only man who had escaped. Between the dark crags of Jugdullak the murderous Afghans had their fill of blood. The death trap ran with the gore of soldiers, camp followers, women and children alike. Dr. Brydon alone escaped.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Immodest Thought.

The London papers are wondering if it is the American girls' pink faces that charm foreign admirers. We should say that the girls' greenbacks attract more than their pink faces.—*Alta California*

One of the hotels for winter visitors in Southern California has a "spacious ladies billiard parlor."

Hronek, the Chicago Anarchist, convicted of conspiring to assassinate with dynamite Inspector Bonfield and Judges Gary and Grinnell, was refused a new trial yesterday, and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. A stay of sixty days was granted to allow the filing of a bill of exceptions.

A BAD HABIT.

Biting the Nails Has Often Serious Effect on the Throat.

"A novel incident resulting from a habit of very common prevalence among nervous people was brought to my notice recently," said a leading physician of Philadelphia to a New York *Mail and Express* reporter the other day. "A young lady presented herself at my office and complained of a constant irritation in her throat. Two weeks previously she had been taken with a very severe attack of sore throat, which was treated by the family physician. Under his care, she said, the inflammation quickly subsided, but there still remained a sensation of irritation. Examination revealed a small fleshy-looking object about the size of a kernel of wheat adherent to the tissues posterior to the left tonsil by the one end. The other parts of the throat were normal. The little mass could not be detached by a cotton covered probe, but by the use of forceps it was easily removed, and, on examination, proved to be a piece of finger nail, which had become embedded in a cheesy deposit. A broken piece of the nail was also removed from under the mucous membrane at the same spot with a sharp-pointed probe.

"The lady then confessed to the habit of biting her finger nails, and moreover could remember that a day or two previous to her throat trouble a piece of nail she had bitten off had become lost in her mouth, but, after it had caused a few coughing, she had forgotten all about it until reminded by the discovery."

A Conjurer's Wonderful Trick.

I saw a remarkable conjuring trick performed by a Parsee on a voyage from London to Calcutta. He was a small native owner travelling for pleasure, and had taken up conjuring for an amusement. I asked for a rupee; we all inspected it; it was a genuine rupee. Then he gave it to a gentleman to hold and asked him to think of a country in Europe.

After a moment's pause the gentleman who held the coin said that he had thought of a country.

"Then open your hand," said the conjurer. "See what you have got and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of."

It was a five-franc piece and our friend had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the Parsee, but the latter said:

"No; pass it to another sahib." As it happened to be the nearest the five-franc piece was handed to me. I looked closely at it. Then, shutting my hands, I thought of America. When I opened it I found a Mexican dollar. This I handed to the gentleman on my right, who in turn thought of Russia, and on opening his hand found a Russian silver piece in place of the Mexican dollar. The juggler performed several other tricks during the voyage, but they were of a commonplace kind, and in no way comparable to the coin trick which I have never seen rivalled.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Odd Items of All Sorts.

Old boots and shoes, steamed to a pulp, are now converted into the soft, strong, ornamental leather so popular for bookbinding.

Quick-firing Armstrong guns, 36 and 40 pounders, discharging ten and eleven shots a minute, have been finally adopted by the British army.

A dentist of Paris, after chloroforming a patient, with the supposed intention of extracting a tooth, robbed the unconscious sufferer of $1,000 in money and decamped.

It has been computed that the force required to drive the tenpenny nail contained in a full keg would draw a wagon loaded with a ton of coal 52 miles.

From recent archæological discoveries it appears that the Romans, at the height of their civilization and splendor, had a system of street lighting. No trace of anything of the kind has been discovered in Greece.

There was recently discovered in Central Africa a village of houses built along a street and having gabled roofs. The inhabitants, who are of superior intelligence, keep good order in the village and sleep in beds raised above the ground.

Dead Letter Office Curiosities.

The officials of the dead letter branch of the Dominion Post-office Department have many a good laugh at the curious articles which reach the department in dead letters or parcels in the course of the year: Bar drums, a door mat, cateye, boots as well as books, lottery tickets and herbs, moccasins and insurance policies, a glass eye, any number of railway and steamboat passes, socks and prayer beads, wigs and suspenders, pawn tickets and trusses, certificates of all the secret societies in creation, cheques, bonds, bills of exchange, diplomas, debentures, spectacles and a thousand other articles, varied enough to allow of the starting up of a curiosity shop in the department.

His Occupation.

Many a loving young bridegroom may deserve the epithet which illumines the following anecdote, but, as a general thing, no one discovers the fact in so short a time after marriage.

The niece of a deaf old gentleman, "way down in Maine," married one of the best musical critics of the west. On their bridal tour the husband was for the first time presented to this relative, who asked another niece in a loud whisper:

"What does he do?"

"He's a musical critic," was the loud reply.

"Waal," said the uncle, gazing at the young man, "no accountin' for tastes; but why did she marry him, if he's a mis'rable critter?"—*Musical Review.*

Business Is Business.

American Millionaire (year 1988)—What are the prices of admission?

Doorkeeper (United States Capitol)—Seats in the Senate are $500,000, but I can give you a seat in the House for $100,000. Thanks. Hand this ticket to the usher. Keep the coupon in your hat to avoid mistakes.—*Puck*

The Wilkesbarre *News Dealer* accuses "officials higher up in authority than the members of the force" of gathering to drink wine with Mother Hubbard dresses. We wouldn't have thought it.

THE FARMERS' CORNER.

Winter Work That No Farmer Should Neglect.

When the season is mild, and the ground in a condition to permit of ploughing, the work that can be done this month should not be delayed. The difficulty with many farmers is that they do not take advantage of the opportunities in winter of getting as much outdoor work done before spring as may be possible. The corn land should be ploughed now, if it can be done, for in this latitude there are often weeks of open weather some seasons that causes the frost to leave the ground. By ploughing such ground the frost kills the cut-worms and reduces the clods. The hauling of the manure is also work that may be done, but to save labor in the spring it should be spread evenly on the ground as fast as hauled out. Manure that is coarse and in a rough condition should be retained in the barn yard.

DECOMPOSING THE MANURE.

It is important that the manure heap be handled once or twice during the winter. Only the fine, decomposed manure should be hauled out. The coarse material should be made into another heap, well packed and saturated with urine, in order to get the manure fine before spring. Unless the heap is given care too much heat may be generated and the materials injured by "fire-fanging," with a loss of ammonia. This is prevented by turning the contents of the heap over occasionally. The objection may be that the handling of large quantities of manure is laborious, which is true, but it pays to bestow the labor. To haul out on to the fields a mass of coarse rubbish, consisting of cornstalks and straw that have undergone no change is to haul that from which no benefit can be derived for a long time. Before any kind of manure can be available to plants it must decompose and become soluble in water. This process will be quick or slow, according to its preparation in the heap before it reaches the fields.

TRIMMING AND PRUNING.

The grape vines should be trimmed in cold weather. If the work is deferred until spring the vines will "bleed" (lose sap) and be weakened. The raspberries, blackberries and all small fruits can be trimmed in winter and the old wood cut away. The strawberries can be manured and the asparagus beds looked after, it being the earliest of the vegetables. The manure for hot-beds must be saved, and it will save time to cut away all the surplus branches of the orchard trees.

VARIOUS OTHER TOPICS.

For manuring very poor soil the *American Agriculturist* recommends buckwheat as the best crop, turning under two crops a year.

If a good account of expenses and sales are kept there will always be a balance in favor of sheep breeding; not so much as a specialty; but as an assistant to other farm animals and crops.

If cream is not well stirred you will find at the bottom of the can more or less clabber and whey. This, in churning, may cause the white specks in butter some complain of; but, whether it does or not, the cream is all the better for being thoroughly and frequently stirred.

If dairymen would continue to successfully meet the close competition which is sure to confront them and have a profit left they must always be ready with the best cow and the cheapest food to supply the best article of milk possible for the end for which it is to be used.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* ascribes the immunity of the swine-pens from cholera to the liberal use he makes of wood ashes. He does not think the ashes a cure or positive preventive, but his neighbors' swine suffered severely from cholera, while his pens were entirely free from the disease.

At the meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society salt has been recommended for mildew. We see it stated that Jean Sisley, the famous rose grower of Lyons, France, applies six pounds of salt dissolved in 100 quarts of water to destroy mildew and other low forms of plant life, without injury to roses.

Sunflower seed is coming to the fore as an article of commercial value. As an admixture to chicken food its merits are indisputable. Veterinarians use it in a medicinal way in the treatment of horses. Its growth is considered of use in the prevention of malaria, and the extraction of a valuable oil from it is a looked-for result.

Of all the nutrients fat has considerably the highest heat, muscular power and fat producing power. As a heat producer it has about two and one-fifth times the potency of the carbhydrates, pound for pound; and as a fat former the comparison, if exact figures could be obtained, would probably show not very much less in its favor.

Let me conclude by saying that I have found ensilage equally valuable for sheep, cattle and horses. I feed it to all my stock from December 1st till into March. For sheep and mares with sucking colts I think it is peculiarly good, but I was never so pleased with winter feeding of all my stock as during last winter while feeding ensilage. —*A. J. Cook.*

Dairy cows should be fed twice only a day. The dairy cow needs rest as well as food. She will eat more slowly, masticate more and digest her food better if she gets two meals at regular intervals. The meals should be full ones. A quiet and contented habit should be cultivated in the cows. Such habits are conducive to a greater production.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends aconite, in doses of three-fourths of an ounce of the tincture, as a specific for milk fever. The first dose is the quantity named above; the second, given six hours later, was half as much as the first, and the third, half as much as the second. She was then well enough to eat a little hay, and in three or four days was turned out with the other cows cured.

Almost Incredible.

Jones—Strong minded girl, that daughter of Brown's.

Smith—Is she? I never thought so.

Jones—You can bet she is. She refused to elope with the coachman yesterday.

Smith—Heavens, what will power!

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Sir David Macpherson arrived at Monte Carlo last week, and is now proceeding to San Remo, where he will probably reside for two months.

There is a quantity of counterfeit bills in circulation in Montreal.

Deputy Postmaster Conway, of Windsor, will be married next week. The bride is a resident of Toronto.

The floods in Italy are extending to Basti, and have done much damage. In one house which collapsed twelve persons were killed.

At a mayoralty meeting in Windsor last night Mr. Sol White, one of the candidates, said he was both loyal and in favor of political union.

Secretary of State Chapleau has begun to undergo treatment at the hands of his Paris physician, who entertains the strongest hopes of his full recovery.

The inquest into the death of George Saxsmith, through the explosion in the ammonia works at Toronto on Christmas Day, was resumed last night, but was further adjourned.

Dr. George Smith died at Stratford at 6 o'clock last evening. He was for many years a prominent physician and much esteemed. He was brother of the late Chief Justice Smith, of Manitoba.

Most of the Republican journals describe the manifesto issued by Gen. Boulanger to the electors of the Department of the Seine as a tissue of calumny and brag, and say it is not worthy of discussion.

A Washington special says the Navy Department has received a despatch from Rear-Admiral Luce stating that yellow fever had broken out on the Yantic, and that she had left Jamaica for New York on that account.

William Forbes, a single man, 20 years of age, employed by the Brush Electric Light Company at Detroit for a year past as a lamp trimmer, while at work fixing the electric light in Walker's drug store, corner of Woodward avenue and Selby street, yesterday morning, received a shock of electricity and fell to the floor from his ladder. He died in seven minutes. He did not speak after falling. A coroner was called and an investigation is under way.

Mr. Archibald McKillop, sen., proprietor of the large saw mills at West Lorne, had a narrow escape from instant death on Thursday afternoon. He was in the lumber woods watching his men felling a tree, which lodged in falling, when a large limb flew backwards to the ground, just touching Mr. McKillop on the point of the shoulder. Medical attendance was at once summoned, and in a few days he will be around again. A couple of inches nearer the tree and he would never have known what had happened him.

A serious accident occurred to one of the men engaged on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway at London, about 1.30 yesterday afternoon. He was employed driving piles on the low river land near Oxford street bridge. The men were engaged in erecting a new pile driver, and when the apparatus was nearly up it toppled over, and the men had all to run for their lives. A carpenter named Fleming, of South street, however, was not able to get out of the way in time, and the heavy timber crushed him to the ground, fearfully injuring him. One of his arms and one of his legs were broken, his spine was badly injured, and his chest crushed in. It is doubtful if he can recover. He was taken to his home on South street in the ambulance.

Flattie Healey, aged 15, daughter of Mrs. Healey, of St. Thomas, was reprimanded by her mother yesterday morning and accused of being out at night. The girl got into a fearful passion, went across the street to a drug store and purchased a large package of Paris green, when she took a dose large enough to kill two or three persons. Dr. Smith, the surgeon of the Young Men's Christian Association hospital, happened to be present, and at once applied the stomach pump. The girl was given into the hands of Chief Fewings and taken to the lockup, where she stated she would poison herself the first opportunity she had. She was brought before the Police Magistrate and remanded until next Friday. It appears that a young man came on Thursday night and took her out, ostensibly to a party, but they did not return until 4 next morning. The girl is unusually pretty and attractive-looking.

Blenheim was lighted by electricity on Saturday night.

Mr. C. H. Tupper will speak at the Club Cartier banquet in Montreal to-night.

Kingston people enjoyed a steamer excursion to Cape Vincent on Saturday.

E. P. Leacock, ex-M. P. P., is out as a Conservative candidate for the Commons in Provencher, Man.

Henry Border, of Fourteen Island Lake, killed a huge bear on Thursday. He encountered it with an axe.

Dr. Jones, Enterprise, has been convicted a second time of practising medicine contrary to law, and fined $50 and costs.

Two weeks ago a youth named John McGinty, of Gananoque, was shot accidentally by a companion. The wound has ended fatally.

Hon. A. Mackenzie has secured rooms at the Grand Union, Ottawa, where Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie will stay during the sitting of Parliament.

A farmer named Leck, residing in Valcartier, Que., was kicked to death by a horse while endeavoring to take the animal out of his stall.

Mr. Justice Casault has been appointed Administrator of the Province of Quebec, in consequence of the illness of Lieut.-Governor Angers.

The Ontario Government have offered $100 for the arrest of Alex. McDuff, charged with complicity in the Holton murder, near Windsor.

William Viant, aged 19 years, has been committed to Picton jail for criminally assaulting a 12-year-old girl, Jennie Thompson, an orphan living at Consecon.

Mrs. Allan McGie, a well-known lady in Ottawa, feeling faint on Friday morning, lay down on a sofa and expired almost immediately from disease of the heart.

Ald. John Heney, of Ottawa, has been made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre by the Pope for his efforts in the cause of temperance. To be honored for such a cause is a real reason for honest pride.

Saturday morning Chief of Police Rozel, of Peterboro', received a telegram from Mrs. Thos. Young, Campbellford, instructing him to arrest Thos. Young, her husband, with a family, who was eloping with the cook of Blute's Hotel, of which Young was hostler, but the runaway couple arrived in town by one line and took train by another for Toronto before the police were aware of their elopement.

The congregation of St. Andrew's Church, one of the wealthiest and most fashionable in Ottawa, have decided to make all seats in the church free on Sunday evenings. Last evening the new order of things began, when Rev. Mr. Herridge preached to a large congregation.

On Saturday afternoon William Patrick Devlin, 30 years old, undertook to put a belt on a drum in Morrison's mill, which is about a mile from Fredericton, N. B. His left arm became caught and he was dragged between the belt and the drum. The arm was pulled out of the socket and every particle of clothing torn from his body. The flesh was torn on the arm and his body badly bruised. William Godsee, who went to his assistance, was struck by Devlin's boots and knocked senseless. When he recovered he stopped the engine. Devlin died at a late hour on Saturday night, after having borne his terrible suffering with great heroism. He leaves a wife and one child.

Seven skaters were drowned in the Ludwig Canal at Nuremberg yesterday.

On Saturday Mr. Gladstone visited Pompeii on a vessel lent by the municipal authorities of Naples.

The King of the Netherlands is dying. His chronic malady is worse. He takes nourishment with difficulty.

The Glasgow Unionists are preparing to give a grand entertainment to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and wife on the occasion of his visit to that city on February 11th and 12th.

At a banquet at Grau last night Cardinal Simoe, Primate of Hungary, offered a toast in honor of the Pope. In a violent speech he denounced Italy's treatment of the Pope as infamous.

During a heavy storm accompanied by a high wind, which prevailed in Southern Hungary yesterday, a railway train was blown from the track near Fiume. Three passengers were killed and many injured.

At Ballymitty Solicitor Moran was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and Mr. Finucane and others to one month each for conspiring to prevent the taking of farms from which tenants had been evicted.

The emigrants from England in 1888 numbered 280,068, slightly less than in the previous year. The decrease of emigrants to the United States was 5,565, and to Australia 2,961, but to Canada there was an increase of 3,080.

So many Berliners on Saturday went to the Opera House to see a dress rehearsal of a play relating to the first Hohenzollern elector of Bradenburg that the authorities directed a change in the plot, on the ground that it reflected on the Royal family.

This is Mr. Ruskin's sixth attack of what is guardedly described as mental disturbance. These attacks grow more frequent and the symptoms more menacing The present illness is reported less serious than the last, but causes his friends great anxiety.

Excitement was caused in the court at Naas on Saturday by Solicitor Hurley, counsel for the prisoners on trial, shouting that Judge Fitzgerald's conduct on the bench was a scandal. Hurley was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for contempt of court.

A report is current that Sir Baden Powell will shortly proceed to Washington and Ottawa as special English plenipotentiary on the Fisheries question. Such an appointment is quite improbable. The rumor is only one of many similar puffs promoted by Powell's friends.

It is asserted that the British Government will defray expenses of witnesses on both sides who are summoned before the Parnell Commission, strictly limiting these expenses, however, to fares to London and return to their respective homes, and the legitimate outlay for meals and lodgings while there.

The German Landtag is convened for the 14th inst. A measure will be presented increasing the King's civil list by 3,000,000 marks, this sum being additional to the amount requested from the Reichstag. The semi-official papers argue that the allowance should be more; that according to the feeling in Berlin it ought to be double the amount asked.

Further evictions were made on Saturday on the Olphert estates, at Falcarragh, county Donegal. At one house only was resistance made, but after a fight, which lasted fifteen minutes, the defenders yielded. The last house visited by the evictors was found to be so strongly fortified that the Magistrate decided not to attempt its capture on Saturday. The attack was therefore postponed until Monday.

Osman Digna's first lieutenant has deserted his leader and has arrived at Suakim. He reports that the rebels are enraged with Osman Digna for seizing their effects and their wives, he giving as his reason for such a course that the rebels chewed tobacco, which is contrary to the precepts laid down by the Mahdi. He also reports that 2,000 dervishes at Handoub are squabbling with Osman Digna concerning the evacuation of the place, a majority of the dervishes being desirous of retiring from the town. The deserter declares that Emin Bey has been captured, and that he is a prisoner at Khartoum, where he is well treated by his captors.

A big storm is raging at Long Branch, N.J. The streets of Seabright are inundated and the people are compelled to use row boats.

Rev. F. Israel, pastor of the First Unitarian Church at Salem, Mass., committed suicide in his church on Saturday evening by cutting his throat.

The Governor of New York has commuted to imprisonment for life Adolph Reich, convicted in the county of New York of the crime of murder in the first degree, and now under sentence of death.

William Mann, an artist, shot and killed his niece, Mrs. Carrie Jones, and committed suicide on Saturday in an uptown tenement, at New York. The woman had been living with Mann as his wife for several years.

Robert Gregg, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on Saturday, while practising shooting at a target nailed against the side of an old shanty, after firing a number of shots, heard a groan from the interior of the building. Investigation proved he had shot and killed a tramp, who is known there only as "Pat." The coroner's jury exonerated Gregg of any intention to shoot the man.

On Friday Mr. Brooks, a prominent young merchant of McDowell's Mills, went to Fayettesville, Tenn., secured his marriage license and started home. On Saturday morning his dead body was found lying on the roadside with a bullet hole through his head. When he left town he was accompanied by a man named Smith, who was a bitter rival of his for the hand of the young lady Brooks was to marry. There is considerable excitement over the affair.

B. S. Stapleton has been doing a wholesale business in the sale of Louisiana lottery tickets in a very bold way at Cleveland for some time past. It is estimated that his sales have averaged 96 000 a month, and he is said to have sold 8,000 tickets in a single week for the big December drawing. He was arrested Saturday in company with one of his clerks. Police in citizens' dress managed to buy tickets at his place. The business has been conducted in connection with a cigar store.

A double stage robbery occurred near Cloverdale, Cal., on Saturday night. The down stage from Mendocino City was stopped near Philo about 11 o'clock by a masked highwayman, who demanded the treasure-box, and holding a revolver in one hand took the box from the driver with the other. He thanked the driver and ordered him to drive on. He then remarked, "Good night, gentlemen." The stage had only gone a few yards when it met the up stage, and the driver remarked that he had been robbed also.

An Obliging Sor of a Fellow.

Stranger (furiously, striding up to fine looking man in hotel lobby)—See here, your name s Raike, isn't it? Well, I understand you're making love to my wife—my wife, sir!

Raike (calmly)—Ah! what name, sir?

Stranger (still more furious)—Smith, sir, Smith!

Raike takes out note book with index, turns to "S,' and runs his eye over the list, and says, inquiringly—First name, please?

Smith—William J. William J. Smith, sir.

Raike (looks over names again)—Ah, yes, here it is. Well, what do you want me to do?

Smith—I want you to stop making love to her, sir.

Raike—Ah! (takes pencil, runs it through the name William J. Smith, then lights cigarette, bows politely and walks off).—*St. Louis Humorist.*

But He Didn't.

It was the night before the wedding, and he was bidding her good night, and softly whispered: "To-morrow eve, my darling, we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together: hand in hand will we journey a down life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope and courage, that neither of us may faint and fall by the wayside before the journey is ended; will we not, darling?"

"I—I—oh, yes, to be sure; only I really am so worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang one bit nice to-day when I tried the dress on, and I'd die with mortification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on with what you were saying, dear."

An Accommodating Author.

"Your story, Mr. Winterkill," said the magazine editor to the rising young author, "suits me very well. I observe in it some trivial faults, however. For instance, you describe the heroine's canary as drinking water by 'lapping it up eagerly with her tongue.' Isn't that a peculiar way for a canary to drink water?"

"Your criticism surprises me," said Mr. Winterkill in a pained voice. "Still, if you think your readers would prefer it perhaps it would be better to let the canary drink its water with a teaspoon."

Lessons in Economy.

Paterfamilias—"See here! what does this mean? The parlor clock is stopped. Mr. Nicefellow was here last night as usual, wasn't he?"

Daughter—"Yes, pa, and I told him what you said about the cost of coal and gas in the parlor every night, and we began to wonder how we could economize for you, and finally Mr. Nicefellow decided that we could at least stop the clock and save wear and tear on the works, you know."

Curiosities of the Phonograph.

"I listened yesterday to my own voice in a phonograph," remarked the snake editor this morning, "and I would not have recognized it as mine if I had not known. People do not know what their voices sound like until they hear them in that wonderful machine."

"In that case," replied the horse editor, "it would be a good idea to make a lot of our public singers sample their own music. It might cause them to quit."

A Contest Between Singers.

The coldest sort of a competition is that to come off among the young women of the Bath (Eng.) Philharmonic Society. They will sing behind a curtain, so that they cannot be seen, and the judges will have to vote on the number of the singer. Each will sing one sacred song and an English ballad.

MISS STIRLING, the Salvationist and latest "Prisoner of Chillon," after an imprisonment of fifty-nine days, has been released on bail, pending the hearing of her appeal against the sentence of imprisonment for 100 days. Miss Stirling's only offence against the law was exercising the rights of a female teacher and preacher. Her case has awakened much sympathy beyond Salvationist circles.

Though nearly a million Lebel rifles have been turned out in France, the Government workshops are still turning out 3,000 a day more.

BESIEGED BY WILD HOGS.

The Terrible All-night Experience of a Boy in the Mountains.

Up here in the sombre, rugged Shawangunks hoop-pole cutting is becoming quite an industry. Chase Van Wagonen, who lives here, tramps seven miles daily to his "hoop ranch," which is situated in a gloomy, desolate locality known as Pollymazotte, just west of the famous Dark Hole. Several times during the past week Van Wagonen has been obliged to go dinnerless, owing to the depredations of quadrupeds who roam about in vast numbers and comparatively unmolested. A day or two ago Van Wagonen took his son, the eldest of several children, with him for company and to watch his dinner. Young Joshua and his father reached their destination soon after daybreak, and, while the elder began his daily task, "Josh" busied himself in kindling a roaring fire, around which he built a wall of stones.

At noon a hearty dinner was eaten. Van Wagonen returned to his work, and Joshua, after replenishing the fire, armed himself with his father's trusty rifle and started out in search of adventure and small game. The sturdy little chap had tramped about three miles, when he heard an ugly grunt and saw at the same time a wild boar that had been taking a siesta on a pile of sunny leaves. There was an oak tree near by, and "Josh's" legs did good service in climbing to a place of safety among its branches. In his haste he had dropped the rifle, and when he glanced downward the boy's heart turned sick with fear. All about were sheltered nests of leaves, which he knew well would be occupied at night by scores of wild hogs. The boar was still on watch, and unless he should relax his vigils all escape was shut off.

Scream after scream and pitiful cries for help met with no response, and before an hour passed the hogs began gathering, and night closed in dark and cold. The wind cut like a razor, and little "Josh" was obliged to rub his already peeled legs against the tree bark to keep them from freezing. All through that long, dreary night the boy kicked and moved about on his high perch to keep the blood from congealing in his veins; but toward morning his strength gave out, and when rescued by his father and a band of Shawangunk Mountain hunters the child was lifted from a terribly perilous position in which he had fallen while asleep. One foot dangled within three feet of the boar's reach. The child was carried home more dead than alive, and for several hours he lay in a perilous condition. The boy says it was light when he fell asleep, so that he must have just fallen when rescued. The wild boar and three other hogs were shot by the hunters. —*Upper Stony Kill (N.Y.) corr. New York Times.*

Asphalt Pavements Kill Trees.

In connection with the re-paving of Brooklyn streets, which has become a subject of pressing concern through the recent outgiving of the Mayor, an interesting point has been made concerning the effect of asphalt pavements on trees. Experience shows that in streets where such pavements have been laid the trees do not flourish, if indeed they do not speedily wither. The reason is not far to seek. It is apparent on a moment's thought that it is almost impossible for water to penetrate to the roots of the trees beneath such an impervious covering, and hence their decline is inevitable. No plans are now in view for increasing the asphalt pavements in Brooklyn, but this matter is worth keeping in mind against the possibility that the question may be raised at some time in the future. Asphalt pavements have certain undoubted advantages, along with equally undoubted disadvantages. The drawback mentioned here is doubtless seldom taken into account. —*New York Tribune.*

All in a Half Century.

The unification of Italy.
The annexation of Texas.
The French revolution of 1848.
The discovery of photography.
The laying of the ocean cable.
The discovery of the telephone.
The emancipation of Russian serfs.
The discovery of the electric telegraph.
The overthrow of the Pope's temporal power.
The establishment of ocean steam navigation.
The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.
The great Franco-German war and the unification of Germany.
The great civil war and the abolition of slavery in the United States.
The rise and fall of Napoleon III., and establishment of the French Republic.
The discovery of the source of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.

Neither has Anything to Spare.

Nephew (who recently married a handsome but penniless girl, to his rich but stingy uncle)—"Well, my dear uncle, how goes everything at your house?"

Uncle—"Oh, thanks, we have everything we need. How do you get on with your bride?"

Nephew—"Thanks, also; we need everything we have."

Christmas Not Over.

Frost—Well, it's all over. Snow—What's all over? Frost—Christmas. I say it only comes once a year and it's all over until next time. Snow—Not by a jugful. The bills are not in yet for half the stuff my wife bought and charged to me.

Number Two.

Before the first baby is four months old its photograph must be taken, and copies sent by its doting parents to relatives and dear friends. The second baby, although it may be as beautiful as a poet's dream, is a mighty lucky youngster if it gets its photograph taken before it is four years old.—*Drake's Magazine.*

In the Dressing-Room.

"Polly, you remind me of the mirror you are looking into."

"Why so?"

"Because you are a good lookin-g-lass."

The entire matter in regard to Modjeska and Edwin Booth is very simple: Booth offered to give Modjeska the position of leading lady in his company. She wanted to star. So did Booth. Some other lady will play "leads" with Booth next season.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JAN. 17 1889.

It is an almost decided thing that we are to have a two-cent letter postage at no very distant date. This has become a necessity. Extensive users of Her Majesty's mails along the border have formed the bad habit of shipping their letters in bulk to the other side and posting them there for distribution throughout Canada, thereby saving a cent on each. This with a few other incentives, has caused the Government to think seriously about making our letter tariff uniform with that of the United States. They cant think too seriously about it.

The municipal elections went on quietly in the city of Toronto this year, and yet there was one strong, swift and sure under current that swamped a number of would-be aldermen. The Toronto World is at enmity with unionism. It is a "journalistic blackleg." Out of seven candidates for aldermanic honors who placed their election cards in the World, one only was successful. Two school trustees were also knocked out for the same cause. The World has a hard fight before it, and is now standing with its back to the wall, fighting everything and everybody. When this wall (which is of pasteboard) gives way the effluvia rising from Melinda street will keep Toronto's medical health officer busy for six months.

On Friday last we had the pleasure of a little chat with D. Creighton, M. P. P., manager of the Empire, who was on his way to Owen Sound for the purpose of attending the North Grey Conservative Association. Mr. Creighton looked happy and self-satisfied, and well he may. The Empire, he says, has made a wonderful stride during the past year. Its advertising patronage and subscription list is swiftly on the increase. The Empire's sporting editor, Mr. H. J. P. Good, who has been visiting England for the benefit of his health, has just returned. The staff of the paper is very much the same as it was on its inception—the best in Canada. The paper is also the best in Canada, and Mr. Creighton may well feel proud of his bouncing baby.

Entrance Examinations.

The result of the late high school entrance examinations came to hand on Thursday evening last, by way of our popular public school inspector, Mr. N. W. Campbell, of Durham. There is a little matter in connection with this which requires explanation from some quarter. In the first place the time consumed in arriving at the result has been more than a week longer than that of the counties around us. That, of course, may be explained by the fact of there being only one high school board, making their duties somewhat large. But we fancy that the publishing of the results in one paper in the county previous to any publication elsewhere cannot so easily be explained away. It is an injustice to the papers; it is an injustice to the pupils of the county that it should not be published simultaneously in all the papers, and we want an explanation. Here are the results, as obligingly furnished us by Mr. Campbell:

FLESHERTON—43 CANDIDATES.

Sarah Cunningham 381, Ellen Dulan 445, Jennie Hale 389, Lena Large 412, Agnes Meagher, 436, Maggie McAsey 377, Maggie McCallum 472, Amelia McFarland 377, Gertie McLeod 365, Maud Robertson 404, Hattie Shore 417, Katie E. Summers 468, Mary Symes 424, Jenny Treadgold 479, Thomas D. Atkinson 427, John W. Ford 365, Thomas Leggett 386, Lachlan McLean 402, George Smith, 382, David Symes 403, Fredus Thurston, 412.

DUNDALK—14 CANDIDATES.

Lizzie Carr 489, Jennie Lamon 531, Annie McLellan 386, John Maxwell 467.

THORNBURY—65 CANADIAN.

Maggie Clugstone 448, Sarah Dales 398, Maud Donahue 436, Annie Green 396, Jessie Guthrie 454, Bertha Hamilton 369, Florence Howe 398, Carrie Hurlburt 377, Ethel Keyes 373, Annie Lambert 402, Maggie McGillivray 517, Emmor McGuire 433, Barbara Mckenzie 372, Sarah Anna Lea 480, Gertie Rorke 378, Madge H. Soul 480, Minnie Taylor 441, Harold Carnahan 380, Richard Dales 429, Rob't. Greer 473, Wm. Howe 593, Clement Keys 494, Allen Latomell 405, Arthur Latomell, 484, J. H. Marsh 437, John A. Mitchell 370, Walter J. Moore 396, T. W. Tyson 413.

NEUSTADT—17 CANDIDATES.

Winnie McEdward 396, Ida Schwadt 427, Geo. Elbelt 489, Martin Foster 438, Nathaniel Hallman 401, John Hammer 399.

A Terrific Storm

On Wednesday night of last week a terrible wind storm drove over western Pennsylvania, part of New York State, and the southern portion of Canada. A despatch from Niagara says.

One of the most disastrous storms known for years swept over Niagara Falls and vicinity Wednesday night, dealing out destruction on every hand. The storm commenced about 5 p.m., gradually increasing in force until midnight, when it reached the height of its fury and became a veritable hurricane. The excitement was intense next morning when it became known that the upper (foot) suspension bridge, nearly opposite the Clifton house, had been blown into the river. The story at first was not credited, but upon investigation it was found to be only too true. At about 3 a.m. J. Barthaw, bridge tender, who was on duty, fancied he heard a strange creaking sound above the storm, but he thought nothing of it, taking it for granted that possibly one of the guy wires had snapped. In a few minutes, however, he took up his lantern and walked outside the office to see if the storm was abating any. As soon as Barthaw stepped outside of the door the wind jerked the lantern out of his hand like a flash, leaving him in the darkness. The lantern was re lighted, and peering through the storm of snow and spray the gate tender was almost parlyzed find to that the bridge was gone from one end to the other, leaving nothing but the cables and steel towers which are uninjured. The loss will amount to about $100,000. The bridge was first built in 1867, and was opened to the public in 1869. It was then only single track. A year ago last September the work of replacing the single roadway by a double track was commenced, and was completed in September last at a cost of over $75,000.

The Southampton Pioneer has suspended publication.

The Orangeville Post takes a holiday for a week. It made a couple of hundred out of its Christmas daily. Its enterprise is to be commended.

Tremendous interest is being taken in the approaching Carnival in Montreal. The Governor General is to inaugurate the festivities and give the entire week's programme his patronage. State Governors, Lieut-Governors and prominent people from all parts of the world are to view the spectacle. Letters are pouring in to the Committee from Europe and the United States enquiring for particulars. The committee are making extraordinary preparations for a magnificent Carnival. Those who cannot go to Montreal for a week of wonderous merriment will, we hear find the events in all their marvelous beauty reproduced in the Carnival Number of the Montreal Star, which it is said will be a perfectly stunning number.

Dundalk Herald: The family of Mr. McKee on the gravel road near Corbetton has been sorely afflicted. Mr. and Mrs. McKee, with three children, were all down with the typhus fever. The neighbors, it appears were so afraid, of the disease that the afflicted family were left entirely alone. A man came and milked the cows, leaving the milk on the doorstep from whence it was taken by one of the inmates. It was reported that a certain party was offered a dollar to wash a few necessary articles but refused. If all is true that is repored, the sick family have been shamefully neglected. To let such suffering exist without extending a helping hand is not only unchristian, but savors of cruelty.

There are several cases of diphtheria in Stayner.

Markdale Standard: On Tuesday last while running a straw cutter by horse power, Wm. John Bell, son of Mr. James Bell, Bell's Lake, had his right arm drawn into the cogs, mangling the arm from the wrist nearly to the shoulder, and chewing the clothing into shreds. Very little flesh was left on the bone. Dr. McBride was sent for and dressed the torn and bleeding arm and will endeavor to save it from amputation.

Autumn.

Ye glorious maples why those blushes
Upon thy golden leaves?
The sweet south wind brings soft reply;
Ever the maples, ere they die,
Put on their scarlet robes—then slow
But leaf by leaf we see them go.

O maples stay thee, I am drinking
Thy matchless glory in!
The flowers may fade, may die away,
But thou so bright, so cheering, stay!
Thou art as sunshine to my heart,
And when so welcome why depart?

Yonder the red leaves sob and tremble
And softly answer me:
"We go the wind hath wooed us long
With tender voice and sweet love-song:
Farewell! perchance in Autumn's reign
Thou'lt view us glory robed again!"

"Farewell to thee, my lovely idol!
I weep to see thee go,
Farewell, all golden-edged and bright,
All crimson tinged, thou lovely sight
Farewell to thee! but still again
I'll view thee, love, in autumn's reign!"

Owen Sound, 1888. EDITH B. VANDUSEN.

A report comes from Chicago that the police officials most prominent in capturing the anarchists will be placed under serious charges at an early day.

NEW ADVERTISEMETNS.

Ayer's Almanac--1889--Bound Volume.

A Perpetual Calendar.

The book, in twenty one languages, should be a valuable addition to any library. It will be useful

1. To persons who may desire to refer to dates, the phases of the moon, the times of sunrise and sunset &c., throught the year 1886, and for occasional reference throughout many years following. The tables are adapted to various parts of the world

2. To astronomical students, for its reliable information as to eclipses and the movements of the principal planets.

3. To students of comparative philology Follow the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectorial, or Ayer's sarsaparilla, for example, through the different pamphlets here brought together.

4. To those who are interested in the latest improvements in printing. Read the introductory chapter.

5. To such as would know what to do in cases of accident See the Book of Emergencies and Ayer's Handy Book at the end of the volume.

6. To students of history. See the events noticed on the calender pages throughout the book and observe how this information is made locally valuable; as, for instance, in Almanac No. 8 intended for India, and see last cover page of that Almanac for a curious table of the Holidays of India Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsi, &c.

7. To students of religious customs. See the many saints' days and Church festivals noticed in the Almanacs hereto, intended for Catholic countries Portuguese, Spanish, &c.

8. To persons curious in regard to the customs of foreign countries See the numerous tables in the Portuguese Almanac (No. 16) and the Days' Names Dagnes namn at foot of the Swedish Calenders (No. 25, for example.

9. To the lovers of a little quiet fun. See humorous items at foot of the calendar pages. If you don't find anything sufficiently funny in English, try the Welsh or Bohemian.

10. To the sick and afflicted of various classes. The book is full of good advice. By its help, you may 'take no medicine in twenty one languages,' and the remedies it recommends are safe to use the best of their kind, Ayer's Standard Family Medicines.

11. To the recipient of this volume the book should be especially valuable, because it is unique It cannot be duplicated and the edition is exhausted.

12. Well, the above specifications are enough. We dont want to make this book seem so valuable that you will put it in a glass case never to be opened.

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

Farm to Rent.

Lots 22 and 24, 2nd R., S. D. R., about half a mile west of Flesherton Station, containing 100 acres, 75 cleared. Apply to

ADAM MUIR.

Farm for Sale.

Being west half lot 31, Con 8, Artemesia, containing 50 acres. There are on the premises a good log house, good frame out buildings, and a young orchard. It is well watered, well fenced and in a fair state of cultivation. There are about 25 acres cleared and the balance in hardwood and timber. For further particulars apply to the proprietor.

NEIL MACKAY,
On the Premises. Eugenia, P. O.

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PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

—AT—

BLACKBURN'S

The applications of the Manitoba Railway Committee for liberty to effect crossings of the C. P. R. lines at portage la Prairie and Morris came up again before the Railway Committee at Ottawa Thursday, and after some argument by opposing counsel were further postponed till the 25th inst.

On Tuesday a sneak thief got away with $7000 from the Hull branch of the Ville Marie Bank.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 50 to	5 50
Fall Wheat	0 95 to	1 00
Spring Wheat	0 95	1 00
Barley	0 40	0 55
Oats	0 32	0 32
Peas	0 55	0 57
Butter	0 17	0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 18	0 18
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 25	6 75
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 00
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

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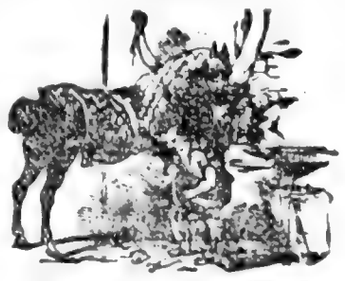

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Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies' Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

TENDERS WANTED.

The school trustees of S. S. No. 5, Flesherton, will receive tenders up to, and including Saturday the 19th inst., for the cleaning, dusting, and lighting of fires for the year 1889. Tenders to be left at Dr Christie's office.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to

J. W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan. 7th, '89

NOW IS THE TIME TO SPECULATE,

as west Toronto Junction is booming. Manufactures are flocking in & Wrahan Whitby, Real estate Brokers, 972 Queen St. West Toronto, have a few more lots on very easy terms at the old prices, which will double in value in one year. Call or write for particulars.

Great Bargains!

—ON—

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm 100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $300.00

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

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The best and most practical course of study
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The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 188

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BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

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Priceville, Nov 19, 1888.

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Flesherton each trip on the day following.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

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A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

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Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

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TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

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POSTMASTER, Flesherton in B. R., Licensed Conveyancer, Appraiser and Commissioner, Real Estate and Insurance Lender. Mortgages, Leases and Wills made out. Deeds, Valuations made on short notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections made with promptness and despatch. Agent for the Dominion Company Liverpool. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Glasgow, London or British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will do well before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

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Repairing, Eavetroughing and everything in the business executed promptly and at reasonable rates. Satisfaction guaranteed every time or money refunded.

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In which we are able to give our customers

Large Reductions!

on all goods Our stock is very complete, consisting of

Parlor Suites, in plush and hair cloth. Bedroom Suites In Walnut and Mahogany, and Stained Woods, and Very cheap for CASH.

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TABLES

from $1.50 to the handsome

EXTENSION DINING TABLES!

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In a variety of styles at low prices. In fact, if you want anything in

Furniture,
Sewing Machines,
Instruments, or
Picture Frames,

Call and see us as we intend to sell

CHEAP FOR CASH!

1 PER CENT. ON ALL SALES.

Undertaking as usual.

ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED AT SHOP BY COMPETENT MACHINIST.

J. E. Moore.

Farmers's Institute.

Center Grey Farmers' Institute opened its annual session in the roller rink, Markdale, on Friday last at 10.30 a.m. The only business during the forenoon was the election of officers for the ensuing year as follows.

Thos. Kells. President.
D. R. Ellis, Vice President.
J. I. Graham, Sec.-Treas.

DIRECTORS.

Artemesia—J. Boland, Jas. Brodie.
Collingwood—T. B. White, D. J. Hunter.
Euphrasia—Geo. Richardson, D. R. Preston.
Holland—E. W. Moore, Wm. Norton.
Sullivan—William Pringle, John Sparrow.
Thornbury—Walter Grierson.
Markdale—Wm. Douglass.

AUDITORS.

G. F. Marsh, Jos. Manary.

Delegates to Central Farmers' Institute President and Vice President.

At the afternoon meeting, which was attended by about 200, a large array of speaking talent appeared on the platform. First and foremost was Prof. Shaw of the Ontario Agricultural College, Mr. Simpson Rennie, a brother of Wm. Rennie, the Toronto seedsman. Mr. Rennie runs the gold medal farm about 18 miles north-east from Toronto. He is considered to be one of the most successful scientific farmers in the country. Then came Dr. Sproule, M. P., Major Rorke, M. P. P., T. B. White of Collingwood township, and a number of the directors.

Mr. Kells opened the meeting by stating the objects of Farmers' Institutes.

The order paper contained two items of paramount importance, one upon the advisability of doing away with township agricultural societies, and the other with reference to our present system of road work. The former matter was taken up first and brought forth a lengthy discussion. A resolution from the Artemesia township Agricultural society was read, deprecating the doing away with township shows After a warm discussion there were three motions put to the meeting.

It was moved by Mr. T. B. White, seconded by Jas. Brodie, that township shows be allowed to remain as they are

Moved in amendment by Mr. George Stewart, seconded by Wm. Burnett, that the Government grant to the county remain with the riding shows

Moved by Dr. Sproule, seconded by D. R. Ellis, that no township show be allowed in a township where a riding show is held, and that the money given to such township show be added to the riding show.

The voting resulted in fourteen votes for Mr. White's motion, and eleven each for Mr. Stewart's and Dr. Sproule's.

Prof. Shaw was then introduced by the President and read a paper on Stocking a Farm. The professor thinks that farmers in Ontario will have to pay more attention to stock raising, as he claims that they cannot compete with Northwest grain raisers. He dealt with the best kinds of stock, naming three kinds of animals as most suitable for this country. For dairying purposes he would raise Holsteins and Ayrshires. He considered that as milk producers one Holstein was worth two or three Jerseys.

Mr. Rennie then gave a paper on "Killing Canadian thistles." Prof. Shaw, in introducing Mr. Rennie, remarked that a couple of years go he had gone over Mr. Rennie's whole farm in a search after thistles, and he believed that the discovery of two or three little sickly things were the whole fruits of his search, and he considered Mr. Rennie a competent authority on the subject. This was Mr. Rennie's plan condensed: It is not wise to allow them to get up too high. Do not allow them to blossom. A thistle is composed of starch, just like a potato and he considered that if it was allowed to grow too high the root was strong enough to live over until the following year. When the thistles had grown two or three inches, plow light with a wide-sheared plow. He didn't approve of summer fallowing, but if you do summer fallow use a wide sheared cultivator. Never plow deep to kill thistles, but do it well. The great secret was thoroughness. Around stumps and large stones use a hoe. Do this four or five times while the weather is warm, and no thistles will grow the following year. Another plan was to put in roots and use scuffler often and well. Mr. Rennie was listened to with great attention.

Dr. Sproule, M. P., then delivered an eloquent address. He outlined the work done by Government in advancing the farmers' interest, by the formation of these institutes, the experimental farm at Ottawa and the Ontario Agricultural College. He spoke of the great change undergone in scientific farming since the advent of great railways and facilities for carrying, and wound up by advising the growing of more corn by Ontario farmers. The Dr had himself become interested in ensilage, having built a silo, and he exhibited to the curious a fine sample of his silage. This is something not much understood in this country, but is bound to attract more attention hereafter.

A young gentleman named Marsh, of Claksburg, then read a paper on the Ontario Agricultural College, which closed the afternoon meeting.

In the evening a large assembledge was present. Mr. Rennie and Prof. Shaw each read a paper. Major Rorke spoke on the state of agriculture in Grey. The Markdale brass band played at intervals during the evening. It was 11 o'clock when the assemblage dispersed.

AT FLESHERTON.

On Saturday at 10.30 a. m., the meeting was continued in the town hall here. It was opened with a paper by Prof. Shaw on "Better methods of cultivation." He dealt with the various soils and their drainage, describing the proper manner of doing this. In retentive subsoil the drain pipes should be laid closer than in porous. In retentive clay subsoil, such as is found in this section, drains should be two rods apart and three feet deep. Tile drains were the only profitable ones for farmers to use. The average cost would be from 18 to 21 cents per rod in clay and from 15 to 18 in loose soil, two and a half inch pipe were about the proper thing. In answer to Mr. D. R. Ellis the professor said that in heavy clay soil the greatest trouble was met in getting a seed bed, owing to difficulty of pulverization. He said there were many things which a farmer required that had not yet been invented, and a proper instrument for this one purpose was one of the things required, although a certain kind of rotary harrow now made answered the purpose very well.

In the afternoon Mr. Rennie read a very interesting paper on "Rotation of crops. The question of doing away with township agricultural societies was again taken up. Several gentlemen spoke upon the matter pro and con. Dr. Christoe spoke of the great difficulty experienced by riding shows, and our own in particular. He held that smallness of prizes was the main failing. Some legislation should be made whereby the prize money could be enlarged without affecting the township fair. He did not believe in doing away with the latter. Every show fair should stand upon its own bottom.

The motions of the former day were then again put. There was some disorder in the putting of these motions, but it was decided by a large majority that it was better to do away with the township show in any township where a riding show was held. However, this is ultra vires of the Farmers' Institute, and the township show will probably remain with us some years years.

Another important matter was then taken up, namely the doing away with statute labor and substituting a tax of 50 cents per day in lieu thereof. An interesting discussion ensued, but those present decided that it was better to let statute labor remain in status quo, otherwise as it has been.

Questions and answers were then once more the order of the day. The following information in raising corn was elicted from Professor Shaw: The omission of providing fodder for cattle during the dry summer weather was a great mistake. Vetches and oats and peas and oats were recommended, but corn was good, although a little latter. Almost any soil was good for corn, but it must be well pulverized if clayey. A sandy loam was best, clay loam good and black loam fairly rich. Buy seed in spring, and test it before planting. Ordinary tillage only was required. After the corn had grown a couple of inches harrow without fear with a very light harrow. He named three kinds sweet southern, horse tooth and common yellow—the former containing more saccharine matter, and therefore considered the best, although a trifle dearer. The Professor laid great stress upon close cultivation. Cut just as the ears were beginning to glaze. One acre was considered sufficient to keep an animal seven months in silage. He then read a paper on "Water running away," which in our opinion was the best of the series, inasmuch as the moral was applicable to all classes. He likened the waste of opportunity to an immense unused water-power; the water ran away and benefitted not humanity. Such was the industrial farm, and agricultural literature, which farmers did not attend to as they should.

Mr. H. Masson, M. P., for North Grey, then gave an interesting speech, which we are sorry we have not space to mention more fully.

At the evening session papers were read by T. B. White, on "What a farmer ought to know;" Prof. Foster, on "Beautifying our country homes;" Mr. Rennie, on, "the importance of farmers being united in this country;" and another paper by Mr. White on "Rural education." The band gave several grand selections in their usual inimitable style, and the proceedings were brought to a close about 10 o'clock.

This ended, as Mr. Rennie informed us, one of the most successful institute meetings held this season. He had attended twelve, and with one exception (Nasagewaya) this was the best.

A pleasant feature of the evening meeting was the presence of a large number of ladies.

Mr. Rennie remarked privately upon the extremely intelligent looking faces before him at the Flesherton meeting. Put that in your pipes and smoke it ye farmers of Artemesia.

Our report must of necessity be somewhat superficial, as, had we reported in full the speeches it would have required two papers to hold it. Some of the papers given were highly worthy of reproduction.

Messrs Shaw and Rennie went to Owen Sound on the evening train, where the N. G. Institute met on Monday.

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Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

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Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, of sort

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for every member of the household. Our

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still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.
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$03 Sewing-Machine FREE
To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing one machine and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out, before patents run out it sold for $03, with the attachments, and now sells for $30. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

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Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Wagons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators.	

This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, having opened a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor in Moore's Block, Durham St. is prepared to attend to all work in his line and would invite patronage.
Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.
W. J. NELSON.

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS
Is prepared to do your Gristing on [illegible] and grinds on the old terms of [illegible] bushel. Seven cents per bag of two [illegible] Chopping done every day. The Little Mill big in the estimation of the public
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
P. LOUCKS [illegible]
Good stabling for horses.

PRICEVILLE
BAKERY

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish at [illegible]

CAKES AND [illegible]IES
To Order

FIRST CLASS BREAD ON HAND.

I visit Flesherton twice a week TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS with full supply of Goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL

WEDDING and FANCY cakes [illegible]
A. WATSON, [illegible]ville.

NOTICE!

SHINGLES constantly on hand for sale cheap. Just put in first-class Chopping Mill—now bring along your grain to get it chopped up in short order.
J. [illegible]DAN.

"TRUE AS STEEL."

The History of the Tunbridge Wells Murder.

A London cable says: The details of the crime for which the two boys were hanged at Tunbridge Wells are as follows: On July 20th a workman at the Baltic saw mills, Tunbridge Wells, whose name was Lawrence, was at home with his wife and two children, when he was called out by some voice unknown to the family. The wife, as if some instinct warned her of danger, doubted the message which she heard delivered to her husband to induce him to come out, and she afterwards sent one of the children after her husband. The boy found the two conversing, but unhappily his father sent him back on some errand to the house. No more was heard of Lawrence's mysterious messenger, but Lawrence himself was found dying from a pistol shot, and he never rallied to tell what had happened. His assassination became known as the Tunbridge Wells mystery. Two months afterwards a lad asked a boy to deliver to the Tunbridge Wells *Advertiser* a letter. The epistle was a boastful representation that the writer was Lawrence's murderer. The most striking passage was the following:

> Lawrence was very talkative when he was out of doors, little thinking of the death he had so shortly got to die. The last word he spoke when in my company was when he caught sight of the pistol sticking out of my pocket. He said, "What do you carry them sort of things about with you for?" My answer was, "To shoot down dogs and curs like you." "What," said he, "would you shoot a ——" Bang! and once more Tunbridge Wells was startled by another mystery, which is never likely to be found out.

There was no feature in this letter that betrayed right feeling, except one sentence designed to exonerate a man on whom some suspicion had wrongfully fallen. The letter was signed "Another Whitechapel Murderer," and it was open to any one to conclude that the document was but a silly effusion due to the unhealthy excitement caused by events in the east end of London. It only attained its full and unmistakable significance by the act of confession. A moulder named Gower, 18 years of age, and his friend, Charles Dobell, a plumber of 19, attended Salvation Army meetings, and were apparently much moved by what they heard there. The moulder visited the captain, and made the startling confession that he and his friend, who was "true as steel," were the authors of the Tunbridge Wells mystery. Lawrence had been denounced by Gower to Dobell as a master's man who had further been the means of getting him fined because he kept the time at the sawmills, and had to mark Gower late. The friend "true as steel" and Gower himself drew lots who should kill Lawrence. The lot fell on Dobell, who, playing the friend "true as steel" all through, calmly executed the diabolical purpose. These accusations could only have one result. The police were called in. The steel-true comrade, after a brief hesitation, confirmed his friend's story. The revolver was found. A boy identified Dobell as the writer of the letter to the Tunbridge Wells *Advertiser*. In a word, the Tunbridge Wells mystery was cleared up by that other mystery—the working of the human mind.

COUNTY DONEGAL EVICTIONS.

Another Encounter Between Tenants and Police.

A Dublin cable says: The eviction of tenants on the Olphert estates, at Falcarragh, County Donegal, was continued yesterday. The evictors went to the house of a tenant named Doogan, but found the place defended by a score of men, armed with rifles, who had entrenched themselves behind the loopholed walls. The priests who accompanied the evictors entreated the defenders to leave the house, but the men refused to pay any attention to them. The Riot Act was then read, and the soldiers were about to fire on the house when the Magistrate stopped them, and notified the party in the house that he would give them an hour in which to reflect upon the course they would pursue. After reflecting for an hour the defenders announced that they would not use their rifles. The bailiffs and police then attacked the house, and after a desperate struggle were repulsed. Finally the priests persuaded the men to surrender. A police inspector was badly wounded. A dozen bailiffs and policemen were injured. One of the defenders had his jaw fractured and another was buried beneath a barricade, which was broken down by the evictors, and sustained severe injuries.

Poor Campanini's Collapse.

A New York correspondent writes: Most of the members of the collapsed Campanini Concert Company have got back to New York from the west, and very glad they are to get back, even with empty pockets. When the company started on the road, a month ago, the fiasco that has come was predicted. The idea underlying the venture was that Campanini's name would carry the company anywhere. But it has not been a name to conjure with for a long time. It lost its power when Campanini lost his voice. Possibly this failure, in view of the many others before it, will have some effect in opening the eyes of purveyors of "classical" music or "intellectual" music, to the fact that the American people don't care for that kind of music and won't support it. The great majority of them don't regard it as music at all. They would rather hear a good song any day than the finest "aria" ever composed. Look at the success of Patrick Gilmore and the failure of Theodore Thomas.

Attacked by a Rooster.

Eva, the 2½-year-old daughter of Mr. Jas. Sanford, of the M.C.R., who resides near the overhead bridge, was attacked and severely hurt by a rooster on Sunday morning. She was playing outside the house when Mrs. Sanford, who was within, heard screaming. Going into the yard, she found the child lying on the ground and the bird pecking savagely at her face. Mrs. Sanford drove him off, took the child into the house and sent for Dr. Corlis. It was found that several wounds had been inflicted by the beak of the bird, which had also apparently struck her in the face with its wings, as both her eyes were blackened. Fortunately, the sight was not injured.—*Ridgetown Standard.*

The Mississippi steamer Paris C. Brown was sunk by striking a snag, and eight lives were lost.

LICKED BY SAMOA.

Mataafa's Men Defeat a Party of German Troops.

An Auckland, New Zealand, despatch says: Advices from Samoa say that the German man-of-war Olga lost 20 men killed and 30 wounded out of a party of 120 men sent to assist Tamasese against Mataafa. The Germans were compelled to retreat to their boats. The commanders of the British and American men-of-war received an intimation of the German intentions, but they remained inactive.

A Berlin despatch says: Official advices from Apia confirm yesterday's announcement of an encounter between Mataafa's followers and the Germans. On Dec. 18th the German gunboat Adler, with the German Consul on board, proceeded to Lanly, Mataafa's chief position, with the intention of negotiating for the disarming of the insurgents in consequence of the destruction of German property and insults to German sailors. A party of men was landed, and while on their way to the Vailele plantation they were suddenly attacked by a party of rebels, led by an American named Klein. The Olga, Adler and Eber landed more men, who succeeded in repelling the natives and destroying some of their villages. Lieut. Sieger and 15 men were killed, and Lieuts. Spengler and Burchard and 36 men were wounded. The latter are doing well. Other accounts state that the Germans retired to Vailele and held it against the greatest odds until reinforced. Mataafa's loss was 10 killed and 30 wounded. The Germans bombarded Vailele, Letoga, Lanly, Mataafaga and Matafas. Mataafa now holds a strongly entrenched position near Apia, where great excitement prevails. The European women and children have been placed on board the man-of-war. Business is at a standstill, expecting further German action. Mataafa has obtained a supply of ammunition. He declares himself ready to appear before the commanders of the British and American men-of-war

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SON

Married to the Daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

A London cable says: The most important social event of the season was the marriage Saturday of the Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley, of the Grenadier Guards, son of the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, and Lady Alice Maud Olivia Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester. The ceremony was performed in the Guards' chapel by the Rev. Lord William Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury and cousin of the bridegroom. The eight bridesmaids were the Ladies Alexandra, Mary and Theodosia Acheson, daughters of the Earl of Gosford; Lady Mary Hamilton, and Ladies Alice and Mary Montagu, daughters of Lord Mandeville; Lady Edith Villiers, and Hon. Romala Russell, sister of Lord Amphill. The Hon. Richard Somerset was groomsman. Among the guests were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Princess Victoria of Teck. After the reception the bride and groom left for Halwood, the Kentish seat of the Earl of Derby, where they will pass the honeymoon. The presents numbered over 300, including an Indian shawl from the Queen, a gold bracelet from Empress Frederick, a diamond brooch from the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a silver lamp from Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales. The bridegroom will not only succeed to his father's barony but to the Earldom of Derby, to which his father is heir presumptive.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Is Mrs. Harrington Dead or Merely in a Trance?

A Cleveland (O.) despatch says: Mrs. Mary Harrington, wife of a vessel captain, was taken to St. Alexis Hospital last week suffering from dropsy. On Sunday she died, or at least was pronounced dead by the attending physicians. An undertaker was called and prepared the remains for burial. On New Year's Day he returned with the hearse and was about to place the body in the coffin, when he was astounded to observe evidences of life in the supposed corpse. The cheeks were flushed, the hands had become soft and pliable and what appeared to be perspiration covered the brow. One of the staff physicians made a hasty examination and concluded that the body was lifeless, although he could not account for its condition. The body was removed to Capt. Harrington's house and further tests were made to-day, but without avail, although there are as yet no signs of decomposition or even death beyond total suspension of the circulatory and respiratory organs. Capt. Harrington believes that his wife is still alive, and states that some years ago she lay in a trance for eighty-nine hours and was then thought to be dead.

DRUNK, AGED FOUR.

Little Nellie Reynolds, of New York, Dies of Alcoholism.

A New York despatch says: Probably the most youthful case of death from alcoholism ever heard of was reported at the coroner's office in New York to-day. It was that of 4-year-old Nellie Reynolds. The coroner will make an investigation. The attending physicians, Drs. Bache and Moffett, speak in the severest terms of the criminal negligence of permitting so young a child to drink so large a quantity of whiskey. The child was unconscious from 9 o'clock Tuesday morning until 7 o'clock yesterday, when she died. The physician was not sent for until 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening, too late to be of service in restoring consciousness. Dr. Bache said there had been New Year festivities at the house. Drinking became general, and one at the party admitted having given the child two tablespoonfuls of whiskey in a tumbler. The child staggered and reeled around for several minutes, then became unconscious, was put to bed and never again recovered. The parents are said to be hard drinkers.

The Chinese formerly beat small-pox patients with bamboo sticks, but owing to the rapid advance made in medical science in that benighted empire in the last few days, the patient is now required to beat a drum. Nations grow wise as they come in contact with each other.

STOLEN LOVE AND KISSES.

A Famous Domestic Law Suit to Come Before the Courts.

$10,000 DAMAGES ASKED FOR.

(Toronto World.)

Mackie vs. Abell, known to lawyers as a crim. con. case, stands twenty-first on the list of actions to be heard before Mr. Justice Rose at the present sittings of the Civil Assizes. The parties to the suit are William Mackie, who is described as a merchant, and Henry Abell, the record says being an implement manufacturer, both of Toronto. The plaintiff, Mackie, is well known in the business portions of the city. At one time he was manager of the Woodbridge branch of the wholesale liquor business of the ill-starred firm of William Kyle & Co. The defendant is a brother of the proprietor of one of the largest agricultural implement factories in the Province, situate on Queen street west.

Like many other troubles which are dragged before the courts, there is a woman in this case. In this case it is Henrietta Hay Elizabeth Mackie (nee Phillips), and the suit is brought against Mr. Abell to recover $10,000 for the alleged alienation of her affections from the lawful object thereof, Wm. Mackie. Being so close to the head of the list it is probable that the case will come on to-morrow and those in the secrets of the evidence look for spicy developments.

WHAT THE STATEMENT OF CLAIM SAYS.

The *World* yesterday read over the statement of claim filed by the plaintiff. It is divided into about 50 paragraphs, and covers a period of time from 1882 to 1888. No. 1 clause complains of improper conduct on the part of defendant in walking with Mrs. Mackie in the village of Woodbridge in the absence of her husband, this offence recurring frequently in the last six or seven years. Clause 2 contains the allegation that the defendant drove with Mrs. Mackie during the same period and in the same locality, without the knowledge or consent of plaintiff. Then there is improper conduct alleged to have taken place on the occasion of a certain holiday trip to Muskoka and in divers other places.

Prominent among the hotels at which the pair put up, according to plaintiff, are the Walker House and Rossin House, Toronto; Power's Hotel, Rochester; Oxford Music Hall, London; Queen's Hotel, Owen Sound, and in various other places on various other occasions in Toronto. One of the counts against Mr. Abell is the advancing of a sum of $50 to Mrs. Mackie without the consent of Mr. Mackie, and many other minor offences too numerous to mention. In all the document is a very formidable one, and not at all a pleasant one to have read over in court.

TALES OF STOLEN LOVE.

In addition to the allegations two letters alleged to be from the defendant to Mrs. Mackie have been filed as exhibits, and they are quite unique. The first one, which bears no date, is as follows:

SATURDAY NIGHT, 8 p. m.

MY OWN PRECIOUS LOVE,—I left you with a heavy heart on Friday night. Could not make up my mind why Charlie has taken such a fancy to want to be with you so much and so often now, when only a short time ago he had no desire to come and see you at all, and to call so late, and when he ought to be at his drawing. These and many other thoughts passed through my mind as I went home with a sorrowful heart that night. I was sorry afterwards that I did not order him home as soon as he came in. I certainly should have done so if M. had not been there, and then the idea of his remaining after we left. I received your dear letter to-day, your promises of devotion to cheer me up. I was beginning to think my Henri was getting tired of me but did not want to tell me so. You know I love you with my whole heart; always have loved you and always will love you, and you alone, so long as you are true and good. Yes, a terrible, miserable feeling to have any doubt about it, which I must confess I have had lately and could not quiet my mind. My darling, you will pardon my plain speaking, but 'tis the depth of my love for you that compels me to speak my mind to you. Never a day of my life passes but I think of you; you are my constant companion in my mind. You will doubtless know by the newspapers that we had a snow blockade on the way up. I only reached here on Thursday noon. Had no Mr. S. as fellow passenger this trip, but we had a Mr and Mrs. Allen, Yankees, going to San Francisco. She was rather comical. There were only five of us in the cars. Had a very nice car all the way. Will write M. with particulars. You are right, my pet, the money is a worry and a trouble to the mind. If you can arrange for M. to pay the interest and you pay yours on the principal, I think this will be much better, as you will be reducing it all the time and then it will be a nice thing to have it paid, for my very heart goes out to you. While I am writing this at just this particular time, I am usually with my love basking in the sunshine of her dear presence. I feel completely lost without you, but when hope comes in and bids me look forward to the time when I shall see you again. I shall make a big effort to leave here next Saturday night. In that case I ought to arrive in Toronto on Tuesday, but it is a little uncertain at present. I had two invitations out to-night, but concluded that I would stay at my hotel and write to my own darling love. I know you will be expecting a letter. I send you a paper marked by this mail. Now, my darling, with all my heart believe me, yours truly,

HARRY.

TENDER ON THE LAMB.

If the foregoing is spoony, what can be said of letter No. 2, which follows? If anything is calculated to make a man feel cheap it is an exposition of his moony-spoony letters written during his courting days. But what about letters written to another man's wife. Here is the epistle:

SUNDAY NIGHT, March 17th, 1888.

MY OWN PRECIOUS LOVE,—Absent in body, but with you in spirit I have been all day. I went to Holy Trinity Church this morning. Bishop ——— preached from the text, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ." I went to dinner to-day to a Mr. Watson's, our agent. All the afternoon I was thinking of you and wishing to be with you again to-night. Had to go to church alone. I wanted my Henri with me. You precious love, how I miss you! Went to All Saints' to-night; text, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and I will give you rest." A very good sermon. Did my Henri go to church twice to-day? Is my loved one thinking of me now, or has she retired for the night? Has she been good all the week? These and many other thoughts run through my head. No tongue can tell how I love you, you precious pet. I am doubtful about leaving this week, but shall try hard for I want to be with you on Easter Sunday. Yes, my darling, I am longing to be with you to have a sweet kiss from your lips and hear your loving voice welcoming me back. You are truly the light of my life. When I think of you as my true and good Henri it makes my heart rejoice, but when the reverse thoughts came it grieved me to my very soul. Be good, my darling, be good for I love you truly with my whole heart, and am completely lost when away from you. I ca not spare a bit of your love for anybody else. Now, my dear, I will say good-night, and may God bless you and keep you, precious gem. I still hope to get off on Saturday. If so will likely see you Tuesday or Wednesday next. That thought cheers me up, now I must go. Accept my fondest and best love, and with all good wishes, always believe me to be your own faithful and true

HARRY.

Give my dear Jenny a kiss from John, her own faithful love. *Au revoir*, my own precious love.

OTHER FEATURES OF THE CASE.

The above finish the love letters, but Mr. Mackie has filed others of an entirely different character. They are from Mrs. Mackie to her husband. The first upbraids him for entering into the suit against "Mr. Henry," as she calls defendant, the second asserts that he has no right to continue it, having been fully aware of the friendship existing between "Mr. Henry" and herself, asserts that it is a scheme to extort more money from that individual, and winds up with a threat that should the husband press the business to an issue she will show him up in his true colors. The others are merely demands for money.

The statement of defence is a general denial of the allegations.

THE FAITH CURE.

Methodist Ministers Denounce the So-Called "Christian Science."

A Minneapolis despatch says: Before a gathering of the Methodist ministers to-day Rev. Jas. Door read a paper on "Christian Science." He declared flatly against the entire idea as a delusion and a snare, and said it was neither "Christian" nor "science," and that in denying the personality of God and the existence of sin it became infidel in its tendencies. He did not deny the influence of mind over matter, but ridiculed the places where, by the payment of $5, any one may become a full-fledged physician of the new school, without knowledge of anatomy or materia medica. He cited many cases where such people have died from negligence under Christian science treatment, and quoted one of the prayers of an alleged science healer that was enough to bring the whole idea into ridicule. He also gave a history of the craze from its inception, and pronounced it a prodigious fraud. Other ministers present took a similar view of it.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

Farmers in Dakota Without Clothes and Starving.

A Fargo, Dak., despatch says: A letter from Rev. C. W. Riches, Park River, Dakota, conveys the first authentic information of the extreme sufferings and privation among the Norwegian settlers in Western Walsh county. Men with the relief party report that they found about seventy families in about as destitute circumstances as it is possible for human beings to be and still exist. Many were found with barely enough clothing to cover their nakedness, and that of the thinnest material. Shoes were almost unknown. These farmers have lived on their little capital until nothing remained. Most of them have been living on a kind of porridge made by cooking frozen green wheat and oats, stuff not fit to feed a hog. One family had not seen any flour for six weeks. The people have been dividing with each other their potatoes until now they are gone too.

The Bride Chosen for China's Emperor.

A Washington despatch says: The Department of State has been informed by the Minister of the United States at Pekin of the following edict of the Empress Dowager, published in the Pekin *Gazette* of Friday, Nov. 9th, 1888:

"The Emperor having reverently succeeded to his exalted inheritance, and increasing day by day in maturity, it is becoming that he should select a virtuous consort to assist in the administration of the affairs of the palace, to control the Emperor's official household and to encourage the Emperor himself in upright conduct. Let, therefore, Yeh-ho-na-la, a daughter of Deputy Lieutenant-General Knei Hsiang, whom we have selected for her dignified and virtuous character, become the Emperor's consort."

A further edict of the same date reads:

"Let Ta-ta-la, age 15 years, a daughter of Chang Hsii, formerly a vice-president of a board, become the secondary consort of the first rank; and let Ta-ta-la, age 13, also daughter of Chang Hsii, formerly vice-president of a board, become imperial concubine of the second rank. Respect this."

The Emperor has been reigning about fourteen years, and is now 18 years of age.

Latest Scottish Notes.

The custodiers of the National Monument at Stirling have appointed a committee to oppose any attempt by Dumbarton to regain possession of the Wallace sword.

Mr. John Wilson, of Hillhead, a well-known Glasgow iron tube manufacturer, is the Gladstonian candidate for the Govan Division, vacant by the death of Sir William Pearce.

Mr. John S. Kennedy, of New York, has raised an action against Sir A. D. Stewart to compel him to implement the sale of Grantully estate, in Perthshire, or pay £5,000 damages.

The bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society was on December 19th awarded to the Marquis of Breadalbane for his gallant rescue of Duncan McLean, wood forester, from drowning in the Tay.

Rev. John Robertson, of Stonehaven, in his latest printed sermon, says: "In God's prescription I see written 'brimstone' as well as 'syrup,' and woe be the pulpit that plays false in the making up. God is not that popular india-rubber affair man can spit on and live."

Mr. William Black has among the curios at his house at Brighton a tray purchased at the sale of Kingsburgh House, Isle of Skye, in 1826 by the late General Campbell, of Lochneil, and said to have been used by Flora Macdonald at the time Prince Charles Edward was sheltered by the Macnonalds on his escape from the Hebrides.

The Wife's Deference.

If a wife respects her husband she is ready and willing to adapt her daily life according to his wishes. She looks up to him for advice and guidance, as knowing more of the world and its ways than she does herself. It is woman's nature to reverence the one she loves and submit herself to the wishes of her husband; but it is not done as a slave in bonds, but as a free offering of affection.—*Once a Week.*

A steamer with a train of barges passed Newburgh, N.Y., yesterday, on her way down the Hudson, an almost unprecedented thing at this time of the year.

MASONIC.

How the Second Lady Was Admitted Into the Fraternity.

The new Masonic Hall in Preston was consecrated and dedicated on Thursday evening last. The new lodge-room is upstairs in Mr. Klotz's building and is very handsomely fitted up. The services on Thursday evening were conducted by ex-Grand Master Klotz, a large number of visiting brethren being present from Galt, Hespeler and Guelph.

The ladies are always interested in matters affecting or pertaining to their sex. Here is an account of how the second lady Mason was made, from the London *Freemason*: "Helene, Countess Hadik Barkoczy, born in 1833, was the sole heiress of Count Johann Barkoczy, and being the last of her race, was permitted by the Hungarian courts to take the place of a son. She succeeded her father on his death in 1871 in the extensive Majorat of Barkoczy. In 1860 she married Count Bela Hadik, aide-de-camp to the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. With her inheritance she came into possession of an extensive Masonic library. She was a highly educated lady and made Masonic literature her earnest study; and, having mastered the statements concerning every degree in Freemasonry, an ardent admiration for the Masonic "Idea" was aroused in her. She was well acquainted with a few Freemasons, through whom she endeavored to gain admittance into the craft. Her desire was granted, and she was, in 1875, duly initiated in the Lodge Egyenloseg, in Unghvar, holding a constitution from the Grand Orient of Hungary. On learning this glaring violation of the statutes, which only allow the admission of men into the Order, the Grand Orient of Hungary instituted proceedings against the guilty brethren, *i. e.*, against the Deputy Master of the Lodge, Bro. Geza Mocsary, who conducted the initiation, for "breach of the Masonic vow, unjustifiedly conferring Masonic degrees, doing that which degrades a Freemason and Freemasonry, and for knowingly violating the statutes," and against the Bro. Orator, the Bro. Junior Warden and the Secretary of the Lodge, for the same offences, with the exception of the Third, and against the other brethren of the Lodge of the Third, Second and First degrees, for the last-named offence. The judgment of the Council was given at their meeting on the 5th of January, 1876. All the accused were found guilty. The Council condemned the Deputy Master to the loss of all his Masonic rights, and expulsion from the Order forever, the officers to have their names struck off from the lists, and the other members of the lodge to be suspended for a space of twelve, six and three months respectively. But still the question remained whether the duly initiated Countess Helene Hadik Barkoczy could and ought to be looked upon as a regular Freemason, free to claim all the rights of a member of the Fraternity. On this point the Grand Orient of Hungary decided in their meeting of the 10th of March, 1876, as follows: 1. The Grand Orient declare the admission of the Countess Hadik Barkoczy to be contrary to the laws, and therefore null and void, forbid her admittance into any lodge of jurisdiction, under penalty of erasion of the lodge from the rolls, and request all Grand Lodges to do the same. 2. The Countess is requested to return the invalid certificates which she holds within ten days, in default of which measures will be taken to immediately confiscate whenever produced at any of the lodges. The proceeding of the Hungarian Lodge in initiating a woman was universally condemned, but the question whether an initiation once effected could be undone became a subject of much controversy at the time.

A Brave Sea Captain's Timidity.

A short time ago a young Pittsburger who happened to be in New York encountered the captain of a Cunarder with whom he was acquainted. The captain possesses literally world-wide fame, and a braver or better seaman does not breathe. He had been often invited to visit this city before—for he has not only friends of travel, but at least one school-mate here—and the young Pittsburger begged him to accompany him on his return home. But the old sea dog thanked him kindly, but added: "Nothing could induce me to trust myself to a railway train over the Allegheny Mountains. No, sir! it's too much of a risk for me to trust my bones on such a journey." And yet if you should chance to cross the Atlantic in that old captain's ship in the wildest weather of the year, when the winds are contrary, the waves mountain high, and fog wrapping the great steamer in a dozen extra dangers, I'll wager you'd find him at the moments of greatest peril, cool, calm and courageous. He cares not for the dangers of the sea; he knows them all—but the dangers of the land he wots not of and they are terrible to him.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

Never Tried the Old One.

Wife—What book are you reading, dear? You seem greatly absorbed in it.

Husband—It is Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," and it is certainly the most interesting book I've read in a long time.

"What does it treat of?"

"Well, love and marriage; but what I like best is the glimpses it gives of a new religion. That's what the world wants, a new religion."

Wife (slyly)—John, did you ever try the old religion?

Music in His Soul.

"Then you think you really appreciate orchestral music, Mr. Fitzroy?" she said, in a quizzical sort of way. "Well—er—yes. That is, I think I do. Once in a while, you know, the instruments seem to be all out of tune and wander a little, but when the man hits the base drum solid all is clear to me."

He was Suspicious.

Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 2.30 a. m.)—"Susie, what time is it?"

Susie (with a second look at Reginald who loosens his grip)—"A few minutes past ten, papa."

Old Man—"Don't forget to start the lock again when you go to bed."

Philadelphia has 847 000 people and 179,000 houses, while New York, with 1,200,000 inhabitants, is said to have but 92,000 houses.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion Gossip.

A gown worn by Mrs. Cleveland in her "Cabinet call" the other day was of stone-blue Henrietta cloth, with trimmings of the same shade in striped moire. A short imported jacket of fawn color was beaded in clusters with short amber pendants. The hat was a soft fawn-color Gainsborough, trimmed with a large bow of ribbon and shaded ostrich tips.

For a wach-chain pendant nothing is newer than a small gold riding-whip, the lash of which is drawn into a curved shape, forming a glove-buttoner.

Mme. Recamier and her friends used to damp their robes that they might fall more closely to their shapes; but perhaps rheumatism was not then, as now, the fashionable complaint of the day, and the atmosphere of Paris was possibly drier than that of London.

Directoire coats, giving as they do so much scope to the imagination, and affording so good an opportunity of displaying rare stuffs to the best advantage, will be more worn than ever; but women who are wise will keep the long, gold-braided waistcoat as light as possible, and the coat itself as dark as may be.

The close-fitting jackets, the fronts fur-lined and turned back with a rolled collar over white waistcoats stiff with gold or silver embroidery, are quite the smartest things of the season; but already they are becoming vulgarized, and only extreme costliness of fur and material will make them acceptable to the few.

Ingenious ladies are using summer jackets of light cloth for house wear. These jackets are without lining, and are exceptionally pretty, useful and becoming. Draped vests of crepe de chine or surah may be added, and also fancy revers and cuffs, according to taste. A very wide, strong belt should be set inside of the jacket, and so arranged as to fit the figure quite closely, otherwise their fastenings might show on the outside of the garment.

A few young women fasten their feather boas to wide hats, that in their turn are held in place by the full lace veil. Still, it is a question just how the hat is kept from following the boa down the back of the neck.

With the Cook.

New Plan for Cooking Mush.—A correspondent sends the following improved plan for cooking mush, on which he thinks he should be paid a royalty: See that the fire is well made; then take a one-gallon iron pot, fill it half full of water, with one tablespoonful of salt; let the water come to a sharp boil; then stir in two pounds of sifted meal, and as soon as it thickens put on the lid and put the pot in the oven and bake for thirty minutes; take out the pot every ten minutes and stir up the mush. This plan cooks the rankness out of the meal.

A Rich Baked Apple Pudding.—Stew some apples with sugar to taste, a few currants, some chopped up almonds, a little mixed peel cut fine, and a pinch of ground cinnamon. Make a crust as for an ordinary pudding, grease the pudding basin, and sprinkle it with brown sugar and cinnamon; line it with some of the paste, put some of the fruit at the bottom, then a layer of paste, another of fruit, and so on till the basin is full, finishing off with the paste; sprinkle the top with sugar and cinnamon and bake it. It will turn out of the basin when baked. A simpler method is to peel and cut the apples in small pieces, and lay them on the paste with the other ingredients and the addition of a little water.

A Dutch Apple Pie.—Stew five or six apples with one-half pound of sugar, a few currants and raisins, a little mixed peel cut up, a few chopped up almonds, and a pinch of powdered cinnamon. Make some puff paste, line a pie-dish with some of it, put in the stewed apples (when cold), cover with the paste, and bake in a very brisk oven.

Open Apple Tart.—Stew some apples till quite soft; take out any hard pieces, beat them to a pulp, and to one-half pound of pulp allow six ounces of sugar, five eggs and the grated rind of a lemon. Heat all these well together, then add gradually five ounces of melted butter. Line a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture and bake it at once.

Apple Cream.—Peel and core six large apples, boil them in a little water, with two ounces of raisins and the grated rind of a lemon, till quite soft; when cold add a glass of sherry. Lay the mixture in a pie dish, beat up the whites of three eggs with sugar to stiff froth, spread it over the apples and bake in a slow oven.

Oysters Broiled with Pork.—Double a piece of wire into the shape of a hairpin; string it with, first, an oyster and then a slice of pork, and so on, till it is filled; fasten the ends to a wooden handle and broil before the fire. Season highly with pepper and serve the pork with the oysters if it is liked.

Aspic Jelly.—A jelly may be made of the bones of the turkey and chicken used in boned turkey by covering them with water and boiling them slowly till the liquor is reduced to a gelatine mass. This will require some time, and the jelly must be covered with caramel to give the beautiful amber-colored aspic used by French cooks. It is easier to make a jelly with brown beef stock and gelatine.

Potato Gems.—A good way to make potato gems is to work one cup of cold mashed potato smooth into one cupful of sweet milk. Stir in one cupful of corn-meal, or enough to make a batter which will drop easily from a spoon, with a pinch of salt, and add one well-beaten egg. Beat briskly three or four minutes, then put into well-buttered gem-pans and bake twenty minutes to half an hour with a steady but not too hot fire.

Washington Omelet.—One cup milk, six eggs, tablespoonful butter, salt and pepper, one teacupful bread crumbs. Let the milk come to a boil, pour it over the crumbs, and let it stand a few minutes. Break open the egg and stir all well mixed; add the bread and milk and season. Melt the butter on a hot skillet, pour on the omelet and let it cook slowly; cut in squares, turn, fry a delicate brown and serve immediately.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One quart sweet milk, one ounce butter, four well-beaten eggs, one teacupful corn meal, quarter of a pound of sugar, half a cup of molasses. Scald the milk and stir in meal while boiling; let stand till lukewarm; stir well together. Bake one and a half hours; serve with or without sauce. Half a pound of raisins may be added if desired.

CREMATION IN BUFFALO.

An Unusual Service at the Incineration of a Young Woman's Remains.

A beautiful service took place at the local crematorium on Wednesday last. Miss Genevieve Goddard, the charming and accomplished daughter of F. B. Goddard, of New York, died a few days ago, after a lingering and painful illness, and her body was brought to Buffalo on New Year's Day. No undertaker or clergyman was spoken to, and, aside from the gray-haired father and his elder son, only two or three friends from this city were present. Among these was Col. E. A. Rockwood. The younger son had been threatened with fever, and was unable to be at the chapel. The father said yesterday that he had employed no undertaker because he could not bear to have any hands but his touch the virgin clay. He read a chapter from the Bible, made a prayer and followed it with the Episcopal service for the dead. After this they covered their loved one with flowers, and the attendant pushed her inanimate form into the fiery retort, where in an hour it was converted to ashes by the flames. The father yesterday expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with this way of disposing of the dead, and said that he had much rather give the bodies of his loved ones to the clouds than to the worms; that the fire was much more poetical to him than the festering grave, for he could see his daughter's face in every sunset. He thought cremation the coming mode of disposing of the dead, and said that all that was needed to bring it into general use was to surround it with the prayers and tears and flowers that have always surrounded interment.—*Courier.*

A Woman Firebug in Man's Dress.

For several weeks past lumber yards in Cleveland have suffered from incendiarism. Woods, Jenks & Co., one of the largest dealers in the city, have been particularly unfortunate, their yards having been set on fire several times. The first fire entailed a loss of $2,000, the second over $150,000, and there have been one or two less serious conflagrations since then. New Year's night, while two of the watchmen were making the rounds of the yards, they discovered a fire smouldering near one of the lumber piles. It was easily extinguished. A search was instituted, and, in a pile of straw near at hand, they found what appeared to be a little old man. The stranger was jerked out of his hiding place, when the watchmen were astounded to learn that they had caught a woman. She was dressed in man's clothing with a fur cap on her head. At the police station she gave the name of Mrs. Mary Bente, her age as 49 years, and declared that she was in the yard for the purpose of looking after a little garden patch she had on the edge of the yard. She wore men's clothing to protect her from insult. She was held and arraigned in police court to answer to the charge of arson. It seems that some time ago the firm of Woods, Jenks & Co. enlarged its yard and took up land on which this woman had planted some vegetables. They promised to pay her, but did not, so she says she was tired of asking them. In revenge for this summary eviction she has destroyed property valued at nearly $200,000. She presented a remarkable appearance in court, in her rough man's suit and heavy fur cap almost enveloping a dry and weezened face.

The Shortest Way.

Teacher—How is Pompeii pronounced?
First Boy—Pompey I.
Teacher—Next!
Second Boy—Pompey—ai—ai.
Teacher—Next!
Third Boy.—Pompee.
Teacher—Next!
Fourth Boy—(with ineffable scorn)—I don't pronounce it. I just say "Herculaneum."

Transportation Easy.

Theatrical hotel proprietor (fuming)—"Well, sir, did you seize the wardrobe of the Fairy Queen Burlesque, as I directed?"
Constable—"Yes, sir. Got it all!"
"Where is it?"
"In my pocket."

A Familiar Man.

Familiar Fellow (tapping a dignified old gentleman on the shoulder)—Ain't my face familiar to you?
Old Gentleman (brushing him off)—It's not alone your face that's familiar. You are altogether the most familiar man I ever saw!

A Deplorable Mistake.

Nothing is more thoroughly mistaken than the idea that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfil her duty but she most singularly fails in it; and the failure is truly deplorable.

Christmas Cigars.

Jinks—"Whew! What vile cigars these are! How did you come to buy them?"
Winks—"Didn't buy 'em—Christmas present."

Divination.

Tom—Can you——
Dick—No, I can't, Tom; I'm dead broke myself.

A doughnut received by Josiah Tillotson, of Vermont, in his Christmas stocking sixty-five years ago, is now on exhibition in a town in that State. Josiah has reached a ripe old age, and attributes his longevity to the fact that he didn't eat the doughnut he found in his stocking.

Sam Jones says that the reason he does not settle down to a congregation of 2,000 or more, and a salary of $5,000, is that he can travel and preach to hundreds of thousands and earn $25,000 a year.

Last night Armstrong McCormack was knocked down by highwaymen on Union street, Kingston, and his clothes rifled. Two men stole upon him in the dark and one felled him with a slung shot, rendering him unconscious. He recovered consciousness while the men had him down and he wrestled with them. They escaped arrest and got nothing.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A famous Boston wit says that the prospects appear to be that protectionists will not much longer allow the tide to come in unless a tariff can be collected off it.

It does not pay to borrow money in order to purchase more land. It is an old truth that "an acre of land has no limit to its productive capacity." The true farmer prefers a small farm well tilled. The manure that is spread on two acres will give better results if applied to one acre, while the cost of tillage will be less. No farmer can afford to buy more land until he has brought up that already in his possession to the highest degree of fertility.

The dress worn at Windsor by the Empress Frederick, which is the dress of a German widow, is very picturesque, though simple and severe. The gown, which is a long, plain one, and covered entirely by crape, is only relieved by two long bands of white lawn, which go down from the neck of the gown in front to the feet. The widow's cap is black, and worn in a stiff point, which comes down low on the forehead, and to which is fastened a long black veil, falling almost to the feet behind. The three Princesses wear the same deep veil and cap, without the white bands, which are the distinctive widow's dress.

Secret experiments with the new explosive proceed successfully in England. Experts are convinced that the explosive can destroy forts like the French forts D'Arret on the frontier within a few hours. The power of the explosive will revolutionize the whole fortress system, making useless great closed fort works and necessitating moveable defensive works enclosed in ironclad bulwarks. Recent fort work changes in France and Russia indicate that both those nations have obtained knowledge of the explosive. Warsaw despatches state that the system of General Toleditler will be completely abandoned and that orders have already been issued to stop the works at Kowal and to form instead a triangular system, including Kowal, Liteuski and Bialystock, connected by strategic railways.

A new stirrup, which provides an absolute guarantee against being dragged, has recently been patented by P. G. Shadbolt. There is nothing peculiar in the appearance of these stirrups at first sight, but closer observation shows that the strap ring is fitted into a spring clip, which opens only laterally, and consequently is kept securely closed so long as the stirrup is perpendicular. But in the event of the rider being thrown, the strain on the stirrup, should the rider's foot remain in it, would at once release it from the strap, and so lessen the danger. This simple appliance seems to offer a ready means of safeguard in riding a horse that is at all likely to throw one.

The observations made in New York seem to leave no doubt that the bustle has indeed come to stay. Mrs. Cleveland's opposition will be fruitless, as well as that of Mrs. Langtry, Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Fanny Davenport, Mrs. James Brown Potter and other theatrical stars, the classic outlines of whose figures can now be seen in all their beauty. A good deal seems to depend on figures and on age in this matter. Careful observation has shown that the young girl wears the biggest bustle, and that as age grows the size of the bustle, tournure, dress-improver, or whatever the thing may be called, decreases. Full-figured women of middle age are those who can most successfully appear quite bustleless, the natural fulness of their forms making any such artificial protuberance unnecessary. A thin woman without a bustle becomes unpleasantly conspicuous, and for this reason it is believed that the slender and the lanky will fight for the fashion long after others may be ready to give it up. Just at present, however, there seems to be no danger of that.

Too Particular.

"I went in to bathe," said a Yankee "but before I was long in the water I saw a huge double-jawed shark making rapidly towards me. What was to be done? When he was within a yard of me I faced round, dived under the shark, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped the monster up." "But did you bathe with your clothes on?' asked an astonished listener, "Well," answered the story-teller reproachfully, "well, I do think you needn't be so very particular."

"Out of the Frying Pan."

Husband (with a sigh of relief)—New Year's at last! Thank Heaven! No more presents to buy, no more bills to pay. No more "father, buy me this," or "father, buy me that;" no more "John, dear, can you let me have some money, there's lots to buy?" It is over. A few more days and I should have been bankrupt. But the crisis has passed, the night has gone, the morn is breaking, the—
Wife (entering the room)—John, dear, the coal bin is empty.

Remedy for Pneumonia.

Dr. Joseph Eichberg, of Cincinnati communicates to the *Medical Record* details of a remarkable recovery which he witnessed in a London Hospital, in a desperate case of pneumonia, under the extraordinary practice of opening the windows by the bed for five minutes every hour—in January—and sponging the chest, arms and face every hour, together with free stimulation, etc. Since that experience he had tried the same plan in desperate cases with entire success.

The Other String to the Bow.

Mrs. Smallsalary—I don't see how we are going to keep the children warm this winter, Alfred?
Mr. Smallsalary—Well, I suppose we can afford a fire part of the time, and part of the time we can take turns in spanking them.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The fact that the redskins in Dakota are trying to sell the blankets given them by the Government is construed to mean that this is to be an open winter.

Herr Nowak is the name of an operatic conductor. We wonder what he would do if he were stranded and had to get to the next town.

A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

How a Montreal Servant Girl Combatted Two Sneak Thieves—Her Great Presence of Mind.

A Montreal telegram says: The residence of Mr. C. C. Snowden, at 190 Manse street, was the scene this morning of a remarkable exhibition of feminine bravery and the discomfiture of two burly sneak thieves at the hands of an old woman scarcely able to walk. A servant attached to Mr. Snowden's household, at 11 o'clock this morning noticed two men walking about the rear yard and acting in a very suspicious manner. She started into the kitchen to ask them what they wanted, but they had got there before her and, going on into the dining-room, were busily engaged packing up the silverware and other valuables within their reach when the servant screamed, locked the kitchen door, putting the key into her pocket, and ran up stairs to arouse the housekeeper, who is a woman within the shady side of 50. One of the thieves sought a hiding place in the servant's bed, where he hid under the quilts. The other vainly attempted to break open the door. The old housekeeper, aroused by the servant's screams, armed herself with a six-chambered revolver and sallied toward the noise. She first roused the man under the quilts, who, in answer to her question as to what he was doing there, hit her full in the face with a shovel. Nearly dazed by the blow she levelled her revolver and fired, the ball striking the thief in one of the hips. He fell and she turned her attention to the thief in the kitchen. The man she had shot got there as soon as she did, and the combined efforts of the men burst the door. They rushed into the yard, but not before the housekeeper had fired again, this time striking the man in the rump and extracting from him a yell which so startled the aged markswoman that she dropped the pistol, saying: "Oh! L——, heavens, I have killed him." But she hadn't; for before she could regain her composure and fire again the man who hadn't been hit assisted the man who had been hit over the fence and followed him. Of course the woman couldn't climb a fence, but she kept blazing away at the boards until her ammunition was gone and then she fainted. Neighbors, who had been aroused by the noise of the shots, then went to the assistance of the brave housekeeper and the servant, who can to-night command twice the wages they have heretofore been getting. The thieves, who took nothing with them but the two bullets, escaped capture, but the police have a good description of them and expect to capture them before morning.

Royalties and Rules.

As a steady tonic for the amity between Germany and Italy, Kaiser William has ordered each regimental band to play at least once a week the march of the Bersaglieri and the Italian infantry march.

The Princess of Wales preserves her good looks in a most astonishing way, considering her age. She will be 44 years old on the 1st of next December, but in the shaded light of an opera box, or when arrayed in full court dress (a toilet which she wears with infinite grace), she does not look a day over 30.

General Boulanger's one idol in life is said to be his mother. She was with him in 1859 during the ten months in which he was in danger from a wound received at Solferino, and which has never entirely healed. He spends every Sunday afternoon and evening with her, and if away always sends her a telegram.

"Like sunshine in a shady place,"
The poet called a woman's face
That gladdened all who saw its beauty.
A face, no doubt, that beamed with health,
That blessing which is more than wealth,
And lightens every daily duty.
O how can woman, whose hard life
With many a wearing pain is rife,
Escape the grasp of such affliction,
And be a power to bless and cheer?
The answer comes both swift and clear—
Take Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction being given in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

Genius, but no Experience.

"Americans have a genius for such things" (reporting bull-fights), "but they lack experience," says the Dallas *News*, and then continues: "It was a Yank who said 'The bull roared like thunder, I ran like lightning and split my trousers as if the heavens and earth had come together as I jumped the fence.'"

An English Medical Authority

affirms that the best regimen for preserving health may be summed up in the maxim, "keep the head cool, the feet warm and the bowels active." There is a world of wisdom in the observation. Obstinate constipation, or costiveness, is an exciting cause of other diseases; and, with many persons of sedentary habits or occupations, this inaction of the bowels is a sort of constant annoyance, producing piles, prolapse of the rectum, fistula and various dyspeptic symptoms. All these are warded off, and health is maintained, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

A Novel Pianist.

The latest prodigy at the piano, says the London *Court Journal*, is reported to be quadrumanous—a monkey to wit, that executes *morceaux* brilliantly with all four hands at once, while he gracefully turns over the leaves of the music with the tip of his prehensile tail. It is not stated whether or not the music has been especially written for him *a quatre mains*; perhaps he simply duplicates what has been written for ordinary two-handed performers of the Rubenstein order. The achievements of this wonderful ape surely make a new and most important epoch in the arrangement of orchestras.

Mme. Patti-Nicolini says learning "Romeo and Juliet" in French, after being accustomed to it in Italian, was harder than learning two entirely new parts.

Brandon Thomas, well known in this city as having played here with Rosina Vokes, and who is now acting in Terry's "Sweet Lavender," is going to be married next Saturday to Miss Levisen, the handsome heiress of a rich diamond merchant.

The Shoe Fitted.

Pretty Girl—Yes, I like that young minister; but I really do think he might have a little more judgment. I know I'm not very wicked, but he imagines I'm going straight to perdition.
Friend—Oh, you must be mistaken.
"No, I'm not. There are lots worse sinners in the congregation than I am, and yet no matter what woikedness he preaches against he always looks right straight at me."

He was Married.

The car jolts violently, and the stout lady is thrown into Mr. Fuddle's lap.
Stout lady (blushing)—Excuse me, sir, but the car—
Mr. Fuddle (sadly)—Don't mention it, ma'am! Don't mention it. I'm used to being sat on by women.

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Chickens Come Home to Roost.

Lady of the House—"Who are you, sir?" Tramp—"I'm the dude you flirted with at the seaside in August."—*Chicago Globe.*

ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Near the Goal.

Edith—"Is your sister engaged yet?"
Maud—"No; but she's got a situation as typewriter."

Interested in the Result.

"I threw myself at her feet," moaned a disconsolate youth.
"Did you hit them?" inquired a cold-hearted, unsympathetic listener.

Miss Wheelock, of Milwaukee, supports herself by teaching the game of whist. She has 193 pupils and expects soon to double that number by opening classes in Chicago.

People will be glad to learn that M. De Lesseps is "still optimistic." A man has to be optimistic when he has a houseful of babies, even if his hair be white.

Patrick Burke was injured in Mr. John G. Frost's furniture factory at Belleville yesterday morning; how seriously is not yet known. He was engaged sawing a board when a piece struck him in the abdomen. He was picked up for dead, but finally rallied. It is feared that he is injured internally.

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MEMORY
DISCOVERY.
Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.
Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit, 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington, 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by Richard Proctor, the scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Judge Gibson, Dr. Brown, E. H. Cook, Prin. N.Y. State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus post free from
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

DUNL. 3 89

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally
We want a good man in your locality to pick up
CALF SKINS
for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Ride line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement
"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"
And the *Review* says:
"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"
Query: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

FOR SALE,
A Northey 12-Horse Power Boiler and Killey Automatic Cut-off 15-Horse Power Engine,
WITH BUCKEYE GOVERNOR
All in best of order. Can be seen at the office of the
TIMES PRINTING CO
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THE GRANDEST CHANCE

Y-E-T.

J. G. Anderson

WILL OFFER GOODS

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

COMMENCING JAN. 20,

AT

Prices Never yet Heard of!

I do not intend that goods shall lie on my shelves from one season to the other. So, in order to make room for SPRING GOODS which will be along next month. The prices of everything will be

SLAUGHTERED.

I have also added largely to my stock some very

CHOICE SELECTIONS

—FROM A—

BANKRUPT STOCK!

Which will be sold at far below wholesale prices. Don't fail to come early that you may have a good choice. Note a few of the prices:

A nice Tweed Effect Dress Goods, worth 13c a yard now 12 yards for $1.

A heavy wide Melton Dress Goods, worth 15c, for 10c a yard. Other lines in proportion.

Great Drives in Tweeds!

A number of beautiful suiting tweeds, worth $1.10 per yard, now 65 cts.

A 75 ct. tweed for 50 cts. a yard

DON'T fail to see these goods soon. We cannot keep them long at these prices. All other lines of dry goods reduced in proportion. Remember this clearing sale will

ONLY LAST FOR 30 DAYS!

——Just have a look through our——

BOOT and SHOE DEPARTMENT

We have not space to enumerate the bargains you will be able to get in this line. BE SURE YOU GET A SAMPLE OF OUR

TEA, 4 lbs. FOR $1.

J. G. ANDERSON.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

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We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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Carriage Works,

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—— MANUFACTURERS OF ——

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Lumber Wagons and Iron Harrows. Painting, Trimming and Repairing promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a Specialty.

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FREE

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send **Free,** and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the **Watch** and **Samples.** We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Stinson & Co., Box 413, Portland, Maine.**

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SALESMEN WANTED

CAUTION.

ALL PERSONS are hereby cautioned against negotiating a note for ten dollars drawn in favor of John Foster, given by one Abraham Scott, dated April 18, and due in six months from date, made payable at Heath Head Post-office, as I have not received value for the same, said note having been lost.

JOHN FOSTER,
Proton Station P.O.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.

Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 395. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store
FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy flush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

Rusell's Noted Jewelry Store FLESHERTON

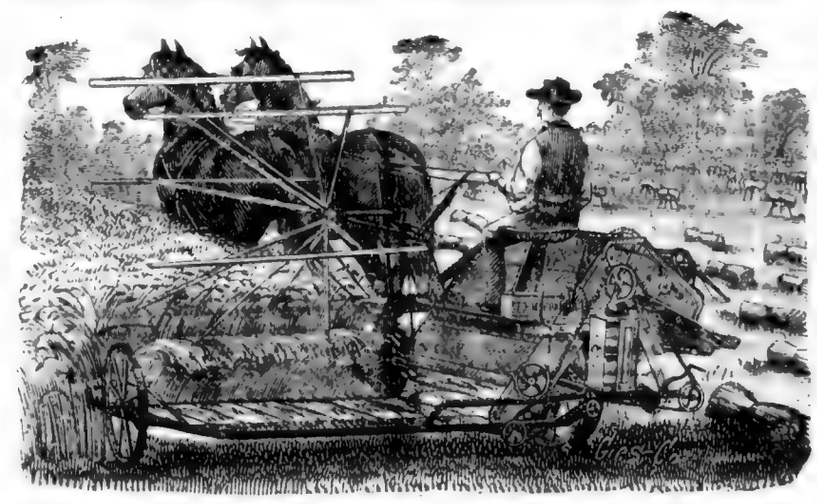

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower,
THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR.
LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON.

Station Items

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

Business of late has not been as brisk on account of the recent thaw, yet with the advance of one cent on oats over that of Markdale there has been a fine trade done in that line. Now sir with another first class man on the market who would deal exclusively in grain, it is safe to say we would have a market here second to none in Grey. And it would be much better for all concerned.

Mr. Johnston Little, our blacksmith, while in the act of shoeing a span of horses received a kick from one of them which was thought would have proved serious, but glad to state will soon be able to resume work again.

Mr. Ramsey and family have returned to this place, and intend to remain with us. Times, he says, are much better here than in older townships. Shake hands Ramsey.

Mrs. R. Cook has been confined to the house through sickness for the past four or five weeks, and her recovery is but slow. We hope she will soon be restored to her wonted cheerfulness.

Mr. Gordon McMullen, of Tilsonburg, brother to Mrs. R. Cook, is paying his relatives in this section of country a visit.

Mrs. Thos. Cook, of Glenelg, is at present staying with her son, Mr. R. Cook, for a few days. She looks hale and hearty.

Our good natured and portly night operator, Mr. Harrington, seems to be somewhat jubilant that leap year has come and gone without being captured by some of the fair sex. I would just remind friend Harrington that there have been night operators wooed and won.

Some dastardly mean scoundrel tied a tin pail to the tail of a cow owned by Mrs. Hogg, and then put the dogs on her which resulted in the death of the cow. Mrs. Hogg felt it very keenly as it was a valuable cow and a special favorite of hers. The party are suspected and are likely to be prosecuted. They would be rightly served if they had a few years in prison and a small touch of the cat-o'-nine-tails and that's where the laugh would come in.

Our esteemed and popular hotel keeper, Mr. McGinnis, is doing a live trade in his line of business. At times it would remind you of a bee-hive. It might be well to adopt the bee-hive for a sign with the following inscription.

In this hive we are all alive:
Good liquor makes us funny,
As you pass by come in and try
The flavor of our honey.

NED.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

One day last week Mr. Henry Reid of Egremont, sold to Mr. E Murphy, buyer in Holstein, seven spring pigs, six of which were dropped on March 20th and the seventh a month later, which weighed an average of 278 lbs. Of the March pigs the heaviest weighed 309 lbs. and the lighest 257. The total weight of the seven pigs after deducting 36 lbs. shrinkage, was 1851 which at 6½c. per lb. netted Mr. Reid the goodly sum of $120.31.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Were you at Mrs. J's. social?

Mr. Herbert Strain, of Minot, Dak., visited Flesherton last week.

Board by the week, day or meal, apply to Mrs. Jas. Kester, Sydenham St., Flesherton.

LUMBER WANTED; 10,000 ft. Basswood, 10,000 ft. Hemlock, 5,000 ft Soft-Elm. For particulars call at Legate's carriage shop, Flesherton.

Bro. Spurr's salute to the people of Creemore appeared last week, and had a strictly business air about it.

The next pressing want of Flesherton business men is a telephone to the station. It is surprising that this has not been accomplished before.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy---a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A credit auction sale of farm stock and implements will be held on lot 13, con. 12, Osprey, on Wednesday, Feb 6, the property of Mr. John Tyson.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Remember the parlor social on Friday evening in the Methodist parsonage. There will be a musical program. Tea served at 8 p.m. Fee 15 cents, children 10 cents.

Lieutenant Fields furnished a good sheet of ice on the rink Saturday evening and a large number of young people took advantage of it to while away a couple of hours on runners.

Read This.—We have decided to make a grand offer to new subscribers. For $1.50 we will send you the ADVANCE and Weekly Empire until the end of 1889. This of course, applies to new subscribers alone and remains good for two weeks.

MEALS.—Oat meal, corn meal, cracked wheat, and rolled oats at bottom prices. R. Trimble.

They had a lively time out at Lady Bank on Friday last. A movement was on foot for removing this postoffice into the hands of a new postmaster. A meeting was called, and after an exceedingly stormy discussion it was decided that the office had better remain where it is.

A Newton correspondent of the West Durham News says this of an old Flesherton Boy: Mr. Fred Leitch, Superintendent S.S, has left for college. Mr. Leitch has occupied the pulpit both in Newtonville, Shiloh and Kendal, with great acceptance. We wish you every success Fred.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Auction Sale.

Auction sale of valuable household furniture, etc., at Russell's, Flesherton, on Monday, Feb. 11, 1889, cattle fair day. See bills.

Lightning Express.

Mr. P. Munshaw is agent for the Dominion Express Company in Flesherton. Office at Munshaw's hotel. Articles left in his care will receive the same despatch in future which they have in the past.

Carnival.

The first skating carnival for this season takes place at the rink, Priceville, to-morrow (Friday) evening. A large number of prizes are offered. Good music. Admission 15 and 10 cents. Open at 7 p m. For description of prizes see bills.

FIRE!—Any quantity of coal oil, selling away down low. R. Trimble.

Coal oil for sale at F. G. Karstedt's.

County Council met in Owen Sound on Tuesday.

Immense bargains on now at Russell's Jewelry store, Flesherton. Do not miss them.

We have received an answer to Mr. Grainger's query of last week, but too late to appear in this issue.

JUST RECEIVED—A large stock of axes and cross-cut saws, which I am offering very low. R. Trimble.

Every person interested in the formation of a Mechanics' Institute should be at the meeting on Monday evening next.

FELTS.—Any quantity men's pure gum buckled rubbers and felt socks and boots at lowest figures. R. Trimble.

Mr. Wm. Edgar, general pasenger agent Grand Trunk railway, sends us a neat G. T. R. calendar and program of winter carnival at Montreal. Thanks.

J. W. Armstrong, Esq., has been confined to the house for some days with a very severe cold, but is now recovering. M. Richardson, Esq., has also been confined to the house from a similiar cause.

The terrible reductions in watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, spectacles, razors, knives, etc., are drawing crowds to Russell's, Flesherton. If you wish to secure some of the great bargains come at once.

Rev. Mr. Shilton preached a telling sermon on Sunday evening last from the following text: "If it be possible, as much as lieth within you, live at peace with all men." The sermon was a vigorous one, straight from the shoulder, such an one as could scarcely be delivered without leaving some distinct marks in spots where it struck.

The Sunday School anniversary held at Eugenia on Friday evening last was an immense success, over thirty dollars being taken at the door. A full report was looked for from our Eugenia cor., but it did not come to hand, probably owing to the fact that he felt somewhat languid after the exciting social stimulants and "flow of soul" indulged in.

Now is the time to speculate as west Toronto Junction is booming Manufacturers are flocking in. Graham & Whitby, Real Estate Brokers, 972 Queen St West Toronto, have a few more lots on very easy terms at the old prices, which will double in value in one year. Call or write for particulars.

Appointments.

As will be seen by our council report, that body on Monday last appointed H. Cairns, Esq., to the deputy reeveship, and reappointed Mr. McLoughrey to the assessorship of Artemesia for 1889.

Declined.

Rev. Mr. Mills, who received the call to the Presbyterian congregations of Flesherton and Markdale, has been obliged to decline on account of being sent by the Presbytery to a foreign field of labor. This leaves the two congregations in somewhat of a quandary, as it will be some time now before a regular minister can be obtained.

Put on Your Grease.

The days are lengthening quite perceptibly. Of course every one has noticed this phenomenon. It occurs once every year, as regular as your newspaper subscription falls due. This season, the tax collector and newspapers are all periodical, but in one respect the newspaper differs from the two former. It is not bound by any immutable law of nature to visit you from week to week and year to year if its wheels are not greased with a one dollar bill. Have you put on your dollar's worth of grease, reader? The label is the spot where friction first appears.

Osprey Appointments.

At the meeting of Osprey Council, held on Monday, the following officers were appointed. Thos. Scott, Esq., was given the clerkship, duties to commence after next meeting of council; Samuel Taylor got the assessorship, and Wm. McGirr and Geo. Allister auditors. The new clerk is a brother of Dr. Scott, Maxwell.

The Act of a Villain.

Some rascally individual tied a tin pail to the tail of a cow belonging to Mrs. Hogg, of Flesherton station the other day, and then set a dog upon her. This act resulted in the cow's death. Our station reporter voices our own sentiments when he remarks that the perpetrator of this crime should be treated to a dose of the cat-o.-nine-tails.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

An Old Resident Gone.

Mrs Catharine Whitten, wife of Mr. Andrew Whitten, aged 70 years, died in Flesherton on Monday, Jan. 7th. Death resulted from a severe attack of bronchitis, from which deceased had been suffering for some time. The funeral took place on Wednesday following, and was largely attended. Mrs. Whitten was mother of our fellow citizen John, Robert and Edward Whitten, and was one of the oldest residents of Artemesia, having lived on the back line, east, near Markdale, for the past thirty years, until about two years ago when the family removed to this village. Her death was calm and a happy release from a life of toil, and an entry into joyful rest.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head, How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address Dr. NICHOLSON, 30, St. John Street, Montreal.

SACRIFICE SALE!

TILL FEB. 1st. 1889.

10½ PER CENT, off all sales of **WATCHES and CLOCKS!** or ONE SIXTH off marked price.

20 per cent, off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS ditto.

25 per cent off general lines in

JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

Markdale is the only place in this section where you can get

CLOSE COMPETITION PRICES.

It will pay you to drive here, as you can find a large stock to choose from at cut figures.

CALL THIS MONTH!

If you never have before,
—AND—

Test This Statement!

that I have a very fine stock at

Bed Rock Prices!

Discounts considered. Fine repairing receives general attention.

W. BROTHEN

JEWELER and OPTICIAN,
MARKDALE, ONT.

Best Roller Flour Less Than $5 per barrel at J. HALES'

DEATH'S HARVEST.

Terrible Results from Last Week's Tornado.

SOME HEARTRENDING CALAMITIES.

A Large Silk Mill Blown Down in Reading, Pa.

The Collapse of the Bridge at the Niagara Falls.

THE LATEST PARTICULARS.

A silk mill, in which 250 girls were employed, blew down just before the hour for quitting work. About the same time there was an explosion and fire in the same neighborhood, by which eight men were burned to death.

Suddenness that was Appalling.

The fleecy clouds gave way to the ominous signs of a coming storm. Dark, heavy banks of clouds marshalled themselves toward the front, and a gloom seemed to have settled over the city. There was a stillness as of a coming danger. Suddenly the wind whistled, roared and tore in mad confusion. The storm clouds grew heavier still, and louder roared the winds. In the western sky the storm was seen approaching with a thundering noise. The swath it cut was narrow, but its effect was terrible. Persons residing along the track of the storm say that they saw the first signs of danger in a funnel-shaped maelstrom which seemed to gather up everything within its reach and cast it right and left. Out in the country, houses and barns were unroofed, farm outbuildings overturned, crops rooted up and destruction spread in every direction. The track of this destructive element was not more than 200 feet wide, and it is lucky that it only touched the suburbs of the city. It came from the west, but passed along the northern border of Reading. First it touched the Mt. Penn stove works. Here the corner of the building was struck and a portion of the roof was cut off as nicely as if done with a pair of scissors. Then the storm cloud scurried across some fields, took off a portion of the roof of J. H. Sternbergh's rolling mill, and a number of dwellings were unroofed as nicely as if their tin roofs were paper. The storm then hurried across the property of the Reading Railroad Company and crossed the railroad. Here a passenger car was standing. This was overturned as neatly as if it was a toy, and its splinters scattered in every direction. Meanwhile, the

Rain Poured Down in Torrents.

The atmosphere became heavy and oppressive, and it was almost as dark as night. Directly alongside the tracks of the Reading Railroad was situated the paint shop of the Reading Railroad Company. It was a one-story building about 60 by 150 feet in size. Here about thirty men were employed in painting passenger cars. There were eight or nine of these cars in the building. They had been built at the company's shops in this city at a cost of $6,000 each. The building was struck square in the middle, and the bricks scattered like feathers. The cars were turned topsy-turvy, while the men were buried under the *debris*. Some of the bricks were carried a square away. The chamber of each of the passenger cars was already filled with gas as they were ready to be taken out on the road in a few days. These exploded with terrific force, causing the people all over the city to run out of their houses, thinking that it was an earthquake. There was a considerable quantity of gasoline in the building, and this added fuel to the flames which shot heavenward with the roar of musketry. Some twenty of the men had a chance to crawl out of the *debris*, but four of their companions were enveloped in the embrace of the flames. Their cries were heard for a moment, then the voices were hushed forever. They were roasted to death, and the fire from the nine passenger cars lit up the heavens for miles around. In the meantime the fire department was called out, but its services were unavailing. The building and cars were consumed in fifteen minutes, and nothing was left but the smoking ruins, under which lay four human beings burned to a crisp. Their names are: John Kohler, Albert Landberger, Sheridan Jones and George Schaeffer. It was rumored that several others had been killed, but these are the only ones who it is known have lost their lives. Aaron Dewalt, another employee in the paint shop, had his arm broken, and George Knobb was injured internally, no doubt fatally. The loss to the railroad company is fully $75,000. While this was all going on the storm was travelling forward at the rate of about 100 miles an hour, unroofing houses and doing other damage.

An Awful Crash.

Directly in the storm's path, at the corner of Twelfth and Marian streets stood the Reading silk mill, one of the industries of the city, and in which were about 175 happy girls working. The building was a huge structure, most substantially built, four stories in height, and had a basement besides. It occupied an entire block of ground. The size of the building itself was nearly 300 feet in length and about 150 feet wide. It was surmounted by a massive tower, fully 100 feet from the ground. The funnel-shaped storm cloud struck the building directly in the centre on its broadest side, which faced the west. It fell to pieces as if composed of so many building blocks. Nearly 200 human beings went down in the awful wreck. Human tongue can never tell the terrible scenes of that hour. The walls gave way, the floors fell down, one on top of the other, and carried their great mass of human beings to the bottom. The bricks were piled up in the greatest confusion, while amid the hurricane and whistling, rushing roaring wind, terrific cries for succor were sent up to heaven. It was a moment that tried men's souls; and almost simultaneously with the fall of the building came the awful cries for relief. Girls with blackened faces, bruised and broken limbs, their clothing tattered and torn, dragged themselves from the ruins. So probably seventy-five to one hundred escaped or were dragged out by their friends. These, of course, worked on the upper floors and were thrown near the top of the debris. At some places the bricks were piled twenty feet deep, and underneath are lying to-night human bodies by the score. About 250 girls and young women are usually employed in the mill, but at 4 o'clock about eighty were relieved from duty for the day. They returned to their homes before the storm came. The most reliable estimate of to-night places the number in the building when it went down in the neighborhood of 175, and, as before stated, 100 of these were rescued by friends or dragged themselves out immediately after the accident. The alarm for relief was immediately sent out, and in a short time thousands of citizens arrived to take out the dead and dying.

The Scene Was a Harrowing One,

and beggars description. The mill is situated near the foot of Mt. Penn, a high mountain overlooking the city. When the people arrived everything was enveloped in darkness. Then huge bonfires were built which cast a dismal glare on the surrounding scene. The fire companies left the burning paint shop and assisted in the rescue of the dead and dying. The entire police force was called out, the ambulance and relief corps and a thousand people were in among the debris, carrying out bricks, pulling away timbers and assisting wherever they could, all at the same time, but their work was slow compared with the demand for the rescue of the victims of the disaster. Here a young woman was taken out, bruised and suffering from cuts. One body taken out had its head cut off. Others were in various postures, the living all suffering from the most terrible wounds and some almost scared to death. The Associated Press representative entered what was once the basement of the building, and groping his way through the debris noticed five bodies of young girls lying close together. He tried to pull them out, but they were pinned down and it was impossible to get them out. They were dead and beyond all human aid. Up to half-past 10 o'clock to-night probably the bodies of a dozen dead have been taken out, while the greater portion of the remainder were still under the ruins.

The Work of Rescue

will be pushed all night, but it may be far into to-morrow before all the bodies are taken out. The rescuers still have the greatest hopes that some of those inside are still living, and there is every reason for saying that in this the persons who believe that way are right. All is chaos and confusion around the mill. The managers are missing, and the correct number of the dead is mere guesswork. It may not be over forty, and then again at this hour there is a likelihood that it will reach sixty or even eighty. The silk mill was built about four years ago, and together with the machinery is a total wreck. This means a loss of over $100 000.

Story of a Survivor.

Augustus F. Roscup, residing at No. 638 North Tenth street, was the foreman of the first and second floors of the silk mill. His statement is as follows: "It was about twenty minutes past 5 when I went to the second story to turn on the electric lights. After I had done this I stood looking about the room for about ten minutes. Suddenly I heard a loud rushing noise, which I thought was a cyclone. The building then shook. I was standing in the southern end of the room, and before I could look out of the window I felt the building sink. Quick as lightning the portion of the room I was in went down. The girls rushed about me crying and screaming and calling for help. They did not realize what was taking place. It seemed to me as if the centre of the building was struck first. I cannot describe the scene. It was awful. I could not do anything and could not think of what I should do. Our end of the building went down first and while the floor was sinking it seemed to me as if the girls in the other part of the room were on the top of a hill, that was the way that it impressed me. While we were going down I saw the other portion of the floor fall. In two minutes all was over. The screaming of the girls was heartrending. I was knocked down under heavy timbers and held fast by my foot. I could move every other part of my body excepting my leg. I wanted to reach down with my knife and cut the shoe off my foot. In this way I loosened and managed to arise. Amid the screams of the girls and falling beams and bricks I succeeded in escaping.

HOW SOME GIRLS ESCAPED.

I got out of the ruins on the eastern side of the building, but how, I do not know. I called to the girls as loudly as I could. They were all terribly excited, and I never witnessed anything so awful in all my life. Many of them heard me and worked themselves towards me. At some places it seemed as if the floor was closed as a solid mass, and the girls would creep around this, crawl over the machines and creep on their hands and knees until they got to the opening where I was. The machines saved many from being crushed to death and left a space between the floor and debris to crawl out.

I believe that fully one hundred persons escaped with me. I remember seeing them run across the commons in different directions to their homes, terrified naturally. Some ran away a short distance and then returned to the ruins. The entire building was down. The girls came back to look for their brothers and sisters or friends. We could hear the moans and shrieks of those imprisoned in the ruins. The rain was pouring down and all around was dark. I was badly bruised and hurt about the body, head and limbs and went home after I saw I could do nothing. Between 250 and 300 operatives were in the building. About 4 o'clock I allowed sixteen girls to go home. All the floors were in operation. The report that one hundred went home at 4 o'clock is not true.

A Niagara Falls despatch says: Dr. J.M. Hodge, of Niagara Falls, was the last man to cross the bridge before it fell. He crossed from the American side to see a patient about 10 o'clock and returned about midnight. His story of his return is singularly thrilling. He says: The lights were out, and the worst gale I ever experienced was howling through the chasm. I had not advanced far beyond the Canadian tower before I realized from the nature of the swaying that something was wrong; but I was exceedingly anxious to reach home and so kept on. As I neared the centre the swinging of the bridge from side to side became something terrific, and to add to the horror of the situation there was likewise a heavy motion like the rising and falling of a ship in the waves, as though the cables above were elastic. Sometimes the bridge would seem to tip up, as though one side was raised by the wind while the other side hung from the suspenders, and whenever this occurred I dropped on my hands and knees for fear that I should be thrown over. The rest of the time I clung to the railing as though it were the only straw between me and certain death, and worked my way along a few steps at a time, whenever there would come a slight lull in the gale. In several places this railing was bent inward, and I was in constant fear of reaching some break. To add to the discomfort and difficulties of the trip, great volumes of spray from the Falls, mingled with snow and sleet, were dashed at intervals into my face, blinding me and drenching my clothing. At one point a gust of wind more powerful than the rest seemed to come swelling up from the water, and getting under my overcoat literally tore it open. Had I not been holding on to the railing with both hands I believe that garment would have been carried away. Mingling with the whistling of the wind through the wires when near the centre of the bridge I heard a sound like the flapping of a broken cable against the railing, and I believe that it was here that the bridge first began to give way. When I finally reached the American tower, being half an hour after I began the trip across, I was wet to the skin, almost blinded, and breathless. Nothing would tempt me to go through the ordeal again.

The bridge was built 21 years ago, and was a single-drive wooden structure with wooden towers built out of heavy timbers. Three years ago the wooden towers were replaced by those of steel and iron by the Buffalo Bridge Co. without any interruption to traffic. The first of last March the work of replacing the wooden body of the bridge for one of steel and iron and also widening the drive so that two carriages could pass on the bridge was commenced and completed about midsummer without interruption to traffic. There were put in also two heavy cables. The work was done by the Buffalo Bridge Company, under the careful eye of Engineer McNulty, of New York. The loss will amount to $200,000.

The bridge commenced to give way on the Canadian side. Tender Barthan first noticed it and sent after bridgetender P. Flynn to go over the river by railway and Suspension Bridge to notify them on the American side. In a few minutes the whole structure was in the river. So fierce was the storm no crash could be heard.

The bridge was owned by a company. Mr. Harrington was superintendent, Chas. Smyth, of Clinton, N. Y., is President.

No one was known to be on the bridge at the time of the accident. Peter Breker crossed it about midnight. It was swinging so heavily then he had to hang on to the side in order to get over.

Signs of the effect of the storm can be seen everywhere. The water in the river rose thirty feet, floating the Maid of the Mist, where the owners have her dry-docked fifty feet away from the dock in order that the ice could not in any way harm the little craft. It was with the utmost exertions on the part of Mr. Lablonde and others that she was prevented from breaking her moorings and going through the Whirlpool Rapids. The docks and houses connected with the Maid of the Mist Company were swept away. The loss to the company will amount to $1,000.

The promenade and photo gallery at Brundages, at the Whirlpool Rapids Park, on the Canadian side, fell to the force of the water. The loss is $1,500.

The viewing stand and buildings of the Woodford elevator, on the American side, also gave way.

The whirlpool is covered with wreckage and driftwood. The drill shed was unroofed, trees by the dozens fell before the force of the wind in Wesley Park as so many straws. The fence around the athletic grounds is demolished. Portions of it were carried a quarter of a mile away. Not much damage was done in the free park, other than some of the gravel roads and walks were washed away and the wooden doors and windows of the elevator under the Falls were blown away.

WICKED SALLIE McGEE.

She Could Cry to Order and Weep Loudest of the Mourners.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The tender years of Sallie McGee yesterday saved her from a felon's cell. Judge Hare refused to sentence the girl, who had been convicted of stealing at funerals, as an appeal for mercy had been made in her behalf. This girl was in the habit of attending funerals and joining in the great weeping over the departed. When the opportunity offered she carried off whatever she could lay her hands on.

Preferred Death to Dishonor.

An Ottawa despatch says: A French-Canadian named Phillias Bourgard committed suicide at Moreau's Hotel on Friday night. He was a tailor belonging to Vercheres, Que., but had come to Ottawa and obtained work. He retired to his room on Friday night about 10 o'clock, having previously handed the bartender two letters to be posted, one being addressed to his father. Shortly after going to his room two shots, following each other in rapid succession, were heard. On rushing into his room it was found that the unfortunate man had blown out his brains. The coroner took possession of the letters which deceased had left to be posted. That addressed to his father was to the effect that the writer intended to take his life, as owing to deception he had been inveigled into a marriage with a disreputable woman in Montreal. An inquest was held on Saturday and a verdict of suicide was returned. The case bears some resemblance to that of the commercial traveller who married Polly Bredin.

A Panama despatch says: On November 21st an earthquake almost totally destroyed the town of Quanere, but despite the widespread destruction no loss of life occurred.

A HEROIC REPORTER.

Gallant Rescue of Six Babies From a Burning Building.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The handsome houses of Robert McWade, city editor of the *Public Ledger* (who was in Hamilton during the time of the Phipps extradition trial), and J. H. Tighe, on Lancaster avenue, at Wayne Station, were entirely destroyed by fire last night. The total loss is about $20,000. Nine small children narrowly escaped being burned in their beds. Mrs. Jones, a sister-in-law of Mr. Tighe, was driven crazy by the excitement and had to be taken out of the house by force. When the fire broke out Mr. McWade had just finished supper and was sitting in the parlor with his wife and several nearly grown children, after the little ones had been put to bed. His first thought was of his children, and he darted upstairs and succeeded in getting them all out of doors safely. Then he and several neighbors formed a bucket brigade, but the flames gained steadily on them, fanned by the northwest wind. The houses of Mr. McWade and Mr. Tighe adjoin. The flames soon spread to the property next door. There is but one fire company in Wayne. It owns no engine, but has a line of hose. The company responded, but they could do nothing to save the buildings. Some one shouted that there was a woman at one of the windows of Mr. Tighe's house. Mr. McWade ran upstairs through flame and smoke and found Mrs. Jones with a babe in her arms standing in the centre of a third-story room. He told her to go down stairs, but she refused to go. Then he tried to persuade her, but she said she would not move. She was perfectly calm. Her mind had given way. Mr. McWade seized her by the arms and dragged her out of the room by force. He managed, but with great difficulty, to get her down the stairs, and she and the baby were taken out safely.

When this was done Mr. McWade heard screams in Mr. Tighe's house. He ran in again, and in a second-story room found two little children lying in bed with the flames darting all around them. He picked them up, and with an infant tucked under each arm sprang down-stairs, and barely managed to reach the door through the clouds of thick smoke. The flames were extinguished at 10 o clock. Mr. McWade loses about $16 000. He had a library valued at $5,000, which it had taken him several years to collect, and none of it was saved. He had no insurance on the house or its contents. Mr. Tighe's loss is about $3,500. The house did not belong to him. His effects were partly insured in the New England Mutual Company.

Mr. McWade's little children, who were taken from their beds, were almost naked. They were tenderly carried through the terble rainstorm to the houses of the neighbors, where they were cared for. The ladies had no time to save their clothing. They were scantily dressed, and were cared for by their friends who live close by.

THE KING'S BODY GUARD.

Revolution at Uganda—King Deposed—Christians Murdered—Mohammedanism on Top.

A Zanzibar despatch says: Advices have been received from the interior that in October last Mwanga, King of Uganda, plotted to destroy his entire body guard, his intention being to abandon them on an island in Lake Nyanza, where they would starve to death. The guards, who had been forewarned of the king's intention, refused to enter the canoes which were to convey them to the island, but returned to the capital and made an attack on Mwanga's palace. The king fled to escape the fury of the guards, and his brother Kewewa was enthroned in his stead. Kewewa appointed Christians to the principal offices. This enraged the Arabs, who murdered many of the Christian officials and replaced them with Mohammedans. The Arabs burned the English and French mission stations, and killed many of the converts to Christianity. The mission boat Eleanor, in which some of the persons who had been converted by the French missionaries were fleeing, was struck by a hippopotamus and sunk, five of the converts being drowned. Many letters from Emin Bey and Henry M. Stanley were destroyed by the burning of the missionary stations. The missionaries have reached Usamboix in safety. The Msalala depot is safe. Mwanga is a prisoner at Magu. He has appealed to the English missionaries for assistance. The Arabs have written to Missionary McKay, exulting in their triumph, and prophesying the extinction of all the mission stations in Central Africa in revenge for England's anti-slavery policy. They have proclaimed Uganda a Mohammedan kingdom.

The Father of Twenty-one Children.

A Montreal despatch says: Louis Lesage, superintendent of the waterworks, died at Verdun this morning. He was born in 1827. His parents educated him for the priesthood, and he succeeded in passing the first examination for holy orders, but withdrew and decided to follow civil engineering. In 1851 his designs were accepted for the Court House, St. Peter's Church on Visitation street, the St. Pelagie Convent, etc. He obtained the assistant commissionership of public works, and was appointed to survey the proposed railway to River du Loup. He was engaged on harbor improvements as engineer and in 1853 was made assistant engineer in the office of Mr. Keefer on the first Montreal Waterworks. In 1856 he was appointed to the position which he retained until his death. For deeds of bravery he was awarded a diploma and medal of La Societe des Chevaliers Sauveteurs des Alpes Maritimes. He was the father of 21 children. His funeral will take place on Friday morning.

Two young men named Frechette and Carpenter, of Louisville, Que., recently fought over a young lady, and Carpenter was so seriously injured that his life is in danger.

At Louisville yesterday Judge Jackson of the Federal Circuit Court, overthrew a decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. He held that the commission could only arbitrate differences and had no right or power to enforce its decisions.

DASHED TO PIECES.

Vessel Lost With all the Crew Except the Captain—His Heroic Son.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: Newfoundland advices give the following particulars of the loss of the brigantine Atalaya and all of her crew except one, Capt. Thos. Brown being the only survivor. The Atalaya left Rouen on the 27th of Oct., bound for Philadelphia. She had on board a cargo of empty kerosene oil casks. From the time she left France the weather was extremely rough. On the night of the 27th of December a heavy gale was blowing from the southeast, accompanied by a heavy sea and thick fog. The captain had not got an observation for some days and did not exactly know his whereabouts; but he thought he was considerably south of Newfoundland.

At 1.20 on the morning of the 28th the ship struck. On hearing the shock, the captain, who was below, rushed on deck, the rest of the watch soon following. Through the mist it could be perceived that the vessel had struck some twenty feet from the shore, and the outline of a high cliff could be seen through the darkness.

As was afterwards ascertained, the place where the vessel struck was Bear's Cove, about two miles south of Renews. The water was about three and a half fathoms deep. The sea was running very high, and the captain gave orders to get the small boat ready, but concluded not to leave the ship in the dark and fog unless the ship gave evidence of going to pieces.

The captain gave orders that a line be put on shore and made fast, by which, if the ship broke up, the lives of the crew might be saved. The boat was launched for this purpose, and into her got the first mate and one of the crew. As they were putting off from the ship two others of the crew jumped into the boat, upsetting her and casting all into the sea, instantly drowning them. Of the four men in the boat, the mate was a white man, the three others were negroes. If they had remained on board the vessel all might have been saved. There were only four men now on board, the captain, the second mate, his son (a young man of 18), and two negroes. One of these was below sick, the other had also been complaining for some time past, and was practically of no use in any emergency.

After the upsetting of the boat young Brown volunteered to swim ashore with the line, and in spite of his father's remonstrances jumped into the water. It was the brave act of a brave man, but the young lad's efforts to reach the land were unavailing, and he was pulled back to the vessel. At 5 o'clock the ship went to pieces. The two negroes went down with her, but Captain Brown and his son jumped into the water.

The young man had a cork fender, the father a large plank. The latter heard the voice of the boy cheering him on for some time, but a heavy sea rolled between them. The father was cast upon the shore, and the manly voice of the boy was hushed forever. It is thought that he must have struck against some of the casks floating about, and received injuries which rendered him incapable of swimming.

The captain reached the shore with his clothing nearly torn from his body. He did not know where he was, but perceiving a narrow path he followed it. In a short time he reached the house of a man named Condy, who took him in and gave him shelter for the night. He was in a very exhausted condition and was incapable of coming to St. Johns for some days. Capt. Brown is a Swede by birth, but is a naturalized American citizen, having been in that country for many years. He sailed out of Philadelphia, and is about 50 years old. "My boy's last words were," he said, 'Come on, pop, we'll soon reach the land.' My brave boy, if it had not been for the cowardice of the negro crew you would be alive and with me to-day."

Latest from the Far West.

A New Westminster despatch says: W. H. Jones was hanged in this city at 8 o'clock this morning. Jones was convicted at the November Assizes of the murder of J. Durant, a Frenchman, who he thought was too intimate with an Indian woman who had been living with him. During a drunken spree a quarrel ensued, ending in Jones shooting Durant, from the effects of which he died a few hours afterward. Jones died penitent, declaring his willingness to die, but claiming he was drunk at the time the crime was committed.

Track-laying on the Portage extension was resumed to-day. The Government are doing the work themselves without the aid of the contractors.

The first annual meeting of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange was held this afternoon. President D. H. McMillan delivered the opening address. The exchange has now a cash balance of $1,100 in its favor and a membership of over one hundred. Mr. S. Spink was elected President for the ensuing year.

McMahon, the would-be suicide at Broadview, is improving.

The C. P. R. removed the obstruction placed over the Red River Valley Road at Pembina crossing to day, and "Fort Whyte" is now deserted.

T. A. Greenway, brother of the Premier, and D. J. Wright, of Crystal City, narrowly escaped death by asphyxiation at that place. They were rescued just in time to save their lives.

News has been received from New Orleans of the accidental death by drowning of J. S. Inkster, a young man formerly of this city.

A Novel Race.

Bees can fly with remarkable speed. A pigeon fancier in Westphalia bet that a dozen bees, liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cot from the same distance. The first bee beat the first pigeon by a quarter of a minute, and three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon.

Ensilage.

"Ensilage" is any kind of green food preserved for the use of cattle during the winter. A pit called "silo" is the means employed to keep green fodder over winter. It is a method of "canning" forage, so to speak, similar to the canning of fruits.

Milton's Infirmity.

Teacher—"Did not the author of 'Paradise Lost' suffer from a terrible infirmity?"

Pupil—Yes, sir; he was a poet.—*Figaro.*

GO SELL YOUR STOMACH.

Dyspeptics May Now Dispose of Their Own Worst Enemy.

The extirpation of the stomach, an organ hitherto regarded as vital, has been accomplished in the case of a patient named Marietta Holly, of Washington, who came here some time ago for hospital treatment. She was an inveterate chewer of gum, but whether that had anything to do with her malady has not been determined. Her first symptom was loss of appetite, and food hat she ate against her will was frequently ejected. She lost flesh and strength rapidly, and when she was admitted to the hospital she weighed only 70 pounds, and was entirely helpless. The disease had affected her mind, and she labored under the delusion that she was wealthy, and talked incessantly while awake about her money, and what she intended to do with it. The nature of her malady was hard to determine to a certainty. It was known to be located in the stomach, and it was thought to be a tumor, but whether a cancerous form or not could not be foretold. The stomach was slightly swollen and there was another protuberance above it, for which no explanation could be given. The woman was starving to death, and it was only her splendid physical organization that had kept her alive at all. The patient's consent, in her mental condition, could not be obtained for an operation, and Dr. Jacobus took the responsibility upon himself, and did for her what in his opinion was best. For this he has been condemned by certain surgeons, who are built on the narrow-gauge plan. The patient was put under the influence of ether after careful preparation had been made for an emergency. An incision was made above the navel, about six inches in length. The abdominal wall was hardly thicker than paper, and so tender that it tore under the slightest pressure. This faulty tissue did not promise well for the success of the operation, and in order to remove the strain the incision was extended several inches. A portion of the intestines was taken out and wrapped in hot flannel. They were very small and very transparent, and the network of arteries was beautifully shown when held in the light, a very rare sight indeed. The surgeon finally found the stomach and drew it forward through the opening in the abdomen. It was very dark in color and had the appearance of parchment. It was dry and hard and cancerous, and without a single element of a healthy stomach. The surgeon made a careful examination of the adhesions and found that the pancreas were not extensively involved. He freed the stomach from them, and was then able to get a good view of it. Instead of there being trouble only in the pyloric region, as had been supposed, here was presented a case in which the whole organ was involved. It was an unpleasant position for a surgeon to be in. To go ahead was dangerous, and to stop, after the stomach had been so much irritated, was fully as liable to prove disastrous. Dr. Jacobus has plenty of nerve, and he only hesitated a moment before deciding to go on. In making up his mind he was influenced by an experiment which he had about a month ago tried upon a dog. At that time he removed the entire stomach, and the dog still lives without manifesting any inconvenience from the operation which cost him the loss of this useful organ. The dog was healthy, and the question that presented itself was whether such an operation could be performed upon a weak human being with a diseased organ. Dr. Jacobus thought that it would make no difference and that there was as good a chance for one as for the other. In either case the chance was hardly one in a hundred. After a ligature had been tied around the duodenum and œsophagus, they were cut with blunt scissors as near to the stomach as possible, care being taken to go beyond the diseased tissue, and the stomach was removed. The hemorrhage was not troublesome. The arteries were all enlarged and the stomach would have bled frightfully if it had been cut. After the abdominal space had been thoroughly cleaned a union was made by drawing the pyloric together. It required great ingenuity to unite them, as the canals were of different thickness and did not fit well together. The other swelling was found to be a fluid pouch in the œsophagus, and as it was not of a malignant character it was left untouched. The abdominal wound had just been closed when Dr. Jacobus was called a murderer, as before related. Dr. Jacobus did not prove a murderer. In fact he saved a life. The patient remained unconscious for several days, and then rallied. Her body was rubbed with oil and food was given her, per rectum, and she gained strength rapidly. At the end of two weeks she was given food through the mouth without any bad effect. Digestion went on in a perfectly natural manner, and from this it would seem that the stomach has been thought to play a more important part in digestion than it really does.

The patient will be kept at the hospital for several months, so that the history of the case can be carefully noted.—*New York Graphic.*

Worthy of General Imitation.

The following notice is hanging in several bar-rooms in Ottawa. It will be welcomed by the law-abiding:

NOTICE TO PATRONS.—At a meeting of the Licensed Hotelkeepers' Association, of Ottawa, which was held on the 18th December, 1888, it was resolved, "That the members of this association will in future comply with the law regarding the sale of liquors from Saturday night at seven o'clock until Monday morning at six o'clock." We, the undersigned members of the above association, have agreed to strictly comply with the above resolution, and request our patrons to govern themselves accordingly.

Then follow the signatures of 68 of the most prominent members of the association

Uses of Prison Walls.

Missionary (in a prison)—"My poor friend, I suppose you regard these walls with hatred, but——"

Prisoner—"Regard them with hatred? No, indeed, I regard them with gratitude. They are my protection. I am in for bigamy, and both wives are furious."

The English cruiser Scout sailed from Malta for Suakim yesterday.

The Berlin *Post* yesterday withdrew the allegation of forgery made against Sir Robert Morier.

Mr. Parnell has delegated Mr. Maurice Healy, M. P., to collect in Munster all available evidence bearing on the investigation of the special commission.

THE GREAT TUNNEL.

Progress of the New Underground Passage Between Canada and the States.

The work on the tunnel on the Canadian side, says the Sarnia *Canadian*, is now being pushed with energy. The working force employed now numbers 135 men, and two trains of cars are employed in removing the material, which is being hauled eastward and used in filling up the low places along the track. Temporary tracks are laid down into the excavation, and the earth, having been first loosened either by a team and plough or by the pick, is shovelled directly into the cars. The excavation is 220 feet square on the surface, and the sides will have a slope of one foot to three. The first tier of six feet in depth has been completed and ground was broken on Monday on the second tier. As the "hopper" is to be sixty-five feet deep, it is not likely that the diggers will be at the bottom much before the 1st of May.

On the Michigan side the force, which had been only sixty strong, was increased to 125 on the first of January. The earth is moved by teams, of which twenty-five are employed, and it is an interesting sight to see the men load the waggons. The teamster will drive slowly between the two rows of shovellers, and when he reaches the end his waggon is filled. When the tunnel proper is fairly under way the men will work by electric light, and the work will be carried on day and night.

It is expected that the work on each side will come together under the river about 700 feet from the Canadian shore. The approach to the shaft on the American side is only 300 feet, but on the Canadian side nearly one mile. The reason for this is that from the American side there will be a drop of 90 feet to the mile, and the up grade will all be on land on the Canadian side. The approaches will not be tunneled until the tunnel under the river is completed. When completed the tunnel will consist of 2,300 feet on the American side, 2,200 feet under the river, and 4,000 feet on the Canadian side.

The Pretty Girls of Ireland.

The Irish ladies are perhaps the prettiest in the wide world. Their features, it is true, are less regular than those of English women, but they triumph over them with their soft, creamy complexions, their large, appealing grey-blue eyes and long lashes, and a sort of indefinable charm and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners. "Every third Irish woman," wrote the Queen in her diary when last visiting the country, "is beautiful, and some of them remarkably so. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely." Apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the gentle grace and dignity of the wives and daughters of the Emerald Isle. Go where you will, I defy you to find an Irish woman who is otherwise than naturally distinguished—the very barmaids being superior in bearing and speech to many duchesses. The list of beauties is a long one, and looking back we can recall histories of the extraordinary loveliness of the three Miss Gunnings, who, when they came up to London, had actually to be escorted in Hyde Park by a guard of soldiers sent by the order of the Secretary of State, so overwhelmingly was the crowd pressing upon them. Then there was Lady Denny, Lady Cahir, Lady Clare and many others, to say nothing of the present young Duchess of Leinster, one of the most attractive women of this or any other day.

A Special Inducement.

Friend (to very sick youth)—"Charley, you must brace up and get well. I have some glorious news for you."

Sick youth (feebly)—"What is it?"

Friend—"Your Aunt Minerva told me personally that if you'd only try and get well she would leave you every dollar she's got in the world."

Sick youth (with more strengh)—"Is that so, Fred? Did you ask her how much she is worth?"

Another Postponement.

Dumley—There comes Brown up the street. I owe that man a grudge, and I propose to pay him with interest.

Robinson—Going to pay him now, Dumley?

Dumley—No, not now. Let's turn down this way.

Our Slippery Streets.

Gallant Old Gentleman (rushing to her assistance)—"I'm afraid, ma'am, you've had a fall—I hope——"

Short-tempered Old Lady (snappishly)—"Why, you don't s'ppose I'd sit down here, you old stup——!"

He helps her up, and makes off hastily.—*Punch.*

Ahead of the Doctor.

Surgeon—You'll have to be bled, my man. Patient (faintly)—Been. Landlord was here half an hour ago.

A VICTIM OF THE ALMANAC.

O patent medicine almanac!
I was a towering giant,
With a wealth of health and a vim of limb,
To ills and pills defiant!
But now I have the phthisic,
And take every kind of physic,
Have a touch of sharp bronchitis,
And a raging tonsilitis,
And I feel thy awful twinges, cerebro-spinal meningitis.

O patent medicine almanac!
I read thy fearful pages
With tears and fears and groans and moans
And shakes and aches of ages!
And now I have the vertigo,
And tumbling in the dirt I go;
Have a general blood corruption,
Loss of vigor, lack of gumption,
And I feel that I am travelling down the last stage of consumption.

—The tobacco men, at least, have turned over a new leaf.

The quarantine has been raised on all the houses where smallpox has recently existed in Buffalo.

—The craze for gold and silver handles for canes and umbrellas is beginning to lessen.

—You can often determine the value of a man's character from the character of his enemies.

—House and visiting gowns are slightly trained this season, but the ball-room dress is as unmanageable as ever.

—Blinks was taken into custody for being full. Next morning he was taken out and fined. He went in to custody and he came out to buss toddy.

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

A Bayonet Found in the Heart of a Tree at Lundy's Lane.

Another reminder of the battle of Lundy's Lane, which was fought in the year 1814, has just come to light in the shape of a bayonet, which was discovered in the heart of an old apple tree. The bayonet is almost intact, and is in the possession of Mr. J. A. Orchard, who is collecting trophies in connection with this battle for the purpose of placing them in the monument when such is erected on the battle grounds. The apple tree was upwards of 100 years old, and was planted by one Pier, whose biography some members of the historical association are endeavoring to discover. The property is now in possession of Mr. Spence, who had the tree cut down a short time since, along with others which were getting old. On the 1st of January this year this remarkable tree was being cut up for firewood, when the bayonet was found in the centre or heart. The tree has been an excellent bearer, and was two feet two inches in diameter. A great many of the older residents regretted to see these trees cut down, but, as the land upon which they stand is valuable, the owner expects to reap greater profits out of it by utilizing it in some other manner. This find is undoubtedly one of the most curious that has yet been discovered, as the bayonet has evidently been in the tree for nearly seventy-five years.

Temperance Notes.

Ex-Chief Justice Noah Davis says: "Of all the causes of crime intemperance stands out the unapproachable chief."

The Supreme Court upholds the law prohibiting the sale of liquors within one mile of the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids, Mich.

No liquors are sold on the vestibule train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, or upon the limited express on the New York Central Road.

The brain of the chronic drunkard, says Dr. Forbes Winslow, becomes surcharged with alcohol; and often, on examination after death, if you apply a light to the fluid in the ventricles of the brain, it ignites into a flame. You can actually distil alcohol from the brain of drunkards.

Drinking baffles us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. It outwits alike the teacher, the man of business, the patriot and the legislator. Every other institution flounders in hopeless difficulties, but the public house (grog-shop) holds its triumphant course. The administrators of public and private charity are told that alms and oblations go with rates, dues and pensions, to the all-absorbing bar of the public-house. Under the accumulating influence of alcohol, the honest man turns knave, the respectable man suddenly loses principle and self-respect, the wise man is utterly foolish, the rigidly moral man takes a plunge into libertinism. Let us do something toward staying the huge mischief which, one way or another, confounds us all, and may—for we cannot be sure—crush and ruin us all.—*London Times.*

RUM'S VICTIM.

"You have indeed fallen low," was the sad remark of Justice Solon B. Smith at the Tombs, New York city, to an aged man, who showed every indication of a tramp.

"For God's sake, forgive me, Sol.," pleaded the man. "Liquor has been my curse. For ten years I have been its slave. But from this day forth I will be a changed man. I will quit drinking and make a solemn vow that not another drop of that poison will pass my lips again."

"It has now such a strong hold upon you that you couldn't stop it if you tried ever so hard" remarked the judge. "And, besides, where could you go? You have no home; your wife won't recognize you any more, and your friends pass by with horror and disgust."

"Well, what of that?" said the prisoner "I can live on forty millions, can't I? What need I care for them?"

"Forty millions? Why, you haven't got forty cents," said Justice Smith.

"I tell you, Sol, I have it."

"How did you come possessed of it?"

"Why, I've earned it, to be sure. Where else do you think?"

"Drinking has somewhat overbalanced your mind, and I'll change the complaint against you into insanity," said the court. "You will be treated better in an asylum than in the workhouse. Officer, remove him."

"Please, judge, will you let another officer take him?" said Court Officer Maurice Finn, whose eyes were filled with tears.

"Why can't you?" said the justice in a tone of surprise.

"He was my general in the war, your honor," said Finn, "and he was so kind to me that I don't like to repay him in this way, though I know it is done for his good. He treated the men who fought under him as he would his brothers. It is sad for me, sir, to see my old dear commander in such a position as this, and I and others will see that he is properly cared for at the asylum."

The man was none other than Brigadier-General Thomas W. Eagan, who fought in the battle of Gettysburg under General Meade, and was a participant of almost every battle at that time. At the close of the war he was made an internal revenue officer.

Scented the Battle.

First Stranger (in street car)—"I see you in these cars quite regularly, but seldom at this hour."

Second Stranger—"No; this is an extra trip. My wife wished me to go to a store and match some trimmings for her."

"Ah! Glad I met you. Here's my card. I am a divorce lawyer."—*New York Weekly*

—"Cohabs" is the new western slang name for Mormons.

H. G. Crobaugh, a defaulter in $3,000 fled from Cleveland to Canada yesterday.

Lord Dufferin arrived in Rome yesterday. He was received by King Humbert in the most cordial manner.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has been appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight, *vice* Viscount Eversley deceased.

Rev. Dr. Andrew M. Beveridge died yesterday at Troy. He was one of the oldest and best known clergymen in the Presbytery of Troy.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.

The Stanley-Montagu Wedding at the Guards' Chapel, London, a Great Society Event—The Dresses Worn.

Edmund Yates, in his cable letter, thus describes the Stanley-Montagu wedding: The Guards' Chapel, with its marble and mosaics, lends itself admirably to great ecclesiastical ceremonials, and the dense fog which hovered over Piccadilly mercifully spared Bird Cage Walk from its clutches on Saturday afternoon, when the marriage of Eddie Stanley and Lady Alice Montagu brought more royalties together than had been seen at any social function for some time. The soldiers of Mr. Stanley's company lined the aisles. The Prince of Wales had something agreeable to say to everybody. The Princess of Wales, in brocade furs, listened smilingly to the Marchesa De Santurce's respectful invitation to her daughter's marriage. The Prince of Wales' daughters looked wonderfully well in gray coats, trimmed with fur. The Duchess of Teck brought her daughter in a drab dress, which can hardly be described as becoming. Prince George and Prince "Eddy" appeared to be in equally good spirits. Beauty was admirably represented by Lady Randolph Churchill, wrapped in a long gray cloak, edged with fur; by Lady De Grey, in brown; by Lady Forbes, Lady Clarendon, the Duchess of Hamilton, and Mrs. Arthur Sasson. The resonant voice of the bridegroom almost drowned the weaker tones of Lord William Cecil. It was difficult to believe that the tiny bridesmaids in caps were the grandchildren of the evergreen Duchess, who never looked better than she did on Saturday. Lord Hartington was among the spectators; Lord William Neville and Miss Louise Murieta looked on with the keenest interest; Sir William and Lady Harcourt were observable in the crowd near the door. It was nearly dusk when everybody reached Great Stanhope to take tea and inspect the Derby tiara, the Hamilton necklace of diamonds, pearls and emeralds; the Revelstoke brooch, an ornament of diamonds and moonstone, which was the gift of the Prince of Wales. The wedding gifts were bewildering in magnificence. It was very late when Mr. and Lady Alice Stanley set out on their way to Holwood, which Lord Derby had placed at the disposal of his heir during the honeymoon.

An Insurance Mania.

The case of the unusual amount of insurance carried by the late A. D. Kean, of Orillia, who succumbed to fatal injuries by being run over by a train, seems like a case of insurance mania. The amount he carried is found to be $43,000, and this amount for a young man 28 years of age is surprising. So far as can be learned at the time of his death these were the policies issued to him:

Canada Life	$5,000
Federal Life, of Hamilton	5,000
North American	3,000
The Sun, of Montreal	5,000
Manufacturers' Accident (with $5,000 reinsured with the Mutual Accident, of Manchester)	10,000
Travellers' Accident	5,000
Can Accident	8,000
A.O.U.W.	2,000
Total	$43,000

The annual premiums on these policies was over $500.

Sociability Promoters.

Mrs. Greatman (reading)—"A social observer criticises what he calls the 'stupid silence' of most Americans when dining in hotels and restaurants. 'It looks,' he says, 'as though every one had been quarreling. Instead of a cheery, quick interchange of opinion, men and women sit solemn and sorrowful at the table, as though they were in a school.' For this reason he thinks that the general use of light table wines would be a good thing, as it would 'promote sociability.' What do you think of that idea?"

Mr. Greatman—"Well, light wines might be o' some use, but I just tell you for makin' men feel as if every stranger was a long-lost brother there is nothin' equal to forty-rod campaign whiskey."

She Sent Saws Instead of Flowers.

Miss Kate Fretwell was arrested to-day on a charge of being the young lady who furnished fourteen prisoners in the county jail with two dozen saws to cut their way out yesterday morning. At the hearing it was proved beyond all question that the accused had purchased the saws at two different hardware stores. She was also identified by the jailer as a frequent visitor at the jail. She was committed to jail in default of a heavy bond.—*Chattanooga despatch in Atlanta Constitution.*

Live Men.

Some men seem never to grow old. Always active in thought, always ready to adopt new ideas, they are never chargeable with fogyism. Satisfied yet ever dissatisfied, settled yet ever unsettled, they always enjoy the best of what is and are the first to find the best of what will be.—*Philadelphia n quirer.*

Lucky Stage Drivers.

Baron F. de Rothschild presented to every driver and conductor on the Hammersmith and Bayswater omnibuses a brace of pheasants each as a Christmas box. Each driver decorated his whip with the Baron's colors, the conductors displaying them at the back of their omnibuses.

The Old Familiar Faces.

Funnyman—How do you like my jokes?

Friend—First rate. I like to renew my acquaintance with old friends.

Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, recommended the extension of female suffrage in that State.

The New York Court has refused to give Mme. Desbars, the medium, the custody of her children.

J. K. O'Neil, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., dropped dead in the Ringland Hotel, Oswego, after drinking a glass of mineral water. He has relatives in Kingston.

Dr. J. H. Nyer, of Hazleton, Pa., shot and killed his wife yesterday morning, and then committed suicide. Every circumstance points to a mutual understanding between the two.

DOUGLAS SLADEN, the Australian poet has been elected a life honorary corresponding member of the Scottish Society of Literature. The society has conferred this title on only five other men—Whittier, Holmes, Mark Twain, Jules Verne and Max O'Rell.

ONLY A DIFFERENCE OF BIRTH.

Professor Hosmer's Comparison of an English King and an American President.

"By a rough estimate 110,000,000 people in the world call English their mother-tongue, in institutions, blood and language, for the most part, derived from the German woods," says Professor Hosmer, in his life of Sir Henry Vane. "Until 100 years ago the English-speaking race was confined within one nationality. Then, in consequence of a bad colonial policy, a split took place, so that to-day the world has two English-speaking divisions of about equal strength, the British Empire and the United States of America.

"The President of the United States has, under the constitution, the powers of an English King of the eighteenth century—of George III., in fact. The only differences lie here, that the President is elected instead of being born, to wield them for a short term of years instead of for life."

"Like sunshine in a shady place,"
The poet called a woman's face
That gladdened all who saw its beauty.
A face, no doubt, that beamed with health,
That blessing which is more than wealth,
And lightens every daily duty.
O how can woman, who-e hard life
With many a wearing pain is rife,
Escape the grasp of such affliction,
And be a power to bless and cheer?
The answer comes both swift and clear—
Take Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction being given in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

He Was a Regular Customer.

"Who is that?" bawled the druggist from an upstair window, having been awakened by a violent pulling at his night bell.

"I want 10 cents' worth of paregoric," replied a voice below.

"I want you to understand that I don't open my store at night for 10 cents' worth of paregoric, except for a customer."

"But I'm a customer."

"I don't seem to know you."

"Gracious goodness! I'm in your store three or four times a week to look at your directory."

An English Medical Authority

affirms that the best regimen for preserving health may be summed up in the maxim, "keep the head cool, the feet warm and the bowels active." There is a world of wisdom in the observation. Obstinate constipation, or costiveness, is an exciting cause of other diseases; and, with many persons of sedentary habits or occupations, this inaction of the bowels is a sort of constant annoyance, producing piles, prolapse of the rectum, fistula and various dyspeptic symptoms. All these are warded off, and health is maintained, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

Sure About the Dollars.

Husband (handing over a bill)—"Look at that for a New Year's reminder."

Wife (reading the sum total)—"One hundred dollars and fifty-five cents. But what are you doing?"

Husband (desperately going through all his pockets) "I'm trying to see if I have the 55 cents."

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Comes High.

"Charley Smitherson is a nice young man, don't you think?" said one young lady to another.

"Yes; but I don't like his collars."

"Why not?"

"He always looks as if he had fallen into one and couldn't get out."

THE Empress of Russia was more fond of her Danish home than any other of her sisters and brothers, and when she was about to leave it for Russia she wrote on the window pane of one of her favorite rooms at Fredensborg, "Mit elskede Fredensborg, farwell" (My beloved Fredensborg, farewell.)

The following passage occurs in a notice recently posted on the Court house door by a constable of Wicomico County, Md.—"I have sessed and took into execution, a'cordin to law and iniquity, the following aforesaid property."

Probably the richest newsboy in the West is Moses Jacobs, who sells papers on the streets of Des Moines, Ia. He is 18 years old, and has sold newspapers for the last fourteen years, during which time he has acquired $4,000 worth real estate from his savings.

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1,087 at Baltimore, 1,005 at Detroit 1,500 at Philadelphia, 1,113 at Washington 1,216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, etc. etc. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N.Y State Normal College, etc. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

D U N L, 4 89.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1 50 per annum when not so paid.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, JAN. 24 1889.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

We are happy to be able to state that things look very bright for the formation of a Mechanics' Institute in Flesherton. Several gentlemen of influence have announced their intention of giving it their heartiest support, and a public meeting is called for next Monday evening in the Town Hall at 7.30 for the purpose of discussing the matter, appointment of a committee, etc. Let us go into this thing with enthusiasm and secure a library for the intellectual improvement of our young and old.

CLOSER CONNECTION.

It is high time now that Flesherton station and this village obtained closer business connection. The time is gone when a feeling of rivalry should exist with either party. The welfare of each is bound up in that of the other, and, like the Siamese twins, we should pull together. The two villages are bound to exist and grow. It is essential to each village's welfare that its neighbor should exist and expand, and anything that will advance the interests of one should be advocated by the other without harboring any of those petty jealousies which have heretofore been a baneful drag upon development. The time is now opportune to cast all these aside and pull together for a mutual advancement. As a preliminary step in this direction let us have telephonic connection between the two places. It may be secured at small expense, and would be a great boon to the business men. It might not even be necessary to build an independent line if a right to use the company's posts at a nominal rental could be secured. In that event the preliminary cost of placing the service would be small indeed. Will some of our enterprising business men think the matter over?

The Storm of '92. A Grandfather's tale told in 1942. The Sheppard Publishing Co., Toronto. Price 25 cents.

This is, as its title indicates, a story of the future. The writer, Mr. W. H. C. Lawrence, is a healthy believer in confederation, and tells the story of a great Canadian war with the United States, fought in 1892, and brought about by the "American hatred of England," with the fishery question introduced as a *casus belli*. This war demonstrated, according to Mr. Lawrence's reasoning, the advisability of Canada entering a confederacy with the Mother Country. The story is written in an entertaining style and though altogether hypothetical is still within the realm of possibilities, but not of probabilities. Mr Lawrence apparently believes with ourselves, that if Canada ever has to undergo the terror of a war with the United States, it must come in the near future. We are developing a nation here that will shortly outnumber the United States. We have all the material now to build up that nation. They of the south understand this and desire to amalgamate our possibilities with theirs, "peaceably," they say, "if we can: forcibly if we must." It is such individuals as Wiman, *et al*, who are continually dangling before American eyes our Canada as a rich bait that will bear the responsibility of a future difficulty. It is to be fervently hoped that Mr. Lawrence's prophecy may remain but a fairy tale, and yet its groundwork of facts will make it an interesting study within the next few years. It is written, as it were, at the "cross roads," and it remains to be seen which way the finger board of time will direct us.

A little shuffle has been made in the Ontario cabinet, Hon. Mr. Pardee retiring on account of ill health, and Col. J. M. Gibson, of Hamilton, receiving the appointment of Provincial Secretary. Mr. Gibson's appointment appears to give general satisfaction.

Annual Meeting of East Grey Agricultural Society.

The members of the above society met in the Town Hall here on Wednesday last.

The old board of directors held their closing meeting previous to the members' meeting to wind up the business for the season of 1888, consisting of a few protests from decisions of judges, and violations of the rules of the society. These having been disposed of, the President, T. Kells, Esq., addressed the members on the advancement made in agriculture in the 14 years he has been president of this society, and on the importance of keeping these agricultural institutions well supported. His address was well received, coming from one of long experience. We regret we have not space to give it in full. At the close he announced he would not accept office longer.

The annual meeting was then organized with the retiring president in the chair. After reading of minutes, the treasurer presented the financial statement for 1888, showing a very successful year financially for the society, showing receipt of $1,296 33, expenditure $1,256 75 leaving a balance on hand of $39,58 against a deficit last year of $45,82, and a reduction of debt on the property of the society to the amount of $143,40. This is a good showing for this year. The report was received.

Election of officers resulted as follows, viz:

President G. Stewart, sr.
1st Vice President R. J. Sproule.
2nd Vice President J. Clinton.
Directors S. Damude, G. W. Hawke, R. Ruthvan, S. Stokes, D. Thompson, Dr. Sproule, M. P., J. McArdle, C. W. Bellamy, J. O'Brien.
Auditors J. Brodie, W. J. Bellamy.
S. Damude re elected Sec.-Treasurer.

At a meeting of the Board it was decided to hold a spring show. The date and prize list to be fixed and prepared by a committee then appointed for that purpose.

One important resolution was passed in regard to the Legislative grant. It was the opinion of the Board that the division of that grant to Township Societies had the effect of destroying its usefulness as originally intended, being destributed in such small amounts that it lost its effect as had been intended by the originator. A delegate will be sent to the meeting of the central Farmers' Institute at its next meeting to ask its influence to have this matter properly brought before the Legislature.

Artemesia Council.

The members of council for the present year met in the town hall on Monday for transaction of business. After making the required declaration, our new council waded into business in a regularly professional style. There was nothing green looking about them— they have been there before.

Bylaw No 447, appointing Wm, McLoughrey as assessor, was read and passed. Bylaw No. 448, appointing Geo. Buskin, Wm. Ferguson and John J. Fields to act in conjunction with the reeve and clerk, as a board of health; and Bylaw No. 449, appointing R. J. Sproule and Jas. Brodie auditors for 1889, were also passed

Mr. Henry Cairns was appointed to the position of deputy reeve.

A petition was read from Wm. Hogg with reference to opening up a road in the 8th con, Artemesia, which was allowed to stand over for a month.

An application was read from Sylvester Martin for refund of public taxes, as he was a seperate school supporter. Two letters were also read from the Minister of Education, refering to the above matter.

The Reeve and Deputy Reeve Cairns were appointed a committee to inquire into the sufficiency of the treasurer's security.

The following accounts were passed, after which council adjourned; John Hazard, extra services as collector, $5; Wm. Hooper, repairing culvert on 20 side road, 50 cents; W. H. Thurston, printing, $11.25, and the monthly indigent allowance.

LOCAL NEWS CONTINUED.

SALT.—Another car load fresh salt, all new barrels and full weight. R. Trimble.

Square Timber,

A gentleman from Feversham informs us that a large amount of square timber is being taken out in that neighborhood this winter. It will all be shipped at this station. He also told us of a funny little squabble between two rival companies one day last week. Men representing Mr. Holmes had felled and half squared one stick of timber when Mr. McIntyre, the rival woodsman, came along, claimed the stick and finished squaring it. The dispute waxed warm, as there were fifteen or twenty men in it, when the brilliant idea occurred to some one to measure the claim. This was done, when it was found that the tree really did stand some few feet on Mr. McIntyre's property.

SPECIAL SALE.—In order to clear out winter goods I will give extremely low figures on all lines for the next thirty days. R. Trimble.

The Enigma.

A large number of correct answers have been received to our Scriptural enigma of last week. Miss Violet Hinds, of Flesherton, succeeded in getting her answer in ahead of all comers—Thursday afternoon—thereby securing a copy of the London Graphic Christmas number. We thank the little folks for their interest, and are sorry we could not give each one a prize. Following is the best written and fullest description which was sent in; but it came too late:

DEAR SIR,—The Scripture Riddle is found in first Kings and seventeenth chapter. The holy man was Elijah the Tishbite who lived in Gilead and God sent him to hide himself by the brook Cherith, and God sent ravens to feed him with bread and flesh every morning and evening.

ALLIE MOORE,
Aged 12 years. Flesherton.

FISH.- A small consignment of No. 1 split herring at lowest cash figures. R. Trimble.

Address and Presentation.

On Monday evening last, although there was very unfavorable weather several members of Wm. Rutledge's class assembled at the residence of Mr. Wm. Trimble to present him with a small token of respect for his long and faithful services, viz. 27 years continuous, with but a very few exceptions, as leader of this class. The following address was read and presentation made of a beautiful Bible, with inscription and a small purse, after which the old gentleman made a few touching remarks. The matter was altogether a surprise to him, and therefore the reply was the instantaneous outburst of his heart. After a cup of coffee, etc., a pleasant evening was spent. Following is a copy of the address:

To our Leader, William Rutledge.

DEAR LEADER: Your announcement on Sabbath morning last, that your increasing age and other disabilities, with other apparently unavoidable circumstances, prevent your further acting in the capacity of leader, was unexpected. It teaches us that however faithful in services, or loveable as Christians, time makes its marks, and moves us onward, whether we would or not, to the bourne from which no traveller returns.

Your long, faithful and self denying services to our class—the pioneer class in this reign of Methodism—compels us in some slight manner to show you our appreciation. If but small, it will serve as a remembrance wherever your lot may be cast, so that to the end of your journey you will not forget us.

We present you therefore with this Bible, the book we know you esteem the most, and this purse. We wish it were more. But this will be taken for the deed.

We trust that God's providence may so direct and keep you in your advanced age, that at last you will declare with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Signed on behalf of the class.

Mrs. C. W. TREADGOLD
Mrs. JOHN DINWOODIE.
Mrs. W. W. TRIMBLE

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Swinton Park.

The Presbyterians of Swinton Park held a very successful tea-meeting on Thursday evening of last week. Proceeds amounted to $50.30. Music was furnished by the Dromore choir, under the leadership of Mr. Ramage.

Priceville is agitating the formation of a brass band.

Died.

WHITTEN—In Flesherton, on Jan. 7th, Mrs. Catharine Whitten, aged 70 years.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 ct. For sale at the Medical Hall.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. James Lamont met with an accident a short time ago which might have proved fatal. It appears he was in the act of putting down hay off a scaffold to feed the cattle, when one of the boards on which he was standing broke, and he fell down to the floor hurting his back. I understand he is recovering fast.

Victor Watson, son of Adam Watson, miller, met with a severe accident a few days ago, by receiving a severe kick from a horse. He was severely frightened and considerably hurt, but I am pleased to learn that he is recovering as fast as could be expected under the circumstances.

Mr. John McNulty went away on a visit to Holland about three weeks ago, and not returning as soon as expected his mother became uneasy and telegraphed after him. The telegram had the desired effect as he returned as soon as possible after receiving the message, with a passenger along with him in the cutter, who was in urgent enquiry, was found to be his go too in nfo. John treated the ladies and gentlemen well after settling down. He invited the majority of the young people in the neighborhood to his house last Friday night to dance and enjoy themselves as best they could, which they did in good order, keeping good time to the excellent music of H. McDonald on the violin. We all join in wishing him and his wife a very happy life.

Weddings seem to be the order of the day without regard to the unfavorable weather. One wedding party passed through here recently consisting of nine cutters. The happy pair this time were Miss Catharine Macher, of Swinton Park, and Mr. Paul Murphy, of Dundalk. They have our best wishes.

Miss Minnie Frook, of Grant, is up on a visit to her uncle, Josiah Frook, Fraton.

Mrs. Alex Ferguson, of Dakota, who was visiting friends here, has returned home.

Miss Susan Ferris of Holland, is visiting friends here. Look out for another wedding.

Mr. John and T. Ferguson are the crack wood cutters in this settlement. They cut eight cord of wood in one day for Arch Ferguson.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00 to	5 00
Fall Wheat	0 90 to	1 00
Spring Wheat	0 95	1 06
Barley	0 40	0 56
Oats	0 31	0 31
Peas	0 55	0 55
Butter	0 15	0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	6 00	6 00
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 00
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 7	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

NEW ADVERTSEMETNS.

Farm for Sale or Rent.

Lot No. 32, 7th con., Artemesia, containing 100 acres, 65 acres cleared and under cultivation. Would sell on reasonable terms. Possession given March 1. Address,

JAMES KESTER,
Flesherton, P.O.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church,
FLESHERTON.

Farm for Sale.

Being west half lot 34, Con. 8, Artemesia, containing 50 acres. There are on the premises a good log house, good frame out buildings, and a young bearing orchard. It is well watered, well fenced and in a fair state of cultivation. There are about 25 acres cleared and the balance in hardwood and cedar. For further particulars apply to the proprietor.

MRS. JANE MAGEE,
On the Premises, Eugenia, P. O

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

—FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND

PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

AT

BLACKBURN'S

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grieve's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov 19, 1888.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Monday on the 1st and 3rd of each month. Teeth extracted, decayed and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, &c., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY,

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts

FLESHERTON

FURNITURE

WAREROOMS

J. E. M-O-O-R-E.

A NEW DEPARTURE!

In which we are able to give our customers

Large Reductions!

on all goods Our stock is very complete, consisting of

Parlor Suites, in plush and hair cloth, Bedroom Suites in Walnut and Mahogany, and Stained Woods, and

IN

CHAIRS

we have an immense assortment of every description imaginable,

TABLES

from $1.50 to the handsome

EXTENSION DINING TABLES!

LOUNGES

SOFAS

AND

EASY CHAIRS!

In a variety of styles at low prices. In fact, if you want anything in

Furniture,
Sewing Machines,
Instruments, or
Picture Frames,

Call and see us as we intend to sell

CHEAP FOR CASH!

1 PER CENT. ON ALL SALES.

Undertaking as usual.

ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED AT SHOP BY COMPETENT MACHINIST.

J. E. Moore.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

And soon the bulwark of the north'
Grey Stirling with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

The rock rises precipitously from a level plain on the south side, 340 feet, and slopes gradually down to the north. On this slope, at the foot of which is the railway station, the town is built, and as the shades of evening were gathering, we climbed its steep streets and soon found ourselves hungry and tired, comfortably seated at supper in Murray Place.

The ancient burgh of Sterling is one of the most picturesquely situated of Scottish towns. As a post of defence the rock on which it is built was made available at a very early period and was probably occupied by the Scots before the first Roman invasion. As far back as eighteen hundred years ago it formed one of the chain of fortresses built by Julius Agricola between the Clyde and the Forth.

In the morning I went to have a stroll alone before breakfast and kept ascending, hoping thus to reach the Castle. I found myself at length in a cemetery of unrivalled beauty situated higher than any part of the town, yet in a kind of valley on one side of the castle. A flight of steps from it gives access to the Esplanade and Castle. This valley in the heyday of Sterling's glory was the site of jousts and tournaments and other war-like diversions, and a spot known as the Ladies Rock is so called from having been the point from whence the Queen and her dames viewed the sports. I was surprised to hear a familiar voice from this point call me to come and see the battle field of Bannockburn. It was my Toronto friend Mr. B— who had got here before me and to whom an old citizen was pointing out the places of interest in the grand panorama spread before us.

Immediately in front on the level plain below us, Randolph the nephew of Bruce, with a body of five hundred chosen spearmen, defeated Sir Robert Clifford's eight hundred chosen horsemen in a desperate conflict fought the day before the battle of Bannockburn, thus intercepting communication between Edward's Army and the Castle. The Cemetery contains many interesting monuments, the most striking being a marble sculptured group in memory of Margaret M. Lacklan and Margaret Wilson who suffered martyrdom at Wigton 1685 by being bound to stakes fixed in the sand where the tide of the Solway Firth overflows twice a day. A younger sister of the latter, only thirteen years old, was condemned to the same death but her father purchased her life for one hundred pounds.

After breakfast we all came again to this lovely spot and thence to the Castle. At its gate we were taken in charge by a pensioner who acted as guide. Passing through the quadrangle we saw a portion of the garrison drilling, others who were cleaning guns and accoutrements all young, some mere boys, learning here the grim business of war. The buildings included in the castle are the Parliament House, the Palace, the Chapel Royal besides the barracks, batteries, magazines and prisons. From the ramparts we had a very extensive view of the surrounding country, and the endless charm of this wonderful scene will not soon be effaced from our memories. Our guide, a garrulous old pensioner, pointed out to us no less than nine battle fields dating from the time of Kenneth II. down to inglorious Sheriff Moir. In the immediate foreground, just outside the walls, is a grassy hill called the Heading Mound, and on the summit a stone called the Beheading Stone. This relic of a barbarous age bears traces of the bloody work for which it was used, and on this spot many of the nobles of Scotland were beheaded.

Our guide was a crusty old fellow who had seen much active service, and when pointing out and describing the scenes of former conflict, handled his stick as if he were an active participant in the fight, reminding us of Goldsmith's description of the "broken soldier" who

Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

He rattled away his historic legends, but if we interrupted him to ask a question he invariably lost the thread of his story and temper at the same time. We had paid for his services and could not resist the temptation to pay him with queries and take the worth of his fees in fun. In the upper square we were shown the Douglas room where James II. assasinated the Earl of Douglas in 1452. It contains many interesting relics and curiosities, a communion table used by John Knox, bearing date 1500, and Knox's chair, both clumsy looking affairs. We saw also a lot of ancient arms, Lochaber axes and pikes, gathered from battle grounds.

The old castle was the birth place of James II. and of James V. Queen Mary was crowned here, an infant, and was secretly married here to Lord Darnley. It has been the scene of many a royal fete, and around its grey walls has often rolled the tide of war—often besieged and sometimes almost battered down. We saw the evidences of destruction made by Cromwell's cannon directed by general Monk's army. From its prison to the Beheading Mound many a man has taken his last walk and his last look on earth and sky, then yielded his life for no greater crime than loyalty to his party, his King or his country. We saw many other objects of interest in Stirling, and left it with regrets. On our way to Edinburg we passed Falkirk and Linlithgow, and approaching Auld Reekie we saw the immense piers of the cantilever bridge which is being built over the Forth, the largest in the world. Our train drew up at Waverley station in the heart of the Scottish capital, Edinburgh.

To be continued.

General News.

The cigarmakers employed in forty New York factories struck Friday against a reduction of $2 a thousand.

The new election for Hamilton, consequent on Hon. J. M. Gibson's acceptance of the Provincial Secretaryship, has been fixed for February 7th.

An explosion took place in the Hyde colliery, near Manchester, Eng., Friday, by which 25 men were killed. One hundred miners are still entombed.

A deformed newsboy of St. Louis, named Wm. Kean, died a week ago, and a search of his effects revealed a fortune of $23,000 in cash and bonds. He was 36 years old.

Hon. T. B. Pardee has retired from the Ontario Cabinet owing to ill-health, and Hon. A. S. Hardy succeeds him as Commissioner of Crown Lands. Mr. J. M. Gibson, the member of Hamilton, takes the place of Hon. Mr. Hardy as Provincial Secretary.

At the Toronto Civil Adresses, on Jan. 10th, an action for seduction was brought by David Prior of Newmarket, on behalf of his daughter, Jeannette, against Ellsworth Charles Lloyd, a Salvation Army captain in Owen Sound. The girl was under 20 years. A verdict for $2000.00 was given for the plaintiff.

The tariff question has been discussed for almost nine months by the United States Congress.

The 1,200 students of Cornell University have been vaccinated. Some of the athletes united under the operation.

Rumors are current that the dervishes are massing at Khartum for an [illegible] Dongola, and the Mahdi intends to invade Egypt.

Two young lady officers of the Salvation Army at Welland narrowly escaped being burned to death in a fire at the barracks on Saturday night.

Judgment was given on Saturday by Mr. Justice Ferguson, supporting the contention of the Dominion Government in the case of the Attorney General of Ontario v. Fraser.

It is reported that a tin mine has been discovered in Salisbury.

Ten men were killed at Spottsville, Ky., by the falling [illegible] of a church.

Smallpox is spreading [illegible] a serious extent in Monroe and other interior counties of Michigan.

Three hundred houses were destroyed in the Sarabal Valley, Asia Minor, Monday by an earthquake.

The Bismark correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press represents Dakota as being practically bankrupt.

R. S. White, M.P. for Cardwell, was examined by commission in Montreal Monday in connection with the election trial.

Dundalk Herald: On Monday last Geo. Wellwood was returning home after delivering a load of wood in the village. When near the post-office, Alex. Irwin drove up and tried to pass him. In doing this Wellwood's sleigh slewed, striking one of Irwin's horses on the legs, and knocking the animal over into Wellwood's sleigh, where Mrs. Wellwood was sitting. We believe she was considerably bruised, and her clothes much torn before things were straightened up,

Dundalk Herald: On Thursday last, the eight-year old son of Mr. John Conners, hotel keeper, by some means or other possessed himself of a revolver belonging to his father, and began to play with it in one of the hotel rooms. He was showing how it worked to two of his younger brothers, when he succeeded in discharging the contents of one chamber into his leg. The ball entered the calf of the leg. Drs. McWilliams and Griffin were called in and found some difficulty in probing for the bullet. After some time they succeeded in extracting the ball from the middle. The little fellow suffered much in consequence, but is doing well.

Farm to Rent.

Lots 22 and 23, 3rd R., N. D. R., about half a mile west of Flesherton Station, containing 100 acres, 75 cleared. Apply to

ADAM MUIR.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to

J. W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan. 7th, '89.

Great Bargains!

—ON—

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm—100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $300.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

—It Pays To—

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching staff.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
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For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, '88

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

NEW

FALL GOODS!

AT

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

$98 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America.

TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

FLESHERTON

Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continned support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
Rakes,
Wagons
Buggies
Sleighs,
Cutters,
Fanning Mills,
Spring Tooth Cultivators.
Grain Drills,
Broad-cut Seeders.
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Iron Harrows,
Two-Furrow Gang Plow,
Plows.
Scufflers.
Turnip Drills,
Land Rollers.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening, &c., &c., all done in the highest style of the art.

W. J. NELSON.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

ME. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twenty bushels. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses.

PRICEVILLE

BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

I visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

They Come.

Ye wilds, wrapped in primeval sleep,
They come, who'll break your dreaming,
Your forests fall, your harvests reap,
And build their cities teeming;
They come, the God born heroes come!
No herald voice before them,
No shrieking fife nor whirring drum,
No flag of battle o'er them.

Ye forests, ye have waited long,
Sounds savage in you breaking,
To catch the note of Freedom's song,
Man's better hopes awaking.
They come, whom God himself has owned,
Called out from court and prison,
In His eternal plan enthroned,
His glory on them risen.

Ye rivers, ye have wantoned wild,
Unchecked by wheel or spindle,
Upon your bosom nature's child,
Before your star to dwindle.
They come, your forces to enchain,
And give your currents guiding,
As grandly downward to the main
Past thrifty towns they're gliding.

Ye mines of silver, iron and gold,
Within earth's vaults secreted;
Ye heaps of hoarded wealth untold,
No mortal eyes have greeted
They come whose toil shall fret you out,
And in their furnace blast you,
Shall shape you with creative shout,
Shall mould you, mint you, cast you.

Ye wintry waters, where no bark,
Her storm-torn sail unfurling,
Has anchored in your bosom dark,
The ice her beak impearling—
They come, whose symbol round the earth
Shall tell all tribes the story
That man must stand in native worth,
Not in transmitted glory.
—*Dr. J. E. Rankin in Christian Register.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I.

THE "SACRA FAMES."

Preaching down a daughter's heart was not a difficult task to a mother like Mrs. Clanricarde. Circumstances compelled her conduct and character strengthened her resolve; and when conditions and feelings are in accord, there we have that triple wall of brass which no human power can break down.

We will enumerate the conditions and circumstances which made the mother preach down her daughter's heart. These were an unbusinesslike husband, who never realized a security but he lost, never moved an investment but he lessened it, yet who, believing in his commercial "flair," was always dabbling in the stock and share market, for the benefit of every one but himself; the love of luxury and the enforced privations of genteel penury; the pride of ambition and the consciousness of gradual social decline; the irritation, coupled with contempt, natural to a clever woman keenly alive to the mistakes of her partner, yet powerless to prevent and doomed only to suffer; the mother's natural desire that her daughter's rare gift of supreme beauty should be utilized as her dowry, and should be the means of placing her beyond the reach of that grim wolf so closely investing her own homestead. All these created that "auri sacra fames" which made Mrs. Clanricarde as hard as iron, as cold as ice, and as cruel as death in the matter of Estelle's present love and potential marriage. It made her as one stone-deaf to the alternate hymns and threnodies of love poured forth by Charlie Osborne—as handsome as a Greek god, and as penniless as a church mouse. It made her as one stone-blind to Estelle's tears and sighs and loss of appetite and slightly faded bloom—save that this last, indeed, aroused in her a certain secret anger, which was the sworn foe of pity. For this depreciation of her capital was as heinous an offence in Estelle, according to the mother's way of looking at things, as were Mr. Clanricarde's speculations in the House, whereby a thousand became five hundred, and percentage was the "peau de chagrin" which every touch made smaller. In this momentous question of her marriage Mrs. Clanricarde assumed to know better than her daughter; and perhaps she was not far wrong in her assumption. Charlie Osborne had everything that a romantic girl adores, but that a far-seeing mother despises as the foundation of the home and family; and with Mrs. Clanricarde the mother's outlook overlapped the daughter's romance.

It made no difference in the ordering of things that no eligible *parti* was at hand to take up the silver thread, which she was resolved Charlie Osborne should not hold. The few moneyless curates, the one scantily endowed vicar, and the one rosy-gilled doctor, who made up the bachelordom of Kingshouse, were not a whit more desirable than this impecunious Eudemon, and not half so taking. And Caleb Stagg, the only son and heir of old Miles Stagg, the wealthy owner of Redhill and a former coal-miner, was impossible—at least to Estelle, if Mrs. Clanricarde would have shut her eyes and swallowed the gilded sausage whole. But the chapter of accidents has a long coda; and the chapter of accidents in the life-story of a lovely girl of twenty has only just begun.

"It is of no use, Estelle," Mrs. Clanricarde would say, with her high-pitched tone and petulant French intonation—"It is of no use to cry and make a miserable face. If you marry Charlie Osborne you will marry into misery; and I would rather see you dead than go through what I have done."

"If only you would believe in his future, and let us wait!" pleaded Estelle, tears in her large soft eyes, which were like big brown moths lying within a white sea-shell.

"His future! What of it? Child! how fatally touched you are with these stupid English notions!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, warmly. "What is this young man's future?"

"Fame," said Estelle; "and fame is always fortune."

"Fame from what? A picture hung by the Royal Academy?—a drama accepted by a theatrical manager?—a poem published by an enterprising publisher?—and none of the three strong enough for that success which includes a banker's book! That is the future of your handsome Joconde, who aims at eagles and does not bring down even sparrows. And out of these, where, I ask you, is the pot au feu?"

"You misjudge him, mother; you do not give him credit for what he is or has," said Estelle, doing battle for her beloved with gentle persistency rather than over spirit. "He can be great in anything he undertakes. He is great already; only the world has not yet recognized his genius, as it will later, as it must."

"My dear Estelle, you speak like an ignorant child as you are. Real genius is concentrated, and does not go squandering itself all abroad on everything alike," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, sensibly enough. "A universal genius is a fated failure, and never rises beyond mediocrity. He is always close on to, but never actually touches, excellence or success. He is always just the line short. The golden water which is to fill a dry trench must run through a broad pipe in one flow, and not filter through a dozen little pinholes like a watering-pot. And we want our dry trench filled, Estelle; your poor miserable father has taken care of that!"

Mrs. Clanricarde never lost an opportunity of impressing on Estelle the contemptible delinquencies of her father. To the jealous French mother, the daughter ought to belong to her exclusively, and she did not approve of divided sympathies. Besides, that patriotism which means opposition to the present condition of things counted for something in her jealousy; and the French woman born and bred and never sincerely naturalized, for all that she was as English in speech and manner as any one else, did her best to prevent her daughter from becoming too Britannic in her ideas. She had already imbibed that fatal poison of belief in love and romance which ruined half the English girls and shamed the common-sense of half the mothers; and Mrs. Clanricarde's one great desire was to root out these pernicious weeds from Estelle's mind, and plant in their stead wise views of social life and a just estimate of the creature comforts to be got by money.

"Girls are so silly," she used to say, curling her thin mobile lips into that expressive line of illimitable contempt which only such lips can take. "As if love can pay the rent, or kisses feed the children!—as if the husband matters one jot so long as he has money and knows how to use it!—as if I would not rather have married a veritable gnome than this wretched creature of mine with his six feet of folly and his barber's block of vanity!"

It did not mend matters that Mr. Clanricarde was secretly on his daughter's side in this matter of her young love, seeing that for peace's sake he was compelled to be openly on his wife's. Taking his own disastrous way as he did in the manipulation of his funds, he made a point of following her lead in all else; and while he was ruining her fortunes and alienating her affections by refusing to listen to her advice, he made himself so supple, sweet, and tender in the home that, although she despised and disliked him heartily enough, she had no more power to find cause against him outside opposition for its own sake only than she would have had to crush an India-rubber ball. His prompt acquiescence in her repudiation of Charlie Osborne as a husband for Estelle almost made her waver in her own decision. If George could see good reasons why it should not be, the chances were those reasons were bad, and the other side might have something to say for itself.

Despite the opposition and the vigilance of Mrs. Clanricarde, the lovers met in secret as well as openly in society; for it would have been impossible to keep Estelle shut up in the house, or to demand the social ostracism of Charlie Osborne. And as people with gardens will give tennis parties and strawberry feasts, the Clanricardes were forced to go to them with the rest, and take the consequences accruing. The alternative of leaving Kingshouse was also an impossibility. The domestic money market was too tight, and these last investments had restricted it yet more. Hence, the matter was one of those problems which even the most skilful diplomatist among matrons finds it hard to solve, and in the game of chess between love and prudence for the possession of the fair Estelle no one could as yet foresee which would be the winner.

And indeed she was fair—taking the word as beauty, not color. Somewhat above the middle height, straight as a palm-tree but supple and slender as a willow branch, graceful as a fawn and almost as shy, she was one of those women to whom poets write sonnets and musicians dedicate nocturnes; one of the women who make brave men braver still, and weak ones yet more self-indulgent. In her character the two main streams of womanly feeling ran side by side the gentlest and most captivating reliance on those who were her superiors by age, sex, or condition; and the power of self-sacrifice for love. With these would be the maternal instinct when the time and occasion should come. She was woman—pure womanly throughout. Body, heart, and mind were essentially feminine—feminine with all the strength and all the weakness of her sex and type. Weak to the strong and strong only for love, her love was of the kind which justifies itself and redeems its own excess—wholehearted, passionate, unselfish, and pure as flame is pure. Pliant before a firm will, quivering beneath a brutal hand, she yet had that kind of courage which could brave the world, the law, and the commandments should things so fall out, and he who needed her, and whom she loved, be on the outside of virtuous convention. Submissive as another Lucy Ashton to authority, she had that power of revolt for the sake of another which belongs to certain kind of gentle and tenacious nature—that power which not even the mother who bore her suspected, and which would be shown only when called forth by circumstances.

Meanwhile, as things were, she was to all appearance just a shy, gentle-mannered, pretty English girl with a foreign name and face; tightly held by her mother; neglected by her father; secretly worshipped by the one scantily endowed vicar and the two impecunious curates; frankly admired by the rosy-gilled doctor; and frantically adored by Charlie Osborne, who saw in her his tenth Muse, his Egeria, his good angel, and the one absolute necessity of his life. And, save that she met her handsome adorer in secret and let him say things which would have made her mother furious had she heard them—more furious still had she heard the girl's replies—she obeyed that mother in all things; especially in the one grand essential of not marrying a man who could not keep even a servant not to speak of a wife, and whose sole possessions were beauty, love, poetry, art, that delicacy of mind which belongs to the artistic temperament, and a constitution which, as yet free from disease, was decidedly fragile and on the line of something worse. Just so much grace of common-sense had this young man, and no more—he did not urge Estelle to run away with him and begin life and house-keeping on that one hundred a year which was all his fixed income. Of course in the future he would be a rich man, because a famous one. That was as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun to him as well as to Estelle. Pending that certainty, however, he was forced to hold his hand and hope for the best. No one else was to the fore at Kingshouse—Caleb Stagg being impossible; and with this negative comfort he and she must be content.

Kingshouse was not a rich field for the adventures of life or the vagaries of fortune. The scenery was beautiful in a quiet, sleepy, rural way; the old-fashioned country town was quaint and stagnant, the society was restricted, and the income-tax collector did not cover much ground. Save Annie Aspline, whose mother had been a successfully married cook, not a girl had two-pence-halfpenny for dower-money; and, save Caleb Stagg, whose father had been a miner, not a man had more. Charlie Osborne, the son of the late vicar, stood a head and shoulders above them all for personal charms; and the bachelordom of the district so sparsely represented on the tennis-ground did not touch him in all that makes a young man desirable and dangerous. So that Mrs. Clanricarde, while she repudiated the handsome genius, sent back to his native place because his constitution could not bear the exhaustion and bad air of London, had no other string to her slack bow. And if the love that could be had was undeniably supperless, the love that was wanted was as undeniably bodiless.

So matters stood in the pretty village town of Kingshouse when this story opens and the serious play was about to begin.

CHAPTER II.

THE CYMON OF KINGSHOUSE.

Nothing, to the high-nosed, blue-blooded gentry of Kingshouse seemed so contrary to the providential ordering of things—as men have ruled that ordering should be—as that the heir *par excellence* of the district should be a man like Caleb Stagg, the heiress a girl like Annie Aspline; though, indeed, in this latter case, the girl was well enough, taken by herself. It was the mother who was the stumbling-block—yet not a stumbling-block of a formidable kind. With Caleb, on the contrary, the disabilities went all the way, like a rope coiled round him; crushing the social vitality out of his elsewise vigorous condition, and reducing what should have been beauty of circumstance to a mere shapeless mass of inert uselessness.

As good as the proverbial gold in his essential nature, and with a really fine, if limited, tract of intelligence, young Caleb was as heavy as lead in his bearing, and as dull as so much pudding-stone in his conversation. He had inherited his physique, but not her blunted intellect from his mother. She had transmitted herself to Caleb; and like mother, like son, in all things save the absolute quality of the brain. For Caleb was as heavy built and as round-limbed as she; with the same light gray eyes, coarse sandy hair, fresh red and white complexion, small snubby nose, and large, full, fleshy, unpoetic lips. And what kind of social credentials can be got out of such an inventory?

To add to this heavy handicap of nature, the strong character and close grip of old Stagg had wrought on both wife and child the usual effect of will and domination over comparative flaccidity. It had crushed out of them all such initiative, all such spirit, as might have been developed, at least in Caleb, had he been under a more elastic rule and allowed a freer seaboard.

A man of character and shrewd intelligence, but utterly untaught, Miles Stagg was what the country people were wont to call a queer fish and a rough customer, or, perhaps, a regular rowdy when he got drunk—which was oftener than should have been, but not so often as might have been expected. As a set-off, however, he had that comprehensive quality known as a good heart—that is, if he broke a man's head, he gave him a golden plaster wherewith to mend it. And to be free with his fist and open with his hand seemed to the former miner as fair a division of things as a reasonable man could expect.

Having come to his abundant wealth by the lucky chance of a fine seam of coal in the bankrupt co-operative mine which he had doggedly taken on his own square shoulders, he came to it unprepared by training or even by anticipation; and now, with his hundreds of thousands, he was never more than the miner in his Sunday clothes, well brushed up, and with all the grime washed off, but with his heart in the skip and his interests on the bank. Naturally, however, he thought his money would do, if but little for himself, much for his son—more, indeed than it would. Seeing where it had landed this, and that, and t'other, he thought that he, too, had but to command, and the social forces would obey. But he did not take into consideration the difference between himself as represented by his son and those others who had brushed themselves up into passable imitations, if no art nor science ever yet discovered could make them the real thing. Miles was but Sly the tinker in my lord's best bed; and the freaks of fortune are no more really metamorphic than those of great men.

Unfortunately—or, perhaps, fortunately—who knows yet?—young Caleb had none of his father's not unnatural social ambition. Specially did he no wise share the old man's wishes about marrying blood and founding a family. Lady Elizabeth Inchbold, the all but dowerless daughter of the all but ruined Earl of Kingshouse, was the mark at which old Miles aimed the shaft of his desire. If Caleb could accomplish that, his father would settle well-nigh all his fortune on the young people, and would withdraw with his wife forever from the neighborhood. He would content himself with the knowledge of the fact. He would not seek to share in its glory, nor even to see the splendor of its rays. In the midst of the coarse-materialism of his nature lay this one little flower of love, this purest pearl of unselfishness. If Caleb would make himself the man he should be, and go in and win as he ought, he, and not Miles, should then be the millionaire—he, and not Miles should be the great man of the county and the commander of the future.

But Caleb would as soon have gone into a lion's den as into the Dower House, where the earl and countess and her family lived in secret penance and public pride. The castle was let to one Mr. Hermann Schmidt, a stock-broker who knew both how to spend his money like a prince and make a bargain like Shylock, and who was at once a generous friend and a dangerous man with whom to do business. Old Miles never made the smallest doubt but that Lady Elizabeth would accept the golden bait as eagerly as a hungry trout would take a May-fly. It was money that ruled the world, so far as he could see; and without being personally purse-proud, he had an exaggerated sense of its value.

He was a man of a coarse, ripe, Rabelaisian kind of humor, to whom nothing in the whole world was sacred or forbidden. He had no more faith in humanity than the most gloomy pessimist who thinks he saves his own soul by calling those of others—well—not saved. To him life was a jolly kind of comedy, where the fools were tricked and the wise men held their own and got more. He laughed, and was not offended at this lapse and that stumble. It was human nature when all was said and done, he would say; and that the "furred puss-cats" should scramble for the gold pieces—the stronger punching the heads of the weaker, and the weaker scratching slyly when they could not fight openly—that, too, he confessed and laughed at with the rest.

For himself, he knew what he wanted, and he meant to have it if he could get it. As he walked about the house and grounds, loud of voice, sturdy of limb, direct of intent, he was wont, as he expressed it, to make the feathers fly.

With his stolid, silent, and of late years, when she could no longer keep herself awake by active work, somnolent wife, old Miles was not so much roughly brutal as oppressive—coercing rather than tormenting, and not wishing in the least to torment. On the contrary, he meant to be kindly, and he was in truth as kindly as he knew how to be.

"She has been a good wife to me," he used to say when a little in his cups; "and what the (expletive) if I cannot make a lady of her, I'll not let her feel the differ."

It was the same with his son, whom he loved better than his life, but whom he now rated like a hound for his want of character and energy, and now cursed for a rebel if he dared to say his soul was his own and he thought he had the best right to it. But how can you get a free-spirited, high-mettled youth out of a creature belabored and bethrashed with words and whips as Caleb Stagg had ever been? From the day when he was a ten months' old baby in his mother's arms and made a wry face at his daddy's beer, up to now, when he was a grown man of six-and-twenty, and would not put himself forward to win the matrimonial blue ribbon his father made sure was within his reach, he had been hustled and hounded and rated and rasped—all for his own good, mind you!—and treated with no more human respect than if he had been a bit of wax, to be pinched and pulled and patted and posed as the modeller thought best.

Old Miles was vexed that he could not make the lad what he wanted him to be. He wished the boy to join the hunt and ride to hounds as a lad of spirit should. He should have the freshest bit of pink and the best horse to be seen at the cover-side, bar none, if he would. He wished him to learn how to dance, and to go to all the subscription balls. "Lord, mother! but it would be rare sport to see our Caleb a-hopping about the floor like a parched pea on a drum-head!" he would say to his wife Nancy with a loud guffaw, after he had sworn at his son till you thought you saw blue fire. He wanted him to be hand-in-glove with his great name and that big swell; to put himself forward and make a dash; there was money enow. And when Caleb, ever mindful of the fact that he had worked with his father in the mines up to the age of seventeen, when the coal was found, kept to his books and his microscope upstairs, and slunk sheepishly about the lanes afoot like a tramp, grubbing in the hedges for bugs or fishing for slime in the ponds, instead of capering here and there like a lord, with a groom at his heels and the money jingling in his pockets, old Miles used to have a turn at swearing and cursing that was like a fever fit or a bout of whooping-cough, as irrepressible and severe. Then, as a solatium, he would buy the lad a diamond pin or a set of studs, which Caleb would rather have been flayed alive than wear, and which he accepted with the painful smile that is in a man's face what tears are in a woman's.

This kind of treatment had the sole effect of making young Caleb devote himself yet more sedulously to the life he had chosen and the pursuits which delighted him—keeping out of his boisterous parent's way as much as he could, and abjuring with the dogged passivity of his kind the line laid down for him with so many sharp nails and so many hard knocks. Brought up as a rough mining lad for all his early life, at eighteen he had gone to a local college, after a year's private training at a clergyman's. But the grit of the coal dust, which he had breathed from his infancy, was never got out of him. His only happy hours were when he was watching the ways of bird or beast, spying out the secret arts of attack and defence of reptile and insect, or getting into the very workshop of Nature through the microscope. Add to this a close study of Shakspeare and the translated classics, and his list was complete. For of late years he had left off romping with the kitchen-maid in the hayloft, as had been his wont when younger and less developed—the stablemen keeping watch lest old Miles should come along and blow the whole place about their ears. But even now, a romp with the kitchen-maid would be preferable to making up to Lady Elizabeth Inchbold at the Dower House, for all that she had nothing of the aristocrat about her save her name, her traditions, her self-respect, and her grace.

"Thou'lt never do no good, Caleb," his father one day said to him, with an angry shrug of his stalwart shoulders. "What use have it been to waste all this brass on thy learning when thou'rt naught but a dommed fool at the end of it? Thy mother's no lady and thee's no gent; and hang me if the money had not better go to make a hospital for dead jackasses than to such lily-livered spenders as you two."

Miles had often said the same thing before; but to-day he emphasized his disapprobation with stronger intonation; impelled thereto by his vexation that Caleb had refused to accept an invitation to a garden-party at the vicarage—Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, the vicar and vicaress, being of that good and wholesome sort which likes to draw all society into the one golden net of kindly feeling, and therefore including young Caleb Stagg in their invitations.

(To be continued.)

A PERFECT ELDORADO.

The Land of Hidden Wealth Seems Near Port Arthur.

Richard R. Paulison, interested in pine and mineral lands, and President of the North Shore Mining Company, is now stopping at the Cadillac. Mr. Paulison has gleaned knowledge from experience in the mining regions of the west, and proposes hereafter to see the promised wealth which he seeks to develop. Hence it was that he explored the wilds referred to. His report shows a perfect Eldorado. "Beginning with the Beaver mine, about 30 miles west of Port Arthur, you strike a belt of silver 40 miles long and from four to six miles wide. The Beaver, purchased by Alger & Peters, is now owned by Alger & Hecker, Col. Hecker, of Detroit, having recently purchased the interest of Mr. Peters. I stopped off there, and they have a bonanza. There are eighty men at work and are doing nothing but developing the mine, sinking shafts and running levels, until their mill is completed. They now have a good half million in sight and will commence shipment in the spring. Only three quarters of a mile further west is the Badger mine, which is equally rich with the Beaver, and which is being developed on the same plan. I saw large specimens there of almost solid silver, just as it was taken from the mine. There are the two mines at either end of Silver Mountain. Their owners have spent $600,000 on the east one, and are prepared to spend as much more at the west end, for the inevitable returns will justify an outlay many times as great. We are developing a mine back of Grand Marias, and will get our fair proportion of the wondrous wealth imbedded in this silver belt. It may tax the credulity of the public to say that great masses of pure silver are found in the region I have been visiting, and through which I have been before, but such is the case. The rock of that bed is the oldest in the country, not excepting that of Mexico. What I mean is that it was brought to the surface by the earliest upheaval, and shows the richest ore in the world. There is bound to be a great boom there before 1890 is passed, and it will be a boom with ample capital behind it too, for a poor man stands no show under the strict mining laws of that country. One of its chief needs is a railroad, and that I propose to build. Canadians have the necessary franchise west from Port Arthur."—*Detroit News.*

An Interesting Love Story.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes: I believe that the visit of the Prince of Wales to Mr. Murietta, at Wadhurst, is to be signalized by the formal announcement of Miss Murietta's engagement to Lord William Nevill. Lord William is a younger son of Lord Abergavenny, and a few years ago he shocked his father—who is the most virulent of Protestants—by becoming a Roman Catholic. The outraged parent promptly cut his erring son off with "the customary but insufficient shilling." The young man, much to his credit, immediately set to work on his own account, and joined a wine merchant's business, in which he has prospered so well that the firm now trades under the name of Hatch & Nevill. Lord William, who, besides being a consummate judge of the commodity he sells, is one of the best-looking and best-dressed young men in London, has now captivated the affections of a great heiress. The Muriettas are a family of Spanish merchants, and Mr. Murietta, with whom the Prince of Wales is staying, was lately ennobled under the title of Marquis of Santurce. He has bought Lord Granville's great house in Carlton House terrace. He has no son, and his daughter and heiress is to be Lady William Nevill.

A Queer Advertisement.

Here is a curiosity in the way of advertisements, extracted from a recent number of a religious journal:

DIVINE ORATIONS—NEWMAN GRACE, Literary Professor of Vital Philosophy, 43 St. George's street, Peckham, London, England, will write a sacred discourse (a beautiful piece of powerful eloquence) from any text, for any occasion and at any time, for the sum of one guinea, and he will undertake to sell no copy to any second person. All correspondence and transactions absolutely secret. [Psalms xix. chap., 14 verse.]

Those of my readers who do not happen to carry the nineteenth psalm in their minds will doubtless be pleased to see the text which the "Professor of Vital Philosophy" considers appropriate to his line of business: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." If this sort of thing is vital philosophy it must also be something I have met with before under another name.—*London Truth.*

Not in This Generation.

Blotterwick—"I see that the bustle is no longer worn." His wife—"Where did you see that, my dear?" Blotterwick (meekly)—"In the newspapers." His wife (sharply)—"Well, when you see it in the street just let me know."

The Retort Courteous.

First Musician—Why don't you go and call on old Grampus? I understand he wants his daughter to take lessons the worst way.

Second Musician—Then you ought to be just the man to teach her.

A Long Swear Off.

He (pathetically)—All great men have smoked, my dear.

She (with animation)—Oh, if you will only swear off until you are great I shall be quite content.

A Point Arrived At.

The Petulant Pursued—You will make me angry if you persist in your unwelcome attentions.

The Ardent Pursuer—Oh! Thanks. I shall consider that a point gained.

There were 452 fires and alarms in Detroit last year, with a loss of $273,302, against 406 fires and a loss of $365,390 the previous year.

Princess Lievin, while sleigh-riding at Charkoff, Russia, attempted to cross the railway track. A train that was rapidly approaching struck the sleigh and killed the coachman, and the Princess was hurled from the sleigh to the middle of the track, where she lay senseless. The train passed over her, but did her no harm.

RED-NOSE MIKE'S CONFESSION.

His Account of the Terrible Crime in the Pennsylvannia Mountains.

A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) telegram says: At the hearing yesterday before Justice Rooney, Red-Nose Mike Rizello, the Italian charged with the murder of Paymaster McClure and Hugh Flanigan, was held without bail to answer the charge at the next sessions of the Criminal Court.

P. F. Quigley, the merchant of Miners' Mills, who at the suggestion of the Pinkertons became Mike's confidential friend and went his bail when he was first arrested, visited the prisoner at the County Jail yesterday afternoon and had a long talk with him. Mike broke down several times during the course of the conversation.

The following statement of the crime was made by the prisoner in the presence of a reporter:

"Well, I am in a bad box, but I hope everything will come out all right. Greed for money led me to commit this crime. When you saw me in your store on the morning of Friday, October 19th, I was there for a bad purpose. I was waiting for Paymaster McClure. About the time I thought he was due from Wilkesbarre I left the store and started up the road. When I got near the Whitehouse road where you turn off to the shanties I heard McClure's horse coming behind me. I did not look back. I was then about one hundred yards from the ambush where my accomplices were stationed. When McClure and Flanigan came up to me, McClure shouted: 'Hello, Mike!' I replied, 'Good morning.'

"As soon as the carriage passed me I walked fast and kept right behind them, although the occupants of the buggy paid no attention to me. When we reached the place where my accomplices were I pulled out my revolver.

"Before I could fire Bevinneo, who was an expert marksman, fired at McClure and he fell out of the vehicle. His foot caught and he was dragged. Then I fired four shots from the rear and Villella, who was standing behind a stump on the opposite side of the road from the blacksmith, then fired at Flannigan and he fell out of the carriage. The horse started to run up the road and I thought he would make his way to the railroad before we could stop him and get the money. Villello got scared when the first shots were fired and ran through the woods to the shanty. Bevinneo was a good runner. He ran after the horse and caught him about two hundred yards up the road. He shot the animal in the head. We then cut the strap that held the valise to the buggy and made our way through the woods to the shanties. I did not see McFadden. McClure and Flanigan must have seen the other two men as they stepped out in the road; you know the men, Quigley; because you remember one day they started to quarrel with you when you were buying some cabbage from a man in front of your store.

"Supt. McQuion was right when he accused me of the murder that evening. Bevinneo and Villello are now in Italy."

EXPERIMENTAL TORTURING.

Practical Experiments on the Punishments of the Middle Ages.

A New York telegram says: A judgment for $61 was entered on Tuesday in favor of Emile Leclair and against John M. Badollet in the First Division Court. Leclair says he was employed by Badollet to go through various tortures, so that a record could be kept of his suffering for the benefit of an eccentric resident of Boston, who is writing a book on the punishments inflicted during the middle ages. After submitting to one torture he announced that he had had enough and that he would never consent to be experimented upon again. Badollet then told him that he could change from the tortured one to the torturer. This new work was much more to his taste, and for several months he did his best to make his employer suffer and assisted him in taking notes.

When Leclair left Badollet he was unable to collect the wages due him and he began a suit through Counsellor Louis Mathot. Just before the case came to trial Badollet induced Leclair to agree to a compromise, but as he did not pay any money the lawyer thought it would be best to obtain judgment. When the case came up before Civil Justice Michael Norton, Leclair went on the witness stand and proved the amount of his claim. He described his duties with Badollet as cook, typewriter and model. Upon this formal testimony, as no defence was interposed, judgment was granted, and it was immediately placed in the hands of a marshal for collection.

Suffered in Silence for His Brother.

A Stillwater, Minn., despatch says: There was released from State prison the other day, on pardon from the Governor, a man who suffered disgrace and imprisonment for over ten years, for a crime of which he was not only innocent, but which he actively tried to prevent. The victim is Jacob Bird, who, when 18 years old, was convicted in Dakota county of murder and sentenced to the State prison for life. The executive document granting the pardon states: "It appears from the affidavits of J. N. Castle, an attorney in the case, and Stephen Newell, then Sheriff of Dakota county, that the crime was committed by Jacob's brother John, who died in jail before trial, and that the prisoner, Jacob, had not even assisted in committing the crime, and was opposed to it." Jacob never made any attempt to implicate his brother.

Curious Coincidence.

1+8+8+9=26, and this is the number of persons who may legally witness executions under the new law, which went into effect in this State January 1st, 1889.—*New York Herald.*

Couldn't Do Otherwise.

"So old Brown is dead, eh? Well, well Did he leave anything?"

"Yes. It broke his heart to do it, but he left everything."

Immodest Thought.

The London papers are wondering if it is the American girls' pink faces that charm foreign admirers. We should say that the girls' greenbacks attract more than their pink faces.—*Alta California*

Emperor William is said to have adopted the late King Ludwig's habit of listening alone to operatic rehearsals.

TERROR, SUFFERING AND DEATH.

Father and Son Pass a Dreadful Night on the Ice—Death of the Old Man.

A Trenton despatch says: On Wednesday night during the violent storm the shanty of Peter Blakely, fisherman, was carried away. It was located below Baker's Island. Mr. Blakely and his son being homeless started for Trenton, but in consequence of the terrible gale they wandered about all night on the ice. In the morning they were discovered by farmers, who found them lying together on the cold ice, the father dead and the boy almost exhausted. The *Whig* correspondent hurried to the scene, found the youth in a farm house, where he was being restored, and was given the following account of the terrible exposure he endured: "Father and I had been fishing in the bay all winter. And when the ice began to get rotten we moved our fish house on shore, below Snake Island. Part of the shanty was on shore. Myself and father went to bed last night, and some time afterwards the shanty was carried out on the bay, and the first thing we knew we were half a mile from shore. The sea was breaking all around us. We got out of the shanty, and found ourselves on a large cake of ice going down the bay. We shouted, but found no answer. We could see nothing. The ice floe was firmly jammed, and we remained on it all night, praying for daylight. Towards morning father seemed to be getting weaker. When the long-looked for daylight came we found we were only fifty yards from shore. I spoke to father, but he made no answer. I went ashore, found a fisherman, told him my position, and he refused to come and help me. He thought we would all be drowned. I then went back to father, but he did not move, so I tried to carry him ashore myself, but I could not. I then tore the lining out of my cap and covered his face and went ashore again. At this time I was very weak, and was fast losing my strength. At last I got on the shore and told some farmers about father, and they fetched him ashore and left him lying on the ground until they went five miles, to Trenton, to inform the police. I think if they had taken father to one of the houses and attended to him in place of leaving him in the cold, he might have been brought around. I never passed through such a time in my life. Father prayed nearly all the time when we were on the ice. I am feeling very sure now I shall never forget the 9th and 10th of January, 1889."

BEATEN TO DEATH.

A French Canadian Fatally Assaulted by Flesherton Toughs.

A last (Wednesday) night's Orillia despatch says: Yesterday, when the afternoon train from Midland drew into the station here, among other passengers who alighted were Charles Hebner, his brother and a French Canadian named Philip Morriel. They made their way up town, Morriel stopping at the Oriental Hotel. In the evening the Hebners came around with the intention, according to their threats, of giving the Frenchman a thrashing, but they were promptly expelled by the proprietor of the hotel. The train left at 9 o'clock, all being aboard and somewhat the worse of liquor. Arriving at Flesherton, about sixteen miles north of here, their place of residence, they alighted. The train had hardly moved out when the Hebners attacked Morriel, Charles knocking him down with a pair of skates he had strapped together. A man named Thomas Cartmill, who witnessed the affair, tried to interfere and was also knocked down, but was only slightly hurt. The Hebners kicked Morriel's face and body almost into a jelly and left him for dead. In a few minutes, however, he arose and walked to his boarding house, about a quarter of a mile distant. He told them that "the Hebners had been trying to murder him, but they couldn't kill a Frenchman." Dr. Hanley, of Waubaushene, was immediately sent for, but arrived only a few minutes before Morriel died—about four hours after he had been beaten. The Hebners were arrested and brought to the Ryan House, Coldwater. An inquest is being held on the body of the deceased. The Hebners bear a hard name here, Charles having lost an arm in the Central Prison while serving a term there. Morriel seemed to be a quiet fellow, and had been working on the farm of Mr. Scarrow. He has a brother and sister in Quebec, who have been telegraphed to. It is rumored that there is a woman at the bottom of the affair.

MAN'S DUPLICITY.

George Algernon Jefferson Anderson Missing With His Wife's Money.

A Brockville despatch says: Some time during the forepart of December last Geo. Algernon Jefferson Anderson arrived in Dundela and was engaged in writing records in family Bibles. He was an excellent chirographer and was liberally patronized by the people in the vicinity. He boarded in the same house in which the school mistress stayed, and as he was of rather prepossessing appearance she soon became enamored of him. He professed to reciprocate her affection and an engagement soon followed. She lent him $25 to pay his fare to Morrisburg, to purchase some clothes. He returned and they were married at Bell's Corners on Dec. 22nd. They afterwards visited Morrisburg, where she drew $100 of her savings from the bank, and gave them to George Algernon, to secure a house in Brockville in which to take up there abode. She had business in Ottawa, and after spending a couple of days of married life, they separated, she going to Ottawa and he coming to Brockville to secure a house. On Saturday last she arrived in Brockville and since then she has been looking for her truant husband, George Algernon Jefferson Anderson, but he with the imposing name has left for parts unknown. The young lady in question possesses a highly respectable appearance, and her friends in the vicinity of Dundela are said to be prominent persons.

Sir John Lister Kaye has decided to purchase ten farms of 5,000 acres each from the Interior Department.

There were 509 cases tried before the Police Magistrate in St. Thomas last year, of which 243 were drunks.

The first railroad successfully operated on this continent was constructed in 1828, and extended from Baltimore to a point called Elliott's Mills, a distance of twelve miles.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Colchester, N.S., is asking for the repeal of the Scott Act.

Lady Macdonald is learning type-writing, to facilitate her correspondence and literary work.

Lieut.-Gov. McLelan, of Nova Scotia, will spend the rest of the winter in the South, for the benefit of his health.

Montreal society is excited at present over the elopement of a married lady, the mother of two children, with a commercial traveller.

The Dominion Evangelical Alliance has sent a lengthy petition to the Governor-General-in-Council praying against the Jesuit Estate Act.

The John Carruthers Science Hall will be erected on the Queen's College campus and immediately in rear of the present educational block at Kingston.

The weather is now very favorable in Montreal for the building of the ice palace, which will be ready by February 4th, when it will be opened by the Governor-General and Lady Stanley.

St. John Hughson and John McManus, Renfrew boys, played with a revolver last week. The weapon discharged and a ball entered the latter's abdomen. He is badly injured but not fatally.

A two year-old child named McCallum died in St. Rochs, Que., on Saturday from the effects of drinking nearly half a pint of brandy which it found in a bottle in its mother's room. Directly after taking it the poor child fell into a state of coma, from which it never recovered.

A despatch received at Halifax from Shelburne says it is reported there that about two dozen American fishing vessels have been trawling within a short distance of McNutt Island light, inside the three-mile limit, for a week past, and are still trawling. Local fishermen complain that if it is not stopped it will destroy the shore fishing next spring.

The King of the Netherlands has suffered a relapse, and is now in a dangerous condition.

The Queen Regent of Spain will visit the Queen of England immediately after her arrival at Biarritz.

Prof. Huxley is again in London and much better. He emphatically denies the report of his belief in spiritualism.

In London diplomatic circles there is some fear lest the Samoan dispute may lead to a rupture between Germany and the States.

Minister Phelps will leave England on January 31st. No successor to Lord Sackville will be appointed until the new Administration is installed at Washington.

The British steamer Priam, bound from Liverpool to Hong Kong, was wrecked off the Sisarага Island, near Corunna. Four women passengers, the ship surgeon and four of the crew were drowned.

The Russian budget for 1889 shows a surplus of 4,500,000 roubles, and the Minister of Finance declares that the satisfactory prospect for the coming year is due to the sincerely pacific policy of the Czar.

President Carnot, of France, has issued a decree authorizing the construction in private shipyards of two ironclad cruisers, one of which will be 4,000 tons burden and the other of 5,000 tons. The decree also authorizes the construction of fifteen torpedo boats for coast defence.

Prince Krapotkine, in the course of a lecture in the Whitechapel district, London, last night, advised the Socialists to combine for the purpose of obtaining possession of the railways, factories, etc. This, he declared, was the only way by which they could become decent persons.

The correspondent of the *Telegraph* at Suakim, referring to the offer made by the Mahdi to furnish safe conduct to Captain Gordon to visit the tomb of his uncle, General Gordon, at Khartoum, asserts that the Moslems have made a saint of Gordon, his tomb being sacred and his name respected throughout the interior of Africa.

Mrs. Jay Gould died at her house on Fifth avenue, New York, at 8.50 last night.

Secretary Endicott has expressed his approval of the plans for the proposed high-level bridge at Detroit.

In the House of Representatives on Friday, Mr. McAdoo, of New York, advocated the abolition of the United States diplomatic service, as being useless.

John Keysor went to the town of Papillion, Neb., only a few months ago. He proposed to the daughter of wealthy Farmer Williams, and was accepted. Saturday was fixed for the wedding, and every preparation was made to render the occasion the event of the year. When the parties appeared at the altar, where the nuptial knot was to be tied, the lady turned to her lover, and in decisive tones said: "Have you ever been married before, and is your wife not now alive?" The would-be bridegroom whispered "Yes," and begged to have the matter hushed up. The lady refused to proceed further with the ceremony, and before the bystanders understood the situation the would-be bridegroom left the building and has not been heard of since.

At Pratt Mills, five miles from Birmingham, Ala., yesterday, Mrs. J. S. Kellan, wife of a mechanic, and her son, Willie, 9 years old, were murdered by a negro. The woman and boy had been in the woods a short distance to drive up their cows. They met a negro, who told them he could show them where the cows were. They followed him a short distance, when he turned and struck Mrs. Kellar with a heavy club. The boy screamed for help and was immediately brained by the negro. The boy died instantly. Mrs. Kellan was removed to her home and lived long enough to describe the murderer and give particulars of the crime. The negro fled, but is being pursued by a *posse* with bloodhounds and will be lynched if caught. So far as known there was no motive for the crime.

The largest railway station in the world is the one inaugurated at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the 18th of August. It covers a superficies of 335,916 square feet. Hitherto, the largest stations have been the Saint Pancras at London (166,625 square feet) and the Silesia station at Berlin (130,000 square feet) That of Frankfort is double the size of the first named.

GLORY OF THE GIRL.

She is a Thing of Beauty and we Love Her from the Cradle to the Grave.

(Ebullition in the New York Herald.)

All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun path in thy worth.
—*Emerson.*

In the animal race exists a fine, fair thing, so great, so requisite for our needs, that if she vanished like a star, the sun, the moon and all men would follow.

The roses could not grow if she should die; the smell of clover could not blow if she were not; the sound of tong could not ascend if she won't live, and gloom and death, you see, would be among us.

I refer to the girl.

The girl's first breath is promise, the girl's first step's a blessing, the girl's first word's a symphony, the girl's last word means business. Her rattle is melody, her prattle is poetry, her bibs and tuckers hung on a line are dainty delights and deliriums.

Let every female thing on earth sing pæans of victory! Let them elevate their plumage in the pure, precious pride that, if they wither whence, their consort—man—is down in the depths of the gilded tureen.

HERE'S A DAISY BABY!

Coming down the sunny walk in short, white dresslets, snubby nosed, pink, wide eyed, cooing, the feminine babe is best. The mystical charm of the sex of the thing is so undeniably sweet! Ask the nurse—the bright, slender, palpably feminine nurse—if the bundle is a girl. If she says it's a girl then kiss her for luck, for her mother, for joy, for future content.

Don't make a mistake and kiss the nurse.

On her way to the school in the primness of youth the little girl student is best. The coy, gentle gaze, the faint, timid smile are so indescribably pure. Like a reed, like a rose, like a song, like a star, she bends, glows, sighs and beams. And the faith in her heart and the maid by her side know their business and keep her from harm.

Pretty soon after this she makes her debut.

In soft, fluffy muslin and crepe de Chine the feminine rosebud is best. Her gurgling laugh and her big wondering eyes are an elegant first stock in trade. The curve of her neck would surprise Mickey Welch and a lily would envy her arms. It is new—in the bud, with the leaves still tight curled that the girl takes the last crumb of feeling. It is now—like a gawk, like two yards of wood—that the youth sneaks around and is moony.

And why?

Because the sweet femininess of the arrangement is getting in its fine work.

At the altar, with joy bells a ringing and organs a pealing their blessings, the girl is the best; she's as white as the blossoms that wreathe in her hair, as the faint breath of lace that enshrouds her fair head, as the neck of a swan, as snow. The man in his black is in sight, to be sure, but do you think that he really is "in it?" Is the sigh of the man or the sigh of the girl the sigh that seems sacred and lovely? Is the "Yes" of the man or the "Yes" of the bride the "Yes" that rings down the far future?

Well, you get down into the future and listen.

And now to the night when they spring an alarm and the doctor's three miles to windward—when the house is all hustle and bustle and whizz, and it all seems so strange and so sweet and so new; when a faint little cry creeps down from upstairs, is not masculineness ashamed at its weak, helpless part—is not everything great and divine and sublime contained in the musical tidings—

"Another girl!"

I do not celebrate here the mere female. Look at some of them, and you'll know why. But pick out the real elegance of feminineism—The Girl—and the song sings itself.

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

Bloody Duel Over the Hand of a Young Quebec Lady—Tragic Termination to the Bout.

A Montreal despatch says: A bloodthirsty and barbarous duel has been fought near Louisville, Que. Two young men named Charpentier and Frechette were aspirants for the hand of one Mlle. Chimen, and they were not long in finding a pretext for a quarrel, which came to a tragic ending on Thursday. They met and in the most cold blooded manner arranged between themselves to settle the matter by a duel, the conditions of which were unique and barbarous. Seconds were dispensed with, and both men were to go to a certain point on the river bank at a given hour and there to fight with any weapon which came to hand, firearms or cutting weapons to be excluded, until one of them was killed or insensible, when the survivor was to throw his body into the river. Both men kept the appointment, and the battle lasted about ten minutes, both the men using their fists at first, after which they took to stones, and the end came when Charpentier's skull was crushed in by a blow from an iron bar which Frechette picked up. The final condition of throwing the body into the river was not complied with, the victor driving off in his waggon. He has not been heard of since, it being supposed he has escaped to the United States. It was impossible to cut off his flight, as the telegraph wires were rendered useless by the storm. Charpentier was found insensible, and the doctors say he cannot live. Mlle. Chimen, the cause of the quarrel, has been out of her mind since the tragic affair.

—There is no foundation for the report that Rev. Charles Chiniquy has retired, or that he intends to retire from active work. He resigned his charge at St. Anne, Kankakee county, Illinois, to facilitate the union of the two Presbyterian congregations there; but he is as active as ever, and will continue his evangelical work as long as health and strength are granted to him. He does not covet *otium cum dignitate*, and would far rather wear out than rust out. He is now in his 80th year, having been born on 30th July, 1809.

Old boots and shoes, steamed to a pulp, are now converted into the soft, stamped, ornamental leather so popular for artistic bookbinding.

HIS OWN CALENDAR.

A Birth-mark that Waxes and Wanes with the Moon Itself.

Twenty-eight years ago when Mrs. Sarah Rothermal gave birth to a son there was a mark upon the back part of the infant's head just below and to the right of the base of the brain. The parents were not superstitious, and not a great deal of attention was then paid to the defect in the child's head. To-day he is widely known, and the birth-mark upon James Rothermal is the most remarkable freak in nature yet heard of in this section of the country. The man is a carpenter by trade, and lives in Springhill township, close to where the Cheat River empties into the Monongahela. He is more than ordinarily intelligent. Mr. Rothermal's birth-mark is not of the common kind, and its transformation with the changing of the moon makes it particularly peculiar. It is naturally crescent in shape and bluish in color. As the moon is turning the first quarter the mark becomes a reddish hue, and the swelling of the flesh below it, extending diagonally across the neck to the right shoulder, is perceptible. The mark becomes redder as the moon grows older, and the flesh swells correspondingly. As the birthmark grows large as the moon becomes full, so it decreases in size as the moon wanes, and when the moon is quite dark there is nothing to be seen but the bluish, crescent-shaped mark. Singular as it may appear, these changes have come regularly ever since the man was born. Mr. Rothermal suffers no inconvenience by the enlargement of the neck, nor does he endure much pain. He needs no almanac to tell the changes of the moon, simply placing his hand on the mark to tell its condition. While going to school the scholars and teacher often observed the changes in the birthmark and wondered at the remarkable regularity with which they occurred. There are many theories discussed by Mr. Rothermal's acquaintances as to the relation of the moon to animal life, but none has been advanced which is satisfactory to every one. All agree, however, that the freak can go on record as the strangest thus far observed.—*Connellsville (Pa.) correspondence New York Times.*

Cheap Living in Japan.

If Frank G. Carpenter, whose letters from the orient have been attracting some attention, is to be believed, wages are relatively higher in Japan than in Chicago. At Tokio, according to Mr. Carpenter, skilled workmen command from 30 cents a day upward, while salesmen receive from $15 to $30 per month. As this is in a country where "food is about $2 25 a month for each person" and the "necessary outlay for clothing about $3 75 per year," while a one-room house may be had for "40 cents a month in American money," it is pretty clear that the Chinese are not altogether unwise in flowing thither. It will be observed that rent in Tokio is about one-thirtieth of a mechanic's wages, food about one-fifth and clothing less than one-fortieth. There is probably no carpenter, or printer, or tailor, or iron-worker in Chicago, averaging $2 a day, who is getting rent for a thirtieth of his wages, or $2 per month. He may get his food for somewhat less than one-seventh of his wages, but his clothing certainly costs him more than one-fortieth. Mr. Carpenter's figures are perhaps open to some question, particularly as to the cost of food, which is very high relatively, but in any case they seem to show that the Japanese workman is retaining a somewhat greater proportion of his product than is left to the American workman after he has paid rent and taxes.

The Paradoxes of Science.

The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallised part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself as theine, not as tea, without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water; when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

And He Still Has Hope.

"I have been shipwrecked, been baked in a railroad accident and fired out of a foundry window by a boiler explosion. I was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, suffered starvation in Libby Prison, fell overboard from a transport off Charleston and left four of my fingers in the mouth of a shark. I had my right arm broken in two places in a New York riot, and stood on a barrel with a halter round my neck in a southern town at the outbreak of the great rebellion from sunrise to sunset. I was buried under the ruins of a building in San Francisco during an earthquake, and dug out after fifty hours of imprisonment. I have been shot at three times, twice by lunatics and once by a highwayman. I was buried two days by a gas explosion in a mine, and narrowly escaped lynching last year in Arizona through mistaken identity. And though I am over 50, and have nearly lost the use of my right leg, have just had, as I understand, all my property, on which there was no insurance, destroyed by fire in a western town; and the doctor in New York to whom I went last week for an examination assures me that I will soon be bedridden from rheumatism; nevertheless,' he added cheerfully, "while I undoubtedly have met some obstacles in the past, I still refuse to believe that luck is against me."—*Daylight Land.*

THE GRANDEST CHANCE

Y-E-T.

J. G. Anderson

WILL OFFER GOODS

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

COMMENCING JAN. 21,

AT

Prices Never yet Heard of !

I do not intend that goods shall lie on my shelves from one season to the other. So, in order to make room for SPRING GOODS which will be along next month. The prices of everything will be

SLAUGHTERED.

I have also added largely to my stock some very

CHOICE SELECTIONS

—FROM A—

BANKRUPT STOCK !

Which will be sold at far below wholesale prices. Don't fail to come early that you may have a good choice. Note a few of the prices :

A nice Tweed Effect Dress Goods, worth 13c a yard, now 12 yards for $1.

A heavy wide Melton Dress Goods, worth 15c, for 10c a yard. Other lines in proportion.

Great Drives in Tweeds !

A number of beautiful suiting tweeds, worth $1.10 per yard, now 65 cts.

A 75 ct. tweed for 50 cts. a yard

DON'T fail to see these goods soon. We cannot keep them long at these prices. All other lines of dry goods reduced in proportion. Remember this clearing sale will

ONLY LAST FOR 30 DAYS !

——Just have a look through our——

BOOT and SHOE DEPARTMENT

We have not space to enumerate the bargains you will be able to get in this line. BE SURE YOU GET A SAMPLE OF OUR

TEA, 4 lbs. FOR $1.

J. G. ANDERSON.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless,

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Heard's Carriage Works.

—:— MANUFACTUREL OF —:—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., & c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HRROWS AND GATES.

Special Attent on given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 312, Portland, Maine.

FREE FREE

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady Work. Write for terms to CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Nurserymen, Colborn

CAUTION.

ALL PERSONS are hereby cautioned against negotiating a note for ten dollars drawn in favor of John Foster, given by one Abraham Scott, dated April 18, and due in six months from date, made payable at Heath Head Post-office, as I have not received value for the same, said note having been lost.

JOHN FOSTER,
Proton Station P.O.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., No. 396. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy fluse goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

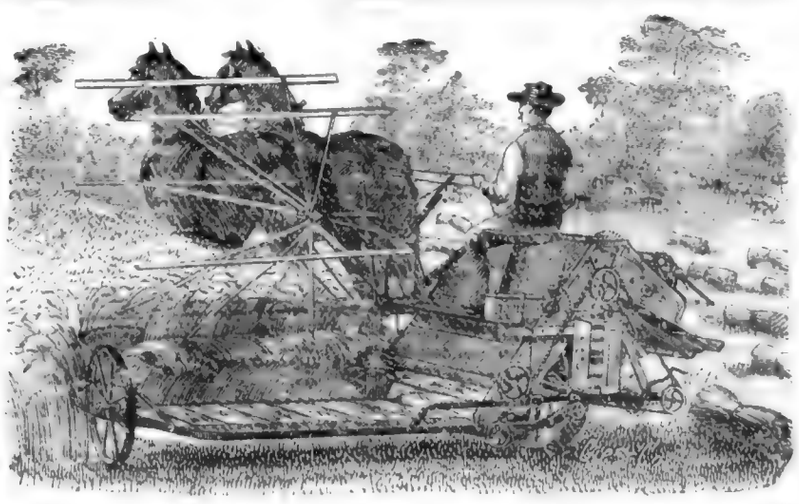

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower,
THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR.
LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

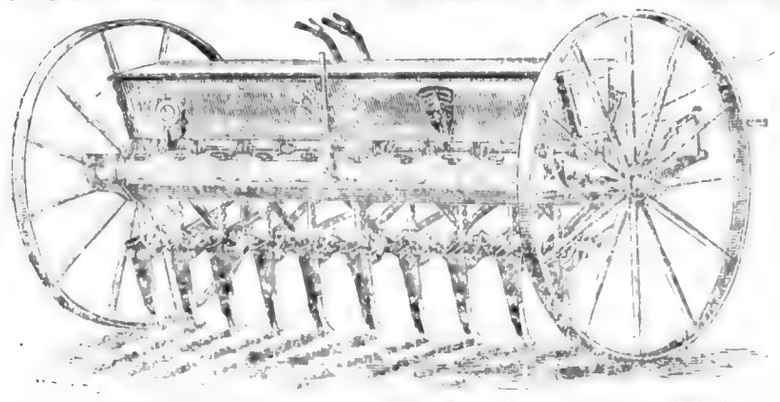

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth without stopping the team.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses no ground when starting in, after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and saves cord to binders.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON. NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

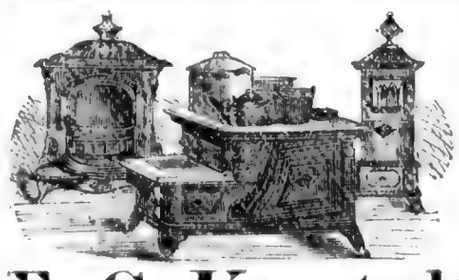

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* **Flesherton.**

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

The Ontario Legislature convened last Thursday.

Give your orders now for sap-pails at F. G. Karstedt's, Flesherton

Visiting cards—ladies' and gents'—for sale at this office, printed or plain.

"Snow, snow, beautiful snow. We have you at last and we'll not let you go.

The party season is roaring now, and our youthful poet sings its praises.

The Montreal Witness publishes a very creditable Carnival number.

Board by the week, day or meal, apply to Mrs. Jas. Kester, Sydenham St., Flesherton.

You can have the daily Empire during the sessions of Ontario Legislature and Dominion Parliament for one dollar.

Mr. Fields purposes holding a carnival on the Flesherton rink shortly, but the date has not yet been decided upon

Russell's auction sale of household furniture will be held in Wm. Wright's store, in order to give more room for intending purchasers to examine articles.

LUMBER WANTED; 10,000 ft. Basswood, 10,000 ft. Hemlock, 5,000 ft Soft Elm. For particulars call at Legate's carriage shop, Flesherton.

The Salvation Army is about to storm Dundalk, and the worst thing the Herald wishes for the army is that it may get hold of some of his dilinquent subscribers.

Mr. Wm. Petch intends to rush the butcher business in good style. He intends keeping the best meat that can be got in the county. Just give him a trial and be convinced.

Mr. Irwin has magnanimously started a night school in the school house. Sessions on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. It is well attended, and will, no doubt, be appreciated by our young folks.

FOR SALE! A roadster mare rising four years old, also one Portland cutter, and single harness, will be sold reasonably. For particulars apply to JOSEPH SMITH, Flesherton.

The carnival held on Priceville skating rink Friday evening last was a big success. A large number of Flesherton young people drove over and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Two of the prizes came to Flesherton.

LOOK HERE! All parties indebted to me either by Note or book account are requested to call and settle by cash or otherwise on or before the 15th of Feb. inst. R. P. Legate.

The Advance is right on the cowcatcher as an advertising medium. Messrs. Graham and Whitby, the real estate brokers of 972 Queen street west, Toronto, write us saying: "Our advertising in the Advance has benefitted us largely." Mr Whitby was at one time a resident of Flesherton. Should you desire to do a little speculating place your orders with him.

Bro. Fawcett, of Streetsville, has taken up the study of Indian. He gives us this startling information: "Nidi pah na wa ne pun ne ze, ah shum me shun O buh nah waune." Still we do not quite agree with him. You see the *Oh no hang, let's not see is not* [illegible] *neah-aha neah washkosh.* Consequently we think Bro. Fawcett's *no chear nocka quem* is somewhat *non meliner she bashel.* Wah?

Rev. Mr. Enns, a this years graduate of Knox College, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit here on Sabbath last. Mr. Enns is a very promising young man, and preached a most excellent sermon from Romans ten and thirteen. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." His discourse was of more than ordinary excellence, and would lead one to expect that with experience and practice he may become a power in his church.

Social.

A parlor social was held on Friday evening last at the Methodist parsonage, which Rev. Mr. Shilton had kindly thrown open for the occasion. The rooms were crowded with a merry company. Games, vocal and instrumental music, etc., constituted the program. Old and young vied with each other in making the evening pass pleasantly and succeeded remarkably well. It was one of the most successful affairs of the season, over $16 being added to the Ladies' Aid Society funds.

Mr. John Martin, of Owen Sound, brightened our sanctum with his genial presence on Friday. Mr. Martin is an old friend of the editor's and "greased his wheels" to the extent of two dollars. May John continue to grow even more portly and jolly on the good things of this life.

At the County Council in Owen Sound last week Mr. John Rutherford was appointed to the County clerkship, made vacant by the death of Mr. Gale. R. McNaught, reeve of Sarwak, was given the wardenship. Mr. Edward Rorke was appointed as auditor by the Council after a warm tussle. Mr. Edgar is the second auditor.

Owing to a misunderstanding there was no mechanics' institute meeting held on Monday evening. There will be another one called, of which due notice will be given. We are sure that when the people understand the Government's liberality in such matters they will wonder why advantage was not taken of it long ago.

An interesting debate took place in the County council last week on a by-law regulating the width of vehicles to be used on various public roads in the county. The by-law had been passed through two readings at the December session and was to be laid before their constituents at the various municipal nominations by the candidates for council. The expression of the people thus given some being reported to be quite enthusiastic for the passing of the by-law, while the opposite view was strongly endorsed by some, especially by the ratepayers of Euphrasia. The by law was on division—20 to 19—ordered to become law.—O. S. Times.

In connection with this discussion Mr. Gamey, the able reeve of Osprey, tells us of a biting piece of sarcasm on the part of some member of Council. A strong protest came from Euphrasia against the by-law. The aforementioned funny member suggested that a by-law be passed making it necessary for people to run sleighs in that township on one runner. The full force of this sarcasm is understood when it is known that Euphrasia runs narrower sleighs than any of the surrounding townships.

Occupied at Last.

The new C.P.R. station here has been completed for some weeks, but it was not until Thursday last that it received its new occupants. Friends McGill and Harrington feel so large and self-satisfied now that they are continually wondering how they ever existed in the cramped condition occupied by them during the past nine months. There is an important air about their every action now, and we share their pride. The new station is a credit to our town.

An Army Dance.

A Flesherton gentleman had occasion to visit Creemore last week, and remained over night at Dunedin, about five miles this side of Creemore. He tells of some Salvation Army lassies at the hotel where he stopped. A large number of the Army had came out from Creemore to hold religious service, but one portion of them prefered enjoying a dance and so the company split up, one half holding their prayer meeting and the other half engaging a room at the hotel, where they danced until then brethern were prepared to return home, or rather until the landlord ordered them to cease their lascivious orgies, when they skipped out. The gentleman's veracity is beyond dispute and he says he saw them with his own eyes dancing in their Army uniform at the hotel where he was stopping. What kind of strangers is thy tent pitched among, Brother Spurr? We mourn for thee.

Death of Mrs. Hooper.

Death has claimed another soul who, in life, was well known in this village and surrounding country. Mrs. Richard Hooper passed away on Thursday last after a weary fight with the fangs of consumption. The deceased was a young woman, only 30 years of age, daughter of James Myles, Esq., and was respected and honored by every one who knew her. She was a playmate of the editor's boyhood, and it is with extreme sorrow that we chronicle her early demise. A sunny and affable nature and a heart overflowing with kindness, were the notable features of a life which has been stricken down in the bloom of womanhood. Last August she returned home from far off Kansas where she had been living with her husband, and where she contracted the disease. Since then she has been living at her father's residence, near Kimberley, cared for by loving hands, and receiving all assistance in the physician's power, but to no avail. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Meaford on Saturday. Mr. Hooper and the sorrowing relations have the sympathy of many friends.

For the Advance.

The "Party."

How we love the social party, with its jolly little plays,
Where the clothes-pin is important and the button holds our gaze,
Where the bean bag, game of Authors and the black-eyed dominoes
Take the place of ball-room dresses and the tread of dainty toes.

There is something quite exciting in the forfeit paying scheme,
Where the tape is measured off and all is like a blessed dream
Yet the dream is sometimes shattered, and your fun is made to pall
When you're asked to stand upon your head beside the parlor wall;

Or when you must salute a maid or council with yourself,
While your best girl sits there pouting—the desperation of.
Now of course those things are drawbacks, as we learned when quite a boy
That we've got to have some sorrows mixed in every blissful joy.

Still I say give me the social winter party with its fun
Where the lads and lasses gather when the day is done,
And where cupid ever busy, revels free from fray
All unnoticed by his victims [illegible]

Beautiful sleighing now, and business brisk.

The neatest calendar received this season comes from D. R. Dewar, publisher of first sides, Hamilton.

Died.

[illegible]
Margaret Ann, beloved wife of Robert [illegible] in her 30th year.

For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25c. For sale at the Medical Hall.

T. Henderson, dentist, will be in Flesherton on Friday and Saturday 1 and 2, to look after your teeth.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting Illustrated Book on Deafness and Noises in the head. How they may be cured at home. Post free on application. Address Dr. Nicholson, 463 St. John Street, Montreal.

SACRIFICE SALE

TILL FEB. 1st. 1889

16⅔ PER CENT. off all WATCHES and CLOCKS or ONE SIXTH off marked prices.

20 per cent. off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL goods and ditto.

25 per cent off general JEWELRY, SPECTACLES

Mail Orders. Cut this out and mail to us this week, state where you saw it.

CLOSE CASH. COMPLETE.

It will pay you to drive here as I can give a large Stock from at cost to close.

CALL THIS MORNING

If you never have been to us AND—

Test This Statement

that I have a very fine

Bed Rock Price

Discounts considered on cash or pairing receives special attention

JEWELER and OPTICIAN
MARKDALE, ONT.

A Rosebud Immortal.

The following is from a book of poems, "A Haunted Heart," by Minna Irving, of Tarrytown, whose quarrel with Stenographer Palmer Wells has excited the attention of the courts and the newspapers

We stood in the garden at morning,
A garden all golden and green;
The leaves in the wind sang together,
Her laughter made music between
She was robed in the white of the lilies,
Her eyes, like the heavens, were blue,
And around her, in sweetness unfolded,
The roses a-glitter with dew.

I prayed for a bud, and she gave it,
With a smile and a blush and a sigh.
I caught and I kissed her white fingers,
There rebuked a tear in her eye.
The gardener, ancient and wrinkled,
Came clipping the boxwood and yew,
And she went, and a cloud drifted over,
And the sparkle died out of the dew.

My locks are a glimmer with silver,
My life is unbrightened by love,
For, still in the robes of the lilies,
She sings with the angels above.
In a book in my hand it the attic,
Laid in with a leaflet of rue,
Is a rosebud that never unfolded
For lack of the sunlight and dew.

That shall she is dead like the rosebud,
And my love for her never was told,
But in my dream of the glory of heaven
Is of her at the gateway of gold.
She stands with her feet in the blossoms,
And waiteth to welcome me through,
And give me a rosebud immortal,
Besprred over with diamonds of dew.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:
A NOVEL.

"You know, father, that I do not care for these parties," said Caleb, awkwardly. "They are not in my line, and I am never my own man in them."

"And thee doesn't make account of thy duty to me as brought thee up," said Miles. "What thy father wishes doesn't weigh so much as the tail-end of a mouse with thee. Thy father who has slaved for thee, and thought night and day of naught but thee and what would be for thy good—thou'st naught better to do than flout and fleer when he wants thee to hold up thy head as thou shouldst with the best."

"You know, father, I never mean to flout or fleer you," said Caleb, earnestly; "but I do not feel called on to go about among these people. They think themselves of another make of flesh and blood from us, and they don't care a jot for our money—got, as it were, by a fluke, and with such owners as we."

"Such owners as we! and what the dickens dost mean by that, jackanapes?" shouted Miles.

"Why, just this, father: we are not gentlemen and we can't pretend that we are," said Caleb.

"Toots, toots, lad! Brass'll gild a miner's pick till it is as fine as my lord's sword," said Miles, half in fun and half in anger. The gentry at Kingshouse ain't far different from men and women elsewhere, I reckon; and a full purse goes as far, my lad, as those mouldy old coats of arms, with nothing behind them but lean chaps and family pride. Go thy ways, I tell thee. Hie up stairs, Caleb, like a good lad, and do as thy father bids. Don thy best coat and go to the vicarage with the rest. And if thou'lt bring me home a well-doing likely daughter-in-law, like that Lady Elizabeth yonder, I'd not care to call the King my uncle. And I'd set thee up in housekeeping so that the King shouldn't be put about to call thee nephew."

Caleb still hesitated—silent, awkward, reluctant, abashed; when his father suddenly flew into a rage such as even he was not accustomed to see; and with curses, kicks, blows, and oaths offered him his choice—to go, or to leave the house that very moment disinherited forever. His son had therefore nothing for it but to bend before the storm, and yield to his father's desire, and so it was that for the first time in his life he formed one of the Kingshouse gatherings, and made his entrance into the fair company of whom Lady Elizabeth Inchbold was the queen and Estelle Clanricarde the star of beauty.

CHAPTER III.

HIS IPHIGENIA.

One of old Miles Stagg's favorite aphorisms was that which proclaims how fine birds are made by fine feathers. Give Colin Clout a good coat, a flashy necktie, a gold chain as thick as a ship's rope, studs as big as sixpences, and all the rest to correspond, and Miles could see no difference between his appearance and that of the smartest young Jemmy Jessamy in the land. If Jemmy were to be dressed in flannels, the difference, indeed, would be to the good of Colin. Consequently, though Caleb, from his experience of college life, knew slightly better than his father, and from his more delicately organized brain, had at all times keener and quicker perceptions, he was forced to obey the old man's imperative command that he should make himself as smart as ninepence, and take the shine out of that gang of genteel paupers he would meet in the vicarage gardens to day.

His close fitting frock-coat was new to rawness and distractingly faultless; his black trousers were still in the tailor's well-defined creases; his glossy hat shone like a blackened mirror; and his jewelry was resplendent. Over the edge of his stiff white collar, guillotined with an aniline crimson tie fastened by a large diamond horse-shoe pin, his round, flat, unmeaning face rose like a pug-dog's changed from black to red and white, and from hairy caninity into a fairly good sketch of humanity. His fawn-colored gloves matched the color of his hair, and his patent-leather boots crippled the flat feet which, for the most part, expatiated in greased boots where his corns were not tortured. Such as he was, holding himself as stiffly as if trussed beneath his clothes, shy, sheepish, uncomfortable, self-conscious, and not a whit reassured by his father's boisterous commendation, nor by his mother's vacant smile, the young man mounted the dog-cart, which the coachman drove—the smart groom sitting behind, his arms folded and his tongue in his cheek and went off to one of those informal tennis parties which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart gave weekly for the pleasure of the young people and the promotion of social good feeling.

It need hardly be said what impression the poor young man made when he came on the lawn, somewhat after time because of the struggle at home; his wonderful get-up contrasting so sharply with the loose flannels of the rest, the tightly buckled belts, the turned-up sleeves, the well-worn cricket shoes, and all the other loose points of the time and occasion. Not the dear good vicaress herself could resist that little smile which comes unbidden on the first flush of a ridiculous surprise, while some of the worse bred and less kindly tittered audibly. Lord Eustace, Lady Elizabeth's younger brother, gave a slight whistle, which was the rudest thing of all. But then he was a lord, and entitled to his own private code. Charlie Osborne, who, as poet, painter, musician and artist generally, assumed to know more about the religion of beauty and the morality of æsthetics than any one else, looked at the new-comer with the same expression on his face as if a false chord had been played, a halting rhyme repeated, or a man been detected hiding the ace up his sleeve.

As for Caleb himself, if that old familiar wish about the earth opening and swallowing him up alive could have been fulfilled for his benefit, how gladly would he have sunk beneath the sod, never to reappear! His distress was so apparent, his awkwardness so pitiful, his whole bearing so abject and humiliated, that three charitable souls took him into the sacred precincts of their compassion, and forgot to ridicule for the sake of pity. One of these three was, of course, Mrs. Stewart herself—a woman of that liberal, kindly, but not sentimental nature sometimes found in the arid wastes of society, as might be found a fountain and a palm tree in the desert; the second, Estelle, who thought how dreadful it must be to be like that; and third was Lady Elizabeth Inchbold, the fair-set mark at which old Miles aimed the presumptuous shaft of his paternal desires.

But then this was Lady Elizabeth's way. Whatever there was of hurt or sorrow, of low-lying, trampled on, helpless or mishandled, Lady Elizabeth was willing to lift up and comfort. Could she have wiped away all tears from all eyes at the cost of her own eternal weeping, she would have done so; could she have healed all wounds by the blood of her own heart, she would have healed them. No thought of self, no calculation of the extent or cost of her sacrifice troubled the pure stream of her human pity. That she should besmirch herself by touching the besmirched never occurred to her as possible. And if it had? Well, those who give themselves up to the care of the lepers doom themselves to the disease they live to soothe and die to lessen.

Estelle Clanricarde's great friend, she and Charlie Osborne, whom Estelle loved, stood at the opposite sides of that great triangle of life and thought the apex of which is truth. Where he, bitten by the sentimental cynicism of a certain school, despised his kind, and held life but a blotch and a blunder—more especially modern life and all the changes wrought by steam and science—she saw good everywhere, and like those who bore for underground waters on a sandy tract, knew how to find the deeper beauties hidden beneath superficial ugliness. For her, unselfish, generous, glad to serve and eager to save were more harmonies than discords in this great diapason of suffering and joy, of vice and virtue; for him, self-indulgent to pleasure and weak to pain, unable to bear, of irritable fibre all through, were mainly discords, with here and there a harmony in a gorgeous sunset or finely worded objurgation of the high-priest of his own restricted sect, or in Estelle Clanricarde when he could get her to himself and forget his artificial pessimism in the light of her dear eyes. Lady Elizabeth had sympathy with humanity because she did not lose touch of the real in the ideal. She therefore loved mankind, and pitied as much as she loved. Charlie Osborne refused sympathy because of his abhorrence for that which was mean and low and ugly in man. Her love went to people, his to things; hers to facts, his to thoughts. Between them lay the whole difference between the two great schools of humanism and realism—humanity and art.

It was not, then, out of the usual ordering of things, but the reverse, that when her grave, calm eyes had taken the whole circumstances of this unhappy omad'haun, so painfully out of place, Lady Elizabeth should go to where Mrs. Stewart was still talking to him in her brisk bee like manner, and join in the conversation as one who had the right of previous knowledge. She had that way. Her manner was that of one who had already established a claim of sympathy, and counted the points of contact. She never stood on the defensive, as even well-bred people are wont to do with strangers, but assumed from the first that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

"By Jove! that sister of mine is stark, staring mad. Look at her talking to that Polichinelle!" said Lord Eustace, not below his breath, to Estelle, to whom he was paying exaggerated court to take a rise out of Charlie Osborne, for mischief, not malice.

"On the contrary, I think she is very sweet to be so kind to such an object. But then she always is so kind," returned Estelle, glad to be able to contradict her adhesive companion, whom she could not shake off, and wished anywhere but where he was.

She knew Charlie's susceptible jealousy and faculty for self-tormenting, and she had no wish to vex him for Lord Eustace's pleasure. She was far too gentle and sweet-natured to wish to vex him for her own—just to see the power she had over him—as is the way with certain of her sex.

"Are you, too, one of the new sort?" asked Lord Eustace contemptuously. "I thank my good stars I am out of it. All this playing at democracy seems to me not only the worst form but the vilest rot afloat. It is rank atheism to pretend that we have no distinction of classes, and that gentlemen and boors are own brothers. And only owls are atheists."

"All the same, I think Lady Elizabeth is very sweet to go and talk to that dreadful creature," said Estelle, with her pretty doggedness.

And then—her mother's back being conveniently turned at the moment—she looked round to Charlie Osborne, and sent him a telegraphic message with her eyes which allayed some of the fever burning in his veins.

Meanwhile Lady Elizabeth took it in hand to make poor Caleb's present torture a little less unendurable. She found it hard work. There was not a solecism that he did not commit, not a gaucherie that he left untouched. He called her Miss to start with, and when Mrs. Stewart gave her her title formally, he made "Lady Elizabeth" flank every sentence, now before, now behind and sometimes fore and aft together.

When Mrs. Stewart said, "I don't think you know many people here, Mr. Stagg?" poor Caleb blushed like a peony and looked like a fool.

"No, Mrs. Stewart, not to speak to," he answered.

Then, when she presented him to Lady Elizabeth, he forgot his hat, and shook hands instead. When, pointing to the garden seat near to where they were standing, Lady Elizabeth said, "Shall we sit down," he planted himself at once on the edge in the shade, and let her sit in the sun with the light in her eyes. When he saw his mistake he was too awkward to get up and rectify it, though he would have let her walk over his body and use his fine new clothes for a door-mat had she had the mind. And when she, with that wonderful insight which belonged to her, divining the cause of his apparent discourtesy, and knowing that the little sacrifice would be his pleasure, said quietly, "I am sure your eyes are stronger than mine, Mr. Stagg; would you mind changing places with me?" he very nearly tumbled head-foremost into her lap in his eagerness to obey her, and wiped the place where he had been sitting with his handkerchief for her benefit.

But by slow degrees he ceased to twirl his hat between his knees; his heart left off beating in those painful gasps which are more like sobs than beats; those invisible needles ceased to prick him, as they had been pricking him ever since he drove up to the gates; he got to feel that he knew this Lady Elizabeth, this daughter of the earl, quite well, though not intimately—as one would know one's guardian angel, say; something to revere, but not to be afraid of; while over all his being stole a divine sense of calm, as with a lost wanderer when he sees the welcome light of a human home.

After probing and ploughing this barren tract and that arid acre, Lady Elizabeth at last fell on Caleb's own particular subject—flowers and birds and natural history generally. It needed patience and good engineering to draw from the poor omad'haun the fact that he knew anything at all; but the "delight," as her father sometimes called her who had him in hand, was both patient and a good conversational engineer; and though her shy and awkward naturalist never ventured on a positive assertion, but said what he had to say with a modest "I think" as the grating behind which his knowledge took refuge, even to "thinking" that field-mice eat honey-bees, and that the sundew entraps flies—she got a great deal out of him that was pleasant and new, and that made her uphill grind a little less arduous.

Also it somewhat tightened the slack cords of his own self-esteem to find that I could interest her by what he said. How glad he was that she cared for nature and things? He was indemnified now for all the ridicule and coarse opposition his student's tastes had had to face and bear at home. This divine creature, who reminded him of, some Greek goddess, met him on his own ground and asked him for information. It was an honor which seemed to crown his head with a fillet of gold when she said that she would like him to show her in his microscope things she had not yet seen, and teach her more than she already knew. It was the noble touch of womanly dependence which rouses in a man's soul all that he has of heroism and devotion. Younger than himself, but how immeasurably superior, this beautiful girl-woman seemed to draw his whole being into hers, as the lake receives the rill, as the formless mist over the morass is absorbed into the infinite heaven. Had he been a Greek she would have represented to him the chaste splendor of that goddess who kissed the sleeping boy on Mount Latmos; had he been a Roman, she would have been the renewal of Numa's sacred counsellor; as a Roman Catholic, he would have seen in her the holy likeness of the blessed Virgin; as a Hindoo, she would have been Lachshmi, the female energy of Vishnu. She was in any case semi-divine; and he was glad now that he had braved the torment of this ordeal, seeing what great gift of grace and joy it had brought him. His face beamed like one who has met an angel by the way, and something deeper than its ordinary flat and level sentiments seemed to have come into it. But this delightful state of things could not last very long. Lady Elizabeth was too valuable a member of the small society on the lawn to be allowed to give herself to one only—and such a one as Caleb Stagg more especially.

Estelle was the one who came to disturb an interview which was beginning to really interest Lady Elizabeth, and to set the butterfly stirring within the chrysalis with Caleb. She was bored by Lord Eustace, and under the strict patrol of her mother's watchful eye she could not get so much as a whispered word with Charlie—scarcely a fleeting look. He at last, in a fit of jealous rage and despair, had gone to the hammock that swung untenanted between the two evergreen oaks. Estelle thought that if she were sheltered and shielded by Lady Elizabeth she might perhaps snatch a perilous five minutes of joy, soothe her lover's easily perturbed spirit and drink another draught of that sweet poison without which young life is but a desert and young hearts as dry as potsherds. Accordingly, the graceful girl came strolling up to where this strangely mated pair were sitting on the garden seat backed by azaleas and rhododendrons, and in a pretty beseeching way asked her friend to come with her for a little walk—and that walk would be to the two evergreen oaks between which the hammock was swinging, with Charlie Osborne eating his heart. The winding of the paths and the friendly intervention of flowering shrubs would hide them from Mrs. Clanricarde, and all would be well and without danger.

As Lady Elizabeth had it also at her heart as a duty to help poor Estelle when she could, and as she did not think that a new interest should overset an old one, she looked at Estelle kindly, and said, "Yes, I will go with you, dear," as Estelle knew she would.

Then, turning to Caleb, she asked, "Shall I introduce you to any one before I go?"

"Thank you, Lady Elizabeth. I don't think I care to know any one else, thank you, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, with a blush that made his ears as red as fleshy flames.

"But you will be dull, knowing no one," said the daughter of the Earl of Kingshouse, with as much kindly consideration and courtesy as if her brother's Polichinelle had been the son of a king.

"I think not, Lady Elizabeth," was his stammered reply.

She could not say "Will you come with us?" That would not have been fair to Estelle; but she wished she could have carried him with her, as she would have rescued some bird from boys, some monkey from a brutal showman.

"I'll just keep to myself, now that you are going, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, after a pause, between the Scylla of not liking to make an independent observation, and the Charybdis of not wishing this beautiful woman to trouble herself on his account.

"I am sorry to take Lady Elizabeth away," said Estelle, very kindly.

Had it been any one but Charlie Osborne she would have kept the poor fellow in his present safety and have thrown over all the rest.

"Oh, don't vex yourself, miss," Caleb answered, with another torrent of blushes. "I couldn't expect that ladies like Lady Elizabeth and yourself, miss, would stay with such as me," he added, with the deep humility of his kind.

"I am so sorry; but, oh, come, dear!" whispered Estelle, the selfishness of love sweeping away her philanthropy; and Lady Elizabeth turned away with a smile to poor Caleb that left on his bewildered soul the impression of moonlight on the water, of soft moss, of cool green forest glades, of a rare wild flower found on the edge of a sheltered pool, of all that there is of soothing and entrancing in nature. And while the two friends strolled away to carry comfort and bring joy to poor irritated Charlie Osborne, Caleb slunk into the shrubbery that sloped sharply downward to the river.

If he could have left the vicarage at this moment he would, but he was bound. He had not arrived punctually, and that had been a grievous thing to him. The card of invitation had said "4 to 7," and he had not been there till half-past 4. He had ordered the trap to return punctually on the stroke of 7, and it never occurred to him that he could leave before it came. He had, then, two long mortal hours to fill up, and how was he to fill them? The best thing he knew was to keep out of sight of every one; so he slunk into the shrubbery, and for the first time in these late enthusiastic years of study he forgot to look for creatures.

All nature seemed transformed, and he knew nothing of what he saw, or, rather, he saw nothing as it was about him. He felt as if in some strange place full of mild glory and an all-pervading but indefinite light. Tears, of which he was not conscious, slowly gathered in his wide-opened eyes and fell on his red silk tie. He was trembling with that kind of rapturous tremor which overpowers us in the presence of some sublime beauty of nature. The poor omad'haun! the poor Polichinelle! Who would have credited him with those birth-pangs of a new soul—he, in his glossy hat and tailor's triumphs of coat and trousers, his fawn-colored gloves and flashing horseshoe diamond pin! The satyr which enclosed the god, the temple, the gift of man to maid, of mother to child, was the archetype of poor Caleb's soul, imprisoned in such a body and overlaid by such conditions as nature and fortune had made for him!

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

The matrimonial market at Kingshouse was really too heart-breaking! So Mrs. Clanricarde thought, in the incessant way of one who has a perennial grievance, though she had enough self-control not to think aloud. Here in Estelle was the winning number, and no prize to take! It was as though a thorough-bred trained for the Oaks had only costermongers' donkeys to contend against, and a bunch of turnip tops when the post was passed. It was indeed heart-breaking, with those family funds always decreasing, and good guineas going after bad like so many "moutons de Panurge." Lord Eustace was as purely a detrimental as Charlie Osborne himself, and from the same cause. He wanted money with his wife to float him off the financial shallows where at present he and all his house were stranded. He could not afford to marry for mere love and beauty; no man can nowadays who has not a good fortune firmly secured. Certainly no one in Kingshouse could, unless he were prepared to bring up a family on stirabout, and to dress them in blue house-flannel and workhouse sheeting.

Caleb Stagg was the only moneyed man available; and even Mrs. Clanricarde shrank from a creature who wore tailors' triumphs at an informal tennis party, and flaunted a flaring red tie with a flashing diamond pin. Still, he was rich beyond those dreams of avarice we all have heard of; and on the principle of the living dog and the dead lion, a golden calf is better than a leaden phœnix, and those who want butter on their bread must not be very nice as to the shape of the knife wherewith it is spread. Besides, no plastic substance is utterly hopeless to reform, and if Caleb Stagg had a mind at all, and his proper complement of limbs and senses, surely an astute mother-in-law could pull him into shape! Even all princes are not personable men, and other poets than Pope have been outside the pale of manly beauty.

Stirred, then, by all these reasons, more or less deliberately recognized, Mrs. Clanricarde went to Mrs. Stewart, and in her pretty French way, which beat all the English manner out of the field, asked what had become of Mr. Stagg. Poor young man!—it must be very triste for him, here among so many strangers! and should they find him and console him?

"He is somewhere about," said Mrs. Stewart, looking vaguely round. Truth to say she had forgotten him. Like many kind-hearted, brisk and energetic women, she was apt to be sporadic in her interests and a little unordered in her ways.

"Let us go and find him," said Mrs. Clanricarde, looking behind a rose-bush, as if he might be hiding in its shadow.

But they sought in vain. Deep down in the shrubbery, off the path and on the border of the river, the poor omad'haun sat cradling his new-born soul, and the things of time and space were to him as naught. Mrs. Stewart went the length of even a shrill little call, to which was no response, and the search was perforce abandoned. Meanwhile Estelle and Charlie Osborne made the most of their chance, and Mrs. Clanricarde lost on all sides at once.

The hours of pleasure passed and that of departure came on. That automatic memory of time, which seems to belong to the body rather than the mind, made Caleb know that he must rouse himself from his mental ecstasy and physical stupor and go through the ordeal of saying good-day to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. As he came on to the lawn the whole party was assembled together. No one had yet gone. It seemed to Caleb as if all England was there. His round eyes took in no one precisely, no one personally. He only saw a very sea of bonnets and cricket caps, of colored frocks and white flannels, of women's faces and men's mustaches. Then he caught sight of two large lustrous gray eyes, and all the rest vanished like a phantasmagoria. Only those glorious eyes remained, as his home, his loadstar, his anchorage, in this bewildering sea of unfamiliar humanity.

Nothing of all this was shown. The face of a man is not as a sheet of glass through which can be read his thoughts and feelings. All that the assembled company saw was a round, flat, red-faced young man in an absurd get-up, staring at Lady Elizabeth Inchbold with all his might, and standing stock-still, as if struck to stone.

Lady Elizabeth herself broke the spell by saying, with marked kindness, to this mute star-gazer, whom she knew the rest were mutely ridiculing, "Have you seen that beautiful avenue of laburnums, Mr. Stagg? You were in the shrubbery, I think? Did you see them?"

Caleb blushed, as he naturally would when thus brought back to the things of the present.

"No, Lady Elizabeth," he said.

Poor fellow! As little as Jim Bludso did he know how to lie. Even those white lies of society, which save appearance and mask confession, were as far from his understanding as were the recognized shibboleths and authorized formulas.

"It was a pity to have missed them," said Mrs. Clanricarde, adopting Lady Elizabeth's tone, and looking with artificial benignity on the omad'haun, thickly plated with gold as he was—so thickly as to be almost possible

Caleb turned his round face and rounder eyes on the speaker with pitiable bewilderment. It was all like some distressful dream. Why should these people stand there looking at him? Their eyes, multiplied to hundreds, stuck like lances into his heart. He felt as if he had unwittingly committed some offence, and this was his arraignment. It was a nightmare; but he retained just so much of consciousness as to let him understand that Mrs. Clanricarde had spoken; and not knowing too clearly what she had said, nor what he ought to reply, his native courtesy came to his aid, and he answered, "Thank you, Mrs. Clanricarde," as the only thing that presented itself.

Though he had not been formally introduced to any one but Lady Elizabeth Inchbold, he knew quite well each individual of the assembly, when he could detach his wits from their wool gathering and force them into concrete observation. The Sunday club of church is the great photograph of a neighborhood, where people learn to know one another without speech or contact.

"Let me take you," said Mrs. Clanricarde, still benign and humane.

"I'm loth to trouble you, Mrs. Clanricarde," answered Caleb.

"It would be a pleasure," said Estelle's mother, with her airy French politeness; and Caleb, feeling as one in a mill-race dragged into the deep waters by a force he could not resist, was led like a calf by a wisp of straw to where the laburnums hung like golden fountains against the sky.

As she went, Mrs. Clanricarde commanded Estelle to accompany her by the look her daughter knew so well.

But Estelle remained impassive, and Charlie Osborne got the good of her contumacy.

Though at the time of their walk, which Mrs. Clanricarde did not hurry, the weight of conversation rested on her alone, she got answers of a kind from Caleb; but they were emphatically of a kind, and at the end she was no nearer anything like acquaintance or sympathy than she had been at the beginning. Her action had in it no real kindliness. It was essentially egotistic and well calculated; and the poor omad'haun felt the difference he could not have defined. But he was grateful all the same. She went through her self-appointed task with gallant consistency, and got so far on the way she wanted to go as to fix a day for Caleb to call at "Les Saules"—which local orthography spelled, and local intonation pronounced "Lissols." As he had at last entered society through the vicarage gate, there was no impropriety in opening her own. And she could try her hand at his reformation. If he proved hopeless, she had but to abandon him; if he were practicable—Estelle had before now taken a silver-coated pill. This of gold would also have to be taken.

When they returned to the lawn the great bulk of the company had gone. Lady Elizabeth was no longer there, and Estelle and Charlie Osborne had also disappeared. They had walked to the gate, where the carriage would overtake them—Estelle, resigned to brave the maternal tempest that she knew would follow on her act of disobedience and temerity, if only she could comfort and make happy her handsome lover meanwhile.

Then Caleb, shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and with Mrs. Clanricarde, so heartily that the ladies nearly shrieked as their fingers were cut by their rings, said, in his strange old world way, vivified from mummydum only by his excessive embarrassment, "And thank you, Mrs. Stewart, for my entertainment"—and the same to Mrs. Clanricarde, varying only the name. But his heart was heavy, and the world seemed empty, and he felt that he had been worse than a boor and less polite than a coal heaver in that he had not been able to say the same to Lady Elizabeth, to whom he owed so much more than to any one else.

(To be Continued).

"Old Grimes."

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verses," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

—King Solomon has been officially declared a bankrupt in England. He was a Salvation Army king.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Rev. Canon Belcher, of Grace Church, Montreal, is dangerously ill with pneumoni

The Morrisburg electric fire alarm was tested on Saturday, and works very satisfactorily.

Albert Dafoe, 20 years old, was drowned on Saturday while attempting to cross Hay Bay, near Napanee.

Rev. T. W. Jeffrey preached the anniversary sermons of Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, yesterday.

The weather was very cold in Montreal yesterday, and the Carnival Committee now hope to have the ice palace built in time for the Carnival.

A theological student at Albert College, Charles Edwards, has been advised by an unknown friend in England that he is heir to an estate valued at several hundred thousand pounds.

A deputation from Montreal waited on the Governor-General and Sir John Macdonald in Ottawa on Saturday, and invited them to the Montreal Board of Trade dinner on Wednesday.

Celina Metayer, a 13 year-old girl who was confined in a dark room at the back of a Montreal barber's shop, and kept for immoral purposes, was on Saturday sent to the Reformatory for five years. Her seducer has escaped to the States.

Jailer Sparks was surprised on Friday when the door of the Windsor Court House opened and in walked James Smith, the juvenile prisoner, who took French leave last Tuesday. He said he had been wandering around the Grand Marais, and was starving.

The holiness doctrine, which has caused considerable commotion in Galt, has quite a few devoted followers at Oshawa. For several months holiness conventions have been held there, the members of which give utterance to the beliefs held by those expelled by the church in Galt.

A brakeman named John McGuire, living at Point Edward, running east on a special on Saturday morning, was squeezed between the bumpers while coupling cars at Komoka. Upon the arrival of the train at London the unfortunate man was conveyed in the ambulance to the city hospital.

The steamer Cariboo Fly returned to Victoria, B. C., on Saturday night from an exploring trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands. The vessel brings news that on December 15th, while Cunningham's schooner Skena was making a trip to Skidate she sprang a leak and sank. Eight Indian passengers and Cunningham were drowned. The captain, a white boy and seven Indians escaped.

The eloper, Charles Clarence, who took away with him the wife of Mr. Buckborough, of Ingersoll, appeared before the London Police Magistrate on Saturday morning. Clarence in his flight took a horse and buggy belonging to Frank Sage, livery keeper. Mr. Sage, having recovered his property, declined to prosecute. The prisoner was therefore remanded for a week on the charge of assaulting the lady at whose house he stayed while in London and whom he refused to pay.

A terrible accident occurred on Saturday in the new Perreault block on St. James street east, Montreal. The building is of an immense height, and the workmen were engaged in taking down the internal scaffolding. A laborer named Louis Revel was standing on the ground and was in the act of lowering three scaffold planks, which had been lashed together, from the eighth story, when a heavy pine block suddenly fell from above and crashed down through the centre of the building on the poor fellow's head. His head was terribly fractured, and he died shortly afterwards.

John Burney, driver of the Shedden mail cart between the depot and Post-office at London, was the victim of a most brutal assault on Saturday. The teamster in charge of the Shedden stables, it seems, has orders to clean them every morning at a certain hour. This order has caused more or less trouble, and several disputes. Burney found it necessary to go to the stables in the morning, and on attempting to go in was ordered back by the teamster in charge. He insisted on entering, however, when the man struck him, knocking him off the step to the ground, a distance of three or four feet, and breaking his collar bone and one rib. As Burney is an old man upwards of 60 the injuries to him are very serious.

At the Ordenfest yesterday Emperor William conferred 1,500 decorations, chiefly of a military character.

The Manchester Cotton Spinners' Association have passed a resolution by a unanimous vote to form a fund to be used for trying in the law courts a test case relative to the excessive dampness of American cotton.

Despatches from Samoa say the Germans have burned American houses, torn down the United States flag and seized some American citizens in the neutral water of Apia harbor and taken them prisoners on board a German man-of-war.

The British steamer Duke of Buckingham, from Norfolk January 5th for Bremen, was in collision yesterday off Deal with the British ship Denbighshire. The latter sank and two of her crew were drowned. The steamer's bows were stove, but she proceeded.

The Duke of Norfolk is expected to arrive in Rome soon. He is still desirous of taking holy orders, but it is understood that the Pope objects to his doing so, as he does not wish His Grace to abandon his position at the British Court, in which capacity he is capable of rendering greater service to the Holy See than as an ecclesiastic.

New York ice companies are forming a trust.

Serious racial troubles are reported from Ty Ty, Ga., where in a recent riot two negroes were shot dead for resisting a bailiff in making an arrest.

James Thomas, alias Wm. Brennan, who was arrested for writing threatening letters to fallen women in St. Louis, signing himself "Jack the Ripper," was on Saturday committed to the insane asylum.

Robert A. Pinkerton has written to the New York *Herald* emphatically denying that paper's statement that the Pinkerton Detective Agency was hunting up evidence for the London *Times* on the Parnell matter.

Gen. Poe, who is constructing a new channel for the United States through the St. Clair flats, says that part of the channel undoubtedly lies in Canadian waters but he anticipates no trouble between the two Governments.

The Bill reported by the Ford Committee to the United States House of Representatives on Saturtay, on contract labor, is a very stringent measure, and considerably limits the class of people regarded by the authorities as desirable immigrants.

The remains of Henry Becher, Q. C., were accorded a very imposing funeral in London yesterday.

A wild cat was shot by Alex. Erskine in A. McMillan's woods near Dutton yesterday, weighing 38 pounds.

Queen's University has re-elected Mr. Sanford Fleming, C.M.G., Ottawa, Chancellor for the fourth time.

Three persons have been arrested on suspicion of being the principals in the nefarious petard explosions in Madrid.

David Mills, aged 60, of Kingston, was poisoned on Thursday by taking the wrong medicine. He died from the effects.

Owing to the mild weather in Montreal yesterday a portion of the western wall of the ice palace, which was about 20 feet high, collapsed.

A band of White Caps recently disciplined John Welsh for living with a grass widow at North Salem, N. H. Welsh has caused the arrest of thirteen of the regulators.

The Governor-General was present yesterday at the annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. Mr. Keefer delivered the annual address, which was listened to with marked interest.

Brandon Presbyterians have decided to extend a call to one of the three following ministers at a meeting to be held two weeks hence: Rev. Messrs. Urquhart, Regina; Pitblado, Nova Scotia, and Carmichael, Ontario.

The will of the late Alex. Murray, President of the Canada Shipping Company, was filed in Montreal yesterday. It leaves the bulk of his property to his wife, which, on her decease, will go to the Montreal General Hospital.

The young man Lapoint, who was taken down with smallpox at Adrian, Mich., died on Monday, and four new cases are reported. Great excitement prevails, as Lapoint attended church at the time when it is thought he had the disease.

Mr. A. H. Rennie, of Aberdeen, Scotland, was married in St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, yesterday to Miss Miall, daughter of Mr. Miall, Commissioner of Inland Revenue. Rev. T. W. Herridge performed the ceremony. The young couple left for Scotland.

Seymour, alias Martin alias Shaver, arrested at Whitby on Monday night on a telegram from Chief of Police Hay, of Prescott, on charges of bigamy and horse-stealing, was taken east to-day in charge of two constables. His sixth wife went with him. He had only recently finished a term in the Provincial Penitentiary for bigamy.

Charles Anderson, a resident of the southern portion of London, met with a serious accident last evening by which he will probably lose the sight of one of his eyes. He was throwing some wood ashes into a box in an outhouse when a strong breeze caught and blew a lot of the ashes into his eyes, one of which is entirely useless.

Mrs. and Miss Rounds, living in the east ward, Brantford, were nearly suffocated with coal gas yesterday morning. The daughter had just sufficient strength left to rush out in her night apparel and alarm the neighbors, afterwards fainting on the sidewalk. Mrs. Rounds' condition was critical, and two or three doctors had to be summoned.

One of the messengers sent from Suakim to Khartoum early in November last has returned. He was 24 days in making the return trip. He brings a letter from a European, which says that Lupton Bey died on May 8th. It was reported that the Equatorial Provinces had yielded to the Mahdi. Nothing was known of Emin Pasha. Slaten Bey and the other Europeans were well.

Moses Diggins (colored), of very bad reputation, went to a dance in Springwells, Md., on Thanksgiving evening, and wished to escort home a colored woman named Frances Bowles. She declined, and Diggins then knocked her down and slashed her with a razor until she was nearly dead. He was convicted on Monday of attempted murder, and yesterday Judge Swift sentenced him to the Detroit House of Correction for 25 years. The court remarked that a person who coolly tried to kill under no provocation deserved to be severely dealt with. Diggins showed no feeling, and was immediately taken away.

The Western Ontario Dairymen's Association opened its annual convention in London yesterday.

The total expenditure on the Island Park, Toronto, during the past two years has amounted to $74,180.37.

The number of vessels registered at Kingston this year at the Custom House is 195, measuring 23,490 tons.

Mr. H. A. E. Kent was yesterday elected Chairman of the Toronto Public School Board for the ensuing year.

Gabriel Dumont, the Metis leader, is laid up in Montreal with a dangerous attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway are purchasing a right of way through Chatham for the Western Extension.

Lord Stanley will be present at the annual dinner of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers in Montreal to-night.

The collection of one cent a month from each Roman Catholic for the completion of St. Peter's Church, Montreal, realized for the month of December, in four parishes, the sum of $1,053.67.

Principal Grant, in replying to the School Board address, says the best feature in the Canadian educational system is the comparatively important place held by the school district and local board, and he advocated the gradual increase of the power of local boards, both of Common and High Schools.

The residents of the east end of London are agitated over the possibilities in connection with an alleged elopement case. Some time ago a man named Charles Clarence eloped from Ingersoll with a woman named Pucdarry, accompanied by a boy, the child of the latter, and going to London, engaged apartments in the east end, where they remained for some time. They left suddenly in a buggy, and it is feared expressed the boy to some unknown destination. They have not since been heard of. The woman is of rather prepossessing appearance, but lame.

Mr. Smith Moore, son of Mr. Allan Moore, of Corinth, was returning in his buggy from Springfield on Sunday evening, and when a short distance from East Springfield he received two bullet wounds in his head, one a scalp wound on the back of his head, and the other struck him above the right eye, ploughing a furrow across the temple. He fell from the buggy in an unconscious state. When he regained consciousness he made his way to the residence of Mr. Nesbitt, where he was taken in and kindly cared for. A doctor was summoned, who removed the bullet.

The Baptist Conference at Leeds yesterday agreed upon a union with the Particular Baptists.

Confirmation has been received of the news that the Bishops of Tirnova, Varna and Vrantza were dragged from their beds by gendarmes and summarily marched outside the walls of Sofia, where they were left shivering in the biting north wind. Because of this violent treatment of the bishops, it is believed that a "holy war" will be declared against Prince Ferdinand.

The Queen will leave England for the continent, according to the present arrangements, on Tuesday, March 5th, for Biarritz, where she intends to reside for a month. It is highly probable that Empress Frederick, who entirely changed her plans during last week, may go to Biarritz next month, in which case she will stay there until the end of the Queen's sojourn. The Empress is a most accomplished player both of the violin and guitar, and not a day passes but she amuses herself for an hour or two with one of those instruments, which accompany her everywhere.

There are four cases of smallpox in Adrian, Mich., and one death has occurred.

Judge Tuley, of the Circuit Court at Chicago, has decided that Anarchists and Socialists have not forfeited the constitutional right to assemble peacefully and discuss any question which interests them, provided they do not plot to carry out their ideas by the use of force against constituted authority.

Special Agent Dey, of the Customs Service, has returned to Port Huron from Huron county, bringing with him four eight-pound packages of opium which he found in the woods in Lincoln township. Mr. Dey says a most thorough search of the woods has been made, and yet three packages are missing.

An accident occurred at the Union Dry Dock Company's shipyard, Buffalo, about 11 o'clock yesterday, which proved quite serious. Five men were working on a high scaffolding, and their weight proving too great for the structure it gave way, carrying them into the dock, and severely injuring all of them. One had his leg broken, and another was terribly bruised. They were taken to the Fitch Hospital.

William Griffin, the 17-year-old son of Obadiah Griffin, who resides on St. George street, Aylmer, was found dead in bed yesterday morning. The deceased, from childhood, has been subject to epileptic fits, and on Thursday evening had two light fits, but as this was not unusual, but little was thought of it. About 2 o'clock his father arose and went to the bed-room of his son and found him breathing naturally. He then retired and arose about 5, and found his son dead, with froth at the mouth, showing that he had died of a convulsion.

The jury in the case of Manson Huntsman, of Belvidere, N. J., indicted for impersonating the Son of God, allowing his followers to pay him divine honors, and passing judgment on those for whom he conceived a dislike, brought in a verdict of guilty last night. The court next morning sentenced him to six months in the county jail, and to pay $100 fine and the cost of prosecution. The prisoner made a speech setting forth that his life was in keeping with the life of Christ and the apostles, and that he stood ready to suffer anything for his religious belief.

"Capt." Jack Finnessy, who was sent to penitentiary some time ago for a brutal attack on his wife, will have another charge to answer to when he is released. A woman in Manitoba has written to Ottawa claiming that the gay captain married her while on a flying trip through the Prairie Province. She was lately delivered of twins, and was anxious that the father of her children should know of the occurrence. Since his committal to penitentiary Finnessy's real wife died. The Manitoba woman has been apprised of the present address of her *soi-disant* husband, while he has likewise been notified of the additions to his family.

—A carat of gold received its name from the carat-seed, or the seed of the Abyssinian coral-flower. This was at one period made useful when gems of gold were to be weighed, and so came about the peculiar and now general use of the word. Twenty two carats fine means that out of twenty-four parts twenty-two are gold and the rest alloy.

Just so faintly falling lightly,
Melting into nothing there,
On the ground each flake contritely
Turns to tears at earth's despair.
Winds blow,
Fires glow,
All hail the first snow!

While within the fair one smileth
On the youth beside her chair,
And with tender words beguileth
Him his passion to declare.
Oh! Ho!
How slow!
Chilly is the first no.

—The high bonnet will soon be only an unpleasant remembrance. But as headgear takes on shapes of reasonableness, fancy finds play at other extremity of feminine apparel. The latest freak is heels of chased gold and silver on white kid dancing shoes.

Minnie Palmer, the actress, told a Cincinnati reporter that she values her diamonds at $325,000. One of her gems is the Cleveland diamond, that weighs 42½ carats and cost originally $40,000.

John Storms, of Elizabeth, N. J., who was bitten by a pet spaniel ten days ago, died of hydrophobia yesterday morning. The man's death was agonizing in the extreme.

ODD DEVELOPMENTS IN AFRICA.

Explorer Stanley, it seems, has been having a good time in the great Central African wilds, albeit his journeyings are as yet a trifle mysterious. The present aspect of affairs in regard to Central Africa is, to say the least, a trifle ludicrous. The letters of Stanley to Tippo Tib, the ex-slave driver who has always been a friend to the intrepid explorer, shows pretty conclusively that long after the outside public had suspected Tippo's loyalty, and had accused him of being privy to the murder of Barttelot, the second-in-command of the relief expedition, the most cordial relations existed between him and Stanley. That is one point cleared up. But the doings of Emin Bey yet remain a mystery. When Stanley started out, it was with the object of rescuing that European who had managed to retain control of a vast territory in the centre of the continent long after Gordon's butchery at Khartoum. Then it was asserted that Emin was in imminent danger, and that his only chance of escape lay in sending an expedition to him with "fighting supplies" and men. The expedition went, and it has returned as it came, down the great river Congo, but no Emin accompanies it. That much-pitied individual has, according to Stanley, all that he needs. He is living in luxury, and is apparently pretty much monarch of all he surveys. It looks as if he had refused to be saved from all this comfort, and the expedition to rescue him from his supposed perilous position has degenerated into a huge exploratory caravan. One would suppose that after the evidence thus adduced by Stanley, the white ruler of Central Africa would be taken at his word, and left alone to work out the great problem in which he is engaged, until such time, at any rate, as Stanley finds it convenient to return to civilization and report the progress which he made with the remarkable man, whose career is not even second, in point of romance, to that of the dead hero of Khartoum. But the would-be saviours of Emin increase. The latest is Mr. Stevens, the bicyclist, who achieved notoriety some time ago through his accomplishment of a journey by wheel through many Eastern lands. He will try his hand at saving Emin, and at the same time endeavor to get at the true inwardness of the African slave trade. It can no longer be doubted that the traffic in human flesh is the one great obstacle to the extension of civilization and legitimate trade on the African continent, and even though it does look somewhat stupid for explorers to persist in trying to rescue a man who does not want to be rescued, the other part of Mr. Stevens' mission, if intelligently carried out, may be fraught with important results.

Journalistic Equipments.

Philadelphia Editor—"I understand you bought a newspaper in the west. Is it a well-equipped office?"

Old Friend (from the west)—"I should smile. There are seventeen Winchesters in composition-room and two gatling guns at the head of the stairs."—*Philadelphia Record.*

VERS DE SOCIETE.

"Ah, Mr. De Dood is your face for rent?"
She languidly asked and slow.
"Of course not," he said, "but why?" She said—
"Because it looks vacant, you know.

A cat-boat ought to be good in a squall.

—Hair may be plaited and yet be golden

—Getting mellow every night is no way to reach a "ripe old age."

—It is hard to tell at this time of the year whether a man has care on his mind or a piece of mince-pie in his stomach.

—It is not necessary to travel in the South to find clay eaters. Just call on any family where they have a two-year-old baby.

—A box of lactate powder and thirty leeches were the evening meal of a pet cat in a Poughkeepsie drug store the other day. The exact cost of the supper was $8 50.

HINDRANCES TO HAPPINESS.

When streets are swaying to and fro,
And, swaying with them, on you go,
When well you know 'twill be your plight
To sit out on the steps all night,
How very, very nice 'twould be
If now you had your old night key—
But you haven't.

When rain comes down in torrents swift
And melts to slush the sleety drift
When clouds in blackness are unfurled,
And water on the earth is hurled,
How nice 'twould be if now you owned
The silk umbrella that you loaned,
But you don't.

When lingering long with her you wait
And talk of hope and love and fate,
And sit and sigh and sigh and sit,
And wish the clock would halt a bit,
How gay with joy your heart would leap
Were her dear father fast asleep,
But he isn't.

Parisian women have carried the watch-wearing mania to the point of wearing time-pieces as ornaments for the hair, and dainty time-pieces adorn the ball-slippers instead of rosettes.

—Servant man (to colleague in the employ of a poet)—"What does your master do for a living?" "He sits on the sofa for six hours at one stretch waiting for an idea."

—Begin now and secure the seeds of your garden vegetables. Do not wait until you are ready, only to be delayed by the mails or some other cause.

First love is best, of course. Indeed, there is no other kind. No man will ever admit to his last love that he ever loved before.

—Nothing so persistently clamors for protection as the tongue, and nothing has such positive assurance of always keeping a roof over it.

HOPING AND (NOT) HAVING.

Before we were married—
My wife and I—
We used to build castles
Up high in the sky
And now we are married,
My wife and I,
The castles we planned then
Are still in the sky.

—There is an old Scotch proverb which has a lesson of wisdom contained within it. "He that would eat the kernel must crack the nut." How much trouble might have been and would be saved if people did not envy the nuts that other people crack, and determine greedily to possess the kernels by fair means or foul.

George Washington, of St. Louis, was granted a divorce from his wife last week. One allegation, in his testimony was that his wife once chased him over a quarter section of land with a hatchet.

Yesterday.

My friend, he spoke of a woman face:
It puzzled me, and I paused to think.
He told of her eyes and mouth, the trace
Of prayer on her brow, and quick as wink
I said: "Oh yes, but you wrong her years,
She's only a child, with faiths and fears
And childhood fit. I tell thee boy
She was a girl just yesterday."

"The years are swift and sure, I trow
(Quoth he). "You speak of the long ago."

Once I strolled in a garden spot,
And every flower upraised a head
(So it seemed), for they, I wot,
Were maidens of mine; each bloom and bed,
Their hours for sleep, their merry mood,
The lives and deaths of the whole sweet brood,
Were known to me; it was my way
To visit them but yesterday.

Spake one red rose, in a language low:
"We saw you last in the long ago."

Entering under the lintel wide,
I saw the room, 'twas all the same
The oaken press and the shelves aside
The window, small for the sunset flame,
The book I loved on the table large;
I oped'd, and lo! in the yellow marge
The leaf I placed was shrunk and gray,
I swear it was green but yesterday!

Then a voice stole out of the sunset glow:
"You lived here, man, in the long ago.

'Tis the same old tale, though it comes to me
By a hundred paths of pain and glee.
Till I guess the truth at last, and know
That Yesterday is the Long Ago.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Women's Work.

"What can a helpless female do
Rock the cradle and bake and brew.
Or, if no cradle your fate afford,
Rock your brother's wife's for your board;
Or live in one room with an invalid cousin,
Or sew shop shirts for a dollar a dozen,
Or please some man by looking sweet,
Or please him by giving him things to eat,
Or please him by asking much advice,
And thinking whatever he does is nice.
Visit the poor under his supervision,
Doctor the sick who can't pay a physician;
Save men's time by doing their praying,
And other odd jobs there's no present pay in.
But if you presume to usurp employments
Reserved by them for their special enjoyments,
Or if they succeed when they said you couldn't,
Or learned to do things they'd proved were above you,
You'll hurt their feelings and then they won't love you.

—*Journal of Woman's Work.*

Equal to the Occasion.

"These books, doctor, are my best friends,
And with them for hours I commune;
The spirits of the authors come
To loiter in the dim old room!"

A smile the doctor's thin lips stirred,
As one by one the books he shut.
"I notice, Mrs. Gray," he said,
"That many volumes are uncut."

She looked at him with that shy glance
Which such a charm to beauty lends,
And with a little laugh she said
"Ah, sir, I never cut my friends."

Masonic.

The New York Masons have resolved to establish their State Home for aged Masons at Utica. The institution is to be a home for indigent Masons, needy orphans and widows of masons. The money invested in the establishment will be $200,000 at the outset, and this will be increased by the addition of new buildings as rapidly as required. There is already provided a handsome sum for the maintenance of the institution, one large source of revenue being the income from the Masonic Temple in New York, which was erected at a cost of a million and a half of dollars. Allowing each lodge in the State to send one inmate only, the population of the proposed Home would be 717 at the start, and the tendency would be toward an increase all the while.

Feminine Perversity.

Aunt Betsy—I wonder, James, at your encouraging young Cadby to be so much with Madeline! He's a bad match, and not a good fellow, I fear! Papa—Confound him, no! I've given him *carte blanche* to come when he likes, and she's getting rather tired of him at last, for I'm always cracking him up! Aunt Betsy—And that nice fellow, Goodenough? He's never here now? Papa—No; I've forbidden him the house, and won't even allow his name to be mentioned. She's always thinking of him in consequence. I'm in hopes she'll marry him some day.

Neglected Opportunities.

Sympathetic Visitor—Poor man! What are you here for?

"For stealing a gold ring, Miss."

"Poor fellow! And don't you sometimes regret your wasted opportunities?"

"Indeed I do, miss. There was a five thousand-dollar necklace in the showcase that I stole the ring from and I never saw it."

Her Nerves Were Settled.

Mrs. Pallid—"Don't you find that the noise of the boiler foundry across the street affects your nerves, Mrs. Youngwife?"

Mrs. Youngwife—"I seldom hear it."

"How strange!"

"Well, you see, baby is teething now."

Happiest Period in Life.

Probably the happiest period in life most frequently is in middle age, when the eager passions of youth are cooled and the infirmities of age not yet begun, as we see that the shadows which are at morning and evening so large almost entirely disappear at midday.

Never Saw Him Before.

"Now, children," said the visitor, creasing his face into the Sunday-school smile, sun-baked and kiln dried, "why do you think I am a Christian?" Young Heedless, in back seat—"Cause we don't know you!"

Facts are Stubborn Things.

Doctor—I see little Will has fully recovered.

Mother—Oh, yes, doctor, little Bill was cured by your big bill.

—A head gardener—The barber.

—A boa-constructor—This winter's girl.

—London ladies are making odd-color combinations a conspicuous feature of their theatre toilets. At a recent performance at the Drury Lane every box was occupied by one or more of the fair sex who wore dresses made up in pink and black. These two colors seem to be favorites in the big metropolis and are worn in all imaginable kinds of combinations.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, JAN. 31 1889.

THE WORLD AND ITS DISCLOSURES.

It is amusing to note the gullibility of our respected contemporaries. The Toronto World, of late, has been slashing into the license commissioners of Toronto, and our confrers take this as an evidence that that paper is the champion of morality in every form, and especially municipal affairs. They claim that the mountains raised by this little sheet in license matters should be investigated by the Ontario Government, and that the large dailies are derelict in their duty by ignoring the "sensation" entirely. In this respect the big dailies know better than their little brothers what their "duty" consists of, and whether silence is golden. The World desires to sell its paper, and that is the one consideration which has caused all this hullabaloo. It is not a matter of principle the World is fighting for; it is to regain a prestage which has failed it during the past six months—it is dollars and cents. Grip of last week voices our own bitterly earned experience when it says, "There is no such word as *principle* found in the World's lexicon." Already it has had two cases of criminal libel on its hands, the outcome of its "sensations." It does not voice any party or live for any purpose excepting its own miserably selfish ends. Its opinions and "disclosures" have no weight with the people, therefore the larger city papers ignore its little tactics and demonstrate their wisdom thereby. Their very silence is redolent of eloquence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Reply to Mr. Grainger

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—In the proceedings [illegible] of the Grey farmers [illegible] which was moved by Mr. [illegible] and seconded by Mr. [illegible] That this meeting [illegible] the present grant [illegible] for [illegible] be [illegible] a certain number of [illegible] for [illegible] each year, [illegible] until they are all [illegible]

Yours, [illegible]

Cheap Money for the Farmers.

To the Editor of The Advance.

[illegible] the Central Farmers' Institute [illegible] will shortly meet in the city of Toronto for the purpose of discussing matters calculated to promote farmers' interests, would it not be advisable for them upon their part to memorialize the Local Legislature at its coming session to enact a measure empowering municipalities to borrow money upon the credit of such municipality to the extent of say four-fifths of the real value of property, by some means, hereafter to be decided, distributed to the farmers, the security being a first lien upon real estate in sums not greater than one half the cash value of such property. The interest at as low as workable, expenses would be met, added to the first cost of money, by so doing farmers would receive substantial aid and relief by but

Now that money is so cheap the workingmen see no reason why farmers should be called to pay 7 and 8 per cent. to companies and others. I learn from the Montreal Herald of the 19th inst. [illegible] state of Massachusetts has negotiated a loan of about one million dollars bearing over a period of about [illegible] at 2.916 per cent., and we [illegible] respect inferior to those in a [illegible] credit of Grey. By this mode [illegible] reasonably expect money [illegible] 5 per cent., and farmers now [illegible] the rate of interest on their [illegible] at 6 per cent. The total [illegible] of the Province of Ontario is [illegible] $109,000,000 [illegible] municipalities is [illegible] $8,000,000 [illegible] proportion of the County of Grey [illegible] account's had a mind [illegible] that sum, hence [illegible] owing to their [illegible] Grey would be $40,000 richer.

The Institutes [illegible] very much accomplished much good in the farming community, and I trust they will concentrate themselves at their next [illegible] by pressing this matter upon the attention of the Local Legislature, and it is to be hoped our local representatives will take the initiative in the government.

Manufacturing and railway monopolies are favored topics for political partizans, but here is a question of vital importance which, if carried to a successful issue, would largely tend to benefit the farmers, and it is to be hoped will meet the hearty approval and co-operation of all, irrespective of party politics.

FARMER.

Jan. 26th, 1889.

The Recent Tannery Fire.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—The lapse of time seems to have effaced from the minds of those who have the best interests of Flesherton at heart, the serious consequences arising from the disaster, no steps having been taken, so far as the writer is aware, to induce the unfortunate proprietor to rerect the tannery. In a couple of hours the devouring element swept away an important industry, thus imposing a very serious loss upon a very worthy citizen, and is of the greatest consequence not only to this village but to the farmers in the surrounding districts, that this industry should not be permitted to pass from our midst without an effort made to retain. It in the face of the overtures that have reached Mr. Damude from other quarters, shall Flesherton remain passive? The question then is, is the tannery to be rebuilt? or are the heaps of ashes to remain as a standing monument of their indifference to their own interests?

Mr. Damude in public and in private, is naturally an out and out gentleman, and one who takes a deep interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the village.

Hoping this matter will be taken up by our ratepayers, I remain

CITIZEN.

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent.

On Friday, Jan. 18, the U. S. S. held their annual entertainment in the Orange Hall. The day was fine, but the roads were rendered almost impassible by the recent thaw. Notwithstanding this drawback the hall was filled to overflowing. After partaking of an excellent tea, to which all did ample justice, and for which Eugenia has become proverbial for supplying, the literary part of the entertainment was entered upon, with Mr. Meldrum, superintendent, in the chair. The pupils of the school gave some excellent recitations and dialogues in a manner that reflected credit on themselves, as well as on their instructor, and which interested and pleased as evinced by the hearty rounds of applause which elicited from the audience after each performance. Quite a number of the pupils under the able tutorage of Mr. F. T. Carr, gave a number of sacred songs in a very creditable manner, Motto Song, "God is Love", by nine little girls, being especially commendable. A number of songs by the choir, with Miss Pedlar presiding at the organ, were also well rendered. The instrumental music of the violin and reed organ, by Messrs. Williams, Pedlar and Sloan, was heartily encored and responded to. And allow me to mention here, though not least, a short address by the Rev. Mr. Watson, Baptist minister, of Flesherton. His remarks were well chosen and pithy and directed particularly to the young present.

In connection with the [illegible] was realized from the Tuesday's [illegible] The [illegible] consisted of recitations, dialogues, instrumental and vocal music. Miss Anna Carruthers gave a violin solo in her usual pleasing style.

Total proceeds of the two entertainments amounted to $12.60.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

Newchurch [illegible] scarce here [illegible] sickness has been [illegible] There have been a few [illegible] entry dates within the last [illegible] weeks or so, but [illegible] the settlers have made a strike. I suppose [illegible] "Christ" is getting scarce.

Mr. E. Horton's sale went off rather unsatisfactorily on Thursday last, J. McQuarrie being the chief bidder.

There is going to be a grand source in connection with L. O. L. No. 1085 in this town on the 6th inst. We will try and keep you posted on the main feature from time to time, as I think it is going to be a "rollicking" affair.

We just caught a sight of the smiling face of one Flesherton banker as he went out on the stage this morning.

Mr. Albert Stoutenburg has made himself scarce and with W. F. P. has left a host of many creditors to mourn his loss.

Epping Correspondence.

Death entered the home of Mr. G. Pentland on Friday evening, Jan. 18th, and claimed for his victim Ida, the third daughter aged thirteen. For the past two years she has been suffering from that dreaded disease, consumption. She was a very patient sufferer and was never heard to murmur. On Friday morning she said, "Mother I am very tired and am going to die," but she cheered her weeping friends by telling them she was quite prepared to die, and she was going a little before. Some time before she was taken sick she had given her heart to God and was a very constant member of the Union church, but since her removal to Epping her sickness prevented her attending the house of God. Her former pastor, Rev. Mr. Madden, visited her the day before her death and she requested that he would conduct her funeral services, which he did. About eleven a.m. on Monday Jan. 21st, her remains left her father's for the Thornbury cemetery, followed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and neighbors.

JOHN F. CURRY.

Flesherton Station.

From our own Correspondent.

The timbermen are taking advantage of the good roads at present, as there has been a large amount of square timber delivered here within the last week or so. They say if the present snow would stay with us through the month of February they would have their season's cut all delivered.

Mr. McGill and Mr. Harrington have removed to their new station house, and it was not any too soon, owing to the smallness of their late office. The change is a pleasant one to them. Their office is a model of neatness and comfort. The sitting room has been a long felt want by the travelling public, but now they have all that can be desired in the way of comfort. The interior part of the building is well laid out for comfort and convenience. I think at no distant day the rooms will be furnished with a clean cut fit. The company have made some provisions against fire, in the shape of having water tanks in connection with the building.

At present Mr. A. Hannah is visiting his son and daughter over in Michigan.

Mr. Thos. Addison, formerly of this place, but now of Barrie, paid us a visit last week. He is head agent for an implement firm in Barrie. Tom looks well.

In talking to a Fleshertonian the other day he remarked to me, as a rule the stores of the station undersold those of Flesherton. Now, that being the case, why dont the merchants of this place advertise in The Advance and let the surrounding country know these prices? Friend Woods, take the lead.

Mr. Crossley of Flesherton, and Mr McGinnis, of this place, are in partnership in the livery business. They have good horses and for their outfit they won't take a back seat. Mr. Crossley is a live man and is bound to do a live business. I would just say to friend Crossley to accomplish that it would be well to take a half interest in the Beehive and then advertise in The Advance.

Miss Wright, the present teacher, so far has the confidence of both parents and children. The children are advancing rapidly under her tuition.

Ever since the departure of the late school teacher to Durham, Mr. W. has been somewhat despondent and at times feverish—say lover fever. To raise his spirits he was advised to take a trip to himself, so he went to Lewiston by way of Durham to recuperate. May you recover, Will.

Mr. James Humphill and Mr. Angus McLeod had a son and daughter presented to them last week. Our population is increasing.

Mr. R. Cook is on the warpath again after live stock of all kinds if only fat. May you never grow lean, Bob.

Other Locals.

We have tried to make up for the extra space demanded by our advertisers this week by setting the paper in smaller type.

Two sleigh loads of Flesherton R. T. of Templars went out to Maxwell Monday evening to visit their brethern there. They met with a kind reception and had a good time.

Come one, come all, to the open temperance meeting which will be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening next by the members of Fountain Council No. 236 R. T. of T. An excellent program is being prepared, and all are cordially invited to attend.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Owen Sound Happenings.

[illegible] Jan. 25. This afternoon a [illegible] shoot [illegible] in Allenford, in [illegible] in which [illegible] disability [illegible] Upon [illegible] the town [illegible] at specials [illegible] three [illegible] a strong [illegible] reference [illegible] to Allen [illegible] W. [illegible] proof upon [illegible] hotel, where they [illegible] to market, Mc [illegible] brought Hutchinson, [illegible] without any provocation [illegible] and [illegible] The [illegible] entered [illegible] Hutchinson's breast, piercing the right lung and lodged in the back. The latter made his escape but was [illegible] and put under arrest. The shooting [illegible] is very low, inflammation having set in.

Last night at Constable Smith of the County of Peel, accompanied by constables McAvoy and Baron, of Owen Sound, went to the village of Brooklyn, in the township of Owen Sound, in search of a criminal named Harry Penny, who had robbed and attempted to murder and poison a farmer near Inglewood. Penny has a brother living in Brooklyn, and so the three constables repaired there. They were denied admission, but knew their way in only too well as indicated in finding their game. They, however, had an early hug this morning and one of their number roused in a hay-stack and had a lively time taking him, but he was finally overpowered.

C. C. Pearce, license inspector for North Grey, is not a man that can be fooled around with impunity. Driving home the other evening some wahoo whom he was passing raised a 'black snake' whip and gave the inspector's horse a cut across the back, causing the animal, which was a high tempered one, to kick and plunge, breaking the shafts, and then attempt to run away. Having got his horse under control Mr. Pearce turned about and followed the cam of the fellow. He caught up to him. Leaving the horse in charge of a friend who was with him, he sprang into the man's sleigh and grappling him, struck him fair in the face with his whip. Than a tussle began. The man who began the trouble, was a big, burly fellow, weighing about 250 pounds, while our citizen weighs much less. Grabbing him by the neck, the inspector threw his opponent back ward over the edge of the hay rack into the road. The fellow begged mercy and said his leg was broken. Drawing his hand-cuffs, Mr. Pearce placed them on the wrists of the fellow who had started the fun. At the solicitation of his employer, and by depositing $10 to cover the damages he was released.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

[illegible]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET YOUR **Tailoring** Done

C. J. LEITCH'S

FLESHERTON.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to

J. W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan 7th '89.

Farm for Sale or Rent.

Lot No. 32, 7th con., Artemesia, containing 100 acres, 65 acres cleared and under cultivation. Would sell on reasonable terms. Possession given March 1. Address,

JAMES KESTER,
Flesherton, P.O.

Farm to Rent.

Lots 22 and 23, 3rd R., N. D. R., about half a mile west of Flesherton Station, containing 100 acres, 75 cleared. Apply to

ADAM MUIR.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church,

FLESHERTON.

Farm for Sale.

The west half lot 31, Con. 8, Artemesia, containing 50 acres. There are on the premises a good log house, good frame out buildings, and a young bearing orchard. It is well watered, well fenced and in a fair state of cultivation. There are about 25 acres cleared and the balance in hardwood and cedar. For further particulars apply to the proprietor

MRS JANE MAGEE,
On the Premises, Eugenia, P. O

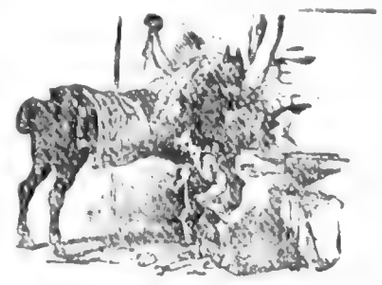

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HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BARBER,

FLESHERTON.

[illegible] to the [illegible]

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

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Office, Strain's Block. Resid[illegible] J. G. Russell's

J. C. Hatton, M.D.C.M.

[illegible] the College

[illegible]

[illegible]

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas [illegible], L.D.S.

[illegible]

[illegible]

P.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE [illegible] TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, ONT.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER [illegible], Conveyancer, [illegible] Sale of Lands, [illegible] &c., NOTARY PUBLIC, [illegible] most reasonable terms. [illegible] LICENSES, NOTARY PUBLIC, [illegible]

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES [illegible] and properly executed in first class [illegible] lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Dominion Line Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please call and get rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

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18 King St. West, Toronto

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MONEY TO LEND

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Straight Loan System

At lowest current rate of interest and favorable terms as to repayment by borrower.

NO FINES! · · MODERATE CHARGE!

MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO BORROWER.

Parties having mortgages becoming due can have them RENEWED for another term for the small cost of $3.50 by applying to our own valuators, and at a rate of interest as low as any other company.

Make all payments of principal or interest direct to the company. If borrowers hand their money to other parties to remit and the funds are held some time by said parties, the Company is not responsible for delay.

The borrower can have his payment become due at whatever time of year suits him best; and need not pay any principal unless he wishes. All interest ceases on instalments of principal paid, and no interest is charged only on unpaid principal. Loans completed on the shortest possible time. If you want to borrow or re-arrange your mortgage, call on any one of the undersigned

VALUATORS:

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	Flesherton P.O.	WM. LUCAS & CO.,	Markdale P.O.
D. JACKSON, Jr.	Durham P.O.	JOS. HENDERSON	Feversham P.O.
JNO. STINSON,	Singhampton P.O.	G. RUTHERFORD	Shelburne P.O.

A STARTLING STORY.

A Fenian Witness on the Phœnix Park Murders.

THE INVINCIBLES AND FENIANS.

A London cable says: Upon the resumption of the session of the Parnell Commission yesterday morning, presiding Justice Hannen said Mr. O'Brien's article in *United Ireland*, for which he was summoned to appear before the court, exceeded a fair discussion of the case under investigation, but he admitted that there was some force in Mr. O'Brien's arguments regarding the continued circulation of the *Times* pamphlet, and said he believed no disrespect was intended to be shown towards the court by the article. Therefore he would not punish Mr. O'Brien. He added, however, that in future cases of a similar nature would be more severely treated

Patrick Delaney, a convict in the Maryborough prison, testified that he belonged to the Fenians until September, 1882. The principal leaders of the organization were Messrs. Egan, Brennan, Dr. McAllister, John Lavey and John Doran. About 1879 a number of delegates, including John O'Connor, John Devoy and Gen. Millen, came from America, and the witness attended a meeting in Foresters' Hall, Dublin, at which John Devoy represented the American Council and Gen. Millen inspected the military organization. It was arranged that arms be provided and the expenses paid. At another meeting held in the Rotunda, Messrs. Davitt, Parnell, Egan, Biggar, Dillon, Brennan and Harris attended. Curley, at this meeting, attacked Mr. Davitt for not adhering to the principles of the organization. After the meeting the witness was told that the circles were not opposed to the League, which would organize the Fenians in the country and supply them with arms.

The witness said he had forgotten a portion of the Invincibles' oath, but the principal was to assassinate the Viceroy and the whole Executive of Ireland. The Invincibles received money from the League. Messrs. Egan, Byrne and Tynan paid some to Daniel Delaney, Mullett and Brady. The witness was deputed to watch the movements of Mr. Forster, at that time Chief Secretary for Ireland. Joseph Brady and Timothy Kelly were to shoot Mr. Forster, while witness was to intercept persons crossing the Queen street bridge while Kelly and Brady endeavored to carry out their purpose.

Witness took no part in the Phœnix Park murders. Mrs. Byrne brought over the two knives that were used in committing those murders. At a meeting of a committee of the Invincibles held after the Phœnix Park murders, a quantity of gold and bank notes were laid upon the table. Afterwards more revolvers, daggers and money came.

Delaney further spoke of an attempt to hire a house on Castle Hill, from which officials of the castle could be shot with rifles. Carey failed to get the house. In 1881, when Carey was a candidate for the Dublin Municipal Council, Egan promised that all his expenses would be paid. Egan held that an Invincible ought to be Lord Mayor. Delaney identified letters signed by Egan. When questioned in regard to Egan's letter, in which reference is made to a fund, Delaney said he knew nothing about a fund.

On cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell, the witness admitted that when 17 years old he was sentenced to penal servitude for five years for highway robbery. He enrolled himself with the Fenians the same night he left prison. When he was accused of the Phœnix Park murders he gave the authorities all the information in his possession. It was his wife who, while visiting him in prison, warned him that he was suspected in connection with the Phœnix Park murders. He thereupon supplied a written statement to the prison officials. When asked how he came to give the *Times* evidence, he stated that Crown Solicitor Shannon came to the jail a fortnight ago and took his sworn statement. Recurring to the Fenian organization, he declared that it was never an assassination society except in cases where somebody informed against them. The Fenians sought to fight openly, and were very different from the Invincibles. He knew Egan, Brennan and Byrne to be Fenians in 1876, having met them at a secret meeting. He admitted that he never met them among the Invincibles, but knew they were leaders of the Invincibles through Carey and others. He never saw any one of them giving money to anybody, but had seen money on a table at which Byrne was sitting. The witness stated that he was sentenced to death for complicity in the Phœnix Park murders, and Lord Spencer commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, which he is now undergoing.

A London cable says: The cross-examination of Patrick Delaney was resumed before the Parnell Commission yesterday. The witness persisted in declaring that he saw Boyton point out to Invincible Brady the Chairman of the Prison Board, Mr. Bourke, for assassination. On cross-examination by Michael Davitt, Delaney said he was positive that he had often seen Davitt in company with Dan Curley, although he could not fix the dates. Re-examined with reference to the funds of the Fenians, he stated that until 1879 the party was without money other than the few pence weekly subscribed by members. Some pawned their watches to send delegates to America. Carey, after the Invincibles were organized, obtained funds from the League and started business as a contractor. Being shown the photograph of a man in uniform, witness declared that it was Invincible No. 1. At the close of the examination Justice Hannen ordered that Delaney be held in custody in London in case he should be wanted again.

Attorney-General Webster then read correspondence between Mat. Harris and Michael Davitt with reference to the land agitation. The only letter that attracted attention was one from Davitt to Harris, written in New York, in which Davitt said: "Perhaps you are not aware that John O'Leary is here. He came from Paris to upset my Land League endeavors. He will go back a wiser though a sadder man. He is supported by nobody saving the few bosthoons following that blatant ass, Rossa. The Nationalists on this side are commonsense men. O'Leary failed to get up a crusade against the League in America. Rossa is now trying his hand. He will achieve more success upon your side than upon this. He is a cowardly, low ruffian, who has not the courage to resent an insult I offered him in the *Herald*. He has not sufficient courage to set fire to a British haystack. Do your utmost to keep the people within bounds."

Justice Hannen asked if the letters of Mr. Parnell would be shown to the Parnellite counsel, as the court seemed to be within a reasonable distance of getting at them.

Attorney-General Webster refused to be pinned to a definite time for the production of the letters.

Justice Hannen then expressed the opinion that both sides should show the letters in their possession intended to be used for comparison.

A London cable says: The taking of evidence was further resumed at the Parnell Commission yesterday. Capt. Plunkett, chief of the Cork police, testified as to the perpetration of outrages. He said he knew of no support given to tenants in their non-payment of rent and resistance to eviction except that given by the Land and National Leagues. Matters had improved since the passage of the Coercion Act.

Referring to the further disclosure of documents, Mr. Asquith, counsel for Mr. Parnell, said that after a consultation with Sir Charles Russell it had been decided not to press the inspection of the alleged *facsimile* letters of Mr. Parnell.

Capt. Plunkett, on cross-examination, created a sensation by stating that he had heard Father O'Connor, the parish priest of Firies, denounce at a cattle sale a farmer named Curtin, and that a week later the farmer was murdered. Father O'Connor did not name Curtin, but he alluded to him in such a way that there could be no mistake as to whom he meant. Replying to Mr. Davitt, the witness admitted that he met secretly in Cork in 1883 the Irish American McDermott. He declined to say whether or not he knew McDermott as a paid agent of the police. French, the head of the detective force, also met McDermott. The witness did not know that French had paid McDermott money to concoct dynamite plots.

Mr. Parnell is at present confined to the house with an attack of rheumatism in the shoulder. While his illness is very painful it is nothing serious, and he is expected to be about in a few days.

GAMBLED AND LOST.

A Young Man and a Young Woman Suicide at Monte Carlo.

A London cable says: The young man and woman who committed suicide at Monte Carlo yesterday were respectively 29 and 19 years of age. They were natives of Lyons and had spent the winter together at Monte Carlo. Neither was known, nor has their identity as yet been established, but they brought with them large sums of money and spent most of their time at the gaming-tables, roulette being their favorite game. When they had reached the bottom of their combined purse they wrote to friends in Nice announcing the fact, and asserting that they contemplated suicide. Upon receipt of a letter from one of them, a friend hurried to Monte Carlo, but was refused admission to their room, an officer of the police giving as reason for refusal the information that the couple were dead. Other information concerning the couple was requested, but that was also refused, and, in the interest of the prevailing "industry" at Monte Carlo, the proprietors and attaches of the hotel made every effort to suppress publicity of the tragedy.

A Victim of Dance House Dives.

A Chicago despatch says: The stories of the horrors suffered by unfortunate girls in the dance house stockades in Northern Wisconsin were recalled by a scene in the Court of Insane Inquiry this morning. A slight and handsome young girl, dressed in black, was led in. Hattie Nathan was her name, so the doctor told Judge Prendergast. He said her ailment was acute mania. As he spoke, the prisoner glanced behind her and cowered in her chair, muttering: "Save me! they are after me. I hear them barking, and the men are right behind them." Hattie Nathan was the daughter of parents who live in Oconto, Wis. She was a wayward girl and got into trouble, which resulted in her entering one of the brothels near Marinette. She soon realized the horrors of her position, and made repeated but unsuccessful attempts to escape, with the result that she became demented. Then she was released. She next appeared at the door of a house of ill-repute in this city, and was cared for. She has remained there since, being rational a portion of the time. Of late her dementia has been more acute, and the result was to-day's proceedings. She will be sent back to her home in Oconto.

A Bride's Terrible Experience.

On Tuesday at Millhaven Samuel Paterson and Fred. Sterling broke through the ice while skating. Herbert Milligan, hearing their cries, ran to the rescue with a board, but before he reached the lads he went through and immediately sank, the only apparent struggle being the raising of his hand above water. His wife, sister and mother watched with alarm his gallant attempt to save the lads. They saw him lose his own life. His wife was a bride of two weeks, being a daughter of Henry Benjamin, of Ernesttown. She had to be dragged into the house. Meanwhile the boys were rescued, Paterson getting on the ice and keeping his comrade from sinking until help arrived.

A Dastardly Deed.

Fred Foster was arrested on Saturday evening for perpetrating a brutal outrage in a saloon at Sandusky, Ohio. James Farrell, an inoffensive fellow, was lying on a table in the saloon in a drunken stupor, and Foster conceived the idea of playing a joke on him, and for that purpose purchased a pint of whiskey, which he poured over Farrell's clothing, and then set the liquor on fire. The drunken man was instantly enveloped in flames, and ran shouting from the room. Some men soon caught him and extinguished the flames, but not until he was terribly burned.

It is an old belief that an animal that goes into winter quarters fat is half wintered. Perhaps there are none of our domestic animals to which this saying is more applicable than to sheep.

A MAN OF MANY WIVES.

Five Times a Bigamist?—Prescott Police Take Their Prisoner East From Whitby.

A Whitby despatch says: Constable Crites, of Prescott, with an assistant arrived here this morning and has returned with the prisoner Silas E. Seymour, alias W. J. Shaver, alias Martin, arrested here last evening on charges of horse stealing and bigamy telegraphed from the town down the St. Lawrence. The innocent young girl, apparently not more than 17, who came here with Seymour, stated that she met him only two weeks ago Saturday, and that they were married the following Thursday. Her maiden name was Fish and her home in Gananoque. For a wedding trip they went to Toronto, where he got a livery and drove to Whitby. In selling the horse and buggy to raise money enough for fares to Buffalo from here, he got into trouble. No one has yet claimed the property at Sebert's. Seymour, it was stated by the Prescott policeman, had only a few months ago been released from the Kingston Penitentiary, six months before his time was up, because of exemplary behavior, after serving a term there for bigamy. This is his sixth venture on the sea of matrimony. During the preliminary hearing before Police Magistrate Harper the simple girl, who has so sadly erred in hastily marrying the scoundrel, with wondering innocence listened to the discussion by the court officials of how she was to be taken care of, when finally the kind-hearted magistrate settled the matter by lending Policeman Crites $10 with which to pay her fare home, and she went without a word, it is hoped a wiser woman. One of Seymour's victims is now respectably married and living at Belleville. At the time that Shaver figured before the public there he was engaged in keeping a small store at Omemee, the business having been started with his then wife's money. He went to Belleville on business one day, and hunting up a girl that he had formerly courted, was quietly married by Rev. J. B. Clarkson, now in Cobourg. Chief McKinnon learned of the marriage, and knowing of Shaver's character followed him to Trenton. He had stopped with his bride to call on a friend on the way, when the Chief found them and brought the girl back to her friends, and the bigamist was sent to Kingston for three years.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

A Persistent Lover Successful at Last.

A Belleville despatch says: There was a quiet marriage at St. John's Church this morning, and the story as told by an intimate acquaintance of both parties sounds very romantic. Some 17 years ago Mr. Reginald Lambton Sewell, a son of the Chief Justice of Quebec, was teller in the local branch Bank of Montreal. He was handsome, affable, fond of society, and was courted by a wide circle of friends. He fell in love with a Belleville belle, but courted in vain. His suit was rejected repeatedly, and, finally despairing of success, he gave up his position and left the city. For a time he was in the Imperial Bank at Toronto, but after a time disappeared entirely, at least so far as his Belleville friends were concerned. In the meantime the lady of his choice was wooed and won by the late Charles W. Bell. They had been married but a few years when Mr. Bell died, leaving a young widow and an infant son. Shortly after the old lover returned and renewed his suit, but with no better success than had attended him at first. He has been absent for some four years, but returned yesterday. The result of this visit was that a license was secured in the evening, and this morning Rev. D. F. Bogart tied the nuptial knot and the couple took the noon train for the east. The whole affair was so quietly and quickly carried out that not even the most intimate friends of the bride knew of it, but there are scores in the city who will remember 17 years ago and think of the old adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

The Opium Smugglers Sentenced.

An Albany despatch says: In the United States District Court yesterday the grand jury made its presentment. Chang Lee, Low How and Ah Quong, of Buffalo, were indicted for smuggling opium into the United States from Canada. Ah Quong and Low How pleaded guilty. Low How was fined $400. Ah Quong was sentenced to the Albany County Penitentiary for two years and fined $100. The evidence against Chang Lee was insufficient, and he was acquitted, having pleaded not guilty. Wm. Lund and Edmund Mellinger, of Erie county, accomplices of the Chinamen in smuggling opium, pleaded guilty to the charge of smuggling opium at Suspension Bridge and were fined $400 and committed to the Erie County Jail until it should be paid. The fact that they had given testimony which assisted in the detection of the smugglers was adduced to mitigate their sentence. Yesterday the jury in the case of Ephraim Gardner, charged with smuggling opium across the Canadian border at Cape Vincent at Ogdensburg, was discharged and the case was laid over to the March term. Bail was fixed at $2,000.

Experimental Engagement Rings.

Young man, confidentially—I want to see some of your solitaire rings. Jeweller—Engagement ring, I presume. Young man—Y-yes, sir. Jeweller—Here's just the thing you want, Alaska stone, rolled plate and warranted for a year. Young man—But I want a real stone. Jeweller—Of course. As I was going to say, we give one of the plated rings along with each real stone. They are exact duplicates. If the engagement be a success it is very easy to substitute the real for the imitation.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Two Boys Married.

A Columbia (S. C) despatch says: A strong effort has been made to have a marriage license law in this State, and advocates of the measure have been strengthened by a trick played on the Rev. A. Durham, of Piedmont, by Franklin Merritt and Robert Dilworth, two young men, the former being attired as a woman, who applied to be married. The ceremony was performed, and the preacher inserted the marriage notice in a local paper before he was undeceived.

Jay Gould will take a trip through the South to recuperate.

MR. FOGG'S STRANGE STORY.

Read His Own Name on a Tombstone—A Wanderer for Twenty Years.

An Oxford, Me., despatch says: An old man with gray hair and beard, bowed down with years and feeble, was seen on the day before Christmas groping his way slowly, like one partially blind, among the graves in the old churchyard. In spite of his years his frame showed great strength and power of endurance. His name was Ezekiel Fogg, and as he stooped before an old stone, crumbling with the frost of many winters, he had the unusual experience of witnessing his own name engraved thereon. The fact was that, although alive and still vigorous, he had been for years dead to his family and friends, and they had marked his death by a suitable mound and headstone. The old man has had a romantic life since last he saw his friends. He started for the west over twenty years ago and settled in Plattsburg, N.Y., for a short time, only to continue on in his travels until he reached a town in Nebraska, where he worked in a stone quarry. There his wife and son Frank, a child in arms, joined him later, but after a year or two they came back to Maine, the father agreeing to follow in a few days. Fogg did not return and no word was heard from him except an undenied story that he had been murdered for his money. It was reported that three strangers hired him to guide them through the woods to a distant town. Then the names of A. S. Fuller, a Mr. Stetson and two others were coupled with a story of murder in which the strangers had been hired to put him out of the way. Fogg travelled about in various parts of the west, arriving at one time in Arkansas and living later as a hunter and trapper in the mountains of the far west. One day he found a Maine paper and he read of the death of a man bearing the name of his only son. This revived his memories and he decided to return home, hoping that he might find some trace of his family, and also that he could be benefited by the treatment of a skilful oculist.

A CAT IN THE ORGAN.

A New Kind of Church Music Causes a Sensation.

A Syracuse (N. Y.) despatch says: There has been a mystery about the large pipe organ at St. Paul's Cathedral for a week. Whenever H. R. Fuller, the organist, touched the keys, weird noises were heard in the interior.

There was a large attendance at the morning service yesterday. The Rev. Dr. Lockwood was in the middle of the benediction when a large, wild-looking maltese cat made a flying leap over the head of the organist and landed near W. J. West, a member of the choir, fastening its claws in his knee. Before the cat could be seized it was half way down the side aisle. A gentleman in the rear tried to catch it, but only succeeded in making it double its tracks and go rushing up the main aisle straight for Dr. Lockwood. The worthy rector lost his place in the prayer as he caught sight of the wild-eyed cat rapidly approaching. The cat did not pause, but rushed between the feet of the excited chorus boys. A few seconds later and the cat was back again in its old quarters in the organ. It was some time before the interrupted service could be resumed. An investigation showed that the cat had made her home in the organ and had broken several of the smaller "trackers." The ecclesiastical authorities have made every effort to capture the cat, but without success.

Niagara District Fairs.

A Dunnville despatch says: The second annual convention of the Fair Managers' Association of Niagara District assembled here yesterday in the Opera House. A large delegation was present, representing the following agricultural societies: St. Catharines, Union, Monck, Welland, Dunnville, Cayuga, Netherby, Saltfleet, Gainsboro', Caistor, Pelham, Thorold, South Grimsby, North Grimsby, Rainham, Clinton and Niagara. A number of topics of much importance to agricultural societies were introduced by competent persons and freely discussed and much information gained. A fair circuit is being prepared, which will be published later. The question of expert judging, by A. Docker, President of the Dunnville Society, was dwelt largely upon, but no definite conclusion was arrived at as yet. The matter of directors and their duties, by Erland Lee, of the Saltfleet Society, was a very important paper, and much improvement is looked for in the selection of competent officials. "Fairs as an Educator of the People," by A. Livingstone, of the North Grimsby Society, received sharp discussion, and many good results were shown from fairs being held. The election of officers for the ensuing year and other matters will be brought up at to-morrow's session.

The Old Man's Darling.

A Peterboro' despatch says: An elopement under peculiar circumstances occurred the other day. A well-to-do farmer in Cardiff township named Hughey, had an 18-year-old daughter whose affections were won by a neighboring farmer named Evans, a widower aged nearly 40 years. The father didn't favor the suit, and sent the girl to Peterboro' to separate the two. Evans found out the girl's whereabouts and began communicating with her. To prevent this, the father decided to make another change and bring the girl back home, but the lover, learning of his intentions, stole a march on the old man and drove down to Paterboro', a distance of 60 miles, to secure his lady love. She fled with him to Evans' relatives in Asphodel township, where they were doubtless married. The old man arrived here in hot haste just two hours too late, and seeing that his efforts to prevent the marriage had failed, gave up further pursuit and returned home.

From Bad to Worse.

She—"I would like to call you by your Christian name, love, but Tom is so hateful and common, you know. Haven't you some pet name?" He—"No-no, I—er—haven't." She "Are you always known as Tom among your friends? He (brightening up) "No, the boys call me 'Shorty.'"

Superintendent Sheffield, who was shot in Montreal by a railway car porter, is still living, and the doctors have some hope that he may survive.

THEY LYNCHED THE OLD MAN.

His Four Daughters Elope, and He Killed Two of Their Lovers and Fatally Wounded One of the Girls.

A St. Louis despatch says: The little town of Bolar, in Mercer County, Mo., turns out the following tragic story: Henry Thomas, an old farmer, had four grown daughters named Hattie, Margaret, Nancy and Jane, aged 16, 18, 20 and 22 years respectively. Last Wednesday night Samuel and Charles Hasburn, brothers, procured a ladder and helped Margaret and Jane out of a second-story window of their father's house, and as they were about to elope with the girls the old man appeared on the scene, but too late to prevent their escape. He at once procured the best horse he had and a shotgun, and started in hot pursuit. When about twelve miles from home he overtook the fleeing party. He immediately opened fire on them, killing both the boys and seriously wounding Margaret. After getting nearly home with the girls he was told that the other two, Hattie and Nancy, had eloped with Ned Gleason and Thos. Allison. He at once left the girls he had with him in charge of some neighbors and started after the others. After securing the other two girls without any serious trouble he started back, but when about two miles from home a mob took possession of him and strung him up to a tree. The old man was terribly strict with the girls. He would hardly let them out of his sight, hence the elopements. He always bragged that he would not be bothered with lazy sons-in-law. Public feeling is strongly in favor of the lynching. Margaret died last night.

LYNCHERS AND POLICE

Have a Bloody Fight Over Some Prisoners

A St. Louis despatch says: A special from Fort Worth, Tex., received here late last night, says Sheriff Richardson, of this county, received a telephone message about midnight from Graham, in Young County, to the effect that while a Deputy United States Marshal, with a posse of Graham citizens, was escorting the four Marlow brothers, Buckhart and another man named Pearce to the Parker County jail at Weatherford, the prisoners being indicted for four murders and eight cases of horse theft, a mob of thirty citizens attempted to lynch them. The Marshal and posse defended the prisoners and a terrible fight took place. Two of the Marlow brothers were killed and four of the posse at the first fire. The fight continued, and another one of the Marlows and Pearce were wounded, and another one of the citizens mortally hurt. The prisoners Pearce, Marlow and Buckhart escaped, but all are said to be wounded. The fight took place two and a-half miles from town. It is not known how many of the mob were hurt. A large posse has been made up at Graham and are in pursuit of the fugitives and the members of the mob. Sheriff Richardson has wired the sheriffs at Henrietta, Vernon, Wichita, Cisco, Abilene and Colorado City

Gossip About Notables.

Lord Dufferin's eldest son has been slaughtering tigers at a great pace in India—six on one expedition.

It is announced that Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been writing an "Answer" to the various criticisms on "Robert Elsmere."

The British Attorney General makes, it is said, £40,000 a year at the bar. Sir Horace Davey's annual income—which is not, like that of Sir R. Webster, supplemented by a handsome official salary—is put at £25,000.

A laboring man named Robert Woodcock, aged 68 years, died a few days ago at Whitington, Norfolk. On his deathbed he gave his eldest son a key of a box, telling him that he would find there what he required. The box, on being opened, was found to contain 1 900 sovereigns.

The gold and silver plate which belongs to the Duke of Cumberland weighs some twelve tons, and the jewels are valued at £400,000. The Duke's hereditary casket includes the famous pearls of Queen Charlotte (worth £140,000), which caused nearly twenty years' litigation between the Queen and the King of Hanover.

To Choose an Orange.

The very sweetest orange and richest is the black or rusty coated fruit. Pick out the dingiest oranges in the box and you will get the best. Another way to choose oranges is by weight. The heaviest are the best, because they have the thinnest skin and more weight of juice. Thick skin oranges are apt to be dry; they either weigh less because of having so much skin, or because of the poverty of the juice in these particular specimens. A slight freezing on the tree causes this condition in otherwise fine fruit. The "kid-glove" oranges are the two varieties of small fruit grown in Florida from stocks respectively brought from China and from Tangiers. They are called "Mandarin" and "Tangerine." They may be eaten without soiling a kid glove, because the skin is loose and the little "gores" or pockets of juice come apart very cleanly and without breaking. All the above applies to Florida oranges. The Jamaica and Havana oranges are much paler yellow, and their juice is usually of more acid quality.

Facts and Fancies.

Canadian Labor.—"Sir John, what do you propose to do about these hard facts, discovered after careful investigation by the Legislative Committee of the Trades and Labor Council? Oversupply of men under free immigration, reduction of wages as a consequence, and hard times generally—and all under the N. P. that was to protect Labor, mind you!"

Sir John.—"My dear horny-handed friend, what are facts to me? You can't have read my late banquet speech or you would have known that everything is lovely in Canada under our beneficent protection policy."

Monopolist.—"'Course it is! Just examine by bank account if you don't believe it!"—*Grip.*

Kleptomaniacs of Another Kind.

Does kleptomania only cover such trifles as handkerchiefs, gloves and bric-a-brac? Who knows but that there may be kleptomaniacs who steal office, fame, and even the mantle of piety simply because they cannot help it?—*Boston Globe.*

A company has been formed to sink a test well for oil, gas or salt at Chatham.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A FAMOUS Boston wit says that the prospects appear to be that protectionists will not much longer allow the tide to come in unless a tariff can be collected off it.

A BOTANICAL exploring party from Germany recently discovered on one of the Philippine Islands a number of plants whose flowers were almost a yard in diameter, the petals, five in number, being oval and of a creamy white shade.

LADY SHAFTESBURY, a niece of the Marquis of Donegal, is another fair sprig of the British nobility to go into trade. She has established a shop in Bournemouth for the sale of farm and dairy produce, much of which comes from her own property.

A MINNEAPOLIS minister, Rev. C. S. Nickerson, indorses the Presidential Inauguration ball, saying that it is natural innocent and beautiful. He denounces some round dances, but high-necked, 11 o'clock, square-cornered, long-meter dancing he approves of thoroughly.

IT has been demonstrated that in piping natural gas in pipes of one size about eight pounds per mile of the pressure is lost, but by using the telescope system, smaller pipes at the well and gradually increasing the size toward the point of consumption, the loss of pressure is reduced to three pounds per mile.

LIEUT. STANLEY, whose marriage with a daughter of the Duke of Manchester on the 5th inst., was the most fashionable event in London in recent years, will arrive in Canada with his bride about the beginning of February, and for a few weeks following accompany his father, the Governor-General, on various visits to noted places.

THE Princess of Wales has set the fashion for a new boot which is intended for rough country walking and is impervious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout water proof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. The sole is about half an inch thick

CANON HAWEIS still retains his stall in Chichester Cathedral and occasionally preaches with great vigor, though he is 84 years old. He is a son of the Dr. Haweis who was chaplain to the famous Countess of Huntington, and is the father of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the funny little man who visited this country recently and is preacher, lecturer, musical and art critic, author and newspaper man all in one.

IT has been discovered that the grave of William Penn is in a sadly neglected condition. There is not even a mound above it, and only a flimsy slab of stone stuck in the ground, at the head or foot—no one can tell which. The Friends do not approve of the erection of elaborate and costly monuments, but there surely could be no objection to some more definite and permanent marking of such an interesting spot.

NEARLY all the sweeps in Paris are Italians The funeral of their chief, M. Scazziga, has just taken place at St. Augustin Church with sumptuous solemnity. He came to Paris 60 years ago on foot, "sweeping" his way to the metropolis. He died a millionaire by knocking down soot, and curing smoky chimneys. His charities were proverbial. Two facts in his career: He would never allow any of his employees to work on Sunday, and any stove chimney or fire place that was sick, in a poor man's home, he doctored it gratis. The Pope decorated him with the order of St. Gregory, which ranked him "Cousin," with the Emperor of Austria and the Queen of Spain.

THE London *Morning Post* has published a story describing the finding at Holyrood Palace a short time ago, of "the remains of a baby wrapped in cloth of gold and marked 'J.,'" and proceeded to suggest that the baby was none other than the real James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. The story, it may be pointed out, has got rather mixed on its way south. The fact is, no such discovery was ever made at Holyrood. About two years or more ago Major Gore Booth discovered the body of a child concealed in the stonework of the castle not far from the entrance to Queen Mary's room. There is no clue to the identity of the child, and none has since been forthcoming. Every visitor to the castle gets the story from the guides, and no mystery is made about the matter.

THE advantage which a good cigar has over a cigarette is that the smoke of the cigar is likely to kill microbes, while that of the cigarette only retards their development. The London *Telegraph* says editorially: "An eminent physician of Pisa has recently been engaged, we observe, in some experiments undertaken with a view to test the action of tobacco smoke upon micro-organisms. The microbes were subjected to the smoke for about half an hour, during which time three and a half to four and a half grammes of tobacco were consumed. Among the various kinds of tobacco used were the large Virginia cigars, large and small cavour cigars and the best cigarette tobacco. The result showed that tobacco smoke has the effect of wholly preventing the development of some micro-organisms and of retarding that of others. The Virginia cigar seemed to have the most powerful result, while cigarette smoke had only a retarding influence, and did not entirely check the growth of any form." If, therefore, you want to be healthy—most diseases being the product of microbes, as Dr. Flint stated in the *Forum*—why, smoke cigars and swear off from cigarettes.

THOSE who complain of the amount of fiction taken out of public libraries should remember how frequently the most important questions have been forced home upon the public mind in the form of fiction—this arresting attention, and other inquiry and action coming afterward. No one will ever be able to compute just how much was contributed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the fall of slavery. The late Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.) worked hard in libraries for a whole winter over her compilation "A Century of Dishonor," and when it was fairly published, and a copy sent to every member of Congress, she felt that all she could do to right the wrongs of the Indian had been done. Yet it failed to produce the impression on the public mind which she had desired; and she then wrote, at a white heat, and with a rapidity and facility which she compared to inspiration, the novel of "Ramona;" and this time the work was accomplished. Her utmost dream of success for the book was of a circulation of 10,000 or 15,000; but it has now got up to 75,000, and is still steadily selling. Schools, societies, villages and even drawing-room cars have been named after its heroine, and it has unquestionably done more than any other single influence to reach the public mind. The recent religious novels have brought anew the problems of theology before all. And the very latest illustration of this work of fiction, as a sort of moral breaking-up plough for thought and knowledge, is to be seen in the clubs which are said to be forming to study the problems presented by Mr. Edw. Bellamy's novel, "Looking Backward." The object of this ingenious story is to portray the condition of life in the year 2000, supposing that the existing tendencies of legislation are carried farther and farther, and government becomes more "paternal" in its character.

SEVERAL glass factories now cut the large cylinders of window glass by encircling the cylinder with a fine wire, which is then heated to redness by an electric current, and a drop of water being allowed to fall upon the hot glass, a perfectly clean cut is obtained. The old method was to draw out a fibre of white-hot, semi-molten glass from the furnace by means of tongs and to wrap it round the cyclinder.

AT the unveiling of the Wellington statue the other day the Prince of Wales wore a dark overcoat, with broad velvet collar and cuffs, fawn-colored trousers and seamless boots without toe-caps. He was looking well and in capital spirits, but it was observed that his beard is turning very gray.

THE smallest steam-engine ever made has just been completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris Exhibition. It is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. A watchmaker made it.

THE greatest monopoly in France is that enjoyed by the Vichy Mineral Water Company. It pays 50 per cent. to its shareholders and only 2½ per cent. to the State, from which it secured the original grant of the mineral springs. Shares of the stock that were originally 530 francs are now 4,400 francs.

THE total number of murders committed in the United States, as reported by telegraph to the Chicago *Tribune* during 1888 is 2,184, as compared with 2,335 in 1887, 1,499 in 1886 and 1,808 in 1885. The cause of these murders may be classified as follows:

Quarrels	1,033	Resisting arrest	64
Unknown	247	Self-defense	38
Jealousy	214	Infanticide	66
Liquor	19	Riots	34
By highwaymen	143	Outrage	6
Highwaymen killed	82	Strikes	12
Insanity	41	Duels	3

THE "Statistical Abstract of India," which has been issued, contains an estimate of the present population of India. According to the census of 1881, the population of British territory was 198,790,853, and of the native States 55,191,742, giving a total of 253 982,595. The estimated population of Cashmere (which was not included in the census) in 1873 was 1,500,000; of Upper Burmah in 1886, 3,000 000; and of the Burmese Shan States, 2,000,000. The yearly increment of the population is at least ½ per cent. With these additions, and with allowances for annual increments since the census of February, 1881, the population of India in March, 1887, would be: British territory, 207,754,578; the native States, 60,382,466; giving a total population for all India of 268,137,044. Both in British territory and the native States the number of males is much larger than that of females. In 1881 in British territory there were 1812 males to 97.4 females; and in the native States 28 7 males to 26 4 females; and in all India there were in that year just 6,013,419 more males than females.

MARK TWAIN, who groaned at Adams' grave and let a tear trickle down at the thought of his "forefather" in the cold cold ground, ought to crack his sides over the story that comes from San Domingo concerning the bones of Christopher Columbus. H. C. Astwood is the United States Consul at San Domingo, and, according to *La Nacion*, of that West Indian capital, he recently shocked Senor Figuero, Dominican Minister of the Interior, by the submission of a Yankee scheme of which this is the gist: "H. M. Linell, American, would guarantee the Dominican Government at least $200,000 a year if said Government would intrust said Linell with the bones of Christopher Columbus for exhibition in the chief cities of the United States. Said bones were to be watched by four Dominican priests and guarded by eight Dominican soldiers, and finally to be restored intact to San Domingo." Very naturally, Minister Figuero and the gentle San Domingo people were scandalized, and now they are said to be about to demand the Consul's recall. "Audacity," say they, "thy name is Astwood!"

A Child's Apology.

A little 4-year-old told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclamed: "Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool."

"When a woman has plenty of clothes to talk about," says a cynic, "she is not in mischief." What a misfortune that Eve had not more clothes to talk about.—*Binghamton Republican.*

They are putting in a lick here and a lick there with the big Lick telescope, now doing business in California. The latest act reported was a long, steady look at Saturn's South Pole, which seems to show a shiny tiny ice cap. This report is subject to revision. The shadow of the rings upon the ball and of the ball upon the rings come strongly into ken through the great glass.

—Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he must practice economy, he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.

A SIEGE OF BURGLARS.

Terrific Commotion and Combat on Chicago's Finest Avenue.

The most fashionable part of Michigan avenue boulevard was wildly excited at 7 o'clock last night E. C. Lewis, an insurance broker, who lives in a handsome house at No. 1,450, had just sat down to dinner when a servant girl rushed in from the kitchen, yelled "Burglars!" and crawled under the table.

Mr. Lewis plunged into the back yard. A low-sized man, dressed in dark clothes, confronted him. The low-sized man pretended to be drunk, and said he "wouldn't go home till morning." Mr. Lewis looked around and saw a ladder which had been raised to an upper window. Mr. Lewis ran into the house and returned with a big gun. As he entered the yard he heard a mocking laugh and saw the low-sized man loping up the alley.

"I'll fool the other one," muttered Mr. Lewis, and he took down the ladder and stored it in the woodshed. Then he went into the house to lock the door. The servant girl thought the burglar had come to scalp her and she hurled herself into the street, screaming.

George Hankins, the ex-gambler, lives next door in a stately mansion. Mr. Hankins has numerous servants. Each of these servants turned in a call for the police. Every other neighbor who had a police call used it. Every other neighbor who didn't have a police call made a noise. Mr. Hankins' coachman climbed over the fence, and George Jones, a druggist's clerk, who had sneaked around to the back door to get the first lick at the burglar, smote the coachman with a baseball bat and chased him down the alley. A boulevard policeman, thinking George and the coachman were the burglars, started after them. They were met by a patrol wagon full of bluecoats, who fell upon George.

And the burglar? He buttoned up his coat, walked down the front stairs, met one of Mr. Hankins' servant girls at the door, chucked her under the chin, and went home.—*Chicago Cor. New York World.*

Petticoat Emancipation in Paris.

The *Gaulois* attacks Mme. Carnot because she suffered Mme. Dieulafoy to appear at her last ball dressed in man's clothes. The *Gaulois* speaks of a police regulation which forbids ladies to wear such garments, and of a Prefect of Police who ordered it to be put in force at the Opera Comique against Mme. Dieulafoy. The moral which this attack points to is that things are tolerated at the Elysee which the police would not allow at the theatre. It has been decided by a committee of the Chamber of Deputies that there is nothing to prevent ladies who find men's attire convenient from wearing it. Mme. Dieulafoy is a very exceptional person, and her life not only above the breath of scandal, but in the highest degree honorable. The Louvre owes to her its Persian collection. At the opening of the Persian Museum there she received Mme. Carnot in the suit which she found so convenient when she was excavating the earth mounds at Shushan. She emancipated herself from petticoats for the first time in 1870 to follow the army of the Loire, in which her husband was serving as a volunteer. At Shushan, when she went there to excavate, she arranged for herself an easy kind of man's suit, and on her return to Paris she found it impossible to revert to, as it seemed to her, the less convenient garments of her sex.—*London Daily News.*

Bible Scenes Still Enacted.

In writing from Fayal, one of the Azores Islands, a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says: On the country roads and near the wind-mills you will see circular thrashing floors made of hardened pumice stone. When cows and oxen are driven over the grain, crossing and recrossing it, these are a distinct and frequent feature in the landscape, and reminds one of Bible scenes. What is that strange noise I hear from afar? I say to my native companion. Why, its an ox cart coming along the lane with a load of grain. I watch and wait, and within half an hour it passes, with its two or three yoke of oxen dragging this uncouth cart with its high encircling wicker front and sides. Its great solid wooden wheels creak and groan. One is impelled to be merciful and beseech the owner to oil the wheels. But no, I must not, and am told that this noise is a part of the equipage, and no farmer is satisfied unless his wheels have the proper amount of squeak. A law was once made by the Portuguese Government that no creaking cart should be allowed to enter a city, but the people rebelled and the law was repealed.

A Victim of Weather.

Madder than the defeated candidate is he who laid in a fur overcoat for a hard winter and found the coat harder to bear than the winter.—*Toronto News.*

—A cat makes the most noise when every thing is still—that is every thing but the cat.

—No man dies of inflammation of the lungs in middle life, or indeed of any acute disease, be it what it may, if he has lived healthily as to habits and character of surroundings.

—A character at unity with itself—that performs what it intends, subdues every counteracting impulse, and has no visions beyond the distinctly possible—is strong by its very negations.

First love is but love's frivolous froth.
Now, fond lovers, wax not wroth,
Nor give the lie
To this my sigh—
You'll test its truth, too, by and by

The last love is love's boundless deep,
Where strong, resistless currents sweep;
The sun's warm eyes
The froth soon dries—
No love like last love satisfies.
—*Christian Union.*

—The slightest vein of iron or steel can readily be detected by the application of aquafortis to the surface. On steel it leaves a black mark; on iron the metal remains clean.

From recent archæological discoveries it appears that the Romans, at the height of their civilization and splendor, had no system of street lighting. No trace of anything of the kind has been discovered.

There was recently discovered in Central Africa a village of houses built along a street and having gabled roofs. The inhabitants are of superior intelligence, keep good order in the village and sleep in beds raised above the ground.

A BURGLAR'S CLEVER EXPEDIENT.

Policeman Seized by Bulldogs.

A woman named Catherine Barragan was charged at Bow Street Police Court, London, the other day with aiding in a burglary in an optician's shop in Holborn. Evidence was given to the effect that detectives went to prisoner's residence, and there found several opera glasses and barometers. Whilst there a man came in, whom they charged with complicity, and on searching him found a barometer in his pocket. He said he had just bought it over the way. The officers went with him to a shop on the opposite side of the street. The man went behind the counter, and suddenly disappeared through a trap-door. Witness immediately followed, and fell into a dark cellar, where he was instantly seized by two bull terriers, who held him while the man made good his escape. Other officers came to the rescue of witness, but it was necessary to beat the dogs off with an iron crowbar before they released their hold. The prisoner was remanded.

Try Not to Cough.

A physician who is connected with an institution which contains many children says: "There is nothing more irritating to a cough than to cough. For some time I had been so fully assured of this that I recently determined, if possible for one minute, at least, to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in the hospital of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them simply to hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from their disease.

"Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person, when tempted to cough, draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from the process. The nitrogen, which is thus refined, acts as an anodyne to the irritated mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her effort to recuperate."

Latest Scottish News.

Dr. McGregor, the Governor of British New Guinea, began life as a ploughman in Aberdeenshire.

Mr. George Yule, the President of the Indian National Congress, is a son of the late Mr. Robert Yule, draper, Stonehaven.

Mrs. Robb, the Laurencekirk centenarian, has just seen another birthday. On the 25th ult., she entered on her 102nd year, and is enjoying fairly good health.

Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, Edinburgh, in the course of a New Year's address to the Broughton Place U. P. congregation, expressed the belief that this year would witness the renewal of negotiations for an incorporating union between the Free and U. P. Churches.

By the recent death of Mrs. Macneille £10 000 (left by her husband, the late Provost Macneille) falls to be administered by the Ayr Town Council for behoof of the poor of Ayr not paupers. Provost Macneille was a leather merchant in Ayr, and for three terms filled the office of Chief Magistrate of the town. He had no children.

Two Odd Old Ones.

Moses Bradshaw, of Claiborne county, Tenn., celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary this week by riding fifty miles on horseback. He made the journey on a wager.

Mrs. Sophie Merklein, who died at New York a few days ago, leaving $10,000 to her children, had a queer bank—the bed on which she slept. After her death $4,000 in cash was found between the two mattresses.

Obliging!

Collector—I have called six times, sir, for the amount of this bill already.

Citizen—What, six times? Is it possible you have been put to all that annoyance? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: when I feel like paying the amount I will call on you myself. It's outrageous to give a man the trouble I have unconsciously given you.

Why She Refused Him.

"I know," mumbled the weazened octogenarian millionaire, gazing fondly into the azure eyes of the charming woman by his side, "I know that I am somewhat advanced in life, but still an old man can love, and besides the disparity in our years is not so apparent that—"

"Sir!" she cried, flushing indignantly—and they were not married.

He Put it Strong.

"They tell me you are married again, Pat; is that so?"

"It is, sor?"

"How are you satisfied with the change?"

"Moighty well, sor! Ef the ferst Mrs McGlacherty was aloive the day, me ownly regrit wud be that oi hadn't married me second woife ferst."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Worse than the Small Boy Behind the Sofa

"So you and Herbert are going to be married?" said one young lady to another.

"Yes, during the holidays."

"You didn't threaten him with a breach of promise suit, did you?"

"No. I merely showed him the phonograph that I always keep concealed under the sofa."

—Waiting for the fish that bite other people's hooks is what wearies.

Sarah Bernhardt's foreign tour has been a brilliant success in all respects, but she will not derive any permanent benefit from it, as her expenses are enormous. She actually makes her son an allowance of $1,200 a week, and her debts amount to $140,000. Sarah and her company always lodge in the same hotel when she is "on tour," and she is a Monte Cristo like hostess when things are going well and she is in good humor. She is still very extravagant, and wastes large sums in buying trash of every description, and she carries her purchases about with her. Her bills at the Austrian, Roumanian and Turkish custom houses amounted in the aggregate to $18,000.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY

At the Disinterment of the Body of Mr. Samuel Bowlby.

Another remarkable case of the growth of hair after burial came to light yesterday at the disinterment of the body of Mr. Samuel Bowlby, who died in Southwold in May, 1887, and was buried in the Talbotville cemetery. When Mr. Bowlby died his beard was about four inches long, and the hair upon his head was the usual length worn during life. When the coffin was taken up yesterday by his son-in-law, Mr. J. Learn, for reburial in Mapleton cemetery it was discovered that the beard had grown to the length of eighteen inches.—*St. Thomas Times.*

"There are moments when silence prolonged and unbroken
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken."

Look at that wan and wasted woman, once the picture of health, now so pallid. She cannot begin to tell her sufferings, but as from day to day she goes through the house, attending to her many cares, her attenuated form, her white face, her stooping shoulders, her pinched features, all tell that she is a silent martyr to disease. Her once cheery voice is seldom heard, but her silence tells her suffering more than words could do. O! ye silent, sorrowing, suffering sisters, there is a cure for your troubles; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign remedy for the derangements and maladies peculiar to your sex. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers and feeble women generally, "Favorite Prescription" is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

Curiosities of the Phonograph.

Subscribers to whom are rented machines can have left at their door every morning the waxy tablets known as phonograms, which can be wrapped about a cylinder and used in the phonograph. On these tablets will be impressed from the clear voice of a good talker a condensation of the best news of the day, which the subscribers can have talked back at them as they sit at their breakfast tables.

"That Diabolical Apparatus,

the stomach," is the energetic phrase which Carlyle applied to his own troublesome organ of digestion. The great essayist was a dyspeptic from his youth, but had he used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he might have shaken off the incubus of indigestion, "like a dewdrop from a lion's mane," and there would have been more "sweetness and light" in his writings and his home. All druggists; 25 cents a vial.

Will Know Better Some Day.

First Lady—"What an imperious, dictatorial, arrogant man that Mr. Pompus is!" Second Lady—"Yes, you know he has never been married."

Wanted, 10,000 Disabled Men,

must be in poor health and unable to do a good day's work. A disordered liver or any disease caused by scrofula or bad blood will be considered a qualification, but preference will be given to those having obstinate affections of the throat and lungs or incipient consumption. Apply to the nearest drug store and ask for a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

General Lew Wallace has cleared $60,000 thus far from "Ben Hur."

Amelie Rives has dropped the name she made famous and calls herself simply Amelie Chanler.

Abraham Lincoln was the tallest President, 6 feet 4 inches; Martin Van Buren the shortest, barely 5 feet 6 inches. Benjamin Harrison will be shorter still, his height being 5 feet 5 inches.

Judge Charland gave a lengthy judgment yesterday in the Morrissette case, in which a girl of 19 changed from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant religion, and voluntarily went to and remained at the Grand Ligne Baptist Mission. He ordered that the girl should be restored to her father, and refused a delay of twenty-four hours to enable a writ of appeal to be taken out and served.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight ross material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

5 89

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

PRICEVILLE

BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND

In Flesherton on twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS with a full supply of goods

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND

PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

AT

BLACKBURN'S

$98 Sewing-Machine FREE to at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send **free** to one person in each locality, the very best sewing machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send **free** a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the **Singer** patents, which have run out before patents run out it sold for **$98**, with the attachments, and now sells for **$50**. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure **free** the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 340, Augusta, Maine.**

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

— AT THE —

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.

EVERYTHING WILL BE SLAUGHTERED. DRESS GOODS, TWEEDS AND EVERYTHING ELSE DOWN, DOWN, DOWN!

Remember J. G. Anderson's Great Clearing Sale.

Continues until February 21. **Remarkable Bargains.**

A Young Lady's Soliloquy.

[The following was published in CHAMBERS JOURNAL more than twenty years ago, yet many are still hopeless by waiting an answer to the question without making an effort to solve it in a practicle way.]

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life;
What was I born for? For somebody's wife
I'm told by my mother. Well, that being true,
Somebody keeps himself strangely from view.
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state
For, tho' I'm not ugly, pray what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz.
And then, as for temper and manner its plain,
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful for better or worse
To take the first body who gracously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small
But why should I think of such chances at all
My sisters are all of them younger than I
Yet here, there, in the world, and why not let me try
I know not in business I'm not an adept,
Because from all matters of state I'm kept.
But this is the question that troubles my brain
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life.
Why should I want to be "somebody's wife?"

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A Miraculous Case

Many of our readers have been aware of the fact that for the past two years Bertie Moore, the eleven year-old son of Mr. John Moore, manager of the Toronto Lime Co's. business, and residing at Limehouse, has suffered severely from some complicated nervous trouble. For some part of that time he was confined to his bed unable to help himself, and at others able to get about with the aid of a cane or crutch, the whole of the time suffering severely from pains and weakness in both head and back, and unable to bear anything to touch his head. During the past summer he has been better than for some time previously, but last fall the trouble asserted itself with renewed vigor and he grew worse until the 21st of November he was utterly prostrate and became totally blind. From that time his sufferings became more and more intense until Sunday morning, 30th of December, about seven o'clock, he had a more than usually severe spasm and fell back exhausted and apparently lifeless. He had taken no nourishment for three days and his mother and father, who were watching at his bedside, thought that the final struggle and all the members of the family were called to the sick chamber. In about twenty minutes he took a long breath, moved his head, looked around and said, "Ma, I can see you, I can see you now and my pain is all gone." His parents concluded that the end had come. But he continued: "I prayed to Jesus and he took it all away, my head is all right. You can burn the cane now, I'll need it no more." From that hour to the present he has had neither pain or weakness of any kind, and can now read the smallest print. He has an excellent appetite and the other day walked over half a mile to see a sick neighbor, and yesterday went to Toronto on a visit with his parents. All his faculties have been restored and he is apparently in perfect health. His case is the strangest on record in this section, and is so declared by Dr. Lowry, who has been in attendance from the first, and had associated with him in consultation eminent physicians from Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph and the United States. All pronounce it a miraculous recovery. The entire community unite in thankful congratulations to the parents upon the restoration to health of their beloved boy.
Acton Free Press.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

From British Columbia.

By our own Correspondent.

The first snow of the season fell last night, and we are all wishing for a week or two of sleighing. Ten degrees of frost is the coldest it has been, yet. In the neighborhood of meadows cattle have just been taken in for the winter. Not much winter, but we can beat, I was going to say creation, at all events the Dominion for rain.

Diphtheria has claimed six victims in this municipality up to date. The houses in which it is are under quarantine rules. Steam ships at Vancouver are under the same rules with smallpox aboard. Vancouver, it is claimed, has now 10,000 population. Not bad for 3 years' growth.

If all accounts be true the Dominion Lands in the railway belt are being administered in a strange manner. Parties who already hold free homesteads under the Provincial Government are being allowed to preempt another 160 acres under the Dominion Government, although the act provides otherwise.

The late fisheries regulations prohibiting fishing for salmon in fresh waters are something altogether in favor of the canneries, which are all situated near the salt water limit. Indians can fish for their own use. Are they better than white settlers?

Jones, the murderer, who was executed at Westminster on the ninth inst., should not, according to those acquainted with all the circumstances, have been hanged. Six dollars worth of *Pacific Coast* whiskey was at the bottom of it this time.

Yours etc.
J. W. WEBSTER.

Haney, Jan., 18th, 1889.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

Felt Boots, Gum Rubbers, Fulled Stockings, Overshoes, and Rubbers. Mens' and Boys' Long Boots, At prices to suit the times.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MES. BULMER.

FLESHERTON

HEATH FOR ALL'

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 2s. and 33s. each Pot or Box, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Heard's Carriage Works.

— MANUFACTURER OF —

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attent on given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

— Lumber, Lath and Shingles. —

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Lowers for 4 Horses. Straw-Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!

— ON —

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm—100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash pa
S. DAMUDE, Fl n.

New Hair ressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, ng opened out new barber shop and ha ing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is paepared o attend to all w in his line, and would invite patronage. Hair cutting, shaving ng razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.

J. NELSON.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 397. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy flush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

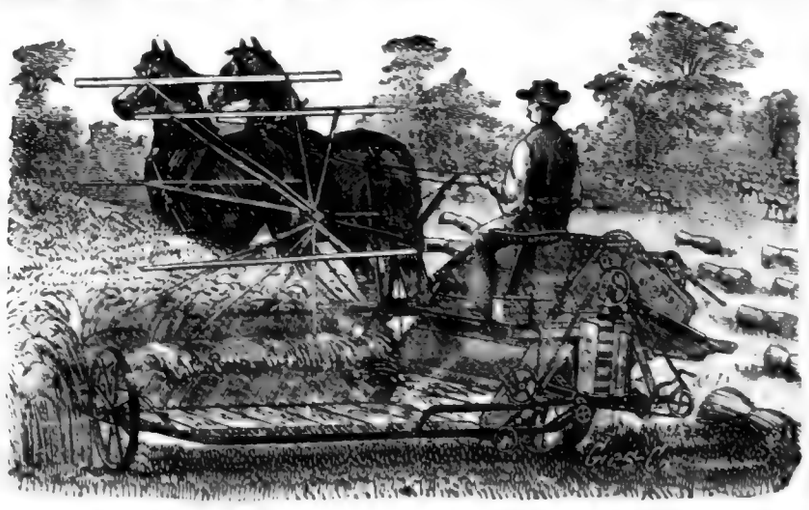

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower,
THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR.
LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

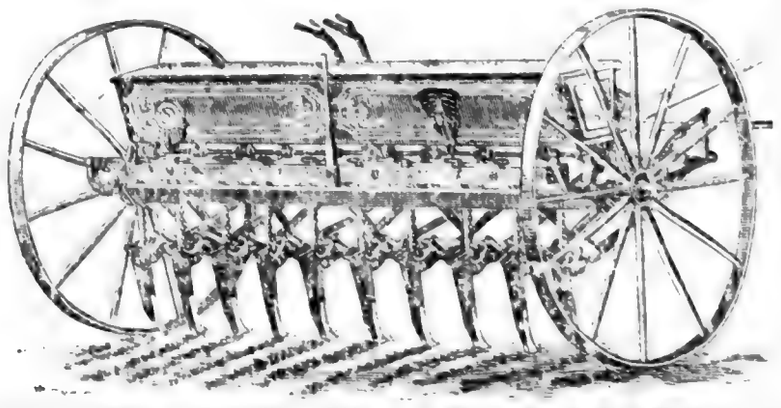

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth without stopping the team.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses no ground when starting in, after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and saves cord in binding.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON. NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Snow.

Ice and

Cattle fair Monday next.

Remember Russell's auction sale.

Lieutenant-Col. Grey inspectd the armory on Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Davis is visiting friends in Georgetown and Toronto.

Banker Mitchell visited friends in Thornbury on Saturday.

Mr. Hugh Rennie of Waterloo is visiting our village this week.

Dan McTavish has purchased the property of James Sullivan, tinsmith. Mr. Sullivan intends leaving us.

The Montreal carnival Star has been received. It simply discounts anything in that line ever produced.

Rev. Mr. Patterson, from the county of Lanark, will preach in the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

FOR SALE—A good driving horse, four years old, will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

J. T. KEEFER, Flesherton.

R. J. Sproule, Esq. has disposed of his planning mill to Mr. Howard, late of Orangeville. The latter gentleman will take up his residence among us next week.

A Sabbath School entertainment will be held in Kimberley on Wednesday, Feb. 13. Speeches, dialogues, recitations, etc. Tea served from 5 to 7 o'clock. Admission 25 and 15 cents.

Mr. Alex. Moore, of the Back Line east, cut his foot very severly while chopping in the bush. Dr. Carter stitched it up. Mr. Moore will probably be laid up for some time.

Sandy McAulay, near Dundalk, has a noisy dog. This same noisy dog frightened Mr. Wm. Karstedt's horse on Monday evening, causing it to run away, breaking the cutter badly and injuring itself. Mr. Karstedt thinks that dog should have a pill.

We Would Like to Know

The whereabouts of one Joseph Allison, lately of Gravenhurst and Emsdale. Said information will be thankfully received at this office.

Hung Herself.

On Friday night last a cow belonging to Carey Treadgold, Esq., tried to walk over into the horse's manger from her own. Her horns caught in the rack in some manner and she died from the effects of a fractured vertebrae. Mr. Treadgold's loss is considerable, as the hide was the only thing of marketable value about her which could be utilized.

To Stop a Horse From Kicking.

If you have a horse that is in the habit of kicking, put him in a narrow stall that has both sides thickly padded. Suspend a sack filled with hay or straw so that it will strike his heels, and let horse and sack fight it out. Be sure to have things arranged so that the horse cannot hurt himself. The sack will be victorious every time, and in the end the horse will absolutely refuse to kick the sack or anything else.

Fire at Eugenia.

On Saturday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, the residence of Thos. Crowe, Eugenia, was discovered to be on fire. The family was away from home at the time. Neighbors flocked to the scene, and succeeded in saving mostly all the articles of furniture down stairs, but the fire had acquired too much headway to be extinguished. The building, which was of frame, was totally destroyed, with all the upstairs contents. The fire is supposed to have started in the kitchen from a defective stovepipe.

Mr. W. Wood is our authorized agent at the Station. Subscriptions may be paid to him. Single copies of The Advance for

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Take a piece of paper, and upon it put in figures your age in years, dropping months, weeks, and days. Multiply by 2, add to the result obtained the figures 3776, then add 2, and then divide by 2. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your years on earth, and see if you do not obtain figures that you will not be likely to forget.—Ex.

Orchestra.

Some of our band boys have formed themselves into an orchestra, with the following personal: E. Vanzant, the two Parks Bros., Ed. Chausse, Pete Munshaw, Wm. Bellamy and Geo. Stewart. They can furnish music by the square yard at reasonable rates and of the very finest quality. Whatever else Flesherton is deficient in, she has musicians that would do credit to a much larger place.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

We paid our neighboring village of Markdale a visit on Friday. The merchants there were grumbling about stagnation of business. Bro. Rutledge of the Standard pronounced things in his line as booming. Friend Jackman of the same paper has grown a moustache that would do grace to the Marquis of Lorne himself; and that is much superior to the one worn by by Major Middleton. It is the very color of Capt. Anson's of the ex-Governor's staff. We have heard it rumored that Will's moustache has caught on and that he intends to get married. This was decided last (leap) year.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Can't Insert it.

If our correspondent, "Canadian," would couch his language in a more temperate strain, we would be glad to publish his letters. The one now before us, in answer to "Progress" in the Thornbury paper, is anything but moderate in tone and we cannot publish it. Abuse is not argument, and criticism must not descend to abuse. Therefore we feel justified in refusing to print the letter in its present state but would be glad to receive it in a modified form, as "Progress" is one of those gentlemen annexationists who should be "choked off" by fair fighting.

Seed Catalogue.

We have just received the most handsome Canadian Seed Catalogue we have yet seen; it is issued by the Steel Bros. Co. (Ltd.), Toronto, and contains description and prices of everything in seeds, roses, climbing vines, flowering bulbs and grapes; a book of 112 pages, profusely illustrated, has also a chromo-lithograph plate, showing four varieties of their "New Art Collection of Flower Seeds." New and rare novelties in flower, vegetable and field seeds occupy a large portion of the work. The firm occupy the Mammoth Seed House, corner Front and Jarvis streets, Toronto, (visitors to which are always made welcome), and have an immense establishment, employing 100 hands, and doing business from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We bespeak for this house the patronage of all who are desirous of buying first-class seeds and encouraging Canadian enterprise. Send your address for a catalogue. They are mailed free.

Robert Fawcett, sr. Esq., and Mrs. Fawcett, left on Tuesday for Detroit to visit their daughter, Mrs. Henry Down, who is very ill.

Married.

NEVIN—LOMAS.—In Priceville, on Wednesday, Jan. 30, by the Rev. Mr. McLeod, Alexander Nevin, Esq., of Balsam Valley, to Miss Sarah Lomas, of Artemesia, stepdaughter of R. Oliver, Esq.

BORN.

MORROW.—On Friday, Feb. 1, the wife of Robt. Morrow, Flesherton, of daughter.

Thermometrical.

Winter arrived in full force on Monday, and has remained with us. A large amount of snow fell on Sunday and Monday. Tuesday it did not snow, but the elements were busy getting in their work by drifting into mountain ranges what had before fallen. Then the thermometer took a notion to hybernate and got down on Tuesday evening as far as 7 below zero. On Wednesday morning at 8.30 when we examined W. Richardson's thermometer the mercury was curled up in its little round ball. Munshaw's thermometer said 11 below zero, and was still slipping gently down towards the Manitoba point.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

Open Meeting.

The open temperance meeting, under the auspics of the R. T. of T., held in the town hall Tuesday evening, was well attended. Music by the glee club, recitations, speeches, etc., formed a very interesting program. A. A. Chesley, Esq., occupied the chair. The two speeches by Rev. Mr. Shilton and Dr. Christie were short, earnest and pointed. The program throughtout was attentively listened to, and all interested may congratulate themselves upon the successful entertainment provided. A good committee always provides a good thing.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Board by the week, day or meal, apply to Mrs. Jas. Kester, Sydenham St., Flesherton.

LOOK HERE! All parties indebted to me either by Note or book account are requested to call and settle by cash or otherwise on or before the 15th of Feb inst. R. P. Legate.

FOR SALE! A roadster mare rising four years old, also one Portland cutter, and single harness, will be sold reasonably. For particulars apply to

JOSEPH SMITH, Flesherton.

SACRIFICE SALE!

TILL FEB. 1st, 1889.

16⅔ PER CENT. off all sales of WATCHES and CLOCKS! or ONE SIXTH off marked price.

20 per cent. off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS do. do.

25 per cent off general lines in

JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

Markdale is the only place in this section where you can get

CLOSE COMPETITION PRICES.

It will pay you to drive here, as you can find a large stock to choose from at cut figures.

CALL THIS MONTH!

If you never have before.

—AND—

Test This Statement!

that I have a very fine stock at

Bed Rock Prices!

Discounts considered. Fine repairing receives general attention.

JEWELER and OPTICIAN,

MARKDALE, ONT.

"The Place Where the Old Horse Died."

In the hollow, by the pollard, where the crop is
tall and rank,
Of the dock leaf and the nettle growing free,
Where the bramble and the brushwood straggle
blindly o'er the bank,
And the pyat j-rks and chatters on the tree,
There's a fence I never pass
In the sedges and the grass,
But for very shame I turn my head aside,
While the tears come thick and hot,
And my curse is on the spot—
'Tis the place where the old horse died.

There's his hoof upon the chimney, there's his
hide upon the chair,
A better never bent him to the rein;
Now, for all my love and care, I've an empty
stall and bare.
I shall never ride my gallant horse again!
How he laid him out at speed,
How he loved to have a lead
How he snorted in his mettle and his pride!
Not a flyer of the hunt
Was beside him in the front.
At the place where the old horse died!

Was he blown? I hardly think it. Did he slip?
I cannot tell.
We had run for forty minutes in the vale,
He was reaching at his bridle, he was going
strong and well,
And he never seemed to falter or to fail;
Though I sometimes fancy too,
That his daring spirit knew
The task beyond the compass of his stride;
Yet he faced it, true and brave,
And dropped into his grave.
At the place where the old horse died.

I was up in half a minute, but he never seemed
to stir
Though I scored him with my rowels in the
fall;
In his life he had not felt before the insult of the
spur,
And I know that it was over once for all.
When motionless he lay
In his cheer ess bed of clay,
Huddled up without an effort on his side—
'Twas a hard and bitter stroke,
For his honest back was broke,
At the place where the old horse died.

With a neigh so faint and feeble that it touched
me like a groan,
"Farewell, he seemed to murmur, "ere I
die;"
Then set his teeth, and stretched his limbs, and
so I stood alone,
While the merry chase went heedless sweeping by.
Am I womanly and weak
If the tear was on my cheek
For a brotherhood that death could thus divide?
If, sickened and amazed,
Through a woeful mist I gazed,
On the place where the old horse died.

There are men both good and wise who hold
that, in a future state,
Dumb creatures we have cherished here
below
Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the
golden gate;
Is it folly that I hope it may be so?
For never man had friend
More enduring to the end,
Truer mate in every turn of time and tide;
Could I think we'd meet again,
It would lighten half my pain
At the place where the old horse died.

—*Whyte Melville.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

The big estates of landed proprietors, where neither coal nor iron has been found, where no new towns have sprung up, and the semi-detached villas dear to the jerry builder are as yet unknown, do not represent their former income nor consideration. Farms are no longer fortunes, and fields do little more than pay for themselves.

The Earl of Kingshouse was an example of the ruthlessness of the times. There was no possible blame to be found with him and his. They had lived the ordinary lives of ordinary gallant gentlemen, enjoying the sunshine while it lasted, and believing in its everlasting continuance, by direct providential ordering, for their benefit. They had not been spendthrifts of an extravagant kind, and they had not been monstrously vicious. Neither had they come to the front as great generals nor as noted statesmen, though they had been for generations officers in the army and navy, nor had they ended as government officials of high rank after beginning as attaches of very problematic value. Still, the family wealth had slowly decreased both in actual bulk and relative proportions, till, as has been said, the present earl had been forced to let the castle for what rental it would fetch, and live in the Dower House with as much economy as he could command and more modesty than he enjoyed. It was, however, his only hope, but even with this things did not mend, and the red lion couchant, which was their proud family crest, was daily more sharply pinching within that galling net of debt and difficulty drawing ever tighter and tighter round it. What was to be done? How from that proverbial stone get the desired blood?

The Kingshouse estate must be still further clipped; and if the foul fiend himself held the shears he must be dealt with as a gentleman and courteously entreated. The estate went up as far as the garden wall of Redhill, and that bit—which my lord could sell without his son's consent—was just what would suit the ex-miner to buy. It was grief and pain to traffic the land, which represented his dignity, for the gold of a man whom, in former days, my lord would not have taken into his service as a groom, nor admitted his son into his house as a shoe-black. But those debts were pressing; money was absolutely necessary, yet as difficult to find as if buried in a pot beneath the rainbow; the Jews were sharks of a more formidable kind than Miles Stagg would be, and that bit of poor land would fetch a good price if the hirsute millionaire, on whose garden wall it abutted, should desire to have it, and so throw out another runner into the rich soil of landed proprietorship.

My lord was no Christian democrat after the pattern of his daughter. On the contrary, he looked at states and principalities as of divine ordination, and held the tamperers therewith as rebels against the express decree of the Almighty—rebels with whom the policeman's truncheon was the only valid argument, and a felon's prison cell the righteous remedy. In this sweeping condemnation, however, he did not include that daughter—his delight, as it has been said he used to call her. Like many other loving and therefore illogical people, love made a line of its own, and allowed a new principle to appear when it touched himself. Had it been Molly, the dairy-maid, for instance, or Mrs. Clanricarde, or even Mrs. Stewart—though as the wife of a clergyman she was officially free of certain philanthropic fads caviare to the million—who had maintained the essential superiority of the human being over the conventional claims of aristocratic gentlehood, he would have consigned any one of them to the eternal perdition for which she had qualified herself. But Lady Elizabeth was different. The inexhaustible fountain of mercy would grant forgiveness for a mistake which in the boundless expanse of knowledge would figure as a virtue—a little awry, and with a kink somewhere in the golden thread; but always a virtue, and to be rewarded as such.

Lord Eustace had told his father of Lady Elizabeth's damaging condescension at the tennis party, and he had himself, with his own aristocratic and august eyes, seen her shake hands with the omad'haun at the church door on the Sunday following. He had seen and wondered, but he had not interfered, partly because of that bit of land which had been weighing on his mind for some time past; partly because he thought that if it was her good pleasure to find any merit in that extraordinary-looking young man called Caleb Stagg—to my lord his very name was enough—if, in the plenitude of her seraphic sweetness, she thought her grace and condescension would in any way, or to the smallest degree, redeem him from the gross burden of his inheritance; well, that was just her goodness warping her intellect. The earl, her father, did not share her belief, and had no part in her choice. Sly is always Sly, and the sty does not breed lions. Nor is it politically desirable to aim at such social or personal transmutation. Morally and religiously, of course, it was all right, but then he was not so moral nor so religious either in a transcendental way as she. Men never are so good as women, and she was better than most women, if he was no worse than the average man. All this gentle playing at providence and philanthropy pleased her, his delight, who took the shine out of them all; and if no one profited, it did no one any harm. Wherefore he merely raised his eyebrows when he saw his daughter's act of condescension before the whole congregation, and said not a word to bring a shade of sorrow on that pure, sweet, holy face, which was to him the dearest thing in life.

Besides, again, my lord had the true English gentleman's feeling with respect to the action of women. He gave them their head up to a certain point; on the one hand, because they were half of his own order, whose status touched his own, and who were therefore entitled to respect as their birthright; on the other, for contempt as to what they might do. The two motives had their common source in pride; which is not wholly bad. When tenderness is superadded, as with my lord for his daughter, the thing takes another complexion, and what was the lofty toleration of contempt becomes the free gift of love recognizing equal moral rights.

All the same, the ex-miner and his family were of a different flesh and blood from the flesh and blood of those born in the purple, in my lord's estimate of human value; and his dear delight's undoubted virtue had as undoubtedly a queer twist in it somewhere.

It was a proud day for Miles Stagg when my lord's agent wrote to him, offering him that parcel of land known as the Redhill Braes for such and such a sum; which, truth to say, was about three times its market value. One-third had been added because of that abutment of the garden wall; the other, because it was the Earl of Kingshouse who opened negotiations at second hand with Miles Stagg, the ex-miner; the third, was the solid base line of which these other two made the sides of the triangle.

Without a trace of snobbishness in his rough-hewn character, Miles could not be indifferent to such topsy-turvydom of conditions as was implied in this offer. It was simply human nature that he should be proud of the consciousness that he, only a few years ago a mere day-laborer, earning his twenty to thirty shillings a week, should now be able to help my lord, who was like a little god among them all.

"Proud! ay, that was he, surely," as he said to Nancy, who was partly dazed and partly frightened by the event.

And yet he felt sorry—almost ashamed—that the great and powerful should be so humbled and brought so far low. He would rather have negotiated for Lady Elizabeth's hand on the more equal terms of money for rank, and as good a lad as ever stepped for a likely lady's husband and the father of her lady ship's bairns. That would have been a fair exchange and no robbery, he said; but this offer of a parcel of poor land for three times its market value was such a confession of need. It made him downright sorry for the grand old family, and he was no wise minded to sniff at the evident extortion, nor would he haggle over the price He would pay my lord what he asked, and much good might the brass do him—not said ironically, but in serious earnest.

He, Miles, wanted naught with society for himself, though he was main glad that Caleb should have his whack. He wanted truly to see his lad wedded to a lass with a grand name, so that he should thus be able to found a family, as such wealth as theirs should do. He wanted Lady Elizabeth as his daughter-in-law, but he was not going to put down this on the back of the cheque. Things must come as they would, and Caleb must strike his own seam in his own way, knowing as how his daddy was at his back to second all his efforts.

Hence the bargain was concluded between the horny-handed Croesus and the empty-handed aristocrat on the strictest business footing; and my lord never knew how much he owed to the generosity of the man he generally designated as "that brute" when he spoke of him at all. My lord paid part of his more pressing debts with the ex-miner's money, and the ex-miner wondered what on earth he should do with the land now that he had it, and what good would be the braes to him when they were of none to his lordship.

"They'll do to remind thee, Miles, that a fool and his money's soon parted," said Jim Fisher, striking his long chin.

And Miles answered, with a voice like a fog-horn, "Ay, man, that will they!" laughing as if the loss of so many thousands stood as a huge financial joke.

"The worst bit of land all round the country-side!" continued Jim, always in his quality of Janus-Mentor on the one side and Theraites on the other.

"That's about it, Jim," returned his former mate and present patron.

"Them thistles and ragwort fairly bet my garden," continued Jim. "It takes a man's time to keep down t' weeds as flies over the wall."

"We'll stub 'em up, Jim," said Miles, roughly cheery. "Thou'st got to be glad, man, as I've bought the land. Thy garden 'll be all the cleaner now that I've got my right to the ploughing on t!"

"Ploughing!" repeated Jim, disdainfully; "as if ary a plough as was ever forged would go in among them stones! I think thou'st losing thy eyesight, Miles. Why, t'land is fell-land, top and bottom; and unless ye can stuff pillows with thistle seed, I don't see what ye'll make of it, or where the vally of it lies, nohow."

"We'll see!" said Miles, laughing amain, and slapping his pockets as he was wont when pleased. "If I don't find a vally for the land, tell me my name's not Miles Stagg, and call me Jack Robinson instead."

"Jack-pudding, Jack-fool, Jack-ass! That's what I'll call thee," grumbled Jim, walking back to his turnips as stiff as a soldier on parade, and as sour as an unripe lemon.

But if the purchase of this parcel of land, this part of the great earl's estate, with its rich crop of ragwort and thistles, did not add much to Miles Stagg's essential position as a landed proprietor, still less advance by even a hair's breadth that darling dream of aristocratic alliance which he caressed, as Bottom might have caressed Titania; it touched Caleb's position in the society of the place, and materially improved his questionable holding. It was one thing for this rough and hirsute Sly, this ex-miner Stagg, to have bought Redhill; to have built a hideous new house on the site of the old, dark, tumble-down, inconvenient Elizabethan gem; to have set up "glass" by the acre, and to let surly old Jim Fisher neglect all their potentialities when he had done so; and another thing to buy the braes direct from my lord himself. The former owner of Redhill had been an absentee, holding a coffee plantation in Jamaica, which he could neither leave nor sell, and which did not pay its working expenses, and the house had been let to any one who would take it—now to a shady captain, who, as they said in those parts, "shot the moon" one night when the place had got too hot for him, and now to a farmer who turned the banqueting hall into a granary. Thus the neighborhood had felt no twinge of resentful sympathy for dispossession of an honored holder when Miles Stagg had bought the place, nor disapprobation of the new man's "land grabbing." Nor had it felt personally or locally enriched by the miner's gold which had flowed over the seas and had done no good to any one at home. When it came to the opening of a direct conduit—when my lord lowered his crest so far as to condescend to sell part of the great Kingshouse estate to the former miner, and had got three times its market value for the parcel—then the neighborhood pricked up its ears and rubbed its dry hands together, and wondered if, perchance, any drops of this beautiful golden ointment would ever moisten this and that and the other of those curved and hungry palms.

CHAPTER VI.

STAR OR MOON LIGHT.

The Earl of Kingshouse was devoted to astronomy; the countess to embroidery. Between these two absorptions lay a wide tract of domestic freedom by which Lady Elizabeth profited, no one interfering. Her father, whose favorite pursuit caused him to turn night into day, was asleep when he should have been awake Her mother who had grown indolent in her comparative poverty and seclusion, asked only to be let alone, wrestling with the difficulty of shades and stitches and mourning in completion the annihilation of endeavor. Hence Lady Elizabeth lived her own life emphatically, and carried out to the utmost of which she was capable the philanthropic doctrines which in "Parson Lot's" time would have gone under the name of Christian Socialism. She received whom she would, and did as she would, and the only one who ever dreamed of objecting was her brother Eustace, and he found no audience. His father pooh-poohed him in favor of his delight, and his mother followed suit in favor of her indolence. If Elizabeth really went too far, and did what she ought not, that, proved, would necessitate her own stricter surveillance and more active companionship; and for this the effort would be too great. Of the two, she preferred to be an ostrich rather than a fly, and to stick her head into the sand, seeing nothing rather than to light on a window-pane, looking all ways at once.

Eustace was so fidgety! she said, plaintively, to my lord; and he had always been jealous of Elizabeth. Why could he not let her alone? If she liked to have dirty little children about her, and give them tea and cakes in the park, there was plenty of room and no one suffered. And if she choose to admit this wonderful young man—this hideous young Stagg—and to talk to him as if he were a human being like any other, that was her affair, and no other person's. She, my lady, supposed the girl was not thinking of marrying him, and it was very amiable of her to try to make him less odious than he was; in view of his responsibilities, indeed, it was more than amiable it was meritorious; for assuredly the napkin in which this immense nugget was wrapped left much to be desired on the score of pattern and get-up generally.

By the grace of which reasoning it came about that Lady Elizabeth was unmolested, and Lord Eustace went back to his regiment decidedly not the victor; and Caleb Stagg was made free of those wide and shallow stairs which led up to Lady Elizabeth's quaint and artistically furnished room. This was one of the doors which opened for him in some sense consequent on that sale of Redhill Braes.

Thus it came about that Caleb was really a good deal at the Dower House, which at one time he would rather have gone into a lion's den than enter; and that Lady Elizabeth, taking her mother's view of his responsibilities, and agreeing with her as to the pattern and get-up of the napkin, did what she could to bring this heir to millions somewhat into line with at least the ordinary gentry of the country, and her example influenced others.

It influenced Mrs. Clanricarde perhaps more than any other. Where Lady Elizabeth went, meaner folk might follow, and Mrs. Clanricarde followed so fast as to outrun her pioneer altogether. Her door opened as wide as it would go, and not a week passed without some expression of material interest on the part of the mother of Estelle for the only son of that rough-hewn Croesus of Redhill. But it was uphill work. Between her resolve to domesticate Caleb Stagg and his distress under the process and evident disinclination to submit to it, who would win?

"It shall not be," said the French woman, setting her teeth hard, when she read the young man's refusal to the third invitation she had sent him.

"But if he does not want to come, poor fellow, why ask him, mother?" said Estelle full of compassion for the unhappy creature, whom her mother so amiably persecuted and so humanely distressed.

"It's our duty," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with admirable self-command. "As Lady Elizabeth says, it is such a pity that the owner of such large responsibilities should be so little fitted to the use of them."

"But it makes him so unhappy," said Estelle. "He is just miserable all the time he is here. He gives me the impression of a worm that has been trodden on. I am sure he is far happier with his own people than with us."

"You might be of more use to him than you are, my dear," said Mrs. Clanricarde. "Young people understand each other so much better than they understand us older folks. If you would take him in hand as Lady Elizabeth does, you would perhaps make something of a gentleman of him."

"He seems even more miserable with me than with you," objected Estelle.

"That is because he sees you shrink from him—that you despise him," said her mother.

"No, I do not despise him, mother," returned Estelle, gravely; "that would be uncharitable and unchristian."

"Yes, that is just what it is," said Mrs. Clanricarde, a little eagerly. "It is really uncharitable, really unchristian, Estelle, and I am very sorry to see my daughter cherish such an unholy temper. You know that I am not one of your dreadful democrats, and that I hold to the distinction of classes and all that, but this is quite different from anything of that kind. It is not an ordinary case at all. God has endowed these people with wonderful means either for good or evil—and it is our duty—all of us to do what we can to insure that they shall be for good."

"Yes, I see," said Estelle, slowly.

"So that I hope, my dear, you will be kinder to this poor desolate young man," continued Mrs. Clanricarde, bringing down the hammer of principle once more with a will on the heated iron of sympathy. "You are doing a religious duty, remember, and Lady Elizabeth sets you the good example."

Warmed by her mother's words, and with all her conscience roused, Estelle took heart of grace for her charitable work, and the next time that Caleb Stagg suffered himself to be caught she was so sweet and kind and gentle that her trodden worm scarce knew on what leaf he was resting, nor what bird was singing there in the bushes overhead.

And at this moment Mrs. Clanricarde hated the young millionaire, and would have slain him if she could.

But Estelle was not so passionately discouraged as her mother. She had not the same reasons.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, pityingly. "What a misfortune to be so shy and ungainly! And fancy his being so much afraid of me. As if any one in the world need be afraid of me!"

And then she thought of Charlie Osborne—dear, handsome, well-mannered Charlie, that *facile princeps* among men, who would do everything better than any one else, and who was the dearest fellow in the world—as beautiful in heart as he was in person—and without a flaw that she, his lover, and, in a manner, his worshipper, could discover. Ah, if mother would only believe in him as he deserved to be believed in, and allow the engagement between them to be openly confessed—standing foursquare on that sound ground of future success—that ground which was to Estelle as true as jasper foundations of the Great City wall!

But mother was inexorable on this point. It was like asking one parched with thirst to eat ham and anchovies, to beseech her, penniless as she was, to allow of a prospective marriage and present engagement between her daughter and Charlie Osborne—burying her one available talent in the earth and planting her best investment in foredoomed failure. It was absurd to ask it; it would be criminal madness to grant it. And there the matter ended, and no more need be said.

Which was but cold comfort for Estelle to carry on her quivering lip when Charlie had urged her to press his claim on Mrs. Clanricarde once again as so often before—when, perhaps, he had written a letter as sad as tears and has warm as living blood, and had had for all reponse a negative as sharp as knives and as cold as it was sharp Then the two poor tortured lovers had nothing for it but to hold each other by the hand, look into each other's beautiful eyes swear to be faithful through life and unto death, and separate in haste—fear of detection mingled with doubt whether they could meet again to-morrow—on Estelle's side, doubled with shame at her deceit. For by this time Charlie was forbidden Les Saules altogether, and all his intercourse with Estelle was contraband from the start to the finish.

And really for a girl who had been properly educated and sagely lectured to have run like a lapwing under cover of a hedge, then suddenly to appear in the garden sauntering up the broad walk, as cool as a cucumber, with eyes yet bright from unshed tears, and lips a little redder than usual by force of being unduly pressed—really to have to stoop to these subterfuges for the sake of a lover as against a mother, is a trial to the conscience of a severe kind!

No wonder, then, to indemnify that mother for this unconfessed infraction of her orders, the poor girl made herself so sweet and gentle to Caleb Stagg that he was sometimes dazed as by a vision of glory, and sometimes made to feel like a bruised worm trodden under foot by a bird of paradise. Then he would plunge into the woods and bury himself out of sight or he would mount the fells and disappear over the other side; and often in these latter days he would lie down with his face turned to the earth, and sob like a child for some strange pain about his heart for which he could give no name nor cause. When in these moods he used to be so still that the birds flew low about him, and the bees buzzed round his hair, losing their way among the heather. Hours would pass while he was in this state, half of trance and half of agony. It seemed to him as if he bore on his heart all the sorrows of the world—as if he and his nature made common cause with death, and joy was blotted out forever. And then sometimes this mood would pass for nothing more intrinsic than the cry of a lark in the sky, or the sunlight shining on a tract of grass of Parnassus or on the bronzed spikes of the bog-asphodel.

Changeable as an April day, he did not know himself at times; and if he did not, still less did his parents. Miles was of the two the more seriously disturbed. He thought his lad was losing such wits as he ever had; but Nancy said it was just dyspepsia—which she pronounced "dishpepsy"—and prescribed peppermint drops as a fine remedy. Then the mood would pass altogether, and not a trace of this deep, if dreamy, sadness would remain. Invitations would come either from the vicarage or from the Clanricardes, from the curate or the doctor, the retired major or the half-pay captain; and Caleb would go to the gatherings with the rest, and be the "cynosure" on more accounts than one. When he had been with Lady Elizabeth he was calmer, more reconciled with himself and life, and fitter for such duties as fell to his share. She had that power over him, which some women possess, of soothing the perturbed spirit, as when a cool hand rests lightly on a fevered brow; and had it not been for her, the poor omad'haun would have found things harder than they were, though why they should be hard at all was a puzzle to him, for which he had no solution handy.

The Redhill miner lad, whom so lately no one had known, was now quite a personage in the place; and though he was as roughly cast and rudely moulded as could well be, he was all the same the Golden Calf to those wanderers in the desert of impecuniosity, and being golden, though a calf, was gently entreated and courteously entertained. Who would not have been? Whose father could and would give three times its market value for a piece of land, bearing mostly ragwort and thistles, and pay the money down, like a man, on the spot, neither discount asked nor objection made? No wonder that he was made much of by the society of Kingshouse! No wonder that he was courted by Mrs. Clanricarde, to whom at this moment Caliban himself, if a millionaire, would have been welcome as a potential son-in-law! and no wonder that, as a consequence, this unwonted excitement was almost too much for him, and, together with other things, disturbed his mental equilibrium somewhat gravely.

CHAPTER VII.

pang. It was the birth hour of his soul with the one, of his social humanity with the other. In both he suffered; but the pangs of the latter were unspeakable and unappeasable, while the joys in the former overshadowed the pain. When the soul confesses its sins, is not the very confession self-healing?

And all this time his father added to his anguish by his coarse congratulations whenever he came home from one of those Kingshouse gatherings, his ripe imagination plucking the fruit that was not yet even in the bud when he urged his son to carry the earl's daughter in terms that burnt the poor fellow's heart within him like so much shrivelled parchment.

Meanwhile all this mental torture was hidden from the two who caused it. To Lady Elizabeth poor Caleb was a well-desiring, well-deserving, unformed, but capable creature to instruct and develop; to Estelle he was a human animal to whom, for compassion's sake, she was as gentle as she would have been to a horse or a dog, but with whom she felt no more possibility of comradeship and infinitely less familiarity of affection. Of a truth, it was Beauty and the beast; and the Beast was the sacrifice.

Sometimes a horrible thought crossed Estelle's mind, but it was one so degrading to her mother as well as to herself as to be almost blasphemous. And yet she could not wholly banish it.

Her mother's praises pricked the poor girl like witches' needles. She felt their invisible points and smarted under them, but she had to keep silence. Of what good to cry out? and to whom could she cry? Lady Elizabeth's liking for the Beast—which, by-the-way, seemed to her a kind of madness—sealed her lips to her; and Charlie had enough troubles to bear as things were, she need not to add to them her own share.

(To be Continued).

Superstitions and Figures.

Virgil tells us that the gods esteemed odd numbers

There were seven wise men in antiquity and seven wonders of the world.

Miraculous powers are supposed to be possessed by the seventh daughter.

Nine grains of wheat laid on a four-leaved clover enables one to see the fairies.

It is an ancient belief that a change in the body of a man occurs every seventh year.

Falstaff says: "They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either by nativity, chance, or death."

The number three was the perfect number of the Pythagoreans, who said it represented the beginning middle and end.

In the Faroe islands there is a superstition that seals cast off their skins every ninth month and assume the human shape.

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even, and the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 belong to heaven, while the digits are of the earth, earthy.

The Siamese have a regard for odd numbers, and insist on having an odd number of doors, windows and rooms in their houses, and that all staircases must have an odd number of steps.

Rules for Fat People and for Lean.

To increase the weight: Eat, to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite, of fat meats, butter, cream, milk, cocoa, chocolate, bread, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beats, farinaceous foods, as Indian corn, rice, tapioca, sago, corn starch, pastry, custards, oatmeal, sugar sweet wines and ale. Avoid acids, exercise as little as possible, sleep all you can and don't worry or fret.

To reduce the weight: Eat, to the extent of satisfying a natural appetite, of lean meat, poultry, game, eggs, milk moderately, green vegetables, turnips, succulent fruits, tea or coffee. Drink lime-juice, lemonade and acid drinks. Avoid fat, butter, cream, sugar, pastry, rice, sago, tapioca, corn, starch, potatoes, carrots, beets, parsnips and sweet wines. Exercise freely.—*Medical Index.*

The United States troops drove 600 families out of Oklahoma, Tex., on Wednesday. They are now encamped around Purcell, I. T. Some of the people resisted, and had to be tied to waggons and pulled out.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Minister Phelps Entertained by London's Lord Mayor.

A BRILLIANT ASSEMBLAGE.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: The farewell banquet given by Lord Mayor Whitehead to Minister Phelps in the Mansion House to night was a great event. Such a representative gathering to honor an ambassador has been seldom witnessed. The brilliant reception consisted of leading representatives of the Government and the financial, ecclesiastical, artistic and theatrical world. Nearly five hundred guests sat down. All the tables were filled. The Egyptian Hall, in which the banquet was given, was beautifully decorated with flags, flowers and trophies. Music was furnished by the Coldstream Guards' Band and the Glee Club. The American airs were cheered entnusiastically. Politics were for the time forgotten, and everybody showed the utmost kindness. It was like a great family gathering. There were no ladies present. The menu was good and the wines were of the hoicest.

The banquet opened by a short grace and chanting, followed by the national anthem.

Among those present were the Lord Mayor, Mr. Phelps, Earl Rosebery, the Lord High Chancellor, Earl Dunraven, Chief Justice Coleridge, Lords Brassey, Bramwell, Hathfield, Lord Esher, Foreign Secretary Ferguson, Right Hon. Mr. Childers, Sir James Hannen, Hon. Leonard Courtney, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. John Morley, Sir Arthur Sullivan, the Historian Lecky, the Mayor of Belfast, the Attorney-General, Bishop of Massachusetts, Sir James Paget, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Whistler, the artist; Mr. Bancroft, actor; Police Commissioner Munro, Sir Francis DeWinton, Magistrate Montague Williams, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Professor Dacey, Mr. Henry White, Secretary of the American Legation; Mr. Millais, the artist; Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. George Lewis.

The speeches began with Lord Mayor Whitehead proposing the usual toasts of the Royal Family. After the toasts were drunk he spoke a few good words for the Houses of Lords and Commons, but carefully avoided political allusions.

Hon. Leonard Courtney responded for the Commons, and Lord Halsbury responded for the Lords. Then came a song by the choir.

Mr. Whitehead then proposed the health of Mr. Phelps amid loud and prolonged cheers. Mr. Whitehead said the high esteem in which Mr. Phelps was held by the British nation was most satisfactory. It certainly helped America to a closer friendship with England. There have been misunderstandings, but the hearts of both nations still beat true. England will do her best to maintain the friendly relations. In the event of future trouble, they will appeal to the sense of right in a Christian-like spirit of brothers. Mr. Phelps' conduct in official and private life had won him many friends in England.

When Mr. Phelps rose to reply the cheers continued several minutes, and were prolonged into an ovation. He briefly sketched his experiences in England, and dwelt on the evidences of the friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain, and said that with England's greatness apparent on every side, he felt flattered at the array of shining lights in government, science, art, religion and literature around him. He would be a poor American who did not say that America owed its greatest debt to England for literature, art and science. Tremendous applause and cheers followed, and again cheers echoed through the hall when he said the man who makes no mistakes makes nothing. He did not know who would be his successor. He was not in a position to state, but he was certain that he would be an American gentleman. (More cheers.) There were many ways of saying good-bye and farewell, but it was hard to part from so many friends. He was sorry to say good-bye, yet glad to take home to America so many kind remembrances.

Speeches followed from Lord Rosebery, Chief Justice Coleridge, the Lord High Chancellor and Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Commissioner, all very complimentary and kindly.

All the morning papers devote long editorials to Mr. Phelps. The *Standard*, in concluding a long hostile leader, says: We have nothing to say that can be disagreeable to Mr. Phelps personally, but the recent action of the United States Government does seem to us to render the entertainment of last evening to the United States Minister inopportune, if not indecous.

The *Times* says: The god-speed that we desire to give Mr. and Mrs. Phelps on their departure from this country is not a piece of formal diplomatic courtesy but an interchange of familiar kindness among kinsmen, of which no one else can be reasonably jealous. If he carries away with him a goodly company of happy memories, he leaves as many behind him with all those who have known him here, and we are prepared to welcome his successor as he was welcomed himself, before he was known to us otherwise than as the representative of the United States.

A Coughing Congregation.

Rev. David Dickie, of St. Luke's Parish Church, Glasgow, had just commenced his discourse on a Sunday afternoon recently when he suddenly stopped, and, leaning over the pulpit, said—My brethren, I consider that it is time this coughing should cease. I intended to have spoken before this, but I thought it would stop. It would have been far better if you would have remained in your beds instead of coming here. There are a number of children here also who are coughing too much. You should have kept them at home on a cold day like this instead of bringing them here. It's very aggravating for any minister to stand here and try to preach with such disgraceful coughing going on. I hope that such a practice will be stopped, and that I will not have to speak again.

Will Carleton attributes his escape from early death by consumption to daily and persistent inflation of the lungs with fresh air. He is now 42 years old.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Evidence as to the Moonlighters—Ovation to O'Brien.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: Before the Parnell Commission to-day Dennis Tobin deposed that he was a member of the Kilconnelly band of Moonlighters. He said that when the members of the band were sworn the leader told them that by order of the League tenants who paid their rents were to be raided. The Moonlighters were ranged in divisions, each division receiving orders from a captain, who also furnished the men with arms. The arms were hidden when not in use. The Moonlighters were paid for committing outrages. Witness' set received £5 for making a raid on the cattle of an obnoxious farmer, and at another time they got 7s 6d each for slaughtering cattle on Miss Thompson's farm.

Tobin recounted a succession of similar misdeeds in which he took part, detailing them without exhibiting the smallest sign of regret. His evidence regarding Moonlighters differed from that of other informers, who have generally described the raiders as fortuitous unrelated groups. Tobin alleges that the Kerry Moonlighters were an organized body, working under recognized rules and with a specific constitution.

Cross-examined by Mr. Michael Davitt, the witness said that the raids were not made for the purpose of getting cheap beef. They were moonlight affairs under order. He had been in prison for assault, but had never been convicted of theft. He was under police protection, but he denied that his evidence was the result of police suggestion.

A London cable says: At the session of the Parnell Commission yesterday Inspector Rogers deposed that he searched the house of Mary O'Connor, Secretary of the Ladies' Land League at Athlone, and found letters from Anna Parnell regarding the formation of a ladies' branch for the relief of evicted tenants. Miss O'Connor's accounts disclosed expenditures for the defence of prisoners charged with outrages.

Sir Henry James announced that he intended to read extracts from speeches.

Sir Charles Russell wanted all of Mr. Parnell's speeches read, not extracts.

Justice Hannen, seeing that Sir Henry had a pile of speeches a foot high, entreated counsel to consider how to shorten the reading.

Sir Henry read extracts from a speech by Mr. Biggar in October, 1880. Mr. Biggar said he would not have extracts. He was anxious to hear the whole speech, which was well worth hearing. (Laughter.)

Sir Charles emphasized Mr. Biggar's desire, and Sir Henry acceded. After reading a while his voice failed, and he was relieved by Mr. Lockwood, of the Parnellite counsel.

Prosecutors Over-reach Themselves.

So far as public opinion is concerned, an investigation unduly prolonged has little or no moral weight. The common sense of the average man tells him that what cannot be proved in a reasonable time cannot be proved at all. If the London *Times*, with half-a-dozen leading counsel and a small array of detectives, cannot connect Parnell with Irish outrages, either there was no connection or the connection cannot be shown.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A Penniless Nobleman's Romance.

A young Polish nobleman, Anthony Sadowsky, who recently arrived, was detained at Castle Garden, New York, because he had no money. Yesterday he received a money order for $100, signed Cleopatra Fleigh, Troy, N.Y. He had met the young lady aboard and was smitten. The lady's father is Samuel Fleigh, a wealthy citizen of Chicago. Sadowsky left last night to meet the lady. She was visiting in Troy.

What Mrs. Chamberlain Wore.

Mr. Chamberlain's American bride, at the Birmingham reception, was dressed with much simplicity and taste in a robe of pale pink corded silk, with a plain body and festooned skirt. The dress was set off with a bow of satin ribbon of the same color, worn on the right shoulder; and for ornaments she wore upon a close coiffure a crescent of sapphires and diamonds, upon the left breast a diamond star and around the neck a string of diamonds.

Terms to Suit.

Gentleman (to man digging a grave)—"What do you get for such a job as that, my friend?"

Gravedigger—"It all depends upon the man who is to be laid in it. If he's a poor man I make it aisy for him, but to a gintleman like you, sorr, it would cost a good deal more, for you wouldn't miss the money."—*Utica Observer.*

A Terrible Disappointment.

Mother—"Why, my dear, what's the matter? Something has happened at Mrs. De Music's party, I know. Tell me all about it, my child." Daughter—"Boo-hoo! Mrs. De Music asked me to play and when I told her I was out of practice she said she was so sorry, and didn't ask me again. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Pastor McAnally's Day's Work.

Shelby County has a minister who for usefulness breaks the record. In one day last week the Rev. Charles McAnally preached two sermons, married two couples and set three broken ribs.—*Shelbina, Mo., Torchlight.*

Chas. Lumsdaller was arrested at Port Townsend, W. T., on Wednesday, charged with murdering his first wife at Fergus Falls, Minn., a year ago. She was poisoned. After her death he married a servant girl with whom he had been intimate, borrowed all the money he could, and, with his family, went to Port Townsend. The whereabouts of Lumsdaller were revealed by O. Larson, of Fergus Falls, who fled to this territory after stealing $2,500, and who was arrested last week.

A special from Monroe County, Ind., says Mrs. Lou Wright received several threatening letters from unknown parties, traceable to idle gossip about her character previous to marriage. Last night six masked men crowded into her house. Her husband was compelled to go to bed, and two men stood guard over him. The others dragged the wife outside and beat her with switches. Her back and legs were covered with large welts. The outrage will be investigated.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERER

Jack the Ripper Said to be Ripping up Women in Jamaica.

A last (Wednesday) night's New York despatch says: The *Sun* says that the crews of the various steamers plying between this city and Kingston, Jamaica, are telling fearful stories of crimes committed in Spanishtown, a village near Kingston. The first of a series of diabolical and mysterious murders took place, so the sailors say, Nov. 28th, 1888, in St. Catharine's parish, a few miles distant from Spanishtown. The victim was a negress of the lowest and most vicious class, whose name has never been discovered. She was found early in the morning lying in a fence corner by the roadside, her throat cut from ear to ear, her cheeks, nose and forehead slashed in a manner that would indicate it to be the work of a skilful butcher.

Her clothing had, as in the case of nearly all the Whitechapel murders, been thrown over her head, and the little crowd which had gathered there upon the discovery of the body were horrified to see that it had been mutilated exactly as had been done in the London cases. If anything further had been needed to make the horror-stricken crowd attribute the crime to the Whitechapel fiend, it was found in a card pinned to the unfortunate woman's body by the blade of a small penknife. The card bore this inscription:

"Jack the Ripper. Fourteen more, then I quit."

Of course a diligent search was made for the murderer, but he was not found.

On the morning of Dec. 13th, in a field, lying and partly concealed under an old shed, was found a second body. In this case the woman was a notorious creature of the lowest class, a negress called "Mag." Her wounds were of the same nature as those inflicted upon the other. The authorities made a hurried investigation, and buried the body as speedily as possible, giving no one an opportunity to examine it.

No mention of the crimes was made in the newspapers at the time, the officials endeavoring by every means in their power to hush the matter up and have it talked about as little as possible. No trace was ever found of the murderer, and it was forgotten save by a few of the wretched women who belonged to that class among whom the unfortunates lived.

The third body was found on the Friday before New Year's Day. This time the newspapers were compelled to notice the discovery. The scene of this third murder was about midway between the places where the former discoveries had been made, and the sailors insist that the crime was in every way analogous to the others.

There are comparatively few women of this class about Kingston or Spanishtown, but those who do live there are in a state of abject terror. The murderer has eluded the authorities and the sailors expect to learn of further atrocities on their return.

BROKE THE WORLD'S RECORD.

Story of the Champion Mean Husband, According to a New York Woman.

An Amsterdam, N. Y., special says: An interesting divorce case is in progress in this city. The plaintiff was formerly the beautiful Miss Hattie Williamson. She married Francis Medder, of Fonda, aged 70 years. He is worth $100,000. The union was soon broken. The lady related her experience to the court as follows:

"I had been married only two weeks when my husband began to find fault about my asking him to provide. He got a dozen eggs, left four in a pan, and locked the others up in his book-case. He got a pound of raisins and locked them up, and when he saw fit to give me some he did. He got lard and forbade me to use butter to warm the potatoes. When I asked him for any money he would tell me to go and earn it. One day I wanted some meat. He said: 'Don't get over a pound.' I went out to see what the butcher had. He had lamb chops. I asked him how much they were. He said 20 cents a pound. I told him that I would have to ask Mr. Medder whether I could get any. I did ask him, and he told me he could not pay that price, and that a piece of stewing beef was good enough. He went and got it. Most of the meat he got for the house was liver. He bought a large liver and a heart once, and before the liver was used up the heart spoiled. He said that I left it lying there and spoiled it. When I was cooking he would stand over the stove and say: 'Aren't you putting too much seasoning in there?' The coffee he would make himself, as he could be more economical, he said. His pies he wanted sweetened with molasses. He would not allow washing to be done oftener than once in four weeks. Twice I took it home and once he did his own washing. He gave me $25 the morning he drove me away. I asked him to come and sit down and see that I took nothing that belonged to him. He went to the piano and played 'Yankee Doodle.' I went to packing my things. When I got all through I told him I supposed he was happy now, and he said: 'How can I give you up?' I went on and told him what he had said the night before, and he said I was crazy. I have supported myself since by dressmaking.

Were They Married at All?

A Quebec despatch says: Emma Jane Murphy, the bride of three days' standing, has taken up her residence with the ladies of the General Hospital, pending a decision of the suit instituted for annulling her marriage. The declaration filed in the case sets forth that J. A. Flanagan and herself have always professed the Roman Catholic religion and now belong to that faith. That on the 2nd of January a pretended marriage was celebrated between them by the Rev. A. T. Love, a minister of the Protestant religion, the said marriage being illegal and in contravention of the laws of the country. It was not celebrated openly and no banns were published. The marriage license under which the ceremony took place was, it is claimed, illegal, as no such document can issue for the marriage of persons not professing the Protestant religion. That the pretended marriage took place on the 2nd inst., and she left Flanagan's domicile on the 6th January inst. Now it is reported Flanagan will not press his suit any further, or defend the action for separation at all, and has left for the United States.

EXCITEMENT AT WASHINGTON

Over Germany's High-Handed Dealings at Samoa.

A Washington despatch says: The House Committee on Foreign Affairs yesterday, with only one dissenting vote (that of Mr. Russell, of Massachusetts, who has opposed the resolution from the first), ordered a favorable report to be made upon the Senate resolution relative to European participation in the construction of the Panama Canal. A sub-committee was appointed to consider Samoan affairs, which come before the committee in the shape of correspondence from the State Department, and in resolutions introduced at the last session declaring in favor of interference by our Government to check German aggressions at the Samoan Islands.

Despatches have been received at the State Department from Mr. Pendleton, the American Minister at Berlin, in regard to the Samoan question. Their contents are withheld from publicity, except some of the extracts from German newspapers.

The despatches from Berlin and London regarding the attitude of Germany on the Samoan question were the subject of general discussion here last evening. Secretary Bayard said it would not be proper for him to discuss the subject of the despatches at this time. He did not know who wrote the article in the *North German Gazette*, consequently he could not assume the statements to be official, and they might prove to be mere newspaper gossip. He said that although Germany may have larger interests in Samoa than the United States, it had no better or later information from that country than the United States. Regarding the statement that Germany would violate no treaty in acquiring ascendancy in Samoa, Mr. Bayard called attention to the declaration concerning the boundaries of the German and English dominions in the West Pacific Ocean, signed at Berlin on April 6th, 1886. Mr. Bayard thought this agreement precluded German acquisitions in Samoa. This declaration defines the boundaries of the possessions of the two countries and provides that neither power will make acquisitions of other territory, nor establish protectorates over any other territory in the West Pacific. The declaration provides that the Navigators (Samoan) Islands, with which Germany, Great Britain and the United States have concluded treaties, the Friendly (Tonga) Islands and the Nine (Savage) Islands shall form a neutral territory.

A London cable says: Commenting on the Samoan affair the *Daily News* says: "It is extremely important that England should act cordially with America. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that we had no Minister at Washington. If Lord Salisbury would be a little less humble to Germany and a little more civil to America it would be better for all parties concerned."

A Berlin cable says the Cologne *Gazette* declared there is no occasion to fear that the excellent relations between Germany and America are in danger of radical change. It says: "Comparatively little importance is to be attached to the last acts of an American Government about to quit office. It is evident that the American Government treats the Samoan question in a spirit hostile to Germany and on a basis of incorrect suppositions. No treaty was ever concluded between Germany, Great Britain and America regarding Samoa. Such a treaty does not exist between Germany and England. The excitement in America is incomprehensible.

The *North German Gazette* says that the English Cabinet also disclaims co-operation with the Washington Government regarding Samoa.

EATEN BY HOGS.

The Horrible Fate of a Farmer of Allumette Island.

A Kingston despatch says: On Saturday morning, Michael Culleton, who lives on Allumette Island, a little below Chapeau, went out to the barn yard to feed his cattle and do the morning chores. Not returning at his usual hour, his wife, who was getting uneasy at his prolonged absence, went out to see what was detaining her husband and she was horrified to find that the hogs were eating her husband's body and had actually eaten his head off. The poor woman kept away the pigs, while one of the children ran and got assistance from a neighbor about a mile off. Mr. Culleton had been subject to apoplectic fits and the pigs being hungry at the time made their meal off the unfortunate man. The deceased was 54 years of age and leaves behind him a large family.

A Minister Forgets His Sermon.

On Sunday, the 30th ult., an incident of a peculiar nature occurred in Dennistoun Free Church, Glasgow, during the morning service. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, before commencing his discourse (Daniel v. 34), asked the indulgence of the congregation. He said that he had carefully prepared his sermon, but that within the last half hour his memory had become a complete blank. He could not account for it in any way, as otherwise he felt in perfect health. It was the first time during a ministry extending over a period of twenty-eight years that he had appeared before his congregation with an apology for not being in a position to deliver his discourse. He had notes with him, but not being in the habit of reading his sermon he was unable to see how he would be able to get through it. The rev. doctor thereafter proceeded to read from his notes, but it was observed that he was very much embarrassed. At the conclusion the doctor remarked that he felt better, and asked the congregation to join with him in praying that the affliction with which he had been so suddenly visited might be speedily removed. It need hardly be mentioned that the incident created a profound sensation amongst the congregation.

The Provincial Legislature of Nova Scotia is summoned to meet on February 21st.

On Tuesday a foolhardy youth attached his sleigh to the Kingston & Pembroke express train, and was whirled at the rate of forty-five miles an hour from Wilbur to Lavant on a down grade. Witnesses to the ride say all that could be seen was a cloud of snow flying many feet into the air. The youth, who is about 20 years of age, got off the sleigh in a dazed state at Lavant and remarked to the conductor: "I have the bulge on you. Collect your fare if you can."

MYSTERIOUS SPIRIT RAPS.

Strange and Weird Sounds Whose Origin Cannot be Discerned.

A special despatch from Portsmouth, O., to the Cincinnati *Commercial* relates the following curious story: People dwelling on the Cemetery road, just north of this city, have been existing in an atmosphere of the most intense excitement for the past two weeks, and each night only seems to increase the cause for manifestations of wonderment, if not actual alarm.

Just opposite the main entrance to the cemetery lives a family named Johnson, the head of which, Josiah Johnson, a man of considerable note, died a few months since. The wife and children continued to live at the old house without anything transpiring to cause uneasiness or alarm until at 5 o'clock one morning about two weeks ago, when several members of the household were suddenly awakened by three sharp, loud raps on the window, followed a moment later by the same number of sounds on the door, made as if by knuckles or a light stick. Thinking it some neighbor in whose family there might be a case of sickness, Mrs. Johnson called to know who had knocked. No answer came, and the question was repeated. Still there was silence without, and knowing that no one could have walked away from the door without being heard, the family became alarmed and the daughter was placed at a window where she could plainly observe any one passing from the door to the gate. She remained there until daylight, but saw nothing out of the ordinary. The occurrence caused some uneasiness upon the part of the Johnsons at the time, but this wore away with a day. The following morning, at exactly the same hour, the sounds were heard again, first on the window and then on the door. A member of the family crept to the door to catch any sound from the outside and another one of the household demanded to know who was knocking. No answer came and no sound of any movement was heard. The folks inside were now thoroughly alarmed and kept watch at the window until daylight, as before, but saw no one. Their first impressions were to call in a watch for the following night, but after reflection it was decided to make one more attempt to unravel the mystery.

One of Mrs. Johnson's children is a daughter of 17 years and possessed of unusual courage. She is also an expert with firearms. The following evening this young woman loaded a shotgun and then retired to wait the coming of the strange visitor. The experience of the previous two nights had made the family nervous, and all were awake at an early hour. The young lady stationed herself in front of the door, gun in hand, while another was placed at the window, which was slightly raised, so as to detect any approach from the outside. Scarcely had the parties reached their respective stations when three sharp raps fell upon the window and a moment later were repeated at the door. Miss Johnson immediately threw open the door, but although it was comparatively light outside she could see nothing.

The knocks were repeated on the casing of the door, and then the girl drew the gun and fired in the direction from whence the noise came. The only result was a broken lock and tube. The now thoroughly frightened folks closed and barred the door and awaited daylight. The next day it was determined to call in other parties, and a couple of young men came that evening to watch, thinking the sounds the work of some mischief-maker. At the regular hour the knocks were again repeated, and the men rushed out into the yard, but no one was in sight. These manifestations have kept up right along since that time, always being heard at precisely the same hour. Friday night Will Rhodes and another young man attempted to unravel the mystery by standing guard outside. They took their places shortly after midnight, Rhodes standing by the door with revolver in hand and his partner stationing himself at the window. At the usual time the knocking was heard on the window, followed immediately by loud raps on the door. The door was rapped the second time and then thrown wide open, so that the lamp light from inside streamed out, but nothing out of the ordinary was visible.

Although both men stood right alongside the spot upon which the sound fell they were unable to discern either at the window or door the slightest form.

Woman on Love.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like a child who sings at night when he is afraid, and the woman who loves where she ought not—what of her? She scoffs at love while her whole soul is longing to pour its wealth of tenderness upon one who can never be hers. She smiles into his eyes with careless coolness while her heart is praying for one tender glance from him. She treats him at times with studied coldness, and weeps over the necessity when alone. If she is weak, the man eventually discovers her secret. If she is strong, she carries her secret to the grave, and only God knows how dark was her life, and how brave was her fight with that which is dearer than life to most of us.—*Mrs. Minnie W. Armstrong in St. Louis Magazine.*

Five Ways to Stop a Cold.

1. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room. 2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour. 3. Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours. 4. Inhale ammonia or menthol. 5. Take four hours active exercise in the open air. A ten grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a buck-saw. But better than all, if your cold is inveterate or serious, consult your family physician, and at once.

Under False Pretences.

"Gentlemen, I am starving! for God's sake help me to enough to buy a meal!" So said an old chap in New Orleans just before he fainted. They took him to a hospital, and lo! they found over $4,000 sewed into the lining of his vest.

From having been the dirtiest city in the United States Pittsburg has become one of the cleanest, the change being due to the burning of natural gas in place of coal.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:

THURSDAY, FEB. 8 1889.

The two parliaments are now in session at Ottawa and Toronto. At Ottawa our members have, as yet, scarcely got down to business. In Toronto the difficulty appears to be that there is not much business to get down to. The thing of most importance which will be likely to come up this season is a revision of the voters' Act, in which, we believe, some radical changes are to be made. Reviewing the works of the present session of Legislature that well informed and trustworthy publication "The Week," speaks of follows:

The chief objects of the opening speech which the Government puts in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor, are, we suppose, the recount facts accomplished during the recess, and to foreshadow important measures to be summitted during the session. Amongst the former, the victory achieved before the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, the organization of the new Department of Agriculture and the Exhibit of Minerals made at the Cincinnati Expositor are the chief. The principal measures promised are a bill to extend the operations of the School of Practical Science, and a new Voters' List Act for the better carrying into effect of the system of Manhood Suffrage, on the "one man, one vote" principle adopted last session. Improvements are also to be attempted in the Factory Act and the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries Act. The Land Titles Act is to be modified, whether in the right direction or not will subsequently appear. Effect will, of course, be given to the agreement reached between the University authorities and the city of Toronto, for the endowment of two additional chairs in the former. This somewhat meagre program will no doubt be considerably enlarged, both by Government and by private measures, as the session proceeds.

At the County Council week before last a vote was taken upon the advisability of memorializing the Government in the matter of granting total prohibition, when it was carried affirmatively by the overwhelming majority of 86 to 9. This evidences the fact that the prohibition question is becoming more and more popular as the ball rolls along.

Speaking of the late debate in the County Council over the County Clerk's salary, the Thornbury Standard of last week says: "The salary Mr. Gale got was in all $700. A few in the County Council, notably Dr. Christoe and a few other gentlemen of that ilk, were clamoring for its reduction." The clerk's salary in reality was only $500, and the duties are so light that a number of candidates thought $306 all it was worth. It would be a council of a funny "ilk" that would pay more for the job than it is worth. The reduction of this salary shows the "clamorous" to be of the proper "ilk," Mr. Standand.

The Toronto World has chopped us off its exchange list. This is hard, very hard! Still, as we did not derive any of our brain food from that source, the blow loses some of its force. We did not miss the rag for nearly a week after it stopped coming. Tra, la, thou concentrated fly-blown essence of meanness, we part company for our mutual benefit. All we kick about is having sent you one miserable year's subscription this fall of $1.50 in connection with this paper. That is what galls!

General News.

It is reported that Prince Bismarck is threatened with paralysis.

Black diptheria is raging near Kent Bridge, Essex county, and in nearly every case proves fatal.

Four thousands miners in the neigborhood of Shomokin, Pa., are out of work owing to the demoralization of the coal trade.

County Clerk Sullivan, of Indianapolis, is reported to be $100,000 behind. His victims include all classes, and even his wife.

The strike in Pennsylvania coke regious has commenced. If the strikes become general 12,000 men will be affected.

W. L. Smith, a well-to-do farmer near Holt, Mich., crawled into the horse trough in his barn yard the other day and deliberately drowned himself.

Irving Latimer, of Jackson, Mich., has been bound under for trial on the charge of murdering his mother.

Three thousand seamen and firemen are now on strike in Glasgow.

The Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association, of Collingwood, held a highly successful dinner at the Globe hotel on Thursday evening.

James R. Lamdin, the celebrated portrait and landscape painter, died suddenly the other day on a Reading railway train. He was 82 years old.

A despatch from Indianapolis says Mr. Blaine has accepted the Secretaryship of State.

Hon. J. M. Gibson, the new Provincial Secretary, was Thursday elected by acclamation in Hamilton.

O'Conor and Gaudaur have signed articles to row at San Francisco on March 3.

The Montreal Carnival was opened Monday with a grand flourish.

A Spanish mail steamer as been wrecked on one of the Philippene Islands.

Twenty-four persons were drowned by the collision and sinking of two vessels off Dungeness.

Kiwewa, the deposed King of Uganda, is now rallying his partisans against the Arabs and in support of Christiantiy.

Dr. Colter was elected over Dr. Montague last week in Haldimand, by about 30 votes.

The crown prince of Austria was assasinated last week.

At a meeting of the Official Board of the Methodist Church held at Flesherton on the fourth day of February, 1889, the following resolution was carried unanimously: Moved by J. W. Armstrong, seconded by M. Richardson, that this Quarterly Official Board desires to express their heartfelt appreciation of the faithful ministration of their pastor, Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., during the two years nearly closed, and believe they express the unanimous wish of the whole circuit in requesting his return to this circuit for another conference year.

Men of large understandings can get socks to fit them at the Flesherton woollen mill, where a quantity of wood, dry or green, also a few bushels of potatoes, will be taken in trade for goods. W. H. FLESHER.

Artemesia Council.

Council met in the Town Hall on Monday last, all the members present. The following communications were read: From James McMullen, Jas. Ashdown, and Angus McLeod, praying that school section No 10 be enlarged by annexing to it the property from lots 154 to 160 inclusive, in 3rd range S.W. T. and S.R., and from lots 154 to 158 inclusive, range 2 S.W., T. and S.R.; from Wm. Wilcock, Duncan Stewart and others, a counter petition; from the County Treasurer, a list of lands liable to be sold for taxes in the township of Artemesia; from Wm. Stone, asking to be relieved as Treasurer's security; from the village of Markdale, asking $4 as Artemesia's share of rent of town hall for Division Court purposes.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp, that the Clerk be instructed to notify all sections interested in enlargement of school section No. 10, Artemesia, by notifying trustees of said sections and parties which by petition are mentioned. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp, that the Reeve and Deputy Reeve be a committee appointed to finally audit the auditors' report. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland, that the Clerk be and is hereby instructed to direct the County Treasurer to erase the taxes against lot No. 7, south Kincardine street, Priceville, as the said property is not liable under the Exemption Act. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Cairns and McArthur, that the communication from Markdale be laid over for the present, until further information is obtained as to the correct proportion to be paid. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Sharp, that this Council ask the County Judge to equitably apportion among municipalities within the limits of Division Court No. 5, the sum named in sub-section 3 of section 10 of Division Court Act for supplying hall, fuel, etc., for the holding of said court for at least five years past. Carried.

Mr. Boland gave the following notice of motion: That I will, at the next meeting of this Council, introduce a bylaw to regulate the planting of trees upon the public highway and boundary lines of farms in the municipality of Artemesia, and generally to take advantage of the Ontario Tree Planting Act of 1883.

The Council then adjourned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Flesherton Station.

Gleamed by our own Reporter.

Moses Oates, Wiggins, and Whittaker, the weather prophets of our town, prophesied we would have an open winter but have taken a back seat for the psesent. Each and all seem to have a merry twinkle in their eyes, since the last fall of snow, as business has returned to its former activity. The amount of timber delivered last week has been far beyond their expectation, and also a fair amount of cordwood and ties. As for grain, the supply is not quite up to the mark.

On Tuesday last Mr. R. Cook and Mr W. Wright, of Flesherton, shipped a car load of cattle and hogs to Toronto.

Mr. A. Hannah has returned from Michigan, and gives a glowing account of that part of Uncle Sam's domain, as far as money making is concerned. We may expect some morning to be minus friend Hannah.

Mr. Knowlton, one of our general storekeepers, who removed to the premises of the late Mr. Purdy, has a well filled store, and has evcrything in apple pie order, and sells cheap, but very few know it for the want of a few posters stating prices, you know what I mean, friend Knowlton.

There is a young farmer not far from here who is somewhat cunning and crafty in his dealings, that same young man had a few dollars to spare, so he thought he would go up to Markdale and buy a few of the necessaries of this life, as he could get them much cheaper there than here. But after having purchased he came home and compared prices with our merchants, which resulted in a loss of two dollars to our far seeing young man. It would have been well for our young friend to have bought a new set of wisdom teeth with the two dollars. What do you think, Archie?

In our town there is a stately, good looking young fellow, who is in the habit now and again of taking a pleasure drive to himself as far west as Squire Ferguson's. On one of his late visits there, forgetful of all things, in coming home he neglected to wrap himself as he was wont to and the result is he has suffered from sore throat and bad cold ever since. Don't you do it again young man, or there may be a funeral.

There is some talk of an entertainment on a grand scale coming off here at no distant day on behalf of Rev. Mr. Watson. May you never weary.

There was a gentleman here one day this week testing a new patent coupler. For being safe and easy to handle, he says that a woman could couple cars with perfect ease. It is so constructed that you have no need to go between the cars when couwling, as it is worked by a lever which projects to the side of the car. The C. P. R., are about purchasing the patent.

Priceville Items.

The annual Presbyterian congregation meeting was held on Tuesday last, Jan. 29. It was the largest one held for some years. The building committee's statement showed that the church had still an indebtedness of $500, but the prospects are bright for having this wiped off in a short time.

There has not been quite as much curling done here this winter as in former seasons. Still the "stuff" in here, and if Flesherton had sand enough to organize a club we would have great pleasure in wiping them all over the ice. Could you not induce some of your Flesherton people, Mr. Editor, to form a society and offer themselves as a sacrifices to our powerful airms?

The parties who defeated Messrs. McArthur and Riley at curling last week can't do it again, for an oyster supper. At least so the defeated gentlemen say.

Jas. McDonald and John McLean, south line, Artemesia, sawed one cord of wood in an hour on "Boachen's" farm. They want some one to come forward and unto otherwise they will claim the championship.

Mr. Chas. McGinnis, formerley of Glenelg, and cousin of A. McGinnis of Flesherton station, who has been living in the northwest for the last twelve years, died a couple of weeks ago, and the corpse will arrived this week and be interred near his old home. Deceased was a married man, a son of Duncan McGinnis, gravel road, west of Priceville, and was widely and favorably known in this section.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Hugh McKechnie met with an accident a few days ago. He was going up a ladder to the top of the house to fix the stovepipe, which had got displaced, when his foot slipped and he fell heavily to the ground, from the effect of which he laid in bed for a few days with a sore back. You are too far advanced in years to commence climbing, Hugh.

Mrs. Charles Ferguson of Minto is up on a vist to her mother, who is dangerously ill from nervous prostration.

Mr. Fred Frook, of Walkerton, is spending a few days at his uncle's, Mr. Louis Frook, of Proton. We do not think he has an excellent time as he is helping the boys to saw wood since he came up.

Mr. Dan Ferguson's only daughter has been very ill for some time past. There were two doctors attending her. She is recovering fast, under the good treatment of Dr. Hutton, of Priceville.

Mrs. Joe Campbell has been bedfast for a considerable length of time, but Dr. Mckenzie of Dromore, who is in attendance there expects to bring her around all right through time.

Mr, Dougal Ferguson and Archie are busy drawing logs down to the mill now. They are making good use of the sleighing, as they expect a thaw soon.

Mr. Louis Frook is peddling again. We think he is getting lazy.

Mr. Alex Nevin, one of our worthy citizens, has bade goodbye to single life. He was united in wedlock to Miss Sarah Lomas, of Artemesia, last Wednesday morning, at the residence of Mr. J. Ossums, Priceville. Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, performed the marriage ceremony, and Mr. J. Ferguson and Miss Mary Ann Mckinnon witnessed the performance. After the knot was tied and a pleasant conversation enjoyed, the happy pair and groomsman and groomsmaid took a drive to Flesherton and put up at Munshaw's hotel, where they stayed for the remainder of the day. But wait till I tell you! As they were passing Watson's blacksmith shop a large crowd assembled on an elevated position in order to have a good look at the newly married couple, and they actually raised their hats and gave three cheers in honor of the occasion, while the bridegroom did not even condescend to cast one single glance toward the admiring spectators. Aye, verily even the dogs bowed, to the great satisfaction of the admiring masters, but to the discomfiture of the couple who rode in the hindmost rig. We cannot help but remark there must be an expert in dog training some place in Priceville. If so we would advise him to advertise in The Advance—"dog training done to order, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, for further information apply to Mr. W—, P. P. O."

Miss Christena McDonald and Miss Sarah McDonald are visiting at J. McDonald's, Bentick. They will remain there for some time. We miss their smiling faces, even though they dont stay long.

Mrs. Donald McDonald, of Proton, is confined to her bed from pleurasy. We trust she will soon recover.

OBEN.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00 to	5 00
Fall Wheat	0 90 to	1 00
Spring Wheat	0 95	1 00
Barley	0 45	0 50
Oats	0 29	0 29
Peas	0 55	0 55
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes bush.	0 25	0 25
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 50
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW IS THE TIME —TO— Get Your Tailoring Done —AT— J. LEITCHE'S FLESHERTON.

Farm for Sale or Rent.

Lot No. 32, 7th con., Artemesia, containing 100 acres, 65 acres cleared and under cultivation Would sell on reasonable terms. Possession given March 1. Address,
JAMES KESTER,
Flesherton, P.O.

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth door East of Presbyterian Church,
FLESHERTON.

GEO. MITCHELL,
BANKER,
FLESHERTON.
DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER.
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's Building, Flesherton

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel
Priceville, Nov 19 1883

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.
Will visit FLESHERTON, Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 15 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDS,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,
The Tinsmith, - Flesherton
Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

FLESHERTON

FURNITURE

WAREROOMS

J. E. M-O-O-R-E.

A NEW DEPARTURE!

In which we are able to give our customers

Large Reductions!

on all goods Our stock is very complete, consisting of

Parlor Suites, in plush and hair cloth, Bedroom Suites In Walnut and Mahogany, and Stained Woods, and Very cheap for CASH.

IN

CHAIRS

we have an immense assortment of every description imaginable,

TABLES

from $1.50 to the handsome

EXTENSION DINING TABLES!

LOUNGES

SOFAS

AND

EASY CHAIRS!

In a variety of styles at low prices. In fact, if you want anything in

Furniture,
Sewing Machines,
Instruments, or
Picture Frames

Call and see us as we intend to sell

CHEAP FOR CASH!

1 PER CENT. ON ALL SALES.

Undertaking as usual.

ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED AT SHOP BY COMPETENT MACHINIST.

J. E. Moore.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

$95 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them we will send free to one person in each locality the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments complete. We will also send free a complete set of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months use, show some of your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out before parents run out it sold for $95, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, practical instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

PRICEVILLE

BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND

I visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty.

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

—FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND

PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, E C.

BUY YOUR BEEF

AT

BLACKBURN'S

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

-AT THE-

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys.

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.
A. McCABE.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

EDINBURG.

Waverley station is situated in a valley which was formerly a lake or loch but being drained was laid out as public gardens. A few minutes walk brought us to Princess street, running parallel with this valley which divides the old from the new town. The street being built on the one side only, partakes more of the character of a terrace, and is admittedly one of the finest promenades in Europe. Buildings erected on this side of the valley have flat roofs on a level with Princess street, and the surface of these roofs is laid out as public gardens with walks, fountains, flower beds, shrubs and seats, all open for public use and enjoyment. Seated on one of these near Scot's monument, and refreshing ourselves with some delicious, large, ripe gooseberries, we took in the beauty of the surroundings. Edinburg is remarkable for the number of its monuments, erected in honor of distinguished men, but Scott's monument is surpassingly beautiful and the most elegant type of monumental architecture in the kingdom. It is the form of a gothic spire, rising 200 feet from the street level, with open arches at its base within which is a marble monument of Scott.

We took outside seats on an omnibus for a four miles circular route, comprising the most interesting part of the old city, which, having taken in our next objective point, was the castle. The city is built upon three parallel ridges, the central one terminating on the west by a mass of rock, which is 440 feet above the sea, on the top of which stands Edinburg castle. On the top of the ridge runs the principle street for the distance of a mile. It is called at successive parts or distances different names. Crossing the drawbridge over the moat, and through the old portcullis gate, underneath the old state prison, we were within the castle wall. The entire buildings and fortifications cover several acres. Situated on the highest part of the rock is the old chapel called St. Margaret, dating back some eight hundred years. It was restored from a crumbling ruin through the instrumentality of Professor Sir Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, in 1853. Close to it on the bomb battery is Mons Meg, a gigantic cannon made in Belgrum in 1476. The bore is nearly two feet in diameter. It is not cast but made of thick bars of iron hooped together. In the interior of the castle we saw in the crown room the ancient regalia of Scotland, consisting of crown, sceptre, sword of state, and Lord Treasurer's mace. Adjoining the crown room is Queen Mary's room, a small apartment where James VI. was born. The position of the castle is on a rugged rock perpendicular on all sides except that next the old town is picturesque and romantic. It has many interesting associations and has been the scene of various daring exploits.

> The ponderous wall and massy bar
> Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
> Have oft withstood assailing war,
> And oft repelled the invaders shock.

The castle can accomodate 200 soldiers and has an armory with space for 3000 stand of arms.

Leaving the castle we commenced a gradual decent of High street towards Holyrood Palace, a mile distant, at the other extremity of the street.

We next visited the Calton Hill, on an eminence overlooking Holy Rood Palace, and rising abruptly to the height of over 350 feet. We had a long steep climb to its summit, but from its grassy slopes we obtained a grand view of the city and surrounding country. There are a number of remarkable monuments erected on this hill, one of which is copied from Parthenon at Athens and adds still more to the remarkable resemblance that Edinburg has to the ancient Grecian capital.

To be continued.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A Grand Valley Elopement.

The greatest excitement prevailed in our usually quiet village last Thursday morning when it became whispered around that a young man named Wm. Buchanan, a son of J. T. Buchanan of this place, and a mason by trade, had eloped with the young and handsome wife of one of our highly respected citizens, Mr. W. J. McCullough, leaving two little children, one three years and the other under one, in care of a little girl who had been living with them, Mr. McCullough having left on Monday to work in the bush up in Proton. On Monday night Buchanan went to the proprietor of the livery stable and hired a rig, saying that he wanted to start away in the night and he would come and get it himself. Mrs. McCullough told the little girl Monday night that she was going to leave early in the morning to go up to the shanty to see her husband. Wednesday evening a note was found in the house, written by Buchanan to Mrs. McCullough and from which it was immediately suspected that they had ran away together. Next morning word was sent up to Mr. McC[illegible]gh, who arrived home in the afternoon completely overcome by the news, and on looking through the house it was found that the runaways had taken a number of things away with them, among the rest all the photographs of herself and family, and a rifle and revolver. Two constables were at once despatched to Fergus, where it was thought they had started for, and it was then ascertained that they had left that place by early train on Tuesday, having left the rig at the station hotel. On Friday two letters were received—one for Mrs. McCullough's mother, and written by Buchanan, and the other from Mrs. McCullough to her husband, both bearing the Windsor postmark—so they have no doubt gone to the other side. Buchanan has left behind several creditors, a greater part of his debts, borrowed money. Even Mrs. McCullough's own relatives and friends say that she had no cause whatever for running away with Buchanan, as Mr. McCullough has always been a loving and faithful husband and even yet is willing to take her back.—Shelburne Economists.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT.—Last week an accident of a very strange nature occurred in town. Mr McArthur had a cow in one stall, and a horse in the adjoining one. The cow had a string hankering after some of the hay in the horse's manger, and to secure some she thrust her tongue through a crack in the boards, to such a length as only an anxious cow can. The horse became suddenly possessed of an appetite for fresh meat, and seeing the protruding tongue instantly seized it and bit a piece off it several inches in length. The cow will probably die.—[Dudalk Herald.

A piece of human scum was drummed out of Beeton the other day and thickly coated with tar and feathers, for indecent conduct. His name was John Williams, alias Samuel Whales. The World, in speaking of it, says: He is no stranger to tar and feathers, having received attention in this way in either Thornbury or Meaford, and in Stayner ridden on a rail. He is credited with three years labor for Her Majesty for attempted rape and it is current talk that this bestial hound defiled his daughters. If this be true Beeton would be well rid of such a human dreg, for the gorge of every resident rises at the thought of such a living emetic being in town.

Walkerton Telescope: On Jan 2nd inst., Mr Martin Drumm, a tinsmith employed with Mr. Havil, of Walkerton, accidently stepped into a vat of boiling water at Anderson & Co's chair factory and literally boiled his right leg from ankle to knee. He has been four weeks confined to his bed and will probably not be able to walk for months to come.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 32 page Illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head, How they may be cured at your home. Post free. Address Dr. NICHOLSON & CO. St. James street Montreal.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr Editor. Since I wrote we have been blest with a good fall of snow, and the farmers are making good use of it, by the way wood and sawlogs are coming in.

I think the S. A. is nearly fizzled out, as only the captain and two female soldiers were out on march on Friday night last. The soldiers and drum were both about frozen up, by the sound they made.

Sanderson Hudson and R. T. McGirr traded horses on Saturday last, and both got the best of the bargain.

We are glad to hear that George Burk is recovering speedily from his recent illness. So is Mr. Hindle. Dr. Scott seems to have good success among his patients in this vicinity. We wish him success.

There are great preparations being made for the soiree here on Thursday. They are practicing singing, dialogues, and reciting every evening, and it takes the young folks all their time in the evening. J. P. does not get home nights now.

Our tea and organ agent is in town yet and is acting hostler for W. J. McGirr. He has a new pair of duck pants. Times are getting better.

Next week you will get the soiree report.

Our cheap store has left town. The last seen of Farnsaw's white christy hat was opposite Rob McLeod's.

Hark, hark, how the dogs bark,
The tinkers have left the town.

Station Items

Gleaned by our own Reporter

FLESHERTON

Implement

Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Sulky Hay Tedders,	*Spring Tooth Cultivators.*

—It Pays To—

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students
[illegible]

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st '88

$95 Solid Gold Watch FREE

Send for FREE sample case of Rose 100 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each county can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples as well as the watch we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Gilmore & Co., Box 818, Portland, Maine.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS'

Is prepared to do your Gristing on shortest notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses

D. McTavish.

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

Farms to Rent!

IMPLEMENTS AGENCY

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to

J. W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan. 7th, '89.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New Kingdom Nurseries. The old reliable [illegible] established over [illegible] years. The only [illegible] Men with energy good habits and clean character can succeed. We can give steady employment and pay weekly. Work Warranted. Write for terms to CHASE BROS. NURSERY CO. ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Voters' List, Factory Act and Other Matters to be Legislated On.

A Toronto despatch says: The third session of the present Legislature was opened at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, and, as on the previous occasion, was shorn of much of its old-time pomp. There was no booming of cannon, and the Lieutenant-Governor drove from the official residence unaccompanied by martial troopers and escorted only by Commander Law, his aide, who, by the way, has been making himself prominently active in the latest gust of Imperial Federation. The men of "C" Co., School of Infantry, were drawn up at the entrance to the Parliament building, where a crowd of sight-seers, smaller than usual, attempted a faint cheer. Inside the House things were lively enough, although severely plain. The display of uniforms was not so apparent, and indeed there was openly expressed gratification thereat. Mr. Mowat looked smilingly and happy and his colleagues reflected his sunny demeanor. The new Minister from Hamilton was not in his place, and of course will not be until his constituents endorse the appointment. He is in harness just the same, and loaded up with congratulations from all comers without regard to political stripes The Premier's selection in this instance, as viewed by this afternoon's incidents, is a most popular one. The members are not all in by any means, but a day or two will rectify that. The scene when His Honor ascended the dais if not gorgeous was eminently imposing. The following is the full text of

The Speech from the Throne:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I have much pleasure in again welcoming you to your annual duties as representatives of the Province in Parliament assembled.

MR. MOWAT'S LATEST VICTORY.

I congratulate you on the recent decision of the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council confirming the right of the Province to the Crown Lands, including timber and minerals, situated within the Provincial boundaries as declared in 1884 by the decision of their Lordships and the order of Her Majesty in Council. The principal obstacles which have hitherto retarded the settlement and development of our northern territory have thus been removed.

THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY.

I have the pleasure of informing you that there is a fair prospect of our northerly boundary, as well as our westerly boundary, being satisfactorily settled by Imperial statute at the next session of Parliament.

AGRICULTURAL LOOK-OUT.

I am glad to know that the agricultural industries of the country have been fairly prosperous during the past year; that though the early part of the season was unfavorable, and in some localities crops and pastures were badly affected by drouth, yet that over the greater portion of the Province cereals, roots and fruits have been abundant and of superior quality. The extensive areas of land brought under cultivation during the last decade in India, South America, the United States and our own Northwest make economy in production more essential to the farmers of Ontario than ever before, and emphasize the importance of giving increased attention to the best means of promoting the agricultural interests of the country. Increased efficiency has been given by the legislation of last session to the Department of Agriculture throughout all its varied services and experience is already justifying the policy of assigning to the Department a Minister free to devote to it his whole energies.

THE MINING COMMISSION.

Acting upon a recommendation of the House I appointed a Commission last year to inquire into the mineral resources of the Province and the best means for their development. Much valuable information has been gathered by this Commission, and I have reason to believe that already its labors have resulted in drawing a large measure of attention to our mineral wealth. I also deemed it expedient to have the Province represented at the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States, held at Cincinnati last summer, and having in view the especial importance of attracting foreign enterprise and capital to our mining industry it was determined to confine the exhibit to minerals. There is reason to believe that the object of the exhibit will be to some extent realized in the near future. It is expected that the official reports on both subjects will be completed and ready before the close of the session to be laid before you.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

With the growth of the Province, and the increasing competition in every department of industry, the necessity for increased skill in the various fields of labor is consequently becoming more urgent. The School of Practical Science, owing to its limited equipment and staff, has so far met the demand inadequately, although the school has been efficient within the field which it has occupied. Measures will be submitted to you for enlarging the staff, increasing the usefulness of the school in reference to mining matters, and extending the curriculum so as to include the study of applied mechanics, applied chemistry and of architecture according to the methods adopted by the best schools of a similar kind in Great Britain and the United States.

PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY.

An agreement of the city of Toronto to permanently endow two additional chairs in the Provincial University, in settlement of certain litigated questions between the city and the University, will be submitted for your approval and legislative sanction.

OTHER NEW MEASURES.

Amongst the other measures to be submitted for your consideration are: A new Voters' List Act, embodying with the present law, so far as it is applicable, the provisions needed for carrying into full effect the legislation of last session in reference to manhood suffrage, and Bills for increasing the efficiency of the Factory Act and the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries Act, and for further improving the laws respecting land titles and the registration of deeds.

MUNICIPAL LEGISLATION.

A second report of the Municipal Commissioners collects in convenient form a considerable amount of interesting and valuable information regarding municipal matters, and will, I trust, be useful in dealing with the municipal legislation which may be proposed during the present session. This report and all departmental and other usual reports will be laid before you.

ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE.

During last summer the south wing of the new asylum at Hamilton was completed, and accommodation was thereby afforded for 150 additional patients. For the new cottages at Mimico in connection with the Toronto asylum, a more eligible site than the Government property afforded was obtained in the vicinity through an exchange of land, and a contract was let for building the cottages, for which an appropriation had been granted. Two of the cottages will be ready for occupation before midsummer, and it is confidently expected that the others will be ready before the end of the year.

THE DISPUTED ACCOUNTS.

I regret to say that the accounts between the Dominion and the Province are still unsettled. Since the last session of the Legislature a conference in connection with the accounts took place between the Finance Minister and the Treasurers of Quebec and Ontario. The conference lasted several days, and considerable progress had been made, when the work of the conference was interrupted by the representatives of the Dominion Government taking an entirely new and unexpected position with respect to the interest on the balances a credit of the Provinces, the new contention involving a difference to the Province of a large sum. Representations have since been made to the Dominion Government by the Treasurers of the two Provinces which, I hope, may induce a reconsideration of the matter, and the acquiescence of the Dominion Government in the just demands of the Provinces.

I regret also to say that the questions between this Province and the Province of Quebec are likewise unsettled, the intended arbitration provided for in both Provinces by statute not having been proceeded with, in consequence of a difference as to the matters to be referred. My Government desired that all unsettled matters in dispute should be submitted, and Quebec was not prepared to include the question of the Land Improvement Fund or any matters except such as relate to the school lands. I hope that some satisfactory way of removing the difficulties in the way of a complete settlement may soon be found.

THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS

of the Province showing the receipts and the expenditures for the past year will be promptly laid before you. I am glad to say that the revenue has exceeded the amount anticipated and that the aggregate expenditure has been kept within the estimates.

The estimates for the expenditure of the current year will at an early date be submitted for your approval. They will be found to have been prepared with all the economy consistent with the efficiency of the public service. I feel sure that your legislative labors in disposing of all matters which may come before you will manifest the same care and wisdom as heretofore.

FRIDAY, The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Several petitions praying for the abolition of tax exemptions were presented.

Mr. Mowat said that before the orders of the day were called he had a few words to offer in reference to the recent Ministerial changes. Two Ministers had been taken into the Cabinet since the last meeting of the Legislature, one being the new Minister of Agriculture, who had been appointed to that office under the Act passed last session. It was well known that there were several members of the House who had the necessary qualifications for the office in a very high degree. The Government had selected one of these gentlemen, and from the experience they had since gained of him, they had come to the conclusion that while others perhaps might have fulfilled the duties of the office just as well, it was impossible for any one to have done better. Other changes had arisen from the continued and hopeless illness of their very dear friend and colleague, the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the last of their colleagues who joined the Government in 1872. He was afraid that none of them would ever see Mr. Pardee's face in life again. He was fading away, but it would give satisfaction to the House to know that he did not appear to suffer much. Before the session was over he would have left this world forever, in fact a fatal termination to his malady might occur at any time. More than a year ago Mr. Pardee offered his resignation, believing that his disease was a mortal one, and because he found he was then unable to give that attention to his department which he thought it required. He (Mr. Mowat) had then declined to accept the resignation, as he was extremely reluctant to part with his colleague, knowing how valuable his services has been. The recent decision of the Privy Council in regard to the mineral lands of the northern territory would throw upon the office an enormous amount of increased work, and questions would have to be considered for solution and negotiations entered into which would make it necessary to have a Commissioner of Crown Lands in full vigor to attend to them. Consequently the Government had to come to the conclusion, although with extreme reluctance, that a new Commissioner must be appointed. Mr. Pardee was known as a most kind-hearted man and able Minister, and his intercourse with the public of all classes and creeds had made him universally liked. It was with extreme regret, therefore, that the Government came to the conclusion that the public interests demanded Mr. Pardee's retirement. The next question was what other arrangements should be made for the conduct of the public business. He (Mr. Mowat) had held the view that as the Commissioner of Public Works had administered many of the duties of the Crown Lands Department so well for a length of time, no better arrangement could be devised if he could be induced to assume charge. However, the Government could not prevail upon their hon. friend to exchange his own department for that of the Crown Lands, and the result was that the hon. member for South Brant, the Provincial Secretary, finally consented to accept the office. There was no doubt the hon. gentleman would be able to discharge his new duties conscientiously and in the public interests, and that when he had had the experience of his predecessor he would be found equal to him. This change rendered necessary the appointment of a new Secretary. The name of Provincial Secretary did not convey to the general public any idea of the duties which pertained to the office. Besides the duties of registrar he had many other important duties to discharge. From time to time a great many important duties in connection with the public service had been transferred to from other offices, and perhaps the Government been overloading him with business of various kinds. As a consequence it was found that no new Minister could be expected to discharge all the duties. One of the most important services which the Secretary had in charge was the supervision of the public institutions, such as prisons and asylums. This work was transferred to the Treasurer, who had charge of it before, and had performed the duty satisfactorily. Other duties to which the Treasurer attended, and which could be more quickly learned by a new Minister, were transferred to the Secretary, such as all matters relating to the public health, insurance supervision, auditing of criminal accounts and licenses Then came the question who should fill the new office. After due consideration the Government selected for this purpose the member for Hamilton. The Government believed the selection had been satisfactory to the House and the country. Since the announcement the public journals of both parties had united in expressing their approval. He observed also that Mr. Gibson, who every time he had been elected had to fight an animated contest, was this time likely to be elected without opposition. (Applause.)

Mr. Meredith said that on behalf of the Opposition he concurred in all that the Attorney-General had said in reference to Mr. Pardee. (Applause.) He hoped the day was far distant when party feeling would reach such a state that the good qualities of party opponents should not be recognized. Canada required the best exertions of all her best men, and everything which tended to stimulate her public men in the discharge of their duties should be encouraged. Every one who sat in this House or had the pleasure of the acquaintance of the late Commissioner of Crown Lands would have been happy if, in the public interests, he could have remained in office, and the House felt assured that the Attorney-General interpreted truly the feelings of the members of the Government when he said that the resignation of Mr. Pardee was accepted with extreme reluctance. He (Mr. Meredith) was only too happy to concur in what had been said of the ability of Mr. Pardee, who had always shown he was a man desirous, according to his light, of doing his duty to the country. Mr. Pardee's opponents would be only too ready to admit that he was a fair-minded and honorable combatant in politics. If they should not see him again it would be a matter of general regret to the members of the House. His colleagues would miss him, and the country would miss him. In his affliction Mr. Pardee had the personal sympathy of every member on the Opposition side of the House.

Mr. G. B. Smith, in rising to move the adoption of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, said he wished to refer to a few of the points touched upon in the Lieutenant-Governor's speech. The most extended reference, he said, was made to the question of agriculture, and considering the importance of that industry to this Province and the people at large, the reference was quite justifiable. The number of people engaged in agriculture, and the amount of capital invested, placed it first in the ranks of our industries. If the farmers were prosperous all other classes of the community were also prosperous, and we find even this year, although many of the smaller industries are affected by over-competition, that on the whole the country is prosperous owing to good crops.

Mr. Davis (North York), in seconding the motion, referred to the time honored custom of lightly criticizing the maiden speech of new members. He first touched upon the importance of the exhibit of minerals at the Cincinnati exhibition. He gave a brief outline of the extent of the exhibit, and said that considering our mineral resources it was no wonder that there should have arisen in the minds of many of the people in this Province a desire to have the mineral resources of the Province investigated. He dwelt upon the work of the Mining Commission, and the importance given to the work by the press, and said that there was no doubt but the investigation would bear good fruit, and enlarge the stream of commerce. He gave a brief outline of the past work of the School of Science. It was now proposed to reorganize the school, so as to place it in the first rank with similar schools in other countries. He took up the work of the Bureau of Industries and compared the yield in Ontario to show that it was a mistaken idea for the young men of our country to want to go to the United States, as Ontario compared favorably in the average yield of crops with the neighboring States. Mr. Davis then closed with a dissertation on Home Rule, and also received a tribute of applause.

Mr. Meredith said he had listened with interest and attention to the speeches of both the mover and seconder. The speeches seemed to corroborate what they had heard about in the public press in regard to the change of policy on the part of honorable gentlemen opposite. At one time they had heard much about the deplorable condition of the country and its approaching ruin. He had been glad to hear from the mouth of the mover of the address a refutation of the charges which had been made and he had read with extreme pleasure the report of the Attorney-General's speech at a recent public gathering in Toronto, in which he had come out boldly in defence of the country and of its connection with the Mother Country. The trouble was, that hon. gentlemen opposite showed this patriotism only in spots. He wished the whole mass of their party were permeated with a patriotic spirit. He had hopes, however, that in time they would be found just as patriotic as hon. gentlemen on this side of the House. He remembered how the Provincial Premiers—the crowned heads he might term them—had met at Quebec, at an enormous expense to the country, and had sat down to alter the constitution of the country. They then came to the Legislature and asked them to discuss proposed changes in the constitution of Confederation. Hon. gentlemen opposite had told the House that they intended to go to the foot of the throne itself and ask for a sanction of these changes. What had become of this great Inter-Provincial Conference? Dead and buried. There was not one reference to it in the speech put into the mouth of the Lieutenant-Governor. Seriously speaking, he thought the fact was a justification of the position taken on this side of the House in reference to the matter, and the hon. gentlemen had done well in abandoning their policy. In referring to the decision of the Privy Council Mr. Meredith went on to say that he did not quarrel with that decision, but he thought the hon. gentleman who had touched upon the topic had too generously showered honors upon the Attorney-General, which, he noticed, had caused that gentleman to blush, used even as he was to such laudation. He ventured to think that Ontario had triumphed by reason of the justice of her cause, and that had not the Attorney-General had justice behind him, even his persuasive advocacy would have been of little avail. The Opposition had been charged with wishing to hand over this territory to the Dominion. Why, the party of the hon. gentleman opposite would have been willing to hand over the whole interests of this country to a nation which the Attorney-General had recently described as "hostile." Other causes than that of the National Policy were assigned as contributing to the low prices of agricultural products. He was glad also to find that the Minister of Education proposed to do something in the way of advancing the interests of the great classes of artisans and mechanics. The Opposition would cordially support any measure which would have this effect. With regard to the domestic policy of the Government there were matters which should get attention, but were neglected. Everybody admitted that the present assessment law was a most imperfect one, but what steps had the Government taken to ameliorate this state of things? Not a single one. Then there was the license system. He intended some time during the session to direct more closely the attention of the House and the country to the present system, which he considered demoralizing. He had never denied that there were in the Crooks Act many excellent features. One of these, and the only important one, was the restriction of the licenses. The Government had made use of the temperance sentiment of the country and the good feature of that Act to place the liquor license system of the country under the control of their party. Experience had proved that the law had been administered in a partisan spirit which required the attention of the House. The liquor traffic to-day was entirely under the feet of the Government and their party. When license commissioners were first appointed the Government declared that these men would not be their partizans, but in less than a year every man belonging to the Conservative party was thrust out of office, and now all these license commissioners were partisans with one or two exceptions. Even if there was an honest administration of the law, those engaged in the liquor traffic would be subjected to political influence. But when it was administered in a partisan sense, it became a menace to the country. On the eve of elections men engaged in the liquor traffic have had officers of the law winking at infractions of the law in order that votes might be cast for their candidate or withheld from their opponents. In the interests of the country and the temperance cause there must be a reform in these things, and the House ought to devise some scheme to free this trade from the shackles of partyism. He concurred in the expediency of increasing accommodation for the insane, and advocated increased economy in the service. In returning to the boundary question, he would not dispute the Attorney-General's claim to be considered a great constitutional lawyer, but the hon. gentleman, with all his blandness, always contrived to have the right hand bower up his sleeve. It would appear the Attorney-General did not care to go personally into court in a case unless he was sure of success. But if he would send doubtful cases into court, it might be admitted that it might be the duty of the Dominion Government sometimes to get decisions on doubtful matters.

Mr. Mowat, after expressing his satisfaction with the speeches of the mover and seconder, proceeded to reply to the attack of the leader of the Opposition. In noticing the remarks in reference to loyalty and patriotism, he said the ground the Government had taken was that while the Conservatives talked loyalty their policy was promoting disloyalty. While the Liberal party entertained loyal sentiments, they were endeavoring to make this country the pride of its people, and what they complained of was that the Conservative party had adopted a policy which interfered with the bringing about of this object. The principal part of his hon. friend's remarks had been in reference to the boundary, and he had referred to the Jingo policy of the Government. But did not Sir John say he intended to compel us to give up our rights, and had an army sent from Manitoba to take possession of the country and drive out the Provincial officers? The Government resisted this attempt, and resisted it successfully. Now the Privy Council had declared that the resistance was justified by right. If the Government had not pursued the policy they had the Province would not have obtained the territory at all. His hon. friend admitted that justice was in favor of the Province, and only technical law against it. His hon. friend had taken side with the technical law against justice to his own Province. If both parties had combined on insisting upon the rights of the Province Sir John would never have resisted them. His power to resist arose from the fact that his political friends in Ontario would not defend the rights of their Provinces The Government did not assert that the license system or any system was absolutely free from evils. But the present license system was infinitely superior in any previous system in force in Canada or any other country. It was far superior to any substitute proposed for it He was not surprised that evils had arison, but rather that so few evils had been found. I was a most extraordinary thing, however if the Conservatives were terrorized under this system that there were more Conservatives under license in the Province than there were Reformers. There were some serious disadvantages to the Government in connection with the system. If a man was refused a license, he at once became an enemy of the Government. If a license was taken away because of violation of the law, the culprit became an enemy of the Government, of the system and of the License Commission. There was much in the system which acted unfavorably to the Government. The Government undertook the responsibility unwillingly. The jurisdiction was urged upon them by the temperance people. Having assumed the responsibility the Government had done its best to administer the system as honestly as possible. With regard to the question of economy in the maintenance of the insane, the expense now of the asylum system was less than that of any other Province or any State in the Union.

The Address was then adopted.

Mr. Fraser introduced a Bill to amend the Voters' Lists Act, which was read the first time.

The House adjourned at 5.30 p.m.

MURDER OF A WIDOW.

A Jackson Lady Found with Three Bullets in Her Body.

A last (Friday) night's Jackson, Mich., despatch says: A most ghastly murder was committed here last night. Mrs. Mary H. Latimer, a widow living with her only son, R. Irving Latimer, a druggist, was shot twice in the head after retiring. She evidently crawled out of bed and staggered to the window, but before she could raise it she was shot again, falling backward, and evidently dying in terrible agony. Mrs Latimer was found this morning lying in a pool of blood. Irving Latimer went to Detroit last evening, stating to his clerk that he was going to act as pall-bearer for some deceased friend. Henry Nichols, who was engaged in papering the interior of Mrs. Latimer's house, arrived there at 9 o'clock and found all the doors bolted. He rang the door bell vigorously, when Mrs. Burrow, a neighbor, came to the door and stated that Mrs. Latimer had not appeared at all that morning. Upon going round the house the cellar door was found forced, and Nichols, followed by Mrs. Burrow, went upstairs to the dining-room. The doors were all open, but nothing had been disturbed. Thinking, possibly, Mrs. Latimer was ill, Mrs. Burrow went up to her bedroom while Nichols remained at the foot of the stairs. Opening the door softly Mrs. Burrow saw the bed vacant, and then ventured to open the door wide, calling Mrs. Latimer by name. A scream startled Nichols, who rushed upstairs, when Mrs. Burrow cried: "She's killed! She's murdered!" Mrs. Latimer's husband had been a prominent merchant of Jackson for years. He died about a year ago and left $11,500 life insurance. Of this his widow received $8,000 and the son the remainder.

SOARED AWAY WITH THE ROOSTER.

A Hen Hawk Disregards the Rules of the Cockpit.

A Bridgeport, Conn., despatch says: Linnehan Bros., grocers, of this city, have a pet hen hawk which came into their hands as a chick, and from being petted grew up to be thoroughly domesticated, except for the habit of taking occasional flights in pursuit of prey. These absences never extended beyond a week. A neighbor, who witnessed the meek demeanor of the bird as it lodged on a fence in the back yard of the grocery, offered to match his best gamecock against it in a fight to a finish. The battle took place yesterday afternoon. The gamecock fiercely attacked the hawk, which at first made scarcely a show of resistance. A moment later, however, the hawk woke up and, disdaining such small tactics as picking and striking, seized the game rooster in its talons and soared away beyond the view of the spectators. Neither hawk or rooster has reappeared, and the latter has undoubtedly been eaten by its captor. Peter Handley, owner of the gamecock, not only refuses to pay the amount of the stakes, but threatens to sue Linnenhan Brothers for $50, at which figure he valued his fighting cock.

AN AMERICAN'S VIEW

Of General Wolseley and the British Army.

A London cable says: Gen. S. W. Crawford, who was recently elevated to the position of major-general from the position of military surgeon, has been giving to an interviewer for the *Globe* his *ipse dixit* about the *personnel* of the British army. He criticised the Scots Fusilier Guards as slow and their accoutrements as heavy. Altogether he thinks "that in modern warfare English troops are too heavy, their commissariat too bulky, requiring trains that would surely prove a source of great weakness in a campaign. While this is a striking feature of all the English service, it is especially noticeable in the cavalry, and markedly so in the cavalry of the Guards, where a large proportion of the private's kit is only for the articles necessary in keeping his uniform and accoutrements in order." General Crawford, referring to Lord Wolseley, says: It is but just that I should record the impression I have formed, and that is that Lord Wolseley is as advanced in the application of modern ideas to military life as any general I have known."

Rev. Dr. Rainsford Has a Call.

A Richmond (Va.) despatch says: "It is rumored here that Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, New York, is considering a call from St. Paul's Church here." It is not at all probable that the rev. gentleman will choose to leave his present charge for a position in the South.

Hans Made it Warm for Them.

An Eau Claire (Wis.) special says: "Hans Kittleson, a farmer residing near Waneka, had a balky team attached to a load of hay. To start them up he built a fire under the team, and the flames consumed the hay, horses, sleigh and all.

About six weeks ago some of Kingsville's enterprising men conceived the idea of boring for gas in that vicinity. They formed a company, secured the services of experts from Ohio and commenced drilling. Yesterday morning they struck gas in paying quantities at a depth of about twelve hundred feet.

To an Electric Light.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Arc,
Sickly, blue, uncertain spark;
Up above my head you swing,
Ugly, strange, expensive thing.

When across the foggy air
Streams the lightning's purple glare,
Does the traveller in the dark
Bless your radiance, little Arc?

When you fade with modest blush,
Scarce more bright than farthing rush,
Would he know which way to go
If you always twinkled so?

Cold, unloving, blinding star,
I've no notion what you are;
How your wondrous "system" works,
Who controls its jumps and jerks?

Yours a lustre like the day?
Ghastly, green, inconstant ray!
No! where'er they worship you
All the world is black or blue.

Though your light perchance surpass
Homely oil or vulgar gas,
Still I close with this remark,
I detest you, little Arc!

—*St. James Gazette*

The Same Old Story.

"Oh love, my love where art thou now,
My love of long ago?"
No answer to my piteous cry,
And I had loved her so!

We walked beside the rippling brook,
Her hand in mine she laid,
And into her heart I stole a look,
My queenly blue-eyed maid.

I saw what she fain would keep from me,
My face engraven there;
Courageously then I stole a kiss,
And my heart to her laid bare.

I asked her to be my own sweet wife
And with a smile so debonair
She answered, "Love I would with pleasure,
If you were a millionaire!"

Compensation.

When we come to the gates which are each one pearl
Past the waves' wild rush, and the dizzy whirl
Of the Waters of Death, so deep so wide,
And are safe at last on the paradise side,
I think we may see clear written there
O'er the gates, in some heavenly character
For all to read, this beautiful word,
First welcome and pledge to the soul from its Lord.

For life seems so little when life is past,
And the memories of sorrow fleet so fast,
And the woes which were so bitter to you and to me
Shall vanish as rain drops which fall in the sea;
And all that has hurt us shall be made good,
And the puzzles which hindered be understood,
And the long, hard march through the wilderness bare
Seem but a day's journey when once we are there

Each tear we have shed is the seed of a smile;
Our griefs may reappear be after a while;
The doubts turn to surenes, the discords to tune,
And the cold dawn called "Life" into heavenly noon.
The rainbow is cradled in storm, and the snows
Are the sheltering place of the fair, sleeping rose
And, count it with the will of the Lord, soon or late,
We shall read the glad word o'er the beautiful gate.

—*Susan Coolidge in Congregationalist*

DEMENTIA AMORIS.

In love, all men are just the same,
Both prodigal and absent-minded.
Let beauty her desire but name,
And common sense at once is blinded
There is no difference in caste,
He may possess a pipe or peerage,
Love is a thing that can't be classed—
It travels cabin style or steerage.

A mild insanity, it seems—
A temporary aberration;
The stricken man, as one who dreams
Is rambling in his conversation.
No need takes he how runs his purse,
To count expenses savors treason,
He buys enough of silly verse
To make young poets lose their reason.

Oh, you who never yet have felt
These symptoms of a happy lover,
Nor to a blushing girl have knelt,
Nor timidly have leaned above her,
A word with you. When you have found
That only one for whom you tarried,
Don't be engaged a twelvemonth round,
And make yourself a dunce. Get married!

The Sleigh Bells.

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh,
As it swiftly souds along
Hear the burst of happy song.
See the gleam of glances bright
Flashing o'er the pathway white.

Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes—
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding whom they wound:
See them with capricious pranks,
Plowing now the drifted banks.

Jingle, jingle, 'mid the glee,
Who among them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold.

Jingle, jingle, 'mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills
Now 'tis slow and now 'tis fast,
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

MARRY OR BE DISMISSED.

Curious Regulations Enforced on the Railroads in Denmark.

Every one who has travelled in Denmark has noticed the tremendous number of guard houses along the railroads, and, in fact, that women usually signal the trains, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*. As a measure of economy man and wife are employed by the State, the former as track walker and the latter as guard. The rules specify the relationship to exist between these two classes of employees, and the rules are made to be obeyed. When it happens that either dies the survivor has just six weeks in which to find another partner. Neglect to do so is disobedience punished by dismissal. The employment of brother, sister or servant to fill the vacancy is not allowed. The guard or track walker must marry in six weeks or leave. A case of the kind occurred recently near the old town of Ribe, on the German frontier. The stricken widower petitioned the Government to allow him an extra week or two, alleging that his work of walking all day along the railroad track did not give him a chance to look for a wife, but his request was refused as in itself an infraction of discipline. The hapless widower had only six days of grace left, but he did not want to lose his job and went skirmishing with such energy that before the end of the fifth he had a new wife flagging the trains.

Mr. Jinks—I don't know how you will feel about it, sir, but the fact is that my wife, your daughter, is a dreadfully hard woman to live with. Mr. Blinks—I can sympathize with you, sir. I married her mother.

MAX ON AMERICA.

O'Rell, the Critic of Peoples, Gives His Views of Brother Jonathan.

American women run their husbands and fathers very close in the matter of wit.

The liberty enjoyed by American girls astonishes the English as much as the liberty of the English girl surprises the French. From the age of 18 the American girl is allowed almost every liberty. She takes the others.

Not to take the name of God in vain, the English have invented many euphemisms; some men, imagining, I suppose, that the Deity takes no cognizance of any language but English, venture so far as to say "Mon Dieu" or "Mein Gott." At this kind of thing the Americans are as clever as the English. They have invented 'Great Scott."

The Americans are Christians—that is to say, they attend church on Sundays. * * * How resist the two following appeals, posted at the doors of a New York and a Chicago church: I copied them word for word with great care:

Musical Evangelists.
Solos.
Short sermons;
The place to be happy and saved.
Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in

The other, more seductive still, was worded thus:

No reason for not coming'
Free seats.
Cheerful services!
Books supplied to the congregation
The public are requested to leave the books in the seats after use.

I saw in an American paper the appearance of Miss Minnie Palmer spoken of in the following terms: "Minnie Palmer will wear all her diamonds in the third act."

The booking office was besieged all day, and, in the evening, money was refused. An amusing detail was the arrival of a good fourth of the audience at 10 o'clock to see the diamonds in the third act.

The population of America is 60,000,000—mostly colonels.

An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without diamonds.

Oh, those diamonds in America! You see them wherever you go! Not one woman in a hundred will you see without a pair of them in her ears. It is an *obession*.

Jonathan admires all that glitters, even that which is not gold.

In his eyes the success of a thing answers for its quality, and the charlatanism that succeeds is superior to the merit that vegetates.

The American men are generally thin.

At a dinner party given recently at Delmonico's I heard that each *menu* had a chain attached, consisting of pearls and diamonds, and valued at $1,000.

Every American with the least self-respect is Colonel or Judge.

Few escape it.

A GENIAL CLERGYMAN.

He Was Not Afraid to Play with the Children.

The late Dean Burgon, though a bachelor, was remarkable for his love of children. It was no uncommon sight to see him dancing in the high street before some delighted little ones or jumping up and down before a perambulator. At a school treat he was in his element, and he would run, jump and play with the children until fairly exhausted. On one occasion he was fairly done up, and could run no more. A crowd of children was standing round him as he sat on the grass. "I can run no more," said the vicar of St. Mary's. Then said a little girl, "All right, you sit still and make faces at us." He did so, and the contortions of his face were truly marvelous and delightful. On another occasion, however, he was not so fortunate. He was always devoted to the children, and upon calling at a house where some of his little friends lived he asked the servant, "Are they up stairs in the drawing-room?" On being told "Yes," he said: "All right, I'll go myself." The servant thereupon left him in the hall. Mr. Burgon then took up a large sheepskin rug and put it over his shoulder. On arriving at the drawing-room door he went down on all his fours, slowly opened the door a little way, and began to groan and roar like a beast; then he advanced a little way into the room, making a hideous noise. Unfortunately for him, none of the children were present, only two visitors staying in the house, who were scared out of their wits by this extraordinary apparition. They screamed loudly and rung the bell violently, thinking a madman was coming. However, a few words of explanation soon put matters to rights.

Dr. Rainsford on Church Defects.

Dr. Rainsford, speaking of one of the weakest spots in modern Protestantism, says: "It does not visibly, by means of its great churches and services, embody any great gospel or Christian idea. Every one knows what the saloon means. The cotton, the produce exchanges embody a very definite idea. So should our churches. They should ever witness to those deepest verities of human nature. In our age, so sorely tempted to selfishness and materialism, the Church should surely stand as an evident witness, first to man's divine nature and consequent need of more than earthly food; second, to man's sonship to God, and hence the due of brotherliness owed by him to all his fellow men, and third, to God's love and good-will to men revealed in the Christ whose words all Christian Churches profess to regard as their law. This weak spot, he says, is the exclusive character of most of our large and fashionable churches, which seem to exist for and are supported almost entirely by the rich people of the community.—*Evangelical Churchman.*

The Dearest They Must Have.

Says an Englishman: "Many wealthy people in the United States have little artistic taste in the matter of flowers. In ordering flowers for a dinner or a reception they invariably order those which happen for the moment to be the most expensive. If cabbages were the most expensive they would insist on having them, to the exclusion of everything else."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

They Often Are.

Mrs. Muggins (reading)—Every man gets the wife that heaven intended for him.

Mr. Muggins (musingly)—It must be true, then, that men are punished in this world for their sins.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fashions of a Day.

Tartan hose for ladies in wool or spun silk appear to be coming into favor for wearing with dark gowns.

This year fashion, which in general favors tall, slight figures, seems more thoughtful of those of her votaries who are gifted with a certain amount of embonpoint.

Some of the newest jerseys have watered silk revers and cuffs, or a width of soft silk coming from beneath the arm on the right side, tapering into a point and fastened at the waist on the left side.

Stripes and pekins of all styles are in vogue, garments falling in long lines, redingotes of sober outline, all tending to give length to the figure, and to conceal or attenuate any excess of stoutness.

A magnificent ball dress is of pale, silvery green satin, with long court train lined with old-rose satin, and trimmed with a bordering of Alaska sable, above which are deep arabesques of silver, gold and white embroidery. The front of the skirt is almost solid with the same embroidery.

The petticoats for this season are very tempting. One in black-striped satin and moire had horizontal stripes between the moire, while another had bands of black lace let in, with colored ribbons run through the lace. The flannel petticoats are made with full flounces, elaborately embroidered.

The divided muff is a novelty, and derives its principal merit from that fact, as it is neither very useful nor very ornamental, resembling two cuffs, gathered at the edge to show a contrasting lining, through which the hands pass, connected with a large bow and ends, which ornaments the centre.

Briefs for the Intellect.

Boiled starch makes an excellent paste.

When flat irons become rusty blacken them with stove polish and rub well with a dry brush.

Use charcoal to broil with. The flames close the pores quickly and make the meat very tender.

Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good sized piece of camphor gum.

For ink spots on floors rub with sand wet with water and oil of vitriol, and afterward rinse with pearline water.

Orange peel, when thoroughly dried or baked, is a capital thing for lighting the fires. It burns fiercely and gives out an intense heat.

Windows can be cleansed in water and the frost entirely removed by using a gill of alcohol to a pint of hot water. Clean quickly and wipe dry with a warm chamois skin.

Large quantities of vegetables should not be stored in a cellar under the house. They will vitiate the air of the whole house and cause sickness. Better have a root cellar or store them in a pit.

A Maine historian says that in old times the fine ladies of Eastport, then a gay, flourishing town, used to acquire beautiful complexions by sleeping with their heads out of the windows in foggy weather.

Cut off the top of an old leg boot or top boot, cut out a piece of the right size, line it with woollen and you will have the best kind of a holder for flat-iron and stove ware—better and safer than old cloth holders.

An All-Round Kisser.

A story is told of a young lady who kissed a baby held in her father's arms; then, in a moment of temporary insanity or abstraction, she stood on tiptoe and kissed the papa. Realizing instantly what a dreadful thing she had done, she wheeled around and kissed the baby's mamma, who was standing near, and retired in good order. Her satirical sister squelched the poor young woman as they left the house by asking her if she didn't want to go back and finish by kissing the hired girl.

Interesting Social Statistics.

Have you any idea how many miles a dancing girl gets over in a single evening? I don't mean a more or less wallflower, or one who sits out her dances—alone or otherwise—but a real lover of waltzing, who dances everything from the beginning to end, and looks almost as fresh at the end of the evening as she did at the beginning. Some man has been attending several dances with a pedometer in his pocket, and he finds that the average distance traversed during an evening of twenty-two dances is 13½ miles! If any girl of one's acquaintance was asked to go an equally long walk, she would just say it was impossible, at least I know I should, but somehow when one has a pleasant partner, good music and a good floor in a well-lighted room, one scarcely stops to consider how much ground one has got over. The average length of one waltz is half a mile, whilst a polka is three-quarters, and even the lancers are a quarter of a mile long. I am going to try and remember these figures—though I am a fearful hand at anything of that sort—so as to entertain my future partners, when I find they are talk-about-the-weather men, with only the music, the floor and the dresses for variety.

News Notes About Women.

The Princess of Wales is 45.

Empress Frederick is to go to Kiel next month.

The Empress of Austria is attended by a woman physician.

The Czarina of Russia prefers English books to those of any other language.

The 102nd birthday of Mrs. Lydia Watson, of Leicester, Mass., was celebrated a few days ago.

Two Corean ladies, who are the first to set foot on American soil, are now en route from San Francisco to Washington.

Mme. Lavroffsky, a celebrated Russian chess player, is said to have amassed a fortune by her proficiency in the game.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has paid heavily for "Robert Elsmere" in the way of ill-health. She has suffered badly from insomnia.

There are about 70,000 lacemakers in Normandy, and in all France there are nearly 200,000 women engaged in this industry.

At the dinner given on Friday evening by Mrs. Stanford at Washington to sixteen of the Senator's friends hot-house strawberries were served that cost $3 a dozen.

When a bride in China knows that she is to be married she must evince by word and manner the deepest melancholy, and she gains commendation and repute if her lamentations are poetical.

An Indiana court has decided that unless a woman is pleased with her photographs she need not pay for them. If, says a crusty bachelor editor, this is law the photographers in that State may as well obscure their cameras at once. Their vocation is gone.

TO MAKE IT SURE OF HEAVEN.

The Reason Given by an Insane Mother for Killing Her Baby.

A Scranton, Pa., despatch says: John Geer, of Buckingham township, Wayne county, left his wife with the baby cooing in her lap as he went to work in the morning. When he returned at noon for dinner the baby was in the cradle, and stretched out on the floor lay its mother, stone dead, with a hideous gash in her throat. When Geer looked at the baby he found that it had been also killed with a knife.

On the table was a letter for him from Mrs. Geer, which said:

I thought I would kill the baby because then it would go to heaven. If I do not do so, I would then not know what might become of it. You need not think it was anything you done that made me do this. I want my ring left on my finger, and I wish my baby laid in my arms and [illegible]

Mrs. Geer had never shown any symptoms of a disordered mind, but her terrible act evidently showed a disordered brain.

An Italian Rival of Mme. Bernhardt.

A Naples correspondent writes: At the Sannazzaro Theatre the Italian rival of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonore Duse, has won the sympathies of a critical audience. In the great scene of the third act of "Fedora" she was rapturously applauded and called thrice before the curtain, together with Flavio Ando, who worthily supported her. She wore three magnificent toilettes. In the first act she had on a dress of eau de nil plush. The front breadth was of white brocade embroidered with delicately tinted flowers. The dress was cut low at the neck with a fall of lace; the half sleeves were lace, and she wore a long feathery white boa. The only jewels were two solitaires. In the second act her dress was a white brocade, embroidered with white slightly mixed with gold. In front two large strips of white silk, embroidered with gold, hise two Byzantine sticles. The gown was high-waisted and richly trimmed with lace. In the third act her dress was of crevette-colored silk, entirely covered with white braid, the front of crevette silk, with a tablier of gauze of the same tint. It had a large collar and cuffs, and pockets turned back with copper-colored velvet, and no train. In the last act she appeared in a train dress of dark blue silk, with tunic of very dark blue, embroidered with burnished blue beads. With this dress she wore black gloves.

Why the Bridge Blew Down.

T. M. Griffith, an engineer, writes to the Niagara Falls *Gazette* on the causes of the wreck of the suspension bridge in the late gale. He says. "I am as well satisfied as if I had seen it just how it acted in the storm. The cables and platform danced up and down, until the motion became so ample that they could no longer be in unison, then the slackened suspenders were jerked in two on the quarters where the vertical motion is greatest, and after a few were broken the rest tore off. My plan of construction is to put in spars on the quarters, floor stays to the same point, and buffers between the end of the platform and towers, and also to build the floor so that it allows all the chance possible for wind to pass through. I lost two bridge platforms before I began to find it necessary to find out the cause. My first Mississippi bridge lost its platform. I sparred and guyed it after that, and it stood some terrible gales."

A Lady's Chances of Marrying.

Every woman has a chance of "catching a husband," but it is conceded that young ladies between 20 and 25 years of age are more likely to draw the matrimonial prizes. However, it is not an unusual thing to hear of the marriage of a lady who has passed the three-quarter century mark. Yet, how can a woman, weak, dispirited, enervated and tormented by disease common to her sex, hope to become a happy wife and mother? Of course she cannot; yet by the magic aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all these obstacles are swept away. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages, in particular. Forever-worked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

In Hard Luck

Mother—What is the matter, my son?

Adult Son—It's all up; no use struggling against fate. I'm bound to land in the poor-house.

"You! Why, my son, you are plumber."

"Yes, but all hope of wealth is gone. My physician has ordered me to live in Southern California. Pipes never burst there."

Popular Women.

Miss Longpurse—Why, of course, Helen of Troy was beautiful. Do you suppose there would have been a twenty-year war over her if she hadn't been beautiful?

Mr. Shortcash (forgetting himself)—Oh, I don't know. Maybe she was rich.

Peculiarities of Car Windows.

Passenger (shivering)—I wish to gracious car windows were made so no woman could get them open.

Conductor (apologetically)—The dry, wintry air takes out the dampness and loosens 'em so they move too easy. They're lighter'n wax in summer.

Sized Him Up.

Doting Mother (inclined to be facetious—"Have you any toys that my boy won't be likely to break in three minutes?"

Dealer (looking the boy over)—"Yes, madam. Step right back to the rubber counter."

A DUNDASITE'S TRAVELS.

Interesting Letter from Richard Talbot from Japan.

Mr. Richard Talbot was for fully fifteen years boss of the weaving room in the Dundas Cotton Factory. When he left he went to the Lybster Cotton Mills at Merritton, where he remained about three years, and since then he has been over a great part of the world as traveller for an English firm. He spent considerable time in Spain and France, and now he is in Japan. The other day his brother, who works in the Cotton Factory here, received a letter from him from Osaka, Japan. We have been permitted to glance through it, and have found it so interesting that we condense it for our readers. The letter is dated Dec. 17th, 1888, and says the writer, after passing thirty days in Yokohama and twenty days in Tokio (the capital), had arrived at Osaka, Japan, 350 miles from Tokio, where he had been ten days. He found in Japan an agreeable climate and an interesting people. Referring to his journey thither from California, he says two Chinamen, returning home, died on board. The doctor seemed jubilant, as he received $20 each for embalming the bodies of the Celestials. The passage on the Pacific was very rough. While travelling from Tokio to Osaka by steamer they had a splendid view of the sacred and very high mountain, Fujihama. It is cone-shaped, built by volcanic action, has a crater at the top, but inactive. It is one of the sights of the world. The top and sides for a long way down are covered with everlasting snows, and its appearance, while grand and majestic, is pleasing to the eye. Thousands, says Mr. Talbot, come and make their devotions to this mountain. He likewise visited Buddhist and Shinto temples, and saw the wooden god of trouble and grief. He saw the people rub parts of the god's body and then with their hand rub themselves on the corresponding portion of their own body. Nose, ears, face, in fact every protuberance originally on the god, had been rubbed smooth by the people who had come to be cured in this way of their bodily and mental ailments. The description of an Osaka temple is interesting. At the far end is the collection box, grated over to prevent people from getting the money thrown into it again, and it is as large as a "temperance platform." Priests were inside making everything right for those who threw their money in. Mr. Talbot was impressed with much that was beautiful in the Buddha and Shinto religions, and he says they inculcate a veneration for ancestors, for national heroes, and that under it children always respect their parents, and infants are carried about in the fresh air and cared for in a remarkable manner. Politeness is racy of the country. Boots must be pulled off when entering a house, and the waiters bow nearly to the ground. Refinement and politeness, says the letter writer, about these people surpasses anything he had seen in Europe. Brief references are made to the worship of the sun and the signification of the symbols used by the Japs in their religious exercises, and the interesting letter closed.—*Dundas Standard.*

Do Not Think for a Moment

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. All druggists.

An Unsuccessful Eavesdropper.

First Boy—"I hid under the sofa the other evening to listen to what young Smith, would say to my sister." Second Boy—"What did he say?" First Boy—"He only talked about religion and kicked me about twenty times on the head." Second Boy—"He knew you were there, I guess." First Boy—"I'm afraid he suspected it."

The Life Current.

Deprive the vegetable world of moisture and it pales, withers and dies; the whole earth becomes parched, and desolation pervades the landscape. Deprive the human system of pure blood and health is impossible, disease inevitable. The skin becomes charged with repulsive humors, the lungs loaded with foreign secretions, fevers ensue, and, unless speedily arrested, death follows. Renew to healthy action the liver, the great blood-purifying gland, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and health flows through every avenue, restoring every organ to vigor. All druggists.

Col. Jacob L. Green, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Hartford, announced last evening that Joseph A. Moore, the financial correspondent of the company at Indianapolis, after sixteen years of service, during which he has had unlimited confidence of the directors and officers and of their predecessors, is a defaulter. The extreme amount involved is about $500,000. Moore has restored to the company property which may reduce the actual loss to $400,000. The loss will not affect the company's solvency nor interfere with its dividend.

The home of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the millionaire Chicago hotel-keeper, is one of the most sumptuous residences in the West. Mrs. Palmer is at the head of many philanthropic enterprises and gives thousands of dollars to charity every year in an unostentatious way.

DOWL, 6 89

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. **Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE GRANDSET CHANCE

Y-E-T.

J. G. Anderson

WILL OFFER GOODS

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

COMMENCING JAN. 21,

AT

Prices Never yet Heard of !

I do not intend that goods shall lie on my shelves from one season to the other. So, in order to make roomfor SPRING GOODS which will be along next month. The prices of everything will be

SLAUGHTERED.

I have also added largely to my stock some very

CHOICE SELECTIONS

—FROM A—

BANKRUPT STOCK!

Which will be sold at far below wholesale prices. Don't fail to come early that you may have a good choice. Note a few of the prices :

A nice Tweed Effect Dress Goods, worth 13c a yard, now 12 yards for $1.

A heavy wide Melton Dress Goods, worth 15c, for 10c a yard. Other lines in proportion.

Great Drives in Tweeds !

A number of beautiful suiting tweeds, worth $1.10 per yard, now 65 cts.

A 75 ct. tweed for 50 cts. a yard

DON'T fail to see these goods soon. We cannot keep them long at these prices. All other lines of dry goods reduced in proportion. Remember this clearing sale will

ONLY LAST FOR 30 DAYS.

——Just have a look through our——

BOOT and SHOE DEPARTMENT

We have not space to enumerate the bargains you will be able to get in this line. BE SURE YOU GET A SAMPLE OF OUR

TEA, 4 lbs. FOR $1.

J. G. ANDERSON

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S.

The Remainder of our WINTER'S STOCK will be Disposed of at Astonishingly LOW RATES.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Heard's Carriage Works.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attent on given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm 100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $900.00

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600 For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, having opened out new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite a call.

Hair [illegible], etc all done in the highest style of the art.

W. J. NELSON

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 398. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy flush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

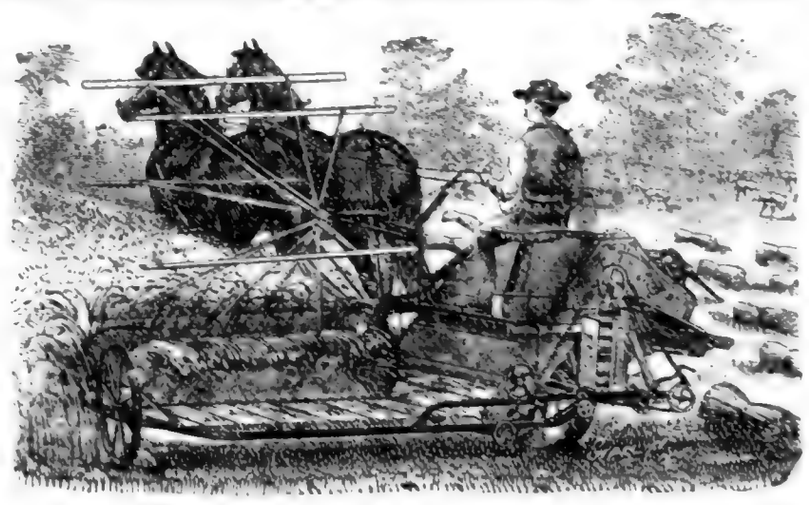

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower,
THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR,
LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

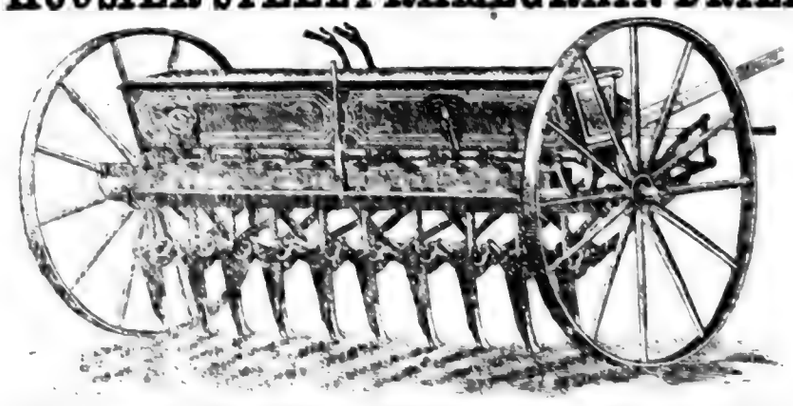

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth without stopping the team.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses no ground when starting or after turning

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and saves cord in binding

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Carnival Star for sale at this office. 35 cents.

Mr. Jas Sullivan has now decided to remain in Flesherton. Glad to hear it.

Green wood wanted in exchange for boots and shoes at G. B. Smith's.

Jas. Strachan and son, of Dunedin, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Square timber, sawlogs and grain are being brought in in large quantities.

If you want a big bargain in a watch now is your time to go to Russell's jewelry store, Flesherton.

20 tons of rags, wool pickings, old copper, metal and hides wanted at Karstedt's stove emporium.

At the cattle fair on Monday a very small number of animals were offered, and there were few sales.

If you want a big bargain in a watch now is your time to go to Russell's jewelry store, Flesherton.

If you wish to sell or rent your place advertise in the Advance. It fetches them every time.

Mr. J. Whitten, who cut his foot very severeley some time ago with a broadaxe, is once more able to be around.

If you wish any job printing done bring it right along now. We do it in a panegorical style, as Mrs. Malaprops said.

Russell's sale on Monday was a pronounced success. There was a very large crowd present and prices realized were fair.

In addition to prizes offered on bill's a suitable prize will be given to best lady and gent skater at the carnival Friday night.

The Grand Lodge, R.T. of T., met in London on Tuesday. Mr. W Barnhouse was the delegate from Flesherton, leaving on Monday.

The Orange soiree which should have come off at Feversham last Thursday was postponed owing to the inclemency of the weather. It comes off to-night, Thursday

Our stock of snow is now complete The roads are heavy, and in some instances where there has been a great deal of travel they are almost completely blocked

Dr. Ottwell is acquiring a magnificent vetrinary practice. He is kept steadily on the move, and has proved himself thus far a very successful vet.

Watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, spectacles, razors, knives, etc., going at less than half price, at Russell's jewelry store, Flesherton.

Sign lettering and carriage painting. A good job guaranteed, charges low; by thoroughly practical painter, at Legate's carriage shop.

A load of the Flesherton Sons of Temperance took a drive to Inistioge on Friday evening on a fraternal visit to the Inistioge lodge. A very pleasant time was spent among the brethern there.

We want correspondents at the following places: Maxwell, Proton Station, Markdale and Inistioge. Parties desiring to fill the bill will please communicate for terms immediately.

According to the Review citizens of Streetsville will drink "aqua fortis" as a beverage next summer. They must have strong stomachs down there, anyway Nothing stronger than *aqua pura* goes down in this burg.

Our Priceville correspondent made a slight mistake last week when he said that Messrs. McDonald and McLean sawed a cord of wood in an hour. Mr. D. McMillan informs us that it was done in twenty minutes.

Dr. Sinclair, M.D., M.A., L.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.M., the great Scottish Specialist, of Toronto, specialist for the treatment of all chronic diseases, private diseases, diseases of the brain, diseases of the heart and lungs, and diseases of women positively treated successfully Consultation free. Dr. Sinclair will be at Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, on Friday, March 8.

Grand Masquerade.

Friend Fields announces a grand carnival on the Flesherton rink Friday (tomorrow) night. A splendid list of prizes are offered. Be sure and attend. See bills for particulars

Mr. W. Wood is our authorized agent at the Station. Subscriptions may be paid to him. Single copies of The Advance for sale at his store.

Watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, spectacles, razors, knives, etc., going at less than half price, at Russell's jewelry store, Flesherton.

Friend Vanzant has lately contracted for two fine granite monuments to be placed in Thornbury cemetery next summer

Skipped.

Our barber has "skipped by the light of the moon." There is a good opening here for a good barber. None who use a file or saw on the face or cut hair with a pair of tongs need apply.

W. C. T. U.

A district meeting of the Womens Christian Temperance Union was held in Flesherton yesterday, Wednesday. We go to press on Wednesday evening, and are therefore unable to give a full report this week

Auction Sale.

An extensive credit auction sale of farm stock and implements will be held on the farm of Mr. Allan Mair, lot 23 and 24, 3rd range N W R, half a mile west of Flesherton Station, on Monday, Feb. 25. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, sharp. See large bills.

Personal.

Stephen Spirit, Esq., who has been on a visit to England for the past few months, returned on Saturday last, looking well and apparently feeling well.

Mrs. Woodland and daughter of Durham spent a few days with Mrs. M. Richardson during the past week

We have received a copy of the Carnival Number of the Montreal Star. It is a superb number, a grand souvenir to send to distant friends and well worth preserving in private libraries as a memento of the most extraordinary winter in the history of Canada. We cannot describe the number as it is so elaborate. An order has been booked from London, England, for five thousand copies, while in Toronto and New York it has created a tremendous furore. The last edition sent it to any address for the small sum of thirty-five cents.

Methodist Church.

There is quite a perceptible improvement in the Methodist church choir of late. The singing on Sunday was exceptionally good; the voluntary, "Peace be Still," given in the evening was beautifully rendered, and elicited much admiration. The whole service on Sunday evening was grand. Rev. Mr. Shilton's sermon on the casting away of Paul (Acts XXVII) was an exceedingly interesting discourse. There was a large audience present.

A Word to Foreign Subscribers.

There are a number of subscribers on our list who are living at a distance, and who are away behind in their subscriptions. In order to save ourselves from severe loss we are obliged to request immediate payment of arrearages. We cannot continue sending the paper to subscribers who will not pay up, at least at the end of the first year. Subscribers in the United States and the Northwest who are in arrears will please communicate with us immediately.

Our Literary Table.

The Canadian Horticulturist has been enlarged and improved. It is an almost indispensible publication for fruit growers and florists. One dollar per annum and share in plant distribution.

The old reliable Farmer's Advocate comes regularly to hand each month, brim full of interesting and instructive matter for the farmer.

Vick's floral guide, the largest, most complete and magnificent seed catalogue published, has been received. It is sent for ten cents. The three colored plates are worth that sum themselves.

Mechanics' Institute.

A subscription list is being circulated with the view to the formation of a mechanics' Institute for Flesherton. It is desirable to raise from fifty to seventy-five dollars in subscriptions, when the Government will add another fifty thereto. An offer has been received from a gentleman in Toronto, who is the possessor of a magnificent library, to sell a portion of his books at fifty per cent off the original prices, and all guaranteed to be in good condition. Of the sum before mentioned more than one half has been subscribed. M. Richardson, Esq., has offered a room free of rent for the library. All these things make prospects bright, and the institute is about to become a fact. Those who desire to become members may hand in their names to J. G Anderson or this office. We will publish a list of the subscribers as soon as it is completed. When the list is finished a meeting of subscribers will be called and a committee appointed to proceed with the matter.

Board by the week, day or meal, apply to Mrs. Jas. Kester, Sydenham St., Flesherton.

Oyster Supper.

Orange Valley Orange Lodge, No. 509, treated themselves and friends to an oyster supper on Monday evening in the lodge room. Two violinists were present and rendered good music. Tripping the light fantastic, singing, music, etc., whiled away the hours until three o'clock in the morning. Credit is attached to Messrs. Geo. Swanton, and William Davis, the managing committee, for the very pleasant entertainment furnished.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall

The following original ace stic was handed to us without title, signature comment.

F ollow the paths of Right and Truth
L et all thy messages proceed
E nrich the minds of Age and Youth.
S trictest right thought, inspire right deeds
H ew thou thy way in fairness still.
E nlist the sympathies of all
R eprove with fearless words, and ill.
T ho' every known house shall fall,
O nward thy useful course pursue,
N o duty shun—be firm and true

A nd thee gather truest friends
D irect them with a generous mind
V enture to speak for noblest ends
A nd tread the paths of all mankind
N o gloomy clouds obscure thy sun,
C rown the prize of the faithful one—
E ternal peace—the great Well done

SACRIFICE SALE!

TILL FEB. 1st. 1889.

16⅔ PER CENT. off all sales of WATCHES and CLOCKS or ONE SIXTH off marked price.

20 per cent. off RINGS, CHAINS, SILVERWARE, MUSICAL GOODS ditto.

25 per cent off general lines of JEWELRY, SPEX, ETC.

Markdale is the only place in this section where you can get

CLOSE COMPETITION PRICES.

It will pay you to drive here, as you can find a large stock to choose from at cut figures.

CALL THIS MONTH!

If you never have before,
—AND—

Test This Statement!

that I have a very fine stock at

Bed Rock Prices!

Discounts considered. Fine repairing receives general attention.

H. HERON,
JEWELER and OPTICIAN,
MARKDALE, Ont.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

TUESDAY,—The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

The following among other petitions were presented :

Mr. Balfour From the Municipal Corporation of Amherstburg, for the passing of an Act to consolidate the debt of said town ; also from residents of Pelee Island against the proposed amendments to the Incorporation Act.

Mr. John Lees—From the Trades and Labor Council, for an amendment to the Factory Act, so as to include all workshops and dwellings in its operations.

Mr Gilmour—To incorporate the Toronto Belt Line Railway Company.

Mr. Gibson (Huron)—From the County Council of Huron, asking for power for townships and villages to conduct the sale of lands for non resident taxes.

Mr. Balfour—For amendments to the game law so as to allow spring shooting of ducks in Southwestern Ontario.

Petitions were presented for amendments to the Assessment Act from the Municipal Councils of Galt (Mr. Master) ; Port Elgin (Mr. Biggar) ; Alvinston (Mr. P. Graham) ; Cobourg (Mr. Field) ; Huron (Mr. Gibson, Huron) ; Chatham (Mr. J. Clancy) ; Kent (Mr. Clancy) ; Bruce (Mr. O'Connor) ; Waterloo (Mr. Snider) ; and Victoria (Mr. Fell) ; Port Erie and Welland (Mr. Morin) ; Southampton (Mr. Biggar) ; Halton (Mr. Kearns) ; Chippawa (Mr. Morin) ; Chesley (Mr. Dack) ; Thorold (Mr. Morin).

Mr. Fraser moved that a select committee of eleven members be appointed to act with the Speaker in the control and management of the Library, to be composed as follows : The Attorney-General, and Messrs. Clancy, Clarke (Wellington), French, Gibson (Huron), Harcourt, Meredith, O'Connor, Ross (Middlesex), and Wood (Hastings).

The motion was carried.

Mr Fraser moved that a special committee of twelve members be appointed to prepare and report lists of members to compose the Select Standing Committees to be composed as follows : Messrs. Awrey, Clarke (Wellington), H. E. Clarke (Toronto), Creighton, Dryden, Fraser, Gibson (Huron), Hardy, Meredith, Monk, Ross (Huron), and Wood (Hastings).

The motion passed.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time :

To amend the Act to impose a tax on dogs and for the protection of sheep.—Mr. French.

To amend the Ditches and Water Courses Act.—Mr. J. Waters.

An Act entitled the Homestead Exemption Act.—Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Fraser submitted a message from the Lieutenant-Governor forwarding Provincial estimates to the amount of $300,000.

The estimates were passed through "Supply" and "Ways and Means" in the usual way.

Mr. Hardy brought down the report of the Minister of Public Works for 1888.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Mr. Sprague—Bill to amend the Municipal Amendment Act.

Mr. O'Connor—Bill to amend the Assessment Act ; also Bill to amend the Act Respecting Assignments and Preferences by Insolvent Persons.

Mr. Miller—Friday next—Bill to amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Dack—Thursday next Bill to amend the Act Respecting Snow Fences.

Mr. Ingram—Thursday next—Bill to amend the Assessment Act.

Mr. Harcourt—Thursday next Bill to amend the University Act.

The following petitions were presented :

For the abolition of tax exemptions from the following : Lambton (Mr. P. Graham), Wiarton (Mr. Biggar), Simcoe (Mr. John B. Freeman), Millbrook (Mr. T. Dixon Craig), Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry (Mr. William Mack), New Hamburg (Mr. Master), Milverton (Mr. George Hess).

Mr. Garson—From the Plumbers' Assembly, K. of L., of St. Catharines, praying for free school books and other amendments to the school laws ; they also desired legislation for the regulation of stationary engineers, engines and boilers ; the compulsory publication of assessment rolls, and certain amendments to the Factory Act. The Seamen's Assembly of the same organization, of St. Catharines, also petitioned for similar legislation.

Mr. Lees introduced a Bill to amend the General Road Companies Act, which was read the first time.

Mr. Fraser called attention to the fact that the *Globe*, in endeavoring to give the items of expenditure on the Parliament buildings as shown in the appendix to the report on Public Works, had fallen into the serious error of adding the items to the totals, a process by which they made out the total expenditure to be double what it really was. For the information of the House and the country he might state that the total expenditure on the new Parliament buildings to the 31st December, 1888, was $308,646. Of this sum Mr. Yorke, the contractor, had taken $244,313 for masonry, $80,531 for carpentering, etc., $12,031 for bricks. The St. Lawrence foundry had taken under their contract $10,019 for iron, and Mr. Waite, the architect, had been paid $12,500. With miscellaneous expenses, these items made up the total of $308,000 in round numbers.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Mr. Morin—On Friday next—Order of the House showing the number of persons who have visited the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park during the year 1888 ; also showing the number who have paid for admission to the islands in said park, giving the amount of revenue derived from that source ; also showing the amount of revenue derived from all other sources during the year ; also showing the amount paid as expenses for the management of said park, giving the names of the officials and the amount paid to each ; also giving a statement of the money still on hand derived from the sale of bonds ; also showing the amount of interest paid, and from what source paid.

Mr. French—On Friday next—Inquiry of Ministry—Has the attention of the Attorney-General been drawn to the recent decision of Anderson vs. Glass, confirming the power of practically evading the provisions of the Act respecting assignments and preferences by insolvent persons, which, under sec. 6, requires an assignment to be made to the sheriff or to a person resident in the county? Is any remedy proposed ?

Messrs. Fraser and Evanturel presented to the House Mr. Caldwell, the recently elected member for North Lanark, who, having subscribed to the usual oath and signed the roll, took his seat.

The following petitions were presented :

Mr. Chisholm—From the village of Streetsville, asking that exemptions from taxation be abolished.

Mr. Harcourt—From the Council of the corporation of the county of Haldmand, with the same prayer.

Mr. Awrey—From the county of Wentworth, asking for amendments to the law regarding hawkers and peddlers ; also for amendments to the General Road Companies Act.

Mr. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands, presented to the House a tabulated return of the number of inmates of the public institutions of Ontario, showing the sex, nationality, parentage, religious denomination, etc., of each inmate, to the 30th Sept., 1888. The total number of inmates in all the institutions of the Province was shown to be 4,459, there being 2,443 males and 2,016 females.

The analysis of reports of the County, Township and Horticultural Societies of Ontario for the year 1887, and the report of the Council of the Agriculture and Arts Association of the Province for 1888, were also laid on the table.

The following bills were introduced and read the first time :

Mr. French—An Act to amend the Law of Slander.

Mr. Waters An Act to enable widows and unmarried women to vote for members of the Legislative Assembly.

Mr. Balfour—An Act to amend the Assessment Act.

Mr. Ingram—An Act to amend the Assessment Act.

Mr. Fraser moved the second reading of the Bill respecting voters' lists. He explained that the Bill retained all the present machinery making provision relative to the preparation and revision of the voters' list. The present machinery was simply adapted to the Manhood Suffrage Bill of last session. He had thought that instead of bringing in an amended Act it would be better to incorporate all the laws on the subject in one Act. It was desirable to have the voters' lists ready as soon as possible, and in order to expedite matters the Government intended to ask the House to consent to the printing of a larger number than usual of the Bill, so that the members could send copies to each officer in each riding.

Mr. Meredith said that ordinarily the practice of not taking the second reading of Bills till they were distributed would be adhered to, but in the circumstance he waived his objection, as he understood from his hon. friend that the Bill was a consolidation of existing laws with an adaptation of the existing machinery so as to carry out the manhood suffrage system.

The Bill was read the second time.

Messrs. Mowat and Awrey presented Mr. J. M. Gibson, the newly elected member for Hamilton, who, having taken the oath and signed the roll, took his seat immediately next to that of the Minister of Agriculture.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time :

Mr. O'Connor—To amend the Assessment Act.

Mr. Clarke (Wellington)—For the better protection of insectivorous and other birds.

Mr. Balfour—To amend the Act respecting the federation of the University of Toronto and University College, and other universities and colleges ; also to amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Waters—To amend the Assessment Act.

Mr. Fraser moved that the name of Mr. Gibson be added to the Library, Private Bills, Privileges and Elections and Railway Committees. Carried.

The House adjourned at 3.20 p. m.

Warning to Gum Chewers.

A special despatch to the Boston *Herald* from Harrisburg, Pa., says : The most remarkable case that has come under the observation of the medical fraternity in this city for a long time is that of Mary Yountz, aged 12 years, who is suffering from facial paralysis. This affliction is due to chewing gum, she having employed the use of her jaws so constantly during the last three months that the muscles of her face are powerless, and her nerves are in a dilapidated condition. When she laughs her face presents an amusing sight, and yet there is much sympathy felt for the little miss here, as her condition is regarded as a serious one by the physicians who have been called upon to treat her. In whatever position she is able to twist her mouth the muscles remain, and the face is thus in a distorted shape until one of the members of her family assist her to place it in proper condition with their hands. Her chin drops, and it frequently becomes necessary to tie a bandage over her head to keep the lower jaw in its proper place. Mary is now under the care of Dr. Hiles, who is applying plasters to her face, and under this treatment she seems to be improving, but very slowly. This is the first case of the kind that has been heard of by many of the prominent physicians in this city, and their treatment is much in the order of an experiment. The physicians have been attending her since Tuesday.

Marriage a Failure.

Mrs. Gabb—"Do you consider marriage a failure ?"

Mrs. Gadd—"Indeed, it is. I married a man who always pays cash and hasn't a cent of credit anywhere."

Sir Fred Middleton deplores the frequent desertions from "A" Battery, and attributes them to low wages, easiness of access to the United States, and the wearying work done in barracks.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* states that Gen. Harrison offered Senator Evarts the Attorney-Generalship, but the Senator declined it.

A citizen of Brooklyn heard his poultry making a fuss the other night and went out to ascertain the cause. A chicken thief hit him with an old hen which he had just "lifted," and the blow was so violent that the man may die. Old hens are dangerous no matter how you take 'em.

"Mark Twain" lost his hat and coat at a recent ball in Connecticut, and was obliged to drive home with no protection from the cold save that afforded by his luxurious locks. He kept himself warm by cracking jokes.

SIR RODERICK'S GIRL.

Amusing Case in which a Former Hamiltonian Figured.

THE BARONET CALLS IT BLACKMAIL.

A New York despatch says : Sir Roderick Cameron, a tall, dignified, austere looking representative of Her Majesty's Dominions, a former well-known resident of Hamilton, Ont., who is now a leading New Yorker, appeared in the Court of Sessions to-day as complainant against Joseph I. Clarke, the manager of a morning newspaper, and Miss Emma Meredith, a former servant of his. He charged them with criminal libel.

The civil suit of Miss Meredith against Sir Roderick for wages, which she claimed, he would not pay her, has already been fully told. The paper complained of in reporting the case said : "The only advances Sir Roderick was ready to make to her, the lady asserts, were advances of a nature she could not mention without a blush."

Assistant District Attorney Gunning S. Bedford and Peter B. Olney were there to lay down the law in the interest of Sir Roderick, while Counsellor Wm. F. Howe and Lawyer Dennis Corcoran were there to protect the defendants.

Mr. Howe held forth long and learnedly regarding what did and did not constitute libel in the meaning of the statute, and closed by stating that for Sir Roderick's sake he wished the case dismissed. He said he did not want to subject the venerable gentleman to a "most painful" and "excruciating" cross-examination.

Sir Roderick smiled grimly at Mr. Howe's excessive concern for him, and Justice Kilbreth denied the motion to dismiss.

The complainant then took the witness chair, and Counsellor Howe began to bombard him with questions that soon made him exhibit signs of wrath and perturbation.

"You brought Miss Meredith to this country from England on the steamer Republic in November last to act as school room companion to your youngest daughters, did you not, Mr. Cameron?" inquired Mr. Howe. The witness replied that he did. In answer to further questions he denied that he had ever treated her except with respect, and any assertions to the contrary were absolutely false.

Miss Meredith, who is tall, finely formed and was becomingly dressed, took Sir Roderick's place in the witness chair. She has large gray eyes, full red lips and cheeks and very regular features. Her eyebrows are beautifully curved and her hair is cropped close and inclined to curl.

SIR RODERICK IN TROUSERS AND SHIRT.

In answer to questions she said that on the night of Jan. 3rd, about 8 o'clock, she finished dressing Sir Roderick's daughter Isabella in the dressing-room. It was adjoining his bedroom, and had a door leading from it into Sir Roderick's place of rest. Shortly after the daughter had left the room Sir Roderick came in clad in his trousers and shirt, caught her by the arm and attempted to force her into his apartment. She broke away from him, after telling him "never to dare speak to her again," and ascended to her own room.

Mr. Bedford cross-examined Miss Meredith. She said that after she went to her room Miss Thomas, a maid in the house, came in and to her she "made light" of Sir Roderick's action. She acknowledged that she told the maid Sir Roderick had "flattered her" that evening. He had said she had "very pretty hair."

"When was the first time he (Sir Roderick) made advances toward you ?"

"On the steamer Republic, on the way over, when we were about three days at sea. He put his arm around me and expressed sorrow that I was sick."

"The weather was very boisterous, was it not ?"

"Yes, it was boisterous all the way over. (Much laughter.) Miss Meredith was asked to describe in detail the alleged gallantries, and after a wrangle between the lawyers and the refusal of Judge Kilbreth to hear them in private, did so in a low voice and with blushing cheeks.

Miss Thomas, a tall, spare woman, took the stand and related how Miss Meredith had laughingly told her on the night of Jan. 3rd how Sir Roderick had complimented her on the appearance of her hair. She was with the family abroad and came home with them on the Republic.

"Did you not," asked Mr. Howe, "tell Miss Meredith shortly after she was hired in London that if Sir Roderick made any advances toward her to be firm ?"

"No-o-o, no, sir," stammered the witness. "I made no such remark in regard to Sir Roderick. I might have cautioned her in that way against the male sex in general."

MISS MEREDITH COMPLIMENTED.

Roderick McLeod Cameron, a son of Sir Roderick, swore that on the night of January 3rd, just about the time Miss Meredith says his father appeared before her in trousers and shirt, he came into the drawing room dressed as usual, and said to his daughters : "I have just complimented Miss Meredith on the way she does her hair up. You girls should take lessons from her."

James Lenon next recounted how he and another man met Miss Meredith with Sir Roderick's butler, Mr. Milton, in Patrick D. Eagan's saloon, on Clinton place, where she recited her grievances at great length.

The case was adjourned until Tuesday afternoon next.

Sir Roderick came over to the reporter's table and said he would like publication of the case held over until Butler Milton had testified. He claimed there was an organized attempt to extort money from him.

"I deny everything Miss Meredith has said," said he.

A New York despatch of to-day's date says : The jury in the case of Mary Meridith against Sir Roderick Cameron, the millionaire Australian merchant, living in this city, for three months' wages as children's maid, found a verdict yesterday in favor of Miss Meridith. Sir Roderick had refused the payment on the ground that Miss Meridith had broken a contract to remain a year in his service. During the trial the plaintiff charged defendant with attempting to treat her improperly.

In his sermon in St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, yesterday, Principal Grant used the following phrase, which is worth remembering : "The curse of Christ's Church is the sectarian ; the curse of the world in general is the partisan."

AT A VANDERBILT BALL.

Where Affluence and Extravagance Met Hand-in-Hand.

A New York despatch, referring to the great ball at the residence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Fifth avenue, on Monday night, says : As the great oaken doors incessantly swing on their hinges warm draughts of air sweetly perfumed with flowers floated out to revive the waifs and strays assembled to peer from darkness into light. The wild melody of the Hungarian Band and the more measured strains of Lander alternately set the tramps' cold feet in motion. Footmen in livery directed the initiated to the various dressing rooms. The men turned to the left, entered a small room with walls and ceiling of carved ebony, passed down a staircase of the same lustrous wood and entered the big billiard room, with the basement library adjoining, where they stowed away their coats and hats and settled their ties and back hair. The ladies mounted six steps with palms on either side, passed under a portiere that suggested the palace of Alladin and entered the large hall. The caryatides on either side of the carved mantel supported orchids in white tipped with pink, and a row of what seemed to be illuminated roses, but were lily shaped electric globes of pink, each one encased in a bit of pale pink silk. In the great fireplace were masses of brilliant red poinsettia, geranium and African orchids, as though a perfumed fire without heat, with a bank of primroses for a back log. Mrs. Vanderbilt, looking thoroughly radiant and beautiful in a French gown of tulle over satin, received the guests in Lovis XVI. drawing-room, where the flowers were entirely lilies of the valley, in keeping with the white and gold walls and furnishings. In the 3d drawing-room adjoining was a stand of smilax, cedar and ferns, covered with rare cabataya, orchids, and here Lander and fifteen musicians played all evening, and scattered about were great vases filled with rare pink buds, American beauties and magna chartas. Across the hall, in the big picture gallery, the conservatory, music room and Turkish room were set small tables, each lit by crimson shaded candles, and in these apartments at 1 o'clock a delicious supper was served. It was half-past 11 before Johnston had opened a half dozen carriage doors, but at midnight three hundred guests were dancing in the hall and two drawing-rooms. All the women wore new gowns, and diamonds were as plentiful as dewdrops on May grass. The young married women were radiant in Directoire gowns of brocade and fine lace, and the maidens in tulles and gauzes shot with gold or silver tinsel and girdled by silken sashes on many colors.

MADE RICH IN 30 MINUTES.

Two Brothers Strike a $100,000 Mine by Digging Down Two Feet.

S. R. Roger and his brother left their homes near Hastings, Mich., about four years ago and went to Breckinridge, Col., where they worked in a stamp mill. They got possession of two claims, the "Iron Mask" and the "Kewanee," and worked them during spare hours, putting considerable time and money into them. The claims had been worked previously for six years by an old miner, who failed to find paying ore. Roger recently put a man in the lower one and went to work himself. In less than half an hour, after digging about two feet, he struck gold and silver bearing carbonate of silver, said to be the most valuable and easily worked in the State. The vein was followed to the surface, when it was found that all the previous year's work had been within eighteen inches of the vein. The Roger Brothers have been offered $100 000 for two mines, but want $200 000. Within a week after this find 5,000 men were on the spot, establishing claims, but the Rogers have secured many of the most desirable. The mine is on the east side of the mountain, and the snow necessitates keeping it roofed over.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IRISHMEN IN JAIL.

O'Brien's Rough Treatment by Warders—Other M. P.s Sentenced.

A Dublin cable says : Mr. Wm. O'Brien was yesterday lodged in Clonmel jail, to undergo the sentence of four months' imprisonment imposed on him. When ordered to remove his clothing and don the prison garb he refused, whereupon he was seized by the warders and his clothing was forcibly removed. His beard was then shaved off. He made a desperate resistance, and was exhausted by the struggle. His prostration was so severe that a priest was summoned.

The Nationalists are greatly agitated over the treatment of Mr. William O'Brien. It is stated that he was severely injured in the body during the struggle with the jail warders, and that he is still much prostrated. He wears only a shirt, refusing to put on the prison garb.

Messrs. John O'Connor and Thos. Condon, members of Parliament for Tipperary, were yesterday sentenced to imprisoment for four months without hard labor, for inciting tenants not to pay rent. They appealed.

Domestic Animals in Ireland.

It appears from the official statistics that last year there were 557,405 horses in Ireland, which was an increase of 8,201 as compared with 1886. There were 199,512 asses, being an increase of 3,267, and 29,829 mules, as against 29,195. There was a decrease of 26,520 in the number of cattle, but the increase in pigs and sheep was 145,314 and 11,783 respectively. There were 27,172 goats, being an increase of 5,553, and there was an increase of upward of 550,000 in the number of poultry.—*London Truth.*

The Princess Louise as a Sculptor.

The statue which the Princess Louise is at work on, and which is to be erected in Kensington Gardens, between the Palace and the Round Pond, as a Jubilee memorial, will represent Her Majesty as she appeared on that morning in June, 1837, when it was announced to her that she was Queen of England. The Princess Victoria on this occasion appeared in her night garment, with a shawl loosely thrown over her shoulders, and in this costume she appears in Sir George Hayter's well-known picture.

The Governor-General and Lady Stanley gave a very brilliant reception in the Senate Chamber on Saturday evening.

THE FASCINATION OF AFRICA.

Explorers Have Been Loth to Leave the Strangely Attractive Country.

Now that Stanley has been heard from, the question that has before been agitated again presents itself. Is there some peculiar fascination about Africa which attracts travellers to remain there ? All data would seem to corroborate the assertion. The Portuguese who settled in Africa nearly all remained. Speke, Grant and other explorers found great attractions in the way of climate and scenery, especially in Equatorial Africa. Stanley has always been ready to make additional explorations and has no fear of the deadly influences of climate, about which so much was written in former times. The more the interior of Africa is made known to the outside world the better it appears. It cannot be an undesirable country as to those parts where white men have spent many years, and to which they are so much attached that they have no desire to leave, even when their friends send costly expeditions to bring them home. Emin Bey never wanted to leave Africa. His province was watered by the White Nile and by the Albert Nyanza Lake, and the territory over which he appears to have undisputed sway is larger than Great Britain. Africa has a fascination to those who are not killed by the climate, and on all the table lands of the equatorial regions the climate is described as favorable to life and health. Livingstone never wanted to leave Africa. He refused to go when Stanley found him, and in fact, never did leave the country until his body was borne out, packed like a bale of merchandise. He contracted the disease that carried him off in the lowland country. In fact, many of his explorations were conducted with little regard to climatic influences. According to Stanley's latest letter he is in good health and these climatic influences seem to have had no deleterious effect upon him and his companions. It may be, after all, that the fascination of Africa has grown upon him.

Renovating Run-Out Orchards.

We often meet with an orchard of apparently healthy trees, which is practically fruitless. The owner may tell us that it formerly bore abundant crops, but of late years the trees have "run out." Why have they "run out ?" They formerly gave good crops of apples. All the other land on the farm was expected to give but one good crop, but this of the orchard was made to give a crop of grain, or a crop of grass or clover, to be taken off as hay. The soil soon became tired of doing this double duty. The trees "gave out" because they were robbed of food ; the first thing they need is feeding. Of course if the soil needs draining, lay the needed tiles at once, or as soon as the soil will allow. Such orchards are usually in grass ; draw on a heavy dressing of manure and spread it, and, as soon as the soil is in proper condition, turn over the sod and the manure with the plough ; with the hot weather the sod will decay rapidly. When this is found to be well rotted, give another ploughing, and a deep one. If ashes can be had, spread a heavy coating and harrow ; in the absence of ashes, harrow in a good dressing of lime. If the trunk and larger branches are covered with loose scales of old bark upon which lichens and mosses have a foot-hold, scrape off the loose bark, using a blunt, short-handled hoe as a scraper. Then in a damp time or thaw wash the trees with soft soap, made thin enough to apply with a brush. Use home-made soft soap, made with lye or potash. That sold at the stores is usually merely hard soap mixed with water and very deficient in strength and quite inferior to home-made. Mix the soap with enough water to work readily, go over the scraped portions with it, and leave the spring rain to finish the work. In due time the bark will be found beautifully smooth and deprived of all foreign growth. The soap that has been washed into the soil will act as a useful fertilizer. Long neglected trees usually require pruning, and this must depend upon the condition of the tree. Never cut out a branch without good reason for it. If the top has become crowded, cut out enough branches to let light and air into the centre ; if grown one side, remove the branches needed to restore the balance. If large wounds are made, smooth the surface and paint them over with some dark-colored paint.—*American Agriculturist for January.*

Odd Courtship and Marriage.

The Lewiston (N. Y.) *Review* says that for some time past Miss Minnie Ralston, a pretty little lady living not far from that place, has been corresponding with a Mr. Rupert, of Pompeii, Mich., whom she had never seen. He arrived there one day last week and called on Miss Ralston and introduced himself. Mr. Rupert said : "My clothes look rough, and they are, but I have a big heart and good bank account." He showed his prospective bride his bank book, and said : "Will you marry me?" Miss Ralston replied "I will." Mr. Rupert then reached for his hip pocket and pulled therefrom a large roll of money and counted out five one hundred dollar bills, which he handed to Miss Ralston, saying, "Here's a small wedding present for you." Mr. Patterson, the lady's brother-in-law, who was present, then went for the hoehse and the Rev. Mr. Turner, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony. The groom is about 45 years old and the bride about 25.

Extra Hazardous.

"What do you mean by canceling my policy ?" angrily cried an excited young man. "We were very sorry to be compelled to pursue such a course," replied the insurance superintendent, "but we have just learned you are going to join a football team."

A Desperate Resolve.

Stern father—"It is useless, sir, to ask me for any more help. I have done all for you I shall ever do. You can go hang yourself if you choose."

Scapegrace son (wildly)—"Never ! I'll marry first."

The warehouse owned by Gunn & Co., of Ailsa Craig, was entered some time during Wednesday night and six of the smallest and finest dressed hogs stored therein were stolen. There is no clue to the thieves, excepting the track of a light waggon, the marks of which can be seen for quite a distance, leading in an easterly direction. This is the second time this firm has had hogs stolen from its warehouse.

PARLIAMENT OPENS.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

The city is full of visitors. Hundreds of applications for tickets to the galleries of the Senate to witness the opening ceremony had to be refused. All the tickets were given out last evening, and in number they were far beyond the seating capacity of the galleries. Many who had tickets were consequently crowded out. The floor of the Senate Chamber was filled with Senators, their wives, daughters and lady friends in low-necked dress. Around His Excellency, who was seated on the throne, were Ministers of the Crown in their bright Windsor uniforms, Justices of the Supreme Court in their brilliant red robes, and the "aides" of Government House. Though a little blizzard was blowing at the time, it did not deter the people turning out in large numbers to see the procession from Government House to the Parliament Buildings and giving a hearty cheer to Their Excellencies as they passed. An escort was supplied by the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, and the guard of honor was from the Governor-General's Foot Guards. Everything passed off very successfully. The Speech from the Throne, delivered by His Excellency, was as follows

Hon Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons

In addressing the Parliament of Canada for the first time, in fulfilment of the important trust which has been committed to me as Her Majesty's representative, I desire to express the satisfaction with which I resort to your advice and assistance. I am conscious of the honor which attends my association with your labors for the welfare of the Dominion, and it will be my earnest endeavor to co operate with you to the utmost of my power in all that may promote the prosperity of the people of this country, the development of her material resources and the maintenance of the constitutional ties which unite her Provinces.

THE FISHERIES TREATY FAILURE.

It is to be regretted that the treaty concluded between Her Majesty and the President of the United States for the adjustment of the questions which have arisen with reference to the fisheries has not been sanctioned by the United States Senate, in whom the power of ratification is vested, and that our legislation of last year on the subject is therefore in a great measure inoperative. It now only remains for Canada to continue to maintain her rights as prescribed by the convention of 1818 until some satisfactory readjustment is arranged by treaty between the two nations.

THE FUNDY BAY LINE LAW.

A measure will again be submitted to you to amend the Acts respecting the electoral franchise, for the purpose of simplifying the law and lessening the cost of its operation.

FINANCIAL LAWS.

It is expedient in the interests of commerce to assimilate and in some particulars to amend the laws which now obtain in the several Provinces of the Dominion relating to bills of exchange, cheques and promissory notes, and a Bill with this object will be laid before you. A Bill will also be provided for making uniform throughout the Dominion the laws relating to bills of lading.

THE OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

During the recess my Government has carefully considered the subject of ocean steam service, and you will be asked to provide subsidies for the improvement of the Atlantic mail service, and for the establishment in concert with Her Majesty's Government of a line of fast steamers between British Columbia and China and Japan. Your attention will also be invited to the best mode of developing our trade and securing direct communication by steam with Australasia, the West Indies and South America.

MORE LAW DOCTORING.

A Bill will be submitted for your consideration for the prevention of certain offences in connection with municipal councils and to give greater facilities for making inquiries as to such matters. Several measures will also be presented to you for improving the law of procedure in criminal cases. Among those will be a Bill to permit the release on probation of persons convicted of first offences. A Bill authorizing regulation to be made for the practice in cases partaking of the nature of criminal proceedings, and a Bill to make the Speedy Trials Act applicable throughout Canada.

Bills relating to the inspection of timber and lumber, for the improvement of the postal system, and for increasing the efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police will also be submitted for your consideration.

"THE ROYAL LABORERS."

The Royal Commissioners of Labor having concluded their inquiries, I hope to be able to lay before you at an early day their report, with the important evidence collected by them in various parts of Canada.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The accounts for the past and the estimates for the ensuing year will be laid before you. These estimates have been prepared with a due regard to economy and the efficiency of the public service.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I now commend these several subjects and the others which may be brought before you to your earnest consideration, and I trust that the result of your deliberations may, under the divine blessing, tend to promote the well-being and prosperity of Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. —The Speaker took the chair at 3 p. m.

Mr. Denison presented petitions from the Knights of Labor, Toronto, praying for the establishment of a national holiday for wage earners and for legislation to compel vessel owners to carry competent crews, and for the proper inspection of engines and harbors.

Mr. R. S. White, on rising to move the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, was received with cheers. After an allusion to the death of his father, the late Minister of the Interior, and the circumstances under which he came to occupy a seat in the House, he proceeded to discuss the topics of the Speech. Referring at some length to the fishery question, he expressed regret that the work of the joint High Commission had been made abortive by the action of the American Senate in its rejection of the treaty last August. The incident of the retaliatory message was, he said, the only new event of importance in connection with this question during recess. The course of President Cleveland in relation thereto he characterized as most inconsistent and illogical, and manifestly dictated by party expediency. The threatened retaliation was received by the Canadian press with admirable spirit, who, without distinction of party, expressed the universal opinion that Canada must not allow herself to be browbeaten and coerced by her big neighbor. Taking up the reference in the speech to franchise, he said that the Dominion measure had undoubtedly enlarged the electorate by broadening the basis of suffrage, and had secured the advantage of practical uniformity the country over. The subject had been debated more or less in the House, in the press and on the public platform since 1885, and it was a fair interpretation of that discussion to say that the current of opinion favored the principle of the Dominion law. The objections advanced to the measure had relation wholly to the expense of revision and preparation of the lists, and to the somewhat complex character of the law, and he was sure the House had learned with pleasure of the intention of the Government to introduce a measure for the purpose of simplifying the law and lessening the cost of its operation—a law whose character is already so liberal as virtually to confer the suffrage upon every citizen of the country who is not a confirmed pauper, and who, in a word, is interested in its progress and prosperity, and in the maintenance of law and order. He referred to the financial condition of Canada as evidence of her ability to undertake subsidies to the Atlantic and Pacific steam services, and showed that while in the first twelve years of Confederation only six million dollars of the increase in public debt had been contributed from within the country, during the last nine years no less than forty-three millions of the increase had been contributed by the Canadian people. These figures, he held, should sustain the view that the wealth and prosperity of the people had enormously increased of late years and that we are from day to day becoming better able from within ourselves to contribute the necessary means for expenditures for the provision of works of general public utility. The large outlay upon the C P R. when first proposed had excited a good deal of alarm in many quarters, and doleful predictions of the evils that were to befall the country therefrom were freely indulged in, yet the completion of that work had immensely increased the reputation of Canada abroad, and had so enhanced her credit in the great money market of the world that during the past summer we were able to place a 3 per cent. loan at 95, and to-day her credit stood on a par with that of India and not very far behind that of the Mother Country herself.

Mr. Lepine, in French, seconded the address. He intimated that, as he had been elected as a representative of the workingmen, he would be bound primarily to protect the interests of the class he represented irrespective of party, but he believed the Conservative party had always been friendly to the workingman, and he was disposed to give the Government a fair trial on its general policy. He would, however resist to the utmost every attempt to encroach upon the autonomy of the Provincial Legislatures, and he believed the Government had been prevented to a great extent from legislating for the working classes by the fact that under the constitution the Provinces claimed to have control of this question.

Mr. Laurier, after complimenting the mover and seconder of the address on the manner in which they had acquitted themselves, concurred in the complimentary references to Lord Stanley, and congratulated the country on the uniform good fortune which had attended the selection of the Governor-General. The Speech was more meagre than usual. A number of needed reforms were omitted mention of, none of which was more urgent than the question of securing better trade with the United States. Though the Government had not seen fit to mention this subject in the Speech, he believed it would not be long before they would be forced by public feeling to take up the question, and to adopt the views which he and his friends had been advocating in regard to it. He expected also that the long promised legislation in regard to the workingman would have been foreshadowed in the Speech. It was to be regretted also that no amendment to the Customs Act was promised. Many of the provisions of this Act were repugnant to the commercial community. During the past year the sum of $98,000 had been levied upon the commerce of the country in the way of fines and seizures, nearly all of which had been disbursed to officers of the Customs Department. Many of these men were in this way receiving princely incomes at the expense of the mercantile community. The Franchise Act, however, was more privileged in having been mentioned in the Speech. The career of this Act had not been a glorious one. It would seem as if the Administration were ashamed of their progeny. Year after year the Act had been altered and amended, and still the Government clung to the measure, notwithstanding the repeated calls of the Conservative press for manhood suffrage. The reason for refusing to go the length of manhood suffrage was plain. In regard to the promised measure to encourage trade with Australasia, he said the policy of the Opposition was to favor the extension of trade with all parts of the world. He was, however, sorry that the party opposite, instead of looking to the Antipodes for an extended market, did not seek for it in the great republic to the south of us. The Speech differed from all former ones delivered in recent years in that it contained not the slightest congratulation on the prosperous condition of the country, owing primarily to the operation of the National Policy and secondly to Providence. (Laughter.) He believed that every act friendly to the United States was to the advantage of England and Canada—(hear, hear)—and that anything which would increase the friendship of all the members of the great Anglo-Saxon family, scattered over the world, was a step forward in the civilization of the world. The Opposition would exercise their right to criticize the measures of the Government, but they were desirous of entering at once into the business of the session, and would do everything to hasten its progress.

Sir John Macdonald congratulated the leader of the Opposition on the kindly manner in which he had addressed the House. That, however, was his usual manner. If the bill of fare was a meagre one, it was calculated to suit the weak digestion of hon. gentlemen opposite. Milk for babes and strong meat for men—(cheers)—and his hon. friends opposite were still in the weakness of political juvenility. The hon. gentleman had asked why we did not extend our trade to the South? The reason was that the South would not allow us. We had been desirous and ready from 1854 to the present moment and had shown our readiness to enter into the most friendly commercial and social relations with the United States, but we could not secure the desired end unless perhaps at a price that we did not choose to give. The hon. gentleman would not, he thought, give that price himself. It had been announced by the leading men of the United States, by the men who, in the near future, would direct the political course of that country, that there was to be no extension of trade with that country unless it would be by selling our heritage for a mess of pottage, by giving up our allegiance to our sovereign and becoming a subservient outskirt of the neighboring republic. Unless we were willing to pay that price all hopes of an extension of our trade with the South could not be realized, and the project of Commercial Union would have to be abandoned. Referring to the complaint that no alteration was announced in the Customs Act, and that the mercantile community would suffer thereby he believed the mercantile community could take care of themselves. If the law relating to the Customs or to the administration of the Customs Act pressed unduly on the commercial body, they would let the House and the country know it. Where were the petitions from the commercial community complaining of the working of the Customs law? That law was necessarily stringent. It would have no value if it were not so. The ways and wiles of the smuggler and trader were dark and needed to be closely watched, or the operations of the Act would be nugatory. In conclusion, he expressed the hope and belief that due progress would be made in the business of the session with the assistance and candid criticism of hon. gentlemen opposite, and that a number of useful measures would be passed which would tend to develop the country.

The address was then carried and ordered to be presented to His Excellency by such members of the House as are of Her Majesty's Privy Council.

The House adjourned at 7:30.

Facts About Famous Poems.

Gray's "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under those fits of depression so common to him.

General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Devonshire.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

Queer Methods of Real Estate Agents.

A novel method of making a house appear to be valuable, and thus securing a sale at a good price, was exposed by Architect Renwick the other day in his testimony before the Elevated Railway Damage Commission. He proposed to buy two tenement houses in Third avenue. He was assured that the property was paying a handsome interest; that it was full of tenants, and he could go and see for himself. He sent an agent, who reported that the buildings were full of tenants. So he bought the buildings on the calculation that the rentals were 10 per cent. of the value of the property. As soon as he got possession he found that the tenants began to move out. Then he learned that they had occupied the place rent free. The building had been salted with tenants in much the same way that naughty men have been known to salt mining property with rich specimens.

New York Sun.

Toronto Free Library.

The expenditure last year on the Toronto Free Library was $32,000. The patronage by readers has immensely increased, and over 275,000 volumes were taken out last year. There are now 53,000 volumes in the library. The Board of Management intend to solicit the corporation of Montreal and other free libraries to join in a petition to the Dominion Government for the removal of the duty on books for free libraries.

The stage running between Fort McLeod and Calgary has been confiscated for carrying contraband whisky.

SLEEP, AND HOW TO GET IT.

Billy O'Day Gives the Readers of this Paper Some Practical Hints.

It is my honest belief that we should have evangelists going up and down the land teaching people the art of sleep. Few, yes, comparatively few, are the number in this present age who retire and wake up finding they have slept right through to their destination, the rising hour. No, most people must, if not awake already, wake up and find out where they are. Then again there are others who, like the man on the train fast asleep and without a ticket, can't be awakened. To such a class an alarm clock is a useless article, possibly they may just hear it the first time they use it, but they will never hear it the second time. Unless they do, as our Irish friend did, sit up all night and set it off. I have a friend whose employment requires him to spin at night instead of day; I might term him one of the seven sleepers, as he is ever ready for sleep. I have known him to sleep standing up, and upon one occasion, when asleep in bed in the day time, a colored artist frescoed the room he was sleeping in without his knowledge. Such cases are rare, yes, very rare, as ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons are not sound sleepers. The chief cause is physical, mental and social dissipation. In the first place, some overwork the body, which is injurious, and causes restlessness. Then there are those who have much mental work, perhaps sitting in an office all day, then riding home at night and strangely possessing an appetite that cuts clear through and the way from oysters to almond nuts. Then they sit around all evening and before retiring partake of what they term a light lunch, consisting of lobster salad, cheese pickles, mince pie, and go to bed wondering why they can't sleep. They are giving the machine more than it can grind. Then there are men who put five dollars into a three-card trick and lose and lie awake all night wondering whether they will lose five dollars or make five hundred. Then there are men who worry. These don't get any sleep and don't need any, if they take these bitter pills let them chew them. Now, we have the social dissipation. There are hundreds of young men and women in this city who never see their beds are the morning hours. It's germans, levees, kirmesse, receptions, balls or banquets. These folks are on the lightning [illegible] and unless they are wise, and jump off in time can stop them save the marble headstones in the cemetery. Many a young wife has called trouble of this kind [illegible] a gentleman not long since wrote the following letter to his partner retired.

What shall I do. We have many friends and are invited out perpetually. I am on a salary in a large New York business establishment. To meet my engagements I am obliged to rise in the morning at [illegible] but I cannot get home from these parties until 1 in the morning. Then the excitements of the evening keep me awake for an hour or two after I retire, and then late taking of food disturbs my sleep all night long. I must give up either social life or my business, which is my livelihood. My wife is not willing I should give up social life, for she is very popular and I have not health to stand it and attend to my business. What shall I do?" Dr. Talmage said, if he had answered this letter, he would have begun by saying: "Dear Sir—If what you say is true, your wife is a fool. If she is willing to sacrifice your health, and with it the support of the family, for the greeting and applause of the midnight saturnalia, I pity you. Use your own judgment, my self-elected correspondent. Once lose your health, and then your business position, and then your income, and see how many levees you will be invited to. All the diamond backed terrapins at $50 a dozen which you are invited to partake of after your money is gone will not do you any damage. Society will let you drop so suddenly it will knock the breath out of you. Yours truly, signed) Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle. This is sound advice, and I hope it was followed out. Then, there are a class of people who won't allow themselves, or any one else in the house, to sleep. Soon as they touch the pillow they sink into dreamland. But, lo, they snore. If you have not already, just listen once to a man that snores. See how beautifully he works up a grand crescendo. By the time he gets as loud as the tuba on a $1,000 organ he wakes himself up, and he wonders why he can't sleep. Still another kind of sleeper—not the railroad sleeper, but the sleeper who sleeps with his mouth open. It's bad enough to have one's mouth open in the day-time. It's worse at night. Silence is golden. The mouth is not to be used for breathing. Breathe through your nose. If you awake and find your mouth open get up and shut it, instead of breathing through your teeth, thereby emitting a shrill whistle, as if calling a dog. I don't wonder so many dogs bark at nights, when there are so many people calling them. Last of all, we have the man who sleeps so soundly that he rises without even awakening—not even waiting to attire himself with a paper collar or a straw hat. These people have taken long constitutionals and have returned greatly refreshed thereby. These folks don't need any advice and won't get any. —Yours forever. BILLY O'DAY.

Curiosities of Suicide.

A Roman lady swallowed red-hot coals.

A Frenchman built a small guillotine and beheaded himself.

An English iron-worker literally jumped into a fiery furnace.

Domestic trouble is the principal cause of suicide; alcoholism comes next.

In America June is the favorite month for committing suicide; in France August.

At Plymouth, England, a man tied his hands and feet together (?) and then jumped into the water.

France is the banner suicide country. In that country 216 persons in 1,000,000 take their own lives; in England 74.

Jance Meryessi, an Austrian 84 years old, killed himself because he could no longer support his parents, aged 115 and 110 respectively.

A Campaign Echo.

"Ah, my darling," murmured J. Court Plasser, as they sat on a sofa in the softly lighted parlor, "you must forgive your ducky for what he said to little brother at the supper table, but little brother was naughty, you know. What's the matter with Johnny lately, birdie, anyway?" Johnny (from behind the sofa)—"He's all right!"

What Ails You?

Do you have dull, heavy, headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers, voice changed and nasal twang; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

Overdoing the Matter.

Wife (meekly to husband)—I see, John, that fur boas are to be much worn this winter!

Husband—But you have a fur boa, my dear.

Wife—Yes, but that is too much worn already.

Gathered Roses.

[illegible]
And [illegible] died.

For the bitterest sting of such a sorrow is to think she might have been saved! They saw the rose fade on her cheek and the eye grow dim. Had they but known of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, who can tell but she might still be with them, the sunshine of their home? Take the remedy in time and you will find that consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) can be cured.

The Only Correct Timepiece.

Traveller in hotel—How's that clock? [illegible]

Clerk—Yes, sir; that's the only clock in the house that's right and that's ten minutes fast.

I am [illegible] as I can [illegible] so sang a grand balance [illegible] But Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are [illegible] in curing [illegible] disease. [illegible] to the brain, [illegible] indigestion, or biliousness [illegible] these [illegible]

$10 a Spray for Apple Blossoms.

Mrs. William Astor at a reception the other day, had her house profusely decorated with Maiden [illegible] for which the florist taxed her $10 a spray.

A Natural Conclusion.

What is this I hear, Lily? Your governess has been complaining of your conduct." "Then you had better send her away, mamma, for having brought me up so badly.

It is understood that Capt. Bagot, A. D. C., and Mrs. Bagot will shortly sail for England. Capt. Bagot was, it is understood, simply acting as A. D. C. to the Governor-General during the absence of Hon. Ed. Stanley, who will return to Canada in a few weeks to fill the position to which he was originally appointed.

Black publishes Archdeacon Farrar's long expected "Lives of the Fathers," in two thick volumes. It is practically a history of the Christian Churches during the first four centuries of the Christian era. The biographies are in chronological sequence, from Ignatius of Antioch to Chrysostom. The author specially mentions in his preface the kindness with which previous works have been received, not only in England, but in America.

It is asserted that the Paris police are endeavoring to bring about an [illegible], which will afford the Government a pretext for arresting General Boulanger and his friends.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

Wanted a good MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S. A.

The Shoe & Leather Reporter, N. Y., and Shoe & Leather Review, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

"[illegible] material, collected and stirred, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country."

"[illegible]

"After a most thorough investigation of Mr. [illegible] is the largest in its line in the United States, and that the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices [illegible] Sams than any of his competitors in the same line."

DON'T BE

SALESMEN We want a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 per day [illegible]. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages after [illegible]. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DON'T USE

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, FEB. 14 1889.

HOME KNOWLEDGE ASSOCIATION.

Early last fall a gentleman representing the "Home Knowledge Association" of Toronto canvassed this town for subscribers. He carried with him a magnificent atlas which was to be furnished to each subscriber. The subscription fee was ten dollars and the object was to furnish cheap books on the wholesale plan. The atlas itself was valued at from five to seven dollars. The agent said that these atlases would be delivered in about five weeks. This was nearly five months ago and no delivery has been made. We notice by our exchanges that agents are still canvassing the country upon the same representations. No doubt the firm has sold a very large number of books through this agency, and no doubt, too, they have made considerable money out of these sales. If they do not deliver the promised atlases their profit will be still larger, even if they do not claim the ten dollars, inasmuchas the moment you become a subscriber you are "entitled to buy books at the reduced rate." It may be all right, but our suspicions have been aroused and we want our atlas right away, otherwise we claim the prerogative of believing this "Home Knowledge" scheme a sell.

A French gardener has discovered that by heating his earth with steam pipes he can increase its productiveness one hundred fold. The world is progressing. We now hatch chickens with coal oil, grow vegetables with steam, keep books with machinery, and do many other curious things which prove that humanity is still improving his surroundings as fast as circumstances will permit.

Dr. Landerkin is in favor of "granting to farmers and dealers in live stock a refund of the duty paid upon corn imported and fed to cattle and hogs for export," his argument being that a refund is allowed upon whiskey manufactured from imported corn. We do not imagine that this question will be considered as vitally important by farmers in general. The yeomanry of his constituency do not fatten their cattle and pigs upon imported corn or corn of any kind. It might be a small advantage to stock raisers along the border, but we do not imagine that the Dr's. suggestion will be of sufficent importance to make his constituents raise and thank him *en masse*.

Chesley Heal, a native of Maine, died not long ago at the age of 110. He was an interesting old character, weighed 175 pounds, was a farmer, a great talker, and was only once visited by a physician previous to his last illness. His faculties continued unimpaired until the end, and this notwithstanding the deplorable fact that he was a heavy tobacco user all his life. His is another evidence of the deleterious effects of the noxious weed! Smokers and chewers will no doubt take warning by this terrible case of longevity and discard the poisonous thing.

The new law regulating the width of sleighs, passed at the late County Council in Owen Sound, will eventually be a boon to all teamsters. The tendency has been heretofore to gradually decrease the width of sleighs until, in some parts of this county, horses are obliged to "crowd" in order to keep the road, and sleighs of fair width "cut down" at the side, thereby seriously retarding travel where snow is very deep. With the new order of things this will all be obviated, and we think our representatives at the county town did a wise act in making it compulsory to run sleighs of a uniformly good width.

Two interesting matters were brought up during Monday's session of Parliament at Ottawa. Hon. Mr. Haggart gave the information that it was not the Government's intention to institute a two cent postal rate for the Dominion. The other matter of interest was a discussion introduced by Mr. Mulock with the object of securing free entery to Canada of fertilizers. Several members took part in the discussion. Dr. Sproule pointed out that if the duty was removed American fertilizers would be brought in of little or no value, whereas with the present system in force the Government provides for an analysis fixing their true worth. In Canada we had all the raw material necessary to produce first-class fertilizers, and in maintaining the duty an important industry would be protected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Menford Road.

From our own correspondent.

The Eclipse steam saw mill has exchanged hands, Messrs. Lackie and Wright being the new proprietors.

Mr. S. Osburn has started a store at Vandeleur.

Mr. R. T. Brodie, of Brampton, is visiting at his brother's.

Mr. M. Clark is wielding the birch in Miss Ford's place in the school.

Whooping cough and diphtheria have again struck this neighborhood.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Thomas Dynes of this place has sold off all his farm stock and implements and is preparing to move to the North-west. His departure will be regretted by his many warm friends, and our worst wishes are that he may be successful on his new farm.

Mr. Robert Graham and his company of men have been making square timber here for the past week. The timber supply is becoming smaller in this locality as each winter passes.

Mr. G. I. Graham is rushing a big business in the saw log line.

Eugenia.

From our own Correspondent.

A number of our young men took in Feversham Orange soiree, but no person need ask them where they stayed or what happened by the way.

Mr. Purdy, our general postmaster, has been on the sick list for the past few days, but we are glad to see that he is able to be around and attend to his duties again.

Mr. James Meldrum, of Colorado, U. S., has been visiting his parents and friends in and around Eugenia. Many years have passed away since Mr. Meldrum was in this part of the country and during that time he has been engaged in various pursuits, but his present occupation is in the mining industry. Mr. Meldrum can tell many stories of the far off lands, and is vivid in his descriptions of the mountains and romantic scenery of his adopted state

There is considerable talk, and no little trouble over the timber business in the surrounding country. The men in the employ of the company represented by Mr. Holmes have been working all winter to within a week or so, and the money is not forth coming either for them or for the timber owners. It is reported that the bailiff was to seize the timber last Friday and hold it until the men had received their pay and other exponses defrayed, but I have not been able to ascertain whether it was seized or not. Another report says that it is about to be turned over to a second company. However the men refuse to work until their wages are paid up.

During Mr. J. R. Hogg's absence to Toronto, he left Mr H. Cairns in charge of his business here. Henry makes quite an accommodating clerk, and a great many of the young ladies suddenly find out they want some thing from the store, for the clerk is single and needs a w—.

A Gossipy Budget From Eugenia.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

The winter is fast speeding away. The snow is deepening; the cold intensifying; the sleighing improving; the teaming briskening as indicated by the busy rushing in of timber to the railway line, also the wood business, which is looking up. Feed is scarce, yet the farmers in general say they will pull through all right, presuming that the warm weather, the spring and the grass pass around at about the usual time. The merchants are doing about a usual business, and looking forward with hope. The postoffice, under the management of the ever-past, the very present, and for a time future postmaster, does an ever increasing business, as "factified" by the huge piles of correspondence—mercantile, political, religious, social, loveable-etc.—arriving and departing at the appointed times. This goes to prove that the masses are increasing, the population multiplying rapidly, the families compounding incessantly, till we are led to ask in serious alarm, What shall be done with the pouring in overplus—although this is the great, long, wide, high, deep Canada it is. Hurrah! Yah, yah, do you know it Bro Jonathan? The preacher calls upon his appointed rounds methodically; the Gospel trumpet sounds powerfully; the fruit, material, spiritual, has been, is now and shall be seen after many days. The doctor scurries hither and thither betimes. No seriously alarming cases that we know of. This, our town, Eugenia, is acceded to be a healthy spot generally. The boys and girls—aye, and the old folks too—have had a gay time at the several tea meeting institutions of the past few weeks, and are anticipating stirring seasons in the future. The public school is improving under the jurisdiction of Mr. S. Clegues—the scholarly gentleman he is. No boisterous bombast, but a very decided educational enthusiast. The ranks of bumpkins are constantly extending, seats filling, vacancies getting scarce. Oh dear, what will become of us—add to our accommodation or build greater? The excellence of the individual scholarships are advancing rapidly. The darkness is past. The fire fiend, with breath of smoke and tongue of flame, greedily licked up the house of Thos. Crowe. A good part of the most valuable household goods were saved by the prompt, vigorous efforts of those who were on the scene to render help. After the smoke was noticed by Mr. F. Carr, and the alarm spread, but a very few minutes were all that the neighbors had to save anything, so rapid was the destruction. No insurance—the loss heavy in the circumstances. The quarterly council of the Methodist Church of the mission held its regular session on Monday, and the quarterly religious services were held Sunday, Feb. 10, with a goodly number absent who surely ought to have been there. A good stiff breeze is blowing now, with drifting, blinding snow, but this isn't a blizzard; pshaw no; that's foreign manufacture. Mr. Dinwoodie occupied the pulpit of Eugenia church Sunday night, acceptably. He is an earnest, rising star, surely. Will tell you some more next time. F. T. C.

Flesherton Station.

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

The past week the weather has been somewhat stormy and unsettled, and many of the roads have been anything but good, and business at present seems to be at a standstill in some respects, but yet a fair trade is done considering the size of our town.

Mr. McGinnis, our genial landlord of the beehive, is still to the front in this line as the street at times is strewn with sleighs and cutters so that it is almost impossible for teams to pass each other or get ingress into his shed. It would be well for some one to request of him to try and make better accomodations in that respect for the travelling public.

Mr. A McLeod, our enterprising framer and house carpenter, has a large amount of work on hand for the coming season, and will be able to give employment to six or seven men. Try The Advance again, Angus.

In the shipment of last week Mr. Cook states that he did fairly well with his hogs, as they came out in good condition, considering the inclemency of the weather, but fell somewhat short in the cattle, as they were bought rather close.

We had a pleasant visit from our late teacher, Miss Bull, one day last week. No doubt she was in quest of some one. She looks well and is doing well.

Miss Laura Whitaker, of Toronto, is visiting her many friends here, and is accompanied by Miss Kennedy, of Toronto, who says she is highly delighted with her rural visit.

Mr. Thomas Edwards and John T. Mahany, of the firm of J. Barstall & Co., of Quebec, are staying at McGinnis hotel in connection with the timber trade.

Mr. A. Hannah has purchased an organ for the sum of four hundred dollars. For finish and tone it is all that one could desire. Friend Hannah is bound to enjoy himself in his declining years, to the sweet strains of music. Give me your paw old man.

You had better send your fighting editor out for a few days, as I am about to take a few holidays.

Important Millinery Announcement.

Mrs. W. W. Trimble wishes to inform the ladies of Flesherton and surrounding country, that about the first of March she will open up a nice new stock of millinery under the management of Miss Mart. Wright. Further particulars later.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Good cutter for sale. Apply to D. Clayton, Flesherton.

Lines of condolence to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stuart on the death of their beloved mother, who died Dec. 20th 1888.

Dear mourning ones! your mother has gone
From all her cares set free;
She has gone to that bright celestial shore,
Where oft she wished to be.

The life is gone, the breath has fled
And what has been no more shall be,
The well loved form, the welcome tread,
O where are they? and where is she?

The cemetery bears an added grave,
The hearth shows a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there.

The weary clay may ever rest
Where grass and flowers are spread,
But her sweet spirit warm and true
Lies numbered with the dead.

And when your pilgrimage on earth is o'er,
And you are called above,
May you meet again on that blest shore
Where all is peace and love

Miss MARY J. IRVING.

General News.

Minister Foster Friday submitted the estimater for 1889-90 to the House of Commons.

The roof of the Napanee Opera House was crushed in by the snow about half an hour after a large audience had vacated the building.

The great Montreal carnival was wound up on Saturday. Lord Stanley and suite returned to Ottawa Monday.

Prince Bismark is indisposed.

Farmers at Medicine Hat are ploughing.

Minister Phelps reached New York on Saturday.

The Winnipeg Morning Call has been bought up by The Free Press Company.

The Soudanese have evacuated Hamdoub. They destroyed the town by fire.

A young man was murdered in a Montreal boarding house Saturday morning.

Mr. Oliver, collector of taxes for Blenheim Township, was robbed of $600 by highwaymen on Friday night.

It is reported that Prince Bismarck is willing to conclude an alliance with Great Britain.

Bolton and Manchester, England, experienced an earthquake shock Monday, No Damage.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C.B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside, "Tender for bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1889.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 20th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th February, 1889

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Valuable Farm Lands!

—IN—

TOWNSHIP OF GLENELG.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from HELEN McKECHNIE to the Vendors which will be produced at time of sale, and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MARSH'S HOTEL

—IN THE—

VILLAGE OF MARKDALE

—ON—

TUESDAY the 5th day of March, 1889,

at 2 o'clock p.m. by A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer, the following Property, namely: Lot number five in the eleventh concession of the said township of Glenelg, containing 100 acres more or less, about sixty of which are said to be cleared.

TERMS 10 per cent. at time of sale, and for the balance terms will be liberal, and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to W. J. Bellamy, Esq., Flesherton, or to MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS, Vendor's Solicitors, Toronto.

Dated 9th day of Feb. 1889.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth! If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

$25 PER WEEK

Energetic pushing men of good character who want to do something for themselves can make from $10 to $25 per week selling my Nursery Stock. Write to me before you engage for the coming season's work. I have a plendid specialties and my system assures success. No previous experience required and work permanent. Apply for terms to Fred. E. Young, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church,

FLESHERTON.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 00 to	5 00
Fall Wheat	0 90 to	1 00
Spring Wheat	0 95	1 00
Barley	0 45	0 50
Oats	0 20	0 20
Peas	0 55	0 55
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 50
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS PURCHASED AND SOLD.

Special attention given to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov 19, 1888

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Marshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, and at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AG'T, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1, or six months for 50 cts.

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

Canadian Mortgage Co., Limited,

18 King St. West, Toronto

CAPITAL **$£.650,000**

MONEY TO LEND

ON THE

Straight Loan System

At lowest current rate of interest and favorable terms as to repayment by borrower.

NO FINES! · · MODERATE CHARGE!

MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED.

J. W. Henderson, INSPECTOR.

Osler & Hammond, GENERAL MANAGERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO BORROWER.

Parties having mortgages becoming due can have them RENEWED for another term for the small cost of $3.50 by applying to our own valuators, and at a rate of interest as low as any other company.

Make all payments of principal or interest direct to the company. If borrowers hand their money to other parties to remit and the funds are held some time by said parties, the Company is not responsible for delay.

The borrower can have his payment become due at whatever time of year suits him best; and need not pay any principal unless he wishes. All interest ceases on instalments of principal paid, and no interest is charged only on unpaid principal. Loans completed on the shortest possible time. If you want to borrow or re-arrange your mortgage, call on any one of the undersigned

VALUATORS:

W. J. BELLAMY, ESQ.,	Flesherton P.O.	WM. LUCAS & CO.,	Markdale P.O.
D. JACKSON, Jr.	Durham P.O.	JOS. HENDERSON	Feversham P.O.
JNO. STINSON,	Singhampton P.O.	G. RUTHERFORD	Shelburne P.O.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

Never had Mrs. Clanricarde "voiced aloud" "with shriller throat" her views on the unimportance of the man and the all-importance of the purse in marriage. Never had her scorn for personal love and physical beauty been hotter, more pungent, more severe. To hear her one would have thought love before marriage the doom of happiness after, and a man's beauty not only a snare but a sin. She dwelt on the superiority of moral graces and intellectual soundness to all else that man could possess, till Estelle's fair face grew wan and white with secret loathing, and Caleb's flamed with thoughts to which he dared give neither form nor voice. He was modest to self-abasement, but even he could not fail to see that Mrs. Clanricarde substantially offered him her daughter, and told him that the way was clear and the running already made for him. But Estelle herself? The verdict in her averted eyes was differently framed and spelt from that in Mrs. Clanricarde's; and Caleb was too sensitive to confound compassion with affection. He knew that he was but the Beast to her—no more desirable than Caliban—as little lovely as the hunchback, within whose hump, however, are folded the wings which will one day carry him to heaven. And as something under the ban of love, he bore himself with the patience, the very dignity, indeed, of self-effacement, and the quiet hopelessness which accept the doom of fate and yields to the pressure of the inevitable.

Near to Les Saules ran the prettiest lane in the district. It led to the Close, a wood made by man and nature for love. Love unspoken, estranged, content—for all its phases this wood had special shrines and green-arched temples where to rest and be refreshed. It was the favorite place of meeting for Estelle and Charlie Osborne, and to both every fern and tree and flower was sanctified, and carried its own secret message and reminder. It had also become a favorite hunting-ground with Caleb Stagg, being full of precious creatures not to be found elsewhere."

It was on one of those rare days in England when the house must empty itself and the world must be abroad. No one, not an invalid consents to remain within those stifling four walls of home, and the Clanricardes had been touched by the all pervading enthusiasm with the rest.

"Come for a little walk, Estelle," said Mrs. Clanricarde to her daughter.

And Estelle, who really loved her mother, though she feared her—and at this moment hated her for the activity—was glad to go. But she knew by that secret "telepathy" which "refers hearing as a sixth sense, to one of those messengers which love sends to and fro," and of which the earth is full, that Charlie was waiting for her in the wood there behind the old beech-tree to the right, which was their place of meeting. "Where shall we go, mother?" she asked, kissing her mother as in the days now grown unhappily a little old.

"Oh, anywhere," answered Mrs. Clanricarde.

"To Grantown?" proposed Estelle.

Grantown was a picturesque little hamlet, about a mile from Les Saules, across the fields, and by the river. It was a charming walk, and one of the points of the place.

"No," answered Mrs. Clanricarde.

"Toward the Dower House?" another pretty lady way.

"No," she replied again.

"Where, then, mother?" was Estelle's perplexed demand.

"To the Close," said Mrs. Clanricarde.

"Will it not be very stifling there to day?" asked Estelle, with as much indifference as she could command.

"No; it will be cool," said her mother.

And Estelle had nothing to object. The two went by the little sidewalk into the leafy lane which led to the deep-bosomed wood. But all Estelle's joy had gone, and the cloud between her and her mother lowered more dense than before.

They sauntered down the lane—Estelle, bitten with an insane desire for wild flowers, lingering greatly as she went—till they came to the gate which opened into the paradise of her heart. A hundred yards farther on, round the projection made by an overhanging rock, and they would come in sight of the beech-tree under which she knew that Charlie Osborne was sitting.

The girl's uneasiness was too great to be concealed. Her very efforts to appear indifferent betrayed her anxiety. The way in which she talked—so volubly, so unlike herself and the sharper ring of her voice, more highly pitched than usual, and thrown out as if for other ears than her mother's, all were eloquent enough for Mrs. Clanricarde, who had missed her vocation and her epoch. She should have been one of Fouché's "souricieres." Had she been one she would have made her fortune, dug out of the graves of those she had overshadowed.

Suspecting, watching, she said never a word—only paid out the rope, which Estelle twisted yet tighter round her slender throat. Then they rounded the rock, and with one rapid look—caught by Mrs. Clanricarde as a sportsman shoots flying—the girl's heart gave one full bound of relief. Charlie Osborne was not there. But in his stead, peering on all sides, now his nose flattened against the bark of a tree, now down on the ground turning over last year's dead leaves and dry twigs, a butterfly net in hand, some creatures in his hat, a green tin case strapped round him, in full pursuit of his fancy, riding his hobby, knees and chin together, they came upon Caleb Stagg searching for creatures in Estelle's sacred grove where her god was hidden. Then Mrs. Clanricarde blessed herself for her insistence, and looked on her decision as providential and inspired.

To Estelle it was the other way; and what to her mother was the benevolent work of the good angels was to her the undoubted mischief-making of the bad.

Caleb blushed when he met them, as of course he would; but the mother caught on the wing a look in his eyes as she had caught that in her daughter's. And it was a look that satisfied her. She had made up her mind. Estelle should marry the omad'haun, failing a better provision. If any one more eligible should come along—then the poor omad'haun would be thrown over, with no more remorse than we have when we drop one peach in favor of another, better flavored to the eyes and softer to the touch.

"A lucky chance!" she said, in her kindest way, as she put out her hand for Caleb's, dust and dirt begrimed as it was.

Instinctively he wiped his hand on his coat before he gave it.

"I'm not fit," he said, bashfully.

"The hand of an honest man is alway fit—fit for a queen," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with royal condescension of air and manner.

Her compliment was really regal. Her appreciation of essential qualities was grandly philosophic—nobly heroic.

Caleb blushed again, as painfully as before; and Estelle lifted her pretty chin and curled her lips with the daintiest little line of disdain—which he saw and writhed under, as if it had been a barbed arrow in his breast.

"Let us go and sit there," said Mrs. Clanricarde, pointing to the seat beneath the beech-tree on the right.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Estelle, hurriedly. "We shall be eaten up by midgets!" she added, after a second's pause, to explain and conceal the very pronounced opposition—the opposition that was a prayer and cry—in her voice.

"No more there than elsewhere," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, smoothly, as she turned up the trodden path to the tree. "Come, Mr. Stagg; come with us, and show us your interesting collection," she added, sweetly, to Caleb. "I know that Estelle will be glad to see it."

"Do you care for creatures, Miss Clanricarde?" asked Caleb, awkwardly.

"She is devoted to them," put in Mrs. Clanricarde, before Estelle could answer.

"I did not know that I was, mother," said Estelle, her face white, as it was wont to grow when her mother flung her too openly at the omad'haun's head. Besides, she knew that Charlie Osborne was within ear-shot somewhere, spying at them through the smoke-colored glasses of jealousy.

"Indeed I should be glad if you would give her some instruction, Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Clanricarde, ignoring Estelle's disclaimer. "It is so much better to work under the guidance of a master—and such a good master as you would be."

She smiled benignly. The present need at home was great. She saw ruin on every side, and nothing but a rich marriage, with a margin for herself and that fatal husband of hers, would save them. It was a pity—surely a pity—that she had no better salvation in view than Caleb Stagg; but in the storm who cares for the name, the look the beauty of the port?

"I should be sorry to take up Mr Stagg's time," said Estelle, in a clear renunciatory voice.

"It would be a pleasure, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb in a low voice.

"I should like it," said Mrs. Clanricarde, a little shrilly. "We will begin our first lesson now, if you please, Mr. Stagg," she added, with a laugh yet more shrill than her spoken words had been.

And Caleb, opening his case, began his roll call of names and characteristics, of which to their mother nor daughter understood one word, nor from which they gained one rational idea. Mrs. Clanricarde thanked him with the most enthusiastic and becoming effusiveness. But Estelle said little that was pleasant, nothing that was encouraging.

"It is far too difficult for me, and I hate those long learned names," she said, coldly.

Charlie hated all science too, and looked on scientific nomenclature as a kind of spiritual deformity—next thing to a crime. She knew that her confession of faith, which she felt sure was heard somehow by him, would please him.

"We must have them, you see, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, humbly apologizing for the necessities of science. "They make a kind of general language for all nations. A Russian"—he pronounced it "Rooshian"—"or a Frenchman, or an Englishman, they all know what *Papilio cavessa* means out the peacock 'butterfly' would not carry far."

"Still, science is horrid. Art and poetry are the only things worth living for," said Estelle, in the same rather unnaturally high-pitched voice she had had throughout.

"I know nothing of either," said Caleb, sadly.

"You are none the worse for that, Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with her ambiguous smile. "Poets and artists generally are wretchedly poor creatures, not worth their salt. I so much prefer honest merit and more solid acquirements."

"Mother! as if the greatest gifts God has to give should be spoken of so slightingly!" cried Estelle, in hot haste and hotter anger. "Why, what should we be without poetry and art? Mere earth-worms, knowing nothing of the diviner things of life, seeing nothing but ourselves, and shut out from heaven!" This was Charlie's latest phrase, and Mrs Clanricarde knew it. "Science is soul-destroying," continued Estelle still hot and eager. "Scientific people are atheists."

"Not necessarily, my dear child," said Mrs. Clanricarde, blandly.

"I think not all, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, humbly.

"I hate science and all that is scientific," said Estelle, almost in tears; "and nothing should ever make me learn it."

"Come to dinner to-morrow, Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Clanricarde. "I give you this foolish child of mine to convert from her dreams to your better and sounder ways."

"Mother, this is too bad!" flamed out Estelle. "I will not take lessons from Mr. Stagg."

"Come to dinner, Mr. Stagg," repeated Mrs. Clanricarde; and the unhappy pendulum, swung thus between mother and daughter, had no excuse ready. Yet he would have liked to refuse, only he could not see where the loophole was.

"She will have none of me," he said to himself as he trudged through the wood, no longer a place of enchantment for him. "Her mother will, for they are in but a poor way, and father's means would set them bravely up; but that dainty blossom is not for the like of me, and she will not were it ever so. I feel her tremble with disgust and shame when I touch her hand. God help me! but the smart is sore."

All this time Charlie had been lying hidden within the bracken which grew in a miniature forest among the underwood. He had heard every word, and through the crossing stems, which gave one clear passage not larger than his eye, he had seen every gesture, every look. He understood the whole play. She was to be sacrificed to that cad, that ruffian, that low-lived beast, sitting in his own especial place beneath their holy trysting-tree. There was no term of obloquy, however unfitting, that Charlie did not shower on Caleb Stagg—he whose own humility rated him low enough as things were; he would willingly give his life for Estelle's good, and whose sacrifice would be as his crowning if it insured her gain. But it was only after the rule and line of men's judgments on each other. The glass through which we read hearts and motives is indeed dark, and few of us have love or unselfishness enough to clear it.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVERS' VOWS.

A change had come into Estelle's sweet face. It had lost its normal shyness for what was a look of fear; and something of that watching, suspicious, hunted sharpness which belongs to those who have a dangerous secret to hide had taken the former clearness out of her candid eyes. Between her lover and her mother she had come to moral grief. Devoted to each, but adding to her love for Charlie fear to hurt him and determination to be faithful; to her love for her mother that piety of obedience natural to a gently nurtured girl, she had fallen into deceit and intrigue. Of course the knowledge that it was "for Charlie" justified a great deal, as it always does in love: but the fact remained the same—she was deceiving her mother, and thereby committing a sin which covered her soul with spiritual shame.

For herself she could have been strong enough to give up this sweet secret fault, but when she spoke of it to Charlie her tears of self-accusation, her gentle prayers to be rendered back to the ways of truth and uprightness, failed against the overmastering need of his egotism—the passionate demands of his love. He softened her moral fibre by the softness of his own, and his tears of supplication dried hers of remonstrance. Then things would go on as before. The meetings, which played with Estelle's very life, were planned and executed with almost double zest for the break which had seemed too likely to come. As yet no harm had come to them. But Mrs. Clanricarde's suspicions were aroused. She was not a nature-born "souriciere" for nothing; and by the very fact that she suspected some kind of underhand association between Estelle and that fascinating detrimental, Charlie Osborne, she determined to push on this matter with Caleb Stagg, and to force her daughter into the lifelong misery and financial redemption of a marriage which would be eminently a gilded horror and legalized slavery to a name and a myth.

She would get over it, the mother argued. Other women have had to suppress their own feelings in favor of their family need, and marry where they did not love, leaving behind them the dearest and adored. So must she. No one is absolutely *sui generis* in this life, and the rod with which souls are ruled by society is heavy and impartial. We have all to submit to it, so must Estelle. With such a father her fate was predicted. If any one was to blame it was George—that luckless pilot of the financial ship.

So she glozed over her countenance, and added to her reasoning a thick layer of whitewash for poor Caleb, whereby she got rid of a great many of his defects, and made him out at last to be really quite personal and presentable. His "good heart" stood for so much! Shakespeare and Burns were both quoted in his behalf, and the skimmings of his science and his classics stood for thick, rich, soul sustaining cream.

When she let fly these arrows Estelle generally put up the buckler of silence, and always edged away from the subject. She knew that her mother wanted to be more explicit, and to "have it out" with her, and she dreaded only one thing more—the discovery of her secret trysts with Charlie.

Of late, since that encounter with Caleb Stagg in the wood, those trysts had been considerably fewer. In some subtle way she never could quite define how, nor yet could she deny nor circumvent, Mrs. Clanricarde kept Estelle closer than ever by her side. Poor Estelle's heart was torn into still more painful bits, and she scarce knew where to turn or what to do. Charlie eating out his heart in the wood, she feeling hers lacerated in the house, the lover's yearning and the mother's pleasant command. Poor Estelle! And then, to crown all, the frequent presence of the snub-nosed omad'haun, and the mother's extraordinary craze in his favor.

For himself, poor fellow, this time was a time of torture to Caleb. He saw the whole play, and suffered from it as such a man naturally would. Not to gain the kingdom of Heaven for himself would he have forced Estelle's inclination—taking her on her mother's invitation against her own desire. And yet would he have been human not to have desired! Lady Elizabeth alone knew what he felt, and to her alone he showed the hidden wound that was destroying the value of his life—to her, always his goddess, his Madonna, to worship and to serve, to love and adore, but the hem of whose very garment was as sacred as the vest of Isis, and not to be carried to his lips nor touched by his hands.

In this way things were not much advanced, nor did they seem likely to advance. Mrs. Clanricarde offered Estelle to the rich miner as evidently as if she had made the proposal in so many words; Caleb ever more and more distraught by the mother's patent desire, let the sweet poison of that proffered and yet self-forbidden presence creep nearer and nearer to his soul. Estelle's revulsion against him grew stronger with her mother's increased advocacy; Charlie Osborne's feverish despair grew greater as the sacrilege, which now all Kingshouse was discussing, seemed almost possible. Those stolen meetings were becoming rarer and more perilous, and everything seemed slipping down the decline. Like that village on the slopes of Etna which is kept from sliding down into the valley solely by that huge buttressing rock in front, so, in Caleb's steadfast delicacy and the very unselfishness of his resolve, was the only salvation of the lovers. When the day should come, if it ever should, when passion would be stronger than this unselfishness, then would the sun see the last of the poor young lovers' happiness—Charlie's death-knell and Estelle's enduring martyrdom.

"Nothing could tempt you to such a sacrilege, Estelle?" Charlie asked, as he had asked a dozen times before. Lovers' assurances are never enough.

"Nothing," she answered, with fervor. "I am very sorry we are so poor, very sorry that mother is so anxious, but I would no more marry Caleb Stagg than I would jump into the river. I would rather jump into the river, indeed!"

"I do not want to speak harshly of your mother, but I must say she astonishes me!" said Charlie, tossing back his hair. "The only excuse I can make for her is to suppose she is a little off her head. The idea of her thinking of your marrying that cad, still less wishing it! Good heavens, I wonner she is not struck dead for such a crime!" he said, excitedly. "It makes my blood curdle, Estelle, and would, even if I did not love you!"

"It is too dreadful to think of!" said Estelle, shuddering. "But, Charlie dear, do not distress yourself. I would rather die than do it."

"Or come with me, which would be better than dying," he said, looking up into her face.

She stole her hand gently in his, her shy little hand with the pointed fingers and rose-pink nails like transparent shells.

"A great deal," she said, softly, and for a moment caressed the idea as possible.

That empty purse dangling between them both, as powerful a line of separation as was ever Sigurk's sword, was forgotten, and only the sweet vision of life and love together remained as fair as Geraldine's pale face seen by Surrey in the magic mirror, as delusive as Rose Mary's picture in the beryl stone.

"And you will not, Estelle?" Charlie sank his voice to the softest tones of which spoken music is capable. "With you by my side," he continued, "I could work as I have never worked before, and do great things. It is all this miserable suspense that kills me! The wretched associations to which I am doomed! If I had but you! Ah, Estelle! it is more than one man's life and love that is sacrificed to these criminal arrangements of society. It is the world's great work! Think! I could do something to make my life splendid and my name famous, and you say you will not have it! Estelle, will you not brave everything and come with me? Would you rather see me die of this fever and yourself the wife of Caleb Stagg?"

"Oh, Charlie, how cruel you are!" was all that Estelle could say. Tears were in her voice as well as in her eyes, and Charlie was in the mood when to make the beloved suffer is some kind of balm to one's own pains.

"It seems like it," he returned, again tossing back his hair. "That cad lives in your pocket. All Kingshouse is talking of it, and your mother is offering you to him as if you were a bunch of flowers or a basket of fruit for sale. It is disgusting, it is maddening; and you expect me to stand it! I wonder at myself that I do not put a bullet through the fellow's head. That is what he deserves!"

"But he does not make love to me, Charlie!" said Estelle, earnestly, less moved to this advocacy for care for the truth, or even for the sake of poor Caleb himself, and to defend him against a false imputation, than to give peace to her lover's tortured mind. "He is always most distant and respectful—almost hideously so. He does not make love in any way, by word or look."

"And your mother offers you, as she does, to a fellow who has not even the grace to acknowledge the prize you are!" cried Charlie, his sails filling on the other tack.

"That is better than presumption," said Estelle, softly, and "less disagreeable to me."

"And you can live in such an atmosphere!" cried Charlie. "You know what I suffer, and yet you can support it."

"What can I do, dear?" she asked, in her sweet, gentle way. "I cannot forbid my mother to ask him to the house. It would only make her angry, and do no good! I must just trust to myself, as I have done all along. I will never be false to you, Charlie—never!"

"You swear that!" said Charlie, holding her hands as in a vice.

"Yes, I swear it," she returned.

"By your hopes of salvation you will be true to me, and me only?"

"I will!" she said, her cheeks pale with the very fervor of her vow.

"No one shall ever take you from me?"

"No one! no one!" she repeated.

"Kiss me, Estelle, on this," he said. "You have solemnly vowed yourself to me, remember! You are mine in the sight of God and heaven, and if you deceive me you will commit a great and shameful crime. No man can now call you wife but me, without your perjury your infidelity too gross to give it a name. Now I hold you mine forever! forever."

"You always have," said Estelle, simply. "Ever since we were boy and girl together I have loved you, Charlie, and you know it. I could not love any one else!"

"Nor I, than you," he answered. "Women think they have all the constancy, but they have not. Men are far more constant than the mass of them, and just as constant as the rest. And it counts far more with us than with you, for we have more temptation."

"Yes," said Estelle, dutifully, and her lover caught the word on his lip, and kept it there with his own.

Talks such as these were the very wine of life to Charlie. He drooped and flagged without them, and felt as if all the forces of God and nature were arrayed against him. When he had had this spell of refreshment he was another man. He knew how much she loved him. For all their lives this love had been the main fact of feeling. It had grown with their growth from childhood up to now, full youth. He had no fear of any one, indeed, but himself. Should he ever be able to keep a wife? Times were bad for art. They always are to the mediocre artist, and he had not yet got his foot securely placed on one of all the rungs of the great ladder of success that he had tried to mount. Should he ever? With a heart that failed him on a climb; with cheeks which flushed a hectic red on small exertion; with that cough which so often tormented him; that fever which so often consumed him? Nevertheless, he loved, and he had the lover's unconscious and imperative selfishness. As now, when he held Estelle to his heart at the parting of the ways, and made her swear again and again, by all her hopes of salvation, that she would be true to him, for time and eternity—true to him as he to her, and that she would never marry any one else, so help her God!—so might God do to her as she to him if ever she forsook him, her own true love!

CHAPTER IX.

IN DOUBT AND DREAD.

Allured by Mrs. Clanricarde, spurred on by his father—who, however, was in a wrong latitude altogether—conscious of the "res angusta" in the home of her he loved, and without present means of his own to help her secretly, as else he would, personally loathed by Estelle, and knowing that he was, while he himself loved her as such a man naturally would love a girl raised above him by origin, and placed within his power to protect by fortune, poor Caleb's sense of general haze and confusion, perplexity and indecision rendered his life at this moment a real tragedy—if we allow that feelings are so tragic as events.

Yet often the flattering thought passed through his brain, like a shooting-star cleaving the dark heavens before his eyes, "I would make her so good a husband; I would so tenderly care for her; so guard her from all pain and trouble. I would worship her and reverence her so deeply that in time she would learn to care for me. And if she could never love me as I love her, she would at least come to peace with herself and forbearance with me. I would love her so that she must in time love me!"

Man ever makes the same mistake, and the loving think that the very gift of love—its very passion and intensity—perforce must win return. Oh, fools and blind! who water the barren rock with your heart's blood, and look for the rare red rose as your reward! As if reluctant love ever was bought, even by love! as if the heart was not its own free gift, and gratitude for an unshared affection but so much snow new-fallen on the ice! Love may burn at the stake and die a beggar for the beloved; it may stand on the pillory and be pelted by the world for consorting with the base-minded and disfavored; it may give its all—faith, home and fame—as freely as our dying hero gave that cup of water to the wounded soldier. But by the force of its own strength only will it gain nothing in return. Can the sun compel the dew, save by the free gift of the generous earth? Does it rise at his bidding from the shores of the Dead Sea, from the sand of the desert, from the marble rocks of Pentelicus? Yet the same glory pours down on these as on that flowerful meadow—that fragrant garden, where the dew lies thick like living jewels—that lavish boon of beauty given out by the earth in voluntary response. So with love. If not spontaneous, it is not to be compelled, and the heart sheds its blood in vain.

(To be continued.)

How to Get Square Shoulders.

A young woman whose employment made it necessary that she should stoop while at work said to herself one day, "I discover that I am growing round shouldered. Now that never must be. But what shall I do about it? I know. I have read that Oriental women have a beautiful carriage, and so have Mexicans and negresses; they are erect and hold their heads high, and it is because they carry water jars and great bundles on their heads, balancing them without any help from the hands. What they do, I can with practice; I will begin with a heavy book and see if I can walk across the room without steadying it with my hand."

She had struck a right idea. Dr. Dio Lewis says of the "crook" of the shoulders:

"There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder braces will not help. * * I know of but one bull's eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheep skin or other strong bag filled with twenty or more pounds of sand is a good weight. * * * When engaged in your morning studies * * put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck and walk slowly about the room. * * The muscles, whose duty it is to hold head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine * * will soon accommodate themselves to the new attidude. One year of daily practice half an hour morning and evening will give you a noble carriage."

Use of the Beaver's Tail.

It is a common belief that the beaver uses its tail as a trowel to plaster the mud on the walls of its house and dam. Captain Hardy studied the habits of the animal in Nova Scotia some time ago, and came to the conclusion that this opinion was not well founded.

The vulgar opinion that the broad tail of the beaver was used to plaster down the mud in its work has long since been pronounced erroneous. Its real use is evidently to counterpoise, by an action against the water in an upward direction, the tendency to sink, headforemost, when propelling itself through the water by its powerful and webbed hind feet, and at the same time supporting the load of mud or stones in its forepaws under the chin.

Our Indians laughed at the idea of the trowel story. That, and the assertion that the tail is likewise used as a vehicle for materials, may be considered as exploded notions.—*Youth's Companion.*

Stone Fruits.

It is the seed that exhausts in fruit production, says *American Cultivator*. This is especially true of large seeds enclosed in stones. The proportion of seed to the fruit is proportionately greater in the cherry, plum and peach than in the apple or pear. In the development of seeds potash is very essential. Trees that overbear have the growth of their fruit checked at just the point where such development ought to begin. In the grape vine the exhaustion from overbearing causes the vine to mildew and refuse to ripen either fruit or wood. Thinning the bunches early and applying a liberal dose of potash salts are the best preventives of this diseased condition of the vine.

Not Responsible.

Mother—To think that my little Ethel should have spoken so impertinently to papa to-day at dinner! She never hears me talk in that way to him.

Ethel (stoutly)—Well, but you choosed him, and I didn't.

Mr. James Ross, who built some of the most difficult sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has taken several contracts with the Chilian Government for the construction of about 700 miles of railway.

The police have a case against a Montreal saloon-keeper for selling liquor to a minor. When told that the purchaser was only 18 he expressed great surprise, as he has been twice a widower, and is now living with his third wife.

The Sleighing Season.

When a little cold would p'ease us,
When we sigh for bracing breezes,
There is nothing more depressing than a January thaw
When for days and days together
We have miserable weather,
And the rain is dripping, dripping, and the air is damp and raw

How it makes the pulses tingle
Just to hear the sleigh-bells jingle,
And to see the horses prancing o'er the ice-incrusted snow,
Their finest paces showing,
The drivers noses glowing,
To hear the merry laughter and the shouts g lang! and ho!

How it makes the heart to flutter
To be seated in a cutter
With a young and charming damsel—who'd object to be so placed?—
Behind a pair of pacers,
Leading all the other racers,
With one arm the horses guiding and the other round her waist!

Most delicious situation!
Most delightful occupation
There nothing does with greater joy the lover's bosom fill.
But in it there always is,
Short-lived indeed the joy is,
For after it is over must be paid the livery bill.

How Lincoln Signed the Pledge.

We have a pleasant account of Lincoln signing the pledge. A personal friend of Mr. Lincoln told Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, President of the Chicago Missionary Training School, that Old Uncle John, as he was called, an itinerant temperance lecturer in southern Illinois nearly two generations ago, on one occasion, speaking in an isolated country district, probably in the schoolhouse, offered the temperance pledge, as was his custom, at the close of the meeting; whereupon a tall, lank, awkward youth came forward and affixed his name. Years after, when he had come to great renown, Abraham Lincoln, meeting Uncle John, said to him: "I owe more to you than to almost any one else of whom I can think, for if I had not signed the pledge with you in my years of youthful temptation, I might have gone the way that the majority of my old comrades have gone, which ends in a drunkard's life and a drunkard's grave."

His conduct when receiving notification of his nomination to the presidency is a part of history. A friend, knowing that he never kept wine in his house, and, thinking it an absolute necessity on so great an occasion, had some in readiness to present to the committee who formally notified Lincoln of his nomination. But Mr. Lincoln quietly set it aside and, ordering a pitcher of water and glasses, filled them and passed them to his guests, saying: "We will drink to the fortunes of our party in the best beverage ever brewed for man."—*Exchange.*

Trees with Large Leaves.

Trees of the palm family have larger leaves than any others. The Insja palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon, has leaves which reach a length of from thirty to fifty feet and are ten or twelv feet in breadth. Specimens of the leaves of the Talipot palm, a native of Ceylon, have been met with that were twenty feet long and eighteen feet broad. These leaves are used by the natives to make tents and form very efficient shelters from the rain. The leaves of the double cocoanut palm are often thirty feet long and several feet wide. When the wind is strong they clash together with a noise that may be heard at great distance. Only one leaf is produced each year, and they are so firmly attached to the stem of the tree and so strong in themselves that a man may sit on the end of one and rock to and fro in perfect safety.—*New York Telegram.*

No Respect for Bogeys.

The bogey and the bad man have passed finally out of the lives of children. You cannot scare the small boy any more with any such imaginative terrors. An anxious mother has just lost her last bit of control over her child by a "bluff" which did not work. She did not know her boy. She quite undervalued his experience in human nature. The boy was naughty.

She had exhausted all appeals to his imagination, and finally she had recourse to practical terrors. She threatened to call the policeman, and she painted the prison cell and all sorts of things.

"Yah!" said the boy. "Mamma, you can't play the policeman on me. He gave me a lot of candy yesterday. He wouldn't run me in for anything

Eccentric Requirements in a Will.

The will of the late Wm. F. Foote, of Parsons, Penn., which was admitted to probate on the 22nd inst., provides that no crape shall be used at his funeral, and that there shall be no signs of mourning of any kind—no minister, no flowers, nor any kind of religious service. Furthermore, he wanted to be buried in a plain wooden coffin, without nails, and no hearse to be used. He desired the remains to be taken to the cemetery in his old spring waggon, drawn by his horse Bill. He also wanted to be placed in his coffin on his side.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Latest Thing in Kid Gloves.

Kid gloves with odd piece insertions form the latest craze. The edge next the elbow is beautifully dovetailed with bits of kid of a color contrasting to the body of the glove. The effect is decidedly striking, to say the least. Gentlemen do not wear gloves of this description.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Ancient vs. Modern Tortures.

Miss Travis—Oh, what dreadful torture they used to practise in the middle ages! Think of breaking a man on the wheel

De Smith—No worse than nowadays you never saw me out on my bicycle, did you?

Social Debts Promptly Paid.

Mrs. Westend—"Who was it called?"

Marie—"Mrs. Grubbs, I told her you were out."

"Mrs. Grubbs is out making calls, then Order my carriage quickly. I will retur the call before she gets home."

Messrs. W. D. Mathews, grain merchant, and D. R. Wilkie, of the Imperial Bank of Canada, were nominated yesterday for the Presidency of the Toronto Board of Trade.

Rev. James Macdonald, of Guelph, is searching for his wayward 18-year-old daughter Nellie. She has been heard of in disreputable houses in Detroit, Port Huron ud Flint.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Foods Which Will Add to the Beauty of the Fair Sex.

WHAT THE GIRLS CAN DO.

Tears Touch Him!

A woman in tears makes the stoutest masculine heart quail. Tears are woman's weapons, and she seldom loses her cause after resorting to them. There is something peculiar about the fact. A little girl will rush into the house and ask papa for a quarter "to buy a new dolly 'cause the other one was smashed." If he refuses she will curl up her under lip, her eyes will flood with tears, and papa's hand goes right down into his pocket for the coveted quarter, and the tot is made happy. The little girl's brother will sidle up to papa for a dime to get a new ball. Being refused the boy sets up a howl, cries lustily, and papa's hand reaches out and the boy gets—a sound thrashing.

Man's Opinion About Dress.

Said a woman the other day: "I would rather have a man's opinion about my gowns any time than a woman's. He does not know once out of a hundred times what the material is or what it is worth. He does know, however, whether or not it is becoming. Now, a woman will sit up in your room and tell you what a beautiful gown it is. All the while she is looking you over from head to foot, saying to herself that the gown cost so much, the trimmings so much and the buttons so much. You can see that she thinks she could have bought the gown for $20 less and have it made up in a much prettier way. If the gown pleases a man he shows it in his looks."

Some Beautifying Foods.

Women ought to be lettuce lovers, for this salad not only purifies the blood and cools the color but steadies the nerves, and ought to be taken at night to insure sound sleep. It is a better, safer nervine than opium or chloral, taking for this purpose the older, darker leaves. One notable cosmetic and regulating dose, which dates as far back as good Queen Mary of Orange, is the juice of sugar beets, boiled, peeled, sliced and set before the fire to draw the rich, sirupy juice out. This in tablespoonful doses once an hour, with as much acid wine, lemon juice or port wine as agreeable, is said to be the material for making pure blood next to fresh grape juice. Of course, anything that makes new, rich blood is a fine tonic also, and plenty of fresh beets in salad will add plumpness to the scrawniest form, provided the beets are boiled tender, and slowly eaten. Thick beet juice with a few drops of lemon juice is a nice application for the cheeks to soften them and preserve their color. This and the vegetable lotions generally are allowed to dry on the face as long as may be before washing off. Sallow complexions often need only the sun to bleach them and brighten their roses. The sallowness of women past youth often calls for this prescription more than anything. The sallowness of young unmarried women comes of torpid liver, and is treated by outdoor work and a free use of lemons, acid fruit and dandelion extract. The ashen-sallow face, with glassy eyes and blue shades under them is nature's admission of excess, and demands immediate change, a simple, unexciting life, with the mind drawn off to new interests, or the woman will become a sacrifice, a broken-down toy speedily.

How to Keep Flowers.

A great deal has been written on the preservation of cut flowers, but the matter is still imperfectly understood by most people. It is important to know, not only how to take care of them after being cut, but how to cut them. On this latter point a practical hint may be of service. It might not occur to them that it made any serious difference whether the stems were broken off or cut with a knife or scissors. A sharp knife is the right tool for this purpose, as it leaves the sap-vessels of the stems open for the absorption of water, while scissors crush and compress these vessels so that their absorptive power is more or less destroyed. Like injury may be done by breaking off the stems.

Cut flowers often suffer from too dry atmosphere. It is difficult to avoid this in our artificially heated rooms, but we may at least put the blossoms in the coolest part of the room. Near a window, and especially in a bay window, the temperature is generally several degrees lower than in other parts of the room, as you will see if you test it with a thermometer. The best authorities say, moreover, that the flowers should have the benefit of light, and even of sunshine in most cases, though there is popular prejudice against exposing them to the latter. On the other hand, they suffer, as plants do, from sudden alterations of temperature and from draughts.

In the case of blossoms that fall to pieces easily, it is a good idea to let fall a drop of gum or mucilage into the centre, which will keep the petals together at the base. To prevent this from running out before it hardens, the flowers should be kept upright by putting their stems through the bottom of a sieve or sticking them in sand. With the aid of a camel's hair brush or a pointed stick a large number of flowers may be gummed in a short time.

When flowers have been carried a long distance in close boxes or cases they often appear withered and worthless, but with proper treatment they may be revived and restored to their original beauty. Instead of at once being put into vases and exposed to the hot, dry air of the parlor, they should either be spread out on wet flannel or moss and covered with a dish cover or inverted box, or else put in pans containing moss and water or wet sand, in which they can be set upright, and then shut up in the dark for a few hours. If they do not regain their freshness under this nursing there is no hope for them, but in all ordinary cases their recovery is certain.

A Daughter's Duties.

No words can describe the meanness of a man who would ask any girl to do anything clandestine, whether correspondence or meetings, and no true girl should so far forget what is due to herself or her mother as for a moment to sanction it. If you value your soul, your eternal happiness, or even your position in society, turn back and unbosom yourselves to your mother.

And then the mother's cares are many, and she may be breaking down. There are daughters who can lie abed to refresh themselves in order that they can gad about the streets and look at the young men, but unfortunate will be the young man who marries a girl that leaves the burden of life on her mother.

O, the fathers! The average father has a hard lot, and how much a daughter can do to make his path through life more easy. His income may not be large, but he will generally be willing to go down for his last dollar to make his daughters comfortable. He is generally too proud to let them know his struggles, but suppose you do this: Go throw your arms around his neck and ask him, "Can you afford to dress us as we dress now, are we embarrassing you—tell us, father? You are toiling too hard and we can do without a spring dress. Don't work so hard for us."

Daughters, wake up. Don't let him kill himself because you are a spendthrift.

Mild Winters in the Past.

1838-1839—A very mild winter; only three or four cold days, and no sleighing.

1840—Dec. 14th, 15th and 16th very mild days; flowers starting.

1849-1850—A mild winter; robins remained all winter.

1857-1858—Mild winter. Dec. 24th, 1857, a dandelion in bloom was picked at Weir village, Jan 25th, 1858, buds on the cherry trees swelling.

1860—Dec. 27th, mercury is 61° above to-day.

1866—Dec. 8th, a full blown rose was picked in Connecticut to-day.

1868-1869—A very mild winter.

1869-1870—A remarkably mild winter. Dec. 8th, tree and shrubbery in bud and grass green as in May. All through the month of January dustmen swept the streets of Boston and New York; on the 10th, in Olympia, Washington territory, twenty-two varieties of flowers were picked in the open air; farmers ploughed in Massachusetts, violets bloomed in New England and peas were two inches above ground on Long Island. In this city buds of the arbutus and pansies in bloom were picked on Jan. 28th. The month was 5° warmer than for forty six years. On Feb. 5th, the pussy-willow blossomed in Connecticut, and in Norwich the same day the buds of the magnolia were an inch long, and Japan quinces were opening their buds. On the 10th a rose bush full of buds was seen at Easton, Pa., a dahlia in full bloom at Scranton, dandelions at Easton and grasshoppers at Bethlehem. On the 20th at Providence the chickweed, snowdrop and violets were in bud or blossom. March 1st brought early radishes to the market at Alton, Ill.

1875-1876—Mild winter. On January 1st the thermometer was 70° above in the city, and on Feb. 8th buds were swelling.

1877-1878 Very mild winter. December 28th, 1878, trees and shrubs budded, and dandelions were in bloom in many places. January 16th, ground unfrozen, bluebirds and robins singing, and grass green as in April. February 28th, crocuses in bloom. December 26th, 1877, ten dandelions picked on Boston Common. On the 27th trailing arbutus in bloom found at Portsmouth, and dandelions in blossom apple and cherry trees, rose and lilac bushes budded at Fitchburg. On the 29th, dandelions and pansies in bloom, 13 full blown pansies were picked at Wilkinsonville, and January 1st, four more. On December 31st, a rose bush in New Bedford was in full bloom. On January 12th a full blown pansy was picked at New Bedford, and at New London, Conn., a man picked a quart of ripe strawberries from his vines.

1879-1880—A mild winter. December 18th, 1879, dandelions in full bloom found at Westerly, R. I. On January 5th, 1880, bluebirds were singing in Stratford and grasshoppers were seen in New Haven 12th, grasshoppers seen, buds swelling, farmers ploughing at Ashaway, R. I; 16th, arbutus in bloom picked in Falmouth, Mass., and bluebirds, robins, larks and woodpeckers seen in Windham, Me., and leaf buds of the honeysuckle grew half an inch; 26th, violets and dandelions in bloom at Newport, and on the 28th grass growing, farmers ploughing in Warren, R. I., and grasshoppers seen in Westport, Mass. February 17th, snowdrops in bloom in Boston Highlands, and on the 26th crocuses in bloom at Salem, Mass.—*Taunton Gazette.*

Kind in Her Cruelty.

The most aggrieved woman in all England at present is Mary Ann Proudly, who lives in a town called Bootle. She was passionately attached to a cat, and this very attachment augmented the wrath and amazement of a neighbor, who observed her with one blow of a hatchet cut off the cat's tail. In court there were many to testify that Miss Proudly had been loving to the cat since cutting off its tail. She said the cat was troubled in its mind and would soon have gone mad but for her prompt action. Every cat, she tearfully informed the learned magistrate, had a worm in its tail, which can go up to its brain and drive it mad. You can tell when the worm begins to travel, because then the cat begins to run around after its tail. Under such circumstances the only thing to do is to cut the tail off above the worm, and she had reluctantly adopted this course. Its efficacy, she thought, was proven by the fact that the cat had ceased to run after its tail.

The magistrate administered a fine of forty shillings and costs, on the ground that cruelty is not excusable because based on superstition. The balance of public opinion in Bootle, which accepts the worm theory, is with Miss Proudly.

Lafayette Frederick shot his wife dead at Quincy, Ill., yesterday, and then committed suicide. He travelled for a St. Louis medicine house. His wife went to Quincy to visit a sister. Five minutes before the crime the couple were laughing and talking with each other. No cause is shown for the murder.

Many prominent citizens of Kingston have joined together to build a club house, and stock to the amount of $15,000 is asked. It will have skating and curling rinks, gymnasium and reading rooms and will be the headquarters for all outdoor and indoor amusement associations.

NICARAGUA'S PUBLIC LAUNDRY.

A Volcanic Lake Where Native Beauties Are Seen Unadorned on Wash Days.

(Nicaraguan Correspondence of Philadelphia Record.)

The horses were again urged forward and upward towards the point where the distant peak of Santa Clar towers above the clouds till at last the crest of an extinct crater was reached. Within this hollow, 100 feet below the surrounding ridge, which forms a circular basin with a diameter of about six hundred yards, as perfect as if laid out by accurate measurement, lies a lake of unknown depth. A little way from the bank sounding leads have been run down 300 feet without touching bottom. We are told that at times the water becomes warm and that sulphurous fumes arise from its surface, and again the volume of the lake will rise five or six feet so suddenly that the women washing along the shore have to swim for their lives, leaving the clothes to float away. Though called extinct, this would indicate that the temper of the volcano is still too uncertain to make its immediate neighborhood a desirable place of residence.

This lake—called Tiscapa—is the public laundry of Nicaragua's capital, and here the *lavendarias* (washwomen) come to cleanse the city's soiled linen. A rugged roadway leads down to the water, where at all hours of every day a novel scene is presented. Standing knee-deep or waist-deep in the water, dressed (or, rather, undressed) accordingly, the native women pound the clothes on flat stones and afterwards dry them on the surrounding bushes. The industrious workers are themselves the most striking pictures, clad in but a single short, sleeveless and extremely "low-necked" garment, and even this slight trammeling they discard in the ardor of business if compelled to seek deeper rinsing places. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* And these creatures seem to be the perfection of innocence, for they remain entirely undisturbed if, perchance, a company of passing muleteers descend the mountain path and proceed to water their beasts and bathe themselves as unconcernedly and unnoticed by the women as though each were alone in the wilderness.

Among these workers, ranging in age from maidens of 12 to matrons of 50, one may see some surprising beauties, whose advent in New York in civilized attire would turn the heads and capture the hearts of all the dudes of that beauty-adorning metropolis. Though the Phœnician blood, which Nicaraguans are so proud to claim, is probably lost in the now more clearly defined Spanish and Indian, in these mild-eyed, sweet-faced and graceful children of Central America have retained in their characters many of the traits that distinguished their earlier ancestors, including simple contentment and a passionate enjoyment of nature and love of home.

Motes in Sunbeams.

Counting the dancing motes in a bar of sunlight sounds like one of those hopeless, never-ending tasks with which malignant fairies delight to break the spirits of little heroines in the German fairy stories. Something more than this, however, has been achieved by modern science, which is now able to count the particles floating in any given portion of the atmosphere, and determine what proportion of these are dangerous germs and what are mere dust. Dr. Frankland's curious experiments have shown us how to count the micro-organisms, and now John Aitken, of Falkirk, by a totally different method, has been able to take stock of the more harmless but hardly less interesting dust motes. Thirty thousand such particles have been detected by him in the thousandth of a cubic inch of the air of a room. In the outside atmosphere in dry weather the same measurement of air yielded 2,117, whereas, after a heavy rainfall, the number was only 321. That this power of prying into atmospheric secrets will eventually yield very important results must be obvious to all. Among the most curious discoveries already made is the direct relation between dust particles and fogs, mist and rain.—*New York Tele-*

He Might Have Known Better.

Two newspaper men met in their official capacity at a swell reception on the South Side the other evening. They had been directed to a private apartment on the second floor of the house, and after a time the hostess tore herself away from her guests in the drawing-room below to give the reporters the information they sought. She took her list of acceptances and allowed them to copy it as a list of those present. Just as the scribes were about to depart a messenger boy came with a note for the hostess. She read it and said to the reporters: "Here is a note from a gentleman who sent me an acceptance; he writes that he deeply regrets his inability to be present, but that he is too ill and tired after a day of hard work. Too bad. I think, gentlemen, you had better cross his name from your lists." One of the scribes asked who he was. "Col. ——," answered the hostess. "Why," blurted out the second reporter, "I just saw him over to Mrs. ——'s reception, on the North Side." He probably did not mean to do it, but he had certainly, in the eyes of the hostess, pushed the Colonel over the edge of the tureen into the pottage.—*Chicago Herald.*

The National Flower.

Foreign Visitor—"What is your national flower?"

Minneapolis Belle—"Wheat."

Thomas B. Merry, of Portland, who was the Oregon commissioner to the Melbourne Exhibition, has arrived from Australia and declares the exhibition a dead failure. Over $7,000,000 was lost in the undertaking, and the building will be closed at the end of this month instead of remaining open to June next, as contemplated. The exhibition was conceived on a vast scale. The old exhibition building was a magnificent structure of brick and stone, covering ten acres. In 1872 the world's exposition was held in it, and proved successful. Last year Melbourne decided to outvie all previous efforts, and put up buildings which covered an additional twenty acres, making in all an exhibition covering thirty acres. The idea was good, the manner in which it was carried out excellent, but the judgment was bad, for the colonies combined had not sufficient population to make such a gigantic undertaking a financial success.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Lord Lytton, British Ambassador, has informed M. Goblet, French Foreign Minister, that Great Britain has not annexed two of the Tongway Islands.

A duel was fought yesterday between Cornudett, member of the Chamber of Deputies for the Department of the Creuse, and Chabrouillaud, an editor. The latter was wounded. The men had quarrelled about the candidacy of Boulanger.

Lord Rosebery, in a speech at Scarborough, said that the British elector liked to chew the cud of politics, and it seemed likely that at the end of his rumination he would be in favor of Home Rule. The speaker confirmed from his own personal knowledge the extracts quoted in Pierrepont's diary from a conversation with Disraeli, in which the latter favored giving Ireland something like an American State Legislature.

Mr. Gladstone, who is in Naples, in reply to a correspondent who had called his attention to the fact that a branch of the Irish National League had been named after him, writes: I have no connection of any sort with the League, nor have I an knowledge whatsoever upon the subject. I suppose my name was chosen, owing to my efforts to free the Irish from oppressive laws such as are absolutely certain to produce objectionable acts on the part of some Irishmen, the fewness of which I only wonder at and feel thankful for.

It is intended to hold at Columbia Tenn., on May 8th, a congress of the Scotch-Irish race to revive memories and to compile a history of the race, showing its impress on American civilization.

The contract for the building of the new Upper Canada College has been let.

Black diphtheria is raging near Kent Bridge, and in nearly every case proves fatal.

The ice palace in Montreal was completed on Saturday, and large crowds are arriving in the city.

Charles Mason, 10 years of age, accidentally fell off a sleigh on King street opposite the market at London on Saturday and before he could recover himself a horse following closely behind stepped on his right leg and broke it near the ankle. A little before another lad had his arm broken by hanging on to bob-sleighs.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. Isaac Smith, retired merchant, and sister of Mr. W. L. Bailey, Deputy Reeve of Yarmouth, was found dead in her bed at St. Thomas on Saturday morning by her husband when he awoke. The deceased was 67 years of age, and had always enjoyed excellent health. She retired without complaining on the previous night. Apoplexy is the supposed cause of death.

It is reported that the Floquet Ministry will try to oust Boulanger from his seat.

Another revolution has taken place in Uganda and a new king has been set on the throne.

A Bill has been introduced in the German Landtag increasing the Crown's donation 3,500,000 marks.

Prince Bismarck is threatened with paralysis, and his physician has ordered him to abstain from work.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, now reported to have been chosen as Lord Salisbury's successor.

Ida Wilcox, the young girl who ran away from her mother at Nice and was arrested in Paris, has not yet returned, as she refuses to travel in the custody of gendarmes.

Ignatz Reuter, the American who is charged with having swindled the Commercial National Bank of New York by means of forged drafts, and who died on the steamer Celtic, was taken into custody upon the arrival of the Celtic at Liverpool.

Deputies Laguerre and Lacroix fought a duel yesterday morning with pistols near Paris. Neither of the combatants were injured. The challenger was Laguerre, who claimed he had been interrupted offensively by Lacroix while speaking in the Chamber of Deputies.

Yesterday, near Grochendael, Belgium, a train from Brussels for Namur struck a pillar of a bridge, causing the bridge to collapse. The train was carried down with it and completely wrecked. Fourteen persons were killed and 50 others injured. The bodies of all the killed have been removed. Fifteen persons, all mortally injured, lie at Hoeylaert, near the scene of the disaster.

Two of Sims Reeves' Anecdotes.

One night after dutifully escorting an aunt of his home on an "outside" car, he tendered the driver the legal fare, viz., sixpence. The Jehu regarded the coin with disgust, then said: "Sure, the drive ye've had's worth more than this now."

"It's your legal fare," said the practical doctor. "But the lady, sir," said Pat, with a sly wink, "wouldn't ye give more on her account now?" "Oh, she's my aunt." "Well," responded the carman with lofty contempt, "if that's all you'll give for your aunt, I pity your uncle."

On another occasion, being late for a dinner engagement, Fraser rushed into the street and hailing a car said to the carman, "Drive fast, I am late for dinner." He was brought to his destination so rapidly that he felt as though, like Mahomet's coffin, he was between earth and air. The inevitable sixpence was tendered.

"Why, sir," said the carman in an aggrieved tone, "the mare would go home tail foremost if she saw this coin. Thank God she's blind." "Well, it's your legal fare, my man." "Yes," muttered the carman, mounting the box seat, "it's the legal fare, bad luck to yur larnin;" then raising his voice as he drove off, "May be it's a good thing for ye that ye're going where you'll get a dinner for nothing."

A true bill has been found by the Grand Jury against Roland G. I. Barnett, charged with fraudulent transactions in connection with the Central Bank.

Two young children of Mr Tremblay, of Quebec, were playing with matches while left alone in the house on Saturday, when one of them was very badly burned and may not recover.

This Year's
MYRLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
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FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

I visit Flesherton twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specially.

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GO TO
BLACKBURN'S
—FOR—
FLOUR, FEED, AND
PROVISIONS.
A large stock always on hand. Dealer in
FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.
BUY YOUR BEEF
—AT—
BLACKBURN'S

—NEW—
FALL GOODS!
—AT THE—
Central Store,
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Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.
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Farms to Rent!
IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED
FARMS FOR SALE.
Apply to
J. W. ARMSTRONG.
Flesherton, Jan. 7th, '89

SALESMEN WANTED for the New England Nurseries, established over 30 years. The old reliable nursery. Men with push, energy, good habits and clean character always succeed. We can give you good pay and steady Work. Write for terms to CHASE BROS. NURSERY CO., ANY, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

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Implement
Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Wagons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
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GO TO THE BEST
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Northern
Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, '88

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

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HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

For Merrie England.

BY M. RICHARDSON.

ERRATA.—In the letter of last week a couple of slight errors occurred. Speaking of Edinboro Castle the item referring to its accommodation should have read: The castle can accommodate 2,000 soldiers and has an armory with space for 30,000 arms."

One of the most interesting sights in Edinburgh is the palace and abbey of Holyrood. This venerable seat of Scottish royalty dates its origin as far back as 1128, but the abbey church, now roofless, is all that remains of the original edifice. Entering the palace under a handsome cupola, we were shown into the picture gallery, a large apartment containing about a hundred portraits of Scottish kings, from Fergus I. to James VII., besides a number of historical paintings. We next went through Lord Darnley's rooms to Queen Mary's apartment, which are the most interesting in the palace. They are preserved in the same state as when she occupied them. Passing through the audience chamber we entered the bedroom. The bed hangings, once rich and costly, are now rotten with age. We were shown some of the Queen's needle work preserved in a cabinet in the same room. Off the bed chamber we entered a little room where the Queen was at supper with Rizzio the night he was murdered by Darnley and his conspirators. He was dragged from this room to the door of the audience chamber and there dispatched with over fifty wounds. We were shown a dark stain in the floor, said to mark the spot with his blood.

In the supper room we saw Bothwell's suit of armor and his sword, all remarkably large and heavy.

The church, or Chapel Royal, is now roofless except the belfry tower, but the walls are in a good state of preservation, especially the west front, which is in the most beautiful style of early English architecture. A row of tombs in the main aisle mark the graves of a number of the Scottish nobility, and in the vault below lie the remains of several kings, queens and other illustrious personages.

Next morning we visited the old Parliament buildings, now used for Supreme Courts. The great hall has a fine roof of carved oak, finished 250 years ago, and its exquisite workmanship reminded me of Longfellow's lines,

In the ancient days of art
Workmen wrought with greatest care
All the unseen hidden part,
For the Gods see everywhere

The site of the Parliament buildings and the adjacent square was formerly the ancient churchyard of St. Giles, and in the centre of the square there is a fine equestrian statute of Charles II., and near to it a stone, on and level with the pavement, with the letters IX, 1572. This is all that marks the grave of the famous preacher and reformer, John Knox. We saw his house on High street, an ancient building, the upper stairway protruding into the street. over the door is an inscription spelt thus:—"*Lofe God above al, and your nichtbour as ye-self.*" This house was the manse provided for the Scottish reformer when elected minister of Edinburg, and from its projecting window he sometimes preached to the throngs in this crowded thoroughfare. We next visited St. Giles' Cathedral. Entering the naive we saw hanging from the roof scores of old banners, the colors of Scottish regiments which had been borne on many a hard fought field in all parts of the world, and beneath our feet many a Scotch hero lies buried, but the monuments around us tell how many more in far off lands had fought and died for home and father land. A brass plate near the chair marks the place where Jenny Geddes sat on her cutty stool the day she began the fight against episcopy. Next to St Giles, if not equal to it in interest, is the old Grey Friar's church where the first signatures to the National Covenant were appended in 1638. We went to it next, crossing the densely populated Cowgate near the Grass Market, by a bridge which forms a fine street connecting the two hillsides between which the Cowgate runs. In the chruchyard we found an inscription on an old monument relating how about a hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, "Noble martyrs for Jesus Christ," were executed at Edinburg at the time of the Restoration and buried here. This same old church was used as a prison in which nearly a thousand covenanters were confined and many of them perished here of want, wounds or disease; others were executed and the remainder banished or sold to the slave plantations of the West Indies.

Kimberley Public School Report for January.

FORM I.

Class IV. Sr.—Ella Carruthers 128, Edith Gilbert 126, Ben Carruthers 122
Class IV. Jr.—Mary Stafford 47, John Hammond 41, Joseph Carruthers 41
Class III. Sr.—Ada Burritt 73, Hattie Dynes 50, May Smith 40.
Class III. Jr.—Rosie Curtis 51, Maud Smith 50, Samuel Thompson 49
Class II. Sr.—Fannie Battrick 45, R. Lawrence 44, Wm. Mundol 43
Average attendance 41

FORM II.

Class II. Jr.—Wesley Dynes 171, Henry McLean 160, Annie Wickens 150.
Class I. Sr.—Ida Thompson 123, Willie McLean 123 Annie Hill 116
Class I. Jr.—Minnie Battrick 100, Clara Hurd 79, Beckie Hammond 71
Class A.—Maud Baker, Mary McKenzie.
Class B.—Rob Fawcett, Jesse Battrick, John Wickens.
Average attendance 31.

GERTIE BURRITT,
Teacher.

Kimberley, Feb. 2, 1889.

The Canadian postal rate will remain as it is for the present.

Severe snowstorms are reported throughout Austria and Switzerland. The storm in Germany continues. Railways are everywhere blocked and accidents are frequent.

A large Assortment
—OF—
Men's Women's and Children's
BOOTS
AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.
—AT—
W. CLAYTON'S
The Remainder of our WINTER'S STOCK will be Disposed of at Astonishingly LOW RATES.

Photos,
Photos,
Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEATH FOR ALL
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT
an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Heard's Carriage Works.
MANUFACTURER OF
Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.
HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attent on given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!
—ON—
VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm—100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $3,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $900 00

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, has opened out new barber shop and has a parlor, in
Moore's Block, Durham St.
is prepared to attend to all his line, and would invite patronage
Hair cutting, shaving, etc. razors, etc all done in the highest style of art.
W. J. NELSON.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 399. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy plush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWERY STORE, FLESHERTON

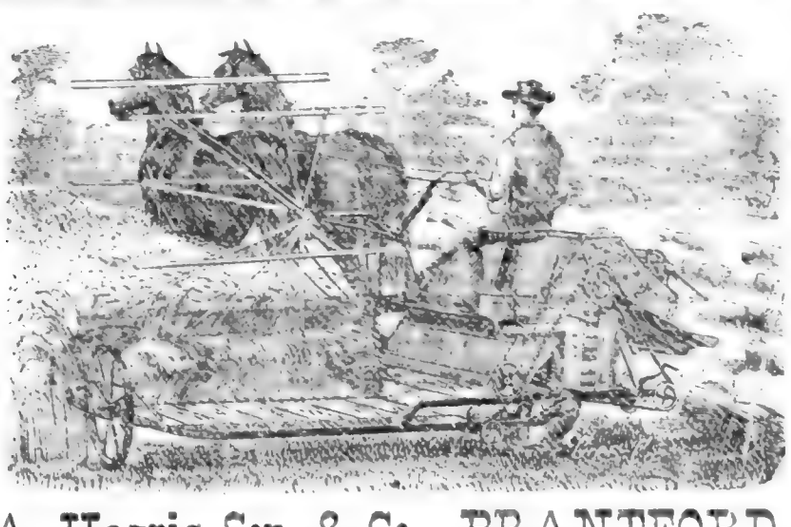

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower,
THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR,
LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

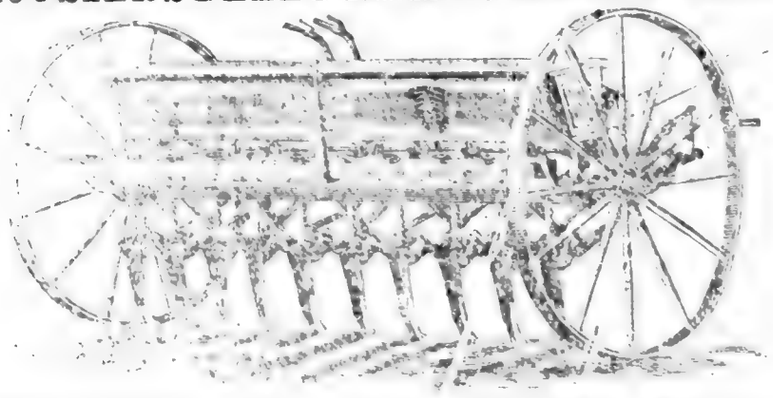

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth without stopping the team.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses no ground when starting in, after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which [illegible] and makes no waste ends and saves [illegible] binding.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

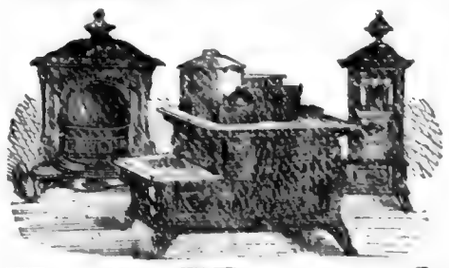

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, all makes; STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Carnival Star for sale at this office. 35 cents.

Green wood wanted in exchange for boots and shoes at Jos. Smith's.

Mrs. Anderson, of Markdale, is at present a guest of her son here.

Hawk Bros. received a carload of oat hulls from Mt. Forest last week to be used in packing eggs this coming season.

Mr. J. T. Keefer departed for New York on Friday last, where he intends to take up his abode.

We are happy to announce that Mrs. Harry Downs of Detroit is recovering from her very severe illness.

Mr. W. Clayton is now getting in his spring stock of boots and shoes. The first consignment arrived on Saturday.

Miss Lizzie and Ella Richardson left on Tuesday for New York. They will make that city their residence for the present.

Mr. W. Irwin visited Toronto this week as delegate to the grand lodge, A.O.U.W. Ed. Richardson handled the rod in his absence.

Sign lettering and carriage painting. A good job guaranteed, charges low, by thoroughly practical painters at Logate's carriage shop.

Messrs. Petch and Metcalf have purchased Blakey & McConnell's slaughter house and have everything fixed for a prosperous season next summer.

The Presbyterian Church choir drove down to Proton Station on Tuesday night last to attend a lecture. They had a good time, of course.

Guy Blakely (late of Blakey and McConnell) has rented a farm of 200 acres near Inglis ge and is going to raise agriculture.

Board by the week, day or meal, apply to Mrs. Jas. Kester, Sydenham St., Flesherton.

Have you got a copy of the Carnival Star? Buy one at this office. Only 35 cents. The grandest thing of the kind ever published in Canada.

The Toronto Weekly News and Advance will be furnished for $1.75. This will include a magnificent picture "Before the Storm," or the "Fathers of Confederation."

Mr. Nelson Hurlburt drove a number of lady delegates from Flesherton to the W.C.T.U. meeting here on Wednesday. Nels. is just as good looking as ever, and graced our sanctum with his presence for a pleasant confab.

Mr. Wm. McKee, who sold his stock and implements last fall, is now in Montana with his brother Samuel, working in a quartz mill. The latter brother was home on a visit during the past summer and persuaded the former to give up farming and go west with him. They are both doing well and like the country.

Dr. Sinclair, M.D., M.A., L.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.M., the great Scottish Specialist, of Toronto, specialist for the treatment of all chronic diseases, private diseases, diseases of the brain, diseases of the heart and lungs, and diseases of women positively treated successfully. Consultation free. Dr. Sinclair will be at Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, on Friday, March 8.

The Arnprior Chronicle says: "Hugging socials are becoming popular all around us, and are said to be a success in swelling the funds for the paying off church debts. The scale of prices are as follows: Girls under 16 years of age, 35c for each hug of two minutes; from 16 to 20, 72c.; school ma'ms, 49c.; widows, according to look and style, 10c. to $3; old maids, 3c. each, or two for a nickel, no limit of time; married ladies whose husbands are not present, free for all. Ministers and editors are not charged."

Mr. W. [illegible] sale at his store.

You can get choice roller flour at Blackburn's for $4.50 per barrel. Cheapest and best in town.

We are sorry to learn that Dr. Armstrong of Minneapolis will leave one of the best practices in Minneapolis and go south owing to the poor health of his wife.

You can get a new Raymond sewing machine for $50.00, and a first class new organ, with 7 years guarantee for $70.00, at J. E. Moore's, Flesherton Furniture Warerooms. He invites you to call and inspect. You can have one left at your house on trial by addressing him.

They Traded Back.

A short time ago a jolly farmer drove into Markdale to have a good time, and after [illegible] a liberal supply of Markdale [illegible] to the village [illegible] a few [illegible] to trade [illegible] in several [illegible] Meeting with a part of [illegible] in that one [illegible] willing to accommodate him he succeeded in exchanging a good horse for a very poor one. Next morning he better half discovering the state [illegible] and realizing [illegible] setting the unfortunate [illegible] stopped [illegible] it [illegible] have [illegible] made [illegible]

[illegible] established the [illegible] [illegible] jewelries, [illegible] [illegible] Wilson and [illegible] [illegible] dollars [illegible] [illegible] Our over the becoming disgusted, [illegible] scene, repaired to the stable where the horse in dispute was [illegible] quickly unloosed the door with an axe and [illegible] a lively race down street, while our heroes, regretting their refusal of the ten dollars, hopelessly looked on. The money offered them and refused was applied to the repairs of the stable doors, and the world moves on.

The Carnival.

One of the most successful carnivals ever held in Flesherton was that of Friday evening last. The maskers were numerous, the spectators many. The ice was in excellent condition, the band excellent and everything conducted to make the affair a success. Among the maskers particularly noticed were [illegible] Miss Lizzie Cole as [illegible], Miss Mollie Vanzant as the pretty little maids, with pink dresses and sun bonnets; Miss Hattie Cole, as Little Bo Peep; Miss May Damude, as winter; Miss Ella Gerdon, a pretty little Highland lassie; Miss Lily Powell, a flower fairy; Miss Teenie Richardson, do.; Mr. Frank Sullivan and Walter Leitch, negro dudes; T. H. Ringer and Bradford Powell, cowboys. A large number of other maskers were also present whose names we did not learn but whose costumes all went to make up a very pleasing spectacle. A large number of Priceville people came over, but arrived just too late to participate in the prize competition, with one or two exceptions. The judges were S. Damude, T. Cole, and W. H. Thurston. Following is a list of the prize winners:

Best lady skater—Hattie Cole 1st, Mary Smith 2nd.

Best negro dude—Frank Sullivan.

Girl skater under 12—Gertie Vanzant.

Fat man—Ed. Chausse.

Cowboy—T. Hollinger.

Backward race—Frank Sullivan.

Best boy skater under 12—Fred Sproule.

Fancy dress—May Damude.

Best costume for lady under 16—Lily Powell.

Best lady and gent skaters—Frank Sullivan and Millie Vandusen.

Boy's race—Victor Kester 1st, John Bradley 2nd.

Young men's race—Joe Gibbons 1st, Malcolm McLean 2nd.

We neglected noticing last week that friend Fawcett has changed his neat looking eight page paper into a four page. His idea, we presume, is to give more matter in the same sized sheet of paper and by this means he is able to do so.

For sale [illegible] Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Died.

On Friday last Mr. Wm. R. Anderson, of this village, passed quietly away. Mr. Anderson was only a resident of this village about one year, during which time he was unable to work. He was a brother of Mr. J. G. Anderson, merchant. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon last, when a large number of friends and neighbors attended to pay their last respects to the dead. [illegible] were interred in Flesherton cemetery, funeral services [illegible] conducted by Revs. Messrs. Watson and [illegible].

[illegible] and Burdock Blood Bitters [illegible] Kidney Cure [illegible] Medical Hall.

[illegible] Mr. Waters [illegible] the subject [illegible] last week.

For [illegible] physicians [illegible] by any other worship in the Province in fact it has few equals. Sold [illegible] and the rule at all times are visitors from [illegible] who [illegible] Dominion Organ [illegible].

Mr. Pe[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Died.

[illegible] R. A[illegible]

[illegible] Ma[illegible]

Have Been Offered

[illegible] another Jewelry business. To do so I must reduce my own stock [illegible] $2,000 to $1,000 or less. Therefore I have [illegible] to make [illegible] tion

BY AUCTION

[illegible]

Feb. 28, March [illegible]

The Sale will be [illegible] my store, Markdale

And all regular lines of Gold and silver Watches, Clocks, Silverware, etc., will be reduced, as "Cash" is needed that will be the terms.

This will be an excellent opportunity to secure

STAPLE GOODS

At Your Own Price

CUT THIS OUT

And make preparations to be here. Sale at 2.30 and 7.30 each day.

W. A. [illegible]

JEWELER, MARKDALE.

Si Jeunesse Savait !

I stand upon my balcony,
  My tea gown softly flutters ;
Perhaps it might be wise to stand
  Inside the oaken shutters.
And yet, though I can see her face,
  I hear no word she utters.

Her white hand rests upon the gate,
  Her smooth cheek flushes brightly
His breath a cloud of little bangs
  Is swaying very slightly ;
And he ? Well, he's the favored one
  For whom her gas burns nightly.

Amusing love of early youth,
  So fresh, so bright, so vernal !
Such faith in all, such love and truth,
  To me it seems supernal.
For I have lived to learn that naught
  On earth is quite eternal.

My dears, some day you'll know with me
  That love flames just in flashes ;
That time has glowing sandalled feet,
  That burns all things to ashes
That faith and truth are lights that shine
  Only beneath youth's lashes.

Yet standing here, just out of sight,
  (Duenna and adviser) ;
I watch you silly two to-night
  As gold the envious miser,
And find myself (oh ! breathe it light,
  In tears that I am wiser

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION :

A NOVEL.

And all this Caleb knew, as well as he knew that the chrysalis must develop according to its own laws, and that folding it in rose leaves or cushioning it on satin will be of no avail if the hour of its butterfly birth has not come. Yet he suffered himself to be at times deceived by hope and desire, and the mirage which looked as if it might be real !

Caleb's father wanted him to take Lady Elizabeth for a wife, but the young man knew that any lady whatever of the Kingshouse would be welcome; and Estelle in her pearly grace and beauty more welcome than another.

"Thou shalt have it all, lad," Miles used to say, as his biggest bribe. "If thou'st shamed of thy own, thou shalt have it all to thyself and my lady yonder. Grapes and peaches, furniture and land, nags and coaches, I'll not keep the value of a brass farthing from thee, more nor I and thy mother'll want for our old age. A clean shirt o' Sundays, lad, and a good glass for a friend, that's all I ask out of the many thousands as we have. Only let me see thee mated with the best in the land, and I'll die content."

But when Caleb said, as he did once, "Give me something of my own now, father; out of so much you could well spare me a few hundreds in my pocket," Miles answered him back by such a turbid stream of abuse and objurgation that he never ventured to repeat the experiment.

"All, if thou'lt give me a lady for my daughter," he said. "All, dost hear, jackass? but by the Lord not so much as 'll buy thee a crust of bread while thou bides here as my son in my house. I'll be my own ganger and captain of my own ship as long as I'm at the head. I'll give way to thee the day thou hast thy wife, but not an hour sooner. So now you know."

Which declaration only increased the poor omad'haun's general perplexity when matched with Mrs. Clanricarde's hints—as broad as cart-wheels, according to Caleb's unspoken simile—and only his own consciousness of unworthiness to keep him steady to his self-imposed negation.

CHAPTER X.

THE CROSSING OF THE RUBICON.

Things financial at Les Saules had gone from bad to worse. Mr. Clanricarde's last investments, made in faith, had fructified in failure. One turn more of that Stock Exchange screw, and the bailiffs would take possession; and then where would Estelle's matrimonial market be? For beauty, although such a splendid jewel in itself, wants a certain amount of material setting to give it stability; a man with intrinsic advantages looks for some kind of equivalent besides that which, great as it is, can be destroyed forever by an infected laundry or a runaway horse. The value of birth, for instance, is a constant quantity, and the multiplication of riches is potentially infinite; but beauty is as a radiant mass, subject to perpetual shrinkage—a floating capital, slowly but surely diminishing. Hence it needs some kind of background—something beside itself—else would all the fair-faced Cicelys of the milking-pail and handsome Jennies of the spinning mill find as many King Cophetuas as there were moneyed men in the district, and no nut-brown maid would go without her lover who was an earl's son and not "a banished man." And a man in possession, with a father squeezed flat under the Stock Exchange screw, is not exactly the best kind of buttress to be imagined, even for such a monument of loveliness as was Estelle Clanricarde.

All these thoughts, in other forms of words, possessed Mrs. Clanricarde night and day. The peril of the moment, the fear of still further decline, the fact that no one else was at hand—all made her resolve to bring about this hideous marriage, whereof, however, the present prominent obstacle was Caleb's own unconquerable shyness. Shyness—not disinclination. Mrs. Clanricarde was too astute not to see the difference. The latter would perhaps have daunted even her. The former was no more to be regarded than a child's fear of the dark, to which it was analogous. Of Estelle herself the mother had no grave doubts. For all her suspicions of that underground rivulet of love still flowing between her and Charlie, she did not mistrust the weight of her own influence when the time for using it should have come. It was Caleb, not Estelle, that had to be conquered, the man to be encouraged not the woman to be coerced, which made the whole position more embarrassing, and the tactics to be pursued more difficult. But time and need pressed, and something must be done.

Accordingly an invitation to dinner was sent to the heir of Redhill.

The long summer evening was favorable to confidential talk, as well as redolent of love. Mrs. Clanricarde left Estelle in the drawing-room, and proposed a little stroll in the garden with Mr. Stagg. Like the pimpernel before a shower, like birds and beasts before a storm, Caleb, sensitive and double sensed, knew that a crisis was at hand. Everything showed it. Mrs. Clanricarde's almost oppressive kindness; her husband's evidently forced attempt to follow suit; Estelle's unconcealed depression—the fear, the scorn, the prayers, the loathing, that passed in changing waves of feeling over her face—whence all pity was banished in the passion of her own pain; yes, they stood on the brink of the great Rubicon, and Caleb knew that it would be passed to-night. And how should he bear himself? What should he do? The girl would be offered to him by her mother, and passionately denied by herself, and he would have to choose between saving her position and sacrificing her person, or respecting her feelings and letting her fortunes be destroyed. He did not think of himself. His sole perplexity was, what was best for her.

The handsome, brisk, and hard-pressed lady shut her eyes to all that stood against her. She would not let herself be troubled. Her future son-in-law, when he forgot himself—and he was so preoccupied that he forgot himself very often—ate with his knife, then helped himself to salt on the tip, picked his teeth with his fingers, bit his bread without breaking it, drank with his unwiped lips and a full mouth, tossed off his custard like wine, and spooned his cherry tart like so much porridge; then remembering his offence, he blushed till his sandy hair looked washed with red, and became so confused and humiliated he did not understand what was said to him, nor could he have answered if he had understood.

"Trifles light as gossamer webs!" thought Mrs. Clanricarde. "But those solid thousands are facts."

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that we have come to know you better," she said, when she had him alone and safe in the garden, bending her vivacious black eyes with as much maternal tenderness as she could command on the miserable creature at her side.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Clanricarde," said Caleb, feeling that he must say something.

"We have the highest possible esteem and affection for you," she continued, still maternal and tender.

"I'm not worth it," stammered Caleb.

She shook his hand with a fine impulsiveness.

"Don't say that!" she cried, and her voice was both flattering and deprecatory. "You are one of the best and dearest young men I have ever known—a man to trust with one's greatest treasures, and to be sure of in every relation of life. I do not know a fault that you have—but one." Here Caleb opened his round eyes and stared. "And that is your modesty," continued Mrs. Clanricarde. "You are a great deal too modest, my dear Mr. Stagg—but let me call you Caleb; such a fine suggestive name it is!—you do not hold yourself in as high esteem as you should. You are fit to marry a princess."

"Oh, Mrs. Clanricarde!" put in poor Caleb, his modesty bleeding at every pore.

"I can read you, you see," she continued, her smile as soft as swan's-down, and her voice as sweet as honey can make even vinegar. "You do not think yourself worthy of a grand lady, do you?"

"No," said Caleb, in a low voice, "I don't, Mrs. Clanricarde."

"And I do," she replied, her vivacious black eyes levelled again full on his face.

"I am not fit to be the husband of a real lady, Mrs. Clanricarde," returned Caleb, with a pause, speaking with desperate steadiness. "I am naught but a miner's son, and I was naught but a miner myself till I was a grown lad of seventeen. And what's bred in the bone will out in the flesh, Mrs. Clanricarde, and not all father's money can make gentlefolks of us, or fit to go shares with the quality."

Intentionally Caleb went back on the old habit of speech, which was more purely provincial than he had taught himself of late to be.

"You are better than a gentleman," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with desperate steadiness on her own part. "You are a good man, my dear Mr. Caleb."

"I'm a fool, that's what I am, Mrs. Clanricarde," said Caleb.

"Why do you say that?" asked Estelle's mother, doing battle for him against himself.

"I ought never to have let myself be persuaded," said Caleb. "Me and mine are not fit for gentlefolks, and I should have known that, and stuck to the old shop and not come out of it."

"You dear, foolish, modest fellow!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde. "Why, we all love you. You are the delight of the place, for every one in it knows what a good honest creature you are. Look at Lady Elizabeth. Any one would say she was in love with you, for the fuss she makes with you—the affection she has for you," she added, correcting herself.

"Lady Elizabeth is an angel and pities me," said Caleb. "She knows me better than any one, and she is sorry for my false position."

"False! Where is the falseness? Young, rich, clever, good—what does it signify that your father made his own fortune, and that you have not a long line of ancestry behind you? How many of our best men are self-made?"

"Not quite so near the ground as we," said Caleb, still maintaining the self-humiliation, which was but another name for desperation.

"They that humble themselves shall be exalted," said Mrs. Clanricarde; "and so shall you be, my dear young friend."

"Mrs. Clanricarde, ma'am, don't!" cried Caleb, feeling like a drowning man, with the waters closing over his head.

"To show you how highly I esteem and, I may say, love you," Mrs. Clanricarde went on to say; "and to show you, too, how clearly I have read your secret heart, I am going to be your interpreter to yourself. You love Estelle, and are too bashful to say so. Is it not so? Have I not read your secret as I say?"

Caleb's face changed to a very piteousness of embarrassment.

Mrs. Clanricarde laid her hand on his arm, and her slight slim fingers pressed like slender rods of iron into his flesh.

"Is it not so?" she repeated.

"I admire your daughter, Mrs. Clanricarde," stammered Caleb, in a strange voice.

"You love her," insisted Estelle's mother. The poor fellow put up his hands before his face.

"Yes; God help me, I do!" he sobbed.

His guard was beaten down. He was at his adversary's mercy.

"Then you shall marry her," said Mrs. Clanricarde, in tones the cold determination of which no affected tremor could hide.

"How can I, Mrs. Clanricarde!" said Caleb, still behind the mask of his freckled hands. "She doesn't value me. She never could love me. How can I wed her against her will, as it would be?"

"She will learn to love you," said Mrs. Clanricarde. "You are too good a man not to be loved. She respects you already. That is one step gained. The rest will follow."

Caleb slowly shook his head. He was just master enough of himself to disbelieve this flattering promise, sweet as it was—responsive to his own desires as it also was.

"My dear young man, you do not know a woman," said Mrs. Clanricarde, a pitying smile borne like the breath of flowers on her words. "We are such creatures of the heart! We are so easily gained by men! Give such a girl as my Estelle, so sweet and gentle as she is, such a husband as yourself, and in a very short time she will learn to prize and adore you. Your goodness, your patience, your cleverness and knowledge, will all fascinate and win her. I know what I am saying."

Still Caleb held his hands before his face, and slowly shook his sandy-colored head from side to side. Mrs. Clanricarde was beginning to feel doubtful whether her Waterloo would be won or not.

Then she said, fervently, "Believe me, my dear, I speak as a woman, *avec connaissance de cause*. Once married to you, Estelle will learn to love you, because you will treat her well and because you love her so fondly. Why, my dear Mr. Caleb, what else makes women love but because the man loves them! They do not give their hearts unsought—unwooed. Your love for my daughter is the guarantee that she will love you."

At this Caleb took down his hands and showed his tear-stained face in yet more pitiable plight than before. But into its disorder had flashed a ray of hope and happiness and exaltation so supreme as almost to beautify its homely outlines. It was the soul of an angel looking through the eyes of an animal.

"Do you really think so, Mrs. Clanricarde?" he said, clasping his hands as in prayer. "If you thought I could make her happy, and get out so much as a sparrow's meal of love from her, I would let her walk over my body if she'd a mind. I would lie down and die at her feet."

"What a drivelling idiot!" thought Mrs. Clanricarde, contemptuously.

Nothing in her nature answered to this fervid enthusiasm. Had Caleb made a business-like bargain with her, offering his money as an equivalent for Estelle's beauty, she would have discussed the terms on the basis of their needs as coolly as she would have bargained for a carriage-horse or a wheelbarrow.

"What a drivelling idiot!" she thought.

"Trust me, my dear, she said aloud. "I pledge you my word as a woman who knows her own sex, and her daughter best of all, Estelle will love you as much as you can desire. It will be your own fault if she does not. And I think we are sure of your part."

"God bless you for these comforting words!" said Caleb, now carried away from his former moorings as completely as a skiff in a tidal wave. "If she will have me she shall never have cause to repent it, so help me God in heaven!"

"Thank you, my son," said Mrs. Clanricarde. With again an outburst of fine impulsiveness she kissed the poor omad'haun on his cheek, and slightly shuddered as she did so. Then hastily rising from the seat where they had placed themselves—that seat under the shade of the spreading cedar where Estelle so often sat and dreamed of Charlie and their unlucky love—she said, with well-acted emotion, "Stay where you are, dear boy, and Estelle shall come to you."

With this she swept away, and Caleb was left to his own reflections.

Was it all true? Would she indeed be now brought to love him as her mother promised? After long years of patient waiting, of loving, serving and faithful apprenticeship, would she some day come to him, and of her own free-will hold out her hand to him, give him her sweet lips to kiss as one who had the right, offer him the treasures of her love, and say to him, "I love you?" Could it be true? How loyally he would shape his life to earn this great reward! She should be his queen, not his wife; and to her alone should belong the crown of sovereignty and the sceptre of dominion.

So he dreamed and thought, wrapt in his love like that sleeping babe in his robe of fire, while Mrs. Clanricarde in the drawing-room undertook the subjugation of her daughter, and drew the cords of her maternal authority to the utmost they would bear.

Her task was harder than she had anticipated. Fortified by her love for the one, which gave increased poignancy of disgust for the other, Estelle rebelled and refused, till her mother's patience—of what was in the beginning more diplomatic hardness than real wrath—gave way, and violent words were spoken which terrified the girl to hear, while they lashed to increased fury by their very echo the mother who had said them. Dark threats of public disgrace and eternal separation; of life-long banishment from home and country, and consignment to those French relations who would know how to treat an undutiful daughter as she deserved, passionate reminders of the curse lying on the head of a discarded child, like a crown of thorns ever pressing into the flesh, like a shadow on the path blotting out all sunshine; a sudden return to the pathos of appeal; the picture of father and mother turned into the streets to starve, reduced to beggary which the sacrifice of her own impossible fancy could avert—all that could most terrify a young girl's imagination and touch a daughter's heart, Mrs. Clanricarde poured forth into Estelle's ears like a boiling flood of mingled blood and tears—a fiery cloud of mingled wrath and sorrow.

For some time it was all in vain. Estelle held the image of her love before her eyes, and clung to the pedestal whereon she stood. Then at last, like something that gives way with a sudden snap, she, as Caleb had done before her, threw down her arms, and yielded herself prisoner to the force she could no longer resist.

"I will do as you wish, mother," she said, abruptly, standing stiff and rigid as if made of marble. "I will go out to Mr. Stagg."

"And God will bless you!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, putting her arms round the slender form that felt as if stricken to stone. "God will bless you as your mother does," she repeated, trying to draw down the averted head so that she might kiss that clay-cold face.

But Estelle tore herself away.

"Don't!" she said, harshly; "I cannot bear that, mother! and leave God's name out of a sacrilege and a sin."

"As you will, my poor dear darling!" said her mother, with a sigh admirably executed, drooping her own head with tender resignation.

So long as she had the main thing secure she cared little for the accessories, and whether Estelle counted her self-sacrifice as virtue or as sin made no change in her mother's mind.

Then Estelle, her face as pale as the face of a corpse, and the feeling of living death in her soul, went slowly over the lawn to the seat under that now desecrated cedar where Caleb Stagg sat dreaming of the time when he should call her his wife and make her his queen.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

"My mother tells me you want to speak to me, Mr. Stagg," said Estelle, as she came up to where Caleb sat.

Like a sleeper suddenly awakened from a dream of treasure to the knowledge of loss, her dead white face and stiffened figure, the coldness of her voice, and the way in which she stood—her head turned away and her eyes looking into space—all brought Caleb back from hope to fact, from dream to reality, and made him conscious of his true position. He saw it all—as he had seen it before he had suffered himself to be flattered into folly by Mrs. Clanricarde's false words.

As she stood there, so sad and cold and lovely and reluctant—her natural shyness hardened to disdain, and dread of what was to come turning her ordinary fear to wound into the very cruelty of self-defence—a new spirit suddenly seemed to possess Caleb. His painful nervousness passed, his bashful awkwardness disappeared. In his very love for her—his profound pity and perplexity—he forgot himself, and the consciousness of his personal short-comings ceased to trouble him.

"Nay, never look like that, Miss Clanricarde. You must decide the matter for yourself," he said, gently. "I doubt you know what it all means."

Estelle was silent.

"Mrs. Clanricarde has told me that you are willing to marry me," he continued, his eyes fixed with grave tenderness on the girl's pallid face.

Estelle shivered through all her body, and her red, full lips drew themselves into a close line, like one who prevents a cry of pain.

"I understand it all," then said Caleb, still watching her. "Your affairs are in but a poor way, from all I hear, and not likely to get better. Father, he has more money than he can count or knows what to do with, and, as his only child, I shall have it all when he and mother go. I should have most of it now if I were to marry, and Mrs. Clanricarde thinks it would be a good thing for the family to get you well settled for gear. And I'm the only big purse holder hereaway. So she wants me for you, and you are not willing. That's just the long and short of it all."

He spoke in a quiet, firm, level tone, very unlike his usual interrupted manner, which left on his hearer the impression of physical writhing.

"How can I be willing when I do not love you?" said Estelle, hastily. "What girl wants to marry a man she does not love?"

"And you do not love me, Miss Clanricarde—and never could?" asked Caleb. "It is idle to ask if you love me now," he added, with the profoundest sadness in his voice. "God help me! how could you? But do you think that after years and years of kindness from me—of worship and devotion, and treating you as a queen, and never asking you for naught, you would not give of your own free-will—do you think that years after now you could come to have some kind of patience with me—some little kindness for me?"

Even Estelle was touched by the humility and unselfishness of her ungainly lover. Great as was her peril—and Charlie's—she could not be so inhuman as not to recognize the intrinsic goodness of her assigned executioner, who handled the knife so delicately, and was so gentle and tender.

"I should respect you, Mr. Stagg, and I respect you know," she answered, in a low voice, "but I could never love you—never! never! never!" she repeated, with sudden passion. "How could I?" she added, her eyebrows arched, and her under lip, which "a bee had newly stung," just a line thrust forward.

"Nay, indeed, how could you, Miss Clanricarde?" sighed Caleb. "I'm not of the kind for a dainty lady like you to love. I know it only too well, Miss Clanricarde; and small blame to you, I say."

"It is not that," said soft-hearted Estelle, shamed to compassion of a kind by this complete self-surrender. "Many girls would love you, Mr. Stagg, so kind and good as you are; many would, I am sure of that."

"But not you, Miss Clanricarde?"

"How can I?" she replied, with the desperate calmness of a gambler throwing his last chance. "I love Mr. Osborne, and only him, and I could never care for any other man in the world. How could I say that I should ever love you?—or any one, indeed?" she added.

"Ay! is it so?" said Caleb, with a little start. "I had heard there was a something between you and Mr. Osborne, but I didn't know it had gone that length."

"We have been engaged since we were boy and girl," said Estelle, "and I will never desert him. I will wait for him all my life. If I cannot marry him I will never marry any one else, and if I were dragged into the church I would say 'No' before the altar."

"And your mother, Mrs. Clanricarde, knows this?" he asked.

"Yes," said Estelle.

"Then how could she offer me to marry you, and say that you would consent?" asked Caleb again, with the honest clown's amaze at refined double-dealing.

"She spoke as she wished," said Mrs. Clanricarde's daughter, with the finest edge of scorn in her flexible voice. "My father has lost a quantity of money lately—all our fortune, indeed. Charlie is poor, and you are rich, and that is the whole story. You know that yourself. The thing is plain and simple enough."

"Yes, that is just as I put it," said Caleb, as quietly as if he were speaking of the most indifferent matter possible, and not of a thing which went with his very life and touched the innermost recesses of his being. But he was anxious to spare her both pain and embarrassment. "And that brings us round to our starting-point, Miss Clanricarde," he went on to say, after a moment's pause. "What is to be done for you, if you will not take me for my money's sake? You are just where you were."

"They must go into a smaller house, and I must go out as a governess or something till Charlie can afford to marry," said Estelle, bravely. "There are worse things in the world than either work or poverty," she added.

"Ay, that are there," said Caleb, a little dreamily. "An unloved man is worse."

"Yes, a great deal," she replied, quite simply—to repent of her candor when she saw those poor round fishy eyes grow red with sudden tears.

"If I could help you in your strait I would, Miss Clanricarde," then said Caleb, turning away from the thoughts of his own sorrow to lose himself in her difficulties. "But I have no means of my own. Father, he's a tight-hander, and does not make me so much as an allowance. He gives me all I want, and pays all I buy without a word, that I will say for him; but he never lets me have more than a couple of pounds in my pocket, and won't, he says, till I bring home a wife. And then all will be mine, and he'll keep back only what'll do for him and mother. So that, you see, Miss Clanricarde, I can do nothing out of myself. I'm like the Irish boggle," he added, simply, and yet with a little dash of bitterness in his voice, "that leprechaun who went with the estate."

(To be Continued).

A Toast to the Queen.

The following is a verbatim report of a speech in giving a toast of "The Queen" at a recent agricultural show dinner in Scotland. The Chairman said:

"Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm aboot to bring forward 'The Queen.' (Applause) Oor Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman, if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort, nae whigmaleeries or laiderals aboot her, but a douce daecent body. She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brocht up her grand family o' weelfaur'd lads and lassies—her auldest son being a credit to ony mither—and the're a' weel married. Ae daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, ye'll maybe no believe it, but I ance saw the Queen. (Sensation.) I did It was when I took my auld brown coo the Perth show. I remember her weel - such a color, such hair! (Interruption and cries of "Is it the coo or the Queen ye are proposing?") The Queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talking aboot the coo. However, as tae the Queen, somebody pointed her oot tae me at Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidy like, and says I tae myself: Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa' ye needna remain a widow anither hour langer.' (Cheers.) Noo, gentlemen, the whusky's guid, the nicht is lang, the weather is wet and the roads is saft and will harm naebody that comes to grief. So aff wi ye's; drink tae the bottom. 'The Queen!'" (Cheers)—*Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.*

A Monkey With a Peculiar Tale.

A murder was recently committed near Lucknow. It was detected, it is said, by a monkey. It appears that a juggler, with his wife, a goat and two monkeys, were attacked by two Moplahs, who killed all except the male monkey, which escaped, and buried the bodies in the jungle. The male monkey took its station upon a big tree, watched everything, and when a constable passed by the animal made after him, laid hold of the man's leg and dragged him to the place where the bodies were buried. The bodies were exhumed, after which the monkey showed the way to a hut which the murderers had entered. Not finding them the animal took the constable in another direction, and suddenly ran at full speed and seized a Moplah, who was going to bathe near a tank, by the neck, and waited till the constable arrived. This led to the detection of the murderers. —*London Court Journal.*

Husband vs. Baby.

Wife (evening)—"My dear, don't think of going out to-night. Remember what a cold you have and how deadly the night air is. Stay here close to the fire, and I will send the girl for that medicine for you. You must not go yourself. There, that's right. Now just toast yourself and drink this hot ginger tea. As soon as the water is ready I'll bring it in so you can soak your feet. Then wrap yourself in my fur circular while going to your room. The least draught may be your death."

Same Wife (time midnight, to husband in a copious perspiration)—"Husband! Husband! Jump up quick and run for the doctor. Baby has coughed twice."

Matrimony in Chicago.

A good many Chicago people are getting married nowadays. Among the happy couples who procured licenses last Wednesday may be mentioned Michael Wawzyniak and Anna Cichanska, Ignatius Clybowski and Annie Wyschenewska, and Jane Strzyzynska and Antonia Oksinska. All these names are regular tooth-pullers, but marriage will wipe out half of them. Marriage is not a failure.—*Chicago News.*

A Plausible Theory.

Mrs. De Sweet—"I can't understand why so many cultured men are willing to leave all the happiness of home, all the blessings of civilization, and spend a lifetime in explorations in such countries as Africa."

Colonel Warmheart (gallantly)—"All men, madam, are not blessed with such wives as Mr. De Sweet."

"My wife is a perfect pattern of order and tidiness!" a gentleman once remarked to a group of his friends. "If I were to get up at midnight I should find in the dark every article of my linen." After this effort he felt for his pocket handkerchief and drew forth instead—a baby's shirt.

Consignments of green corn were received in San Francisco last week.

A letter from Manchester, England bearing the simple address: "P. T. Barnum America," was recently delivered to the veteran showman at his home in Bridgeport, Conn., without an hour's delay beyond the time which it would have taken to reach him if fully directed. Another example of the value of advertising

The Little Ones.

The little ones are pests, we sigh
And lots of trouble make us;
Ere golden morning opes her eye
They from our slumbers wake us.

Nay, oft ere half the night is o'er,
They start us from our dreaming,
And we must rise and walk the floor
Until they cease their screaming.

Perhaps our rashness we deplore
Indulge in wishing, maybe,
We had remained a bachelor
While singing "Sleep, my baby."

We wonder why we took a wife,
While wrath within us nursed is,
And think of all the ills of life
A squaling babe the worst is.

But when grim death is hovering nigh
(Far distant may that day be!)
"Take all we own, O, Lord!" we cry,
"But spare to us the baby."

A Funny World.

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it, and be hard up all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To catch up, without attaining,
Till he makes his life a burden when it should be bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand yearly
Would be just the figure to make happiness complete.
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles,
For his outgo then increasing makes his both ends worse to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
Flush to-day and broke to-morrow,
Financeering every way to postpone the day of doom;
Spending money ere he makes it,
And then wondering what takes it,
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does before he should.
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal good.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

What it Costs to Raise an Ordinary Boy to Man's Estate.

"My father never did anything for me," recently remarked a young man who a few weeks ago finished his school life and is now seeking a good business opening. Judging by the words and the complaining tone in which they were uttered, the member of the firm who heard them is prone to the belief that the young man's idea of "doing something" is an outright gift of $1,000 in a lump, or the purchase of a partnership in an established concern. The young man, to the knowledge of the writer, has never done one month's actual work for others in his entire life. His life has been passed in the pleasant pastimes of the home circle, in reading, hunting, fishing, ball-playing, yachting and other employments not particularly beneficial to others. He is a type of that class of boys whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to keep servants to attend to the household drudgery, and whose fathers follow vocations in which no use can be made of the boy's spare time. Like most boys of his class, he looks upon his board and clothes for twenty years, together with his pony, jewellery, bicycle, etc., as matters of course. The writer, while the complaining remark was still ringing in his ear, had the curiosity to make a conservative compilation of what it costs to raise an ordinary boy for the first twenty years of his life, and here it is: $100 per year for the first five years, $500; $150 per year for the second five years, $750; $200 per year for the third five years, $1,000; $300 per year for the next three years $900; $500 per year for the next two years, $1,000. Total, $4,150. This is a moderate estimate of the financial balance against the boy who complains that his father has never done anything for him.—*Exchange.*

Indicted for Selling His Soul.

The following curious indictment for making an impious bargain with an evil spirit is copied from the new volume of "Middlesex County Records," edited by John Cordy Jeafferson:

"20 April, 19 Charles I.—True Bill that at St. Giles Without Tripplegate, co. Midd., on the said day, Thomas Browne, late of said parish, yeoman, by a certain writing, dated on the said day of the said year, wickedly, diabolically, and feloniously made an agreement with an evil and impious spirit, that he, the said Thomas Browne, would within ten days after the death of him, Thomas Browne, give his soul to the said evil and impious spirit, to the intention (ad intencionem—in consideration) that the said evil and impious spirit yearly, at the Feasts of Pentecost and the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, should pay, or cause to be paid to the same Thomas Browne the sum of £1,000 of current English money on each of the said feasts for and during the term of the natural life of the said Thomas Browne and to the intention (ad intencionem—in consideration) that the said evil and impious spirit should defend the same Thomas from all perils of body and goods for and during the full term of 41 years, and that the same Thomas should have and marry a woman who should be pleasing to the same Thomas, and that the same Thomas should have and enjoy all health, riches and worldly pleasures for and during the natural life of the same Thomas. And for the performance thereof the same Thomas then and there, impiously and blasphemously as an impious apostate, promised and vowed to renounce the Lord and Saviour Christ, against the Catholic Christian faith, and to the grave scandal of the Christian religion and of all pious Christians, and to the great displeasure of God Almighty, and to the evil and pernicious example of all others in a case of this kind failing in duty (omnium aliorum hujusmodi casu delinquent em) and against the peace of the said Lord, now King, his crown and dignity, and also against the form of the statute for a case of this kind published and provided. Putting himself 'not guilty' on the contrary. Thomas Browne was found 'not guilty' by a jury who did not retract.—G. D. R., 19 Charles I."

"G. D. R." means the Gaol Delivery Roll.—*Notes and Queries.*

John W. Young, the eldest son of the late head of the Mormon Church, is a wealthy and energetic business man, who has made a fortune in railroads, banks and cattle ranching. He is 43 years old and in the full vigor of manhood.

REMARKABLE SLEEP.

A Woman in a Trance for Over Thirty-Five Days.

NO SOLID FOOD FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Mrs. Althouse, of Attica, N. Y., has awakened from her trance, which lasted a few hours over 35 days. She is excessively weak.

For a year and a half she has partaken of no solid food, and has remained in a series of trances throughout that period. The other day, a futile effort was made to arouse the sleeper. Dr. Retel sent a strong current from a galvanic battery through her frame, threw cold water on her face, and resorted to every means of which he could think to awaken her. The only result was that a slight glow was noticed on the body, and the cold, clammy feeling disappeared. Her head turned almost imperceptibly but there was no awakening. The electric current was turned on until it was strong enough to raise the dead, but that was all the good it did.

To a reporter the other day her sister said: "Emma's first sleep was in August, 1887, and she hasn't been off that bed since, nor has she taken any solid food."

"Just before that she was attacked with dysentery, and this was followed by inflammation of the stomach. When these were relieved she fell asleep, generally sleeping for three days and then awakening for a day and a night. Then she would gradually re-enter the trance state and remain in it for another three days.

"During her conscious moments she partook of nourishment in the shape of milk, which was fed to her by the spoonful, and the quantity given in that way seldom exceeded half a gill."

The trance periods increased in duration and lasted seven and ten days frequently. Her sisters judge that she knows what is going on while in them, and cite instances to prove that this knowledge is not limited to local events by any means.

A local Spiritualist believes that she is a misdirected medium, and that her spirit travels all over the country during the trances. He bases his opinion on what the sisters say.

Her grandfather died last summer while she was in a trance. When she awakened Dr. Huber, who was then attending her, inquired:

"What did you see or hear while you were asleep?"

Her lips moved, but no audible sound could be heard. She seemed too weak to talk.

"How is grandpa?" she finally whispered.

"He is worse," said the doctor.

"No; he is dead," she whispered; "I knew he is dead." She looked surprised as she said this. Miss Toms says that the death was never mentioned or alluded to in the sick room. Similar instances are vouched for by the family.

"What was her longest sleep?" I asked.

"It began on March 11th, 1888," was the reply, "and lasted thirty-five days, just as this one has now. She was awake for eight days before this sleep, and partook of more nourishment during that time than she had in the whole preceding time of her illness."

When she awakened that time it was only after persistent efforts on the part of the doctor, and when she opened her eyes she whispered to the doctor: "For heaven's sake don't let me go to sleep again or I shall never wake up." She then could not see with her eyes open nor could she distinguish anything, but these senses soon returned to her.

When coming out of a trance the symptoms exhibited are bleeding at the nose, high temperature, strong pulse and mutterings. She stays awake for a while and then takes a short nap, from which she easily awakens, feeling much refreshed.

On occasions, the family say, Mrs. Althouse has predicted the duration of her trances. She has usually slept for the periods indicated.

Moody and Sankey's Angels.

"An incident which I can never forget happened when we were singing in London," said Mr. W. B. Thomas, the first basso of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, last Saturday. "It was at the time Mr. Moody was preaching there, and he asked us to come and sing for him. According to instruction we were to enter at the rear door of the tabernacle, climb the back stairs and occupy a rear gallery, where we would not be seen by the congregation. There was an immense audience, over 7,000 persons being present. Mr. Moody preached his sermon, and at the close said to the people: "We will now bow our heads a few moments in silent prayer."

"That was our time. We softly sang, 'Steal Away to Jesus,' and everybody except Mr. Moody was astonished. They looked at the choir, but the choir was as much surprised as themselves. They could see no one on the platform but Mr. and Mrs. Sankey, and they were not singing. No words can describe the effect it had on them, many actually believing it was the singing of angels. We had sung in France, Germany, Austria and in Scotland, and before seven of the crowned heads of Europe, but had never created such a sensation as we did then, and," concluded Mr. Thomas, good humoredly, "we have never been taken for angels since."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Christian Scientist's Advice.

Miss Whitlock, a Christian scientist of Fredericton, N. B., attended a lady who had a sore on her leg and persuaded her not to send for a doctor, as the matter was not serious. The case grew worse, and finally medical help was called in. The disease was found to be cancer. The lady has had her leg amputated, but it is feared the remedy was applied too late to save her life.

Pride of Station.

Prima Donna (proudly)—If that is the Prince of Wales at the door, tell him that the queen of the operatic stage has no desire to associate with mere princes.

Maid—It is not the Prince, madam; it is a soap manufacturer.

"Oh! Admit him."—*New York Weekly.*

Lifts will shoot up and down the 1,000 foot Eiffel tower in Paris, and 750 persons an hour may thus be conveyed to the edge of cloudland.

WAS ST. PAUL MARRIED?

Female Debaters Wrestle with the Unique Topic in Victoria, B.C.—Remarkable Sequel to the Inquiry.

(Victoria Correspondence Vancouver Courier.)

Towards the close of last week Victoria—or at least that portion of Victoria that goes to church—has enjoyed the delightful sensation of a full-fledged church scandal, smothered, or very nearly so, by the local papers, "out of consideration," etc. On Tuesday evening the energetic ladies of the Pandora Street Methodist Church filled the school-room to overflowing by announcing a debate, with three well-known ladies of the church on either side, upon the question, "Was St. Paul a Married Man?" The subject was unique and the audience expected the argument to be ditto and were in no way disappointed. Cold Biblical facts, pro and con., were interspersed with humorous anecdotes and witticisms, useful in the debate, but considered by some to be decidedly irreverent and casting a slur upon the sanctity surrounding the character of the greatest apostle of the Christian Church. The debate was reported *in extenso* by the city papers, and proved abundant food for conversation for the remainder of the week. Sunday following the discussion of St. Paul's domestic relations was the occasion of the anniversary of the Sunday school, and Rev. P. McF. Macleod, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, had promised to occupy the pulpit. The debate, however, had met with his strongest disapproval, and two days before he was to have preached he despatched the Rev. Mr. Starr, the shepherd of the Methodist flock, an "awful letter," censuring pastor and people for allowing the discussion, and making, he averred, the church the scene of a debate, some of the arguments adduced in which would have disgraced a brothel. The letter was a lengthy one and was couched in language—to borrow a chestnutty expression—that "gave forth no uncertain sound." It must have caused the ears of the reverend recipient to tingle a little, no matter how secure he felt in the right of the position he and his church had taken. The document was shown to but few. One who saw it was, however, the husband of one of the fair debaters, or debatees whichever it is; and his choler rose instanter. He demanded an immediate explanation of Rev. Mr. Macleod, and it is stated that his wife received in reply a letter from the pastor of St. Andrew's informing her that the only one which the letter to Mr. Starr had intended to censure was that gentleman's wife. The Presbyterian clergyman's opinion of herself, of course, reached Mrs. Starr's ears, and, not strange to say, she failed to appreciate it. She is of the opinion, and so are some others, that the trouble and strong words used are the outcome of personal jealousy, which Mrs. Macleod is said to entertain for Mrs. Starr's popularity. Mr. Macleod and Mr. Starr are willing to let the matter drop in order to avoid a scandal, but both are firm in supporting the positions they have taken. The clergy of the Episcopal Church supported Rev. Mr. Macleod from their pulpits on Sunday, which some people, of course, disapproved, and the whole matter is gradually cooling, although the two churches henceforth "will never speak as they pass by."

The Verdict of the World.

The man who conducts his business on the theory that it doesn't pay, and he can't afford, to advertise, sets up his judgment in opposition to that of all the best business men in the world. With a few years' experience in conducting a small business on a few thousand dollars of capital, he assumes to know more than thousands of men whose hourly transactions aggregate more than his do in a year, and who have made their millions by pursuing a course that he says doesn't pay. If advertising doesn't pay, why is it that the most successful merchants in every town, large and small, are the heaviest advertisers? If advertising doesn't pay, who does the most business? If it doesn't pay to advertise, why do the heaviest business firms in the world spend millions of dollars in that way? Is it because they want to donate those millions of dollars to the newspaper and magazine publishers, or because they don't know as much about business as the six-for-a-dollar "storekeeper" in a country town, who says money spent in advertising is thrown away, or donated to the man to whom it is paid? Such talk is simply ridiculous, and it requires more than the average patience to discuss the proposition of whether advertising pays or not with that kind of a man. His complacent self-conceit in assuming that he knows more than the entire business world is laughable, and reminds us of the man who proved that the world doesn't revolve by placing a pumpkin on a stump and watching it all night.—*Burlington Republican.*

THE SHORTEST GRAMMAR EVER WRITTEN.

Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an and the.
A noun's the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
His head, her face, your arm, my hand.
Verbs tell something to be done—
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
Conjunctions join the words together—
As men and women, wind or weather.
The preposition stands before
The noun, as in, or through, the door.
The interjection shows surprise,
As Oh! how pretty, Ah! how wise.
The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

—Marriage is usually a failure when a man thinks he is marrying an angel and the woman a man like to a novelist's hero.

—Rider Haggard has become a vegetarian upon the idea that he can work longer and better without meat.

Oh, merchant, in thine hour of e e e,
If on this paper you should c c c,
And look for something to a p p p p
Your yearning for greenback v v v,
Take our advice and now be y y y,
Go straight ahead and advert i i i,
You'll find the project of some u u u;
Neglect can offer no ex q q q.
Be wise at once, prolong your d a a a,
A silent business soon de k k k.

A writ has been served on Mr. Herchmer, Commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, charging him with importing into the Northwest Territories and having in his barracks, near Regina, a thousand gallons of beer without permission of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Four London gentlemen met with a runaway accident yesterday, one of them, Mr. Soreaton, being very seriously injured.

GREW WEALTHY WITHOUT EFFORT.

The Remarkable Luck of Mr. Valancey Fuller's Late Partner.

When the late Lieut.-Gov. McDonald reached Escanaba he was still a laborer, although he had the confidence of railroad contractors, and they made him superintendent of some railway construction. Little by little he had accumulated means—perhaps $1,000—and time came for an investment. He paid $750 for a tract of land near Escanaba. There were no expectations built on the purchase further than that it was a safe place in which to keep his money. But gradually the mining investigations spread, and one day an expert came to him with an offer of $100,000 for the $750 tract of land. One of the best mineral veins of the Upper Peninsula had been discovered running across the land. McDonald finally declined the offer. Then $200,000 was offered. Still he shook his head. Then $300,000; still "no;" $400,000. "I think I'll run that myself," said he. He declined $500,000 for his land. He was a rich man. It had dropped into his hands.—*Detroit Special to Chicago Herald.*

Sir John Lawes on Fertility, Wheat, etc.

A newspaper reporter has been interviewing this noted agriculturist, and we find one of the most important experiments made at Rothamstead has been growing wheat continuously on one section for forty-five years—in one case without manure. The average of the first recorded eighteen years gave 14½ bushels per acre, and last year the same quantity was produced, showing that in the soil there is a large reserve amount of fertility. "Of course," continued Sir John, "you will know that this is a low average, for in the same field with some forms of manure we have had nearly thirty-five bushels per acre. Still, this low average is greater than that of America or India, and equal to that of all the world. So that our English soil can produce wheat as well as any other, even if unmanured."

"Then our allowing wheat to be grown by others for us is not because the soil is exhausted?"

"Not at all. It is merely a question of price. Wheat can be grown as well as ever, but not profitably under present rates."

"In case of war would it be possible to grow all the corn we need?"

"Yes, if the first year could be got over. All would depend upon that. Given the supply of seed, and we could grow all the corn needed in this country. But the feeding for that first year would determine the whole matter, and I do not see how it could be done, unless we can defend our commerce."

"Here," he continued, "I wish to show you a most important experiment. Five years ago we left the upper end of this wheat field uncropped, allowing the corn to fall when ripe. In three years there was scarcely a single ear of corn left; those which I could find were short in the stalk, and with perhaps a single grain. Now there is not one. This shows that food products are almost entirely artificial, and that in a few years the land would be a perfect wilderness if uncultivated. But I myself was surprised at the rapidity with which the wheat disappeared."

"How do you explain this?"

"The weeds were stronger and killed out the artificial grain. Weeds are hardy, and it is really 'the survival of the fittest,' or the hardiest. The same thing I can show you in the turnip field, where the unmanured plot is almost barren, the plants having scarcely in any case formed a bulb. It is the starch we want as food. Cultivation and fertilization give that starch."

"How have you found the crops this year, Sir John?"

"Grass and roots very heavy indeed, but grain bad. Not so serious as 1879, but still below the average. Here, for instance," picking up a bundle of wheat, "I always test by holding the straw midway. If the ears weigh it down I know all is right. If not, as in the case now, it is poor. I do not know yet how much the yield will go below the average, but it is seriously so."

"Then I suppose all-round farmers will not suffer greatly—that is, taking one crop with the other?"

"Stock farmers will be better off, for beef is rising, and they have abundance of food, but wheat farmers must suffer."

"I believe you have written against the system of silage. Is that so?"

"Yes. I do not believe in making silage for its own sake. In a bad year like the present, when hay could scarcely be made, the system may be employed, but not when the crops can be gathered in a good condition. The process destroys the finest qualities of the food and cannot make poor stuff into good food."

Not Beyond Hope.

"My friend," said the solemn-looking man who was distributing slips of paper on the street corner, "do you ever go to church?"

"Every Sunday," replied the young man addressed. "I am an usher."

"There is hope even for you, my young friend," said the solemn-looking man, with deep feeling, as he handed him a tract.

All Credit to the Doctors.

Dr. Spouter (who is rather inclined to talk shop)—"Did you know that mankind was subject to two thousand different diseases, Miss Debut?"

Miss Debut "Indeed! And to think that there were only three or four when the doctors first began!"

Very Guarded in His Remarks.

"Our dear sister," said the Nebraska pastor, "has gone to a better land—that is, if there be any better land than can be found here in the Missouri bottoms."—*Terre Haute Express.*

A Stormy Prospect for 1889.

"No, I can't marry you, Mr. Trotters but I'll be a sister to you."

"Well, I dare say there's room down home, but I don't know how you'll get along with my other sisters."

The girl blacksmith, Miss Anna Bole, who recently exhibited a dozen horseshoes in the Mechanics' Institute in San Francisco, is described as being "about five feet three inches high and rather fragile than strong." She is 15 years old.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It is said that the case of the cartridges for the Lebel rifle, about which the French Government maintain such a mystery, is solid drawn copper, and the bullet of type metal with a thin coating of steel.

By the improper use of the single word "thereof" in the will of Mrs. Anne McCullough, who died in Pittsburg recently, the sum of $130,000 will be diverted from the object for which she intended it.

The gold and silver plate which belongs to the Duke of Cumberland weighs some twelve tons, and the jewels are valued at £400,000. The duke's hereditary casket includes the famous pearls of Queen Charlotte (worth £150,000), which caused nearly twenty years' litigation between the Queen and the King of Hanover.

According to the Leeds *Mercury* there are in England and Wales 250 religious denominations, with 47,000 places of worship. There are 38,000 ministers and the church and chapel officials number about 170,000. Communicants number about 3,000,000. The annual cost of all this is about £16,000,000 ($80,000,000).

Texas has an area of 274,356 square miles; California an area of 156,591 miles. There are only four States with more than 100,000 square miles. When we come to the United States Territories, Alaska shoots far ahead with its area of 577,390 square miles, or nearly four times that of any other territory in the Republic.

The New York *Mail and Express* says: "Cotillon figures are becoming more and more eccentric and peculiar. Supposed-to-be modest and respectable women lifting up their gowns and jumping through paper hoops held by men is a most edifying spectacle in fashionable houses!" How would ballet-skirts serve as an improvement?

London is to have "luncheon cars." Each car is to carry about with it a cook, together with a cooking apparatus and a good supply of the necessary raw material; and to prevent the charge of obstruction or anything of the kind, the public will be invited to enter the vehicles and to take their cheap luncheon en route so to speak.

A brother of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, British Minister to Persia, is said to be working as a porter in a grocery store at Jacksonville, Fla. Although an Oxford man, he has at various times filled the post of dry goods clerk, bill collector and bar-tender. His mother was a daughter of the second Earl of Oxford. Perhaps he sleeps just as sound as his greater brother.

Water impregnated with nitrates and nitrites furnished by adjacent graves is often peculiarly tempting from its brilliant appearance and mineral quality. The London *Lancet* says: "The surest carrier and most deadly fruitful nidus of zymotic contagion is the brilliant, enticing looking water charged with the nitrates which result from decomposition of animal matter."

Dr. George Dutton, Dean of the Vermont Medical College, recently addressed a gathering of workingmen in Boston, and spoke thus of Malthus: "The doctrine that the tendency to increase of population outruns the means of subsistence is false, and the doctrine of Malthus that overproduction is the cause of industrial depression is without foundation, since all the people on the globe could be allotted each one-eighth of an acre of land in the State of Texas alone.

The expulsion of French cooks from his household by the present Emperor of Germany recalls the fact that his Imperial grandfather long employed M. Urbain Dubois as *chef*. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out M. Dubois resigned his post, but Emperor William would not permit him to depart. When the fortunes of war had placed the *chef's* native village in the Emperor's power the latter issued an order that the people of that vicinity should not be compelled to pay an indemnity.

A correspondent of the *North British Agriculturist* states that dandelions in pasture form valuable food for cattle, and especially for dairy cows. Some years ago he had two fields, one with few and the other with a great many dandelions. It was found when the cows were put on the field with many of these plants their yield of milk was improved both in quality and quantity. Since then he had planted dandelions in fields laid down to grass in order to improve the pasture, and the effect has been beneficial.

Heroism of a Servant Girl.

An annual "mother's dinner" was held at Dorking last night. An interesting incident was the presentation by Mrs. Cubitt, wife of Mr. Cubitt, M.P., to Minnie Matilda Mirrell, aged 15, of an illuminated address and £5 awarded to her by the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire. She was a servant at the house of Mr. Inglis in High street, which a short time ago was burnt out. There were three children in the bed-room. She first rescued one from the first floor, then rushing up again she took the others, one under each arm, brought them down through the blinding smoke and heat, dropping one on the stairs, but afterwards groping up and recovering it. Finally she lowered the two children from the front window to the people in the street. The girl received an enthusiastic reception.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Beyond Argument.

Waldron—And so you have decided to remain a bachelor because you think marriage a failure?

McGill (who has just dropped in)—Think! Why, hang it, Jack, in my case I know it! The girl said she'd be a sister to me.

Sarcasm on Ice.

She—Don't you like to skate?

He—Yes, I do, but my feet don't.

She—Well, they are certainly big enough to know their own mind.

The town of Mills City, Va., has recently had its name changed and now rejoices in the title of "New York, jun."

During the recent fogs in London, plants are said to have suffered not only from the absence of light but from the pores of their leaves becoming filled up with the sulphurous, sooty matters contained in the fogs.

THE ADVANCE.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor

FLESHERTON

THURSDAY, FEB. 21 1889.

THE JESUIT BILL.

The agitation now going on in the press and pulpit of Canada over the Jesuit Bill is one of very grave importance. Appearances seem to indicate that Canada in her march of empire has arrived at a pivotal point, where she hangs quivering in the balance. Ninety years ago the Jesuits, or society of Jesus, were not; they had been suppressed by a Papal Bull. To-day our political parties tremble at their frown. Silently and secretly have they been growing, until a sufficient strength has been attained to bring our government to its feet. It is "expedient" that this bill should not be vetoed. Summed up the facts are these: A century ago the Jesuits of Quebec were possessed of certain property. A Papal Bull suppressed the order, and these estates were confiscated by the Crown. Some time afterward the society was received into favor again, and grew apace. It is now sufficently strong in our sister province to dictate the terms upon which any government shall receive power. Mr. Mercier has succumbed to its influence and restored to it value for the confiscated estates—$400,000. This is the bill which is now attracting so much adverse criticism. That the situation is extremely grave may be gathered from the following sentence from the Toronto Week: "No great prescience is required to foresee that the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill by the Dominion Government at the demand of the Protestant provinces, would involve a change in the constitutional doctrine equivalent to a revolution." Will this bill be vetoed? No. The society will receive its imaginary damages, because it has the "pull," and go on prospering and growing fat until both political parties are forced to unite on the matter and expel it from the Dominion, as it has been expelled from nearly every country in Europe, including Catholic France and Italy. To this end agitation is necessary, and this momentous incident, together with other minor matters, may serve to stimulate a hitherto somewhat dormant energy among Canadians, and spur them on to action. Protestants are not alone in their protest. Many loyal Catholics look upon the Jesuitical order with disfavor, and will render assistance. In the meantime, as The Week queryingly says, "The passing of this act can hardly fail to arouse thoughtful men all over the Dominion to ask anxiously, 'Where are we and whither are we drifting?'"

K. K. ASSOCIATION.

There is nothing wrong about the Home Knowledge Association. They are all O. K. An agent arrived on Saturday with the atlases and catalogues. The atlas is all that was represented---a grand work. We commend the Home Knowledge Association to the public.

The see saw game in Haldimand still goes on. Sometimes Mr. Montague is up and sometimes Mr. Colter. Just now, Mr. Colter is up, but the Conservatives of that constituency are straining every nerve to bring him down again. We would refer both of these gentleman to the Scotchman who tied himself to a log and endeavored to guide it down a hill. The log would not be guided and wound Sandy up. He flopped over and over. Another Scotchman standing near yelled, "Go it, Sandy, ye're atop half o' the time." When Sandy and the log got to the bottom one was just as well satisfied as the other.

An Additional Local Column.

Prices of correspondence unavoidably left over.

W. C. T. U.

As noticed last week, the W. C. T. U. county district meeting met in the Royal Templars' hall, Flesherton, on Wednesday. A large number of delegates were present. The meeting was enthusiastic and considerable important business was transacted. Following were the ladies who were present from outside points: Owen Sound. Mrs. A. Rogers, Desboro; Mrs S. Graham, Mrs. R. J. Doyle, Mrs. John Frost, Mrs. D W Morrison, Mrs J. G. Wilkinson, Mrs. Orton, Miss Meir, Miss Lizzie Stephens, Miss Katie G. Miller. Thornbury. Mrs. T. McKenny. Miss G. Hurlburt, Miss E. M. Even, Miss H. C. Carroll Flesherton Union was represented in a body. The evening meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, which was well filled with an attentive audience. Rev. Mr. Shilton presided and introduced Mrs. A. Rogers, of Desboro, who delivered an earnest address, upon temperance work. Mrs. Rogers evidently believed that statistics were more convincing than personal statements, and she read a number of those which she had gleaned from newspapers. She dealt heavily with the British government and British people for styling themselves Christians and allowing the emissaries of Satan to fatten in their midst. Her address was listened to with much attention. The glee club sang several excellent selections, and Miss Christoe gave a solo in her usual attractive style. The delegates all returned home the following day.

Following is the address which was read to the lady delegates:

[illegible]

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Orange Soiree.

We had the pleasure of attending on Tuesday evening the soiree held by Eugenia L.O.L. No.1118 in their hall. The building was beautifully decorated and uncomfortably filled with a most appreciative audience. After edibles had been disposed of a lengthy program of much excellence was entered upon, Mr. Brodie being in the chair. Short speeches were delivered by Mr. H Meldrum and Dr. Scott of Maxwell. Kimberley Glee Club gave music that was roundly encored over and over again. Dialogues, recitations, etc., were well rendered. Music on two organs and violin, by Messrs. Philips and Williams, was received with great favor. The program was excellent throughout. Proceeds $10.

A Farewell.

There was a pleasant little gathering on Monday evening at Mr. J. Blackburn's residence, when members of the Presbyterian choir met to bid a farewell to the Misses Lizzie and Ella Gordon, who were severing their connection with old companions and friends, and departing for New York to take up their residence in the great metropolis. Mr. Blackburn gave a neat farewell address, and presented each of the young ladies, on behalf of the choir, with a very handsome dressing case. A very pleasant time was spent. Flesherton loses two of its best citizens, but the choir is much the heavier loser. Every citizen of Flesherton sends with these two amiable young ladies the heartiest wishes for their future happiness.

Returned.

Johnston McLoughry, brother of the assessor of Artemesia, arrived home on Friday 15 from Minneapolis, Minn., after having been confined in St. Anthony's hospital for nearly four months with typhoid fever. He had suffered two relapses of the fever, to which he would have succumbed if he had not been a man of very sound constitution. He has little the appearance of the strapping youth that left here last April. After a visit of some months with his friends he was then a man weighing over two hundred lbs., now reduced to almost a skeleton, but in fine spirits. He has very little relish for the proprietors of St. Anthony's hospital, but speaks very highly of the kindness shown him by Dr. Armstrong, one of Flesherton's boys.

Married.

On Tuesday evening last, Valentine's Day, between thirty and forty guests assembled at the residence of Mrs. H. Flesher, lot 111, 2nd east T. S. R., to witness the marriage of her daughter, Carrie B. Foster, to Thos. Wilscroft, Esq., of Holland Centre. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Geo. Buggin. The bride was dressed in blue satin. Miss Maggie Foster was bridesmaid, and Mr. Wm. Moor, of Owen Sound, groomsman. All sat down to a bountiful repast and that being over the bridal party started for Owen Sound, accompanied to the station by most of the guests. The presents were numerous, costly and handsome, which fact might be accounted for by the fact that Carrie was a great favorite with all who knew her.

A large credit auction sale of some magnificent farm stock will take place at Flesherton station on Thursday, Feb. 28, the property of R. Oliver, Esq. This is a grand opportunity for any person desiring good stock. See large bills. Sale at 1 o'clock.

Flesherton Station.

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

The past week has been the week of the season so far as business has been concerned. Timber of all descriptions has just been rolling in. The delivery of grain is still below the mark. Oats are in good demand with prices somewhat advanced, at 31cts. per bushel.

Mr. Cook is making every effort in buying up cattle and hogs so as to be able to make another shipment next Tuesday. He purchased this week from Mr. Tucker some good animals to the amount of two hundred dollars.

Mr. W. who went to Listowell about three weeks ago on a visit for the purpose of raising his spirits, and to free himself of his melancholy frame of mind, has now returned and is quite convalescent, and speaks in glowing terms of how he enjoyed himself while away.

Robert Wright, son of Mr. W. Wright, and Dan McPherson son of Mr. McPherson, have left here for British Columbia.

Mr. A. Hannah is making every preparation to veneer his residence next spring, as he has had a large quantity of brick laid down so far. It looks as if he was a stayer.

A worthy citizen of our town had a wood bee last week and a regular hoe-down in the evening. Some of our old matrons seemed to enjoy themselves to the full of what the era tur?

Last Monday about noon a sleigh load of men who were taking out timber west of this place came to Mr. McGinnis's hotel, and for about two hours you would thought pandemonium was let loose, with their whooping, yelling and carousing through the house, to the inconvenience of the travelling public and private boarders. Their actions would remind you of the savages of the wilds of Tartary. I would advise friend McGinnis to give such characters as them a cold bevie and save the reputation of the house.

Friend Crossley is doing the business in the livery line seven days in the week. Bill Taylor is a stayer around the stables.

A tone sick swain from F. whose vision was slightly dimmed with tears, while gazing intently on a handkerchief gracefully waved from the rear coach of the N. Y. Express on Tuesday morning allowed his noble looking horse that liberty of action which resulted in an upset. The ladies who accompanied the youth think he must at the time have been ruminating on the advantages of unrestricted reciprocity.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C.B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at his office in the city of Ottawa, for [illegible] will be received [illegible] on Wednesday, the 6th day of March [illegible]

Railways Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 20th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering declines or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Feb. [illegible] 1889.

AUCTION SALE

— OF —

Valuable Farm Lands!

— IN —

TOWNSHIP OF GLENELG.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from HELEN McKECHNIE to the Vendors which will be produced at time of sale, and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MARSH'S HOTEL,

IN THE

VILLAGE OF MARKDALE

ON

TUESDAY the 5th day of March, 1889.

at 2 o'clock p.m. by A. S. Vanlaven, auctioneer the following Property, namely: Lot number five in the eleventh concession of the said township of Glenelg, containing 100 acres more or less, about sixty of which are said to be cleared.

TERMS 10 per cent at time of sale and for the balance terms will be liberal, and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to W. J. Bellamy, Esq., Flesherton, or to MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS, Vendor's Solicitors, Toronto.

Dated 9th day of Feb 1889.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

$25 PER WEEK

Energetic pushing men of good character who want to do something for themselves can make from $10 to $25 per week selling my Nursery Stock. Write to me before you engage for the coming season's work. I have splendid specialties and my system assures success. No previous experience required and work permanent. Apply for terms to Fred E. Young, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office

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RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.

FLESHERTON.

TO THE DEAF. A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 00 to	5 00
Fall Wheat	0 98 to	1 02
Spring Wheat	0 98	1 02
Barley	0 40	0 40
Oats	0 31	0 32
Peas	0 54	0 54
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatoes bush	0 25	0 25
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay, per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 50
Moccasins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 06
Turkeys	0 08	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 35
Cake per lb	0 06	0 06

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North of Bank of [illegible]

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[illegible]

Surgeon Ontario

[illegible]

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medallist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.

Will visit FLESHERTON [illegible] and 3rd of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST. TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 2nd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

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MR. FROST will be found at the Office Thursdays as hereto fore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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On Town or Farm Property,

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact every thing in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

The Right Place

... furniture is at the

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS

... SWEEPING reductions made this month, every line marked away down in prices to suit the present STRINGENT emergency!

DON'T Say you cannot afford to MARRY

for furniture is almost being given away at J. E. Moore's.

LOOK HERE!

A good double bed at from $2

Woven wire springs at from $2.50

First class sea grass mattresses, with wool all around at $4 25.

Chairs for a Song

Tables of every description. Lower than ever.

See our bedroom suites at $14.00, net, usually sold at 17 to 18 dollars.

Cradles at $2.00. Cots, Cribs, and bedsteads, at equally low prices.

Good hardwood bureau at $5 00.

DON'T FAIL TO COME AND SEE US on DURHAM STREET FLESHERTON.

J. E. Moore,

Dealer in Furniture, Musical Instruments and Sewing Machines, Funeral Furnisher and Director.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

FLESHERTON.

SEWING NEEDLES ON HAND

WANTED

Soft Elm and Basswood lumber.

LETTERS FROM THE FARM.

Specially Written for The Advance.

It is not material that you should know where our farm is situated. I will only tell you that it is called Burnham. It derived that name in the following manner: When father first set foot upon it there were ten acres of cleared land and all covered with a dense mass of bush. Since ... stumpology ... with strikingly keen pearl, thanks to proper cultivation.

Well, our family is not large now—not as large as it was at one time. Jack is in Dakota, Charlie is in the Northwest, and Martha is in love. I am the youngest brother. There are just four of ... and I, father and mother. I have ... M... [illegible] ... it and expressed to the ... and the straw ... I saw was ... Jimmy. I ... now. They had both been sitting in the rocking chair and I ... when I bounced in, they got scared and, jumped and knocked the rocking chair over and all three went sprawling over the ... Jimmy cracks! didn't I ... I didn't laugh when sis got hold of my ear. Did you ever see a girl mad? It's awful.

Things on the farm are quiet now. There is nothing for me to do but get up and split wood, feed the cattle, milk one cow, get breakfast, split more wood, go to school, come home, split wood, feed the cattle, milk one cow, split a little more wood, study lessons for next day, do a little literary work for The Advance, go to bed and split wood all night—in my dreams. I am resting this winter for next summer's work. I am going to learn how to plow in the spring, and I'll be, you know now I get along.

Say, isn't this beautiful winter weather. I always loved plenty of snow, and we have it now. Mr. Whittier knew all about the fun to be got out of a snow drift, and tells about it in his "Snow Bound."

> We on the south had witness thrown,
> And where the drift was deepest, made
> A tunnel walled and overlaid
> With dazzling crystal: we had read
> Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
> And to our own his name we gave.

Perhaps you town people think it is a dull life living on a farm, but it ain't. There's just hogsheads of excitement. The other day when the family was away to Flesherton me and a neighbor boy decided to break in our two year old colt. We harnessed him in the old horse's harness and hitched him to a handsleigh. The harness was too big for him. He always was a very quiet colt, and you couldn't get him off a walk ordinarily, but that was because he wasn't broke in. We got on the handsleigh and yelled "git up," and shook the lines, and that there colt did just git up! He started off and fairly flew, an' the snow flew, and then Jim who was behind me he flew head over heels into a snow bank, and then the sleigh struck a stump and I soared about fifteen feet and struck head first in another drift. I waved my heels around like the arms of a windmill for about ten minutes before I got my head out, and there was Jim just crawling out too. The sleigh was scattered around in fragments and the harness lay in streaks all over the snow. Excitement! why, there was almost too much of it. I wasn't at school that day. It was Saturday.

I guess, though, this letter is pretty near long enough, and anyway I've got to go and split some wood.

Yours affectionately,

ZEKE BRADSHAW

*P. S.—That's how sister's beau ended the letter I stole out of her dress pocket.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kimberley News.

From our own Correspondent.

The anniversary of the Kimberley Sabbath School came off on Wednesday evening last as advertised. The attendance was fairly good. The singing by the children was also good, under the leadership of Miss S. A. Thompson. If the children had been standing in front of the organ instead of the organ in front of the children the singing might have ... much better. The recitations and dialogues were very well rendered, under the management of Miss Burnett and Miss Abercrombie. The only difficulty was, they did not speak quite loud enough to be heard distinctly.

Speeches by Mr. Hall and Rev. Mr. Watts, were not of the best quality. Mr. Hall ... Mr. Watts ... and he said ... therefore it was no wonder Mr. Watts will not make a speech. We would suggest that the ... attend Mr. Hall's ... minutes and a half the next time they ... hear him speak. The ... provided for the ladies were ... twelve o'clock. The secretary's report was very satisfactory ... an average attendance of ... past year, an increase of ... last year. After the entertainment was completed the friends presented Miss S.A. ... with an address, for her services as organist in the church and Sunday school. We are sorry we are not in possession of the address. Proceeds, $10 50.

The people of the Methodist church here are going to build a shed this spring. They have about enough subscribed now to go ahead with the work. We wish them success in their undertaking as a shed is much needed.

Mr. Will Dunwoodie and Miss Mary Smith of Flesherton were the guests of Mrs. Aldous on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mrs. Hooper, who died here lately, was one of the brightest ... women. She was ... Presbyterian. She lived on the farm in her younger days, and then she was for some time with Mr. Richards in R. & O's. of Flesherton. While there she won the respect of all who knew her. When married she went to Kansas, where she remained for some years. About a year ago she began to decline, and ... six months ago she came home, very ill. For the last few months of her life she was ... of resolving. She resigned herself to whatever might come. In the midst of her pain and sickness she never murmured. About a week before she died she grew worse rapidly, and she said she could not hold up any longer. She did not wish to stay, for she had her peace made with God years ago, and she knew that she was going to be with Christ, which is far better, and on the morning of Jan. 24th she gently fell asleep.

The funeral took place on Sunday, the 27th ult. from her father's residence, Spring Brook, to Meaford cemetery, followed by a large ... of sorrowing friends. Rev. M. Watts ... the funeral ... on Sunday, Feb. 10th, to a large and attentive congregation. Mr. Watts ... upon the text, "Is ... great importance of being ready, for to such an hour as we know not the Son of Man ... Mr. R. Gilray, senior, made a few remarks upon the life and death of Mrs. Hooper, at the close of the service. Her husband, parents, ... and brothers and those dear little children have our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

> Since she went home
> The evenings and days are lonely here
> For we miss her face in the household ...
> And even the winds are chill and drear
> Since she went home.
>
> Since she went home
> The ... the last to close
> The ... go to sleep
> And laughter echo ... no more
> Since she went home.
>
> Since she went home
> How still the empty room, no presence blesses
> Where on the pillow that her dear head presses
> Our loved ones' hearts have now gone for their rest
> Since she went home.

E. D. CRAWFORD.

Balsam Valley Items.

[illegible]

The excitement over Mr. Nevins's wedding has abated to a certain extent, although we occasionally hear some idle body threatening a charivari. This part of the country is notorious for the effectual way in which the young lads carry out their chivaris, and undoubtedly Mr. Nevin would have had the honor of one, if it was not for the cold and stormy weather we have had of late. Considering everything we think he has come off safer than the most of people do while taking such an important step in life, notwithstanding the severe attack made upon him by some of the howling canine tribe, while passing through Priceville.

Mr. J. Tagart and A. McDannel have been working up at Proton station the most of this winter. Times there were rather slow and dull for them so they proposed to some of their companions the advisability of going out to the ... country to have a dance. The ... was received favorably by everybody, so according to the agreement a sleigh load of young folks started out on the Hillsgreen road and never stopped until they reached the Fairview farm, a distance of about eight miles. After going into the house and getting part of their garments off and their boots thawed out, then the music and dancing commenced.

Mr. John Dobson sold by public auction ... Everything went off pretty well ... Mr. John Fergus ... a horse with ... there and you would have thought it was turning a pound by the hurry he was in to get rid of it. After ... the necessary groceries ... would ... Mr. ... with beer ... its wake. Mr. ...

... was ... was through with rehearsal ... each vieing with the other to see who would break the road. A certain ... Muddy Valley, not being present at the time, thought himself in duty bound to do a little towards breaking the road, so accordingly he hitched up his horse and cutter on Sunday, not having time to do so on a week day, and took his best girl with him and proceeded along the side road to McDougall's corner, from thence through Priceville to the Old Durham Road, where he halted as ... seemed ... wonder ... was. If smiles are an indication of satisfaction we think they were perfectly satisfied with the state of the roads as their countenances were lit up extremely bright.

Miss Mary Ann McMillan has been visiting friends in this part. She looks fresh and rosy after being so long among the hills.

Mr. Dan McIntyre has returned from Michigan. The diet over there seems to have agreed with him, as he is fleshy and fat.

Mr. J. Miller has rented J. Mather's store in Swinton Park. He intends ... doing a big business. He opens ...

BARGAINS

M. Richardson & Co's

Annual Stock-Taking Cash Discount Sale,

Commencing Monday, Feb. 25th,

FOR ONE WEEK. GOOD FRESH AND NEW GOODS AT PRICES THAT WILL SEND YOU AWAY PLEASED.

... Dress Goods ...
... ss Goods ... 2½ down to 15 cents a yard.
Dress Goods ... 20 cents down to 12½ a yard.
Dress Goods, worth 12 to 15 cents, down to 7½ a yard.
A ... of fancy dress buttons at ... price, from 3c a ... up.
Colored Hose, 3c per pair.
Ladies' Wool Hose, 15c a pair.
Men's Socks, worth 4 to 5 ... 12½ to 15c.
A ... of men's Linen Collars.
Men's Wool Seamless Socks, 15c a pair, worth 25c.
Women's Cashmere and Jersey Wool Gloves, worth 25c to 85c ... 10 and 15c a pair.
Men's and Boys' Mitts, worth 25 to 50 cents down to 15 and 30c.
Heavy all wool Underwear, men's sizes, worth 75c, selling at 50c.
Boys' Shirts and Drawers away down. Buy now. Extra value 35c.
Heavy all wool Factory Flannel, now only 25c a yard.
Heavy Union Factory Flannel, good patterns, now selling at 19c.
Grey all wool Flannels, worth 25c, down to 17c.
Men's Cardigan jackets, worth $1 to $1.50, ... 75 to 95 cents.
Men's Cotton Shirts, only 15c a white shirt.
Good weight all wool Canadian Tweeds, worth 50c to 65c, ... at 35 to 40c.
Bed Comforters worth $1 for 65c each.
Men's Overcoats, worth $5, for $3.25.
Men's Overcoats, worth $8, for $5.
Men's Overcoats, fine, worth $9, for $5.
Men's and boys' Suits, very, very cheap. See them.
... and Girls' Mantles at half price.
Men's Astrachan Caps, worth $1 50, down to 75c.
Men's Persian Lamb caps, worth $4.50, cut down to $3.
Men's Persian Lamb Caps, fine, worth $8.25, down to $5.95.
Ladies Fur Capes, Astrachan, worth $9.50, just a few left, will clear at $5 each.
Ladies' Fur Caps at half price. Secure these bargains.
Men's Felt Boots, Jumbo, will clear out at $2.60.
Men's Felt Boots, Halfsox, for $2.40. These are bargains.
Also a job line of Women and Girl's Boots, good stock.

Will be Sold Cheap.

... Dyspepsia ... Shiloh's Vitalizer ... For sale at the Medical Hall.

Meaford Road.

Mr. J. ... Lockhart ... at a valuable ... a short time ago, from the effects of ... which she received while ... [illegible]

Mr. ... Manning still has the ... at the Empire saw mill. He ... [illegible]

Miss S. H. ... as guest to ... [illegible]

Mr. ... as soon as ... [illegible]

Miss ... and Hamilton ... [illegible]

... with Dyspepsia ... Shiloh's Vitalizer ... For sale at the Medical Hall.

... a train—Mrs. Stewart ... her husband is a Government employe in the Indian Dept. North-west, gave birth to a blooming baby boy Monday while speeding eastward on the Pacific ... at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The event occurred near Ridout, in the Lake Superior district. There was no physician on board, but several lady passengers were assiduous in their attentions to the lady. At North Bay the lady and the infant were removed to the residence of Conductor Nedd. Mrs. Steward will shortly resume her journey to ... where her friends reside.—Woodstock Times.

... rough, hard, hoarse and sweet breathing ... by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector ... For sale at the Medical Hall.

EXTRAORDINARY MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Grief Wasted Over the Corpse of a Mother's Double.

When James Waters, who lives at No. 2,033 Orkney street, returned from his work last night, he saw a stout, middle-aged woman sitting on the stoop whose face bore a deadly pallor. The woman told Mr. Waters that she was ill, and he asked her to rest herself inside. She accepted his invitation, and was escorted to a couch, upon which she reclined. Suddenly she jumped up, and saying that she must have fresh air, opened a door and went into the yard. She gave several gasps and dropped dead.

The body was taken into Mr. Waters' house and the neighbors were called in for the purpose of having the dead woman identified. One little girl glanced at the features and exclaimed: "That's Mrs. Dierolf." She brought her mother, who also said the body was that of Mrs. Rosanna Dierolf, of No. 928 Somerset street.

The report that Mrs. Dierolf had dropped dead spread from one end of little Orkney street to the other. It reached the ears of two of that woman's daughters, who hastened to the house. They were conducted to the room where the remains were. Amid sobs and violent outbursts of grief the young women said the body was that of their mother. One of the girls threw herself over the body and was with difficulty taken away.

Coroner's Messenger Matthews, who lives in the vicinity, was notified to remove the body to No. 928 Somerset street. The heart-broken daughters slowly followed the waggon to their home. Messenger Matthews jumped off his waggon and rang the door-bell. A woman answered the summons who bore a striking resemblance to the corpse. Matthews thought it was her sister. He said:

"The body of Mrs. Rosanna Dierolf is in that waggon. She died suddenly down the street. Where do you want it to be—"

"What!" shrieked the woman. "I am Mrs. Rosanna Dierolf. You don't mean me, surely?"

The messenger thought there must be a mistake somewhere. He saw the two girls half a block away, and he hurried towards them and asked if they were sure the body was that of their mother.

The two sobbed hysterically and nodded their heads affirmatively. When they came up to the house the front door was closed. One of them opened it with a key and called to members of the household, whom she informed of the death of Mrs. Dierolf. "Do I look like a dead woman?" came from the dining-room, in tones that betokened anger.

The voice was familiar. It was that of the girls' mother. Thither they went, and when they beheld their mother whom they had recognized as dead they cried for joy and asked forgiveness.

Messenger Matthews was a silent witness. "In all my experience handling the dead," he said, "I never saw anything the like of this." Turning to Mrs. Dierolf he said: "Madam, your children aren't to be blamed for thinking the dead woman was you. She's your double, she is."

The woman who was supposed to be Mrs. Dierolf was about 50 years old and weighed about 200 pounds. She wore a brown skirt, a blue polka dot body, a gray plaid shawl and a dark poke bonnet. *Philadelphia Times.*

KILLED BY A BURGLAR.

A Hotel Landlord at Swansea, Wales, Murdered by a Negro.

A London cable says: Mr. Kent, landlord of the Gloucester Hotel, at Swansea, was killed by a burglar Sunday morning. He retired with his wife late on Saturday night, after locking all the doors, including those of his bedroom. Early next morning the wife heard a match struck in the room and saw a negro lighting a candle. She awoke her husband and he grappled with the intruder, while his wife took a pistol from under the pillow. As it was too dark to take aim she lighted a candle. She then fired and the negro fell, wounded in the thigh. Cursing the woman, he crept under the bed, but as she was unlocking the door emerged and threw a mirror at her. It missed her, but extinguished the light and the negro escaped. When she re lighted the candle she discovered that her husband's throat was cut with a razor. Kent lived long enough to describe the murderer. An alarm was raised and about noon the negro was discovered at a dry dock badly wounded and covered with blood. He is a seaman named Sam Allan. He said his motive was robbery. He concealed himself in the room before the house was closed on Saturday night.

VICE-REGAL FASHIONS.

Costumes Worn by Lady Stanley and Her Friends at the Carnival Fancy Ball.

Writing on the fancy dress ball, given in Montreal, a correspondent says: Lady Stanley was dressed in a rich velvet dress of a lovely sage green, which shimmered as she walked along the beautifully lit ball-room. Pink brocade helped to relieve the eye. Her Ladyship's ornaments were diamonds of the first water. Lady Alice Stanley looked very handsome in a faultlessly made dress of black tulle, with a moire satin sash. His Excellency's daughter-in-law wore some fine diamonds in her hair, while her neck was circled with similar ornaments. The Hon. Mrs. Colville wore white tulle, with brocade body and sash, her arms being set off with bracelets of dead gold, studded with brilliants, which were also conspicuous in her hair.

Fortunate for the "Smiths."

A New Zealand paper is responsible for one of those stories which are almost too good to be true. The mutiny of the Bounty occurred in 1789, and the descendants of the mutineers are now living on Pitcairn Island and on Norfolk Island. One of the most noted of the ringleaders was John Adams, whose real name is said to have been Alexander Smith. A midshipman, who owed his rescue from drowning to Smith, was desirous of rewarding him properly, and placed £100 to his credit in a bank to await his call. The interest was to accumulate, and as the right Smith could never be found, principal and interest now amount to £96,000. This is a tolerably large nest-egg for three grandsons of the mutineer, one of whom is said to have established his title.

A CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

A Reporter Murders his Wife and then Suicides—A Friend's Strange Conduct.

A Chicago despatch says: W. T. Bradley yesterday shot his wife dead and then committed suicide at the Hotel Cortland. Both were employed by the Chicago *Globe*, the husband as a reporter and the wife as literary editor. This is the third tragedy of the kind that has taken place here within a week. After the bodies were taken to an undertakers, Frederick Mann, a linen importer, entered the hotel, and being told of the shooting was overcome with grief and raved around exclaiming, "It was a life thrown away!" and "Oh! the brute." He then started on a run for the undertaker's, where he threw himself upon the woman's body, kissing her hands and face, unmindful of the blood which stained her clothing and face. It was some minutes before he could be dragged away from the body. He then glared for a moment at Bradley's body, and, with an oath, said, "Oh, the thief, villain, brute, let me get at him!" Mann then made a rush at Bradley's body, and would doubtless have thrown it upon the floor had not the officers dragged him from the room. Mann stated that he had known Mrs. Bradley since childhood, and knew all about her troubles. He was very fond of her, and had repeatedly warned her against Bradley. He said Mrs. Bradley had decided to part from her husband and that was the direct cause of the shooting. While Bradley was in prison Mann escorted Mrs. Bradley to and from her night assignment. This made Bradley insanely jealous, and with Bradley's dissipated habits led to frequent quarrels and culminated in yesterday's tragedy. Mrs. Bradley was formerly connected with the stage.

RITUALISM ON TRIAL.

Great Excitement Over the Charges Against the Bishop of Lincoln—The Investigation Begins To-Morrow.

A special cablegram from London says: England is to have its own theological excitement next week, reflections of which will extend all over the English-speaking globe. Dr. King, the Bishop of Lincoln, is to appear at the ancient ecclesiastical palace of Lambeth, whose brown turrets face the Thames over against the Houses of Parliament, next Tuesday, to be tried by the Primate for ritualistic practices. It is understood that the Bishop will come in his cope and mitre, attended by the whole body of his canons, and will take the *a priori* objection that he has the right to be tried by a synod of bishops. If this plea is sustained there will be an adjournment until an episcopal convocation can be summoned.

The charges against Dr. King are six in number—the use of candles on the communion table, the mixing of water with the communion wine, having the "Agnus Dei" sung after the prayer of consecration, holding his hands in the shape of the cross while pronouncing the benediction, facing towards the east while breaking bread, and performing the rite of ablution, which means himself drinking out of the chalice. The action of the Church Association in insisting on the trial has created very bitter feeling among the more liberal clergy, and even the Tory papers denounce it as a regrettable relic of mediæval bigotry. No such trial of a bishop has occurred before since the Reformation.

THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

The Late Tragedy Again Revived—The Succession.

A Berlin cable says: The *National Zeitung* says advices from St. Petersburg, which may be regarded as absolutely authentic, assert that Count Hoyes and all the domestics at the Meyerling chateau saw Baroness Vetsera, who had been shot, lying under the counterpane on Crown Prince Rudolph's bed, and the Crown Prince lying outside the bed clothes, and that they confirm the report of family disputes arising owing to the intimacy of the Crown Prince with the Baroness.

In discussing the Austrian succession, the general press expresses the opinion that Emperor Francis Joseph will recognize the validity of the provisions of the pragmatic sanction, that only in case of the total extinction of the male line shall the succession devolve upon a female. Vienna court advices assert that Emperor Francis Joseph avoids facing the succession difficulty. Archduke Francis, the presumptive Crown Prince, who is highly esteemed by the Emperor, suffers severely from epilepsy. He himself desires to live in quietness and obscurity. The Emperor detests the next brother, Archduke Otto, the scamp who so brutally treated his wife, Princess Marie, of Saxony, that he recently entreated her relatives to give her shelter and procure for her a separation.

A Jury of Women May Be Needed

A Pittsburg despatch says: A curious case, which may result in a request for a jury composed of women will come up in the Orphans' Court shortly. A Miss Mitchell claims the estate of Thomas Sheehan, late of this city. Sheehan had a daughter who was placed in a convent when a child, and who, it was afterwards reported, had died. Sheehan died some time ago, leaving an estate worth $50,000, and Miss Mitchell laid claim to it as his daughter. A number of other women put in claims, but all except Miss Mitchell were rejected as spurious claimants. She is identified by her mother through a birth-mark, and at the trial it is probable a jury of women will be demanded to decide the case. This is something which the old common law permitted in certain cases, but which is not known in the profession as a matter of practice for over two centuries.

Gertie Won't Do It Again.

A Halifax despatch says: Miss Gertie Smith, who eloped with Rev. Mr. Hutchinson some months ago, has been deserted by her whilom lover, and is now residing in England.

Seven white and four black convicts were disciplined at Newcastle, Del., on Saturday. Two Philadelphia burglars, "Broken nose George" and "Curley" Harris, stood one hour in the pillory and took twenty lashes each for their attempt to rob Hart & Brothers' safe in that city a few weeks ago. Three negroes, for petty burglaries, took the same punishment, and six other convicts five lashes each for petty larcenies. There was a large crowd present.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Laurier presented a number of petitions from the Knights of Labor assemblies praying for various amendments to the law in the interest of the working classes.

Mr. Foster presented the report of the Auditor-General for the past fiscal year; also a preliminary abstract of the business of life insurance companies, and a return of Governor-General's warrants issued since the last sitting of Parliament.

Sir Adolphe Caron presented the annual report of the department of Militia and Defence.

Mr. Brown introduced a Bill to make further provision as to the prevention of cruelty to animals. He explained that the object of the Bill was to prevent those forms of cruelty to animals not already prohibited by law, such as trap-shooting of pigeons, cock and dog fighting, and other sports in which live animals are employed.

The Bill was read a first time.

Sir John Thompson introduced a Bill to amend the Electoral Franchise Act. This Bill was substantially the same as that of last session, which, for want of time at the disposal of the House, did not become law. The scheme proposed was, that immediately after the 1st of June, the revising officer, as directed by the present statute, shall proceed with his revision, and shall make supplementary lists of voters, which shall be sent to the Queen's printer and returned to the revising officer to be posted up for public inspection. On a fixed day objections will be heard and corrections, if necessary, made and inserted in the list by the Government printing officer. The list, as so corrected and printed, shall be final, and shall be struck off and distributed in the manner provided by the present Act. The list, as thus established, is to be final as to the qualification of the voter. The polling districts shall be subdivided from time to time so that they shall not exceed 250 voters instead of 300 as at present. Other changes were proposed with the view of simplifying and reducing the cost of revision.

The Bill was read a first time.

Sir John Thompson introduced a Bill relating to bills of exchange, cheques and promissory notes. The Bill was to a large extent declaratory of the common law and the usages of the mercantile community, and it was not proposed to bring it into force till the 1st of September next.

Mr. Taylor, for Mr. Kirkpatrick, introduced a Bill to permit foreign vessels to aid vessels wrecked or disabled in Canadian waters.

Mr. Patterson (Essex) introduced a Bill to admit United States vessels to wrecking, towing and coasting privileges in Canadian waters. He explained that the Bill made provision for American vessels enjoying the privileges enumerated in the title, so soon as the Government of the United States shall pass a law giving these title privileges to Canadian vessels.

Mr. Boyle introduced a Bill to prevent the practice of fraud by tree peddlers and commission men in the sale of nursery stock.

Messrs. Waldie and LaRiviere, members-elect for Halton and Provencher respectively, were introduced and took their seats.

Mr. Bowell, in answer to inquiries from Mr. Edgar, said that the electoral lists, as revised in 1886, had been prepared and had been furnished to certain parties in the case of bye elections for the House of Commons, and for elections under the Canada Temperance Act, and only in such cases.

Mr. Foster, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Perry, as to whether or not the Government intended to place in the estimates a sum sufficient to build a subway connecting Prince Edward Island with the mainland, said the intention of the Government would be shown in the estimates shortly to be brought down.

Mr. Brown moved for a committee to inquire into the frauds practised on farmers and others. He thought a good work had been done by this committee last session, though organized very late in the session, and he believed there was room for further profitable investigation.

Mr. Armstrong said he thought there was no necessity for re-appointing this committee. It had fulfilled its mission and the expense of further inquiry would hardly be justified.

Mr. McMullen favored further inquiry by the committee and believed that it could yet render good service.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Costigan rose to refer to a statement in the annual report of the Inland Revenue Department which had been interpreted to mean that the consumption of liquors had increased in the country, and had been construed in some quarters to be an attack on the Canada Temperance Act. The statement in question was an error on the part of a clerk in the department and would be made right in a corrected issue of the report. The correct percentage of the consumption of liquors was about three-fourths of a gallon per head.

Messrs. Denison, Cockburn and others presented a number of petitions praying for changes in the law in the interest of the working classes.

Mr. Brown presented a petition from the Hamilton Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, praying that the Bill now before Parliament, having the objects of the society in view, may pass.

Mr. Haggart presented the annual report of the Post-office Department.

Mr. Foster presented the report of Mr. Simeon Jones, Commissioner to the Argentine Republic.

Mr. Cook introduced a Bill further to amend the Railway Act. He explained that the Bill proposed to require greater care on the part of railway companies in the matter of landing passengers and handling baggage.

Mr. Cook introduced a Bill to provide for the examination and licensing of all persons employed as stationary engineers, and all persons having charge of steam boilers and other devices under pressure.

Mr. Laurier intimated that to-morrow he would ask the Government for the usual explanation as to the changes that had taken place in the Cabinet during recess.

Mr. Landry introduced a Bill to amend the Act respecting interest. He explained that the Bill proposed to fix the amount of interest payable on all contracts at a certain rate which it would be usurious to exceed. As to what the limit should be, he wished to have the opinion of the House.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Wallace introduced a Bill for the prevention and suppression of combinations formed in restraint of trade. The object of the Bill was to prevent any persons, corporations or companies from granting exclusive privileges to any persons, as well as from denying privileges to one person when granted to other persons under similar conditions. It is also proposed to prevent parties from combining to restrict the manufacture and production of articles of merchandise that are either produced in this country or are imported. Penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, were provided for infraction of the Act. The Bill did not interfere with section 121 of the Revised Statutes respecting trades unions.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Laurier moved for copies of all Orders-in-Council, etc., relating to the dismissal of the Hon. William Ross from the collectorship of Customs at the port of Halifax.

Sir John Macdonald, in reply to an inquiry of Mr. Laurier's as to the recent Cabinet changes, said that at the close of last session it was thought well that Sir Charles Tupper, Minister of Finance, should resume his position as Commissioner in London, and he therefore resigned his position, and Mr. Foster, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was appointed in his stead, Mr. Charles H. Tupper taking the vacant portfolio of Marine. In the place of Mr. McLelan, late Postmaster-General, who was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of his native Province, Nova Scotia, Mr. Haggart, the member for Lanark, was appointed to the Post-office Department, and in place of the late lamented Mr. White, Minister of the Interior, Mr. Dewdney, member for East Assiniboia, was appointed.

Major-General Laurie, member-elect for Shelburne, N. S., was introduced and took his seat.

Mr. Edgar moved for copies of the resolutions passed at the conference held in 1887 at the city of Quebec of delegates from the several Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Manitoba. He said he understood that these resolutions had been forwarded to the Dominion Government, and regarded it of importance that the House should be placed in possession of them without delay.

The motion was carried.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

Act to provide for a regular ferry between the city of Quebec and the town of Levis. Mr. Choquette.

Act to require the owners of elevators and hoists to guard against accidents. Mr. Madill.

Mr. Wood (Brockville) in accordance with the recommendation of the Committee on Standing Orders, moved that the time for receiving petitions for Private Bills be extended to the 22nd inst., and the time for presenting the same to the 28th inst. The motion was carried.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

To incorporate the Algoma Railway & Coal Company—Mr. Shanly.

Respecting the Kootenay & Athabasca Railway Company—Mr. Mara.

To provide against frauds in supplying milk to cheese and butter factories—Mr. Burdett.

Mr. Davies inquired if it was the intention of the Government to treat the temporary offer made by the British plenipotentiaries to those of the United States at the time of the signing of the Fishery Treaty in Washington in November, 1888, the budget speech?

Mr. Foster said that was the intention, and known as the *Modus Vivendi*, as still in force, and to issue licenses as therein provided to American fishermen for the fishing season of 1889.

Mr. Tupper—That subject is now under consideration.

Mr. Foster laid on the table the estimates of the sums required for the service of the Dominion for the year ending 30th June, 1890.

Sir Richard Cartwright inquired if it was the intention of the Government to pursue the practice introduced last session, of proceeding forthwith with the consideration of the estimates before the delivery of He hoped there would be no objection to going into the estimates on Tuesday next.

Sir Richard Cartwright said he had no objection. The new practice was similar to that followed in England, and he had always approved of it.

Mr. Perry, in moving for a return of the number of lobster canneries round the coast of Prince Edward Island, complained that the fishing regulations in force there did not properly protect the lobster industry, and were not properly enforced by the inspectors.

Mr. Tupper said the regulations in question were experimental, and were only adopted for the season of last year. It was proposed to issue new regulations for the coming season.

A number of orders for papers were passed and the House adjourned at 4 05 o'clock.

Once in a Hundred Years.

The *Magazine of American History* points out the present winter had its counterpart a hundred years ago and also two hundred years ago. In 1789 the farmers on Long Island were ploughing their fields in January, and in 1688-9 the Baron La Hontan made a canoe expedition in Minnesota waters, from November to March, without detention by ice.

He Wanted to Want.

Little Brown-stone Boy (sighing)—Oh dear.

Fond Mother—What is it, my darling What d you want?

Little Brown-stone Boy—I want to want something.

A Flowery Sermon.

"Well, my dear, what did you think of Dr. Verbose's sermon this morning?"

"Why, I was very much surprised. I never knew before that the apparently simple text he chose was so hard to explain.'

Benjamin Franklin's watch is owned by a Lancaster (Pa.) gentleman, who still carries it and says that it keeps good time. It is of silver, shaped like a biscuit, and has engraved on its back: "Ben Franklin, 1778, Philadelphia."

Education, says a contemporary, begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him. Where does the doctor come in?—*Rochester Post-Express.*

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Prince Bismarck is indisposed.

Mr. Gladstone has gone to Amalfi.

The health of Emperor William is again threatened.

King Humbert is certain to visit Berlin in the spring.

Thirteen counterfeiters have been captured in Butler county, Pa.

Mayor Langelier, of Quebec, was banquetted on Saturday evening.

It is reported that another attack will be soon made upon Suakim by the Soudanese.

The lecturing tour contemplated by Henry George will begin in London on March 13th.

A company has been formed at Windsor for the purpose of boring for gas within the corporation limits.

The annual dinner of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club, held on Saturday night, was attended by the Governor-General.

The Winnipeg *Morning Call* has been bought up by the *Free Press* Company and the *Call* will cease publication with to-day's issue.

The Montreal carnival is over, and special trains on Saturday took away nearly all the visitors who visited the city of the ice palace.

The ostensoire, or monstrance, recently given by the Pope to Cardinal Taschereau, has arrived in Quebec from Rome and will be placed in the Basilica.

Col. Herchmer explains that the beer which he is charged with introducing into the Northwest Territories without a permit was for the use of the canteen.

No successor has yet been appointed to Lord Sackville at the Washington Legation, and the opinion prevails that England is in no particular hurry in the matter.

The extensive establishment of James Wyeth & Bro., manufacturing chemists, at Philadelphia, was burned yesterday. One fireman was killed. Loss about $575,000.

Lord Charles Beresford had an interview recently with Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, both of whom pointed out the advantage of a defensive alliance between England and Germany.

A temperance revival has been inaugurated in London under the auspices of the Royal Templars. Messrs. Stafford and Dunnett, of Hamilton, are addressing meetings in Victoria Hall and creating a very favorable impression.

An agent of the United States Treasury Department is at Niagara Falls, N. Y., notifying Canadians who work on the American side and reside in Canada of the provisions of the contract labor law and probability of it being enforced.

The Royal Templars of Manitoba, in annual session at Winnipeg, elected Rev. W. W. Bell Grand Past Councillor and Dr. McDiarmid Grand Councillor. An invitation was extended to the Dominion Council to hold their meeting for 1890 in the City of Winnipeg.

Late rumors nominate John R. Thomas, of Illinois, to the Navy portfolio, and John C. New, of New York, to the Treasury in President Harrison's Cabinet. It is also said that General Alger, of Michigan, has been offred the War Secretaryship.

Queen Victoria's horses and carriages have already been shipped to Biarritz, preparatory to Her Majesty's arrival there. Her favorite donkey, which always accompanies her on her excursions, will follow shortly. The Queen will leave for Biarritz on March 5th.

Mr. Charles Spurgeon has sent a letter to his congregation saying that he will soon see them again and that his limb is improving, though he cannot use it yet. His long absence, he says, shows the vitality of the church, which he declares will remain a power for good when he has departed.

It is generally believed in Berlin that the recall of the English Consul at Samoa will hasten the settlement of the difficulties in the Navigator Islands. The Berlin *Post* expresses the belief that the English representative has been very much influenced in his course by the British and Colonial authorities in New Zealand.

The barque Theodore Behrend has been wrecked at Texel, England. Ten persons were drowned, including the captain and family. Heavy gales are again raging on the English and Irish coasts. A building fell near Bolton on Saturday, crushing several cottages and killing six persons. At Pembroke a ferry-boat capsized and nine persons were drowned.

The Sydenham Street Church, Kingston, rebuilt, remodelled and now one of the finest edifices in the Montreal Conference, was reopened yesterday. Rev. Dr. Douglass, pastor of the old church in 1854, preached in the morning, and Rev. Principal Grant in the evening. F. W. Wedell, of Rochester, conducted the music. The recent expenditure on the church was $25,000.

Yesterday morning a great crowd of unemployed workingmen marched through the Via Condotta and other streets in Rome, blackening the shop fronts as they went, and in some cases entering and plundering stores. Street lamps and windows were smashed by the mob, and on the Via Frattina a number of buildings were badly wrecked. Several collisions occurred between the police and the workingmen and a number of persons were wounded. Several ringleaders among the rioters were arrested. Troops are forming a cordon around the disturbed district.

Admiration (?)

Artist (with pride)—"Yes, that is my picture, Dorothy." Cousin Dorothy (hoping to please)—"Really! What an exquisitely lovely frame!"—*Judy.*

At every railroad in Holland there is a watchwoman at the crossing.

A Chicago dressmaker announces herself as "a gowning and frocking artist."

The county of Carleton Orangemen have passed a resolution deploring the action of the Dominion Government in allowing the Jesuits' Estates Act.

Secretary Bayard has notified the German Minister that his Government accept the proposition for a resumption at Berlin of the Conference in regard to Samoa.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Several petitions were presented praying for the amendment of the Assessment, Municipal and School Acts.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. McMahon—To facilitate the purchase of toll roads by municipalities.

Mr. Waters—To amend the Act respecting mortgages and the conveyance of personal property.

Mr. Monk asked whether it is the intention of the Government to afford to the city of Ottawa and the county of Carleton the advantages of the Torrens Land Transfer Act on the same terms as was afforded to the city of Toronto and the county of York when first introduced.

Mr. Mowat said it was impossible to make Ottawa and the vicinity of Carleton an exception to a rule obtaining all over the Province and Toronto had been made exceptional in the first instance because the Government desired to give the whole Province an example of the operations of the Act. In the last three years the fees received by the Master had been quite sufficient to pay all expenses, in fact more than sufficient. It was only during the first year before the Act was in good working order that there was any charge on the public treasury.

Mr. Clarke (Wellington) moved for an order of the House for a return showing the location of any Houses of Industry, Poor Houses, or similar institutions, for the care and maintenance of indigent persons, now established in any of the cities, towns and counties in the Province of Ontario, at the total or partial cost of any municipality. In speaking to the motion, he said the information asked for would be of great value to some of the municipalities who had under consideration the propriety of establishing these institutions. He hoped the return when it came down would completely satisfy other municipalities of the benefits to be derived from such institutions. There were more indigent persons at the present time in the Province than in any previous year, and the care of these people was a matter well worthy of the consideration of law givers. In regard to the amelioration of the condition of the blind, insane, etc., Ontario had done its duty, and was proud of her institutions. But little had been done on the co-operative plan for the maintenance of our indigent. The warm-hearted people of Waterloo were the first to move in the matter. The County of Norfolk followed the example, then Elgin, Wellington, Middlesex and York. He found that the law required that annual returns should be sent in from the Houses of Refuge, but no such returns had yet been made. He had, however, obtained figures privately from some of them. In Waterloo the annual cost per inmate of the House of Refuge was $51 87, Elgin $49 95, Wellington $59 53, Middlesex $58 85, York $57 93; or an average of $56 25. At the Provincial Institutions the cost per inmate per year was: Asylums, $135; hospitals, $229; Central Prison, $169; Reformatory, $198; Mercer, $211; jail, $65.90. He thought the Government might devise some plan to utilize the Houses of Industry throughout the country for the accommodation of the insane, instead of sending them to the jails. A Government inspection of these institutions would then, of course, be necessary. Some of the Houses of Refuge had inmates whose maintenance properly belonged to the Province, and he thought the Government might consider the advisability of extending some aid to them.

Mr. Meredith said that the House was indebted to his hon. friend for bringing up the matter. He was sorry, however, his hon. friend had indulged in one of the usual pessimistic utterances peculiar to gentlemen opposite. It was somewhat singular, however, that the poor-houses were established in what they called the banner counties. One thing they had to consider was that there was gradually springing up a class of professional poor, especially in the large cities. Where the test of actual work had been applied in Toronto this class had decreased. Care should be taken that they did not provide conditions under which the professional poor would be supported at the public expense. With regard to many of the insane in the poor-houses, they were not insane within the meaning of the Asylum Act. The Blind Institution, again, was only for those for whom there was hope of being benefitted by the treatment pursued there. He went on to refer to the evil of outside municipalities sending their poor and feeble to the large cities for support, and said some legislation should be devised to check this.

Mr. Hardy said that some years ago a law was passed making it compulsory upon counties to establish poor houses, but so much opposition to it was aroused that it was repealed. Public opinion was divided as to the advisability of erecting these poor houses. Whenever one had been established, and there had been a fair opportunity of its being worked, the general opinion was that it had done good in the public interest. If any plan could be devised, just falling short of making the establishment of these institutions compulsory, a good end would be served. A good many persons thought that by establishing these institutions a chronic class of paupers would be encouraged, or a number of men and women would be brought up to look at the poor houses as the ultimate aim of their life. He doubted that such a result would follow a system like our own.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) brought down the following returns ordered by the House: Respecting the fees payable to Judge Lacourse, judge of the County Court of the county of Waterloo; also regarding the fees payable to Mr. W. A. McLean, local Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario at Walkerton.

The report of the Minister of Education on the subject of technical education was also presented to the House.

Several petitions were presented praying for amendments to the municipal law in the direction of abolishing tax exemptions; from the city of Toronto, praying for an Act for the re-arrangement of the city debt; from the city of Hamilton, praying that the Assessment Act be amended so as to exempt $600 dwellings, and for the extension of the Factory Act to workshops and dwellings, also that the grants made to universities and colleges be transferred to the Public Schools.

The following Bills were introduced and read for the first time:

Mr. Drury—To confirm a conveyance made by the town of Barrie to the Queen.

Mr. Garson—Respecting the examination of engineers for stationary engines.

Mr. Kerns—Respecting the town of Oakville.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on Mr. Fraser's Bill respecting voters' lists. The Bill consolidates the law, and applies its provisions to voters within the meaning of the Manhood Suffrage Act.

Mr. Clancy called attention to the fact that the names of aliens had appeared on the lists, and they could not be scrutinized, the lists being final.

Mr. Fraser said the reason the lists were made final was because a scrutiny would involve enormous expense. If an alien took the oath and voted, the remedy would be to prosecute him for perjury.

When the clause relating to appeals to the County Judge to have names struck off the list came up Mr. Meredith drew attention to the apparent injustice in subpœnaing men to attend the court on the ground that they were not entitled to vote, and because they failed to attend through carelessness, although entitled to vote, their names were struck off.

Mr. Fraser said he could see no reason why a judge should strike a man's name off the list simply for non attendance. It was a question that required some consideration, because appeals might be made on frivolous grounds, and sometimes might be done to empower the judge to order the appellant, if it was shown that he appealed on frivolous grounds with the expectation that the voter would not attend and consequently be struck off, to pay the costs. He would give the question his consideration, and perhaps something might be done to do away with what might really become an undoubted evil.

The committee rose and reported the Bill, with certain verbal amendments.

In reply to Mr. Clancy, Mr. Fraser said the reports of the Factories Inspectors were in the hands of the printers.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Balfour—To amend the Ontario Election Act.

Mr. Bishop—To amend the Act respecting insurance companies.

Mr. Fraser, in moving the second reading of the Bill to amend the Ontario Factories Act, explained the principal alterations which it is proposed to make in the existing law. At present any place or premises which would be otherwise a factory, where there were employed a number of persons exceeding twenty, came under the operations of the law. His Bill provided that where the number of employees exceeded five, in such cases the Act would be operative. A schedule was supplied in the Bill giving a list of the factories affected, so as to prevent misunderstanding. Another clause of the Bill provided that factories should not escape the operations of the law in cases where the work was sub-let. The word "child" in section five was changed to "boy," so as to prevent its being construed to include girls. The change would prevent girls under 14 being employed. The Bill provided that canning factories and fruit and vegetable-drying factories should be given the additional month of October wherein employees might work over ten hours a day, but in all factories where women and girls are employed 45 minutes additional will have to be allowed for an evening meal. No children would be, however, allowed to work after 9 p. m. in such canning factories. Persons charged with violation of the Act would be allowed to testify in their own behalf.

The Bill was read the second time.

Several petitions were presented praying for the abolition of exemptions.

On motion of Mr. A. M. Ross, an order-in-council was ratified placing the St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, on Schedule A of the Charity Aid Act and granting aid to it from Nov. 28th, 1877, and also placing the sum of $277.80 in the estimates on account of work done by the hospital.

In reply to Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy said the Government could not refuse aid to a hospital merely because there were two hospitals in a town or city. The line had not yet been drawn in this respect.

Mr. Meredith said that some settled policy should be adopted, as the expenditure on charities was increasing to an alarming rate, and was now about $80,000 a year.

At the request of Mr. H. E. Clark (Toronto), Mr. Fraser allowed the order for the House going into committee on the Bill to amend the Factories Act to stand for a day or two, in the expectation that the report of the inspectors would be printed then.

Mr. Fraser said that the printing department appeared to be in a congested state.

Mr. Meredith said the Government should take steps to prevent the congestion taking place. The House ought not to be inconvenienced in this way every session.

Mr. Fraser moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries Act. He explained that the Bill extended the Act to cases of injury caused by defects in either the machinery, premises, etc., or their arrangement. The Bill removed the restriction which defined superintendents to be men not engaged in manual labor. Another section corrected the mistake in the Act which made the words "signal" "points," a compound word "signal-points." Section 6 of the Bill prevented an employer escaping liability under the Act by sub-letting the work to a sub-contractor. The sub-contractor was, however, not relieved from liability, but a workman was barred from getting double compensation. Section 9 permitted a workman to give evidence that there was reasonable cause for his neglecting to give notice of any defect he may have observed in the plant or machinery. The Bill provided that compensation awarded men be not exceeding either three years wages or a sum not exceeding $1,500, whichever award is found to be the larger. Other clauses of the Bill made good defective provisions in the Act relating to "want of notice," "distribution of compensation."

Mr. Meredith said he was glad the hon. gentleman had decided to adopt a more liberal view of the compensation recoverable—a view almost as liberal as that advocated by the Opposition a year ago, and which the hon. gentleman had then resisted.

The Bill was read the second time.

Mr. French moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the law of slander. He explained the difference between libel and slander, the former referring to written or printed utterances and the latter to spoken, and pointed out that under the present law a person might by words impute unchastity to a woman, and cause her much misery and suffering, and yet no action could be taken against that person unless some special damage could be proved. The passage of the Bill would help to preserve the peace, as male relatives of women slandered had now to take the law into their own hands. The Bill provided in brief that in actions for imputing unchaste conduct to a woman special damage need not be proved, and that a person using defamatory language regarding a woman could be punishable by fine or imprisonment to the extent of $50 and costs or six months in jail.

Mr. Meredith thought the Bill objectionable because it gave slandered women a remedy and not men. It ought to be an offence to impute unchastity to a man just as much as to a woman. Another difficulty was that the utterers of slanders against women were principally women gossips. In nine cases out of ten where actions were brought under this Bill, sympathetic juries would find for the woman plaintiff, although the man might be innocent.

Mr. Mowat said he liked the sentiment which prompted the introduction of the Bill, and he was glad it had been brought before the consideration of the House.

Mr. Harcourt supported the principle of the Bill.

Mr. O'Connor said he sympathized with the measure.

Mr. Waters supported the Bill.

Mr. Hardy thought the Bill would prove fruitful of litigation. It would open the gates wide to frivolous litigation and might cause more harm than good to women.

The debate was then adjourned.

Mr. Miller's Bill to amend the Municipal Act was read the second time.

Mr. Meredith asked whether the attention of the Government had been called to the recent decision of the High Court of Justice holding that certain provisions of the Act of last session intituled "An Act to provide against frauds in the supplying of milk to cheese or butter manufactories" are beyond the powers of the Legislature to enact—whether it is intended to acquiesce in that decision or to appeal therefrom.

Mr. Mowat answered in the affirmative to the first query, and said he did not intend to acquiesce in the decision.

Mr. O'Connor—To amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Murray—To amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Hudson—To amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Balfour—To amend the Mechanics' Lien Act.

Mr. Gilmour—To incorporate the town of West Toronto Junction.

Mr. Waters—To amend the Municipal Act respecting the appointment of jailers.

Mr. French's Bill to amend the law of slander was read the second time, and referred to a special committee.

The following Bills were read the second time:

To amend the Snow Fences Act—Mr. Dack.

To amend the Assessment Act—Mr. Balfour.

To amend the Municipal Act—Mr. Graham.

To amend the Municipal Act—Mr. Balfour.

To amend the Assessment Amendment Act, 1889—Mr. Fraser.

Don'ts for Nurses.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber.

Don't be unmindful of yourself if you are in the responsible position of nurse. To do faithful work you must have proper food and stated hours of rest.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety.

Don't forget that kindness and tenderness are needful to successful nursing. Human nature longs to be soothed and comforted on all occasions when it is out of tune.

Things One Would Rather Not Have Said.

Mrs. Jobson—Why, my dear Mrs. Hobson, I am surprised to see you in this sombre dress. I had not heard of any affliction in your family.

Mrs. Hobson—Oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Hobson died six weeks ago.

Mrs. Jobson—Why, how shocked I am I never knew of it at all. I would have been oglad to attend his funeral, if I had known.

Dear Sympathetic Heart.

Emily—What are you crying over, dear?

Julia—Longfellow's Evangeline! It makes me sad that women don't appreciate love and constancy as they should.

(Servant enters with cards.)

Julia (after reading them)—Chollie Jones and Freddie de Browne. Oh, how lovely! Come down with me and help in the fun. I am engaged to both of them.

Ready to Graduate.

Old Lady—"Do you think, my dear, that you are mistress of all the housewifely accomplishments which a woman should have before she marries?"

Sweet Girl (engaged)—"Yes, indeed. I have learned how to knit smoking caps, and yesterday a married friend of mine took me to an intelligence office to teach me the difficult art of selecting servants."

Astronomy Made Easy.

Hostess—And so you really believe the moon to be inhabited, Professor?

Prof. Einzumachen—Ah, vell, I do not say zat. But zere is vun moon in which zere mus' be vun man.

Hostess—And which might that be pray?

Prof. E. (putting on his party manners)—Vy, ze—vat you call it?—ze honeymoon.

Ingratitude.

"Just think, here I have been paying for my nephew's lessons in singing, and what do you suppose he does in return? He always sings his songs to me!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

The Spanish Senate yesterday, by a vote of 66 to 53, rejected the motion of Senator Cuesta, a protectionist, to raise the import duties on cereals.

THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

A Scene That Brought Tears to the Old Auctioneer's Eyes.

There was an auction at one of the down town auction houses recently. A pale, sad faced woman, in a plain calico gown, stood in a crowd. The loud voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the plain woman, and was being sold to satisfy the mortgage on it. One by one the articles were sold, the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another and a bedstead to a third. Finally the auctioneer hauled out a child's high chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody except the pale faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek. The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine. It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high chair were gone forever. He saw the pale faced woman's piteous looks and knew what it meant; knew that in her eye the little rickety high chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds. In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held. could see the [illegible] grasping to the rattle box and pounding the [illegible] could see the little feet which had kicked the paint off the rounds, heard the crowing and laughing in glee—and now the little high chair was empty. He knew there was an aching void in the pale faced woman's heart, there was in his own. Somehow the day may come and go, but you never get over it. There is no one to dress in the morning, no one to put to bed at night. "Don't laugh," said the auctioneer, softly, as somebody facetiously offered ten cents, "many of you have little empty high chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with." Then he handed the clerk a bill out of his own pocket and remarked, "Sold to the lady right there," and as the pale faced woman walked out with the little high chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had bid ten cents.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Horses were Spared.

When Mr. Cole, a well-known circus proprietor in the South, sold his stock in New Orleans, three dancing horses that he had owned for years went with the others by mistake. Mr. Cole at once bought them back, saying that he would never consent to have the horses become the property of any one who would make them work, and he had decided to put them to a painless death. He proposed bleeding them to death, but W. B. Leonard, a liveryman, suggested that the use of chloroform would be a better and less painful mode. This was finally decided upon, and a reliable man procured, who was to have performed the operation. They were all collected in the circus tent. There was Cole, Leonard, the riders and the clowns, the ringmaster, the tumblers and the leapers, and the three pet duns. Calling the little mare by name, he told her to kiss them all good-bye. The intelligent animal, stretching forward her head, kissed each one. This was more than they could stand, and the sacrifice was put off. Cole had no place to take them to, so Mr. Leonard promised to find some one who would assume charge of them, under a guarantee never to work them, but to keep them in good order until death should claim them for the grave.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Blind Boys on Bicycles.

A very novel feature is to be introduced into the Asylum for the Blind to be established in this city. Dr. Campbell, of the Royal Institute for the Blind, in London, who is expected to be in charge of the asylum here, aroused the greatest interest in the world's metropolis when in last September he selected a class of blind pupils, whom he taught to ride on the bicycle, and they, with him in the lead, rode from London to Derby. The distance between the two places is 126 miles, and a remarkable fact in connection with the feat was that no accidents occurred on the way. Dr. Campbell will follow out his ideas on this subject when he takes charge of the asylum here. Besides teaching his blind pupils how to ride on bicycles, Dr. Campbell believes in putting them through other courses of athletic training. He teaches his pupils how to box, swim, pull an oar, run races, etc. The speed and proficiency acquired by some of the pupils in these athletic sports are regarded as phenomenal, and it is said to be one of the most interesting sights imaginable to see two blind pupils put the gloves on and have a regular scientific set-to.—*Pittsburg Times.*

A Self-Made Man.

New Chicago pastor—"Of what State is your husband a native, Mrs. Veneer?

Mrs. Veneer, of Chicago—"Connecticut I believe, sir."

"Do you know in what part of the State he was born?"

"I don't think he was ever born, sir. I so often hear him speak of himself to other as a self-made man."

The Butterfly Girl is Coming Back.

The tailor-made gown was English. Its strong points were chest and shoulders. But the tailor-made gown is going. Womankind is French these days. Look at the Directoire maiden in her clinging robe.

She Misunderstands.

Miss Canada (blushingly)—I am sorry, sir, but I can never be anything more to you than a sis——.

Uncle Sam (aghast)—Christopher Columbus, young woman! You misunderstand me. I'm not courting you. I am only offering to be a father to you.

A Game Old Millionaire

In Cocamonga, Cal., a pretty servant girl has captured a millionaire aged 79, and named Daniel Hamilton. He has four children, thirteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and all objected to the marriage, but could not stop it.

The United States House of Representatives has adopted the conference report on the Nicaraguan Canal Bill. Yeas, 177; nays, 60.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

A Strange People Who Have a Language Made Up of Many Others.

It is not generally known, even by people who have visited America, that there is in Pennsylvania, very near the cities of Philadelphia and New York, a population of more than two million inhabitants which is in many respects strangely like what its rural ancestors were in Germany more than two centuries ago. Some years since there were to be seen in a shop in Philadelphia several large books of Lutheran devotion, in the type and spelling of 1540, bound in deeply stamped white vellum, with heavy brass clasps. They did not look like imitations of old books, says the Boston *Transcript*, they seemed to be "the thing itself," but the date was recent. "They are for the Pennsylvania Dutch," said the bookseller. "They would not believe that the Lord would hear them if they prayed to Him out of a modern-looking book. And those books, as you see them, have been printed and bound in that style for nearly 300 years for the Pennsylvania Dutch market, just as they were printed for their ancestors during the Reformation.

There is probably no more striking instance of conservatism to be found anywhere in Europe than this but the spirit manifested by the worthy "Dutchmen" is carried out by them consistently in everything else. "Follow thy father, good son, and live as thy father did before thee" is their golden rule of life. Firstly they always speak among themselves a singular patois called Pennsylvania Dutch, from the word Deutsch. "It belongs," says Dr. H. Harbaugh, "to the South German dialects, and, while partaking of all, "it is most closely allied to the Pfalzisch"—that is, to the Rhine German of the Palatinate. In the valley of the Susquehanna and beyond the Alleghany it is much mingled with English. Farther in the west we find in its traces of Scottish, Irish, Swedish and French. It is specially remarkable in its having retained great numbers of old and curious German words, such as are now to be heard only in the remotest places of the fatherland. We find the influence of the unchangeable English article the in der. Thus a man will say: Hen—schnerr der hund. Gedt ab, mer welle up der markt fahre. "Henry, harness the blind horse we will go to market."

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.

But His Royal Majesty would never have been so merry had he suffered from constipation, or deranged liver, or dyspepsia, or piles, or any other complaint that comes from a system out of sorts and causes impurities of the blood. If you suffer from any of these things you will feel morose, melancholy, mournful, aye, mad or anything else but merry. To be merry you must be well. To be well take Dr. Pierce's world-famed Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Easy to take, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, prompt and pleasant in their action. Only one for a dose.

A Clear Conscience.

Editor Cheap Monthly—I tell you it makes a man feel good to do a noble action. I'll sleep well to-night.

Admiring Wife—Have you rescued some children from cruelty or saved a life, my dear?

Well, no, not exactly, but to-day a young woman who has been furnishing me with beautiful poetry for three years without charge, came into the office and I gave her fifty cents.

Jewels and Laces.

No girl with fine jewels of diamonds
Or lace that were rare
Is as fair as the girl who has health.

What are your jewels and what are your laces worth to you? You would give them all if you could get back your health. Well, you can and you can keep your jewels and your laces too. Thousands of women know by happy experience that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores the health. It is a positive remedy for those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses so common to woman. In fact, it is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Just Human Nature.

When the cash of a bank goes away to Canada it is perfectly natural that some of the bank officials should go with it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Babu Asutosh Mookerjee, M. A., F. R. A. S., F. R. S. E., of Bengal, has been made a foreign member of the Mathematical Society of Edinburgh, Scotland. Judging from his name the Indian is a man of letters.

VASELINE PREPARATIONS.

On receipt of postage stamps we will send free by mail the following splendid articles:
One Box of Pure Vaseline - - - - 10 cents.
One Box of Vaseline Camphor Ice 15 cents.
One Box of Vaseline Cold Cream 15 cents.
No Vaseline is genuine unless our name is on the label. CHESEBROUGH MANF'G CO., 24 State St., New York.

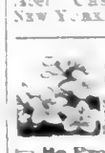

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY. Prize Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 Kinds, Giants, and 50c. Certificate for Seeds, your choice, all for 2 stamps (4 cents). Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. B. W. PARK, PANNETTSBURG, PA.

Be Prompt. This offer will appear but twice.

DOM. S 89.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 3-cent stamp. Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.

This Year's

MYTRLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

PRICEVILLE

BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

ICES ICE CREAM ALWAYS ON HAND

Visits Flesherton twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty.

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

GO

BLACKBURN'S

FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND

PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

AT

BLACKBURN'S

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

AT THE

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.
A. McCABE.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to
J. W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan. 7th, '89.

SALESMEN WANTED for the New En-

FLESHERTON Implement Agency!

J. G. CARSON

Takes this opportunity to thank his many customers for their hearty patronage during the past 8 years and to ask their continued support in his new premises on R. Trimble's corner, opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton. The following is a list of the Implements I handle, all the manufacture of that famous and reliable old firm, Messrs. PATTERSON BROS., Woodstock, Ont.:

Binders,	*Grain Drills,*
Reapers,	*Broad-cut Seeders,*
Mowers,	*Spring Tooth Harrows,*
Rakes,	*Iron Harrows,*
Wagons,	*Two-Furrow Gang Plow,*
Buggies	*Plows,*
Sleighs,	*Scufflers,*
Cutters,	*Turnip Drills,*
Fanning Mills,	*Land Rollers.*
Spring Tooth Cultivators.	

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after [illegible]

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, Principal
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, '88

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is log in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies' Democrats &c. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract work for tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

NOW IS THE TIME

—TO—

Your Tailoring Done

—AT—

J. LEITCHE'S

FLESHERTON.

Feversham,

From our own Correspondent.

The soiree that came off last Thursday, was a great success. Proceeds $48.

I think our town is looking up, as we are to have an implement shop start in Hall Bros. old stand. I think it is a Mr. Shield, from Collingwood. We wish him success.

The organ agent has left town suddenly. His absence is felt.

Business has been at a stand still this last few weeks, on account of the storm. We are to have a social on Monday night in connection with the soiree. It hangs out well.

Mr. John Hudson lost his shingle mill and crusher about a week ago by fire. It is a heavy loss to him, as he is only partially insured.

Pat, one of our army soldiers, went to Dundalk on Saturday to help the officers there. He must have felt proud of his help.

General News.

The fire in Brandon on Wednesday night caused a total loss of nearly $50,000.

Mr. Colter, M. P. for Haldimand, took his seat in the House of Commons Thursday.

Dr. Landerkin's resolution to give feeders of stock the same advantage as is granted to distillers in respect of the duty on corn was voted down in the House of Commons Thursday night by 111 to 71.

The half-breeds of Dakota are resisting the payment of taxes, and bloodshed is feared.

John Lee, who shot and killed Charles Chelme at Brandon, was hanged Friday. The killing took place over a girl.

An effigy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was burned in Dundee on Thursday night, and a resolution of confidence in Mr. Gladstone was passed.

Mr. Gladstone passed through Rome Thursday evening. Premier Crispi met him at the station. The G.O.M. declined to remain in Rome.

Sir George Baden-Powell is hurrying back from the Pacific coast and wishes to reach England for the opening of Parliament. He says the C.P.R. is one of the best equipped roads he ever travelled over.

It is rumored that General Boulanger will marry a divorced St. Louis woman if he obtains a divorce from his present wife.

Richard Benedict, aged 20, of the township of Crowland, went crazy Monday morning and nearly beat his mother to death, after which he assaulted a neighbor, to whose house he went in a nude state. He was finally fastened down by neighbors.

The Surgical Strawcutter.

Cowed in Beeton World.

Opposition is the life of trade and the steam straw cutter threatens to outdo the buzz saw in the art of speedy amputation. When in repose the straw-cutter's open face has a cold but not repulsive or bloodthirsty expression. That it is a determined article is seen at once by its square jaw, and proven by the way it goes through anything it takes hold of. During the major portion of the year its appetite is like that of a human calf in his first love experience, but once it gets on a whirl its appetite is rapacious. Its molar teeth are at the back of its head, the incisors being at the front. A man places the provender in its shovel shaped beak and gently but swiftly presses it between its jaws, and the process of mastication proceeds with the same earnestness of purpose as a woman's jaw working a gum game.

By constantly pandering to its abnormal desire for straw a man thinks he may have conquered the cutter's desire for blood, but if he attempts to use his hand or mitten as a napkin to wipe some objectionable features from its upper lip his digits are seized and can usually be picked up near the front hoofs of the cutter in delicate slices and before it can be stopped it has carried the knife to its mouth several times and licked up so much of its feeder's private gore that henceforth he will need but one glove. Seldom does it partake of any portion of the human frame but the hand, differing in this from the toothsome buzz saw which cuts into a human at any point. The strawcutter in a sense becomes domesticated but it never can be tamed; when driven to desperation by a geo around horsepower or throbbing engine it is not advisable to attempt to pry open its mouth with the idea of telling its age by the look of its teeth. Never ask it to "take something" for such is its instaiable thirst that the usual "two fingers" gives it no satisfaction.

Two Italians were tabbed in a quarrel near Lachine, on Friday night, one of them being fatally wounded.

It is reported by Tom P[illegible]

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

The Remainder of our WINTER'S STOCK will be Disposed of at Astonishingly LOW RATES.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!

—ON—

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm—100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation, $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

New Hair Dressing Parlor.

Mr. W. J. NELSON, having opened out new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in this line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving, [illegible] wares, etc. all done [illegible]

NELSON.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 400. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy plush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

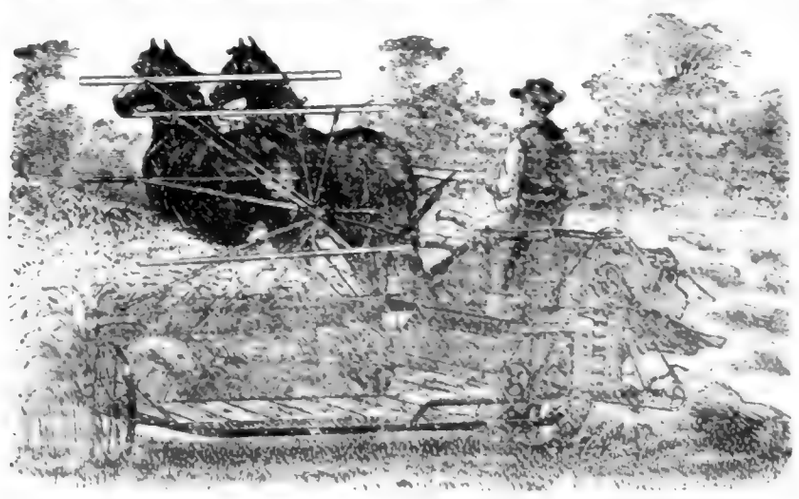

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder. Brantford Reaper. Brantford front cut Mower. Brantford rear cut Mower.

THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR.

LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

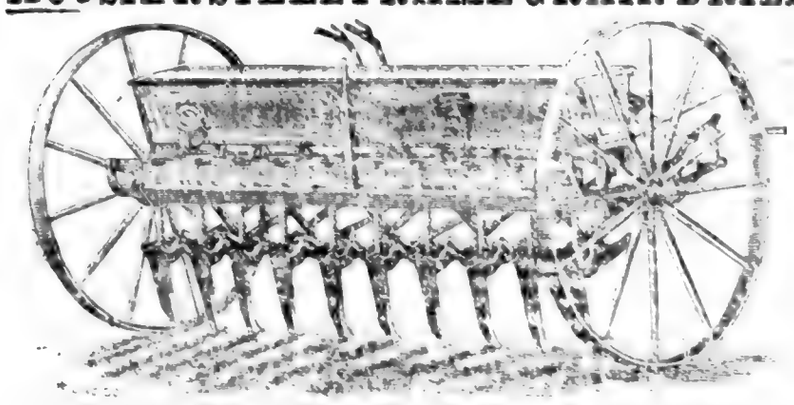

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth without tipping the team.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses no ground when starting in after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

Noxon's new Knotter which ties a tight and even knot, makes no waste ends and saves cord in binding.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON. NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

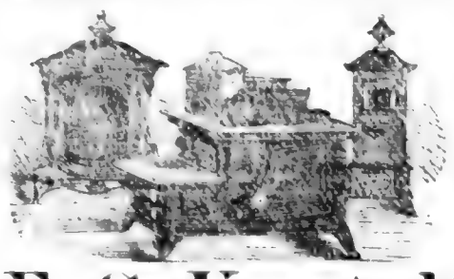

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A full assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc. constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* **Flesherton.**

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

From the Office

Spicnham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$ [illegible] when paid strictly in advance

$ [illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES

One column 1 year, $50; half col., do., $27; quarter col., do., $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 5cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON

THURSDAY, FEB. 28 1889.

Mr. W. Wood is our authorized agent in the Staples. Subscriptions may be paid to him. Send copies of The Advance for sale if you please.

THE SLEIGH BYLAW.

Some of the border papers of this county are kicking because of the late action of the County Council in regulating the width of sleighs. They say that the new standard is some six inches wider than the prevailing width in surrounding counties and will work much hardship with farmers whose markets are outside of the county. We cannot altogether agree with them. Of course no reform was ever hailed with cries of gladness. [illegible] manufacturers, more or less. [illegible] we think the hardship will [illegible] temporary character. [illegible] roads leading to the country towns are [illegible] in many cases [illegible] to 8 feet 3 inches or [illegible] feet in width. The roadway is generally broad, and inconvenience [illegible] be experienced upon them for sleighs of a maximum width of 8 feet 9 inches. In individual cases, where back roads have to be traversed in order to reach [illegible] ways, no doubt a little inconvenience will be experienced, but even this will very soon regulate itself. No doubt surrounding counties, in deference to the request of our County Council, will pass similar bylaws and assist in evening matters.

Fact is this should be made a provincial matter, and dealt with by our Legislature. In that way [illegible] form could be met with very little inconvenience to any person. It would have been a timely question for the Farmers' Institute to take up.

The Port Arthur Sentinel publishes a despatch which ought to make the nations of the earth quake with fear and trembling. It is to the effect that a Canadian—a Canadian mind you—Mr. Silas Griffis, of St. Catharines has invented an "unsinkable" ship with "unbreakable" hawsers, which is destined to just run away with anything that floats on earth, sea or sky; it is also to be provided with an "irresistable" sword of immense magnitude which will make mince meat of the anatomy of any war ship which may lower its neck to the blade. It will be more powerful than the sword of Damocles, or even the marvelous blade which shaved Shagpat. According to the despatch Mr. Griffis will get $20,000,000 for his patent, and the United States Government are now building twenty of these engines of war. Shrieve yourselves, shrieve yourselves, ye nations of the earth. Eros is dead and Mars reigns, as the ancient Roman said. It must be true, for the Sentinel is not an annexation newspaper.

The Times-Parnell commission, which has been dragging its weary length along for months, is near its end. The case of the Times has collapsed. It depended almost entirely upon the evidence of one Piggott, and the latter in his evidence has proved himself a perjurer, forger and liar. An English paper, commenting on Pigott's evidence, says:

"The connection between the Times and the Government is two-fold. The Government created first the commission and second the Times case. If Attorney-General Webster had not been enabled to play the parts of prosecutor, judge and framer of the indictment there could have been no tribunal at all. If he had assured Lord Salisbury that the letters would be proved to be genuine the commission would not have been created and the Unionists would never have suffered such a blow as, by their own piteous admission, awaits them. The Government chose the game, loaded the dice, selected its partners and arranged the rules of the game, and it must pay up now. The price is the dissolution of Parliament. We want to know what the country thinks of Pigott."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Feversham.

From our own [illegible] Editor.

The weather is very cold of late, storms, [illegible] snow. Our gentlemen are [illegible] as neither storm showed up at the appointments in Sunday. By the by, I am told it was the coldest night made Artemus blow [illegible] on Sunday night at S. A. Crozier's. It was a [illegible]

The [illegible] to come off at Markdale is put off on account of the storm.

Mr. Hugh Day [illegible] from an extended trip through Manitoba to Calgary, N.W.T. We are sorry to hear he did not meet with success.

A young organizer arrived on the 17th from other parts. Cold weather for [illegible]

Kimberley.

[illegible] is a copy of the address which was presented to Mrs. S. A. Thompson together with the presentation mentioned in last week's [illegible]

Dear Friend: We the members and friends of the Kimberley Methodist Church cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing our [illegible] appreciation of your many kindnesses for the valuable services you have rendered as organist and Sabbath School [illegible] of Young [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] attendance, at the same time [illegible] and [illegible] duties that pertain to the welfare of the Church and Sabbath School. Your valuable services [illegible] We beg also to assure you that it is our sincere desire and [illegible] that you may continue in the good work [illegible] We ask you to accept these [illegible] not so much for their worth as for the expression they convey of our appreciation of your character and services, and we trust that the bond that now unites us of Christian affection and sympathy will [illegible] the Saviour. [illegible] Ellis, Macoth [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Ashcroft.

Proton Station.

To the Editor of The Advance.

News letters are scarce here just now. The [illegible] to and fro—now they see them and now they don't. Saw mill men, farmers and [illegible] are putting forth vigorous efforts to keep the roads open but they show [illegible] and [illegible] the mill yards and station yard with saw logs, wood, telegraph poles, etc. The [illegible] industry is a very [illegible] and the [illegible] agent of Mr. Arch Noxon, care of [illegible] may be shipped from this busy [illegible]

Friend Miller the landlord of the next comfortable hostelry here is about the right kind of a man for that business.

The [illegible] last week and the lecture following were well filled. Good order prevailed. The lecture was a treat.

We expect there will be a fever in the spring as there is no [illegible] to let that place a tannery and [illegible] and [illegible] and blind factory, and a [illegible] store. [illegible] now boasts of [illegible] post office, hotel, [illegible] shop and [illegible] with it and [illegible]

Priceville.

[illegible]

Mr. F. Watson [illegible] left for the [illegible] with the above and [illegible] of the Exposition [illegible] by that [illegible]

[illegible] comprises him with a walk to and fro [illegible] buying horses for the North-west trade.

Mr. John McArthur, late of Michigan, brother to C. McArthur, merchant, died suddenly on Saturday [illegible] bleeding from the lungs.

Mr. Chas. McArthur, brother of the above, is visiting friends here for the benefit of the change of air. He has been ailing for some time.

Mr. D. Ferguson attended the Grand Lodge, A. O. U. W., in Toronto last week.

The ice harvest commenced here last week on the mill pond. The ice is not nearly so thick this year.

Flesherton Station.

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

Owing to the severe storm of the past week the business of this place was just about at a standstill, as the roads in many places were completely blocked. But at present traffic is somewhat revived and the travelling public are determined to take every advantage of the roads for the next few weeks.

Mr. Cook, in the face of all [illegible] in regard to the weather the past week, succeeded in securing a car load of cattle and pigs, supposed to be the finest lot of the season which [illegible] shipped on Tuesday. I would be safe in saying that this is the first time that stock has been shipped in season through at this station. Live man Cook.

Glad to state Mrs. Cook is able to be around right side up with care. She made a few calls this week.

Miss Woods, daughter of Mr. Woods, who is assisting her father in the store, has become quite an adept in in the business, she is obliging and pleasant to all comers, more especially to one.

The sale at Mr Muir's was all that could be desired considering the scarcity of feed. Cattle ranged from eighteen to twenty-three dollars, horses from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and five, so the farmers said. There was a large crowd. Your humble [illegible] attended.

Pigott has created a greater sensation than before by confessing that he forged the letters which he testified were Parnell's and then escaping [illegible] unknown.

The Sarnia Observer tells how the farmers in that section were cheated thus: A butcher who bought some hogs was weighing them in a store where the appearance of something adhering to one of the weights attracted a farmer's attention. On removing it he found it was a piece of fat, in the centre of which a silver dollar was imbedded. By this trick the butcher gained fifteen pounds in every hundred.

The Toronto Weekly News and Advance will be furnished for $1.75. This will include a magnificent picture entitled choice of "Christ Before Pilate," "Fathers of Confederation."

Married.

[illegible]

Have Been Offered

The chance of purchasing another Jewelry business. To do so I must reduce my own stock fully $1,500 to $1,000 or less. Therefore I have concluded to make reduction

BY AUCTION

Afternoon and Evening of Feb. 28, March 1st and [illegible]

The Sale will be held in my store, Markdale.

And all regular lines of gold and silver Watches, Clocks, Silverware, etc., will be reduced, as "Cash" is needed—that will be the terms.

This will be an excellent opportunity to secure

STAPLE GOODS

At Your Own Prices

CUT THIS OUT

And make preparations to be here. Sale at 2.30 and 7.30 each day.

W. H. [illegible]

JEWELER, MARKDALE

Little Violet.

There is mischief in your eye, little Vi! little Vi
There is danger in your bearing, I am sure.
Though your looks be even saintly, yet language
can but faintly
Tell the difference twixt your acts and looks
demure;
For instance, there's the baby; you kiss him and
—it may be
That you never thought to do that youngster
any harm,
But oft his yells and flinching tell of surreptitious pinching,
And the impress of your fingers on his tender
little arm.

And I think you often try, little Vi! little Vi!
To be a mother, in your own peculiar way,
To dirty little Mollie, that fractured one eyed
dollie,
Whom dearest Annie sent you on your natal
day;
Oh! how you whack and spank her, and then
politely thank her,
As the humor takes betimes your little ladyship.
No wonder that, to Mary, the milkman said he'd
"marry
Seed the bequal of 'er for a reg'lar little clip."

But I know of actions sly—little Vi! little Vi!
Towards the humble author of thy presence on
this earth,
Who, in his peaceful study, oft ponders whether
shou'd he
Be stern or laughter loving in thy fascinating
mirth.
How well does he remember that night in calm
September,
When you saw your active parent spring high
into the air,
And you know such worldly rising, and the
poet's agonizing,
Was the bent pin you had left within his study
chair.

Yet, when thou wert like to die—little Vi!
little Vi!
He knows the weight of grief that lay upon each
heart,
And turned the coming morrow into utter woe
and sorrow
For those who strove to stay the grim destroyer's
dart.
And when death's bolt miscarried, and the
angel's coming tarried,
What joy within our walls when thy plaintive
little cry
Told us the God of gladness had pity on our
sadness—
Had touched, in pence, thy garment, little Vi!
little Vi!

—*H. K. Cockin, in the Week.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL.

"Some one will like to have you with or without your money," said Estelle, by way of consolation. She thought of the gardener's daughter, and of their own pretty, well-mannered parlor-maid.

"And I should have the same answer to give that you have just given to me," returned Caleb, with a quietness that was in itself a reproach. "A man's heart, Miss Clanricarde, can no more be played battledore and shuttlecock with than a woman's. It stays where it has once been given."

Estelle gave another shiver.

"Don't say that!" she exclaimed.

"Well, no, you are right, Miss Clanricarde; that was out of the way," he returned; "and it's not me, but you, as we have to think of, and I cannot see my way for you. What will your mother, Mrs. Clanricarde, say to it?" he asked. "She knew that I was proud to have her promise, and that I was not wanting in my part. What will she say when nothing comes of it?"

Estelle looked scared.

"She will be very angry," she said, realizing the scene that would have to follow on this consultation.

"With you, Miss Clanricarde?"

"Yes, with me."

"And how will that be for you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I shall be very sorry," answered the girl, still with that shadow of fear over her sweet face. "But what else can I do, Mr Stagg? There is Charlie to think of as well as my father and mother. And then there is my promise. How could I ever look at myself in the glass were I to perjure myself, as I should do if I were to marry any one else? I cannot do other than I have done. It would be too sinful and shameful if I did."

"But it hurts me to think of your being troubled—of your mother, Mrs. Clanricarde, being vexed with you," said Caleb, his honest heart in his eyes.

"I must bear it as patiently as I can," answered Estelle, "unless——"

She stopped short, then looked at Caleb with a strange, suggestive, half-beseeching appeal in her beautiful eyes and quivering lips, which he read, but did not understand. She wanted something of him. What was it? The prayer was patent—the words inaudible. How could he come by their sense?

"Unless what, Miss Clanricarde?" he asked. "Is it aught I can do for you? Oh, but I would, even to die for you!" he added, not with a burst of tenderness so much as a solemn kind of declaration—a proffer of service wherein sacrifice would be for healing.

"It is mean of me to ask it," said Estelle, hesitatingly. "But mother will be so angry with me, and to be angry with you will not matter. But it is so mean and cowardly of me," she repeated. "Only you are so good!"

"If I can serve you I will. I can say no more, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, his lips, too, twitching nervously. She called him good! she whose favor he would have given his life to gain! What, indeed, would he not do to deserve her praise! She could not love him, but he could serve her. He could not rescue her from poverty by the devotion of his whole life, but she said that he could be of use to her. Would he not, then? Ay, gladly, even to the sacrifice of his life, if need be!

"You can, indeed, help me with my mother," said Estelle, a deep blush on her face—a blush of shame for her own cowardice and selfishness. "Tell her that it is you who will not marry me, not I who will not marry you. That I am willing, but that you of your own free-will will not."

Something passed through Caleb as if he had been struck about the heart. For a moment thought and life and clear perception of things, and even feeling, seemed to fail him, and he was conscious of only a sharp pain and a choking at his throat, so that he could not speak, and could scarcely breathe. This, then, was to be his crowning martyrdom. Of his own free will he was to renounce her—this exquisite treasure of loveliness, whom a king might well give his crown to gain. Ah, it was hard!

"You will, will you not, Mr. Stagg?" said Estelle's soft voice, pleading, enticing.

Still Caleb could not speak. His heart was too big, his throat too constricted, his anguish too great.

"It will be the greatest kindness you can do me," he heard her say. "Take it on yourself. Tell my mother you will not marry me, though I said I would marry you. I do not know what will become of me if you do not. Perhaps she will turn me out of the house and curse me. She said she would before I came out to you. I dare not tell her. But it will all come right if you give me up of your own accord, because I love Charlie. Do this, Mr. Stagg. I shall be so grateful to you, and so will Charlie," she added, with a girl's unconsciousness of cruelty to the man who loves her and whom she does not love—the woman's fidelity to the man she does love.

On that Caleb found his voice.

"Never mind him," he said, hurriedly. "I will do for you what will be a shame to me as a man; but I'll do it for you," he repeated huskily.

"How good you are!" said Estelle, beginning to realize the full meaning of the moment. "I can never thank you enough, nor repay you."

"If thou'rt happy, my bonny lass, that'll be my meed," said Caleb, with infinite tenderness, lapsing into his old forms of speech and accent, the intensity of his feelings causing him to forget his late manners. "If I can spare thee pain, what matters what such as I suffer? Thou shalt walk over the body of me if thou'st a mind."

He raised his hand—hers still lying on it—till his lips just touched the long white fingers athwart his. With the trembling reverence of a worshipper at a shrine, with the holy tenderness of a mother with her first-born, he just touched, he did not kiss, those precious fingers, white and fragrant as the petals of a lily.

"God bless thee!" he then said, with a sob that was as the sob of death—that was in very truth the sob of death for him—"God bless thee, my queenly lass, and may the Lord abide with thee always, to thy joy and gladness for ever and ever!"

"Don't, Mr. Stagg," said Estelle, beginning to weep.

He was no longer the distasteful omad'haun fit only for the laughter of the well-conditioned—the ungainly Beast whom no maiden born of woman could love. He was the hunchback whose wings had unfolded, the prince whose gross disguise was rent and cast away. She could not love him nor marry him, but she could respect and pity him—and she did.

"Now let us go, Miss Clanricarde," said Caleb, with the same kind of sad firmness he had shown at the first. "We know what we have to do, both one and t'other, and I think we understand each other. But, oh!" he added, with one last return to the old loving, yearning spirit, "whenever you think of them as loved you best, remember poor Caleb Stagg, the miner lad, who broke his heart to save yours a pang. Ay, my bonny queen, who would have died for you if so be as you would have lived. And greater love hath no man than that he should give his life for a friend. Now let us get this job over. I shall sleep lighter if I know that I have done your bidding and pleasured you, no matter how."

CHAPTER XII.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Mrs. Clanricarde was ill in bed. That was but natural. Breakfast in bed and a bad headache when things go cross are to a woman what a sulky dinner at his club and a bottle of that claret with the yellow seal is to a man. And to weep unavailing tears with one's head buried in a pillow and one's mind possessed by spiteful thoughts is perhaps a better way, on the whole, of overcoming a trouble than to blot it out with wine stains, which obliterate everything save the memory of color, savor and fragrance.

Last night's scene with Caleb Stagg, or rather the disappointment and despair included in it, had temporarily disabled Estelle's mother.

Mrs. Clanricarde thought herself justified in her displeasure that Estelle had not conquered her rebellious heart, and thrown that intruding love once for all into space and the limbo of the past. It was her duty so to do, she argued; and a mother does well to be angry with a daughter who fails in her duty—loves where she ought not, and refuses money when she has the offer.

By all of which it came about that Estelle had a morning of full liberty, with Charlie Osborne waiting on chance in the wood hard by.

What is that we love in each other? Who can tell? It is not only beauty. "There is no such thing as that we beauty call, but fancy makes all as it lists," and to many unbeautiful creatures is given the most entire and heart-whole devotion. Nor is it necessarily youth; the old thank God for that when dear eyes shine with the light of love on their faded faces, and those who, had time ruled their ages straight, would have clasped them in their arms as lovers now lie on their hearts as children. Nor is it even intellect, else would those stupid amiabilities, of which we know so many, go wearily through life wanting that of which they have so great abundance now. Nor yet again is it goodness; for many whose souls stand shivering and naked, without so much as a rag of virtue to cover them—many cruel, vain, selfish, false—receive such passionate incense of love-worship so that no temple of the gods is more fragrant than theirs, and no car of Juggernaut drives over more faithful hearts than those which break at the feet of these smiling demons. We love because we love; and our love is no less strong because its genesis is obscured, and we cannot trace the flood to its source. All we know is the fact of that flood, on the margin of which bloom roses and forget-me-nots, or hemlock and the deadly nightshade.

Tried by certain tests, there was no question of comparative merit between Charlie Osborne and Caleb Stagg. Tried by others, the scale gave another measurement. In person, bearing, charm of manner, delightfulness of acquirements, flexibility of intellect, the penniless young artist, the unemployed Eudemon, stood supreme. For the mere human creature that he was, Venus might have taken him to replace Adonis—and she would not have found him so reluctant; and Libussa might have well exchanged her sceptre for his love. Had he and Hylas bathed together, the water-nymphs who drown men for their beauty would have chosen him as the fairest; and no Norseman would have mourned Baldur dead while Charlie Osborne had been alive. Everything was in harmony.

Like a bird running to her nest, Estelle stole quickly up the lane and into the leafy temple, where she knew she should find her shrine already tenanted. And, sure enough, there was Charlie, diligently sketching the forms and leafage of the trees, as a kind of excuse to himself, as well as to others who might see him sitting there in that holy place, waiting on chance and Estelle Clanricarde. When he saw her turn that corner and come swiftly up the narrow path, his heart leaped within him, and he sprang forward to meet her with a young lover's fervor and delight.

"This is a joy!" he said, ecstatically, holding her hands in his, and looking into her face with those insatiable eyes which no amount of looking satisfies. "My dearest! my darling! how dear of you to come! How have you been able to get away so early?"

"Mother has a headache, and is in bed; so I thought I would not be missed, and that we should be safe," said Estelle, laughing for very happiness. She did not realize her mother's headache. She thought only of being with Charlie.

"That is jolly," said Charlie, realizing the occasion no more than Estelle. "But, my stars! what has happened?" he asked, suddenly. "You have something to tell me; I can see you have."

"Yes, indeed, I have something very great to tell you," answered Estelle; "but not just at this moment, Charlie. Let us forget everything but each other for just a minute. Tell me of yourself—how you are; what you have been doing; where you have been; whom you have seen; everything that has happened to you since the day before yesterday—and then I will tell you my news."

But Charlie had no great events to tell. He had seen Lady Elizabeth, and finished the sketch of the water-mill in the lane leading down to Hindfleet; and he had not slept very well last night; and he had not eaten much breakfast to-day; and he had had a pain in his side and in his right temple; and now he was quite well and as jolly as a sand-boy, seeing that she was here. To which catalogue of insignificant ailments, magnified by love into dangerous symptoms, Estelle listened with a face that seemed really sad enough for threatened death, while her eyes grew brighter and larger and more tender than ever with the tears that lay behind them and crept slowly within the lids.

"Poor darling!" she said, "you want some one to take care of you."

"Yes—you," said Charlie. "I shall never be quite well till I have you as my sweet little wife. That is the only thing I am living for, Estelle. I believe I should die if I lost you."

"You shall not do that," she answered. "Do not be afraid, Charlie. I am yours now and forever, in life and to death. No one and nothing could part us!"

"Not even Mr. Caleb Stagg?" asked Charlie, with a fine disdain, that, as things were, looked almost like divination.

"No; that is all at an end," she said, simply. "That is what I have to tell you, darling. We have had such a scene at home! Such a dreadful time! Mother made that poor fellow propose to me! Just fancy! And I had to refuse him. That is why she has a headache to-day. Poor mother!"

"Why do you call him poor fellow, Estelle?" said Charlie, suddenly stiffened and chilled into a very human icicle.

"Because he behaved so well," said Estelle. "He was so generous and kind, and did all I wanted him to do so nicely, and bore mother's anger so bravely for my sake. He did behave well, Charlie!"

"Don't, Estelle!" cried Charlie, rising in wrathful agitation. "I cannot bear this. By heavens! I will go and insult the fellow. That he should presume—that he should have the insolence to lift his eyes to your face! He deserves a horse-whipping, and I have the best mind in the world to give him one"

"Charlie dear—" began Estelle.

"Don't!" he said, again interrupting her; "if you say a word in his favor you will send me mad!"

"Charlie dear!" she remonstrated again.

"Do you think it very pleasant for a man to hear the girl he loves praise and defend another fellow who has had the insolence to make love to her?" cried the angry upholder of love's exclusive privilege. "I tell you, Estelle, he deserves horsewhipping, and for the turn of a hair I will give him one!"

"Well, I will not say anything if it vexes you," said Estelle, meekly. "You see, I was bound to tell you the truth, dear, else I would not have spoken of it at all."

"And you would have kept secrets from me?" he said, in an aggrieved voice.

"No. It is because I could not do this that I told you," was her patient answer.

"The scoundrel! How dare he!" fumed Charlie.

She did not speak. She only slid her hand within his arm, and gave it a little squeeze with her fingers.

"Now you are sulky," said Charlie, with the injustice of his kind.

"Indeed, darling, I am not," she answered, her sweet eyes full of love and tears.

"What a brute I am?" cried her handsome tyrant, suddenly penitent and submissive. "Now I have made you cry. What a vile temper I must have! I am not worthy of your love, Estelle."

"You are worthy of ten times more, if I could possibly feel it. But I cannot," said Estelle.

On which he kissed her, and the little skirmish ended in the way in which their little skirmishes—which, by-the-way, were all on his side—always did end.

Then, having come to his rational and natural senses again, Charlie condescended to note particulars of the affair; and when Estelle had told him all, even he was constrained to admit that the omad'haun had behaved like a gentleman and a man of honor, and that he was not half a bad fellow after all; and really he, Mr. Osborne, might almost forgive him this involuntary trespass on his own property, so handsomely repented of and atoned for.

Meanwhile a princely patron was in course of moulding for Charlie Osborne's benefit; and Anthony Harford was steaming across the Atlantic in the Greyhound. The gods were creeping on with their feet of wood, and in a short time would be up with those on whom they were minded to lay their hands of iron. Old Herrick's advice was never more timely than now, and to gather rose-buds while they might was the young lover's highest wisdom.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANTICIPATIONS.

In the lane down the hill, where the worn old water-mill was the picturesque point much affected by artists, lived the Asplines, at their pretty place called Hindfleet.

Mrs. Aspline's story was not unique, nor yet was it disgraceful. A buxom cook to a rich old bachelor, she had filled with credit all the offices connected with the tradesmen's books and the kitchen range. Her master married her, as her spotless discretion demanded and deserved, and dying when their little daughter was but 5 years old, left her as buxom a widow as she had been a cook and a wife, and the assured possessor for her life of his handsome fortune. At her death it passed on to Anne, who was thus an heiress worth any man's looking after.

Besides being a woman of means, Mrs. Aspline was also a woman of strong good sense and of more than average ability.

Being rubicund and stout, she dressed in the austere dignity of black, which somewhat concealed the exuberance of her lines and toned down the warmth of her carnations. She never committed the mistake of wearing color, not even in her cap or bonnets, nor in the warmest months of summer allowed herself the betraying "liquefaction" or vapory expansion of flimsiness in material. She had the softest velvets, the richest satins, the thickest silks, to be had for love or money; and she broke up the dead surfaces with lavish powderings of jet, which still further concealed her outlines, and made her inches yet more delusive. As hospitable as an Arab whose gourd hangs on the outside of his tent, no mouth came to her amiss; and from wayside beggars to Lord Eustace himself no meal was withheld from those who cared to take their share. Thus, thanks to her tact, good sense, discernment of social motives, and strict observance of certain unwritten laws touching the implied subserviency of relative inferiority, Mrs. Aspline, of Hindfleet, had conquered a position in Kingshouse which else might have held out against her to the end; and some of the people of the place made it a point of Christian charity to forget the cook they had never known, and to recognize only the widow of a gentleman—the possessor of a handsome fortune, and the mother of a desirable heiress.

Others, however, did not; notably Mrs. Clanricarde, who had a daughter to marry, and no son for whom to find a wife. Had the sex of her child been reversed, her action would have been reversed too. As things were, Anne Aspline was in her way, not on her side; and the spit was held up as an unconquerable barrier between their houses. The miner's pick did not count.

For herself, Anne was pretty enough to have floated safely on the social wave had there been no such shining sails of gold to carry her forward. She was a fair-haired, gentle-mannered girl, who bore no salient marks of her maternal ancestry, save that she had square topped fingers, with broad, flat, opaque white nails, and that her ears stood out from her head like jug-handles. They were not large, nor fleshy, nor badly shaped, but they were distressingly prominent, and seen from behind made her pretty small head more animal than human. Save these two sign manuals, stamped by nature on the living parchment, she had a clear pedigree enough, and her inheritance contained more than the mere money which had to come to her on her mother's death. In temperament she was languid, in constitution anæmic. She had an unappeasable appetite for day-dreaming, and she was great in the art of doing nothing. Indolent and unpractical, she never did a hand's turn for herself that she could get any one else to do for her, and she quite understood the Eastern's contempt for unnecessary physical exertion. She never worked and rarely played, though she had been taught embroidery by a mistress and the piano by a master. By which it may be seen that, nice dear girl as she was, our Anne was decidedly a goose, and entirely wanting in that kind of commonsense grip of which her mother had so much, and of which she made such good use.

Mr. Aspline had had full belief in his wife's integrity and prudence. All the same she was only a woman, and whether you say, with the gallant Francis, "*Souvent femme varie, bien fol qui s'y fie*," or, in the dalesman's vernacular, "Women are kittle cattle to shoe ahint," it comes to much the same thing. Hence, although he had left the interest of all he possessed to his widow for her life, he had strictly entailed it on his daughter and her children; so that the one should not be able to enrich a second husband beyond her own natural term, and if the other grew up plain or weak-minded it would not be to the advantage of any scoundrel to marry her for her money one week and poison her for full possession the next. If she did not marry and bear children the money was disposed of in other ways; and to neither women was left the power of making a will—not even of her savings. For trustees he had left two old friends of his—one a Major Campbell, and the other Jack Harford, of Thrift. Major Campbell had renounced the trust from the beginning, and just now Jack Harford had died; but his son Anthony, who had been travelling in America—who had, indeed, been living in America for some years—was on his way home to take up his father's affairs, and among other things to see about the trusteeship to the Asplines, whom he had known when a lad, and remembered with pleasure now as a man. "Cookey," as the irreverent young scamp used to call Mrs. Aspline, had always been kind and generous and good to him and his; and little Anne had been the prettiest and softest and whitest sort of plaything possible—as much like a powder-puff or a poodle puppy as a little girl in white frocks and multitudinous frills—good to toss up into the air and catch as she came down, or to carry on his shoulder, while she clutched his short curled hair and screamed with delight when he kicked like a donkey or pranced like a horse. Perhaps she had been too much of a cry-baby for a vigorous young scamp thirteen years her senior to be always quite patient with; but, on the whole, he had managed pretty well, and had been able to curb his natural ferocity to a quite commendable extent when the wee waterspout cried for a mere nothing and squeaked for less than nothing. So that, mingled with regrets for the father whom he had not seen for so many years, and regrets for the friends and intimates he was leaving behind, were pleasanter speculations as to how he should find his old friends "Cookey" and pretty wee Anne—now, of course, grown up and come to the stateliness of Miss Asplinehood.

They on their side speculated on the change time must have worked on him, and came to the conclusion that, having been so long in America, he must needs be a perfect barbarian by now—and what a pity it was that an English gentleman should so spoil and lower himself!

"I hope he will not think it necessary to come here," said Mrs. Aspline, looking round her pretty drawing-room with its ship-load of furniture and ornaments. "I would so much rather transact all my business with him by letter or at the lawyer's; for of course he will have that horrid habit of chewing tobacco and spitting all over the place, and that will be too disgusting, you know."

"Detestable!" said Anne.

"I wonder if he has been living much with the Indians?" then said Mrs. Aspline. "Perhaps he is married to a squaw in beads and a blanket. One never knows what these wild young men are up to when they are once out of one's sight."

"No," said Anne, visions of Lara and the Corsair making a hotch-potch of ideas with Prince Florizel and the Reverend John Creedy. "It is dreadful to think of," she added, with a little shudder.

"And if he brings his wife home with him, and she carries her babies in a basket at her back, how very painful it will all be!" continued Mrs. Aspline, who was fond of reading books of travel.

"I wonder Mr. Harford let him stay away so long," said Anne, who was the freest if the most indolent she alive. "If the first Mrs. Harford had lived, it would have been different. She would have brought him home long ago," she added.

"Yes," said Mrs. Aspline; "a mother has more power in a family than any father can have. Better lose a dozen fathers than one mother; for even the best men are but poor creatures in a house compared to women."

She spoke with that curious conviction of superiority by the grace of sex characteristic of the women of to-day. She had been made by her husband, but she believed that she had been the sole architect of her fortunes, while her master and his thousands had been but the hodman with his bricks.

(To be Continued.

A Woman's Warm Heart.

In a cabin on a sunny hillside overlooking the Bay of Dublin was a helpless cripple, entirely dependent upon his sister's exertions, and on her death a car was sent from the poorhouse to bring him thither for shelter. The poor wretch clung to the only home he had ever known, and utterly refused to leave it, crying that he would die if deprived of his "say air and shut up in prison wall." His loud lamentations had brought the priest and some of the neighbors by his side, and one of the latter, Maggie O'Flynn, felt a deep impulse of pity toward the unfortunate man. She was a single woman of about 55, of weather beaten and certainly not attractive appearance. She acted as head on the estate of a gentleman close by, to whom her services were invaluable. "Hould hard," she said to the workhouse officials; "it's not Maggie O'Flynn that 'nil see a poor craythur taken to the poorhouse when she can give him a shelter. It's a corner and a welcome in me own cabin Mick Castillo shall have." But here his reverence interposed and vowed he would allow no such scandal in the parish as an unmarried man and woman sharing the same dwelling, cripples or no cripples. "Shure, Maggie, you won't go back on your word?" implored poor Mick. Maggie hesitated a moment, then turning to the priest said: "If there's no other way to save him from 'the house,' your reverence, I'll marry him, an' sorra a haporth will any one be able to say agin it thin." It was in vain his reverence pointed out the terrible burden Maggie was taking upon herself. "It's for the love of God I'm marryin' him an' not to plase meself," was the answer she returned; "an' sure the blessed Virgin will niver let me want for the bite an' the sup when she sees me sharin' it with the craythur that has naythur." The marriage took place, and until his death, several years later, the kind-hearted Maggie O'Flynn carefully tended and supported the poor helpless cripple in her own cabin.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Odd Transatlantic Notes.

A Milan newspaper, the *Secolo*, is publishing the Bible in 210 half penny parts of eight pages each and 900 wood cuts.

In Rome there are 30 cardinals, 35 bishops, 1,469 priests, 2,215 nuns and 3,000 monks, friars, candidates, etc.

The Bank of England is the most extensive banking institution in the world. It employs over 1,000 clerks, and its buildings cover more than eight acres.

The French Minister of Education has offered a gold medal for the best French scholar to be found in English schools. His offer is intended to encourage the study of French.

A banker in Lille, France had the misfortune to wet eighteen bills of the Bank of France, and in order to dry them he placed them on a board at an open window where the sun shone upon them. They dried more rapidly than was anticipated. A gust of wind carried them into the street, where, unfortunately, a goat picking up odds and ends at once captured the bank bills and swallowed them. The goat was purchased and the bills secured in a very dilapidated condition, but the Bank of France recognized its obligations and redeemed them.

Living on a Penny a Day.

The Englishman, Dr. T. R. Allinson, has been trying the experiment of living on meal and water for a month. His daily allowance is one pound of whole meal made into a cake, with distilled water, and one quart of water. His account of his condition after a week is cheering. In the first days he felt hungry, but about the fourth day this disappeared, and he had no longer any craving for other food. His brain was clear, his lung capacity had increased five inches, and both his sight and his hearing had improved. He had lost seven pounds weight, but seemed to regard this as rather an advantage. Altogether he feels thoroughly satisfied with his experiment. It is a very economical one, the wheat for seven days having cost only eight pence. "This," he says, "is living on almost one penny a day and enjoying it."

He Chewed.

"I never smoke," said a theological student to his best girl, 'but atchoo!"

It was only a sneeze, but the maiden said she would never marry a man who chewed.

TAKING THE OATH.

Various Ways of Swearing in Various Parts of the World.

HOW PRESENT PRACTICES WERE STARTED.

The primary idea of taking an oath is that we call upon the Deity to bear witness to the sincerity or truth of what we assert, and so, as it were, register our oath in heaven. When Abraham, for example, raised his hands to heaven while swearing an oath to the King of Sodom, he pointed to the supposed residence of the Creator. Afterward, when men set up inferior deities of their own, they appealed to the material images or symbols that represented them, whenever an oath was administered. The most usual form of swearing among the ancients was, however, by touching the altar of the gods. Other rites, such as libations, the burning of incense and sacrifices accompanied the touching of the altar. Demosthenes swore by the souls of those who fell at Marathon. Anciently, too, mariners swore by their ships, fishermen by their nets, soldiers by their spears, and kings by their sceptres. The ancient Persians swore by the sun, which was the common object of their adoration, while the Scythians pledged themselves by the air they breathed and by their scimitars. Descending to more modern times, the Saxons pledged themselves to support their homes and privileges by their arms; and the punishment for perjury or non fulfilment of an oath was the loss of the hand that had held the weapon at the compact. The Spartans were wont to assemble around a brazier of fire, and, pointing their short swords to the sky, call upon the gods to bear witness to the compact. Swearing by the sword, in fact, retained its significance down to comparatively modern times, though in a slightly modified form. Thus, while the pagans extended the point of the weapon toward the supposed residence of the gods, the warriors of Christianity, after kissing it, directed the hilt—the true emblem of their faith—to heaven. A later form of oath was the pressing of the thumb upon the blade. Gradually, however, the practice became obsolete; and the kissing of the hilt, accompanying the words "By this good sword!" was handed down almost to the time when the wearing of a sword by gentlemen was abolished, as one of the strictest codes of civil honor. During the Grecian dynasty, whenever an Athenian householder made an oath, he caused his children to stand before him, and, laying his hand upon their heads, prayed that a curse might fall upon them if he swore falsely. If he had no children he pronounced destruction upon himself and his whole race, while he touched the altar of the gods or the victims upon it. Going back to Biblical times we find this curious rite in connection with the lives of Abraham and Jacob. The former says to his servant Eliezer: "Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh, and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell. But thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac." The like ceremony is performed by Joseph when Jacob makes him promise to carry him out of Egypt and bury him in the tomb of his forefathers. The explanation of this is, that placing the hand upon the thigh was equivalent to swearing by the Messiah, who was to spring from the loins of Abraham. Afterward the Jews confirmed their oaths by touching the book of law, or their phylacteries, upon which extracts of the law are inscribed. The Mohammedans laid their hands upon the Koran. When, therefore, Christians kiss the Bible or lay their hands upon the tomb of a martyr, or any other sacred relic, the source whence the practice has been derived is at once recognized; yet it must be admitted that kissing the book is a distinctly Christian institution, founded upon the kiss upon the sword hilt by the Crusaders. —*London Standard.*

Discovery of Children.

In a school district in London there were many parents who reported no children in their families. In order to find just how many children were thus being kept from school, the school authorities got two monkeys, dressed them gayly, put them in a wagon in which was a brass band, and started through the district. At once crowds of children appeared and followed the wagon, which drove to a neighboring park, when the school officers went among the children distributing candies and getting their names and addresses. They thus found that over sixty parents kept their children from school; and as a result of the monkeys, the brass band and the candy about 200 little boys and girls have been set at study.

She Had Done Her Best.

A woman in the waiting-room of the Third street depot the other day had a great deal of trouble with one of her two children—a boy of seven or eight—and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible, and then observed:

"Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father."

"Yes, I know it," she replied, "but he can't have it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another man and failed. He can't have what I can't get."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Effect of the Weather.

Plumber's Wife "I should like to countermand the order for those five-karat earrings, if it is not too late."

Jeweller "Certainly, madam. Something finer, I suppose."

Plumber's Wife—"Well, hardly. My husband thinks that this winter has been a little too warm for diamonds. I'll take a pair of these plated cuff buttons."—*Jeweller's Weekly.*

Hereditary Rascality.

"What business is young Peterson engaged in?"

"He is with his father in the sugar refining business."

"Ah, yes, I suppose it's handed down from father to son."

There are over seventy applicants for the vacant bridge tendership at Lock No. 1, Port Dalhousie.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fashionable Dresses That May be Worn on Easter Sunday.

SOME USEFUL RECIPES FOR ALL.

Taste in Personal Decoration, and How it Should be Cultivated.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

"Would ye know what's to be the thing for the springtime—what my fine lady will wear on Easter Sunday?" writes a New York lady correspondent. "Listen then. It will be a fine wool costume, in a faded tone of color, woven with a mottled effect, like Scotch mixed wool. It will have a woven border, consisting of graduated bands of a darker shade, which will encircle the petticoat. The draperies will be made up without seams, in sash effects, for the goods are forty-six inches wide; and the border follows all one side of it. On some pieces a diminutive border is woven along the outer edge for sleeve and waist trimmings. Should this not be fine enough for madame, there is a novelty much more costly. The same kind of wool material, yet even finer and softer, with a conventional pattern border embroidered in black embroidery silk, a la Chinoise, for the embroidery is alike on both sides. In all these colors does it come—black on old rose, black on serpent green, black on electric blue, black on copper, black on red, etc. By the way, speaking of reds, it is evident there are expectations that "the ladies" will fall down before the new reds, the flashy, dashy, striking reds! France was one blaze of bright color last year. It is our turn next. Perhaps the most effective thing in red was a fine wool, woven in stripes three inches wide, divided by a hair line of black, white or blue. These would look smart enough up among the mountains or on the deck of a yacht. Let us hope the salesmen will keep them in nice, smooth, even folds until wanted for such purposes. But what did they have for tailor-made suits? Soft wool, even checks, of white and faded tones of color; big gay Scotch plaids; fine smooth Henrietta cloths. Oh! Those Henrietta cloths in such soft pleasing colors were there. Those all wool are to be preferred to the silk warp for they do not grow stringy nor shiny as quickly."

Low-Crowned Hats and Chignons.

The new Paris hats are to have crowns so low as to be hardly perceptible from the front view. It is thought also that since the bustle has disappeared from the body the chignon of some years ago will again fasten itself to the head. Already great rolls of hair are to be seen at the back.

Lord Salisbury's Third Son's Marriage.

The bridesmaids at the wedding of Lord Salisbury's third son were dressed in white Irish poplin, having vests, collars and cuffs of red velvet, with full undervests of mousseline de soie.

A Matrimonial Pointer.

An exchange volunteers the information that if white clothing, say a dress, is put away in a drawer or closet it will become yellow, but if placed in a box lined with blue paper or wrapped in a dark blue cloth it will come out as white as ever, no matter how long it lies.

Did She Want to Trade?

This advertisement lately appeared in a London paper: "A young married lady, who dresses well and often tires of her things when quite new and fresh, would like to hear from a lady who takes the same measurements; height, five feet seven inches, bust 36 inches, waist 24 inches; court dressmaker."

Keep Warm.

Rose Terry Cooke says: "If you want to be happy keep warm. Women are eaten up with neuralgia, say the doctors. No wonder. They sit all the morning by a hot register, and then tie the five or six-inch strip of bonnet over their back hair, a bit of lace film over their bangs, put on kid boots, with silk or thread stockings underneath, and dawdle along the pave with bitter winds of winter smiting their temples, their delicate ears, their throats and the bases of what should be their brain. Their outward nerves shrink and quiver under this barbarous exposure. But no matter; their chests are well covered with fur cloaks and sacques, but cold feet, the numb ears, the reddened temples, the exposed neck will have their own story to tell. Then you won't wear flannel next the skin. Why? Because your waists will look too large, and it is the style to be as near in shapeliness to that delightful and lovely insect, the wasp, as humanity can be forced. Do you really like to ache and groan and to be laid aside every few days with agonizing headaches or panting, laboring hearts? Strange, if true!"

Fixings.

"When are you the happiest?" I asked a pretty young girl I know.

"When I can go to a big ball and be the best-dressed girl there," she replied promptly.

"But how about partners?" I suggested.

"Oh, they do not bother me. I always have enough, but it's the fixings for my ball dress that trouble me. You see, it does not cost very much for a dress, but all the fixings to it are what cost."

"Fixings," I was told, meant a pretty pair of slippers, silken stockings, long Suede gloves, a big fan and a ribbon to fasten it, an embroidered handkerchief, lace for the neck and sleeves, and flowers and hairpins. All these trifles cost money, and they must all be of the nicest, or even the effect of the most costly toilet would be spoiled.

Taste in Dress.

Dress an average woman in close-fitting serge or quiet neutral-tinted tweed; give her a spotless linen collar and cuffs to match; take away chains and gewgaws, and say if she ever looked better unless it was in a pink cotton cambric on a summer's morning with a rose at her throat instead of a brooch. Well-built women will do well to remember this when they seek to cover themselves with ribbons, braids and gimps, that serve only to fritter away the figure and are absolute death to the clear, fine outlines that should be followed with the greatest exactitude. After simplicity—a costly simplicity, if you will, or rather as a consequence of it—comes freshness, that most desirable quality which to a woman's dress is much the same as a fair, healthy skin to her face. To be simple, then, to be fresh at every point, are two long steps gained toward being well dressed. The third is a little longer and harder to take; it is to dress suitably, not only to your station and age, but to your house. Take your complexion first. If you are fair, with blue eyes, be you can wear every shade of blue from azure down to violet, but if you have green, grey or brown eyes you will only create a discordancy if you suffer a morsel of blue near you. On the other hand, a perfectly fair, green-eyed woman adds weirdness and charm to her fairness when she arrays herself in all the paler shades of green. For brunettes scarlet and amber, white and orange, though if there be the smallest tint of amber in the skin, orange may only be ventured on at night. Some women who might come under the heading of blondes stand vivid yellows and oranges well, but they must have some color and a skin transparently fair. But up to the age of 40, and sometimes beyond it, the typical healthy, fresh-looking woman is at her best in white, and at her very worst in black.

Recipes.

Griddled Oysters.—Wash quart of oysters and dry them by spreading on a towel. Have the griddle hot and put a bit of butter on it. Put the oysters on till the griddle is full. Turn each oyster over as it browns and serve hot on buttered toast.

Boiled or Steamed Pudding.—One cupful of beef suet chopped fine, or one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of sweet milk, some baking powder in the flour; make it just a little thicker than pound cake; one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants or one cupful of blackberry jam, one teaspoonful of allspice, cloves, cinnamon, one nutmeg; tie in a cloth and boil two or three hours, or put in a pan and steam three hours.

Vinegar improves by keeping, therefore it is best to lay in a large supply.

Tea, coffee or cocoa are three admissible drinks, but not in excess. For the voice the *American Druggist* recommends cocoa as the best. A cup of thin cocoa, just warm, is more to be recommended between the exertions of singing than any alcoholic beverage. Tea must not be taken too strong, nor when it has been drawn too long, for it then becomes acid and has a bad influence upon the mucous membranes of the throat. There is always a sensation of dryness after taking a cup of tea that has been allowed to draw too long.

To arrest hiccough Dresch directs that both ears be closed with the fingers, with pressure, while a few swallows of liquid are taken.

Chocolate Meringue Pudding.—Boil one pint of rich milk, add half a teacupful of butter, one teacupful of sugar and three ounces of grated chocolate; let it boil, and when cool add the whites of four eggs; pour this in a pudding dish lined with slices of sponge cake and bake; cover with meringue and let it brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

Berkshire Cookies.—One cupful of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda; dissolve in a half cupful of cold water, a dessertspoonful of salt; a tablespoonful of melted butter, one dessertspoonful of ginger, flour enough to roll out to the thickness of an inch. Bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes.

For and About Women.

Dr. Mary Walker has settled down to hard work. She is now the telegraph editor of a Washington newspaper.

Gray hair for women is becoming such a rage in Paris that locks which until lately would have been dyed a golden brown are now bleached white.

Mrs. Kendal, the actress, has invented an "omnibus" fan. Packed away here and there in its small compass are a pair of scissors, a glove-buttoner, a little mirror, hair-pins and quite a number of accessories to the toilet.

Says Ouida: "The uneasiness of women to imitate men, politically, personally and socially, is a distressing note of modern civilization. It is artistically a mistake; it is probably also one morally. . . To those who are still of opinion that the finest flower of womanhood is a sensitive plant best cultured in shade and silence this indication will not be welcome."

A walking costume is of myrtle green Amazon cloth, trimmed with moleskin. The skirt is plain and edged with the moleskin. It is covered by a drapery nearly forming a second skirt, caught up slightly here and there with a box pleat at the back. It is also edged with the moleskin. The bodice, in the soldat Francais style, is double breasted, with one row of Norwegian buttons down the left side; moleskin collar and cuffs and a band of moleskin down the centre.

One of the fashions of the year, which has reached a craze both here and abroad, is passementerie. From plain cords simply tied in large knots like a friar's girdle, to elaborate placques as intricately wrought as the richest laces, all sorts and kinds are represented, Greek, Roman, geometric, fanciful, floral and classical patterns being brought out in most wonderful and attractive combinations. Passementerie appears upon nearly every portion of dress, even at the throat as brooch or pendant, at the waist as buckle or belt, and on the fancy shoe, imitating a clasp.

Style in the Antipodes.

A writer in the London *Standard* says I see it noticed that a judge of the Supreme Court in Australia goes circuit on a bicycle. In Australia there is a pleasing informality on the part of eminent functionaries, the occupants of the Government bench sitting in Parliament sometimes in their shirt sleeves. A Queensland bishop has been seen carrying his trunk down from an hotel to the steamer, he taking one handle and a black porter, very imperfectly clad, taking the other.

An Obliging Defaulter.

We are reaching a very high state of civilization. The defaulting cashier doesn't even take the trouble to run away now. Cashier Gookin, we are told, visits the office of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company every day to help them find out how much he really did take.—*New York Herald.*

Evolution of the Sermon.

Modern Yankee Minister's Wife—"You look worried, dear. Can't you find subjects that will interest the congregation?"

Modern Minister (gloomily)—"It's easy enough to find subjects that will interest the congregation, the trouble is to find subjects that will interest the newspapers."

A GIANT'S BURIAL.

Funeral of the Late Colonel Goschen, Professional Anak.

The funeral of Col. Ruth Goshen, Barnum's biggest giant, who died last Tuesday on his farm near Clyde Station, N.J., took place yesterday morning. There was talk of a big display, but Rev. James LeFevre, into whose church Col. Goshen had been received since his illness, declared that he would not officiate unless the preparations were of a simple nature. Besides, Col. Goshen himself had wished the ceremony to be unostentatious. His only other wish was to be buried deep. So it was arranged to hold a quiet service in the farm house. Col. Goshen weighed 588 pounds, as attested yesterday by a merchant who had weighed him recently, and it was found no easy task to clothe the body. After half an hour's unavailing efforts Undertaker VanDuyn finally succeeded in bringing the clothing together in front of him by splitting it down the back. The dress selected was one familiar to museum-goers—a long blue coat with imitation astrakhan collar and cuffs, black satin waistcoat with brass buttons, and black broadcloth trousers with red striped seams. By the time the clothing had been arranged a crowd had gathered and an undertaker from New Brunswick had come to offer advice. The cloth-covered chestnut coffin was placed outside on the brick wall leading to the gate. Its top measurement was three feet by eight feet four inches, and it wouldn't go through the door. The body lay indoors on a stage of planks nine feet long. Four men, after much labor, raised the body a little and slipped a broad carpet sling under the waist, fitted at the ends with stout rods, each large enough to be grasped by two men. The arms were tied down and the legs were firmly strapped together with a horse's girth in such a way as to offer handles to two men, one on each side. The nine foot stage, with the body on it, was then carried outside and placed on the porch at right angles to the coffin. Here an interesting discussion arose. The New Brunswick undertaker wanted to place the stage over the coffin, lift up the body, withdraw the planking, and let the body down into the coffin. Mr. Van Duyn had arranged for eight men to carry the body by the straps and the iron rods to the coffin and lower it. Each presented his argument, and the pall-bearers and guests who had arrived gathered round and took part in the discussion. Mr. Van Duyn finally had his way, and the body was carried to the coffin and laid in it without mishap. The colonel's chestnut wig was then carefully adjusted over his kinky hair. An attempt to remove the sling from under him failed, so the rods were cut off and the carpet was left in the coffin. Then the coffin was hoisted upon boxes and left exposed until after the services. The great coffin was put in the undertaker's waggon as the hearse was too small. It was pushed up to the dashboard and the driver sat on one end of it. The other extended about a foot out at the back of the waggon. It was a bitterly cold morning, but a good many people went in carriages and on foot to Cedar Grove Cemetery and watched with expectant interest the lowering of the coffin into the biggest grave any of them had ever seen. But no accident happened.—*From the New York Sun.*

Who Said It.

Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the staff of life."

It was Keats said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"Man proposes, but God disposes," remarked Thomas A'Kempis.

Franklin is authority for "God helps those who help themselves."

It was an observation of Thomas Southern that "Pity's akin to love."

"All cry and no wool" is an expression found in Butler's "Hudibras."

We are indebted to Colley Cibber, not to Shakspeare, for "Richard is himself again."

Edward Coke, the English jurist, was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"When Greek joins Greek then was the tug of war" was written by Nathaniel Lee in 1602.

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at 40 is a fool indeed."

"Variety is the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear" were coined by Cowper.

Charles Pinckney gave the patriotic sentiment, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

"Of the two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior.

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets" and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

The poet Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before" and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way: "Love me little, love me long.'

To Dr. Johnson belongs "A good hater," and to MacIntosh, in 1701, the phrase, often attributed to Randolph: "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the 16th century, says: "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not his countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1799, by Gen. Henry Lee.—*Pittsbury Dispatch.*

A Parental Admonition.

Stern Parent—"Johnnie, I am informed that you use a great deal of slang. Is it true?" "Yes, sir." "And I have cautioned you against the vulgar habit scores of times. I once more warn you that if you persist in using slang, I'll take that strap from the wall and you'll find yourself in the soup."

It must be a curious event, the proposal of a stuttering lover. He would have some difficulty in telling his fair one that she was the pup-pup-pearl of his life, and the dud-dud-darling of his heart.—*Denver News.*

THE ALUMINUM AGE.

What it Will be Like—Houses, Boats, Cars, Bridges, Flying ships.

The world has had its ages of stone and bronze. We are now passing through the iron age. Will this be succeeded by an age of aluminum? We believe that it will. It taxes one's imagination a little, we confess, but not one's credulity, to see, in the mind's eye, the bright and beautiful aluminum replacing black and ugly iron in most of the latter's present uses. Fancy houses built of aluminum instead of iron. The weight of the new metal is only a third as much as iron, with equal or greater tensile strength. The girders and the plates could be cast and readily handled in sizes far larger than those to which architectural iron is now confined. Perhaps whole fronts of moderate-sized houses could be made of the new metal. Railroad cars of such material would not be readily crumbled up or smashed into splinters by collisions. The perils of railroad travelling in the age of aluminum will be much less than now. The ductility of aluminum will render it the best of all possible materials for bridges. The weight of the wire ropes, as also of the bridge itself, for a given span, being but one third that of iron, engineers will perform feats of bridge building now wholly beyond their powers. The age of aluminum will be the age of bridges. They will probably be thrown over the East and North Rivers at intervals of every few blocks. With the sufficient cheapening of aluminum may come the realization of the flying machine. One great obstacle to the success of aerial navigation is the difficulty of supplying a practical motor either to propel or steer the balloon. The want is still more seriously felt if the design is to dispense with gas and imitate merely the movement of a bird's wings or a fish's tail in cleaving the air. The small weight of an aluminum engine, driven by compressed air, gas or electricity, compared with its iron equivalent, undoubtedly makes the ultimate success of air ships more probable than before. The sources of supply are inexhaustible. Iron, copper, silver, gold are found only in localities geographically small. But one of the most universally distributed materials of the earth beneath our feet is clay, the metallic base of which is aluminum. Having boundless faith in the ingenuity of man to overcome difficulties, we confidently expect him to wrest this now stubborn metal from its superabundant combinations, and enable the world soon to enter on the age of aluminum —*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Orange-Ribbon Reflections.

The devil speaks for a man in a passion.

Love may live an age if you do not marry it.

Every woman is Eve in some hours of her life.

The fire of jealousy burns with very little fuel.

On what strange solitudes every separate soul dwells.

Many roads lead to happiness besides the one we take.

It takes two to tell a lie—one to speak and one to listen.

A husband's name is a far bigger shield than a father's.

Truth can be outraged by silence quite as cruelly as by speech.

To the spider the web is as large as to the whale the whole wide sea.

Woman is never too angry to be without a mouthful of sweet words.

When girls are old enough for a lover they are a match for any gray head.

A man that gets the woman he wants very seldom gets any other good thing.

A daughter is a little white lamb in the household to teach men to be gentlemen.

A woman is not to be counted your own until you have her inside a wedding ring.

Eventful days are the results which months, years, perchance centuries, have made possible.

Who is free? The man who masters his own self. Who is powerful? He who can control his passions.

The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind, over our heads.

All these inconveniences are incident to love: reproaches, jealousies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and then peace.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. The true pay the price before they enjoy it; the false after they enjoy it.

As there are in creation invisible bonds that do not break like mortal bonds, so also there are correspondence subsisting between souls, despite the separation of distance.—*Collated by Kansas City Star.*

Barbarians and Books.

Canadian Indians, Brazilians and Peruvians thought books and letters were spirits of live beings.

Tribes in Africa, South America and Oceanica thought the reader was conversing with the book, and Weddell said a Fuegian put the book to his ear in order to hear the sound of the voice that spoke to the reader.

A Long-Standing Error.

The Universities Press edition of the English bible contains a typographical error, which has remained uncorrected for fifty years. It is in the seventeenth verse of the eleventh chapter of Zachariah which reads: "Woe to the idol shepherd.' The word "idol' should be "idle."—*New York Tribune.*

Love's Young Dream.

Little girl (at school)—"What did the teacher send you here for?"

Little boy—"She said I was bad, and must come over and sit with the girls."

"I like you. Can you stay long?"

"Guess not. I wasn't very bad,"

"Well, you be badder next time."

No Uncertainty About It.

Adult Son—"Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she——" Mother—"My son, there is no need of going into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt about what she means."

Strategy.

Vera Wiley—I'm afraid it would be better not to speak to papa just yet, Jack. Wait until next week.

Jack Door—But why?

Vera Wiley—My milliner's bill will be in then, and he may look upon your suit with more favor.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Snow 2 feet 9 inches on the level.

Rev. Mr. Stewart filled the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday afternoon last.

The Maxwell stage runs daily from Flesherton station on arrival of train.

Green wood wanted in exchange for boots and shoes at Jos. Smith's.

J. G. Russell visited Hamilton last week on business. Look out for bargains now.

J. W. Armstrong, Esq., and Mrs. Armstrong, visited relatives in Toronto last week.

Rev. Mr. McFadgen, B. A., of Lindsay Presbyteryn, will preach in the Presbyterian Church next Sabbath.

A three mile skating race between Jos. Gibbons and H. McLean, of Priceville, will take place on Priceville rink next Tuesday evening.

Mr. Wm. Rutledge, of Acton, gave us a pleasant call on Tuesday. He is visiting at Mr. Petche's.

FOR SALE—Set single bobsleighs and a light wagon, in good condition, for sale. Cash or time. Apply to R. J. Sproule, Flesherton.

Dr. T. Henderson, dentest, will be in Flesherton Friday and Saturday next, March 1 and 2. Bring you rebellious molars to him.

Flesherton orchestra drove down to Dundalk on Thursday evening last to be present at an oyster supper given by the Proton Agricultural Society.

It is with pleasure we learn that Mr. Jas. Beecroft is somewhat recovered, and was able to be around town on Monday, the first time for several months.

The past week has been one of extreme cold for Ontario. But then we suppose most of our readers have noticed this for themselves.

One of Mr. W. P. Crossley's little mares cut herself the other day by overreaching and bled herself in the most disapproved style. She had a narrow escape.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Jerome Farewell, editor of the Thornbury Standard, met with an accident in Toronto on Friday. He was driving with a friend when the horse ran away, throwing him out upon the pavement. The injury is not likely to be serious.

Mr. D. Blair is now nursing a sick thumb. He was wielding a very heavy hammer and forgot to take his digit away. It will likely be a week or so before Dave is able to repeat the experiment.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A credit auction sale of farm stock and implements will be held on the farm of Isaac Sinclair, lot 141, 3rd range north-east T. and S. R., Artemesia, on Wednesday, March 13, when a large amount of stock and implements will be offered. See bills.

Remember Dr. Sinclair's visit to Flesherton on Friday week, March 8. Dr. Sinclair is a successful specialist for the treatment of all chronic diseases, private diseases, diseases of the brain, diseases of the heart and lungs, and diseases of women positively treated successfully. Consultation free.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Thanks are due Mr. R. H. Henderson for copies of the Port Arthur daily Sentinel. It is a sickly looking daily paper, but, nevertheless, thanks friend Henderson. Mr. Henderson is energetically pushing insurance along the line of the C. P. R.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Remember M. Richardson and Co's mammoth clearing sale, now going on. See advertisement elsewhere for particulars. As a result of their announcement the store has been crowded every day with eager buyers, and if you would get some of the best bargains it will be well to call early.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Markdale brass band went out to Priceville on Thursday night last, in "full dress uniform" for the purpose of giving a concert. Their audience was limited to three or four, as it was very late when they arrived, and an immediate retreat was ordered. The band had several "upsets" on the way and lost some of the mouthpieces of their blowing machines. They feel "allee blosue upee" as the Chinaman said.

A First class farm of 100 acres to rent on reasonable terms. Also a good horse for sale cheap. Joseph LeGard, Flesherton.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Board by the week, day or meal, apply to Mrs. Jas. Kester, Sydenham St., Flesherton.

Seeds! Seeds! Just arrived from Steel Brothers & Co., at Richardson's drug store, a full stock of garden seeds. Be sure and call at Wm. Richardson's.

The Flesherton Methodist choir and a few friends were entertained in a right royal manner by our esteemed minister and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Shilton, on Tuesday evening.

A stroll through Mr. Beecroft's green house on Monday gave us a great deal of pleasure. Although not in their prime, and the bloom of flowers sparse at this season of year, still the promises were there of exquisite beauty yet to come. Foliage plants are pushing out their first new leaves, climbing vines pushing out dainty tendrils, roses bursting into bud, and rhubarb growing fast and rank. Soon our dining tables will be supplied with this latter and favorite dish, and our center tables adorned with boquets of living fragrance from the greenhouse. It is pleasant to contemplate with the mercury at from 10 to 15 below zero.

The following remarks from the Dominion Illustrated can be vouched for by every publisher of a newspaper. This description of people may be found in every locality: "A line or two may appear in a newspaper that may make a man an enemy to the newspaper for life. He will stop his subscription, but this act does not deter him from reading the paper. It simply changes him from a subscriber to a borrower, a filcher of the editor's work without compensation. There are numbers of individuals who will read this item and appreciate its pith. People of this class sometimes get into public life, when they have a nice time of it. It is a poor man who can't either take or give a crack occasionally."

The Canada Presbyterian marks the commencement of its eighteenth volume by an enlargement that must make this old established journal more than ever welcome to thousands of readers. The large addition to its size, and the high character of its Correspondence, Editorials and Contributed Articles can not fail to add to The Presbyterian's already wide circulation and greatly extend its influence for good. "Knoxonian's" racy and able article, published every week, is alone worth the yearly subscription, which, notwithstanding the increase in size, remains at its old price, $2.00 per annum. The offer of a "Peerless" Bible as a premium to the getters up of a club, should be the means of enlisting a host of willing workers all over the country. Send to The Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Co., 5 Jordon St. Toronto, for free specimen copy and circular.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy---a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Mount Forest Confederate says it is "the best local paper in this part of the country." It also says that it "has the best appointed book and job printing department outside the cities" and "can produce the finest and best work turned out in this section of country." Twice among its locals the announcement appears that "the Confed. speaks right out in meeting, and doesn't consult anybody as to what it shall say when giving advice, and don't you forget it gentlemen!" Modesty is not a component of Mr. Benner's nature, judging by the above. However, as no one could recognize the truth of these statements by observation, the editor is probably justifiable in his attempt to chuck something into the heads of his readers by force that otherwise could find no lodgement there. We do not know who Mr. Benner is, but have heard of a man just like him in ancient mythology. He was a giant and had but one bleary eye set in the centre of his forehead. A little man with a red hot poker put out his eye and despatched him. Don't be a giant with one eye, Bro. Benner.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage

An Hymenial Present.

Mr. Alfred Ward, of Artemesia, and Miss Harriet Madill, of Osprey, were united in marriage on Wednesday of last week. The ceremony was performed in Singhampton by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, in the English Church. After the ceremony the newly made bride was agreeably surprised to find herself recipient of a handsome family Bible, the marriage having been the first celebrated in that church.

Death of an old Resident.

Mr. Jos Strain, of Inistioge, died on Saturday night last, at the ripe old age of 80 years and 9 months. Deceased was mother of Wm. Strain, Esq., of Flesherton, and came to this country thirty eight years ago, settling upon the farm where they have been residing ever since. Her husband survives her, and is 81 years of age. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon to Flesherton cemetery, a large number of friends and sympathisers attending.

Mr. C. M. Field has opened out a new tailoring establishment at Maxwell.

Fish! Fish! Fish!

Another consignment of split herrings just arrived at R. Trimble's.

Coal Oil.

I sell coal oil any quantity for 18c. per gallon. R. Trimble.

Butter Wanted.

I am paying 16c. for any quantity of good butter. R. Trimble.

Cow for Sale.

A young cow in calf. Cheap for cash. R. Trimble.

Seeds! Seeds!

A large consignment of red clover, alsike, mammoth and lucerne. Also timothy in stock this week. R. Trimble.

Cheap Goods.

I will sell any of my winter goods at cost. Do not wish to carry any over. Call and ask prices. R. Trimble.

Social and Concert.

Look out for particulars next week of the best entertainment yet given this winter by the ladies of the Methodist congregation. It will take the form of a social and concert on the evening of Friday, March 15th, in the Methodist Church. Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, one of Toronto's favorite singers, has kindly promised to be present and assist our well-known local talent.

He Wouldn't be Baptized.

The other day while visiting the neighboring burg of Markdale we heard of a funny incident which happened in that vicinity some time ago. A certain father had neglected having his boy baptized in babyhood, and becoming oppressed with a sense of his negligence in that respect as the youngster advanced in years and had reached ten summers, he concluded to put it off no longer. Accordingly preparations were made to have the thing done in proper style. A few neighbors and the minister were invited without consulting the youth, and on the day appointed guests arrived and the boy was made acquainted with the grave ordeal he was expected to undergo. He did not say anything but thought a great deal. When the curtain was about to rise the hero was called but he was not on hand. He had "sneaked." One of the family who was searching for the culprit just caught one glimpse of him in the back field as he was making a bee line for the bush. His feet were shoveling snow at a fearful rate. It could not be learned whether he is yet baptised or not.

Ravenna Farmer's Institute.

A meeting of the Centre Grey Farmer's Institute was held at Ravenna Feb. 22nd. The weather being very stormy, the meeting was not as large as other meetings of the Institute held in this district, but on the whole was good, and a live interest was taken in the cause by those present.

Andrew Shore, Esq., was elected chairman. Rev. Paul Flinn acted as secretary. The President, Mr. Thos. Kells, opened the meeting by stating the object in view, and also submitted in writing a report of the work the Institute has been doing during the last two months, which was very satisfactory. He also gave a brief report of the business transacted at the Central Farmer's Institute meeting, held in the city of Toronto on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst. He said the attendance was too large, and thought that one delegate from each electoral district was quite sufficient. Business would be done better by 83 than by 166 delegates. By reducing the number to one half there would be a saving of $750. The money thus saved could be used to good advantages by the Institutes. The President also read a letter from our worthy member, Dr. Sproule, requesting the Secretary of the Institute to send to him the names and post offices of the different members of the Institute, and he, through Prof. Saunders, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, would send reports of new varieties of seed grain, and other seeds. Mr. Shore next addressed the meeting, strongly urging the necessity of farmers being united for the purpose of meeting together, consulting each other, and hearing papers read on scientific and practical agriculture, thereby learning better methods of working the soil, managing the stock, and to be in a position to seek fair play at the hands of our legislatures.

Neil McColman, Esq., ex M.P.P., delivered a very excellent address on Manitoba, the Northwest and the province of Ontario. While he spoke very highly of the Northwest as a great agricultural country, especially for wheat and other grains, and likewise cattle, he said notwithstanding this, Ontario was *the* province of the Dominion. Mr. J. B. Marsh next took the floor, and thought that as the Americans did not need our produce, and were preparing to do without it altogether, we should seek a market in England for our beef, lambs, and horses. He likewise stated the great importance of raising that class of stock and grain best suited for the British market. He said in barley the two rowed was the best. Mr. Marsh deals in cattle, and ships to the Old Country. He was there twice the past season, and says farmers have nothing to fear, but on the contrary will be well rewarded by producing a suitable class of stock and grain for the British market.

Mr. William Walter thought organization on the part of farmers necessary by meeting together for consultation they would be well able to attend to their own business.

Mr. John Irwin, second dept. reeve of the township of Collingwood, said he would not object to annexing the U. S. to Canada. He said farmers have been humbugged in the past by following party lines too closely, and was prepared to give credit to any government whose legislation was in the interests of the country as a whole especially the farmers institute. Mr. James Strachan delivered a short but eloquent address. The meeting then adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock p.m.

EVENING MEETING

A sol pro rammie was rendered. The choir, under the able leadership of Mr. Silas Hallett, gave a good account of themselves by rendering music in their usual excellent style. Mr. Fred Marsh spoke effectually on the importance of the agricultural college. Messrs. Irwin, Kells, McColman and Walker gave interesting addresses on various subjects of agricultural pursuits. Mr. James Strachan gave a thrilling recitation. Mr. W. F. Hewgill gave a reading. It was resolved that the next annual meeting of Centre Grey Farmers' Institute would be held at Ravenna. The membership was increased to 110. Thus ended a very successful meeting, notwithstanding that some of the prominent men who were to read papers and many others were prevented by the storm from attending. We might just add that the Institute was heartily welcomed to Collingwood township, and judging from the interest already taken Collingwood will give a good account of itself in the future.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and shed, splendid well on the premises, fruit, trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C.B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside, "Tender for bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1889

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 27th February instant

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque or draft payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th February, 1889.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Valuable Farm Lands!

—IN—

TOWNSHIP OF GLENELG.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from HELEN McKECHNIE to the Vendors which will be produced at time of sale, and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at

MARSH'S HOTEL

—IN THE—

VILLAGE OF MARKDALE

—ON—

TUESDAY the 5th day of March. 1889.

at 2 o'clock p.m. by A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer the following Property, namely: Lot number five in the eleventh concession of the said township of Glenelg, containing 100 acres more or less, a portion of which are said to be cleared.

TERMS 10 per cent. at time of sale, and for the balance terms will be liberal, and will be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to W. J. Bellamy, Esq., Flesherton, or to MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS, Vendor's Solicitors, Toronto.

Dated 9th day of Feb 1889

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbytorian Church.

FLESHERTON.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

There has been very little change in the markets during the past week. On Tuesday a few loads of wheat sold at $1.05.

Flour	$3 00 to	$ 00
Fall Wheat	0 98 to	1 02
Spring Wheat	0 98	1 02
Barley	0 40	0 40
Oats	0 32	0 33
Peas	0 54	0 54
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatos bush.	0 25	0 25
Pork	5 75	5 75
Hay per ton	8 00	10 00
Hides	3 50	4 50
Shpeskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 08	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

GEO. MITCHELL,

SHERIFF,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS FOR SALE AND SOLD.

Special attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. Door North of Richardson's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block, two doors south of J. G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians as Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel

Priceville, Nov 19, 1888

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavestroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

THE

NORTH OF SCOTLAND

CANADIAN MORTGAGE CO., (Llimited),

18 King St. West, Toronto.

CAPITAL, $3,650,000.

MONEY TO LEND

ON THE

Straight Loan System,

At lowest current rate of interest and favorable terms as to repayment by borrower.

NO FINES! · · · MODERATE CHARGE!

MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES PURCHASED.

J. W. Henderson,
INSPECTOR.

Oser & Hammond,
GENERAL MANAGER.

Special Notice TO Borrower

Parties having mortgages becoming due in this company can have them RENEWED for another term for the small cost of $3.50 by applying to our own valuators, and at a rate of interest as low as any other company.

Make all payments of principal or interest direct to the company. If borrowers hand their money to other parties to remit and the funds are held some time by said parties, the Company is not responsible for delay.

The borrower can have his payment become due at whatever time of year suits him best; and need not pay any principal unless he wishes. All interest ceases on instalments of principal paid, and no interest is charged only on unpaid principal. Loans completed on the shortest possible time. If you want to borrow or re-arrange your mortgage, call on the undersigned

VALUATOR:

W. J. BELLAMY, · · · FLESHERTON.

ICE CREAM AND HEAVEN.

A Trance Prodigy Eats the One and Thinks She is in the Other.

A Harrisburg, Pa., despatch says: Hundreds of people are still flocking to the residence of John Parthemore, at Steelton, where little Lillie Bodmer is lying in what is denominated a religious trance. Her form is rigid. She constantly stares upward and claims to be in communication with God. Lillie is said to have been converted on the 1st inst. at a revival at Steelton. Her religious fervor was followed by a calm, which was succeeded by the trance. The physicians are unable to prescribe any treatment, and the only things she has eaten since her confinement are oranges and ice cream. She seems to believe herself in heaven and almost constantly speaks of Christ. She recognizes no one by name. While talking of objects which she claims to see in the spirit world she will stop suddenly, her form will become rigid, her eyeballs roll upward and remain fixed, and her hands and her arms continue stiff in whatever position they happen to be when she sinks into the trance. She was asked by Rev. Mr. Keefer where she had been, and she replied:

"Oh! I have been flying around with Jesus. We have been to High Spire, Highland, Harrisburg and Steelton. Oh! we have been all around."

She never received any education, a fact to be noticed in her formation of sentences. Upon returning to consciousness from one of her trances, during which she had wept, she was asked what made her cry. Her answer was, "Oh! I was praying for my relatives."

When any one speaks to her she does not look at them, but feels for their hands and takes them in hers. She has never read the Bible; yet whenever she is asked by any one who holds her hands about certain Biblical doctrines she will answer in an intelligent manner. When asked a question she cannot answer she says, "Wait, I'll ask Jesus."

Then she turns her head to the wall, her lips move, and a little later she gives the correct answer. She speaks of the Lord with perfect freedom and assurance, and is extremely affectionate with those who talk to her. The girl never gets any spasms, is not hysterical and does not grow weak. She is wholly without pain.

Said the Rev. Mr. Keefer, her pastor—"It is a wonderful case, but it is no mental aberration. I am not a Spiritualist in any sense of the word, but I do believe that this girl has direct communication with the spirit world. She is with them; she speaks to them; she is a direct manifestation of the divine power. I could give you columns of strange things that she has told about people whom she never knew. She has described heaven, and she does not believe she is on earth. It is a great mystery, indeed."

Other doctors speak from a purely medical point of view, and say that the girl's mind is unbalanced.

IN A BAD BOX.

A Railway Car Takes Fire and the Passengers have an Exciting Time.

A Paris cable says: A very startling accident occurred at daybreak yesterday to the express train Le Rapids coming from Nice to Paris. As the train reached a point about five miles south of Dijon, passengers in the new carriage, in which the compartments communicate with each other, noticed a strong smell of something burning. The carriage was heated, not with the usual hot water foot-warmers, but with a system of hot-air currents that permeated under the floor of the compartments. One passenger, at ten minutes past 6, noticed that flames were darting up from the floor. The night had been terribly cold, and the wind had blown the gas out. The passengers pulled at the knob of the alarm signal, but the signal did not work, it being jammed or frozen. There were twelve persons in the carriage. The flames were increasing with frightful rapidity. The floor of the train was one mass of glowing embers. The passengers jumped upon the seats and shrieked for the guard. The train began to slow up for the station of Dijon. The guard noticed the smoke and at once stopped the train. The flames were already curling about the seats and cushions. The passengers at once jumped out of the carriage, some of them leaving their luggage behind them. The rest of the train went on to Dijon for assistance, leaving the passengers and a few employees in a shed near the track, where the carriage soon became a bonfire and was completely destroyed, together with a portion of the passengers' hand-bags.

Her Longest Sleep Approaching.

An Attica, N. Y., telegram says: Mrs. Emma Althouse, who awoke on February 6th from a 35 days' trance, is in a precarious condition and can live only a few days longer, according to the opinion of local physicians. On coming out of her long trance she partook of some nourishment and then went to sleep again, remaining unconscious for a day. She seemed very sleepy and artificial means were tried to keep her awake when she was aroused from this nap, but she had several short sleeps. She is now awake and has been so for four days, but her condition is extremely pitiful. She is unable to move and her efforts to whisper to her sisters are unavailing. Efforts to feed her even liquid food must now be given up, for a drop of water or warm milk sets her to coughing in a feeble, painful way that seems likely to result fatally at any moment. These attempts at nourishing the sleeping woman have been followed by fainting fits, lasting 10 or 15 minutes.

Civil Service Reform.

Lady (to applicant for coachman)—Are you an Englishman?

Applicant—No, mum; I was born in Ireland, but I've lived so long in Ameriky that I s'pose I do seem quite English, you know.—*Harper's Bazar*

Thanks; We're Busy.

Perhaps those who are fond of tongue-twisting sentences may like to repeat the following correctly and rapidly:

The swan swam over the river; swim, swan, swim;
The swan swam back again; well swam, swan!

His full name is George Ernest John Maria Boulanger.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. French—Respecting actions at law.

Mr. Fraser—To amend the Ontario Shop Regulation Act.

Mr. McAndrews—To amend the Act respecting mortgages and sales of personal property.

Mr. Conmee—Respecting the town of Port Arthur.

The Bill respecting voters' lists (Mr. Fraser) was again considered in Committee of the Whole, for the purpose of receiving some verbal amendments.

Mr. Meredith wished the Bill amended so that voters who were challenged and summoned to attend before the County Court should not be struck off the lists unless the Judge had reasonable ground for thinking that their votes were open to question. Under the present law voters were summoned by wholesale, and often advised not to attend, so that their names might be struck off.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) said the persons who did not attend had, as a rule, no right to vote.

Mr. Fraser said that it was almost invariable that in cases where persons could not attend the gentlemen on their side were always ready to show that their names should not be struck off. He proposed as an amendment that, if objections to voters' names appeared vexatious or frivolous to the judge, he might order appellant to pay the costs before proceeding.

This amendment was carried.

Mr. Meredith asked the hon. member for North Middlesex when his Bill respecting the women's franchise would be brought up for a second reading.

Mr. Waters—The week after next.

Mr. Ingram's Bill to amend the Assessment Act by making it clear that the Legislature intended to exempt incomes to the amount of $700 was read the second time.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

Mr. Bronson—To enable the city of Ottawa to issue debentures for the building of water works.

Mr. Smith—To confirm the title of the County of York to the York toll roads.

Mr. Whitney—To amend the Ditches and Water Courses Act; also to amend the Election Act; also to amend the Act respecting seduction.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton)—Respecting the Pharmacy Act.

Mr. Meredith—Respecting the London Street Railway Company; also, to authorize the Synod of the Diocese of Huron to sell certain lands; also, to amend the Ontario Insurance Act; also, to amend the Ontario Judicature Act; also, to amend the Act respecting building societies; also, to amend the Act respecting arbitrations.

Mr. Marter—Respecting a by-law of the town of Gravenhurst.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) brought down the report of the Minister of Education for 1888 and the public accounts for 1888; also the report of the Niagara Falls Park Commissioners.

Mr. Ross (Huron) said the Estimates would be ready by Wednesday, and he hoped to make his financial statement on Thursday.

On the order for the third reading of the Bill respecting voters' lists (Mr. Fraser),

Mr. Meredith moved an amendment in the line of his amendment which was proposed in Committee of the Whole and defeated, to the effect that the judge is not to strike off the name of a person from the voters' lists unless there is reasonable ground for the belief that the right of such person to vote is fairly open to question.

Mr. Fraser said the law as it stood had been found to work well both in Ontario and the Dominion. The county judge would not strike off a name merely for non-attendance if it were shown that such name ought to be on the voters' lists. The amendment would lead to numerous evils.

Mr. French favored the amendment.

Mr. Hudson said that in the township of Hungerford 63 names were attested against in one polling division and subpœnaed. Some of the men denounced were old residents. Nothing was lost, however, in these cases, as they were defended.

The House divided and the amendment was lost.

YEAS—Messrs. Biggar, Blyth, Clancey, Clarke, E. F. (Toronto), Clarke, H. E. (Toronto), Craig, Creighton, Cruess, Fell, French, Hammell, Hess, Hudson, Ingram, Kerns, Lees, Marter, Meacham, Meredith, Metcalf, Miller, Monk, Morgan, Ostrom, Preston, Rorke, Smith (Frontenac), Stewart, Tooley, Whitney, Willoughby, Wood (Hastings), Wylie—33.

NAYS—Messrs. Allan, Armstrong, Balfour, Ballantyne, Blezard, Bronson, Caldwell, Chisholm, Clarke (Wellington), Conmee, Dack, Dance, Davis, Drury, Ferguson, Field, Fraser, Freeman, Gardiner, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Gilmour, Gould, Graham, Harcourt, Hardy, Lees, Lyon, McKay, McMahon, Mack, Master, Morin, Mowat, Murray, O'Connor, Pacaud, Phelps, Rayside, Ross (Huron), Ross (Middlesex), Smith (York), Snider, Sprague, Stratton, Waters, Wood (Brant)—47.

The Bill then passed its third reading.

Mr. Fraser moved that 3,000 copies of the list be printed and distributed among the members.—Carried.

The House went into committee of the whole on Mr. Fraser's Bill to amend the Workman's Compensation for Injuries Act, Mr. Harcourt in the chair.

Mr. Meredith opposed clause 13 on the ground that it would be better to have the clause relating to notice thrown out altogether.

Mr. Fraser explained that although the Act was for the purpose of protecting the workingmen, yet it would be as well to protect the employer to a certain extent also.

Mr. Hudson wanted to know if the Act applied to threshing machines, sawing machines and cheese factories.

Mr. Fraser said it did, and added that although a number of actions had been tried under the English Act, in most cases the compensation recovered was not excessive.

The committee rose and reported the Bill.

The Bill to amend the Ontario Factories Act was passed through Committee of the Whole without amendment.

Mr. Wood (Brant) asked if it is the intention of the Government during the present session to take any steps towards granting the prayer of the petition of certain chiefs of the Six Nation Indians respecting the practice of medicine.

Mr. Mowat said he did not quite understand how far the petition asked for relief, but would be glad to confer with his hon. friend on the subject.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Bronson—To amend the Act respecting assignments, etc., by insolvent persons; also to amend the Municipal Act; also to amend the Act for the protection of game and fur-bearing animals.

Mr. Whitney—To amend the Act respecting mortgages and sale of personal property.

Mr. Dryden—To amend the Act imposing taxes on dogs for the protection of sheep.

A message was received from His Honor the Lieut.-Governor transmitting the estimates for the year.

The following is the summary of the estimated expenditure of the Province for the current year:

Civil Government	$ 212,145 00
Legislation	120,050 00
Administration of Justice	365,316 51
Education	588,872 00
Public Institutions, Maintenance	736,084 16
Immigration	6,850 00
Agriculture	142,287 00
Hospitals and Charities	120,528 66
Maintenance and Repairs of Government and Departmental Buildings	64,140 66
Public Buildings—	
(1) Repairs	31,100 00
(2) Capital Account	440,536 67
Public Works—	
(1) Repairs	11,600 00
(2) Capital Account	19,159 00
Colonization Roads	98,150 00
Charges on Crown Lands	101,900 00
Refund Account	25,557 66
Statute Consolidation	1,000 00
Miscellaneous Expenditure	76,641 23
Unforeseen and Unprovided	50,000 00
Total Current Expenditure, 1889	$2,628,515 22
On Capital Account	557,845 67
Other purposes	25,557 66
Amount of Estimates	$3,211,918 55
Amount of Estimates, 1888	3,125,804 12
Total Expenditure, 1888	3,536,218 46

Mr. Ross (Huron), on moving that the House go into Committee of Supply on the estimates, said he would follow his usual custom of giving a plain statement of the transactions of the previous year.

The receipts for the year 1888 were as follows:

Subsidy	$1,116 872 80
Specific grant	80,000 00
	$1,196,872 80
Interest on capital held and debts due by the Dominion to Ontario	$ 279,111 10
Interest on investments	55,331 95
	$ 334,443 05
Crown Lands Department—	
Crown lands	$ 77,071 40
Clergy lands	8,347 49
Common school lands	11,395 15
Grammar school lands	2,445 20
Rent *re* lands	10 00
In suspense *re* lands	18,771 42
Woods and forests	1,316,139 09
Casual fees	1,763 74
Refunds *re* destitute settlers	396 79
Refunds *re* settlers' homesteads	114 80
	$1,436,454 58
Algoma taxes	$ 2,283 26
Law stamps	81,044 50
Licenses	213,896 19
Education department	33,473 74
Public Institutions' revenue—	
Toronto Lunatic Asylum	$ 38,697 23
London " "	19 792 95
Hamilton " "	6,463 34
Kingston " "	3,749 58
Orillia " "	1,477 47
Reformatory for females	4,354 80
" " boys	515 50
Central Prison	27,727 29
Deaf and Dumb Institute	150 00
	$ 102,867 17
Casual revenue—	
Provincial Secretary's department	$ 9,336 28
Fines, etc.	3,370 79
Insurance Company's fees	665 00
Surrogate Court fees	1,325 50
Division " "	2,040 90
Official Gazette	8,471 18
Private bills	2,355 50
Statutes	6,968 95
" Index	51 00
Incidentals	121 80
	$ 34,714 90
Insurance Company's assessments	$ 3,020 53
Removal of patients	9,083 57
	$ 12,104 10
London L. A., insurance	1,279 94
Deaf and Dumb Institute, insurance	336 42
Agricultural College, sale of furniture	113 25
Lake Nipissing Works, sale of scow	100 00
Drainage works assessments	15,041 52
Municipal loan fund	4,000 00
	$3,489,044 42
Drainage debentures	31,758 44
Drainage debentures tile	3 398 56
Orillia L. A., mortgage	1,500 00
Mimico farm, mortgage	2,386 84
Toronto L. A., sale of lands	30 171 81
New Parliament Buildings fund	28,861 71
	$3,587,421 78

The expenditure for 1888 had been:

Civil Government	$ 200,685 24
Legislation	127,030 77
Administration of Justice	373 898 80
Education	579,465 30
Public Institutions Maintenance	721,604 69
Immigration	7,952 39
Agriculture	137,054 46
Hospitals and Charities	114,686 14
Repairs and Maintenance P. B.	69,229 51
Public Buildings	291,423 56
Public Works	42,879 71
Colonization Roads	112,273 54
Charges on Crown Lands	96,734 47
Consolidation of Statutes	31,394 99
Miscellaneous	74,030 67
Refunds	27,709 73
Ordinary Expenditure under Supply Bill	$ 3,007,037 02
Drainage Debentures	47 684 93
Tile Debentures	11 10 0 00
Railway Aid Certificates	247,982 14
Annuity Certificates	52,300 00
Widows' Pensions	11,041 15
New Parliament Buildings	159,283 23
	$3,536,248 46
1. Direct Investment—	
Dominion 6 per cent. bonds	$ 200,000 00
Market value over par value	14,000 00
	$ 214,000 00
Drainage 5 per cent. Debentures, invested 31st December, 1888	$ 205,381 17
Tile Drainage 5 per cent. Debentures, invested 31st December 1888	72,948 61
Drainage Works—Municipal Assessment	242,228 77
	$ 520,558 55
	$ 734,558 55
2. Capital held and debts due by the Dominion to Ontario, bearing interest—	
U. C. Grammar School Fund (2 Vict., Cap. 10)	$ 312,769 01
U. C. Building Fund (18 Sect., Act. 1854)	1,472,391 41
Land Improvement Fund (see award)	134,685 18
Common School Fund (Consol. Stats., Cap. 26)—proceeds realized to 1st July, 1867, $1,520,979.24—after deducting Land Improvement Fund portion belonging to Ontario	891,201 74
Capital declared owing to the late Province of Canada by the Dominion Act (47 Vict., Cap 4)—$5,397 503.13, bearing interest at 5 per cent. Ontario's proportion on basis of award as advised by Finance Department	2,949,280 52
Ontario's share of library (see award)	105 541 00
	$5,754,877 89
3. Other debts due to the Province—	
Balance *re* Municipal Loan Fund debts	850 06
Balance *re* Mimico lots	3,225 00
	$ 4,075 00
4. Bank balances—	
Current accounts	$ 57,364 39
Special deposits	571,479 75
	$ 628 944 14
Total	$7,122,455 56

LIABILITIES PRESENTLY PAYABLE.

1. Balance due to municipalities *re* surplus distribution	$ 1,291 34
2. Balance due to municipalities *re* Land Improvement Fund—Interest	3,256 57
3. Quebec's share of Common School Fund, made up as follows—	
Collections to 31st December, 1888, on account of lands sold between 14th June, 1853, and 6th March, 1861	$ 889,485 03
Less 6 per cent., cost of management	53,369 10
	$ 836,115 93
Less one-quarter for Land Improvement Fund	209,028 98
	$ 627,086 95
Collections to 31st December, 1888, on sales made since 6th March, 1861	$ 317,594 09
Less 6 per cent., cost of management	19,055 64
	$ 298,538 45
	$ 925,625 40
Quebec's proportion, according to population of 1881	$ 383,257 82
Total	$ 387,806 73
Surplus of assets after deducting liabilities presently payable	$6,734,649 85
Subsidy	$1,196,872 80
Interest on capital held and debts due by the Dominion to Ontario	279,111 10
Interest on investments	50,000 00
	$ 329,111 10
Crown Lands Department—	
Crown Lands	$ 83 000 00
Clergy Lands	5,000 00
Common School Lands	10,000 00
Grammar School Lands	2,000 00
Woods and Forests	1,000,000 00
	$ 1,100,000 00
Public Institutions—	
Toronto Lunatic Asylum	$ 38,500 00
London " "	10,000 00
Kingston " "	3,500 00
Hamilton " "	7,000 00
Orillia " "	1,400 00
Reformatory for Females	4,000 00
Reformatory for Boys	700 00
Central Prison	32,000 00
Deaf and Dumb Institute	150 00
	$ 97,250 00
Education Department	22,000 00
Casual revenue	34,000 00
Licenses	250,000 00
Law stamps	75,000 00
Algoma taxes	3,000 00
Drainage assessment	20,000 00
Municipal Loan Fund	850 00
Toronto Asylum lands	185,000 00
Insurance Companies' assessments	3,000 00
Assessment of counties *re* removal of lunatics	6,000 00
Total	$3,332,083 90

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Mowat—Respecting the limited liabilities of incorporated companies; also respecting oaths under the Manhood Suffrage Act; also respecting certain matters under the Land Titles Act; also respecting registry offices.

Mr. Gibson (Huron), in moving for a return of copies of all correspondence relating to the Land Improvement Fund between the Governments of Ontario and Quebec, said many townships in his constituency were waiting the payment of these moneys from the fund, and as they had waited thirty years for a settlement, he suggested that a suit be brought against the Dominion Government so as to expedite affairs.

Mr. Mowat said it was a debateable question whether these moneys belonged to the Province. There had been no authoritative decision on this point. A suit would be a good way to bring about a decision, and one could be instituted against the Dominion, which would in that case represent Quebec. Until the right of the Province to the fund was established, the Government could not make any advances to the municipalities.

Mr. Meredith said the delay was a very serious one, and if the Government had paid as much attention to this matter as they had to the dry husks of the Inter-Provincial resolutions, more practical benefit would have been derived. Had the compact then entered into between the two Provinces already been broken? The twain had then been locked in each other's arms in unity, yet, although so much money had been expended in bringing about such cordial relations, Ontario still could not get her rights from Quebec.

Mr. O'Connor thought the Government should bring this matter to an issue. The matter was one of vital importance to the people of Western Ontario.

Mr. Ross (Huron) said the Government had been very urgent in pressing the claims of the municipalities. So far as Ontario was concerned the Government had always carried out the agreement with the settlers.

Mr. Creighton also expressed the hope that the matter would be pressed by the Government.

Mr. Blyth complained bitterly of the delay in settling with the municipalities.

The motion was adopted.

On the order for the second reading of the Bill to amend the Assessment Act (Mr. O'Connor),

Mr. Meredith pointed out that the objection to the Bill, which gave the smaller municipalities power to conduct their own sale of land for taxes, was that they had no means for preserving the evidences of title like the county towns.

Mr. Ross (Huron) thought that many evils would result from the practice recommended by the Bill. Under the present system there was more competition in the sales of lands held by the County Treasurer.

Mr. Balfour said that the present system enabled speculators to get rich at the expense of the people. The lands were often advertised in some obscure paper; the people from the locality concerned often knew nothing about it, and did not attend. The speculators attended, clubbed together, and bought it at their own prices.

Mr. Wood supported the Act. He agreed with Mr. Balfour that the sales should be held in the townships. In his township it would be almost impossible for people living in the outlying municipalities to attend these sales owing to the expense of travel.

Mr. Dack supported the Bill.

Mr. Phelps said he represented a county where there was more land sold in this way than in any other county in Ontario. Many hardships were entailed under the present Act.

The Bill was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading of the Bill for the abolition of assessment on personal property.

Mr. Fraser suggested that all the Bills dealing with the vital question of assessment be taken up together one day, and passed upon by the House before being referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Meredith agreed with the hon. gentleman.

Mr. Waters agreed to withdraw the motion for the second reading.

Mr. Bishop moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the Act respecting insurance companies. The Bill proposed to permit fire insurance companies to contract for any term not exceeding five years.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) supported the Bill, but suggested that the terms should be three and five years, so as not to confuse the inspector.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) said that the Bill was opposed by insurance companies and associations. It was desirable that there should be uniformity in the term of insurance.

The Bill was read the second time.

The following Bills were read the second time:

To amend the Act respecting the establishment of municipal institutions in the Districts of Algoma, Muskoka, Parry Sound, Manitoulin, Nipissing, Thunder Bay and Rainy River—Mr. Lyon.

To amend the Municipal Act—Mr. Ferguson.

To amend the Municipal Act—Mr. O'Connor.

Causes for Divorce in the States.

"Attempt on life," in Illinois.

"Fugitive from justice," in Virginia.

"Ungovernable temper," in Kentucky.

"Parties can not live in peace and union," in Utah.

"Any gross neglect of duty," in Kansas and Ohio.

"Mental incapacity at time of marriage," in Georgia.

Wilful desertion for five years is a cause in two States.

"Gross misbehavior or wickedness," in Rhode Island.

Fraud and fraudulent contract is a cause in nine States.

Imprisonment for felony is a cause in all States except ten.

"Refusal of wife to remove into the State," in Tennessee.

Absence without being heard from is a cause in several States.

Wilful desertion for three years is a cause in fourteen States.

Physical inability is a cause in all States and Territories except ten.

Wilful desertion for one year is a cause in fifteen States and Territories.

"Habitual indulgence in violent and ungovernable temper," in Florida.

Habitual drunkenness is a cause in all States and Territories except ten.

Settled aversion, which tends to destroy all peace and happiness, in Kentucky.

"Husband notoriously immoral before marriage, unknown to wife," in West Virginia.

"Three years with any religious society that believes the marriage relation unlawful," in Massachusetts.

"Joining any religious sect that believes marriage unlawful, and refusing to cohabit six months," in Hampshire.

"Such indignities as render life burdensome," in Missouri, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington Territory and Wyoming.

The violation of the marriage vow a cause for absolute divorce excepting in South Carolina and New Mexico, which have no divorce laws.

"Cruel treatment, outrages or excesses such as to render their living together insupportable," in Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas.

Cruel and abusive treatment is a cause in all States and Territories except New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia.

Failure of the husband to provide, no time specified, is a cause in nine States, for one year it is a cause in five States, and for two years it is all that is necessary in two States.

Templar Union.

Bro. Thomas Lawless, Grand Secretary of the Independent Order of Good Templars, has returned from London. In conversation he stated that the executives of the Royal Templars and the Independent Order devoted several hours to a discussion of the question of Union, for a long time almost hopeless of results. Finally the following basis of union, moved by Bro. Thos. Lawless and seconded by Dr. Oronhyatekha was adopted by a vote of 8 to 4:

First—That the first or Templar degree of the I. O. G. T. and the first or Royal degree of the R. T. of T. be united for the prosecution of temperance missionary work, adopting the name, ritual and organic form of the Good Templars.

Second—That the benefit department of the I. O. G. T. be united with the Select degree of the Royal Templars, adopting the name, ritual and methods of that body as far as practicable.

Third—That the Knight Templars of Temperance be a part of the united body, and preserve so far as possible the present name, form and ceremonies.

Fourth—That membership in the I. O. G. T. be essential to admission to and continuance of membership in the second and third bodies.

Fifth—That each of the organizations retain its own officers and continue to be governed by its own laws.

Sixth—That the Dominion Council of the R. T. of T. shall be the supreme governing body of the benefit and knight degrees and occupy the position of a Worthy Grand Lodge.

All the I. O. G. T. representatives and three of the eight R. T. of T. voted for the motion. W. W. Buchanan presided.

Letting Bad Enough Alone.

Exceedingly Long Patient—"I say, doctor, are you going to put that mustard plaster on my feet to draw the pain from my head?"

Doctor—"Yes. Why?"

Exceedingly Long Patient—"Well, I bject. I'd rather have it where it is than rawn down through six feet and five inches of new territory."

Mr. Cameron, train-master at Rat Portage, has been appointed assistant superintendent of the Moosejaw division of the Canadian Pacific.

The Devil.

Men don't believe in the devil now as their
fathers used to do
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to
let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery
dart from his brow
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world
has voted so.
But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies
heart and brain,
And loads the earth of each passing year with
ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with
the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was? Won't some-
body rise and tell?
Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs
the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time whenever
God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the
thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil
alone should do?
We are told he is not going about as a roaring
lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the ever-
lasting row
To be heard in home, in church, in state, to the
earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to
be found?
Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and
make his bow and show
How the fraud and the crimes of the day spring
up, for surely we want to know?
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the
devil is gone,
But simple people would like to know who
carries his business on.

—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Conqueror Conquered.

In southern archipelagoes he'd fought the bloody
cannibal;
He'd skinned and tanned the crocodile and found
him very tanable;
Not a word of fear he'd uttered, not a word and
not a syllable,
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found
him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears
and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him
very bootable;
He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he
was very capable,
No boa-constrictor could escape, for he was un-
escapable.

In fighting hippopotami he said he was invin-
cible,
No jaguar could make him wince, because he
wasn't wincable;
He made the ramping elephant no longer recog-
nizable,
And pulverized the roaring bull, and found him
pulverizable

Just then his wife came in and said, "I'd think
it quite commendable,
If you'd come and 'tend the baby; and you'll find
him very tendable."
The way she took him by the ear will make this
poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home, and found
him very leadable.

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

She May Be Slow, But She Generally Comprehends the Situation.

The typewriter girl may sometimes be a little slow, but generally comprehends the situation with neatness and despatch. The Chicago *News* tells this story:

"Darling Bessie," said Mr. Hoover to his lady typewriter, "will you marry me? Since you have come like a gleam of sunshine to gladden my existence I have lived in a radiant light of your ethereal presence and passionately—"

"Please speak a little slower, Mr. Hoover," said the fair typewriter, interrupting him, while her fingers continued to fly over the keys of her machine. "'Ethereal—presence—passionately.' Now I am ready to proceed."

"Great Scott! Miss Caramel," exclaimed her employer, "you are not taking down my offer of marriage on that infernal typewriter, are you?"

"A proposal," shrieked Miss Caramel. "Why, so it is. I didn't notice. I thought you were dictating. Forgive me, dear William. I am yours. And now, since I have made this foolish blunder, please sign this paper and I will keep it as a memento."

The marriage took place according to contract.

Huxley is a Medium.

Prof. Huxley tells the world, through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, what he knows about spiritism. He visited a talented American woman who was a medium, and at first was much impressed with the facility with which she rapped out messages. Summoning his proverbial skepticism to his aid, he redoubled his vigilance, and soon made up his mind that the rapping was done by means of the toe. By patient cultivation of the second toe of each foot, he soon had two light fantastic toes of his own, and soon became a sort of bright rapper himself, and while standing with a group of persons in a parlor had no difficulty in making them believe that the sounds proceeded from all parts of the room. His experience is curiously in line with the revelations made by Miss Fox and Mr. Bishop.

A Horrifying Blunder.

Mrs. De Pink—"Oh! Oh! Oh! I shall go distracted."

Mr. De Pink (springing to her side)—"Merciful heavens! What has happened?"

"The washerwoman has made a mistake and sent me one of Mrs. Westend's lace handkerchiefs."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? What of it? Oh you—you——Why, Mrs. Westend must have received my miserably cheap, imitation lace handkerchief, and it has my name on it."

No Painful Contrasts.

Rosalie—"Did you have a nice time at Mrs. Ferguson's the other evening?"

Mabel—"Oh, delightful! But such awfully homely girls as there were there."

Rosalie—"So Mr. Summerly was telling me; he said there wasn't a decent-looking one in the room."

He Had Been.

They were talking about confidence men and relating their experiences, when one of the group turned to the major and asked

"Major, were you ever confidenced?"

"I was," he promptly replied.

"Where?"

"In Chicago."

"When?"

"When I married my second wife."

He Wanted No Credit.

Clerk (calling boy)—Cash!

Countryman—Great turnips, can't you give me time to get my pocketbook out? I don't want no credit? I don't! I am going to pay you cash as soon as I can get at it!

In Furrin' Parts.

Lady—I want a lined cloak, if you please.

Furrier—Yes, Madam. What fur?

Lady—How stupid! Why, to keep me warm, of course.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Bernard, the newly-elected member for Cariboo, was introduced and took his seat.

Sir Hector Langevin presented the annual report of the Department of State.

Mr. Ellis introduced a Bill to authorize the assessment of the salaries on incomes of persons in the service of Canada. He explained that the object of the Bill was to provide that in places where assessments were levied upon salaries or incomes for municipal or school purposes, the law shall include civil servants.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Bowell, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Choquette, said that the cost of the preparation of the electoral lists up to the time when the Government Printing Bureau assumed control was $414,574; and the cost since that time had been $21,502. The value of the plant acquired in the bureau was $63,849.

Sir Adolphe Caron, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Platt, said the Government had agreed to purchase a house in Kingston for the use of the Commandant of the Royal Military College. The price to be paid was $12,500. The house was distant about 2,000 yards from the college.

Mr. Haggart, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Therien, said it was not the intention of the Government to reduce the rate of postage on letters.

Mr. Bain (Wentworth), in moving for returns respecting the condition and ownership of the Dundas & Waterloo road, called attention to the injury which is being done to traffic in his constituency through the road not being kept in a proper condition, owing to the Government not giving the owner authority to put in checkgates.

Sir Hector Langevin replied that the Government were at present having the ownership investigated, and when that point was settled there would be no more cause for complaint.

Mr. Mulock moved that the House do resolve itself into a committee of the whole to consider the following resolution: That it is expedient to remove the duty on artificial fertilizers and to place them on the free list. He said that under the present duty of 20 per cent. the farmers of Canada were prevented from using artificial fertilizers. When in 1887 it was proposed by the Government to change the duty to a specific one, it was proposed that fertilizers should be placed on the free list. The result was that the Minister of Finance withdrew his motion, and the duty remained the same. The time had now arrived when it was the duty of the House to consider whether it was not in the interests of the Canadian farmer that this tax should be removed. It was a direct burden upon the farmer, and was wholly indefensible as a matter of political economy.

The following Bills were introduced:

A Bill to incorporate the Assets & Debenture Company of Canada—Mr. Edgar.

A Bill to incorporate the Ottawa & Montreal Boom Company—Mr. Girouard.

A Bill to incorporate the Dominion Life Assurance Company—Mr. Trow.

A Bill to incorporate the Assiniboine & Edmonton Railway—Mr. Dawson.

A Bill amending the Act incorporating the Boiler Inspection Insurance Companies of Canada—Mr. Brown.

On motion by Mr. Foster that the House go into Committee of Supply,

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) drew attention to the fact that the Minister of Finance, in laying the estimates before the House, had not moved that they be referred to the Committee of Supply.

The Speaker said the motion had been entered in the votes and proceedings by the Clerk, *pro forma*, and hoped the House would adhere to the rules more strictly in future.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee of Supply.

On the item for Customs,

Mr. Charlton referred to the large number of Customs officials who receive large sums from fines from seizures in addition to their salaries. The system of allowing officers of the department to participate in the profits from seizures was, he believed, a vicious one, and one calculated to disturb trade and inflict great hardship on importers.

Mr. Ferguson (Welland) concurred entirely in the remarks of the last speaker. In his own county Customs officers had pocketed as high as $1,100 in a year from seizures, and subjected in many cases merchants to the inconvenience of a search where there was not the slightest ground for suspicion.

On the items for the Post-office Department,

Mr. Mitchell inquired whether or not the Government intended to reduce the rate of postage to two cents for the half ounce?

Mr. Haggart said such a change was not at present contemplated.

Mr. Bain inquired if the Government had considered the feasibility of increasing the weight of letters to be carried for three cents from half an ounce to one ounce?

Mr. Haggart said he intended bringing in a Bill during the present session, involving a number of changes in Post-office regulations, of which that mentioned by the hon. gentleman would be one.

Mr. Burdett suggested that insufficiently prepaid letters, where the name of the sender appears on the envelope, should be returned for full postage instead of being sent to the dead letter office.

Mr. Haggart said instructions to this effect had already been issued to most of the city postmasters.

The item passed.

Sir John Thompson, in answer to inquiries from Mr. Barron, said the Jesuits' Estates Bill had been before the Government for consideration, and the Minister of Justice had on the 16th ult. reported to His Excellency recommending that this Act, along with 112 others passed by the Quebec Legislature at the same session, should go into operation. The report was approved on the 19th ult., and the result was at once communicated to the Government of Quebec. The Acts passed by the Legislature of Quebec were received by the Secretary of State on August 8th last.

Sir Hector Langevin, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Burdett, said he would have to wait until the supplementary estimates came down, when he would learn whether or not the Government intended granting any sum to aid in the construction of a drill shed at Belleville.

Mr. Denison, in moving for a select committee to inquire into the desirability of the Government acquiring all electric telegraph lines in Canada, said he had laid the matter fully before the House last session, and would briefly renew his argument in favor of it. He had pointed out on that occasion that nearly every country in the world except Canada and the United States had acquired the telegraph lines. In France, Austria, Germany, Switzerland and nearly all over Europe the telegraph lines were assumed by the respective Governments more than twenty years ago. A young country like Canada should not be behind the world, and it was time we were taking some steps to control the lines in our country. No doubt it would involve a large outlay of money, but he did not see why the telegraph lines should not be managed as well by the Government as by private companies. Already the Government owned lines in the Northwest Territory and Eastern Provinces. These lines were built in sparsely settled districts, where there were no private lines. If it was a good thing for the Government to own such unproductive lines, it would be a much better investment to control those which pass through thickly populated districts. The Government could borrow money at a lower rate of interest than could a private company, and would no doubt receive sufficient revenue to repay the investment. It was a strange thing that the leading lines of the Dominion should be controlled by a person living outside of Canada, who was thus able to form, or apparently form, public opinion in this country. In support of this he instanced Mr. Wiman's despatch to the Canadian press. This showed that a dangerous power was placed in the hands of a foreign company. He thought the time was drawing near when the Government should be in a position to assume the control of the telegraph lines.

Sir Hector Langevin replied that the time had not yet come for the Government to purchase the telegraph lines. Besides the telegraph companies there were railways possessing lines, and he hardly thought they could be taken over. The assumption of lines would require a very large sum, much larger than people were at present willing to invest in that direction. The hon. gentleman had said these lines would return a good revenue, but it was well known that large undertakings in the hands of a private corporation always gave a better revenue than when in the hands of the Government. Besides, it was well known that at that time politics ran high in this country. He feared that if the Government worked the lines the Opposition would have very little confidence in the secrecy of their election despatches. He asked the member for West Toronto to withdraw his motion.

Mr. Denison withdrew his motion.

Mr. Jamieson moved that, in the opinion of this House, it is expedient to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for sacramental, medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes. That the enforcement of such prohibition and such manufacture, importation and sale as may be allowed shall be by the Dominion Government through specially appointed officers. He quoted statistics to prove that there had been a decrease of crime under the Canada Temperance Act. If local option had had a salutary effect, he contended that general prohibition would be equally, if not more, satisfactory. The morals of the people and the happiness of the people would both be promoted by prohibition. As he was exceedingly anxious to reach a division, he curtailed his remarks and trusted the resolution would receive a much larger support than formerly.

Mr. Wood (Brockville) moved in amendment that all the words after the word "purposes" be omitted, and the following substituted: "When the public sentiment of the country is ripe for the reception and enforcement of such a measure of prohibition."

Mr. Taylor moved in amendment to the amendment that all the words after the word "purposes" be struck out, and the following substituted: "If it be found on the vote of the qualified electors of the Dominion having first been taken that the majority thereof are in favor of a prohibitory law, which shall also make full provision for compensating those engaged in the manufacture of such liquor."

Mr. Fisher said there might be good grounds for asking that prohibition be submitted to the people apart from every other question. He could not accept the amendment to the amendment, however, because it asserted the principle of compensation. He did not think the adoption of the amendment would be any aid to the temperance cause. He thought that the true friends of prohibition would support the original resolution.

Mr. Mitchell moved the adjournment of the debate.

Mr. Landerkin moved, That whereas distillers are allowed a rebate of duty upon corn imported for use in the manufacture of spirits for export, it is, in the opinion of this House, but just and right that farmers and stock raisers, who import corn to feed cattle or other stock for export, should also receive a similar rebate. He held this was a matter of justice to the farmers, who were suffering from the present discrimination against them.

Accidents Will Happen.

Miss Gushington—I admit, Arthur, that this is not the first time I have been engaged but I'm sure your noble, generous heart—

Little Brother—Sis, the baby's got your bag of engagement rings.

Sauce for the Goose.

He—I am going out, dear, to see a friend

She—Well, I'll go with you. I'm thirsty too.

A Pekin weekly newspaper has just finished a serial story which contained 2,040 chapters. You get the worth of your money in China.

An Atchison woman with a family girls raised them up with the fixed determination that not one of them should ever marry a Missourian, a Democrat or a man named John, and the very first one to married all three.—*Kansas City Times.*

A French physician claims to give an antidote which will forever prevent people from catching cold, but the law is going to investigate him.

Of 26,000 criminals arrested in Paris 16,000 had not attained the age of 20.

BEARDS LONG AGO.

A Point Made to Favor the Wearer Who Encountered an Enemy.

Our Saxon ancestors delighted in wearing long, forked beards; the Normans, on the contrary, at the period of the conquest, not only shaved their chins but also the back of their heads. They had not, however, been long established in England before they permitted their beards to grow to extravagant dimensions. Long beards were also in fashion in the reign of Richard I., and continued so until the time of Henry IV., after whose reign they grew fine by degrees and beautifully less, until a beard was as rare as the dodo. But the reformation came to the rescue of the beard and in this way: After the separation of the Greek and Latin churches the practice of shaving became a religious duty among the Roman ecclesiastics, by way of opposition to the Greeks, who to this day have continued to pay reverence to a well clad chin and are greatly shocked by the beardless images of saints in the Latin churches. The shaving of the chin by the clergy was imperatively commanded by various statutes in the Romish church. By the monastic laws the lay monks were commanded to let their beards grow and only the priests to shave; and a writer previous to the reformation complains that the manners of the clergy had become so corrupt that they could not be distinguished from the laity by their actions, but only by their lack of beards. Consequently the early reformers suffered their beards to grow to distinguish them from the adherents to Rome; and the reformation becoming general in England, the beard by this means came into fashion.

As to the shapes of the beard worn by our forefathers, they seem to have been of infinite variety. At a period when almost all men wore swords and those weapons were frequently drawn to decide very trifling quarrels, a beard cut to look terrible to an enemy was probably no small advantage to the wearer.—*London Standard.*

Temperance Notes.

From the Philadelphia *Times* we learn that in all the lithographic establishments of the country where the work is mainly done by German workingmen, a stipulation requires the proprietors to furnish beer as a part of the employees' wages. In the mammoth lithographic department of *Judge* in New York city, where 600 men are employed, each one receives under the terms of contract with his employer three pints of beer a day, more than seven barrels being consumed in the department daily.

"I dread the white man's drink more than all the arrows of the Matabele," is the sentiment of a South African Chief; and the Emir of Bokhara, in his treaty with the Russians, has set us a notable example, for whilst he accords free introduction of all other Russian commerce, he strictly prohibits intoxicating liquors. Some painful figures have just been published about the ravages of drink in Belgium, and these are very much traced to the absence of proper licensing laws, and to the facility with which public-houses can in that kingdom be kept open until 2 o'clock in the morning, or, for the matter of that, all the night through. The condition of affairs is such that neither political party dare touch it—it would lose them an election. The remedy will have to be sought in a patriotic union of all parties.—*The Rock.*

"The Economic Argument" for prohibition is forcibly presented by the Rev. J. C. Fernald in last week's *Voice*. We make the following quotation: "Three-fourths of the 8,000 saloons in New York city are kept by foreigners. The saloons of the United States average a yearly income of $4,500 each. At this rate the foreigners' three-fourths of New York's saloons take in $27,000,000 every year. It ought not to be a very hard matter to convince the level-headed merchants of the metropolis that it does not pay to let 6,000 foreigners levy an annual tribute of $27,000,000 upon the city. They will see it quickly enough if they can be got to think about it. As yet very little has been done to lead them to consider the temperance question upon the commercial side. They have looked upon it as a 'moral issue' which 'practical men' were too busy to attend to." "The temperance battle of the near future must be fought on the commercial and economic ground."

The Light of Home.

A cheerful, healthy woman is the light of home, but through over-exertion in her efforts to minister to the happiness of the household, her health is often impaired or weakness, or displacement brought on, making life miserable, and clouding an otherwise happy home with gloom. The thoughtful and tender husband, in such cases, should be intelligent enough to perceive the cause of such gloom and suffering, relieve the faithful wife from drudgery, and furnish her with that best of friends to women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now recognized and used in thousands of homes as a certain cure for all those delicate afflictions peculiar to the female sex. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggist, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Something of Real Interest.

Bride of a day (to her husband, who is doing his best to entertain her on the train)—Do stop talking a little while, John.

John (tenderly)—What is the matter, dear; are you nervous?

Bride—No, but I want to hear what the women are saying in the seat behind us.

The Marriage is Off.

Raker (to Miss Brown, who is aged thirty-seven and as rich as she is not lovely)—Miss Eva, I love you, I adore you! Will you be mine?

Miss Eva (blushing)—Yes.

Raker—Oh, you dear old girl!

To Cure Frost Bites.

A splendid cure for frost bites is a solution of alum and water, strong as can be made. Hold the frosted flesh in the solution till the frost is drawn out. This you will know easily, as the flesh will look wrinkled as one's hands do on wash days. You will feel no more inconvenience from hat frost bite.

GOLD FOR EVERYBODY.

The Latest Swindle Was in Boston and Is Here Described.

The city of Boston is just now being treated to a return to the days of alchemy more wonderful than when Dr. Faustus, surrounded by test tubes and crucibles, was visited by his satanic majesty. There are H. E. Butler and Charles Henry Washburne and others who propose to make all the precious metals out of dirt, and as for jewels, there will hereafter, according to these wizards, be no reason why every woman in the world shouldn't have diamond earrings and other ornaments composed of precious stones. They propose to build a college which shall be a temple to the new science and where experiments can be carried on. They issued a circular or "call to the awakened" to send in their contributions to Butler in order that the gentleman may proceed to build an "esoteric college" on the Pacific coast. This college is to be devoted to soul culture. There will be a colony of esoterics who will be endowed with miraculous powers. Those who invest are to be the possessors of untold millions. The call is issued in pamphlet form and occupies 200 pages. The reader is informed of the existence of a wonderful society called the G. N. K. R., or the "Genii of Nations, Knowledge and Religions." The secrets committed to this society are all to be revealed in Boston, and Butler to be the medium. The principal theosophs of Boston first got the circular and copies were sent through the country to those who were in favor of theosophy. Then Professor Butler quietly waited for contributions. Now the newspapers have got hold of the matter, and the great scheme seems doomed.

Prof. Huxley on the Morals of Health.

Prof. Huxley has predicted that the time will come when it will be a reproach to be sick. When one friend meets another he will as soon ask "Are you honest?" as "Are you well?" for a man will be considered foolish, not to say criminal, who gets sick. Such a state of public feeling will some time be brought about. Certainly it is true that the morals of health are receiving more and more attention. A greatly increasing number of people every year prevent the development of all blood, pulmonary and liver diseases. This is proved by the enormously increased use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which nips all such ailments in the bud.

A Reasonable Request.

Emily—Dear Charlie, I saw a diamond ring yesterday. It is perfectly heavenly. Can't you buy it for me?

Charles—Perfectly heavenly, is it? Say, Emily, why don't you wish for something earthly?

"Man wants but little here below." This is particularly true of medicine, and he really needs a very small amount, provided it be of the right kind. Dr. Pierce's Pellets fill the bill in respect of size, and are stupendous in point of effectiveness. If you desire immediate relief from headache, "liver complaint," indigestion, and constipation, they will not fail you.

Fasting Extraordinary.

An interesting story is published in the French papers, which, if true, certainly reveals a most extraordinary case. A young lady named Josephine Bedard, belonging to Tingwich, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, was taken sick in 1881 with an attack of diphtheria, from which she was dangerously ill for some time. She finally recovered, but since then is reported not to have eaten a bite of food, but has lived for 2,550 days entirely on water, having no desire for food of any kind. She is said to be in perfect health.

Last year, notwithstanding the duty, the United States took 99 858 bushels of potatoes from Manitoba alone. Reciprocal trade would be a great boon to the Manitobans, as well as to the people of Ontario and the Lower Provinces.

VASELINE PREPARATIONS.

On receipt of postage stamps we will send free by mail the following splendid articles

One Box of Pure Vaseline - - - 10 cents.
One Box of Vaseline Camphor Ice 15 cents.
One Box of Vaseline Cold Cream 15 cents.

No Vaseline is genuine unless our name is on the label. CHESEBROUGH MANUF'G CO., 24 State St. NEW YORK.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that as a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DON . 9 89

SALESMEN

We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

BARGAINS

M. Richardson & Co's

Annual Stock-Taking Cash Discount Sale,

Commencing Monday, Feb. 25th,

FOR ONE WEEK. GOOD FRESH AND NEW GOODS AT PRICES THAT WILL SEND YOU AWAY PLEASED.

Remnants Dress Goods, half price.
Dress Goods worth 25c down to 15 cents a yard.
Dress Goods worth 20 cents down to 12½c a yard.
Dress Gooda, worth 12 to 15 cents, down to 7c a yard.
A job lot of fancy drers buttons at half price, from 3c a dozen up.
Children's Hose 5c per pair.
Ladies' Wool Hose 15c a pair.
Men's Scarfs, worth 40 to 50 cents, selling for 15 cents each.
A job line of men's linen Collars, half price.
Men's all wool Seamless Socks, 15c a pair, worth 25c.
Women's Cashmereand Jersey Winter Gloves, worth 25c to 35c, down to 10 and 15c a pair.
Men's and Boys' Mufflers, worth 25 to 50 cents, down to 15 and 30c.
Heavy all wool Underwear, men's sizes, worth 75c, selling at 50c.
Boys' Shirts and Drawers away down. Buy now. Extra value, 35c.
Heavy all wool Factory Flannel, now only 25c a yard.
Heavy Union Factory Flannel, good patterns, now selling at 19c.
Gray all wool Flannels, worth 25c, down to 17c.
Men's Cardigan jackets, worth $1 to $1 50, for 65 to 95 cents.
Men's Cotton Shirts, only 15c a whole shirt.
Good weight all wool Canadian Tweeds, worth 50c to 65c, clearing out at 35 to 40c.
Bed Comforters worth $1 for 65c each.
Men's Overcoats, worth $5, for $3.25.
Men's Overcoats, worth $8, for $5.
Men's Overcoats, fine, worth $9, for $6.
Men's and boys' Suits, very, very cheap. See them.
Women's and Girl's Mantles at half price.
Men's Astrachan Caps, worth $1 50, down to 75c.
Men's Persian Lamb Caps, worth $4.50, cut down to $3.
Men's Persian Lamb Caps, fine, worth $8.25, down to $5.95.
Ladies Fur Capes, Astrachan, worth $9.50, just a few left, will clear out at $5 each.
Ladies' Fur Caps at half price. Secure these bargains.
Men's Felt Boots, Jumbo, will clear out at $1.60.
Men's Felt Boots, Halfsox, for $2.40. These are bargains.
Also a job line of Women and Girl's Boots, good stock,

Will be Sold Cheap.

This Year's

MYTRLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKGAE

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

I visit Flesherton twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty.

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to

W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan. 7th,

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF AT

BLACKBURN'S

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, '88.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

General News.

Two children were attacked and devoured by wolves while returning from school near Aitken, Minn., a few days ago.

The office of the Alliston Herald was destroyed by fire Friday. The paper will be published as usual however.

The President has approved the bill to admit as States of the Union, Washington Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota.

Minnedosa, Man., had a temperature of 52 degrees below zero on Saturday morning.

Stevens, the bicyclist, who is leading an expeditson to Africa for The New York World, has reached Zanzibar.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth! If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

$25 PER WEEK

Energetic pushing men of good character who want to do something for themselves can make from $10 to $25 per week selling my Nursery Stock. Write to me before you engage for the coming season's work. I have splendid specialties and my system assures success. No previous experience required and work permanent. Apply for terms to Fred. E. Yeiu, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO

Get Your Tailoring Done

AT

J. LEITCHE'S

FLESHERTON.

NEW

FALL GOODS!

AT THE

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discerning public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us.

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract ed or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

The Remainder of our WINTER'S STOCK will be Disposed of at Astonishingly LOW RATES.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER.

FLESHERTON.

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attent on given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!

-ON-

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16 Con 9, Kinghrasia, the Talbot farm—160 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $2,000, $500 cash, balance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.

S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

$98 Sewing-Machine FREE

to at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send **free** to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send **free** a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the **Singer** patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for **$98**, with the attachments, and now sells for **$50**. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure **free** the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 340, Augusta, Maine.**

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 400. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods Silverware of all kinds, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once, and secure the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a gent or lady's stand or anything in silverware, it is going fast at less than half price. Fancy china goods, tea sets, cream sets, etc. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THE SO TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH.

VISIT RUSSELL'S JEWELRY STORE FLESHERTON

DISCOUNT SALE!

R. Trimble, Flesherton,

Will for the next fifteen days give a big discount off all Winter Goods, in order to make room for spring importations, which will be in fully complete by the 15th of this month.

So Bring Along Your Cash

And secure some of the extra bargains which will be given, as the balance of our winter stock must be cleared out.

We have already received a large consignment of Timothy Seed, Red Clover, Mammoth Lucerne, and Alfalfa. Also a few packages of No. 1 Salmon Trout and Split Herrings left. In order to clear out our large stock of Coal Oil we will sell at 15c in five gallon lots.

WE MEAN BUSINESS! Come in and get some of the bargains now offered at

R. TRIMBLE'S.

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

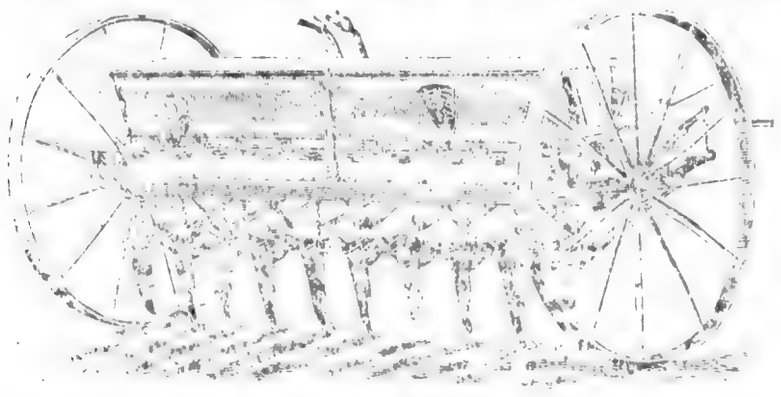

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD

NO OTHER DRILL can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth without stopping the team.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at any depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, leaves no ground when starting in, after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age for new knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and saves cord in binding.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

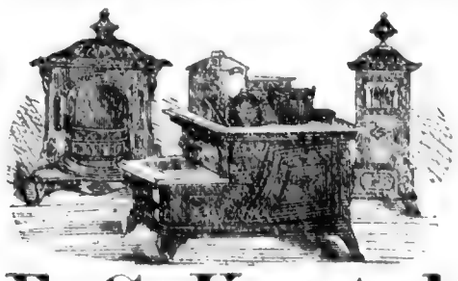

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

March thus far has been exceedingly clamby.

Division court meets in Flesherton on April 4.

Rev. Mr. Buggin, of Markdale, occupied the Methodist Church pulpit Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Emes, will preach in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday afternoon.

District news and correspondence will be found on our last page this week.

Remember Mr Sinclair's sale of farm stock and implements on Wednesday, March 13.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy you need. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Immense bargains in gold and silver watches, ladies and gents sizes at Russell's, Flesherton.

Friend Rutledge, of the Markdale Standard, invaded our sanctum on Monday.

Miss Martha Wright, who has been visiting with her sister in Detroit for some time, returned last week.

Only two or three numbers of the carnival Star left at this office. Get one before it is too late. We have disposed of a large number.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Dr. Sproule has taken into partnership Dr. Angus Ege, M.D., formerly of Tottenham. Their card will be found in our advertising colums.

Eugenia Methodist Sunday School will hold a grand tea-meeting on Tuesday evening, March 12. Extra talent has been secured. See bills for particulars.

Friend Spurr is rechristening the Creemore Advertiser. This week and hereafter it will be known as "The Mad River Star and Creemore General Advertiser."

Call at once if you would secure some of the great bargains in watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, etc., at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton.

We notice a distinct and continued improvement from week to week in the Streetsville Review. Bro. Fawcett has his teeth clinched and muscles on the strain. He is "getting there swift."

If you want your watch or clock repaired perfectly be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton. Every job guaranteed to go perfect or no pay.

Jos. Allison, Esq., is visiting friends in this neighborhood. Mr. Allison is selling sewing machines, and reports good success in his line. He has many sincere friends who wish him all manner of good fortune and we are one of them.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Rev. Mr. Shilton says that the past year has been an absolute blank in the matrimonial market and the *quietest* year he has experienced since entering the ministry. Shame on the young folks, any way.

If you want your watch or clock repaired perfectly be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton. Every job guaranteed to go perfect or no pay.

I desire to state that the party who informed Mr. J.G. Russell that I had reported buying him out, deliberately lied. I stated very clearly that "if" Mr. Russell should leave Flesherton it would be my earnest endeavor to secure his stock, and well established business. W.A.BROWN.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Our reeve has been visiting the scenes of his youth during the past week. Owing to illness of a relative in the lower townships he was unable to preside at the council meeting on Monday.

Mrs. Dunseath, now of Carleton West, formerly of this neighborhood, has been visiting friends here for a few days. Mrs. Dunseath was highly pleased at the manner in which her notes resolved themselves into money. She had no difficulty in collecting, and praises the honesty and ability of Artemesia farmers.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

WANTED.—Apprentice to learn stone laying, bricklaying and plastering. One who has been at the trade one year preferred. Also two stout laborers. Steady work from spring until fall, to commence work about the 25th of April. Wm. Karstedt, contractor, Flesherton.

Sign lettering and carriage painting. A good job guaranteed, charges low, by the roughly practical painter, at Legate's carriage shop.

Vital Statistics.

There were registered with W. J. Belanoy, clerk and registrar of Artemesia, during the past year, births 92, marriages 27, deaths 17.

Immense bargains still going on at Russell's, Flesherton, of watches, plain, and gem rings, silverware, clocks, etc., do not miss them but call at once as they are going fast at these terrible low prices.

FOR SALE Set single bobsleighs and a light wagon, in good condition, for sale. Cash or time. Apply to R. J. Sproule, Flesherton.

Night School Exeunt.

Flesherton young men appear to be too much attracted with outside sports to attend the night school. The last evening it was held there were two pupils present. It was too cheap! Had a fee been charged the interest would have been much greater.

Dog Race.

Several of our aspiring young men held a most exciting dog race on Friday evening. The course was to be to the station, and the prize—honor. There were three entries. Master Will Sullivan came in ahead, T. Hollinger second, Geo. Bates 3rd. They say it was almost as exciting as an old Roman chariot race. It was clearly a case of dog (b)eat dog.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

An Innovation.

Flesherton Methodist Sunday School has always been made intersting to the pupils, and the good result is shown in large attendance of pupils and satisfactory results. Hereafter the fascinations of the school will be doubly enhanced by the introduction of orchestral music. Mr. Vanzant has kindly offered his services, and others of our musicians will contribute with several different instruments. Next Sunday will be the first appearance of the Methodist Sunday School orchestra. Visitors are welcome.

The Toronto Weekly News and Advance will be furnished for $1.75. This will include a magnificent picture—your choice of "Christ Before Pilate," or the "Fathers of Confederation."

He Returned.

A little item which appeared in this paper two or three weeks ago did considerable injury to our barber. We referred to him as having "skipped by the light of the moon." Although that was true in a sense, yet he returned again the following week, having been snow bound in Collingwood. He is now to be found next door to his old stand in Moore's block. This explanation would have been given last week, but as we did not know where he was going to locate we thought better to postpone explanation until this week.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Do not forget the concert and social to be given in the Methodist Church, Flesherton, on the evening of the 15th March, and determine to be present. Refreshments served in the lecture room from 7.30 to 8.30 after which the concert in the auditorium will begin. Miss Clara E. Shilton, graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, will be present. The musical critic of the Empire speaks of her as having proved a success of the evening at a concert in the Pavilion under the auspices of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Prof. Fisher and Signor D'Auria consider her voice equal to the best in Toronto. Having this gifted lady with our own highly appreciated home talent, consisting of Miss Christoe, Miss Vandusen, Mrs. Blackburn in solos, the Misses Richardson in duets, our inimitable Glee Club and the choir, we may reasonably expect a rare treat. Proceeds in aid of the parsonage. Tickets 25c, children 15, or two for 25c. Come!

John Miller, of Bentinck, was arrested and lodged in gaol at Owen Sound on an order by the judge, issued on information by Miller's wife. About four years ago Miller was tried at the assizes on a charge of wife murder. He was accused of driving a team of horses over his wife and thus killing her. The defence was that the team became unmanageable and in spite of all Miller's efforts they trampled on the woman and killed her. Miller was acquitted. He then married his present wife, who brought an action for alimony against him, and when he was quietly disposing of his property Mrs. Miller showed her business ability by quietly seizing on his person. Mrs. Miller says her liege lord abused her and took great pleasure in playfully holding her mouth open and running his tongue down her throat.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

The Past.

For six years I have labored to establish a living business on the basis of honorable dealing with all—handling reliable goods at fair prices, and endeavoring to give "value received" every time goods are exchanged for money, note or credit. I have been "thrust" into something of success by the genuine support of a large section of "Central Grey" which would not have come if "undeserved."

The Present

Being fully established on the above lines, and having a very complete stock in all regular jewelers' lines, I shall expect and endeavor to still deserve the confidence and support of all past patrons, and will hope to gain new ones as 1889 rolls along.

The Future.

I trust to be able this year to keep my stock even better assorted for customers to select from. Will continue to buy from A 1 firms at closest possible prices, and offer all buyers reliable watches, etc., at "bed rock" prices. A call solicited. Goods and work warranted.

Jeweler Brown,

MARKDALE.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Sir John Thompson laid on the table the annual report of the Department of Justice respecting penitentiaries.

Sir John Macdonald presented the report of the Commissioner of Northwest Mounted Police.

The following Bills were read a second time.

To incorporate the Assiniboia, Edmonton and Cypiga Railway Company.

To incorporate the Assets and Debenture Company of Canada.

To incorporate the Dominion Life Assurance Company.

To amend the Act incorporating the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company of Canada.

To incorporate the Red Dear Valley Railway and Coal Company.

Respecting the Niagara Grand Island Bridge Company.

Mr. Carling, in answer to an inquiry by Sir Richard Cartwright, said that in estimating the population of the Dominion at 4,815,497, the numbers assigned to each Province were as follows: Ontario, 2,154,786; Quebec, 1,479,036; Nova Scotia, 483,277; New Brunswick, 345,292; Manitoba, 152,624; British Columbia, 131,306; Prince Edward Island, 120,176; Territories, 100,000.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

Respecting the Alberta & Athabasca Railway Company—Mr. Davis.

Amending the Act incorporating the London Mutual Fire Insurance Company—Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Purcell introduced a Bill to make provision for the protection of persons employed by contractors engaged in the construction of railways under the Acts passed by the Parliament of Canada. He explained that the object of the Bill was to render the original contractors on railways liable for wages earned by the laborers engaged in the construction of the work. His experience in railway construction had convinced him of the necessity of such a provision in the law in the interest of the laboring classes.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Tupper introduced a Bill to amend the Act respecting the safety of ships. He stated that the Bill was modelled largely on the Bill introduced by his predecessor last session, the chief difference being that it did not contain the provisions of the former Bill respecting the detention of ships at the different ports.

Mr. Tupper, in answer to an inquiry put by Mr. Moncreiff, said it was the intention of the Government to erect a range of lights in the village of Corunna, opposite Stag Island River St. Clair.

Mr. Bowell, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Eisenhauer, said the Government were considering the question of changing the system of bonding of foreign fish, which had prevailed since Confederation. Petitions of that character had been received.

Mr. Bowell, in answer to inquiries from Mr. Boyle, said the value of our importations from the United States of green fruits, seeds, trees and other articles placed on the free list by Order-in Council, dated April 4th, 1888, from that date until January 1st last, was $831,399. The amount of revenue which would have been collected upon such importations, if they had not been placed upon the free list, was $219,626. The value of such importations from the United States for the corresponding period of the previous year was $498,183. The value of our exports of these articles to the United States from 4th April, 1888, until January 1st last, was $1,486,022, of which apples amounted to $1,315,452, berries $80,000 and trees and seeds $50,000, leaving $40,570 for the smaller fruits.

Mr. Foster, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Langelier, said no contract had yet been entered into for a line of rapid mail steamers across the Atlantic Ocean, but negotiations had been entered into with that end in view.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Alberta Railway and Coal Company.

Mr. Trow said the company had a monopoly of the whole coal business of that country. Coal at the mine cost the company $1 a ton, and at Calgary it cost $8. They could well afford to sell coal for $3. He asked that other railways should have running powers on this line.

Mr. Shanley said that the railway had no connection with Calgary.

Mr. Mills suggested that a clause should be inserted in the Bill fixing the maximum charge per mile.

Sir John Thompson said the company would have to submit their tariff to the Railway Committee. All these subjects were dealt with by the Railway Act in such a way that this company would be subject to the Railway Committee.

The Bill was reported without amendment.

The House went into committee on the Bill respecting the Kootenay & Athabasca Railway Company, and reported it without amendment.

Several Bills were advanced a stage.

Mr. Brown, in moving for the second reading of his Bill to make further provision to prevent cruelty to animals, said the main object of the Bill was to prevent the trap shooting of pigeons and small birds, cock fighting, dog fighting, and not only to punish the instigators, but all who attended sport of that debasing character. The Humane Societies of Toronto, Ottawa, London and Hamilton had petitioned for the Bill. Every true sportsman in Canada would support the measure. There was some opposition emanating from some of the gun clubs of Canada. These debasing slaughters were called tournaments; but they were not manly sports. The men went within twenty or forty feet of the defenceless birds and shot them in a heartless manner. Dumb animals were as sensitive to pain as any hon. gentleman. The same sport could be obtained from clay pigeons as from shooting the live bird. The practice of shooting small birds for sport was cruel and barbarous, and was being discountenanced all over the civilized world. The Queen had refused to accept invitations for herself or any of the Royal Family to attend such events. In these pigeon matches the eyes of birds had been put out to increase the sport. There was nothing in the Bill that could not receive the full confidence of every member.

Mr. Lister—It provides for overdriving a hen.

Mr. Brown—It was a queer old rooster that said that. He asked hon. gentlemen if they would like to be cooped up in a box and then let loose only to be shot. The measure proposed would effectually stop these abuses.

Mr. Tisdale, in moving the six months' hoist, said he was not in favor of cruelty to animals, but he objected to people laying down a principle and then trying to put down things which did not rightly come under it. If he could understand what was aimed at he would be very glad. If it was desired to stop pigeon-shooting out of traps, why was it not plainly stated? The Bill declared that killing birds by the dozen was cruelty. It looked as if it was promoted in the interest of vegetarians. With the exception of that matter the Bill dealt with what was already covered or was objectionable. The Bill declared that any person might interfere to prevent cruelty. Surely the country had not arrived at such a pass when every man should have authority to interfere when he supposed there was a case of cruelty. If Mr. Brown saw a market woman wringing the necks of her chickens he would interfere, and we would have to eat them alive.

Mr. Charlton said the Bill commended itself to him and would receive his support on the understanding that it be referred to a committee, and modified if necessary.

Sir John Thompson said that the chief principle embodied in the Bill was that it is expedient to make a penal offence the use of live animals as a target. The Bill gave the right to interfere only where there was a case of cruelty. Many objections against the Bill were applicable against the present law.

Mr. Edwards approved of the Bill because it afforded the means of disposing of abandoned animals.

The House divided on Mr. Tisdale's motion, for the six months' hoist, which was lost on a vote of 71 yeas and 72 nays.

The Bill was read a second time.

Sir John Macdonald presented the annual report of the Department of Railways and Canals.

Sir John Thompson introduced a Bill respecting the rules of court in relation to criminal matters.

Mr. Edgar introduced a Bill to provide for placing on the free list articles of merchandise, the production of which may be controlled by trusts or combinations. The following is the text of the Bill:

Whereas it is expedient in the public interest to suppress the evils arising from trusts or combinations for the purpose of regulating or controlling the production or price of merchandise, manufactures, commodities, or products, therefore Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows:

Whenever an import duty is imposed by law on any merchandise, manufacture, commodity, or product which is manufactured or produced in Canada to an amount exceeding two hundred thousand dollars and over 80 per cent. of the aggregate value of the amount manufactured or produced in Canada shall be manufactured or produced by persons, partnerships or corporations who shall be parties to any agreement or agreements, combination or combinations, trust or trusts, for the purpose of regulating or controlling the production or price of such merchandise, manufactures, commodity, or product, all such merchandise, manufactures, commodities and products, during the continuance of such agreement or agreements, combination or combinations, trust or trusts, shall be admitted into Canada free of duty.

In order to determine whether any merchandise, manufacture, commodity or product shall be admitted free of duty under the foregoing provisions, it shall be the duty of the Treasury Board when information is received by the Minister of Finance of the existence of such agreement, etc., to investigate the facts with reference to it, having given public notice of the time and place of such investigation, and the Treasury Board shall have the same powers to enforce the attendance of witnesses and to compel them to give evidence as is vested in any court of record in civil cases.

If upon such investigation it shall appear that the merchandise, manufacture, commodity, or product come within the provisions of this Act, the Governor General shall by his proclamation order such merchandise to be admitted into Canada free of import duty.

Whenever such agreement, combination, etc., to the extent aforesaid shall cease to exist, the Governor General shall, upon the report of the Treasury Board to that effect, give notice thereof by proclamation, and thereafter the duty otherwise provided for by law shall be collected on such merchandise, etc.

He stated that the Bill proposed that whenever an import duty is imposed by law on a commodity manufactured in Canada to an amount exceeding two hundred thousand dollars in value, and over 80 per cent. of the aggregate value of the amount manufactured and produced in Canada, and which is produced by persons in a combination, then the article should be admitted into Canada free of duty. In order to determine whether or not the particular articles are subject to a combination, the Bill proposed that it should be the duty of the Treasury Board, upon complaint, to make an investigation, and if upon such investigation it should appear that the commodity was subject to a combination, the Governor-General should issue a proclamation ordering such articles to come in free of duty. Upon the combination ceasing to control the article the duty would be restored. The object of all these combinations, he said, was to prevent fair and open competition in the Canadian market, and to prevent such monopoly he thought we should remove the barrier which prevents competition from abroad in the particular articles in respect of which the monopoly exists.

Sir John Macdonald said he did not object to the introduction of the Bill, but it was possible that on examination it would be found that the subject of the Bill being a matter of trade and commerce it should be introduced by resolution.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Foster, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Langelier (Quebec), said that the total amount of $1,500,000 voted in 1885 for an extension to Quebec of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been paid. The sum of $970,000 had been paid to the Bank of Montreal for the bonds of the North Shore Railway, at 81½, and the remaining $570,000 was paid to the Grand Trunk Railway.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, in moving the second reading of the Act to permit foreign vessels to aid vessels wrecked or disabled in Canadian waters, expressed the hope that the Bill would meet with more favorable consideration in the House than it did last session. The measure was dictated by principles of humanity and of regard for the protection of property, which was often lost owing to the fact that the services of the most available wrecking tugs could not be utilized. Since the Bill was defeated last session the President of the United States thought the matter of sufficient importance to warrant a reference to it in his message, and he there expressed the hope that some amicable arrangement in regard to wrecking would be entered into between the two countries. The American people were jealously guarding their rights in this matter, and while they had an offer of reciprocity in wrecking on their statute books, conditional on our acceptance, they firmly refused to allow our wreckers to work in their waters until we grant like privileges to them. He moved the reference of the Bill to a select committee composed of Messrs. Cockburn, Bergeron, Edgar, Charlton, Labelle, Langelier (Quebec), Masson, Mulock, Shanly, Patterson (Essex), Weldon (St. John), Weldon (Albert), Holton and the mover.

Mr. Patterson (Essex) moved in amendment that the Bill in question, together with his Bill providing for reciprocity in the coasting trade, be referred to the select committee. He did not quite agree with the last speaker that considerations of humanity should lead us to make any particular advances to the people of the United States on this question. The Americans, whenever they sought reciprocity with Canada in any direction, were usually induced to do so with an eye to the material gain which was likely to accrue, and the adoption of the Bill now before the House would undoubtedly bring about complete reciprocity in inland navigation, which our neighbors were so desirous to secure.

Mr. Speaker ruled the amendment out of order. The question was on the second reading of the Bill, and its reference to the select committee named in the motion.

Mr. Patterson (Essex) moved in amendment that the select committee to which the Bill should be referred be composed of Messrs. Bowell, Tupper, Kirkpatrick, Ferguson (Welland), Boyle, Charlton, Lister, Prefontaine and the mover.

Sir John Macdonald said he would much prefer that the promoters of the two Bills should meet and agree on a committee, to which their respective measures could be referred. He reminded the House that the Bill of the member for Frontenac (Mr. Kirkpatrick) was rejected by the House at the last session. This was the same Parliament, and it was a serious thing to undo its own work, but he supposed that after the eloquent speech of the mover the House would be free to change its views if it decided to do so.

After some further discussion the amendment was withdrawn and the Bill was read a second time.

Mr. Burdett moved the second reading of a Bill against frauds in supplying milk to cheese and butter manufacturers.

Sir John Thompson said that as this was a criminal Bill, it should be referred to a select committee.

Mr. Burdett agreed to this course if it would not impede the progress of the Bill, which it was very desirable should be passed this session, in view of the fact that the Act by the Province of Ontario declard with that subject had been dealing *ultra vires*.

Sir John Thompson agreed that the Act should not be impeded.

The Bill was read a second time and referred to the Select Committee.

Mr. Jamieson, on the order for the further consideration of his motion declaring it expedient to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, and the amendments thereto, briefly addressed the House, urging the acceptance of his motion, and refusing to accept the amendments.

The House divided on Mr. Taylor's amendment calling for a plebiscite on a prohibition law which shall make full provision for compensating those engaged in the manufacture of such liquors, which was lost; yeas 58, nays 85.

On the question of the amendment of Mr. Wood (Brockville), providing for prohibition when the public sentiment of the country is ripe for its reception and enforcement.

Mr. Mills moved in amendment to the amendment that the following words should be added: "And that a vote of qualified electors of Canada be taken at a convenient time to ascertain the opinion of the country upon the question."

Mr. Taylor objected to the amendments before the House because they did not contain a provision for compensation to those engaged in the liquor trade.

Mr. Mills said he did not think the question of compensation should be submitted to a plebiscite.

Mr. Bergin did not believe that prohibition would be practicable for many years. Recourse should then be had to as efficient a license law as possible. He censured the professed temperance people for their insincerity and vacillation in connection with the enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act.

The amendment to the amendment was lost on a division; yeas 35, nays 127.

The main motion as amended was declared carried without a division. The motion is as follows: "That in the opinion of this House it is expedient to prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors except for sacramental, medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes when the public sentiment of the country is ripe for the reception and enforcement of such a measure as prohibition."

Sir John Macdonald said he had heard that the Opposition intended to move an important amendment, and requested that it be laid over till Tuesday, as it might interfere with the arrangements of members who wished to go home over Sunday.

Sir Richard Cartwright agreed not to press the motion till Tuesday.

In Committee of Supply, on the item of $15,500 for printing voters' lists,

Mr. Foster substituted $10,000 for the amount named, and intimated that it was not probable that the sum would be used.

On the item of $10,000 for printing, binding and distributing the laws,

Mr. Bowell intimated that $6,000 would be sufficient, and that sum was substituted.

The item passed.

Mr. Shanly moved for the third reading of the Bill to incorporate the Alberta Railway & Coal Company.

Mr. Watson said it was of the utmost importance that the Northwest should have cheap coal. He moved that the Bill be referred back to the Committee of the Whole to insert a clause providing that the maximum rate for coal must not exceed 1 cent per mile.

Mr. Speaker ruled the motion out of order, as proper notice had not been given.

Mr. Trow said it would be an extreme hardship if the Government did not protect the settlers by restricting the tariff of the company. They should not be allowed to charge 100 per cent. over the cost of the coal.

Mr. Shanly said the House might as well fix the price of coal as fix the rate at which it should be carried.

Mr. Sproule said that it cost more than a cent a mile to carry coal in Ontario. The company were doing an important work for the Northwest, and should be allowed some privilege in return.

Mr. Mills held that Parliament had power to fix the rate, and it was their duty to do so.

The hour for the consideration of private bills having expired, the motion dropped.

Mr. Mills made an inquiry of the Government in reference to the accuracy of the press report that the Department of Fisheries had been informed that the Canadian vessels seized by the United States authorities in Behrings Sea, in 1887, would be sold next month. He asked whether or not there had been any correspondence with the Foreign Office on the subject, and of what nature; whether the Canadian Government had asked the British Government to send a cruiser to Behrings Sea to protect the Canadian vessels on the high seas; what answer had been received, and what was the present state of the correspondence between the American Government and the Foreign Office on the subject.

Sir Hector Langevin said he could hardly give the information at present. There had been some correspondence on the subject and the hon. gentleman should move for the papers.

Mr. Mills asked whether the Government would bring down the papers as a matter of course.

Mr. Tupper said that all the correspondence that had taken place up to the opening of the session had been brought down, and it was a question whether or not the subsequent correspondence could be made public.

The House then resumed in Committee of Supply.

A number of items in connection with the Central Experimental Farm were passed, after which the committee rose and reported.

Mr. Foster intimated that he hoped to be able to make his financial statement on Tuesday next.

Friday Is Not Unlucky.

Friday, February 22nd, 1732, George Washington was born.

Bismarck, Gladstone and Disraeli were born on Friday.

Friday, March 25th, 1609, the Hudson River was discovered.

Friday, June 30th, 1461, Louis XI. humbled the French nobles.

Friday, March 18th, 1776, the Stamp Act was repealed in England.

Friday, June 13th, 1492, Columbus discovered the continent of America.

Friday, December 22nd, 1620, the Pilgrims made the final landing at Plymouth Rock.

Friday, June 10th, 1834, Spurgeon, the celebrated English preacher, was born.

Friday, November 20th, 1721, the first Masonic lodge was organized in North America.

Thomas Sutton, who saved England from the Spanish armada, was born on Friday.

Friday, January 12th, 1433, Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, was born, the richest sovereign of Europe.

Friday, Nov. 28th, 1814, the first newspaper ever printed by steam, the London *Times*, was printed.

Friday, June 12th, 1802, Alexander Von Humboldt, in climbing Chimborazo, reached an altitude of 19,200 feet.

Friday, Sept. 7th, 1465, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years.

Friday, April 8th, 1646, the first known newspaper advertisement was published in the *Imperial Intelligencer*, in England.

Friday, May 14th, 1586, Gabriel Fahrenheit, usually regarded as the inventor of the common mercurial thermometer, was born.

Friday, March 5th, 1496, Henry VIII., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England.

Friday, Nov. 10th, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present constitution of the States.

Four Hundred Million Collisions of Meteors Daily.

Observations of falling stars have been used to determine roughly the average number of meteorites which attempt to pierce the earth's atmosphere during each 24 hours. Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, from observations made during seventeen years, found that the mean hourly number of luminous meteors visible on a clear moonless night by one observer was fourteen, taking the time of observation from midnight to 1 a.m. It has been further experimentally shown that a large group of observers who might include the whole horizon in their observations would see about six times as many as are visible to one eye. Prof. H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all possible corrections, the number which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than 10,000 times as many as could be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than 20,000,000 luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, each of which in a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting star. This number, however, by no means represents the total number of minute meteorites that enter our atmosphere, because many entirely invisible to the naked eye are often seen in telescopes. It has been calculated that the number of meteorites, if these were included, would be increased at least twenty-fold; this would give us 400,000,000 of meteorites falling in the earth's atmosphere daily.—*Prof. Lockyer in Harper's for March.*

Western Society Event.

There was another egg eat at Dwight. August Krall on a wager ate 41 raw eggs, picking up 26 off the floor with his teeth without breaking the shell. August is the champion egg eater so far.—*Omaha Herald.*

The Earl of Lytton is anxious to let furnished, his magnificent and picturesque seat of Knebworth, in Hertfordshire. It was here that his father wrote many of his novels.

THREE MEN KILLED.

Horrible Deaths of Trainmen in a Railway Accident.

A Bangor, Me., despatch says: A serious accident occurred to the morning train from Bangor to St. John, near Boyd's Mills, two miles east of Kingman, at 10 a.m. Mail clerk David Palmer, who was on the mail car, gives the following account of the disaster: When the train reached Boyd's Mills, the scene of the accident, he was sitting on a table in the front of the car, M. C. Mudgett, of Dexter, chief clerk, near him, with his feet on the stove, and John Campbell, a clerk, was on the table. When the shock came the cars went over in a heap, rolling over several times. The train consisted of engine, mail, baggage, Pullman, smoker and three passenger cars. The first five left the track, but the other three kept on running upon a side track. The mail car, baggage, Pullman and smoker caught fire like a flash, being entirely consumed within fifteen minutes. The train had been running at full speed, and a misplaced switch caused the derailment. Palmer, Mudgett and Campbell were held like a vise by the timbers of the shattered car, the former with part of a letter rack over his legs and Mudgett under the stove. Campbell's back was broken. The dense smoke from the burning cars and steam from the engine boiler hung over the mail car. All shouted for help; Mudgett cried to Palmer that he was being burned, and bade him good-bye. Palmer thrust up one arm through an opening and was seen by Conductor Chase, who attempted to pull him out, but was unable to do so. Three others joined him, and finally succeeded in removing him in a bruised condition. They were unable to reach Mudgett and Campbell before they burned to death. Harry Goodwin, fireman, was killed, and Julius Angell, engineer, was cut severely, but none of the passengers were hurt. The injured were taken to the Kingman House, in Kingman, where their wants were attended to. All cars were equipped with Sewall heaters, but the fire caught from the stove used in the mail car. The main track is but little damaged, and a construction crew, which arrived about 5 p. m., cleared off the debris.

SMALLPOX AT FINGAL.

Churches, Schools and Skating Rinks Closed—Compulsory Vaccination to be Enforced.

A St. Thomas despatch says: During the past two weeks many rumors have been circulated in this city regarding an epidemic which has made its appearance in Fingal, a small village about six miles west of the city, and has already resulted in the death of two married women, while a number of others are suffering from the disease in that locality. The local physicians from the first have pronounced the malady chickenpox, but as the results are of such a serious nature the Board of Health of Southwold yesterday took the matter in hand to find out the exact nature of the disease and take the necessary precautions to prevent its spreading. Dr. Tweedale, medical health officer of St. Thomas, was summoned, and after making a careful examination of the different cases pronounced the disease undoubtedly smallpox, and his opinion was corroborated to-day by other city physicians. The Board of Health thereupon decided to close the churches, schools and skating rinks, and also to enforce compulsory vaccination. All sorts of rumors are afloat in the city to-night, many of which are groundless, but it is undoubtedly true that there are a number of new cases developing in the vicinity of Fingal. The Southwold Board of Health have been advised to quarantine all houses in which cases exist and see that the families are comfortably provided for. A special meeting of the St. Thomas Board of Health will be held this evening to consider the report of Drs. Tweedale and VanBuskirk.

Hints for Slippery Weather.

Ladies in such weather cannot safely dispense with bustles.

Always laugh at a man who slips down. He would laugh at you.

You may perhaps be allowed to wonder at times why men don't wear bustles.

If you break a suspender don't swear. Take a tug at the buckle in the back of your trousers.

Don't brush off your clothes. Appear to be serenely unconscious that they are not all right.

If both shoulders touch the ground, the fall, according to the wrestling rules, is awarded to the sidewalk.

Never slip down in sight of your own house. One prefers to be laughed at by strangers rather than by one's wife.

If you feel yourself falling and there's a man within reach grab him. In this way you often secure somebody to fall on.

Always wonder why the City Council doesn't pass a law compelling everybody to put ashes on his icy sidewalk.

Don't walk too near the store fronts. If you should go through a plate glass window you would have to pay a big bill for damages.

Swearing at the man who never sprinkles ashes on his sidewalk is considered good manners by every authority on etiquette during icy weather.

If you slip down endeavor to look pleased. It indicates a superior order of mind. If you look pained it but adds to the mirth of people who see you.

Above all, take heed where you stand when laughing at somebody else while puffed up with pride in your own sure footedness. Pride often has a tumble.

As your legs go lurching and lunging in one direction and another over the slippery places occasionally, vow to set a good example by sprinkling ashes on your own sidewalk.

Always fall down rather than fracture your spinal column in efforts to keep your feet. No man can feel an unalloyed satisfaction in his escapes from tumbles when his entire frame is wrenched and sore.

If you see any one near you sprawled out on the sidewalk say good-naturedly: "Come here, and I'll pick you up." This is important. It is always said on such occasions, and pleases a man when he's down.

A man named Slade has just died in great agony from swallowing a sugar crusher whilst drinking a glass of grog at Crewkerne, Somerset.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Waters—To amend the Assessment Act.

Mr. Hardy—To give representation in the Legislature to Nipissing district.

Mr. Mowat—To make further provisions respecting Parry Sound and Muskoka, also, respecting appeals on prosecutions for enforced penalties under the Provincial Act.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) brought down returns relating to insurance companies.

The following Bills were read the second time:

To confer certain powers upon the Board of Trade of the city of Toronto—Mr. Leys.

To legalize a by-law of the town of Galt and other purposes—Mr. Master.

Mr. Clarke (Wellington), in moving the second reading of the Bill for the better protection of insectivorous and other birds, said he presented the Bill at the request of the biological section of the Canadian Institute. He did not approve of all its provisions, but the section could be heard in their advocacy before a special committee.

The Bill was read the second time and referred to a special committee.

The following Bills were read the second time:

To amend the Registry Act—Mr. Wood (Hastings.) The object of the Bill was to provide for the registration of payments on account of mortgages.

To amend the Ontario Election Act (Mr. Balfour) by providing that information and notices regarding the holding of elections in Pelee Island may be sent by telephone.

To amend the Municipal Act (Mr. Cruess) by allowing 300 voters for each polling division instead of 200.

Mr. Mowat said there was no provision in the Bill for certifying the signatures to receipts, but no doubt the Law Committee would be able to suggest something.

The House again went into Committee of Supply and resumed consideration of the estimates. The following items passed:

Lieutenant-Governor's office	$ 3,981
Attorney-General's Department	17,280
Education Department	21,2 0
Crown Lands Department	48,500
Public Works Department	19,400
Treasury Department	20,300
Public institutions	10 150
Agricultural Department	24,500
Immigration Department	1,600
Provincial Secretary's Department	18,210
License and Administration of Justice accounts	7,350
Provincial Board of Health	6,975
Miscellaneous	10,500
Legislation	120,0 50
Administration of Justice	365,316
Education	$588,872
Toronto Asylum	103,157
Mimico branch	5,350
London Asylum	127,544
Kingston Asylum	87,505
Hamilton Asylum	118 857
Orillia Asylum	49,857
Central Prison	94 995
Boys' Reformatory, Penetanguishene	41,910
Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institution	40 727
Brantford Blind Asylum	34,896
Mercer Reformatory	31,526

Mr. Fraser explained that the only additional cost to the country from the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture was that Minister's own salary, and the pay of a shorthand writer at $650.

Mr. Creighton said that the contingencies had at any rate doubled.

The committee rose and reported.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) brought down the report of the Inspector of Prisons and Charities.

In reply to an objection made by Mr. Clancy,

Mr. Ross (Huron) said the tender and contract system did not work well in regard to the groceries for the public institutions Two years ago the Government had to return to the system of buying to the best advantage wherever they could.

Messrs. H. E. Clarke and Meredith objected to the extra payments made to Mr. Crackle, of the Toronto Asylum, who as master mason received a salary of $650, and who was paid extra amounts, bringing the total sum up to $1,250.

Mr. Hardy said Mr. Crackle was paid extra amounts for services in checking an outbreak of diphtheria at Penetanguishene

Mr. Meredith said that one result of the investigation last year was that one item of two thousand dollars had been brought to light—he referred to the Agricultural College—but the most diligent inquiry had failed to find a detailed account of the manner in which this money had been expended.

Mr. A. M. Ross said that this money had been placed to the credit of the institution in a local bank, and cheques out in the regular way to meet the current expenses of the institution. But it was quite true that a detailed statement of the uses to which the money had been put could not be found.

Mr. Wood said there were grave rumors current about irregularities at the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Belleville.

Hon. Mr. Hardy said that the Inspector had brought this to his attention in an indirect way, and that there was some bad bookkeeping at Belleville. The system, however, had been changed so as to do away with any possibility of irregularity.

Mr. French referred to the bad sanitary system used in the London Asylum, also to the outbreak of diphtheria in Penetanguishene Reformatory. He read a clause from the report of Col. Waring reflecting on the sanitation of the London Asylum.

Mr. Fraser defended the system in use at the London institution, and said that Col. Waring was not called upon to give an opinion on the sanitary condition of the London Asylum; that he was called in as an expert to pronounce upon the best method of disposing of sewage. With respect to the sanitary system in London, it received the approval of gentlemen just as good authorities as Col. Waring.

Mr. Meredith said that there was no reason why the hon. gentleman should take these criticisms as personal affronts. Col. Waring had been called in as an expert by the Government to pronounce upon sanitation. He had done so, but now, since he reflected upon the system adopted by the Government, the hon. gentlemen make haste to repudiate him.

Mr. Craig wanted to know how it was that clothing for Hamilton, London and Toronto asylums had been bought from a Toronto firm, Hughes Bros.

Mr. Hardy said that he supposed the reason why so much clothing had been purchased from Hughes Bros. was that that firm had been selling out and cheap bargains were offered.

Mr. Craig would like to know if special instructions were given o the bursars where to purchase goods public institutions.

Mr. Hardy said that as far as he knew no special instructions were issued to the bursars to purchase only from Conservative dealers. (Laughter). The bursars purchased to suit their own convenience.

Mr. Meredith, in a brief speech, characterized the action of the Government as farming out patronage so as to bind certain trades to the chariot wheels of their party.

Mr. Fraser challenged the Opposition to state a case where the Government at Ottawa ever allowed their officers to purchase of political opponents. If the Opposition could show that the Government had paid too much for certain articles there would be legitimate ground for criticism. It was simply ridiculous to affect horror at the Government patronizing their political friends. If the Opposition were in power to-morrow they would under the same system do exactly the same as the Government were doing. In the matter of supplies to institutions the tender system was not always the best. They had a glaring instance of the abuse of the tender system in the case of the supplies to Indians. So long as the public interests were protected the Government were not going to pass over their political friends in order to benefit their political opponents. (Applause)

The items in dispute passed.

An Act to incorporate the Sarnia, Lambton & London Railway—Mr. Graham.

An Act to Amend the Municipal Act—Mr. Garson.

An Act respecting the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway—Mr. O'Connor.

Mr. McMahon moved the second reading of his Bill to facilitate the purchase of toll roads by municipalities. The Bill is substantially to furnish machinery for the object named. The Bill was read a second time and sent to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Garson moved the second reading of his Bill respecting the examination of engineers and inspection of boilers. The Bill, he said, differed but little from that introduced by him last year, and it was unnecessary for him to explain it in detail. The principle of the Bill is the appointment of inspectors for the compulsory examination and certificating of persons having charge of boilers, and also for the proper examination of boilers. It was discussed briefly and, as a rule, favorably. Mr. Phelps and Mr. Wood, of Brant, were well disposed to it. So was Mr. Meredith, but he thought the Government ought to assume responsibility for or against it. Mr. Rayside and Mr. Graham raised points of objection. The Bill was read and referred to a special committee.

Mr. Ferguson moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Municipal Act in respect to arbitrations, as previously explained. The Bill proposes to make the County Judge the arbitrator in cases of arbitration occurring under the Act, and his award to be final. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy both commented on the importance of the Bill, the latter hon. gentleman taking occasion to suggest in connection with it that bills of such importance should receive a discussion in the House before they went to committee. Many important changes to the municipal law were discussed in committee, and the public knew nothing about what was being done, whereas by a discussion in the House they were generally made aware of the nature of any intended changes. Mr. Balfour approved the principle of the Bill, because he thought it would have a tendency to reduce the present heavy cost of arbitrations and the evil growing out of the existence of so many professional arbitrators. Mr. Waters objected that the Bill was a very radical one, and in some particulars at least would prove a retrograde step. Mr. Whitney thought that under the present system of arbitration very many of the arbitrators simply considered themselves bound to support the claim of the party they represented. The Bill was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Hudson's Bill to amend the Municipal Act by prohibiting colorable transfers of property in order to qualify as a voter was read a second time.

Mr. Whitney moved to amend the Act respecting seduction as follows:

Any person authorized so to do in writing by any unmarried female who has neither father nor mother living, or who has neither father nor mother capable of bringing an action for her seduction under this Act, may bring and maintain an action as the master of such unmarried female, for her seduction; and upon the trial of such action it shall not be necessary to give proof of any act of service performed by the person seduced, but the same shall in all cases be presumed, and no proof shall be received to the contrary.

Hon. Mr. Fraser strongly opposed the measure. It would considerably extend the field for litigation in connection with the Act, the latitude allowed by which was already, in his opinion, much abused. He did not see why such a fiction as that proposed should be introduced into the law.

Mr. Whitney would withdraw the Bill if the Government insisted, but he suggested a compromise.

Mr. French defended the Bill.

Mr. Meredith thought the Bill should go to committee.

The Attorney-General thought the Bill was too general in character to remedy the evil it was aimed at. He suggested that a new Bill should be introduced to meet the difficulty complained of.

Mr. O'Connor—Under the present law orphan girls, as well as illegitimate unmarried women who have no master, are unable to bring action for damages for seduction.

The Bill was then withdrawn.

Mr. Freeman's Bill to amend the Line Fences Act was read a second time. Mr. Dacks' Bill to amend the Municipal Act was advanced to a similar stage.

Two Bills standing in the name of Mr. Bronson—the first to amend the Timber Slide Companies Act, and the second to amend the Act for the protection of game and fur-bearing animals, were read a second time. The proposed amendment to the game law is as follows:

Any person furnishing satisfactory evidence as to any of the said animals or birds, or any part or portion of any such animals or birds found in his or her possession during the periods in which they are so protected, that the killing, taking or purchasing was done prior to such periods, or in any place outside of the limits of this Province at a time when such killing, taking or purchasing was not there prohibited, or in any place outside the Dominion of Canada, shall be exempt from the penalties of this Act; provided that they may be exposed for sale for fifteen days and no longer after such periods.

A Bill introduced by Mr. Waters to make more intelligible the 590th section of the Municipal Act was read a second time. A Bill introduced by Mr. Graham to amend the Municipal Act by declaring that no municipal corporation shall be required to fence or otherwise guard any ditch or watercourse running along any public highway when the depth of such ditch or watercourse does not exceed two feet, was read a second time.

SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.

Resolution to be Introduced into the Dominion Parliament.

Mr. H. H. Cook (Liberal) has given notice that he will move the following resolution in the Dominion House of Commons:

That the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1882, adopted an humble address to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, expressing the hope that a just measure of Home Rule should be granted to the people of Ireland, and that in the year 1886, by resolution of the House of Commons, the sentiments of the said address were earnestly reiterated and the House again expressed the hope that such a measure of Home Rule would be passed by the Imperial Parliament;

That in the year 1887, by resolution of the House of Commons, profound regret was expressed at the introduction of a Coercion Bill for Ireland into the Imperial Commons, and a hope was expressed that as subversive of the rights and liberties of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland it might not become law, and the further hope was expressed that instead of the Coercion Bill a substantial measure of Home Rule would be granted to Ireland.

That the House has learned with profound regret that no measure of Home Rule has yet been introduced for Ireland, but that the rights and liberties of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland have been subverted by the Coercion Bill against which this House protested in 1887.

That the coercive Irish legislation of the Imperial Parliament and the administration of Irish affairs in accordance therewith have aroused among the Irish and other people of the United States a state of feeling which prejudicially affects the relations between the Dominion of Canada and the United States;

That this state of feeling in the United States conduced to the recent rejection of the Fisheries and Extradition Treaties, and militates powerfully against such amicable settlement of matters in dispute between Canada and the United States as would promote in a high degree the welfare of Her Majesty's subjects in this Dominion;

That the granting of Home Rule to Ireland will not only gratify Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the Dominion, but will materially assist to establish on an enduring basis profitable and perfectly friendly relations between the Dominion and the United States, with the effect of relieving Her Majesty's Government from dangerous complications;

That the present resolutions be forwarded to the Right Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister, and to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P.

The Kind of a Wife You Want.

You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house cleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of man. Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in fall, so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the sitting-room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not sag? Can you do anything about the house that Con Reagan can? My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do anything any woman can do. Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson. —*Bob Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.*

Dressed Horseflesh as Human Food.

At Gorton Police Court, Manchester, the other day John Henry Rushton, butcher, 185 Ashton road, Openshaw, was charged with offering diseased meat for sale. Mr. Crofton said that on the day in question the nuisance inspector (Mr. Stansfield) of then Board paid a visit to the shop of the defendant, and there found three-quarters of a beast and some liver, apparently diseased. A seizure was made, and on the report of Mr. Locke, veterinary surgeon, Manchester, the meat was condemned by Mr. Coloke, one of the county magistrates. The meat was in a horrible state. Mr. Stansfied, on being called, said in reply to the bench that the meat was dressed for sale in the ordinary way. It was horse beef. It was stated that the accused had several shops in Manchester and Salford. He was sent to prison for three months!

Canada's Chief Industry.

Olive Logan says the Philadelphia *Times*: The following conversation took place recently between myself and one of the most popular captains of the French line.

Captain—I like Americans, but they have such an absurd idea of the greatness of their country. Why, the United States are not so large as France.

Passenger—Indeed, have you seen much of the United States?

Captain—Oh, yes. I have been West.

Passenger—How far?

Captain—To Niagara Falls. That finishes the coutry. The rest is Canada, which is inhabid principally by French people.

Soft Answer.

Conceited Lger (to the chambermaid)—Bridget, do ye wonder that the girls are soft on me?

Bridget—Safis it? Sure, they must be very saft. But ye loves like, and ye're the saftest man in the boording house, so ye are.

A WOMAN'S KNEE.

Its Contemplation Plunges a Brooklyn Lawyer into Poetic Rhapsody.

The suit of Mrs. Wilhelmina Goepel against the Long Island Railroad Company for $20,000 damages resulted in a verdict in favor of that lady of $7,583.33. Mr. Mirabeau L. Towns appeared for Mrs. Goepel, and Hinsdale & Sprague for the railroad company. Mrs. Goepel was injured while crossing the track of the Long Island Railroad on Atlantic avenue near Albany, by her foot getting caught between the rail and the beam placed to keep it in position. Her leg was broken at the knee and above and below it. Mr. Towns' summing up of the case was one of the most peculiar forensic efforts heard in any court in this city. Referring to the injury to Mrs. Goepel's knee, he said:

"What swarms of memories are aroused by that word. Upon its soft cushion the infant rests when the cold air of this world first kisses its embryal cheek. Kneeling, we receive the first instructive maternal care. There the suitor wins his fortune, the lover adores his mistress, and the warrior receives the charge of his enemy, and, when the god of love shoots his last bolt in vain against obdurate maidenhood upon the knee, he mounts, as on a charge to break through squares of unyelding femininity. A woman's knee—ah, a charming configuration of beauteous line, traced in honey by perfection's magic wand!

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
The fairest thing on earth to me
Is lovely woman's beauteous knee
Inspirer of ancient chivalry,
A bunch of life's umbrageous tree.

Midst lace and brilliant foliage
Gleams the joyous garter of fruit,
The golden fleece for which this age
Makes Argonautic pilgrimage,
The modern warrior's battle wage,
Ah, could in language bifanute
Thy meed of praise would burst my lute.

"Galen, father of anatomy, had his first idea of the glories of that science awakened by the beauteous vision of a woman's knee. But, gentlemen, words cannot do justice to the subject. Thank God, it is one of those things which all may appreciate though few can describe, and yet we have had here an aspiring genius from the realms of physic who describes the paucity of its injuries without, as he says, having seen it."
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Latest Scottish News.

"Burns has taken the place of St. Andrew as the Patron Saint of Scotland," says Professor Minto, Aberdeen.

Rev. George Anderson, for 35 years minister of New Cumnock Free Church, died a couple of weeks ago at his residence, Hawkbill, Ayr, where he had resided for the last two years.

Tranent parish, it appears, is so healthy that the income to the sexton has become so small as to necessitate an appeal by Dr. Caesar from the pulpit for subscriptions for the poor man.

The death is announced at the age of 95 years of Mr. John Sim, for many years tenant of Broadmuir, Cruden, which he and his forefathers had occupied for well-nigh 300 years.

Canon Larkin, the young Roman Catholic priest about whose so-called faith cures so much has been heard lately, is at present stationed at the Convent of Dalbeth, near Tollcross, where he has been visited by thousands of the maimed, the sick and the curious.

The Queen has directed letters patent to be passed under the seal appointed by the Treaty of Union to be kept and made use of in place of the Great Seal of Scotland, ordaining and declaring that the burgh of Dundee shall be a city, and shall be called and styled "the city of Dundee."

A report on the state of the shipbuilding on the Clyde during January was published on the 31st ult. A considerable improvement in the amount of work on hand is noticeable. There are at the present moment 119 vessels in course of construction, being 19 vessels more than at this time last year.

The Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh had the other day before it the case of the Rev. James Stuart, one of its own licentiates, whose views, enunciated in a work entitled "Principles of Christianity," were alleged to conflict in certain respects with the teaching of the Confession of Faith. The result of a two-hours' discussion was that it was decided to "suspend Mr. Stuart's license for the present." Mr. Stuart intimated appeal to the Synod.

An Experiment for Young People.

Take two tumblers—one filled half full of salt water, and one filled half full of fresh water. Put a fresh egg in the tumbler of fresh water. It will sink to the bottom. Put it in the tumbler of salt water, and it will float on top. Carefully pour the brine through a long funnel into the bottom of the tumbler containing the fresh water. The fresh water will rise to the top, and the egg will lie directly in the middle of the glass, poised between the two.

Effects of Mild Weather.

Good Citizen—Did you dispense any charity to-day?

Wife—Yes, to three tramps.

"Poor fellows! Who were they?"

"Two coal dealers and a plumber."

Not Posted.

Philadelphian (in St. Louis)—Will you kindly tell me where I can get a drink of water?

Policeman—Mein frient, I haff been only dree months on dis beat.

Rather Cruel.

Miss Lovelorn—Mr. De Jinks asked my age last night, the rude fellow. I just told him I was as old as I looked.

Miss Caustic—You shouldn't have been so frank.

Worst Yet.

"John, you are not listening to a word I am saying!"

"Why, my dear, I am all ears."

"I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."

A Mystery Explained.

Sensible wife—My dear, you remember, of course, that before our marriage I told you that I rather enjoy cigar smoke. Well, I am sure I do not love you any less now, yet the fact remains that I find your smoking intensely disagreeable. Why is it?

Sensible husband—When I had only myself to support I smoked two for a quarter; now I smoke two for five.

SINGULAR PREMONITIONS.

A Man Twice Saves His Life by Obeying Mysterious Impulses.

A few minutes after the fall of the Weldin building, while a crowd was gathering to view the ruins in which so many mangled and dead people lay, a stranger who was gazing at the wrecked structures from the opposite side of Wood street entered into conversation with a Pittsburg reporter. He said:

"For about five years on every week day, I have passed along that side of Wood street at about the hour this terrible accident occurred. To-day I was on my way to Fifth avenue, and had reached the Chamber of Commerce building when a sudden impulse came upon me to take the other side of the street. I crossed over, and before I reached the sidewalk the crash came. Had I kept along as I was going I would have been in front of the Weldin building just in time to be crushed by bricks and falling timber. I can no more account for the action which probably saved my life than you can; I simply felt that I must do it and I do not know that I felt even a premonition of danger.

"Years ago I escaped being robbed and possibly murdered in a way that was equally remarkable. At the time I was a collector in the Province of Ontario. One bitter cold winter evening I found myself in a small town about fifty miles from Toronto with a large sum of money in my possession. Having determined to go to Toronto that night on the 9 o'clock train, I telegraphed to the hotel where I usually stopped and asked that a room be reserved for me and a fire put in it. When the train came along I got on the front of the smoking car, walked through the car, through the next one, then got off and walked to the telegraph office and sent another message to the Toronto hotel stating that I had changed my mind and was not coming that night. What led me do so was more than I could tell—the same indefinable impulse that controlled me to-day had possession of me.

"I went back to the house where I had taken supper and remained there all night. The next morning I read in the Toronto paper of an assault and attempted robbery of a man who had arrived in that city on the train I was going to take but did not. The man was sandbagged while on his way from the depot to the hotel, and from the description given he must have been my exact counterpart—dress, size, color of hair and even the cut of his whiskers, being like my own. The thugs had mistaken him for me and they knew I had money.

For the Ladies.

Mary Anderson has worn a gown in the belt of which are some fine cameos.

Mary, the daughter of Charles Dickens, jun., is playing a part in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on the English stage.

The women of New Orleans propose to open a cotton palace during the carnival season for the cause of charity.

Marie Frances Norton, a sister of Chas. J. Guiteau, has recently published a novel, mainly devoted to a defence of her brother. She calls the book "The Stalwarts: or, Who Were to Blame?"

Some of the working women of Boston have organized themselves into a society for the protection of their rights and the improvement of their condition socially and mentally."

A company of ladies in London are building a home and hotel for "ladies" who earn their own living and desire to have a home of their own. Under the term "lady" is understood all women who by birth and education are entitled to rank among gentlewomen. The building is to cost £20,000. Upward of £11,000 has already been subscribed in £1 shares.

"Mrs. William Astor," says the *Sun* telling of the coming costume ball, "has a court dress in preparation which for gorgeousness and costliness far exceeds anything that was ever worn by an Eastern potentate. The Shah of Persia himself could hardly outshine her. Pink coats, with black silk continuations, or rather abbreviations, will be very generally worn by the men."

Prayer for a Mother-in-Law.

At one of the recent Moody revival meetings on the Pacific Coast the customary request was made that those suffering from any particularly heavy burden should stand up and ask for the prayers of the assembled multitude. After a few moment's silence, a tall, meek-looking man arose, and in a voice choked with emotion asked that the prayers of the congregation might be offered for his mother-in-law. Instead of praying, the congregation first began to titter, and finally roared into laughter.

Trousers as a Dignifier.

Husband—My dear, those trousers are saved at the bottom.

Wife—They are the best you've got, John, except your dress trousers.

Husband—Well, give them to me. I have an important interview on hand to-day in which I expect to be at different times proud, haughty, indifferent, dignified, and perhaps a trifle disdainful. A man can't be all that successfully with fringe on the bottom of his trousers.

Sympathizing with the Wrong One.

She—What a shame Mr. Ivison should be so intemperate! He is just ruining himself by it.

He—Ruining himself! It's the brightest thing he ever did. He is just engaged to a half-a-million girl who is bent on reforming him.

At the Club.

Harry—Drinking brandy, Charley? That's something new for you.

Charley—Yes; promised my wife this morning I wouldn't drink a drop of whiskey to-day.

A Pleasant Assurance.

"I am told that I resemble your wife a good deal."

"You do, in one particular, Mr. Quimby."

"What's that?"

"My wife is no gentleman."

The Kind They Like.

"What kind of stories do bald-headed men prefer?" asked McSwilligen.

"Don't know. I'm not bald," replied Squildig. "What kind?"

"Hair-raising stories, of course."

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W. H. THURSTON.
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON:
THURSDAY, MARCH 7 1889.

Mr. W. Wood is our authorized agent at the Station. Subscriptions may be paid to him. Single copies of The Advance for sale at his store.

PRIZE FARM COMPETITION.

From a circular published by the Agricultural and Arts Association we glean the following information in reference to the coming prize competition for best managed farm. Group 3 comprises the counties of Bruce, Dufferin, Wellington, Huron, Perth, and Grey. In this group the association offers for competition a gold medal; for each county a silver medal, and for each township a bronze medal. Thinking that possibly some of our Artemesia or surrounding township farmers may be induced to compete, we append the rules which are to govern:

Any farmer desiring to compete shall make his application in writing to the Secretary of the Agricultural Society of his Township on or before 1st May of each year, upon which said Society may call a meeting for the purpose of deciding which of the applicants shall be returned to this Association; but no Township Society shall return more than three competitors.

The full name and address of the selected applicants attested by the Secretary and President of the Agricultural Society, to be sent to the Secretary of this Association on or before the 15th May annually.

There shall be four judges appointed by this Association, two to go together from outside the District being examined, who shall be paid their actual travelling expenses. In case of a dispute between the Judges, the President of this Association shall be called upon to act as referee.

The Judges shall keep a detail of marks awarded to each farm visited. They shall award to the best managed farm in each Township Society a bronze medal, where three farms have competed, and instead thereof to the best managed farm in the Electorial Division Society a silver medal, and to the best farm in the whole Group a gold medal.

In addition to any other points that may be desirable by the Judges, the following shall be taken into consideration in estimating what is "the best managed farm."

1. The competing farm to be not less than one hundred acres, two thirds of which must be under cultivation. 2. The nature of the farming, whether mixed, dairy or any other mode, to be the most suitable under conditions affected by local circumstances. 3. The proper position in relation to the whole farm. 4. The attention paid to the preservation of timber, and shelter by planting of trees. 5. The condition of any private road. 6. The character, sufficiency, and condition of fences, and the manner in which the farm is subdivided into fields. 7. Improvements by removal of obstacles to cultivation, increasing drainage. 8. General condition of buildings, including dwelling house, and their adaptability to the wants of the farm and family. 9. The management, character, suitability, condition, and number of live stock kept. 10. The number, condition, and suitability of implements and machinery. 11. State of the garden and orchard. 12. Management of the yard manure. 13. The cultivation of crops to be as manuring, clearing, produce per acre in relation to management, and character of soil and climate. 14. General order, economy and water supply. 15. Cost of production and relative profits.

The examination by the Judges to be not earlier than 25th May, and to be finished in September.

The two Judges shall decide the Township and Electorial Division prizes by themselves, taking notes of the farm or farms for the gold medal for the group, when all four Judges will soon visit the farms selected for that purpose and decide.

The report of the Judges to be submitted to the Board, and forwarded to the Commissioner of Agriculture.

A SMOKING CHURCH.

Dr. Parker, of the London Temple, is instituting a "smoking church" where all may indulge in the soothing use of the weed, or not, as they may feel inclined. It sounds strange to hear the Toronto Globe championing the act, and advising its trial. And yet there is something to be said in favor of it, at least as an experiment. There is a class in every large city who never enter a church door. A "smoking church" would probably attract them, through curiosity if nothing else. The scheme, it appears, is not at all new in Germany, as the following will show: A prominent Scottish divine, a good many years ago, went as deputy to a Synod meeting in Holland. On his return he wrote and published a graphic account of his experiences. He had, he said, been in the valley and shadow of smoke. The Dutch Synod Hall had been redolent of tobacco, and all the grave and reverend divines had even in official hours been given over to idolatry, though, fortunately with them it took the form of idol-burning. The Moderator smoked assiduously "in the chair," only pausing in the process to take the vote, or to call an unruly brother to order. The clerk plied his pen while his meerschaum rested on the table and the smoke curled curiously like a "glory" round his head. At intervals on the tables round which the members sat there were dishes containing pieces of burning peat, from which a light could always be procured, and canisters of tobacco from which the emptied bowls could always be replenished. It was a sight of placid satisfaction which nothing but a smoking club could supply and nothing but a smoking Synod could endure.

The inauguration of President Harrison took place at Washington on Monday.

The Jesuites of Quebec have entered an action against the Toronto Mail for $50,000 damages.

Piggot committed suicide in Madrid last week.

Canada and the United States.

Prof. J. G. Schurman, author of "The Ethical Import of Darwinism," now Professor of Philsophy at Cornell University, is a native of Nova Scotia and was formerly a member of the faculty of Dalhousie College, Halifax. He took a leading part in the first meeting (in 1885) of the Imperial Federation League at Montreal, and he has been a thorough student of Canada politics. He is the latest contributor to the discussion in the *Forum* of the possible annexation of Canada to the United States. Prof. Schurman sees so great a career for Canada that he opposes annexation. He reviews the history of the Provinces, describes the vast territory and resourses, and concludes that in their development a rapidly increasing population will find labor and riches; and that the future holds too large a promise for Canadians to be willing to make such a breach of their traditions as to become a part of the United States. "Look at a map," he writes, "and you will see that within the latitude of Canada are included, in the Old world, Norway and Sweden, European and Asiastic Russia (excepting only the most southerly projection), Denmark, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, the northern section of France and the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. From the countries come the race that succeeded Rome in bearing, as they still largely bear, the civilization of the world. And analogy suggests that under the bracing climate of Canada, in centuries yet to come, civilization may in the New World find its sturdiest supporters. The new provinces will in a very few years be the regal house of prosperous millions. Nature has said it. Canadians need not be anxious about the money spent in opening up the northwest. Nature is their bondsman. They have only to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. . . . I have described the territory, resources, financial condition, population, and political organization of the new Dominion of Canada. The picture, though faithful, may be somewhat new to Americans, whose view of Canada might be summed up in the words: 'We have a little sister, and she hath no breast.'"

Other articles on Canada annexation that have appeared in recent numbers of the *Forum* are, "Obstacles to Annexation," by the Marquis of Lorne; "Is Union with Canada Desirable?" by Senator J. S. Morrill; and "Canada and the United States," by Prof. Goldwin Smith.—Selected.

Prizes for Farmers' Sons and Daughters.

Editor Advance.

The directors of Center Grey Farmers' Institute offer the following prizes for essays to be written and read by the successful competitors at a meeting of the Institute to be held in Wm. S. Hewgill's grove, Collingwood, on the 13th of June, 1889.

Prizes of $5, $3, and $2, will be given for original essays on the best methods to adopt in order to make farming pay on a farm of 100 acres, 80 acres cleared, with suitable buildings thereon and well fit to be farmed with improved implements. Soil a clay loam, and capital of producing an average crop the first year, all implements supplied and a capital of $500, work to commence first of April, 1889. The above prizes to be competed for by young men under 25 years of age residing in the Riding, and who have not left the farm.

Also at the same time and place, and on the same condition, there will be offered to young ladies the following prizes. $5, $3, and $2, for original essays on the best methods to be adopted in order to make a happy and prosperous home.

A prize of $5.00 is also offered to students of the Ontario Agricultural College in the riding, for the best essay on the benefits secured through an Agricultural College education.

Condition of competition: 1. No award will be made unless in the opinion of the judge they are entitled to a prize. 2. The essays will be judged by the ideas, arrangements, conciseness and conformity with the subject, and not by the grammar, punctuation or spelling. 3. The essays to be forwarded to the secretary not later than the 20th of May, when they will be placed in the hands of a competent, disinterested person, who has been chosen as Judge, and will be returned by the Sec. to the successful essayists on June 13. Any further information will be given by applying to the Secretary, Centre Grey Farmers' Institute,

J. I. GRAHAM,
Vandeleur.

Around the Town Hall Table.

Artemesia Council met on Monday, March 4. Present, Messrs. Cairns, McArthur, Boland and Sharp. Mr. Cairns, deputy reeve, presiding. Minutes of February session read and confirmed.

Bylaw No. 450 to appoint municipal officers was introduced and read first time, and partially filled in committee. Laid over until next meeting for completion.

Mr. Boland presented order bylaw to encourage and regulate planting of trees on highways and boundary lines of lots.

Deputations from S.S. No. 9 and 10 waited upon Council in reference to adding more territory to No. 10. A lively discussion by those for and against the revision took place. The council decided to throw out the petition.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Sharp, that the petition of Jas. McMullen and others, on S. S. No. 10, be not entertained. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland, that the auditors report be referred back to the special committee to report at next meeting of Council. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland, that W. J. Bellamy be paid the sum of thirteen dollars for registration of births, marriages and deaths, under sec. 30 of chap 4, Revised statutes of Ontario. Carried.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid: C. W. Rutledge, assessment rolls, schedules, assessors' guide and express, $11.40; T.B. Gilliland, for services as engineer in the matter in dispute between John Simpson and William McDonald, of the village of Priceville, and that the clerk be and is hereby requested to notify McDonald and request a settlement at once.

This finished the business of the Council.

A. O. U. W.

The eleventh annual session of the Grand Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen was held in Victoria Hall, Toronto, on the 20th and 21st ult. Over three hundred and fifty representatives, and officials were present. The reports of the various officers were presented, taken up seriatim and adopted.

The phenomenal growth of the society, and the success it has achieved in working its way into every corner of Ontario, has surpassed the expectations of its promoters and baffled the omirous predictions of its opponents. Eleven or twelve years ago not a single lodge of Workmen could be found in the province—to-day we can boast of over three hundred lodges with upwards of sixteen thousand members, and every day new members are being added to the ranks. No fraternal society is more prompt in the payment of claims and no insurance organization is more strict in the choice of its members.

During the year just passed two hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars have been paid to the widows and orphans of deceased members and without litigation. The provinces of Manitoba and Quebec are awakening to the importance of having such protection as the A. O.U.W. is willing to offer and the time is not far distant when the society will be found in every part of the Dominion.

WHAT IS THIS A.O.U.W.

that we hear so much about? It is a "fraternal organization for the mutual benefit of its members and their families. It embraces in its membership men of every vocation, profession and occupation—employers and employes—workers of all classes whether their labor be mental or physical. It has no connection with any religious sect, political party or organization for affecting the prices of labor or commodities, but is designed to promote fraternity, mental and social improvement and mutual assistance. The most distinctive feature of the order is what is designated as The Beneficiary Fund, a carefully devised, well guarded, economical and beneficial system, by means of which the sum of two thousand dollars is secured to each member's family or such persons as he may choose to designate." Who may become a member of this society? Every free white male between the ages of twenty one and fifty years in good bodily health and competent to earn a livlihood for himself and his family. What does it cost a member holding a benificary certificate for $2000? No member in Ontario can be assessed for a sum exceeding nineteen dolars per annum, but the average cost since the organization of the A.O.U.W. has not exceeded fourteen dollars.

Richard Doyle, reeve of Arthur township, lost three children by diphtheria.

P. Dickenson, of Holstein, lost a valuable Jersey cow. The animal got loose and overfed on chopped stuff.

Died.

KERR.—In Artemesia, on Sunday the 3rd of March Mary Margaret, the daughter of John F. Keer, aged 15 months.

BORN.

CONTY.—At Proton Station, on Feb. 27, the wife of Peter Conty of a daughter.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00 to 5 00
Fall Wheat	1 00 to 1 03
Spring Wheat	1 00 1 03
Barley	0 37 0 45
Oats	0 31 0 31
Peas	0 52 0 52
Butter	0 15 0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16 0 16
Potatos bush.	0 20 0 20
Pork	5 80 6 10
Hay per ton	9 00 9 00
Hides	3 50 4 50
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 05 0 05
Turkeys	0 10 0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25 0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06 0 06

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Thoroughbred Durham Bull FOR SALE.

Mr. W. H. O'Brien, E. half lot 1, Con. 3, Euphrasia, offers for sale a first class thoroughbred Durham bull, 3 years old. Apply on the premises, or Eugonia P. O.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office :—Manley's Drug Store.

T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc. late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

THOROUGHBRED GALLAWAY BULL.

For service on Lot 140, 3rd range east, Artemesia. Any one bringing 5 cows will only be charged for 4. Terms, $1.00.

THORO'BRED DURHAM BULL.

For service. Terms, 50cts. Also a

Thoroughbred BOAR.

For service. Terms, 75cts.

JACOB THOMPSON, Proprietor.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church,

FLESHERTON.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Medical.

DR. CARTER.

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence J. G. Russel.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Priceville, Nov 13, 1888

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

WILL visit FLESHERTON, Mansbach's Hotel 1 and 3 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L.D.S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

ELESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Try The Advance one year for $1 or six months for 50 cts.

The Right Place

To buy Furniture is at the

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS

More SWEEPING reductions made this month, every line marked away down in prices to suit the present STRINGENT emergency!

DON'T Say you cannot afford to MARRY

for furniture is almost being given away at J. E. Moore's.

LOOK HERE!

A good double bed at from $2

Woven wire springs at from $2.50

First class sea grass mattresses, with wool all round at $4 25.

Chairs for a Song

Tables of every description. Lower than ever.

See our bedroom suites at $14.00, net, usually sold at 17 to 18 dollars.

Cradles at $2.00. Cots, Cribs, and bedsteads, at equally low prices.

Good hardwood bureau at $5 00.

DON'T FAIL TO COME AND SEE US on DURHAM STREET FLESHERTON.

J. E. Moore,

Dealer in Furniture, Musical Instruments and Sewing Machines, Funeral Furnisher and Director.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

FLESHERTON.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES ON HAND

WANTED

Soft Elm and Basswood lumber.

DEATH ON THE TRACK.

10 Killed and 30 Wounded in a G.T.R. Railway Disaster.

ST. GEORGE Feb. 27.—The St. Louis express train running east on the main line of the Great Western Division of the Grand Trunk railway, met with a terrible accident at this point as she was passing through at lightning speed. The large iron bridge about three quarters of a mile south collapsed, carrying with it the latter part of the train, consisting of the dining car, a Pullman and a first-class coach. The rest of the train crossed in safety. Of those three cars two fell to the ground, namely, the dining car and the coach while the Pullman hangs suspended from the bridge, which broke about the fourth strand from the end. The bridge is an iron trestle with stone brim ents, some 300 feet long. The occupants of the two cars, which were pretty well crowded, were hurled below to a depth of over 60 feet and most of them who were not killed outright were mangled in a shocking manner.

THE KILLED.

W. M. Wear, London; E. R. Bairns, London; Geo. Leggatt, Mitchell; A. W. Frances, Woodstock; Dr. Swan, Woodstock; Miss Moore, Brantford; Joseph [illegible], Woodstock; Mr. McLean, Detroit; Harry Angle, Fireman; A. Waiter, name unknown.

THE INJURED.

Miss McLeod, Ingersoll; Mary Chafic, Pontiac, Mich; James Hyslop, Goderich; John McKinley, Detroit; Fred Hancock, London, Thos. N. Doutney, lecturer; John H. Wilson, Chatham; George Margetts, Niagara Falls; R. Hilton, St. Catharines; Mr. McLaughlin, London; Wm. Benedict, Saniac, Mich; D. H. Lequesne, Cleveland; W. Vincent, Paris; H. Johnson, Windsor; D. D. Cooper, Niagara Falls; Miss Andrews, Lambeth; Mrs. Lendall, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Dorchester; Mrs. Evans, Hamilton; Mr. Martin, Woodstock; Mr. Knight, Woodstock; Mr. Karn, Woodstock; Mrs. Higgins, Toronto and Mrs. C. Pye, Clarksburg.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE ACCIDENT.

Coming down from the uplands to the viaduct there is the down grade before mentioned. This decline is about three miles long before striking the bridge, and down it great speed is always attained, as is the case under similar circumstances on every road. When the express came along at six o'clock yesterday evening it must have been going at the rate of not less than 50 miles an hour, and very likely, nearly 60. A gentleman who lives in the neighborhood of the bridge told me to-day that had often timed the train at 60 miles an hour going down grade. The express does not stop at St. George station so there is no necessity for slacking up. A burst tire. Whirling along last night came the express. Just west of the station is a switch, just east of it another switch. When between these two Engineer Blackwell felt something give right under his feet. What that was nobody knows. About the same moment a piece of the tire of the right or south side driving wheel of the engine flew out. Past the station crashed the train with a roar and a rush and the tremendous whirling suction of an express under a full head of steam. Nobody saw the piece of metal fly. The engineer stood with his hand on the throttle calm but vigilant. Fifty yards past the station, and within 150 yards of the bridge, there came a terrible bump and the giant locomotive reeled as though struck in a vital part. The steel tire had sprung from its base and the cast iron wheel was smashing into fragments, while the tire whirled around independently with each stroke of the pistons. Great fragments of the broken wheel were flying in all directions, the engine was laboring like a ship at sea under stress of weather, rolling and groaning, when there came a report like the bang of a cannon, that sounded loud above the roar of the train. When fifty yards from the bridge the circling tire had burst its bounds by snapping the driving rod, and thus freed went spinning down the embankment, crashed through the fence, and now lies two hundred yards out in the field. It was just about this time that the locomotive left the rails. The ends of the broken driving rod, whirling about with each revolution, were working destruction at every stroke. A moment later and the train [illegible]d the bridge. Bumping along [illegible]e sleepers, the strain thrown [illegible] remaining driving rod proved [illegible]h and it also snapped. But [illegible] the other cars off the rail. There [illegible]e engine rushed on, the [illegible] like giants flails beating [illegible]re and hurling the

[illegible] The baggage [illegible] close after [illegible]ng over the [illegible] effect. As [illegible]re rails from [illegible]ren down in [illegible]. The [illegible] following [illegible]s before it is [illegible] rolled up [illegible] the great oak [illegible] as though [illegible] straw and were [illegible] mechanical winrow. [illegible] the propulsion [illegible]s end, and this [illegible] middle of the bridge [illegible] lumber was stuck fast. [illegible]alf of the train broke [illegible] its course. The Pullman and dining cars pang [illegible] the tremendous momentum [illegible] wild race down the [illegible], lifted the passenger [illegible] and hurled it clean over the bridge down to the depths below, where it fell crashing into the snow and earth, a complete wreck, entombing within it dead and dying and terribly injured. As the passenger coach was hurled aside the Pullman took its place, thrusting its nose into the mass of timber and wedging fast. But right here a new horrow eventuated. The girder of the preceding span, stripped on the middle beams, fell outwards and over the sides of the piers. Down through this gap fell the dining car, end foremost, the inmates crashed to the bottom under the weight of the seats and range and kitchen paraphernalia. About one-fourth of the Pullman overhang this gap, and in part dragged down by the dining car and in part unable to sustain its own weight, broke clean off and followed the other coaches in their sixty-five plunge. The engine's mad race. Meantime on rushed the engine, tearing everything out of its way, dragging the baggage coach and smoker after it, clear across the bridge and two hundred yards beyond before it stopped—a tangled wreck of rods and pipes and running gear. The two cars were terribly jolted but not wrecked.

Honor Roll.

The following is the standing of S. S. No. 3 Artemesia for the months of January and February.

4th class—Edwin Wright, Addie Breen, Harry Aikins, Wm Irwin, Mamie Graham, Wm. Owen, Geo. Irwin, J. White, J. Brown, Eva Irwin, Eliza Cullen, Maria Buskin, S. Carson, E. Wurt.

3rd—T. Wilcox, Wm Stewart, R. Wilcox, Maggie Wilcox, J. Stewart, Alice Winters, E. large, N. Graham, Minnie Mitchell, Annie Allen, F. Mitchell, R. Allen, J. Orr, Wm. Orr, H. Quigg.

2nd—Wm. Blackburn, R. McMullen, Sarah Tucker, G. White, Suie Stewart, Jane Carson, Guy Orr, J. Penelton, Maggie Duncan, Wm. Bentham.

1st part 2nd—Chas. White, E. Best, Lizzie Tucker, Bert. Large, Katie Bentham, Freddie Wurt, A. Cullen, Lena Best, Minnie Sanders, G. Best, R. Bentham.

A. REID, teacher.

Kimberley Public School Report for February.

FORM I

Class IV Sr.—Ben Carruthers 309, Ella Carruthers 278, John Dynes 254.

Class IV Jr.—Herbert Fawcett 49, John Hammond 46, J. Carruthers 45.

Class III Sr.—W. Plewes 40, R. Butler 40, W. Lawrence 40.

Class III Jr.—W. Baker 64, R. Baker 53, Sam. Thompson 48.

Class II Sr.—Fred Baker 49, Robbie Lawrence 42, Wm. Thompson 40.

Average attendance 40.

FORM II.

Class II Jr.—H. McLean 199, M. Abercrombie 199, A. Wickens 184.

Part II Sr.—J. Thompson 140, W McLean 128, Leslie Plewes 122.

Part II Jr.—M. Battrick 116, M. Knotts 90, J. Mundle 72.

Class A.—Robt. Fawcett, E. Abercrombie.

Class B.—Maud Baker, S. Fawcett.

FROZEN TO THE FENCE.—One of our townsmen reports being disturbed through the night by the unearthly screams of a cat. The morning dawned, he proceeded to investigate, and found that his catship had sat on the fence until his tail had been frozen to the boards, and for the time being he had become a fixture. Of course our townsman, being of a human disposition, liberated the unfortunate animal, but whether he cut the fence down and carried it in and placed it near the stove, or whither he built a fire on the fence around the cat to thaw him out, we have not learned.—[Dundalk Herald.

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower,

THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL, THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR.

LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

FREE

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send **Free,** and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the **Watch and Samples.** We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Stinson & Co., Box 312, Portland, Maine.**

$25 PER WEEK

A energetic pushing men of good character who want to do something for themselves can make from $15 to $25 per week selling our Nursery Stock. Write to me before you engage for the coming season's work. I have a first class specialties and my system assures success. No previous experience required and work not [illegible] terms to Prod. t. [illegible] Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

NOW IS THE TIME

to get your Tailoring Done

AT

J. LEITCHE'S

FLESHERTON.

—NEW—

FALL GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store,

Priceville.

Having received our Fall Stock of Dry Goods we are in a position to offer the best value in the trade. Our stock is very complete, and having been selected with great care we have confidence in a quick discernment public that they can appreciate a well bought article.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our new stock has arrived and comprises something good and serviceable for Men and Boys, in fact

BOOTS THAT R. BOOTS!

for every member of the household. Our

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

still continue unapproachable. Our motto being good Goods and Low Prices. Come and see us

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

A Seven Days' Trip.

DEAR EDITOR.—Having just come home from a trip to Nottawasaga I thought a short description of it might be interesting to your readers.

I left here on the 15th of February and went by way of Singhampton to Creemore and visinity, having had a pleasant journey down, the roads being good, so that nothing of moment occurred. I went among my many friends, and can speak well of the hospitality of the Nottawasaga farmers. After enjoying myself for a few days I thought it was time to hie me home, so I prepared myself the night before for a start but in the morning when I arose to make my departure, I found the snow piled mountains high and still piling, so that it was impossible to do anything but remain quiet until the storm subside which took it some two or three days to expend its fury. I then thought I would make tracks for home, so I got my horse ready and started about 11 a.m. I took my way to Dunedin, a little village between two hills, with a dozen or two inhabitants, then turned up the 8th line of Nottawasaga and such a line, snow upon snow, mountains high, with no tracks, so we were forced to break our own roads with numerous upsets, which was not much relished by one of the fair daughters of one of the Nottawasaga farmers, who accompanied us to see some of the fair gents of Artemesia. Well at last we got up to Singhampton side road but found it no better and we had another time of breaking roads and upsets until we arrived at Singhampton where we got our dinners and then proceeded on our way, which was uneventful until we passed through Flesherton, and upon trying to reach home we found our way blocked, so we put our horse in comfortable quarters and after paying a friendly visit to friend McGill who was greatly taken up with our Nottawasaga friend, we proceeded down the track to our abode and were soon wrapped in peaceful slumbers and our trials were all over. J. E. S.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

On Monday evening as Mr. George Morrison, of Egremont, near Barber's Corners, was at work in his barn, the lamp which he was carrying exploded, setting fire to the building which was destroyed, together with all the grain, hay, straw and implements therein. As soon as the explosion occurred Mr. Morrison cut loose all his live stock which were saved. The barn which was a very good one was, we understand insured for only $100.—[Mt. Forest Rep.

Day Dreams.

(By the late Miss Jessie Baker, of York.)

We build ourselves a castle,
So noble, tall and fair;
We rear it to the heavens—
Our castle in the air.
We view its grand proportions,
We mark its lofty side,
And paint it in bright colors—
Ambition, love or pride.

The gilded sun of morning
Lights up the fairy spires,
The pinacles of rapture,
Acmes of our desires.
The blossoms of our fancy
Bloom round it fair and bright,
Imagination's tendrils
Festoon each pilar's height.

And never royal palace
Is guarded with more care,
Than is our chateau en Espagne
Our castle in the air.
It holds our dearest treasures,
Our hopes, our loves, our fears -
The yearnings we have cherished,
In secret, many years.

Youth's gaze is ever upward,
And so we seld- in know
On what a frail foundation
Our castles often grow.
A half-forgotten promise,
A word, a glance, a smile,
A tear or sigh perhaps, on which
Is reared the stately pile.

Strange that the things we love most
Are those which leave us first,
Strange that the gifts we have not
Are those for which we thirst
This loved child of our day dreams,
This shrine of treasures rare
Can it be doomed to perish?—
Our castle in the air.

A burst of careless laughter,
A sudden blast of scorn,
Turns sunshine into shadow,
Desolate and forlorn
Around us lies in ruins
What seemed to us most fair,
Dear to our hearts, yet blasted,
Our castle in the air.

Can all our beauteous visions—
Our mightiest thoughts and fair,
Be vanished lost forever -
Like cas tles in the air?
No. Phœnix like, from ashes
Let them arise again,
Making us truer women
And nobler, braver men

Good-Bye.

Love, love keeps ringing in my ears,
'Tis sweet and yet it gives me pain,
For what will it bring me, only tears,
You and I may never meet again.

We were strangers, yet when I saw your face
I know that you would be a friend,
That you in my heart would find a place
That I might trust you to the end.

'Tis sweet to meet kind loving friends,
But very sad with them to part,
For when I think of leaving them
It feels as though 'twould break my heart.

Now I must leave you, say good bye,
Leave England and friends so true,
'Twill be with many a tear and sigh
When I think of my old home and you.

But though I m far away from you
In lands far o'er the sea,
I shall often think of you my friend,
And hope that you'll think of me

ALICE M TAYLOR, Philadelphia, Pa.

What's the Use ?

If you meant to catch a robin,
And instead you get a crow,
Is there any use in whining,
In lamenting and repining,
Now I really want to know

If you thought you had an orange
And it proved a lemon sour,
Would it change the acid flavor
To a sweet and pleasant savor
If you scolded for an hour "

If a friend would prove unfaithful
That you thought was leal and true,
Can you win him back by fretting
At your comrades, quite forgetting
They have not played false to you

Will it ever lighten trouble,
Ever help you in disgrace,
Will it make you strong and able,
If you, like the man in fable,
Spoil your nose to spite your face

Sighing fills no purse with dollars;
Weeping neither mends nor mends,
If to day we court Dame Sorrow,
She will clasp us fast to morrow
While we search in vain for friends

So we'll keep our faces cheery;
We will crush our sorrows dumb,
And with strong hearts for life's burdens,
We will win sweet heaven's guerdons,
Taking each how'er they come.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"Yes," said Anne, who would have said "yes" to just the contrary proposition.

"It was the saddest pity when the first poor Mrs. Harford died," said Mrs. Aspline "If she had lived, she would not have let Conny marry that old major of hers"—a man just fifteen years older than his wife, and making the best husband to be found within the four seas "and if she had lived, this young Anthony would have been kept from ruin. The second wife was a poor creature, and cared only for her own."

"By-the-by, Anthony is not so very young, mother,' said Anne. "He is thirteen years older than I am."

"And you are over twenty?" asked her mother.

"Yes, last February; so that he is thirty-three."

"Old enough at all events to know better," said Mrs. Aspline

"He may not be quite so bad as we think,' said Anne, as a reflection rather than a remonstrance. "You see, we do not know anything against him, do we, mother? And he may not have been living with the Indians. All Americans do not."

"He cannot be worth much to have kept away in a half-civilized place like that for all these years," said Mrs. Aspline, a little severely. "You know they are not like us, Anne. They are not gentle-folks, like the English,"

"No, I know," said Anne. "But perhaps he has not forgotten all his English ways. He may not be so bad as the rest."

"Well, as you say, he may not," returned her mother, making the most of a concession which she could conscientiously make. "But I have always my doubts of young men who prefer foreign parts to home, and I have seen something of life by now."

"Yes," said Anne, with her customary air of non-combative submission, by which she never fought over differences of opinion, but always kept her own.

"I only hope he will make a good man of business if he decides on continuing my trustee," said her mother. "If not, I shall appoint another."

"Why not at first?" asked Anne.

"Well, no; I should scarcely like to do that without giving him a chance," replied Mrs. Aspline. "You see, Jack Harford was poor Mr. Aspline's best friend, and I would not like to throw a slight on his son all at once and without good grounds."

"No," said Anne; "that would not be fair."

And here the conversation came to a sudden standstill by the prosaic interruption of luncheon. Afterward, when Anne's customary siesta was over, the carriage, with its showy bays, and a drive through the village and so on to the moor, gave a new turn to their thoughts, and the ladies ceased to discuss Anthony Harford and his hypothetical misdemeanors. They turned instead to what was, on Mrs. Aspline's part, a rather acrimonious commentary on Lady Elizabeth's extraordinary craze for that dreadful lout, that Caleb Stagg. For the two were to be seen at some little distance off the main road, she on horse-back and he walking by her side, evidently in earnest conversation together.

"I consider it downright indecent," said Mrs. Aspline, a little hotly. "Such as Caleb Stagg is no fit companion for an earl's daughter, put it how you will, and Lady Elizabeth, good creature as she is, lets herself down too much."

"She has not quite enough pride," said Anne, who, for all her social admiration for Lady Elizabeth, thought, with her mother, she had a great deal too much condescension when it came to consorting with miners' sons.

"If the creature was tolerably well educated, I'd not be the one to say no," said Mrs. Aspline. "But such a thing as he is I would not take him to clean the boots and knives in my house! And here is an earl's daughter as thick as thieves with him! And his father only a miner, and his mother a pit-brow lass."

"He is not fit company for her," said Anne. "It is far better when people stay in their own class."

"Far," said her mother. Then she "remembered herself," as she would have phrased it, and her peony-like cheeks grew a yet livelier red. "Now, there is myself," she went on to say, answering her own thought. "I was a poor officer's daughter"—he had been color-sergeant; but let that pass—"so, of course I was a lady. But when poor papa died I had to go out and get my own living, as we all had. I was lady house-keeper till your father took a fancy to me and married me." Oh, Cookey! Cookey! Thou who dished up those nice little dinners which warmed the cockles of Mr. Aspline's heart, so that he made the concocter thereof his lawful wife! "But even I hold myself not quite equal to the rest, because I had to work for my living. And that is always against a lady."

"It should not be," said Anne, with dutiful care.

"It is, though," said her mother. "But, Lord alive, if I am not quite the tip-top thing, what is this this trash?" she exclaimed, with real passion.

"No; what, indeed?" said Anne.

"And consorting there with Lady Elizabeth as if he was her lap-dog!" cried Mrs. Aspline.

"It is a pity," said Anne.

And then she blushed a little ruefully, and wished that her mother had not spoken quite so vehemently, for Lady Elizabeth was so good—and being an earl's daughter she was justified in any eccentricity is pleased her to commit.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ANGEL OF HEALING.

Lady Elizabeth had been from home, and it was during her absence that the sorry chapter of history already recorded had been transacted between Caleb and Estelle.

Sorry as she was for the pain that had flowed like a river of bitterness among them all, she would not condemn not even poor, distracted, worldly minded Mrs. Cianricarde, who honestly held the arrangement of her daughter's rich marriage as a mother's most pressing duty, and who had thus acted only according to her lights when she had offered Estelle to Caleb Stagg.

Thinking of all these things, and full of care and perplexity for those she loved, and whose sorrows she had made her own, Lady Elizabeth had turned her horse's head toward the moor, and was now cantering briskly over its breezy breadth, when she saw poor Coleb moving mournfully among the gorse and heather, thinking he was looking for plants and creatures, as was his wont, but not seeing them the broad-leaved sun-dew at his feet, not conscious that the lark was singing overhead, nor that the sun was shining down on the earth like that song translated into glory. He was conscious of nothing that was about him. He was thinking only of Estelle; of the difficulties of her position with her mother; of their pecuniary entanglements; of the hopelessness of her love for Charlie Osborne, and his own inability to help her.

When Lady Elizabeth saw him she rode on to the moor and came up to him. Even at the distance at which he was she could see something of his grief.

He started when she drew up, leaning from her saddle and offering him her hand.

"Lady Elizabeth! Ah! but I am main glad to see you!" cried Caleb, with simple fervor.

"I recognized you from the road, and came across to speak to you," said the ady.

"Thank you, Lady Elizabeth," he answered. "That was kind of you. But then you always are kind, Lady Elizabeth."

"Not more so than others," she said, with a smile.

"I think so," he returned, with that humble kind of gratitude which means so much suffering and pain. "There is only one Lady Elizabeth Inchbold in the world," he added, simply.

"Have you learned to flatter during my absence?" she asked, trying to speak lightly.

"Nay," he answered, very sadly, looking into the distance in that far-off way which shows a mastery of preoccupation the very reverse of flattering. "I have learned nothing so pleasant, Lady Elizabeth. I have learned only pain since you left."

"I am sorry for that," she returned, knowing well what he meant.

"I have missed you, Lady Elizabeth," he then said, looking into her face. "When you go away it is as if you somehow took my guardian angel along with you. Things go all to wrongs with me, and I feel as if I had lost my compass to steer by."

"Have they been going wrong?" she asked. "I am sorry to hear that."

"Ay, that they have!" he answered. "I am not one to cry out if my finger aches, and I think that the most of us get in the world much as we deserve; but sometimes life is hard, and one scarce knows which road to take. All seem to lead to muck and mire alike!"

The round red-lidded eyes filled up with tears, and the loose clumsy mouth quivered.

"For the moment only," said Lady Elizabeth, softly. "The darkest cloud, you know, has its silver lining. Surely no symbol is truer, none more cheering!"

"So they say, and maybe it is true; but to be offered a crown that will not fit, and to hold in your hand a dove that will not bide—to have a palace for your soul that is naught but a cloud, and that fades away as you look—it's long looking for the silver lining there!" he said, a little passionately and more despairingly. "And that's what has come to me, Lady Elizabeth, since you left your home!"

"I am grieved it has all happened so," she said. "I was afraid it would from what she told me, and from what I saw the mother wished. And I knew she would not consent. How could she? Ask yourself, Mr. Stagg, how could she?"

"Nay, as you say, Lady Elizabeth, how could she!" he repeated, the ellipses fully intelligible to each. "She had no choice but to say me nay; and I was a fool for letting myself dream of aught different."

"If you had thought—if you had reflected," said the lady, gently.

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered, humbly. "But, believe me, Lady Elizabeth, I would not have given in, for I know her value and myself too well, but that I was so sore tempted."

"You must forgive even her who caused you all this needless pain," said Lady Elizabeth, gently. "Poor woman! She is just distracted with anxiety, and does not know which way to turn. And she might have deceived herself. Her very desire that this thing should come to pass might have made her believe it possible. Our own hopes and wishes do deceive us so much!"

"But she could only desire it for the sake of father's money," said Caleb, without bitterness or excitement, simply stating a fact. "I knew it all along; but I hoped, as fools will."

"They are in great straits," said Lady Elizabeth. "Mr. Cianricarde has made an unlucky speculation, and lost almost all they had."

"And I have nothing of my own," said Caleb; "and not a trade at my finger's ends to make anything by. If I had thousands I would give her to the last farthing, and be proud that I had been able to helpher."

"I am sure of that," said Lady Elizabeth, looking at him with eyes as soft as a dove's, for surely a fairer soul than this of the ungainly omad'haun's was never lodged in human body; and friendship does not demand beauty of person nor grace of manner, as does love. It demands mainly goodness and the assurance of stability; and of these Caleb had large possession. "And indeed," she added, still those soft dove-like eyes on his, "the only way in which we can forget our own pain is by sympathy with others—losing self in unselfishness."

"Yes," said Caleb.

"And we are only good according to our trials," she continued. "It is easy to be generous and unselfish and all that if we are not put to the test. Then how we bear ourselves decides our worth."

"Yes," said Caleb again.

"And nursing unavailing sorrow is but a poor way,' she said, still so gentle, but so direct.

"That is it," he sighed.

"And jealousy is even a worse," she said.

"Ay, that is it!" was his reply.

Then there was a short pause between them, when Lady Elizabeth said, rather suddenly: "Of course the best thing would be if Mr. Osborne would marry as soon as possible, and so, at least, save Estelle."

Caleb blenched just a trifle.

"Yes," he said, a little huskily.

"I do not see how that can be, however," the lady continued, "for he does not make money. He does not sell his pictures well, and those are the best things he does. I am always hoping his luck will turn, for he is really very clever, and his work is above the average."

"I am no judge, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, still husky in spite of his efforts, and finding speech difficult.

"No," she answered, "perhaps not; but, take it from me, they deserve more recognition than they get. However, I hope I have done him some good. A very rich man I met with when I was in London a Mr. Smythe Smith is going to have his new house in Piccadilly painted in the modern style of continuous decoration"—Caleb made his round eyes rounder than ever—"that is, the rooms are to be painted, some with birds and some with flowers, and some with figures and landscapes, and things like that—the walls, you know; not papered, but painted like pictures."—"Oh," said Caleb. "And I recommended him to employ Charlie Osborne. It would be a costly matter, and Charlie would make a very good thing of it, and perhaps that would be a nest-egg for his marriage."

"That was kind," said Caleb, turning away his head. There are times when the soul would fain hide itself even from its guardian angel!

"But I do not know when Mr. Smythe Smith's house will be ready for decoration," continued Lady Elizabeth; "and, meantime, something ought to be done."

"Yes," said Caleb.

A sudden thought seemed to strike his friend. She looked at this homely face before her, still a little averted, looked as if measuring something in her own mind. So she was. She was measuring the extent of Caleb Stagg's unselfishness and nobleness. Then she spoke.

"I wonder if your father would like such a room at Redhill?" she said. "Does he care for modern fashions? Would he care for a decorated room in the new style?"

"I don't know," said Caleb, after a pause. "He might." He could scarcely speak, and his face was ashen pale.

"And you?" said Lady Elizabeth. "You would not oppose it if your father liked the idea?"

Over that pale face passed a spasm of acute pain. Then a sudden rush of blood made the rose in Lady Elizabeth's breast pale by contrast.

"No," he said, firmly. "I would try to persuade father to have it. It would be to her good!"

"God bless you! God bless you!" said Lady Elizabeth, fervently, laying her hand on Caleb's shoulder, and looking into his face with eyes that were as caress on his "You are as I thought you were, Mr. Stagg—a true, good, noble-hearted man, and one of whose friendship I am proud."

"Do not say that, Lady Elizabeth," he answered, humbly. "What else could I do when I love her, and she is not for me?"

It was just at this juncture that Mrs. Aspline saw these two apparently mismatched associates, and pronounced with so much asperity on their friendship. But then that is the way in which the world always judges things unknown; and to condemn does raise one a few inches higher in one's own estimation, and so pleasantly smoothes down the Pharisaical silk within us!

Soon after this Lady Elizabeth rode off to the Dower House, where she ought to have been an hour ago; and Caleb trudged back over the moor and on to Redhill, where he was eager to fasten the knot which good resolve had tied. He resolutely fixed his mind on Estelle and her joy; and more than once he had to clear his eyes of their gathering mists when he pictured her sweet face smiling into his and her soft hands held out to him as she thanked him for his help.

"And maybe then she will give me a warm thought and take me into her heart," he thought. "God bless her! the Lord love her! ay, at any cost to myself!"

"God bless that good, honest fellow!" said Lady Elizabeth, half aloud, as she rode along the lanes, and thought of that unlovely omad'haun as the hero he was, and saw how shapely was the spirit which inhabited so ungainly a form.

CHAPTER XV.

PROFFERED MANNA.

Lady Elizabeth's scheme of finding work for Charlie Osborne by painting the walls of the great drawing-room at Redhill was hugely approved of by Miles Stagg when the thing was proposed by Caleb, who half doubted his father's consent.

"Nay, I care naught for fashion," he said, with a big fat laugh, when Caleb shot his first bolt from behind the shelter of his stalking-horse. "I m not much of a fashion man myself; but what her ladyship says is right to me; and what she says ought to be done, where I'm captain of the gang, or I'll know the reason why. If she likes to have the walls all a-painted with dicky birds and turnip tops, it's all one to me so long as she is suited. It's for her eyes in the long-run, not mine, I reckon, and the long-run has most claim."

Then he chuckled and grew red in the face for joy of his dancing light-limbed thoughts. He had made up his mind that Lady Elizabeth Inchbold was to be his daughter-in-law. What to her were the walls of the great drawing-room at Redhill unless she had it in view to spend her life in looking at them?

The father consented with his broad Pantagruelistic humor, but the mother opposed a feeble, fatuous negative. She hadn't so much strength in her arms and back as she used to have, and she would be sorry to see good things like theirs spoiled with mishandling. And she thought the walls did well enough with the paper that was on them, now that it was there. It had cost a powerful sight of money when it was first put up, and it was as good as new.

So she objected in her maundering, monotonous way, till Miles came down on her with a heavy back-hander, after which, poor soul, she subsided with sniffles and silence on the sofa, and the voice of her complaining was heard no more in the land.

Her opposition had, however, its customary effect of strengthening Miles in his resolve. He had not taken a bankrupt mine in faith on his broad shoulders, and made his fortune in consequence, to be crossed by his own wife. Let her mind her own business, and he would mind his, he said; and if he chose to give her the finest drawing-room in the county, that was his doing, not hers. All that she had to do was to take what was given her, and make no bones about it, else he'd soon let her see who was master; and now she knew!

These scenes were too frequent to cause much commotion when they occurred.

Caleb was ordered to write now at once to Mr Charles Osborne to offer him the job at his own valuation. Miles did not care what it cost, and it might go into the hundreds or into the thousands for what he had a mind.

It was a difficult letter for Caleb to write. Looked at in any light he would, it was a main sore task. He was not fond of writing letters at any time—no man with his upbringing is—but to write Charlie Osborne, who held himself as high as Lord Eustace or the earl himself, who loved that beautiful star of his life and light of his dreams, and who was in turn loved by her to write to him offering that what Miles called this job that he might be well paid, and so brought nearer to the goal of his desire—yes, in any way and in all ways it was a difficult thing to do for one so painfully conscious as Caleb Stagg; and the sheets of good note paper he spoiled by unfit beginnings, uncomfortable endings, and imperfect middles, would have made poor Nancy's grizzled hair stand on end in horror at the waste, had she seen it. At last however, the tortured scribe got the thing done; and after all his false starts wrote what he might have written at the outset -a simple, plain, unaffected proposal, based on Lady Elizabeth's recommendation.

When he received this letter, Charlie Osborne exploded first into laughter and then into wrath. The gentleman in him revolted at the thought of working for Miles Stagg's pleasure; and his pride took fire when he realized the indignity of taking money from such a brute. He, Charlie Osborne, to be indebted to a coarse, rude miner for the means of living—to be paid by him as he had once been paid by his employers; he a gentleman, and his employer a boor of the lowest kind! He got up and looked at himself in the glass, pulling down his coat skirt, and settling his collar and cravat. It was a curiously instinctive movement—the half-unconscious expression of his very conscious pride—for few families of long descent are more conscious of superiority of condition than are the sons and daughters of the country clergy. Their place is one of moral influence; they have direct authority in schools and choirs, and in other matters as well; their example is [illegible] worthy, and they are under the same [illegible]cement to behave well as are the [illegible]ally aristocratic—the father's [illegible]ding for family traditions. To the [illegible] with whom their business chiefly lies, [illegible] noble as the noblest; and as all [illegible]ife are relative—social superiority [illegible]e rest the clergyman's son [illegible]belted knight, the local squire an[illegible] stand equally high in their several places—which is all that is wanted to insure the feeling of relative equality.

Hence Charlie Osborne, though only a poor artist who must work to live, as the son of a gentleman and himself a gentleman, held himself in his right to break into sardonic laughter, passing on to wrath, when he received Caleb's letter and realized its conditions.

Tempest-tossed, revolted, passionate, inflamed, he debated within himself all that evening, and carried the thought like a fire in his brain through all the night, and in the morning had come to no definite decision, no absolute assertion of yea or nay. He, too, wrote and destroyed half a dozen letters, some accepting, some refusing; and then suddenly decided on going in person to Redhill. He should be better able to judge when he had seen the place; and if there were capabilities, perhaps it was his duty to utilize them. One never knows where one may not do good; and he should be sorry if he had neglected an opportunity for spreading the religion of true taste. Whereat, warmed by this sudden outblaze of artistic philanthropy, Charlie took his hat and sketching-book, and walked off to Redhill to interview his would-be patrons.

When he came to the house and was ushered into the great drawing-room his heart sank and his disgust swelled. It was revolting to see this mingled mass of magnificence and hideousness, pitiable to note the inharmoniousness, the incongruity, everywhere alike. Over the house and the inmates, and in every fact and circumstance, reigned the same barbarous confusion and inartistic misfit—the same crying want of taste and almost profligate expenditure. How could he throw his soul on to such a rag heap? Fancy painting a frieze of stately peacocks for people of execrable design, where simpering sylph, with mauve-colored flesh, ogled a lumpish Cupid, all knobs as if made out of apples—sylph and Cupid repeated a dozen times in a couple of breadths, with the same eternal bouquet and sprawling garland of red and blue and yellow flowers, bright enough to give a sensitive brain inflammation on the spot! What would such people think of a dead gold ground behind delicate traceries of maidenhair ferns where not two fronds were alike? What would they say to a dado of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl and "pietra dura" in arabesques and stiff conventionalized geometrical forms?

And he was thinking this when the door burst open with a rude kind of bang, and Miles Stagg, with Caleb and Nancy at his heels, came noisily into the room

"Well, Mr. Osborne, sir, so you're taking stock, are ye?" shouted Miles, in that way he had as if speaking to a deaf world

"I was looking at your room," returned Charlie, glacially polite.

"It's Lady Elizabeth's whim," laughed Miles, showing all his teeth; "and we're bound to follow my lady's lead—ain't we Caleb lad?" slapping his son's shoulder.

"I'd like to do as Lady Elizabeth wishes," said Caleb, stiffly meaning rebuke; and Charlie, who was what the Scotch call "gleg at the uptak," wondered what the deuce was underneath this odd jocularity and constrained reply.

"Well," said Miles, after a pause, "and what may you be thinking of the job, Mr. Osborne? Cost's no question." He visibly swelled with pride as he said this, his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and his big coarse fingers playing a jubilant tattoo on the flaring flowers of the embroidered satin. "I've enough and to spare for my lady's fancies, and thy work, my lad"—here he lapsed into ordinary familiarity of tone—"and thou'lt not put a wrong price, were it ever so."

(To be Continued).

Medical Advice Gratis.

To avoid indulging in the wretched habit of snoring keep awake

To bring on a free perspiration wear an overcoat during the month of July.

A blacksnake whip, properly applied, never fails to act as a strong stimulant.

Sufferers from cold feet have been known to obtain relief by putting them near the stove.

To bring a healthy color to the face draw on a boot a couple of sizes too small for your foot

Ladies desiring the removal of superfluous hairs from their face should go to a barber and get shaved.

Persons afflicted with aching teeth should visit a dentist and obtain a new set.

Biliousness, especially when caused by high living, may be remedied by living at a cheap boarding house.

Scarlet fever patients should go to the Gulf coast for a change, if they desire to change their fever to the yellow brand.

To cool the blood shut yourself up in a refrigerator for an hour. This has not only been known to cool the blood, but the flesh and bones as well.

A Terrible Anticipation.

"Oh, dry up!" shouted somebody in the crowd to the intoxicated individual in the middle, who was trying to make a campaign speech.

"Gen'l'men," said the speaker, stopping short in his harangue, and looking about with an injured and insulted air, "I donno what I've ever (hic) done to make you wish (hic) that I should ever (hic) come (hic) to such an awful end!"

Hard Work.

Little Ina, nearly 5 years of age, set out to visit school the other day as gay as a lark, but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression of countenance. When asked how she liked school she said: "I did not like it." "Why not?" "Oh, I had to work awful hard." "What did you have to do?" "I had to keep still like everything."

Food for Scandal.

Mrs. Frankly—I came to congratulate you, my dear, upon the fine speech your husband made at the meeting last night. He was applauded to the echo.

Mrs. Footinit (with a blush of pride)—I'm glad you liked it. Of course it was a good one, or my husband would never have paid the newspaper man $25 for writing it.

Culture in the West.

Eastern young lady (to Western young man) Is not cultivation extending very rapidly in the West, Mr. Breezy?

Mr. Breezy—Oh, yes, ma'am, I have 200 acres under cultivation, agin about half that last year.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Mr. Awrey's Motion Discussed in the Legislature Wednesday.

THE SHOW STANDS FOR ANOTHER YEAR.

In the Ontario Legislature, after routine, Wednesday,

Mr. Awrey moved the resolution that has been standing in his name since the 1st January. The House was full and the resolution brought on quite an interesting debate. It was as follows:

That this House, recognizing that the Provincial Exhibition has in the past proved of no little service to the interests of agriculture; that the work it has hitherto done is now being more efficiently done by the exhibitions held in our large cities, that in view of the fact that the Provincial Exhibition has proved a financial failure year after year, aggregating a loss during the past seven years of no less a sum than ten thousand dollars, and that it meets each year with but indifferent support; that the large cities refuse to give to it their show grounds for exhibition purposes; that property belonging to the Province, held in trust by the Board of Agriculture, has been mortgaged to meet yearly deficits; that the Board of Agriculture released a lien of four thousand dollars held upon the property of the Western Fair Association, and have agreed to give the association a grant of one thousand dollars in addition thereto for the privilege of holding their exhibitions in the city of London every fourth year, and that such indications of the unpopularity of the Provincial Exhibition are not creditable to the Province—is of opinion that it would now be justified in refusing to give any further grants for the purpose of holding a Provincial Exhibition under the direction and management of the Board of Agriculture.

In speaking to his resolution, Mr. Awrey repudiated any lack of sympathy with or respect for those who had hitherto had the conduct of the affairs of the Provincial Exhibition. The action he was taking was not from any hostility to the members of the Agriculture and Arts Association, but from an honest conviction that the great good accomplished by the agency of the Exhibition in years past had been overcast by the disappointments of the past few years. He had made a careful study of the history of the Province in its connection with the history of the Provincial Exhibition. It was a most interesting study. The growth of the Province was of a nature to reflect great credit upon the people of Ontario, and the origination and development of the Provincial Exhibition had been intimately connected therewith. The hon. member then proceeded to discuss the origin and growth of the Exhibition. This part of his speech was full of interesting facts and figures, and was treated in a very able manner. The first Exhibition was held in 1844, at the city of Toronto, and so scarce was then the stock of the Province, and so difficult the means of approaching Toronto, that the total of entries of exhibits amounted only to 1,150 in all classes, or less than the number of entries at the average successful township fair at the present time. The total expenditure was but $1,100. Mr. Awrey gave a good idea of the interest taken in the Exhibition at the time, notwithstanding its meagre appearance in the light of subsequent successes, by quoting from contemporary journals a description of the manner in which people locked in to it, coming from miles around, on foot, on horseback, in lumber waggons, and in every conceivable fashion. Then, taking the Exhibition year by year Mr. Awrey showed how it had grown in importance, and year by year with it the agriculture of the Province had been developed. Statistics were given to show the extraordinary increase of population, cultivated acres, horses, cattle, swine, etc., The increase of the prosperity of the Exhibition continued up to 1881, but, said Mr. Awrey, after that date its usefulness might be said to have gradually declined. He did not say that this was owing to the management in any way. It was their misfortune and due to the fact that the people of Ontario failed any longer to support the exhibition. The hon. member showed that for the five years ending in 1887 there was an accumulated deficit of $7,000 on the Provincial Exhibition. There was no question as to its being a financial failure. That argument might be met by the reply that it was an educator were it not for the numerous other exhibitions now held in the small as well as the great centres of population. The press of the Province, Mr. Awrey argued, was a unit against the continuance of the annual grant. The Exhibition was not welcomed anywhere. It had to beg its way from city to city and it was high time to put an end to it, only, seeing what use it once was to the Province, he wanted to see it die decently. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. Bronson moved in amendment an addition asking that the sum hitherto devoted to the Provincial Exhibition should be divided among the annual fairs of London, Hamilton, Kingston and Ottawa.

The amendment was negatived without a division.

Hon. Mr. Drury had no fault to find with Mr. Awrey's general conclusions, but contented himself with pointing out that last year the Government had contracted an engagement with the city of London, which was substantially that the Provincial Exhibition should be held there in the fall of 1889. Under these circumstances the Government had placed $10,000, as usual, in the estimates. Of this sum, $6,000 would be used for purposes other than that of the exhibition. He suggested the amendment of the resolution so that it should not apply to the year 1889. Aside from this, there was no objection to the resolution on the part of the Government. If the exhibition had to be buried, let it be buried at London. Laughter and applause.)

Mr. Awrey thought there was no reason why he should not accept the amendment if the facts were as stated by the Minister of Agriculture and allow the Exhibition to be held one year more and buried thus at London.

Mr. Bishop, whose name had been given as the seconder of the original resolution, rose at this point, and amid some ironical laughter from the Opposition, said he knew there was a "nigger in the fence" somewhere. He protested against Mr. Awrey's allowing his resolution to be changed, and said he would not take the responsibility of seconding it in its amended shape.

Thereupon Hon. Mr. Fraser moved, seconded by Hon. Mr. Drury, the amendment of the original resolution by taking out the words "would now be justified," in the latter part of the resolution, and substituting the words "will be justified in refusing after the present year."

Mr. Waters thought it would be better for the Provincial Exhibition to lie quiet after the present year for a while; but he was as firmly convinced as that he stood there that the time would come when it would be called back, when the people would become tired of the sideshows of the present exhibitions, and welcome back an exhibition conducted with the simplicity of the old Provincial. Taking figures published in the morning papers concerning the annual meeting of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, held on the preceding day, Mr. Waters compared the financial statistics connected with it with those in connection with the Provincial, and claimed that the financial management of the latter, according to those figures, seemed to compare very favorably with that of the former.

The reference to sideshows pained Mr. H. E. Clarke, and he rose and made a very able defence of the same, contending that sideshows relieved the tension of the average visitor to exhibitions, just as a student's mind was relieved by the reading of a novel after long study. Those who didn't like sideshows could keep away from them.

Mr. Whitney could not agree that the Provincial Exhibition had lost its usefulness. The only real argument used by Mr. Awrey against it, he said, was that it did not pay, and he (Mr. Whitney) would dispose of that by pointing out that the Guelph Agricultural College did not pay and was not expected to do so, and yet nobody proposed to abolish it. Also lunatic asylums were not paying institutions, and yet it was not proposed to abolish them.

Mr. Meredith was inclined in part to agree with the last speaker that the usefulness of the Provincial Exhibition was not all gone yet; at the same time, he supposed it must bow to the storm at the present time. He agreed with the mover of the resolution that if the Exhibition was to be buried a better place than London could not be found, and a more melodious voice than that of Mr. Awrey to sing its requiem could not be listened to.

Mr. Metcalfe thought that the Exhibition should not be allowed to die because no arguments were adduced to show that it does not act as an educator in the eastern portion of the Province.

Hon. A. M. Ross argued that looking on the Exhibition as a purely business arrangement the proposition of the Minister of Agriculture that the grant should be given this year was the best in the interests of all parties.

Hon. Mr. Drury rose again to say that the Exhibition did not die because it was not patronized by the public, but because it was difficult to get sufficient accommodation for it in the cities in which it was held.

Mr. Graham found fault with the management, stating that the secretary controlled the directors instead of the directors controlling him.

Mr. Awrey replied to the speakers who found fault with him for consenting to the amendment, concluding by saying "that he did so because the Minister of Agriculture and the leader of the Opposition stated that the honor of the House was pledged to the Exhibition being again held in London."

Mr. Wood (Hastings) would vote for the amendment, but preferred the original.

Mr. Stratton was opposed to the Exhibition and regretted that the motion of the member for South Wentworth could not, under the circumstances, be pressed on the House.

Mr. Phelps would rather see London get the $4,000 than hold the Exhibition there next year.

Hon. Mr. Fraser's amendment to continue the Exhibition a year longer was then voted upon and carried on a division by 59 to 17.

AN ASTONISHED MAIDEN.

How a Swell Friend Put His Foot in it With a Vengeance.

A Washington despatch says: All Washington is splitting its sides to-day over a story of social romance and misadventure which has just leaked out. Mr. George Barclay, of the British Legation, has of late been sufficiently epris of Miss Leiter, the beautiful Western heiress, who has turned all Washington heads this winter. Mr. Barclay is the attractive young gentleman who won fame and money at the Knickerbocker Club in New York by backing himself to drive to the Brunswick Hotel, dress for dinner and return inside of ten minutes. He did actually accomplish this feat inside of seven minutes. It is undoubtedly owing to this nervous haste, abnormally developed in an otherwise rather slow nature, that Mr. Barclay has now to accept his present mortification. It seems that on Wednesday night Mr. Barclay felt the approach of the cold wave and purchased some of those warm woollen garments which stick closer than a brother to a cold man's legs. The same afternoon he ordered a box of roses to be sent to his lodgings. Late for dinner, as usual, he rushed home, dashed off a pretty note to Miss Leiter, saying, "Wear these this evening for my sake," and handed the note and the box containing the woollen goods to his servant, who duly delivered them, while the box of roses remained upon Mr. Barclay's table. Although perhaps not quite so grievous an international affront as Lord Sackville put upon us, the views of the British Foreign Office upon this latest misfit in diplomacy are awaited with some amusement and anxiety. As for Mr. Barclay's personal explanations, they are, of course, unmentionable.

British Want Ads.

WANTED—A real plain but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, eldest 16. Music, French and German required. Brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manner and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home and there are grown-up sons. Address Mater, Post-office, Clevedon.—*Clevedon Eng.) Mercury.*

SERVANT—Wanted, by a family living in an Edinburgh flat, a general servant who will kindly superintend her mistress in cooking, and washing, nursing the baby, etc. She will have every Sunday and two nights out in each week and the use of the drawing-room for the reception of her friends. Address A. F., *Scotsman* office.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

A Mistake Not to Start?

It was inaccurately stated in last week's issue that Mr. J. K. Applebe and Miss Wilson had started together on the journey of life. Mistakes occur despite best efforts, and this one is a case in point.—*Oakville Star.*

There are 62,000 women in America interested in the cultivation of fruit.

PIGOTT AND THE LETTERS.

Examination of the Man Who Supplied the Epistles.

SOMEWHAT STARTLING REVELATIONS.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: Upon the reassembling of the Parnell Commission to-day Richard Pigott was again called for examination. He testified that while he was in Paris in April, 1866, he was accosted on the street by a man giving the name of Morris Murphy, who said he had been a compositor in witness' employ. He did not recognize the man, but saw no reason to doubt his statement. They conversed and subsequently met again, when Murphy stated that he had not been able to ascertain anything about the documents. Witness said he wanted an article on the League. A week later Murphy said he had found the documents in a bag. He described the bag and said it contained five or six of Egan's letters, some of Parnell's and some old accounts. Witness said he was authorized to find the documents and asked the price for their surrender. Murphy at first wanted £1,000, but afterwards said he would take £500. The next day Murphy showed witness the bag and its contents. Witness read the letters and made memoranda, but did not actually copy the letters. Pigott here identified six letters of Egan's, five of Parnell's, including the letter a *fac simile* of which appeared in the *Times*, and scraps of accounts which were produced in court, as the contents of the bag.

Pigott said he believed the signatures attached to the letters were those of Parnell. He had no idea as to who wrote the body of the letters. Witness returned to England, and Houston, having promised to pay the sum demanded for the letters, witness went again to Paris. Murphy then said agents of the Clan-na-Gael claimed the letters, and it would be necessary to go to New York to get authority from the heads of that Order. Witness, after consulting with Houston, went to New York. Murphy gave witness a letter to Breslin, who stated he had received a despatch from Paris instructing him to meet witness. Breslin gave witness a sealed letter for Murphy. Witness started back and handed the letter to Murphy, who said it was all right, but explained he could not give up the letters until he had seen other people. Two evenings later Murphy took witness to a private room in a cafe, where five men were seated. These, he said, represented the Clan-na-Gael. He made witness swear on a Catholic prayer-book that under no circumstances would he reveal the source from which he obtained the documents. Witness also swore that he would not mention names and if any proceedings followed the publication of the letters that he would not testify. Witness detailed the purchase of the letters and Murphy's offer to repurchase them, corroborating Houston's testimony. Witness had nothing to do directly or indirectly with writing the letters. "The suggestion that I forged them is quite untrue," he said. Witness knew Egan's writing and was convinced Egan wrote the letters ascribed to him. Murphy was displeased with the refusal to return the letters. Witness saw Hayes, President of the I. R. B., and Casey, a Fenian, in Paris.

Sir Charles Russell objected to evidence as to what passed between Hayes and Casey and witness.

After a long wrangle, Mr. Davitt said he had seen Casey and Hayes in Paris since the appointment of the commission.

Pigott said he first heard of the other letters at the beginning of 1888. His informant was Thomas Brown, of the Clan-na-Gael. Hayes introduced Brown and witness in Paris. Brown produced the letters, and witness sent Houston copies of two of Parnell's letters and one of Egan's. Pigott had not the slightest doubt that the signatures were genuine. In July, 1888, he heard of other letters. A person in Paris, who declined to reveal his name, surrendered them for £200, of which witness received £50 back. Pigott denied that he forged any part of the second or third batch of letters.

Pigott continued: "A man named O'Brien visited me in Dublin under the alias of Sinclair. He said Parnell sent him to get me to assist Egan. Mr. Labouchere, he said, would pay me a high price if I had any letter of Parnell's to sell. Sinclair suggested that I should see Labouchere in London and gave me £5 to pay my passage." Witness told how he went to London, where he had an interview with Parnell and Labouchere. Pigott said Parnell told him he had *prima facie* evidence that witness had forged the letters, and Labouchere proposed that witness admit the forgery. Lewis entered and said that if witness failed to obey instructions Lewis would prosecute him mercilessly for perjury and forgery. Afterwards witness saw Labouchere alone. Labouchere said he was prepared to pay £1,000, but money matters must not be mentioned to Parnell. Witness induced Labouchere to think he would accede, but on returning to the room he said nothing would induce him to swear the letters were forgeries. Lewis then asked witness to write to the *Times* that he believed the letters to be forgeries, when the *Times* would withdraw them. Witness asked for time to consider. Lewis on the next day told witness that Labouchere's offer would hold good if witness induced the *Times* to withdraw the letters.

Attorney-General Webster read Lewis' notes of the interview. Witness challenged their accuracy and denied having said he believed the letters were not genuine. On another day witness accidentally met Parnell and Lewis. The latter denied that he gave witness any assurance. Parnell's manner was hesitating. He reiterated that witness had forged the letters and also accused him of having committed mercantile forgeries. Witness denied this and said he courted the fullest inquiry.

Attorney-General Webster read a long correspondence between Pigott and Lewis. In his letter Lewis averred that he and his associates were aware Pigott was a forger before they saw him. He suggested that Pigott meet Parnell again. Pigott replied that he was prepared to meet any proceedings, and he declined to meet Parnell again. Witness said Labouchere repeatedly wrote, pressing him to testify and offering to pay his passage. At the end of January he received a letter containing £10. He was anxious to avoid testifying. He was aware that it was dangerous to offend the Clan-na-Gael, and he might be murdered.

At Sir Charles Russell's request, Pigott wrote the words "livelihood," "likelihood," "Richard Pigott," "proselytism," "Patrick Egan," "P. Egan" and "hesitancy." Pigott said he corresponded with Mr. Forster from 1881 to 1884. He did not write to Earl Spencer in 1873 offering information for money. He wrote to Sir G. O. Trevelyan, asking for money on account of his support of the Government. He denied that in his statement to Lewis he said the publication of the letters by the *Times* alarmed him and he had asked Archbishop Walsh to place him in communication with Parnell in order to expose the forgeries. He denied that he knew that the articles on "Parnellism and Crime" were being prepared.

Sir Charles Russell produced a letter from Pigott to Archbishop Walsh, dated March 4th, 1887, and marked "private and confidential." In this letter Pigott said he knew that proceedings were contemplated with the object of destroying the Parnellite's influence in Parliament. The proceedings would consist of the publication of statements tending to show complicity in crime of Parnell and his colleagues. He assured the Archbishop that he wrote with a full knowledge of these designs, and could indicate how they could be defeated. Sir Charles Russell pressed witness to explain how these designs could have been defeated if the letters were genuine.

Pigott replied that he did not recollect what changes were meant, and did not recollect the letter at all. He could not have had the Parnell letters in mind when he wrote to the Archbishop.

Sir Charles then read the postscript to the letter as follows: "I need hardly say that did I consider the parties really guilty I should not dream that your Grace would partake in an effort to shield them. My only wish is to press upon your Grace that the evidence is apparently convincing and probably sufficient to secure a conviction by an English jury."

Pigott reiterated that the Parnell letters were not in his mind when he wrote the postscript. He never thought the letters in themselves constituted a serious charge. He asked for the Archbishop's reply, which Sir Charles produced. Pigott, after inspecting the Archbishop's letter, said he believed he never received it.

The commission then adjourned.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The court was crowded again today when the Parnell Commission reassembled. The cross-examination of Pigott was continued. He admitted writing a letter to Archbishop Walsh, which Sir Charles Russell produced, and which contained a statement that the documentary evidence to be produced before the Commission could be rendered harmless by an exposure of the means by which it was obtained. Archbishop Walsh's letter to Pigott, part of which was read yesterday was read *in extenso*. The Archbishop referred to the fact that there had been systematic lying concerning the Nationalist cause. The witness now admitted receiving this letter. He said that when he wrote to the Archbishop he was in very distressed circumstances, owing to having received no money from Houston. Witness' other work had been neglected and lost. He therefore wrote to Archbishop Walsh, hoping he would submit the matter to the Parnellite members of Parliament and induce them to provide witness with means to leave the country in return for information witness should give. Witness was startled when the letters appeared in the *Times* and considered it a breach of faith. He wrote to Houston strongly protesting against their publication.

Sir Charles demanded that this letter be produced. Houston said he had forgotten receiving it.

On being pressed, Pigott exclaimed: "I may say at once that the statements I made to Archbishop Walsh were unfounded.' This statement produced a sensation.

Sir Charles Russell—You deliberately wrote lies'

Witness—Well exaggerations.

Sir Charles—Did the exaggerations have no truth'

Witness—Very little. (Laughter.) I forget what I meant when I wrote to Archbishop Walsh that the charges were a mixture of what I believed to be true and untrue.

Witness said he knew criminal proceedings were projected when he wrote saying he could nullify them by exposing the discreditable means by which it was sought to institute proceedings. He could not say what the proceedings were to be taken for. He imagined they were for complicity in the Phœnix Park murders, but there was no foundation for the statement. Witness again wrote to Archbishop Walsh on May 1st, offering to furnish further information. In reply, the Archbishop said: "I understand you are anxious to make a statement to assist the victims of fraud and slander by exposing the fraud and slander. I cannot refuse to accept such a statement fully. I accept your assurance that you took no part in the publication."

Witness said he forgot writing the statement.

The Commission then adjourned.

Sensible People

Will have nothing to do with "cure-alls," medicines that are advertised to cure everything from a chilblain to a broken neck. Read the list of diseases that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure: Affections of the throat and lungs, incipient consumption, disordered liver, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, ulcers, tumors, and swellings caused by scrofula and bad blood; fever and ague and dropsy. This seems like a cure-all but it is not. This great "Discovery" will really cure all these complaints simply because it purifies the blood upon which they depend and builds up the weak places of the body. By druggists.

A Queer Deposit in a Bank.

A despatch from Kingston says that the bank vault at Cape Vincent, N. Y., which passed through the ordeal of the recent fire, preserved its contents untouched. Among the possessions which had been consigned to its safe keeping were a box of matches and 780 lbs. of opium. The presence of the latter commodity in such quantity in a bank vault seems rather a strange occurrence. It is said to have been placed there by the customs officials, who seized it the other day.

"The Time is Great."

(Spanish Gypsy.)

The time is great! Let us not waste our days,
Those slender links in the strong chain of life
That binds the past and future, making time
One great eternity of endless years
That boundless stretch behind us and before.

The time is great! Who has not felt the thrill
That vibrates through the world from pole to pole,
Quickening earth's children to a deeper life?
They waken from their sleep of centuries,
Forget their petty aims, their selfish cares,
As did their ancestors, the great of old,
And, one by one, new-baptized in the light,
Do reverence to the universal soul,
Of past and present born, king of all time,
All men, all actions great and small.

The time is great, and great the hope for man;
He's caught a glimpse of his great destiny.
New prophets preach the truth with words of fire,
And heroes die for justice once again;
The brooding hush of expectation yields
To the fierce noise of conflict or the shout
Of victory assured, and martyrs know
The felon's scaffold is a kingly throne
Whereon sits Truth to sway and rule the world.

The time is great. What! look ye to the thrones,
Where "Mene, Mene" on their palace walls,
Cause crowned heads to tremble once again,
For heroes? Look not there. 'Tis not from them,
But from the million toilers of the earth
Shall come the heroes of these latter days.

The time is great; we want no weaklings now
To lead us on to life's great victory;
But men both strong and stern, who know no fear,
Save fear to do a wrong, who learned to face
Unflinching long ago what's worse than death—
A life which is the death of mind and soul.
To face unflinching and to conquer it,
And cry to millions in despair "Take heart!
We've found the way to help, and hope, and life,
To feed our starving babes, to lift our wives
From the foul air of filthy tenements
To the pure atmosphere of joy and love.
There's hope, there's help—in justice is our strength,
And reason is the sword with which she sweeps
To death and to oblivion all her foes."

The time is great! We will not little be,
Unworthy sons of such a mighty age.
We'll fight, we'll die for justice, and we'll win
Freedom for both the tyrant and the slave.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

Picton, Ont., Feb. 18th.

They "Mean Business."

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid, if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers, the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

What It Shows.

John Wanamaker spends $5,000 a week for advertising, which shows that he has got more sense than many men who have become cabinet officers. *Cleveland Leader.*

Railways in Canada.

The report of the Department of Railways and Canals, brought down yesterday, shows that there are now in the Dominion 12,332 miles of railway, of which 11,157 are laid with steel rails. The earnings last year were $38,812,000 and the working expenses $27,624,683.

A Happy Woman.

Happy is the woman without bodily ills, but happier is the woman who having them knows of the saving properties of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When relieved, as she surely will be upon a trial of it, she can contrast her condition with her former one of suffering and appreciate health as none can who have not for a time been deprived of it. The "Favorite Prescription" corrects unnatural discharges and cures all "weakness" and irregularities.

A Cautious Man Who Looked Ahead.

He was a mathematical fellow, and given to making intricate calculations on paper. His marriage was to take place on Friday; but he suggested to his prospective mother-in-law that had better take place on Thursday

"Why do you wish it changed?" she asked suspiciously.

"Well," said he, "I have been making a calculation, and I find that my silver wedding will come on a Saturday evening, and that would never do, as that is the evening I have to go to the lodge."

Off to the Holy Land.

Thursday morning 101 persons left New York on the Weiland, constituting the first Roman Catholic pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

D O N L. 10 89.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY. Packet Seeds, 500 kinds, Guide, and 50c. Certificate for Seeds, your choice, all for 2 stamps (4 cents). Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, FANNETTSBURG, PA. Send at once. This notice will not appear again.

SALESMEN We wish a few men sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

PRICEVILLE

BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Begs to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST-CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND

CASH for Butter, Eggs and Lard. TEA-MEALS at all hours. Meals supplied at 25c.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF AT

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It Pays To

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[illegible] most practical course of study for the [illegible]
The most thorough [illegible]
The most methodical [illegible]
The best results [illegible]
The most reasonable [illegible]
For circulars containing full [illegible] particulars regarding the course of study, address
C. A. FLEMING, Principal.
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 1880.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Grinding on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to

W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan. 7th, 1881.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent

We are going to have a new neighbor on the 15th, in the person of James Olcorn, who intends moving on W. Stewart's place, which he has rented. It is Mr. Stewart's intention to move on his other farm after he gets the house fixed. He is at present busy taking out timber for the erection of a frame stabble which he will raise in the spring. Mr. A. McLeod, along with a few of the neighbors is helping him to take it out.

Mr. J. T. Wilson is going to put a barn to his farm next summer. We do not know who has the job but hope he will get it.

Mr. Lonzo Weiterick, Kincardine, is the guest of Mr. A. M. Dondo. He [illegible]

Mr. Sandy [illegible] and ladies that [illegible]

Mr. Hoth and Miss Lamont are home again. They have been visiting with Mr. H.'s father's family, who, they are sorry to say, are not enjoying the best of health, both [illegible] being confined to the bed. Taylor [illegible] is also on the sick list. Dr. [illegible] was called to see Mrs. Hoth's father, who was taken suddenly ill. Taylor [illegible] Orange Club their usual [illegible] to take tea with [illegible]. The [illegible] boys say they were treated to [illegible] of cake. Miss [illegible] was always home at [illegible] they could, and [illegible] time as high as ten o'clock. We would [illegible] that the committee [illegible] wear the grass well [illegible] they [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] more [illegible] of [illegible] the Orange Club [illegible] they have [illegible] examples of it and would know that music is very [illegible]

Proton Station.

From [illegible]

The snow is just disappearing under the mid-day rays of the bright sun, which is almost as hot as summer, and the merry jingle of sleighbells will soon be a memory.

Mr. P. Ryan, who has been ill for some time, is, we are glad to say, on a fair way to recovery, as is also Richard Hodgson, who has been confined to his bed for a long time. We hope to see both named gentlemen around soon.

A good shoemaker would do a rushing business here as there are lots of people to be booted.

Our general station is coming slow but sure.

Mr. Alfred Ward, of Collingwood, is about to move to Proton Station. Our population is fast increasing. More are welcome. Come to Proton and happy be.

Meaford Road.

From our own correspondent

Mr. Thorpe Wright has been pressing hay in our neighborhood recently.

Vandeleur school was closed a few days last week owing to the absence of the teacher, who was attending the funeral of his sister at a distance.

Our highly respected citizen, Mr. Robt. Buchanan, has been and gone and done it, and now enjoys wedded bliss. A happy little company gathered at the residence of Mrs. Pritchard on Saturday last when the nuptial knot was tied by Rev. J. W. Shilton, of Flesherton. We almost forget to say that Mrs. Pritchard was the other interested party.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

February 1880 passed away with a smile. Some of our weather prophets predict a cold and stormy April.

On Monday a span of spirited colts, which were standing in the street, seemed to get disgusted with a dog fight and started off with the sleigh containing two little arabs who hooked on for a ride. The horses sailed up street towards the Methodist Church and turned at the corner, hotly pursued by two "Flesherton Barber" and two stout ladies in a cutter, drawn by a small pony, but in a minute or two the runaways were nicely captured by a big bank of snow, away up on the west corner, summit of Castle Hill.

Mr. Duncan, late of Crown Hotel, has removed to his suburban residence, a half a mile to the west of the town.

Master Workman Ferguson seems to be well satisfied with the business transacted at the A. O. U. W. convention at Toronto a few days ago.

On Monday the afternoon stage failed to meet the train. Just as Duncan drove rapidly down Mr. Gilchrist's hill to the post office, the relentless iron horse puffed away from the station and was lost to sight among the hills by the lake.

We would rather have had this winter spread over four months than have it boiled down to eight weeks. When a whole week's weather is crowded into one day the general opinion is that it is a little too concentrated. However as our wishes are not consulted in the matter and no blame rests upon us we accept what comes with resignation, but reserve the right to grumble a little about it just as well as any other native of this free soil and glorious climate.—Durham Chronicle.

Eugenia

From an Occasional Correspondent.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Woodburn has considerably recovered from her late severe attack of heart disease and nervous prostration.

The Methodists are about to put a new organ in the church to be used by both church and Sunday School. The Union Sunday School supplied themselves with one last week and it is already clear of debt which circumstance speaks well for the financial standing of the school. It is to be hoped that the music will be a great impetus to the interest in divine worship and that there may be an infusion of life into the dry bones.

The Rev. Mr. Watson, Baptist minister of Flesherton is to preach in the orange hall next Sabbath and thereafter every alternate Sabbath.

The Rev. Mr. Watts is holding revival services at Kimberley.

I understand that Mr. F. T. Carr has the contract of cutting laths in Mr. Hayard's mill, Proton Station, during the ensuing summer.

A large amount of timber has been hauled through here during the winter and timbermen say there are 10 000 feet to haul yet.

Mr. J. Hoeth has once more returned to this town and settled in stony hollow. It must be hard to tear oneself away from old associations.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Business is booming here at present. The church shed timber is almost all on the ground and the people expect to erect it in a few days if the weather is favorable. The shed will be 66 feet long, and one of the pieces secured was 66 feet long. It was cut on the farm of Mr. J. M. Thurston. This is one of the longest beech sticks we have [illegible] line was struck [illegible] but it does not [illegible] nose is turned [illegible]

Miss Maud [illegible] for Washington [illegible] brother on [illegible] safe journey [illegible] West.

Mr. H. [illegible] Toronto, where [illegible] pital for [illegible]

Miss G. [illegible] visiting at [illegible] intends to [illegible] by this [illegible] Perhaps [illegible]

Mrs. W. [illegible] and sister [illegible] Thursday last. Mr. Wes. [illegible] Mr. Alexander [illegible] on Saturday and Sunday last.

Since the Kimberley people have been treating [illegible] to Catarrhal Eugenia for the mouth organ [illegible] they [illegible] their sore throats [illegible] was [illegible] to Dr. Tayler [illegible] Dr. [illegible] last [illegible] the Grace Club their usual [illegible] to take tea [illegible] say they were treated to [illegible] of cake. Miss [illegible] was always home at [illegible] they could, and [illegible] time as high as ten o'clock. We would [illegible] that the committee [illegible] wear the grass well [illegible] they [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] more [illegible] of [illegible] the Orange Club [illegible] they have [illegible] examples of it and would know that music is very [illegible]

A large Assortment

OF

Men's Women's and Children's

BOOTS

AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

The Remainder of our WINTER'S STOCK will be Disposed of at Astonishingly LOW RATES

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any [illegible] produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER.

FLESHERTON

HEATH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate on Restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders. Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm—100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA. Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

$66 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 30 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out sold for $100, with few attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and also great line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 402. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1889. W. H. THURSTON.

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Rings, Fancy Goods &c. &c. of the finest quality. Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get our price. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy flush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

DISCOUNT SALE!

R. Trimble, Flesherton,

Will for the next fifteen days give a big discount off all Winter Goods, in order to make room for spring importations, which will be in fully complete by the 15th of this month.

So Bring Along Your Cash

And secure some of the extra bargains which will be given, as the balance of our winter stock must be cleared out.

We have already received a large consignment of Timothy Seed, Red Clover, Mammoth Lucerne, and Alfalfa. Also a few packages of No. 1 Salmon Trout and Split Herrings left. In order to clear out our large stock of Coal Oil we will sell at 15c in five gallon lots.

WE MEAN BUSINESS! Come in and get some of the bargains now offered at

R. TRIMBLE'S.

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

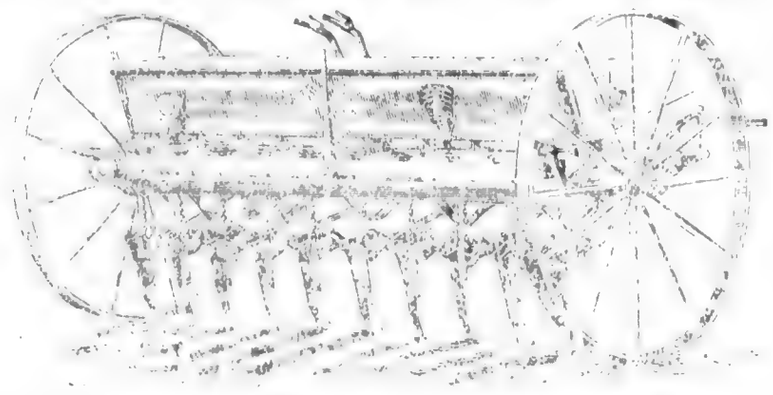

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD

NO OTHER DRILL made can be certainly regulated to run at any desired depth without dropping the beam.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow a 2½ bu. of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses not a grain when starting in, after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and never slips on bands.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

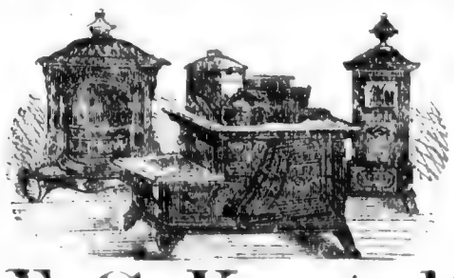

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, MARCH 14 1889.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Advance announces with much pleasure that it has secured the services of a talented gentleman who will contribute articles of much interest from the far away lumber shanties of Algoma. This gentleman's facile pen has charmed readers of the Canadian press for many years. In the February number of "Current Literature" appears quite a lengthy article by the writer referred to. The first of the series appears this week. It must not, however, be taken as a standard, as it was written in much haste and is necessarily short. We bespeak for our readers something of a treat in the near future.

VITAL STATISTICS.

From the Government report of births, marriages and deaths in Ontario we find the following interesting information concerning the year 1887, being the latest published.

The marriages registered in 1887 numbered 14,460 or 6.8 per 1,000 of the population, an increase of 615 couples married. In the cities 3,147 were registered, 11.1 per 1,000, an increase of 147; and in the towns the marriages were 1,656 or 13.7 per 1,000, an increase of 312 over the number of marriages celebrated in 1886.

The Methodists, as usual, head the list, notwithstanding that there was a small decrease in comparison with 1886, they numbered 10,212 or 35.4 per cent. of all the persons married. The Presbyterians returned 5,810 or 20 per cent.; the Episcopalians 5,052 or 17.5 per cent., and the Roman Catholics 4,160 or 14.4 per cent.

October and December still retain their prestige of being the favorite months for entering the married state. Of the 14,460 marriages, 3,132 or 21.6 per cent. were solemnized in these two months, whereas in May only 875 marriages, or 6.5 per cent., were celebrated. For a number of years previous to 1887, August always returned the lowest number of marriages.

In the County of Grey there were registered 1,446 births, 460 marriages and 632 deaths. There was an increase of 16 births over the previous year, a decrease of 10 marriages, and an increase of 51 deaths.

In the death rate of counties in Ontario per each 1,000 of population, York heads the list with 20½, Carleton next with 17½, while the county of Grey has the pleasure of numbering only 8¼ deaths to each 1,000 of its population, being the healthiest county in Ontario with four exceptions, viz., Huron, Leeds and Grenville, Norfolk, and Simcoe, which are a fraction below, the lowest being Norfolk, having an average of 7½.

Among the cities Ottawa has the [illegible] Toronto follows with 21¼, Kingston 17, Hamilton 16½, [illegible]

The figures are exceedingly interesting, and we would like to give more if space would permit. From what have been given Advance readers will see [illegible] compares favorably with the great majority of her sister counties.

M. Richardson & Co., have made large purchases of dry goods from the assignees of the bankrupt stock of the wholesale dry goods firm of J. W. Gale & Co., to arrive this week.

Over in Priceville.

We paid Priceville a visit on Saturday last. There is nothing startling about this information as we have done the same thing before. However, as we are very quiet ourselves and our advent into that town was unaccompanied with noise or commotion of any kind, the assertion is made, for the benefit of those who did not know the fact, that we visited Priceville on Saturday.

The first genial countenance which we met was that of our intelligent councillor, Mr. John McArthur. It was a stormy day - too stormy for ordinary work - and he was engaged in harnessing a pair of well-bred dogs to a handsleigh. Although the occupation was not exactly in keeping with dignity yet a man *can* place dignity into any occupation and get lots of fun out of it too. In this case it was all done in a dignified manner all excepting the way in which the dogs refused to go. They "fit." We left Mr. McArthur deeply engrossed in a game of checkers at Mr. Conkey's boot and shoe store. Alf Watson acted as referee.

Dr. Hutton was just driving away as we neared his office. By the way, people say he is acquiring a first class practice and winning the confidence of his patrons. Glad to hear it because he is deserving.

J. Brown, Esq., merchant, will rebuild his sawmill, which was burned last summer. A portion of the material is on the ground and operations will commence as soon as weather will permit.

In Mr. McGowan's saw mill 300,000 feet of lumber have been manufactured this winter.

The Crown hotel has lately changed hands, Mr. Wm. Burt, lately of Holstein, being the new incumbent.

McKinnon & Co. were doing a rushing business.

Mr. McCabe gives in this issue his spring announcement, which speaks for itself. Mr. McCabe is a sterling business man, and is doing well. Get your spring goods from him.

Priceville rink is not well patronized. So says the proprietor, Mr. Frances Watt.

Last, but not least by any means, we would desire to call the attention of our readers to Mr. J. Brown's announcement in our local columns. He has a fine stock and his store is well known throughout the surrounding townships. When in Priceville look in upon him as we did, and you will be welcomed, as we were.

M. Richardson & Co. have just received advices of shipment per Steam Ship "City of Berlin" from Liverpool, England, of a large consignment of spring and summer dress goods, silks, ribbons, gloves, etc., etc. Direct importations.

Our Algoma Letter.

This district of Algoma is coming more into prominence every year. The great pine limits and mineral wealth are coming to be known and appreciated. Men of means with a turn to speculation and enterprise are making this the seat of their operations. I heard an old miner from British Columbia say that Algoma must have any amount of mineral, judging by the aspect of the country and other signs so well known to mineralogists. What few mines have been found, and are now in working shape, are turning out rich in pay dirt. This district, which a few years ago was reckoned as almost useless, is now settling up rapidly. Villages are springing [illegible] Waiting for a week [illegible] Saturday [illegible] Algoma [illegible] Workmen [illegible] only for the vast number of [illegible] Swedes and Finlanders [illegible] These men will work [illegible] wages [illegible] settlers in the Province from the [illegible] the Pacific coast. The [illegible] Central and ignorant in the extreme [illegible] food when in Canada [illegible] only cost them a few cents per day. [illegible] money they make is sent to their own countries. Four or five hundred dollars will make one of them independent when his returns home. In Finland one mark will buy as much as one dollar here. Five [illegible] five hundred dollars will make a great sum. I think Algoma will in course of time take the precedence of older sections. There [illegible] older sections of Ontario is now [illegible] SHANTY BOY.

Dear Lake Algoma.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

General News.

New York State officials are preparing to operate the new system of execution by electricity.

Flour is $40 a sack, and other provisions in proportion, in Southern California where the gold fever is raging.

The election of Mr. Colter for Halimand has been protested, and a writ was served on him in the House of Commons.

Five French tourists—three men and two women—are said to have been massacred by Indians in Yellowstone National Park. The story is telegraphed from Cheyenne, Wyoming.

TO THE DEAF. A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

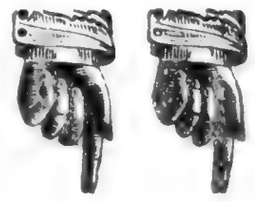

The Past.

For six years I have labored to establish a living business on the basis of honorable dealing with all—handling reliable goods at fair prices, and endeavoring to give "value received" every time goods are exchanged for money, note or credit. I have been "thrust into" something of success by the generous support of a large section of "Central Grey" which would not have come it undeserved.

The Present

Being fully established on the above lines, and having a very complete stock in all regular watchers' lines, I shall expect and endeavor to still deserve the confidence and support of all past patrons, and will hope to gain new ones as 1889 rolls along.

The Future.

I trust to be able this year to keep my stock even better assorted for customers to select from. Will continue to buy from A 1 firms at closest possible prices, and offer all buyers reliable watches, etc., at "bed rock" prices. A call solicited. Goods and work warranted.

Jeweler Brown,

MARKDALE.

Love's Tragedy.

Once death drew near with stealthy tread,
And bent him o'er the dreaming head
Of one who lay with fever burned;
But he awoke and from him spurned
The spectral form, and loud he cried,
"Get you away! the world is wide,
And there are those who love not life,
Who sicken 'mid the daily strife
Of pressing years, and sigh and crave
The rest that lies beyond the grave.

"Not so with me, I love the light
That shines o'er youth's fair pathway bright;
Nor shall I thus in life's sweet morn
So swift of life's best gift be shorn.
Around me the green earth is spread—
With summer she will soon be wed—
And through the window, open wide
Afar I see the mountain side,
And down its slope the breezes play,
And all things smile, for it is May.
Come if you will when skies are drear,
But go you now and leave me here."

His mother stood with bated breath,
Nor dreamed that he could conquer death;
But death passed on and left him free:
But scarce the haunting fear would flee
Her timid heart, who felt she heard
His step if but the light wind stirred,
And ever bent a listening ear,
So keen and watchful is love's fear.
But days passed on and he was spared,
And for a year her life he shared
In health and happy diligence,
Then fell the thunderbolt! From whence?
Poor mother! to thine anguished eyes
It seemed to fall from the clear skies—
So swift, so sudden was the blow—
No heavier grief do mortals know.
And in that hour a sweet joy was slain,
And never will revive again
Without a word she let him go,
But changed was everything below.
The summer skies e'en seemed to steep
The same green earth in blackness deep.
Death ever owns this awful power,
Nor is there balm for such an hour.
And now dull sorrow sets her seal—
That scarce slow time may hope to heal—
Of longing for these clasping hands
Death tears away to other lands
More fair than this, nor leaves a sign
That we the gateway may divine.
O Thou who art the hidden source
Of love and sorrow and the force
That brought these currents into play,
And let within the soul a ray
Of hope and trust to shine beyond
The dark cold grave, hast Thou no wand
Whose sure kind touch will healing bring
Swifter than time's slow moving wing?
If Thou wouldst let us mortals glide
Into the valley of death beside
The speeding phantom of the soul
Till it would reach the distant goal,
We would come back to earth and ply
Our daily tasks without a sigh,
Content to know that over there
This life continued still more fair.
It may not be! That far off shore
Is hidden from mortals evermore;
Our earthly eyes will never see
The glories of eternity

Hamilton, February 24th. KATIE W.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

Charlie's handsome face flushed; his small, cleanly moulded head and finely cut features wore the air and look of royal disdain. The money was a temptation, as he had admitted, but gained at such a price—by association with such dreadful creatures—by work on such a really "awful" house—it would be too dearly bought. He was not of the kind to see the fun of the position, nor to make capital out of its humor. He was only disgusted with its commonness and vulgarity; and he scarcely cared to conceal what he felt.

"I fear that to begin at all in the room will entail too many alterations," he said coldly. "These curtains must be changed. This blue will not suit my scheme of color, and this yellow border is inadmissible, even as things are."

"Lo ye now!" said Miles, all in amaze. "And I, who thought these curtains tiptoppers! They cost a power of money, so they should be something good. And th' stuff in them is of the best, that I know."

"The material is handsome, but the color is bad," said Charlie, with a shudder.

"Lo ye now!" said Miles again, screwing up his eyes a little ominously, and making a deprecatory kind of click with his tongue. "And the carpet will not do," continued Charlie. "This fiery red will kill everything; and the chairs and sofas are not right; the shapes and coverings are both wrong"

"Ay! them's all wrong, too?" said Miles, with unwonted quietness.

"Quite wrong," said Charlie, deceived by appearances, and giving the reins to his hobby horse. "The ottomans, too, are just impossible; and that modern china is too dreadful. And you cannot have those heavy cut-glass chandeliers. You cannot have gas in the room at all."

He grew warmer as he went on—his artistic taste was so thoroughly outraged.

"Oh, Miles, man alive, it's just a wicked waste of money!" cried Nancy, unable to contain herself longer. "All this here, that's as good as new, as a body might say, and as fine as five-pence, to be carted off for a whim that's to do no good to any one. It's just shameful, and I'll say it were it ever so. It'll not bring a blessing on thee, Miles, to scatter thy brass in this wild gait, and so I tell thee."

"Nay, what I think, the wife is about right," said Miles, speaking very slowly, for he was truly aghast at the wholesale condemnation of his grand room. He and the local upholsterer had furnished it between them; for he had loyally done his best to give all of his own a lift, and neither cost nor material had been spared. And now to have it touched with this cruel spear that blackened and blighted wherever it struck. It was more than he could stand; and Nancy, woman, was about right. The paper he would not stand out for, nor, for the matter of that, would she. She had never liked that mauve fleshed young woman with nothing on but a scarf in a bow above her head and a line down her shoulders; and that lumpy Cupid, made of apples strung together, and as naked as when he was born, had always shocked her sense of what a well-conditioned bairn should be. But when it came to the curtains and the carpets, the sofas and the chairs, that huge cut-glass chandelier with its drops like diamonds, the tables and ornaments—in fact, to every individual thing in the big room—then Miles himself paused and faltered before he took the leap. He did not care about the money the change would cost. Quite the contrary. What he did care for was the slap in his face on the matter of taste, and the condemnation of things he had learned not only to connect with his prosperity, but to regard as the dumb witness of his own merit.

"It's a clean sweep' anyhow," he went on to say, his color rising as he spoke. "We have been content and pretty proud, Nancy and me and the lad, with what we have had; and I don't like the looks of turning one's back on all at once of one's own for the word of a stranger who doesn't feel with us—and maybe has other thoughts," he added, darkly. "So I think, Mr. Osborne, sir, we'll sleep on this matter before we make a serious calculation."

"Of course, that is just as you wish," said Charlie, coldly.

"Well, you see, I'm a little out of breath and flabbergasted; and I'm not so sure as I'd like all these changes when made, and I'd like to see a proof before I paid," said Miles. "One doesn't do so well to give one's self up too soon into the hands of a stranger as has other thoughts," he repeated.

"Oh!" said Charlie, with all a gentleman's pride and artist's disdain in his voice and manner; "if you do not think I understand my own business, we had better not think any more about it. In such a thing as this I must have *carte blanche* or none at all."

"I don't know what you mean about carts nor barrows neither," shouted Miles, thoroughly nettled; "but if you think you are a-going to ride rough-shod over me, young man, you are mistaken, Mr. Osborne, and so I tell you. It is me as pays, and me has to be agreeable to this, that, and t'other—not for a stranger to come in and order shifts and gangs and sets the seams as he has a mind, and never a body to say him nay. Not if I know it—and now you know."

"Whisht, Miles—whisht, honey!" said Nancy, in a terrified voice.

"Hold hard, father," said Caleb, with unwonted decision,

"Nay, but I'll have my say if I die for it!" said Miles, his voice raised to its angry bellow.

"You have said enough," said Charlie. "Nothing you could offer me would induce me to accept this work, and I wish you good-day."

"And good-day to you, sir, for a jackadandy, if ever there was one!" shouted Miles; while Nancy besought the young gentleman to take a snack, and Caleb went with him to the door saying he must not mind what father had said—father's bark was worse than his bite, and Mr. Osborne was not to feel offended—he knew so much better than father, he could afford to let him rave.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Still boiling with indignation—in a bluff and a fume all through—Charlie Osborne walked on to the Dower House, where he hoped to see Lady Elizabeth and Estelle. Since the collapse of her notable scheme for her daughter's endowment with unhappiness and wealth, Mrs. Clanricarde had in a manner let go the reins, laid down the whip, and given the girl her head. Meanwhile Estelle, being but a maid of mortal mould, made good use of her increased liberty; and Charlie Osborne profited.

It had been already arranged between the young lovers that they were to meet at the Dower House to-day by that lucky chance which is part of the craft and diplomacy of love. So that Charlie felt sure of falling in with Estelle somewhere about the place, should Lady Elizabeth be out—which was not likely, as he knew she would be anxious to hear the result of her recommendation.

So it all proved. Lady Elizabeth was at home in her own private "work-room," and Estelle Clanricarde was with her sitting as her model for the head of Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz, at which she was working with as much zeal as if painting was her profession and an order her ambition.

"Well!" said Lady Elizabeth, after the first greetings were over; "and what about the commission?"

"Oh!" said Charlie, tossing up his handsome head; "it has come to nothing, of course!"

"Why of course!" and "Oh, Charlie!" said the two girls in a breath

"Because I am a gentleman, Lady Elizabeth," said Charlie, with infinite disdain; "and I could not consent to work for such scoundrels if I had not a penny-piece in the world! I would rather buy a broom and sweep a crossing!"

"Caleb Stagg is not a scoundrel," said Lady Elizabeth, gently.

"His father is, if he is not," broke in Charlie, with more heat than courtesy.

"Rude, perhaps, and boorish, but I should scarcely call him a scoundrel," the lady again insisted, as gently as before, but also as firmly.

"In any case, how could I work for a wretch who has not the smallest rudiment of taste—who puts together the vilest and most immoral colors—prefers hideous forms to righteous—and knows no more of value than what is so much money worth! Lady Elizabeth, it is impossible!"

"But you might be a missionary, and teach the heathen," continued the lady.

"Can you teach pigs?" retorted Charlie, scornfully. "Besides, that old scoundrel insulted me. How could I accept a commission from a man who not only does not know one thing from another, but who does not know how to behave with common decency? How could he?—a mere brute like that—a miner yesterday and nothing but a miner to-day with a pot of money he would be far better without. Such a trio as they are! I declare they made me ashamed of my own species."

"We cannot help their wealth," said Lady Elizabeth. "They have the money, you see, and it was honestly earned, so they must keep it. But if we could make him distribute it wisely, that would be a gain to every one alike. That was what I thought of when I proposed this room to them and to you. I thought that it would be both a noble piece of work for the future occupier of Redhill, if the present would scarcely appreciate it at its full value—and that you would be the gainer by so much, and"—looking at Estelle—"would be so much nearer your happiness."

"I know all that, dear Lady Elizabeth," said Charlie, feeling more contrite than he cared to express, but resolved to fight it out on his chosen lines of dignity and gentlehood; "and you may be sure it cost me something to turn my back on what would have been a splendid bit of work all through. But, believe me, I could not! It would have been impossible! and neither you nor Estelle would have wished it had you realized all the conditions"

"I am sure you did right, Charlie," put in Estelle, hastily. Not for worlds would she let him see that she was disappointed, or in any way doubted the absolute wisdom of his action "As Charlie says, it would have been impossible," she added.

A tender smile, a little tinged with sadness, crossed Lady Elizabeth's face. The three years that lay between her and Estelle, as well as the difference in their characters, gave her the air and sentiment of far more experience than perhaps the reality warranted.

"Well, we must think of something else, as this has failed," said the lady, after a pause. "I must try and get you a commission," to Charlie, with one of her charming, generous smiles, meaning to say that she was in no wise offended by this rejection of her first efforts. "I am determined you shall succeed," she went on to say, playfully; "and I feel strong enough to conquer fortune for you. We will introduce you to Mr. Smythe Smith. He is coming down to stay with us for a few days; and perhaps that will be a better thing for you in the end than this would have been. But this would have kept you here—which was a consideration;" looking at Estelle as girls do when they are sympathetic with a love affair.

"It cannot be helped," said Charlie, mounted on his very highest horse. "Essential as money is to me, I cannot barter for it my self-respect; and to have worked for this old ruffian, and for such a house of horrors, would have been to practically sell myself. Art, to be worthy of its high mission, ought to be worthily represented," he added loftily. "In this deplorable age of ours the artist is the only true priest, and he must be equal to his office."

"Yes," said Estelle, her soft eyes full to overflowing with that kind of love which stirs a man's inmost soul—the love that unites intellectual influence with spiritual adoration and personal fondness—the love that makes of the lover a hero and a demi-god to himself—the love on which artists and poets live as the enchantress Maimouna lived on the breath of flowers, as birds of paradise are intoxicated with the dews of heaven—that love of the most dangerous both to her who gives and to him who receives. The one it robs of self-respect and a higher standard; the other it robs of a god greater than himself—of a law purer than his own will.

"Yes," too, said Lady Elizabeth. "But there is also something grand in being nobler than one's own pride," she added. "Self-forgetfulness has its own splendor, has it not? And I always think that line of George Herbert's 'Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,' might from my standpoint," was her reply. "I would never wish any one to do what seemed to him mean or degrading."

"You would only wish me to do what was mean and degrading from another platform—blinded by another set of motives?" said Charlie.

"Of course it all depends on the way in which we look at things," she said quietly; and Charlie, rather ashamed of himself, but too proud to confess, said "Yes" just as quietly. Which ended the conversation, and decomposed all the thoughts that had created it.

"But," as Charlie said to Estelle afterward—"but that I really love Lady Elizabeth like my sister, I should get provoked at her ultra ideas. I am, I hope, as high-minded as any man, and would scorn to do a mean or pitiful action as much as any one, but really I cannot follow her—and no one could. It is just Utopia that she imagines. It would be the millennium if it were all true, and that is ridiculous."

"Yes," said Estelle; "and yet"—loyalty to her friend coloring even her submission to her lover—"she is so good! She is an angel!"

"That's just it," said Charlie; "she is more of an angel than a woman; and I confess I like woman better than angels! I know one, however, who is both!" he added, fondly.

Whereon they started off into the mellifluous babble of love, and forgot all in the delight of the moment and the joy of the hour.

A few days after this Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith, the new millionaires, came down to visit Lord Kingshouse; and Lady Elizabeth, this transparent and angelic creature, laid her kindly traps and baited them as deftly as Mrs Clanricarde herself could have done. She spoke to Mrs. Smythe Smith of their clever and delightful young artist, of his beautiful ideas, his delicate fancies, his original genius, his certainty of future fame. He was at the right moment for plucking a far-seeing and intelligent patron. Mr. Smythe Smith said he would rather prefer a man of known repute, a man whose name alone would add lustre to his worth, and cause the envious world to admire without cavil. Mrs. Smythe Smith, on the other hand, inclined to the undiscovered genius, whom also she thought she could a little deflect, if not bully, and make subservient to her wishes. It would then be "we." "Mr. Osborne and I planned this room—made out this decoration—arranged these details, I proposed this color; I worked up that subject; and I found Mr. Osborne most civil and obliging most ready to adopt my suggestions and carry them out." Yes, she was certainly on the side of the undiscovered genius, and as Mr. Smythe Smith knew that it was good form to give way to a wife before folk, he yielded the point in this instance, and Mrs. Smythe Smith stuck to it. Whence it came to pass that Charlie Osborne and his portfolio were had up to the Dower House, when the designs he had made at Lady Elizabeth's suggestion were looked at, admired, criticised, and pronounced eminently workable and satisfactory.

His manners and appearance both impressed the wealthy parvenu and his wife to a high degree of favor. And before Charlie Osborne well knew where he was, or all that it included, he had agreed to leave Kingshouse and Estelle and go to London with the Smythe Smiths for the art decoration of their magnificent house in Piccadilly. The whole future of the drama hung on this one apparently unimportant act. Had he taken the Redhill commission and stayed where he was, the story of his life and Estelle's would have been completely changed.

CHAPTER XVII.

PANEM ET CIRCENSES.

In this queer life of ours, with its intricacies of sacrifice and its interdependence of circumstances, no pleasure comes to one without pain to another. Gethsemane is the mirror of the world and coeval with the ages; and the stream of those who pass through the gates of its mournful garden is as large as life itself.

Now here at Kingshouse, in a small way and with narrow borderings, was enacted the old familiar drama of gain and loss. The "panem et circenses" offered to Charlie meant banyan days in the house of happiness to Estelle; and Love suffered equally with each because Prosperity took up the running one. There was this consolation, however—Charlie's prosperity would be eventually Estelle's happiness; for, of course, she was as fixed in her determination to wait for him, all her life if need be, and never marry another, come what might—as fixed as those stars in the sky, which somehow seemed her sympathizers and confidantes when her mother was acrid and Charlie invisible.

Their parting was in secret, as their meetings had been. When the handsome young detrimental called at Les Saules to salve over old sores and blot out old scores, he saw Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde only. Estelle was in the wood, and her mother was not too curious as to her daughters whereabouts. She was too grateful to Providence and Mr. Smythe Smith to grudge a few crumbs of content to the poor little dove who was to be the sacrifice. Believing as she did in the transforming power of change and absence, she trusted in these to destroy the love into which the old boy and girl affection had developed. Besides, the chapter of accidents for a beautiful young creature like Estelle has very broad margin and a very long coda. Hence she could afford to be quite human to Charlie Osborne when he came to take his leave of them all; and even condescended to speak of Estelle's absence as something in which he might be supposed to take an interest. It was folly well over, she thought—something like measles or nettle-rash, or haply scarlatina, and she did not foresee "sequelæ."

(To be Continued).

Latest from Ireland.

The dead body of John Roach, farmer in the townland of Corrigs, was found floating in the water at Warrenpoint recently.

Moneymore Parish Church, county Londonderry, was burned to the ground a couple of weeks ago. The damage is estimated at £10,000.

A public meeting, convened by the Mayor, was held in Belfast on the 5th Feb., to consider the propriety of holding an International Exhibition in Belfast in 1890.

Anne Fitzgerald, who for many years made and sold rosary beads, scapulars, etc., at the Franciscan Church, Henry street, Limerick, was found dead in her bed a day or two since.

Mr R.J. O'Duffy, Honorary Secretary for the Preservation of the Irish Language, Dublin, has been appointed Professor of Celtic Studies in Clongowes Wood College, Sallins.

The past year has been one of progress in the Irish butter trade, and Irish butter has not only held its own, but has gained new outlets, both in fresh butter for the home trade and in hermetically closed tins for hot climates.

The new Marquis of Donegal will long be remembered in sporting circles as the Earl of Belfast. He ran through a lot of money over his hobby. He was Clerk of the Peace for Belfast, but he probably will have to give up his berth now.

Miss Nelly Farrell, the well known music hall artiste, died in Belfast from typhoid fever recently.

A girl aged 4 years died on the 12th Feb. in Belfast Hospital from hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a cat.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Colonel Guinness to command the 83rd Regimental District at Belfast.

There died at Tullybrook House, County Donegal, two weeks ago, Charles J. Johnston, of Tullybrook, aged 34.

The personal estate of the late G. B. Hone, Dublin, has been declared at £48,375 17s. 2d., of which £18,277 5s. is in England.

Clonmel, which is the scene of O'Brien's imprisonment, is one of the prettiest towns in Ireland. It is famous for its Cromwellian associations. Oliver, it may be remembered, intended to reserve Tipperary as his own estate, and Clonmel abounds with traditions of the siege which it underwent when the Commonwealth undertook the subjugation of Ireland.

Among the Electricians.

An electric cigar-lighter is about being generally introduced.

The commercial arc lamps are generally said to be of 2,000 nominal candle power.

Electricity during a storm, according to Sohncke's theory, results from the friction of drops of ice and water.

The results of the new French process of electrically engraving on glass are said to be their marvellous delicacy.

Considerable opposition from interested parties is being met with in the Underground Electric Railway in London.

In the Louth telephone speech is transmitted without making use of sound waves, as is usual in telephones now in service.

The Paris municipality reserves the right of revising every five years the maximum tariff of the electric lighting companies and of lowering the same.

In low-tension arc lights the upper carbon become more incandescent than in high-tension lights and contributes a greater proportion to the illuminating power of the arc.

An Ingenious Device.

The friends of ballot reform in the New York Legislature have met in a very ingenious way the objection to an official marking of the ballots voted at any election. The plan is to print the ballots with a small tag or stub on each, separated from the ballot by a perforated line. When the elector deposits his ballot he folds it so as to leave only the tag exposed. This is torn off by the inspector or clerk and marked with his initials, while the ballot goes into the box without any distinguishing mark by which it can possibly be connected with the elector depositing it. At the same time there is an effectual check upon the use of any but officially printed ballots.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Didn't Suit.

Mother—"Well, did you get that situation as office boy?"

Little son—"Nope."

"What was the matter?"

"Don't know. The gent is a lawyer, and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. Guess he must want a regular professional.

POOR GIRL! POOR MAN!

He Rescued Her and Married Her, but She Wouldn't Stay Good.

The Rev. Leander Scott is a tall, clerical-looking man who resides on One Hundred and Fourteenth street, New York. He is a missionary connected with the Fiftieth Street M. E. Church in that city, and takes a great interest in the Florence Night Mission on Bleecker street. This morning he applied to Justice Cullen, of the Supreme Court, for an absolute divorce from his wife, and told a story that has not its parallel outside the realm of fiction. From his testimony it appeared that among the most promising of the unfortunate women who found their way into the Florence Mission was Charlotte Softye, a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, scarcely out of her teens. She seemed to have repented and awakened the sympathy of Rev. Mr. Scott, who is a widower with grown-up children. The missionary, believing her protestations of reform to be sincere, determined to aid her in keeping her good resolutions. He proposed marriage to her, telling her that when once an honest wife she would have no desire to return to her evil ways. Charlotte consented, and on August 17th, 1887, she became Rev. Mrs. Leander Scott. For a week they lived happily and Charlotte gave her husband no cause to regret his remarkable act.

On the evening of August 24th, seven days after the marriage, Mrs. Scott went out shopping. She did not return, although her husband waited up for her all night. The rest of the story is told by Charlotte Ressigue, an assistant at the Florence Night Mission. She said to Justice Cullen:

"On the morning of August 25th, 1887, the Rev. Mr. Scott came to my house before I was out of bed. I dressed hurriedly and went to see what was wanted. He said to me, 'My wife has not been home all night. Please help me to find her.' I then went with him to No. 18 East Third street, New York, where we found her in company with a young man named Dick, whose name, I think, is Richard Benson, as Mrs. Scott afterward called herself Benson. I asked her to return to her husband. She said she would not do so; that she did not care for him, and would live with him no longer. She refused to see her husband, and Mr. Scott and I left the house."

Justice Cullen—Was she unfortunate when the plaintiff married her?

"She was," said Miss Ressigue, "but she had reformed. I tried to reform her after the last occurrence, but she fled from the mission and is now living in a flat."

The papers in the suit were served by the Rev. Mr. Scott's son, who was not present Judge Cullen adjourned the hearing in order to have these present to testify. It is understood that Mr. Scott waited so long before beginning the action because he believed he could reclaim his wife. He seems to have abandoned that idea.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Men and Women.

Sex traits open up a curious study. Men are influenced by opinions of their own and of the other sex. Women are largely indifferent to the views of men and are sensitive to the last degree about their own kind. They are willing men should admire their beauty, and they will marry on occasion; but here the preference to masculine sentiment pretty much ceases. The opinion of a half dozen women on a mooted point weighs more with a woman than the judgment of a whole community of men. Women dress for each other, suit their manners for each other, copy each other, and yet distrust each other, whilst they have confidence in and respect for the very men whose desires and views they substantially ignore. It is a singular phenomenon. It shows how much more fully rounded the mental life of a man is, since he takes in both sexes, whilst woman mainly confines herself to one, viz., her own. A woman has one great advantage in her dealings with a man. She understands a man; but no man ever understood a woman. The knowledge is all on one side. The amusing part of the social relations between the sexes is that men are oblivious of the fact that women are always adroitly playing a part, whilst men, good, stupid souls, are clumsily honest and in earnest. If they were permitted to listen to the comments of the women on them they would be disagreeably enlightened. Man, too, emancipates himself often from slavish deference to the opinion of his own kind, but woman never frees herself from slavery to her own sisterhood. They rule men and make one another everlastingly uncomfortable. It is a comedy of errors.

Andrew Lang on Amelie Rives.

In America you have seen, not long since, the "catching on" of a novel, followed by excursions and alarums, as it were, of a Presidential election. To name the novel, "The Quick or the Dead," is almost superfluous. The hubbub, as usual, has arisen, I understand, upon a "point of order." People have not so much asked, "What are the literary merits and demerits of the work?" as a different question—"Was this a nice book for a young lady to write?" Why, if a young lady had not written it, who on earth would? An old lady? A middle-aged man? An infant in arms? Criticism exists for the improvement of the author and the guidance of the public; but it is not easy to reckon what the trouble about Mrs. Chanler's tale has done for either audience or author. The truth about the novel probably is that, amidst a perfect tempest of deranged epithets and deplorable style, a gleam of real and rare talent may be seen like a star through a witch's storm. —*From the March Forum.*

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Applicant (with little girl)—Do you take children, madam?

Landlady—Oh, yes, ma'am; we love children; the family on third floor have five, on the second floor there are seven, and we have three of our own. You needn't feel any hesitancy on that score.

Applicant—H'm, yes. I think I will look a little further, madam.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The farming of the future must be gradually contracted in the number of acres. Less hard work over broad fields and closer attention to special paying crops on the fields that surround the house. More pasture, more stock and plenty of ensilage, this insure the purchase of less commercial fertilizer and the very best results from the contents of the barn-yard.

Such a Fool!

He was always a fool—Tom Lake—and we always were telling him so,
But where was the harm in that? It was just as well he should know,
And he didn't mind it a bit—not he—or but once in a way—
Vex him? I think that he liked it! What else would one think here to-day?

We'd a holiday given last week, and we walked—d'ye see it, the mill
A-twirl like a fly on a pin? But that morning its sails stood still.
Well, just below it, the lane and the railroad meet Some deserve
To be hung for that level crossing, not twenty yards from the curve.

And there, as we came to the place where we saw the smooch metals a shine,
The mill folk's bit of a child that's blind had strayed down on to the line.
And had lost itself, and got frightened—it couldn't have told you why;
It owns little enough to lose, since it's lost both the earth and sky.

But to see it crying there, in the dark, with its curls in the sun,
Made you feel like a sort of fool—only *feel*, for you'll hear *I* was none.
It's hardly 3 year old, and it's blind; anyway, no better it knew
Than to stand right between the rails, with the Western Mail just due.

Due? No but thundering round with a whirl and a clank and a screech
Down on her—down on them both—for Tom som how had rushed within reach.
And had tossed the child safe on the bank, and got knocked down dead for his pains.
Killed on the spot, with a fractured skull. Well, well, if he'd had more brains,

He'd maybe have stopped to consider—*we* did, as you'll please remark—
Before he dashed out of the light, to leave the child here in the dark.
Yet we didn't call him a fool when we picked him up. There's no need
To be telling a lad the truth, when he hasn't the sense to heed.

And I don't think Fool's the word we'll get carved on yon slab of a stone,
Though he *was* such a fool—oh aye, *such* a fool as I've seldom known.

TEN YOUNG GIRLS

Meet Instant Death in a Boiler Explosion—The Engineer Also Killed.

A last (Monday) night's Plymouth, Pa., despatch says: A terrible disaster occurred here to day by which ten girls and one man were killed. Back of the Gaylord shaft stood the factory of John Powell, in which were manufactured squibs used by the miners in loosening coal in the mines. The factory employed 134 girls, ranging from 12 to 20 years, and several male workmen. While the majority of the girls were home eating dinner the people were startled by a deafening explosion. They rushed terror stricken to doors and windows and saw clouds of smoke ascending from the factory. Soon a large crowd gathered around it, and women began wringing their hands and men turned away when the charred body of a young girl was seen in one of the rooms, and the fact became known that at least twenty persons were in the building at the time of the explosion, eating their lunch. The scene was fraught with terror, as the girls, some bleeding, others gasping for fresh air, rushed to the windows and screamed frantically for help. A dozen miners from the adjoining colliery arrived and rushed toward the building, but as soon as they stepped near the door another terrific explosion took place, and the entire building collapsed, burying in the ruins those who had stood crying for assistance. The brave men, when the smoke and flying debris had settled, rushed among the ruins, and one by one the bodies were found and taken out charred beyond recognition, bleeding and mangled. As mothers recognized some familiar token or piece of dress by which they could tell their loved ones, the scene was heartrending. The bodies as fast as taken out were removed to an undertaker's. Their features were so badly mutilated that they were scarcely recognizable.

The killed so far as known are: Kate Jones, aged 18; Maggie Lynch, 21, Hettie Jones, 16; Gladdis Reese, 15; Mary Wallers, 17; Maggie Richards, 17; Mary A. Lake, 17; Ruth Powell, 19; Esther Powell, 22; Jessie Connell, 16; George S. Reese, engineer, 40. John Powell, the proprietor, was badly injured. Business here is at a standstill and the community is plunged in gloom. Several kegs of powder caused the explosion, but how they were exploded is a mystery.

JACK THE RIPPER.

Horrible Mutilation and Murder of a Squaw in Calgary.

A last (Friday) night's Winnipeg despatch says: "Jack the Ripper" has appeared at Calgary, N.W.T. Late last night the body of a squaw was found horribly mutilated in a room over the Turf Club saloon. The abdomen had been cut open and the body otherwise shockingly slashed. Wm. Fisk, a notorious character, has been arrested on suspicion. The accused murderer, Wm. Fisk, came to Calgary in 1882. It appears that Fisk brought the murdered squaw to a room over the Turf Club hotel. She was found later covered with blood and in the last throes of death. Fisk has been gambling a great deal of late and drinking heavily. He gave himself up. He is a nephew of Rev. T. G. Williams, President of the Montreal Methodist Conference. The deceased squaw was called Rosalie and was a tough character. The room was bespattered with blood, and an examination of the body went to show that the wound was entirely made by fingers, and a couple of pieces of flesh torn from the body were found by the Chief of Police under the bed. Dr. Lafferty says that the post-mortem reveals the fact that it is a regular "Jack the Ripper" case. The coroner's jury to-night brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Fisk, and he will be sent up for trial.

From Jest to Earnest.

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict.

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy?"

"Mamma," said Willie, washing the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

Miseries of Trade.

Druggist (awakened at 2 a. m.)—"What do you wish?"

Voice (at the door)—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you."

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

Full Text of the Famous Forged Letters.

HOW PIGOTT WORTE THEM.

Rascally Propositions Spurned by Home Rule Leaders.

Patrick Egan, who is now a resident of Lincoln, Nebraska, has made public a number of the letters on which Richard Pigott founded the clever forgeries which he sold to the London *Times*, and which formed the basis of the "Parnellism and Crime" articles in that paper, leading up to the Parnell-*Times* Commission and the exposure of the forger, as given in our cablegrams from London. One of the principal forgeries, purporting to have been written to Mr. P. J. Sheridan, was based by Pigott upon this letter, presumably written to Pigott:

11th March, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—As I understand your letter, which reached me to-day, you cannot act as directed unless I forward you money by Monday next. Well, here is £50—more if required. Under existing circumstances what you suggest would not be entertained. I remain, dear sir, yours truly, PATRICK EGAN.

In June, 1881, Pigott offered to sell out his two papers to Mr. Egan and Mr. Parnell, and in the course of the negotiation for the purchase Mr. Egan wrote Pigott as follows:

PARIS, June 18th, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Your two letters of 13th and 15th inst. are duly at hand, and I am also in receipt of a communication from Mr. Parnell informing me that he has acted upon my suggestion and accepted the offer contained in your first letter. In fact, I have before me copies of his two letters to you, and I am in a position to say that any request to increase the amount named would not be entertained, and that any hesitation or delay in carrying out the transfer would lead to the breaking off of the purchase altogether. I remain, dear sir, yours truly, PATRICK EGAN.

Richard Pigott, Esq.

HOW THE FORGERY READ.

The forger twists this letter into the following shape:

18th June, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Your two letters of 12th and 15th inst. are duly to hand and I am also in receipt of communications from Mr Parnell informing me that he has acted upon my suggestion and accepted the offer made by S. You had better at once proceed to Dundalk, so that there may be no time lost.—Yours very faithfully, P. EGAN.

Mr. Parnell wrote Pigott in connection with this same matter of the purchase of the papers:

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 16th, 1881.

R. PIGOTT, Esq., Dublin.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of this date I am sure you will feel that I shall always be anxious to do what I can for you, but I could not consent to one of the conditions of the purchase being your constant employment on the paper. That is a matter which would have to be subject to after arrangement.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

THIS WAS THE WORST OF ALL.

And out of this letter Pigott manufactured two letters purporting to be addressed to Mr. Egan, using the same date, with the exception of the last figure in the year, transposing the language and filling out with words traced from other letters, as follows:

JUNE 16th, 1882.

DEAR SIR, I am sure you will feel that I could not appear in Parliament in the face of this thing unless I condemned it. Our position there is always difficult to maintain; it would be untenable but for the course we took. That is the truth. I can say no more.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

The second forged letter reads as follows

DEAR SIR,—I shall always be anxious to have the good will of your friends, but why do they impugn my motives. I could not consent to the conditions they would impose, but I accept the entire responsibility for what we have done.—Yours very truly, CHARLES S. PARNELL.

AN OPEN ATTEMPT AT BLACKMAIL.

In February, 1881, Pigott wrote a letter to Mr. Egan intimating that an attempt had been made by two agents of Dublin Castle to get him to publish in his papers—the *Irishman* and *Flag of Ireland*—a plausible and utterly fictitious set of Land League accounts for the purpose of damaging the League and its officers. Mr. Egan replied, pointing out that it was his (Pigott's) duty to make public the fact that such an offer had been made. Pigott then wrote the following letter:

Irishman, *Flag of Ireland* and *Shamrock*—Dublin, March 9, 1881—Office No. 33 Lower Abbey street.

MY DEAR MR. EGAN I was glad to get your note of the 8 h inst., as I thought you had decided to not take any notice of my letter, and I was about to take a step which I could not recall It is well that you should understand the nature of the document I am asked to pub lish. It would be, I think, very damaging to the League, even though it may be proved to be mainly built up of fabrication. It proceeds in this way: It gives the amounts received for the League and acknowledged from week to week, and also the sums stated to have been disbursed. The total amount (as near as I can recollect) said to have been received per the League up to the — of February is £40,000 (in round numbers); taken from the relief fund, £10,000, and surplus of defence fund estimated at £16,000—in all not far short of £70,000. Then the payments for which the League takes credit in its weekly reports is put down at £1,0 0. Then it is asked what has become of the large balance, and goes on to say that so much was paid to one member of Parliament, so much to another, so much for this, that and the other election expenses, and so on, while, it is asserted, shoals of letters from evicted tenants for assistance were being received and disregarded at the League office.

ANOTHER LYING INTIMATION.

Then It is asked why the remaining funds were taken to France and the answer is given, "in order that they might be out of the way not of the Government, who dare not lay a finger on them, but of the people, to assist whom it was subscribed." It is to be kept to sustain Parliamentary agitation and support members of Parliament. Then there is something about a change of treasurers in America, made at your suggestion, in order that the money might reach your hands direct and no one else. This is but the baldest outline of the thing, which in my opinion is very damaging. My reason for thinking that the Castle people are the prime movers is that articles have appeared in the *Express* written much in the same tendency, but infinitely more guarded and cautious. I enclose one that appeared yesterday. Now, you will see from the enclosed note that if I publish this document I will get £500 and will not be required to vouch for the correctness of any of the statements it contains.

HE DEMANDED MONEY AT ANY COST.

I come to the point, therefore. I am in desperate straits. I must have money somehow or throw up the sponge at once. I cannot afford to let so lucky a chance pass of saving myself literally from ruin. No matter what the consequences are I must and will take this offer, unless you come to my assistance. I will close with these people, send you the full amount I owe you, print the thing and await events, unless you will stand by me. All I want from you is a temporary loan of £500. Surely you can manage that. It may be difficult, but it is to be done I know perfectly well. This will leave me in perfectly smooth water, and I will take no further notice of the other fellows. The money will be sure to be repaid, and prove to be the best laid out money the League has ever expended. Be good enough to give this matter your earliest and most favorable attention. If I do not hear from you by Monday morning I shall be reluctantly compelled to close with these people, because my affairs are now arrived at such a crisis that delay will be fatal.—Faithfully yours, RICHARD PIGOTT.

P. Egan, Esq.

EGAN REFUSES TO BE BLED.

To this Mr. Egan replied as follows:

HOTEL BRIGHTON, No. 218 RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS, March 11th, 1881.

SIR,—As I understand your letter, which reached me to-day, it is a threat that unless I forward you money by Monday next you will close with the Government and for the consideration of a sum of £500 publish for them certain documents, which you believe to be false, against the Land League. Under any circumstances I have no power to so apply any of the funds of the League. But even if I had the power I would not under any circumstances act upon it. Whenever any such accusations are made we will know how to defend ourselves.—Yours truly, PATRICK EGAN.

Richard Pigott, Esq., *Irishman*.

Latest Scottish News.

Right Rev. John Macdonald, Roman Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen, died on 4th Feb. He was 70 years of age, and a native of Strathglass.

The Parish Church of Arbuthnot, Kincardineshire, was entirely gutted by fire, which broke out on Sunday morning, the 3rd inst., a little before the time for service.

The late Miss Agnes Smith, of Cornwall House, Helensburgh, bequeathed £5,200 to Glasgow and West of Scotland charities and to several of the schemes of the Church of Scotland.

The Royal charter creating Dundee a city was received on the 4th Feb. by the Town Council, and it was intimated that henceforth the Chief Magistrate would be designated Lord Provost.

Warrant has been granted to sell the furniture and effects of Rev. J. Jack, of Kingoldrum, for payment of the damages for breach of promise obtained by Miss Simpson, of Dundee.

When the last mail left, in the outskirts of Edinburgh daisies and primroses were blooming in the gardens, and in some flower pots at Morningside even June-flowering gillyflowers were in blossom.

Rev. John McNeil, late of Edinburgh, on giving a discourse lately in London, used the word "sough;" when some of the Cockneys smiled, he cleverly said: "Perhaps I might have apologised, but this comes of the people having only *one* language!"

The present head of the ancient house of Craigdarroch—Captain Robert Cutlar Ferguson, A. D. C., of the Scotch Guards—was married on the 5th inst. in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, London, to Rose, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Grant Hodgson, of Cabalva, Herefordshire.

It would appear that Lady Rosebery can, like Lady Aberdeen, make good speeches. The other day she made one in Glasgow on behalf of the deaf and dumb, which it is said "was neat to the point, and was much applauded." Lady Rosebery's mother, the late Baroness Meyer Rothschild, was one of the founders of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. Alexander Ross, bailie of Holyrood, died the other day at his residence, Howe street, Edinburgh, at the age of 73 years. Mr. Ross was employed in the office of Tods, Murray & Jamieson, writers to the signet, for more than a generation. He was appointed bailie of Holyrood in 1879, and his death removes the last link that connected an old system with the present.

Marriage Under Protest.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has been called upon to say whether a ceremony performed under these circumstances constituted a valid marriage: The girl charged her parents with forcing her into marriage with a man she did not want to wed. During the ceremony she told the Justice "if he tied the knot forty times it would not stay tied;" that she "did not like the man" and would not live with him. "They made me stand up," she continued, "and when I was asked whether I would take him to be my husband I said, 'No, I won't,' and on every question asked me that I ought to have said 'yes' I said 'no' plain, and the next day I ran away." In spite of this very unusual conduct the Justice calmly proceeded to pronounce the pair man and wife, with the customary congratulation, and the ceremony was held legal by the Circuit Court. The Supreme Court, however, says "a concurring consent by two minds at the same instant" is essential to a legal marriage, and that the ceremony in this case was not valid because the girl did not consent to it.

The Origin of "My Uncle."

The term uncles, as applied to a pawnbroker's shop, is said to be a pun on the Latin word uncus, a hook. Pawnbrokers employed a hook to lift articles pawned before spouts were adopted. "Gone to the uncus," therefore, is exactly tantamount to the more modern phrase "up the spout." In French the concierge of a prison is called uncle because the prisoners are "kept there in pawn" by government. In the seventeenth century a usurer was called "my uncle" in the Walloon provinces because of his near connection with spendthrifts, called in Latin nepotes, nephews. —*Notes and Queries.*

Liquor and Bad Cooking.

Admitting to the fullest extent all that may be presented as to the bad effects of liquor, may it not be held that dyspepsia caused by bad cooking is as bad or even a worse evil, whether considered materially or morally, than the moderate consumption of liquors which constitutes their average use?—*Edward Atkinson in the March Forum.*

She Knew Him.

Brown—I had a little controversy this morning——

Brown's wife—Well, he was right?

Brown—How do you know? You haven't the faintest idea what it was about, who it was with, nor what side I took.

Brown's wife—It doesn't matter. Whoever differed with you was right.

John Lesperance Insane.

A Montreal despatch says: *L'Etendard* announces that Mr. John Lesperance, editor of the *Dominion Illustrated*, "Laclede" of the *Gazette*, has lost his reason and been sent to the Longue Point Asylum.

There is no more sense in hating a man because he is rich than there would be in loving one because he is poor. Girls understand this sort of thing better than hoodums.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE "PRINCE OF MASHERS."

A Bold Burglar with a Wife in Every City Visited by Him.

HE MARRIES AND THEN DISAPPEARS.

A wife in nearly every city in the country is the record of George McDaniels, the celebrated burglar, who was arrested in this city last week. McDaniels is one of the most desperate criminals in the country, and he is to be returned to Georgia next week to finish out his fifteen-year sentence for a robbery in Savannah.

While his successes at robbery place him in the front rank of professional thievery, his equally romantic exploits in the field of love make a remarkable chronicle. When McDaniels was arrested in this city in 1885 for burglary, a pretty girl who resided near Bridgeton, N.J., and who claimed to be his wife, enlisted the sympathies of many by her devotion to the handsome burglar. His two years' confinement in the Eastern penitentiary evidently extinguished his passion for this faithful girl, and immediately upon his release McDaniels repaired to Florida, where he captivated a 16-year-old Southern beauty of wealth and position. The girl was fascinated by his appearance and refined manners. After a short courtship they were married. The honeymoon was celebrated by McDaniels' arrest for a robbery. He was acquitted, owing to lack of evidence. This was his last matrimonial exploit, and the beginning of a career of crime that resulted in his capture and fifteen years' sentence. He shortly deserted his youthful bride—she procuring a divorce and went to Savannah.

SHE THANKED HER STARS.

A few days after his arrival the town was startled by the news of a jewellery robbery—one of the leading stores had been broken into and a large amount of valuable stock taken. Overconfidence was the cause of McDaniels' arrest. Heedless of the close watch kept on him by the authorities, he packed his plunder in a big box, walked leisurely into the express office, directed the box to himself at New York, and a moment after was under arrest. The proof of his guilt was overwhelming, and he was shortly afterward sentenced. After his sentence the authorities began to discover what a prince of robbers and heartbreakers their capture was. The investigation was prompted by a letter from the girl wife, who suspected her mistake and thanked her lucky stars for securing a divorce. They found that his launch upon the matrimonial sea was made shortly after doing a big job in Chicago, where he made love to a young lady of good looks and family. Victim No. 2 was a popular miss of Fremont, O. He varied the monotony of love-making in Fremont by a big robbery.

HIS POWER OVER WOMEN.

But McDaniels proved the completeness of his power over women when he made love to a beautiful young Ohio girl who had lived near Cincinnati. The authorities tracked five robberies to his account while he was stopping in this town, and he escaped to New York before they could catch him. The plunder was found in the young lady's house, and the police arrested her. Rather than betray her lover she submitted to imprisonment, but was repaid by McDaniels deserting her shortly after. A man in New York, well acquainted with McDaniels, said that he had a wife or sweetheart in every town he ever visited, and that every city complimented by his appearance had to pay dearly for it in the shape of a big robbery.

A GREAT LIST OF CRIMES.

McDaniels is also credited with committing robberies at Reading, Harrisburg, Easton—where three big jobs are charged—Cincinnati, Chicago, Birmingham, Ala.; Louisville, Rochester, Indianapolis and several other towns in Indiana, St. Paul, Boston and Altoona. Several post-office robberies in Illinois are supposed to be the work of this remarkable burglar. The above cities are also the scenes of his triumphs in affairs of the heart. After his escape from the mines last June McDaniels visited a near-by town and secured a fine outfit. He worked his way north to fashionable Saratoga. The detectives say that there is no more dangerous criminal in the country than he.

A DEATH BATTLE EXPECTED.

When he starts for Georgia on Tuesday morning next he will be closely guarded by Detectives Tate and Johnson, of Easton. Any relaxation of watchfulness on their part will probably cost them their lives, as McDaniels has declared that he will not return to the mines alive, if he can prevent it, and vows his intention to escape at any cost. The detectives say that they have not the slightest doubt but that he will kill them if an opportunity shall offer. McDaniels' own threats warrant the assertion. For himself he says: "Hell couldn't have more terrors for a man than those mines, and I'd sooner be sentenced to thirty years in a Northern prison than go back." —*Philadelphia Record.*

A Phenomenon.

McQueen's Lake, near Sydney, C. B., recently had a remarkable sensation. Ice, with which the lake was covered, suddenly cracked like a boiler explosion, and something like a whale rose above the surface, showing between twenty and sixty feet of its body, according to the reports. Then it subsided, but the hole in the ice and the dirt cast about were left to mark its appearance. The same lake was affected in very much the same manner about twenty years ago, when the ice was about six inches thick. A scientist advances the theory of a hot spring or sort of volcano which is affected periodically, and throws mud, etc., from the bottom of the lake.

Found at Last.

In a Pullman sleeper:

Bride (in upper berth)—Darling!

Groom (in lower berth)—Yes, precious.

Bride—I've found something I've been looking for since my sixteenth birthday.

Groom—What's that, darling?

Bride—A man under my bed.

Clear Case of Bulldozing.

Judge—"If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong even during the engagement, why did you marry her?"

Abused Husband (meekly)—"I—didn't marry her, she married *me*."

Is any "Flower Born to Blush Unseen?"

The old wives tell us "that blushing is virtue's livery." But, alas! to many a maiden, whose soul is purity itself, has been denied the gracious privilege of wearing the delicate crimson; and all because her skin is covered with blotches, pimples, yellow "liver spots," and other discolorations. Who can tell how such a maiden loathes the very sight of herself, or who shall intrude upon her as she weeps bitter tears over her uncomely appearance? Thrice unhappy she, if by the use of cosmetics she shall seek to hide her wretched complexion. But if she will use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to regulate the liver and purify the blood of all poisonous humors, she will find that her "flesh shall come again like unto the flesh of a little child." It cures scrofula, tetter, salt-rheum, pimples, blotches, eruptions and all skin diseases. Druggists.

A Multinominous Woman.

Rarely has a woman changed her title so often, with only one marriage, as the wife of the former Chairman of the London Board of Works. She has been in turn: Miss Pennant, the Hon. Miss Pennant (when her father was made Lord Penrhyn), Lady James Hogg (when she became the consort of Sir James Hogg), Lady McGarel-Hogg (when her husband assumed that prenomen on receipt of a fortune), and finally Lady Magheramorne.—*N. Y. Post.*

100,000 People Perish.

More than 100,000 persons annually die in this country from consumption, which is but the child of catarrh. $500 reward is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, 50 cents.

London Fog.

Blind Man—"Now then, sir!—Look where you're going to!"

Jones—"I beg your pardon, my good fellow—this beastly fog—couldn't see you—lost my way—don't know where the dickens I am!"

Blind Man—"Fog, is there? Ah—just you take hold o' my arm, and tell me where you live, and I'll see you safe home. Fog makes no difference to me!"—*Punch.*

The Fastest Time on Record,

in the direction of the nearest drug store, is not too fast for any person to make who is troubled with constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or sick headache, and is, therefore, in need of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Gentle and effective; one a dose.

Horseshoeing Extraordinary.

On February 11th, Mr. George Hillman, of Suspension Bridge, N.Y., undertook, on a bet of $25, to shoe all around 25 horses inside of 10 hours, making in all 100 shoes to pull off, sharpen and put back again, without any help whatever. He won the money by shoeing 26 horses in 9 hours, which is extraordinary for one man to do.

How to Save Bad Debts.

Out in St. Louis a convention of wholesale grocers will meet next week to devise means for collecting bad debts, protecting the honest merchants and punishing the dishonest ones. We can tell the wholesale grocers how to do all this with absolute fairness and certainty. Sell for cash only. —*Philadelphia Record.*

One Door Always Open.

Mother—For mercy's sake, child, what do you expect to do in the world? You can't cook nor sew nor teach school, and you are not an heiress and will not learn a trade—what can you do?

Daughter—Well, mother, I can get married, can't I?

What is Christianity.

Having settled the question that marriage is a failure the London journals are now taking up the problem, "What is Christianity?"

Is there any better answer than the Golden Rule? Christianity means that or means nothing.

Mr. McEwan, M.P., has presented £60,000 to the University of Edinburgh, in order that an Academic Hall may be built, or will be capable of holding 3,000 persons.

DUNL. 11 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says.

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

SALESMEN We wish a few men sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp Wages $3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North Robertson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Our supply of the Carnival Star is exhausted.

A very interesting letter from Winnipeg will appear next week.

Remember the Ladies' Aid concert in the Methodist Church on Friday evening.

Be sure and attend the L A S concert in the Methodist Church Friday evening.

The county of Grey has a population of 77,082, according to the assessment roll of 1887

The Creemore Star's new heading wonderfully improves its typographical appearance

Our musicians are talking of reviving the oratorio of Queen Esther Hope the scheme will materialize

Immense bargains in gold and silver watches, ladies and gents' sizes at Russell's, Flesherton

FOR SALE Two beautiful canary birds for sale. Both fine singers Apply at J. G. Russell's

A S Vandusen, bailiff, sold a straw cutter on Monday for eight dollars It was almost new and originally cost $28.

Mr. R. P. Legate has painted for himself a new sign which now adorns the front of his carriage factory. It is a beauty, too

Mr J P Ottewell, veterinary surgeon, has been confined to the house for a week past with erysipelas in his hand, resulting from blood poisoning.

If you want your watch or clock repaired perfectly be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton. Every job guarateed to be perfect or no pay

Quite a respectable number of Fleshertonians visited the Sunday school teameeting at Eugenia on Tuesday evening, including the Glee Club.

If you want your watch or clock repaired perfectly, be sure and take it to Russell's Flesherton. Every job guaranteed to be perfect or no pay.

Call at once if you would secure some of the great bargains in watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, etc., at Russell's noted jewelry store, Flesherton

Seeds, Seeds, Seeds! -A fresh stock of timothy and clover at very low prices. Call and inspect and get quotations before purchasing elsewhere. Richardson's drug store

New Spring goods just arrived at J. Brown's, Priceville Boots, shoes, groceries, dry goods, etc, a large assortment and prices right. Call and examine

The cattle fair on Monday was scarcely worthy of that name. About a dozen animals were offered, but they were poor, very poor, and the owners asked big prices. Consequently sales were almost

The Advance is just booming Five new subscribers from one post office in one week may be considered pretty fair, and that is what we secured last week, without canvassing

Mr. P. Munshaw lost a valuable cow on Wednesday night last A post mortem was held on the remains, but the cause of death could not be learned. The malady was a strange one

Mr J. H. Campaign disposed of three seed drills on fair day Any person desiring a drill cannot do better than interview Mr C. He sells the Noxon, which is fully described in his advertisement.

Immense bargains still going on at Russell's, Flesherton, of watches, plain and gem rings, silverware, clocks, etc., do not miss them but call at once as they are going fast at these terribly low prices.

Miss Maud Richardson has been in Toronto during the past week selecting spring millinery. This will be good news for the ladies, but somewhat uninteresting for the poor husbands who have to foot the bill.

Mr. C. Treadgold has removed into Dr. Christoe's block, where he will have great pleasure in taking orders for the best pianos, organs, swing churns, washing machines, clothes wringers, fruit trees, etc. Boarders taken by the week, day or by the single meal at low rates.

R H. Henderson has been in Winnipeg lately, and on a postal last week says "The weather is warm as in summer Snow all gone. People are sowing their crop at Brandon, 130 miles west of here. Grand country." We are indebted to Mr. Henderson for copies of Winnipeg Siftings and Times.

The Canadian Horticulturist for March is one of the best numbers of that excellent publication ever issued. One dollar and choice in plant distribution.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

We had a pleasant call last week from a gentleman who is not afraid of travel—Mr. Arch. McMullen, of Port Elgin. He left here intending to strike across country, making use only of "shanks mares."

Last Saturday was one of the most blustering days of the winter. The road between here and Priceville was "full" so full that it could not keep the road, but had to zig-zag off through the fields.

The town of Beeton has not got a single resident minister. That explains the depravity of its one and only editor—Clawd who, however, shows signs of repentance. He is clamoring for a minister of the Gospel to settle in his midst.

Rev. Mr. Emes preached again last Sunday in the Presbyterian Church The gentleman is a pleasing speaker, with a musical, though not powerful voice His sermons are strong, vigorous, and fervent. An effort will be made to secure Mr. Emes as the permanent minister.

An Accident.

Mr. Thos. Grainger met with quite a painful accident last week. While drawing timber he accidentaly wrenched his leg, displacing the knee joint. With assistance he got it replaced, and has had an "impediment" in his walk ever since.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage.

Mechanics' Institute.

The Mechanics Institute is still moving. Only a few more dollars are required to secure the government grant of $50. When the amount has been subscribed a meeting of the members will be called and a committee appointed to start the machinery. Those desirous of being members should hand in their names without delay to J. G. Anderson.

A New M D.

Mr. Wm. Wright received a telegram from New York on Saturday, informing him that his son, had that day received the degree of M.D. Among a host of friends the Advance tenders congratulation to Dr. Will Wright. It is Dr. Wright's purpose to also take out a diploma for Canada and with that end in view he will resume his studies in Toronto and undergo the examination there.

Declined

A communication from Eugenia, referring to a matter mentioned by our Kimberley correspondent last week, has reached this office, but as no name accompanied it the waste basket is the only place where it can be inserted. Always send your name when writing to the press. That is a standing rule of journalism which this paper will not discard.

Flesherton Once More to the Front

Flesherton talent has once more been heard from. Last week's Scientific American illustrates a patent which has just been secured by Mr. John Flesher, of Edgington, son of W. K. Flesher of this place. The invention is an ingenious saw mill dog for holding firm any sized log which is being operated upon. Judging from the article as illustrated Mr Flesher's invention should be a paying one.

M S S, Orchestra.

The new Methodist Sunday School orchestra was confined on the first Sunday to two instruments. Mr. Vanzant had unfortunately cut his hand with a chisel and Mr Bellamy was suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia However, the bass viol and flute were there, and these, in conjunction with the organ, made a great improvement in the musical exercises The two gentlemen before named will no doubt be in their places next Sunday

Eugenia S. S. Teameeting.

The Methodist Sunday School teameeting held at Eugenia on Tuesday evening was a magnificent success, both financially and from an entertaining point of view. The church was filled with an appreciative audience. Tea was served from 5 to 7, after which the intellectual portion was entered upon. M. Richardson, Esq. of Flesherton, occupied the chair. The speakers were Rev. Mr. Shilton, Rev. Mr. Madden of Heathcote, Dr. Christoe, and Mr. Elijah Paul. The recitations, dialogues and singing of the children were all excellent. The Glee Club, of Flesherton, also entertained the audience. The chairman announced that the proceeds amounted to $40, which shows that great interest must have been taken in this first annual teameeting of the Eugenia Methodist Sunday School.

Who Was the Mash ?

By referring to a communication in last week's Advance headed "A Seven Days Trip," it will be noticed that the two parties returned home with a young lady guest. This young lady writes a letter to the Creemore Star telling about her drive and closes by saying: "I have made a mash here already. When we shouldered our knapsacks we thought the railroad would be the best walking so we struck for the station (Flesherton) which we entered to get warmed and met a fine young gentleman who was greately prepossessed with my appearance. But I am getting too confidential Mr. Editor. Suffice it to say I expect to met him anon." Have they met? oh, have they met again? Could you throw any light on the subject Mr. M.? Our soul waits in anguish for the reply. In the meantime young men in the vicinity of the station would do well to understand that this young lady is a "masher" from Nottawasaga, and don't you forget it.

School Report.

Monthly report of pupils' standing in S.S. no. 6, Artemesia, for February.—Fourth Class Ida Stone 74, Sarah Hazard 60, Nettie Stone 59, Ben Stone 46. Third Class—Millie Stone 71, Harry Stone 65, W. J. Beatty 55, Alfred Stone 40. Second Class Ulric Stone 67, Meda Whittaker 49, Norman Fletcher 44, Maggie Hazard 20.

Four only are given from each class.

Concert at Priceville.

The Methodists of Priceville held a concert in their church on Monday evening, which was largely attended and proved a very pleasant affair. Rev. Mr. Ottewell occupied the chair. There were speeches, recitations, readings, vocal and instrumental music. There was one recitation by little Miss Martha Brander, entitled "There is a By and By," which was well worthy of special mention. In fact the whole program showed careful and painstaking training. The object of the concert was to assist in paying off a small debt which hangs over the organ. One of the speakers a Mr. McLean was not in accord with the object in view, and did not hesitate to deliver his opinion upon the folly of having organs in churches. Our reporter has forgotten whether or not a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. McLean. The proceeds were $15.60.

Mrs. Shilton.

Mrs. Clara E Shilton, who will sing in the Methodist church on Friday evening, is a lady of rare attainments. She has received a thorough musical training, being a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music. At the concert in the Pavilion, Toronto, mentioned in last week's Advance, which was held under the auspices of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and at which Madame Albani and suite were present, Mrs. Shilton received the greatest honor of the evening. Madame Albani leaned over the gallery, slapping her hands enthusiastically recalling Mrs. Shilton twice. This from the great prima donna, who ranks second to none in the world, proves that we will have with us a star of brilliant magnitude, and one which Flesherton will seldom, if ever, have the opportunity of hearing again. Any person who has the least music in their souls will long regret it if they do not hear this talented lady on Friday evening.

It is Rumored That

The R.T. of T. will place a new organ in their hall very soon.

And that Carey Treadgold, Esq., will receive the order.

Also that Mr. Treadgold has opened a shop in T. Duncan's old stand

That Mr. Damude is doing a rushing trade in stave bolts for which he pays cash. In fact business is "staving" there.

That we will not have any more carnivals this winter.

That another of our young men is going to the Northwest in a week or two, and will take his snowshoes along. He says he Will go.

That we won't allow any more of our handsome young women to leave this town for foreign territory. The exodus must be stopped!

That Mr McGill has a lending library, only accessible to marriageable young ladies. We think, however, that this rumor is incorrect

Married.

ROBERTS—McMULLEN. In Osprey, on Tuesday, 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hugh Roberts, of McIntyre, to Miss Annie McMullen, of Osprey.

BORN.

LAWRENCE—At Kimberley, on Friday, 8th inst., the wife of Mr. Jas Lawrence of a son.

MOORE—In Flesherton on Monday, March 10th the wife of J. L. Moore of a son

PETCH—In Flesherton on Thursday, March 7th, the wife of Wm Petch of a son.

HAWK—In Flesherton, on Friday, March 1, the wife of G. W. Hawk of a son

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00 to	5 00
Fall Wheat	1 00 to	1 05
Spring Wheat	1 00	1 05
Barley	0 45	0 45
Oats	0 31	0 31
Peas	0 53	0 53
Butter	0 16	0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 16	0 16
Potatos bush.	0 20	0 20
Pork	6 00	6 50
Hay per ton	9 00	9 00
Hides	3 50	4 50
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	1 35
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per 15	0 06	0 06

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth! If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE.

North part of Lot 11, Con. 7, Euphrasia, 100 acres 50 acres cleared, house and barn 4750, $300 cash, balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent Apply to

S. PAYNE
Flesherton

Prizes for Farmers' Sons and Daughters.

The directors of Centre Grey Farmers' Institute offer the following prizes to pupils under 16 years of age who will write an Essay on the best method of managing a farm of 100 acres, to make farming pay on a farm of 100 acres, 75 acres cleared, with suitable buildings, fences and well fit to be farmed with improved implements. Soil a clay loam and capable of producing an average crop the first year all manures and implements supplied and a capital of $500 would be sufficient. The farm to commence first of April 1888. The above prizes to be competed for by scholars under 16 years of age residing in the Riding, and who have never left the farm.

Also at the same time and place an Essay on the same condition, there will be offered to young ladies the following prizes, $2, $1 and 50c for original essays on the best methods to be adopted in order to make a happy and prosperous home.

A prize of $5 00 is also offered to students of Ontario Agricultural College on the same terms for the best essay on the benefits secured through an Agricultural College education.

Condition of competition 1 No award will be made unless in the opinion of the judges there are entitled to a prize. 2 The essays will be judged by the ideas, arrangement, conciseness and conformity with the subject and not by the grammar punctuation or spelling. 3 The essays to be forwarded to the secretary not later than the 30th of May, when they will be placed in the hands of a competent, disinterested person, who has been chosen as judge, and will be returned by the Sec. to the successful essayists on June 15. Any further information will be given by applying to the Secretary Centre Grey Farmers Institute.

J. T. GRAHAM
Vandeleur

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.

done as heretofore.

I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND

PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS,
NEW LARD, BOLOGNA,
ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

AT

BLACKBURN'S

Thoroughbred Durham Bull FOR SALE.

Mr W. H. O'Brien, E. half lot 1, Con. 3, Euphrasia, offers for sale a first class thoroughbred Durham bull, 2 years old. Apply on the premises, or Eugenia P. O.

THOROUGHBRED GALLAWAY BULL.

For service on Lot 11, 3rd range east, Artemesia Any one bringing cows will only be charged for 1. Terms, $1.00.

THOROUGHBRED DURHAM BULL.

For service. Terms, 50cts. Also a

Thoroughbred BOAR.

For service. Terms, 75cts

JACOB THOMPSON, Proprietor

$25 PER WEEK

Energetic pushing men of good character who want to do something for themselves can make from $20 to $25 per week selling my Nursery Stock. Write to me before you engage for the coming season's work. I have a handsome specialties and my system assures success. No previous experience required and work permanent. Apply for terms to Fred. E. Young, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

Farms to Rent!

IMPROVED and UNIMPROVED

FARMS FOR SALE.

Apply to
J. W. ARMSTRONG.

Flesherton, Jan. 7th, 1889

Medical.

DR. CARTER.

M C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block Residence J. G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario

Enquire at first door east of Grier Astor or Atkinson's Hotel

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT

Office: Manley's Drug Store.

T. S. SPROULE, M.D., Late ANGUS EGO, M.D., late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be in Flesherton at Mark's Hotel on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET, SOUTH END OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

FLESHERTON

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of T.C.D.S.

Will visit FLESHERTON, Marshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art and at moderate rates

HEAD OFFICE 761 YONGE ST. TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager

MR. FROST will also be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, J.P., B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property

D. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Re advance one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY

P.M.P., CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.

DEEDS MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

A Dialogue.

Who is that young man with a moustache going up the street with the papers in his pocket, Pa ?

That is W. J. Bellamy, the Conveyancer, Insurance and Loan Agent, my son.

Where does he live, Pa ?

In Flesherton, above Dr. Christoe's dwelling, my son.

Is he a nice man, Pa ?

Yes my son he is a very nice, courteous man.

How do you know, Pa ?

Well my son I have had him to do a good deal of business for me and have proved him such.

If you were selling your farm, or getting your buildings insured, or wanted to borrow money, to whom would you go to get the business done, Pa ?

To Mr. Bellamy, my son.

Why, Pa ?

Because my son he has had a large experience in the business, and I should feel sure that it would be done right.

Where does Bellamy get all the money he lends, Pa ?

From the North of Scotland Mortgage Co., my son.

Where does the North of Scotland live, Pa ?

Do not ask me so many questions my son You will drive me crazy.

How long does it take to learn to be a conveyancer, Pa ?

About one month, my son.

But to be a good conveyancer, Pa?

Well my son, in order to know where to get cheap money, to do insurance properly, or to draw deeds, mortgages, leases, wills, &c., correctly, a man should be in the business from five to twenty years.

How long has Mr. Bellamy been in that line, Pa ?

About ten years, my son.

Have you any money, Pa ?

Not now my son, but I am going to borrow some through Mr. Bellamy. What do you want it for ?

I want to buy a North of Scotland, a Waterloo, or a Lancashire, or some of those companies from Mr. Bellamy. How much would they be, Pa ?

Do not ask me any more questions, my child.

Are you soon going home, Pa ?

Just as soon as I leave my application for a loan and insurance with Bellamy, my son.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read a first time:

To amend the Act respecting the devolution of estates.—Mr Freeman.

To amend the Act for the protection of game and fur-bearing animals.—Mr. Morgan.

The Bill to amend the Ontario Factories Act, in charge of Mr. Fraser, was read a third time without comment.

The House went into committee, advanced a number of Bills a stage and rose again.

Mr. Morgan moved for a return showing the names of the municipalities which have passed by-laws under the authority of the Ontario Shops Regulation Act, distinguishing between cases where such by-laws were passed in pursuance of petitions therefor, and the cases where by-laws were passed without petitions in favor thereof; and showing also which of the by-laws have since been repealed.

Mr. Morgan spoke briefly to his motion, explaining that it was intended to derive information. He hinted, however, that the majority of shopkeepers seemed to regard it as an unwarranted interference with their liberties

Hon. Mr. Fraser consented to the return, but suggested that a few lines should be added to it, requiring additional information concerning the by-laws repealed. He took exception to Mr. Morgan's view that shopkeepers regarded the Bill as an interference with their liberties. His conviction was that the majority of shopkeepers favored the Bill. It was natural, however, that Mr. Morgan, who had originally opposed the measure, should insist upon retaining his original views.

The motion passed as amended.

Mr. Harcourt moved for an address for a copy of the argument before the Privy Council as to the boundaries of this Province; the case submitted to the Privy Council by each of the parties to the reference; the order of Her Majesty in Council thereon, and also a copy of the like documents on the recent appeal to the Privy Council respecting the ownership of the lands in the formerly disputed territory. The motion was carried without comment.

Mr. McKay moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Act respecting the study of anatomy. He complained that the medical schools of Ontario are at a disadvantage, in this particular, compared with other medical schools, and that too many difficulties are put in the way of bodies being secured for the prosecution of the study. The Bill proposed to remove some of those difficulties, the principal one being that which enables persons not in any way connected with a person deceased, and whose body in ordinary cases would go to medical institutions, to step in and deprive the institution of such body. There were persons, actuated from false motives of humanity, who made a regular practice of doing this, and defeated the ends of the Act.

The Attorney-General admitted the importance of there being ample facility allowed in the study of anatomy, but did not want the law to be too harsh. He suggested that it be referred to a special committee.

A special committee, consisting largely of doctors, was thereupon appointed, and the Bill being read a second time was referred to it.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Municipal Act, concerning the jurisdiction of County Councils over roads and bridges. The Bill was well known to the House and is equally well known to the country. It has always been turned over to the Municipal Committee and fully considered by it. Messrs. Rae side, Wood (Hastings) and Meredith raised objections to it. Mr. Meredith suggested that considerable expense had been incurred in different parts of the Province last year in the way of deputations, etc., before the Municipal Committee last year had arrived at its decision, and he thought it hardly fair that they should be subjected to a repetition of these expenses so soon. Hon. Mr. Hardy agreed with Mr. Meredith and pointed out the very full and exhaustive discussion that the Bill had several times received before the Municipal Committee, in view of which he hardly thought it necessary to send it there again this year. The Municipal Committee had a tremendous amount of work before it, so much so that he was doubtful if they could get through their work so early as the Attorney-General had recently predicted. This Bill of itself would add immensely to the work of the committee, and therefore he asked Mr. Waters to withdraw it.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Willoughby, McLaughlin, Dack, Balfour, Phelps, Wood (Brant), Ferguson and Blyth, the speaking being generally against it.

Mr. Waters then withdrew the Bill.

Mr. Meredith moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Ontario Insurance Act, as respects contracts of life insurance. The main point of the Bill, and that to which he mainly devoted the arguments he used in introducing it, is that a contract is not to be invalidated by any erroneous statement contained in the application, unless such statement shall be material. These possible errors are to include any error that may be made in respect to the age of the applicant if the same should be made in good faith. At the same time the company is not to suffer from any such errors as the last mentioned, the Bill proposing to give the company leave to deduct an equitable sum from the amount originally recoverable by the contract.

Hon. Mr. Gibson raised no objection to the second reading of the Bill, though he pointed out one or two respects in which it would probably have to be amended when it passed into the hands of the committee. The Bill was then read a second time and sent to the Committee on Law Amendment, in spite of the protest of the Commissioner of Public Works, who insisted that the number of bills unloaded upon that committee would end in the funeral of somebody.

Mr. Meredith moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the revised statute respecting arbitrations and preferences. He pointed out the object of the Bill, which is, in brief, that an award or certificate of parties to an arbitration may be filed in the High Court of Justice, and that the time of moving against it be limited to fourteen days from the filing thereof. The Attorney-General accepted the Bill and it was read a second time.

The second Dog Bill of the day then came on the scene. It was in the hands of Mr. Dryden, and was rather on the opposite tack to that introduced earlier in the day by Mr. French. It proposes mainly to amend the law by increasing the annual tax as follows: $2 for a dog and $4 for a bitch, and for each dog after the first $4, and for each bitch $6. Mr. Dryden did his best to show that dogs generally were a nuisance, and that the money spent on them was wasted and that a good deal of foolish sentiment was thrown away upon them. His only object, he said, in proposing to increase the tax was that the number of dogs kept might be diminished He referred to the large number of dogs kept in the State of Ohio, and showed from statistics that during eight years as much as $12,000,000 was expended there in the maintenance of canines, not counting the $1,000,000 damage, or so, that they did during that period. The Bill also proposes to give a man the right to kill a dog "which he finds straying on any farm, unless such dog is securely muzzled or accompanied by and under control of the owner or other person in charge." Mr Dryden showed a marked antipathy to canines throughout and rated them roundly, Mr. French, their friend, looking doggedly on meanwhile. Mr. Dryden so impressed him, however, that he, too, forsook the cause of the oppressed ones, making merely a gentle protest against one or two of its provisions, and the Bill was read a second time and referred to a special committee.

The House then read a second time the Bills of Mr. Craig and Mr. Clarke (Wellington) to amend the Municipal Act, and adjourned at half-past 9 o'clock.

Mr. Fraser's Bill, "the Assessment Amendment Act, 1889," which makes the Assessment Act in line with the Manhood Suffrage Act, was passed through committee of the whole with a few verbal amendments and reported. The Bill requires assessors to return their rolls by the 30th April.

The Bill to amend the Ontario Shops Regulation Act, 1868 (Mr. Fraser), was read the second time, on the understanding that a full discussion might be allowed in committee of the whole.

Mr. Gibson's Bill to amend the Pharmacy Act was read the second time. Its principal clauses provided that the Pharmaceutical Council may have a by-law dividing the Province into thirteen electoral divisions, each to be represented by a member in the council. The thirteen members of the council must be selected from those who are active pharmaceutical chemists in the Province.

Mr. Creighton said the Bill would want watching in Committee of the Whole. The Bill excluded wholesale druggists from seats in the council, a restriction of a very questionable nature.

Mr. Mowat's Bill providing the forms of oaths necessary under the Manhood Suffrage Act was read the second time.

Mr Mowat's Bill regulating certain matters of detail under the Land Titles Act was read the second time.

Mr. Hardy moved the second reading of the Bill to give representation in the Legislature to the district of Nipissing. He described the development of the district, the enterprise of its inhabitants, and the extent of its natural resources, in glowing terms.

Mr. Creighton, while admitting the claims of Nipissing to representation, objected to the number of members in the House being increased. There should be a rearrangement with the view rather of reducing the total number

Mr. Armstrong said he was glad the Government had decided to give the district representation. The constituency adjoined his own, and he was quite satisfied that there was sufficient population to justify representation.

The Bill passed its second reading and was referred to a committee of the House.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Conmee—To amend the Ontario Election Act.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton)—To amend the Division Court Act.

Mr. Balfour moved for a return of a copy of any report made to the Government by the Prison Inspector and the Warden of the Central Prison of the result of their inquiries during the past year relating to prison labor in the United States.—Carried.

Mr. Waters, in moving the second reading of the Bill to enable widows and unmarried women to vote for members of the Legislative Assembly, said that it differed from that introduced by him last session in that the qualifications required in the present Bill were the same as those required for women voters at municipal elections. The machinery provided by the Bill was simple, and there would be no difficulty in working it side by side with that provided for the carrying out of the Manhood Suffrage Act. Women with property in nine cases out of ten manage it better than men. But we find a woman that is a ratepayer a good honest woman without a vote, while a worthless vagabond of a man, a drunken sot without a spark of manhood in his composition, is given a vote and put on a higher plane than this woman. It did not matter one particle to him or to any one else which side of politics women would vote for. On a former occasion the Attorney-General had voted for woman suffrage. He hoped the Attorney-General's Government would have the honor of granting woman's suffrage. What harm would arise from giving women the suffrage? What injury would it be to the public? The Attorney-General had told the ladies' deputation that he hoped to live to pass an Act in favor of this suffrage. Now he would say that we are not certain of a day's existence. (Applause.) Why not pass it now? Governments are not also assured of a continued existence, and it would be a matter of regret should Mr. Mowat's Government suffer defeat before a woman's suffrage bill is passed.

Mr. Dryden opposed the Bill on the ground that he believed there was no general feeling in favor of it. He held that the movement had gone far enough in the interests of the women. The ultimate effect of women entering into politics would be to bring forward the worst specimens of the sex, and to keep back the modest and honest women. The entrance of women into the political arena would be prejudicial to home life, of which there was already too little in this country. It would engender strife and dissension in the home circle, and set up one member of a family against another.

Mr. Metcalfe supported the Bill. He thought women ought to have a vote whether they wanted it or not.

Mr. A. M. Ross favored the principle of women having the franchise. He could not vote for the Bill because it contained a property qualification, after the House had in the case of men abolished the qualification.

Mr. Smith opposed the Bill because it discriminated against married women without property.

Mr. H. E. Clarke objected to female suffrage on the ground that it threatened the sanctity of the home and endangered the future of the race. Medical men knew what was comprehended by the second objection. Mr. Waters' Bill if passed must eventually and logically lead to womanhood suffrage. He did not think the country was prepared for this. He would vote against the Bill.

Mr. Hardy said Mr. Waters' Bill was, of course, less objectional than one giving womanhood suffrage, but he was afraid it would eventually lead to the broader measure. He agreed with the Treasurer that the House could not logically provide a property qualification for women after having swept it away from men. But he went further, and argued that any measure conferring the franchise on women would be prejudicial to the interests of society, and upon the ground of preserving the peace and interests of the home he would be justified in refusing to support the Bill. He read from an article by Mr. J. G. Holland, deprecating woman entering the field of politics. The proposal to give woman suffrage had been defeated in England, and on the continent it was not even listened to. They had had woman suffrage in Utah, and the women voted to perpetuate polygamy. In New Jersey they passed a measure of the kind, and were afterwards glad to repeal it. He moved in amendment to the motion

That all the words of the motion after "that" be omitted, and that there be inserted instead thereof the following

Thousands have not hitherto had votes at elections for the Imperial Parliament or for the Legislature of this Province or of any other Province of the Dominion, that while, on the one hand, the propriety of the extension of the suffrage to women has been strongly maintained, the opposite view has generally prevailed wherever representative Governments exist;

That if the right of female suffrage at Parliamentary elections were to be conceded the restrictions in Bill No. 60, entituled "An Act to enable widows and unmarried women to vote for members of the Legislative Assembly," as to the classes and qualifications of the women who would possess the suffrage are founded on no principle, and are repudiated by leading advocates of the movement;

That notwithstanding the restrictions which the said Bill purports to impose the principle of the Bill involves the extension of the franchise to all women on the same basis as the franchise for men,

That such an extension would double the number of the present electorate,

That there is reason for believing that it would even more than double such number, and might therefore involve the transfer to women of a preponderating voting power in all matters affecting the laws and institutions of the Province,

That such a far reaching extension of the franchise is a subject which the present electorate cannot be said to have ever dealt with or considered when selecting its representatives at the last election,

And that in all these circumstances it is the duty of this House as now constituted to refuse its assent to any measure involving the principle of female suffrage at parliamentary elections

Mr. Waters replied to the arguments against his Bill, and held that they were not well taken. Supposing that the women did want votes for prohibition purposes, they could not vote for prohibition till enfranchised by the Dominion. If they used the legislative franchise as a stepping-stone to get the Dominion franchise, so as to vote prohibition, it would be a grand result. He regretted to see so strong an amendment moved from the Government side, as it was an intimation to the women of the country that they need not expect to get the franchise from this Government.

Mr. Mowat said he did not so interpret the amendment. It simply intimated that it would be wrong for the House to pass such a measure, seeing that the country had not considered what it involved. He was still in favor of woman suffrage. The supposed consequences which would flow from it had been immensely exaggerated. It took but five minutes to deposit a ballot. He failed to see how five minutes spent in this way once every four years could endanger home life. Still, the House would be wrong to thrust woman suffrage either upon the women or upon the country till it was wanted. He failed to understand that in any constituency the question had been taken as a serious issue. Neither the men nor the women of the country were prepared for it. Twenty thousand petitioning for it means little out of a population of two millions. For the present, therefore, he felt it his duty to vote for the amendment.

Mr. Meredith said that if any portion of the women were to be enfranchised, then the whole of them must be enfranchised, and then there would be no escape from the legitimate result that women should be given seats in the Legislature. The Bill proposed what, in short, would be a revolution, the consequences of which no one could foresee. He regretted that all the members who opposed the Bill had not the courage to express their convictions. Where were there to be found among the women advocates of this measure the mothers of the country? It had been said that woman suffrage existed in Wyoming. It was no wonder; a woman was a *rara avis* there, and it was surprising the women had not been made governors. He would support the amendment. He hoped no one would give the Bill a complimentary vote. There was great danger in such a course.

Mr. Creighton wanted the agitation stopped just now, because it was a dangerous agitation.

The question was then put on the amendment, which was carried by 56 yeas to 22 nays on the following division:

YEAS—Messrs. Awrey, Ballantyne, Blezard, Blyth, Bronson, Chisholm, Clancy, Clarke, E. F. (Toronto), Clarke, H. E. (Toronto), Clarke (Wellington), Conmee, Craig, Creighton, Dance, Dryden, Eventurel, Fell, Fraser, Freeman, French, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Gilmour, Gould, Guthrie, Hammell, Harcourt, Hardy, Hess, Hudson, Kerns, Lees, Lyon, McMahon, Master, Meredith, Monk, Morgan, Mowat, Murray, O'Connor, Pacaud, Phelps, Preston, Rayside, Ross (Huron), Ross (Middlesex), Smith (Frontenac), Smith (York), Snider, Stewart, Tooley, Whitney, Willoughby, Wood (Hastings), Wood (Brant)—56.

NAYS—Messrs. Allan, Armstrong, Balfour, Caldwell, Cruess, Dack, Ferguson, Field, Garson, Graham, Ingram, McAndrew, Mack, Marter, Meacham, Metcalf, Miller, Morin, Ostrom, Rorke, Stratton, Waters—22.

PAIRS—McKay and Dr. McLaughlin.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. McMahon—To amend the General Road Companies Act.

Mr. Guthrie—To amend the Municipal Act.

Mr. Mowat—To enforce orders under the Act respecting master and servant; also respecting steam threshing machines.

The Bill respecting St. Jude's Church, Oakville (Mr. Kerns), was read the third time and passed.

Asylum for the Insane, London	$127,854 00
Asylum for the Insane, Kingston	87,505 00
Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton	118,857 00
Asylum for Idiots, Orillia	49,657 00
Central Prison, Toronto	94,993 00
Reformatory, Penetang	41,910 00
Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Belleville	40,727 16
Blind Asylum, Brantford	34,866 00
Mercer Asylum, Toronto	31,536 00
Total amount voted for maintenance of public institutions	$736,084 16

The committee reported and asked leave to sit again.

Mr. Hardy moved the second reading of the Act respecting the formation of new counties. He explained that the Act did not apply to counties with less than 50,000 inhabitants. The Act proposed that the ratepayers entitled to vote at municipal elections might petition the Lieutenant-Governor to appoint commissions to consider the propriety of forming a new county.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) opposed the Bill. He said that only wire-pullers and office-seekers wanted the Bill passed. He was very sorry the Government had placed its friends in such a false position.

Mr. Allan said there was no feeling among the people at large in favor of this measure.

Mr. Ballantyne said that the Bill was simply retrogressive legislation. He would vote against the measure if it would defeat the Government.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Awrey—To amend the Act respecting references to arbitration.

Mr. Mowat—Respecting the powers of electric light companies. Also respecting the administration of justice in certain cases.

The followng Bills were read the third time and passed:

Respecting the limited liability of incorporated companies—The Attorney-General.

To amend the Agricultural and Arts Act—Mr. Drury.

Mr. Creighton moved for a return of all correspondence between the Department of the Attorney-General, or any officer employed by the Government, and any person or persons respecting the arrest and incarceration of one Hannah Boyd on a criminal charge, and the reported refusal of the authorities to permit legal counsel to have an opportunity of consulting or advising with her as to her defence. He said he did not wish to blame the Attorney-General personally for the manner in which Hannah Boyd had been treated in the endeavor of the authorities to elucidate the Galt poisoning case. He would like to know if it was true that Hannah Boyd had been refused permission to see her legal counsel.

Mr. Mowat said it had been discovered that a person suspected of the crime was in correspondence under a feigned name with this girl, also under a feigned name. The detectives believed that the persons who wished to see Hannah Boyd were employed by this man, hence the refusal of the authorities to permit communication between the parties. It would not be in the interest of the public to publish the correspondence.

Mr. Meredith said it had been avowed that the girl had been incarcerated in the hope that she would give information which would lead to the detection of the guilty parties. It was a gross breach of justice to refuse this girl permission to have counsel. Care ought to be taken that such a thing should not occur again.

Mr. Creighton, after commenting upon the unsatisfactory nature of the Attorney-General's explanation, and pointing out how dangerous it would be if the principle was recognized that persons arrested could be arbitrarily deprived of the aid of counsel, withdrew his motion.

Mr. Meredith asked if any compensation was paid this young woman.

Mr. Mowat could not remember.

The House adjourned at 6.05 p.m.

Baron de Hirsch on the Jewish Question.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Jewish Chronicle* telegraphs the following to that paper, under date of January 31st:

"The words of Baron de Hirsch have been incorrectly reported by the correspondent of the New York *Herald*. This eminent philanthropist has given too many proofs of his devotion to Judaism and to the Jews to be suspected of hostility to the cause he has defended with so much spirit and supported with so much munificence. Profoundly afflicted at seeing so many Jews reduced to extreme misery, by religious or racial hatred, he desired simply and plainly to tell the anti-Semites that, in persecuting the Jews, they were going directly against the object they seek, viz., an assimilation more or less complete; that it is not by violent proceedings they can attain this end, but, on the contrary, persecution stimulates religious sentiments. The baron declared: Remove every barrier, admit your Jewish compatriots to every right and advantage of social life, and there will be more chances for effecting the fusion which you appear desirous of witnessing. This is what happens in France and England, and indeed, wherever Jews enjoy the same rights as their fellow-citizens. Their intimate relations are on the increase, even mixed marriages are not rare in any class of society, and assimilation is progressively brought about by the natural order of things.

"Such you may declare with every assurance, are the ideas expressed by Baron de Hirsch in the course of the conversation reported by the New York *Herald*."

Nervousness.

Aunt Agnes (to her niece Arabella)—"I do not approve of these brief modern courtships. Why, I was engaged to your uncle three years."

Arabella (charmingly audacious)—"Oh, aunt, how nervous you must have been all the time!"

Young But Gifted.

Lie I. Time 11 a. m.—Mother—"Now mind, Johnnie, there's a ghost in that dark closet guarding the jam!" Johnnie trembles and commences to water at the mouth. Lie II. Time 2 p. m.—Johnnie—"Oh, mamma! The ghost has eaten half the jam!"

A DISMAL SWAMP STORY.

The Mysterious Huntress Two Young Men Tell About.

A Norfolk, Va., despatch says: Thomas J. Ballin and Andrew C. Woodhouse, young men, left their homes in the lower part of Norfolk county last Saturday for a hunt in an almost impenetrable portion of the famous Dismal Swamp. They returned yesterday, recounting their adventures and most singular experience up to that day. On Saturday night, while camped within half of a mile of Lake Drummond (situated in the centre of the swamp), and while engaged in building a fire, a snarl and then the peculiar cry of a wild cat were heard. Woodhouse started up to follow the cry, Ballin following with a blazing fagot to guide them. Suddenly a whirring sound was heard and a huge specimen of the swamp-cat fell at Woodhouse's feet from a large cypress tree. Upon examination the animal's head was found to have been pierced by a small arrow with a stone head. All attempts to discover the slayer were fruitless.

On Sunday while hunting around for lairs of the numerous animals that infest the swamp, some invisible being seemed to be engaged in frightening them away before the hunters could reach them, as if to prevent them engaging in such sport on the Sabbath. After a successful day's hunt on Monday, Ballin and his companion at night hied themselves to an old deserted hut, one side being almost entirely destroyed. The weather had turned very cold, and though a large fire had been built and they were wrapped in heavy overcoats, it was near midnight before they fell asleep. Near daybreak of Tuesday Woodhouse was awakened by feeling hot breath on his face, and by the light of the dying embers he saw a figure entirely clad in skins bending over him. The face was that of a young girl, her hair hanging in disorder from her head. In one hand she held a rough cross bow; the other was raised as if to warn Woodhouse not to stir. The face was of exceeding beauty, though sad. Her eyes beamed on him as if to say: "I am watching over you." Woodhouse was so startled that he did not attempt to rise or speak. The figure rose, and still pointing one hand toward him backed out from the hut and disappeared in the early dawn. Woodhouse immediately sprang up and discovered that Ballin and himself had been covered by skins to protect them from the piercing cold. After continuing their hunt on Tuesday they again went to the hut at nightfall, determined to keep awake and watch, but they were disappointed, for both fell asleep about midnight. Just before daybreak Woodhouse was awakened—this time by a gentle touch on his face, accompanied by the command to lie still. In words and intonation of voice which denoted a cultured mind he was warned to return home with his companion, and told to go to the most southern confines of the swamp—naming the spot—to dig three feet, and that he would find something she desired him to have. Then making him promise to lie still until she had left the hut, she again suddenly disappeared. Woodhouse immediately woke Ballin, and attempted to follow the young girl, but without success. Early on Wednesday morning both proceeded to the spot indicated, and, while not believing they would find anything, dug as requested. At the depth designated they found an old, half-rotten work-bag that must have been made a century ago. In it were several pieces of quaint jewellery, a number of incrusted Spanish dollars, gold doubloons, a miniature portrait and a moldy parchment paper marked with characters in an old-fashioned handwriting of bad spelling, describing where other treasures were concealed between there and the coast. Who the girl was, or how she became a wanderer in the swamp, is a mystery; but it is presumed that she is a descendant of the gang of pirates that utilized this section of the coast in hiding their spoils in the seventeenth century.

To-Day's Personal Gossip.

A new street in Stockholm has just been graced with the name of Jenny Lind.

General Harrison's new carriages were shipped from Chicago to Washington on Saturday.

The Duchess of Marlborough has definitely obtained the permission of the Queen to be presented at Court.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will appear in London next month in some tableaux for charity, under the auspices of Lady Gordon Lennox and other social lights.

At the opening of the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln, the English Primate sat in a chair which belonged to the Abbot of Reculver, who was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in 689.

Edison at 42 is a shriveled up, nervous man; Erickson at 85 is young in health and feeling. Edison doesn't exercise; Erickson spends several hours a day in his gymnasium.

Cancer and Suicide.

It requires a good deal of courage sometimes to face the inevitable. When a man has his leg or even his head broken, he feels that there is a limit to the period of his suffering, and with "a stout upper lip" he takes the bitter with the sweet. But young Geisenheimer was told that he had a cancer. He knew that the disease would prove fatal. He could not creep away from it, nor run away from it, nor even stand his ground and fight it. He felt as though death had got a relentless grip on him and would never let go. Under the influence of that dread certainty of continuous suffering, every ray of hope shut out, his spirits gave way. At last he became desperate, bought a pistol, waited until he had closed up his earthly affairs, and then settled his debt to nature with a thirty-two calibre bullet. Women are much more heroic under such circumstances than men.—*New York Herald.*

Clay Purified by Electricity.

Electricity is being more and more used for the purification of kaolin and other porcelain clays. The clay is sifted on to a rapidly revolving horizontal plate, which is surrounded with powerful electro-magnets, which retain the particles of iron. From this the clay passes to a second plate which removes the last traces. The process is said to be comparatively cheap and very rapid, and since its introduction many clays hitherto rejected as containing too much iron have become of value for the manufacture of pottery.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

The following Bills were introduced:

To incorporate the Northwest Junction & Lake of the Woods Railway Company—Mr. LaRiviere.

To incorporate the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters—Mr. Jamieson.

To incorporate the Northern Pacific & Manitoba Railway Company—Mr. Daly.

To further amend the Act incorporating the London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company—Mr. Cockburn.

Respecting the wires of telephone, telegraph and electric light companies in the city of Toronto—Mr. Small.

Mr. Costigan, on the orders of the day having been called, drew attention to newspaper reports that part of the Secret Service money of Canada, of which he was supposed to have control, had been expended in paying Le Caron, the informer in the Parnell investigation, for his services as a spy. He never heard of Le Caron till he appeared in connection with the Parnell trial, and never had had any connection with him whatever.

On motion to go into supply,

Mr. Laurier called the attention of the House to the question of the fisheries, and the position in which the relations between Canada and the United States stand with reference to that question. He said that at this moment there was no more important question to the people of Canada. It was a matter upon which the country had the right to expect the Government and Parliament to speak with no uncertain sound. When the hon. gentleman from Queen's, P. E. I. (Mr. Davies), asked whether the Government intended to continue the *modus vivendi*, the answer was the ever convenient and ever serviceable one—under consideration. It must have been then evident to every member of the House that the Government had no policy to announce; that they would continue, as upon other questions, irresolute, hesitating, until the time for deliberation would be past and the time for action would be well nigh gone. Under such circumstances, when the Government refused to stand up to the duty of the hour, it became the duty of the Opposition to step to the front and clear the way, to show what was the duty of the hour, and what course should be followed in the interests of the country at large. What, he asked, was the situation at this moment? The President of the United States was authorized to close American ports to our ships, nay more, to prevent the importation into the United States of any goods coming from Canada. When we consider that the exports from Canada last year exceeded forty millions of dollars it was easy to understand the magnitude of the evil which would be done to Canada if this policy were enforced. Here were two nations, both the offspring of the same Motherland, side by side, with every inducement to intimacy and friendship, on the verge of commercial war. It was well known that no less an authority than Sir Charles Tupper stated that the line which separated commercial war from actual war was very thin. Even if he did not go as far as Sir Charles Tuppen, even if nothing more than commercial war was threatened, the situation was a most deplorable one. For the present situation the Government of Canada was largely responsible. He would not say completely responsible. Justice and fairness compelled him to add that in many things the Government of the United States were as blameable as that of Canada. Were he an American on the floor of the Senate, he would protest against the course they had taken, against their lack of fairness and generosity; but he was a Canadian, and it was his duty to point out the way in which the Government of Canada had gone wrong. The Opposition still believed that the twelve years of reciprocity had been a golden era for Canada. It was a matter of history that that treaty was abrogated because the Government and the people of Canada, in common with a large part of the civilized world, in the great national struggle of the United States had not sympathized with the side on which there was right and justice. Times had changed since then, however. The England of to-day was no longer the England of 1861. It was largely, if not altogether, a democratic country. The England of 1861 was the same as the England of 1775, which resisted the effort of the United States for independence. He was at a loss to understand why Canada, which was a purely democratic country, did not throw her sympathy with the North and against slavery in the great struggle of the American war. Had we done so, we would have had their friendship in return, but one of their first acts after the close of the war was to cut off reciprocal trade with the United States, no doubt in consequence of the unfriendly attitude our Government and people assumed towards them at that time. That, he believed, was the first mistake our Government committed in their treatment of our neighbors. In 1885 we refused to ship American fish in bond. We seized their schooners for alleged and trivial violations of the construction we put upon the convention of 1818—a construction so narrow, and in some cases so inhuman, as to put schooners back to sea without giving them the privilege of buying food or other necessaries. They expected by this course to bring down the Americans, but instead we were menaced by the Retaliation Bill of 1887. At this juncture it was well that there was in the United States a true Canadian, whose name was received with jeers when mentioned in the House last year, who stepped to the front and did what should have been done by the Canadian Government long before. He constituted himself an ambassador to Secretary Bayard, and had an interview with him, which ultimately led to a conference between that official and Sir Charles Tupper. The name of that Canadian was Erastus Wiman, and on the admission of Sir Charles Tupper himself in the House, he it was who took the first step towards the conference. Commissioners were subsequently appointed and they met at Washington, and Sir Charles Tupper proposed to settle the question by a treaty giving freer intercourse between the two countries. It was rejected because, as he himself stated, of the irritation existing on account of the treatment American fishermen had received from the Canadian authorities. He (Mr. Laurier) would urge the Government to reverse that policy of harshness, and endeavor, not by acts of violence, but by peaceful means, to negotiate with our neighbors. He was quite aware that for daring to say that in this international question our Government were sometimes wrong and another nation right he would bring down the whole Conservative press on his head; but even as the British Ministry of 1775 lived to repent, as Lord Chatham foretold that they would, their action with reference to the then American Colonies, so would the present Government of this country see the folly of their policy in this great international question. He closed by moving the following amendment:

Resolved, that in view of the rejection by the Senate of the United States of the Washington Treaty of 1888, and the unfortunate and regrettable differences existing between Canada and the United States on the fishery question, this House is of opinion that steps should be taken at an early day by the Government of Canada for a satisfactory adjustment of such differences, and the securing of unrestricted freedom in the trade relations of the two countries, and that in any negotiations entered upon for such purposes, Canada should be directly represented by some one nominated by its Government. That in the meantime, and to prevent such negotiations being unfavorably entered upon, and to afford evidence of the anxious desire of Canada to promote good feeling, and remove all possible subjects of controversy, this House is of opinion that the *modus vivendi* proposed on behalf of the British Government to the Government of the United States with respect to the fisheries should be continued in operation during the ensuing fishing season.

Sir John Macdonald said it would have been more courteous to the Government side if the leader of the Opposition had informed them of the wide range which his amendment proposed to take. He had brought in three subjects, namely, the *modus vivendi*, our part in making foreign treaties, and the fishery question. He congratulated the hon. gentleman on the ability with which he had proved that in our negotiations with the United States we had been all wrong and the Opposition had been altogether right, and he did not lose sight of the hon. gentleman's advice to us, four millions of people, to adopt a conciliatory tone towards over sixty millions of our neighbors. But he could not agree with the hon. gentleman, because he did not believe that we were wrong. We have been right from the beginning. We were right in principle and right in practice. (Cheers.) But the hon. gentleman, who, like other cosmopolitans, was a friend to every country but his own, comes down just a few days before the advent of a new American Administration, with their policy undeclared, and says: "Go on your knees to Harrison and Blaine, and say to them that we were wrong and they were right," and after having given up everything in the world and having admitted that we had acted inhumanely towards American fishermen, ask them to make a new treaty. But the United States would say: "What is the use of making a new treaty when you have given up everything that you were contending for?" That was not the way that treaties were made, or that this Government proposed to make treaties. On the contrary, we must stand upon our dignity and upon our rights. He hoped and believed, from information received from an unofficial source, that the incoming United States Government would not do anything hostile to Canada. The *modus vivendi* provided that, in order to give an opportunity for consideration of a treaty, Canada offered for a reasonable fee the right to American fishermen to buy bait, tranship cargoes, make repairs, etc., in Canadian ports. With commendable prevision, power had been given to keep the *modus vivendi* alive till February, 1890, so as to afford a full opportunity for considering a treaty. He hardly needed to assure the House that upon the very first intimation by the United States of their willingness to enter upon enlarged relations with us, he would be most happy to do so, as well as to negotiate upon the more burning question of the fisheries. He protested against the statement that in the war between the North and South the sympathies of the Canadian Government and people were with the South. There could be no doubt that the sympathies of the masses and classes of England were with the South, but in Canada it was different. The Canadian Government were anxious to carry out the strictest neutrality, and were thanked again and again by the United States Government for their conduct. Our borders were lined with militiamen in order to prevent this country from being made the base of operations by Southerners. The cry that the reciprocal treaty of 1854 was terminated because of Canadian sympathy with the South was a mere pretext. The treaty was abrogated partly on account of the feeling against England and partly on account of the pressure brought upon the United States Government by American farmers and others, whose interests suffered from Canadian competition. The resolution would meet with the condemnation of the House and the condemnation of the country. He believed he knew the people of Canada, and he believed they would resist anything like the humiliation of their national honor. Servility was not a part of the people of Canada. They would rather put up with what they felt to be wrongs than with interference with their trade. He knew he spoke for the majority of the people when he said they were anxious and willing, more than anxious, to enter into the most free relations with the United States as far as the interests of Canada would allow. The hon. gentleman knew perfectly well that the resolution he proposed would meet with the indignant opposition not only of the House, but of the whole people of Canada.

Mr. Mills said that Sir John Macdonald had contradicted his former Finance Minister. Last session Sir Charles Tupper declared that the chief reason the reciprocity treaty was abrogated was because of Canadian sympathy with the South in their national struggle. He could not remember the Premier having been compared to Judas, and attributed that impression rather to a vivid imagination than to a retentive memory. Every clause of the treaty of 1871 to which the Liberals took exception, they still believed were not in the interest of the country.

Mr. Weldon (Albert) introduced a Bill to extend the provisions of the Extradition Act. He explained that the Bill proposed to legislate in the only direction in regard to extradition matters in which we can legislate outside of a treaty arrangement, namely, in the direction of driving out from amongst us those criminals who have fled from a foreign country to seek an asylum with us. Whatever view we might take of the criminal law, we would all admit that the arm of avenging justice was shorn of its strength when the criminal had crossed the boundary line into another country, where he could not be prosecuted. Under the existing treaty with the United States, the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, there were only five extraditable crimes, namely, murder, arson, assault with intent, piracy, and the commercial crime of forgery. The great increase in the commercial intercourse of the two countries since the framing of that Act had given rise to a greatly increased variety in commercial crimes, and there was a general desire that the scope of the Ashburton Treaty in this respect should be greatly enlarged. The Bill provides that in the event of the demand by States with which Great Britain has no extradition treaty, or where the treaty, if one exists, is inadequate, the Canadian Government may surrender the criminals who are enjoying an asylum here from the commission of certain flagrant crimes. A clause provided that the expense should be borne by the State which makes the demand, and the list of offences made extraditable included all the graver crimes. The Bill did not in any way impair or invade the right of asylum to all political offenders, which was secured to them by law in all parts of the British dominions. The Bill proposed to have a retroactive effect as regards criminals now enjoying asylum in Canada.

The Bill was read a first time.

To incorporate the Moosejaw, Battleford & Edmonton Railway Company—Mr. McDonnell.

To incorporate the Saskatchewan Railway & Mining Company—Mr. McCarthy.

To incorporate the Edmonton & Florenceville Railway Company—Mr. Landry (Kent).

To amend the charter of the Great Northwest Central Railway Company—Mr. Daly.

Respecting the Kingston & Pembroke Railway Company—Mr. Bell.

Respecting conditional relief of first offenders—Mr. Thompson.

Relating to bills of lading—Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Brown moved that the House resolve itself into committee on Wednesday next to consider the Bill to make further provision for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He said that this step was necessary in order to bring the Bill again before the House. When the Bill was considered he would make such explanations as would remove the objections taken, or would consent to modifications of it.

Mr Tisdale moved the six months' hoist.

The House divided on Mr. Brown's motion, which was carried on a vote of 96 yeas to 93 nays.

Mr. Haggart introduced a Bill to amend the Act respecting the postal service. In doing so he enumerated the changes proposed to be made by the Bill in the present law. Among these was one compelling steamboats navigating in Canadian waters to carry mails and persons travelling with mails at a charge to be fixed by the Governor-in-Council. Another clause proposed to bring decoy letters within the category of letters which it is punishable to steal. Another clause rendered the law more stringent in regard to sending publications or photographs of an immoral nature through the mails. It was proposed to increase the rate on registered letters to that collected in Great Britain and the United States, and a clause was inserted giving the Postmaster General power to prescribe a rate. The Bill increased the weight of letters which may be carried for 3 cents from one-half ounce to one ounce. Another clause raised the rate on drop letters from 1 cent per half ounce to 2 cents per ounce, or under. A rate of postage would be placed on newspapers and periodicals issued less frequently than once in every seven days of 1 cent per pound in weight.

Mr. Jones asked if it was intended to deal in any way with insufficiently prepaid letters, so that they would not suffer the delay consequent upon being sent to the dead-letter office.

Mr. Haggart said that all such letters would be forwarded to their destination, and a double rate of postage would be imposed.

The Bill was read the first time.

Mr. Macdonald (Huron), in resuming the debate on Mr. Laurier's amendment in supply with reference to the fisheries, said that the resolution brought up several important subjects which would before long have to be decided along the lines of the policy adopted by the Liberal party. He impressed the necessity of Canadian politicians giving up petty party bickering and acting unitedly for the welfare of the country.

Mr. Jones said that large quantities of Canadian fish must go to the United States no matter what price was paid for it. Canada could never be developed except with reciprocity. From time to time the Government had been compelled to back down with reference to their policy towards the United States. The Minister of Justice denounced as treasonable the proposal to put on the free list trees and shrubs last session, and shortly afterwards took that very step.

Sir John Thompson combatted the charge of the Opposition that the Government had put an unwarrantable construction upon the Treaty of 1818 in their refusal of the right to tranship. That interpretation was not new, and it was put in force by the Americans themselves by their termination of the fishery articles of the Washington Treaty. The Opposition had attached undue importance to the intervention of Mr. Wiman. It was not correct that that gentleman had been the medium through which the negotiations were opened between the two countries. On the contrary, before a single proposal had been made by Mr. Wiman, despatches had passed between the United States and the British Government, and between the British Government and Canada, suggesting negotiations covering in the widest sense the questions of trade as well as the fishery question.

The House divided on Mr. Laurier's amendment, which was lost on the following division: 65 yeas, 108 nays.

Aldermanic Amenities.

At a special meeting of the Toronto City Council last (Friday) night Ald. Baxter, after calling Ald. Gillespie a "liar and a coward," took off his coat and offered to fight him. The meeting broke up in confusion. These gentlemen have been on bad terms for some time past on account of a disagreement in regard to municipal matters.

DAN O'CONNELL.

The Summing Up of a Remarkable Man.

In all the separate phases of his life and action, which were numerous beyond the common, O'Connell was remarkable, but their combination into a whole, and the character he presents to us as a human being, are more worthy than any amongst his separate gifts, brilliant as they were, of study and of admiration. In many famous persons the acted life seems to be detached from the inner man. These belong to the category of responsible beings, but it is hard to say how far that responsibility was conscious and applied, how far, nay, how much further, dormant and forgotten. Their life is not woven into continuity by a solid and persistent purpose. Such was not the case with this great child of nature. Nothing in him was little, nothing was detached or heterogeneous. In the assemblage of all his powers he was one, indivisible and deeply cut. No day of his life could be severed from the rest without touching the essence and demolishing the whole. If he ever seems to wander into violence these were the wanderings of a moment; his boomerang soon came home. Next to his religion and indeed under the direct inspiration of his religion, his country was for him all in all. He had room for other genuine interests in his large and sympathetic nature, but these revolved around his patriotism, like the satellites about a mighty planet. For who can any longer doubt that some debt is still due to him; that he was, to say the least, both over-censured and undervalued? By many he was taken to be unquestionably a ruffian, probably a public swindler of his countrymen. Besides being a great and a good, he was also a disappointed man. The sight of his promised land was not given to his longing eyes. But as a prophet of a coming time he fulfilled his mission. It seems safe to say that few indeed have gone to their account with a shorter catalogue of mistaken aims or wasted opportunities, and not only that he did much, but that he could not have done more.—*W. E. Gladstone in the Nineteenth Century.*

Don't Toss the Baby.

The throwing a baby into the air and catching him again is always a risky practice, certain though the tosser may be of his quickness of eye and sureness of hand. A sudden and unexpected movement of the child in his mid-air flight may result in a cruel fall. A gay young father snatched up his baby boy one morning and tossed him to the ceiling. Twice the little fellow went flying through the air and came down safely into the waiting arms. The third time the excited child gave a spring of delight as his father's hands released him, plunged forward, and, pitching over the father's shoulder, fell head downward to the floor. When the poor baby came out of the stupor in which he lay for hours, it was found that, although no bones had been broken, the brain had sustained an injury that would in all probability render the child an imbecile. Another baby snatched from the floor and tossed into the air received a fatal wound in the top of the head from the pointed ornament of a chandelier. Still another child slipped between her father's hands as he caught at her in her downward flight, and although his frenzied grasp on the baby's arm saved her from falling to the ground, it wrenched the muscles and sinews so cruelly that the girl's arm was shrunken and practically useless to her all her life. These are extreme cases, but the fact of their occurring at all should be enough to warn one from the habit of relinquishing one's hold on a child when tossing it.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Colors and Insanity.

Colors have considerable influence on the physical nature both of plants and animals. Sundry diseases grow better or worse according to the color of the apartments occupied by the patients. Violet, among others, is said to have a very beneficial effect on the health. Recent experiments made by a Swiss doctor have shown that lunatics may be treated by colors. The doctor placed one of his patients who was suffering from melancholia and refused to eat in a well-lighted room papered with red; in three hours the man was quite lively and ate with avidity. Another time he locked a raving maniac in a blue chamber, and within a few hours he became quite calm after all other methods had failed.—*Medical Register.*

The Spirit of the Age.

Lawyer's office. Enter stranger hurriedly

"Is this Lawyer Marks?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long will it take you to get a divorce?"

"I wouldn't agree to get one in less than two days."

"Won't do. I'm to be married to-morrow. I'll have to try some other shop."—*Chicago Herald.*

No Time for Fun.

Young Man (to office boy)—Give that humorous article to the editor, please, and ask him if he can read it right away.

Office Boy (returned with humorous article)—De boss returns the article with thanks. He says he's all upset with the mumps, and prob'ly won't be able to read anything funny for a week.

More Bad Luck.

Mr. Winks (looking over the paper)—"Cheap, Drugg & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price."

Mrs. Winks—"Just our luck. There isn't anything the matter with any of us."

An Undecided Problem.

A Father Mathew temperance medal was recently found in the stomach of a crocodile. It was inscribed "Andrew D. Edwards." Whether Andrew went in at the same time has not yet been ascertained

Getting the Best of Him.

Mr. S.—Waiter, take this stuff away. I'd just as lief eat so much garbage!

Waiter (who has heard him before)—Yes, sah. But dar's no 'countin' for tastes, sah.

Too Much Cargo.

Very Stout Lady (impatiently, to driver of car)—Will you ever make this car go?

Driver (despairingly)—I am afraid not madam, as long as you make the cargo.

—Let a man go into the by ways of a city and he will soon learn the high ways.

Patience with the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were quick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

Ebenin' Time.

Po' sinnah done gone wailin' along,
Wailin' along in de ebenin' time
He wail 'cause he heart can't sing any song,
For he goin' to de debbil in de ebenin' time.

Chrischun set on he stop by de do'
A-sit gin' a song in de ebenin' time
He sing "Ise boun' fo' de golden sho',
An' I'll git da soon in de ebenin' time

ee-bird perched top de tall hop-pole
Twitterin' sof' in de ebenin' time,
And he se' to heself: "Now, pon my soul,
De air smell sof' in de ebenin' time.

Honey-bee's laigs all yaller, like pone,
From a-suckin' hop blossoms in de ebenin' time,
But de bee-bird se': "I'll let de honey-bee 'lone,
Jes' cause ob de air an de ebenin' time!"

EDWARD PAYSON HALL.

CANUCKS CHARACTERIZED.

They Are a Distinct Type, Neither English nor Yankee.

(Charles Dudley Warner in March Harper's.)

I had been told that the Canadians are second-hand Englishmen. No estimate could convey a more erroneous impression. A portion of the people have strong English traditions and loyalties to institutions, but in manner and in expectations the Canadians are scarcely more English than the people of the United States; they have their own colonial development, and one can mark already with tolerable distinctness a Canadian type which is neither English nor American. This is noticeable especially in the women. The Canadian girl resembles the American in escape from a purely conventional restraint and in self-reliance, and she has, like the English, a well-modulated voice and distinct articulation. In the cities, also, she has taste in dress and a certain style which we think belongs to the New World. In features and action a certain modification has gone on, due partly to climate and partly to greater social independence. It is unnecessary to make comparisons, and I only note that there is a Canadian type of woman. But there is a great variety in Canada, and in fact a remarkable racial diversity. The man of Nova Scotia is not at all the man of British Columbia or Manitoba. The Scotch in old Canada have made a distinct impression in features and speech. And it may be said generally in Eastern Canada that the Scotch element is a leading and conspicuous one in the vigor and push of enterprise and the accumulation of fortune. The Canadian men, as one sees them in official life, at the clubs, in business, are markedly a vigorous, stalwart race, well made, of good stature and not seldom handsome. This physical prosperity needs to be remembered when we consider the rigorous climate and the long winters; these seem to have at least one advantage—that of breeding virile men. The Canadians generally are fond of out-door sports and athletic games, of fishing and hunting, and they give more time to such recreations than we do. They are a little less driven by the business goad. Abundant animal spirits tend to make men good-natured and little quarrelsome. The Canadians would make good soldiers. There was a time when the drinking habit prevailed very much in Canada, and there are still places where they do not put water enough in their grog, but temperance reform has taken as strong a hold there as it has in the United States. The feeling about the English is illustrated by the statement that there is not more aping of English ways in Montreal and Toronto clubs and social life than in New York, and that the English superciliousness or condescension as to colonists, the ultra-English manner, is ridiculed in Canada, and resented with even more warmth than in the United States. The amusing stories of English presumption upon hospitality are current in Canada, as well as on this side. All this is not inconsistent with pride in the Empire, loyalty to its traditions and institutions, and even a considerable willingness (for human nature is pretty much alike everywhere) to accept decorative titles. But the underlying fact is that there is a distinct feeling of nationality, and it is increasing.

All Told.

How many brudders an' sisters has you got, little boy?

Free sisters and one brudder, countin myself.

Scene: Grammar Class.

Teacher—What is the future of "He Drinks?"

Johnny (after considerable thought)—"He is Drunk."

A Respectable Couple.

Mrs. Meguinnes—An' sure, now, d'ye b'lave that woman in the shanty beyant is Mr. O'Hoolihan's wife?"

Mrs. Du Ghann—Och, there's no doubt aboot that. Oi've heared him batin' her.'

Under the terms of a will left by an Iowa man, the same gold watch was left to thirteen different persons. He was not friendly with any of them, and he probably did it hoping that they would fight each other, which they are doing in a lively manner.

The estate of Falconhall, Morningside Edinburgh, was on Feb. 13th purchased by Bailie McDonald, on behalf of the Governors of George Watson's Hospital and Colleges, at £33,000.

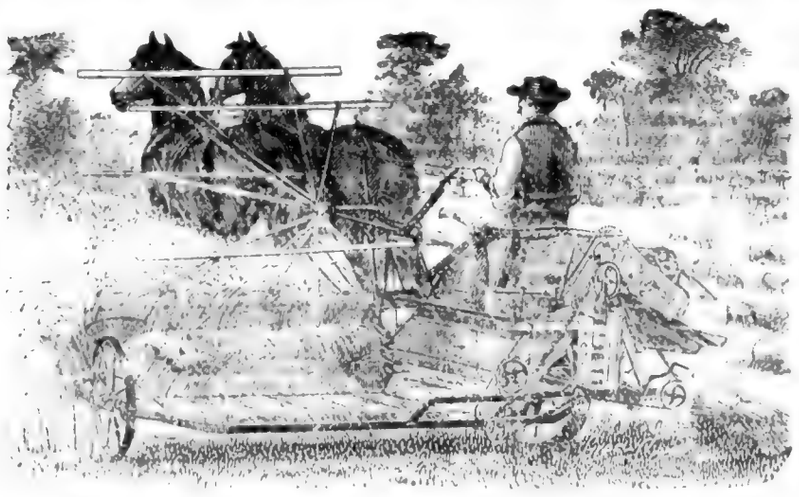

A. Harris Son & Co., BRANTFORD.

The Brantford Light Steel Binder, Brantford Reaper, Brantford front cut Mower, Brantford rear cut Mower, THE BEAVER COMBINED SEEDER and DRILL THE MASON IMPROVED SULKY RAKE, JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED ONE HORSE CULTIVATOR, LAND ROLLERS, GANG PLOWS, SCUFFLERS, CULTIVATORS, ROOT CUTTERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, ETC.

FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,

FLESHERTON.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

Visit Flesherton twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty.

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B.

In bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

It Pays To

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

A practical and thorough course of study, combined with the best teaching talent.
Terms and accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.
For circulars and announcements giving particulars regarding the courses of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, Principal
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 88

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is doing its best estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Highest price paid for Horses.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

AT THE

Central Store, Priceville.

New Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Ginghams,
New Shirtings,
New Cottonades.

These goods were bought when the market was at its lowest point, and will be sold on that basis.

OUR

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Are the best that the market affords, of which we have a complete stock at prices that can't be beaten.

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

Still continue unapproachable. In short our

STOCK IS COMPLETE

Our goods the best, our prices right

A Full Supply of Euphrasia grown Timothy and Clover Seed.

Central Store, Priceville.

A. McCABE.

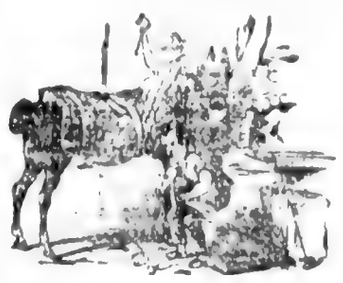

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

College wood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturer of Wagons, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing and jobbing done with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO

Get Your Tailoring Done

AT

C. J. LEITCH'S

FLESHERTON.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Challenge.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Dear Sir,—will you kindly give space in your valuable paper for the following:

There has been considerable sporting done on the south line, Artemesia, in regard to fast sawing by James McDonald and J. McLean. Sometime ago they tried to see how fast they could cut a cord and succeeded in cutting it in twenty minutes. Since then their boasting has known no bounds. They have repeatedly expressed their desire of meeting other crack sawyers in a sawing match, providing they took another saw different to the one they use, which is a Diamond. I have been requested by Louis Frook and T. Ferguson to send the above mentioned loafers a direct challenge on their behalf. They say they are willing to try them on a bet of $10 that they can cut a cord of wood in less time, or any given time, between fifteen minutes and an hour, and take a different saw to the one they use, the race to take place before the first of April. In case the saw used by either party would break in the race each party would claim his own money. They have already beaten the South line time 8 minutes. We want them to either put up or shut up.

J. FERGUSON.

Flesherton Station.

Correspondence of The Advance.

The past week here has been one of activity so far as general business is concerned. As for grain, oats has been the principle grain delivered for the last ten days. It would be safe to say it was the week of the season in that line, and still they are coming. For square timber it is something unprecedented in the history of the station for the amount that has been delivered so far.

The Bute brothers have just completed a shipment of horses for the Northwest and are awaiting a palace car to conduct them thither, and fine specimens they are. One of the gentlemen is going to remain with us and purchase another carload.

There are four car loads of horses intended to be shipped from here this month. Farmers, look alive to your interest and get rid of your surplus stock.

Mr. McClurg, of Orangeville, paid Mr. Wood a visit one day last week. He is a young man of noble apperance and looks well, so the girls say. May he come again.

One day last week our Town Fathers went out to our Township Fathers in Flesherton, praying that a portion of S. S. No 3 be added to No. 10 S. S., but our township fathers could not see the point. I would just say to our town fathers, take a leaf from the spider.

Will some one get a few bills out and call a meeting of the farmers together to to talk creamery, as this is the season to make preparations. What do you think Mr. Cook?

Friend Spirit is on the war path here, and what he is after I can't tell. Can you?

Friend Granger has been limping around here for the last week, much to his discomfort, with an injured knee.

Mr. W. Wright left here on Monday, en route for Hamilton, to attend a meeting of the Grand Lodge.

There has been considerable said about a certain masher that is here just now. Who is she?

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Rev. Mr. Watts has been holding special services in the church here for some time with much success. Mr. Watts is a whole souled man and we wish him much success in his labor.

Another lady came to our village last week and is living on one of our citizens. She refuses to tell her name. But she says it is not because she has done anything wrong. Such people as this should be looked after and not be allowed to impose in the public in this way.

Mrs. S. Carruthers left last week for Proton th Township, where he intends residing for some time. Also Miss Mandi McLean and Mr. A. McLean left last week for Washington territory. We wish them much success.

A serious accident occurred last week which might have proven fatal. A boy by the name of Holmes, who lives near Eugenia, was in our village, and while playing in the grist mill with one of the mill boys, went to the front door and fell down a distance of about ten feet upon the hard gravel and stones. No one saw him fall, but he was found a few minutes later lying unconscious. He was picked up and taken care of, but did not come to his senses for some time. We are glad to learn that he is doing well, but it will be some time before he will fully recover.

Mr. R. Gilhay, of Epping, occupied the Methodist church here on Sunday evening last.

Miss Mary Smith, of Flesherton is visiting friends in this vicinity at present.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Gilmore & Co., Box 513, Portland, Maine.

A large Assortment OF Men's Women's and Children's BOOTS AND SHOES for WINTER WEAR.

—AT—

W. CLAYTON'S

The Remainder of our WINTER'S STOCK will be Disposed of at Astonishingly LOW RATES

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON

HEATH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate as well as restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no equal, and for contracted and stiff joints acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold in Pots at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows, Horse Powers for 4 Horses, Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale East half of lot 16, Con. 9, Eupheasia Tp. Total farm 100 acres, nearly all cleared and in good cultivation, $2,000, $500 cash, balance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

$85 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out, before patents run out it sold for $85, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1889. W. H. THURSTON.

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods Silverware of the finest quality Razors Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be closed out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a fruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy plush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

DISCOUNT SALE!

R. Trimble, Flesherton,

Will for the next fifteen days give a big discount off all Winter Goods, in order to make room for spring importations, which will be in fully complete by the 15th of this month.

So Bring Along Your Cash

And secure some of the extra bargains which will be given, as the balance of our winter stock must be cleared out.

We have already received a large consignment of Timothy Seed, Red Clover, Mammoth Lucerne, and Altalfa. Also a few packages of No. 1 Salmon Trout and Split Herrings left. In order to clear out our large stock of Coal Oil we will sell at 15c in five gallon lots.

WE MEAN BUSINESS! Come in and get some of the bargains now offered at

R. TRIMBLE'S.

New Millinery Opening.

Mrs. W. TRIMBLE and Miss MART WRIGHT have just returned from Toronto, where they have completed their purchases in

Spring and Summer Millinery.

And will on the

First day of APRIL

OPEN UP

OVER R. TRIMBLE'S STORE,

A carefully selected stock of Millinery,

under the management of Miss Wright, late of Chicago and Detroit. Miss Wright has this season attended the openings of the wholesale millinery houses in Toronto and is in a position to trim in all the

LATEST STYLES.

Please call and see the new designs in

Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Fancy Ribbons, etc.

We feel confident that we can please you if nice goods and

LOW PRICES

mean anything.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

[illegible] STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, CUTLERY, LAMP GOODS etc. constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, Strain's old Stand Flesherton.

THE ADVANCE.

Every Thursday,

From the Office,

Sydenham Street, Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column 1 year $60; half col. do. $27; quarter do. $[illegible]

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON

THURSDAY, MARCH 21 1889.

A LIBEL NAILED.

If anything were wanting to convince the public that Grip is a base Liberal publication, it would be found in the following horrible libel published in last week's issue of that journal. It claims that Sir John McDonald visited the House of Commons barber shop a few days ago, with the following result:

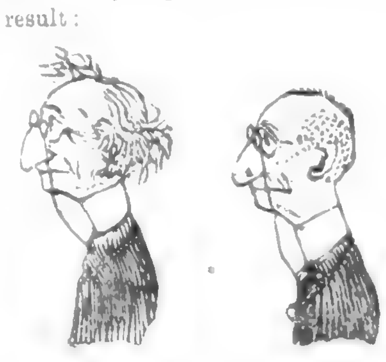

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Our own artist has reproduced Grip's pictures, to the dot. Grip is with The World, fishing for libel suits.

With the cessation of assisted passages from the Old Country a better class of immigrants are secured for this country. Among poor mechanics and impecunious nonentities the falling off in immigration returns is particularly noticeable. A class such as Canada has long wanted and never heretofore secured is the receivable outcome of the late legislation against assisted emigration, viz., an industrious, ambitious people with a little money and what may be termed colonization energy. The steamship "Parisian" sailed from England on Thursday last with a thousand passengers, 75 per cent. of whom were young farmers from 18 to 30 years of age. This proves that the endeavors of the Toronto Trades and Labor Council, in conjunction with other bodies, to make the English mind understand Canadian requirements, are meeting success and bearing valuable fruit.

At the spring Assizes which opened in Ottawa on Friday last the Grand Jury stated that a crime for which a certain man Hendricks was being tried, was directly traceable to liquor, and expressed their opinion that the time had arrived for the introduction of a prohibition measure. Were the whole Dominion constituted one grand Grand Jury they would pronounce the same verdict.

[illegible] Canadian says that "A [illegible] in full flow of milk with [illegible] and requires 60 to 100 pounds of water per day." Say 12 pounds of milk production from a cow

[illegible]

Wm. Graves [illegible] The Economist [illegible] of the Eureka [illegible] weighs 2 [illegible]

The following from the Grey Review is apparently intended as a joke. We [illegible] ourselves because we are not sufficiently conversant with good English. "A young man stood waiting at Middaugh's corner for his sweet heart and on being accosted by an employee of the house that it was cold, said it was the warmest spot in town." The Review will kindly pardon our thick headed stupidity, but would it please give the wink when the audience are expected to laugh.

A Streetsville woman placed a box of pills upon a shelf in her pantry not long since. A few days afterwards some mice nibbled away the pasteboard partition and devoured every blessed pill in the box. Since then their trips to the pantry have been like angels visits—few and far between—and it is thought that the digestive organs of the mice are in a rather dilapidated condition and they have gone south for the benefit of their health. The matron aforesaid hopes their visit will be prolonged indefinitely, and suggests the liberal use of pills as a safe purgative for mice.—Streetsville Review.

Mr Wm. Higgins, of Melancthon, informs us that on Thursday last, while he was grooming his horses in the stable, his little daughter, aged about [illegible] years, who was passing through the feed room in front of the horses, was grabbed by the shoulder by one of the animals and dragged through the [illegible] [illegible] Higgins to the rescue and she was carried safely out. The marks of the horse's teeth were very deep and the injuries painful, but no serious results are anticipated. What puzzles Mr. Higgins, is to know how the horse dragged the girl through the feed hole so quickly.—Shelburne Economist.

General News.

The new franchise bill of Nova Scotia gives the voting privilege to males with an income of $300 and over, and makes sheriffs revising officers.

Ex Queen Natalie, of Servia, will soon make application for the annulment of the decree of divorce granted to her husband, ex-King Milan.

In the election in Kennington Friday the Gladstonian candidate was successful. The former representative was Mr Davis, a Conservative.

Ten days ago Ambrose Dubois, of Calumet, Mich., sat on his wife's knitting needle, which punctured his person 4 inches and broke off. Inflammation set in, and he died yesterday.

Penetanguishene has voted $5,000 to purchase a waterside park alongside of the Lakeside Hotel Company's ground. The two plots will form a park on which a large summer hotel is to be erected.

Advices brought by the steamer Alameda to San Francisco say that all is quiet at Samoa.

North Carolina Negroes are organizing for the purpose of colonising vacant lands in Arkansas.

The barque E. L. Pettingill, of Maine, has been wrecked on the Virginia coasts, and her crew of thirteen men are given up as lost.

The Chinese Ambassador at Washington says that his Government will demand indemnification for any Chinese property destroyed by the mob in Milwaukee.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

[illegible]

Thus sang the wild poet of springtime,
Quite regardless of rhymes, ease,
While his hair stood on end like a clothes brush,
And his mind was as lively as cheese—
Living cheese—and his poem like soft mush
Was too mushy by ninety degrees.

The Editor

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, dipthera and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

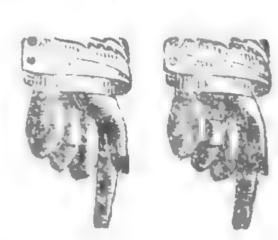

The Past.

For six years I have labored to establish a living business on the basis of honorable dealing with all handling reliable goods at fair prices, and endeavoring to give "value received" every time goods are exchanged for money, note or credit. I have been "thrust" into something of success by the genuine support of a large section of "Central Grey" which would not have come if "undeserved."

The Present

Being fully established on the [illegible] and having a very [illegible] all regular jewel[illegible] [illegible] expect and endeavor to still deserve the confidence and support of all past patrons, and will hope to gain new ones as 1889 rolls along.

The Future.

I trust to be able this year to keep my stock even better assorted for customers to select from. We continue to buy from A 1 firms at closest possible prices, and offer all buyers reliable watches, &c., at "rock" prices. A call solicited. Goods and work warranted.

Jeweler Brown.

MARKDALE.

GOLD CRAZY CALIFORNIA!

A Big Discovery to the South of San Diego.

EVERYBODY RUSHING TO THE MINES.

A special despatch from Los Angeles, Cal., dated March 7th, says: The gold discoveries in Lower California have created intense excitement in every town in the southern part of the State. The Santa Clara district, where the crowds are rushing, is 150 miles south of San Diego and 40 miles west of Ensenada. All along the line thousands are en route to the fields. At San Diego the streets are filled with strangers outfitting for the mines and with wagons and pack mules loaded with miners' outfits. An average of 600 men a day have left for the mines for the last four days, and yesterday the number was much larger. Waiters at the hotels and restaurants have largely left, and two-thirds of the force on the Cuyamaca Railroad are gone. The best indications regarding the value of the mines are that no one has returned except to replenish "grub stakes." The telegraphers have also joined the prospectors. James Kerrane, of Los Angeles, returned from the camp last night. He said: There are already over 1,000 men on the ground. The stuff brought out is placer gold and light and flakey. The valley in which the mine was discovered has three well defined gold quartz lodes. They descend from the mountains above in separate gulches. The gulch to the north is the one in which the greatest find has been made. Above are to be found croppings of slate and porphyry. A tracing has been made of one lode 1,100 feet from the upper side of the valley into the mountains. At present in the valley four dry washers are located, only one of which is in operation. A great many rockers and ground sluices are being worked. The dirt is easily handled and the richest of returns are had in some instances. I saw one man who had knocked out $200 in four hours. But above all things the prices of provisions are simply outrageous. I paid $5 for a 50 pound sack of flour, $3 50 for a 10 pound sack of oatmeal, and drinks are two bits a piece. San Diego has about gone to a man to the gold country. Four telegrams have been received in this city requesting that hotel waiters be sent at once to San Diego, as none could be had there at any price. The guests were left to get their own meals out of the kitchen for one entire day.

A despatch direct from the camp says: New arrivals poured in in a constant stream to-day. A company of Mexican rural guards arrived this morning and the commandant put the camp under martial law and disarmed every one, the arms to be returned when they leave the camp. I have seen to-day over $20,000 in dust and nuggets. Few take the trouble to wash, simply dig hard pan and pick out the grains and nuggets with a horn spoon. I believe many paying quartz leads will be worked. One lode can be traced 1,100 feet up the mountain. In washing, the dirt is easily handled, as the gold is light and flakey. Reports of a large find at Real Del, Castello, just came in this evening. The camp is wild over the find of a Mexican named Jesus Roselle. He came yesterday morning and took a claim. This evening his clean up weighs $1,350. The camp is orderly, there are ruffians, but all work. Teams ply regularly between Ensenada and here, the charge is $50 each. Provisions are scarce, flour sells at $40 a sack and everything in the same proportion. Large stocks of goods are reported on the road. Five women have arrived and are now working neighboring claims and doing well. The night are cold. There are a few dug outs, but no one is willing to stop work to build shelter. The whole camp sleeps on the ground. There are 1,000 people and more are coming every hour.

A MISERABLE END

Young Man Poisons Himself to Escape the Consequences of His Crime.

A last (Thursday) night's Lansing, Mich., despatch says: Edward M. Marietta, a Lansing man, decoyed from Canada to Detroit yesterday by means of a letter which the officers induced Mrs. Emma Parker to write, and who was wanted here for criminally assaulting a 9-year-old girl named Kettie Hedges, was brought home dead by Deputy Sheriff Cook last night. Marietta induced his brother-in law to bail him for the offence against the Hedges girl, and last week fled to Canada on money furnished by Mrs. Parker, who was to join him later. She was shadowed to Detroit on Monday and there arrested. An officer induced her to send a letter to Marietta at Chatham, telling him she was ill in Detroit, and afterward telephoned him to cross the river. He was arrested as he stepped off the ferry boat. The officer started for home with both his prisoners on the train last evening. When half an hour's ride from Detroit Marietta remarked that he did not feel well. A drink of water seemed to revive him, but in a few moments he again complained of illness, which was not so readily relieved. Suddenly his limbs stiffened out, and he then confessed that just before leaving Detroit he swallowed a dose of strychnine, purchased in Windsor for that purpose if arrested. He grew rapidly worse, experiencing convulsions frightful to witness, and died shortly before the train reached Plymouth. Marietta was 26 years old, and leaves a young wife.

A Clergyman Deposed.

At the Ash Wednesday service of Trinity Church Bishop Coxe deposed from the ministry of this Episcopal diocese the Rev. Sidney Wilbur. This action is taken in carrying into effect the verdict of the Ecclesiastical Court, which found Wilbur guilty of not only violations of the canon laws, but gross immorality. Wilbur was called three times by the Bishop, but did not appear. He was formerly rector at Suspension Bridge, but is now supposed to be in Florida. His name was connected with a scandal two years ago. *Buffalo Courier.*

A Happy Couple.

Wife—What a happy looking couple those two are! I wonder how long they've been married.

Husband—Oh, I guess they're only engaged.

HOW HE GOT A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Young Nunan Sought and Found the Long Missing Mother of His Betrothed.

A New Haven despatch says: In the quiet wedding in the little village of Terryville, Litchfield County, this afternoon, of Thomas E. Nunan, a reporter for the New Haven *Morning News*, and Jennie Hart, the adopted daughter of J. T. Hart, a wealthy resident of Kensington, culminates in a love story in which a search for the mother of the bride was an important episode.

In South Coventry, in 1876, a Mr. Hayden died, and his wife, left destitute, had to go to the poor house. Their 6-year-old daughter was adopted by Mr. Hart from an orphans' home in Boston, in which she had been placed by her grandfather. Mother and daughter had not since heard of each other. Mr. Hart subsequently died and left part of his estate to his adopted daughter, who took the name of Jennie Hart. She went to reside, in 1885, with James Woodruff, a brother-in-law of Mr. Hart, at Terryville.

Here she met young Nunan, who then conducted the Terryville *Eagle*. The paper had but a brief existence, and when Nunan deserted the *Eagle's* nest he decided while looking for a position to try and find the mother of Miss Hart, to whom he had become attached. He knew only that the daughter had been taken from Boston and her name had been Hayden.

A visit to most of the institutions was made in vain before Nunan struck the Little Wanderer's Home on Baldwin place. Here it was said the rules forbade giving information, as in a majority of cases it was well that such children should not know who their parents were. It was subsequently found, however, that she had been received from South Coventry in 1876 and thither the reporter went. This village was next visited, and a long search resulted in finding the mother at Rockville. She had married again, and had three children by her second husband, George Eldridge. But she had to continue working in the mill at that place.

The mother was overjoyed to learn of her long lost daughter. She, too, had sought fruitlessly for her offspring with a photograph of her taken when very young. It was shown to many but none had seen the lost one.

Nunan in executive session told his intended bride of having found her mother. They went next day to Rockville and visited the mill where her mother was working. An affecting scene followed when the mother was called out into the office. Soon after the Eldridge children were caressed by a sister whom they had never seen before, and the sister, besides her mother, found relatives of whom she had never heard.

The intimacy has been maintained, and the young man received the mother's blessing when he led to the altar the daughter whose hand he had earned by the long search.

STUCK TILL HE DIED.

The Horrible Death of a Man who Fell from a Charleston Dock.

A Charleston, N.C., despatch says: John D. Wrede, a drummer for a commission house in this city, met a horrible death the other night. He left his home at about 9 o'clock, and was not heard from till the next day, when his body was found in the mud at Hunter's dock, on the eastern water front. The body was buried in the mud up to the arms, which were extended. It is supposed that he fell from the wharf into the dock, and while trying to extricate himself sank so deep in the mud as to be unable to get out. At that hour, 10 p.m., the tide was low, and at high tide there is not over three feet of water over the spot where he perished. He must have been slowly drowned by the rising tide. There are residences within 100 yards of the place where he was found, but his cries were unheeded. He must have been alive for four hours before the tide reached his mouth and drowned him. Wrede is the fourth victim who has perished there in the same way.

A Baby Farmer Sentenced.

In the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Monday, Jessie King, or Macpherson, was tried on a charge of murdering, at different times during last year and the previous year, three babies entrusted to her to bring up. King in her declaration admitted suffocating the children, with each of whom she had received a premium but when placed at the bar she denied the crimes. One charge was withdrawn, and as the jury returned a unanimous verdict of guilty on the other two charges, prisoner was condemned to death on 11th March. On hearing the sentence the prisoner almost fainted, and was carried downstairs by a policeman and was heard moaning by the people in the court. She afterwards exclaimed to the Police Inspector, "Oh, to be hanged! What a death!" adding that she expected only eighteen months' or two years' imprisonment.—*Trowbridge Chronicle, February 8th.*

Heroine or Fool?

Miss Lowe, a pretty 17-year-old girl of Latonia, Pa., eloped from that place on Monday with Frank Forsyth, a man who had lost both legs above the knees. girl had to push the wheeled chair in her lover navigates. They reached McKeesport on Tuesday, and there successfully eluded the officers who were after them.

A Remarkable Man.

Wife (coming home from church)—Mr. Goodman is certainly a remarkable man.

Husband—Why do you think so?

Wife—Because he only returned from Europe last week and he didn't begin his sermon with the remark, "When I was in so-and-so."

A Ghost Layer.

First Wife—Why did you have your husband cremated?

Second Wife—He swore he would haunt me. Now let him haunt.

An Antelope in a Fix.

An antelope was found frozen to a block of ice at the mouth of Casper Creek the other day. He had evidently slipped and fallen while crossing the stream, and when discovered was sitting upon his haunches waiting for the June thaw.—*Casper, Wyoming, Mail.*

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

Extraordinary Double Suicide of Two Young English Girls.

AFRAID OF A SEVERE SCOLDING.

They Tie Themselves Together and Drown in Each Other's Arms.

(London Edition of the N. Y. Herald.)

Two girls tied themselves together and drowned themselves in the Birmingham Canal on Sunday night. The particulars of the tragedy are without parallel in the annals of self destruction. The pathos of the case and the insignificance of the events which led the unfortunate girls to do away with themselves are circumstances which would be regarded as the wildest flights of fancy if narrated in the pages of some latter-day romance. The two girls were mere children. Their names were Sarah Ann Ward and Elizabeth Wylde, 17 and 16 years of age respectively; and, as far as can be learned, they were both of excellent character. Both were domestic servants, both were employed in the same house, both started out for a holiday on Sunday forenoon without a cloud to shadow their prospects of enjoying themselves. The next morning their dead bodies were dragged out of the sluggish waters of the Birmingham Canal, where they had drowned themselves together but a few hours before. When found the two bodies were tied together with a red woollen wrap, and the arms of each were entwined around the other as though they had

LIED IN A LONG EMBRACE,

which never loosened even when the cold waters closed over them and hushed their stifled gasps in death. From the evidence given at the inquest it seems that the girls were driven to their mutual death through fear of being reprimanded by their employer. They got leave only to stay out until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but when it came to 8 o'clock and they had not yet returned to their home, they seemed to have become terrified at the possible consequences and decided not to go back at all. What foolish ideas got into their childish imaginations and what thoughts terrified them all through the Sabbath evening, no one will ever know. When they were last seen they were trying to put a bold face on the awful intentions they had already conceived, and the girl Wylde laughed as she told a boy friend of hers that she was going to do away with herself in the canal. No one saw them alive after a quarter past 9 o'clock. No one heard of them again until their bodies were taken from the canal next morning.

James Amphlett, a horse driver employed at the East Cannock colliery, stated at the inquest that he had been "keeping company" with Sarah Ward for six months back. On Sunday evening he went to the Salvation Army barracks at Hednesford, with a friend of his named Lloyd, and there saw the two girls. They were outside the barracks then, but later they went in and attended the service, where he afterwards again saw them. At 8 o'clock he saw them again, and they talked together for a while; and then the girls told him how it was that they should have been home at 4, and were now

AFRAID TO RETURN.

They then turned away and began whispering to each other. Amphlett listened, and overheard the girl Ward saying, "We will tie ourselves together;" but at the time he could not understand what they meant. The girls then went down the street towards Hednesford station, and Amphlett went off in an opposite direction altogether. About an hour later Amphlett and Lloyd were returning to their home when they again met the two girls. Lloyd went home and Amphlett remained with the girls for a while, endeavoring to persuade them to go home, but his attempts were fruitless.

"Why won't you go?" he asked.

"Because they will begin reprimanding us," explained the girls.

"Well, what do you mean to do?"

"Make away with ourselves in the canal," answered Elizabeth Wylde, with a laugh, and Amphlett went away thinking the girls were only jesting.

He went and asked his friend Lloyd what he thought of the matter, however; but Lloyd took his view of the case, and said the girls were too sensible for anything wrong to happen them.

And so Amphlett went home and forgot about the girl he had been "keeping company with" for the last six months, and apparently forgot all about her child companion too. And the next morning, when the canal boatmen were dragging their slow boats up the sluggish waterway, they found the two girls slimy and cold and dead, tied together with a red woollen wrapper, and embracing each other as though embraces were felt by the dead.

Another Martyr of the "Christian Science" Humbug.

Mrs. Mary C. Edwards, who has just died in Syracuse, N. Y., was a believer in the Christian Science doctrine, and herself professed to effect cures through the agency of faith. About six weeks ago she went to Utica to treat a patient. While on her way to the cars to return home she fell and broke her hip. She was immediately brought here, and two physicians were called in and reduced the fracture. Then the Christian Scientists took charge of the case, the patient being attended by Mrs. Ellen E. Cross, principal of the Academy of Christian Science in this city, and another disciple of the school. Mrs. Edwards grew worse, and regular physicians were again called, but they could not save her life. They say that their failure was due to the interference of the Christian Science people. The "Scientists" say they could not save the woman's life for the reason that she did not have sufficient faith herself when the crisis came.—*Syracuse Cor. New Sun.*

—Strawberries are selling in Boston at 10 cents a box.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. This is unfailing.

Empire and Directoire costumes are in a measure responsible for Fashion's decree in favor of a return this spring to artificial flowers as dress ornaments.

MISTRESS OF THE SEAS.

Tremendous Increase Proposed to the British Navy—Fighting Charlie Wants More—The Radicals to Oppose the Increase.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons yesterday Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated that the Government proposed to build eight first-class men of war, of 14,000 tons each, and two of 9,000 tons, nine first-class cruisers, twenty-nine smaller cruisers, four of the Pandora type of cruisers, and eighteen of the sharpshooter type of torpedo vessels. The total tonnage of all these vessels will be 318,000, and the total cost £21,500,000. Lord George asked that £10,000,000 be appropriated from the consolidated fund for the proposed increase of the navy, and that the remainder of the sum required be provided for in the ordinary estimates. He promised that the Admiralty's programme would be executed within four and a-half years. Lord George did not think the proposed increase would induce other nations to attempt to rival England in naval strength, because England had refrained from military rivalry. He did not believe that any other power was capable of executing such an extensive programme in so short a time.

Lord Charles Beresford complained that the Government gave no real reason why just so many ships, no more and no less, should be built. He gave notice of an amendment, declaring that England's naval strength ought to be equal to the navies of France and any other great power combined.

The Radicals will oppose every stage of the legislation connected with Lord George Hamilton's scheme. It is expected Mr. Gladstone will lead the Opposition attack on the Government.

Professor Blackie on the Covenanters.

Emeritus Professor Blackie lectured, the other evening, on the Scottish Covenanters in Dean Free Church, Edinburgh. At the outset he remarked that he did not think the Covenanters got fair play in public estimation; perhaps they got this in Free Church estimation, but he was not a Free Churchman; he was only a lover of all good men. He gave his right hand to the Established Church, his left to the Free, and his heart to both. He did not see much difference between the two denominations, or he should not have been there on that occasion. Proceeding with his address—the period covered dating from 1 60 to 1688—he laid down three propositions: (1) The Scottish nation, as a nation, was essentially Presbyterian; (2) Every distinct people had a right to a national conscience. That was indisputable, let them deny it if they dared. (3) The Church was an ethical association or a spiritual brotherhood, over which the State or secular power had no authority—none at all, and any interference of the State in the administration or regulation of the Church was an act of usurpation and wrong, which justified resistance and repulsion on the part of the offended conscience of the spiritual brotherhood. He afterwards touched briefly on the leading events of the period indicated, eliciting a good deal of laughter by his reference to the famous incident witnessed in St. Giles' on the introduction of the liturgy. He suggested that they should kiss the memorial brass which marked the spot from which the stool was thrown at the Dean, and asked "three cheers" for Jenny Geddes, whom he characterised as the first Covenanter. (Applause).

A Highlander's Adventure.

A person arrayed in full Highland costume caused terrible commotion in a railway carriage in the Perrache station, near Lyons, yesterday. Two ladies who were in the carriage shrieked as they saw the awful spectacle presented by the entry into their compartment of a man without pantaloons. The Highlander, who was on his way to Nice, nevertheless took his seat with Caledonian coolness, whereupon the ladies screamed the louder. It was in vain that the apparition in the garb of old Gaul apologized and explained the situation in bad French, and equally futile were the efforts of the station-master, who assured the ladies that the gentleman with the dirk, the sporran, and the tartan accessories or properties was perfectly harmless. "You don't run the shadow of a risk, Mesdames," insisted the station-master in his blandest tones. "The gentleman comes from a country where the men wear petticoats and do not wear trousers." Despite everything, however, which was said in order to calm their apprehensions, the over-timid lady travellers had to be placed in a carriage at a safe distance from that in which the Caledonian, stern and wild, had taken up his position.—*Paris Despatch to the London Daily Telegraph.*

Derivation of Familiar Words.

The dollar was the German thaler.

The guinea was first made in Guinea.

The florin was first made in Florence.

The mark was stamped with the lion of St. Mark.

Sandwiches were first made by Lord Sandwich.

Electricity, from "electron," amber, from which it was discovered.

Superstition, that which lingers after an opinion has been exploded.

Blue is of uncertain origin, probably from the German for "lead."

Yellow comes from the trees with reference to their autumn foliage.

Green is from the same root as "grono," referring to the trees and vegetation.

Influenza, so named because the epidemic was supposed to have been caused by the planets.

Magenta, a red or crimson dye derived from aniline, first brought into use near Magenta, Italy.

Rose, pink, velvet, copper, bronze, orange, lemon, hazel, chestnut, ochre, ash, from objects in nature.

Concurrent Facts.

Teacher—In what part of the human frame is the liver?

Boy—Right in the middle—the bacon is on the other side.

Visiting foreigner—My man, why is all this dirt heaped up semi-periodically on the streets? Laborer—It's clanin' the streets we are, sor. Foreigner—But why don't they haul it off instead of leaving it to be scattered and scraped up again? Laborer—Git out wid yez! Ye'd be afther takin' the bread out of a poor laborin' man's mouth.

Somebody, Long Ago.

"Here lyeth" somebody, name unknown,
For the creeping moss half covers the stone,
"She died"—bend down, you can read the date—
"In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight
That was a hundred years ago,
And of "Somebody" what do we know?

"Somebody" once had a place in life,
Prayed her part in its peace and strife,
Had her share in its hopes and fears,
And tasted love with its smiles and tears,
But she careth little, methinks, to-day,
If the long-past hours were of gold or gray.

Somebody died—we know not how,
It matters little to Somebody now
If dear ones bent o'er her dying bed,
Or lone and friendless her spirit fled,
Somebody's sleep is calm and still
In the little kirkyard below the hill.

The sun has shone, and the winds have wailed,
The roses above her glowed and paled,
And the dewdrops glittered like angels' tears,
Night and morn for a hundred years;
And she heeds not question or praise or blame,
And God remembers Somebody's name.

Alack-a-Day.

I'll pass him by with a distant bow,
Though it break my heart to do it.
I never loved him then, but now
I would I had never answered no.
But pride will not let me tell him so,
And modesty would rue it.
No tell-tale blush shall mount my cheek,
No glance escape my eye,
But with throbbing heart that burns to speak
I'll coldly pass him by.

HE.

I'll pass her by with a careless bow,
She'll surely misconstrue it
And think that I have forgotten how
I loved her once a year ago,
She jilted me when I told her so,
Nor sighed that she must do it,
And again my fate at her feet I'd seek,
But her glance is cold and I shy,
I love her still, but I dare not speak
I'll coldly pass her by.

Is Marriage a Failure?

All speaking—

"We take this opportunity to mention,
That marriage is a glorious success,
And beg to ask your serious attention
Unto the proofs before you in full dress

Papa—

"I'd not be single—even for a minute;
Before we form a matrimonial trust
You'd better seek a loving heart and win it:
The children earnestly—"You must"

Mamma—

"We won't for part with any of our treasures
For all the wealth that Monte Christo knew
They halve our parlors and double all our pleasures."

The treasures vociferously—"We do"

Papa—

Though all I earn goes for their food and dressing,
Without a penny left on me to-day,
We hail each little stranger as a blessing,
The blessings excitedly—"Hoo-ray"

Mamma

"It's only when the blood in anger bubbles,
Producing what they call a 'family jar,
That we regard our tots as being troubles,
The troubles clamorously—"We are!"

Papa—

"We're casting now our bread upon the waters,
Which is a good investment. When we're gray
We'll live in clover on our married daughters,"
The daughters vigorously—"You may!"

Mamma—

"In spite of spankings when they are unruly,
And specac and castor oil they get,
We know our darlings love us very truly,
The darlings lovingly—"You bet"

Papa—

"We've built a home made sacred by a mother,
We've got more joy than single people know
We love and cherish tenderly each other
Grand chorus emphatically—"That's so.

A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

When the spring is nearing,
And skies are clearing,
And love to the heart of youth and lad
And frost is thawing,
And flowers are waking
And birds return to the grove and glade

When the brooks are flowing,
And the grass is growing,
And the warm winds blowing over greening leas
Yet the woods can drown
With the blue birds' chorus,
And the buds appear on the cherry trees.

Then the housewife musters
Her mops and dusters,
And ties a towel round her head and chin
And the husband humble,
Who dare not grumble,
Well knows spring cleaning will soon begin.

At night returning,
For quiet yearning,
He finds his wife in a tattered gown,
No supper waiting
And how aggravating
His home, poor man, turned upside down

Longfellow's Maiden,

who is

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and River meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet"

is a type of thousands of young girls who are emerging from the chrysalis stage of their existence, as they enter upon their "teens." Nervous, excitable, irritable, stirred by strange, unknowable forces within them, each a mystery unto herself, our girls need the tenderest care, the most loving, patient oversight, and the aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, to safely carry them through this period, during which too many lives, alas, are sown the seeds of distressing forms of diseases peculiar to the female sex. But this boon to womankind will prevent all such diseases, or cure them if they have already seized a victim. Woman owes it to herself, to her family, and to her social station, to be well and strong. Let her then not neglect the sure means of cure. "Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skilful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

A Point in Western Etiquette.

He—Will you marry me? She—Wait a minute. (Exit). (Reappearing with a shotgun)—Hold up your hands! Higher yet! I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seemingly rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Maggie Watson, of Cincinnati, who died there a short time since, left a clause in her will which read as follows: "It is my will that the two china dogs now in my room be each separately put in a box with glass fronts, both alike, and one placed on my dear husband's grave, at Spring Grove, and the other on my grave, and all to be paid for out of the money I leave."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Women Look Handsome in Fashionable Mirrors.

CURIOSITIES OF THE FASHIONS.

Interesting Notes on the Prospective Spring Styles.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Remarkable Mirrors.

"It is true," said a dealer in mirrors to a writer in the New York *Graphic*, "that none of us know exactly what manner of men we are. The mirror does not enable us to see our outer selves as others see us. Only the finest mirrors approach perfection of surface. The best are made of plate glass, but if you happen to look into a large mirror you discover that the straight lines and right angles of a room appear all awry. The reflection most nearly true to the object reflected is obtained perhaps from a hand mirror made of plate glass or from a metallic mirror of moderate size. Great pains are taken to secure a true surface in plate glass, but few mirrors long in use have a surface in a single plane. A slight defect distorts the image. I have seen homely women look almost handsome in a mirror by reason of a defect in the surface that remedied a bad feature. It is not difficult to send such mirrors to ladies who need a flatterer near at hand.

"Here is a mirror that illustrates what I have said," continued the dealer, taking down a circular glass enclosed in a stout frame which was provided with a handle. The listener, looking in, beheld an odd distortion of his own features. One eye appeared higher than the other, one cheek bulged as if swollen with toothache, and the whole countenance was caricatured.

"Look steadily for a minute," said the dealer, and he began to turn the mirror slowly. As he did so the features reflected engaged in a sort of kaleidoscopic dance. For no two seconds was the face the same. While this was going on the eyes of the gazer felt as if they were being twisted out of their sockets and before the mirror had made a full revolution the performance had become very painful.

"Feels odd, doesn't it?" said the dealer. "Now, that mirror is a scientific toy. Its surface is cast purposely in several planes. One eye is reflected in one plane, the other in a different one, and the bulging cheek in still another. The pain to the eyes was caused by the effort to adjust the vision to the constant change of plane presented by the revolution of the mirror."

Fugacious Scissors.

The apparently fugacious habit of scissors have been noticed since the earliest historic period. They disappear with a celerity and secrecy wholly without parallel in the history of lost objects. A woman is sewing and has a pair of scissors in her lap. She uses them, say, twice, and each time drops them in her lap. The third time she wishes to use them she cannot find them. Though she searches her lap, her dress, her hair and the floor thoroughly, she cannot find the slightest trace of the missing scissors, and thereafter they are never again seen by mortal eyes. Or let us say that a woman in the very act of using a pair of scissors is recalled from her work. She places the scissors carefully in her work basket, gets up, locking the door of the room after her. She returns in 10 or 15 minutes to find the scissors gone. What is more remarkable than the disappearance of scissors is that, once having disappeared, they are never again found. You may lose a tack hammer or a comb, but sooner or later you find the missing article behind some piece of furniture, but the pair of scissors once lost is lost forever. There is scarcely a case on record of the final recovery of a pair of scissors that has been missed and has not been found within the next five minutes.

An Eider-Down Evening Wrap.

A pretty and expensive evening wrap is made of eider down. The colors in which this material comes afford a wide range for the fancy, and a light lining of satin, marvellieux, surah or taffeta silk of some contrasting color makes such a sortie de bal gay enough. The ribbons that tie at the throat should be of the color or colors of the eider-down flannel, for this fabric comes sometimes in stripes and figures of contrasting or harmonizing hues.

The Heavy Skirt.

The ladies who declaim against heavy skirts may as well step to the front again. The new fashion posited skirts are from seven to eight yards wide before they are made. That is to say, they will require about ten breadths of single-width material. This is more than would be needed for the ordinary skirt and overdress, concerning which fearful things have been said. London dressmakers prefer kilt plaits, artfully gored at the top, and so made that only twice the width of the skirt lining is needed for them.

Early Spring Styles.

Soft gray and shell pink will be a favorite combination for spring toilets.

Spring mixtures are handsomely made in combinations of black and steel gray.

Among new ball dress fabrics are to be seen ribbon striped nets and gazes.

Bonnet pins are larger than formerly and show many patterns of which many are floral in design.

Novel hues in strawberry, old rose, raspberry, mahogany red and rosewood are promised for the spring.

Lenten toilets are strictly plain and ecclesiastical, but very beautiful ones are to be seen in the modestest shops.

Gold or brown will be the ladies' hair color for the coming season. A rather stylish hue is golden brown with a strong tinge of red.

Jackets of black velvet will be worn in maroon leather with white beads, white kid with black beads. They are very smart in all cases.

For second mourning silver-shot black silks are novel and quite effective. They will be trimmed with jet and silver galloons or cut-steel passementerie.

Parisian women carry the expensiveness and elegance of their underclothing to excess. Over chemises of cambric and valenciennes lace are worn corsets of satin —black or red for daytime, white, cream or pale pink for evening. Under petticoats match the corsets and are trimmed with lace.

For and About the Fair Sex.

Blessed with beauteous wives.
—*Richard III., V., 3.*

A New York city woman has been sent to the penitentiary for six months for beating her husband!

British women are protesting against the manner in which the waltz is overwhelming and suppressing all other dances.

Of the fifteen students sent by the Government of Siam to receive professional training in England, four are young women.

New York society must be getting economical when Mrs. Astor declares that if the price of her box at the opera is raised above $3,000 she will decline to keep it.

Mrs. Mona Caird, the famous author of "Is Marriage a Failure" discussion, is described as a handsome brunette, tall and graceful, with fine eyes and a very sprightly expression, the very opposite of the conventional idea of the clever woman.

A lady who is well informed with regard to Mrs. Cleveland says she is very anxious to throw off the courtly style of the White House and go out once more among the girls, free, easy and untrammeled.

At Ella Wheeler Wilcox's last "At home," on Sunday afternoon, in New York, the poetess was togged out in a Josephine dress of white satin, cut away below line that Rose Cleveland defined. But figure is very, very pretty, and her neck and shoulders are studies in nature's satin.

The old English names are now given to the small women of the nursery. Dorothy, Cynthia, Barbara, Anne, Elizabeth and Katharine ha[illegible] ceeded the Mays, Coras, Maudes, Daisies and Carries that obtained so long. For this the whole Dominion should be [illegible]kful.

At Kar[illegible] Court on Monday Recorder [illegible]s, Elizabeth Ryan $10 for [illegible] Patchinsband's clothes. The poor [illegible] felt lonesome and wanted something [illegible] man around to scare off the tramps.

Experiments Work for Farmers.

The m[illegible] of the Experimental Union are [illegible]ng to introduce a system of practical [illegible] experiments, in which they solicit the co[illegible]operation of the farming community. The object is to inaugurate such experimental work as will be valuable to every farmer in the Province. These experiments are intended to be such as can be carried out by almost every farmer, with but little trouble or expense. The following are the experiments chosen for this year, and the systems for carrying them out:

1. A continuation of the experiments of 1888 on the same plots, without further application of fertilizers.

2. A test of superphosphate, dried blood, farmyard manure, and no manure with oats.

3. A comparison of the different systems of raising fodder corn.

The first is only to be undertaken by those who experimented with fertilizers in 1888; the second is to ascertain the value of some of our quick acting and best known fertilizers. This experiment will prove especially valuable to small farms, grain and truck farms. The third, the shortage of pasture and increased use of supplemental crops impresses upon us the need of the best methods of raising fodder for summer and winter use. With this object in view the experiment with corn was planned.

Other experiments are being arranged in stock feeding, dairying, horticulture and bee keeping by different institutes.

We expect the help of farmers in this work, and would look them to apply to Mr. C. A. Zavitz, Secretary of the experiments, O. A. C., Guelph, for further information. Our means being limited, those who apply first will be supplied with experimental material. The result of the work should well repay each one who takes part in it.

EXPERIMENTAL COMMITTEE ON GRAINS AND ROOTCROPS.

Things Worth Knowing.

For a sore throat cut slices of boneless bacon pepper thickly, and tie around the throat with a flannel cloth.

When stung by a bee or wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

When a felon first begins to make its appearance take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better.

For a cold in the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine laid on the chest, gives the greatest relief.

The best treatment in regard to offensive breath is the use of powdered charcoal, two or three tablespoonfuls per week, taken in a glass of water before retiring for the night.

For a cough boil one ounce of flax seed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite. For this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

For a burn or scald make a paste common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh.

Cause Enough.

De Bigsey—What makes you so down in the mouth, Rigley?

Rigley (with a long drawn sigh)—Addition to my family last night.

De Bigsey—Then why the deuce are you so glum? Was it a boy or girl?

Rigley—Neither. Miss Recusant became my sister.

She Was Engaged.

Mrs. Wiseacre—And so you are engaged to Clara Vere de Vere? She is so haughty and cold and beautiful I did not suppose any one could ever get engaged to her. How did you manage it?

Adult Son—I didn't. She managed it.

Ego.

De Boorem—Where is my father? Oh, he is off to the cattle show. I never see much of him. His main hobby in life is fat pigs.

Miss Prettypert—I wonder he doesn't take more interest in you.

REALISM IN PICTURE FRAMES.

The Carver Called In to Aid Painter and Etcher.

Art in picture frames is getting very realistic, according to the London *Star*. Frames are almost as clever as the pictures. An etching of "Angelus," for instance, is framed in a broad band of chestnut, shaded in dusky tints, with an old bell from which hangs a coil of rope carved on one side and a flight of bats spreading their wings on the other. Another etching of a harvest field is framed in chestnut with a scythe and rake in dull silver on the top edge. A panel of Landseer's dogs, framed in oak for the hall, has a realistic whip trailing across the top of the wood; a silver chain and padlock is fastened from corner to corner below. An etching of a laughing girl with her head on a pillow is not marred at all by the frame; the wood is enamelled, picked out in silver and gold, and made a continuation of the lace cushion upon which the girl's head is resting. Carved and enamelled frames are putting ponderous gilt borders out, of course. Enamelling is done in white and gold, pale blue and pink, to suit Pompadour rooms. A water color marine view has an enamelled frame in whitish green tints, suggesting sea foam. Across one corner is stretched a piece of net, and in the net struggles a fish with iridescent scales. Other marine pictures have cable cord stretched about the frames, or oars, harpoons and anchors applied in dull silver. The carved frames are more elaborate. The carving is done in intaglio and is sometimes darkened, giving the effect almost of a burned-wood sketch done on the frame. A genre picture of a frog concert has a tracery of carving on its wide, flat frame, showing water weeds, lily-pods and notes of the batrachian music. Harvesters at work in the field have carved frames showing heads of grain. But the most radical of all steps is taken when the carved frame not only echoes but actually continues the picture. This is most easily possible with the yellow brown tones of a photogravure. A landscape scene shows you a farm house in the distance, a country lane, a ploughed field. The lane runs directly toward you, projects on the frame, and is carved without a break. The furrows of the turned ground do the same. The farm house itself encroaches on the wood, and the fence at its side and the trees which overhang it are wholly carved. So with an old boat which a peasant woman is puling. The bow is photogravure, the stern is carving. The waves are half of them carved. The woman's right oar begins in the picture, but its blade is carved in the frame.

Burlington's Romance.

Early in the present century Burlington's admirable location attracted the attention of the pioneer settlers, and the settlement of the country extended out from Burlington, or Wellington Square as it was first called. This name was given to it by Capt. Joseph Brant, Chief of the Six Nation Indians, on account, it is said, of his admiration of the Duke of Wellington. The site of the village occupies a portion of the old Brant Block of 400 acres, being Indian reserve land. Close to the village is the Brant House, now used as an hotel, and which has since been enlarged and improved. Around this building the memories of a tragedy exists, in which the warrior chieftain was the principal actor. A son of Brant's, who was a desperate character, resolved that he would have the old man's scalp, actuated, so the story goes, by the desire for the chieftainship. Hoping the son would desist from his murderous attempt Brant secreted himself in one of the rooms. This having no effect the bold chief threw open the door and ordered the crowd to offer no further resistance, when the would-be murderer rushed into the room and was instantly shot down by the aged chief. After the sale of this Indian reserve land, the remains of the chieftain were taken to the Mohawk cemetery near Brantford and buried.—*Toronto World.*

Curious Things in Life.

There is a type of man who doesn't care for a bright woman, or a pregnant one, and whose ideal is something between an Alderney and a Holstein cow.—*Philadelphia Times.*

An Ohio farmer mortgaged his farm to get his wife some diamond ear rings, and she lost one of them in the suds the very first wash day and attempted to hang herself in the barn.

A fellow in Chester, Pa., has found out why a dog sometimes turns around three times before he lies down for a snooze. The reason is: A dog thinks one good turn deserves another.

The gilded rooster on the tower of the First National Bank building at Portland, Me., is the same bird that served as a weather vane on the top of the old Portland Court House over 100 years ago.

Max O'Rell has received a bona fide offer of $25,000 and a special car, together with expenses for himself and family, to make a lecture tour in America. He writes to Major Pond that he does not think much of the idea of being made a circus of, even in America.

Judas Abolished.

Judas has been officially abolished in the Island of Madeira. It has been a time-honored custom of the natives to exhibit in one of their numerous religious processions an effigy of Judas, upon which the opprobrium of the populace was duly heaped, and at the close of the day Judas was burned with vociferous expressions of triumph and joy. Of late years it has happened that the effigy of Judas has borne a striking resemblance to some person upon whom the general public has ceased to smile, and thus the Governor of the Island, the Mayor of Funchal and a foreign consul have been caricatured in the processions and burned in effigy. The powers that be have decided that the admixture of politics and religion is not wholesome, and so the edict has gone forth that hereafter the people must get along without Judas.—*New York Sun.*

Captain Gilkin, one of the oldest residents of Brockville, is dead. He was on the Sir Robert Peel at the time that vessel was captured and burned by the rebels at Wells' Island in the autumn of 1838, and, so far as known, with his death the last person of those who were eye witnesses of that memorable event is removed. The captain was a boy about 16 years of age at that time.

IN KNICKERBOCKERS.

An Innovation in Evening Dress Introduced by Young Society Men.

The dance that was given on Monday night by Mr. and Mrs. William Douglass Sloane at 642 Fifth avenue in honor of the debut of Miss Louise Shepard, daughter of Col. Elliott F. Shepard, was marked by a picturesque and interesting social innovation in costume worn by a group of seven young society men, who have recently formed themselves into a club, and who propose hereafter to discard the regulation evening dress at receptions or balls. The leader of this club is Broker John C. Furman, who is connected with Waterbury & Co., of 132 Front street. His associates are Messrs. Thomas Howard, Robert Hargous, James Waterbury, Worthington Whitehouse, Edward C. Potter and Broker S. S. Sands, jun. They arrived on Monday night after the drawing room was filled with guests, and sauntered in, dressed all alike in knee breeches and tailless dress coats. Their arrival made an instant sensation, and the debutante and the belles who were clustered about her studied the novel attire with admiration. The knee breeches of each of the seven swells were of rich black satin, fastened at the knee with silver buckles. Black silk stockings encased the calves, and the dancing pumps were made after the fashion of the old Knickerbocker shoe and fastened with buckles of burnished silver. The dress coats were of black velvet, cut somewhat after the type of shooting jackets, and worn over low cut waistcoats of black watered silk, such as are worn with the ordinary dress coat of the present season. Each man wore a linen dress shirt, with plain bosom and standing collar, encircled with a plain white tie.—*New York Sun.*

The Wants of a Family.

By Kate Thorn.

The man who has a family of children seldom gets a night's rest. It is one of the conditions of that blessed estate.

He retires early because the children must not be disturbed by his coming up late. That is good. No fault can be found with that. His wife is tired, as she has an undoubted right to be.

She toasts her feet by the fire, does her front hair up on rimping machinery, puts some glycerine on her hands, makes sure that the chamber door is locked and bolted, and a chair with the lamp and some matches in it set against it, and then she gets into bed, and says she knows she shan't sleep a wink to-night. She feels just like it.

The family man lies over with his face to the wall, and is just setting into his "beauty sleep," when the piping voice of his little son calls out from the bed in the adjoining chamber, the door of which is always left open.

"Pa! I want some water. I say pa! I'm a-dry!"

The family man ignores the cry, hoping that the child will fall asleep without enforcing his demand, and he gives utterance to a vigorous snore, which all family men learn to practice, and his wife gives him a jog with her well trained elbow.

"Thomas, don't you hear Gene cry? He is thirsty, Thomas. How can you lie there and snore, and that blessed child choking to death for want of a little water?"

Another more pronounced snore.

"Pa!" this time the little voice has become hoarse, and the notes are more in a minor octave. "I want some water. Say, pa! I want some water."

"Thomas" (gives the living member near a vicious reproach and vigorous kick), "Eugene is crying for some water."

"It's too cold to get up," growls the family man, thinking of just how cold and slippery that strip of oil cloth in the outer hall will feel to his feet, and how unconsciously he will run down his spine when he goes through the dining room to the kitchen pump.

"I want it now!" cries the child—real cold! Just pumped!"

The family man gets out of bed and feels for the mat there.

"Take care, Thomas, cross here softly, or you'll upset the lamp! The matches are right there under your nose. Strange that a man never can find anything! I knew I should have to get up. Now, mind you lock the kitchen door again after you, and while you are down there just see if the front door is bolted. I have forgotten whether I looked at it when I came to bed."

Thomas unbolts and unlocks the chamber door, and proceeds downstairs, and returns with the water, and by that time the boy is asleep, and his ma thinks he had better not be awakened.

The door is secured, the light out, and then the wife nudges her husband.

"My throat feels a little sore, Thomas. I wish you would go down and bring up the camphor before you go to sleep."

"Put on some bay rum" suggests the family man.

"Bay rum, indeed!" cries the wife. "Why, who ever heard of bay rum for a sore throat! When I am dead, Thomas, you will think of this, and I a good and faithful wife to you, and the mother of your children!"

The family man gets out of bed again, and makes another expedition downstairs, and brings up a bottle of ammonia by mistake and has to return; and by the time he gets back the boy who wanted water is awake again, and this time he wants milk, and he refuses to have anything else, and the little girl in the cribrouses up and cries for a drink, and declines to take the water brought up for her brother because it tastes hot; and so the family man has to descend again and unlock and lock all these doors.

Is it any wonder that suicide is on the increase?

Had Positive Knowledge.

They were sitting in the theatre. One of them had got a little confused about the play.

"What act is this? The fourth?"

"No; it's the third."

"No, it isn't; it's the fourth."

"I know it's the third. I've only had two drinks."

Recent Scene in London, Ont.

Collector (to office boy)—I have a bill against this paper. Can I see the business manager?

Office Boy (warningly)—Sh! you mustn't speak so loud.

Collector—Anybody sick?

Office Boy—We're all sick, and the paper is dead; it breathed its last to-day.

MANNERS AND SUCCESS.

Everybody Is Against People Who Are Disagreeable.

Lord Palmerston once said to a friend of mine, who, as a young fellow was patronized by that statesman: "Never forget that a much neglected road to success is agreeable manners. The man or woman with agreeable manners will make headway in the face of the worst difficulties. Every one is against the disagreeable people, whose best chance lies in secluding themselves as much as they can." Emperor William might ponder with advantage on these words of Pam. Not having secluded himself but gone to Vienna and Rome, the allies of his grandfather there would gladly slip from their alliance with him. The old Emperor and the Emperor Frederick bore their great positions with simplicity and sweetness. William II. hears with impatience all opinions that do not match with his own, and is arrogant in putting them down. He has made the Emperor Franz Joseph bristle up. The Italians were unfavorably impressed by him. From whom did he take his bad manners? His father was a nice, good fellow and so knightly! The old grandfather was courtesy itself. The Empress Frederick is not insolent or haughty, neither is Augusta, who attaches but small importance to her imperial rank, and whose ideal of life is intellectual and ladylike Bohemianism. My theory to explain the bad form of William II. is that he has too much Saxe Coburg blood in his veins. The Queen's manners, when she is in good humor, are pleasant. But when she is not—well, I don't venture to say how she struck me on a public occasion on which I saw her in a sullen mood. I cannot conceive how any one could have ever liked the Prince Consort. There was so much ice in his demeanor. The Duke of Edinburgh and his uncle, Ernest, are both surly. Old King Leopold inspired repugnance to all but Saxe Coburgs and Baron Stockmar. The Duchess of Kent was the best Saxe Coburg that ever lived, and the most agreeable, she being free from affectation, and throughout life a good soul, though in some respects a masterful woman.—*London Truth.*

Eli Perkins on Modern Music.

My cousin Julia is learning to sing Italian operas. Everything is Italian now in opera, in church, at balls, or the play.

When Eugene Augustus asked her to sing last night she stirred up her long train, prettily wiggle waggled to the piano, and sang

[illegible]

"Beautiful, Miss Julia—beautiful!" and we all clapped our hands.

"Do please sing another hymn. You sing perfectly divine, Miss Julia," said Eugene Augustus.

Then Julia raised her golden auburn head, touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers and warbled

[illegible]

"Brought it as living [illegible] singing when my good [illegible] forgave [illegible] for Vilven, took me [illegible] and this good [illegible]

The Best Exercise for Children.

Instinctive gymnastics is, from the hygienic point of view, the best adapted to the regular development of the child. It is not liable to any of the objections we have brought against gymnastics with apparatus. It does not deform the body, for it is made up of spontaneous movements and confined to the natural exercise of each limb. It does not locate the work in a particular region of the body, for all the limbs are put actively in motion, to take their quota of exercise, and it does not seduce the child into its touching upon the limits of his strength. But not also invites him to the kind of work which is best adapted to his particular aptitudes for resisting fatigue. He has a natural disposition to perform right but frequently recurring acts, [illegible] motions, which put him out of breath, while exercise with apparatus rather exacts slow and intense efforts that bring on local fatigue. Now all observers have noticed the wonderful facility with which a child recovers its breath and its capabilities of local fatigue. Finally, natural exercise, being the satisfaction of a want, is by that very fact a pleasure, and overshines in the face of the child who is playing freely.—*Les Exercises Libres, Young Children, All Human Exercises, the Popular Sense, Curiosity for Knowledge.*

In a Prohibition State.

Employment agent—I have a position which you can fill if, as you say you are willing to leave the city. Do you drink?

Young Man—No, sir.

"Ever have the habit?"

"No, sir."

"Then I suppose you could resist the temptation to get drunk even if swimming in liquor?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. The position I have in reference to is that of soda water clerk in a Iowa drug store.—*Puck.*

Honors for Emperor William.

Labouchere says that when Emperor William comes to England on July the Queen will make him a K.C.B., and he will receive his honors right in close quarters, while the late Emperor Frederick is to be given to Prince Henry of Prussia.

"If you stay in a room," says an old book of etiquette, "and find a cat, you should not make a noise." The book does not say for what purpose you should return, but suppose you want to get your gun.

It is understood in Montreal that a decree has been issued by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, erecting a new division of the archdioceses of Montreal and Ottawa.

The B. W. & L. E. Railway directors have issued a writ against Mr. Paul Huffman, of Northfield Centre, who refused to go on with his tender, which was the lowest, for the construction of the road.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

He is in to win.

The assessor we mean.

Mr. Jas. Osburn, Nottawa, is visiting Mrs W.J. Bellamy.

School Inspector Carr gave us a pleasant call on Saturday.

FOR SALE Two beautiful canary birds for sale. Both fine singers. Apply at J. G. Russell's.

The bus discovered runners for the first time on Monday.

M. R. Parker & Co. are receiving daily large consignments of dry goods, millinery, &c.

Rev. Mr. Pedley, of Dundalk, will preach in the Methodist church on Sunday morning.

Owing to a misunderstanding of the words Privately Sold, we withdrew our property for sale.

WANTED. A smart lad or girl, to sell Tobacco, Steel Vans, etc., at the counter in woollen mills. W. H. Flesher.

WANTED. Six good men to work at framing and carpenter work, apply to J. and R. WHITTEN, Flesherton.

WANTED. First class dressmaker, either to engage by the year or by the day. All orders promptly attended to. Apply immediately to MISS DAVIS, Flesherton.

The Teachers Association of South Grey will meet here on Wednesday and Thursday, May 22 and 23.

Seeds, Seeds, Seeds! A fresh stock of timothy and clover at very low prices. Call and inspect and get quotations before purchasing elsewhere. Richardson's drug store.

The committee of South Grey Teachers' Association, appointed to prepare a programme and make preparations for holding the next convention, met in the school house here on Saturday.

A large amount of building will be done in this neighborhood during the coming summer. Mr. Whetter, reports 9 barns this year, and one store which he has contracted for.

Mr. Johnny Foods, of the Streetsville Review, is home for a two weeks vacation. Johnny is an industrious young man never having taken an extended holiday since commencing the business nearly four years ago.

The following may not be poetry, but it is very expressive of the truth never the less.

[illegible]

A Chicago lecturer [illegible] the New York World [illegible] the pleasant process of repressing [illegible] out of the metamorphic [illegible] and decorated New [illegible] In its way it is a [illegible].

[illegible] weeks, a high class illustrated periodical in New York, is a competitor in the field with such excellent publications as Harpers and Frank Leslie's weekly magazines. It employs the best and costliest of writers, secures the finest artistic talent to be procured, and in a fair field with no favor can confidently hold its own with either of the above mentioned. Published at 104 to 110 Attorney street, New York, at $4 per annum, single copies 10c.

Spring is upon us during the past week. Although it was keen, but its voice, modified somewhat by congenial, sleighing was bad, very bad, but some people managed to get out on the gravel. The "young man with a moustache" came out in last year's Christy, another young man was seen describing to a partner the way to a certain sugar bush, and last, but not least, the boxes and bales of spring dry goods, millinery, etc., being delivered at M. Richardson & Co's warehouse.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Why is J.E. Moore doing such an immense business is a question often asked. The problem is easily solved by visiting his warerooms on Durham St., where he keeps everything needed in his line and sells at prices that defy competition. Call and inspect his large, well assorted stock and get prices which will prove to you that none are too poor to marry.

Mr. J. D. Clark, assistant editor of the Hamilton Times, and son-in-law of our worthy Div. C. Clark, J.W. Armstrong, Esqr., is about to sever his connection with the Times, and has accepted full editorial control of the London Daily Advertiser, duties to commence on July 1 next. While the Times loses a vigorous writer, the Advertiser gains thereby, and will no doubt improve greatly in literary merit upon the elevation of Mr. Clark to the chief chair in its sanctum. We congratulate the Advertiser and Mr. Clark.

Friend Fawcett has occasion to remark that "as a class the Artemesia farmers are a remarkably honorable and straightforward lot of men. We venture to say that, in these respects, they would put to shame the agriculturists in many of the frontier townships." All of which The Advance heartily endorses. But we would just remark that this is no back-country township like it was a few years ago, "and don't you forget it." The 'frontier' townships are no better in any respect unless it be the quality of soil.

Meaford Mirror. "The Flesherton Advance says 'We notice a distinct and continued improvement from week to week in the Streetsville Review. Bro Fawcett has his teeth clinched and muscles on the strain. He is getting there swift.' A man whose teeth are 'clinched' and muscles 'strained' must be in a bad state. Bro Thurston should go to the rescue of his friend." Not necessarily. But then, of course, as the Mirror never experienced the sensation it cannot be expected to understand that no man ever makes much of a furore in this world unless he keeps his muscles continually on the "strain" and his teeth "clenched."

A Narrow Escape.

The tannery of Mr C.C. James, at Priceville, had a narrow escape from being burned down the other day. The roof took fire, and a large hole was made in it before the blaze was extinguished.

Mr. Enes the Man.

At a joint meeting of members of the Presbyterian charge in Markdale and Flesherton last week it was unanimously resolved to tender a call to Rev Mr. Enes, who has preached in these churches on three different occasions. This was accordingly done, and on Friday last a letter of acceptance was received from Mr. Enes. The managing board have been fortunate in securing this gentleman's services.

An Evening of Song.

The large number of people who attended the concert and tea on Friday evening were in no wise disappointed. They went to hear music and they heard it. Leard home talent of a more than medi[illegible] order, and foreign talent that ranged [illegible] endowed with the rare gift of a powerful voice, of wonderful range, sweetness, and power. Mrs Shilton of Toronto, possesses a remarkable voice in many respects. It is a rich, ringing contralto, of great power, and under perfect control. It exhibits the perfection of long training and studious care. There was a certain disadvantage under which the lady sang. In a large hall with better acoustics her voice would be heard to more advantage. The choice of our church in this respect never favored themselves to us before, but the grand voice was thrown back upon itself in a degree, and a sense of confinement attended its utterance. A voice of Mrs Shiltons calibre would most certainly improve by more freedom in a more spacious auditorium. Her first selection was "The Pilgrim," by Adams; for the most electrifying piece which she rendered was Dudley Buck's "Concone." This is a rather difficult selection, and displayed Mrs. Shilton's voice to perfection, her power of expression and the ease with which she can soar from high to low with absolutely no quiver. Her encore "Thro' the Rye," "Annie Laurie" and "Killarney" were also heartily received as encores, in which respect Mrs. Shilton cheerfully submitted several times to demands of the audience.

The other musical portion of the program consisted of an anthem by the choir, a solo sung by Miss Christoe in her inimitable style entitled "The Old Folks," a quartet by the Misses. Richardson and Messrs. Russell and Richardson, a duet by the Misses Richardson, a solo by Miss Vandusen, a duet by Mrs. Blackburn and Miss Christoe, and several selections by the Glee Club, all of which were rendered very creditably indeed, and all went to make up an evening of music such as is seldom enjoyed by our music-loving citizens.

Refreshments were served in the basement of the church.

For the benefit of the curious we might say that Mrs. Shilton is sister-in-law of our popular minister, Rev. J. W. Shilton, and resides in Parkdale, her husband being a solicitor there. It is not probable that this will be the last occasion which the people of Flesherton will have of enjoying her singing.

Flesherton Station

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

The community around here are somewhat taken by surprise at so early an appearance of spring and the roads breaking up so soon, as a goodly number have not completed their winter's work, nevertheless looking over the station yard you would come to the conclusion that the station has been a live place this winter so far as the amount of material delivered is concerned, to say nothing of grain.

As the winter season is about over and the near spring approaching and the time of the singing of the birds has come, Mr. Whittaker contemplates removing to his summer residence shortly so that he may have a fair view of the station and its surroundings. That's right friend John.

Mr. McGinnis is just getting things into shape as he is determined to run a first class hotel. It takes a live man to do a live business. Don't you forget it Mc.

Friend Crossley has taken the cake this winter for the business he has done in the livery line. Put on more rigs, young man, and take no second best.

There is another young man on the back line who has been masked and led captive by that fair one from Creemore. She started for home last Friday, but only got a half a mile or so when she met this second young man, who persuaded her to stay a day or so longer. She stayed! The same day they took a drive to Priceville, and on Sunday "she" departed for home. The young men around here are now singing, "With all thy faults I love thee still," and "Good bye, Sweetheart."

Wood bees and so on have been the rage for the past ten days around here. But the more noticeable was Mr. Thos. McArthur's. After his along sickness he thought he would invite a large concourse of his friends to join with him and have a good time in the way of dancing and other games. And so they had. They were supplied with music by the boy fiddler.

Last but not least, was that of Mr. Wm. Wright's wood bee; it was not that success as far as the amount of wood cut is concerned, for the amount of men there was attea. There was a bountiffull spread of the good things of this life, and each and all did ample justice to the viand's set before them. Tea being over, things were put in shape for an [illegible] to the tune of a good hoe down, and a hoe down it was, as they were determined not to go home until morning, and morning it was.

Eugenia

From our own correspondent.

The grist mill is again in full blast. Mr. Ferguson, of Cheltenham has taken charge. He comes well recommended and appears to be a thorough business man, so that during the coming summer we hope to hear the pleasing music of the merry millstones. We wish Mr. Ferguson success in his undertaking.

Quite a number of the young folk enjoyed themselves at a merry frolic on Tuesday night where they danced 'till the midnight hour and then young man after seeing his best girl safe end to run to get home in time to light the fire in the morning.

Mr. John Bowerman, of Toronto, is visiting at her parent's, Mr. Thos. Crowe.

Messrs. W. Williams and F. Carr are employed in Mr. Hazard's saw mill, Preston Station.

A goodly number of farmers took advantage of the last two weeks of sleighing and drew in a large number of sawlogs. Now the sleighing is done and the wheels have already begun to rattle over the stony streets. The river is rapidly loosing its fetters of ice and the falls present a glittering aspect.

The sap buckets have already been got out and scalded, and the path has been made to the woods, so the sugar campaign has almost begun.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The Rev. Mr. Watts is still carrying on special services in this place with good results. Many are being turned from darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God, and we hope to see many more turn from their evil ways and and give their heart to Jesus.

Mr. R. Baker left this week for Owen Sound where he intends to reside for some time, and Mr. D. Wallace is again in our midst.

The sleighing is all gone in this place and the roads are drying up like the would in the month of May.

A few of the young people from Kimberley went to Epping on Thursday night last to assist in a concert which was got up under the able management of Miss M. Gilray and Miss S. J. McConnell. Proceeds in aid of an old couple living in that vicinity who have no means to live only what is given to them. The concert was grand so says one who was there. The Marshall family was present and sang some very fine selections. The Marshall family are very beautiful singers and are willing to help in a good cause whenever they can. Mr. Burns, of the firm of Long & Bros. Thornbury, sang some of his comic songs. As an Irish comic Mr. Burns is second to none in this part of the country. Any one who would like to see his smiling countenance can do so by calling at Long & Bros. store and he will be glad to wait your pleasure. Mr. J. Richards, of Rocklyn, gave a couple of his comic recitations. Mr. R. Gilray, sr., occupied the chair in his usual pleasing manner. The young people who assisted in the concert from this place say they could not have been used better. They say the people of Epping are a whole-hearted people, and that they will be pleased to assist the Epping people at some future time if in their power.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00	to 5 00
Fall Wheat	1 00	to 1 02
Spring Wheat	1 00	1 02
Barley	0 35	0 40
Oats	0 30	0 30
Peas	0 55	0 55
Butter	0 16	0 16
Eggs fresh	0 13	0 13
Potatoes bush.	0 20	0 25
Pork	6 00	6 50
Hay per ton	5 00	9 00
Hides	4 50	4 50
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	1 00
Turkeys	0 10	0 12
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 35
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS.

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re-sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. Howard,

Flesherton

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull For Service.

The thoroughbred shorthorn bull DUKE OF ALBANY, will be for service this season on Lot 1, Con. 1, Osprey. TERMS. One dollar.

A. McKECHNIE, Prop.

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once and success is assured. Write FRED F. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.

North part of Lot 11, Con. 7, Euphrasia, 100 acres, 20 acres cleared, house and barn, $750, $200 cash, balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent. Apply to

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., Ont.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Separate room, East door of Mrs. J. G. Russell's.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of [illegible] College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Office at residence, four doors east of Grier's store, Markdale.

Priceville, Nov. 9, '88.

[illegible] & CO.

[illegible]

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T. A. STEPHENSON, M.D., A. AUGUSTUS, M.D., late of Tottenham, Ont.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE—ON THE LINGWOOD STREET, Sixth door [illegible] of Methodist Church.

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

WILL VISIT FLESHERTON, Monday's Post Land 3rd each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL.

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for [illegible] Co. Grey. Accounts carefully [illegible] most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance office.

W. J. BELLAMY

P.M.P. CLERK MARKDALE.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGENT, &c.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared at Clerk's residence, [illegible] since office of Insurance Co's represented. Money to loan at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills [illegible] and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to [illegible] County. Money to loan [illegible] at rates of interest. Collections [illegible] to with prompt [illegible] and despatch. [illegible] Agent for the Dominion [illegible] Company. Cheap tickets from [illegible] Liverpool, Glasgow, London or [illegible] to British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please [illegible] rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot [illegible] Sale.

A good house and [illegible] Methodist Church, [illegible] offered for sale. The [illegible] and roomy, the lot [illegible] yard, splendid well, [illegible] stable and [illegible] fruit trees, etc. This is a [illegible] promises, [illegible] Apply to A. B. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Why Pay More!

THE NEW RAYMOND

Sewing Machine

is acknowledged to be the best in the world as a family sewing machine. You can get one from J. E. Moore for

$30.00.

THE——

THOMAS' Co.

ORGANS!

are the world over for sweetness and fullness in tone, as well as for their beauty in design and finish can be got through

J. E. MOORE,

with

11 stops,
2 full sets of reeds and patent dirt and mouse proof pedal board for
$70.00. dollars.

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE STILL MARKED AWAY DOWN.

Our motto is quick sales, and very small margins. Handsome plush parlor suits. $45.00.

See our fancy rattan rocking chairs selling at and below cost.

CHAIRS
TABLES &
BEADSTEADS

at prices that will astonish all enquirers. In bedding nice seagrass and wool mattresses at from $3.50. Woven wire springs at from $2.50. These are real bargains.

J. E. Moore

Furniture dealer and undertaker.

FLESHERTON
FURNITURE
WAREROOMS.

Durham St.

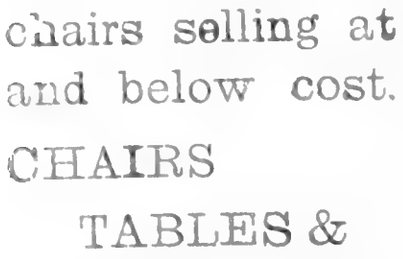

CORRESPONDENCE.

Manitoba.

By our own Correspondent.

Mr. Editor,—March "came in as gentle as a lamb" with the "wool drawn over its eyes"—the early morning being dark, and foggy, but calm, and mild. By eight o'clock the fog "lifted,"

When brightly shone the king of day,
And westward journeyed on his way.

No great credit is due the "month of many weathers" for his "gentle" appearance this time because his predecessors during the previous week had set an example of calm, spring-like weather. Fires for warming are not required now in rooms having a "Southern exposure." But this is not usually the case here, and probably before the "grass grows" weeks of wintry weather will occur, yet I like Manitoba.

I will now try to impart a few items of information to your readers concerning

Things which have never "seen the light,"
Things to be seen as "twice by night,"
Things sometimes seen at "darkness' flight,"
Things plainly seen at noon day bright.

Inhabitants of Ontario, and further east know what it is to "see ones breath" on extremely cold days, but in this dry atmosphere, on a clear, cold day, the sun shining, (as is commonly the case here,) the amount of "breath," or vapor, appears to be tenfold more, and "plainer seen" than in eastern provinces. "You'd ought" to see men, women, and children, on the street, walking along emitting "puffs" from their nostrils similar to a small steam engine and they can't help it "you see." Of course, horses, cattle, and dogs, "puff" out the steam," or vapor also. And just here

LOTS OF ONTARIO

and elsewhere, let me inform you that dogs are more generally used as teams in Manitoba, and the territories, than you "ever dreamed of," especially in towns and cities. Harnessed to a sleigh, toboggan, cart, or arriage, they "scoot along" drawing a boy, (sometimes a man) delivering milk, parcels of goods, etc., to customers. One dog will draw a "big lump of a boy" with the speed of a horse, sometimes a little too fast, if he sees another dog which he has a "grudge at" he will rush forward and perhaps upset the boy and all,

INTO THE GUTTER,

if the one rope or rein is not instantly tightened. I need not say into the snow, because so little feel here that the novelty of an "upset into a snow bank" is seldom enjoyed! However, the dogs are very good natured, and a "dog fight" rarely occurs, and during nearly three years' residence in the city of

"TWENTY THOUSAND DOGS,

(I've been told there is this number, probably not correct,) I have not heard of one going mad! The level surface of a prairie country is more suitable for dog teams, than uneven and where hills abound, therefore I would not advise men or boys of such countries to train dogs for drawing, use them for watch dogs etc., where necessary, but in my opinion the fewer dogs in any country the better. I presume it is not known in the older provinces what kind of firewood is used here, therefore I will now talk to those more immediately concerned.

"THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT."

We have poplar, tamarack, oak, pine, (Norway cedar, spruce, birch, etc. Not a very great variety. While living in Ontario we burned upwards of twenty kinds, and while in North Carolina, eight or ten varieties, viz., oak, oak-chestnut, pine, pitch pine, gum trees, etc. But for easy cutting, (women sometimes have to cut firewood, "more's the shame to men, and boys,) light handling, and quick fires, poplar wood is superior to all, little or no "kindling wood" being required, just put in the wood, apply a match, and you have a fire *soon*! But it must be seasoned. You may as well try to get a fire from green basswood, with wet shavings for kindling, as to think of making unseasoned poplar burn; it won't try to, it knows better (?) "you know." When there are but a few live coals, (the wood all burnt) lay one or more sticks on and almost instantly it is ablaze.

FUR OVERCOATS, ETC.

In a former letter I mentioned this kind of clothing, so common in the country. Lest some one be under the impression that, like dwelling in Arctic regions, we have but little daylight during the winter season, permit me to say, this is not the case; even now the days are longer than in Ontario, "by the Almanack," and

"Sunshine, and roses
To gladden our way."

"Rosy cheeks" understand me, please However, "furs and wraps" are indispensable for about three months, and there's "no use denying it." And as for "sunshine," no fail, however cold the weather is, of sunshine almost every day, in fact the sun shines here in cloudy weather!

A STOVE IN A SLEIGH.

Of one more 'thing which has never seen the light," (I presume in Ontario, either by press, pencil, or pen,) I will now "bring to light." Fruit and vegetable dealers convey such on extremely cold days throughout the city in "little log cabin" frame, on a sleigh, a "Lilliputian" stove therein, the pipes protruding through the roof "smoking away," not by "puffs" as does the "breath" (previously mentioned,) from the nasal organs of persons on the street, but it's a novel sight "all the same." Probably in my next I will tell you of some people in this country who have

RED EYES,

"Calico" horses, birds that walk ropes without being trained, also news items of more importance.

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, March 2nd 1889

Addenda.—Until the 5th Feb., the winter was unusually mild. Since then up to the 25th a "cold wave" has been "waving" back and forth from north to south, and from south to north every twenty-four hours, (sometimes less,) not remaining long enough southward to get "warmed up," as "old M——" said when he swallowed the tobacco juice. During my residence here I never before knew the wind to change [illegible] short intervals. After the 25th [illegible] weather became [illegible] thing, [illegible] cate an early [illegible]

W. P.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

The entertainment at Hillside Academy, which took place last Wednesday night, was a grand success, the weather being very favorable, there was a very large turnout, which you will see by the money received, $21 25. School children and all who took a part in the program got in free. At 7:30 the chair was taken by Mr. Sam. Kinnel, who called the meeting to order by announcing that Mr. Rutherford, ventriloquist, from Dundalk, was going to sing a song which he did sing and act to perfection. The curtain was drawn amid roars of laughter, mingled with deafening shouts of encore. The program consisted of readings, songs, recitations, dialogues, dancing, and music from the band, which consisted of the Parks Bros. with their violin and clarionet, S. Kinnel and organ, and J. Haw with and his picolo. One of the best features in in the evening's proceedings was the excellent dancing performed by John H. Campbell and his little sister dancing the Highland fling, sword dance, sailor's hornpipe and Irish jig. Mr. Rutherford amused the children very much by holding a mixed conversation with his dolls, as he termed them, also by telling his experience in the farm. He also sang some comic songs. Several others also sang some very nice songs. The children's program indeed a good one, and much praise is due Mr. W. J. Bateson, who trained them.

Mr. W. Frook had a wood bee some time ago. He got quite a lot of wood cut. The boys thought it a good place to try themselves and saws, so they got two trees felled in pretty good position, and L. Frook and P. Ferguson chose an old Lance saw with teeth about ½ of an inch long, and J. Ferguson and W. Frook took a Star saw. Their intention before starting was to beat any sawing that was ever done in the country, and they succeeded. The South Line boys at A. McMillan's cut a cord in 20 minutes and wanted somebody to ditto. Well those fellows ditched, but they should not blow until beat the record. The Brownsville boys cut a cord in 17 minutes about a year ago, and those whose names appear here cut 1½ in 9 minutes and 30 seconds. This is each saw cut ¾ of a cord in 9½ minutes. I understand they are very wroth about the challenge J. Ferguson sent to the Advance. They don't seem to appreciate it at all, as it has the same effect on them as a damper has on a stove, it stops the draft.

Mr. Adam Watson has left for parts unknown. The saw mill he owned here will be in running order pretty soon. It will be run in future by Adam Watson, cousin of the former owner.

Mr. John McLean is laid up with sore throat, but under the good treatment of Dr. Hutton, of Priceville, we hope he will soon recover.

Mr. Pat Sullivan is also very ill. We trust he will be around soon.

Mr. H. Lamont is working for Mr. Holmes again. He got his pay all right.

Mr. A. Nevin is looked upon as an old married man. He is not rushing the girls now, but logs and ties. OBEN.

Municipality of Artemesia.

Abstract of Account for 1888.

RECEIPTS.

Jan 1—To balance cash on hand	$ 1,870 87	
" —To balance on rolls for 1887	1,194 42	
" —To Treasurer Glenelg S.S. No. 12, Artemesia and Glenelg	144 06	
Fines	39 60	
Miscellaneous	14,591 44	
County Treas. Eq. Bridge Acct.	282 82	
		$18,122 55

DISBURSEMENTS

By County Treas. School Equivalent	486 00	
By County Rates	3,692 69	
		$ 4,178 69
By Ward No. 1	192 65	
" " No. 2	161 85	
" " No. 3	259 95	
" " No. 4	170 44	
	$	784 89
By School Sections		1,666 42
By Council Sessions		138 60
By Indigents		167 00
By Debenture Coupons, pending $624 deposited in bank on Deb. Acc't		977 50
By Salaries		45 50
By Miscellaneous		4,305 34
By cash balance on hand		2,418 61
		$18,122 55

Treasurer's Office, Feb. 21st, 1889.

JAMES BLODIE, R. J. SPROULE, } Auditors.

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL
GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

NO OTHER DRILL made can be [illegible] regulated to [illegible] topping the beam.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain [illegible] even, in proper [illegible] one depth in all conditions of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL has [illegible] to sow the instant the horses [illegible] no ground when start again, after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator, and no single cultivator [illegible] asses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes [illegible]

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

FLOUR, FLOUR, REMOVAL

STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do [illegible] on short notice and grinds in the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

FOR

FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS.

A large [illegible] on hand. Dealer in FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF AT

BLACKBURN'S.

[illegible] at once establish [illegible] name in [illegible] parts, by [illegible] one [illegible] Machine in [illegible] goods where the people [illegible] them, we will send Free to [illegible] person in each locality the very best sewing machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We also send Free a complete set of our costly and valuable art [illegible]. In return we ask that you [illegible] what we send, or show it to [illegible] you can at your home and after 2 months trial if not perfectly satisfactory, this grand machine is [illegible] after the Singer patents [illegible] expired [illegible] we make this [illegible] offer. No space [illegible] Paris Exposition [illegible] Write us at once and we will explain the whole matter [illegible] offer the best sewing machine in the world, send the [illegible] of which were shown [illegible] at the Centennial [illegible] Exposition of 1876 [illegible] Write at once. Address

TRUE & CO., Box 718, Augusta, Maine.

[illegible] at once, on the point [illegible] Lot [illegible] Concession [illegible] and the [illegible] of

MOORE'S Block, Durham St

[illegible] and [illegible] varnishing.

REPAIRING

FAVETHOUGHING

done as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for [illegible] brated Singer Sewing Mac[illegible]

Respectfully, my old friends to come and [illegible] my new shop. I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Prizes for Farmers' Sons and Daughters.

[illegible] Centre [illegible] Farmers [illegible]

Thoroughbred [illegible] ham Bull FOR S[illegible]

Mr W H O'Brien, [illegible] half bot[illegible] A. Em[illegible] phrasin, offers for sale a first-[illegible] [illegible] Durham bull, 3 years old. Appl[illegible] sos, or Eugenia P O

Neddy.

There once was a small dog called Neddy,
Who slept in the street 'neath a stall,
His food was whatever he picked up
And often he had none at all;
But he never was sad or unhappy,
And he had the most comical way
Of looking on pet dogs with pity
When led by a string round to play.

Rough Neddy, though homeless, was happy
As happy as small dog could be,
For friends often he wanted a dinner
He had all the delights of the free.
Two friends as Neddy had he loved dearly—
One a sweet little girl in the street,
The other a great big policeman
That he oft followed round on his beat.

Why he liked the policeman I know not,
Perhaps 'cos he felt safe 'neath his club,
But the dear little girl often fed him
And to her he gave all his love.
He would watch near her house till he saw her,
When she came out his heart gave deep throbs,
And [illegible] he would stray, though the bad boys
Would beat him, and throw at him stones.

When she came out, then Neddy was happy,
At her feet he would lie with [illegible]
Looking up in her face, running round her
Barking and wagging his tail.
One day as Greedy I played quite near him
My quicker than I can it tell,
Neddy, the feet of a horse rushing by her
Bore off and wounded she fell.

Men carried her [illegible] while poor Neddy
Was broke [illegible] tried to...
But he would not go off, though they beat him,
For he knew she lay suffering within.
Every night the policeman there found him,
Lying whining across her front door,
And [illegible] him, tried to console him,
Neddy's cries were as loud as before.

One night he stole in through the basement,
Slipped in past the maid's blow and broom
Then he ran thro' the house till he found her
And to see her entered her room.
Neddy jumped on a chair to look over
The [illegible] dear face in the bed,
He [illegible] knew it
[illegible]

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

Hidden in the wood from all eyes but those of the Great Mother, poor Estelle was breaking her heart, yet doing her best not to be too selfish in her sorrow. It was for Charlie's good in every way that he should have this splendid commission; and she knew as well as he that it was for her good too in the end. Were not their lives essentially one, although to all appearance as yet divided? Still, the moment was bitter, and Estelle was not ashamed to suffer. Those two young creatures in the wood went through the old familiar tragedy; and then the moment came when they must absolutely part—his face turned to the mighty world of London, where he should find the grand anodyne of work and the noble stimulus of active endeavor; she to the restricted life of home, where her mother would not be her friend, and her father might not. But so it is. The weak one is ever singled to "endure what it once possessed"; and while the men dare and die, the women live and weep.

Spring and summer, and even autumn itself, had fled now for Estelle. It was the winter of her soul, the winter of her discontent, which yet had in it something divine. Her lover was away, and the sun had gone out of her sky. She gave up society and found the visitings parties the very haunts of dulness and the homes of ennui. She suddenly became miserly of time, and her diligence at home was really edifying to the whole household. Mrs. Clanricarde was far too clever to spoil the whole brew for want of a little sugar. She looked narrowly after the post, and let her daughter receive all Charlie's letters uninterrupted, knowing that to have prevented their free delivery would have simply created an under-hand post office, where she would have had no supervision. What she would do in the future was another matter altogether. Meanwhile Charlie Osborne found his place in London one after his own heart. The Smythe Smiths were charming people—for parvenus. Of course they were pretentious. That is the very essence of the condition. For being afraid to show ignorance, and not knowing into what circles of knowledge high bred people are in a manner born the parvenu assumes to know everything, and makes bad shots in consequence. But they were substantially sensible people, and amenable. To yield apparently was in reality to direct, as Charlie soon found out, and safely acted on. When Mrs. Smythe Smith made her suggestions, which were blemishes, and Mr. Smythe Smith made his, which were suicidal, the young artist accepted them as though they were absolutely worth considering. He began by praising them *en bloc*, and ended by deftly whittling them away to nothing. But he had the renunciation come from them as their own spontaneous decision, and saved their self love, his own credit, and the harmony of his ideas unbroken. Then they were generous people and spared no expense in any direction. And next to the pleasure of spending their own money is that of manipulating other people's, a pleasure of which Charlie was keenly conscious, and by no means shy in its use. Mrs. Smythe Smith, too, a showy, well-preserved woman on the right side of forty, had taken an immense fancy for this handsome artist, guest, and friend. She called herself his mother, and treated him with as much affection as she treated her own son, Lawrence—a tall, well built young athlete of twenty, who looked more like her younger brother than her son. She petted him greatly, and made much of him in all ways. Not Estelle herself touched that irritable self love of his with a softer hand than did this wealthy parvenue, whom Charlie himself was not ashamed to own as his patroness.

On his side Mr. Smythe Smith was just as kind, just as satisfactory.

To do Charlie justice, nothing of all this touched his fidelity to Estelle. He never forgot her, and wrote to her at the first frantically and frequently; as time went on with the most lovely and consoling regularity, but not so often, and with less of the poison of despair and more of the honey of hope in his letters. This voluntary confidence and strict association made her very happy so far as a girl separated for an indefinite time from the man she passionately loves, and with whom her engagement is in secret and against her mother's permission, can be said to be happy in any sense.

So time passed, and the autumn and the winter flowed once more into the spring, and still things were exactly where they were. The grand house in Piccadilly was [illegible] almost finished, and the Smythe [illegible]ld soon move into it. Charlie had made a good "hatful" of money, as he phrased it, and he had been careful—for a young artist—and not extravagant. But a thunder bolt fell out of the blue; and a cloud at first no bigger than a man's hand soon swept over the whole sunny south. Charlie's health, which had long given Mrs Smythe Smith uneasiness, though he himself made light of her fears, suddenly gave way with a run, and a broken blood-vessel brought him to the brink of the grave and kept him there for some time.

As no one knew of his engagement to Estelle Clanricarde, there was no one to write and tell her what had happened, nor what was the reason of this sudden cessation of letters. The poor girl fretted herself ill in sympathy with her absent lover, feeling sure that it was illness with him, and in no wise treachery nor desertion. At her instance Lady Elizabeth took it on herself to write to Mrs. Smythe Smith, making general inquiries as to the work, and whether they were not pleased with their artist, and when would it be finished, etc., etc. All meaning the one simple little question, "Why has not Charlie Osborne written for so long to Estelle Clanricarde?"

Then Mrs. Smythe Smith answered, and the sorrowful truth came out. As soon as he was able to bear it they were going to put him on board their steam yacht and send him round the world with their son.

There was no help for it. Nor tears nor prayers can stay the tide, put back the hand of time, nor make that broken blood-vessel as good as new without absence, care, and long delay. As things were, it was a merciful ordering of Providence that Charlie had such good friends—people both able and willing to help him in his day of need.

So Lady Elizabeth argued, doing her best to comfort poor Estelle, who, unselfish and unexacting as she might be, yet felt as if this voyage were the doom of her eternal separation, and that she would nevermore see her beloved. Hope lay dead at her feet, and happiness was but a broken bubble. Her life was widowed; her soul was sunk into eternal mourning. Henceforth she had only memory and her own eternal faith. For she would die as she was now devoted to Charlie and to Charlie only.

Charlie going away for perhaps a year, perhaps two ill, unseen, unkissed, bearing with him only her heart and all her joy what solace could she have? Not even her mother's increased tenderness made amends for this supreme loss, and so the blackness came, and what had been only the twilight of hope unfulfilled was now the midnight of despair, and a darkness which no star melted, and not even a meteor illumined.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I

THE NEW TIES.

In the country where they lived, the Harfords had that character for eccentricity which belongs to all people of originality of thought or marked individuality of character. Strong, energetic, undisciplined, as lads they ran away from school; as men they shot big game and sought adventure in the wilds. All sorts of wild traditions floated through the family annals. A white man had been heard of as a medicine man of power among the Blackfeet Indians; and he was a Harford. The most daring pirate in the Chinese seas was said to be an Englishman, and if so, whose could he be but a Harford? The mysterious European always turning up as Mohammedan princes at Bagdad or Cairo, were Harfords, too, a man, and there was never a one who there was not a Harford, under an alias name in the workhouse or in prison serving a job, or sweeping a crossing. In short they were the modern representatives of the Vikings, the knight errant, the Crusaders, the Cossacques, the freebooters of all times and nations. But they made good members of society when they did settle down; and as owners of the estate were as hard on poachers as if they were not of the same kidney themselves.

The Jack Harford who had just died had been in his youth quite up to the family traditions for wilfulness which had not prevented his marrying a well connected lady, who gave him two children, and then no more. She died when young Anthony was about twelve years old and his sister Constance two years his junior, and next year the widower married again. Which second marriage, adding fuel to the fire of wild Harford blood, sent Anthony off on his unauthorized travels when he was eighteen, whence he did not return till brought back by his father's death and his own inheritance.

For the first months more pressing business than that Aspline trustee up took up his time and absorbed his attention. There was his father's widow to deal with, all his half brothers and sisters to see; their claims to look into to dispute when they could, and to settle with as good a grace as might be when he could not. Not that he was close fisted, nor yet selfish, but he had ever cherished that old resentment against the marriage which had landed him in the Wild West of America so soon as he had got his head; and he was reconciled to his step-mother no more now than before. No man who had ever crossed Anthony Harford's path, or inflicted on him any kind of loss or wrong, had lived long to celebrate his victory. But with all his fiery passions he had kept his masculine integrity without a flaw, and the man did not live who could say that Anthony Harford had "ever funked or ever lied," had hurt the defenceless, injured the innocent, or lured wife or maid to the undoing of her fair fame.

His return to old scenes and the consciousness of responsibility, together with that invisible but omnipotent influence of public opinion, wrought, as might be expected, on Anthony. At first he did not like the change. By degrees, however, the returned wanderer learnt the lesson of proportion, and narrowed the wide generosity of his first sweep to dimensions better fitted to home life. He no longer thought it a shame to accept little rents of a few pounds a year from laborers whose children went barefooted and whose cupboard often wanted bread. He held it as part of the obligations of his state as landlord and proprietor to higgle over every little improvement or repair needed by his tenants; and to force them, for the sake of the principle, to contribute so many shillings, on their own side—representing empty stomachs and shivering bodies, where he felt neither the outlay nor the saving more than he felt the weight of a fly on his shoulder. He was never a grasping landlord nor a greedy, and his name stood high in the country for largeness of generosity; but he learnt to curb his natural instincts into exacter conformity with the public feeling and general action of his class, and something of the scent of the wild sage bushes passed off him.

Brave as a lion, and as strong as he was brave; handsome as a Greek bronze; with the eyes of a scout and the port of a king; supple as a panther and stately as a stag Anthony Harford was one to move all women's hearts to love, all men's eyes to admiration.

After he had got all his own affairs in smooth working order, Anthony Harford bethought himself of that trusteeship which he had to take up. He wrote to Mrs Aspline a cold letter of business details. He began "Dear madam" and he ended "Truly yours." But at the end he infused a little dash of humanity, well iced, by hoping that her daughter, Miss Aspline, was well, and desiring to be recalled to her memory. The letter was purposely made incomplete and somewhat disappointing. He thought it would probably bring a request for a personal interview, which was what he desired, and was too proud to propose.

His little ruse had the desired effect. His letter piqued and annoyed Mrs Aspline: it piqued and disappointed Anne.

"This man is going to give worlds of trouble, I can see that!" said the mother, her face flushing seriously. "He is as stupid as boiled owl!" she added. And then she wished she had left out the boiled.

"He seems rather confused," said Anne, following her mother's lead at discreet distance, echoing her thought as faintly as the second rainbow repeats the first.

"I shall have to go to London to consult Mr. Niemand," said Mrs Aspline, peevishly. "I should so much like to have another trustee! This savage will never do any good. I dare say he has forgotten his own language by now."

"He writes correctly," said Anne, with an air of deliberation.

"Oh! his bailiff wrote for him," said Mrs. Aspline, with an air of conviction.

"If I were not afraid of his habits I would ask him to come here, and we could talk matters over," said Mrs. Aspline, who hated trouble and dreaded travelling.

"I dare say he would be bearable," returned Anne, who secretly wanted him to come, and privately intended that he should be asked.

"It will scarcely do for us to present a savage to our friends," said Mrs. Aspline, dubiously.

"No," said Anne; "unless he amused them. And Kingshouse is so dull, perhaps it would brighten up a little."

"But if he is horrid in his habits, Anne?" objected her mother.

"We must tell him," said Anne.

"I am sure I would not!" said Mrs. Aspline, warmly.

"I would if you like," said Anne, calmly.

"Well, Anne, if you like to take the responsibility of the creature, I am sure I do not mind," Mrs. Aspline returned, after a moment's pause. "Bad as he very likely is, Thrift is a lovely place, and the old family name is worth something, though the Harfords are such a queer lot. We are not responsible for him, after all. He stands on his own feet. He is not like a nobody whom we introduced and vouched for. He is a Harford when all is said and done. So perhaps I may venture."

"I think you may," said Anne, in her usual languid, dreamy manner, though she could scarcely repress the glad smile and frowning exclamation which rose naturally to her lips.

"I think you may," she said, "naturally, as it was you say, he is a Harford not an Aspline. Thrift combines a great many [illegible]

Hence it came about that Anthony's wish was fulfilled, and that a letter of invitation was sent to him at Thrift a letter almost as coldly worded as his own and written in Mrs. Aspline's scratchy, fugitive kind of hand, which gave top loops to all her consonants and lower twists to all her vowels, and took four times as much space as any one else would have taken.

"Good!" said Anthony Harford, when he received the letter. "I will go next week. I wonder what I shall find? Whether little Anne has grown into a bright girl or is a little cuss, and whether Cookey is as fat as she used to be when she gave me cakes and sweeties, and I thought her the prettiest lady in the country, who could beat whole lots hands down?"

CHAPTER II.

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Was it from ignorance or design that Anthony Harford dispensed with the formalities usual among civilized people, as touching the relations between guest and host, and set out for Hindfleet without notice given or time appointed? Even proud folk sometimes condescend to small ruses; and Anthony, though prouder than most, had thus condescended.

He wanted to take his old friends unawares, so that he might test them by that most trustworthy of all personal litmus—papers surprise. It was the old parable of the Virgins had the Asplines preserved their oil of affection for him, or had they wasted it?

In truth he was in the mood which makes what is called a "marrying man" ready to fall in love with the first likely girl who presented herself. Hence it was that shortly after the interchange of those formal business letters he packed up his portmanteau—so far as he had gone yet he disdained a man for his personal service—and he took the train to Kingshouse, driving up to Hindfleet unheralded, uninvited, and unexpected.

It was a dull winter's day, and the brief twilight was stealing on like a dusky web woven between sky and earth.

The whole scene, like the atmosphere, was so unutterably dispiriting that Anthony mentally wondered if the game were worth the candle, while he muttered into his damp beard a few objurgations of an American complexion, and drew his furlined coat more closely over his broad chest.

At last they made the lane which was so picturesque in summer, but which to-day was a mere way of slush and wreck, and turning sharply to the right, came to the lodge gates of a well-kept place, which the driver said briefly was Hindfleet.

"At last?" said Anthony, with a certain grim humor.

The servants were just beginning to close the shutters and light up the house as Anthony entered. Already the hall was aglow with light and warmth.

While he was taking off his coat, paying the man, and giving curt directions about his portmanteau—which he called a valise—his mind went back in parallel lines, and the past and present were equally distinct. He was sincerely moved, and prepared for an unwonted amount of enthusiasm. Hindfleet would be to him what the old Hall had been—his home; and the Asplines would be as his own. But while this rush of friendly sentiment was sweeping through his heart, Mrs. Aspline, in the drawing-room, looked at her daughter with dismay, and whispered in a voice of conventional horror: "Anne, I do verily believe that creature has come unannounced. Who on earth else would call on such a horrid evening as this, and be such a long time in the hall? What a fool he must be! My word!"

"Surely not," said Anne, with a slight flutter at her heart.

And then conjecture was ended by the servant opening the door, and "Mr. Harford" coming from the light of the hall into the semi-darkness of the room.

"You see, I took you at your word, and came right away without further notice," said a richly toned voice, with an unmistakable American accent.

Both ladies rose from their chairs, and went forward to meet their visitor. How stout dear old cookey had grown! She was like one of her own butter tubs set on feet.

And how slender that round little puff ball looked, outlined against the fire, which touched the edges of her dress and figure with a kind of fiery glow—half flame, half color.

"Why, here you both are, just as in old times, and I am right glad to see you again," he added, meeting them with both hands held out.

Mrs. Aspline had intended to be properly dignified, as became a lady a little offended by a liberty and stiffened by long absence; but hospitality conquered temper, and she greeted Anthony as warmly as if he had been the old friend expected and desired of his dreams. She was so completely taken aback by this sudden shifting of the wind, she was so embarrassed and discomfited, that she lost all vital hold over herself, and could only save herself from open confusion by this air of wooden hardness the appearance of icy insensibility.

"Only a little cuss," thought Anthony, in his adopted vernacular.

Only a cuss, but how pretty! And where lives the man for whom a woman's beauty does not count as a moral grace, excusing any amount of cussedness?

He shook hands with her as warmly as good breeding allowed. He would have made his hand press warmer had he dared.

Then he said, in the tone of one making a discovery, "Why, you have grown right tall, that's a fact!"

"Yes, I suppose I am taller than when you saw me last," said Anne, not knowing whether to most dislike the American intonation of that rich voice, or most admire the personality of the handsome speaker.

"She was only a tiny mite when you went away just a baby," said Mrs. Aspline, as her contribution to the inventory of reminiscences.

"Yes, just a baby," said Anthony, still holding Anne's hands and looking into her pretty face with his searching eyes, a little deep set in the orbit, and overshadowed by the straight, keen brows above. "Why! you were just a ball in my arms. I remember how I used to toss you about!—up to the skies and down again—as you used to say. And how you used to kick and scream, and pretend you didn't like it, and then ask for more. I may little thing you were! But you were a cunning little thing too; and now you are a young lady."

Anne put on a dignified little look and air. It seemed so odious to reap the fine edge of her modesties to remind her of those inconsiderate times. She was still the same actual creature as the humanized puff ball who had been tossed up in the air by those two large hands which held her own and grasped them with such a fervent pressure—who had been carried in those strong arms and set as a little queen on her throne on those broad shoulders and who had even been carried piggy-back, and kissed by those now bearded lips scores of times past counting.

"I do not remember," she said, coldly.

"I do," said Anthony, dryly.

He dropped her hands, and Anne no longer felt as if his eyes looked straight into her heart.

"Why did you not give us word of your arrival?" asked Mrs. Aspline, hospitably reproachful. "I would have sent to the station to meet you."

"It was not worth while," returned Anthony.

"It would have been pleasanter," Mrs. Aspline insisted.

"I found a buggy," he returned.

"That horrid fly with a broken kneed horse!" said Anne, with a smile that was intended to neutralize the flavor of her slightly acidulated prudery.

"They mostly are in this old country," said Anthony, with a very pronounced drawl; and again Anne hated him for his voice, but how handsome he was! how well he bore himself! like a king for patent dignity and that superb air of self-respect which is as indescribable as an aroma but as visible as light.

"Why, Anthony!" cried Mrs. Aspline, startled into familiarity. "Our English horses are superior to any in the world!"

"Fact?" queried Anthony. "I reckon one of our mustangs would give the pick of your old three legs as many points as you asked for, and beat you at a hand-gallop after. Have you a Maud S. in any of your stables? No, Mrs. Aspline; America takes the shine out of you for horseflesh just as for most else. So I tell you."

"Why, you have come back more an American than an Englishman," cried Anne, with quite a nice little smile.

"You bet!" said Anthony, briefly; and mother and daughter exchanged glances, which Anthony studied internally to see.

"I will fool them to the top of their bent," he said to himself; "and if they see my game, they are cuter than they look."

But now the scene shifted altogether, and the ordinary routine of hospitality had to be gone through—the room assigned, the luggage, that one black shiny valise, taken up, and the domestic programme arranged so as to include Anthony Harford as a guest for as many days as he would care to stay, or until the terms of the trusteeship should be satisfactorily settled.

"I wish she were franker, with more go in her, more substance," thought Anthony, as he dressed for dinner, and took more than ordinary pains with himself.

"What a pity he is so Americanized: He is not like an English gentleman," thought Anne, as she sat, her hands folded in her lap, and her opaque, white, square-shaped nails horribly conspicuous, while the maid arranged her hair, put in her earrings, and dressed her as she had been a doll or a child. "But he is very handsome," she thought again; "and perhaps that bad manner will wear off in time. At any rate he is our trustee, and I am bound to make the best of him."

But when they met a curious coldness had set in between them.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

The days passed, as these first days of meeting between old friends long separated always do pass, in noting the changes wrought by time, and feeling for the ground still left common. His central point was the passionless stoicism of an Indian. He would not praise, and he was never angry. He nearly caused Mrs. Aspline to topple off her chair in an apoplectic fit by his strictures on the House of Lords, primogeniture, the Three Estates, and an Established Church claiming to be National in the face of all the other sects; and he produced a silence like that of death when, to cap his audacious idea of a great English-speaking federation, he said that he would give the old country fifty years, and then she would be on her knees to the States, begging to be incorporated in the Union. And when Anthony said this, Mrs. Aspline, who had the passionate patriotism of one who knows no other country but her own, and who therefore despises all foreign nations as inferior and comparatively barbarous, forgot that he had ever been a favorite with her when a boy and Anne no longer thought him handsome.

Anne was as little given to hysterics as was her mother; but she, like that mother felt the want of outlook in their new friend with olden memories, and thought him horribly cold and "shut up." Yet he had something in his eyes and face that was by no means cold or restricted; and though they were so often irritated with him, they were forced to respect him even when most annoyed, and acknowledge his superiority. Deferential and full of thought for them as he was, he was yet their master, and they felt it.

To Anne this sense of power, of superiority, was a new sensation, which had both its pleasure and its discomfort. This old friend with a new face seemed to her almost the only real man she had ever seen—as different from the "curled darlings" she had hitherto known as shadows thrown on the screen are different from real things. What did the various young curates who had mesmerized this way, fresh from college and the cricket-field, know of life as such a man as Anthony Harford knew it? What was their experience of "sets" and "dons" compared to his of gamblers and miners, cow-boys and prospectors? What learning got out of musty old tomes equalled this studied from the living page of nature and humanity? Was Charlie Osborne's artistic perception of form and color equal to this, the very highest reach to which observation can go? Was Lord Eustace Inchbold's soldiering at the Horse Guards to be spoken of in the same breath as this other's deadly encounters with the bush-rangers and Indians, whose treachery he divined, and, divining, frustrated?

What Anthony thought of his fair friends and hostesses was his own secret only. He never made eyes at her, never said anything in a softer voice for no one else to hear, nor used phrases capable of bearing a second meaning. In all this he was as straight and as uninteresting as Addie. He criticised her freely, and he laughed at her in a good humored but always rather earnest manner.

She could do nothing with him. She failed to acknowledge that to herself—that inner self to whom we never lie.

If only he would have spoken and be confidential though to blame she would have been more content. Would have liked it less had she known that Anthony Harford had come in the mood which makes a marrying man that mood which looks for causes of content and admiration rather than the reverse—and that had she fed his nascent fire with but a sprinkling of brushwood, and not deadened it down with ashes, the whole run of his thoughts and his estimate of her would have been different. He would not have criticised so much, and he would have admired more. For minds have facets which reflect according to the angle, and tender growths of feeling are killed by coldness, as flowers in the garden when the frost comes.

We all know how in a country place small events swell into importance, like those Black Crows of immortal memory. The fact of Anthony Harford's arrival at Hindfleet went; the round of the restricted society at Kingshouse like the tearing of a piece of paper in the Ear of Dionysius. Rumor turned her magnifying glass chiefly on his fortune. That Thrift was a fine property as well as a pretty place, every one knew; but the rent as settled by the assessor of taxes was one thing, and Anthony's private pile made in America was another. How the private pile had been made was the great Proteus of conjecture, which changed its shape in each mouth whence it issued. By gambling, said some; by mining, said others he, Anthony Harford, the English gentleman working like and with those ruffians spoken of by Bret Harte—by "striking ile"; by shoddy; by slave-dealing; by political corruption; by a ring in cotton, railroads, stocks—what not. In any case, there was; and how heavy it lay on its owner's conscience, and whence it had sprung—in what slough of sin and crime its roots were planted—all these were his affair and no other person's. The one thing certain was that pile, which made the income of the owner of Thrift of more value than a Scotch duke's, and worthy the consideration of a German princess.

Naturally the Asplines were "in society" in Kingshouse, but they were not among the more cherished members. They were received, as of course, in this plutocratic age, but no one made much account of them—no one forged with them such strong links of friendship, for instance, as those which bound Lady Elizabeth and Estelle. They were slightly in a false position—social coffins of Mohammed, suspended between two spheres and belonging to neither. They were above the need of such patronage and instruction as Caleb Stag required to make him in any way passable and they were just a line below the high water-mark of even a country place.

(To be Continued.)

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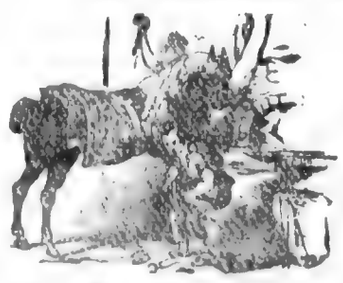

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LETTERS FROM THE FARM.

Specially Written for The Advance.

Life on the farm is just booming. I have grown two inches since last fall and weigh fifteen pounds more and [illegible] them, and all on account of that we [illegible]. There is nothing calculated to [illegible] muscle [illegible] than farming. For instance, they raise calves, colts, [illegible] puppies on milk and [illegible] have to exert themselves [illegible] which in my opinion, is not according to the natural times of things. That reminds me. Yesterday our teacher sent me out for six birch gads. She wanted to teach me the gaudy dance. I got the gads, took them to my beloved teacher and got them again. While I was getting them the first time I tenderly raised the bark in places and backed them, like George Washington, only I smoothed the bark back so that I wouldn't have to tell a lie about it and say I didn't do it. Birch bark is the best to do that with. When I got them the second time they fell on my back like the gentle taps of a fairie's wand and didn't hurt worth a cent. I smiled blandly at my fellow pupils and stood it all with a heroism worthy of the early martyrs. Five gads were thus made into matches. The sixth then started to get in its fine work, and when the first blow fell I knew there was something wrong. It whistled through the atmosphere with a business air that informed me I had forgotten to hack it. When it lit I knew the information was correct. The recoil made me jump two feet high, and the magnetism engendered in my body just made my two legs fly around that school house, over desks and under them, but that gad attended strictly to business and kept industriously whacking away fiercely, with a tenacity worthy of a more just cause. The only satisfaction I got out of this thrashing was to hear father belaboring the wood pile late at night while I lay in bed, swathed in bandages and liniment. The moral of this story is, when you undertake a job do it well. I don't much care, though, for I shall lay in bed a week, if sugar making don't start in the meantime.

'Martha and her young man had a good time in the parlor last night. You see Martha's dear little brother was out of the way. But I'll fool them some night soon—see if I don't. We have four new calves (including Mat's beaux) and they are all beauties excepting the beaux calf. He is red-haired and wears side whiskers. The others are red, too, but they don't have to wear any such measly-looking red clay mutton chops as the beaux calf. Wait till Mat reads this! We have eight lambs, but Redney isn't one of them. He's no lamb. He held me the other evening while Mat hunted through my pockets and stole a letter. Of course it was her letter, but I don't believe in using force until all kinds of argument are exhausted. That is what makes so much misery in this world. Man arrayed against man, and fight, fight, until one is cowed but not convinced. Now I'm going to steal another letter, sure as guns, and I'll show it to all the boys, and send it to you to publish in The Advance. See if I don't! When I think of that coersive measure of theirs it makes me madder'n the licking did. It makes me so mad that I can't write no more. O rover, as as the Frenchman says.

ZEKE BEADSHAW.

A Recipe Wanted.

Agricultural papers are full of "how to raise calves," "How to raise good lambs" and all kinds of garden truck. But there is never a word in them about the raising of cats. That is what The Advance wishes to learn. We wish to be instructed in the proper mode of raising the whole blamed breed so high that they'll never come down. One of them stole our beefsteak this morning and the meal had to be made off cordwood or

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Heard's Carriage Works.

— MANUFACTURER OF —

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

Great Bargains!

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Derrah offers for sale the west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Egremont, the Patrick farm, 75 acres, nearly all clear and under cultivation, $2,000, $800 cash, balance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot, $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA. Brick house and good barn adjoining the VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,400. For further information apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

WANTED!

Elm stave bolts. Cash paid.
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

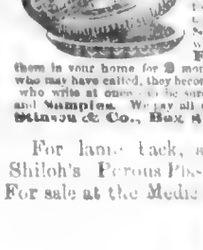

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $3 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy [illegible] Gold [illegible] Sent [illegible] Free [illegible] them in your home for 3 months [illegible] who may have called, they become [illegible] who write at once to be sure of [illegible] and Samples. We pay all express charges. Stinson & Co., Box 813, Portland, Maine.

FREE

For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. For sale at the Medicine [illegible]

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 404. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy flush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

DISCOUNT SALE!

R. Trimble, Flesherton,

Will for the next nfteen days give a big discount off all Winter Goods, in order to make room for spring importations, which will be in fully complete by the 15th of this month.

So Bring Along Your Cash

And secure some of the extra bargains which will be given, as the balance of our winter stock must be cleared out.

We haye already received a large consignment of Timothy Seed, Red Clover, Mammoth Lucerne, and Alfalfa. Also a few packages of No. 1 Salmon Trout and Split Herrings left. In order to clear out our large stock of Coal Oil we will sell at 15c in five gallon lots.

WE MEAN BUSINESS! Come in and get some of the bargains now offered at

R. TRIMBLE'S.

New Millinery Opening.

Mrs. W. TRIMBLE and Miss MART WRIGHT have just returned from Toronto, where they have completed their purchases in

Spring and Summer Millinery.

And will on the

First day of APRIL

OPEN UP

OVER R. TRIMBLE'S STORE,

A carefully selected stock of Millinery,

under the management of Miss Wright, late of Chicago and Detroit. Miss Wright has this season attended the openings of the wholesale millinery houses in Toronto and is in a position to trim in all the

LATEST STYLES.

Please call and see the new designs in

Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Fancy Ribbons, etc.

We feel confident that we can please you if nice goods and

LOW PRICES

mean anything.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EYETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

FLESHERTON
THURSDAY, MARCH 21 1889.

CANADA'S NEW PARTY.

Canada has a new third party. This much seems really to be decided. She has a new third party, and that party met in solemn convention in Association Hall, Toronto, last Thursday to organize and blow the first blast upon their trumpet. The platform is a large one, including nine broad planks as follows:

PLATFORM.

1. Rightcousness and truth in public affairs as well as in private business, and no compromises with wrong.
2. Equal rights for all creeds, classes and nationalities, but exclusive privileges for none.
3. A national sentiment, a national literature, and in all matters of public policy—our country first.
4. The prompt and absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, and the honest and vigorous enforcement of all other laws for the repression of vice and intemperance.
5. Retrenchment and economy in public expenditure, with the view of reducing our enormous national debt.
6. Manhood suffrage, with an educational qualification; that is, a vote to every freeman of legal age who can read and write.
7. The extension of the franchise of women.
8. An elective Senate.
9. Civil service reform.

It is a cleverly constructed platform, and is intended to be far reaching in its scope. It is an octopus with nine tentacles, and each tentacle was specially constructed with a view to the enfolding of a certain species of political and moral belief. In this arrangement, however, there is a very great danger under which the New Party labors, and that is the possibility of the bulk of its vari-colored tentacles proving more of a repulsive force than that of the individual ones to draw.

One of its most serious drawbacks is the arraying of creed against creed and nationality against nationality, which certainly must follow the adoption of its Temperance plank and its bitter opposition to Roman Catholic educational privileges in Quebec. Then its seventh plank is a bone of contention in Ontario. So also is the eighth. The nineth is something which every local and provincial government since confederation has professed to embrace in its platform. Taken as a whole, however, the platform of the New Party is a good one—providing that it were changeable, which it is not. It is made up of too many cross purposes and conflicting interests, ever to obtain the object for which it has been inaugurated.

We have no wish to be thought inquisitive, but would some one kindly inform us as to the whereabouts of Volapuk?

The Ontario Legislature ceased from its arduous duties on Saturday last for another year. It has waded through a large number of bills—an even hundred—but a very few of them are of general importance, exclusive of the Act to amend the Franchise Act.

The debate upon the Jesuit Bill was commenced in the Dominion Parliament Tuesday.

Thursday, April 4th, will be a great day in the history of the Scott Act. On that day fifteen elections to decide whether the Temperance Act shall or shall not be repealed will be held in as many counties in Canada—chiefly in Ontario. The latest additions to the lists are Lincoln, Ontario, and Carleton.

Bulletin No 7, issued from the laboratory of the Inland Revenue Department, gives some startling information regarding adulteration of lard. It asserts that the lard manufactured in Canada is comparatively pure, while that imported from certain American manufacturing firms is so highly adulterated, chiefuly with cotton seed oil, that "with some of the samples it seems very doubtful as to whether any lard can be present." Of Canadian lard, ouly 3 out of 35 samples tested were adulterated. From several thousand samples of American lard examined only one was free from adulteration. This is another article which we cannot understand the wisdom of allowing free access to Canada under unrestricted reciprocity, to the detriment of the Canadian farmer.

An American author, D. A. Wells, says "Ontario is nearly as large in area as new York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio combined, and equal, if not superior, to those states as a whole in its agricultural capacity, it raises and grazes the finest of cattle, and its climatic conditions created by an almost encirclement of the Great Lakes especially fit it to grow men. Such a country is one of the greatest gifts of Providence to the human race, better than bonanzas of silver or rivers whose sands contain gold." And yet there are people in Canada who call themselves Canadians and who do not appreciate this grand heritage, but would desire to hand themselves and country over to a knave who fully understands the value of this coveted jewel. Thank heaven such unappreciative individuals are in the great minority, and are likely to remain there.

That Challenge Accepted.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—An item appeared in your paper of the 14th inst. over the signature of J. Ferguson, in the interests of Frook & Co., challenging the South Line boys to saw a cord of wood, or to saw on specified time for the sum of ten dollars. Again in last week's issue another article appeared, in which gas was effused in dangerous quantities. Now, Mr. Editor, we never bet unless we mean business. We will saw the said company for the amount above stipulated, one cord or on time, brakes not to be considered. Therefore, to use their own slang phrases, "put up or shut up," for when gnats grow troublesome we brush them aside.

N. McLEAN,
JAS. McDONALD.

General News.

It is said the effort of the Salvation Army in the German capital have completely failed.

Farmers around Leamington, Essex county, intend cultivating tobacco this summer.

News from Egypt is to the effect that Emin Pasha has overwhelmingly defeated the 6,000 Madhists that were sent against him.

An attempt was made the other day to poison the family of State Senator Cook, of Massachusetts. Paris green was put in the well.

A young woman attempted to poison herself in Brampton on Tuesday.

Chief Constable Daley, of Owen Sound, has resigned his position owing to a difference with the Council.

W.H. Harvey, of Guelph, killed his wife and two daughters Tuesday by shooting them. He was arrested in Toronto.

Ten Arab immigrants, who arrived at New York during last week and were detained by the emigration commissioner, were shipped back to Europe on Saturday.

Beeton has an association of White Caps. In this instance they are quite harmless, however. It is a base ball club.

Mr. John Howlett, of Luther, is the owner of three ewes which gave birth to eight lambs last week.

Two Shelburne children named Bell were given laudanum for a worm remover and come near going under the dasies.

Mr. Hughson, of Garafraxa, captured alive a large eagle. It measured eight feet from tip to tip.

H. J. Benner, editor of the Mt. Forest Confederate, is an anti Scott Act man, and at a public meeting the other night to discuss repeal took occasion to address an unappreciative audience, and was roundly hissed for his pains.

Bailiffs Williams, Findlay and Frank, of Elora and Fergus, attempted to seize the goods and chattels of a Garafraxa farmer the other day. They gained admission and took a seat by the stove. The farmer's wife put a pan on the stove as if to cook something, and while around the stove poured red pepper on it. Then locking all the doors but the one leading outside, left the pepper to do the rest. It did it. The bailiffs soon beat a retreat, and once outside were barred out.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of IT FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

The Past.

For six years I have labored to establish a living business on the basis of honorable dealing with all—handling reliable goods at fair prices, and endeavoring to give "value received" every time goods are exchanged for money, note or credit. I have been "thrust" into something of success by the genuine support of a large section of "Central Grey" which would not have come if "undeserved."

The Present

Being fully established on the above lines, and having a very complete stock in all regular jewelers' lines, I shall expect and endeavor to still deserve the confidence and support of all past patrons, and will hope to gain new ones as 1889 rolls along.

The Future.

I trust to be able this year to keep my stock even better assorted for customers to select from. Will continue to buy from A 1 firms at closest possible prices, and offer all buyers reliab[le] watches "bed rock" pr[ices] ited. Goods a[s]

Jeweler ..

MARKDA[LE]

A STALLION KILLS A BEAR.

Goes Gallantly to the Rescue of His Master, Who Has Given up the Fight.

A Scranton, Pa., despatch says: Delos Woodcock, who lives in the southwest corner of Lehigh township, owns an old stallion that he calls Harry. The horse is a chunky brown animal of a Canadian variety, nearly 17 years old. He has a large mane and foretop, and a thick black tail, and for years he has been so cross and vicious that no one except Mr. Woodcock could handle him in the stable or harness him. Mr. Woodcock, who owns a small farm in sight of the Lehigh River, has had the stallion for eleven years, and twice during that time the horse has come within an ace of killing his owner, and Mr. Woodcock has often threatened to sell old Harry for what he could get; but he has had the animal so long that he hated to part with him, and now he says he is glad he didn't sell the horse. The reason why he says he is glad is because the vicious old brute saved his life on Monday, and since then Mr Woodcock has looked upon old Harry as a hero.

Late on that afternoon Mr. Woodcock rode the stallion over to Giles Chadwick's place after a bag of oats of a new variety that he wanted to sow in the spring. Chadwick lives on a hill between Trout and Tobyhanna Creek, and the distance between the two farms is nearly two miles by the shortest cut. For a mile and a half the route leads along the west side of what is known as the Big Marsh and through a long strip of timber land. Mr. Woodcock's little dog Josh tagged along behind the old stallion on the way over to Chadwick's. It was about sundown when Mr. Woodcock placed the bag of seed oats on the old stallion's back, mounted the horse behind it, and left Chadwick's place for his own home across the Lehigh. Owing to the bag of oats the horse could not go faster than a walk, and it was getting dark when he struck the woodland path close to the side of the Big Marsh. Up to that time the little dog Josh had been trotting along in the rear of the old stallion, but all at once Mr. Woodcock noticed that Josh was not following the horse, and so he reined the stallion in and whistled for the dog to come on. Josh made no response to his master's call, and Mr. Woodcock wheeled the horse around, rode back a few rods and called aloud to the dog. Just then he heard Josh yelping on the frozen surface of the laurel and alder-covered swamp, and he rode the horse back and forth, and tried to catch a glimpse of the dog through the openings in the bushes, still calling Josh by name and coaxing him to come out; but the little dog paid no attention to the repeated calls, barking more furiously than ever, and seeming to be teasing some kind of an animal with all the energy he possessed, and Mr. Woodcock, seeing that it was impossible for him to make the dog mind, concluded to hitch the horse and go into the swamp to see what Josh had tackled. Mr. Woodcock said that Josh yelped like sixty just then, and so he dismounted, took off the bag of oats and placed it on the ground near the roots of a tree, and was leading the stallion toward a sapling to hitch him, when out of the swamp sprang the little dog howling from fright. Close to his heels tramped an old she bear, frothing at the mouth and snorting, and it was she that Josh had been yelping at and disturbing in her nest under the roots of a fallen tree. Mr. Woodcock said that the little dog ran past him as though he was scared half to death and got out of sight in no time, and that he himself was so startled by the bear's sudden appearance that he forgot to hitch the horse. The angry old bear seemed to think no more about her tormentor the moment she saw the bag of oats lying there, for she pounced upon it with a roar that made the stallion prick up his ears and look mad, and began to rip and tear it all to pieces and make the precious seed oats fly. Mr. Woodcock said this caper of the old bear's caused him to act more suddenly than he usually does, and that, without stopping to hitch the stallion to the sapling, he grabbed a dead limb, rushed at the bear, and began to maul her over the head. The first blow made her bellow but instead of turning tail, as he expected she would, she plunged at him and knocked him heels over head, forced him over in the snow, and nearly broke one of his legs. He squirmed from under her paws, feeling that she would kill him before he could get to the horse, for in the struggle he had lost his club; but just as he got upon his knees the bear sprang at him with another roar, and pitched him head first into a mass of bushes near the side of the path. Then he was sure that the old bear would kill him, but he pulled himself away from her by grabbing hold of some short twigs, and just then he heard the old stallion snort a couple of times, as he had heard the animal do before when he was real mad, and the next thing he realized the horse bounded past him and came down on the bear with both fore feet. The weight of the horse and the sharp calks on his shoes tore the bear's hide, but that only made her more murderous than ever, as she turned upon the horse and tried to strike him down. By this time Mr. Woodcock had got his arms around a tree, where he could see what was going on. All of the stallion's old viciousness seemed to have come back to him in an instant, for he struck at the bear with his fore feet at least half a dozen times in less than a minute, tearing the bear's flesh and hide at every lunge. The bear drew blood on the stallion's shoulder once, and then the horse gave a snort of rage, whirled as quick as a flash, and drove both of his hind feet against the bear's left side three or four times. That knocked the wind out of the bear, but the horse was not through with her yet, for he right about faced and went to stamping on her, keeping that up until he had killed her. When the bear had stopped kicking, Mr. Woodcock said the stallion cooled off and acted as if he was satisfied. It was pretty dark by that time, and Mr. Woodcock, who had been badly bruised by the bear, and whose face had been considerably scratched in the briars, picked up what was left of the injured bag, mounted the horse and rode home. Little Josh had got there before him and had sneaked into the house with his tail between his legs, the bear having frightened him so much that he couldn't be got to leave the house for three days.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Woodcock and Giles Gooderich, a neighbor, went to where the dead bear lay. In the course of half an hour they found her nest, and in it lay two tiny cubs snug and warm, but very hungry. They took the cunning little fellows home with them, fed them milk from a bottle and kept them where it was warm, and yesterday the cubs were all right. Mr. Woodcock means to keep the old stallion till death takes him away.

DREADFUL DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A Man Murders His Father-in-Law, Mother-in-Law and Brother-in-Law and Suicides.

An Austin, Nev, despatch says: A frightful tragedy occurred at Italian canyon, twelve miles from here, Thursday afternoon. Samuel Rundle killed his father-in-law, George Hosking, and his brother-in-law, aged 15, by shooting them with a shotgun, the charge entering the neck and severing the jugular vein of the former and tearing away the face of the latter. A boy named John King, hearing the shot, came toward the house. He was met by Rundle, holding the gun. The latter asked the boy to shoot him. The boy refused. Rundle then took the boy's horse and rode three miles to the lower ranche, entered the house, and with his pistol shot Mrs. Hosking in the head and then shot himself in about the same spot. The four bodies were found at the two ranches lying at right angles, forming a cross. The shooting was the result of a family quarrel over a division of property.

TWO TRAPPERS LOST.

Donald and John Finlayson Perish in the Far Northwest.

A Prince Albert, N.W.T., despatch says: Intelligence has just been received from Cumberland of the death of two trappers named Finlayson. The brothers left the Carrot River settlement, about forty miles from here, last August for Deer Lake, taking with them provisions and a trading outfit, intending remaining all winter trading in that region. After getting settled they started for the H. B. Co.'s post, 200 miles farther north and at the other end of the lake, and had not been seen since until a short time ago, when a Hudson Bay trapper discovered their dead bodies about two miles from their camp. It is supposed they were lost on the lake, and their provisions giving out they were starved to death before they could reach home. They belonged to Paris, Ont.

SHE REFUSED MEDICINE.

Death of a Believer in Christian Science in Brooklyn.

A Brooklyn despatch says: Mrs. Dewey, wife of the well-known New York wine merchant, George Dewey, died of consumption a week ago. She was a believer in Christian science and refused medical treatment until within a few days of her death, when Mr. Dewey insisted on calling in Dr. Fisk. The physician found that Mrs. Dewey's lungs were almost gone and recovery was impossible. Mr. Dewey had been favorably inclined to the Christian Scientists, but he is now disposed to make trouble for them. The matter is causing considerable discussion.

MARRIED HIM, ANYWAY.

She Had to be Taken from a Sick Bed and Carried Downstairs.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: Miss Fannie Robinson, a well-known young lady of this city, was taken from her sick bed yesterday, carried downstairs and married to W. D. Griffin. The groom came from a long distance once before to marry his betrothed, but she was taken suddenly ill and the event was postponed. This time the bride would not consent to postponement.

SLIDING ON THE BALUSTRADE.

A Boy's Fatal Accident—He Slipped and Fell Three Stories.

A Jamestown, N. Y., telegram says: Last (Thursday) evening Fred. Haskell, 8 years old, was playing in the Sherman House sliding down the balustrade from the third story. He lost his hold and fell to the stone pavement of the office, a distance of 30 feet. He struck on his head, fracturing the skull. There is no chance for his recovery.

Startling Experience on a Railway.

Some four days ago as No. 1 was rushing along past Stayner Falls, Conductor Nidd's attention was drawn to one of his lady passengers who was apparently ill, and bending over the lady with motherly solicitude she whispered something in his ear which made his hair stand on end like quills on the fretful porcupine. He soon went to the other lady passengers, explained the nature of the news which had so startled him, and requested their assistance, when, much to his astonishment, they all cleared into the next car and left him alone with his patient. Hastily rushing into the sleeping car he obtained some bedding, and shortly after the lusty voice of a fine young boy was heard above the rattling of the train. She was taken on to North Bay, where medical assistance was procured and kindly hands carried mother and new-born child to the hotel. On the news being flashed to Montreal directions came back to christen the youngster "Van Horne," and the company directed the conductor to assume the title of "Doctor," his visiting cards now reading "Doctor Nidd, accoucheur-general to the C. P. R." —*Algoma Gossip.*

Cure for Insomnia.

Recently there came to work in a Brookfield (Conn.) family a Swedish woman, who, hearing of a young woman's trouble from insomnia, told her of the practice of people in her country who are similarly afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring it slightly, and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed and it worked like a charm. The first night the girl slept four hours without awakening, something she had not done for several months. At the end of that time the napkin had become dry. By wetting it again she at once went to sleep, and it required considerable force to rouse her in the morning.

Many a young man finds his courtship come to a full stop when it reaches the interrogation point.

The comedy in which Mr. William H. Crane will star next season is called "The Balloon," and is now running at the Strand Theatre in London.

THE DEADLY BOILER.

Five Men Killed and Eleven Injured by a Boiler Explosion.

A last (Thursday) night's Pittsburg despatch says: A boiler explosion occurred in Morris' foundry, on 23rd street, this city, to-day, killing a number of men and injuring others. The explosion occurred just after the noon whistle had sounded, and many of the workmen had left the works to get their dinners. The concussion shook buildings for several squares. In a few minutes a large crowd had gathered about the wreck, and the scene was most agonizing. Wives, mothers and children ran about crying and eagerly searching for their loved ones. The work of rescue is going on vigorously. Four are believed to be still buried beneath the debris, and it is found many more were caught in the wreck. The cause of the explosion has not been learned.

The building was a large, one-story brick structure. The plant was worth $20,000, and will prove a complete loss. Nothing remains but a mass of brick, mortar and timbers. The concussion shattered windows and damaged houses for three blocks around, and it is s
more people were not kille
The boilers were inspected s
and were thought to be in fir
tion. The real cause of the
probably never be known.

The work of rescue was c
this afternoon, but no mor
found. All the employees l
counted for. Of the 65 wor
killed and eleven injured, a
seriously. Stephen Carter, b
only one in a dangerous condi
probably die. The cause of th
still a mystery. Some of the
heard the gauge tried a few m
the explosion and everythin
right. Every one agrees that
was careful and competent. T
been in the house eight years.
reach $30,000.

A correct list of the killed an
as follows: Killed—Gus Linnet
25 years old, single; James C
maker, 30, married; Jacob I
boilermaker, 28, married; Ch
bache, boilermaker, 45, marr
Clark, boilermaker, 30, single
Stephen Carter, skull fractu
places, hand badly burned, w
die; Martin Conner, painfully i
the head and legs; Frank M
scalp wound and shoulder bl
Frank Smith, boy, injured abo
legs; James McColl, Wm. K
Barr, Wm. Froner, Wm. Be
McKee, John Forest and B.
more or less cut and bruis
seriously hurt. Peter Lover,
buried underneath some timb
painfully injured about the hea
but will recover.

STARVING ONE'S SELF TO

**A Georgian Forger Thus Satisfi
science in Twenty-six D**

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch
death in Macon of John Adams
factor, whose forgeries foot nea
has created a sensation. Sinc
ceration in jail Adams refused a
was Friday night, Feb. 15th, wh
put in jail. He immediately
die slowly by starvation that he
part expiate his crime and sins.
gave way to the cravings of h
once, and then it was only for a
eat two oranges and a piece of c
food his stomach could not reta
it cannot be said that the fast
tion was broken during the twen
of suffering and shame. The tw
day passed at 11 o'clock l
and he entered the twenty-se
deep and peaceful slumber. H
at his home in Macon, ha
taken there from the j
a week's confinement. He wa
charge of the authorities, his fam
for a special guard that he mi
home. Since the first all efforts
him to eat have been fruitless.
knees his aged mother begged hi
his life, but all entreaties were
He begged his parents to allow
force food or nourishment into h
saying that this would only p
suffering. His courage was
martyr, most remarkable th
The authorities are universally c
for allowing him to die this w
the general verdict that they w
gent in failing to force nourish
Adams' stomach. Physicians de
his life could have been prolonge
or more in this way, and it is
believed that had this method beer
to he would have desisted in h
While in jail he assigned to the
Bank Life Insurance property a
to $18 000. This is said to have been done in consideration of a promise not to prosecute him. Other creditors will fight the assignment and some startling disclosures are expected.

Expert.

Mrs. C.—Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?

Doctor—Yes.

Mrs. C.—You also attended professionally my first husband, who died.

Doctor—Yes.

Mrs. C.—Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too.—*Health.*

A Faithful Servant.

Mistress—Did you tell Mr. Bangs that I was sleeping?

Margaret—I did, mum.

Mistress—What did he say?

Margaret—He axed me how did I know.

Mistress—And what did you reply?

Margaret—I towld him ye said so yerself.

Compliments of the Season.

Fenderson (rising to go, after talking incessantly ever since his arrival)—Really! I didn't think it was so late! I have enjoyed the evening immensely. Miss Frankley—Oh, thank you, Mr. Fenderson; but then it don't make any difference where you go, you are always sure of enjoying yourself.

Very Magnetic.

Physician—Have you ever taken a course of magnetic treatment?

Patient—Yes. I slid down a toboggan chute on the seat of my trousers once, and if you want to see sparks as big as hot coals, all you have got to say is. "Let her go, Gallagher."

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The Glad Deliverance of Five Miners Imprisoned in a Mine.

A Mount Carmel, Pa., despatch says: Five of the six miners at Black Diamond Colliery have been rescued alive and well, and the sixth will soon be brought to the surface. Hall and Revels, though suffering extremely from nervous exhaustion, gave to-night the first account of their experience. These two were driving near the shutes in breast No. 8, in the south slope of the mine, about noon yesterday, when they heard a terrific roar, and the next minute they experienced a shock which caused Hall to exclaim, "My God, Nick, the slope has caved in." Revels descended to the gangway, and 12 feet from it found their egress to the slope cut off by huge rocks. He called to the miners working in No. 7, and soon saw Pokus crawling from the debris. They both joined in the shouts, and then heard Hearshallsky calling from No. 7 chamber for help. He was pinioned by a large rock, and urged his comrades to come to his rescue. They climbed up a distance, but the danger grew so great that they had

The Outraged Editor.

He my sanctum penetrated, and I looked up in surprise
From the proofs I was correcting, and he caught his angry eyes.
His appearance was against him, as he stood before the fire,
Of convict complexion and irregular attire.
I insinuated, mildly, that I hadn't room for bores,
And that nothing was more precious than the time of editors.
Then he grinned, smiled and nodded, with his head on an incline,
Asking if, 'mongst my contributors, was Imogene Vantyne.

I was startled; yes, and I'll confess that something like a blush
Came o'er my editorial cheek, and why my blood should rush
In such a way unusual, was this, that at Imogene
Had been making an impression though her face I'd never seen,
For her poems were peculiar, and with passion were full charged;
And on reading them I'd found my little heart was much enlarged;
So, in one ecstatic moment, but a week before,
I had written her and had told her I loved her—yes, and more.

Then my visitor continued, that my charges were fair enough,
But this writer cared for business
[illegible]

PAGES MISSING

sent the mercury up among the nineties in "Boodlers' Corner," Montreal.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Editor's Birthday.

The Elgin (Tex.) *Times* says: To-day was our birthday, and we celebrated the occasion by "setting up" two columns of type, cutting half a cord of wood, rocking the baby two hours, and cleaning our shotgun.

There's a faint hint of spring
In the air;
There is mud under foot
Everywhere;
And objects (long hid by the beautiful snow),
Which we had forgot, are beginning to show
Here and there.

Old rubbers and shoes,
And sniplets and chews,
Empty pint and quart bottles, no matter whose,
And no end of things we no longer can use——
And oh, oh, oh.

Here a whiff of old garbage beginning to blow,
And hark! there's the crocus beginning to crow—
Loud let us sing
Welcome to spring,
The time for uncovering everything.

The sales of Mrs. Burnett's "Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" amount up to date to 125,000 copies.

A speech of the Princess of Wales recorded in the phonograph is: "You are the most wonderful instrument I have ever seen or heard of. I wish that I might have one like you for my own."

Mr Kenneth McKenzie, M.PP., of Portage la Prairie, writes Postmaster Stirton, of Guelph, that on the 6th instant he sowed twenty bushels of wheat. Mr. McKenzie was formerly of Puslinch, in this county, and now carrying on farming extensively Manitoba.

The Historical Society of Winnipeg w to preserve Fort Garry gateway.

age, say 60 or thereabouts, for women voters, and swear them to their age. An unmarried woman who would publicly own up to 30 might perhaps be safely entrusted with a vote.

Easily Done.

Ticket Agent (at railroad station)—I wish some way would be invented to keep men away from the ladies' window.

Bystander—Easy enough. Put the sign "For Ladies Only" on the other window.

The Domestic Retort Courteous.

Son—Papa, how do they catch lunatics? Cynical Father—With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy. Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember that's how I dressed before we were married.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The First Kiss.

(By an expert in the New York Herald).

A girl who accepts her first kiss with a grateful sigh, as though her life had been saved, cannot hope to retain her value long. The first kiss in every instance should be a shrinker, a more brush, struggle and break away.

On Deck a Moment.

Business Man (Chicago)—Where is Brown?

Clerk—Just stepped over to the tailor's to see about getting a new overcoat.

"Ah! Where's Jones?"

"Just stepped over to the Divorce Court to see about getting a new wife."

An immense crowd of English immigrants have arrived at Winnipeg this week. It is predicted that the influx this year will exceed the numbers of recent years.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read the third time and passed:

To amend the Act respecting the federation of the University of Toronto and University College with other universities and colleges—Mr. Ross (Middlesex).

To incorporate the town of West Toronto Junction—Mr. Gilmour.

The following Bills were advanced a stage:

Respecting a certain by-law of the city of London—Mr. Meredith.

To enable the town of Cobourg to aid the Cobourg, Blairton & Marmora, or the Cobourg, Northumberland & Pacific Railway or other road—Mr. Field.

Respecting the consolidation of the debenture debt of the city of Toronto - Mr. E. F. Clarke (Toronto).

To revive and amend the Act incorporating the Sarnia & Lambton Southern Railway Company Mr. Graham.

Respecting the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway Co...

schools instituted like those in Scotland, where they taught the classics. He maintained that the High Schools should not receive any support from the Government. The High School in his district was twenty-five miles away from where he lived. It was no use to him.

Mr. Meredith—But the jail is seventy miles away from you.

Mr. Hardy—But that is not the point he is trying to get at.

Mr Gibson (Huron), continuing, said that he never knew of any person yet who had entered a High School to return to the farm. The money spent on High Schools would be much better spent in developing and building railways in the unsettled districts.

Dr. McLaughlin said he knew numbers of professional gentlemen who would never have occupied their present positions had it not been for free schools, free high schools and a free university. An hon. member had referred to Scotland. All he could say was at the time he visited Great Britain there was no chance of poor people ...tly ...ich ...ed. ...he ...nd ...an ...ln ...r ...ry ...Is ...e- ...ols ...oy ...ne ...l- ...of ...d ...o ...s ...e ...y ...e ...

difficult to get Conservative hotel-keepers to promise him either their votes or support, so apprehensive were they of disastrous results to themselves. He did not believe the same abuses would occur if the County Councils were again given control of the license boards.

Mr. McLaughlin challenged the hon. member for East Northumberland (Mr. Willoughby) to formulate his charges so that an investigation might be held. As to the retrogressive change proposed by the Opposition, the whole temperance and church sentiment of the country was opposed to it.

Mr. Awrey said that the hotel-keepers were the supporters of Dr. Willoughby in East Northumberland. His agents were hotel-keepers, and it was very amusing to see him call his supporters martyrs to the liquor license laws.

Mr. Awrey continued the debate. He taunted the Opposition with making vague charges in wholesale which they could not substantiate. For fourteen years in his riding there had not been a complaint against the administration of the Crooks Act.

Mr. Clancy said that the administration of the Crooks Act and the Scott Act by the Government had brought both into contempt. The principle contended for by the Opposition was that it was not possible to administer the Liquor License Act in an honest manner if the Government—any Government—had control of the license boards.

Mr. Ballantyne contended that the Crooks Act had been admirably administered. Under the previous system inspection of liquor places was a farce, everybody who applied got a license, and liquor was sold at all hours. As to the Scott Act it was impossible to enforce it because the people did not sympathize with the measure.

The House divided and the amendment was lost. Yeas 23, nays 43.

YEAS—Messrs. Blyth, Clancy, Clarke, E. F. (Toronto), Clarke, H. E. (Toronto), Craig, Creighton, Hammell, Hudson, Ingram, Kerns, Lees, Meacham, Meredith, Monk, Morgan, Preston, Rorke, Smith (Frontenac), Stewart, Tooley, Whitney, Willoughby, Wood (Hastings) —23.

NAYS — Messrs. Allan, Armstrong, Awrey, Balfour, Ballantyne, Bishop, Blezard, Bronson, Caldwell, Chisholm Clarke (Wellington), Dack, Davis, Dryden, Ferguson, Field, Fraser, Freeman, Garson, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Gilmour, Graham, Guthrie, Harcourt, Hardy, Lyon, McAndrew, McKay, McMahon, Mack, Mowat, Murray, Pacaud, Phelps, Rayside, Ross (Huron), Ross (Middlesex), Smith (York), Snider, Sprague, Waters, Wood (Brant) —43.

The House then went into Committee of Supply and passed several items of the estimates.

Mr. Meredith asked if there was any truth in the rumor that the Government had changed its policy on the railway question.

Mr. Mowat said the Government policy would be found in the notice of motion given by Mr. A. M. Ross.

New Version of the Butter Joke.

New Boarder—Will you pass the butter, please?

Old Boarder—Every time. Haven't intercepted it in four months. You'll pass it when you get acquainted with it.

His Redeeming Fault.

Mrs. Harrison (fondling a pet dog)—"Such a dear little fellow as he is! I wish he could talk."

The President—"I don't. He might ask for an office."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Personal Question.

"We would like to rent a house," said a nervous young man, accompanied by a blushing maiden.

"Double or single?" asked the agent.

"Married," stammered the young man.

Metaphorical Only.

He—I am carried away with my passion for you. I —

She—I wish you were, but you are not; you are still here. *The Quaker.*

Is It Edited by a Lady?

A new periodical bears the name of the *Tongue.* As a rule, there is not much in a name, but this is one that is bound to tell. —*Harper's Bazar.*

Things That One Would Rather Have Expressed Otherwise.

"Well, I must say good-bye, Miss Green. I've got my sermon to prepare."—"Oh, surely your sermons need no preparation!" *Punch.*

A Transformation.

Flub—He isn't so attentive to her as he used to be.

Snub—She's jilted him, eh?

Flub—No; she married him.

A Doctor's Inadvertence.

It is said a busy doctor sent in a certificate of death the other day and inadvertently signed his name in the space for "cause of death."—*Sanitary Era.*

Moral, Don't Drink Late.

William Wild, of Newark, N. J., arose from bed to get a glass of water on Sunday night and broke his neck by falling over something in the room.

The friends of Mr. Seymour Porter, who disappeared from Toronto on the 1st of January last, are offering $200 reward for news concerning him.

It is estimated that there is fully $5,000 worth of hides stored in Kingston and for sale. "There were more hides brought to this city," says the *News*, "this winter than for several seasons. The prices are low."

Miss MONA CAIRD and Mr. Oscar Wilde are editing a curious little book of sketches. A friend of Mr. Wilde's amused himself while the "Is Marriage a Failure" question was raging in London by making imaginary sketches of the writers of the published letters. These sketches are very curious and Mr. Wilde will make good use of them.

JAMES CAMPBELL, of Parkersburg, Maryland, appreciates the wisdom of old Sam Weller's advice "Bevare of the vidders." Some time ago he was out riding and when passing the house of Mrs. Chas. Osborne, a dashing young widow, he pulled out his handkerchief to blow his nose. Mrs. Osborne thought he was trying to flirt and, drawing a revolver, fired four shots at him, two taking effect in his face. The fighting lady is now on trial for attempting to kill.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Mr. John Bright has taken a fresh cold and has suffered another relapse.

The condition of Mr. J. H Pope is critical, and very little hope of his recovery is entertained.

Advices brought by the steamship Zealandra to San Francisco say that all is quiet at Samoa.

There is an exodus from North Carolina of negroes, who intend settling in Arkansas and following agriculture.

Mayor Grant, of New York, yesterday ordered that the sunburst of Erin be hoisted on the City Hall on Monday.

The Czarewitch will visit Darmstadt in May, when his formal betrothal to Princess Alice of Hesse will take place.

Atlantic City, N. J., was flooded by an unusually high tide on Friday, and railway traffic for some hours was interrupted.

The Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Quebec has passed a resolution strongly protesting against the Jesuit Estate Act.

Forty million francs have been advanced by the Bank of France and other parties to keep the Comptoir d'Escompte from going into liquidation.

The trial in Montreal of Benson for wife murder resulted on Saturday in an acquittal, the jury holding that the conduct of the woman justified the act.

There was another tumultuous scene in the French Chamber of Deputies on Saturday, caused by M. Laguerre making an attack on Minister Constans.

The First Chamber of the Swedish Diet has rejected the Bill for the imposition of an export duty on iron ore. The Bill had before been rejected by the Second Chamber.

It is stated that the French Government have warned wealthy foreigners, who are Boulangist sympathisers, that if they financially assist Gen. Boulanger they will have to leave France.

The British Channel squadron has arrived at Tangier to support England's claims regarding the cable and other matters. The fleet will not depart until the Sultan's reply has been given.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander of the forces, has issued a royal warrant, declaring the Queen is convinced of the Honorable Artillery Company's loyalty and restores to the company its ancient privileges.

In Lennox and Addington 105 convictions under the Scott Act have been obtained, and $6,500 imposed in fines. Of this amount $5,396 55 has been collected. Four of the fined were committed to jail and nine absconded.

Charles Nanjack, an attendant at the city hospital, Savannah, Ga., committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself through the head with a horse pistol. He stood in front of a mirror and aimed the pistol. He was believed to be insane over spiritualism.

Mr Fred Ingram, of Dun, Wiman & Co., London, was walking along Dundas street on Saturday with a friend. The two young men were "fooling" with a knife when by an unlucky accident Ingram received a severe stab in the side, which required the attention of a doctor.

A messenger who has arrived at Wady Halfa reports that a battle between the followers of Senoussi and the Mahdists has taken place at Sinan, to the southwest of Bara, and that the former were victorious. Both sides suffered heavy losses. Among the killed were two Mahdist chiefs.

Maloney, the Montreal gambler, was arrested on Saturday on a charge of having stolen $14,000 worth of jewellery from a commercial traveller named Reinhaltz, representing Messrs. Ellis & Co., of Toronto. Maloney, although the empty jewel cases were found in his safe, came back voluntarily from the States and denies the charge.

An imposing service was held in the Belgrade Cathedral yesterday in honor of the accession of King Alexander. The King, the ex-King, the Regents, the Cabinet Ministers, and all the diplomatic representatives were present. The city was decorated with flags, and the celebration closed with illuminations and a torch-light procession. In the course of the day officials were received in a farewell audience by ex-King Milan.

Peter Nearshalsky, after fifty hours' imprisonment in the Black Diamond Colliery, near Mount Carmel, Pa., was hoisted to the surface at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. His appearance was the signal for cheers from thousands of throats, which were heard for miles. He had been half buried, and had given up all hope when his rescuers reached the "breast" in which he was imprisoned. Strange to say, his injuries, aside from nervous prostration, are not serious.

Last evening about 10 o'clock, while Mrs. (Judge) Horne was driving to the Michigan Central depot at Windsor to meet friends, the horse became frightened at the express coming in and backed over the platform in front of the engine. The driver jumped from the carriage, leaving Mrs. Horne alone. The engine struck the carriage, completely wrecking it and knocking Mrs. Horne out. She was found between the front trucks and the driving wheels of the engine. She was only slightly injured. Only for the depot detective signalling the engineer she would have been killed.

In the British House of Commons yesterday W. H. Smith moved cloture on the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's Speech. The motion was carried by 247 to 66.

A despatch from Zanzibar says that a fight took place between Arabs and the Germans on March 3rd, and the Germans reoccupied Bagomoyo without loss. Bushiri, the Arab leader, was wounded.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British Minister to the United States, will start for Washington about the end of this month. After a short stay he will return to London for the summer. In the autumn he will take his family to Washington for a permanent residence.

In the Lower House of the Danish Rigsdag yesterday the Minister for Foreign Affairs stated that the British Minister at Athens had consented to act as arbitrator in the dispute between the United States and Denmark regarding the claim of Mr. Butterfield against Denmark for the loss of a number of vessels near St. Thomas many years ago.

J. H. Baker, employed to make public exhibitions with a self acting fire escape, fell from the Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, Minn., yesterday and was fatally injured.

Robert Garrett, the insane millionaire, left Ringwood, N. J, yesterday morning in care of his physician and attendants *en route* for Mexico. Mr. Garrett's condition is greatly improved by his sojurn at Ringwood, but he is not considered out of danger of a relapse.

Mrs. Ann Driscoll decapitated her sleeping husband, Timothy, with an axe during a temporary fit of insanity, near Delafield, Wis., yesterday morning. She attempted to murder her son also, but was restrained by her daughter, who awoke in time to prevent the act. The woman has recovered her reason. She says she was impelled to murder her entire family in order to save them from some unknown calamity.

Catherine Taylor, a widow about 50 years of age, was brutally murdered in her bed at her home, No. 330 Third avenue, West Troy, about 9.30 o'clock on Tuesday night. She was struck on the head with an axe, a terrible wound being inflicted. One of the fingers of her left hand was cut off, as if she had tried to stop the blow. The assassin is unknown. A son, William, 25 years of age, is under police surveillance.

The Washington Inaugural Committee has achieved an unprecedented financial success. There were 12,000 tickets to the ball sold, netting $60,000, and it is expected that the receipts from the sale of tickets to the promenade concert held in the ball room on Tuesday and from the sale of souvenir ball tickets will bring this amount up to $70,000. The $50,000 guarantee subscribed by public-spirited citizens will be returned.

Nathan A. Wilson, Secretary of the Cleveland Stove Company, shot himself dead yesterday morning while sitting at his desk. His father is President of the company. Yesterday afternoon the company assigned. The nominal assets are $200,000, liabilities nearly $90,000. The assignment was made, it is said, to tide the company over the excitement caused by the Secretary's suicide and to prevent hasty action by creditors. It is thought Wilson was depressed because of too close attention to business.

DISCOLORED JEWELLERY.

Sometimes the Gold, Sometimes the Wearer Causes It.

Sometimes it is the gold and sometimes the girl that makes jewellery crock, as is evidenced by the following from the *Jewellers' Weekly*:

Shortly after the holidays there came into my place a pleasant-mannered young man who expressed a desire to look at some gold necklaces. It is needless to say that I sold him one. It was fourteen carats and very pretty. Two days later the door was flung open and in rushed the same young man, boiling with rage. He threw the necklace on the counter, demanding the return of his money, and threatened to expose me as a swindler. It took half an hour to learn his story. It seems that after presenting the necklace to his lady love he had taken her to a reception ornamented with his present. After the first dance there was a commotion in one corner of the room, and the rivals of our customer's best girl were tittering among themselves and whispering about her. The young lady looked in the glass and almost fainted at the sight. Her beautiful neck was almost black from the friction of the necklace. She changed her mind about fainting, returned home with her brother, and sent the necklace back to her young man with a note that she did not like the brass. I tested the necklace in his presence, and proved to him that it was full 14 carats. About that time a young physician called to purchase a scarf-pin. He had overheard part of the story and asked to hear the balance, as he believed he could throw some light on the subject. Pretty soon he laughed outright and said: "Why, sir, the trouble is with your girl and not the necklace. She has too much sulphur, iron, mercury, salt or acid in her blood, and as any of these substances has an affinity for gold the explanation is clear. I have patients for whom mercurial medicines have been prescribed, and the result is that their fingers upon which rings are worn discolor at once." My customer cooled off and carried his purchase away.

Time Evens Things up.

Plumber (1889)—"Where are you going?"

Wife—"To sell my diamond necklace. We must have bread."

Householder (next door)—"Where are you going?"

Wife—"To look at a diamond necklace which, I hear, is for sale cheap."

Householder—"Well, the pipes haven't frozen once this winter If you like it buy it."

A Blunt Conclusion

He—What a charming woman Mrs. Barblue is.

She—Oh, she's a bluestocking.

He—She may be, but she is sensible enough to wear her dresses so long that the fact is never unpleasantly perceptible.

The Difference.

"It's eating between meals that's giving me the dyspepsia," said Bilious.

"It's working between meals that's giving it to me," answered Bonly.

Miss Oldham, who is not so young as she used to be—"Speaking of fine laces, Mr. Jackson, here is a lace handkerchief made expressly for me on my 16th birthday." Mr. Jackson, gallantly—"Simply beautiful? Ah, Miss Oldham, one sees nothing so fine as that nowadays. Things were made much better in those good old times, weren't they"

—Persons puzzled by the word "ohm," as a term of measurement for electric force, will be glad to know that the original ohm was George Simon Ohm, born in Bavaria, March 16th, 1789 A statue will be unveiled in his honor at Munich on the 16th of next month.

—Some men "live and learn." Others devote their time exclusively to forgetting all that they ever knew.

between the former and any corporation or persons, relating to the ownership, sale or lease of the Dundas & Waterloo macadamized road, together with copies of any papers in the possession of the Government relating thereto, subsequent to that already brought down in the year 1886.

The motion passed.

Mr. Dance moved that this House, recognizing that the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of this Province have in the past proved of great service to education, and while not questioning the necessity of their being maintained in an efficient condition, is of opinion that the time has arrived when such schools should be more largely supported by fees, and that the law be so amended as to make it compulsory that fees should be charged to pupils attending such schools. He explained that he had brought the matter before the House for the purpose of having it discussed as he thought the time was ripe for some action. If not this session at least next session.

Mr. Ross (Middlesex) explained that the imposition of fees was increasing. Many of those who enter the schools did so for the purpose of qualifying themselves for the teaching profession. The Government would consider the matter and perhaps take action.

Mr. Metcalf considered that the imposition of fees would be a retrogressive step in public education. He believed the High Schools should be as free as the Public Schools.

Mr. Meredith said it would be unfair to compel High Schools that were willing to give free education to charge fees. At present the High Schools could charge fees if they wished. Many of the schools only charged fees to outsiders.

Mr. Wood supported the motion.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) wanted parish assistant Police Magistrate on a majority vote of the Municipal Councils.

Mr. Meredith objected to a bare majority of the Council passing on the matter, and proposed an amendment to the effect that it would require a two-third vote of the Council present to pass such a resolution

Mr Mowat said the clause dealt principally with the city of Toronto, and asked for Mr. E. F. Clarke's opinion on the clause.

Mr. E. F. Clarke said the city had not passed on the advisability of appointing an assistant magistrate yet, but he thought perhaps it would be as well to amend the clause as suggested by Mr. Meredith.

Mr. Mowat consented and the amendment was adopted.

Mr. Gibson's (Hamilton) Bill to amend the Division Courts Act was passed through Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Meredith objected to clause 21, which authorized the summoning for debt, and the garnishee of their salaries, in the cases of young unmarried men, irrespective of the extent of their salaries. He said that in many of these cases a summons for debt would mean a dismissal by the employer. Tradesmen ought to be taught not to encourage these young men to take credit.

Mr. Hardy thought the young men ought to be taught not to run into debt.

The clause passed.

The committee rose and reported progress.

The debate on the motion for going into Committee of Supply, and Mr. Meredith's amendment thereto condemning the liquor license administration, was resumed.

Mr. Wylie said the Government control of the license boards worked injuriously in cases of close election contests. Partisan influence was said to be exerted in these instances. At his own election he found it

A STALLION KILLS A BEAR.

ces Gallantly to the Rescue of His Master, Who Has Given up the Fight.

A Scranton, Pa., despatch says: Delos Woodcock, who lives in the southwest corner of Lehigh township, owns an old stallion that he calls Harry. The horse is a chunky brown animal of a Canadian variety, nearly 17 years old. He has a large mane and foretop, and a thick black tail, and for years he has been so cross and vicious that no one except Mr. Woodcock could handle him in the stable or harness him. Mr. Woodcock, who owns a small farm in sight of the Lehigh River, has had the stallion for eleven years, and twice during that time the horse has come within an ace of killing his owner, and Mr. Woodcock has often threatened to sell old Harry for what he could get; but he has had the animal so long that he hated to part with him, and now he says he is glad he didn't sell the horse. The reason why he says he is glad is because the vicious old brute saved his life on Monday, and since then Mr Woodcock has looked upon old Harry as a hero.

Late on that afternoon Mr. Woodcock rode the stallion over to Giles Chadwick's place after a bag of oats of a new variety that he wanted to sow in the spring. Chadwick lives on a hill between Trout and Tobyhanna Creek, and the distance between the two farms is nearly two miles by the shortest cut. For a mile and a half the route leads along the west side of what is known as the Big Marsh and through a long strip of timber land. Mr. Woodcock's little dog Josh tagged along behind the old stallion on the way over to Chadwick's. It was about sundown when Mr. Woodcock placed the bag of seed oats on the old stallion's back, mounted the horse behind it, and left Chadwick's place for his own home across the Lehigh. Owing to the bag of oats the horse could not go faster than a walk, and it was getting dark when he struck the woodland path close to the side of the Big Marsh. Up to that time the little dog Josh had been trotting along in the rear of the old stallion, but all at once Mr. Woodcock noticed that Josh was not following the horse, and so he reined the stallion in and whistled for the dog to come on. Josh made no response to his master's call, and Mr. Woodcock wheeled the horse around, rode back a few rods and called aloud to the dog. Just then he heard Josh yelping on the frozen surface of the laurel and alder-covered swamp, and he rode the horse back and forth, and tried to catch a glimpse of the dog through the openings in the bushes, still calling Josh by name and coaxing him to come out; but the little dog paid no attention to the repeated calls, barking more furiously than ever, and seeming to be teasing some kind of an animal with all the energy he possessed, and Mr. Woodcock, seeing that it was impossible for him to make the dog mind, concluded to hitch the horse and go into the swamp to see what Josh had tackled. Mr. Woodcock said that Josh yelped like sixty just then, and so he dismounted, took off the bag of oats and placed it on the ground near the roots of a tree, and was leading the stallion toward a sapling to hitch him, when out of the swamp sprang the little dog howling from fright. Close to his heels tramped an old she bear, frothing at the mouth and snorting, and it was she that Josh had been yelping at and disturbing in her nest under the roots of a fallen tree. Mr. Woodcock said that the little dog ran past him as though he was scared half to death and got out of sight in no time, and that he himself was so startled by the bear's sudden appearance that he forgot to hitch the horse. The angry old bear seemed to think no more about her tormentor the moment she saw the bag of oats lying there, for she pounced upon it with a roar that made the stallion prick up his ears and look mad, and began to rip and tear it all to pieces and make the precious seed oats fly. Mr. Woodcock said this caper of the old bear's caused him to act more suddenly than he usually does, and that, without stopping to hitch the stallion to the sapling, he grabbed a dead limb, rushed at the bear, and began to maul her over the head. The first blow made her bellow but instead of turning tail, as he expected she would, she plunged at him and knocked him heels over head, forced him over in the snow, and nearly broke one of his legs. He squirmed from under her paws, feeling that she would kill him before he could get to the horse, for in the struggle he had lost his club; but just as he got upon his knees the bear sprang at him with another roar, and pitched him head first into a mass of bushes near the side of the path. Then he was sure that the old bear would kill him, but he pulled himself away from her by grabbing hold of some short twigs, and just then he heard the old stallion snort a couple of times, as he had heard the animal do before when he was real mad, and the next thing he realized the horse bounded past him and came down on the bear with both fore feet. The weight of the horse and the sharp calks on his shoes tore the bear's hide, but that only made her more murderous than ever, as she turned upon the horse and tried to strike him down. By this time Mr. Woodcock had got his arms around a tree, where he could see what was going on. All of the stallion's old viciousness seemed to have come back to him in an instant, for he struck at the bear with his fore feet at least half a dozen times in less than a minute, tearing the bear's flesh and hide at every lunge. The bear drew blood on the stallion's shoulder once, and then the horse gave a snort of rage, whirled as quick as a flash, and drove both of his hind feet against the bear's left side three or four times. That knocked the wind out of the bear, but the horse was not through with her yet, for he right about faced and went to stamping on her, keeping that up until he had killed her. When the bear had stopped kicking, Mr. Woodcock said the stallion cooled off and acted as if he was satisfied. It was pretty dark by that time, and Mr. Woodcock, who had been badly bruised by the bear, and whose face had been considerably scratched in the briars, picked up what was left of the injured bag, mounted the horse and rode home. Little Josh had got there before him and had sneaked into the house with his tail between his legs, the bear having frightened him so much that he couldn't be got to leave the house for three days

On Tuesday morning Mr. Woodcock and Giles Gooderich, a neighbor, went to where the dead bear lay. In the course of half an hour they found her nest, and in it lay two tiny cubs snug and warm, but very hungry. They took the cunning little fellows home with them, fed them milk from a bottle and kept them where it was warm, and yesterday the cubs were all right. Mr. Woodcock means to keep the old stallion till death takes him away.

DREADFUL DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A Man Murders His Father-in-Law, Mother-in-Law and Brother-in-Law and Suicides.

An Austin, Nev, despatch says: A frightful tragedy occurred at Italian canyon, twelve miles from here, Thursday afternoon. Samuel Rundle killed his father-in-law, George Hosking, and his brother-in-law, aged 15, by shooting them with a shotgun, the charge entering the neck and severing the jugular vein of the former and tearing away the face of the latter. A boy named John King, hearing the shot, came toward the house. He was met by Rundle, holding the gun. The latter asked the boy to shoot him. The boy refused. Rundle then took the boy's horse and rode three miles to the lower ranche, entered the house, and with his pistol shot Mrs. Hosking in the head and then shot himself in about the same spot. The four bodies were found at the two ranches lying at right angles, forming a cross. The shooting was the result of a family quarrel over a division of property.

TWO TRAPPERS LOST.

Donald and John Finlayson Perish in the Far Northwest.

A Prince Albert, N.W.T., despatch says: Intelligence has just been received from Cumberland of the death of two trappers named Finlayson. The brothers left the Carrot River settlement, about forty miles from here, last August for Deer Lake, taking with them provisions and a trading outfit, intending remaining all winter trading in that region. After getting settled they started for the H. B. Co.'s post, 200 miles farther north and at the other end of the lake, and had not been seen since until a short time ago, when a Hudson Bay trapper discovered their dead bodies about two miles from their camp. It is supposed they were lost on the lake, and their provisions giving out they were starved to death before they could reach home. They belonged to Paris, Ont.

SHE REFUSED MEDICINE.

Death of a Believer in Christian Science in Brooklyn.

A Brooklyn despatch says: Mrs. Dewey, wife of the well-known New York wine merchant, George Dewey, died of consumption a week ago. She was a believer in Christian science and refused medical treatment until within a few days of her death, when Mr. Dewey insisted on calling in Dr. Fisk. The physician found that Mrs. Dewey's lungs were almost gone and recovery was impossible. Mr. Dewey had been favorably inclined to the Christian Scientists, but he is now disposed to make trouble for them. The matter is causing considerable discussion.

MARRIED HIM, ANYWAY.

She Had to be Taken from a Sick Bed and Carried Downstairs.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: Miss Fannie Robinson, a well-known young lady of this city, was taken from her sick bed yesterday, carried downstairs and married to W. D. Griffin. The groom came from a long distance once before to marry his betrothed, but she was taken suddenly ill and the event was postponed. This time the bride would not consent to postponement.

SLIDING ON THE BALUSTRADE.

A Boy's Fatal Accident—He Slipped and Fell Three Stories.

A Jamestown, N. Y., telegram says: Last (Thursday) evening Fred. Haskell, 8 years old, was playing in the Sherman House sliding down the balustrade from the third story. He lost his hold and fell to the stone pavement of the office, a distance of 30 feet. He struck on his head, fracturing the skull. There is no chance for his recovery.

Startling Experience on a Railway.

Some four days ago as No. 1 was rushing along past Stayner Falls, Conductor Nidd's attention was drawn to one of his lady passengers who was apparently ill, and bending over the lady with motherly solicitude she whispered something in his ear which made his hair stand on end like quills on the fretful porcupine. He soon went to the other lady passengers, explained the nature of the news which had so startled him, and requested their assistance, when, much to his astonishment, they all cleared into the next car and left him alone with his patient. Hastily rushing into the sleeping car he obtained some bedding, and shortly after the lusty voice of a fine young boy was heard above the rattling of the train. She was taken on to North Bay, where medical assistance was procured and kindly hands carried mother and new-born child to the hotel. On the news being flashed to Montreal directions came back to christen the youngster "Van Horne," and the company directed the conductor to assume the title of "Doctor," his visiting cards now reading "Doctor Nidd, accoucheur-general to the C. P. R." —*Algoma Gossip.*

Cure for Insomnia.

Recently there came to work in a Brookfield (Conn.) family a Swedish woman, who, hearing of a young woman's trouble from insomnia, told her of the practice of people in her country who are similarly afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring it slightly, and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed and it worked like a charm. The first night the girl slept four hours without awakening, something she had not done for several months. At the end of that time the napkin had become dry. By wetting it again she at once went to sleep, and it required considerable force to rouse her in the morning.

Many a young man finds his courtship come to a full stop when it reaches the interrogation point.

The comedy in which Mr. William H. Crane will star next season is called "The Balloon," and is now running at the Strand Theatre in London.

THE DEADLY BOILER.

Five Men Killed and Eleven Injured by a Boiler Explosion.

A last (Thursday) night's Pittsburg despatch says: A boiler explosion occurred in Morris' foundry, on 23rd street, this city, to-day, killing a number of men and injuring others. The explosion occurred just after the noon whistle had sounded, and many of the workmen had left the works to get their dinners. The concussion shook buildings for several squares. In a few minutes a large crowd had gathered about the wreck, and the scene was most agonizing. Wives, mothers and children ran about crying and eagerly searching for their loved ones. The work of rescue is going on vigorously. Four are believed to be still buried beneath the debris, and it is found many more were caught in the wreck. The cause of the explosion has not been learned.

The building was a large, one-story brick structure. The plant was worth $20,000, and will prove a complete loss. Nothing remains but a mass of brick, mortar and timbers. The concussion shattered windows and damaged houses for three blocks around, and it is a miracle that more people were not killed or injured. The boilers were inspected six months ago and were thought to be in first-class condition. The real cause of the explosion will probably never be known.

The work of rescue was concluded late this afternoon, but no more bodies were found. All the employees have been accounted for. Of the 65 wor men five were killed and eleven injured, a number quite seriously. Stephen Carter, however, is the only one in a dangerous condition. He will probably die. The cause of the explosion is still a mystery. Some of the men say they heard the gauge tried a few minutes before the explosion and everything seemed all right. Every one agrees that the engineer was careful and competent. The boiler had been in the house eight years. The loss will reach $30,000.

A correct list of the killed and wounded is as follows: Killed—Gus Linneban, engineer, 25 years old, single; James Carter, boilermaker, 30, married; Jacob Rheinheimer, boilermaker, 28, married; Charles Aulenbache, boilermaker, 45, married; Daniel Clark, boilermaker, 30, single. Injured—Stephen Carter, skull fractured in two places, hand badly burned, will probably die; Martin Conner, painfully injured about the head and legs; Frank Manesky, boy, scalp wound and shoulder blade broken; Frank Smith, boy, injured about head and legs; James McColl, Wm. Kelly, Harvey Barr, Wm. Froner, Wm. Becker, James McKee, John Forest and B. F. Lea, all more or less cut and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Peter Lover, a boy, was buried underneath some timbers and was painfully injured about the head and legs, but will recover.

STARVING ONE'S SELF TO DEATH.

A Georgian Forger Thus Satisfies His Conscience in Twenty-six Days.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch says: The death in Macon of John Adams, the cotton factor, whose forgeries foot nearly $60,000, has created a sensation. Since his incarceration in jail Adams refused all food. It was Friday night, Feb. 15th, when he was put in jail. He immediately resolved to die slowly by starvation that he might in part expiate his crime and sins. He never gave way to the cravings of hunger but once, and then it was only for a moment to eat two oranges and a piece of cake. This food his stomach could not retain, and so it cannot be said that the fast for starvation was broken during the twenty-six days of suffering and shame. The twenty-sixth day passed at 11 o'clock last night, and he entered the twenty-seventh in a deep and peaceful slumber. He was then at his home in Macon, having been taken there from the jail after a week's confinement. He was still in charge of the authorities, his family paying for a special guard that he might be at home. Since the first all efforts to induce him to eat have been fruitless. Upon her knees his aged mother begged him to save his life, but all entreaties were in vain. He begged his parents to allow nobody to force food or nourishment into his system, saying that this would only prolong his suffering. His courage was that of a martyr, most remarkable throughout. The authorities are universally condemned for allowing him to die this way. It is the general verdict that they were negligent in failing to force nourishment into Adams' stomach. Physicians declare that his life could have been prolonged a year or more in this way, and it is generally believed that had this method been resorted to he would have desisted in his efforts. While in jail he assigned to the Capitol Bank Life Insurance property amounting to $18 000. This is said to have been done in consideration of a promise not to prosecute him. Other creditors will fight the assignment and some startling disclosures are expected.

Expert.

Mrs. C.—Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?

Doctor—Yes.

Mrs. C.—You also attended professionally my first husband, who died.

Doctor—Yes.

Mrs. C.—Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too.—*Health.*

A Truthful Servant.

Mistress—Did you tell Mr. Bangs that I was sleeping?

Margaret—I did, mum.

Mistress—What did he say?

Margaret—He axed me how did I know.

Mistress—And what did you reply?

Margaret—I towld he'ye said so yerself.

Compliments of the Season.

Fenderson (rising to go, after talking incessantly ever since his arrival)—Really! I didn't think it was so late! I have enjoyed the evening immensely. Miss Frankley—Oh, thank you, Mr. Fenderson; but then it don't make any difference where you go, you are always sure of enjoying yourself.

Very Magnetic.

Physician—Have you ever taken a course of magnetic treatment?

Patient—Yes. I slid down a toboggan chute on the seat of my trousers once, and if you want to see sparks as big as hot coals, all you have got to say is. "Let her go, Gallagher."

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The Glad Deliverance of Five Miners Imprisoned in a Mine.

A Mount Carmel, Pa., despatch says: Five of the six miners at Black Diamond Colliery have been rescued alive and well, and the sixth will soon be brought to the surface. Hall and Revels, though suffering extremely from nervous exhaustion, gave to-night the first account of their experience. These two were driving near the shutes in breast No. 8, in the south slope of the mine, about noon yesterday, when they heard a terrific roar, and the next minute they experienced a shock which caused Hall to exclaim, "My God, Nick, the slope has caved in." Revels descended to the gangway, and 12 feet from it found their egress to the slope cut off by huge rocks. He called to the miners working in No. 7, and soon saw Pokus crawling from the debris. They both joined in the shouts, and then heard Hearshallsky calling from No. 7 chamber for help. He was pinioned by a large rock, and urged his comrades to come to his rescue. They climbed up a distance, but the danger grew so great that they had just time to run back when a second fall occurred, and no more sound was heard. The poor fellow was in all probability killed, though a force of men are still working for his deliverance. The five miners who were saved secured themselves by setting props in the gangway, and then awaited the result. They heard their rescuers stop work outside about 6 o'clock last night, and growing desperate they endeavored to climb up an abandoned chamber and gain an exit, but mountain-like boulders stood in their way. They returned to the gangway and endeavored to console one another. Later they heard sounds of outside work again, and their hope grew. They betook themselves to prayer, and the sounds grew nearer. They then signalled five times on the solid pillar. The rescuers returned the signal, and wives, children and hundreds of friends at the mouth of the colliery knew that five were safe. At 12 o'clock to day they heard a voice shouting, "Are all safe." The imprisoned miners answered back, "Five are here; one is covered." The next moment they embraced their rescuers, and shed tears of happiness. Their deliverance had been effected by driving a tunnel twenty-nine yards. Hundreds of tons of *debris* must be removed before the mine can be put in working order.

The Remarkable Sewing Machine of the Future.

There aren't many men in the world who can justly be called benefactors of womankind, but there are a few. Mr. Thomas A. Macauley, who is at the St. James, is one of them. During the last thirty years he has taken out over sixty patents on sewing machines—more than any other man. He is the Edison of that branch of human ingenuity.

"The sewing machine," said he, "is an evolution. But the great machine is not yet on the market, though it will soon be. The coming one will be on the lines of existing mechanism, but it will be lighter, have less parts, will do everything in embroidery that can be done by hand needles, and do it with infinite rapidity. It will be noiseless, can be run with one foot with the greatest ease, will adjust its tension automatically. Its parts will be so constructed that it will not clog with drying oil. In fact it will be as far ahead of the best machines of to-day as those are ahead of the clumsy attempt of a quarter century ago. It is merely a matter of simplification and adjustment.—*Washington Post.*

Poor Jones.

Mr. Jones had joined a French class, and was telling his wife how well he was getting along. "I am afraid," she said, "that it is nothing but a spasm. I've known people before who would tackle a foreign language, expecting to know all about it in a month, and by the time they could translate, 'The son of the baker has the loaf of bread of the daughter of the gardener,' or some such rank nonsense as that, and had bought a few dollars' worth of foreign books, their enthusiasm would die away like the morning mist." "But that's not the case with me," replied Mr. Jones, confidently; "I am progressing splendidly. Professor Crapaud says that in a short time I ought to begin to think in French, and when one can accomplish that progress is always rapid." "Well," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh, "I don't want to interpose any objection, of course, and if you can learn to think in French I shall be glad of it. It's something you have never been able to do in English."

Is He a Woman-Hater?

Bruce Herald: The only chance we can see for unfortunate man is to fix a limit of age, say 30 or thereabouts, for women voters, and swear them to their age. An unmarried woman who would publicly own up to 30 might perhaps be safely entrusted with a vote.

Easily Done.

Ticket Agent (at railroad station)—I wish some way would be invented to keep men away from the ladies' window.

Bystander—Easy enough. Put the sign "For Ladies Only" on the other window.

The Domestic Retort Courteous.

Son—Papa, how do they catch lunatics? Cynical Father—With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy. Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember that's how I dressed before we were married.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The First Kiss.

(By an expert in the New York Herald).

A girl who accepts her first kiss with a grateful sigh, as though her life had been saved, cannot hope to retain her value long. The first kiss in every instance should be a shrinker, a more brush, struggle and break away.

Of Deep Moment.

Business Man (Chicago)—Where is Brown?

Clerk—Just stepped over to the tailor's to see about getting a new overcoat.

"Ah! Where's Jones?"

"Just stepped over to the Divorce Court to see about getting a new wife."

An immense crowd of English immigrants have arrived at Winnipeg this week. It is predicted that the influx this year will exceed the numbers of recent years.

The Outraged Editor.

He in sanctum penetrated, and I looked up in surprise
From the proofs I was correcting, and he caught my angry eyes.
His appearance was against him, as he stood before the fire,
Of convivial complexion and irregular attire.
I insinuated, mildly, that I hadn't room for bores,
And that nothing was more precious than the time of editors.
Then he grimly smiled and nodded, with his head on an incline,
Asking if, 'mongst my contributors, was Imogene Vantyne.

I was startled; yes, and I'll confess that something like a blush
Came o'er my editorial cheek; and why my blood should rush
In such a way unusual, that at Imogene
Had been making an impression through her face I'd never seen,
For her poems were peculiar, and with passion were full charged;
And on reading them I'd found my little heart was much enlarged;
So, in one ecstatic moment, but a week before,
I had written her and had told her—loved her—yes, and more.

Then my visitor continued, that my charms were fair enough,
But this writer cared for business and not for gush and stuff;
That he thought it wasn't proper, and he hoped that I'd agree
To but raise the price of articles and let love matters be.
"Ah! then you must be her father, sir," I gasped, with loving rifle;
"Pray, then, say that I may visit her and woo her for my wife!"
How he laughed, as loud he shouted, "Why, she's no charming elf!
I just chose that for my *nom-de-plume*. I'm Imogene myself!"

—*George Birdseye.*

SALVATION ARMY NOTES.

The Total Number of Officers in the World is Now 7,608.

Another great food depot has been opened by the General in Marylebone, London, Eng.

The Army realized $75,000 from its recent week of self-denial throughout the world.

The Melbourne Rescue Work, during the nine months ending September, 1888, supplied 6,082 beds and 26,665 meals.

Of 450 men who passed through the hands of the Sydney, New South Wales, Prison Gate Brigade in nine months, 156 found employment.

Converts belonging to the British army stationed in Zululand have been holding S. A. meetings among their comrades in a marquee lent them by the commanding officer.

During the General's recent visit to Sweden, Government officials, naval and military authorities, barons and baronesses and municipal representatives were present at his meetings.

The Christian Institute lately built by Mr. William Gooderham, the Army supporter, in Toronto is a magnificent institution. It was built solely at his expense and cost $20 000.

It Wasn't Law.

"I remember riding home in a horse car with Henry W. Paine one day," remarked a story-teller, apropos of this eminent Maine jurist. "Paine was reading a sheep-skin-bound volume of law reports. A mutual acquaintance hailed him, and said: 'See here, Paine; do you have to study law still?' 'This isn't law,' said Paine, 'it's only a collection of decisions of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.'"

She Wished She Hadn't Spoken.

An old lady, visiting one of her friends, found a child of the latter, a mite of 5 or 6 years, sobbing bitterly, and apparently in great distress.

"You shouldn't cry like that," said the visitor, "that's what makes little girls ugly!"

Dolly looks up through her tears, and gazes at the visitor.

"What a lot you must have cried when you were a little girl."

The Answer Courteous.

Patronizing Old Gentleman—I wonder whose little boy this is?

Small Boy—There's two ways you could find out.

Old Gentleman—How so, my son?

Small Boy—You might guess, or you might inquire.

Hard to Kill.

Bacon—"See that man over there?"

McDonnell—"Yes."

Bacon—"He bears a charmed life."

McDonnel—"How so?"

Bacon—"For seven years he has listened to Wagner's opera without an accident."—*Time.*

Abnormal Thermal Changes.

It is getting abnormally warm in Canada. That retrospective Extradition Bill has sent the mercury up among the nineties in "Boodlers' Corner," Montreal.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Editor's Birthday.

The Elgin (Tex.) *Times* says: To-day was our birthday, and we celebrated the occasion by "setting up" two columns of type, cutting half a cord of wood, rocking the baby two hours, and cleaning our shotgun.

There's a faint hint of spring
In the air;
There is mud under foot
Everywhere;
And objects (long hid by the beautiful snow),
Which we had forgot, are beginning to show
Here and there.

Old rubbers and shoes,
And snipets and chews,
Empty pint and quart bottles, no matter whose,
And no end of things we no longer can use——
And oh, oh, oh.

Here a whiff of old garbage beginning to blow,
And hark! there's the crocus beginning to crow——
Loud let us sing
Welcome to spring,
The time for uncovering every thing.

The sales of Mrs. Burnett's "Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" amount up to date to 125,000 copies.

A speech of the Princess of Wales recorded in the phonograph is: "You are the most wonderful instrument I have ever seen or heard of. I wish that I might have one like you for my own."

Mr Kenneth McKenzie, M.P.P., of Portage la Prairie, writes Postmaster Stirton, of Guelph, that on the 6th instant he sowed twenty bushels of wheat. Mr. McKenzie was formerly of Puslinch, in this county, and is now carrying on farming extensively in Manitoba.

The Historical Society of Winnipeg wan to preserve Fort Garry gateway.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read the third time and passed:

To amend the Act respecting the federation of the University of Toronto and University College with other universities and colleges—Mr. Ross (Middlesex).

To incorporate the town of West Toronto Junction—Mr. Gilmour.

The following Bills were advanced a stage:

Respecting a certain by-law of the city of London—Mr. Meredith.

To enable the town of Cobourg to aid the Cobourg, Blairton & Marmora, or the Cobourg, Northumberland & Pacific Railway or other road—Mr. Field.

Respecting the consolidation of the debenture debt of the city of Toronto - Mr. E. F. Clarke (Toronto).

To revive and amend the Act incorporating the Sarnia & Lambton Southern Railway Company Mr. Graham.

Respecting the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway Company—Mr. Leys.

Mr. Tooley moved that Sessional Papers No. 74 of the last session, being a return of copies of the evidence taken by Æmilius Irving, Esquire, Q C., with reference to the Ontario Grain and Seed Company, together with his report, be referred to the Printing Committee with instructions to consider the propriety of printing the same.

The motion passed.

The following Bills were introduced and read the first time:

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton)—To amend the Public Health Act; also, to amend the Liquor License Act.

The following Bills were read the third time and passed:

For enforcing orders under the Act respecting master and servant—The Attorney-General.

Respecting the powers of Electric Light Companies—The Attorney-General.

Mr. Gibson's (Hamilton) Bill to amend the Division Courts Act was read the second time.

The following Bills were advanced a stage:

Respecting a certain by-law of the city of London—Mr. Meredith.

To provide for the extension of the waterworks of the city of St. Catharines and for other purposes—Mr. Garson.

Respecting the Niagara & St. Catharines Street Railway Company—Mr. Garson.

Mr. Waters moved that in the opinion of this House the time has come when the Government of this Province should submit a measure for the approval of this Assembly having for its object the procuring of money from the capitalists of Great Britain upon the security of Provincial bonds or otherwise bearing interest at 3½ or 4 per cent. Said money to be advanced to the farmers of this Province to enable them to pay of existing mortgages at a very slight advance over first cost and not more than would cover the necessary expense of such loans; the farms to be the security for the money advanced, and the same to be repaid in such manner as may be devised. He explained how it was that a number of years ago settlers had borrowed money from loan companies with payments extending over twenty years, ostensibly at 6 per cent., but in reality at 11 per cent. Times were good then; wheat was selling at $1 to $1 25, and the farmers entered upon engagements which under the present conditions they were unable to meet. As a consequence many of them were losing their farms and leaving the country.

Mr. Ross (Huron) said that the object of the hon. gentleman was praiseworthy, but it would be only the revival of the municipal loan fund trouble. The object of the Government in lending money for drainage purposes was to encourage the improvement of the farms, but he doubted whether it would be advisable to encourage the farmers to go into debt, and the lowering of the rate of interest certainly would.

Mr. Blyth (Huron) opposed the motion. The matter would be too complicated and would get the Province into endless trouble. He thought the Government should accept the sinking fund money from the municipalities as a loan.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) opposed the motion.

Mr. Waters regretted that the Government had not promised to take the proposal into their serious consideration.

The motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Garson moved that in the opinion of this House it is expedient to extend to married women, possessed of the necessary propety or income qualification, the right of voting at municipal elections.

Mr Smith (York) seconded the motion.

The motion was withdrawn.

Mr. McMahon moved for a return of copies of any correspondence between the Ontario and Dominion Governments, or between the former and any corporation or persons, relating to the ownership, sale or lease of the Dundas & Waterloo macadamized road, together with copies of any papers in the possession of the Government relating thereto, subsequent to that already brought down in the year 1886.

The motion passed.

Mr. Dance moved that this House, recognizing that the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of this Province have in the past proved of great service to education, and while not questioning the necessity of their being maintained in an efficient condition, is of opinion that the time has arrived when such schools should be more largely supported by fees, and that the law be so amended as to make it compulsory that fees should be charged to pupils attending such schools. He explained that he had brought the matter before the House for the purpose of having it discussed as he thought the time was ripe for such action. If not this session at least next session.

Mr. Ross (Middlesex) explained that the question of fees was increasing. Many of those who enter the schools did so for the purpose of qualifying themselves for the teaching profession. The Government would consider the matter and perhaps take action.

Mr. Metcalf considered that the imposition of fees would be a retrogressive step in public education. He believed the High Schools should be as free as the Public Schools.

Mr. Meredith said it would be unfair to compel High Schools that were willing to give free education to charge fees. At present the High Schools could charge fees if they wished. Many of the schools only charged fees to outsiders.

Mr. Wood supported the motion.

Mr. Gibson (Huron) wanted parish schools instituted like those in Scotland, where they taught the classics. He maintained that the High Schools should not receive any support from the Government. The High School in his district was twenty-five miles away from where he lived. It was no use to him.

Mr. Meredith—But the jail is seventy miles away from you.

Mr. Hardy—But that is not the point he is trying to get at.

Mr Gibson (Huron), continuing, said that he never knew of any person yet who had entered a High School to return to the farm. The money spent on High Schools would be much better spent in developing and building railways in the unsettled districts.

Dr. McLaughlin said he knew numbers of professional gentlemen who would never have occupied their present positions had it not been for free schools, free high schools and a free university. An hon. member had referred to Scotland. All he could say was at the time he visited Great Britain there was no chance of poor people rising. He believed in giving a perfectly free education, and would vote against such a scheme of imposing fees as that proposed. There was a growing disposition on the part of the farmers to give their sons and daughters a better education than had been the custom to give farmers' children. In Scotland it was not uncommon for university men to work farms.

Mr. Craig thought the people were very well satisfied with the present system. He was opposed to compulsory fees. He believed the teachers of the public schools were good teachers, and that their efficiency had been improving, a result owing to the high schools.

Mr. Dack thought that in Bruce the feeling was in favor of compulsory fees, and of increasing the grants of public schools, and the establishment of a fifth form.

The motion was withdrawn.

Hon. G. W. Ross introduced a Bill to amend the Free Libraries Act, which was read the first time.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Bill to amend the Anatomy Act, which provoked a long discussion, the usual objections being raised to the proposal to permit bodies to be taken for dissection unless claimed by relatives within 24 hours after death.

Mr. Meredith said that it would be a shame if the Legislature of a civilized Province like Ontario passed such legislation.

Mr. Fraser also opposed these clauses, and proposed amendments which were acceptable.

Mr. Waters suggested that as there were at present six Bills before the House dealing with the assessment law, it was too late in the session to give them all proper consideration, and he thought it as well to let them lie over until next session, and for the Government to bring down a measure next session.

Mr. Mowat said that he concurred in this opinion, but suggested that two of the Bills be taken up and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) withdrew his Bill to amend the Registry Act. He said that the Legal Committee had completely changed the spirit and intention of the Bill, and he could not accept it.

The following Bills were read the third time and passed:

Respecting the Ontario & Sault Ste. Marie Water, Light and Power Company and the town of Sault Ste. Marie—Mr. Lyon.

For the better protection of insectivorous and other birds—Mr. Clarke (Wellington)

Mr. Mowat moved that when this House adjourns on Tuesday next, it do stand adjourned until 11 of the clock on Wednesday next, and that each day for the remainder of the session the House do stand adjourned until 11 of the clock in the forenoon of the following day, Mr. Speaker to leave the chair each day at 1 until 3 o'clock, without the question being put. The motion passed.

Mr. McAndrew introduced a Bill to amend the Act respecting the office of sheriff.

The following Bills were read the third time and passed:

Respecting the consolidation of the debenture debt of the city of Toronto.—Mr. E. F. Clarke, Toronto.

To amend the Pharmacy Act.—Mr. Gibson, Hamilton.

Respecting the Niagara & St. Catharines Street Railway Company.—Mr. Garson.

Respecting the Boards of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec.—Mr. Dryden.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Attorney-General's Bill respecting the administration of justice in certain cases. This Bill contained a clause making it permissible to appoint an assistant Police Magistrate on a majority vote of the Municipal Councils.

Mr. Meredith objected to a bare majority of the Council passing on the matter, and proposed an amendment to the effect that it would require a two-third vote of the Council present to pass such a resolution

Mr Mowat said the clause dealt principally with the city of Toronto, and asked for Mr. E. F. Clarke's opinion on the clause.

Mr. E. F. Clarke said the city had not passed on the advisability of appointing an assistant magistrate yet, but he thought perhaps it would be as well to amend the clause as suggested by Mr. Meredith.

Mr. Mowat consented and the amendment was adopted.

Mr. Gibson's (Hamilton) Bill to amend the Division Courts Act was passed through Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Meredith objected to clause 21, which authorized the summoning for debt, and the garnishee of their salaries, in the cases of young unmarried men, irrespective of the extent of their salaries. He said that in many of these cases a summons for debt would mean a dismissal by the employer. Tradesmen ought to be taught not to encourage these young men to take credit.

Mr. Hardy thought the young men ought to be taught not to run into debt.

The clause passed.

The committee rose and reported progress.

The debate on the motion for going into Committee of Supply, and Mr. Meredith's amendment thereto condemning the liquor license administration, was resumed.

Mr. Wylie said the Government control of the license boards worked injuriously in cases of close election contests. Partisan influence was said to be exerted in these instances. At his own election he found it difficult to get Conservative hotel-keepers to promise him either their votes or support, so apprehensive were they of disastrous results to themselves. He did not believe the same abuses would occur if the County Councils were again given control of the license boards.

Mr. McLaughlin challenged the hon. member for East Northumberland (Mr. Willoughby) to formulate his charges so that an investigation might be held. As to the retrogressive change proposed by the Opposition, the whole temperance and church sentiment of the country was opposed to it.

Mr. Awrey said that the hotel-keepers were the supporters of Dr. Willoughby in East Northumberland. His agents were hotel-keepers, and it was very amusing to see him call his supporters martyrs to the liquor license laws.

Mr. Awrey continued the debate. He taunted the Opposition with making vague charges in wholesale which they could not substantiate. For fourteen years in his riding there had not been a complaint against the administration of the Crooks Act.

Mr. Clancy said that the administration of the Crooks Act and the Scott Act by the Government had brought both into contempt. The principle contended for by the Opposition was that it was not possible to administer the Liquor License Act in an honest manner if the Government—any Government—had control of the license boards.

Mr. Ballantyne contended that the Crooks Act had been admirably administered. Under the previous system inspection of liquor places was a farce, everybody who applied got a license, and liquor was sold at all hours. As to the Scott Act it was impossible to enforce it because the people did not sympathize with the measure.

The House divided and the amendment was lost. Yeas 23, nays 43.

YEAS—Messrs Blyth, Clancy, Clarke, E. F. (Toronto), Clarke, H. E. (Toronto), Craig, Creighton, Hammell, Hudson, Ingram, Kerns, Lees, Meacham, Meredith, Monk, Morgan, Preston, Rorke, Smith (Frontenac), Stewart, Tooley, Whitney, Willoughby, Wood (Hastings) —23.

NAYS — Messrs. Allan, Armstrong, Awrey, Balfour, Ballantyne, Bishop, Blezard, Bronson, Caldwell, Chisholm Clarke (Wellington), Dack, Davis, Dryden, Ferguson, Field, Fraser, Freeman, Garson, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Gilmour, Graham, Guthrie, Harcourt, Hardy, Lyon, McAndrew McKay, McMahon, Mack, Mowat, Murray, Pacaud, Phelps, Ray side, Ross (Huron), Ross (Middlesex), Smith (York), Snider, Sprague, Waters, Wood (Brant) —43.

The House then went into Committee of Supply and passed several items of the estimates.

Mr. Meredith asked if there was any truth in the rumor that the Government had changed its policy on the railway question.

Mr. Mowat said the Government policy would be found in the notice of motion given by Mr. A. M. Ross.

New Version of the Butter Joke.

New Boarder—Will you pass the butter, please?

Old Boarder—Every time. Haven't intercepted it in four months. You'll pass it when you get acquainted with it.

His Redeeming Fault.

Mrs. Harrison (fondling a pet dog)—"Such a dear little fellow as he is! I wish he could talk."

The President—"I don't. He might ask for an office."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Personal Question.

"We would like to rent a house," said a nervous young man, accompanied by a blushing maiden.

"Double or single?" asked the agent.

"Married," stammered the young man.

Metaphorical Only.

He—I am carried away with my passion for you. I——

She—I wish you were, but you are not; you are still here. *The Quaker.*

Is It Edited by a Lady?

A new periodical bears the name of the *Tongue.* As a rule, there is not much in a name, but this is one that is bound to tell. —*Harper's Bazar.*

Things That One Would Rather Have Expressed Otherwise.

"Well, I must say good-bye, Miss Green. I've got my sermon to prepare."—"Oh, surely your sermons need no preparation!" —*Punch.*

A Transformation.

Flub—He isn't so attentive to her as he used to be.

Snub—She's jilted him, eh?

Flub—No; she married him.

A Doctor's Inadvertence.

It is said a busy doctor sent in a certificate of death the other day and inadvertently signed his name in the space for "cause of death."—*Sanitary Era.*

Moral, Don't Drink Late.

William Wild, of Newark, N. J., arose from bed to get a glass of water on Sunday night and broke his neck by falling over something in the room.

The friends of Mr. Seymour Porter, who disappeared from Toronto on the 1st of January last, are offering $200 reward for news concerning him.

It is estimated that there is fully $5,000 worth of hides stored in Kingston and for sale. "There were more hides brought to this city," says the *News*, "this winter than for several seasons. The prices are low."

Miss MONA CAIRD and Mr. Oscar Wilde are editing a curious little book of sketches. A friend of Mr. Wilde's amused himself while the "Is Marriage a Failure" question was raging in London by making imaginary sketches of the writers of the published letters. These sketches are very curious and Mr. Wilde will make good use of them.

JAMES CAMPBELL, of Parkersburg, Maryland, appreciates the wisdom of old Sam Weller's advice "Beware of the vidders." Some time ago he was out riding and when passing the house of Mrs. Chas. Osborne, a dashing young widow, he pulled out his handkerchief to blow his nose. Mrs. Osborne thought he was trying to flirt and, drawing a revolver, fired four shots at him, two taking effect in his face. The fighting lady is now on trial for attempting to kill.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Mr. John Bright has taken a fresh cold and has suffered another relapse.

The condition of Mr. J. H Pope is critical, and very little hope of his recovery is entertained.

Advices brought by the steamship Zealandra to San Francisco say that all is quiet at Samoa.

There is an exodus from North Carolina of negroes, who intend settling in Arkansas and following agriculture.

Mayor Grant, of New York, yesterday ordered that the sunburst of Erin be hoisted on the City Hall on Monday.

The Czarewitch will visit Darmstadt in May, when his formal betrothal to Princess Alice of Hesse will take place.

Atlantic City, N. J., was flooded by an unusually high tide on Friday, and railway traffic for some hours was interrupted.

The Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Quebec has passed a resolution strongly protesting against the Jesuit Estate Act.

Forty million francs have been advanced by the Bank of France and other parties to keep the Comptoir d'Escompte from going into liquidation.

The trial in Montreal of Benson for wife murder resulted on Saturday in an acquittal, the jury holding that the conduct of the woman justified the act.

There was another tumultuous scene in the French Chamber of Deputies on Saturday, caused by M. Laguerre making an attack on Minister Constans.

The First Chamber of the Swedish Diet has rejected the Bill for the imposition of an export duty on iron ore. The Bill had before been rejected by the Second Chamber.

It is stated that the French Government have warned wealthy foreigners, who are Boulangist sympathisers, that if they financially assist Gen. Boulanger they will have to leave France.

The British Channel squadron has arrived at Tangier to support England's claims regarding the cable and other matters. The fleet will not depart until the Sultan's reply has been given.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander of the forces, has issued a royal warrant, declaring the Queen is convinced of the Honorable Artillery Company's loyalty and restores to the company its ancient privileges.

In Lennox and Addington 105 convictions under the Scott Act have been obtained, and $6,500 imposed in fines. Of this amount $5,396 55 has been collected. Four of the fined were committed to jail and nine absconded.

Charles Nanjeck, an attendant at the city hospital, Savannah, Ga., committed suicide yesterday by shooting himself through the head with a horse pistol. He stood in front of a mirror and aimed the pistol. He was believed to be insane over spiritualism.

Mr Fred Ingram, of Dun, Wiman & Co., London, was walking along Dundas street on Saturday with a friend. The two young men were "fooling" with a knife when by an unlucky accident Ingram received a severe stab in the side, which required the attention of a doctor.

A messenger who has arrived at Wady Halfa reports that a battle between the followers of Senoussi and the Mahdists has taken place at Sinan, to the southwest of Bara, and that the former were victorious. Both sides suffered heavy losses. Among the killed were two Mahdist chiefs.

Maloney, the Montreal gambler, was arrested on Saturday on a charge of having stolen $14,000 worth of jewellery from a commercial traveller named Reinhaltz, representing Messrs. Ellis & Co., of Toronto. Maloney, although the empty jewel cases were found in his safe, came back voluntarily from the States and denies the charge.

An imposing service was held in the Belgrade Cathedral yesterday in honor of the accession of King Alexander. The King, the ex-King, the Regents, the Cabinet Ministers, and all the diplomatic representatives were present. The city was decorated with flags, and the celebration closed with illuminations and a torch-light procession. In the course of the day officials were received in a farewell audience by ex-King Milan.

Peter Nearshalsky, after fifty hours' imprisonment in the Black Diamond Colliery, near Mount Carmel, Pa., was hoisted to the surface at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. His appearance was the signal for cheers from thousands of throats, which were heard for miles. He had been half buried, and had given up all hope when his rescuers reached the "breast" in which he was imprisoned. Strange to say, his injuries, aside from nervous prostration, are not serious.

Last evening about 10 o'clock, while Mrs. (Judge) Horne was driving to the Michigan Central depot at Windsor to meet friends, the horse became frightened at the express coming in and backed over the platform in front of the engine. The driver jumped from the carriage, leaving Mrs. Horne alone. The engine struck the carriage, completely wrecking it and knocking Mrs. Horne out. She was found between the front trucks and the driving wheels of the engine. She was only slightly injured. Only for the depot detective signalling the engineer she would have been killed.

In the British House of Commons yesterday W. H. Smith moved cloture on the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's Speech. The motion was carried by 247 to 66.

A despatch from Zanzibar says that a fight took place between Arabs and the Germans on March 3rd, and the Germans reoccupied Bagomoyo without loss. Bushiri, the Arab leader, was wounded.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British Minister to the United States, will start for Washington about the end of this month. After a short stay he will return to London for the summer. In the autumn he will take his family to Washington for a permanent residence.

In the Lower House of the Danish Rigsdag yesterday the Minister for Foreign Affairs stated that the British Minister at Athens had consented to act as arbitrator in the dispute between the United States and Denmark regarding the claim of Mr. Butterfield against Denmark for the loss of a number of vessels near St. Thomas many years ago.

J. H. Baker, employed to make public exhibitions with a self acting fire escape, fell from the Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, Minn., yesterday and was fatally injured.

Robert Garrett, the insane millionaire, left Ringwood, N. J., yesterday morning in care of his physician and attendants *en route* for Mexico. Mr Garrett's condition is greatly improved by his sojurn at Ringwood, but he is not considered out of danger of a relapse.

Mrs. Ann Driscoll decapitated her sleeping husband, Timothy, with an axe during a temporary fit of insanity, near Delafield, Wis., yesterday morning. She attempted to murder her son also, but was restrained by her daughter, who awoke in time to prevent the act. The woman has recovered her reason. She says she was impelled to murder her entire family in order to save them from some unknown calamity.

Catherine Taylor, a widow about 50 years of age, was brutally murdered in her bed at her home, No. 330 Third avenue, West Troy, about 9.30 o'clock on Tuesday night. She was struck on the head with an axe, a terrible wound being inflicted. One of the fingers of her left hand was cut off, as if she had tried to stop the blow. The assassin is unknown. A son, William, 25 years of age, is under police surveillance.

The Washington Inaugural Committee has achieved an unprecedented financial success. There were 12,000 tickets to the ball sold, netting $60,000, and it is expected that the receipts from the sale of tickets to the promenade concert held in the ball room on Tuesday and from the sale of souvenir ball tickets will bring this amount up to $70,000. The $50,000 guarantee subscribed by public-spirited citizens will be returned.

Nathan A. Wilson, Secretary of the Cleveland Stove Company, shot himself dead yesterday morning while sitting at his desk. His father is President of the company. Yesterday afternoon the company assigned. The nominal assets are $200,000, liabilities nearly $90,000. The assignment was made, it is said, to tide the company over the excitement caused by the Secretary's suicide and to prevent hasty action by creditors. It is thought Wilson was depressed because of too close attention to business.

DISCOLORED JEWELLERY.

Sometimes the Gold, Sometimes the Wearer Causes It.

Sometimes it is the gold and sometimes the girl that makes jewellery crock, as is evidenced by the following from the *Jewellers' Weekly*:

Shortly after the holidays there came into my place a pleasant-mannered young man who expressed a desire to look at some gold necklaces. It is needless to say that I sold him one. It was fourteen carats and very pretty. Two days later the door was flung open and in rushed the same young man, boiling with rage. He threw the necklace on the counter, demanding the return of his money, and threatened to expose me as a swindler. It took half an hour to learn his story. It seems that after presenting the necklace to his lady love he had taken her to a reception ornamented with his present. After the first dance there was a commotion in one corner of the room, and the rivals of our customer's best girl were tittering among themselves and whispering about her. The young lady looked in the glass and almost fainted at the sight. Her beautiful neck was almost black from the friction of the necklace. She changed her mind about fainting, returned home with her brother, and sent the necklace back to her young man with a note that she did not like the brass. I tested the necklace in his presence, and proved to him that it was full 14 carats. About that time a young physician called to purchase a scarf-pin. He had overheard part of the story and asked to hear the balance, as he believed he could throw some light on the subject. Pretty soon he laughed outright and said: "Why, sir, the trouble is with your girl and not the necklace. She has too much sulphur, iron, mercury, salt or acid in her blood, and as any of these substances has an affinity for gold the explanation is clear. I have patients for whom mercurial medicines have been prescribed, and the result is that their fingers upon which rings are worn discolor at once." My customer cooled off and carried his purchase away.

Time Evens Things up.

Plumber (1889)—"Where are you going?"

Wife—"To sell my diamond necklace. We must have bread."

Householder (next door)—"Where are you going?"

Wife—"To look at a diamond necklace which, I hear, is for sale cheap."

Householder—"Well, the pipes haven't frozen once this winter If you like it buy it."

A Blunt Conclusion

He—What a charming woman Mrs. Barblue is.

She—Oh, she's a bluestocking.

He—She may be, but she is sensible enough to wear her dresses so long that the fact is never unpleasantly perceptible.

The Difference.

"I'ts eating between meals that's giving me the dyspepsia," said Bilious.

"I'ts working between meals that's giving it to me," answered Bonly.

Miss Oldham, who is not so young as she used to be—"Speaking of fine laces, Mr. Jackson, here is a lace handkerchief made expressly for me on my 16th birthday." Mr. Jackson, gallantly—"Simply beautiful? Ah, Miss Oldham, one sees nothing so fine as that nowadays. Things were made much better in those good old times, weren't they"

—Persons puzzled by the word "ohm," as a term of measurement for electric force, will be glad to know that the original ohm was George Simon Ohm, born in Bavaria, March 16th, 1789 A statue will be unveiled in his honor at Munich on the 16th of next month.

—Some men "live and learn." Others devote their time exclusively to forgetting all that they ever knew.

A Dialogue.

Who is that young man with a moustache going up the street with the papers in his pocket, Pa ?

That is W. J. Bellamy, the Conveyancer, Insurance and Loan Agent, my son.

Where does he live, Pa ?

In Flesherton, above Dr. Christoe's dwelling, my son.

Is he a nice man, Pa ?

Yes my son he is a very nice, courteous man.

How do you know, Pa ?

Well my son I have had him to do a good deal of business for me and have proved him such.

If you were selling your farm, or getting your buildings insured, or wanted to borrow money, to whom would you go to get the business done, Pa ?

To Mr. Bellamy, my son.

Why, Pa ?

Because my son he has had a large experience in the business, and I should feel sure that it would be done right.

Where does Bellamy get all the money he lends, Pa ?

From the North of Scotland Mortgage Co., my son.

Where does the North of Scotland live, Pa ?

Do not ask me so many questions my son You will drive me crazy.

How long does it take to learn to be a conveyancer, Pa ?

About one month, my son.

But to be a good conveyancer, Pa?

Well my son, in order to know where to get cheap money, to do insurance properly, or to draw deeds, mortgages, leases, wills, &c., correctly, a man should be in the business from five to twenty years.

How long has Mr. Bellamy been in that line, Pa ?

About ten years, my son.

Have you any money, Pa ?

Not now my son, but I am going to borrow some through Mr. Bellamy. What do you want it for ?

I want to buy a North of Scotland, a Waterloo, or a Lancashire, or some of those companies from Mr. Bellamy. How much would they be, Pa ?

Do not ask me any more questions, my child.

Are you soon going home, Pa ?

Just as soon as I leave my application for a loan and insurance with Bellamy, my son.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO. 405. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889. W H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy flush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

DISCOUNT SALE!

R. Trimble, Flesherton,

Will for the next fifteen days give a big discount off all Winter Goods, in order to make room for spring importations, which will be in fully complete by the 15th of this month.

So Bring Along Your Cash

And secure some of the extra bargains which will be given, as the balance of our winter stock must be cleared out.

We have already received a large consignment of Timothy Seed, Red Clover, Mammoth Lucerne, and Alfalfa. Also a few packages of No. 1 Salmon Trout and Split Herrings left. In order to clear out our large stock of Coal Oil we will sell at 15c in five gallon lots.

WE MEAN BUSINESS! Come in and get some of the bargains now offered at

R. TRIMBLE'S.

New Millinery Opening.

Mrs. W. TRIMBLE and Miss MART WRIGHT have just returned from Toronto, where they have completed their purchases in

Spring and Summer Millinery.

And will on the

First day of APRIL

OPEN UP

OVER R. TRIMBLE'S STORE,

A carefully selected stock of Millinery,

under the management of Miss Wright, late of Chicago and Detroit. Miss Wright has this season attended the openings of the wholesale millinery houses in Toronto and is in a position to trim in all the

LATEST STYLES.

Please call and see the new designs in

Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Fancy Ribbons, etc.

We feel confident that we can please you if nice goods and

LOW PRICES

mean anything.

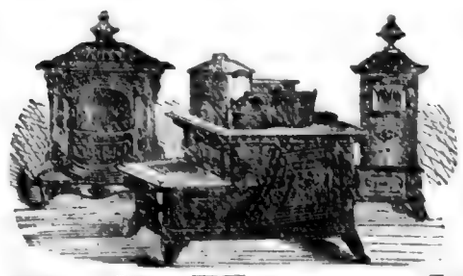

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A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE JESUIT ESTATES BILL.

Yeas 13, nays 188.

That is the way the vote stood on Col. O'Brien's motion Friday morning last upon the Jesuit Bill. The motion read as follows:

That an address be presented to the Governor-General, setting forth that this House regards the power of disallowing the Acts of legislation of the Legislative Assemblies of the Provinces, vested in his Excellency in Council as a prerogative essential to the existence of the Dominion.

That this great power, which should never be wantonly exercised, should be fearlessly used for the protection of the fundamental principles of the constitution and for the safeguarding the general interests of the people

That in the opinion of this House the passage of the bill by Legislature of the Province of Quebec, entitled an Act respecting the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates, is beyond the power of that Legislature:

Firstly, Because in endows from public funds a religious organization thereby violating the unwritten, but undoubted, constitutional principles of the complete seperation of Church and State, and of absolute equality of all denominations before the law.

Secondly, Because it recognizes the usurpation of a right by a foreign authority, namely, his Holiness the Pope of Rome, in declaring his consent necessary to empower the Provincial Legislature to dispose of a portion of the public domain, and also because the Act being made to depend on the will, and the appropriation of the grant thereby made is subject to the control of the same authority; and

Thirdly, Because the society of Jesus is a secret and politico-religious body, the expulsion of which from every Christian community wherein it has had a footing was rendered necessary by its intolerant and michievous intermeddling with the functions of the civil government; and, therefore, this House prays that his Excellency will be graciously pleased to disallow the Act.

For three days the matter was under discussion by the most eloquent talent in the House, and the result is that our astute politicians of both parties have seen fit to uphold the Government in its refusal to call upon the Governor-General to disallow the Jesuit Bill. A paltry eight Conservatives and five Reformers supported Col O'Brien's motion. Sir John McDonald in his speech said: "There are at the present time in the Dominion of Canada 71 Jesuits. Are they going to convert the whole of Canada? Are the youth of the Dominion to be seduced by the 71 Jesuit priests? They are armed with a string of beads, and sashes around their waist, and with a mass book or missal. What harm can they do?" What harm can they do? The answer has been given by the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada themselves in this instance. This insignificant 71 can lay a spurious claim to public property and receive an acknowledgement therefor of nearly half a million dollars, while the protestant portion of Quebec receive $60,000—for what purpose? If the Jesuits had any moral, legal or any other claim upon this property why was it divided with the protestants? The fact of this bill having been allowed does not quite demonstrate to our satisfaction the inability of this innocent 71 to do harm. They are sufficiently powerful at all events to set the whole country by the ears, and to demonstrate the fact that they can, if need be, command the will of both our great political parties. Their ability lies not in their own numerical strength, but in the moral support of the papal sinews behind them. The Government admit that it was within their power to veto this bill, and yet they did not care to do so, while the opposition did not care to censure the Government for not doing so. The cause for this union of political sentiment is patent to all. The farce has been played, let the curtain drop upon the scene. But it may rise again upon another act and the drama proceed until the innocent 71 are forced to seek refuge in some foreign country where their "innocence" can be appreciated. History is but repeating itself here, and the argument that the Jesuit of to-day is not the Jesuit of a hundred and fifty years ago is negatived by the fact, patent to every one, that their strife-fomenting qualities and insinuating aggressiveness have, in the light of recent events, undergone no change

The members who voted for disallowance were Messrs. Barron, Bell, Charlton, Cockburn, Denison, Mcdonald (Huron), McCarthy, McNeil, O'Brien, Scriver, Sutherland, Wallace, Tyrwhitt.—Total, 13.

The American people have met with a terrible catastrophe. Their war fleet, consisting of three war vessels, has been annihilated in Samoan waters by a cyclone.

At a convention of Reformers held in Durham on Thursday last, J. H. Hunter was selected as their standard bearer for the next local contest. There was but one nomination.

The city of Toronto has a bill before the House by which it is empowered to compel the telegraph, telephone and electric light companies to place their wires underground. The bill will receive much opposition.

The past week has witnessed the passing away of another great English statesman. John Bright was the orator of the masses. Although not a college bred statseman, his power of oratory was such that he could move an audience even more powerfully than Mr. Gladstone himself. Mr. Bright represented Birmingham in the British Parliment. He was born in 1811, and entered political life just 50 years ago. His remains were interred on Saturday at Rochdale.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR,—In your last week's issue your station reporter stated that his business would take him out to the country for the next few weeks. For my part I am sorry to hear that your reporter has ceased to correspond to your valuable paper, as his items throughout the winter season as dished out to the readers of The Advance were fresh and lumpy. He struck from the shoulder every time, and always covered a point. They had a grand moral effect on the citizens of our Burgh. But I am of the opinion that your reporter is a permanent resident of the station (house.) But I hope he will soon return from the country and take up the gauntlet again, as the items of the station were always interesting. I would just say he has steered his bark well, as it is not known for a positive fact who your reporter is. But there has been a good deal of surmising. Hoping we will hear from him again soon, I remain yours, J. A.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$5 00 to $ 5 00
Fall Wheat	1 00 to 1 02
Spring Wheat	1 00 1 02
Barley	0 35 0 40
Oats	0 29 0 29
Peas	0 53 0 53
Butter	0 14 0 16
Eggs fresh	0 18 0 10
Potatoes bush.	0 20 0 20
Pork	6 10 6 10
Hay per ton	9 00 9 00
Hides	3 50 4 50
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 05 1 15
Turkeys	0 10 0 12
Chickens per pair	0 25 0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06 0 06

An unused four-cent British Guiana postage stamp of 1856 was recently sold at auction in London for $250.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

It is definitely announced that the British Cabinet will propose two Irish measures, one providing for a scheme of land purchase and other dealing with local government.

Married.

WALTON—GREEN.—On the 28th ult., by the Rev W H Madden, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr John Parker Walton, of Artemesia, to Miss Martha Ann Green, of Collingwood.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

The Past.

For six years I have labored to establish a living business on the basis of honorable dealing with all—handling reliable goods at fair prices, and endeavoring to give "value received" every time goods are exchanged for money, note or credit. I have been "thrust" into something of success by the genuine support of a large section of "Central Grey" which would not have come if "undeserved."

The Present

Being fully established on the above lines, and having a very complete stock in all regular jewelers' lines, I shall expect and endeavor to still deserve the confidence and support of all past patrons, and will hope to gain new ones as 1889 rolls along.

The Future.

I trust to be able this ar to keep my stock even better orted for customers to select fro Will continue to buy from A 1 is at closest possible prices, and er all buyers reliable watches. ., at "bed rock" prices. A c solicited. Goods and work w nted,

Jeweler Brown,

MARKDALE.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

SPREADING THE NET.

If Mrs. Aspline's dinner had been successful in its pleasure-giving power so was that at the Dower House, which was larger and more inclusive. It took in all the former guests and some half dozen more, among whom where Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde. Estelle would not go. She had been asked, of course, but in her self-elected state of quasi-widowhood she had preferred the solitude of home, where she might think of her distant and ever-adored Charlie, and carry her renunciation as so much sacrifice to the memory of their interrupted love. And as Mrs. Clanricarde was only cruel when the "sacra fames" was gnawing too fiercely at her vitals, she let her daughter indulge her somewhat wayward humor and forego the dinner, which perhaps, the mother reasoned, a girl could not be expected to enjoy. Had it been a dance, she might have insisted; but a dinner to a girl who prefers bread and butter to anything else, and calls "a la Soubise" onion sauce—that was of the nature of pearls cast before swine; and Mrs. Clanricarde disapproved of waste.

For herself, she went to the Dower House as a matter of duty; so she said. It was only right to cultivate neighborly feelings, and to help the Kingshouses when they took the trouble of entertaining such people as the Asplines. She had heard—who had not?—of this new rich man who had suddenly descended as if from the skies on the Asplines—like Job in that shower of gold which neither ancient nor modern Danaes can resist. As yet she had not seen him. She was not on visiting terms with the Asplines—she wished now that she had been—Anthony had not shown at church as a good citizen and sound Churchman should have done; and the weather had been too bad for walking out.

With the secret determination to fascinate this new-comer, whom yet she spoke of with not so much judicious reserve as prepared hostility, Mrs. Clanricarde dressed herself with more than ordinary care—and she was never negligent of her appearance. The result justified the means. She looked superb, and she knew it. She had that indescribable *chic*, that look of foreign distinction, which no daughter of Albion can imitate.

"How handsome you look to-night, Louise!" said that unlucky George, seeking to propitiate his tart tempered goddess, as well as sincerely stirred to unwonted admiration.

He laid his hand on her white, plump arm with a caressing, half-timid touch.

"It is a wonder that I have any looks at all after your conduct," was her cold reply, drawing away.

At dinner Mrs. Clanricarde was seated next to Anthony Harford; and on her, as on every one, his wonderful manner of reserve and dignity made the sharp impression of a new experience. That odd combination of the wild West "scout" with the English gentleman gave him a flavor as of cultivated wild fruit. And he, though seated next to Lady Kingshouse, was not unwilling to divide himself between the two. The vivacity of this striking-looking woman, with her dark bright eyes and prematurely white hair dressed *a la Pompadour*, amused and interested him. He did not know, but he half believed, that he was in love with Lady Elizabeth. For all that, he was not sure, for he felt for her differently from what he had ever felt for any woman in his life before; and he was not quite able to analyze his own sensations. Nor did he know her mind. She was sweet and friendly and gracious as a wingless angel might be. But how about the woman? He fancied that her cheeks had taken a deeper color when he came upon her suddenly in the lane; that her eyes looked both brighter and softer when they met his; that, when he entered the room this evening, that inner kind of smile which tells of secret pleasure had come over her face like so much sunlight. He fancied all this; he did not know. The reserve of a modest English girl makes divination difficult. Anthony was no fop, and he was afraid to think that these shadowy signs meant more than so many accidents with which he had really no vital connection. And how beautiful she looked to-night! Not with the beauty which stirs a man's senses or mounts like strong wine to his brain, but with the beauty that calms while it inspires, that brings the glory of heaven down to the earth for sweet sustenance and illumination. Anthony thought her again and again the loveliest lady he had ever seen, and wondered with increasing wistfulness what she thought of him, and whether she liked him below the surface, and not only just upon it.

Thus the dinner passed.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Anthony went straight to where Lady Elizabeth and Mrs. Clanricarde were sitting together, discussing Shakspeare and the musical glasses with apparent interest and real flatness—Lady Elizabeth thinking of Anthony Harford with pleasure, Mrs. Clanricarde with unrest. As he joined them, what was dark to Anthony was clear as daylight to Mrs. Clanricarde, and she read in a glance what he had not spelt correctly after long looking.

"She is in love with him," thought Estelle's mother; "and I will conquer."

Something stirred her as if it had been a sword drawn from its scabbard. The passion of the fight, love of intrigue, desire of conquest, all leaping up in a sudden flame in her heart. Born for the kind of warfare as she was, how seldom had her talents been utilized here in this old Sleepy Hollow—this Noah's ark kind of society! But now had come the hour—and the man; and Mrs. Clanricarde consecrated herself to the struggle as fervently as ever a young squire consecrated himself to the laws of his new knighthood.

"Will you come and see me, Mr. Harford?" she said, in her blandest way. "I have a few old Japanese curios that are very rare. They are fine, are they not, dear?" to Lady Elizabeth.

"Beautiful!" answered that guileless Aslauga. "Quite worth seeing," she added.

"Thank you. I will go with pleasure," said Anthony.

He had not the faintest notion who Mrs. Clanricarde was, nor where she lived, but Delight would tell him, and perhaps accompany him. She was a very amusing and vivacious lady—that was all he knew and all he cared for at the present moment.

"When will you come?—to-morrow?" she asked. "How long do you stay at Hindfleet? Perhaps, in any case, you had better come to-morrow."

"Yes, I will call on you to-morrow," he answered. "I am not staying many days longer. I have outstaid my time as it is."

"I am sure you will admire my curios," she repeated.

"I am coming for you, not for your old relics," he said, bluntly.

And Mrs. Clanricarde's heart gave a throb like a girl's. If this stranger were so easily charmed with her, what would he be with Estelle? And what a splendid-looking creature he was! really a conqueror among heroes! How far had he gone with Lady Elizabeth? Not very far, she thought. She was as astute as any human being could be, not to have more than the normal senses, and she did not see any indications of an express understanding between them.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, with the briskness of a sour ferment, when he told her of his engagement; "that's in the wind, is it?"

"What's in what wind?" he asked.

"Well, you have fallen into the hands of the Philistines, that's all," she answered. "This Mrs. Clanricarde is the best manœuvring woman in Kingshouse. She is like a spider with flies. You are done for, Anthony, if you do not see through her."

He laughed.

"I am not afraid of her," he said, lightly.

"It would be better if you were," said Mrs. Aspline, sharply. "Pride goes before a fall, Anthony, and you are not the first man who has fallen into a trap."

"Don't see the trap," he returned.

"And I do," said Cookey, with a certain viciousness by no means usual to her.

"And then she is so proud," said Anne, languidly; "and what of, I should like to know? They are ruined, and every one expects to hear of their being sold up—any day. Why should they be proud?"

"Then you too don't like them?" asked Anthony.

"I? Like them?" she answered, quite quietly. "I seldom dislike any one—do I, mother? But if there is one person in the world that I hate, it is Mrs. Clanricarde. I wish she was dead!"

Anthony looked at her in amazement.

"What queer cusses women are!" he thought to himself.

What was the meaning of all this? What corn of poor, fat, good-natured Cookey's had this quasi-Bostonian trodden on? Where had sleepy, stupid, unpractical little Anne been pinched? What tempest in a teapot had shaken these atoms into antagonism, and what was the solution of the mystery?

All that, however, was their affair. He had nothing to do with it. As a gentleman he must keep his promise to this vivacious French-marquise-like woman.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FATE.

The next day Anthony prepared to go to Les Saules, as agreed on. Mrs. Aspline had evidently forgotten the engagement, for she proposed that her guest should drive with her and Anne to see the Fairy Hawk, which was one of the "points" of the place, and which would be so lovely to-day! There had been a two days' sharp frost, and the icicles would be now beautiful—really something worth seeing.

"You will come, of course?" she said, with a flushed face and rather quick voice.

"Where is your Hawk?" asked Anthony. "In what direction?

"Through Kingshouse, and on the Lancaster Road."

"Anywhere near Les Saules?"

"Les Saules!" Mrs. Aspline spoke in a tone of surprise. "Oh dear no! What have we to do with Les Saules?"

"Well, I have, if you have not," he returned. "I am going to see Mrs. Clanricarde to-day."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, crisping her lips. "So you persist, do you?"

"Persist in keeping an appointment?" he laughed. "Why, of course, I do."

"Then you'll repent it," said Mrs. Aspline, turning coldly away, as one turns from a son of perdition finally abandoned to his evil ways.

It was all very inexplicable to Anthony, and he exhausted conjecture in vain. He finally came to the conclusion that the vivacious half-foreign-looking woman was a runaway wife, whose little slip society had agreed to condone in a half-hearted way—strict sisters, like that virtuous and astute Cookey, holding aloof no matter who drew near. He was sorry to offend his hostess, but an engagement is an engagement; and Anthony was not the man to allow his actions to be influenced by any one, man or woman, and women no more than man. Meanwhile he would go round by the Dower House, and see that dear Delight, whose presence always brought him the sense of spiritual harmony and mental rest.

But Lady Elizabeth could not help him. All she could give him was the rather bald bit of information, "They do not like each other.'

"But why?" asked Anthony, who knew the fact and wanted the reason.

"I do not know, except that Mrs. Clanricarde did not call on the Asplines when they came," she answered.

"But why?" he asked again.

"Mrs. Clanricarde is very proud, and has great ideas of birth and all that," said Lady Elizabeth, reluctantly.

She did not like to allude to Mrs. Aspline's industrial origin to her friend and guest.

"Because she was once a cook?" said Anthony, bluntly, cutting the Gordian knot with one blow.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the answer.

The Americanized Englishman laughed.

"Good Heavens!" he said, with that kind of mirth which has in it more gall than honey. "As if it signifies a red cent whether she were a cook or not, if she knows how to behave herself, and bore a good character before and after! I should have thought that lady—Mrs. Clanricarde—had more sense than to stumble into this hole. Also," he added, looking at Lady Elizabeth, with eyes as soft as satin, "I should have thought that what Lady Elizabeth Inchbold patronized might pass muster with all the world besides in Kingshouse."

Lady Elizabeth smiled with the pretty faint embarrassment she so often showed when with Anthony Harford. Flattery, which from any one else was especially displeasing to her, from him was delightful.

"But there is nothing against either the one or the other?" he asked again. "My old friend Mrs. Aspline, I know, always conducted herself like a lamb. Has Mrs. Clanricarde as clean a record?"

"Quite," was the answer. "It is only a personal feeling. Perhaps, as mothers, they are as mutually jealous of their daughters."

"Daughters? Has Mrs. Clanricarde a daughter?"

"Yes; Estelle; a very pretty girl, and a very dear one."

Lady Elizabeth spoke warmly. She dearly loved Estelle—and she pitied her as much as she loved—which gave a certain flavor of tenderness exquisitely charming.

"Why did she not come here yesterday?" was Anthony's next query.

"She is not very well," answered Lady Elizabeth. She did not say, "She is broken-hearted because her lover has gone away."

"Oh! now I see it all," cried Anthony, with sudden illumination. "Why, of course. How dense of me not to have seen it before! Jealousy. There it is. Well you women do beat creation for that!" he added. "You are jealous among yourselves, and that's a fact! We men are nowhere compared to you."

"I think you do pretty well, however, in that line," was Lady Elizabeth's laughing reply; but Anthony, with emphasis, repeated his assertion, and declared that women were the most jealous beings on earth, and beat all creation hollow, let what else would make the running.

Then he arose to leave, and holding Lady Elizabeth's hand just a moment longer than necessary, he said, looking at her again with his satiny eyes, "But you are above that trash, I am sure! I should as soon expect lightning from a rainbow as jealousy from Lady Elizabeth!"

"I hope I should never be so poor-hearted or mean spirited," was her answer, made gravely and with earnestness.

"The loveliest lady in England" was Anthony's unspoken thought, repeated two or three times, as he went on his way to Les Saules—"just the loveliest! She has a heart as pure as crystal and a mind as bright as silver. I wonder if she could ever be brought to love me? She is worth trying for. With such a wife as that all my unrest would be over—all my fever would be quieted

He turned into the gate of Les Saules, and soon found himself in the room where Mrs. Clanricarde was alone.

She received him graciously, with just that amount of cordiality which keeps on the right side of gush, and is as far from niggardliness as from excess. She said she was glad to see him, and she did not ask after his hostesses. She spoke of the pleasant dinner they had had yesterday evening, and called Lady Elizabeth a dear soul. But she greatly lamented her want of practicality.

"In what way is she unpractical?" asked Anthony, feeling as if his lance were in rest and the bugle had sounded.

"She is too good," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a soft smile. "As if any one can be too good! I suppose I ought to say that we are all too bad for her." She said this with the nicest little air of apology and self-accusation. She was really a wonderfully charming woman!

"To be too good is not a very general fault," said Anthony, answering her smile. "For me, I think Lady Elizabeth just perfect."

"She is indeed delightful," returned Mrs. Clanricarde. "It is a pity she belongs to such a family."

"What of them?" he asked, gravely.

"Do you not know?—there is madness among them," she answered. "Some of them are now, I believe, in a lunatic asylum. It is that which makes me regret the dear love's decided eccentricity as I do. If her family history was not darkened by this terrible scourge, she might be as odd she as liked, and one would only love her all the more, and say it was her way, and, being hers, beautiful! But now come and look at my curios, Mr. Harford. I have really a very notable collection."

She had, however, taken the heart out of him for the moment, and he could think of nothing but the terrible shadow on the path of his sweet friend. And for a while Mrs. Clanricarde thought she had made a mistake and done more harm than good by her false information. She recovered her lost ground with infinite pains, and only after a time. Her vivacity was infectious, and Anthony could not resist the contagion. He handled her queer little squat figures and dislocated monsters with wry necks and shaven heads, pronounced them interesting and thought them hideous.

Then, as Anthony, having exhausted the outside world as represented here in the drawing-room at Les Saules, was beginning to take leave, she stopped him by saying, as a kind of after-thought—a kind of minor and even minus attraction—"Oh, by-the-way, I must introduce you to my daughter before you go. She is upstairs, painting. She is so fond of art!—and is really not a very despicable artist; at least, naturally, I think so."

"Oh yes! your daughter. I should like to see Miss Clanricarde," said Anthony, who had forgotten her existence.

Mrs. Clanricarde rang the bell and asked the servant to beg Miss Clanricarde to come down.

In a few minutes the door-handle turned and the door opened. Framed as in a picture—checked by the momentary surprise of finding a stranger where she expected to see only her mother—Anthony saw a tall dark-haired girl, with soft brown eyes and a pale flower-like face, dressed in a quaintly fashioned gown of clinging material and indeterminate color—neither blue nor green, but between both; a girl whose beauty was great, but whose charm was greater—that subtle, nameless charm which belongs to the fated and fateful women of men's passion and destruction; the charm which Helen and Cleopatra and Mary Stuart had to their sorrow, and the sorrow of those who loved them. Her eyes were worlds in which the soul was lost. Her smile was a net wherein the senses were entangled. Her dark and curling hair was like the perfumed tendrils of a dusky vine. Her lithe and graceful figure had in it the sense of melody and rhythmic harmonies in every line and every gesture. She stood there as she might have been the blessed damozel against the golden bar of heaven; and Anthony caught his breath as at a vision seen in the twilight. He felt as if the whole meaning of his life had suddenly been made clear, as if he had looked into a magic crystal and seen the hidden secrets of fate and the future.

In the brief moment while Estelle stood there and he looked at her, he seemed to live years, and to go through the experience of a lifetime. Something woke up in him that had been dormant for all his life, and he came suddenly to the possession as of another sense, to the full inheritance of his soul. Then the spell shifted, it did not break, as Estelle, letting the door fall from her hand, came slowly into the room and was formally introduced. And Anthony, who had adopted the American habit of shaking hands on an introduction, was afflicted with a sudden, and to himself an incomprehensible shyness, and felt as if he dared not touch that long white graceful hand, no more than an ordinary knight dared have touched the San Graal had he seen it.

After this he lost count of time. He could never remember how long he stayed, nor how he tore himself away. He only knew that he found himself at last at Hindfleet, in his heart, as it were, a bird singing, a fountain playing, a garden blooming, and the dull winter evening changed to an infinite glory of great gladness which yet was akin to tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE KINGSHOUSE ARMS.

The position was undoubtedly awkward. Anthony Harford was the guest of Mrs. Aspline, who hated the Clanricardes, and irresistibly attracted by the Clanricardes, who did not visit the Asplines. What was to be done? Anthony would not leave Kingshouse just yet, and he could not stay at Hindfleet if he intended to improve his acquaintance with the Clanricardes, as he certainly would. For what else should he remain here at all? Even Lady Elizabeth, sweet as she was and delightful as he had found her—just on the brink, too, as he had been; just on the brink, looking for her face in the magic fountain—even she could not have kept him; nor could her people, nor could his present hostess. But that tall dark-haired girl, with her fated charm—ah! that was another matter. To see her again and often—to get to know her and to prove her—to win her to himself, and wear her on his heart for all his life, as his flower of love and jewel of his treasury—yes, for Estelle he must stay and could not go. And yet he could not stay at Hindfleet.

Wherefore, making so far a clean breast of it, he told Mrs. Aspline what was on his mind as relating to her and "those people at Lissols," as she called them; and how impossible he felt it to accept her hospitality while using his time in visiting a house which was shut against her, and which now she would not visit were it opened to her.

"I am sorry for you, Anthony," said Mrs. Aspline, flushing a violent crimson passing into purple. "You are the first man that manœuvring old cat has caught and you will not be the last. I thought you had more sense. You are old enough, I am sure!"

"Old enough to know my own mind?" said Anthony, gravely. "I hope so."

"When you say the Clanricardes, you mean Miss," continued Mrs. Aspline. "I do not suppose you care much for that fool of a man who is next thing to a natural, or for Mrs. Clanricarde either, with her pride and her finery. At her age dressing as she does to look like a picture! I have no patience with such vanity! It is not decent; and so I tell you."

Anthony was silent. It did not come into the programme of his duty, as he conceived it, to defend Mrs. Clanricarde's millinery; but he thought again, as so often before, "What queer cusses women are when they come to loggerheads among themselves!"

"Take our advice," said Anne, putting on a little maternal air that was both becoming and entertaining; "go home to Thrift, and keep out of danger. You will repent it if you stay here. We know all about these people better than you do."

"I do not suppose there is much harm to know of them," said Anthony, even graver than before. "Well, I don't know what you call harm," said Mrs. Aspline. "If right and left, and Tom, Dick, and Harry's no harm, then there is none, I suppose. But I know I would have been sorry enough if any daughter of mine had been hawked about all over the place, as Mrs. Clanricarde has hawked hers!"

Anthony's bronzed face became strangely livid, as well as stern. It seemed to suddenly set like so much metal, and to become rigid like death.

"I reckon there's not much chance of hawking any girl about in such a God-forsaken old place as this," he said, with forced quietness.

"Then isn't there just!" returned Mrs. Aspline. "First that Mr. Charlie Osborne, who has a cough like a church-yard, and not a penny-piece to bless himself with; and then that moon-calf up at Redhill yonder, that Caleb Stagg, that I declare I would not touch with the end of a mop-stick. That woman there flung her daughter at these two, and would have given her ears for either. The way she went after that young Stagg was what I call a disgrace. And all the world knows it as well as I."

Anthony drew his lips close together, as people do when they are deeply moved, and yet wish to keep their self-command. Could he have ever liked this woman—this vulgar traducer of that exquisite vision? Mrs. Aspline took a new face and form and meaning for him. She was no longer the kind old Cookey of his boyish days, still less the improved, hospitable, almost lady-like woman of this latter time. She was a vulgar scold, and his heart sickened against her.

She saw that she had made a mistake.

"Well, there! I am wrong to put myself about like this," she said, with a forced laugh. "You are old enough to know your own mind, as you say, Anthony, and you have seen enough of the world by now to find your own way about. And I dare say I am prejudiced against this Mrs. Clanricarde and all her kith and kin."

"It is as well to know all sides," said Anthony, speaking with difficulty. "They stoned the saints once on a time, and they keep up the practice yet."

Mrs. Aspline flushed again, as before; Anne bit her lips; but both kept silent, and chewed the bitter cud with decorous resignation. It seemed little less than blasphemy to compare the Clanricardes—Estelle or her mother—to saints; but Anthony Harford was—well, he was a Harford, and the Harford mouth was hard.

"I reckon," he said after a moment's pause, "I shall be doing the square thing if I clear out of this and make new tracks. As I am going to see for myself what these ladies are like, and calculate to be pretty near half my time at Les Saules, it will be better for us all if I take rooms at the hotel, where I shall offend no one, and be in no one's way."

"That, of course, is as you like yourself," said Mrs. Aspline, with the dignity of displeasure. "You are not in our way here, Anthony, and I hope we have not shown that you were. I hope we have made you comfortable, and let you see that you were welcome. We have done our best."

Here the poor dear woman's voice a little broke, and her eyes grew red. The rain threatened after the thunder had growled.

"You have been just as kind as ever you could be," said Anthony. "There's nothing to be said on that, and I'm ever so much grateful to you. But I reckon it will be the squarest to clear out now, and most likely to keep us good friends."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Aspline, curiously lachrymose and indignant at one and the same time.

"Perhaps you are right," said Anne.

Vexed to see her mother so moved, she took a tone as hard and cold as an iron rod, as acid as so much lemon juice. For all her vague dreams, she had not dreamed herself in love with Anthony Harford.

"Then that is all fixed and straightened out," said Anthony, with a sense of relief.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Aspline; and "Certainly," echoed Anne.

Which ended the matter and clamped the proposition into its final affirmative. So that night saw Anthony Harford installed at Kingshouse Arms, where he intended to remain for at least some weeks.

He could not go back to Thrift! How cold and gloomy and desolate that fine old place looked in his memory!

Every one was glad to hear that Anthony Harford had moved into the town.

A curious little warmth spread over Lady Elizabeth's heart when she heard the news; and her fair face took the color of her feelings.

As for Anthony, had he been there he would no longer have noticed whether the fair cheeks flushed or paled, whether the soft eyes brightened or were abashed. These signs were signs to him no more.

"What can Harford be staying for at such a place as Kingshouse?" said my lord when he heard the news, like a man unable to see through a millstone.

"For society. I dare say his own place is dull," said my lady, like a woman having a reason always ready.

"I should not think the Kingshouse Arms a very lively lookout," he returned.

"But he has us, and that compensates."

"And he seems so much interested in astronomy," said Lady Elizabeth, with unconscious diplomacy.

"So he does," said her father; "and now that we have the frost again we will ask him to dinner, and we can make a night of it up aloft."

"You will freeze yourself to death some night up aloft," said the countess, just a point of querulousness—of quasi grumbling—mingled with what else was care and consideration.

"Oh, we have wraps and mufflers, as you know," was her husband's reply.

Both he and Lady Elizabeth were in riding costume.

"We will ride round by the town, and leave a message at the Arms," continued the earl. "I do not suppose he is engaged anywhere else."

"I should think not," said Lady Elizabeth, who was anxious he should be asked. "Why, to whom should he be engaged?" asked her mother in surprise. "Society is not so numerous here as to ask him every day to dinner."

"He might be at the Asplines," said her daughter.

"Or the Clanricardes," said the earl. "He seemed monstrously taken with Mrs. Clanricarde the other night; and upon my soul she looked uncommonly handsome! I never saw her look better. She might have been one of her own ancestors at the court of the Grand Monarque."

(To be Continued).

IS IT GENUINE?

Probably thousands of people in this section of country, and this section is no exception to any other in this respect in Canada, have read the report said to have been written by Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyist of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, and Professor of Chemistry in the Rochester, N. Y., University, stating that all of the Safe Remedies manufactured by H. H. Warner & Co. were pure and wholesome, nor did any of them contain any mercury or deleterious substance. To shorten the controversy, however, we will give Prof. Lattimore's report entire:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,
CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulæ of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the processes of manufacture which are conducted with extreme care and according to the best methods. I have taken from the Laboratory samples of all the articles used in the preparation of these medicines, as well as the several medicines in which they enter. I have also purchased from different druggists in this city "Warner's Safe Remedies," and upon critical examination *I find them all entirely free from mercury and from poisonous and deleterious substances.*

S. A. LATTIMORE, Ph. D., LL. D.,
Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, Professor of Chemistry, University of Rochester, N. Y.

We cannot think that a firm of the standing of H. H. Warner & Co. would dare publish such a statement if it were untrue, and we now have that firm's authority to say to our readers that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly true in every particular.

MARGARET LADY SANDHURST, who has been elected a member of the London County Council for Brixton, is a very remarkable County Councillor, with exceptional gifts, both social and magnetic, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some of the feats of healing which she has been able to perform at her little hospital in northern London are almost incredible, were they not well authenticated.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Lively Times in the House Over the Irish Commission.

PARNELL'S MANLY WORDS.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons to-day Sir William Vernon Harcourt, resuming the discussion regarding the Parnell Commission, declared that Attorney-General Webster's identification with the commission had destroyed the impression that the Government would be impartial and had added weight to the *Times'* charges. If the Attorney-General had not advised the Government Parliament should not vote a salary for services he had not performed. He condemned the Attorney-General's apology for the Pigott forgeries as mean, contemptible and disgraceful, and expressed the hope that he would make a better apology.

Attorney-General Webster replied that but for the duty he owed those who trusted him he would not have noticed the charges made by Sir William. If he were capable of the conduct imputed to him he would be a disgrace to the English bar. He was private counsel for the *Times*. It was immaterial whether he had been right or wrong in assuming that position, although it was doubtful whether he had been prudent.

Mr. Redmond's motion to reduce the Attorney-General's salary was rejected by 286 to 28.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt wanted to know whether the Attorney-General had the letter in which Pigott admitted his inability to stand cross-examination. If Mr. Soames had that letter and kept it from the knowledge of the Attorney-General the name of Mr. Soames ought to be struck off the rolls. The Attorney-General would doubtless now tell the House when he first learned of Pigott's character and whether he was informed when Houston burned Pigott's correspondence.

In the course of the Attorney-General's reply the Chairman called upon Xavier O'Brien to retire for interrupting. Mr. O'Brien denied that he opened his mouth. The Chairman repeating the order to retire, Mr. Pinkerton corroborated Mr. O Brien. T. P. O'Connor protested against the Chairman putting the lie to an honorable member without an inquiry. The Chairman accepted the disclaimer, adding that Mr. O'Brien could not deny having repeatedly interrupted loudly, and warning him not to repeat such conduct.

The Attorney-General continuing, declined absolutely to say whether he had advised the Government on any point. None knew better than Sir William Vernon Harcourt that he could not answer such a question, but he had never vouched to the Government for the authenticity of the letters. Harcourt ought to know that no counsel vouched for the truth of what he proposed to prove by evidence. Harcourt's argument that the counsel ought to satisfy himself of the accuracy of the statements that a witness would make was preposterous. He accused Harcourt of asking questions in this manner because he knew that a certain section of the press was only too glad to turn such questions into accusations. For instance, there was his question as to whether the Attorney-General suggested that Piggott should see Daly. He never heard of the visit till two nights ago. Regarding Pigott, the Attorney General argued that he had not the right to keep him from the witness-box because he said he could not stand cross-examination. He had informed the commission and put Pigott's letters in Sir Charles Russell's hands five days before Pigott went into the box. (Loud Ministerial cheers.) Would the committee believe that Sir Charles had asked that the letter should not be read till Pigott went into the box? (Laughter.) He protested strongly against Sir William's reference to Mr. Soames, who was not there to answer the charge. He assured the gentlemen opposite that all the charges made against him had failed to cause him any anxiety or a single sleepless night. If the further charges promised against him were no worse than they brought to-night, he was bound to confess that in his opinion the part he had played in the last few months would not be the least honorable portion of his career.

Messrs. O'Connor and Labouchere having spoken,

Mr. Parnell said he should not have intervened, but that in the language of Attorney-General Webster, and in the shouts of his supporters, there had been some faint echo of Lord Salisbury's equivocal language in respect to the forged letters. If Lord Salisbury still chose to pin the relic of his faith to the letters the consequence would be upon his head. In the witness box he (Parnell) had testified under oath that he had neither signed, written, authorized nor known of any of the letters, and Attorney-General Webster had not ventured to put to him a single question. Was there any member who would venture to express any doubt now that the letters were forgeries? Here there were loud cries for Mr. Fowler, who, Mr. O'Connor said, expressed doubts; but Mr. Fowler did not respond, whereupon Mr. O'Connor exclaimed, "He is a coward!" but he subsequently withdrew this expression at the request of the chair.

Mr James expressed satisfaction at the manner in which Attorney-General Webster had answered the charges.

Mr. Morley asserted that Sir Charles Russell had authorized him—(Conservative cries of "Where is he?")—to state that he was entirely in accord with the Opposition in the action that they were taking. He maintained that Attorney-General Webster had failed to answer the charges.

Mr. Gladstone, Sir Charles Russell and Messrs. Lockwood and Asquith were absent. Messrs. Soames and Walter were in the gallery. Six of the Parnellite counsel on the commission and several Liberals abstained from any part in the division.

A scene of great disorder followed. The Irish members rose in their places and cheered, and there were cries of "Pigott!" "Pigott!" "Remember Mitchellstown."

Secretary Balfour said he had suspended Captain Seagrave, but preferred not to dismiss him until documentary evidence of his guilt had been received.

Mr. Morley adduced a mass of details respecting witnesses for the *Times* with the view of disproving the Government's professions of neutrality. These details were mainly drawn from facts elicited by daily questioning in Parliament. Mr. Balfour professed that he had not followed the proceedings of the Parnell Commission with much interest. That was surprising. One would have expected that the Minister who fired the train would have curiosity enough to note the result of the explosion. In regard to the proposed vote of censure, it would be irrational to propose it now, because fresh disclosures were made daily. But it would come in good time.

Mr. Balfour, amid continued Opposition laughter, described the charge that the Government were connected with the *Times* through Houston and Pigott as a scandalous and unfounded libel. The Opposition, he said, revelled in libel, while affecting to regard it as the most shocking of crimes. They had charged Houston with having acted in complicity with Pigott; but they had declined to examine Houston when invited to do so. He thought it would be more decorous for the gentlemen opposite to refrain from comments *sub judice*. (Renewed laughter.) For asking how it was that witnesses were intimidated, Mr. Balfour was called to order by the Chairman. Continuing, he said the Government volunteered no information for the purpose of the commission, but they were willing to give it to either side when required.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said Mr. Balfour misapprehended Mr. Morley's case. The fact that Irish constables had been subpœnaed did not make it necessary for them to remain for months in London, unless they were performing distinct services for the *Times*. The speaker raised a laugh by showing how the statements of Mr. Matthews and Mr. Balfour conflicted.

Mr. Bradlaugh said that so far from being impartial, the Government withheld from the persons accused matters material to their defence.

Mr. William Redmond (Nationalist) was called to order several times, and the Chairman finally warned him against further unseemly conduct.

Mr. Healy said he had tried to cross-examine Mr. Soames on his mode of getting up evidence, but the *Times'* chief ally, Justice Smith—

The Chairman, interrupting, called upon Mr. Healy to withdraw his reference to Her Majesty's judge.

Mr. Healy contended that he did not refer to the judge but to the commissioners, that the Commission Act simply called the commissioners by their names.

The Chairman nevertheless maintained that Mr. Healy was out of order.

Mr. Balfour, again rising to answer criticisms, taunted the Parnellites with allowing Pigott to escape, after he had confessed forgery.

Mr. T. P. O Connor was called to order for charging Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour with trying to galvanize the Parnell forgeries into life again.

An exciting scene ensued.

Mr. O'Connor twice refused to withdraw the remark as far as it concerned Lord Salisbury, amid the approving cries of his colleagues.

The Chairman appealed to the members on both sides to assist him in keeping order, but he did not further insist upon the withdrawal of Mr. O'Connor's remark.

Mr. O'Connor charged that the *Times* was equally guilty of allowing Pigott to go after he confessed forgery.

When the division was called Mr. Chamberlain crossed the House and sat chatting with Mr. Ritchie, a member of the Cabinet. His presence on the Ministerial side of the House called forth from the Opposition hilarious cries of, "At last in your proper place."

On the vote on Mr. Balfour's salary Mr. Morley severely criticized the Government's action in carrying on a "furtive clandestine battle behind its opponent's backs."

Mr. Bradlaugh moved that Mr. Balfour's salary be reduced by £500.

Mr. Bradlaugh's motion was rejected by 272 to 211.

A Ritualist Poet's Prophecy.

(Church Times, Chicago.

The following lines are from Neale's "Sequences, Hymns, Etc.," edition 1866 p. 131. They are striking in view of the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln. Why should Neale have selected Lincoln? It seems prophetic:

Again shall long processions sweep through Lincoln's mins er pile;
Again shall banner, cross and cope gleam thro the incense aisle;
And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the Church's thankful prayer,
And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered there;
And Tierce, and Nones, and Matins shall have each their holy lay;
And the Angelus at Compline shall sweetly close the day.
England of Saints! the peace will dawn—but not without the fight,
So, come the contest when it may—and God defend the right!

What Our Artist Has to Put Up With.

He—By Jove, it's the best thing I've ever painted! and I'll tell you what, I've a good mind to give it to Mary Morison for her wedding present!

His Wifey—Oh, but, my love, the Morisons have always been *so* hospitable to us! You ought to give her a *real* present, you know—a fan, or a scent-bottle, or something of that sort!—*Punch*.

A Valuable Remedy.

Gentleman (to village cobbler)—"What's that yellow powder you're taking so constantly, my friend?"

Cobbler—"It's snuff—catarrh snuff."

Gentleman—"Is it any good? I'm somewhat troubled that way myself."

Cobbler (with the air of a man who could say more if he chose)—"Well, I've had catarrh for more'n thirty year, an' never took nothin' for it but this."

—One Dr. Terc, in England, is advocating the sting of bees as a remedy for rheumatism. He declares that he has treated with success 173 cases, and has given in all 39,000 stings.

THE FEMININE WAY.

Did ever yet a belle refuse a man
And let him from her side depart forever
Without proposing a platonic plan
Of sweet communion for the future? Never!
Her lover once, her friend you must remain,
And love her still, although you love in vain.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M. P., formerly a New York journalist, is engaged in preparing for publication the speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill, which will shortly be issued in collected form.

The Ponsonby estate, on which the Plan of Campaign was started in 1886, has been bought by a London Company.

LONGEVITY

Scientific men see no reason why the span of human life may not be extended to a round hundred years from the present limit of seventy to eighty years.

From Adam's time to that of Methuselah and Noah, men are recorded as attaining to well nigh the age of 1,000 years. The Psalmist David, however, says: "The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

This wide margin of longevity, together with proper observance of mental, moral and physical laws, leads investigators to believe it is possible that human life might be made to increase in length of days to a full century, at least.

Moderation and regularity in eating, drinking and sleeping are conducive to longevity, and those who observe proper habits and use pure and efficacious remedies when sick, may accomplish immense labor with no apparent injury to themselves and without foreshortening their lives.

Hon. H. H. Warner, President of the Rochester, N.Y., Chamber of Commerce, and manufacturer of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, has devoted much time and research to this subject of longevity, and has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that life may be prolonged by rational and natural means. Thousands of persons are living to-day—enjoying the blessing of perfect health and vigor—who will testify to the almost magical efficacy of Warner's Safe Cure in restoring them to physical potency and to the normal type of constitution, after they had almost given up hope of life.

After middle age, many begin to lose their wonted vigor of body, and thereupon give way to inertness and useless repining. Yet all such have within reach that which both renews youth and contributes to the prolongation of life. Warner's marvellous Safe Cures are in every drug store, and are now regarded as standard specifics throughout the civilized world.

The strong desire to attain old age—meantime retaining the virile powers of body and mind—is necessarily connected with the respect paid to aged persons, for people would scarcely desire to be old, were the aged neglected or regarded with mere sufferance.

HER MAJESTY'S BOUNTY.

Pathetic Incident at Windsor—Red Tape Delays the Queen's Charity.

From the London edition of the N. Y. Herald.

A pathetic little incident, which shows how much red tape can entrammel even the charitable intentions of the Queen, occurred at Windsor on Friday afternoon.

Her Majesty was driving along Thames street with one of the Princesses, when she saw a blind man playing an accordeon, being led along the road by a woman. Touched by the gentle strains of his melody, Her Majesty's heart went forth in pity for the lot of the blind musician. Royal self-respect forbade her throwing a copper to the pair, as an humble civilian might have done; but by the time the regal equippage reached Windsor Bridge Her Majesty had contrived a scheme by which the pauper player's distress might be alleviated. This was the process:

At the Bridge the Queen stopped the carriage.

The Queen then summoned her attendant and handed him a two-shilling piece.

The Queen then gave him full instructions as to what he should do with it.

The attendant repeated the process with the toll-gate keeper.

The toll-gate keeper, whose name was Husted, received the florin and bowed.

The toll gate keeper then chased up the street after the beggar.

The toll gate keeper then told the beggar all about it.

The toll-gate keeper then told the woman leading the beggar.

The toll-gate keeper then gave the beggar the two shilling piece.

The toll-gate keeper next received the beggar's thanks.

The blind accordeon player then went on his way rejoicing, and playing "God Save the Queen" in four flats, while Mr. Husted rushed away to tell the news in the neighborhood.

Her Majesty then drove on as if nothing unusual had happened.

Charity is a beautiful thing!

The Obstacle in the Way.

"I fear it can never be, George," murmured the fair girl. "There are obstacles in the way."

"What are they, Laura?' demanded the young man, eagerly. "Perhaps I can overcome them."

"Papa has failed in business, and"——

"You needn't mention any more," said the young man dejectedly, as he got up from his knees.

Dissatisfaction.

Father (who has rushed to the spot)—What's the matter? Boy—Oh, dad, g-g-get me out of this! Father (slowly)—Well, if you ain't the hardest boy to please I ever see. Last summer I couldn't keep you out of this creek, and now yer cryin' because yer in.

Examinations in English schools go toward proving that color blindness is often declared to be present when really no organic defect but only poor training in the naming and distinction of colors is found to be the trouble.

Mr. Moody, after holding thirty days' services in San Francisco, commenced work in Oakland. He is assisted by Mr. Stebbins and Miss Pool. The Pavilion, which holds nearly 5,000, has been crowded at every meeting.

Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, spends his whole official income, $35,000 a year, on church and educational work. He is now building, at his own expense, a large church in a poor and densely-populated part of Sunderland.

Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, who died in London recently, was born in 1801, and had been for two generations a noted figure in the English literary world. As barrister, journalist, artist and author he won the respect of his fellow-men, and his "Book of Gems," "Book of British Ballads" and "Baronial Halls" are all standard works. He and Mrs. Hall were said to have written and edited 340 volumes.

LIVING FOR THE STOMACH.

A Little Lecture to Those Who Crave and Have Rich Things to Eat.

Ah! you live for your stomach do you? I certainly pity the person who lives for no loftier purpose than eating and drinking. Upon second thought you conclude that your confession should have been taken with a grain of allowance. There does creep over you now and then a conviction that you live for something besides your stomach's sake. Very good. You are on the road to happiness. I knew a man once who often amused his hearers by putting some queer phrases into his prayers. He would pray that the nerve tissues of his stomach might be made more enduring, his taste more keenly enjoyable, and that his appetite might be tempted with the fat of the land, in order that he (the earthly fellow) might live many, many more years and take comfort as he went along. That man was eternally having cold sores upon his lips, and if the gout has not overtaken him by this time I have lost my guess. Why cold sores and gout? you ask.

Right, my fellow-sufferer, ask all the questions you care to. Why do you so often get all stuffed up with a "cold," so called, about which you go prancing over the neighborhood, asking everybody if, in the name of common sense, they can tell you how or where you "caught it?" You got it by eating. Hard thing to believe, isn't it? Rich food, fats and highly seasoned viands have done the business for you. The body is a queer machine. It gets clogged, and when it can hold out no longer it revolts. The brief warfare which follows, the wheezing, the aching bones and running nostrils are simply evidences of nature's efforts to recover her equilibrium. Then how vain of you to dose yourself with drugs, instead of giving the Great Healer time to cure you!

This is my theory: The system needs certain nourishments and requires them regularly. Incautiously you have given it too much. Here slips in a curious trick of nature. A morbid craving for food a little richer seizes you—a sort of dull longing for something, you know not what. Nature's mission is to try you and see what kind of metal you are made of. Now follow me closely. That longing comes straight from your carnal soul, though you have dignified it with the name of hunger. It is nothing more than an undue excitement of the nerves of the stomach. To the cook book you fly and con it over to find something tempting. Merely wholesome foods have failed to fill the bill. But, my friend, had you the correct understanding you would pass that craving by and wait.

Nature is as ready to join with you in a little self-discipline as she was to put the obstacle in your way. A slight tiff of self-denial will do wonders some times. Self-denial? Certainly; why not? You shout with vehemence that virtues of that order have long since become unpopular from disuse. What a brazen imposition would be a table without enough dainties to match the silver and china! So, "if you please, Mrs Blank, I would like you to have prepared a little brandy sauce for the pudding to day. I abominate food without something in it to tempt a fellow's palate." So off flies the cook at your peremptory bidding, lest she may have done something to forfeit her position, and sends you up—really, she puts before you a dish which the daintiest epicure can dote upon. Such, you say, is life. It is not life; it is death. There, you have dropped your knife and fork in dismay that I should say a thing so terrible. These are facts, my friends.—*Frank Dexter in Boston Globe.*

Plants in Witchcraft.

Occasionally when the dairymaid churned for a long time without making butter, she would stir the cream with a twig of mountain ash, and beat the cow with another, thus breaking the witch's spell. But, to prevent accidents of this kind, it has long been customary in the northern counties to make the churn-staff of ash. For the same reason herd boys employ an ash twig for driving cattle, and one may often see a mountain ash growing near a house. On the Continent the tree is in equal repute, and in Norway and Denmark rowan branches are usually put over stable doors to keep out witches, a similar notion prevailing in Germany. No tree, perhaps, holds such a prominent place in witchcraft lore as the mountain ash, its mystic power having rarely failed to render fruitless the evil influence of these enemies of mankind.

To counteract the spell of the evil eye, from which many innocent persons were believed to suffer in the witchcraft period, many flowers have been in requisition among the numerous charms used. Thus, the Russian maidens still hang round the stem of the birch tree red ribbon, the Brahmans gather rice, and in Italy rue is in demand. The Scotch peasantry pluck twigs of the ash, the Highland women the groundsel, and the German folk wear the radish. In early times the ringwort was recommended by Apuleius, and later on the fern was regarded as a preservative against this baneful influence. The Chinese put faith in the garlic, and, in short, every country has its own special plants. It would seem, too, that after a witch was dead and buried, precautionary measures were taken to frustrate her baneful influence. Thus, in Russia, aspen is laid on a witch's grave, the dead sorceress being then prevented from riding abroad.—*By T. F. Thiselton Dyer, in the Popular Science Monthly for April.*

Delicate Attention to the Author.

Daughter (to mother)—Young Mr. Lightsome has just written a book, and has presented me with a copy.

Mother—That is very nice, Laura.

Daughter—Yes; and, as Mr. Lightsome said something about making a call this evening, and I am very busy, I wish you would sit down and cut the leaves for me, and place it in a conspicuous place on the parlor table.

Ought to Hear Then.

Bagley (at the telephone)—There's no use in talking, Bailey. I can't hear the first word you say.

Bailey (at the other end)—Why don't you fold both your ears around the instrument?

His Excuse.

Lady (to drunken beggar)—Are you not ashamed to beg?

D. B.—Yes, ma'am, but I'm full; when I'm sober I'm a burglar.

ANTS FOR EATING.

They Are Good as Pickles—Some as Large as Foxes.

Should a Maine lumberman find a stump or rotten log with thousands of big black ants in it, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, he scoops the torpid insects from their winter domicile and fills his dinner pail with them. When he gets back to his camp at night he sets the pail in a cool place until his supper is ready, then brings it forth, and, while helping himself to pork and beans, helps himself also to ants. There is no accounting for tastes, and he esteems a handful of ants a very choice morsel. Ants are said by those who have tasted them to have a peculiarly agreeable, strongly acid flavor. The woodsmen, whose food consists largely of salted meat, baked beans and similar hearty victuals, naturally have a craving for something sour. "Ants are the very best of pickles," said an old "logger," who confessed to having devoured thousands of them. "They are cleanly insects, and there is no reason why they should not be eaten, if one can get over a little squeamishness caused by the thought of taking such crawling things into his stomach. There is nothing repulsive about them, and when a man has once learned to eat the creatures as pickles he prefers them to any other kind."

Ants have at various times and in different countries been quite extensively used in medicine, and formic acid, which was first obtained by distilling the bodies of these insects, but is now artificially prepared, is a well-known and useful chemical product. Herodotus tells us of ants that live in the deserts of India which are in size "somewhat less than dogs, but larger than foxes." These creatures, in heaping up the earth after the manner of common ants, were a very efficient aid to the Indian gold hunters. The sand which they threw up being largely mixed with gold, the Indians were accustomed to go to the desert in the heat of the day, when the ants were under ground, load the sand into sacks, pile the sacks upon their camels and hasten from the spot as rapidly as possible. The ants, according to the historian, were not only the swiftest of animals, but were gifted with such a sense of smell that they immediately became aware of the presence of men in their territory, and unless the Indians got away while the ants were assembling to attack them not a man could escape.

The Rash Ventures of a Conversationalist

Nothing so surely kills the freedom of talk as to have some matter-of-fact person instantly bring you to book for some impulsive remark flashed out on the instant, instead of playing with it and tossing it about in a way that shall expose its absurdity or show its value. Freedom is lost with too much responsibility and seriousness, and the truth is more likely to be struck out in a lively play of assertion and retort than when all the words and sentiments are weighed. A person very likely cannot tell what he does think until his thoughts are exposed to the air, and it is the bright fallacies and impulsive rash ventures in conversation that are often most fruitful to talker and listeners. The talk is always tame if no one dares anything. I have seen the most promising paradox come to grief by a simple "Do you think so?" Nobody, I sometimes think, should be held accountable for anything said in private conversation, the vivacity of which is in a tentative play about the subject. And this is a sufficient reason why one should repudiate any private conversation reported in the newspapers. It is bad enough to be held fast forever to what one writes and prints, but to shackle a man with all his flashing utterances, which may be put into his mouth by some imp in the air is intolerable slavery. A man had better be silent if he can only say to-day what he will stand by to-morrow, or if he may not launch into the general talk the whim and fancy of the moment. Racy, entertaining talk is only exposed thought, and no one would hold a man responsible for the thronging thoughts that contradict and displace each other in his mind. Probably no one ever actually makes up his mind until he either acts or puts out his conclusion beyond his recall. Why should one be debarred the privilege of pitching his crude ideas into a conversation where they may have a chance of being precipitated?—*From "A Little Journey in the World," by Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

Why the Cat is Not Harmed by a Fall.

It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump from a height. It never seems to hurt itself, or to get giddy with the fall. It always lands on its feet, and these are so beautifully padded that they seldom or never get broken. Why does not the animal get a headache after its jump? Why does it not receive a concussion of the brain, as a man or a dog would if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? To answer this we must examine a cat's skull, when we shall see that it has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides, a good way inward, toward the centre, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is indeed a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.

An Anchored Boarder.

Winks—How often do you change your boarding-house now, Jinks?

Jinks—I never change at all.

Winks—You don't. Perfectly comfortable, eh?

Jinks—No, I'm mighty uncomfortable; but I've changed often enough to know I never gain anything by changing.

Within the antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers. Fifty of these are confined to the Arctic region. They are really polar flowers. The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white and yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

William Newman, Barnum's experienced elephant trainer, is credited with the following philosophical comment: "Elephants are very much like human beings, especially in one regard, and that is the females are very much better and nicer than the males, and also in that when a female is bad, she is worse than the worst male."

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

The street awning now rears itself.

Division Court is in session here to-day.

Four inches of snow fell here yesterday in a few hours.

Rev. Mr. Emes will enter upon his charge here on Sunday next.

A party would like to exchange apples for potatoes or oats. Apply at this office.

A large number of fine sticks of timber were brought in during the past week on wheels.

Wm. Clayton has a splendid lot of boots and shoes for mens' and boys' wear. Try them.

Mr. Patton, of Toronto, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon.

Tenders are asked for the carrying of the mail between Feversham and Flesherton for the next four years.

East Grey Teachers' Institute will hold their annual meeting in Thornbury on Thursday and Friday, April 25 and 26.

School teacher wanted for school section No. 1, Euphrasia and Artemesia. See advertisement elsewhere.

For ladies' fine wear in boots and shoes Wm. Clayton has a very large assortment. Call and see them.

Master John Karstedt lost a valuable spaniel dog in the vicinity of Flesherton last winter, and would like to hear of his whereabouts.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church will hold a parlor social at Mr. Heard's residence on Wednesday next, April 10. Admission 10 cents.

An auction sale of household effects will be held on Monday, April 8th, cattle fair day, at 1 p.m., next door to the postoffice, Flesherton. R. J. Sproule, auctioneer.

As the season for horse bills approaches, we would remind all those interested in such matters that we have a larger selection of cuts to choose from than can be found elsewhere in this section.

Miss Davis has secured the services of a first class dressmaker, and will be pleased to receive orders from the ladies of Flesherton for anything in her line. Miss Davis has already received a large number of orders Attention will be paid to the making of boys' suits.

The Pickering News tells a story of two young ladies who were selling watches with *albumen* cases. This is a new industry and will no doubt tend to raise the price of eggs. It is said to be a big improvement on the old aluminum case.

Mr. C. Treadgold has removed into Dr. Christoe's block, where he will have great pleasure in taking orders for the best pianos, organs, swing churns, washing machines, clothes wringers, fruit trees, etc. Boarders taken by the week, day or by the single meal at low rates.

Mr. Wm. Clark has shown us a handful of potato onions, six inches high, which grew on a shelf in his pantry. The onions were accidently placed there last fall. This would lead a person to ask why a profitable thing could not be made out of early onions grown this way.

Meaford Mirror :—Mr. Charles Lovett has left at the Mirror office some fine specimens of rhubarb of this spring's growth. Rhubarb stalks 24 inches high are rather unusual at this season of the year." Oh, pshaw! We revelled in rhubarb pie and rhubarb sauce three weeks ago. Flesherton is two weeks further south than Meaford.

NOTICE—Having disposed of my carriage business to W. T. Wilson, I would respectfully request all parties indebted to me to call and settle the same by cash or note on or before Monday, the 8th of April, as I am about to remove from this place. By complying with the above will save unnecessary expense. R. P. LEGATE.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr. W. Wood is our authorized agent at the Station. Subscriptions may be paid to him. Single copies of The Advance for sale at his store.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Concert.

A concert will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on the evening of the 24th of May, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church. Full particulars later.

Queen Esther,

A meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, April 10, at 7.30 o'clock, in the Royal Templar's hall, for the purpose of arranging for the reproduction of the Oratorio of Queen Esther in Flesherton All who are willing to take a part are invited to attend.

A Slight Error.

The Advance is sorry to admit that it made an error last week in leading the ladies to believe that both members of our new merchant firm were unmarried. Such is not the case. Mr. McDonald having renounced bachelorhood some time ago. We hasten to make the correction before any serious complication ensues.

"As Neat as a Pin."

M. Richardson and Co's store now presents an exceedingly neat appearance. Purchasers of two weeks ago would scarcely recognize it to-day. The tasty decorations and new spring goods make it appear a new store. We have not seen anything outside the city to at all compare with it.

A Temperance School.

At the Methodist Sabbath School in Flesherton on Sunday, the 31st of March, when the Temperance Roll of the school was produced, and after the pledge had been carefully read over to the school, fifty-six signatures were obtained thereto in addition to sixty names previously appended. This is solid temperance work.

Endersed.

A correspondent from Wareham sends us the following : At a regular meeting of Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 1058, held in Wareham on March 13th, it was unanimously resolved that this lodge heartily endorse the resolution proposed by Rev. Bro. W. F. Wilson at the mass meeting held in the city of Toronto, for the purpose of protesting against the Jesuit Estate Bill.

A Fine Span.

Mr. Rodney Stewart and Mr. John Adams own two magnificent draught horses. At Manshaw's hotel on Monday a dispute arose as to which was the heavier horse. To decide this the animals were weighed, when it was found that Mr. Adam's horse weighed fifteen pounds more than Mr. Stewart's. The united weight of these magnificent animals was 3,215, pounds.

Two Important Cases.

At the Division Court which is being held in Flesherton to-day two important cases will be tried. First in importance is the celebrated organ case of Connell v. Brander. The next is that of Ekins v. Morrow. Defendant rented a farm from plaintiff, but claims that he did not find it according to representations, and vacated it at the end of a year. The second year has now elapsed and plaintiff sues to recover amount of year's rent. This case will be tried by a jury.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mr. Vanzant has purchased the residence and property of Mr. J. Gordon.

Mr. P. Leggot has exchanged his carriage business for a dwelling and lot on Mary street, the property of Mrs. Thompson Wilson.

Part of lot 6, 11th con. Euphrasia, containing fifty acres, was sold to Mr. Samson last week for the sum of $1,600.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

A Drop in Egg Wagons

On Friday last while Hawk's egg wagon was sailing around Anderson's corner one of the front wheels started off on an independant excursion of its own, which caused the front end of the wagon to "bite the dust." The three occupants took flying leaps out into the mud. There were no eggs in the wagon at the time, otherwise the catastrophe would have been greater. Henry says he wouldn't take the same risk again for a thousand dollars.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

It Is Rumored That

The R.T. of T. will shortly ressurrect Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid will have a specially good entertainment for the evening of May 24.

All that the atmosphere requires now is a gentle emetic in the shape of a nice warm rain

Local anglers are already talking fish.

Personal.

Master Johnny Fields returned to Streetsville on Monday.

Mr. Geo. Smith has accepted a situation at Caledon East.

Mr. Earle Strain retured from Penn University, Philadelphia, on Monday. He will remain at home all summer.

Date Changed.

The South Grey Teachers' Association have decided to change the date of their convention, to be held in Flesherton, from May 22 and 23, as announced two weeks ago, to May 30 and 31. This has been found necessary in order to secure outside talent, and also favor local interest. Prof. Lewis, of Toronto, the renowned elocutionist, will be present for the evening entertainment with a choice selection of readings, and will also deliver two addresses before the convention. Further particulars will be forthcoming in the program which is shortly to be issued.

Mr. Jenkins Squelched.

Mr. "Alphabetical" Jenkins, of the Brussels Budget, is about "dowsed." The following from the Brussells Post explains his situation : "Last Wednesday morning Bailiff F.S.Scott seized the plant, etc, of the Brussels Budget and removed the same to a vacant store near the bridge. The plant is announced to be sold by Bailiff's sale on Friday, March 29th, at 3 o'clock p.m. The "Nightingale" chattle mortgage and a claim from the Sheriff re costs of the recent libel suit of Grant vs. Jenkins, amounting in all to above $800, will have to be settled before the goods can be released.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Burned to Death.

A despatch published in the daily papers last week gave the particulars of a sad affair at Lawrence station, N. B., by which Mrs. McGregor, wife of Rev. Mr. McGregor, Baptist minister of Buffalo, lost her life. Mr. McGregor was stationed in Flesherton a few years ago. Mrs. McGregor was daughter of Mr. Levi Richardson, of Lawrence station. She went home last fall to spend the winter with her parents, and being troubled with sciatica had tried many remedies. The only one which gave her any relief was kerosene, and while applying that remedy too near the open stove her clothing caught fire. Every shred of her clothes was burned. Her sister, in making an effort to extinguish the flames, was severely burned about the hands and arms. Mrs. McGregor leaves a family of five small children, the eldest being about 13 years of age.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Around the Town Hall Table.

Artemesia Council met in the Town Hall on Monday last, April 1st. All the members were present, the reeve in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Petitions, as follows, were presented and read : Geo. Bennie and others, asking that a new section be formed in the Tyrone neighborhood ; Jas. McMullen and others, asking for additional territory from No. 3 to No. 10.

The following accounts were passed; W.H. Thurston, printing and advertising, $7,90 ; W.J. Bellamy to sallary as clerk, $37,50. By Law 450, appointing township officers, was completed in committee of the whole and passed the third reading. Mr. McArthur moved, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that the petitions of Geo. Bennie and others, re school sections 3,4,7, and 8, and of J. McMullon and others re-detaching certain lots from S.S. No. 3, and attaching some to No. 10, be laid over to next meeting of Council, on 1st Monday in May, the Clerk to notify the trustees of the said sections of the petitions. Carried.

McArthur—Boland—That the auditors report as finally audited by special committee, be adopted. Carried.

McArthur—Sharp—That the auditors be paid eight dollars each for their services, and that John Breen's name be accepted as treasurer's surety in lieu of Wm. Stone. Carried.

Sharp—Cairns—That accounts as follows be paid: P. Munshaw for moving snow from bill near station, $1,35; W.H. Thurston $7.90, W.J. Bellamy to salary, $37.50. Carried.

Boland—Cairns—That Duncan Campbell be refunded $2.85, over charge in taxes and statute labor. Carried.

Payment was ordered for the day's session and indigents' monthly allowance.

The Council then adjourned.

Following are the appointments made of pathmasters, fenceviewers and poundkeepers :

PATHMASTERS.

Geo. Drew, Robert Foster, Wm. Burnett, Wm. Davis, Geo. Stewart, Claudius Ekins, Samuel Irwin, M. G. Orr, T.M. Bannon, John E. Warner, Thos. Talbot, Thos. Elliott, H. McLaughrey, James Forster, W. J. Leaver, P. Loucks, W. J. Talbot, A. W. Wood, John Blackburn, W. J. Whyte, Joseph Watson, Ed. Ross, W. H. Taylor, Henry Wilson, Wm. Blair, W.J. McNae, J. A. Kennedy, John Whittaker, Andrew Cullen, P. Quaig, John Duncan, R. J. Carson, Wm. Ludlow, Dugald McLean, Wm. Ferguson, Wm. Reid, John McArthur, Silas Leslie, Peter Dow, J. G. Little, James Knox, Andrew Dingwall, James Vance, John Campbell, H. McFayden, Alex. McRae, Thos McKenzie, J. J. Lyness, John McLeod, jr., Anthony Keane, W. R. Simmons, John Walker, P. Grace, S. Pedlar, jr., John Hargrave, John McGee, S. McCollum, Hector Kennedy, Jonathan Hickie, James Armstrong, Wm. Carr, Marshall Beard, John Warling, Frances Thompson, Wallace Armstrong, L. Williamson, S. Freeman, R. Sewell, Samuel Martin, Robt. Carruthers, Henry Fenwick, R. Graham, David Graham, Jas. Beecroft, James Moore, Johnston Little, Wm. Hogg, Andrew Hislop.

FENCEVIEWERS.

Richard Whittaker, jr., Jos. Aussum, D. McMullan, Alex. Muir, Dugald Currie, H.D. Irvine, Robt. Shannon, Wm. Blair, Wm. Hill, Geo. Moore, Geo. Stewart, sr., Chas. Bellamy, Edward Ross, W. H. Hemphill, Jonathan Hicklin, J. B. Sloan, Jas Stewart.

POUNDKEEPERS

Wm. Burt, Robt. Wright, A. Munshaw, M. Akitt.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings, rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain. Apply to L. J. WILLIAMSON.

Lady Bank, P.O.

Teacher Wanted!

Teacher holding second or third class certificate, for Union School Section No. 1, Euphrasia and Artemesia, duties to commence immediately. Apply to Chairman Board of Trustees, HUGH WALTON, Eugenia P. O.

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS.

Gladiolus and Dahlias.

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety. Cinnerarias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutillons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower.

BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Dianthus, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget Me Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy.

VEGETABLE PLANTS.

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber.

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly.

JAMES BEECROFT.

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

AS THE SEASON FOR

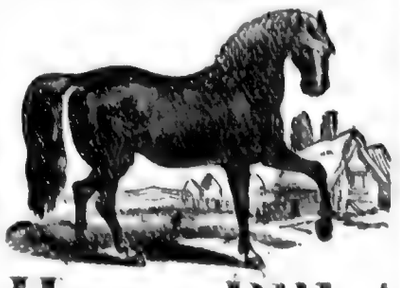

Horse Bills!

approaches, we would remind all those interested in such matters that we have a larger selection of cuts to choose from than can be found elsewhere in this section.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office : Manley's Drug Store.

late of Tottenham, Ont.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, COLLINGWOOD STREET

Next Door East of Post office

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Anderson, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Grad. R.C.D.S.

WILL VISIT FLESHERTON, March 1st and 15th of each month, and all calls in the interval will receive prompt attention at moderate rates

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER C.B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,

Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any port of British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please call and see rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot on Methodist Church property offered for sale. The house is a good, roomy, finished [illegible] yard, a splendid well of water, fruit trees, etc. This is a desirable and convenient premises. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton

Why Pay More!

HE NEW RAYMOND

Sewing Machine

[illegible] to be the best in [illegible] for [illegible] and can get [illegible] Model [illegible]

$30.00.

—THE—

THOMAS' Co.

ORGANS!

[illegible] for sweetness [illegible] tone, as well as their beauty in design and finish can be got

J. E. MOORE.

with

11 stops,
2 full sets of reeds and patent dirt and moisture proof pedal board for
$70.00. (dollars.)

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE STILL MARKED AWAY DOWN.

Our motto is quick sales, and very small margins. Handsome plush parlor suits. $45.00.

See our fancy rattan rocking chairs selling at and below cost.

CHAIRS
TABLES &
BEADSTEADS

at prices that will astonish all enquirers. In bedding nice seagrass and wool mattresses at from $3.50. Woven wire springs at from $2.50. These are real bargains.

J.E.Moore

Furniture dealer and undertaker.

FLESHERTON
FURNITURE
WAREROOMS.

Durham St.

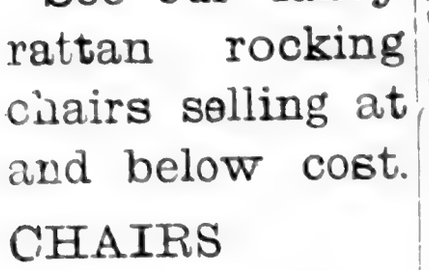

CORRESPONDENCE.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent

We have beautiful weather now, and by all appearances seeding will be upon us before we are ready for it, although everybody is getting their farming utensils in order as fast as possible.

Sugarmaking is the order of the day; a smoke in the daytime and a bright fire at night is seen in almost every bush. I am looking forward for a bid to a taffy spree which I expect some sugarmaker will make. I am very fond of taffy. Take away sugar from modern society and it will seem to sit still sucking its thumbs like a weaned child. What would we do without sugar? It is the only true butter for parsnips and the only salvation for dead beets. It gives the language such sounds as candy cake of caramel; it gives the dentist the pleasure of drawing more teeth, and it cures the gout; and the first young man who makes a taffy spree will soon discover that his popularity with the ladies depends on sugar. We sweeten tea as we drain its decoction off. Those who never stimulate must needs sweeten like the poor old lady in the story, who was equally fond of sweetening and devotion, and once in her life prevailed upon her preacher to sup with her. She used molasses to sweeten her coffee, and it was dear at the store, but to save him who was a sugar-lump man a mighty number of molasses. "My dear woman" he cried, "don't give me so much molasses just to sweeten tea." "Ah" replied the dear old lady, "I couldn't give too much molasses to such a good man." That's the way the girls will be with the first young man who makes a spree.

Mr. Venit Hill had a wood bee one afternoon recently. He got at 30 cords cut, and he gave the boys a spree at night, which the young fellers enjoyed very much. Mr. Neil McLean, south line, also had a woodbee, and got a large quantity of wood cut. We noticed something in last week's Advance bearing his signature. We have the gas effused in the article he speaks of and not drawn any of his senses, for he needs all he has got. He informs the public that he has found a successful remedy against goats. We congratulate him on his success. Mr. A McMullen, south line, also had a wood bee the same day, and many were the fair ones who were both ready and willing to trip the light fantastic toe to the sweet swelling music of the violin. About 12 o'clock there was a lull in the general proceedings, caused by three of the famous bullies piling on one of the Balsam Valley boys, who came out without a scratch, much to their surprise. He was more than a match for them in anything but eating pea. There was lots of tangle leg there, which no doubt was the cause of the trouble. It is high time the Scott Act was put in force there.

Mr. T. Ferguson and A. McDonald are thinking of going west soon.

I say! It is too bad that W. J. Blakeston and J. Ferguson should be blamed for our effusions. Has nobody around [illegible] brains but them!

[illegible]

Our population increaseth. There has lately been an addition to Mr. S. McDermot's family, and Mr. J. T. Wilson's. Sam will have to get a cradle. Jim had one long ago.

W. J. Blakeston says he is going to write to The Advance to inform the public that he is not the correspondent from this part.

I wonder who Oben is, anyway?

We are very sorry to have to chronicle the sad news of the death of Mr. Robert Bell, of Egremont, who died two weeks ago after a short illness. He taught in Egremont for a few years, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. His bereaved relatives have our sincere sympathies in their hour of trial.

Also the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ferris, aged about four months, was called out of this world of care and toil to inherit a blessing in that kingdom which consists of such.

Mr. John McLean is recovering fast, he will be around all right in a week or so.

Mr. H. McKechnie is still in bed with Rheumtism. We think he would make the long days seem short if he had a pipe and some tobacco, a luxury he is not allowed to indulge in.

Miss Christina McDonald left here for Toronto a few days ago. We miss her smiling face around the corner. Miss Jenette McKenzie is at present working at J. Campbell's. Miss Mary Lamond, from the Glen, is up on a short visit at Mr. Campbell's.

OBEN

Markdale.

From our own Correspondent.

"Hello, Jim! Were you at the open concert given by the I.O.G.T. in Haskett's Hall last night?"

"Yes, Will, I was there, and considered the whole affair a beastly farce with but two or three exceptions."

These are my sentiments. Although the admission was free, it was quite enough. The hall was chucked full and good order was not very well maintained, for the small boys were nearly tickled to death with some of the renditions, especially with those who rendered in a duet "When the Mists Have Cleared Away." The female voice in this piece was very much admired by the sporting portion of the assemblage, she having a rich and powerful tremolo voice. We have not time to particularize or to give an extended account of this wonderful concert, hence we will only mention the names of the performers, most of whom did very well. The Chief Templar, Mr. Jeffrey Artley, very ably filled the position of chairman. Rev Mr. Hosking, Messrs. Brown and Hunisech gave interesting addresses; Miss Mary Large, instrumental; Alf Moffat and Mr. Carlos sang two solos. E. Rutledge and Miss Littlejohn a duet (vocal); A. Moffat and J. Watson also a duet; S. Breadner, Hugh Harron and Miss Montgomery each gave a recitation; Mrs. Pickell, an essay; Herb. Hull and Will Buggin, each a reading. More anon.

CONCERT.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

We presume spring time is almost at hand because the farmers are adjusting their front gates and repairing gaps in the fences.

A great number of our citizens found out to their chagrin that Monday was "All Fools Day."

The "Wild Painter" was rather wild looking on Monday. Perhaps it was pay day at the [illegible]

Plenty of water fire water at the saw mill at present.

No choir in the Methodist church last Sunday. The late cold wave seems to have taken possession of them, and has hushed the majority of their voices to a hoarse whisper, our skilful doctor not excepted.

There was quite a bustle in church on Sunday evening. Some of the pews do not seem to be constructed in a manner to accommodate some of the latest style of female apparel.

A number of our citizens are summoned on a jury for the Division Court on the 11th.

Miss Flora McMillan is home on a visit for a few days.

Kimberley Public School Report for March.

FORM I

Class IV Sr.—Edith Gilbert 410, Ben Carruthers 383, Ella Carruthers 357, G. Burnitt 356.

Class IV Jr.—John Hammond 67, Herbert Fawcett 66, Ethel Hurd 58.

Class III Sr.—Willie Lawrence 56, Rob Butler 50, Ada Burnitt 48.

Class III Jr.—Esther Magee 54, Rosie Curtis 42, Maud Smith 40.

Class II Sr.—Wm. Thompson 56, Robbie Lawrence 56, Fannie Battrick 44.

Average attendance 35.

FORM II.

Class II Jr.—Edie Graham 172, Henry McLean 161, Percy Knott 159.

Part II Sr. [illegible]pson 167, Amy Hill 129, Willie McLean 126.

Part II. Jr.—Mary Knott 131, Beckie Hammond 124, Minnie Battrick 147.

Class B.—Rob Fawcett 122, E. Abercrombie 113, Jessie Battrick 94.

Class A. Jasper Stewart 62, Saul Fawcett 62, Henry Wallace 28.

Average attendance 34.

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR. W. J. NELSON, [illegible] Barber Shop [illegible]

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and [illegible] shaving, hair cutting, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the latest style of the art.

WM. NELSON

Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby

Tender for the Works of Construction.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 8th day of April, 1889, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, on the after the 28th day of March, 1889, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 5th March, 1889.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

—FOR—

FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF AT

BLACKBURN'S

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

For Service.

The thoroughbred Yorkshire boar, DUKE OF ALBANY, will be for service at this season at Lot 4, Con. 8, Osprey. TERMS—$1.00 the Season. A. McKECHNIE, Prop.

Thoroughbred Durham Bull FOR SALE.

Mr. W. H. O'Brien, 12 half lot 1 Con. 3, Euphrasia, offers for sale a first class thoroughbred Durham bull [illegible] old. Apply on the premises or [illegible]

NOW IS THE TIME
TO
Get Your Tailoring Done
AT
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

[illegible] that I have removed to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

[illegible]

REPAIRING
EAVESTROUGHING
Etc.

[illegible] I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Swing Machine.

JAS. SULLIVAN.

It Pays To

GO TO BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study [illegible]
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
[illegible] of teachers [illegible] after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 18[illegible]

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once and success is assured. Write FRED E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED!

[illegible] to store before Cash paid for [illegible]
S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

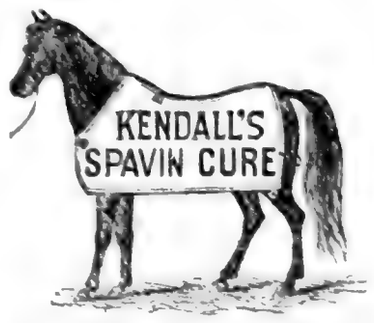

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 8, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my experience of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SAINT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

—NEW—

SPRING GOODS!

AT

Central Store,
Priceville.

New Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Ginghams,
New Shirtings,
New Cottonades.

[illegible] were bought when the market was at its [illegible] and will be sold on that.

—OUR—

BOOTS AND SHOES.

[illegible] [illegible]

STOCK IS COMPLETE

Our goods the best, our prices right.

A Full Supply of Euphrasia grown Timothy and Clover Seed.

Central Store, Priceville.
A. McCABE.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty.

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

is prepared to do your [illegible] on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every two [illegible] bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for chopping done every day. The Little Mill [illegible] ing in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of [illegible] Spring Carriages, Horse Shoeing a specialty at moderate rates. Special attention given to [illegible] Long and Short feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Laurier asked the hon. member for Muskoka (Mr. O'Brien) to state on what day he intended to bring before the House his motion with reference to the Jesuits' Estates Bill, of which he had given notice.

Mr. O Brien—The hon. gentleman must be aware that since I gave notice in this matter there has been no opportunity upon which it could possibly be brought before the House. If the debate on the budget be closed to-morrow evening, as it is expected, and I am sure we all hope it may be, I shall be prepared to proceed with my motion on the next occasion on which the Finance Minister moves to go into Committee of Supply. Probably, in the ordinary course of events, that will be upon Thursday next, or upon the first occasion thereafter that may arise.

Mr. Laurier —I hope the Government will be prepared to go into Committee of Supply on Thursday next.

Sir John Macdonald—I shall take that into consideration between now and Thursday.

Mr. Laurier—When may we expect to have the papers brought down which have been asked for ?

Sir John Macdonald—To-morrow probably.

The following Bills were read a third time and passed :

Respecting the incorporation of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company.

To incorporate the Ontario, Manitoba & Western Railway Company.

Sir John Thompson, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Cook, said Senator Gowan was Judge of the county of Simcoe from 1843 to 1883. On his retirement he became entitled to the allowance to which judges are entitled who have served more than 25 years, of $1,723 annually.

Mr. Platt moved that it is expedient to remove the duty on and place upon the free list all grains and seeds which do not ripen in Canada, but which are now largely imported and sown for the production of food for cattle under the system of feeding called soiling and ensilage now largely adopted by the farmers of Canada. He said it would tax the ingenuity of hon. gentlemen opposite to show that there was anything in the resolution against the National Policy. It was an attempt to aid farmers in maintaining their standing and remove an obstacle in the way of their progress. The First Minister had declared in adopting the National Policy that he would endeavor to have the raw material used by all producers free of duty. It was greatly to be hoped that he would apply that policy to agriculturists.

Mr. McMillan (Huron) said the agricultural interests of Canada had suffered from the shrinkage that had taken place in produce and the shrinkage in price. It was a small request to make that the Government should aid the dairying interests. He hoped they would see their way clear to grant this request, in order that the farmers of Canada, being able to secure better and cheaper food, would be able to feed cattle more cheaply.

Mr. Haggart said that the corn imported into Canada paid a duty of 7½ cents per bushel. That duty was put on to protect our own corn. It was news to him that we could not grow good corn for feeding. He thought corn used for that purpose was grown in Hants and Essex.

Mr Charlton said the corn used for feed was known as mammoth sweet corn. The seeds would not ripen in Canada, but were imported. The removal of the duty would greatly aid in promoting the improved system of feeding.

Mr. Somerville said this seed could not be grown in Canada.

Mr. Mulock said that millet seed was also imported.

Mr. Bowell said his strongest objection to the resolution was that it was impracticable. Under it the Customs Department would have to inquire into every seed imported, and ascertain if it could be grown in any part of Canada. These corns, he believed, would in a short time become acclimatised.

Mr. Rowand said that the scarcity of food in the fall was disastrous to dairying interests.

Gen. Laurier, as a practical siloist, said that for ensilage purposes seed corn could not be grown anywhere in Canada. He imported his seed from the Southern States, and he bore strong testimony to the value of silage as food. He saw great difficulty in being able to distinguish between corn imported for silage growing and that which might be used to be fed in the grain

Mr. Foster said the discussion was not without profit, and the matter was well worth looking into, and if the Minister of Customs could see his way clear to meet the views expressed by so many practical farmers in the House, he (Mr. Foster) would be glad to give him all the assistance in his power.

Mr. Platt said he had put his motion on the paper without consulting any of his friends on the Opposition side, and it was not correct to say that he had brought it in from political motives. While there might be some difficulty in undertaking to distinguish between seed fodder corn and seed corn for feeding in grain, yet he had no doubt that the Department of Customs could devise a plan, and it was not fair that the farming interest should suffer on account of the inconvenience that might be caused to the Custom officials.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, coming from a district in which great drouth had prevailed during the last season, urged upon the Government the importance of encouraging the farmer to the full extent of their power to adopt the practice of growing corn for fodder purposes. He thought that if twine and salt could be brought in through the Customs free for fishing purposes, free seed corn could be in the same way supplied to farmers.

Mr. Laurier inquired as to the intentions of the Government with regard to fixing a day for the discussion of the motion of the member for Muskoka (Mr. O'Brien) on the Jesuits' Estates Endowment Bill.

Sir John Macdonald said that in consequence of an informal communication from the leader of the Opposition he had conferred with the member for Muskoka, and with the consent of the hon. gentleman he proposed to bring on Supply early on Tuesday, when an opportunity would be given for moving the motion.

Mr. Laurier—Then we may expect the debate to come on Tuesday next ?

Sir John Macdonald—Yes, if the hon. member proceeds with his motion.

Mr. Davin inquired whether the Minister of Marine and Fisheries was taking steps to have the lakes and rivers of the North-west Territories stocked with varieties of fish not now found in those waters, but which from analogy and according to the opinion of competent persons should thrive there.

Mr Tupper said the department was making inquiries, and had received reports on the subject, and was now considering the difficulties connected with safely transporting fry to the waters in question.

Mr. Jones (Halifax), before the orders of the day, drew attention to the circumstances connected with the construction of a short line from the St. Lawrence to Moncton via Mattawamkeag and Harvey, and from Fredericton to Salisbury. In 1885 the Government granted a subvention of $250,000 per year for twenty years to the International Railway Company, or more properly the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. He quoted from a statement made by Sir Charles Tupper at the time, in which he distinctly assured the House that this subsidy would not be paid unless the line was fully completed. The company had failed to carry out the terms of their agreement by leaving that portion of the line from Mattawamkeag to Harvey and Salisbury unfinished, and he hoped the nature of the contract was such that the Government were able to protect the treasury from being drawn upon for the full amount of the subsidy in consequence of this failure. He was desirous that the contract should be laid before the House.

Sir John Macdonald said the papers would be brought down in a few days.

Mr. Jamieson moved the House into Committee on the Bill to incorporate the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) said he was informed that the members of another Order of Foresters in Canada were apprehensive that the incorporation now of this Order might deprive them of the right to the distinctive name of Foresters in the general Bill incorporating all friendly societies, which was promised next year. He asked that the third reading be deferred till Friday, so that the other branches of this Order might be heard from.

Mr. Hall said the solicitor for the Independent Order, now being incorporated, had officially assured him, as Chairman of the Banking and Commerce Committee, that the Independent Order would not object to the other Orders of Foresters using their distinctive name. In fact the title "Independent Order" implied that there were other Orders of this association.

The Bill was reported from the committee with some slight amendments.

On the third reading of the Bill respecting reciprocity in wrecking,

Mr. Charlton moved an amendment looking towards reciprocity in towage.

Mr. Ferguson (Welland) supported the motion. He believed the passage of the Bill would show that there was no permanence in protection to Canadian industries. If there was no more permanence in the National Policy than the passage of this Bill would show, he would say it was time they changed their policy and ceased to delude investors. (Opposition applause.)

Mr. Waldie—Come over here.

Mr. Ferguson contended that if there were reciprocity, the Canadian wrecker should be placed on the same footing as the American wrecker, and be allowed to import his coal and raw material free of duty. (Opposition applause.) At least he hoped the House would support Mr. Charlton's amendment.

Mr. Kirkpatrick said that to tack on the amendment would destroy the Bill.

Sir Donald Smith supported the Bill, and trusted the House would accept it without the amendment.

The House divided on Mr. Charlton's amendment, which was lost by a vote of 56 yeas and 108 nays.

The Bill was read a third time.

Mr. Mitchell—This is clear evidence of want of confidence in the Government with reference to their policy on this subject. I would like to know what they are going to do.

Mr. Gilmour asked when the Bill with reference to frauds in milk would be considered.

Mr. Boyle said he would be prepared to go on with it next time it was reached.

Mr. Wallace asked when the Government would be prepared to have the Anti-Combines Bill proceeded with. He wanted to go on at the earliest opportunity and have a full discussion.

Sir Hector Langevin replied that he could not answer the question without consulting the First Minister.

In reply to Mr. Laurier it was stated by Sir Hector Langevin that the business for to-morrow would be the consideration of the Franchise Bill and that dealing with bills of exchange.

Mr. Tupper introduced a Bill respecting the harbor of Belleville in the Province of Ontario. He explained that the Bill proposed to repeal the existing Act, by which the harbor fees are collected by the town and place the harbor in commission.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Sproule inquired if it was the intention of the Government, in view of extensive adulteration of lard imported from the United States, as shown by the report of the chief analyst in bulletin No. 7, Inland Revenue Department, to provide against its being brought into this country either by increased duty or otherwise.

Mr. Foster said the Government were not in a position to give an explicit answer to the question, but the subject was under consideration.

The House went into committee on the proposed resolution amending the Customs Act.

Mr. Bowell said that the changes proposed were not of the radical character which one would suppose them to be from reading the comments upon them in the newspapers. He did not propose to find fault with those comments, because the resolutions were so vague as to be easily misunderstood. The first amendment proposed would provide that no merchandise could be brought into Canada at night or on public holidays except by railway or boat. It had been the custom for persons to cart goods over the border at night and have them entered at the Custom house in the morning. If they were caught smuggling the excuse would be made that they intended to take the goods to the Custom-house next day.

Mr. Scriver—What do you mean by night? Would that include all the hours of darkness?

Mr. Bowell replied that by night he meant after office hours. It was also proposed to enact that inland transportation should be added to the value of goods, no matter from what country they were imported. It was a mistake to suppose that this was a new proposal. Under the present law the inland rates were added to the values, except where the goods were imported from Great Britain and Ireland. The proposal was to strike out this exception and treat all nations alike.

Mr. Casey—Very disloyal.

Mr. Bowell said it would not be considered disloyal when the reasons were known.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) asked if it was not true that the American Customs authorities had abandoned the provision in their law for adding inland charges to the value for duty.

Mr. Bowell said his latest information was that this was still the law in force in the United States. The motive in adding inland charges was not so much to increase the revenue as to secure greater uniformity in the cost of goods imported.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) read from the report of the special United States committee to the effect that the clause in the Customs regulations adding inland charges to value for duty had been repealed.

The resolution was reported, and a Bill founded on the same was introduced and read a first time.

Sir John Macdonald moved the House in committee to consider the resolution providing for pensions to certain members of the Northwest Mounted Police force. He stated that the object of the resolution was the greater efficiency of the force.

Mr. Mills regretted to see this proposal brought in, because it extended the pension principle, which he thought should be curtailed in every possible way. He did not think it desirable to retain the men on the force for long periods, for the reason that if so retained they became unsettled and unfit for any of the ordinary occupations of life.

Mr. McMullen opposed the pension, as the Mounted Police were at present getting every dollar they were worth.

Mr. Mitchell was against pensions altogether.

Mr. Wilson (Elgin) criticised the annually increasing expenditure on account of the Northwest Mounted Police Force. In the face of such enormous sums paid out to sustain this force he opposed the introduction of the pension system, which besides increasing the public charge would impair the efficiency of the force.

The resolutions were reported and a Bill founded on the same was introduced and read a first time

Sir John Thompson moved the House in committee on the Bill relating to Bills of Exchange, Cheques and Promissory Notes

Mr. Jones and others expressed the hope that the Minister would not press the Bill this session.

Sir John Thompson said the Bill was largely a copy of the English law, and was, he thought, one of the simplest measures before the House He asked that it should be proceeded with.

The Bill was considered for some time in committee, and progress was reported.

A WOMAN'S SUICIDE.

A Sight Which Chilled the Blood of Her Husband.

A Montreal despatch says : Sarah Hillis, wife of Robert Throsby, a respectable machinist residing on Delisle street, committed suicide early yesterday morning by cutting her throat with a large butcher knife. Throsby awoke about 5 o'clock and missed his wife from bed. As it was unusual for her to be up at such an early hour, he went in quest of her. On reaching the kitchen a horriole sight met his gaze. There lying upon the floor, near the stove, was his wife, cold in death, with a terrible gash across her throat. Beside her lay the weapon with which she committed the deed, a curious shaped butcher knife about two inches wide, with a sharp blade and a saw back. Throsby was greatly overcome by the sight, and it was some minutes before he recovered sufficiently to arouse his sons. Dr. Armstrong was summoned, but his services were of no avail, as the woman had been dead probably two hours previous to her discovery. The coroner was notified and held an inquest in the morning, when it was ascertained from the evidence given that the deceased had of late had attacks of epilepsy, during which her mind became affected and she was not accountable for her actions. It was during one of these attacks that she ended her life. A verdict of suicide while in a state of mental aberration was rendered. The deceased was 40 years of age and the mother of several children.

Friendship in Cookery.

What could possibly be less closely associated than cranberries in a swamp and turkeys in a farm yard? Yet is a roast turkey ever quite perfect without cranberry sauce? Pigs and apples may be supposed to be related, for a pig in an orchard is the very creature to destroy more fruit than a cyclone, yet is roast pig ever supremely delicious without apple sauce? Do reasoning beings ever eat roast beef without a longing for mashed potatoes? It is possible, but it is improbable. There is a natural friendship between the two articles. Precisely why quails should go with toast, or truffles and mushrooms with cream, I cannot say, only it is nature, and that is enough. There are three pre-eminent berries, you four, and you must know their affinities to truly enjoy them. All the world knows that strawberries should go with cream; that red raspberries shou'd be found in shortcake; that black raspberries should be eaten in bread and milk, and that blackberries are never quite themselves outside of pies and puddings. Codfish is disreputable alone, but a ball of codfish and potato would tempt a saint to break a fast and lose his soul.—*Mary E. Spencer in Globe Democrat.*

Wherein Her Success Lay.

Mother (to daughter) -I understand, my dear, that you made quite an impression at the conversazione the other evening.

Daughter--Yes, mamma.

Mother—What subject did you discuss?

Daughter—I didn't discuss anything, mamma; I let others do the discussing.

LABOUCHERE'S TATTLE.

The Queen's Highland Gillie—Wedding Engagement—A Devout Catholic—The Pope's Income.

A London cable says: The aboriginal inhabitants of Biarritz are considerably astonished and diverted by the demeanor and costume of the Highland gillie who sits on the box of the Queen's carriage, and who is the individual who succeeded John Brown as Her Majesty's personal servant, being a near relative to that deceased domestic.

There is every probability that the engagement of the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe to one of the young Princesses of Wales will shortly be announced.

I hear that the Queen seriously contemplates purchasing the Crown lease of Stafford House from the Duke of Sutherland. This lease has about thirty-six years to run.

The Prince Regent Luitpold, of Bavaria, who is a devout Catholic and a rigid purist, will only allow the Oberammergau passion play to be performed next year on the condition that the text be previously revised by the senior court chaplain at Munich.

The Pope's income for 1888 amounted to $2,520,000, of which $1,860,000 came from the St. Peter's pence, and $600,000 from the interest of money invested out of Italy. The outlay of the Vatican only amounted to $1,700,000. This is a highly satisfactory balance sheet, but it does not take into account the sum of $2 400,000 which His Holiness received in money and presents during his jubilee. I should think that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Italy must be devoured by envy at the flourishing financial condition of the Vatican.

A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

One Workman Blown to Atoms and Another Fearfully Mutilated.

A Philadelphia despatch says : A sound like the combined roar of hundreds of cannon, followed by the ascension of a huge black cloud of smoke to a towering height, startled the inhabitants of Lakewood, N.J., and the adjacent villages at 1 p. m. yesterday. The earth was shaken as if by an earthquake. An explosion had occurred in the mixing-room of the works of the United States Dynamite Company, three miles from Tom's River. Thomas Haggerty and Wm. Nichols were the only occupants of the room. Nichols was blown to atoms and Haggerty died in less than an hour. He was unable to explain the accident. His body was terribly mutilated and he suffered great agony. The shock was perceptible in all the towns and villages within fifteen or twenty miles. At Tom's River many citizens were greatly alarmed. Some buildings were violently shaken and the earth trembled. At Manchester and Farmingdale the report was distinctly heard. The United States Dynamite Company located its factory near Tom's River about four years ago. Three explosions have occurred there, in which five men were killed and three maimed for life.

THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS.

Sight-Seeing in Rome—Naples to be Next Visited.

A Saturday night's Rome cable says : Since their arrival the pilgrims have been busy from morning till night visiting the interesting monuments of pagan and Christian Rome. Every place and thing of note have been seen. To the great regret of all, Right Rev. Bishop Wigger is obliged, on account of sickness, to leave the pilgrimage. He is improving, and will be out in a few days. On account of the illness of Mrs. Lilly Mr Lilly, of New York, is obliged to stay in Rome. The pilgrims attended mass in the chapel of the Papal throne, and received Holy Communion from the hands of Right Rev. Bishop Rodemacher. A short address was given by the bishop at the close of mass. The pilgrims will leave Rome with regret and with most kindly feelings for the priests and people. They start at 7 o'clock for Naples, whence, after a stay of a few days, they will sail for Alexandria. A reception will be given to them this evening by Count and Countess Moore.

Why Widows Are Wily and Winsome.

It is undeniable that widows are the autocrats of society, and men flock about them wherever they go. No one has ever denied their fascinations, and Weller's advice to his son, if he wished to avoid matrimony, to "bevare of vidders," has been quoted thousands of times. In many ways the widow has the advantage of her younger sisters. She has the benefit of a large knowledge and experience of the world, her arts and coquetries are perfected, not in the experimental and undeveloped state of the debutantes, and, above all, she has the inestimable advantage of knowing men with the accurate and intimate knowledge gained by association with one who was probably a fair representative of his sex. She knows how to give delicious little dinners that make the most hardened bachelor think indulgently of the marriage state. She knows that man likes his ease, and does not insist on his dancing in perpetual attendance on her. She does not insist on a man's talking about balls and theatres and new german figures. She follows rather his lead to his own ground, and listens with subtle flattery in eyes and face while he descants on his favorite hobby. A young girl is always self-centred, absorbed in her own affairs, her dresses, her parties—it is only grace and art that teach a woman to sink her own personality in the presence of the person with whom she is talking. Perhaps one of the chief claims of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympathy of a young girl who has known nothing but joy is a crude and unsatisfying affair, the very husks on which no love could feed; but the sympathy of a widow, tenderly, daintily expressed, with a gentle melancholy that shows that she too has suffered—it is like the soft shadows in a picture, or the minor chord in a piece of music that sets the pulses throbbing. Having mourned for a man she knows how most effectively to mourn with one.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Sir Charles Russell, the great cross-examiner, has a hard voice, coal-black whiskers and heavy eyebrows.

Mr. Henry Chaplin is said to be "the best dressed man" in Parliament. He is one of the tallest men in the Commons, where the average of stature is high, and his gaiters are said to "form a bright spot of color below the gangway."

PARALLEL LINES.

Every student knows that in close reasoning parallel lines of thought are laid down and deductions educed.

We have drawn the above visible lines simply to bring them prominently before your eye and to ask what they represent to you.

A railroad man to whom we showed them said, "To me those four lines represent a double-track railway."

A doctor replied to the same interrogatory, "The lines are to me the large arteries and veins lying alongside each other in the human body."

As every intelligent man or woman knows, the blood of every living person flows with almost railroad speed through the arteries, forced by that wonderful engine, the heart. From the arteries it is side-tracked through the capillaries and veins, and every drop of blood goes through the kidneys for purification no less than 2,500 times every twenty-four hours. If the kidneys be diseased the impurities of the blood containing the worn out tissues, and deleterious acids are not drawn out or excreted as nature intended, but continually pass and repass through every fiber of the system, carrying death and decay with every pulsation. Unless remedied the heart becomes weakened, the lungs trying to do double work break down, the liver becomes congested, the stomach refuses to digest food and the result is a general break down.

Why ?

Because the kidneys, the sewers of the system, are foul and stopped up, and the entire blood becomes nothing more nor less than sewage.

Now is it not criminal, nay, suicidal, to allow such a state of things to continue when a simple remedy is within your reach, known for a certainty to do as represented, which will open the closed pipes of the kidneys, allow the effete matter to escape, relieve the over-worked heart, lungs and liver, cause a healthy appetite, put the bloom of health in your cheek, the dove of hope in your breast and the light of life in your eye ?

Do not allow prejudice to blind you to your best interests, but to-day procure Warner's safe cure and be put on the straight road to rude health and correct living.

Our parallel and closing lines to you are take our advice and your experience will justify you in thanking us for bringing under your notice a remedy without a parallel.

GOLD IN THE NORTH.

Rich Placer Diggings Reported at the Headwaters of the Athabasca.

An old-time trader from the Far North passed through Donald one day this week on his way to the coast. He told a friend here that the half breeds of the Northwest had discovered rich placer diggings in creeks that form the headwaters of the Athabasca River. The gold is reported as coarse and the bedrock shallow. The half-breeds are keeping the find very quiet, and the trader said it was difficult to obtain authentic information as to the precise location of the ground The one thing that he had positive knowledge of was that the ground is rich and the gold coarse. The head-waters of the Athabasca can easily be reached from Donald ; in fact, Donald would be the British Columbia outfitting point for the new diggings. From Donald down the Columbia River to the Boat Encampment is sixty miles, good boating water ; from the Boat Encampment over the old Hudson's Bay Company portage to Committee Punch Bowl Lake is 40 miles, and that lake is the source of the Athabasca River. That would make the total distance from Donald but little over 100 miles. The trader did not expect to remain more than a week on the coast, then would return to his trading post in the Northwest, outfit a party and start for the diggings. It has long been supposed that gold in paying quantities would be found in that country, and now the supposition is a certainty.—*Donald Truth.*

Paint the Shingles.

The *Timberman* very wisely remarks that it has always seemed singular that in the use of paint to preserve wood exposed to the weather, the fact that a shingle roof was omitted from the catalogue was invariably the rule. This idea or oversight was one of those things in which custom becomes habit, and because every one else did so, all the rest followed suit. It is safe to presume that the custom of leaving the shingle roof unpainted originated in its angular form being less exposed to the after effects of rain or snow. A little thought will show the folly of such a conclusion when remembering the frail nature of a shingle and the slight fastening it has. If paint would be useful on any weather-exposed surface, it should certainly be so on a roof. This fact goes without telling, and in the present style of suburban residences the roof receives its share of paint along with the rest of the building, thus at once combining the useful with the beautiful. It is certainly singular that painting of roofs has not always prevailed, and is adds much to the finished character of the building to see the roof painted.

An Awful Swell.

A small boy was calling the other day on one of his school friends and fell into conversation with the mother of the latter. He was led to remark that it was getting very hard to tell, from the places in which people live, whether they are entitled to social consideration or not.

"Now, there is Blank street," he said; "you wouldn't think anybody that lives on Blank street was much, would you? But there's Mr. T., he lives there."

"And is Mr. T. much?" she asked, not unwilling to draw him on.

"Mr. T.," he repeated, with the air of one who is overwhelmed with astonishment that so obvious a fact should have escaped the knowledge of anybody. "I should think he was! He's an awful swell. Why, he won't speak to my father!"

Reason for Marrying.

"So, in spite of all your previous resolutions, you are going to marry?" "Only out of revenge. My best friend has just married, and did not invite me to the wedding. I will be revenged."

Dutch Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we,"
    Said Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
  That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
  But never afeard are we"—
  So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  For the fish in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
  As if it could not be.
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea.
  But I shall name you the fishermen three:
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
  As you rock on the misty sea
  Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

—*Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

NEW SHADES.

Complete List of the New Tints to be Seen This Spring.

The "Domestic Monthly" for March gives the following list of the principal colors of the season, and their description:

Empire green—Dull yellowish green.
Reed—Shade lighter than empire.
Dragon—A bluish green.
Esterhazy—A foliage green.
Chambre—Faint tone of green.
Printemps—Light lettuce shade.
Soutelle—Faint grass green.
Lime or linden—The inner side of the lime leaf shade.
Garzon—Turf green.
Roseau—Grayish reed green.
Reseda—Mignonette.
Vert de gris—Dark green.
Florentine—Dark bronze green.
Snowball—Whitish green.
Willow—Shade of a willow tree leaf.
Nile—Pale green for evening wear.
Lincoln and Robin Hood—Positive green.
Yew—A deep green.
Chartreuse—Yellow green.
Water cress—A clear faint green.
Ivy—Pistache—Marjolaine.
Canard—Ducks wing shade.
Vandyke—Is reddish terra cotta.
Bois de rose—Rosewood shades.
Francillon—Dark old rose.
Aurore—Deep pink.
Beige rose—Dull fawn red.
Sappho—Light rosewood shade.
Scabieuse—Purplish red.
Vernis—Golden red.
Etrusque—Brownish red.
Vernose—Deep rich shade of red.
Azalea—Evening shades of pink.
Burnt rose—Bright ashes of roses tint.
Shell gray—A pinkish gray.
Steam—Light though dull gray.
Granite—Blue gray.
Oxide—Dull silver gray.
Columbe—Dove gray.
Heron—Whitish gray.

The list describes 14 brown shades, with all of which we are quite familiar, and eight blue shades, including the new peacock, which is a grayish blue. On the French color cards there are eight shades of gray, eight of blue, sixteen of green, twelve of red, seven of brown, five of pink, six of yellow, four peach shades, four of white, three prune tints and a new yellow white. Many lovely tints are produced from these. Yellow will be a favorite color during the summer.

Kind Deeds Appreciated.

All the friends of the late Deputy Reeve Martin who attended him during his sufferings bear testimony to the great care and attention shown the wounded gentleman and indeed all the sufferers by Dr. Kitchen, of St. George. His residence since the accident has been transformed into a hospital and all that medical skill, money, care and forethought could do for the inmates was done in the kindest and most open-hearted manner. Dr. Olmsted, of Hamilton, who was not only a physician but a nurse to Mr. Martin—attending him constantly during his illness—will also be gratefully remembered. The people of St. George have by their kindness towards the sufferers placed hosts of friends of the sufferers in all parts of the country under lasting obligations to them.—*Woodstock Standard.*

Tale of the Festive Grasshopper.

When a Kansas editor makes an affidavit that he saw a grasshopper light down on the back of a robin and lift him two feet high, in an effort to carry him off, it is simply one solitary instance of the richness of the soil of the State. Next year they are going to tame the grasshopper and use him to hunt rats.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Mercury.*

T. Granger Stewart, M.D., F.R.S.E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease, says: "Dyspnœa (difficult breathing) is frequently met with in the inflammatory and cirrhotic forms of the disease and may be independent of any local lesion, being probably a result of uræmic poisoning." And it is well known that uræmic poisoning arises from kidney disease. So much known, it remains to recognize the fact that, to remedy an effect the cause must be removed, and it is universally acknowledged that Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable remedy for kidney disease.

King Alexandria of Servia is 13. The heiress of King William of the Netherlands is 9. King Alfonso of Spain is almost 8. "Rockaby, baby, on the tree top; when the wind blows the cradle will rock," and "when the bough breaks the cradle will fall."

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read a third time and passed

To give representation in the Legislative Assembly to the District of Nipissing—Mr. Hardy.

Respecting steam threshing machines—Mr. Drury.

To protect the beaches and shores of the Province against depredation—Mr. Drury.

The Bill to amend the Public Health Act (Mr. Gibson, Hamilton) was read the third time. It provides that in the unorganized districts the stipendiary magistrates may act as *ex officio* medical health officers, and that the health board may, subject to the approval of the Lieutenant Governor, appoint sanitary inspectors. The Bill has been framed to meet the exigencies of an epidemic in Nipissing.

The Bill to amend the Free Libraries Act (Mr. Ross, Middlesex) was read the second time. It empowers Free Library Boards to establish evening classes for the instruction of mechanics, etc.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) introduced a Bill to amend the Ontario Insurance Act.

Mr Whitney's Bill to amend the Election Act came up for a second reading. He explained the object of the Bill, which was to amend the present law in the direction of adding punishment by imprisonment to that of the money penalty already inflicted for offences of bribery, intimidation and undue influences. According to his proposition persons found guilty of bribery should be fined $200, as at present, and also be liable to a term of six months' imprisonment or more. He was very strongly of the opinion that the pecuniary punishment alone was quite inadequate. It also provided that persons receiving bribes should be liable to a term of imprisonment in addition to the existing fine. Persons using undue influence at elections should also be subject to imprisonment. He said that the present fine of $200 for bribery was a mere public farce, and there was a great deal of corruption taking place during the general elections. His experience had proved conclusively that the punishment imposed by the present law was entirely inadequate to the magnitude of the offence. The present law had not decreased bribery and corruption, and it was within his knowledge that many men consented to have elections voided and a new election ordered to save further revelations. The proposed Bill would act more as a deterrent than the present law.

Hon. Mr. Mowat, in replying, said that his difficulty was that he was afraid the proposed Bill would do more harm than good. The present difficulty was in getting a conviction, even when the punishment was merely pecuniary. If the defendant was liable to imprisonment as well as a money fine his friends would be all the more anxious to shield him, and the difficulty of convicting would be augmented. He would be delighted to find a way to lessen the amount of bribery done, but he was satisfied that the view of his hon. friend to increase the punishment of it was not one which would be of any good. In the Dominion law they had imprisonment provided for bribery at Dominion elections, and there was more bribery at the general elections than at the provincial. He thought that this addition was not one which would serve its purpose, besides it was too late in the session to consider a Bill of such magnitude in all its details.

Mr. Meredith followed in support of the Bill. He said that something must be done in the way of inflicting a term of imprisonment in addition to a money fine. The reason why the Dominion Act had not operated as it was intended was that judges had not seen their way to enforce the law harshly at present. More than one judge, however, had stated that in future persons convicted of bribery need not expect to escape as easily as on previous occasions. It was an anomaly that men should be punished more severely for impersonation, a comparatively minor offence, than for wholesale bribery.

The motion for a second reading upon being put to a division was lost.

Yeas—Messrs. Clark, H E Toronto), Clarke (Wellington), Cruess, Fell, Garson, Hess, Hudson, Lees, Meacham, Meredith, Miller, Morgan, Rorke, Smith (Frontenac), Stewart, Tooley, Whitney, Willoughby, Wylie—19.

Nays—Messrs. Allan, Armstrong, Bishop, Blezard, Chisholm, Dence, Drury, Field, Freeman, Gibson (Hamilton), Gilmour, Gould, Graham, Harcourt, Hardy, Lyon, McLaughlin, Master, Merrin, Mowat, O'Connor, Phelps, Rayside, Ross (Huron), Ross (Middlesex), Smith (York), Snider, Sprague, Waters, Wood (Brant)—30.

Mr. Snider's Bill respecting Municipal Fire Insurance was withdrawn.

Dr. Gilmour's Bill to require the owners of elevators and hoists to guard against accidents was read a second time and referred to the special committee on Bill 133.

Mr. Chisholm's Bill to amend the Act respecting mortgages and sales of personal property was withdrawn.

Mr. Balfour's Bill to amend the Manhood Suffrage Act was withdrawn.

Mr. Meredith inquired of the Leader of the Government as to when he intended to take up the railway resolution.

Mr. Mowat replied that his own impression was that the matter would be taken up Wednesday, but he did not wish to state positively just at the moment, as he was not sure.

The following Bills were introduced and read a first time:

To Amend the Ontario Insurance Act—Mr. Gibson.

The Municipal Act Amendment Act of 1889—Mr. Hardy.

The Assessment Act Amendment Act of 1889—Mr. Hardy.

The Ditches and Watercourses Act Amendment Act of 1889—Mr. Waters.

Mr. Ross (Middlesex) introduced a Bill to amend the Public School Act The Bill was read a first time.

The following Bills were passed through Committee of the Whole:

To amend the Public Health Act—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

To amend the Free Libraries Act—Mr. Ross (Middlesex).

On the order for the House going into Committee of Supply,

Mr. Craig moved the following amendment:

"The English language is the language of the Province of Ontario, and no system of public instruction which does not insure that in every school aided by Provincial funds, or supported in whole or in part by local taxation, the teachers employed are capable of imparting instruction in the English tongue, and that every pupil is instructed in it, and which does not recognize and act upon the recognition that the English language is to be the language of such schools, and require that the books in use in them, except those employed in giving religious instruction when and where such instruction is permitted by law, shall be approved of by the Department having the charge of educational affairs, is satisfactory to this House or will meet with the approval of the people of this Province."

He said that the letter of Mr. McLaren, a supporter of the Government, in the *Globe* showed that unless precautions were taken French would displace English in the Province. The Prescott *Advocate*, of L'Orignal, said in an editorial: "It must be admitted that the Minister of Education must have been misinformed when he said in the House that English was taught in all the Public Schools of Ontario." It stated that many of the teachers could not speak English, and it could be easily understood why in such cases English was not taught. He had re-examined the book used in the French schools, and from which he had quoted, and which the Government had contended was a catechism and not a text-book, and found it was entitled "Syllabair," which translated meant "spelling-book." (Applause.)

Mr. Mowat said there was no objection to the motion of the hon. gentleman so far as related to the Public Schools, but brought forward as it was it was a vote of want of confidence. But the motion referred to Separate Schools, and he was not prepared to say the Government had any jurisdiction over them in regard to text-books. It would, no doubt, be a good thing if the Government had this power. He referred the House to the 93rd sec. B. N. A. Act to show that the Separate Schools could not be interfered with in this matter. On these grounds he must ask the House to reject the amendment.

The House then went into committee on Bill 59 to amend the law of slander.

Mr. French moved some verbal alterations.

Mr. Hardy described the measure as one of the most astounding ever attempted to be put on the statute books of any civilized country.

Mr. A. F. Woods opposed the Bill as one which would simply be an inducement to young lawyers to get up cases.

Mr Fraser supported the Bill, contending that many men suffered as keenly as women did through certain slanders. He saw no reason why men should be excluded from the operations of the Bill.

Mr. Mowat would support the Bill if it were made to apply to women only.

The Bill was amended and reported

Mr. Leys' Bill 176—To Prevent the Spread of Contagious Diseases—was read a second time and referred to a special committee composed of Messrs Drury, French, Freeman, Gilmour, Waters, Willoughby and Leys.

The Bill to amend the Act respecting the study of anatomy (Mr McKay) was read the third time and passed.

The remainder of the session was taken up in the consideration in Committee of the Whole of Mr. Hardy's Bill, "The Municipal Amendment Act, 1889."

Supplementary Estimates.

Following is a synopsis of the amounts included in the supplementary estimates:

Civil government	$1,000
Legislation	1,500
Administration of justice	4,450
Education	1,200
Public institutions, maintenance	410
Agriculture	1,700
Public Buildings—	
London Asylum	5,000
Hamilton Asylum	7,500
Kingston Asylum	1,300
Orillia Asylum	1,800
Brantford Asylum	2,000
Normal School, Ottawa	1,300
Registry Office, Algoma	2,000
Court-room, Parry Sound	6,000
Nipissing Court-room, etc	4,500
Muskoka Lock-up	600
Central Prison	77,282
Reformatory, Penetanguishene	500
Toronto Asylum	359
Agricultural College, Guelph	400
Public Works	9,000
Colonization roads	5,600
Crown Lands	11,000
Miscellaneous	8,650
To defray expenses of legislation, public institutions maintenance, and for salaries of the officers of the Government and Civil Service, for the month of January, 1890	
	$80,000

Mr. Creighton, in the absence of Mr. Meredith, called attention to the case of Mr. S. M. Davis, who in July, 1887, was assaulted by Mr. Macdonald, Deputy Clerk of the Crown in Huron, and subsequently gained a verdict of $100 damages in a civil suit. Mr. Davis is now walking on crutches and is injured for life. So far as the public are aware, no action has been taken by the Attorney-General, and it ought not to be understood that the Attorney-General would condone such an offence.

Mr. Mowat said the evidence showed that both parties at the time had been drinking. At the trial of the suit the doctor would not say that the injury from which Davis suffered was caused by the assault, and hence the small amount of damages returned. Davis wished the Government to dismiss Macdonald, but in the circumstances they did not think themselves justified in so doing.

The House went into Committee of Supply on the supplementary estimates, which were passed without opposition.

Mr. Guthrie's Bill to amend the law in certain matters of procedure was passed in committee.

Mr. Conmee's Bill respecting the Port Arthur Water, Light and Power Company was also passed in committee and read the third time.

Mr. Metcalf moved for an order of the House for a return of copies of all correspondence between the authorities of the University of Toronto and the authorities of any other university or universities in Ontario, relating to uniform matriculation examinations and a uniform scale of fees. He explained that he considered a uniform matriculation for all the universities in the Province would be of much benefit to the cause of higher education in the Province.

Mr. Ross (Middlesex) said the motion was of much interest to those interested in the cause of higher education. The universities had the right by charter to fix their own matriculation examinations, and such a thing as common matriculation could not be accomplished without the consent of all parties. Some correspondence had passed between the universities, and no doubt the end desired would be secured in due time.

The motion carried.

Mr. Blyth moved for an order of the House for a return showing the amounts due to the Land Improvement Fund arising from the sales of Grammar School lands in the township of Proton up to the 30th day of October, 1858. Such returns to include all collections up to 1st July, 1867. He explained that this was a matter of vast importance to his constituency.

The motion was carried.

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

It is a privilege every newspaper reserves to itself to criticize, adversely if needs be, for the public benefit's, anything in which the public is deeply interested.

It is the custom of H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of the renowned Kidney and Liver Cure, better known as "Warner's Safe Cure," to flood the country with medical pamphlets The writer has taken the liberty to examine one of these marvellous little books and finds food for criticism, but, before indulging in it, will give our readers some quotations therefrom, from the highest medical authorities, which we believe worthy of consideration. Under the head of "No Distinctive Symptoms Apparent," we find:

First—More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption. —Thompson.

Second—Deaths from such diseases are increasing at the rate of 250 per cent. a decade —Edwards.

Third—Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity.—Roberts.

Fourth—In the fatal cases—and most cases have hitherto been fatal—the symptoms of diseased kidneys will first appear in extremely different organs of the body as stated above.—Thompson.

Fifth—Only when the disease has reached its final and fatal stages may the usual symptoms of albumen and tube casts appear in the water, and will great pain rack the diseased organs.—Thompson.

Sixth—Bright's disease, which usually has three stages of development, is a universal disease in England and America.—Roberts and Edwards.

Thompson is authority for saying that more adults are carried off in this country by kidney disease than any other malady except consumption. Under Warner's "Safe Cure" article on Consumption, we find a paragraph claiming to be a quotation from a publication issued by Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, which states that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. Dr. Herman Brehmer, an eminent German authority, also says that Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, because of bad blood

Medical science can no longer dispute the fact that the kidneys are the principal blood purifying organs of the human system, and if they are diseased and thus fail to expel the uric acid poison or the waste matter of the blood, as the blood passes through these two great organs, the "Safe Cure" claim is correct, and the reasoning of its proprietor holds good.

There is no doubt but that in too many instances the medical fraternity doctor for symptoms, instead of striking at the root of the disease, and that under this form of treatment many patients die.

Risking Health for Fashion.

The time is now at hand when the average girl goes in for getting pneumonia; the sun shines, and she thinks there is no reason in the world why she should not wear her cloth gown without a wrap, thus showing the pretty curves of her figure. American women are Parisians in this. It cannot be denied that a very well fitting bodice, drapery arranged to look sufficiently full and yet not to be cumbersome, a lace scarf or a boa thrown around one's throat is, after the wearing of a long winter coat, very attractive, but it can be mentioned that it is to nobody's advantage except to the doctor's and the apothecary's. A few women who will dress this way, who will look their best on the street, follow it up by the very sensible treatment that they get at home—that is to say, they are rubbed either with alcohol or cod liver oil, and then rest a couple of hours. It takes a deal of courage, this being rubbed with cod liver oil, and yet it is one of the fashionable fads. You may use no end of perfume in the effort to make yourself sweet after it, but the scent of the oil—by no means oil of roses—will cling to you most persistently, and in addition will do everything in its power to perfume everything belonging to you. However, if the fashionable maiden determines that this odor shall be counted smart, be very certain that before Lent is over she will be declaring it the most delicious, the most healthful and the most altogether delightful of sweetnesses. Systematic scrubbing at the Russian bath may, it is possible, remove the oil, but it is very certain that a mere hot bath will only seem to make it come to the surface more and to make one more conscious of being a fishwoman ready for exhibition at a dime museum on the Bowery.—*New York Cor. Chicago Herald.*

An Apology After All.

Mr. Stern—You acted very impolitely to me last night at the ball when you were intoxicated I think you should apologize.

Young Blowhard—I will not apologize to or for any man.

"Is that so? Well, don't you think you yourself are an apology for a man?"

"Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many disorders which are only symptoms of kidney disease.

For the effectual protection of woollen goods against moths the use of cedar wood boxes and closets is insufficient, and it is stated that there is no other means of protection against the ravages of the insect but to perfectly inclose the woollens in material which is not attacked by the moth, such as cotton cloth. Woollen goods brushed clean from dust, folded together and put into cotton bags which were well tied, have been found perfectly intact when taken out at the change of the season.

Mr. Lewis, solicitor for the Parnellites, has secured Richard Pigott's diary, and will produce it before the Parnell Commission.

Since the 4th of March President Harrison's letters run from 600 to 700 a day, sometimes reaching 1,000 letters.

PNEUMONIA.

The Necessity of Keeping Up the Temperature and the Body Warm.

A doctor says that March and April are distinctively pneumonia months, and pneumonia stalks in wherever the fire is permitted to get down to the minimum, whether in church or private house. The men, too, who throw off their overcoats and run about the streets in the teeth of a north or northwest wind are playing a losing game with pneumonia. The man who just "runs across the street" out of his warm office without an overcoat is tempting pneumonia. Lord Bacon once said that an easterly wind is "neither good for man or beast." The same may be said of our March winds unless man and beast are properly protected. Of course the only way to meet the pneumonia months with any chance of victory is to continue the operation of replenishing the coal bin. The choice is simply between health and a full coal bin, and the latter is not nearly so expensive as the daily visitations of a doctor loaded with costly prescriptions and professional advice.

Curability of Consumption.

This has been a vexed question among physicians, opinions, even in the same school, being strangely divergent. Of this, however, the public are convinced: It is a terribly prevalent disease, and the average doctor meets with but scant success in treating it. Consumption is in reality scrofula of the lungs, and is liable to attack any whose blood is tainted. For driving out the scrofulous humors, and thus removing the predisposing cause, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy. It purifies bad blood, heals scrofulous ulcers, and, whatever difference of opinion exists as to curing advanced cases of consumption, it remains that many pronounced "incurable" have been by it brought back from the brink of the grave to restored health and vigor.

Four at a Birth.

The wife of a collier named Isaac Evan, residing at Cwmtwrch, near Swansea, gave birth to four children on Tuesday. Two of the children are alive and doing well, but the mother and the other two expired in a few hours.

Female Beauty.

It is a fortunate thing that all men do not have the same taste in female beauty, for otherwise they would all fall in love with the same woman, which would be awkward. Although the preferences of men for different style of form and feature vary greatly, it is, undoubtedly a fact that an appearance indicative of health is pleasing to all alike. A woman may be without regular features, yet, if healthy, she will be beautiful to some one and pleasing to all. A sallow complexion, a dull eye, a system debilitated by unnatural discharges, in short, all the ills attendant upon the irregularities and "weaknesses" peculiar to the sex, can be banished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Ask your druggist.

The Fashions Safe.

Wife—I declare I am almost ashamed to go to church with this hat on. It isn't at all the fashion.

Husband—Is this Bridget's Sunday out

Wife—No.

Husband—Why don't you borrow hers?

What's the sense in saying that Catarrh cannot be cured when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is so sure and positively certain that the proprietors offer $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. A full pint of the medicine is made by dissolving one fifty-cent package of the powder in water. Sold by druggists; 50 cents.

An Easy Language.

Mr. Winks (reading)—Prof. Davidson says that the English language is easier to acquire than any other language spoken.

Mrs. Winks—Of course it is. Even our baby is learning it.

The Old Man's Views.

City Lover—Do you think your father will look with favor on my suit?

Rural Belle—I'm afraid not. He hates store clothes.

—This is the time the careless man empties a barrel of loose papers in the gutter to be blown on the sidewalks and lawns of his neighbors. Whoever empties loose papers in the streets should be compelled to gather them up one by one. This would be simple justice.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, of the Hebrew Christian Church, New York, and his devoted wife have gone to Jerusalem for combined rest and labor.

DCMI, 14 89

FLORIDA Montague, Marion Co. Town lots and rich lands for sale. Best bargains ever offered in Fla; 5 minutes from Ocala County seat; on Fla. So. Rail Road. Lots 100 x 140 ft., $10 to $50 each. Orange grove tracts $25 to $50 per acre. High rolling, rich lands. Healthy, delightful climate the entire year. Church School, P. O. and Depot. **No Yellow Fever ever known in this county.** Above prices good till May next—will advance then. This advertisement will appear but once. Address GEO. W. BROWN & CO., Ocala, Marion Co., Florida. References: Merchants Nat. Bank, Ocala, Florida.

WEBSTER

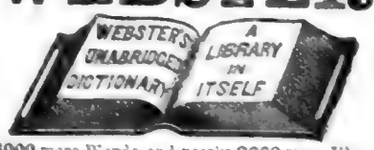

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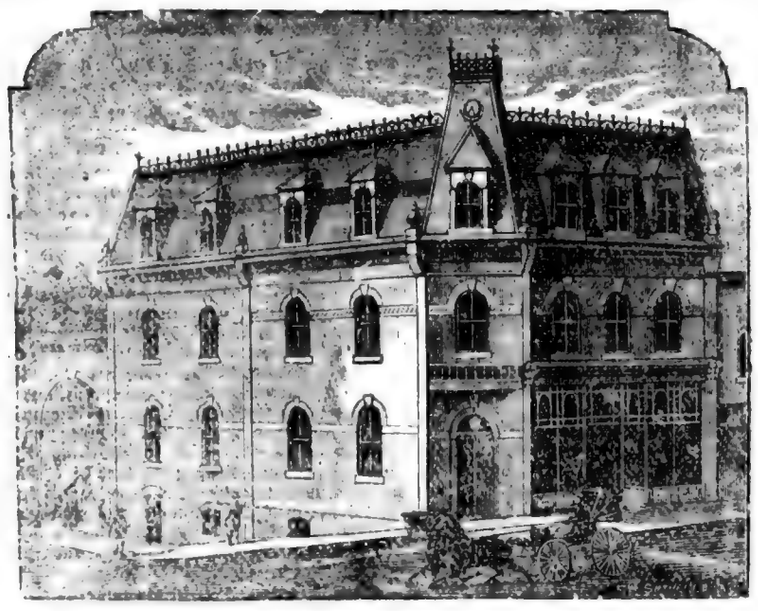

M. Richardson & Co.

are opening up this week their extensive purchases of

SPRING DRY GOODS

and will be prepared to show their numerous customers a very choice selection of seasonable goods, comprising novelties in both colors, styles and materials.

Having had a most successful clearing sale their stock this season is almost entirely new. It has been carefully and closely bought, their foreign manufactured goods being imported direct from place of production and Canadian goods contracted for at the manufactories before the recent advance in prices.

Grand Millinery Opening

on Monday the first day of April, on which occasion Miss Maud Richardson will be pleased to see as may of her lady friends and patrons as can make it convenent to come and see her choice stock of Millinery and trimmings. An inspection of goods and prices will evidence our determination to give customers all the advantages that long experience and close and careful buying can give.

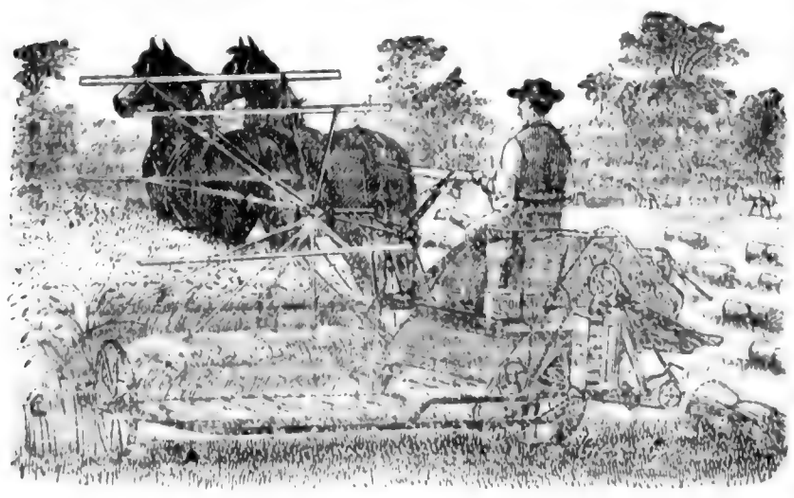

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than a ny other machines in Canada
Therefore: 1st Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
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Heard's Carriage Works.

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HEARD'S IMPROVED LARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

General News.

John Bright died Wednesday morning last.

Robert T. Lincoln has been nominated United States Minister to Great Britain by President Harrison.

Mr. McCarthy has received a threatening letter from Boston in connection with his stand on the Jesuit question.

A Denver robber succeeded in frightening the president of the First National Bank of that city into filling out a cheque for $21,000, having it cashed and leaving in safety with the money.

The Methodist parsonage at Sydenham, Addington County, was wrecked by a dynamite explosion on Saturday.

The remains of John Bright were interred on Saturday in the cemetery at Rochdale, the funeral ceremonies being of the simplest and plainest character.

Two freight trains collided at Jamestown N.Y., Sunday. Both engines were wrecked and fifteen freight cars destroyed. Conductor Yeoman was fatally and two others badly hurt.

Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Railways and Canals, died at Ottawa on Monday. The deceased minister was 65 years of age. The remains were interred at Cookshire, Quebec, yesterday.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

Burglars burglarized in a Collingwood store last week. No clue.

Diphtheria is prevalent at Camilla and Mono Centre.

Samuel Noble, arrested for theft in Shelburne, escaped from the lockup last week and has not been recaptured.

It is reported that a company has been formed in Chesley to bore for gas. They intend to begin operations in the council chamber.—[Bruce Herald.

The Dundalk Herald and Markdale Standard are howling because two newspapers copied items from their paper without giving credit. Boo hoo! Boo hoo!—[Creemore Star.

Mr. Thos. Turner, of the 9th con., Brant, lost three valuable fattening cattle one day last week. He let them out for water and they broke through the ice on the Saugeen river and were drowned. Mr. Turner has been most unfortunate in this respect, as he lost a number of cattle in the same way last spring.—[Bruce Herald.

A young woman in Dresden, named Emily Steel, aged 17 years, died a short time ago from a peculiar disease. On the Sunday previous to her death she commenced sneezing, and although nothing was thought of it at first, it continued, and on Monday a physician was called in. Nothing could be done, however, to check it until the following Saturday, when sleep overcame the malady, in this state she soon became unconscious and died Sunday morning.

At the Polson Works, Owen Sound, things are being put in shape for the laying of the blocks for the keel of the new boat. The new steamer will soon be ready to slide into the water, if Capt. Canan can only get that dirt thrown out. The dredge is doing immense work now and keeps things fairly "humping." The first cut is completed, and one can stand and look down into about fifteen feet of clear water where the dredge has been. The soil seems very solid, and there dosen't seem to be a bit of slip even at the shore.

On Friday last, Duncan McMillan, an employee at the Glen Mills, in Sarawak, about six miles from Owen Sound, met with an accident which deprived him of his right hand. The man who was employed at the edging machine was called away for an hour to attend a sick person at his house, and McMillan took his place, and was in the act of clearing a piece of edging from the side of the gauge, when his hand came in contact with the saw, which resulted in summary amputation at the wrist. Dr. Brown was called in, and is attending the unfortunate man, who is doing as well as can be expected. [O. S. Times.

Saturday was an unlucky day for Tinsmith's horses in Mt. Forest. In the middle of the day Mr. Thornhill had to make a bee to pull a two-year-old colt of his out of a cistern into which it had walked. At six o'clock when Mr. H. Welton went to put his valuable three year old colt up for the night, it was missing and search led to the startling discovery that the unfortunate brute had got through the fence into the adjoining lot, which is a vacant one belonging to Mr. W. H. Jones, and had fallen down a forty-foot well, which had only been covered with loose boards. The animal was, of course, killed, and was left in the well till Monday afternoon when it was with some difficulty hoisted up. The colt was a promising one which could not have been bought for $100.—[Mt. Forest Rep.

Men-of-war Wrecked.

AUCKLAND, March.—Advices received here regarding the hurricane which devastated Samoa and wrecked a number of German and American warships, says the storm swept the islands on the 16th inst. All the warships attempted to put to sea, but only the British man-of-war Calliope succeeded in getting out. Merchant vessels suffered severely. The barque Peter Godeffrey, one other barques and seven consters were wrecked and four persons were drowned. The Calliope sailed for Sydney. The Peter Godeffrey was a German barque. She had arrived at Samoa from Sydney.

Leather is the Sole Support of Man!

QUALITY OUR FIRST AIM.

I have received a very large consignment of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

From some of the best manufacturers in Ontario, and am better able to supply my customers than ever before, at prices which, considering quality, cannot be surpassed

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

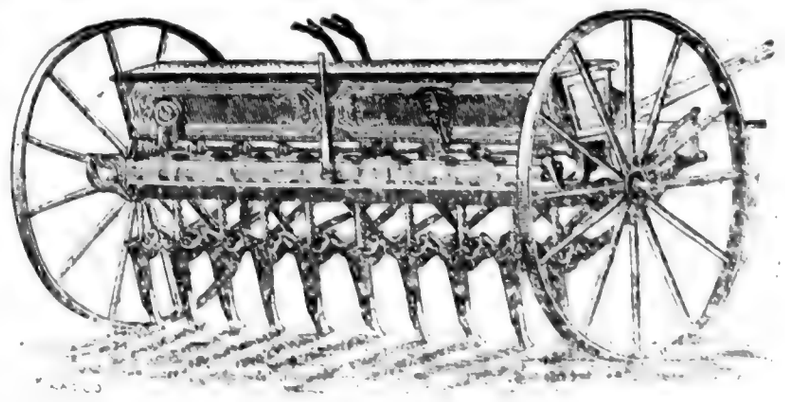

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth without topping the seam.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses no ground when starting in, after turning

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and saves cord in binding.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

Great Bargains!

—ON—

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of Lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm—100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation). $2400, $800 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $900.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA. Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further partion ars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

North part of Lot 11, Con. 7, Euphrasia, 110 acres, 30 acres cleared, house and barn, $750, $200 cash; balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent. Apply to

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 406. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, [illegible]

BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Silverware of the finest quality, Razors, Knives, etc.

At Russell's Noted Jewelery Store

FLESHERTON.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS as the goods must be sold they will be cleared out at wholesale prices. Come at once and get the choice. A beautiful stock to select from. No reasonable offer refused. If you need a watch now is your time. If you need a cruit or pickle stand or anything in silverware, it is being sold at less than half price. Fancy flush goods, toilet sets, etc., almost given away. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE SOME OF THESE TERRIBLE BARGAINS. ALL SALES and WORK POSITIVELY CASH AT

RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, FLESHERTON

SPRING—BEAUTIFUL SPRING

and with it every thing complete in all lines of Spring and Summer Goods.

FOR THE LADIES.

New Prints in all the new designs,
Dress Goods in all the latest shades,
Gloves, Laces, Collars and ties
in endless variety.

FOR THE GENTS.

A fine range of clothing,
Boots, Shirts, Ties, Collars,
Cuffs, etc., in all the newest styles
and patterns, everything new and nobby.

Clover, Timothy, Flax and all kinds of garden seeds now in stock. Bacon, Salt, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat always on hand. A cordial invitation to all, we guarantee to use you well and give satisfaction.

R. TRIMBLE'S.

THE NEW STORE

IS SHOWING FULL LINES IN

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES.

All Goods Marked Low.

Don't Forget the Place

Wright's Old Stand.

McDONALD & EVANS.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* **Flesherton.**

THE ADVANCE.

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Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 6cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion

W. H THURSTON.

Editor and Proprietor.

HARDON SCOTTIE.

On Thursday last fifteen counties and two cities in the Dominion voted on repeal of the Scott Act, all of which rejected it by large majorities. These counties and towns were: Guelph, St. Thomas, Brant, Frontenac, Lanark, Addington, Northumberland, Ontario, Victoria, Carleton, Kent, Lennox, Lincoln, Durham, Peterboro, Wellington and Colchester. This gives the *coup de grace* to the Scott Act. The temperance party will now press for total prohibition pure and simple, and perhaps after all, defeat of the above measure will prove but a stepping stone toward the great end.

Lord Lonsdale, the young English blood who got into difficulty with a pretty English actress a few years ago, has been taking an extended excursion towards the north pole during the past year. He got as far as Banks Land in 75 degrees north. This is a large island to the west of Melville Sound. Lord Lonsdale went northward with a view to the furthering of scientific knowledge, and it is probable that his object may be attained in a manner somewhat unlooked for, as he considers that he has proved the possibility of reaching the north pole by dog team, and Alphonse Leduc, the halfbreed who accompanied Lord Lonsdale part of the way to the Arctic, says that with funds and material he can get there. His idea is to go overland by sled. He thinks that with 300 men a line of communication, for supplies north and news south, could be maintained without great difficulty. Headquarters would be on the peninsula of Boothia, twelve days by courier from the nearest telegraph to Winnipeg. Leduc will attempt to interest a number of newspapers to get them to back him. It is possible that Government aid will be asked. Leduc goes from Winnipeg to New York within a day or two. If Mr. Leduc's scheme materializes we may yet know whether the north pole is made from a walrus tooth or an open sea.

Another American bank cashier, this time from Minnesota, has brought $100,000 of First National Bank money into Canada. This influx of cash to Canada from American monetary institutions is another great source of income which we would lose if the two countries were joined in one. Oh, no! Annexation is N. G. so long as American money comes rolling in at the present rate.

Rev. Mr. Dobbin, Presbyterian minister of Caledon East, was accused by certain individuals of some nameless crime, and tried before a bench of magistrates at Brampton on Monday, when he was fully acquitted of the charges. Mr. Dobbin occupied the Presbyterian pulpit in Flesherton on one occasion last fall. His friends are pardonably jubilant over [illegible] victory.

The Globe printed a picture on Saturday which it said was Rev. Hugh Johnston of Toronto. Had they said it was a photograph of Mtesa, king of Uganda, we would not have doubted its accuracy for a moment. But we have seen Mr. Johnston and will swear to the fact that he is no blackamoor with frightened hair as the Globe represents him.

The latest information is to the effect that the London Times is in rather an unenviable position. Not one cent of counsels' fees in the great Parnell inquiry case has been paid. The Times has to face an expenditure of £50,000 for law expenses and another £50,000 for libels. That sum would knock several Canadian papers into a cocked hat.

The state of Illinois is a pork state, and the Legislature of that state is passing a bill which provides that "Groundhog Day" shall hereafter be observed as a legal holiday. This falls on April 14. The state of Illinois goes the whole hog or none on holidays. Chicago will on that day fight her gastronomic battles with pork sausages and pig à la dynamite, and her own pork king will Armour with ammunition.

The Evangelical Alliance of the Dominion are preparing a petition to her most gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, setting forth the iniquitous results which must eventuate from the passage of the Jesuit Bill, and praying for her intervention in the matter.

The Cardwell election protest case will go on, Mr. Stubbs having deposited the $1000 required by Judge Street at Osgoode Hall on Monday. Date for trial has not yet been set.

A Picture of Sir. John

Sir. John A. Macdonald is thus referred to in the forthcoming April Cosmopolitan, where his portrait is the striking frontispiece of an excellent article on "The Canadian Legislature": When he shakes his head in a laughing passage-of arms, his long hair sways to and fro upon his shoulders, like the mane of an old lion—the 'Grand Old Man' of the Dominion, and one of perhaps a dozen of the world's greatest personalities of to-day. The most striking feature of his face, into which a stranger could not take the merest glimpse without becoming immediately impressed with the fact that he was in the presence of a great man, is his eyes, which are as keen and as full of vitality and observation as those of a stripling of twenty. In his place in the House nothing escapes him, as he sits through the debates until the small hours with unflagging interest and an endurance really remarkable. He is tall and erect, and bears himself with something of military alertness. In his dress he is most scrupulous. He generally wears a black diagonal morning coat and vest, and a collar of the Gladstone shape. Sometimes, however, he appears in a tail-less and jaunty Bohemian velvet coat; but there is one peculiarity of his dress which he seldom varies. He has a *penchant* for bright red London ties, and, except when in evening dress, rarely wears any other hue. Several people have endeavored to discover the secret of Sir. John's London tie-maker, but in vain; the genius remains an interesting mystery.

THE MARKETS.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	[illegible]
Fall wheat	[illegible]
Spring wheat	[illegible]
Oats	[illegible]
Peas	[illegible]
Barley	[illegible]
Potatoes	[illegible]
Butter	[illegible]
Eggs per doz	[illegible]
Lard	[illegible]
Pork	[illegible]
Hay per ton	[illegible]
Hides	[illegible]
Sheepskins	[illegible]
Wool	[illegible]
Turkeys	[illegible]
Chickens per pair	[illegible]
Ducks per pair	[illegible]

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Mr. C. Treadgold has removed into Dr. Christie's block, where he will have great pleasure in taking orders for the best pianos, organs, swing churns, washing machines, clothes wringers, fruit trees, etc. Boarders taken by the week, day or by the single meal at low rates.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Past.

For six years I have labored to establish a living business on the basis of honorable dealing with all—handling reliable goods at fair prices, and endeavoring to give "value received" every time goods are exchanged for money, note or credit. I have been "thrust" into something of success by the genuine support of a large section of "Central Grey" which would not have come if "undeserved."

The Present

Being fully established on the above lines, and having a very complete stock in all regular jewelers' lines, I shall expect and endeavor to still deserve the confidence and support of all past patrons, and will hope to gain new ones as 1889 rolls along.

The Future.

I trust to be able this year to keep my stock even better assorted for customers to select from. Will continue to buy from A 1 firms at closest possible prices, and offer all buyers reliable watches, etc., at "bed rock" prices. A call solicited. Goods and work warranted.

Jeweler Brown,

MARKDALE.

HONORED IN DEATH.

Gladstone's Noble Tribute to the Memory of Bright.

THE UNIVERSAL FEELING VOICED.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Great Commoner's Remarkable Career.

A last (Friday) night's cablegram from London says: The session of the House of Commons this evening was devoted to eulogies of John Bright.

When Wm. Henry Smith rose to speak all the members doffed their hats. Mr. Smith described Mr. Bright as a man of thorough honesty of purpose and great energy of character. If there was any defect in his character it was the intensity of his advocacy of the principles that he had adopted. If for a time he parted from his old associates under a strong sense of duty there was no trace of anger or of personal animosity left. He would go down to the grave followed by the affection and sorrow of the country.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EULOGY.

Mr. Gladstone, upon rising, was received with cheers. He said: Mr. Bright has been to a very remarkable degree happy in the moment of his removal from among us. He lived to see the triumph of almost every great cause to which he specially devoted his heart and mind. He has established a special claim to the admiration of those from whom he differed through his long political life by marked concurrence with them upon the prominent and dominant question of the hour. (Hear, hear.) But though Mr. Bright came to be separated from the great bulk of the Liberals on the Irish question on no single occasion has there been any word of disparagement. I acknowledge that I have not through my whole political life fully embraced the character of Mr. Bright and the value of that character to the country. I was one of those who did not agree with the particular views he and some of his friends took of the Crimean contest, but felt profoundly and never ceased to think what must have been the moral elevation of men who, nurtured all their lives in the temple of popular approval, could, at a moment's notice, consent to part with the whole of that favor they enjoyed, which opponents might think the very breath of their nostrils. (Hear, hear.) They accepted undoubted unpopularity, for that war commanded the enormous approval of the people. Amongst other gifts Mr. Bright was delighted to be one of the chief guardians of the purity of the English tongue. (Hear, hear.) He was enabled as an Englishman profoundly attached to his country, the tongue of the people being to him almost an object of worship, to preserve the purity of the language of Shakespeare and Milton. (Cheers.) Everybody is aware that office had no attractions for him, but few can be aware what extra efforts were required to induce him to become a servant of the Crown.

IN THE CRISIS OF 1868,

when the fate of the Irish Church hung in the balance, it was my duty to propose to Mr. Bright that he become a Minister. I never undertook so difficult a task. From 11 o'clock at night until 5 o'clock in the morning we steadily debated the subject. It was only at the last moment that he found it possible to set aside the repugnance he felt at doing anything that might in the eyes of any one, even of the more ignorant class of his countrymen, appear to detract in the slightest degree from that lofty independence of character which I have mentioned. It was my happy lot to unite so many attractive qualities. If I had to dwell upon them alone, I should present a dazzling picture to the world. It was a happier lot to teach moral lessons by simplicity, casuistry, unfailing courage and constancy of life, thus presenting a combination of qualities that carried us to a higher atmosphere. (Hear, hear.) His sympathies were not strong only, but active—not sympathies awaiting calls to be made upon them, but sympathies of a man seeking objects upon which to bestow the inestimable advantages of

ELOQUENCE AND COURAGE.

In Ireland when support of the Irish cause was rare; in India when support of the native cause was rarer still; in America at the time when Mr. Bright, foreseeing the ultimate issue of the great struggle of 1861, stood as the representative of an exceedingly small portion of the educated community of the country, although undoubtedly representing a large part of the national sentiment—(hear, hear)—in all these cases Mr. Bright went far outside the necessities of his calling. Whatever touched him as a man of the great Anglo Saxon race, whatever touched him as a subject, obtained unasked his sincere, earnest and enthusiastic aid. (Hear, hear). All cases having his powerful advocacy made a distinct advance in the estimation of the world and distinct progress toward triumphant success. Thus it has come about that he is entitled to a higher eulogy than is due to success. Of mere success, indeed, he was a conspicuous example. In intellect he might claim a most distinguished place. But his character lay deeper than intellect, deeper than eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described or that can be seen upon the surface. The supreme eulogy that is his due is that

HE ELEVATED POLITICAL LIFE

to the highest point, to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that cannot only be made a subject for admiration and gratitude but—and I do not exaggerate when I say it—that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that came from every quarter there is not a note of disonance. I do not know any statesman of my time who had the happiness of receiving, on removal from this passing world, the honor of approval at once so enthusiastic, so universal and so unbroken. (Hear, hear.) Yet no one could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs recorded in the advance of his country and of its people. His name is indelibly written in the annals of time and on the hearts of the great and overspreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see, and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind.

Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat amid much subdued cheering.

OTHER TRIBUTES.

Lord Hartington referred to the noble words of Mr. Gladstone as fully expressive of the veneration of the country for the memory of Mr. Bright. He said that Mr. Bright was not a statesman versed in the arts of government and capable of conducting the complicated affairs of a great nation. It was the high standard of his political conduct and the intensity of his convictions that gave his eloquence unrivalled force.

Justin McCarthy, who in the absence of Mr. Parnell spoke for the Irish party, associated their sentiments with those expressed in the noble speech of Mr. Gladstone. He said that the memory of the Irish people endured and it carried them back to the time when Mr. Bright championed their cause. He therefore claimed the right of Ireland to lay an immortelle upon the great Englishman's grave. (Cheers).

Mr. Chamberlain said that throughout his political life Mr. Bright's relations toward his electors were those of entire independence, Mr. Bright holding that his service conferred an obligation upon the constituency.

VICTORIA AND CHRISTINA.

England's Widowed Queen Visits the Widowed Spanish Queen — Victoria's Cordial Reception.

A San Sebastian cable says: Queen Victoria arrived here yesterday, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and members of her suite, including Lady Churchill. Sir Francis Ford, British Ambassador at Madrid, and representatives of the Queen Regent Christina, met the royal visitor at Irun. The Queen was greeted with salvos of artillery from the Lemotta citadel and volleys from the troops that lined the route to the royal castle. The Queen Regent, accompanied by the Duchess of Bailen and the Countess Lartago, was waiting at the station with numerous officials and deputations. The Queen kissed Christina on both cheeks. The two queens entered a state carriage and drove to the castle, attended by a brilliant military escort. As the royal carriage passed between the long lines of troops the military bands played the national anthems and the populace cheered enthusiastically. In a second carriage were Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, while five others were occupied by Spanish officials and members of Victoria's suite. Luncheon was served at the castle. Afterwards the party were driven to the town hall, where a sumptuous throne had been erected. Here Victoria formally received the Mayor and afterwards witnessed a series of basque dances and games in the square from the windows of the town hall. She was heartily cheered when she appeared upon the balcony. The party at length drove to the railway station, where Victoria and Christina exchanged affectionate adieus. At the last moment, however, the Queen Regent, with her suite, entered Victoria's carriage and accompanied Her Majesty to Irun, where farewells were again exchanged.

"Clutch" Donohue Dead.

A Kingston despatch says: John Donohue, better known as "Clutch," died yesterday morning at L'Hotel Dieu. He had been a convict in the Penitentiary for some time, but last Friday was pardoned and released, as death was imminent from blood disease that manifested itself in ulcerating sores all over his body. He was a man of large frame, and about 53 years of age. He was sentenced at Welland in 1885 for larceny and receiving stolen money. At the prison he acted as assistant in the mill, and was a handy man. He was healthy until some time ago, when blood disease began gradually to develop, and about five weeks ago he was compelled to go to the prison hospital. His wife was sent for, and she remained with him until death. On Saturday he was removed to L'Hotel Dieu. As soon as the change was made Donohue brightened up, and was quite satisfied that he would recover. Once, since then, he made an effort to get upon his feet, but it was so exhausting that he speedily gave up the attempt. He died quite penitent, and his remains were removed to Fort Erie for burial. Donohue was born in New York.

To-Day's News Notes.

An unused four-cent British Guiana postage stamp of 1856 was recently sold at auction in London for $250.

One of the rules of the Royal Library in Berlin, made with a view of preserving quiet and good order, calls for the exclusion of all members of the gentler sex.

A private telegram received in Ottawa says that Col. Streatfeild, father of Mrs. Colville, wife of Captain the Hon. C. R. Colville, military secretary to the Governor General, died yesterday in London.

John McCabe, foreman of Frank Leslie's illustrated newspaper for thirty years, has committed suicide because he was notified that his services would not be required after May 1st.

PREVENTION of disease is both rational and scientific. If one knows the causes of most diseases, and can remove that cause, the diseases must disappear. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, of the University of the City of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The majority per cent. of all diseases are caused by unsuspected kidney poisoned blood. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

Chicago fox-hunters—well fellows in red are going to Ottawatos ride after a Canadian pack.

Major A. H. Todd, senior major of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, has sent in his resignation.

Some women in England make good salaries by manufacturing the dainty silk and lace lamp shades now so popular. A dealer in London, who glories in the royal patronage, pays one woman $200 a month for the shades she makes.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

TORONTO, March 8.—Sir Alex. Campbell, notwithstanding his illness, prorogued the Legislature this afternoon in the presence of a not over-crowded chamber. The same simplicity of ceremonial witnessed at the opening characterized the closing day. Members of the Government, officials and representatives of the professions were there, but the exodus of members was apparent. Mr. Mowat, as usual, was the centre of an admiring throng before and after the ceremony. The following is the speech delivered by His Honor in closing the House:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,

In bringing to a close another session of the Legislative Assembly, I desire to recognize the earnestness and zeal with which you have devoted yourselves to the work of legislation.

The measure which you have adopted for developing the unsettled portions of the Province by means of colonization railways meets with my hearty approval. I am glad to believe that the revenues accruing from the opening up of the mineral and other lands, through which the projected railways will pass, and the profits to be derived from the sale of certain classes of timber not at present marketable, will alone reimburse to the Provincial Treasury the expenditure to be incurred in carrying into effect the policy which has received your sanction.

I am glad to give my assent to the Bill for creating the new electoral district of Nipissing. The large territory embraced in that district and the new settlements springing up within its borders entitle the district to a voice in the Legislative Assembly. The effect will doubtless be to direct public attention more fully than before to this important section of the Province.

The measure which you have passed for affording an expeditious and simple remedy for determining the claims of settlers in the new districts for damages to their lands by flooding, will, I trust, materially aid in accomplishing the object desired.

By the Voters' Lists Act and the Franchise Amendment Act you have afforded increased facilities for enabling every qualified elector to have his name placed upon the assessment roll and voters' list.

The important amendments made to the Shops Regulation Act, the Factory Act and the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries Act will, I feel assured, be appreciated by all those who are concerned in the beneficial operation of these laws.

I am much gratified with the measures you have adopted for the improvement of the Pharmacy Act, the Act respecting the study of anatomy and the Free Libraries Act. Each of these Acts deal with important educational interests, and the amendments you have made cannot fail to exercise a salutary effect upon the special departments to which they respectively relate.

I have assented with pleasure to the Bills you have submitted to me for the further improvement of our municipal and assessment laws.

I thank you for the liberal appropriations which you have made for the public service. The supplies which you have voted will be expended with prudence and in the public interest.

A SCHOOL TEACHER STUCK.

His Amours and Irregularities Cost Him $5,000

An interesting breach of promise case will come up before the Toronto Assizes in a few days. The defendant is a school teacher named John Archibald Watson, who has been teaching in Maple village, York county, and the plaintiff is Miss Alice Kirby, the daughter of a Vaughan farmer. The defendant is accused of breach of promise of marriage and seduction, and the damages are set at $6,000. Watson asserts that he is not guilty. After being arrested on writs of *capias* by the county constables he was taken to the sheriff's office, but was immediately bailed out by his friends.

A Toronto despatch says: The breach of promise case of Alice Kirby and John A. Watson was begun yesterday afternoon. The defendant is a school teacher in the township of Vaughan, and is the son of a comparatively wealthy farmer. The plaintiff is the daughter of a farmer of Vaughan township. She and defendant attended Richmond High School together. It appears that Watson was received in Miss Kirby's family as a prospective son-in-law, and the engagement was commonly spoken of in the neighborhood. The result of the intimacy was that on April 15th, 1888, as plaintiff claims, defendant accomplished her ruin. About a month after that he began to be less assiduous in his attentions to her. He began to pay attentions to other young ladies, and, finally, to discover exactly how matters were Miss Kirby wrote him asking him to return her presents and to come to see her. In answer he sent a somewhat insulting letter denying that they had ever been engaged and declaring that he was not the author of her disgrace. The marriage was never concluded, and the plaintiff's troubles reached a climax when she became a mother. She sued for $7,000 damages. The plaintiff, a neatly dressed but careworn woman of 23, was the first witness. No witnesses were called for the defence. The jury retired at 4.30, and at 5.40 returned a verdict of $7,000 for the plaintiff. As $5,000 was the sum claimed by the plaintiff, judgment was given for that sum only.

A Bad American Dollar.

A new counterfeit dollar is being circulated rather freely in the Western States. It will probably soon make its appearance in Canada. The bad coin is a good imitation and liable to deceive the unwary, being made of brass with a thin coating of electro-plate. It rings much like the genuine, but a little sharper. At a casual glance it has the appearance of having been carried in numberless pockets, the stars and statue of liberty looking much worn, but the date, 1861, is sharply cut and fails to carry out this impression. The depressed parts of the two sides are slightly off color, looking blue when placed beside a genuine coin.

A Personal Call Solicited.

"I do not write for money," said a poetess, proudly, to the editor—"I write for love." "Oh, do you?" he replied, heartlessly. "Well, don't write for it any more; anyhow, not to this office. Come down after it yourself, and if we've got any to spare you can take it along with you. Tra-le-la, Birdie."

The demand for large stones for sidewalks exceeding sizes for ordinary flat cars has led the New York Central to build a special car for their transportation. An ordinary flat car will carry a stone only 10 feet in width, while this one will carry a stone 26 feet long and 15 feet 4 inches wide.

Four basket-women were on Saturday night week drinking in a house in Nash street, Liverpool, a low neighborhood, when two, named Langan and Gaffrey, quarrelled and fought. Langan threw a tumbler at Gaffrey, cutting the main artery of her wrist, and she bled to death.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE big spots now going round on the sun's surface will be turned toward this planet this week, and those who trace bad weather on the earth to that particular solar influence are foretelling lively storms. Sometimes the sun spots are big enough to drop the earth into.

SENATOR MORRILL is said to have perfected plans for a new White House at Washington. General Harrison agrees with the Vermont Senator that the present building is not only inadequate but less healthful than it should be. Mrs. Harrison is by no means well and attributes her lack of health to the White House air.

THE feature of Edison's exhibit at the Paris Exposition will be an enormous model of an incandescent lamp, forty feet high and made entirely of small incandescent lights, of which it will be necessary, it is said, to use 20,000. The French and American flags will be worked out in incandescent lamps on either side of the big lamp.

ELECTRIC connection or sounding an alarm in case of an attempt to open a safe is already old. But here is an extension of the idea, lately perfected: Not only is the alarm sounded as soon as a drill or a false key is set at work on the safe, but an electric lamp is lighted and a photograph apparatus is brought into play and seizes the features of the burglars.

A CABLE correspondent who ran across Count Herbert Bismarck in London on Saturday says of him: He looked like an athlete, and the color in his cheeks would have done credit to a Dublin belle. His moustache is no longer trained fiercely aloft, but droops at the ends with melancholy dignity. It was impossible to get a word out of Count Herbert about Samoa.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER, of the United States Supreme Court, and Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Parnell's lawyer, ought to form a "Daughter Trust" together. The Chief Justice has eight and Sir Charles Russell has thirteen. It takes three pews to hold them when the family attends church, and the valiant Sir Charles sits in the rear pew and keeps a sharp lookout that none of them escape before the service is over.

SAYS Prof. Hadley: "The speed of railroad trains is restricted within three theoretical limits: First, a physical limit of 80 miles an hour, beyond which it is found impossible for a train to hold the track; second, an operating limit of 60 miles an hour, which practical experience has found trains cannot run without much damage to life; third, a commercial limit of 30 miles per hour, at which, all things considered, it is found most economical to run a train."

A WORK is now in progress in which all English churchmen will feel an interest. It is the preparation of a photographic *fac-simile* of the original manuscript of the Prayer Book which for about two centuries and a quarter has been in use in the Church of England. This liturgy dates from the days of Charles II., when, having received the sanction of convocation, it was confirmed by the Act of Uniformity, to which royal assent was given in 1662. The veritable manuscript of the book was attached to the roll on which the Act was engrossed, and for about a hundred and fifty years the two were preserved together in an ancient tower near the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.

THE promoters of the Australian Cross-Continent Railway, which is to connect Victoria and South Australia with Western Australia, have received the co-operation of the Western Australian Government. It is expected that the construction of the new road will require ten years. As the terms of the contract are very liberal, the contractors of the road ought not to grumble at the length of time required in completing the enterprise, for they have agreed to build the road for 20,000 acres of land from the Government for every mile of line built. In other words, as the road, when completed, will be nearly 800 miles long, they will in time own an estate equal in size to one quarter of the territory of Victoria.

NEWS of a curious and unique discovery comes to hand. Amongst some old papers a genuine likeness of John Bunyan as he appeared in his prison cell at Bedford has just been discovered, for which the owner demands 1,000 guineas. The National Portrait gallery does not possess a likeness of this world-renowned author, hence the "find" should attract public attention. There appears to be no doubt about the genuine nature of the portrait. Assuming the authenticity of the work, the natural thing seems to be that it should be secured for the national collection before it is annexed by our enterprising American cousins, and disappears into some finance king's collection. The portrait is in possession of a gentleman residing in Hackney.

AN exceedingly amusing report upon Western women has been presented to the Chinese public by a travelled Chinese mandarin. As might be supposed, he is surprised beyond measure at the position and treatment of women in Europe, which is so extraordinary that "even a husband may perform any menial task in his wife's presence and no one will laugh at him." The most amusing part of his letter, however, is that in which he endeavors to explain to the benighted Celestials the nature of a kiss. The Chinese never kiss; they do not know how, any more than the Swedish ladies are said to have known how to kiss before the arrival of Bulstrode Whitlocke, who went on a mission from Cromwell to the Swedish Court during the Commonwealth. It is, therefore, somewhat difficult to explain to the Chinese what kissing, as practised in the West, consists of; he, however, is a bold man, and describes it as follows: "It is," he says, "a form of courtesy which consists in presenting the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a sound." Again: "Children when visiting their seniors apply their mouth to the left or right lips of the elder with a smacking noise." It is to be feared that this matter-of-fact description of the process is hardly likely to lead to its naturalization in the Middle Kingdom.

A New York burglar got into a genuine pickle the other day. Officers discovered that some one was feloniously at work in a butcher shop, but after they had entered could not find the man until they looked in a pork barrel, where they discovered him up to his neck in brine.

A QUERY.

What "Subscriber" Would Like to Know.

We have recently received a letter from one of our well-known subscribers upon a subject which we prefer to publish for the perusal of our readers, anticipating that in so doing some one will relieve us of the responsibility of answering "Subscriber's" questions. Here is the letter:

"*My Dear Editor.*—For several years past I have been the recipient of several pamphlets issued from time to time by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N.Y., which, in addition to containing an extensive treatise upon kidney disease, its origin, usual symptoms and growth, also includes numerous testimonials from parties whose fac-simile signatures are attached thereto, attesting the statement that they have been individually relieved by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which is prepared by the above firm, for the use of persons so afflicted. Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to know if the statements made by these parties who testify to the great good which Warner's Safe Cure has done them, can be relied upon. They seem honest enough from the way they read. "Warner's Safe Cure saved my life after the doctors had given me up," says John Doherty, 133 N. Main street, Concord, N. H. "I was given up to die with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. The doctors said they could do nothing for me. A friend advised me to take Warner's Safe Cure, and my family consider me as given back from the grave," says Mrs. Carrie A. Fry, of Wathena, Kas. Dr. L. B. Rice, of Hanover, C. H., Va., says that Warner's Safe Cure cured him of Bright's Disease.

It strikes me that there is a good deal of sense in the claim which those parties make that the doctors are treating too many persons for wrong causes, and that oftentimes people are treated for consumption, brain, heart and nervous disorders when they are suffering from kidney disease which should be treated, as they say, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and as a result, when disease is first removed therefrom, that which is supposed to be disease in the lungs or other organs will disappear. Many of my neighbors tell me that this remedy has done much good for them—more good than their doctors. If kidney disease is the real cause of so many other diseases why, Mr. Editor, don't the people who are afflicted with sickness insist upon a more careful inquiry being made, in order that the true cause may be ascertained, and the proper treatment given?" "SUBSCRIBER."

A FICKLE LOVER'S TRICK.

Sharp Device to Escape Paying Heavily for Breach of Promise.

A Little Valley special to the Titusville *Herald* says: Cause 31 on the calendar of the present term of the Circuit Court was an action brought for breach of promise of marriage, the plaintiff being Miss Sarah Easton and the defendant Fred. Samuelson. Sarah is a comely miss who has been blooming and budding on this green earth for about 22 summers. She is fair to behold, and Fred. wooed her and was accepted. Then he grew indifferent and finally avoided her. She sought legal redress. Sarah, backed by formidable counsel, duly appeared, as did also the recreant Fred. The latter, who is usually a slick appearing and faultlessly apparelled citizen, came to court with long, unkempt and uncombed hair clad in a heavy woollen shirt, a wampus and a pair of four-shilling overalls, wearing a ten pound pair of sole leather boots and altogether as unattractive in personal appearance as his ingenuity could suggest. It is told that when the fair Sarah saw him to whom she had plighted her faith in this condition she declared the world should never know from her testimony that she had ever so much as a passing acquaintance with the schemer. Negotiations were at once opened for a settlement, which was speedily arrived at, and the wounded affections were healed with a $100 plaster. It is further said that Fred's sharp counsel had advised his appearance at court in the manner and dress in which he came.

Death Preferred to Indigestion.

Death was preferable to indigestion to Ernest Boethig, who was found dead in bed at his home, 252 McIlwain street, yesterday, with a bullet in his head. In one of his pockets was found this letter, written in German:

MY DEAR WIFE: I for several I have nothing to live for. All goes to my boy Karl. The last bread you made was very heavy.

Boethig and his wife did not live very happily together, as the letter shows, and on the 19th inst. they quarrelled, and the husband threw a flat-iron at his wife. He then gave her a $20 gold piece and drove her from his house. Special officers Slater and Keegan broke into the house yesterday afternoon and found Boethig's body in bed propped up with pillows, and in his lap lay a large revolver. Beside the body was a picture of Boethig and his wife as they appeared on their wedding day. The remnants of a meal were on the kitchen table and conspicuous among the articles barely touched was some home-made bread, evidently part of the batch referred to in Boethig's last letter. He had eaten it, though it killed him.—*Philadelphia Record*

Practical Sympathy.

"Sad about Cholly, wasn't it? Got his cane head in his mouth, you know, and couldn't get it out?"

"How much was it worth?"

Why He was Silent.

Wife—"Why were you so long at the front door last night, John? Why didn't you sing out?" Husband—"That was the trouble. I couldn't strike the right key."

A Slight Advantage.

Snagge—"Our town is much more prosperous than yours. Our minister's salary is nearly twice as much." Jenkins—"Perhaps so; but ours gets his money."

Glass furniture is manufactured especially for India, where the rajahs like glittering and showy rooms. Glass bedsteads and chairs, huge glass sideboards and other articles of domestic use are made to suit Oriental taste.

The death is announced of Vice-Admiral John Clark Soady, who entered the British navy in 1842. He rose through the several gradations of rank till he was made vice-admiral in 1885, and he then retired from the service.

THE OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

Well I had a scare once in my life that I hope will never be repeated, and it's a wonder I didn't turn gray right then and there.

I married a western girl and we came to New York to live. It wasn't such a crowded place as it is to-day, but had its green lanes in some parts of it and even meadows. I was followin' the sea in those days, as I am now, and I thought Sally would be more contented in a lively city while I was gone away on long voyages.

It was hard work sayin good bye to my wife when I started away on long trips but she said as soon as I was captain she would travel with me.

Well, I went off on a six months' voyage the year I had the terrible scare. We struck some queer outlandish ports, and I had a great pile of stuff for Sally when we turned about for home, presents that I knew she'd value.

It often used to seem as if the ship wasn't fast enough for me; as if I must jump overboard and swim. I wanted home, and I wanted Sally, as a baby wants its mother. So you may judge if I lost time in getting ashore when once we reached New York. None of us did, for that matter, but I reckon I was first. I had my bundles under my arm and my pay in my pocket. I'd oiled my hair and I wore my shore clothes. My hands were as brown as an Indian's, with sun and wind and I guess my face was about the same color. But if I looked as I felt I looked happy. With the motion of the ship beneath my feet yet, I took my way toward my home, looking out for Sally all the way, for if she knew the ship was in she'd surely come to meet me. Not a sign of her did I see, though, and I came to the corner of my street—Norfolk was its name—with a queer little fear in my heart that made me pause and hardly dare to turn it—and then I took the step and saw a little crowd about the door of my home, and before it—oh good heaven! a hearse—black and awful, and a carriage before my house. "Yes, yes—but," says I to myself "yes it might stand there and not be from there. Courage, Jack! God wouldn't do that to you. Not He. Have faith—have trust! Was ever there a night you didn't pray He'd bring you back safe to Sally, and do you think He won't answer you? Courage, Jack!" And then I staggered on and stood among the people and my door was open and a man—serious, oldish, kind—took hold of my arm and led me aside.

"Who is dead?" I asked.

"I don't know," said he.

I took courage at that, for if it was my Sally surely he'd know her—surely.

"It's a sailor's wife," he added. [illegible] there. Last night a woman [illegible] "There's a case of cholera at No. ——," I went. Folks are apt to get frightened at nothing, but I went in a hurry. It was cholera. I did all I could for her but she died. The neighbors [illegible]

[illegible]

At [illegible] the doctor put me in the carriage [illegible] how I saw the earth cover the [illegible] I hope I was dying, but [illegible] in the carriage, and I stood at my own desolate door. The doctor [illegible] and he told me all that must be done before the place would be fit to live in, but I did not care for life. I wanted to die, and I turned faint again and the good man was loath to leave me, and so we stood, neighbors peering at us through the shutters as I knew, when suddenly I saw a vision.

I had just been to her funeral, but there stood Sally looking at me. She was dressed in white, with a little blue bonnet on her head, and spirit though I knew she must be, looked fresh and young and bright. I stared at her. The cry I gave rang through the street and she flew to me. Ghost or no ghost, I held her fast. She was warm and soft in my arms. She kissed me and I kissed her and cried:

"If I've gone crazy, let me stay so, for Sally has come back to me somehow." And for all that had come and gone, it was Sally and not her ghost, either.

If my life depended on it I couldn't tell you just how she made me understand, or just how I made her understand—I guess the doctor did it—but this is what had happened: The cholera breaking out, Sally's old folks wouldn't let her stay in the city and took her out with them, and just at that time Sally hears of a young woman, mighty poor and mighty down-hearted, who was waiting for news of her husband's ship. So she says to her: "There's a house empty; I want no rent; you're welcome until I need to live there again." And it was this poor soul that had died there.

As for her husband, his ship was lost and all hands with it; so mayhap they met in heaven; and it was best.

At all events we're made so that we must think of our own first, and I was glad—the Lord only knows how glad—with Sally in my arms again. We're together yet, old folks now, but happy with our children about us.

Making Them "Look Pleasant."

Caller—How do you manage to get such pleasant expressions on the faces of your male sitters?

Photographer—Easy enough. I have a pretty girl to manage the camera.

Cause for Depression.

Medical Examiner (for insurance company)—You appear to be in a very weak, nervous depressed physical condition.

Applicant for Insurance—Yes, your agents have been chinning at me for six months.

New York society circles are excited regarding the great number of marriages likely to occur after Lent. Ice cream is to be a high priced luxury this summer and it's a case of marry or bust with many of the 400.

FAINT HEART NEVER, ETC.

A Case that Dims the Record of the Proudest Knights of Old.

The voice of the young man had a tremulous vibrant quality, and a glow like that of a June sunset spread over his face, as he took the vacant seat by the side of the young woman and greeted her joyfully.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss [illegible]," he said. "I did not know you were on the train. I am not presuming too much, I hope, in rejoicing in the anticipation of a delightful trip instead of the long, tiresome journey of half a day that I had resigned myself to suffer when I came aboard."

"Certainly not, Mr. Winterbottom," she replied, and the observant young man noted an increasing quickness in the fluttering movements of the feathers and thingmadiddles on the travelling hat of his fair companion not due altogether to the jar of the train.

"Her heart is beating faster," he said to himself, but even in the rapture that thrilled his frame and tingled to the end of his fingers at this discovery he felt he had taken a sneaking advantage of her and learned something he had no right as yet to know.

For months Cyrus Winterbottom had carried in his heart the image of the lovely girl who now sat by his side. For months he had hoped that the time and the opportunity might come when he—but let us not anticipate.

[illegible]

"Miss Vanua," he said, with a [illegible] heart, as he [illegible] [illegible] human effort [illegible] this may seem an inopportune moment for the confession I am about to make, but I am impelled by a feeling [illegible] for—

"Tickets [illegible]"

It was [illegible] who spoke.

A shade of [illegible] and the brow of the young man at the interruption. He [illegible] and in a few moments resumed.

"I was about to say that I have carried in my breast a burden I can bear no longer. It is for you to say whether I must carry a still heavier one or whether I shall have a new meaning [illegible]

[illegible]

"I told you [illegible] want [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] freedom of motion and absence of all ceremony that may always be observed in an affair of this kind, she [illegible] her self possession.

"Cyrus Winterbottom!" she screamed into his ear, with the [illegible] no gaudy man escape [illegible] woman attending strictly [illegible]

Bang!

"Will—"

Thud!

"Be your—"

Crash!

"Little—"

Crunch!

"Wife!"

Boom! Rattle! Bang!

"There, Cyrus, darling! We've got down to the bottom at last. Straighten out my hat, love."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Their Glory Departing.

Recent travellers among the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia say the beauty of the mountains is being greatly impaired by forest fires, that leave only blackened trunks where magnificent timber had spread over large areas. Cinders from locomotives along the Canadian Pacific and the carelessness of mining prospectors kindle the [illegible] trees, which burn with extraordinary fury, often eating out even the roots, and leaving nothing but ashes. Capt. Wharton says that those who wish to see all the landscape glories of this region must visit it soon, before they are robbed of half their charm by the terrible fires, the smoke of which last summer often shut out the view of the mountains entirely. Mr. Green thinks that the fate of all the timber along the railroad is sealed. Probably no part of this continent has rivalled Washington Territory and British Columbia in the grandeur of their pine forests, and it is not a pleasing spectacle to contemplate the destruction of this towering timber, which not only adorns the landscape, but could be made of the utmost utility.

Playing at Hanging With a Fatal Result.

Albert Cundall, aged 15, met with his death at Leeds, England, the other night while playing at hanging. He had been reading a sensational tale, in which the hero was suspended to a tree, and is saved by a beautiful maiden just as life is about to leave him. It is believed that the deceased thought that if he tried the experiment he would be saved in a similar manner.

The only color which can be determined by the sense of touch is blue. A blind man would know when he is feeling blue.—*Wall Street News.*

There are but two native-born Kansans in the Kansas Legislature.

EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

The Interesting Views of the Late Dr. J. G. Holland.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in Scribner's Monthly. He says: "Nevertheless it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many physicians, and most of them it should be remembered were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that decried them because public attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures.

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grandmother, outside of the code, it will be [illegible]

[illegible]

Some Sort of Slips.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat." [illegible] "Oh, pray excuse me. I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply. In another instance of conjugal amenities, a wife said to her husband: "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning and she complained that on the occasion of her last visit you were so rude to her that she thought she must have offended you." "Nothing of the kind," he answered. "On the contrary, I like her very much, but it was rather dark at the time and when I entered the room at first I thought it was you." "Poor John—he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor, "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

Biblical Curiosities.

There is no date from beginning to end in the Bible. It comprises some sixty documents and is supposed to have been written by about forty men. Fifty-four miracles are recorded in the Old and fifty one in the New Testament, total 105. The shortest verse in the Old Testament is "Remember Lot's wife." There is one in the New Testament as short as John xi 35, in point of words, but not in letters, viz. Thessalonians v. 16, "Rejoice evermore." Then there are two chapters in the Bible alike verbatim, and one book, Esther, in which the Deity is not mentioned.

You Can Remain a Cousin.

Canada will not even be a sister to us, but has tossed our letters out in the front yard and set the dog on us. Canada, must we part?—*Albany Journal.*

"In the accounts of the marriage of the Emperor of China," said Mrs. McCrackle, "I see that his household comprises seven cooks and thirty physicians." "That's about the right proportion," replied McCrackle.

Young Painter—Well, what do you say to my views of Subiaco? Critic—My dear friend, there are certain views one must keep to oneself.

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

A BAGFUL OF RODENTS

Strange Tale of Rats, Hazel Nuts and Nautical Law.

Capt. Crosby, of a Nova Scotia barque now unloading at pier No. 13, East River, is a jolly old sea dog, well known as a veteran of the coast trade, says the New York Evening Sun. About [illegible] years of age, broad-shouldered and heavily built, his face thickly covered with a black beard, the captain is easily the ideal skipper of the sea.

"On a recent voyage to New York," said the captain, "I carried a cargo consisting in part of some 500 bags of hazel nuts. When we made port the owner of the nuts came on board. I assured him of their safety, and together we went through the ship. Everything was all right until we came to the nuts. Imagine our surprise to see the bags torn and the nuts lying scattered in heaps here and there. A small hole had been gnawed in the end of each nut and the meat extracted as clean as a whistle. The work of rats, of course.

"The next day a sallow-faced chap, wearing his hair down to his shoulders, came on board and said he was a professional rat catcher and offered to clear the ship [illegible]

[illegible]

Won His Case.

[illegible]

[illegible] a gentleman of the [illegible] the lawyer went on. "I was [illegible] tell me if my [illegible] looks [illegible] a man that would sell his [illegible] half [illegible] of whiskey if it was all he had."

The [illegible] admitted [illegible] their seats.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Mrs. Bangle—Well, this is strange.

Mr. Bangle—What is it, my dear.

A man in Paris has taught an [illegible] black his shoes.

Oh, there's nothing remarkable about that, my dear. I've often heard of the [illegible] shines.

Wouldn't Forget Him.

"Remember me to your father [illegible] good boy," said the minister.

"It's not worth while," replied little Johnny. "I heard the old man say he would never forget you after that big dinner you put away at our house."

Reformation Begun.

Mrs. A.—My husband is beginning to reform.

Mrs. B.—Indeed? I saw him going in a barroom to-day.

Mrs. A.—Yes, I know. He went in for a glass of whiskey, but he takes water with it now.

Safe Things to Bet On.

Always in at the death—The undertaker.

Usually down at the heel—The rider's spur.

Fast colors—Those of the jockey.

Sure to be knocked out—The bung in the beer barrel.

The Unexpected.

Winks (rushing in triumphantly)—Mrs. Langtry is married."

Crowd—"Who to?"

Winks—"Mr. Langtry."

M. Geisendorf, son of the Swiss Consul at Cannes, has been found murdered near the railroad track at Monte Carlo. His valise, which was lying near by, had been rifled. He had recently won large sums at the gaming tables.

The railroad man, like the pugilist, does not like to get out of training.

What is the most desirable love-knot? The marriage ceremony.

Joy Doubled.

[illegible]

[illegible] Truth.

[illegible] that Truth [illegible] by a locomotive [illegible] the truth about Dr. [illegible] hard [illegible] their work. [illegible] anything [illegible] table [illegible] taking [illegible] These [illegible] scarcely [illegible]

[illegible] Low [illegible]

[illegible]

Emergency.

[illegible]

DUNLAP [illegible]

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS [illegible]

We want [illegible] pick up

CALF SKINS

[illegible] Mr. Page [illegible] largest [illegible] highest prices? [illegible]

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAUGHTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Found.—A pair of boy's mitts. This office.

Blank notes for sales, etc., can be had at this office.

Mrs. Gordon's sale of household furniture came off on Monday, and articles brought fair prices.

The Advance thanks friends in Washington Territory and Michigan for copies of their state newspapers.

WANTED! 500 people to get a booting at W. Clayton's—that is, get boots, you know. He can accommodate all.

Whats the matter with Markdale, Priceville, Flesherton and Dundalk forming a baseball league?

Rev. Mr. Hosking, of Markdale, will preach in the Methodist Church here on Sunday morning next.

At the cattle fair on Monday quite a large number of cattle were offered. The quality was very poor and sales few.

Markdale spring show will be held on Tuesday April 23. A good list of prizes for stallions and bulls is offered.

Messrs. McDonald and Co. now have their store running in full blast. All new goods at low prices. This is a picnic for buyers.

Spring boots, summer boots, slippers fishing boots, plowing boots, ladies boots, childrens' boots, and every other kind of boot for spring and summer wear at W. Clayton's

Massey's Illustrated for April is an extremely readable paper for the farm. It is very neatly printed and comes remarkably cheap at 50 cents a year.

Mr. A.S. Vandusen offers elsewhere in The Advance a valuable household property in Flesherton for sale. Parties desiring a home would do well to make inquiries.

We believe there is no place in the county where you can get baby carriages or cradles or cot beds for the little ones, as well as every description of baby carriages, like J. E. Moore's, Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

Nearly every newspaper which we pick up speaks mournfully of the exodus of farmers to Manitoba and the North west Flesherton and vicinity appears to be the only place where farmers are contented and happy with their lot 100 acre lot

At the last meeting of the Berlin town council the chief of police was instructed to ring the town bell at nine o'clock every evening and arrest all children under fifteen years of age found on the street after that hour. How would it be to work some such scheme on the young and rising generation of Flesherton.

A portion of Mr. Damude's engine and boiler arrived here on Saturday from Durham where it has been undergoing repairs during the past winter. It will be put in place very shortly and Mr. Damude will recommence the manufacture of staves, he having purchased a large quantity of stave bolt timber during the winter.

MONTHLY SCHOOL REPORT, S.S. NO 6 ARTEMESIA.—Fourth class, Ida Stone 74, Nettie Stone 61. Third class, John Wright 61, Willie Stone 55, Ben Stone 54, Fred Wright 49. Second class, Ulric Stone 76, Susie Gee 75, Meda Whittaker 71, Norman Fletcher 70. First class, Margaret A. McArthur 66, Laura Whittaker 61.

The Brampton Times sends us a copy of The Growler, published from that office. It is a sorry attempt at a funny paper, and, unless we miss our guess, the people who read it will discount the paper itself on growl. It bears the stamp of the master Queen's English destroyer who "growled" on Queen street west, Toronto, for a year or so until he got the people growling louder than himself.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Death, during the past week, has called away two old residents in this vicinity. The first was Mr. Geo. McMaster, 4th line Osprey, aged 80, who was buried at Maxwell a week ago Saturday, and the second was Mr. Alex. Thompson, Back Line, Artemesia, also aged 80, who was buried in the Orange Valley Presbyterian burial ground on Monday, Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, officiating.

Annual Sermon.

Rev. Mr. Eanes has consented to preach the 7th annuiversary sermon of the R.T. of T. in the Presbyterian Church on the 28th inst.

Spring Cleaning.

Kalsomining, paper hanging, decorations and general repairs promptly attended to by J. E. Moore. Flesherton Furniture Warerooms.

Auction Sale.

An auction sale of farm stock and implements will be held on the farm of Mr. Hugh Campbell, lot No. 49 N.D.R., Glenelg, on Saturday next, April 13. Also some household furniture. D. McCormick, auctioneer.

A Windfall.

The sawmill dog lately patented by Mr. John Flesher, of Edgington, is likely to prove a bonanza to its inventor. A letter from Mr. Flesher informs us that he has already been offered $15,000 for the patent by an American firm.

It is Rumored That.

You can't put a short meter tune to long meter measure.

There are several other rumors floating around, but they are not sufficiently matured to transplant as yet.

Flesherton Cemetery Trust

The annual meeting of the plot-holders of the above Trust will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, April 24, at 7:30 p.m. All interested are requested to be present.

W. CLAYTON.
Secy.

Sudden Death.

George Gray, brewer, of Mt. Forest, passed through Flesherton on Wednesday of last week en route for McIntyre. Friday morning Mr. Burt, of Priceville, son-in-law of Mr. Gray, received a telegram from McIntyre stating that the latter was dead. It appears that Mr. Gray choked while eating his supper and burst a blood vessel. The remains were taken to Priceville Friday.

The Arbitration.

It is now a settled fact the meeting of the much talked of arbitration on Derby's registration takes place in Markdale on the 13th at ten a. m. in Marshe's Hall, roller rink. Doors will be open to the public till the case is gone through with, then the arbitrators to be left alone to make their award.

Heavy Horses.

Last week The Advance published an item in reference the weight of horses belonging to Mr. John Adams and Mr Roderick Stewart. Since then we have heard of two young animals which discount the horses mentioned to a considerable extent. Mr. Samuel Wakely is the owner of a Garfield colt rising 3 and a Derby rising 2 years, and when put on scale with harness on weigh 2,700 lbs. Further information can be had from Mr. Wakely, Inistrioge P.O. Not bad for a yearling and two years old

Minus Rig, Minus Rent.

The O.S. Times says: Landlord McInnis, of Flesherton Station, was in town on Monday looking for a young fellow who was selling sewing machines on commission in that neighborhood for one of our local agents. Having run up a hotel bill for himself and horse, and not being an expert salesman, he became "strapped" and his horse and buggy was seized last Thursday by Mr. McInnis to satisfy his claim, the young fellow being around the village until Sunday night when he broke into the stable and stole the horse and rig, and made for Owen Sound where Mr. McInnis found them. When last seen they were on the Monday afternoon train going to Shelburne where the young fellow promised to make good the claim of the hotelkeeper. The horse and rig did not belong to the agent, but were simply hired, hence the anxiety to secure possession of them from the hands of his creditor.

A Case of Hardship

A peculiar case of hardship has lately been brought to our notice. An elderly gentleman, living a mile or so from Flesherton, and who shall be nameless for the present, conceived the idea last fall of starting a general store in Flesherton, and visited Toronto with a view of purchasing a stock. He gave as security for a thousand dollars worth of goods a mortgage upon his farm and returned home. The mortgage was forwarded for the signature of his wife, but this was refused. As a result the negotiations were brought to a stand still. However, it is said the lady's wisdom did not end with her refusal to sign the mortgage, but that she also refused to allow her husband a shelter under his own roof, and drove him forth upon the charity of friends, with whom he remained all winter. It is said that when he attempted to call at his own house the doors were bolted and he was refused admission. A daughter in Washington Territory forwarded the old gentleman funds, and week before last he started for the far west. If these facts be true, and we have no cause to disbelieve them, it is a case of ingratitude which seldom falls to the lot of a father and a husband.

Open Lodge.

The Sons of Temperance gave an open lodge in their hall on Wednesday evening last which was well patronized by our citizens. The hall was uncomfortably filled Rev. Mr. Shilton, Mr. Howard and Dr. Christoe gave short addresses Miss Brown gave a reading and Miss Christoe and Miss Leitch gave a nicely rendered instrumental selection. Miss Leitch and Mrs. Blackburn gave a duet, as also did Messrs. Russell and Barnhouse. Little Miss Lena Large rendered a solo in a very pleasing manner This young lady has a voice of considerable promise. T. Hollinger gave a accordion performance which was highly appreciated. A tableau which was given would have left a much better impression upon the senses had it been given at the conclusion, so that people might have escaped the inevitable pungent fumes arising from the fire. The choking smoke rendered it necessary to raise the windows, to the detriment of those who were subject to colds. Notwithstanding this slight unpleasantness the affair was very enjoyable and redounded to the credit of the Sons of Temperance.

Mrs. Shilton in the "Creation."

There were those in Flesherton who thought we lavished too much praise upon Mrs. Shilton, of Toronto, upon her late visit here. There were those, also, who attempted to criticise Mrs. Shilton's singing in a manner which was not at all complimentary to their knowledge of music. It pleases us to recommend these persons to the following flattering notice from the Empire of Friday, which appeared in an extended notice of "The Creation" as produced at the Horticultural Gardens, in which the lady in question won enviable laurels: "Mrs. Clara E. Shilton possessed the commendable attraction of a birdlike execution, and the rendition of "And Cooing Calls the Tender Dove His Mate" awoke much spirited enthusiasm. Mrs. Shilton was correct in interpretation, and signified by her delicate expression that she was in full accord with the depth of sentiment to be conveyed. Her voice reaches a more vital part of the auditor than disinterested criticism, and this as a recognize attribute of success, is her best charm." The Globe also spoke in the highest terms of Mrs Shilton's powers as a singer.

Division Court

The Division Court held here on Friday last was one of the most interesting held for some time. There were some eighteen cases to be tried, one of which, that of Emma v. Morrow, occupied the day from opening of court until 4.30 p.m. This case was tried by a jury of five men. Morrow had rented a farm from plaintiff and vacated it at the end of a year, claiming that he had entered into the agreement through misrepresentation, and plaintiff sued for the second year's rent A large number of witnesses were heard on both sides. Certain points only were given to the jury to decide, which took them two hours to complete. The finding was handed in in writing, and the judge reserved a final decision until May 1. The total sum claimed by plaintiff amounted to $144.30, including certain damages

The noted organ case of Connell v. Brander was again postponed until next court, June 5, when it will be first on the list.

Another peculiar and somewhat interesting case was that of Atwell v. Fisher. Plaintiff sold defendant hay in bulk, and the defence put in for non-payment was that there was not as much hay in the bulk as represented. The sale, it appears, was made in a peculiar manner, by auction, the auctioneer starting the sale himself at $50, and lowering the price telling his hearers that when he had arrived at a sufficiently low figure the first man to speak would have the hay. When he had got down to twenty dollars Fisher gave the word and the hay was knocked down to him. He afterwards repudiated payment. Judgement was given for plaintiff.

A number of timber cases were tried. Sanderson v. Holmes, Maxwell v. Holmes, Tuck v. Holmes and Connors v. Holmes were all decided in favor of plaintiffs. These were all timber claims. That of Lattimore v. McIntyre was also a case arising out of services rendered in timbering. Mr. Lattimore purchased timber for McIntyre and procured lodgings and board for his men and claimed $49.35 wages due. The defence was breach of contract. In deciding the case in favor of plaintiff for $25.35, Judge Lane took occasion to remark that he believed that Mr. Lattimore had filled his contract to the very letter. The reduction in claim was made through some misunderstanding as to the board bills.

Other cases of more or less importance, but which we have not space to give in full, were:

Meiklejohn v. Mathewson, Bell v. Crabb, Wills v. McDonald, Williams v. Carr (two cases), Whittam v. Herman and C.P.R. garnishees, Spratt v. Binford et al, and Johnston v. Irish were all decided in favor of plaintiffs. Mackenzie v. Martin was dismissed. Gibson v. Farwell, another timber case, went for defendant.

It was 11 o'clock at night when the court finally arose.

Married.

GARDINER—FAWCETT—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Wm. Fawcett, Deputy Reeve of Euphrasia, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. [illegible], Mr James Gardiner to Miss Lottie Fawcett

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a quantity of [illegible] rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain

Apply to
L. J. WILLIAMSON.
Lake Eugenia P.O.

Teacher Wanted!

Teacher holding second or third class certificate, for Union School Section No 1, Euphrasia and Artemesia, duties to commence immediately Apply to Chairman Board of Trustees,
HUGH WALTON, Eugenia P.O

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same We have this year made great improvements in our stock and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants We have at present for sale

BULBS.

Gladiolus and Dahlias

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety Cineararias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutilons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Polargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower Gin

BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Xanthus, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget-Me-Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy

VEGETABLE PLANTS.

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly

JAMES BEECROFT.

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

AS THE SEASON FOR

Horse Bills!

approaches, we would remind those interested in such matters that we have a larger selection of cuts to choose from than can be found elsewhere in this section.

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR

MR. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art

WM. NELSON.

Medical.

DR. CARTER

M.C.P. & S., ONT

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's Block Residence J. G. [illegible]'s

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario

Enquire at office, one door east of Carpenter or Adams's Hotel

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1885

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.

MARKDALE, ONT

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T. S. SPROULE, M.D. etc. [illegible] M.D. etc

Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale [illegible]

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON [illegible] STREET, Sixth door East of [illegible]

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.

[illegible]

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON Marshall's Hotel 1st and [illegible] of each month, teeth extracted [illegible] and fully [illegible] at moderate rates

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,

Office—Strain's Building, Flesherton

A. A. CHESNEY, [illegible] Resident Manager

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on [illegible]

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, C.B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C.L.C. Com. and F.P.B. & S. Society. Money to loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender, Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc This is a rare bargain Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed to
MOORE'S Block, Durham St.
where I am prepared to do all kinds of
REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.,
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine
JAS. SULLIVAN.

—It Pays To—
Go to THE BEST
AND THAT IS THE
Northern
Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.
The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after student's graduate
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, '88

WanteD
SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once and success is assured. Write Fred E. Young, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 3, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
SANT, WISTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 10, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty five horses that had Ringbone, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

That Sawing Match.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR—Will you kindly give space for a few lines in regard to that challenge which was accepted by the parties whose names appeared in your issue of two weeks ago. The boys you know who said we never bit unless we mean business. Now Mr. Editor, I wish to refer you and all who may read this article to the fact that the challenge we sent them was limited to the 1st of April, our reason for so doing being that one of us was going away about that time. Our opponents being well aware of that fact determined to use it to their own advantage. Instead of putting up their money and naming a day and place for the race to come off, as they ought to have done, they got hold of the paper the challenge was in and they saw it dated the 14th, and that it came with the dangerous gassy article in it the 21st, so now they have an idea of their own. Like a pig in a potato patch without a ring in its nose. Thus they plan. We'll send an article in next week, and they will not see it until the 28th, and perhaps not until the 29th, and one of them is going away on the first, so they can't take us up on two day's notice, and we'll bluff them and the people will think we were not afraid of them. Very cute, boys; you understand figures. As blowing cuts a prominent figure in their physical life they cling to it with as much tenacity as if it was half the means of their existence. They must have exerted their mental vein almost beyond its capacity to conceive the above idea. It's too bad to deprive them of it, but we could not help it. They said "we never bet unless we mean business, so we thought we would see. Accordingly we sent them word to come over to Dougal Ferguson's bush on Monday, the first of April, and we put up our money in J. Campbell's hand, and when the hour (2 p.m.) arrived there were ten of the neighbors there to witness the race, and they waited until about three o'clock, but these boys who said they meant business never appeared. Perhaps the gnats crawled on again after they had brushed them off and retarded their progress. We hear they say now we did not give them notice enough, but they had the doing of that themselves and of course they meant business! Drowning men catch at straws.

THE SAWYERS.

Kimberley.

Not having seen any Kimberley items for some time I came to the conclusion your correspondent is not able just at present to write and let your readers know our little village is still flourishing.

We are pleased to learn Miss Priscilla Myles is recovering from her sickness. We hope to soon see her with us again.

Mr. R. D. Carruthers went all the way to Owen Sound the other day to get a tooth extracted. Good opening for a dentist in Kimberley.

Mr. Plewis and family are about to leave for Washington territory. We are sorry to say good bye to these friends but in their place we welcome Mr. Bishop from Quebec, who has purchased the mill belonging to Mr. Plewis. We hope he may always be as favorably impressed with our village as he is at present. Saturday evening a company gathered at the residence of Mr. Plewis and spent a pleasant evening. Mrs. Plewis was presented with a handsome set of dishes in token of the esteem in which she is held by her neighbors.

Rev. Mr. Watts is still holding special services in the Methodist Church. He is meeting with grand success.

Mr. W. Dunwoodie occupied the pulpit Sabbath evening.

A SUB CORRESPONDENT.

From our own Correspondent.

Spring has opened up and farmers commencing to plow.

Mr. H. Hurlburt, who has been away for some months, is back again in our midst. He thinks Kimberley is the best place yet.

Messrs. Stewart and Hammond are pushing the maple sugar out of the trees very fast, or at least it is coming and they are taking care of it nicely. We were informed that a deputation of about eight ladies and two or three gentlemen waited on them a few days ago for the purpose of enquiring the best methods of making taffy. They said they were well received and enjoyed a pleasant evening and went in good humor some time in the near future.

Miss P. Myles has been suffering for some time past with inflammation of the lungs. We are glad to learn that she is doing well. Mr. J. Alexander has also been suffering from a very sore throat. Glad to say he is recovering.

Mr. J. Plewis has sold his mill and other property to a gentleman from the Province of Quebec. Mr. P. is going west in a few weeks. We are sorry to part with him, but he is bound to go. We welcome Mr. Bishop, our new miller, and hope he may do well in this community.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Six inches of snow last week.

A flock of wild geese, numbering near fifty, arrived here on Friday afternoon from the south, and during that heavy snow storm they seemed to lose their "bearings" for they kept wandering up and down the open water of the Saugeen a mile or two north of the village, all the time uttering wild, plaintive cries. On their first approach we imagined that we heard the shepherd laddies playing "Rob Roy McGregor" with their pipes up on the mountain sides in auld Scotia.

Last week we heard little "Olem" of Balsam Valley, mourning and crying for some of the neighbor girls to take him out and feed him some taffy. We hope his wishes are gratified ere this sheet comes out.

One night last week a mink entered Mr. Alfred Hincks poultry house and slaughtered 40 hens, only leaving six or seven remaining.

Mr. W. Gray, father-in-law to W. Burt, of the Crown Hotel here, died suddenly near Feversham on Friday. His remains were taken to Orchardville on Sunday morning.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

MR. EDITOR—Seeing that you have no correspondent from here I will send you a few items if you will be pleased to insert them.

The annual meeting of Victoria cheese factory was held in school room No. 4, Artemesia, when the following officers were elected for the present year. President, Thos. Talbot; J.W. McCardle, Secretary, at $15 salary; Geo. Moore, Treasurer. The directors for sets No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, are respectively D. Stinson, J. Blakely, J.W. Lyons, [illegible] Brown and H. Gallaher. The by-laws were re-governed, the factory last year [illegible] read and adopted for the current year. The above factory is in good standing and gave general satisfaction last year. Its owner, Wm. Haines, has been on the sick list, but is now convalescent.

Mrs. John L. Moore, who has been under medical treatment, is, we are much pleased to state, on a fair way to recovery.

Mr. John Winton is busily engaged with the frame work of Mr. Wm. Graham's barn. Mr. W. has done a great deal of work in this vicinity, and is considered the right man.

Following are the names of the officers elected by the Inistioge Division Sons of Temperance for the current quarter:

Bro. Wm. Riddick, W.P.; Sis. J. Nicholls, W.A.; Sis. H. Armstrong, R.S.; Bro. Geo. Bannon, A.S.; Bro. Jno. Hutchinson, Chaplain; Bro. A. Smerson, Conductor; Bro. R. Achinson, Treasurer; Bro. F. Lockart, F.S.; Sis. L. Hutchinson, A.C.; Sis. A. Bannon, I.S.; Bro. W. Rosborough, O.S.; Bro. J. McCardle, P.W.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

General News.

The Duchess of Cambridge, the Queen's aunt, is dead.

A new U.S. navy yard is likely to be established near Seattle, on Puget Sound.

Coal deposits have been discovered in the vicinity of Swift Current station N.W.T.

The latest calculation is the loss by prairie fires in Dakota will reach $2,000,000.

Thirty two carloads of cotton passed Winnipeg for China within 48 hours last week.

Several miners were injured by an explosion in the coal mine at Anthracite, N.W.T., last week.

Hon. Mr. Everest proposes to start from Winnipeg for the North Pole, following the route taken by Lord Lonsdale.

A bill for local government in Scotland has been introduced in the British House of Commons.

The Railway Committee at Ottawa Wednesday threw out the bill providing for the burying of electric wires in Toronto.

V.E. Fuller's famous Oaklands herd of Jerseys were sold at auction at the farm near Hamilton on Wednesday. Prices obtained ranged from $60 to $300.

[illegible]

The U.S. gunboat Nipsic has been docked at Apia, which makes great satisfaction among the friends of the Navy Department at Washington.

The French Government charges General Boulanger with attempting to destroy the republic [illegible]

[illegible]

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burmah, Ind., says "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mysterious Case.

PORT HURON, Mich., March 28. Two strangers came to Smith's Creek, about twelve miles south-west of here, by the Grand Trunk, on Tuesday evening, and engaged rooms at the Lindsay House. One was a man about 50 or 60 years of age, the other a considerably younger. The younger man was last seen [illegible] and is supposed he came into this city on the evening train. The elder man didn't appear yesterday morning. His room was broken into and the aged stranger found lying across the bed with his throat cut from ear to ear, dead. No knife was found, but some broken crockery was found in the room covered with blood, and it is thought that with the latter the deed was committed. In the pockets was found $162 in cash, but nothing to identify the dead. When the men arrived in town they asked for a Mr. Coreless. Some think Smith's Creevers are [illegible] the opinion that the man committed suicide, while others think he was foully murdered. As yet the authorities have no clue regarding the matter. Every effort is being made to locate the [illegible] companion of the dead stranger, but so far without result. In case it proves to have been murder it is very evident the object was not plunder.

Thoroughbred Durham Southdown Bull
For Service.
[illegible]
CHARLES.

Thoroughbred Durham Bull FOR SALE.
Apply to W. H. O'Brien, [illegible]
or address for same, Flesherton P.O.

GO TO
BLACKBURN'S
FOR
FLOUR, FEED, AND
PROVISIONS.
A large stock always on hand. Dealer in
FRESH and CURED MEATS,
NEW LARD, BOLOGNA,
ETC.
BUY YOUR BEES
AT
BLACKBURN'S

This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

—NEW—
SPRING GOODS!
—AT THE—
Central Store,
Priceville.
New Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Ginghams,
New Shirtings,
New Cottonades.
—
BOOTS AND SHOES.
[illegible]
STOCK IS COMPLETE
A Full Supply of Euphrasia grown Timothy and [illegible]
Central Store, Priceville.
A. McCABE.

PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.
A. WATSON!
[illegible] form the public that I can furnish
CAKES AND PIES
To Order.
FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.
[illegible]
DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.
WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty.
A. WATSON
Priceville

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!
MEN PRICES
[illegible]

D. McTavish,
HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT
Manufacturing of Waggons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats etc. Horses [illegible] carefully attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.
Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

Cash.

Oh, cash! thou art a ruling power
A mighty king.
In busy mart at ev'ry hour,
Thy voice doth ring.
In paper green, and yellow gold
Thy cumulative wealth is told
To gain the good, pure souls are sold
For what they bring.

Oh, cash! thou art a bonded slave,
For ... one!
A day of liberty you crave,
When all is done.
At every ... beck and call
Upstairs and down, through crowded hall
What matter, now and then, a fall?
Life's just begun.

But by and by a maiden fair
You'll be, so true,
With ... and golden hair,
And eyes of blue.
And then the man who owns the place
Will bow ... gentle grace
... Cash ... will gaze in your sweet face,
And so will you.

—*Pearl Eytinge in Judge.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:
A NOVEL.

"She is a very striking-looking woman, certainly," said Lady Kingshouse, who herself had her own "cachet"—and knew that she had. "But I don't think Mr. Harford so desperately *epris* as all that."

She did not say what "all that" meant, and no one asked.

"Ah, well, there's no saying! And there are the horses," said Lord Kingshouse, looking at the clock, "just three minutes behind time. I shall speak to Master Figgins and ask what he means by it. He must not grow unpunctual, else he will have to find a new master. Come, Delight, let us be off."

And with a nice little "Good-by, old dear," to his wife, the two left the room, and after a solemn "Behind time, Figgins" to the coachman, were soon cantering briskly along the hard metallic road on their way to the town and the Kingshouse Arms.

How beautiful the way was! The sky was as blue as the blue speedwells of spring, and the hoar frost shone in the sun like so much pencilled fret-work wrought by the Great Artificer who gives the beetle its shining green and the butterfly its softer plumes.

For a moment Lady Elizabeth forgot that other life in which she habitually dwelt—that life of suffering which she soothed of sorrow which she shared. She talked and laughed, and was as radiant as those sun lighted clouds which caught the gleam on their white fleeces, so that they dazzled the eyes which looked at them.

The earl ... in her new mood.

The villagers had time to take note and make their boorish remarks, not ... intended, ... the door of the quaint old-fashioned little inn—that "Kat ... visitor from London ... for ... [illegible]

The three ... town, and ... [illegible] ... her husband, ... the pai... [illegible]

The ride was one of the most ... that ... [illegible]

[illegible]

But when they parted ... road to the town and the other to the Dower House the sun seemed to have suddenly set for Lady Elizabeth, and the blue to have dropped out of the sky. She became pale and silent, and the iridescent fountain sank once more beneath the ... of tenderness through which it had broken.

"Why, Delight, you are quite pale and silent. Are you tired?" asked the earl, as he noticed the sudden drooping and the sudden pallor.

"I think I am a little, dear," was her gentle reply.

"And yet we have not ridden so very far," he said.

"No; but we have ridden fast," she returned.

"And that comes to the same thing?"

"Yes," she said, with more meaning than she knew.

To which he flung back a cheerful word of caress in his "Poor poppet!" half lost in his horse's ringing hoofs as they cantered on to the gates of home.

CHAPTER IX.

RECONNOITRING.

Mrs. Clanricarde was essentially clever. She understood differences and profited by mistakes. Her insight was as discriminating as her touch was delicate, and she neither confounded substances nor confused experiences. To Anthony Harford she adopted a new set of tactics altogether from those she had used with Caleb Stagg. Kind, frank, hospitable, friendly, she was careful not to let the faintest shadow of a second intention appear. She sedulously kept Estelle in the background. She did not speak of her at all, and to her but rarely. She asked nothing of her that should show off her accomplishments; and it was Anthony himself who found out that she could sing sweetly and play divinely, and that her sketches were far beyond amateur average.

Was this the woman who had, as Mrs. Aspline said, flung her daughter at the head of Tom, Dick and Harry?

Anthony's heart rose and sickened as he thought of this calumny, which he tried to banish from his mind and could not. He was too jealous by nature to bear patiently the thought that some one else had filled those sweet eyes with the longing tenderness of love, that any other man had coveted what he desired and meant to make his own, that this pearl of price, this precious treasure of delight, had been mutely offered to any man alive and had been rejected. No, he would not believe this. And all the more would he not, seeing how little the mother now put her forward; and yet he, Anthony Harford, was a better match in all ways as a man and a fortune than either this consumptive artist or this enriched miner!

Always apparently occupied with Mrs. Clanricarde, Anthony used to place himself where he could see Estelle—where he could watch her pose, her hands, her hair, and how she moved, and see her as she was, perfectly natural and unembarrassed. Glad to be left alone, she did not see that she was being watched, and the new man—mother's new craze and favorite—gave her no kind of distress.

Anthony, too, made no mistakes, and did not spoil his chances by precipitation. He showed none of that hunger for an answering love which repels far oftener than it incites.

Speaking one evening of his relations with the Asplines, and how it was that he had come here on that business of the trusteeship, which he had taken over after his father's death, he chanced to mention Thorbergh as the name of the town, the district, where his place was—"Thrift, by Thorbergh," as the postal direction ran.

Mrs. Clanricarde looked up at the name.

"Thorbergh, in Loamshire?" she asked, with keen interest.

"Yes," he answered. "Do you know it?"

"George," said Mrs. Clanricarde, forgetting to answer her guest, "what do you think? Mr. Harford's place is near Thorbergh!"

"Never!" said George, with his fatuous smile. "What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"Where? In what?" asked Anthony, suddenly grave.

"Oh!" laughed Mrs. Clanricarde, "there is no great mystery in it after all. Only at Thorbergh lives a certain Mrs. Latimer, the widow of a cousin of my husband's, on whose death we shall receive a small accession of income. That is all. She must be a very old woman by now—past eighty, George, is she not?—but she lives on as these annuitants always do, and I dare say she has good ten years before her yet."

She laughed again. She did her best to laugh easily and naturally, but the tone was sharp and the effort painful and evident.

"Where does she live?" asked Anthony. "Latimer—I seem to know that name."

"At No. 3, Highstile Lane," said George with the patness of unpleasant perfectness.

"Oh, that's it," returned Anthony. "Highstile Lane belongs to me and she is one of my tenants."

"How very singular!" said Mrs. Clanricarde again; and this time her animation her pleased air was not forced. It was a link. And when one is in want of a chain, any link is better than none.

"I will go and look after her for you," said Anthony, who also was glad of that link, slender as it was. "Shall I call on her when I go back to Thrift and report on her condition?"

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Clanricarde.

"It will be a satisfaction," chimed in her husband.

"It certainly will," ... looking at Estelle ... [illegible]

[illegible]

... to a ... woman ... be ... said Estelle ... Say, Miss Clanricarde, is that the right thing to do?"

"What ...?" asked Estelle, waking from a kind of dream.

"Is it right to speak as we think?" Anthony asked again.

"Surely!" said Estelle. Then with a rapid glance at her mother she qualified her bolder assertion with a more cautious "At least I suppose so—sometimes."

Like all timid people, she was afraid of sudden question.

"I wonder if we do—any of us?" said Mrs. Clanricarde, with her philosophizing air very charming and very false.

"As much as we can, I reckon," said Anthony, but his philosophy smacked of the backwoods not of the drawing room. "It would be rather hot if we said all we thought at all times. We'd raise Cain, and that's a fact!"

"Discretion is sometimes the better part of valor," said that foolish George, a little wide of the immediate point, as he always was.

"And we have good breeding to consider," put in Mrs. Clanricarde, always mildly philosophical.

"And the policy of waiting," said Anthony, with a sudden gleam in his eyes that made the watching mother's heart leap for joy at the meaning of its light.

"Yes, waiting," she said, quietly. "'All comes to him who knows how to wait.' That is a French proverb, and a true one."

"All?" asked Anthony, with emphasis.

"All," she repeated, also with emphasis.

Estelle looked at her mother. And Anthony caught that swift flash to-night as her mother had caught it then. It stirred him with a sudden movement of jealousy and suspicion.

"Then, you think, too, that all comes to him who knows how to wait?" he asked, speaking to Estelle with a strange little touch of sternness in his voice.

"I do not know. It is to be hoped it does," she replied, not raising her eyes. "Now, dear," she added suddenly to her father; "you have spoiled the game. You cannot do it if you put the king of clubs there over the queen of spades."

"I will try. I think I can work it," said that foolish George, who at "patience," as with his investments, could never see an inch before him, and who always thought that he could work the most impossible combinations.

"The game is lost!" said Estelle, with a sigh.

The king of hearts was hemmed in so as to be useless, and the queen of spades could not be moved because of the king of clubs, which blocked her in. And that fierce, square shouldered Bluebeard of the pack suddenly looked to Estelle like Anthony Harford.

"Shall I try to straighten it out?" asked Anthony, coming to the table.

"You cannot," said Estelle, rising and leaving it.

"Do you play this game?" asked Mr. Clanricarde, still fingering the cards and trying to remove the immovable block.

"Oh, I play pretty nigh every game in the pack," said Anthony; "but these one-handed concerns are beyond me. And I do not think I should care for them."

"They are very interesting when you know them," said Mr. Clanricarde.

"I prefer an antagonist," said Anthony.

"You have an antagonist," returned the other. "Fortune, and your own want of skill and foresight."

Anthony laughed.

"My own want of skill and foresight!" he said. "I don't own up to that! I'll play with my skill and foresight against fortune or any other odds you like. But want of skill! I reckon that's not in the schedule!"

"Take care; pride goes before a fall," said that foolish George, in exactly the same words as Mrs. Aspline had used.

Anthony tossed up his head like a horse unduly checked.

"I'll follow my pride and risk the fall," he said, with a certain outburst of temper that made Mrs. Clanricarde say to herself: "That man wants careful handling. He will stand no nonsense." Soon after this Anthony took his leave, and went back to the Kingshouse Arms as if possessed by seven devils—he did not clearly know why.

CHAPTER X.

"I AT STAKE."

Let those who can explain this seeming contradiction. The longer Anthony Harford remained at Kingshouse the stronger grew his passion for Estelle and the farther off he seemed from its expression. She had the strangest power of chilling him, so that he could not speak to her tenderly, nor even look at her with that unmistakable meaning which love thinks so much golden light into a man's eyes.

This fierce turmoil in Anthony's heart began to show itself in his looks.

"If I could love Lady Elizabeth!" he often thought "she would have been the fit wife for me that other had not bewitched me. If I could love her! But it is too late now. The die is cast. I will hold Estelle in my arms as my wife, or I will kill her first, then myself!"

Meanwhile Estelle held fast by her faith in Charlie, and, without one covert look or word that her mother could take hold of, spread that spell over Anthony which froze him into silence and reduced him to that state which was like to a geyser under a glacier. She knew that if things should come to an open declaration they would not be so easily managed as with poor Caleb.

Just at this juncture Charlie Osborne suddenly ceased to write to her. She ... nothing of him and knew nothing of him. His last letter had been from Yokohama, when he said to her that he ... up at the stars and thought of her ... more beautiful ... in the sky. After that ... [illegible]

[illegible]

... But the latter ... was in good hands, and would be well looked after, and his friends at Kingshouse ... He himself had desired this letter to be written to Mrs. Clanricarde, who was adjured to break the news gently to Estelle, and to be good to his darling—always his one adored and faithfully beloved!

Here, then, was a loophole, for which Mrs. Clanricarde was sorrowfully grateful. Of course she was sorry. You cannot hear of the dangerous illness of a handsome young creature you have known all his life and not be moved in that part of your nature which goes by the name of bowels of compassion. She told her the sad news with really admirable softness of manner and undeclared, but implied, sympathy. And she did not fall foul of the headache which kept the poor girl invisible in the afternoon when Anthony Harford called and sent her to bed before her usual time to make that headache decidedly worse by weeping.

Unable to see Estelle Anthony rode off to the Dower House for Lady Elizabeth, and was comforted to find that she was at home. How deeply he revered her! how tenderly he admired her!

"You are scarce like a woman to me," he said to her to-day. "You are like one of those beautiful pagan goddesses run into the mould of an English young lady!"

She laughed a little shyly and colored with embarrassment and pleasure combined.

"The old goddesses were rather vague and vapory creatures," she said, speaking in the air, as people do who have to say something when their breast is throbbing, and their brain confused in consequence.

"I know some like to them," Anthony thinking of Estelle, "as vague, as vapory, as unattainable."

"Short of crying for the moon, what is unattainable?" she asked, thinking neither of Estelle nor of herself.

"Should be to a man, nothing," said Anthony. "In active life there would be nothing if he were strong and knew his alphabet. But when you come to say—and how she is to be approached, and how she is to be won—the scene changes, and what he has learned in the camp doesn't quite ... ve him in the drawing-room."

"It depends on the woman," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Do you believe in magic?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she answered. "Surely not! Do you?"

"I don't quite know," he answered. "A month or so ago I would have shouted 'No' with the loudest; but now—I scarce know what to think."

There was a pause. Then Lady Elizabeth said, in rather a low voice: "I don't quite know to what you are alluding, so I cannot really answer you. I cannot touch your point."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he answered, with a strange commingling of carelessness and desperation. "But I feel as if a spell had been cast over me somehow. To try and not succeed—to be dumb when you wish to speak—to be unable even to show what is in your heart and mind—to feel baffled and prevented and off the trail altogether—what is that, Lady Elizabeth? Seems to me like magic, somehow, to a man like myself who never shirked a danger, and never funked it when it came!"

"But are you in that state?" she asked raising her eyes in wonder.

Conscious of the broad sympathies between them she could not take this to herself. It was a state touching some one else—something that she did not know.

"Yes," he said, a little sullenly.

Again there was silence so dead that it seemed as if the very air was frozen and could not be moved.

"I should not think you could be baffled in anything, if you once fully determined to succeed," she then said, speaking with the effort of one lifting a heavy weight breaking through a strong enclosure.

His face brightened.

"You think not?" he said.

"No," she answered.

"And you advise me to perserve—to overcome the spell—to be master of myself and of fate?"

She turned as pale as the linen strip about her throat. She was conscious that she was looking into unknown depths and standing on the brink of an unfathomed pool.

"Yes," she said. "Persevere."

He got up and took both her hands in both of his.

"I will remember your advice," he said, pressing them hard while his eyes looked down into her face with unutterable tenderness unspeakable gladness. "If I come to my happiness, it will be through you and ..."

How he loved and reverenced this fair and saintly counseller at this moment! How deeply he loved her! She felt his tenderness, his love, as it might have been the sudden effulgence of the sun, and all her heart went out to him, as a flower that opened to the light.

"Now you know my secret," he said, "and now you can judge what I feel—and feel for me. And you will know what I owe to you when the time comes!"

He drew her hands up to his breast and kissed them with the most loving, the most reverent tenderness. But for her habit of self control she would have flung herself into his arms to have offered him of her own free-will more than he had claimed. But she remembered in good time that he had not said the one decisive irretrievable word, and she refrained.

"If I win her," he said again, "it will be thanks to you who have heartened me. Estelle—almost sister now, you will be my true sister then, and our happiness will be yours. God bless you, best and dearest of friends! You do not know what you have done for me!"

For a moment the earth reeled under Lady Elizabeth's feet, and she knew nothing of time or space itself save the one ... of pain. Then, with a supreme effort—the effort of a martyr at the stake who prays and does not cry—she said, in a strange and level voice: "I am glad."

And ...

CHAPTER XI.

[illegible]

... Anthony Harford ... [illegible]

... and ... when one ... as were ... at this ... as equal to ... no black ... no drought ma... itself felt.

Mrs. Latimer was the widow of a cousin of Mr. Clanricarde's who had died about ten years ago, leaving only his relict to enjoy for her lifetime—but no children to divide his modest fortune after her death. When, however, Cousin Latimer, then quite an elderly man, chose to marry a certain Miss Stone, of whom no one had ever heard—of whose birth, parentage, education, and antecedents nothing whatever was known—then, mainly owing to the intervention of Clanricarde, who resented this introduction of a stranger, with possible infants to follow—as a wrong done to poor George's expectations, there had been but little intercourse between the former friends and chums.

There was one slight link between the houses, but it was a very slight one. It was simply this: A Kingshouse woman, one Mary Crosby, who had been Charlie Osborne's nurse, and who had lived with the vicar's family till Mr. Osborne died, was now Mrs. Latimer's servant. She had first nursed Mr. Latimer on his death bed, and had continued in her place as his widow's attendant. After the old gentleman's death her own mother, also a widow, had removed to London from Kingshouse to be near her daughter. And with this ended the Crosby relations with their old home. No one ever heard of them again, save that Mrs. Crosby was dead, and that Mary still went on taking care of the old lady.

Meanwhile, about ten or eleven years ago—just after Mrs. Crosby died—the old lady left London, and took a house on the outskirts of the village of Thorbergh—that village where Thrift was one of the gentlemen's houses which enabled the scanty trade to live. One of Anthony Harford's tenants, she was also one of his most satisfactory—paying her rent with praiseworthy punctuality, never asking for a set-off on account of repairs, never asking for something to be done to the drains, for new kitchen range, nor for another kind of cistern—seeming to desire nothing so much as peace and the absence of all causes for contention.

She kept only this one servant, Mary, and she wanted none other, she said.

"I'm always glad, Mary, when quarter day has come and gone," said the old lady one day to her servant, after the usual formalities had been gone through—when Mr. Trotter had come to duly examine and report on the continued existence of Mrs. Mary Latimer, relict of Andrew Latimer, gentleman, late of Harley street, London, and now of No. 3 Highstile Lane, Thorbergh, and had found her of sound mind and body, and fit and proper recipient of that trimestral two hundred pounds.

"Hoot!" said Mary. "There's no occasion. Everything is just as it should be, and nobody's a penny the wiser."

(To be Continued.)

BRUTE HUMANITY.

Once in the city of Vienna there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unclaimed or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for this purpose, and they generally carried a short stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill, or maim it mortally at one blow.

It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's Brucke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into the river. The poor animal, following his instinct, or his teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains.

Which was the brute?

There are men in whom is no spark of gratitude or generosity. There are others who appreciate benefits received and are happy in making grateful acknowledgment.

Rev. J. W. Askeman, one of the most eloquent divines of Detroit, Mich., writes March 3rd, 1889: "In 1884 I visited Chatham, Ont., to lecture and preach. I was in agonizing pain the result of kidney disorder, and unable to dine with my host. I explained to Judge Woods what was the matter. He asked me if I was too prejudiced by my medical education to try Warner's Safe Cure, adding: 'Although I have never tried it, I can take you to a gentleman whom it has helped wonderfully.'

"I used 2... bottles of Warner's Safe Cure and was in better health than for twenty-five years. I have everything to lose and nothing to gain by making this statement, save the approval of a good conscience."

There are tens of thousands of people in this country who have gained the approval of a good conscience in a like manner, and are not too bigoted to do good.

IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE.

The Man Who is So Imagines Himself to be Lucky.

There is no mistaking the man, says the Cleveland Leader, who is in love with his wife. He imagines himself the luckiest man on earth, and his little wife is just enough a genius to keep that belief strengthened. Love is the essence of life, and there is no love like that which endures through all the trials and tribulations of wedded life and is still strong and faithful as each life nears its close. Nowadays a man expects his wife to be something more than a good housekeeper or a faithful attendant upon his missing shirt buttons. He wants to find in her a companion—one with whom he can talk and exchange ideas, who sympathizes with him, and who strives to be deemed worthy of his every confidence. Such a wife seldom fails in keeping her husband's affection and respect. She is alive to all his virtues and faults, but she does not ignore the former entirely and regale him only with a long list of his faults.

If there is one thing more than another ... happiness and peace of mind it is the never varying ... of a ... wife. Be very appreciative ... and a little blind to his failings, that is the best ... Credit a man with more virtues than he possesses ... to be just as good as ... [illegible] ... the woman ... severely in her attire and respect is the corner stone of true love. No one ... to be viewed in the light of a neglected wife but in many cases the wife is more or less to blame for being so neglected.

No Faces at the Windows.

New Yorkers never sit in their windows to enjoy the entertainment furnished by the procession of people and vehicles, writes a New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Republic*. I don't believe I have seen a genuinely fashionable New York man or woman looking out of a window of their own houses in years. It is an unspoken and unwritten law that you shall keep out of sight, and shroud the interior of your houses with layer on layer of lace curtains oftentimes with as many as four different sets of them at each window. The only time a man is privileged to watch the promenaders is at his club, and there many of them do it with a vengeance. A woman never looks into the street from her house. You may walk down Fifth avenue at any time of day, and under no circumstances, unless a military parade was in progress, would you see any woman of that house other than the servants. I presume I have passed by the houses of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Goelets and Goulds hundreds of times during recent years, and not a sign of life have I seen beside that contributed by the menials. The custom is doubtless founded upon common sense, because by sitting in windows people become conspicuous, and the alleged intention of "good form" is to remain screened from the vulgar scrutiny of the public. But it is well enough to set down this particular feature of our advanced condition of civilization, because, if I am not mistaken, the enjoyable habit of sitting in windows is practised in most other cities. Of course, we lose a vast amount of entertainment by foregoing the habit, for a study of human nature as you find it on the street is educating and charming. But here we are, for the sake of that severe grandame Good Form, veiling the sun and our fellow-creatures from our fashionable gazes by these very stunning sets of expensive curtains. It is like a theatre with the drop always obscuring the pictures behind it.

President Harrison does not kiss babies not belonging to his own family. When at his public receptions a chubby child is held up to him by a proud mother he simply pats the youngster's head, smiles and if he likes the looks of the babe, may even say, "Ah, goo!" This is very different from Mr. Cleveland's practice. He always kissed the baby.

A New York man was so disagreeably persistent in pressing his suit with a widow that she was compelled to have him arrested and he was fined $10. He paid the fine and went directly to her house to renew his plea. She had him again arrested, and when asked if he would promise to stay away from her he said that he could not, as he loved her too much. So he went to the island for 30 days. Two to one he will marry her when he gets out.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Feminine Fashions and Fancies Abloom in the Spring.

A GIRL'S ELECTRICITY.

Hints [illegible] Pretty [illegible] and [illegible]

Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.

Finishing Touches.

Knife plaited st a muslin in white cream and the dark colors, old blue, rosewood or bright scarlet, is sold by the yard to add as a turned over frill to the neck and sleeves of dress waists, also to form the large jabot or cravat now in vogue down the upper part of the front of the dress.

Crimping instead of fluting, is used by French modistes for the frills on dresses that have accordion plaited skirts.

Shirred ribbon passed around the neck outside the collar of the dress gives a pretty finish to a plain gown, and is a good plan for renewing or concealing a partly worn collar. For this purpose take gros grain ribbon two and a half inches wide the color of the dress or of its trimming then put seven rows of gathers very near together along the middle, leaving a little ruffle at top and bottom. Have this collar lapped to the left side and fastened with a small bow. Ribbon with a satin edge or corded edge is most used. Waistcoats can be made the same way.

An economical and dressy way of using ribbons inside the neck of the dress is to get gros grain ribbon that is only half an inch wide and gathering its lowest edge, sew it just inside the dress collar, having scarcely more than a fourth of an inch showing above the edge; this should be very full to look well, and at each end is left a piece of the ribbon, four or five inches long, to be tied in a small bow just in front.

A Girl's Sad Experience with Electricity.

The *Hair Dresser* prints the following: "I read," said a bright young married woman, "that there is now a way of removing hair from a woman's lip by the use of electricity. That is not new, and I want to sound a note of warning to any woman who may be tempted to use it. I have a very dear friend who was a classmate of mine in college. She was a real pretty girl but she was greatly annoyed at the fact that a few hairs were growing on her chin and upper lip. They really did not look bad, more like the down of a beautiful peach than anything else, but they were eyesores to her. She tried everything to get rid of them, and finally was persuaded to try electricity. An experienced physician performed the operation, and left her face as smooth as a billiard ball. Six weeks later the hairs returned, greatly increased in size and several shades darker. This time they really did look bad, and the poor girl was almost wild. She has never been able to do anything with them since, and unless she clips them every day—a very tiresome operation—her face looks as though she were really growing a beard. The best way for a woman is to leave her face alone. She only spoils it by tampering."

In Myrtle-Green Velvet.

At a London wedding a few days ago the Princess of Wales wore a costume of dark myrtle green velvet almost black, with a silk bonnet of the same hue relieved with a little white. The three young Princesses were attired in gowns of dull pink silk, with hats [illegible] and short jackets of drab homespun cloth.

Checking Babies at Balls

is the latest wrinkle, says the Buffalo, N. Y. [illegible]. At a ball given in that city recently a woman became tired of carrying her little one about in her arms. She took the child to the hat room and put it in a box. The little sleeper was then duly checked, the mother paying 10 cents for the privilege. "I'll keep the baby here till it wakes up, but you must come and get it when it begins to cry," said the man in charge of the hat-room. "All right," replied the mother, and away she went to the ball room, where she enjoyed two hours' recreation. At the end of that time the mother was called out of a set to take care of the baby.

Hardly the Correct Thing.

The list of words, phrases and expressions to be avoided by young ladies of good breeding includes the following:

"I guess so," for I suppose so, or I think so.

"Fix things," for arrange things, or prepare things.

The use of "ride" and "drive" interchangeably.

"Real good" or "real nice" for very good or really nice.

"I have studied some," for studied somewhat, or "I have not studied any" for not studied at all.

"Not as I know," for not that I know.

"Try and experiment," for make an experiment.

"Had rather" for would rather, and "had better," for would better.

"Right away," for immediately or now.

"Well posted," for well informed.

"Try and do," for try to do, or "try and go," for try to go.

"It looks good enough" for it looks well enough, or "does it look good enough," for does it look well enough.

"Somebody else's," for somebody's else.

Refurnishing a Parlor.

Stain your floor a dark walnut, counsels the "Art Amateur," and get a rug of mixed colors of whatever material you can afford. Those of American make imitating Persian rugs are good and will not cost more than, if as much as, a Brussels carpet. Paper the walls with a medium shade of olive green, with small pattern of a darker shade of the same color. This will harmonize with the woodwork. Your walls are too low for a frieze, but you might have a simple border of a lighter color than the field. In your windows have sash curtains of India or Persian silk of a soft shade of yellow and long curtains of Madras muslin with a very light olive-greenish tone.

Your corner shelf may be ebonized as you suggest, with the addition of a curtain of Persian silk running on a narrow brass rod, matching the sash curtains. A Turcoman striped portiere would do very well if judiciously selected. Try and get one with olive ground and stripes of deep blue, red, old gold and white, with perhaps a thread of gold running through. Throw an afghan of harmonizing colors over your unsightly sofa, if you cannot make up your mind to remove it from the room. Cover the rush bottomed arm-chair with the rich dark stuff resembling old tapestry, which comes in quaint designs; this is better than the spun silk you suggested. Cover the small chair with "old gold" plush and ebonize the frame. Do not think of such a thing as painting your "ginger jar." Leave it as it is. Put a few peacock feathers in it and stand it on your corner shelf.

A Climax at a Wedding.

The climax of a Hebrew wedding is the breaking of a wineglass, which the bridegroom crushes under his feet.

Mme. Bonanza's $50,000 Gown.

The monde which last year swore that Mrs. Mackay was papering the smoking-room of her "hotel" with bank notes will no doubt find the bit of gossip very probable that she is awaiting the arrival from Paris of a gown which is embroidered all over with real pearls, and for which she has agreed to pay $50,000.

A Hint for Earnest Women.

Women who want to do real, earnest work in the world should regard a pleasant exterior as part of their equipment. They should put themselves in the hands of a clever milliner who will dress them well without their having to devote either time or attention to a subject so frivolous in itself but so important in its results. M. Renan says, in his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse," as I see quoted in my Figaro, "that talent, genius and virtue are nothing compared with beauty." The French idea again, you see, and by no means an exalted one, but it has its grain of truth.

Lessons of Experience.

Canadian Girl (abroad)—Father, I have a chance to marry a title.

Wise Father—Humph! I think, my dear, it will be cheaper to buy one.

The Latest Table Decoration.

Charlie has just been telling me about a new and very pretty table decoration that he saw at a dinner at the Hotel Victoria, in Northumberland avenue, New York, last Thursday. It was a long oval table, with a large tank sunk in the centre, nearly filled with water, in which goldfish swam and lilies floated. In this miniature lake were three tiny islands of flowers, from each of which rose a fountain, the whole illuminated by electric light. All round the edge was a border of moss and flowers, the blossoms being chiefly white. A similar, but smaller, lake was arranged at either end of the table, but in these there were no fish, only arum lilies and bulrushes springing from the water. It must have been pretty, I think.

Feminine Odds and Ends.

A kissing school is the very latest Parisian development.

Mrs. Cleveland's pictures still outsell Mrs. Harrison's.

[illegible] are now made with pockets of the parasols for [illegible].

Statistics show that in New England seven out of ten [illegible] within two years.

The list of [illegible] may [illegible] flowers without committing a breach of [illegible].

Miss Redmond, the sculptress, who has just been commissioned to make a bust of Mr. Gladstone, is an Irish girl.

[illegible] again [illegible] for amateur [illegible].

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the authoress, is an Irish lady between 60 and 70. She [illegible] upon an average [illegible].

Jenny Lind [illegible] a tramp [illegible] bed on Friday night. But it was Mrs. Lind of New York. The real Jenny is dead.

The finest single sapphire in this country is owned by Mrs. William Astor, and her necklace of emeralds and diamonds is among the costliest jewels in America.

At the birthday reception in Schloss at Berlin last week the Empress wore a dress of lilac satin embroidered with silver, with a superb train of velvet trimmed with ermine.

Brooklyn temperance women support a coffee booth which stands in front of the open plaza before the City Hall, where for 5 cents a hungry person can get hot coffee and a slice of bread.

Hats for ladies are broader-brimmed than ever, with the very low crown wreathed round with feathers. The latest model is the Romeo, slightly raised at the side with a bow of velvet ribbon.

The fashionable "accordion" dress may well be called a new wrinkle. It is all wrinkled from waist to hem, like the folds of an accordion. The effect is odd and rather pretty, but its cheapness may antagonize its popularity.

At a Kansas wedding the other day the bride's father gave the happy couple a cheque for $150. The urbane bridegroom raised the cheque to $1,500 and started off on a solitary wedding tour. Another case of "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Ladies, it would seem, no longer dye their hair. O, dear no! They never think of doing anything so crude as that. What they do now, if you please, when they wish to give to their locks that bright golden or bronzy tint which is so fashionable, is to "oxidize it."

Mrs. Munemitsu Mutsu, the wife of the Japanese Minister to Washington, is one of the most richly and expensively dressed ladies in Washington. Many of her dresses are made by Worth, but she is so diminutive that it is jokingly said that she pays only half price for her gowns.

Lady Harberton, the English champion of the "divided skirt," is described as plain, almost masculine in form and feature, while her simple and natural dignity of manner bespeaks the lady genuine and refined throughout. A draped overskirt falling to the knees conceals from the casual observer the peculiar feature of her dress.

For a second marriage 'tis no longer regarded as a crime or heresy to don snow white bridal garments, says a fashion writer in the New York World. Velvet was the widow's first move that has slowly become white silk. Orange blossoms are attempted by only the audacious, while the veil is an unsettled problem. Although the process may be slow it is quite sure, and in the course of time one may celebrate a second ceremony with as much pomp and circumstance as the first.

FULLY ANSWERED.

"Subscriber's" Query Causes Comment.

As our readers will remember, a letter was published in a our columns a few days ago signed "Subscriber," which dwelt at some length upon a subject of general interest and which contained several inquiries which will be found answered in the following:

To the Editor:—Several days ago I noticed a communication in your paper from "Subscriber," in which considerable comment was indulged in concerning the pamphlets which are widely distributed by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y. These pamphlets are published in order that the public may become conversant with the symptoms and growth of disease peculiar to the kidneys, and which is, it must be admitted, the productive cause in a majority of instances of other dreaded disorders. The publishers of these pamphlets are also the discoverers and manufacturers of the noted Warner's Safe Cure, which is known to be the only means for the prevention and cure of kidney disease, as can be testified to in every community. In the pamphlets referred to there appear a number of testimonials from parties who stead [illegible] have been restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure after having been given up by doctors to die, and attached to these statements are the fac-simile signatures of the parties themselves.

I am personally aware that all the testimonials published by this firm are genuine and are the voluntary statements of persons who are anxious to manifest their gratitude for the unexpected return of health and vigor which Warner's Safe Cure has brought them. To make assurance doubly sure it can be added that Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. have for years published a standing offer of $1,000 to any one who will prove to an impartial referee that any testimonial published by them is not so far as they know [illegible] absolutely true. What more does "Subscriber" desire to convince him [illegible] his own statement, that his neighbors all tell him that Warner's Safe Cure has done more good for them than they have received from the doctors.

In view, Mr. Editor, of the many persons who are sacrificed daily to the bigotry and ignorance of physicians who persist in treating patients for symptoms called consumption, apoplexy, brain troubles and nervous disorders, when the real cause is disease of the kidneys—which should be detected and quickly eradicated by the use of Warner's Safe Cure—I maintain that the value of these pamphlets which place in the hands of the public the means of knowing the truth cannot be overestimated.

[illegible]

A [illegible]

A Jackson, Mich., dispatch says: Mrs. [illegible] Brooks, great [illegible] has been several [illegible] hundreds of patrons [illegible] and [illegible] Mrs. G. M. Starr [illegible]

[illegible]

large sheet of [illegible] underneath which was a sheet of white paper. [illegible] the letters [illegible] were [illegible] the paper [illegible] answered by [illegible] knowledge her guilt and hastily packed up and departed for Detroit.

Ambition's Goal.

City Business Man—At last I am rich enough to retire from business.

Friend—What are you going to do?

I am going to buy the old farm that I ran away from and live on it.

During the United States civil war 267 Union soldiers were executed for desertion.

It is estimated that the damage caused to rolling stock by the late collision on the Intercolonial Railway will amount to $25,000.

It is estimated that nine tenths of the travel done is for the pleasure of people. Business necessity comes next and urgent demand as in case of illness and so on comes next. In other words, men and women, of whatever status and occupation in life, gladly embrace a holiday chance for change.

On Saturday morning A. R. Seamans, a telegraph operator at Sharbot Lake, went to Kingston, and left for Rockport to spend a holiday. He left the G. T. R. express at Lansdowne. While walking on the track a train coming around a curve struck him, mutilating his body, from the effects of which he died several hours afterwards. Deceased was 27 years of age and unmarried.

Experiments for the cure of consumption has attracted much attention of late years, either for generating ozone for inhalation or for its influence on the vaso-motors as a current, or as static electricity in baths. Dr. Libermann, of Strasburg, employs the continuous current, his view being that pulmonary phthisis is due to a lesion of the pneumogastric nerves, caused by a cold in predisposed subjects. According to Dr. Libermann, the first stage of the disease, that of congestion of the pneumogastrics, is always accompanied by paralysis of one or both vocal cords. In the second period miliary granulations appear in the larynx, lungs and elsewhere. With the third stage, that of proliferation of the connective tissue of the affected nerves, come dyspnœa and hæmoptysis. The last stage of phthisis corresponds to the destruction of the myeline from fatty degeneration. Dr. Libermann denies the specificity of the bacillus, which he says may be found in simple bronchitis and catarrh pneumonia.

FIGHTING WOMEN.

Heroines Who Went to the Wars with Their Liege Lords.

In wartime times, when battle was the business of life and victory over a foe the highest honor that could be had, when home in the true sense there was none and when castles were less houses for pleasant living than strongholds to shelter raiders and resist assault, women were as heroic as their age. If they were not so accurate in their aim as the archers, of whom it is said every English bowman bore under his girdle twenty-four Scots, they knew how to man the ramparts and defend the bridges as well as their lords themselves. Womanliness in the bower, dignity in the hall, courage in the castle—that was the whole duty of these noble women of a rude but manly age, and to their example, their influence and their shaping power as mothers England owes much of her greatness and half of her strength. Letting Boadicea pass as an example of [illegible]

Dame Nicola de Camville an early specimen of the warlike political woman. She held the [illegible] famous war with [illegible] afterwards [illegible] the [illegible] house of [illegible] was so ardently beloved by [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] Black Agnes [illegible] Margaret [illegible] adopted [illegible] by her courage and [illegible] Master [illegible] Newark [illegible] arms had in his arm [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] venture of their [illegible] And at the end of the last [illegible] the beginning of this [illegible] in the army [illegible] as [illegible]

[illegible] the head of her [illegible] she was [illegible] put in green trappings trimmed [illegible] Her hair was tied behind in [illegible] and [illegible] feathers [illegible] she was [illegible]

How He Caught an Ow[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] W[illegible]

[illegible] starting in a Bishop that I cannot but thinking there must be some other motive behind. Is His Lordship of Gibraltar afraid that the [illegible] of Morocco [illegible] for a vacant [illegible]

New Turn to the "Sister" Joke.

Ned—So she said she would be a sister to you, Jack. Yes, Ned. What did you say to that? Jack—I told her we would compromise on aunt. I was too young to be her brother.

Dr. Wm. R[illegible], Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester, Eng., in writing of Bright's disease, says: "The blood becomes speedily deteriorated by the unnatural drain through the kidneys. It becomes more watery and poorer in albumen while urea, uric acid and the extractives are unduly accumulated in it." Warner's Safe Cure will restore the kidneys to a healthy condition and purify the blood.

[illegible] place, the [illegible] house which Charles Dickens bought about thirty years ago, and in which he died a dozen years later, is said to be now on the market.

In the southern portion of New Hampshire, where a year ago there were two feet of snow on the ground, farmers are planting peas and getting ready for spring work generally.

One of the difficulties which have stood in the way of the substitution of paper pulp for wood in the manufacture of pencils has been the toughness of the paper covering, and its consequent resistance to the action of a knife. By a new process which has recently been patented the molecular cohesion of the paper is modified in such a manner that it can be cut as easily as cedar wood. The paper is first of all made into tubes, and a quantity of them are placed in a frame at the lower end of a cylinder. The substance which is to be used as a marking material is placed in the cylinder while in a plastic condition, and sufficient pressure is then applied to force it into the hollow centres of the paper tubes. After the completion of the process the pencils are gradually dried at increasing temperatures during a period of six days and they are then plunged into a vessel of molten paraffin wax, which has the effect of modifying the texture of the paper pulp in the manner described.

True to Brother Spear.

[illegible] Brother Spear [illegible] Dear [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] have [illegible] rates for [illegible] special [illegible] as [illegible] reporters [illegible] House of Parliament at [illegible] the Prime Minister [illegible] the Cabinet had decided that the King was incapacitated for carrying on the Government and communicated [illegible] to the State Council. The deliberation of the [illegible] matter is now awaited.

It is [illegible] an old man who was somewhat famous for his eccentricities, had fallen asleep while the minister was preaching. He suddenly awoke in the middle of the sermon in a bewildered state, and putting his hand up to his head [illegible] he was at home in bed [illegible] astonishment [illegible]

[illegible] writes a [illegible] that it is best to keep all oils or grease from the hair. Don't let barbers oil it. I find wetting with water best. At least once a week rub the yolk of an egg, or half of it, well into the hair and scalp, and rinse off thoroughly with tepid water. It will promote growth and color, probably largely due to the sulphur in the egg. This course has started a new growth of hair with me, not very thick, but better than none at all.

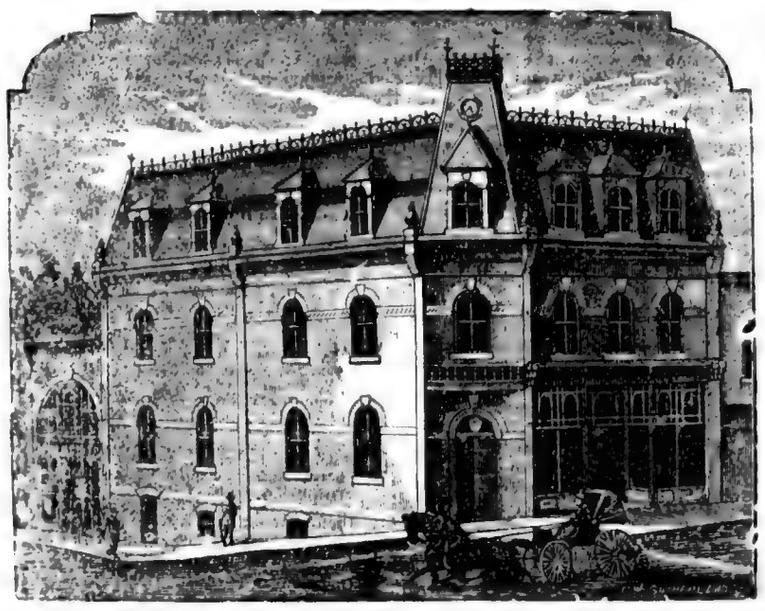

M. Richardson & Co.

are opening up this week their extensive purchases of

SPRING DRY GOODS

and will be prepared to show their numerous customers a very choice selection of seasonable goods, comprising novelties in both colors, styles and materials.

Having had a most successful clearing sale their stock this season is almost entirely new. It has been carefully and closely bought, their foreign manufactured goods being imported direct from place of production and Canadian goods contracted for at the manufactories before the recent advance in prices.

Grand Millinery Opening

on Monday the first day of April, on which occasion Miss Maud Richardson will be pleased to see as may of her lady friends and patrons as can make it convenent to come and see her choice stock of Millinery and trimmings. An inspection of goods and prices will evidence our determination to give customers all the advantages that long experience and close and careful buying can give.

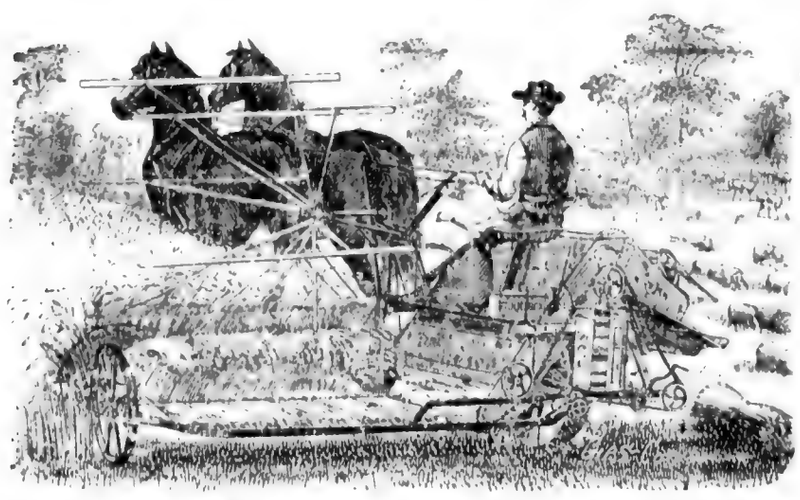

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to
1st Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others
2nd Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of those two facts
1st "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada
2nd "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than a ny other machines in Canada
Therefore, 1st Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HRROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

Owen Sound has formed a company to build a street railway.

Stayner has an infanticide case. The guilty parties are not known.

Mr. Forest owns a young lady named Booze. A villainous punster remarked that Mr.— was gone on a "booze."

The editor of the Paisley Advocate has bought a gun. He intends going out collecting next week.—[Bruce Herald.

The Stayner Sun has chaged hands, Mr. Jewell, a former owner of the paper, having purchased from Mr. Neelands.

A young man named Joseph Hutt, 23 years of age, committed suicide in Meaford last week by drowning himself.

Mr. Jas. Cruickshank, of Keepel, has a ewe that gave birth to two lambs on the 26th of March, and the day following had three more; five in all.

Thieves attempted to steal a barrel of fish from the store of Mr. Burnett in Durham, but found they were fishing in the wrong stream and dropped it.

The Chronicle is afraid that Durham and vicinity will be depleted of young people, and "none but the old folks will be left at home," emigration to the Northwest from that quarter is so great.

An old gentleman named Hopps, one of the first settlers in Bentinck, paid a visit lately to the old home, in England. He died there on the 10th ult. and was buried in the burial groud near the home of his childhood.

Mr. Morgan, M.A., has a good deal to answer for. He is actually training the young lady members of the High school literary society to make speeches. Heaven protect their prospective husbands!—[Bruce Herald.

A son of Mr. Phillips, of the Dromore Creamery, had all the fingers of his right hand cut off last Saturday while running a cutting box. Drs. Brown and McKenzie found it necessary to amputate the hand at the wrist.—[Durham Chronicle

Mr H.W. Bell, general agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Co., is said to have received the following letter from a colored widow of Owen Sound: Deer Mr. Bel, My husban's ded an wont pay enoy moron that machine. He doan want it, and wont use it enny mor, come an tayke it away. Yours truly, Lizzie Johnstone.

About ten days ago a young man called on several of our citizens wanting to repair their wringers. If the wringer needed repairing he took it away promising to return it as soon as finished. In that way he securred a large number of the instruments, how many we cannot say. Both the young man and the wringers have been missing ever since, and it is supposed he has taken them to Toronto or some other place and sold them.—[Orangeville Advartiser.

On Fridaylast the house of Mr. John Staples, on the 2nd con. Glenelg about two miles from Durham was discovered to be on fire in the roof. Part of the contents were removed but the house and considerable bedding, etc. was destroyed. The fire probably started from the stove-pipe or chimney. The house was a log one, and not worth more than $200 but the inconvience and contents are a more serious loss to Mr. Staples. The house was insured for $100 and there was also $50 on the contents. The neighbors kindly provided Mr. Staples and family with shelter in the mean time. Mr Staples will rebuild as soon as the spring opens. [Review.

Some two years ago an unfortunate young man died in Wiarton of Smallpox and his death caused a scare among the inhabitants so much so that a great difficulty arose in obtaining a place of burial for him. He was ultimately, by the order of certain members of the board of health, buried in a vacant lot within a distance of sixty feet of a house owned by Mrs. Smith. In consequence of the proximity of the grave, Mrs. Smith's Tenant left the house, and she was unable to get any person to take the tenant's place. Mrs. Smith thereupon brought an action against the village of Wiarton, claiming that the board of Health was the servant of the Corporation and that the Corporation was therefore liable for its acts. The case was tried at Walkerton Fall Assizes and was argued in Toronto last Saturday by John Creasor, Q.C., for Mrs. Smith, and Mr. H. P. O'Connor for the village of Wiraton before Mr. Justice Falconbridge, who gave judgement in favor of the village dismissing the action with costs.—Walkerton Telescope.

My son, don't you go and imagine that the editorial sanctum is full of roses and sweet-scented geraniums, and have your soul fired with a wild hankering after journalistic bliss, so called. Don't you do it young rapscallion, we'll tell your dad to wallop you within an inch of your life. Do you want to put in about 375 days work every twelve months and get 40 days' salary therefore? Do you want to send your "valuable journal" 10 years to some mugwump and at the end of that time have it returned with "don't want it any longer" written across the corner, and next week hear that the said personage "skipped" for the U.S. without paying your "little" bill? Do you want to be used as a mop for the office floor by some person who has placed an entirely different construction upon your "little joke" to that which you intended when you wrote it? If you do, then be an editor! Streetsville Review.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Leather is the Sole Support of Man!

QUALITY OUR FIRST AIM.

I have received a very large consignment of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

From some of the best manufacturers in Ontario, and am better able to supply my customers than ever before, at prices which, considering quality, cannot be surpassed

W: CLAYTON

Photos, Photos, Photos.

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COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

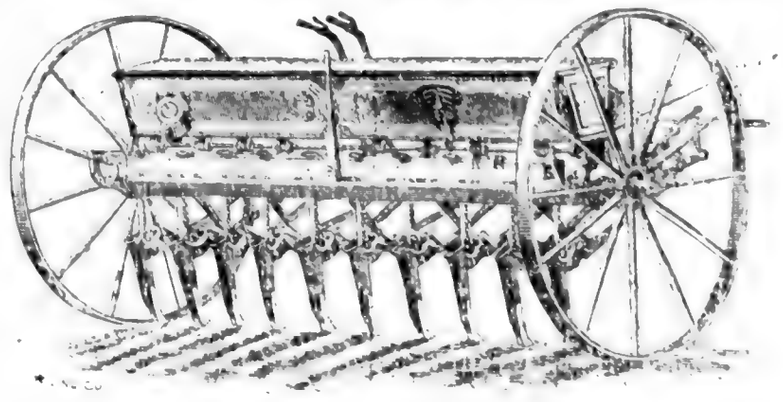

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to run at any desired depth with a topping the team

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at the uniform depth in all kinds of soil

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move and passes no ground when starting in, after turning

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and saves cord in binding

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

Great Bargains!

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm—100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation; $2,000. $300 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $300.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton.

North part of Lot 11, Con. 7, Euphrasia, 110 acres, 20 acres cleared, house and barn, $750, $200 cash, balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent. Apply to

S DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES

Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 407. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, [illegible]

NEW Clocks. NEW Watches

Rings, Chains, Charms, Brooches, [illegible]

JUST ARRIVED AT

[illegible]

FLESHERTON

And the prices are [illegible]

Just Note a few Prices:

Waltham watches, four years warrants, from $9.00 up.
The finest make of nickel alarm clocks from $1.90 to $2.50.
Fine American spring and weight walnut clocks from $3.05 to $[illegible].50.
The finest make of rolled gold chains, warranted from ten to fifteen years from $3.50 up.
A beautiful assortment of ladies gem rings from only $1.50 to $6.50.
The famous B. Laurence spex still going at half price. 20 per cent. off on all silverware sales. IF YOU WANT BARGAINS COME ON. WE HAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU. TAKE YOUR REPAIRS to RUSSELL as he attends to all repairs personally and a perfect job is guaranteed every time or money refunded at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton.

SPRING — BEAUTIFUL — SPRING

and with it every thing complete in all lines of Spring and Summer Goods.

FOR THE LADIES.

New Prints in all the new designs,
Dress Goods in all the latest shades,
Gloves, Laces, Collars and ties in endless variety.

FOR THE GENTS.

A fine range of clothing,
Boots, Shirts, Ties, Collars,
Cuffs, etc., in all the newest styles and patterns, everything new and nobby.

Clover, Timothy, Flax and all kinds of garden seeds now in stock. Bacon, Salt, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat always on hand. A cordial invitation to all, we guarantee to use you well and give satisfaction.

R. TRIMBLE'S.

THE NEW STORE

IS SHOWING FULL LINES IN

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES.

All Goods Marked Low.

Don't Forget the Place

Wright's Old Stand.

McDONALD & EVANS.

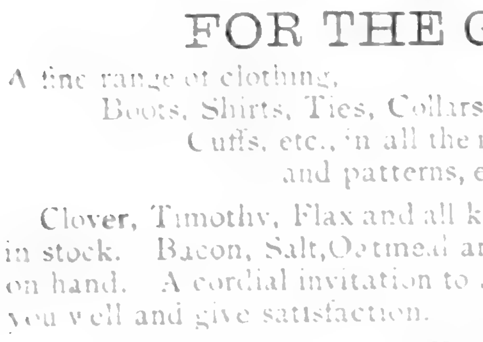

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large [illegible] STOVES, [illegible] STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc. constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

THE ADVANCE.

Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance; $1.50 per annum when [illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES

One column 1 year $[illegible] [illegible] quarter col. do. [illegible]

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of [illegible] per line for first insertion and [illegible] per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

RAILWAY MONOPOLY.

The Dundalk Herald published an editorial last week on railway monopoly, which was a strange mixture [illegible] article referred to traveled along the right track, but it switched off upon [illegible] strange assertions. It accused the railway of "largely increased rates, unjustly increasing passenger rates, and refusal to furnish cars for conveyance for anything excepting certain products. The first of these accusations, so far as we can learn [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

it [illegible] the Herald says:

It is true the press took the matter in hand [illegible]

Now that [illegible] a particularly [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] take up the cudgels in defence of those interests. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. [illegible] Hal growls out the complaint that "Conservative organs are not likely to [illegible] and Reform papers won't, in a case like this, is a puzzler. The monopoly does not pinch unbearably hard here excepting in the case of the express company, but when it does [illegible] one of the heavy kickers every time, and without dreaming that there is a political aspect of the case either.

Clips by our Hypercrit

[illegible]

A child in a house owned by Mr. Mc Kenzie on Main st., caused a slight fire by playing with matches. It was extinguished before the fire men were needed. [illegible]

[illegible]

There is quite a [illegible] apartment. [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

It is said that [illegible] become a British subject [illegible] Government [illegible] honors than have ever been [illegible] upon a [illegible] or an [illegible] said that the Belgian Government [illegible] him in decorating him.

THE MARKETS

FLESHERTON

Carefully Corrected Each Week

[illegible]

At Barrie Assizes Charles Hebner [illegible] been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to seven years in penitentiary in connection with the murder of [illegible] M[illegible] at Fessert[illegible]

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Desperate fighting took place at [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

The Past.

[illegible]

The Present.

The Future.

[illegible]

Jeweler [illegible]
MARKDALE.

Away From the Throng

It may not be—yet it seems to me
Away from the throng is best;
By some lonely shore where the waters roar,
Or far in the crimson west.
For friends are few that are sure and true—
Aye, the crowd is a mob to me;
More tame and mild is the distant wild,
More calm is the stormiest sea.

Ah, it must be so, for the wisest know
That man is a foe to man!
The love is small that extends to all,
Tho' we trust it as we can
To have one friend at a long life's end,
Is a blessing rare, I sigh,
One faithful clasp as we dying gasp—
One glance in an honest eye!

Yet there's love in all, in great and small,
In the fiend whom all avoid;
You may see its gleam in a demon's dream,
And it cannot be destroyed.
In the great and least, in man and beast,
'Tis the soul, till life shall fail;
I'm sure 'tis part of my lady's heart,
And it wags my spaniel's tail.

Is it I sigh again as I say with pain,
Away from the throng is best,
My fondest dreams are of woods and streams
Afar in the hostile west
There's a gleam I prize in my horse's eyes,
And I like—three dogs at most—
Aye, one dear face is my heart has place,
But it cannot hold a host

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"It's a queer feeling," said Mrs. Latimer, "I sometimes misdoubt myself."

"Misdoubt yourself of what?" queried Mary, sharply. "That you are Mrs. Latimer?"

"My word, lass, but you are a stanch 'un!" said the old lady, with a little laugh.

"There is not much good in being slack," returned the young woman. "What we've undertaken to do that we have to stick to, and we have Scripture warrant for not looking back when we've put our hand to the plough."

"Yes," said Mrs. Latimer, a little dryly. "But maybe our plough is one the Scriptures wouldn't much hold with."

"And why not?" asked Mary. "Not to do the good you do? What would become of that blessed Master Charlie but for the help he gets from his friend unbeknown—Mrs. Latimer, of Thorbergh? And, I ask, why shouldn't we as had to bear the heat and burden of the day have our reward when we have worked so hard for it?"

"Ay, we have worked hard," said Mrs. Latimer. "And it was a shame that the master never so much as left a five-pound note after you had done all that you did for him."

"I have taken my change out of him for it," said Mary, with quiet grimness. "Folk should think twice b'fore they do unjustly and make enemies in this world. One never knows when one's sin may not find one out, and the one as we've trampled on rise up in judgment against us."

"No," said Mrs. Latimer, but she spoke with a cough, and a little uneasily; and Mary saying, "You'll be wanting your tea, Mrs. Latimer," bustled out of the room, bringing the conversation to a close.

"It'll all come to light some day," said the old lady, resuming her eternal knitting. "It was a rash thing to do; but the temptation was great, and Mary, she's that strong headed there's no going counter to her. But she's overbold and confident, is Mary, and doesn't seem to think or fear. I'd like to know the end of it for my part, and what the sentence would be. I fancy it would be pretty heavy. But Mary says there's no chance, and I don't see any great fear myself. Still it's sure to come out, if not one day then another, and I'd go out of it afore if I had the chance. But I don't very well see how that can be. I'm glad we have that tidy lot saved and put away there in the bedtick. No banks for me, not if I know it, with their managers and directors and trash who go off with the brass and leave the dupes to starve. A good bit of stout cloth, well sewed with waxed thread and hid among the feathers—that's my style, and it's the best, I reckon, out of the lot! And while it's there we can just make ourselves scarce if things look like Queer street, and our room would be better than our company. But it's a venturesome thing to do, and I oft wonder at myself. And really, if it were not for Master Charles, I think I'd be fit to give up any day of the year. But that bonny bairn holds me to it little as he knows what's being done for him, or who's a doing it. Lord love him! The last time I saw him and he gave me that kiss, he took the heart out of me; and I said to myself then, "Ye bonny little lad, if ever I can do you a good turn I will," and I've stuck to my word even onto this, and I will to the end, that I will!" Here Mary brought in the tea, and Mrs. Latimer's musings came to an end.

This, then, was the annuitant whom Anthony Harford had promised Mrs. Clanricade he would see to report on her condition, which the impecunious wife of that unlucky George—the ill starred mother of that perverse Estelle—hoped would be as full of evil circumstances as were compatible with life and prophetic of speedy death. But he would not go to see her yet, being still under the spell at Kingshouse waiting to see how things would turn whether he should have to live down that fever, or finally be enabled to slake it at the sometimes too satisfying, too refrigerating fount of matrimony—that sometimes grave of love, into which, however, love must needs descend. If Mrs. Latimer and Mary had known that at this present moment their landlord was at Kingshouse, dining with the residuary legatee, George Clanricarde watching, studying Estelle, whom Charlie Osborne loved and loved Charlie—while giving his soul as a habitation for seven devils to possess because he saw just the nameless and formless shadow of that love cast athwart his own path—if they had known of all those links being now forged between them and their past—them and their future—even stout-hearted Mary would have quailed, and the vivacious black eyes of the old lady would have paled with fear. But nothing being known, nothing was foreseen. Anthony remained at Kingshouse; Mrs. Latimer drew her quarterly allowance; Charlie Osborne studied the stars from the streets of Yokohama; Estelle wrote to him long letters of constant love and gentle trust; and Mrs. Clanricarde, taught by experience, walked warily and made no mistake.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GRAND COUP.

"At Yokohama, of fever, Charles, the only son of Rev. James Osborne, late Vicar of Kingshouse." This was the announcement in the *Times* which Mrs. Clanricarde read first—Mr. Clanricarde having taken the whole inside, telegrams, leading articles, and the money market, leaving to his wife the advertisements and the "dead and alive." This was almost the only privilege of his sex which that unlucky George dared to claim. For all the rest his wife came first, and her will ruled where his yielded.

Mrs. Clanricarde read the announcement without the quivering of a muscle or the turning of a hair. She read it, indeed, as if she had expected it, and looked over the top of the page at her daughter, speculating on her reception of the thunder-bolt which neither surprised nor shocked herself. Estelle was eating her luncheon ignorant of and not foreseeing the blow that was about to fall. No presentiment warned her now, nor had any foreshadowed her coming sorrow. The Psychical Society would have nothing of her. She had had no dream of Charlie—pale, tearful, looking at her with eyes full of a mournful farewell—no vision had passed before her, halting for a moment to fill her heart with the pain and terror of love—no voice calling her name in the dear accents so well known had sounded in her ear—no dog had howled in warning—no owl had hooted ghastly presage. Full of sorrow and pity for this illness which had struck down her beloved, she had also the buoyant belief of youth, and felt sure that he would recover. For to love, life is immortality, and the beloved cannot died.

At this moment she was not thinking of anything very definitely. She was only dumbly conscious, as always now, of Anthony Harford, and her ever-increasing difficulties himward. She knew that the net was drawing daily tighter and closer around her, and that the repelling power she had over him almost like a mesmeric power—would one day be broken through, to her dread and danger. She was conscious that she would have at last to hear what she had so long restrained. Yet she meant to make a good fight of it, and to appeal to his generosity as she had already appealed to Caleb Stagg's. But she was more than doubtful of the result. The masterful will and hard-mouthed resoluteness of Anthony made a man of a very different mould from Caleb Stagg in his lowly humility and tender self-abnegation. Anthony would marry the woman he fancied, however reluctant she might be, supremely confident that he could distance every rival, and wipe out every other thought or affection when once he had her as his own and could woo her as he would. He was a man who owned no superior, and whose master had yet to be born. What he set his hand to do, that would he eventually accomplish—the most formidable obstacles counting no more than so many straws in his way. And a woman's love ranked with the rest. Whatever moments of depression and doubt he might have, the central thread remained unbroken—the woman he loved he would have, and the woman he had should love him.

All this Estelle felt rather than formulated. Still, she meant to make a good fight of it. And perhaps she would after all succeed. How could a man marry a girl whose love was another's, and who said frankly she could never love him, and would always hate him, if even he took her by force? He could not! To Estelle the very idea was sacrilege; and Anthony Harford, though self-willed, was not sacrilegious. Yet even if he were, and even if he should insist on this crime, there was always one door left open—she could run away. She had money, got in a mysterious manner, and really Charlie's, not hers. That did not much matter. The tie between them was so intimate, their lives were so thoroughly fused together, that no shame attached to her using his money for her own preservation from an unholy marriage. Bank-notes, crisp and clean, sent, he never knew nor could discover by whom, came two or three times a year to him. They were addressed to the Post-Office, Kingshouse, and their receipt was given in the *Times*, under the initials "C. O." When Charlie went to London the letters were forwarded to him in due course from the office. When he went abroad, he empowered Estelle to receive them, and to keep the money as a future provision for themselves. She had done so; and she had sent the acknowledgments to the paper, as she had been instructed. And now she had close on a hundred pounds, which would help her to the maintenance of her integrity if pushed to the last resource. It would be a desperate step to take; and she trembled when she thought of it, as she often did, realizing the shame and scandal and disgrace of her plight, and the blow it would be to her mother. But if needs must, she would. She would do anything rather than marry Anthony Harford, with Charlie at Yokohama, looking across the seas, trusting in her constancy, and waiting for renewed health to embark and claim her. She would feel herself guilty of a shameful crime were she to marry another while her true love and promised husband lived. Not all the vows said before the altar, not all the blessings pronounced by the priest, nor the iron links forged by the law and recognized by society, could make her feel other than an adulteress were she to yield herself to insistence—whether her mother's or Anthony Harford's. She was Charlie's, none other's; and during his life no other man should own her.

If she was thinking at all, she was thinking all this, but she was feeling rather than thinking, and quietly eating her somewhat slender luncheon—as we all must eat, poor slaves of matter as we are, let what will betide!

Still holding the paper in her hand, Mrs. Clanricarde called Estelle to come with her into the drawing-room. She had put on a mask of sorrow, and the girl saw that something was amiss. Her mind swept rapidly round the narrow circle of distant friends, but the very immensity of her fear excluded the worst for Charlie. Love deals so gently with suspicion in all its forms! When a friend hints at a fault, you do not suppose a crime; when a child falls ill, the mother does not foresee death. Were it otherwise, love would be a burden too great to be borne, and the heart would be crushed beneath its weight.

"My dear, I have bad news for you," began Mrs. Clanricarde, with great tenderness and sympathy of voice and manner.

"What is it, mother?" asked Estelle, her soft eyes opened wide and dark as the sunless night.

"You must be brave, my dear," she returned. "It will be a heavy blow to you. Poor Charlie!"

"What is it, mother?" asked Estelle again, with preternatural calmness. She seemed as if struck to stone, pale and rigid as a statue.

"Ah, poor boy! I can realize his goodness now! I am so grieved for him, and for you, my dear," said Mrs. Clanricarde, softly. She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Mother, what is it," repeated Estelle, with the strange sternness of great and sudden fear.

She laid her hand on her mother's arm, and unconsciously gripped it till she nearly caused her to shriek for pain.

"He is gone, dear!" said Mrs. Clanricarde—"gone to heaven, where he will never suffer more?"

"It is not true!" said Estelle, "He could not have died without coming to us. He would not!"

Her mother gave her the paper.

"Here is the announcement," she said. "I know no more than you."

Estelle looked at it. Her large eyes were opened wide, her lips were parched, her brain was all confused and as if on fire. The letters seemed to form themselves into individual and living creatures, which had each its own physiognomy; and then they were like the clanging of bells sounding in her ears—"At Yokohama, of fever, Charles, the only son of the Rev. James Osborne, late Vicar of Kingshouse." It was a kind of dirge sound, flowing out from that point where the letters turned to living creatures on the paper, showing to eyes what the bells sounded to her ears. There was not a tear, not a sob, not a sigh—only this dry, wild-eyed statuesque horror of attention, like one looking into the grave of the beloved.

Her mother spoke to her; she did not hear. She put her arm round the stiffened shoulders; she did not feel.

"Estelle! Estelle!" she said; "speak to me, dear. Estelle, *ma cherie*, speak!"

The girl looked at mother at first as if she did not know her; then she shuddered and pushed that mother from her with a movement of irrepressible horror.

"Let me go!" she said, hoarsely. "I must be alone. Let me go, mother. I cannot bear it!"

"Kiss me before you go," said Mrs. Clanricarde, who was really frightened.

"Kiss you!" said Estelle. "No; you are his murderess! I will never kiss you again!"

For the moment she was in truth and in deed absolutely mad.

"Good God! have I gone too far?" thought Mrs. Clanricarde. "Is her brain really turned

With a strange gesture, and a face that had only her features, but none of her natural expression, the girl turned from the room and went upstairs to her own, where she double-locked the door and shut herself in with her sorrow and despair. All that day she remained invisible; would not open the door nor come down stairs; would not eat; would scarcely answer when they knocked—sitting there in a kind of trance wherein her soul went down into the grave. Her mother's prayers went for nothing; she returned only short monosyllables in reply—monosyllables which would have been fierce had they not been so dry and dead. To her father her tone was somewhat softer. He was free from blood guiltiness, and had not helped in the murder of her beloved. At last Mrs. Clanricarde, whose compassion was at all times but a rather shallow stream, tired of this dumb strife and mute rebellion, and peremptorily commanded her to open the door and see her and speak to her. And Estelle, overcome by the force of habit, did as she was told, and let her mother enter.

Mrs. Clanricarde gave a little cry when she saw her daughter. From 2 o'clock until now, 10, she had changed almost as if she had been transformed. All the tender, supple, timid grace had gone out of her face and figure. There was no shyness in her eyes, no love upon her lips, no line of yielding, of sympathy, of girlish love, of womanly softness left in her. She looked like a modern Medusa, turning to stone for her own part, and capable of turning to stone all those who looked on her. No tears were in her eyes, and none had been. Her parted lips were as dry and as pathetic as the Cenci's, but they were less loving.

"My dear child! my Estelle!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, sincerely shocked and stirred.

"What do you want with me, mother?" asked Estelle, coldly.

"Why have you kept away from me?" returned the mother. "Am I not always here to receive your sorrow and feel with you in your grief?"

"Hush!" said Estelle, lifting her hand. "Not a word of that. Your sympathy!" she added, with deadly scorn. It had in it the essence of a curse.

"I forgive you, Estelle," she said, trying to speak quietly. "Your mind is upset, and you are not yourself. You do not know what you say, my poor child, and it is the mother's part to have mercy and to forgive."

Estelle stood unmoved. All filial feeling seemed to have died in her—to be submerged in the fiery deluge of her grief for her beloved. Mrs. Clanricarde took her hand, but her daughter shook off her mother's, as if it had been some noxious thing that pained her.

"Don't touch me, mother," she said, harshly. "Leave me to myself. Why have you come to torment me?"

"Now, Estelle, this nonsense must cease," said Mrs. Clanricarde, suddenly severe in her turn. "If poor Charlie Osborne has died of fever, is that my fault? Why should you turn against me and behave yourself like a maniac as you are doing. It is absurd, and undutiful as well, and I will not allow it. So I tell you."

A strange and ominous glare came into those beautiful brown eyes, usually so soft and tender.

"Mother, if you do not leave me at once I shall go mad," she cried, in a hoarse voice that had not a trace of her natural silver, her rightful melody, upon its roughened notes. "Leave me to myself—that is the only way in which I can live. You send me mad to see and hear you."

"And you are a wicked and undutiful girl; but I forgive you, and I am always your mother, ready to receive and comfort you," said Mrs. Clanricarde, part revolted, part frightened by this outburst, as she turned and left the room, halting at the door to say, "At least promise me one thing, Estelle—do not lock the door."

"If you promise not to open it," said Estelle, in the same rough and unnatural tones, making a step forward. On which her mother left her, and the girl went back into the fiery hell of her despair.

"I wish I had never seen you!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, with true French peevishness, to unlucky George. "Everything connected with you turns ill. Here is now mademoiselle, your daughter, a stark staring lunatic, because that absurd young man has died at Yokohama. From such a father what else can be expected?"

That unlucky George smiled fatuously. Then his eyes filled up with tears. He loved Estelle with more intrinsic tenderness, more simplicity of affection, than did her mother, and he felt for her in her present trial with a faithfulness of sympathy which that mother could not compass nor even understand.

"Poor Estelle!" he said. "It is a hard trial for her."

"God sends us all trials," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with the tart religiosity of the cross-tempered. "Estelle has to submit, as we all must. I have to endure you," she added, a little below her breath.

But her husband did not hear. He was great at not hearing, as at times he was great at not seeing. And then sleep came down over the household, and only the miserable Estelle stood by the window, looking up to the starry sky, wondering in which bright point her darling's soul was placed, sure that he was looking down on her and pitying her despair.

"He, at least, is happy," she said to herself again and again for reassurance. "I am selfish to be so wretched! I should be happy, knowing that he is out of pain and sorrow. But oh! he would have been so very, very happy had he lived, with my love, as I with his. Oh, that we might have known that love—that dear sweet life together, before God had taken him to Himself!"

It was the cry of a human heart making itself heard in spite of all the comforting assurances of faith—the pitiful sob of love, stronger than death, and dearer than the eternal heaven of an unfading joy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAYING OF THE GROUND.

Days passed, and Estelle was still invisible to the world outside Les Saules, and but rarely to that within. She was ill, her mother said to Anthony Harford and all other inquirers; which, indeed, was but too true, and ill as much mentally as physically.

She would see no one—not even Lady Elizabeth—and certainly not Anthony Harford. For him, indeed, she showed such shuddering repugnance that her mother was afraid to press her. The sacrifice of herself had to be made, cost her what it would. She had to be Anthony's wife, though she paid the supreme forfeit in return.

On this point Mrs. Clanricarde was inexorable. She was emphatically a modern mother with whom love counts as folly, and money is the only desirable good in marriage—who will welcome as her son-in-law a moral leper or a physical, if sufficiently well gilded—to whom a daughter's heart is merely a muscular arrangement, to be pressed down when inconveniently active, and to be ignored when only passively suffering.

During this time of the girl's first anguish of despair Anthony Harford's state was only a shade less pitiable than hers. He controlled all outward expression of feeling as rigidly as if he had been a true red-skin, and only Lady Elizabeth knew what no one else saw nor suspected. Lady Elizabeth put matters on a more truthful basis, for indeed she could not be aught but truthful, let the cost be what it might.

"Yes, she was what is meant by 'in love' with him," she said, with her gentle straightforwardness when Anthony asked her if there had been anything like a love affair—an engagement—between Miss Clanricarde and this young man, whose name at this moment filled the air—"and they were in a manner engaged—in that hopeless way where there is no money now and very little chance of any hereafterward—where the engagement is only between themselves—not known to the world nor sanctioned by her parents."

"But he is dead now," said Anthony.

"Poor dear Charlie! yes, too surely!" said Lady Elizabeth.

"And was he such a wonderful person, really now?" asked Anthony, with no unnecessary suavity—with scarcely as much as was indeed quite necessary.

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth; "he was a dear fellow. We all liked him."

"You, too, Lady Elizabeth?"

"I, too," she said.

"But he is dead now," repeated Anthony, a little more harshly than even before. "And no woman loves the dead forever to the exclusion of the living," he added.

Lady Elizabeth did not answer. In her own mind she thought it probable that Estelle would go on loving Charlie dead as she loved him living. Once to love would be always to love with herself; and she credited her broken-hearted friend with her constancy.

"She shall forget him," continued Anthony, in a certain sense piqued by her non-response. "I will love her so that she shall not remember him, still less lament him. She shall find her happiness in my arms," he went on, more as if speaking to himself than to a listener. "She shall be so happy in my love, so well cared for, that she will not even wish to change could her wish bring back the dead."

Lady Elizabeth's face became as pale as the snow-drops in the vase beside her.

"If she married you, I know that you would be good to her," she said, in a low, level voice, without inflection or emphasis.

"If? She shall!" returned Anthony, speaking with the intensity of constrained passion. "Neither man or devil shall keep her from me! She is destined."

"Hush!" said Lady Elizabeth, blanched to her very lips. "You make me shudder."

"Why?" he asked, with all his usual gentleness, all the chivalrous tenderness which was his ordinary bearing when he spoke to her. "Why should you shudder?"

"It seems almost as if you were forcing fate—compelling your own destiny, which is always sorrow," she said.

He took both her hands. It was his favorite action with her.

"Oh, you Delight!" he said, with a smile. "Are you too, daughter of the gods as you are, superstitious like the little people whose brains are no bigger than pigmies?"

"Who can help it who cares for another's happiness?" was her ingenuous reply, made steadily and without shamefacedness.

"And you care for mine?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered. She still spoke with steadiness, direct and unashamed.

"How I wish you were my sister!" said Anthony. "Estelle my wife—you my sister—I would ask nothing more from Heaven but long life to enjoy my superb happiness!"

Something, she did not know what it was, nor could she control it, seemed to come up into Lady Elizabeth's eyes and throat. She felt choking, as if deep waters were closing over her head—as if she must cry out for help. Help for what? She could not answer. Her voice had gone; she had no power of speech left in her; but Anthony, irritable and sore on his own side.

After some further talk Mr. Harford left the Dower House, no nearer to his great desire than when he had gone there, but with a heart somewhat lightened in that vague manner of a clearer moral atmosphere, where, though things are not more definite, the clouds seem to have lifted.

During all these days of Estelle's seclusion, Anthony Harford was like a soul in pain.

At last time worked its partial cure so far that Estelle consented to re-appear in the world. Such love as Anthony Harford had already felt flamed hotter and higher when he saw her for the first time after her illness. He would not see in her state the result of grief, only the result of physical ailment; and he felt for her in consequence that very passion of tenderness which strong men feel for the woman they love, when those women are even more helpless than usual, more frail and more dependent.

"I am glad to see you again, and sorry you have been sick," he said, holding her hand in both of his.

"Thank you; I am better," she answered, wearily, not looking at him.

"You have been very sick, I can see that," he continued, with great tenderness.

She made no reply. She only drew away her hand, more coldly than with repugnance. A spasm crossed Anthony's face like a shadow. It was repeated in Mrs. Clanricarde's

"She will spoil everything," she thought to herself. "Was ever mother so cursed as I?"

"You should give her a change of air, Mrs. Clanricarde," said Anthony, turning to the mother.

"It is scarcely the weather for the sea," she said; "and London air is not bracing."

She did not add, "and too costly for my crippled purse," which she might have done had she been careful for the truth.

"The air at Thirlt is notoriously fine," said Anthony, hastily. "I must be back there next week. Why not come with me for a change, all three of you? I am sure it would do Miss Clanricarde good in every way."

He added these last words in the spirit of a woman's postscript—as a rider that included more than the main text.

"That would be delightful!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, eagerly. "I know that change is just what Estelle wants to set her up again."

"Then you will come?" he added. "Will you like that, Miss Clanricarde? Will you like to come to my place?" he added, speaking directly to Estelle.

"No," said Estelle, with a sudden look of fear in her eyes. "Do not go, mother! do not let us leave home!"

"It will do you good, my dear," answered her mother, suavely. "It is for your own sake."

"If for mine, then I do not wish it," persisted the girl.

"It will do you good," said Anthony.

"I do not want any good done to me," she answered, with curious sullenness—curious, that is, in the girl she used to be; common enough, alas! in these later times.

Her opposition wrought the usual effect of all opposition on Anthony. It strengthened his resolve and braced his determination.

"Your mother consents, and I hold her to her promise," he said, with sudden sternness. "If it is disagreeable to you, you make tracks home if you like. But you've got to come and see for yourself."

"Mother!" appealed Estelle.

"Don't be silly, child," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with affected banter and real displeasure. "What is there to object to in paying a visit to a beautiful country house in a superb country place. One would think you were asked to go a prison!"

"You are not very flattering to me either," said Anthony, as sternly as before.

He was not so supple as Mrs. Clanricarde, and he did not think his habitual self-command quite in place at this moment.

"I do not wish to flatter you," said Estelle, drawing herself up, and speaking with intense haughtiness.

Anthony saw the folly and humiliation of a war of words with a girl in such a mood.

"Well, no," he laughed, with a good-humor as forced as Mrs. Clanricarde's banter had been. "That would scarcely be the way. At all events we have got so far on the road; so much is settled. You and your father and mother will come with me to Thrift next week, and you will get back there all your roses, I promise you."

"So far the ground is laid," said Anthony to himself. "All now depends on myself."

(To be Continued).

R. A. Gunn, M.D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," referring to Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I find that in Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen: to soothe and heal inflammed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine bearing tubes); and to prevent the destructive metamorpeosis of tissue. * * * I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure."

An Effectual Guarantee.

Patient—I'm not afraid to die, doctor, but I do dread to be buried alive.

Doctor (cheerfully)—Don't let that worry you. I'll see that you ain't.

A traveller says that in some districts in the Congo region the horse is a curiosity, at once wonderful and terrifying to the natives. He; after a New York man gets through docking, clipping and trimming his horse, the animal would be a curiosity anywhere. P.S.—So is his master.—*Burdette.*

"It Could Not Happen Now."

Ere country ways have turned to street
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet
Some merry April morn;
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look, and she would look
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

Next day that [illegible] last
Would rearrange her hair
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
And often she'd neglect her task,
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask
"Why do you [illegible] like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!
My boy so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a [illegible] grave."
And lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and [illegible] and paper
And there [illegible] a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.
Our boys are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

The Beyond.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond;
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.
They make it seem familiar and most dear
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear
I think I see the brightly gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well loved face
But that I think one more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there—
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing with a bated breath
And white set face a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore
More beautiful, more precious than before.

The Touching Tale of the Pampered Pug.

The Lady Geraldine M[illegible] sat by the shimmering sea
And Lord [illegible] Fortescue was reading aloud from [illegible]
At her feet in repose on a Persian rug
With his snub of a nose lay her precious pug.

In glimmer [illegible] satin sheen the little darling was dressed
A point lace [illegible] his neck, he laid his [illegible] breast
And sera[illegible] sweet as the moonlight pale,
Was the [illegible] round the puggy's tail.

The Lord [illegible] his book down on his knees [illegible]
With a [illegible] and the fateful [illegible]
Alas for the Lord [illegible]
He had [illegible] at sleeping brute.

"Angel [illegible]" he stopped quite [illegible]
He felt a [illegible] teeth met in his knee.
But never a [illegible]
And his [illegible] the shimmering sea.

"Oh! speak, my love, and be as quick as you conveniently can.
Your precious pup is eating me up; he has crunched my right knee-pan.
Let him gnaw away in his pampered pride,
If you will only say you'll be my bride."

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, "he'll surely die," and she sprang to her feet [illegible]
"He has lived up[illegible] and macaroons, with never a taste of meat,
And [illegible] a piece of your trouser's leg
In his sweet little mouth [illegible] at once, I beg."

"My love has turned to bitterest hate"—her tears were falling thick.
"I am sure," she said with drooping head, "that you have made him sick.
I can never feel the same for you;
It is best we part. Adieu, adieu!"

He limped away [illegible] breakers [illegible] My life is wrecked [illegible]
Then gave a [illegible] the rocky steep, and sank in the tossing tide
And the lady [illegible] at the Persian rug
"Ah, life is short," she said to the pug.

—*Mary Bissell Witter.*

Canadian Customs Decisions.

The following decisions were rendered by the Board of Customs in March:

Adams' composition for cleaning and polishing furniture, [illegible] per cent.

Brass, sheet, stamped or figured, cut into narrow strips, 30 per cent.

Equitable Record, [illegible] cent each.

Harness soap, 25 per cent.

Jelly tumblers with tin covers, 5 cents a dozen, and 30 per cent.

"Mascene" furniture polish, etc., $1.90 per imperial gallon.

Patent bloeded seating in imitation of hair cloth, 32½ per cent.

Time detectors, 35 per cent.

Feeding Apples to Dairy Cows.

A farmer reports his experience in feeding apples to dairy cows as follows: "A small Devon heifer that dropped her first calf in January ran in an ordinary pasture the following summer and was fed windfall apples night and morning, gradually increasing the amount until she had a bushel per day. I measured the milk every day and found a general increase, then I fed less and less two or three days and at the close of the week she had none, when she gave two quarts less, beer measure. I was selling the milk at 5 cents per quart. I repeated the experiment and obtained the same results. In feeding, I have found it safer to cut the apples than to feed them whole, as there is less danger of their getting choked and less danger of getting sore gums, as sometimes happens from eating hard apples whole. There is not much danger in feeding all large or small apples alone, the danger is with medium-sized mixed with large ones."

Tombstone, A.T., is famous for its apt names. Its leading newspaper is called the *Epitaph*, and the sheriff of the county is Colonel Slaughter. He defeated Major Blood by two votes at a recent election. Captain Cutts was also a candidate, but was nowhere in the race.

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Many of our readers have often asked "What is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, about which we hear so much?" To answer their question we have secured the following explanatory article, written by a competent authority:

The symptoms of Bright's Disease (which is but an advanced form of Kidney Disease) differ in different individuals, but generally the patient presents a flabby, bloodless look, is drowsy and easily fatigued, has pain in the back, vomiting and febrile disturbance. The urine is reduced in quantity, is often of dark, smoky or bloody color, and exhibits to chemical reaction presence of a large amount of albumen, while under the microscope blood corpuscles and casts are found.

There are several forms of the malady, but their common prominent characteristic is the presence of albumen in the urine, and frequently also the co-existence of dropsy. These associated symptoms, in connection with Kidney Disease was first described in 1827 by Dr. Richard Bright, an English physician, who first investigated them. Sometimes there is a degeneration of the tissues of the kidney into fat, thus impairing the excreting powers of the organ so that the urea is not sufficiently separated from the blood. The flow of the blood, when charged with this urea, is retarded through the minute vessels, congestion ensues, and exudation of albumen and fibrin is the result. The disease is often accompanied by eruptions on the skin, as boils, etc., and is frequently associated with enlargement of the heart.

The causes of this terrible malady are, indulgence in too much ice water as a beverage, strong drink, high living, indigestion, exposure to wet and cold, various kinds of fevers, malaria, pregnancy, and other bodily derangements, such as a complication of certain acute diseases like erysipelas, diphtheria, and especially scarlet fever (of which it is one of the most frequent and serious after effects), diseases of bones and other scrofulous affections.

Common-sense treatment of Kidney Disease of the character referred to necessarily involves removal of the causes, rectification of other secretions and increase in the number of blood-red corpuscles, by the administration of Warner's Safe Cure. It is a specific even in the advanced stages, when the blood has poisoned the nerve centres, restoring the secretion of healthy fluids and relieving the congestion of the brain. It speedily arrests the inflammatory action, which is marked by an increased amount of urine. The albumen gradually disappears, the dropsy subsides and the patient recovers. There is no standstill in advanced Kidney Disease; those who are affected with it are either constantly growing better or worse. How important, therefore, that this terrible disease be taken in hand in time and treated with a known specific.

Latest Scottish News.

Prof. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, starts this month for the United States to visit his son in California.

A movement is on foot to raise funds for a flag for the flagstaff which marks the spot where Bruce's standard waved at the battle of Bannockburn.

Right Hon. Charles Thompson Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board in the present British Government, was born at Dundee 51 years ago.

Mrs. Jessie Macaulay, or Mackenzie, has died in Stornoway at the remarkable age of 105 years. She lived during the reigns of four Sovereigns of Great Britain.

The Edinburgh Town Council has resolved by a majority of 23 to 14 votes to elect representative elders to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

A memorial tablet has been placed next to the Montrose monument in St Giles', Edinburgh, recording the execution and burial along with the Marquis of his friend and follower Sir William Hay, of Delgaty.

Rev. John Robertson, of Stonehaven, believes he will see the poet Burns in heaven not far distant from the apostle Paul. He says "Robbie Burns was ten thousand times better than many of his white-tied contemporaries."

At the instance of the Marquis of Bute, who is now proprietor of the Falkland estate, excavations are at present being carried on at and near the site of the Old Falkland Palace, with the view of discovering any objects of historical interest which may be lying among the ruins.

Captain Edward Scott, who took part in the Garibaldian insurrection against King Bomba of Naples, died at Greenock on the 18th ult. Captain Scott entered Naples Bay after the insurrection, and landed troops without losing a man. He was for some time in command of the steamers of the Trans Atlantic trade.

Surely there are fewer salmon in this stream now than there were some years ago, a keen Scotch angler remarked to a west country native. "Ou ay, nae doot," he replied, "Ever since the Disruption the salmon have been leavin' the river, but," he added, in a more cheerful tone, "Dr. MacKay says that whenever the church will get her richts again, which he thinks will be very soon, the fush will all come back."

A Complicated Family.

Mack Carter, a son of Bill Carter, married Tuck Phillips' daughter, and Tuck Phillips married Bill Carter's daughter, and Bill Carter married Tuck Phillips' daughter. Bill Carter is therefore Tuck Phillips' son-in-law and father-in-law, and Tuck Phillips is his father-in-law's son's father-in-law, while Bill Carter's son's wife is his father-in-law's daughter. Now, if Tuck Phillips has a daughter born to him she will be Bill Carter's father-in-law's child and at the same time his son-in-law's child. But the thing to tell is what relationship would exist between the respective children of the three couples in case they have children. Can any one tell?

—*Chattanooga (Tenn.) News.*

A Stayer.

In the parlor at 12.30 a.m.:

"Excuse me, Harry; papa is calling."

"Certainly, Evaline."

Evaline (on her return to the parlor)—I'm sorry, Harry, but you'd better go. Papa says he hasn't got a license for running an all night place.

WORSHIPPING A WOMAN.

Singular Delusion of the "Congregation of the Lord."

A singular religious delusion is revealed by the evidence taken in the equity proceedings of the "Congregation of the Lord" to recover from the heirs of Anna Meister the property 1,1[illegible] South Eleventh street. Seven members of the congregation purchased the building in 1864 and had the deed recorded in the name of "J. Elimar Mira Mitta," which means "the daughter of Jehovah," whom the congregation worshipped. This person was Anna Meister, a Swiss woman, and the fascination she exercised upon the credulity of her followers was remarkable. They paid $5,000 for the house of worship, but found upon the death of "the daughter of Jehovah" that her heirs would inherit the property unless legal measures were taken.

The case has been before a master for two years. Lawyer William H. Staake looking after the interests of the Meister heirs, and the matter is now in shape to be presented to court. From the evidence submitted it appears that the worship began in 1856. The woman was looked upon as the third person in the Trinity and in her house a temple of worship was set up. The front part of the second story of her home was fitted up with an altar pulpit and all the paraphernalia necessary for an imposing service. Ceremonies were held every Sunday. Myra Mitta, surmounted with a crown studded with brilliants symbolical of her high estate, encircled with a girdle sparkling with gems, in a loose silken robe preached to her abject followers, who bowed before her. A costly cloth covered the chair on which she sat in order to protect her from contact from all that was sinful.

Lissette Munnert, who was in Myra Mitta's household, testified before the master: "I think the Lord formed the congregation. She was brought to us and it was shown from the Lord that we had to take care of her. I believe she was the Third Person of the Holy Trinity."

Miss Munnert also said that she believed Mira Mitta could do more than any other person on earth and that by merely placing her hands on sickly persons she brought them back to health.

Mrs. Caroline Lang, another witness said that an angel appeared at the meeting of the congregation on Ridge avenue in 1876. The angel bore a scroll on which was written in golden letters that Mira Mitta is the daughter of Jehovah and the sister of the Saviour.

The daughter of the great Jehovah was possessed of good, substantial common sense on some points at least, as one incident illustrates. On one occasion as she was about raising a glass of hydrant water to her lips, an unseen power dashed it from her hands and writing appeared upon a table to the effect that henceforth Mira Mitta should not drink hydrant water unless it was first boiled. This astonishing revelation was communicated to the members of the church, and they thereupon unanimously resolved never to drink Schuylkill water again without boiling it.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

Never Tired.

When this country was first settled there was an impression among the colonists that the Indians had no intelligence or craft in their relations with the white men. The latter soon found, however, that this was not the case. Some of the farmers attempted to make farm servants of the Indians, but discovered that they had a propensity to "get tired" so soon after they began work that their services were of little value. One day a farmer was visited by a stalwart Indian, who said "Me want work."

"No," said the farmer, "you will get tired."

"No, no," said the Indian, "me never get tired."

The farmer, taking his word for it, set the Indian at work and went away about some other business. Toward noon he returned to the place and found the Indian sound asleep under a tree.

"Look here, look here," shouted the farmer, shaking the Indian violently, "you told me that you never got tired, and yet here you are stretched out on the ground."

"Ugh," said the Indian rubbing his eyes and slowly clambering to his feet, "if me not lie down, me get tired like the rest."

A Salvation Army Baby.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of Commander Booth of the Salvation Army, has a very pretty, plump little baby, which on pleasant days last month was trundled along the avenue on the West Side uptown. Baby Booth is pretty much like other babies, and would have attracted little attention had it not been for the curious badges which adorn its small breast and shoulders. "God's Infant," "Dedicated to Jesus," "One of Christ's Little Ones," "Holy to the Lord," "A Growing Soldier," "The Little Corporal," "Enlisted for the War," are a few of the emblems which at one time or another emblazoned the babe.

Usually they are worked on gold floss on purple or scarlet ribbons, and serve for sashes or are pinned from the neck to the waist of the child's gown. They are Mrs. Booth's one-dress mania.—*New York cor[illegible]*

A Queer World to Him.

The minister called one afternoon to see Mrs. Brown, and at a moment when she was out of the room, being in a sermonizing mood, he said to little Johnnie: "This is an unreasonable world, my young friend." "You bet it is," assented little Johnnie, in a way that left no doubt as to his sincerity. "Teacher licks me when I don't know enough, and dad takes it out of me when I know too much."

Yankee Boy's Trick on His Father.

A naturalized citizen of English birth being asked how he liked the birthday of the father of his adopted country, told this story: "The day before the Fourth of July last year, the teacher to whom my boy goes to school explained to her class why the day was celebrated, giving full particulars. The next morning the boy, who was born in this country, said to me: 'Dad, this is the day we licked you.'"—*True Flag.*

The greatest weather profit of this season is the money saved by young men who didn't go sleigh-riding.—*Puck.*

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Tricks in the Dressmakers' Trade that Produce Clothes.

NOVELTIES IN SEASONABLE OUTFITS

Women as College Presidents and Railway Owners.

Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.

The Latest Evening Fashions.

Dressing for the evening, writes a London society correspondent, is just beginning in earnest; until now the dresses worn at night have been rather quiet. The richest silks are worn and quantities of jewellery, but no flowers. Miss Fortescue looked charming on Saturday night in a cream colored demi-toilette with a high mascotte collar made of transparent cream colored lace, and wearing a very beautiful necklace and crescent brooch of diamonds—not the white diamonds, but those which hold all the colors of the rainbow. Lady Dorothy Nevile made a marvellous toilette of very rich flowered silk covered with enormous roses, and made in the quaintest way, so that she looked just like a lady in an old picture. Now that jewellery is worn to such an extent any one who possesses old-fashioned trinkets can show them to admiration, as it seems impossible to put on too many. Lady Dorothy Nevile wore a magnificent necklace and a [illegible] round her throat, on which hung three quaint and brilliant pendants. Mrs. Labouchere wears very fine white diamonds and makes her dress subordinate to them as many persons do just now. It is a subject of discussion among Mrs. Chamberlain's admirers whether her diamonds or her pearls are the finest, but I believe the pearls really carry off the palm. Some ladies wear both diamond and pearl necklaces at the same time, in order to be in the front of the fashion.

Lady Dufferin's Connemara Cloak.

The papers have been talking about who brought the first Connemara cloak into fashion and it is like the tailless evening coat, credited to every social personage of any importance. The tailless coat, by the bye, is credited to the duke, while the cloak is credited to the bull. The truth about it is that it had its birth in the smart world through Lady Dufferin. Her ladyship had been in Ireland and was there presented with a very fine piece of Irish frieze. She took it to London with her and asked her tailor if he couldn't make her a long wrap out of it, something out of the common and which would be stamped as decidedly individual. With quick wit he suggested just such a cloak as the Irish peasant wears, and so it had its birth. Lady Dufferin had a number made and soon all London was wearing them because they were so useful and could be so easily assumed. However, I do not think her ladyship expected them to be worn as street wraps, nor did she foresee that caught in the March wind they made the slender woman look like a balloon and the stout woman like the whole earth, not with a fence, but with a cloak about it.

London Fancies.

"Cousin Madge" writes [illegible]: "We went to the Salon. The [illegible] a crowd, a well dressed crowd assembled there, a few of whom were listening to the music of the Red Hungarian Band. There was an exhibition of pictures done by members, just enough to go round the walls once. A well-known singer wore a lovely gown of olive-green silk, opening over white satin, and exquisite Turkish embroideries in pink, gold, olive-green and [illegible]. An artist with a Circean face wore white brocade. There was one fancy ball costume in the crowd, so I suppose the wearer was going on to some gathering of a more fantastic kind. A Greek dress attracted some attention because there was so little that was Greek about it. It was a very annoying dress. I longed to give it a good pull at the back. Greek draperies never hung up in the middle as it did I am sure. Or if they did, Greek would meet Greek in the shape of dressmaker and dress wearer and then would come a tug of war. Two æsthetic sisters, dressed alike, hovered about in sad sage-green, apparently unaware that the day for that sort of thing is past and gone. A very pretty woman was so very pretty that I do not remember what she wore.

A Romantic Reconciliation.

Warren B. Westcott and Miss Jane F. Trueman were married recently at Saratoga. Forty years ago they were lovers and engaged, but Mr Westcott jilted Miss Trueman and married a wealthy widow. To vindicate herself Miss Trueman successfully prosecuted a breach of promise suit against Mr Westcott, but refused to accept the damages which were awarded to her. About three years ago Mr. Westcott became a widower. The old love revived in the hearts of both, and they decided to wed, he at the age of 70, and she nearly 60.

A New Trick of the Dressmaker's Trade.

One of the new tricks of the dressmaker's trade is to baste a sheet of wadding and a thin muslin interlining under the back breadths of Empire frocks, plait all three together and secure the lower edge of the lining and wadding to tapes sewed nine or ten inches below the waist. This makes the plaits look full and soft, and is not so obstinate as the bustle, which even in this stage of high civilization is capable of executing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as—but it is not necessary to continue the quotation. Angels are free from earthly troubles.

Princess Beatrice's Sister-in-Law.

Mrs. Crawford goes on: Mdlle. Loisinger is a great beauty. She is like a goddess of Rubens before the divine being fell into flesh. I never saw a finer tone of color or texture than her face, neck and arms. She came here some winters ago, hoping, through General Turr and other Hungarians, to obtain an engagement at the opera. I was asked to write her up, and was taken to see her. The voice was not first-rate, and, as she wanted vibrating capacity, the style was mechanical. But she had splendid plastic points, and her head of hair was a golden fleece. Her laugh was open and good-natured and the teeth milky white. In short, the dream of the bard of Kilkenny of the bunch of ripe strawberries smothered in cream, was realized.

Pertaining to Women.

Russian tea at $4 a pound is the kind used at afternoon receptions in New York.

The women in England exceed the men by 3,000,000.

White is pretty for house dresses all the year around.

The cotillon is only just becoming fashionable in English society.

Pale green is a color worn much by Lady Randolph Churchill this season.

The golden wedding of the Gladstones will give occasion for a Liberal "jubilee" at Hawarden shortly.

Nearly one-half of the stockholders of the Consolidated Railroad, whose headquarters are at Hartford, Ct., are said to be women.

Mrs. Burnett's son, Vivian, has grown tired of being called "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "I'm just Vivian Burnett, that's who I am," he says.

The late J. E. Pfeiffer Londoner, left half a million to his wife—Emily Pfeiffer, the writer of verses—to be used for the advancement of women.

It is whispered among the knowing ones that Mrs. Gladstone's best gown is still the royal blue velvet with which she celebrated her husband's accession to power.

William S. Jackson, the husband of the late Helen Hunt Jackson, better known in the literary world as "H. H.," was married to his third wife in Colorado Springs a day or two ago.

Miss Miriam Samuel, Bachelor of Arts of Bombay University and daughter of a Persian merchant, has gone to London to study medicine with the intention of practising in India.

Two of the most successful college presidents in [illegible] are women: Miss Lottie A. Campbell, [illegible] of Cardwell College at Danville, and Miss A. M. Hicks, President of [illegible] College.

The Queen of Madagascar, who is to be [illegible] a small, slender, light brown woman with a very sad face, a sweet smile, and fond of Paris gowns. She is 26 years old, has been four years a queen and is really worshipped by her people.

Novelties in the Fashions.

Sprays of maiden hair fern in green enamel incrusted with tiny diamonds, is a charming pin.

Low bodices for evening dresses are cut in every possible shape. Some are cut quite low at back and front and filled with tulle gathered to a band at the throat. Some are cut oval to display the shoulders and finished by an old fashioned lace bertha.

The Hadding veil, such an institution for many reasons, can be worn with an unreadiness that. To let it hang with a frill about the neck is well enough, but when drawn closely under the chin and gathered in at the back the effect is nearer the latest fashion.

Great clusters of pond lilies, fiery poppies, hyacinths, field daisies, etc., are lavishly used on ball toilets. The long, transparent green grasses with which these flowers are combined are an excellent background for so much vivid color. Some of the flowers are touched with faint colors almost nature.

Trim little turbans, toques and capotes are the [illegible] worn with these gowns. [illegible] of the dress material can be wrinkled over a stiff frame and finished at the edges by a band of [illegible] or gray velvet and a white or gray bird as the wearer's fancy may dictate—streaks [illegible] and arches his neck in front.

A court train worn recently by the young German [illegible] dress was [illegible] long [illegible] the finest white [illegible] silk, magnificently embroidered [illegible] gold and silver. The price of the material was about $1,000 and the embroidery was done by twelve young girls who were working at it for two months.

The plaids give way before the reign of stripes that [illegible] to dominate in every variety [illegible] shades of gray or gray and white have the preference, these suits being often worn with short coats of [illegible], very severely simple in make, sometimes with a bit of braiding and often trimmed in gray astrachan or some other fur.

Drap de Paris is a new fabric which will commend itself to all lovers of fine goods. It is not knitted, but woven like cloth, and has all the elasticity of jersey cloth. It is woven in ribs of different sizes, coarse and fine, the heavy coarse black being especially suitable for mourning. It comes in all colors and is used for any garment that can be made of jersey cloth.

The full waisted [illegible] are very popular for those who cannot stand the severe style of the tailor made article. These have yokes of [illegible] tucks and of smocking, the fulness belted in at the waist with a wide belt and ornamental buckle. They are made of plain and striped goods, and in many cases embroidered with braid herring bone stitch or have a plastron of Persian trimming.

The Directoire jersey is cut away over a vest and fastened with two high buttons. Matalees of silk [illegible] and merveilleuse are a perfect delight to an ease-loving woman. There is comfort in them and good looks, the yokes are shirred tucked or smocked, and they are confined to the waist with a loose belt or girdle. They are mostly trimmed with lace and are made in all the new desirable shades.

A Cordial Welcome.

Visiting mother-in-law—How glad I am to see you, my dear daughter.

Daughter-in-law—I am so glad to see you. It is so kind in you to travel that long distance just to see me. Take off your things. Now that you are here you must not think of leaving us before the first train in the morning.

Power of Association.

Mrs. De Temper (looking up from the paper)—Well, I declare! Another woman, single handed, has captured a burglar. I should think she would have been killed by the brute, but the paper says the moment she grabbed a poker and made a dash for him his knees trembled and his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in affright.

Mr. De Temper—He is probably a married man.

"I have an account of a big land slide," said the new reporter. "What head shall I put it under?" "Put it under the 'Real Estate Transfers,'" replied the snake [illegible]

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Eggs only 9 cents

Blank notes for sales, etc., can be had at this office.

Do you want a watch, if so, it will pay you to call at Russell's, Flesherton

Just received at M. Richardson & Co's, one carload nails—American pattern.

To morrow is Good Friday, and on Sunday next the hen product will take a big drop.

Great bargains in watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, at Russell's Flesherton. It will pay you to call

Mr J. Wilkinson, proprietor of the Welland electric light works, is visiting with Mr Damude.

Democrat wagon for sale. Run only about one month Apply to G. Keefer, Flesherton

Rev. Mr Hosking, of Markdale, occupied the Methodist pulpit on Sunday morning last

Just received at M Richardson & Co's—yard wide all wool carpets, union carpets, tapestry carpets.

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

WANTED! 500 people to get a booting at W. Clayton's that is, get boots, you know. He can accommodate all.

There will be a service of song in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening next, when the collection will be in aid of the choir for purchase of music, etc.

Fine Waltham and Elgin watches bearing 4 and 5 years warrants from $9.80 up at Russell's, Flesherton.

Just received at M. Richardson & Co's—direct importation kid glover, silk gloves, thread gloves, lace gloves and mitts. An immense range. All the new colors.

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

The R.T. of T. held a farewell banquet on Tuesday evening to sister J. Gordon, who is about removing to New York to join her husband and daughters.

Just received at M. Richardson & Co's, direct importations of dress goods, merveilleux silks, silk wrap Henriettas, colored cashmeres, Jersey cloths, etc. These goods all splendid value

The Canadian Horticulturist for April is to hand. It is an exceedingly valuable number to Canadian fruit growers and florists. One dollar per annum and share in plant distribution.

Spring boots, summer boots, slippers fishing boots, plowing boots, ladies boots, childrens' boots, and every other kind of boot at W. Clayton's

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

This has been a remarkable spring. All the snow has disappeared without the assistance of rain, of which not a drop has fallen. Does the oldest inhabitant remember another such

The 13th of May is the date for opening of Flesherton cheese factory. This concern had a prosperous season last year, and the prospects are bright for another of the same kind.

Owing to the crowded condition of our columns we are obliged to set communications in smaller type, and to leave over a large amount of interesting matter, including a communication from Markdale

Every trade, every society and association has its newspaper now-a-days. The latest is the "Canadian Baker and Confectioner," published monthly in Toronto. It is beautifully printed on toned paper, and contains a large amount of interesting information for the trade. One dollar per an.

The Streetsville review is suffering under a heavy rush of spring poetry. Friend Fawcett is publishing it by the yard. The first thirty-six inches appeared last week. Should any regular correspondent of ours send us a like consignment it would tend to raise our suspicions to say the least.

Will the Durham Chronicle, when it desires to give us a free ad. please set it up "according to copy." Kindly correct last weeks advertisement by making it read: The Advance will be given free to newly married couples for six months, not one year as you printed it, and we will be under an eternal debt of gratitude, Bro. Mitchell.

Bro. Fawcett, of Streetsville, spent Sunday last in Flesherton. A rumor was current here that Mr. Fawcett contemplated entering the ministry, but it was a base fabrication. He has sufficient to occupy his mind in ministering to the wants of a fast growing list of subscribers. Mr. Fawcett has evidently struck a good thing in Streetsville, and he is making the county papers of Peel "hunt their hare."

Two weeks ago the Thornbury paper and Meaford Mirror inserted a piece of news to the effect that Mr. Ellis' barn and stables near Kimberley were consumed by fire on the previous Sanday. The two papers are away off their chump. No such accident occurred, and Mr. Ellis' barn and stables are still standing. We have an idea that the reflection seen was that of the new lamp in front of McDonald & Evans' new store, Flesherton. Investigate next time before making any wild assertions, gentlemen.

Honor roll of S.S. No. 8, Artemesia, Class V. Alice Nicholson 120, Esther McNally 99. Class IV. Sr, Hannah Stafford 154, Maggie Parliament 114. Class IV Jr., Eleanor McKee 94, Elsie McKee 87, Sarah Jane McKee 77. Class III. Lou Cornfield 93, Mabel Cornfield 62, Thomas Kerr 48, Samuel McNally 43. Class II. Sr, Thomas Gollop 57, Annie Badgerow 57, Priscilla McKee 53, Martha Boyce 53, Bella Blackburn 46, Bella McNally 45, James Kerr 32. Class II. Jr. Joseph McKee 37, Alice Badgerow 36, Tiny Badgerow 26, John Blackburn 23. J. S. WOOD Teacher.

Diphtheria.

A son of Mr. Geo. Thompson, 3rd con Artemesia, was stricken down with diphtheria some time ago, and died on Monday evening. Deceased was a promising young man 19 years of age.

Successful.

At the medical examinations in Toronto last week we notice the names of two successful candidates from this vicinity, Mr Stewart Bates, of Flesherton and Mr. M. C. Black of Bunnessan, who both passed with flying colors. Congratulations, gentlemen.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage

Flesherton Cemetery Trust.

The annual meeting of the plot-holders of the above Trust will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, April 24, at 7.30 p m. All interested are requested to be present

W CLAYTON,
Secy.

Lecture

A lecture will be given in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Thursday evening, April 23, by Rev. Charles F. Perry, under the auspices of L.O.L. No 883, subject The Jesuit Bill. Rev. Mr Shilton and other gentlemen will also speak Flesherton Orchestra will be in attendance. Admission 15 cents Doors open at 7 p m, lecture to commence at 7.30.

Horse Colts

Mr. Roderick Stewart and Mr. John Adams claim that the two colts mentioned in last weeks Advance, belonging to Mr. Wakely, are not so much ahead of theirs after all. They say wait till Mr Wakely's colts arrive at the same age and then compare them, claiming that as Mr Wakley's colts are so young it is no fair comparison.

Clean Up.

There is considerable spring cleaning and renovating which our town fathers should look after before hot weather approaches. Three dead carcasses in the northern suburbs require interment. The sidewalk is blocked with sawlogs opposite the sawmill, and the sidewalk at the Boyne Bridge is in a very lame condition, having lost a portion of itself. This latter requires immediate attention.

Baseball.

A meeting of those interested in baseball is called for Saturday night at 8 o'clock in D. Clayton's harness shop. A full attendance of lovers of the sphere and diamond is requested It is thought possible to form a league of the four clubs named, with possibly some other additions. Priceville has expressed her willingness. What does Markdale and Dundalk think of the scheme?

Social.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church held a social here on Wednesday evening last, at the residence of Mr J.H. Heard. A goodly number of Flesherton's citizens were present and enjoyed a pleasant evening. After the good things were gotten outside of, the partakers retired to different apartments, to "chase the glowing hours with flying—tongues," and indulge in harmless games. When they were sufficed with these they all dispersed at a seasonable hour. The proceeds amounted to $11.

It is Rumored That.

The R.T. of T. have really decided to produce "Ten Nights in a Barroom" at no distant date. This an old play, but a large number of the young and rising generation have never witnessed it and it will no doubt draw a big house.

M. H has lost his whiskers.

The "sap heads" have committed no depredations so far as The Advance knows.

Dan. M is fixing up the cage He will probably have the bird soon.

Methodist Church Matters.

Now that the debt incurred last fall in bricking the Methodist parsonage has been wiped out the ladies have turned their attention to other matters. Last week witnessed some internal improvements to the church. The pulpit and choir have been raised some six inches, the projection around the pulpit ruling extended and new carpet laid down. Mr Howard, our new planing mill man, was the contractor, and did the work very neatly.

The big Arbitration

The arbitration upon Derby's registration, which has created so much talk during the past nine months, came off at Markdale on Saturday last and resulted in a victory for Mr Wright. The case has created a great deal of interest. Mr Beaty bet $100 against $50 that Mr. Wright's horse (Derby) was not properly registered Some difficulty was experienced in securing a third man for the arbitration, but this was eventually accomplished in the person of Geo. Inglis, Esq., of Owen Sound, and the matter terminated on Saturday with the above result. Mr. Beatty will no doubt take his defeat philosophically.

King of the Castle.

Mr. Thorp Wright is at present on top of the heap all round. A short time ago a gentleman in the vicinity of Walters Falls, it is alleged, was disseminating false statements as to the age of Mr Wright's horse, Derby, and this coming to Mr. Wright's ears he instructed a friend to procure a bet of any amount with the first named individual, which was eventually secured, the parties depositing five dollars on a hundred dollar bet. However, the gentleman who made the statements did not back his fiver with the balance, and Mr Wright is now chuckling over possession of said five and the crowing defeat of his opponent

The Way of all Flesh.

One of Artemesia's oldest residents passed away on Saturday morning last, in the person of Mr. Archibald Cairns, who has lived in the vicinity of Flesherton for the last 34 years. Deceased was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in the year 1811, and came to Canada forty years ago, settling in the township of Essa, where he remained four years, and from whence he removed to Artemesia. For some months Mr. Cairns has been extremely feeble and confined to his bed. He was father of Councillor Cairns. Deceased was buried on Monday in the Presbyterian burial ground, Orange Valley, when a large number of old neighbors and friends followed the corpse to its last resting place beside that of his wife, who died 27 years ago.

A Radical Change.

A big change has taken place during the past week in the bus and livery business here. Mr. W.P. Crossley has sold out his share in the livery business at the station to Mr. McInnes and has purchased the bus line from Mr. P. Munshaw. Mr. Crossley's name itself is a guarantee that the line will be run in the best public interests, and the change be a satisfactory one. The new order of affairs began yesterday. He has also charge of the express business, and hopes to [illegible] some better arrangements than [illegible] in force since the new order [illegible] The express office will be in D. Clayton's harness shop. We bespeak a hearty support for friend Crossley, and feel satisfied that he will get it, as he can be [illegible] pended on to attend strictly to [illegible] ness in a business like manner.

The Other Side.

With regard to an item which appeared in last week's Advance, headed "A case of hardship," we would say that since then more facts have been gleaned in reference to the matter, which handles the "hardship" down to a mere bagatelle. There are always two sides to a question of this kind, and one story is good until another is told. The main items were correct, but as for the gentleman having been turned away from his own door, that story appears to have [illegible] fiction. It was at his own [illegible] left his residence He is occupying a situation in a western not having got as far as West Territory. The item referred to was published with a view to [illegible] person, and when such is [illegible] ingly done The Advance is always willing to make the amende honorable.

Personal.

Miss V. Armstrong has returned [illegible]

Miss Carrie Davis left last [illegible] San Francisco, via Vancouver.

W. A. Brown, of Markdale, [illegible] satchel containing a lady's gold watch, two gold rings, a cigar holder and a package of samples set on Broadway, Markdale on Monday.

East Grey Spring Stallion Show Prize List.

CLYDESDALES 1st [illegible] $5 Burnett's Lord Derby, 2 [illegible] Wright's Lord Derby

CANADIAN DRAUGHT 1st J Holley's Young Ontario Chief, 2nd Andrew Beattie's Lucky Lad.

GENERAL PURPOSE W. M Gat Maxwell, 1st, A. Johnston's Young Nugget 2nd.

ROADSTER—A. S. Vandusen 1st, Jas. Henry 2nd.

CARRIAGE No entries

THOROUGHBRED BLOOD A Hames' St. James 1st One entry.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings, rising 4 years, which he desires to sell A rare bargain. Apply to

L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank P O

Teacher Wanted!

Teacher holding second or third class certificate, for Union School Section No 1, Euphrasia and Artemesia. Duties to commence immediately Apply to Chairman Board of Trustees,

HUGH WALTON Eugenia P O

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants We have now sent for sale

BULBS

Gladiolus Dahlias

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety Cinerarias, Primulas Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex Abutilons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranth us and Moonflower Vin

BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams Stocks, Verbenas, Ageratums, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget-Me-Not, Cactus Pink Sensation Alyssum Pansy

VEGETABLE PLANTS

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly

JAMES BEECROFT.

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art

WM. NELSON.

Medical.

DR. CARTER.
M C P & S, Ont
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

J. G Hutton, M.D.C.M.
[illegible] College of Physicians [illegible]
[illegible] door east of Grace [illegible]
[illegible] Hours.

MRS. POOLE & EGG.
MARKDALE ONT
Office: Manley's Drug Store.
[illegible] PROCURED AND [illegible]

J. P. OTTEWELL.
VETERINARY SURGEON
Graduate of O.V.C., Vet. College, [illegible]
FLESHERTON

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Thomas [illegible] L.D.S.
G.R.M.

J. P. MARSHALL.
L.D.S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month
Flesherton each Thursday for 3 weeks

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.
Office: Sykes's Block, H. SMOKEN
A. CHESLEY, Solicitor, Conveyancer
Office hours 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.
MR FROST will be at the Office on [illegible]

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK COMMISSIONER, C.B.R. Conveyancer &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S Society Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
On Town or Farm Property
S DAMUDE,
Flesherton

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
[illegible]
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates [illegible]

W. J. BELLAMY
[illegible]
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER
INSURANCE AGT.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES prepared and [illegible] in first class order lowest rates

B. J. Spo[illegible],
POSTMASTER Flesherton,
[illegible] B.R., Licensed Auc[illegible] ner, Conveyancer Appraiser and [illegible] Lender, Real Estate and Insurance Agent Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills prepared Valuations made on shortest notice Auction Sales attended to in [illegible] County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch Insurance effected in first class companies Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any British Ports. Parties intending to visit England Scotland or Ireland, will please call before purchasing their tickets. Rates below any other agency.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot on Methodist Church [illegible] offered for sale [illegible] and roomy, fine [illegible] yard, splendid well of water, fruit trees, etc This is a rare chance for [illegible] A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton

Why Pay More?

THE NEW RAYMOND

Sewing Machine

[illegible] by [illegible] J. E. M[illegible]

$30.00.

—THE—

THOMAS Co.

ORGANS!

[illegible] the world over for sweetness of tone as well as for their beauty in design and finish can be got

J. E. MOORE.

with

11 stops. 2 full sets of reeds and patent dirt and mouse-proof pedal board for **$70.00.** dollars.

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE STILL MARKED AWAY DOWN

Our motto is quick sales, and very small margins. Handsome plush parlor suits. $45.00.

See our fancy rattan rocking chairs selling at and below cost.

CHAIRS

TABLES & BEADSTEADS

at prices that will astonish all enquirers. In bedding nice seagrass and wool mattresses at from $4.50. Woven wire springs at from $2.50. These are real bargains.

J.E.Moore

Furniture dealer and undertaker.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

Durham St.

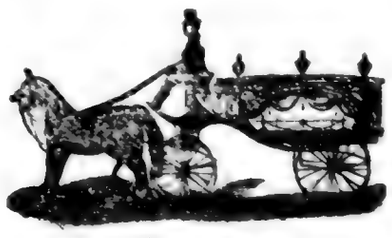

CORRESPONDENCE.

School Matters.

Editor Advance.

[illegible] matter [illegible] mitted to be a knotty one to solve. The difficulties arise principally from the [illegible] of [illegible] school [illegible] convenient and satisfactory [illegible] everybody, pupils with [illegible] respectively [illegible]

[illegible] change. The school houses seem to be as near as [illegible] the centres of the several sections [illegible]

The sections involved in the proposed change are [illegible] and the station section. For a number [illegible] successful operation with efficient teachers [illegible] a new section, teach [illegible] by from Flesherton section [illegible] the [illegible] section itself easily. It was often [illegible] new section [illegible] What else would be reflected on such men as [illegible] to a section where no children could not be educated? In this no reflection is intended on any teacher they [illegible] according to their certificates warrant. The writer having carefully studied the situation comes to the conclusion that unless the whole township be remodelled things had better to remain as they are. TYRONE.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR—Some time ago an article, written by the Kimberley correspondent, appeared in The Advance insinuating that the Orangemen of Eugenia were not willing to pay for the music rendered at their entertainment by the Kimberley [illegible] At that time they had not been paid, but it was their own fault. One of the committee appointed to look after the music asked a member of the Kimberley club as the Eugenia choir, owing to unavoidable circumstances, was not in a position to get up the music on what terms they would furnish the music for the occasion. The reply was he could not tell until he had talked the matter over with the others of the club. Later he would [illegible] to [illegible] their entertainment [illegible] he did not think they [illegible] performance [illegible] but [illegible] was [illegible] home [illegible] was agreed to [illegible] with them [illegible] At the next meeting [illegible] order to forgive and [illegible] they will forgive the [illegible] youth and everybody of the Glee Club [illegible]

On behalf of Eugenia Choir.

The Award.

We the undersigned arbitrators to whom the thirteenth day of April A.D. was referred the matter in dispute between Andrew Beattie of the township of Artemesia in the County of Grey, farmer, and Thos. Wright of the same place, farmer, respecting the registration of certain stallion known as Lord Derby, and having heard the evidence adduced by both parties do hereby find, determine and award that the said stallion, Lord Derby, is a properly registered horse.

We also find that as the said Andrew Beattie may have had some ground on which to base his charges that each party pay his own costs and that the costs of the arbitration, amounting to the sum of thirty-six dollars, be paid by the said

[illegible] Mexford Road, and will be greatly missed, more especially at the fall show fairs, at which he always [illegible] will be his [illegible] new home.

Mr. J[illegible]

[illegible] with us this [illegible]

Eugenia

Mrs. H[illegible]

Mr. [illegible] returned [illegible] at their [illegible] probably learn the [illegible] He failed to welcome [illegible] with the [illegible] face and [illegible]

One day last week Mr. Wm. Pearson, [illegible] tasted the sweetness [illegible] The [illegible] a week [illegible]

T[illegible] is shoemaker [illegible] travels [illegible] a walk. P[illegible] friends. H[illegible]

M[illegible] [illegible] a professional [illegible] a visit on Saturday.

Mr. T[illegible] Co. are engaged [illegible] the cook [illegible] has now in use. The new [illegible] is to be erected nearly on the site of the one that was destroyed by fire last winter. Messrs. S[illegible] have secured the contract and the work will be proceeded with as soon as practicable.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent:

Things in nature are changing now; the beautiful garment which covered the earth for the past few months is fading, or rather is getting it changed for one of a darker hue. Seeding has not commenced yet; but we are anxiously waiting for the frost to go out of the ground. Sugarmakers are still in the bush and they mean to stay there as long as maple trees give them any encouragement. Some of them have had the experience of Lazarus for a few seconds—that's what taffy sprees do. Mr. Alex Nevin[illegible] of our esteemed citizens, is no longer in Balsam Valley. He moved away from here last week and took up his abode near Cape Horn, Artemesia. In case you don't know where that is, [illegible] everybody [illegible] He is getting [illegible] for his services. Mr. O[illegible] as a farm hand. [illegible]

A woman [illegible]

Mr. Dan [illegible] and [illegible] that nice team [illegible] Hope [illegible] Wish [illegible] success.

[illegible] Mr. A[illegible] [illegible] Mr. H. Calcoch's [illegible] Priceville, with [illegible] three years. If this state of affairs continues long there will be only [illegible] left here. Only Uncle Ned will keep up the ghost if he has anybody to pass remarks about. We [illegible] part with those girls, but [illegible] if they will do better, where they are going, we won't ask them to stay. We welcome Mr. George Haw to our neighborhood. He will occupy the house D. Ferguson left. There is a rumor afloat that the house J. McDonal is about to vacate will be occupied by some other McDonal. Whether this is true or not is not known.

Mr. P. Ferguson left here on the 2nd of April. We think he went east instead of west, this time. He was [illegible] intending to go on the first, but those [illegible] accepted his challenge, so he put off a day in order to give them a polish, but they considered discretion the better part of valor and stayed at home, a thing I never expected. I thought they would come over and get beat like men, after saying so much, but instead of backing out when it [illegible] is no need of the saying I told about it as there was a very [illegible] account [illegible] of it last week. I wonder where [illegible] came from now. Verily [illegible]

Mr. Dan McKinnon got his foot badly cut with an axe the other day. We hope it will heal up soon.

Mr. David McIntyre has returned home from the Michigan lumber woods, where he spent the winter. He looks hale and hearty.

[illegible] the Priceville correspondent [illegible] last week and it Queen. Very funny. Yes, my friends were gratified [illegible] that nobody stood calm. Don't [illegible] Queen's position. He [illegible] a shot if will place name to Priceville and [illegible] Don't [illegible] what in the world he [illegible]

[illegible]

BORN.

[illegible]

Thoroughbred Durham Bull FOR SALE.

For Service.

Thoroughbred Durham Bull FOR SALE.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS.

A large stock always [illegible]

FRESH and CURED MEATS NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

BLACKBURN'S

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

—NEW—

SPRING GOODS!

—AT THE—

Central Store, Priceville.

New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Ginghams,
New Seersuckers,
New Cottonades.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

STOCK IS COMPLETE

Cover Seed

Central Store, Priceville.
A. McCABE.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

CAKES AND PIES To Order.

[illegible] HAND

[illegible] Flesherton [illegible]

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY [illegible]

A. WATS[illegible]

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

[illegible]

D. McT[illegible]h.

HORSESH[illegible]

GENERAL [illegible] SMITH.

Colling[illegible]

FLESHERT[illegible] ONT.

[illegible] Special at[illegible] perfect.

Logging and Pl[illegible] ns constantly [illegible]

NOT MUCH ROMANCE IN IT.

Eliza Jane Pugh Gets $750 from Old George McGowan for Breach of Promise.

A Kingston despatch says: At the Assize Court to-day (Friday) Eliza Jane Pugh, aged 37, recovered $750 and costs from George McGowan, aged 60, a neighbor, deaf and decrepid. Eliza, wearing a long cloak and a dashing Gainsborough hat, told of the engagement of the old wooer to her. They met first at a funeral, and George besought her to let him see her often. She assented, and fortnightly, rain or shine, the ancient suitor hitched his chair close to Eliza's and talked with her about farm produce and a little about love. Summoning up courage, he at length asked Eliza if he dare ask her to marry him. She asked him if he liked any one better than her. He said "No." On his next visit he asked her to be his wife, and she accepted him. The wedding was held back at his request until a house was finished. About Christmas, 1887, he wanted to get married, but she asked him to wait until after Christmas. When she was ready for the ceremony to take place he said he was sick. At last he asked to be relieved from his contract. He offered her $1,000. She refused it, but would have taken $2,000. No letters passed between the pair. One day, in talking to McGowan's sister, that lady said George was looking for a housekeeper, and Eliza jocularly remarked, "Send him along this way." This remark was made before their engagement. McGowan made her presents, giving her a gold watch and chain. She returned the chain because it was his daughter's. He said he was sick, but she did not think he was very sick, as he always looked the same to her. She had refused an offer of marriage from one T. Stevenson. Mr. Millsap, a widower, had also visited her, but she never kept company with him as a lover. In cross-examination Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., asked Miss Pugh, "Are you willing to marry him now?" Witness—"I like defendant well enough, but before I would marry him he would have to give an account of his past conduct." Her wedding outfit cost $50. Some minor evidence was submitted, but no defence was set up. The jury awarded their verdict after a short absence.

AND SHE LOVES HIM STILL.

He Gouged Out Both Her Eyes, but She Came to See Him in Prison.

An Auburn, N. Y., telegram says: A large, middle-aged woman, blind in both eyes and led by a girl of 18, applied at the prison gate yesterday morning for admission. She asked to see William Bohan, her husband, who was received in a draft from Sing Sing last October and was serving a 27-years' sentence for gouging her eyes out. Because of this terrible crime, Bohan has been ostracised by his fellow-convicts. Even thieves, burglars and murderers show their detestation of a man who could treat his wife so. For the past two weeks Bohan has been an inmate of the hospital, suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. He has been in communication with his wife, and when she heard he was sick she determined to visit him, arriving at the prison yesterday accompanied by her niece. She was permitted to visit her husband in the hospital, and their meeting was very affectionate. He walked up to her and, placing his hands on her cheeks, kissed her several times. He then led her to a chair near his bed and they spent an hour in earnest conversation, during which the convict-husband cried like a child. The woman's niece, a sister's daughter, received the man very coolly, and through the interview she never spoke to her uncle. To a reporter Mrs. Bohan said that, while she was unable to account for her feelings, she still loved the man and would live with him again to morrow if he were released from prison. She added that it was hard to keep him in prison, as it did her no good and has an injury to him. She excused his crime by saying that he was intoxicated, else he never would have injured her.

"When sober," said she, "he always treated me kindly."

She added, that when sent to prison he deeded to her all his property, amounting to about $7 000. She said: "A wife's a wife, and I can't help my feelings. I love my husband still, and would do anything for him. As soon as I am able, I shall set about obtaining his pardon and, if successful, we shall live together as before."

DIED AMONG STRANGERS.

A Toronto Woman's Sad Story and Lonely Death.

A Harrisville despatch says: Mrs. Annie Gardner, aged 32, was found dead in bed at this place on Friday morning. Five years ago she was a happy wife and the mother of two bright boys. She then lived with her husband in Toronto. An estrangement occurred and one night her husband took the two boys and came to Michigan. The distracted wife and mother followed, and after a weary search, located him near Green Bush a small village six miles south of Harrisville. Mrs. Gardner came by steamer to Harrisville, but her husband learned of her arrival and at once fled to Saginaw, where the two boys afterwards died. The mother followed the husband to Saginaw, only to learn of the death of her two boys and that the father had buried them in an obscure spot. She, after a long search, found the grave and had their remains exhumed and buried in the cemetery. Then the heart broken mother returned to this place, where her sad story gained her shelter and friends. She was still young, but care and sorrow had whitened her hair, and her bowed form seemed more like that of a person far advanced in years than that of a woman of her age. Then came her death, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict that Mrs Gardner died through the visitation of God by natural causes.

Believed to be Dying.

A Brantford despatch says: Almira Winegarner, the mother of the child which she and the grandmother are accused of murdering, is so ill that little hopes are held out for her recovery. She has been released from jail, but it is not thought that her life can be much prolonged.

At a fencing club in London the other day a fencer, making a heavy lunge, smashed his adversary's wire mask and drove the foil completely through his eye into the brain, killing him almost instantly.

STANLEY AND EMIN.

Further Particulars of the Explorer's Wanderings—Emin Contented to Remain.

A London cable says: Stanley in his letter says his expedition was 160 days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass land was traversed in eight days. North and south the forest extends from Nyangiva to the southern borders of Monbutta. East and west it embraces all from the Congo at the mouth of the Aruwhimi to about east longitude 29°, latitude 40°. The superficial extent of the tract described totally covered by forest is 246,000 square miles. North of the Congo, between Upoto and Aruwhimi, the forest embraces another 20,000 square miles. Between Yambunga and Nyanza Stanley came across five distinct languages. The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo River. Fifty miles from his camp on the Nyanza Stanley saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow, probably 18,000 feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will prove a rival to Kilimandjaro. Stanley does not think this is the Gordon Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara.

Stanley says Emin Pasha has two battalions of regulars, the first consisting of about 750 rifles and the second of 640 men. Besides these he has a respectable force of irregulars, artisans, clerks and servants. "Altogether," Emin said, "if I consent to go away from here we shall have about 8,000 people with us. We have such a large number of women and children—probably 10,000 people altogether—how can they all be brought out of here?" Stanley told Emin carriers for the women and children were not needed. The women could walk and the children could be loaded on donkeys. Stanley strove hard to persuade Emin to leave, but the latter brought up various objections. He desired to send away with Stanley 100 Egyptians who underminded his authority and who wanted to leave. But the regulars were having such a good time that he thought they would not care to leave. Emin did not care to leave the regulars behind. He feared they would fight among themselves and that would be their ruin.

Stanley concluded, "I left Mr. Jephson 13 Soudanese, and sent a message to be read to the troops as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return with the united expedition to the Nyanza, within two months. The Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new route."

A COMMON-SENSE LETTER.

To the Editor: -I see that newspaper articles are again making their appearance calling attention to matters pertaining to health as well as to the means whereby disease may be removed and good health preserved. I am thereby reminded that I have received from time to time pamphlet publications issued by the well-known firm of H. H. Warner & Co., which dwell upon the history and growth of kidney diseases; showing how such is the cause of consumption, heart, brain and nervous disorders, which can only be successfully treated by removing the primary disease from the kidneys. At the same time care is taken to remind the reader that Warner's Safe Cure is the only means whereby the physician or the individual can successfully prevent and cure this class of disease.

Whilst I have personal cause to feel grateful to Warner's Safe Cure for the benefit which I derived from it when suffering from kidney troubles last spring, I cannot see, since that remedy is already so well known in every household, why the parties interested in its manufacture should continue to expend money in calling attention to what the public already knows so well. I am aware, Mr. Editor, that the members of the medical profession are seldom disposed to give due credit to proprietary medicines, but public confidence is likely to be even more shaken in those learned gentlemen since the startling disclosures in the Robinson poisoning cases were made in Somerville, Mass.

Here it was discovered, through the efforts of an insurance company, that eight cases of death from arsenical poisoning had occurred -seven of them in one family, and within five years, and the other that of a relative wherein the true cause of death had not been even suspected by prominent physicians who were in attendance, but who treated the cases for other causes, and finally, when death occurred, issued certificates for such causes as pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, etc.

After such an evidence of the utter incompetency of those physicians who were regarded as experts in their profession, I cannot conceive why it will be longer necessary for further advertising to be done in behalf of Warner's Safe Cure, since I deem the Somerville disclosure to be the best possible endorsement of the good sense manifested by those who take matters of health in their own hands and use a remedy which experience has shown to be fully adapted for the purposes intended, instead of trusting themselves in experimental hands. EXPERIENCE.

Latest from Ireland.

Prince Albert Victor is to visit Belfast on the 21st May.

The number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1888 was 79,211, a decrease of 3,991 as compared with 1887.

The Lord-Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Hugh McTernan to be a Resident Magistrate for County Roscommon.

The defalcations of the two officials of a bank in Dublin who were arrested in Spain are now said to amount to £20,000.

President Porter, of the Queen's College, Belfast, died on the 16th ult. from congestion of the brain, after a few days' illness.

The committee appointed to inquire as to the advisability of holding an international exhibition in Belfast has reported adversely on the scheme.

The Grand Jury of Wexford has awarded Constable Cornelius O'Brien £500 compensation for injuries received at an eviction at Coolroe last August.

It is not what we intend, but what we are, that makes us useful.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Choquette, on motion for the adoption of the report of the Printing Committee, moved in amendment that the report be referred back to the committee with instructions to inquire into and report upon the circumstances connected with the dismissal of Messrs. Tremblay and Poirier, French translators.

The Speaker ruled the amendment out of order.

The motion was carried.

Mr. O'Brien, in moving for the correspondence with reference to the arrears of annuities due to Indians who surrendered their lands under the Robinson Treaty, said it was a shame that these people should be kept out of their rights simply because the matter was in dispute between the Dominion and Provincial Governments.

Mr. Dawson said that the opening up of the country north of Lake Superior to settlement was effecting a great change in the circumstances of the Indians there. The game upon which they relied almost wholly for subsistence was fast disappearing, and they would soon become dependent on the Government for support in the same way as the Indians of the plains. He urged that some arrangement should be come to for the payment of the arrears due to these Indians.

Sir John Macdonald said—No doubt some hardship had been caused by the non-payment of the arrears in the case referred to. The difficulty in regard to the settlement of this claim had existed for many years, and was present to the mind of the leader of the late Government (Mr. Mackenzie), who placed a sum of money at the disposal of these Indians for their temporary relief, pending the settlement of their claim. Some correspondence had taken place with the Ontario Government on the subject, but it appears that the Government of Quebec was also concerned, and correspondence with them would be necessary. He hoped that in further negotiations, soon to be had with the Ontario Government, the subject would receive consideration.

The motion was carried.

Sir John Macdonald said—Mr. Speaker, it is my lamentable duty to have to announce the decease of the Hon. John Henry Pope, my friend and colleague. Although the event was not unexpected, yet the blow is so severe that when it falls I feel I cannot say more just now. I shall therefore move the adjournment of the House. I have no doubt that an opportunity will be taken by myself and by some hon. members on both sides to express the great regret which this House and the country feel in the loss of Mr. Pope. In consequence of the great desire, I believe, on both sides to get through with the business of the session as speedily as it properly can be, I will move now that the House adjourn, instead of moving to-morrow, and as there are some private Bills standing which ought to be reached, I will consent to the House taking the first hour after recess for that purpose.

Mr. Laurier I certainly deem it my duty to second the motion which has just been made. As the right hon. Premier has said, the death of Mr. Pope was not at all unexpected, and under such circumstances the event does not present the harrowing grief which the sudden termination of a useful career would be sure to produce. At the same time the country will realize that it is no ordinary or common life which has been ended. As an opportunity will, no doubt, be given the House again to express its views I shall say no more at present.

Mr. Mitchell—I feel that in this event I have lost a very old personal friend. The deceased gentleman occupied a prominent place in every public movement in Canada for the last twenty-five years, and was universally respected, and passing from the Cabinet he has left scarcely a man possessing qualifications superior to his in a certain line. We have looked forward to this event for the last few days with very deep regret. I am sure the country will unite in regretting the decease of one who, had he lived and enjoyed his health, would have continued to perform those useful services to the country which he has so faithfully performed for many years.

Sir Richard Cartwright intimated that on going into Supply to-morrow he would, without offering an amendment, briefly refer to certain facts in connection with the recent 3 per cent. loan, and he hoped the Finance Minister would be able to make certain explanations which he deemed necessary to the better understanding of the subject.

Sir John Thompson, on motion for the second reading of the Franchise Bill, explained that the object of the Bill was to make the printed electoral lists now ready in the Printing Bureau available for revision during the present year. It provided that as soon after the 1st of June as practicable, and availing himself of all the sources of information which the present law provides should be made available, the revising officer shall proceed to make a supplementary list of those who are to be added to the list as now printed and of those who are to be struck off. These lists so prepared by him are to be transmitted to the proper officer in Ottawa, to be printed as additions to and corrections of the list as now set up. The lists, so amended, shall be forwarded to the returning officer in sufficient numbers to enable him to post them in proper places and to distribute them through the polling districts to the proper persons, and from these the final lists upon revision are prepared. It was proposed that the revision should take place in this way during the present year.

Mr. Edgar said the most acceptable Bill would be one repealing the Franchise Act. The amendments proposed were no doubt necessary to carry out the new system for printing the lists. He would, however, ask the House to strike out the clause providing that the preliminary list shall be made up by the revising barrister from the assessment roll and from any information he might obtain from any source. He would suggest that in making the lists regard be had to the last revised voters' list, the last assessment rolls and that, for the purpose of striking out those who had died, the revising barrister should procure copies of official lists of deaths. Beyond this, he should have no power to make alterations, additions or corrections, except under statutory declaration made by the persons who shall have personal knowledge of facts.

Mr. Charlton said the Franchise Act was cumbrous, expensive and unnecessary. He believed the Government should adopt manhood suffrage.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) argued that the Government in adopting the franchise for the Dominion had deviated from the course laid down at the Quebec convention. There was but one rational course, and that was to adopt the Provincial lists. The present law was a nuisance which should be abated.

Mr. Colter said that if the lists were revised in Haldimand this year, at least a thousand new names would be added.

Sir John Macdonald said it was unfortunate if the general question of franchise should be brought up on the Bill amending the Franchise Act. There was no danger of a general election in the near future, especially after the strong vote of confidence in the Government the other day. They would last for a year or two. (Laughter.)

Mr. Mitchell—Some of these votes were given under protest.

Sir John Macdonald—Yes, but we got the votes. The protests stand for what they ars worth. I ask that this Bill be considered upon its merits.

Mr. Laurier said that the position taken was that the Franchise Act was bad beyond possible remedy. He looked on franchise as a civil right which must be determined by each Province. The tendency was in the direction of manhood suffrage. The standard provided by the Dominion was not up to the standard provided by the Provinces. Though he claimed to be a Liberal of the Liberals, he would not impose upon Quebec manhood suffrage, because the convictions of the great majority of the people of that Province were against it. When he looked at France he saw that the great fault of that people was in passing from a limited franchise to manhood suffrage. The policy of England was to enlarge the suffrage gradually. Under such circumstances he moved that the Bill be not read now, but that it be resolved that in the opinion of this House the Electoral Franchise Act should be repealed, and it is preferable to revert to the plan of utilizing for elections to this House the Provincial voters' lists.

Mr. Small moved the second reading of the Bill for the relief of William Gordon Lowry.

Sir John Thompson said Divorce Bills were frequently passed by the House without the members having made themselves acquainted with the facts of the case. It was true that each case was fully inquired into by the committee of the Senate, and evidence was taken, but that did not relieve the House from the responsibility of allowing such legislation to pass. It was the imperative duty of the House to inquire into all the facts of the case as fully as if they were sitting in the capacity of a jury in a trial. After having examined the evidence in the case now before the House, he was satisfied that it was not strong enough to establish the charge of adultery, and there was room for a pretty strong presumption of collusion between the parties. Under the circumstances, he would oppose the passage of the Bill.

Mr. Jamieson said the Senate Committee, before whom the witnesses had appeared in person, had unanimously recommended that a divorce be granted.

Sir John Thompson said the Bill only passed the Senate Chamber by a bare majority.

Mr. Weldon and Mr. Davis concurred in the view of the Minister of Justice regarding the value of the evidence in the case under consideration.

On the call for yeas and nays, the motion for the second reading was lost—Yeas, 79; nays, 80.

Mr. Small moved that the Bill for the relief of Wm. G. Lowry be placed on the order for second reading to-morrow. He explained that he made the motion because, although the Bill was negatived in the second reading yesterday, he was informed by a number of members who then voted against the Bill that after having read the evidence they would support it.

The motion was carried on division.

Sir Richard Cartwright inquired if the Minister of Finance was yet in a position to make his promised statement in regard to the points he (Sir Richard Cartwright) had raised on the terms of the 3 per cent. loan.

Mr. Foster said he had read very carefully and had considered along with the officers of his department the remarks that were made by the hon. gentleman with reference to the loan of 1888 and the paragraph in the prospectus referring to the purchase of that loan for sinking fund purposes. In order to understand the matter more clearly, it would be well to go back beyond the loan of 1888 and take cognizance of the fact that our earlier loans had, in the different years in which they were negotiated, sinking funds attached, by which the Government were pledged to set apart certain sums of money each year to purchase securities, which were to be set off as against that particular loan, and this, together with the accruing interest from year to year, were to constitute a sinking fund as regards the set off, and as regards each loan. At the present time we were face to face with this fact, that as a result of these conditions we have set apart from our loans on an average about two million dollars per year, that is to say we have to buy out of stocks or securities what would be equal to two millions of dollars each year on an average to offset the loans which had sinking fund attachments. The prospectuses issued in connection with the other loan had not that clause, which bound the Government to buy out of the loans so long as they were not above par, but left it at the option of the Government when above par to buy or not, as they chose. As a matter of fact, when our stocks in 1885, or about that period, came up to or above par, sinking funds were bought out of our own stocks. Still, even though they were above par last year, we paid for sinking fund for our 4 per cent. stocks as high as 114½, or thereabouts. The prospectus of the loan of 1888, now under consideration, carried out the same principle as was observed in the prospectuses of the preceding loans. Although he was willing to grant that it was stated a little more explicitly than in the clauses of the preceding prospectuses, still there was this to be understood, that it had been the practice from the earliest time to pledge the Government to buy from stocks at or below par, and to use the option to purchase when they went above par. Here was a loan, the minimun price of which was fixed at 92½, and which must perforce be a stock below par, and the clause in the prospectus simply expressed the intention of the Government to purchase for the sinking fund out of that stock, which must necessarily be a stock below par. The Government did not hold that they were bound to purchase out of that stock for the purpose of the sinking fund if that stock was appreciated unreasonably, or if it was apparent that there was a combination for the purpose of raising the stock unduly. With reference to what the hon. gentleman had said as to the exhaustion of the loan long before the fixed time for its termination, that would hold good with reference to most of our stocks. For instance, in some classes of fours, which expire in 1903, we would exhaust them eleven or twelve years before the expiring of the loan, and, of course, we have reduced our debt by that much. His own opinion and the opinion of his officers was that, taking all things into consideration, there was no ground for alarm and the possible condemnation of the Government, which was rather fore-shadowed by the hon. gentleman.

Sir Richard Cartwright said that at present he would only say a few words on the subject. He feared that the Minister of Finance had not at all comprehended the probabilities, and he would not now speak of the possibilities involved in the arrangement which had been entered into. A good deal of what he said was not relevant to the subject, and several of his opinions, he was afraid, he would at a later period have to dispute. Of course it was quite true that it had been our habit to buy our own stocks, and it was very well that should be done under certain circumstances, but the hon. gentleman had failed to entirely appreciate the enormous difference between the engagement we had now entered into and our engagements of previous years. This engagement was unlimited. It had no word of restriction whatever, and it bound us to apply, under the ordinary sinking of one half per cent. per annum, the sinking fund which probably amounted to 10 per cent. per annum towards the purchase of our loan. The one point which the hon. gentleman made, that at this present moment we were able to buy at 94½ or even lower, would prove, he was afraid, a very broken reed to lean upon. The hon. gentleman was no doubt aware that the course of business was such that when a loan of the magnitude of £4,000.000 sterling was floated in the English market a good deal of stock would for a considerable period be loose upon the market, and might, as in this case, be re-purchased at even a lower rate than was obtained for it in selling. It was not for the first few months that the result of the hon. gentleman's arrangement was likely to be felt, and no sort of conclusion could be based on what could be done at present. It was when these loans had got into the hands of permanent investors, and when they found that we were compelled to expend these enormous sums from year to year, that the full results of what the hon. gentleman or his predecessor had done would become clearly manifest. He would not say at present how far the Finance Minister was warranted in importing words or a qualification into a prospectus so clearly as had been done here. There was a good deal to be considered before he would affirm or dissent from the position the hon. gentleman had taken. He regretted exceedingly that it was necessary that a Minister of Finance in Canada should use words which, under any conceivable circumstances or in the remotest degree, should savor of a repudiation of an agreement published broadcast from one end of the United Kingdom to the other. He did not accuse the Minister of that, but there were perplexities ahead of him with respect to the question which he did not at all appear to appreciate. He proposed at the earliest opportunity, on going into Supply, to record his opinion as to the risks we were running, and the probable contingencies involved in this loan.

On the item of $23 000 to pay the costs of arbitration between the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway,

Sir Richard Cartwright said there must be a very large sum involved if the Government were going so expensively into the matter. He asked the nature and extent of the claim

Sir John Macdonald replied that the Canadian Pacific Railway claimed that the British Columbia section, when handed over to them, was not up to the standard required by the contract with the Government. They claimed four or five million dollars.

The item passed.

BOTH BAD SHOTS.

Pistol Practice Between a Robber and an Express Agent.

A Winnipeg despatch says: At Indian Head yesterday morning a bold attempt was made to rob the C. P. R and Dominion Express Company's office of a large sum of money. Agent Lewis had retired at 11 30 leaving three packages of money in charge of Night Operator Ross for shipment. About midnight a man came to the waiting-room office and rapped. On opening the upper half of the door a masked man presented a full cocked revolver, covering Ross, and said, "I want that money you have in the drawer without a word." Ross went to the drawer across the office, keeping his eye on the robber until he got hold of his revolver lying in the drawer with the money. He then immediately blew out the lamp, and the robber fired instantly, just missing the operator. Ross returned the fire just as the robber turned to go out of the waiting-room. The bullet penetrated the door behind him. Ross then followed him to the platform, where they exchanged shots again, the second bullet from the robber penetrating Ross' hat. Police have arrived from Qu'Appelle and will take up the trail by which the robber escaped in the darkness.

May a Man Starve Himself?

An Atlanta paper says: "The long and fatal fast of John Adams (under arrest for some monetary transaction) has excited the wonder of the public, and various comments on the course of those who had him in charge are heard. Are they responsible for his death. That question was freely discussed about Atlanta yesterday, and the opinions expressed were varied. Many people thought that the officers in whose care Adams was are responsible for his death. Others thought not, arguing that if Adams wanted to kill himself he had that right. Could he have been kept alive? Physicians say he could."

A College Attachment.

We've skimped, an' sent that boy to fill
  The holler in his head with knowledge;
He wasn't good fur much, but still
  We thought he might pull through a college;
We guessed he'd study up at nights,
  Work hard to mend his mind and natur,
An' here that young Philistin' writes
  He's deep in love with Alma Mater'

We'd better kept him tendin' corn,
  An' feedin pigs, an' doin' plowin',
Since he's a student—in a horn—
  An' spendin' money, I'm allowin'.
There's Hettie, neighbor Squigg's gal,
  Ah, how this news 'll circumstrate her'
I'd allus picked her out fur Hal,
  Now he's in love with Alma Mater

I've heard about those college chaps,
  An' read about 'em in the papers,
An' Hal, he's one of 'em, perhaps,
  An' thick in all their scrapes an' capers.
He wrote us he wuz doin' fine,
  Wuz sumthin' of a winnin' hater,
An' now we see he wuz a lyin',
  An' spendin' time with Alma Mater.

Las' night we writ a letter warm,
  A sayin' we are fed to statin'
He'd better come an' work the farm,
  An' we 'ud help his graduatin';
That he could pack his college rigs,
  Er he'd discover, soon or later,
It's better sparkin Hettie Squiggs
  Than makin' love to Alma Mater.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT OFFER OF $5,000.

Our readers will doubtless call to mind the offer so widely advertised for the past ten years by H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, that they would pay $5,000 to any person who would prove to an impartial referee that they had ever published a testimonial that was not genuine so far as they knew.

This offer had the ring of honesty about it, and as the matter has an especial interest just now we give a copy of the offer as it appears in the Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co.'s pamphlet:

"AN OFFER OF $5,000.00.

Every Testimonial published by us is Bona Fide, and, so far as we know, is absolutely true. To any one who will prove the contrary to an impartial referee we will give $5,000. H. H. WARNER & CO.

Rochester, N.Y., January 2, 1888.

We ask the reader's careful attention to the following testimonials, as bearing on the offer, and their unbiased opinion of the same with reference to the $5,000.

STRATHCLAIR, P.O., Manitoba, April 17th, 1888.—As I have been cured of Bright's Disease, I know a great many more who could be cured by Warner's Safe Cure if the medicine was brought before their notice.—JOHN L. WILSON.

HAMILTON (105 Elgin Street), Ont., July 6th, 1888.—I have been troubled with Kidney Disease in its worst form for from three to four years. For six months I could not attend to my business at all. As a last resort I tried Warner's Safe Cure, and found almost instant relief. I consider Warner's Safe Cure the best medicine known for all diseases of the kidneys.—A. J. DIAMOND.

PORT HOPE, June 21st, 1888.—Between two and three years ago I was suffering a great deal of distress across the loins and Kidneys. I was recommended Warner's Safe Cure, and before taking two bottles I passed a stone from the bladder, very hard, and have suffered nothing of any account since.—E. PHILS.

KINGSTON, July 28th, 1888.—Two years ago my wife was confined to the bed for 8 months the most of the time. She suffered great pain across the kidneys with a burning sensation in the abdomen. Her case was pronounced by her attendant physician to be one of the worst cases of diseased kidneys and prolapsus uteri. I advised her to try Warner's Safe Cure, and before she had taken two bottles was much better. She continued its use until she has taken over a dozen, and is now well and strong, and able to attend to all the cares of our home.—THOS HELORM (lumber dealer).

There is no getting away from such testimony as the above. The offer is genuine. In fact, Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. have always requested that doubters should write direct to persons giving testimonials (enclosing stamp), and who are of necessity, in the great majority of cases, totally unacquainted with the firm.

The Perquisites of an Earl.

We had a very pretty little garden at our lodgings by the gate of Warwick Castle. It was green with holly and other shrubs, and in it the yellow jasmine bloomed all the winter through. It was sunny and cosy, being sheltered on two sides by the high outer wall of the castle grounds. Over this wall, the castle peacocks, both blue and white, came daily, lending to our small domain a mediæval air. While to us they were most welcome, to our landlady they brought only disaster, for they foraged on her cauliflowers, and in the end destroyed them all. "Why do you not complain of them?" we replied in answer to her complainings. "Why do you not demand pay for damages?" Enter a complaint against the peacocks of an earl! Demand pay for what they had eaten! The very thought of so doing overpowered our good landlady. None but a native of that rampant republic, the United States of America, could dream of such a thing! There are drawbacks to the felicity of being an earl's neighbor. Not only must one submit to the depredations of his peacocks, but of his foxes upon the poultry yard. Our landlady said that, in the part of her native Yorkshire where she was born, hundreds of poultry were killed yearly by the foxes preserved for hunting. The game laws of England are imperious and weigh heavily upon the cottager with his few fowls.—*F. A. H., in April Wide Awake.*

A Lacking Ingredient.

"Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawbuck, "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gits up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows and gets breakfast for twenty hard-workin' men before 6 o'clock, by gum." "She must be a very robust woman, Hawbuck," remarked one of his hearers. "On the contrary," put in the farmer; "she is pale and delikit-like. Gosh, ef that woman was strong, I dunno what work she couldn't do."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"If I knock three times on the coffin-lid during the church service you must let me out," said James Dailey, of Providence, as he was nearing his end the other day. Had James knocked four times his wishes might have been in doubt. But he didn't knock at all, and his neighbors buried him.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A LOUISIANA court has decided that in that State title to any goods passes upon the first payment and that after that is made the buyer may do what he pleases with the goods. This has put instalment dealers into a cold sweat.

MISS AMELIE RIVES' "The Quick or the Dead," long an object of English curiosity, is now published in London with a preface by the author, alleging that in her book the pure will see purity and the foul-minded foulness.

A "RAMBLING courtship" was described by a young man in Croydon, England, defendant for breach of promise, as "walking out with a young woman to see if the disposition would suit each other, and to see whether at the right time anything would come of it." He claimed to have conducted a rambling courtship only.

HARRIET MCKAY, a Scotch girl aged 28, stole a man's clothes while he was asleep, and went and offered herself as a soldier. She passed the examination all right until the doctor's turn came, and he handed the adventuress, who is tall and comely, and belongs to New Zealand, over to the London police.

THE twenty-eight-story building scheme, which was so laughed at when the architect first made it public, is expected to materialize in Minneapolis during the present year. Financial backing has been secured and an office opened, where plans are exhibited which show the outline of 728 rooms, each of which opens from the interior court and has a window on the outside.

WILLIAM CLARKE, discussing in the *Political Science Quarterly* the progress of Socialism in England, says: "The State in England at this present moment provides, for every one needing them, midwifery, nursery, education, board and lodging, vaccination, medicine, public worship, amusements, burials, and carriage of goods and money"—all of which were once private functions.

IN a trial of the new garbage crematory at Jacksonville, Fla., the apparatus, with the use of less than a quarter of a cord of wood, reduced in one hour to a few ashes twelve barrels of night soil, five barrels of garbage, one barrel of chickens, one barrel of spoiled fish, four dogs, one box of meat, four alligators and five loads of refuse matter, including street sweepings, etc., two of these being double loads, making in all 7,800 pounds. Jacksonvillians think that this solves the sewage and garbage problem for their city.

THE Hartford *Courant* publishes a letter from John Bright to his son, who was studying boot-making in Hartford, which had not before been made public. Speaking of the English policy on the tariff, Mr. Bright says in it: "The gain to our wage-receiving class during this period has been enormous, and during the recent period of depression they have suffered far less than at other times when our industries have been under a cloud. We shall probably go back to protection about the time when your people go back to slavery."

A LOST color has been discovered. Artists and scientific men have long wondered about the beautiful "azzurrino" found in the ruins of Pompeii. M. Fouque, the mineralogist, with a mixture of silicate or copper and of lime, has now obtained the brilliant crystalline "azure" of Pompeii. It is a tint perfectly unchangeable, and identical with the Alexandrian blue which was known to the Ptolemies, and imported into Italy in the first years of the Christian era. The hue is "sky of heaven:" in fact, like Naples itself, *pezzo di cielo caduto in terra.*

BISHOP TEMPLE, of London, relates that when he was once worshipping in an east end church where a hearty musical service is a distinguishing feature, he joined in the singing to the best of his ability. He has a stentorian voice, and the effect of his efforts on those sitting near him may be imagined. At the conclusion of the second verse of the hymn the patience of a workingman on his immediate left seemed fairly exhausted. Not recognizing the dignitary beside him, the poor man, in sheer desperation, gave the Bishop a sharp dig in the ribs, and the latter, on turning round for an explanation, was thus addressed in subdued but distinct tones: "I say, gub'ner, you dry up, you're spoiling the whole show."

ELECTRICITY is to be put to still another use—that of welding metals. The ends of the pieces of metal to be welded are brought into contact; then the current is drawn through them, and when it is established they are separated slightly. Thus an arc is formed and great heat ensues, and when the current is shut off, and the heated ends are pressed together, the weld is completed. In the tests that have been made two-inch bar-iron, as also pieces of brass and copper, were successfully welded. The whole process is said to be one of marvellous simplicity and wonderful completeness. The value and utility of such a discovery, especially in the manipulation of copper, are certain to be recognized.

SPEAKING of his recent address at the Eighty Club, the *Star* of London says that there is always something intensely dramatic and picturesque about the appearance of Lord Rosebery. Somehow or other, when one looks at the clean-shaven and impassive face—surmounted by those strange eyes—cold and warm, inscrutable and eloquent, dull and sparkling—one inevitably thinks of those weird heroes of Balzac that cut their way to fame by sheer dint of courage, coolness, audacity and adaptability. His speech was a delight. It flowed over with fun, sharp hits, adroit and dexterous phrases, and everybody giggled in that subdued fashion which is the etiquette at Eighty Club dinners. Never has Lord Rosebery made a more successful little speech.

THREE hundred miles an hour is the proposed speed for the electric postal railroad of the future. An experimental line has been erected at Laurel, twenty miles from Baltimore, Md. A compromise between the pneumatic tube and the ordinary railroad carries a miniature train of two cars solely for mails and light parcels, without any attendance. The road has three rails, one above the car for carrying the current, and two below which carry the cars. The cars are built of sheet-iron and are two feet square and twenty-one feet long. Speed will be regulated and power or brakes applied by electricity solely. If the experiment at Laurel succeeds it is stated that similar roads will be laid between Baltimore and Washington and elsewhere.

THE committee of the American Medico-Legal Society, appointed to consider the best method of executing the death penalty by electricity, in concluding a supplementary report giving the results of the recent experiments made with the electric current upon animals, say: If any doubt should exist in the minds of some that electricity would not necessarily be fatal to man because it has been successfully applied to lower animals, we have but to call attention to the fact that since 1883 some 200 persons have been killed, as we are credibly informed, by the handling of electric-lighting wires. As most of these people were killed probably by contact of the hands with the wires it shows that in man at least death is rapid in this manner. Hence the suggestions made to this committee as to the use of wristlet electrodes have their value; and it is possible that this method, with the prisoner fastened in a chair, may ultimately prove the most desirable, as doing away with a complication of appliances and lending greater simplicity to the procedure.

AT a recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of France, M. Guerin, of Grandvilles (Vosges), read a paper on a new method of preserving milk. He showed that when it was frozen, milk could be transported with the greatest ease, and that after being kept for days and weeks, and then simply thawed out, it retained all the characteristics of fresh milk. The paper dealt first with the method of freezing, which could be carried out in the ordinary ice machines if done on a sufficiently large scale, and then described the experiments made to ascertain the precise temperature at which the best results might be expected. The appearance and taste of the milk after undergoing the process, when thawed, were so exactly those of new milk that in an assemblage of twenty persons not one could perceive the slightest difference. In cooking, yield of cream, and every other respect, the frozen corresponded with quite new milk, and on the fourth day the cream was still excellent, which was not the case with that of the latter. Butter and cheese can be prepared from it quite as well as from new milk.

DR. MARY WALKER still retains an irresistible love for the old soldier. In passing through the corridors of the Washington Patent Office a few days since, her eye rested upon a watchman whose service had left its sad impression upon him in the ways of physical infirmity. Observing that the department had neglected providing a hassock for his feet, which came in contact with the cold, unfeeling tassellated marble floor, the doctor procured a rug from another quarter of the building and carried it, despite the remonstrances of those to whose room it pertained, to the battle wrecked veteran. Placing the contraband article beneath the hero's pedal extremities, the humanitarian doctor delivered a few off hand remarks on the subject of hygiene and wended her way. The soldier boy was still warming his plantigrades on the three-ply rug when last heard from. In this connection it may be stated that the doctor is somewhat indignant concerning a certain article published in a New York paper from which it is made to appear that she and a chief clerk in one of the department bureaus are twins. The doctor insists that she not only is not now twin but never has been, and furthermore, by reason of her uniqueness, has never deigned to project her "double."

Perseverance Pays.

Mrs. Plentypop—Well, have you succeeded in getting rid of the attentions of Mr. Nevership?

Mrs. Widowfair—Hardly.

Mrs. P.—Did you have him arrested and fined for malicious persecution, as I advised you?

Mrs. W.—Yes.

Mrs. P.—With what result?

Mrs. W.—He paid the fine and came immediately to my house to renew his suit.

Mrs. P.—Well?

Mrs. W.—I had the footman kick him down the steps.

Mrs. P.—What then?

Mrs. W.—He apologized to James for wearing thick trousers, and said that he would call again.

Mrs. P.—Did he?

Mrs. W.—Yes, in ten minutes. I had to see him, of course.

Mrs. P.—And you upbraided him for his ungentlemanly conduct?

Mrs. W.—No. I began to suspect that the poor man really did love me, and love is such a rare quality in a man with an income of $100,000 a year that I—

Mrs. P.—You what?

Mrs. W.—I told him if he could wait till my sorrow was six weeks old, I would put him in a position for discharging James.

The Cause of Earthquakes.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Geological Society, Mr. Thomas Oldham read a paper on "The Cause of Earthquakes, of Dislocation and Overlapping of Strata, and of Similar Phenomena." From that address we copy the following

"Astronomers tell us that the deviation of the earth's axis arrives at its maximum every 39,000 years, so that consequently the south pole, when the climax occurs, would occupy the place where the north pole is now."

A French astronomer says the world upsets every 38,000 years. When it upsets it does so speedily, sending rocks, icebergs and glaciers flying with fearful velocity from one pole toward the other.

A Dreadful Scandal.

On Commonwealth avenue

"Did you hear that awful thing that Mr. Deucace said about Mrs. Klownie?" asked one lady in the group, and then, answering her own question, went on, "He said she was the most unfortunate woman at whist; she never held a trump." "But," said a listener, "she must hold a trump when she deals!" And then Deuce-ace said, "She never deals—she misdeals."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

WARNER'S Safe Cure removes defective vision or sight. Why? Because it gets rid of the poisonous kidney acid circulating in the blood. Impaired vision is caused by advanced kidney disease, another name for Bright's disease, which "has no symptom of its own." Warner's Safe Cure removes the cause, when normal vision returns.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

Under the above heading the New York *World* of February 10th contains an editorial, of which the following are a few extracts:

Physicians and unprofessional men of sense agree that if people would take a little of the pains to prevent disease that they do to have it cured that the civilized world would be much less like a vast hospital than it is now. * * * * But the idea of a regular and stated physical examination, even of persons who are apparently well, is an excellent one. The approaches of pulmonary complaints, kidney troubles and many of the other ills that the flesh is heir to are so insidious as not to be apparent to their victim. * * * * In nothing is it truer than in disease that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

There is a great deal of wisdom in what the *World* remarks. Individuals, as a rule, do not give their physical welfare attention, and it is only when alarmed by the presence of disease itself—the consciousness of failing strength—that attention is given to such matters.

Much has been said and written in recent years concerning the extreme and oftentimes fatal danger which results from delay in the treatment of kidney diseases.

Physicians admit that they cannot control advanced disease in those organs, and it is doubtful whether they can control it in any stage without the assistance of Warner's Safe Cure, which is established as the only known means which will reliably prevent and cure this class of disease.

Besides, it has been definitely ascertained that kidney disease is the real cause of ill health in most cases where consumption, heart, brain or nervous disorders are supposed to exist, and in consequence of such belief many fatal mistakes have been committed by our best physicians in treating such disorders, which are but the symptoms of the disease, whilst they have allowed the real disease—disease of the kidneys, to escape their notice until too late.

There is no safer or surer way by which health can be preserved and disease averted than by the occasional use of Warner's Safe Cure, which will benefit the "engines of life"—the kidneys, even if they are in a normally healthy state, while the good that will result in case disease is threatened, or is already present, cannot be overestimated.

Utilizing a Girl Who Was Willing to be Sister.

"No, Mr. Jackson, I cannot be your wife, as my heart is already in the keeping of another, but I can be a sister to you."

"Oh, 'tis hard to be thus obliged to give you up, Maud, and still your very generous offer to be a sister to me cannot go unaccepted. Will you be as near a real sister to me as possible?"

"Yes, George, I shall endeavor to."

"There is Jack Fourinhand's sister, for instance. Will you be as loving and attentive to me as she is to him?"

"With all my heart, George."

"Very well, then sister mine, I shall try to be worthy—ah, I really must be going, though—good night, sister."

The next day Miss Maud received a package, and upon opening it discovered that it contained—horrors!—two pairs of trousers, six pairs of socks and a shirt. A note slipped out, and upon reading it this is what she saw

Dear Sister Maud.—I ascertained from Jack Fourinhand that his sister was in the habit of doing all of his mending. Thinking of our agreement I bethought me of these few articles of wearing apparel, which are sadly in need of buttons and mending. I have long needed a sister that would look after my clothes, and since you have so kindly consented to act in that capacity you may commence your duties at once.—Your loving brother, GEORGE.

He was the Emperor.

The other day the Emperor William of Germany, busied in his own room heard a violent disturbance in the nursery, and speedily made his way to the scene of tumult. When he entered the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel drew themselves up, and saluted their father in the military fashion, as is their wont. "What is all this noise about?" asked the Emperor. "A slight dispute, sire," said his eldest son, "and I was obliged to let my brother know who is Crown Prince in this establishment." "Good," said His Majesty. "I see what you mean, and now I think it will be as well if I let you know in the same way who is Emperor in this particular family!" and he forthwith administered a punishment which impressed itself on the mind and also on the body of the Crown Prince in a manner highly suggestive of the possibilities of the situation.

She May Find It.

She had called upon a real estate man to see if he had a house to suit her, and had gone over the list and found fault with everything. A little out of patience, he finally asked:

"What kind of a house do you want, anyhow?"

"It isn't the house so much as the neighborhood," she replied. "I want a location where the neighbors will be neighborly. If I want to give a party and want to borrow a piano, sofa, a few chairs, three or four pictures and some statuary, I want to feel that my neighbors will lend me with cheerfulness."

A revivalist at Tama, Ia., recently asked all of the congregation who paid their debts to rise. All rose but an editor, who explained that he didn't pay his debts because the rest of the congregation owed him on subscriptions.

PATIENCE GETS THERE.

She was but seven, I was nine,
  I loved her madly and she knew it;
I knelt and begged her to be mine,
  She said she really couldn't do it

At thirty-eight her hair is gray,
  Her roses bright-er bloom than ever
To-morrow is our wedding day,
  —'Tis late, but better late than never.

The hippopotamus, says "Popular Science," seems destined to become extinct within the next twenty years. So many of the animals have been exterminated by the natives and sportsmen that they are now scarcely to be met with.

It is alleged that it takes $5,000 distributed as tips in the Police Department to get a permit to open a new club in Paris.

ROMANCE OF GRETNA GREEN.

Crossing the Scotch Border in Haste to Marry.

Gretna Green was said to be "killed" by the Act of 1856, and as a place where elopements were legalized no doubt its glories have departed, says a London journal. The legality of Scotch marriages, however, still survives. Any person residing in Scotland three weeks can get married after the informal Scotch manner, and the marriage will hold good. In fact, elopements might still be conducted in a circuitous fashion. The gentleman could go first, reside at Gretna Green for three weeks, then be joined by his bride, and marry her on the spot. Other things, however, have put an end to this form of romantic marriage. In the days of posting the eloping lovers had every advantage. The young gentleman could arrange before hand for relays of horses; the pursuing sire could not do so, not knowing the date of the preparations for flight. Then it was said that the innkeepers and postboys always favored the fugitives. If the fathers generally overtook the runaways, it would have been bad for trade therefore the old gentleman did not always secure the freshest or best steeds, and it was surprising how often his postboys found a linchpin loose. Again and again was the rattle of the parson's coach heard when the knot was securely tied but not until then. Nowadays there are no coaches, but express trains, and the telegraph wires could anticipate the lovers and possibly secure delay if not detention. Also marriages in England have been made so easy that there are Gretna Greens at our very doors. Three weeks notice to a registrar and a quarter of an hour's absence from home will bring about a marriage without any one being the wiser—above all, not the man and woman who are wed. In London and large cities also the calling of banns at a parish church is very insufficient publicity when so many families attend favorite preachers elsewhere, and may never hear that their Mary or Ethel or Constance is about to marry in three weeks "that impecunious young Brown. Thus Gretna Green still virtually lingers with us. Magnetic attraction of something wise forces young girls, otherwise intelligent, attractive and even intellectual, to fix all the love of their young hearts on the wrong man. Fathers threaten, mothers weep, brothers call him names, or prove him to be everything that is insufferable or even bad; she will not listen or refuses to believe. One day the street door is open and she leaves her father's house to fix her own destiny—perhaps to love him always, in spite of all his faults or even vices—or to repent once, and that for life. So Gretna Green, or what it once signified, lives forever in human hearts.

[illegible] gets [illegible] paid as the best [illegible] apply [illegible] store [illegible] as [illegible] that swift [illegible] impossible [illegible]

But if she knew what wonderful cures Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has effected in worse cases than hers she would clutch at the chance of recovering lost health as drowning men catch at straws, and she might be saved.

Married Rich.

Gus—I hear George has married an heiress. He's in clover now, I suppose?

Dick—No, he's working like a horse, trying to pay his board at a $40 a week hotel. Her father pays hers, and she won't live anywhere else.

"When I Was a Boy"

is an expression almost every lad has heard his father use as a basis for bombastic self adulation. But the boy of the last quarter of the nineteenth century may retort, when you were a boy, and had an attack of green-apple stomach ache, you had to take calomel and jalap, but I am treated to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, and just as nice as chocolate caramels—no blue mass and castor oil for me—I'll rather fight it out with the pain.

For Man and Beast.

Weary reveller—Bleish me, p'liceman, this seat is very damp.

Policeman—Yes, sir, it probably is moist, as you've sat in the drinking trough.

If you don't want to disgust everybody with your offensive breath, cure your Catarrh upon which it depends. $500 reward is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. Is sold by druggists, 50 cents.

Family Hotel Housekeeping.

Wife—I've found exactly the girl I've been looking for, but, unfortunately, I can't engage her.

Husband—Why not?

Wife—She's too large for the servants' bedroom.

One never sees a Cuban gentleman carrying a bundle or package of any sort. To be seen going to the depot with his own carpet bag would disgrace a Cuban forever.

Great lawyer—I cannnot manage a case unless I know all the facts. You must tell me truly whether you are guilty or not. Accused party (scornfully)—D'ye s'pose I'd be consarned fool enough ter want ter hire a high priced lawyer like you if I was innocent?

Explorers usually undergo a good deal of wear and tear in their personal appearance. Stanley, who entered Africa on one side with a head of brown hair, came out on the other with hair almost white. Sir Samuel Baker said a while ago that an explorer could not wander around Central Africa very long and continue to look like a white man.

DUNN, 10 89.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

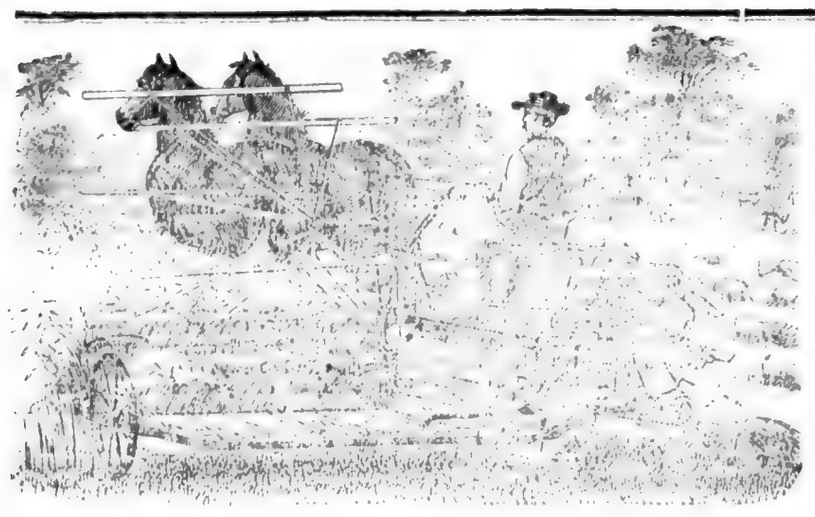

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to:
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and critically compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion of their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts.
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than any other machines in Canada.
Therefore. 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower.
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada.
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all other kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders. Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters. Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
To get Your Tailoring Done
AT
C. J. LEITCH'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL.

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

REPAIRING

CANVETROSS

Etc.

I have secured the Agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine. People should call and see it before purchasing elsewhere.

J. G. SULLIVAN.

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell Choice Stock, LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED. Exclusive territory. Commence at once and secure choice. Write FRED E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

Building lot in the village of Flesherton. Apply at this office, or to AUGUS MCLEOD. Flesherton Station.

Great Bargains!

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Dundle offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm, 100 acres, nearly all cleared. Can be under cultivation. $3,000, $700 cash, balance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and Shop on Mill St. [illegible] $400.00.

12 acres in the TOWNSHIP of EAST MEAFORD. Brick house and good barn adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON. $1000. For further particulars apply to S. DANDLE, Flesherton.

East part of Lot 12, Con. 7, Euphrasia. 100 acres, about 60 cleared, good barn, [illegible] $700 cash, balance at the end of seven years at 6 per cent. Apply to

DANDLE,
Flesherton.

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. H. Speck, Esq., I now desire to announce to the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, Planing and Matching, Scrawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. A. ROWLAND.

To Face To

GO to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Business College, OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study.
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from best instruction after students graduate.
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the courses of study, terms, &c., address

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1, '88.

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

500 bags of flour fell through a second story floor in Collingwood. Loss small.

Don't know whether the Chesley Enterprise is a weekly or semi-occasional newspaper. It comes to this office about twice a month.

Mr. Wm. James, of the 11th line of St. Vincent, [illegible] had some stock ant recently [illegible] cut his cows by cutting [illegible]

Joe Arnott, [illegible] town, killed a rattlesnake [illegible] and on March 21. The snake was 3 ft. 2 in. long, and wore 15 [illegible] Collingwood Enterprise.

Mr. Forest Rose, Mr. "Jimmy" Hunter was selected by the Reformers of South Grey at their convention to oppose Mr. Blyth at the next Provincial election. We congratulate Mr. Blyth.

The only child of Mr. David Waters, Melancthon Station, fell into a pot of boiling milk which had been left on the floor, and died [illegible] to its sufferings on Sunday. [illegible] rescued was a fine little girl, two years old.

Mr. Wm. Moore, of Varney, has a stack of hay out in the field and the other day on visiting it, he was surprised to discover that some one had been helping themselves off the stack. Suspicion points very strongly towards certain parties, but the evidence is scarcely sufficient to secure a conviction.—Grey Review.

Spring Effervescence.

The Stayner Sun prints a beautiful (sicem) "Vernal" poem. The perpetrator says that

Couldst thou thy passing charms delay,
Or be thyself for ever free,
Could youth and springtime ever stay,
And cares and sorrows flee away,
Then paradise ing it reappear.

You bet it might, "Sunny." It might reappear for less than that and we would never say it nay. "Could youth and springtime ever stay" such men as "sunny" would be the first to kick and raise their voice in a horrible wail for the season of fall rains and ripe apples. It makes us sick to hear all the gush (slushy gush) written about beautiful spring. Of course spring is nice, but the human race are not all poets. Everybody cannot bask in the rays of gentle spring with a clear conscience. If humanity couldn't mop its face and groan about the heat, button up its overcoat and indulge in wintry blasts, or suffer the tortures of a thorough soaking with conglomerated rain and hail, it would die of inertia. These are all necessary concomitants of a vigorous constitution, and only the effeminate spring poet can exist without them.

Looking at the matter from an editor's standpoint [illegible] worst [illegible] Spring poem is a general nuisance. [illegible] The lambkins may frisk their tails and play hide and seek among the hollows, the gentle jay may fight the English sparrow in the sour apple tree, where the blossoms cling in odorous clusters, and the warm sun awake dormant poetic energy, but the only consolations brought to the poor editor at this season of the year are spring colds and a depleted pocket book. Out with the spring poet! Hustle him into oblivion, so that the practical editor may receive no reminder of days when the bells of New Year rang forth their bank falls chime. He ought to die.

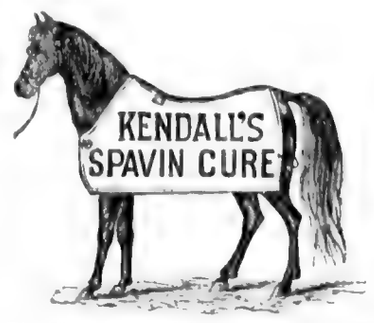

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BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
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Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
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Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

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Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

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I have received a very large consignment of Men's, Women's and Children's

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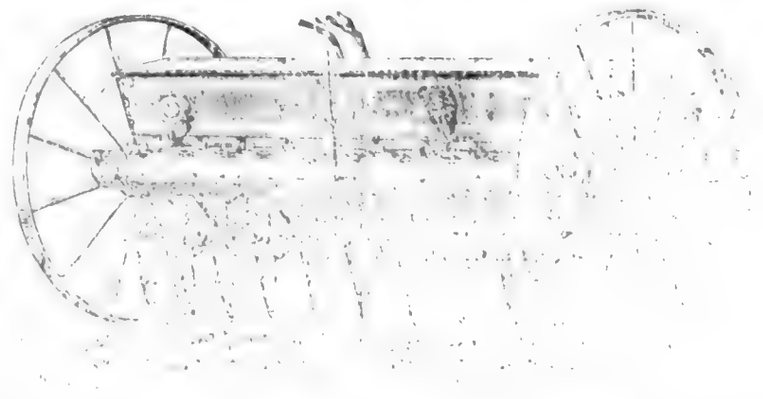

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD

NO OTHER DRILL [illegible] the seeds regulated [illegible] at any desired depth within 1/2 inch of the [illegible]

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They give tone and vigor to the Debilitated Constitution in all cases requiring a purifying medicine. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sore Heads, Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for Sore Throats it acts like a charm.

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FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 408. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR

NEW

Clocks.

NEW

Watches

NEW Rings, Chains, Charms, Brooches, ETC.

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Russell's Noted Jewelry Store.

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And the prices are away down lower than ever.

Just Note a few Prices:

Waltham watches, four years warrants, from $9.00 up.
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The finest make of rolled gold chains, warranted from ten to fifteen years from $3.50 up
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The famous B. Laurence spex still going at half price. 20 per cent. off on all silverware sales. IF YOU WANT BARGAINS COME ON. WE HAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU. TAKE YOUR REPAIRS to RUSSELL as he attends to all repairs personally and a perfect job is guaranteed every time or money refunded at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton.

SPRING—BEAUTIFUL—SPRING

and with it every thing complete in all lines of Spring and Summer Goods.

FOR THE LADIES.

New Prints in all the new designs,
Dress Goods in all the latest shades,
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in endless variety.

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A fine range of clothing,
Boots, Shirts, Ties, Collars,
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Clover, Timothy, Flax and all kinds of garden seeds now in stock. Bacon, Salt, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat always on hand. A cordial invitation to all, we guarantee to use you well and give satisfaction.

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THE NEW STORE

IS SHOWING FULL LINES IN

DRY GOODS,
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All Goods Marked Low.

Don't Forget the Place

Wright's Old Stand.

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A large assortment of STOVES, all makes STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand.

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Space for 1 year, $40 per column; 6 months, $25; 3 months, $15; one inch, 1 year, $4; 6 months, $2.50; 3 months, $1.50; one inch, one insertion, 50 cents.

W. H. THURSTON
Editor and Proprietor.

A STRANGE SPECTACLE

Oklahoma boomer is a title very often met with in the newspapers during the last few weeks. For the benefit of those of our readers who do not understand the term we will give a short description of this one of the strangest spectacles met with in modern times on the way of land excitement. Oklahoma is a portion of the Indian territory, forty miles wide by from fifty to [illegible] miles in length, well watered and said to be very fertile. It belonged exclusively to the Indians and no whites were allowed to own land within its borders until a week, when the American government opened it up for settlement. The day for entry upon this promised land was Monday last, when a grand rush was made across the border by thousands of settlers [illegible]

[illegible] two [illegible] and [illegible] the settlers' [illegible] homes steady made were transported [illegible] and within a few hours from [illegible] the barren waste was covered [illegible] tract of country which had [illegible] before been occupied by the tepee [illegible] dusky occupant was dotted with villages and houses and the white man overran its fertile fields. Such a wonderful scramble for land has heretofore been unknown on this continent; but it will not probably be the last. The United States is fast becoming over populous, and the territories heretofore held in sacred trust for poor "Lo" must be confiscated to satisfy the increase. When all these have been taken, what next? Will Canada, too, offer herself for the sacrifice!

The interesting letter in another column from the pen of R. W. Phipps is worthy of more than a casual perusal by farmers and owners of landed property. The question of tree protection is becoming more and more important year by year as our natural forests disappear, and Mr. Phipps, having made a special study of the matter, is in a position to command attention when his facile pen is speaking. We have not received a copy of his forestry report as yet, but will peruse it with much interest when it arrives.

Duncan Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, who has been resisting capture for some time by remaining in hiding [illegible] warm down on Sunday evening. This case of resisting arrest has created an immense amount of excitement in Montreal and [illegible]

[illegible] times in a big [illegible] to surrender, but without effect. His capture on Sunday was effected after he had fired three times at the constables, who returned the fire and wounded Morrison in the left hip. The inhabitants of Montreal will breathe easier now and Mr. Morrison will probably suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

Clips by our Hypercrit

HE IS A CRANKY ISSUE.

There are a few [illegible] streets in different parts of the village from which arises an aroma pronounced as unhealthily by our hypercritical reporter.

PERHAPS IT EXPECTS A CLEANING.

The sugar market is very excited.

Kimberley.

From our Own Correspondent.

We are sorry to hear Miss Ella Cornell's of this place has been very sick with inflammation of the lungs. We hope she will soon be around again.

Miss P. Myles, who has been sick for some time is able to be around again.

Mr. J. Plewes has gone to work in Washington where he has an interest in Les Abois.

Sugar making is [illegible]

Our British Columbia Letter.

Mr. [illegible] Wewere [illegible] days seeing [illegible] we have [illegible] done with [illegible] and felt no great inconvenience [illegible] Seeding is well advanced. Some [illegible] their potatoes by the middle of March, but my own experience is that that is too early. No pernicious potato bugs here yet, and we don't want them. Land that I would not have as a gift is now being taken up, mostly by Old Country people. I know Canadians would not look at it. Two years ago I got what I thought was a pretty good sickener (at the time) camping in the mountains, but tried it again in January, but ho, how it rained; yes, for a week. Provisions ran out. I had to cross a lake in a cedar trough, the seas threatening to fill and roll it over, but I got home all safe with samples of silver ore. The mountain is full of pyrites of iron. You would think the hardships would cure any one from going back, but no, must go once more, if well. This lake is situated in the heart of the mountain, the rocks on either side rising at about 80° to a height of some thousands of feet, yet the lake is full of fish. Salmon run up into it over rock and boulders; it may be said they climb up. Bears are also plentiful, but not at all sociable. Mountain sheep also live on the bare sides of the peaks and crags. The Indians make fancy mats, rugs, and blankets of their wool. Cougar, or mountain lion, live up there, but I would rather not make their acquaintance; they are a fierce looking animals when dead, and I believe their looks do not belie them. Where are all the people going to on the trains? You would think the country would soon get too full. Perhaps it is so now. Yours truly,

J. M. WEBSTER.

Port Haney, B.C., April 12, '89.

General News.

[illegible] Parliament [illegible] Wednesday.

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr.

[illegible] Barrie [illegible] Address [illegible] above [illegible] Bishop [illegible]

THE MARKETS.

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Carefully Corrected Each Week.

[illegible]

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' Jewels for [illegible]

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

[illegible] guaranteed by reliable warrants in their names. Call and [illegible] Grey Team any jeweler [illegible]

If prices are not checked every time

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

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than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done.
Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let [illegible] live margins.

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optician,
MARKDALE, Ont.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XIV.

HER ADVANCING DOOM.

Against that fatal visit to Thrift, which Estelle knew too well would be her doom, she made such resistance as was in her power.

There was no help for her. Charlie was dead; things financial at home were going rapidly from bad to worse; and there was no one to whom she could turn. Sometimes she thought of appealing to Caleb Stagg. Between the two, she would rather call him her husband than to be Anthony Harford's wife. The most miserable creature between earth and sky at this moment to be found in a decent English home was this same Estelle Clanricarde—this woman fatal to men, and therefore the enemy of her own peace—this woman obsessed and in a manner destroyed by the excess of that love of which so many pale, pining sisters have not enough to keep them alive.

The day before this dreadful visit was to take place Estelle went out alone to the Dower House. It was the first day that she had gone out since the fatal announcement of poor Charlie's death, and she had a sudden desire to see Lady Elizabeth, whom, by-the way, she had refused to see for those days of mourning.

The spring was stealing over the earth, and all the first signs and sounds of the renewed lovetime of nature was about.

She found Lady Elizabeth at home, and two friends met, as they had parted, in all confidence and affection, all trust and love, though only one of the two knew the whole truth of their joint position.

"Oh, Liese, I am so miserable!" cried Estelle, as she clung to her friend.

It was the most human and the most natural thing she had said ever since that deadly night.

"Darling, you must be!" returned Lady Elizabeth, holding her in her arms and kissing her as a young mother would kiss her sorrowing child.

"And as if I had not enough to bear, there is now this hateful man!" said Estelle, with the strange vehemence which sometimes possessed her of late—vehemence traversing her deadness like lightning piercing a thunder-cloud.

Lady Elizabeth checked the sudden quiver that came over her. She did not answer. She only pressed the poor girl yet more tenderly to her heart. Free from all the littleness of jealousy as she was, she loved Estelle the more because Anthony Harford loved her, and would if she could have made her love him in return. To call Anthony Harford "that hateful man," hurt her ears as blasphemy in its own way.

"I dare say you think me vain and horrid," continued Estelle, "for speaking of him as if I had the right to hate him. But we all know when men are in love with us and mean to make an offer. And then there is my mother—and Liese! Liese! between them both I am lost! I sometimes think I will kill myself, and so have done with the whole thing. Now that Charlie has gone, why should I live?"

"Hush, darling!" said Lady Elizabeth gently. "I cannot hear such things even from you. You must not even think them, dear, still less say them."

"Why should I live?" she repeated, sullenly, yet despairingly. "To be made the loathing wife of a man I hate? I know that mother will force me into it. If it broke my heart she would not mind, so long as I married a rich man."

"But if he sees your dislike?" said Lady Elizabeth, tentatively.

"Oh! what would he care for that?" answered Estelle, disdainfully. "He does see it—he knows it well enough! I made him feel it, and have done so almost from the first; but he is just one of those selfish, self willed savages who care only for themselves. He does not mind whether I hate him or not, so long as he gets his own way!"

"You are a little hard on him, dear," said Lady Elizabeth, always gently. "You see, when people are in love—they are—and they cannot help themselves."

Her argument was more natural than convincing or logical, but it served her turn.

"But if you are not in love with them, they ought to get over it," said Estelle, loftily. "That poor Caleb Stagg did, and so ought this man. He would if he were good, or a real gentleman."

"You do hate him!" cried Lady Elizabeth, with an accent of surprise in her voice.

"I do!" answered Estelle, emphatically; "and I always shall."

"But if you have to marry him?" asked her friend, full of compassion for both—for the man who loved in vain, for the woman who had to yield to a love she neither shared nor desired.

"I will not marry him!" said Estelle, vehemently. "I will say 'No' before the altar!"

Alas! alas! these passionate words were but the struggles of the victim—the beating of the caged bird's wings against the cruel bars. Deep down in her own heart she knew that her mother's will would overpower hers. Lady Elizabeth knew so too.

"Oh, help me, Liese!" cried this poor uncelebrated Iphigenia, burying her face on her friend's knees as she flung herself to the ground and clasped her flexible waist with her trembling hands.

"How can I, dear!—how can I!" said Lady Elizabeth, in a kind of agony.

"Make him in love with you!" said Estelle as she might have said, "Give me wings to fly away and be at rest." "You are so much better a match than I am in every way. Why did he not fall in love with you from the first? It would be so easy to make him, now!"

Lady Elizabeth did not speak for a few seconds.

"Do you think hearts are like shuttlecocks, dear?" she asked, gently. "If Mr. Harford loves you, what can he see in me? and how could I, even for you, play such a mean part as to try to make a man in love with me when he is not so of his own free-will? Besides, I could not if I did try."

"Then tell him how much I hate him," cried Estelle.

"And how can I do even that, dear?" her friend again remonstrated. "He has not yet said that he loves you. How can I, with any regard to your dignity, tell him this?"

"Yes, you can!" said Estelle, almost fiercely. "And if you loved me, Liese, you would."

"I do love you, darling—you know I do; but I could not say this to Mr. Harford. It is the kind of thing that only the person's own self can say."

"And I will!" said Estelle, still in that same fierce and unnatural way by which she was, as it were, transformed from her real self and made into another creature.

"If I am made to marry him I will kill myself," she then said, after a pause. "I feel as sure as of my own existence that he intends to ask me when we are at his horrible place, and that mother means to force me to accept him. That is why we are going. I feel it. I know it. And I will not. I should be wicked and false to myself if I did. I should always feel my poor dear dead darling's wife. I should never feel really and rightly married to this hateful man. And how can I marry, feeling as I do? It would be a crime. Do feelings count for nothing? Why, they are everything. Tell me, Liese, how could I?"

Lady Elizabeth did not answer. What could she say? It was not for her to dissuade another woman—and the woman he loved—from making the happiness of a man as dear to her as Anthony Harford, nor was it for her, as a woman, to persuade a sister to foreswear herself, and give her body without her heart, herself without her love. She was, as it were, caught between two fires, and she had to suffer from the scorching of each. And just for one moment she thought that her own place was almost as hard as Estelle's and that there are other deaths besides that of the body, as we know it.

At this moment the door-bell rang, and Mr. Harford was brought up into Lady Elizabeth's sanctuary, where the two girls were. Lady Kingshouse was never visible before luncheon. My lord was in bed, after a protracted "sweep" last night, and only Lady Elizabeth was available, as Anthony knew. He had been sent on here by Mrs. Clanricarde. He had called at Les Saules, and she, glad of his escort and protection from herself for Estelle, told him where she was to be found, and suggested his going to find her and bring her home, which suggestion he had adopted gladly enough. When he entered the room something came over her friend's face which startled Estelle, preoccupied as she was with her own troubles. Pale as Lady Elizabeth was before, she became paler still, and her calm dignity of manner had a certain strained and almost unnatural stillness, as if she were forcing herself to be unexpressive. But though Estelle saw, she did not understand. It was only afterward, when still further enlightened by her own sufferings, that she remembered what she had seen, and read the underneath of the cards.

Very soon after Anthony came in Estelle rose to go. Anthony, who had not even sat down, made a step forward as if to go too.

"Are you going?" he asked, in his quiet, masterful way.

"Yes," said Estelle, hurriedly.

"Good bye, Lady Elizabeth," said Anthony.

"You need not come, Mr. Harford," exclaimed Estelle.

"Yes. I have got to take you home," he answered.

"I do not want you," said Estelle, turning from him abruptly, and speaking as abruptly as had been her action.

"That is not the question," he laughed a little grimly. "Your mamma" he pronounced it 'marmar' "told me I was to take you back. So here I am."

"I would rather you did not," said Estelle, her color rising, and her black eyes growing gloomy beneath her lowered brow.

"I have got to," was the reply, made without the smallest show of feeling, certainly none of yielding.

"I think it very unkind of you, Mr. Harford, very ungentlemanlike, to do what I don't wish," she cried.

Anthony's bronze cheeks grew livid.

"I am sorry if you are displeased," he said, "but I have your mamma's orders, and I must obey them. I have got to take you home."

"Then I shall not go at all. I shall stay here," said Estelle.

"As you like," answered Anthony seating himself.

Estelle burst into tears.

"I am sorry to be so distasteful an escort," said Anthony; but if he was sorry, his sorrow was very like sternness. "You have got to submit, however, and you have to let me walk with you home."

"I wish I was dead" said Estelle, passionately.

"It's but a little matter to raise Cain or," said Anthony, dryly.

All this time Lady Elizabeth had not spoken. She had not been appealed to by either, and she would have been hard put to it if she had. She, too, felt that Estelle in her present mood was best accompanied, and that even Anthony's ungracious persistence had its valuable side.

"I would go with you, dear," she said, in a low voice, "but I have promised my father to ride with him after luncheon, and it is close on luncheon time now."

"Come, Miss Clanricarde. It is time we were going," said Anthony, who had overheard her. "I promised to take you back for lunch."

There was nothing for it but to obey. She was caught and caged here too, as in other things and at other times. The next day they all left Les Saules; and when the evening came they were seated at Anthony's own table at Thrift by Thorbergh—where Mrs. Latimer and Mary Crosby lived.

CHAPTER V.

THE SETTING IN OF THE NIGHT.

Things financial had grown worse and ever worse at Estelle's home, and had now come to their climax. This failure and that had still further contracted the meagre capital left undissolved by the acids of former failures, and now Mr. Clanricarde would be declared bankrupt unless help should come like a shower of gold from the skies. Saving this miracle it would come to him only through Estelle's marriage. On the wedding day Mr. Harford promised to hand over to his father in-law such and such sums as should release him from his troubles, and set him square before the world and with his creditors. Then, without fail—but not an hour before.

"Would a daughter allow this terrible ruin to fall on the honored heads of her beloved and loving parents, that she might indulge her very proper and natural grief unchecked? Would not such indulgence be selfish, sacred as her grief might be?"

Mrs. Clanricarde was careful of her adjectives, and especially solicitous to speak of Estelle's sorrow with becoming respect.

The mother touched the daughter's heart by her reasoning, her sympathy, her manner. She made her weep as she had not wept since Charlie's death, when she herself, that mother, honestly moved—for, indeed, the peril was great!—earnestly, almost humbly, besought her child for this sacrifice of self to save her and the father. That father, too, at last dismayed, and as destitute of hope as of assets, added his prayers to his wife's, and Estelle was at once softened into pity and trained into the strength of sacrifice. She would then immolate herself for the gain. Out of the ashes of her own happiness should rise their safety; and Charlie in heaven would see and understand, and therefore he would not only forgive, but would bless this seeming perfidy. He would know why, and he would read her heart. He would know that never for one instant had her thoughts, her love, her faithfulness, strayed from him; and that this gift of her poor person was but the bestowal of the husk, the shell, the mask, while all the time the life and the core were in his grave forever.

So she thought, her beautiful brown eyes raised to the cloud-flecked sky, as if trying to see her lover's glorified form somewhere like a cloud itself against the blue; and then, with the passionate sense of sacrifice for duty's sake, she turned to her father and mother, and in a low, soft, solemn voice, said, "Yes, let it be so!"

"And God will bless you now and forever!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, taking her in her arms and weeping genuine tears of both sympathy and relief. But the father, who had always been the most sympathetic of the two, was now the least. With a hurried kiss, that somehow hurt Estelle more than if it had been a sharp word, he slipped from the room and went to Anthony, waiting in the library. The strong man had been forced to fight under cover. That fair fortress would not yield to him. He knew that well enough. But she had to submit to his grave caress, in which was a tumult of passion she neither saw nor dreamed of. She was his victim and his captive, truly; but he would make her his willing slave while he treated her as his sceptred queen. All the tenderness that man can show to woman he poured out on her now, as he ever would, and in time—in time so short as to be a mere nothing—he would win her to himself for ever and ever. No knight of olden time was ever more loyally devoted than was Anthony Harford to this beautiful Elle woman, whose body was empty of its heart and soul. No lover of old romance was ever more tender, more assiduous. He seemed but to live in her eyes—but to live for her happiness.

The news spread like wildfire over dry grass when it reached the loose-hung tongues of Kingshouse. Everybody fell foul of Mrs. Clanricarde as a "managing mother," a "matchmaker," and all the rest of it. They fell foul of her not knowing how much cause lay behind, only Lady Elizabeth and Caleb Stagg being able to measure the amount of coercion and pressure that must have been put on the poor girl to have brought her to this pass.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde, with Anthony and Estelle, called to see Mrs. Latimer. This was only what was due to the widow of a cousin who had left a tidy little income to his unlucky relation—for all the fact of the mesalliance which Mrs. Clanricarde's pride could never forgive. They called so far in vain. They could not see her, for she was ill in bed with bronchitis, said the tall, well-got-up servant, whom Estelle at all events at once recognized as Mary Crosby, Charlie's old nurse, when they were boy and girl together. She went up to her and laid her hand on her arm.

"Mary!" she said. "Mary Crosby!"

"Yes, miss; and you are Miss Clanricarde," returned Mary, her color coming back into her face.

"I knew you all directly you came in, but I did not know that you would remember me," she added, more naturally.

"I thought I knew your face," said Mrs. Clanricarde. "Then you still live with Mrs Latimer?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary.

"And she is ill to day?"

"Yes, ma'am. She has the bronchitis She often has," replied Mrs. Latimer's faithful attendant.

"Can we not see her?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"I doubt not, ma'am," said Mary.

"Is she in bed"

"Yes, in bed upstairs."

"Have you a doctor?" then put in George.

"I have not sent for him yet, but I shall if Mrs. Latimer gets worse," said Mary. "You see she has the bronchitis so often that I know what to do—with poultices and Dover's powders. The doctor he taught me, so we do not have him for every little bout."

"I should have liked to have seen her," said George.

"Perhaps she will be better in a day or two," added Mrs. Clanricarde.

"Perhaps so, ma'am," said Mary.

"If she wants anything for her comfort—" said Anthony, leaving the rest to the imagination.

Mary made a courtesy.

"Thank you, sir," she answered; "but Mrs. Latimer is a very old lady and gives no trouble to no one."

"Yes, she is a model tenant," returned Anthony, with a smile.

"Excuse the liberty, ma'am, but I was that grieved to see the death of poor Master Charlie Osborne in the paper." Here genuine tears came into her eyes. "I had lost sight of him, but I never forgot him."

Estelle's face told her all she wanted to know. If her face had not told her, the spasmodic grasp of her arm would have been revelation enough. The poor child turned away her face from them all, and her thought shaped itself into the one wild prayer that went up like a stifled sob, "O God, let me die!"

"Yes, poor fellow, it was an awful death, so sudden and unexpected," said Mrs. Clanricarde; while Anthony's brow grew as black as night, and his dark eyes flashed ominously with sullen fire.

"Come," he said haughtily to his party; "we must be going. We evidently shall not see Mrs. Latimer to-day, and time is passing. Good-morning, woman," to Mary. "Come, Estelle, let me take you."

"Good-bye, dear Mary," said Estelle; and in the face of them all—in defiance of Anthony and of the usual formalities of society—she bent forward and kissed the lips of her dead lover's old nurse, whose eyes had filled with tears when she spoke of his death.

"How unlucky!" said Mrs. Clanricarde to herself, feeling like a second Sisyphus.

Meanwhile Mary felt as one to whom a new vista in a dangerous path has opened itself. She did not see her way, but she knew there was a way which she should some day see, and it was one which would help her. Estelle Clanricarde was engaged to Mr. Harford, but she had been in love with Master Charlie, and she loved him yet. What could she weave out of that? Who knows? Something was sure to come, "else," as she said to Mrs. Latimer, to whom she told all that had passed, "never call me Mary again."

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIENDS IN AFFLICTION.

All things come in their turn, and the dreaded days are as certain as the desired. Slowly, slowly, but oh, how surely, the day of her doom stole on, coming ever nearer till at last it was there, and poor Estelle had to undergo the pain of her sacrifice with as much courage as she could command. The wedding day came and passed unhindered.

The marriage was entirely private. Lady Elizabeth was away, and could not break her visit to come back for even Estelle and that bridesmaidship which was pressed upon her, and this being so, Anthony dispensed with the services of a "best man." They went just as they were, the four immediately concerned; and there was not a vestige of either wedding finery or wedding festivity about the whole affair. They had luncheon before they went, and they all drove together in the Kingshouse Arms close carriage. Estelle wore her travelling dress, which was something as near black as she could get—a blue as dark as that which "Bokhara's maids" wear in memory of their loved and lost; and Mrs. Clanricarde was in her ordinary attire. Even the trousseau had not been got, for the day had been hurried on as much as had been possible; and minor details were yet to be filled in. What was wanted by the three who had the matter more immediately at heart was speed in completion. The rest was valueless.

The whole thing passed without a hitch of any kind; but one little incident seemed to savor somewhat of mystery. Just before luncheon the post-bag came in. Estelle had long given up her private inspection. There was no use in looking for letters from the grave! To-day, however, her mother, searching the contents, for a brief instant held one in her hand and looked at her daughter. Her look and attitude meant plainly, "Estelle, here is a letter for you." With another glance at the envelope she laid it down among her own, and drew a sudden breath as if a danger had passed. Estelle, a little sullenly knitting, as if uninterested in the day and its event, did not see the look nor catch the half-proffered action of the hand. Neither, did she see the look that passed between her father and mother as Mrs. Clanricarde rather hastily unfolded the *Times* and scanned the "dead and alive" with a certain feverishness of hurry. Neither, again, did she notice how her mother took the supplement away out of the room, nor did it in any way affect her with a sense of strangeness or of mystery that when Anthony came in, he and that mother had one rapid whispered word together. If she had heard it, her life would have been different. That word was from him. "That fellow is alive!" from her "She does not know it, and never must."

After the marriage but little was heard of the bride and bridegroom. Anthony was never an expansive correspondent, and Estelle wrote only once to her mother—a mere address-card in essential meaning, saying they were at Paris, at such and such a hotel, and that the weather was cold and windy. After this no more letters came, and Mrs. Clanricarde was not anxious to hear. Meanwhile she read Charlie Osborne's letter, which then she burned, saying to herself she hoped these two would never meet, and—rather weakly for Mrs Clanricarde, a woman who knew life and could calculate probabilities—she hoped Estelle would never hear that he was alive.

Poor Caleb suffered much, for indeed, the joy of love comes from loving, not from being beloved; and where love is large and selfishness small, there we have the power of such abstraction as Caleb knew, with whom thought made happiness, and to love across space was as pure a delight as to have loved in time and presence would have been.

But if Caleb saw but little of some of those who, for a brief hour in the day, had "taken him up," and nothing at all of others, he and Lady Elizabeth drew closer and closer together. It was a queer choice that she had made of a companion, said the neighborhood, disdainfully. And was she going to take the young man for good and all? Their sniffs and disdains had but little weight with either Lady Elizabeth or Caleb—who, by-the-way, did not know of them.

One day these oddly assorted people were walking in the lane which led to Les Saules and the sacred wood of poor Estelle's now unlawful shrine. Lady Elizabeth was on horseback, and Caleb, with his butterfly net and specimen box, was walking by her horse.

"I hope she is happy, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, suddenly. "I doubt it; but I hope it."

"Mr. Harford will do his best," returned the lady.

"Ay, but it is difficult when the love has all gone another way," said Caleb. "And it had all gone with her. I doubt if ever she can call it back."

"Poor Estelle!" sighed his companion. Mingled with her pity was a curious kind of wonder how she could be unhappy with Anthony Harford to love her, to care for her, to live with, and never more be parted from. And he so far superior to poor dear Charlie Osborne in every way! It was strange. It was too strange for Lady Elizabeth to be able to reconcile to her ideas of right assignment in any way.

"It was a queer thing, that announcement of Mr. Osborne's death," then said Caleb. "I have often wondered who was to blame for it. Could it have been Mrs. Clanricarde, think you, Lady Elizabeth?"

"I scarcely like to believe it," she answered.

"It looks like it," he repeated.

"I think she wished the marriage very much," then said Lady Elizabeth. "Their affairs were in a deplorable state."

"Ay," said Caleb, simply. "She would have given that beautiful queen to the least and lowest for a fine ransom. But I doubt if any money will make up to her for what she wanted and had lost."

"Still, Mr. Harford will be good to her," said the lady. "If any one can make her happy, he will."

"Could any one but the one she fancied!" said Caleb.

Enlightened by his own heart he read hers with more accuracy than his generalized knowledge of the world would have given him.

"I suppose not," said Lady Elizabeth. "I wish I could believe otherwise!"

At this moment, walking moodily along the lane, coming from the wood where he had been visiting the old places of meeting—graves now of dead joys—they came face to face with Charlie Osborne, looking in his own person more like a ghost than a living man. He had rested on her love and faith as a man might rest on a rock; and, lo! she had failed him. And by her failure the whole world had, as it were, slipped from him. Had he not been a man, he would have railed like a woman and sobbed like a child. As it was, his large, dark, hollow eyes were suspiciously bright as he met his former rival and Estelle's chief friend, and had not the lane been so narrow that escape was impossible, he would have turned aside rather than have endured the ordeal before him.

"You here!" cried Lady Elizabeth, with more than ordinary kindness of tone and bearing. "When did you come?"

"Last evening," said Charlie.

"Why did you not come to see us?" she asked again. "You know my habits. I am always at home in the morning, and I should have been so glad to see you!"

"I have come only for a few hours," said Charlie, a little sullenly. "I thought I should like to see the old place once more, perhaps for the last time. I did not care to inflict myself on my friends."

"Charlie! inflict!" she remonstrated.

"Well, perhaps the word is ungracious—at least to you, dear Lady Elizabeth," he answered, with a little tremulousness.

"To all who know you, Mr. Osborne," put in poor faithful Caleb, though Charlie had not taken the trouble yet to acknowledge him, even by a look. But he bore the impertinence meekly, and put in his gentle word for Estelle's dear sake. The man she loved must be in a way precious to him, and in honoring Charlie Osborne beyond his deserts he felt that he honored her.

"Thank you," said Charlie, recognizing the meaning of this rather clumsily put compliment. "Are you all well at Redhill, Mr. Stagg?"

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Osborne," was the answer. "Father enjoys good health at all times, but mother gets weakly fits at times."

"And yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, I am alway swell. I never ail anything," replied Caleb. He had become more and more provincial.

"When will you come to the Dower House?" asked Lady Elizabeth.

(To be Continued.)

PECULIAR METHODS.

The aphorism that "all is fair in war, seems to be the guiding star of those whose aim it is to attract the reader's attention in the latter-day newspapers.

Formerly, the casual mention of the merits of an article was all that was necessary to attract attention, but when the advertising columns of the papers became crowded, the reader of the newspaper soon realized that too much time would be consumed in reading all of them, and, as a result, those columns were oftentimes skipped altogether.

It was then that advertising developed into a science—for the preparation of advertising matter which will attract public attention is a task which, nowadays, requires a degree of tact and skill which not every one possesses. The modern advertiser, aware of the public disposition to hurriedly pass over the ordinary advertisements, has called to his assistance all conceivable ingenious devices of the printer's art which will tend to render his advertisement attractive to the reader.

Peculiar methods are often employed—as is usual in the case of the extensive advertising which is done in behalf of Warner's Safe Cure, the noted discovery for all diseases of the kidneys and disorders arising therefrom.

What appears to the reader as current news is discovered upon perusal to be an interesting article which impresses the fact that kidney disease is the original cause of most lung, brain, heart and nervous disorders, and that those disorders are not disease itself, but only symptoms of a disease which can be successfully treated by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which will remove the primary cause and thereby restore other affected organs to a vigorous and healthy state.

In this instance, the advertiser succeeds in attracting the reader's attention and not only is the name of the advertised article impressed upon the mind, but also the purposes for which its use is adapted.

Perspires on One Side Only.

When William Shockey, a Waverly, O., laborer, aged about 26, is working or exercising, the right half of his body perspires so freely that his clothing becomes as completely saturated as if water had been poured upon him, while the left side remains perfectly dry. The line of demarkation is as exactly drawn as if he had been surveyed by an expert. The line comes across the scalp, forehead and nose, extending down the breast and abdomen, dividing him exactly in halves. One side of the forehead, one side of the nose, and the whole right half sweats most freely, while the other half remains in feverish dryness, never even becoming moist. He attributes the phenomenon to illness from which he suffered some time ago.

Mr. Spurgeon's church in London received 218 additions during the past year by baptism, 28 by profession and 61 by transfers. The membership is 5,275. The church has 26 mission stations, with 4,110 sittings, and also 23 Sunday and ragged schools, with 594 teachers and 7,811 scholars.

A Bed for All.

Ten weary, footsore travellers,
[illegible]
[illegible]
One dark and stormy night.

Nine rooms, no more, the landlord said,
[illegible]
To each of eight a single bed
But the ninth must serve for two.

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head
For of those tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease,
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guest devised
[illegible]

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in G and H
And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by;
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

Love is Best.

All in a garden fair I sate, and spied
The tulips dancing, dancing side by side,
With scarlet turbans dressed;
All in a garden green at night I heard
The glad, sweet voice of night's melodious bird
Singing that "Love is best."

The shy white jasmine drew aside her veil,
Breathing faint fragrance on the loitering gale
And nodded, nodded "Yes."
Sweetest of all sweet things is love!" and wise
Dance tulips! Pipe, fond bird, thy melodies
Rose petals scattering!"

Yet, sighed the swaying cypress, "who can tell
If love be wise as sweet? If it be well
For love to dance and sing?
I see—growing here always—year by year
The bulbuls die and on their grassy bier
Rose petals scattering."

All in that garden green the rose replied:
"And, cypress, look! I put my leaves aside
Mark what is hid this bush.
Three blue eggs in a close-woven nest,
Sheltered, for music's sake, by branch and breast
There will be bulbuls' bush."

All in that garden green the [illegible] trilled
"Oh, foolish cypress! thinking love was killed
Because he seemed to cease,
My rest is [illegible] hath secrets at her heart,
Good seeds of summer time new buds [illegible] start
There will be roses' peace."

Then lightlier danced the tulips than before
To waftings of the perfumed breeze—and more
[illegible] sang the night [illegible]
The fireflies in the paths fresh lanterns lit,
Her zone of grace the blushing rose [illegible]
And blossomed, pure and pale!

—*Edwin Arnold.*

The Poet of the Future

I've been reading, Mr Riley, in a recent magazine,
Of your [illegible] of the Future with [illegible] truly rural [illegible]
Of the [illegible] simple fashion in which [illegible]
With the beauty of his [illegible] over-slanting the [illegible]
And [illegible] his hands hold [illegible] and by what [illegible]
I rather think I'd know [illegible] I met him any where
But really, Mr Riley, I [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

What Is Life?

[illegible]

[illegible]

And [illegible] 'tis not the grosser part—
A fraction of the whole,
The life which satisfies the heart
Is centred in the soul
There lie the sanctities that chase
Away dark error's mist
That fit us with an inward grace
And fit us to exist.

Deep in the soul love rears his throne,
There truth and faith abide
And where they rule, ill is unknown,
And life is glorified.
The outer world though fair to see,
Is full of hate and strife;
And oh! how wretched must he be
Who has no inner life!

Overcome by Another's Suffering.

"It grieves me to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson, but I fear it can never be. Try, try to forget me."

"I'll try, Miss Laura," replied the young man, in a melancholy, hopeless way. "Absorbed in the vortex of business, as I shall be henceforth, I may still the clamor of my aching heart and banish your sweet image from my mind."

"Then you contemplate going into business?"

"I have made arrangements," he said in a hollow voice, "to open a large retail confectionery store."

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the beautiful girl wildly as she flung herself into his arms, "the sight of your sufferings is more than I can bear. I am yours."

T. Granger Stewart, M.D., F.R.S.E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "Hypertrophy of the heart is almost always present in cases of advanced cirrhotic disease, and also in the advanced stages of the inflammatory affection. One may trace in patients the gradual development of this hypertrophy advancing *pari passu* (together) with the progress of the renal (kidney) affection." In a large number of these cases the kidney disease is entirely overlooked and the trouble ascribed to heart disease as a cause, when in reality the kidney disease is the cause and the heart trouble the effect. This error is made easy on account of the kidney disease having no local manifestations in the majority of cases. The kidney disease can be cured by the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure and the consequences avoided.

A ROOSTER ON A CHURCH.

Why the Chanticleer Perches High Upon the Spire of St. Mark's.

All over the country people of a religious turn of mind have evinced great interest in the outcome of the controversy going on in St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Brooklyn as to the propriety of placing a gilded rooster upon the spire of the church. It now seems, from what has been said by church people possessing a greater knowledge of the significance of religious symbols than the pious gentleman of Brooklyn, that the latter would not have been so sincere in his denunciation of the gilded rooster had he known more about its history in connection with the church. High up on the spire of St Mark's P. E. Church, on Locust street, above Sixteenth, seeming to soar among the clouds, is a gilded rooster, and that it is more than an ornament is attested to by what the rector has said about it. The church is built in that severe Gothic style for which most of the old Episcopal churches in England were noted, and is possessed of no ornamentation or decoration that is not of religious significance. It was built from the preserved plans of an old church in England which has long since succumbed to the wear and tear of time and the elements and the march of improvement. On this old church there was an allegorical crowing rooster, and it was regarded as being typical of the cock which signalized the denial of Christ by Peter. The cock which to-day surmounts the tall spire of St. Mark's Church in this city is but perpetuating the idea, and to all persons by whom its full significance is understood it is regarded as a proper symbol, in that it serves the purpose for which it was originally created, and also has a peculiar significance in awakening sleeping sinners to a consciousness of their wrongdoing and calling them to repentance. The emblem is to be found on a great many churches in this country, and, although it seemed at one time to be dropping into oblivion, there are signs of a revival in its use.—*Philadelphia Record.*

LIKE A ROMANCE OF '49.

How They Say They Find Gold in South Africa—A Nugget on Each Horn of a Deer.

Something like the excitement over alleged discoveries of gold in Lower California is attending similar news from the Transvaal, in South Africa. The diggings there are reported to be enormously rich, and a swarm of prospectors is flocking to the field. As revealing a hitherto unsuspected vein of imagination and lightsome humor on the part of the Boers, the current story of the discovery of the gold field is interesting. It was first published in the *Transvaal Advertiser.* A well known resident of the republic, it is said, while out hunting one morning, saw a koodoo bull, which he tried to stalk. After he had slightly wounded the animal, and while he was riding after it down a stony declivity, his horse stumbled, he was thrown, and his rifle was broken. At this the koodoo turned and attacked the man, knocking him down and attempting to kneel on him. By holding the animal's forelegs the man kept the buck upright, but the animal's horns had evidently entered the bank for some distance and its head was held down close upon the man's breast. The animal seemed as anxious as the man to get the horns loose but was evidently helpless, the horns being held fast in the ground. Held thus, unable to move, man and beast remained in the broiling sun all that day. At nightfall jackals and wolves came growling about, and even brushed against the man and sprang upon the buck. But the yells of the man and the kicks of the buck kept them at bay until dawn, when they slunk away. Soon after daylight a rifle shot was heard, and a bullet slightly wounded the man in the forehead. By waving his handkerchief and shouting he prevented further firing, and the hunter, who had at first seen only the buck, came up and learned the real situation. Wishing to take the animal alive, he hurried off to the nearest farm, and brought back men with ropes and shovels, who bound the buck and extricated the man. But when the horns were at last freed there was found upon each a mass of metal, which, being removed, proved to be nuggets of gold, weighing respectively 8 and 6½ pounds. This led to the discovery of a rich gold field. Any one doubting the entire accuracy of this story can make further inquiries at the office of the *Transvaal Advertiser.*

Advice Always Seasonable.

John G. Whittier's advice to young men: Identify yourself in your youth with some righteous unpopular cause. There is a world of wisdom in that. Young men in and out of college, there is the way open to usefulness and historic renown. No cause was ever more unpopular or more unlikely to succeed than that of abolition in the thirties and forties. Some young men of talent and pluck identified themselves with it. They were laughed at, threatened, called vile names, attacked right and left. They defended themselves, met the world in battle, and grew strong in the conflict, and triumphed when their cause triumphed. Among those young men were William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher and John G. Whittier. The triumph of a righteous cause is a subject for history, and the names of those men who helped it to triumph must be treated by the historian.

The Jesuit Oath.

La Minerve publishes the following, which it claims to be the only vow taken by the Jesuits: "Almighty and everlasting God, I, —— although in every way most unworthy to present myself before You, but confiding nevertheless in Your goodness and infinite mercy and urged by a desire to serve You, vow to Your Divine Majesty, in the presence of the Most Holy Virgin Mary and the whole of Your heavenly court, poverty, chastity and perpetual obedience in the Society of Jesus, and I promise to enter this society to live and die therein, interpreting all things according to the constitutions of said society. I therefore most humbly beseech Your infinite goodness, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, that You may be pleased to agreeably accept this holocaust, and that, as You have given me the desire and the means to offer it to You, You may furthermore give me abundant grace to accomplish it."

"SELF-RELIANCE" TO THE FRONT.

What He Says on an Important Subject.

Several days ago we published a letter from "Experience," upon a subject which is attracting considerable attention, and we have since received a similar communication from another, which we publish in full:

To the Editor. A short time ago I noticed in your columns a letter signed "Experience." At first I was inclined to regard the letter referred to as a clever advertising scheme of Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., to attract notice to their well known Warner's Safe Cure, which is, it must be admitted, of the greatest value and merit, but upon more mature consideration I am inclined to believe that the letter is a genuine expression from a well informed individual, who is not afraid to grapple with a question which should receive greater attention.

It is daily becoming more apparent that there is something radically wrong in the manner in which disease is being treated by those whose profession it is to heal the sick. A man is taken ill, and a physician is called in. "Only a slight nervous disorder," remarks the physician. The slight nervous disorder, however, refuses to be controlled, and in a short time the physician ominously remarks that the patient is suffering from consumption. Things go on for a while until the patient is afflicted with what the physician calls "a series of complicated disorders." Treated for first one thing and then another—dosed with all sorts of vile concoctions—the patient finally succumbs, and then for the first time it is learned that the real cause of suffering and death was disease of the kidneys, which manifested itself in various other disorders—all of which could have been promptly cured had a timely use been made of Warner's Safe Cure, which is the most important discovery made in connection with scientific progress in recent years. The reference made by "Experience" to the Robinson poisoning cases, where no less than seven members of one family died within five years from the effects of arsenical poisoning without attracting the attention of skilled physicians, who were in attendance, to the real cause, but who issued death certificates for pneumonia, typhoid fever, bowel disease, etc., is a startling disclosure of the ignorance which prevails among those whose duty it is to definitely detect and treat the true cause of disease.

I quite agree with "Experience" in the opinion that, after all, those who take matters of health in their own hands and place their reliance upon a well known remedy which is time-tested and known to be of benefit are better off than those who trust themselves in experimental and ignorant hands.

SELF RELIANCE.

The Largest Statue in the World.

It has been freely stated that the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in New York harbor is the largest in the world, but this is not the case. The largest statue is the great Egyptian Sphinx sculptured out of a spur of rock at Gizeh, near the pyramids. Its length is 172 ft. 6 in., its height 56 ft. Again, there is a huge idol at Bengalor which is 111 ft. in height, and therefore overtops M. Bartholdi's statue by six feet, leaving out of consideration its spiked diadem. One hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches is the height assigned to this present made by the great Republic of the old world to that of the new, but this is only obtained by measuring from the feet to the upper end of the torch which the right hand of the statue holds above its head. The Colossus of Rhodes which, while it existed, was the largest statue in the world, and one of its seven wonders, was about 123 feet in height. Its legs spanned the harbor of Rhodes and allowed a ship under full sail to pass beneath them. The Saracens, who captured Rhodes in the year 672, sold the metal of which it was composed to a Jewish merchant for a sum equivalent to £36,000 of our money.

Fashions in Pistols.

Gentleman (in Chicago gun store)—"I want a pistol."

Dealer (politely)—"Yes, sir. Here is a small, plain weapon, usually bought for defence against footpads. Here is a silver-mounted beauty, very popular for shooting sweethearts, and here, sir, is our chef d'oeuvre, full jeweled, rolled-gold plate, all the rage now for shooting wives."—*New York Sun.*

Latin as She Looks.

Young lady (at book store)—Have you Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici"?

Bookseller—No, ma'am, but we can send and get it for you, if you wish. Young lady—I do. My fiancee is a medical student, and I want to let him see that some doctors have been religious."

Five Years Later.

She—Do you recollect, dear, how just after we were married you stepped off at this station and got me a cup of coffee?

He—Yes, but the time-table's been changed since then, and I've just had time to rush off and get myself a drink.

Pretty Girls Safe.

Anxious dame (hurrying from a train)—Mercy! Clara is so careless. I'm afraid she'll fall.

Husband (following)—No danger. A brakeman is at the platform and no railroad man ever let a pretty girl like Clara get hurt.

An Easy Pronunciation.

"How do you pronounce the word ennui?" asked Mr. De Porque of his wife, spelling the word to her, deliberately.

"Oh, it's quite easy the way I do it."

"Well, how do you pronounce it?"

"Just ennyway."

Kindly Assistance.

Landlord (to tenant)—I shall raise your rent on the 1st of May, Mr. Brown.

Mr. B.—I wish you would. It is pretty hard work for me to raise it myself.

Queen Victoria, during one of her walks at Biarritz, last week, met a nursemaid and a baby. Her Majesty stopped and made some pleasant speech about the baby, whereupon the nursemaid—an English woman—was so overwhelmed with awe and confusion that she turned and fled, leaving the baby with the Queen, who had to send her gentleman-in-waiting in hot pursuit.

STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY.

An aged gentleman of our acquaintance went out after a hearty meal to remove the ice from the sidewalk. He worked as an old man naturally would with his head and shoulders bent low. He suddenly fell, became unconscious and soon died.

What was the cause of his death?

Apoplexy—the physicians would say apoplexy of the brain.

In persons of good health, the coats of the arteries throughout the whole body are tough and elastic. In unhealthy persons, particularly those whose kidneys are diseased, the walls of the arteries undergo "degeneration"—due to the action of the impurities in the blood which the kidneys have been unable to remove.

In these cases, when the action of the heart is intensified by vigorous exercise or excitement, the pressure upon some artery becomes too strong for it in its weakened state—a rupture occurs and a stroke of apoplexy follows as a matter of course.

Derangements of the kidneys are a common cause of apoplexy.

Whenever they fail in the complete removal of the waste matter in the blood, the deadly poison known as uric acid accumulates, and creeps through all the blood channels where it rapidly causes decay.

The primary cause of all organic disease, such as paralysis, consumption, heart disease and nervous disorders, is directly attributable to a failure of the kidneys in their special function of purifying the blood. Kidney derangement is without doubt the most aggravating as well as the most prevalent of all the ills of the present day, and unless kidney disease is taken in time and a prompt restorative, such as Warner's Safe Cure, applied—death will inevitably result.

Advanced kidney disease has baffled the united efforts of the best physicians for years, and it is solely due to Warner's Safe Cure, a simple vegetable discovery, that modern science has been able to successfully cope with it.

Life insurance companies make sure of its non existence before issuing their policies, and the learned and careful physician will not attempt to prescribe for a patient afflicted with serious illness before first ascertaining if this disease is present.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

The Difference Dress Made in a Young Girl's Feelings.

Minnie was 16, writes a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer.* She wore girlish frocks reaching down to her ankles only, but to make up for the juvenile shortages of the skirts the bodices came always up to her chin and had sleeves to her wrists. Her hair hung in a braid, and she had the aspect of an immature maiden. Her manners were correspondingly free and innocent. She had a rather audacious cousin, Jack, who took all manner of liberties with her, within the bounds of purity. They were constantly familiar and affectionate toward each other. One day Jack called at the House. On departing, he took Minnie up in his arms, carried her down to the front hallway and kissed her good afternoon. There were several witnesses, and none of us thought anything of the [illegible]. Nor did the [illegible]. She had her arm around Jack's neck while he carried her for fear of falling, and with no show of her liking or disliking the mutual hug. She neither helped nor [illegible] his kiss, but accepted it as [illegible] as though it had been given by [illegible]. Well, that same evening Jack and Minnie went with other members of the family to a ball. Minnie [illegible] first time in her life wore the long skirts of an adult [illegible] her hair was done up in an imposing coiffure, her open corsage gave evidence of womanliness and her fair taper arms were bare to the tops of her dimpled shoulders. I was with her in the parlor when Jack came. He was astonished by the transformation. He had left her a child in the afternoon. He found her a young woman in the evening. Now, mark [illegible] maladroit a man is, and now, by [illegible] a woman lives up to her clothes. It is [illegible] point that I wish to impress on Bro. Howells, of *Harper's Magazine,* and Bro. Abbott, of the *Christian Union.* Jack didn't realize that the change of raiment demanded a simultaneous and equally radical change in manners. He grabbed Minnie in his arms, gave her a hug and kissed her. But did she artlessly and coolly submit again? Not much. She drew herself away with dignity. Her face flushed genuinely, and she looked like a Queen sentencing a traitor to the block.

"If you ever do such a thing as that again," she said, "I shall forbid you the house."

"But—but—now—" Jack began to protest; "you needn't be so bumptious, Minnie, just because you have—well—" and his eyes dropped from the fresh disclosure of shoulders to the new concealment of ankles—"just because you have straightened up through your clothes."

"That's just it, Jack," and Minnie sighed with regret at the necessary assumption of decorum, "and if you try to hug me, I'll scream for mamma." Then she naively added: "But I suppose I'll be wearing the old frocks once in a while here at home."

Old World Notes of Real Interest.

The English courts hold that when a man writes asking another to "favor him with a check" for a bill, the intent is that the check is to be sent by post, and the creditor is liable if the check is lost in the mails.

A masculine beauty show is being arranged at Vienna, of which women will be the judges, and prizes will be awarded to the handsomest man, the man with the finest moustache, the man with the biggest nose, and the man with the largest bald head.

The public laboratory of Paris attached to the police department has been found to be a nest of corruption. M. Girard, the director, has been accustomed to accept great sums from tradesmen accused of adulterating their goods, even having established a system of blackmail based on threats of exposing adulteration.

"What was the trouble, John?" said a railway man to his son, who had come home from school with his eyes red. "A misplaced switch," said John.

Palmyra, Neb., is short of Bibles, and the *Item* last Sunday published the Ten Commandments "by request."

PROMISE OF SCIENCE.

How the Earth is Gradually Being Used Up by Mankind.

Everybody knows that the world is wearing out—that the time is coming when we will have no coal to burn in our grates, and no iron to make our grates out of, even had we the coal. A close record of the output of the oil fields discovers the fact that the petroleum reservoirs are running dry and investors have not the faith in the inexhaustible flow of natural gas that the sellers of wells could wish. We know that precious metals are dug out in less quantities than formerly; that the diamond market, in spite of Kimberly is cornering itself; that mahogany and pine will some day be things of the past, like the buffalo robe and the dodo. We are now confronted with the fact that the guano deposits will not last forever, that there is a human limit to the production of electricity that our children several times removed will have neither quinine, chloroform nor aniline dyes. Of course this general exhaustion of old earth's treasure house is some time ahead of us. It will not happen in our day nor in the next century. We can go on burning the candle at both ends for a few hundred years before humanity has to adjust itself to the newer or more economical conditions. But despite the fact that the time of stress is so far ahead of us that we can look on to it jokingly, it is pleasant to learn that science is getting ready for the rainy day. We are on the eve of a new age and on the threshold of a new civilization. Aluminium, according to *Nature* is making ready to take the place of steel, and it will be cheaper, lighter, stronger and one thousand fold more plentiful and cheap. Its price now puts the new element in the debatable land between pure chemistry and practical commerce, and it is a question of time merely when we shall build our houses, our telephones and our air ships out of the silvery core of our common clay, instead of heavy and refractory iron. Heat and food, according to science, we are to gather from the sea in proper fish culture and wise electrical work. The economist brightly believes that we will solve the labor problem before the middle of the 20th century and solve it to the satisfaction of both parties.

Budget of the Pope for 1888.

The Pope has lately examined the accounts of his income and expenditure during the year 1888. The following are the principal figures: From St. Peter's Pence he received £300,000; from interest of capital invested abroad, £[illegible]; from alms and other sources £20,000; making a total income of £[illegible], to which must be added about £[illegible] [illegible] during the jubilee. The ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the Vatican during the year have been as follows: Alms given in Rome £4,000; alms given abroad £4,000; alms given in Italy, £[illegible]; ordinary subsidies in Rome £2,400; ordinary subsidies in Italy £3,000; ordinary subsidies to the Church generally [illegible]; ordinary subsidies to poor priests, [illegible] for the [illegible], £20,000; [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] take a sort of seasickness, or maybe more correctly of the sickness. Until one [illegible] that the impression is that the [illegible] structure will fail. I was at first tempted to jump into the river, but I didn't [illegible] and the bridge didn't fall. It would be fatal to an ordinary bridge to which the tread of a horse or steady tramp of soldiers is fatal, to say nothing of the more rhythmic pace of the mule.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A New Photographic Device.

One of the curious things that begin to appear in drawing rooms was shown me last night. It looked like a pretty piece of furniture, something in the way of a small centre-table. But it was not a table. It was the latest perfection in the photographer's art, for it was a peculiarly made camera. It is self-acting and can take twelve pictures without any aid from human intelligence. Standing in the parlor, it will note every figure in front of it, and it will play a leading role before long in breach-of-promise suits unless the knowledge of its silent powers is spread abroad.—*New York Star.*

Mr. Mercier is confined to his residence in Montreal by illness.

Westminster Hall, in the Parliament building, that has been closed to the public since the dynamite explosion a few years ago, has been opened again.

English public opinion is scandalized by the proposal to build a "dead-house" to receive the overflow from Westminster Abbey.

An effort is being made in London to have Plymouth adopted as the port of departure for a new fast Atlantic service. Liverpool is fighting the project.

—To make a success of peach growing one should select elevated sites and warm, sandy soils, or localities near large bodies of water. In most situations a peach orchard should be well cultivated. So advises a practical horticulturist.

The police are exerting extraordinary vigilance to prevent emigration from Hungary, and women and children who seek to escape from the country to join husbands and fathers already in America have to submit to great hardships, and often are unable to get away at all. The authorities profess to fear a dearth of farm laborers.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BAKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

The first thunder storm of the season occurred on Friday evening.

Do you want a watch? If so, it will pay you to call at Russell's, Flesherton.

A new and complete stock of maps has been added to Flesherton School.

Ready mixed paints in every color Best brands at M. Richardson & Co's.

Democrat wagon for sale. Run only about one month Apply to G. Keefer, Flesherton

Great bargains in watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, at Russell's Flesherton. It will pay you to call.

Saturday and Sunday the wind blew at an almost hurricane rate, and it came from the ice fields of the north, too.

Fine Waltham and Elgin watches bearing 4 and 5 years warrants from $9.80 up at Russell's, Flesherton.

Ladies, your understanding will be much improved by purchasing fine shoes and slippers at W. Clayton's.

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

One car load of nails. Car load of building hardware, window glass, etc., received at M Richardson & Co's.

Mr. T. Henderson, L.D.S., obtained an extra degree at the late medical examinations in Toronto, and is now the proud possessor of L.D.S., D.D.S.

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

Meat! meat! Buy your meat from Petch & Mitchell, Flesherton's well known butchers. Some choice veal now on hand.

LOST.—Mr. Mathewson, mail driver between Flesherton and Epping, lost a rubber coat on Thursday last some place between here and the town line, Artemesia and Euphrasia. The finder would confer a great favor by leaving it at Eugenia P.O. or this office

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it For sale at the Medical Hall

New tea sets, toilet sets, dinner sets and three hogsheads of new glassware and crockery just opened at M. Richardson & Co's.

It is said that one gentleman's family, in this vicinity, numbering six persons, got away with thirteen dozen eggs on Easter.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Another consignment of English dress goods direct from Manchester; just opened at M. Richardson & Co's. Splendid values.

Somebody with more wit than wisdom has been displaying said wit at the Boyne bridge, by throwing pieces of the sidewalk over the embankment. It is a pity some one in authority could not catch them at it. It was a mighty poor kind of fun, boys, and should be indulged in very sparingly.

Just received this week—A large consignment of men's and boy's ready made clothing, superior in style and make, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Messrs Petch & Mitchell, are prepared to furnish you with the best meats to be procured. All kinds in their season. Will call for orders.

Canada is a free country, but everybody is forced to believe that W. Clayton sells the best and cheapest boots in Flesherton.

Mr. N. Barber, of Owen Sound, has decided to open an agency in Flesherton for the sale of the Singer sewing machine.

Dr. Thomas Henderson, L.D.S., D.D.S., Toronto, will be in Flesherton on May 1 and 2. Those having unruly teeth should visit him.

M. Richardson & Co. are showing a fine range of wall papers, window shades, etc., and have on hand alabastine, the celebrated hard wall finish in white and tints.

Big changes have taken place in the newspaper world during the past week or so. The Orangeville Advertiser, Hanover Post and Stayner Sun have all changed hands, we hope for the best in each case. The new proprietor of the Hanover paper is a brother of Mr. Mitchell of the Durham Chronicle.

Many children delight to go barefoot in the summer time, but full grown men like to keep their bunion-covered pedal extremities hidden, and always buy boots for that purpose at W. Clayton's.

Dr. Sinclair M.D., M.A., L.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.M., The well known Scottish Specialist of Toronto, will be at Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, on Tuesday, May 7th. Dr. Sinclair is an old visitor here, and will no doubt receive his usual large number of callers on that day.

The service of song in the Methodist Church Sunday evening was very enjoyable. The choir rendered excellent music. Mr. M. Richardson gave a short, interesting address upon the season, followed by a few remarks from Rev. Mr. Shilton. Several of the pieces given by the choir—solos, quartets and anthems—were of more than ordinary excellence. The choir deserves congratulation upon the excellent song service furnished on Sunday evening. The floral decorations were very handsome, and were all furnished by our genial green house proprietor, Mr. Beecroft.

A telegram from Winnipeg says that W.F. Doll's wholesale jewelry store was entered by two burglars on Saturday morning last and were making their way to the vaults where the diamonds are kept, when a boy named Hunt, who sleeps on the premises, heard the noise On his going to the bedroom door one of the burglars sighted him and fired a revolver, the shot taking effect in the boy's arm. The latter returned the fire, but without effect. Burglar No 2 took the revolver from the boy and gave him a severe choking. The police have no clue to the crooks.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage

A Fine Beef.

Messrs. Petch & Mitchell killed a very heavy beef animal on Monday. It was a four year old heifer, raised and fattened by Wm. Flesher, of Orange Valley, and weighed when dressed 740 lbs., or 185 lbs to the quarter. Our beefeaters may now revel in fat steaks for a few days. Mr Flesher seems to thoroughly understand fattening stock.

The Price of Eggs.

The statement in last week's Advance that eggs were 9 cents a dozen was only partially correct. The low price was only paid by one or two of our business men for a day or so. Ten cents is the price paid by all at present, and it will not likely be lower.

Baseball.

Flesherton Baseball Club organized on Saturday evening last, with the following as officers for the ensuing year: S Damude, President; J.W. Armstrong, Vice President; Wm. Clark Captain; J. G. Russell, assistant; G.W. Hawk, Sec.-Treas; C.J. Leitch, H A. Hawk, G. Mitchell, working committee.

Dr. Wright

Another of Flesherton's young men has distinguished himself by becoming a full fledged doctor in the person of Mr. Will Mc. Wright, who took his degree of M.B. at the University examination in Toronto last week. Dr. Wright has been a persevering young man, and it is with very much pleasure that we tender him our congratulations.

Markdale Spring Show.

Markdale spring show was held on Tuesday. A great portion of Flesherton prize winners were again successful there. Mr. Burnett's Derby took first in Clydesdales and Mr. Wright's Derby second. A.S. Vandusen's Billy V. took first in roadsters and J.G.Carson second. We did not receive the complete list.

Arrested.

On Saturday afternoon last a telegram was received here from Walkerton to detain one George Garbut, who was wanted in that town, for what cause was not stated. The telegram was delivered to Mr. John Fields, who acted upon it and collared his man between the village and station. Garbut remained in custody until Tuesday afternoon, when a constable arrived from Walkerton and took him in hand. The warrant charged Garbut with fradulent appropriation of money.

Runaway.

Mr. Noble Lawrence met with a severe and costly accident on Saturday afternoon last while drawing a heavy load of freight from the station. While descending Adams' hill some small boxes became misplaced and fell upon the horses, causing them to run away. The wagon went over the embankment, which is several feet high at that point, and a large amount of freight, most of which belonged to M. Richardson & Co., was more or less damaged. Mr. Lawrence had his wrist dislocated and shoulder injured. The exact amount of damage done to goods is not known.

Personal.

Mr. Jos. Blackburn, Esq., and Mrs. Blackburn spent Easter with the latter's parents in Gorrie.

Mrs. J. Gordon and family left for New York on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Will Dinwoodie left yesterday for Toronto. He may possibly visit Iowa before returning.

Dr. Will Wright returned home on Tuesday evening.

Miss Lizzie Armstrong and Miss J. Bannon visited friends in Owen Sound for the Easter holidays

Dr. George Armstrong of Minneapolis, is spending the summer in California for the benefit of his wife's health.

The Misses Lizzie and Annie Richardson are home from Owen Sound for the holidays. Also Miss Ada Sproule, from Pine Grove.

Special Announcement

We have made arrangements with Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time

Fire at Priceville.

A destructive fire occurred at Priceville early Tuesday morning, by which Mr. A. McCabe, merchant, lost his building and part of his stock, together with household goods, a fine watch and considerable clothing. A vacant store and dwelling next to Mr. McCabe's owned by Mr. Wait, also fell a prey to the devouring element. The fire started the previous evening about 9 o'clock from a defective stovepipe in rear of the store, but was extinguished as was thought. However, it appears to have been smouldering, and burst into flames at an early hour in the morning. Mr. McCabe was well insured, but Mr. Wait had no insurance on his building. Mr. McCabe has taken up temporary quarters in Nicholl's old stand.

Lecture

Rev. Charles E. Perry lectured Tuesday evening in the Town Hall on the Jesuit Bill to an audience of about 35. He came here under the auspices of L.O.L. No. 883. An admission fee of 15 cents was charged. Rev. Mr. Perry might possibly understand how to preach a good sermon, but L.O.L. No. 883 made a big mistake in securing him to deliver a lecture on Jesuitism. He did not appear to be posted in his subject to any extent. We listened to his remarks for three quarters of an hour, and during that time his ostensible subject was not touched upon. He did not attempt a discussion of the Jesuit Bill, and sacrificed argument to rhetorical declamation. At the close of his remarks Dr. Christoe spoke for ten minutes and gave the audience more information in that time about the subject than Mr. Perry had in an hour and a half. Financially the affair was a sad failure, but Mr. Perry was at one time stationed here, and it appears that the people of Flesherton knew what to expect.

Flesherton orchestra rendered a few selections in their usual excellent manner.

E. G. Spring Show.

We had no time or space last week to give an extended report of the spring show held here on Wednesday, 17th, but simply gave the prize list. It was a matter of general remark that the number of entries was not so large as that of last year, but the quality of stock shown was somewhat superior. There was but one judge—Mr. Middleton, of Barrie and he gave almost universal satisfaction. His judging was careful and his decisions just. There were some magnificent animals shown. In the Clydesdale class W.H. Burnett's Lord Durby, which took first, is classed as one of the finest animals ever brought to this township. He is very heavy and well proportioned, weighing at present over 2,000 lbs. Mr. Wright's Lord Durby, 2nd prize, was in extra good trim, and held his head in a manner that spoke quite plainly of the satisfaction he felt at the pleasant (to him) termination of the big arbitration. He looked extremely well. In Canadian draught Mr. Holley's Young Ontario Chief and Mr. Beattie's Lucky Lad are too well known to require comment. In general purpose Mr. A. Johnston's young Nugent and Mr. Moffat's grey were well mated and required close judging to determine their relative merits. In the roadster class there were several entries, Mr. Jas. Henry, of Markdale showing his span of bays, the larger one of which took second place. Mr. Vandusen's Billy V. was the admired of all eyes. He is "as pretty as a picture" and deservedly took first, as he also did at Dundalk on the following day. In the thorough-bred bloods there was only one entry, Mr. Haine's St. James. He is a pretty animal, and his pedigree is traceable back to Arabian stock.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Fire in Stayner.

Special for The Advance.

STAYNER, April 22. Laidlaw's storehouse and stables were burned down this morning. The storehouse contained considerable grain and other stuff. Loss about $2,000; fully covered by insurance.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

VOLUNTEERS

Attention

12 RECRUITS Wanted!

No. 6 company of volunteers will meet in the drill shed, Flesherton, every Thursday and Saturday evening at 7 o'clock until further ordere, for drill purposes. Signed,
J. J. FIELD, Lieut.
C. J. SPROULE, Lieut.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McCOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station. 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVEP,
Flesherton P. O.

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings, rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain. Apply to
L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank, P.O.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence J.G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians [illegible] Surgeons Ontario
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier or Atkinson's Hotel
Priceville, Nov 19, 1885

DRS. SPROULE & EGG.
MARKDALE ONT
Office: Manley's Drug Store.
P.S. SPROULE M.D.C.M. ANGUS EGG M.D. late of Tottenham
Dr Egg will be found at Markdale Hotel on [illegible]

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth door East of Presbyterian Church,
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Thomas Henderson, L.D.S.,
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer,
Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager
MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursday, as heretofore

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER C.B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C.L.C. Com and F.P.B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

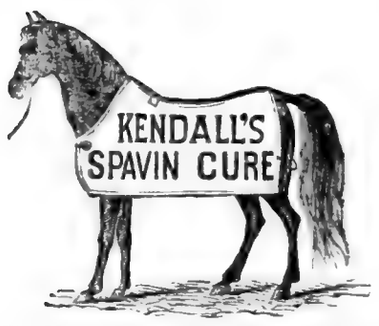

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS.

Gladiolus and Dahlias.

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety. Cinnerarias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutilons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower., In

BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Ageratum, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget-me-Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy.

VEGETABLE PLANTS.

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber.

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly
JAMES BEECROFT.

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

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BLACKBURN'S

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FLOUR, FEED, AND **PROVISIONS.**

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

AT

BLACKBURN'S

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.
Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.
WM. NELSON.

Thoroughbred Durham Bull FOR SALE.

Mr. W. H. O'Brien, E. half lot 1, Con. 3, Euphrasia, offers for sale a first class thoroughbred Durham bull, 3 years old. Apply on the premises or Eugenia P. O.

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Bull For Service.

The thoroughbred shorthorn bull, DUKE OF ALBANY, will be for service this season on Lot 4, Con. 4, Osprey. TERMS: One dollar.
A. McKECHNIE, Prop.

CORRESPONDENCE.

English and Canadian Forestry.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR—I trust that the present spring will see a considerable amount of tree planting done. When travelling last summer through England and Scotland, nothing was so plainly observable to a Canadian as the fact that the country was well sheltered. Everywhere were hedges, everywhere fine trees, along them every here and there plantations. Those who owned the land apparently were far from grudging the trees their standing room, and the result well paid them. Such crops of wheat, such weight of grass per acre as was there obtained doubled, or often trebled Canadian products. Comparing Canadian with English farming practice, no one could doubt that the shelter given had much to do with the fertility of the land. It was a painful contrast to many of our Canadian farms where it looks as if the owner had cut every tree from the surface to produce a square expanse of bare earth, as bare, as hard and as unsightly as an Illinois stock yard.

How different this to what a farm should be, with its reserve of forest well kept, free from the intrusion of cattle and in good forest condition—its bed deep with leaves, its young trees rising emulous to the height of the old, ready to replace them when they are cut down for use, its massive wealth of foliage, its pleasant walks cool and umbrageous in the hottest day, its living springs preserved by trees, its lines of wind breaks opposed to the cutting blasts. Such a farm so kept is a place of beauty, a place to live and die in. The other—shaved flat to the surface, is a place to toil, to make money if farming pays perhaps, but it is never a pleasure to those who inhabit it, if they possess any of the finer sentiments of our nature. It is not always even the best place to make money by farming, for he who has the trees will have the grass crops, he who has the grass crops will have the manure and he who has the manure will have the wheat.

The new forestry report is now being distributed, and any one desiring it, by sending his address to me will receive it by mail. It is a pamphlet distributed free yearly by the Ontario government there is no price for the book and no charge for postage. It will be found to contain much information interesting to all who interest themselves in the forest

Yours etc. R. W. PHIPPS.

233 Richmond street, Toronto.

House on Fire.

I hear I am oise of men and boys,
The fireman rattled too,
The fire! they cried, and then cried I!
Oh, dear, what shall I do? Old Song.

Editor Advance.

The dry, hot weather is at hand when accidental fires are more liable to occur and progressive Flesherton "beautiful for situation," cannot well afford to have its progress impeded by the "fire fiend." If you have no fire engine would it not be advisable to request the "city fathers" to begin immediate preparations to "meet the foe?" The Advance is (and always has been) a true friend to Flesherton and I am of the opinion that a few remarks from you upon this important subject would be heeded by the town officials, and better protection from fire be the result.

N.B. Strange to say, at this moment the Winnipeg fire alarm sounded, and the engine rushed past! The "fiend" is again at work. You are also a friend of Eugenia's "beauteousness," therefore please bring this "all devouring element" matter before the minds of those citizens, that they may early prepare for fires accidental or otherwise. Eugenia has already had a little "hot taste," a full meal may yet be in store if not headed off in time. Next comes Kimberley "in the vale" (or valley) the residents thereof have also had "experience" not of desirable repetition. You have an interest of more than property consideration. Urge the enterprising villagers to protect themselves against another fiery visitation before it is too late. Yes, I am aware that not many millionares reside in either of the aforementioned localities, consequently a first class fire brigade cannot be expected to organize, but there are several kinds of fire extinguishers available for villagers of moderate means, chemicals very effective in subduing fires in incipient stages. One of those small portable hand or garden force pumps ought to be in every house in town and country; a boy or girl can use them. They will quickly put out a roof on fire if not too far advanced. They are used for watering gardens, spraying fruit trees to destroy vermin, washing high windows outside, etc. I've had a brass one upwards of twelve years, price $10, in good condition yet. It will throw a good stream to the top of a two story house. Tin pumps cost about $2.50. Oil frequently to prevent rusting. Now, Mr. Editor, if by publishing the foregoing, only one house or valuable building is saved, you will have your reward.

Hoping your readers will take warning in time, and renewing my promise of further disclosure of "things which have never seen the light" through The Advance, I dispatch this message for the good it may do. WM. PURDY

Winnipeg, April, 1889.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR—Would you kindly allow me space in your valuable columns to make an explanation in regard to this Kimberley Glee Club bill. There are generally two sides to a story, and when both are heard there is a chance to decide which is right. In his article of last week the Eugenia writer has made some very gross errors and many glaring misrepresentations. In the first place he says "the Eugenia choir, owing to unavoidable circumstances, was not in a position to get up the music," making it appear as though Eugenia had a choir at that time. Now, this does not concern us, but we claim that a person who makes such slight misrepresentations is capable of enlarging them. Again he says, "one of the committee, appointed to look after the music, asked a member of the club on what terms they would furnish music, and he the member replied that he could not tell until he saw some of the club." Here his memory either rambles or else he has been misinformed. This person whom he mentions proves to be the organist, and nothing was mentioned to her about terms. When the club received the invitation they accepted it under the agreement that 1st. They were to receive free tickets. 2nd. They were to be conveyed to Eugenia and back; and they were also told that the organist would expect pay. The former clause of the agreement was very politely carried out. The second owing to the generosity of the club was ruled out, and they provided their own means of conveyance. But the third clause is the one which stuck in their digestive organs. The Kimberley correspondent feeling somewhat concerned in behalf of the organist, concluded that he would gently remind them of their gentlemanly duty through the columns of your paper—a scheme which has worked very satisfactorily, insomuch that the organist has received her dues for her pains in practicing and training the club for the occasion. The reason why a bill was not sent in is very easily explained, in fact there is no explanation at all. It was days as gentlemen to ascertain what was required, and as to "forgiving the wrong" (as they term it) "on account of the tenderness of the Glee Club's secretary and spokesman," most likely the writer sports a cane and a green eye-glass, I cannot know

ONE CONCERNED.

School Matters.

To the Editor of The Advance.

The letter of Tyrone in your issue of 18 inst. is before us. As the writer has made a sneering fling at Flesherton Station, and his statements not agreeing with our opinion and knowledge of facts, we beg to offer reply to parts of his letter. We cannot blame the angularities of the township for school difficulties so much as we blame the formation of the council of the township. Let the whole affairs of the township be administered without fear or favor, and school sections and everything else can then be equalized justly and for the proper, rightful benefit of all concerned. The Flesherton Station school is a success and rejoices the hearts of the people interested in it. All the difficulties and extra expense that have been suffered were caused by the obduracy of the Township Council, and their action was at once reversed by the intelligent and disinterested board of arbitrators appointed by the County Council. the school was formed from fully well consideration of all the circumstances, and has had from its first inception the full statuary school population, and although the territory is small, that is not the fault of the present ratepayers, they are quite willing to welcome in all surrounding territory which should properly belong to this section. Tyrone's attempt to reason people into keeping quiet on school matters is quite good for people centrally situated in school sections, and are helped to keep up schools convenient for themselves at the expense of others too far off to attend. But take the original standpoint and view for what the public schools were originated, was it not that all the children of Canada should have put within their reach the means of obtaining a good common education, and not to keep up extra good schools in centres of large circuits at which a great part of the children could not attend? Let the school sections of this township be at once equalised so as to benefit the whole population of Artemesia, and let people desiring better things pay out of their own pockets for them.

Yours truly
FLESHERTON STATION

To The Editor of The Advance.

Notwithstanding the fact that the so-called editor of the Markdale Standard is notorious for his vagaries and inconsistencies, yet he attempts a little criticism upon our report of the last concert given here by the worthy members of the I.O.G.T. He says we attempted to shut the I.O.G.T. by declaring the whole thing a beastly farce, which, upon its face, is misleading, as he in no place says that we were simply reporting the concert. What we may have said in a hasty report alluded to the concert solely and not to the order, as we are as fully in accord and sympathy with it and the principles which it inculcates as the sanctimonious editor of the Standard. In our youthful "zeal and inexperience we may be inconsistent, but we are honest and admit it, and suggest that the Standard man, if he aspires to become a critic, stick to the truth pure and simple.

LETTERS FROM THE FARM.

Specially Written for The Advance.

MR. EDITOR—A considerable period of time has vanished into the "ago" since you published my last letter—five weeks. I have been very busy since then. I have chucked five years of hilarious fun into that four weeks. I think I promised you that I would send you one of sister Martha's I dassen't call her "Mat" in the newspaper any more loveletters for publication. It grieves me that circumstances do not warrant me in undertaking so great a risk. Martha has dad enlisted on her side and those two and the bridle strap make discretion the better part of valor. I don't give grass for either of them, but the strap is an argument that floors me.

The other evening when my beautiful freckle-faced sister Martha had company in the parlor and the only light there was that shed by the company's fire-bug (i. e. his hair) I had things fixed for a little jubilee. I raised the parlor window high enough to insert a pea-gun. The pea-gun is a little tin tube for blowing peas through. After the company arrived and had got fairly seated with its arms around Martha's 18x36 waist I slid cautiously around the house, planted a pea in the gun and pointed it for Redney's ear. It struck him square on top of the nose. There is a mark on the ceiling to-day where his head barned the plaster when it struck. Jump! Well, if that fellow didn't jump a flea never jumped. He didn't know where it came from, nor what it was, either. When his fiery disposition had cooled down, thanks to Martha's sympathetic attention, they commenced talking about the strange experience and decided that it arose from some unaccountable contraction of the muscles centering in his nose (possibly a momentary paralysis. They were just about right. I paralyzed his nose. Well, as I was saying, things cooled down and I prepared another pea, and was just going to shoot his whiskers when an earthquake lit on my rudder and father's hand gently grasped me in its embrace. Reader, if you are a father I needn't describe how this trick is done; and if you are a long-suffering, innocent young man like me, you will fully appreciate the delicacy of my situation. Father didn't say much. He is a man of few words and makes the halter strap talk for him. Its persuasive powers are more fully developed than his. What puzzles me now is to know whether I had enough fun out of it to counterbalance the agony.

Yours doubtingly
ZEKE BRADESHAW.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

—NEW—

SPRING GOODS!

AT THE

Central Store, Priceville.

New Cloths,
New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Ginghams,
New Shirtings,
New Cottonades.

These goods were bought when the market was at its lowest point, and will be sold on that basis.

—OUR—

BOOTS AND SHOES.

is the best that the market affords, of which we keep a complete stock at prices that [illegible]

Teas, Sugars and General Groceries

STOCK IS COMPLETE

Our goods the best, our prices right.

A Full Supply of Euphrasia grown Timothy and Clover Seed.

Central Store, Priceville.
A. McCABE.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton (twice a week) on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY Cakes a specialty
A. WATSON.
Priceville.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good Stabling for Horses.

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HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Sir John Macdonald, in reply to inquiries put by Mr. Mulock, said the attention of the Government had not been drawn to an article in the *Scientific American*, pointing out structural defects in the St. George bridge whereby the recent disaster might be accounted for, and had received no report on the subject, but would now give it some attention.

Sir John Macdonald, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Shanly, said the Government received a petition on the 12th of March instant from the shareholders of the Grand Trunk Railway Company protesting against the granting of subsidies to railways already duplicated and competing with existing lines. No action, of course, could be taken on this petition, but it would be considered when any railway schemes are laid before Parliament.

Mr. Charlton inquired whether it was the intention of the Government during the present session to introduce a Bill to incorporate the Orange Order.

Sir John Macdonald—It is not the intention of the Government to introduce such a Bill, and it would therefore be a private Bill, and so I am afraid my hon. friend will be deprived of the opportunity of voting against the Bill, as he did twice before. (Laughter.)

Mr. Charlton As the right hon. gentleman has gone a little outside of the question proper, I may be permitted to say that, though I have voted against Orange incorporation in the past, I might not do so again.

Mr. Boyle moved the second reading of the Bill to prevent the practice of fraud by tree peddlers and commission men in the sale of nursery stock. In support of the Bill he referred to the fact that very extensive frauds had been perpetrated throughout the country in the sale of nursery stock by unprincipled agents. The circumstances surrounding this business were exceptional, because in the great majority of cases the fraud could not be discovered until years of labor and care had been expended in bringing the trees to the condition of fruiting.

Mr. Brown supported the Bill because the evidence taken before the Frauds Committee satisfied him that there was need of the farmers being protected by legislation from unscrupulous tree dealers.

Mr. Colter suggested that the Bill should apply to Canadian nurserymen as well as to Americans. He knew of instances where great wrongs had been inflicted through fraudulent representations on the part of Canadian tree growers. If the Canadians were honest they had nothing to fear from having the Bill amended as he proposed.

Mr. Barron opposed the Bill because it would prevent importation and would thus advance the price of nursery stock to the Canadian farmer. It was in fact only another way of introducing the protective principle. He moved the six months hoist.

The motion was lost and the Bill was read a second time.

Sir John Thompson moved that the Bill be referred to a select committee.

Mr. Wilson (Elgin) opposed the Bill because it would shut out American competition.

Mr. Charlton favored encouraging American competition. To exact $1 000 bonds from each agent of an American nursery grower was cowardly and unfair, and would provoke bad feeling between the two countries. He referred to the fact that on the threatened passage of this Bill last year a retaliatory measure was introduced in the New York Legislature proposing a duty of five cents a dozen on the importations of Canadian eggs.

Sir John Macdonald The Bill under consideration was introduced by the member for Mouck on his own responsibility and without any suggestion from the Government. It was foolish to say that we could not pass a measure which was believed to be for the interest of the country and to prevent frauds simply for fear of retaliatory action on the part of the United States.

Mr. Casey said this was a distinct challenge to the United States to retaliate.

Mr. Laurier said the title of the Bill was misleading. It was not a Bill to prevent fraud, but to prevent commerce of a certain kind between the two countries. There was no provision to prevent fraud, but simply to prevent trade. That was why the Opposition were against it.

Mr. Fisher said the Bill was a subterfuge to do away with the free interchange of shrubs and trees.

Mr. Sproule said there were undoubtedly frauds, and the House should endeavor to stop them.

Mr. Mills said it was perfectly hopeless to try to pass such a Bill at this time of the session.

The motion was adopted.

Mr. Cook in moving for the second reading of the Bill to provide for the examination and licensing of persons employed as stationary engineers and all persons having charge of boilers, said that owing to the opposition to the Bill he proposed to amend it to provide that it would not apply to engines under 25 horse-power, and to exempt marine engineers. He hoped the Minister of Justice would not relegate this Bill to his slaughtering committee. (Laughter.

Mr. Tupper said the Bill was crude and ill-considered, as it failed to provide a staff to carry out its provisions. He moved the three months' hoist.

Mr. Ives considered the Bill to be a very mischievous and meddlesome one.

The amendment proposed by Mr. Tupper was carried

Mr. Wallace, in moving for the second reading of the Bill to suppress combinations in trade, said the importance of this question was being recognized not only in Canada, but in many other parts of the world. It was being found that all important industries were to a large extent being controlled by trusts and combinations. In binder twine there was a close combination disclosed last year. Since that time more objectionable facts had come to light. The manufacturers had increased the price of binder twine beyond all proportion. Though the raw material had not advanced in price, binder twine had been advanced 50 per cent. more than last year. It had also been disclosed that the coffin-makers had become a close corporation, by forming a combination. Since last year new combinations had been formed. On March 1st an agreement went into force to control Canadian salt. A syndicate was formed, and it bought the entire output of all the salt producers in Canada, paying them 70 cents a barrel instead of 55 cents, which they previously received. No sooner had this arrangement been effected than the price of salt was raised a hundred per cent. This was robbery to the farming community. These trusts were being formed every day. An insurance combination had raised the price of risks without any regard to the character of the hazard. The biscuits combination had forced up the price three or four cents per pound more than in the United States. Some persons said the remedy for this state of affairs was to be found in the tariff, and that was responsible for the trusts in Canada. He denied that. What had the tariff to do with the insurance combination? What had the tariff to do with the coal combination, which was the most iniquitous organization of them all? There was no combination in soft coal, upon which there was a duty.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—That is not so.

Mr. Wallace—The information sworn to before the committee said it was. What, he asked, had the tariff to do with the combination among the wholesale grocers? They were not manufacturers. What had the tariff to do with the salt combination, which was free when brought from the Old Country or for purposes of the fishermen? This iniquitous combination had nothing to do with the manufacturers but with the men who bought the product from them. It would be a great injustice to the manufacturer to remove his protection when a combination was formed by other parties. Many branches of business were quite prosperous without the aid of combinations. He proposed to amend the Bill now before the House by another amendment which had been offered to the original Bill. In reply to the contention that combinations promoted morality in trade he read a letter from a merchant in a large town, in which he charged that the members of combinations were untrue to their obligations, and that a system of rebates was practised among them. Canada had signified its approval of a Bill for the prevention of combines, and he hoped the measure would become law.

The Bill was read a second time.

Mr. Brown moved that the Bill be referred to the Committee on Banking and Commerce.

Mr. Guillet supported the Bill, because the essence and life of trade lay in free competition, while combinations forced up prices. The effect of combination would be to impoverish trade, drive out capital and ruin the people.

Mr. Mills advocated sending the Bill to the committee, because in its present shape it was unworkable and should not be made law.

Mr. Wallace opposed reference again to committee, because he believed it was simply an attempt to burke the Bill. No question had been more fully discussed throughout the country, and the House should be ready to take action.

After some further discussion the motion was carried, on the understanding that the House will have an opportunity to pass on the Bill during the session.

On the third reading of the Bill to amend the Fisheries Act,

Mr. Wilson (St. John) expressed doubts as to the constitutionality of the measure, as it proposed to take the rights from riparian proprietors, which were accorded by the courts.

Mr. Ellis moved for the three months' hoist

Mr. Mitchell said the Bill was an outrageous one, and should not be passed. It would sweep away riparian rights from thousands of people living alongside of the rivers in the Maritime Provinces, who had enjoyed the privilege for generations of placing nets in those waters under regulations passed by the department. The Bill was being pressed in the interest of foreign sportsmen, who were willing to pay liberally for the privilege of fly fishing for a few weeks. The riparian owners had inalienable rights which should not be so sacrificed for private ends.

Mr. Tupper said this Bill was in the interest of tidal fisheries, because it was evident that if unlimited and uncontrolled netting of salmon in their natural spawning grounds above tidal waters were allowed, the salmon fisheries in the tidal waters would be seriously injured. Statistics showed that in the fishing grounds contiguous to the non-tidal rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where netting was allowed, there had of late years been an alarming falling off in the catch of salmon. It was no object of the Federal Government to encourage fly fishing, the license fees for which were collected by the Local Government.

Mr. Weldon (St. John) said the Bill sought to deprive riparian owners of the right of netting, which had been declared to belong to them by the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. To take away that privilege had been declared to be an interference with property and civil rights.

The motion for the three months' hoist was lost on division—yeas 72, nays 108.

The Bill was read a third time.

The House resumed in committee on the Bill to amend the Franchise Act.

Mr. Bryan moved that a clause be added to provide that the wage-earners' qualification shall be $240 a year instead of $300.

The motion was lost.

The Bill passed through committee.

The House in committee on the resolutions providing rates of postage,

Mr. Haggart said he proposed to change the resolutions somewhat. The postage on local drop letters would be two cents per ounce in cities and towns, where letters were delivered by carriers. This would leave the law the same as at present except in such cities and towns. The second change was that periodicals published less frequently than at intervals of one month should be charged for. The third change was that printers' copy, manuscripts, maps, proofs, lithographs and photographs should be one cent for two ounces, which was double the charge at present, and similar to that charged in the United States and Great Britain. He also proposed to give postmasters power to register letters when it was supposed they contained valuable matter, and to collect the fee from the recipient.

Mr. Mitchell—Upon what principle do the Government act in increasing the postage of drop letters?

Mr. Haggart—Because it does not pay to deliver letters in cities for one cent.

Mr. Weldon (St. John) said this would be imposing a heavy burden on the people of cities.

Mr. Ferguson (Welland) thought it was only reasonable that the cities should pay for the privilege they received the benefit of.

Mr. Jones (Halifax) said this would interfere with the mercantile community of the cities. It seemed as if the Postmaster-General was trying to make up from the cities for deficiencies in the department.

Mr. Weldon (St. John) believed the revenue would be diminished by this increase of the fee

Mr. White (Renfrew) protested against compulsory registration. It seemed that the department proposed to act in a very arbitrary manner in saying that persons should be compelled to register matter sent through the post-office. If a man took the risk of sending valuables without registering it was his own business.

Mr. Haggart said that this system was in force in England and all over Europe.

Mr. McKay objected to the proposed increase in fees for drop letters. It was not just that the mercantile community should be called upon to make up for the deficiency in the department. The letter-carrying system paid for itself. He strongly protested against the proposed change, and believed it would lessen the revenue, as there were agencies in cities which delivered parcels and circulars at a rate which already brought them into competition with the postal system. He was satisfied that the increase of postage rates would give these agencies a great advantage in the competition.

Mr. Hesson believed cities should do more toward paying the burden of the postage system, and that the proposed change would meet with the approbation of the majority of the people.

The resolution passed, and the Bill based on it was introduced and referred to the committee.

Mr. Haggart stated that it was proposed to make the registration fee five cents all round for letters and packages.

Mr. Daly objected to the increase of the registration fee from two cents to five cents.

Mr. Haggart said he hoped to perfect the present system so as to make it more secure. An increase was necessary to effect that purpose.

Mr. Watson urged that the Minister consider the advisability of allowing municipalities to register tax papers at two cents.

Mr. Haggart said that the subject would be considered when the new regulations were framed.

Mr. Bowell, on moving the second reading of the Bill to amend the Customs Act, said he proposed to introduce amendments to cure several defects in the Act which he desired to avoid in future. One amendment provided that goods that had been entered for consumption or for warehouse, or that had been permitted to remain unclaimed in any intermediate country, should not be considered as being in transit through, but an importation from, such intermediate country. He desired also to amend the clause which provided for the confiscation of goods which are enclosed in a package and not mentioned in the invoice. He proposed to give the privilege to the importers in the case of goods which have so passed through and are afterwards discovered at once reporting the goods and amending the entry.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) said he wished again to refer to the proposal to add to the value for duty the cost of inland transportation in England and Ireland. These two countries had been exempted from the operation of the inland transport feature since 1879, and it was now proposed to remove that exemption. He thought it would be better to repeal entirely the clause in regard to adding these charges to the value for duty. The Americans has repealed that provision in their law in 1883 if the object of the imposition was to add to the revenue, he thought the better course to pursue would be to raise the duty. This provision would add materially to the burdens of the importers, and would injure Canadian carrying trade by ocean and rail. Besides it would work very unequally, as for instance, in the case of cutlery from Sheffield and of pottery from Staffordshire, the inland charges on which would be very disproportionate in the two cases to the actual cost.

Mr. Curran agreed with the views of the last speaker, and said he was supported by the mercantile community of the city of Montreal. The merchants there were of the opinion that it would be far better to increase the duty.

Mr. Bowell said Canadian shipping would not be injured by this regulation, because the value for duty would not include the ocean charges to Liverpool. If a Canadian ship entered into an arrangement to carry German goods from Liverpool, there would be no more charges added to the value for duty than if they had been shipped direct from the foreign port.

Sir Richard Cartwright asked if in case of goods shipped from Antwerp via Liverpool, there to be reshipped to Canada, the ocean charges to Liverpool would be added to the value for duty.

Mr. Bowell said that in such a case the charges would not be added. The value for duty would be the same whether the goods were shipped direct from Antwerp or by way of Liverpool. To repeal the clause altogether, as had been suggested, would affect the revenue to the extent of about a quarter of a million of dollars annually.

Mr. Holton asked how much additional revenue the Minister expected this additional duty would give him.

Mr. Bowell said he thought the increase would be about the same amount.

Mr. Paterson contended that though the Minister might construe the clause regarding inland transport charges in the way he had done, yet the reading of the clause plainly led to the belief that in the case cited the charges from Antwerp to Liverpool would be added. No less eminent a lawyer than one of the Minister's present colleagues, Mr. J. J. C. Abbott, had given a written opinion on this clause, which was as follows: "The point at which transportation ceases, the cost of which is to be added to the value for duty, seems to be the point at which the last shipment by water is made, by means of which the goods are expected to reach Canada."

The Bill was reported with the amendments indicated by the Minister.

Mr. Dewdney, in reply to inquiries, said the amount paid by the Government up to date on account of costs incurred in the case of the St. Catharines Milling & Lumbering Co vs. the Queen was $11,152, besides $5,000 paid to the Crown solicitors in London, making $16,152 in all. It was not the intention of the Government to pay the costs incurred by the Ontario Government in this case, except those which were awarded by the courts.

Mr. Wilson (Elgin) inquired if it was the intention of the Government during the present session to increase the duty on pork.

Mr. Mulock inquired if it was intended to take any steps towards meeting the demands of the millers for an increased duty on flour.

Mr. Foster said, in reply to both inquiries, that they were of such a nature that it would not be advisable in the public interest that he should give an answer.

Mr. Vanasse inquired whether the Government were aware that certain cheese dealers in the United States are in the habit of marking on cheese exported by them to England via Montreal the words "Canadian Product," greatly to the detriment of the real Canadian article in the English market, and he asked if the Government propose to adopt means to put an end to this fraud, which involves consequences greatly prejudicial to the Canadian producer.

Sir John Macdonald said the subject had been brought to the attention of the Government, and they were now considering whether or not steps could be taken to prevent a repetition of the fraud in future.

On a question regarding the inspection of milk, Mr. Costigan said it was intended at first to introduce this session a Bill on this subject, but on consultation with the dairymen who were here at the late convention, the Government found it to be a more difficult matter than was at first supposed, so it was decided to postpone the matter until next session, when a comprehensive measure would be introduced to insure the delivery of unadulterated material to the creameries.

On the postal estimates, Mr. Haggart stated that the deficit was due to the increased accommodation necessary to meet the extension of the service. Mr. Jones asked if it were true that the English mails were to be sent now by New York, as was reported. Mr. Haggart replied that the contract with the Allan Line expired to-day and that, to prevent the possibility of delay, or the probability of the Allans refusing to carry the mails, a telegram was sent by his deputy to postmasters to send the mails by New York. It was since arranged with the Allans to send the mails by their lines until such time as new arrangements were made.

WHERE'S THE NAVY?

A Dominican War Vessel Chases a United States Schooner and Fires on Her.

A New York despatch says: Captain Stubbs, of the schooner Carrie A. Bucknam, which arrived yesterday from St. Domingo City, reports that on March 21st, when off Saona Island, he sighted a vessel steaming towards his vessel from the land, then distant six or eight miles. The craft proved to be a Dominican war vessel. She laid her course to intercept the Bucknam, but could not do so owing to a strong breeze, and fell astern half or three-quarters of a mile. When nearly in the schooner's wake she fired a shot, which struck the water only a few yards from the Bucknam's stern. She then gave chase, but with a good strong breeze the schooner distanced her. After keeping up the chase for two hours she gave it up and steamed for the land. She was a three-masted steamer of about 500 tons. Her decks were crowded with men. What her errand was can only be conjectured, as the Bucknam was far outside of their jurisdiction and on the high seas. The American flag was flying at the schooner's peak all the time, it having been hoisted as soon as the steamer was made out to be a war vessel.

Farmer Nagle's Prayer of Faith.

A Hawkinsville (Ga.) despatch says: Andrew Nagle, a farmer on the line of Sumter county, went to Americus the other day in an unsuccessful effort to make a loan. He returned home on Friday night, retired to the orchard, and prayed for relief. During the night he dreamed about overhauling some old plunder left in the barn by his deceased father. Early Saturday morning he was so impressed by his dream that he made the examination, and in turning over an old crock a piece of money dropped out. In the crock he found $200 in $20 gold pieces and 50 silver dollars. He is now engaged in overhauling the entire plantation.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, England, says: "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner and no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity." Ordinary common kidney diseases, many times unrecognized as such, will become chronic and terminate in Bright's (organic) disease of the kidneys, unless taken in hand. Warner's Safe Cure is the only recognized specific that has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

Scientific Researches.

Wife (time, midnight)—Pretty time of night for you to come home—and in such a condition, too.

Husband—M'dear, it's (hic) only fright. I sthopped in at zee michroschopic s'iety rooms and, mi'dear, I looked at shome water in michroschope, mi'dear—zhe water we drink, mi'dear; and, sure zi live, mi'dear, I shaw it full of snakes. Mershy on me! Zhe 'em yet.

Cast iron pillars with flat ends uniformly bear about three times as much as those of the same dimensions with rounded ends.

Governor Biggs, of Delaware, dresses in the style of forty years ago. His out-door attire consists of a swallow-tail coat, low-cut vest and wide trousers, all made of broadcloth. A high white hat covers a head of long white hair.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a firm believer in the efficacy of physical exercise to preserve youth and good looks, and she uses the Indian clubs regularly for a half hour every day.

The late Mr. Bright was an expert in salmon fishing.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Sir Charles' Eloquent Peroration—Secret Circulars and Battering Rams.

A London cable says: In his peroration, which lasted half an hour, before the Parnell Commission, Sir Charles Russell said: In opening our case I said we represented the accused. The positions are now reversed. The accused sit there (pointing with indignant scorn at Mr. Walter and Mr. McDonald, of the *Times*). This inquiry will not vindicate individuals, but it will remove misconception of the character, action and motives of the Irish people and their leaders. It will set earnest, honest minds to thinking, and will hasten true union and effect a true reconciliation. It will dispel the weighty clouds that have darkened the history of a noble race and dimmed the glory of a mighty empire.

At the conclusion of the speech Mr. Gladstone and other friends warmly congratulated Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt.

In the House of Commons, this evening Professor Stewart (Radical) asked Mr. Balfour whether the circular sent to the Irish Police directing them to collect all the secret information regarding the doings of members of the National League was designed to aid the London *Times*.

Mr. Balfour replied that he made it a rule neither to own nor to deny the truth of allegations regarding the issue of secret circulars.

Mr. Parnell demanded a straightforward answer. The circular, he said, was a fact. If it was intended for Government purposes Mr. Balfour had nothing to conceal. His refusal to explain implied that there was something to be ashamed of. (Hear, hear.) The use made of the circular proved that the Government were not neutral toward the commission investigating the *Times'* charges. They were the prosecutors behind the *Times*.

Referring to the use of battering rams in forcing evictions in Donegal, Mr. Parnell protested against such cruelty and barbarity.

Mr. Balfour ignored the question regarding the secret circular. Regarding the battering rams, he held that it was necessary to use them as the tenants had built elaborate fort works inside their doors.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt described the policy of Mr. Balfour as one of extermination. The Government's remedy for the suffering tenants was to level the poor people's houses with battering rams.

Mr. Goschen declared that the Parnellites were responsible for that. They had substituted warfare between landlord and tenant for friendly relations based upon recent laws which put Irish tenants in a more favored and protected position than any other people in the world. Evictions were not taking place because tenants could not pay their rents, but because they would not do so. Sir William Vernon Harcourt seemed to prefer that policemen's heads should be battered in to seeing a door broken.

BRODIE OUTDONE.

Meredith Stanley Makes the Most Remarkable Leap on Record.

A Cincinnati despatch says: Meredith Stanley, well-known athlete and bridge jumper here, yesterday made the most remarkable leap on record. It was from the famous high bridge on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad over the Kentucky River. The height is 285 feet. He selected a place where the water was 12 feet deep. Attired in silk tights and slippers he slipped into the air and doubling up his body like a ball, fell to the water and a moment later bounded to the surface, where he was quickly seized by assistants in a boat. He coughed blood for a little while but soon recovered and took the train for Cincinnati. He says the feat is done by knowing how and by perfect self-confidence. He escaped without breaking the skin, and to-day says he feels as well as ever. The bridge is the highest in the world except one.

Improvements at the Falls.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, Ont., says: In addition to the improvements now being made at Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, noted in the TIMES a few days ago, there is the Canadian tunnel under the great Falls. The tunnel commences at the end of the present walk that runs from the elevator, ending underneath the edge of the Falls, and from this point runs inwards into the mass of rock, then turning parallel with the Falls, will run to and under their edge at a point above the boiling foam and below the centre of the great mass of green-lined water which, at a depth of twelve feet, breaks over the precipice. The tunnel will be about 300 feet long, 7 feet high and over 5 feet wide, being blasted out of a seam of shale or slate rock. Immediately above this strata is the well-known 30-foot solid seam of Queenston grey rock, giving untold strength overhead. At the further end of the tunnel, under the Falls, it is intended to cut out a sufficient space so that large parties of visitors can stand and view the immense volume of water as it thunders downward into the river below. Mr. Charles Patton, the contractor, says the tunnel will be finished in time for the heavy excursion season.

Carried Off a Saw Mill.

A Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., despatch says Moiles Brothers, who owned mill property at Detour, Mich., against which Buffalo parties held a mortgage of $45,000, have removed their plant to the Canada side, and defy the mortgagees as well as the officers of the law, who report that Moiles is safe in Canada. The tug with the sheriff reached Detour just in time to see the Moiles fleet safe in Canadian waters. They reached Cockburn Island and anchored there. When the sheriff approached the Moiles told him they would fill him with cold lead if he attempted to take them, as they were then over five miles in Canadian waters. Nothing could be done. As the fleet crossed the Canadian line the crew cheered and fired guns. They will lie at Cockburn until the ice is gone.

In the place of the yellow button which usually surmounts the top of the cap of a mandarin of high rank, the Chinese Minister at Washington wears a magnificent opal as large as a pullet's egg, surrounded by a circle of two-carat diamonds.

The young bloods who sing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" seldom get there on time, owing to the delays at the police station.

Easter's Crowning Glory.

The seats are taken, every one,
My heart is beating in my ear;
The sermon is but just begun.
I look around—she must be here!
Ah, no—alas! Her place I see
Filled by a maiden strange to me.

And all at once how empty seems
The crowded space; how dim and cold
The tender morning light that streams
Through windows stained in blue and gold.
The carven cherubs look quite glum.
And even the organ pipes seem dumb

The preacher tells of peace and bliss
Of Easter joy. Ah, well, no doubt
Some other sinner will not miss
The comfort that he talked about.
For me, my altar surmise is bare
Since my fair saint's smiles not there.

What's this? A sweet face turned my way,
A gently welcoming look, dear eyes!
Ah, now, indeed, my prayer I'll say,
And now the preacher's words seem wise.
To think my love I did not know
Her Easter bonnet changed her so.

NOW IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

During Winter, Nature wisely arranges that we should live on foods containing much fat, or, as they are known, hydrocarbons, for the purpose of supplying heat to the body; the chemical operation necessary to transform fat into heat is the exclusive work of the liver, and so during the time stated it is constantly congested.

With the approach of warm weather our diet changes to muscle-producing food, and the work of the liver is much lessened. In the majority of cases, however, it is ℔ unable to completely throw off the excess of bile, but remains congested, causing that ℔ lazy, tired feeling which many have in the Spring months, when the weather becomes warm.

℔ This is evidence of an unhealthy condition, and though people appreciate the necessity of an alterative at this period the common idea is to take drastic pills and produce a cathartic effect, only to make matters ℔ worse. The liver must be unloaded, and its proper action restored before hot weather, if you wish to ℔ preserve health, and if this distinct call of nature is unheeded serious results will occur.

℔ The blood will become loaded with bile and lithic acid, and as ℔ every drop of vital fluid passes through the kidneys to be purified, they soon break down and are unable to carry out the deadly poison. Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Safe Pills have not only a ℔ specific action on the kidneys, but on the ℔ liver also.

℔ They thin the thickened bile so that it will pass out through its ducts, enable the glands to unload themselves, act as a solvent on all biliary acids and in a word ℔ fit these great organs for the season's work, ℔ preventing blood poisoning, inflammation, abscess, and all affections to which they are so liable.

℔ As you value the blessings of health, do not allow the summer to approach without giving your system a "general house-cleaning," in the manner we have indicated.

℔ "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

A QUEER FAMILY.

In a Fit of Anger a Son Remains in a Room for Fourteen Years.

There is no more peculiar family than the Glenns, two sisters and a brother, who live in Urbana, O. All are unmarried, and John, the brother, is a study. There were once three boys. The father was odd. He would never go in debt. Once he went to buy the boys a coat each, but his money gave out and he only got two. He told John the circumstances and said he would get him one next time. John got mad, said he need never buy him one, and that he would never wear one so long as his father lived. Going to his room, John remained fourteen years without a coat, and no one ever saw him out of that room. His meals were sent to him, and he sat there and read and thought. When the father died John came out, put on a coat, and went to the funeral. The Van Wert (O.) *News* says the Glens are Scotch-Irish. The coat-of-arms ornaments the silver, china and front door. The old man had money and bought largely of land, and the estate is one of the most valuable in Champaign county. After the father died the children, none of whom ever married, although all had been carefully educated, decided to have the whole house frescoed. For ten months an artist worked at the house, and the walls are covered with grotesque figures, serpents and animals. John got mad once about these decorations and shut himself in his room for four years, coming out to attend the funeral of the brother who had provoked him. Mary, the youngest sister, has charge of the finances now. John is 65 years old, and bleached white by his confinement.

A Fable for Young Wives.

Men are naturally less amiable and more intractable than women. The first point, therefore, to secure a married woman's happiness after the holidays of the honeymoon are over, is that she study carefully the peculiarities of her husband's temper. It is in the power of a wise and good woman to make a lamb of the greatest bear that ever wore whiskers: while by a foolish treatment the process may be reversed and a generous-hearted creature, with all the capabilities of a lion, may end in being a bear or a wolf. A wife must tread on her husband's temper first as cautiously as a prudent boy does upon recently-formed ice. Only when she has learned where the slippery humor of her husband will bear and where it will break can she perform with safety those graceful evolutions by which a devoted wife achieves greater triumphs than ever Bonaparte did by his artillery. Wise old Plutarch, descanting on the topic, very appropriately brings in the old fable of the traveller, whom Boreas, with his obstreperous blasts, tried to disrobe of his good great-coat, but the result was quite otherwise, the more violently Boreas puffed his cheeks the more closely the man wrapped his cloak about him. But what Boreas could not achieve with all his strength the sun did with a few slight touches of his genial beams. The man was so overcome by the softening influence that he flung both cloak and tunic away. So let no woman so foolishly attempt to gain from her husband in rough way what she can surely gain by gentleness.

A Far-Reaching Change.

Executions by electricity will necessitate many changes in expression. "The dull, sickening thud," will become the "shuddering shock;" a criminal will no longer be "launched into eternity," but "wired to another world."

QUEER CRANKS.

Funny Folks With Strange Notions and Habits.

A patient visited Dr. Hammond one day, says the New York *Tribune*, and sat quietly talking for a short time. Suddenly she walked across the room and overturned a chair, after which she resumed her seat and talked as quietly and rationally as before.

"Why did you throw over that stool?" asked Dr. Hammond.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you know that you did throw it down?"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I was obliged to. I cannot tell you any more. I had no wish to do it, but it irritated me, and after I had thrown it down I felt perfectly satisfied. This often happens with me."

Another girl was not insane, and entirely free from any hereditary taint, and was haunted by a singular verse:

My father and mother were both insane,
And I inherit the dreadful stain
My grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts and uncles
Were lunatics all and had carbuncles.

Night and day this verse pursued her. Going about her duties and pleasures she mentally hummed it to every tune she had ever heard, sometimes emphasizing one word and sometimes another, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, and with every conceivable kind of variation. Often when spoken to she would wait to mentally finish a line before replying.

"Cranks," said a young doctor who was for some time house surgeon in the "The Retreat," in Virginia, "are as numerous as the flowers of spring. I knew one young woman who was well balanced except for a certain wish to crucify the flesh, which led her to do the most unheard of things. She was very wealthy, and one time when she was ill she requested to be taken to a hospital and placed in bed between two paupers. Nothing could make her see the folly of her wish, and, as she was her own mistress, she was obeyed. Another patient of mine had such an aversion to dirt that a speck upon a window pane would almost throw her into convulsions. She frequently spent three hours at a time washing her hands: she would take no money unless it was enclosed in an envelope, and would not touch a chair or table unless her hands were gloved."

Another physician tells of a man who never buys any article singly. He may only want one book, but an irresistible impulse makes him buy two or four or half a dozen and frequently copies of that same work. He may only require one umbrella stand, but two or three are sure to be sent home, and they must not be relegated to the garret either, until his fancy for umbrella stands has faded, to be replaced by something else—hardware or music stools, as the case may be. This man, by the way, is at the head of a flourishing business house, and he is considered sensible and thoroughly practical except for this weakness, which has earned for him the nickname of "General Plurality."

A good old lady who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth has all her life envied poor women their washtub. To do one's own washing she considers the greatest privilege that could fall to the lot of a human being. This is not one of the fancies of old age, for it has been her pet hobby all her life. Now she sits propped up in pillows all day long, and the only way to induce her to take her medicine is to place a doll's washtub on the satin coverlet and let her trifle with a few pieces of muslin on her miniature washboard.

Facts and Fancies.

London's police force numbers 11,252 men.

There are but sixteen female doctors in Paris.

Kansas City has sixty miles of cable road, representing an investment of $21,000,000.

A locomotive to be operated solely by electricity is being constructed at Rome, N. Y.

A red beard ten feet in length is said to grace the physiognomy of Louis Goulan, a forge-master in Allier, France.

Philadelphia is now the only city in the States which gives profitable patronage to a permanent company of minstrels.

Some one commending Philip of Macedon for drinking freely: "That," said Demosthenes, "is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

A small leasehold property in Worcestershire, England, is announced for sale by auction, held "for the residue of a term of 2,000 years created in the year 1600."

The tall female hat now so agitates the minds of the male frequenters of the London pits that it is proposed that the pit should be divided like a Quaker meeting house, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other.

The Chicago *Herald* says: "C. W. Russell, a prominent business man, who has an office in the Builders' Exchange building, wears the biggest hat in town, if not in the entire country. He is a large, well proportioned man, and one would not for a moment imagine he wore an 8¾ hat. It is a fact, however."

Personal Points.

Gen. James Longstreet, the old Confederate officer, is living in Washington in the best of health.

The late John Bright was a great admirer of John G. Whittier's poetry, and he frequently repeated "Snowbound" in public.

Among the portraits on the walls in the study of the late John Bright is one of Gladstone, one of Washington, and one of Lincoln. He did much of his work with the reminders of congenial spirits around him.

Notwithstanding his age—88 years—or his deafness, Count von Moltke is as devoted as ever to music, and seldom misses a court concert or any musical entertainment of importance. But he rarely now touches the piano, upon which he used to be a first-rate performer.

In Lincoln Cathedral, in the course of repair, the grave has been opened of Bishop Oliver Sutton, who occupied the see from 1280 to 1299. A silver-gilt chalice and paten in perfect preservation were found on the right side of the mouldering skeleton; also a large gold ring set with rock crystal.

ANCIENT SUPERIOR.

The Oldest of the Great Chain of American Lakes.

Mr. A. T. Drummond, in recent Canadian publications, takes the view that Lake Superior is the most ancient of the St. Lawrence great lakes, dating back to Cambrian, and, it may be, earlier times, and that while its waters at perhaps more than one period found an outlet to the ocean through the Mississippi valley, the lake formed in other ages one of the sources of a great river system which terminated on the Atlantic seaboard. He traces the course of this river from the Michigan basin, and from Lake Superior across Lake Huron to the headlands at the entrance of the Georgian Bay. Here its waters were hurled over the cliffs in a great fall, more than rivalling Niagara. At the lower level another considerable stream joined it from the north, and the united rivers then skirted the face of the continuous, shaly-precipitous cliffs which cross Ontario to the Lake Ontario valley. Following the course of the escarpments which they created in this valley, the waters eventually reached the sea through the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. At a recent period the elevation of the land between the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario blocked the course of the river, and, filling the Georgian Bay with water, created a new outlet, not by the present St. Clair River, which was of later birth, but to the southeastward of Lake Huron, where, through a channel now buried by clays, the Erie basin was reached. The course from this basin to the Ontario valley was through the great fracture in the limestones at Hamilton, and not over the Niagara Falls. The change in the flow of these waters to the Niagara River was one of the opening episodes in the later history of Lake Erie. The Ottawa River was at this time a large stream flowing in much in the same course as now, while the St. Lawrence was a less important river, taking its rise in the Adirondack Mountains, which, at their then great elevation, blocked the present outlet of Lake Ontario.—*Nature.*

Origin of Great Inventions.

Glass.—Known in Egypt 1740 B. C.

Bellows.—Egyptian; used 1490 B. C.

Needles.—First made in England, 1545.

Oxygen.—Discovered by Priestly, 1774

Candles.—Made of tallow; used in 1290.

Cotton gin.—Made by Eli Whitney, 1793.

Engraving.—Invented by Chinese, 1,000 B. C.

Clocks.—Water clocks used in Rome 158 B. C.

Hydrogen.—First isolated by Cavendish, 1766.

Thermometer.—Credited to Santario, of Padua, 1609.

Barometer.—Evangelista Torricella, invented 1643

Air pump.—Made by Otto Guericke, of Magdeburg, 1650.

Anemometer.—Invented 1709, by Wolfino, to measure force of wind.

Barbers.—Great antiquity, mentioned in Ezekiel v. 1, about 594 B. C.

Billiards.—Ascribed to Henrique Devigne, who lived in the reign of Charles IX. of France.

Algebra.—Arabian origin; known in Europe, 1300, used generally, 1590. Luca Borgo's book, 1494.

Plain Scotch.

Travellers on the Argyllshire coach which ran between Lochgilphead and Strachur will remember well old Donald Campbell, one of the chattiest and most genial of drivers. One day the following dialogue took place between Campbell and a Cockneified tourist who pointed to some heaps of dried mud by the roadside which had been gathered up by some men employed in cutting out the roadside drains, and said: "Hi say, driver, wot h'are these?" "Oh these are humplocks o' glaur." "H'and wot's a humplock o' glaur?" "Oh, just a pickle drookit stour." "Ho! by Jingo! ow funny, h'and wot's a pickle drookit stour?" "Oh, just a neivfu' o' clart." The Cockney asked no more questions. *New York Scottish American.*

A Blood-Thirsty Parson.

The TIMES finds this in the *Gazette*, published in Burlington, Iowa: Mr. F. F. Kiner, who prides himself on the appellation of "the fighting chaplain," exclaimed at the People's Opera House last night that "should I ever meet the overseer of the Shiloh prison I would kill him, so help me God!" This expression would be most natural from a poor sinner, and would be the just punishment the brute deserved, but coming from the lips of a minister of the gospel it was hardly in keeping with a follower of one whose mission on earth was to bring "peace on earth and good will to men," nor with the admonition to His followers to return good for evil.

Some Curious Misnomers.

Arabic figures were invented by the Indians, not by the Arabs.

Dutch clocks are not of Dutch but German (deutsch) manufacture.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland.

Baffin's Bay is no bay at all.

Catgut is the gut of sheep, not of cats.

Down is used instead of a-down, and utterly perverts its meaning. The Saxon dun is a hill, and a-dun is its opposite, a descent. Going down stairs really means going up stairs. We ought properly to say "going a-down."

Sassiety.

"Awfully common lot of people here to-night, don't you think so, Snobby?"

Mr. Snobby—I don't know. We've got a retired fishmonger; he's rather fishy, I acknowledge. But then we've got the second cousin of an Honorable. Then there's Smith; he's got a friend who is very intimate with some one who knows a Baronet. So it's not so bad, after all.—*Once a Week.*

Slightly Opposed to Children.

Janitor—Have you any children, sir? Mr. Kidby—Yes, three. "I can't let you have this flat then." "But my children are all married." "It doesn't make no difference." "They live out in Chicago." "Can't help it, sir; the owner says he won't rent to nobody who has children under no circumstances."

In That Case the Truth Will Do.

Mrs. Brief (who has been reading an article on sleep in a health paper)—John, is it best to lie on the right side or the left?

John (a lawyer)—If you are on the right side, it usually isn't necessary to lie at all.

NOT TO BE TRIED.

An Experiment that Might Result Disastrously.

A woman, whom she once met on the train, told Lydia Jackson Lamphere how she kept her husband from smoking. "On our wedding day," she said, "I made what I called a declaration of principles to my husband. I said to him that it was my purpose to make his conduct my guide in all respects; that in our family there would be no separate standards, and whatever he would think right for himself should be right for me." You see what was coming. "One evening supper was over, the shades drawn and the lamp lighted, and we were seated for an evening of reading or sewing, when my husband took up his pipe for an evening smoke. Seeing this, I calmly drew from my pocket a pipe, which I began to fill with tobacco exactly as he was doing. As he proceeded, so did I. I coolly scratched a match, lighted the pipe and took a whiff." Well, as the woman told Lydia the story—the husband, of course, gave up. Good story as far as it goes, but I can't help thinking what, oh, suffering sisters, what would have happened if that kind-hearted husband had not relented, but had kept on smoking, and permitted—invited—nay, urged his wife to join him? What kind of an evening would they—that is, what kind of an evening would she have enjoyed? Oh, sisters, never, no matter what Lydia Lamphere's friend tells you, never try that cure on your husbands—your prospective husbands, that is. It won't work, with all men. It would cure one of you of smoking, that I am sure of, but it would not be he. You may safely try it, if you are fond of excitement of a rather lump and stringy kind, it won't kill you, even if you do take your first smoke with a briar pipe and nigger head tobacco. But you can produce the same effect upon yourself with a milder drug. I tremble especially about the shoulders when I think what awful scenes may be precipitated in happy homes by the fallacious theories taught in this story. Why, sister, I have seen a boy, a great, strong rough boy, 14 years old, so wrought upon by a mild five-cent cigar, not more than half smoked, that he has stretched himself supinely upon the cold bosom of the inhospitable earth and waited with an unconcern that would chill your blood for death, his father, or the doctor to come along, and didn't care a cent which got the first whack at him. And when you think of a grown up woman, a married woman, mother of children, may be, starting in on a pipe—well, I don't want to think of it, that's all. I've got to go to bed some time to-night, and I can rest just as well without the nightmare as I can with it and not "holler" till I wake up the whole house. But I cannot close without a parting word of warning. Don't you listen to Lydia Lamphere on this question, for she's your friend, and I don't want you to turn against her. You take the advice of a man who knows more about pipes than you do about husbands, and don't you go to smoking in order to break him of it. Even if you don't die, you might learn to like it as well as he does, and then where would you be, if he should want to quit? Don't you smoke pipes, you chew gum, if you must do something wicked. You can worry the immortal life out of him with that if you'll only keep at it, and talk and chew a great deal at the same time. That's very effective. You keep the quid and your jaws going and he'll give up drinking, chewing, smoking, betting, sure—no, he'll grow worse about that, but he'll give up everything else—unless, in a furious spasm of insanity, he breaks your jaws with a cricket bat and jumps off the bridge at the end of the third week. *Boston Beacon.*

Charms of Amateur Theatricals.

Though a young man, he was to play the father, and the daughter chanced to be a very handsome woman. So when he forgot his part, he could think of nothing better while holding his "child" than to say:

"Kiss your father."

And each time when he felt that his memory was about to fail he would save himself by crying out:

"Come to my arms, my child."

The husband of the daughter was heard to say that he thought the author repeated himself very often.

The Supreme Court of Canada.

The Chief Justice was seventy-five last October.

Mr. Justice Gwynne is seventy-five years.

Mr. Justice Strong is sixty-three.

Mr. Justice Patterson is sixty-six.

Mr. Justice Fournier is sixty-four.

Mr. Justice Taschereau is fifty-two.

Temperance Jottings.

There are 1,000,000 men and women in Great Britain who are total abstainers.

Judge Daniels, of Buffalo, is mentioned as having refused naturalization papers to a German applicant because of his intemperance, and as saying that "reliance cannot be placed upon such persons for the support of free government."

Quite a Joke on Her.

Corker—You know my wife waits up for me every night. Well, I fooled her in great shape the night of April 1st.

Waters—What did you do, stay out all night?

Corker (chuckling)—No, by cracky. I came home sober.

Not So Funny.

Editor (looking at joke)—That's funny. Contributor—Yes, I thought so. Editor—I don't mean that. It's funny that you should think such a thing as that funny.

Quite Impossible.

He—So you think the missing link will never be found? She—It is impossible. He—Why impossible? She—Because when found it will not be the missing link.

One-thirtieth of the whole population of Iceland emigrated last year.

A well-known English actress is angry because a manufacturer of false teeth has placarded his town with pictures representing her "before and after" taking a set of his famous teeth. The "before" portrait is the one which makes her angry.

Door-knobs and bell-handles of the famous are now being collected as souvenirs in London, imitating the old fashion of preserving the knockers of the great houses.

Consolation.

When Molly came home from the party to-night—
The party was out at nine—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on my shoulder hid,
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl upon my knee—
I am old and exceedingly wise—
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute

"And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'twould be
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright,
Is never to mind what people say,
But to do what you think is right."

"The Naked Truth."

Whilst Truth was one day bathing in a limpid river, Falsehood happened to pass, and noticing the garments of Truth on the bank of the stream, conceived the idea of exchanging his clothing for that of the bather, who came from the bath and mourned the loss sustained, but, disdaining Falsehood's garb, has since gone naked through the world. Whether the origin of the expression "the naked truth"—is mythical or otherwise, it is universally known to be the "naked truth" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a curative agent for consumption (lung scrofula), bronchitis, chronic nasal catarrh, asthma and kindred diseases of the throat and lungs.

Worth the Money.

Will be vocalist. Well, professor, you have heard my voice. What is the best you can do for me?

Singing teacher. Persuade you to abstain from singing. Four dollars, please.

This may be good logic in poetry, but in real life "the mind's all-gentler graces shine" to better advantage when enclosed in a sound physique. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

An Inquiring Candidate.

Jones (who is canvassing the borough)—Oh, what a very charming baby! I've always taken such an interest in very young children. A—how old is it? Elector's Wife (with pride)—Only just fourteen weeks, sir. Jones—Really? A—and is it your youngest? —*London Punch.*

[illegible] Pellets
[illegible] derange-
[illegible] and bowels.
[illegible] and purely
[illegible] gredients

An Unjust Charge.

Absalom, called Mrs. Rambo, in a high pitched voice as her husband came lumbering up the stairway at 3 o'clock a.m., "you have been getting drunk again! This is the second time since yesterday morning!"

Nansby," mumbled Mr. Rambo, holding tightly to the balustrade, "you're unjust, unkind. A man can't get drunk twice in twenty-four hours. I'm—I'm still on the regular drunk, Nansby.

Mr. John P. Usher, who was Secretary of the Interior under President Lincoln, died in Philadelphia on Saturday.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.
[illegible] Write your name, [illegible] print card
[illegible] Simple stamp
[illegible] and no ink
H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp [illegible]

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally
We want a good MAN in your locality to pick up
CALF SKINS
for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889 we respectfully request [illegible]

1st. Carefully examine the Brantford Machines and [illegible] inquire with others

2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used Brantford Machines and get their opinion of their working and lasting qualities

If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts

1st. Brantford Machines are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada

2nd. Brantford Machines are more popular give better satisfaction and are more durable than any other machines in Canada

Therefore 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower

2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get

The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada.

No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.

No other drill can be adjusted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HRROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters. Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME

Get Your Tailoring Done

AT

C. J. LEITCHE'S

FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.

done as heretofore.

I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once and success is assured. Write FRED E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

Building lot in the village of Flesherton. Apply at this office, or to ANGUS McLEOD, Flesherton Station.

Great Bargains !

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

[illegible] west half of Lot Talbot farm, 100 [illegible] more cultivated, [illegible] terms on [illegible]

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and [illegible] Mill St. corner lot [illegible]

[illegible] acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Building [illegible] only 5 miles from a flourishing VILLAGE OF FLESHERTON, [illegible] For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

South part of Lot 11 Con. 7, Euphrasia. 110 acres 20 acres cleared, house and barn, [illegible] $500 cash balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent. Apply to

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

FLESHERTON

PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

It Pays To—

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern

Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 188[illegible]

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

The Spring Assizes for the County of Grey will open at Owen Sound before Justice Macmahon on Monday, May 6th.

Mt. Forest Rep.—A fine cow belonging to Mr. J. C. Wilkes was found dead in its stall Monday, with a broken neck. The animal in trying to get at some hay in the next stall slipped, and her neck, which was caught in between opening in the board partition, was in that way broken.

Mr. Wm Dixon, of Black's Corners, while chopping in the bush last Thursday, sustained a broken leg. A tree in falling struck against another and then rebounded, crushing Mr. Dixon against a stump, with the above result. The injured man was brought to Shelburne, where his injuries were attended to, and he is now doing as well as could be expected.—Shelburne Economist.

Mr. Ed. McMahon, of Normanby, has lately secured a well earned pension from the United States Government, for service rendered, and afflictions endured during the American War. Mr. McMahon was a Lieut., and although he escaped the bullets and swords of the enemy pretty well he was taken down with the yellow fever, which with other causes partially shattered his health. The pension amounts to about $100 a year and will likely be raised as it is what is known as a half pension.—Grey Review.

A curious case of strychnine poisioning is reported from Shringley. It appears that James Phillips was returning from Dundalk with a man from Badjeros on Tuesday and on the way home this man offered Phillips some biscuits of which he was partaking. After supper Mr. Phillips took sick very suddenly and in the night his friend thought he was dying. A doctor was sent for who diagnosed the case as strychnine poisioning giving no hopes for recovery. The latest reports however are more assuring and we are pleased to learn he is getting well. How he got the poison is as yet unknown.—Creemore Star.

A number of sharp women, claiming to represent a Chicago firm, are canvassing the neighboring countries with the pretended object of introducing a new kind of soap. They called at houses and left a cake as a sample, asking that it be tried and the result noted. In a couple of days the women will return and ask the lady of the house to sign a printed testimonial to its excellence, which is to be handed to the grocers to induce them to handle the soap. These testimonials generally turn up as orders for from $2 to $10 worth of soap at big prices. The wording is very ingenious, and many ladies will sign it without any idea that it is anything else than what it purports to be.—Creemore Star.

A Unique Craft.

THE "ALLIGATOR" THAT SWIMS IN THE WATER AND CRAWLS ON LAND.

SIMCOE, April 13. Messrs. West & Peachey have completed a tug for Mr. Joseph Jackson to be run on French river and center lakes in the Muskoka region. The vessel is a curiosity and certainly unique of its kind, being intended to run both on land and water. It is intended for the lumbering business, and not only propels itself in the water at a speed of five miles an hour, but also over portages, being provided with runners, drum and cable, by means of which and a hitching post the land journeys will be made. It is 10x30 feet, 4 feet hold, 20 horse power engine, geared 6 to 1, thus giving 100 horse power strain on the cable. It weighs thirty tons, and is propelled in the water by two side paddle wheels. When moving over a portage these and the rudder will be raised by means of screws. The boiler is horizontal, swung on a pivot, so that the water will remain level when ascending or descending an elevation. One man operates the whole affair from the wheelhouse. A large concourse of spectators from town and country witnessed the launch on Silver Lake a few days ago. The cable was made fast to a tree, the steam turned on and the Alligator, as the craft is aptly called, crawled slowly to the water's edge, into which it glided, and several trial trips demonstrated the complete success of the design. The cable was again made fast to a tree and the vessel crawled out of the water back to the dockyard, where it remained until yesterday, when steam was again made, and by the help of the trees along the street the "Alligator" crawled at no snail's pace to the G.T.R. depot, to be shipped to the Muskoka country, where its practical work is to begin in tugging logs and timber for its owner.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A clergyman of the diocese of Montreal has fallen heir to £20,000 sterling, and has instructed his attorney, A. H. Chambers, to take the necessary proceedings in chancery to recover the amount. A portion of the funds will be devoted to missionary objects.

Leather is the Sole Support of Man!

QUALITY OUR FIRST AIM.

I have received a very large consignment of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

From some of the best manufacturers in Ontario, and am better able to supply my customers than ever before, at prices which, considering quality, cannot be surpassed

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

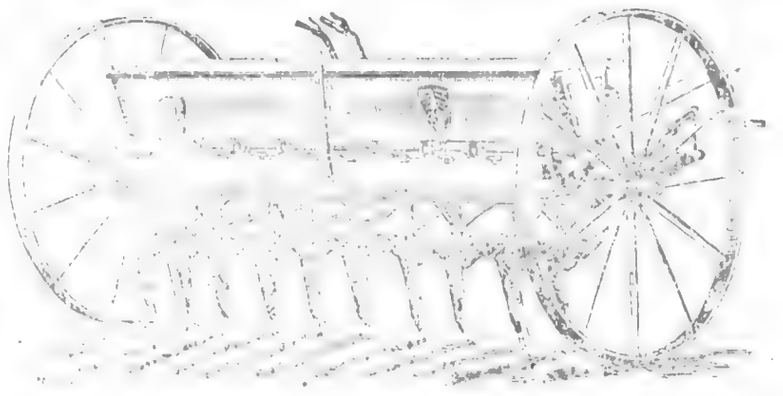

HOOSIER STEEL FRAME GRAIN DRILL

GUARANTEED THE BEST IN THE WORLD

NO OTHER DRILL made can be instantly regulated to [illegible] at any desired depth without topping the team.

NO OTHER DRILL will sow all kinds of grain thoroughly even, and properley covered at uniform depth in all kinds of soil.

NO OTHER DRILL commences to sow the instant the horses commence to move, and misses no ground when starting in, after turning.

NO OTHER DRILL equals the Hoosier when used as a cultivator and no single cultivator surpasses it, thus combining two implements in one.

Noxon's New Steel Binder.

See the greatest invention of the age in our new Knotter which cuts but one cord, makes no waste ends and saves cord in binding.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE,
AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co.
Ingersoll, Ont.

Read Our New Descriptive Catalogue for 1889.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 409. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

NEW
Clocks.
NEW
Watches

NEW **Rings, Chains, Charms, Brooches,** ETC.

JUST ARRIVED AT

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store.

FLESHERTON.

And the prices are away down lower than ever.

Just Note a few Prices:

Waltham watches, four years' warrants, from $9.00 up.
The finest make of nickel alarm clocks from $1.90 to $2.50.
Fine American spring and weight walnut clocks from $3.95 to $6.50.
The finest make of rolled gold chains, warranted from ten to fifteen years from $3.50 up.
A beautiful assortment of ladies' gem rings from only $1.50 to $6.50.
The famous B. Laurence spex still going at half price. 20 per cent. off on all silverware sales. IF YOU WANT BARGAINS COME ON, WE HAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU. TAKE YOUR REPAIRS to RUSSELL as he attends to all repairs personally and a perfect job is guaranteed every tine or money refunded at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton.

THE ONE PRICE
Cash Store.

That means something to the purchaser as you get the cash discount instead of helping to pay for bad accounts, etc., and then it also helps you to

ECONOMIZE

as you will buy only what is really needed, and come out further ahead in the fall.

The Cash System

is the best system of business as it helps the purchaser as well as the merchant.

LADIES

Our stock of dress goods are well assorted, all the leading shades at prices that will surprise you. Novelties in Prints, Ginghams, Chambrias, etc. All the newest designs, qualities the very best and prices the very lowest.

AS **HOUSE CLEANING**

will soon commence in earnest, try and see our lace curtains, scrims, chintz, etc., before buying elsewhere. See our special line of cashmere hose at 35cts. Dont be afraid to ask to see our goods whether prepared to purchase or not, as it is part of our business to show goods.

GENTLEMEN

As the time has come to fit yourselves up for the spring and summer, don't fail to see our selections of

Tweed Suitings, Worsteds, Pantings

FELT and STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SOCKS, ETC. See our light, natural wool sock at 25 cts. Cheap lines in overalls and coarse shirts. Our BOOTS & SHOES are an advertisement in themselves. Don't fail to see them. Fresh Teas, Sugar, Currants, Rasins, Spices and all groceries. Goods at cash prices for butter and eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

Parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

May 2, 1889.

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings, rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain.

Apply to
L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank, P.O.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A man well known in Collingwood and Barrie as "Bob" Fletcher, suicided by hanging himself from the limb of a tree in a bush near the former place a few days ago. The body was found on Saturday still hanging.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year, $50; half col., do., $27; quarter col., do., $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON.
Editor and Proprietor.

THE HERALD'S BUGBEAR.

Mr. Hall of the Dundalk Herald howled with rage last week at our audacity in questioning his statements with regard to C.P.R. monopoly, and proceeded to attempt to prove that his allegations were sound. In his anguish he appealed to "three of the heaviest shippers along the line (telegraph pole shippers) who primed him up with false information and he shot it off through the Herald without the least misgiving as to the powerful quality of his amunition. Two of these gentlemen informed him that the rates from Dundalk to Suspension Bridge were 15½ cents per 100 and a third informed him they had been lowered 2 cents. This latter information was a fact—the rate from Dundalk is 13½ cents. We admit that there is considerable difference between this and 10 cents from Durham, but the Herald forgot to inform its readers that poles from Dundalk or Flesherton had to be shipped over two lines of railway—viz., C.P.R. to Parkdale and thence by G.T.R. to Bridge, whereas the Grand Trunk have a through line from the points mentioned on its line where the rate is 10 cents. The poles shipped from Dundalk and other stations along this line are carried for the greater part of the distance by the same railway which the Herald says ships so cheaply. The C.P.R. has a very small portion of that rate of 13½ cents. We are inclined to think the Herald man had never thought this matter out himself, when he gave us the gratuitous advice to "gather some information in the shape of facts before indulging in sneers at a cotem because it saw fit to speak out in the interests of the hard-working farmers of its locality." When The Advance does search for facts it gets them, because it searches in the proper quarter and does not rely upon hearsay for important information like the matter in question.

But what has become of the Herald's other charges? It lets them severely alone, as well it may. Its information that the company had raised its passenger rates has not yet been recognized by the traveling public. As for the statement that the Company would only furnish cars for certain kinds of freight—well, that is too absurd to be seriously considered.

The whole fact of the matter is, the Herald simply raged because we held up his philanthropic ? statements to ridicule, and his wail of injured innocence will no doubt be highly appreciated by the "hard-working farmers" in his constituency.

We have shown that it is not a "monopoly" which causes the high freight rates on ties and telegraph poles. Bring on some other charge, Mr. Hall. Your bugbear is not too large to tackle. Also tell us what politics have to do with freight rates on this line, as you charge our defensive zeal to political interests.

The Owen Sound Advertiser of last week treats the Toronto World to a scathing editorial of a column in length. At the Assizes lately in Toronto the case for libel brought by Commissioner Armstrong of the Board of License Commissioners was dropped in considertion of the World paying all costs ($200) and publishing an ample apology, "and," says the Advertiser, "it did publish it. The World is used to publishing apologies. It has done it so often that no one now places any reliance on its vaporings." "Them's our sentiments tew," as the good district fathers remarked. The World's day of usefulness and truthfulness had passed just about the time it began to make its compositors hang around on an average of 3 hours a day for their pay, which same was within nine months after the thing had been cheekily thrust into life. Our disgust at the small characters who run that paper is fully devoloped. We know the miniature-souled crew too well. One of the family managed to secure B.A. at Toronto University, and so soon as that was acquired a brother tramp print was called in off the road, and a four dollar reporter threw up a situation on one of the big dailies, and The World was launched on a capital of mighty small proportions, but with an unlimited quantity of gall, and a whisky odor that is still sticking to it. The World is a very "sore head" Conservative sheet, Mr. Advertiser, owing to the conceit of its manager. Any further particulars will be cheerfully furnished.

Those feverish-minded individuals who endured such terrible hardships to secure land in the Oklahoma country appear already to rue their rashness. The reaction has quickly taken place, and thousands who are able are returning with tales of woe and suffering. The land, it is now claimed, is very poor, and disease plentiful.

Another Railway Horror.

Through the engine of the St. Louis express on the G.W. division of the G.T.R. leaving the rails when entering Hamilton Sunday morning twenty lives were lost, nearly the entire train was destroyed by fire and a number of passengers and trainmen were injured.

The killed were burned to such an extent that it is impossible to identify them. No Canadians, so far as known, are among the killed. The scene at the wreck when the charred bodies were being removed was too awful for description. This accident occurred near the scene of the Desjardines horror.

The train which met such a terrible fate was the Limited Express from Chicago, No. 52, due in Hamilton at 7 a.m., and was unusually heavy, a large number of the passengers being on their way to the Centennial celebration at New York.

The train left Detroit about midnight on Saturday and consisted of an engine, two baggage cars, one smoking car, one Wabash passenger coach, one Chicago & G.T.R. passenger coach, the Wagner sleeping car Fitchburg, one first class G.T.R. car, the Pullman car "Eloise," Wagner car "Montpelier," and Wagner car "Messina" in the order named. All went well until 6.55, and the passengers in the sleepers were getting up and dressing expecting to reach Hamilton in a few minutes. The passengers in the ordinary coaches were looking out into the early Sunday morning, when without a moment's warning the crash came and launched twenty human beings into eternity. When the work of clearing up the wreck had been completed there were the remains of fourteen men and three women, with no trace of face or figure to be seen, the limbs gone on this, the head burned completely off on that. Not one with a semblance of humanity left. Except here and there a battered knife or key, a watch, a pair of suspenders, the sleeves of a coat, the top band of a pair of trousers, the remnant of a white shirt that had been torn from the body of its owner in his agony as the flames reached him.

It was an awful sight, and as the little bundles of charred flesh were laid out the men wiped their brows of the clamy sweat and again went to work. The keys in the clothing, the trinkets, and other indestructible means of identification were placed in a pail guarded by a constable, all together, for there were six or seven corpses so heaped together that it was impossible to find out which they belonged to.

ADVICE TO MOTHER—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

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"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in nearly all the towns of Central Grey. I am ready to do anything in the watch and clock line in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time

QUALITY
Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positively do better by you.

Goods, Work and Prices

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than you can do elsewhere. Specs accurately fitted.

Work Carefully Done,
Fair Charges

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you 50c to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and reasonable margins.

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optician
MARKDALE, Ont.

Love's Latest Ally.

She will not wander in the wood,
Beneath its bending boughs,
The while he tells his tale of love
And pledges solemn vows.

She will not walk upon the shore
Where Ocean's tireless voice
Would drown the longed for words that I rate
Her secret soul rejoice.

Not e'en the twinkling stars above,
Nor yet the timid breeze,
Shall be made silent partners in
Such precious things as these.

She'll hear no word till they are safe
Shut up within four walls,
And then she'll miss no syllable
That from the loved lips falls.

And while she treasures up each note
Within her heart she'll laugh
To think they're also registered
Upon her phonograph

And, should he e'er go back upon
His word, she'll bring a breach
Of promise suit, and reproduce—
In court—each silly speech.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"I am afraid not at all," he answered. "I am going back to London to-night. I want to find out, though," he added, suddenly, "who put that lying announcement of my death into the *Times*. Was it Mrs. Clanricarde or Mr. Harford?"

"No one knows who it was," said Lady Elizabeth. "But I am sure it was not Mr. Harford," she added, with emphasis. "He is not the kind of man to do such a thing as that."

"If it was the mother—" began Charlie. He did not complete his sentence, nor say what would follow that contingency. "I telegraphed the contradiction as soon as I saw it," he continued. "It was in the papers on the 26th of April."

"Yes," she answered.

"And there ought to have been a letter from me on the same day," he continued. "As soon as I was able, I wrote to her to tell her that I had been ill but was recovering. She should have got it on the 26th, for I kept note of time and dates."

"I do not suppose she was allowed to have that. And perhaps it was better as things were," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Not better," he answered, fiercely, "if it had prevented this hideous sacrilege. I am sure she would not have committed this crime if she had known that I was alive."

This was one of his thoughts. Another was that she had voluntarily sold herself, now for her mother's sake, and now, when he was especially bitter, for her own.

"She certainly believed you dead," said Lady Elizabeth. "I do not suppose she knows that you are alive now. Her husband would probably not tell her even if he knows, and I am sure Mrs. Clanricarde would not."

"She *shall* know, that I swear," said Charlie, excitedly.

Caleb touched his arm with a deprecating hand.

"Would it not be better to let her live in peace?" he asked, humbly. "It is done now, and cannot be undone. Should she not be left to bear what she has to bear, without more being added to it?"

"That is my affair, not yours," said Charlie, haughtily, and the poor omadhaun for a moment shrank back.

Then, emboldened by his loyal love, and to spare her whom he loved the faintest thrill of pain, he said, steadily: "Not all your affair, Mr. Osborne. There is a right and a wrong to everything, and all who value another have a certain voice in their matters. We have the right to speak both Lady Elizabeth and I—in a matter which touches the happiness of Mrs. Harford, for we are her friends too, as well as you, Mr. Osborne, though we have not your past; and we may without offence deprecate what would give her pain."

It was scarcely Caleb Stagg who spoke. It was the hunchback whose wings were free and whose hump had gone.

"I shall do as I think best," said Charlie, proudly, unable to meet his former rival on this higher ground. "Some day she shall know the infamous cheat that was practiced on her, and shall recognize all of them as the scoundrels they are. Father, mother, husband, friend—there was not one to warn her, not one to protect her!"

"Her friends did not know," said Lady Elizabeth. "I was not here."

"And it was evening post when I heard the news," said Caleb.

"Among you you have broken my heart and destroyed her life!" said Charlie, with a burst of passion, as he turned abruptly away, feeling truly the Ishmaelite among men—his hand against every man's, every man's hand against his.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

The Harfords had been many months abroad. A strange instinct of danger kept Anthony out of England and loitering among Italian towns and Swiss chalets, where he had his beautiful young wife all to himself, and where no rocks were ahead which he did not see.

So they wandered over Europe, and Anthony did his best to warm this lovely statue into life, and reanimate the dead heart with a new love. It was all in vain.

Then the home journey was made, and they came back to England, and soon were re-established at Thrift.

He knew that he had not won Estelle. For all his love and care, his passionate desire to gain her heart, his eager devotion, his very fever of endeavor to win her love, he knew that he had not caught one single ray of her affection. She endured him because she was obliged to endure him—because she had no alternative, no place of refuge from him; because, too, she was of a sweet and gentle nature and she could not belie herself. But she only endured him on these lines of compulsion. Mrs. Clanricarde touched the sore by pretending to Anthony that things were other than what they were—that Estelle was loving and responsive when she was dead and inert.

The clear eyes of the clever diplomatist saw the whole situation at a glance. She added, as an afterthought, "At present she is a little languid, and indeed I should almost say, apathetic; but that will pass when her child is born. I have often seen young mothers expectant like this."

Then Anthony's stern bronzed face brightened.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose so. She is not, as you say, Mrs. Clanricarde, very lively just at present; but I suppose it will pass. Indeed, I am sure it will."

"So am I," said Estelle's mother, briskly, just as her daughter came slowly toward her, saying, "Will you not go to your room, mother?" as if she had said, "Two and two made four," with no more emphasis and no animation.

"Her mind is certainly touched!" said Mrs. Clanricarde to herself as she went upstairs. "What a dreadful thing, and in her state, too. Pray heaven she may never know that this detestable young man is alive! If she finds it out—well, there will be a catastrophe, that is very certain! And the blame will fall on me. It always does fall on the mother when a marriage turns ill!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Hope's tales were false and flattering as usual; Estelle's new state of motherhood left her general condition unchanged. Naturally she loved the child; but she took no more interest than before in anything else.

As she grew stronger in health, her apathy seemed to increase. She cared nothing for her duties as house-mistress and local suzerain, and did not fulfil them. But any one could have opened that window in her breast through which her thoughts could be read, what a wild world would not be revealed!—what mad and feverish plans of escape with her child to some unknown and distant land, where she could live with him and her fatal memories, and forget the hideous slavery into which she had been sold! She had always that money so mysteriously sent to Charlie. Viewed by the light of her desires, it was a bank that would never fail, a river of gold that would never run dry. If only she could escape from England, and put Thrift, her husband, and her hated name forever behind her! What a volcano raged and burnt beneath her soft, still, frozen cover! what a very fierceness of hatred was masked by that gentle sweetness and that unresponsive apathy! And how well she kept the secret of heart, and how perfectly she played her part!

What Anthony suffered, felt or thought, no one knew, and perhaps he scarcely confessed to himself. With his heart's blood he watered the desert sands, which gave him back nothing in return. There was not even the humblest little flower of love; there was nothing but barren sand and lifeless rock.

Closely surrounded as she was by this investing love, Estelle had little or no freedom.

One day Anthony went to a rather distant town where he had to sit judging cases, whence he was sure not to return till night. Estelle had never been to see Mrs. Latimer or her servant—Charlie's Osborne's former nurse—since that day when she had gone with her father and mother and Anthony, then only her lover. To-day the opportunity seemed ready made to her hand. Accordingly she walked across the park and down Meads Lane, till she came to that row of houses standing on the outskirts of the town and at the extremity of the Thrift estate, in one of which Mrs. Latimer and Mary Crosby lived in their strict seclusion and by no means overcharged luxury Estelle knocked at the door, and Mary, after scanning her in the mirror set edgewise against the window, went back to the old lady, and said, in an excited whisper

"Glory! it's Mrs. Harford at last! Pull down the blind, Mrs. Latimer, muffle your head, and keep the room dark. We can do with her. It's the Lord's mercy she has come!"

"Well, Mary! How glad I am to see you again!" said Estelle, shaking hands impulsively with Charlie's old nurse.

"And I am glad to see you, Miss Estelle," said Mary answering back that friendly impulsiveness with its kind. "Come in, miss—lor, deary me!—Mrs. Harford, I should have said. But one forgets. Mrs. Latimer is in one of her better ways to-day. She'll likely be able to see you. She will if she can, that I know, for I have talked a great deal to her of old times, when I was Master Charlie's nurse you and he were children together. I know she will see you if she can. So come in, please."

"Thank you; yes, I will," said Estelle, who had quivered at the old familiar name.

She took Estelle into the state drawing room—the same room into which she had been taken on that former visit more than a year ago. And Mary saw how the young wife shuddered as the memory of that day came back on her mind.

"If I don't make something of this," thought Mary, feeling like one tabbing all round a cabinet to find the secret drawer its hidden key.

"I will go and see if Mrs. Latimer can see you, miss—Mrs. Harford," she then said, with a perceptible hesitation on the name. Why did she want to recall her unmarried state to Estelle? What ailed her, as the Scotch say, at her present condition as the wife of Mrs. Latimer's landlord? Had Estelle been in full possession of her natural mind she would have seen these ominous little threads, and would have feared them; but she was too preoccupied to see anything but her own inner self, or to be conscious of aught but her own sorrowful thoughts.

In a short time Mary came back. Yes; Mrs. Latimer was well enough to see her to-day. On which Estelle accompanied Charlie's old nurse into the back room, where, sitting in the dim obscurity of a darkened chamber, muffled up in shawls and buried in pillows, sat the tenacious old annuitant whose ugly trick of living was keeping the Clanricardes out of a tidy little income sorely needed, while adding a few unexpected plums to poor Charlie Osborne's not too luscious loaf.

"This is Miss Clanricarde, ma'am, as Mrs. Harford as is," shouted Mary to the old lady. "She is that deaf," she added in a natural voice to Estelle.

"Glad to see you, ma'am," said the old lady, coughing lugubriously.

"I am sorry you have such a cough," said tender-hearted Estelle.

"Hey? what does she say?" asked Mrs. Latimer of Mary.

Mary repeated the phrase in her boatswain's voice, and Mrs. Latimer was made to hear.

"It is my grave-cough, my dear," she answered. "Your father will soon come into my little bit of money. I'm not long for this world, I can tell you, and the Lord will soon have mercy on my old bones."

"I hope not so bad as that," said Estelle.

The old woman's keen black eyes twinkled.

"Lord love your dear innocent heart!" she said, and coughed more vigorously than before.

"Best not let her talk, Mrs. Harford," then interposed Mary. "Talking makes her cough so bad!"

"But I can't fail to say how good you always were," said Estelle.

"To poor dear Master Charlie?"

"Yes," said Estelle, with a quiver in her voice.

"Ah, but then I loved him! Who would not?" said Mary. "He was the bonniest little gentleman as ever wore shoe-leather. I never knew his equal!"

"Nor I," said Estelle, with the frankness of despair.

There was no reason why she should not carry this incense of fidelity to that dear grave, why she should not keep his memory like a perfume in her heart.

"That was a queer start, that word of his death, was it not, Miss Estelle—Mrs. Harford, I mean?" asked Mary.

Estelle opened her eyes. They were full of tears.

"Why?" she asked in her turn. "What was there queer in it?"

"Why, did you not know?" said Mary, in surprise. "It was all false news. He is not dead at all. The back-word came into the paper, let me see, the 26th of April, last year—yes, the 26th of April. And now this is August, a year gone, and we have heard no more about him."

Estelle started up from her place as if she had been struck. Her face was white and rigid; her eyes were dark and strained; her parted lips were as full of horror as a Greek tragic mask. She looked as if suddenly turned to stone, but with always the fiery heart of suffering within the marble body.

"The 26th of April—last year?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary. "I have it here."

She opened a drawer in the table and took out a *Times* newspaper.

"There," she said, pointing to the "agony column"—"there is Master Charlie's own words."

Overcome, beside herself, like one distraught, Estelle read the words, which she carried to her lips with a low cry of mingled joy and pain, then fell prone on the floor as if she had been shot through the heart.

"Now the road's clear," said Mary, as she lifted her up and dashed cold water in her face. "It is, as plain as daylight, and I was right. They've sold the poor young thing to this man here, and she loves Master Charlie as a wife shouldn't ought. There is a bad day in store for Mr. Harford and the rest of them; and I reckon I've got pepper enough for them now if they come roaring about us any more."

"My word, Mary, but you are bold!" said Mrs. Latimer, as she had so often said before. Her admiration of the younger woman's cleverness and audacity increased rather than diminished with each fresh manifestation.

"What I put my hand to I don't turn back from," said Mary, sententiously, as she still busied herself about Estelle.

At last the poor girl came out of her swoon and re-entered the thorny path of consciousness. She could not now, if even she would, deny the confession she had involuntarily made. Nature had forced her secret from her, and the torn veil could not be replaced. Mary knew her heart, and so far held her in the hollow of her hand. But she did not think of this in the light of danger to herself. She thought only of the woman's sympathy, so certain because of her own for Charlie. She would be pitiful to her—understanding how another should also love him, even though that other were now a wife and mother. And she would be some one to whom she, Estelle, could come and talk without fear or stint. Whenever there was a free day she would come over to Highstile Lane and talk to Mary Crosby of Charlie—Charlie, the child whom she had nursed—Charlie, the man whom Estelle still loved. But the black wickedness of those who should have been her best friends, the cruelty of those who should have cared for her and protected her! She saw it all, as clearly as she saw the words themselves. Her mother had inserted the lie of Charlie's death that the way might be free for Anthony. The marriage had been hastened on with such indecent hurry that the contradiction might not arrive meanwhile. It had come on the very day, and it had been kept from her. At the altar itself she would have turned back and refused to become Anthony's wife had she known that Charlie was still alive. Hoodwinked, betrayed, entrapped, what faith did she owe to any of them? What right had they to her life? None! From this moment she felt herself essentially free. The past had come before the present, and her very child had not the claim that Charlie Osborne had.

The wakening from those long months of mental lethargy and emotional death had come with a vengeance. Burning with fever, strong with the fictitious strength of mingled outrage and despair, like the armor in which her love had clothed itself, Estelle felt as if she could have braved the whole world for the sake of the one dear love of her life. All she wanted now was to see him, to hear his voice, to tell him how her heart had been broken—how her life had been ruined by the shameful lie which had been palmed off on her for truth—but how through it all she had kept her love and her faith and constancy intact. They had sold her body into worse than bondage, but they had not touched her soul, her love, her heart. All that she had been she still was, and the love that had grown with her growth and had lived through all opposition was still as pure and true as when they last met and parted. Ay! pure and true, for all that hated ring on her finger and that alien babe at her breast!

Full of these thoughts, she went back through the park to the house she had never adopted as her home. But, like all timid creatures, she knew that she must hide what she felt, if she could not feign what she did not feel. And when Anthony came home he found her as he had left her—silent, quiescent, unresponsive, monosyllabic—neither pleased with nor averse from—a mere sweet and patient living corpse, whose love he poured out his strong heart's blood in vain to win. But he noticed with the quick eyes of love that her hands burned as if with fever, that her usually pale face was flushed and hectic, and that her parched lips were dry. He noticed too, when he took her in his arms and drew her to his breast with that tenderness, that infinite yearning of the unloved seeking to gain what is denied, that she visibly shuddered and drew herself away as if she had been stung. He did not let her see what pain this mute repulse gave him. As gently, as tenderly as he had taken her did he now relinquish her; but over all his inner being came the deadly sickness which men call despair—that anguish of impotent fury which would revenge itself if it could, and which cannot find the object.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE A BIRD TO ITS NEST.

Charlie, still lingering at Kingshouse, took that strange pleasure so much indulged in by the sorrowful of adding to his distress of mind by every means in his power. Every one pitied him, so pale and hollow-eyed, so gaunt and sad as he was; and every one prophesied for him a speedy rest beneath the peaceful sods of the churchyard.

Even Mrs. Clanricarde found a compassionate corner in her heart for the enemy whom she had now disabled. She wished that she could have secured her own release from debt, and Estelle's sufficient establishment, by less painful methods than her daughter's life long misery and Charlie Osborne's threatened dissolution. It was very sad; but then people are so headstrong and unreasonable, and will not see things as they are, nor act rationally! What business had these two young people to fall in love as they had done? They knew the thing was impossible. It was their folly, not her falsehood, which had wrought all the mischief, and we must be responsible, each of us, for our own doings.

Nevertheless, she was sorry to see the poor boy look so ill, and wished that she could have comforted him. But Charlie would have none of her sympathy; and Mrs. Clanricarde, with a French shrug of her shoulders, left him to his fate and called him impayable.

One sultry summer's day a letter came to Charlie Osborne—an anonymous letter, in the well-known handwriting, but with a different post-mark. Hitherto all these letters had been posted in London; but this was stamped Thorbergh. It contained money and these words:

"Come to Thorbergh. You are badly wanted. Your old nurse, Mary Crosby, lives at 3, Highstile Lane, and can tell you some things you ought to know."

Thorbergh! the place where his faithless love had her home. What new delusion was this? What meshes were enclosing him? And who was his unknown friend who sent him these sporadic supplies? It could not be she, for they had come to him before her great wealth had come to her. It could not be Mary Crosby herself. How could a poor servant send him money far exceeding any possible wages or savings she might have? Yet the handwriting was the same.

The next day, as early as was practicable, Charlie found the house where Mrs. Latimer lived in such strict seclusion, and was welcomed by Mary with shrill exclamations of wonderment and delight.

He went into the cold, hard, primly set best drawing-room, and there began his cross-examination. He showed Mary the letter he had received, and asked her what she knew about it.

"Nay, what!" she said, in answer, "I know naught at all! If it were the last word I had to speak I'd say with my dying breath. I know naught about it anyway."

"But what have you to tell me?" he asked again. "Why should I be summoned here?"

"That caps me," said Mary. "That's just what gets over me, Master Charlie."

Charlie thought for an instant before speaking. His eyes were turned to the floor; Mary's were on his face.

"Do you remember Miss Clanricarde?" he then asked, with a certain reluctance. He did not like to bring her name into the vulgar light of a servant's quasi-confidence.

"Mrs. Harford as is?" she returned. "Yes, I know her well. Mr. Harford is the landlord of all this lot. He is Mrs. Latimer's landlord, and Mrs. Harford sometimes comes to see us."

Poor Charlie's face changed as eloquently as Estelle's when she had heard of his continued existence. He covered his eyes with his hand. The mystery deepened, but the glory that shone through its darkness blinded him. Could it have been she herself who had sent the letter? But no! the handwriting was familiar. It was connected with those sporadic supplies, and these were not connected with her. No. It was not Estelle who had summoned him, and not Mary Crosby. Who, in Heaven's name, could it be?

"Mrs. Harford was here only the other day," continued Mary, in an indifferent voice. "She had not heard of your being alive, Master Charlie, as I am that glad to see. She had not heard of it till I chanced to tell her."

"No!" said Charlie, with a shout. "And then?"

"Well, you see, sir, the shock was almost too much for her," continued Mary. "She is in poor health, poor young lady, and looks white and thin—as white and thin as yourself, Master Charlie. And when I showed her the paper, why, she just shrieked and fainted, and fell flat on the floor."

Charlie got up and walked to the window. His heart was beating wildly, his eyes were dim, his head was dizzy. She loved him, then—loved him now as much as ever; and her marriage had been, as he had always believed—forgetting the baser whisperings of his angry suspicions—a forced marriage founded on a lie. She was faithful to him still. Dear, sweet, loving, and beloved Estelle!—faithful, faithful for life and to death—as he to her!

And now what was to be done? He was here, and she was not an hour's walk apart; and yet were they not separated as completely as though impassable mountains and the unharvested sea lay between them? They were, in fact, farther apart than when he had been sick with fever in Yokohama, and she had been free and unfettered at Kingshouse.

But they must meet. He must see her, cost what it might. He owed nothing to the man who had robbed him of her, nothing to the society, the superstition, which sanctioned this sacrilege and called it sacred. He owed himself only to her, to clear himself from any possible charge of indifference or carelessness or wrong-doing anyhow. He owed himself only to her.

"Does Mrs. Harford often come here?" asked Charlie, when he came back to himself so far as to remember that he owed something to

Crosby was not in his confidence.

"Not often, sir. Only when Mr. Harford is away," was the answer. "I fancy he keeps her pretty tight," she added as a compassionate coda or afterthought.

"Brute!" said Charlie, with a groan.

"A little that way, I think," said Mary, with a sigh.

Charlie clinched his hands. If he could but have used them as battering-rams to pound the life out of that scoundrel!

"I should like to see her again," said Charlie, after a pause.

"Why not call, Master Charlie," Mary asked, innocently. "I am certain sure she would be fain to see you. She is of the kind to love her own, and you are like her own—like her very brother, as one might say."

"I do not know Mr. Harford, and I would not care to call at his place," said Charlie, a little reluctantly.

"Perhaps I shall meet her," said Charlie, moving toward the door. "I should like to see."

"Yes, you'll be sure to meet her," returned Mary, cheerfully. "Mr. Harford drives her a good deal about the country. You'll be main sure to meet them."

"Confound and curse Mr. Harford!" cried Charlie, beside himself. "For God's sake, Mary, spare me his name!"

"All right, sir. I have no particular affection for him myself,' was her answer. "All the same, Miss Estelle is his wife, you see, Master Charlie, and a wife is bound to follow her husband's lead."

"I will wring his neck!" groaned Charlie.

Mary looked as she used in olden times when he was naughty and had to be spanked.

"Oh, fie! Master Charlie," she said, in just the old tone of reproof. "What has the poor gentleman done to you, I should like to know?"

"What no gentleman would have done—a cur like him deserves hanging for!" shouted Charlie. "He has taken the woman I love and who loves me—and he has taken her by a lie—and he knew it."

Mary's face took on its natural hardness curves and lines of the softest sympathy.

"I am sorry! oh, my, I am that sorry!" she said, her apron to her eyes, and her womanly sob quite audible. After a time she seemed to compose herself. "Master Charlie," she said, with the straightness of a sudden thought, "why do you not come here to stay, rather than to the hotel? There is plenty of room, and I could do for you fine. Why not send your luggage here? You could then stay as long as you liked in Thorbergh, and no one be a penny the worse or wiser. We live that quiet, no one sees or knows what passes here. You, and even more than you, could have the best bedroom and this parlor, and you'd be as safe as if locked up in a church. If you'd like it, Master Charlie, think of it. You'll find me as good as my word."

"God bless you, Mary! my good dear Mary!" was the poor fellow's reply, as impulsively he put his arm round her waist and kissed her as in his boyish days.

Some vague feeling that this offer might serve him in good stead filled his heart with hope and light. He did not know what he thought—he did not formulate nor arrange his feelings into words—but he felt that he had a biding-place if he wanted it. And perhaps he might.

With another burst of thanks to this servant of the tough old annuitant, he promised to bring his portmanteau that evening at dark—to bring it himself, no one knowing where he went; and then he left the house and took the road up Mead's Lane, with full directions from Mary where to find the park and grounds of Thrift.

More mad than sane, Charlie walked on with but one hope, one desire, one intention. He would see her again. The mystery of his summons ceased to interest him. He forgot Mary and all that life contained, save that one loadstar of his love—that glorious and beloved Estelle. He would see her again. He would hear from her own lips the story of her sorrow and their sin. He would hold her in his arms and clasp her to his heart. She was his. She was not this man's—this border-ruffian, this gambler, this horse-stealer, this rude rough miner with one hand on his revolver and the other on a secreted card.

Always in this turmoil of tempestuous sorrow and longing Charlie went through the leafy lane till he came to a narrow opening between two uprights which led into a park. He passed through and walked on, knowing well enough where he was. He went on and on, walking always more rapidly, till he came to the gate of the private gardens surrounding a stately mansion, with an upper terrace leading down by a double flight of steps into the lower grounds. On this upper terrace stood a woman, dressed for walking. She was alone. Charlie came up the drive till he was near enough to see the face and figure clearly. It was Estelle—looking far away over the gardens and the park to the distant beyond—there, where Charlie Osborne was somewhere to be found. She was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to see the man walking in the shadow of the trees toward the house. He came close under the terrace wall, and then he called her by her name. She heard him, and bent over the parapet above, as one who had expected him—as one who had been waiting for this moment.

"Estelle!" he said. "My darling! My beloved!"

With the old light, eager tread—the old suggestion of a bird running to its nest—she came down the steps and into the shadow of the wall, where, forgetting husband, child, her name of wife, her fair fame, and all the present save that she was his, she flung herself into her old lover's arms, and sobbed out her soul on his lips.

(To be Continued).

Abuse of the Brain.

It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. It is its emotions that wear away the brain, and not intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work, and, if my memory serves me, I do not recollect ever having a mathematician for a patient. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow and love.—*Dr. Wm. A. Hammond.*

How she got in: First Little Girl—Do you live in a flat? I thought they didn't take children in flats. How did you get in? Second Little Girl—I was borned in.—*Puck.*

THE LADIES COLUMN.

Tricks in the Dressmaker's Trade that Enhance One's Appearance.

THE LATEST IN BONNETS.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

New Trick of the Dressmaker's Trade.

One of the new tricks of the dressmaker's trade is to baste a sheet of wadding and a thin muslin interlining under the back breadths of Empire frocks, plait all three together and secure the lower edge of the lining and wadding to tapes sewed nine or ten inches below the waist. This makes the plaits look full and soft, and is not so obstinate as the bustle, which even in this stage of high civilization is capable of executing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as—but it is not necessary to continue the quotation. Angels are free from earthly troubles.

Matrimonial Possibilities.

Between 15 and 20 is 14½ per cent.
Between 20 and 25 is 52 per cent.
Between 25 and 30 is 18 per cent.
Between 30 and 35 is 15½ per cent.
Between 35 and 40 is 3½ per cent.
Between 40 and 45 is 2½ per cent.
Between 45 and 50 is ½ of 1 per cent.
Between 50 and 55 is ¼ of 1 per cent.

Mary Stuart's Alluring Eyes.

I was the other day looking at the various portraits of Mary Stuart, says a writer for *Truth*, London. Allowing that the colors have faded, and that she might have had a good complexion, it is clear, by the concurrent testimony of all the portraits, that she could not have been even passably good looking. Both her nose and her forehead are positively ugly. "How then," I asked an artistic friend of mine, "should she have been so successful a flirt?" "It was all by means of her eyes," he said. "But her eyes do not seem to have been exceptionally beautiful," I replied. "No," he said, "they evidently were not. I was alluding to the mode in which she used them." This is probably true, and it ought to lead the plainest of girls not to despair of her power to ensnare.

Royalty in Thick Boots.

In the Princess of Wales English women have an illustrious example of courage in facing bad weather. Her hardy northern upbringing was in her favor in accustoming her to open air exercise every day. Many a younger woman is seen driving to the "Row" in a close carriage, or in an open one with herself shrouded in furs, when the graceful, erect figure of the Princess in her Victoria is to be seen immediately afterwards, dressed merely as if for walking or visiting. Her daughters the Princess has brought up in her own natural, healthy habits. Very recently a Bond street bootmaker sent down to Sandringham for the young Princesses' walking boots and so substantial were they that they would have sent a daughter of George III. off in a faint. The ingenious manner in which an interlining made the boots damp-proof naturally added to their size, and the sturdy, broad sole, with heel rationally proportioned, gave promise of comfort in long walks, the maximum of exercise with the minimum of fatigue. The simple cloth jackets worn by the Princesses out of doors are often wondered at by young ladies of less exalted station who see no advantage of being a Princess unless the supply of new hats and handsome, fur-trimmed jackets is practically unlimited. A collar and cuffs of fur seem to content a Princess on a jacket for immediate wear when sealskin is too oppressive, while their contemporaries have boas, plastrons, cuffs and linings, and as much fur as can be heaped on their clothes when they go out walking or driving.

What Constitutes a Pretty Girl.

Form is most important. Coloring and a fine skin will not make a fine face strictly beautiful unless the features are regular and the head and face of perfect contour. The eyes should be set horizontally, having neither an upward nor downward inclination, not too far apart nor too close together. The nose should be placed at an even distance between the eyes, joining the forehead in a subtle curve, the lower portion straight, to emphasize the surrounding curves of the cheeks and lips. The "mouth like a Cupid's bow" is very beautiful.

The distance from the eyes to the tip of the nose, and from there to the chin, should each be one-fourth the length of the face; the mouth should be set at one-third the length of nose and chin; the chin should taper slightly to form an oval outline of face.

Nevertheless, with features which do not come up to the ideal, a girl will be considered "pretty" if she has a smooth, clear skin, bright, animated eyes and good teeth.

How Women Hamper Themselves.

"Why don't women have pockets?" growls the growler of the Chicago *Journal*. "They carry their purses in their hands and their handkerchiefs in their bodices, and they carry a little bag about as big as a pint cup on their arms, the exact use of which has never been defined. A man has plenty of pockets; he can carry keys. A woman is always wondering where she left or hid hers. There is nothing on earth to prevent any individual woman from enjoying innumerable pockets, loose sleeves, bifurcated underskirts, short hair, etc., and all the other modern feminine improvements."

The Latest in Bonnets.

London *Truth* of this week says: The Rose Fenwick is a collapsible or crush bonnet. It was invented by Miss Rose Fenwick, the daughter of an admiral, and is being now taken up by the Paris milliners. Play-goers who frequent the pit will have reason to bless the inventor if it proves to be the coming bonnet. It shuts up like a crush hat and when in its collapsed state looks like a fan or a fan shaped reticule. It can be made to serve as such hooked on to a girdle. When open it is like any other bonnet of the Fanchon form, but prettier. One of its virtues is that it does not require a big band box. Indeed, one might thrust it into a glove box. For matinee dances it would be ideal.

How Women Rest.

How differently men and women indulge themselves in what is called a resting spell. "I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest awhile," says the wife; but her husband throws himself upon the easy lounge, or sits back in his arm-chair, with hands at rest and feet placed horizontally upon another chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half-hour he allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes' rest in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work, would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of backaches and warning pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, "I used to think I must do thus and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things." The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and homemaker.

Gossip About the Sex.

A Belfast (Me.) woman is learning the trade of a machinist.

A bust of Gladstone is to be made by Miss Mary Redmond, the Irish sculptor.

Miss Nellie Cushman enjoys the reputation of being the only girl mining expert in the world. She is well-known throughout all the mining towns of Arizona.

Bessie Rockefeller, daughter of the Standard Oil magnate, received a wedding gift of $1,000,000 from her father when she was married to Charles A. Strong, son of the Rev. A. H. Strong, D. D., President of the Rochester Theological Seminary.

An English paper recently published the following advertisement: "Notice.—To ladies of position: Will any lady of good social position receive another in her house for a week during next May, and present her at the last of May drawing-rooms. Satisfactory terms to be arranged and good references given. Strict confidence will be observed."

Women are so scarce in Blaine county, Neb., that the ministers and justices of the peace vie with one another for the honor of performing wedding ceremonies. The story goes that a well known bachelor farmer in an unguarded moment let it become known that he was daily expecting the arrival of his bride-to-be from the East. He was sorry for the slip when he learned that the whole judicial and clerical force in the county had camped on his farm awaitin her arrival.

It is perfectly true, says *Figaro*, that the Prince and Princess of Wales, with three of their daughters, dined with the officers of the First Life Guards at Knightsbridge on Sunday. Whether it is wise of their royal highnesses to attend big dinner parties on Sunday is a matter for their own consideration. But the incident has, of course, excited remark and some surprise. There is no reason why the Prince and Princess, like any other person, should not accept the hospitality of their friends on Sunday, but the objection is Knightsbridge barracks.

Latest Fashion Notes.

In real flowers tulips and lilies of the valley are to the fore, decorating festive boards and forming bouquets and button holes. Choicest of all is the fragrant exotic white lilac, which is in great request now blended with fern, or alone in its beauty.

That which gives great variety to modern toilets is that an upper skirt generally falls over the under flounced one, in separate panels, either loose or slightly draped, fastened here and there with a bow or ornament of passementerie. Bodices are also made in very various styles; some are peaked and some are round-waisted; some are plain and others finely plaited or fully gathered. Wide sashes are draped round the waist and tied at the back or side.

Although many of the new silk and wool fabrics show quaint and rich devices, with silver, steel, copper and gold appearing in some of the Persian and old Roman patterns, and although an endless variety of stylish plaids and stripes appear, still the solid colored materials in exquisitely rich dyes and weaving, either finished with handsome Persian borderings, or made up with velvet or faille, have taken the precedence in the making of the really elegant and ladylike gowns worn this winter.

This fashion of silk petticoats allows of making use of many a demodes dress. It is easy to make them up one's self, or any lady's maid can arrange one; one has but to choose from a silk dress or tunic of a former season those widths which are still good enough, and cut them from a good pattern into an underskirt. By way of trimming, a lace flounce, or a silk one divided by strips of lace insertion, a plain band of velvet or handsome galloon, in fact anything and everything the fancy may dictate.

All our fashions are copied for children, and very prettily copied, it must be confessed. Behold them with the cape a la Payeanne; are they not charming, with the full loose mantle, puckered up all round the neck? A very dainty model of capucine cloth, lined with almond-green surah; a pinked-out ruche of cloth goes round the edge, and the cape is fastened at the throat with a bow of ribbon; this, with the enormous Greenaway capote in which the dainty face half disappears, forms a unique and most becoming walking attire for little ones from 2 to 4 years old.

White underskirts are by no means gone out of fashion. There are exquisite jupons of muslin or nainsook, all betrimmed with lace put on in flounces and insertions. But silk underskirts are generally preferred by Parisian ladies as both more elegant and more practical. The most useful of all is that of black silk; but for spring or summer wear that of glace silk of two shades of color, chiefly red and blue, is the prettiest to wear under light fabrics. The simpler ones are trimmed with pinked-out flounces; the more elaborate and dressy are now frequently ornamented with a deep fluting of wide open-work net, through which five or seven rows of narrow satin ribbon are run at regular distances.

An Alarming Discovery.

Mamma—"Why, Dick, you took that dose of medicine like a little hero; didn't even make a face."

Little Dick—"That medicine don't taste bad at all."

"Mercy me! Maybe it isn't good for anything."

CURRENT TOPICS.

SAID Mr. Justice Stephen, of England, alluding to the case of a defendant who sought to escape liability for certain expenditures by throwing the blame of ordering it upon his wife: "That is a very old excuse. I often felt that Adam—I mean—that is—well! I have always wished to hear Eve's account of that transaction."

A FRESHLY executed painting may have its colors presented in the mellow tones of the old masters by first covering the back with a coating of fuller's earth, which absorbs all remaining oil, and then, on removing it, covering the back with a coat of linseed oil, which the colors presently imbibe. This is the alleged discovery of a celebrated French painter.

P. T. BARNUM published in Bethel, Ct., half a century ago, the *Herald of Freedom*. His unqualified utterances resulted in his incarceration in the Danbury jail. A short time ago Editor Wildman, of that city, who was formerly a typesetter on the old *Herald*, sent the showman a cane made from a portion of the now demolished building where Mr. Barnum was "imprisoned half a century ago for publishing the truth." Mr. Barnum was so pleased with the memento that he has returned the compliment of the veteran editor with a valuable gift.

A PRIVATE residence in Providence, R.I. was much troubled by unpleasant odors and several of the inmates were sick with what the doctor said was sewer-gas fever. A plumber was called in and proceeded to apply the peppermint test from the roof. In three minutes the entire house was filled with the odor, and further investigation disclosed the fact that in order to keep the cold air duct dry an untrapped drain led from it at a point under the furnace directly to the main sewer. Through this the sewer gas was drawn into the furnace, and having been nicely warmed was distributed through the house for the comfort of the occupants.

THE oldest pieces of wrought iron now known are probably the sickle blade found by Belzoni under the base of a sphinx in Karnac, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyze, imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid; the portion of a cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimrod by Mr. Layard—all of which are now in the British Museum. A wrought bar of Damascus steel was presented by King Porus to Alexander the Great, and the razor steel of China for many centuries has surpassed all European steel in temper and durability of edge. The Hindoos appear to have made wrought iron directly from the ore, without passing it through a furnace, from time immemorial, and elaborately wrought masses of iron are still found in India, which date from the early centuries of the Christian era.

THE *Manufacturer and Builder* gives some interesting information about the manufacture of toothpicks in a Michigan factory. The wood of the canoe birch is used exclusively. The logs are sawed into pieces 28 inches long, which are thoroughly steamed and then cut into veneer. The veneer is cut into long ribbons three inches in width, and these ribbons, eight or ten of them at a time, are run through the toothpick machinery, coming out at the other end, the perfect pieces falling into one basket, the broken pieces and the refuse falling into another. The picks are packed into boxes, 1,500 in a box, by girls, mostly comely-looking young squaws, and are then packed into cases and finally into big boxes, ready for shipment to all parts of the world. About seven and a half million toothpicks are turned out each working day by this one establishment.

BUFFALO *Courier*: "It is curious," said an aged member of one of the prominent churches in town, "to note the changes in sittings made by the congregation. I have been a member of this church for years, and the movement of the congregation is as slow and gradual and sure as that of a glacier. The single young folks, as a rule, sit in the back part of the church. There you will see the lonely young men and the timorous maidens. In the course of a few years these young people marry and move up towards the middle of the church, and as families increase in numbers they take the prominent seats and occupy them for years and years. Then comes old age, when the eye is dimmed and the ear is dulled, and these hoary people move up into the front pews, where they may be seen any Sunday, white-haired and venerable, with their hands behind their ears listening to the sermon."

A COTTON fabric which has been patented in England is thus described: "It has the appearance and soft feel of chamois leather, and it is guaranteed will not lose its special qualities when washed. In making the cloth cotton yarns form the warps, these being dyed a fast color, a chrome yellow tint being preferable; they are sized and dressed in the usual manner. The weft is spun soft and is used in the undyed state. The fabric is woven from these yarns, and is then pressed several times through cylinder teasing or raising machines, whereby the surface is broken and a good ground nap is produced on one or both sides thereof. The fabric is then 'soap' finished, to impart to it the desired appearance and soft, cold feel of chamois leather. It is applicable for either wet or dry cleaning purposes and also as a polishing cloth, and especially suitable for underclothing and for linings of the same, and for general use as a substitute for the chamois leather now used for these and for analogous purposes. Being, moreover, of a woven texture and absorbent, it is more healthy for use in garments than chamois leather, and does not require to be perforated. Unlike leather also, which gets stiff after washing, this improved material so produced is capable of being repeatedly washed without stiffening, and is found to retain its softness perpetually."

PROF. HUXLEY denies the impeachment quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette* from a Chicago paper, that he is disposed to judge spiritualism more or less favorably. He has been present at various spiritualistic manifestations, and his "deliberate judgment" is that "the mediums were each and all utter impostors, and with one exception not even clever at their shameful trade." He once sat at a table which was to be moved by spirits. There was a tall lamp on the table, and he kept his gaze fixed on a particular pattern of the wall paper, just covered by the globe. Suddenly the medium said, "There, did you see the table move?" and there was a general cry of wondering assent. But the sceptical Professor had not seen the shadow on the wall move. He pointed out this little difficulty, and by dint of persistence got an admission even from the medium that there was some doubt about the matter. As to rapping, he experimented himself with such success that he could produce a series of startling raps with the second toe of each foot. He simply had to bend the toe, and then suddenly straighten it. A celebrated lady medium once informed a friend of the Professor's at a country house that the spirit of his sister Mary wanted to communicate with him. A very touching conversation followed. Afterwards the medium privately asked: "Did you ever have a sister Mary?' He—"No!' She—"I thought not."

THE PAPER AGE.

A Time is Coming When Paper Will Run the Earth.

The world has seen its iron age, its stone age, its golden age and its brazen age, says the *Paper World*. This is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made that is made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing and sit on paper cushions in paper cars, rolling on paper wheels. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them in paper money or charging them up in paper books, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theatres where paper actors play to paper audiences. We elect paper men with paper votes on a paper issue to represent a paper constituency in a paper Congress, and make paper laws. As the age develops, the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing on his paper bed, and put on his paper dressing gown and paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets down paper stairs, and, seating himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips on a paper napkin, and, having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat and taken his paper cane, he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will go to Europe on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons.

French Dishes.

Snails cooked in their shells form a dish which, however enjoyable it may be to the French gourmand, an American cannot relish. At a fashionable dinner the writer got along very well until a plate of a half-dozen was set before him, but he put a bold face on the matter and tried to follow the example of the rest. The thing was coated with a nasty-looking dark greenish slime, and looked forbidding. He transferred it hastily to his mouth. The first thing perceived was an awful reptile flavor, like the scent in the neighborhood of the boa constrictor cage in a menagerie. He tried to bite the morsel, but it was like rubber, and tough as an old boot. It began to grow big in his mouth, until it seemed to attain the size of an elephant. He felt himself turning pale. At last he gave a hasty gulp and swallowed the whole thing. Talk of Thackeray's American oyster experience being like swallowing a raw baby; that French snail went down like a raw alligator; his French friend by his side observed his embarrassment with an amused smile, and, remarking that he evidently did not like snails, kindly relieved him of the rest of them and transferred them to his own plate. The artichoke, a vegetable much liked in France, was also the writer's despair. Everybody was eating them in the restaurants, and so he thought he would call for one. He was advised to try a half one to begin on. So a half artichoke was brought, boiled, with vinegar and oil. It was like a pine cone sliced in two. The scales were like those of the pine cone, too, and there were more of them than skins to an onion. These scales were pulled off, one by one, and just the lower end, which was tender, bitten off, after dipping it in oil and vinegar. It tasted like a soaked out chestnut, with a strong flavor of burdock. But the strong point of the artichoke is the time taken to eat it. The writer consumed about half an hour and only the outer layer was disposed of. To eat a whole artichoke would take a small eternity. He came to the conclusion, finally, that American cookery, on the whole, was more nourishing than French. —*Waverly Magazine*.

John's Philosophy of Wedlock.

A rumor that a Chinese laundryman in the Bowery had murdered his Irish-American wife attracted a lot of reporters to the subterranean wash-rooms not long ago. They ascertained that John had merely blacked his wife's eye. The pair were ironing at opposite tables and seemed happy. The woman declared that she was satisfied to take a licking from her husband occasionally, and that nobody else had any right to interfere. A philanthropic scribbler remarked to the Chinaman, "John, don't you know it is wrong to lick your wife?"

The washerman stopped ironing a moment, gazed at the reporter, and said: "You got wife?"

"Yes."

"You no lickee her?"

"Certainly not."

"Well," said the Chinaman, in a tone of profound conviction, "you no lickee her, she lickee you."—*New York World*.

He Appreciated Them.

Chathard—How beautifully the roses bloom on Miss Sigourney's cheeks!

Saysit Anyhowe—Yes, I always did admire hand-painted flowers.

A Great Excuse.

Teacher—What made you make a face at me?

Little Johnnie—Please, ma'am, I didn't think you were looking.

Johnnie (with a Sunday school book)—Say, papa, what is a martyr? Papa (cautiously)—Don't ask such questions now, my child. Wait until you are old enough to be married.

A small leasehold property in Worcestershire, England, is announced for sale by auction "for the residue of term of 2,000 years created in the year 1600."

"The Child and the Tramp."

The following lines from Mrs. Platt's book of poems, "The Witch of Glass" (Stock), are supposed to be addressed by a well-to-do child, surfeited with civilization, to a tramp outside the window:

It's not so nice here as it looks,
With china that keeps breaking so,
And five of Mr. Tennyson's books
Too fine to look in—is it, though?

If you just had to sit here (Well!)
In satin chairs too blue to touch,
And look at flowers too sweet to smell,
In vases—would you like it much?

If you see any flowers, they grow,
And you can find them in the sun.
These are the ones we buy, you know,
In winter-time—when there are none!

Then you can sit on rocks, you see,
And walk about in water, too—
Because you have no shoes! Dear me!
How many things they let you do!

Then you can sleep out in the shade
All day, I guess, and all night too,
Because—you know, you're not afraid
Of other fellows just like you!

You have no house like this, you know,
(Where mamma's cross, and ladies call)—
You have the world to live in, though,
And that's the prettiest place of all!

A Little Poet.

Out in the garden wee Elsie
Was gathering flowers for me.
"O, mamma," she cried, "hurry, hurry,
Here's something I want you to see."

I went to the window. Before her
A velvet-winged butterfly flew,
And the pansies themselves were not brighter
Than the beautiful creature in hue.

"O, isn't it pretty?" cried Elsie,
With eager and wondering eyes,
As she watched it soar lazily onward
Against the soft blue of the skies.

"I know what it is—don't you, mamma?"
O! the wisdom of these little things
When the soul of a poet is in them,
"It's a pansy—a pansy with wings."

A Tragedy of the Pinks.

My lady comes tripping lightly
Adown the bordered walks,
Swinging her garden scissors
(We tremble on our stalks),
Saying, "What shall I wear to night?
Here's a rose,
There are pinks,
Lilies, too!"—
She stops and thinks
Were ever eyes so clear and bright?

"What shall I wear that he loves best?"
And she softly smiles and sings
"Here are roses, and lilies, too,
And the pink with its perfumed wings.
He loves the pinks"—She leans and lingers
Then, clip! clip!
Ah, such gems!
And over our
Gray-green stem
She clasps her supple finger.

She places it on her warm white breast—
We forgive her cruel clipping
Alas! a rude step hasteneth
To steal the love we are sipping.
To wear the flowers he loveth best
He comes
And stands.
Then takes
Her hand—
The curtain falls—you know the rest.

He clasped her to his strong young breast,
She no more stops and thinks.
Two hearts are beating tenderly—
But where are the perfumed pinks?

An Obstinate Girl.

She's an artist and she paints
Like Titian
Though she won't consider saints
Her mission,
She could paint a holy soul
And would make the air color
Elysian.

But she thinks she can play
A guitar,
Or practicing make her way
As a star,
So of course she will remain
Making all my labors vain,
For she's as obstinate as Cain—
Most girls are.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

Bill Nye Expresses His Opinion of the Great Boston Logician.

(Bill Nye in the New York World.)

Strolling about over the Union as I have for the past four months, I have had the pleasure of seeing and communicating with a number of men, all prominent in some line, and thinking that their personal appearance, as it struck me, might be of interest to the reader, I have reluctantly consented to write some impressions of a few under the general title of "Eminent Men whom I Have Saw.'

Joseph Cook, as the greatest man we have on the face of the earth to-day, according to calculations made by himself, would naturally come first. He is a grand man, engaged in thinking thoughts all the time, of which he is the theme. He occasionally takes a day off, during which he curses the newspapers in an earnest way, and then he goes back to hover over his porcelain nest-egg of thought.

Joseph Cook might have a good deal of fun if he would just oversee the universe daytimes and let some one else do it at night, but the slightest irregularity in the habits of a planet will bring Joe out of bed in an instant. He worries all the time for fear that a new-laid planet will wander away into the brush and get lost.

He dreads to die, not so much on his own account, but because he wants to be spared to those who are so poorly prepared to get along without him.

When he is colicky and fretful it is not that he cares a cent about it personally, but because he is all the time afraid to die and leave the universe in the hands of the Creator. He has been accustomed for so long to go around with a long-nosed oil-can searching for a hot journal in the solar system that he actually believes himself to be largely responsible for atmospheric conditions and astronomical phenomena.

Three Thoughts on Widows.

A widow is a being who appeals to the tenderest sympathies of humanity.

Bereft of her husband and natural protector the widow turns trustfully to the outside world for pity and moral support, and seldom fails to secure both.

In the breast of mankind is an ingrained feeling that a widow is a proper object of solicitude.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

We would like to add something to the foregoing beautiful tribute to the widow, but having once known her we are to full for utterance.

In Luck More Ways Than One.

Insurance Officer—I understand that Mr. Richman hasn't a cent of insurance on his life. Why don't you go for him?

Agent—Won't do. He was born lucky, and makes money out of everything he touches. If we should insure Richman to-day, ten chances to one he'd die to-morrow.

GEO. MITCHELL,
BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Snow fell here on Monday and Tuesday.

See Mr. McCabe's card of thanks in another column.

For good beef go to Petch & Mitchell's butcher shop.

One steady week of rains and snow. We are getting it all in a lump.

Do you want a watch, if so, it will pay you to call at Russell's, Flesherton.

Good dry pork, (farmer's cured) for sale cheap at Petch & Pitchell's butcher shop.

Mr. D. Clayton has purchased the Flesherton livery business from Messrs. Mitchell & Elder.

The business of J. G. Anderson, here, is in the hands of a receiver. The stock is advertised for sale on May 9.

Ladies, your understanding will be much improved by purchasing fine shoes and slippers at W. Clayton's.

Great bargains in watches, clocks, jewelery, silverware, at Russell's, Flesherton. It will pay you to call.

The trout fishing season opened yesterday, but we have yet to hear of the individual who braved the cold to wield the rod and line

Canada is a free country, but everybody is forced to believe that W. Clayton sells the best and cheapest boots in Flesherton.

When you hear a man decrying the village in which he lives you can put it down that he owes more in the place than he can pay.

Democrat wagon for sale. Run only about one month. Apply to G. Keefer, Flesherton.

A meeting of the directors of Artemesia Agricultural Society will be held in Priceville next fair day for the purpose of considering the formation of a union between Proton, Egremont and Glenelg

Many children delight to go barefoot in the summer time, but full grown men like to keep their bunion covered pedal extremities hidden, and always buy boots for that purpose at W. Clayton's

Dr. Sinclair M.D., M.A., L.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.M., The well known Scottish Specialist of Toronto, will be at Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, on Tuesday, May 7th. Dr. Sinclair is an old visitor here, and will no doubt receive his usual large number of callers on that day

Mr Damude has his engine and boiler in position, and has commenced to operate on the large pile of stave bolt timber secured during last winter. It looks like old times to see his smoke stack once more rearing its head.

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

According to the Beeton World the

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are coming north.

Kindly let us know about what date you expect to arrive in Flesherton, Clawd

If you are contemplating buying an organ or a sewing machine this season, do not be imposed on or talked into high prices for an inferior article by unscrupulous pedlars, but be wise, and save from 20 to 50 per cent, and at the same time get a very superior article by calling and examining those kept for sale by J. E. Moore, at the Flesherton Furniture Warerooms. Orders by post punctually attended to.

Fine Waltham and Elgin watches bearing 4 and 5 years warrants from $9.80 up at Russell,s, Flesherton.

The Pickering News editor got in'o the bad graces of a Pickering tough through a certain exposure. Said tough called on Mr. Clark and threatened to "lambast" him when he met him outside. Mr. C. advised the irate young man to sail right in while he had his courage up and they were all alone, but instead of sailing in he decided to sail out, and the door closed behind his fleeing form. Mr. Clark is still inviting McDuff to "come on" through the columns of his paper, but McDuff lays low.

Take your repairs to Russell's Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

Sudden Death.

On Wednesday evening last the infant son of Mr. W. Trimble, aged 11 months, was stricken with convulsions and died in a few hours. A funeral sermon was preached Sunday evening by Rev. Mr. Shilton.

Osprey Spring Show.

Osprey spring show was held at Maxwell on Thursday last. The number of entries was small. Following is the list of prizes: Canadian draught—R. McGirr first. General purpose—G. Moffat's Norman Conqueror 1st, E. Lindley 2nd. Roadsters—J. Henry 1st and 2nd.

Ekins v. Morrow.

The case of Ekins v. Morrow, which has created considerable interest here, and was tried at last Division Court before a jury, but upon which Judge Lane reserved decision until May 1, was yesterday decided in favor of defendant, in accord with the finding of the jury.

Take your repairs to Russell's, Flesherton, as he attends to them himself and you can rely on a perfect job every time.

Got Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage.

Gall.

We received last week a map of Manitoba, together with reprint copy of an advertisement which the publisher wished us to give in exchange for his map. It is overflowing with advertisements, and retails at 25 cents. As our charge for the advertisement would be $1.40, or $1.15 more than the maps cost, we decline to make the exchange. If the publisher will forward a one-cent stamp to pay postage his map will be returned.

Runaway

Friend W H. Elder, of Proton Station, visited Flesherton on Monday. While returning in the evening he met with a serious accident. Stopping at Mr. Mitchell's gate, near the village, to allow Mrs. Mitchell to alight, the horse became scared and ran away. The buggy was almost destroyed, and the animal was not recovered until the following day, when it was found in a farmer's stable on the east back line, it having been noticed and taken in.

Who is "Oben."

As a great deal of speculation is rife in in the vicinity of Priceville as to the identity of our Balsam Valley correspondent, and innocent personages are being blamed, we will state, at Mr. W. J. Blakeston's request, that that gentleman has never written a line of said correspondence. Guessers are "away off the track," and it is almost useless for them to exercise their brains in the attempt to ferret him out. Don't scare him off by too close questioning.

Trees and Shrubs.

This is the season for the planting of shrubs and trees. Flesherton is a picturesque village even now, but it could be made still more so if the inhabitants would spend a little more care upon the decoration of their lawns and boulevards. There is nothing known which will enhance the artistic beauty of a town like a judicious display of shrubs, flowers and shade trees. There cannot be too much care taken in this line, and it will always pay. A peoples' standard may be judged by the art displayed in their homes.

Dogs.

There are too many dogs of a sportive character in this neighborhood. During the past week they have been on the war path to a considerable extent. Mr. J. Adams came to the village one day last week and borrowed a gun. He is going on the war path, too, and intends to make dog meat plentiful around his premises if they don't quit fooling with his live stock. Mr. Cook, at the station, had one sheep killed and another badly worried. In all probability the crows will soon hold a grand jubilee on fat dog if the dogs' owners don't keep them strictly at home.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendal Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies have been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Personal.

Dr. Hawk, of Berlin, has been visiting with his brothers here during the past week. The Dr. is giving up a most lucrative practice in Berlin with the intention of removing to Washington Territory, where he expects to gain something still better. May success attend his efforts.

Mr. W. Carruthers of Painesville, Ohio, called on us last Saturday. He is visiting his parents at Kimberley, and will shortly leave for georgia, where a situation awaits him.

Mr. J.G. Anderson left on Saturday for the great Northwest.

Mr. R.P. Legate and family have taken up their residence in Dundalk.

Mr. Austin Shackleford left this week for Owen Sound to take a position on one of the C.P.R. boats.

Markdale Show.

Our informant was slightly incorrect last week in stating that Mr. Carson took second in the roadster class at Markdale show. The second prize was awarded to Mr. Jas. Henry's horse, General Boston. Following is the prize list in full, for which we are indebted to the Standard:

HORSES.

Imported Draft W. R. Burnett's Lord Derby, 1st. Thorpe Wright's Lord Derby 2nd

Registered Draft A. Beattie's Just in Time 1st.

Percheron – Arthur Johnston's Young Nugent 1st.

Canadian Draft– A. Beattie's Lucky Lad 1st, J. Holley's Ontario Chief 2nd.

General Purpose—J. Manary's King Pom 1st., H. J. Glassford 2nd.

Roadster A.S. Vandusen's Billy V. 1st, Jas. Henry's General Boston 2nd.

Blood –Wm. Warner 1st, Jas. Henry 2nd.

BULLS.

Durham, 2 years and over—1st, R. Watson, 2nd, Jas. Bell.

Durham, 2 years and under—Jas. Sullivan.

Anniversary Sermon.

Rev. Mr. Emes preached the R. T. of T. anniversary sermon on Sunday afternoon last to a large congregation from Acts 24 and 25: "And as he reasoned of of rightousness temperance and judgement to come, Felix trembled, and answered, go thy way for this time." The sermon was an exceedingly good one. Mr. Emes is a close reasoner and an interesting talker. Some of his aphorisms remind one forcibly of Sam Jones, although clothed in more chaste language. For instance, "you cannot get to heaven with your two feet standing on the Bible and mouth at the bung hole of a beer barrel." Speaking of a certain class of individuals he remarked that it was as difficult to get money out of them for moral purposes as to draw milk from a gate post or blood from a turnip. "Don't make a mirror out of the bottom of a beer glass," etc. The Royals turned out "en bloc" and marched to the church. The sermon was listened to with wrapt attention and created a most favorable impression, being quite worthy of reproduction; but a curtailed report could not do it justice. We think we can conscientiously congratulate the Presbyterians upon the securing of Mr. Emes for this charge

They Paid for Their Taffy.

A very interesting affair took place in the neighborhood of Tyrone some time ago, which turns out to be at the expense of our taffy lovers or lusters as they might be called. Mr. John Sanders had one day boiled down a large quantity of sap into such a size that it was (as may be seen by the nature of the affair,) lighter than a mill stone. And a few of the boys thought this a grand opportunity to have a good feed, and as they were afraid of being caught if they would manufacture taffy in the bush, went and asked Mr. Amos Doupe for the privilege of making it in his house, being answered in the affirmative, off they started to accomplish their part of the theft But Mr. S. was too sharp for them, he watched the whole affair and followed them up to Mr Doupe's door where they engaged in a merry old game of euchre, while the hostess made ready the repast. They had their fun that night, but their tune was changed the next day, when they were very glad to settle with Mr. S. for the small sum of five dollars.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread taken in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there. Proverbs IX., 17.—Com.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Prorogation of Parliament will take place to-day.

The new steamer Manitoba, built at Owen Sound for the C.P.R. Co., will be launched on Saturday.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cent. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Died.

SCOTT—On Friday, 19th ult., at Maxwell, Mrs. Scott, wife of Dr. Scott, after an illness of only three or four days.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$ 5 30	to $ 5 50
Fall Wheat	1 00	to 1 05
Spring Wheat	1 00	1 00
Barley	0 45	0 45
Oats	0 26	0 27
Peas	0 50	0 52
Butter	0 15	0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 10	0 10
Potatos bush.	0 20	0 20
Pork	6 10	6 10
Hay per ton	9 00	9 00
Hides	3 50	4 50
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	1 05
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair.	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

SPRING—BEAUTIFUL—SPRING

and with it every thing complete in all lines of Spring and Summer Goods.

FOR THE LADIES.

New Prints in all the new designs,
Dress Goods in all the latest shades,
Gloves, Laces, Collars and ties
in endless variety.

FOR THE GENTS.

A fine range of clothing,
Boots, Shirts, Ties, Collars,
Cuffs, etc., in all the newest styles
and patterns, everything new and nobby.

Clover, Timothy, Flax and all kinds of garden seeds now in stock. Bacon, Salt, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat always on hand. A cordial invitation to all, we guarantee to use you well and give satisfaction.

R. TRIMBLES'.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1868

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office :—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D. etc
late of Tottenham, Ont
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.
A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays when in town.

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK COMMISSIONER, &c., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. F. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS.

Gladiolus and Dahlias.

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety. Cinnerarias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutilons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower. In

BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Xanthus, Mimulus, Foxglove Lobelia, Forget Me Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy.

VEGETABLE PLANTS.

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber.

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly

JAMES BLECROFT,

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

—FOR—

FLOUR, FEED, AND

PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

—AT—

BLACKBURN'S

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.

WM. NELSON

FLESHERTON

PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,

Flesherton.

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once and success is assured. Write FRED E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

Building lot in the village of Flesherton. Apply at this office, or to ANGUS McLEOD, Flesherton Station.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

VOLUNTEERS

Attention

12 RECRUITS Wanted!

No. 6 company of volunteers will meet in the drill shed, Flesherton, every Thursday and Saturday evening at 7 o'clock until further orders, for drill purposes. Signed,

J. J. FIELD, Lieut.
C. J. SPROULE, Lieut

CORRESPONDENCE.

School Matters.

To The Editor of The Advance.

SIR—Your "Flesherton Station" correspondent's communication contains an animus and statements unsolicitated and erroneous, and which compels me to correct them if possible. I take it that he fails to comprehend his subject, and therefore falls into divers mistatements—unintentionally it is hoped. As he says "the school system is intended to give a good common education to every child," but *that* by no means implies that every child is equally accomodated to procure it. A variety of distances to school houses always has and always will exist. With due regard to the law in the matter, and ordinary insight into the ability of the ratepayer, I quite agree with your correspondent. But he takes umbrage at the mention of the Station school as if something erroneous had been mentioned; and it provokes me to state the facts in the case: Sec. 10, cap. 49, 48 vic., says: "No section shall be formed which contains less than fifty actual resident children, between the ages of five and twenty years old, unless the area contains more than four square miles." How stood this matter in 1886, when this section was formed? The legal census gave for that year 21 of such children, in 1887 24 children and in 1888 it gave 21. Recollect, the act asks for *actual residents*. How then were 50 such children obtained? Taking the record of the three years, one is led to blush at the effrontry of the person who would state that the section ever contained the number the law asked for, minus imported and transient stock. It is true, a committee of the county council, upon the evidence produced, gave them the school, erroneous as the evidence was. But there was no desire to oppose their request; for peace sake, the decision of the committee was suffered to show without appeal, and the Flesherton people, against whom a few only at the Station exhibit such perpetuous jealousy, have treated the whole question with proper deference, so far as equity and good will demand.

This gentleman says further that "Flesherton Station school is a success, and rejoices the heart of the people interested in it." If so, how is it that this same person put his signature to two petitions recently, one asking for his section enlarged territory, and the other asking a reconsideration of the action of the council, which was in effect to compel a few farmers, who refuse to unite with the Station school, to pay the cost of an appeal to the county, upon the ground of the section's inability to do so! What a specimen of hollowness and insincerity! Personally, I would like to see its school enlarged and prosperous. But it was because I knew the discontent, even to execrations, and excessive taxation, that it was referred to, as a warning to the people to avoid a repetition elsewhere in the township.

As to his fling at the councillors, they can take care of themselves, and can point with pride to their unopposed election in January last as a sufficient vindication against such writers. They are too shrewd to be hoodwinked into positions contrary to law and reason, and for which they are appreciated. If the suggestions of this writer were carried out, on school and other matters, municipal bankruptcy would be the result within five years. Regarding the Tyrone school, the scheme still seems impracticable, for providing the two sections with the compensations added, were all equally divided, it would create, as stated in my last letter, three weak schools, and an incumbrance on the people for all time to come. But I dare say the councillors will be wise enough to see it and act accordingly.

TYRONE.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR—Would you kindly allow me space in your very popular publication to reply to the Kimberley Glee Club item of last week. The writer accuses me of making some very "gross errors and many glaring misrepresentations" as he is pleased to term it and then undertakes to show them up. In the first place he as much as says Eugenia had no choir at that time. Eugenia local talent and regular choir, with one exception, furnished the music for a tea-meeting about a month previous to the Orange soiree, but owing to the sickness of the organist they could not very well get up the music for the soiree, and all the regular members of the choir were still in the village and practiced once a week. The Kimberley writer has made some very base fabrications. Eugenia had a choir of its own at that time and let "One Concerned" deny it if he dare. He won't if he has any regard for truth. Again he says when they received the invitation they accepted it under the conditions that they were to receive free tickets. There again he is wrong. I have the written acceptance before me, and it says not one word with regard to free tickets, still, owing to the generosity of the Orangemen, that part of the programme was politely carried out. He says also that they were told the organist would expect pay. The Orangemen have vainly endeavored to find out when or who they told. They certainly did not ask pay in the written acceptance, neither did they tell a member of the lodge so far as I am aware of, and I have consulted every active member and after all enquiries I have ascertained that a member of the club requested a friend, not a member of the lodge, to ask the treasurer on his behalf for a specified amount for the organist. This the friend declined to do, and for fear the lodge might think he was somewhat concerned, as no doubt he was, he took his dissatisfaction home, nursed it as preachers tell us we should nurse our good dispositions, then had it published in The Advance. Now if there was an agreement for pay as he says, why did he want a friend to ask pay for him from the lodge? The truth is clear there was no agreement to that effect. The second clause was, as he said, ruled out. No one said anything to the contrary. Now if the Kimberley writer would just think the matter over impartially, he will see I have not made so many "gross errors and misrepresentations" after all, as I have proved his contraciction to my statements of two weeks previous false, and on the other hand he has made some gross exaggerations.

On behalf of Eugenia L.O.L.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Plowing and sowing and everything connected with spring work has commenced in real earnest.

Mr. D. and A. Ferguson are seen to wend their way bright and early in the mornings from their private habitations to Mr. H. Lamont's farm, which they are putting in this spring on shares and farmer John, another of our industrious young farmers, is seen to leisurely walk up and down the field behind his red painted cultivator with an expression of countenance indicative of perfect satisfaction with the implement he uses. Sid and Sandy and Joe are also making rapid progress, and Pat last, but not least, with his usual forethought is preparing for harvest, as he has about closed a bargain with Mr. Marshall of Priceville for a new reaper. It would take up too much space to tell you all about our prosperous farming community. Suffice it to say they are all well and doing well, and as each one wends his way home it reminds me of the words of the poet: "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way."

Mr. Adam Watson has been running his saw mill for some time past, and the large piles of logs on the west side of the mill are fast decreasing. Mr. Watson is a man of push and energy, and we think he will do well as a miller in this neighborhood.

Mr. L. Frook, of this vicinity, took advantage of the slack time just before seeding to go on a visit to Brant. While there he purchased a fine thoroughbred bull, Durham breed, for which he paid the sum of $90. Mr. Frook is giving the farmers in this neighborhood an excellent opportunity of improving their stock which we hope they will avail themselves of. It is not solely for the purpose of obliging his neighbors that he has gone to the trouble and expense of getting up this animal, but he has seen as even a poor judge might that the stock around here stood greatly in need of improvement, and more than that, he found out that it pays.

One of our residents returned home from Priceville last fair day with a couple of red marks on his face. Upon enquiring into the matter we found out he was engaged in a pugilistic contest with one of the buttes and suddenly became possessed of a very unnatural desire for blood; consequently the first opportunity availing itself he took advantage of it in order to appease his appetite by grabbing a portion of his opponents face between his teeth and squeezing on it until he brought blood, or rather until he was forced to let go by others interfering. We understand that there is going to be law over it yet, as big Dan, constable of Priceville, was around serving summonses to those concerned. The next time I write I hope to give you an account of the case. They threaten to give Oben a thorough tanning, if ever they get hold of him, but he is a fine runner, and any wounds he will get will be on the back sure. His legs have always proven his best friends, and in an emergency like that, (especially if he thinks he is in danger of being bit) you bet he will use them to the best of his ability.

Mr. James Alcorn is the owner of a fine draught stallion which he brought from the county of Peel. It is a fine animal, two years old, and weighs 1500 lbs.

Mr. D. Ferguson was around with his blood horse, as we anticipated, Mr. C. Lamont and J. T. Nelson are also on the route, all fine animals of their class.

Mr. A. McLean is working at J. T. Wilson's.

Mr. David McIntyre is helping J. Burke to put in his crop, and Mr. F. McPhail is hired with Pat Burke.

Mr. Norman McDougal is engaged with Hector McDonal framing, they are at present framing Neil McDonal's barn.

Priceville Items.

From our own Correspondent.

The farmers are rarely seen about town now, they seem to be throwing in their seed grain very fast. A large portion of the land is in a fine condition for working, being drier than usual this year. The ladies come into town and do the shopping (especially the young ladies.) Well, we might just note that all our merchants are bachelors, with one exception.

We have a new tailor in town, in the person of Mr. Ross, late of Claude, Ont. We will probably see his "ad" in The Advance before many days.

Well, "Oben" I am sure that your admiring friends in the "Valley" will remember your distinction between "goose" and "gull" or if they see a fowl or fowls of that description without "spectacles" then, "of course they cannot be gulls." We can hardly credit such a statement, but we suppose it must be so, coming from such an authority as "Oben."

We are seriously thinking of spending a summer in "Balsam Valley" in order to attend that great seat of learning, "Hillside Academy," in hopes thereby to improve our English, so that we may avoid using those slang phrases that seem so unintelligable to the cultured, Balsamic mind. And last but not least, your brilliant, periodical, musical entertainment with little children on the platforms, dancing, keeping time to the organ, violin, picolo, sacbut, psaltry, harp, dulcimer and all kinds of music! Oh, it must be very elevating! But we must hush now or some body will say that we are as "longwinded" as "Oben."

The above correspondence arrived after the form had been made up last week. ED. ADVANCE.

Proton Station.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Here day and night do not cease, time passes rapidly.

A representative caninbal from the East paid this borough a visit some days ago and tried to feast on a piece off the end of a man's nose, thus backing up an argument on giving signs. He paid a second visit and was promptly fired out of the place with a sound threshing from the man with the nose. Fire water is wicked, you know.

Farmers are busy with seeding operations.

The much needed rain has come at last.

Consumption—that foe of humanity—claimed as its victim a daughter of Mr. Robt. Lockhead, of this place, last week. At the funeral to Dundalk on Saturday a large number friends and neighbors paid their last respects.

What is Grey going to do with her quota of the faint-hearted 188? Let them be anathemised. Grey must have stormer stuff "before the gates of Derry." Polished sophistry won't smoothe this Pope elevating, Jesuit, enriching A-C-T down. Why does not Grey speak out loud?

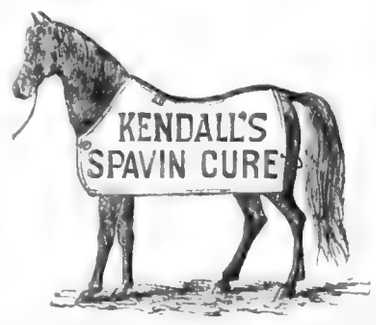

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

NOTICE!

To all who so ably and willingly assisted in the removal of goods from our store at the late fire, we take this opportunity of returning sincere thanks.

A. McCABE.

Priceville, April 29, 1889.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twenty-bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

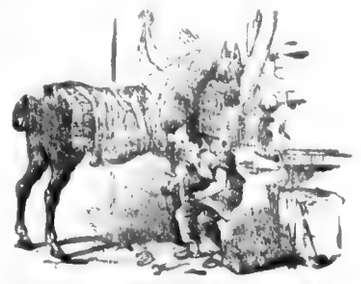

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

WHISKEY DID IT.

A Dissolute Son Murders His Father and Himself.

A Springfield, Mass., despatch says: West Farms was the scene of a horrible double tragedy yesterday morning. Joseph King, a wealthy, well-known citizen, 78 years of age, was shot and killed by Edgar King, his eldest son, and the house was fired and burned. Sometime afterwards shots were heard near by, which directed the assembled neighbors to a spot twenty rods away, where the murderer was found lying in a pool of blood, having shot himself. The cause of the crime is traceable to an unbalanced mind caused by dissolute habits. A few days ago the murderer gave to Chas. Clark a sealed manuscript, requesting him not to open it till some time in the future, that he would soon go away, and that the letter would show why he went and where he would be. The papers were read to-day, and revealed the determination of Edgar to kill his father and aunt and himself. Edgar was once in partnership in the business of making whips and was worth considerable property. Six years ago his wife procured a divorce on the ground of drunkenness. When his property was gone he led a bad life and got what money he could from his father until the latter refused to give any more.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Confessed on His Deathbed That He Murdered His Brother.

A special from Barnesville, O., says: Sixteen years ago Thomas McCall, jun., a son of Thomas McCall, a wealthy farmer, mysteriously disappeared. His father searched in vain and offered large rewards in hope of finding his son, but to no avail. The mystery was solved on Monday when Josephus McCall, a brother, who is at the point of death, confessed to killing his brother and throwing his body into an old well on the premises. He says he killed his brother during a quarrel, and knowing that he will die, makes this dying and truthful confession. There is great excitement in the neighborhood over the revelation. Josephus is about 40 years old and bears a hard name.

Latest from Ireland.

Nearly 28,000 British soldiers and officers are stationed in Ireland.

Rev. Samuel Griffiths, Belfast, has accepted a call to the Congregational Church, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire.

Lady Ennis, daughter of the late Mr. David Henry, of Dublin, and widow of the late Sir John Ennis, died last week.

The value has been sworn as £489,352 of the personal estate of the late James Jameson, of Glencormac, County Wicklow

At the Dublin Commission, on the 6th inst., as a murder trial was commencing, one of the jurors, Mr. Alex. Gordon, suddenly fell dead.

The vote for the Royal Irish Constabulary is £1,439,371, being an increase of £2,171. There is an increase of £6,307 in pensions and gratuities.

On the 5th inst., at Gauvagh, North of Ireland, Alexander Bane, process server, got out of bed, took up a fowling piece, and shot himself through the breast.

At Belfast Assizes on the 30th ult. Judge Harrison sentenced John Mills, publican, to seven years' penal servitude for attempting to set fire to his house in Belfast.

A fellow has made his appearance in the streets of Dublin, armed with a pair of scissors, with which he cuts off the flowing tresses of little girls who are so unlucky as to fall in his way.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., has received from a Liverpool shipowner the offer of another £1,000, which brings up to £5,000 the fund for settling Scotch and Ulster tenants on boycotted farms in Ireland.

Henry Morgan and James Humphreys Ross Todd, the absconding clerks from the Provincial Bank of Ireland, arrived in Dublin from Spain on the 2nd inst. The bank's money unaccounted for amounts to about £23 000. The accused have been adjudicated bankrupts.

Latest Scottish News.

It is likely that Rev. Dr Pentecost, formerly of Brooklyn, will be called to the pastorate of Claremont United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow.

The Convention of Royal Burghs in Scotland have declined, by 53 to 20 votes, to enter the Chief Magistrate of Dundee in the sederunt book as Lord Provost.

Joseph Redmond, who murdered his wife in Dundee on the 30th ult. by stabbing her with a cheese knife, has been certified insane and removed to a lunatic asylum.

Mr. Wm. Grahame, son of Mr. John Grahame, provision merchant, Dundee, has been elected to represent the city of Newcastle in the Parliament of New South Wales.

In a churchyard near Elgin a tombstone has been discovered which chronicles the death of a local farmer who lived in three different centuries—the date of birth being 1698, and of decease 1804.

In one week lately there lay dead in Stonehaven seven persons whose united ages amounted to 583 years. Six of these were women, whose ages were 70, 80, 82, 88, 89 and 100 (all but 48 days) The seventh was a man who had reached 74.

The population of Glasgow and environs at last census was 704, 436; and should the increase since then have been at the same rate as during the decennial period preceding 1881, the population two years hence, at next census, will be 815 318—or nearly ix times what it was in 1822.

The following statement has just been made by the Provost of Kirkintilloch: Fifty years ago, said he, there were seven doctors in the town, and these gentlemen, unlike their successors, were very modestly housed. Their usual fee for a professional visit was sixpence and a cup of tea.

Grateful Tidings

Miss Elite (rushing in)—"Oh, ma, Clara Tiptop has eloped."

Mrs. Elite (fervently)—"Thank Heaven! Now we won't have to send her any wedding present."

Sir Morell Mackenzie has been visiting the Canary Islands.

It is, indeed, the fisherman who ever waits with bated breath; and generally it is smelt, too.

RETURNED FROM THE DEAD.

One More Reproduction of the Enoch Arden Romance in Real Life.

A Bangor, Me., despatch says: Just before the late war there sailed away from Machias, in this State, a captain of an American vessel bound for the Pacific. He was a well-to-do man, who apparently loved his family, which consisted of a wife and several children, all of whom he left in a beautiful home. He was never heard from until Tuesday last, save that late in 1861 there came a foreign letter, in a strange hand, announcing that the captain, whose name was Aaron Harvey, had died. The mother assumed the whole burden of the care and maintenance of the family, refusing from time to time all offers of marriage until twenty-one years had passed, when she married a Mr. Champion and settled twenty miles away from Bangor. A daughter, Elizabeth, also married, and all these years they have lived with the idea that the father was dead. There arrived in Kinduskeag, the home of the married daughter, on Tuesday last an aged and gray man who called for Mrs. Demmons, that being the daughter's married name, and to her declared that he was her long missing father. The daughter was only a child when he went away and did not recognize him, but in haste drove over to the home of her mother, soon returning with her. The old lady looked at the man and when she found voice it was made evident that he was no imposter, for she cried out, "Good Lord! Aaron, how came you back on earth?" A family consultation was now had, and it was decided to keep the matter as quiet as possible, but it is now known that the old man was wrecked in the Pacific in a comparatively isolated part of the world. The war prevented American shipping from sailing that way, ships of other nations did not come and the captain, knowing nothing of the war and believing that he should never again see his native land took a wife and settled down. He had an opportunity a few years ago to leave, which he did secretly, taking some wealth, but he was again shipwrecked and his treasure lost. He landed in Australia. Being poor he did not write home, but again acquired a competency and then set out for his old home in Machias. He got trace of his grown up daughter and appeared to her as above stated. All the parties are in good circumstances.

Manitoba News Notes.

It is expected that the Northern Pacific Road will be completed to Portage la Prairie by July 1st.

Edmonton, N.W.T., advices state that a prairie fire on the Stony Plain Indian Reserve started on Sunday last about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and raged until 7 in the evening. During that time fourteen Indians' houses were burned, besides nearly all the stables, fencing and hay belonging to the Indians; the school-house, workshop and stable of the Presbyterian Mission, with most of their contents, the dwelling of the missionary alone escaping, and a stable belonging to the Indian Agency. A sick Indian woman, who had to be moved hurriedly on account of the fire, died. The high wind and the dry condition of the grass and ground made it almost impossible to save anything. On the same afternoon fire swept down on the Little Mountain settlement, burning Murdoch McLeod's fencing, stables, granary, grain and farm machinery, leaving only his house standing, and W. Storey's fences, stables, hay and grain. The loss, especially to Messrs. McLeod and Storey, is very heavy.

A quarter section of farm land at Portage la Prairie has been sold for $5,500. Prices of lands are rapidly increasing.

The stables and granaries of James Browning, north of Brandon, and Samuel Martin, of Stratherne, were destroyed by fire.

Seeding on the Northwest Experimental Farm at Indian Head is finished. About 200 acres are under crop.

Mrs. Moore, of Boston, while returning from California, died on a Canadian Pacific Railroad train at Langdon.

The half-breeds who shot three of Mr. Bedson's stray buffalos near High Bluff will be prosecuted. The animals belong to a number sold to Mr. Jones, of Kansas, and were very valuable.

A party of crofters arrived to-night and were sent to the Saltcoats terminus on the Manitoba & Northwestern, there not being sufficient free lands for them in Southern Manitoba, where the rest of the crofters are settled. This separation has given rise to considerable complaint.

Mr. A. J. Smith, business manager of the late *Call* newspaper, died this morning from inflammation of the lungs, after a few days' illness.

Navigation is open to Lake of the Woods, and the ice in Port Arthur harbor is now so rotten that it is thought that vessels will have no difficulty in entering.

A Paleolithic Man.

A Gainesville, Tex., despatch says: A strange discovery was made yesterday by a citizen in the northwestern district of this county. Having occasion to sink a well, Mr. Somms selected a spot in a valley near a ravine of great length, and which during heavy rains is transformed into a raging torrent, depositing in the valley limestone, gravel, mud and other debris. After reaching a considerable depth, and while in a formation of limestone gravel that had been found almost uninterruptedly from the surface down, Somms came upon the vertebræ and ribs of an animal. The ribs were about the size of a small pig's and rapidly tapered. When unearthed the remains were found to be those of a man of gigantic stature, whose body tapered like a serpent. Near the bones of the man's right hand was found a rude stone hatchet, which is said to be similar to the handiwork of the Paleolithic man.

Odds and Ends.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Albert Duer gave the world a prophecy future wood engravings in 1527.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

Never permit a white marble mantel to disfigure an otherwise tasteful room. Cover it with a draped mantel board.

Never have a dark carpet and wall in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Mr. Small moved that the rules be suspended in order to introduce a Bill from the Senate respecting the Board of Trade of the city of Toronto, and that the said Bill be now read a first, second and third time. He explained that the necessity for the Bill arose from the fact that the Toronto Board of Trade, which is now engaged in erecting a building to cost $400,000, has just discovered that it cannot hold real estate to an extent more than $250,000, and power was asked in the Bill to enable it to hold property to the value of half a million.

The motion was carried, and the Bill was passed through its various stages.

The following divorce Bills were read a third time and passed on formal divisions:

Act for the relief of George M. Bagwell.

Act for the relief of Arthur Wand.

Act for the relief of Henry Middleton.

Mr. Carling, in introducing the Bill respecting loans made to Mennonite settlers, said that in 1875 loans were made to those settlers and that repayment was guaranteed with six per cent. by a number of gentlemen in the county of Waterloo. The money was to have been repaid in four years. The settlers, however, met with serious reverses from grasshoppers and floods. The money had been repaid with interest at four per cent. up to 1888, and it was proposed to accept that in full of the claim.

The resolution was passed and a Bill founded on it was introduced.

Mr. Costigan, in moving the House into committee on the resolution to make better provision for the working of the Inland Revenue Act, said it was proposed to make the duty upon cigarettes $1 50 per thousand. This would be practically the same as at present except that the duty would not be collected upon weight as formerly.

Resolutions were passed, and a Bill founded upon them received its first reading.

On the second reading of the Bill respecting pensions for the Mounted Police,

Mr. Jones (Halifax) said the measure would impose an unnecessary burden on the taxpayers of the Dominion. He moved that the Bill be not read, but that it be resolved that a percentage be deducted from the salaries of the Mounted Police, and repaid with interest to them, on leaving the force, or to their families if they should die in the service.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) opposed the Bill, because it is entirely contrary to the democratic principles of the country to adopt the pension system.

Mr. Watson said there was no urgency for this measure on the ground that it would encourage recruiting, because at the present time there are three applicants for every vacancy on the force. He did not favor the argument for the Bill that it would induce men to remain longer on the force, because he did not think long service was conducive to efficient citizenship afterwards.

Mr. McDonald (Huron) objected to the Bill because it was a continuation of what he termed the superannuation iniquity. He instanced a number of cases, showing the cost of the superannuation system. The Clerk of the House, for example, received a salary of $3,400 per annum, but afterwards $6 000 additional were paid annually to the superannuated officials who once filled that position.

The amendment was lost on a division, yeas 66, nays 106.

The Bill was read a second time, passed through committee, and was read a third time.

Sir John Thompson moved the third reading of the Bill to amend the Post Office Act.

Mr. White (Renfrew) moved in amendment that the Bill be referred back to the committee with instructions to amend it by providing that the registration fee on letters shall not exceed two cents.

The amendment was lost on division. Yeas, 55; nays, 85.

Mr. Jones objected to the proposal to increase the postal rate on drop letters to two cents. He quoted post-office statistics to show that the drop letter feature is self-supporting, and he moved in amendment that the rate on this class of letters remain at one cent.

Mr. Sproule supported the Bill, and expressed the belief that the Government should have gone farther and have imposed a rate of postage of one-half cent per pound on all newspapers.

The amendment was lost on division.

Mr. Watson moved in amendment that the legislation fee on tax and assessment notices, when mailed by municipal clerks, shall not exceed two cents.

The amendment was lost on division.

The Bill was read a third time and passed.

The Law and the Lady.

Patient man—Suppose a woman makes it so hot for her husband that he can't live with her, and he leaves her, what can she do?

Lawyer—Sue him for support.

Patient man—Suppose she has run him so heavily into debt that he can't support her, because his creditors grab every dollar as quick as he gets it, besides ruining his business with their suits?

Lawyer—If for any reason whatever he fails to pay her the amount ordered he will be sent to jail for contempt of court.

Patient man—Suppose she drives him out of the house with a flatiron, and he's afraid to go back?

Lawyer—She can arrest him for desertion.

Patient man—Well, I don't see anything for me to do but go hang myself.

Lawyer—It's against the law to commit suicide, and if you get caught attempting it you'll be fined and imprisoned. Ten dollars, please. Good day.

Neither Bull Nor Bear.

Elder Crossroads—So, deacon, ye've got back from livin' in the city, hev ye? Deacon Carryall, who has lost the back farm in speculation Humph! Elder Crossroads—Purty fine place, I s'pose. Make much money in Wall street, deacon? Deacon Carryall—Humph! Elder Crossroads—No 'fense, deacon, but which was you, a bull or a b ar? Deacon Carryall Neither; I was a blarsted, long-eared, unharnessed jackass.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Lewis Hayden, Boston fugitive slave, died on Sunday, aged 73 y ars. Just before the war his case was much talked about all over the country.

A COQUET.

"How absurdly disagreeable you can make yourself, Jack! But there, I'm not going to quarrel with you. How much longer are you going to keep me up to abuse me?" and Ruby laughed aloud in her usual saucy, tantalizing manner.

Jack looked at her, his face like a thundercloud, on which was written a stern determination; but she was in no way appalled by it. On the contrary, she looked at him gayly and carelessly, as if she were perfectly indifferent to him or his moods.

"Miss Howard," he began.

"Miss Howard!" she mimicked, mockingly. "Since when, pray? How ceremonious we grow, to be sure!"

He resumed, as if she had not interrupted him: "I will not detain you but a moment longer. While I am convinced that at the present time you are perfectly heartless, owing more to the unhappy way of your bringing up and to the influences and fashion of society than to natural hardness of heart——"

"Oh! thanks, thanks awfully; you are too good," she broke in again, laughingly. It was all as good as a burlesque to her, accustomed as she was to lovers' rantings.

"I am as firmly convinced," he went on in so calm a tone that it should have warned her that this meant more than an ordinary tiff, "that you love me, but, with your natural perverseness, will neither acknowledge it to yourself nor me."

As he said this—with an air of a judge pronouncing sentence on some unhappy prisoner—with his gray eyes fixed on her face with the sternest gaze they were capable of—in spite of herself the bloom on her soft, round cheek deepened to a bright red, and for an instant her saucy, mocking eyes fell before his. A transient smile passed over his gloomy face at this evidence of his power, and left it gloomier even than before. As he regarded the lovely, half-shy face before him he commenced again bitterly: "And why will you not yield to that love and make us both happy? I will tell you. You do not wish to be tied to one; to receive the love and homage of one is not to your taste. Oh, no; not for years to come. If I would wait patiently and in the meantime be always ready to dance attendance on all your whims, not noticing any one else, and always keeping in the background when a desirable flirtation came up, then, perhaps, if you didn't meet some one you preferred to me, after keeping me in suspense all that time, you might graciously condescend to marry me. But I decline to become the slave of any woman; and, as much as I love you, I am going to leave you forever."

"Ha, ha!" and her sweet, low laugh rang out like a chime of silvery bells. "The plot thickens. Please go on; it is as lovely as a play."

"I know and feel," said Jack, earnestly, "that we are especially suited to each other, and I believe that in time you will realize the truth of what I say and will regret me, even as I regret you now—but no more. I've already said too much—more than I intended. Good-bye," and, with a deep bow, he turned and left.

"Well, of all things!" she murmured. "Forever! Fudge! I'll see him to-morrow on the promenade the same as usual. He is delicious! I do like him the best when he asserts himself. He is grand when he gets enraged. He looks so stern and glares so, and is so unapproachable that I am almost afraid of him—the darling. If I don't look out he will end in making me marry him before the season is over. Of course, I shan't marry any one else; but I'm not going to hurry myself; there's plenty of time."

The next day Miss Ruby failed to meet Jack as usual. In fact, a week passed, and in all that time he had not called. She had missed his presence from ball and opera and every place that she had graced with her bright presence. At last, making a few inquiries, she found that Jack was out somewhere on the broad ocean on his way to China to join his brother, a tea merchant, and was likely to be absent a term of years.

Four years after Jack had gone Ruby was at a fashionable watering place. She was still the belle of every assemblage.

One day she was taking her morning stroll and feeling an unaccountable depression of spirits. Her great eyes were wearing their most absent look, and as they wandered over the crowd that was ever coming and going, she started violently, and her delicate, high-bred face turned as white as the filmy lace at her throat. She fixed an absorbed gaze on a vehicle that was slowly passing. The occupant was a broad-shouldered, grand-looking man dressed in gray. His shapely head was covered with a white straw hat; a pair of large, disfiguring spectacles of colored glass completely hid his eyes; his firm mouth was shaded with a long, brown mustache, and between his lips was the inevitable cigar. No whiskers hid his firm chin and fine rounded throat. A footman at his side was driving a span of spirited blacks. In an instant the equipage was hidden in the crowd, but Ruby's eyes would have known that face, that form, if it had been a far more fleeting glimpse. She drew a long breath, and by the time she reached her hotel and looked at herself in her room she was startled by the joyous brightness that sparkled in her eyes and beamed from every feature. All day her face wore an eager, expectant look; her eyes were ever watching for something. At the hop that night it was still the same. She withdrew early and sought her room, weary and heartsick.

"Oh!" she said aloud in a troubled voice, "does he know I am here, and still remain aloof?"

She sat there alone, white and sad; her face wet with tears; her heart torn with conflicting emotions, and a terrible fear that he had forgotten her. The next morning, after a sleepless night, she started out alone, her cheeks pale, her spirits drooping. She shaped her course for a hidden retreat behind the rocks where she had often dreamed away hours uninterrupted. As she neared the place she saw that her favorite rocky seat was already occupied by an intruder.

Her footsteps had given no sound on the soft sand. He had not heard her. She stood perfectly still, trembling so that she could scarcely stand. Here was the man for whose presence she had longed for all these sad years, and now she dared not speak to him. He might receive her penitence with scorn, and he might be married! Terrible, cruel thought! While this was passing through her mind she was startled by hearing some one coming that way whistling. Not wishing to be seen she sprang behind a convenient bowlder, just in time to escape the eyes of the new-comer, who was the same man she had seen with Jack the day before.

The man came up and stopped beside Jack, who said, impatiently: "Why did you come for me so soon?"

"Why, an' you said 'come in an hour,' and it is up sure."

"I don't believe it's up," Jack cried violently, "but because I am a poor blind stick you think you can fool me. But you can't. Go away and let me be in peace if you can, and don't dare to come near me again under an hour from now. Do you understand? An hour from now, a whole hour."

"Yes, sir, I understand," said poor Peter, deprecatingly, preparing to move off, after casting a glance at the watch he wore to make sure of the time.

"Stay," called Jack, irritably. "First tell me if any one is anywhere in sight. I don't want to sit here as a show for any one if I can help it."

"Not a soul, sir, to be seen," responded Peter, cheerily.

"Then clear out," was the gentle reply.

After Peter's retreating form was lost to view Ruby stole forth, pale and trembling—her cheeks moist with tears of pity. How wretched he looked how sad—how she pitied him. She forgot everything except her love for him and wished to comfort him. On the impulse of the moment she went to him and put both soft, round arms around his neck and laid her cheeks against his. Her sudden embrace aroused him effectually from the gloomy thoughts he was indulging in, and gave him a little shock. But as soon as he could collect his scattered senses he became aware that it was a woman! Yes, a woman! A mad woman, no doubt! Did she intend to strangle him, or what? The novelty of it pleased him. He remained perfectly still and awaited developments like a philosopher.

"Jack—Jack Hunter! Don't you know me?" said a tearful voice in his ear.

"Heavens! That voice! Ruby!" he cried, doubtingly, but nevertheless throwing both arms about her and drawing her to him, as he rained kisses on her face. At last he drew her gently down on the rock beside him and said: "My darling, words are not needed to tell me it is Ruby, or that you love me. But tell me—you are still free as I am?"

He did not ask how or why she happened to be there. He did not care. That she was there was the one supreme thought of that happy moment

"I am still Ruby Howard," she murmured in reply.

"Thank God!" he said reverently, "and for this hour. And now, will you, can you—heart of my heart, marry me, as I am—a blind man?"

"Yes, Jack, gladly, if you will have me. I have longed for you ever since you left me," she whispered.

"My treasure!" he cried. "It was cruel of me. We will never part again we will get married at once—within the week," he went on, in the eager, overmastering way that she well remembered. "Your people will not object, I fondly imagine, for I am rich, you know, and all that; besides I am only blind for a season. My blindness is the result of an accident—happy accident—that brought me home to consult a specialist. He tells me if I be patient and very careful I will see in six months, and perhaps sooner. Oh, if I could but only see now! But I can wait and I would not exchange places with any one on earth."

The Soul of Wit.

Preservation of the unities—a dude astride of a donkey.—*Richmond State.*

Who kills all the dead letters?—*Rochester Post-Express.* Miss Direction.

What estate was Jane Eyre to?—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.* Lochaw, probably, as she came to it after "a far cry."

It appears to be only the sugar part of the rum power that is pulverized.

The sorehead represents the stragglers and coffee coolers in the great army of humanity.

A man who does not know anything is pretty sure to tell it the first chance he gets.—*Louisville Western Recorder.*

A good appetite has this resemblance to virtue, that it is its own reward.

A sleeping policeman is one of the silent watches of the night. *Rochester Tidings.*

New spring dresses are generally worn with an elastic step.—*Baltimore American.*

Queer about flowers, isn't it? They shoot before they have pistils.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Somebody Stole His Baby's Body.

A New York despatch says: This statement has been put on file at the Bureau of Vital Statistics: I, John Carr, residing at No. 122 East 120th street, state that while on an elevated railroad car, Third avenue line, Monday morning about 11 o'clock, while on my way to the morgue for the purpose of burying an infant in the city cemetery, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, which was in the neighborhood of Grand street, some person had taken the cigar box which contained the remains of my child. I now return the permit for burial, as I have no body to bury. I work nights as a waiter in a restaurant, and consequently sleep in the daytime, and was sound asleep when the box was taken. The sickness of my wife prevented me from having my usual rest since last Saturday. JOHN CARR.

The manner of milking is important. A cow should be regularly, gently and yet quickly and thoroughly milked. Perfect quietness and gentleness should be maintained in all management of either the cow or the calf. By persisting in such a course of management for a few years a herd much more valuable than the ordinary mixed herd can be produced.

A club of twenty Baltimore damsels is going to "do" Europe next summer without relatives or chaperone.

Sir Arthur Helps, one of the sweetest and quaintest writers of the present generation, had a passion for hand organs. He always stopped and listened when he met one in operation on the street.

Experience

The world was made when a man was born,
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs.
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things,
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth
Of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in woman's eyes—
They are clear as the wells of Paradise

And so he goes on till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold;
Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff.
He grows formal with men and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight.
Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure, and 'tis time he were dead.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A Letter from Home.

The hotel 'bus from the midnight train
Brought only one passenger through the rain;
A commercial tourist, weary and sad,
For trade had been dull and collections bad.

Not a single order was on his book,
The disgust he felt was shown in his look;
With a careless hand he wrote his name
On the page of a book unknown to fame.

The drowsy night clerk the signature scanned,
Then a letter placed in the drummer's hand;
See how he starts, what a smile of delight
Comes over his face at the welcome sight.

Open the envelope is quickly torn,
And over his face so weary and worn
Now flits, like sunbeams after a storm,
Smiles of joy as the message takes form.

Thus clouds of despair that will often appear
To the travelling man sometimes in the year
Are quickly dispelled by such simple means
As one friendly letter—How queer it seems!

So wives, sweethearts, brothers and chums,
If you know where we'll be when Sunday comes,
Write us if your time will permit,
Draw on us at sight and we will remit—OUR THANKS.

Day Dreams.

How they come and how they go,
Ever fleeting, never slow,
Sailing up to heaven;
Tiny, subtle, wayward things,
Brilliant meteors, sparkling rings,
Which flash, and then are riven:

How they go and how they come,
Some so restful, yearning some;
Others like wild flowers;
Some like fragrant, even wind;
Some like clouds upon the mind,
Which, later, turn to showers.

How they come and how they go,
Born in sorrow, nursed in woe!
Oh, happy, useless dreaming!
Rainbow tinted, many starred,
Tear drops shed, sweet fancies marred—
Is all to end in seeming?

WANTED TO JINE.

But Jim Finally Concluded That He Wouldn't be a Mormon.

While waiting at a station in South Carolina one day, writes M Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*, I was joined by a man who carried an old-fashioned satchel on his shoulder, and who had evidently walked many miles through the mud. He was fully 60 years of age, scrawny and homely, and he simply nodded to me and sat down on a bale of cotton. In about 10 minutes along came a woman in home-spun, fully his age and about as homely. She had also had a long walk. She nodded to me and sat down on another cotton bale. Not a word was said between us for 10 minutes. Then as the whistle of the train was heard in the distance she said to the man:

"Then, Jim, you ar' gwine off ter jine the Mormons?"

"I am, Hannah," he replied.

"And you won't take me?"

"No."

"And I'm to be left?"

"Yes."

"And it won't do no good to argufy?"

"Not a bit."

"Wall, then, good bye to you."

She started forward with extended arm, but passed his hand and seized the satchel and flung it thirty feet away. Then she grabbed him by the hair and they went off the platform into a mud hole together, and as the train moved away she was on top and jamming his head into the old gold soil and saying between the jams:

"Want to jine the Mormons, do you! Want to leave the old wife who's dun lived with you 40 years! Want to jine—jine—jine, you old rabbit, you!"

And fifty passengers gave her three cheers and a tiger as she got a new hold on his atriarchal whiskers.

Royalty at the Races.

There was the smartest show of dresses at Sandown races that has been seen this season, says London *Truth*. Grays, green and black, and various shades of terra-cotta and brown, seemed to predominate, though two or three white costumes shone bravely in the spring sun, and one lady, whose olive green dress was adorned with a broad band of vivid brick color, was as conspicuous as a lighthouse. Soldiers and soldiers' wives, sisters, cousins and aunts, thronged the enclosure, and the air was full of regimental "shop." There were many drags, and much eating and drinking upon and around them. Royalty was present on both days—the Prince and Princess on Friday, and the Prince alone on Saturday. The Princess looked charming in a simple gray dress, trimmed with astrachan and contrived to make the smartly dressed ladies appear very ordinary. I am a Radical, but granting, for the sake of argument, the necessity for a Queen, I must say that I have never seen a woman who so perfectly looks the part as the Princess.

His Strong Point.

"He is dissipated and heartless. He has no idea of financial probity. He plays cards for money; he is recklessly extravagant and altogether totally unfit to be your husband. I cannot consent to the engagement."

"Oh, but think, papa, how well he looks in a drawing-room. Why, he is the most becoming man I ever danced with."

"News of Nelson's Victory Came!"

Joseph Sutherland, who was a powder-boy on board the vessel which first brought to England the news of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, has just attained his 100th year at Milton, Sittingbourne. He has good health and has all his faculties intact.

ABOUT CARPETS.

Some Hints Which are Very Seasonable Just Now.

"What do you mean by the 'standard?'"

"Look at this piece of ingrain. You see the threads are interwoven—across and lengthwise. Now, a thread running across we call a 'pick.' Count the number of 'picks' in an inch. There should be fourteen. That is the way we make our 'standard.' If there are one, two or three less than fourteen you see the carpet is far more loosely woven and less durable, though you wouldn't notice the difference on the surface. An ingrain, you know, consists of several thicknesses or layers of threads woven together—'ply,' as we say—that is, a two-ply carpet is two thicknesses of thread, and a three-ply three. The three-ply is the carpet of our grandmothers. After having fallen into disuse for many years it is coming in again. No, I don't think the rage for the antique has anything to do with it; people are beginning to believe again in its serviceability, that is all. So much for the cheaper carpets. The more expensive kinds, the Brussels and the Wiltons, are woven on a rack upon wires running crosswise. The standard is ten to an inch. The wires being drawn, semi-cylindrical tubes of wool are left. This is the surface of the Brussels carpet. The Wiltons differ in this way, that the tubes of wool are woven thicker and higher. The wires here have a knife attachment on the end, and, upon being withdrawn by machinery, split directly through the top of the tiny tube. A rich and plush-like surface is thus formed. Here you can get effects and delicacy of tints and shades that you can't have in a Brussels carpet. Compare these two pieces," and he threw on the floor side by side a Wilton and a Brussels. "Now, these are exactly the same pattern. That is evident, made of exactly the same shade and kind of wool. That is not so evident, for it doesn't seem so in the least; their effect is totally different. The plush and velvety surface of the Wilton has a softness, a richness, a delicacy which make the Brussels look flat beside it. Still, you wouldn't notice the difference unless you compare them directly as we have been doing. This carpet, the Wilton, is thicker and finer and heavier and handsomer than the other, but it costs just about twice as much. An Axminster? Oh, that is the finest of all."

Why Are Deserts Barren?

Why are deserts rocky and sandy? The answer is that without vegetation there is no such thing as soil on earth anywhere. The top layer of the land in all ordinary countries is composed entirely of vegetable mould, the decaying remains of innumerable generations of weeds and grasses. Earth to earth is the rule of nature. Soil, in fact, consists entirely of dead leaves. And where there are no leaves to die and decay there can be no mould or soil to speak of. Darwin showed in his last great book that we owe the whole earthly covering of our hills and plains almost entirely to the perennial exertions of that friend of the farmer, the harmless, necessary earthworm. Year after year the silent worker is busy every night pulling down leaves through his tunnelled burrow into his underground nest, and there converting them, by means of his castings, into the black mould which produces in the end for lordly man all his cultivable fields and pasture lands and meadows. Where there are no leaves and no earthworms, there can be no soil, and under those circumstances we get what we familiarly know as a desert. When new land rises above the sea it first emerges bare and rugged like a sea cliff. No living thing is harbored on its naked surface. In time, as rain falls upon its jutted peaks and barren pinnacles, the rock crumbles, and streams wash down deposits of sand and mud into the valleys and hollows. Lichens begin to spring in patches on the bare face of the rock, and ferns, whose spores have been wafted by the wind or carried by the waves or borne on the feet of unconscious birds, sprout here and there from the clefts and crannies. These, as they die and decay, form a thin layer of vegetable mould, the first beginning of a local soil, in which the earthworm—imported in the egg on driftwood or floating weeds—sets to burrow, and which increases by his constant labor. On the soil thus deposited flowering plants and trees root themselves as fast as seeds, nuts and fruits are wafted to the island by various accidents from surrounding countries. The new land thrown up in the Gulf of Ceylon four years ago by the great eruption of Krakatoa has in this way already clothed itself from head to foot with a luxuriant sheet of ferns, mosses and other vegetation. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Thief's Novel Disguise.

The man who has done so much horse stealing in the western part of Queen's county is locked up at Newton. He was apprehended at Trenton, New Jersey, having in his possession a horse which was one of a team that he stole from Peter Luyster, of Newton, last Sunday night. The other horse was found in a stable in Brooklyn. No trace, however, has been obtained of the four horses that he stole from F. W. Dunton, of Morris Parks, or the fine animal he took from Mr. Van Pelt, of Corona. He has been identified as the man who was seen in the places named and had the horses in his possession at different places trying to dispose of them. On these occasions he appeared to have two eyes. When arrested he had but one eye and his identification was not easily established. A glass eye was found in his clothes and when placed in the socket every person recognized him.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Peculiar Facilities.

Bolter—So my wife, sister and daughter eloped together last night?

Bulter—Yes, sir.

Bolton—Who were the three scoundrels?

Bulter—Only one, sir; he was a Mormon.

No Letters Lost.

A very busy young man, the week of whose wedding had been decided upon, wrote to his fiancee, on a postal card, "What day, Tues.?"

The answer came back promptly, also on a postal card: "No, Wed."

A man in California has played 78,832 games of whist during the past 51 years, and he thinks it is a wanton waste of time for women to paint long-legged storks and water lillies on brass plaques.

MANAGING STOVES.

Some Points on the Economy of Fuel in the Household.

How to minimize the expense of heating is a question of vital importance to the majority of citizens. What was recently pointed out relative to the wasteful use of coal for manufacturing purposes is no less true of coal for domestic uses. Few families get anything like the maximum caloric power out of their fuel, and the reason is largely their own lack of knowledge or their carelessness. With the exception of Kentucky and Arkansas lignite, which runs very low in caloric power, the differences between various kinds of coal are, after all, merely nominal, and the question of economy in coal resolves itself largely into one of use or treatment. The management of fires is the one important thing for people who wish to economize to post themselves on. As in factories, so in private dwellings, different fuels require different treatment. The harder the coal and the stronger the draught the thicker should be the bed of coals, or, in other words, the deeper should be the fire-pot. Hence size of stove, height of chimney, supplying of fuel, and judicious shaking or poking of the fire are important factors in the economy of fuel. In a general way the loss of heat results from one or other of three or four causes. Whenever the products of combustion are removed at too high a temperature, or there is a greater influx of air than is necessary to keep the fire sufficiently lively, or warm ashes or cinders are precipitated too soon, or the combustion is imperfect, there necessarily results a great loss of heat. So far as imperfect combustion is concerned, the escape of combustible gases, the fall of coal into the ashpan, and the precipitation of carbon as soot are the chief causes. Now, these are facts that the masses are apt to overlook, and in a measure they are all under the control of the one managing the fire. It will be noticed that the only effort usually made to reclaim this loss is to sift out of the ashes the bits of coal that have dropped down. Why not aim to save the other lost products? To begin with, there is no economy in small stoves. A stove with a large fire-pot can be run lower in point of heat and expense than a smaller stove. The thickness of coals over the grate can be better adjusted to the draught. A greater or less accumulation of ashes on the bottom of the pot is all that is necessary to regulate this matter. Poking and shaking should be avoided as much as possible, and the large stove requires this less than the smaller one. There is thus less partially burned coal precipitated into the ashpan, and the heat of the ashes constantly accumulating in the fire-pot is utilized to the fullest. When these are poked or shaken down they cool almost immediately, and the heat is lost. Another important point is the care given to the draught. No stove should be forced any more than possible, and with proper attention the necessity for forcing can be minimized. Combustion requires that the constituents of the air and the fuel should unite in exact proportions. Too much or too little air will entail loss of heat. As the quantity of air admitted into the stove in a given time increases its velocity is accelerated, and the air passes up the chimney in a highly heated condition and bears off heat in the measure of the volume and velocity of the current. If too little air is admitted, carbonic oxide instead of carbonic acid is developed and passes away in like manner. Hence a fire-pot adequate to the needs of draught, the avoidance of poking out hot ashes into the ash-pan and of disturbing the coals, and the closing of all direct draughts of the stove that would afford egress for hot air, gasses, and unconsumed carbon in the form of soot are factors in the economy of fuel more important than the selection of the material.

COAL AND PHILANTHROPY.

An English Dealer Fined for Giving His Customers Overweight.

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" may have been excellent advice when Mr. Pope wrote, but it would require reshaping to bring it into harmony with modern requirements. A Yorkshire coal dealer, who has been doing good by stealth on quite an extensive scale, now has cause to blush at finding himself fined by a police magistrate. The philanthropic trader owns a weighing machine which gives his customers 21 lbs. overweight on every hundredweight. Some time ago his attention was officially drawn to the fact, and he received solid warning that if he continued his sinful benevolence he would be summoned. A weighing machine that gives overweight is as illegal as one that does the other thing, the law demanding a perfect adjustment of balance. This coally Samaritan refused to believe, however, that his stealthy benefactions were punishable, and so persisted in adding the little bonus to every hundredweight of black diamonds that left his shop. A fine of 5s. and costs is the result, the bench expressing the opinion that it looked a little hard to punish a man for cheating himself to benefit his customers. It does look hard, no doubt, but what a splendid advertisement.—*London Globe.*

Wash Your Hands.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

Uneasy About Johnny.

Wife (at bedtime)—Cyrus, what day is this?

Husband—Wednesday.

Wife (anxiously, holding a small pair of trousers at arm's length)—I am afraid Johnny isn't well, Cyrus. He generally has at least two pounds more of marbles in his pockets at this time in the week than he has to-night.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

How a Member of the Smith Family Ended a Dilemma.

James Smith suffered some trouble from his surname. Sydney Smith is reported to have named his sons Douglas and Wyndham, not that he had any connection with these noble families, but to distinguish them from the other Smiths. James Smith, when a solicitor, says a writer in "Temple Bar" for March, was very much troubled by another James Smith, who came to live in the same house. Deeds and confidential secrets went to the wrong Smith. James Smith determined to put an end to the dilemma, and told the new arrival he must leave. "Why should I leave?" said the intruder. "Because," said James Smith, "you are James the second, and must abdicate." There is something in a name. The Duke of Newcastle, of borough mongering celebrity, was once asked for a day's fishing by a newly arrived clergyman. The reply was: "The Duke of Newcastle cannot comply with Mr. Nose's request. P. S.—Finding Mr. Nose's name is Rose, he is pleased to grant his request."

A Scotch Courtship.

I knew a young fellow who was very sweet on a Scotch spinster. She was a wealthy Scotch spinster, but if there is a kind of woman who must be loved economically and for herself alone it is a Scotch spinster. Scotch spinsters are warranted to make good wives all the time. It is awfully hard to be untrue to a Scotch woman. She makes you so very comfortable and holds you to her not so much by your heart as by your bank account. She doesn't always want new bonnets; she is rather liable to object even to your having a new hat until the old one is quite worn out. A Scotch wife can keep her husband neat and trim and herself and her children as well at a smaller expense than any other. She doesn't want diamond ear-rings for her birthday. All you have to do is to show her your bank account and kiss her and tell her you owe the balance to her, and she is quite satisfied. This young fellow did not understand the Scotch spinster, and when he thought to please her he sent her a lovely and expensive basket of flowers. He went up to receive her thanks and smiles, and he was quite knocked over when she told him that he hadn't a big enough salary to waste it in buying flowers for her or anybody else, and she was sorry to see he was so extravagant, because otherwise he was "a very pleasin' young man." He lied himself into her good graces by saying he had got the flowers for nothing, and he thought he could not make better use of them. She smiled graciously and said: "Seein' they did na' cost you anything it's a great compliment." She was a woman after all.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Popular Though He Did Not Dance.

A popular young man who, despite the fact that he does not dance, is rather prominent in the social life of the town, told me recently how he managed to transform his inability to dance into a new element of popularity. "I got the idea from a girl," he explained, "and I have frozen to it right along. I met her out one night, and observing that I was not dancing, she asked me if I never danced. I confessed that I did not, and went on to say that I was constantly bemoaning that fact. 'Undoubtedly,' she said, 'you must find it annoying at times; and yet if you know how to make use of it, do you know that in one way you have an advantage growing out of the very fact that you do not dance?' Of course I wanted an explanation. 'Why, it's simple enough,' she said. 'Never put your name down for a dance until toward the end of the evening. Then put your name down for just one dance with each of the girls in whom you are most interested. By the time that your dances are due the girls will have been dancing for hours, and will have become pretty well tired out. Then as you lead them out on the floor, propose a promenade instead of a dance, and depend upon it they will mentally bless you for your consideration—you will have gained far more than though you had danced with them ever so gracefully.' Well, I've tried that suggestion," continued the youth, "and I never knew it to fail. It's a great idea."—*Albany Express.*

Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were symphonies in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by a great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—*Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.*

Silk Dresses and New Bonnets.

"I haven't had a silk dress since I was married, nor a new bonnet for three seasons," complains Mrs. C. V. R. She declares she is bound to have a new bonnet if she has to work for it herself. This is true grit, but many ladies who would gladly work hard to attain a desired object are unable to do so because they are almost always constantly afflicted with diseases peculiar to their sex. Dragging-down pains, displacements, leucorrhea, and other uterine disorders are the bane of many women's lives; but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure where all other compounds fail. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

At a recent beggars' ball in Vienna there were 5,000 persons present, all in beggars' costumes.

HARRYING WOMEN AND BABIES.

The Brutal Evictions on the Olphert Estate at Falcarragh.

The police having ascertained that the houses had not been fortified left the battering ram and the bulk of their military and civil forces in reserve in the village. Only 60 constables accompanied the sheriff and his men throughout the distressing day. The houses visited were grouped together, rendering easier the work of the crowbar brigade. In some instances a feeble attempt at barricading had been made. The tenants of the first two houses found themselves on the roadside within a half hour of attack. At the third house the painful monotony of the proceedings was varied by a vigorous attack made upon the sheriff by the tenant's wife who, despite the incumbrance of a 7-weeks-old child in her arms, belabored the minion of the law with a stick until a policeman came to the rescue. The poor woman retreated inside and clung tenaciously to a bedpost, whence she was brutally torn by two burly bailiffs, the baby being almost killed in the struggle. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., at the risk of being sent to prison for another long term for obstructing the police, rescued the infant and lulled it to sleep with matronly skill. At the fourth house the bailiffs turned out a bed-ridden old dame despite indignant protests that the exposure would kill her. Real resistance was only offered at the last two houses visited, but the defences were so feeble that they were soon broken down, and the garrison, consisting all told of one man and ten women, were sent off to prison. Fourteen out of 70 families were evicted to-day.—*London Correspondent of the New York Sun.*

Wanted to be Heard From.

If any person has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial, and has not been perfectly and permanently cured, that person should write the proprietors of that wonderful remedy, for they are in dead earnest and "mean business" when they offer $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, deodorizing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing.

The Singing-Teacher Dodge.

The following is the latest swindling scheme reported: A sleek party representing himself as a first-class singing teacher goes through a neighborhood and gets several of the best farmers to sign their names to a subscription paper. A very low price is asked, and no trouble is had in getting all the good ones he wants. The "teacher," of course, fails to put in an appearance after the names are obtained, but those who signed after a few days find their note at the bank for collection, the subscription paper being a promissory note payable to bearer. The singers have ample time to sing after the "teacher" has gone to look for more suckers. Is it possible that people will ever learn to carefully read papers which they are requested to sign by strangers?

Then he clasped her with emotion,
Drew the maiden to his breast,
Whispered vows of true devotion,
The old, old tale—you know the rest.
From his circled arms upspringing,
With a tear she turned away,
And her voice with sorrow ringing,
"I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family, he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. For all bronchial, throat, and lung affections, it is a potent remedy.

Served Him Right.

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence De Johnes?" "It is quite true." "Gracious! What was the cause?" "He was addicted to the use of slang." "Oh!" "Yes, I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it." "And the result?" "The result is he is in the soup."

Too Much Dandelion.

California has a new grievance—the dandelion. Some years ago it is said that a citizen imported from the east the seed of the old-fashioned dandelion. He wanted something to remind him of his early home. Like the man who imported the sparrow, he did worse than he knew. The sparrow is everywhere, so is the dandelion. The seed drifts in the wind like that of the thistle, the down is built into the nests of birds, and every seed which gets a lodgement on a lawn or grass plot will, in due time, produce a million more. Now the solitary dandelion is very attractive in bloom, and hardly less so when after the blossoms the gauze globe appears, and a few days afterward goes sailing off before the wind like a small balloon. But the citizen who is forced to dig up his lawn because a million dandelion roots have strangled the grass will utter no benediction over this rich golden blossom.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

All in Harmony.

A.—What is a dude, anyway?

B.—He is the graceless son of Egotism and Stupidity; his sisters are Vanity and Heartlessness. There is only one thing to praise about him, and that is he lives in harmony with the rest of the family.

DCW 1, 18 89.

$100 Confederate Money for 50c. Send to JOHN W. WATTS, Montgomery, Ala.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

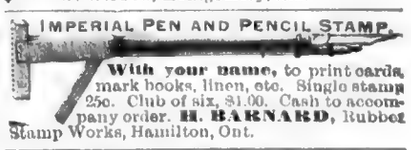

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

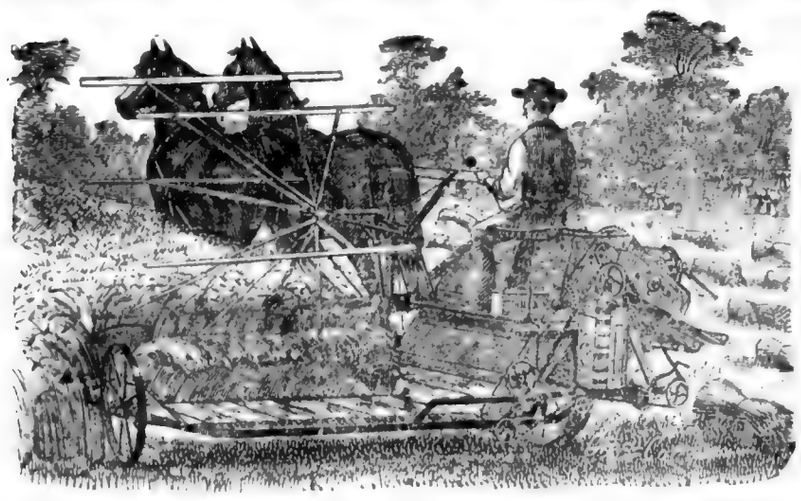

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 18— , we respectfully request the farmers to
1st Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o
their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts:
1st "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any
other machines in Canada.
2nd "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than
ny other machines in Canada.
Therefore 1st Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
2nd And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada.
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders. Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, a makes STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc ,constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt,

Strain's old Stand
Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
— To —
Get Your Tailoring Done
— AT —
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St,

A complete stock of **tinware** will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING,
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

Great Bargains !

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con 9 Euphrasia the Talbot Farm 100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation $2,000, $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $800.00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1500. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

South part of Lot 11 Con. 7, Euphrasia, 110 acres 70 acres cleared house and barn, $750, $250 cash, balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent Apply to

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

It Pays To

Go to the BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address

C. A FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 18—

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain Apply to

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

David Thompson, aged 80, dropped dead in Orangeville jail last week.

J. F. Kennedy, late editor of the Orangeville Advertiser, will take a trip to the Old Country.

A daughter of John Clark, Stayner, 8 years old, had two fingers chewed up in a cutting box.

Archie Buie, a farmer of Sunnidale, committed suicide by hanging himself in the barn.

Owen Sound is rejoicing over the prospects of securing a branch line of the Grand Trunk from Tara.

Creemore's barber offers three months' shaving and hair cutting for the first home run made by a member of the baseball club. Quite an enterprising shaver.

During the storm of yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon Mr. J. Brundage's house on Wellington street was struck by lightning. The ridgeboards were split and raised up, the electric fluid passing into the garrett and through a manhole to the rooms below. It finished its work of destruction in the kitchen, where it scattered plaster from the ceiling over the stove, killed a cat lying under it, and passed through the floor into the cellar Mrs. Brundage was standing beside the stove and received a severe shock. The house did not take fire. This is the second time Mrs. Brundage has been made the victim of lightning's freaks. Once, about ten years ago, while lying in bed sick, she was thrown from the head of the bed down to the foot.—[Shelburne Economist.

Considerable excitement was created in the neighborhood of Gordonville, West Luther, on Wednesday last says the Arthur Enterprise, by the conduct of a stranger who is either a desperate character or an escaped lunatic. It appears that on Tuesday a man having the appearance of a tramp, being poorly attired with a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, and with the usual unkept and dirty characterists of the fraternity, called at the residence of Mr. William Fair and demanded money and food. Mr. Fair being from home the women of the house acceded to his request, giving him food and 25 cents in money. He then went to the barn and secured all the eggs he could find and left the premises. He returned next day however, and the women noticing his approach locked the doors. This apparent discourtsy incensed the villain and after parleying for awhile he drew a revolver and commenced a fusilade through the windows, one shot passing within an inch of a young woman's head, and another passing over a bed in which Mrs. Fair, who is an invalid, was lying. Apparently satisfied with his exploit, the desperado then withdrew. An attempt afterwards to discover and arrest him failed.

SO LONGER A MINISTER.

Dufferin Post : Rev. J.J. Dobbin, who has for two years been the esteemed and popular pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Caledon East, is no longer an accredited minister of the Gospel. He has lost his gown, and has been dismissed from the church in disgrace. The Presbytery began its labors on Tuesday afternoon, and sat all through Tuesday night. It was not until after five o'clock next morning that an adjournment was made. Shortly before rising the death sentence was passed on Mr. Dobbin. No more will he fill the pulpit which he has disgraced. The civil tribunal has acquitted him, but the Presbytery, which went into every detail of the charges, has decided that he is morally guilty, and, this being true, he is unfit to pursue any longer the divine avocation which he has disgraced. He falls, and the fall is a terrible one ! Ring down the curtain in sorrow and sadness !

General News.

The house of Pete Leroyer, who helped to arrest Donald Morrison, was burned down on Tuesday morning.

At a meeting of the Presbytery at Orangeville on the 23rd inst., the charges made against Rev. Mr. Dobbin were investigated. Quite a number of witnesses were examined, the result being that Mr. Dobbin was dismissed from the ministry. It is believed he intends appealing to the Synod against this decision.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, hooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Miss Myra Hurrell, a typewriter of Hamilton, has secured a verdict against Thomas O'Callaghan, of London, for breach of promise. The jury awarded her $4,000 and costs.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy--a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall

Leather is the Sole Support of Man !

QUALITY OUR FIRST AIM.

I have received a very large consignment of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

From some of the best manufacturers in Ontario, and am better able to supply my customers than ever before, at prices which, considering quality, cannot be surpassed

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

Noxon's No. 7 Steel Binder.

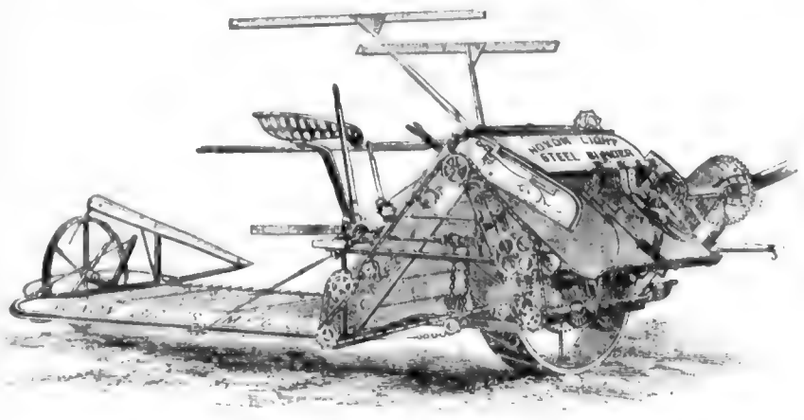

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES :

A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width.
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed.
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and lightest in draft.
A binder perfectly balanced and all levers convenient to operator.
A solid steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt.
A binder which ties and discharges the sheaf with less power than any other.
A solid steel gear frame in one piece with but one joint and two bolts.
A finger bar of most perfect shape and will cut lower on rough ground than any other
A knotter the simplest and only one with a rotary cord holder that does not drop or waste a single piece of twine. No loose pieces of cord to clog as in other machines.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 410. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

NEW

Clocks.

NEW

Watches

NEW Rings, Chains, Charms, Brooches, ETC.

JUST ARRIVED AT

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store.

FLESHERTON.

And the prices are away down lower than ever.

Just Note a few Prices:

Waltham watches, four years' warrants, from $9.00 up.
The finest make of nickel alarm clocks from $1.90 to $2.50.
Fine American spring and weight walnut clocks from $3.95 to $6.50.
The finest make of rolled gold chains, warranted from ten to fifteen years from $3.50 up.
A beautiful assortment of ladies' gem rings from only $1.50 to $6.50.
The famous B. Laurence spex still going at half price. 20 per cent. off on all silverware sales. IF YOU WANT BARGAINS COME ON, WE HAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU. TAKE YOUR REPAIRS to RUSSELL as he attends to all repairs personally and a perfect job is guaranteed every time or money refunded at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton.

THE ONE PRICE

Cash Store.

That means something to the purchaser as you get the cash discount instead of helping to pay for bad accounts, etc, and then it also helps you to

ECONOMIZE

as you will buy only what is really needed, and come out further ahead in the fall.

The Cash System

is the best system of business as it helps the purchaser as well as the merchant.

LADIES

Our stock of dress goods are well assorted, all the leading shades at prices that will surprise you. Novelties in Prints, Ginghams, Chambrias, etc. All the newest designs, qualities the very best and prices the very lowest.

AS **HOUSE CLEANING**

will soon commence in earnest, try and see our lace curtains, scrims, chintz, etc., before buying elsewhere. See our special line of cashmere hose at 35cts. Dont be afraid to ask to see our goods whether prepared to purchase or not, as it is part of our business to show goods.

GENTLEMEN

As the time has come to fit yourselves up for the spring and summer, don't fail to see our selections of

Tweed Suitings, Worsteds, Pantings, FELT and STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SOCKS, ETC. See our light, natural wool sock at 25 cts. Cheap lines in overalls and coarse shirts. Our BOOTS & SHOES are an advertisement in themselves. Don't fail to see them. Fresh Teas, Sugar, Currants, Rasins, Spices and all groceries. Goods at cash prices for butter and eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

Parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

May

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings, rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain.

Apply to
L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank, P.O.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year, $50; half col., do., $27; quarter col. do., $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE METIS' CLAIMS.

Speaking of Gabriel Dumont, the Markdale Standard says: "In our humble opinion he should be strung up, even should lynch law be resorted to." It is a fortunate thing for this country that such opinions are exceedingly "humble." The advocacy of lynch law is something which no paper in Canada, excepting the Markdale Standard, would be guilty of. Mr. Rutledge should emigrate to Oklahoma, where such suggestions might probably be acted upon.

The Metis of the North West had a genuine grievance when they resorted to arms. Although rebellion is inexcusable in almost any case, yet these people deemed it their only course, and sacrificed themselves in a forlorn hope to better the condition of their families. Dumont was pardoned by the Government, and now simply asks that his people be indemnified for their losses in fighting for rights which the Government conceded. Dumont is not preaching another rebellion. The following from The Week will probably show the Standard that its suggestion is an extremely unworthy one:

"Mr. Davin has championed the case of the disaffected Half-breeds of the North-west, and there is undeniable force in his statement of the case. The Government is, he says is effect, claiming that because the Half-breeds of Manitoba years ago accepted certain terms from the Government in lieu of their claims as original settlers, therefore the Half-breeds of the territory who have nothing whatever to do with those of Manitoba, and were in no sense a party to the compact, are bound by the same arrangement and must accept the same terms. Apart altogether from the fairness or otherwise of that agreement and those terms, this mode of treatment would hardly be submitted to by any people of spirit. "If," says Mr. Davin, with logical directness, "you want the extinguishment of the Indian title, as it is known to rest in these North-west Half-breeds, you must go and bargain with them and with their children." This is sound and sensible advice. The failure of the government to act upon this simple, reasonable principle in dealing with these first settlers has already cost the country dear. Mr. Davin's suggestion that a clause liberally recognizing the claim of the Half-breeds of the North-west and providing for granting land scrip to them and their children, should be added to the act, and the Judge fo the Supreme Court in the North-west empowered to administer it, seems simple and practicable. Putting ourselves in the place of these poor people, does it not also seem just? And is it not in keeping with the prime object of the free-grant system—that of furthering the settlement and cultivation of the country? There is surely land enough for all, without being unfair or niggardly to the children or the original propritors."

It is quite amusing to note the eloquent self-laudation which the people of the United States are showering upon themselves. Last week they celebrated their Washington Centennial, and all the newspapers and orators in that country vied with each other in a hoarse shout of triumphant glorification over their achievements. The New York World waxed particularly eloquent and rolled out bombastic rodomontade by the square yard, after the following manner: "Sing, muse, of the festival of a hundred years! Sing the song of the centennial of Freemen, of Progress, of Enlightenment; sing the anthem of Power . . . Sing the Credo of Enfranchisement and the Gloria of the commonwealth of equal men." The average American is busily occupied just at present admiring his magnificent plumage, like the beautiful bird with a large tail, and has even brought himself to the state of belief, with James Russell Lowell, that his predecessors were all "men with empires in their brains," and he has inherited both.

Grey Assizes.

OWEN SOUND, May 6.—The Spring Assize sittings were opened here to-day at 2 p.m., Hon. Mr. Justice MacMahon presiding. There are set down for trial eight jury cases, four non jury and one criminal.

The case of Stinson v. Lee was taken up. The plaintiff, Rebecca Stinson, a married woman, and the defendant, A.F. D. Lee, were until lately both residents of Strathaven, but since the institution of the present proceedings defendant has left the country, and did not appear at the trial. The plaintiff had formerly been engaged at times to assist in domestic work at the house of the defendant, who was postmaster and kept a store in the village, and she alleged that he had at different times between the 15th and 29th of October last called at her house in the absense of her husband, and against her will kissed her, and on the 29 and 30th had been guilty of further improprieties and made insulting proposals to her. Under cross-examination she admitted that, although she had made entries in a book of the dates on which the liberties complained of were committed, she had never complained to any one of them until after the 29th. A letter written by plaintiff to defendant inviting him to come and settle by cash payment or note, was also put in. The plaintiff admitted that had he responded she would have settled the thing for $500, though she now claimed $1,000. The jury returned a verdict of $100. Masson, Q.C., for the defendant.

Albert Porter, a colored man, charged with malicious wounding, was found guilty of common assault and released on his own recognizance.

A very remarkable freak of nature exists on the farm of Mr. J.H. Carter, con. 8, lot 20, Township of Tecumseth, County of Lincoln, Bond Head P.O. On Saturday, April 14th, a cow belonging to Mr. Carter gave birth to two lambs and a calf. He is a respectable farmer who would not under any circumstances be guilty of any attempt to palm off a fraud on the public, and the issue has been seen by scores of his neighbors. The attendant circumstances were such as to leave no shadow of doubt on his mind as to correctness of the statement. The lambs are to all appearances perfect, but larger than ordinary. The calf, a male, is also perfect. The expression in the face of the lambs has a peculiarity, while considerable hair is mixed among the wool, both in the fleece and on the legs. Mr. Carter has already refused an offer of $600 for the dam and family. Mr. E. Jeff, lecturer on agriculture for Ontario, and many other gentlemen have been visitors. So far as known there is no parallel case on record.

Don't Marry a Man to Reform Him.

Don't marry a man to reform him!
To God and your own self be true!
Don't link to his vices your virtue—
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
Be not by his promises led,
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,
He'll never be one when he's wed!

Don't marry a man to reform him—
To repent it, alas, when too late!
The mission of wives least successful
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
And proved it a failure at last;
Better tread life's pathway alone, dear,
Than wed with a lover that's "fast."

Mankind's much the same the world over
The exceptions you'll find are but few
When the rule is defeat and disaster
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of one who holds lightly
His fair name of honor and truth.

To "honor and love" you must promise
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfil!
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely, you then, never will.

'Tis told us the frown of a woman
Is strong as the blow of a man,
And the world will be better when women
Frown at error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;
Place wrong-doing under a ban
And let him who would win you and wed you
Prove himself in full measure a man.

—Woman's Work

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free For sale at the Medical Hall

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks, backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done, Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optician,
MARKDALE, Ont.

The Old Rocking-Chair.

My grandmother sat in the old rocking-chair
(But she was not my grandmother then),
And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair
As she laughed a defiance to men!
Her sunbonnet fluttered like bird on its string,
Her hair wandered free on the breeze;
And gayly I ween did my grandmother sing
Underneath those old gnarl'd apple trees.

My grandfather rode through the white orchard gate,
And tethered his roan to a tree;
He'd a well-powder'd wig on his silly young pate,
And high tassel'd boots to his knee!
From the pink apple blossoms that over him hung,
He brush'd off the dew with his hat;
Till he came to the place where the rocking-chair swung
And my merry young grandmother sat.

The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in their pride,
And bees of their sweetness did sip;
But my grandfather blush'd and my grandfather sigh'd,
As he flick'd off their heads with his whip;
My granny she hummed her a cunning old song—
"Faint Heart Never Won Ladye Fair!"
So he wood and he prayed, and before very long
There sat two in that old rocking-chair

—*J. G. Brennan in Temple Bar.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Gone! Gone like a stone in the water, like the path of a bird in the air. Gone, and no trace left by which to track her, no clew by which to find her. Had the earth opened and swallowed her up, or had a fiery chariot taken her to heaven, she could not have disappeared more wholly from the world, nor completely have effaced her path. She had gone, and no one could say when, nor where, nor how, nor whether she had been taken by force or had gone of her own free-will—whether she had been companioned or alone.

When Anthony came home rather late from his magisteral duties at that distant town, he found his household in consternation. Mrs. Harford, they said, had gone for a walk before luncheon and had not returned. No one had seen her save the nurse, who, as she passed the window, called into the inner room by the cry of the awaking child, caught a glimpse of her young mistress standing on the upper terrace, as if looking at the view beyond. When she repassed with the child Mrs. Harford was not there. Save for this rapid glimpse, which told nothing, no one else knew of her movements. The gardeners and work-people were at dinner; none of the servants were about; for the moment the place was deserted, and witness there was none. She had disappeared as if she had sunk into the central fire, or had evaporated like a dew-drop into space.

No search, however careful, which Anthony instituted, came on the footprints of his lost love.

He knew nothing of the return of Charlie Osborne to England, nor that he had suddenly left Kingshouse; still less that he had come to Thorbergh—called by mysterious summons which left the door open for all possibilities of intrigue and romance—nor that Mrs. Latimer's nephew had dropped down from the clouds on a visit to his old aunt. Who was to tell him all this? He had no casual correspondents at Kingshouse, and Mrs. Clanricarde had been as careful not to mention the fact of Charlie's return in her letters to Estelle as she was now to ignore it in her answering telegrams to Anthony. And even if he had known of his return, he would not have connected it with Estelle's strange disappearance. He would not have suspected her of flight with her old lover. That she could have deserted him, her child, her place, her honorable name of wife, her fair fame among women, for a girlish fancy that could never have justified itself by a serious union, and the very existence of which he had almost forgotten—no; he would have needed overwhelming proof before he could have believed her capable of this disgrace—she whose faults were surely not those of unbridled passion or carelessness of her duties and contempt of moral decencies.

He thought—and feared—that she might have killed herself in some fit of insanity following on the duller depression of her days. However much he tried to fight against it, deep down in his heart he knew she was not happy. His marriage was not a success. He had made heroic attempts to blind himself to the truth, and force himself to believe a lie. He had not succeeded. He had staked his all, and lost. And she had not deserted him for another. There was some explanation to this deadly mystery which would leave her as spotless as his love would have her—as nature had made her.

By degrees he ceased to think that she had died. She had gone, and gone of her own free-will. But some day she would come back. The mother's instinct would bring her, and the wife's love would reawaken. Some day she would stand before him, drooping, pentient, sweet and humble in her beauty. He would welcome her as the wintered earth welcomes the young spring, and love her the more for the pain she had made him undergo.

And thinking this, one day he opened her desk for love to touch what she had touched, and there he came upon a hoard of girlish treasures—of withered leaves and faded flowers; a lock of hair; a ring; a photograph; some letters—all religiously kept as sacred relics emblamed in perfumed paper—with dates and scraps of poetry; and everywhere the initials "C O.," or the full name "Charlie," "Charles Osborne," or "my beloved," or "my darling."

Then Anthony Harford took his revolver from the drawer where he always kept it, looked to the loading, and thrust it into his pocket. She should not suffer; but she should die. Her beauty should be undefaced, but she should no longer live to work ruin on men. He knew where to find her heart; and his own after. His revolver was trustworthy, and had been already baptized.

Meanwhile Estelle lived closely hidden behind the curtains at Mrs Latimer's. To outsiders, the house had changed in nothing, save that a young man, known to be Mrs. Latimer's nephew, was occasionally seen going out and coming in.

Estelle was grateful for the asylum that Mary and her mistress gave her. She resolutely forgot all that was not Charlie. Her husband, her child, her parents, her whole existence of those past bitter years, and all tha was outside him, she put away from her as we put away the memory of our fever dreams. She knew nothing of repentance, nothing of regret; and remorse would have been an infidelity of which she was incapable. Charlie was hers by the prescriptive right of love and time; and she had but gone back to her own and left the unlawful circumstances of the interval. Of all those circumstances her child was the only sacred spot, the only holy tie. And when the sound of its tender voice suddenly broke in on the ears we cannot stop, and its little hands seemed to wander over her face, and its clear and wondering eyes to look into hers, she would fling herself round Charlie's neck, and drown the remembrance of that thing which had been part of her very life in floods of caressing words which he rolled back on her in sweet and full replies. For husband she had no pity, no thought of even moderate regret. She looked on him as the executioner who had first deceived and then tortured her. It was only the child whose memory haunted her; and when that haunting reproachful little spectre rose as from a murdered bed before her eyes, she did what she could to harden her heart by remembering that her child was also his—and that part which was his deserved no love from her.

So the time passed till the summer had gone and the winter was at hand; then Charlie's health broke as once before, and the only chance of saving his life was by taking him to some warmer climate where he might live in the sun and forget the cold winds of the north.

Meanwhile they had had one or two scares, as once, when Anthony Harford came suddenly to the house, and Estelle had just time to rush up the stairs, carrying her work with her. He heard the "frou frou" of her dress as it swept the stairs, but he was not enlightened. No mystery of subtle sympathy told him who it was. It was the swish of a woman's gown and the hurrying patter of a woman's feet—in all probability the servant's—fleeing as for dear life itself for a clean apron or a smarter cap. He was not a man to naturally note much of the ways or doings of servant-maids; but this rapid flight of the gaunt woman who served his tenant struck him as odd; and why did he think of it so much? It was strange how those sounds vexed his imagination, oppressed though he was with that load of unspoken sorrow and unrealized suspicion!

He paid Mrs. Latimer a long visit this day, and it seemed to her, acting her part—to Mary, vigilant and anxious, the sentinel under arms, the pilot never taking his eyes from the horizon—to Estelle, upstairs in her bedroom, with the door ajar to hear the quicker and keener—to Charlie by her side unarmed, but feeling that for her he would either slay or be slain—it seemed to them all as if he would never go. And, truth to say, to Anthony himself there was a strange and nameless power of attraction which kept him in that darkened, stifling room talking to a half-imbecile old invalid, he did not know why, but could not withstand. At last, however, he went. And when he left the house he stopped and stood in the middle of the street looking at it curiously, and for a moment seemed about to re-enter. Another time a policeman came, looking at the scared inmates as if bristling with warrants for their apprehension. He was only charged with a message from the sanitary board relative to traps and overflows, and his visit passed as innocuously as Anthony's.

All these scares and fears were now at an end. Secretly, as they had come, unobserved of all, so secretly they withdrew—the fugitive wife and her childhood's lover; and no one knew the time, manner, or direction, nor who they were who took the midnight train to London and thence to the Continent, so cleverly were all things managed and all traces obliterated. They were sufficiently furnished with money from what Charlie had saved and what Estelle had received from him. The old lady, too, pressed on them a substantial gift, and altogether they made up a purse more than enough for their immediate wants. And then they passed away into space; and Anthony, who had brushed by their hiding-place unawares, had no warning to tell him of the distance now between Estelle and himself, as he had had none to tell him of her close neighborhood. Change of name; unbroken reticence on all their affairs, their relations, their home status their original roots; living to themselves wholly and mixing up with no one; by these means the two escaped all chance of detection and gave no cause for suspicion. They were simply like any other people—a beautiful young married couple to be met with on the sunny days in the lonely places of the Riviera—known to the post-office and their landlady as M. and Madame Charles—pitied as well as admired by all who saw them—for he looked as if he were what people call "struck for death," and she had a strange expression in her face as of one who was doomed and fated.

Only Mrs. Clanricarde had her suspicions, and only Mary and Mrs. Latimer knew the truth. But neither mother nor maid hinted a word of what the one thought and the other knew to Anthony Harford, eating out his heart in lonely anguish at Thrift.

At Kingshouse it gradually got to be known that Mr. Charles Osborne had gone to Thorbergh and young Mrs. Harford had left her husband simultaneously. The news went round in a whisper, that soon deepened into an audible voice enough, but Anthony at Thrift heard no echo, and knew nothing of what was common property to many. He had by now given up the search for his lost love.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

Two young people were sitting on a bench facing the sea and under the shadow of the ilex-trees. They were sitting hand in hand close together, radiant with the glossy happiness proper to a bride and bridegroom satisfied with each other and themselves. He was gallant, tender, caressing and she was a little shy, a little silly, and, as it might be, surprised, abashed, and fluttered by her own sensations.

The two on the bench, in their turn, were sitting close together hand in hand.

Said the good-looking young bridegroom on the heap of stones, with his clean-shaven face save for the delicate mustache, which he caressed lovingly, "And you really think this better than Kingshouse, Annette? You do not regret your fatal step?"

"You silly boy!" answered his companion, with an embarrassed little laugh. It would be unpolite to call it a giggle.

"But tell me, do you? I begin to think you do. Tell me, my pretty birdie, do you regret it."

"How can you be so silly! Yes, then, I do. There, now!" was the reply.

"Now you must do penance," returned the young man; and after some scuffling among the dry twigs and loosening stones, a few curiously stifled "don'ts," and as curiously checkered laughter, the penance was duly performed, and peace was re-established between the contending parties.

"I wish mother was here to keep you in order," said the girl as she settled her hat, which had got a little awry during the passge at arms.

"Do you?" was the answer. "I cannot say that I do, much as I love the old lady."

"Old! Meddy!" said Annette, in a tone of reproach. "Why, she is not fifty yet. That is one of the funny things at Kingshouse—none of the dowagers are old. Even the countess is not what you might call old, and she is the most ancient of them all."

"No; I grant you they are a fine set of matrons," said Meddy. "Upon my word, the last time I saw your special love, Mrs. Clanricarde, she looked about thirty. She is a wonderful get-up, I must say."

"Oh! but she paints and dyes, and does all that," said the bride, who four days ago was Anne Aspline, and now was Mrs Medlicott. "So no wonder she looks young, made up as she is. I wonder what has become of that dreadful Mrs. Harford?" she added, after a pause. "Fancy any well-brought-up girl leaving her husband and little baby for another man, and such a man as that dawdling, affected, good-for-nothing Mr. Osborne! It is really too dreadful! Such an awful shame!"

"But it is not quite sure that she left. You know it was thought she was killed," said the former curate of Kingshouse, now a full rector on his own account. A gentle kind of deprecation was in his voice. "You see, no trace of her has ever been found, and all that we can say is but surmise."

"They both disappeared at the same time, and of course they went away together," returned Anne, a little doggedly. The Clanricardes were the reddest of all the red rags in her mental store-closet. Good-natured to every one else, to them she was implacable. "We all know how madly in love with each other they were, and how Estelle hated her marriage with that awful bear—I don't blame her for that!—and how Mrs. Clanricarde manœuvred the whole thing, and put that advertisement in the paper, and all that. So how could it end but as it has?"

"Assuredly logic and sequential reasoning do not make part of my wife's mental furniture," thought Mr. Medlicott, while he caressed his mustache with one hand and held hers with the other. "Tell me, Annette, he said, suddenly; "did that Harford man ever make love to you."

"I don't know about making love," said Anne, with a girlish laugh. "He wanted to marry me, if that's what you call making love!"

"The scoundred! how dare he!" cried the bridegroom, with affected indignation. "I shall have to break his head for that!"

"If you intend to break the heads of all who liked me you will have enough to do, sir," said Anne, bridling.

"Confess, little wretch—'excellent wretch!'" said Mr. Medlicott. "How many? Who? Tell me, that I may make a note of them all, and punish them as their presumption deserves. Begin the roll-call Lord Eustace?"

"Well, yes; Lord Eustace liked me very much," said Aune, bravely. "I was always exceedingly careful, though, not to give him any encouragement, for I did not care about him personally, and I had no fancy to be the wife of an earl who had not enough money to keep up his title with. So I always cold-shouldered him, poor fellow! And so I did Mr. Osborne, who at one time was very sweet on me. I could have got him from Estelle Clanricarde, if I liked. But I always despised him, and would never have anything to say to him."

"Perhaps that monster of the money-bags, that gnome of the mines, Mr. Stagg, looked at you with those calf's eyes of his, and presumed to think you fascinating and delightful—as you are?" continued the gallant bridegroom, going on with his interrogatory.

"He!" said Anne, with something like a scream. "No, indeed! I would have made him remember it to the last day of his life, if he had! No. Lady Elizabeth may take him, now that Estelle Clanricarde cannot have him. He is rich enough to buy even Lady Elizabeth if he likes."

"I suppose now that old Stagg is dead, he has an enormous income—" said Mr. Medlicott.

"Enormous!" continued his wife. "I don't know how many thousands a year! What a shame that such a creature should be so rich, and others so far his superiors so poor!

"But I fancy the poor monster is not a bad monster at heart," said the apologetic bridegroom. "He is queer, but is a good fellow when you get at him."

On which the two went off into the lovers' paradise of babble, silliness, and mutual flattery; and the listeners on the bench facing the sea got up and slowly walked back on the narrow mountain-path by which they had come.

They walked on in silence, as they had sat, hearing all that had been poured forth by the former somewhat over-disdained antagonist. Estelle's pale cheeks were paler still; Charlie's had yet a deeper flush. They were so entirely all in all to each other—so shut out from the world and society—they had, as it were, forgotten the existence of those who knew their story. Love, which had united them, had also been their high-priest; and to neither her nor him was it as if they were living in or defying the laws. The sin had been her marriage, not now in their love, and her husband had no righteous cause of grief against her in that she had left him. She alone had the right to complain in that he had ever taken her. This was their normal state of feeling—the child lying as a secret, unnamed kind of terror between them—but when they heard the talk of Anne and her husband they realized to the full the position in which they stood as the world saw it and judged of it. Never separated, ever loving, they too were miserable in the hell which they would have said, when living, love would make a heaven. And these two young people, who also had lost all that makes life honorable among men for the love that been denied them, and the faith of which they had been cheated, were no more happy than were Francesca and Paolo, when Dante fell as fall the dead for pity of their story. The Nemesis we cannot escape, flee as fast as we will, was creeping up to them daily nearer and nearer. They had Love as their high-priest, truly, but Death was to be the avenger; and now they both, at least for the moment, realized the dishonor which surrounded them as things were, and which would close still more closly around Estelle when he had gone.

"I have been a brute. I have been awfully selfish," said Charlie, suddenly breaking the silence which had been so eloquent between them. "I was carried away by the passion, the despair of the moment; but I should have had more self-control; I should have resisted you and myself too."

"Hush!" said Estelle, called back to herself as his only, and not as any other's to hold disdain. "I cannot bear you to say that, Charlie. I would rather be with you than be the queen of the world. Do you think I care for what such a silly, weak-minded girl as Anne Aspline says? Do you think the blame of such a creature as that touches my love for you?"

"Your devotion does not make me less a selfish brute," said Charlie, tears in his eyes and voice.

She shook his hand and carried it to her lips.

"When I complain then blame yourself," she answered, with infinite grace and tenderness.

"But when I am dead, Estelle, who will you have then to love and care for you, to protect you, to make your life tolerable to you? Then you will find out to your sorrow all that you have lost for me, my poor unselfish darling; and I shall know it in heaven, and be unhappy in vain."

"I shall want no one," she said. "If you die, Charlie, I shall die too. So that need not trouble you here or in heaven. There is no one I should care to live for—no one whose love I would value if I had not you. No one!"

She slightly shivered as she said this. The image of the child she had left abandoned to the care of a hired nurse whose temper and heart she scarcely could guess, and certainly did not know, seemed to form itself before her from the crossing threads of the radiant atmosphere—like a cloudy shape just there within her grasp. But she shut her eyes and put the thing resolutely away, and felt as if she had killed something tender and beautiful, as she always did when this thought possessed her, this image appeared, and she would not receive it. Her tenderness was in vain, at least for the moment. Charlie would not be comforted. His conscience was aroused, and not all her assurances could lull it to sleep. Death was upon him, and he knew it.

After this unintentional eavesdropping, a certain nameless something came over both Estelle and Charlie. It was not that they loved each other less, but they were even more unhappy than before—and unhappy in a different way. Something besides sorrow of that all too certain separation was on them—something that stung him, and that made her as it were timid and in one sense reserved. They had lived in the fool's paradise of love, and had forgotten the world without. Now Anne Aspline's words had brought them back to the consciousness of the life that was beyond and without their own, and to the laws they had broken.

CHAPTER II.

THE FINGER OF SCORN.

The last three days had been sultry and oppressive. Horses were either restive or sullen, and when they did not plunge and kick, they jibbed and refused to go. Those who knew these signs looked anxious, as men foreseeing a catastrophe. All nature seemed distressed.

On the third day all these signs had increased in intensity. And then came the moment. Strange noises were heard in the earth like underground thunderings, or the muffled roar of an imprisoned creature in wrath and pain. The solid earth quivered and rocked. Houses fell into heaps of ruins as if pounded into dust. Here and there the earth opened and engulphed fields and farms and orchards where it was riven asunder; while over all the tumult arose the voice of human agony, going up to the pitiless heaven in one great cry of fear and pain that was half a reproach to the Force which hurt and half a prayer to the Power which could save. It was a time of universal wailing, and there was not a family which had not lost in love or in gear—and almost all had lost in both.

Down on the seaboard, where the strangers from far-off lands congregated, things were bad, but not so bad as higher up the hills. Here there was, on the whole, more fear than damage. Hotels shook and cracked, but did not fall; and the invalids who had come here for the sunshine of the sweet South suffered more from terror and exposure than from actual bodily hurt.

Among these were "two young lovers lately wed"—Anne Aspline and her husband, Mr. Medlicott.

Sitting there in the garden, Anne and her husband together. Mr. Medlicott soon gathered around him a small audience of those who attended the English church regularly on the Sundays, and went as regularly to Monte Carlo all the other days of the week. It was quite a triumph for the handsome young clergyman with his military air. His discourse betokened so many valuable qualities—presence of mind, physcial courage, sublime faith, scientific knowledge, and that intimate acquaintance with the Divine Will which endues man with ambassadorial functions; all these were manifest in the young clergyman's harangue, and made their mark accordingly. Spiritual assurance and pratical experience together worked a miracle of mental healing on these distracted folk. Men began to laugh and pretty women to giggle, while a few of the more courageous kind stole back into the hotel to adorn themselves as usual, and to make sure of their valuables, left open to pilferers in the haste of the moment. And while they were all dispersed in this wise there came two more shocks as voilent as the first had been, and the whole scene of terror and distraction was enacted anew.

These recurrent shocks finished the ruin of the upper villages to the plains and seaboard. A little later Anneand her husband were sitting in the same place as before, in the garden facing the sea, surrounded by the same admiring audience.

He was at one of the most moving passages of his extra-official thanksgiving when a hired carriage drove through the gate and up to the house door. It contained a young man and woman with a very slender amount of luggage, and as small a stock of health. He, indeed, was dying; she, as evidently fragile and broken-hearted, had yet a strangely resolute look in her gentle face, giving the impression of one keeping up by force of will for a special reason and a definite term—and then? They were among those whose habitation had been wrecked by the earthquake, and they had been the whole day foodless, helpless, strained, unable to find a conveyance to take them down to the hotels on the sea-shore, and with but little left of their modest possessions. They had scarce enough, indeed, for currents needs; and what money they had was buried in the ruins. Still they must live—and there was always that old friend and her rather mysterious mistress to fall back on. The landlord of the hotel, who had lost fully have of his guests, was glad enough to see this new arrival, unpromising as it looked. He took in the situation at a glance; but these English milords have inexhaustible supplies in their own country, and a day's accident is not a life's disaster. He was welcoming the young people with his best manner when the group in the garden broke up. It was to come in to dress for *table d'hote*.

Last of all the streaming little crowds, as it were, filtering through the door, came Mr. and Mrs. Medlicott. As they passed through the doorway into the hall they stood face to face with the new arrivals. Charlie, pale and half fainting, was sitting on the hall settee, coughing in the intervals of returning consciousness. Estelle was beside him, holding his head against her breast. The clean and well-regulated soul of Anne revolted at this rampant impropriety. Her whole being cried out shame and repudiation. She felt it to be impossible to stop under the same roof with these hardened sinners—these unmarried lovers who bore their iniquity so unblushingly. All the pride that she had herself had in her lawful wedded state seemed to sink into mire, to fall to the base level of this illegal union.

No sense of pity stirred the white soul of the once pure maiden, and now no less pure, because the unlawful wife. She, Anne Aspline, usually so quiet, so unobtrusive, so undemonstrative, left her husband's side, and with the air and manner of an indignant pythoness, pointing to the two sitting there in their misery, said to the landlord, in a loud voice, "If you take these two unmarried people into your house, I and my husband will leave it."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen, or another earthquake shaken the house, the consternation of all assembled would not have been greater.

"They are not married," she repeated, "and that woman has left her husband and child."

A murmur of reproach ran through the English. The native servants, however, looked at one another with a shrug that said: "What of that? Monsieur is dying, and madame is beautiful!"

Only one English person ventured on compassion. This was a woman no longer young in years, but still young in heart, and she went up to Charlie and Estelle, and ignoring what had been said by Mrs. Medlicott, asked them with infinite kindness if she could be of any use to them; and what they would do? where would they go? For the hotel-keeper, driven to the necessity of choice, had, wisely for himself, determined too keep the two who already had done his house some good, and whose departure would probably draw others too away, and had told these poor young newcomers, without too great expenditure of courtesy, that they must leave now on the instant—he would not give them rooms.

"There are other hotels," said Estelle, with all her old quiet dignity.

She neither failed nor blenched. This small spite of the former cook's daughter fell from her as something utterly unimportant. Side by side with her darling's state, what mattered it, or aught else? She was only sorry that she had to go forth to find another place. He was too fatigued already. But even that must be borne, and bravely.

"Your poor gentleman looks too ill for much exertion," said the lady.

"I would not stay here with that woman if I could," said Charlie, with a sick man's petulance. "Come, Estelle, let us get out of this place. It is pestilential, with that creature here!"

He spoke too feebly to be heard beyond those immediately beside him; and both Anne and her husband lost the words which, had they been heard, would have added fuel to the already raging flames. Kindly helped by the porters, to whom the master made a sign, and accompanied by the lady who had spoken to them, a certain Miss Ellistone, the two poor banished and outraged exiles—these descendants of the peccant pair who ate the forbidden fruit—went slowly out into the chill dusk of the dying day to seek for an asylum where there was no Anne Aspline to denounce them, and where their certificate of marriage was not asked for. All through that weary night there sounded in Estelle's ears the murmur of virtuous abhorrence and the rustling as of the drawing away of skirts which had greeted the damning announcement that she was no wife—a faithless wife and an unnatural mother—and that the man she loved and lived with was not her husband, but a fraud and a disgrace from whom, as from her, all honest women and honorable men did well to shrink.

(To be Continued).

A London surgeon, in a daring flight of imagination, says that business men who occupy offices above the third story get flighty after a few years, and in default of a change become mildly insane.

A North Carolina man visiting in Brooklyn last Sunday went to Plymouth Church "just to hear Beecher and judge for himself." He may have judged for himself, but it is doubtful if he heard Beecher.

Madisonville, Ky., is the seat of a great reform. An ordinance there forbids brass bands from meeting "for the purpose of learning new pieces of music within 300 feet of a dwelling-house."

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

An American Bride Suggested for Him—An Alliance Which Would be Popular in England.

A London cablegram says: The Queen's visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham ended yesterday morning, and the Queen returned to Windsor Castle yesterday afternoon. Much has been printed about this visit; little is really known except what happened in public. There is a theory that a family council has been held and that various family questions have been discussed. Supposing that to be true, no decision that could have been taken would be valid without the approval of Her Majesty's Ministers. Two subjects are said to occupy the Queen's mind—a financial settlement for the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, commonly called Prince Eddie, and his marriage. This Prince is now 25 years old and has no separate establishment, no income of his own, no wife, and no immediate prospect of marrying. No Minister has yet ventured to ask Parliament for an allowance. There would be opposition, and rather than face the discussion which is sure to be raised, the Prince of Wales himself is opposed to an application till his son marries. As he must marry a Protestant, his choice among the European daughters of royalty is strictly limited. None of them seems a favorite.

In these circumstances Sir Edward Sullivan has conceived the notion that the Prince should marry an American. Why should he not? asks Sir Edward; and he proceeds to argue the question at length. Such an alliance, he thinks, would bring about a closer intimacy between the two nations. Americans, in his opinion, would like to see one of Columbia's daughters sharing the throne of England—he had better have said the prospect of the throne—and thirty four millions in England would welcome with delight a Queen of their own blood, breed and speech. Sir Edward, like most Englishmen, admires the American girl, and the American people generally. He believes the two great English speaking peoples destined to rule the world, and advocates such a marriage on international and political grounds. This suggestion has been heard before, but perhaps nobody has seriously urged it except Sir Edward Sullivan. So strong is the feeling in England against more Anglo-German marriages that an Anglo-American alliance might well enough be popular for that, as for many other reasons.

Latest from Ireland.

The Parnell Indemnity Fund now amounts to £35,153.

The new Munster and Leinster Building in Waterford will be opened in May.

Dr. Luke P. Shanley died lately at his residence, Athlone, of congestion of the lungs.

Lord Rathdonnell has been elected a representative peer for Ireland, in room of the late Lord Dunsaney.

The Mayor of Gork states that it is contemplated to hold an exhibition of the smaller industries of the South of Ireland.

A serious accident has happened to Lord Ernest Hamilton, M P. for North Tyrone, whilst hunting. His Lordship fractured his ribs and broke his collar bone.

A man named Peter Stafford was executed on the 8th April in Kilmainham Prison, Dublin. On the way to the scaffold he struggled violently with the officials.

The Irish Presbyterians desire that Rev. R. J. Lynd, of May Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, should succeed Dr. Porter as President of Queen's College, Belfast.

"The gallant 'English' officer," says the *Freeman's Journal* sardonically, "who saved his ship, the Calliope, when the ships of America and Germany were wrecked off Samoa, is a Dublin man, Captain Kane, a son of Sir Robert Kane."

Joseph Gidlow, gamekeeper for the Earl of Carrick near Thomastown, County Waterford, a married man with nine children, left home on the 4th April to proceed through the demesne, and his body was found next morning on the banks of the Nore. The jury returned a verdict of murder by some person unknown.

An Extraordinary Invention.

A London correspondent writes: The extraordinary invention patented here by the Food Preservation Company, which, by means of a vapor, succeeds in fortifying all food against putrefaction, and keeping it sweet and fresh, is likely to have an enormous influence on the frozen meat trade At present the cost of freezing mutton and transmitting it in refrigerating chambers from the antipodes is about 2½d. per lb.—that is, 10s. 5d. per sheep of 50 lbs. But by the new process, I learn that half a dozen sheep can be "preserved" at a cost of 6d. or 7d., and the freight for these as ordinary cargo, as which, it is asserted, they may be shipped after treatment, would be under ½d. per lb., or 2s. 1d. per sheep of 50 lbs. Thus the whole cost of preservation and transit would be 2s. 2d. per sheep, against 10s. 5d. by the freezing process. These figures speak for themselves.

Personal Points.

Father Mathew's centenary is to be celebrated elaborately next year.

Bill Nye has cancelled all his engagements and has returned to New York, where his children are all sick with typhoid fever.

"Sir Julian Pauncefote is afflicted now and then with the gout. This is better than having the swelled head, a disease very common to diplomats," says the New York *World*.

Dr Robertson Smith, having accomplished the arduous work of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," has left, along with his sub-editor, the Rev. J. Sutherland Black for a trip to Carthage.

Conquered.

She (after a lovers' quarrel)—I suppose you want your presents back

He—Ah, no; keep them. If any of the fellows ask about the presents, I'll explain that they were fully paid for in hugs and kisses.

She (on second thought)—My dear, suppose we forget we have quarrelled, and begin over again.

An Eye to Business.

Mrs. Taylor, an El Paso lady, fell thirty feet from a Memphis (Penn.) elevator on her bustle and escaped unhurt. Old newspapers for sale at this office.—*Tombstone Epitaph.*

MANY MANITOBA MATTERS.

Messrs. R. A. Lewis, Meagher and Taylor, the eastern gentlemen in the employ of the Ontario Government who were at Rat Portage in connection with the skipping timber inspector, A. F. Dulmage, have returned home. The shortage, so far as known up to the present time, is about $20,000. Further investigation will, it is said, reveal more shortage.

A bad fire occurred at the Hermitage, near Edmonton, last week. Canon Newton and his family fought the fire coming from Mr. Carey's place, south, most of the night. On Wednesday it got beyond control in pine swamps close by and swept away fences, timber, stables, church and everything in its way. Loss, $2,000.

May 2nd has been proclaimed Arbor Day in Manitoba.

Gabriel Dumont returned from Batoche to-night and was met at the station by a large number of French Canadians. Although this was the anniversary of Fish Creek fight, there was no demonstration.

It has been decided to organize a big wheat festival for Winnipeg in August. Farmers' excursions will be run from Eastern Canada to attend it.

The Northern Pacific, having made a sale of bonds of its Manitoba road, has purchased in England rails sufficient to lay 150 miles of the track in this Province this fall.

The people of Battleford intend erecting a monument to those who fell at Cut Knife Creek.

The latest issue of the Prince Albert *Times* to hand talks in pretty plain language regarding the situation of people up there, owing to the absence of railroad facilities, and says that serious depression or worse will come if their grievances are not remedied.

Michael Dumas narrates in the *Sun* to-night the history of the half-breed rebellion, filling several columns of that paper. In the course of it he says:

Another blunder, and the biggest ever made, was the appointment of Joseph Royal as a member of the commission, for certainly he was the wrong man. Riel himself would have had nothing to do with him, and far less the Metis population. On his arrival at Batoche he would have met with a well-organized guard, and been lodged in a secure lock-up, there to repent his past actions in durance vile, for the history of Joseph Royal has never been made public, and well knowing himself that there was nothing good for him in Batoche, he turned back from Qu'Appelle with a lengthy report, turned out to please his leaders and thereby gaining some notoriety. The feeling of the Metis at this time was to meet Roger Goulet. The appearance of this man at Batoche would have stopped the Northwest troubles, and if the Government had acted wisely, and sent out one Goulet to every one hundred Middleton's, history to-day would not contain on its pages what it does unfortunately contain.

He says the half-breeds had four killed at Duck Lake, six at Fish Creek and eleven at Batoche. He gives the names.

All Sorts.

Captain Murrell, of the steamer Missouri, is 29 years of age, and a native of Colchester, Essex, England.

In the Carter divorce case now going on in Chicago it came out that the defendant had paid $10,000 for a seal coat.

Billingsgate is said to be named after a King Bilin; Cripplegate after St. Giles, an abbot said to have written a work on palsy.

The Corporation of London are going to make a novel experiment. They are placing six huge square boxes on the flagging in front of the Royal Exchange, and in these shrubs are to be planted.

The sole income of the President of the United States from the public treasury is his salary of $50,000 a year. He draws it at the rate of $4,166⅔ a month. This is a fraction more than $960 a week and $160 each for six working days.

An English doctor at Hong Kong declares that the opium habit among the Chinese is not really more dangerous, when indulged in moderation, than that of tobacco smoking, and that the evil is not to be compared with the abuse of alcohol.

"Don't you believe that I am dead until I write and tell you so." Such was Stanley's last good-humored remark to his English friends. The warning was not unnecessary. Livingstone once declared that his death had been "confirmed circumstantially for the seventh time."

A Cork Bonnet.

A clever milliner—and not a French milliner either—at the Ladies' Dress Association in London has invented a cork bonnet. It is built wholly of the bark of the cork tree, and the milliner says she had some trouble in getting such odd materials made up. It is an ordinary shaped bonnet, that would suit any woman, and is trimmed with rosebuds and leaves and green ribbon. The bonnet is very light. Alsatian bonnets, although they look very flat, have been modified lately with ospreys, passementerie and gold lace. They are very quiet and ladylike. Nearly all the milliners, however, say that they are not popular yet. A hat at the Dress Association was trimmed with daisies, butterflies and foliage. It had a streamer of daisies behind. This was a model, and had been copied many times, but always with a streamer.

A Chicago "Personal."

The following is a characteristic Chicago "personal" from the *Tribune* of that city: "P. D. Armour is in Carlsbad, after having visited the principal cities in each of several European countries. He seems to be making the tour of Europe with nearly the same celerity as that with which a pig goes through his packing house, but with a different result. He retains his individuality through the journey."

It was beautifully said that "Washington was left childless that a nation might call him father;" but in view of the host now demanding recognition at the Centennial as lineal descendants of his family, it would seem that his relatives married that a nation might call him uncle.—*Brooklyn Standard Union.*

Every time we read of a railroad horror we are thankful that the Martha's Vineyard Railroad owns only one train. No fear of collision can afflict the travellers on our road.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

YOUNG KING BENJAMIN.

A Yankee Sailor Who Has Twenty Wives and Fifty Children.

George Wright, who arrived in San Francisco on the steamer Australia a day or two ago from the Caroline Islands, tells the story of the sudden rise of a sailor to distinction in one of the largest islands of an archipelago, seventy-five miles west of Hawels, where Mr. Wright has a trading store.

"The sailor," said Mr. Wright, "is Carl Benjamin, and he has no less than twenty odd wives and fifty copper-colored children. He was wrecked in the schooner Bombazine off the Ladrone Islands nine years ago, and floated at sea on a raft a couple of weeks before he struck land.

"If you will look at a map you will find lying midway between the Tropic of Cancer and the equator thirteen dots. On some maps they appear marked 'Thirteen islands, well inhabited.' Well, it is on the biggest one of these, called Benjamin Island, in honor of himself, that he has taken up his home. It seems odd that an island as big as this has not been got down finer by the geographers, but it remains practically a terra incognita, although it is ten by twenty odd miles in extent.

"'Well inhabited' means that there is quite a sprinkling of dark-skinned native residents there, as well as many men who move to and fro in their light native boats. They eat bread fruit, bananas, cocoanuts and fish, and that's the end of it. They don't work at all.

"Benjamin has got to be a king in his far-away home. There the white-capped waves beat against the coral shores, and Benjamin has got nothing at all to do but to go swimming in the surf, talk the native gibberish, which he has learned, or loll under a palm tree. Some times he has his wives fan him while he smokes the kaziba leaf, which grows so plentifully there, and which, after you get to using it, you like better than tobacco. Maybe you think he hasn't a soft thing of it.

"However, Benjamin is doing some good work there, despite the hot climate. He carried three or four books with him on his raft—the last thing you would expect—and he has continued to instruct the natives in the English language. Benjamin is an American of German or Jewish descent, and is a lover of books. The first thing he did was to select an intelligent native and teach him the alphabet. He learned rapidly, and soon began to teach it to others, and a number of them can now speak English, while the rising generation immediately around are gradually picking up a primitive knowledge of the language. Benjamin is looked upon as a sage. All the chiefs come to him for points, and of their own accord they have made him their reigning potentate. The chiefs, of whom there are three, are his Cabinet.

"Benjamin has picked out the handsomest women for wives. They esteem it an honor and readily acknowledge him as their lord and master. He lives in a straggling bamboo village, the village of Ki, on a coral reef. His children are a sprightly, lively lot. Nobody bothers much about clothes away down there in the South Pacific. Still, he wears a little something, as do some of the natives, thanks to his teachings, for he has instructed them that there is no civilization without some clothes.

"He is about 30 years old and came from Newburyport, Mass., but says that he no longer has any desire to return to this country, and that he is perfectly contented to end his days there. He is the only white man, with one exception, for hundreds of miles around.

"He has taken to wearing a string of shells around his neck like the natives, and he sometimes imitates their example and puts dots of blue paint, got from a native shrub, on his face. This is only on State occasions, however, when there is a discussion of important question on hand with his subordinates.

"The permanent population of the island is perhaps not over 600 or 700. It is a very pretty and picturesque place, and the soil is very rich. It is indented with beautiful bays, whose shores are dotted with trees and shrubs of a tropical growth that are oftentimes covered with fragrant flowers. The island is about 600 miles west of the Marshall group."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Unstorklike Conduct.

Daisy—Mr. Tallboy, why don't you stand on one leg when you come here?

Mr. T.—Why, what a queer question!

Daisy—Well, Sister Alice said that you are a regular stork, and all the storks I ever saw stood on one leg.

No Shamming There.

Bagley—I understand your wife is sick.

Bailey—Yes, she hasn't spoken a word for three days.

Bagley—By gracious! She must be a pretty sick woman!

The Last Word.

Mr. Smallpay—More money for corsets! My dear, Mr. Tiptop told me that his wife never wore corsets.

Mrs. Smallpay—Huh! She don't need to. She's bony enough without 'em.—*New York Weekly.*

A Counter Accusation.

Henrietta (lecturing her wayward cousin)—Some young men never can say "no."

Jack (unabashed)—And some girls never can say "yes."

The Toronto underground wire deputation to American cities has reported in favor of the scheme of burying wires of telephone and telegraph companies.

By eating five dozen eggs inside of three minutes on Monday Prof. Glass, at Verndale, Mich., was in $40, not counting the value of the lunch—an eggs-ample in this way. His eggs act time, as recorded, was two and three-quarters minutes.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A St. Louis paper has been interviewing 500 Missouri women on politics. Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Rolla, says: "Notwithstanding the present prominence of the family in the Republican party, and despite the fact that I call President Harrison cousin Ben, I have never strayed from the paths of righteousness. I am a staunch Democrat."

A philanthropist sent a box of cigar-ends to the workhouse at Brighton for the use of the inmates, and the guardians passed a vote of thanks.

RUNAWAY HORSES.

A Good Way to Check Them With Little Danger.

When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision, but instead prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance and start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do you get close to the line on which he is rushing, and, as he passes you, grasp the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this yank, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bits tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the rein till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so until he is pacified.—*Southern Cultivator.*

Queer Italian Matrimony.

Last autumn Paola Manescalo lived in an Italian boarding house on James street. Germano Vecchio and his wife Josephine also lived there. Vecchio went to Italy and left his wife here. Josephine asked Manescalo to marry her. He consented, and they were pronounced man and wife by a Brooklyn magistrate. Soon afterward Vecchio returned from Italy and found his wife living happily with Manescalo. He made no disturbance, but quietly notified both that he must have her back. Josephine consented and returned. Manescalo made no protest, but thought it best to have his marriage annulled. This was done yesterday by Justice Bartlett in Brooklyn.

"Do you live with her now?' the Justice asked the first husband.

"Yes, Your Honor," replied Vecchio.

"Then this marriage has not interfered with the harmony of your domestic relations?"

"No, sir."

"This is one of the most extraordinary cases I have had the fortune to hear," concluded Justice Bartlett.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Business Maxims.

Endeavor to be perfect in the calling in which you are engaged.

Think nothing insignificant which has a bearing on your success.

There is more in the *use* of advantages than in the measure of them.

Become known—and favorably known.

Never refuse a chance if you can get it.

Ready money is a ready friend.

Nothing valuable is lost by civility.

Keep accurate accounts and know the exact condition of your affairs.

Interest and small expenses are commercial moths.

Pathetic Scene in Buffalo.

"Did you feel the pulse of the sick woman?" asked the benevolent man of the police reporter. "No," answered that worthy, while his face wore a sad, far away look, "but I had a long conversation with her brother." Then a hush fell upon the company which was broken only by the pants of the Council reporter as he gasped for a sandwich.—*Buffalo Express.*

A New Explosive.

"Ah," sighed Jones, "I suppose these new explosives we read of are useful, but I have one which can blow up any number of men at once and immediately be ready for another attack. I would gladly dispose of it to any foreign government, the more distant the better. I refer, gentlemen," he explained to the interested crowd, "to my wife."

Making Himself Solid.

The wife of Politicus, who has been electioneering, lets him in at 3 o'clock in the morning. Politicus—"Lashkey won't work, dear." Wife—"What have you been doing all night?" Politicus (smiling)—"Hic! Making myself solid with the boys, hic!" Wife—"No, sir; you have been making yourself liquid."

Not in Her Set.

Old sport—Miss Betterton, do you see that young fellow with the large diamond on his shirt front? That is Maud S.'s jockey.

Miss Betterton—Indeed? What a rich young lady Miss Maud must be!—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

A Yankee Baroness Deserted.

The Baroness Von Sucrow, formerly Miss Millie Constable, of Baltimore, is on her way across the Atlantic in search of her husband, who left New York suddenly last Tuesday after telling many strange stories about fortunes he had inherited abroad.

Wrong Premises.

The Professor—You have the most strongly developed bump of veneration I ever saw. Clinchy—Tak yure hand aff'r that. Th' ould woman aised me out o' bed this mornin', an' I shtruck me hid agin th' flure.—*Boston Post.*

Standing on Etiquette.

Mrs. Smilk—"Are you going to your friend Mrs. Blank's funeral to-morrow?"

Mrs. Nubbs—"Certainly not. She owed me a call."

A musket ball was recently extracted from the right shoulder of J. E. Floyd, of Mount Calvary, Ga., which he had carried since the first battle of Manassas in 1861, when a Union soldier fired the ball into him.

For the fourth time in English history the title of Duke of Buckingham has become extinct. In late Plantagenet times it was worn by cousins of the blood royal, who finally lost it through the interposition of the executioner's axe. Then the upstart Villiers family held it for a while, and then it died out, and in the next generation the Sheffields obtained it, and again also it died out. Now it disappears by the death of the late Duke, whose family name was Grenville, and who was a descendant of Henry VII. through his youngest daughter, Mary.

KATE WON THE RACE.

Three Milwaukee Girls Have a Wild Race on Horseback.

Miss Katie Peck, the lovely and dashing daughter of Editor Peck, of the Milwaukee *Sun*, and Misses Margaret and Jessie Sanderson, daughters of Ed. Sanderson, the large mill owner, secured saddle horses at a riding school and started out for a ride. They took a brisk canter to the Soldiers' Home and there met Mr. Sanderson in his buggy by appointment. The girls started to return and, touching up their horses a little, galloped away at a lively gait. The three horses were running together, head and head, and the young ladies did not notice that their steeds were gradually increasing their pace. Suddenly it dawned upon them. They pulled on their reins in vain, the only result being that the horses took longer, surer and faster strides. The blood of their Kentucky racing sires was up in each of the three "saddle horses." Down Long Arde avenue, which is Milwaukee's boulevard, they tore directly toward the heart of the city. First one was ahead and then the other. It was a grand race. With hair flying in the wind, for their hats had been blown away, the three girls, who were as thoroughbred as their steeds and as game, hung on to the reins and swung backward and forward with each stride. People on the streets saw them for an instant, and before they could hardly cry out they would dash by. They were riding at a racing gait. Suddenly, about two miles from Grand avenue bridge, Margaret Sanderson's horse began to fall back. As the other pair drew away he slackened his speed and the young lady jumped off. She was uninjured. For nearly a mile further it was a neck-and-neck race between the other pair. In front of the Schandein residence Miss Jessie Sanderson's horse swerved into the other, and the next instant she was hurled from the saddle. When picked up she was found to be only slightly bruised. The horse that Miss Peck rode was bred to run the old style, four miles and repeat. He kept right on. Down into the busy part of Grand avenue he dashed, and, as luck would have it, he was on the right side of the street and happened to get a clear track. Men saw him coming, and half a dozen would-be rescuers made daring dashes, but failed to stop him. Just three blocks from the Grand avenue bridge, where a terrible accident would have been unavoidable, a man jumped out into the street and held his ground. The horse swerved sharply, the saddle girths burst and the plucky, but exhausted girl was unhorsed, saddle and all, to the pavement. Nearly a hundred men rushed to her assistance, and she was carried into a store and a physician summoned. Under his treatment she speedily regained consciousness and was found to have sustained nothing more than a bad scalp wound. She was then taken to her home in a carriage. Mr. Sandereon following the runaways in his buggy, with his horse at a gallop, and picked up his two daughters on the way.

Cruel Man.

Wife—Are you going to buy me a new spring bonnet, John, dear?

Husband—What is the use, my love, of buying a new spring bonnet when you haven't a new gown to wear with it?

"Buy me a new gown then."

"What's the use of buying you a new gown when you haven't a new bonnet to wear with it?"

Professional Etiquette.

First Medical Student—Good morning, doctor.

Second Medical Student—Good morning, doctor.

F. M. S.—Fine morning, doctor.

S. M. S.—It is indeed, doctor.

F. M. S.—Good morning, doctor.

S. M. S.—Good morning, doctor.

Lenten Deprivations.

"Why, Maria, aren't you going to church this afternoon?"

"No, not to-day."

"Why, I thought you were so passionately fond of Mr. Higginson's preaching?"

"So I am, but I've sworn it off for Lent.'

There Was a Limit.

She—"You are sure you love me?" He—"Love you? Why, I am ready to die for you." She—"When we're married will you always get up and start the kitchen fire?" He—"Er-or—pray be reasonable, my dear."

A Fair Political Economist

Edwin (who likes his Angelina to take an intelligent interest in the leading topics of the day)—What a terrible thing this sweating system is—and no cure for it!

Angelina (who is of a medical turn)—Have they tried massage, darling?—*Punch*

An Interesting Suit.

First Young Lawyer—What are you doing now?

Second Young Lawyer—I am interested in a suit that may make my fortune.

First Young Lawyer—What is it?

Second Young Lawyer—I am trying to marry a rich girl.

A Western View of It.

There's a struggle in progress in New York city to pull down the telegraph poles. They are no longer needed there, as lynching is out of style.—*Hutchinson (Kan.) News.*

Lots Like Him.

Wales—I suppose women are all alike. My wife is always coming to me for money.

Albert—What does she do with it?

Wales—She doesn't do anything with it; I never give her any.

Not Fair.

Heard from the platform of a city street car:

Conductor—Get in, ladies; get in! But there ain't no seats unless you can stand.

First Lady—No seats? Well, we'll not pay to ride if we have to walk.

There is a Canadian Customs establishment on the Magdalen Islands, which last year cost no less than $1,314, and the amount of Customs duties collected was $4 38.

The appearance of Matthew Arnold's letters seem to be awaited impatiently in London. It is said that in the hands of another Froude Arnold's letters might be found to vie even with Carlyle's in frank criticism of his contemporaries.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

If an s and an I and an o and a u, with an x at the end spell "Su ?"
And an e and a y and an e spell "I," pray what is a speller to do ?
Then if also an s and an i and a g and an h-e-d spell "cide,"
There's nothing left for a speller to do but to go and commit Siouxeyesighed

The assignees will sell J.G. Anderson's stock to-day

House and lot for sale in the village of Flesherton. Apply to Robert Fawcett, senior.

Good dry pork, (farmer's cured) for sale cheap at Petch & Pitchell's butcher shop.

Croquet set for sale cheap—second hand, in good order, eight balls. This office

The express south on Monday met with an accident near Chatsworth which detained it some time.

Democrat wagon for sale. Run only about one month. Apply to G. Keefer, Flesherton.

The cattle fair on Monday was well attended by buyers, but very few fat cattle were offered.

Dr. S. Bates returned home from Toronto on Thursday last. "He bears his honors thick upon him."

Fishermen are thicker than flies these days, but don't you be a bit afraid the fly will "get there" yet.

Quarterly services were held in the Methodist Church on Sunday last. Sunday school was dispensed with.

Mr. Perley Harrington, late night operator at the station here, is now manipulating electricity at Orangeville.

Fine bamboo fishing poles, from ten cents up ; fish hooks, lines, and all fishermen's requisites at W. Richardson's drug store.

There will be baseball practice on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings Those interested will please govern themselves accordingly

Thursday last was a big day for fishermen, or rather, the fishermen were big for the day. Some of them had considerable success, too.

Mr Arthur Johnston's "Young Nugent" will not travel this season, but will be found on his own premises. See advertisement.

Mr Wm Watson, Priceville, caught a speckled beauty on Monday which weighed 1 lb. 14 oz., and measured 16½ inches. Bring along your fish stories now

Mr W. H Ashley, of the Hanover Post, has sold out and intends going to the Northwest. The citizens of Hanover will give him a banquet on Thursday evening.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church will hold a social in the church on the evening of the 24th. The Glee Club and local talent will provide the program

Mr. David Stinson gravel road, south, is erecting a fine brick residence this spring The brick work is nearly completed, and is in the competent hands of Mr. Karstedt.

No less than five deputations waited upon the Council on Monday to present their views with regard to the changing of school sections. The result will be found in the Council report.

We have received another communication from Kimberley anent the Eugenia Orange matter, but cannot see that anything can be gained by pursuing the matter further, and therefore do not give it insertion.

An item appeared in the Markdale paper last week stating that a gentleman in that vicinity owned 90 head of farm stock., Mr. Jas. Stewart of lot 2, con. 4, Euphrasia, can discount that number to a considerable extent, as he has on his farm 141 head of farm stock, viz. : 4 horses, 61 cattle, 53, sheep, 23 pigs, and more expected.

An old Riddle Rejuvenated

FOR THE CHILDREN

What boy or girl can send us the correct answer to the following riddle ?

"From yonder wall, I heard a call,"
And looked to see who it could be ;
A body dressed in super-best,
Not cloth, nor fur, nor hair, nor wool,
But yet it served the wearer full ;
A red, red crown upon his head,
Worn every day, and when "to bed,"
Legs, feet, and toes, bare as could be,
But yet for this, naught, naught cared he.
Two eyes, two ears, a pointed tongue,
Which served him when he talked or sung.
"His board was flesh, his mouth was horn,
Was such a creature ever born ?"

Winnipeg. W. P.

For good beef go to Petch & Mitchell's butcher shop.

The Durham Chronice displays a remarkable lack of taste. It heads its births, marriages and deaths, "hatched, matched, despatched." Mr. Mitchell may think it quite funny, but people possessing a modicum of refined taste will know how to appreciate the diseased brain that palms off such humor.

Would it not be a good idea for the pathmasters, while they are about the repairing of the Boyne Bridge sidewalk, to place said walk outside of the bridge, as the brick work is already very narrow, and nothing more than a narrow walk could be placed there ? We think, if there are sufficient funds on hand, it would be much the better plan.

The Durham Chronicle has lost its two Flesherton subscribers, and to get even remarks : "The earth is now clothed with a mantle of green, but its verdancy is nothing compared to that of the average native of Flesherton." This, of course, coming from the source it does, and considering the cause which prompted it, will tend to give the "average native of Flesherton" a very high opinion of Mr. Mitchell's vindictive propensities. He will probably be saying the same thing about Priceville some of these days.

MONTHLY SCHOOL REPORT for April, S. S. No. 6, Artemesia— Fourth Class, Nettie Stone 69 ; Third Class, Jno. Wright 63, Rory McLeod 44, Alfred Stone 30 ; Second Class, Meda Whittaker 72, Norman Fletcher 67, Ulric Stone 65, Lizzie McArthur 64, Susie Gee 52, Bella Harrow 50, Florence Stone 49, Malcolm Baxter 21, Alex. McLeod 20 ; Part second, John Boyce 56, John Gibson 35 ; First Class, Marget A. McArthur 63, Annie Williams 60, Laura Whittaker 59.

SCHOOL REPORT The following is the standing of S.S. No. 3, Artemesia, for the months of March and April. 5th, Lena Large ; 4th. E. Wright, A. Breen, Eva Irwin, H. Aikins, Wm. Irwin, J. Brown, M. Graham, E. Cullin, Wm. Owen, A. Quigg ; 3rd, Wm. Stewart, N Graham, M. Wilcock, F. Wilcock, A. Allen, R. Wilcock, A. Winters, H. Quigg, M. Mitchell, R. Allen, Wm. Orr, J Stewart, E. Large ; Sr. 2nd, Wm. Blackburn, S. Tucker, L. Stewart, E. Wilcock, G. White, L. Waider, Guy Orr, Jane Carson ; Jr. 2nd, Lizzie Tucker, B. Large, Katie, Bentham, F. Wurt, R. Bentham, E. Quigg, Ellen Quigg.

Arbor Day

Arbor day was observed in Flesherton by a general cleaning up of the school grounds and planting seven or eight trees by the scholars.

Flesherton P.O. Hours.

Office hours from 8 a.m. till 7 p.m. On holidays the office will be open from 9 till 9.30 a.m., and 1 till 2 p.m.

Accident.

Mr. C. Howard met with a painful accident on Monday. His hand accidentally came in contact with a circular saw, and the result was that he lost the third finger of his left hand and had his thumb nearly amputated, but will save the latter. Drs. Carter and Christoe dressed the wounded member.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon funishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage.

Obit.

An esteemed friend from Eugenia sends us the following item : On Wednesday evening, Sarah, daughter of Mr. Hector Kennedy, after a long, but patiently borne illness, quietly passed into her eternal rest. By reason of her long illness her death was not unexpected, yet even though not unlooked for, it fell with saddening gloom on her family and friends. The young lady was in the bloom of womanhood, her age being only nineteen years and a month. While we offer our sympathy to the bereaved family we also feel a pleasure in recording the death of one whose terrors are veiled beneath the brightness that lightens the Valley of Death, and crimsons the dawn of the future in anticipation of a glorious resurrection. The funeral, which took place on Friday to the Methodist cemetery, Salem, was attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbors.

Inquest.

An inquest was held at Eugenia on Saturday afternoon upon the body of an infant child of Mary Walker. Ugly rumors had been in circulation, and having reached the corner's (Dr. Christoe) ears, he laid the matter before the county Crown Attorney, who instructed him to proceed. At 1 o'clock on Saturday, a jury was accordingly empannelled in the Orange Hall, Eugenia, and evidence heard from those who were intimate with the case, after which the jury unanimously exonerated everybody from blame and delivered the following verdict : "The jury on this case are unanimously agreed that the child was drowned, but that while the evidence clearly shows said child was born alive, there is nothing in the evidence to show that there was any intent to take the life of the child."

Henry Meldrum,
Foreman.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendal Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies have been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Fishing.

I heard a prominent gentleman say the other day that he never fished in his life. I wanted to tell him that he was mistaken. Everybody fishes. We are all born fishermen. From the time our natal day ushers us into a happy or an unhappy existence we are all accomplished fishermen or women. Even the dummy before a tobacco store fishes for suckers, just as much as the young lady eighteen years of age. The young man casts his line into the sea of matrimony and pulls out a fat flounder or a sword fish that will in turn catch him on its sword and waft him around until he can't stand on his legs. The young lady goes fishing for ice cream and a gold fish, and generally lands both when she undertakes the job. The politician fishes for votes, the storekeeper fishes for customers, the boy for catfish, trout, perch, wet pants and a thrashing from dad when he gets home. The married man fishes energetically for lucre to keep the pot boiling, the married woman for news about Mrs. Jones and Mr. Jollygaloot, and the newspaper fiend turns the world upside down to catch a few subscribers. Oh, you bet we are all fishermen every day in the year and sometimes more. Call in and subscribe for this paper.

Artemesia Council.

The above Council met on Monday last, all the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. A communication was read from the Minister of Education re separate school matters. Petition of school trustees of sections No. 3, 4, and 8 were presented, opposing any change in said sections, also petition of Thos. Elliott and others, asking for bridge over Saugeen river, town line Artemesia and Euphrasia, at lot 96, 2nd east. Bylaw No. 451, to regulate and encourage planting of trees in the township, was passed. Appropriations for road improvements were made as follows, on motion of Messrs. McArthur & Sharp : Ward No. 1, $150 ; ward No. 2, $120 ; ward No. 3, $180 ; ward No. 4, $150. The councillors were appointed commissioners for expending said amounts, to be allowed 8 per cent. commission for letting jobs.

On motion of Messrs. Cairns and McArthur it was decided to allow the school sections to remain as they are for the present, excepting lots 179 and 180, 2nd west, and 180 3rd west, which lots are to be taken from No. 3 sections and placed in No. 4

It was moved by Messrs. McArthur & Sharp that John Boland be and is hereby instructed to examine the propriety of building a bridge and opening the town line between Artemesia and Euphrasia, opposite lot No. 96, on the 2nd concession east. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Cairns & Sharp, that John Noble be paid 58 cents for repairing scraper for Wm. Walker. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland & McArthur, that Dr. Christoe be paid the sum of $4.50, expenses incurred in sending indigent to hospital ; also Mrs. Thompson $3.50, for care of sick man for nine days. Also that the reeve issue his order for day's session of Council and indigent monthly allowance. Carried.

Moved by Messrs McArthur & Sharp, that this Council meet as a court of revision on first Monday of June next. Carried.

This completed the business, and the Council adjourned

THE MARKETS

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 50	to	5 30
Fall Wheat	1 00	to	1 05
Spring Wheat	1 00		1 00
Barley	0 35		0 45
Oats	0 26		0 27
Peas	0 50		0 52
Butter	0 16		0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 10		0 10
Potatos bush.	0 20		0 20
Pork	6 10		6 10
Hay per ton	9 00		9 00
Hides	3 50		4 50
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 05		1 35
Turkeys	0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06		0 06

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

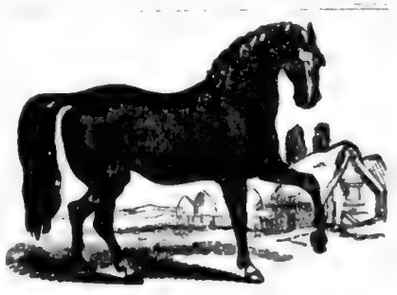

NOTICE

I hereby give notice to all whom it may concern that I will keep my stallion, Young Nugent, at home this season as I cannot afford to travel him at the low rate the average stallion is doing All who wish to use him can do so at a reduction in price, that will pay them for coming

ARTHUR JOHNSTON,
Artemesia, lot 19, con 11,
Vandeleur P O

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

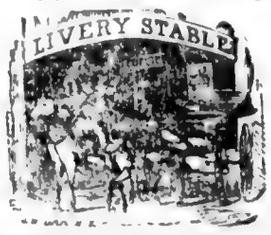

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WISTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's stor or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov 19, 1888

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office :—Manley's Drug Store.

T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc late of Tottenham, Ont

Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office,—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property,

S DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit, trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANSTONE, Flesherton.

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS.

Gladiolus and Dahlias.

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety. Cinnerarias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutillons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower. In

BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Snapdrags, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget-Me-Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy.

VEGETABLE PLANTS.

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber.

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly.

JAMES BEECROFT.

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

—FOR—

FLOUR, FEED, AND

PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

AT

BLACKBURN'S

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art

WM. NELSON

FLESHERTON

PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,

Flesherton.

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once and success is assured. Write FRED E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

Building lot in the village of Flesherton. Apply at this office, or to ANGUS McLEOD. Flesherton Station.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

VOLUNTEERS

Attention

12 RECRUITS Wanted!

No. 6 company of volunteers will meet in the drill shed, Flesherton, every Thursday and Saturday evening at 7 o'clock until further orders, for drill purposes. Signed,

J. J. FIELD, Lieut.
C. J. SPROULE, Lieut

J. E. MOORE,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

—AND—

FURNITURE DEALER.

Keeps Constantly on Hand

—AT THE—

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms

DURHAM Street

FLESHERTON.

A FULL LINE OF

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

of every description.

SpecialtieS

—FOR

THIS MONTH

BABY CARRIAGES

THOMAS' celebrated

ORGANS,

New Raymond

Sewing Machines

SPRING BEDS,

SEA GRASS & WOOL

MATRESSES

We are offering special bargains in above lines during May, as we find it necessary to materially enlarge and improve our place of business. We will give a further

DISCOUNT

of 10 per cent on all

CASH SALES

This extraordinary offer should reduce our stock at least $500.00 above the ordinary trade.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The School Question.

DEAR ADVANCE: Tyrone's letter in your issue of 2nd inst., is no improvement on his first, his figures for legal census returns for three years, if correct, are very discreditable to the census takes, as they are inexcusably astray. It was clearly proven to the County Board of Arbitrators, that the school population was up to the legal requirements in 1886. It was vigorously disputed at the time, so far as positive assertion could go, hence the necessity of the point having to be proven at the time, which was done by giving names to the Board, showing the number of school age persons to be over fifty. We believe it has never been less than fifty since, and to-day it is over fifty. This section was established by proof and not by sufferance, the territory of the section is small and surrounded by sections too large, surely it is no more than right to equalize a little. "Tyrone" thinks the council have great reason to be proud of itself; we are only too sorry we cannot endorse that, but beg to express the wise and hope that the council will not give way to pride, but go to work at once and re-arrange everything necessary in the school sections without fear or favor.

FLESHERTON STATION.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR—In your last week's issue there appeared a communication from your Priceville correspondent containing a statement which no doubt was intended as a slur upon teacher and pupils of "Hillside Academy." As I am evidently the person referred to I would therefore ask your Priceville correspondent for a clearer explanation of his insinuation. If he means to say that the regime of the aforesaid school is, and has been of, a doubtful and suspicious nature, then I give such assertions a most emphatic denial and can furnish abundant proof to substantiate my statements. There is a vigorous Anglo Saxon word of four letters which would be a very appropriate epithet in describing such a character as your nameless correspondent. What were the motives that incited him to publish such a loose fabrication is a mistery to me. Let him come out like a man and sign his own name if he has any old grudge to settle. This mean, low way of stabbing in the dark is very unsatisfactory to any one, and gives a person no fair chance whatever to retaliate. Thanking you Mr. Editor for the valuable space I have occupied, I remain,

Yours truly,
W. J. BLAKESTON.
Teacher of H. A.

Priceville, May 4, 1889.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Mrs. Adam Holley, jr., made her liege lord a present of a pair of twin babies some time ago.

Mr. J. Waring has had a severe attack of pleurisy. He is getting around again.

Spring seeding is about through. Warm weather and a good rain is needed.

Fall wheat is looking well.

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent.

We are pleased to see that Messrs. Akitt and Sloan, who have been confined to bed for some days by a severe cold, are able to be around again and attend to their business.

Mr. J. Bowerman and Mr Paul Sherwood have also recovered from attack of inflammation on the lungs.

Mr. Sloan's shingle mill is now going full blast.

Mr. Thos. Suggitt, who has been spending a few weeks visiting his father and the scenes of his boyhood, returned to Toronto last week.

Miss Samantha Watts left last week for Guelph, and Miss Minnie Watts is taking a course of music with a Kimberley musician.

The season of picnics has arrived, and on account of its rugged and romantic scenery there is no more popular place than Eugenia to hold a picnic for many miles around. Still it is strange that no person in the village has taken advantage of this fact and endeavored to make it still more attractive for tourists and pleasure seekers, besides obtaining for themselves a little pecuniary profit. Pleasure seekers are generally flush of money and good spenders. Of course the falls are the chief attraction, and the approach to them below by means of the stairway should be kept in repair. No person however, is willing to undertake the expense, without remuneration. I would suggest that the place be made secure. Have a gate or house at the head and keep it locked. This would serve in a great measure to keep the stairs from being destroyed. Charge a small fee, enough to cover all expenses, from those that go below, or rent the key for the day to the picnic party. The place by this plan would keep itself in repair. The stairway is at present in a very dilapidated condition. The supports are very much decayed and the railing gone, so that it is very unfit, even dangerous, to pass up or down. The authorities should see they are made safe or else have them removed before accidents happen, for the stairway is at present nothing more nor less than a huge man-trap, and people cannot know until they are on them whether they are safe or not.

The religious quarterley meeting was held in the Methodist Church, Eugenia, on Sabbath. Services were conducted morning and evening by the Rev. Mr. Steers of Markdale.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The weather is very fine at present, and the leaves are coming out upon the trees. The grass and fall wheat are growing very fast.

We are glad to note that Miss Ella Carruthers is able to be around again after her attack of inflammation.

Fishing is the order of the day, but some fish in vain. One of our sportsmen went out the other day and fished for nearly half a day and caught nothing, but carried home enough water in his boots to wash him for months.

The Kimberley base ball has organized for the season, with Mr. C. Howe as captain, Mr. J. C. McConnell sec.

Quite a number of the citizens of this place met in the school house on Saturday evening last to consider the advisibility of erecting a union church It was decided to build a two story building, the basement to be used for public meetings, and the upper chamber for religious purposes.

Jim-Jam Valley.

"In the secluded Jim-Jam Valley of the San Bernardino Mountains" remarked Joe Joachinson, the pioneer of San Bernardino, yesterday, to a reporter at the Palace Hotel, "there are the most marvellous mirages known to the world. The wonderful mirages of the Mojave Desert have been talked about a good deal, and they are entitled to all the prominence they have had. But those of the Jim-Jam Valley are far more wonderful than these. It is called Jim-Jam Valley because of the strange things seen there, and I defy any man, however sound of mind he may be, to go in there, and not think he has got 'em before he gets out. This valley is about twenty-five miles long by fifteen miles wide. It is uninhabited. It is bordered by the main San Bernardino range on the east and by a spur of the Sierra Magdalenas on the west. There is no well-defined trail through the heart of it. The valley is a desert. The surrounding mountains are terribly cut up. The peaks are jagged. Altogether the surroundings are very weird and forbidding. Leaving Fisk's ranch on the trail at the foot of the Sierra Magdalenas, you climb an easy grade to Dead Man's Pass, the entrance to the valley. Go on in and pretty soon you see lakes and running rivers, and green borders, and flying water-fowl. Willows spring up here and there, and in the distance you see water lilies. What you behold contrasts finely with the rugged mountains, and you are charmed with it and go on thinking you have an earthly paradise. Indian camps appear in view, and lithe oarsmen propel fantastic crafts upon the waters. Advancing still further you see dim outlined forms, things whose outlines you can hardly express in words. Sombre countenances gleam at you from the air above. The lakes and rivers and the palid faces shift and change before your eyes. Sometimes a dozen of the more or less dimly outlined forms may be seen, and the pantomime reminds you of a strange hobgoblin dance. Sometimes a storm brews in the valley, and then the scene is all the more terrible. Forked lightning blazes about, and strange, uncouth animals, differing from any you have ever read about, are to be seen there. These phenomena are seen for a stretch of about fifteen miles up and down the middle of the valley principally, and they have been viewed by a great many people. They cannot understand why the forms of the mirage, if such it may be called, are so much more strange there than on the Mojave Desert. Everybody is in awe of the valley, and there are mighty few men, however nervy, who care to go there much."

Terrible inundations are reported from the Saguney district, and there is considerable poverty among the people.

General News.

Sir. Julian Pauncefore, the new British Minister to Washington, was presented to President Harrison Friday by Secretary Blaine.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall

The population of Quebec is placed at 69,805, or with St. Sauveur included, 85,000.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A mad dog panic is raging at Bay City, Mich., where 35 dogs have been killed within 24 hours.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for **$100.** until lately Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both Ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of **Household Samples.** These samples, as well as the watch, we send **Free,** and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the **Watch and Samples.** We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Science & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.**

FREE

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses.

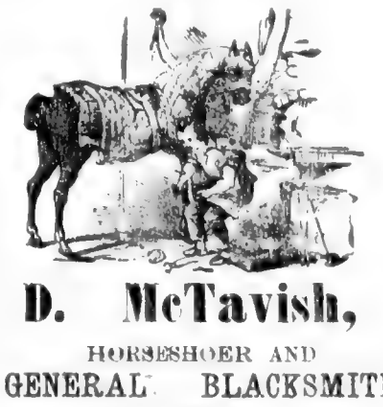

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

WOMEN OF NERVE.

Two Ladies Each Tackle a Burglar and Win Fame.

ONE CAPTURES HER MAN.

An Alpena (Mich.) despatch says: About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st a girl who works at the residence of R. Bartlett, on Chisholm street, was awakened by a burglar who had broken into the house. Her cry of alarm caused the burglar to attack her. In the struggle that ensued the girl managed to seize one of the man's fingers in her mouth and she bit it severely. This sort of defence seemed to be unexpected by the burglar, and the girl, taking advantage of his confusion, let go the finger and called for help. The man now seized her by the throat, choked her a little, cuffed her some with his hand, and threatened her with violence if she did not cease making an alarm. The girl's screams aroused the rest of the inmates of the house and they hurried to her room to see what the matter was. The burglar heard them and beat a hasty retreat before they could capture him. He stole a small sum of money that was in the girl's dress. The girl saw enough of the burglar's face to recognize him if she sees him again.

The Waterbury (Conn.) *American* says: "Mrs. John P. Elton, of Church street, and her housemaid, Miss Sullivan, had a peculiar experience early Saturday morning. Miss Sullivan thought she heard a noise about 1.30 as if some person had broken a pane of glass in the rear of the house. She immediately left her bed and notified Mrs Elton. Mrs. Elton is over 70 years of age, but she evidently does not know what fear is. With a wonderful presence of mind and a bravery that would have done credit to the much-vaunted sterner sex, she went down stairs to the kitchen. There stood a man apparently helping himself to the eatables in the refrigerator. She asked him in a voice that showed no weakness what he wanted. The man, who was busy satisfying his appetite, made no answer. Thereupon Mrs. Elton, turning the key in the door leading to the other portion of the house, and still perfectly cool, went to the telephone, where she succeeded after a short time in summoning the police, who took him prisoner."

HE WAS TOO DAINTY.

Sent Out Invitations to His Own Funeral and Then Drowned Himself.

A New York despatch says: Oliver P. Lewis, aged 21, clad in a full-dress suit with a white rose in his buttonhole, climbed over the iron railing of the Central Park reservoir this morning, jumped into the water and drowned himself. He had spent the night at the Murray Hill Hotel, where he had written a number of notes to relatives and friends, informing them of his intentions, and about the time that the reservoir employees were pulling his body out of the water the police were sending out a general alarm in the hope of preventing the suicide. Lewis was a clerk in Johnson & Faulkner's upholstery store and lived with his mother and two sisters. He told them last night that he was going to a party. The notes he sent from the hotel were written on black-bordered paper and contained invitations to his funeral. In the pocket of his overcoat, which he hung on the railing before jumping into the water, was a prayer-book with the leaf turned down at the Episcopal burial service and a hymn-book with a certain hymn likewise designated, evidently to be used at the funeral. Though there was a diamond stud in his immaculate white tie, and gold and silver rings on his fingers, only a few pennies were found in his pockets. It is supposed that he killed himself because unable to live in a style equal to his tastes. His father is a livery-stable keeper who was not on good terms with his son, owing to the latter's dislike of plain ways. The fact that the mother and sisters had chosen to follow young Lewis in his onslaught upon metropolitan society had also led to a breaking-up of the family. The old gentleman, however, will pay the funeral expenses.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

In She Plunged Boldly No Matter How Coldly the Rough River Ran.

A Detroit despatch says: John Gilday and S. A. Joseph were chatting on Twelfth street wharf yesterday morning when they saw a young girl turn hurriedly off Woodbridge street on to Twelfth and walk toward them. She seemed to be agitated, and they scanned her closely on this account. She was of medium height, slight of frame, and wore a bonnet, a dark cloak and plaid dress. When about ten feet from the edge of the wharf she seemed for the first time to be aware of the presence of the two men and broke into a run towards the river. Before they could possibly interfere she had jumped off the wharf. A young man named Peters, clerk in the freight office of the Wabash Railway, at the foot of Twelfth street, heard the splash and saw men running, rushing out he grabbed a life preserver and threw it to the suicide, who had come up and was being carried down stream. The girl made no effort to clutch it, and about 400 yards below the wharf sank and was seen no more. No missing girl has been reported by any family, and the identity of the suicide is unknown.

Faith Alone Cannot Cure Fever.

A Chicago, Ill., despatch says: Menta, the daughter of Vincent B. Smith, a railroad station agent at Almira, a northwestern suburb, was prostrated with scarlet fever. Her father is a believer in faith cure treatment, and instead of calling a physician he neglected his business to strengthen his faith in Menta's recovery. When the girl died the father could not get a burial permit, and the Coroner held an inquest. The verdict censured Smith for his folly and inhumanity.

Burglars entered a Detroit mansion the other night and took, along with other things, a bath. This is one of the oddest thefts on record.—*Chicago News.*

It is reported of Daniel Webster that he proposed to Miss Fletcher while aiding her to unravel a skein of thread. "Grace," he remarked, "we have been untying knots, let us see if we cannot tie one which will not untie in a life-time!"

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Sir John Thompson moved that the Weldon Extradition Bill be transferred to the Government orders.

Mr. Laurier said it was rather late in the session to ask the House to discuss so important a question as that raised in this Bill.

Sir John Macdonald said it was rather a tribute to the perceptiveness of the hon. gentlemen opposite. There was a great impatience at Canada being subject to the undesirable overflow from the United States. It was of great importance that it should be known that Canada does not desire to have additions to its population from those people who come in with their ill-gotten gains and spend them here. He thought there should be no objection to the Bill being put on the Government order paper, so that it might be discussed. When the House came to consider it they would find that it was not such an objectionable Bill, and there would be very little opposition to it. Of course, if the measure met with any serious objection it would be well to consider if it would not be well to leave it over till next session.

Mr. Laurier—My only objection is that the right hon. gentleman has been so slow to respond to that feeling of impatience.

Mr. Davies said there was no use disguising the fact that this was an extremely important Bill, which would require much discussion and examination. He understood that a similar Bill was introduced some years ago in the House, and it received some objection from the Imperial Government, and that they were indisposed to allow Canada to legislate in that way. If there was a reasonable probability of the Bill being passed he would not object, but if the Bill was merely to be introduced, it was rather late in the session. Any one who looked at the order paper could see that it was impossible to get through in less than a fortnight. If the Government were to continue introducing new Bills the session might be prolonged three or four weeks. He thought the House had before them as much as they could dispose of in the time they could be reasonably expected to stay. Strongly as he was in favor of the principle of the Bill he did not wish it to lengthen the session unduly. As far as the Bill was retroactive, he understood it would meet with considerable opposition.

Mr. Charlton said it struck him that the Bill should be transferred to the Government orders without opposition. He felt very anxious that this Bill should go through this session for the good name of the country abroad.

Mr. Mills said he introduced a Bill somewhat like this in 1872, but there was an Imperial objection to it. It had been the practice to treat the surrender of criminals as a police regulation, but the Imperial Government took the position that the treatment of persons seeking an asylum in this country should be dealt with under treaty. He would like the Government to state if the position of the Imperial Government had been changed in this respect.

Sir John Macdonald said there was a feeling among our neighbors that we were making Canada an asylum for their rogues.

Mr. Mills—Not more than they do.

Sir John Macdonald pointed out that Canada's answer to that charge was that we were willing to increase the number of extraditable offences. If there was any delay it was on the part of the United States. It was true that the Imperial Government had objected to these matters being settled between Canada and the United States, but in the proposed Bill it was expressly provided that it should only take effect upon a proclamation by the Governor-in-Council, and that proclamation would not be issued until the Government had consulted with Her Majesty's Government. The main object of the Bill being passed was to inform the people of the United States and England that Canada did not desire any such unworthy additions to her population, and was quite ready and anxious to make an enlarged extradition arrangement. The effect of the passage of the measure would also be to prevent criminals from making this place an asylum. When they knew this Act had been passed they would cease to come to Canada. For all these reasons it seemed to him that it would be well to pass the Bill. The motion was carried.

Mr. Davies asked if any railway subsidies beyond those of which notice had been given would be asked for.

Sir John Macdonald said there would be some other subsidies. The subsidies mentioned in the resolution were all revotes.

Mr. Laurier—When will the further supplementary estimates be brought down?

Mr. Foster—The present intention is to bring them down on Monday.

Mr. Jones (Halifax) asked if the statement was correct that the Government had extended the mail contract with the Allan line for another year.

Sir John Macdonald—It is correct.

On the second reading of the Bill to amend the Inland Revenue Act,

Mr. Davin moved that a clause be added to provide that the Minister might issue permits in the Northwest Territories to brewers to manufacture 4 per cent. beer. He said it was a great injustice that while the importation of this beer was allowed its manufacture should be prohibited.

The motion was lost and the Bill was read a third time.

Sir John Thompson, in moving the second reading of the Bill to amend the Copyright Act, intimated that he would offer several amendments in committee.

Mr. Davies asked if this Bill would not interfere with Imperial legislation upon the subject.

Sir John Thompson replied that no doubt it would. He maintained, however, that the British North America Act gave Canada the right to legislate in any way they deemed proper, independently of any statute previously passed. The English Act dealing with the subject had been passed in 1842. The objection if sustained would wipe away at least one-half of the revised statutes. The Privy Council had three times emphatically declared that colonial legislatures had power to repeal anterior Imperial statutes. He felt confident that Canada had power to deal with this subject, and if we had not such powers the sooner we got them the better.

The House went into committee on the Bill.

Mr. Foster moved the House again in committee to consider the resolution respecting a contract for the performance of a fast weekly steamship service for the carrying of mails between Canada and the United Kingdom, making connection with a French port.

Mr. Weldon (St. John) urged that the House should be possessed of fuller information on the subject before being asked to grant the subsidy proposed to be given to this scheme. He presented the claims of the harbor of St. John for consideration in selecting the port of departure and arrival on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. O'Brien said that not merely the cities of Halifax and St. John and the Maritime Provinces were interested in this proposal, but the whole Dominion as well. While he was in favor of subsidizing a fast line of steamers as proposed, he thought the question should be carefully considered what kind of service would best suit the general interests of the country. He considered that a steamer which could cross the ocean in six days was something like a Pullman car—it was a luxury and could not be afforded by the general public, and it was well to pause and think whether or not a slower but cheaper service would not be more in the interest of the general public. He thought the House should have some expression of opinion from the Government, as well as in regard to the prospect of Louisburg becoming a prominent ocean port, before being asked to vote on this resolution.

Mr. Platt thought the House should first consider whether or not this subsidy should be given at all before entering into details.

Mr. Ellis thought it would be better to divide the proposed subsidy between a mail and passenger service and another service devoted exclusively to freight. He defended St. John from the charge of being subject to fogs and being in other ways undesirable as a winter port.

Mr. Foster, in reply to inquiries, said it was proposed that the vessels should be equal to the best on the Atlantic at present.

The resolution passed.

Mr. Wilson (Elgin) asked if it was the intention of the Government to introduce this session legislation to carry into effect the recommendations and suggestions contained in the report of the Dominion Labor Commission lately laid before Parliament.

Sir Hector Langevin said the intention of the Government was to read the evidence and the report during recess, and give hon. members an opportunity to do the same, so that they may be able to form an opinion as to whether or not legislation was necessary.

Mr. Bowell, in answer to the inquiry of Sir Richard Cartwright, said the total value of manufactured goods exported from Canada to Australia for the six months ended December 31st, 1888, was $41,530.

On order to go again in committee on the Bill for the prevention and suppression of combination in restraint of trade,

Mr. Mills asked the opinion of the Government as to the scope of the Bill. As he understood the measure, it did not alter the common law in the least, but simply undertook to define what acts should be unlawful in interfering with the course of trade.

Sir John Thompson said he understood the Bill to be declaratory of the common law. It would add no new penalty, and would not create any new offence, but it was believed by those who were familiar with the business methods of the country to be necessary in order to define more clearly the existing law on the subject.

Mr. Edgar denied that the Bill was declaratory of the common law. The Bill which the hon. member first introduced declared every one who entered into a conspiracy for this purpose to be guilty of a misdemeanor, but the present Bill only said that if a person conspired unlawfully he should be guilty of a misdemeanor. He objected to the proposal to reduce the period of punishment for conspiracy from seven to two years.

Mr. Davies said the Bill was a fraud, because living on the reputation of the first Bill, which it had supplanted, it was believed by the people in the country to be a measure which proposed to punish the evils it was directed against. It, however, only resembled the first Bill in the title.

Mr. Wallace said there was a fear that the provisions of the first Bill might be construed by the courts as being more severe than was intended by its framers. Judging from the actions of the merchants and producers, whom it was proposed to affect, the present measure was not a very harmless one, because they appeared in strong force before the committee to defeat it.

Mr. Mulock supported the Bill because if it did not effect very much, it would at least act as a warning, and it could be improved upon as experience suggested.

Mr. McCulla, as representing an agricultural constituency, heartily supported the Bill. Hardly a day passed in which he was not in receipt of communications urging him to assist in getting the Bill placed on the statute book. He regarded the combinations on insurance rates as one of the most dangerous of all, and instanced a case in his own town of Brampton, where, notwithstanding the organization of a complete system of fire protection, the rates remained unchanged.

Mr. Colter said the only way in which combines could be met would be by lowering the duty on the articles so controlled.

Mr. Edgar moved to make the term of imprisonment seven years instead of two.

The amendment was lost.

Mr. Wallace moved to add a clause providing that the Act should not apply to the exercise of any handicraft or labor.

The motion was carried.

The Bill was reported.

On the order for the third reading of the Extradition Bill,

Mr. Laurier inquired if it was not the intention of the Government, as was intimated by the Premier yesterday, to drop this Bill and re-introduce it next session. He thought this might be done with propriety, and without loss to any interest concerned.

Sir John Thompson said the Government had decided to go on with the Bill.

Mr. Weldon (Albert) denied that Canada was surrendering anything of value by this Bill.

Mr. Davies failed to see that the proposed Bill would provide for the surrender of those who commit frauds in financial matters.

The House went into committee on the Bill.

Mr Weldon (St. John) said provision should be made that a prisoner extradited for one offence should not be tried for another.

Mr. Davies said the whole Act was open to the objection that it might be made an engine for securing political prisoners.

Mr. Weldon (Albert) said if there was a breach of faith, power was given to the Executive to suspend the Act. It was unreasonable to suppose the Americans would be guilty of breach of faith.

Mr. Weldon (St. John) said suspending the Act was like locking the stable after the horse was stolen. He suggested that some machinery should be provided to prevent this abuse of the Act.

Mr. Weldon (Albert) said that under the treaties there was no guarantee, and we had to rely on the good faith of the countries to whom prisoners were surrendered. Any suspicion that a man was sought for one offence for the purpose of trying him for another would prevent his surrender.

Mr. Lister said that in this matter we were not dealing with the Government of the United States, but with each State of the Union, and consequently the honor of the central Government was not pledged to see that the criminals surrendered were only tried for the offence for which they were given up.

Mr. Lavergne objected to the clause which made the Act retroactive. He considered it very unfair that people who had come to this country on the strength of existing treaties, believing they would find an asylum here, should be liable to prosecution. It would affect acquired rights.

Mr. Curran said that if the law were passed in its present form there would be many cases of hardship.

Mr. Weldon (Albert) said there was no doubt that if Parliament made a good rule for the future they were doing the most important half of the work. He felt, however, that they would not be doing much if they did not besides shutting the doors drive out the flagrant offenders who were here. He denied that this Bill was making a new criminal law. It did not declare anything to be an offence which was not previously an offence.

Mr. Denison was opposed to having this Bill retroactive. These men had come here seeking asylum when they could have gone elsewhere. He agreed that for the future it was well to shut out these men.

Mr. Tisdale could call to mind people who had come to Canada thirty years ago under suspicion of crime, and had since become respectable citizens. He wanted to see the Bill passed, but did not want it framed in such a way that it should be made an engine of blackmail.

Mr. Mitchell said it would be extreme hardship to make the Bill retroactive in its operation.

Mr. Wallace said that this very clause that was attacked was the best clause in the Act. The real object was to purify this country. If this Bill passed there would be ample opportunity for these men to get out before it came into force.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—The hon. gentleman speaks about purifying this country. When he remembers that, according to a recent estimate, there are 188 rascals and 13 saints in this House, he will see that he has a formidable task before him.

The retroactive feature was struck out.

Mr. Weldon (Albert) moved to add a clause providing that criminals should not be surrendered, unless in the requisition for their surrender there be an undertaking by the country applying that the person so surrendered shall not be tried for an offence other than that for which he was surrendered.

The motion was adopted.

On the consideration of the schedule of offences, the following offences were struck off the proposed list: Threats by letter or otherwise with intent to extort, perjury or subornation of perjury. The following offences were added: Fraud committed by bailee, banker, agent, factor, trustee or member or public officer of any municipal corporation made criminal by law; malicious acts done with intent to injure persons in railway train, procuring miscarriage, indecent assault.

The Bill was reported, and read a third time and passed.

On the items for Welland Canal in Supply,

Mr. Somerville inquired as to the policy of the Government in regard to allowing vessels to pass through the Welland Canal on Sunday. The practice during past years of keeping the canal open had met with very general opposition from people residing along the canal, as well as from the various labor organizations and churches of the country, and he hoped the Government would determine in future on a complete cessation of traffic all along this public work.

Mr. Rykert concurred in the views of the last speaker. He hoped the Government would cancel the order keeping the canal open on Sundays. There was nothing to be gained by the practice and public feeling was strong against it.

Sir John Macdonald said this was a question of some difficulty, because while there was those who regarded a strict observance of Sunday as of first consideration, there were important commercial interests which took the opposite view. The Board of Trade of Montreal, for instance, had made strong representations in favor of keeping the canal open. The late Minister of Railways, in order as far as possible to meet the wishes of all parties, had issued an order closing the canal from 8 o'clock on Sunday morning till 9 in the evening, so that during the whole of the period of worship on Sunday the canal was closed. If the canals were closed for the whole of the twenty-four hours there would be considerable delay, and cargoes would, in some cases, be subject to charges for demurrage. Then it should not be forgotten that the Erie Canal was kept open all Sunday.

Mr. Boyle said that commercial interests should not weigh in this case, and that nothing but the necessities of life should induce the Government to allow the canal in any case to be used on Sunday.

Mr. Bain (Wentworth) urged that Sunday should be strictly observed on the canal.

Mr. Prior, on motion for supply, called attention to the circumstances connected with the seizures of British fishing vessels in Behrings Sea by the American authorities. In consequence of those seizures a number of owners of Canadian sealing vessels had been financially ruined through the confiscation of their vessels and cargoes, while the business interests in his city (Victoria) in connection with the Behring fisheries generally were materially injured. The value of the first three vessels seized with their cargoes was represented to be $153,000, and since that time eight other vessels had been seized.

Mr. Davies said the importance of this question justified its discussion even at this late period of the session. He believed that if Canada had secured the privilege of direct negotiation of commercial treaties, which had been contended for by the Opposition, all difficulty in regard to this matter would have been removed ere this.

Sir John Macdonald said that the first requisite to a settlement of the dispute in question was an admission by the United States of our claim to compensation. Without that no amount of direct representation at Washington would assist us in arriving at a settlement. Canadian vessels were not, however, the only ones that had suffered loss in Behrings Sea; American skippers had suffered in exactly the same way as the British Columbia vessels, and they had made complaints loud and long against the treatment they had received. This question was not one affecting Canadian interests alone, but the interests of every maritime nation in the world, for all were concerned in resisting the iniquitous attempt of the United States Government to make Behrings Sea a close sea. No one could, of course, foresee the result, but one thing was clear, that if the United States were resolved to insist upon their pretensions that the whole of these seas are closed to them, a grave complication would arise, and how far it might extend or to what consequences it might lead he would not presume to say. The Government were not unmindful of Canadian rights in this regard, but were persistently protesting against the wrongs which had been done to Canadian interests, for which wrongs he believed we would have to be compensated.

THAT UNHAPPY EMPRESS.

The Strange Hallucinations Which Possess Her—A Long Line of Royal Lunatics.

A Paris cable says: Empress Elizabeth of Austria, accompanied by Archduchess Marie Valerie, is at present at Wiesbaden. For some time past it has been rumored that Her Majesty is suffering from an incurable disease; but what was the nature of that disease hitherto has not been specified. *Figaro* now asserts that it has received the following information from sources on which the utmost reliance can be placed. It is true, says this journal, that the Empress of Austria is at Wiesbaden, but it is also true that she inhabits a villa quite outside the town, and that police agents guard all approaches to the house. This is because the unfortunate Empress is subject to the same mental malady by which her cousin, King Louis of Bavaria, was visited. She will see no one. It is not merely since the death of Archduke Rudolph that Empress Elizabeth has been affected by these symptoms. They showed themselves fourteen years ago in a craving for continual movement and various hallucinations. During the last century there have been twenty-seven cases of insanity in the Bavarian royal family. The present King is a lunatic, and several of his relatives have been attacked by the same disease. For years Her Majesty never passed a night at the royal palace in Vienna, and she used to fancy that she was pursued by the spectre of Maria Theresa. After the death of Louis II. of Bavaria the hallucinations to which the Empress is subjected have assumed one special character. She fancies that King Louis appears before her and that waters flow from his garments in such a volume as to endanger her life. She used to scream out for help and then become insensible. Her last year's stay at Corfu did Her Majesty much good. In fact, she endured only one crisis there, fancying that she was called upon to enter a convent. This idea gave way to a monomania for Heine, and she made a journey to Hambourg for the sole purpose of seeing the portrait of the poet. When the Empress learned of the death of Archduke Rudolph, a new hallucination took possession of her, that she was her son's murderer. Her Majesty's disease assumed a violent character when the court moved to Pesth. She would not see her physicians, and clothed herself in ecclesiastical vestments. She refused to take food, and her attendants were obliged to fasten her hands. At present, concludes *Figaro*, the acute stage of the disease has passed, leaving a notable softening of the brain. A cure is more or less hopeless.

A WIDOWER'S DEED.

He Murders His Two Children and Cuts His Own Throat.

A Winnipeg despatch says: A double murder and suicide occurred yesterday two miles north of High Bluff Station, at the farm house of Mr. William McLeod. McLeod was last seen by a neighbor about 10 o'clock on Thursday night, and yesterday one of the neighbors visited the house shortly after noon and found McLeod with his throat cut. Both of his children were found in a bed-room off the kitchen. The girl, aged 8, had been struck on the head with a sharp edged axe and was dead. The boy, aged 11, had four terrible cuts on his head and was still living, but cannot possibly recover. The theory is that McLeod first murdered his children with the axe and afterwards cut his throat. The axe was found lying beside McLeod and a knife in the cellar. Tracks of blood were found from the cellar door to where he was stretched out. Financial troubles are said to be the cause. McLeod's wife died about two years ago.

A Drunken Man's Wondrous Luck.

A Vienna despatch says: A drunken tinsmith ascended the steeple of the Franciscan Church at Warasdin, Hungary, yesterday, by means of the lightning rod and stood up on the top of the cross, which swayed under his weight. After standing there fifteen minutes haranguing the horrified crowd who gathered beneath he calmly descended as he had gone up and reached the ground unharmed.

A boy in Maine tried to kill the hired man by putting Paris green in a jug of cider. The man drank every drop in the jug with a "hah!" of satisfaction, and observed that cider seemed to be getting the old-fashioned twang back.—*Detroit Free Press.*

New spring dresses are generally worn with an elastic step.

A Dollar to Spare.

The grass it is greener, the snow it is whiter,
The world is serener and life it is brighter;
The rose has a hue of a deeper carnation,
A lovelier halo envelopes creation,
And the goddess of fortune is smiling and fair
When your wallet is fat, with a dollar to spare!
O a foe to despair and death to all care
Is that sum of all blessings, a dollar to spare!

O the plethoric pocket, the big, bulging wallet,
However you mock it, whatever you call it,
Is filled with a balm, undiscovered in Gilead—
Fit theme for a bard like the author of Iliad!
O the whole world is bathed with a rose-scented air
When your wallet is fat, with a dollar to spare;
Strong to do and to dare, and a hard man to scare,
Is the man who is blest with a dollar to spare!

O age bright and sunny! O era propitious!
When the poor will have money, unless they are vicious,
Come on at a pace that is brisker and quicker,
Don't stray, like a sot that is loaded with liquor;
O list to the wail of a poor fellow's prayer,
And make all wallets fat, with a dollar to spare
Come age bright and rare, have a seat, take a chair—
Fair age when all men have a dollar to spare!

In the Rain.

I stand in the old gray weather,
In the white and silvery rain;
The great trees huddle together
And sway with the windy strain.
I dream of the purple glory
Of the roseate mountain height
Of the sweet-to-remember story
Of a distant and dear delight.

The rain keeps constantly raining,
And the sky is cold and gray,
And the wind in the trees keep complaining
That summer has passed away;
But the gray and the cold are haunted
By a beauty akin to pain—
By the sense of a something wanted
That never will come again.

A RACE WITH "COPY."

How a Live Newspaper Man Outran a Cowboy on Horseback.

One of the most interesting incidents of the opening of Oklahoma occurred upon the return to Arkansas City this afternoon of the train carrying newspaper correspondents. Seven of the Chicago and other Western correspondents had pooled their issues and engaged a cowboy to meet them on horseback just after the train entered the yards at Arkansas City and to gallop furiously to the telegraph offices. Mr. James Cox, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, was sent out of the combination. The plan worked beautifully until the cowboy had galloped half a block on his way to the telegraph office. Then Mr. Cox saw the scheme, and leaping from the moving train he started on foot after the horseman. It was a run of more than a mile to the telegraph office. By a spurt Mr. Cox overtook the horse, and then a desperate race began. The cowboy lashed his horse vigorously, but he could not shake off the fleet-footed correspondent. On the last eighth of a mile Mr. Cox spurted like a sprinter, and by a terrific effort reached the telegraph office 40 rods ahead. When he entered the office he could hardly stand or see. His exploit was the talk of the town to-night. The cowboy has not since been seen.—*Arkansas City corr. New York Herald.*

The Game of Houses in May.

(Adapted.)

What the agent says: "It's very cheap at $25. The people in it will show you the house."

What the people in the house say: "Hush, let 'em ring. After a while they'll go away."

What the husband says: "Now, what's the matter with that house? You can't expect a palace on Upper John street for $25 a month!"

What the wife says: "I wouldn't live in that house if you'd give it to me!"

What the relatives say: "It isn't a good neighborhood. The house is out of repair. Plenty of better houses for same rent. Where? Oh, everywhere!"

What the large circle of friends say: "How we shall miss you!"

What the neighbors say: "That family in the fourth house in the block are moving out. Their waggon looks like an auction furniture shop. After all the airs they put on!"

What the servant girl says: "I'll be afther laving. I always go to my aunt's for a couple of weeks about the 1st of May, and then I gets a place when the house cl'aning is all done."

What the truckmen say: "—— these narrow stairs!"

What the tradesmen say: "Here's a little bill."

What the people moving out say: "He wouldn't do a thing for us, but now he's got to paint and paper the whole house before he can rent it!"

What the people moving in say: "It's the dirtiest house I ever saw!"

What the papers say: "There is more moving this year than ever before."

Strange Situation of a Robin's Nest.

In the autumn a redbreast took up his quarters in the loading end of the salle at Bullionfield Paper Mill, Invergowrie, spending most of his time in the building, and becoming exceedingly tame and familiar. During the recent spring-like weather the warbler of the woods turned up one day with a companion, and the two set about building a nest in the roof timbers. There they remain as yet, undeterred by the tumult of carts, horses and men on causeway and pavement not 20 feet beneath them.—*West Lothian (Scotland) Courier*

Boarding House Indications.

Mrs. Crabber's boy (to the star boarder)—We're going to have chicken salad to-day.

Star boarder—How do you know?

Mrs. C.'s boy—I saw our cook chopping up some veal.

A book on church bells has recently appeared in England. Before the reformation the names on bells were commonly "Jesu," "Mary," or a saint's name. But after the time of Henry VIII. the inscription became "God Save the Queen!" "Prosperity to this parish!" and, later, the name of—the church warden!

The cliff dweller relics recently discovered in New Mexico comprise human skulls the skeleton of a child, hands, human hair etc. There are 85 pieces of pottery, from gigantic coiled vases to tiny fragments of painted earthenware. Among the relics are a number of turkey bones, and the discoverer relates that in one of the cliff houses he found the roosts of these fowls, also nests with eggshells still in them. The collection has been taken to Durango, Col.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It appears, from a British Parliamentary just return issued, that in course of the thirty years ending 1887, 2,784 suits for judicial separation were raised in the English Divorce Court, and of these 985 were successful on trial. Petitions for divorce or dissolution of marriage numbered 10,561, of which 7,321 were successful. There were 3,892 causes which did not proceed to a hearing.

In the centre of the gloomy African forest Stanley comes across the famous dwarf tribes, first described by Paul Du Chaillu. Du Chaillu reported the tiny savages to be exceedingly shy, but not actively hostile. Stanley reports them to have been the most annoying foes encountered on his whole march. It was their custom to hide behind trees and shoot at the white men with poisoned arrows; and no advances could win their friendship.

The railway statistics of the Dominion up to June 30th last year were brought down to Parliament last night. The total miles of completed railway in the Dominion at that date were 12,701. Capital paid, $727,000,000; Government bonuses paid by Local and Dominion Governments, $134,000,000; earnings, $42,159,152; working expenses, $30,652,046; net earnings, $11,500,000. Passengers carried, 11,416,791; tons of freight carried, 17,172,759; miles run, 37,391,206; passengers killed, 20.

Lord Lansdowne continues to be exceedingly busy with the multifarious duties imposed upon him by his onerous and responsible position of Viceroy of India. The Council having concluded its labors for the time being, His Excellency left Calcutta on April 2nd, and has since visited Allahabad, Cawnpore and Lucknow. Before leaving the capital he laid the foundation stone of the volunteer headquarters, on which occasion he appears to have delivered an excellent "volunteer" speech.

M. Paulhan, a French psychologist, has performed experiments that he thinks prove that two thought-processes may go on simultaneously. Whether conclusive or not, such experiments corroborate the testimony of introspection that mental processes may take place in addition to the activity that mainly occupies the attention. These ideas in the background of consciousness are allied with the one in the centre or antagonistic to it. While a certain amount of distracting elements may be necessary to preserve the healthy flux of thought, and while in very simple operations two disparate thought-processes may be carried on successfully together, economy demands that, in the main, the ideas in the background of consciousness should be harmonious with the one in the focus of attention. The waste of energy when these ideas are of an unessential or distracting nature is a matter of common observation. A single illustration will suffice. A student is passing an examination. He is ill-prepared and nervous. The question he is answering, or the problem he is solving, occupies the focus of consciousness, but in the background are such distracting ideas as the fear of failure, the thought that there will not be time enough to answer all the questions, the query whether it were not better to omit this particular question, the self-conscious fear lest he is growing nervous, the sound of the proctor's footsteps, the scratching of a neighbor's pen, and the like. Most pupils know the waste caused by such distracting ideas. Even if by an effort of will these inharmonious elements are kept strictly in the background, still there is some loss of energy, and the effort of will demanded to repress them also takes energy.

"A Fool and His Money," etc.

Mrs. Ammon has become a pauper in Sharon, Pa. She was the mother of "Coal Oil Johnny" Steel. Oil was struck on her husband's farm along in the sixties, and her son suddenly came into possession of millions. These he soon squandered with a recklessness that became proverbial in that section of the State. He soon had nothing and had to support himself as best he could. He was killed near his old home not long ago while walking on a railway track. His mother now goes to the poorhouse, a sad example of the fickleness of fortune, when the jade is not cautiously treated.—*Utica Herald.*

The Daughter of Dr. Chalmers.

Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in Edinburgh in one of the lowest sections of the city. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alley. The drunkenness, poverty and suffering of men and women distress her but she is constantly with the fallen. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern to light her way before her, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the street. These people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.

Two of a Kind.

First stranger (in the far west)—Be you one of us? Second stranger (with dignity)—I do not know what you mean by "one of us." I am President of the International Aggregated Trusts to Force Up the Price of the Necessaries of Life. First stranger (genially)—Your hand, pard; I'm a train robber.

With the view of facilitating communication between a broken train and the nearest station a novel application of the telephone has been made on the railroad between Saint Valerie-sur-Somme and Caveaux (France). The stations are already connected by an overhead wire. The guard's van of the experimental train was fitted with a telephone. One pole of the battery was connected with the framework of the van, and in this way put to earth, the other pole was connected with a hooked wire, by which connection could be made with the existing line at any desired point. Upon ringing up the stations in front and behind the train receives the signal.

The Concord (N.H.) *Monitor* thinks that Guthrie, Oklahoma, has this advantage over Rome—that it was built in a day.

Dr. Dowling, the new pastor of one of the Albany churches, is evidently well endowed with the gift of humor. In the course of a statement of his belief which he read to his people a few evenings ago, he remarked: "I believe there are some things which cannot be answered by any theologian in the world—not even the youngest."

A TRUE STORY IN REAL LIFE.

Is Life Worth Living?

This question has been asked so often that it has been worn threadbare. Still its application is as pertinent as when it was first uttered.

At one time in my life I determined to pursue the study of medicine. Circumstances compelled me to abandon it as a profession, still I had more or less practice among personal friends, sufficient to keep up my interest in it.

One day I received a visit from an old friend, the captain of a coasting steamer. He seemed much worried, and for a time made his visit anything but pleasant. At last I said to him, "Captain, you seem troubled about something, can I aid you in any way?"

"No!" he replied shortly, "at least I don't think you can, and I have pretty good reasons for thinking so."

I felt hurt for a moment, and rather angrily replied, "Well, I don't have to."

"Of course you don't," he responded, "but it is an infernal shame, and it makes me mad all through, when I think of the way that I have been bled by a lot of frauds, that call themselves doctors."

Then he continued rapidly, "You know that boy of mine?" I nodded.

"Well, he has been a serious tax upon me for years, not that I begrudge him anything that he has cost me, but I do curse, every time I think of the hundreds of dollars, earned in the hardest manner, disappearing into the pockets of men who promised much, only to do the worst kind of damage in the end."

"Now, I have the cheerful prospect of having an undertaker's bill to pay, besides losing my boy." But, he added savagely, "I have spent the last dollar, that I ever will for medicine, and, as he has to die, the quicker the better."

"You have no right to talk in that way, Captain," said I severely. "As long as your boy lives, it is your duty to do everything in your power to aid him.'

"And haven't I?" was his response; "what is the use of your talking, you know just about as much about curing as the rest of them; although," he added, "I believe you have a conscience; the rest that I have had dealings with, don't pan out so well in that respect. I tell you," he continued, "that boy is doomed; he will go just like his mother did, and the doctors can write down in their books of failures, 'one more death from consumption, a disease we know nothing about.'"

He relapsed into a moody silence. At last I said, "Is your boy very low, Captain?"

"He can just crawl around," was his response, "and what makes the matter worse for me, is the painful way in which he asks me to do something for him. However, he will be here after awhile, and I want you as a friend of mine, to tell me to the best of your knowledge, how long you think he is going to last, so that I can make my calculations."

While he was talking, I saw the boy approaching, and just as he stepped into my office panting and gasping, from his exertion in walking, I said to myself, "The grip of death is too firmly fastened on you to be ever shaken off." After greeting him, at his father's request, I examined him and found him in the condition that I shall describe. He had evidently inherited consumption from his mother; bronchial tubes much thickened, so much so as to make the operation of breathing extremely difficult and painful. Chest cavity much contracted; auscultation and percussion showed extensive tuberculous deposits, and cavities, especially in the left lobe of the lungs; body much emaciated and bloodless. In fact, unless (to my mind) some miraculous intervention occurred to stay the progress of the disease, the patient could not survive but a few weeks. I talked as cheerfully as I could to him, but he was too much depressed to pay much attention to anything but his suffering.

The father sent him to a restaurant near by, and turning to me he asked. "Well, what is the verdict?"

I had been thinking rapidly, and as he spoke I had made up my mind to a procedure, as regards the boy, that I determined to follow out. In answer to his question, I said, "Captain, unless something is done for that boy, you will bury him within a month."

"Well, what can be done?" he said excitedly. "Do you want to try your hand in experiments? Do you want some of my money too? Are you going to sicken him to death with rotten cod liver oil, blister his skin with plasters, drug him and rush him into his coffin?"

"Hold on, Captain," I replied; "I don't want your money, but I am going to try an experiment with your permission. It is a matter of duty, and in his condition, can do no harm, if it does no good.'

"How much is it going to cost?" he asked. "I don't know," was my reply. "Whatever it is," he rejoined, "will come out of your pocket, not mine." "Don't bother yourself about that," said I coldly. When the boy returned, he seemed more exhausted than when he first entered my office, and as his father handed him a chair, he said to his son, "Del, the doctor here thinks he can do you some good. What do you say; do you want him to try?"

I shall never forget the look on the boy's face, and his words, and the heading of this article came forcibly into my mind: "Is Life Worth Living?" Evidently it was to him, as it is to all mankind, when tortured with pain, with the clammy hand of death encircling their throats, they struggle in his relentless grasp, and cry out in an agony of terror, "for God's sake, save me." I put him on a nutritious diet, eggs and milk heading the list, and provided him with a preparation of medicine, that I had never used before, or ever expected to. It was a sheer experiment on my part, as recklessly attempted as anything could be. The result—immediate improvement in breathing, and general strength of body; better color, improved spirits, increased appetite, and an increase in bodily weight that was astonishing.

At the commencement of treatment he weighed 92 lbs. In two months with constant progress to health, his weight had increased to 120 lbs. In three months he accepted a situation as an errand boy, indulged in running, boyish games of all kinds, a well boy if ever there was one. Ask him now if "Life is worth living?" "What was this wonderful preparation?" do you ask. As a matter of right you should know, and I solemnly swear to the correctness of my statement.

The boy is still in the land of the living, and well at that, and both he and his father will back my statement.

It was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the entire cost of treatment was just $10.

[The name and post-office address of the author of the foregoing truthful narrative will be furnished any interested party who may apply therefor, either in person or by letter, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. For personal reasons the author prefers not to have his name published broadcast, and it is in deference to his wishes that we omit it.—Editor.]

Latest Scottish News.

The Queen is to go to Balmoral at the end of May for a month.

Mr. C. McPake, formerly of Selkirk, has started a woollen factory in county Sligo, Ireland.

What is called popularity, according to Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, of St. Andrew's, is made up of a mass of more or less ignorant *obiter dicta*.

A Roman coin, of the time of Maximinian, with whom the Diocklesion divided the empire in 286, has been found at Lossiemouth.

Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some hitherto unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

Ex-Provost Mathieson has presented to the Carnegie Free Library, Dunfermline, a cast of the Rosetta stone, the key to ancient monuments in Egypt.

Mr. T. Miller, for over 20 years tacksman of tolls, died at Comrie on the 2nd April, aged 92 years. He was one of the oldest Freemasons in Scotland.

A committee are taking steps to present Dr. Francis Edmond, of Lingswells, with his portrait, to be placed in Aberdeen College in recognition of his benefactions to the church.

Colonel J. Boughey, formerly of the Wiltshire Regiment, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General to the forces in Scotland, in place of Colonel Black, C.B., who proceeds to Gibraltar.

A. Whitelaw, engine-keeper, Townhill, and Dr. A. Lees Bell, Dunfermline, have been presented with Royal Humane Society medals "for gallant conduct in saving and attempting to save life from drowning."

The Duke of Portland's Scotch tenantry are to present Miss Pallas Yorke, his bride elect, with a portrait of the Duke as a wedding gift. The Welbeck tenantry will present the Duke with a portrait of Miss Yorke.

The Scotch confirmation of the Right Hon. Walter Henry Erskine, Earl of Mar and Kellie, has been re-sealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being sworn to exceed £46,000.

A brass band has been started in a Midlothian burgh, and one of the rules is to the effect "that any member guilty of *rash* cursing or swearing, either at the meetings or during practice, will be fined one shilling."

Fasque House was built in 1809, and cost £30,000. The estate was bought in 1828 by Mr. John Gladstone, who in 1845 was created a Baronet by Sir Robert Peel, and who in 1851 was succeeded in the title and estate by his eldest son, Sir John Gladstone.

Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, who has completed his semi-jubilee as pastor of Renfield Free Church, Glasgow, was on the 11th inst., at the annual congregational meeting, presented with a cheque for a thousand pounds, and a silver salver and a diamond brooch for Mrs. Dods.

Hon. Mrs. Grant, Glenearn, Crieff, has died suddenly at Bournemouth, England, where she had recently gone for a holiday. She was the widow of Captain George Essex Grant, a younger son of the sixth Earl of Seafield, and was sister to the eminent *litterateur*, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming.

The jubilee of the Rev. David Russell, minister of Eglinton Street Congregational Church, was celebrated at a social meeting held on the 9th inst. in the Waterloo rooms, Glasgow. In the course of the proceedings Mr. Russell was presented with £550, and a gold watch for Mrs. Russell. Several addresses were also presented.

Until within a few days ago there resided in Oban, Argyllshire, an old lady, Mrs. Elizabeth McDougall, who had seen and spoken with men who were "out in the '45." Her father was full cousin to old Major McDougall, of Soroba, referred to in Mrs. Grant of Laggan's, "Letters from the Mountains," which were written at Oban in 1773. She passed away at the age of 93 years.

Dr. Henry Douglas, the father of the medical profession in Dunfermline, died there on the 8th inst. Dr. Douglas was 87 years of age, and retired from active duty some years ago. He began business in Dunfermline as early as 1823, and in 1826 he took the degree of M. D. at Edinburgh University. He was a keen sportsman, and for many years was well-known on the hunting field of Fifeshire.

Mr. Oliphant, of Gaskf, Perthshire, has just had erected a beautiful white granite cross to the memory of his grand-aunt, Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne, the authoress of "The Land of the Leal" and many other favorite Scottish songs. The cross, which is in the grounds immediately to the west of the garden, is beautifully chaste and artistic, and bears the following inscription: "Carolina, Baroness Nairne; born at Gask, 1766; died at Gask, 1845.—*Carment morte carent.*" We may add that Mr. Oliphant is the author of "The Jacobite Lairds of Gask" and other works, and this is only another proof of the desire to pay a tribute to genius by this estimable gentleman.

According to a truthful Southern paper a live mouse in a Texas dairy fell into a panful of milk. It swam round and round in its efforts to get out, but in vain. However, through the activity of its movements the milk was at last churned into butter, when the mouse was enabled to jump out of the pan and regain its liberty.

Hon. Edward Blake is having a splendid summer residence erected for himself at Point a Pic, Murray Bay, for the coming season.

The regulation professional garb of English physicians and surgeons is the high hat—black in winter, drab or white in summer—and always a dark frock or morning coat.

A GIRL TO FLIRT WITH.

For She is a Lass Whom it is Quite Safe to Love.

Vanity Fair recommends one kind of flirtation—*i. e.*, flirtation with a view to honorable marriage. It thinks the best kind of girl is the rather heavy, good-tempered girl. She should be a little greedy—for that will mean care in the arrangement of dinner. She should be inclined to be fat—her mother's weight is always to be noticed—for then she will probably be domestic and disinclined for much gadding about. She should have a charm of a homely kind that does not attract foreigners; and there should be no sparkle, or *diablerie*, or any other French quality about her innocence. She should be fair, with blue eyes and a white skin that will easily freckle.

Strictly Honorable.

A story about Lady Cork, which I recently heard, relates to her energetic efforts to marry off her daughters, who it seems did not find husbands for themselves as rapidly as she wished. Lord Foley, whose intellect is supposed to be none of the brightest, was marked down as fair game, but after dining several times at the Cork's house, and being made to dance with the Cork daughters, he still gave no indication of any mad desire to take any of them to wife. As the end of the season drew near Lady Cork grew so desperate that she actually cornered the luckless lordling one day and demanded to know his intentions. Lord Foley hemmed and hawed, blushed, and finally stammered out "that they were quite honorable, as he had promised his mother on her death-bed that he would never have an intrigue with a married woman."—*London Town Topics.*

Yellow as Egyptian mummy
Was his sallow face,
And he seemed a very dummy
Of the human race.
Now he's brimmed with sunshine o'er,
His clear and sparkling eye
Tells us that he lives in clover;
Ask you the reason why?

What has wrought the transformation? Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets restored this dilapidated individual in a single week. Nothing like them to regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

Her Consolation.

Bankrupt's wife—Well, at any rate, the Thompson failure was worse than ours.

Sympathizing friend—Why, I thought it was just the other way.

Bankrupt's wife—No, indeed; Edward only failed for ten cents on the dollar, while Mr. Thompson failed for fifty!

"Boat, Ahoy!

The rapids are below you!" cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

The World Moves!

Don't disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your catarrh just because some old fogy doctor, who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves, tells you it cannot be cured. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have for many years offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. They are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can learn by proper inquiry through druggists (who sell the medicine at only 50 cents), and they "mean business."

Proof Positive.

Tom—I am quite certain Mr. Smythe is a foreign nobleman in disguise.

Jack—How do you know?

Tom—He has such a dignified way of asking you to loan him $10.

—"The girl of the period," writes a fashion gossip, "grows sweeter and sweeter." Don't know how she can, but suppose she does.

DON L. 19 89.

THIRTY LIVE FOX CUBS wanted by 15th May. HAROLD LAMBE, Hughson street, Hamilton, Ont.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight runs material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

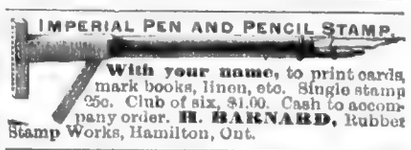

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

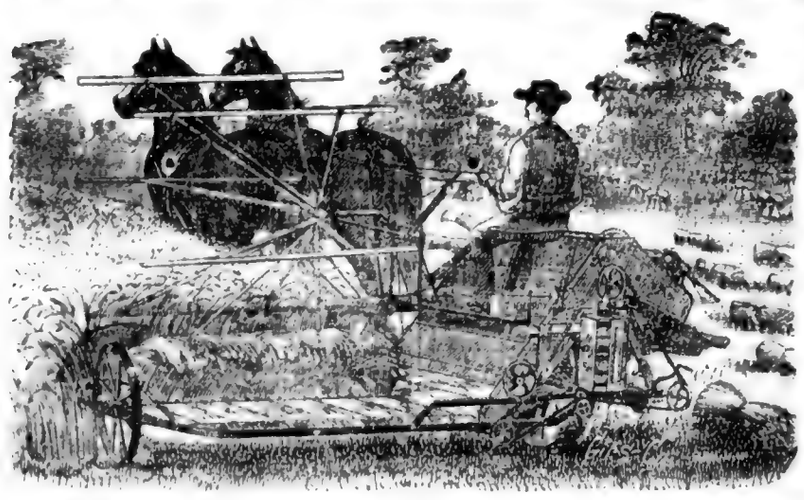

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to :
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts :
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada
2nd "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than ny other machines in Canada.
Therefore 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower.
2nd And you will be sure to be perfect'y satisfied with the machine you get.
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders. Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt,

Strain's old Stand
Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING,
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Great Bargains !

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of lot 16, Con. 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm 100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation $2,000. $500 cash, ballance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $200 00.

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

North part of lot 11, Con. 7, Euphrasia, 100 acres, 20 acres cleared, house and barn, $750, $200 cash, balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent. Apply to

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

It Pays To

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 18

For Sale

Steam four mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 mill stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton P.O.

A QUEEN OF THE LAKES.

The S.S. Manitoba Launched at Owen Sound.

OWEN SOUND, May 4,—The new C.P. R. steamer Manitoba was launched here to-day. Immediately on arrival of the one o'clock train, which had two special cars of friends of the Polson Company, all preparations for the launch were completed. Thousands of spectators were on the grounds or the cliff overlooking the works.

The ceremony of naming the vessel was performed by Miss Mamie Beatty. At 1.25 p.m. the first tap of the hammer was heard knocking away the blocks. In an instant the yielding of the ways could be heard, and in thirteen minutes a ringing cheer burst from the crowd, as the enormous vessel began to move slowly and majestically towards the rippling water in the slip. Not a jar disturbed her course as she gathered speed in her onward career, and the crowd held their breath in silence as she rushed on. As she glided into the water an enormous wave rushed from each side, plenty people were almost immersed, amongst them an amateur photographer, who lost all his much-prized views. In sixteen minutes from the first tap of the hammer the ship was floating quietly on the waters, while cheer after cheer arose from the crowd and a hundred whistles saluted the beautiful ship.

The Manitoba was designed and built for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's fast line of steel steamers plying between Owen Sound and Port Arthur. The dimensions of the Manitoba are : 305 feet over all, 292 feet keel, beam 38 feet. These figures give to inexperienced minds but a faint idea of the great size of the vessel. If a person had thrown himself from the bow as she stood on the blocks ready to be launched he would have fallen about as far as from the top of a large four-story building, or about 60 feet. As one stands and looks down her saloon it appears like an enclosed street, with multitudes of doors on either side. The masts spring upwards over 100 feet, and a tall man could walk upright through the enormous smoke stack without dinging his hat. The hold of the vessel is fifteen feet deep, and when loaded she will draw twelve feet of water forward and fourteen feet six inches aft. The engine room is a mass of machinery as intricate looking as clockwork, but all tested and proved. Not only the ship's engines are here but the electric light engines, dynamos and steam steering gear, for it is steam that turns the enormous rudder. The engines are of the modern compound type and of enormous power, calculated to give the vessel a speed of 16 miles an hour. Just forward of the engine room and separated from it by an iron bulk-head is the boiler compartment. The boilers are two in number. 12 feet 6 inches from end to end and 14 feet high. The boilers are of steel nearly an inch thick and can stand enormous pressure, each one weighing 35 tons. Extending backward along the keel from the engine room is the tunnel in which the shaft revolves that turns the 12½ foot propeller. This propeller weighs six tons and has adjustable blades, four in number, bolted to the huge square hub on the end of the shaft. As one stands aft he is struck with admiration of the beautiful lines presented by the vessel. Every person who has seen her pronounces her lines finer than those of the magnificent Clyde-built steamers Athabasca and Alberta. The hold is divided into compartments by watertight steel bulk-heads, seven in number, thus adding greatly to the strength of the vessel. Both main and passenger decks are of steel, covered with Florida pine on the main deck and white pine on the upper deck. The cabin saloon is 246 feet in length, and has 64 staterooms. The contract price of the Manitoba is $200,000. She takes the place of the wrecked steamer Algoma, of the C.P.R. line, and is the largest of the line, her tonnage being 2,000 tons, while that of the others is 1 440.

Fire broke out about five o'clock Sunday morning in Mr. A. Ross' furniture factory, Owen Sound, destroying the building and contents. The property was fully insured. The building had been purchased only a short time ago by Mr. James H. Little, of The Advertiser, for a printing office, but had not yet been transferred. The loss will run over $3,000, insurance on building and stock $1,200.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Leather is the Sole Support of Man !

QUALITY OUR FIRST AIM.

I have received a very large consignment of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

From some of the best manufacturers in Ontario, and am better able to supply my customers than ever before, at prices which, considering quality, cannot be surpassed

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

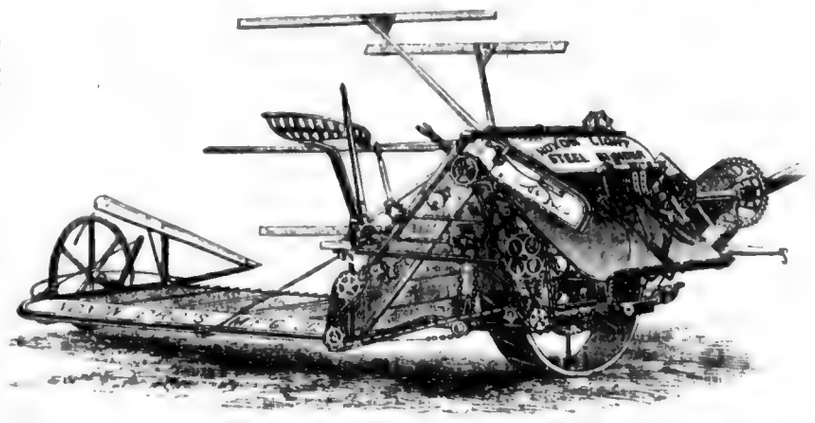

Noxon's No. 7 Steel Binder.

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES :

A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width.
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed.
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and lightest in draft.
A binder perfectly balanced and all levers convenient to operator.
A solid steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt.
A binder which ties and discharges the sheaf with less power than any other.
A solid steel gear frame in one piece with but one joint and two bolts.
A finger bar of most perfect shape and will cut lower on rough ground than any other.
A knotter the simplest and only one with a rotary cord holder that does not drop or waste single piece of twine. No loose pieces of cord to clog as in other machines.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE,
AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co.
Ingersoll, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 417. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROP.

NEW

Clocks.

NEW

Watches

New Rings, Chains, Charms, Brooches, ETC.

JUST ARRIVED AT

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store.

FLESHERTON.

And the prices are away down lower than ever.

Just Note a few Prices:

Waltham watches, four years' warrants, from $9.00 up.
The finest make of nickel alarm clocks from $1.90 to $2.50.
Fine American spring and weight walnut clocks from $3.95 to $6.50.
The finest make of rolled gold chains, warranted from ten to fifteen years from $3.50 up.
A beautiful assortment of ladies' gem rings from only $1.50 to $6.50.
The famous B. Laurence spex still going at half price. 20 per cent. off on all silverware sales. IF YOU WANT BARGAINS COME ON, WE HAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU. TAKE YOUR REPAIRS to RUSSELL as he attends to all repairs personally and a perfect job is guaranteed every time or money refunded at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton.

THE ONE PRICE

Cash Store.

That means something to the purchaser as you get the cash discount instead of helping to pay for bad accounts, etc, and then it also helps you to

ECONOMIZE

as you will buy only what is really needed, and come out further ahead in the fall.

The Cash System

is the best system of business as it helps the purchaser as well as the merchant.

LADIES

Our stock of dress goods are well assorted, all the leading shades at prices that will surprise you. Novelties in Prints, Ginghams, Chambrias, etc. All the newest designs, qualities the very best and prices the very lowest.

AS HOUSE CLEANING

will soon commence in earnest, try and see our lace curtains, scrims, chintz, etc, before buying elsewhere. See our special line of cashmere hose at 35cts. Dont be afraid to ask to see our goods whether prepared to purchase or not, as it is part of our business to show goods.

GENTLEMEN

As the time has come to fit yourselves up for the spring and summer, don't fail to see our selections of

Tweed Suitings, Worsteds, Pantings,

FELT and STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SOCKS, ETC. See our light, natural wool sock at 25 cts. Cheap lines in overalls and coarse shirts. Our BOOTS & SHOES are an advertisement in themselves. Don't fail to see them. Fresh Teas, Sugar, Currants, Rasins, Spices and all groceries. Goods at cash prices for butter and eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

Parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

May

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings, rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain. Apply to

L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank, P.O.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

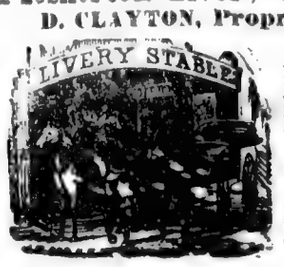

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

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FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

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Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE HERALD'S DON QUIXOTE.

The articles which have lately appeared in the Dundalk Herald on "Railway Monopoly" must forcibly remind those of its readers who have read that wonderful Spanish tale, Don Quixote, of the "Battle of the Windmills." Mr. Hall sees an ogre and rushes full tilt at it with his little pen, gives it a jab and says, there, posterity will look with awe upon my achievements, for I have killed a giant. However, the giant does not die, in fact he did not feel the blow, and Don has probably ere this discovered that it was only the shadow of a little man which he was stabbing.

But to discard metaphor and deal with some of the remarks made by Mr. Hall. He says: "The statements of Messrs. Saumenig, Nixon and Morgan contained emphatic testimony in support of our assertion that the rates had been raised." The statements contained nothing of the kind. The two former informed Mr. Hall that the rates were 15½ cents, while the latter stated that they had been lowered 2½ cents. These are Mr. Hall's own words, and this is what he calls emphatic testimony! The Herald's wonderful contortions are amusing at least. Here is a sample sentence: "He (meaning The Advance) has made the wonderful (?) discovery that poles pass over two roads in going to suspension bridge. Two roads! well suppose they passed over a dozen roads, that does not alter the fact that the rates were raised, does it?" Did The Advance offer that as evidence that the rates had not been raised! No. We did not require to do that after the Herald's admission that the rate was lowered to 13½ cents! We offered it as evidence that the rates were not inordinately high when it is considered that two corporations have the handling of poles shipped on this line, and the Herald's quips and quirks will never serve to blind fair-minded readers as to the excellence of our contentions. Mr. Hall may not have the acumen to observe the ridicule he has evoked by his "battle of the windmills," but other people have. As for the Herald's disgusting attempts to turn the affair into a matter pertaining to the welfare of farmers, and shouting out with a brassy voice that "he is no friend of the farmer," we can afford to laugh at it. The Advance is probably better known among intelligent farmers than you are aware of Mr. Hall.

The whole matter can be placed in a nutshell right here. A month or so ago the C.P.R. company rearranged their rates. On certain articles of transport the price was slightly raised and on others it was lowered. This the Herald thought a grand opportunity to work off a little criticism, and made a ridiculous hue and cry over the articles that had been raised without, of course, intimating that there had been a lowering of any article. Mr. Hall should have been in a position to know the maxim that a half truth is as bad as a whole lie, but it seems he has forgotten it.

In concluding we would say that we did not fly to the defence of our "pet monopoly," as the Hearld is pleased to term it, because we feared for its safety. No person acquainted with the Herald 's reasoning powers can accuse us of anything so foolish as that. We simply wished to bring before our own readers the utter recklessness with which the Herald is run in its attempt to secure support and sympathy by setting up straw men, knocking them down again and then exultingly pointing out that Hannibal or Alexander the Great could not have done more; and we flatter ourselves that our work has been accomplished, if congratulations from many parties count for anything. Unless the Herald produces something better than the hysterical trash of last week we shall not pursue the question further.

A new garden vegetable, which may eventually supercede the potato has lately been discovered. It is called the "Stacheys." Its success depends wholly upon whether it will give the potato bug, or the bug give it, consumption.

Walkerton will have a $15,000 post-office.

A case of child desertion occurred in Hanover last week.

A Durham business man set himself on fire with a pipe and narrowly escaped cremation.

A new pleasure steamer, christened The Favorite, was launched Monday at Meaford.

J.C. Kennedy's furniture factory, Owen Sound, was burned down on Monday morning. The fire was incendiary.

Mr. John Harbottle found a silver watch in the Saugeen under the Shell bridge last Sunday. Who lost it and how it was lost is not known.—[Durham Chronicle.

An ingenious chicken raiser has devised a way of preventing chickens from scratching up his garden. He crosses the longlegged brahmas with the short-legged bantams, and the result is a new breed of fowls with one long leg and one short leg. When they raise either leg to scratch they loose their balance and come to grief. After a few demoralizing attempts they desist.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. While two little boys, sons of Mike Smith, of Glenelg, near town, were rolling a piece of ground on Wednesday, by some mishap they fell in front of the roller and the younger of the two, aged about 7 years, was crushed to death, while the elder boy had his legs very severely crushed, but will likely recover. Mr. Smith has the sympathy of the section in his sad loss. It should be a warning to farmers who allow small children to handle teams and implements. —[Grey Review.

CHILD MURDER—On Saturday afternoon after the launch, two colored women in crossing the pleasure ground found the body of a new-born female child lying in a ravine. It was wrapped in a cloth, and had never been washed or properly cared for. There were marks of violence on the face, over the nose and right eye. Dr. McCulloch made a post mortem examination of the body, and found that the child had been born alive, and that death had, apparently, been caused by a blow on the face. Coroners Cameron held an inquet on Monday, which was, after hearing the evidence, adjourned for two weeks, that further information might be gained.—[O.S. Times.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDonald Street, New York.

General News.

Lambton, Middlesex and Oxford, repealed the Scott Act Thursday by emphatic majorities.

It is reported that Sir Charles Russell's fee for acting as counsel for the Parnellites is $10,000.

Rev. Mr. Evans, of the Church of England at Buckingham, Quebec, was carried over High Falls, twenty five miles from Buckingham, Thursday and drowned. He was out sailing in a bark canoe and got into the current.

A wealthy old farmer named Stephen Bates, of Danbury, Conn., horsewhipped three factory girls who crossed his land the other evening, and only escaped lynching by employes of the factory through the intercession of the girls whom he attacked.

The new steamship City of Paris has cut the ocean record to 5 days 23 hrs. and 7 minutes.

Miss Kate Drexel, heiress to four million dollars left by her father, the late Francis A. Drexel of Philadelphia, has renounced the world and entered a convent.

Mr. Erastus Wiman gave evidence before the Senate Inter-state Commerce Committee in New York Friday, and in the course of his testimony favored commercial union, which he said was "a short cut to annexation."

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks, backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz in this section.

If prices are not glued rock every time,

QUALITY Considered,

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done,
Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

Narrate's Vision.

Time, what art Thou, with all they fleeting years?
The heart of an eternity unknown?
Thy kingdom in the future re-appears—
The spoils of nations Thou hast overthrown
Drop in the past; the wake of Thy career.
The mouldering monuments of crumbling stone
Are but Thy foot-prints, and the flying years
Are but the beating of Thy pulse alone.

The boundless universe is Thy Domains;
Thy constant hand engaged has ever been
Rolling the future in the past, where still remains
An ocean mirror in which may be seen
The wreck of ages, all Thy victory claims.
Since Eden's youthful lovers were fresh and green,
The past and future two eternities hath been;
Man's life is but a bubble in between.

We all are travellers, and the paths we tread
Join all in one; the main road to the tomb,
To swell the ranks of earth's unnumbered dead;
Onward we go amid the darksome gloom,
Like some vast river, by its countless tributaries fed,
The fate of mortals by analogy assume
The roar of unknown rapids on ahead,
Predicts the future and foretells our doom.

These are the "secret longings" and the "pleasing fears,"
The tinkling of the fetters which have bound
The soul; and through these dungeon bars no light appears,
Save now and then a transient gleam profound
From the Celestial undiscovered spheres,
Where joy unknown to mortals may abound,
Too great to measure in a world of tears;
A joy for every sorrow earth hath found.

E. DERBY, Orkney.

The Triumph of Truth.

The man is thought a knave, or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run;
And ever the Right comes uppermost,
And ever is Justice done.

—*Charles Mackay.*

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:
A NOVEL.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU, ONCE MORE!"

Anthony was not the kind of man to take the world into his confidence.

Time, as he plodded on his endless way, placed a few social gravestones and opened out some new paths at Thorbergh. Among these last was the advent of the Smythe Smiths. The old family of the Massingberds, which had held the estate of Upperfold for as many generations as lie between to-day and the Third Edward, pinched between increased debts and decreased rents, found itself at last obliged to sell; and Mr. Smythe Smith was the purchaser. Of course the Blue Blood of the neighborhood resented the change, and felt disposed to make the new-comer understand its resentment. But more modern and perhaps more wise councils prevailed, and the rich merchant was adopted in the room of the ruined gentleman whom he had dispossessed, and forgiven the fact that he had never a grandfather, nor an inherited coat of arms, nor knew Greek from Hebrew nor Spanish from French, and that he could no more have constructed "Lucri bonus est odor, ex re qualibet," than could the Unfortunate Nobleman himself. He was rich, and therefore he would be an acquisition. Then Anthony Harford—undoubtedly the most considerable man of the district—knowing nothing of those hidden threads which bound their two fates together, threw the shield of his protection round the new-comer from the beginning, and the neighborhood naturally followed suit.

Naturally enough the Smythe Smiths were pained by the ingratitude, as it seemed to them, of Charlie Osborne's silence. They had been his true and valuable backers when he most needed help, and had, moreover, given him affection in excess of patronage. Mr. Smythe Smith had really liked him. And Mrs. Smythe Smith had been yet more warmly attached to him. So that when Charlie disappeared out of sight, as if he had never been born, or had gone over the rapids of Niagara—after that one visit in London on his return from Japan, fever, and his reported death, and that one brief letter from Kingshouse—the Smythe Smiths were naturally indignant, and thought no word too hard for the young man who erst had been their minor kind of Apollo or their Raffaele in patent-leather.

Lady Elizabeth, with whom the Smythe Smiths had always kept up a friendly correspondence, and who not infrequently had her to stay with them in London, knew no more than themselves what had befallen the former Eudemon of Kingshouse.

There had been more changes than one of late. That we know. Among them was a certain change in Lady Elizaberh. Something had gone from her, and something had been added to her. Her saintly quietude had gone, and in its place had come a certain practical and active vitality, as of one whose softness has been tempered by fire and whose sympathy has become consciousness.

She was standing on one low broad step which was the entrance to Upperfold, waiting for her host. The groom was holding two riding-horses for herself and Mr Smythe Smith.

She made a pretty picture as she stood there on the step, framed by the bold columns of the portico. As she stood there, more like the Delight of Anthony's first days at Kingshouse than she had been since the hour when he had all but seen her weakness and divined her secret, Anthony himself came riding through the lodge gates and up to the house, like the embodied spirit of the past—the human form of her sensations.

Before she had realized things as they were, and while she was still in that current of the past where she had been swept backward by the day, Anthony had flung himself from his horse and had her hands in his—both her hands in both of his—as in the old days when he half thought he loved her and had proposed to himself to ask her to be his wife.

For the moment Lady Elizabeth forgot all that lay between now and then—between the day when Anthony Harford was free to love where he would, and when to love him was neither shame nor sin, and this present moment when the pale spectre of Estelle stood as the sacred barrier between him and all other women on earth, when love for him was crime and his love in return dishonor. She forgot all she had suffered, all that she had subdued. This sudden reappearance of the only man she had ever loved brought back to her both the strength and the weakness of her love. It was not Estelle's husband who held her hands in his and into whose eyes she looked. It was the Love she had loved—the dream which she had once taken for truth.

"Ah!" she said, somewhat below her breath, and not knowing too well what it was she said at all, "you once more!"

"Yes, I once more," he returned, a little grimly.

He was glad to see her, this Dear Delight, who had been his as all others; but her personality was so inextricably interwoven with the memory of the greatest glory and the deepest shame, the purest joy and the blackest sorrow of his life, that he remembered what she forgot. Where with her Estelle was, as it were, swept into oblivion, with him she stood as his right hand, and through the gray eyes of this fair Delight seemed to look the dark orbs of his lost love. Then suddenly he let go her hands, and almost mechanically felt for that revolver in his pocket, which he touched as a Catholic might touch his sacred relic.

At this moment Mr. Smythe Smith came through the hall, and all significance in the meeting was at once destroyed.

CHAPTER IV.

LIKE OLD TIMES.

After that first flush and ailing weakness, when the suddenness of surprise tore aside the veil, Lady Elizabeth "held on to herself," according to the quaint Puritanical phrase. Anthony Harford was married. Failing proof positive of poor Estelle's death, he was no honest woman's love, and friendship was all that could be between one who respected herself and him. But there might be friendship. No law of God nor man forbade that! And, indeed, there was friendship—pure, sincere, unabashed, undismayed.

They saw a great deal of Anthony at Upperfold.

As yet he had said never a word of direct allusion to Estelle. That revolver in his pocket was more in his line. Once and once only he brushed by the skirts of that lost Eurydice of his—she whom the dread gods had taken, or who had sunk herself to lowest depths of Hades.

"You must come to Thirft," he said to Lady Elizabeth. "I want you to see my boy. I am sure you will see the likeness. It is so strong—there are days when I cannot look at him."

"I should like to see him very much indeed," said Lady Elizabeth, quite simply. "You know how much I loved her."

"Yes, I know," said Anthony; the talk fell there.

He could not speak of Estelle even to her—at least not yet. It would come, but not just yet; and she knew that it would come. She knew enough of human nature to be able to foresee so much. Friendship and reticence conquer the deepest reserve in the long-run; and there are times with us all when sorrow rises so high it overflows the heart and mounts perforce to the lips. Then the safe friend is trusted; and the grief that is shared by sympathy is lightened by just so much.

Things of public interest had not been wanting of late as topics for convessation. For instance, there was that marriage of Anthony's former plaything to the military-looking parson, who had formerly been curate at Kingshouse; and the escape they had had in the late earthquake on the Riviera—so soon after their marriage, too; such an uncomfortable experience! But how well they behaved! Then Lady Elizabeth received a letter from her mother which froze the blood about her heart, and flung her into the very depths of moral perplexity.

Anne had, naturally enough, written to her mother the full account of what had happened—not only the story as the press gave it, but that other even graver fact of how she met that infamous couple—those sad and fleeting forms of the modern Francesca and Paolo, for whom she had not had the great Florentine's sweet pity. She told, instead, how she had confronted these sinful outcasts, denounced them as impure, and branded them with their shame in the face of the world; how she had refused to remain under the same roof with one whose unhallowed wedding-ring, that desecrated symbol—twice desecrated—soiled the purity of her own wedding-wreath; how she had seen them cast forth like sin-laden goats, bearing the burden of their guilt with them.

It was not long after this letter that Anthony and Lady Elizabeth found themselves alone in the gardens at Upperfold. Mr. Smythe Smith had gone for the day to the nearest town; Mrs. Smythe Smith had a headache and was invisible. Lady Elizabeth had refused the offer of a solitary drive with the coachman in the dog-cart, or of a solitary ride with the groom through the lanes. She would content herself with the garden, she said, being of that sweet, unselfish kind who are so soon content. While walking there in the higher shrubbery, Anthony rode through the gate, and caught sight of her in her leafless bower, where, however, snow-drops and early celandine were springing at her feet, and the hawthorn twigs were showing red and green. He gave his horse to the groom when he learned that Mrs. Smythe Smith was not visible, and strode off to join his friend, who came down the path to meet him. She was more sorrowful and perplexed than he knew of. With that letter in her pocket, and his uncertainty of knowledge, though so sure conviction, it was difficult to know what to do—what was the right thing to do—to tell the truth and betray Estelle's sad secret, or keep silent and see Anthony's terrible wound still bleed unstanched. He was too miserable himself to-day to catch the trouble on her face. Old love had burned anew, old sorrow had wept afresh. The coming spring had touched him as it touched all other living things, and, with the nesting birds and budding foliage, came thoughts of Estelle.

They sat down on a sheltered seat under the hill and open to the south. For a moment there was deep silence between them; then suddenly Anthony spoke—looking not at Lady Elizabeth, but far out into the distance.

"If I only knew the truth!" he said. "If I did but know! Living or dead—false or only unhappy—which is it?"

"What would you do if you did know?" asked Lady Elizabeth, she, too, looking into the dim distance.

He brought his eyes back from space and fixed them on hers. He bent forward as one crouching for a spring, and laid his hand on her arm, gripping till he bruised the tender flesh as if his fingers had been made of iron.

"What would I do?" he repeated, in a low voice. He took out his revolver. "This," he said. "If false, I would kill her; if only estranged, I would woo her back to me again. But it would be this!"

Lady Elizabeth confronted him, her eyes looking as steadily into his as his into hers.

"I cannot believe you," she said, with grave rebuke. "You were not a willing murderer when I first knew you!"

"Other times other manners," he answered, with a bitter laugh. "When I first knew you I was not a disgraced husband set up for the world to ridicule. I had not loved and been betrayed. I had not a wife who had left me and her child, and hidden herself so closely away that I have never been able to find the faintest trace of her footsteps. Men are not puppets, Lady Elizabeth; least of all, such a man as I."

"But to commit murder for revenge is being worse than a puppet," she returned, steadily. "It is being the mere creature of your own passions, guided and governed by them and not by yourself."

"Not in the least," he said, in the same bitter manner. "I assure you I should take her life, if I found she had been false to me, as deliberately as I would kill a snake or any other living thing whose nature is to work woe to men. She should not have the chance to break another honest man's heart, nor wreck another honorable home!"

"You seem to forget that there is such a virtue as forgiveness," she said.

"Forgiveness is for fools," he returned. "Strong men never forgive."

"On the contrary," she answered, quickly, "it is the strong only who can forgive—who dare to be magnanimous. It is the weak who must have revenge when they are injured, because they are too weak and too vain to forgive."

"You are explicit, at all events," said Anthony, his lip lifted and his dark eye blazing.

"Because I respect you more than you respect yourself," was her reply. "Because what seems to you quite a natural and lawful thing to do, now in the moment of your anger, seems to me a dishonor against your nobler self—high treason against the real man you are."

"Sugar to coat the pill!" he said.

She laid her hand on his and looked at him with more love than she knew of shining in her clear eyes.

"No; friendship and respect shown in the very fact of daring to say unpleasant truths; belief in the real man in spite of the false appearance born of anger and distress."

She spoke from her heart, and her voice was as soft and musical as her feeling was pure and tender. But Anthony was in no mood to be witched or softened.

"And I suppose you would have me to be one of your curd-blooded crew?" he said, with a sneer. "You would have me take her back from her paramour, when he had tired of her, and reinstate her here at Thrift as its mistress and my wife? Then I would be 'magnanimous,' 'noble,' 'manly,' and all the rest of the litany which women intone for the benefit of an erring sister whom they choose to take under their protection. Thank you. That is not quite my style, Lady Elizabeth; I should not have thought it yours."

"I do not wish you to take her back to Thrift if she has left you for any one else," answered Lady Elizabeth; "but I should like you to forgive her all the same, whatever she has done, and not to harbor such dark and deadly thoughts as you do."

For all answer he took out his revolver again, and looked at it, touching it caressingly,

"This *ultima ratio regum*," he said, half below his breath; "and of outraged husbands too!"

"I am sorry," said Lady Elizabeth, rising. "I feel as if I had lost a friend by something worse than death."

"You have lost one by her own dishonor," was his hasty reply.

"And the other by his inhuman passion," she answered.

"So be it," he said, also rising in hot anger. "If I have to keep Lady Elizabeth Inchbold's friendship only by making a cur of myself, I must forfeit it. I am used to suffering, and prefer this with self-respect to ease and cowardice."

He met her lofty rebuke as loftily. From his own stand-point he was right and she was wrong. For a woman, perhaps, she might have something to say for herself; but for him, a man, she was decidedly wrong.

Lady Elizabeth was a saint, but she was also a woman. She held fast by her sense of good, and she was faithful in her abhorrence of evil; but the person counted for something, and she was not one to quarrel with a friend so dear as Anthony Harford. Besides, if a coolness sprang up between them, who would Estelle then have as her advocate when the time came, as it must and would, sooner or later, for Anthony to know the truth? It was her duty to keep on good terms with him for the sake of that poor ill-fated girl.

"Do not let us quarrel," she said, offering her hand, her grave eyes suspiciously full and bright. "We have been friends from the first—let us keep so to the end."

For a moment the proud man in Anthony, dressed in the brief authority of the offended, supplicated, looked coldly at this dear Delight. It was such a sweet moment—this of her offered hand and prayer for forgiveness—he could not deny its enjoyment. It was only for a moment—the very briefest; then the better self prevailed, and he took the fair woman's hand in both of his and carried it to his lips.

"Yes, we must always be friends," he said, in a moved voice. "My life would indeed be dreary without your friendship. Love and happiness left me with her—my good angel would go with you!"

"Let me be your good angel," said Lady Elizabeth, fervently. "Let me have some real influence over you!"

"Where you may," he answered, gravely. "But there are parts of a man's nature—tracts of thought and feeling—where no one ought to have influence; least of all a woman."

"I shall know when I come upon them," was her enigmatical reply; and then they talked of something else, or rather they did not for a few minutes talk of anything at all.

"She will never touch that subject again," thought Anthony, as he walked by his dear Delight's side and breathed a little deeper because he had reduced her to his will.

(To be Continued).

The Great Lesson of Life.

One day, at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 22nd of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishing that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great round globe which we inhabit and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue-jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he held up had no thumb on it. It hurt like the mischief, I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it. He was a brave man or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would think it was the only thumb in the whole United States Army, and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wails, went shrieking up from the sarcastic line of the men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another soldier came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan fell from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. Tenderly they laid him down in the shadow of a great oak; his lips parted to speak a message to some one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt; but he died like a king. Oh, my boy! don't yell the lungs out of you over a mashed thumb, when, only three files down the lines, a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us; there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think; there are people who don't care, and there are thick-skinned people who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick-hided race; in fact the air is full of darts and arrows and singing bullets all the time, and its dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "holler" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt they must moan; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them?—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Tall Girl in a Short Frock.

The tall girl with the short frock is out on the street again in a last year's dress, and there is no law to prevent her from appearing on the public promenade in the abbreviated skirts of the ballet dancer. The casual observer merely wonders if she has her younger sister's dress on; the careful observer notes her awkwardness, her ungainly length of limb, and hopes she is not a sufferer from a sensitive nature. She is taller than her mother, her feet are obtrusive, and every sympathizing person longs to sew a flounce of red flannel around the edge of her dress and break up that frightful monotony of length. The excuse generally offered is that the girl is very young, only 11 or 13, as the case may be, but that is no reason at all for dressing her in an outlandish fashion. If she has reached a woman's stature, keeping her in short dresses does not diminish the fact. Let her wear the pretty half-long frocks, which can be made to look as youthful or childish as her age requires. She is a melancholy object as she is now in her stilted short frocks, as if she were rehearsing for a spectacular show.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Oklahoma Notes.

Dead Horse Opera House.—Third tent from the *Squatter* office on the west. Artistic variety performance every evening! Popular prices! All firearms must be checked with the doorkeeper. Come one, come all!

Society notes.—The accomplished Miss Lulu Grady, late of Wichita, is making a short stay with friends from St. Louis, in the red waggon in the hollow over north of the creek.

A bear strayed into Dead Horse Saturday night, and in trying to get at a barrel of pork in the tail of Judge Clocum's waggon on Arbutus street, turned over the whole outfit. The Judge got tangled up in the waggon cover and came near being smothered. Mrs. Judge Slocum had an ankle sprained. The dogs finally ran the bear out of town.

Boards have arrived for the new Swedenborgian Church on Mary Ann street. It is expected the structure will be finished Tuesday. Dead Horse is booming.—*New York Tribune.*

The "Reference Handibook of the Medical Science," speaking of kidney disease, says: "Often symptoms on the part of other organs, palpitation, dyspepsia, difficult breathing, headaches or weak vision first impel the patient to seek advice." The symptoms mislead both the physician and patient. The only safe method of treatment is a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure. It not only secures healthy action of the kidneys, but cures the symptoms of disease.

At the Sunday School.

"And now, children," said the Superintendent, benignantly, "are there any questions you would like to ask before we leave this lesson?"

"How long did it take you to get all the pigs in the pen the first time you tried?" inquired the sweet little girl on the front seat.

The Highland Association of Illinois unanimously adopted a resolution condemning the New York State Senate for discourtesy shown to Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The word "safe" is from the Latin "salvare," to save, preserve. Safe indicates freedom from harm or danger; sound, unscathed, undamaged, secure, whole, as, safe from disease.

It is likewise regarded as conferring safety, to be relied upon. Its synonyms are secure, unendangered, sure. The term is defined by lexicographers as wholesome, healthful, promoting health.

How fitting the word, as applied to Warner's Safe Remedies, which meet every requirement of both materia medica and etymology.

Their use protects from disease, and is a safeguard to the entire race.

Warner's Safe Cure has been extensively used in this and every other civilized country, and is recognized as the most beneficial remedy known to man. It has long been recognized (though not publicly) by the medical profession as the most valuable compound for the general restoration of the human system, by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, as when these great organs are restored to a healthy action then the poisonous waste matter is expelled by the only blood-purifying organs of the system.

Few are aware that the kidneys are the only organs that purify the blood.

Fancy the danger of poisoned blood continually coursing through the body—65 gallons of blood per hour, or 48 barrels per day, passes through the kidneys, yet the unsuspecting regard them as of little importance until they are stricken down. Poisoned blood engenders general debility, pneumonia, lung and bronchial troubles, paralysis, apoplexy, heart complications, rapidly falling eye-sight, scrofulous and cancerous sores, and other serious maladies, which might be averted if the kidneys properly performed their work and expelled the poisonous, waste matter.

When the medical profession will strike at the root instead of hewing the branches, then we can hope for a happy relief from many of the ills of the present day. When diseases are called by their right names, and the real causes of death are made known, instead of death from symptoms of kidney disease, it is then that the people will become more fully aware of the terrible fatality of diseases caused by imperfect action of the kidneys.

From the Northwest.

The body of an unknown man was found in Fort Rouge this afternoon with a bullet-hole through his head and a revolver by his side. It was apparently a case of suicide.

Johnnie McLeod, the third victim of the High Bluff tragedy, died at midnight at the hospital. The remains have gone West for burial.

A man named Playfair, wanted on a charge of forgery at Lindsay, Ont., was arrested at Minnedosa to-day on the strength of a telegram from the Lindsay Chief of Police.

Gabriel Dumont was presented with an address by the Half-breeds of St. Vital on Saturday.

W. Gordon, on trial for forgery at the city Police Court to-day, obtained the criminating cheque, and, before he could be seized, chewed it up and swallowed it. He thought he was destroying the only evidence that would convict him, but as the evidence had been heard it will only make matters worse.

A troop of mounted infantry while exercising their horses yesterday afternoon about a mile from the city, discovered the body of a man in a sitting position against a tree. There was a revolver in his right hand and a bullet hole in his temple. It looked like a case of suicide, the only circumstances denoting foul play being the fact of his pockets being turned inside out. The police have been unable to discover, thus far, who the man is, but have some reason to think his name is W. Thompson.

Belle Starr's Fascination.

Despite her lack of beauty, Belle Starr, the female bandit recently killed in Indian Territory, had a wonderful power of fascination over men she cared to influence. On one occasion a wealthy cattleman whom she met at Dallas entrusted her with $2,500, and she clung to it so tenaciously that its owner never got it back again. She was arrested and convicted for breach of trust, but before sentence could be pronounced the cattleman rose in court and said: "Judge, it's all a darned lie. She ain't got a nickel of my money, and if she has she kin keep it. I wouldn't see her sent up for twice the sum." Belle was then released and rejected a proposal of marriage from the complaining witness. At the time of her death Belle was engaged in writing her autobiography for publication, in which she was to present many thrilling incidents in her wild life. She is said to have been a clever writer, employing good clear English, with a rare strength of character-drawing and accuracy.—*From a Eufaula (I.T.) Letter.*

The Bitter End of It.

Brother Tom—Why do you let that little cad pay you so much attention? I told you he was nothing but a frippish dude.

Miss Curlingham—Heavens, Tom, I thought you said British duke! and I've about half promised to marry him.

Get Out Your Dictionaries.

The Chicago *News* says: Our list of English words ending in "cion" is, up to this date, as follows:

Scion.
Nescion.
Phocion.
Suspicion.
Coercion.

We should like to know the rest, if any more are to be had.

Mamma Ruled Out.

She—If you attempt to kiss me I'll call mamma.

He—All right, call her! I'd rather kiss two than one.

She—Then I guess I won't call her.

Judged by the enormous rush of fools, it is doubtful if many angels are treading the precincts of Oklahoma.—*Troy Times.*

The 4-year-old son of Mr. J. G. Jackson, Port Hope, fell on Wednesday, striking his chin on a table. The child's teeth nearly severed his tongue. The doctor had to place him under chloroform and put in a stitch.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A SMALL parcel of 100,000 new sovereigns, of the Jubilee pattern, for 1889, have just been put in circulation in Great Britain, The die, of course, retains all its questionable artistic features, but the milling appears to have undergone improvement.

THE "speech from the throne" is a genuine ceremony in Sweden. It is delivered by stalwart King Oscar himself, clad in white ermine trimmed with red and gold, wearing a crown of gold upon his head, and bearing a jewelled sceptre in his hand. He has a fine voice, and is a graceful and eloquent orator.

HORACE GREELEY: I protest against presuming an editor a libeler because, in the routine of his vocation, the line of his duty, he prints information which may prove inaccurate or wholly erroneous, without fairly exposing him to the presumption that he was impelled to utter it by a malevolent spirit, a purpose to injure or degrade.

A REPORT comes by way of Germany that a novel use of electricity has been made in India for the prevention of the intrusion of snakes into dwellings. Before all the doors and around the house two wires are laid, connected with an induction apparatus. Should a snake attempt to crawl over the wires, he receives a shock of electricity which either kills or frightens him into a hasty retreat.

THE *Medical Press* says there is a talk of applying telephones to the infectious wards of the French hospitals, so as to enable the sick people isolated in their contagious sufferings to have the comfort of hearing their relatives' voices without any risk of conveying infection by an interview. It certainly is a very humane idea, and would not, one would think, be a very costly one to carry out.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kansas, is the chief cut fitting point for Oklahoma boomers, and the *Traveller* newspaper of that town estimates that of all the thousands who have come there *en route* for Oklahoma, but 250 intend to be farmers. The others are mechanics, laborers, merchants and professional men, all who expect to live off the 250. It is to be feared that such a social fabric may be found somewhat top-heavy.

IT is rumored that "General" Booth, who has been for so many years the responsible commander of the Salvation Army, is about to retire in favor of his eldest son, Mr. Bramwell Booth. Some of the religious papers on the other side of the Atlantic call attention to the rumor as bearing upon a very peculiar example of family property. Hereditary commander in the command of the Salvation Army is noted as a peculiarity.

REV. CANON WILBERFORCE says of Ireland in the *Contemporary Review*: "During the last fifty years, the reign of Queen Victoria, in spite of certain ameliorations wrung with difficulty from the British Parliament, we have the horrible record, under the cold arithmetic of which lies hid an aggregate of agony indescribable: Died of famine, 1,225.000; evicted by landlords, 3,668,000; emigrated, 6,186,000; land gone out of tillage in the last twenty years, 100,000 acres; good land now waiting for reclamation, 1,500,000 acres."

SWIMMING about without any visible means of support appears to be a kind of petty misdemeanor in the Straits Settlements. A Malay was found the other night "swimming aimlessly about in the harbor at Singapore," and, as he could give no satisfactory account as to how he came in the water, he was "roped in" by the water police, and locked up. The next day he was brought before the magistrate, charged as above, but, having a good character, he was discharged, after being severely admonished, and warned not to go "swimming about aimlessly" any more.

NO SEA ROMANCER ever introduced a more novel expedient than that by which Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, of the United States warship Trenton, saved the lives of his crew. Finding that his ship was going on the reef he ordered the entire crew to mass themselves solidly in the port rigging. This made a living sail-area of 4,000 square feet, and threw a weight of 35 tons just where it was needed. Though minus both rudder and screw, the Trenton answered to this device and drew back into the bay. Lieut. Brown richly deserves recognition at the hands of Congress. His act was a stroke of genius, which only the best of discipline in his ship could carry out.

THE Chicago *Tribune* does not consider woman suffrage in the far west to be a success. In Utah, it points out, woman suffrage was given an extended trial, but Congress had to disfranchise the female voters because the Mormon women were completely under the control of the Church authorities and voted solidly in support of polygamy. In Kansas the female voters of the cities made no attempt to "purify politics," but as a rule voted the same way as their husbands, fathers or brothers. Where one woman voted against her husband and for the better, another took like freedom, but cast her ballot for the worse. In Leavenworth, Atchison, Wichita and Topeka the municipalities were carried for misrule by the votes of the women.

IN probably no country in the world, says an English exchange, "has the telephone come into more general use than in Sweden. Not only can Stockholm boast the most perfect telephonic arrangements of any capital, in addition to the largest per centage of telepone subscribers, but the east coast and the west coast will soon be in telephonic communication, a line between Stockholm and Gothenburg being in course of erection. Many small towns are in telephonic communication with each other, and the number of subscribers is constantly increasing. In Malmo, for instance, which has about 40,000 inhabitants, there are 600 subscribers. This town is connected with about thirty smaller towns and country places, with subscribers ranging between 200 and 10."

THE total tobacco consumption of Europe, according to the *Uhlands Wochenschrift*, is about 2¼ pounds to each inhabitant. In the Netherlands the proportion is a little over 7 pounds to each inhabitant; in Austria-Hungary, 3.8 pounds; in Denmark, 3.7 pounds; in Switzerland, 3.3 pounds; in Belgium, 3.2 pounds; in Germany, 3 pounds; in Norway, 2.3 pounds; in France, 2.1 pounds; in Sweden, nearly 2 pounds; in Spain, 1.7 pounds; in Great Britain and Ireland, 1.34 pounds; in Italy, 1.25 pounds, and in Russia 1.2 pounds. In the United States the proportion is said to be greater than that of any European country except Holland—4¼ pounds per inhabitant. The largest revenues derived from tobacco are obtained in France, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Spain and Italy.

A LEADING Philadelphia physician professes to have discovered why so many persons afflicted with bronchitis and kindred diseases of the respiratory organs are able to associate their contraction with taking a nap. This is the result of his prolonged inquiry: "I found that there was no draught; no sudden transition from heat to cold; no wet clothing; that there was not any of the usual causes, but in every instance I discovered microscopical fungi on the lounge or wherever the subject of the disease had reclined. These exist in the form of mildews, smuts and molds. They belong to the conomycetes, hyphomycetes and physomycetes, all of which bear spores. I, therefore, look upon this coincidence as attributable to the inhalation of these spores, for they must necessarily be a source of irritation to the mucous membrane which lines the air passages. There is an immunity acquired by having plenty of natural light, ventilation and dryness."

Latest from Ireland.

Dr. Hamilton, editor of the *Witness*, has been appointed President of Queen's College, Belfast.

Mr. Thomas A. Dickson, M.P., has left Dublin on his way to Buenos Ayres for a three months' visit.

The dead body of John Maher, florist, 11 North Strand, Dublin, was found in the Royal Canal the other day.

At Drogheda last week Peter Connelly Town Clerk, was sentenced to five weeks imprisonment for abusing a policeman.

Sir Arthur Mitchell, K.C.B., has been appointed Chairman of a Departmental Committee to inquire into certain matters relating to lunacy administration in Ireland.

The Protestant farmers on an estate in South Tyrone have demanded the compulsory sale of their farms. They declare that unless this is done they must join the Home Rule movement.

The Magistrates at Stradbally Petty Sessions have granted warrants for the eviction of 40 tenants on the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate at Luggacurran who owed three years' rent and have joined the Plan of Campaign.

Mr. Clifford Lloyd has consented, for £750, to allow a road to run round Killiney Hill, which will open up a beautiful view of the scenery of Dublin Bay and coast line, but the expected boon is likely to be marred by the erection of a high wall, intercepting the view at the finest point.

The will has been proved of Mr. James Campbell of Lorne, Craigavad, county Down, the personalty being £238,000. Provision is made for founding and endowing a college and an hospital about Belfast, the former to be called the Campbell College and the latter the Campbell Hospital.

The Unassuming Toad.

Talk about blue birds and robins being harbingers of spring, the old-fashioned toad lays over them all. He is modest and unassuming, and doesn't make any pretentions to being a weather prophet, but he gets there just the same. He can't boast any brilliant plumage, and doesn't fly as high as his feathered rivals, but when it comes down to good, solid horse sense he takes the cake. When he tunes his little pipe and begins his merry-go-round of melody you can bet your winter's clothes he won't get left. This lowly child of melody knows a good thing when he sees it, and never begins operations till spring has been on hand a couple of weeks.

A Model Ball Dress.

At the Centennial Ball in New York Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President, wore a dress of the richest gros grain, cut en princesse. The waist displays an applique of silver and pearl trimming and is filled with gauze to the neck, held in place by a band of ostrich feathers. The transparent sleeves reach to the elbow and are also bordered with ostrich feather bands, which edge the skirt and disappear beneath the long silk train. The front is entirely draped with superb embroidery in the Grecian key pattern, worked in silver and pearls, meeting panels of silver brocade.

Miss Beacon Hill—"I cannot marry you, Mr. Brighton. Our families are not sufficiently equal. Mine were among the first settlers in America." Mr. Brighton—"No one has better reason to appreciate that fact than I have, Miss Beacon Hill. One of my ancestors was the English sheriff who superintended your family's embarkation."—*Chicago Journal.*

The Chinaman afflicted with leprosy who was recently put off the Canadian Pacific Railway at Brandon has been shipped across the line.

A vicious horse is like a nail—no woman can drive it.

"Johnny," said the father, severely, "are you still reading that history?" "Yes, father." "Well, you drop it pretty quick and hustle out with your baseball bat and go practising. If you ain't careful you never will get to be famous."

Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, whose religious poems and hymns have been widely read, has become a confirmed invalid and is unable to conduct his own correspondence. He is now in his 81st year.

A carpenter can seldom be as handsome as his wife, because he is generally a deal plainer.

The best thing yet discovered for seasickness is port.

—"Clara," he whispered, ardently, "do you think you could bring yourself to marry me?" "No, George," she answered, with a sad little smile. "I couldn't very well bring myself; I'm so timid. You might bring me, though, George."

TOYS THAT TALK.

Wonders of Phonographic Playthings—Singing Birds, Cats and Lambs.

"The phonograph promises to afford as much recreation to children as it does interest to grown folks," so said M. P. Handy, the European manager of the great corporation which now controls the phonograph and graphophone industry, to a New York *Mail* reporter. "You have heard of the phonographic doll if you have not as yet seen one, but unless you have seen it you can form no idea of how naturally and charmingly it talks, laughs, cries and sings. This is the first step in a long line of phonographic toys upon which our inventors are now at work. When these are put upon the market they will create a wonderful sensation. Among them may be mentioned phonographic animals. These are toys made out of papier-mache, pasteboard, composition and other material, each and all of which are strong and durable. Each animal contains in his interior a phonograph, which, when set in motion, produces all the natural cries of the original. There is a cat that purrs, meows, spits and caterwauls in the most approved style; a horse that neighs and whinnies; a dog that barks, snaps and howls, and a sheep that bleats in a way that would deceive the mother ewe. By using a megraphonic attachment the amount of noise may be increased to almost any desired extent. Much more interesting than the phonographic animals are the phonographic birds; we have secured the melodies of the lark, the linnet, finch, robin and canary bird, and can reproduce them indefinitely. With canary birds the success is notable. We have preserved in metal the entire repertoire of a number of the finest bred and highest priced birds in the market, and by combining the songs of two or three into one whole we have an artificial canary that will outsing any natural one whatever. The phonographic orchestra and the phonographic miniature theatre are other novelties soon to be produced. In the former a band of little images, dressed up in glaring military colors, are seated on the stage as in some great concert, or stood around the drum major as on a parade. The moment the phonograph is set going each little musician moves his hands and instruments in natural style, while the cylinder inside reproduces the music of a full orchestra with startling fidelity. In the theatre we can reproduce all the spoken parts of the play. Another novelty that is half a toy and half a luxury will be the great boon to all mothers whose young children insist on being sung to before going to sleep. It is a phonograph into which a lady has sung her best songs at her leisure, and which is placed near the crib or cradle. A mere touch upon a spring starts the machinery and gives the child as much music as he or she may want. A singular feature of the phonograph is the fact that if the speed of the mechanism be increased the pitch of the voice it reproduces is heightened, and, on the other hand, if it be slowed, the pitch is lower. At the same time the character of the voice is not changed in the least. This odd peculiarity enables a man to hear how his voice would sound if he had been born a high tenor like Campanini, or the young girl if she had been born a basso profundo."

WHO MAKES FASHIONS.

An Inscrutable Mystery, but Some Guesses at its Solution.

Stepping into a millinery establishment I asked the lady in charge if she would tell me what might be the fashionable color for the season. "Garnet," she replied. "Garnet, sir, is all the go. Have you not observed it?" I meekly replied that female apparel was seldom observed by me, and I considered her word worth a month of careful examination on my part. Turning to go the woman called me to stop a moment. She had been listening at the telephone, and smilingly announced that it was well I had not left. "For," said she, "the fashion has changed. Old gold color will now have its reign." "Madam," I said, "will you tell me who orders this change?" "I am afraid I cannot gratify your curiosity, but will do my best."

Stepping to the telephone she gave orders to have the necessary inquiries made in New York. "We will see what can be done for you," was her reply. "No one in this office has the slightest idea, but we will ask in London and Paris." In about an hour the answer came, "We cannot find out; we do not know; nobody in the world knows." Laughing, the madam added, "I think, sir, that fashions come like the seasons; nobody is responsible for them, but everybody obeys. We are the trees that wear just such colored leaves as nature paints."

This was a pretty way of getting out of the difficulty. Her illustration was a charming one. The trees follow a tendency and unfold their leaves and fold them away without any exercise of reason, but they always do the right thing. October would be awkwards if she could swap places with May. You may be sure that when the time comes our mothers' scoop hats, as large as Arabs' tents, will loom upon us. Nobody will order it; they will come.—*New York Press.*

The Animals Suffer.

"Domestic animals in Greenland must have a hard life of it," she said. "Why so?" he asked. "Because," she explained, giving him a stony stare, "the people of that country have no doors to their houses, and when a man gets mad at his wife's cooking, or comes home and finds dinner ten minutes late, and no door to slam, he must necessarily kick the cat or dog clear across the room to relieve his feelings."

A Child's Singular Death.

The young son of Mr. Martin, estate gardener at Hassobury, Bishop's Stortford, has just died under singular circumstances. A lady visitor was attempting to kiss him, when the boy ran away and accidentally knocked his head against the corner of a table, causing his death.—*Trowbridge (Eng.) Chronicle.*

The father of Lewis Hayden, the well-known colored man who recently died in Boston, was once sold to Henry Clay for a pair of horses.

The late Aaron White, of Connecticut, got together five tons of pennies during his lifetime, and probably died happy in the thought.

DON'T NAG.

BY KATE THORN.

Whatever else you do, young wife, don't "nag" the man you have married. Burn his bread, give him pies and cake that you learned to make at the cooking school, allow his heels and his toes the inestimable privilege of free ventilation, spend his money, if you can get it to spend; but, for sweet charity's sake, don't "nag" him.

A husband is a fellow-creature. He has rights which ought to be respected. And a fault finding woman is worse than a smoking chimney in a perpetual northeast rainstorm.

The nagging woman will meet her husband in the hall and open fire on him before he gets off his overcoat.

"James, did you get that braid I sent for? No! Well, I hardly expected you would. This is the third time you have forgotten it. Why didn't I write it down? Write it down! Dear me! if I was a man, and managed a business like yours, I'd see if I couldn't remember such a little thing as ten cents' worth of braid without having it down in black and white.

"Now, James, I must speak to you about that sink pipe before I forget it. It leaks into the cellar. We shall all die of diphtheria and typhoid fever if that pipe is not attended to. I had the headache all night and it must have been the gas from that pipe. No, James, it was not the cold cabbage I ate just before going to bed. Indeed, it was not. How absurd you are!

"And there is Mary Ann so put out with the coal at the bottom of the bin that she declares she will give notice to-morrow. And dear mother just coming to make her annual visit, too!

"And the man that painted the front door was here yesterday with his bill. Such a bill! Ten dollars for painting a door! Why, I could have painted it myself for half that money.

"And oh, James, I do wish we could have stained glass in our hall, as the Joneses have got in theirs! I'm sure Jones doesn't make any more money than you do, and stained glass has such an aristocratic look. It impresses one, when one goes into a house, to meet it. Can't afford it? Well, I am not at all disappointed. I expected that was what you would say. That's what you always say when I have particularly set my heart on anything. It does seem, James, as if you sat up nights to study out how to vex and thwart me! Oh, dear! how much better off a woman is not to marry! If I had only known as much before marriage as I know now—— But there! it's no use to wish! James, if we can't have anything else like other folks, I should like for you to wipe your boots before you step into the parlor. Of course, I don't expect that you will do so, now that you know that I want you to; but I thought I would speak of it. Some men are so careless! But, then, others are not. Now, there is Mr. Roberts. He never carries in a grain of dirt, I've heard his wife say, time and again, and he puts on his slippers in the hall.

"James, the clothes-wringer handle is broken. Mary Ann declared yesterday that she'd never try to wring another rag of clothes with it. And I declare, James, you must speak to the milkman. The milk this morning was blue as the sky. Oh, dear, I wish you would put down that newspaper long enough for me to tell you about it. Reading about Harrison's new appointments, are you? Well, do let them wait. There's been too much fuss about them already. I hate politics! A man is always reading politics when his wife wants to talk to him about household matters."

And then she goes out of the room in a pet, and slams the door behind her.

Don't be like her.

WHILE IN THE BLUES.

What to Do With Letters Written During Transient Moods of Irritation.

Most women, unless they are absorbed in professional work or a favorite pursuit which takes both time and strength, desire "success in society," and none are insensible to the pleasure which many friends and numerous attentions bestow. The accident of birth and the possession of wealth give great advantages, but these possessions will not secure "success" unless tact, a desire to please and other attractive personal qualities command attention. In a "manual of good manners" Lydia E. White points out the road to social success, chiefly through illustrations and anecdote, making a book that is unusually pleasant reading and one that contains instruction. She strengthens one excellent rule in letter writing by the following story: "President Raymond, of Vassar College, was noted in his family for his moderation and homely wisdom. One day his sister, who thought she had reason to be annoyed with an acquaintance, wrote her an indignant epistle, which she sent by one of her children to her brother, that he might give her his opinion before she sent it away. The child came back directly, saying: 'Uncle John has read this, and he says as you have probably freed your mind by writing it you had better throw it into the fire.'" Good counsel that for all who write letters in transient moods of irritation and anger which will pass in reflective hours. No better advice could be contained in a book of etiquette. The people who "never write a letter and never burn one" have the most peaceful existence, while those who have a habit of transcribing their angry passions upon paper probably know the full meaning of the phrase, "in hot water."—*Boston Journal.*

At a Fashionable Wedding.

Mr. Onlooker—Humph! The fair bride looks heart-broken.

Mrs. Onlooker—Yes, and the groom seems mad enough to kill somebody.

I'll bet a dollar she has struck him already for a spring bonnet.

Otherwise Innocent.

Old Cashbox (to applicant for clerkship)—Have you any bad habits, young man?

Applicant (with humility)—Well, yes, sir; I sometimes think I drink too much cold water with my meals.

Dangerous Conversation.

She—What are you saying?

He—I was talking to myself.

She—Take care, you are conversing with a flatterer.—*Sophie Arnould.*

SALTING A TENDERFOOT.

An Illustration of the Fact that Providence Works in a Mysterious Way.

A dozen years ago, when eastern tenderfoot capitalists were as thick as blackberries in the west, and every single man of them was ready to buy a silver mine before breakfast, four of us who had jumped an old claim in Nevada put up a job to catch a sucker. We went down about twelve feet with a shaft, struck "indications," and then raked and scraped for specimens to "salt" with. We sold our revolvers and everything else we could spare, and when we had the bait ready not one of us could have put up enough money to pay a week's board in advance.

We placed our figures at $20,000, and as I was the smoothest talker of the quartette I was selected as the spider to walk the fly into our parlor. I went up to Virginia City, and after a couple of days I got hold of a Boston man. He was not only green, but powerful anxious to be taken in. He was loaded down with money and overflowing with confidence. Our first conversation ran about as follows:

"Are you looking for an investment in mining property?"

"I am, sir. Have you anything in that line?"

"Yes, sir. I own a one-fourth interest in a claim which we believe to be very rich."

"One-fourth? Oh, I want the whole thing. I don't want no partners in this enterprise."

"But I think you can buy all of us out."

"That alters the case. I'll look at your claim and make you an offer."

I took him out there. I don't believe he knew the first thing about ore, but he descended the shaft, looked around a bit, and when we had hauled him up he said:

"Doesn't seem to be overly rich, but I'll chance it. I'll give you $16,000 cash for your right, title and interest."

We closed on that, transferred our rights, and almost broke our necks to get out of the country before any climax came. The old chap was the butt of ridicule for several weeks, but people then began to laugh the other way. He got men and machinery to work, sunk three or four shafts, and inside of a year he took over $100,000 worth of ore out of that claim. Inside of three years he took out half a million, and then sold to a syndicate for double that sum. I met him after he had drawn $200,000 in Denver, and he held out his hand and said:

"Why, my dear man, I'm glad to see you. Have often wondered where you went to. It was a pity you poor fellows were obliged to sell out so cheap. Here, take a couple of hundred to get a clean shave and a new suit of clothes!"—*New York Sun.*

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

Something About the High Priest of Irish "Bulls."

A writer in the London *Spectator* says: Perhaps a few particulars about Sir Boyle Roche, the hight priest of Irish "bulls," might be interesting to your readers. He was of the ancient family of the De La Russes, of Fermoy, was member for Tralee from 1775, and was created a baronet in 1782. He began one of his speeches in the Irish House of Commons as follows: "Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes." And another began: "Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater." A letter of his is still preserved, supposed to have been written during the rebellion of '98, though it is doubtful if he ever put so many "bulls" together on paper. It is as follows:

"Dear Sir—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both bands armed. While I write this I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end, and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a standstill. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been very judiciously left behind, and by great good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard, but they had no colors nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, except pistols, cutlasses and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword, not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different, chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu! I have only time to add that I am yours in great haste.

B. R.

"P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you to write and let me know."

Haunts for the cat-a-mount—the back fences.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is very much better and her mind is nearly as unclouded as ever.

—Stella—"Oh, Bella, how glad I am I haven't seen you for ages!" Bella—"Hush! You will give us both away."

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Fishermen from Toronto and other places have been numerous.

Every thing in the Medical line at Medical Hall.

The cheese factory opened on Monday last with a large number of patrons.

Some of the boys are "camping on the old tent ground" at Feversham this week.

Wall paper, the largest assortment and cheapest at Medical Hall.

There are twelve more recruits wanted for the Flesherton company of volunteers. See adv.

Mrs. Baskerville, of Manitoulin Island, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. W. Trimble.

Messrs. M. Richardson & Co. have purchased the bankrupt stock of J.G. Anderson at 64 cents on the dollar.

A large assortment of turnip and carrot seed, at Medical Hall.

The renowned elocutionist, Mr T. C. Watson, died in New York the other day. We believe he was well known to people in this vicinity.

Fine bamboo fishing poles, from ten cents up; fish hooks, lines, and all fishermens requisites at W. Richardson's drug store.

We were slightly astray in saying that the brick work of Mr. Stinson's residence was nearly completed. We should have said the stone work.

Mr. T. Hollinger caught 21 dozen speckled trout on Wednesday of last week. Tommy is the fishermen par excellence of this burg.

A fresh lot of asbestine, in a variety of tints, at Medical Hall.

Mr. Paton's magnificent heavy draught stallion, "Baron," visits Flesherton every Friday. He was the prize winner at East Grey spring show last year.

House and lot for sale in the village of Flesherton. Apply to Robert Fawcett, senior.

Every individual interested in gardening or fruit raising should take the Canadian Horticulturist. The May number is especially fine. Can be examined at this office.

J. C. Griffiths, esq., one time partner with Mr. Damude in Flesherton, has removed from Owen Sound to Walkerton, where he will open up a first class harness shop.

There will be horse races in Shelburne on May 24, when the C.P.R. will issue return tickets at single fare. We beg to thank the Turf Association for a neat badge for the occasion.

The school bell has for a long time been suffering from biliousness, or some other disagreeable disease, but has at last recovered and its merry ding dong dings once more with a hearty ding.

Markdale will celebrate the 24th with athletic sports and games, fire works, tug of war, and a Calithumpian procession. Games to commence at 1 o'clock. A very large list of prizes for sports is offered.

Messrs. M. Richardson & Co. have purchased the bankrupt stock of J. G. Anderson at 64 cents on the dollar, and will now be in a position to offer the purchasing public such bargains as they seldom hear of.

The answer to our riddle of last week is "Rooster." Several answers have been received, such as "wood-pecker," "parrot," etc. The writer desired the name "Chanticleer" to be given as the correct answer.

Just received! A fine case of Long Clear Boneless Bacon, spiced rolled bacon, farmers cured bacon, farmers cured hams, and smoked hams, selling off very fast for cash, or eggs taken in exchange. Petch & Mitchell.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy--a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Spiker, of Manitoba, were visiting during the past week with their son-in-law, Mr. W. P. Crossley. They were en route for Dakota, where they intend to reside.

The Teachers' Association of East Grey will meet in Flesherton two weeks from to-day, May 30 and 31. Residents willing to give accommodation to the visitors would confer a favor by informing Mr. Irwin, secretary, Principal of Flesherton school.

The concert to be held on the evening of May 24, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid will take place in the Town Hall, not in the church as announced last week. The program will be a good one. Admission 15 cents.

Mr. T. Gamey, jr., who is at present with Mr. Thos. Bates at the American Sault, called upon us last week. He was down for the purpose of removing his family to their new home. Mr. Gamey pronounces the business done by friend Bates as something phenomenal.

The hot summer is here. It was terribly hot last week, but it will be hotter still for some very delinquent subscribers some of these days if they don't "whack up." Please attend to your labels at once so that you may be enabled to keep cool during the dog days.

Mr. Johnston Little, of Flesherton Station, is selling the Clokey's Patent Center-Cut mower. Farmers desiring a mower would do well to examine this machine before purchasing, as it is the best on the market. Simplest, highest draught, easiest riding and does better work than any other machine.

A despatch to the daily papers from Hespeler, Waterloo County, says that a certain gentleman captured a speckled trout measuring fifteen inches and weighing about two pounds, "the largest caught in the county of Waterloo for many years." Huh! The people of Waterloo may blow about their minnows. We catch three and four pounders here and don't have to use electricity to let the world know it. See our trout item elsewhere.

A guide to fishing and hunting resorts, published by the G.T.R. Co., has been received. Its accurracy may be judged by the information it gives concerning Kimberley. The Guide says boats may be hired there for 20 cents an hour or $1 per day. It will cost a man who finds a boat at Kimberley about $30 for the first hour, for he will require to have it built for the occasion.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Flesherton P.O. Hours

Office hours from 8 a.m. till 7 p.m. On holidays the office will be open from 9 till 9.30 a.m., and 1 till 2 p.m.

Garden Party.

A grand garden party will be held on the lawn of the Methodist parsonage, Maxwell, on Thursday, June 6. Flesherton Brass Band will be present all afternoon. See large bills for particulars.

Church Parade.

There will be a church parade of the Flesherton company of volunteers on Sunday evening next to the Methodist Church, when Rev. Mr. Shilton will preach an appropriate sermon.

24th Celebration.

Queen's Birthday, May 24, will be celebrated at Maxwell this year with games, races, calithumpian procession, etc. See large bills for list of prizes offered.

Big Fish.

The Advance can supplement its fish item of last week with a more mature one this week, and also from Priceville. Mr. Geo. Tyron, butcher, caught a speckled trout there which measured 22 inches in length and weighed 3 lbs. 2 oz. We rather calculate this mounts the pinnacle for the season of 1889. For genuine fish tails Priceville is away ahead of any place we ever knew.

A Quick Return.

Mr. J. Plewis, late of Kimberley, left for Washington Territory with his family about three weeks ago. On Saturday last he returned with disgust marked in every lineament of his features. He says there is more civilization in Flesherton in one day than can be found in Washington Territory in a year. As for bringing up a family of young folks in that benighted region he would rather be excused. Mr. Plewis and family are again living at Kimberley in the house which they sold before going away.

Barn Burned.

The large frame barn belonging to Duncan McMullin, Proton, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, together with considearble grain and one horse. Loss not known.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon funishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage.

A Good Joke.

One of the best jokes of the season was that perpetrated by a horse on three young doctors who went fishing last Thursday. They drove to the fishing grounds, unhitched the horse and placed him in an unused stable. In the evening when three tired young men arrived at the stable to hitch up they discovered that the horse had disappeared, leaving the buggy behind. It is said the anathemas hurled at that poor beast would have broken the spirit of any ordinary animal, but the runaway was serenely unconscious of it all and arrived home a long time ahead of the three straggling pedestrians who came staggering into town after dark. A horse that is worth hitching is worth hitching well.

To Maxwell.

The Advance took a drive to Maxwell on Friday last, and found that little town quiet, but the inhabitants contented and happy. We did not have sufficient time at our disposal to become acquainted with all the business men there, for (must we tell it) there was good fishing by the way, and they bit well. Three dozen was the catch for two hours. We just saw sufficient of Maxwell people to cause a desire to learn more about them, which we intend to do ere long. Vegetation has made the road to Maxwell one of the most pleasant drives in this vicinity. Fruit trees are in bloom, and in some places the wild plum trees form huge bouquets of snowy white. Again beautiful evergreens grow in great profusion along the roadside, forming an exceedingly pleasant contrast to the flowering trees, and appear cool and inviting during the hot days. Mr. Parks, of the Feversham stage, drives over this road daily, and it would repay travellers to take the trip and enjoy a pleasant bit of scenery.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendal Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies have been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Taffy—yum yum.

The Advance attended a taffy party at Kimberley on Monday evening. It is rather late in the season for a taffy party, but the enterprising and affable miller of Kimberley town, Mr. Bishop, late of the province of Quebec, had imported a large amount of the concentrated essence of maple, and thinking that the most speedy way of getting rid of his importation was to give a taffy party, the scheme was carried to a successful issue. The affair was given at the Temperance House, and attracted a large number of invited guests. Taffy was ladled out ad libitum, games, music, etc., were indulged in, and a particularly sweet time experinced by the boys and girls. There were fully fifty people present, and every one of the fifty went home satisfied that Mr. Bishop was a good hearted soul, and thankful to the Temperance House people for the entertainment provided. The Advance never was at a taffy party before—always considered ourselves sweet enough, but have changed our mind, and if the next individual who springs a taffy feed does not invite us he will think a sprig of wormwood dropped into his saucer.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Died.

McKENNY—At Thornbury, on Monday, the 13th inst., Maggie A. McKenny, aged 16 years, 3 months and 8 days.

WALTERS—At Ravenna, on the 11th inst. Mr. Wm. Walters, aged 69 years.

PHILLIPS—In Thornbury on the 11th inst., Mrs. John Phillips daughter of the late Mrs. George Brownridge, who was buried about a week ago.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 30 to [illegible]
Fall Wheat	1 05 to 1 06
Spring Wheat	1 05 1 05
Barley	0 40 0 42
Oats	0 26 0 26
Peas	0 50 0 50
Butter	0 17 0 17
Eggs, fresh	0 11 0 11
Potatoes bush.	0 20 0 25
Pork	6 10 6 50
Hay per ton	9 00 9 00
Hides	4 50 4 50
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 65 0 65
Turkeys	0 10 0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25 0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06 0 06

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Durham Bull for service.

Mr Alex. Stewart lot 17, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull for service [illegible]

TERMS $1 payable 1st Feb., 1890. For four cows or over a liberal reduction will be made.

NOTICE

At the annual meeting of the Flesherton Cemetery Trust it was resolved to request all plot holders to turn out on the 24th of May to clean up and improve the cemetery grounds or their own plots if preferred.

M. RICHARDSON
W. BARNHOUSE } Committee.
W. CLAYTON

TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMESIA.

COURT OF REVISION.

Notice is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court of Revision for Township of Artemesia, 1889, will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on

Monday, 3rd day of June, 1889

All parties interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Dated this 14th of May 1889.

W. J. BELLAMY, Clerk.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T. S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc.
Late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson,

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Monday's Ex to 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L.D.S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office, Strain's Building, FLESHERTON.

A. A. CRESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager.

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance affected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS.

Gladiolus and Dahlias.

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety. Cinnerarias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutillons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Polargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower. In

BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Xanthus, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget-Me-Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy.

VEGETABLE PLANTS.

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber.

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly.

JAMES BEECROFT,

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

GO TO

BLACKBURN'S

—FOR—

FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS.

A large stock always on hand. Dealer in

FRESH and CURED MEATS, NEW LARD, BOLOGNA, ETC.

BUY YOUR BEEF

—AT—

BLACKBURN'S

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor, in

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line, and would invite patronage.

Hair cutting, shaving, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.

WM. NELSON.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,

Flesherton.

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once and success is assured. Write FRED E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE!

Building lot in the village of Flesherton. Apply at this office, or to ANGUS McLEOD, Flesherton Station.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen. Rochester, N. Y.

VOLUNTEERS

Attention

12 RECRUITS Wanted!

No. 6 company of volunteers will meet in the drill shed, Flesherton, every Thursday and Saturday evening at 7 o'clock until further orders, for drill purposes. Signed,

J. J. FIELD, Lieut.
C. J. SPROULE, Lieut

J. E. MOORE,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

—AND—

FURNITURE DEALER.

Keeps Constantly on Hand

—— AT THE ——

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms

DURHAM Street

FLESHERTON.

A FULL LINE OF

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

of every description.

SpecialtieS

FOR

THIS MONTH

BABY CARRIAGES

THOMAS' celebrated

ORGANS,

New Raymond Sewing Machines

SPRING BEDS,

SEA GRASS & WOOL

MATRESSES

We are offering special bargains in above lines during May, as we find it necessary to materially enlarge and improve our place of business. We will give a further

DISCOUNT

of 10 per cent on all

CASH SALES

This extraordinary offer should reduce our stock at least $500.00 above the ordinary trade.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

School Matters.

MR. EDITOR,—Your "Flesherton Station" correspondent still persists that there were and are fifty bonafide resident children in the station section. The assessor under oath declares there are not? Which is to be believed?

The Government takes the census of the assessor as a basis for the distributions of the school monies to the townships annually. It is clear, therefore that if this section be reported one hundred per cent. less than the number in it, a grave injustice is done to other sections. But almost personal knowledge leads me to assert that the assessor's report is correct or approximately so. A mere *ipse dixit* weighs nothing at all as testimony, in face of official facts and figures. It is not pleasant to expose a matter that is settled for the time being, and, but for the bold assertions of your correspondent, against facts and reason, nothing would be attempted. Children were given that were not residents according to statute; some were over age, whilst others were under. Some, it is said, were imported for the occasion. The mere assertions of teachers were taken, no oaths were administered. It was plain sailing and the thing was done, and no body feels bad about it but themselves. But your facile correspondent will always fail if he attempts to convince by erroneous statements. The school population in said section stands higher for 1889 than for any previous year—27 is the number now reported—there is therefore some hopes for the future. The average attendance for 1888, including outsiders was 21. Certainly it denotes a very healthy state for its interest in educational work. TYRONE.

To The Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—In looking over your issue of the 9th I was sorry to find that Mr. W. J. Blakeston has taken offence, by misunderstanding certain passing jokes between "Oben" and myself. Who Oben is I do not know, but as he, like myself, was an Advance correspondent, I felt more free in joking with him (and I hope to hear from him again.) I never intended any "slur" upon the "teacher," much less upon the "pupils," of "Hillside Academy," nor even referred to either of them. As Oben had been criticising (good naturedly) my "English," I merely gave him a brush back again, by suggesting a term in the school with such a high sounding title, as a cure for my errors.

If the ironical praise lavished on a certain portion of a program, rendered at a late entertainment, is what sticks in Mr. B's gizzard, then I have no remedy for him. Although I do not know who the committee of management were, or under whose direction said entertainment was gotten up, yet I say that certain portions of the program, as reported by Oben, were liable to criticism, and in fact would not be tolerated in many school sections in this country.

My limited acquaintance with Mr. P. did not result in any "grudge" or ill will whatever, and he is an efficient teacher for aught I know, but I think that the Professor of "Hillside" should show his education and good breeding by withholding his pet "Anglo-Saxon four-lettered word" (which sounds so very bad coming from professional lips) until he received the explanation that he requested.

Hoping that the explanation here offered will satisfy all parties concerned, and thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space occupied, I remain your poor correspondent who innocently ran into a hornet's nest.

Priceville, May 13, 1889.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

Very fine dry weather.

Trout fishing is all the rage just now, last week Mr. W. Conkey hauled in a trout weighing 1 lb. 14 oz. but the next half hour Mr. Geo. Tryon captured one that turned the scale at 3 lb. 2 oz. Rather difficult to beat ain't it. Several others also caught specimens weighing from one to two pounds.

Last Sunday evening two or three South line young men, on their way home, threw a stone and broke the window glass in Mr. Robt. Reid's house, on the Durham Road. One of the rowdies returned next day and tried to settle the affair, making the excuse that he was drunk. Perhaps if our License Inspector would wake up, he might find out where intoxicating liquor was dispensed on Sunday.

Mrs. Robertson, a lady of advanced years, after an illness of two or three weeks duration, passed away on Sunday. The funeral took place on Tuesday. She was the mother of the Conkey brothers.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Since I last wrote there has been some very unfavorable weather for the thrifty farmer who had nearly all his land plowed last fall, fully expecting in his own mind to rush in his crop and complete seeding in a few days, but alas! his expectations were nipped in the bud, as the grain he had sown was nipped in the sprout, by the appearance of the frost king, who noiselessly swept down upon Balsam Valley with flying colors and attacked quiet, harmless vegetation, with such zeal and energy as threatened to completely annihilate it, but it stood the onslaught of its formidable enemy admirably well. Fine weather set in after Mr. Frost's departure, and the farmers brought out their grain and implements and the dust began to fly again.

Mr. Dan McIntyre finished seeding before anybody else in this neighborhood, and then he commenced plowing up little town lots in Priceville. I don't know whether he is plowing by the square yard or foot.

The late fighting scrape has been amicably settled by the defendants paying all costs, amounting to $7 50.

Sunday-school commenced on May 6th as agreed upon. It is not supported by any particular church, and they are going to take up collection next Sunday. Bring on your quarters. All are welcome. There was a very good attendance the first day. It is a very good thing.

A number of our athletic young men meet twice a week for the purpose of practising running, jumping and vaulting. As far as I can learn they are improving fast. That is right boys, go out on the 24th and show your action.

Any one who read Priceville cor's. effusion two weeks ago could see without the aid of a magnifying pair of specs that he was "real mad." So mad he was under the conviction that he was found out, that it filled his soul with a malicious desire to do Oben up. In order to accomplish this he got his gun and his spy glass he knew that to get a personal drive at Oben was like cooking a rabbit, he would have to catch him first, and he struck straight for Swinton Park. In his blind rage he passed Oben in Balsam Valley and lost his gun shortly afterwards, but hung on to his glass until he collided with Hillside Academy, and smash went the glass! When he recovered sufficiently he staggered up to the platform and made a very awkward attempt at a Highland fling to the tune of Rob Roy McGregor, you remember the one he thought the wild geese were playing much to the amusement of the little children who occupied the front seats and could have taught him a lesson. When through he took a seat near the door, for one of the big boys looked cross at him. The next thing on the program was a speech by Mr Bushwhacker, who did not hesitate to denounce P. cor's attack on Hillside Academy, that grand institution where our children receive their first lessons in art and science.

You are digging in the wrong hole for the fox this time, P. cor. You went so far as to intrude into the private matters of a school in Proton which you had no business to do, and made a personal attack upon the teacher, of course you thought he was Oben! Now you want to be careful or the first thing you know Bushwhacker will be at you. Oh, yes, do come out to Balsam Valley this summer and go to school along with our little children. No doubt they would laugh at you a little when you would be made to stand on the fance stool, but you would get used to that and you would derive a great deal of benefit intellectually, a thing which you stand greatly in need of. And perhaps you might learn to play on some or those ancient instruments which you love so much.

Mr W. J. Blakeston has at last fulfilled his threat to send a card to the Editor to clear himself of the blame of writing from here and now he wishes he had not, for they blame him still. He gave P. cor. quite a riddling in last week's issue for his impertinence. When I read it I began to sing "Reinforcements now appearing, victory is nigh." It would be good policy for P. cor. to write out an humble apology to Mr. Blakeston as soon as possible, but I suppose any advice from me to that individual would be like castor oil—easy to give, but very hard to take. I pity P. cor in his extreme lack of judgement. He must have felt mean when he found out he was sold.

Mr. Neil Cameron has had very poor health this spring. Mr. J. McQuinn also has been laid up with rheumatic pains, consequently he is considerably behind time with his work. He is going to erect a large frame barn this summer with stone foundation, and he is ill prepared for such hard work as accompanies such an undertaking.

Mr. J. Olcorn let his young cattle out on the road before the grass was very good and they strayed away. We do not know if he has found them yet.

Mr. R. Black was visiting friends here last week.

Mr. M. Beck was up on a short visit at his old friend's, M. Frook's. He had the misfortune to get one of his legs broken since he was here last. He is getting better fast considering the nature of the break.

There is a rumor going the rounds that Mr. W. Sackett has joined the army of benedicts. I will not say anything more about it until I find out if it is true.

Miss Mary McCormic is working at J. Campbell's.

Mr W. J. and S. Blakeston have purchased a tongue, whiffletrees and neckyoke for their covered buggy, and now they drive around with their colts and crack their whips in grand order. They are the stuff.

Miss Annette Nicholson went home on a visit. We expect her back again after a while.

Who is going to send in the next card?

Say, Z. Ag Bradshaw, write another letter soon and tell me what to call P. cor. Maybe that fellow you shot on the nose with a pen could think of a good name. OBEN.

Another Institute Formed.

A public meeting convened by trustees of No 3 S.S., township of Melancthon, county of Dufferin, was held in the school house on Tuesday evening, May 7th, when a Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute for said school section was successfully organized with Robert Little president, Robinson Postill and Joseph Thompson vice president. R. J. McGhee, secretary, Vickers Bates, treasurer.

An executive council of twelve and other officers were also duly elected.

Among other business transacted this institute in session respectfully requests the Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute of Horning's Mills in addition to having resolved upon holding monthly cattle, horse and sheep selling fairs to further resolve at its next meeting on Saturday evening, May 18th, so as also to establish a weekly market day in Horning's mills for cash sales and purchases of butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, fruit, vegetables, hay, grain and general produce. Also recommends that the monthly cattle cattle fair and weekly market day be commenced on same day and both continue to be held under the auspices of president Jarvis and other officers of Horning's Mills Institute, so as to become a pattern of material and moral standing for imitation of all concerned at surrounding railway produce buying stations.

That this Institute believing that substantial benefits must result from properly organizing Farmers' and Mechanics' Institutes through which to co-operate with other institutions to successfully establish the British principle of public markets at grain buying stations and market places throughout Canada, therefore recommends farmers and citizens generally to unite in holding public meetings in villages, towns and townships and to act together in petitions.

That this Institute thanks the Flesherton Advance and other journals for publishing reports of Farmers' Councils and Institute meetings.

R. J. McGHEE, Secretary

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

We are sorry to record the death of Albert Linley who died on Saturday morning last. He was buried on Sunday morning in St Mary's burying ground.

Mrs. Josiah Gamey has been sick for some time with inflammatory rheumatism.

T. A. Gamey and family left for Sault St. Marie last week.

On Monday morning Mr. Wm. Wright left for Parry Sound to work in the mills.

FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch sent for $100, until lately best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both Ladies' and gents' sizes, same works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 312, Portland, Maine.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

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GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

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Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

PARNELL ON THE STAND.

Mr. Parnell Cross-Examined by the Attorney-General.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: Mr. Parnell, on cross-examination, denied that the *Irish World* ever collected moneys for the Parliamentary party. The *Irish World* had been hostile to himself and the Parliamentary party since 1882. Attorney-General Webster produced extracts from the *Irish World* praising Mr. Parnell's action in Parliament after 1882.

Sir Charles Russell, counsel for the Parnellites, put in extracts adverse to Mr. Parnell.

The cross-examination was then continued. Mr. Parnell admitted knowing Mooney, otherwise known as "Transatlantic." He did not know whether Mooney contributed to the Parliamentary fund. Mooney wrote violent articles, still witness would not object to receiving Mooney's tribute to assist the party if he did not publish articles advocating murder. Witness had held no communication with Patrick Ford since 1881. Mr. Parnell emphatically denied that the Irish schemes ever included a coalition with the Fenans, in order to expel landlords from Ireland. He certainly aimed to destroy landlordism, but not to drive individuals from the country, and never had any idea of resorting to illegal means. He did not recollect meeting Mr. Davitt and John O'Leary in 1878 and discussing with them a possible alliance between the Nationalists and the Fenians. He had no notion that the National fund in America and the skirmishing fund were identical.

Attorney-General Webster read a violent manifesto signed by John Devoy and others and issued at Dublin. Mr. Parnell declared he had never heard of it before. He had met Devoy, Breslin, Finerty and Alexander Sullivan and a number of physical force men. He said he would frankly avow that he felt it was no part of his duty to exclude anybody from the League on account of their antecedents. He wanted to include in it all Irishmen, trusting that every section would accept the new constitutional form of agitation. He had aimed at asking the physical force men to abandon their movement and to accept his. To shut the constitutional door in their faces because they did not immediately agree would have been very foolish. He did not recollect making a speech at Lynn, Mass., in which it was alleged he had said that when England was beaten to her knees the time would have come to realize the idea of the Nationalists. He admitted that if he had used those words he must have been thinking of methods of warfare in the event of constitutional agitation failing. At Troy somebody offered him $5 for bread and $20 for lead. He did not object to the offer, because he thought the offerer only meant $5 for charitable work and $20 for League work. This statement caused laughter.

The Commission at this point adjourned.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: Mr. Parnell denied before the Commission that he knew "Number one" under the name of Tynan or any other name, and said he had never heard of Mr. Egan being associated with "The Martyrs' Fund," for the benefit of the families of the Phœnix Park murderers. He saw nothing criminal in the fund and rather thought it was right to assist the innocent victims. "The Martyrs' Fund" might not, however, have been the most appropriate name for such a fund. He could not, he said, recollect denouncing outrages between 1878 and 1881. He believed the outrages perpetrated to have been the work of small secret societies. Witness was then asked whether if secret societies adverse to the League had existed, and if a vast majority of the people had belonged to the League, there would not have been ample evidence obtained to convict the perpetrators of outrages, but he parried the question, saying that that might or might not have been the case.

Then occurred the most remarkable incident in the witness' cross-examination. Attorney-General Webster quoted a statement made by Parnell in the House of Commons during the debate on Mr. Forster's Bill in 1881, suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, to the effect that secret societies had then ceased to exist in Ireland.

"Did you believe that when you said it?" asked the Attorney-General.

"No," replied Mr. Parnell. "At any rate it was a grossly exaggerated statement." There was a buzz of surprise throughout the court room at this response.

"Did you or did you not," continued the Attorney-General, "intend to misstate the fact when you made that statement?"

"I have no doubt I did," was the reply.

The Attorney-General—Deliberately?

Mr. Parnell—Yes. Deliberately.

The Attorney-General—You deliberately made the statement, knowing it to be untrue.

Mr. Parnell—Yes; or if not untrue, very extravagant and boastful.

The Attorney-General—And you have never since withdrawn it?

Mr. Parnell—No, I have not.

The nonchalance with which the witness made these admissions astonished the audience and elicited hisses.

"Probably," added Mr. Parnell, "the statement was meant to mislead the House. I am afraid it did not, for the Bill was passed. My purpose was to exaggerate the effect the League had in reducing the number of secret societies. The League undoubtedly diminished the number of secret societies, though it had not swept them away, as I stated."

Mr. Parnell was next asked what had become of the Land League's books. He explained that some were brought to London and were before the Commission. The cash books and ledgers had disappeared, he did not know where. Neither was Treasurer Kenny, Mr. Egan, nor any other of the League officials able to tell what had become of them. The letter books and files of letters had also vanished.

Presiding Justice Hannen here impressed upon the witness the fact that the Court attached great importance to the missing documents, and Mr. Parnell promised to try and find them.

It is not strange that the Viceroy of China is ill. Forty-seven doctors are attending him.

As long as a man can assign the property of his creditors over to his wife marriage is not wholly a failure.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEIR WANDERINGS ABROAD.

American Pilgrims in the Holy Land—They Visit Jerusalem.

A London cable says: The following despatch has just been received regarding the movements of the American pilgrims. It is dated Jerusalem, April 21st, and says: We left Cairo on April 4th by special train for Ismailia, where the following morning we took a steamer on the Suez Canal to Port Said. Thence the Egyptian mail steamer conveyed us to Jaffa, where we landed on Saturday morning, April 6th. On the afternoon of the same day we left in carriages and travelled to Ramleh, where we stopped for the night at the Franciscan hospice. On the morning of Sunday our journey was resumed, and at 4 o'clock of the same afternoon our party entered Jerusalem. We dismounted outside the city, opposite Howard's hotel, where we were met by the American consul and large crowds, who had come out to see the first American pilgrims. The reception was very enthusiastic. The American flag, which had been brought by Misses McCartens from New York, led the way. The pilgrims occupied the central position. The psalms "Lætatus sum laudate domum omnes," Gent's Benedictus, and the hymn "Ave Maria Stella," with the Magnificat, were sung as we marched through the Jaffa gate, the principal entrance to the city, up to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

After veneration at the tomb of our Divine Redeemer, we proceeded to Casa Nova, the hospitium of the Franciscans of Jerusalem, where our quarters were assigned.

The respect shown to the members of the American pilgrimage by the Turkish soldiers was quite marked. The visa on our passports by the Turkish Consul in New York appears to be of no value, as an order from the American Consul, warning us of the necessity of procuring a regular Turkish passport if we wished to proceed to Beyrout, cost all the members of the second and third sections the handsome sum of seven and a half francs, in addition to the sum of five francs which were paid to the Turkish Consul before we left New York. Of the seven and a half francs paid here, five go to the American Consul. Not once have we been asked for the passport, American or Turkish, since we left Hoboken. The visa of the Turkish Consul at home was said to be good for Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople. Naturally there was some indignant feeling over the matter, and the conclusion naturally reached was that the passport is a very ornamental but very dear and useless piece of paper, as the majority of the pilgrims procured the American passports through agents and paid $5. It is safe to say that our American pilgrimage paid over $600 for passports alone. When we get to Beyrout, we shall see what necessity there is for the pass.

All the sacred places in and around Jerusalem have been visited, and the majority have made the trip to the Jordan and the Red Sea. The very impressive ceremonies of Holy Week, recording the events of 1,900 years ago on the very spots where they occurred, were well attended.

The wild, and I might add disgraceful, exhibitions of superstitious fanaticism of the Greeks, in the reception of the so-called holy fire, which is supposed to descend from heaven, was also witnessed by the pilgrims.

On Monday morning, April 22nd, the pilgrimage proper to Jerusalem closes. The first and second sections will leave at 7 o'clock for a tour through Palestine, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee and Beyrout, whence the members of the second section start on their return trip, and the members of the third on a trip to Constantinople. The members of the first section leave here on Wednesday morning by coach for Jaffa, thence by Alexandria to Paris and home.

WHO FIRED THE SHOT?

Mysterious Shooting of a Man in a Buffalo Saloon.

A last (Friday) night's Buffalo despatch says: A mysterious shooting affair took place last night. Patrick A. Nealon, of Binghamton, came to Charles Sargeant's saloon and lodging house at Main and Balcom streets. At 1.30 he was shown to his room by Sargeant, and a few minutes later he was found lying on the sidewalk in front of the place with two bullet holes in his head. Nealon was still conscious when found, and said that he was shot by Sargeant, while Sargeant claims that Nealon shot himself. Sargeant was arrested, and Nealon was taken to the general hospital. One ball struck him above the right temple, and was taken from the top of the head. The other ball entered the head over the left ear, and was not found. It is thought that the wounds will not prove fatal. The pistol was found on the bed, and the shooting took place in the bed-room. As far as can be learned Sargeant went with his guest as far as the bedroom, where the shooting took place, but by whom it was done remains to be ascertained. After the shooting Nealon was evidently dragged out on the walk by Sargeant, which looks very suspicious, and goes to confirm Nealon's statement that Sargeant shot him. Nothing is known of any quarrel between the men, and Nealon was not drunk. No one is known to have been in the saloon at the time.

From the writings of H. M. the Queen's Physician in Scotland, T. Granger Stewart, M.D., F.R.S.E., on kidney disease, the following statement is taken: "Dropsy in the form of anasarca is almost constantly present in the early stage and during exacerbations of the inflammatory form." Consequently the attention should be turned to the restoration of the kidneys to a healthy condition on the first appearance of any puffiness or swelling about the eyelids, ankles or any part of the body. It is not difficult to make a selection of the remedy, for Warner's Safe Cure has long been before the public and given universal satisfaction.

Served Him Right.

Mr. Lazee (returning late from office, Dear me! My wife forgot to tell me where we were going to move to, and I never bothered my head enough about it to ask. Augh!—*Harper's Bazar.*

Out west female seminaries are known as refineries.

Andrew S. ("Ara")Ross, Arbroath, the celebrated cricketer is dead, aged 41 years.

OVER TWO HUNDRED SLAIN.

Fearful Slaughter in a Mexican Riot Over the Imprisonment of Priests.

A St. Louis despatch says: The following description of the riot at La Luz, near Guanajuato, Mexico, a few days ago, over the incarceration of five Jesuit priests who were stirring up the ignorant people against the Government, is given by a prominent citizen of Guanajuato who reached Texas yesterday: It was nearly dark when the priests were imprisoned, but by the time the street lamps were lighted 12,000 men roared and surged against the walls of the jail. They attacked its heavy doors with pickaxes, stones and crowbars, and heavy beams of wood, and some of them in a wild frenzy dashed their bleeding hands and heads against the massive walls. Many of them were armed, and in a short while a heavy fire was pouring into the windows. The Mayor of Guanajuato, who was inside the jail, was one of the first to fall. Policemen who rushed up in squads of two and three were remorselessly butchered, and in a short time more than twenty of them were lying on the pavement. A few scattered soldiers who were in town were treated in like manner. The mob, which by this time was utterly unmanagable, either by the Government or the priests who had incited it, now set fire to the jail doors, but just as the inmates were about to surrender two hundred regular soldiers arrived at the double quick and formed across the street. The mob answered the order to disperse with a yell and a discharge of firearms. The command to fire was at once given. The bullets at fearfully short ranges swept through the mass of men, women and children like a scythe, mowing them down in rows. Still they came on, and volley after volley crashed into them, only to cause those behind to spurn the dead bodies with their feet as they pressed forward. The streets were sticky with blood and the shallow gutters ran with it. In the meantime a number of insurgents armed with pistols and rifles had climbed upon the adjoining houses and the soldiers began to drop one by one. After a half hour's continuous fighting a charge with bayonets was ordered. When the front rank of the mob felt the steel the entire concourse broke and disappeared through the alleys and by-ways. Altogether more than 200 persons were slain, by far the greater part of whom were miners and other Mexican laborers. The soldiers lost sixteen killed and wounded. Among the slain was a lieutenant. The fire in the jail was quenched and the five badly frightened but still determined priests were taken to Guanajuato for safe-keeping. They are now confined in the Castle DeGrandelas, in which the great Mexican revolution had its birth, and in which the patriot Hidalago was subsequently hanged. It is thought that had the recent riot proved successful, and had the priests been rescued and the local authority broken, a serious uprising might have developed.

RIGHT OF WAY FIGHT.

Murderous Encounter Over the Laying of a Railway Spur.

A last (Sunday) night's New Brunswick, N.J., despatch says: Last night and this morning a fatal riot occurred at the Sayerville brickyards, five miles below this city. Agent C. P. Hendrickson, with 100 men, started last night to put in a spur from the main line of the Raritan River Railroad across the land of ex-Freeholder Edward Furman, down through the brickyards to William F. Fisher's yard. Furman was opposed to their crossing his land and called out his men. The railroad men were reinforced by brickyard men favorable to the railroad, until by midnight 500 men were engaged in the fight. Furman's men attacked the railroaders and burned the ties, material and a car. Pistols, clubs and stones were freely used. George Kissenger, one of Furman's laborers, was killed outright. He was knocked down with a club, and a sharp-pointed crowbar was jammed through his head. John Kennedy, a railroad man from South Amboy, was so badly injured that he died in an hour. At 4 o'clock this morning Sheriff Fick, of Middlesex County, called out a *posse* of fifty men and went to the scene. When they reached the place all was quiet, and the railroad men had stopped work to recruit their force. The Raritan River Railroad is a new enterprise running from South Amboy to Boundbrook. General E. T. Ripley, of New York, is President. Furman claims that the company is crossing his land without his consent, which the company claims he had given. Up to 6 o'clock this evening all was quiet, but the railroad men, who are encamped in the woods near the disputed spot, are being heavily reinforced from all along the line and trouble is expected to-night, as both parties are determined.

CATALEPSY MISTAKEN FOR DEATH.

A Young Married Woman Narrowly Escapes Being Buried Alive.

A St. Louis (Mo.) despatch says: A young married woman living in the southern part of the city, attacked by puerperal fever, fell into a state of catalepsy, and the physician in attendance certified to her death. Preparations for her burial were commenced, but just before closing the coffin her husband saw her arm move. He immediately had her taken from the coffin. Restoratives were applied, and in a short time she became conscious. She narrated a terrible tale, saying that she knew perfectly everything that was going on around her, and tried her best to show signs of life, but failed. She tried to scream, but could not, and her mental torture was frightful. When she came to she asked, "Where were you all when I screamed?" She was surprised when informed that she had made no sign. When she was lying in her coffin her arm cramped, and her husband happened fortunately to see her, thus saving her from a terrible death.

A Maine farmer, vowing death to foxes, placed a carcass near his barn and then connected it by wire under the snow with a bell in his bedroom. A fox could not do vigorous work on that piece of meat without ringing the bell, whereat the schemer would wake up and go forth to the slaughter. He killed twenty-five foxes by that device during the winter.

Spring fever, like malaria, is a convenient term that covers a multitude of laziness.

Pineapple culture in Florida yields $400 per acre.

LIFE AMONG LUNATICS.

Alleged Cruel Abuse of a Patient—A Reporter's Exposure and a Doctor's stupidity.

A last (Thursday) night's Chicago despatch says: At the coroner's inquest to-day into the cause of the death of Robert Burns, a patient in the insane asylum at Jefferson, Attendants Richardson, Crogan and Pecha, charged with beating him to death, were present. The dead man's widow and her brother testified that Burns was in good health when he was sent to the asylum. Charles Beck, a reporter, who played the insanity dodge and was admitted to the asylum, detailed the repeated acts of brutality which the accused inflicted upon Burns. He declared the patient was not unruly, but seemed to be dazed. Beck testified that Burns was ordered to sit on a bench. He seemed not to understand, and did not do so, whereupon he was violently thrown down upon it. Rising in a dazed way, Richardson kicked him violently in the abdomen. Burns again arose, when Richardson caught him by the collar and threw him to the floor, and so the brutality continued, the accused kicking the helpless lunatic in the side and stomach, striking and cutting and bruising his face with their fists. They undertook to dress his wounded leg, jerking him about roughly and causing him excruciating agony, meantime continuing their blows. Crogan picked up Burns' shoe and, taking it by the toe, beat the patient over the head with the heel, cutting great gashes and covering the victim with blood. By this time Burns was in a semi-comatose condition. He was then jerked out of his seat, which was covered with blood that had run from his head. That night Burns was ordered to remove his clothes, but not complying, was slapped and cuffed. Finally the attendants stripped him and Richardson kicked him in the abdomen, knocking him across the seat. At another time witness heard blows in Burns' cell and loud cries from Burns, lasting several minutes. Attendants Schubert, Crogan and Richardson were there. Then a mop and a pail of water were brought, and the door was closed and locked. The attendants concluded he was too inquisitive, and he was removed to another part of the building. The reporter came out of the asylum at the end of ten days. Burns was then reduced to a skeleton, and was a sallow, hollow-eyed idiot. The reporter told how, when friends secured his release, Dr. Kirnan, superintendent of the asylum, shook his head ominously and advised against it. He declared the reporter was incurably insane. He knew this because he had watched the case closely. Dr. Schubert, of the staff, concurred in this opinion.

AFTER THE PARADE.

Accidents Attendant on the Great New York Demonstration.

A last (Wednesday) night's New York despatch says: In the parade to-day float No. 10, representing an immigrant ship, with deck, steerage and smokestack, while turning into Canal street out of Broadway was wrecked by a wheel of the truck being wrenched off by the car track. The upper part of the structure around the smokestack was occupied by half a dozen little girls in costumes, while below in the steerage were several women, the body of the car being filled with a few other women and a number of quaintly attired men with false boards. The frail structure toppled over and snapped and cracked, while the women and children slid and fell out. They screamed loudly and many policemen sprang forward to aid them. Fortunately the children only suffered from fright and they were carried away crying. The people standing near by left their places to lend assistance, and a momentary panic occurred. The police soon restored order. The wrecked float was pulled aside, and after an interruption of five minutes the parade continued. The chapter of accidents recorded by the police to-day was a long one, but not quite so large as yesterday. A number of persons fell in fits and were more or less bruised; others fell from horses and had limbs broken, and some spectators were crushed and hurt during the raids which the police found it necessary to make occasionally, in order to keep the streets clear.

A Steam Tricycle.

A Washington despatch says: This city was treated to a novel scene this morning. The first steam tricycle that ever appeared on the streets here was run down Pennsylvania avenue from the capitol to the treasury building and then about other of the principal thoroughfares. It is a very neat rig. The engine and boilers do not in bulk equal more than a couple of square feet, and are so distributed that they do not appear so large as that. The front seat resembles that of a buggy and was occupied by a young lady, while the ordinary saddle of the tricycle was placed behind and occupied by the party operating the engine. Oil is used as fuel for the engine, which is placed behind both riders so that the heat generated is not uncomfortable. Pedals are provided, to be used in emergencies, or when the steam power is not desired, and the device is apt to become popular among the employees of the departments, as it will give them all the pleasure of a buggy ride at an insignificant expense.

Prof. Semmola, of the University of Paris, in an article published in the *Gazette Medicale de Paris*, says: "Dryness of the skin, imperfect digestion and transformation of albuminoid food are present at the beginning of chronic Bright's disease." Warner's Safe Cure removes digestive disorders. Why? Because it enables the kidneys to perform their functions in a healthy manner, when both cause and resulting symptoms disappear.

He Passed.

Examiner in Law—Suppose you were named guardian of a rich heiress, what would be your first step?

Pupil—Try to be agreeable to the minor and marry her, so as to save useless expenditure for costs.

"Ebenezer Ball," the nearest of kin to George Washington, is a purveyor of pies in Washington city.

At the congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church in Meaford last Tuesday evening it was decided to give a call to Rev. Mr. Ross, lately of Dundalk.

A MANIAC'S FRENZY.

A Woman's Terrible Encounter With a Madman.

A Scranton (Pa.) despatch says: Thomas Flynn, who lives on the Diamond Flats, has been acting strangely for some time past, and his neighbors and friends had come to the conclusion that he was insane. He was kept in the house and carefully watched by his wife. This morning Mrs. Flynn went down town and left Flynn in bed. At about 10 o'clock John Bailey, a teamster; ex-Councilman P. F. Logan, weighmaster at the Diamond Mine, and another man were waiting for a car to be unloaded when they heard a piercing shriek emanating from the neighborhood of Flynn's house. Bailey and his companions at once ran thither and discovered that a struggle was going on in the house adjoining. Upon entering it they found Flynn, in a perfectly nude condition, engaged in a terrific struggle with the woman of the house. The maniac had a mine axe in his hand and the woman, almost exhausted, was trying to wrench it from his grasp. Bailey, assisted by the other men, secured the madman after an awful struggle. In the *melee* the axe fell on his foot and almost severed it. It was afterward learned that shortly after Mrs. Flynn left her husband arose from bed, tore his clothing from his body, and, grabbing the axe, rushed into the neighbor's house and struck the woman a heavy blow on the right breast, cutting a terrible gash. She will probably survive the encounter. Flynn is now in the station-house, a raving maniac.

DISGRACEFUL CLOSING SCENES.

Intoxicated Men and Disreputable Women Carouse in the Centennial Banquet Hall.

A New York despatch says: Both the *Herald* and *Sun* assert that the closing scenes of the inaugural ball at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday morning were disgraceful. After 1 o'clock in the morning wine flowed in great abundance and many intoxicated men and some few disreputable women were carousing in the supper room and on the dancing floor. Many irresponsible persons without tickets are said to have been admitted by the door-keepers. The crowd became so great and boisterous that dancing was out of the question and the respectable people present made haste to quit the building. Great delay was experienced in getting hats and wraps from the cloak rooms—in some cases parties being compelled to wait over an hour before they could secure articles of apparel which had been left in those rooms. Many of the waiters in the supper room are also said to have become intoxicated and added to the blackguardism going on around them. Matters finally became so bad that the police were called upon to clear the supper room, which they were able to do only by the free use of their clubs. The hilarity was kept up until shortly after 4 o'clock, when the police were instructed to clear the house.

A Speech of Shakspearean Titles.

The subjoined speech was delivered by a gentleman at one of the Shakspearean anniversaries at Stratford upon-Avon, in the early part of the last century. It brings in the titles of the whole of Shakspeare's plays, with the exception of "Measure for Measure." He said: Mr. Mayor and Gentleman—The "Tempest" of applause which has followed the announcement of a name so unworthy as my own has left me a bankrupt in thanks, like the "Merchant of Venice." You cannot expect me to philosophise like "Hamlet," nor meditate like "Macbeth," yet I am as grateful as "Pericles;" but, were I to talk myself black in the face like an "Othello," my effort to express my gratitude as I could wish would but prove "Love's Labor Lost." Our worthy President and his supporter, like the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," have vied with each other to make the evening pass exactly "As You Like It." The chronicles of England from "Lear" to "Cymbeline" and up to "King John," and through the "Henries" and "Richards," to the reign of "Henry the Eighth," were but a "Comedy of Errors"; but the events of this night will serve to enliven many "A Winter's Tale" when life has passed away like a "Midsummer Night's Dream." Were I a "Romeo," and "Juliet" was to go off with "Titus Andronicus" or "Troilus," and "Cressida" was to elope with "Timon of Athens," I would not trouble myself about the "Taming of the Shrew," but in the event of this moment would save them to amuse themselves like the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and support my misfortune with the pride of a "Coriolanus"—nay, were I a "Julius Cæsar," I would not exchange my present honor to pass my "Twelfth Night" with "Antony and Cleopatra." I fear I am trespassing unwarrantably upon your time, and, as I had no claim on your attention, I have borrowed a few titles to your notice; and as "All's Well that Ends Well," I will conclude by offering you my sincere thanks, or you may charge me with making "Much Ado About Nothing."

Nothing Like Oil!

The regular income of John D. Rockefeller is twenty millions of dollars a year. That makes him the richest man in the United States, perhaps the very richest in the world. Mr. Rockefeller was the organizer of the Standard Oil Company, which has practically monopolized the oil trade of the United States, and was the forerunner of the big syndicates so much complained of.

Equal to the Occasion.

Lady Visitor—Is mamma at home, dear?

Little Alice—No, ma'am; but I can show you her new dress.

The Lawyer at Home.

"Amelia, be sure and put away at once everything that is of any value, because the thief who has just been acquitted on my eloquent defence is coming to-day to thank me."—*Fliengende Blatter.*

Summer Styles.

Last winter's coat, with the lining torn out, is fashionable for office wear. It should be decorated with red ink and mucilage.

Mr. J. W. Grayson, of Hamilton, one of the oldest newspaper men in Ontario, is visiting with R. Mathison at the Institute for deaf mutes.—*Belleville Ontario.*

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Si Richard Cartwright, on the House being asked to concur in the resolutions containing items for railways and canals, said that despite the fact that the Minister of Finance had declared that there would be no increase of expenditure this year, it appeared that there was a large increase. It was quite clear that the expenditure was gradually working up to $40,000,000. The most serious feature of the increase was that no less than $2,000,000 would hereafter be a fixed charge upon the country. He would give the Finance Minister credit for an earnest intention at the beginning of his official career to curtail the expenditure, but it was quite clear that intention had not been carried out. Canada was now obliged to raise $33,000,000 from the people, and that tax upon five millions of a population was a great burden. The sum would support 100,000 families at a higher rate of wages than were usually obtained in this Dominion. He moved in amendment, "That in the course of his budget speech it was said by the Minister of Finance that the expenditure of $12,738,000 would suffice to meet all the engagements of the Dominion on capital account up to the 1st of July, 1892, and would secure a fourteen foot canal system from Lake Superior to Montreal.

"That it now appears from a subsequent statement made by the said Minister of Finance and by other members of the Government that the requirements of the Dominion on capital account must be estimated for as follows:

For canals as aforesaid	$13,551,109
For Intercolonial Railway and subsidiary lines	3,000,000
For subsidies to railways	6,000, 00
Annuities, capitalized	4,000,000
For road from Harvey to Moncton, not less than	3,000,000
For minor public works	1,600,000

Being in all about $30,000,000. That the Government have further agreed to expend $750,000 per annum for a term of years to subsidize certain lines of steamships, less the amount now paid to the Allan and Dominion lines.

"That the said annual charge for subsidies and interest on the said $30,000,000 will involve an addition to the fixed charges of the revenue of $1,700,000 per annum.

"That the estimated expenditure for the year ending June 30th, 1889, is $37,893,384.

"That the inevitable effect of a large portion of this expenditure on capital account will be to diminish traffic and further increase the heavy deficit now existing in working the Intercolonial Railway.

"That under such circumstances the conduct of the Government in assuming these other and further obligations is reckless and improvident."

The amendment was lost on a division. Yeas, 40; nays, 73.

Sir Richard Cartwright, on the item for the Oxford & New Glasgow Railway, called attention to a statement by Sir Charles Tupper that the construction of the line would decrease the distance between that section of country and the upper Provinces by forty-five miles. When interrogated the other day the First Minister said this road would only result in a saving of seven miles. It was therefore evident that this expenditure had been undertaken under false representations. He moved that the item be not concurred in, inasmuch as the House was induced to undertake this work by statements that had no foundation in fact and by false representations.

The motion was lost on a vote of 39 yeas and 70 nays.

Mr. Davies drew attention to the policy of working the Intercolonial, which, he averred, was in the interest of the coal owners and against that of other classes of producers. Government supporters were wont to point with pride to the large increase in the coal traffic on the Intercolonial, forgetting that every ton of coal carried over this road was carried at a loss, and so an increased coal traffic only meant an increase in the already large deficit which the operation of this road annually showed. He moved an amendment censuring the discrimination in favor of the Springhill coal producers as against the farmer and lumberman, and calling for a reduction in the item for the service of the Intercolonial Railway.

The amendment was lost on a division. Yeas, 39; nays, 71.

Mr. Somerville, on the item of $95,135 for immigration, said he did not approve of the policy of the Government, which aimed more at inducing emigration from the older provinces to the newer districts. This plan merely produced a displacement of population, and only depopulated the older provinces when there was no corresponding influx of immigrants from abroad to make up the loss. The expenditure under this head revealed, he believed, the grossest extravagance and corruption, particularly in the case of special agents Smyth and Webster, whose examination before the Public Accounts Committee disclosed a course of conduct of a most questionable character. The account rendered by Mr. Smyth of $1,542 of salary and expenses was incorrect, unreliable, untruthful and fraudulent, and the conduct of the Government in allowing the account was scandalous in the extreme. He moved an amendment reducing the appropriation to $50,000. The amendment was declared lost on the same division, recorded.

Mr. Ellis, on the item of $2,000 additional salary to C. Schreiber, Chief Engineer of Government Railways, said he did not rise so much to oppose the increase as no say that Mr. Schreiber was very distasteful to the people of the Maritime Provinces, friends of the Government as well as enemies. He attributed much of the Intercolonial deficits to Mr. Schreiber's bad management, to his general impertitence to the people, and to his neglect of the public interest.

The item passed.

Mr. Platt, on the item of $250,000 to meet expenses in connection with the Electoral Franchise Act, moved an amendment to the effect that a complete and satisfactory voters' list is now and will continue to be available for Dominion election purposes in every Province of Canada, and that such can be secured without any expenditure from the public treasury.

The amendment was lost on a division.

The remaining items in the main estimates were concurred in.

Sir John Macdonald moved the House in committee on the railway subsidy resolutions. In reply to inquiries he stated that during the present year applications had been received by the Government for subsidies amounting to $21,000,000. Since 1882 the grants to railways had averaged $2,000,000 per annum.

Sir John Macdonald, on the resolution providing a subsidy of $375,000 for the construction of a tunnel under the St. Clair River, between Sarnia and Port Huron, said the proposed tunnel proper would be 5,280 feet in length, and with approaches of 10,000 feet. The estimated cost would be two and a half millions, and the work of construction was well under way.

Mr. Davies said that while the question of tunnels was under consideration he wished to press upon the Government the necessity for a tunnel under the Straits of Northumberland to connect Prince Edward Island with the mainland.

Sir John Macdonald said that if a tunnel across the Straits of Northumberland could be constructed at a reasonable cost it would be worth while to proceed with the work and settle the question of connection with the mainland.

The item then passed.

Sir Richard Cartwright asked for further information in regard to the proposed subsidy of $30,000 for the bridge over the St. John River at Fredericton.

Sir John Macdonald said that the total cost of the bridge had been $376,000. The Government had already advanced $300,000 to this work by way of a loan, secured by first mortgage bearing interest at 4 per cent. The bridge company was largely composed of Mr. Gibson, of St. John, and the member for York (Mr. Temple).

Mr. Temple, in answer to inquiries, said the annual revenue from the bridge was estimated at $30,000. The cost of maintenance would be about $2,000 per annum and the interest charge $15,000.

Mr. Laurier protested against what he believed was a most improper appropriation of public moneys for personal advantage. Here was a work which, by the admission of one of its principal owners, would yield a handsome revenue above the cost of operation, and yet the public money was advanced to nearly if not quite its full value, with evidently little hope of expectation that the amount would ever be repaid. He did not envy the position of the member for York, whose independence was so clearly affected by these appropriations, and public sentiment must be dead indeed if such acts would be condoned.

Sir John Macdonald said the badge of all the hon. gentleman's tribe was calumny, and he lost no occasion to attack hon. members and impugn the public opinion of the country. According to his idea, no member of Parliament could have an interest in any undertaking receiving Government aid.

Sir Richard Cartwright said it was a very old trick of the First Minister when he was pressed for an answer to assume a pretty fair semblance of passion. There was no doubt that the position of the member for York, who, it appeared, had good reason to expect this additional grant of $30,000 for some time, was utterly inconsistent with the independence of Parliament.

Mr. Davies asked if any bonds had been issued on this bridge. He considered that before the vote was taken the Government should make a plain statement of this.

Sir John Macdonald—I do not know that it would influence your vote.

Mr. Davies—If it is parliamentary to say so, I tell the right hon. gentleman it is a piece of impertinence to say that.

Sir John Macdonald—It may be impertinence, but it is true.

Mr. Davies—It is not true; it is false.

Sir John Macdonald—I challenge the hon. gentleman to name one single instance.

Mr. Davies—I voted against my party four or five times.

Sir John Macdonald—Name one.

Mr. Davies—On the Orange Bill.

Sir John Macdonald—That was not a party vote.

The resolution was carried.

Mr. Foster brought down further supplementary estimates.

Mr. Bain inquired if the Minister of Public Works was prepared to bring down to the House the report of the engineer who recently inspected the Dundas and Waterloo macadamized road.

Sir Hector Langevin said he would bring down the report of the chief engineer, which would give all the information required.

Sir John Macdonald intimated that it was the desire of His Excellency, if the state of public business would permit, to close Parliament on Wednesday.

Mr. Laurier inquired if the Government could now state what orders on the paper would be discharged and what would be proceeded with.

Sir John Macdonald moved that the Bill respecting the Rocky Mountain Park of Canada be withdrawn.—Carried.

Sir John Thompson moved that the Bill relating to bills of exchange, cheques and promissory notes be withdrawn. He expressed the hope that early next session the House would be prepared to take up this measure again and deal with it as its importance demanded.—Carried.

Sir A. P. Caron said that since he first introduced the Bill respecting the militia and defence of Canada, he had received a number of suggestions from gentlemen connected with the force which he thought were entitled to consideration. He therefore proposed not to proceed with the Bill this session, and he moved that it be withdrawn.

The motion was carried.

Sir John Thompson moved consideration of the Senate amendment to the Franchise Bill. He explained that the amendment merely gave power to mayors and aldermen to take statutory declarations in the same way as reeves and magistrates.

The amendment was concurred in.

The following Bills were read the third time:

To amend the Dominion Lands Act.

Relating to ocean steamship subsidies.

Mr. Davies inquired if it was the intention of the Government to press the Bill increasing the salaries of judges.

Sir John Macdonald said that was one of the measures which the Government had not yet decided to drop.

The House again went into Committee of the Whole on the railway subsidies.

Sir John Macdonald, on the vote for a subsidy for twenty miles from Kingston towards Smith's Falls, stated, in reply to an inquiry, that on a future occasion he hoped to persuade Parliament to subsidize the Kingston, Smith's Falls & Ottawa line for the remainder of the distance to Smith's Falls.

Sir John Macdonald, in moving the subsidy of $158,400 to the South Ontario Pacific, stated that the road would pass through a fine agricultural country, and that the subsidy would be used to assist the line from Woodstock to Hamilton.

Mr. McKay said the road was necessary to give the Niagara peninsula more direct access to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Shanly protested against subsidies of this kind. He did not think it was proper to subsidize roads through a country like that through which this road would pass. It was in fact a competing line with the Great Western Railway and in a way interfered with vested rights.

Mr. Sutherland defended the subsidy.

The resolution passed.

Sir Richard Cartwright, on the vote of $63,000 for the Niagara Central Railway, said this line also passed through a section of country that was absolutely gridironed with railways. The system of duplicating lines was strongly to be condemned. The Government were adopting a policy which would result in the consolidation of all their lines into one huge railway system. He doubted the wisdom of this procedure.

Mr. Charlton said that these subsidies injured corporations which were entitled to consideration. So far from the public being benefited they had to pay for the maintenance of two lines instead of one, and then these lines combined to make their rates pay.

Sir John Macdonald said that a combination of railways could not produce any more serious effects than any one line could.

The resolution passed.

Sir John Macdonald explained that it was proposed to double the subsidy on 30 miles of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway and make it $6,400 per mile.

Mr. McMullen said this was another rotten arrangement.

Mr. Riopel, in answer to inquiries, said that for the first 15 miles the road had been aided to the extent of $15,000 by the Dominion. For the next 30 miles the subsidy had been $6,400, and it was now proposed to double the subsidy of $3,200 per mile on the next 30 miles. Besides this the Provincial Government had given a subsidy of $7,000 per mile. Bonds had been prepared and would be issued for $20,000 a mile. The stockholders had paid in $30,000. The President of the company was Senator Robitaille, and he (Mr. Riopel) was one of the directors. The contract price of the line was $20,000 per mile.

Mr. Mitchell said this was outrageous; with an investment of $30,000, subsidies to the extent of $1,180,000 had been secured.

Messrs. Davies, Gilmour and Mills denounced the arrangement.

The resolution was agreed to on a division in committee: Yeas 40, nays 23. The resolutions were reported.

Mr. Davies, in concurrence on the railway resolutions, moved an amendment striking out the vote of $30,000 for a bridge over the St. John River at Fredericton.

The amendment was lost on a division: Yeas 33, nays 65.

Sir Richard Cartwright moved in amendment that the sum of $30,000 to be paid to the Fredericton Bridge Co. be applied to the reduction of the $300,000 already advanced to the company.

The amendment was lost on the same division.

The second resolution granting a subsidy to the Baie des Chaleurs Railway Company was concurred in on a division: Yeas 66, nays 35.

A Bill founded on the resolution was introduced and read the first time.

Sir John Macdonald moved the House in committee to consider the resolution on which to found an address to Her Majesty, praying her to cause a measure to be submitted to the Parliament of the United Kingdom, declaring and providing the westerly, northerly and easterly boundaries of the Province of Ontario to be as therein described.

After some discussion resolutions were reported and referred to a special committee, which forthwith reported an address to be presented to Her Majesty.

The House went into committee on the resolution to provide for the construction of the Harvey-Salisbury short line as Government work.

Sir John Macdonald explained that the Government considered that the country was committed to see that this road was built. Already there had been two offers to construct the line at $16,000 per mile. One of those offers was by the Fredericton Bridge Company. On the completion of this road it would become part of the Canadian Pacific short line from Montreal to Moncton.

Sir Richard Cartwright asked what privileges the Canadian Pacific Railway would obtain over the Intercolonial.

Sir John Macdonald replied there would be merely an ordinary traffic arrangement. The Government considered that the Intercolonial could not be handed over to any private corporation. In order to keep to the compact of Confederation the Intercolonial must be always maintained as a Government line, in no case to be transferred or abandoned.

Sir Richard Cartwright said it appeared that to shorten the distance twenty-seven miles the country was to be taxed two millions. This was merely an expenditure for the purpose of making the Intercolonial an additional burden upon the country. Of all the proposals that had been made in the House for a long day this appeared to be the most irrational, most absurd, and, in many respects, most dishonest. He had very little reliance in the statements made by the Government. Ultimately it would prove that not one mile would be saved and the cost would be nearer four or five millions than two. It would be the means of destroying what little value remained in a railway system in which the country was interested to the extent of forty millions. A more improper proposal had never been made.

Mr. Weldon (St. John) contended that the C. P. R. was under obligations to build this line. It was a waste of money, and would not benefit the Province of New Brunswick. The new arrangement with the C.P.R would draw away traffic from St. John and destroy its legitimate trade.

Mr. Mitchell said that a pledge had undoubtedly been given on the part of the Government by Sir Charles Tupper that this link of road would be given. He regretted that the Government had determined on making good this pledge at an expense to the country of millions of money without securing any adequate return. It would have been better to have admitted what was the fact, that Sir Charles Tupper's statement was not true.

Mr. Jones said some provision should be made in the arrangement to give running powers to the Grand Trunk over this line.

The resolution was reported.

OTTAWA, May 2.—The third session of the sixth Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was formally prorogued this afternoon by the Governor-General, having been in session three months—a session of fair average duration. When the Governor-General gives his assent this afternoon to the measures subsequently passed, including those to go through their final stage to-day, the legislation of the session, as regards the number of Bills passed, will stand as follows: Government Bills, 46; Public Bills, 2; Railway Bills, 38; Insurance Bills, 4; Loan Company Bills, 5; Divorce Bills, 4; Mining and Mineral Bills, 2; Bridge Company Bills, 2; College Bill, 1; Church Bills, 2; General Bills, 5—total, 111.

The following is the text of

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In relieving you of the arduous labors which the present session of Parliament has imposed upon you, I rejoice that I am able to congratulate you on the number of important and useful measures which have resulted from your deliberations.

I have reason to hope that the authority which you have conferred on my Government will enable them to conclude an arrangement for effective steam communication with Europe and with Asia, whereby the trade and commerce of Canada will be widely extended and the traffic passing over her lines of communication greatly developed.

You have again made liberal provision for extending the railway facilities of the Dominion and for increasing their efficiency.

The Act relating to the electoral franchise will, I believe, be found an important improvement, tending to economy and certainty in the administration of that branch of the law.

The measure by which the system of speedy trials for criminals has been extended to the Maritime Provinces is likely to prove a valuable addition to our criminal procedure.

It is gratifying to know that your address referring to the boundaries of Ontario will lead to the early settlement of the principal question, which has remained unsettled to the present time, between that Province and the Dominion, in a manner entirely satisfactory to all concerned.

The amendment of the laws relating to copyright will, it is hoped, remove some of the embarrassments under which the printers and publishers of Canada have labored for some years past, without doing injustice to authors in this or other countries.

You have provided for greater efficiency and economy in the postal service, for giving greater facilities for the settlement of our lands in the Northwest Territories, and for increasing the safeguards of life and property on our ships.

Many of the other measures, although of a minor character, will be found of great usefulness in conducting the affairs of administration.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

You have liberally provided for the various requirements of the public service.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate; Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

In taking leave of you I congratulate you on the indications of prosperity which appear in all parts of Canada, and on the increasing revenue which promises amply to meet the appropriations for the year. I sincerely hope that in the season which is now opening the labors of our people may be blessed by Divine Providence, and that when it shall be my duty to summon you again I shall be able to renew the congratulations which I have already expressed on the marked welfare and progress of the Dominion.

Not Likely to Occur Again.

The London (Ont.) *Free Press* devotes half a column to a grave refutation of the theory, advanced by a wag in the guise of a scientist, that the low water in the Great Lakes is caused by a leak in the bottom of one of them. The wag-scientist is doubtless laughing in his sleeve.

The evident sincerity with which the London paper attacked the theory is almost as amusing as the alarm of the old woman whom the traveller in the then new West found crying in the doorway of her log cabin in "New Connecticut."

"What is the matter with you, my good woman?" he asked.

"Oh!" she replied, "a man who just rode by warns us that we must all escape for our lives, for the Indians have got a lot of pries under the Great Lakes and are going to tip them over and flood the country."—*Syracuse Journal.*

Make the Application Yourself.

"Dr. Philetus Dobbs" gives an amusing account of a Sunday school he visited "on the other side of the world." The superintendent tapped a bell, without uttering a word, and the chorister arose and led the singing. Another tap brought another man to his feet who read a chapter in the Bible. At a third tap a prayer was offered, and so it went on. He said to one of the teachers: "Things move on very quietly here. I noticed that you got to work at the lesson very soon." "Yes," said the teacher, "that is what I came here for." "I noticed also that the superintendent did not say a word." "He can't," replied the teacher, "he is dumb. We elected him because he couldn't talk, and we have had plenty of time for the lesson ever since. The last superintendent we had nearly talked us to death."—*Louisville Western Recorder.*

U. S. of "North" America.

Poor "Robert Elsmere!" He has been preached upon, lectured at and criticised to death. Now he is used as a "prize coupon" in the United States of North America. The book is being given away by the dry store people as a bonus with a 20 cent cake of soap or quarter pound of tea or "an infant's body linen."—*St. James' Gazette.*

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M.D., Physician, to the Royal College of Surgeons, University of London, Eng., says: Loss of appetite, loss of eyesight, dyspeptic symptoms, irregularities of the bowels, are some of the symptoms of advanced kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure cures these troubles, because it removes the cause, and putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, enables them to expel the poisonous or waste matter from the system. This is why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many symptoms that are called diseases.

A Difference of Sex.

When a man falls down on the street he is up again with the rapidity of a jack-in-the-box. When a woman falls down she sits in bewildered meditation until some man comes along and sets her on her feet again.

Why is it not just as wrong to permit notoriously unwise marriages, asks the Boston *Congregationalist*, as to grant divorces on evidently inadequate grounds

FOR THE DREAD DIABETES.

Dr. Robin Considers Antipyrine an Indispensable Auxiliary to Treatment.

Dr. Albert Robin has made an important report to the Paris Academy of Medicine on the treatment of diabetes by antipyrine. Of itself antipyrine is not a cure for diabetes, but judiciously administered it exercises upon the patient a suspensive effect. Three grammes should be administered at the start, in three doses, given at intervals of four hours, and as far as possible from meal times, for antipyrine diminishes the activity of the gastric juice, as M. Albert Robin's researches prove. The medicament must not be pure, but associated with bi-carbonate of soda, in the proportion of half a gramme of the latter to one gramme of the former. After eight days of this treatment the diabetic symptoms are considerably ameliorated, when the use of antipyrine should be dropped, and the usual treatment of diabetes followed. If one patient becomes fatigued by the classic treatment, or if it ceases to have effect, resource is again had to antipyrine for a period of from six to eight days. These successive changes are continued as long as necessary, and judiciously combind appear to M. Albert Robin to be the best treatment for the disease.

The Archbishop and the Baby Show.

Referring to a proposed baby show mentioned in *La Vie Illustree* some time ago, *La Semaine Religieuse*, the official organ of Archbishop Fabre, says: "A strange project, assuredly, would be that of a baby show in Montreal. We simply, for the moment, mention the announcement of this ridiculous and anti-Christian competition, convinced as we are that public sentiment, the piety of the mothers and the respect they have for their children will be enough to make it impossible. True, the thing has been done elsewhere; but have we nothing else to do than to imitate the faults of a civilization having a tendency to revive Pagan customs?"

O listen! On the breezes glad voices come to day,
From many a wife and mother, and this is what they say
"The 'Favorite Prescription' works cures where doctors fail,
Best friend of suffering women, O blessed boon, all hail!"

If every woman who suffers from diseases peculiar to her sex, knew of its wonderful curative properties, what a mighty chorus of rejoicing would be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, singing the praises of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A clergyman startled his drowsy congregation the other day as follows—My dearly beloved friends, permit me to remind you that I came here to preach not to act as umpire in a sleeping match.

Slipping Past the Palate.

Without nauseating those who take them, the little, sugar-coated Granules, known all over the land as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, produce an effect upon the bowels very different from that of a disagreeable, violent purgative. No griping or drenching follows, as in the case of a drastic cholagogue. The relief to the intestines resembles the action of Nature in her happiest moods, the impulse given to the dormant liver is of the most salutary kind, and is speedily manifested by the disappearance of all bilious symptoms. Sick headache, wind on the stomach, pain through the right side and shoulder blade, and yellowness of the skin and eyeballs are speedily remedied by the Pellets. One a dose.

To prevent over-sleeping, and thus risking the loss of their employment, the mail-carriers of Morocco resort to a unique and perilous scheme. They tie a string to one foot, and, as they know how long a yard or two will burn, they regulate the length of the string by the time they have to sleep. They light the string, which burns slowly, and when the fire comes to their foot they are painfully reminded that it is time to arise.

Confidence Begot of Success.

The confidence possessed by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure the worst cases of nasal catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is attested in a most substantial manner by their standing reward of $500, offered for many years past, for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

The costliest leather in the world is that which is used in covering piano keys. It is a peculiar kind of buckskin and the secret of tanning it is not known outside of a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany.

Robert Barrett Browning has lately sent to London from Venice the portrait he hat painted of his father, the illustrious poet.

Droll reflection from *Harper's Bazar* for apple-blossom time: If a boy and a half eat a green apple and a half in a minute and a half how will they feel in an hour and a half?

DON L. 20 89.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN Figure Paintings (6). Full directions to paint $1, post paid. SPANISH PORTRAIT CO 44 West 23rd street, New York. Agents wanted

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.
With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to:
1st Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working as to lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts:
1st "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than any other machines in Canada.
Therefore: 1st Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower.
2nd And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada.
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (al makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECI ALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have re moved my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Great Bargains !

ON

VILLAGE and FARM PROPERTY.

S. Damude offers for sale west half of Lot 16, Con 9, Euphrasia, the Talbot farm, 100 acres, nearly all cleared and under cultivation, $2,000, $500 cash, balance can remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.

Markdale Property.

Dwelling house and shop on Mill St., corner lot $.00x18

42 acres in the TOWNSHIP of ARTEMESIA Brick house and good barn, adjoining VILLAGE of FLESHERTON, $1,600. For further particulars apply to S. DAMUDE, Flesherton

North part of Lot 11, Con 7, Euphrasia, 110 acres, 20 acres cleared, house and barn, $750, $200 cash, balance at the end of 5 years at 6 per cent. Apply to

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

It Pays To

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 3 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton P

Farmers' Institute.

In compliance with a requisition by Messrs. John Oben, Asa Honeywell an other farmers and mechanics, a public meeting was held in Dunedin, township of Nottawasaga, county of Simcoe, on Monday evening, April 9th, when a farmers' and mechanics' Institute was successfully organized with Wm. Young J. P., president, Daniel Mitchell and Geo. Wetheral vice presidents, Richard Wetheral treasurer, and Walter T. Mastin, secretary. An executive council of twelve and other officers were duly elected.

Among other business transacted and resolutions passed were the following:

That this institute in session unanimously resolve that monthly public fairs be henceforth held in Dunedin, under the auspices of said mechanics' and farmers' institute. And that the first of said fairs shall commence on the first Tuesday of July next, for the sale and purchase or exchange of cattle, horses and sheep, with other live stock and articles of agricultural requirements, and productions including cash sales of butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, fruit, potatoes, hay, grain, dressed hogs, beef, mutton, etc.

That this Institute believes that substantial benefits to farmers and citizens generally, must result through properly organizing farmers' and mechanics' institutes as public instructing institutions, so that among other beneficial purposes to co-operate in establishing cattle selling fairs and weekly market days, with market accommodation for farmers and the public, therefore recommends farmers and dealers with professional men of all nationalities and politics, to kindly work their respective parts in order to successfully import the British principle of public markets and selling fairs, which, if public-like, instituted at market stations throughout Canada and the United States, must greatly help to improve villages, towns and townships in material and moral standing, for the united welfare of our New and Old World fellow citizens, as further referred to in a petition to the county council of the county of Simcoe, by rate payers in Floss, Sunnidale, Stayner, Nottawasaga and other municipalities.

That this institute, while thankfully acknowledging the public services rendered by N. Clarke Wallace, M. P., and those acting with him in the House of Commons on the Combine Bill against certain monopolies, further recommends members of parliament, farmers' institutes, Orange lodges and the public press to help themselves by advocating the aforesaid method of public weighing, to stay present monopoly buyers with their scales and weighers, preventing equal rights of fair competition at market buying stations.

That this Institute gratefully thanks the Flesherton Advance and other journals for publishing reports of farmers' councils and Institute meetings.

WILLIAM YOUNG, J.P. President.
WALTER T. MASTIN, Secretary.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cent. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Kimberley Public School Report for April.

FORM I.

CLASS IV, Sr.—B. Carruthers 408, E. Gilbert 356, G. Burrett 326.
CLASS IV, Sr.—John Hammond 56, Herbert Fawcett 51, Ethal Hurd 35.
CLASS III, Sr. Ada Burritt 36 W. Lawrence 34, R. Abercrombie 30.
CLASS III Jr.—Esther Magee 65, Maud Smith 43, Rosie Curtiss 38.
CLASS II, Sr.—Fannie Battrick 53, Jessie Gilbert 40, Annie Scott 43.
Average attendance 27.

FORM II.

CLASS II, Jr.—Mary Abecrombie 151, Lillie Gilbert 135, Annie Wickens 124.
PART II, Sr.—Andrew Wallace 140, Willie McLean 138, Walter Smith 127.
PART II, Jr.—Mary Knott 134, E. Abecrombie 133, Minnie Battrick 131.
CLASS A.—Robt. Fawcett 84, Jesse Battrick 81, John Wickens 71.
CLASS B.—Saul Fawcett 70, Henry Wallace 64, Jasper Stuart 54.
Average attendence 35.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE

FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mi is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

Leather is the Sole Support of Man!

QUALITY OUR FIRST AIM.

I have received a very large consignment of M Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

From some of the best manufacturers in Ontario, and better able to supply my customers than ever before, at prices which, considering quality, cannot be surpassed

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

Noxon's No. 7 Steel Binder.

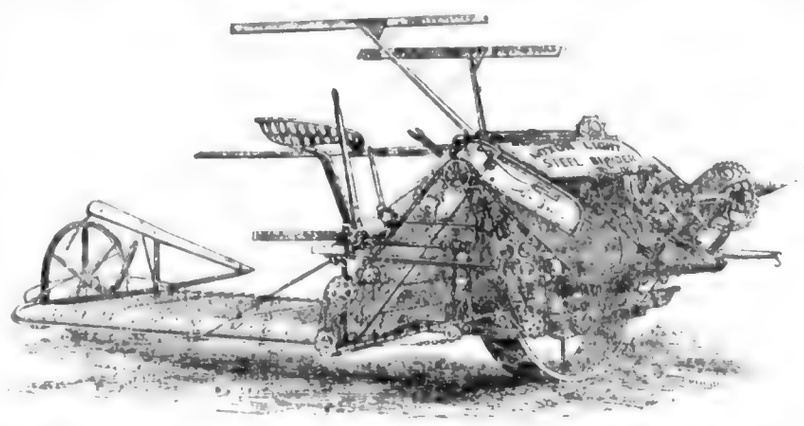

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES:

A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed.
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and lightest in draft.
A binder perfectly balanced and all levers convenient to operator.
A soft steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt.
A binder which ties and discharges the sheaf with less power than any other.
A solid steel gear frame in one piece with but one joint and two bolts.
A finger bar of most perfect shape and will cut lower on rough ground than any other.
A knotter the simplest and only one with a rotary cord holder that does not drop or waste single piece of twine. No loose pieces of cord to clog as in other machines.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.
NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Co plaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous f Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff oints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 412. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

NEW

Clocks.

NEW

Watches

New Rings, Chains, Charms, Brooches, ETC.

JUST ARRIVED AT

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store.

FLESHERTON.

And the prices are away down lower than ever.

Just Note a few Prices:

Waltham watches, four years' warrants, from $9.00 up.
The finest make of nickel alarm clocks from $1.90 to $2.50.
Fine American spring and weight walnut clocks from $3.95 to $6.50.
The finest make of rolled gold chains, warranted from ten to fifteen years from $3.50 up.
A beautiful assortment of ladies' gem rings from only $1.50 to $6.50.
The famous B. Laurence spex still going at half price. 20 per cent. off on all silverware sales. IF YOU WANT BARGAINS COME ON, WE HAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU. TAKE YOUR REPAIRS to RUSSELL as he attends to all repairs personally and a perfect job is guaranteed every time or money refunded at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton.

THE ONE PRICE

Cash Store.

That means something to the purchaser as you get the cash discount instead of helping to pay for bad accounts, etc., and then it also helps you to

ECONOMIZE

as you will buy only what is really needed, and come out further ahead in the fall.

The Cash System

is the best system of business as it helps the purchaser as well as the merchant.

LADIES

Our stock of dress goods are well assorted, all the leading shades at prices that will surprise you. Novelties in Prints, Ginghams, Chambrias, etc. All the newest designs, qualities the very best and prices the very lowest.

AS **HOUSE CLEANING**

will soon commence in earnest, try and see our lace curtains, scrims, chintz, etc., before buying elsewhere. See our special line of cashmere hose at 35cts. Dont be afraid to ask to see our goods whether prepared to purchase or not, as it is part of our business to show goods.

GENTLEMEN

As the time has come to fit yourselves up for the spring and summer, don't fail to see our selections of

Tweed Suitings, Worsteds, Pantings,

FELT and STRAW HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, SOCKS, ETC. See our light, natural wool sock at 25 cts. Cheap lines in overalls and coarse shirts. Our BOOTS & SHOES are an advertisement in themselves. Don't fail to see them. Fresh Teas, Sugar, Currants, Rasins, Spices and all groceries. Goods at cash prices for butter and eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

Parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

May

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings, rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain. Apply to
L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank, P.O.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor,

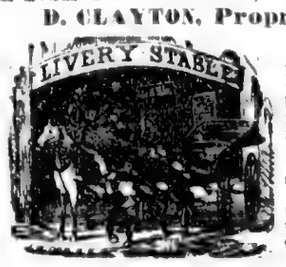

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Special attention paid to commercial business.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year, $70; half col., do., $27; quarter col. do., $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

Whatever may be ones view of the merits of the Anti-Jesuit agitation, most thoughtful observers must come to the conclusion that it is being, in some respects, seriously mismanaged. The playing at cross purposes which is at times but too apparent is no doubt the result of partizan feeling, which it is impossible to suppress at once, and so cannot fairly be made a reproach to the movement itself, but only to certain of its supporters. But it can scarcely be doubted that the resolution to petition the Governor-General, as an alternative policy, to dismiss his constitutional advisers and appeal to the country is singularly ill-advised. To suppose that the Canadian people, after having wrought and fought for half-a-century to obtain full and Responsible Government, should now seek to overthrow the fabric reared with so much toil and care, by asking the Governor-General to take the prerogative of dissolution again into his own hands, seems almost absurd. It is not easy to see how any one who understands and cherishes the representative system can put his name to such a petition. It seems as if the only logical course open to the people, assuming the great majority to be in favor of disallowance, is to move as individual constituences against the members who no longer represent their views. Very few members would care to withstand a distinct demand for their resignation made by the great majority of their supporters. Here is a clear channell through which the Government may be effectually reached. But, strange to say, we have as yet heard of no instance in which the voters in any constituency have called for the resignation of their member in consequence of his obnoxious vote in the Commons.—*The Week.*

The Markdale Standard still upholds its lynch law sentiment with reference to Gabriel Dumont. We do not quarrel with the Standard's belief that Dumont has deserved punishment, but when it comes to punishment we hold that Canada has enough law to meet the case without resorting to the heathenish custom of lynching. It is well known that the Metis *have* a genuine grievance. Being halfbreeds they are obliged to conform to the laws which govern the Indians with respect to landed property, and which of itself is most odious to any people with spirit. There are certainly other ways of gaining rights besides rebellion, as the Standard says, but there are also other ways of administering laws without appealing to Judge Lynch.

The colony of New South Wales is the only one in the realm that does not remunerate its members of the legislature.

Spring Assizes.

(O. S. Advertiser.)

WHITE *vs* ROBERTSON.—Was an action brought by manufacturs in London for the price of steam thresher sold to one Robertson of Bentinck. The plaintiffs produced a written agreement signed by defendant, and proved the delivery of the steam engine. By this agreement plaintiffs were bound to furnish a 14 horse power engine capable of driving a separator with a 39 inch cylinder. The defence was that the engine was not a 14 horse power, that it would not drive a 39 inch seperater, that the spark arrester was defective, etc. Judgement for defendant. O'Connor of Walkerton for plaintiff; J. Creasor for the defendant.

MCGLENGING *vs* JOHNSTON.—Action for seduction of plaintiff's daughter. No defence Damages assessed at $500. J. M. Kilbourn for plaintiff.

MEAFORD *vs* LANG.—The Town of Meaford sued the two sureties of ex Collector Watt, for the amount of his default, some $2,500. Defendants showed that the town council had repeatedly extended the time for the return of the Collector's Roll, that even at one of the Council mettings Councillor Robertson had stated that Collector Watt was either not collecting the taxes as he should or else he was using the money, and the said Councillor moved that action be taken in the matter. His motion did not carry. The plaintiffs did not deny that the Collector had been granted extra time and that repeatedly for returning the Roll; but plaintiff's counsel drew from the sureties themselves while in the witness box that they knew of these extensions: that report of Council meetings were presented in the Meaford papers, that they had probably read these reports, etc. Argument to take place in Toronto. L. A. Lash, Q.C., and Wilson & Evans for plaintiffs; Kerr, Q.C. & Mr. Miller for defendants.

School Matters.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR—Tyrone in your issue of 16th inst. still tries to throw doubt upon the facts that the population of this section ever was or is now up to the statute requirement of fifty within school age. Naked facts are stubborn things, and will not yield even to sworn official statements. We have the facts, and Tyrone or any one else interested can satisfy himself by calling upon the secretary of the school trustees here and examining the list for himself. We are afraid that with Tyrone the wish is father to the thought when he thinks that the population was or is now below legal requirements, and if the figures given by Tyrone be correctly taken from returns made by officials under oath, the official returns should at once be carefully looked in to and not have the whole township suffer in its portion of the government school grants. The school here is in a very healthy state at this moment. With thanks for your insertion of our statements, we are, yours truly

FLESHERTON STATION.

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Wm. Saigeohn has been very ill for some days with inflammation of the lungs, but, we are glad to learn, he is recovering.

Mrs. Hogg is also very ill but she is slowly recovering although it will probably be some time before she has attained her former good health.

Messrs. R. Purvis and J. Armstrong have gone to Collin's inlet with the intention of working in the saw mills there during the summer.

Messrs. F. T. Carr, E. Carr, H. Bowerman, S. Smith, and R. Williams left last week for Gravenhurst. All but one have obtained employment according to last report, either in the mill or working at the carpenter trade.

Miss Minnie Watts has returned home after spending a few weeks in the neighborhood of Kimberley.

Mr. J. Bowerman has removed to the 12th.

The Methodists are enclosing the church and grounds by a picket fence.

One volunteer paraded to church on Sunday.

Mr. Soule of Euphrasia preached in the Orange Hall Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Hogg of Flesherton Station has been visiting at her son's, Mr. R. J. Hogg's.

General News.

Farmers in Kingston district are jubilant over the fine crop prospects.

Only three of the victims of the late accident now remain in hospital at Hamilton.

Mr. Rufus Pope has been elected for Compton by over 1,000 majority.

The fire at Quebec Thursday destroyed a million dollars worth of property, burned seven hundred houses and left homeless six thousand people. A gunpowder explosion cost two lives.

The schooner M.F. Merrick, of Presque Isle, Mich., was sank by a collision in Lake Huron on Saturday, and five of her crew drowned.

A timber freight telescoped a passenger train on the Grand Junction division of the Grand Trunk, near Belleville, on Saturday, injuring 22 persons, one probably fatally. A car containing 53 passengers was smashed to splinters. The record for miraculous escapes appears to have been beaten in this instance.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks, backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time,

QUALITY Considered,

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done,

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optician,
MARKDALE, Ont.

A Modern Minerva.

She was deep in ev'ry science 'neath the sun,
(O, indeed 'twas fun)—
Cosmogony, Geogny,
Philology, Geology,
Geometry, Photometry—
But 'twas the saddest story to confess,
She could not sew a button on a dress!

She would spend a day or two upon a rhyme,
(What a high old time!)
Threnodes, Epodes,
Poems, Proems,
Lyrics, Pyrrhics—
But ev'ry time she went a thing to buy,
She surely would be cheated on the sly!

Ev'ry language ever written she would try,
(She could speak, oh my!)
Illyrian, Iberian,
Hebraic, Chaldaic,
Indian, African—
But when, ye gods, her cooking I recall,
I'm bound to state she could not cook at all!

And I? Oh, I don't count for much, you see,
Do not, pray, mind me)—
Wandering, pondering,
Shaking, quaking,
Toiling, moiling
I have to stick to her through thick and thin,
I've married her—that's where the joke comes in.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"This time I have taken two steps forward and fallen back one. The next time I shall make three and fall back none,' thought Lady Elizabeth, she too breathing more freely because of the hope she had that she could win poor Estelle's forgiveness when the day of her ordeal should come

After this first and only brush that had ever been between the two, Anthony and Lady Elizabeth were yet oftener together and still more and more to each other than before. The old days at Kingshouse seemed to have been translated into these new conditions at Thorbergh; but had there been the smallest approach to flirting or levity on either side, Mrs. Smythe Smith would have taken the alarm, and there would probably have been a little scene of remonstrance or a false excuse for departure. But there was nothing to agitate the most sensitive prudery. Lady Elizabeth was grateful to her hostess for her trust. Knowing what she did, and having that ulterior object ever before her eyes, she held by her friendship with Anthony as the last hope of salvation poor Estelle was likely to have.

It was a heavy burden, however, to know what she did and keep it back from the one most interested. If she could but bring him to a milder frame of mind she would tell him. He ought to divorce his poor erring wife, to set her free to marry Charlie. If only she could influence him to this better and more magnanimous course! Meanwhile she made herself almost necessary to his existence; and the power was waxing secretly and unknown to himself, as the roots of the flowers swelled beneath the sod, and the sap in the trees rose ever higher. And as a further clamp and rivet, Estelle's little two-year-old boy had "taken to" Lady Elizabeth, and when he saw her would smile to her and hold out his little hands, and make much of her when she took him in her arms.

"You see we all love you, Lady Elizabeth," said Anthony one day, in his half-bitter and half-serious way. "My boy, my dog, and even I, who, in your eyes, am not so good as either."

CHAPTER V.

IN DIRE DISTRESS.

Meanwhile Estelle's cup of misery was full—so full that surely there was no room for more! In the earthquake she and Charlie had lost all they possessed, save the clothes in which they escaped and such loose silver as chanced to be in their pockets. Alone, and cut off from their past, disgraced where they were, penniless, was there a lower deep?

At their only chance, they wrote to Mary, whom now they knew to have been the anonymous sender of those sporadic supplies; whose other secret also they knew. Estelle was thus doubly bound to this coarse, vulgar car of cheatery and deception, for they knew her guilt and she knew theirs, and neither dared to betray the other. But Mary and her mother had the whip hand, and knew it.

But when Estelle wrote to them, giving an account of the earthquake and their losses, and asking for help, mother and daughter consulted together in adverse mood enough, and pronounced it a shame for grand folk like those to come upon poor people like them.

"Do they think we are made of money?" asked Mrs. Latimer, shrewishly.

"If they do, they'll have to find out their mistake," said Mary, grimly.

So much of grace, however, had they as to remit Charlie Osborne a very small pittance, just to meet the most pressing wants of the moment—sending therewith a curt and disagreeable letter full of covert insolence, saying that it was impossible for them to satisfy these constant and exorbitant demands—and that really Mrs. Harford must apply to her own people, who were better able to keep her than they. Poor folk like them had enough to do to keep their own heads over water.

Perhaps no trial had been greater to these two desolate creatures than was this letter, with its meagre remittance so reluctantly sent, its insolence so slightly veiled. It was a terrible moment. Even that when Anne had marked them with the brand of shame was less terrible than this; for this included the same confession of shame, and more besides.

Then Estelle made up her mind. It was a trial, but it was not a hazard. She knew the man, and felt sure that she could trust him. He was good and unselfish, and he had once loved her. Now that he was rich he would help her; even though helping her meant helping the man who had stood between them.

Her cheeks burned as with fire; her hands were cold as marble; her heart throbbed with hope and fear and the shame of downcast pride all in one; but it had to be done. Caleb Stagg was her last chance, failing a direct appeal to Anthony—or one yet more direct, to death and God! But the loving cling to life, however miserable they may be, if they can but live together. The dust of dead joys is better than the peace of eternal sleep, if only they can hold each other's hand and forget their wretchedness in a kiss. When things are at their extreme it is time enough voluntarily to die. While they love they are never at this extreme; and Estelle, who knew that her beloved was now dying, would not have hastened that invitable hour, no, not by one moment of coveted time. Wherefore she took her courage in both hands—wrote the story of her distress and denudation to Caleb Stagg, and spoke quite naturally of "Mr. Osborne" and of his state of health, and of her having joined him to look after him. She had, however, to add the slight change of name, and how they were known here at their hotel as "Mr. and Mrs. Charles," which gave a somewhat different complexion to the pure philanthropy of looking after her old friend and playmate, fallen into such a condition of health as demanded a competent nurse.

The first answer came by telegram. By return of post a substantial remittance was the second; and Estelle had not miscalculated. This sandy-haired, snub-nosed, ungainly omad'haun was truly the bit of human gold she had believed him to be; the hump between the hunchback's shoulders was, then, the sheath wherein were folded the angel's wings; and Love, pure, unselfish Love, once more vindicated its right to be held as the god of the world and the great centre of all life that is worth living.

The day was warm and bright, and the place was at its loveliest. Sea and sky were of the same deep blue, and both were as tranquil as twin children sleeping face to face. It was a day which moved the world to love and laugther—wherein the thrill of life was as strong as the sunshine and as passionate as the nightingale's song—as sweet as the scent of roses and orange flowers—as divine as the kindly gods who rule the destinies of the fortunate and happy. It seemed impossible to be even ill at ease on such a day. And yet what grief was in that chamber looking to the sea and across to the far distant land—what dread in the present! what terror of the future!

The supreme moment had come at last, and poor, weak, handsome Charlie Osborne was at the end of all his failures and at the outset of his great journey. He had lived to his last moment, and he had now to resign himself to the inevitable parting from the woman whose life his love had ruined and whom his death would leave desolate and destroyed. He half hoped, indeed, that she would not consent to live after him—that she would die either by force of nature or by the act of her own free-will. He scarcely thought she could live, and he hidden away from her in the narrow grave. It seemed sacrilegious—almost criminal. For all the wise tenderness and larger outlook which death brings to the dying, poor Charlie could not rise quite above that egotism which had been the ruling passion of his life. And yet he was not a bad fellow, taken any way. He was weak to his own desires, self indulgent to his own fancies, and he had that fatal artistic temperament which cannot live or do good work under the strain of self control. He must be cradled like a child in the arms of love, and fed like fabled fairies on the most gracious food of heaven. And what was good for him as an artist was good for him all through. His egotism was so far tempered and excused; but it had wrought infinite mischief, take it how one would

He was lying now quite still, breathing with extreme difficulty, his eyes for the most part shut; but every now and then he opened them on Estelle sitting motionless and silent by his bedside. It was painful to him to speak. He had neither breath nor strength for articulation.

Suddenly the life that was ebbing slowly away flowed back with transient strength, and the fire that was dying down blazed up anew with power and brightness

"You must write to Lady Elizabeth,' he said to Estelle. "If you can, reconcile yourself with your husband and get him to make you an allowance.

It was like some one else speaking, and Estelle quivered with a superstitious kind of dread. It was so unlike Charlie to think of means and measures—to plan or to foresee! What strange revelations and stranger metamorphoses were bound up with this dread passage? Was the soul transformed before the body ceased to hold it?

"I will, if you wish it, Charlie," she answered.

"Lady Elizabeth will be your friend," he continued. "Now that I am going, you want some one to befriend you."

"I will obey you, darling," she said, softly.

A little smile broke over his wasted features.

"Always the same," he said. "The sweetest and the best on earth!"

She kissed his hand lying in hers, and then he closed his eyes and spoke no more. His breathing grew fainter and fainter—more interrupted, more labored. There was a curious look of general collapse about the whole pose of the body, and the hand in hers was limp and lifeless. Through the partially unclosed lids she saw that the eyes were turned, and over the face and brow broke out the clammy sweats of death. The open lips were as full of pain as the lips of the Medusa in her agony; and then came that hoarse rattle in the throat which told of the supreme moment. Estelle rose to her feet and bent over the body of her dying lover. She neither rang nor called for the help or the companionship of her kind. Alone, as she had lived with him, so would she be when he died, and no stranger should desecrate the solitude of their love.

With straining eyes and a heart that throbbed as if it would burst within her bosom, she stood there watching till the last faint breath was drawn, and the life she had loved better than her own had sobbed itself away into nothingness and death. She knew when it came, and bent over with parted lips laid close to his to receive that last breath. She gathered it like a caress. It was like his very soul entering forever into her body—his last touch, his last word!—then darkness and a vague sense of falling came over her. She heard nothing; she knew nothing. That knock at the door—that hurried tread of a man's entering feet—that voice—all were lost to her, while a strong arm caught her as she fell, and a voice whispered softly: "Ah, my queenly lass, but thou'st come to a bad pass! God help thee, as I will!"

CHAPTER VI.

HER COMFORTER.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Sometimes; not always. The tempering to Estelle, for instance, was of the slightest quality, so far as she herself was concerned—that essential She which felt and suffered. Being, however, dead to all but her own suffering, she scarce recognized the benefits showered on her by Caleb Stagg, but took them as we take the flowers of the gorse on the common when we are wandering, foot-sore, faint and weary, our way lost, our direction unknown, the darkness of the night settling down.

Yet Caleb was of use to Estelle—of as much use and of a like kind as the nails and joints which hold the coffin planks together. He took all the trouble off her hands and let her indulge her grief unchecked. This was the best thing he could do for her; and she had a vague perception of its value. He was no more obtrusive than an intelligent machine; and Estelle, with the unconscious selfishness of grief, treated him with little more thought than if he had been a machine. Do we feel grateful to the nails and joints of the coffin planks, without which, however, our dear dead would be in sorry plight enough? They hold the coffin together, and keep the beloved safe from marauding beasts and birds of prey. But do we love them for that? Could she then love the man who arranged the details for Charlie's funeral, and so separated her from him forever?

The fatal day had come and gone, and Estelle was now alone in the world, so far as her own consciousness of companionship went. She had almost forgotten her child; her husband had ceased to exist; her father and mother were as dead worlds, and her whole past life at Kingshouse was a void. She had but one thought—one sentiment—her lost Love, and the bleak blackness of life without him. The spasm of something that was almost shame, which Anne's scorn had awakened, had gone into nothingness. Had she been asked, she would have planted her pride on her union with Charlie, and her shame would have gone to her marriage with Anthony. The one which the world disdained and the law condemned was pure; the other, which men called a sacrament, was impure. So she thought and felt, and Caleb was not the man to try to convince her of wrong reasoning.

But her state alarmed him. This blank and motionless despair was as a sickness he was unable to understand or cure. Had she wept or bewailed herself, had she been irritable in her grief and peevish in her sorrow, he would have known his way better; but to be so still and silent and patient and lifeless was something beyond his ken, and he was frightened in proportion to his ignorance. She had fallen into the same state as that which had come on her after she had married Anthony, save that she had not that point of horror and personal shrinking which had then been her active cross, and which she had put all her energy into concealing from the man whom she never felt to be aught but her purchaser and tyrant. To Caleb she was as indifferent as if he had been a trained dog walking on its hind legs, but as gentle as she was indifferent. Sometimes she would stop the carriage and ask Caleb to get her such and such a flower that she saw by the way-side.

"Charlie will like that," she would say; and when the flower was laid on his grave she seemed to feel a certain pleasure, and over her poor pale face would steal a faint sad smile, as if answering back one from him there in the dark grave beneath her feet.

Once she startled Caleb by saying, with unconscious parody of a more famous reduplication: "I think no woman's lover but mine died twice. Once before I married him, and once after."

"It has been a sore trial for you," said Caleb, not knowing what else to say, and, by the way, not knowing what to call her.

This, in its degree, was a trial to him, accustomed as he was, like all people of his condition, to bring in the name of the person to whom he was speaking at every turn. It seemed to him so bald and unciv il not to give Estelle some kind of distinctive name. He could scarcely "bring his tongue" to call her Mrs. Charles, and he would not wound her by calling her Mrs. Harford. When he did stumble over a designation at all, it was the former, for he would rather wound his own conscience than her feelings.

"Yes," said Estelle, "God has been very hard to me—very cruel. I wonder why?"

"Those whom He loveth He chasteneth," said Caleb, in a low voice. "Because He loves you, Mrs. Charles."

"And therefore killed my darling twice. I do not call that love," she answered, and sank again into silence, from which Caleb did not dare to try and rouse her.

It was natural that the whole story should have excited a great interest in the English colony, both rooted and nomadic, which found itself on the shores of this enchanting sea. Its mixture of pathos and criminality gave a pleasant savor to gossip; and pity, touched with condemnation, made a more interesting state of mind than one sentiment alone could have produced. To this was now added curiosity. Who was this man who had come to take possession of this sorely wounded Impropriety? He was not her husband, evidently not a relation, and as evidently not a servant. He was too respectful for the one, too familiar for the other; also he was not up to her height socially; yet he had the command of money to a fabulous extent. The young English clergyman and his wife, who might have solved the mystery, had left the place; and conjecture exhausted itself in vain. She more beautiful and more desolate than Ariadne herself, and he the queerest looking god that ever leaped from a car, steam-driven or panther-drawn, what chain could bind them together? It was not love, and it was not blood; and the world is not quick to recognize the unselfish heroism of devotion.

If nothing was known here, all was patent at Kingshouse, and the bad, black news flew about the place as fast as if carried on bats' wings in the twilight. It made the staple of conversation, and was "the shame and the burning" of the hour. Not content with having left her own lawful husband for one man, this exceedingly improper person, this Mrs. Harford, had inveigled another. And such another! The golden calf, the butt of his county, was her latest sacrifice; and he, the fool that he was, did not see how she was making use of him, and how she was treating him as a mere foot-stool or hearth-rug! It was really too shameful, look at it as one would! She was past praying for, of course. She was lost for time and eternity, saving a miracle of grace to snatch her from those eternal fires she so richly deserved. But he, though he was a born idiot, all but qualified for Earlswood, he was too good and simple minded to be made the victim of an artful *intrigante* who destroyed men's lives as cruelly as if they had been sacrifices offered up to Moloch.

Kingshouse waxed fierce in its virtue at this time. No Jew ever scraped his floors and walls with more zeal at Passover to make sure that no forbidden scrap of leaven lurked therein than did the whole society of Estelle's old home repudiate her and her misdeeds. No one dared to sympathize with her sorrow for fear of seeming to condone her sin, and the general verdict was: "She deserves all she got;" and "She brought it all on herself, the hussy!"

Mrs. Clanricarde had to bear more taunts and sneers and cold shoulders and tossed-up heads than her pride well knew how to endure; and that foolish George was crestfallen to a degree he had never been, even when he had most severely burned his fingers in the fire of the House.

And when that foolish George wept, and said that nature was stronger even than morality, his wife metaphorically bit off his head, and told him he was an atheist, and she would hear no more of his blasphemy. She even went so far as to say: "That miserable girl or me, George. If you go to her, you leave me forever. Besides, where, if you please, is the money to go with? *You* have taken care that we shall never have a five pound-note to spare from our creditors. How are you to go? Let that hideous young man bear the burden. He has plenty of money. And when Mr. Harford divorces her he will marry her; and so she will not have to starve which is as much as she can expect and more than she deserves."

To such a pass of hardness—like to the nether millstone—had large social ambition, personal pride, and perpetual poverty brought the mother's heart, which under more favorable conditions would have been soft and loving enough.

Of Mrs. Aspline, too, it must be sorrowfully said that, on this matter of Estelle's disgrace, she disclosed the one black spot in her otherwise rose-red heart. She was for the most part a kind old thing—a generous-natured old Cookey; but this was one pull that wrenched her good-nature asunder, and let the little stream of gall trickle forth. The contrast to be made between snow-white Anne, under the hallowing influence o the matrimonial sacrament, and this besmirched Estelle, niether wife nor widow, was too strong to be resisted. She must show Mrs. Clanricarde her disdain. And she did.

Things at Mentone continued pretty much as they had been ever since poor Charlie's death. Estelle's intellect seemed benumbed, and showed no signs of rewakening.

One day she and Caleb were sitting by the grave, where she used to pass some time of every day. She used to say she was "going to Charlie," when she made her friend understand she wanted to go to the cemetery, and imagination supplied something almost like reality. Charlie was always alive to her.

Suddenly she looked up into Caleb's face.

"I suppose the world thinks I did wrong? Anne Aspline said so," she said, asking a question by the inflection of her voice.

"I suppose so," said honest Caleb, uncomfortably. How he wished that he could have repudiated the idea, and have shouted, "No!" to all the four quarters of heaven! But even though it was Estelle who had done it, for a married woman to leave her husband and live with another man was a long way beyond the limits of the morally permissible.

"And did you—do you?" she asked again.

He writhed in spirit. Abstractedly, yes. The act had been profoundly immoral; but his was not the hand to hurt that already so cruelly wounded dove. And what mattered it what he thought? Who was he, to lay down a law or presume to find fault with such as she?

"I would never blame aught you did, Mrs. Charles. You know what you do, I reckon," he answered, humbly.

"But you think I did wrong all the same," she persisted, with the obstinacy of a sick mind.

"It would have been an ill thing in any one else," he returned.

"I don't see the difference," she said. "I am no better than another. He was; but I am not."

"Why do you talk of it?" said Caleb. "Please don't, Mrs. Charles. You did what you'd a mind to do, and so let it bide."

"I did what I ought to have done," said Estelle, with a curious emphasis. "They had all deceived me—all made me commit that first sin. This was no sin, the other was. This was only putting things straight again."

"That should comfort you to think of," said Caleb, his eyes cast down.

"But now I have one wish—only one," she continued. "I want Mr. Harford to divorce me. Then I will be married to Charlie by the Church before I die."

"Good Lord!" cried Caleb, aghast. "Mrs. Harford—Mrs. Charles—oh, my dear lady, what ever is it you are saying! Do think a bit! How can you be married to him and him a-lying here?"

"Oh yes, they will. I am sure I can," was her reply. "He is not dead, you know. Only his body is dead, but his soul is alive, and I can be married to that—my soul to his before I die—and then we shall be all right when we meet in heaven."

"Lord sakes!" said Caleb. "Did ever any one hear the like?"

"If you had as much faith as you ought to have you would understand me," answered Estelle; "and," again looking him full in the face, "you would sympathize with me and uphold me."

"I will uphold you, Mrs. Charles, in all and aught you wish to do," said Caleb, with passionate solemnity. "But this is such an idea! I don't well see how it can be. I doubt if ever a clergyman would be got to do it."

"We will see," said Estelle. "And I intend to write Mr. Harford and ask him. He will not refuse. He knows that I am not his wife now, and never was. I was only his married slave. My mother sold me and he bought me; and I owe him no more than any other slave owes her master. And not so much, indeed!"

"If you get him to divorce you, it will be another big talk," said Caleb. "Folks have talked enough at present; I'd be main sorry to give them more to set their teeth on!"

"Would you like me to go back to Mr. Harford?" she asked, a little haughtily.

"Nay that would I not," he answered, with his heart in his good, honest, homely face. "What I would like best of all is that you should have some lady friend, like Lady Elizabeth, to come and bear you company, Mrs. Charles; and that you'd just let me go on as I am, looking after you and seeing that you want for naught. But I want no more clatter and no more worry to you. And if I were you I'd leave Mr. Harford alone until we see how things turn of themselves."

"It is not fair," she answered. "I owe it to my darling's memory to get rid of this hated name, which I suppose is legally mine. Do you know, Mr. Stagg, I had almost forgotten it. For all these months that I have been with Charlie I never remembered that I was not legally his wife till that dreadful girl reminded me. And then I forgot it again when he went from me. It is only quite lately that I have thought of it, and that I want so much to get rid of Mr. Harford, and to be his, my darling's wholly and entirely."

"It is a sweet thought, and like yourself, Mrs. Charles," said poor Caleb, in terrible perplexity how to meet this thought which was so insane, though the mind in which it was born was saner in this than in some other things. "But I think it wants considering. And if you'll be guided be me, you'll wait until you are a little stronger before you put yourself about again. Will you let me write to Lady Elizabeth? That would be the wisest thing to do. If she could come here for a bit, that would be about the best job we could get through."

"Yes," said Estelle. "Write to her. She was always good to him, and *he* liked her. *He* would be pleased for me to have her here. Yes, do write. Let us go home," she added, feverishly. "Let us go home at once, and do you write at once."

"I'll go for the trap," said Caleb, bending to her mood as the shadow follows the substance. "We shall be in time for the post, I dare say, and she'll have the letter the day after to-morrow."

"Dear, dear Lady Elizabeth!" cried Estelle, to whom this new thought had give a new impulse. "Oh, if she was but here! *She* would help me! *she* would comfort me!"

(To be Continued).

How to Drink Tea.

As commonly prepared, tea is so bitter and disagreeable that the addition of milk becomes almost necessary to make it palatable. But to put milk or cream into properly prepared tea is to commit an unpardonable gastronomic solecism, not only for the fanciful reasons that a chemical compound results from the mixture resembling the basis of leather, but that the basis of milk disguises the peculiar aroma of tea, and makes one kind taste almost exactly like another, very much in the same way as French cooks sometimes spoil the natural flavor of fish with their eternal sauces, till you are unable to tell whether you are eating salmon or shark, catfish or dogfish. Sugar, on the other hand, may and should be added to tea. For it makes the taste of the tea more agreeable without in the least interfering with its fragrance. Milk and tea soon become very insipid to the sense of those who have accustomed themselves to drink plain tea. Moreover there is a special enjoyment to be derived from each kind of tea; and how actually the sense of smell can be educated in the art of discriminating teas is shown in the case of professional tea tasters, who can distinguish not only the country and the locality where the leaves were grown, but the year and season, and even the ship that brought them across the ocean.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND, the eminent writer and physician, wrote and published in Scribner's Magazine: "It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them are first discovered and used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person knowing their virtue, foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, says: "if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation." Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The celebrated Dr. Thompson, of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off by chronic kidney disease than by any other malady except consumption."

First Lady of the Land.

"Is it proper to speak of Mrs. Harrison as the first lady of the land?" That depends. If our correspondent has a wife, she should be the first lady of the land to him. If he has no wife, his mother should be the first lady, and if he has no mother either, then his oldest sister. If he is an unmarried orphan, without sisters, he may be right in looking to the wife of the President as the first lady of the land, but any day he may meet some other lady who will change his opinion and her name.—*Hartford Courant.*

Six Tall Britishers.

At the presentation of Sir Julian Pauncefote to the President on Friday, the Blue Parlor of the White House sheltered some very striking-looking men. Pauncefote is 6 feet 6 inches in height, his Secretaries of Legation, Edwards and Herbert, are more than 6 feet each, and the other Englishmen present were almost as tall. Walker Blaine estimated that the aggregate height of the six Britishers was 37 feet.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

To Waterproof Hammocks.

Hammocks that are allowed to hang out most of the time are soon rotted by the action of the weather. It is said that they may be made "waterproof" by immersing in boiling linseed oil, and leaving them in it for a day or two. Then with a cloth rub off all the oil possible, and when the netting is dried it will last much longer than it otherwise would.

A correspondent of *Nature* reports having captured a mosquito in Belfast, Ireland on March 29th.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, Speaks in Hamilton

TO A PRETTY FAIR AUDIENCE.

It Is Decided to Form a Branch of the League in Hamilton.

It was somewhat of a surprise to those who attended the Imperial Federation meeting in the Grand Opera House on Saturday night that the attendance was not larger. The down stairs was fairly filled and a couple of dozen or so of people sat in the gallery. In all perhaps 500 people were present. Upon the stage sat quite a large number of influential citizens, among them being ministers, doctors, lawyers and representatives of other professions.

Mayor Doran occupied the chair and in opening said—Whenever a public meeting is called and I am requested to preside I do so with pleasure because it is a duty. The question of Imperial Federation is one of importance, but my views upon it are not yet definite enough to express here. I will therefore call upon Principal Grant and Mr. McCarthy to address you upon the subject.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S ADDRESS.

Principal Grant was given a hearty ovation upon arising. He said—Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to ask a few plain questions of my fellow citizens to-night and to answer them calmly and without imputing motives to any one. My first question is a very important one, as upon its answer hangs the weight of all the others. It is, "Is Canada in a condition of stable equilibrium?" You may ask what that means. Well, apply it to a man and a man is not in an enviable position if he is not in a condition of stable equilibrium. A country not in a condition of stable equilibrium is not on a sound political foundation. My answer is that Canada is not in a condition of stable equilibrium. There is an uncertainty about its affairs and anxiety about its future which are alarming. Three months ago while in Australia I saw that the newspapers of Canada were discussing annexation, independence and other conditions. What would be thought of the State of Maine if the same condition of things existed there? In the State of Maine from 1870 to 1880 the population increased only 3 per cent., while that of the Maritime Provinces of Canada increased 13 or 14 per cent. Yet the newspapers in the State of Maine do not discuss their future as those in Canada do. They do not say we are progressing so slowly that we must change our political connections. Some people say why not compare the whole of the United States with Canada? Because it would not be fair, and the man who would do so must be ignorant or scarcely honest. You might as well compare Scotland with England. Maine would have some reason for discussing the question of secession, but that State never does so, and why? Because the country discussed the question, and when one State or a cluster of States raised the question the whole country put its foot upon it. The civil war in the United States settled the question and decided that the separate States had no right to secede. In Canada we call secession independence, but independence means that we are to be no longer British subjects. You may say that the connecting links between Canada and Great Britain are not very strong. I do not agree with that but will not argue the point. But in Canada we go farther than discuss secession. Suppose the State of Texas were to propose annexation to Mexico. They would not only be seceding but they would be suiciding in blotting out the name of the State of Texas from history. However, I am not denying the right of secession, but when a people are always talking secession there is something wrong about their stability as a people, and there must be something wrong in Canada. What is it? Is it or is it no the fact that the people of Canada have not share in the supreme duty of self government? At present we have not. Can that state of things be continued? If we do not respect ourselves, who will respect us? It is not our fault that we are without our supreme right and duty of self-government, but the question will be settled. It cannot be put down. The young men of Canada will not be satisfied with a permanent condition as at present. My second question is this: "What is the cause that Canada is not in that condition of stable equilibrium that every well-governed State is?" The cause is that the condition of a colony is not at first one of full citizenship. At first we in Canada were wholly dependent upon the mother country, but we have made vast strides in national life. It is only half a century since Lord Durham made his famous report recommending that Canada be given the right to manage her own local affairs. In twenty-one years we have become a consolidated country and we have made great progress. And we will settle every home question that comes up. When great questions come up some people say, "Oh, don't touch that question, or you'll smash the Confederation.' Nonsense. We will settle every home question and strengthen the Confederation. We have done a great deal for the mother country in the last twenty-one years, and without a cent of expense to that country. We have advantages in being part of the British nation too, for it is a great deal for us to be able to say to our sons that they can study in Canada for positions in any part of the British Empire, and are not only Canadians but British subjects. We have constructed a great canal system, a great railway system and have opened up our Northwest, thus doing great imperial work. Years ago Mr. Blake advocated a closer connection of the Provinces with the British Empire, but now he says the scheme was received coldly then and would be impossible now. I don't think it is impossible, because any man does not see the possibility. Events are wiser than men and events make that which seems impossible quite possible. If the principle was right years ago it is right now. Our principle is that the union between Great Britain and her colonies must be preserved. I have shown you the cause of our unrest and uncertainty as to the future. Now I will ask you what is the cure? Full citizenship—that's the cure. Because that's the point we have been looking forward to all along. What has been urged in connection with every reform that has been advocated in Canada? That every reform would make us more loyal to Great Britain because it was in accord with the spirit of the British constitution. Is all our work of fifty years, which has made us more loyal to Britain, to be used to bring about secession? No. That would not be evolution, and I believe in evolution. It would be in the direction of destruction instead of advancement. I say this is the only cure for our uncertain feeling as to the future—Imperial Federation. Some people say there is another way—by annexing with the United States and separating from Great Britain, but ultimately joining again with Great Britain in one great British nation. I don't like that, because it doesn't seem right to separate for the sake of forming a stronger union, or to draw all a man's blood from him for the sake of making him stronger. Colonies have been compared to apples falling from the tree. I don't like the comparison, but would rather compare colonies to children, for as children grow up they strengthen the parent. Some say that when a man grows up he should have a household of his own, and therefore argue for secession. Well, I do think that a young man should have his own independent household, but if the parents have accumulated great inheritances and influence, is there any reason why the children should not form an honorable partnership? Canada could not live within itself nor could Canada defend herself as an independent nation, but the empire united could live and prosper within itself and so defend itself that no power could attack it, nor would the empire attack any other. It would bring about a reign of peace. Some men would have us begin with Commercial Union, which, I believe, means disunion. This is our country and the United States is another country, and are we to separate ourselves from our mother country in order to unite with another? It would be unjust to discriminate against England in favor of the United States, and Commercial Union, I think, would be discriminating against our own friends, our country and our Queen. Then Commercial Union is impossible, because it would rob us of our fiscal independence, and we would not get the fancied commercial advantages without political union. Canadians want the greatest amount of free trade with the United States possible, but the man who believes we can get it without paying the price of our fiscal and political independence is, I think, mistaken. We want full citizenship, but we would have to pay a price for it. Since we got our rights of self-government we have run up a public debt of $300,000,000, I think—that is the price we have paid for our freedom. If we had secession we would have to pay for it, and if we had annexation we would have to pay as well. Of course there are difficulties in the way of Imperial Federation, but as Hon. Oliver Mowat has said, what are statesmen for, but to overcome difficulties. What is implied in full citizenship in addition to our present rights? We would have war, peace and treaty making rights, that is, we would have representatives from the self-governing colonies in the Imperial Council. Another plank of the Imperial Federation platform is that Britain should discriminate in favor of her colonies in trade matters. Some people say that Britain would not consent to such a thing, but I believe she would; at any rate she has never been asked. She should be asked to give such advantages, because it would be an advantage to the whole empire. Carry the points I mention and we would no longer be a dependency of Great Britain, and Great Britain would no longer be a little strip of land in the Atlantic. I would go in for the closest trade relations between the colonies and between the colonies and Great Britain. We find that the Irish-Canadians are not so much in favor of Imperial Federation as the Scotch or English. If I were an Irishman I would be more in favor of it than I am, for the quickest way to convert England and the North of Ireland to the Home Rule theory is to convince them that Home Rule would not endanger the unity of the nation. I know of nothing but Imperial Federation that will accomplish Home Rule for Ireland. I am not opposed to sentiment in this matter and I could not bring myself to willingness to have Canada cut off from the past history of Britain. I want to be a part of that nation. If there is one thing that makes me proud of being a Canadian it is that in being so I am a Briton. Principal Grant occupied the platform for an hour and three-quarters, and closed his remarks by a very eloquent peroration.

It was moved by Mr. Edward Martin, seconded by Mr. F. W. Fearman, That, in order to secure the unity and defence of the Empire, some system of federation or co-operation is expedient.

TAFFY FOR HAMILTON.

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, upon arising to speak to the resolution, was received with enthusiastic cheering. He said he had come to Hamilton to hear Principal Grant, not to make a speech himself. Five years ago, he said, he was present at a meeting in London, England, when the Imperial Federation League was formed. He took no part in it at that time. Three years ago the league was organized in Canada. He had felt doubtful of its success, even when Montreal, Toronto, Brantford and Kingston took it up, unless the movement had the support of the level-headed people of Hamilton. Separation of Canada from Britain could not be accomplished until all Canada arose as one man and demanded it, which would never happen as long as the people of Canada were sane and Britain used them justly. When the league was organized in Hamilton he hoped he would have the privilege of returning to Hamilton to address the people.

It was moved by Mr. George H. Mills, seconded by Mr. F. MacKelcan, That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable to form a branch of the Imperial Federation League of Canada in Hamilton.

Mr. Geo. M. Barton at this point arose and asked if this movement was the small end of the wedge by which it was proposed to destroy the National Policy and throw it to the winds. He thought it was not

The motion was put to the meeting and declared carried.

A vote of thanks to Principal Grant and Mr. D'Alton McCarthy was moved by Mr. F. MacKelcan and seconded by Mr. Adam Brown. It was carried unanimously.

In replying to the resolution of thanks, Dr. Grant called upon Dr. Burns to make a few remarks—just to say whether his arguments were sound or not.

Dr. Burns said: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—You have taken an unfair advantage of me to-night. I came to hear my eloquent friend, Principal Grant, and to enjoy a treat, and I have not been disappointed. With the whole spirit of the address I have been delighted, but I did not come to talk. I endorse almost every word of the eloquent address; I call it not an oration, as Mr. Brown has designated it, but an unanswerable argument. The lecturer hinted that my countrymen must show that they desire the integrity of the empire before they are entitled to Home Rule. I have no hesitancy in saying that if Canada had been misgoverned as long as Ireland there would be less loyalty here than in that country; we would not submit to their treatment for a week; we would be less loyal than they are. He also said that Irishmen should favor federation for the sake of securing Home Rule, and that Home Rule could come only through federation. Some of this audience may remember that in my first lecture in this very house on Home Rule I advocated self-government for each part of the empire, with an Imperial Parliament for Imperial matters, and I said, "That would be the beginning of Federation which is now looming up and destined soon to be an accomplished fact." I believe in the free intercourse of the different parts of our immense empire. No one can be acquainted with the development of the great republic on our southern borders without seeing what real federation can do. There are 40 States, and there will soon be more, with every variety of climate and product, and the product of each State welcomed to the market of every other. The grandest illustration of free trade that the world has ever seen under such a system of federation is natural. I admired the golden cord of free trade that ran all through the lecture, and I am sure that in the composition of the eloquent lecturer, both warp and woof are made up of the same generous principle. Why should there be any restrictions on the intercourse of the children of the same mother? I would favor the federation of the British possessions, but I would go farther, and I am sure that the lecturer would go with me. I would have a federation of the English speaking peoples. Nor would I stop there. I would aim at the federation of the race. A federation of the English speaking nations could dictate to the world and shape the civilization of the age. The lecturer was right when he spoke of the difficulty of covering the subject in one lecture. Principal Grant must return, and Mr. McCarthy will still have plenty to do. The subject is immense. Britain's possessions abroad are 65 times the area of the United Kingdom Abroad she is nearly 8,000,000 square miles, at home she is only about 121,000. Her flag covers a foreign population seven or eight times that of the United Kingdom. Her tonnage at home is more than equal to that of all her foreign possessions, while her debt is more than twice theirs combined. The subject is indeed immense and difficulties may be expected. Shall this federation be like an alliance, offensive and defensive, embracing army and navy? An analysis of the income and expenditure of Great Britain will show us that an average of over sixteen shillings in the pound, or over four-fifths of all taxation, is spent on war, leaving less than four shillings for all other purposes. Spite of our debts and extravagances, that presents a fearful contrast to the war taxation of our peaceful Province so favorably pictured to-night. Most of the foreign possessions are Crown colonies whose policy is directed by Downing street. But to the most important ones enlarged liberties have been given, and these liberties have been used by some of them to adopt a policy contrary to that of the mother country. Canada and most of the Australian colonies insist on protection. I don't present these as insuperable difficulties, but only as some that must be removed, and I would like to see them removed. Before taking my seat I would express my warmest admiration for the generous and manly spirit that pervaded the whole lecture. Such a discussion must do us all good.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mayor Doran and the meeting adjourned.

Latest Scottish News.

The name of Dr. Marcus Dods is mentioned in connection with the vacant professorship in the New College, Edinburgh.

The contributions raised last year in aid of the schemes of the Church of Scotland amounted to £136,105, as compared with £151,805 in 1887.

The late Mr. Robert Stewart Menzies, of Hallyburton, Coupar-Angus, Perthshire, who died in London in January last, aged 33 years, and was a distiller at Paisley, leaves personal estate of the value of £99,610.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, has requested Mr. Robert Noble to send one of his finest pictures to the Paris International Exhibition as representative of Scottish art. Mr. Noble is the only Scottish artist resident in Scotland who has been similarly honored.

A very interesting and valuable "find" of ancient coins and jewellery has just been made in a moss in the Island of Burray, Orkney. The articles were enclosed in a vessel of wood, which was turned up by a peat-caster's spade. There are coins of Edgar and Ethelbert, and a large collection of curious silver jewellery, the whole weighing about 4 pounds.

A Philadelphia artist has been showing the designs of the monument that Miss Emma Abbott has ordered for her husband, Eugene Wetherell. It is to cost $85,000. In the monument is to be an urn for the reception of Miss Abbott's ashes after cremation.

A new volume of verse by Amelie Rives is to be published in September. The authoress expects to sail for Europe on May 10th with her husband.

The only woman dentist in Brooklyn is Dr. Louie Adele Cuinet, who is a graduate of Pennsylvania Dental College.

Mr. T. P. O Connor says that the Prince of Wales never pays a tailor bill. The advertisement his patronage affords is all the remuneration Poole wants.

DRUGGIST WOOD BROUGHT BACK.

The Alleged Murderer of Lily Charlton Comes Back Voluntarily.

At an early hour this (Saturday) morning, John Wood, druggist, Toronto, charged with murdering Lily Charlton in Toronto, was taken to the police station there in charge of Detective Cuddy. He consented to leave Buffalo without formal extradition proceedings. He had eluded the warrants out for his arrest ever since his sudden departure to the States when the crime leaked out. The prisoner strode up to the sergeant with his hands behind his back, simulating by his manner and voice a masterly indifference to the position in which he is placed.

Wood replied as follows to questions put by the reporter: "I have simply to state," said Wood, "that I came back here of my own free will, believing that, as I am an innocent man, the law will have no hold upon me. The first I knew of the case was when Dr. Valentine requested me to telephone for Dr. Strange to attend his patient. I did so in the ordinary way. Do you suppose if I had been in any way implicated that I would have put the case in the hands of a strange doctor when discovery must have been certain? Well, not much. I was quite innocent of the whole affair. Why did I run away to Buffalo? Well, I simply went because my doctor advised me to go away to some place for the benefit of my health."

"Were you in a state of decline when you left?" ventured the reporter.

"Well, I should say so. My stock had gone down about 1,500 per cent. Now that you ask me, I will tell you why I did not come back before. I fell from a buggy at Buffalo last December and broke my hip and am only recovering now. I opened in business for myself in Buffalo about seven weeks ago, and have been living since quite openly with my wife and family over the store, which is situated on Erie street. Yes, I expect bail; I have received a promise—no matter from whom—that I shall be bailed out in the morning, and that it will be fixed at less than $2,000. Why should I have to put up more? Valentine was only required to give $1,500."

Little Sisters.

BY KATE THORN.

Little sisters are a great trial to the young lady with her first beau.

They have such a deadly habit of telling just the secrets that their big sister wouldn't have known for the world, and telling them at just the very worst times they could possibly select. And, what is more, they seem to take a malicious pleasure in telling them

If Mary Jane has kept her hair rolled up for two days to be well frizzed when Augustus calls, her little sister will note the proceeding, and just as Mary Jane has assured her admiring swain that her hair curls naturally, and that it is almost impossible to make it stay anywhere, up will pop the small sister and tell the whole story of the curl-papers, and in all probability she will add the information that Mary Jane puts red ink on her cheeks to make her "pritty."

Little sisters are always cropping out at the wrong time. They never want to go to bed the nights when the big sister's beau is expected, and no amount of coaxing and candy can convince them that they are sleepy.

They have eyes for everything and ears that would detect the slightest whisper. And next day, at the dinner-table, the big sister will be mortified to death, and the whole family will be thrown into convulsions by the piping announcement from the small sister:

"Gus Jones bit our Mary Jane last night right into the mouth! I seen him! And she bit him back

Little sisters always want to know all the whys and the wherefores. One of them is likely to climb on the knee of an aspiring young gentleman suitor, and ask him why he doesn't have more hairs in his moustache; she would like to ask him if he doesn't feel bad because his nose is long, and it would delight her dear little heart to impart to him the fact that Mary Brown and sister Jane both said he was too long-legged for anything but a greyhound.

Small sisters will tell the family secrets with most delightful candor, and while the young gentleman caller is waiting for the young lady of the family to give the final touches to her toilet before coming down, the small sister will confidentially make him acquainted with the fact that "papa swears at mamma right along," and that "we have old hen for dinner and call it chicken-pie," and that "sister Jane wants to get married awfully to some rich young fool who will keep her without work."

Little sisters will put molasses candy in the chair, and see you sit down on it without a word of warning; they will wipe their bread and butter hands on your pantaloons; they will cradle their kittens in your $6 hat; they will pin you and your inamorata to the chairs; they will put burrs in your hair; they will sift sawdust from the cracked bodies of their dolls down the back of your neck; and they will make faces at you, and yell like little demons, if you attempt to defend yourself.

Therefore we say to you, if possible, avoid going courting in families where there are little sisters, unless you are so deeply in love as to be perfectly indifferent and reckless as to the consequences.

A Clincher.

Mrs. Perksits (the young man seemed to like the rooms and looked like taking them) An' there's another thing, sir; I've no young darters or nieces to be a-bringing breach o' promise or actions for assault agin my lodgers.

Lack of Material.

Doctor—Madam, your husband's disease I regret to say, is cataract of the eye.

Wife—Impossible! He never drank water enough for that.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich is to make her reappearance in London in grand concerts under Manager Verta' direction in the latter part of June next.

The 9-year-old son of Isaac Stansfield, of King street, London, wandered from home on Tuesday afternoon and has not since been heard of. Some boys last evening found his shoes and stockings on the bank of the river near the Blackfriars Mill and it is feared he has been drowned.

Ida Heath, the phenomenal dancer, is going to London to fill an engagement.

NICE ENDING TO DOMESTIC SCANDAL

A Repentant Wife Returns to the Arms of a Forgiving Husband.

The following from an Otterville correspondent of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* will recall to the minds of many of our readers an interesting story of domestic trial. The plotted elopement of Mrs. Kenny and John Venner, the failure of John Venner to connect, his subsequent arrest and imprisonment, and the dramatic scene in the Court-house at the trial, are incidents that merely need mentioning. Mrs. Kenny, it will be remembered, proceeded to England, where she had some friends. The husband (Oliver Kenny) appeared inconsolable at the time for the loss of his children and the breaking up of his home: but time is a marvellous magician. It fills many a void and heals many a wound. The happiest chapter in the little social drama is told by an Otterville correspondent as follows:

Amid the ringing of bells and happy greetings, Mrs. Bessie Kenny alighted from the train on Monday evening. She soon found herself in the fond embrace of a loving and forgiving husband who had mourned her as lost. Oliver is now happy and things are moving along majestically. Bessie and the children are all well, but they are so tanned by crossing the Atlantic that you would hardly know their faces from a side of sole leather.

Among the Poultry.

Just at night is the best time to set hens.

Sulphur is not good to give the young chickens.

Kerosene and lard make a good ointment for scaly legs.

After the chickens are two or three weeks old they can be fed on cracked wheat.

If the eggs are to be hatched keep a drake for every five ducks in order to be sure.

Never keep a slop hole where the poultry can help themselves if you expect to maintain health.

One advantage with ducks is that they do not harbor lice. They have too much oil.

Old pieces of oil cloth can be used to good advantage as a covering for coops in rainy weather

One advantage with Pekin ducks is that only a low fence is needed to confine or keep them out.

On the farm the laying of five dozen eggs ought to pay for keeping a hen a year. All above this is profit. On the farm it will nearly always pay to plant a few rows of sunflower seed especially for the poultry. Geese are fond of weeds, especially of purslane, and will often do good service in killing out and destroying weeds. Very often a few drops of turpentine put in the drinking water at this time will prevent the gapes. If the chicks are already affected, a drop or two on a small piece of bread will cure. As a rule guineas should be hatched under hens near the house. They are naturally rather wild, and this will aid materially in making them gentle if the young guineas are kept near the house.

Milk is much better food for poultry during the summer than corn. Corn is heating and fattening, two conditions that, as a rule, ought to be avoided, unless feeding for market.

The value of the manure should always be considered in keeping poultry properly managed. It is one of the best fertilizers that can be had, and is well worth the trouble of gathering up and storing until ready for use.

The Pigs in Clover.

If the hundredth part of what the New York journals say about the inauguration festivities in New York is true President Harrison must have wished himself at home teaching his Bible class. It is a pity that men who act like swine are so often allowed to spoil public celebrations.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

No $10 Bonnets for Her.

Husband—You want a bonnet and I want a pair of trousers, and I have only $10.

Wife (sobbing)—You don't suppose I can get a bonnet for $10, do you?

A Case of Self-Defence.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?"

Little Charlie—I love papa most.

Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am surprised. I thought you loved me most.

Charlie—Can't help it, mother: we men have to hold together.

An expert is to be brought to London from Kingsville to look for natural gas.

Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, has been appointed Public Printer at Washington.

The Czar has sent a message of condolence to the widow of Count Tolstoi. The Czar says the successor of Count Tolstoi will be a man who is animated by the same principles that controlled the course of the late Minister of the Interior and who will continue his work.

On Wednesday afternoon at the Eustis mines, Capelton, Que., the roof of one of the buildings connected with the smelting works caved in. Thomas Beakey, who was working at the burners, observing a disturbance, started to run, but in his excitement ran in the wrong direction, so that the timbers of the roof fell upon him and crushed him, breaking one leg and injuring his head, his injuries resulting finally in his death.

Mr. Henry Armstrong, brother of the city editor of the Guelph *Herald*, died of an affection of the throat at his mother's residence, Brownsville, Ohio. He was well known in Guelph.

"The Sea King," a new opera by Richard Stahl, composer of "Said Pasha," has just been completed. It will be brought out next season.

'Ostler Joe has been dramatized by Lucille Loring, of Boston. She is still at large, and may commit some other atrocity at any moment.

Miss Bjornson, the pretty daughter of the novelist, is a student of music in Paris. She is not quite 20 and gives promise of making a name for herself on the operatic stage.

Charles Warner, the English actor now playing in Australia, will be seen in America next year. His daughter Grace is supporting him and winning golden opinions. She is only 17, is pretty, and her talents are said to be of a high order.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

To-morrow

Will be Friday,

May the twenty-fourth,

Her Majesty the Queen's Birthday

Remember the concert in the Town Hall at night.

Meaford has three cases of diphtheria.

Master Wesley Armstrong returned to Victoria, Man., on Tuesday morning.

House and Lot for sale in the village of Flesherton. Apply to Robert Fawcett,

The Markdale district meeting of the Methodist Church was held in Flesherton yesterday.

Dr Will Wright left yesterday morning for the Western States, where he intends locating

As will be noticed by advertisement, the Artemesia Court of Revision will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday, June 3.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt has received the contract for the rebuilding of Mr. McMullin's barn, Proton, which was destroyed by fire last week.

In answer to inquirers we would say that parties desiring Dr. Kendal's book, mentioned elsewhere, may secure it by forwarding a Canadian 2 cent stamp to their address.

We invite the attention of farmers to the articles on milk for cheese factories, by Prof. Robertson, published on our last page. It cannot be read without benefit, and is particularly seasonable just now. It will be completed next week.

The large pile of Mr. Damude's stave timber is fast disappearing, and the manufactured article is looming up at the rate of about 20,000 per day. This week will probably see the whole of the timber manufactured into staves.

Mr. Beecroft's hot-houses are well worth paying a visit to at present. Cabbage, tomato, celery and other garden plants by the hundred are there for sale, and lovely flowers of all varieties. Read his advertisement carefully and get a faint idea of the large stock which he carries

WANTED Good dress maker between now and the first of June. Terms half of what is made. Free of shop expense. We guarantee a good fit. Cornwall's self-fitting chart, that took the gold medal at the Centennial, used. Apprentices wanted. Apply to M. DAVIS, Strains Block.

The new registration laws which came in force a week or so ago are not likely to prove very remunerative to the Government. Documents and letters which have heretofore been registered are now sent in the cheapest way. Eight cents seems to be a little too much in this age of cheap carriage.

M Richardson & Co. had a great rush on Saturday and Monday of people looking for bargains in their bankrupt stock; so much was this the case that they were obliged to close the store on Tuesday for the purpose of re-arranging their stock. Henceforth the store will only be open from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m.

The Hanover Post admits a poem to its columns about the corporation baby which it has on its hands. The last verse runs thus:

And there never was a baby
Since Adam was a boy,
Received as many sympathising visitors
Without a mother's joy

It is to be hoped the poor waif is not afflicted with as many extra feet as are contained in that third line

Dr A Purdy of Whatcom, W.T., sends us a copy of the Bellingham Bay Review, including a lithograph of the three sister towns, Whatcom, Schome and Bellingham. These towns are situated on the beautiful Bellingham Bay, which Dr. Purdy, in a letter to friends, describes as one of the most beautiful situations he has ever seen. It is a new country, and affairs are in somewhat of a boom condition.

Don't forget the meeting of the South Grey Teachers' Association, to be held here on Thursday and Friday of next week. The concert on Thursday evening will be well worthy of attendance. Mr. Lewis is one of the foremost elocutionists in Canada and will give a choice selection of readings. A good musical program will also be furnished. Those interested in educational matters are cordially invited to be present at any or all the sessions.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Some Improvements.

Mr. G. Keefer has re-painted his residence and renewed the fence around his lot.

Mr. Jos. Blackburn has placed a new and handsome fence around his lot and planted a nice row of shade trees along its fronts.

Flattering, but True.

This village is now in its prime. Vegetation is far advanced, the trees are in full leaf, and when such is the case everyone who has seen Flesherton knows that it is the handsomest spot in Canada. It will be handsomer, too. A large amount of tree planting and improving of lots has been done this spring. Flesherton is one of the prettiest, most law-abiding villages in the world, and many a traveler has said that for a pleasant place to live and bring up a family in he could wish for no spot more suitable. Such was the verdict of a traveler only the other day in conversation with The Advance.

Sudden Death

The Messrs. Hawk Bros., egg merchants, of Flesherton, were suddenly called away to Berlin on Friday last by a telegram announcing the sudden death of their father, who had been ailing for some time, but nothing so serious had been anticipated. An operation had been performed upon him a few days previously, and it was thought that he was recovering nicely, but the case took a sudden turn for the worse with the above result. Deceased was about 65 years of age.

A Swindle.

Flesherton has been flooded with circulars during the past week or so from a Chicago Portrait Company offering to make a crayon portrait of yourself worth $30 without payment and without price, the only condition offered being that you will show the picture to your friends. The Pickering News says it is a huge swindle. It says that the company will inform you when the picture is completed and request you to send $3 to put a magnificent frame around it for safe carriage, etc. The money once sent is irrecoverable, and the firm is never again heard from. Keep your dollars at home.

Going Away.

Miss M. Brown, the genial and obliging young lady who has been chief factor in the Flesherton postoffice for the past three years, is about severing her connection with Flesherton and its people. She will end her labors here with the present month, and will accompany her father to Auld Scotia for an extended visit, sailing about June 6. Miss Brown has endeared herself to the Flesherton people by her kindly and obliging qualities, and her pleasant face will be sadly missed behind the wicket and among her friends. The Advance wishes Miss Brown bon voyage and many happy hours among "the banks and braes o bonnie Doon" if she visits them. Miss Annie Kyle of Springfield, Middlesex Co., will take Miss Brown's position in the postoffice

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr B J. Kendal Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co, Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies have been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

A Happy Seizure

On Thursday afternoon of last week one of those pleasant affairs which always has a halo of interest surrounding it took place at the residence of Thos. Leitch, Esq., Flesherton. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. Leitch's youngest daughter, Alice, to Mr. Wm. H. Moore, son of Sheriff Moore of Owen Sound. The interesting ceremony was performed by Rev. R. H. Leitch, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. J. W. Shilton. The bridesmaids were Miss Jennie Moore and Miss May Damude, and the groom was supported by Mr. Wismer Joyce and Mr. Walter Leitch. A beautiful repast was provided after the ceremony. Some of those present were: Sheriff and Mrs. Moore; Captain Snyder, of Toronto, uncle of the groom; Miss Brown of Collingwood, and a large number of near relatives and friends. The presents were numerous, handsome and useful. The happy couple left by the evening train for their future home in Owen Sound. It was a rather strange coincidence that the ministers who performed the ceremony were both born on the same day of the same year.

Church Parade

No. 6 company of volunteers, headed by Flesherton brass band, paraded from the drill shed to the Methodist Church Sunday evening last, when Rev. Mr. Shilton preached a grand sermon from First Timothy, 6 and 12: "Fight the good fight of Faith." These, he said, were the words of a soldier. It was the story of Saul, who, arrested in his journey to Damascus, had enlisted in the army of Christ, and his was a warfare filled with suffering and stripes. Faith was the great battle ground that began with life and ended only in death. The speaker dwelt at length upon the life of Paul and his magnificent victories. The old soldier had spoken of his fights with beasts at Ephesus. The speaker thought he referred to spiritual sufferings. When he (the preacher) had joined the volunteer company he was required to take the oath of service. When enlisting under the banner of Christ the same covenant was taken. He had at the time of joining the volunteers written to Col. Otter for a drill guide, and studied it assiduously, thereby acquiring an advantage that his fellows did not have who were not possessed of the book. The Bible was the Christian's drill book, and only those who studied it well could make good soldiers. The speaker laid particular stress upon the truth that "the man who takes Christ with him, all other things being equal, will make the greatest success," and instanced several cases in point. The Duke of Wellington—hero of a hundred battles—was enabled to overcome his great enemy because he acknowledged a higher power. Keppler and Newton took Christ with them in their daily walk. Obedience to superiors was the soldier's requisite. In the smoke of battle the great eye of God was upon us, and we could hear his command from the distance. Our duty was only to obey. Look at the 600 at Balaclava.

The [illegible] make reply,
[illegible] reason why,
[illegible] do and die.

Courage was required. It was said that on the eve of the battle of Waterloo recruits were placed alternately beside the veterans to give them courage. This was also done in the church. The soldier when asked after the battle of Waterloo if he was not afraid, replied: "I never thought of being discouraged, for I knew we were going to win." That was the proper sentiment. Mr. Shilton concluded an eloquent address by inviting his hearers to enlist in the army of Christ.

The church was crowded to the doors. The company did not turn out in great force.

Flesherton Brass Band discoursed excellent music by the way.

The lamps were not lit in the church, and during the singing of the last hymn only those who were acquainted with the words could take part.

The choir has improved very much of late and rendered their pieces very creditably.

The Jesuits at Rocklyn.

By our own Reporter.

The public meeting held at Rocklyn on Tuesday of last week was very largely attended. There were on the platform the following gentlemen: Thos. Kells, Esq., president of the Conservative Association; W. McLaughrey, Sec.; Dr. Sproule, M. P., Joseph Rorke, M.P.P., Thos. Gilray, reeve of Euphrasia; Mr. Smelser, reeve of Collingwood; Robert Myles, Esq., Andrew Grier, Neil McColman, ex M.P.P., Rev. Mr. McClaren, Rev. Mr. Wilkinson and others whose names your reporter could not ascertain. The Town Hall was crowded to its utmost, and some were standing at the door. Thos. Kells occupied the chair and gave a short opening address. He does not censure the government for their vote on the Jesuit Estate Bill, but thinks that under the circumstances they could not do otherwise.

Dr. Sproule was the next speaker on the list and as the meeting was called for the purpose of giving the Dr. a chance to explain to the people his reasons for voting for the allowance of the Jesuit Estate Bill, he occupied most of the time, speaking almost two hours. He reviewed the government of the country almost from the time of confederation, and dealt very ably with many questions of interest, but especially with the Jesuits. He said it was lawful for the Jesuits to have this money although he did not like the law and much less the Jesuits and so he voted to the best of his knowledge. Another reason, he said, was, at the time that Colonel O'Brien introduced the bill, if the Government had supported the bill and lost it the house would have been dissolved and Mr. Laurier would have been called upon to choose a cabinet and form a government, and he did not think the country would be any better under the leadership of Mr. Laurier, or not as good, as it is at the present time. Therefore he thought he was justified in voting the way he did.

The next speaker on the list was Rev. Mr. McClaren. He had only a few minutes to speak and therefore he could not go into the question fully. He censures the 188 very hard and thinks the time has come when the people will have to throw aside Grit and Tory partyism and stand for religious liberty. He was loudly cheered as he sat down.

Joseph Rorke was the next speaker, but did not occupy much time. He also is not in accordance with the 188. He could not see that the Jesuits had any claim on the property. Mr. Rorke had to regret that time would not permit him to go into the question more fully. He also was applauded loudly as he took his seat.

Neil McColman ex-M.P.P., then took the platform, but limited his address to a few remarks. He thought the question pertaining to the Jesuits had been discussed fully, and therefore did not deem it necessary to say much on it.

He views the [illegible] 188 calmly, and thinks [illegible] at least should get [illegible] they thought best for the country.

Andrew Grier, Robert Myles and P. McCullough, Beq., [illegible] few questions at the close of the meeting. The meeting [illegible] o'clock with rounds of cheers.

THE MARKETS

FLESHERTON

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$ [illegible] to [illegible]
Fall Wheat	[illegible] to [illegible]
Spring Wheat	[illegible] to [illegible]
Barley	[illegible] to [illegible]
Oats	[illegible] to [illegible]
Peas	[illegible] to [illegible]
Butter	6 to 16
Eggs per doz	[illegible] to [illegible]
Potatoes per bag	[illegible] to [illegible]
Apples	[illegible] to [illegible]
Hay per ton	8 to 9
Hides	[illegible] to [illegible]
Sheep	[illegible] to [illegible]
Geese	[illegible] to [illegible]
Turkeys	[illegible] to [illegible]
Chickens per pair	[illegible] to [illegible]
Ducks per pair	[illegible] to [illegible]

Durham Bull for service

Mr. Alex Stewart [illegible] the above [illegible] has a fine thoroughbred Durham bull for service for the present season.

TERMS: $1 payable [illegible] cows or over a month [illegible] will be charged.

NOTICE

[illegible] plot holders to turn out on the 24th of May and clean up and improve the cemetery grounds [illegible] or their own plots if preferred.

W. BARNHOUSE, Committee
W. CLAYTON

TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMESIA.

COURT OF REVISION.

Notice is hereby given that the first sittings of the Court of Revision for Township of Artemesia 1889, will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on

Monday, 3rd day of June, 1889

All parties interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Dated this 24th day of May, 1889.

W. J. BELLAMY, Clerk

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

RANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Over Strain's block. Residence [illegible]

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and [illegible]

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store [illegible] House

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

S. SPOULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc. late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be from the Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
South Door East of Presbyterian Church,

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson,

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, [illegible] Hotel [illegible] of each month. Teeth extracted painlessly and [illegible] in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE 703 YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer
Resident Manager

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, C.B.R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Agent for [illegible] and F.P.B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

On Town or Farm Property.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared on [illegible] properly executed. [illegible] insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

SOME CANADIAN SCENERY.

A Beautiful Valley—The Fishing Islands of Lake Huron.

That Ontario possesses some bits of landscape as pretty as can be found in the world is the verdict of travelers who know of what they are talking. The Advance has decided to write up a few sketches of pastoral and other scenes, which it ventures to hope will be found of some interest to its readers; some of whom, however, may have viewed for themselves the scenes we depict, but if so they will probably find them pleasant to recall, and can compare their own impressions with ours. We would be happy to receive other sketches from those of our readers who have anything suitable in their mind's eye and are willing to place them upon paper. To begin with, and very near home, we will notice

THE QUEEN'S VALLEY.

This beautiful vale lies directly north of Flesherton, with its termination, or head proper, about two miles distant. It is one of the most picturesque pastoral scenes in the world. It has not the sublime beauty of some Scottish glens, nor the towering surroundings of Rocky Mountain gorges, but takes in a wide landscape, beautiful in outline, suffused in tints of green, and exceeding restful and pleasing to the eye. From whatever point it is approached the view is superb, and will linger long in the memory of the traveler who sees it for the first and last time. Perhaps one of the prettiest views is that obtainable on the road from Eugenia to Kimberley, where it begins to descend; and the most favorable season of year is when the golden fields of grain, waving in its fertile depths, are checkered off into blocks alternating with patches of emerald woodland. The view extends here for eight miles to the north from hill to hill. At your left the valley is probably two miles across, from 700 to 800 feet in depth, and descends quite abruptly. Cultivated farms of great fertility line its sides and slumber in its depths. The Beaver river winds through its bottom lands and forms the angler's haven of bliss. At the bottom of the valley due north lies the little village of Kimberley, nestling below craggy rocks that rise on the east to a great height, and from the top of which, also, is obtained a most awe-inspiring view. The Queen's Valley, from its southern extremity to Thornbury, where it meets the Georgian Bay, is fully 22 miles long, and forms one of the most fertile strips of farming land in this whole Dominion. It is noted for its salubrious climate and healthy atmosphere. Kimberley, ten miles from Flesherton, is a growing and prosperous little village. The beautiful Queen's Valley is associated with our earliest recollections, and will remain with us to the end of life as a scene the beauties of which cannot be faithfully depicted upon paper or canvas. The pen seems too weak, and the painter's brush could only show bits here and there, whereas it requires the whole to make up this perfect picture.

THE FISHING ISLANDS.

On the eastern shore of Lake Huron, seven miles due west from Wiarton, on the Bruce peninsula, lie the Fishing Islands. They are easily found on any good map of Ontario. These islands lie in great number for a distance of six miles along the coast, and in a line distant from the shore of a quarter to two miles. The small village of Oliphant is situated on a bluff which formed at some period in past ages the shore line, but from which the water has now receded a hundred yards or more. The lake bottom at this point is of sand, level and hard, and the water is shallow for a long distance out towards the islands. This beautiful sandy bottom, at the present season of year, forms an extensive spawning-bed for innumerable black bass, which, a little later in the season, may be caught in large quantities with rod and line. Herring in shoals come inside the islands and disport themselves in shallow water. Salmon and pickerel inhabit the deeper waters, and an occasional sturgeon is captured. The islands are mostly small, but all have local cognomens, and on Main Station Island is a good wharf, stone house where supplies are kept, and several fishermen's residences. At least such was its condition when we visited the spot a few years ago. Other appropriate names are given to the smaller islands, such as "Bellmore's," "Smokehouse," "Squaw," "Whitefish," etc. These islands are all rocky, and are mostly covered with thin soil and a stunted undergrowth. They form a coast defence from the heavy storms which rage on the bosom of Lake Huron during the stormy seasons, such as only nature can supply, and the mountain waves from the west break in wild foam upon their rocks, while the inner waters are but slightly agitated. Years ago the inhabitants gained a considerable portion of their livelihood from wreckage washed ashore from unfortunate vessels. Many a barrel of flour and pork have been rescued from these waters to be added to the old settlers' frugal fare of fish and potatoes. And not infrequently, also, has the horrified wrecker discovered a ghastly floating remnant of humanity washed landward by the waves. Many an unmarked grave lies along this shore, the nameless occupant perhaps mourned for in some distant home, where wife, or parents, or brothers, or sisters, are dwelling in ignorance of the fact that the lost one has received a christian burial. On Whitefish Island stands a high, solitary cedar tree. It is trimmed of all branches nearly to the top, and pegs are driven into it at regular intervals up the trunk, forming a rude living ladder. The object of this ladder was a curiosity until we learned that it formed a lookout for enterprising fishermen who used it for the purpose of discovering the whereabouts of whitefish shoals, when they would draw a seine around the fish and haul them ashore. The islands are mostly used by fishermen for the curing of fish. They will probably remain as nature made them to a great extent, as the harbor is very shallow and the situation not good for a business centre. They would form very pleasant retreats for men of leisure to pass the hot summer months upon, indeed we can think of no more inviting a spot for such a purpose. The air is nearly always cool, with a soft breeze blowing, which whispers *dolce far niente* to the idler on these islets. In fancy even as we write can be heard the soft plash of the waves as they kiss the pebbled shore, and we can still see the white-winged fishing boats as they skim over the clear, cool waters.

Maxwell

From our own Correspondent.

On Wednesday evening, May 15th, the people of Maxwell and vicinity were surprised to hear of the marriage of Mr. John Graham to a young lady of Collingwood. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mr. Graham about nine o'clock p.m. On Thursday evening they were serenaded by the boys.

Mr. J. Reid is shipping lumber to Toronto Junction for the purpose of building a number of houses, operation to commence about the 1st of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fenwick are visiting friends about Maxwell. They look well and seem pleased to be back after an absence of six years.

Miss A. Horton, of Chicago, is visiting at Mr. Wm. Horton's.

Mr. J. Carr's stock of dry goods and groceries has been purchased by Mr. C. Mc. D. Williams who had it moved into his own store.

Mr. R. M. Heron left for Collingwood last week, where he intends staying all summer.

The 24th will be celebrated in Maxwell. The bills say we are to have a grand time.

Carter's two lambs, calf and dam, have been sold to Messrs. Cross & Lynn for $1000 cash. Since accepting that he has had others as high as $1800. On Saturday 165 went to see them, on Sunday it was a perfect stream, but only a few were accorded the privilege. Manager Hill, of the Toronto Industrial, was one of the Sunday visitors. Monday a charge of 25 cents was made, but the visitors did not let up. What Messrs. Cross & Lynn intend doing with the freaks we have not heard.—[Beeton World.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

INTERESTING NEWS!

Bankrupt STORE, FLESHERTON.

Great Sale of Bankrupt Stock of J. G. ANDERSON

Now Going On

On the premises occupied by him.

OVER $3,000 WORTH!

Of General Merchandise, consisting of Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishings, Floor Oilcloths, Wall Papers, Crockery, Glassware, etc., most of which had been purchased for this season's trade, and the whole will now be offered BELOW WHOLESALE cost prices for cash or trade. This is a rare chance to secure good bargains, and an early visit of all close buyers will convince them of this fact.

Butter, Eggs and other produce taken in trade.

M. Richardson & Co.

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year taken great care in the selection of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS

Gladiolus and Dahlias.

HOUSE PLANTS.

Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, good and clean fine ivy, ivy and scented geraniums, Calceolarias, Petunias, Begonias and Diegoma Rex, Abutilons, Fuchsias, Lobelias, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Coleus, Achyranthes and Moonflower. Ten BEDDING PLANTS

We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Snapdragons, Mignonette, Sweet Alyssum, Portulacca, Mc-Nott, China Pink, Sedum, Arenaria, Pansy.

VEGETABLE PLANTS

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber.

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

All orders attended to promptly.

JAMES DeCROFT,

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the PUBLIC that I am in a position to do ALL KINDS -OF- General planing mill work, such as SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,

Flesherton.

ROLLER FLOUR!

best in the markets at

Blackburn's.

ICE Cream Parlors

all kinds of cooling summer drinks.

Cured Meats, Lard, Bologna, etc.

ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON

—AT—

BLACKBURN'S

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR. W. J. NELSON, having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor in Moore's Block, Durham St. is now ready to wait upon customers in a workmanlike manner. Razors ground, shaving, shampooing, sharpening razors, etc., all done in the highest style of the art.

WM. NELSON

FOR SALE!

Building lot in the village of Flesherton. Apply to A. McLEOD, Flesherton Station

VOLUNTEERS

Attention

12 RECRUITS Wanted!

No. 6 company of volunteers will meet in the drill shed, Flesherton, every Thursday and Saturday evening at 7 o'clock until further order, for drill purposes. Signed,

J. J. FIELD, Lieut.
C. J. SPROULE, Lieut.

WanteD

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED WEEKLY. No experience required. Commence at once. Address, stating age, FRED E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

Situation.

[illegible] Nurseryman. Rochester N. Y.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND

will visit Flesherton two days each week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE "TIMES" COMMISSION.

Close of Parnell's Examination—Archbishop Walsh on the Stand.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: Mr. Parnell's examination was finished before the Commission to-day. He testified that the Reception Committee in America comprised the leading merchants of New York, representative citizens and ministers of religion. In his speeches in New York, witness declared that not a farthing contributed to the Irish cause would go towards organizing rebellion in Ireland. Throughout his tour of the United States he had never even swerved a hand's breadth from that declaration. Attorney-General Webster, the witness said, had quoted from five out of sixty speeches he had made in the United States, ignoring the general tenor of his speeches, so as to misrepresent his words. All the names the Attorney-General had mentioned of persons associated with the meetings were only a small fraction of those who attended. Men of prominent positions and undoubted respectability attended these meetings. In no sense could the American reception be identified with the proceedings of the Physical Force Party. Witness firmly believed that none of his colleagues, since joining the Irish Parliamentary party, had had anything to do with the Fenians. Only casually did the Fenians come within the orbit of the constitutional movement. Here Mr. Parnell scored by remarking that the Tories were more certainly associated with the movement; for instance, when they co-operated with the Parnellites to obstruct the Criminal Code Bill to the death.

Referring to some letters of his, Mr. Parnell said he had copies made from his secretary's shorthand notes.

Attorney-General Webster—It seems that there exists a book of Mr. Parnell's letters. I would like to see that book.

Sir Charles Russell—By all means.

Presiding Justice Hannen—If these letters refer to the League they ought to have been disclosed.

Mr. Parnell—Your Lordships are welcome to see any letter I ever wrote or received.

Attorney-General Webster, recurring to Mr. Parnell's private bank account, wanted to trace a number of cheques.

A warm discussion ensued, Sir Charles Russell declaring that such action would be unfair.

Justice Hannen suggested a postponment of the matter until fuller documents were before the court.

Archbishop Walsh testified that he came to the conclusion before 1879 that there was need of a defensive land organization, and was proceeding to give his opinion on the subject.

Justice Hannen said the inquiry must be limited to whether or not the Land League was necessary.

Attorney-General Webster submitted that matters of opinion were not admissible.

Mr. Biggar urged that opinion evidence had been given over and over again by "hirelings" of the Government.

Justice Hannen warned Mr. Biggar not to use such expressions.

Mr. Biggar said that unless such evidence was admitted the whole inquiry would end in a farce.

The judges retired to consider the matter privately. On their return Justice Hannen announced they had decided that it was not permissible to ask any witness, however distinguished, abstract questions of opinion. The facts known to the witness ought to be laid before the court before opinions based thereon were mentioned.

The Archbishop, continuing, said that in the course of his visits through his diocese he had abundant means of knowing that the League denounced outrages. Many priests had joined the League with his approval. He saw nothing in the action of the League to forbid the clergy joining.

A TRIO OF SUICIDES.

Three Unfortunates Shuffle off this Mortal Coil.

Joseph Arcand Stremi committed suicide yesterday morning at St. Philippo, Laprairie County, Que., by hanging himself in a shed. Deceased was a middle-aged man, lately married.

It is stated, on what appears to be good authority, that P. B. Douglas, late Assistant Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

A deliberate case of suicide occurred in Montreal on Thursday evening. A butcher called George Lussier, residing on St. Catharine street, was threatened with prosecution for keeping a stall without a license. Being involved in financial difficulties at the same time, the trouble so preyed upon his mind that yesterday he attempted to throw himself under a Canadian Pacific Railway train, but was prevented from doing so by the vigilance of the officials. He then proceeded to Monarque street and deliberately threw himself into the St. Lawrence. He rose to the surface and was heard to cry for assistance, bht the current being very strong the unfortunate man was gradually borne away, and was soon seen to sink to rise no more.

An Oklahoma Boomer.

Among the wild riders who crossed the Canadian was Mrs. Dorrance, a charming matron of Purcell, who swam a fast horse through the roaring river and secured a fine farm on the other shore.—*St. Louis Republic's Guthrie Special.*

Hereafter the boats to be carried by Atlantic steamers, instead of being made of wood, will be made of steel, in one piece. Wooden boats rot and are easily crushed. The new boats will be built by machinery especially made for rolling them out in all sizes in a single plate.

Perhaps the secret egrets of life are the weightiest, and chiefly on this account—that they are incommunicable.

J. W. Coffey, a Philadelphia skeleton, weighing only 50 pounds, recently advertised for a wife. So far he has received over two hundred answers and they are still pouring in. What Mr. Coffey lacks physically he makes up for financially. Hence the rush for the prize.

Who said the Chinaman would not assimilate with us? At Denver the other day he ran away with another Celestial's wife and $400.—*Waterbury American.*

"I MUST HAVE HELP!"

Deluded Mrs. Fox Dies in Agony Under the Care of a Faith Healer.

A Syracuse despatch says: The funeral of Mrs. Royal E. Fox took place at her home, No. 30 Erie street, this afternoon. To-morrow the remains will be buried in Oswego. Mrs. Fox died the day before yesterday. The responsibility for the fatal termination of her illness is laid by public opinion at the door of what is called Christian science. Mrs. Fox had been subject to bilious attacks for several years. When the first one came on Dr. Jay W. Sheldon was called. When the patient had begun to recover she was left to the charge of Dr. E. H. Flint. Mrs. Fox was to some extent a believer in Christian science at that time, and her husband was, as he is yet, "very firm in the faith," to quote an expression used to-day by one of the friends of the family. During a recurrence of her illness some weeks ago Mrs. Fox relied entirely upon Christian science, Mrs. E. P. Bates attending her, and she got better. She was told then that having once been cured by Christian science she would be free from the malady thereafter, and she entirely believed it.

FAITH CURE DID NOT HELP HER.

Last Saturday the disease came on again with unusual severity. Mrs. Bates was out of town, and another apostle of Christian science, Mrs. Norris, was called. Mrs. Fox's daughters urged that a physician be called, but their entreaties went for nothing. Mr. Fox had unbounded confidence in Christian science of a curative power and felt sure his wife would again recover. The patient, it is said, suffered terribly, and frequently called out in her agony, "I must have help! I must have help!" She was told that all she needed was courage, and she would be sure to triumph over the malady. Mrs. Fox took scarcely any nourishment during the attack. Dr. Flint was summoned at the last moment.

A DOCTOR CALLED TOO LATE.

"When I entered the house," he said to-day, "Mrs. Fox had just passed away. The body was still warm, but there were no signs of life. I was called to make out the death certificate, I suppose. I assigned as the cause of death inflammation of the liver."

Dr. Flint expressed the opinion that if Mrs. Fox had been allowed her own way she would have had the services of a physician. One of the neighbors said that the body immediately after death was "all twisted up," its position leading her to believe that Mrs. Fox was writhing in agony when she died.

HE KILLED HIMSELF.

A Young Man Puts Up at a Hotel and Shoots Himself.

A Detroit despatch says: On Wednesday evening a nicely dressed man, apparently 20 years old, took room 78, third floor, Russell House, registering as D. E. Cady, of Auburn, N.Y. He had no baggage, and paid for one day in advance. Meals were served in his room. On Thursday morning he came downstairs and told the clerk he would stay another day, and paid for it. Friday morning one of the employees called Mr. McCleary's attention to the fact that no meals had been sent to the room since Thursday noon. The door of the room was locked, and no response was made from within to the rapping. A ladder was procured, and through the transom the lifeless form of the young man, fully dressed, was seen lying on the bed in a pool of blood. The door was forced open and it was found that Cady had been dead some time. His legs were crossed and his arms folded on his breast. His right hand clutched a self-acting revolver, with which he had shot himself in the head over the right ear. On the centre table was an envelope addressed to the proprietor of the Russell House, containing a note with these words: "Please notify Charles Cady, Auburn, N.Y., Cayuga county, if anything happens to me."

Lonsdale Spinning Yarns.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Lord Lonsdale says it was with the greatest difficulty that the Indians could be persuaded to go north, as they were terribly afraid of the Esquimaux, who up there are called "Huskeys," and instead of being short of stature stand six feet in height. When Lord Lonsdale arrived among them they made a half-circle as he advanced, each of the natives holding in his hand a knife about six inches long. Against the advice of his interpreter he went into their chasm snow house, where meetings were held. The natives informed the interpreter that they had heard that all white men were brave, and they were going to try them. The braves then formed in line before Lord Lonsdale as he sat on a box, and each drawing his knife rushed upon him ready to strike. They stopped at his feet, and the leader, advancing, put his ear over the explorer's heart and listened to its beating. Lord Lonsdale took no notice, but asked to see them dance. During the progress of the dance the braves would stop and rush at the white man with their knives upraised. Fortunately his nerve did not fail him, and he was afterwards received with every mark of consideration.

T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., ordinary physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes of Bright's disease as follows: "Catarrh of the intestine also occasionally occurs, sometimes producing an exhausting diarrhœa." Warner's Safe Cure cures the diarrhœa by first removing the cause.

'Pickwick" has been dramatized in Danish.

Word comes of the death of John Kidd, the last survivor of the passengers of the Forfarshire, who were rescued by Grace Darling in 1838.

Mr. Charles Santley, the great English baritone singer, is a capital painter, both in water and in oils.

Mr. Jess Wedde (to his bride)—"Please pass the sugar, sweetness." Looks up in some confusion as the waitress hands him the sugar bowl with unusual alacrity. Suppressed laughter from the other boarders.

Katie Putnam is going to Australia, and she is to take George C. Boniface with her.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the whistler, will shortly go abroad to fill engagements.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The attendance at the Paris Exposition has thus far averaged 71,000 persons daily.

It is reported that Sir Charles Russell's fee for acting as counsel for the Parnellites is $10,000.

A landlord has been arrested in Kingston charged with evicting a tenant at the point of a revolver.

Rev. Mr. Evans, Church of England clergyman, of Buckingham, Que., was drowned yesterday while out sailing.

The death is announced of Dr. Alex. Harvey, Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Aberdeen.

Work on the Kingston dry-dock was commenced yesterday morning, and it is expected to take two years to complete it.

Miss Kate Sherman, a buxom Tennessee girl, met her father at the depot the other day, and broke two of his ribs at a single hug.

An immense quantity of the plates of the Great Eastern, recently broken up, has been received in Montreal for the iron factories and rolling mills.

Bones were found in the well at Springfield into which it has been rumored a man was thrown seventeen years ago, but whether the bones are human or not remains to be established.

A little boy named Eddie Stansfield, son of Mr. Isaac Stansfield, traveller for R. S. Williams & Co.'s music house, London, was missing on Wednesday and at a late hour last night his body was found in the river.

Von Bulow says that every pianist should learn to sing and play the violin, "as their ears would hear more critically the sounds they produce and thereby teach them how to phrase." Some pianists we have heard should learn to cook and to make shoes—and let the piano alone.—*Norristown Herald*

The house at West Lorne, St. Thomas, to which the smallpox has been successfully confined by the exertions of the Chairman of the Board of Health, was burned last night, and the Chairman was entertained to supper and presented with a cane.

Thomas Elvert, a demented man, at Tweed, attempted to commit suicide by drowning on Sunday, but was rescued by parties returning from church services. A medical commission pronounced him dangerously insane, and to-day he was committed to the county jail.

Mrs. Maria Elliott, formerly Mrs. O'Flaherty, who has kept the Wellington House, London, for some time, is mourning the loss of a husband and $2 000, especially the latter. Elliott by some means got hold of the money, which was to have been paid on some property, and is now far away from his better half.

Rufus Huntley, a farmer, who formerly lived a short distance from Hanover, left the Queen's Hotel to take the early train yesterday morning for Michigan and was found dead on the sidewalk a short time afterwards. He was taken into Mr. Messinger's house near by, and Coroner Landerkin sent for. A large wound was found across the left cheek, how received is a mystery.

Dr. Cassan, physician to the Hospital of the Insane of the Bon Sauveur, Albi, France, was murdered on Wednesday night. Upon entering his room next morning his attendants found him lying on his bed in his night-shirt. His body was literally covered with knife wounds, and his head nearly separated from the trunk. Dr. Cassan was a quiet man, much respected by all who knew him. He was Maire of Albi under the Empire and during the regime of "Seize Mai."

American visitors fairly rained upon London on Wednesday. The City of New York, the City of Rome and the Trave arrived, landing altogether nearly a thousand Americans. By every possible train these, or a majority of them at least, went to London. Where they all found a roof to cover them is a mystery. The hotels were already full to the sky parlors, and turning away each from a dozen to a hundred a day, but presumably all found a place in which to run up a bill for the necessities and luxuries of life.

White Caps have notified Rev. George Jacob Schweinfurth to leave Rockford, Ill., in ten days. If he does not go they say they will break into his house, take him to the woods, strip him, tar and feather him and roast him alive. They claim he is breaking up families. If any one interferes they will be similarly treated. Schweinfurth has employed a night watchman, purchased guns and dogs, and proposes to be ready for them. Rev. Mr. Schweinfurth is the head of what is known as the Beekmanite sect, and is worshipped by his followers as the Christ.

The civic expenditure of Kingston for the year 1888 was $124,837.

Judge Barrett at New York yesterday dissolved the Electric Sugar Refining Company. A receiver was appointed.

The estimated expenditure for the current year for the city of Toronto is 14½ mills on the dollar, as against 14¾ last year.

The Mayor of Collingwood yesterday laid the foundation stone of the Marine and General Hospital which it is proposed to build.

A lady interested in the Montreal Boys' Home has handed the Superintendent a cheque for $4,000, to be devoted to building purposes.

The Mayor, Ald. McMillan, Ald. Gillespie and City Treasurer Coady, of Toronto, will visit England on an early date to float city debentures amounting to three million dollars.

The funeral of Count Tolstoi, late Minister of the Interior, took place at St. Petersburg yesterday. The Czar was present. He has donated to the widow 200,000 roubles and granted her a yearly pension of 6,000 roubles.

A gigantic raft, comprising 2,000,000 feet of timber, is now *en route* from Detroit to Buffalo. The raft reached Detroit late in the fall, when it was thought too risky to let it proceed further. By the time this lumber reaches its destination it will have been over five months on the journey.

Five young men, representing the sporting fraternity, were before the Kingston Police Court yesterday for participating in a cocking main, conducted in an office in the centre of the city. Three were fined $50 and costs and two $25 and costs, with the usual option. It transpired during the trial that a well-known alderman had acted as referee, and he will now be attended to.

Judge Lizars, of Stratford, who has been seriously ill, is much better.

The work of counting the $200,000,000 in the United States Treasury is to be begun at once.

A little lad named Proulx, while playing on the banks of the canal at Montreal last night, fell in and was drowned.

Mr. Donald Chisholm, M.P., Vancouver, B.C., who has been seriously ill in Ottawa for some months, is slowly recovering.

A gunner named Herbert Skinner, of the marine artillery, has had a windfall of £530,000 and a large property in Hereford.

Five negroes and seven whites were flogged at Newcastle, Del., on Saturday for different offences, and afterwards exposed for one hour in the pillory.

Fully three-quarters of a million dollars worth of new buildings are going up at Stratford this season. The contractors all have their hands full.

The statistics of the recent smallpox epidemic in the neighborhood of St. Thomas are quoted as affording strong evidence of the value of vaccination.

The Algoma expedition arrived at Sault Ste. Marie on Friday night, and report the trouble with the lumbermen to be over. They are expected in Toronto to-morrow.

The argument on the motion in reply to the exception to form in the Jesuit-*Mail* case was heard on Saturday before Judge Loranger in Montreal. Judgment was reserved.

Rev. S. G. Bland appeared in the pulpit of Queen Street Church, Kingston, yesterday, the first time since the serious accident which befel him occurred. His usefulness promises to be in no way impaired.

Six Chinamen passed through Montreal on Friday night from New York in bond for China, they having during eight years' residence saved sufficient money at laundry work to enable them to spend the rest of their days in comfort in their native land.

Mrs. Felicite Laframboise, 84 years of age, attended the 5 o'clock service on Saturday morning at Bonsecours Church, Montreal, and a few minutes later was discovered lying on the seat of her pew quite dead. Every effort was made to restore animation, but without success.

Patrick Ford, aged 60, a watchman in Armour's packing-houses, Chicago, shot and killed his wife, 23 years of age, on Saturday morning, and then put a bullet into his own breast. He cannot recover. The couple had been married three months, but quarrelled and were not living together.

A number of Conservative members of the British House of Commons, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Chaplin, have endeavored to impress upon the mind of Mr. Goschen the extent of the hardship imposed upon the landed classes by the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to increase the death tax of properties valued at over £10,000, and Mr. Goschen listened to their arguments, but declined to modify his proposals.

A largely-attended meeting was held at Anderton's Hotel, London, on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of founding an Elsmerian Church, which shall be free from dogma and bend its energies to finding the millennium on earth, leaving the next world to take care of itself. It was proposed to name the new institution the Christian Ethical Church, and it was also decided to erect a building for purposes of worship in London.

The London police made a raid on the Field Club at 2 o'clock yesterday morning and found gambling going on. Most of the players were engaged at baccarat, and large sums were being staked. Twenty-one persons were arrested, among whom were three English and several French and Belgian noblemen. The prisoners were taken to the police station and bailed in £100 each. They are to appear in court to-morrow. The police seized £5,000 in the rooms of the club. A raid was also made on the Adelphi Club, where a number of barristers and solicitors were gambling. All were taken to the police station and bail was in most cases refused. Among those arrested at the Field Club were the Earl of Dudley, Lord Lurgan, Lord Paulet and Baron Feraro.

MARY ANN IMITATES DIDO.

Cremated Herself on a Brush Heap for Love of a Young Man.

A Cheboygan, Mich., despatch says: Mary Ann Collagher, aged 23, went into the woods on her father's farm, lighted a pile of brush, lay down in the flames, and was burned to a crisp. The reason assigned for the deed is that her parents objected to her receiving the attentions of a young man whom they disliked.

Important to Teachers and Scholars.

The High School entrance examination will be held on the 4th, 5th and 6th days of July, beginning at 1.30 p. m. on the 4th.

The third, second and first-class teachers' examinations will begin on Tuesday, the 9th of July. Applications stating age and optional subjects and enclosing a fee of $5 must be sent to the inspector before the 24th of May.

The Provincial examination for Kindergarten assistants and directors will be held in the last two weeks in June. Examination in practical teaching will be held at Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton, beginning respectively on the 13th, 17th and 24th days of June. The written examination will begin at Toronto on the 26th of June. Applications must be sent to the Secretary of the Education Department before the 1st of June.

Rev. F.L.H. Potts, a young Episcopalian minister who went to China a year ago, has married Miss Wong, the daughter of his first convert.

"Doretta," the new opera, was an utter failure, and was withdrawn at the end of the first week.

Edward Scovel, leading tenor of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, has lost his voice.

Manager Harris has added Mr. McGucken, of the late Carl Rosa's Opera Company to his list of tenors for the London season of Italian opera.

OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

Arrangements for the Holding of the Annual Camps.

A special telegram from Ottawa says: The dates for the several camps of exercise have been decided as follows:

District No. 1	18th June.
" 2	11th June.
" 3	18th June.
" 4	18th June.
" 5	25th June.
" 6	25th June.
" 7	2nd July.
" 8	25th June.
" 9	3rd September.

The locations of the camps have not been decided upon, except with regard to District No. 2, which, as usual, will be held at Niagara. For District No. 1 the choice lies between Windsor and London, and for the united camps of districts 3 and 4 it is expected that Kingston will be selected. The matter will not, however, be settled before next week. The maximum number of officers, non-commissioned officers and men to receive pay for drill in each district will be:

District	No. 1—Western Ontario	2,420
"	No. 2—Toronto district	3,442
"	No. 3—Eastern Ontario	1,558
"	No. 4—Eastern Ontario	1,135
"	No. 5—Quebec	2,712
"	No. 6—Quebec	1,267
"	No. 7—Quebec	2,147
"	No. 8—New Brunswick	1,304
"	No. 9—Nova Scotia	1,932
"	No. 10—Manitoba	431
"	No. 11—British Columbia	230
"	No. 12—Prince Edward Island	327
Total		19,225

"A" Company, Infantry School Corps, will join the camp in New Brunswick; "B" Company, the camp in District No. 5; and "C" Company, the camp at Niagara, and a two-gun detachment from "A" Battery will join the camp in districts 3 and 4. As these are paid as permanent corps, they will be in addition to the strength authorized for districts 2, 3, 4, 5 and 8, but will not be included for drill pay. The Newcastle Field Battery will drill in camp near its local headquarters.

THE MISSING DOCTOR.

He Turns Out to be a St. Catharines Man.

A St. Louis despatch to the New York *World* gives the following information as to the career in that city of Dr. Cronin, who disappeared so mysteriously in Chicago on Saturday night last: Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin came to St. Louis in 1869 from St. Catharines, Canada, when 27 years old. He was a tailor, but never worked at his trade here. He secured employment as a porter in a wholesale grocery, but having a good tenor voice got a position in the Second Baptist Church choir, and this enabled him to obtain the position of omnibus ticket collector for the Transfer Company. He held this position two years, and was then for four years local ticket agent for the St. Louis and Southeastern Railroad, now the Louisville Air Line. Next he opened a drug store in the fashionable west end, attended a pharmacy school and the Missouri Medical College, and afterwards practised medicine, making a specialty of throat and lung diseases. In 1880 he went to Europe as an honorary commissioner to the Paris Exposition, and soon afterwards removed to Chicago. For a time he was professor of eye and ear diseases at the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a fine-looking man and a hard worker.

Dr. Cronin is a brother-in-law of Mr. John Carroll and an uncle of Mr. Andrew J. Carroll, of St. Catharines. His family resided on Welland avenue, next door to the fire station. At one time he worked for his father in the shoe store, in the premises now occupied by the "Beehive," and was quite a popular vocalist at that time.

TEN MEN KILLED.

Terrible Accident in a Pennsylvania Coal Mine.

A Pottsville, Pa., despatch says: At Kaska-William Colliery, near Middleport, this evening the cage containing ten miners was ascending the shaft and was 16 feet from the bottom when an empty car was pushed over the top of the shaft by two Hungarian laborers. The car struck the cage with awful momentum, shattering it to splinters and killing every one of its occupants. The victims are Michael Bohle, assistant inside foreman; Hugh Carlin, Patrick McDonald, George Rendal, John Pottovisch, Frank Strakovisch, John Moore, Albert Dwyer, Edward Kurtz and Stephen Watson. The cage was hurled into a hole at the bottom where the water from the workings accumulated. The mine is operated by the Alliance Coal Company. The shaft is 500 feet deep.

Her Husband's Image.

A singular case of mistaken identity occurred to-day, when Mrs. James Duke, of Beloit, Wis., arrived here in company with six interesting children, and claimed as her lost husband a cigarmaker named David Robinson, who is the foreman in the factory of Messrs. Robinson & Watson. The lady, who is well dressed and quite prepossessing, confronted her alleged husband this evening, and even after conversing with him was not satisfied that he was not her lost husband until she examined his wrist for a scar. Failing to find this she broke down and admitted that she was mistaken in the man. How much Robinson must have resembled Duke is attested by the fact that the children clung around him affectionately calling him papa. Mrs. Duke's husband, who was a cigarmaker, disappeared mysteriously about a year ago, and she was led to believe he was located here through information received from a travelling tobacco salesman.
Tuscola (Ill.) corr. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The New Niagara Bridge.

Counsel for various American railroads have asked for a hearing on the Bill incorporating the Niagara River Bridge Company, now pending in the New York Legislature, and it has been appointed for next Tuesday. The object of the company is to build a bridge across Niagara River at some point between Niagara Falls and Lewiston, and, it is believed, in the interest of the Canadian Pacific. The project is to be opposed.

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, whose name is a household word all over the globe, warmly endorsed the use of Warner's Safe Cure in cases of kidney disorder. He said over his own signature: "If I found myself a victim of serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

A DEMORALIZED MEDIUM.

Kicked Out of Doors With His Ghosts and Cabinet.

Dr. Francis Buckner was in court at Covington, O., last Monday to answer to a charge of assault on Dr. Warner, a spiritualist medium. Some weeks ago Warner took rooms at Buckner's, and before the latter knew what was going on had gained complete control over Mrs. Buckner and the children so far as spiritualism was concerned. Buckner ordered Warner to leave the house, but the wife interfered and he remained. Last Sunday evening Buckner came in from a professional visit and found Warner holding a seance in his parlor, assisted by two women from Chicago named Hughes and Shaw. Several neighbors were present and the disembodied were making frequent visits to the room. A white something, that claimed to be a dead sister of Mrs. Buckner, was sliding about. Before anybody realized what was going on Dr. Buckner had the something in his arms. It yelled, but it was useless, and Buckner dragging it to the hall door, threw it forcibly down the steps, when, after the wraps were removed, it proved to be Mrs. Shaw, with cut and bleeding face. Rushing back, Buckner caught Mrs. Hughes and threw her out of a window, and then gave his attention to Dr. Warner, first warning the people in the room not to interfere. Warner was knocked down and kicked, thrown against the wall and rolled under the piano. He was mauled on the head and pummeled on the body. His nose bled, blood came from his mouth, one eye was closed, and his clothing was remarkable for the variety of rents it displayed. Finally Buckner stood the medium up and kicked him out of doors down the walk into the street.

Returning to the house, Buckner smashed the cabinet and tossed Warner's personal effects into the street, where a great crowd had gathered and cheered the doctor as he made spiritualism a wreck in the Buckner household. The two ejected women had returned to the house, but Buckner drove them out, throwing their effects after them. Warner had Buckner arrested for assault and battery and malicious destruction of property. Warner presented a doleful appearance. One eye was closed, an arm in a sling and his face disfigured. The two women, who appeared as witnesses, looked little better. After hearing Buckner's story the Judge dismissed him, and told Warner he thought he got off easily.

WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

Recent Cases That Have Been Exciting Considerable Interest Abroad.

An unusually large number of cases of women passing for men have recently been discovered in Great Britain and France. The most remarkable for length of time during which the deception was maintained was that of a person who, during a voyage from France to the Island of Jersey, acted in a strange manner and finally fell unconscious. A doctor found that although dressed as a man it was really a woman. After being sent to a hospital in Jersey she told her story, which was that at the age of 13 she had been left an orphan and had then adopted male clothes, which she had ever since worn without discovery. She was 55 years old and had therefore worn trousers for forty-two years. She had for the greater part of her life pursued the calling of a courier, guiding parties of travellers over all parts of Europe, under the name of Louis Herman Tobush. She had done well at the business and had a balance at her banker's. When she was taken sick on the steamer she wore a fur waistcoat, a long overcoat, a stiff hat, and a turned down collar, and smoked a long pipe or a strong cigar, as she chanced to please. No one had any suspicion she was not a man. Among the witnesses in a recent suit at the Palace of Justice in Paris was a person, apparently a young man, dressed like a student, who was accompanied by what seemed to be an elderly gentleman of grave aspect. When the name of M'me Libert was called the young man stepped forward. "I beg your pardon," said the clerk. "I am asking for a lady, and not a man." "But this young man is my daughter," exclaimed the sedate gentleman, stepping forward. The clerk decided to let the judge see the witness and settle the matter. The judge told the young woman to go home and put on proper clothes before she appeared to testify. "But I have not a single dress to my name," she exclaimed. It turned out the old M'me Libert runs a printing office and had for a long time worn male clothing in order to manage her business better. She was bringing up her daughter to the same custom.—*New York Sun.*

Joe Beef's Epitaph.

Some time since the famous "Joe Beef" died at his residence on Common street, Montreal, and was duly mourned by his wife and children. One of Mrs. McKiernan's first acts after "Joe" had ceased to live was to compose something appropriate for the stone which was to mark the last resting place of the deceased. Messrs. Forsyth & Co. have furnished the tombstone and Mrs. McKiernan the poetry. Here it is, with the inscription:

In Memoriam.
CHARLES McKIERNAN,
Better known as "Joe Beef,"
Born at Cavan, Ireland,
December 4, 1835,
Died at Montreal
January 15, 1889.

Such was the departed one we mourn,
Dear to us all, cherished be his name;
Eternal pleasure reigns where he is gone—
Our loss is great, but oh! how great his gain.

Full many a man of wealth and power
Has died and gone before,
Who scorned to give a poor man bread
When he stood at his door.

But Joe took in the great unwashed,
Who shared his humble style;
He made their life a merry one,
Without a thought of guile.

Their eyes are dim for loss of him,
Their grief is quite sincere;
He housed them from the winter blast,
And filled them with good cheer.

And when the day of reckoning comes—
As come it does to all—
Such sincere mourners they'll not have
Behind their funeral pall.

—*Erected by his Wife.*

—"Curious," mused the bankrupt, "the more you wind a business up the less it goes."

FRED'S PUNISHMENT.

Rather Hard to Decide On, but It Would be Pretty Severe.

They were talking of somebody who had been shamelessly jilted by her young man. A woman is never as hard on a young man for jilting a girl as on a girl for jilting a young man.

"Fred, if you did that to me, if you went off with another girl, do you know what I would do?"

"No, dear. What?"

"I would simply get hold of you and tell you what I thought of you, and then I'd leave you and never speak to you again."

"Would you really do that?"

"Yes, I—no, I don't think I would. I would despise you and have too great a contempt for you to take any notice of it at all or of you ever after. If you think so little of me after all you said you cannot be the gentleman I thought you were."

"But, I say, dear, I haven't, you know; I haven't done anything at all.

"No, I know you haven't, but if you were to, if I found that you were making love to another girl—I d—no—I wouldn't—I'd just be as nice as I could be to you—doublynice to you—and I'd make youso fond of me you couldn't live without me, and then I'd turn around and tell you I wanted nothing more to do with you."

"That would be mean."

"Well, so it would. No, I guess I'd go to you and tell you quietly that although you were so contemptibly double-faced it couldn't be. I have too much self-respect; and that you were free—free to go with anybody you liked."

"That would be better."

"Would it? Oh, that wouldn't be all. I'd make you suffer—Oh, I'd make you suffer if you ever treated me like that."

"What would you do?"

"I'd wait till I got a good opportunity and I'd humiliate you."

"How?"

"I don't know, but I would do it all the same. Maybe you think I'm stupid; but I'd show you."

"Shall I tell you what you'd do if you ever found me out——"

"Do you mean to say you have already? Well——"

"No. If I ever did, do you know what you'd do?"

"What?"

"You'd go out and get another young man and make it out you jilted me."

"Well, I guess that's what I really would do, after all."

Comparisons of Religions.

When returning to Buda-Pesth, Mohammed Naim, an Afghan dervish, called upon me. He related to me the details of his extraordinary adventures, and the impression produced upon him through his dumb intercourse with the people is highly interesting. Judging men and things from an Afghan point of view, he was at a loss to find an explanation for the kindheartedness shown to him by a nation so utterly different in religion, morals and habits. He very naturally arrived at the conclusion that his own countrymen, agitated by an incomprehensible mode of thinking, are rude, cruel, and certainly inferior to the Christians among whom he wandered. "My Afghan brethren," he said, "by caring too much for the salvation of men belonging to another creed, are certainly acting against the rules of hospitality and humanity, while the Christians, by caring little or nothing for religious differences, really fulfil toward their fellow-creatures all the duties of humanity and of social intercourse." This he gladly admitted; but, on the other hand, he stanchly adhered to the superiority of his Mahommedan religion, and curious were the motives with which he tried to justify his opinion. "The Jews," he said, "accept and follow Moses as their prophet; the Christians, by accepting Moses and Jesus, have got two leaders, and are in advance of the Jews; while we Mohammedans, by accepting Moses, Jesus and Mohammed, have got three leaders, and are therefore ahead of all as regards spiritual guidance, for a people led by three leaders is certainly less exposed to lose its way or to stumble on the path which leads to truth." In the course of his further conversation he nevertheless felt himself obliged to confess that the Christian world is in the ascendency over the Moslem world, and that sooner or later all Islam will be subdued by the overwhelming power of the active, strong and just men of Europe. The downfall of the Mohammedans he finds inevitable, but he ascribes it rather to the sinful negligence and religious laxity of his fellow-believers than to the higher level of the Christian religion.—*Arminius Vambery in Good Words.*

Hit by a Coincidence.

The owner of a place on Second avenue stood in his barn door on the alley the other day when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and passed the time o' day and finally said:

"Say, I want you to do me a favor. I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes."

"Why?"

"I want to go around on second avenue and work a house for half a dollar in money. I've got a pointer that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I'm sure of it."

"Very well; just leave your leg here and I'll take care of it."

The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley. Five minutes later he rang the doorbell of a house around the avenue, to have it opened by the man he had seen at the barn.

"W—wha—what!" he gasped in astonishment.

"Very sympathetic family lives here!" quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over, the man sat down on the steps and strapped it on, and, as he got up and stumped through the gate, he said to himself:

"I've heard of coincidences ever since I was knee-high to hop-toad, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet to once!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have sent telegrams to President Carnot congratulating him on his escape.

AN UNPRECEDENTED RACE.

It Lasted 108 Days and Was Won by Only Ten Minutes.

Two old sea dogs were celebrating New Year's Day in a comfortable little grog-shop in the Plaza Mayor, the principal square in Manila. One of them, Capt. Stuart, a Scotchman, was commander of the John McLeod; the other, Capt. Sewell, an American, commanded the Paul Revere. Both vessels were full-rigged ships, nearly the same size, and both were noted for their sailing qualities. The two captains were proud of their ships, and each claimed that his was the best. The controversy, at first friendly, became heated. Finally Capt. Sewell brought his fist down on the table and shouted: "I'll race you to New York for anything you want to bet. We can sail from here the same day and we are both bound for the same port. What do you say?"

"Done," said the Scotchman.

"Let it be for the best dinner money can buy."

Two days later both vessels had their cargoes aboard, weighed anchor and set sail for this country. For a long time they could see each other through their glasses, but when they reached Cape Horn they were driven far apart. Their destination was never forgotten, and all the canvas their ships could carry was crowded on. The horizon was constantly scanned for a sight of the rival ship, but for more than a month without success.

At length, when southeast of Hatteras, they sighted each other. They were almost abreast and about fifteen miles apart. In this position they continued until nightfall. After dark a furious gale came up, driving them several miles out of their course. Sail was shortened as little as was consistent with safety, however. For four days the gale continued, during which time neither ship could gain an advantage. At last the weather moderated, but the vessels had lost sight of each other. No time was lost, and both made for the winning post, then only a few hundred miles away. Down the homeward stretch they came, until when day broke yesterday morning they were in sight of Sandy Hook. When Capt. Sewell got out his glasses and leveled them to windward, he yelled: "By Jehosaphat, there's the McLeod, and we're not a foot ahead of her."

This was the literal truth. The two vessels were "neck and neck" after a race of 108 days. Capt. Stuart saw the Revere about the same time and both ships crowded on every inch of canvas they could carry. Over the bar they came, up through the lower bay, neither having the slightest advantage. Just before they reached the Narrows the Revere got a slant of wind which the McLeod missed. It was not much, but it carried her ahead and she dropped anchor at quarantine at 7.10 a.m. The yell which went up from the throats of her crew awoke all hands on shore, who came out just in time to see the McLeod let go her anchor ten minutes later. Thus was won and lost the longest and closest race on record.—*New York Correspondent Chicago Journal.*

Bits of Wampum.

It is only the lucky who think fortune blind.

A paradox is often a truth serving its apprenticeship.

Children are the coupons on the bonds of marriage.

White lies are the gentlemen ushers of the black ones.

Rarely do we contradict those we love or those we despise.

Scratch a pessimist, and, more often than not, you will find an optimist turned sour.

Many a man forgets his evil deeds so swiftly that he is honestly surprised when any one else recalls them.

Man has a firmer grip on the truths he thinks he has found out for himself than on those he has been taught.

Many a man would blush for his wisest decisions if only he should reflect on the reasons which moved him to them.

To see a clever man making a fool of himself is a sorry sight; and it is pitiful to discover that he can always give most excellent reasons for his folly.

Some people keep a friend as children have a toy bank, into which they drop little coins now and again; and some day they draw out the whole of their savings at once.

A Big Fence.

Arrangements have been about completed by the Walrond ranch to fence in a large portion of their range. The fence will begin at the Old Man's River, this side of the Piegan reserve, and will extend to the hills some twelve or fourteen miles, gates being left at regular intervals. We believe the contracts for getting out posts, etc., have already been let.—*Macleod Gazette.*

HEADACHE, fickle appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, cramps in calf of legs, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling—any one or more of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney disease or Bright's disease, and Warner's Safe Cure should be freely used according to directions. Dr. Wm. H. Thompson, of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption. The late Dr. Dio Lewis says, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use your preparation."

The London *Lancet* recently contained this advertisement: "Home wanted for homicidal lady in house of medical man. Address, stating terms," etc.

Two original editions of "Walton's Angler," 1653, have been sold in London, realizing $2,400 and $360 respectively.

A man named Hopkins was fined $10 and costs in Kingston yesterday for selling pop and fireworks to a boy on Sunday.

A conflict occurred yesterday between the strikers and military at Essen, Germany. The soldiers killed three men and wounded five.

A Boston lady's letter to her papa in Brookline, Mass., says of the ending of the Centenpial ball at New York: "Champagne was all over the floor, and men pouring it down one another's backs." It was a "glorious" celebration!]

A POINTER.

As every reader of this paper knows, it has become one of the fine arts to write attractive and interesting advertisements—especially medical ones.

Now it seems to us that if, for instance, the world-wide advertisers of Warner's Safe Remedies would adopt a style whereby they could work in a startling story of, say—wolves, we believe the immense sales of their medicines could be still more largely increased. We give them the benefit of the idea at any event. Let it commence like this:

Patter! Patter! Patter!

There it is again. It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon its victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space, with a scream to unnerve the hardiest hunter. "Wolves," whispers the hunter, as a howl suddenly bursts upon his ear.

Wolves! the gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded—yet no more in danger, and no more effectually surrounded than he who trifles with the symptoms of kidney disease. And you, reader, know whether or not you are a victim to its insidious encroachment. If your back aches, if your eyesight is failing, if your appetite is fickle, if your urine is not clear and of a pale straw color, do not hesitate on the prairie of danger, but flee to the nearest haven of safety, and resort to the only known cure for kidney and liver troubles, Warner's Safe Cure. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to your family and society at large.

Delays are dangerous.

Had the traveller not been overtaken in the night, and unarmed, the wolves would have had no terrors for him. We warn you just now, in broad daylight, before the wolves of disease sink their poisoned fangs deeply into your flesh and the night of death settles down upon you, to stop your ears to prejudice and bigotry, and to fly to safety through the means we have pointed out

Chamberlain's Great Blow Out.

Edmund Yates says: Chamberlain's party at Highbury made one rub one's eyes and wonder whether he were awake or only passing through a dream. Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, all came to pour incense on the altar of Unionism in the temple of which Chamberlain is the high priest. How the wheel goes round! For it seems but yesterday, under other auspices and with Schnadhorst as guardian angel, that another Gospel was preached and another altar lighted at the shrine—but no one wishes to be critical. The Highbury party was Unionist, intellectual, smart, amusing, cosmopolitan. Mrs. Chamberlain made the most charming of hostesses, and won every heart not already captivated. Her reception was very crowded. She pleased her Birmingham lieges by appearing in their pearl necklace. Every one who came feasted his eyes on a larger collection of the British aristocracy than they had ever seen or were likely to see again. The house at Highbury, most comfortable and luxuriously furnished, was done up recently, and what few improvements were wanted were added when Mr. Chamberlain brought home his bride.

How to Manage a Kicker.

Says a writer: "I have seen gentle cows spoiled by pounding, but I never saw a kicker cured by it. If any horned animal kicks you, try to make it think you like to be kicked. Kind treatment and the entire ignoring of a kick from a cow will generally cure. Animals kick because they are afraid of you and can't get out of your way. Convince them that you won't hurt them under any circumstances and the cause for kicking is removed. For an unsafe or nervous cow, however, I use a rope; about three-eighths rope is best. Tie a good snap to one end and a ring to the other, and have it about two or two and a half feet long over all. Pass the rope around the left hind leg just above the gambrel joint, give it one twist between the legs and then snap the ends together outside the right leg, and your cow is harmless. The more she is inclined to kick, the tighter the rope may be twisted. Now keep this rope hanging just behind the kicker and you need never whip her."

Gulls Always in Season.

A few days ago a young man in an eastern city sent 25 cents to the United States for an article that was advertised as a sure destroyer of potato bugs. The parcel arrived on Saturday and contained two small blocks of wood, with directions for use; the purchaser being informed not to open it until necessary. The innocent youth was given these directions: "When the insect is captured place it between the two blocks, squeeze down on them, and you will find that it is sure death to all kinds of bugs." Another gentleman sent 25 cents to Boston for a steel engraving of Queen Victoria and a 1 cent Canadian stamp was sent to him.

Settling the Argument.

Marietta—Husband, you are alway complaining about the ostentation of th diamonds I wear in my hair. Have you forgotten that Shakspeare wrote, "E'en the venomous toad hath a jewel in his head?"

Husband—Oh, well, if you want to dress like a toad, I have nothing more to say.

Needed Relief.

"Could I induce you, Mr. Jobson, to part with your seraphic daughter Clara?"

"Bless your life, young man, yes! I told her mother last night that if nobody came along pretty soon I'd let her run off with the coachman."

The rumor is out that Digby Bell will go starring next season.

Mrs. T. Charles Watson, the well-known elocutionist and actress, is dangerously ill in New York.

Bagley—I want a little advice. My friends tell me to adopt literature as a means of a livelihood. What is the most necessary thing to do first? Editor—Get somebody to give you a good big bank account.

DR. CRONIN SPOKEN.

A Recent Mysterious Disappearance with a Queer Sequel.

Dr. H. P. Cronin, of Chicago, the former St. Catharines resident, whose mysterious disappearance has caused such a sensation in Chicago, was seen in Toronto yesterday. He took the 12.20 G. T. R. train for this city. The reason for the man's strange conduct is not given. He was seen on Yonge street, Toronto, by a person whose family physician he was in Chicago. When accosted with "Why, hello, Doc, how are you? What are you doinghere?" he replied, "My dear sir, you have the advantage of me. I don't know you."

"Now look here, Doc, there's no use of talking like that. Why do you speak that way to me?"

"My dear sir," replied the doctor," if you don't cease molesting me I'll call a policeman and have you arrested."

Then Dr. Cronin drew himself up and moved off. He looked half crazy, says the man who spoke to him.

The Millionaire's Secret.

"The secret of success," said the prince of American millionaires, "is very simple. Keep out of debt, keep your head cool and your bowels open." Thus in twelve words of wisdom was summed up the policy which turned a poor boy into a hundred-millionaire. Success often hinges upon as small a matter as the state of the bowels. So you see that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are not only the royal road to health, but to wealth and happiness as well.

How to Tell a True Flasher from a False.

"It doesn't require an expert," said Dr. De Manil, "to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple and can be made in any place and in a moment. All you need is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered, or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at $500."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Doomed to die, and oh, so young,
Is there nothing that can save
This poor, hopeless sufferer
From the dark and cruel grave?
Comes an answer, "Yes, there is.
"Favorite Prescription" try
It has saved the lives of thousands
Who were given up to die."

For all "female diseases" Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the standard remedy, and no woman should despair of recovery until she has given it a trial.

Time Brings Wisdom.

Rev. Dr. Prim—"Do you preach *extempore*, Brother Yallerby, or do you take notes?

Brother Yallerby (from the South)—Well, sah, dar was once a time I took notes, but I'be found it safest, down in my deestrick, to insist on habin' the cash down! *Texas Siftings.*

When you feel your strength is failing,
In some strange, mysterious way
When your cheek is slowly paling
And, "Poor thing," the neighbors say,
As they look at you in pity,
To the nearest drug store send,
At the earliest chance and get a
Bottle of the Sick Man's Friend.

You will get what you want by asking for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine tones up and invigorates the weakened system by purifying the blood and restoring lost vigor.

Encouraging.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourself in the Art Exhibition?" "Oh, splendidly! I looked at nobody's pictures but yours! You see there were always so many people standing before the other pictures, and there was always plenty of room by yours!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Sat Upon.

The Montreal *Star* says: It is announced on excellent authority that the recent Papal decree constituting an independent university in Montreal has been quashed at the instance of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec.

D C W L 21 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country."

And the *Review* says:

"After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in its specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head."

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN
Figure Paintings 15c. Full directions to paint $1, post paid. SPANISH PORTRAIT CO 44 West 23rd street, New York. Agents wanted

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

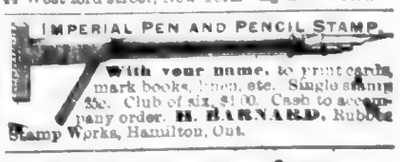

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

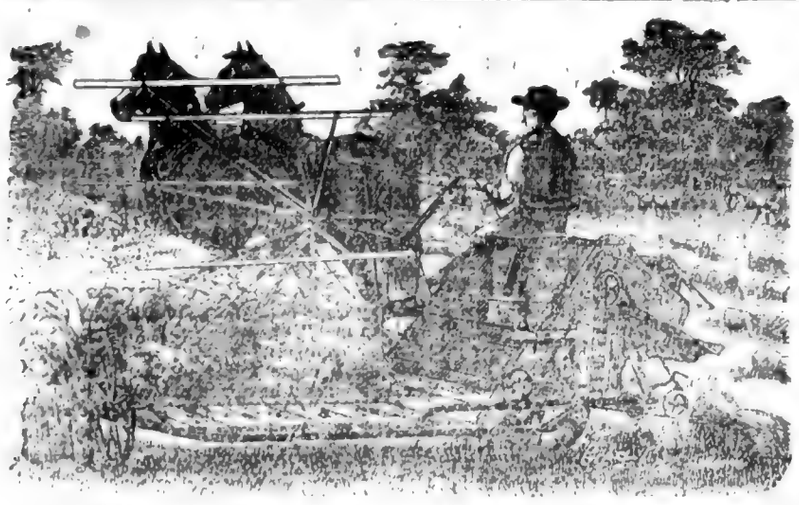

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to:
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion of their working and best points.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than any other machines in Canada.
Therefore: 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada.
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or putting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

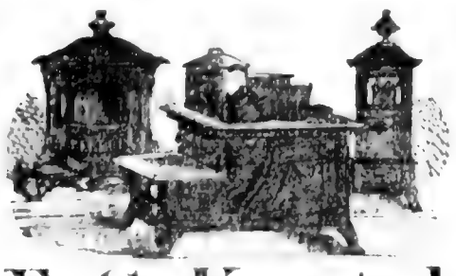

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (all makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.

done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR:
STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses

- It Pays To -

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 3 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton P.O

Milk for Cheese Factories.

BY JAS. W. ROBERTSON, PROFESSOR OF DAIRYING

FEED.—The milk of cows being a direct elaboration from their blood, whatever interferes with the healthy condition of that fluid will also affect the quality and quantity of the milk secreted. Too much care cannot be exercised in providing feed suitable, succulent, easily digestible, wholesome and nutritious. The grass of early summer is too watery and weak in nutriment for its bulk, to be fed alone to the greatest advantage. A judicious allowance of bran, peas and oats, oil cake or cotton seed meal will increase the milk supply and fortify the cows system for the larger production of milk during mid summer, fall and winter. Fodder corn, cows broadcast, does not meet the needs of milking cows. Such a feed [illegible] for though a cow turned to feed like cows into fodder corn, knowing that they have been fed when they have been only fed up. The same plant when grown with a determination favorable to its attainment of mature size and quality, in rows or hills 3 feet apart with from 2 to 6 seeds per foot in the rows, yields a fodder by means of which cows are enabled to produce the largest amount of milk, butter or cheese per acre of the land required for their support. Fodder corn is not a complete ration for the most economical production of the best milk. When supplemented by feed rich in albuminoids, such as those already mentioned, better returns for the feed consumed are realised. Last summer one of our leading Canadian dairymen, feeding 18 cows upon fodder corn to supplement scant pasture, furnished milk to a cheese factory. In course of time he provided a supply of bran, and by the end of the first week thereafter he found by an examination of the factory books that he was credited with enough extra milk to pay for the bran consumed (2½ lb per cow per day), and to leave him a balance of $2.43 of extra profit for that week.

WATER.—Water is nature's vehicle for carrying about most of the matter which she requires to move from place to place. The great builders were quietly clasped in her arms and without apparent effort brought from the northern ridges to the southern parts of our province. The tiniest specks of nourishing matter needed to replace the worn out tissues of the body are likewise carried to their proper places in this wonderful circulation. The identical water swallowed by a cow to serve as a carrying medium in her blood for the equable distribution of the elements of nutrition throughout her whole body is made to serve a like office in the milk which she yields. If that water be pure in the first place, it is liable to contamination throughout its whole transition from the drinking by the cow until after its consumption by the creature constituting the cow's product. Water which has been contaminated by decaying animal matter is specially likely to retain its impurities. The milk from cows drinking such water is a menace and danger to the public health, and interferes greatly with the commercial value of all dairy products. There should be an abundant supply of pure water, easily accessible by the cows during hot weather. It should be furnished at a comfortable temperature during the cold weather of winter. I have not found that cows which are denied access to abundance of water will give as much milk or milk of as good quality as when plenty of water is provided with wholesome satisfying food.

SALT.—Dairy cattle should have access to salt every day, and salt should be added to all their stable feed daily. A series of experiments has convinced me that when cows are denied salt for a period of even one week they will yield from 14½ 17½ per cent. less milk, and that of an inferior quality. Such milk will on the average turn sour in 36 hours less time than milk drawn from the same or similar cows receiving salt, all other treatment being equal.

SHELTER.—Comfortable quarters are indispensible to the health and well-being of cows. Stables during the winter should have a temperature constantly within the range of from 40° to 55° Fahr. In summer time a shade should be provided in the pasture fields, or adjacent thereto, to protect against the bristle making influence of July and August suns.

In all the management of cows such conditions should be provided and such care given as will insure excellent health and apparent contentment.

MILKING.—When practicable, milking should be done by the same person, and with regularity as to time. He only that hath clean hands should be allowed to milk a cow. I say "he" because I think the men of the farm should do all the milking, at least during the winter months. I have exercised the right of changing my mind on that subject since I left the farm. It is no more difficult to milk with dry hands than with them wet. It is certainly more cleanly, and leaves the milk in a much more desirable condition for table use or manufacture. Pure stable atmosphere is indispensible to prevent contamination from that source. Immediate straining will remove impurities which otherwise might be dissolved to the permanent injury to the whole product.

AERATION.—After the straining is attended to, the milk should be aerated. Too often it is poured into an enlarge can and left there just as the cows have given it. That neglect implies three things that are very injurious to its quality for cheese-making. (1) The peculiar odor which the cow imparts to the milk will be left in it until it becomes fixed in its flavor. (2) The germs of fermentation that come in the milk and from the air have the best conditions for growth and action when the milk is left undisturbed. (3) Then the milk will become almost unfit for thorough coagulation by rennet. Hence it is needful and advantageous to aerate it for three reasons. 1st, because by pouring stirring, dipping or by trickling it over an exposed surface there is eliminated from the milk by evaporation any objectionable volatile element that may be in it. Secondly, because as has already been stated the milk contains germs of fermentation. Some of these are called vibriones. A strange peculiarity about these microbes is that they become active only in the absence of free oxygen. When warm new milk is left undisturbed carbonic gas is generated, and that furnishes the best condition for the commencement of action by these almost invisible creatures. After they get started they can keep up their decomposing work even in the presence of oxygen. It is impossible to coagulate such milk as to yield a fine quality of keeping cheese. Coagulation by rennet of milk that is ripe can never be perfect unless it has been thoroughly aerated immediately after it is taken from the cow. Neglect of aeration will increase the quantity of milk required to make a pound of fine cheese, thirdly, because the airing seems to give vigor to the germs of fermentation that bring about an acid condition of the milk, without producing the acid. So much is this so that it has been found impracticable to make strictly first-class Cheddar cheese from milk that has not been aerated.

(To be Continued.)

Leather is the Sole Support of Man!

QUALITY OUR FIRST AIM.

I have received a very large consignment of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

From some of the best manufacturers in Ontario, and am better able to supply my customers than ever before, at prices which, considering quality, cannot be surpassed

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

Noxon's No. 7 Steel Binder.

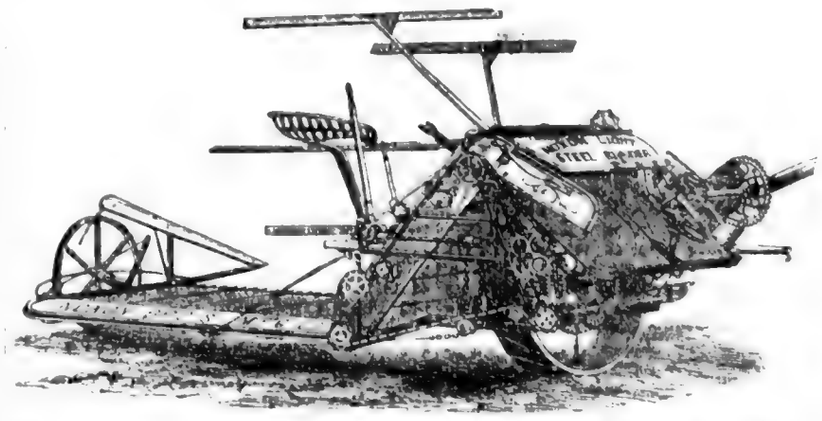

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES:

A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width.
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed.
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and lightest in draft.
A binder perfectly balanced and all levers convenient to operator.
A solid steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt.
A binder which ties and discharges the sheaf with less power than any other.
A solid steel gear frame in one piece with but one joint and two bolts.
A finger bar of most perfect shape and will cut lower on rough ground than any other
A knotter the simplest and only one with a rotary cord holder that does not drop or waste single piece of twine. No loose pieces of cord to clog as in other machines.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON
NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 413. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, PRINTER & PROPRIETOR.

NEW

Clocks.

NEW

Watches

Rings, Chains, Charms, Brooches, ETC.

JUST ARRIVED AT

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store.

FLESHERTON.

And the prices are away down lower than ever.

Just Note a few Prices:

Waltham watches, four years warrants, from $9.00 up.
The finest make of nickel alarm clocks from $1.90 to $2.50.
Fine American spring and weight walnut clocks from $3.95 to $6.50.
The finest make of rolled gold chains, warranted from ten to fifteen years from $3.50 up.
A beautiful assortment of ladies' gem rings from only $1.50 to $6.50.
The famous B. Laurence spex still going at half price. 20 per cent. off on all silverware sales. IF YOU WANT BARGAINS COME ON. WE HAVE THEM HERE FOR YOU. TAKE YOUR REPAIRS to RUSSELL as he attends to all repairs personally and a perfect job is guaranteed every time or money refunded at RUSSELL'S NOTED JEWELRY STORE, Flesherton.

M'DONALD & EVANS,

CASH OR TRADE

And One Price Only.

We must say a few words about our

Boot & Shoe Department

this week.

Selecting our goods, we tried to get the shoe that would give the most wear for the least money, and think we have struck the right thing. Those dull kid, with solid leather soles for $1.35 cts., cannot be beat.

SEE THEM LADIES.

also a nice Oxford, in French Kid for $1.15. Full lines in Button, Lace, Oxford and Slippers, for ladies, misses and children. Our men's, youth's and boy's shoe cannot be excelled. We are going to show a whole leather shoe at $1.60, splits for $1.15.

SEE THEM GENT.'.

JUST ARRIVED.

A Japan Tea to sell at 20 cts.

THOSE

SHIRTINGS

at 12½ cts. seem to be just the right thing for the farmers. You can rely on the colors. They are warranted fast. Cottonades in the very best qualities at lowest prices. Full lines of Cottons, Prints, Dress Goods, Lace Curtains, Embroideries, Gloves, Hosiery, Etc.

Give us a Call

and be convinced that we are showing the Best Goods for the least money in town.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

Parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Horses for Sale.

The undersigned has a good span of Geldings rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain. Apply to

L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank, P.O.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel

Special attention paid to commercial business

THE ADVANCE.

Every Thursday.

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid

ADVERTISING RATES

One column, 1 year, $40; half col. $25

Transient advertisements 10 cts per line each subsequent insertion 5 cts per line

W. H. THURSTON.
Editor and Proprietor.

ALSO A BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

The Dunkalk Herald must feel he has not as yet quite made his good, and desires to prolong the controversy on railway monopoly in the last issue, under the guise of summing up, he brings in matters which are entirely irrelevant to the question, and makes assertions the falsity of which could only be equalled by a Baron Munchausen. His first falsehood is the assertion that we were advised to "pitch into the Herald." The little rooster of the Herald would be wise in refraining from plumeing his feathers with the idea that any notice was taken of his articles by those most interested. We never even heard the matter mentioned until after our first article appeared. It was an unfortunate day for this little man's vanity when The Advance drew the public's attention to his pomposity. Mr. Hall says we have not proven the falsity of information given to him. Three individuals gave him figures: two of them tallied, but the third was 2½ cents below, and correct. He based his statistics on the higher figures. The public must be a better judge than you, Mr. Hall, as to whether all three could be correct. We ignored none of your statements, and misquoted none of your sentences. We published all your most important "points," that the public might judge of them, and that is what you have not dared do with ours. We accused you of witholding the fact that the tariff on certain articles was lowered correspondingly with the raising of others, and you have not denied it. Why? We accuse you now of being actuated throughout this whole matter with a personal animus towards the railway company, and an insane desire to "get even." You understand what we mean. You also accused us of being influenced by political exigences. We asked you time and again to inform the people what politics had to do with the question, but such information was not forthcoming. The silly assertion was laughed at, like a good many more of a similar kind which appeared in the Herald.

The Advance an "unprincipled assailant," indeed! When viewed side by side with the principles promulgated by the immaculate Theophilus, The Advance can await judgement with no misgiving heart.

The Herald also accuses us of attempting to pick a quarrel with the Markdale Standard. That is also one of Mr. Hall's *exaggerations*. We do not desire to quarrel with an honorable Lan, which, we are happy to say, we have always found Mr. Rutledge to be, and in this respect we cannot help but favorably compare that gentleman with the individual who runs the [illegible] business in Dundalk. There is a wide difference in the meaning of the words "discussion" and "quarrel" which your little brain cannot discern, Mr. Hall.

As a wind up to all previous efforts in the line of falsifying, the Dundalk Herald says "He Mr. Thurston did his level best to buy the Herald, and couldn't get it. Then the present proprietor came along and bought it. You see now why he vents his venom at the Herald. This, from an ex minister, almost takes our breath away. We designate it a lie manufactured out of whole cloth. We did at one time think of buying the paper, but it was long before Mr. Hall's last advent upon the platform of journalism. He knows this, but deliberately makes a false statement, and [illegible] We would remind readers that the Herald remarks more than the Advance part that the Herald was offered at, they will understand about how much we would like to get it.

We feel that we owe an apology to our readers for answering these personal sims and falsehoods, and hope will tender the same. Our controversy with Mr. Hall has convinced us that a man with the same professions which he has made, and who will deliberately falsify, as he has done, is an extremely unworthy opponent for any newspaper man to match swords with. We are not well versed in such dishonorable tactics, and will therefore leave that field to Mr. Hall, with the observation that his remarkable career has added another golden maxim to the long list, quite worthy of a place beside the brightest gems of King Solomon's Proverbs: "A poor preacher is rather to be chosen than a silly journalist." Our criticism has only had the effect of exemplifying the old Latin proverb, *"meritis odium parit"* that often causes hatred.

Uncle Sam's department at the Paris Exhibition is religiously closed on Sundays. It will be well worthy a journey to Paris just to see the expression on the face of the Chicagoan who visits the exhibition on Sunday to find his countrymen so much more virtuous abroad than they are at home.—Empire.

On June 4, 11 and 18 the C.P.R. will run cheap excursions to points in Manitoba and the Northwest at the following figures: Calgarry and return, $35; Deloraine, Glenboro, Saltcoats and Moosomin, and return, $28. This terrible railway monopoly will soon crush the farmers with its fearfully high passenger rates, will it not Mr. Hall? Just think of a trip of four thousand six hundred miles for $35. Outrageous! From statistics we learn that the average rate for passenger traffic over the C. P. R. system for the year 1888 was 1.79 cents per mile.

By enactment of the Council of Artemesia at its last session it has been made an object with farmers to plant trees along highways in front of their lots, and along the lines between lots. Twenty-five cents for each such tree living at the end of three years is the sum which the Council guarantees to provide. Trees planted along highways shall be 25 feet apart, and not nearer than 6 feet from bound[illegible] along lines between lots, 30 feet. An inspector is provided to see that [illegible] are carried out. A [illegible] of Mr. Jas. Brodie, whose [illegible] was to examine the trees and certify to the fact that such [illegible] were planted and are growing. [illegible] to be hoped that the bylaw will [illegible] the desired effect of stimulating [illegible] planting of shade trees along [illegible] highways and around our farms. A [illegible] of the farmer will more [illegible] the beauty and value of [illegible] farm than the planting of rows of shade trees around his farm; and now that a beginning has been placed [illegible] much decorations, no doubt the [illegible] of this will be productive of good in this township.

Married.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gents sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watch and clocks, backed up by 2 Year warrants, in more cases I venture to say than any jeweler doing business in this section.

If prices are noted rock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positively do better by you.

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhere. Spex accurately fitted.

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and fair live margins

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician.

MARKDALE, Ont.

CAUGHT BY A TOY TRUNK.

Notorious "Collection Agency" Swindler Behind the Bars at Last.

HOW HE DID UP ST. CATHARINES.

Mr. John A. Ward, of Buffalo, bought a toy trunk for 50 cents at a recent sale of unclaimed packages by the American Express Company, and on opening it found that it contained indorsed notes aggregating in value $800 and also a bundle of old letters. The romance was in the old letters, for they told of the love adventures of C. W. McAllister, formerly of St. Catharines, his runaway marriage at Reading, Pa., with Ida Milley, a girl he had met but twenty-four hours before, his sharp financial practices, his flight from justice, his wanderings about while his faithful wife, true to her husband in spite of all, sent him under his many aliases words of cheer and love, and kept him posted on the movements of the police. Finally, as shown by the letters, she was to join him. She packed up valuable papers in a child's trunk, including the $800 worth of notes that subsequently came into Mr. Ward's possession and also the pictures of herself, husband and baby. The trunk was addressed "Mrs. C. W. Merrills, Corning, hotel opposite depot." From its contents the trunk was undeniably the property of Mrs. C. W. McAllister, and whether it was misdirected to throw the police off the scent, or whether a stranger had directed it at the request of the owner is not known. If it was the intention to throw the police off the scent the scheme failed, for C. W. McAllister has been arrested, and all through that little trunk falling into Mr. Ward's hands. The letters showed that Mrs. McAllister came of a good family near Lebanon, Pa. Some threads in the story that could not be found in the letters are now revealed by letters since received by Mrs. Ward, and also tell of McAllister's subsequent doings. A few days after the story was printed Mr. Ward received the following from Louis H. Myers, a detective of Cairo, Ill.:

I saw in Sunday's *Globe* an account of C. W. McAllister's trunk being sold by an express company and some letters being found from his wife. The gentleman, Mr. C. W. McAllister, is a travelling swindler. He did up the people in Memphis last August. From there he went to Toledo coming then to Cairo, Ill. Here he worked under the name of C. W. Miller, Principal of the Home Law Protection and Collection Agency of the United States and Canada. The lady with him is of fine family and her mother lives at Mt. Nebo, within ten miles of Lebanon, Pa. She has an uncle living in Lebanon, Pa. Her mother's name, I think, is Mrs. Mully. He did up Lebanon county in the same way, took the young lady without the consent of her parents stole her. I want McAllister alias Miller, and I will give $50 reward to locate him. They both joined the Methodist Church here, and bought coal and turkeys for the preacher, all on credit, but left without paying for them.

Last week Mr. Ward received a postal card from Detective Myers, of Cairo, Ill., posted at Buffalo while the detective was taking a flying trip from west to east. It explains itself:

Passed through your city to-day en route for Boston, Mass., where I had C. W. McAllister arrested, and will return him to Cairo, Ill. He has been doing business in New York city, Camden, N. J., and rounded up at Boston.

By this time the slick swindler is undoubtedly languishing in an Illinois jail and Mrs. McAllister is with her friends in Pennsylvania. So ends the romance of the toy trunk. McAllister carried on his collection agency business in St. Catharines a little over a year ago and left the town suddenly, leaving a number of creditors and patrons in the lurch.

Latest News Jottings.

In Newmarket dog tags cost $2.50 each.

A fire at Renton Falls, Que., on Saturday caused $100,000 damages.

Dr. McPhatter, of Guelph, has gone to Cleveland, O., to practice.

A 9-year old lad named Milligan was drowned in the Don, at Toronto, on Saturday.

A school for the art of restoring pictures (the first of its kind) is about to be founded by the Prince Regent of Bavaria

Mr. Wm. H. May, a well-known druggist, died at Toronto on Saturday after a very brief illness, from blood poisoning, arising out of a throat affection.

Dominion Inspector Cowan reports that there is no danger from hog cholera at Tilbury West, that the only cases are very light, and are the result of last year's epidemic.

Mr. David McHardy, of Nichol, went in about a mare and young foal in his stable on Tuesday afternoon, when the mare seized him by the cheek and tore it so badly that a doctor in fixing up the wound had to put in seven stitches.

Rev. Mr. Hannington, of St. Bartholomew's Church, New Edinburgh, in his sermon yesterday forenoon defended his position in regard to the alleged ritualistic practices in the church. He maintained that the principal matters to which objections were taken were in accordance with the Rubric, and have been followed in the church ever since he came into the parish.

Betrayed by a Cigar Stub.

A Pittsburg despatch says: H. J. Cook, formerly of Allegheny City, who was arrested in London, Ont., yesterday, for robbing the Potersville Savings Bank in Mercer county, this State, of $2,000 two weeks ago, was formerly employed in the bank building. He was an inveterate smoker, and had the habit of chewing the end of his cigar. The morning after the robbery a stump of a cigar was found on the floor of the bank, and it gave evidence of having been in Cook's mouth from the peculiarity mentioned. He was arrested yesterday and made a confession implicating others.

DR. R. A. GUNN, M.D., Prof. of Surgery of the United States Medical College, editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," over his own signature said, in referring to and prescribing Warner's Safe Cure: "I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months, no tube casts could be found and only a trace of albumen, and as the patient expressed it, he felt perfectly well."

Black is now stylish worn with any color, from the palest to the deepest.

A BLOODY SCHOOL ELECTION.

Prominent Citizens Shot Down and Murdered—A Coroner Invited to Leave Town.

A last (Saturday) night's Forest City, Ark., despatch says: This city was horrified at 2.10 o'clock this afternoon by the most terrible tragedy in the history of the county. For several days excitement has been high over the school election, and A. M. Neely and G. W. Ingram (both colored) have been making incendiary speeches, advocating the ousting of the whites from the control of school affairs. Neely has been a disturbing element in the politics of this county for some time, having almost absolute control of the negroes. To-day a large crowd assembled at the junction of Washington and Front streets, in the vicinity of the polls. The exact origin of the trouble cannot, in consequence of the terrible excitement, be ascertained. It seems Neely had a fight with a white man and was knocked down by a bystander. He then ran to Captain John Parham for protection. Marshal M. Folbre interfered and commanded the peace. Thomas Parham, son of John Parham, heard the disturbance and came running downstairs from the County Clerk's office, where he is employed as a deputy, with a pistol in his hand. He saw the Marshal and his father close together talking excitedly, and raised the pistol and fired, the ball striking Folbre in the back of the head. In falling Folbre raised his pistol and fired two shots. Tom Parham fell mortally wounded and died in a short time. Sheriff D. M. Wilson came running to the scene, when a stray ball struck him, piercing his heart and killing him instantly. His only words were, "I am a dead man." It is supposed a ball from Neely's pistol killed the sheriff. Captain John Parham is thought to be wounded, but he refuses to allow the wound to be examined. Wilson and Parham are what is known as Fusionists. Three of the best men in the county were seen lying murdered upon the street at the same time. The cries of the afflicted families were heartrending, women from every part of the town rushed through the streets, searching for husbands and brothers. G. W. Ingram, who is coroner of the county, was waited on by the citizens this afternoon and invited to leave town, which he did on the 6 o'clock train.

AN AWFUL POSSIBILITY.

Was Mind Reader Bishop Dead Before He Was Carved?

A New York despatch says: The wife and mother of Washington Irving Bishop, the mind reader, have arrived in this city, and both claim that Bishop was not dead, but merely in a trance when the physicians made their post-mortem examination, and that his death was caused by the surgical instruments. It seems that but four hours elapsed from the time of his reported death until Drs. Irwin, Ferguson and House were making a post-mortem examination of the body. The widow of the mind reader states that he has suffered several times from cataleptic attacks, and has lain in a trance, apparently dead, for periods varying from six to fifty-two hours. On one occasion in Malta, she says, physicians pronounced him dead, and advised preparations for his interment. His friends held a different belief, and in a little over two days he recovered. About two years ago Bishop, while suffering with a dangerous illness, was treated by Dr. Thomas S. Robertson, of No. 28 east Twentieth street, this city. While at the doctor's house he had a cataleptic attack, and remained in a trance-like condition for two days. The physicians who performed the autopsy, however, say there can be no donbt of Bishop's death before the autopsy was decided upon.

Boy Burned to a Crisp.

A Moncton, N.B., special says: A child, 5 years old, son of a shoemaker named McGeary, was burned to death here at noon yesterday. The attic of the two-story tenement in which McGeary lived was found to be on fire. When the firemen reached the scene, Mrs. McGeary, crazed with grief, was shouting that her child was in the attic. The place was filled with fire and smoke and a search was unavailable. Shortly afterward, the flames being partly subdued, the child was found under the attic, where the fire evidently had its origin in a pile of straw. The child was burned almost to a crisp and presented a dreadful appearance. It was with difficulty that Mrs. McGeary was got away from the burning building. It is supposed the child set fire to the straw while playing with matches. There was not much damage to the building.

An Eloping Rector's Honeymoon.

A Syracuse despatch says: Rev. Charles Kimball, rector of the Episcopal Church at Oriskany Falls, N.Y., and Mrs. Kimball are stopping at the Empire House here on their honeymoon. Mrs. Kimball was Miss Fannie Putnam, of Oriskany Falls, and she eloped with the rector last Saturday night, her friends being opposed to the match. She was the belle of the town, 19 years old, and is wealthy. Mr. Kimball is to be ordained a priest at St. Paul's Cathedral here on May 29th.

Queer Antics of a Condemned Man.

Kemmler, who has just been sentenced at Buffalo to death by electricity, is reported to be taking matters very coolly. He is heartily in favor of electricity and thinks such a death preferable to hanging. The man is quite jovial, and sings and dances occasionally, the songs being his own composition and the jig-steps decidedly eccentric. He is not a successful converser, and has said but little since the sentence.

Is This Sin on Her Soul? Oh, No; Not So.

The girl of the period is responsible for the dude. This conclusion may not be disputed, for it cannot be denied that if the girl of the period were to insist upon something better than small talk, were to discountenance the cigarette school of philosophy, the dude would no longer exist, for the instinct of self-preservation would lead him to kill himself off.—*Muncy's Weekly.*

Fasting for health is a modern invention. As old as the hills is the Arab saying, "A good appetite"—and, presumably, indulgence in it "is a sign of long life." Exercise out of doors, lead a godly life and eat your regular rations; so shall your days be long in the land

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The German Emperor will be present at the Goodwood races at least on two days.

The Eiffel Tower at Paris was opened yesterday and was thronged with visitors.

Halifax has sent a shipment of thirty cats to Sable Island to destroy the rabbits which are too prolific in that place.

At the meeting of the Kingston Board of Trade on Tuesday night attention was called to the reckless destruction of timber in Frontenac.

The official returns of the recent vote on the Scott Act repeal in Middlesex county show 2,892 for the Act and 5,430 for the repeal. Majority against the Act, 2,538.

There are a great many men at Sudbury at present looking for work, but there is none offering, as the mines have been supplied for some time past, and the drives are about out of the small creeks.

At a meeting of L.O.L., No. 6, in Kingston on Tuesday night, the Chairman refused to toast the Dominion Parliament, as it had forfeited public confidence by its vote on the Jesuit question.

The indefatigable Princess Clementine of Orleans has been endeavoring to arrange for a marriage between her youngest and favorite son, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the Princess Helene d'Orleans, the second daughter of the Comte de Paris.

War is reported to have broken out again between the Dutch and Malays in Sumatra. Immense numbers of natives attacked the port of Atchen, but were repulsed with a loss of 160 killed. The garrison lost five men killed and 25 wounded. Reinforcements have been sent.

The ferry-boat Peerless, plying between Philadelphia and Gloucester, N.J., collided with the Philadelphia & Reading ferry-boat J. S. Schultz yesterday, badly injuring five young women, passengers on the Schultz, and carrying away a portion of the ladies' cabin. Flora Jackson and Annie Quinby are badly injured, and will probably die.

Mr. D. Cameron, freight conductor on the C.P.R., was hurt yesterday at the Sudbury station. While trying to jump on a car he missed and was knocked down between the train and station platform, where he had to lie until the train went by. He was struck in falling, his leg was broken and he was hurt inwardly, but the doctors say he will recover.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have completed their evangelistic labors in Woodstock and left for St. Thomas yesterday morning. There they will rest for a few days and then proceed to Exeter. Their farewell meeting was attended Tuesday night by about 1,500 people. They point to between 300 and 500 converts in various stages of advancement as the result of their visit.

Five brigands were hanged in the court yard of the prison at Sofia yesterday. They were led separately to the scaffold and were hanged in succession. Each was enveloped in a bag passed over his head and reaching to the waist. Their struggles were prolonged several minutes. A mob broke the cordon surrounding the jail and the gendarmes had great difficulty in keeping them from the scaffold.

John Shroder, a grocer and saloonkeeper, of Indianapolis, yesterday morning walked up behind his wife as she was standing with their 9 months' old infant in her arms, and cut her throat from ear to ear with a razor, killing her. The baby was seriously injured by the mother falling upon it. Shroder then walked across the street to a vacant lot, where he cut his own throat and died in a few minutes. He was suffering from an insane freak, and imagined his family would come to want, though he was in comfortable circumstances.

There was no plenary sitting at the Samoa Conference yesterday owing to the unanimous objections of the German delegates to transact business on a day of humiliation. Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet entertained the delegates at dinner in the evening, thirty covers being laid. Lady Ermyntrude sat between Count Bismarck and Mr. Kasson. Sir Edward sat between the Countess Bernstorff and Madame de Benevendorff. The wives of the delegates. Colonel and Mrs. Russell, the whole of the staff of the Embassy, Count Bismarck's Private Secretary, Herr Von Bulow and the secretaries of the conference were among the guests.

Lord Stanley and party will go to Cascapedia on Thursday for a fishing holiday.

Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne, a prominent resident of Winnipeg, died at St. Paul on Saturday.

The will of the late Sir Thomas Gladstone, brother of the ex-Premier, bequeaths an estate valued at £254,079.

The remains of the late Major Short were conveyed from Quebec to Kingston, where they were buried to-day.

Contracts for fifty miles of the Morris-Brandon branch of the Northern Pacific & Manitoba Road have been awarded.

The Quebec outlaw, Morrison, who is recovering, states that he did not fire, as is alleged, on the occasion of his arrest.

The military tribunal at Metz has imposed a fine of 600 marks each upon 37 young men for evading military duty.

The Executive Council of the Swiss Confederation at Berne has promulgated an order forbidding exhibitions of hypnotism.

Bishop Cleary's visit to Gananoque last week resulted in the raising of $5,000 for church building, and his visit to Odessa in the raising of $1,000.

The 2-year-old son of P. O. Carnovsky, of Kingston, drank a quantity of brandy, purchased for medical purposes, and died in twenty-four hours

Besides the naval review at Spithead, a grand military review is in preparation at Aldershot in honor of the coming visit of the German Emperor.

The general lines of the settlement of the Samoan difficulty having been agreed upon, it is expected that the Conference will soon close its labors.

The annual inspection of the 3rd Battalion Victoria Rifles of Canada took place in Montreal on Saturday. The bicycle corps attached to it was much admired.

Disastrous storms swept over Austria on Saturday. Three persons were killed near Vienna. Fearful catastrophes occurred near Pilson. Houses collapsed at Reckowitz and Bleckowitz, killing nine children, and at Zino, where thirty persons were killed.

While some boys were bathing yesterday morning in the river at Wingham, one of them, Arthur Long, a tinsmith, aged 19, took a cramp and was drowned before assistance could be called.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales will go on board the royal yacht Osborne at Holyhead on Monday and proceed to Belfast. Mr. William H. Fisher, M.P. for Fulham, will accompany His Royal Highness on behalf of Mr. Balfour.

Upon inquiry at the Vatican on Saturday it was learned that the report that the Pope had been taken suddenly ill was not well-founded. It was stated that His Holiness is in good health, and that he gives daily audiences.

In the Montreal Court of Appeal on Saturday, in the libel suit of the Jesuits vs. the *Mail*, Chief Justice Dorion granted the defendants an appeal from the judgment of Judge Loranger setting aside part of the allegations in the exception to the form.

Violent hurricanes, accompanied by heavy rainfalls, have prevailed in the Evelengeberge district of Moravia, destroying the crops and doing immense damage to other property. The villages of Kaschbach, Schmiedegrund and Stiersenfersdorf are completely inundated, and many of their inhabitants with great difficulty escaped to the hills with their lives.

The Archduchess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph, has returned to Luxemburg, near Vienna, where she occupies the Imperial summer palace. Emperor Francis Joseph paid a visit to her on Thursday and remained in conversation with her for several hours.

Near the foot of West Pass, Miss., yesterday, a party of negroes were returning in two skiffs from a trip to the Louisiana shore. The wind and waves were high, and the people in one of the boats became frightened and capsized the boat. Nine out of the ten passengers were drowned, a little girl being the only one saved.

The German Government has ordered Lieut. Francois, a brother of the noted explorer of that name, to organize an armed force to operate in the southwest African German protectorate. Preliminary to the execution of this order, Lieut. Francois had hired the nucleus of his force, comprising 30 picked men, in Bremen, and will take his departure for the scene of action at as early a day as possible.

In the German Reichstag on Saturday Prince Bismarck expressed doubt whether the Freisinnige party had not supported the Army Bill from necessity rather than from patriotism. "Fie," exclaimed Herr Richter, resenting the imputation. "Whoever says fie to me," warmly retorted the Chancellor, "is impudent." Herr Bamberger declared that the Chancellor's action could only produce personal hatred. Prince Bismarck abruptly left the Chamber.

No. 20 Michigan Central Railway express, which struck and killed Jacob Bechard and his horse at Buxton on Wednesday night, on Saturday struck the team and waggon of Jas. Holden, near Pelton, killing both horses, smashing the waggon to splinters, and left Holden lying unconscious between the rails of the track until Conductor Powers discovered and picked him up, carrying him to Windsor, where it was found no bones were broken, and he will recover.

A 10-year-old girl named Myra Hannah lost her life at Ottawa on Saturday. She was playing on some logs on what is known as Rochester's bay, when she lost her balance and was swept into the river. No one was at hand to give her succor. She was a daughter of the foreman of Barnes' box shook factory. Her father is at present at Oswego, at which place the family formerly lived. She was a pretty child, and the occurrence causes great regret in the city.

Russia was *en fete* on Saturday in honor of the 21st anniversary of the birth of the Czarewitch Nikolai Alexandrowitch, Grand Duke of Russia, and heir apparent to the throne. He is still a boy in appearance. He is betrothed to Princess Alice Victoria of Hesse, daughter of the late Grand Duchess Alice Maud Mary, and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. The marriage will take place next autumn. The Czarovitch has been appointed a member of the Council of the Empire and of the Committee of Imperial Ministers.

While Henri Rochefort, accompanied by friends, was walking in Regent street, London, on Saturday night, he met M. Pilotel. Angry words were exchanged and Pilotel threatened to strike Rochefort unless he assented to a duel. Rochefort drew a revolver and was about to fire at Pilotel, when a bystander seized the weapon. A policeman arrested the men and took them to the station, where Pilotel charged Rochefort with assault. The revolver was found fully charged. Rochefort was bailed.

Barry Koehler, while crazed with drink, ran amuck through the streets of Joliet, Ill., on Friday night and shot and seriously wounded a young lady, Delia Hart. A crowd gathered and began to search for him among some freight cars. A freight train moved past, and at the open door of one of the cars a man was seen. The crowd called out that it was Koehler, and an excited policeman fired at him, inflicting a fatal wound in the head. Then it was discovered that the wounded man was Wm. Hanson, of Chicago, who was on his way to Oklahoma. Koehler was captured next morning.

The autopsy on the body of Washington Irving Bishop was made on Saturday by Depnty Coroner Jenkins. There were also present Deputy Coroner Weston, Dr. Biggs and Dr. Ferguson, who made the original autopsy. The examination, so far as was possible to be made that day, did not reveal the cause of death. Dr. Jenkins, however, removed various particles of the vital organs, a microscopical examination of which is expected to settle the matter of whether or not the mind reader died under the post-mortem knife. Drs. Hamilton, Janeway and Spitzka, who were expected to be present, did not attend the autopsy. The last-named physician is said to have declared that it is impossible to solve the mystery at this late time.

General Boulanger quite well in London, in spite of reports from Paris to the contrary. He is making his way in society, but has not yet dined with a Cabinet Minister. The smaller fry of the Government, Mr. Yalkes, Mr. Marriott and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, may sit down with him, but when Lord Cross found the General at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' table, Lord Cross rose and fled, so powerful is the frown of the French Embassy. People ask why the Baroness took up the General and launched him after he had been in association with the Irish Left at the House of Commons. It is whispered in reply that the Baroness hates the Republic. General Boulanger has the rare knack of fascinating all the women with wealth.

The Earl of Malmesbury is dead.

The Kingsville natural gas well is stated to be now producing ten million feet of gas per day.

The St. Thomas Salvation Army intends testing in the Police Court the right of owners of vehicles to drive their horses through the ranks of the soldiers in parade.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* "pitches in" to the Imperial Government for the delay in fortifying Esquimault, and the Home authorities in turn blame the Canadian Government.

The Michigan Senate voted down the Bill to allow women to vote at school and municipal elections.

The House of Commons yesterday, by 201 to 160, rejected Mr. Labouchere's motion to abolish hereditary seating in the House of Lords.

A man named Crooks, who had opened a safe at Newcastle, Penn., and taken out of it $2,200 in jewellery and cash, was arrested yesterday in London, Ont., and taken back to Newcastle.

The hotel-keepers of Peterboro' are going to take action to quash the high license law on the ground that at the recent vote a large number of voters were improperly refused the privilege of voting.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, has left Paris for Khartoum, some say for a heavy wager and others to rescue Gen. Gordon, of whose existence as a prisoner of the Mahdi he has received information.

Diphtheria is very prevalent in the southern portion of Elgin county. The junior division of the Sparta school has been closed, owing to a member of the family of the teacher, Miss Jackson, being afflicted with the disease.

John S. Kelly was killed while working on board the steamship Buenos Ayrean at Montreal on Thursday night. A large package of merchandise was being hoisted when the sling broke and the goods fell against Kelly, knocking him into the hold head foremost.

Thomas Canfield, who eloped from Cato, N.Y., with the daughter of one Charles Forbes, is now in Adolphustown, Ont. He will try and seek reconciliation with his father-in-law, but if this fails he will stay in Canada. He stole the girl away while her parent was acting as a grand juror.

Gabriel Dumont, one of the leaders in the Riel rebellion four years ago, is visiting the half-breeds in Northern Montana. He says he is getting up a party of them to take to the Paris exposition, but the belief in the neighborhood is that he is organizing for another raid into the Northwest Territory.

The Court of Appeal has unanimously decided in the case of Lady Sandhurst that women cannot sit in the County Councils. The matter will be carried to Parliament. Although Lady Sandhurst was ejected from the London Council because the male candidate next to her claimed the seat. Miss Cobden sits on because no adverse claim has been made. Miss Cons also sits as alderman because no contest has been made.

A young man named Fletcher, in the employ of Andrew Dunn, was driving into Ingersoll with a load of cheese on Thursday, and while descending Sharp's hill, on the outskirts of the town, the load began to slip forward. The cheese falling under the horses' feet they became unmanageable, and the young man was thrown under the waggon and had his leg terribly mangled, producing compound fracture, besides internal injuries. His only relatives are in India. He has been in Canada about a year.

The little girls attending the third grade in the Jefferson Public School, Washington, were standing in the aisles yesterday afternoon preparing to go home, when their teacher, Mrs. Sarah E. Allen, was fatally shot in their presence by her worthless husband, who then killed himself. Allen had been supported by his wife until recently, when she left him on account of his dissipated habits and frequent abuse and violence. The uproar which followed the killing caused quite a panic in the other school-rooms. The children rushed downstairs pellmell, knocking over one another, but doing no injury. The fire engines were summoned by one pupil.

The Future of France.

Max O'Rell, in an interview on Saturday, said: The French are approaching one of their historical crises, which occur at intervals, but the new master will not be Boulanger. The Communists may triumph for a time. Then will follow a Cæsar, but he will not be Boulanger. The Comte de Paris is the man, even if he has to wait ten or twenty years. An English lady moving in the highest circles said Boulanger will never move in the best English society, quoting as an example the fact that three-fourths of those Lord Randolph Churchill invited to meet him at a dinner refused the invitation.

As to a Franco-German war, France will not take the initiative. Her millions of peasants know too well what war means. The real danger lies in the excitable and erratic character of the German Emperor. His violent nature at any moment may make Europe burst into war. France is far stronger and better prepared than is supposed, particularly in great artillery. Certainly no nation in Europe can command her financial resources.

Overwork.

Polite Doctor (cautiously)—Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants—it is, ahem, a little difficult to tell which.

Anxious Wife—Oh, it's overwork. Why, he can't even go to the theatre without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners.

It isn't what a slugger does in this world that makes him great. It is what he says he is going to do.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

REALMS OF MAGIC.

How the Magicians Do the Tricks Which Coin Them Fortunes.

The Mysteries of Black Art—Exposure of the Famous Rabbit Trick—How Echo Plays the Cornet and Psycho Finds Square Roots—Astarte and the Skeleton Hand.

(New York Correspondence.)

There are few individuals connected with the stage who to-day are "doing better" than the magical personage.

The "Dabbler in Black Art," the "Famous Prestidigitateur," the "Marvellous Illusionist," the "Modern Wizard," as he fondly and variously styles himself, has in the past couple of seasons been reaping a fat financial harvest.

The American public, a cynic has said, dearly loves humbug.

Nobody has a bigger corner on this commodity than the magical personage, and he deals out his accumulated stock against heavy cash returns.

To the average spectator sitting through a performance of the "professor" it doubtless appears that some really astounding feats have been performed—that some marvels verging on the supernatural have been evolved.

And, as a matter of fact, he has witnessed some really astounding feats—astounding in their very simplicity and in the audacity of their conception and carrying out

Explain to the spectator any one of the magician's tricks and he forthwith passes into three stages of astonishment. First, astonishment as to the almost silly simplicity of the trick; second, astonishment as to how he could ever have been deceived by such a silly, simple trick; third, astonishment as to how the "professor" could ever have had the audacity to attempt to deceive him by such a direfully silly, simple trick.

Oh, yes! It's awfully silly after you once discover how it's done.

The most important stock in trade needed by the magical person is unlimited audacity. What is known among "the boys" as boundless, brazen, unmitigated "cheek."

Add to this a good flow of small talk and some practice at sleight-of-hand, and the requirements for the business are pretty well complete.

And now step down to the footlights, Professor!

Don't be bashful!

Let us take a peep at you from behind the scenes and see how a few of your "wonderful feats," some of your "extraordinary marvels," are done.

The performance usually opens with some pure and simple sleight-of-hand tricks, such as taking a quantity of handkerchiefs out of the silk hat of the bald headed man in the third row, or extracting a number of silver dollars from the hair, the noses or the knees of various members of the audience. All this simply depends upon sleight-of-hand, upon the scientific axiom that the hand if moved rapidly enough can travel faster than the eye can follow. Some of these tricks are decidedly interesting to watch, and are the most honest part of the entertainment, for their performance is dependent upon hard practice and sheer dexterity and skill.

THE MYSTIC HAND.

The appearance of the "Skeleton Hand" or the "Mystic Hand," as it is variously styled, usually marks the first stage when plain dexterity and skill step out and chicanery comes in. The "Mystic Hand" is a hand which the "Professor" takes from the back of the stage and lays upon a table near the footlights. He then steps down into the audience with a dice box and requests somebody to shake the dice. This having been done, the "Mystic Hand" proceeds to rap out upon the table the sum total of the throw.

The "Professor" throws the dice back into the box, steps over to another spectator and requests him to throw. Again, amid the hushed silence of the house, the hand slowly raises itself up and down and raps out the number. The "Professor" steps back on the stage amid loud applause—whether for himself or for the "Mystic Hand" is not clearly apparent.

How is it done?

Excessively simple. The "Mystic Hand" is connected by a thin, invisible wire with the fleshly hand of an operator behind the scenes. He works the raps.

But how does he know what the throw will be?

Again very simple! The dice are loaded. They will only fall a certain way. After the first throw, while stepping over to the second spectator, the "Professor," by sleight-of-hand changes the first set for a second set of loaded dice, and thus the hidden operator is enabled to direct the "Mystic Hand" to rap out the second throw as correctly as the first.

But what if a spectator should ask to make a number of throws?

The "Professor" depends upon his tact and quickness of passing from one trick to the other to obviate anything of that kind. He has, it is true, a third set of loaded dice in the event of such a contingency, but in an ordinary way if more than three throws were tried the "Mystic Hand" would be "stuck." It is contrary to etiquette to insist upon a trick being done too often.

ECHO AND PSYCHO.

On similar lines to the "Mystic Hand" are the two wonder provoking automatons recently seen in this city—the one playing any popular air selected by the audience upon a cornet, the other picking out from numbers placed in a rack in front of its automatic hand the square root of any number named by the audience.

Let us call the cornetist Echo, the mathematician Psycho.

The magician places each of these figures upon a hollow glass cylinder, so that the audience may see, he declares, that "there is nothing at work underneath them." Audacious magician! He boldly draws attention to a fact as non-existing which really exists. Through that hollow glass cylinder run a number of invisible wires and tubes. A dumb cornet is played beneath the stage by the magician's pretty assistant and the wind supplied by her is carried through a tube to the instrument at Echo's lips. In the same way whenever she presses a key of her instrument the same movement is conveyed through the wires to Echo's fingers and the corresponding key of his instrument is pressed down. Thus it is that Echo plays the cornet.

With Psycho the *modus operandi* differs only in detail.

Somebody in the audience selects a number of which Psycho is to find the square root. The "Professor," standing on the stage, repeats in a loud voice the number, adding, "Now, Psycho, find me the square root of that!" Beneath the stage is an assistant with a number of arithmetical charts setting forth the square root of any given number. He turns to these charts, rapidly finds the number, and by means of an air pump supplies the necessary power to Psycho's hand to pick out the required numbers from the cards in the rack before her. In front of the operator is a dummy figure of Psycho, which works precisely as the figure above, so that he can see just what he is doing.

THE RABBIT TRICK.

But interesting as are these automatons their feats awaken nothing like the speculation and enthusiasm that does the famous rabbit trick with which another well known magician usually closes the first act of his performances. The rabbit trick is as follows: The "Professor" takes two young rabbits which he passes around among the audience, so that people may see for themselves that the animals are really alive.

Convincing proof of this fact having been given and the rabbits having been handed back to the "Professor," he proceeds to rub them slowly and laboriously together. Suddenly he holds up his hand, and the spectators discover to their amazement that the two long, thin rabbits have been rubbed into one short, fat rabbit.

This phenomena invariably elicits a roar of laughter. Before the echoes of this laughter have died away the "Professor" raises a pistol, levels it at the audience and blazes away. Crack! A few shrieks from the ladies, and, presto! the amalgamated rabbit in the "Professor's" hand has disappeared.

General astonishment and a pause of suspense. Where, in the name of all that is mysterious, can bunnie have gone?

The "Professor" rushes down from the stage.

"I want my rabbit back, sir," he cries, sternly, to a man in the audience

The individual addressed grumbles some unintelligible disclaimer.

"Give me back that rabbit," commands the man of magic, more sternly than ever

Another grumbled reply.

"Since you will not give him back to me quietly I will take him by force!"

And the "Professor" precipitates himself upon the man, and in a twinkling drops from beneath his coat the amalgamated rabbit. It is the same rabbit! There is no mistaking that! See the two black spots on his white back!

The man from whom the rabbit has been taken gapes in open-mouthed astonishment. He is a picture of confusion and dismay. As for the spectators, they shout themselves hoarse.

A mighty clever trick!

Two living rabbits rubbed into one, the dual rabbit made to disappear on the open stage and then recovered in the inside pocket of a gentleman in the audience!

That the "Professor" concealed either one or both of the rabbits up the tight fitting sleeve of his well fitting dress coat is only too obviously impossible.

How, then, did he manage it?

It is perfectly inexplicable.

Some weeks ago in the Park Theatre, in Brooklyn, a gentleman in the audience evidently conceived that he had an inkling of how the trick was done. He rose from his seat and declared that in his opinion the audience had been imposed upon; that the person from whose clothing the rabbit had been taken was a confederate who had come into the theatre loaded with the game.

The "Professor" indignantly declared it was nothing of the kind.

Ah, indeed! If this was so would the "Professor" repeat his trick.

No, certainly not. The "Professor" never repeated his tricks. It was a standing rule with him.

Just so. A very healthy standing rule for the "Professor," for he could not repeat the trick.

At this point the audience was on the tiptoe of excitement and expectancy and the "Professor" was wrought up to a high pitch. He proceeded to gird up his loins for battle.

No, he declared, he would not repeat his trick—that is, for nothing. But since the gentleman was so sure of his point, if he liked to lay a wager of $100 that the trick could not be repeated the "Professor" would consent to reproduce it. If he failed the "Professor" would forfeit $100, the amount of the winning in either event to be donated to any Brooklyn charity which Colonel Sinn, the manager of the theatre, might select.

The gentleman was not to be bluffed With the greatest alacrity he accepted the wager. The house went wild with excitement.

The "Professor" retired to the stage and called for two rabbits, which were brought him. Slowly, and with great difficulty, he rubbed them together, and finally blended them into one. He handed it down for inspection. There was no mistaking—there was only one rabbit there.

So far the first part of the trick was successful.

Once more the "Professor" took possession of his rabbit and retired to the stage. Slowly he raised his pistol in the air Bang! The rabbit had vanished.

With one spring the "Professor" was down among the audience. Down the aisle he rushed, and made straightway for the man who had challenged him.

"You have my rabbit, sir—you—you!"

And tearing open the man's coat without ceremony, the "Professor" dragged forth the missing rabbit.

Never did mortal man show greater bewilderment and amazement. Never did an audience laugh and applaud and cheer more boisterously than that audience.

A really marvellous feat, that rabbit trick! How on earth is it done?

Again, very simple!

HOW IT IS DONE.

The material needed to perform the trick consists of a strip of black velvet and three rabbits.

Two of the rabbits ought to have a more or less close family resemblance.

A slight observation of the rabbit tribe will lead to the conviction that it is not very difficult to find a couple of bunnie cousins each of which has a white back with a couple of black spots upon it, or a black back with a couple of white dots upon it, and are at the same time much about of a size.

Now, the fact has of late been discovered by magicians that a strip of black velvet placed across the stage will be utterly invisible to the audience on the other side of the footlights. All that is necessary to render the black velvet invisible to the audience is to prevent any side lights being thrown upon the stage and to keep the footlights burning at their full brightness.

When the "Professor" begins rubbing his two rabbits together, he gradually approaches them to the edge of the strip of black velvet, and holding the body of one rabbit so that it will for a moment conceal the body of its companion, he quietly drops the second rabbit behind the strip of velvet, and it disappears from view. A rabbit is a very elastic bit of goods. Its body can be readily drawn out to great length so as to look thin and attenuated, or can be rolled up into a short, pussy little mass. To add to the illusion of the two rabbits having been rubbed into one, the "Professor" gives the remaining rabbit a little professional squeeze at the base of the body, and bunny suddenly presents the appearance of being very short and squat.

The next thing the "Professor" does is to fire his pistol. Now, the effect of firing a pistol is to cause an involuntary and momentary winking of the eyelids of the spectators. At the instant that the detonation rings forth and the involuntary wink takes place the quick hand of the "Professor" drops the second rabbit, like the first, behind the invisible strip of black velvet, and it is lost to view.

The "Professor" then rushes down into the audience and finds the missing rabbit in the pocket of a spectator.

How did it get there?

It has been there all along. It is the third rabbit bearing a family likeness to the second one. The man came into the theatre with it in his pocket. It is astonishing into what a small compass a young rabbit will fit, and how he will expand and look large when drawn forth. The man with the game is of course a confederate.

How, then, was it that upon the occasion of the Park Theatre incident the "Professor" was not confounded and exposed?

For a very good reason.

Just this. The challenger was also a confederate. He, too, was loaded with game. It was simply a very pretty little [illegible]

THE INVISIBLE VELVET.

Speaking of black velvet, all the feats performed in the widely advertised "black art" exhibited during the past season in this city by each of two well-known magicians are accomplished through this agency. The stage is darkened, but the footlights are left burning brilliantly. Broad strips of black velvet run here and there across the stage, with passages between them so as to allow of the movements back and forth of the magician. Behind these strips of velvet, which are absolutely invisible to persons on the other side of the footlights, no matter in what part of the house they may be, are assistants completely enveloped from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet in black velvet. They can move about as they will and be utterly invisible to the audience.

The magician, usually clothed in white, invokes Mephistopheles to appear. Mephistopheles is standing only a few feet away from him on the stage, holding a barrier of black velvet between himself and the audience. The moment the words conjuring him to come forth are uttered he lets fall the barrier of velvet, and presto! he appears to the audience as if he had dropped from the skies or had been evoked from the surrounding air. The illusion is highly effective and positively startling.

A lady is next commanded to materialize. She forthwith appears in the same way and under the same conditions that Mephistopheles has appeared—that is, she simply drops the barrier of black velvet that has been concealing her. Watch closely and you will notice that the head of the apparition always appears first.

"Offer the lady a seat," commands Mephistopheles.

"I have no seat to offer her," replies the magician.

"Yes you have."

"Where?"

"There."

And at the cue "there!" one of the black robed assistants evolves the required seat from behind one of the strips of black velvet, giving to it a peculiar vacillating motion so as to lend to it the illusion that it is slowly drifting through the air.

In the same way goblets, snakes, balls and a variety of other articles are made to appear, and when they are required to disappear they are simply wafted back by the assistant or assistants to their places of concealment behind the black velvet. If it is desired to move a woman's head detached from the trunk across the stage all that is necessary is to cover her with black velvet up to the throat. Her head then only will be visible, and as the magician takes it between his hands and moves across the stage, followed by the body concealed behind the velvet, the illusion to the audience will be complete that a bodyless head is before them.

Such is the famous "black art," or, more correctly speaking, the great black velvet act.

ASTARTE.

Few illusions have attracted more general attention than that known as Astarte, which was recently produced amid a great flourish of trumpets at Dockstader's, in this city. Astarte is a girl who walks back and forth through space, and turns somersaults in the air without any visible means of support.

Nothing very wonderful about that, is the thought of the audience. She is suspended by wire, of course.

But the "Professor" has a surprise in store for them. It is he himself who first gives audible expression to the suspicion of his audience.

"You think Astarte is dependent upon wires," he remarks. "Well, you shall see for yourselves."

And he hands Astarte a large ornamental hoop.

Astarte takes the hoop and whirls it above her head and under her feet, just as a girl uses a skipping rope.

The spectators have been given a genuine surprise. They are thoroughly taken aback. There certainly can be no wires there.

But there are wires, just the same, or more strictly speaking, steel supports, which hold her up at the waist and are connected with an upright placed behind a barrier of black velvet. The upright rests upon a truck, also concealed by the black velvet, which is moved backward and forward as the movements of Astarte may require. By closely watching Astarte after an energetic movement the dancing movement imparted to her frame by the steel spring which forms a part of the supporting apparatus may plainly be discovered.

But how is it, then, that the hoop passes through the wire or steel connecting her with the cross-beam of the supporting upright?

How, indeed!

A solid circle or hoop must certainly stop when it is brought in contact with the supporting line.

Yes, a solid hoop certainly would.

But the trouble with this hoop that Astarte whirls about her is that it is not solid. It is a split hoop. At one portion of it—the portion which strikes the supporting line—there is a long, easy working catch. Whenever the hoop sharply strikes the supporting line this catch flies back and allows the hoop to pass through.

Let somebody take a solid iron hoop to the theatre and invite Astarte to whirl that about her airy form. A revolution will ensue—but not on the part of the hoop.

THE BASKET MYSTERY.

The "basket mystery," in which a child is placed in a basket through which a sword is then driven while the child is heard shrieking inside, is a much simpler mechanical contrivance than that of "Astarte." The basket employed is a double basket, which is so devised that there is ample room for the child to conceal itself between the outer and the inner basket. When the lid is opened in a certain way the child is entirely concealed from the audience. All a person has to do is to carefully watch the lid of the basket and he will readily perceive where the child is concealed.

Our Children's Eyes.

A mother sends the following kindly, wise words: Allow me to say a few words in regard to the children's eyes. Years ago, when the children studied their lessons from their books, we did not hear very much about their eyes giving out. Let us consult our blackboards and see what they can tell us about this world-wide subject. Dear parents and guardians all over this broad land, how many hours through the day are your little children sitting in school staring at a blackboard, upon which are placed by the teacher most of the lessons for the day, many times the lines being so fine and pale they could not be easily read more than half or two-thirds the way across the room, but the children are required to see them all the way across and from the remotest corners. Many of the children when first looking at the board do not see much of anything, but by looking very sharp for a few seconds the lines reveal themselves. This, my friend, means weakened or diseased optic nerves, possibly no eyes at all, it all depending upon the severity of the strain. Even when the work is quite distinct, for children who have naturally weak eyes the distance many times is so great that the air waves coming between the poor, tired eyes and the board cause the lines to waver and flicker, and especially is this the case when the light is poor and the ventilation bad. Anything put on the board for children to see, whether old or young, should have large proportions and broad, clear lines throughout, so no extra efforts will have to be made to discover it. There is a great difference in eyes: one child will readily see what another could not without the fatal strain. I know whereof I speak, for my own eyes were nearly destroyed through this same practice, and I know others who have suffered a like fate

A Strange Prayer.

A Hartford clergyman tells this anecdote: Early in life, while occupying another charge, he invited a clergyman whom the unregenerated would call conceited and dull to preach in his pulpit. During the sermon our Hartford preacher dozed away in the sweet old way till he was suddenly called on to conclude the service with prayer. Accustomed to regard himself as the humblest of his Creator's instruments, and forgetting that he had not delivered the sermon, he began with "We beseech thee to accept the weak and feeble effort that has been addressed to Thee, and more richly to endow Thy servant in the graces he so greatly lacks."—*Hartford Courant.*

Every drop of blood in the system passes through both kidneys and lungs many thousand times in each twenty-four hours. This explains why 52 per cent. of the patients of Brompton Hospital, for Consumptives, London, England, have unsuspected kidney disorder. If the kidneys were in a healthy condition they would expel the waste matter or poisonous acid and prevent the irritation of the lungs. But if diseased they are unable to perform their functions. This explains why Warner's Safe Cure has proved so valuable in cases of lung trouble. It removes the cause.

The Baby Its Own Thermometer.

Anxious mother—I wish, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would be careful to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature.

Susan—Oh, don't you worry about that, ma'am, I don't need no 'mometers. If the little one turns red, the water is too hot; if it turns blue, it's too cold, and that's all there is about it.

Some merchants appear to get along swimmingly, while others can scarcely keep themselves afloat.

—It was the woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.

In the spring the wheezy baby
Lightly turns to spells of croup;
In the spring the last year's chicken
Leaves its impress in the soup.

Rev. Sam Small is dangerously ill at his home at Atlanta, Ga. All his engagements have been cancelled.

—Friday, called the "unlucky day," is from the Saxon Freyedæg, or day of Freya. Freya was the Goddess of Marriage.

BLIND BRIDAL COUPLE.

Touching Story of a Man and Wife Who Never Saw Each Other.

Every pleasant evening, in that hour just before twilight which we all love to idle away with inconsequential thoughts and observations, there passes my window a couple that greatly interests me, says a writer in the Toledo *Blade*. The lady is but a young girl, it seems, and she has such a pretty face, so white and peaceful, with something of sadness in it, something of joy. She has great eyes that stare strangely at you, and at the sound of her companion's voice their lids are drooped, and the long, graceful eyelashes fall upon her cheeks. The man reminds me of one of the old Saxons. He is big and strong, and has the curly golden hair and the big blonde beard of that race of men. His companion hangs on his arm, and yet he seems to depend upon her as much as she on him, for they cling very closely indeed together, while he carefully picks their way out with a light cane. Both are blind. I inquired about them the other day. Neither ever saw the light of day. Neither can ever know how glorious the sunlight is, how prettily blend the beautiful hues of the flowers, how grand all nature looks. Neither ever saw the other. And yet they are a bridal pair. They only live in a world of darkness and in each other. They met long ago, became devotedly attached to each other, and were married. And so now every evening when the weather is fine they go out for a little stroll, and as they slowly, carefully walk past my window I think, "It is a sad and yet pretty sight—a bridal pair."

A Millionaire in a Minute.

Instances are on record where toilers in gold mines and diamond fields, who, by one turn of a spade, a single movement of the hand, have been transformed from penniless laborers to millionaires. But they were not so lucky as is the consumptive who finds a means of restoration to health, who learns that the dread disease from which he suffers is not incurable. Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure consumption which is lung scrofula, and nothing else will. For all diseases of the blood, such as blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, it is unequaled. It is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded

In a Crowded Chicago Church.

First Lady indignantly—Madame! will you have the kindness to remove your foot from mine?

Second Lady with dignity—I beg your pardon! I thought it was a cushion.

An Epigrammatic Statement

[illegible] to anything in this world so vile
As the [illegible] presence of patent pills!
[illegible], we hate 'em, we all revile
The noxious things, as I. J. Carlile
Is in what bewa[illegible] what soon is ended!
Take P. P. P. and [illegible] it mended!
All praise the power of Pierce's Pellet!
Wise people buy and druggists sell it

The Right Route.

Matron—The road to a man's heart, my dear, lies through his stomach, the moral of which is, learn to cook. Daughter—In other words, mother, the way to learn to mash men is by first learning to mash potatoes."

The Delicacy of Woman.

"Like the lily once mistress of the field, woman often hangs her head and perishes, trusting to innocence and love to protect." Her eye may grow dim, her cheeks pale before her lips will reveal the secret of her suffering. Appreciating this element in woman's nature, Dr R. V Pierce has prepared a remedy called "Favorite Prescription," adapted especially for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, and placed the same on sale by druggists. Ask for the "Favorite Prescription" and you can cure yourself without publicity, and without being subject to the examinations of surgeons. Full directions with each bottle It is the only *guaranteed* cure. See guarantee on each bottle wrapper.

Descent and Ascent.

Mr. Orlrite—Well, upon my word, all this talk about whom you are descended from tires me. Mr. Snobey—Don't agree with you. I think it most important. Orlrite—It's nothing of the sort. If people could show they had ascended instead of descended from their ancestors it might be something to be proud of.

If people only wanted to be happy, says a philosopher, it would be very easy, but they want to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, because we imagine other people happier than they really are.

Two handsome young ladies ran away from their home in Lincoln, Nebraska, with a party of gypsies, consisting of two men and an old woman. The young ladies, no doubt, were fond of reading dime novels.

The directors of the Midland Fair have decided to give gold and silver medals for writing to the children of the public schools.

—White lead is now made from the ore in a few hours. By the old process it took several months.

—"Better late than never" is hardly a suitable motto for the man who travels much by rail.

Canadian artists who have been successful in getting pictures in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy are: Mr. F. A. Verner, two; Mr. Homer Watson, one, and Mr J. Fraser, one

D C N L 23 89.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. **H. BARNARD**, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Christie's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Rain on Monday.

Snow on Tuesday.

Bad roads on Wednesday.

The dejector flies around town with a cheerful countenance on Thursday.

All nature smiles on Friday with a grand smile that reminds one of Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee. Achee! Achoo!

Mr R. Cook shipped a car load of fat cattle on Monday.

Our Balsam Valley correspondent tells of a steer which was bunted to death by a belligerent ram.

From the Streetsville Review office comes an extremely neat program of a Queen's Birthday concert.

Remember Dr T. Henderson, surgeon dentist, will be Flesherton on Saturday and Monday, June 1 and 3.

High school entrance examinations will be held in Markdale, Dundalk and Durham on July 4, 5 and 6.

Read McDonald & Evans' change of advertisement in this issue. Their business is growing to huge proportions.

Tenders are asked for re-flooring the school house at Eugenia, and re-placing of desks, etc. For full particulars see bills.

The handsome (lady) and gentlemanly (gentleman) teacher is among us once more. May they thoroughly enjoy themselves.

If you want worth and wear, style and strength, choice and cheapness in boots and shoes, try W. Clayton's stock before purchasing

Mr. Arthur Johnston shipped to Toronto on Monday eight head of cattle—the finest lot of fat animals we have seen this spring

Mr Vanzant will erect a shop on the lot which he lately purchased from Mr Gordon, and will commence building operations immediately.

Royal Templars, take notice. On Tuesday evening, June 4th, election of officers takes place and a full attendance is requested. Recording Secretary.

The Ladies of the Methodist Church will hold their annual 1st of July garden party, at the residence of J.W. Armstrong, Esq. Further particulars later.

A telegram arrived last week from Miss Kyle stating that she would be unable to accept a position in the postoffice. Miss Waugh, of Hillsdale, Simcoe county, will be the new incumbent.

J W. Armstrong, Esq., and friends from Toronto, indulged in a day's fishing at Kimberley on the 24th. They were well pleased with the catch, considering the poor weather which was provided.

Great bargains in boots and shoes. A very large assortment to choose from. Material and workmanship cannot be surpassed, at very low prices. Call and see them at Wm Clayton's

A goodly number of plot holders turned out on Friday to assist in decorating and otherwise fixing up the cemetery grounds, in consequence of which its beauty is very much added to.

Mr Geo. Hawk will remove this week to the old homestead, Waterloo County, leaving the egg business here in the hands of his brothers. This has been found necessary owing to the late death of Mr Hawk.

50,000 lbs wool wanted at the Flesherton woollen factory. Roll carding a specialty. To insure good work come early. A fine lot of tweeds now ready. Special bargains for one week only, commencing 20th inst. W. H FLESHER.

Mr T Blakley has sold seven Brantford binders already this season. Farmers desiring a good machine would do well to read up the good points of Mr. Blakley's machine, as given in his advertisement, found elsewhere in The Advance. Call on him for terms, etc., which are easy.

The Advance invites attention to the first of a series of descriptive articles which appears this week, on an overland trip to California, written by a Flesherton lady. It is very entertainingly penned and will no doubt be highly appreciated by our many readers.

WANTED! good dress maker between now and the first of June. Terms—half of what is made. Free of shop expense. We guarantee a good fit. Cornwall's self-fitting chart, that took the gold medal at the Centennial, used. Apprentices wanted. Apply to M. DAVIS, Strain's block

Heavy frost again on Tuesday night last.

Mr. Jas. Brodie is attending Orange Grand Lodge at Goderich this week.

The Messrs. Hawk Bros. took from M. Richardson and Co's over 2,000 dozen eggs during the past three days.

Remember the free entertainment in the Town Hall to-night under the auspices of the S.G. Teachers' Association.

Miss Ganton's room in the Flesherton school has been presided over by Mr. R. Keefer for the past week and a half, owing to the illness of Miss G.

Frost on Wednesday night of last week did considerable damage in Flesherton. Mr. Barnhouse lost his prospects for a fine crop of grapes, and early vegetables were frozen. Others also had considerable stuff nipped. We learn that out in Osprey barley suffered badly by the same visitation.

About 1 o'clock on Friday morning last the brick store of Thomas Byrnes, Thornbury, lately occupied by T. Long & Bro., of Collingwood, was burned with most of the contents. The fire started in the cellar and gained considerable headway before noticed. The dwelling house of Mrs. Riley, near by, was saved by the great exertions of the neighbors. The destroyed property is said to be fully insured in the Royal. Noxon Bros., of Ingersoll, are said to be losers, their implement shop being back of Byrnes' shop.

Personal.

J.W. Henderson, Esq., Toronto, and sons spent the 24th in Flesherton.

Mr. T. Aikenhead and family, Toronto, were the guests of J. W. Armstrong, Esq., on the 24th.

Mr. Perley Harrington has returned from Orangeville and resumed his old position at the station. His return is welcomed by his friends—including everyone acquainted with him.

The 24th.

Her Majesty's glorious birthday passed off very quietly to the natives of Flesherton as a rule. Scores of them went fishing but "sneaked" their loads (*l*) of fish in by the back door upon returning at night. Even Tommy Hollinger had no remarkable catch to chronicle. The day was cloudy and very cool. Towards evening a heavy mist settled over the land and made the weather disagreeable However, upon the whole, we believe everyone enjoyed themselves as well as circumstances would permit. The two Advance "foremen" launched a boat on Flesher's mill pond, which did not attract quite so many spectators as did the launch of the Manitoba, and some young men fired off a box of fireworks in front of Munshaw's hotel at 10 o'clock in the morning. These, we believe, were the only really exciting incidents of the day.

Sudden Death.

On Wednesday morning of last week Mrs. Hurlburt, of Kimberley, passed quietly away to her eternal rest. Deceased has been a resident of Kimberley for about ten years, and during that time she has won the respect of all who knew her She was a member of the Methodist Church and was always found in her place at the time of worship when she was able to attend. During the past few months she had not been in good health but nothing serious was expected until a few days before she died. A few minutes before she passed away she seemed quite well but took suddenly ill and in a few minutes fell asleep. Some time before she died she said she was glad she had been enabled to endure to the end; she was happy in Jesus; trusting in His atoning blood, she could say, as Paul said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," etc. Deceased was 75 years old and has lived in this country for many years Rev. Mr. Watts preached the funeral sermon from the fifteenth verse of the 116th Psalm: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Mr. Watts impressed upon the minds of the congregation the necessity of being ready when the Son of Man cometh. The funeral took place on Friday from her late residence to the cemetery in the neighborhood where she formerly lived in St. Vincent. COM.

New England Weather.

Mark Twain reverently believed that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England but the weather. Now the natives of Flesherton would like to have Mark drop around and pass an opinion on the weather we have been having here lately. For a magnificent, mild, balmy, seductive spring, ours of this year could not be beaten until within the last week or so. It had its lines about the first of March for a big April fool. It put on a blossoming, blooming face that brought out the native perspiration and Indian muslin, started the flowers to bloom and cajoled those individuals who monkey with the flora and fauna into setting out their tomato plants, cucumbers, and other tendeushrubs and flowers So soon as it got these well in the ground this blooming weather with a fiendish shriek turned its back upon us and a blood-curdling coolness developed on its part. It wielded its sword, too, and cut off in their prime the innocent plants and flowers; it snowed and blowed, and sneezed, and snarled, and snorted, just like an energetic politican in prime condition. The people in a body are now imitating its sneezing, snarling and snorting. The Advance humbly offers the opinion that Mark was right, and that ours is an edition of that New England weather which has been smuggled into Canada without the duty having being paid. Will the custom house authorities please see to it that it is confiscated before any more moral damage is done to the native article.

We are obliged to hold over an interesting budget of news from our Balsam Valley correspondent until next week.

Wedded.

On Tuesday evening Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, performed the ceremony of uniting in marriage Mr. D. McTavish to Miss Jane Stewart, daughter of Mr. Geo. Stewart, both of Flesherton, at Mr. Stewart's residence. A pleasant time was spent after the ceremony, by the large number of young people who had received invitations. Mr. and Mrs. McTavish have the warmest wishes of The Advance for future happiness.

District Meeting

The district meeting held in the Methodist Church last Wednesday, was composed of the following ministers and laymen viz.:—Flesherton, Rev. J.W. Shilton and M. Richardson, Esq.; Markdale, Rev. O. Buggin and W. Irwin; Dundalk, Rev. W H. Moss and T. Hanbury; Melancthon, Rev. R.C. Burton and Mark Williams; Priceville, Rev. W. Ottewell and C.C. James; Eugenia, Rev. J. H. Watts and J. Sloan; Holland Centre, Rev. Geo. Hartley and Mr. Jamieson; Walter's Falls, Rev. J. W. Sanderson and A.E. Thornley, with J. Bowes Jr. and Mr.——; Euphrasia, Rev. R. J. Hosking and D.R. Ellis. The business was chiefly of a routine character. All the members upon moral examination were found blameless in life. Some changes were recommended in the circuit domains, chiefly affecting Markdale, Euphrasia and Walter's Falls. The various connexional funds were in advance of last year as a whole. Rev. J. W. Sanderson and Rev. Geo. Hartley were elected secretaries. Rev. J. W. Shilton, B.A., represents the district on the stationing committee, and Rev. J. Hartley and M. Richardson, Esq., on the Sabbath S. committee. The laymen elected to conference were Messrs. W. Irwin, M. Richardson, Dr. Christoe, T. Hanbury, R. Slack, J. Sloan, C. C. James, J. Bowes, Jr., D.R. Ellis and another from Holland Centre. The Advance and hostesses entertaining the delegates received the thanks of the meeting for kindnesses shown.

Concert.

The concert held in the Town Hall on Friday evening, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Ladies Aid was a pronounced success in one sense, but in another sense it was not. The entertainment provided was good, with one or two exceptions, but the audience was surely not a representative one of the Presbyterian Church here. We would be sorry to think it was so. There were not a large number present, but fully one half of those who were there were outsiders. Why cannot people at least patronize their own church to the extent of 15 cents occasionally, and for their own good? Rev. Mr. Emes gracefully officiated in the chair. The Flesherton Glee Club provided a large portion of the program, and were never in better form. Their selections were heartily and deservingly encored. Master Ed. Richardson surprised his own friends by the manner in which he sang "Committed to the Deep." Mr. Evans also sang a solo, and his magnificent voice was fully appreciated by the audience. Flesherton has some wonderful musical talent, and she also has numerous well-informed critics who do not pose as singers themselves, and the latter were all unanimous in deciding that the music provided was really good. Mrs. W. Irwin rendered a recitation in a most excellent manner, and was heartily applauded. In laughable comparison to hers was the attempted recitation of the editor of this paper. He failed most ignominously, and after floundering helplessly through two verses, apologized and took his seat. We know before that we were no polished elocutionist, but this brought it home with a disagreeable force that fairly "knocked us silly." Had we been the audience this item on the program would have tickled us immensely. As it was the enjoyment on our part was not quite so keen. Right here we might mention Mr. Johnston's singing of "I'll take you home again Kathleen," and "Good-bye sweetheart, good-bye." Honestly we believe the audience enjoyed our recitation more than Mr. Johnston's singing. Rev. Mr. Shilton gave a short address, replete with golden gems of wisdom. Miss Bella Christoe, Miss Maud Richardson, Miss Aikenhead, of Toronto, and Mr. J. G. Russell were also soloists. Miss Aikenhead has a good voice and her solo was much enjoyed. A vote of thanks was passed to those who kindly assisted with the program, and the concert closed with "God Save the Queen. The proceeds amounted to $13.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr B. J. Kendal Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies have been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

District News.

A farmer living on the 7th Con. of Brant, County Bruce, has a notice posted on the fence that he wants a wife.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Little Johnie Knapp, of Walter's Falls, is but thirteen years old and is studying for a third class certificate in the Collegiate Institute, Owen Sound. At the last monthly examination he stood third highest out of about one hundred students and was only three-fifths of a mark below the highest.—[Markdale Standard.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Highway robbery.—On Monday night Mr. M. Scott started out of Durham along Lambton St., East, but in about an hour returned and said he had been robbed He says he was driving along when he heard some persons talking in the edge of the swamp and when he got opposite the spot something hit him, and when he came to himself again he was lying on the road and his horse standing near by. His purse was gone and he had a mark on the side of his head. About $40 he claims to have had on his person, which is missing. The affair, which is very unusual in this vicinity, is surrounded with mystery. We hope the perpetrators may be spotted and sent up.—[Review.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

General News.

The Queen's Plate was won Friday in Toronto by Colonist.

Mr. J.J. Bobbin continues to preach in the Orange Hall at Caledon East.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The application of Mr. J.J. Dobbin for a new trial has been refused by the Orangeville Presbytery.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cent. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A Mono man named Jas. Scott, near Orangeville, was killed by one Atkinson, who hit him on the head with a stone.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 30	to	$ 30
Fall Wheat	1 05	to	1 05
Spring Wheat	1 05		1 05
Barley	0 40		0 40
Oats	0 20		0 20
Peas	0 50		0 50
Butter	0 15		0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 11		0 11
Potatos bush.	0 20		0 20
Pork	6 10		6 10
Hay per ton	9 00		9 00
Hides	3 50		4 50
Sheepskins	0 50		1 00
Geese	0 05		1 15
Turkeys	0 10		0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25		0 35
Ducks per lb	0 06		0 06

Durham Bull for service.

Mr Alex Stewart, lot 157, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull for service on his premises

TERMS $1, payable 1st Feb., 1890. For four cows or over a liberal reduction will be made

TOWNSHIP OF ARTEMESIA.

COURT OF REVISION.

Notice is hereby given that the first sittings of the Court of Revision for Township of Artemesia, 1889, will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on

Monday, 3rd day of June, 1889

All parties interested are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly

Dated this 14th of May 1889.

W J BELLAMY, Clerk

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

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in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Medical.

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J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel

Priceville, Nov 15, 1888

DRS. POULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T. S. SPROULE, M.D. C.M. ANGUS EGO, M.D. etc

Dr Ego will be in Flesherton at Mr. Carlisle's every Tuesday night

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,

RESIDENCE, ON COLLINGWOOD STREET, Second Door East of Presbyterian Church,

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson,

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art at moderate rates

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST, L.L.B.,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer.

Office.—Strain's Building, FLESHERTON

A. A. CHESLEY, Solicitor and Conveyancer, Resident Manager

MR. FROST will be found at the Office on Thursdays as heretofore.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, etc B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. P. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms Issues MARRIAGE LICENSES NOTARY PUBLIC

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c

DEEDS MORTGAGES LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

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POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply A. S VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

TO CALIFORNIA.

A Lady's Trip to the Golden State via C. P. R.

Graphic Description of the Scenery from North Bay to Rat Portage--Sunday on Board.

As you are already aware we left F. on Thursday morning, April 11th for Toronto, via. C.P.R. On our arrival there we repaired to the C.P.R. offices on King street where we completed arrangements for trip. After having ascertained time of starting, party going, etc., we then made good use of our time the remainder of that day and next in calling on friends to say farewell, as we were to leave at 11 p.m. Friday night.

On our arrival at Union Station with friends who accompanied us, we were agreeably surprised to see among the throng familiar faces of friends from Georgetown and Hastings, who, being in the city, and hearing of our leaving for the far west, had come down to see us off. Here we were introduced to the travelling passenger agent, who was to look after the party during the journey, and then taken to the car. On entering we found it neatly and tastefully fitted up with every accomodation for our use during the trip. Having said the last goodbye, we found ourselves slowly moving out of the station, and then for the first time began to fully realize that we were leaving home,friends and native land, and being strangers among strangers. However, the bustle going on around us, of arranging berths, dropping curtains, etc., soon drew our attention to the performance of the same duty. Finally quietness reigned supremely throughout the car. About 1 a.m. being somewhat wearied, I soon fell asleep, but only for a short time, as the motion of the train had a tendency to waken rather than lull us to sleep. About 5 o'clock a.m. most of the passengers commenced moving around, so that ended our slumbers for that night. We breakfasted about 7.30 a.m., after which we commenced to take notice of the country through which we were passing. We were now in Algoma district, having passed through the towns of Barrie, Orillia, Bracebridge and Gravenhurst, as well as smaller places during the night. We arrived at north Bay about 8.30 o'clock, when we were informed we should have to wait for the train from Montreal which had to be attached to ours. On account of some delay along that line it didn't arrive until 4.30 p.m. This gave us ample time to explore the town which is pleasantly situated on Lake Nippising, a beautiful and extensive sheet of water stretching away to our left, still solidly frozen over, so much so that men with their teams are seen driving over it, while to the right lay the town with the dust flying on the streets and no sign of winter whatever, and evidently none for several weeks back. We were informed the population was 1100. It contains many fine buildings. In our walk around the town we were surprised to see such a small place have so many hotels, as we counted eight. Whether there were any more or not we failed to discover. Some of them were very fine buildings. On the other hand we saw but two churches, and those of the most inferior style. A pretty strong evidence, we thought, Bacchus was most worshipped there While detained here we were entertained by a band of Scotch pipers who helped to pass away the time. However, we had a very pleasant party on board,all from Ontario, and although entire strangers to each other, soon became acquainted, and each one did his best to make the journey as pleasant and agreeable for the other as possible. After leaving North Bay we pass through a wild region where lakes, rivers, forests and rocky ridges alternate Night coming on shuts this out from our view. Before retiring for the night, (Saturday), we discovered we had two gentlemen (brothers) on board who were splendid singers, and who gave us several fine selections. Having become somewhat used to the motion of the train our slumbers were tranquil, and we awoke next morning feeling quite refreshed. We could not have wished for a more beautiful Sabbath. It was all that could be desired.

Heaven's whole arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march
And woods were bright'ned, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales

As it drew near the hour for church we could tell by the remarks made that, as it was in our own case, so was it with most of the passengers, that home and friends occupied their thoughts. On making the remark to a gentleman from Toronto that our friends would likely be going to church now and thinking of us, tears filled his eyes as he replied, "I know mine will anyway," showing that gentlemen are not so indifferent to leaving home and friends as they would sometimes have us believe. We then formed a choir of all the singers we could find on board and sang several selections of popular hymns which were duly appreciated by all. This was again repeated in the evening. Sunday afternoon we commenced passing through some of the wildest scenery which we had yet beheld. We followed the Lake Superior shore for about 100 miles, here and there only catching glimpses of it sparkling in the sunlight with islands dotting its surface, and then again beholding it stretching for miles in its vastness. In some places we are riding along as it were a narrow shelf with massive walls of rocks towering hundreds of feet into the air on our right, with the lake in all its beauty of greenish blue water stretches right below to our left. There again we pass between walls of rock which we can almost touch as we pass along, by putting our hand through the window. Then suddenly we are emersed in darkness and hear exclamations from all sides of oh! oh oh! then before we have time to think of what has happened we emerge into daylight again. Then we know that we have passed through a tunnel. We are then informed we shall pass through several of those during the afternoon so we kept on a lookout for them. Just before entering the tunnel we come to what is called the Mink Trestle, where some three years ago a terrible accident took place in two trains colliding on it Over this the trains are only allowed to proceed at a certain rate of speed. We come to a standstill about a mile beyond the tunnel and find we have to go back over this dangerous piece of road and get up enough steam to take us over the heavy grade. Back we go round base of rocks, through tunnel, over trestle with a rush, as it is down grade, feeling at times as though we were flying through mid-air, slow up, stop, then try it again with greater speed. This time we are successful and are taken some four miles beyond. We have a fine view of the entire train as it often forms a semicircle in its windings around the base of rocks just here. We find on coming to another heavy grade our train has to be divided, as it is too heavy for the engine to take it, there being nineteen coaches with passengers besides dining car, mail, baggage, etc. Our car being about the centre of the train we were taken on about 10 miles and left at a small station called Middletown, while the engine returned for the remainder of the cars. We passed the time in climbing to a high point of rock which overlooked Lake Superior, so that we had a fine view of it

From here to Port Arthur the scenery is particularly interesting. Here we shall have to say with Longfellow:

"But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away.
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill

We much regretted night surrounding us, especially as we were nearing Port Arthur, and would like to have seen this section of country by daylight. We arrived there about 1 o'clock a.m. and had the pleasure of seeing it by moonlight.

We would say again with the poet:

"Then the moon in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified
Filled and overflowed the night
With the sweetness of her light

Some of the gentlemen starting up town were compelled to retrace their steps hurriedly by the whistle sounding as the train only remained a short time. From here to Rat Portage the scenery is of the wildest description. We are continually passing bold promontories, rocky uplifts, chains of rock, broad lakes, islands, over rivers, brooks, dashing cataract and waterfall, through deep cuttings, open plain, vast forests and around rugged mountains until we arrive at Rat Portage. For miles we pass through what has been great forests, but now nothing remains but the charred logs and trees bearing the mark of the destroying fire.

To be continued.

Osprey Items.

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

Osprey is still alive and situated amidst the same surroundings. Although

The autumn is past, and the winter is gone,
And the springtime has come with its bloom,
But those frosts reappearing after each rain
Cuts the young barley down rather soon

It is feared little fruit will be found in this vicinity if the above frosts continue.

But that has nothing to do with the way the 24th was celebrated in Osprey. The picnic over on the Eighth Line, lot 4, attracted quite a number. A good platform and first-class music,together with other games furnished ample amusement for all who had the pleasure of being there. In Maxwell the celebration, compared with announcements made on posters, was rather a slim affair.

Mr. McD. Williams has purchased and removed to his own store the entire stock of Mrs. Carr. Mr. W. evidently means business.

Mr. John Graham, although well advanced in years, has again entered the bonds of holy matrimony. Congratulations, Johnny.

In Feversham things look rather lively. The frame of the Orange Hall, 20x40, is erected, and will soon be completed.

Ira Perigo has secured the contract of building a new bridge over the pond.

C. E. Nail went to town last week and purchased a fine stock of goods for the summer.

The egg scavengers report the hen fruit a good crop.

Situation.

with steady employment at good pa...

Apply to

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a fu... supply of goods

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street.
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract ed or tender feet

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

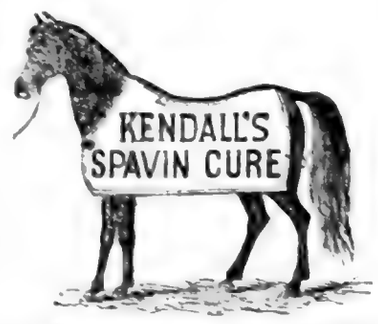

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES
FLEWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1886.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it in my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 8, 1886.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT.
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 16, 1886.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TIENER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

J. E. ADORE,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
—AND—
FURNITURE DEALER.
Keeps Constantly on Hand

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms

DURHAM Street
FLESHERTON.

A FULL LINE OF

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

of every description.

Specialties

—FOR—

THIS MONTH

BABY CARRIAGES

THOMAS' celebrated

ORGANS,

New Raymond

Sewing Machines

SPRING BEDS.

MATRESSES

We are offering special bargains in above lines during May, as we find it necessary to materially change and improve our place of business. We

DISCOUNT

of 10 per cent on all

CASH SALES

This extraordinary offer should reduce our stock at least $700.00 above the ordinary trade.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the different plants

BULBS

HOUSE PLANTS.

Double and single Geraniums in many shades, Fancy and tricolor Ivy and scented geraniums in great variety, Cinerarias, Primulas, Hydrangeas, Pearl Primulas, Begonias, Heliotropes, Pearl Primulas, Roses, Azaleas, Fuchsias and Mayflower.

BEDDING PLANTS

Verbenas, Forget

VEGETABLE PLANTS

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

FLESHERTON

PLANING MILLS

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work.

SUCH AS

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re-sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

ROLLER FLOUR!

best in the markets at

Blackburn's.

ICE Cream Parlors

all kinds of cooling summer drinks.

Cured Meats,
Lard, Bologna,
etc.

ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON

—AT—

BLACKBURN'S

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

MR. W. J. NELSON having opened out a new barber shop and hair dressing parlor at

Moore's Block, Durham St.

is prepared to attend to all work in his line

FOR SALE!

Apply at this office or to [illegible]

VOLUNTEER

Attention

12 RECRUITS Wanted!

Wanted

SALESMEN to sell [illegible] GENERAL PAY [illegible] WEEKLY. No [illegible] necessary at once and [illegible] Write FRED E. YOUNG [illegible] N.Y.

Salvation Oil will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and [illegible] For sale at the Medical Hall

Waiting.

I have set my house in order
For a stately step to grace;
I have bidden the mirrors keep record
Of a never forgotten face;
I have brightened with thrifty cunning
The walls of my sylvan home;
They are beautiful in the shadow
Of him who vouchsafes to come.

I have swept the leaves from the greensward,
And the gray stones twinkle and shine;
I have loosened each fretful tangle
Of the twisted cedar and vine;
I have ordered the waters waste not
Their splendors upon my eye,
But to wait, like my heart, for thy footsteps,
And a gush when thou drawest nigh.

Myself I would dress for thy presence;
But there I must stand and weep,
Since the years that teach Love's value
His vanishing treasures sweep.
But words that are spells or magic,
And merciful looks and ways,
Shall brighten the wasted features
That faded when none did praise.

Thou gracious and lordly creature,
Do the trees, when thou passest by,
Let down their fair arms to embrace thee,
And the flowers reach up to thine eye?
Do they wait, all athrill, when thou passest,
For a touch of thy life divine,
Do they fold their meek hands when thou fleetest,
And die for a breath of thine?

My heart has leapt forth to embrace thee;
It clings, like a babe, to thy breast;
And my blood is a storm-stirred ocean
That waits for the world of rest.
Time loses his paltry measure
Now that Love's eterne draws near,
And the long-ring moments that part us
Are endless in hope and fear.

Oh! what if, beyond thy sunshine,
Some gathering storm should brood?
Thy rapture, for-aking, shall leave me
Alone with God's orphanhood.
The heart thou hast blest so inly
Shall wait no inglorious breath,
Come hither, then, ye who walk twinly;
So enter here, Love and Death!

Julia Ward Howe.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

Tears came into Caleb's eyes, but he did not speak. His heart in its own selfishness understood this waywardness, this ingratitude of the sick brain and sore soul. Still, it just for the moment stung him to hear this woman, for whom he would have died as patiently as he now served her, long for the advent of another friend who, she said, would be the Paraclete, the Comforter, he had tried to be and was not.

Estelle did not see his face. If she had, perhaps she would not have read it aright.

"But she isn't herself. My queenly lass, she isn't herself," said Caleb, in a low whisper, as he shambled to the gate of the cemetery for the carriage left standing there. "And I should be wrong to take notice of a chance word like this, which means naught but itself. And it's but natural, after all, that she wants one of her own sex and kind. For what am I but a hodmadod, good only to fetch and carry!"

And with his round red eyes still full of tears, he motioned the *cocher* to drive up to the gate, and then went back for Estelle.

"Tell her to come—to come at once," said Estelle.

It was the burden of her speech all the way home.

"I shall be so glad to see her! She will manage it for me. She would have made him a far better wife than I did. Perhaps she will marry him when he has made himself free as well as me. Only let her come! Oh, I wish she was here now!"

"A little patience, a few nights' sleep, Mrs Charles, and she'll be over the doorstep," said Caleb, encouragingly. "Don't put yourself about. She'll come by the first train she can get."

"And Charlie will be glad," said Estelle.

As she said this she shivered and put her hands before her eyes. The little child she had left to its fate and had almost forgotten suddenly seemed to rise in the air before her, as it had risen more than once before. "But *she* will take it," she said to herself; "and it never knew me, and never will regret me." Then, with a cry that was like something struck and wounded, she flung up her arms, and said: "All! All! I have lost all! Home, name, my child and my beloved, and the world says my virtue. But I had him, and he loved me. What do I care for the rest—even for the child—in comparison to him!"

But she broke into tears, and sobbed with a passion Caleb had never seen before.

With an impulse he did not care to command, he leant forward and took her hands.

"Mrs. Charles, I cannot have this," he said, a little more firmly than he was wont to speak to her, but with infinite tenderness and respect too. "It's just foolishness, this looking back. You'll do yourself a mischief by carrying on like this. What's done is done, and there is no good in grieving over spilt milk. Your true friends stick by you, whatever the world says; and you have never yet been slighted by them as knew. Let the rest pass. What are they to you?"

"How good you are!" said Estelle, after a pause. "What should I do without you, Mr. Stagg?"

"But poorly, I doubt," said Caleb, simply, feeling amply rewarded for all his heart-breaks, all his sacrifices and outlay, by this one brief acknowledgment of his services.

By that evening's post the letter to Lady Elizabeth was written, and Caleb took it to the office himself to make sure of its safety.

Truly was Estelle a fated woman—fated to work evil to men by her love and theirs as Helen of Troy, or that Serpent of old Nile whose kisses lighted flame and fire, and slew like sharp-edged swords—fated to work evil to herself, and to build her own funeral pyre out of the hearts she had broken.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE STORM.

A luncheon party was on hand at Thrift. Really made up in Lady Elizabeth's honor, though apparently for the Smythe Smiths, it was one of the few entertainments which Anthony Harford had given since Estelle had ceased to exist for him—how many months ago now!—months that had lengthened into years, if sensation may be the measure of time.

Those of the neighborhood who were invited were glad of this break in the monotony of their country life, and especially glad to go to Anthony Harford's. And more than one mother with a bevy of nice good girls still tacked to her maternal skirts sighed with profound pity as she spoke of poor dear Mr Harford's desolate, and worse than desolate, state. If he did but know the truth, it would be so much better for him! If Mrs. Harford had been killed, or had committed suicide in a fit of mania—she was always a little odd and abstracted, was she not?—why then, you see, he would be free to marry again. And really that poor little boy of his would be so much better off with a lady for his step-mother instead of a mere uneducated hireling as a nurse. And if she had gone off with any one else—but who could it be? No one here, for certain; perhaps some one she had met abroad—then he could get a divorce, and thus also he would be free. In any case it would be so much better if he knew; and he was greatly to be pitied for his miserable state of uncertainty—neither married nor single—not free, yet not bound.

As letters are always like the unknown treasures of Pandora's box in the country, the Smythe Smiths stopped their carriage and took their bag from the postman, Mr. Smythe Smith distributing the contents. To his wife were many of the most profound unimportance, though among them was one which interested her greatly—one from her son, announcing his engagement with Lady Venetia Lackland. To Lady Elizabeth came two only—one from her mother, the other, in an unknown hand, redirected from abroad. Love conquering curiosity, she opened her mother's first, and read there the further news of Estelle's sad life, the death of Charlie, and Caleb Stagg's departure. The other was from Caleb himself, telling her of Estelle's perilous condition, and asking her to come out to the Riviera at once. Here, then, was a fresh turn of the rope, and a new coil for all concerned. It was well for Lady Elizabeth that the Smythe Smiths were so much preoccupied with their own affairs they had no time to study her face. It would have betrayed too much if they had. Not that she had any longer the perplexity of choice which had disturbed her conscience in the first instance. Now that Charlie was dead, and Estelle in need and sorrow, Anthony must know the truth. He could not kill the one, as he would have done had he come up with him; surely he would not harm a hair of the head of the other. In any case, he must be told, and she, Lady Elizabeth, his friend throughout, must tell him. It was one of the most painful moments of her life, but it had to be gone through.

As it chanced, the Upperfold party were the first to arrive at Thrift.

They were sitting about the room—Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith full of happy babble undertoned, Lady Elizabeth silent but speculating on what Estelle had cared for most in this stiff and desolate-looking chamber—when Anthony came in. Even more visibly than with Lady Elizabeth he bore the impress of something amiss on his face. His dark eyes were aflame with that fierce yet sombre light of a man's concealed passion. He looked at Lady Elizabeth with a wistfulness as if he wished to speak to her, and found in her face consolation—of a kind.

No private talk was, however, possible to people who knew their proper bearings, and the two whose souls were so heavily laden had to bear their respective fardels for the present unshared.

After the luncheon was over and the guests had risen, a number of them spread themselves over the garden and in among the houses. Anthony and Lady Elizabeth were left together. He had said to her in a low voice, "I want to speak to you," as she passed him at the table, and she had therefore held herself apart. For she, too, wanted to speak to him—to tell him what she knew. Thus the thing was soon arranged, and what people might choose to say of this private meeting did disturb neither of them. He laid his broad hand on her arm and said, for any one to hear who could or cared: "Come with me into my study, Lady Elizabeth. I have something to show you and say to you."

"Yes," she answered. "So have I something to say and show you."

"About the same thing?" he asked.

"I imagine so," she answered.

Strong, athletic, brave as he was, Anthony quivered like a hysterical woman. His forehead and upper lip were wet with those drops which bespeak a man's agony.

"My God! if you did but know what I have heard!" he said, fiercely.

"What ever it is, you will bear it with patience and nobleness," returned Lady Elizabeth, in her soft steadfast way, claiming magnanimity because believing in it.

He grasped her arm as if his fingers had been a vise, and, with the action of a jailer, opened the study door, and, as it were, thrust her in.

"If this is true, I have but one course before me," he said, as he shut the door with a clang, and touched the revolver in his pocket.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STRUGGLE.

"Read this," said Anthony, thrusting a letter into Lady Elizabeth's hand. "Can it be true? My God! it seems impossible of *her*—that woman of all! So pure and sweet as she was!"

He turned away to the window. The passion of wrath and grief that held him was almost more than he could bear. He felt as if he must die under it; and he did not wish Lady Elizabeth to see his agony.

The letter, which bore the Kingshouse postmark, was anonymous and written in a feigned hand, though Lady Elizabeth fancied she could detect certain well-known scratchy characters through the disguise. Whoever wrote it was thoroughly up in the later history of the unfortunate fugitives, for the letter gave the whole story clearly and succinctly "up to date," as people say, without a mistake anywhere, save in color. It told of the discovery by Mrs. Medlicott of Estelle and Charlie Osborne on the Riviera; of their passing as man and wife under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Charles; of the young bride's virtuous indignation at the cheat which somehow seemed to lessen the legal sanction of her own estate, and the brave way in which she stripped this false mask from those shameless faces; of the man's death; of Caleb Stagg's subsequent protection of the abandoned female left to poverty and shame. This last scene in the sad drama was laid out on the same lines as the first: and the faithful omadhaun's unselfish care, with Estelle's half-unconscious acceptance, was treated as an act of cynical profligacy on his part and of nameless infamy on hers. This was the false note which gave its worst aspect to the whole affair, and made the first crooked step so unpardonable. One lover was unspeakable abomination for a married woman; but immediately after the death of that one, to pass into the hands of another, to be cared for, supported, "protected" by him—what shame of strange disgrace ever equalled this? And this was the life and deed of Estelle, she, as Anthony had said, of all women the most sweet and pure!

"Can it be true?" asked Anthony, coming back to the table by which Lady Elizabeth was standing, still holding the letter in her hand.

"It is true, and false," she said, in a low voice, but quite distinctly.

"Yes?" said Anthony, as a spur, when she paused.

"Estelle did live with Mr. Osborne, as the letter says," she continued; "but Caleb Stagg is simply her friend—the stop-gap between her and starvation. He is not her lover."

"Not her lover?—only a platonic friend, full of zealous philanthropy and Christian charity?" sneered Anthony.

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth.

"You speak confidently, my dear lady," he returned, with a bitter laugh; "more confidently than I should dare to do. You are a bold moralist to set the limits of a woman's degradation when she has once begun. I never found those limits yet, and I have seen something of life."

"I know Estelle, and I love her," she said, as gently and as firmly as she had spoken before.

"And I neither know nor love her?" he replied, with the same sneer.

"If you believe her capable of this infamy, neither," she said in answer.

"Then you think a man's love is measured by his *lachete!*" he said, fiercely, after a pause, coming back to the table and confronting her, much as if she had been the cause and origin of all.

"No, indeed not! indeed not!" she answered; "but by his magnanimity—his ability to understand all the circumstances, and to forgive those which offend himself—yes; that I do think is the measure of a noble man's true love."

"Desertion of husband, home and child—silence for months, leaving the deserted to all the agonies of suspense and ignorance—selfishness added to profligacy—and now the second fatal plunge into a still lower depth of dishonor—all this to be accepted by a husband as a venial offence—a slight departure from the strict lines of duty—to be condoned and forgiven without much difficulty? And then Lady Elizabeth Inchbold would say a man had loved his wife as he should; and that self-respect in repudiation would have been harsh and brutal!"

"I do not say this, Mr. Harford. You are scarcely just to me," she answered.

"Not just to allow that you make guilt int resting, if less than admirable? Do you want me to confess that it is also admirable, and that our prosaic old notions about fidelity and honor and all the rest of it are mere lumber?" said Anthony. "I must be under your tutelage some time longer, Lady Elizabeth, before I can pass in your school."

"If you will discuss this matter with me without anger against me—or her—we may come to a better understanding," answered Lady Elizabeth, with her well-known patience and self-suppression. "If you will not—or cannot—there is no use of my staying here."

"Kleine Sorgen machen zartlich, grosse machen hart und wild," say the Germans. And the saying was true now with Anthony. His whole nature seemed to have become both soured and warped, and for the moment no good impulse was possible—no good influence could touch him. Had an angel from heaven been standing there in Lady Elizabeth's place, he would have been no more soothed, no more amenable to reason, than now. Doubtless it was an unrighteous impulse, but it was sadly human.

"I am quite calm and willing to discuss any subject on any basis you may desire," said Anthony, by way of reply. His calmness, by the way, was shown in his fiery eyes and the sneer on his uplifted lip. "What anger can I have against you? If your ideas of a man's honor differ from mine, that is my misfortune. I object to my wife's passing from me to another man, and from that man to yet another. It does not seem to me quite the right thing for a woman to do. You uphold it in your friend, and blame me that I resent it. We are not agreed, that is all. But why anger?"

For a moment Lady Elizabeth flushed and quivered with pride as much as indignation. To the humblest-minded, the most democratic lady, come those moments of pride when a man's touch is rough and a man's word is rude. Then she remembers the inheritance of her birth, and stands on her superiority. This indignation of pride, however, lasted only a short time with Lady Elizabeth. With an effort she controlled herself, and again thought only of the work in hand.

"You do not put it any the more fairly, Mr. Harford," she said, more coldly than she had spoken before; "for, in the first place, she has not passed into other hands. I tell you again that Mr. Stagg is no more to her than her servant. He is, indeed, to all intents and purposes as much to her as her servant!"

"Who will have to settle accounts with me," said Anthony.

"If in any other way than by your rendering him respect and gratitude, your accounts will go wrong," said Lady Elizabeth.

"And here again we differ," said Anthony, in the same manner as before. "According to your code I have not only to forgive the first lover, but to be grateful to the second. Your sliding scale is peculiar, Lady Elizabeth. It scarcely suits a man who has learned the rougher side of life in such a school as mine has been. We are not taught these subtleties."

"Yes, you have to forgive the dead and be grateful to the living," repeated Lady Elizabeth, ignoring the latter half of his speech. "And you have to be merciful to the dying," she added, tears coming into her eyes.

"When she is dead I will forgive her," said Anthony.

"She may be dead now," said Lady Elizabeth. He turned on her fiercely.

"What do you know about her?" he asked.

"Everything," she answered.

She had Caleb's letter in her hand, that awkward, stiffly worded letter, with the pure soul shining through like the moon through fog and vapor.

"And for how long, pray, have you been the confidante of my runaway wife?" he asked, with dangerous quietness.

"She has not confided in me at all, but I have known for some days now that she was alive; that he was dead, and she perhaps dying only to-day."

Anthony strode across the space which had been between, and took her by the arm, harshly rather than rudely.

"You are my friend?" he said, in a hoarse voice.

"Yes," she answered, "I am."

"And you have known for some days that she was alive—you knowing what a hell my life has been to me since she left me—how I would have kissed the hands and feet of my worst enemy who had told me she was alive—and you kept it from me—you, Lady Elizabeth Inchbold?"

"Yes, I did," she answered.

Her perfect calmness and the steady look in her soft eyes seemed almost to paralyze Anthony. He unclosed his hand from her bruised arm.

"My God! you women are fiends sent to torture us!" he said, wildly. "All alike! The best and the worst faithless and untrustworthy alike!"

"Is it faithless and untrustworthy to keep back a thing like this when the one to whom it would else have been told is as wild and unreasonable as you?" she asked. "With that revolver in your pocket, and all your hot anger; with Mr. Osborne dying, and she, poor girl, in her agony; could I tell you, to add to her misery the greatest pain of all—your sudden appearance, your violence, and who knows what else! Ask yourself, how could I? I am her friend as well as yours, and I would not have her hurt by any deed of mine!"

"How do you know I would have hurt her?" he asked, fiercely. "Am I a brute or a man? Why should I not have been gentle with her?"

"Because you are not always reasonable," she answered. "If I could have trusted you I would have told you. As things were, I dared not."

"A wild beast!" he said, savagely.

"Too much like one at times," she returned, her voice and eyes more gentle than her words.

For the first time during this painful interview the expression on Anthony's passionate face changed. Some of the fierceness died out of it to make way for a human look of blank amazement. It was so strange to him to have this soft and sympathetic woman stand there as his assessor. He had been so used to her sweetness, to the consciousness of her affection and her sympathy, which was like a satin cloak in which he wrapped himself luxuriously, that this sudden change to unwavering condemnation struck him as something strange and unnatural in her rather than as injurious to him. Anyway, it gave a new turn to his thoughts, and swept back some of that rolling flood of anger against others.

"You are not the Lady Elizabeth I knew at Kingshouse," he said.

"Nor are you the Mr. Harford I thought I knew," she retorted.

"No! This is really interesting," he sneered. "Where is the change? In what am I different?"

"In nobility of nature," she answered. "The man I thought I knew three or four years ago at Kingshouse was brave and unselfish, magnanimous, gentle to weakness, courteous to women, reasonable, high-minded. The Mr. Harford I find here at Thrift is unreasonable, unforgiving, able to see a thing from his own point of view only, unable to judge beyond the mere fact, revengeful and cruel. I am right to say that he has changed—at least from my ideal."

"Oh, I never posed for an ideal," said Anthony, contemptuously.

"Perhaps not; but this does not say that you were not a better man than you are now. You have been tried since then, and you have not stood the test."

"Which brings us round to our starting-point," he said. "You advocate the baseness of condonation, I the self-respect of a man of honor who refuses to shake hands with sin, or to lower himself by sympathy to such a depth of degradation as that to which your friends have sunk themselves."

"No; you mean you refuse to forgive a woman who has sinned much, and suffered as much as she has sinned, and who has paid the full penalty of her fault—the woman you say you love. Greater men than you, Mr. Harford, have forgiven even worse offences, and the Master forgave more than all. It is neither brave nor strong to stand out as you are doing for the sake of yourself against her—your honor, as you call it, against her suffering. I will not call it good, for I do not think it is."

"I am sorry I cannot please Lady Elizabeth," said Anthony, still contemptuously, but with less intensity of insolence and wrath.

"It is not whether you please me or not; it is whether you do right or wrong," she answered, very gently.

"Frankly what would you have me do?" He spoke with the air of a man lowering his sword, but still on guard.

"Forgive her," she answered—"forgive her frankly, fully, heartily. Remember that she loved Charlie Osborne long before she knew you. Remember, too, that false announcement of his death, which you knew on your wedding day to be false. If she has left you, think how you and her mother deceived her. Cannot you bring all this to bear for her pardon? Divorce her if you will; but why? She is not herself; her mind is evidently unhinged." Here her soft voice broke, and her eyes up-filled with tears. "Let her be in peace, Mr. Harford. Fate has already avenged you."

"And you knew she did not love me? And you did not tell me this either? Oh, false, false, like all the rest!" he said bitterly, passionately.

"How could I?" she answered. "You knew it in your heart yourself, but you would not acknowledge it. If all the world had told you, you would have married her just the same."

"God help me! I would, for I loved her," he said, covering his face in his hands.

"And because you loved her, forgive her," she pleaded. "Think of her sufferings rather than her sin. By all that you have felt, feel for her. Tell me that you will forgive her."

Anthony did not speak. His whole strong frame was quivering, and one heavy tear broke through the interlacing of his fingers.

Weeping with less restraint, and all her tears in her voice, Lady Elizabeth went up to him, and with a woman's true instinct, laid her hands on his shoulders.

"I am going to her to-morrow," she said, her broken voice having in it the accent of a caress, like a pearl on a quivering golden string. "Let me carry her your forgiveness; let me tell her that you pardon and pity her! Tell me that you do, Mr. Harford—Anthony—the man I once thought so noble, and who was so noble!"

For a moment there was no reply. The silence in the room was broken only by a few half-strangled sobs—groans rather than sobs—while Lady Elizabeth's slender hands rested on those massive heaving shoulders with a touch as tender as an angel's. She looked like the typical angel as she stood there, her fair face pale with emotion, her eyes full of pleading love and pity, her body slightly thrown forward, her whole attitude and bearing as instinct with dignity as with pathos, as pure as it was tender—she, the friend, pleading for pardon of the wife with the man she herself loved. A strange revulsion of feeling took possession of Anthony. He suddenly forgot himself, and his thoughts went only to Estelle's sufferings. He pictured her ill, in want, dying—that woman he had loved so madly needing help, and he not there to give what he was so grandly able to give! Perhaps the gentle touch of those white hands on his shoulders, the soft breath that just swept over his hair as if from a feather fan, a subtle perception not so strong as a thought, that the world held another woman beside Estelle—perhaps all this helped to soften him and to quench the fires of his wrath. Whatever it was, he was overcome, and his mood changed suddenly. He uncovered his disordered face, thrust his right hand into his pocket, took out the revolver, and laid it on the table.

"You have conquered," he said. "I forgive her. Shall I give this to you?"—again taking up the revolver—"or can you trust me?

"I will trust you," she answered, scarce able to speak. "You will not break your word."

He took her hands from his shoulders and held them in one of his; the other he put round her waist and pressed her to him How long it was since he had held a woman in his arms! How the touch of that supple, slender form seemed to give him new life, to subdue him to the strong man's tenderness, conquered in his strength and brought back to his better self! At the first he did not speak, nor did she try to free herself. Both were too moved to remember what significance that embrace might have—he with her hands held up to his breast, his arm round her waist, and she with her face turned away and her eyes fixed on the sky seen through the window. At last Anthony spoke.

(To be Continued).

Definitions.

Time—The servant of eternity.

The future—An eternity of to-morrows.

Now—The crown jewel in the coronet of endeavor.

The past—The mighty urn of countless to-morrows.

To-day—A draft on the bank of Time that is always cashed on sight.

Yesterday—Our demon or our good angel, as we neglected or improved it.

Moments—The playthings of forever, broken and cast aside as soon as tried.

Different Views.

Jones So you are from Salt Lake City, Mr. Brigham? Could you tell me what became of young Jags that moved out there awhile ago?

Mr. B.—Why, that young feller was lynched only just afore I left for bigamy.

"Bigamy! I don't understand. I thought"—

"Waa', ye see, he wudn't take mor'n two wives, so the avengin' angels nabbed 'im. Nice young chap, too!"

Well Represented.

Young Man (applying for situation)—I have had considerable experience as a commercial traveller, sir. Would you like to engage me to push your products?

Manufacturer—Your services will hardly be required. There are already about seven million men engaged in pushing our products in this country. We manufacture baby carriages.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Extreme wakefulness, distressing nervousness, chronic rheumatic pains, sciatica neuralgia; any of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney or Bright's disease. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature, "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I would use your preparation."

An esteemed contemporary prints the following advertisement, apropos of the sale of the old Poe house: "Wanted, by an author about to become famous, a small house, rent free for life, in consideration of the large price which may afterward be obtained for said house from some admirer of the author."

The Chicago capitalists interested in the removal of the famous Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago have begun the tearing down of the building, and its transportation to Chicago. One hundred and thirty cars will be employed in making the transfer at a cost of nearly $10,000. The purchase price of the old prison, the labor necessary to preserve the identity of each particular brick and the transportation and re-erection will cost the projectors fully $75,000.

While the west-bound Grand Trunk freight train was taking on additional cars at Dorval station yesterday it was run into by an east-bound freight, but as the moving train was going slowly the damage to rolling stock will not exceed $6,000.

Willie Uglow, a boy of 7, son of Mr. J. Uglow, of Newcastle, N.B., was drowned by falling from a bridge into a pond while fishing yesterday afternoon, shortly after school.

Christian Scientist—Do you believe in spirits? Kentuckian Thanks; don't keer if I do.—*Epoch.*

A Song.

Is any one sad in the world I wonder?
Does any one weep on a day like this?
With the sun above and the green earth under,
Why, what is life but a dream of bliss?

With the sun, and the skies, and the birds above me,
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly—
With the winds that follow and say they love me—
Who could be lonely? O ho, not I.

Somebody said in the street this morning,
As I opened my window to let in the light,
That the darkest day of the world was dawning,
But I locked, and the east was a gorgeous sight.

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees, and the birds we doubt it,
And I think it a world worth living in.

Some one says that hearts are fickle,
That love is sorrow and life is care,
And the reaper, Death, with his shining sickle,
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush and we laughed together,
Laughed till the woods were all a-ring;
And he said to me, as he plumed each feather,
"Well, people must croak if they cannot sing."

Up he flew, but his song, remaining,
Hung like a bell in my heart all day,
And silenced the voices of weak complaining,
That pipe like insects along the way.

Oh world of light! Oh world of beauty!
Where are the pleasures so sweet as thine?
Yes; life is love, and love is duty;
And what heart sorrows? Oh no, not mine!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TO SLEEP IN A COFFIN.

Scores of Young Men Respond to an Undertaker's Advertisement.

YOUNG MAN TO SLEEP AND MAKE himself useful in undertaker office; wages $5. Call at 1,259 Broadway.

The above interesting invitation appeared in the *Herald* yesterday morning, and strange as it may appear the undertaker was besieged with applicants desirous of sleeping in a pine box and answering the night bell of the undertaker's establishment. I saw the proprietor of the funeral office, and he told me that he had almost lost his patience, so numerous were the young men who were willing to rest their weary limbs amid such ghostly surroundings. "You see," he said, "there are a great number of young Englishmen—grooms, valets and what not—who come over here and have no place to sleep at night, and when they see an advertisement like mine, that offers them shelter and beer money, why, they jump at it. They may say 'ugh' outside, and swear they wouldn't sleep in a coffin, but they find it away ahead of a bench in the Park.—*New York Herald.*

He Cometh Not, she Said.

She is waiting in the darkness, she is waiting by the door, and she hears the sad sea moaning as it beats the sandy shore; and she hears the night-bird crying, and the wailing of the trees, and upon her fevered forehead gently blows the southern breeze; but in vain she stands and listens for the coming of the one who to her is prince and hero, who is brighter than the sun. Close the door, O weeping lady, close the door and weep alone, to the sighing of the branches to the ocean's sullen moan; to the screaming of the night bird, to the sobbing of the rain, as it falls like tears from heaven, pushing on the window pane. Let your eyes this night be rivers and your hair a mourning veil, let your soul float out to heaven in a wild despairing wail; for the footsteps of your hero do not echo on the shore, and to-night you'll never see him though you're waiting by the door; and you will not hear the music of the voice you love so well, you will only hear the moaning of the ocean's restless swell. Close the door, O weeping lady, look no more for him you love, better look for hope and comfort to the sombre sky above; to your side your love and hero all your watching cannot win, for he tried to paint the city and the peelers ran him in.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Friends of the Farmer

It may be an advantage to point out some of the friends of the farmer, which, consequently, no farmer should destroy or allow to be destroyed. Among these are toads, which are, under all circumstances, the farmer's friend; moles and field mice, probably, do a vast deal more of good than harm; all birds, especially robins, wrens, thrushes, orioles, cuckoos, phebes, blue birds, woodpeckers, swallows and cat birds. The destruction of all these and many others, except for scientific purposes, should be made, under very heavy penalties, illegal in every State. The house sparrow, known better as the English sparrow, is to be rated an exception. This bird is now universally regarded as a nuisance, first, because of its grain and vegetable destroying propensities; secondly, because it drives away insect destroying birds. Among insects, many wasps are friends, especially those with a more or less protruding horn or sting at the end of the abdomen. Lady-bugs and lace-wing flies live entirely upon destructive insects, especially plant lice and scale insects, and should never be destroyed. Dragon flies, or devil's darning-needles, are also useful as well as harmless.—*Bulletin 46, New Jersey, A. C. E. S.*

Romance of Crime.

One of a recent party of convicts bound for Siberia was a baroness and her husband, formerly her footman, sentenced each to twenty years' servitude. The baroness was married when young to an old man, and she fell in love with his footman. She poisoned her husband and was arrested, but the footman escaped. She subsequently escaped from the hospital where she was confined, sought out her footman lover, and married him. They settled in Kovno, and were only recently discovered there, living in abject poverty.

Northwest Rivers Dry Up.

The Saskatchewan is nearly run out and has hardly enough water to merit the name of a river. Sandbars everywhere meet the eye and cover a greater area of the bed of the river than does the water. At Pitt the channel is only a few rods wide. In the South Branch it is so low that it is found impossible to operate the ferry at Saskatoon, and fording the river has to be resorted to. Rafts are beached all along the river, and movements in the lumber interests are impossible. Battle River is also very low.—*Battleford Herald.*

—If none but bakers played the game of baseball one might readily account for the muffin'.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Germans are still greatly interested in the larynx. At the Surgical Congress in Berlin recently more than one instance was shown of the entire removal of the larynx and subsequent ability to speak.

THE largest cat's-eye in the world arrived at London this week from Ceylon. Its present weight cut is 170 carats, and it is insured for 30,000 rupees. It is wonderfully beautiful, the gem giving out a wide, warm beam of opalescent light. Cat's-eyes of the first-class are now as valuable as diamonds.

HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, in reply to an offer from an American syndicate for a series of articles, writes: "At my age the stock of brain power does not wax but wanes, and public calls upon my time leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

LORD BRASSEY has just fitted up and furnished a most interesting addition to his house in the shape of a collection of valuable curiosities gathered by him and Lady Brassey during their voyages around the world in the Sunbeam. The decorations and panelings of the room are mace of sandalwood and teak. The room is deliciously fragrant, while the subdued colors of the walls and aisles form a beautiful background.

CHARLES WHITTMEYER, an eccentric German living at Mount Holly, N. J., created a sensation by announcing that he has offered his will for probate in order to have his estate settled during his lifetime. A clause in the will provides that one-half of his estate shall go to his wife Betsy so long as she remains his widow, and when she marries again the other half shall be paid to her, "as it costs more to keep two than one."

THE parasitic insects which have been imported from Australia to prey upon the cottony cushion-scale, the most serious enemy of the orange in California, are already multiplying rapidly in Los Angeles and sweep the scale before them, as has been the experience in Australia. Mr. Koebele, the agent of government, has brought to California a large supply of these predaceous beetles and will distribute them wherever the scale is troublesome.

OUT in Minnesota they have novel expedients for increasing the population. Lately in Duluth the employees of a broom factory struck, whereupon the proprietor advanced the wages of the married hands, and told the single men that unless they were married before the end of the month they would be discharged. Marriage was made the condition of retention in employment at an increased salary. With such original and enterprising employers within her borders, no wonder that Minnesota expects to double her Congressional representation after the 1900 census shall have been taken.

FRANK CARPENTER writes from Darjeeling, India: "I note some curious anomalies here in these old Himalayas. Many of the rude huts, which are of the same style as they have been for a thousand years or more, are roofed with galvanized iron, and the sides of some of them are sheeted over with square pieces of tin. This tin comes from Philadelphia oil cans, and some of the mountain huts are lighted by the Standard Oil Company's oil. Calico from England is coming into use among the natives, and many of the idols upon being inverted are found to have sunken into their brass bottoms the trade-marks of the Birmingham manufactories."

THE preference of shipowners for large cargo-carrying vessels is becoming more and more pronounced, and the companies more particularly engaged in the part of the shipping trade in which sailing ships are worked seem to vie with each other in securing "the largest ship afloat." Intimation is made this week that a contract has been placed on behalf of Messrs. Ant. Dom. Bordes & Son, Paris and Bordeaux, with a firm on the Clyde, who make the building of sailing ships a specialty, for the construction of a five-masted steel sailing ship to carry 6,000 tons deadweight. Not only will it be the first five-master, but it will be the largest sailing ship afloat.

SPEAKING of the run across the Atlantic in less than six days made by the City of Paris, the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says: "This new and undisputed Queen of the Seas is practically an American vessel: she is indeed to all intents a Philadelphia property, a controlling amount of her ownership being central in this city; yet by our perverse laws she is forced to fly the British flag. More than this, her submission to England is so absolute that she could, in the contingency of war between England and the United States, be converted by our enemy into a cruiser to bombard our ports and prey upon our commerce, the while she is virtually our own property." And yet they call it a "protective" policy which produces such results as these!

THE movement to erect a memorial at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, Scotland, in honor of Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations," a native of the town, is taking practical shape. A preliminary meeting of Magistrates and others, presided over by Provost Beveridge, has come to a strong opinion in favor of the movement. The idea is to build a large memorial hall, with accommodation for a free library, etc., at a cost of about £50,000. The meeting was most unanimous in the matter, and a committee was appointed to draw up a report, to be submitted to a public meeting of the inhabitants to be held at an early day, when arrangements having in view the raising of the fund will be discussed, and also probable sites for the proposed building.

THE Duke of Hamilton's decision to let Arran has caused much excitement in the Firth of Clyde district, as it is regarded, says a London newspaper, as only a preliminary step to selling the island. The shootings extend to 70,000 acres, and the estimated bag is 5,000 brace of grouse, 50 stags and 30 hinds, while in winter the island affords some of the best woodcock shooting in great Britain. The rent asked for the whole is £7,000 a season. The whole of Arran belongs to the Duke, except the estates of Kilmichael and Whitefarland, which are the property of the Misses Fullarton, whose family have been settled on the island since 1307, and the shooting over the estates is leased by the Duke of Hamilton. The Arran scenery, both on the coast and among the hills, is magnificent.

THE simplest way to moderate the glare of the light of incandescent lamps without losing too much of its lighting power is according to the *Electrische Anzeiger*, to give the globes a thin coating of collodion. With a little practice the uniform distribution of the collodion coating over the whole surface is soon achieved. Besides simplicity and cheapness this method presents the additional advantage that the coat is easy to remove with water. In connection with this communication the *Polytechnische Notizblatt* recommends to paint the lamps over with a solution of a salt, whereby they are covered by a coat of fine crystals. These innumerable crystals affect a diffusion of the light without materially diminishing its intensity. Salts of lead and tin are thought to be the most suitable for this purpose, but other materials may be found more convenient.

LAST week there was a great stir in the English religious world. Mr. Spurgeon opened with a vigorous attack upon Rev. Dr. Clifford, President of the Baptist Union, for attending service in South Place Chapel, Moncure Conway's old headquarters, now chiefly used by Comptеists and secularists. Mr. Spurgeon wonders how a man professing to be a servant of Christ could associate himself with such a place. Clifford has been nursing his wrath and on Sunday, from his own pulpit, delivered a reply. The other matter, according to a cablegram, is a personal quarrel between Rev. Charles Berry, who was offered the pastorate of the Brooklyn Chapel, and Rev. Dr. Parker, the famous Congregational preacher. Berry's offence lay in appearing on a political platform with Mr. Bradlaugh, the Radical atheist and member for Northampton. Mr Berry defended himself with much vigor, and wound up by remarking that Parker is a man who makes emphasis do duty for originality—a statement which those who heard the rev. doctor preach in America will be able to appreciate. Dr. Parker has just made a somewhat incoherent reply to what he terms an unwarrantable and contemptible attack, and he also will have more to say on the subject next Sunday from the pulpit, into which it is now fashionable on that side to drag personalities and other extraneous matter. So far as the quadruple fight has gone, Spurgeon and Berry have had decidedly the better of it.

Latest from Scotland.

Montrose has given a commission for a statue of Burns to Mr. W. B. Rhind, sculptor, Edinburgh.

Last year £584,497—an increase on the previous year of £59,298—was expended on education in Scotland.

At the Bank House, Leith, aged 69 years, passed away John Aitken White, agent, Union Bank of Scotland.

The name of Dr. Marcus Dods is mentioned in connection with the vacant professorship in the New College.

Both Dr A. K. H. Boyd and Cameron Lees have received the degree of LL. D. from St. Andrew's University.

Rev. Arch. Henderson, Lathones, on entering the 50th year of his pastorate there and who is retiring, has been presented with an address and £360.

During a thunderstorm on the 28th ult. the canteen at Blackness Castle, Linlithgowshire, was struck by lightning and the building was much damaged.

B. McGinn has just died in Arbroath Infirmary from some milk having turned into a hard substance in his stomach. Before taking it he had been drinking heavily.

Rev. John Robertson, Stonehaven, preaching in Glasgow the other day, said "He believed every word of the Westminster Confession, because he never read it."

The freedom of the royal burgh of Falkland was conferred on the 1st inst. on the Marquis of Bute. It is sixty years since the last honorary burgess was added to the roll.

An old ledger has recently been brought to light in Edinburgh. It belonged to a merchant of the sixteenth century. At the top of the inside board, the bookkeeper had inscribed the words "God bliss this buik and keip me and it honest."

Bishop Wordsworth preached in St Giles', Edinburgh, in connection with the graduation ceremony. This is the first time an Episcopalian dignitary has appeared in the pulpit of St. Giles since the day on which Jenny Geddes made her name historic.

The foundations of what was the Castle of Macduff, Thane of Fife, are at present in the course of being uncovered in the explorations at old Falkland House, and special attention will be given to the dungeon where the Duke of Rothesay was starved to death.

"BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Frederick Roberts, of University College, London. First get rid of the kidney disease by using Warner's Safe Cure, then the effects of the symptoms will be removed.

Of the fifty or more ambitious writers who have attempted to fill Josh Billings' shoes, not one has succeeded in attracting attention.

Plush and tapestry coverings for fine furniture have had their day, for a time anyhow, dealers say, and satin, both plain and brocaded, is taking their place.

The Queen of Greece amuses herself by writing poetry.

The gentle wave of a lace-edged pocket-handkerchief has carried more poor fellows to their doom than the mighty breakers at the sea.

St. Catharines tax rate has been struck at 21 mills.

Washington has 20,000 more women than men.

STAINS ON BRICKS.

The Ugly White Coating Can be Prevented

"Many a noble building is half ruined almost as soon as completed," said a contractor yesterday, "and many another will go on suffering this same process for a long time to come. Early in their career quantities of brick structures become coated with a white frosty covering by some mysterious process, and once stained their beauty is lost forever. Stone buildings enjoy no immunity from this unsightly coating, and a number of the finest brown stone edifices in New England have been by their means robbed of a portion of their grace. The most noticeable stains are generally upon walls that have a northern or eastern exposure and are most subjected to rain storms. They become soaked with moisture, and the white coating forms upon their surface while they are drying off. About the chimneys, along the lines of leaky water spouts and upon the bricks that form or lie near the payment the stains are apt to be especially prevalent, as in such spots the dampness dries most rapidly, and thus the ugliness of the coating is hastened and accentuated. The efflorescence is derived from both the brick and the mortar, and is a combination of sulphates of lime and magnesia, which is formed during the process of burning. If proper precautions were observed in the erection of prominently exposed buildings these effects might be minimized. For instance, lime that is absolutely devoid of magnesia should be used for mortar, and in the manufacture of bricks wood should be the fuel, as the sulphurous vapor arising from a coal fire is sure to mingle to some extent with the burnt clay. With these ingredients, sulphur and magnesia, removed there can be little danger of disfigured walls. Yet it will be many a day before builders will come to learn this. They would rather manufacture their materials in the present slipshod fashion, and let the owner take his chances as to subsequent disfigurement by wind and weather."

Mind-Reader Bishop's Peculiarities.

Washington Irving Bishop, who died the other day, seemed always to belong to the darkness and the night. It was very unusual to see him about in the day time. At the Gedney House, where he stopped before his last trip to California, he usually occupied his room until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when he got up and took breakfast. Then he was to be found around town all the evening and until 4 or 5 or even 6 o'clock the next morning. It was the most common thing in the world to go in to any of the cafes along Broadway at 3 o'clock and find Bishop the centre of an admiring crowd, which he had been entertaining for perhaps an hour or two previously. When he got into the exhilarated condition resulting from frequent potations he was in the habit of making the most extraordinary statements concerning himself. I remember him one night in Milligan's announcing as an important secret that Sadie Martinot was his sister. However this may be, it is true that T. Brigham Bishop, the talented basket-shop man and the composer of "Pretty as a Picture," is his brother, and in some respects quite as remarkable a human being as the late mind reader.—*New York World.*

Decorations at Balmoral.

A variety of alterations and improvements are to be carried out at Balmoral during the next two months. It has been decided that a number of the jubilee presents are to be sent to Balmoral, and they will be arranged in the drawing-room and library, and in the entrance hall and corridor which are now pretty well filled with statues and busts of various members of the Royal family, including Theed's white marble statue of the Prince Consort, who is represented in Highland dress, and of this work a gigantic replica, in bronze, is a prominent object in the grounds. The sitting rooms at Balmoral are principally decorated and furnished in Stuart tartan, of which the Queen is very fond, and the walls are adorned with the heads of stags and other sporting trophies, and hung with engravings and photographs representing Highland scenes, and a few portraits, but there are very few pictures, and none of any merit, as Her Majesty's large collection of, those which are her own private property) is divided between Osborne and the private apartments at Windsor, except a few pictures which are kept at Buckingham Palace.—*London Truth.*

Fancies About Figures.

The seven days of creation led to a septenary division of time in all ages.

Nine knots made in a black woollen thread formerly served as a charm in case of a sprain.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their figures are advised to learn to stand well.

In many parts of England and in the United States an odd number of eggs is put under a setting hen.

When a servant maid finds nine green peas in one pod she lays it on the window sill, and the first man who enters will be her beau.

There is a well-known superstition, current since the days of Ovid, that particular virtue, strength or danger lies in the ninth wave of a series.

Why He Flirted.

An Atchison man whose wife was quite fat was caught flirting, and he made a rather novel explanation of his conduct. "The great ambition of your life," he said to his wife, after being caught at it, "was to become slender. Knowing that there was no efficacy in the stuff known as Anti-Fat, I resolved to flirt away your superfluous flesh. It wrung my heart to do it, but I was willing to make any sacrifice for your happiness. So I flirted, and you began to lose flesh. You are now as spirituelle as you ever wished to be. Come to my arms, and say you never doubted me."—*Atchison Globe.*

Kept His Word While Dying.

Israel Stoops, who a few days ago fell from a roof, died to-day. Shortly before his dissolution the man said to his wife: "When my soul leaves my body and enters the other world I will let you know by crossing my hands upon my breast." He kept his word, and died immediately after giving the sign.—*Los Angeles despatch.*

WOMEN MAKING UP.

Their Doing So Pleases the Men—All Nonsense to say They should Not Do So.

It is all nonsense to tell women not to "make up," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. They will do it, and we must confess that some are positively repulsive mostly because they endeavor to do away entirely with all the dainty accessories so necessary to a charming and attractive toilette. The trouble is that so many silly women, in their anxiety for self-improvement, overreach the mark which divides refined elegance from grotesque vulgarity. The fault lies not so much in the use of some one or more articles to improve defects, but the way in which they are used. Ah! the men are so fearfully inconsistent. That is the trouble. How often they are heard to declare, in terms most emphatic, that woman's greatest charm is in being perfectly natural. Now watch them, please, when introduced to a fascinating bit of femininity. Do they stop to study up causes and effects to find just what has given that delicate tinge of color to the pretty white cheek, to inquire why the eyes look so dark and brilliant as they dance and sparkle beneath the curly, fluffy bang? Of course not. The inconsistent creature, man, realizes but one thing. The girl is lovely, and he who is so ready to condemn is also the first to admire. The cute little woman laughs in her sleeve and goes on her way rejoicing, feeling quite repaid for the extra attention given to her skilful and artistic make up.

ONTARIO POSTAL NEWS.

New Offices Opened in Ontario—Others Closed—Changes in Names.

During the first three months of this year the following new post offices have been opened in Ontario. Barrvale Bagot, Renfrew; Cloudslee Lefroy, Algoma; Eagle's Nest, Brantford; Brant; Heyson, Mornington; Perth; New Flos Flos, Simcoe; Parkersville, Stephenson, Muskoka; Whiteball, McMurrich, Muskoka.

These post offices have been closed: Ballie's Corners, Glengarry County; Patterson, York County; Rabbit Mountain, Algoma County.

Changes have been made in the names of post offices thus: Credit to Springfield-on-the-Credit; Farmersville to Athens; Red Rock to Nepigon; Serpent River to Cook's Mills, and Stewart Station to Fort Caldwell.

The Milford Bay post office, in Simcoe county, established as a summer office only, is now kept open all the year round.

The following new money order offices were established in Ontario on April 1st: Baden, Deemerton, Dunnville, Hepworth, Nepigon, Schreiber, South Woodslee, Springfield-on-the-Credit.

Latest Fashion Gossip.

A Paris despatch says that on Saturday Buffalo Bill gave a reception at his show, at which 15,000 attended. The ladies blossomed out in exhibition style. The chief attraction, of course, was Madame Carnot, in a grey faille with embroidered side-panels as ornaments. A shoulder cape of black lace reached to the waist, elaborately covered with garlands of black jet. A small black lace bonnet was trimmed with scarlet poppies.

Miss Marie VanZandt's gown was noticeable for its simplicity. It was made of *Princesse*, of black point-de-soie, with a front of black thread lace.

A Distinction With a Difference.

It was at a fancy dress ball that a very handsome woman approached the usher to be announced. As the usher laid his hand on the door he asked: "What name shall I announce?" "Oh," was the response, "a lady in dress of the period of Queen Anne; no particular character." The usher flung wide the door and in stentorian tones announced: "A lady in a dress of the period of Queen Anne—without any character.

Little Dick's Report.

Little Dick—"Mamma, that new doctor across the way asked me who was our family physician." Mamma—"Well, dear, we are never sick, and we have not needed one." The New Doctor next day—"Well, my little fellow, did you find out the name of your family physician?" Little Dick—"We don't have one, and we are never sick."—*New York Weekly.*

After Luncheon.

Edith (at Delmonico's, comparing assets with Ethel)—What shall we do? We haven't enough to pay the bill! (A pause of dismay.) Ethel (brightening)—Why, I see what we can do! We'll have the bill sent C. O. D.—*Puck.*

Very Appropriately Named.

She (romantic)—Oh, how beautifully significant those Indian names are! Alabama, for instance. Here let us rest!"

He (unromantic, but determined to be the other one better)—Yes, and there's——Monongahela. Here let us drink.

A pause follows.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's husband is on the road a great deal selling goods, while his wife is at home writing poetry. He carries in his travelling valise 27 pictures of his wife, taken by different photographers during her rise to poetical fame.

Mrs. Krarer is a three-foot high Esquimaux woman now lecturing in the States.

—A well-known doctor says that babies cry for water and are crammed to repletion with milk instead, and cry the more, for which they get paregoric, nauseous oil, etc. They need water as much as older people, both physiologically and feelingly, and should be regularly supplied with all they will drink.

—*Garden and Forest* quotes this simple method of testing the quality of a pear: Write a name with pen and ink upon the dry skin of the fruit. If the ink is quickly absorbed, leaving clear, sharp lines, the quality of the fruit is good. If the skin does not absorb the ink quickly, and the lines are blotted, the quality is inferior.

We do not trade with a disagreeable person unless we are obliged to; we often buy articles we did not expect to purchase, just because the man who waited on us was pleasant.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

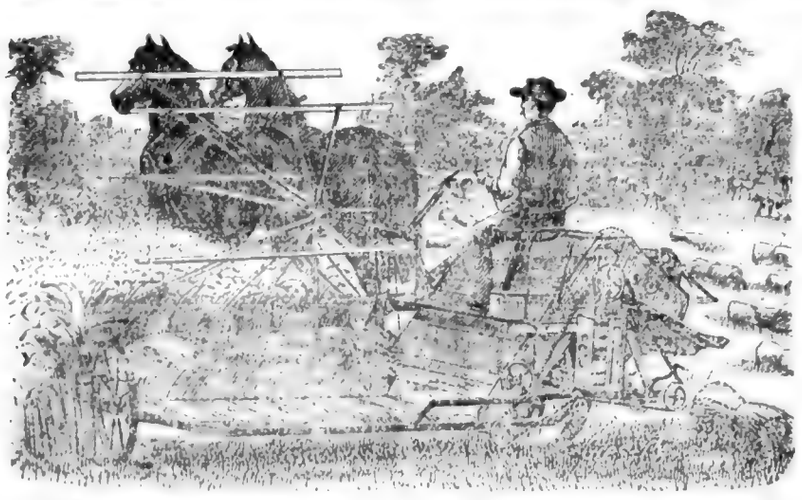

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts:
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than ny other machines in Canada
Therefore 1st Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
2nd And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (al makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand

EVETROUGHING A SPECI ALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.

done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR
STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCK'S

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day The Little Mi is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c, address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton P.O

Milk for Cheese Factories.

BY JAS. W ROBERTSON, PROFESSOR OF DAIRYING

Concluded from last week.

COOLING.—The subsequent cooling of milk retards the process by which it is turned sour. Certain germs of fermentation exist in milk which in the act of multiplication split one molecule of sugar-of-milk into four molecules of lactic acid. By delaying the operation of these germs the milk is kept sweet for a longer period. The cooling of the milk should never precede the aeration. A temperature of from 65° to 70° Fahr. will be found cold enough for the keeping of milk over night, when it has been previously aired.

PROTECTION.—Milk is a liquid of absorbent proclivities. It should be protected against injury that would result from exposure to impure air. A general purpose milk-stand is a device specially adapted for the spoiling of milk in that way. Such a stand serves as a milk-stand and also a carriage stand, both of which are legitimate uses. Sometimes it is also used as a hog bivouac for the convenience of these animals, the end of whose whey trough furnishes one step of the stand. Both of these latter extensions of its uses and hospitalities are all wrong.

MATTERS MOST NEEDFUL OF CARE.—In the following short paragraphs I have ventured to gather helpful advice on the matters most needful of care.

1. Milk from cows in excellent health and apparent contentment only should be used.

2. Until after the eighth milking, the milk should not be offered to a cheese factory.

3. An abundant supply of suitable, succulent, easily digestible, wholesome nutritious feed should be provided

4. Pure cold water should be allowed in quantities limited only by the cow's capacity and desire to drink.

5. A box or trough containing salt to which the cows have access every day is a requisite indispensible in the profitable keeping of cows.

6. Stagnant impure water should be prohibited. The responsibility for the efficacy for that beneficial prohibition rests wholly with the individual farmer.

7. Wild leeks and other weeds common in bush pastures give an offensive odor and flavor to the milk of animals consuming them.

8 All vessels used in the handling of milk should be thoroughly cleansed immediately after their use. Washing first in tepid cold water to which has been added a little soda and subsequent scalding with boiling water, will prepare them for airing, that they may remain perfectly sweet.

9 Cows should be milked with dry hands and only after the udders have been washed or thoroughly rubbed.

10. Tin pails only should be used

11 All milk should be properly strained immediately after it is drawn

12 Milking should be done and milk should be kept only in a place where the surrounding air is pure Otherwise the presence of the tainting odors will not be neglected by the milk

13 All milk should be thoroughly aired immediately after it has been strained The treatment is equally beneficial to the evening's and the morning's milk

14. In warm weather all milk should be cooled to the temperature of the atmosphere after it has been aired, but not before.

15. Milk is the better for being kept over night in small quantities, rather than in a large quantity in one vessel.

16 Milk stands should be constructed to shade the cans or vessels containing milk from the sun, as well as to shelter them from rains.

17 Only pure, clear, honest milk should be offered. Any deviation from that will not always go unpunished.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Gilbert of this place. The trouble is thought to be a cancer in the stomach. We hope she may get well again.

Quite a number of people visited our beautiful little village on the Queen's birthday. Fishermen came from all parts and took away a goodly number of the speckled beauties.

Base ball and boating was the order of the afternoon. An amalgated team from Duncan and Rome played a friendly game with Kimberley. As the afternoon was wet seven innings each were all that were played. There was very little excitement, as the almalgated team was not to be compared with our boys. At the end of the sixth innings for Kimberley and the seventh for the almalgated team the score stood, Kimberley forty-five, Rome 6. A return match is not expected. R. D. Carruthers was the umpire chosen by the visiting team.

Boating on the pond was the order of the evening Mr. Graham and Mr. F. Thurston gave their boats free, and the young people enjoyed themselves very much. Three or four loads from Collingwood came to see our beautiful village. Everything passed off quietly. Not an angry word was heard, and every one, we think, went home feeling well satisfied that Kimberley was one of the nicest places to spend a few hours in they had seen.

On Monday last a serious accident happened on the third line of Euphrasia. While raising a barn of Mr Thos Foster, Mr. D. Wallace of this place, while standing on the beam, slipped and fell to the ground a distance of about 27 feet. He was picked up for dead. Dr. McBride was summoned, and when he arrived he found Mr. Wallace's left arm broken. The injured man was brought home the next day and is now doing well. He will soon be around again.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MEANS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Oxfords for Heavy Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

Noxon's No. 7 Steel Binder.

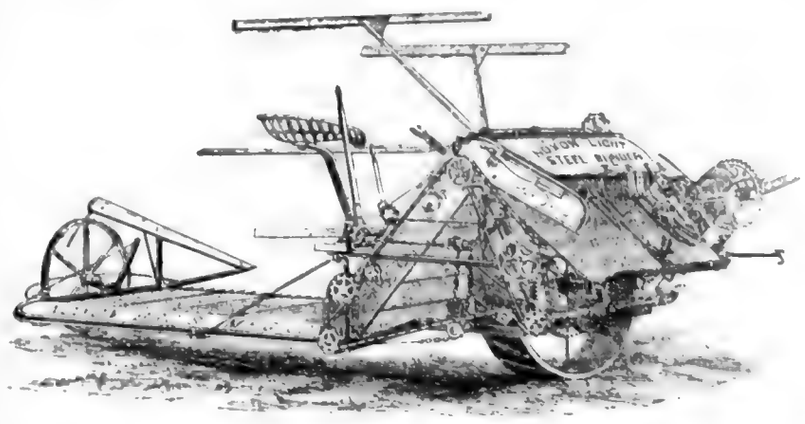

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES:

A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and lightest in draft.
A binder perfectly balanced and all levers convenient to operator
A solid steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt.
A binder which ties and discharges the sheaf with less power than any other
A solid steel gear frame in one piece with but one joint and two bolts.
A finger bar of most perfect shape and will cut lower on rough ground than any other
A knotter the simplest and only one with a rotary cord holder that does not drop or waste single piece of twine No loose pieces of cord to clog as in other machines

J. H. CAMPAIGNE, AGENT, BOX 105 FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co. Ingersoll, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 414. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, [illegible] PROPRIETOR

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO RUSSELL, THE [illegible] Jeweler.

M'DONALD & EVANS.

CASH OR TRADE

And One Price Only.

We must say a few words about our

Boot & Shoe Department

this week.

Selecting our goods, we tried to get the shoe that would give the most wear for the least money, and think we have struck the right thing. Those dull kid, with solid leather soles for $1.35 cts., cannot be beat.

SEE THEM LADIES.

also a nice Oxford, in French Kid for $1.15. Full lines in Button, Lace, Oxford and Slippers, for ladies, misses and children. Our men's, youth's and boy's shoe cannot be excelled. We are going to show a whole leather shoe at $1.60, splits for $1.15.

SEE THEM GENTS.

JUST ARRIVED.

A Japan Tea to sell at 20 cts.

THOSE

SHIRTINGS

at 12½ cts. seem to be just the right thing for the farmers. You can rely on the colors. They are warranted fast. Cottonades in the very best qualities at lowest prices. Full lines of Cottons, Prints, Dress Goods, Lace Curtains, Embroideries, Gloves, Hosiery, Etc.

Give us a Call

and be convinced that we are showing the Best Goods for the least money in town.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough.
Markdale.

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

Parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Horses for Sale.

[illegible] rising 4 years, which he desires to sell. A rare bargain. Apply to
L. J. WILLIAMSON,
Lady Bank, P.O.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Special attention paid to commercial business.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid

ADVERTISING RATES

One column 1 year $50 half col. [illegible] $[illegible] quarter col. [illegible]

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of [illegible] cts. per line for first insertion and [illegible] cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

ORANGE V. JESUIT.

At the Orange Grand Lodge, held in Goderich last week, the Jesuit Bill was of course the great thing to chant over. From reports of the convention, given by the daily papers (which, by the way, are somewhat conflicting) it would appear that the Orange body are not at all united when it comes down to a straight matter of politics. Upon one point they are united, and that is that the present is a peculiarly fitting time to press for incorporation, and have accordingly given their Executive instructions to take steps to have an Act of Incorporation submitted at the next meeting of Parliament. Thus is the Orange body tied down to await next meeting of Parliament. They must not prance too much in the meantime. Coupled with this the Grand Lodge placed one thousand dollars in the hands of the Executive to be spent in testing the legality of the offensive act before the Judical Committee of the Privy Council, and urged the Orange organizations and individual Orangemen to subscribe towards this fund. The special committee's report as adopted is very carefully worded, but expresses strong disapproval of the course pursued by Protestant members of Parliament. This is the section as adopted:

"That we record [illegible] approval of the course pursued [illegible] our Most Worshipful Grand Master and those who [illegible] with [illegible] in supporting the [illegible] Lieut.-Col. O'Brien, M.P., in the House of Commons, relating to the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estate Act, and our strong disapproval of the action of the Protestant members of Parliament who voted against these resolutions."

The seventh paragraph reads:

"Believing this to be a fitting time to urge the incorporation of the Orange order, your committee recommends that the Executive of this Grand Lodge be instructed to take the proper steps to have an Act of incorporation submitted to the Parliament of Canada at its next session."

We suppose the course adopted by the Grand Lodge was the most politic for themselves, but the above quotations when placed side by side tend to engender a suspicion that efforts in the former will be over-shadowed by exertions towards the latter end.

THE JESUIT AGITATION.

There is a heavy storm brewing, gentlemen. Ignoring the fact is a poor policy. Its rumblings are becoming louder every day, and more pronounced. Since the sanction of the Jesuit Bill at Ottawa last winter the cloud has been slowly growing, until at last its shadow covers at least the whole of Ontario. The question has been quietly and calmly discussed by Protestants generally, and a firm opinion has been established and a decision arrived at which is [illegible] fully unanimous, so far as we are able to judge by the dailies and by evidences surrounding us in this portion of the Province. What is that opinion? It is that the Government made a mistake—an egregious mistake—in shelving the matter as they did, leaving it upon the individual to prove legality. It is, also, that the Reform party lost a golden opportunity to retrieve a lost prestige which is now hopelessly gone. It is an extremely critical matter for both of the old parties and will [illegible] such a volcanic eruption upon the present members at next election as has not been seen in Canada for many years. Dr. Sproul has been challenged by Rev. Mr. McLaren to discuss the question publicly, but we understand that it is not his intention to accept. It is pretty safe to say that Dr. Landerkin will not receive the Reform nomination in South Grey, and if he does the result will be disastrous to him. The Advance hazards the opinion that new men should be brought out—men who will not sell their country for the sake of party, although strong party men—and by this means establish a precedent whereby all representatives of this people may hereafter forever govern themselves. By such means only can the Government hold its own, and the Opposition retain its present strength.

District News.

KILLED IN MICHIGAN.—Mr. W. F. Bizer, son-in-law of Mr. Thos. Kitching, of Shrigley, was accidently killed at Petoskey, Mich., a few days ago while assisting to raise a large smokestack, a large piece of timber falling on his head and one arm. Deceased spent the winter of 1887 with Mr. Kitching at Shrigley, and was well respected by the people [illegible] widow to [illegible] leaves [illegible] She [illegible]

Mr. J. G. K[illegible], editor and proprietor [illegible] Advertiser, has [illegible] paper, the W[illegible] Record, a first-class weekly. The price paid was $5,500.

[illegible] Tuesday morning an accident of a [illegible] nature occurred at Mr. Hartley's [illegible]. A truck loaded with stone, being detached from the cable, was allowed to escape and following the track to the foot of the hill dashed into a car also loaded with stone. At the time one of the workmen, Alex. Morrow, was on the top of the car, breaking it into position, and being overthrown fell down the embankment with the railway car, struck a stone, and was badly injured. At first it was thought he was killed, but showing signs of life, was taken to his boarding house and Dr. Algie sent for. After some hours the injured man regained consciousness and at last accounts was doing well.—Orangeville Advertiser.

Mr. Donald White, of Sullivan, near this place, is a man who has seen the snows of 66 winters and one would think by this time he would be through teething. Yet such is not the case, as he has a new double tooth coming in the place of one he had pulled a couple of years ago. Mr. White is quite proud of his new ivory, and that as it indicates a renewal of youth, although he is pretty feeble at present.—Chatsworth News.

The Rev. J. A. Ross, lately of Dundalk, has accepted the call from the Meaford Presbyterian church, and will probably be inducted in the course of two or three weeks.

A cow owned by Mr. Mathew Patton, jr., lot 20, con. 12, Euphrasia, gave birth to three calves, on the night of Saturday, 18th inst. One was dead born, one lived about an hour, and the other still lives. The triplets were each fully matured, and weighed altogether 142 pounds. The cow is eight years old, and was formerly owned by Mr. James H. Seabrook, late of Rocklyn, and now of Bognor.—[Meaford Mirror.

A Farmer Killed

Terribly Crushed by Falling from a Load of Hay

NEWMARKET, May 30.—A sad accident occurred here this afternoon, resulting in the death of Mr. Alvenus Weber, a farmer living about one mile out of this place. [illegible] for a small load of hay with his twelve-year-old boy. When returning with his hay his team became unmanageable, causing them to run, throwing him and his boy off the load just opposite Dr. Brown's office. He fell forward off the load, and from all appearances both wheels must have passed over him. All his ribs were crushed off the backbone. He was carried into the Dr.'s office immediately after he fell, where he died in a minute or two, leaving no time for medical assistance. Mr. Weber is a highly respected farmer. He has been a resident here for upwards of twenty-five years. Strange to say, the boy also fell, but not in the least hurt. Mr. Weber's family have the sympathy of the entire community.

A [illegible] with four legs has been hatched [illegible] Lisle. The two superfluous legs stick out from beneath the wings of the [illegible] so that the bird will be able to swim [illegible] When it wants to reverse its motion [illegible] it has to do is to turn a half somersault and [illegible] on its back, when it can run away with its [illegible] the [illegible]. The monstrosity is owned by Mr. Hunter of Lisle, and is at present being kept in a basket and fed [illegible]. Now Charlie W[illegible], the poultry editor and the Pickering News man [illegible] Cheer [illegible] Star.

[illegible] MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? [illegible] Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. [illegible] little sufferer immediately. [illegible] mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gent's [illegible]

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

[illegible] represented by A 1 watches [illegible] reliable watches [illegible] than [illegible] jeweler [illegible] Central Grey [illegible]

[illegible]

QUALITY Considered.

I will [illegible]

"CASH or CREDIT"

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhere. [illegible] easily suited.

Work Carefully Done, Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in [illegible]

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all
alone,
And muses on the faces of friends that he has
known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy
design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart
of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker
of surprise
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my
eyes,
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that
seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the
smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving
thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms
of the heart;
And to dream the old dream over is a luxury
divine,
When my truant fancy wanders with that old
sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a flutter-
ing of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she
sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any
theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of
a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a
charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of
harm;
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow
wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old
sweetheart of mine.

face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Float out from my tobacco as the genius from
the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of
azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the
skies.

I see the pink sunbonnet and the little check-
ered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she an-
swered the caress
With the unwritten declaration that "as surely
as the vine
Grew round the stump, she loved me," that old
sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender
little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we
had planned;
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else
to do
But to write the tender verses that she set the
music to.

When we should live together in a cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the
weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old
sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden
hair was gray:
And we should be so happy that when either's
lips were dumb
They should not smile in Heaven till the other's
kiss had come.

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon
the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is
standing there.
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I
resign
To meet the living presence of that old sweet-
heart of mine.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"You Delight!" he said, softly. "More angel than woman! what have you done to me? Have you come to redeem me, or to make me despicable in my own eyes?"

"I have come to help her and to prevent a mistake," she replied, her voice faltering.

She made a movement to free herself, but he held her still pressed to him. The voices of the Smythe Smiths, dominating the others, came in from the garden. The guests were returning from the orchids and the vineries.

"We must go back to them," said Lady Elizabeth, whose embarrassment was becoming painful. Woman-like, she was the first to remember appearances and to think of details.

"Yes," said Anthony, with sudden coldness, releasing her and turning away. "This world has to be considered. They must not remember that—" He paused; he was going to add—"that I am married and you are not my wife," but stopped himself in time. There was a suggestiveness in it that would perhaps offend her; and harsh and even brutal as he had been only so short a time ago, he would not now wound her for the wealth of the world or for the whole glory of life.

"Then good-by," said Lady Elizabeth. "I shall leave Uplands to-morrow morning, and shall not see you again."

"We shall meet," he answered, opening the door for her to pass out; but he himself went back into the room, and the restraint of her presence now taken away, he sat down by the table and sobbed like a woman or a child. And his guests, who found Lady Elizabeth sitting alone in the drawing-room, had to leave without formal adieux to their host, whom they amused themselves in vilifying for most part of the way to their respective homes. "Such a boor!" the women said, or "Such a bear!" But the men said, more fiercely, "What a cad that fellow is!"

CHAPTER IX.

TOO PURE TO FEAR.

Even the Smythe Smiths followed suit, and fell foul of their neglectful host with more acrimony than was usual to them. In general they were good-natured enough, as folks are who have anything still to get from the world, and who prefer to coax rather than to compel. But now that their son was about to make a marriage which would ally them with the real aristocracy—albeit with its elbows cooling in the air—they were disposed to stand a little more firmly on their rights, and to resent the slackness of any rope that should be taut.

"It was most discourteous—most unusual!" said Mrs. Smythe Smith, severely. "I wonder where he went—what became of him? Where were you, Lady Elizabeth? I missed you when we went to see the orchids."

"I saw him for a short time after then," said Lady Elizabeth, angel as she was, fibbing a little by implication—by the *suggestio falsi* as well as the *suppressio veri*. "He went into the library when I left him, and I heard him look the door."

"Good heavens! is the man mad!" said Mrs. Smythe Smith, irritably. "He is really very ill-bred. I assure you I feel quite insulted, it was so abominably rude."

She was seriously annoyed. To be sure, she had no daughter for whom to find a likely husband; but she none the less desired the friendship, intimate and familiar, of Mr. Harford, and had rather counted on showing off to-day before the rest the good terms on which they, the new-comers at Uplands, stood with the old house of Thrift.

"He was in great trouble," said Lady Elizabeth.

"He has had news of his poor wife; so have I," she continued.

"Good gracious me!" cried Mrs. Symthe Smith, startled into the vernacular of her youth. "Where is she, my dear? What has he heard? Why has she kept him so long in doubt whether she was alive or dead? My! what an extraordinary thing! Wherever can she be? And what on earth has she done?"

"She is ill," said Lady Elizabeth.

"But where?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith.

"At Mentone," said Lady Elizabeth, with a reluctance she tried to conceal and did not.

"Then she did run away with some one!" cried the other. "And it was her old lover, that young Osborne, of whom I thought better things!"

Shrewd woman as she was, she could put her two and two together as accurately as most.

Lady Elizabeth was silent. Her love and pity for Estelle went as far as silence, but not so far as falsehood.

"Is it not so, Lady Elizabeth? Did she not go off with Mr. Osborne?" repeated the young artist's former hostess and quasi-maternal friend.

"What I know I must not repeat," said Lady Elizabeth, very gently. "My friend's secrets are not mine."

"But I am going to-morrow to Mentone to see her," added Lady Elizabeth. "She was always one of my dearest friends, and I cannot bear to think of her out there alone, without one belonging to her near her."

"Is she alone?" asked Mr. Smythe Smith.

"Yes; one friend only is with her."

"Mr. Osborne?" Mrs. Smythe Smith's curiosity was irrepressible.

"No," said Lady Elizabeth. "He is dead."

Husband and wife looked at each other. This admission was a little rent in the veil of mystery in which the whole affair was shrouded.

"And she is following?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith.

"She is ill," said Lady Elizabeth, making a fine distinction not lost on her hearers.

"How very sad!" said Mrs. Smythe Smith, with genuine sympathy, not stopping to consider that fracture of the wedding-ring which was all too certain, and thinking only of the suffering human being.

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth, whose eyes were, as so often before to-day, filling up with tears.

"And you are going, my dear?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith, a faint little accent of surprise, that might mean almost displeasure, in her voice.

"To-morrow," was the answer.

"How will your people like that? Will your mother and Lord Kingshouse approve of it?"

"Surely," said the earl's daughter, emphatically; "they know how much I loved poor Estelle. They will think me quite right in going to see her now, in her time of trouble."

"But if she went off with that young man?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith.

"That does not make her sufferings less painful nor his death less pitiable," said Lady Elizabeth.

"No, not for herself; but for you? Those who touch pitch, you know; and Lady Elizabeth is too pure to be defiled."

"If I am good for anything at all, I need not fear defilement!" she answered, quickly. "And defilement from Estelle! Dear friend! you do not know her as I do. She is the purest of the pure—the sweetest and best of all the girls I have ever known."

"And left her husband and gone off with another man?" said Mrs. Smythe Smith her eyebrows uplifted.

"Whatever she may have done she cannot be corrupted," said Lady Elizabeth warmly. "Mistaken, yes; but not corrupted."

"It does not do to palter with sin or to give soft words to wickedness," said Mrs. Smythe Smith, gravely. Between her desire not to offend Lady Elizabeth, and that curiously strict propriety belonging to the socially insecure, she was in a cleft stick; but on the whole she inclined to propriety as the more lasting condition and the more stable foundation.

"If you knew her as well as I do you would think as I do," said Lady Elizabeth. "It would be impossible for Estelle Clanricarde to be evil in heart."

"Only in deed?" queried Mr. Smythe Smith, making a neat point.

"I do not defend all she has done, but corrupt in heart she certainly is not," answered Lady Elizabeth. "I know her so well! I have known her ever since we were quite children together, and she cannot have suddenly changed her nature."

"Still, I do not think I would go to her under all circumstances, if I were you, until you had your parents' sanction," said Mrs. Smythe Smith, sensibly enough.

"I know they would not object," she answered.

"Then, my dear young lady, let me advise you, wait till you are confirmed in your assurance," said her host, in his heart enjoying the new attitude he had suddenly assumed of half-censuring mentor to the earl's daughter, his social superior.

"Perhaps it would be best," she said, sweetly.

"Without question," was the rejoinder. "Do nothing rash, and then you will have nothing to repent. Your actions, remember, Lady Elizabeth, while you are unmarried, belong to your family your control. Your credit and your name are theirs, not your own. Wait, and let my lord decide."

"I can telegraph to-night, but I am sure of their consent," she said.

"In which case you can start, as you propose, to-morrow, with a clean way bill," he answered, with a strange smile.

But Lady Elizabeth was right. My lord's curt answer was simple and direct. "Do as you wish," it said—dictated partly by real kindness toward this desolated, misguided young creature—this Estelle, whom they had known in the days of her innocence, and loved in the heyday of her beauty—and partly by the innate pride of the British nobleman, holding himself and his too high for any kind of danger by contact with any kind of inferior. Had Estelle been one of themselves he might have hesitated; being George Clanricarde's child, his dear Delight might throw over her the mantle of charity, and her snow-white purity would get never a stain in consequence.

So that little hitch was overcome. And Lady Elizabeth made ready to start to-morrow for the Riviera, where she was to take the comfort of her presence to that poor faithful heart half distraught with its self-imposed charge—the soothing of her speech to that guilty soul, beaten down to worse than death by woe, yet too full of her life-long love to have the sense of either repentance or contrition.

And now, on the journey, Lady Elizabeth had leisure to think. For the last twenty-four hours all had been excitement and turmoil and a confusion of feelings in which desire to help Estelle had been the only clear and simple line. She knew that she loved and admired, and, in spite of his late defection from the nobler way, respected Anthony Harford. She did not quite know how passionately she loved him. Girls do not understand themselves as do women of experience when the well-known fires are rekindled, and the familiar eyes of re-awakened love shine out afresh and that which has been is again, under other forms and different names. Still, she felt that she bore something in her heart she neither wished to look at too closely nor to let others see at all. She was conscious of a sense of blessedness in feeling that she could serve him, influence him to good, be of living use to him in any way. She was remembered how he had held her in his arms and she had felt the beating of his heart against her own. She was not accustomed to be held in the arms of men, and yet it had somehow seemed natural to be in his. She said to herself that it was just the impulse of a brother conquered by her prayer and yielding to the victor. She knew that she was nothing to him—not even his sister—while Estelle was still his all. Yet that silent caress had been more precious than she liked to own or dared to think. Her father's favorite name for her danced in her brain to the music of Anthony's voice, not his; and "You Delight!" was hammered out with every beat of the piston, and swung through the air in every turn of the wheels. She did her best to get away from these conscious, too, of a strange sense of happiness of which she was half afraid, and of shame for which she blushed, when she thought, through which ran an unacknowledged thread of disappointment in that Anthony had not come to the station, as she expected. But, clinging as they were, they did not make her central feeling—her duty to Estelle—the less potent or clear. Still, they distracted and disturbed her. She tried to banish them; to fix her thoughts on Estelle's sufferings, her despair, her loss, her sorrows; but these faded away into a vague kind of mournful cloud, while "You Delight!" rang out between the iron staves like sweetest music—that silent, strong embrace repeated itself in her memory—and the thread of disappointed hope in that she had not seen Anthony at the station as she had hoped waxed broader and thicker and deeper in tone.

Then, wearied and overcome by all this emotion, she burst into tears as she buried her face in the pillow provided for the night journey and with a sudden conviction of unspoken sin prayed for pardon, grace, and light with the whole fervor of her throbbing heart. And then she slept.

When she awoke the sun was shining; Estelle was near; and Anthony was banished from her thoughts. She had been through the Valley, and the fire had scorched and blistered her overnight. To-day she was in the clear light of heaven, and her pain had passed.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

Hard words break no bones. Neither do angry ones mend them when broken. Anthony Harford proved this when he was lying on the road with a snapped "tibia"—happily the fracture was simple, not compound—because his fiery young horse, with the hot temper and highly strung nerves, had first shied at a traction engine, then bolted, and finally smashed the trap into match-wood, and emptied its contents by the way-side, leaving groom, luggage, and master in a mass of moving conglomerate, while he himself ran up a bank and snorted like a demon over the spill below.

Had it not been for this untoward accident, which Anthony's full-flavored Americanisms in no wise helped, Lady Elizabeth would not have gone to Mentone alone. He had fully intended to go with her, partly for her own sake, but in greater part for Estelle's. The fire of his wrath against his faithless wife had died down, and that conversation with her dear advocate had left only infinite compassion for the suffering woman. He had no love for her now—at least so he assured himself. Still it was exquisite pain to him to think that Estelle should be in need of aught that he could give her. That girl, whom he had so passionately loved—that fair-faced, bashful, and reluctant maid, whom he had held in his arms and called his own, and who he had made himself believe was his own in heart and mind as well as person—her reluctance counting for shyness—that she, who bore his name and was the mother of his son, should take from another what it was his duty to supply—what torture! what degradation! He longed to be the hand to lift her above all forms of want; but in his own clear mind he wished that she would die. He saw no good for her should she live. He would not take her back; and for his son's sake he did not care to divorce her. He did not wish to put her shame on the record forever, and so scar the mother of his child with such an ineffaceable brand; and if she were ill, as Lady Elizabeth had said, he would not harm her, and he did not mean now to kill himself because of her. But he would forgive her. He wanted to forgive her before she died—to know that she sank into the deep river of eternity with his blessing, his pardon, and the sense and glory of his past love about her. Then she would be at peace with herself, and he would have satisfied his conscience.

Had Charlie Osborne still lived he could not have come to this state of mind. But as things were, with his rival dead, all the passions roused by the late bitter tragedy had faded into so many shadows, and the only concrete fact that remained was the physical distress and pecuniary need of this poor simulacrum of her former self. The essential Estelle had died when she left Thrift and her child for the evil ways of unfaithfulness and dishonor.

Still, though only this simulacrum of the woman he had so ardently loved, Anthony would have gone to her had he been able. But when a man is lying on a heavily metalled road, with one sturdy leg bent and broken under him, he is not very fit for a twenty-four hours' journey by land and sea, let the desire be never so strong, the need never so pressing. Patience, in the form of splints and plaster of Paris, has to be taken instead, and full-flavored Americanisms do not help matters one jot.

So this was the reason why Lady Elizabeth was disappointed at the railway station, and the construction she had put on Anthony's words was not justified by his deeds. She understood it all when she reached Mentone, and a telegram gave her the bare outline of what had happened. A letter would follow, said the brief notice; and with this Lady Elizabeth had to be content till the letter did arrive which gave all the details.

The arrival of Lady Elizabeth at the first gave Estelle a spell of renewed mental vigor. She recovered her intellectual tone as a slackened fire blazes up with a fresh supply of fuel. It was almost like the shadow of her beloved thrown across the darkness of her days to have Lady Elizabeth here—she who was so bound up with the earlier part of this grievous history, and who in a manner reproduced the past and redeemed the present. And oh, for ingratitude of the beloved who do not love!—it was a relief beyond words to have some one about her other than that faithful slave who did all that was necessary for her material well-being, but who supplied no element of personal happiness and no spiritual sustenance. She could bear with his queer awkward ways and irritating devotion now that Lady Elizabeth was there to, in a manner, share the burden of his personality; and she felt altogether freer than she had done—freer, that is, from the incubus of her dark depression, and more able to understand herself and her surroundings. Thus it was that Estelle rallied for the first days and even weeks of Lady Elizabeth's arrival, and cheated her friends into the delusive hope of possible permanent recovery.

It was a curious psychological fact that she seemed to have entirely forgotten her marriage with Anthony Harford and her motherhood of his child. Though she left off living on his grave, her whole talk was of Charlie. She spoke of him, however, more in relation to her girlish life—more as the young lover forbidden by the authorities—than as the dying husband of these later times. Lady Elizabeth did not know if this was a purely mental phenomenon or an act of reticence for the sake of morality she had outraged. She never discovered which it was, for she was too tender to bring the poor sinner to book, and force from her the confession of a sin she did not regret and the expression of a repentance she did not feel.

Meanwhile Anthony Harford's broken bone was knitting together as vigorously as such a man's naturally would, with his certain advent when he should be able to move, supported on crutches and strengthened by splints.

One day the three were sitting on the seat outside the garden of the hotel where they were staying, basking in the sun and looking at the gentain-colored sea before them. Estelle was in one corner of the seat and Lady Elizabeth was next to her. Screwed up as far away in the other corner as was possible, and sitting awkwardly, as beseemed his modesty, Caleb watched each breath of those parted lips, studied each expression of that flower-like face—lovely and flower-like yet, for all its comparative deadness—looking every now and then at Lady Elizabeth as a dog looks to its master, a deaf-mute to his instructor. It was one of Estelle's favorable days, when her brain was clearer than usual, and the dulness of her senses was broken up, as it were, by light and the free air. She was almost the Estelle of her former happy and innocent days—had she ever ceased to be intrinsically innocent? and Lady Elizabeth, whose mission was to heal, not scarify—soothe, not sting—felt her own heart all the lighter for the temporary sunshine over her friend.

Suddenly voices only too well known struck on their ears, and the Medlicotts came into view. They had been as far as Florence, but had turned back on their steps and had taken Mentone on their way home. This was against the wish of the husband, but by the will of the wife; and that will—quiet, persistent, unrelaxing, undeviating—was beginning to make headway against the other's wish. One of those unaggressive women who are never in open opposition, Anne knew how to have her own way without a quarrel and without defeat. And as she was devoured with curiosity to learn all about those dreadful people, as she called Estelle and her faithful slave, she was determined to gratify it. It was the curiosity of ignorance just dashed by prudency, with the desire of outraged propriety to have its say on the evil litany chanted between love and sin. She had heard by now of Lady Elizabeth's last craze, as Mrs. Aspline termed it; and she felt that she must see with her own eyes how far that madness of sympathy had committed the Lily of Kingshouse to complicity with crime. She felt so much stronger and bigger in her perfect spotlessness than them all, even than Lady Elizabeth! She, Anne Aspline, the somewhat snubbed daughter of a decidedly snubbed mother, now holding the ferule over the heads of those who had formerly rapped her knuckles! To be sure Lady Elizabeth in her own person had never rapped her knuckles, nor any other's, but she belonged to those who had; and class solidarity is a fact like any other.

The persistency of Anne's mind in her eager contemplation of Estelle's fault was a strange study in human nature. For all her strong condemnation, she could not forego the unwholesome fascination which this naughtiness had for her. It was the same fascination that a book of Zola's has for his readers. They condemn it, and call it shocking and horrible and monstrous and depraved, but all read to the end. No one shuts the book and puts it in the fire unfinished—that fascination being even more absorbing than the condemnation is strong. So with Anne. This fearful corruption, as it seemed to her, of a girl whom she had personally known, and who had been on a higher social platform than herself, was a page of living Zolaism which she must read to the last words, that bad taste in her mouth notwithstanding.

To herself her desire to still pursue and denounce this evil-doer made her no more cruel than was the Jewish executioner when he flung the first stone at the sinners against morality, and offered them up as sacrifices to the offended virtue of the race and the mutilated majesty of the law.

"Oh, how can Lady Elizabeth do such a thing!" she said, loud enough to be heard, as she forced her husband to halt within ear-shot of the trio. "I wanted so much to speak to her, but how can I when she is sitting familiarly with that infamous woman and that awful man!"

"Hush, my dear!—softly, Annette!" said Mr. Medlicott, in a lower voice.

He was not so keen on this testifying of virtue as was his young wife, and he was naturally more pitiful to Estelle.

"Why should I hush?" cried Anne, shrilly. "Do you think it very pleasant for me to see Lady Elizabeth—a friend who has dined in our house and we in hers—lower herself to such infamous surroundings as a runaway wife and a common miner like that horrid Mr. Stagg?"

"Lady Elizabeth is not a child, my dear; she knows her own affairs best, and what she wishes to do, and how to conduct herself," was the reply. "Come on, Annette," he added, moving away. "I dislike this publicity so much! It is not ladylike, my dear. It is not Christian."

"It is right," said Anne, her mouth set close, and her upper lip pulled down, as was her wont when recalcitrant and determined. "This creature is a shameless sinner, and Lady Elizabeth ought not to be with her."

All this was heard with cruel distinctness by the three on the seat. Such wind as there was set that way, and brought the sounds sharply to the senses. Estelle's face first paled as her ears took in Anne's words and their meaning became clear to her mind. Then it flamed with fever and excitement, and her large eyes glistened and shone with dangerous brilliancy. Caleb stirred in his place like a hound held in leash, looking now at Anne, with indignation staring in his round red-lidded eyes, now at Estelle with half-terrified compassion, and again at Lady Elizabeth as if for direction.

"That she ever could!" he kept on saying to himself. "That she ever could—and this queenly lass—as she is not herself, as one might say!"

"That fearful girl—she is like a ghoul" said Estelle with a shudder. "She helped to kill my darling. He would have lived longer if she had not spoken as she did. And now she has come to kill me."

"Do not mind her, Estelle," said Lady Elizabeth, soothingly. "She never had much intellect, and what she has is all perverted by false views. Do not care for what she says."

"No, I do not care for what she says to me," said Estelle, feverishly, knocking up the dust with her parasol. "But she killed my darling," she added; "and for that I can never forgive her."

"You are a clergyman," then came Anne's voice, speaking still more distinctly to her retreating husband. "You ought to speak to them."

"My dear, I am a man and a gentleman as well as a priest," said Mr. Medlicott, with firm rebuke.

"But the priest comes first," said Anne, "and you ought to speak both to Lady Elizabeth and that infamous creature. She should not be allowed to remain here. It is too bad of these hotel-keepers—insulting proper people like this."

"'Who maketh His rain to fall on the just and the unjust,'" said Mr. Medlicott, in his parsonic voice.

"We are not God," said Anne; "and Lady Elizabeth no more than any one else."

"I must put a stop to this," said Lady Elizabeth; and with the words she rose from her place and went straight to where the Medlicotts stood, he temporizing and she testifying, while Estelle knocked up the dust with the end of her parasol, and Caleb stood so that she should not see the group, which by now had moved away out of hearing. But something had come into Estelle's face that had not been there before, and she had a certain look of recoil on herself that might turn to danger.

(To be Continued.)

Niagara Episcopal Endowment Fund.

The *Evangelical Churchman* says: There seems to be a reasonable prospect that the long-standing dispute between the Dioceses of Niagara and Toronto, with regard to the Episcopal Endowment Fund of the former, will be amicably settled at an early date. The Synod of Niagara claims that portion of the fund of the original Diocese of Toronto which had been raised in the Niagara district of the diocese, and valued at about $10,000. Upward of twenty years ago a clause was added to the by-law on Episcopal Endowment, declaring that when the fund yielded more than $4,000 annually the surplus should be given to Niagara. Thus far such is practically the statement of the Toronto Synod, the fund has yielded only $4,000, and nothing more; if anything, less. But whatever be the exact state of the case, the question in reality turns largely upon the relative value of the investments already made. It is understood that as a result of correspondence between the two dioceses, the dispute will be settled by the payment to the Niagara Synod of about $5,000. It is to be hoped that, in the interests of peace and good-will, some such agreement will be arrived at, and arrangements made in order that the bone of contention may be removed.

ROBERT A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says over his own signature in addressing the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure: "I cannot be true to my convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all I know to be good and trustworthy. Your graphic descriptions of diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact of their great increase. Physicians have been experimentally treating this disease, and while casting about for an authorized remedy, their patients have died on their hands."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Minister (making out record of baptism and in doubt about the date)—Let me see, this is the 23rd, isn't it?

Interested Mamma—No, sir; it's only the fifth, and two of those are dead.

THE OAKLAND HERD.

Good Prices Obtained at the Sale of Mr Fuller's Famous Stock in New York.

A New York despatch says: When Peter C. Kellogg & Co. opened the auction sale of the noted Oakland herd of Jersey cattle, late the property of Mr. Valancey E. Fuller, of Hamilton, Canada, at the American Institute building yesterday, the ring presented an appearance that recalled the booming days of 1882 and 1886. Faces of many admirers of the cream giving little cow that have been missed from the sales of late years reappeared and offered their bids with much the same spirit and enthusiasm that characterized the sales in past years. The results were very satisfactory to all interested. They show that admirers of the Jersey still stand ready to pay liberal prices for animals that appear worthy to be used for the purpose of raising the standard quality of the breed. Commonplace animals were rejected at prices barely above utility rates, but animals worthy to be used as blood sources in conformity with nature's rule of the survival of the fittest brought willing bids until good prices were reached, and an average of $608 on the twenty-nine head constituting the Oakland herd was made. The cattle sent in by Mr. G. S. Hutchinson were less desirable in breeding as in quality, but sold fairly well. The sale will be continued to-day with consignments by Messrs. A. H. Moore, Oakleigh Thorne, Benjamin L. Swan, jun., and others. The better prices yesterday were as follows:

OAKLAND HERD.

Marianne Pogis, cow, 7 years. A. B. Darling, Ramsey's, N. J.	$2,300
Mary Anne of St Lambert, cow, 10 years; T. A. Havemeyer, Mahwah, N. J.	2,100
Mermaid of St. Lambert, cow, 10 years. T. A. Havemeyer	1,900
In-and-in-Bred, bull, 1 year. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa	1,700
Marianne's John Bull, bull, 1 year. T. A. Havemeyer	1,150
Cana Daisy of St Lambert heifer, 1 year; F. Billings, Woodstock, Vt.	775
Canada's John Bull, bull, 7 years. A. A. Havemeyer	750
Stoke Pogis' John Bull, bull calf, 7 months. T. A. Havemeyer	710
Mermaid of St. Lambert II., cow, 4 years. Frederick Billings.	650
Marianne Pogis' Son, bull calf, 3 months Wm. Whiting, Holyoke, Mass	625
Crocus' Stoke Pogis, bull, 4 months. M. Thompson, Bernardsville, N. J.	400
Call Him Bine, bull, 1 year, G. L. Baker, Sand's Point, N. Y.	400
Brenda's John Bull, bull, 2 years. H. M. Howe, Bristol, R. I.	340
Pearla Pogis heifer calf, 3 months; C. I. Hudson, New York	88
Nancy of St. Lambert, cow, 9 years. N. P. Berry, Lexington, Ky.	370
Columbine of St Lambert, cow, 11 years. F. K. M. Rehn, New York	325
Cana Belle Pogis heifer, 1 year. Frederick Billings	51
Cora Pogis heifer, 1 year. Ayer & McKinney, Meredith, N. Y.	500

Of the Oaklands 29 head sold for $17,630, an average of $607 93 Of the Fresh Pond herd 7 head sold for $1,065, an average of $152.14

GAVE HER HIS HEART AND WEALTH

Suicide Selleck Leaves Money to a Widow who Rejected Him.

A Norwalk, Conn., despatch says: The will of James B. Selleck, who committed suicide on the morning of April 11th by plunging head foremost into a well on his premises at Darien, just admitted to probate, leaves a fortune of about $30,000, the bulk of which he gives to the widow of George Daskam, formerly of Norwalk. It is reported that Mr. Selleck proposed marriage at one time to Mrs. Daskam, but was refused in consequence of differing views upon financial matters. This rejection, together with the fear of dying in penury, is said to have led him to kill himself. The fact has lately come out that the deceased made an attempt to commit suicide by shooting himself in the head about a week before his leap into the well. Mr. Selleck's wife died several years ago without leaving any children, and the natural heirs of the estate, of whom there are over twenty, will make a strong fight against the will, alleging that improper influence was brought to bear upon the testator in favor of Mrs. Daskam at a period when he was of unsound mind and incapable of making legal disposition of his estate.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Young Woman's Unexpected Return Home Causes a Sensation.

A Franklin, Pa., despatch says: Miss Annie Griffiths arrived here unexpectedly to-day. Two years ago her relatives received a despatch giving an account of her death by foul means in Kansas. The body of a woman was found in Kansas City, in whose dress pocket was found a letter addressed to Annie Griffiths, Franklin, Pa., and whose cuffs were marked with that lady's initials. As Miss Griffiths was in the West, her friends telegraphed to have the remains sent here, but they had already been buried and it was thought best not to disturb them. For over two years Annie has been mourned as dead, and the sensation she created among her relatives by suddenly appearing before them can be better imagined than described. She is at a loss to account for the finding of the letter in the pocket of the dead woman, and does not give much account of herself, only saying she has been in the West.

Two Fashion Notes.

When a father in Madagascar gets the notion that his daughter ought to marry he puts a rope around her neck and leads her forth, and the first young man he offers her to has got to take her or pay a forfeit.

When a Frenchman enters a shop in Paris, if it be of modest proportions and he can see the shop keeper or his wife, he doffs his hat and makes as polite a bow as if he had entered the presence of the President of the Republic.

Cause for Grievance.

Flathers—What's the masher, Mrs. Duffy—yer seem out o' sorrits?

Mrs. Duffy—An' enough to make me. Duffy's gone off on a drunk and he'll be batin' the loife out of some wan else. It's the first toime since our marriage he neglected me!

A Criticism of Canada.

"And what do you think of our country, My Lord."

Lord Tomnoddy Oh, there's too much of it. No people could furnish nobility for such an extent of territory.

There are more than eighty national cemeteries in America containing in all 315,555 graves. Of these 133,146 are the graves of unknown soldiers.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

The C. P. R. has advanced money to the German colonists at Dunmore to buy cattle. An agent is now in Southern Manitoba purchasing the stock.

Definite information has reached this city that the C. P. R. will build a branch from Brandon to the Souris coal fields and also an extension of the Southwestern branch from Deloraine west to meet the Brandon-Souris branch. The distance from Brandon to the coal beds is 100 miles, and from Deloraine to the proposed junction 25 miles. Both projected lines will run through well settled sections of country, and in addition to the benefit that will be derived by farmers, they will be the means of developing the coal deposits of the Souris. The work will probably begin shortly.

The millers to-day withdrew from the agreement with the grocers not to retail flour. This is quite a serious blow to the Grocers' Association.

Mr. Stewart Mulvey's letter, resigning his connection with the Winnipeg Conservative Association, has been made public, and he says: "It must be apparent to all that the efforts of the association to build up and maintain a Conservative party in this Province have now and have always been completely ignored by our Ottawa leaders, and that as often as we build up they pull down. I am sick and tired of the way the party has been treated in this Province. It does appear to me that the Ottawa people by their actions for some years have manifested a desire to see Reform rule in this country, and after mature consideration I have come to the conclusion that there is little use in endeavoring to resist the will of the Ottawa people."

The summer carnival scheme is likely to be abandoned owing to the disinclination of the Government to give the necessary financial assistance.

Mr. J. A. Donaldson has been appointed city freight agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. F. W. Peters, of Port Arthur, will be appointed local agent in succession to Mr. Belcher.

The Greenway Government have offered the promoters of the proposed summer carnival $1,000. This is utterly inadequate, and the project will probably fall through.

A baby named Martin died at the baptismal font in the Church of the Redeemer at Calgary while being christened The affair caused a panic in the church.

A number of mounted policemen at Prince Albert recently broke into Superintendent Perry's quarters during the absence of that official and helped themselves to liquors. A number of arrests were then made.

Humphrey Keller, 70 years old, was found dead outside of his shanty near Rapid River, Rainy River, with the left side of his head smashed in by a blunt instrument. Suspicion rests on a Dane named Neil Johnston, who lived with the deceased. Johnston has been missing since two days before the discovery of the body. Keller's neighbor, Edward Connors, found the corpse with his (Connors') dog watching it. None of the deceased's property is disturbed. The cause of the murder is a mystery yet, but is believed to have taken place during drunken orgies.

Barefooted Children.

Children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of "cold" by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, have their lower extremities permanently invalided, and, so to say, carefully swathed and put away in rigid cases. As regards the poorer classes of children there can be no sort of doubt in the mind of any one that it is incomparably better they should go barefooted than wear boots that let in the wet, and stockings that are nearly always damp and foul.—*London Lancet.*

A Smart Milkman.

"The milk that I got of you this morning soured."

"You didn't get it of me, ma'am.

'Well, Bridget did. It's all the same."

'No, it isn't, ma'am. She's so ugly that she'd make any milk turn sour. Now, as you are very handsome, why, when you get the milk, ma'am——"

'I didn't think of that. I'll get the milk myself after this."

"Pause, My Brethren!"

'Most of you," said the Bishop of Peterborough once to some candidates for ordination, "will do well to avoid action in the pulpit. I shall never forget a raw-boned Irish curate I once had, with hands like legs of mutton. I can see him still preparing for a grand peroration, and leaning over the pulpit with outstretched dependent palms, as he exclaimed, 'Paws, me brithren, paws!'"

A Texas Romance.

A mouse in a Texas dairy fell into a pan-ful of milk. It swam round and round in its efforts to get out, but in vain. However, through the activity of its movements the milk was at last churned into butter, and the mouse steered a butter raft to the pan's edge. Then jumping out it ran at once to the cracker box to utilize the taste of butter in its throat.—*Anonymous.*

Took Him at His Word.

"What idiots they have on the newspapers nowadays!" exclaimed Hornblower. "There was a reporter in here yesterday, and I told him about the big improvements I have been making down our way. Of course I told him not to mention my name in his paper, and the blamed fool didn't.

JIMMIE COOK, a boy of 12 years, is the reigning sensation in Georgia because of his wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. He preaches powerful sermons and has converted a number of people to the faith. Harrison, the aged "boy preacher," will now have to resign the title.

A swallow may not make a summer, but a frog makes a spring.

"I do not understand society," said Mrs. Newriche. "When I invite people to my house I never put on the cards from 'four until seven.' They can stay as long as they like."

The newest thing in London household economy is a female butler—a maiden dressed in a livery of blue, green, gold or scarlet, as taste may prefer. The effect alleged is "more quiet and equal style."

WAS SHE A BORGIA?

Mrs. Chandler's Romantic Career, her Husbands and Their Mysterious Deaths.

A Mobile, Ala., despatch says: Carrie E. Holbrook Chandler, the mother of Mrs. James Maybrick, who is charged with poisoning Maybrick in Liverpool, is a woman with a very romantic career.

Miss Holbrook came here about 1856 visiting her uncle Rev. J. H. Ingraham, rector of St. John's Church, author of the Prince of the House of David." She was very popular in society, being a good conversationalist, handsome though not pretty, and quiet and prepossessing in demeanor. Among those who joined her troop of admirers was young William G. Chandler, son of one of the most prominent merchants of the city. Chandler was one of the most agreeable of Mobile's young men, educated and refined and quite successful in business. The two young people were mutually taken with one another and he followed her to her home in New York city, where they were married.

AN ALIMES AFFAIR.

Returning to Mobile they lived in good style, and Mrs. Chandler increased her influence in society. She was as much of a belle as before marriage, and her society was especially sought by young men. It was at the beginning of the civil war that Frank Dubassy turned up, being a captain in the Ordnance Department of the Confederate Government.

Captain Frank was a remarkably handsome man and a dashing officer. He fell in with the Chandlers and soon there was some talk of his attentions to the lady. Suddenly Mr. Chandler fell ill. He grew rapidly worse and his relatives came to offer their assistance, but were refused admittance to the house. Chandler died, attended by no one but the young wife, and the report arose that he had been killed by her. There was no official investigation of the charge, but it affected her position, which became so unpleasant that she took her two children and moved to Macon, Ga.

In less than a year she married Dubassy there. Shortly afterward Dubassy was ordered to go to Europe as a representative of the Confederate Government. He and his family took passage on a blockade runner out of Charleston or Savannah, it is not known which, and had proceeded but a couple of days when Dubassy, who had been complaining, suddenly died.

The captain of the steamer proposed to return to port in order that the officer might be interred, but the widow strenuously insisted that the vessel should continue. She said that she did not like the risk of turning the vessel back and demanded that the body be cast overboard. This was done, and the vessel reached Europe in due time.

MORE SCANDALS.

In a year or two she drifted back to New York, where she was involved in a scandal with some actor, which was published in the papers at the time and created a great sensation. After this she went again to Europe and met and married Baron Von Roque. There was shortly a scandal with him also, and it is said he was not faithful to her, and at one time he gave her a beating, so she left him. It seems that they led an adventurous life together

After separating from Von Roque the lady became a woman of the world, and when last heard from was filling the equivocal position of "wife" of an attache of the British Legation at Teheran, Persia.

James Maybrick, who is said to have been poisoned by his wife Florence Maybrick, the daughter of Mrs. Chandler, was well known and liked here and in New Orleans. He met the young lady in Europe.

A COLLECTOR OF POISONS.

A gentleman who was well acquainted with Mrs. Chandler during her residence in Mobile stated to day that she had a regular mania for collecting all sorts of poisons. In other words she was a thorough amateur toxicologist. She had collected poisons from all parts of the world, and took great pride in her collection, which she had in a fine cabinet with each poison carefully labelled.

The gentleman in question once visited her house by invitation to inspect this result of a strange "fad." She entertained him for hours discoursing on the effect and nature of each deadly agent and showed such an unusual knowledge of toxicology that ever after the narrator says he entertained a peculiar dread of the woman, fearing that some day she might be seized with a desire to experiment on him.

Our Idiomatic English.

Miss Langham (reading an American paper)—What a strange country yours is, to be sure, Mr. de Yank!

Mr. de Yank (of Boston)—I don't think it much stranger than yours. But why?

"Well, this paper gives an account of a game of baseball (I think they call it), and it says that 'Chumpy sav a red hot ball coming for him in centre field, but he promptly froze to it.'"—*Lawrence (Mass. American.*

Cautious.

He—"Won't you come canoeing with me, Miss Beacon?' She—"Oh, I don't dare to!" "Why, it's all right if you sit perfectly still." "I know it; but where's the fun?"

A Place for Everything.

Rejected Suitor—Arabella, I am going to blow my brains out——

Arabella—Reginald, please blow them out on the stoop; our carpet is brand new.

—Plaids and stripes are in favor with fashionable dressers.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, the great London preacher, having been presented with $125,000 by his congregation, immediately gave it all away to the poor.

THE WAVE.

I bathe the feet of the maidens sweet
As they gambol upon the shore,
And the swimmer strong I buoy along
As he seeks the breaker's roar
The sea birds rest, as though in their nest,
On the curve of my swaying form,
And I rock them to sleep on my bosom deep,
In a cradle soft and warm
And I sing the song of the ages long
As a lullaby to each—
The sound of the waves as they break in the caves
Or surge on the sandy beach.

A woman cannot throw a stone as well as a man because she has too long a collar bone. She can talk better than a man because—she knows how.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

It is rumored that Lord Mure intends resigning soon.

The new Roman Catholic Church of St. Helan's, Brockton, was dedicated yesterday.

The Governor-General has forwarded $500 to assist the sufferers by the St. Sauveur fire.

At a meeting of Gen. Boulanger's supporters in London it was decided to contest all the elections in France.

The High Court, Canadian Order of Foresters, meets at London on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of June.

A dynamite bomb was exploded at the door of the Civil Governor's house of Oporto yesterday, smashing the windows.

Mr. Gladstone, replying to inquiries, says that he in nowise suffers from his mishap in Piccadilly, and expresses thanks for the sympathy extended to him.

The military celebration of the Queen's Birthday at Montreal concluded on Saturday by a successful "at home," given on the island by the officers of the Queen's Own.

Two men charged with thimble-rigging at the Montreal review, and who, when captured, had more than $300 in their possession, were on Saturday fined $10 each.

The British man-of-war Surprise was run ashore at Syracuse, Spain, on Saturday after colliding with and sinking the steamer Nesta. The man-of-war is full of water.

An action for libel for $25,000 has been instituted by Messrs. Poirier, Bissette & Co., Montreal publishers, against *La Justice* for stating that their publications were immoral.

Sir Hector Langevin received a despatch on Saturday informing him that his brother, the Vicar-General of the diocese of Rimouski, was taken suddenly ill with paralysis.

The amount received by the Dominion Government for licenses issued to American fishermen under the *modus vivendi* exceeds $6,000, or double the amount received during the whole of last year.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has applied to the United States Treasury Department to be bonded as a common carrier between ports of the United States. The application has been referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury.

A little 2½-year old girl named Valee was playing on St. Charles Borromme street, Montreal, and fell just as a street railway car was coming down the street. She was run over and her leg cut off at the thigh. She died in a few minutes.

It is understood that Rev. J. P. Rice, of London, who was some time ago compelled to give up ministerial work on account of a failing voice, will resume again after next Conference. Mr. Rice has been in business there for some time as a member of the firm of Rice & Chapple.

About ten days ago, Thomas, the 5-year-old son of Mr. T. Richardson, who lives on Dundas street, London, jumped on a rake, the prongs running into his foot. His foot at first commenced to heal and he used it a little. Then it got worse, lockjaw set in and he died in terrible agony.

While a young man named Oscar Landerville was giving instructions in surgery before a crowd of students in a Montreal street car with an open knife in his hand, he bared his leg and made a cut which unfortunately opened an artery, and before the bleeding could be stopped he expired.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Presbyterian Church at Belmont took place on Friday last, when a large concourse of people assembled. The stone was laid by Rev. Principal Caven, a handsome silver trowel being presented to him for that purpose by the Building Committee.

On Thursday last the congregation of Dumfries Street Presbyterian Church, Paris, considered the subject of Northwest missions, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Cockburn, presiding. After hearing interesting papers and addresses, it was decided to contribute $250 annually in addition to the regular contribution.

The Deputy Marshal of the Vice-Admiralty Court in Quebec has gone to Montreal to serve a warrant at the instance of the Allans, owners of the ship Polynesian, upon the owners of the ship Cynthia, which vessel is accused of having caused the injuries sustained by the Polynesian in the recent collision.

Sir Charles Tupper reached London on Saturday and attended the Colonial Secretary's Queen's Birthday dinner. Two or three Canadian names were expected to appear on the list of birthday honors issued on Saturday, but none were included, though the list is unusually long and nearly all the other colonies are represented.

St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, was entered by burglars during Thursday night. They opened the tabernacle of the main altar, from which they took two gold vessels used for containing the sacrament. They broke open the alms boxes and carried off all they contained. Strange to say they left four large sized chalices untouched.

Capt. Murrell, of the steamer Missouri, which rescued the passengers and crew of the Danmark, paid a visit on Saturday to Colchester, his native place, and was given a most enthusiastic reception by the citizens. That evening a banquet was given in honor of the captain, at which Mr Henry George, on behalf of American friends, presented him with a gold watch In the course of his speech, Mr. George denounced the "mean policy of Protection which had taxed the American ships off the ocean."

A young Mississippian named Chalmers, who had charge of the stock on Colonel Gray's plantation, at Pine Bluff, Ark., saw a negro named Brown cruelly beating a mule with a trace chain. He forced Brown to desist, and later Brown told the manager of the plantation that he intended to kill Chalmers. On Thursday Chalmers and Brown met in a store, and the negro picked up a stone jug and hurled it at Chalmers, who dodged it, and then shot twice at Brown, wounding him fatally. Chalmers mounted his horse and escaped.

As to Sir Charles Dilke, it must be understood that he is not a candidate for Parliament. He declined to stand for the Forest of Dean last year, but promised to visit the constituency and address the miners. It was during this visit that his lady friends gave him the light of their countenance, for which act they have been called to account. Meantime there is no doubt that Sir Charles is slowly making his way. Quite recently he has been elected Chairman of the Chelsea Board of Guardians, with the goodwill of the Unionist local paper.

William V. Smith, son of Judge Smith, of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, left Halifax, N. J., last Tuesday on the brig Chas. Duncan for a trip to Jamaica. He exhibited signs of insanity, and on Thursday in a fit he broke into a closet, seized a razor, and slashed it across his throat, inflicting a fearful wound. The captain and crew bandaged the wound, and the vessel was put about for Halifax, where she arrived on Saturday morning. Smith is in a critical state, but the doctors think he may recover. He held a position in the Halifax post office, and has a wife and young daughter.

At an early hour on Saturday morning the residence of Mr. D. S. Warner, Napanee, was entered by burglars. Mrs. Warner was roused from her sleep, and was startled to find a man leaning over her bed. The intruder pointed a revolver, saying, "You dare to stir or make a noise and I will fix you." She was not to be intimidated, but sprang from her bed, calling to her husband at the same time. The burglar evidently thought he had got in the wrong place, for he fled to the hall, when he held Mr. Warner at bay with his revolver until he thought his chance good to escape through the front door, which he had prudently unfastened and left ajar before ascending to the chamber. An entrance had been effected through the parlor window. Mr. Warner had a large sum of money in his trousers pocket, but it was untouched. Mrs. Warner's fortunate awakening in all probability saved it from the thief's hands. The lady was quite ill on Saturday, but will soon recover from the effects of her frights.

Calculated to Excite a Smile.

If marriage is a success divorce is a successor

When a man is well fixed he is not in a fix.

A soft yet persistent answer turneth away a borrowing neighbor.

Journals that use lightning presses ought to be able to make thundering reports.

Employers who would keep upon their feet must not allow their hands to be idle.

The families whose descent is the best never utilize it for any personal notoriety.

They have cotton bagging at the South and pants bagging at the knees.

The only time it is good policy to burn the bridge behind you is when the enemy is in the rear.

"Quiet marriages" cause the most noise in the end.

Commercially speaking it requires more than one note to take a "flat."

The Boston girl says "bracelet snake." It isn't polite to say garter snake.

Chicago's Cronin promises to rival in notoriety the Oregon article, vintage of '76.

When a man disagrees with you regard it as an evidence of a want of brains and let him go in peace.

Modesty is the politeness of conceit.

Life is a great public park, where it is forbidden to gather flowers.

A Future For Her.

Miss May Davis, an Oregon girl, only 15 years old, can crack a walnut with her teeth or lift a barrel of flour with her hands. What fun she could have with a good strong piano and a sheet of Wagner music!

They All Do It.

Visitor at Kindergarten School—Children, your teacher has asked me to say a few words to you. How shall I begin?

Pupil (on the back seat) Just as they all do—"When I was a boy.

The Key-Note of Unhappiness.

The young husband who exclaimed, half in jest and half in earnest, "If we only had a few less curtains and a few more comforts!" struck the key-note of unhappiness in many a home.—*Congregationalist.*

—The clover seems to be crowding out the timothy this year.

—The groom is likely to be a more stable character than his master.

—If you are travelling in a Pullman car you want to give a fat man a wide berth.

—The indications are that the tan-colored shoe and the tan-colored nose will both be much worn this season.

The moths have strange tastes. They frequently appear in overcoats in summer weather.

Luck is seldom a good master. His pay days are too uncertain.

The Queen has appointed the Hon. Henry James Moncreiff, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, to be Lord Ordinary in Exchequer Causes, in room of Mr. Patrick Fraser, deceased.

Ten and three-quarters miles is the range the French have obtained for the 43-ton gun, thirty-five feet long, with an 800-weight projectile and 425 pounds of powder.

A number of reindeer have been imported from Norway and turned out on a forest in the north of Scotland in the hope that they may become acclimatized.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS, one of the founders of the Cremation Society, advises those who have never done any good in their lifetime to order their bodies to be cremated that they may at least be the cause of good after their death.

A PARIS fakir is making a fortune by advertising a cure for corpulency, which will without injury to health take off two pound in ten minutes. In return for a franc he advises a trip up the Eiffel Tower, at the top of which reduced atmospheric pressure reduces the average man's weight temporarily by about two pounds.

THE University Ophthalmic at Breslau has a director who believes the alarming increase of near-sightedness is caused by the wearing of tight collars. Dudes will please take notice and let a tuck out of theirs immediately. The Canadian variety will continue to risk one eye, but it will be an eyeglass.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North B. Bryson & Co.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

The sidewalk across the bridge has been repaired.

Miss Ganton returned to her post in the school on Monday.

Some hard-hearted wretch poisoned R. Trimble's Newfoundland dog Rover last week.

Mr. Moffat's fine general purpose stallion, Norman Conqueror, mits Flesherton every Monday evening.

Garden party at Maxwell this afternoon and night, under the auspices of the Methodist church.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Division Court was held in Flesherton yesterday. The Advance goes to press too early to give the result this week.

If you want worth and wear, style and strength, choice and cheapness in boots and shoes, try W. Clayton's stock before purchasing.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The genial phiz of Mr. W. J. Clark, of the Pickering News, brightened our sanctum on Monday. He is visiting relatives here.

Miss Brown, late of the postoffice, bade her friends good bye on Friday evening. She left on Monday for Scotland in company with her father.

Mr Nicholson will occupy the Methodist pulpit here on Sunday morning next and Mr. Buchanan in the evening, Rev. Mr. Shilton being absent at conference.

The Methodist conference of the Guelph district meets in St. Marys to-day. M. Richardson, Esq., Dr. Christoe and Rev. Mr. Shilton are delegates from Flesherton.

By reference to Mr. J. Frost's card it will be seen that his office has been removed to Sproule's block, next door to postoffice, which will be open on Thursdays.

No. 6 company (Flesherton) volunteers leave on Monday for camp at Niagara Falls. Lieut. Fields announces that the necessary recruits have been secured and the company is now complete.

Get your arms in boots and shoes. A varied line assortment to choose from. Material and workmanship cannot be surpassed at very low prices. Call and see them at Wm. Clayton's.

Fire Blythe, of the Chatsworth *News*, calls us a very pleasant visit on Wednesday. He pronounces business and looks as hearty and happy as he did a year ago when we had the pleasure of meeting him while in Markdale.

The Messrs. Hawk Bros. left on Saturday for Berlin to attend the funeral services of their father, which was preached there on Sunday. We give a sketch elsewhere of the late Mr. Hawk's life, condensed from a Berlin paper. Many people in this vicinity were acquainted with the deceased gentleman.

Mr. T. Bates, of the Sault, is visiting Flesherton at present with a view to recuperating a somewhat exhausted constitution, caused by a too close confinement to business. We were glad to see friend Bates, as sorry to know that he was compelled to take a rest. He exhilarating air of Flesherton will very soon accomplish the desired object.

Died

At 12 Thursday morning, Augusta, wife of Mr J. R. Hagle, Proton, and youngest daughter of Mr Michael Vanstone, patiently and peacefully passed into the rest of the weary. Deceased was cut in the prime of womanhood, being only 27 years 7 mos. old. Although she has been ill for a considerable time her friends, until within a few days, was quite unexpected by the friends and many who all had hopes for her final recovery. But it seems that she had for some time expected the change, and death did not come to her unawares. While we tender our sympathy to the bereaven husband and other friends for the loss of the loved one, who was so universally beloved and respected, we also have a satisfaction in recording the death of one for whom death has no terrors, and who died with the full assurance that Christ is all and in all. The remains were interred on Saturday afternoon, in the English Church cemetery, Markdale, beside her mother, and were followed to the grave by a very large concourse of friends and neighbors. Mr. Ems, Presbyterian minister of Markdale, conducted a short service at the house and the ceremony at the cemetery was conducted by the English Church minister of Markdale. Deceased leaves a little babe ten months old.

There have been shipped from Ffesherton station this spring 56,039 cubic feet of square timber.

The promotion examinations will be held on June 27 and 28. Each teacher will conduct his own exams this time.

Mr. J. W. Benson, of Eugenia, left on the South going train on Tuesday evening to visit friends in Manitoba and the far Northwest. We wish him a pleasant time and a safe return to his many friends in Ontario.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr B. J. Kendal Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies have been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

A good story has leaked out which draws down a laugh upon the devoted heads of two young doctors who went fishing a couple of weeks ago. They had separated, it appears, for mutual advantage, each fishing over separate ground. Along about dinner time one of the fishermen discovered a farmer, and at the same time discovered that he was hungry, and when asked to dine, immediately accepted the hospitality. Shortly afterward physician No. 2 struck the farmer's residence through some strange fatality, and he was also invited to partake of the "frugal meal." He demurred, but finally through fear of injuring somebody's feelings by a refusal acceeded, and threw his fish pole down upon the ground. Now it chanced that an old hen happened along and spied a good fat worm wriggling on the ground. She gobbled it. When she found that the worm owned such an endless tail, her suspicions were aroused, but it was too late. A noticeable paleness spread over her gills, and she opened her mouth and squalled, and jumped and pulled with the energy of despair and long toes, but the fish hook had taken a tenacious hold. When the doctors ran out to discover cause for the noise they found Mrs. hen in an exhausted condition and immediately decided that it was a golden opportunity to practice a little surgery. Accordingly the instruments were brought out and a very neat stroke of oesophagy was performed right there and then. It is needless to say the hen died shortly afterward, owing, as the doctors say, to the exhausted condition of the patient and to the fact of the oesophagus and trachea having become very much inflamed before the delicate operation was performed.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

Teachers Convene

A Wet but a Pleasant and Profitable Experience.

The teachers of South Grey have been among us once more. They were not to be in such force as upon the previous occasion, but that was easily accounted for, as the elements detained them at home. Those who did attend contributed themselves amply for having braved the heavy north east rain which fell in torrents all day Thursday, and heartily enjoyed the convention which was a very pleasant one in many respects. There were some forty five teachers present. The village turned out in goodly numbers as usual and showed their continued interest in educational matters thereby. The specialty on this occasion was Mr. Lewis, professor of elocution, from Toronto. On Thursday forenoon there was not a quorum of the teachers present, and an adjournment was made until afternoon, when Mr. Lewis gave an address on the importance of elocution in reading and teaching of the same to a greater extent in our public schools. Mr. Lewis gave several examples of false and proper reading. His interpretation of "Excelsior" was grand and elicited hearty applause. Mr. Lewis is busily engaged in the work of making teachers believe that they do not know the first principles of reading. The subject should be thoroughly taught in the public school, and in order to become proficient to teach a course should be taken under the professor's tuition. Mr. Lewis did not exactly say this—we draw the inference ourselves. For our own part we consider that there was considerable trash in the professor's arguments, and many of his claims are impracticable and not capable of being developed in ordinary school work. Of course his subject was an interesting one, and he showed thorough knowledge of the art, but we fear that his lessons would not be of very great practical benefit to those who heard them.

Mr. Glendinning then read an interesting address on "The power behind the throne," or in other words, the proper use for the gad.

Miss J. Anderson, of Durham, read a most excellent essay on "Politeness in schools." We will not comment on this but will give it in full next week, as Miss Anderson has kindly consented to its publication.

THE EVENING SESSION.

Owing to incessant rain it was feared that the entertainment in the Town Hall would be a failure, but such was not the case. The Hall was crowded to the doors, numbers being obliged to stand. Dr. Christoe occupied the chair. The program was made up of readings by Mr. Lewis, excellent music by the Glee Club, and solos by Miss Bell Christoe, Mr. Evans and Mr. Ed. Richardson. The entertainment altogether was an excellent one, although there was a noticeable sense of disappointment throughout the audience after Mr. Lewis had completed his readings. Perhaps all had been led to expect something extraordinary, and the fact that they were nothing better than we had heard before was the probable cause of this. His selections were: "Horatius' defence of the bridge," "How David Copperfield wooed and won Dora," "Picket of the Potomac," "The Revenge," "Conversion of Col. Quagg" and "The old bachelor," none of which were rendered with the excellence of interpretation which he gave to "Excelsior" in the afternoon. They were all very enjoyable nevertheless. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to Mr. Lewis, the chairman and those who assisted so well in the musical portion.

On Friday morning Mr. Lewis renewed his lessons on elocution, after which Dr. Christoe spoke for a short time, comparing old and new systems of education. Mr. Allan gave a lesson on object drawing, with class, which was very interesting. The same gentleman gave a paper on "Teacher as a student." Mr. Campbell read a magnificent paper on "Character building." It was one of the best constructed papers which we have ever heard read, and will shortly be published in full in these columns. Should we have sufficient encouragement from the teachers and others, Mr. Campbell's and Miss Anderson's essay will be published in pamphlet form at five cents per copy. This completed the time of the convention and the convention adjourned, however several items on the programme for next session.

Court of Revision

The Court of Revision for 1889 met in the Town Hall on 3rd inst. Present, Messrs Christoe, McArthur, Boland, Shepard and Caine. After each made necessary affidavits a motion to Court opened with the following business was disposed of.

M. Matt appealed against assessment of grist mill at Eugenia. Reduced $500.

Wm. R. Morrow was assessed as owner for Pt 163, con 18.

T. Watt appealed on account of fire to Building at Price's Corners. Lot assessed at $100.

The C. P. Railway Co. appealed against the assessment of railway on account of incorporation of village of Markdale. They thought the assessment of the road was reduced, but as Attorney-at-law does not reside in Markdale on west side of Toronto line, this could not be possible. Appeal dismissed.

A McInnes appealed against assessment of lot 24 Fifth or Static having too high. Assessment reduced $300.

S. L. Johnston appealed against assessment of saw mill at Eugenia as being too high. Raised $200.

George W. [illegible] was assessed as owner [illegible] $5,000.

After some other minor changes in Roll, it was moved by Mr. McArthur, seconded by Mr. Boland, that the Assessment Roll as now revised by this Court of Revision be certified as the Roll for all assessment purposes for the current year. Carried.

After the Court of Revision Council met for general Township business. Minutes of last session read and approved. A letter from J. W. Frost Esq., asking on behalf of Wm. Hogg what action the Council intend taking in opening road between 3 range east and 5th con. and roads between 8 and 9 concession, also the Valley Road.

Moved by Mr. Boland, seconded by Mr. McArthur, that the assessor be paid his salary, $80, and five dollar for postage, etc. Carried.

Mr. McArthur moved, seconded by Mr. Sharp, that upon a written certificate of Commissioner, the Reeve is instructed to issue cheques for road jobs and that the Pathmasters of Flesherton be loaned $100 or until rates are collected. Carried.

Council adjourned.

Prideville.

From our own Correspondent.

The dripping clouds have been almost incessantly moving above us during the past week.

Colds and coughs are quite common.

About 90 per cent. of the plumb crop has been ruined by the late frost.

Some of the farmers report a [illegible] the damp inclement weather.

The indications are that there will be a heavy crop of hay this season.

Potato planting seems to be postponed indefinitely.

Several of the citizens have gone to Owen Sound for the season, work seems to be booming there.

Mr. S. Leslie has secured a farm in the Northwest and intends removing there the coming season.

We were disappointed in not hearing last week from "Oben," but hope last production were given to learn of one vehicle, at least, in the "Valley" being repaired. But Oben dear, you forgot to mention that one of your neighbors bought an axe handle that same week. We presume the omission was not intentional.

The SS. Batavia sailed from Vancouver Friday with 403 tons of cargo, including flour for Hong Kong and timber for Yokohama.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Fall Wheat	$5 35 to 5 30
Spring Wheat	50 50 55
Barley	0 45 0 45
Oats	
Peas	
Butter	0 15
Eggs fresh	0 11 0 11
Potatoes bush	0 15 0 15
Pork	6 5
Hay per ton	9 00 10 00
Wool	3 50 4 50
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 05 0 5
Turkeys	0 10 0 12
Chickens per pair	0 25 0 40
Ducks per lb	0 06 1 06

Durham Bull for service.

Mr. Alex Stewart, lot 157, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a first-class thoroughbred Durham Bull for service this season. Terms [illegible]

TERMS—$1 payable 1st Feb., 1890. For foals

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES, ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or, it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by, the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians & Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office [illegible] east of Grier's sto. Atkinson's Hotel.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T. S. SPROULE M.D. late ANGUS EGO M.D. late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be found in Markdale Hotel every night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET sixth door East of Presbyterian Church

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson,

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, Marshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles. Painless, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month

Flesherton on each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.

FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE [illegible]

OWEN SOUND OFFICE: FRASER BLOCK.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

DIVISION COURTS OFFICE [illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

[illegible]

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

[illegible]

MATERIAL FURNISHED [illegible]

W. J. BELLAMY

[illegible] COMMISSIONER, [illegible]

[illegible]

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

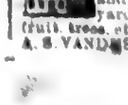

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Lady's Trip to the Golden State via C. P. R.

Rat Portage to Winnipeg—The Boundless Prairie—A Glimpse of the Rockies.

Specially Written for The Advance.

At Rat Portage we are allowed about 20 minutes for lunch. Most of the passengers made a rush for the town, some to secure provisions, and others to see what was to be seen. The town is beautifully situated on an outlet of the Lake of the Woods. This is the largest body of water touched between Lake Superior and the Pacific, and is certainly [illegible] had touched at yet. On our return to the train we were somewhat amused by one of our juvenile passengers telling us with quite a disappointed look on his face that he could find no rats, supposing from the name there would be a plentiful supply on hand. Leaving here and crossing a high iron bridge, we shoot through a tunnel and presently find ourselves at the little village of Keewatin [illegible] distant. Here we see a [illegible] and built of granite, quarried on the spot. We were [illegible] leave this [illegible] place, as it was the first along the [illegible] that we thought we should care to reside at. [illegible] of lakes were passed in quick succession for miles. Still frost [illegible], although the weather was more like May than that of April. No snow was to be found anywhere except in one or two instances where we saw small patches here and there in the depths of the forest between North Bay and Port Arthur.

Arriving at Winnipeg about 10 o'clock [illegible] we therefore [illegible] of the town. Having an hour here we saw a good deal of Main Street, as the streets were still well lighted, as well as many of the stores being open. It having rained, the assertion that Winnipeg mud [illegible] glue were somewhat similar was [illegible] which our shoes fully testified to on our return to the train. After we got on board, our party got into a warm political discussion, as we had a good Tory on board and a Grit from Whitby, so the [illegible] passed merrily, and it was the [illegible] [illegible] before we thought of retiring. Next morning we arrived at Brandon about 6 a.m. It is nicely situated on high ground with gradual rise from the [illegible] and presents a fine appearance for a young town. The railway now draws [illegible] from the Assiniboine river and crosses [illegible] undulating prairie. From [illegible] to Regina we saw very little to break [illegible] of the journey. That was [illegible] that we felt the [illegible] and the only day we devoted [illegible] as it was almost impossible heretofore to settle down [illegible]. We pass frequent [illegible] alkaline waters, with [illegible] around.

This part of the country should certainly be considered the sportsman's [illegible]. While passing through the N. W. T. our train was boarded at every station by mounted policemen in search of [illegible] as none is allowed to be brought into the territories.

Before coming to Indian Head [illegible] distant from Regina about 44 [illegible] we enter the celebrated Bell Farm [illegible] the Government. The furrows [illegible] are usually plowed four miles [illegible] and to plough one furrow outward and another returning is half a day's work for man and team. Therefore we were some time passing through this extensive farm which embraces 100 square miles. At Indian Head are the headquarter's buildings, as well as many of the farm laborer's cottages. This is about the centre of the farm. Whenever we stop at a station the gentlemen amused themselves by shooting gophers, gathering bunches of prairie flowers a pretty blue-bell shaped flower growing about three inches high, with soft, downy stems or gathering around a span of harnessed oxen. This was something novel to Ontario people, and curious enough to be looked at. On one occasion we saw six span, or yoke of oxen harnessed together.

Sometimes antelope in the distance, or an Indian on his pony galloping over the plains throwing out his lasso, or a piece of fence here and there, (which prevents snow from drifting on the track,) would sometimes break the monotony, and rest the eyes, which were wearied from gazing on the unbroken plain. We were not at all sorry on nearing Regina, to see the sun set in the west, and to know that this monotonous waste will soon be shut out from view. It does very well to read about the fine, careless life of the inhabitant of the prairie, but we thought we should prefer reading about it any time than living it. Many a home we passed seemed entirely isolated, without tree, shrub or even animal life surrounding it, nothing to be seen but the sky overhead, and as far as the eye can reach in all directions nothing but this vast level plain. To them an occasional passing train must indeed be welcome. Many of the villages seemed to be a collection of houses set here and there promiscuously in a large field, without any order or arrangement, so far as lots or streets are concerned, and as for any one having their own yard or lot (if there were any) enclosed, it apparently had never been thought of.

About a mile beyond Regina is the Lieutenant Governor's residence, also the headquarters of the Northwest mounted police. The barracks, officer's quarters, store houses and drill shed, together form quite a village. The mounted police number 1,000 men, who are stationed here and there over the Northwest to look after the Indians. They are all healthy, stalwart, fine appearing men. Their [illegible] military dress and bearing presented quite a contrast to that of the Indians, who are dirty, dejected, uncouth looking creatures. Yet they were the two extremes which were always to be seen at [illegible] stations [illegible] Wed[illegible] [illegible] after [illegible] we arrived at Medicine Hat, situated on the South Saskatchewan river. We here cross the river by a fine steel bridge. It is navigable for some distance above and 800 miles below. From this out the country becomes more broken, and at Medicine Hat is quite hilly. After we have gone some 50 miles farther we see the Rocky Mountains coming into view, which are 150 miles away. From this to Calgary [illegible] we enter the [illegible]. We travel a beautiful tract of country. Here and there [illegible] the [illegible] in the villages we see the tents of the Cree and Blackfeet Indians. Usually on our train nearing the station they may be seen running at full speed towards it, but would stop about 100 yards away and only on one or two occasions did they come near enough [illegible] to speak to them. These were [illegible] in all the glory of paint and [illegible]. They stood there on the [illegible] with their wigwams and their war paint [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Calgary [illegible] as the [illegible] Bran[illegible] and [illegible] river. It is [illegible] situated on Bow river at the foot of the Rockies. [illegible] however, 50 miles away. It is surrounded by the foot hills. From the station [illegible] be seen the signs of [illegible] and [illegible] J[illegible] respectively formerly Flesherton boys, their place of business being only about five minutes walk from the station. I was sorry our train had only [illegible] of time, therefore we did not have the pleasure of seeing them. You would suppose that most of the town had come down to see the train come in, as the [illegible] was immense on the platform. [illegible] here we follow the windings of the [illegible] river for about 100 miles, passing through a rich valley with luxuriant meadows and plateaus, the plateaus [illegible] terraces on the sides of the hills. Extensive ranches are passed in quick succession with herds of horses in the valley, cattle on the terraces and sheep on the hill tops, pretty homesteads nestling on the hill sides on the borders of ravines or mountain gorges. Now we begin to get the mountain breeze and the wind gets much colder as we near the mountains. It is a continuous changing from side to side of the car as picture after picture is presented to our view, now on this side, then on that.

About 50 miles from Calgary we come to what is called the Gap. This is a bend in the line which brings the train between two vertical walls of rock. This is the gap by which the rocky mountains are entered. Now we have

> Passed the mountains of the prairie,
> Passed the land of crows and foxes,
> Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
> Come into the Rocky Mountains.

Approaching Gap station, a fine view of Wind mountain on the right, and Three Sisters on the left, is obtained. Of course we have no idea we could in any way convey or picture to you the grandeur of the scene, but will simply attempt an outline of what is to be seen.

(To be Continued.)

AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

A Terrible Flood in Pennsylvania.

Thousands of People Drowned and Burned—A Graphic Description of the Awful Scene.

On Friday night last occurred, in Pennsylvania, one of the most awful catastrophes in the history of this continent, caused by the bursting of a [illegible]

The reservoir lies about eighteen miles north of Johnstown [illegible] site of the old reservoir which was [illegible] [illegible] vania canal. This sheet of water was formerly known as Conemaugh Lake. It is from 200 to 300 feet above the level of Johnstown, being in the mountains. It is about three and one-half miles long and from a mile to a mile and a quarter in width, and in some places one hundred feet in depth. It holds more water than any other reservoir, natural or artificial, in the United States. The lake has been [illegible] in size by artificial means and was held in check by a dam from 700 to 1,000 feet wide. It is 90 feet in thickness at the base and the height is 110 feet. The top has a breadth over 20 feet. The steady [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] water [illegible] streams [illegible]

[illegible]

struggle of the water against the embankment. The course of the torrent from the broken dam at the foot of the lake to Johnstown is almost eighteen miles, and with the exception of [illegible] the water passes through a narrow V-shaped valley. F[illegible] below the dam lay the town of [illegible] Fork, where the S[illegible]

The town contained about [illegible] inhabitants. It was [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] There is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] down [illegible] [illegible] force [illegible] locomotives, Pullman [illegible] and [illegible] were everything [illegible] down the torrent and were lodged against the great stone viaduct, along with forty-one locomotives from the Johnstown roundhouse, the heavy machinery and ponderous framework of the Gauthier mill, the accumulated debris of more than a thousand houses, furniture, bridges, lumber, drift and human beings. The low arches of the stone viaduct closed up immediately and the water backed back over the entire level on the valley upon which the city stood to the depth of what, from the water marks, indicate about thirty-eight feet. In the great sea thus formed hundreds, perhaps thousands of people were struggling for life. The scene to-day is one of the most harrowing possible for the imagination of man to conceive. The accumulated drift gorged, up at the viaduct to a height of forty feet and then took fire from the upsetting of stoves or lamps. Then were strong men made sick at the sight. As the flames cracked and roared among the dry timber of the floating houses, human bodies were seen pinioned between the house roofs, locomotives, iron beams, freight, passenger, Pullman and baggage cars, heavy iron beams, the greedy flames licking with [illegible] of human flesh. The scene was horrible beyond description. From infancy, a few days old, to the wasted figures of age were [illegible] before the eyes of the beholders, and no rescue from such a fate was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] waters will have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] many lives have been [illegible]

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

The crops are looking fine [illegible] section. The wet weather [illegible] the hay crop.

Mr. J. H. P[illegible] is building a fence around his garden.

E. T. McGirr has just received [illegible] the manufacturers a [illegible] wares, buttons and chains. [illegible]

Allan McKinnon [illegible] buggy on Monday last. [illegible] Messrs. Paul [illegible] Allan [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The Salvation Army is still [illegible]

[illegible] Maxwell [illegible]

[illegible]

General News

[illegible]

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We [illegible] thank you for your [illegible] patronage in the past and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS

Gladiolus and Dahlias

HOUSE PLANTS.

[illegible]

BEDDING PLANTS

[illegible]

VEGETABLE PLANTS

Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato, &c.

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs

[illegible]

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

FLESHERTON

PLANING MILLS

[illegible]

PUBLIC

[illegible]

ALL KINDS

General planing mill work

such as

[illegible]

Planing and Matching, re-sawing etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

[illegible]

W. J. HOWARD.

[illegible]

ROLLER FLOUR!

[illegible]

Blackburn's.

ICE Cream Parlors

Cured Meats.
Lard. Bologna.
etc

[illegible]

BLACKBURN'S

NEW HAIR DRESSING PARLOR.

[illegible]

[illegible] Block, Durham St.

[illegible]

WanteD

SALESMEN [illegible]

[illegible]

Situation,

[illegible]

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires [illegible] that he can [illegible]

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

Will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY [illegible] a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

SINKING OF THE CYNTHIA.

Narratives of the Captain and the Pilot.

SOME HEARTLESS SPECTATORS.

The Polynesian at Quebec—The Scene of the Collision.

A last (Wednesday) night's Montreal despatch says: Captain Taylor, who thus met his first accident in 28 years of seafaring life, has lost everything. "I called the ship's crew to the mainmast," said the captain, "but the steam and the smoke and the spray flying in all directions made it difficult to hear. Many followed me upon the mainmast, and when the vessel turned the mainmast was level with the water. I ran along the mainmast and jumped for the shore. There were a number of persons on shore who could have helped, but they did not even come down to the water's edge. I called upon them to man one of the boats and come to our help, but they either did not understand or would not. The Polynesian was damaged. I had too much to do to look after myself and my boat to pay any attention to her. The Polynesian struck her on the starboard—she was almost in line with the shore too—and crushed in our stern and tore away our sides as if we had struck an iceberg. One of the men was killed when he was coming up from below. He was a quartermaster. When the collision occurred our foretopmast went by the board."

THE PILOT'S STORY.

Celestin Brunet, pilot on the Cynthia, gave the following account: This morning about half past 4 the Polynesian was sighted coming down the river, the Cynthia at the time being nearly opposite the asylum at Longue Pointe. The weather was perfectly clear and those on board were surprised to see the course of the Polynesian. She was crossing the course of the Cynthia, which was, according to marine law, keeping the starboard side of the river. When within fifty feet of each other the Polynesian blew her whistle to signal the other to take the opposite side of the channel. Brunet accordingly put her about and endeavored to cross in front of the Polynesian, but, seeing that it could not be done, gave orders "full speed astern." Before she had even stopped the Polynesian was down on her, striking her on the starboard bow. After the collision the Polynesian kept on her course, and as the Cynthia's forepit only was full of water the captain decided to try and run her ashore and save the cargo. The engines were accordingly started and the ship went on her way, but immediately the bow went down, causing the screw to project above water and at the same time she capsized on her side. Seeing there was no further chance of saving the vessel the officers and men took to the boats.

WOULD NOT HELP.

Some of the sailors stated that the Polynesian after striking the Cynthia steamed right ahead. They claim that had she lowered her boats immediately, she could have rescued the men who were drowned. They complain bitterly of some fifteen men who stood on the shore, heard the cries of the drowning, watched the steamer go down and never put forth an effort to save, although they had two or three boats.

THE INSPECTION.

At about half-past 11 o'clock tugs, upon which were Harbor Engineer Kennedy, Captain Shaw, Port Warden, Captain Riley, A. Boyer, M.P.P., Captain Nolan, of the Alcides, and Captain Taylor, visited the wreck and having pumped out the life boat had it taken away. The position of the vessel was ascertained by sounding and the general opinion is that she is a total loss and not worth the trouble of trying to raise. The only question will be to get the cargo out and the hull out of the way to keep it from being carried down by the ice in the channel next winter. The harbor master and assistant engineer ascertained from the captain the position of the vessel in the river when she was struck by the Polynesian. There is a story that the latter vessel sounded two whistles before she struck the Cynthia. There is a bend in the channel just there and each vessel would be likely to try to avoid just what did happen. Up to 1 o'clock no bodies had been recovered.

SCENE OF THE COLLISION.

The collision occurred a little above Longue Pointe Church. The Cynthia, had she been steered away from shore, would have run aground in shoal water, but the deep water runs in right under the banks, which is precipitous. As the channel here is a natural one and both deep and wide there is no obstruction to shipping, there being plenty of room outside the Cynthia's hull. Capt. Nelson, of the R. & O. steamer Quebec, stated that he met the Polynesian about Cape St. Michel, near Varennes, this morning, and saw something was wrong, as her bows were badly broken and the plates bent and ripped. She looked as if she had run upon rocks. She was proceeding down stream very slowly, followed at a short distance by the Buenos Ayrean. Just below Longue Pointe Church they saw the top of a mast sticking out of the water on the north side of the river, about 100 yards from shore and about midway between the church and the nunnery. At first they thought it was the mast of a yacht, but they saw a couple of ships' boats near by, apparently fast to the davits, and knew that a steamer was lying in deep water, which at that point runs close into the bank. They passed a lot of floating cargo. The channel where the accident happened is in summer 300 feet wide and 27 feet deep, but to-day an experienced pilot said it is fully 500 feet in width with 27 feet of water. The Harbor Board will hold an inquiry into the circumstances. They have the power to suspend either or both pilots, either temporarily or altogether, as they see fit. In the case of the captains they have no jurisdiction, as their certificates are granted by the Board of Trade in England. It is likely an inquiry will be held by the Admiralty Court, Quebec, and thus evidence will be transmitted to the Board of Trade. Foreign companies only are interested in the insurance on the steamer and cargo. The manifest of the Cynthia is light, the cargo consisting of coal and pig iron, shipped at Glasgow.

COULD NOT HAVE STOPPED.

Talking with shipping men as to whether the Polynesian ought not to have stood by the Cynthia and rendered what assistance she could, they said it was utterly impossible. With the "way" on her, caused by the full speed down stream, she could not have stopped, and even if she could have stopped in a short distance she would have been unable to turn in the narrow channel so as to get back to the scene of the accident.

CAPTAINS AND PILOTS.

Captain John Taylor, of the Cynthia, is a Scotchman, about 40 years of age, and has been with the Donaldson Line nearly all his life. Captain Hugh Wylie, of the Polynesian, is a brother of Captain Wylie, who was formerly Commodore of the Allan Line. Pilot Celestin Brunet, of the Cynthia, is 46 years of age and has held his certificate since January 16th, 1878. Louis Z. Bouille, pilot of the Polynesian, is 40 years of age and has held his certificate since February 28th, 1872. Both men are spoken of as careful and sober.

THE SUNKEN STEAMER.

The Cynthia was built on the Clyde in 1880, by D. & W. Henderson, Glasgow, for her owners, the Messrs. Donaldson Bros., of the same city, and is one of a line of five steamers built for the Glasgow and Canada trade, having Montreal for their headquarters in the latter. She is classed at Lloyds as "A 1." Her registered tonnage is 1,400; gross, 2,152 tons; length, 329 feet; breadth, 36 feet, with a depth of hold of 25 feet. The well known shipping firm of Reford & Co. are her agents in Montreal.

Captain Wylie, when seen by a reporter did not wish to make an extended statement, as all would be told when the official investigation into the collision was held. He said, however, that upon meeting the Cynthia he blew his whistle twice and backed his ship. He was on the right side so much so that he could go no further. The Cynthia tried to cross his bows, and that was the cause of the collision. At the time of the accident Capt. Wylie, first officer and the pilot were on the bridge, and all who were on deck at the time on board the Polynesian stated that they did their best to avert the collision.

The passengers on board the Polynesian were in bed when the collision took place, and although they hurried on deck when the crash occurred there was very little confusion. So perfect was the discipline that as soon as the two vessels struck each member of the crew went to his alloted post without a word of command. Both officers and crew of the Allan steamer expressed great regret when they were told of the loss of life on board the Cynthia, as they believed that all of the men on the latter had been as fortunate in escaping from the sunken steamer as the men in their forecastle had been from getting crushed.

The report sent on from Montreal stated that eight men lost their lives on the Cynthia, but this number has been reduced by at least one. James Low, quartermaster of the ill-fated steamer, escaped death and got on board the Polynesian in a most miraculous manner. He states that he was relieved from the wheel shortly before 4 o'clock. He went into the forecastle and drank his coffee. He then went to his berth to get his pipe and tobacco. While he was looking for the latter the crash came and all the men in the forecastle made an effort to get up the stairs to the deck. Low did not like to lose his tobacco and kept looking for it, when the ships closed for a second time. He then crept through the gap in his own vessel into that made in the Polynesian and thus saved his life. He states that the Cynthia's crew consisted of 35 men besides four stow aways (acrobats) who were making their way to Chicago, but one of the poor fellows was drowned.

THE CHICAGO ASYLUM.

How an Insane Institution was Run by Political Heelers.

A Chicago despatch says: In the Insane Asylum investigations on Thursday Dr. Clevenger testified that the attendants were mainly roughs and toughs, and that Dr. Kiernan is utterly unable to prevent brutality. The witness said that in State institutions the expense was about $8 per capita per month, while in Cook county it was at least $12. Cook county had paid as high as $50 a month per capita. Most of the expense was for whiskey. With 1,500 patients in Kankakee the liquor bills amounted to $200 or $300 a year. Here with a community of never over 600 people the bills amounted to $3,000 to $4,000. The excessive cost was largely due to stealings. Rats, mice and all kinds of vermin abounded at the asylum. Dr. Kiernan tried for a month to get fine-tooth combs, but the County Board could not spare the money from the whiskey bills. The witness said Dr. Kiernan himself was incapable of cruelty. The witness had been told there was an attendant taking down everything Kiernan did to report to his political enemies.

The World Moves.

A Wooster, O., despatch says: Probably the first woman ever licensed to perform the marriage ceremony has just been granted papers conveying that authority from the Probate Court of this county. The lady is the Rev. Mrs. Ellen Runkle, the wife of a well-known farmer residing in the northwestern part of the county. She is a regularly ordained minister of the United Brethren denomination.

WILLIAM ROBERTS, M. D., F.R.C. P., of the University of London, Eng., says: "Passive congestion of the kidneys may be present, in which the urine contains not a trace of albumen, while the symptoms of intense venous congestion, dropsy, orthopnœa and pulsating jugulars are present. The urine becomes scanty, high-colored and dense." Warner's Safe Cure has cured thousands of these symptoms, often called diseases, by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

In a new book upon "Americanisms" some of the less familiar are: Bibibles for drinkables, bohn for a crib or translation, baldidude for a state of baldness; to deacon, or to place fine fruit on top; parquet, or the pit of a theatre from its mosaic floor; pizzaro for piazza; skulduggery, wire-pulling; trampoos, to wander aimlessly, and daisy, for anything first rate.

A NAVAL HERO.

Honors Upon Honors Heaped Upon Captain Murrell.

HIS CREW NOT FORGOTTEN.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: The banking account of Captain Murrell, commander of the Missouri, who on the morning of April 6th rescued 735 emigrants from the sinking Danmark in mid-Atlantic, under circumstances of great peril, and at immense personal and commercial risk, must to-day present a much more healthy appearance than it did two months ago. His heroic act has been recognized in three countries in a princely manner, and presents in gold and kind and titular honors have been lavished upon him. The city of London was yesterday afternoon enthusiastic in his honor, while banquets and testimonials await him in Colchester and Cardiff, and there is a strong probability that the freedom of London will be presented to him. His reception in London yesterday eclipsed all previous festivities in his honor. The scene inside the Mansion House was an unusually brilliant one, and when Captain Murrell entered in company with the Lord Mayor the band struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes." At the same time the entire audience rose *en masse*, and shouted and hurrahed until the civic walls rung, and completely drowned the music. Men waved their hats and women flourished umbrellas and handkerchiefs, and it was some minutes before silence was restored. All this time Capt. Murrell stood blushing and bowing, and the Lord Mayor encouraged a prolongation of the ovation by leading it a minute later. The applause was resumed when the officers of the Missouri joined their chief on the platform.

The speeches were of a most laudatory character, and replete with references to the nobility of nature, the British pluck and the great humanity of the heroic captain, and every such reference brought the people to their feet with storms of applause. The proceedings commenced by the Lord Mayor calling upon the band to play "Hearts of Oak."

Mr. W. Connolly, Secretary of the Testimonial Committee, described Capt. Murrell's reception in America, and organizing a fund to *fete* him in England. One thousand and fifty pounds had been paid or promised, and the list was still open. Mr. Connolly said it had been decided to give each member of the crew two months' pay and each officer a gold watch and two months' pay, and the balance, which it was hoped would reach £500, to the captain himself. In spite of all the honors which are being heaped upon him, the captain remained an honest, simple hearted Englishman. He concluded his enumeration of the honors past and prospective arranged for Capt. Murrell, by announcing that when that officer returned to the United States he was to be presented to the President at Washington.

After a speech from the Lord Mayor, in which he paid a high tribute to the captain, the officers and crew of the Missouri, he presented Capt. Murrell with a silver salver, and each officer with a gold medal and a cheque for two months' salary.

When Capt. Murrell rose to respond the whole audience rose at the same time, and cheered vociferously for several minutes. He said that it was with a very high sense of gratitude that he and his crew were present, and he thanked the meeting for the cordial reception that had been accorded them. The gratitude of the people they were the means of saving was sufficient for him and his crew without any further recompense. He spoke of the responsibility he felt when throwing over the cargo, but said he concluded that merchandise was nothing when compared to human life, a sentiment that was loudly cheered.

The Danish Minister, M. de Fulbe, expressed the gratitude of his countrymen, from the palace to the cottage, from the king to the peasant, to Captain Murrell and his brave crew.

Gen. New, the American Consul, added words of welcome, and the Lord Mayor explained that the American Minister would have been present, but until he was presented to the Queen he had no official status.

Gen. New said the appreciation of true heroism was common to the people of all climes, and especially to the people of Old England, America, and perhaps in no less degree of the people of Denmark. Captain Murrell's action would stand out conspicuous as a great effort of true seamanship and gallantry. Gen. New then gave the popular commander cheques for $2,500, and Capt. Murrell, having broken the fastening of the sealed letter, the Lord Mayor read a letter from the Chancellor of the German Empire highly eulogizing Capt. Murrell, after which the proceedings terminated.

THE SAMOAN DISPUTE.

Protocol Drafted Dealing With the Questions at Issue.

A Berlin cable says: Sir Edward Malet, Mr. Kasson and Herr Holstein, as a Committee of Revision, completed to-day a draft of a protocol concerning Samoan questions. It contains clauses relating to the municipal government of Apia, the coaling ports held by the Powers, the Land Commission and the autonomy of the Samoan Government, the text of which has already been cabled to Washington and approved by Mr. Blaine. The remaining clauses, defining the tariff of Samoa, the Constitution of the native Government, and the limitation of the German claims for indemnity from the natives, have been framed in consonance with instructions from Mr. Blaine, who is in daily cable contact with the Commission. Nothing, therefore, ought, in the opinion of the delegates, to prevent the winding up of the Conference on Tuesday, when the business is expected to be limited to the exchange of signature agreements.

He Would Not Refuse.

"Let us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer, "let us not waste our time in dealing with the small saloons and grogshops. Let us go to the fountain-head. Let us go to the brewery, my friends."

"All right," chimed in an old soaker from a back seat. "I'm with you."—*America.*

Lady Stanley has proposed that a non-sectarian children's hospital be established in Ottawa.

OVER AN EMBANKMENT.

Forty-five Passengers Hurt in a Railway Accident

ON THE ST. LOUIS & SAN FRANCISCO.

A last (Friday) night's St. Louis despatch says: The west-bound train on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, which left St. Louis last night at 8.15, was wrecked three miles from Sullivan, Mo. Not a passenger escaped unhurt, and 45 are known to have been seriously injured, though no deaths are reported. The train was running at a high rate of speed when suddenly, without warning, the track gave way and the locomotive, baggage car and five coaches went over the embankment. The trainmen and those who were only slightly injured at once set to work to prevent the additional horror of fire, in which they succeeded. They then turned their attention to the more unfortunate injured and in a short time 45 passengers, all badly hurt, had been released from the debris. A temporary hospital was improvised at Sullivan, and the most seriously injured were taken there, while others were brought to St. Louis on the relief train, which was hurried to the scene of disaster. It was 11.25 when the accident occurred. The train was travelling at high speed, and most of the passengers had already gone to sleep, while the few remaining awake were about to do so. There is a curve in the road three miles west of Sullivan, and when that point was reached a sudden jolt and jar was felt all over the train, and people in the rear cars could hear the forward coaches rattling over the ties and the crushing noises of cars being demolished. A creek is crossed by the road at that point and there is a steep embankment thirty feet high. Most of the passengers thought the train was going through a bridge, and a feeling of horror chilled their blood. In an instant all the coaches except the two sleeping cars had been thrown from the rails. People were thrown about in the cars in all directions, and some of them were thrown through the windows and down the embankment.

The train proper was made up of a mail car, an express car, baggage car, a smoker, a ladies' coach, a reclining chair car and two Pullman sleepers. Back of these sleepers were hitched five empty coaches, which had been picked up at a way station. The front truck of the first sleeper jumped the track, but the rest of the car remained and the rear sleeper and empty coaches behind it never left the track. Fortunately, there was no fire in the cars and the jolt extinguished the lights immediately. The explanation given of the accident by the trainmen was that the spikes and fishplates had been removed from the rails at the curve, just leaving the rail loose on the ties. The forward portion of the locomotive passed the place all right, but the tender jumped the track and was thrown part of the way down the embankment. Who removed the spikes and plates is not known, but the supposition is that it was the work of train robbers. The railroad officials claim it is a clear case of train wrecking. On the train was a large body of physicians returning from Springfield, where the National Convention is being held, and they rendered valuable assistance in caring for the injured.

"I AM NOT DEAD!"

Exclaimed a Young Lady an Hour Before the Time Set for Her Burial.

A Boston despatch says: "I am not dead!" That was the murmured exclamation which came to-day from the lips of Miss Kate Patten, the pretty young daughter of Enos Patten, of No. 14 Oak Grove terrace, yesterday afternoon. Sure enough, Miss Patten was not dead, though if she hadn't said so herself just then an undertaker would have been at work on her in the course of an hour. She had been sick since Thursday. The family physician said her disease was diphtheria, and a colleague whom he had called in agreed with him. Both had pronounced life extinct and were turning to leave the room when they were startled by the voice from the bed. They returned, and the fair sufferer was made as comfortable as possible and the physicians took their leave for the night. A few hours later they were again summoned to her bedside and she was again pronounced dead. This time there could be no mistake. The heart was silent, the jaw had fallen and there could be no rallying. But contrary, however, to the expectations of the doctors, and without any assistance from them (for they considered it entirely useless), Miss Patten an hour later completely revived and emerged from her trance-like sleep as before, only in a more pronounced manner. She became talkative and showed every desire to tarry in this world a while longer. Miss Patten had charge before her illness of the restaurant in the Park Square Railroad station, and if no unfavorable symptoms appear she will probably be back to work before many days.

Killed on the Railway Track.

A Montreal despatch says: Shortly after 10 yesterday morning a Canadian Pacific Railway ballast train was coming into Montreal, and when near the new lacrosse grounds at Green avenue, Cote St. Antoine, three of the men jumped off while the train was still travelling in order to save themselves a long walk back from the city. Two of them alighted without injury, but the third, a young Frenchman named Joseph Fournier, 22 years of age, alighted on a heap of ballast gravel by the side of the second line of metals, and rolled over and over into the middle of the other track. At that moment an inward passenger train came along and ran over the poor fellow before he could escape. The train passed over his thighs, which were severed almost at the hip joints, and the bottom part of his stomach was completely torn away. Notwithstanding his terrible injuries, he lived to be taken to the General Hospital, but expired almost immediately upon admission in great agony. The unfortunate man was a native of Quebec, and bore a good character. He had only started work on Saturday last.

DR. WM. H. THOMPSON, of the University of the City of New York, says: "The symptoms of diseased kidneys will first appear in the extremely different organs of the body." Treat the kidneys and not the effects of kidney disease, by using Warner's Safe Cure.

THE CHICAGO MYSTERY.

Dr. Cronin's Body Found Last Evening in a Sewer.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN CHICAGO.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: The dead body of Dr. P. H. Cronin, the Irish American who strangely disappeared from his home in Chicago two weeks ago, was found this evening some distance north of the city in a sewer on Evanston avenue. A bloody towel was wrapped about the head. The rest of the body was stark naked. A Catholic emblem which the doctor wore next his skin, suspended at his neck, was untouched. On the dead man's head were a dozen deep cuts, which had severed the scalp and indented the skull. It is the opinion of the police that Cronin was murdered by some man who could not bring himself to disturb a Catholic trinket. Laborers in the employ of the Lakeview suburban Government have been cleaning the ditches along Evanston avenue during the week. To-day as they neared a catch basin they noticed a strong smell of putrifying flesh, and pried off the top of the basin and uncovered the body. It had apparently been hastily pitched into the basin, for the head was underneath and the feet and legs were up in the opening. The place where the corpse was discovered is about three hundred yards from the station of the Chicago & Evanston branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. It is but two or three blocks from the lake and nearly a mile north of where the blood-stained trunk was found the day after Cronin's disappearance. It seems remarkable that it was not sooner discovered, for the Lakeview police started to search all the catchbasins in the suburb the week after the trunk was found. Old Maxwell, of Lakeview, who was one of the searching committee, said the searchers worked five or six days, but stopped a few blocks from the basin in which the body was found. The body was taken to the morgue and Cronin's friends were notified, and before midnight at least forty of them had identified the body. Among these were Dr. Brandt, President of the Cook County Hospital staff, and Cronin's dentist. Dr. Brandt's examination showed over the left temple a cut over four inches long through the scalp, and into the skull over the left pinnacle bone a cut one and a half inches long, which also marked the skull; also a cut one and a half inches long over the frontal bone and at the junction of the left parietal a cut three inches long. A great hubbub was caused in the suburb over the finding of the corpse. The police had hard work to keep back the crowd who tried to enter the morgue to see the remains. The tumult continued far into the night. Woodruff, or Black, the prisoner, who confessed to having helped carry off a trunk containing a corpse from a barn the night of Cronin's disappearance, manifested no discomposure when told that the body of Cronin was found. He talked freely, but would not go outside the story he originally told.

A DEACON'S ELOPEMENT.

The Old Fellow Skips Out With a Pretty Young Lady Bookkeeper and Comes to Canada.

A Hartford, Conn., despatch says: Canada has afforded refuge for another enterprising citizen of the great Republic. This time it is a highly respectable citizen of advanced age, a deacon of the Congregational Church, and his pretty but unscrupulous lady bookkeeper. Winter and Spring have gone off together, to the scandal of the entire good State of Connecticut. Deacon Asher P. Smith resided in Lebanon, and did the largest general produce business in the State, his daily receipts of flour averaging from four to five carloads. He is the father of a large family, and is also a grandfather, being 70 years of age. He is a brother of the noted Roswell P. Smith, of the *Century* Magazine Company, New York, a millionaire. Deacon Smith two years ago took into his employ, as assistant cashier, Miss Josephine King, a pretty brunette, aged 21 years. She proved herself such an excellent hand at figures that she was made confidential bookkeeper. Their relations soon began to attract attention. Miss King's people were most respectable, but she seemed determined to completely captivate her aged employer, and succeeded. They were finally discovered in a rather embarrassing situation, which led to the pair taking flight to avoid ridicule. Mr. Smith called in all the payments he could, mortgaged everything, and, after borrowing a large sum, started a few days since for Montreal, in the vicinity of which he and his paramour are now located. He took away with him a large sum of money, the extent of which has not yet been discovered. His son has assumed charge of the deserted business and promises all the victimized creditors full settlement, with interest, inside a year. Deacon Smith's action has nearly broken his old wife's heart.

Killed His Child.

A Windsor despatch says: A great deal of excitement is caused in the township of Maidstone by the trial of William Johnson, colored, for the murder of May, his 2-year-old step-daughter. On Wednesday Coroner Langlois opened the investigation by calling Hester Johnson, the wife of the prisoner. She testified that her husband treated her with great cruelty, frequently beat her into insensibility, and took a fiendish delight in dragging her about by the hair of her head. On a recent occasion he took the child by the neck and pounded her head against a fence. The child never recovered consciousness. James Lee, jun., saw the prisoner ill-treat the child by striking her head repeatedly against the fence. Dr. Coventry, who performed a post-mortem, testified that the child's death was caused by blows on the head. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and Johnson was brought here and lodged in jail, to stand his trial at the Fall Assizes.

Barnum's Gift to a Church.

Your uncle, Phineas T. Barnum, in times long gone by, may have advertised his elephants, giants and fat women a little too strong, but we must forgive and forget, says an exchange. He has just given a Bridgeport church $11,000 in cold cash, lifted it out of debt and himself high up in the admiration of his people.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Revival of Some Queer Old Fashions in Paris.

THE GIRL AND HER RING.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

A Hint About Bridal Presents.

"It is scarcely the right thing," said a young bride, "to look a gift horse in the mouth; and yet it is hard not to speak one's mind on a matter of this kind. It does seem to me that people might think a while before buying wedding presents. I am sure if they had done so I should not have received nine biscuit-boxes. What am I to do with them all? I can only use one at a time, or at the most, two. Now, what is to be done with the other seven? It's too perplexing. If I could only show them it wouldn't be so bad; but I can't even do that."

"Dear me! I don't know why you should worry over such a little thing as that," observed her sister, who had been married nine years. "Those extra biscuit-boxes will be very useful by-and-by. Select the one or two you want to keep, and then put the others carefully away. Whenever any of your friends marry, let a biscuit-box be your gift. It'll save you lots of money. When I was married I received six fish-servers among my presents. I was cross until some one gave me the hint that I have just given you, and then I was happy. It wasn't long before I had made good use of the five fish-servers.

Women's Heads and Waists.

The Venus de Medici's head measures around the temples 20½ inches; allow for the wavy hair a half inch and call it 20 inches. I make the waist 27 inches, but as the figure is bending slightly forward it may vary, according as the measure is applied. The neck is 13 inches. A lady friend was so kind as to measure several other ladies for my benefit, continues the *Art Student*, and I do not find such a marked difference. The heads are generally larger and the waists smaller, it is true, but take one instance: Head, 21½ inches; waist, 24½ inches; neck, 12½ inches. A young girl of 16 measures 21½ inches head and 24½ inches waist. Another lady measured just 20½ inches head. The measures were taken over the waist of the tunic. One would suppose the measures would be less if taken after the classical manner, but by some mysterious dispensation of Providence the waist of the modern woman is acknowledged to measure more when untrammeled.

The waists of English actresses have been measured by the *Stage*, with the following results: Ellen Terry has one of the largests waists—38 inches. Mary Anderson's waist a few years ago was 24½ inches, now it is 26 inches. One of her favorite shades in dress is green; she likes soft, clinging Liberty silks. She always wears her hair very loose. Miss Eastlake has a 28-inch waist. Her soft, fluffy hair and the soft, easy-going silk gowns she wears give her a rather untidy appearance. Mrs. Bernard Beers doesn't wear stays, and has a waist 27 inches. Dorothy Dene's waist is 24 inches. Mary Rorke has a 23-inch waist. Kate Vaughan has the smallest on the stage. It measures 21½ inches. Mary Moore's waist is 23 inches. Miss Norreys has a 22-inch waist. Grace Hawthorne's waist is 25 inches.

Old Fashions Revived in Paris.

An antiquated fashion that is in process of revival is that of horizontal stripes (they used to be called bayadere some thirty years ago) in dress goods. People do not realize that this fashion dates from some six hundred years ago, when French and English royal ladies had the monopoly of certain splendid materials, then called baudekin, in that style. Sometimes the stripes were alternate bands of colored velvet and cloth of gold tissue. This fashion, like history, repeats itself. A new and very lovely color, called parchment, is the latest novelty. It is a charming shade of pale yellow or rather yellowish white, more tinged with yellow than ivory white. It is almost exactly the hue of very rich cream. The new anemone purple is nothing more or less than the pretty tint of lilac which has for years past been called Ophelia. There is talk of reviving still another old fashion, which is that of carrying costly handkerchiefs in lace or lace-trimmed embroidery to grand entertainments. Nowadays a point lace handkerchief forms as much a part of the wedding toilet of a Parisian bride as her ivory-bound prayer book, but is never seen at balls or dinner parties.

Woman's Weight When Just Right.

If 5 feet in height, 100 pounds.
If 5 feet 1 inch, 106 pounds.
If 5 feet 2 inches, 113 pounds.
If 5 feet 3 inches, 119 pounds.
If 5 feet 4 inches, 130 pounds.
If 5 feet 5 inches, 138 pounds.
If 5 feet 6 inches, 144 pounds.
If 5 feet 7 inches, 150 pounds.
If 5 feet 8 inches, 155 pounds.
If 5 feet 9 inches, 163 pounds.
If 5 feet 10 inches, 169 pounds.
If 5 feet 11 inches, 176 pounds.
If 6 feet, 180 pounds.
If 6 feet 1 inch, 186 pounds.

Her Engagement Ring.

Did you ever have a chance to observe, unobserved, a young woman's conduct toward her newly-acquired engagement ring? It seems so strange upon her hand that she cannot refrain from examining it a dozen times an hour, always, however, on the sly. On the first night she sits up an hour later than usual to admire it boldly in the seclusion of her own apartment. A frequent kiss is administered to the shining band and its glittering gem, and during the night she dreams that it has fallen into a stream, and awakes, clutching the finger to assure herself that the precious pledge is still secure.

Then, on the following day, she wears it only in secret, taking care to transfer it to her pocket at the table and when in the company of intimates. But place her among strangers, or among casual acquaintances who cannot be inquisitive, and how bravely will she flaunt the token before their eyes as one who should say:

"I may not be the loveliest creature in the world, but you will observe that I get there all the same."

Gradually it assumes its place in her daily life, and her blushes grow less violent with each succeeding explanation of its insignificance, and each extravagant description of its donor's attributes. But before it finally becomes a part of herself, as it were, she must, of course, leave it a dozen times at least upon the washstand, and suffer in consequence a dozen violent attacks of palpitation of the heart until it is recovered.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Harrison shocks Washington fashionables by carrying her own bundles just as any other sensible woman does.

Mrs. J. Redding, editor of the New York *Art Journal*, is one of the many women who ride the new English bicycle made for women.

One of the studies pursued by the young ladies of the Wisconsin University is carpentry. The students are said to gain proficiency in that department as rapidly as in the more intellectual studies in which they are engaged.

Countess Orcsy, of the Austrian nobility, lately inherited a fortune, and has spent part of it in erecting an enormous circus building at Vienna. She hopes to take her troup to the Paris exposition, and her peculiar fad is encouraged by friends who admire her originality and vigor. The countess is one of the finest horsewomen in Europe.

The State Teachers' Association of Iowa recently elected Miss Lottie Graham to the Presidency, the first woman to whom this honor has been given. Miss Graham was Superintendent of Public Schools in Page county, and at the end of her first term was re-elected by a large majority. She is a graduate of the Granville (O.) Female College.

A pretty fancy at a recent luncheon given by an American lady in London was that of marking the places of her guests by a single perfect rose upon a petal of which was delicately inscribed the name of the person to occupy the place. The writing was done by means of electricity, the effect of the electrical current being to take the color out of leaf, leaving a white line.

The much-talked-of Mississippi girl who bought calico and made a bonnet with the five cents given her for a birth-day present is, we it is said, likely to die a millionaire. She sold the bonnet, as related, for 40 cents and kept turning her capital over till it amounted to $40. This she put into a cow, whose milk she sold for $20, besides raising a calf worth as much, so now she has $60 worth of cattle and $20 cash as the result of a small beginning.

Women are beginning to abandon corsets, and it looks as though that article, like the bustle, must go. All over the country ladies are substituting the corded waists, which are said to be healthy and vastly more comfortable. Physicians say the change is a good one and the artists are enthusiastic over it. A charming dress for the woman who discards her whalebone armor is the "Tallien" gown. It falls in soft folds and conforms to the quaint effects which are so much sought in house toilets.

There are now some 9,000 women doctors in the United States—about one to each 33 of the masculine variety. Some of them have incomes exceeding $20,000 and very few fall below $1,000. They grow and thrive best in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. After that comes the far West. In the south they have never got a footing, and outside of Maryland and Virginia there is not one in the length and breadth of Dixieland. Only 3 per cent. of graduates forswear medicine for matrimony, and of these who do one-third marry other doctors.

Late Fashion Notes.

The Hading veil is disappearing.

Toques grow more pointed in front.

The tea gown bids fair to live forever.

Green remains the color most in vogue.

Spring willow is a lovely shade of golden green.

They are wearing hat crowns much lower just now.

Pompeiian blue looks royal and beautiful in velvets and plushes.

Round waists and belts are gradually displacing pointed bodices and basques.

Striped tennis gowns are frequently worn with striped Cowes caps to match them. So are beach gowns.

The yoke waists are now about as much worn by full grown women as they have been by children for the last two years.

The newest fabric for little girls' clothing is plaided mohair. It is light in texture and its color combinations are generally artistic.

Next in favor to green come shades of red-brown, dull brick, terra cotta and Egyptian red, which are seen in both dark and light shades.

Girdles of silver or bronze about an inch in width looped around the waist and with one end hanging down to the ankles are occasionally worn.

An evening costume recently seen at a Paris reception was of shot velvet, apparently of vieux rose and green, the combination making a dull helio trope.

A combination much worn this season is that of black and yellow. Black straw hats take yellow ribbons and flowers, and yellow straws have black ribbons and black feathers.

Thin materials for hot-weather wear are very fresh and charming, but very expensive. For the most part they are open-work tissues from India and cost quite as much as satin or velvet.

There is an extensive assortment of cotton dress fabrics for summer wear, including zephyrs, ginghams, embroidered French organdy muslin, Chambry batistes, lawns and crepons.

The most popular wrap just at present is one that partakes of the nature of both the jacket and the cape. It is a tight-fitting bodice without sleeves, over which a loose cape reaches to the waist.

The corsages of those gowns which are made of the costliest semi-diaphanous and transparent tissues have crossed surplices on the bosoms in empire style, belted or pointed waists, and airy scarfs that cross and tie in easy artistic folds.

There are any number of fancy wraps for this season's wear. There are corsage bodices with deep lace wings. Abbe Galant capes, empire mantles, Louis XV. coats, pelerines and pelisses of lace, and long lace Connemara cloaks, and ever so many more.

Fashion-makers say that the next freak in veils will be the large, long, blond lace ones in use about forty years ago. They were tied around the high crown of the Dunstable bonnet and thrown back, falling mantle-fashion over the shoulder to a point below the waist line.

HORE OF MRS. BOWSER'S TRIALS

Pathetic Stories of Two Tramps.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"What did that man want?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he came up to dinner the other day, just as a strange man left the door.

"He was a tramp," I replied.

"And you turned him away without even a crust!"

"Haven't you often told me to look out for those gentry? He looked like a hard case."

"He didn't look anything of the sort: The man appeared in ill-health, and it was a mean thing to turn him off in that way."

"Well, he's standing on the corner, and if you feel for him you can give him something."

"Oh, I can! How liberal you are! Well, I'm going to hand him a quarter, anyhow. No one knows what the poor fellow may have suffered. I'll let him wheel those ashes out of the yard, and give him a dollar for the job."

He beckoned the man into the alley and asked him if he wanted a job.

"What is it?" was the cautious reply.

"Wheeling out those ashes. You can do it in an hour, and I'll give you a dollar."

"I haven't come down to that yet, old man."

"But don't you want work?"

"Not that sort. I want a quarter to get a square meal."

"But you ought to be willing to work for it."

"Would you wheel anybody's ashes for any price? Not much, you old bloke! There's a ring of you fellows who have got us poor chaps by the neck, and you want to tread us into the earth. Don't try to stop me, old man!"

"I did feel for you at first, but now—"

"Oh, yes, you felt for me the same as a tiger does for an orphan baby. You wanted to get $5 worth of work for fifty cents. Go to grass, you old bond-holder!"

"Do you know who you are talking to?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"No, and I don't care! Don't you give me any lip or I'll punch your head!"

Mr. Bowser started to pull off his coat, but the man hit him in the eye and knocked him against the fence, and then went off, saying that it was lucky for Mr. Bowser it didn't happen to be his well day.

"He couldn't have been a hard case, could he?" I queried, as I went out to Mr. Bowser.

He was holding his hand to his eye, and didn't reply.

"He appeared to me to be in ill-health," I softly continued. "Mr. Bowser, you have a heart of stone."

He didn't say a word until he had washed his eye in salt and water and eaten his dinner. Then, as he took his hat to go, he turned on me with:

"It was the way in which you treated his request that drove him to desperation, and it will be singular if he doesn't return and burn our barn! Mrs. Bowser, I've got to have a plain talk with you! This thing can't go much further!"

But it did. He got half the police force after the tramp, secured his arrest, and then had him sent up for three months.

One day a woman called and asked for aid and told a pitiful story of distress. I was asking for her street and number when Mr. Bowser came in.

"Do you mean to insult the woman?" he brusquely demanded as I wrote down the information.

"I am going to help her if she has told me a straight story."

"Straight! Do you think she has sat here and lied to you?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the woman, as she rolled her eyes to the ceiling.

"My good woman," said Mr. Bowser, as he turned to her, "you have no doubt spoken the truth. Any one can see that you are frail and delicate and greatly worried. Expect no sympathy from my wife. She'd demand a certificate of character from an angel. Here are a couple of dollars, and if you will call again I'll do something further."

"Heaven bless you, sir! You have a heart indeed!"

When she had gone Mr. Bowser said to me:

"You'd get your pay for such conduct, old lady! No wonder you are in such mortal terror of thunder storms!"

"I'll bet the woman is a fraud!" I hotly replied.

"That's a poor way to sneak out of it. I haven't a doubt every word she has spoken has been the solemn truth."

That afternoon I rode over to the street and number she had given me, but could see nothing of her. I made persistent inquiry for blocks around, but she was not to be heard of. I had just returned home when she came along and sat down on the front steps to wait for Mr. Bowser. I thought she acted rather singular, and when Mr. Bowser came up the suspicion was verified.

"Whoop! Hooray!" she shouted as he came near. "Shay, old man, you're a daisy!"

"W-what's this!" demanded Mr. Bowser, as he stopped short.

"Ole gal's zhrunk again—zhat's all!" she replied as she tried to throw her arms about him.

"Are you the—the woman who called here this forenoon?" he asked.

"You bez I am."

"And I gave you $2."

"Sho, you did, ole boy, and I've come back for two more! I'll bez on you every time, ole lily of the valley."

"Woman, did you spend any of that money for drink?" he demanded.

"Did I! Shertingly I did! Shay, ole man, zhere ain't no flies on you! Let me kiss you for your muzzer!"

"Go away, woman!"

"Who's go away, woman! Don't talk zat way to me! I'm muzzer of five lizzle children. I am, and they hain't got nuthing to eat or wear."

"I believe you are an impostor!"

"Whaz zat? Don't shass me, you ole reprobate, or I'll make it sad for you! I want $2 right away!"

He got by her and got into the house, probably hoping I hadn't seen or heard anything. But I said:

"Mr. Bowser, do you want to insult the woman?"

He didn't reply.

"I called at the address she gave, but no one in the neighborhood ever heard of her. However, I don't want to prejudice you against——"

"Her troubles have made her luny, I think," he interrupted.

"Poor thing! Then you will see about having her sent to an asylum?"

"Mrs. Bowser, will you keep still?" he exclaimed.

"But you said I was——"

"Or, must I leave this house to find peace and comfort?"

But next morning when I referred to the matter in an incidental way he put on a very innocent look and replied:

"What woman do you refer to? You must be losing your mind, Mrs. Bowser. Perhaps it would be well for you to take a week in the country this spring. I have noticed for some time past that your memory seems to be gradually getting away from you."

Queen Victoria's Keys.

Three hours later, as I said good night, my host stopped me. "There is something you would like to see, and it is just time. Come along." As we went along an officer of the guard rushed by in full uniform, sword ringing against the stone steps, huge bear-skin helmet and all the rest, and cried out to us: "You will be late if you don't hurry," and away he went at the double-quick across the moon-lit parade. It was rather soon after dinner for a constitutional, but we followed, and found the guard already turned out under the gallery by the Bloody Tower. A moment later appeared a little squad of men, one of them in a flowing scarlet robe, with a lighted lantern, coming up the steep slope that leads from Traitors' Gate. The sentry challenged sharply:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The warder halts and answers:

"The keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Pass, Queen Victoria's keys."

The warder in the flowing scarlet robe with the lighted lantern, followed with his little squad, starts off again, but halts again and cries aloud.

The guard comes to the present, the officer brings his sword to the salute, officer and men respond in chorus three times with a kind of cheer:

"Amen, amen, amen."

Again the warder sets out, passes, turns square to the left and vanishes, he and his flowing scarlet, and his lantern, and his little squad. He is carrying the keys of the Tower to the Governor of the Tower. It was but a minute. The guard was dismissed, the officer marched leisurely off. My friend and I are left there. Only a minute, yet that selfsame ceremony has been transacted on that same spot, at the same hour every night, for something like 800 years. Back through all those crowded centuries of English story you hear nightly that challenge ring out; nightly that blessing invoked on King or Queen, with, I suppose, an interval when Oliver Protector got the benefit of it, and nightly the clash of steel which tells the Constable of the Tower that "all is well."—*From a London Letter.*

The Champion Baby Farmer.

FOR ADOPTION—Lovely new born baby boy, full surrender. Mrs. Koehler, midwife, —th street.

A.—FOR ADOPTION lovely new-born baby girl, full surrender. Mrs. Koehler, —th street.

These advertisements appeared in a New York paper the other day, whereupon a *World* reporter visited the advertiser. Mrs. Koehler is a short, barrel shaped woman, with small features and a complexion like a green ham. She seemed to think her traffic in babies legitimate.

"How did you get the children?" asked the reporter.

"The mothers surrender them to me. They will have better success next time getting husbands."

"Will you take less than $2?"

"Well, you can have the two for $3, and then I have nothing for the car fare."

"Do you think the babies will live?"

"Sure."

"And such," commented the reporter, "is the irony of fate," and he might have added, the tar-and-feather meanness of people of the low-down Koehler stripe.

Latest Telegraphic Jottings.

Chatham has now a population of 8,348.

No less than 27 cases of measles are reported in the Protestant Orphans' Home, London.

Rev. R. G. Fowell, Principal of Huron Theological College, London, has resigned, and will return to England.

Next month Mr. Mercer will have been 50 years connected with the sheriff's office, and 36 years Sheriff of Kent County.

Mr. Robert Northgrave, county constable, St. Mary's, has received the appointment of Chief of Police of Ingersoll. He is well qualified to fill the position. His duties begin on June 1st.

Braided lace has a rather inappropriate sound, but it really is very effective and pretty. The pattern of roses or other flowers is traced with the braid, and a raised effect is given by winding and twisting the braid about the blossoms and leaves in the design. This makes a very durable as well as effective trimming lace.

THE Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, Eng., published a statement that fifty-two (52) per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, of the University of the City of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, says over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

Laura Bridgman Dead.

Laura Bridgman died yesterday at the South Boston Asylum, where she had long dwelt. She was 60 years old and has been deaf and dumb and blind from her second year. She was made widely famous by Charles Dickens in his "American Notes," and also by many public references to her wonderful intelligence.

Explorer Stanley is like a lady's pocket. We all know that he is somewhere but no one can find him.

The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 19,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces.

"Boys Will Be Boys."

"Boys will be boys." We resent the old saying,
Current with men,
Let it be heard, in excuse for our straying,
Never again.
Ours is a hope that is higher and clearer,
Ours is a purpose far brighter and dearer,
Ours is a name that should silence the jeerer;
We will be men.

"Boys will be boys" is an unworthy slander;
Boys will be men!
The spirit of Philip in young Alexander
Kindled again.
As the years of our youth fly swiftly away,
As brightens about us the light of life's day,
As the glory of manhood dawns on us we say,
We will be men.

Boys will be boys." Yes, if boys may be pure
Models for men;
If their thoughts may be modest, their truthfulness sure,
Say it again.
If boys will be boys such as boys ought to be—
Boys full of sweet-minded, light-hearted glee—
Let boys be boys, brave, loving and free,
Till they are men.

Consumption Curable.

It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula) is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night sweats and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs and kindred affections it is a most wonderful remedy. The "Discovery" is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

A Mighty Mean Man.

Father—Bobby, are you too lame and tired to walk a mile and a half to the circus?

Bobby—No, indeed, father.

Father—Well, then, you will go out in the yard and run the lawn mower until bedtime. I've no circus money this year.—*Waifs World.*

They Pay $500, or Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible financially, have offered in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

She Could Stand It.

Fond Lover (after a long delayed proposal)—Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling.

Darling Girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but—and here she became faint again; it is not too sudden.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Still Living in the Dark Ages."

people who, through ignorance, lose themselves with the violent cathartics that injure the digestive organs, afford but partial or temporary relief and leave the bowels more costive than before. The refinements of medical science have overcome all these evils, in the form of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are "gentle persuaders," sure in action, and aid Dame Nature to reassert her authority. When she is aided, not opposed, all is well.

It's All the Same—In Shorthand.

Prison Missionary—What are you in for?

Prisoner—For a slip of the tongue, sir—nothing else.

Missionary—A slip of the tongue? Nonsense.

Prisoner—I called a man a liar when I meant a lawyer.—*Lawrence American.*

Accounted For.

Young Lady—Why do you sigh and look at me like a fool?

Lovesick Youth—Oh, Miss Emily, with what tenderness do you brush the insects from the plants. How I wish I was a rose-bush to be cared for by your gentle hand.

"Flies on you, are there?

DOM. 23 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S. A.

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement:

We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.

And the *Review* says:

After a most thorough investigation of Mr. Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that he is especially light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is conceded at the head.

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

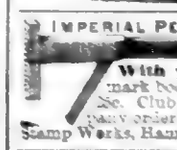

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 50c. Club of six, $2.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

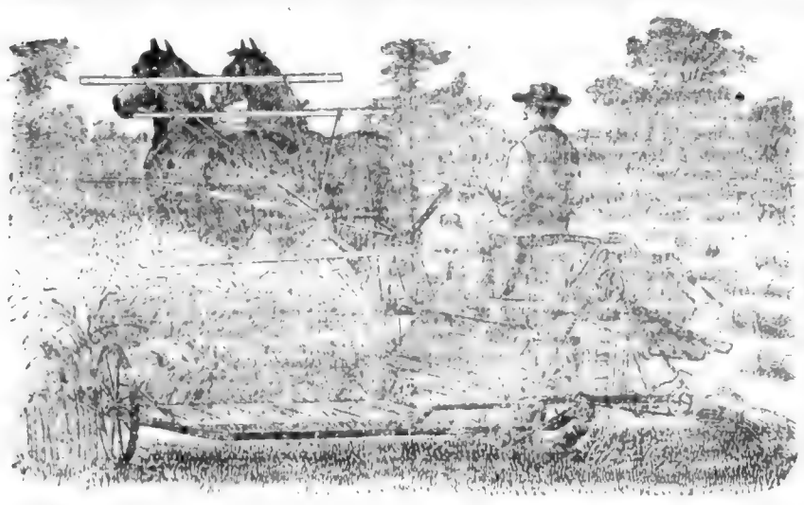

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to:
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts:
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada
2nd "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than ny other machines in Canada.
Therefore: 1st Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mowar
2nd And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada.
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders. Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

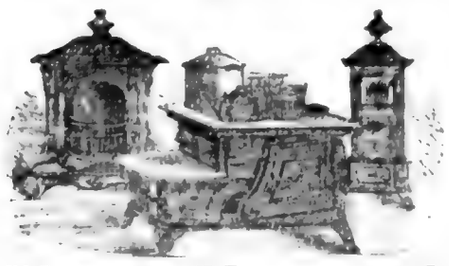

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (al makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc constantly on hand

EAVETROUGHING A SPECI ALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
—TO—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises
REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mr is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
P. L. U. C. S. Proprietor
Good stabling for horses

I Pass To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVER,
Flesherton P.O

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Corresponde nt.

As I gaze upon the changed personal appearance of our progressive farmers, it strikes me very forcibly that they have already reached the second stage of evolution. When they commenced seeding a little over a month ago, literally covered with heavy woollen clothing, and supporting themselves on the handles of the plow, they reminded me of some hibernating animal just awakned out of its long winter nap but as the warm weather set in, they gradually disposed of their outside covering—hats, felt boots, and large flannel pants and various other under apparel too numerous to mention. But now you see them, not working after the plow or harrow, but in a far more exalted position on their land rollers, dressed up in extremely good fitting, tailor-made clothes and laced shoes and broad rimmed straw hats, pocket handkerchief and a maple limb well covered with leaves to brush off the mosquitoes. But on Sunday the contrast is more discernible as they wend their way to Sunday school or to church, with their new suits, felt hats and slippers. Oh yes, there is a very marked change come over our farmers during the past month. If they continue to develop with such rapid strides, I imagine it will not be long until they become possessed of flying faculties, and then they will soar to mansions high. I will not say anything about the ladies' apparel, for fear they might think I wanted to criticise their—dress improvers—and I would not like to fall out with them for they generally speak well of Oben

A certain pedagogue who has a situation out in the country not twenty miles from here, found it necessary to go to town after his day's work was through, to transact some private business of his own, and having great faith in his pedestrian abilities, he undertook the journey on foot. Accordingly he set out to perform his mission, and fell in with a little boy of whom he enquired the nearest road. The little boy wore a cool sarcastic smile as he answered the question, very favorable to the enquirer, and stuck his corn-sleeve in his mouth to prevent him chuckling as he watched the traveller proceed as directed. Over hills and through bush, and falling over logs and brush piles, foot sore and weary he at length reached his place of destination and many were the evil thoughts that passed through his mind in regard to that boy.

In this neighborhood, Mr Wm Sucket and Mary Jane M Lean were united in the bonds of matrimony about three weeks ago. The ceremony took place at the residence of Rev Mr Morrison who officiated. After the knot was tied the happy couple indulged in a buggy ride. Not knowing any more of the particulars I will conclude by wishing them long life and prosperity. I wonder who will be next?

The 24th of May is past, and most of our young folks went some place to enjoy themselves. Some of them went to Hopeville, but the majority of them went to the picnic at S. S. No. 13 and had a very good time. Three of our young men participated in the games, which consisted of jumping, vaulting and foot races. Running, hop, step and jump, T. Legate took 1st and W. Blakeston 2nd. Putting the stone, J. McMillan 1st, D. McDougal 2nd; standing long jump, T. Legate 1st, W. Hasty 2nd; vaulting, W. Sucket 1st, S. Blakeston 2nd; standing high jump, W. Sucket 1st, T. Legate 2nd; hundred yard race, W. Blakeston 1st S. Blakeston 2nd; 3 hundred yard race W. Blakeston 1st, J. Ferguson 2nd; obstacle race, W. Blakeston 1st, S. Blakeston 2nd. After they got through with the above proceedings, they went into the school house to listen to the entertainment which consisted of recitations, dialogues, remarks, music by the string band, dancing by I. H. Campbell and Miss Catharine Campbell, singing by the choir. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and much praise is due to Mr Cowan and Mr Setter for the able manner in which they got up the program.

Still they come. We congratulate Mr J. Campbell on an addition to his family. Also Mr D. Ferguson. Does a plough, boy, and Douglas is a junk mad, but the both are very fond of milk. All our horses are doing well.

Miss Sarah J. Ferguson has returned from Toronto. We are glad to see her in our midst once more. A neighboring pedagogue paid B. Vanvalkenburg a short time ago. Mr McLaughlin of Harriston, was visiting at Mr. D. McCormick's. Miss Mary A. McMillan was visiting friends in this part. She contemplates going to Toronto for a few months. Half of Mr George Haw's oxen died some time ago from "moller orn". Mr Irvin Hay have also lost a fine steer. A cross sheep killed it with its head.

Mr A Ferguson was laid up for a few days with a sore back.

Mr W Stuart is getting his timber and lumber and everything on the ground preparatory to building a fine new stable.

Mr D Ferguson has bought quite a number of lambs throughout the country from $2 to $3.15. Mr Ryan of Rob Roy has bought the most in this neighborhood for $3.25. Opposition is the life of trade.

Mr A McLean and L T Nelson have disposed of some of their fat cattle to the drovers. The latter threatens to pound some of his neighbor's cattle for walking out of his pasture. Pound them with a stick Jim.

Mr H Lamont is thinking of going up the lakes to fish. We will hear some big fish stories when he returns.

By the appearance of things at the picnic the other day I think the next wedding I will chronicle will be from Balsam Valley.

Mr Peter McDonald was going to live with his parents in Glenelg. He formerly lived with his grandparents here.

Well Mr Editor, something seems to tell me day by day that my mental capacity stands greatly in need of a rest. For a long time I have resisted it considering it only imaginary, but of late I have decided to submit to the outbreaties of this supernatural apparation, for such it seems to be so I take this opportunity of letting you know my intentions, trusting it will meet your approval. You may hear from me again in two weeks but then I think I will stop until after hay est, when I will commence again, health and news permitting. OBEN.

[Don't you do it my dear sir. ED. ADVANCE.]

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cent. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

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A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

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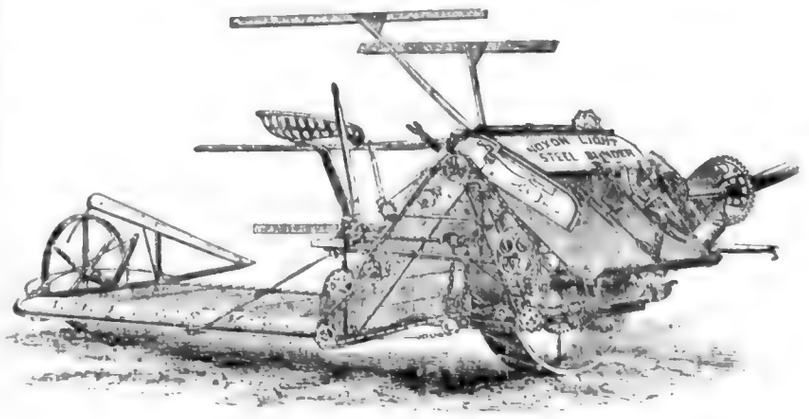

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A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed.
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and lightest in draft.
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A solid steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt.
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A finger bar of most perfect shape and will cut lower on rough ground than any other
A knotter the simplest and only one with a rotary cord holder that does not drop or waste single piece of twine. No loose pieces of cord to clog as in other machines.

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Co plaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous f Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff oints it acts like a charm.

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78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Med cine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 415. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1889. W. H. THURSTON.

WATCHES,

Clocks, & Jewelry.

STUDY

Your Own Interests

by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry [illegible]

Russell's Noted

JEWELRY STORE.

FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois, Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Bar-pins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains and a beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired is at

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All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell.

M'DONALD & EVANS,

CASH OR TRADE

And One Price Only.

We must say a few words about our

Boot & Shoe Department

this week.

Selecting our goods, we tried to get the shoe that would give the most wear for the least money, and think we have struck the right thing. Those dull kid, with solid leather soles for $1.35 cts., cannot be beat.

SEE THEM LADIES.

also a nice Oxford, in French Kid for $1.15. Full lines in Button, Lace, Oxford and Slippers, for ladies, misses and children. Our men's, youth's and boy's shoe cannot be excelled. We are going to show a whole leather shoe at $1.60, splits for $1.15.

SEE THEM GENTS.

JUST ARRIVED.

A Japan Tea to sell at 20 cts.

THOSE

SHIRTINGS

at 12½ cts. seem to be just the right thing for the farmers. You can rely on the colors. They are warranted fast. Cottonades in the very best qualities at lowest prices. Full lines of Cottons, Prints, Dress Goods, Lace Curtains, Embroideries, Gloves, Hosiery, Etc.

Give us a Call

and be convinced that we are showing the Best Goods for the least money in town.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Durham Bull for service.

Mr. Alex. Stewart, lot 137, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull for service on his premises.

TERMS—$1, payable 1st Feb., 1890. For four cows or over a liberal reduction will be made

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

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Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance; $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES

One column, 1 year $50; half [illegible] $27; quarter column $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts per [illegible] for first insertion and 4cts. per line each.

W. H. THURSTON,

[illegible]

CORN

The Dominion Parliament's railway debate is getting along very nicely—for us. Two weeks ago we made several very stiff charges against Mr. Hall. Last week his paper contained a column and a quarter of personal ridicule, but not a solitary one of our charges were answered [illegible] even referred to. We accused him of (1) of withholding the fact that the tariff on certain articles was lowered at the same time it was raised on others. (2) Of being actuated by a personal animus towards the railway company. (3) We asked him for the fourth time what politics have to do with the question. Not one of these things does he dare pass an opinion upon, but resorts to the refuge of a school boy by trying to talk smart and withdrawing public attention from the main issue. His smart-alecism does not ruffle our feelings one jot. That "Co-Boss" recitation, as he designates it, reminds us forcibly of a sermon of Mr. Hall's which a gentleman described to us the other day. It was not a "finished" effort, you know; kind of premature, eh, Theophilus? And then the straits the little man must have been put to when he would resort to such tactics! Did you ever see an angle worm under a magnifying glass? Well, he has crawled under one and now invites the public to "look at my size" while he squirms. Bah!

You say, Mr. Hall, that "we told a positive fact when we said he attempted to buy the Herald and couldn't get it." You told a positive lie, and we defy you to prove your statement. This was your assertion as published two weeks ago: "He did his level best to buy the Herald, and couldn't get it. Then the present proprietor came along and bought it. You see now why he vents his venom at the Herald." You give one half of our reply and leave a wrong impression on our readers. But then we should know you too well now to expect anything in the shape of veracity or British fair play from you. You are not acquainted with the significance of either of those terms. However, we challenge you to produce our reply to that low-bred shot. We also challenge you to inform your readers that you, when you were desirous of buying the Herald, called upon us in our office and asked assistance in securing that paper from Mr. Spurr. You forgot all about that, did you not, Theophilus? Or was it because you did not receive the encouragement you asked that you have lowered this discussion into a personal rut where you might be at home in your native mud-throwing element?

There was one more little thing in Theophilus' editorial which we will refer to and then be done with personalities. This is it: "One of our compositors suggests that Mr. T. sling rats to the tune of Co-boss. He will know what is meant." We know, most assuredly, what is meant by the odious title of "rats," but probably not so well as Mr. Hall. Our long identification with Toronto Typographical Union, No. 91—7 years—would not leave us in darkness as to the significance of the term. In fact we have heard it applied to Mr. Hall since coming to Flesherton—when he took the printing of 1200 copies of county council minutes at 6c cents per page, for instance, when the lowest living price was $1.10! Don't talk rats, Mr. Limpit, or you will get yourself into another mess. A little shrivelled-souled individual like you don't know what honor among men is. If you desire it we will send you a copy of the "Craftsman," the union printer's guide, and let you learn what all staunch union men think of such animals as you. It would be a good idea for you and your "compositor" to go and softly plunge your heads in the ink barrel and keep them there until the ink soaks all through the cavity where your brains should be. The ink would be much better than nothing.

A revolution is likely to be worked in steam navigation during the next few years. A New York man has conceived the idea of propelling a vessel by a small jet of water forced from the stern under immense pressure. Experiments have been highly satisfactory, and a vessel 100 feet long is now being built to practically test the new principle. The company building this vessel expect to attain a speed of from 30 to 40 miles an hour.

The spring of 1889 will long be remembered as one of great catastrophes. The very atmospheric results of an abnormal nature. Within the past few weeks there has been at least three railway accidents in Canada in which lives were lost, one of them almost equal in horror to the Des Jardines catastrophe of 32 years ago. The Johnstown horror has not yet been recovered from, nor will its shuddering details soon be forgotten. Last week the large city of Seattle, W.T., was swept off the face of the earth by a conflagration—150 acres left a barren, smoking desert and thousands left homeless and destitute, but fortunatlev the fire was accompanied by no great loss of life. Surely this chapter of calamities is sufficient to cause this springtime to be remembered in after years as the spring of woes. Rains, floods, fire and fate have been busily at work with a grim success that makes one gravely pause in contemplation thereof.

Maxwell

From our own Correspondent.

The weather proved fine for the garden party, but owing to the dampness of the ground the crowd was not as large as it would have been. The band gave some excellent music. Mr. C. J. Sproule entertained the people with his violin as well as the organ. Albert Heron and his mouth organ were well in the foreground also. On leaving, the band were asked by a gentleman (he does not live in Maxwell) if they would come again next year and play for him. He was not refused, either, so George will be expecting all of the band next year. The proceeds amounted to $30.

One of the young men of the village was called on by a lady to shoot a cat that had been both [illegible] and in the excitement he shot the wrong one. He said he was awful sorry.

Mr. Sproule has secured the services of Miss Annie McIntyre during his stay in Maxwell.

Rev. F. W. Leggett goes to conference on the 20th inst. Messrs. Heron and Mr. D. K. Forster have been chosen as lumpers.

Messrs. [illegible] and A. Reid and [illegible] Ross left for [illegible] three months in building houses.

Mrs. Thomas Heron is visiting at Mr. [illegible] Bentinck Northwest.

Mrs. F. [illegible] of Markdale is visiting her mother, Mrs. Clark.

Miss McFayden, of Sunderland, is visiting her cousin Mrs. Williams.

Mrs. Will Heron returned to Manitoulin Island last Saturday after spending a week with friends near Maxwell.

George Hamilton has returned from Toronto where he had been some time.

Mr. T. Bates paid Maxwell a visit last week.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The rain has been falling almost incessantly for the past few days. Farmers say the land is so very wet that it is almost an impossibility to do anything in the way of cultivating. So much rain has not been known, at this season of the year, for some time. The Beaver river is overflowing its banks, and fields of grain are covered with water. The rain have been getting a rest for the past week.

M.R. Hammond, Esq., received a telegram last week from friends in the state of Pennsylvania, stating they were all safe from the recent storm and flood in Johnstown, and other towns in that vicinity.

Kimberley is to have preaching every Sunday from this time forward, by the travelling minister. Once in two weeks in the morning and once in two weeks in the evening.

Kimberley's young people have organized a foot ball club with Mr. A. [illegible] Ruthers captain, Mr. F. Thurston [illegible]. We understand they intend challenging the Union boys to play a match on the 21st inst., at the latter's [illegible].

Mr. J. R. Stafford has returned from the west. He is very ill and the Dr. [illegible] of his recovery.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Large [illegible]

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases

Ladies and Gents sizes

Walnut and Nickle Clocks

[illegible]

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able [illegible] share of your custom [illegible]

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positively do [illegible]

Goods, Work and

Warrants Covered

than you can do elsewhere. Spectacles carefully fitted.

Work Carefully Done,

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete [illegible] lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be [illegible] and [illegible] low margins

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED PERSONS

Perish in the Floods Which Wipe Out Two Villages.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., WASHED AWAY

Appalling Sights, Thrilling Rescues and Dreadful Deaths.

A VERITABLE RIVER OF DEATH.

Disasters by the Floods in Other Parts of Pennsylvania.

Houses by the Dozens Floating Down Stream With Living Freights.

A last (Friday) night's Pittsburg despatch says: A sudden freshet is reported in the North Fork River, east of Johnstown, in the Alleghany Mountains. Two-thirds of Johnstown is said to be under water and the railroad and telegraph lines are washed out. Pittsburg has had no wire communication with Johnstown for three hours.

LATER.—The flood at Johnstown has resulted in an awful catastrophe. It is said the reservoir above the town broke about 5 o'clock this evening and the immense volume of water rushed down to the city, carrying with it death and destruction. Houses with their occupants were swept away, and scores, probably hundreds, were drowned. There is no communication with Johnstown, but a telegraph operator in the Pennsylvania Railway tower at Sag Hollow, twelve miles this side of Johnstown, says at least seventy-five dead bodies have floated past. The wires are all down, and no trains are running east of Blairsville, which is about twenty-five miles west of Johnstown. There is no way to get to the scene of the disaster, and full particulars can hardly be obtained to-night, although every effort is being made to do so.

The latest reliable information received from Johnstown comes through Pennsylvania railroad officials, who aver that over 200 dead bodies have been counted floating down stream at Johnstown alone.

A special from Greenburg says a report has reached here that the greater portion of Johnstown has been flooded and hundreds of lives have been lost. Houses are floating about and the people who are free are panic-stricken and are fleeing to the mountains. At a point near New Florence eighty-five persons have been seen floating down the river on drift-wood. A report comes that but two roofs of the houses in Johnstown can be seen. The Cove Town and New Florence bridges have been washed away and all the buildings along the Covemaugh, between New Florence and Johnstown, have been carried away. The railroad towers have been abandoned by the operators.

Another special from Greensburg says Johnstown is completely submerged, and the loss of life is inestimable. Houses are going down the river by the dozen, and people can be seen clinging to the roofs. At Coketown, a village of several hundred inhabitants, the houses are almost entirely covered, and a great many dwellings at Blairsville are submerged. Scarcely a dwelling in the vicinity of Snag Hollow can be seen.

A despatch from Latrobe says: The Association Press train, from present appearances, will not be run nearer than six or eight miles of that part of Johnstown where the flood was worst.

A despatch from Braddock says: The telegraph wires being down absolutely for six or seven miles below the immediate scene of the disaster, and being in unworkable shape for three or four miles' distance, it was half-past 7 before an accurate outline of the effect of the tidal wave could be learned. The chief officials of the Pittsburg end of the main line of the Pennsylvanian Railroad received most of their first information from the signal tower at Snag Hollow, six miles west of Johnstown. At a quarter of 8 o'clock a boy was rescued by a man in the signal tower. He said that with his father, mother, brother and two sisters he was swept away in the tight frame house which was their home. He was washed away from the building, but said the other members of the family were in it when it was swept over the breast of the Newstone railroad bridge at Johnstown, that it capsized a few seconds later and they were all drowned so far as he could see. The railroad operator officially reports that before dark they were able to count 119 persons clinging to buildings, wreckage or drowned and floating in the current. If this is correct the damage in the town proper must be in the nature of a clean sweep. As early as 1 o'clock the alarm was sent to Johnstown that there was danger from the dam. The railroad officials were notified and in a very short time began to carry people from the town to places of safety.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Disaster overtook Johnstown about 6 o'clock last evening. As the train bearing the special correspondents sped eastward the reports at each stop grew more appalling. At Derry a group of railway officials were gathered who had come from Bolivar, the end of the passable portion of the road westward. They had seen but a small portion of the awful scene but enough to allow them to imagine the rest. Down through the Packsadale came the rushing waters. The heights of the Alleghenies look down in solemn wonder at the scene of the most terrible destruction that ever struck the romantic valley of the Conemaugh. The water was rising, when the men left at 6 o'clock, at the rate of five feet an hour. Clinging to improvised rafts, constructed in the death battle from floating boards and timbers, were agonized men, women and children, their heart-rending shrieks for help striking horror to the breasts of the onlookers. Their cries were of no avail. Carried along at railway speed on the breast of the rushing torrent no human ingenuity could devise a means of rescue. With pale cheek and hair clinging wet and damp to her cheek a mother was grasping a floating timber, and in her other arm she held

HER BABE, ALREADY DROWNED.

With a death grip on a plank a strong man, just giving up hope, cast an imploring look to those on the bank. An instant later and he had sunk into the waves. Prayers to their God, cries to those in safety rang above the roaring waves. The special train pulled in at Bolivar at 11.30 p.m., and the trainmen were there notified that further progress was impossible. The greatest excitement prevailed at this place, and parties of citizens are out all the time endeavoring to save the poor unfortunates that are being hurled into eternity on the rushing torrent. The tidal wave struck Bolivar just after dark, and in five minutes the Conemaugh rose from six to forty feet and the waters spread over the whole country. Soon houses began floating down, and clinging to the debris were men, women and children, shrieking for aid. A large number of citizens at once gathered at the county bridge, and they were reinforced by a number from Garfield, a town on the opposite side of the river. They brought a number of ropes, and these were thrown over into the boiling waters as persons drifted by, in efforts to save some poor beings. For half an hour all efforts were fruitless, until at last, when the rescuers were about giving up all hope, a little boy astride a shingle roof managed to catch hold of one of the ropes. He caught it under his left arm and was thrown violently against an abutment, but managed to keep hold and was successfully pulled on to the bridge amid the cheers of the onlookers. His name was Hessler, and his rescuer was a train hand named Carney. The lad was at once taken to the town of Garfield and cared for. The boy was about 16 years old.

HIS STORY OF THE CALAMITY

is as follows: With my father I was spending the day at my grandfather's house in Cambria City. In the house at the time were Theodore, Edward and John Kintz and John Kintz, jun., Miss Mary Kintz, Mrs. Mary Kintz, wife of John Kintz, jun., Miss Treacy Kintz, Mrs. Rica Smith, John Hirsch and four children, my father and myself. Shortly after 5 o'clock there was a noise of roaring waters and screams of people. We looked out the door and saw persons running. My father told us never to mind as the waters would not rise further, but soon we saw houses being swept away, and then we ran up to the floor above. The house was three stories, and we were at last forced to the top one. In my fright I jumped on the bed. It was an old-fashioned one, with heavy posts. The water kept rising and my bed was soon afloat. Gradually it was lifted up. The air in the room grew close and the house was moving. Still the bed kept rising and pressed the ceiling. At last the posts pushed the plaster. It yielded and a section of the roof gave away, then suddenly I found myself on the roof and was being carried down stream. After a little this roof commenced to part and I was afraid I was going to be drowned, but just then another house with a shingle roof floated by, and I managed to crawl on it and floated down until nearly dead with cold, when I was saved. After I was freed from the house I did not see my father. My grandfather was on a tree, but he must have been drowned, as the waters were rising fast. John Kintz, jun., was also on a tree. Miss Mary Kintz and Mrs. Mary Kintz I saw drown. Miss Smith was also drowned. John Hirsch was in a tree. The four children were drowned. The scene was terrible. Live bodies and corpses were floating down with me and away from me. I would see a person; there would be a shriek, and then they would disappear. All along the line were people who were trying to save us, but they could do nothing, and only a few were caught. This boy's story shows what happened to one family.

GOD ONLY KNOWS

what has happened to the hundreds who were in the patter of the rushing waters. At the lower bridge, which crosses the Conemaugh at Bolivar, a young man and two women were seen coming down the river on part of a floor. At the upper bridge a rope was thrown to them, but this they failed to catch. Between the two bridges the young man was noticed to point towards the elder woman, who, it is supposed, was his mother. He was then seen to instruct the woman how to catch the rope which was being lowered from the other bridge. Down came the raft with a rush. The brave man stood with his arms around the two women as they swept under the bridge. He reached up and seized the rope. He was jerked violently away from the two women, who failed to get a hold on the rope. Seeing that they would not be rescued, he dropped the rope and fell back on the raft, which floated on down the river. The current washed the frail craft in towards the bank, and the young man was enabled to seize hold of the branch of a tree. The man aided the two women to get up into the tree. He held on with his hands and rested his feet on a pile of driftwood. A piece of floating debris struck the drift, sweeping it away. The man hung with his body under the water. A pile of drift soon collected, and he was enabled to get another insecure footing. Up the river there was a sudden crash, and a section of the bridge was swept away and floated down the stream, striking the tree and washing it away. All three were thrown into the water and were drowned.

Rescuing parties are being formed in all towns along the railroad. Houses have been thrown open to the refugees and every possible means is being used to protect the homeless. The wrecking trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad are slowly making their way east to the unfortunate citizens.

WHAT AN OPERATOR SAW.

Harry Fisher, a young telegraph operator, who was at Bolivar when the first rush began, says he knew nothing of the disaster until he noticed the river slowly rising and then more rapidly. News then reached us from Johnstown that the dam at Southforks had burst. Within three hours the water in the river rose twenty feet. Shortly before 6 o'clock ruins of houses, household utensils, barrels and kegs came floating past the bridges. At 8 o'clock the water was within six feet of the roadbed of the bridge. The wreckage floated past without stopping for at least two hours. Then it began to lessen, and night coming suddenly upon us we could see no more. The wreckage was floating by for a long time before the first living person passed. Fifteen persons that I saw were carried down by the river. One of these, a boy, was saved, and three of them were drowned just below the town.

IT WAS AN AWFUL SIGHT,

and one that I will not soon forget. Hundreds of animals were lost. The bodies of horses, dogs and chickens floated past. The little boy who was rescued at Bolivar had two dogs as companions during his fearful ride. The dogs were drowned just before reaching the bridge. One old mule swam past. Its shoulders were torn, but it was alive when it went past the town.

THEY WERE AFRAID.

"We were afraid of the lake," said a gentleman who had lived in Johnstown for years. "We were afraid of that lake seven years ago. No one could see the immense height to which that artificial dam had been built without fearing the tremendous power of water behind it. The dam must have had a sheer height of 100 feet, thus forcing the water that high above its natural bed and making a lake at least three miles long and a mile wide out of what could scarcely be called a pond. I doubt if there is a man or woman in Johnstown who at some time or other had not feared and spoken of the terrible disaster that has now come. People wondered and asked why the dam was not strengthened, as it certainly had become weak, but nothing was done, and by and by they talked less about it, as nothing happened, though now and then some would shake their heads as if conscious the fearful day would come some time when their worst fears would be transcended by the horror of the actual occurrence. Johnstown is in a sort of hollow between two rivers and that lake must have swept over the city at a depth of 40 feet. It can't be, it is impossible, that such an awful thing could happen to a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and if it has, thousands have lost their lives, and men are to blame for it, for warnings have been uttered a thousand times and have received no attention."

Later.—The first reports of the loss of life were entirely too low. It is believed that at least 8,000 persons have perished. Of these 700 or 800 were burned in the fiery furnace at the viaduct. Two thousand coffins have been ordered for bodies already rescued.

Conemaugh is laid low, Cambria City is gone, Johnstown is utterly demolished and not a house stands in Colville.

A BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

An Engine Dashed by Six Inches From Her Head, But She Kept Her Nerve and Saved Her Life.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Edward Brady, a lawyer of West Philadelphia, has a daughter who has no equal for pluck and courage. After having been precipitated down a 30-foot embankment in the dark at Berwin, Thursday night, to the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, her body pinned to the ties by the debris of a wrecked phaeton and a struggling horse, so that she could not move, she lay there while the western express train came thundering on, not knowing whether she would be killed or not, and never fainted. Fortunately her head was nearly six inches from the rail. She felt the heat of the fire-box as the engine dashed by, but smiled when released and wanted to clamber up the bank herself. Miss Brady and her escort, Mr. Ward, started Thursday morning for West Chester. Just after dark they started for home. Before reaching Berwin Station the roads turn abruptly. Ward got out and went to the horse's head, but the animal began to back towards the embankment. Ward ran to the phaeton and tried to rescue Miss Brady, but it was too late. George W. Johnson and his brother William, who live on the other side of the embankment, came rushing down and across the track, bringing a lantern. Suddenly from Philadelphia came the rumble of the express train. One of the Johnsons seized the lantern and sprinted down the track just as the headlight gleamed around the curve. He waved the light frantically. The engineer put on the brakes. Mr. Ward called to Miss Brady and asked if she could move herself, and she answered "no." Another neighbor who had joined the party added more despair by crying: "My God, the girl will be killed." The two men sprang to one side, the train crashed into the horse and the phaeton, both of which projected over the rail. The train came to a stop just before the last two cars reached the debris. Mr. Ward, by this time frantic, sprang forward expecting to see her beheaded. Before he could reach her he heard her voice saying she was all right. She had never lost her nerve while the hot breath of the engine snorted in her face and tore away the phaeton and horse from on top of her. Miss Brady was easily extricated now. Her shoes had been torn from her feet. One of the horse's feet had been cut off and three of his legs were broken.

The train remained in the cut over an hour and the conductor endeavored to persuade Miss Brady to come to town in a special train fitted with a coach. She refused, said she was all right, even attempted a pleasantry or two and walked to a drug store, where her wounds were dressed. She had quite a severe scalp wound and a large contusion on her forehead.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M.D., Physician to and Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., says: "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or that vicinity." This accounts for many people dying with Bright's Disease, or advanced kidney malady. The disease is not suspected until it reaches a fatal period. If Warner's Safe Cure is used at the proper time, the fatality from that disease would be greatly decreased. Dr. Thompson also says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption."

A Corner Lot Better Than a County.

Rich English ladies often send money to the United States for investment, and as they generally buy houses and lots, or something equally as good, they show more wisdom than their sisters in America, who invest their money abroad in empty titles, empty heads and empty pockets.—*Manchester (Eng.) Mirror.*

THE CATERPILLAR PLAGUE.

An Innumerable Army Marching Through Maine—Railway Traffic Impeded and Every Green Thing Eaten.

A Bangor, Me., despatch says: The caterpillar migration now going on in Piscataquis county, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is alarming the entire northern portion of the State, and much alarm is felt throughout this section that the more southern counties may yet be ravaged. The phenomenon has been going on for nearly three weeks now, and no solution has been given of the mystery. Early in the month great swarms of small green caterpillars were noticed south of the Mattamiscontis mountains, in Penobscott county, but no attention was paid to them. Two weeks ago the people in the vicinity of Milo were astonished by the visit of an army of the insects nearly five miles wide passing the town and following the railroad. On Sunday two weeks ago they crossed over to the south side of the road, swarming over the rails for a space of ten miles, blocking all traffic, as reported at the time and delaying trains over ten hours, as the insects when crushed made the rails so slippery that the engine wheels would slide, regardless of the sand used on them. Over 300 section men and citizens failed to keep the track clear, and it was five days before the long procession passed. Once across the little travellers started towards the northwest, following the road between Dover and Brownville, seemingly headed for Sebec Lake. Their number is inestimable, being millions on millions, and their passage is like that of the destroying angel, for every speck of green vegetation disappears under their voracious attacks.

Fortunately the region they are still confined to is almost entirely confined to lumbering, so the cultivated farms are happily few and far between; but these belong to poor settlers utterly unable to withstand any direct loss, and those whose plantations have been in the way of the invading host have been financially ruined, for the early crop has been swept away. The loss has already gone away up into the thousands, with no immediate signs of abating, as the migration is still steadily progressing.

The greatest annoyance is to the railroad company whose line has been selected by the caterpillars as the best promenade, and being unable to cope with the difficulty are meeting with great obstacles in running their trains, all of which are from two to eight hours behind daily. The entire county has risen up for their destruction, but it is impossible to manage them, and the subject under discussion is the feasibility of firing the forest in front and alongside of them so that they will be destroyed. Where they are going is as much a mystery as their origin and if they change their course southward again and visit the agricultural regions the damage they will do the young crops will be something enormous. So far, as stated, their course seem to be directly in this direction. Last Sunday the army was over five miles wide, being stretched along for ten miles more.

STRUCK WHILE PREACHING.

An Evangelist Hit and Blinded by Lightning.

A Danville, Ill., despatch says: The people in the country near Hillsboro', Fountain county, Ind., have just erected and dedicated a new church. Rev. J. C. Meyers, a prominent evangelist, residing at State Line, Ind., has been conducting a revival. Last evening the church was crowded to suffocation and the windows were all thrown open. About 8 o'clock, as Mr. Meyers was in the midst of his sermon, a small rain cloud passed over the church. It only discharged one bolt of lightning, which first struck and completely destroyed the church chimney, and then, dividing into branches, ran down the stove pipes, melting and destroying the stoves and tearing up the floor before it entered the ground. All the congregation were more or less affected, but none of the injuries were serious. The main branch of the bolt, on leaving the chimney, descended the pulpit chandelier, directly over the head of Mr. Meyers. He jumped high in the air, and, turning a somersault, fell heavily, face downward, on the floor. He was thought to be dead and it was more than half an hour before he showed any signs of life. On the back of his head, where the bolt struck, is a seared place an inch in diameter. The face is burned, eyelids badly puffed and eyesight gone. His friends brought him to Danville this morning for treatment, and although able to distinguish large objects, the oculist thinks blindness will be perpetual.

Kinds of Plums.

Geo. W. Cline, the President of the Grimsby Fruit Growers' Association, writes: "As to kinds of plums for planting, the list may be long or short, just as the planter likes. The varieties are numerous that are profitable for this section, but the following list is long enough and good enough for any one, and the trees can be easily and cheaply purchased, viz.: For early—Imperial Gage, Smith's Orleans, Washington, Niagara and Bradshaw. Medium—Lombard, General Hand, Pond's Seedling and Yellow Egg. Late—Quackenbos, German Prune, Reine Claude de Bavay and Coe's Golden Drop. There are others I would add, but they are not so easily got, such as Victoria, Columbia, Lawson's Golden Gage, Duane's Purple, Glass' Seedling, Munro and several others, but we have here plenty from which to select, and it is very doubtful if we ever will get any addition to these that will be any more productive or any more profitable for the grower.

An Optical Delusion.

Young Badger, from New York, on the first morning of his visit to his uncle Abner's farm appears bright and early in a pair of white flannel trousers.

Uncle Abner (taking him aside)—Gee Whitaker, nephew, why in blazes didn't you tell me you was so poor? Here, boy, take this $3 and run down street to the store and buy a pair of pants before the women folks get up.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

—Judge—Is there any reason why I shall not pronounce sentence upon you? Prisoner—No; do by me just as you would do by yourself were you in my position.

—The fine new building of the Canada Life Insurance Company on King street west, Toronto, will be completed and ready for occupation on May 1st of next year.

QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

Something About the Dress of Mrs. Lincoln When Presented.

A last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: The drawing-room to-day was certainly remarkable for the number of splendid costumes worn. It is true the royalties were in mourning, but this served only to show off the costumes of those who came to the throne to be presented. A good deal of curiosity was expressed among the ladies to see the new American Minister's wife and daughter. They both passed through the ordeal remarkably well, and indeed the American presentations came out very strongly. Mrs. Lincoln wore a handsome jupe of black silk, trimmed with black tulle, and embroidered with jet. A long train of black silk hung from the waist, for though it is optional to wear it from the shoulders, one feels the weight more when it is so placed. The low-cut corsage was of the same material, trimmed in the same manner. The court plumes and lappels were black. Mrs Lincoln wore a collarette of diamond stars, fastened on black velvet, and small diamond earrings. She carried a bouquet of purple flowers. Miss Lincoln, who was presented by her mother, looked very fresh and pretty in a charming debutante's gown of white poult de soie. The front of the jupe was covered with tulle, hung with tiny silver pendants, that shimmered as she walked, held in place by a chatelaine of daisies and grasses. The train was also of white poult de soie. The corsage was trimmed with tulle, daisies and grasses. Her court plumes and lappels were white. Pearls were her sole ornaments, and her bouquet consisted of pure white exotics and maidenhair fern.

Canned Goods and the Frost.

The Canadian Packers' Association held a meeting Friday, in Toronto, Mr. W. Boulter, President, in the chair. In view of the large sales recently and the probabilities of a light crop, it was decided to advance canned corn, making the minimum price 92½c per dozen. Reports were made by members on the damage to their crops by the recent frost. After taking into consideration the damage done, it was decided that it would be very inadvisable to offer the new pack of goods for sale until the season is further advanced.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter, Hamilton, said that he had not seen the effects, but had been told that all the tomato plants had been ruined. He had seen beans cut to the ground.

Mr. Teskey, Welland, reports cherries 90 per cent. destroyed, grapes frozen and lost and tomatoes all cut to the ground.

Mr. Fenton, St. Catharines, reported from a number of inquiries that the frost on Tuesday night at points down near the lake ice was ¼ inch thick. Thermometer registered 28°, or 4° below freezing. Grapes very seriously damaged; one vineyard of 60 acres and other large vineyards are totally destroyed. Plums will not be more than 10 per cent. of a crop. Some fields of tomato plants entirely destroyed and very few plants are left for resetting. All corn that was standing has been cut; also beans. Strawberries are more or less injured. Some of the late settings may produce fruit, but it will be very light. He had learned nothing definite about peaches and apples.

Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had $5,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

Dominion Customs Changes.

A number of Orders-in-Council have been passed recently in reference to customs matters. Veneers of wood, shaved or cut with a knife direct from the log, not planed or otherwise smoothed or manufactured in any way, are rated for duty under item No. 153 of the schedule at 10 per cent. ad valorem. Second process molasses, testing by polariscope less than 35 degrees, when imported by manufacturers of blacking for use in their own factories in the manufacture of blacking, may hereafter come in duty free under certain conditions; wire of iron or steel, galvanized, tinned or coppered, or not of 16 gauge or smaller, when imported by manufacturers of wire cloth, wire work, brushes, pianos and plated ware, to be used for these purposes only in their own factories, is also placed on the free list. Yarns made of wool or worsted, the same being genapped, dyed and finished, when imported by manufacturers of braids, cords, tassels and fringes, to be used for these purposes only in their own factories, are placed on the free list until the end of the next session of Parliament. The Order-in-Council interpreting item No. 57 of the tariff so far as it relates to plough plates, mould boards and land sides, which expired at the close of last session, is continued in force until the end of next session.

Sent Home to Die.

Harry Finch, a third term convict, was released from the Central Prison yesterday on a special pardon granted by the Minister of Justice in order that he may go to his home in London, Ont., to spend the few hours of life remaining to him. Finch has a bad record, having been an inmate of the Kingston Penitentiary as well as the Central.

—However hard it may be to live on a small salary, it is a good deal harder to die on one.

CURRENT TOPICS.

As a New York *World* correspondent, looking from the vantage ground of the Isthmus itself, sums it up, 20,000 lives and $200,000,000 have been thrown away on the grand De Lesseps fiasco.

The Marquis of Donegal recently stated in the Bankruptcy Court that his liabilities amounted to $2,594,425 and his total income to only $3,400 a year. He attributes his insolvency to the fact that his expenditure has exceeded his income.

The "regal red poppy" has recently been found to have the valuable power of binding with its roots the soil in which it grows in such a manner that it will prove most valuable in supporting embankments. Already several French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railway embankments with poppies.

Dr. Dix says the new Episcopal cathedral in New York will be "one of the handsomest structures in the world.' There are four grand plans to choose from, and the drawback is "an embarrassment of riches" in the matter of design. Whether that will be so in the case of the building fund is less clear.

Mme. Blavatsky, the Theosophist, has explained the Keely Motor. She says: "The force is in Keely, is part of him and will die with him." The stockholders of the Keely Motor Company should get Keely's life insured for a large amount. Or does Mme. Blavatsky mean that there is no hope for the shareholders?

Justice Kersten, of Chicago, gave this advice to a prisoner who was brought before him for sentence: "Do you know what you ought to do? You ought to get a pistol and blow your brains out. I'll give you a pistol in two minutes if you'll do it." Judge Kersten would make a first-class associate for Mr. Justice Begbie, of British Columbia.

The father of Hugh Mottram Brooks, *alias* Maxwell, who was hanged at St. Louis last summer for the murder of Charles Arthur Preller, clings with pitiful persistence to the belief that his boy was innocent. The foreman of the jury that convicted Brooks recently received a letter from the old gentleman, who lives in England, which is full of bitterness against those whom he styles the murderers of his son.

The latest time-saving invention is known as the "portelectric system" for the transportation of mail matter. The inventors claim that they can transfer the mails from Boston to New York in less than one hour, by means of electricity and an elevated track. This would mean a speed of about five miles a minute. It is suggested also that the same device, with slight modifications of speed, could be used for passenger service.

At Mr. Clifford's lecture at Prince's Hall, London, on "Father Damien and the Leper Settlement at Molokai," Mr. Clifford amused the audience very much by a description of a Hawaiian chief who came to meet some American missionaries with his nine wives, all being in a state of complete nudity, and who, on being remonstrated with on this want of clothing, came the next day alone, wearing a straw hat and a pair of gloves.

This is a good time of the year for bad men to switch off on side tracks and simmer down into a state of blessed quietude. The most wretchedly mistaken man in the world is he who thinks he has to do some desperate deed. He is the silliest man of the silly season. To him the whole world might say: Cool off, take your bearings; go listen to the thunders of Niagara; sit by the solemn sea; climb a mountain; do anything, in fact, but make a fool of yourself.

Queen Victoria has selected a new maid of honor, Miss Loftus, a niece of Lady Ely. She is a pretty, bright girl, and went down to Windsor before she was appointed to be inspected by the royal family, and being approved of was gazetted. It is said that during the life of John Brown his approval of any new appointment was always a *sine qua non*, and that he had strong likes and dislikes about many of the household, which he never failed to show when the opportunity arose.

Advertisements are often very amusing in their attempts to illustrate aptly the art of puffing. For example, a vendor of a new tobacco thus describes it: "It is like your first love—fresh, genial and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the cravings of your soul." The author of that advertisement would no doubt agree with the statement that the tradesman who does not advertise liberally has been very appropriately compared to a man who has a lantern but who is too stingy to buy a candle.

The Duke of Wellington has told Lord Stanhope some curious facts about Queen Victoria's name. It seems that Her Majesty was really christened Victorina, after her mother, the Duchess of Kent, but during Queen Caroline's trial there was so much unpleasant gossip about Bergami's daughter - la petite Victorina—that the name was quietly changed to Victoria. George IV. refused to attend his niece's christening, because the Duke of Kent would not give her one of the family names, Sophia being the one desired.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Capt. Ingram, who was recently killed by an elephant in South Africa, some time before his death unwound the cere cloth of an Egyptian mummy. Inside he discovered a tablet which, being translated, was found to prophesy that the person who profaned the clothes would die a violent death within three months of his sacrilegious act and his bones be scattered to the winds. Within the prescribed time the threat or prophecy came true. Capt. Ingram was killed in South Africa, and only his thigh bone remained to attest his fate.

In his article on "Slavery in Africa," in the June "Scribner," Professor Henry Drummond (the author of "Tropical Africa") says: "Do not let it be supposed that this horror is over, that this day of tribulation is at an end. This horror and this day are now. It is not even abating. Slavery is on the increase. Time, civilization, Christianity are not really touching it. No fact in relation to the slave trade is more appalling than this. The fact of this increase, for a time denied, then doubted, has at last been reluctantly admitted, even by the Government of England."

The London *Weekly Despatch* says the Government of New South Wales are obliterating the Queen's head from its postage stamps. "That symbol of Imperial unity," the *Despatch* continues, "has been replaced on the penny stamps by Sydney Harbor. The twopenny stamp is embossed with a figure of the Emu. Another Australian bird—the Lyre—adorns the eightpenny stamp, while the image of Captain Cook, the discoverer of Australia, is impressed upon the fourpenny stamp. For their shilling stamp the democrats of New South Wales have gone to the Kangaroo, the most characteristic of the Australian fauna.

Light shades of paper make a room look more cheerful; large figures make a room look much smaller and occasion much waste in matching the figures. Low rooms should be papered with striped paper having the stripes run up and down, as it makes the room seem much higher. Subdued tints take off the glare of too many windows. The best effect is produced by having a paper with pattern and colors of a quiet tone, such as does not at once strike the eye on coming into the room. The paper should relieve and set out the furniture that stands in front of it, not attract attention from it.

If the Turkish Government consents, says a letter in the Philadelphia *Press*, it is probable that Palestine will be invaded by locomotives, and that before long the conductor will have an opportunity of calling out, "Galilee; all out for Galilee," and in good Turkish, "Damascus passengers will please retain their seats till the train comes to a full stop." Application has been made by Joseph Elias, formerly Government engineer of Lebanon, for a commission for a railway from Haifa, on the Mediterranean, about midway between Tyre and Mesarea, by way of Lake Galilee, over the River Jordan to Damascus.

The Oklahoma boom has proved to be very short lived. Marshal Needles thinks that by August Guthrie will have a population of about 200, though in the early days of the occupation it had 10,000. Only 1,800 entries of land have been made, and probably not 1,000 of these by actual farmers. The land is poor, and the rumpus that has been made for four or five years past about the settlement of the country has had no solid basis. The rush of the last month was mainly of gamblers, speculators and other loose fish, and they are getting away as fast as possible, because they can make nothing by preying on each other, and there is nobody else there to pluck.

Sir Edwin Chadwick, in an address on sanitary science, says: "Physicians are beginning to declare that a large amount of crime for which punishment is inflicted is due to insanity, and that insanity is due to low physical condition which sanitation by early physical training would remove. There are experiences to show that this is the fact. Dr. Ashe and others conversant with the lunatic asylum declare that, as a class, lunatics are of a low physical condition, and the low condition is reducible by sanitation and early physical training. Of 30,000 blind persons the late Dr. Rolph declared that two-thirds might have been saved by early sanitation."

The newest personal adornment in the old world takes the form of hairs from the tail of the African elephant. These hirsute appendages, made into watch guards or bracelets, with gold embellishments, are strictly the fashion. The elephant is just now the most valuable animal under the face of the sun. Not only are his caudal hairs worth more than their weight in gold, but his tusks cost $550 a ton. Matabele Land is the favorite, indeed, perhaps the last, home of the "great earth-shaking beast." He is being hunted in the most merciless way, though perhaps not more so than the American alligator, the Egyptian crocodile and the Mexican lizard, whose hides are the "rage" both in London and Paris. And this change has been effected solely by feminine caprice.

Hospital puts in a plea for the exercise of all the limbs of the body, remarking that the majority of weak, flabby hearts are weak and flabby because every other muscle in the body is weak and flabby, and this general weakness and flabbiness is due to want of vigorous use. Exercise of the legs and back and arms gives additional and much-needed exercise to the heart, and the heart grows strong by vigorous exercise exactly as every other muscular organ does, for the heart is a muscle. If a man has no organic disease of the heart, no enlargement, and no functional disorder, plenty of brisk walking, with occasional running, will soon dispel his breathlessness and heart weakness, other things being equal. The muscular inactivity of the modern town man is the parent of more ill-health than any other single cause whatever.

A New York woman says that women are, as a rule, more deceptive than men—a fact which, she thinks, is the result of education more than disposition. "I am often," she says, "sorely puzzled in bringing up my own girls, how to teach them to be decorous and polite in other ways, fulfil all the requirements of what are considered good manners, and at the same time be truthful. Women are not allowed to express their own real desires and deepest feelings, but are rather schooled to repress themselves and conceal anything in their nature that would offend the rules of propriety. The world, they are taught, expects them to be models of decorum, whether their inclinations are to be decorous or not. Hence deception is one of the first things they learn, and small wonder if a habit of lying grows on some of them."

The Duke of Buccleuch is getting up with an influential committee an exhibition in which many of his own family relics will figure. It is to be an exhibition of weapons —"butchering tools"—and it will be inaugurated on a day famous in the history of slaughter, to wit, Waterloo. The exhibition is to be a sort of national record. Its weapons will be memorials of battles in which Scotchmen have fought during the last four and a half centuries. There will be war relics of border fights, of battles in the Peninsula, the Punjaub, India, Burmah, the Crimea, Egypt, West Africa. The committee is, of course, composed of North Britons. Lord Napier of Magdala is a Scot, and he serves upon it. Sir Patrick Grant is another, and a Field-Marshal to boot, and he serves upon it. So do The Macpherson of Cluny, Sir W. Lockhart and Sir Arch. Alison.

The islands in Georgian Bay, especially Manitoulin Island, Cockburn and St. Joseph Islands, belonging to Canada, and Drummond and Sugar Islands, belonging to the States, are the natural home of the cedar tree. They are of limestone formation, and the cedar is almost the only tree that grows there and it grows both on the heights and in the swamps. If any area of ground is burned over, the second growth is always cedar. Ever since the land has been opened up by the Ontario Government United States merchants and dealers in cedar have turned their eyes to the Canadian islands, and have bought their material there. The City Engineer of Chicago and his predecessors all state that Georgian Bay cedar is the best, and in the Chicago market it fetches 25 per cent. more than any other kind of cedar, if any other kind is ever allowed to be used for the pavements of Chicago.

According to a Baltimore paper the girls of that aristocratic city are indulging in a very remarkable fad. They dress in black from head to foot, and then, borrowing a neighbor's child, show it around the city. Of course, the natural supposition is that the child is not borrowed and that the young lady is a widow. As a widow is generally supposed to be ready to recontract matrimony, the sympathies of the susceptible young man are readily aroused, first by curiosity as to how long the child's father has been dead, then, what he died of, and, since the widow seems to mourn for him, how she must have cared for the dear departed. And, if she did care for him, why might she not care also for another, and why might not he be the fortunate individual, especially if the first husband left cash enough for the supply of two or three, as the case might be? Of course, when acquaintance follows, the apparent widowhood can be easily and innocently explained and the desired happy result follow.

Speaking of his father's physical recreations, Mr. Herbert Gladstone says in the Birmingham *Times*: "He used to be chiefly fond of rowing, riding and shooting, but during the last 20 or 25 years he has had to give up those forms of exercise, and, as is well known, to confine myself mainly to cutting down trees, which he does habitually. He also was a great walker, and not more than 15 years ago he walked 35 miles over the hills in Scotland. In my opinion he is still good for a 20 mile tramp. He always attached the greatest importance to physical recreations and he lost no opportunity of encouraging us in them. He has proved their benefits and I think is not a bad specimen of their value. But it was only in manly sports and games, in rational recreations, that he stimulated and led us. What did he do as regards himself? He sent me to Eton, and every one must be pretty well satisfied that a lad at Eton would get enough physical recreation."

He Fooled His Bishop.

A good story is told of one of the most popular clergymen in a city not 100 miles from Brooklyn. He is a pleasant, genial man, and on a certain evening in every week a few of his brother priests meet at the rectory and they spend together an hour or two in a social way. Some curmudgeon in the neighborhood happening to get a glimpse through the blinds at a bottle and glasses and the smoke of cigars and to hear the sound of cheerful laughter, thought it behooved him to let the bishop know what was going on. Thereupon he wrote to that distinguished functionary, of course greatly exaggerating what he had seen and heard. The worthy priest got wind of this in some mysterious way and was on his guard. One night while he and his friends were enjoying themselves a ring came to the door. Going up stairs to the second door the good father saw a brougham of familiar build standing outside. Raising the window he looked down and discovered the bishop on the stoop.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"It's I, the Bishop," was the reply.

"Oh, go 'along! You're an impostor," said the priest. "The bishop is a decent gentleman, and would never be roaming around the streets at this time of night. Be off with you at once or I'll call for the police and have you taken in as a suspicious character."

With that he banged down the window and went back to his friends. The bishop paid no more late visits to the rectory, and the pleasant weekly symposium is continued.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

The Rod.

A rather curious angling incident occurred the other day in the neighborhood of Kelso, Scotland. A young lad named Scott, residing at Maxwellheugh, and employed as a clerk in Kelso Mills, was fishing below the mill wheel. He hooked a large trout, which ultimately broke his tackle and got free. The next day he went to try his fortune at the same place, and in a very short time—his gut line being a little stronger than on the previous occasion—he had on the same trout which he hooked the day before, and this time it was safely landed. The fish had the lost hook and a portion of the gut line in its mouth. From the time it broke the line until it was caught the next day the fish must have remained about the same place. Anglers have been known to occasionally catch fish with hooks and gut lines in their mouths, but seldom has the angler who lost the tackle caught the fish that "broke."

The heaviest salmon which has been killed by an angler this year was landed a few days ago by Captain Vansittart, from the famous Castle Connel water, on the Shannon, Ireland. It was a fresh-run fish, and weighed 44½ lb.

In Guy's (London) Hospital Reports, vol. 1, page 396, is found the statement: "Simple hypertrophy (enlargement) of the heart, especially of the left ventricle, is found without valvular incompetency. In this numerous class the cardiac is secondary (a symptom) to the renal affection." This explains why Warner's Safe Cure is effectual in cases of heart disease. It removes from the blood the kidney acid which causes the heart disease.

A Gift from the Pope.

The *Owl*, the Ottawa College paper, says: "A letter from Rome brings the information that His Holiness Leo XIII. has given another proof of his esteem for Ottawa University by presenting to it a magnificent portrait of himself, in the attitude of giving his blessing. This painting is the work of a celebrated Italian artist, and was painted expressly for exhibition at the Paris Exposition. It left Rome for Ottawa on May 8th."

HOW TO PREPARE STRAWBERRIES.

Hints to the Ladies Which Are Worth Pondering Over.

If strawberries from the market always come to our hands as free from dust and grit as the hot-house specimens forced on us during the winter months, or as the carefully protected fruit of English conservatories, which are usually served with the stems on and without washing, it would only be necessary to arrange the beautiful scarlet cones on a pretty dish and serve them *au naturel*, to be dipped in sugar and eaten with the fingers, as they usually are served on English tables. But most of our strawberries need washing, and we want to eat them covered with cream and sugar, and with a spoon or a fork, as some extremists in table manners would have us do. Yet in washing and hulling them much of the piquant flavor which distinguishes the strawberries may be lost if they are not carefully handled. Usually as soon as they are hulled they begin to "bleed," and if then they are put into water much of their delicious juice is lost. The way to avoid this is to wash them before removing the hulls. Do not pour the water on and off them as careless servants will sometimes do, leaving sand and berries in the bottom of the dish together, but drop them gently into a pan of water, stir them around a little to dislodge all particles of grit, etc., then lift them out a few at a time and lay them in a colander to drain. It is an excellent idea to use a square of new cheese-cloth, kept for the sole purpose, to dry the strawberries. This absorbs the moisture much more rapidly and thoroughly than it will drain off. Take the berries from the colander, a few at a time, and let them lie on the cloth as you hull them one by one. The cloth must be scalded each time it is used, and dried, but not washed with soap and ironed; of course it will show stains, but will be clean. When the strawberries are washed, remove the hulls carefully with a silver knife, pinching them off may be as well, but it is difficult to avoid bruising the berries in doing so. Arrange the strawberries in a pretty glass dish, the finest on the top—following the example of the market men—and if strawberry leaves, which are the prettiest, are not to be had, a few young crisp leaves of lettuce, as a garnish, make an effective contrast. The leaves may be laid around inside the dish before putting in the strawberries.

Some persons like strawberries sugared and set away on ice a little while before serving, and when they are not very ripe or a little tart it is a good way, but they do not look so pretty, and, unless all the family like them so, it is better to let each one add cream and sugar according to individual taste.—*Demorest.*

Temperance Notes.

In regard to surgical operations every physician dreads to have anything to do with beer-drinkers. It is dangerous for a beer drinker to even cut his finger.—*N. S. Therm.*

The number of Jamaica ginger drunkards is said to be increasing at an alarming rate. A confirmed drunkard takes four ounces of the fiery fluid at one time and the effects are even worse than those of whiskey.

A statement has been issued by the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, of Milwaukee, to the effect that their business is seriously injured by shortened lives of men who drink lager beer, and that no policy will be issued to any lager beer brewer or any man employed in a brewery.

One of the first literary men in the United States said to a temperance lecturer, "There is one thing I wish you to do everywhere, intreat every mother not to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I thus acquired an appetite for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard."

The ancient Solons of government would doubtless be mightily amazed could they step into Kansas to-day. Five cities of that State are under the government of women. Five women are serving as Mayors and twenty-five on City Councils. Three are performing the difficult duties of Police Judge. A dozen women are county superintendents of public instruction, and several are acting as City Clerk or Treasurer. In addition to these a large number, probably 200 are acceptably serving on School Boards.

A Home for Poor Freemasons.

For over thirty years the Freemasons of New York State have been striving for a home to shelter helpless craftsmen and their families. As a means to this end the Masonic Temple in Twenty-third street was erected. Its income was to be devoted to the support of the proposed asylum. At last the great organization is ready to build a refuge for its unfortunate members. It has a good part of the construction fund in hand, and the Temple furnishes over $50,000 a year for maintenance. Auburn will probably be the site of this grand institution. What a noble character such a secret society as this presents when compared with the organized thugism—parading under a thin disguise of patriotism—which has imported and is attempting to perpetuate European feuds on American soil. Charity is the inspiration of the one and hate the controlling motive of the other.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Sympathy.

Miss Prim (to Mr. Richfellow)—"Oh, it's nothing, nothing. My teeth ache a little; that's all."

Small Brother (sympathetically)—"Why don't you take 'em out?"

Wanted a Change.

Deacon Goode—"You have labored continuously for five years without a vacation. Wouldn't you like to go somewhere for a change?"

Overworked pastor (wearily)—"Yes. I would like to go to a circus."

A Martyr to Duty.

Doctor—"I am going to church."

Office boy—"Yes, sir. What time shall I call you out?"

"As soon as the sermon commences."

—When a man slips on a banana skin the first thing he does is to look back to see what it was. The first thing a woman does is to look around to see if any one saw her.

THE LADIES' WORKBOX.

Fashion's Fancies.

French challies, which come in pretty floral designs, make very dainty summer dresses.

Bordered gingham and cotton goods are now shown in large varieties, and make stylish dresses.

Long black lace wraps, lined with pale gray or lavender surah, are popular for middle-aged ladies.

Tan-colored goat-skin shoes will take the place of canvas shoes this summer for the sea-side and mountains.

Printed foulards are very fashionable, and among the favorite colors are pale green, dull blue, purple and copper.

The latest design in brooches are represented in the form of rare and delicate orchids, sprays of mignonette, wild roses and other flowers.

Handsome pins and combs of brilliant stones and metals are now used to hold in place a lady's hair, the style of dressing being either high or low.

Blouse waists of washing silk, brier-stitched, are popular with yachting costumes, and are worn with a wide belt, fastened by an immense silver buckle.

The plain tailor-made gowns of faced cloth or cheviot is still considered the most refined dress for general wear, and there is no trimming save buttons of the material.

Stylish hats have crowns of all heights and brims of all twists, and the most popular trimming is flowers, which are used in great profusion, and frequently compose the entire hat.

A brimless bonnet, horse-shoe shape, has a wreath of Nile green hop blossoms around the edge, veiled with a frill of black lace, and the puffed black lace crown has Nile green "baby" ribbon run through beading.

The monk's cloak for travelling is made of brown Carmelite wool, and envelops the wearer from head to foot, while there is a genuine monk's hood at the back, and the cloak is confined at the waist by a knotted rope of brown wool.

Tennis costumes have become so popular that they are no longer strictly confined to the play-ground, but are worn for morning wear, especially at summer resorts. They are found exceedingly comfortable, and are alike pretty for the lady or the young miss, and are usually made of striped flannel.

Black watered silk, and the ribbon of all widths, bids fair to grow in popularity during the spring and summer seasons. For those who cannot afford a black lace gown of the best quality, black point d'esprit is fashionable. Made elaborately or with simple plaited skirts, be sure to add fully two or three bows of narrow moire ribbon, run on in rows of three and four about the skirt hems, up and down the front of the waist, on the sleeves, and, in fact, wherever a bow or a band can be laid. Finish with a broad moire sash, and the effect will be eminently pretty and stylish.

Remnants of delicately colored silks and mulls can be converted into no notable vests and worn with any gown, and can easily be made at home under the usual cost. About the throat fits a high collar of white silk, buttoned or hooked at the back, while one breadth of silk serves to make the vest, which should be sloped slightly to fit the curve of the collar, then gathered in, laid in very fine plaits, or smocked in two rows. In case of the full gathers, let the whole fall loose and full in the Moliere vest, but, if plaited, draw down smoothly and finish at the waist by a band of silk or dark velvet, and if the breadth be sufficiently long make the full vest, then draw the remainder to the right hip, and let the end hang in a fringe.

Consumption from House Sweepings.

The *Muncheuer Medicinische Wochenschrift* No. 30, reports that Carnet has experimented with the dust obtained from the walls and floors of various dwellings in which tuberculous patients have been, inoculating guinea pigs with it, and carefully excluding all possibility of infection from outside sources. In this way, 21 rooms of seven Berlin hospitals were examined and bacilli found to have been present in the dust from most of them. Positive results were also obtained with the dust from insane asylums and penitentiaries. The dwellings of 53 tubercular patients were investigated in the same way, and the dust in the neighborhood of 20 patients found to be virulent. It was the case, with absolute regularity, that the dust was always virulent when the patient had been in the habit of spitting on the floor, or in a handkerchief, while it was never so when a spit cup had been employed.

How to Tell Her Age.

Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are, but you can find out by following the subjoined instructions, the young lady doing the figuring: Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2, then to add 5, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will tell you her age and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 823, she is 22 years old, and was born in the eighth month (August). Try it.—*Reading Telegram.*

One in the Family.

Boy—Papa, is there really such a thing as an ossified man?

Papa (a poor relation)—There is, my son, there. Your Uncle Bullion is an ossified man.

Boy—Why, I never heard that before! Why doesn't he exhibit himself in a show?

Papa (savagely)—He would if he thought anybody would pay 10 cents to see him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—No man ever had to be far seeing to see temptation.—*Atchison Globe.*

A horse at Ansonia, Conn., got a pebble in his nose while drinking from a shallow brook, and now, whenever he crosses it, laps water like a dog, though elsewhere he drinks in the usual fashion.

—Cincinnati points with pride to a Ludwig Vonhinkelsteinhausenbloser.

Visitor (to butler who is showing him through the picture gallery of the old mansion)—That's a fine portrait. Is it an old master? Butler—No. That's the old missus.

GEO. MITCHELL,
BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Mr. W.M. Clark removed his family to Toronto this week.

Mr John Bell, of Philadelphia, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Dr Hixon, late of Priceville, is at present in Vancouver, Washington Ter.

If you want your watch repaired perfectly, take it to Russell, jeweler, it will pay you.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Flesherton barber has departed this time for sure. There is a good opening here for an enterprising barber.

If you want your watch repaired perfectly, take it to Russell, jeweler, it will pay you.

At the cattle fair on Monday there were quite a large number of cattle offered, of not extra quality, and few sales were made.

Take your watches, clocks, etc., to Russell's, Flesherton, a perfect job every time. All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell.

If you want worth and wear, style and strength, choice and cheapness in boots and shoes, try W. Clayton's stock before purchasing.

Take your watches, clocks, etc., to Russell's, Flesherton, a perfect job every time. All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Advance was favored with a pleasant call on Monday from Mr. H. Sutherland, of Toronto, general inspector of the Federal Life Insurance Company, who is taking a trip to the Manitoulin.

A game of baseball was played at Priceville on Saturday between Durham Junior and Priceville Junior baseball clubs, which resulted in defeat of the Durham club by a score of 25 to 18.

Great bargains in boots and shoes. A very large assortment to choose from. Ladie's lace boots from 90 cents per pair. Men's lace boots from $1 per pair, at W. Clayton's.

Our letter this week - "Across the Continent"—is extremely interesting. The next letter will deal with a section of country little known to the people of Ontario, and therefore be doubly interesting. Read them.

The ladies of the Methodist Church are making great preparations for the garden party on Dominion Day. Keep your memory fresh and green on the information that there will be a grand time. Details later.

Mrs W. R. Anderson offers at private sale a number of household articles, including one stove and furniture, nearly new, 2 bedsteads, 2 wash stands, 1 lounge, 6 chairs, rocking chair, a quantity of dishes and glassware, lamps, tubs and washboards, 1½ doz fruit jars. All will be sold cheap for cash. Russell's block.

TO LET In Strain's block the premises lately occupied by J.W. Frost, Esq., as a law office. Also the rooms next door, which have been in use as a dress making establishment. These rooms are very suitable for small shops or offices, or if necessary both can be united and made into a good sized store For further particulars apply to Wm. Strain, Flesherton.

If you are needing anything in the house furnishing line or are intending to make a present to a friend, you will find it to your advantage to call at the Flesherton Furniture Warerooms and see the beautiful stock of fancy chairs, pictures and picture frames, cabinet frames, etc for sale there at very low prices. We have been astonished at the seemingly cheap price asked for this class of goods.

Passed

Mr. Jos. Stafford, 4th line, Artemesia, has completed his third year at Toronto University, and at the examinations held last week successfully passed in chemistry, biology, mineralogy and geology.

"A Big Go."

A small detachment of the Salvation Army struck town on Monday evening and paraded the streets for a short time after which they went to the Town Hall and had what they styled a "big go." What the "go" consisted of we can only surmise, as an admission fee of ten cents was charged. Of course it is against our principle to pay ten cents to see any show of this description. They gave too much for the money.

Off to Camp.

The "rogers" (No. 6 company) left for camp at Niagara on Tuesday morning. The boys looked well with uniforms neat and countenances cheerful. They will return a week from Saturday next with betel-nut cheeks, skinned noses and soiled uniforms—that is if the sun ever get its tannery in operation again.

Rain.

Did you hear any person remark that the crops need rain? The man who would not be satisfied with what has fallen during the past three weeks must be in the transition state between fish and fowl, with a very close connection to the former. For three round weeks we have not had one day of solid sunshine, and only two days in which it did not rain more or less.

Garden Party.

The garden party at Maxwell on Thursday last was a great success, as it always is. Flesherton brass band was present and played a number of selections ill their usual excellent manner. There were between 250 and 300 people present. Several went from Flesherton and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. There were games of all kinds. An excellent repast was served at 6 o'clock. Proceeds, $50. Our Maxwell correspondent gives further particulars.

Division Court.

At the Division Court held here on Wednesday last, the most important case heard was that of the now well known organ case of Connell v. Brander. Mr. Brander, of Priceville, purchased an organ from Mr. Connell, of Owen Sound. He then cancelled his order and purchased a cheaper instrument from another agent Mr. Connell sued for the price of his instrument, which had been delivered at Flesherton station and was burned along with the station building a year ago. When the case was first tried decision was given in favor of defendant. It was then taken to Owen Sound, and from there to the Court of Appeal in Toronto, from thence it was referred once more to the Division Court here. It occupied nearly the whole of the day on Wednesday last, and was tried before a jury. Verdict was given for plaintiff.

Rev. Mr. Shilton Removed.

The Methodist Conference at St. Mary's has seen fit in their wisdom to remove our pastor, Rev. J W. Shilton, B.A., from this place to Seaforth. Mr. Shilton has built up Flesherton charge very much during the past two years, and he and his genial lady have endeared themselves to the hearts of our people of every denomination. So much is this the case that Flesherton Methodists are very loth to part with his services. Yet, while envying Seaforth its good fortune they are ready to say God speed to their departing pastor and to extend a welcome to the new incumbent. Rev Mr Shilton is a minister young in the service, and being endowed with a fine physique, free delivery and powerful voice, is destined to become a successful pulpit orator, and it is with extreme pleasure we personally note his step upward by the late transfer. Rev. Mr. Henders, late of Hespeler, will be Mr. Shilton's successor in Flesherton.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

We would like to hear from you again, Mr Editor, and will send you a few items

The hail storm that passed over this locality on Sunday, 19th ult, did considerable damage to window glass

Mrs Wakely, of Bolton, who has been visiting her daughter here, Mrs. Geo Hutchinson, has returned

Mrs Corbett, of Creemore, who has been visiting her parents here, has returned

The frost which we experienced on the night of the 28th ult., had a disastrous effect on vegetation

Mr John Whitten had the frame of Mr Geo Bannon's barn raised on Monday last The Mason, Mr Speer, of Dundalk, finished his part of the work on the previous Friday Both the contractors are master workmen and when the barn is completed it will be one of the best in the township. Mr A Ward's barn is also raised and will soon be completed

Mr. Fred Williams, who has been visiting friends in the vicinity of Brampton, has returned

Mr Isaiah McCardle visited the South Grey Poachers' Association held in Flesherton on Friday the 31st ult

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The principal news at present is that we are getting drowned out with too much rain. The crops on the low land are looking sickly

The late frost has about destroyed the fruit crop

Mr A Sample has been on the sick list for some time past

An anti-Jesuit meeting was held for the purpose of appointing delegates to the citizen's meeting in Toronto

The Orange District Lodge meets at Kolls Corners this Tuesday

Toronto city council granted $3000 to the Johnstown sufferers.

The number of people who preished by the Johnstown flood is now estimated from 3000 to 4000, a large decrease from the original estimate.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Twenty million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by fire at Seattle, W. T., on Friday last, the whole business portion of the city being laid in ashes.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall

POLITENESS IN SCHOOLS.

BY JANE E ANDERSON, DURHAM, TEACHER S. S. NO. 2, EUTINCK AND GLENELG.

In considering this subject, let us regard it, not as an end, but as a most important means. Let us consider 1st. Why is it that rudeness predominates in the majority of our schools, that the polite pupil is the exception, the *rara avis*, while the rude one is the rule? 2nd. Why should politeness be a marked characteristic of every school? and 3rd. How can we best succeed in giving it its essential place in our schools?

1st. Why is it that rudeness is so very prevalent in our schools? No doubt many of us console ourselves with the idea that it is owing to the neglect of parents, and that though numbers of our children are outside of school hours, allowed to "run wild," we are not to blame, that the home is the place to teach morals and manners. True enough, but where the home fails in its duty the school must come to the rescue, and the teacher must be for six hours daily "*in loco parentis*." Though rudeness in our schools is to a certain extent attributable to a lack of home-training it is, in a far greater degree, attributable to our neglect, as teachers, to make the most of the golden opportunities within our reach, and too often is it but the reflection of our rudeness to our pupils, for as the rivulet in the meadow reflects not only the sunshine, but the shadows, so do those mirrors of our actions reproduce not only our virtues, but our failings. Don't misunderstand me. I do not for one moment suppose that any one (even the very last recruit) in the noble army of teachers is guilty of positive rudeness to pupils; but I do maintain that very many of us are guilty, if not every day of our lives, at least very often, of a negative rudeness,—such grave breaches of etiquette as would not be tolerated in cultured society. How many of us practice in our school rooms our "society manners?" Do we treat our young friends as politely in our schools, as we would in our parlor, or even as politely as we expect them to treat us? Why, some of us actually begin the day by outraging the feelings of the most sensitive pupils by walking deliberately past them into school without so much as the "Good-morning" that many of those self-same pupils accord their dumb friends. Or a day thus begun, I'm sure the teacher is ruder than the rudest of his or her pupils. We know better, and many of them do not and never will unless we are and up doing, alive to our duty in this repect. But we say (and we all know the old worn-out excuses,) "No time," "over-crowded school room and programmes." Very true, but "no time" "over crowded school-rooms and programmes" do not enable us, as one writer suggests, to do away with character building in our schools. We cannot do it, for if we are not, both by example and precept, laying such a foundation of politeness as shall ornament the whole superstructure of after life, we are by that very neglect laying the foundation stones of rudeness and immorality. Let us not be satisfied to leave this subject to home-training any more than we'd leave reading or arithmetic, lest from the conduct of our pupils, we be thought to agree with Will Carleton's District father where he says:

"There ain't no great good in their speaken'
Their words so polite as I see,
Provided you know what the facks is,
And tell 'em off just as they be.

And what "great good" is there? This brings me to the second point, viz. Why should politeness be a marked characteristic of every school? Why is it necessary that, in order that our schools may fulfil their highest function, they should be characterized by a spirit of genuine politeness?

First. Because it enlists sympathy. There is nothing that establishes a bond of sympathy between teacher and pupil like the pleasant, though often half-hearted "Good-morning children," and the cheerful, hearty response of thirty, forty or fifty voices coming like the morning sun, to drive away every shadow of the night, "Good-morning Teacher." They feel the teacher's interest in them and are ready to be interested; the teacher is more energetic and the pupils more attentive for it. Second. It exterminates selfishness and jealousy from our schools, and consequently petty disagreements and quarrels from our play grounds. No child, whatever his disposition, can be selfish, jealous or unkind very long, in a school where true politeness, that generous consideration of the rights and feelings of others, to which St. Paul refers when he says, "Let each esteem other better than themselves, in honor perferring one another," is not only taught but lived by both teacher and pupils. Third. It instils in our boys a manly consideration of their girl playmates, and teaches our girls to expect from them that deference which every true woman expects from a gentleman. No boy that is required by his teacher to lay aside his individual comfort in behalf of his girl friend, to give up his chair when she is standing, to offer her the cup before drinking, to attend to the stove, the wood and the water without having to be asked,—little things it is true, but "mighty oaks from little acorns grow"—can go out into the home to see any woman kind, sister, wife or mother, do any work that he could do, while he sits idly by, reading his paper, perhaps ignoring her very existence. Nor will a girl who has been courteously treated in school submit to such treatment as they only too often meet with in after life, and as "habit becomes second nature," politeness in the school room means politeness in the home, better boys and girls, better men and women, happier homes and altogether a better state of society. Fourth. Politeness is a stepping stone to morality. Prof. S.H. Albro says "You cannot have rudeness in your school and do good moral work," and surely every teacher aims at elevating humanity, lifting it up to higher levels, and our efforts in this direction have a far greater influence on our own lives than perhaps we are aware of, for before we can raise up our pupils, we ourselves must first be up, must always be on the lookout for some way of benefitting them morally as well as intellectually, some way of lightening the heaviest cross that many of them have to bear. Thus by the very thoughtfulness which politeness compels, teacher and pupils become daily more like Him, whose perfect life is our pattern, who, though His work was made little of, and He Himself misunderstood by His most intimate friends, yet "went about doing good" not only that we "might have life" but that we "might have it more abundantly"; and the

Continued on page 5.

NOTICE to Mothers—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis For sale at the Medical Hall

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 30 to	5 50
Fall Wheat	95 to	98
Spring Wheat	93	0 95
Barley	0 30	0 40
Oats	2	2 25
Peas		
Butter	0 14	0 14
Eggs fresh	0 11	0 11
Potatoes bush	0 14	0 15
Pork	0 10	0 13
Hay per ton	9 00	10 00
Hides	5 50	1 50
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 06
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb	0 06	0 06

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen Rochester, N.Y.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established We want three men at once with push, to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given Handsome outfit free Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

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MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
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EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

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Dr. Thomas Henderson.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist ... Honor Graduate, R.C.D.S.,
... FLESHERTON ... Monday ... to Saturday of each month. Teeth extracted painlessly and all ... the highest styles of the art at moderate ...
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House and ... For Sale.

... opposite the ... shelton is a new ... house is large ... and stable and ... yard, splendid ... fruit trees, etc. This is a rare chance for a ... A. B. VANDUSEN, Flesherton

Politeness in Schools

Continued from page 4.

...come we become like Him and our teaching like His, the more shall our pupils be enabled to live better, nobler, ...

Assuming then that politeness is essential to true manhood and womanhood and that we as teachers are to blame for its non-existence in our schools, it yet remains for us to decide how we can best succeed in gaining it its essential place in our ...

The most effective way is by individual teaching. Do not take it into your head, and lecture your pupils on politeness at a time on Good Behaviour. Do not let them even suspect that you are trying to make them polite. Incidents will occur in every school which, aided by a few well-selected, well-directed words from the teacher, impress on the minds of the pupils lessons in politeness more effective. For instance ... will pardon me for referring to personal experiences ... teaching in a certain school. ... as they came in ... "Good ... Mary. "Good morning ... with the same resulting reply. ... ringing the bell, all in position, ... I want your opinion." ... every child was said ... "If I were not your horse ... not be and I said, ... Anderson, what ... you expect me to do?" Every ... was raised "To stay for tea." "To say Good-morning." "To answer her." ... some of the many answers given. "But if I had not answered her what would you think?" "That you didn't know very much." was one answer. "That you weren't glad to see her" another. Taking the latter, I said, "Now I've said Good morning to each one of you on these two mornings ... no one has answered me. Am I to think you are not glad to see me?" As I have n't time to say Good morning to each of you, I'll say it to all, and I know you'll answer me. "Good morning girls, and immediately there ... forth such a cheerful "Good morning, Miss A." as would for the time being, ... any teacher with ... "Now, I said, "Girls, in what position was I when I spoke?" "Standing" was the answer. "And you?" No reply. "Now try again." "Good morning girls." All standing, ... was hearty as before. "Good morning, Miss A."

"Now boys, if a lady meets a gentleman on the road and says "Good morning" to him, how does he salute her?" "He raises his hat." "Well, if you haven't your hats on I want you to give me a right hand salute. "Good morning, boys." Every boy on his feet, every right hand to the forehead, and the walls ring with the cheerful "Good morning, Miss A." At 4 o'clock I said, "Good night girls" and "Good night boys" in turn, and no one needed to ask "What must I do"? Thus, in far less time than it takes to tell, we have established in our school such a form of greeting and leave-taking as any teacher might be proud to receive from his or her pupils. Similarly, after the departure of our first visitor, I impressed them with the fact that every visitor in a school is the guest not only of the teacher, but of the pupils, and as such must be received by them standing, a piece of wis... we so often find, every head turned round and every eye staring—and so on. Opportunities daily present themselves for such lessons, which in my experience rarely have to be repeated.

But however well-directed, however well-chosen, these lessons are not enough. Use constantly the "bunch ... ys," "Good morning," "Good night," "If you please," "Thank you," "Excuse me," "I beg your pardon," as ... has require... pupils to use it. Be ... you would have your pupils be. ... what you would have them do, and ... assured that they will find out for ... selves the use and beauty of ... iteness and appreciate it accordingly ... wherein if you are not polite, ... amount of lecturing will instil in ... r pupils principles, which it is only ... evident are lacking in yourself. ... the ideal which you present them, and you will never lack followers among your pupils. They will respect, love, obey and imitate you.

As in the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part
For the Gods see everywhere
Let us do our work as well
Both the unseen and the seen.
Make the house where Gods may dwell
... stly, complete and clean.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Lady's Trip to the Golden State via C. P. R.

Through the Rocky Mountain Gorges—A Vivid Description of Grand Scenery—Arrival at Vancouver

Specially Written for The Advance.

Remarkable contrast between ranges is noticeable. To the right are fantastically broken and castellated heights, on the left massive snow-laden mountains rising thousands of feet into the air, whose peaks seem to tower into the very heavens, and are lost to view in the clouds overhanging them. On either sides of the river the mountains rise in solid masses until Cascade Mountain closes the view westward. Here the pass we are travelling through narrows suddenly, and we seem to be shut in with apparently no way of exit; forgetting sometimes just where we were and how travelling, we ... ourselves wondering how we ... get out. We presently leave the Bow River and follow the Cascade valley directly to the Cascade mountains. At Anthracite is the shadow of the Cascade, we pass the great coal mine.

... 5 o'clock p.m. we arrive at Banff ... and pictures... spot, the station for Hot Springs, a mediæval watering ... and pleasure resort. Here we saw on the platform the familiar face of Frank Beatty, formerly of Flesherton, looking hale and hearty. We had only time to exchange greetings, as the train stopped but a few minutes. Now we are rushing on again, getting farther and farther into the mountains, and wilder and wilder becomes the scenery. Leaving Banff the line again rejoins the Bow, and runs through a forested valley. The back-ward view is fine, while ahead is an excellent view of Mt Massive. Hole in the Wall Mountain is passed, and nearing Castle Mountain station, Castle Mountain looms up ahead to our right and just behind the station is a precipice of 5000 feet. It looked exactly like an old castle with spires, turrets and battlements, also a door in the centre. We said to each other it would not take us long to walk around it, and as we thought, could run over it in a few minutes, but upon enquiring at the station, were informed it was eight miles across the front, and ten miles away, and would take half a day to walk to the foot of it, as three gentlemen had gone a few days before. How near in appearance, yet so far in reality.

After passing this point the mountains on each ... become exceedingly grand and prominent. Turning to the left and looking back, the central peak of Pilot Mountain is seen, snow capped, like a leaning pyramid. Next to it is Copper Mountain and Temple Mountain, then Mt. Hector comes into view, which is the first of the great glaciers.

... of Mount Stephen is far ... to the ... Mountain of Canada.

The station as well as the mountain is called after Sir George Stephen Hector Bart. President of the C.P.R. Co.

From here the line descends rapidly, passing the beautiful Wapta lake and crossing the deep gorge of Wapta or Kicking Horse River. The scenery here is sublime and terrible. The line clings to the mountain side at the left, while at the right the valley deepens until the river is seen gleaming a thousand feet below. The canyon rapidly deepens until the mountain sides become vertical, rising straight up thousands of feet, and within an easy stones throw from wall to wall. Down this terrible chasm go the railway and river together, the former crossing and re-crossing from side to side to ledges cut out of the solid rock, twisting and turning in every direction, and every minute or two plunging through projecting angles of rock which seem to close the way. With the towering cliffs almost shutting out the light of day, and the roar of the river and train increased by the echoing walls, the passage of this terrible gorge will never be forgotten. For miles we stood out on the lowest step of the train while passing through here, and so had a much better view of this wild but grand scenery. In some places the tops of pine trees just come up on a level with the track so that we could touch them with our hands. These of course were only growing part way up on the side of the canyon, while others grew further and still further down. Here is where you see "giants of the forest," covering the mountains to their very tops, until in the distance they appear like shrubs; the most beautiful forests one would wish to see.

Suddenly the train emerges into daylight. The broad river ahead is the Columbia, and the beautiful mountains lifting their ice-clad heads far into the sky are the Selkirks. We get discouraged as we feel it is impossible to give you anything like an idea of the beauty of this pass as we follow the windings of the river. In places it is clear and placid with the mountains mirrored as they rise in perpendicular walls from its bed, showing their red, blue, gray and white faces, according to their different constitutions. In some places great masses of fleecy clouds lying half way down their sides, in appearance like great bundles of wool with their gray rugged tops towering above, and their blue-black and purple bases below. About dark we arrive at the Glacier House station, so called from the great glacier which is only thirty minutes walk from the hotel. The hotel is a handsome structure belonging to the C.P.R. Co., with grounds rising in terraces from the railway track. It is now too dark for any more of this wonderful scenery to be seen. Before daylight we are in winter in the rockies, the snow being from three to four feet deep, and it is snowing, making the trees of the forest look beautiful in their white feathery covering. We have passed from spring into winter, and soon the more advanced spring a few hours later, with trees and flowers in bloom. We are now in the midst of snow sheds. They are massive wooden tunnels, so that between them and tunnels through the rocks we are almost in utter darkness, just here and there getting glimpses of daylight. However, about 9 o'clock a.m. we have reached the rich and fertile valley of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, and are pleased to see thrifty farm houses, ... fields in full bloom, and fields of grass and grain. First the windings of the Thompson and then the Fraser rivers are followed, with the foot hills on either side. Here and there Indian and Chinamen's ... grouped along the ... of the river. The former are very often seen ... spearing salmon. Here we passed an old Indian with a bundle of the largest salmon we ever saw, tied to the side. The latter are seen ... salmon-bars washing for gold, which ... grow ... frequently seen ... the Chinese distinguishable ... day dress ... each other.

Many ... startling ... along the ... a move ... the ... stones ... along the Fraser ... Ayers ... Jones ... Wave ... Spuzzum ... Boston ... Yale ... Hope ... Emory ... Agassiz ... Mission ... Westminster ... Vancouver ... to the face of the ... nothing, thinking there ... have been many a ... and hair-breadth ... forty times with ... wagons on these terrible ... We have travelled ... of country and we can say that British Columbia ... and journey through.

Arriving at Vancouver ... Friday, we remained on ... until 7 a.m. ... greet our old friends, ... of Georgetown, the Rev J. W. Pedlar and wife, at whose home we stayed until Monday afternoon, enjoying our visit very much.

To be Continued.

Honor Rolls

S.S. No. 3 Artemesia. ...
Class V.—Alice Nicol ... 85.

Class IV. Sr.—Hannah Stafford 170, Maggie Farquharson 142.
Class IV. Jr.—Elsie McKee 140, Evaline McKee 135.
Class III.—Thomas Kerr ... Mabel Cornfield 40, Lou Cornfield 30.
Class II. Sr.—Priscilla McKee 130, Abby Bell ... 126, Nellie Grace 76, Martha Dewar 72, Bell McNair 56, John Wallace Kerr 51, B. J. Grace ... 40, Thomas Gossip 40, James Nevin 3, Matt. Ja Gainey 30.
Class I. ... Alice Palgrave 121, Jo... Kerr ... 112, Matthew G... Bell ... 105, Violet Gillespie 76. J. L. Wright, Teacher.

Kimberley ... for March ... Form I.
Class IV. Sr. Bell Carruthers 274, Jean Bell 255.
Class IV. Jr. Hugh Patterson ... Jean Hay ... Ella Bell 178.
Class III. Sr. Alfred Lawrence 5... Norman Gilbert 458, Ida Bell 422.
Class III. Jr. ... Mabel 07, Mary Gilbert 47, James Wright 46.
Class II. Sr. Annie ... 40, Lawrence 40, Jessie ... Bell 17.
Average Attendance 23.
Form II.
Class II. Jr. Henry McLean 224, Annie Wickens 221, Mary Abercrombie 202.
Part II. Sr.—Amy Hill 180, Ida Thompson 174, Willie McLean 148.
Part II. Jr.—Minnie Battrick 174, Ellwood Abercrombie 140, Mary Kerr 121.
Class A.—Robbie Fawcett 89, Jessie Battrick 80, Mary McKenzie 70.
Class B.—Sadie Fawcett 70, Henry Wallace 60, Kara Fawcett 1.
Class C.—Sarah Thompson 25, Sanford Knott 22, Merza McKenzie 20.
Average Attendance 36.

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ALL THE TIME IN THEIR SEASON

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... AT BREAD GIVEN ON HAND

... ORDERS ... PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

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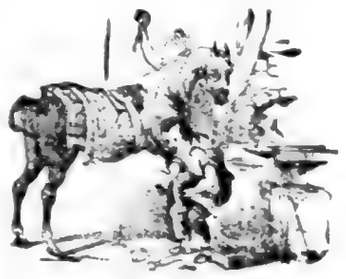

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FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
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FURNITURE DEALER.

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Weariness.

O little feet that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
  Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
  Am weary thinking of your road.

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
  Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
  Am weary, thinking of your task!

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
  Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
  Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
  Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
  How lurid looks this soul of mine!

All-Powerful Woman.

What cannot woman do for good or evil?
  She is the worst and best of human kind—
Either an angel or a very devil.
  Sour and belligerent, or calmly sweet inclined.
As wife and mother she can make home heaven,
  Or bring upon it suffering and blight—
By disposition kind and temper even,
  Or bosom full of bitterness and spite.

The sweetest, grandest object in creation
  Is a good woman in her proper sphere,
Winning the ardent love and approbation
  Of loyal husband and of children dear.
Earnest in her work, devout, untiring—
  Ever striving some new bliss to plan—
To no great name but that of wife aspiring—
  The crowning glory God vouchsafed to man.

And then, per contra, there is no one living
More to be censured, dreaded and despised
Than a bad woman, constant trouble giving
To those who should by her be idolized.
Splenetic, sour, cruel and seditious,
  Careless of home, and fond of rout and ball,
Wilful, improvident, conscienceless and vicious,
The friend of no one and the curse of all.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRECIOUS BALMS.

"I heard you say you wanted to speak to me, Mrs. Medlicott," said Lady Elizabeth, with perfect composure. "You spoke so that we could hear all you said, as I presume you intended we should. And I heard this. What is it you want to say to me?"

Anne was taken aback. Between her new dignity as a married woman, making her superior to Lady Elizabeth in her state of unfledged maidenhood, and her natural veneration for the grand young lady of her old home between this natural veneration and her moral reprobation of Lady Elizabeth's consorting with Estelle, she was for a moment in a chaotic condition, and did not quite know what to do. She wished to be at once respectful to the earl's daughter and severe to the associate of sinners, mindful of the claims of rank while upholding those of morality; and the combination was difficult.

"I am so sorry to see you with that dreadful person, Lady Elizabeth; so sorry to hear you say 'we,'" then said Anne, taking a header into the depths,

"What person? Mrs. Harford or Mr. Stagg?" asked the lady.

"Both," said Anne.

"Why?"

Lady Elizabeth asked this as tranquilly as if Estelle had never broken her marriage vows, and Caleb Stagg, the miner's son, were the Home Secretary at the least.

"Why? Oh, Lady Elizabeth, how can you ask such a thing!" cried Anne, roused out of fear by the strength of her anger. "You—you that we all look up to at Kingshouse you to be sitting there like an equal with a fallen woman and the common man who supports her! And then you say 'why?' when a person like myself objects."

"That you are free from her special sin I know," said Lady Elizabeth, gently. "But are you so free from *all* sin, Mrs. Medlicott, that you can afford to be so severe? There is not only one kind of evil in the world; there are many kinds. Which of us is free from them all?"

"By George, no!" muttered Mr. Medlicott, forgetting his Orders and remembering his Varsity days.

"Oh, Lady Elizabeth!" cried Anne again, unutterably shocked, and not having heard her husband; "do you class running away from your husband and child, and living under a false name with another man as his wife, a sin no worse than telling a little falsehood now and then, or being a little cross or lazy, or ill-natured, or anything like that? It is dreadful! Where shall we all come to if we make no more distinction than this?"

"We should come to more charity than we have now," Lady Elizabeth answered.

"Laxity, you mean," put in Anne warmly.

"No, Christian charity," was the response. "That poor girl there is scarcely herself. Her grief has touched the fineness of her intellect, and she is scarcely responsible for what she says or does. Cannot you feel some kind of pity for a life so wasted, so wrecked, so unhappy?"

"No," said Anne. "She deserves it all, and more. We have no right to pity such wicked people as she and Mr. Osborne, for all that he is dead. They deserve to die. They ought to die, or go mad, or something, and not live to set a bad example to others, and to be pitied and made much of, as if they had done nothing to be ashamed of."

"Is this the Christianity you teach, Mr. Medlicott?" asked Lady Elizabeth, turning to Anne's uncomfortable husband, standing there in the trimmer's distress, wishing to restrain his Annette's rude testifying, yet not wishing to fail the severe dignity of his cloth.

"It is always difficult to reconcile Christian charity with Christian purity," he said, smoothly. Who felt that difficulty more acutely than he?

"Our Lord pardoned sinners," was Lady Elizabeth's commentary.

"Because He was our Lord, and had the right and the power. But we frail, fallible mortals are different. We must hold the standard of purity high, and keep the light of the lamp undimmed. We must not be too pitiful to the sinners lest we should forget to hate the sin. 'To condemn cards and pardon the sharper,' you know, is absurd, Lady Elizabeth. But this is the danger of too great leniency—too great compassion for the evil-doer."

This he said as his confession of faith for Anne's sake, not deeming it wise to be less exacting for purity than his young wife, having always before him the dread of weakening those bonds of restraint which men loosen for their pleasure out of the home, and draw tight for their security within it.

"Yet the very life and spirit of the gospels is charity; and the Apostles too taught the same sweet truth," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Not to women who run away from their husbands with other men, and leave their children to be brought up anyhow by strangers," persisted Anne, coming back to her point as a cat comes back to the mouse-hole. "If Mrs. Harford had wanted to leave her husband—and that would have been wicked enough when once she had married him—she need not have gone off with Mr. Osborne. If she did not love the man she married, she could at least have kept herself correct," she added, with unanswerable justice.

"I do not defend Estelle's action, but we must remember the whole circumstance before we can judge it rightly," Lady Elizabeth answered. "She had loved Charlie Osborne all her life. She was induced to marry Mr. Harford only after she had been deceived by a false report of his death; and when she saw her old lover again she went away with him on the spur of the moment—not after thought and deliberation. It was not like loving a stranger after marriage. It was more like going back to her own."

"Then," said Anne, hotly, "you hold that a girl is justified in going back to her own, as you call it—that is, in leaving her husband for her first love if he happens to cross her path. Is that what you mean to say, Lady Elizabeth? I can scarcely believe it of you—you, of all people in the world!"

"I do not quite say that," was the quiet reply. "You have overstated me, Mrs. Medlicott. I only excuse poor Estelle somewhat, not only because of her long and deep-rooted attachment, but because she had been, as it were, betrayed into her marriage with a man she did not love. And it seemed more natural to her to give her life to Mr. Osborne, the man she did love."

"All this is dreadful!" cried Anne, aghast. "And her marriage vows to go for nothing! Whatever she felt she should have borne it. Had she not vowed that she would?"

"We are frail creatures under temptation," said Lady Elizabeth.

"And we should be frailer if such principles as these were accepted," cried Anne. "That I should have lived to hear such awful sentiments from Lady Elizabeth Inchbold! It is fearful! And the earthquake here so lately! I wonder you have the courage, Lady Elizabeth! I wonder you are not afraid!"

She was sincerely stirred. She wore the White Cross on her breast; and charity to evil-doers was as a black stain thrown across its virgin purity. Tears stood in her china blue eyes—genuine tears of genuine distress. That the sweet lady of Kingshouse should advocate laxity in these matters was a species of blasphemy which terrified and overcame her. She had always looked up to Lady Elizabeth with so much reverence, if her practical democracy had at times somewhat revolted her. But, now, when she was not only consorting with sinners, but speaking gently of that fallen creature, and even excusing her and making light of the heinousness of her sin, Anne felt as if she must choose between man and God—human respect and divine guidance.

"Some day you will come to a better knowledge," she said, with quivering lips. "I will pray that you do."

"Perhaps some day, taught by the lesson of suffering in the world, you will think with me—gently of sinners," said Lady Elizabeth in reply.

"I hope never!" said Anne, with fervor.

"But you can at all events refrain from saying harsh things that she can hear. You remember the bruised reed and the smoking flax!" said Lady Elizabeth. "She is very, very sad—her mind is a little unhinged—will you not spare her this pain, this indignity?"

"If she were in a proper frame of mind, and truly repentant, I would," Anne answered. "But she is not, and she ought to be made to see her sin as it is. She is not really mad, I suppose? She can pray, can she not? and God can give His grace even to an idiot, if He will!"

"Then let God judge her. We have only to soothe and help her," Lady Elizabeth replied, as she turned away and went back to Estelle.

"What has she been saying to you? What have you been talking about all this time?" were Estelle's two questions, put rapidly and feverishly on her friend's return.

"Nothing of consequence," said Lady Elizabeth. "We had a great deal to talk about that meant nothing and ended in nothing."

"A bitter, black-hearted rigmaree, that's what she is!" muttered Caleb to himself, chafing at his own inability to help and avenge Estelle by telling Mrs. Medlicott what he thought of her. "Not fit to hold a candle to her, isn't she, and she daring to drag her over the coals like that! She wants coaling herself, that does she!"

"I know why Anne Aspline hates me so much," then said Estelle, after a pause. "It is because mother would not visit them; and now that she is properly married, and I was not, she is glad to insult me. It is very simple."

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth, almost scared by the unwonted lucidity of her poor friend's words.

"But I do not care," continued Estelle, "for I did only what was right. It was my duty to Charlie when he wanted me, and I went. I did quite right. Did I not, Liese dear? I was quite right to leave Thrift, which I always hated—oh, how I hated that place!—and come to the Riviera with my poor darling when he wanted me, was I not?"

"We will not discuss that now, dear," said Lady Elizabeth, weakly trafficking with her conscience for love's sake.

"But I want to discuss it!" said Estelle, with a child's wilfulness. "And I want you to tell me, yes or no. Did I do wrong to go with Charlie when he wanted me? I was engaged to him long before I ever saw Mr. Harford; and when I knew that he was alive and he said I was to go to him, of course I did. What else could I do?—and why should I not? And I did what was right, did I not?"

"Whether I think you did right or wrong is nothing to either of us," said Lady Elizabeth. "My best answer is, 'I am here to care for you and help you to get quite well.'"

"But that dreadful girl who hates me so much has said such dreadful things!" said Estelle.

"Forget them, dear. While you have such friends as Mr. Stagg and myself, let the rest go."

"And my darling, who never leaves me!" said Estelle, softly, looking up into the blue vault above, where she did really and honestly believe Charlie, as a spirit, was hovering, having postponed his entrance into his inheritance of heaven to be near her.

"And Mr. Harford, who wishes you only well," said Lady Elizabeth, tentatively.

"Oh," was the weary response, "do not talk of him. He is nothing to me, and I want to forget him. I have only one wish—that he will divorce me; and then I shall be all Charlie's—all—all his—body, soul, and name!"

"And he of no more value than a bit of mouse-ear chickweed," thought Caleb Stagg to himself. "And that queenly lass to have given herself away for a man not fit to tie her very shoe-string! Matty me! the pity of it all!"

After this rude blow, however, Estelle's mind went back to its clouded state, and she lost more than she had ever found of clearness and self-consciousness. Charlie had died sooner than need have been from the same cause; and Anne had, indeed, vindicated the claims of stern justice and righteous retribution. And now it had come Estelle's turn, and her fibre proved no tougher than her dead lover's. Not all Lady Elizabeth's loving care, not all Caleb's humble devotion, counteracted the shock of Anne's scorn. She passed whole days by Charlie's grave, and obstinately refused to go anywhere else. Anthony was still unable to move, and Mrs. Clanricarde would not come; and Lady Elizabeth had to be strong enough for the place, however painful its circumstances and onerous its duties. The nurse hired to share the anxieties of the moment was worse than useless. Estelle would not have her near her, and her very presence made the poor girl so violent that she was perforce put into the background, while Lady Elizabeth's maid was a timid young woman who had nerves of her own, and was afraid of her own shadow. Thus the sweet Lily of Kingshouse had it all in her hands and on her shoulders; and sometimes she wished that she could divide the burden with another.

One day she had a more than usual strain. It was hot and stifling and she fell asleep by Estelle, lying on her bed near her and holding her hand in hers. When she awoke she found herself alone. Estelle had crept away with that wonderful cunning of the partially insane, and stolen from the house unseen of any. Caleb happened to be out of the way at the moment, and the coast was therefore clear. There was hot running and feverish excitement—messengers were sent off in various directions—and a considerable stir was made in the hotel—when Estelle reappeared, as from a walk, bright-eyed, flushed, brisk, alert; far more so because more feverish than she ever was in her best days, and no more like an invalid than Lady Elizabeth herself. When gently scolded by Lady Elizabeth, and asked where she had been and why she had given them all this trouble and anxiety, she laughed in a buoyant way, and said she had been out for a little walk; the day was so fine, and she had a longing to be alone. So the escapade passed without more notice being taken of it, and Lady Elizabeth did not know what it was that her charge held hidden in her breast—something which every now and then she touched as if to reassure herself it was there, and safe in her own possession.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THEY MET AND PARTED.

One of the difficulties of the present position was Estelle's obstinate refusal to leave Mentone, where Charlie was buried, and where his spirit still lived. There was no doubt that she ought to be taken away. The only chance of mental rehabilitation was in change of scene and diversion of thought; but who could insist when she so passionately and so tempestuously refused? Lady Elizabeth had neither the nerve nor the power to carry a shouting and protesting maniac to the station; and if she had not, then certainly had Caleb even less than she. Left alone and not thwarted, Estelle was quiet enough, if not always amenable to control; but to be taken forcibly away would have roused into active mania what was now that dulled and brooding condition known technically as "melancholia."

Anthony could not come for yet awhile, and Mrs. Clanricarde would not, till certain toilette arrangements were completed. Lady Elizabeth confessed that Estelle was in perfect physical health, which was so far a relief. If her mind had gone a little astray, it would come right in time, and there was nothing to fear. Ever since that first (false) announcement of Charlie's death she had been warped and strained; but she had done no harm to herself or any other, and would not now. A few days more or less did not signify, and a perfect equipment did. So the mother contented herself with a few letters full of futile excuses to Lady Elizabeth, and waited until her cloaks and bonnets and gowns should be sent home fit to wear.

But Estelle did not want her at all. Her one cry to Lady Elizabeth was: "Keep my mother away, Liese! She would send me mad if she came! She was too wicked to my darling! I will never see her again."

Meanwhile, Anthony's broken bone was healing apace, and would soon be well enough for him to take the journey with due care and precautions. And, after all, he was the proper person to come and make arrangements. He was the very one who had legal authority to act—the only one who could dispose of this poor wrecked life, or say what should be done with this more than widow and less than wife.

It was one of Estelle's bad days, when the working of her brain was even more than usually impeded. She was lying in bed, having refused to get up; and was in that state of semi-unconsciousness so well known to the watchers by these mournful bedsides. Her eyes were closed, and she was silent and impassive.

While she was standing there, her main desire at this moment being that Estelle should rouse herself enough to take some soup, Lady Elizabeth heard the omnibus from the station clatter through the gates and draw up at the hotel door. Then she heard a voice she knew only too well, and a strange halting sound, like and yet unlike a human step, which came up the stairs and stopped at the door of their salon. A moment after, Anthony Harford, on crutches, stumbled into the room into which Estelle's bedroom opened, to find only Caleb sitting rather in the shadow, listening for any sound that might seem to ask his assistance, while apparently occupied in verifying certain flowers got that morning in his early walk before Estelle had stirred or Lady Elizabeth was visible. When Anthony came in, he started up in mingled trepidation and yet relief. Now that queenly lass would be lost to him, and his days would be as days without sun or sky, but Lady Elizabeth would be relieved from the anxiety which was beginning to tell on her rather heavily. How Estelle would bear this meeting remained to be seen. He hoped much, but he feared more. Had he had the ordering of things, and she could have been content, he would have liked to carry her away to some distant place where no one should see her more, or to have the care of her here at Mentone with the full consent of all belonging to her. He knew, he said to himself, that he could manage her. If he might do so he would, and could make her almost happy. But his doing as he would was only absolute submission to every wish or fancy of hers and to manage her was merely to adore her and obey her.

White, wan, and lean, Anthony was but the shadow of his former self. He looked as if he had been drained by some vampire of all his blood, as if the day of his final reckoning had come. But his changed appearance was due more to mental distress than physical discomfort, and the anguish of the moment was in pain of this meeting and the doubt of himself that it included. But this fellow, this creature, this usurper, roused the man's pride and passion, and, so far, did him good.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" he asked, haughtily, speaking to Caleb as to a dog.

"I am Caleb Stagg, from Kingshouse, and I am here to help Lady Elizabeth look after Mrs. Harford," said Caleb, with a quiet patience that was in its own way dignity.

"Where is she?" returned Anthony, still speaking in the same rude, rough way. For, indeed, it wounded him sore to see this man here where he should have been, and would, now that the villain who had wrought all this evil was dead, had it not been for this untoward accident.

"In yonder," said Caleb, pointing to a door that stood ajar. "Lady Elizabeth is there with her."

There was but one She for both these men, so unlike as they were and with such different claims; and for all her grandeur and goodness and charm and self-devotion the sweet Lily of Kingshouse was but the satellite where this other was the central star.

Estelle, with her eyes still shut and her lips drawn close, seemed to hear and know nothing. Lady Elizabeth, her nerves strung and her senses all intensified, heard and knew all. It was as if she were in the room and saw as well as heard—Anthony's impatience, just touching on brutality; Caleb's self-control, that rose into dignity. She came through the doorway, laying her finger on her lip, and as she turned, Estelle opened her eyes wide with a strange and ah! for the lost beauty of mind which goes with the health of the brain!—vicious smile, and touched something that was in the thick coils of her hair. Then she closed her eyes again and lay as still as before.

"Speak softly," said Lady Elizabeth, making no more formal greeting. "She is easily startled."

"Let me see her," said Anthony, his brow drawn low, his lips pressed close. "I will not frighten her."

Lady Elizabeth, moving softly, went into the room, and Anthony prepared to follow her. But his crutches fell sharply on the uncarpeted floor, and he stopped, with an angry exclamation.

"Let me help you, Mr. Harford, sir," said honest Caleb, coming forward with all his kindly nature roused to be of service to a fellow-man, but, above all, to be of service to one who loved her. "Lean on me for this side, and maybe one stick will be enough for the other. It will make less clatter."

"Thanks, yes," said Anthony, with by no means effusive gratitude for the service rendered. Man-like, he was totally without gratitude for small services of temporary usefulness. Large ones he would pay back with his life, if need be. But to lean on Caleb's shoulder did not soften his heart to the ungainly interloper who had taken the place that should have been his; and he went on into the room where Estelle was lying, mutely cursing his fate and all humanity with the passion and injustice of his unregenerate kind. As they came up to the bedside and looked at that poor beautiful wreck—a more sorrowful victim of love than ever was Ophelia—Caleb felt the strong man leaning on him quiver like an aspen leafe in the wind; but he made no open demonstration. He neither groaned nor wept, nor yet spoke. He only trembled with the suppressed emotion of a passionate man used to control expression, and lightly laid his hand on hers.

Then Estelle, opening her eyes wide, fixed them on the faces of the two men standing by the side of her bed—Anthony in the full light and Caleb in the shadow—and as she looked she shrieked and covered her face in her hands.

"Estelle, dear, do you know me?" said Anthony, very gently, bending over her; but she only shuddered and moaned, shutting out the sight as something too painful, too terrible to be borne.

"Will you not speak to me, Estelle? Dearest! are you afraid of me? There is nothing to fear! Darling, speak to me. Oh, my love! look at me once more with those dear eyes and tell me you do not hate me!"

He said all this at intervals, softly, his passion, his despair of entreaty, rising as the time went by and she still hid her face and moaned.

"One word, my Estelle!" continued Anthony, who, by now, had lost all memory of her sin and of his own anger and dark resolves—whose heart had gone back to her again with all its former integrity of love and who determined that, come what might, he would take her in his hand before the world, and rehabilitate her by his love. He was man enough to face the world and overcome it. "One word!" he pleaded; "tell me that you are glad I have come, and that you will go back with me to Thrift and your child!" He forcibly took her hand from her face—that long, soft, perfumed hand—and carried it to his lips. "Oh, my darling! will you not speak to me one word!" he said, with a sob. "Not one look to the man who loves you!"

Then Estelle uncovered her face and looked at him with sudden gentleness.

"Poor Anthony, do not cry," she said, simply.

He kissed her hand again. Judge and criminal—it was the judge who sued and the criminal who granted.

"But I have found you now, and we will be happy together again," he said, his very soul in his voice.

She shuddered visibly, and looked appealingly at Lady Elizabeth. Her one conscious thought was to stay here, where Charlie's grave held Charlie's heart, and was the altar where she worshipped.

"Do you want to see your boy?" then asked Anthony; "your little son? He has grown now, Estelle; he is a big boy, and remembers you. We teach him to speak of you—to ask after you. He has not forgotten you. Do you not wish to see him again?"

"No," sighed Estelle. "He was yours, not mine. He is better without me."

Tears gathered into Anthony's eyes. Hers were dry. If she could have wept, she would have been saved.

"How can a child be better without its mother?" he said, tenderly. "How much better he will be with you, you mean, my darling! How we are all longing for you again!"

Again she shuddered.

"Ask Anne Aspline," she said.

(To be Continued).

Latest Scottish News.

Major Vernor Carter has been selected for the command of the Second Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

There is now a likelihood that Rev. John Robertson, Stonehaven, will be unanimously chosen for the McCrie-Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh.

At Fairlie, Wigtownshire, the other day a hen, after hatching several chickens, died; thereupon a cat took charge of the brood, and has since been their jealous guardian.

Rev. James R. Grant, parish minister of Buittle, died after a very brief illness on 8th May. He had been out walking on the previous day. Mr. Grant was over 80 years of age, and had been for 44 years minister of the parish.

An old landmark in the drapery business of Glasgow will soon disappear. The great establishment of Thomas Chalmers & Co., Trongate, will put on a new face and look as gay as possible in the guise of a People's Coffee Palace.

Wm. Dickson, one of the two surviving members of Galashiels Ancient Weavers' Corporation, died the other day, aged 67 years. The Flodden flag now becomes the property of the last survivor, Mr. James B. Brown, Viewfield.

By a carriage accident in Nottingham Mrs. Michie, wife of Dr. Michie, was so injured that she died on the 10th May. The Queen and the Princess Frederica of Hanover were present at the wedding of Mrs. Michie at Balmoral during the Jubilee week.

What are known over a large part of Scotland as "Dixon's blazes" were seen on the night of the 6th May for the last time. The proprietors have resolved to utilize the furnace smoke in the manufacture of gas, for reheating tar, ammonia and other residual products of the coal, and the flames which illuminated the midnight skies of Glasgow will now pass into gas flues, instead of into the air as formerly.

A Plea for the Denominations.

The best men in every congregation—the men who work best, train their families best, pay most, make most sacrifices, attend public worship and prayer meeting most regularly, and are most influential for good in the community—are, without exception, the men most attached to the doctorines and polity of their own churches. This is true of every denomination. The men who have most influence in the community, the men who have most influence in other churches are invariably the men who work best on their own denominational lines. Over against this undoubted fact put the other undoubted fact that the man who never has any influence for good in his own church or in any other is the rounder who gr8hes about union.

Denominationalism cannot be such a bad thing if it produces the best men we have. —*Knoxonian in Canada Presbyterian.*

DR. T. HEMAN BREHMER, an eminent German authority, says: "Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, caused by bad blood." At the Brompton Hospital for consumptives, London, Eng., a statement has been published that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. This explains why the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure claim that they have received many testimonials which they have not published, because of the incredulity with which they would be received were it claimed that Warner's Safe Cure cures consumption. But the fact is that if your kidneys be cured and put in a healthy condition they expel the uric acid and poisonous waste matter, and prevent the irritation of the delicate substances of the lungs, thereby removing the cause. When the effect is removed the symptom of kidney disease, which is called consumption, disappears, and with it the irritation which caused it.

A Dead-Head Dog.

Col. Shanly is the owner of a dog of which an interesting tale is told, but the veracity of which cannot be vouched for. It has a habit of leaving the Colonel's residence on Piccadilly street about noon each day and waiting at the corner of Richmond street for a street car, when it hops on and rides as far as Dundas, from where it runs down to its master's office in the County building. After waiting around there for an hour or so it once more takes the car for home.—*London Free Press.*

American (in London store)—I wish to buy a pair of suspenders. Shop-keeper—Never heard of such a thing, sir. American—Isn't this a gentleman's furnishing store? Shop-keeper—No, sir; this is a haberdashery and dress supply shop, sir. American retires staggered.

OUT IN THE STORM.

The Barge Bavaria Driven Ashore in Monday Night's Gale.

EIGHT OF THE CREW DROWNED.

Exciting Experiences of the Tows of the D. D. Calvin and Tecumseth.

A last (Wednesday) night's Kingston despatch says: In the great gale of yesterday the D. D. Calvin's tow was broken up off Long Point. The D. D. Calvin and the schooners Norway and Valentia reached Garden Island more or less filled with water and minus their deck loads of timber. The Bavaria, the third of the tow, was driven ashore and all her crew, eight in number, drowned. The Valentia was next to the D. D. Calvin, and she broke her tow line about fifteen miles from Long Point. Immediately afterwards the Bavaria broke her line. The Valentia broached to and became water-logged. The sea was running high and tons of water were thrown on deck, smashing the bulwarks, washing overboard blocks of timber and opening up the covering board. The seas also carried away the chain plate of the rigging and did much damage in the cabin. The Bavaria is ashore on the north side of the Gallops Island, but can easily be got off. There was no trace of the crew about when Capt. O'Brien, of the Armenia, visited the vessel. In the cabin are all of Captain Marshall's clothes and papers, which led Captain O'Brien to believe that he had been washed overboard. Some of the large timber which formed part of her cargo had been washed on the cabin. The Armenia passed a ship's boat, bottom up, a short distance from where the ill-fated Bavaria is ashore. The crew were as follows: Captain, John Marshall; first mate, Felix Campau; second mate, John Snell; seamen, W. Owens, Elias King, Arthur Bowean, Alex. Berry; cook, Bella Hartman.

The theory is that Capt. Marshall, in attempting to shift the timber to lighten the Bavaria, was washed overboard, when the crew took to the boat and were upset. The order of the Calvin's tow was: Valentia, Bavaria and Norway. About 6 o'clock, when the gale was at its worst, the tow line broke, and the Bavaria, drifting back, broke the head gear of the Norway. The Norway at once cut her tow line and made sail, but the Bavaria got into the trough of the sea and couldn't get out. The Calvin hung on to the Valentia, which had a big sheer on, and was trying to get her into line when her tow line parted. Within three-quarters of an hour from the time of leaving the Bavaria, the Calvin returned abreast of her, blowing her whistle, but could perceive no one on board. So the crew must have left her or been washed overboard. The Calvin went back three or four times, but they did not see a sign of life on the vessel. The Calvin waited around the Bavaria until she drifted to the head of Duck Island; when, satisfied that nothing more could be done, the Calvin took the Valentia in tow and arrived at Garden Island at 7 this morning. The lighthouse man at Point Peter Lighthouse says he perceived a boat with several men in it a good way out. It was upset. Afterwards he saw one man on the bottom of the boat, who was eventually washed off. This must have been the man whom the captain of the Tecumseth saw. Permission will have to be received from Washington before a Canadian tug can go to the rescue. The Valentia finally anchored four miles above the False Ducks. The Valentia last sighted the Bavaria between the Main Ducks and the Gallop. She was water-logged. The Norway, which was picked up by the steamer Armenia and towed to this port, suffered terribly. Of her cabin not a whole stick remains. Besides the actual walls, which were saved by timber which surrounded them, inside are doors, windows, tables, frames, crockery, boots, clothing, papers, etc. Her decks and hatches are broken and bulwarks smashed.

Captain Smith said: "About 5.30 a.m. on Tuesday morning, after the Bavaria broke loose, I cut my tow line, in order to keep out of the trough of the sea, which was running high. I never experienced a worse night. I set a little canvas and made the Ducks, four miles from Nine Mile Point. She waterlogged. The cabin was smashed, and mostly everything was washed overboard. We stopped on top of the deck house and in the rigging. We were in this condition from 9 o'clock in the morning until towed into Garden Island by the Armenia, which could not take us on board on account of the heavy sea."

The Norway's crew last saw the Bavaria about half way between the Main Ducks and the Gallop, drifting waterlogged. The Bavaria was built ten years ago at Garden Island. Captain James Marshall was married and had three children. Felix Campau, first mate, has a wife and eight children, residing on Garden Island. John Snell, the second mate, was a son of Mrs. Snell, of Garden Island. Samuel Berry, deck hand, was the son of a farmer near Barriefield. Owens and two Frenchmen were single.

It was off Brighton on Tuesday morning that the tow-line of the barge Cameron, one of the consorts of the steam barge Tecumseth, snapped, and the barges Cameron and J. G. Worts had to shift for themselves. The Cameron threw the tow-line of the Worts overboard. The wind was blowing ferociously and the waves were rolling mountains high. Canvas was spread by the vessels, and they came flying down the lake. Both of the barges reached port safely, the Cameron losing her big anchor, which she dropped in the bay. It was this side of Long Point that the sailors discovered the steamer D. D. Calvin parted from her consorts. The sailors on the Tecumseth's tow declare that they beheld one man clinging to a stick of timber. He was struck by every wave, and there was little hope that he could long survive or be picked up. Another man was holding on to an upturned yawl. He waved for help, but the barges could not turn. The captain of the Cavalier saw a man clinging with both hands to an unturned yawl. He was satisfied that it was Captain Marshall. As the boat passed the captain waved his hat, but the Cavalier's crew could not get near him. Another man was sitting upon a stick of timber. This was near the barge Bavaria. On the Valentia four men were seen aft and one in the rigging. Men on going to the Bavaria found her hold half full of water. The furniture of Captain Marshall's room was in good order. There was money in a drawer and his books were all right. The captain was an Odd-fellow and very recently was insured for $1,000 in the Odd-fellows' Relief Association. The name of the cook, who is supposed to be lost, is Bella Asselatine.

The beauty of the wrecking laws of Canada is alarmingly shown. Two barges and the schooner Bavaria are ashore at Long Point and cannot be touched without orders from Ottawa and Washington. Meantime the vessels may pound themselves to pieces. Mr. Henry Folger has asked Washington to allow the Bavaria to be saved by Canadian tools, and orders are being awaited. The advantages of the recent Wrecking Bill, killed by the Senate, are now most apparent.

The Sylvester Neelon sprang a leak off the Ducks. At once the pumps were set in motion. The sea broke over her and several of her crew narrowly escaped being washed overboard. The vessel reached port with seven feet of water in her. The crew did not have time to eat for twenty-four hours. The Beals and Rhoda Emily lay under Four-Mile Point all day yesterday. None of Calvin & Sons' vessels are insured. The Calvin and tow came from St. Ignace with timber. The Valentia came in with her starboard bulwark nearly to the water's edge. The Valentia had 4,300 feet of timber in her cargo. It was piled nearly nine feet high on her deck. The Calvin had a deck load eleven feet high. The forward hatch of the Valentia was not put on, owing to the position of the timber.

"BUFFALO TO THE BEYOND."

A Third Suicide for the Week—This One Dangles from a Rope's End.

During the week three weary wanderers on life's thorny thoroughfare have passed from Buffalo to the beyond by swinging from this world into the next at the end of a rope. Third on the list was Peter Reinhart, who hung himself from the ceiling of his sitting-room at No. 254 Cedar street yesterday afternoon. Reinhart was 67 years old, and for three months had been suffering from rheumatism. He had a wife and four married children. One member of the household was a niece, who, with the other members of the family, went out calling yesterday afternoon, leaving Reinhart in the house alone. On returning the niece was first to enter the sitting-room, and was startled at seeing her uncle dangling from the centre of the ceiling by a clothesline attached to a hook. Sergt. Bodamer of the Fourth Precinct cut the body down.—*Buffalo Courier of to-day.*

An Old Soldier's Grit.

A pitiful illustration of the determination and grit animating the old soldiers of the Confederacy was witnessed in the Governor's office recently. Mr. John M. Varnadoe, of Telfair county, came in on crutches to apply for a pension. His left leg was off above the knee, his right foot was stiffened out perfectly straight and his hands were very rough and horny. Mr. Varnadoe is an illiterate farmer, and being unable to write his name made his cross mark to the application. After he received his order for $150 he was asked by Capt. Tip Harrison what he could do toward making a living. He replied that he could do anything on a farm that any other man could do. He sat down on the floor and showed how he chopped cotton, propelling himself along the row by means of his hands. He also cut wood by sitting down to it, and on one occasion cut and split 130 rails in a day. He dug the well on his place and reshingled his house. Mr. Varnadoe has a wife and eight children, and seems as happy and contented as most men, notwithstanding his crippled condition.—*Atlanta Journal.*

An Infamous Bill, Indeed.

A day or two after the division on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill I was talking to an hereditary legislator who had taken part in it. "Vote against it!" he exclaimed, with every appearance of intense indignation; "of course I did! An infamous Bill! I would oppose it at any sacrifice." "But why do you feel so strongly about it, my friend?" I asked. "Strongly? Why, because I regard it as an utterly unjustifiable outrage to compel a man to marry a woman whom he possibly detests." This poor creature really thought the Bill proposed to render marriage with a deceased's wife's sister compulsory. I daresay that there were many more of them in the lobby who had equally hazy views on the subject.—*London Truth.*

Some Recent English Bulls.

Here are a few bulls recently perpetrated by first-class English papers:

"To investigate the question would lead us too deeply into the dry and troubled waters of moral philosophy."

"Several chimneys fell, burying the inmates in the ruins."

"A row of cottages fell, but fortunately the inmates were all out."

"At first sight the electioneering addresses sound thoroughly protectionist."—*New York Tribune.*

THE late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I would use Warner's Safe Cure." He also said "The medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady."

—Old residents declare that they never saw such an early autumn as this.

A company of Boston stock brokers recently dined on two lobsters weighing twenty-eight pounds, caught at Sullivan, Me

—New silk gloves are nicely embroidered, and have medium long Jersey wrists, which cling closely to the arm and fit perfectly, while they come in all the fashionable street shades, and are popular for shopping and general wear.

—College commencement days are on, and presently the country will be at the mercy of the young man who knows it all.

A. D. Thompson, of Oswego, N.Y., is said to be the oldest railroad conductor in the United States. He began railroading in 1844 on a tramway from Ithaca to Oswego. He is about 70 years old.

LATEST CRONIN SENSATION.

Other Two Suspected Murderers in Custody.

HISTORY OF THE CASE.

The Untouched "Charm" on the Person of the Dead Man.

Notwithstanding Chief Hubbard's statement it is reported that two other Cronin suspects are in jail.

"AGNUS DEI."

A correspondent writes in the New York *Sun*: Doubtless some persons who have read in to-day's *Sun* about the Agnus Dei said to have been found on the corpse of Dr. Cronin may want to know what it is, its meaning and purpose. It must not be confounded with a scapular, which is a different thing. It is a small cake of wax taken from that which remains from the paschal candles, is stamped with the figure of a lamb supporting the banner of the cross, and is solemnly blessed by the Pope on the Thursday after Easter. In the ninth century Agnus Deis were made of wax and oil by the Archdeacon of Rome, blessed by the Pope, and distributed to the people on the octave of Easter. It is forbidden to paint or gild an Agnus Dei. They are usually sewn up in a covering of silk in the shape of a heart, and are never for sale. They belong to what is known in the Catholic Church as sacramentals and as such, if worn with pious dispositions, they excite increased fear and love of God, detestation of sin, and so, not in themselves, but because of those movements of the heart toward God, remit venial sins.

ONLY A MISCHIEVOUS FAKE.

The story published in the morning papers to the effect that Dr. Cronin was removed by order of the Clan na-Gael upon the charge that he was suspected to be a spy is emphatically denounced by friends of Dr. Cronin, who declare it to be an inspiration of the enemy.

"I tell you that that story comes from Dr. Cronin's enemies, said a prominent Irishman to an *Evening News* reporter this morning. "It is a part of the conspiracy to blacken the doctor's memory and to confuse the public mind. He was not suspected of being a spy. Le Caron's testimony never directed suspicion against him. The Clan-na-Gael never ordered any such trial as that described, and no order to remove him ever came from any meeting of that organization. Dr. Cronin was assassinated by personal enemies, who conspired to remove him because he was in their way. This story is an unspeakable outrage on his memory and a damnable plot to mislead pursuit. It is inspired by the same parties who befogged the case from the first by lying reports of every description, from the story that he was seen here on a street car to the tale about his being in Toronto at a hotel."

Other Irishmen expressed the same view of the matter, and some of them were hot at the newspapers for giving the story currency.

CRONIN'S MURDER CONDEMNED.

The Municipal Council of the Irish National League met in New York last night and passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Municipal Council of the Irish National League, most emphatically condemn the brutal murder of Dr. P. H. Cronin. We repudiate the calumnies that seek in any way to hold the Irish National League, its funds or its policy as in the slightest degree connected with this assassination. Deploring this great crime, we express our earnest hope that swift justice will overtake all those responsible for his death.

THE MEN AND THE CRIME.

As the days go by the evidence of the conspiracy becomes more and more apparent. The police have now got all the scraps of evidence into something like an intelligible shape. The puzzle is becoming clearer and when a few missing pieces are supplied he who runs may read. All who wish to try to solve the puzzle should look at these few facts. First, take the mere sequence of events and see how one fits into the other to prove the plot. Here is the chain of events:

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLOT.

Feb. 10—A room is hired by "J. B. Simmons at No. 117 Clark street, directly opposite Cronin's office, whence his every movement could be watched.
Feb. 21—"Simmons" buys furniture and a trunk, which are taken to his room.
March 19—"Simmons'" room is found unoccupied and all his furniture taken away.
March 20—Frank Williams, thought to be J. B. Simmons, hires a little house in Lakeview from the Carlsons.
April 20—P. O. Sullivan, ice dealer, living near Carlsons, has a large number of cards printed.
May 1—Sullivan makes a contract with Cronin by which latter is to attend ice dealer's men whenever one of these cards is sent to him.
May 4—Cronin is sent for to attend one of Sullivan's men and is never seen alive again by his friends. Subsequently his friends made inquiries, and reports were received from various cities that Cronin had been seen alive, but his friends insisted that he had been made away with.
May 5—A bloody trunk is found in Lakeview.
May 10—Charles Long claims to have talked with Cronin in Toronto.
May 11—F. T. Woodruff is arrested for horse stealing, and says that on the night of May 4th he was hired to take a trunk out of Chicago, and that it contained the body of a woman. He added that Cronin was present when he took the body away.
May 22—The body of Dr. Cronin, bearing marks of a fearful crime, found in a sewer in Lakeview.
May 24—It is discovered that the house in Lakeview hired by Frank Williams was the scene of the murder. The trunk is identified as that bought in February by J. B. Simmons. The furniture in the house was also bought by him at the same time and moved before March 19th from the rooms in Clark street. Daniel Coughlin, a detective, is suspected of complicity, or at least of trying to lead the police off the scent.
May 26—King, described by Woodruff as an accomplice, captured in a disorderly house.
May 27—Several other suspects are arrested, but nothing new of any importance is discovered. P. O. Sullivan arrested. King discharged; not the King wanted.
May 28—Coughlin, Iceman Sullivan and Woodruff indicted by the grand jury for murder.
May 29—Woodruff confesses to having driven the waggon with Dr. Cronin's body in it.

If one wishes to go further now, let him look at the list of men concerned in the whole terrible affair, and then he knows as much as the police, excepting many little details, and any one of which may, of course, lead to the detection of the murderers, but which are not necessary to a full understanding of the general story. Here they all are:

UNDER INDICTMENT.

COUGHLIN, DANIEL—Detective, who made arrangements for hiring of horse and buggy supposed to have been used by murderers.
SULLIVAN, P. O.—Iceman with whom Cronin had contract, and to visit whose men Cronin was lured away on fatal night.
WOODRUFF, F. T., alias BLACK—Horse-thief; drove waggon for murderers.

UNDER ARREST OR SURVEILLANCE.

JORDAN, HARRY—Of Philadelphia; a bartender at hotel where McGeehan lived; thought to have information of McGeehan's movements.
MCGEEHAN, PETER—Of Philadelphia; alleged to have been a spy upon Cronin and to have threatened to kill him; suspected of participating in crime.
SULLIVAN, A.M.—Irish leader of world-wide fame; ex-President of Land League in United States; watched by the police.
WHALEN—Detective; thought to have aided Coughlin in covering up crime; under surveillance.

WANTED BY POLICE.

SMITH, TOM—Said to have hired carriage in which body was removed.
WILLIAMS, FRANK, and his brother—Hired house in which murder was done.
SIMMONS, J. B.—Bought trunk in which body was removed, and the furniture found in the house.

All these three names are probably false.

FRAWLEY—Acted mysteriously in Chicago by some said to be Mezeroff, the dynamiter.
KING, W. L.—Accused by Woodruff of having hired him to drive waggon; a young man same name was arrested but discharged.

SHE LET ONE HUSBAND GO.

But Which of the Two Do You Suppose She Kept?

Miss Ackermann says that in Alaska the women have plurality of husbands. * * * Our fair lecturer, by mere coaxing and persuasion apparently—but not by Scriptural proof—persuaded this simple-minded Alaskan woman to effect a transformation in her domestic arrangements, and to dispense with one of her husbands. It is a significant fact though that she stuck to the young one.—*Hawaiian Gazette.*

Curious Condensations.

A gentleman living a few miles from Vienna, Ga., dreamed a few nights since that an alligator had him. He had often heard that if you would gouge them in the eyes they would turn you loose. So he proceeded to stick his thumbs into the 'gator's eyes. He awoke instantly from the scream of pain from his wife, when he found that he had almost put both her eyes out. She claims that he did it on purpose, and refuses to become pacified.

The youngest commercial drummer in the United States is Harry Wade, of Buffalo. He is but 12 years of age, and a son of Frank H. Wade. The way Master Wade first went out was owing to the serious illness of his father, who is now confined to his house. The boy had made frequent trips with his father, and observed his ways of doing business. He prevailed upon his father to let him take his route, which is through New York State. The boy has made two successive trips over the route, and is the favorite of the commercial men and his father's customers.

Thought the Girls Needed Washing.

A Waterville (Me.) despatch says: The President of Colby College acting under instructions of the trustees has expelled two freshmen and suspended till commencement two seniors said to have been the leaders in the hazing of some girl students. The hazing consisted of attracting the girls to their dormitories at night and then playing the hose on them. The escapade would have been passed over had not a highly-colored version of the affair been published in the newspapers, the girls having been greatly incensed at the notoriety given them. It is said, however, that all the girls except one, whose father is a trustee, were averse to having the matter referred to the faculty.

Save the Shade Trees.

The "borers" are doing a vast amount of damage in certain localities in killing off the maple trees. The remedy for the maple borer is to scrape the tree thoroughly with a dull hoe and clean out all the crevices with a knife, and wash the trees with an ounce of carbolic acid to four gallons of whitewash made of unslacked lime and water. One washing of this kind will not only kill all the larvæ already imbedded, but also it will prevent the operations of the aphis, that lays its eggs in the bark. This is a simple and effective remedy, and all those who have any regard for our lovely maples in the city and vicinity should see that any diseased trees are at once treated.

Information Wanted.

Secretary of the Navy—Say, what time should I plant tomatoes? I'm starting a garden.

Secretary of Agriculture—Hanged if I know. Ask the Secretary of State. He has a garden at home, I believe. Oh! by the way, my folks are very anxious to have a yacht, but I don't know whether to get a centre-board or not. What do you think about it?

Secretary of the Navy (meditatively)—Well, a centre-board might do, but I should think that bottles would be less likely to upset if kept in a side-board.

Customs Decisions.

The following decisions were rendered by the Dominion Board of Customs during April and May:

Patent carbon enamel, being a compound of fusil oil, etc., $1 90 per gallon.
Paris white, dry, 30 per cent.
Hoxie's mineral soap, 3 cents per lb. Adam's mineral soap, 3 cents per lb.
Bamboo curtains as furniture, 35 per cent.
Lemon squeezers, made wholly of glass, 30 per cent.
Stallion shields leather, 25 per cent.
Horse boots leather, 25 per cent.
Wire furrules, iron, steel or brass, 30 per cent.

A Trying Time for the Editor.

It is when the editor writes Nero and reads it hero in the paper that he is moved to pitch history in the fire and humbly accept the dictum that the dead past is past. —*Fort Worth Gazette.*

Poor Compensation.

It is painful to be poor, but even poverty has its compensations. The poor man generally is not bothered by his friends.—*Somerville Journal.*

Will Carleton says that he first took to writing poetry because a phrenologist told him that he had the right kind of bumps for it.

A TRIPLE LIFE.

With Painted Face, Yet a Good Samaritan, Though Buddhist.

Of the late Anna Bonus Kingsford, M.D., whose work on "Dreams and Dream Stories" has just been published, the Hartford *Courant* says: "It is a curious fact that Dr. Kingsford led a sort of triple existence. She was a sort of Bohemian of the Latin quarter in Paris where she lived, wrote articles to the American papers on cosmetics and fashions, and so far as her own *personelle* was concerned looked like a painted doll, her small, finely shaped head covered with yellow ringlets and her cheeks rouged to her darkened eyelids. This is one aspect. In the other she was a devoted attendant on the sick in the Paris Hospital and the guardian angel of the forlorn and outcast in whatever condition she found them. She was a Buddhist and a high authority among European converts to that faith. She believed, and her followers accepted it as a fact, that she was an incarnation of the spirits of Lady Jane Grey; and when she died a year ago, or took on another form of life, as they would say, royal insignia were placed in her coffin. She wrote several books on subjects relating to psychology, which had small circulation, but are regarded as the words of a seer by certain erratic minds."

Patrick Henry

uttered a sublime truth when he said, "It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to that song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts." We are apt to shut our eyes while colds, catarrh or consumption are getting the better of us, hoping not, when our plain duty is to get some remedy like the Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce, and take it. We should not listen to the song of the siren, but rather heed Longfellow, who tells us to "Act, act in living present." That means before it is too late. The "Discovery" is one of the great successes of the age—a safe, pleasant remedy to take, and can be had of all druggists. It is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Wants to Cross the Ocean in a Rowboat.

Dr. Bibby is a Bath physician with a queer hobby. He is anxious to have the ocean crossed in a rowboat. He sunk a round sum of money in fitting out a man for the voyage a few years ago, and the man was lost—at least he never has been heard from since he left the coast. The doctor's ardor is not dampened in the least, however. He says that to a stout man who hasn't chick or child dependent upon him and is willing to try the experiment, he will furnish a lifeboat that positively cannot tip over and all the supplies for the voyage.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Symptoms of Catarrh.

A profuse and many times excessively offensive discharge, with "stopping up" of the nose at times, impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes, impaired hearing, irregular appetite, occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet and a feeling of lassitude and debility, are symptoms which are common to catarrh, yet all of them are not present in every case. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh in its worst forms and stages. It is pleasant to use, and contains no poisonous or caustic drugs. Of druggists, for 50 cents.

Evidently in Earnest.

Gotham Dame—Do you think Mr. Nicefellow is in earnest? Daughter—I guess so. He asked me last evening which one of your daughters was your pet, and I told him that I thought if all three were married you would rather live with Clara or Dora than with me.

No Wonder She Envied Bridget.

A rich society lady told her servant, "I wish I could be as strong, healthy and full of life as you are." The lesson is plain. The girl had plenty of exercise, and constitutional health and contentment. Riches will not buy health always, but broken-down women can find sure relief in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a powerful, invigorating restorative tonic and nervine, and imparts strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. For "run-down," debilitated and feeble women generally it is the greatest earthly boon.

Manuring Young Trees.

It is a common mistake to put too much manure around young trees. If the ground is reasonably rich none is needed the first season, and for several years after this potash will answer every requirement, especially if the soil be sandy. Through their leaves trees secure from the air the carbon which makes the bulk of the wood growth. All that passes off by bearing is carbon. When the tree gets to bearing manure will not hurt it. Before that time it will only cause too great a growth of wood for the tree to properly ripen. Too much manuring is the reason why many trees succumb to severe cold when they otherwise need not. The nitrogeneous manures from well-fed animals are more apt to stimulate excessive growth, making wood rather than fruit.

Not In.

Peddler—"Is the head of the house in?"
Young Mother—"No; he's out with his nurse, in the perambulator."

DOWL, 24 89.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

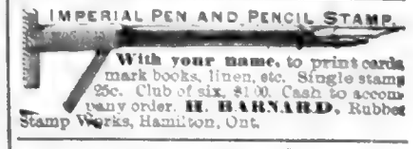

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

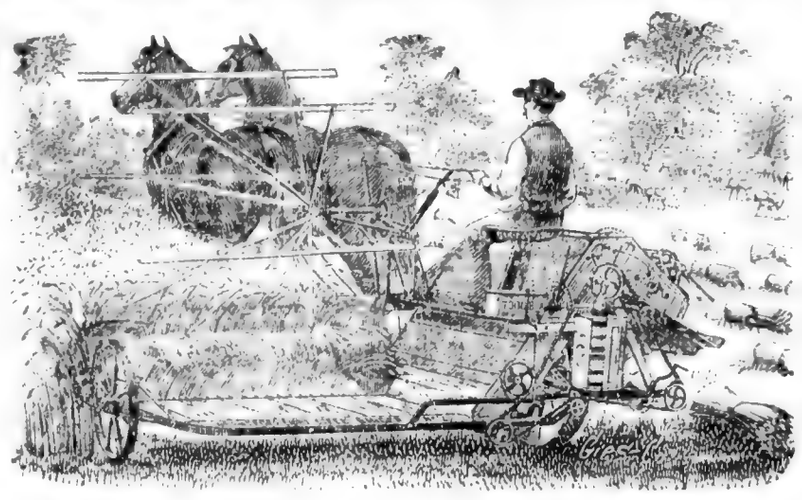

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts.
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than ny other machines in Canada
Therefore 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get
The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada
No other drill but the Double Geared Beaver will start to sow the moment it moves either way
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—— Lumber, Lath and Shingles. ——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders. Dick's Champion, Royal Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Dolls

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

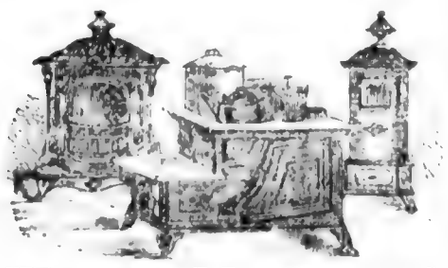

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES of all makes. STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMPS, etc. etc. always on hand.

EAVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY

F. G. Karstedt,

Strain's old Stand
Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
To Get Your Tailoring Done
AT
J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, &c.

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR!

STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCK'S

Is prepared to do your Grinding on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping. Every day. The Little Mi[ll] to receive a share of the public
fact on the
P. LOUCKS Proprietor
for horses.

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern
Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
The best results from time, instruction after students graduate
For annual announcements, giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, &c., address
C. O. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVEE,
Flesherton P.O

Death of William Hawk

One of the Old Landmarks of Wellesley Gone.

From the Berlin News

The deceased was born on the 13th of January 1825, in the township of Whitchurch, county York, and was at the time of his death in the 63rd year of his life.

The name "Hawk" was for many good & substantial reasons a household name in the township. Many a poor settler in the early history of Wellesley, has reason to cherish a kindly remembrance of the lantern, "Bill," over hard places, and the deceased was not behind any of the others in acts of generosity and disinterested benevolence to the poor and to those struggling to hew out a home in the wilds of the Queen's Bush. In fact, such was the benevolence of his nature that if he knew any person being in distress of any kind, he had no rest until what he could do to relieve that distress had been done. This disposition extended to the sick as well as the poor, and to this particular trait of his character it is utterly impossible in this brief sketch to do him anything like justice.

His parents belonged to what is known as the Society of Friends, more commonly called Quakers, and it was only too evident all through his life that many of the grand principles of this particular sect had been imparted to him in the early moral and religious training which he received at the hands of his devoted parents. And such were his convictions, that had there been a society of these people here, he would no doubt have identified himself with them. But failing this, and being surrounded with Methodistic influences, he some twenty or more years ago united with the Methodist Church, of which he continued an acceptable member and liberal supporter until his untimely death.

In politics he was a Liberal, always giving the Reform party an unflinching and generous support, and it is not too much to say that more than [illegible] representative of the [illegible] riding of the county of Waterloo could fairly attribute his election to the influence and unwearying exertions of the deceased. He was for several years a member of the municipal council of the township of Wellesley, and for the last twelve years of his life he was a director of the Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co. and took a very active part in the direction of affairs and we feel sure that his absence at the future meetings of the Board will be much felt and deeply regretted.

He was twice married. First to Miss Jane Monkman July 5th, 1848, who bore him two sons and two daughters and died Oct. 24, 1857. On December 9th, 1858, he was again married to Miss Isabella Harrow, who survives him and who bore him eight sons and three daughters, all living but one daughter who died in infancy.

Being surrounded by a very numerous family he seemed to realize fully the obligations resting upon him to make the best possible provision for them in his power, and to accomplish this no labor or toil was too much [illegible] to secure a reasonable competency for [illegible] and those of his family not already provided for. He was a kind husband, a loving and affectionate father. It might be truly said that his life was one of devotion to his wife and children to his children especially for he was indulgent to a fault. He loved them much, and it is no flattery to say this unrestrained mutual position on his part was fully reciprocated by them. It is unnecessary to say that in his death his neighbors as well as his family feel that an irreparable loss has been sustained. His place cannot be filled.

The funeral on Monday was not only the largest that had ever been seen in this locality but was a highly representative gathering.

His body was enclosed in a very plain casket by six of his sons, Erastus, Edgar, Albert, George, Henry and Orval, to the [illegible] pall bearers. There was an entire absence of display on the exhibition of emblems of mourning all in conformity to the peaceful wishes of the deceased and it would be well indeed if this example this set should be followed in the future. After a short religious service at his late residence conducted by his minister Rev. John Pepper, B.A., his remains were followed to the Hawksville cemetery by a cortege of nearly 200 conveyances.

General News.

Edward Hanlan has reached San Francisco on his way to Toronto where he intends to reside.

The thermometer registered 90 in New York Sunday. One death and several prostrations occurred.

News has reached New York that the actual construction of the Nicaragua interoceanic ship canal has been begun.

The coroner's jury at Johnstown has found the members of the South Fork Fishing Club, who controlled the big pond, responsible for the lives and property lost in the flood.

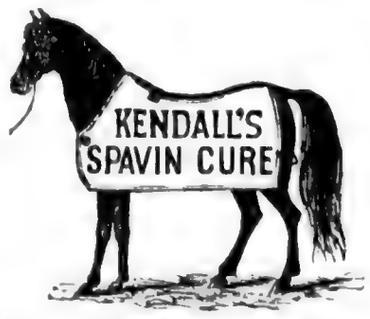

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, seven of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Have a large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prices Right

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment of all sorts and sizes

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmoral's and Gaiters. Also a full line of Rubbers and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. We'll also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style & Size can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

Noxon's No. 7 Steel Binder.

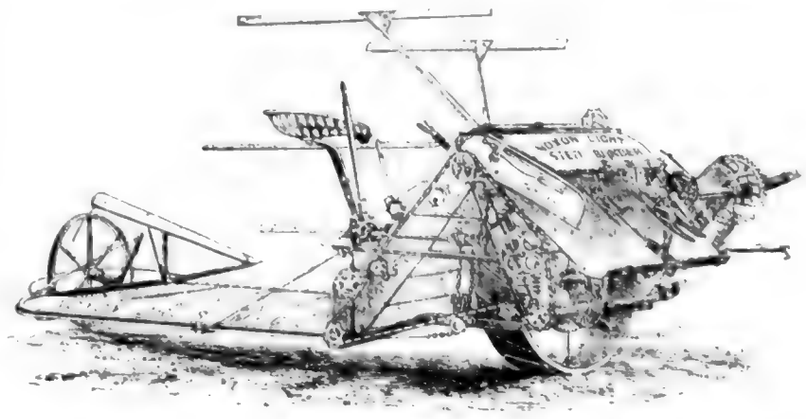

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES:

A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and least in draft
A binder perfectly balanced and all levers convenient to operate
A solid steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt
A binder which ties and discharges the sheaf with less power than any other
A solid steel [illegible] frame in one piece with but one joint and two bolts
A longer lift of knife per foot of stroke than any other, cutting lower on rough ground than any other
A knotter that simplest and easily one with a rotary cord holder [illegible] drop or waste [illegible] piece of twine. No loose pieces to work to clog as in other machines

J. H. CAMPAIGNE,
AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON.

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co.
Ingersoll, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels

[illegible] to Females of all ages [illegible]

THE OINTMENT

[illegible] infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Wounds, Sores, Ulcers, Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no equal. [illegible] joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 2s., and 33s. each by all respectable Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. Address 533, Oxford Street, London.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 416. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1889. W. H. THURSTON,

WATCHES,

Clocks, & Jewelry.

STUDY

Your Own Interests

by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Silverware, at

Russell's Noted

JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Earpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earrings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains and a beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

In the Village of

Splenham Street, - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column 1 year $40 half col., do $25 quarter col. do., $15

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insert'n.

W. H. THURSTON

Editor and Proprietor.

FRAUDS ON FARMERS

The Ontario Bureau of Industries has issued a bulletin dealing with "Frauds on farmers of Ontario." It is quite a lengthy resume of the question and should be in the hands of every farmer. Yet after all, there is but one sure way for the farmer to escape being caught by sharpers, and that is to deal with reliable men, with those whom you know to have a stake in the country's welfare and a reputation to maintain. Itinerant pedlars who are unknown to the farmer are always safe to shun. The necessities of life are always dealt in by your own merchants and there is no need to patronize foreign cheap Johns who have no object in retaining your patronage, and who, in nine cases out of ten, will fleece you to the last cent in their power. For years this idea of patronizing unknown pedlars has been decried and fought against by the Canadian press, and yet the crop of fools who never read the papers, or never profit by their counsel, grows and flourishes to such a extent that even the Governments have decided that it is important they should take a hand in the warning. A golden rule for every farmer to frame and hang in his brain is, never deal with any individual who does not come to you well recommended, or whose integrity you are not personally positive of. The crop of "sharks" would then grow beautifully less and the honest farmer reap the whole proceeds of his toil.

It is gratifying to learn that the loss of life in the Conemaugh Valley catastrophe was at first probably greatly overestimated. But the sudden destruction of even five or six thousand people, should the figures be happily brought so low, is a calamity sufficiently dreadful to demand the strictest investigation. Pending such inquest it is but fair to suspend judgment as to the guilt of individuals, but it now seems only too probable that the result will be found to have been due to the astounding carelessness or parsimony of the Club to which the artificial lake belonged, and for whose pleasure it was made and maintained. The Philadelphia record says that one prominent resident of Johnstown, who now mourns the loss of wife and daughter, was so convinced of the danger threatened by the reservoir that he had even tried legal measures to compel its removal, and had been laughed at as a "crank" for his pains; that an experienced engineer had, after careful examination, reported in unmistakable language that the dam was in an unsafe condition: and that one of the Club's watchmen had continued to warn the officers of the Club of the danger, until silenced by threats of dismissal. If these statements, in which names and particulars are given, can be substantiated, the officers of the South Fork Club will have to render a stern account to the laws of the State and to the bereaved survivors, and a still sterner one, it must be supposed, to their own consciences. The horrors of the event seem multiplied: one can almost fancy it a mocking representation in miniature of the great tragedy of human life, when it is remembered that, whether due to culpable negligence or not, the danger was created and the catastrophe brought about through the agency and for the gratification of a few pleasure seekers.—*The Week.*

OHIO TO GEORGIA.

Mr. W. H. Carruthres Tells About His Late Trip.

A letter from W. H. Carruthers, dated Cedartown, Georgia, and received three weeks ago, gives the following interesting information about his trip down there: Just as we leave the Union depot in Cincinnati, for Chattanooga, Tenn., by the Cincinnati Southern, the scenery is very picturesque. The route is across western Kentucky, and eastern Tennessee. There are high banks and slopes, with pretty cottages and mansions on the slopes and on top of the hills. But as we leave the city, in a few minutes we come to a rough country. The land is very rolling, with a continual succession of hills; no level land. The land here is not very good, but I think it is the fault of the farmers. They are not a very thrifty class of people. After we have gone about 60 miles we come to a comparatively level country—a very good farming section—until we pass Lexington which is 79 miles from Cincinnati. Soon again we come to a rough country—even worse than the first—very rocky in places. Little log huts are to be seen, and are occupied by the poor whites and colored people. When a hut begins to decay they build another along side of it, and I have seen three huts, each worse looking than the one before it, and a family living in one of them. They appear to be happy. Then we come to a mountainous region. For miles you cannot see a dwelling; then there will be a few huts with a little patch of ground cultivated. I would call it butchered, it looks as if it had been ploughed by hogs. Here the road is good but it is up and down grade and around sharp curves, until you would think the train was making the letter S. There are 27 tunnels between High Bridge, in Kentucky, and Chattanooga, some short, some long; they are from ten rods to three quarters of a mile in length. Sometimes we are running along in the bed of a ravine, and next minute on a mountain top. The hills are thickly covered with green trees, nearly one half evergreens. The timber is small and very close together, with a nice wild flower in places, like a rose. At 4 in the afternoon we come to Oaklale Hotel, in the valley, and stop for dinner. The rates are very reasonable, they only charge 75 cents a meal! In the valley we pass some blast furnaces. They get the ore and their coal out of the mountains, and before the railway was built they would ship it down the Tennessee river to Chattanooga. I was informed that a few northerners have located near here, and are raising garden stuff to ship north, and are getting rich, but it did not induce me to jump off the train. Before we arrive at Chattanooga we see a very good farming country, if it was only worked well. Cedartown is quite a pretty place. I have not seen very much of it yet. I have been out to the iron ore mines, about three miles from the city. They are not in operation just now, but have been doing quite a nice business. The ore is almost on top of the ground. They shovel off the dirt, which is sometimes 5 feet deep, and then get the ore. The whole country has a little iron ore in it, but not enough to mine it, only in some spots. I have seen some hay cut and the oats are turning already. The field corn is not very big but the garden corn is about 3 feet high. There will be plenty of peaches here this year. There will be a scarcity of peaches in the north, on account of severe frosts. The weather is very warm but not oppressive. There is a breeze of air most all the time. I think the population is about one half colored. They appear, although poor, to be very contented with their lot.

Honor Roll.

Monthly report of pupils standing in S. S. No. 6, Artemesia, for May

Fourth class—Ida Stone 85, Nettie Stone 75.

Third class—John Wright 56, Rory McLeod 44, Harry Stone 39, Fred Wright 34, Alfred Stone [illegible].

Second class—Lizzie McArthur 75, Media Whittaker 73, Florence Stone 68, Bella Harrow 62, Norman Fletcher 60, Susie Gee 58, Alex McLeod 27, Malcolm Baxter 12.

Part second class—John Boyce 64, John Gibson 0.

First class—Laura Whittaker 64, Maggie McArthur 60.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$5 50 to [illegible]
Fall Wheat	95 to
Spring Wheat	95
Barley	0 30 [illegible]
Oats	0 25 [illegible]
Peas	0 50 [illegible]
Butter	0 13 [illegible]
Eggs, fresh	0 11 [illegible]
Potatoes bush.	0 15 [illegible]
Pork	6 10 [illegible]
Hay per ton	9 00 [illegible]
Hides	5 50 [illegible]
Sheepskins	0 50 [illegible]
Geese	0 50 [illegible]
Turkeys	0 06 [illegible]
Chickens per pair	0 10 [illegible]
Ducks per lb	0 25 [illegible]
Wool	0 06 [illegible]
	0 18 [illegible]

McDONALD

AND

EVANS.

CASH OR TRADE,

AND ONE PRICE ONLY.

— : — OUR — : —

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Is again filled to overflowing with all classes of cool fabrics for the hot months of July and August.

Being through the wholesale house, we managed to pick up several lines at reduced prices, and are prepared to offer the public such bargains as never before heard of

ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS

In leading shades for 15cts. GRENADINES, cool and durable, in black or cream, only 12½ cts.

Nuns Veilings, Mummy Cloths, Cashmeres, Prints, Muslin, Challies, Ginghams, Seersuckers, Lawns, and all summer Fabrics.

See our heavy weight 29 inch

SHIRTINGS

for 11cts., Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Bustles, Laces, Embroideries, etc., at city prices.

Don't be afraid to call and see us ladies, whether prepared to purchase or not. You will find our salesmen very obliging.

Market Price for Butter & Eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Durham Bull for service.

Mr Alex Stewart, lot 137, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull for service on his premises.

TERMS $1, payable 1st Feb., 1890. For four cows or over a liberal reduction will be made

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor,

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Special attention paid to commercial business.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey than any jeweler doing biz. in this section

If prices are not good rock every time

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT

will positively do better by you

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered

than you can do [illegible] ally fitted.

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges.

Stock [illegible]

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches

Other lines will be held [illegible] and at fair live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and [illegible]tician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

BUTTER 13 CENTS, EGGS 12 CENTS at R. TRIMBLE'S

PESTILENCE THREATENED.

Several Persons Taken Alive From the Ruins.

DEATH ESTIMATE NOT LESSENED.

But One-fifth of the Debris Yet Looked Over.

WARNINGS THAT WERE NOT HEEDED.

The Very Latest This Afternoon.

It was found yesterday that four and even six families were being crowded into a single house, that as high as fifty slept in one room, that the doors and windows were left closed to shut out the stench and dampness, and that as a result pneumonia was gaining an alarming foothold. Dr. P. M. Carrington, of the U. S. Marine Hospital, estimates there are a hundred cases of the disease in Johnstown. He ascribes it to crowded rooms, damp cellars and exposure. The cold drizzle that fell intermittingly yesterday added to the gravity of the situation. Mr. Sibbet, of the State Board of Health, inspected the river towns above Johnstown as far as Connellsvile. He finds there is no immediate danger of the disease from dead bodies except at Rockwood, where an immense collection of wreckage is full of corpses.

The coroner's jury yesterday proceeded to the South Fork and investigated the cause of breakage of the reservoir dam. Witnesses testified that slight breaks had appeared in the dam several times in past years, but had each time been clumsily repaired with straw, sticks and rubbish. The general impression is that the jury will declare that the Pittsburg Fishing Club, that owned the reservoir, was guilty of gross negligence. In that event many suits for damages against the millionaire club will follow. An insurance agent estimates that the accident insurance policies alone for this place amount to $2,000,000.

The Altoona gang, by the use of dynamite, have located the day express which was swept away at Conemaugh. The ruins of the train lie about one hundred feet from the fourth buttress from the western end of the stone bridge. Parts of the parlor cars have to-day been found, as well as traces of the passengers. About 9 o'clock the baggage of Miss Annie Chism, of Nashville, Tenn., was found. She was a missionary on her way to Brazil for the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. It is evident many lives were lost on this train—more than at first supposed. The whole train affair is still a mystery.

There was a small riot at the labor camp this morning on account of there not being food enough for the men or utensils to cook it with. Mr. Flynn, who is at the head of the labor bureau, made a speech to the men and stated that it was almost impossible to get things down from the railroad.

Scenes and Incidents.

"This is my last message." This is the telegram which Mrs. H. M. Ogle, manager of the Johnstown telegraph office, sent just before she was swallowed up in the flood. Long after the danger was imminent, and longer after death was almost certain, Mrs. Ogle sat in the Johnstown telegraph office, over which she had presided for nearly a quarter of a century, and sent warning telegrams down the fated valley to the towns and villages below. The warnings were little noticed, but Mrs. Ogle did her duty to the last. Before her despatch was fairly received in Pittsburg it is thought the telegraph office went on the crest of the flood. Mrs. Ogle's daughter perished with her.

The flood swept away eight million gallons of whiskey.

During the work of removing the rubbish from the Johnstown Methodist Episcopal Church a man and his wife were found clasped so tightly in each other's arms that it was found necessary to bury them together. Just as the flood struck the city a wedding was going on, and the principals were drowned just as the ceremony was completed. The ministers and nearly all the witnesses escaped.

When it is remembered that previous to the heavy rain of last week Johnstown's reservoir contained nearly seventy-six thousand million gallons of water some idea of the force of the terrible avalanche of water may be formed, when it is known that the great reservoir was drained in an hour after the large dam gave way.

Long relief trains are rolling into Johnstown almost every hour. From east and west, north and south, come whole train loads of clothing and provisions, accompanied by special messages, having funds and large corps of volunteer physicians. Several hundred destitute people are being well cared for at Camp Hastings, on the Ebensburg road.

The special train of the Masonic Relief Association was sent from Pittsburg. The brother in charge spent the morning distributing the food and clothing brought up among the Masonic sufferers.

Poor old John Jordan, of Conemaugh! Many a tear ran over swarthy cheeks for him to-day. All his family, his wife and children, had been swept from his sight in the flood. He wandered over the gorge yesterday looking for them, and last night the police could not bring him away. At daylight he found his wife's sewing machine and called the workmen to help him. First they saw a little boy's jacket that he recognized and then they came upon the rest of them all buried together, the mother's burned arms still clinging to the little children. Then the white headed old man sat down in the ashes and caressed the dead bodies and talked to them just as if they were alive, until some one came and led him quietly away. Without a protest he went to the shore and sat down on a rock and talked to himself, and then got up and disappeared in the hills.

The one thing that most impresses the thoughtful now is the supreme danger that menaces Pittsburg and all the region dependent on the Alleghany River below the Kiskiminitas for its water supply. Only those who have seen the valley of the Conemaugh since the flood can appreciate this danger of disease from the polluted water.

Where Johnstown's principal stores stood last Friday are now pitched 1,000 tents, and before to-night this number will probably be doubled. Under this shelter are accommodated the members of the militia and thousands of workmen who are trying to clear the streets. Over 5,000 men are now thus employed in Johnstown proper. Contractor Flynn, who has charge of the army of laborers, said: "It will take 10,000 men thirty days to clear the ground so that the streets are passable and the work of rebuilding can be commenced.

How strikingly frequent is the reference in the death list to "Mrs. Jones and six children" and "Mrs. Smith and five children." In the morgue the little ones lie in dozens where the adults are in half-dozens, but there is and has been a much greater difficulty in recovering the bodies of the children. Being lighter and smaller, they have often been swept into out-of-the-way recesses that are almost inaccessible. The drift of opinion among physicians, engineers and railroad men is that from 1,000 to 1,500 of the bodies will never be found.

A grey-haired woman who applied for clothing at Johnstown asked that she might be given a black dress in exchange for the one first given her. "I have lost all my family," she added by way of apology, as the tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "and I would like to have a black dress if I could get one. My husband and four children are in that awful pile by the stone bridge, and I am alone now." A black dress was found for her.

Just below the bare plain where the business block of Johnstown stood, and above the stone arch bridge on which the Pennsylvania Railroad crossed the river, are seven acres of the wreckage of the flood. The horrors that have been enacted in that spot, the horrors that are seen there every hour, who can attempt to describe? Under and amid that mass of conglomerate rubbish are the remains of at least 1,000 persons who died the most frightful of deaths. This is the place where the fire broke out within twenty minutes after the flood. It has burned ever since. The stone arch bridge acted as a dam to the flood, and five towns were crushing each other against it. A thousand houses came down on the great wave of water, and were held there a solid mass in the jaws of a Cyclopean vise. A kitchen stove upset. The mass took fire. A thousand people were imprisoned in these houses. A thousand more were on the roofs. For most of them there was no escape. The fire swept on from house to house. The prisoners saw it coming and shrieked and screamed with terror, and ran up and down their narrow quarters in an agony of fear.

Thousands of people stood upon the river bank and saw and heard it all and still were powerless to help. They saw people kneeling in the flames and praying. They saw families gathered togetner with their arms around each other and waiting for death. They saw people going mad and tearing their hair and laughing. They saw men plunge into the narrow crevices between the houses and seek death in the water rather than wait its coming in the flames. Some saw their friends and some their wives and children perishing before them, and some in the awful agony of the hour went mad themselves and ran shrieking to the hillsides and stronger men lay down on the ground and wept. All that night and all the next day and far into the morning of Monday these dreadful shrieks resounded from that place of doom. The fire burned on, aided by the water underneath, added to by fresh fuel coming down the river. All that time the people stood helpless on the bank and heard those heartrending sounds. What could they do? They could not fight the fire. Every fire engine in the town lay in that mass of rubbish smashed to bits. For hours they had to wait until they could telegraph word to surrounding towns and hours more until the fire engines arrived at noon on Monday.

At Ninevah yesterday 746 bodies were buried.

Physicians claim there are several hundred cases of pneumonia.

The damage to the Cambria Iron Works, it is now said, will not exceed $300,000.

Eddie Fisher, a youth who lost his mother and five sisters, to-day, in a fit of despondency, threw himself from the roof of a building and was killed.

ESTIMATING THE NUMBER OF VICTIMS.

Up to last night about 2,500 bodies had been found, while 2,000, at the lowest calculation, are in the burned debris in the river; 3,000 are in unsearched sandbanks around the Cambria Works; from 1,000 to 2,000 are scattered in the valley from Woodville to the bridge, and 1,000 or 2,000 below the bridge, between Johnstown and Bolivar.

Hundreds were carried down to the broad rivers in the tremendous current and may never come into the hands of the living. Said Adjt.-Gen. Hastings: "In my opinion the loss is greater than we can now show figures for."

William Jones, of Braddock, thinks at least 10,000 to 12,000 were lost. The statement that 18,000 persons had registered at the registration bureau yesterday was incorrect. One of Gen. Hasting's aides said to-day that so many persons had registered twice or more that the list had to be revised, and that the total was not more than 13,000 and perhaps 12,500. This registration not only comprehends the population of Johnstown and adjoining towns, which was about 33,000, but embraces points further away in the flooded region, the total population of which was at least 45,000. Chairman Hicks, of the Altoona delegation, who has been all over the district, says the loss is 12,500 to 14,000.

A mother and daughter were rescued alive yesterday afternoon suffering from nervous shock and hunger. They were at once removed by rescuers and placed in charge of friends. Both will recover.

ENGINEER PARK'S STORY.

Resident Engineer Park, who was on the spot when the dam broke on Friday, says: "On Thursday night I noticed that the dam was in good order and the water was nearly seven feet from the top. When the water is at this height the lake is nearly three miles in length. It rained hard on Thursday night and I rode up to the end of the lake on the eventful day and saw that the woods around there were teeming with a seething cauldron of water. Col. Unger, the President of the Fishing Club that owns the property, put 25 Italians to work to fix the dam. A farmer in the vicinity also lent a willing hand. To strengthen the dam a plough was run along the top of it and earth was then thrown into the furrows. On the west side a channel was dug and a sluice was constructed. We cut through about four feet of shale rock, when we came to solid rock which was impossible to cut without blasting. Once we got the channel open the water leaped down to the bed rock, and a stream fully 20 feet wide and three feet deep rushed out on that end, while great quantities of water were coming in by the pier at the other end. And then in the face of this great escape of water from the dam it kept rising at the rate of 10 inches per hour. At noon I fully believed that it was practically impossible to save the dam, and I got on a horse and galloped down to South Fork and gave the alarm, telling the people at the same time of their danger and advising them to get to a place of safety. I also sent a couple of men to the telegraph tower, two miles away, and sent messages to Johnstown and Cambria, and to other points on the way. The young girl at the instrument fainted when the news reached her and was carried away. Then, by the timely warning given, the people at South Fork had an opportunity to move their household goods and betake themselves to a place of safety. Only one person was drowned in that place, and he was trying to save an old washtub that was floating down stream."

DR. GRAFF BELIEVES IN FIRE.

Dr. Graff was given charge of the Sanitary Commission this morning. Dr. Graff talked at length on the different plans of sanitation for the flooded district, and finally said: "There is but one sure, safe plan—burn everything. I think the order will be issued this evening to burn everything all over this district." Dr. Graff's plan of disposing of the debris above the bridge is to scatter oil over it and burn it.

Yesterday workmen found three members of Benjamin Hoffman's family, who occupied a large residence in the rear of Lincoln street. Benjamin Hoffman, the head of the family, was found seated on the edge of the bedstead. He was evidently preparing to retire when the flood struck the building. He had his socks in his pockets. His 20-year-old daughter was found close by attired in a night dress. The youngest member of the family, a 3-year-old infant, was also found beside the bed.

It seems almost incredible that so many bodies remain unidentified. Thousands of people from the different sections of the State have seen them, yet they remain unidentified. At Nineveh they are burying all the unidentified dead but in the morgues in this vicinity no bodies have been buried unless identified.

UNHEEDED WARNINGS.

Among the reports from Johnstown is one to the effect that Herbert Webber, employed as a sort of guard by the South Fork Club, had more than once reported to the club that the dam needed looking after. Here is the story: He had repeatedly, he declared, called the attention of the members of the club to the various leakages at the dam, but he received the stereotyped reply that the masonry was all right; that it had been "built to stand for centuries," and that such a thing as its giving way was among the impossibilities. But Webber did not hesitate to continue his warnings. Finally, according to his own statement, he was instructed to "shut up or he would be bounced." He was given to understand that the officers of the club were tired of his croakings, and that the less he said about the dam from thence on the better it would be for him. Webber then laid his complaint before the Mayor of Johnstown, not more than a month ago. He told him that the spring freshets were due, and that if they should be very heavy the dam would certainly give way. Webber says that the Mayor promised to send an expert to examine the dam then, and if necessary to appeal to the State. Somehow the expert was not chosen, the appeal was not made at Harrisburg and the catastrophe ensued. Webber goes on to say that had the dam been repaired after the spring freshet of last year the disaster would not have occurred.

Rev. Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Johnstown for ten years. He declares that danger has been apprehended from the bursting of the reservoir for twenty-five years. About twenty years ago an alarm was given in the middle of the night and the inhabitants were all ready to fly to the mountains at a moment's notice. The danger passed, however, and the town escaped. But it was a common thing for the streets to become filled with water from the river, and this fact helped maintain a fatal feeling of security until the flood from above was actually heard roaring down the great gorge.

The reported drowning of Blind Tom and his manager in the disaster is denied. Blind Tom is now in Canada.

It had been reported that the entire family of Prof. Seymour, the phrenologist, who spent a few weeks last winter in Hamilton, has been lost in the Johnstown disaster. Mr. Seymour left last week for the scene of the flood, and word has since been received from him confirming the report.

One of the most troublesome things to deal with at Johnstown is the great jam above the stone bridge. It is 1,200 feet long, about 400 wide, and from 12 to 20 feet deep. It is regarded as certain that in this immense mass of crushed buildings and debris the bodies of thousands of victims of the flood are buried. It is proposed to blast a channel through the jam by means of dynamite cartridges, and to divert into this channel the powerful current of the river. By means of this current the debris is to be taken away piecemeal. But the work will be slow and difficult.

Philadelphia's relief fund exceeds $550,000.

New York city's relief fund has already gone beyond $400,000.

WM. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, in speaking of kidney disease, says: "One-third die of uremic (uric acid) poisoning; a considerable number of dropsy; one-fifth from secondary pneumonia, pericarditis (inflammation of the heart sac), or pleurisy, exhaustion, indigestion, or the complications of apoplexy, hardening of the liver, bowel ulcers, etc." The foregoing are only a few of the common symptoms of advanced kidney disease, and this explains why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many different symptoms, called diseases, and why it has such popularity. Ask your friends and neighbors about it.

POISON, ROMANCE, MYSTERY.

The Extraordinary Family History of Mrs. Maybrick.

ACCUSED OF HUSBAND MURDER.

A London cablegram says: There is now in the county jail at Liverpool Mrs. Florence Maybrick, aged 26, the widow of a wealthy Liverpool cotton broker, who was nearly twice her age. The whole affair is a mixture of poison, romance and mystery. Her husband is said to have been an arsenic eater. Her friends say he died from natural causes; his friends say she killed him with arsenic. They met about seven years ago on a steamer from America. She fell down the saloon stairs and he caught her. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into love, and they were married in few weeks. He died two months ago. The doctors who attended would not give a certificate, an inquest was held and an open verdict was returned. The body was buried, but rumors induced the police to re-open the case. Another inquest was held, at which the evidence showed that Mrs. Maybrick purchased arsenic at chemists'; that the medicine, part of which she had given her husband, contained arsenic; that arsenical fly papers were found in her room soaking in water; that a letter to her lover, named Brierley, in very endearing terms, was intercepted, telling him all was safe, that he need not leave the country; that she attended her husband up to the time of his death, though for the last two days he was in charge of hired nurses; and that she had told the doctor she disliked her husband, with whom she often quarrelled. She was finally committed for trial at the assizes for wilful murder on Thursday. If she did poison her husband her homicidal tendency may be hereditary. Her mother was Miss Holbrook, of New York city, who went to Mobile, Alabama, before the war on a visit to her uncle, Rev. J. H. Ingraham, the author of the book entitled "The Prince of the House of David." She married there William G. Chandler, a wealthy merchant. They lived happily together until Frank Dubassy, a captain on the Confederate side, turned up. Chandler fell ill, no one attended him but herself, and it is said she killed him. She moved to Macon, Georgia, and married Dubassy. He was sent to Europe as a representative of the Confederate Government. Two days after sailing he died. At her request the body was thrown overboard. In two years she returned to New York, made a great scandal with an actor, returned to Europe, and married Baron Von Roque. They led an adventurous life together. She separated from him, and lived as the wife of an attache of the British Legation in Teheran, Persia. Mrs. Maybrick was a daughter of Chandler, and has a fortune in her own right. Her mother had a mania for collecting poisons, and gathered specimens in all parts of the world, and she had an intimate knowledge of the nature and effect of each deadly agent. Maybrick was well known in New Orleans, and was a brother of the popular song writer, "Stephen Adams."

WHAT CRONIN BELIEVED.

Evidence of Patrick McGarry at the Inquest.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: In the Cronin inquest today Patrick McGarry, a friend of Dr. Cronin, testified as to what Cronin told him regarding the investigation by a committee of the Clan-na-Gael at Buffalo of charges that Alexander Sullivan appropriated funds of the Clan to his own use while a member of the Executive Board or "Triangle." McGarry said Cronin informed him that the charges were not only of misappropriation of funds, but that the Triangle had sent men to their death and to British prisons. The witness could not remember the exact amount of money mentioned by Cronin, but it approximated half a million. The witness then told of his visit to Toronto after Cronin's death, and the result of interviews with Reporter Long. The latter at first denied having sent the misleading despatches, but subsequently said he had sent a statement of the facts to Frank Scanlan, of this city. Cronin said to the witness, after the Buffalo investigation, that if he were murdered it would be at Alexander Sullivan's instigation. Cronin also said that the life of Dr. McCahey, of Philadelphia, who joined Cronin in reporting against Sullivan at the Buffalo investigation, was also in danger, and that an attempt had been made to decoy him away.

Willing to Test Electric Death.

An Albany despatch says: Gen. Austin Lathrop has received a letter from a Philadelphia man who said that he was poor and out of work, and that he had a large family to support. He had just seen a statement in some newspaper that Gen. Lathrop had some doubts whether the electrical apparatus which was to be placed in the three State prisons to execute murderers would destroy life instantaneously. If Gen. Lathrop would guarantee that the writer's family should be paid $5,000 in cash on his death he would submit himself to a trial with the electrical machine. In case Gen. Lathrop should look favorably upon this offer, he would request him to insert a personal addressed to "A. F." in the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

Every Man to His Trade.

Jinks (at a variety entertainment)—"That fellow in front of us was about the only one who didn't applaud that good old song, 'Don't Despise a Man Because He Wears a Ragged Coat.' He must be a regular aristocrat, isn't he?"

Blinks—"Well, I dunno. Maybe he's a tailor."

Emma Juch was plumply asked her age by a Pittsburg reporter, and responded: "Well"—with a laugh—"I will tell you truly, for I have nothing to hide. I don't look to be 21, do I?" "You most certainly do not. "Well"—with brilliant smile—"I am just 27."

—If you have nothing else to do, see how rapidly you can say, "Soup soothes theosophists thoroughly."

The fire at Seattle burned out 280 firms and persons, most of whom lose all.

THE CZAR'S AMBITION.

He Gives More Than a Gentle Hint to the Shah—Big Dowry for a Princess.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: Prince George, the Czar's favorite son, and probably his successor, in view of the weak brain and general debility of the Czarewitch, will soon begin a tour of the world, starting from Paris, where his presence is intended to mark the Czar's adhesion to the French alliance. It is declared that the Czar is definitely committed to a panslavist policy, involving critical developments which are bound to have a violent end. It is said that the Czar told the Shah, and hotly too, that if while in England he should make any concession unfavorable to Russia, 100,000 soldiers on the frontier would be made to march into Persia.

It is reported that during the Shah's visit a secret treaty was made between Russia and Persia for the temporary annexation of Northern Persia to Russia in certain cases.

The Czar has bestowed a dowry of a million roubles on Princess Militza of Montenegro, who has been betrothed to Grand Duke Peter of Russia.

Signor Crispi appears to have obtained a definite pledge of German aid in the event of hostilities with France from a colonial or any other dispute. Austria is only committed to the first treaty, and is not bound to make common cause with Italy in every quarrel with France.

A London cablegram says: The Czar's extreme favoritism to the Prince of Montenegro has aroused the anger of all his southern neighbors, and in none of the Balkan States does the ill feeling run so high as in Servia. The Servian Russophiles are especially angry and ex-Queen Natalie is thrown into a state of ungovernable rage, alternating with that of fear for the stability of her son's throne. Prince Karageorgevitch, the pretender to the throne of Servia, is a son-in law of Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, whose ambition has been for years to found a Slavonic Empire in the Balkans. With the husband of his daughter as the ruler of one of the Balkan States, himself on the throne of another, and the Czar at his back, the goal of his ambition would seem to be not very difficult of attainment.

IS THIS ALL GOSPEL?

A Modern Prophet's Eloquence Saves Him From Severe Punishment.

A last (Friday) night's Waukesha, Wis., despatch says: The eloquence of Simon B. Needham, whose predictions of the second coming of Christ and the birth of a child on the date specified was incidentally connected with his arrest on a charge of illegitimate parentage preferred by Mrs. Clark, to-day saved the prophet from a long term in the penitentiary. Mr. Needham addressed the court at some length, giving a summary of the history of his life. So eloquently did he tell his story that when he withdrew his special plea of guilty and admitted his guilt Judge Sloan inflicted the nominal punishment of three days in the county jail. The case was called late in the afternoon, and considerable time was spent in finding twelve men who had not formed an opinion as to whether or not the prophet is insane. When a jury was finally secured Mr. Needham took the stand and asked the Judge the privilege of relating the history of his mother and himself, which was granted. Mr. Needham started his narrative with a statement that surprised people who had known him for years, stating that his mother was a slave, and that he was born in slavery. He told of their escape from bondage and their flight to Canada; told of his early struggles for an education, of his religious opinions, and of his arrest and imprisonment in Canada for seven years for preaching his opinions to the world. He said he was ready and willing to make Mrs. Clark his wife, which, owing to the divorce recently secured by Mrs. Needham, could be done lawfully.

FIVE RAFTSMEN DROWNED.

An Overloaded Boat Capsizes in the Ottawa River.

A Grenville (Que.) despatch says: A sad drowning accident took place here at noon to-day, by which five men lost their lives. A gang of raftsmen, nineteen in number, under the charge of Elisha Cooke, pilot, started to cross the river at the head of the Long Sault to join their raft, which was lying on the south shore of the river. The boat was overloaded considering the weather. The wind at the time blew a perfect hurricane and they had not proceeded very far before the boat became full of water and sank, leaving the human cargo floundering in the water. A number clung to the boat and were saved through the exertions of Wm. Cooke and Peter Leroy, who succeeded in reaching them by means of another boat. The remainder of the crew struck for the shore, but five of them sank and were lost. Their names are Eli Robillard, sen., Joseph Cooke, Louis Lemay, Geo. Sarasin, of Grenville, and a Mr. Windsor, of Cumberland.

Oklahoma Hotel Rules.

1. Gents going to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.
2. Three raps at the door means that there is a murder in the house and you must get up.
3. Please rite your name on the wall paper, so that we know you've been here.
4. The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.
5. If you are too cold put the oilcloth over your bed.
6. Carosceen lamps extra; candles free, but they mustn't burn all night.
7. Please don't empty the sawdust out of the pillers.
8. If there's no towel handy, use a piece of the carpet.—*Spokane Globe.*

Henry Lair, a Mercer County (Ky.) farmer is 6 feet, two inches. His wife is two inches taller. Each of their seven sons is taller than their mother, the tallest being 6 feet, 8 inches.

At Mr. Spurgeon's church in London on a recent Sunday earnest prayer was offered for the conversion of the Prince of Wales. Evidently the need of this conversion was deeply felt by his audience, for a chorus of "Amens" broke forth from the tabernacle worshippers.

Considerable damage was done by a cyclone in Western Missouri on Saturday.

COLD WATER OR WHISKEY.

Ontario Doctors Discuss a Most Important Topic.

USES AND ABUSES OF ANTIPYRETICS.

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Medical Association last (Thursday) night Dr. Thorburn was called upon to read his paper on "The Uses and Abuses of Antipyretics." He dealt mainly with the treatment of patients in fever, and seemed to favor the cold water bath cure for reducing temperature.

Dr. Workman opened a discussion by asking gentlemen to give their views on the antipyretic power of whiskey. He had used it liberally on many occasions, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with the results. He asked for the views of the meeting with all due consideration for the Scott Act. (Laughter.)

Dr. Oldright remarked that there were many people now in their graves with whiskey who would not have been there if they had stuck to cold water.

There was a risible scene at this point, as several wanted the floor. Dean Geikie caught the speaker's eye. He confessed to having used it sometimes and thought it acted admirably, if judiciously given, but much depended on the state and condition of the patient.

Dr. Cameron instanced the case of forty patients he had treated without the use of antipyretics, and said they presented as good a record as forty others which he knew had been treated antipyretically.

Dr. Carson thought the question of using whiskey as an antipyretic was pretty well settled by the British Medical Association several years ago when Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, clearly demonstrated that a glass of whiskey, instead of increasing a man's temperature, decidedly lowered it, not at the time, but a little bit after. The increase was due to the stimulating effect on the heart.

Dr. Holmes, of Chatham, described several experiments he had tried with cold-blooded animals. He found that by applying heat to the heart of a turtle it increased the circulation. Acting on this theory, he had tried the cold water cure some years ago on a fevered child in convulsions and temperature at 105 degrees. On being bathed in ice water the temperature was reduced to 100 and the convulsions stopped. He had found it operated most successfully, since friends were often scrupulous about this method of treatment. In some cases sponging with whiskey and water was successful.

Dr. Workman said that while medical superintendent of the asylum a man named Caleb came to him suffering from violent religious mania. He prescribed a warm bath for at least twenty minutes, and deputed two men to do it. Hot and cold taps were in the bath, and by mistake they bathed the patient entirely in hot. He (Dr. Workman) afterwards prescribed a glass of whiskey. (Laughter.) In the morning the man was perfectly rational and remained so. (Applause.) He could quote other instances having the most salutary effect.

Dr. Richardson gave the case of a woman suffering from erysipelas in the head. He prescribed half a pint of whiskey, to be taken during the night. In the morning the patient was entirely convalescent. (Applause.)

Hon. Dr. Sullivan admitted that the subject was one of the most difficult and abstruse problems in medical science. Some pooh-poohed the efforts of scientists in endeavoring to find the heat centres, but he did not see why the heat centre should not be located as well as the respiratory or any other centre. The duty of a physician in each case was to estimate the necessity as symptoms presented themselves. At certain times whiskey might be used, and at another time cold water. Cold water was undoubtedly the best antipyretic. Their efforts to find an agent to reduce and elevate temperature was in accordance with rational medicine.

The New Marriage Service.

Good Minister (a married man)—Do you wish to marry this woman?

Man—I do.

Minister—Do you wish to marry this man?

Woman—I do.

Minister—Do you like the city as a place of residence?

Man—No; I prefer the suburbs.

Minister—Do you like the suburbs?

Woman—No, indeed; I prefer the city.

Minister—Are you a vegetarian in diet?

Man—No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef.

Woman—I can't bear meat. I am a vegetarian.

Minister—Do you like a sleeping-room well ventilated?

Man—Yes; I want the window way down, summer and winter.

Minister—Do you like so much fresh air?

Woman—No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed.

Minister—Do you like a light in the room?

Man—No; can't sleep in the light; want the room dark.

Minister—Are you afraid in the dark?

Woman—Indeed I am; I have always had a bright light in my room.

Minister—Do you like many bedclothes?

Man—All I can pile on.

Minister—Do you?

Woman—No; they suffocate me.

Minister—I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.—*New York Weekly.*

AUSTIN FLINT, M. D., late professor of the principles of practice of medicine and of clinical medicine in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, says of Bright's Disease: "Pain in the loins is rarely a prominent symptom, and is often wanting. This statement also applies to tenderness on pressure over kidneys." It is not safe, therefore, to argue that you have not kidney disease because you have no local symptoms of it. Your only sure plan is to use Warner's Safe Cure as soon as the most remote symptoms appear.

—"I am tired of living with such a homely woman!" exclaimed William Rush, of Niagara Falls, as he walked away from his wife six weeks ago. The other day she was left a legacy of $40,000, and William hurried back home to call her his angel wife, but she wouldn't let him in.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Open for an engagement—Portholes.

THE following story is told of Sir James Hannen: He was hearing a divorce case in which one of the witnesses, a rather bumptious personage, inquired with an air of one who is putting a poser, "Pray, my lord, am I to give my evidence for nothing?" "I think," replied Sir James, "that you will have to give it for what it is worth."

A MAN in Watertown, N. Y., thought it would be to his advantage to frighten his wife, so he tied a rope around his neck and suspended himself from a convenient hook. Then he awaited developments. His wife took the matter calmly and made no attempt to cut him down. Before very long the practical joker was surprised to find himself dead. His wife is said to look very attractive in heavy mourning. It was shabby of her to spoil her husband's joke, but she may not have had a fine sense of humor.

THIBET is the only known country on earth not open to Christian missions. It has an area of 750,000 square miles, about as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River. The greatest length from east to west is 1,500 miles, and the population is estimated at 8,000,000. It is the stronghold of Buddhism. Lhassa, the capital, is the "Rome" of the Buddhists, and the Dalai Lama is the Buddhist Pope. He is supreme in both temporal and spiritual things. One monastery has about 5,000 Budhist priests, and there are about 60,000 in the country. Thibet is virgin soil for missions. The country is tributary to China.

WHEN rogues fall out, such as the respective bacteria of consumption and rheumatism, honest men may get their due, by the destruction of the one kind and the exhaustion of the other by the job. Dr. Lanigan, of Hyde Park, Mass., says that he has for many years held a belief in the antagonism between certain complaints. He believes that he has discovered such antagonism in the case of consumption and rheumatism. The effect of turning consumptives into rheumatics was tried by transfusion of blood taken from a patient suffering from acute rheumatism. The recipients of the blood were attacked with rheumatism within a week. All three patients improved, and seem to be on the high road to recovery from consumption.

ERASTUS WIMAN, it seems, has been maintaining a scheme of home insurance on Staten Island. He has built a lot of houses, costing not over $1,500 apiece, and rented them to New York workingmen for $300 a year for a series of years, on the condition that if the occupant died before his lease expired the house was to become the property of his widow in fee simple; if he did not die, it would belong to the occupant at the expiration of the lease. Being in Pittsburg the other day, Mr. Wiman was visited by two local millionaires who had in mind a similar enterprise. He told them not to embark in the scheme if they had any idea of making money out of it, for he had lost on it right along, but regarded it as a piece of philanthropy. It is said that many of the houses that he built fell to widows before they had been one-third paid for.

The Story of a Will.

(From the Toronto Mail.

To the Editor of the *Mail*: [illegible]

Having seen a letter in your paper from Mr. John Cooper, of this town, reminded me of an incident which occurred about three years ago. A friend of mine, Mr. A. Seymour, was staying at Vermillion Bay, on the C.P.R., west of here. A legacy was left to him by an uncle in London, England. Mr. Seymour was in such bad health at the time that he thought he would not be alive when the legacy would reach here. He therefore wrote to me asking me to have his will prepared and sent to him for signature, etc., appointing me as the legatee in trust. The will was prepared by John M. Munn, Esq., barrister, of this town, and was sent to Mr. Seymour. It was returned to me duly executed, and is still in my possession.

In the same letter was a request to send half a dozen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and some pills. I sent them. I received a letter some time after asking me to send some more, as he was feeling much better. I did so, and the next I knew Mr. Seymour himself came to town and told me (and looked it) that he was a well man. He got his money through the Ontario Bank here, and is now in British Columbia, and was in good health when I last heard from him.

I may say that I know both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper well, and the facts in Mrs. Cooper's case are as stated in Mr. Cooper's letter.

You can publish this or not, as you think fit, as it is nothing to me either way.

Yours, etc., W. C. DOBIE, J. P.

Port Arthur, Ont., May 23.

[The foregoing letter is *bona fide*, and not an advertisement.—EDITOR *Mail.*]

Queen Victoria's Sensible Shoes.

A shoemaker from London, who worked in the shop where Queen Victoria's shoes are made, being interviewed by a reporter, said: "I suppose the Queen's number is at least a six and she wears a sensible shoe, long and broad, with a low heel, and plenty of room at the toes. She has several bunions and corns, you know. I suppose her common sense ideas about shoes didn't come to her until late in life. I remember making a pair of ball shoes for the Princess Beatrice just before I left. She has a foot something like her mother's. It was short and fat, the ankle being what you might call boxed just a little. Her number was a four and she wore out perhaps a dozen pairs a year."

Mr. Quickwit Moralizes.

Mr. Quickwit (to Mrs. Coarsair, who is profusely bedecked with imitation diamonds)—Madame, you remind me of an open-faced watch.

Mrs. Coarsair—How so? Te, he, he!

Mr. Quickwit—Your crystal is so prominent.—*Jeweller's Weekly.*

At the Kindergarten.

"Now, children, what is the name of the meal you eat in the morning?" "Oatmeal," replies a precocious member of the class.

BONNETS AND PINS.

The Fashionable Greens as Foes to the Complexion.

The coming bonnet is a subject of feminine interest, but the staying one appeals much more to mankind. If there is anything under heaven a man loathes worse than getting up early in the morning or going to bed early at night it is to be walking with a woman who is never quite certain as to whether her bonnet intends to remain on her head or to take wings unto itself and settle in an ash barrel. The chances are she objects to pins in the first place, and the other chances are that if she approves of bonnet pins she doesn't know how to place them. You cannot wear your hair low and pin your bonnet to it without that bonnet rising in rocking-horse fashion and giving you a distracted appearance, and you need not rely on strings to keep your bonnet on your head. If you wear your hair low you have got to have a small pad of false hair, which you lay right on top of your head, fasten down securely, and when your bonnet is put on stick your pins through it; then and then only are you safe, and then and then only is the man of your heart certain that your bonnet is the prettiest he has ever seen, because, as he emphatically puts it, "It stays on."

Among the very latest colors are a green that gives you a beautiful complexion, beautiful in the sense of being desirable as an advertisement before certain liver pills are taken, and a crimson shade that makes the average brunette look black and the average blonde corpse-like. And yet women wear both these colors and make positive that most clever and true French saying: "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty."

Continental Drunkards and Their Treatment.

An habitual drunkard in Sweden and Norway is treated as a criminal, in this sense, that his inordinate love of strong drink renders him liable to imprisonment; and whilst in confinement it appears he is cured of his bad propensities on a plan that, though simple enough, is said to produce marvellous effects. From the day the confirmed drunkard is incarcerated no other nourishment is served to him or her but bread and wine. The bread, however, it should be said, cannot be eaten apart from the wine, but is steeped in a bowl of it, and left to soak thus an hour or more before the meal is served to the delinquent. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without the slightest repugnance. The second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate, and very quickly he evinces a positive aversion for it. Generally, we read, eight or ten days of this *regime* is more than sufficient to make a man loathe the very sight of wine, and even refuse the prison dish set before him. This manner of curing drunken habits is said to succeed almost without an exception, and men or women who have undergone the treatment not only rarely return to their evil way, but from sheer disgust they frequently become total abstainers afterwards.—*Evening Standard.*

In the Scientific World.

Recent experiments with sugar as a preventive for incrustation of steam boilers are reported as giving very satisfactory results.

Oil to be spread on stormy waves has been inclosed in a cartridge and fired from an ordinary breech-loading gun, giving most excellent results.

The amount of rain with a falling barometer in Great Britain is twice that with a rising barometer. The ratio diminishes as we go eastward.

In recent years it has been claimed by chemists that the changes attending the dissolution of metals in acids are only in part electrical and in part chemical.

The quality of the effects produced by aluminum and copper diaphragms for telephones is very remarkable, as they give the timbre of sounds and of articulate speech far better than iron.

In a recent paper on the hygiene of Japanese houses the common idea that dwelling houses in that country are very unhealthy was distinctly disproved. The remarkably small infant mortality among the Japanese shows that their houses are healthy and suited to their modes of life.

Rules for a Rainy Day.

If the umbrella is at the "other end of the line," bear it patiently. Some other umbrella will do just as well.

Be sure and inform every one you meet that "it rains." Otherwise they might remain in ignorance of the damp fact.

Waterproof garments may be depended upon to shed water upon other folks. That seems to be the chief object of their existence.

Do not allow any ventilation in a horse car on a rainy morning. It might exhilarate the passengers to deeds of violence.

Carry your umbrella very carefully and you can just manage to drain one quarter section of it down the neck of the person who is so unfortunate as to be a head of you. He will appreciate this.

No Chance in a Fight.

"Sarah, why on earth don't you cut that boy's hair?"

"I shan't, John. What, spoil our Little Lord Fauntleroy!"

"If he ever gets into a fight with a short-haired boy he'll get spoiled quick enough."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Critical Opinion.

"I saw you at the opera last night, Mr. Smythe. Did you enjoy it?" "Yes, very much." "Which part did you like best?" "Oh, I don't know exactly. It struck me as being the prettiest when they all wore pink!"

The *Congregationalist* reports that one of the quaint old Scottish preachers in Edinburgh recently used this phrase in his prayer: "O Lord, bless those who are at home, unable to be present; those who might be here if they would; bless the poor, and bless the rich, who after their funerals, will be poor!"

The Philadelphia *Record*, commenting upon the new Minnesota law for the punishment of drunkenness, asks: "Who is to judge whether a Minnesotan be drunk or sober?" Whereupon the Minneapolis *Tribune* replies: "The Minnesotan's wife, good friend; the Minnesotan's wife."

NOTHING LIKE PRAISE.

Many a Child is Heart Hungry for a Little Encouragement.

Parents are too often slow to see the motive of their children's kindest actions. A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after racking his brains to think how he, too, can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody when evening comes he does it, but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered, and the boy goes to bed with a choking feeling in his throat and says his prayers by the bedside with a sadness very real in his heart. Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be. The fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored. All words of approval are helpful and encouraging. In a large family there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that cannot be concealed says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: "I don't know what we should do without you, darling!" My friends, do not be so chary of these words of encouragement.—*Good Words.*

Ontario's Success in Making Cheese.

Englishmen sometimes ask, How comes it that a young country like Canada has forced her way ahead of almost all competitors in the cheese markets of Great Britain? No rents, little taxes, and great natural resources will, no doubt, suggest an answer in part; but if some further influence is to be sought, as we believe it must be, it may be found in the judicious stimulous which the industry receives from the governing authorities in the various Provinces. Take Ontario as an instance. Where in England will one find an organization which provides the farmers free of charge with such a bulletin as that entitled "Notes for Cheese-makers for May," which Mr. James W. Robertson, the Professor of Dairying at the Guelph Provincial College, has prepared, and which has by this time reached all Ontario farmers through the Provincial Department of Agriculture? In the first place we find nine practical suggestions as to the management of factories and their surroundings; next come thirty suggestions on "Milk and Making;" and lastly four suggestions for the patrons of each cheese factory. In this little eight-paged pamphlet the Ontario farmer has a *vade mecum* to the highest forms of cheese-making. What wonder that with such a royal road to success pointed out to him he should outdistance his competitors even in European markets.—*Canadian Gazette, London.*

The Men Who Stand to Win.

People go to a public gaming table with their eyes open. They know at Monte Carlo that the zero is against them at roulette, and they are content to face the certainty of the refait at the rouge et noir. Consequently they are assured that the bank must win in the long run, and they back their highly speculative chances in full connaisance de cause. But the sharp-witted innocents who stand "to win" upon unknown horses, while professing to calculate chances, never care to count with certainties. Yet surely it might be worth their while to consider that the great world of betting men and tipsters must live. A few of the book-makers make fortunes out of the victims who are fleeced; many more might retire upon competencies were they only decently prudent; and, in any case, the indispensable expenses of the professional are enormous. The net profits at the best are but a small percentage on the heavy gross outlay.—*Saturday Review.*

Consumption in Canada.

At the meeting of the Ontario Medical Association yesterday, Dr. W. T. Aikins, Toronto, read a paper on "The General Management of the Patient and Sick Room in Canada." He maintained that Canadians were not so robust generally as Old Country people on account of the bad ventilation of the houses, particularly during the winter, when stoves consumed the pure air and windows were seldom or ever opened. He described a process of filtering the air and exhibited a piece of gauze or cotton batting to be used in lieu of the window of the room of a sick or consumptive patient, showing how it prevented the entrance of impurities, including smoke and dust.

A Plague of Grasshoppers.

Farmers coming to and from the surrounding country report the presence of myriads of grasshoppers. The recent rains killed off a good many of them, but it needed a good deal colder downfall than any we have had yet to do much good. What with the grasshoppers and caterpillars, the outlook for the country districts is not so encouraging as it was a fortnight back when everything looked fair for phenomenal crops.—*Ottawa Herald.*

Hot Water for Inflamed Eyes.

Hot water is now a remedy so popular and varied in its applications that it is not surprising to hear it recommended for the treatment of inflamed and itching eyes. An American writer, a woman whose eyesight was wonderful, considering her age and the immense amount of labor she performed, attributed it mainly to the custom of bathing her eyes freely in water as hot as could be borne, night and morning, a habit continued for many years.—*Buffalo Times.*

Aged Rapidly.

Young Husband—What, you are twenty-five years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty.

Young Wife (wearily)—I have aged rapidly since I married.

—If it be true that "Whom the gods love die young," the ballet girl must continue to depend on the dude.

DEAD AMONG HIS PETS.

They Died With Him When August Hintze Passed Away.

A crowd of children were yesterday afternoon peering into the basement of a big tenement house at No. 414 East Seventy-ninth street, where August Hintze, an old man whose face had been for years a familiar one in the neighborhood, had been found dead in bed. He was a widower, 77 years old, and lived alone in two dark little rooms with two canary birds, a family of white mice and a woolly-haired terrier. Save for an occasional visit from his two grown-up sons, one of whom is in Nevada and the other in this city, no one ever came to see him. Last Saturday night the old man went home, followed by his dog, and lay down on his bed. Sunday he did not appear and most of that day his dog kept howling. Yesterday morning the janitor of the tenement became alarmed and broke open the door. The windows were all closed and the gas turned on. Hintze was undressed, in bed, dead, and stretched by his side, also dead, was his inseparable companion, the dog. The white mice on the window sill and the canary birds near by were also dead in their cages.

The police were notified, and Hintze's son, who lives at No. 415 East Eighty-fifth street, subsequently had the body removed to his home. It is thought that the old man was asphyxiated accidentally. The gas cock worked very loosely, and he probably turned it on after turning it off, not knowing what he was doing. He suffered from an incurable malady, which at times deprived him of his senses.—*New York World.*

Pills and Poetry.

There are men who make a living by writing rhymes in which they extol the virtues of somebody's tooth-wash, or consumption cure, or Purgative Pellets. It rather grates upon one's feelings to read a pathetic stanza of poetry and finish by learning that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the sovereign remedy for consumption in its early stages, for deranged liver, disordered kidneys, impure or impoverished blood. Still this is absolutely true, and why should not the truth be told in poetry as well as prose.

Life's Real Episodes.

Jones—There are only two periods in a man's life when he is greatly interested in his personal appearance."

Smith—When do they occur?"

Jones—One is at 20, when he watches the hair coming out of his upper lip, and the other is at 40, when he watches the hair coming out on the top of his head.

Sedentary Habits.

In this age of push and worry, the business man and the professional man are alike unable to devote any adequate time to exercise. In the daily round of toil and pleasure, no suitable provision is made for that important function, and the result is that men of sedentary habits become subject to many forms of ailments arising from a torpid or sluggish liver. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness and dyspepsia are all due to improper action of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles by restoring the liver to its normal condition.

A Woman Wants to Know.

Why is it that a man is better natured and more approachable after he has had a good dinner than just after he has had his breakfast?—*A woman, in Washington Press.*

Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.

The Face a Mirror.

Tubbs—I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face.

Grubbs—Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors.

DURING the Paris Exhibition no less than sixty-nine international congresses will meet under Government patronage. That devoted to the discussion of electrical subjects will no doubt develop matters of great interest.

D O W L, 25 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that as a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

LADIES' SARAVIA, the great Mexican Remedy positively and permanently cures all female irregularities. Avaluable medicine. Relief immediate. Price $1. Send for circulars YUCATAN MEDICINE COMPANY, 18 W. 14th St. N. York.

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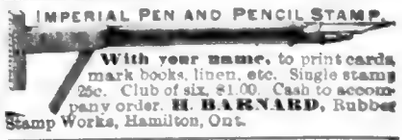

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,
BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts; 2nd. door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Paris green just received at Wm. Richardson's.

The Feversham mail route contract has been given to Mr. R. Meldrum.

McGirr's hotel, Feversham, has changed hands, Mr. Brown, of Collingwood, having rented it from Mr. R.T. McGirr.

Paints, oils, varnishes, etc. Wm. Richardson.

If you want your watch repaired perfectly, take it to Russell, jeweler, it will pay you.

The base ball club is requested to meet on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock in D. Clayton's shop.

If you want your watch repaired perfectly, take it to Russell, jeweler, it will pay you.

The instalment of "Across the Continent" did not come to hand in time to be placed in type for this issue.

Take your watches, clocks, etc., to Russell's, Flesherton, a perfect job every time. All work personally attended to by J.G. Russell.

Mr. A. Munshaw caught in the Saugeen, on Friday last, a trout which weighed one pound fourteen oz. Very fair sized trout that.

Hanover will have a band tournament, horse racing, etc., on Dominion Day. A handsome badge accompanies the information, and our thanks are tendered therefor.

If you want worth and wear, style and strength, choice and cheapness in boots and shoes, try W. Clayton's stock before purchasing.

The annual Irish Lake pic-nic will be held this year on Wednesday, June 26. Flesherton Orchestra is engaged for the occasion.

Take your watches, clocks, etc., to Russell's, Flesherton, a perfect job every time. All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell.

Great bargains in boots and shoes. A very large assortment to choose from. Ladies' lace boots from 90 cents per pair. Men's lace boots from $1 per pair, at W. Clayton's.

Two men in the vicinity of Feversham got hilarious together. One, a married man, took the other home, but it is said that in the hushed midnight "the other" was chased from the house at the point of a butcher knife by a justly enraged wife, and that he did not take all his wearing apparel with him, either.

We always thought the Owen Sound Times a strictly temperance sheet, but an item in last week's issue has shaken our faith. This is the item: "Two men, named Legge and Minard, having unbibed considerable understood to settle a grudge. Legge was reinforced by a comparison and Minard came out second best." James! James!

Mr. Wm. Irwin, Flesherton's competent public school principal, has received the appointment of assistant presiding examiner at the teachers' examinations to be held in Owen Sound next July. The Advance congratulates friend Irwin upon the appointment. Mr. Irwin will also preside at the entrance examinations to be held in Markdale on July 4, 5 and 6.

Mrs. W. R. Anderson offers at private sale a number of household articles, including one stove and furniture, nearly new, 2 bedsteads, 2 wash stands, 1 lounge, 6 chairs, rocking chair, a quantity of dishes and glassware, lamps, tubs and washboards, 1½ doz fruit jars. All will be sold cheap for cash. Russell's block.

TO LET—In Strain's block the premises lately occupied by J.W. Frost, Esq., as a law office. Also the rooms next door, which have been in use as a dress making establishment. These rooms are very suitable for small shops or offices, or if necessary both can be united and made into a good-sized store For further particulars apply to Wm. Strain, Flesherton.

Mr. T. Bates returned to the Sault on Saturday. Mr. Bates has great faith in the Sault becoming an important commercial centre and has staked a considerable amount upon the issue. Just now he is interested in the building of a new water power canal which will be when completed 3 miles long, 300 feet wide and 20 deep. Upon the pay roll now are 600 men and the number is expected to reach 1000 by July 1. The canal will be completed this year, and is built by a syndicate with a view to renting water powers along its course. It is a great undertaking but will no doubt pay handsomely.

Sunday School Picnic.

A picnic and concert under the auspices of the Eugenia Union Sunday School will be held at that place on Tuesday, June 25, the picnic to commence at 1 p.m. and the concert 7.30. Good program of dialogues, music, speeches, etc. Admission 25 cents per couple, single admission 15 cents. See bills.

Farm Sales

Mr. Geo. Noble, auctioneer, sold two farms at Munshaw's hotel on Tuesday by public auction. Mr. Malcolm Kennedy was the purchaser of fifty acres near the station, lot 135, 3rd range, Artemesia, for $500. R. Trimble bought lot 27, 4th con., Glenelg, containing 100 acres, for $600.

A Confiding Bird.

M. Richardson, Esq. has a pet in the shape of a small gray bird which has built its nest on the frame work of his verandah and is now hatching its little brood. So confiding is the bird that it will even eat crumbs from anyone's hand, and also feed its mate of the crumbs, the latter being of a more suspicious nature and remaining at a safe distance Mr. Richardson exhibits his pet with pride.

Mr. Shilton Does Not Go.

It is with much pleasure we acknowledge our error of last week in stating that Rev. Mr. Shilton was leaving Flesherton for Seaforth. He will remain here for another year. The error was an unavoidable one on our part, and resulted from a telegram received, signed by Mr. Shilton and Dr. Christoe, stating that the removal was to be made. Immediately after The Advance had been printed word arrived that there would be no change, but it was too late then to rectify our statement.

Personal.

Mr. J.W. Anderson left on Tuesday to take up his residence in the far Northwest.

Miss Lizzie Brown, of Collingwood, is visiting at Mr. Fred Armstrong's.

J.W. Armstrong, Esq., paid the Toronto conference a visit during the past week.

Mr. J. T. Wright, of St. Louis, is the guest of his father, Thorpe Wright, Esq. Mr. D. Wright, of New York, wife and child, are visiting their parents here.

Garden Party.

The garden party to be given by the ladies of the Methodist Church on Dominion Day, on the beautiful grounds of J.W. Armstrong, Esq., promises to be one of the best ever held here. The program will be a good one. Flesherton brass band is engaged for the ocasion. The waiters will be in costume. All sorts of games will be provided, and a general good time may be expected The gardens will be open from 4 p.m. Tea served at 6 o'clock. Admission 15 cents.

The Crops.

We have lately been around the country to a considerable extent, and find that the crops, as a general rule, are looking well—only in occasional low situations do they present a sickly appearance. This is almost a matter of surprise when the amount of rain which has fallen during the past four weeks is taken into consideration. Fruit in the vicinity of Kimberley was not very much injured by the late frost. We saw plum trees fairly "groaning" under their weight of nicely developed fruits. Apples in the same vicinity promise a fair yield. Small fruits suffered to a considerable extent.

Got Left.

A young man living near Priceville took his best girl for a drive one day last week. They visited a friend living west of Durham and turned the horse out to grass while they visited. The horse becoming homesick let down the fence for himself and trotted off home. It was some time before the horse's departure became known, but when it did there were "two hearts that beat as one" with agony at the thought of walking twelve miles home again. However the friend hitched up his team and returned the wanderers to their sorrowing parents, and the adventure ended happily. It was a fair-sized joke, and Balsam Valleyites are still holding their sides over it.

Editorial Irony.

A brother editor of considerable experience thus sums up his dislikes: We like to hear a man refuse to take his home paper, and all the time sponge on his neighbors for the reading of it. We like to hear a man complain when asked to subscribe for a home paper that he takes more now than he can read, and then go and borrow his neighbor's or loaf around until he gathers all the news from it. We like to hear a man run down his home paper as not worth taking and now and then beg the editor for a favor in the editorial column. We like to see a man run down his home paper and then try to get a share of the trade which the newspaper brings to town. We like to see this; it looks economical, thrifty, progressive, and cheeky."

The Washington Treaty

is one of the important topics of the day, but more important still to a sufferer from catarrh is the question what remedy shall I use? Try Nasal Balm. It never fails. Mr. John Kelly, Cobourg, says: Nasal Balm has helped me more than I expected it would. I have not felt so well in nine years. I am sure it will make a permanent cure.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Failed.

The following appeared in last week's Monetary Times: It is understood that A. McCabe, general storekeeper, of Priceville, has assigned to a Toronto creditor. He is indebted to general creditors about $8,000, and to a brother and a lady $2,400. Those interested are trying to garinshee a bank account of $2,500, which it is feared might be used to liquidate the claims of the two last named, in which event the dividend to others would be very small.

Fire at Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Fire broke out in the stables and out buildings belonging to the hotel about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. The fire was discovered by Dr. Scott who had returned home about that time. There was only one horse in the stable at the time and it was saved with difficulty. A sulky and a buggy were the other things saved. The hotel was saved, Sam Linley burning his feet in dashing water over the roof. The property belongs to Robert Brown of Singhampton. No insurance.

County Court.

From The Owen Sound Advertiser.

FISHER vs. CHRISTIE.—The parties live in Sullivan. By an agreement made on the 23rd of April 1888, the Defendant sold plaintiff the N½ of lot 29, con. 7 Sullivan, reserving to himself all the pine timber and all other timber suitable for saw logs. Plaintiff alleged that the defendant had taken a great deal of timber not suitable for saw logs, and had made the same into posts and ties. The plaintiff's witnesses placed the minimum diameter of a saw-log at 10 or 12 inches. The defendant produced witnesses who said that timber 7 and even 5 inches in diameter might be fairly classed as saw-log timber. There was also a dispute as to whether when defendant had cut down a tree and took 9 or more saw-logs off it, whether he was entitled to the whole tree if the top part fell below the minimum size of a saw-log. Verdict for plaintiff for $105. A. Frost for Plaintiff; J. Creasor for deft.

BRODIE vs. MCARDLE.—The parties live in Proton. It appears that last December Joseph McArdle was convicted before Justice Hanbury, of Dundalk, for malicious injury to property. McArdle admitted having cut certain rollers which were placed under a hall for the purpose of moving the hall, and claimed that as trustee of this property he was justified in so doing, claiming that the hall should not be moved. Consequently he appealed against the decision of the Magistrate. Appeal sustained and Magistrate's conviction quashed. A. Frost for appellant.

REG. vs. BROWN was the only criminal case. Elizabeth Ottewell, of the Township of Osprey, charged Robert Brown, of the Village of Feversham, with indecent assault. Her evidence was unsupported by that of any other witness. Counsel for the defence, besides pointing out the prosecutor's evidence was unsupported in any way, thought from the style in which the evidence was given and the general behaviour of the witness that she was the victim of some hallucination. Some half a dozen witnesses were called to prove an alibi. Verdict—Not guilty. A. Frost for Crown; J.W. Frost for defence.

General News.

Dr. Meacham, M.P.P., has been chosen as the Conservative candidate for Lennox for the Ontairio Legislature.

Private William Ilion, of the 39th Norfolk Battalion, suicided by drowning in the Niagara River Sunday morning.

A brakeman named Lake was killed on the G.T.R. near Prescott on Saturday. He was tightening the brake when the chain slipped and he fell under the cars.

At Indianapolis, the other day, Mrs. Ella Kilbourn lighted a match in the cellar to enable a plumber to find a natural gas leak. The plumber was perhaps fatally injured, and Mrs. Kilbourn, J.T. Crowder and another man were seriously injured by the explosion that followed.

An unknown woman threw herself into the Niagara River and was carried over the American Falls Friday afternoon.

District News.

Richard Bickle, of East Zorra, has a four-year-old bull with a third horn attached to the tip of one of its ears, and John Nichol, of North Easthope, is the happy possessor of a duckling hatched without feet, while James Doherty, of the same township, rejoices in the ownership of a gosling with four feet.

Mr. Joe Johnson, of Dunedin, has a curio in the shape of a ducklet, with three legs and six feet. The little birdie was hatched on his farm. Two legs are quite natural and the third sticks out of the the bird's stern in the center of its body. The duckie should be a good swimmer.—[Collingwood Enterprise.

DEATH OF A DUNDALK DOCTOR.—Dr. W. S. Griffin died at his residence in Dundalk on Saturday afternoon last. The The doctor was laid up with cold several days previously, but went out before he had fully recovered and a relapse ensued. Dr. McWilliams, of Dundalk, was in attendance and Dr. Rolstin was summoned from here, but the case was hopeless and the deceased passed away five minutes after the arrival of his Shelburne colleague. Dr. Griffin has been a resident of Dundalk for the past 6 or 7 years. He was a graduate of the University of Michigan, and regarded as an experienced and clever man in his profession.—[Shelburne Free Press.

PRICES TO SUIT
The Times.

The time to offer bargains is when the times are dull and money scarce.

Taking advantage of this we offer you nice new goods at the following low prices:

MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS.

Men's whole stock high cut Kip boots.	$1.40.
Men's split high cut Kip boots.	$1.10.
Men's Coburgs.	75.
Boy's whole stock boots.	$1.20.
Boy's split boots.	$1.00.

LADIES' & CHILDRENS' BOOTS.

Women's whole stock Kip.	$1.25.
Women's split boots.	$1.00.
A beautiful polished calf shoe.	$1.20.
Ladies' fine Dongola Kid boots, full sizes, buttoned or laced.	$1.90.

Children's shoes lower than ever.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A nobby suit, blue serge, full size and nicely made, $4.75.
A nice pair wool pants cut in the latest style for $1.40.
A nice range of tweeds for boys' suits, from 30 cts. up to 50 cts. per yd. All wool.

DRY GOODS.

Factory cotton, full yard, only 4 cts. a yard.
Cottonades, nice patterns, 17 and 18 cts. a yd.
Our best prints at 10 and 11 cts. a yd.
Shirtings from 8 to 13 cts. a yd.
Beautiful ginghams at 8 cts. a yd.

GROCERIES.

A lovely Japan tea 5 lbs. for 90 cts. as good as any 25. ct. tea in town.
5 bars best Electric soap for 75 cts.
14 bars Nickel Toilet soap for 25 cts.
24 lbs. best rice for $1.00
14 lbs. No. 1 currants for $1.00.
13 lbs. Valentine raisins for $1.00.
14 lbs. bright sugar for $1.00.

Our meal, corn meal, cracked wheat, long clear bacon, spiced rolls, smoked hams, and bologna sausages constantly on hand, at close prices. Butter, eggs and wool taken at highest market prices.

The Old Reliable Stand.

R. Trimble.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's stor or Atkinson's Hotel
Priceville, Nov. 19, 1885.

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office :—Manley's Drug Store.
T S SPROULE, M D, etc. ANGUS EGO, M D, etc late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson,
SURGEON DENTIST
Silver Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store, Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issues ER or MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
On Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance placed in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Character Development.

BY N. W. CAMPBELL, PUBLIC SCHOOL INSPECTOR FOR SOUTH GREY.

Exactly 188 years ago, on the 28th of August last, (1888) there was born at Frankfort-on-the-main, a child that was destined to exert an influence on his own nation, and indeed on the nations of the world, that will be felt for ages. The child doubtless passed through the vicissitudes of infancy and youth, and from youth passed to manhood much the same as others born in different circumstances. Being royally endowed by nature, he was fitted to make royal use of his power by a liberal education and a broad culture. He was born at the beginning of a period of unsurpassed activity in Europe and in the world—a period of political turbulency and grand military achievements, and he lived to see the storm calmed, the angry passions subsided, the noise of warring elements hushed by the glorious victory of Waterloo. The movements in his environments seemed to be reflected on his own soul within. He too passed through mental war, gloom, and despondency. Once he was on the verge of suicide. He calmly contemplated the various methods of ending one's life. The Sword of Ajax, drowning, hanging, poison, opening of veins, the asp of Cleopatra, the dagger of the Emperor Otho was each in turn thought of. But he rose from his despondency. His better nature prevailed. Once more he was master of himself. He saw there was much in this world worth living for—much that was beautiful and good. His manhood asserted itself. He rose triumphant over his moral difficulties and, he poured forth his sorrows in a strain that made heaving, tumultuous Europe listen. He became, in very deed, the Redeemer of the time. "Did he not hear the curse of the time? He was filled full, as Carlyle says, with its scepticism, bitterness, hollowness and thousandfold contradictions, till his heart was like to break; but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly, by word and act, showed others that came after how to do the like. Honor to him who first through the impassable paves a road!

The impassable gulf into which this man ventured, which he tamed and rendered habitable, was the greatest and most perilous of all, wherein truly all others be included: *The whole distracted existence of man in an age of unbelief.*" Such was Goethe, "the greatest of all great men in German literature." Something within him compels our attention. Some latent mysterious power commands our respect. When he speaks we must listen. His personality is all-conquering. He is a prince even in death. The question is pertinent now, what is the secret of such power, such moral force? Can we doubt that there was something within the man much finer than anything ever seen of him, than anything that ever came out? What is it that lifts him so prominently into view? I answer that the secret of his power, his influence, his moral force—this undefinable, elevating, all-pervading individuality is nothing else than Character

Permit another picture.

In England, nearly two centuries ago, Wm. Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, first saw the light. Of his early life we know little, but when comparatively young, he entered politics, and before long he became the leading orator and statesman of his time—perhaps of all time in English history. We are not now concerned with his intellectual greatness, but with his moral power over the hearts and minds of men. This is so vividly portrayed by the Irish orator, Grattan, that I cannot do better than give entire his estimate of the man. "The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought that royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in his other hand the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to effect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity." * * *

"A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all the classes of venality." * * * *

"Upon the whole there was something in this man that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority, something that could establish or overwhelm an empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe."

Again we ask, what is the secret of this persuasive power? What great moral force is that which he possesses that can turn the minds of his strongest opponents, annihilate their arguments, and make even royalty cower in his presence? It was said that no one ever heard him speak who did not feel that there was in him something finer than anything which he said. What is this mysterious something? As before, I answer, It is Character.

Yet another example. The old slave state of Virginia is justly proud of her most illustrious son, the gratefully remembered George Washington, "the man first in peace, first in war, first in the heart of his fellow-countrymen." Without dwelling on his early life let us look at the man. Where can we find his peer? Seldom has a mortal achieved as much. More seldom still has a mortal been held in such deserved veneration by his fellow-mortals. Who can estimate the far-reaching influence of such a man? Is it measurable according to our own poor standards? Does it not rather belong to the infinities? We know where it began, but who knows where or when it will end? Does it not widen as the ages roll on until it embraces in its mighty sweep all ages, all climes? Where is the soldier who is not a better soldier, whose pulse does not beat the quicker, when he remembers the calm, undaunted courage, the heroic endurance of the man! Where is the statesman who cannot profit by his experience and his wisdom? Ay, where is the *man* who does not feel morally elevated, and thus become a better man, on coming in contact with so lofty a soul? Green in his History of England gives this picture of him: "No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery. But there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure, with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses of the world around him. It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists discovered, however slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader; his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat; the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy; that never, through war or peace, felt the touch of a meaner ambition; that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured."

John Quincy Adams also has this paragraph:

"Washington, the warrior and legislator. In war, contending by the wager of battle for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race—ever manifesting amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his own countrymen into harmony and union, and giving to his sword a charm more potent than attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus."

Can we contemplate these pictures without being benefitted, without aspiring to the same glorious height, without the desire to see all that is low and mean and impure in ourselves and in humanity annihilated forever?

We ask again, what is the secret of this great power? What is it that raises him so far above the level of ordinary men? Is there not within him also, a certain "undemonstrable force" which asserts itself and stamps the man with the impress of greatness? Is it not true, that "somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran their performance?" "The largest part of their power was latent. This is that which we call Character—a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means."

In one of the backwoods settlements, not very many years ago, a small, square, low, flat-roofed log building was erected. The entrance was by a solitary door in one end. The four windows were small and firmly fastened up and down. The furniture in the only room was scanty and exceedingly rude in form and ruder in construction. The walls were without other ornament than whitewash and seldom that. This was an old-fashioned school house. But yet in this building, often not larger than 20x24 feet, must be crowded for six weary hours a day, from 60 to 80 pupils. How pleasant to think of inhaling for these long hours, the mingled breaths of so many! And yet this is what was expected of the martyr (man or woman) who volunteered to "keep school" in so delightful a retreat! There were many such martyrs in this country, in the not very distant past. Do you not know of *one* teacher who has given his life to his chosen vocation, to spend and to be spent in the service of others; one who, knowing thoroughly that scarcely in this life will he have more of this world's good things than will keep soul and body together, freely devotes himself to the work of elevating intellectually and morally that portion of humanity intrusted to him; one who, seeing in the work of the teacher, opportunities for impressing high moral principles upon human souls, scorns the meaner though more lucrative businesses of life; one who possesses in himself, the patience, energy, zeal, tact, yea, love for human souls, that will overcome all difficulties and make the man the true conqueror, the civilizer of the world? Are such teachers the product of a by-gone time—a time of more general ignorance and superstition surely, but a time when the desire for wealth had not taken so complete possession of men as the present? Has the noble species become extinct? I think not. There are many such in our own day. Look abroad and see. How many in our country? How many here to-day? If not many, why not?

What now distinguishes this man from the rank and file of his brethren? Is it not that there is in him something, that they do not possess? Is not this something the same as in those already considered, though perhaps differing in its expression? The largest part of his power also was latent. This is the undemonstrable force which we call Character.

(To be Continued.)

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM.
A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.
Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time*, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing
FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.
Beware of imitations similar in name.

Situation.
with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S. A. McCOMBER & Co
Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

LOOK!
HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS
Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Everything For THE GARDEN.
To Our Friends and Patrons.
We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale
BULBS.
Gladiolus and Dahlias.
HOUSE PLANTS.
Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety. Cinnerarias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutillons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower. In
BEDDING PLANTS
We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Dianthus, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget-Me-Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy.
VEGETABLE PLANTS
Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber
Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.
All orders attended to promptly
JAMES BEECROFT.

FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS
Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
—OF—
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing etc.
Good Workmanship Guaranteed.
A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.
W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

ROLLER FLOUR!
best in the markets at
Blackburn's.
ICE Cream Parlors
all kinds of cooling summer drinks
Cured Meats,
Lard, Bologna,
etc.
ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON
—AT—
BLACKBURN'S
PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.

A. WATSON!
Desires to inform the public that he can furnish
CAKES AND PIES
To Order.
FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.
will visit Flesherton twice a week, on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.
DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.
WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty
A. WATSON,
Priceville.

D. McTavish,
HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.
Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.
Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

Our Vicar.

Ah, how shall we proclaim his worth,
His virtues how unfold?
Of tender thoughts there is no dearth,
But written words are cold.

Nor gold, nor gems, nor purple fine
Hath fallen to his share,
Yet doth he own by right divine
Treasures to us more fair.

A meek and holy spirit set
A modest shrine within,
And eloquence whose pleading yet
Ne'er failed our hearts to win.

A mantle of humility
That's never cast aside,
A heart where truth and dignity
And charity abide.

A soul in which a constant flame
Of love for men burned clear,
In whose pure light a selfish aim
Ignoble must appear.

These gifts in perfect union blent
Have cast a wondrous spell
And many hearts to-day are rent
With grief too deep to tell.

But in their voicelessdepths will sleep
One germ as strong as death
A memory that will freshness keep
While love has life and breath.

The Hero of Stoney Creek.

The land of my song boasts no palaces olden—
No castles enchanted, no giants, no elves,
But meadows and orchards and harvest fields golden,
An I men with the skill to take care of themselves;
A land of broad lake and of deep rolling river,
Of mountain and valley and vine-covered strand,
Of cities that share in the trade of the nations,
And villages smiling all over the land.
The hill of my song is no mythical mountain
Of loadstone or magic where diamonds distil;
And the rill of my song is no fabulous fountain,
But a real stony creek that is Stoney Creek still.
My thome is the deed of a bold Stoney Creekan,
In the year eighteen-thirteen, the fifth day of June,
When he bought the whole army of Winder and Chandler
With a peck of green peas and a well whistled tune.

Tom Jones was a Yankee and true to the British
At Tyconderago when troubles were nigh,
His neighbors turned traitor and prayed Independence,
A spread-eagle saint born the Fourth of July.
And often when Tom was at work in his garden
He bore with their jeers till his anger would glow,
And he'd dash at a thistle as though 'twere a traitor,
And snap off its head with a stroke of his hoe.
When Britain gave up, and the U. E. L. heroes
Were rudely compelled from their homes to depart,
Tom sought Stoney Creek, then a forest unbroken,
A Yankee by birth, but a Briton at heart.

The years passed away like a dream of the morning,
Farm houses were built and the forests were cleared,
And far through the wide spreading, beautiful valley,
White harvest fields, meadows and orchard appeared.
The glad Stoney Creek leaping down from the mountain
Sang peace as it babbled o'er ledges and shelves;
The people were healthy and humble and happy,
Loved God and their neighbors as much as themselves.
And often when Tom was at work in his garden,
And quietly musing on years long ago,
He dauntingly christen a thistle a traitor,
And snap off its head with a stroke of his hoe.

In June eighteen-thirteen strange tu mult an rattle
Came up on the breeze from the valley below;
Like a war horse that scents from the distance a battle,
Tom started, stopped, listened, then threw down his hoe.
In a half-hour after Tom Jones with a basket,
Half full of green peas, as on business intent,
Was whistling the spread eagle tune, "Yankee Doodle,"
And standing in front of the general's tent
Tom's whistle was charming—the tune and the whistle
Had found him free passage right into the camp,
The peas were presented to Chandler and Wender,
Tom's object accomplished, he "reckoned he'd tramp."

To hie to his mare low and I catch his mare, Betty,
Was the work of a very few minutes at most
Tom knew that at Hamilton Harvey was stationed—
The minutes were precious, and not to be lost.
He leaped to Bet's back without an idle or bridle
But knew something weighty was moving his mind,
And galloped away through the mud and the mire,
As if the Old Harry was riding behind
A tavern looked tempting but Tom dare not tarry,
But half turned aside, then all foaming sped on;
And the sun was just slipping behind the far mountain
As Tom galloped into the camp of Sir John
The tale was soon told, and the drums were soon beating,
The army soon marching with Tom at its head;
And long before morning the Yankees were captured—
A score or two wounded—a score or two dead.

Tom Jones won a name that will not be forgotten—
Be peace to his memory, rest to his bones!
Sir John won a field, losing hardly a soldier;
Stoney Creek won a hero—his name was Tom Jones.

Better Late Than Never.

In 1873 a man named Wilson, who lives in Oshawa, was robbed of a gold watch and $4 in cash and the thief was never detected. On Tuesday Mr. Wilson received a package by express from the State of Indiana, and upon opening it he found the watch along with a cheque for the money stolen, together with interest from the date of the robbery.

Nautical and Genealogical.

Snipkins—His pedigree is as long as a yard arm.

Snifkins—Yes, I've heard his grandfather was hanged at sea.

The late Dr. Austin Flint, Professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, member of the State medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says in speaking of advanced kidney disease (or Bright's): "Fatal termination is many times due to pericarditis (heart disease), apoplexy, difficult breathing, dropsy." The foregoing are but symptoms of diseases. That being the case there is nothing absurd in the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure that they prevent apoplexy and cure heart disease, etc., with Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Because it removes the cause of disease, and when the cause is removed the symptom called a disease is cured.

Gipsy Smith is the name of an evangelist who is conducting a great revival in Cincinnati. He is said to possess as much power as Sam Jones without any of Sam Jones' slang. A few years ago Smith was a leader of the Romanys.

"Yaas, I know you-ah name. You-ah fathah was one of my gwandfathah's keepers." "Indeed. I never heard that my father looked after the monkeys."

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

It was curious how rational, alive, coherent she had become. Her face was flushed, her large eyes were feverishly bright, her whole being seemed strung and stirred. She was herself and yet not herself. Her mind was no longer clouded and oppressed, and yet it was not sane nor healthy. Not the living log—the organized statue—she was more like an incarnate flame, self-consuming and self-destroying. Yet none of the dear people around her—all loving her as they did, but all inexperienced in the phases of her malady—feared the consequences of this sudden reaction. On the contrary, they rejoiced in her renewed lucidity, and even Lady Elizabeth did not read the signs aright.

"But why am I in bed, Liese?" she asked. "I am quite well. Let me get up. Let me go out. I am well. Why am I kept here?"

"You shall get up, darling," said her friend. "It is better for you."

Lady Elizabeth did not remind her that it was by her own wilful refusal to rise and dress that she was here to-day, as now for some days past. She was too glad to see the signs of improvement, as she read them, to argue about responsibilities. So Estelle's new wish was gratified, and she dressed and came into the sitting-room before Anthony had got rid of the traces of his journey and had refreshed himself as Englishmen do.

All that day Estelle was in the same state—vivid, alert, feverish—insane. But with the preternatural cunning of insanity she concealed her state with the skill of a finished actress, and no one but an expert would have seen her real condition behind her assumed brightness and responsiveness. Her eyes, however, would have betrayed her to those who could read them. Unsteady, quick, suspicious, watchful, they had in them all the well-known distrust and slyness of her state, and belied the more favorable symptoms of her lucid speech. Here only in shape and color, they had not a trace of their former expression. They were the eyes of a maniac, with just so much conscious intelligence as enabled her to feign for better concealment. She startled Anthony, and more than startled him, by saying suddenly, abruptly, with nothing to lead up to it:

"When I left Thrift I went to Mary Crosby's, and hid there for years, I think. She is Mrs. Latimer's daughter, and gave us money. They were cheating us at home, and bribed me to keep the secret."

Then she laughed, in a mindless, foolish way, with a note of maliciousness in the discord.

Nothing that she could have said would have so disturbed her hearers as this apparent cynicism. How changed she was to be able to make this shameless confession!

"How long were you there?" asked Anthony, turning away his eyes.

She glanced at him furtively, and a look of suspicion came over her face.

"I do not remember," she said, shortly, and for some time after this relapsed into silence and would not speak.

So the day wore on, and nightfall came. Anthony had not been able to speak to Lady Elizabeth apart, and Caleb had wandered away into the hills, like one whose work was done. He was no longer wanted; and he felt himself an obstacle, an encumbrance, where so lately he had been the guardian and preserver. But Estelle evidently missed him, and looked round the room and to the door more than once, not saying what she wanted, but showing that she was uneasy about something. When he returned toward evening she looked pleased, but did not speak, and Lady Elizabeth—Anthony notwithstanding said kindly, to give him pleasure, the poor omad'haun, "We have missed you, Mr. Stagg, and so has our dear invalid."

"I am glad that I am not only a nuisance, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, blushing to the tips of his ears. "I thought I might be in the way, and so just took myself off that you might be shot of me."

"We owe you too much ever to find you a nuisance or in the way," she replied, with great kindness. "Why, what should we have done without you?"

"I am main glad," said Caleb; and even Anthony had to recognize the dog-like and unselfish devotion which lifted the miner's son out of the category of men of whom to be jealous, and put him into that of sexless saints. When the night had fully come and the activities of the day were over, Estelle got up and went over to Lady Elizabeth.

"I am tired, Liese," she said abruptly. "I am going to bed."

"Very well, dear, I will go with you," was the answer. "We do not leave her," she said, turning to Anthony. "Either I or the maid is always with her."

"I will watch by her to-night," said Anthony, in his authoritative way.

Estelle clutched at Lady Elizabeth's dress like a child.

"No, Liese," she said.

"Perhaps—" began Lady Elizabeth.

"I wish it," said Anthony; and no more was to be said. It was his will, and he had the right—was he not her master by the law? His heart was heavy as lead, and his hopes had died down almost as soon as they had grown up. His Dead Sea apple had proved its bitterness. The light of his life was quenched; the woman he had loved and still loved—the woman whom he would have taken back in the face of the world—was but a living death, whose heart was in the grave of another. Nevertheless he would watch by her to-night—tenderly as a mother by the cradle of her first-born—carefully as a miser guarding his treasure—mournfully as one who watches the dead. And when to-morrow came he would decide on his plans. In any case, these included an immediate return to England and the advice of experts. He would not believe that her state was irremediable. By judicious treatment her mental health and moral sanity would be restored, and years of happiness were yet before him. If the neighbors looked coldly on her, he would leave Thrift and go where their sad story was not known. She should never be reminded of her fault. It had been grave and damnable, but she had not been to blame. She had been weak, not wicked; that scoundrel who, fortunately for himself, had died before vengeance had overtaken him, was the only one to blame. So he sat and thought, watching her pale impassive face for hours into the night, when, overpowered by the heat of the silent night, by the fatigue of travel, and the exhaustion consequent on his own emotions, his head sunk on the bed beside her own, and he fell heavily asleep.

Then Estelle opened her eyes and looked at him, first with a shudder and then a smile. She slid her hands in among her coils of hair, which she dragged from their fastenings as she took from among them a small phial, which she uncorked.

"They shall not separate us, Charlie!" she said softly to herself, her eyes strained up to the ceiling of the room while she drank the contents of that little bottle to the last drop. She was smiling, and her face had a rapt ecstatic look, for there, visible to her eyes, she saw the face of the one she loved, beautified, glorified, freed from all trace of suffering and disease, looking at her with love, while his hands were held out as if to receive her. Then, still smiling, her eyes still fixed, a change came over her. Her heart ceased to beat, her blood ceased to flow; what visions or what thoughts possessed her no man could know, for the thing we call the life had gone, and she lay on the bed motionless and dead.

When Anthony awoke he found her stiff and cold. Her eyes were still opened wide and lips were parted with a smile. Her curling hair fell over the pillow and her arms like a cloud, and in her white hand, with the long taper fingers still crossed, was hidden a little bottle drained to the last drop and smelling of bitter almonds. By this she had secured the swift passage she desired and had meditated; and by this she had passed from the night of her bondage to the glad day of her release.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNMASKED.

Mary Crosby, for the most part ready for any emergency, was rather at the end of her resources. Mrs. Latimer had been inconsiderate enough to have an attack of congestion of the lungs, which necessitated careful examination by the doctor, threatened fatal consequences, and made it absolutely necessary for one who was only a servant to adopt an above-board and straightforward kind of behavior. A nurse was insisted on by the medical man, and Mary was ordered to communicate her state to Mrs. Latimer's natural belongings. When he was told the old lady's reputed age the doctor gave the chronicler the direct lie, and docked off 20 years at a blow.

"She was no more past eighty than he was," he said, scornfully, wondering what was at the back of the fraud, and angry that such a cheat should have been sought to be played off on him, but most of all indignant that he should have been taken for a fool. What did it mean? Why should this woman of 60 odd, and vigorous for her age, seek to make herself 20 years older? and why should the hands of one presumably a lady show signs of hard work and rough usage? A mystery was behind these appearances, and he went to Mr. Trotter for such insight as he ought to give. As the clergyman who had so frequently paid his offical visits and administered godly consolation, he might have some clew. But Mr. Trotter was a student whose books had given him lore, not knowledge, and he was of no use as a detective adjutant. Nevertheless, he was brought to a proper state of doubt and suspicion, and Mary knew that the net was closing round her. Not to send word to the Clanricardes was to confess to the packed cards and loaded dice of her game. To have them here—even that foolish George—was to be discovered as sure as fate. But the doctor insisted, the clergyman exhorted, the nurse refused the responsibility; and, like the general stir which sent the pig over the stile, and the old woman to her supper, when the dog began to worry the cat, and the cat began to eat the rat, the pressure of events was too strong for the obstructing sentinel, and the Clanricardes had to be communicated with. The letter was sent just at the time when Mrs. Clanricarde, her toilette finally completed, was preparing to go over to Mentone, but was hindered by the news of Estelle's sudden death—which she wept over as heart-breaking and characterized as inconvenient. So that, when she found that old Mrs. Latimer was dangerously ill, the sense of hope and relief which it brought went far to mitigate her sorrow by reducing the weight of its inconvenience.

"You must go at once, George," said Mrs. Clanricarde to her husband, speaking in her sharp, peremptory way.

"And you, my Louise?" he asked, amiably, turning his other cheek as was his wont.

At first she answered No, she would not go. There was no necessity for it. She disliked the act of travelling, and there was nothing to be got by this journey. If Mrs. Latimer died—she died, and they would come in for the money; but then she reflected that perhaps the servant might lay pilfering hands on unconsidered trifles, which that foolish George would never see, and which it needed a woman of perspicacity to discover. So she suddenly resolved on going too, and she made her husband understand how great the effort was and how direful she felt the necessity to be, all owing to his ingrained stupidity. To which he answered, rather dryly: "What a pity your mother blundered, my Louise! She spoiled the making of a man in you."

"Yes," said Louise, as dryly. "A better man than I have found in you."

"To my sorrow," said George.

"To something more than sorrow with me," was her reply, in her high-pitched, French voice, with its accent of complaint and irritated inflection.

When they arrived at the house they were met by Mary Crosby, who opened the door to them and ushered them into the front drawing-room. Duels are none the less deadly when conducted with courtesy; and this was Mary Crosby's thought if put into different words. Hence she paid these two enemies—greater enemies than they themselves yet knew—the most flattering court, and at a bound won that foolish George's heart, and established herself therein as a really good and superior person. Mrs. Clanricarde was more cautious. She could read far better than could her husband; and the hidden nature of this resolute, hard-visaged woman, with the square jaw, compressed lips, searching eyes, and general hardness of demeanor, was scarcely in accord with her soft words and boundless attentions; and being in this disaccord, her cares awakened more suspicion than gave pleasure.

Questioned about Mrs. Latimer, she had the melancholy intelligence to give of imminent danger and extreme debility. When she said this she put up her apron to her eyes and shed genuine tears, while Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde looked at each other, and not even that soft-hearted George could find words of condolence on the spur of the moment. They came after consideration. But really even he thought that an old creature, long past 80, who had been standing for the last 10 years in the shoes which he wanted to wear, and which were rightfully his, had had long enough innings, and that the time had come when she ought to retire. He murmured, however, something that sounded like pity and condolence; but Mary caught the pretence in his voice and noted the silence of Mrs. Clanricarde, and wondered, in a rapid kind of way, whether she could escape detection if she were to put arsenic in their tea and throw them off the scent forever—that scent which was now so burning!

"Has Mrs. Latimer left a will?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"I don't know, ma'am," Mary answered; "she has never talked much to me about her affairs."

"Where are the bronzes and old china my cousin collected?" then inquired Mr. Clanricarde.

"I don't know, sir," was the glib reply. "When we left London Mrs. Latimer had them all packed up and sent away. I know nothing more of them."

"Are they warehoused or at the bank?" asked George.

That I really can't say, sir," answered Mary,

"But you were her confidential servant," said Mrs. Clanricarde, sharply.

"A servant is never really in the confidence of her mistress," answered Mary, demurely. "Ladies like Mrs. Latimer tell us little things, but not great ones, and I know no more of my lady's affairs than you do. And not so much," she added, without a blush.

"It is very odd," then said Mrs. Clanricarde, more and more uneasy and suspicious, seeing in this absence of costly art treasures the first act of denudation. "I cannot understand it."

"Perhaps she has left some notice—some instruction," said Mary. "She had a lot of papers, I know."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"In a box upstairs," said Mary.

So there were—old love letters, and business papers relating to the early lives of the dead and gone Latimers, but of aught that should be of use or prove a clew in the present condition of things not a trace. Not even a check-book nor a banker's book shed light on receipts, savings, or expenditure, and when things came to be looked into, of the last quarter's annuity not more than five pounds were left for current expenses. But Mary's house-keeping expenses were plain and correct to the last farthing, and each week tallied with the amount set down with scrupulous fidelity, as, "Received from Mrs. Latimer, £2," or "£2 10s.," sometimes "£3," and for a long time as much as "£5," or even more.

"Why is this so high?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde, when she glanced over the book.

"Mrs. Latimer had two young friends," said Mary, with consummate self-possession. "They came and stayed here for a couple of months or more."

"Who were they?" was the next question.

Mary hesitated for a moment; then she suddenly decided on her line of action. She had never been quite sure what she should do if this question came to be put to her—whether she should boldly confess, and so, as it were, bribe the father and mother to silence, or gloss it over into an insignificant visit of indifferent people. She did not know that Estelle was dead, and Mrs. Clanricarde's mourning might mean any one besides a daughter. Acting, then, on half knowledge, she made a bold move, and said, quietly, "Mr. Charles Osborne, ma'am, and young Mrs. Harford."

"Infamous wretch! and you say that to me, her mother, to my face!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, rising and facing the woman standing there calm, a little sneering malicious and triumphant.

"I could not let them starve," said Mary, tossing up her head. "They had no money, and Mrs. Latimer took them in out of pure compassion. If their own deserted them, and left them on the streets, Mrs. Latimer was too kind to do so too. That was how the money went, Mrs. Clanricarde; and more to the back of the weekly bills, I can tell you! Those two nearly ruined my poor mistress, and took, to my knowledge, every halfpenny she had saved. And she had saved something that would have come in handy now with all these expenses about."

"Wretches!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, strongly agitated. "I shall give you in charge of the police, Mary. You shall be put in prison as sure as you are alive."

"Very well, ma'am," said Mary; "and let the whole story come out in open court. I am willing, I am sure. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and if you, a mother, choose to bring the story forward, I'll not back out of it. But I'd warn you to think twice before you do. It's an ugly story at the best."

"Leave the room, you wretch! you sinful and abominable woman!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde; and Mary, saying, as her parting shot, "And this is the gratitude of the quality!" beat a speedy retreat, glad to be relieved from the heckling she had undergone. As she went out of the room she met the doctor and the nurse coming down the stairs.

"It is all over!" they said. "The poor lady has gone."

Mary gave a sharp cry.

"I should have so liked to see her again!" she said, passionately weeping. "She was always a good mistress to me! I should have liked to see her once more."

"Too late now," said the doctor; and "She is in heaven," added the nurse.

"She deserved it, if any one ever did," said Mary, sobbing; and the doctor, with a half-smile in his eyes, went into the room to inform Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde, the nearest of kin, and the deceased lady's heirs, of the demise of their relation, who passed for over 80, and was certainly 15 years younger, and whose hands bore the traces of hard work and rough usage.

Then said Mrs. Clanricarde, enlightened as by a sudden revelation, "George, we have been robbed! Call the police. This woman was not Mrs. Latimer, and Mary Crosby is the thief!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AT BAY.

The game was up, but Mary stood her ground. "You may do your worst," she said, defiantly, when she was haled before the authorities assembled in the drawing-room; "and your worst will not do you much good."

As yet the police had not been sent for until Mr. Harford had been summoned home.

"Now that mother has gone, I care nothing about any of you," said Mary, slightly snapping her fingers. "I kept her warm and comfortable for her lifetime, and I can do my 7 years, or even 10, if need be, now I am by myself."

"You are a shameless wretch!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, almost tearful from anger.

"Shameless yourself!" retorted Mary, flinging back the words like a bullet. "Me and mother didn't sell a poor young lady for money to a man she cared for no more than a sack of potatoes. We didn't make a fine young gentleman dead when he wasn't, and bring a heap of misery and misfortune to every one all round."

"Silence, woman!" thundered Anthony, his face as dark as a demon's.

"No, Mr. Harford, sir," said Mary; "it is no time now for silence. You and yours have got to hear the truth. If I have to fight for my life I'll fight all I know, as anybody would who'd got it to do. I am sorry to hurt you; but you'll have to be hurt."

"What excuse can you make, you wretched creature, you thief, for cheating us out of the money that belonged to us all these years!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, still almost beside herself from the morified rage of one who has been balked and dispossessed.

"What excuse? A sight better than you can give for your selling of your daughter," said Mary. "We kept Master Charlie for years, did we; and we kept Mr. Harford's wife for nigh a year. It was we as paid for everything—their food here, Mrs. Harford's very boots and under-linen, and for their expenses out there. We kept them, I say, and did better with the money than any one of you would, I reckon."

"That does not make it less a theft, Mary," said George Clanricarde, mildy.

Some one had to speak, and it seemed his turn.

"That may be, sir," said Mary, a little less insolently; "but it makes a difference how you use the money. We lived poorly, did mother and me, and all we saved we gave to Master Charlie to let him marry Miss Estelle; or to Mrs. Harford when she ran away."

This was not true, but it served its purpose as well as if it had been. That good fat sum at last taken out of the mattress and invested in Consols, the bonds whereof deposited in the county bank, under the name of Molly Dance, could have told a different story had any one known it.

"How dare you speak of Mrs. Harford!" said Anthony, in white heat. "Mrs. Harford dependent on you!"

"Truth is truth, sir," Mary answered, sullenly. "Your good lady had no one else to see her through her trouble, and we did, mother and me. I don't think we deserve ballyragging from any of you for that same," she added, with a false air of whimpering. "She came to us, poor young lady, in her trouble. What were we to do? Turn her out into the streets, or take care of her? Mother and me talked it over, but we thought it would be a treacherous sort of thing to do to turn her back, when she trusted us. So we kept her secret, and no one was the wiser. It's not every one would have done so much, though I says it as shouldn't."

"No," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a virtuous scoff. "It is not every honest woman that would have harbored a runaway wife and her paramour."

"They did kindly," said that foolish George, his restless eyes full of tears.

"They did damnably," said Anthony, warmly.

"And you would have had us betray Master Charlie Osborne, who was like my own?" fired up Mary. "You would have us send for you, and let you do with that poor young gentleman what you would, and treat that poor young lady like a Tory? No, Mr. Harford, sir, I know my duty to God and my neighbors better than that; and I hope I shall always be done by as I have done to others."

"Your duty to God!" flamed out Anthony. "Your duty to the devil, you mean."

There was silence. If Mary's eloquence had not reached the hearts of her hearers, the father's emotion had at least shamed the mother to quiescence, and Anthony's large words had removed from his bosom some of his own perilous stuff. For all his momentary excitement against the woman who had harbored his wife in her sin, he was substantially softened to the deed. Remembering what he had felt in the early days, he knew that Mary and her mother had kept him from committing a crime and had saved two lives—if but for more prolonged suffering. He felt, morever, that all this dirty linen had best be washed at home. To give Mary into custodyand to have her committed for trial would be to flood the world with scandalous details, at once ridiculous and nauseous. It would be better to compound the felony and let her go free.

For all that he was a magistrate, and so far bound to obey the law he administered, Anthony's American experience had made him more individual than social; and he was so *mafioso* to the extent of liking to settle his own affairs with his own right hand, rather than have them settled for him by judge and jury and afterward analyzed by the press.

His difficulty at the present moment was not to let Mary see that he was inclined to her deliverance for fear of the world's talk and for the instinct of self-preservation, but to wrap up the truth in an opaque envelope of part gratitude for the care taken of his erring wife, part consideration for the woman herself, *qua* woman, and so recently afflicted. It was not possible for him to show the truth. How often, indeed, can any of us?

Mary was the first to break the silence. As astute as she was insolent, she saw the situation clearly enough, and she would let them know that she saw it.

(To be Continued).

According to Peter Henderson, ordinary stable manure is yet almost exclusively used by the market gardeners of Hudson County, N.J., and that at the rate of seventy-five tons to the acre. Very little phosphate or other concentrated manures are used on lands continually under tillage.

The Johnstown Flood.

I.

The rhythmic ring of a horse's feet
Echoes along the city street,
And the idle crowd swarms out to see
Whom can the reckless rider be.

With bloodless face and blazing eyes
He dashes on, and wildly cries
"Fly, for the river's wrath is near!
Fly, for the Flood—the Flood is here!"

He passes, and they stand amazed;
Then jest, and deem the rider crazed—
Some mischief-breeding addlepate—
Then turn and see, and fly—too late!

II.

With a moan and a groan,
With a shriek and a roar,
Down on the town
The waters pour—
A shivering crash,
And it is no more!

The torrent sweeps on its changeless path,
Grinding the puny walls like chaff,
In its awful play.
Like straws before the fresh'ning breeze,
Like sands beneath the beating seas,
They pass away.

The seething whirlpool boils and foams
Above a thousand ruined homes,
And on its bosom sped,
All ghastly in waning light,
Are borne into the coming night
An army of the dead.

III.

Tears for the souls that passed away;
But charity for those
Whose all was lost that bitter day;
Whose call for pity goes
Up from hearts that are sad and sore,
And laden down with woes;
Tears for the lives that are no more,
But charity for those.

—*Glen MacDonough.*

The Song of the Advertiser.

I am an advertiser great;
In letters bold, and big and round,
The praises of my wares I sound;
Prosperity is my estate.

The people come,
The people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow.

They buy the goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate:
I am an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
Where ne'er a customer a day.

The people come,
The people go—
But never there;
They do not know

There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because he does not advertise;
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state,
Too many tradesmen learn too late;
If I have goods to advertise!

Then people come,
And people go,
In constant streams—
For people know

That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

"LITTLE FLOY."

"Open wide the golden portals,
Swing the pearly gates afar;
Hail her coming with glad music,
Light up every twinkling star,
Lo! she comes, returning homeward—
Cherubs, wave your wings for joy—
Comes the little truant angel,
Star-eyed, white-robed Little Floy.

"Downward on a mission went she,
With her playmate, gentle Spring;
Hand in hand they wandered earthward,
She with closely folded wing.
Earthly eyes with love were blinded,
Earthly hearts were filled with joy,
And they never knew an angel
Was the fairy, Little Floy.

"But the little feet grew weary;
Drooped their blossom day by day;
And with aching heart they watched her,
Knowing well she could not stay.
We can pity earthly sorrow,
But with us there's naught but joy—
Open wide the golden portals—
Welcome, welcome, Little Floy!"

The Eiffel Tower.

The whole tower could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it. This is not humbug; the thing is perfectly simple. The construction of the tower is based on the cantilever principle, and its bulk of 6,400 tons is so adjusted as to press on the foundation with less weight than that of a man in an arm-chair on the floor.

Is the tower beautiful? No. But it has the erect, fragile-looking elegance of an obelisk not hewn out of red granite, but knit of dark-hued meshes.—*Emile Michelet in Paris Illustre.*

A Mother's Vision.

Jennie Wright, the 9-year-old daughter of a canal boatman, fell from the boat into the water off the Hoboken shore on Thursday. A search was made for the body, but it was fruitless. During the night Mrs. Wright sprang up in her bed, exclaiming, "I see the body of my child at the stern of the boat." The grappling hooks were brought into use, and the body was taken from the spot where the woman had seen it in her dream.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

The Young Fiend Again.

"There is nothing sentimental about Mary," said Mrs. Palmer. "Even when her lover is with her they sit far apart."

"Yes," spoke up little Harry, "as long as you are in the room."

Electrocute—Electrocuting—Electrocuted.

Electrocution is the new word, which means what it says, and is therefore rapidly becoming popular with all persons except murderers.

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of the "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession which believes that no School of Medicine knows all the truth regarding disease, and being independent enough to use any remedy that will help my patients without reference to the source from which it comes, I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure.

A Milwaukee street car company is going to introduce the storage battery system. That does away with horses without substituting the overhead wire and its many poles.

AS A LADY SEES IT.

A Spicy Lecture for Husbands on Home Duties.

Courtesies That mean Something When They are Reciprocal—The Head of the Household is often too Exclusive in His Conduct—Why not be Sociable at Home?

One can seldom pick up a paper of miscellaneous reading without coming across advice to wives to spend the major part of their existence in striving to retain their husband's love and admiration. Unquestionably this is right, and no good wife with a good husband but will find it her supreme delight, as well as duty, to daily strengthen the sweet cords that bind them together. But there are other sides to the question—shadowy, gloomy sides—and it is toward those wives who are consigned to dwell perennially in the gray, somber lives their lords and masters make for them that I am impelled to say my say.

"Meet him at the door with a smile and a kiss"—that is an old, beautiful and sensible piece of advice that every wife in this country ought to be encouraged and able to carry out from the very depths of her heart, but, alas! that only the husbands who are in the minority deserve.

WHISPERING IN THE HUSBANDS' EARS.

Suppose—and I call upon hundreds, aye, thousands, of wives in our midst to witness if I do not draw a picture they recognize all too readily—the wife has been up and down all night with the croupy baby, while its father lay comfortably asleep. Well, take this wife, who, after the night's anxiety, loss of rest and fatigue, has to get up and prepare breakfast, attend to all her usual duties with a splitting headache, caused by sleeplessness and consequent irritability of the stomach, that utterly loathes the idea of even toast and coffee, while her handsome, well dressed, well fed husband goes off for the day with a "Well, I'm off; take care of yourself!" Think you she will feel much like meeting him with a bright, cheerful, sunny smile and a kiss when he comes in, perhaps a half hour later than usual, with his greeting: "Haven't you had dinner yet? What did you wait for me for? You know I detest having you wait."

I wish I could get the ear of the general masculine public for just a little while and whisper into it that perhaps it would be quite as well if the husbands took a little more pains to retain their wives' respect and affection. According to the inevitable law of nature a woman cannot be happy unless somebody loves her, enthrones her, crowns her and lets her know in unmistakable language that such is the case. I have heard men say: "Of course I love my wife. What do you take me for—a brute?" Well, no; not exactly such a detestable thing, or that delicate, ladylike little wife of yours never would have married you. But there is a resemblance between you and that quadruped in the fact that brutes never speak their feelings. Of what use to me is a gold mine in Australia or a diamond field in Brazil if the riches of them are not quarried? Where is the sense or reason of your loving your wife if you never speak of it, or look it, or act it? In fact, you don't love her if you do none of these things, for if there is a truer aphorism than that "murder will out" it is that love cannot be concealed.

I am well aware of the argument in favor of the sterner sex—that they are all day exposed to the friction of business, and, when night comes, they ought to be received into a quiet, peaceful, happy home, where they may don slippers and smoking jacket, and read or doze on the library lounge until bedtime. Very good. But your wife is all day subjected to something far worse than the contact with business annoyances, and that is the monotonous, endless routine of domestic drudgery, which, home keeper, home lover that she is, wears and tears on the sensitive nerves in a way few men appreciate. When evening comes, the babies are asleep, she wants a little exhilarating change, something rather more effervescent than the pleasure of feeling alone in the same rooms she has occupied all day, watching the handsome features of her recumbent lord, or immersed in the columns of a newspaper.

ON THE COSTLY MONUMENT.

Now, which shall it be? The husband's comfort or the wife's? I can tell you the result. It will be the survival of the fittest, and as he is the stronger physically and gets plenty of air and exercise the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that before his eldest child is in its teens there will be a costly monument in some silent resting place—"Sacred to the memory of my beloved wife." While, if God's own truth were carved on that pure, white cross in letters of blazing gold, they would read: "A woman's life wasted: a heart disappointed unto death; hopes destroyed—by little things."

Yes, little things! I know a husband, a bright, intellectual man, who is killing his wife by his "philosophy," he calls it, that he never fails to air upon every occasion when his wife is in distress or disappointment or trouble. No matter how keenly she feels any pain, physical or emotional, he invariably freezes her with his formula: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Never a loving word of sympathy, a kiss or a caress—and yet he'd be insulted if you told him he didn't love her—never a word, "It is too bad, dear; but as it is unavoidable, can't I help you to bear it?" I know that wife would sacrifice ten years of her life if she could get out of her mind that cold, judicial, unsympathetic tone of voice and look that she will carry with her into eternity.

When that husband is in straits, which he often is, and is depressed physically, for he is not in good health, and unstrung nervously, as is often the case; when his famous cold-hearted "What are you going to do about it?" is temporarily silenced—that wife of his, that he never did deserve and is killing by degrees, is all gentle, womanly sympathy, constant attention, tender ministration and hopeful encouragement. And the next time he recovers the full force of his gigantic intellect, and it is her turn to reap a reward, it comes like Banquo's ghost upon her, "I don't see what you are going to do about it."

But perhaps the wife to be most pitied is she whose husband, while mean, smally abusive and tyrannical in little things—who treats her off and on as if she were his head servant without a salary, instead of his equal in head and heart, whose petty discourtesies and inattentions, familiar though they are, always cause the same hopeless pang of despair to chill her heart—this husband who, when company is around, is so sweet, and polite, and elegant, and joking, and complimentary to her. And she, trying to forget the parting words, perhaps, of the morning: "Understand this, the next time you invite company I wish to be formally consulted, as I believe I run this ranch"—cannot to save her immortal soul, look or feel pleased when at table that man tells the guests "how he enjoys the delightful surprises his dear little wife gets up so nicely. Fine cook, isn't she? I tell you she beats my mother, and I thought she was the best cook in the world. Let me give you this choice bit of white meat, darling, shall I?"—*Mme. Emerce in New York Star.*

The Attraction of a Soft Voice.

We agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day and every advantage that wealth may procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by loud, coarse talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband. How sweetly such cadence floats through the sick chamber and around the dying bed; with what a solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—*New York Telegram.*

She had a Word or Two to Say.

A fast young man decided to make to a young lady a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth—hoping for a cordial reception. He cautiously prefaced his declarations with a few questions, for he had no intention of "throwing himself away." Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make a home happy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical? Could she make her own clothes? etc. The young lady said that before she answered his questions, she would assure him of some negative virtues she possessed. She never drank, smoked or chewed; never owed a bill to her laundress or tailor; never stayed out all night playing billiards; never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never "stood in" with the boys for cigars or wine suppers. "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured, by those who know, that you do all these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any yourself. I can never be your wife;" and she bowed him out and left him on the cold doorstep, a madder if not a wiser man.—*Health Journal.*

Insects in the Ear.

Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, jun., talking in "The Medical Classics" about removing insects from the ear, expresses the belief that "sweet oil is perhaps the best thing to keep the insect from moving. That is the first desideratum. The oil, by its thick consistence, will so entangle and bedraggle the insect's legs and wings that the intolerable noise will be stopped. If oil be not at hand use any liquid that is not poisonous or corrosive. Water will probably be within the reach of every one. This is also more liable to float him out, too, than either sweet oil or glycerine. It has been suggested to blow tobacco smoke in the ear to stupefy the insect. We cannot indorse this advice; tobacco smoke blown into the ear of a child has been known to cause alarming symptoms. When the movements of the intruder have been arrested syringe the ear gently with warm water. All manner of insects and bugs have been found in the ear, but you can never tell in a given case who the rude caller is knocking at the door of your brain until you have him out."

Too Literal.

Mr. Jones came home the other night feeling somewhat discouraged. Sitting down by the register, he leaned his head disconsolately on his hand and sighed.

"I believe I'll throw up the sponge," he said, dejectedly.

"Good gracious, Jeptha, is that what became of the sponge," said Mrs. Jones. "I hunted high and low for it. When did you swallow it?"

Military Inspection.

Gen. Sir Fred Middleton will inspect the military camp at Niagara on the 18th inst. He will afterwards inspect the Royal Military College at Kingston and "A" Battery of Artillery. From Kingston he will go to Gananoque, proceeding afterwards to the camps at St. John, Que., and Sorel. It is probable that he will visit British Columbia in the autumn.

The Difference.

Gentleman—And what are you in for, my good man?

Convict IIII—Fer takin' pictures, sir.

"Mercy, I didn't know thot photography was a crime."

"It isn't, sir; but takin' ile pictures is."

Came to an Agreement at Once.

Husband—Wife, I wish you had been born with as good judgment as I, but I fear you were not.

Wife—You are right. Our choice of partners for life convinces me that your judgment is much better than mine.

When will the clouds roll by and the sun enter upon its summer contract?

Up to date 400 monuments have been erected on the Gettysburg battlefield.

PIGS IN CLOVER.

The Famous Problem Said to Be the Outcome of a Scientific Experiment.

Emil Charles Pfeiffer, of Cambridge, states that a student of physiological psychology named Martenfeldt is the culprit who is responsible for the "Pigs in Clover" atrocity, says an exchange. Martenfeldt had been making researches in some determinations of the sensitiveness of the tactile sense under the direction of the great Helmholtz, and found that the ability to balance a marble on a perfectly smooth piece of plate glass depended upon the delicacy of what is known as the reaction time, that is, depends upon the quickness of the nerve-current in receiving the impression that the marble will roll, sending the impression to the controlling organs in the cerebellum that contract or relax the muscles of the arm and the degree of responsiveness in the nervous end-organs of the fingers which hold the piece of glass. Martenfeldt found that if he placed the marble in the centre of the plate and marked four or five spots on the edges of the plate and then asked the subject with which he experimented to tip the plate so that the marble would run across a particular spot, a considerable time elapsed before the subject could determine how to tip the plate to make a marble roll as required. When Martenfeldt complicated the apparatus and placed rings of pasteboard about the centre of the plate, with holes for the marble to run through, the average results of his experiments gave a remarkable psychological law, which was that the "reaction time" depended upon the size of the circles of pasteboard which made an impression upon the field of vision of the retina, and was in direct proportion to the diameters of the circles expressed in millimteres. He sent one of his plates to Dr. Herman Meyer, of Philadelphia, where it was seen by C. M. Crandall, the toy deviser.

English and French Cookery.

A celebrated French traveller remarked the English have fifty religions and only one sauce. This, no doubt, shows ignorance as to religion, but a great deal of truth as regards the sauce, which, probably, was referred to as the very innocent concoction of a white sauce consisting either of some flour, butter, and milk, or some bread and milk, both equally tasteless, and making the despair of foreign travellers in this country who are accustomed to good French sauces. The many English travellers going to the Paris Exhibition at this time will no doubt be struck with the difference between fine French cookery and the somewhat monotonous English cookery, and it may be worth while to ask what is the secret of the well-known success of French cookery. This secret is simply the "stock-pot," a preparation of concentrated meat juice enabling the cook to give to all dishes—soup, sauces and entrees—the fine meat-flavor which distinguishes refined cookery from coarse cookery. Many cooks, undoubtedly, know how to prepare stock, but in most cases the quality of such stock is too weak and insipid, and besides does not keep in anything like warm weather; whilst, on the contrary, Liebig Company's Extract of Meat, being the finest concentrated meat-juice (1 lb. extract equal to 40 lbs. best lean meat), keeps for any length of time, and in any temperature, and enables the cook to obtain the highest perfection in French cookery. The warm season coming on, this may be a useful hint to ladies and housekeepers.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

Round Shoulders.

A stooping figure and a halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, may be entirely cured by a very simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in a perpendicular position several times daily. To take this exercise properly one must take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity muscularly, the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly rise up on the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into a standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first on one foot, then on the other. It is wonderful what a straightening out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.—*The Family Doctor.*

Three Dogs.

John Burns, of Ithaca, N. Y., has a bird dog worth owning. Mrs. Burns left her baby in its carriage on a slanting walk while she went into a store. The carriage started toward the gutter when the intelligent dog seized hold of the vehicle and saved it from tipping over.

Lewis Lynde, of Montour county, Pennsylvania, has a big mastiff that saved his house from destruction by fire. The family were absent, when a spark from the stove set the kitchen floor on fire. The dog managed to upset a pail partly filled with water, and so extinguished the blaze.

Henry Roberts lost one child two months old in the great Johnstown disaster. He had in his house a Newfoundland dog, which was near the child when the fatal flood struck the house. The dog seemingly realized the situation and caught the child and started to swim to land. The force of the waters washed the dog and child against the school house, where they were held until the water began to abate, and as soon as the animal could he swam to the hillside with the babe in his mouth and delivered the dead infant to some people who were there.

Had One.

"Have you any particular object in loafing around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

Ontario excursionists to the number of 600 arrived in Winnipeg yesterday.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The store of S. S. Dickson, at Packenham, was burglarized of $60 early on Saturday morning.

Owing to an epidemic among the Somalis Dr. Peters' expedition in East Africa has collapsed.

A severe storm passed over Oswego, N.Y., yesterday, doing much damage to crops in the neighborhood.

The Governor-General is credited with the intention of giving a grand ball in the Quebec Citadel about the middle of July.

The by-law to separate West Toronto Junction from the county of York was carried on Saturday by a majority of 70 votes.

A child named McGlone, on Clarence street, London, was set upon by a vicious dog on Saturday, and its legs were badly lacerated.

Owing to the revelations in the seized Boulangist papers the High Court has ordered the arrest of Capt. Flenchat, of the War Office.

A Kansas man is in Manitoba looking over the land, and says he and fifty neighbors will remove to the Prairie Province next spring.

It is rumored in Paris that Gen. Lloyd S. Bryce will succeed the late Allen Thorndyke Rice as editor of the "North American Review."

It is proposed to have a decoration day of all the sister lodges of Masons, Oddfellows, Foresters, etc., in Stratford on or about the 18th.

Mr. Watkins, the head gardener of the Horticultural Gardens in Toronto, complains bitterly of the sad havoc of flower thieves in the gardens.

The London West School Board have decided that section 209 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario regarding compulsory education be enforced.

The Lieut.-Governor-in-Council has issued a proclamation erecting the village of Midland, Ont., into a town under the name of the town of Midland.

Hon. William Macdougall is of the opinion that under the authority of the Supreme Court Act the Government can bring the constitutionality of the Quebec Jesuit Act before the Supreme Court.

The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* says ex-U. S. Senator D. M. Sabin has begun suit against his wife for divorce for alleged habitual drunkenness. Mrs. Sabine has long been one of the shining lights of Washington.

The Vatican will remain closed during the ceremonies in connection with the Bruno memorial, and the Pope will solemnly expose the sacrament in expiation of the outrage upon religion perpetrated by the inauguration.

Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, has addressed an open letter to Vice-Chancellor Mulock, of Toronto University, in reply to Mr. Mulock's address at Convocation on Friday last. The Principal says he will reply to Mr. Mulock's speech later on.

It is announced by cable that Chiselhurst, in Kent, where Napoleon III. died and where the Prince Imperial's remains are buried, and where the ex-Empress passed so many years of her sad widowhood, is to be sold by auction in the course of the present week.

The London Public Prosecutor has ordered that another police summons be issued against Viscount Mandeville, the oldest son of the Duke of Manchester, whose bankruptcy was announced three months ago. The Viscount is charged with obtaining money under false pretences.

On the appeal of the Procureur-General, the directors of the newspapers, *Intransigeant*, *Triboulet*, *Autorite* and *Gaulois*, charged with insulting the Chief Magistrate, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to one month, and to pay fines ranging from 200 to 500 francs and small damages.

The left hand and arm of the Fisher woman, portions of whose body have been found in different parts of the Thames near London, were taken from the river on Saturday morning. Another fragment of the body was found floating in the river the same afternoon, and a third fragment, with no covering on it, was picked up in Sir Percy Shelley's garden at Chelsea.

The Shah of Persia arrived in Berlin yesterday. He was welcomed with much ceremony by the Emperor, a number of Princes, Count Herbert Bismarck, General Von Blumenthal and a crowd of officials. Royal salutes were fired, and the Shah received an ovation en route to the Belevue Palace. The Emperor and the Shah exchanged formal visits, and a grand banquet was given in the evening in honor of the Shah.

A cablegram says Mr. Gladstone spoke on Friday at Ramsay, bareheaded, in a thunderstorm. Mr. Gladstone addressed a Liberal meeting at Weymouth on Saturday. He said the Liberal party was moving in the right direction and at a fair pace. He spoke in favor of limiting the length of a Parliament to four or five years. Referring to Ireland, he admitted that crime had decreased there and attributed the improvement to recent remedial measures, to the beneficial influence of Irish members of Parliament and the priests, and above all to the knowledge possessed by the Irish people that a large majority of the people of England sympathized with them. It remained for Englishmen to say whether they will do a further act of justice, which alone would give a true union of the various countries comprehended under the designation of Great Britain and Ireland.

Ready to Take His Medicine.

"Did I ever say all that?" he asked despondently, as she replaced the phonograph on the corner of the mantelpiece.

"You did."

"And you can grind it out of that machine whenever you choose?"

"Certainly."

"And your father is a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Mabel, when can I place the ring on your finger and call you my wife?"

Sedgwick and Kingman counties in Kansas have been devastated by a cyclone.

Many men lead double lives, but reference to only one of them is made on the tombstones.

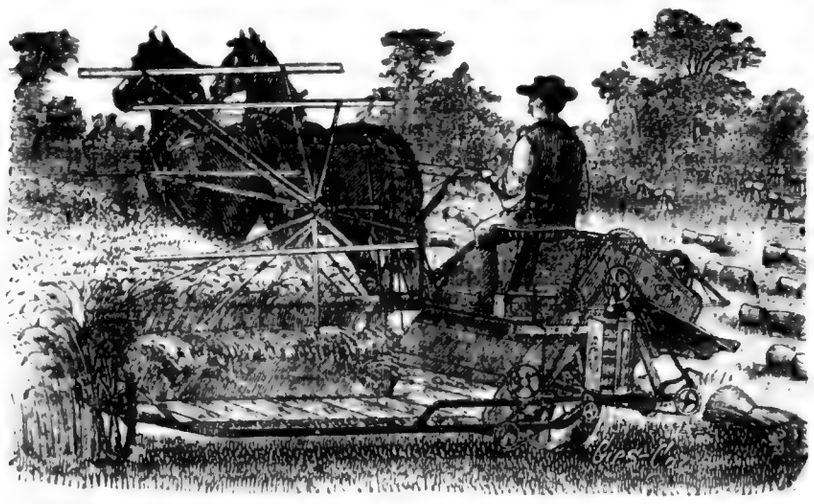

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Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to:
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
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Therefore: 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower.
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The Steel Frame Double Gear Beaver Drill, the only Double Geared Drill manufactured in Canada.
No other drill but the Double Geared Drill will start to sow the moment it moves either way.
No other drill can be adapted to sow with either half at a time without stopping the horses or getting off the drill. FOR SALE BY

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
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Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

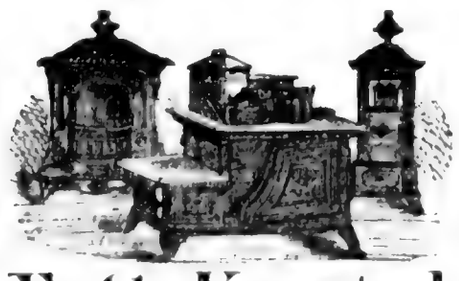

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A large assortment of STOVES, (a makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPER WARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand

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F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
—To—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have re moved my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.

done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.

JAS. SULLIVAN.

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STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Grinding on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Good stabling for horses

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

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The best and most practical course of study
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The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, '88

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P. O.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

Mrs. Neil of this village quietly passed away, with a full assurance of a rest in that blessed home.

R.T. McGirr has rented his hotel and is going to drive a commercial wagon for the firm of Adair Bros., Toronto. Success to Bob.

The Feversham nurse, in the hotel, is now bereft of his most profitable employment and will have to use more energy and ambition in order to obtain a livelihood by barbering.

Caven Blazer is still an alien in our land.

Mr. Ira Perigo is going to build a new bridge over the Beaver.

W.J. McGirr while jumping off the platform last Saturday evening, sprained his ankle and is now in a critical condition.

J. Parks is never home or seldom there, except when he goes home to obtain starched garments for the consecutive week. If he does not go home, he goes to town and buys them.

Mr. John Blakely was in our midst last week visiting his friends, but more probably with the purpose of renting the blacksmith shop of Mr. Brown.

Owing to the wet weather the root crops are a total failure. Many of the farmers fear they will have to replant them.

Mrs. W. L. B. Hammond is visiting at her father's, near Feversham, Mr. R. Y. Burk's. OBSERVER.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

Every living thing seemed to enjoy the warm sunshine that this week commenced with. There is a marked improvement on both fields and gardens within the last few days. Even the potato bug is quite alert. One of our citizens reported fifteen bugs sitting on a potato hill where a plant was just peeping forth to the light.

A young lady remarked to her gentleman friend that "June was the buggiest month in the year." He is a little puzzled to know which way she meant it.

The fair on Monday was rather poorly attended, about 20 head of cattle changed hands. Mr. Dugald McMillan sold a nice pair of fat oxen at $105.

The Rev. D. McLeod has received a call from Port Hope. We may possibly lose our respected friend.

The Rev. Mr. Ottewell will remain here the 3rd. year.

Mr. C. C. James attended the Methodist conference at St. Marys last week.

Mr. R. Oliver is visiting friends in Algoma.

Mrs. D. McKechnie, of Georgetown, is visiting friends here.

Mr. Alex Brown and Miss Brown are now in Scotland.

Mr. Geo. Watson has been spending a few days among his friends in Owen Sound and vicinity.

A Scotchman went into a shop the other day and asked for "five cents worth of sinners," (senna.)

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

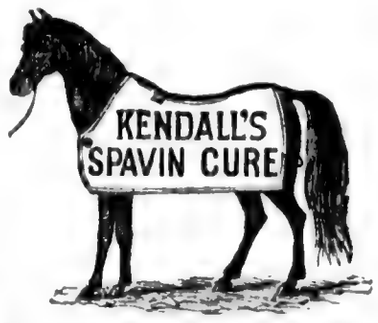

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly,
A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

EAST, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly,
ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunlela, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola. Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos,
Photos,
Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

Noxon's No. 7 Steel Binder.

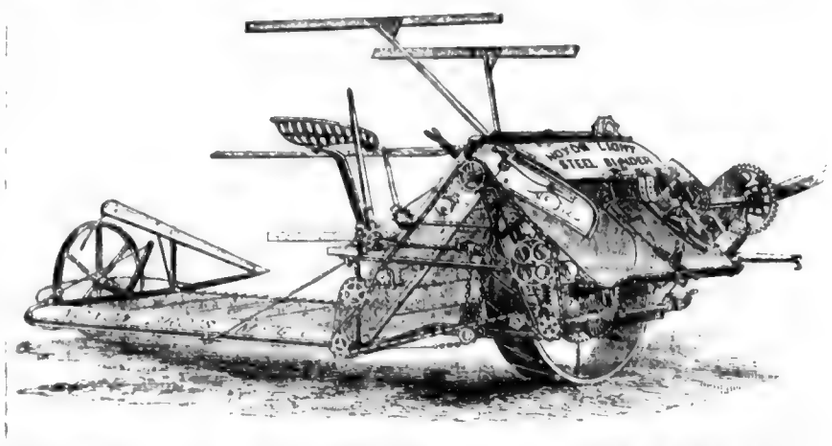

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES:

A binder narrower than any other, cutting the same width.
A drive wheel the strongest and most perfectly constructed.
A binder the lightest in weight, strongest and lightest in draft.
A binder perfectly balanced and all lovers convenient to operator.
A solid steel platform frame without a single joint or bolt.
A binder which ties and discharges the sheaf with less power than any other.
A solid steel gear frame in one piece with but one joint and two bolts.
A finger bar of most perfect shape and will cut lower on rough ground than any other.
A knotter the simplest and only one with a rotary cord holder that does not [illegible] or waste single piece of twine. No loose pieces of cord to clog as in other machines.

J. H. CAMPAIGNE,
AGENT, BOX 105, FLESHERTON

NOXON BROS. Mfg. Co.
Ingersoll, Ont.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Co plaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous f Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff oints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment.

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Consolation.

[illegible]
night—
The party was out at nine—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on her snowy bed,
Some one had said there were colors she wore
That they didn't like something—red.

So I took my little girl upon my knee—
I am old and exceedingly wise,
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me,
Just listen and I'll dry your eyes."

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'twould be
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is, never mind what people say,
But do what you think is right."

St. Nicholas.

"IMMIGRANT CHILDREN."—Mr. John T. Middlemore, the founder of the Orphan Children's Emigration Charity, London, Ont., left Liverpool on the 31st ult in the S.S. Lake Winnipeg with a party of 30 girls and 50 boys between the ages of 8 and 18 years, who are brought out to this country for adoption or hire, chiefly among farmers. They are expected to arrive at the Guthrie Home, near the city, on or about the 15th inst. This will be Mr. Middlemore's 16th annual visit to these shores with juvenile emigrants from Birmingham, England, since 1872. Already many applications accompanied with good references have been made for the children expected to arrive, but more are required. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr H. Gibbens, Manager of the Guthrie Home, London, Ont.

Died.

NEIL.—At Feversham, on Saturday, June 8, aged 35 years, Fannie, beloved wife of Charles Neil, merchant.

Wiesherton P.O. Hours.

Office hours from 8 a.m. till 7 p.m. On holidays the office will be open from [illegible] till 9.30 a.m. [illegible] 2 p.m.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and subscriptions may be made six months from date of marriage.

The Canada Provident Company's meeting in St. Andrew's was [illegible] Friday morning.

Monthly Fairs.

[illegible]
South.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in every month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Centre—Saturday before Chatsworth.
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burlington, Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall."

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE ADVANCE" JUNE 20, 1895

Innisfoge.

The Victoria cane [illegible] the rate of 6,600 lbs daily. The Mayo cheese was sold and shipped by M. R. Corbett of Dunda k being the purchaser. The price realized was 81-8c's. [illegible]

Mr. J. Taylor, of Mt. Zion [illegible]

At the adjourned meeting held in the school room of section No. 4, Artemesia, on Saturday last, the following motion was carried: "That a new brick house be built, not to exceed in cost $2,500. Inspector Campbell on his last official visit condemned the present building as not being habitable.

Mr. Nat Burke had a fine barn built on Thursday last. Mr. F. Irish was the contractor.

Mr. David stinson's new house is progressing favorably, and when completed it will stand second to none in this vicinity.

Mr. Joseph Stinson, of Hill & Co's. store, Markdale, spent Sunday last with his parents here.

This section of the country seems to be over run with sheep and cattle buyers, and nearly everything in that line is bought up.

People who "like their neighbors as themselves" shouldn't, when their horses die, take the carcase and draw it in the vicinity of their neighbor's house. We think a little bit of British justice would not be misplaced in this case.

ADVICE TO MOTHER. Are your disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

AN OTTAWA LETTER

[illegible]

THE TRADE POLICY

The proposal of the government to open up extensive commercial relations between Australia, South America and the West Indies excites the ridicule of the free trade press and the presence in Ottawa of an Australian named Predham, whose views are as narrow as their own, gives occasion for further belittling of the movement. The average Grit is not happy unless he is deerying some public enterprise. The Halifax Chamber of Commerce has however, declared that the West Indies offers a promising field for a greatly extended trade. A trade with China and Japan via. the C P R is growing up and why not with Australia? Other countries more remote than we are trade largely with Australia, and why should the Government not make an offer to build up a profitable trade for British Columbia's fish and lumber? Our trade in agricultural implements and in other lines is growing with Australia as it is, under the trade policy of the Conservative party of Canada, and the outlook is very bright.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cent. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall..

FLESHE

"TRUTH

VOL. VIII., NO 417. FLE

WATCHES,
Clocks, Jewelry.
STUDY
Your Own Interests
by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Spectacles and Silverware, at
Russell's Noted
JEWELRY STORE,
FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Barpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains, and a beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc, repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell.

McDONALD
AND
EVANS.

CASH OR TRADE
AND ONE PRICE ONLY
— : — OUR — : —
DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Is again filled to overflowing with all classes of cool
for the hot months of July and August.

Being through the wholesale house, we managed to
several lines at reduced prices, and are prepar
to offer the public such bargains as never
before heard of

ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS

In leading shades for 15cts. GRENADINES, co
durable, in black or cream, only 12½ cts.

Nuns Veilings, Mummy Cloths, Cashmeres, Prints
lin, Challies, Ginghams, Seersuckers, Lawns, and all s
Fabrics.

See our heavy weight 29 inch
SHIRTINGS
for 11cts., Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Bustles, Laces
broideries, etc., at city prices.

Don't be afraid to call and see
ladies, whether prepared to
chase or not. You will find
salesmen very obliging.

Market Price for Butter & Egg
McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old St

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Durham Bull for se

Mr Alex. Stewart, lot 137, 3rd range
temesia, desires to inform the publ
has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bul
ic on his premises.
TERMS—$1, payable 1st Feb., 1900.
cows or over a liberal reduction wil

Flesherton Livery S
D. CLAYTON, Proprie

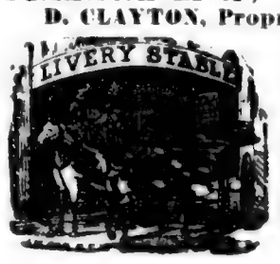

BUTTER 13 CENT

IERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Lady's Trip to the Golden State via C. P. R.

Vancouver—Experience With the — Customs — Beautiful Coast Scenery—Arrival at Portland.

Specially Written for The Advance.

Vancouver is the terminus of the C. P. R., situated on Burrard Inlet. The eastern end of the town extends along the Inlet in the flats, while the west end extends back from the water on elevated ground, with a gradual rise from the harbor. With the exception of the steep embankment in front of the station, the situation of the town is indeed picturesque. A fine view of Mt. Baker with its snow capped cone is had here, while just across the Inlet are the Vancouver Island mountains, with the Cascades to the north and Olmypics to the south west. In May, 1886, it was a dense forest. From May to July it grew rapidly, but a fire, spreading from the surrounding forests in July, destroyed every building but one, so that in three years this extensive town has sprung up, its population being nearly 6,000. The site wherein stands Mr. Pedley's house and church now, one year ago was forest. Now it is built up with fine private residences, many of which would do credit to towns older and larger. There were three new churches near completion in the west end of the town viz., Baptist, Methodist and Congregational, the two latter being fine edifices. Steamships leave regularly for Japan, San Francisco, Alaska and Victoria, also for the Puget Sound ports, Tacoma, Seattle and Pt. Townsend. Streets, public buildings, stores, etc., are lighted with gas and electric lights. We were both surprised and pleased at the whole apearance of the town, though largely settled by Canadians, yet the manner of life, and style of doing business is American. It being Good Friday when we arrived, and a holiday, the places of business were closed, and the town very quiet and orderly, but on Sunday many of the stores were open and business going on as usual. There is every appearance of it becoming a great town at no very distant day, with facilities for trade and commerce from Europe, as well as having the way opened up from the east by the C. P. R. I would just say here that no true Canadian, let him be Grit or Tory, could travel over this line from North Bay to Vancouver, but would give all honor to the man who first surveyed the line, and to the man who carried out the building of it in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties and barriers. One cannot help feeling a spirit of loyalty spring up within them as they ride along, for the man who had such unflinching determination and grit, (for he was a grit every time). Canadians should be proud of the road, and prouder of the founder of it, and all talk of expense and outlay will be put aside and forgotten once they have travelled over it. Apparently the natural pass was formed by the Great Creator for just this purpose, and then men raised up to carry it out.

On our arrival at Vancouver our party broke up, as they all remained here, for some time at least, with two exceptions besides ourselves. These were bound for Portland and Eugene cities respectively. We were the only ones going to the Golden State. After a pleasant four day's visit with our friends we repaired to the boat Monday afternoon, which left about 5 p.m. Here we were met by the entire party who had come down to see us off. The evening was delightful, so calm and placid were the waters; scarcely a ripple ruffled its surface. Steaming out of the harbor and down the Sound we stood until the town receded from sight, then we bade farewell to Canadian shores. Our boat is elegantly fitted up and everything is clean and comfortable. On entering the saloon we find a good deal of bustle going on around the purser's office; berths being secured for the night, so we go and do likewise. In about an hour all hands are called below to open trunks and baggage for examination before we arrive at any of the American ports. Over this we have no little amusement, as our trunks are well roped and we politely inform our examiner that he will have to unrope, and rope them up again if he wishes to see into them. At this he looks quite blank and tells us to get the baggage man to do it, he tells us to get the examiner and vice versa. We inform them that they must settle it between themselves, and when they are ready we will let them have the keys. Our friends appearing on the scene ask us if we have had it examined. We then inform them of what has been going on. The baggage man laughingly tells us that of course he would do it before he would let *us* do it, and consents to unrope one if our friends will do the other. This they consent to do and with a good deal of joking on both sides perform their task. This being over we are allowed to take our smaller pieces of baggage to our rooms which we do, and then go out to see what there is to be seen, and as it is not very striking and is getting somewhat dusky soon return to the saloon where we find a gentleman playing and singing, as we have a fine piano on board. We are entertained till near midnight with music. About 9 o'clock we call at Port Townsend to discharge cargo, but as it is dark we can see nothing of the town. This as well as Seattle and Tacoma are in Washington Territory. Next morning we arrive at Seattle about 7 o'clock where we stay about an hour loading and unloading cargo. Not knowing how long we were to remain we did not go ashore. The town from the harbor presents a fine appearance. Many fine buildings both private and public facing the water. The embankment rises from the water perpendicularly forty or fifty feet. The road way leading down to the harbor is very steep. Some of the gentlemen starting out to see the town returned saying it was too tiresome to climb. Those who persevered in climbing the hill told us it was handsomely built and full of business life. It has since been completely destroyed by fire in this portion of it.

Leaving here we arrrive at Tacoma about 10.30, where we are informed that we will not be able to make connections with the train for Portland city until 9.30 p.m. We therefore have time to see something of the town. The appearance from the harbor is something similar to that of Seattle. A high embankment rising in front of the station and wharf to about 100 feet. Here, if you are fond of climbing, you can ascend a flight of steps and get a fine view from the top of the cliff, all along which are fine private residences and handsomely laid out grounds. Trees, grass and flowers looking as though it was midsummer, and heat intense, feeling more like a day in July or August than April. The streets rise in terraces, having flights of steps leading from one to the other in the side walks. It is a beautiful city and has some handsome public buildings. Leaving the station, the first building to our left is the C. P. R. offices, being a fine massive structure of granite. Just before arriving here and a short distance from the station we come to where they are cutting down the embankment or rather washing it down by means of hydraulic water power. Here it was washed down and carried away with very little labor. The streets are thronged with people hurrying hither and thither or standing in groups, many of them having come to seek employment, but without avail. After going around the town until 3 o'clock, we went to the Tacoma House, which is the largest and best hotel in the place, and I do not think we have its equal in Ontario. It is a handsome building, covering almost an entire block, with fine grounds around it, very prettily situated on the bank of the river with no buildings near it, and handsomely and richly finished and furnished throughout. Having had a refreshing sleep and rest here, we felt better prepared to continue our journey to Portland by night, where we arrived next morning about 6 o'clock. This is the roughest piece of road we have travelled over yet. Here we have to remain until 4 p.m. On our alighting from the train we were almost deafened by bus drivers, hack men and express men, yelling at the top of their voices and all besieging us at the same time, so that it was almost impossible to tell what any of them was saying. We were glad indeed to get into a bus and get out of the din. Shortly after our arrival at the hotel we were disappointed to see the rain coming down, as it prevented us from seeing anything of the city, as it is the finest in the state of Oregon. However, there was nothing for us to do but take it easy, which we did by securing a room and again having a refreshing sleep until dinner time.

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Jared, who had his collar bone broken about two weeks ago by being pulled out of the buggy by a colt he was leading, has almost recovered.

Mr. John Williams, sr., has erected the frame of his new dwelling house.

The Eugenia Union Sunday School held their annual picnic and concert on the picnic ground near the falls, on Tuesday last, June 25. A very pleasant time was enjoyed.

I understand Mr. Henry Cairns has let the contract for the erection of a new frame barn, and the work will be proceeded with immediately.

Mrs. Rontwait, of Floss township, is visiting friends around Eugenia.

Mr. Rob't Williams has returned from Gravenhurst.

Service will be conducted in the Methodist Church every alternate Sabbath at 2.30 p.m., and each alternate Sabbath at 6.30 p.m. This arrangement has become necessary owing to a change in the circuit.

As Mr. Andrew Sample was passing through the 10th con., on Saturday morning, a large black bear crossed the road a short distance before him. As Mr. Sample was on horse back bruin showed no inclination to attack him. A short time before he was seen in Mr. Turner's field chasing the sheep but was frightened away before he got any mutton.

The Methodist Church and grounds are now enclosed by a neat and substantial picket fence.

The Orange Hall has been whitened and the wood work is to be painted. The outside is also receiving a coat of red paint so that when finished it will present quite an attractive appearance.

Mr. Thos. Crow raised the frame of his new house on Saturday.

The teacher and pupils of Hillside Academy had a pic-nic to the falls last Friday. Notwithstanding the rain they seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

Mr. E. Philips, of the Toronto police force, and a number of friends were in the village last Saturday.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 40 to 5 [illegible]
Fall Wheat	96 [illegible]
Spring Wheat	[illegible]
Barley	[illegible]
Oats	2 80 [illegible]
Peas	0 65 0 [illegible]
Butter	0 [illegible]
Eggs, fresh	0 11 [illegible]
Potatos bush.	0 35 [illegible]
Pork	6 50 [illegible]
Hay per ton	9 00 [illegible]
Hides	[illegible]
Sheepskins	0 50 [illegible]
Geese	0 05 [illegible]
Turkeys	0 10 [illegible]
Chickens per pair	0 25 [illegible]
Ducks per lb	0 06 [illegible]
Wool	0 18 [illegible]

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gents

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not obed rock every time

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to h[illegible]uch a large share of Grey Co. trade as I [illegible] at present

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do bet[illegible] you

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhe[illegible]pex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully [illegible]e,

Fair C[illegible]rges.

Stock now complete in [illegible].

Can save [illegible]ou $1 to $3.0[illegible]on watch[illegible]s.

Other lines will be he[illegible]ve and let live margins.

W. A. BR[illegible]VN.

Jeweler Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

Lot 137, 3rd range west, Ar- inform the public that he bred Durham Bull for serv-

able 1st Feb., 1890. For four al reduction will be made

Livery Stables.

ON, Proprietor,

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Special attention paid to commercial business.

ALD

TS.

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THE IRISH CATASTROPHE.

Details of the Shocking Railway Disaster in Armagh.

WHOLE FAMILIES KILLED.

A Dublin despatch says: Further despatches from Armagh show that the accident was far more serious than at first reported. Seventy bodies have been taken from the wreck. There are others buried under the debris. Warrenpoint, the place where the party was bound, is a watering place at the mouth of the Newry River, in County Down. Over a hundred of the passengers were injured.

The following particulars have been received: The excursion party left Armagh yesterday morning in two trains. The accident occurred at a point where the trains had to ascend a grade on a bank fifty feet high. The first train ascended the grade without trouble. The second section attempted to run the ascent, but the weight of the train proved too great for the engine. Several cars were detached and allowed to run back towards the level track, but before they reached it they came in collision with an ordinary train from Armagh proceeding at a good rate of speed. The excursion cars were completely wrecked. The scene which ensued was heartrending. Hosts of volunteers were soon at hand, and the dead and wounded were taken from the wreck and carried down the bank. Medical aid was called for, and a special train from Belfast brought to the scene twenty surgeons from that city and a number of medical men from other places between Belfast and Armagh. The disaster is unparalleled in the railroad history of Ireland. The accident has cast a gloom over Armagh. All the shops were closed this afternoon and the people are in general mourning. The engineer, fireman and guard of the train, and the traffic manager's clerk were summoned before a magistrate and were remanded on a charge of being responsible for the accident.

DETAILS OF THE DISASTER.

The break-power of the engine of the third train was inadequate. While the second train was ascending the incline the engineer remarked to the fireman, "I am afraid we can't do it." The following train was commencing the ascent when the engineer saw the runaway cars. Shutting off steam and reversing the lever the engineer and fireman jumped from the engine, shouting to the passengers to do likewise. The latter, however, not hearing the cries did not obey. No one was injured on that train. The engine was hurled 60 feet down an embankment. The carriage that ran into the engine was shattered to splinters, and fragments of dress, umbrellas, etc., were scattered hundreds of yards. A dozen corpses were found beneath the engine in a parboiled condition. Some of the occupants of the runaway cars tried to escape, but the doors were locked. The first part of the train started back in pursuit of the runaway cars, and the passengers saw the collision at a distance of 300 yards.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Another account says the engineer of the second train, finding his engine powerless to pull the train up the steep grade, unlinked several cars with the object of taking the front portion of the train to the next station and returning for the remainder. Heavy stones were placed behind the wheels of the detached cars to prevent them from slipping, but the locomotive on restarting gave the entire train a shunt that displaced the stones. The detached cars began to slip down the grade, their speed gradually increasing until they attained a frightful velocity. After running four miles, they crashed with terrible force into the third train about a mile and a half from Armagh.

BITTER LAMENTATIONS.

The shrieks of the children were horrible. The bodies of the victims were arranged in rows as soon as recovered. Many were mangled beyond recognition. There is scarcely a family in Armagh that has not some one dead. The embankment on which the accident occurred is 70 feet high. Many touching scenes were witnessed. The children bore their injuries with great patience. Wrecking gangs are at work clearing away the debris. A private of the Irish Fusiliers before the collision jumped on the foot plate of one of the cars and dropped four children to the ground. He then offered to assist others to escape, but his offer was refused. In many cases whole families were killed. Crowds are visiting the scene and the air is rent with lamentations.

DIED OF FRIGHT.

A car driver named Hughes, who visited the scene of the disaster, was so horrified at the sight that he died on the spot. His corpse was taken to Armagh in his own car.

A Boy Who Made His Mark.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: Monday afternoon Frank Leopold, aged 12 years, and Katie Malden, aged 11 years, visited Robbins' circus. After the show they started to walk to Centropolis, their home. When within a mile of the place a man named Sieddons jumped from the bushes and attempted to assault the little girl. The boy attacked Sieddons with a pocket knife and slashed him across the face in a fearful manner nearly cutting out an eye and cutting off part of his nose. Sieddons fled, but was afterwards captured.

T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen, in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, says: "Peritonitis is occasionally the cause of death in all forms of Bright's disease. It may result from local affectations, or from the state of the blood.' Warner's Safe Cure acts as a preventive by curing the kidney disease and removing the contamination from the blood.

The London *Times'* correspondent at Constantinople says the Porte has been advised from Vienna that Austria regards the present hostility to Austria of the Regents of Servia as a *casus belli* and hopes European diplomacy will succeed in securing a moderation of hostility. The Porte has sent six Syrian battalions to Crete.

LORD CECIL'S DROWNING.

Romantic History of a Soldier, Preacher and Nobleman.

Further particulars concerning the drowning of Lord Cecil has reached the Times. He was going from Belleville in a boat in company with Mr. Churchill, with a load of stores and camping material, and when off Pool's Point, a short distance from Adolphustown wharf, he rose up in the boat to adjust the sail, when losing his hold he fell headlong into the water, coming up at some distance. He swam around for a few minutes and then sank before the boat could be got around to where he was. He was going to hold a series of meetings in the Town Hall at Adolphustown. He was thought to be a good swimmer, and at first it was thought he might reach shore safely, or at least keep afloat until he was rescued. Mr. Poole, who witnessed the accident from the shore, shouted to him to keep up courage and he would be rescued all right. He answered back "No!" and immediately went under. His body was recovered yesterday afternoon.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Lord Cecil was born July 18th, 1841, and joined the First Rifle Brigade in England when 17 years of age. He was a wild, reckless youth, full of dash and pride, an inveterate gambler and horseman, and one, as he stated in a sermon at Brockville, "who had committed every sin in the decalogue." He served as lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, and with it came to Canada, to be stationed in turn in Kingston, Hamilton and Quebec. In 1868 he left the brigade because he was prohibited from promulgating the religious doctrine he professed among the men. The matter was fought to the bitter end, and it was not until the Duke of Cambridge issued a mandate that the conflict ceased. Then Lord Cecil tendered his resignation, and since that date devoted his time, talents and fortune to the propagation of the doctrine of the Brethren, to whom he bore the relationship of chief brother. To-day his followers are scattered in all lands. They are known as Cecilites or Plymouth Brethren, but these titles are not recognized by those who have close relationship in the work. Lately he spent most of his summers in the neighborhood of Kingston, camping and evangelizing.

HIS CONVERSION.

"Lord Cecil told me," said a lady to-day, "about his conversion. He was in Hamilton in 1867 or 1868, when he was called home on the demise of his father. His mother, the Marchioness of Exeter, a godly woman, and his sister, the wife of Viscount Sandon, another pious lady, both appealed to him to forsake his wild career. Little good resulted, but on his return to Hamilton early religious impressions, which had been made by a devoted governess who frequently talked to him in childhood about Jesus, came swelling upon his soul, and a marvellous conversion occurred. He told me he was out with the soldiers on the march, and while the most lively music was being played he was stricken with the enormity of his sins. Then and there with timidity he asked to be pardoned and God gave him peace. He frequently told me he could go to the very spot in Hamilton where the glorious change was wrought.

HIS CHARACTER.

Lord Cecil was of a most gentle and lovable disposition. He was retiring and most unpretending. He was devoted to God and His work. He was remarkably gifted. His knowledge of the Scriptures was something wonderful. He was eloquent and yet simple. His language was grand and lofty, and his bearing most gentle and winning. "Frequently he held his co-religionists spell-bound as he unfolded to them the deep things of God," said a Plymouthite. "He was what would be termed in any other Church a big gun." He spent his winters in the Southern States.

HIS ANCESTRY.

He was not given to telling of his family history. His ancestry was ever kept in the background. Once he was asked as to his relationship with the Marquis of Salisbury, the present Premier of England, and as the question was pointed, and as it was said he was his brother, he stated as follows: "William Cecil was an eminent statesman of Lincolnshire, born in 1520, and son of Richard Cryssel, an officer of the court in attendance upon Henry VIII., and who was raised to the baronetcy of Burghley in 1571, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. This statesman married in 1561 Mary, sister of Sir John Cheke, tutor to Edward VI., to whom was born Thomas Cecil, successor to Baron Burghley. The first wife dying, the Baron was married again to Mildred, daughter of Sir Anthony Coke, of Giddy Hall, Essex. By her Robert Cecil was born, afterwards created Earl of Salisbury, and from whom the present Earl is descended. Lord Cecil is a descendant of the heir to the baronetcy. Two families sprang from the same parent. This constitutes the relationship."

HIS RELATIVES.

Lord Cecil was 48 years of age. He intended returning to England this fall on a visit to his relatives. He was not on remarkably good terms with the present Marquis of Exeter. Some years ago, when the son of the Marquis became of age, great *fetes* were being enjoyed at the baronial castle. Lord Disraeli was in attendance. Lord Cecil attended, and, in the midst of the gayety, he arose in the park and preached the Gospel to those assembled. His action greatly offended his brother. However, in after years they became reconciled, but Lord Cecil never visited him because he was "a servant of the flesh."

KNOWN IN HAMILTON.

Lord Cecil was well known in Hamilton. It will be remembered by many of the older inhabitants that he came out with the Rifle Brigade and was stationed here for some time. Subsequently he visited Hamilton frequently in connection with services held by the Plymouth Brethren. He was held in the highest estimation.

Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "Gradual failure of strength, increased pallor or sallowness, and disinclination for exercise is one of the prominent symptoms of kidney disease." Warner's Safe Cure is the only remedy that is guaranteed to cure kidney disease.

NEWS FROM STANLEY.

Puzzling Despatches Received from the Great White Explorer.

A London special cable from Zanzibar last (Wednesday) night says: A letter has been received here from Ururi South, southeast of Victoria Nyanza, dated 2nd of December. It states that Stanley arrived at Ururi, stayed for a short time, returned to Victoria Nyanza, left behind 56 men, owing to sickness, and 46 rifles. Most of the sick eventually died. A short time after Mitchell arrived there and took away the rifles. Shortly after it was reported that H. M. Stanley sustained a heavy loss of men owing to sickness and want of provisions. Finally Stanley arrived. He said Emin Pacha is at Unyara, fifteen days distant. Stanley took away everything and returned to Emin Pacha, giving the writer a letter to take personally to the Agent-General.

Sir Francis de Winton, who is a great authority on African exploration, writes: "The telegram just received via Zanzibar gives news of Stanley up to 2nd December last. He was then at Ururi, at the southeast end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, having left Emin at Unyara, which is situated in the district of Kavirondo, at the northeast corner of the lake. It should be remembered that Stanley left his camp at Bonalya, on the Aruwimi, on the 4th of September, 1888, and as it would appear an impossiblity for the journey from Bonalya to Ururi to be accomplished in 82 days, *i.e.*, from the 4th of September to the 2nd of December, some mistake has been made as regards this date. It is quite possible for the messenger who brought the news to have left Ururi in the middle of February and reached Zanzibar on the 10th of June. The allusion to Mitchell is also somewhat puzzling. At present the white men with Stanley are Lieut. Stairs, Nelson, Mountenay, Jeppson, Dr. Parkes and Bonny. Besides Stanley's servant the only other white men in that part of Africa are Emin Pacha and Captain Casati. Nelson might, however, become Mitchell in passing into the native vernacular and then back again into English. From the direction Stanley is taking it would appear he is making for Msalala, at the south end of the lake, where a large depot of provisions was deposited more than a year ago, and as he would have the advantage of water carriage to take his caravan from Unyara to Kagheyi missionary station, at the south end of the lake, it is to be hoped he has for some time been in possession of his stores, so that the main difficulties of his enterprise have been successfully overcome. Should my surmise that he arrived at Ururi about the 2nd February, in place of the 2nd December, be correct, and that he has since pushed on to Kagheyi, at the south end of the lake, we may soon have further news in addition to the letter given to the trader of Ururi, who forwards this message and who is bringing the letter himself to Zanzibar."

A LEAP FOR DEATH.

Buffalo Lady Suicides at the Falls—Her Body Recovered.

A ast (Friday) night's Niagara Falls, Ont., despatch says: About half-past 8 o'clock this afternoon a well-dressed lady walked deliberately out on the raceway near the river gate at Prospect Park, immediately above the American falls, and holding her arms over her head leaped into the rushing water, that took but a few seconds to sweep her over the American falls. Several gentlemen near by saw her make the leap, and rushed down to see the unfortunate woman pass over the brink of the falls. They notified the Park Superintendent, who procured assistance and made a search for the body in the river below the falls. It was discovered about half an hour afterwards in the river near the Canadian side by Aaron Glassbrook, who towed the body to the shore, and had it taken to Undertaker Morse's rooms at Drummondville and taken charge of by the coroner. The description of the suicide is as follows: Large, dark-complexioned woman, about 45 years of age, weighing about 170 pounds, large features. All the clothing excepting a pair of black corsets and dark stockings and shoes had been stripped off the body. The woman came from Buffalo on the 3.10 train this afternoon and went direct to the park and took her life. A lady who saw the woman jump off into the river fainted and had to be carried to her hotel. At the place where the woman leaped into the river was found a black silk parasol with light wood handle, a white handkerchief, a lady's wrap of black material, embroidered with black silk, a small, thin glass and a half-pint empty flask that had recently contained whiskey.

ONE YEAR IN JAIL.

Dr. J. C. Bright, of Chatham, Convicted and Sentenced.

A despatch from Chatham says: At the General Sessions yesterday the trial of Dr. J. C. Bright for furnishing a noxious drug to Clara Douglas, alias Wrightman, to procure an abortion, excited much interest. The prisoner and his counsel, Mr. Christie, were confident of an acquittal, and a Pinkerton detective brought out all the facts derogatory to the girl's character. A strong defence was made and the case was given to the jury at 10.45 p.m. In ten minutes they brought in a verdict of guilty, and Bright was remanded to jail awaiting sentence. This morning he was brought up and sentenced to one year in the common jail.

It Appealed to All.

An Iowa farmer, who believed in having two strings to his bow, put up in his garden this sign:

BOYS, DON'T TOUCH THESE MELONS, FOR THEY ARE GREEN AND GOD SEES YOU.

A family of four children and the father and mother, named DesChamps, in a small cottage this side of St. Louis toll-gate, Quebec, were all poisoned on Wednesday by drinking some cream in their coffee which was skimmed off milk that contained turpentine that leaked out of a paint pot directly over a bowl of milk during the night. Dr. Falardeau was immediately sent for, and on his arrival administered an emetic. The family are doing as well as could be expected.

THE MAYBRICK MURDER.

Evidence Taken as to the Wife's Guilt—She is Committed for Trial.

A cablegram from London, dated last (Wednesday) night says: The nine hours' sitting to-day of the county justices before whom Mrs. Maybrick made her first appearance in public on a charge of having put her late husband to death by arsenical poisoning, has served to exhaust only half the evidence in the long chain of facts. The excitement around the new County Sessions House, where the magisterial investigation was opened this morning and will be continued to-morrow, has been strung to the highest pitch. The jury's gallery was occupied with fashionably-dressed ladies, whilst the public gallery contained a mixed audience of the respectable class. Supt. Bryning conducts the case for the prosecution, and the prisoner has the advantage as counsel of Mr. Pickford, who is a leading junior at the bar in this city.

Mr. A. Brierley, cotton broker, whose intimacy with the wife of the deceased gentleman has brought him into unpleasant prominence, was not represented by counsel, as before the coroner, nor did he put in an appearance. One other much interested person, however, has retained counsel. Mr. Edgecome appeared on behalf of Baroness Von Roque, the mother of the accused lady.

The court was hushed when in response to the command of Supt. Bryning Mrs. Maybrick was brought into the dock from below. She approached the dock rails with a firm step and head erect. She is a slightly-built person of medium height, and, according to popular report, is good-looking, having light golden hair. She was shrouded from head to foot in heavy black crape. Nothing but the chain of the prisoner was visible to the court. Her widow's veil, which she never once lifted, completely hid the upper part of her face. A comfortable-looking arm chair was provided, and into this she settled down, her head reclining upon the upholstery, while Supt. Bryning unfolded in a succinct, concise and unbiased way the whole series of startling facts already disclosed before the coroner. The cross-examination of witnesses was directed to show that the deceased took nerve tonics containing arsenic, but the only new fact elicited was that Brierley paid a London hotel bill of £2 13s 6d. The court adjourned till to-morrow.

A last (Thursday) night's Liverpool cable says: The police proceedings in the Maybrick case were concluded this evening, with the result that the accused lady has to stand her trial before an assize jury.

Mrs. Maybrick was brought into the dock at 10 this morning. The public part of the court was crowded with well-dressed people. Mrs. Maybrick resumed her former position in an arm chair, provided for her convenience, and she sat through the weary hours of examination and cross-examination with a rigidity that surprised everybody.

A few minutes after the hearing was resumed she scribbled a pencil note to Mr. Cleaver, her solicitor, and this she repeated several times during the day. Her face was still enveloped in an impenetrable crape veil.

The charwoman who cleaned Mr. Maybrick's office was the first witness of the day, she being followed by an office boy. Their evidence had reference to luncheons of beef tea prepared by the accused lady, and from which Mr. Maybrick suffered ill-effects.

Mr. Michael Maybrick was the next witness, and stated that Florence Elizabeth Maybrick was from 27 to 30 years of age, and her late husband died in his 50th year. Witness was summoned to Battle Crease by peremptory telegrams from his brother Edwin and Mrs. Briggs, the friend of the Maybricks, three days before the deceased gentleman died. He related how he was led to suspect Mrs. Maybrick was tampering with her husband's medicines and food; the measures he took to secure proper and reliable nursing, and the treatment, more especially after his suspicions had been intensified by receiving from the children's nurse Yapp a remarkable letter from Mrs. Maybrick to Mr. A. Brierley, her lover, and how he found certain incriminatory packages and deadly phials in the room used by Mrs. Maybrick. Other witnesses were the chemists from whom Mrs. Maybrick had bought fly papers similar to those found in the solution in her wash basin.

The chemist's assistant who made up two bottles of medicine for Mr. Maybrick from a prescription by Dr. Fuller, of London, a physician whom the deceased gentleman consulted at the end of April, said the ingredients of which they were compounded were free from arsenic.

Nurses Gore, Gallery and Wilson related bedside episodes, including the suspicious handling of their patient's medicines and food by Mrs. Maybrick. The last named repeated an exclamation made three times by Mr. Maybrick to his wife the night before he died: "Oh, Florrie, how could you do it? I did not think it of you," and the wife's rejoinder, "You silly old darling, don't bother your head about anything." Mrs. Maybrick, turning to Nurse Wilson, added, "I cannot tell what is the matter with him or what has brought his illness on."

In cross-examination, Nurse Gore said that when she took charge of the patient the medicine bottles were kept in the lavatory, but she had them brought into the bedroom, but not beside the table. Mr. Maybrick was not strong enough then to leave his bed without assistance.

Mr. Edward Davies, analyst, produced a host of ominous-looking phials, jars and packages, which were a portion of some scores of them handed to him by the police for analysis. There were many articles brought from Battle Crease in which he had found traces of arsenic. He also found traces of arsenic in a portion of the viscera of the deceased. He admitted in cross-examination that these traces were small in quantity, and that the largest amount found in the liver was exactly half of the least quantity the witness had found previously in any fatal case.

Superintendent Bryning next gave the final evidence, and this concluded the case for the prosecution.

Counsel for the pisoner asked the bench if there was a case to go before a jury, and the magistrates said they were agreed that there was. Thereupon he intimated that he should reserve the prisoner's defence.

Mrs. Maybrick was asked to stand whilst the usual caution before committal was read by the presiding Magistrate, and she stood forward without evincing the slightest nervous tremor. She was then formally committed, and at a few minutes to 7 o'clock she was removed from the dock and subsequently conveyed to Walton jail, where she will await her trial at the next Liverpool assizes, which open on July 26th.

THE NAUGHTY PICTURES.

Winnipeg "Sassity" Shocked by Alleged Immoral Pictorial Advertisements.

A last (Thursday) night's Winnipeg despatch says: A case in the Police Court yesterday attracted great attention. Burden, the city bill poster, was arraigned on a charge of a violation of the city by-law by posting lithographs of an indecent character for Lily Clay's Female Burlesque Company. There was a large attendance of spectators, and the defendant was represented by able counsel. The Chief of Police, several city clergymen, and leading Christians gave evidence for the prosecution, and were severely cross-examined by the lawyer on the opposing side, who had gathered from cigarette and quack medicine advertisements, illustrated papers, statuary, etc., all the suggestive advertisements he could find, with the view of eliciting an expression of opinion from the witnesses as to their indecency. The result was rather ludicrous. The following is a sample of the examination: Archdeacon Fortin was shown one of the pictures complained of, and asked his opinion of its character. Answer, "I look upon that picture as grossly immoral to begin with, because it represents certain portions of the body which decency dictates should be covered in proper society; secondly, because the women represented are attired in the garb of harlots, endeavoring to seduce by their blandishments; thirdly, because I would be afraid to let my little children look at pictures like that; fourth, because I think such pictures will have a demoralizing effect on many members, particularly the young members of my flock.

Cross-examined—When oarsmen row on the river are they in the garb of proper society?

Yes.

Is a person attired for bathing properly attired?

Yes.

To the rev. gentleman was submitted a picture in the *Graphic*. He thought it much less nude than the pictures complained of. In these pictures a part of the body which should be covered was represented. He regarded a picture from pen and pencil shown him as immoral. He did not think Venus de Medici was immoral, because it was a work of art. These pictures were very far removed from works of art. He thought exhibit "B," a common drug store advertisement, equally objectionable. The druggists' lithograph, representing Humphrey's homœopathic specifics, was in his opinion also very objectionable. Other exhibits representing advertisements for cigar stores were produced. He thought them highly objectionable. He did not consider the Laocoon indecent, because it was a work of art and because such representations were in such places that they were witnessed only by educated people who would not extract evil from them.

The counsel then produced Alphonse Daudets' Sappho, a book, which, he said, he had purchased at the bookstore of Richardson, who is a respectable man and a member of a city church. The work was produced and the illustrations from it were submitted to Rev. Mr. Fortin. Some of them he saw no objection to, another one was a little off color. The pictures from the "Ladies' Pictorial," an English publication, were also submitted. They seemed to Rev. Mr. Fortin to be all right. He had seen ladies in full dress at parties, and he had seen much that he considered out of place. He had endeavored to correct evils of that kind by private influence and public exhortation. He did not think the nude statue of Venus should be suppressed. This inquiry went on and witnesses on both sides of the case heard, when the case was adjourned till Saturday.

A CARDINAL'S RANK.

A Quebec Paper Discusses How Cardinals are Treated in Canada and by British Royalty Respectively.

A Quebec despatch says: *L'Electeur* has undertaken to reply to some statements made at the anti-Jesuit Convention in Toronto, and starts by taking up the claim of one of the speakers that Cardinal Taschereau had been given a seat on the throne on the opening of the Legislature alongside the Lieutenant-Governor. This, it says, is untrue. The Cardinal, as a prince of the Church, was entitled to rank as an Ambassador does at court, and he was given a seat on the floor of the House to the left of the throne, but not on it. This, it says, was pure courtesy, which would have been extended to His Eminence in any civilized country As an instance of the consideration in which Cardinal Manning is held at the English court, it says that when His Eminence appears he does so in his full red and ermine and he takes the rank of a Prince. The journal says that when he once called at one of the royal palaces to visit the Queen by invitation, he was received by the Prince of Wales, who personally conducted him to Her Majesty, with whom he held a long conversation. His reception altogether was of the most affable nature.

Potash in Corn Cobs.

There is a good deal of potash in corn cobs, as thrifty housewives long ago learned when making soap. It is here that a good deal of the mineral elements of the corn plant are concentrated. Perhaps it is for the potash as a corrective of acidity in the stomach that animals will often eat the cob. It is all the better for being charred or burned. Burn to a crisp the corn cobs from which fattening hogs have devoured the corn, and see how greedily the same animals will eat them.—*New York Mail and Express.*

"Old Tecumseh" Sherman is authority for the statement that every year the girls at West Point get prettier, and that such has been the case for 50 years.

The Ven. Churchill Julius, Archdeacon of Ballarat, once a famous Oxford athlete and a hardworking Liverpool clergyman, recently caught a ruffian beating his wife. He seized the brute, overpowered him after a struggle, and personally marched him off to the look-up.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MRS. MATILDA SKELLY, of Millersburg, Pa., applied for a pension some years ago but the case hung fire so long that she sought other means of support, and some two or three weeks ago remarried. Just eight days after her marriage she received a letter granting the pension, with $5,375 arrears. Owing to her marriage the valuable paper had to be returned to Washington.

THIS is a large world and there is room enough for all, remarks the New York *Herald*, while discussing speculations as to the future of the race. Thinking does no harm if only it is really thinking. It is not the Day of Judgment of which we need to be afraid, but the days of no judgment. Stick to your common sense, don't go up in a balloon, avoid being a crank, and within those limits entertain what opinions you please.

THE Compulsory Education Law passed by the Illinois Legislature compels children between the ages of 7 and 14 to attend school at least sixteen weeks each year. Parents are liable to fine for not seeing that the law is obeyed. Attendance is allowed upon private schools teaching reading, writing, arithmetic and United States history, if approved by the Board of Education. The appointment of truant officer is provided for.

IT will be remembered that Lord Dudley and other noblemen were recently arrested for gambling at the Field Club in London. They were discharged by the Police Magistrate who laid down the *obiter dictum* that "it would be absurd to fine gentlemen of wealth and position, such a sum as six shillings and eightpence." Since that two boys caught playing "pitch and toss" have been fined each seven shillings and sixpence with seven days' imprisonment at hard labor.

A PHILADELPHIA soap man, who himself made a fortune on clear advertising, once told the writer of this paragraph that it would pay half a dozen papers of big circulation to take up any pauper from the street, establish him in any business under the sun, it didn't matter what, and give him a column of advertising free every day for a year. Then, he said, those papers would show by a practical object lesson to advertisers the tremendous effect of advertising, because the pauper they took off the streets would by that time be a millionaire.

THE Shah of Persia will reach Buckingham Palace from Brussels on July 1st. He will cross the channel on one of the Royal English yachts. He will be met at Charing Cross by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and other big guns. During his stay in Great Britain he will visit Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle and York. He will be entertained at Invercauld by Sir Algernon Borthwick some time in July, and will examine Scottish life and scenery under the direction of his host, Sir Drummond Wolff.

THE English clergy seem to have a leaning toward large families and small incomes. Among the cases of distress lately reported to the Clergy Corporation are these: "A curate with eight children under eight years of age, and a stipend of £126 a year; a vicar with five young children, and and an annual income of £100; a vicar with six children under 15 years of age, and an annual income of £134 and a house; a vicar with eight children under 18 years of age, and £117 annual income; a curate with six young children, and a stipend of £120; a vicar with eleven children under 15 years of age, and an annual income of £189."

MR. EDISON is reported, in a conversation with a reporter who solicited his ideas on the subject of the projected world's fair in New York city, as saying that he would take an acre of space in such a fair and completely cover it with his inventions, of which he has no less that seventy now under way. "One of the most peculiar, and now promising good results," said Mr. Edison, "is what I may call a far-sight machine." By means of this extraordinary invention, the *Electrical Review* says, he hopes to be able to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles, so that, for instance, "a man in New York could see the features of his friend in Boston with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage. That," he added, "would be an invention worthy a prominent place in the world's fair, and I hope to have it perfected long before 1892."

PROFESSOR BRYCE, who has been writing so brilliantly on American institutions, is regius professor of civil law at Oxford, fellow and member of the governing body of Oriel College, a barrister-at-law, now, at least up till recently, one of the lecturers at the inns of court, and M. P. for South Aberdeen. His multifarious duties and appointments have necessitated the appointment by the university of a reader in Roman law to lecture on the subject he is supposed to teach. The professor does, of course, deliver the statutable number of lectures in Oxford, the hours he selects being late on Saturday afternoons and early on Monday mornings. It is needless to add that he is an advanced Reformer, but it is necessary to remind people that the Aberdeen member, the London barrister and the Oxford professor are one and the same person. He is a native of the granite city.

AN electric motor adapted to propelling vehicles upon streets is said to have been successfully invented at Indianapolis. It has long been the belief of many who have given the subject consideration that some method would soon be in use for propelling pleasure carriages along the streets and boulevards by mechanical means in lieu of horses, and numerous efforts have been made in that direction. We published some time ago an illustration of a carriage moved by steam generated by a small supply of naphtha or similar liquid carried under the seat, but this device, which appears to be used with some success in Germany is evidently open, in some degree at least, to the objections of danger and noise. A cart propelled by electricity has been operated in London, but it does not seem to have been a success owing both to the insufficiency of the battery power and the liability of derangement. The Indianapolis inventor claims that he can furnish a vehicle with electric motive power sufficient to run twenty-four hours without recharging and so arranged that the speed can be graduated as desired. Electricity has accomplished such wonders of late that it is easy to believe that it will be harnessed up for the service of man so as to safely and noiselessly propel his pleasure vehicles along the streets and highways.

ENTERTAINING the Shah means something, as with him are to be entertained his doctor, seven generals (aides de camp), seven chamberlains and three members of his Cabinet, not to speak of fourteen domestic servants, cooks, bearers, etc., all of whom must be looked after as the royal Persian's suite.

M'ME D'ORIAN, a Russian princess, died in Philadelphia last week, and, at her request, her entire wardrobe was packed in large trunks and sent to Johnstown. There were finely-woven silk hose, French-heeled slippers, silk underwear, silk, satin and plush costumes, and fine women's wear of all descriptions. This noble young woman's heart was undoubtedly in the right place, but the articles will not be handed out by the distributing committee for some time yet.

THE statistical person of the New York *Sun* says that the number of qualified voters in the city of New York now exceeds 300,000, which is more than the total vote cast at the last Presidential election in either Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont or West Virginia.

A PROCESS for electric deposition on glass or porcelain is ascribed to M. Hansen, and the medium used is a solution of chloride of gold, or of platinum in sulphuric ether, which has received a sufficient quantity of sulphur dissolved in a heavy oil, to bring the whole, after being gently boiled, to a consistency which permits it to be painted on the glass, etc., with a brush. The plate is then slowly heated in a furnace until the sulphur and chlorine are driven off, leaving the gold or platinum adhering to the surface.

A WEEK'S work in the cotton mills of England is 56 hours; in the mills of Massachusetts, 60 hours; in France, 72 hours; in Germany, from 66 to 72 hours; in the woolen mills in Germany, 76 hours; in France, 72 hours; in Massachusetts, 60; in Great Britain, 56; in Huddersfield and Densburg, 54. The productive capacity of one operative in the United States, Great Britain and Germany, taking 100 as the unit, is: In the United States, 100 in cotton, wool and silk; in Great Britain, 67 in cotton, 77 in wool, 81½ in silk; in Germany, 27½ in cotton, 60 in wool, 68 in silk.

An ingenious contrivance is about to be brought out by Captain Woolward, of the Royal mail steamer Don, by which it is proposed to do away with oars as a means of propelling ships' lifeboats. It consists of a hand-power screw propeller, which enables the boat to be driven by any one in it, though unacquainted with rowing. This, Captain Woolward points out, will obviate the chance of passengers who may get away from a stranded ship finding themselves in a boat without oars or having them without any one skilled in their use. The machinery takes up little room, and seems to be both efficient and simple.

IT is said that the largest and costliest private mansion in the world is that belonging to Lord Bute, called "Montstuart" and situated near Rothesay, Scotland. It covers nearly two acres, and is built in gothic style; the walls, turrets and balconies are built of stone. The immense tower in the centre of the building is 120 feet high, with a balcony around the top. The halls are constructed entirely of marble and alabaster; all the rooms are finished in mahogany, rosewood and walnut; the fireplaces are all carved marbles of antique designs. The exact cost of this fairy palace is not known, but it has never been estimated at less than $8,000,000. The immense mansion is one of the sights to be witnessed by those who enter the Clyde on the Glasgow steamers by daylight.

IN a most interesting medical libel suit of Dr. Tibbetts against Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers, tried before Mr. Justice Denman recently, Dr. Lauder Brunton showed how ill-founded are some popular notions about the functions of our organs. From time immemorial the spleen has been considered as the source of bad temper; and the learned Dr. Johnston, in his dictionary, gives the weight of his authority to this view, for he defines the spleen as the seat of anger and melancholy. Dr. Lauder Brunton stated that he had observed that animals which had been deprived of their spleens for purposes of experimentation were universally bad-tempered, though otherwise apparently well, and thought that therefore the spleen was, contrary to the general received ideas, the seat not of bad but of good temper.

THE *Popular Science News* recently offered a reward for the most correct answers to certain stated scientific problems. Among others was the old "conundrum," Which weighs the most, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? Of course, a pound is a pound, no matter of what substance, and when the simple or thoughtless person answers that a pound of lead is the heaviest, everybody laughs. Mr. Charles Pitt, in answering this question, claims that the pound of lead would weigh the heaviest because the feathers would be buoyed up by a weight equal to that of the amount of air they displace—just as a cork is buoyed up in the water. In future, therefore, we must refrain from laughing at the fool's answer, as practically it is correct. Of course, if weighed in a vacuum a pound of any two substances would weigh alike.

TWENTY English literary women dined recently in London, and appeared to have had a very cheerful time, enjoying themselves and asserting the right of the weaker sex to have small sprees of its own. The only men present were the waiters, who were kept very busy. The menu was substantial, and cigarettes followed coffee, just like a regular man's debauch. Mrs. Mona Caird was in the chair, and talked, of course, about marriage, taking the ground that that institution is not a contract in the legal sense of the word, but, on the contrary, a sort of go-as-you-please journey through life, liable to sudden interruption when one or the other feels inclined to leave the track. Dinner was late, and one bell, which indicated that a waiter was wanted from outside, was going industriously until after 11 o'clock, and, in all respects, this first attempt of the sort in London was a success. Dresses were remarkably plain, most of the women running to simple blouses. Champagne was the only wine drunk.

MANY New York ladies are lending their aid in the formation of working women's clubs. A woman of leisure or wealth, or both, gathers about her a number of working girls to talk over the organization of a club. If the girls favor the idea they and the leader each invite friends to join with them, and a club is formed. One evening in the week is a social evening; the others are divided, as the members decide, into classes for cooking—always one of the most popular classes—dress making, plain sewing, reading, writing, arithmetic and physical culture. The programme varies according to the decision and finance of the club. The club devotes one evening to practical talks. On this evening health, management of money, duties of women, dress and the thousand other subjects that grow out of living in a world where conditions are constantly changing are discussed. All take part in the talks that follow the little lecture, and the subjects are usually chosen or suggested by the working members.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Mr. A. D. Mackenzie read an epitome of a paper prepared by him on the "Risk of Fire from Steam and Hot-water Pipes." The result of experiments made by him was that, under ordinary circumstances, wood, wool, cotton, paper and such like substances would not fire under or even at the boiling point of mercury (680 deg.); and very probably the temperature at which they would ignite readily was nearer 800 deg. than 700 deg. The highest temperature he was able to get on a high-pressure hot-water pipe was 500 deg., and he got that only by very hard firing, and by loading the safety valve. The usual high pressure apparatus seldom reached 400 deg., and, therefore, he concluded, that under ordinary circumstances those pipes could not originate a fire. Mr. Proctor said that mice, attracted by the warmth, often made their nests in close proximity to the pipes, and thus collected quantities of highly combustible material from which fires might originate.

A Glib-Talking Fakir.

A contemporary describes the lingo of a fakir the writer came across the other day following in the wake of Forepaugh's circus. The same fellow will be found at our country fairs next fall. His talk was as constant as the flow from Niagara; no period, colon, semicolon or comma: "Yesterday I sold this almost priceless object to-day I am giving them away simply giving them away as an advertisement for the ridiculous sum of ten cents or a dime to-morrow I may be selling them again thank you sir it magnifies as well as any three-dollar microscope and you are getting it for the paltry sum of ten cents it is recommended by all the most celebrated lawyers doctors ministers and scientific men as the most wonderful invention of the age and the gentleman here takes one why it is worth one dollar alone to examine a drop of water before you drink it and you will plainly see the seven kinds of insects in each drop ants grasshoppers crickets bees flies beetles and centipedes look at them and then drink your water and the gentleman here takes one thank you and you'll thank me before the day is over and the little boy takes one ten cents or a dime it's worth more than that to see the skin on your hand thank you sir," etc.

A Suspicious Addition.

Daughter—When I marry, mamma, it will be for love—

Mother—Do not talk like a simpleton, dear.

Daughter—As I was about to observe when you interrupted me, when I marry it shall be for love of position, ease and display. Business before sentiment, mamma?

Mother—Spoken like a heroine! *(sotto voce)* I must keep an eye on that girl or she'll run away with the first beggar that looks cross-eyed at her.

How He Made His Fortune.

Uncle Clearwater (noted temperance apostle, on a visit to his nephew, looking out of window)—What a fine building that is across the way!

Nephew—Yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, the aches and groans of his fellow-men, out of the grief of crying children and the woe of wailing women.

Uncle C.—Ah! A rumseller, of course! Yes, yes!

Nephew—Oh, no; he's a dentist.—*Toronto Grip.*

PROF. WM. H. THOMPSON, M. D., University of New York, New York city, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." This shows that Dr. Thompson considers kidney disease a frightful malady. He also says, "Bright disease has no symptoms of its own, but has the symptoms of every other disease." The reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many different diseases is that by curing symptoms, which are called diseases, it strikes at the roots of disease itself.

There is said to be a stream near Tucson, Ari., which petrifies every soft substance put into it. A biscuit dropped into the crystal water is alleged to have been turned to stone within a few minutes.

A gunner of "B" Battery, Quebec, has just deserted from his regiment on the eve of his intended marriage, leaving a young and blooming prospective bride in tears. It seems the wedding day had been fixed, the church calls all duly made, rooms taken and furnished, and the wedding guests invited, when this gallant son of Mars weakened, turned traitor and fled.

The Story of a Will.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

To the Editor of the *Mail*:

Having seen a letter in your paper from Mr. John Cooper, of this town, reminded me of an incident which occurred about three years ago. A friend of mine, Mr. A. Seymour, was staying at Vermillion Bay, on the C.P.R, west of here. A legacy was left to him by an uncle in London, England. Mr. Seymour was in such bad health at the time that he thought he would not be alive when the legacy would reach here. He therefore wrote to me asking me to have his will prepared and sent to him for signature, etc., appointing me as the legatee in trust. The will was prepared by John M. Munn, Esq., barrister, of this town, and was sent to Mr. Seymour. It was returned to me duly executed, and is still in my possession.

In the same letter was a request to send half a dozen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and some pills. I sent them. I received a letter some time after asking me to send some more, as he was feeling much better. I did so, and the next I knew Mr. Seymour himself came to town and told me (and looked it) that he was a well man. He got his money through the Ontario Bank here, and is now in British Columbia, and was in good health when I last heard from him.

I may say that I know both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper well, and the facts in Mrs. Cooper's case are as stated in Mr. Cooper's letter.

You can publish this or not, as you think fit, as it is nothing to me either way.

Yours, etc., W. C. DODIE, J. P.

Port Arthur, Ont., May 23.

The foregoing letter is *bona fide*, and not an advertisement.—EDITOR *Mail*.

How to Serve Strawberries.

The strawberries that are coming in now are getting better and better every day. It has been suggested more than once that the proper way to serve the lucious red berry is to smother it with cream. This is a very good scheme, but a far better plan is to place the berries in a dish, at the bottom of which has been strewn some freshly-cut lemon peel. Put some more lemon peel on top of the berries. Cover the dish and let it stand in an ice box for ten or fifteen minutes. Put on some sugar at the end of that time, and then put on enough red wine to saturate the berries about three-fourths of the way up. Let the dish stand in an ice box sufficiently long to get the wine thoroughly cold. Then serve. The taste is something which cannot be described, but it is far superior to the taste of berries and cream. It is not necessary to use an expensive claret. One of the rich, fruity wines of California, Ohio or Jersey will answer. In fact, there is a flavor about any one of these vintages which mingles with the strawberry admirably. The other evening, in a little restaurant well known to some men who like good things amid odd surroundings, a young man had a dish prepared according to this way, which far surpasses dishes supposed to be prepared in a similar manner at some of the showy up-town eating places. He bought the box of berries at a grocery on the corner. They cost ten cents. One of the servants in the kitchen prepared the berries, and the house furnished the lemon peel and sugar for nothing. The wine used came from Vineland, N.J. It did not take much for the quart of berries, and there was plenty left in the quart bottle that the young man paid 50 cents for. The wine itself was better than could be obtained at many a more elaborate restaurant for a dollar.—*New York Sun.*

The Old Crank.

Twelve men on one side of street car.

Seven females on the other.

Eighth female bounces in and stands in centre of car in expectant attitude.

Expects at least four men to bob up, of course.

Seven women criticise her from head to heel, especially the set of her bustle.

Conductor looks in and is amazed that the twelve men don't come piling out to ride the rear brake.

Eighth female glares around and wonders if this is the 19th century.

"You women hitch along there!" says the old crank, pointing across the car. "There's room over there for four more like her."

They glare at him and thirst for his life.

"Then sit down on top of some of 'em!" he continues as he settles back.

Then there is a flutter—a hitch, and a space of five clear feet is made in the centre, and the eighth female sits down in the centre of it in a gingerly way and with a look of pain.

Not one of these seven will ever, ever take an introduction to her on the face of this earth, so help them Davy Jones!

A New Word.

We are indebted to the *Baptist Courier* for the new word, "authordox." It was, probably, a misprint, but it is a good word, nevertheless. When a man sets forth his own vagaries he is the author of the views presented, and so they are "authordox,' though they be far from orthodox. "Authordox," yes, it is a good word, and will come in well to describe many books, essays, articles and speeches.—*Louisville Western Recorder.*

Confectionery and ice cream man—"We'll lose ten of our best customers next week." Assistant—"We will? Are they going to Oklahoma?" "No; they are going to get married."

About fifty Papal Zouaves, in full uniform, will leave Montreal for Quebec on the 22nd inst. to attend the unveiling of the Jacques Cartier monument in that city.

There was a hailstorm at Lachine, Que., on Thursday night, and the stones are said to have been of an extraordinary size. One is said to have measured in diameter two inches and a quarter and one inch and a half.

Philanthropic persons in Kingston are about to organize a creche and kindergarten for poor children. There are 72 poor mothers who would willingly have their children cared for daily. The School Board has been asked to aid the scheme.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have put on a service between Montreal and Halifax which lessens the time by nine hours.

The Anglican Synod of the Diocese of Toronto at the last session of its meeting yesterday passed a resolution against Romish aggression in Canada.

STARVING THE TEETH.

Foods That are Good for Them and Foods That are Not.

Teeth are just as easily starved to death as the stomach. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of the variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains, of all cereal foods, that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts which nourish the bony tissue and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they can not possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley, and the like, or the bran so-called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more fragile and weak. These flouring mills are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine flour which is proving a whitened sepulchre to teeth. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint-like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children never allow any white bread upon your table. Bread made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran which contains the minute quantities of lime is present, is best. To make a good, wholesome, nourishing bread, take two bowls of wheat meal and one bowl of white or bolted flour, and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made out of rye meal and corn meal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on the table, hot or cold, three times a week. In brushing the teeth always brush up and down from the gums instead of across. Brush away from the gum and on the grinding surface of the teeth.—*American Analyst.*

A Woman's Charms

soon leave her, when she becomes a victim to any one of the various disorders and peculiar "weaknesses" that are peculiar to the fair sex. The condition of tens of thousands of women to-day is pitiable in the extreme; they are weak, bloodless creatures, a prey to mental anguish and bodily pain; in a word "broken-down," from any one of numerous causes. To this unhappy multitude we strongly urge the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an infallible, world-famed remedy for all "female" irregularities and "weaknesses," and which restores the worst sufferer to vigorous health, and reinvests her with all the charms of figure, face and complexion that receive such willing homage from man.

A Rush for Position.

Applicant—"I see you are advertising for a porter. I would like to get a start somewhere. I am a graduate of the Commercial College, and—"

Business Man—"Very sorry, sir, but I have just given the place to a graduate of the College of Journalism."

Declined with Thanks.

Yes, Oscar, it is true many of the famous poets have suffered from dyspepsia, but it is an error to infer that dyspepsia is an infallible sign of genius. It is only an evidence of an imperfect digestion and a disordered liver. Your poem, entitled "The first Dandelion of Spring" is merely one of the symptoms of a bilious attack. The next time your system is out of order take Dr Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will restore the liver to its normal state, and promptly cleanse the system without any disagreeable after effects. The "Pellets" are entirely harmless—which is more than can be said of your poem, Oscar.

—A Buffalo despatch says the family of Alex. Sullivan, who figures in the Cronin murder case at Chicago, reside in Amherstburg, Ont., in comfortable circumstances and highly respected.

$500 Reward

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. This remedy cures by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. Only 50 cents by druggists.

Mr. Younghusband—Darling! you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love? Mrs. Younghusband—Horse-radish.

Chinamen are beginning to part their names in the middle. The inscription "J. John Sing" can be seen on the window of a Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, laundry.

Fighting has occurred between French and Italian navvies in the Department of Haute Marne, France. Troops have been sent to quell the disturbance.

The thirteenth annual session of the Montreal Synod will open in Montreal on Tuesday.

Girls, be very shy about marrying a man who can suppress a full-grown sneeze in prayer meeting. It indicates a bull-headed amount of will power which will interfere with your happiness some day.—*Burlington Free Press.*

DOM L. 26 89.

LADIES' SAKAVIA, the great Mexican Remedy positively and permanently cures all female irregularities. Avaluable medicine. Relief immediate. Price $1. Send for circulars YUCATAN MEDICINE COMPANY, 18 W. 14th St. N. York.

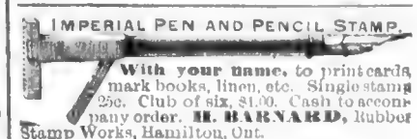

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,
BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Council meets on Monday next.

Paris green just received at Wm. Richardson's.

Paints, oils, varnishes, etc. Wm Richardson.

L.A. Oldfield, druggist, of Dundalk, has assigned.

Rev. Mr Emes preached a masonic sermon on Sunday afternoon last.

A large quantity of machine oil for sale at F.G. Karstedt's.

The reeve and deputy reeve are attending County Council at Owen Sound this week.

Next meeting of the South Grey Teachers' convention will be held in Durham on Oct. 3 and 4.

Flesherton cheese factory disposed of the May cheese to Davison Scott, of Toronto, at 8¼ cents.

Mr. Ed. Phillips and family, of the Toronto police force, were visiting friends in this vicinity during the past week.

Mr. T. Henderson, dentist of Toronto, will visit Flesherton next Monday and Tuesday, July 1 and 2.

Great bargains in boots and shoes. A very large assortment to choose from. Ladies' lace boots from 90 cents per pair. Men's lace boots from $1 per pair, at W. Clayton's.

Mr. J.D. Clarke, now of London, late of the Hamilton Times, was banquetted by the Masons of Hamilton previous to his leaving for his new post as managing editor of the London Advertiser.

Flesherton cheese factory is doing a large business this season. It is manufacturing 11,000 pounds of milk daily, a gain of about 1,000 pounds over the same period last season.

Burtch & Burnipp's Original Mammoth Pavilion Uncle Tom's Cabin company will exhibit in Flesherton on Saturday evening next. Uncle Tom's cabin is an old but always popular drama when played by a competent company, and this company comes well recommended by the press. It will no doubt attract a large number of people, both from the village and surrounding districts. It is held under canvas, with seating accommodation for 1500 people. Do not miss the procession in the afternoon. Doors open at 7.30, to begin at 8 o'clock, p.m.

We devote our editorial space this week to "Across the Continent," which is becoming more and more interesting, if such is possible, as the clever writer proceeds. The country between Vancouver and San Francisco is comparatively new, and its characteristics are probably unknown to the great majority of our readers. The writer deals with its beautiful scenery and other features in a manner highly entertaining and instructive. Do not fail to read "Across the Continent," and also the very vivid description of the beautiful city of San Francisco - City of the Golden Gate when it appears.

The Dundalk Herald says that "Mr. Smith, of the Shelburne Economist, was in Dundalk last Thursday. We very much enjoyed the afternoon in his company." A rather strange instance, we should say, of folly enjoying the companionship of knowledge. It is a hopeful sign, however. The older you grow, Theophilus, the more you will you become impressed with your own inherent littleness, but don't get discouraged, and remember that "a vacant mind is an invitation to vice," and continue striving to enjoy the company of your superiors

Dominion Day.

The main attractive feature of Dominion Day in Flesherton will be the picnic of the Methodist Ladies' Aid on the lawn of J.W. Armstrong, Esq. This promises to be a very pleasant affair and should not be missed.

THE DAY IN PRICEVILLE.

A large list of prizes for games is offered to be competed for in Priceville. The other attractions are Caithumpian procession at 10 a.m., two baseball matches in the afternoon, between Durham Priceville and Flesherton clubs, Flesherton brass band, the Campbell Highland dancers, etc., which, taken altogether, constitutes a magnificent bill of fare which it will be unwise to miss. No doubt, as the large bills say, "Claun na Ghaidheal ri Guaibh cheile," and especially will they stand shoulder to shoulder next Monday at Priceville to make the affair a success.

AT FEVERSHAM.

Bills are also out stating that Feversham will celebrate the day in a right royal way with the usual games, etc. Feversham is a nice picturesque little place to spend the day in.

If you want worth and wear, style and strength, choice and cheapness in boots and shoes, try W. Clayton's stock before purchasing.

An Orange Goat.

Mr. D. Cook, of the station, undertook to purchase some goats the other day from a Catholic gentleman living in Glenelg, who was somewhat loath to sell However, said the owner of the animals, pointing out a yellow-colored goat, "there is a d—d Orangeman that you can have." Mr. Cook bought the Orangeman and his mother, but what he intends to do with them we have not heard.

Our Improvements.

Flesherton's road overseers are doing good work this spring in building sidewalks, culverts, crossings and drains. The school trustees are also not behind hand, and are terracing and otherwise improving the school grounds. A sidewalk has been laid from the street back to the school grounds, which greatly improves the approach. All of these improvements have been done in a very workmanlike and substantial manner. Flesherton is bound to blossom like the rose in the near future ; it could not be otherwise, for the people are aesthetic in their tastes admire art, music and flowers, and are even now striving to make the village known far and near as one of the prettiest, artistically, in Canada. Excelsior!

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sales attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

The Home Coming.

Flesherton Company (No. 6) returned home from Niagara camp on Saturday evening. They were met at the station by Flesherton brass band and a large number of the villagers, who escorted them to the drill shed, where a luncheon was served. As usual Flesherton company obtained high honors and complements while in camp, and were mentioned by the daily Globe on Thursday last in the following terms :—"No. 6 Co. Flesherton, 31st Battalion, has been highly complimented on its cleanliness and neatness on the daily parades. It is considered the best drilled company in the batallion and had the honor of furnishing the whole of the main guard for Thursday.". This latter is an honor which has never, excepting on one or two occasions, been accorded to any one company. Three shouts and an elephant for Flesherton company, say we.

A member of the company tells us that their success was due in a great measure to the efforts of Captain Fields, who was ably assisted by Lieut. Brown of Brampton. We have been requested to express the thanks of the volunteers to the band for meeting them at the station, and to the ladies who entertained them with such excellent refreshments.

Theawfulass !

Theawfulass Hall, the minature editor of the Dundalk Herald, is knocked out of the ring ! He gave up the railway argument three weeks ago and veered off into personalities. Previous to that his arguments had flattened out and dissolved in the sunshine of facts which we gave him to digest, and in the last two articles which he has laboriously compiled not one word about railway monopoly or its answer to any of our charges was said. You see we "dropped onto his racket," found where the shoe pinched and extracted his corn. Poor Theawfulass is better now. It was also a case of monomania He had one grand object alone to live for and that was to smash the C.P.R. Company, but, as we remarked before, like the other Don Quixote, he only discovered his inability to do so after making one of the richest exhibitions of himself which it is in any man's power to make. Wherever his paper is read people are now laughing at his temerity in undertaking so herculean a task with the mighty small brain power at his disposal. We one time witnessed a fight between a bantam and an old rooster, in which the former dodged between the latter's legs and around him, but a few blows from the big fellow's spurs decided the little fellow that he had better get over the fence to his relatives, and when he arrived there he told them in eloquent terms how he had left the big fellow "squirming" on the ground under a "severe castigation." His wife drew his attention to the fact that half his comb was gone and one eye bunged up, wisely adding that he had better go to bed. Poor Theawfulass ! This story reminds us of another. Some men were driving piles. A boy came along with a cat in a bag which he intended to drown. The men persuaded him to place pussy on top of one of the piles. This was done, and when the two-ton weight came down on pussy, oh where was she ! She had spread out, and covered eight rods in diameter, including every one of the workmen's faces and a washing bee was in order. Did any one smell anything around Dundalk lately ? Ta, ta, Theawfulass. *Requiescat in pace.*

General News.

A young man named Frank Barr was stabbed to death in Chatham on Wednesday night by another young man named Gus Park.

After a general summing up by the physicians and officials at Johnstown it is concluded that the number of lives lost is fully 10,000.

Fire destroyed some 25 houses at Johnstown on Monday.

Rev. R.T. Burns, Deputy Postmaster of Kingston, has been found to have misappropriated $3,300 of savings bank deposits.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

LOTS FOR SALE BY TENDER

—IN THE—

VILLAGE OF EUGENIA.

There is now offered for sale by tender in the village of Eugenia, the following park lots, namely : Lot No 6 and 7 on the south side of Raglan street, and lots No. 6 and 7 on the north side of Raglan street, each lot containing one-half acre more or less, and being a part of the estate of the late Archibald Cairns, deceased. Tenders must be addressed to GEO. STEWART, Sr., Flesherton P.O., and must be received by him on or before August 1st, 1889. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Terms cash

HENRY CAIRNS
GEORGE STEWART } Executors
JOHN WRIGHT

NOTICE !

TO CREDITORS & OTHERS.

PURSUANT to section 36, Cap. 110 of R. S. O., 1887, the creditors and all others having claims against the estate of Archibald Cairns, deceased, in his lifetime, of the Township of Artemesia, in the county of Grey, farmer, who died on or about the 12th of April, A.D. 1889, are hereby notified to send by post prepaid or deliver to George Stewart, one of the executors of deceased, Flesherton P.O. on or before the

First day of August Next,

their christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of the securities (if any) held by them, or on default thereof and immediately after such last named date the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required ; and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

HENRY CAIRNS
GEORGE STEWART } Executors.
JOHN WRIGHT

Dated June 25th, 1889

Mortgage Sale

—OF—

Valuable Village Property.

IN pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain mortgage to the vendor, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by D. McCormick, Esq., auctioneer, by public auction, at Atkinson's hotel, in the village of Priceville, on

Thursday, July 25th, 1889,

at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following lands and premises in the

VILLAGE OF PRICEVILLE,

in the county of Grey, being composed of park lot number two on the west side of Queen street in the said village of Priceville. There is on the premises a one and a half story frame dwelling house, 18x24, said to be in a fair state of repair.

TERMS of SALE :

This property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Twenty per cent of purchase money is to be paid at time of sale, and a sufficient amount with the said twenty per cent. to make up in all the sum of $200 within three months thereafter. Time will be given for the balance if required. on terms to be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to D. McCormick, Esq., auctioneer, Francis Waite, Esq., Priceville, or to the undersigned.

J. W. FROST,
Flesherton June 24th 1889. Vendor's Solicitor.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on

EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

PRICES TO SUIT

The Times.

The time to offer bargains is when the times are dull and money scarce.

Taking advantage of this we offer you nice new goods at the following low prices :

MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS.

Men's whole stock high cut Kip boots.	$1.40.
Men's split high cut Kip boots.	$1.10.
Men's Coburgs.	75.
Boy's whole stock boots.	$1.20.
Boy's split boots.	$1.00.

LADIES' & CHILDRENS' BOOTS.

Women's whole stock Kip.	$1.25.
Women's split boots.	$1.00.
A beautiful polished calf shoe.	$1.20.

Ladies' fine Dongola Kid boots, full sizes, buttoned or laced. $1.90.

Children's shoes lower than ever.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A nobby suit, blue serge, full size, and nicely made, $4.75.

A nice pair wool pants cut in the latest style for $1.40.

A nice range of tweeds for boys' suits, from 30 cts. up to 50 cts. per yd. All wool.

DRY GOODS.

Factory cotton, full yard, only 4 cts. a yard.
Cottonades, nice patterns, 17 and 18 cts. a yd.
Our best prints at 10 and 11 cts. a yd.
Shirtings from 8 to 13 cts. a yd.
Beautiful ginghams at 8 cts. a yd.

GROCERIES.

A lovely Japan tea 5 lbs. for 90 cts. as good as any 25 ct. tea in town.
5 bars best Electric soap for 25 cts.
14 bars Nice Toilet soap for 25 cts.
24 lbs. best rice for $1.00.
14 lbs. No. 1 currants for $1.00.
13 lbs. Valencia raisins for $1.00.
14 lbs. bright sugar for $1.00.

Oat meal, corn meal, cracked wheat, long clear bacon, spiced rolls, smoked hams, and bologna sausages constantly on hand, at close prices. Butter, eggs and wool taken at highest market prices.

The Old Reliable Stand.

R. Trimble.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's tor or Atkinson's Hotel.
Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office :—Manley's Drug Store.
T. S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc.
late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church,
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. Thomas Henderson,
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at modefate rates.
HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each mouth.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer. Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
n Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Character Development.

BY N. W. CAMPBELL, PUBLIC SCHOOL INSPECTOR FOR SOUTH GREY.

"One's character is the stamp of one's realest and innermost self." "One's realest and innerost self may be, it often is, very different from one s outer and apparent self." "One's character gains and grows through its free expression, and it limits itself and suffers loss through its forced repression." One's *character* and one's *nature* are not identical, nor are they always alike; and one's character may be the result of indulging, or of resisting, one's natural traits." By nature, a man may be quick-tempered and liable to bursts of passionate anger. If he were to give free expression to his feelings on all ocassions, his character would come to be that of a man of violent and ungovernable temper. But by the repression of his native impulses, that man may come to have the character of one who holds his temper in close control; and he may even pass for one who has no struggle in the mastery of his feelings under provocation."

We have now some conception of what constitutes character. But the word has another meaning. It is derived from a Greek word meaning *to engrave*. The process (of engraving) was slow and the product lasting. So is character and character-building. Charcter is not built in a day, or a month, or a year, but when once built is as enduring as the everlasting hills. Character is the sum total of those peculiar qualities impressed by nature or haibt on a person, which distinguish him from others. So, it may be good or bad, according as those impressions are good or bad. Taking this, its common meaning and remembering that our education, like our character, depends on our impressions, our surroundings, how careful we teachers in particular should be that the influences which surround the child (in school) are such as will help to build up a good character, that those things which hinder development in this direction should be as far as possible removed from him.

Are we as teachers, sufficiently impressed with the infinite importance of Character? Do we remember that after our bodies have returned to dust, when our works shall be tried by fire, when all things else we have, or have done, shall perhaps be cast aside or forgotten or destroyed that we shall actually have to fall back on our character? Are we aware that our character is for us the book of life, and that everything we do—great or small—is unerringly written there; that it is the only thing we can take with us out of the world and the only thing that will be of service to us in the world to come? Do we keep in mind that apart from Revelation, if we are to respect the two great fundamental principles of science—continuity and development—Character is the all-important factor of life? The principal of continuity asserts that we shall continue in some state of existence after this life, and that of development that we shall go on in that existence much the same as we have in this that if our lives have been good here they will be better hereafter, and if bad here, they will be worse hereafter. Such is the principle of growth. How infinite in importance therefore is the building up of a sterling, upright, true manly character. As teachers, we should bear in mind also that "as the tree falls, so it shall lie;" and this, "The time is at hand. He that is unrighteous let him do unrighteousness still; and he that is filthy let him be made filthy still; and he that is righteous let him do righteousness still; and he that is holy let him be made holy still. Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to render to each man according as his work is." that is, according to his character, for his character is the abiding product of his works whether good or evil.

In this sense, "Character" is used broadly, not in that narrow, limited way in which it is used when we speak of business character, national character and such like. It is the parent of all these and embraces all. It is too wide, too comprehensive, to be applied to any particular action, calling, time. It reaches beyond these and pierces even to the eternal. It is the backbone, the soul of all that is good and beautiful and true in man. Man cannot aim higher than to have a perfect, elevated moral character. The highest character is no less than the Divine in man and in the Divine Man alone is the highest type seen. The nearer we approach Him the more perfect we are and we are enjoined to press onward to perfection. The development of true character is thus the end, the highest end of any system of education. In so far as a system of education tends to promote this end, so far only is it a good system. A man may possess superior mental talents, and have acquired much intellectual garniture; he may be a giant physically and understand the science of physical development perfectly, and yet his influence in a community may be degrading. We see then where this question touches our work. It is really at the beginning, at the end, and from the beginning to the end. We must never lose sight of it. Development of character is or should be our aim in the school room, and all our teaching, whether in the physical or intellectual lines, should be done with this end kept steadily in view.

It would be an interesting question to trace how far the study of the common branches of education tends to the development of character. Further it would be interesting to consider whether the daily example of the true teacher coupled with his wisdom in dealing with individual cases be not a more potent factor in the development of character than intellectual and physical training combined. I may have occasion to touch upon these questions later on. At present I leave it to each teacher here, to ponder seriously whether he or she has aided in the past, in the development of the moral faculty of the pupils, as well as in that of the intellectual and the physical.

It has been well said that manliness or manfulness is the perfection of human character. It has also been said that true manliness is gained only through conflict with evil. This being so, what have we? That the perfection of human character is gained only through conflict with evil. This conflict must first be necessarily in ourselves. The evil in ourselves must first be brought into subjection before we can direct others how to conquer the evil in themselves. The same order must be followed by the pupils. Self must first be overcome, and we are to show them how. This is part of our work, and not the lightest part, nor the easiest of performance. Yet we must not shrink from it if we would do our whole duty. What light does this throw on our relations to our pupils? How carefully we should come in and go out before them! How little we often think of the infinite possibilities of those who come within the range of our influence, and consequently, of our infinite responsibility for that influence. Clearly then, no one should be a teacher whose moral character is not unsullied, whose example the pupils may not safely follow, whose influence in and out of school is such as would poison instead of brighten the life of his pupils.

I would now trace briefly how Character may be developed, and what agencies are most potent for its development in the right direction. First, how is a lofty character developed?

Leaving aside the question of the new birth of a good character I would say that a lofty character is built up largely from *habit*. This statement may seem too strong but I think it is grounded on facts. Our habits are like our faces—no two alike. So are our characters. Our habits are formed by a slow and gradual process, so are our Characters. "Habit is a cable, we weave a thread every day and at last we can't break it." Here also is the process of growth. The fixed habit, like the cable, is the result of putting one tiny habit (thread if you like) with another or others. Our fixed habits (moral habits of course) are ourselves—our realest and innermost selves—that is, our characters. Who has not marked in himself the ease with which he does that which has become habitual—no matter how difficult at first it is second nature now, yea, first nature or even above nature. More than this, our habits indicate our characters. Is a man given to profanity, to indulgence, to any vice, is he not at once set down low in the scale of morals? On the other hand, if a man is self denying, truthful and honest, is he not classified high in morality? And each of these comes to man as the result of habit. How hard for a boy or man to utter the first profane word, to take the first drink, to tell the first lie, how easy the subsequent ones! So also in the practice of the better virtues, how hard for a man to deny himself the first time something which he greatly desires! How hard to tell the truth when it brings shame to the teller! How hard to be honest when so many are dishonest, when money is lost by being honest and gained by dishonesty! How easy, comparatively speaking, the subsequent exercise of these virtues, when they have become the habit of the soul. New strength is gained with every effort to resist evil or to practice good. Good habits are therefore necessary to the proper development of a good character.

(To be Continued.)

Everything For THE GARDEN.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

We desire to thank you for your liberal patronage in the past, and hope for a continuance of the same. We have this year made great improvements in our stock, and have got some of the best varieties of the different plants. We have at present for sale

BULBS.
Gladiolus and Dahlias.
HOUSE PLANTS.
Almost too numerous to mention, including double and single Geraniums in many shades, gold and silver, tricolor, ivy and scented geraniums in great variety. Cinnerarias, Primulas, Calceolarias, Petunias, Heliotropes, Begonias and Begonia Rex, Abutillons, Fuchsias, Lilies, Cactus, Hydrangeas, Pelargoniums, Roses, Ivies, Coleus, Achyranthus and Moonflower.
BEDDING PLANTS
We have Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Verbenas, Dianthus, Mimulus, Foxglove, Lobelia, Forget-Me-Not, China Pink, Sedum, Alyssum, Pansy.
VEGETABLE PLANTS.
Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Tomato and Cucumber.
Cut Flowers and Floral Designs.
All orders attended to promptly
JAMES BEECROFT,
FLESHERTON GREENHOUSE.

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS
Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
—OF—
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re-sawing, etc.
Good Workmanship Guaranteed.
A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.
W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

ROLLER FLOUR!
best in the markets at
Blackburn's.
ICE Cream Parlors
all kinds of cooling summer drinks.
Cured Meats,
Lard, Bologna,
etc.
ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON
—AT—
BLACKBURN'S

PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.
A. WATSON!
Desires to inform the public that he can furnish
CAKES AND PIES
To Order.
FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.
will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.
DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.
WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty
A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.
with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

LOOK!
HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

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WAREROOMS.
—FOR—
CHURNS.
The best is always the cheapest, and we sell the best at the lowest price.
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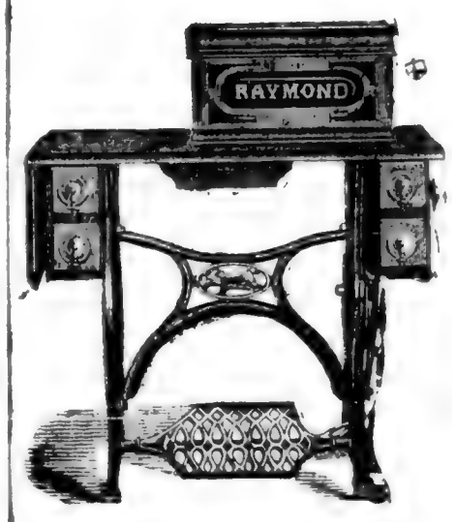

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RAYMOND
with every latest improvement, fully warranted, for $30.00.
Still selling magnificent
ORGANS,
AT $70.00.
Express Wagons
AT 75cts. EACH.
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CARRIAGES
Real beauties, at from $10.00.
STEP LADDERS
AT 75cts. EACH.
See the Common Sense Blind Rollers and attachments for sale HERE.
The most complete, simple, and cheepest fixture on the market
—IN—
BEDDING,
our stock is very complete.
We are selling A. 1 mattresses, with wool both sides in good striped ticking at $4.50. Woven spring beds at from $2.50 each.
DON'T MISS THE PLACE.
J. E. MOORE,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
AND
FURNITURE DEALER.
FLESHERTON
FURNITURE
WAREROOMS,
DURHAM St.
FLESHERTON.

The Trysting-Place.

Westward over the pale-green sky
The rosy pennons of sunset fly;
Nestward slowly the great rooks hie,
With cawing and labored flapping;
The bushes blend in a vagueness dark,
And the further trees stand tall and stark;
I hear the rushes whisper and shake,
As a flutter of wind begins to wake.
And louder grows
In the quick repose
The sound of the river's lapping.

Still half an hour, by the abbey chime!
I come to the tryst before the time;
I hearken the river's rippled rhyme,
And the sedge's rustled greeting,
And I cheat my heart with feigned fears,
And sigh as I wait (for no one hears),
To make the joy more rich and vast
When I feel his lips on my own at last
And hear no sound
As the world goes round
But the throb of our two hearts meeting.

Preferences and Treasures.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook
Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice;
I'd rather sleep on straw in the shepherd's hut
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,
Than feed without the zest of appetite
Off gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true, unfailing friend
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty;
And one poor lass who loved me for myself
Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,
And strews rich blessings everywhere around us;
While Fortune, if we pant in her pursuit,
Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers and health and love,
These are endowments if we learn to prize them;
The wise man's treasures, better worth than gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"I am not afraid of my share," she said, after a pause; "I don't think the townpeople would blame me. Master Charlie had been as my own, as one may say, and I cared for him as my own. There was no harm in helping him with money to marry the young lady he fancied; and I was not bound to send back Mrs. Harford to her husband. No one will say that. Queer as it may seem that a poor servant like me should be called on to provide, down to her very slips and shoe-leather, for the rich Squire Harford's wife, still no one will blame me; and I can go to jail because I helped my betters, as many a one has gone before me for no worser crime than that."

"You are a brazen hussy," said Mrs. Clanricarde, who could not get over the pain of knowing that she had been cheated for all these years of her rightful income after Mrs. Latimer's decease, and who, failing restitution, thought she ought to have revenge. "You are a brazen hussy, and you ought to be on the tread mill."

"Maybe," said Mary, speaking rapidly; "but before I go I'll tell the truth, and I warn you. They shall hear it all from the beginning. Master Charlie's death, that was never a death; and the back word come on Mrs. Harford's very wedding day itself, and no one man enough to tell her, and how she came to me for shelter when she found her old jo was alive; how me and mother took her in and kept her and Master Charlie for months and months, did we, and Squire Harford there at Thrift, rolling in golden guineas, as one might say—I'll not let a word go for want of telling. I'm ready if you are."

"Leave the room, woman!" said Anthony, sternly. "By George, you tempt me to forget myself!"

And Mary, knowing that her case was gained, with a significant glance at Anthony Harford's crutches, as one should say, "Who's afraid?" hurried from the room, and went down into the kitchen. And when there she partially opened the front of her dress and felt her stays, which crackled under her hand, lined as they were with bank-notes and bankers' vouchers.

"Them's safe," she said to herself, with a sigh of satisfaction; "and I'll get more out of them skinflints, or I'm a Dutchman. They've got to bribe me to hold my tongue. I'm not afraid of what they can say of me. Mr. Harford who's as proud as Lucifer, would he like to have it known that his runaway wife was hiding here under his very nose in his own house, beholden to such as we? That old she-cat may screech as much as she likes, she can do nothing. I've no call to be afraid of her."

And she spoke the truth. Circumstances compelled them to adopt, so far, a conciliatory course, and let this arch-offender go. She was free to depart when she would—she and her boxes. Her boxes, by-the-way, were rigidly overhauled, but not "so much as a candle-end," as she said, was found in them; and, for want of documents, no trace of moneys received by the sale of bronzes, china and the like, and safely invested in secure shares, forth coming. All was a blank, save the huge lumpsums set down in Mrs. Latimer's day-book, where the house-keeping expenses were ridiculously small and the subsidies granted to Mr. Charles Osborne as monstrously large.

"And this," said Mary, holding out a purse in which a florin, a bent shilling, and crooked sixpence were all the coins it contained—"and this is all the reward I am to have for all I have done?"

"You have that and an escape from jail," said Anthony Harford, sternly.

"And you, and Mrs. Clanricarde, and the whole lot of you, that of the story not coming out in the papers," said Mary in reply, defiant to the last. "But I have not enough to pay my railway fare; and at least my wages are due."

"Here!" said Anthony Harford, flinging her a bank-note as one flings a bone to a dog.

She took it and courtesied; the conventional action recalled the conventional manner. Then with a saucy "good morning" all round, she went off with her boxes in her cab, and no one asked or knew where.

"I am glad that mother has gone, poor soul," she said, as she sank back in the corner of her railway carriage and wept genuine tears—the strain now relieved. "She'd never have faced it—never; she'd have broken down as sure as eggs is eggs; but I have more grit in me than she had, poor soul; and I am glad that she was spared."

So she passed into darkness as black as that of interstellar state, and no one ever recognized in the sober, well-conducted Mary Dance—Sunday-School teacher of the Methodist chapel on the outskirts of——, the county town—the woman who had acted for 10 years and more a living lie, and whose mother had personated a dead lady to draw her income and make it into sufficient annuity for her daughter's lifetime.

"She ought to have been prosecuted," said Mrs. Clanricarde, when the thing was over and done with.

"She's best left alone," said Anthony Harford.

"And she was kind to my poor Estelle," chimed in that foolish George.

"And it would have been better for every one if she had not been," snapped Mrs. Clanricarde, her shrill voice at its highest pitch.

Her husband looked at her with a strange expression of mingled fear and aversion. Anthony's face showed only the aversion without the fear.

"Let the dead bury their dead," he said, sternly. "If truth could be measured like land, perhaps some of our acres would not fetch much. Now that you have your income, Mrs. Clanricarde, perhaps you could afford to be generous to the victim you yourself made."

"If I made her you took her, victim or not," retorted Mrs. Clanricarde. "You hold yourself high, Anthony Harford; that poor uncouth Caleb Stagg towers head and shoulders above you!"

With which Parthian shaft she swept away, even as Mary had done, and this history knows her no more.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

The pendulum of human life beats with constant regularity, and the sum of happiness or misery is pretty equally maintained if not evenly distributed. On one side we have sorrow, madness, death—on the other, fulfilled ambition, radiant hopes, delighted love, a brillant future. By the average—that most disappointing of all the equations made by facts and figures—those who have drawn blanks have nothing to complain of, seeing that their neighbors hold the prizes—that those prizes are of sufficient quality and number—and that thus the general verage is maintained.

There were the Smythe Smiths, for instance. What a handful of prizes they had drawn! and of what a fine unclouded blue their sky was painted. The marriage with Lady Venetia put the coping-stone on the pleasant edifice of their fortunes. It gave just the clamp and mortar they wanted to conslidate their holding, and clasped them to the Upper Ten as by adoption, if not by inheritance. It was the culmination of their hopes, and the last fortress they had set themselves to win. What more remained to be conquered would be revealed in time. For that truth, so well known to mountain climbers—of further peaks still forever revealing themselves as this and this are gained—is as true to the ambitious, whose last attainment is only a stepping-stone to another endeavor.

The wedding had been a gorgeous affair, for the bridegroom had been generous and the bride's parents were not too sensitive. If money be the chief factor in a transaction, what folly it is to pretend disinterestedness and act coyly! And to do the Lacklands justice, they did not err on that line by a hair's-breadth, but accepted relief proffered by their future son-in-law as graciously as it was offered, and liked him all the better for his munificence. After the wedding the young people had gone off for a tour round the world in the famous yacht of former days, which once had borne away poor Charlie Osborne. She had been redecorated and overhauled from keel to topmast, and was now one of the best and safest and most comfortable of her kind. And as, fortunately for every one, Lady Venetia was a good sailor and not a coward, the trip had been a success, and no regrets were added as footnotes to the text.

A year had passed since this bright chapter had been written in the Golden Book of Upperfold—a year which had been to Anthony Harford one of blackest gloom, now beginning to shade off into a lighter but still sufficiently dismal tone. Lady Elizabeth had not been to Thorbergh since the catastrophe of Estelle's death, and no event of any importance had broken the monotony of his dull days. Still, he lived on with a kind of undefined hope at the back of his consciousness, as one who sees a ray of light—unformed, but always light—at the end of a dark alley. He knew that life had not exhausted all its joys for him, and that Fortune would not always be the jade she had shown herself of late.

The honeymoon had repeated itself twelve times, and the month had lengthened out into a year, when Lawrence Smythe Smith and his young wife returned to England to cast anchor for a time at Upperfold until they had decided on their own special mooring. The rejoicing over the return of the son and heir were to be of the most resplendent kind; and the programme, as drawn out by the London organizer hired to give form to the feelings of the Smythe Smiths, was eminently satisfactory. Our cousins across the Atlantic put this tangible shaping of their feelings in a very crude form, "How much are you sorry for?" in the subscripton list of a charity has its analogue in the "How much are you glad for?" in the outlay of a welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith were glad for a very large sum indeed, and the neighborhood would be the gainer. Games, shows, all sorts of diversions in the park, would please the trivial minds of the simple and untutored. A tenant's dinner would appeal to their more solid appreciation. A children's tea, with useful gifts for wear and toys as the lighter fringes, would be a fair bid for a generation of popularity; and the fireworks at night would delight all alike. In the house a stately banquet was arranged for friends and guests of equal standing, to be followed by a ball and an illuminated garden. It was a programme that did infinite credit to the organizer all through, and it was sure not to be marred by injudicious economies. Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith were glad of their son's return by a very handsome sum, indeed, and, never parsimonious, they were now truly regal in their output.

Among those to be asked as intimates, and of course, were the Kingshouses. The days were passed when this intimacy had been the bluest of all their blue ribbons to the Smythe Smith's; but they still cherished a warm and kindly feeling, just edged with by-gone gratitude, for the family which, first of all their then social superiors, had stretched out the right hand of fellowship to them, and treated them as autochthones, not sojourners. There was, perhaps, the finest shade of difference in their tone toward them; but it was very fine, very delicate, and the Kingshouses were not susceptible. So Mrs. Smythe Smith wrote a warm and pressing letter of invitation, feeling that if Lord Kingshouse would come on their side he would match Lord Lackland's and Lady Venetia's, and keep the balance equal. My lady too, colorless and important as she was in person, would be of value in name; and Lady Elizabeth was always a safe card to play. She had been "booked" from the beginning—Mrs. Smythe Smith having always her eyes fixed on probabilities. She remembered certain things which made her see ulterior chances, and she was all the more confirmed in her belief by Lady Elizabeth's persistent abstention from Thorbergh since Estelle's death. Wait till the year was out, and then—

Since Estelle's death Lady Elizabeth had neither visited the Smythe Smiths nor seen Anthony Harford. Something as indefinite as the hope lying at the back of his conscience had held her from coming to Thorberg during this first year of his widowerhood. She had kept up a kindly and continuous but not frequent correspondence with him, which had given her thoughts occupation; but he had never said he wanted to see her until now, when the great *fete* day was fixed, and he knew that she was coming to Upperfold. Then he broke out into a curious little dithyramb of joy at the prospect of meeting her again, and even added the hope that she would stay a long time at Upperfold—for his sake. He missed her, he said, out of his life more than she could possibly imagine, and he was looking forward to the pleasure of her society with a school boy's delight. A year was a long time for the separation of two faithful friends—and faithful friends they had been from the first and would be to the end. But for the painful memories hanging about Kingshouse, but for his abhorrence of one of the people at Les Saules and his contempt for the other, he would have gone over long ago to see her, Lady Elizabeth, the Delight of his Long ago; but as things were, the effort would be too great, and even he was not given to needless self-torture. It would be all right when she should be here and they were able once more to talk face to face, as in the happy days of their first acquaintance.

And when Lady Elizabeth read this letter she first blushed for joy, and then for shame of that joy; and hid it in her bosom with a strange feeling of sacred possession and a sense of divine secrecy, like some great splendor of thought shared between her and God. But alas for that second blush! When she went to bed she took the letter out of her bosom and kissed it with a passion, a self-abandonment, which no one who knew her only from the outside would have recognized as her characteristic at all.

"I know that I love him," she said to herself. "I always have. I should be ashamed to confess this—but I am not ashamed! I cannot feel sorry for myself. It is so natural to love him! Now that he is alone—poor, poor Estelle!—there is no sin in it. There was not at the first, and there is not now. Ah, if he could care for me so that I might make him happy and build up his home again! Ah!" she said aloud, and her voice broke into audible sound, "would that I could!"

So far Lady Elizabeth proved herself no child of this strange, cold, calculating generation. She was not ashamed to still love, having been so far cheated by appearances in the beginning as to have imagined herself sought when she was only observed. She had not been sought. Anthony's path had branched off from hers, and he had followed another no; herself. Nevertheless, she still stood where she had been when he had left her for Estelle, five years ago now; and the love she had given she had never recalled. It had been covered down and hidden out of sight while Estelle lived. For one moment of self-betrayal it had broken out, to be damped down as vigorously as before, when its unlawful passion stung too sharply. But now when there was no sin in the feeling there was no shame in the confession. And Lady Elizabeth was too sincere not to know herself, and too strong in her essential purity to be afraid of the truth.

The fickle skies of our untrustworthy summers were for this once favorable to concerted plans, and no day could have been more lovely than this of the young people's *fete*. The heaven was cloudless save for a few wisps and curls of vapor that softened the glare, and the south wind that stirred the leaves and made them "sweet to hear," like those oak leaves on Helvellyn, brought the sense of freshness which prevented the summer heat from becoming too oppressive. It was just enough, too, to lift the flags away from the masts, and shake them into life and movement—to carry the scents of the rarer and sweeter flowers in gusts of special perfume, that were as the high lights in a picture—the dominant notes in a melody—the accentuation of a scheme of color. The whole thing was pure perfection; and man and nature met in strangely complete harmoniousness. From the one, sorrow seemed to be surely banished for evermore—to the other, storm and tempest seemed a state impossible to come again. It was a day wherein to live was good—a day when no one ought to weep or die.

The park was thronged with holiday-makers in their hundreds. They had come from all parts of the county and beyond, determined to enjoy themselves after the manner of the British Philistine—God save his rude and thick skinned soul!—not abashed by sentimental regard for æsthetic rules. Loud laughter, louder cheers, broke through that indescribable hum of human voices heard from afar—so like and yet so unlike the hum of bees within a hive or in the lime blossoms overhead. Spots and stripes and lines of color moved across the grass, or wound in and out the clumps of trees set in groups about the park; and distance gave the gay gowns and ribbons of the women a chromatic value not to be found on nearer view. Little children played and ran, and fell like balls indued with will; and not the least interesting of the various parts composing the living picture were these small creatures given up to enjoyment like so many birds or lambs. Here a spangled juggler flashed his knives in the sun, or sent up his golden balls as quick as showers of light; there a Punch's show squeaked the old deathless drama and rattled out modern tunes on the Arcadian pipes; here a group of fine-limbed acrobats showed their strength and muscle; and there a merry-go-round tried the stability of heads and whose could longest resist dizziness and sea-sickness. And here again some with appetites sharper than the rest had found a convenient dining-room somewhere in the shade, and were emptying their handkerchiefs and lightening their baskets with the gusto of the hunger that is born of pleasure.

Lady Elizabeth and her father were standing on the terrace that dominated the garden and looked over to the park. Lady Kingshouse was within. Not even on such a summer's day as this did she venture much into the open air, and her embroidery had become to her by now what all hobbies become—her very life.

"I suppose Anthony Harford will come over?" said Lord Kingshouse suddenly.

He and his daughter had been standing quite silent for some little time, both apparently watching the scene, and each thinking of something else.

"I suppose so,' answered Lady Elizabeth.

Her cheeks flushed just as much as if a handful of monthly roses had been held near them and the sun had thrown the reflection of their color on her face.

"Ah, that marriage of his was a blunder," said my lord, with a sigh for the one part, a shrug for the other.

"It was a pity," she answered.

"That poor misguided girl!" he continued. "I was deuced sorry for her all through."

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth; "she suffered as much as any; perhaps more than any."

"If we had not had that dinner, Delight, it might never have come to pass," said the earl, meditatively. "I have often thought how strangely great things come about by small causes. That dinner to have ruled the destinies of three people!"

"Yes," she said. And she said no more. She found the conversation difficult.

Just then they saw a horseman come along the park road, which ran along the garden wall. It was a cross kind of road, made for the convenience of the family when their business lay to the east and not to the south or west. It was the road which gave into the highway leading on to Thrift.

"That looks uncommonly like Harford!" said the earl.

"I think so, too," said Lady Elizabeth, who knew that it was he.

And then the horseman, seeing them, took off his hat and settled the question of his identity. In a few minutes more they heard his voice in the room behind them, talking to Lady Kingshouse and expressing his pleasure at seeing her again.

The earl stepped back out of the sunshine into the cool shadow of the room. Lady Elizabeth turned half around in the attitude of a person expectant but not to avoid—with a welcome ready when claimed, but not thrust forward with too much insistance. Her lips were parted into a smile which had in it the crisp lines of pain as well as the frankness of pleasure, and her eyes were dilated till their tender gray was transformed to black. Anthony shook hands with Lord Kingshouse, and repeated the cordial phrases he had used to the countess, but he saw only Lady Elizabeth as she stood on the terrace, half in profile and all in sunlight, her eyes turned to the park, while her heart and her senses were in the room. Then, the rightful amount of attention bestowed upon the authorities, Anthony came out on to the terrace, the hands of the two friends met, and his eyes looked on her with that long searching look which seemed as if it would scan her very soul and never be weary of what it saw.

It was not Anthony's way to be hilarious or boyish. Let his mirth be ever so strong, it was deep rather than broad, and always more quiet than demonstrative. Those who knew him best would have seen most clearly how he enjoyed all the circumstances of the day, while ever maintaining his ordinary demeanor of self-restraint and the repose which goes with dignity. He went out of his way more than once to show the Smythe Smiths the sympathy of a neighbor and a fellow-landowner with all they had planned and done; and he congratulated them on the success of their fete, and even carried the beauty of the day to the good of their account—as if the skies had been swept clear by their bosoms and the south wind had been blown through their bellows. He was the very acme of amiability, the very perfection of kindly courtesy: and every one said how brave Squire Harford looked to-day the first day, indeed, that he did not seem to be haunted by his poor wife's ghost.

He did not laugh; he did not joke; he did not make sly grimaces expressive of his ebullient spirits; but he impressed them all with the sense of his hidden joy, and Mrs. Smythe Smith, for all her preoccupation with her own concerns, said once to her husband, in a meaning whisper, "What has come to Anthony Harford? He looks as if he met an angel by the way!"

"Perhaps he did," said her husband, who knew as well as she how things stood.

So the glad day passed, and then Anthony left for the hour, and more, that it would take him to ride back to Thrift and return to Upperfold clothed as a Christian gentleman should be for a dinner and a ball. No word had been said, but Lady Elizabeth's heart was full of that half-confessed joy which has its other name in fear. He had looked so much—he had made her feel so much; and surely he was not the kind of man to wilfully mislead and cruelly betray! He had made her feel that he loved her—that she could give him back his lost happiness, and replace the absent in his heart. And what more does a true woman ask than to be of good service to the man she loves? He had deceived her once unwittingly, or rather she had deceived herself; but this time surely she was not following a marsh light! Surely he loved her, and would prize her love for him! She was no longer the mere childish *ingenue* who does not realize her own sensations. She was a woman who understood life—save in such forms of vice and vileness as come but rarely into a good woman's province to understand it all.

The dinner passed as such functions always do—in enjoyment for the sympathetic; in excitement for the young; in bliss or despair for the secretly loving as they chanced to be placed and mated. To Anthony and Lady Elizabeth it was a time of pleasure beyond the reach of words, for they were together—and that was enough.

As the evening wore on the ball began; the garden was illuminated, and the fireworks flung up columns of flames which came down in showers of stars. All the guests left the ball-room and gathered on the terraces looking at the glow-worm-like lamps among the flowers, and the splendor of those artificial asteroids falling like golden rain from heaven. Many a word was whispered in that balmy, moonless, perfumed night that would never have been said in the day; and many a rash caress was given, for weal or woe, as the chance of fortune might prove.

Under the shadow of the thick trellis that led to the rose garden Anthony and Lady Elizabeth stood as they had stood on that fateful day in his study, by the table where he had laid his revolver. His arms were round her waist; her hands were on his shoulders; but his face was closer to hers than it had been then, and his voice was sweeter, as he asked, with a lover's insatiable insistence: "Tell me again, oh Delight, that you love me."

"I do," she said, gently. "I always have."

He pressed her to him fondly.

"At last the long night is over," he said. "The day is breaking, and our sun of happiness has risen."

THE END.

Latest Scottish News.

A Dundee man recently forced open the door of a house, undressed and went to bed, under the impression that he was in his own house, and has been fined 40s.

Professor Blackie and Rev. David Macrae, Dundee, are to be the principal speakers at the unfurling of the flags on the field of Bannockburn on June 22nd.

Sir James King, Bart., Lord Provost of Glasgow, on the 31st ult. laid the memorial stone of the buildings in course of erection in Partick road for the Anderson's College Medical School.

It is probable that the Duke of Portland will be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Caithness, in succession to the late Earl of Caithness. The Duke is one of the largest landowners in the county.

Mr. Lewis Graham, a prominent Forfarshire teacher, who for many years led the psalmody in the Parish Church of Craig, near Montrose, of which he was an elder, has died of paralysis, in his 52nd year.

Dr. Marcus Dods was on the 28th ult. elected Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College of Edinburgh by 383 votes, against 165 for Mr. Cusin and 115 for Professor Salmond

The Braid Hills, purchased by the Edinburgh Corporation from the Cluny Trustees were formally opened on the 29th ult. as a public park by Lord Provost Boyd, in the presence of the Magistrates and Council.

During May there were launched from the shipbuilding yards of the Clyde twenty-four vessels of 34,119 tons, being thirteen steamers of 25,885 tons, four sailing ships of 8,430 tons, and seven yachts of 114 tons. This total is largely in excess of any previous month this year.

The funeral of the Earl of Caithness took place in Edinburgh on May 29th, a special funeral service being conducted in St. Giles' Cathedral. The interment took place at the Chapel-Royal, Holyrood, where several members of the Sinclair family are buried.

The Countess of Haddington died at Tynningham, Prestonkirk, recently. The Countess was Helen Catherine, second daughter of the late Sir John Warrender, and sister of Sir George Warrender, Bart., of Lochend. She was married to the Earl of Haddington in 1854, and six children have been born of the marriage.

For Best Results in Butter Making.

It is generally conceded that for best results in butter making, where the milk should be placed in the creamer as nearly as possible at the temperature at which it is drawn from the cow, there being a considerable loss of fat in skim milk if the milk is allowed to cool to any great extent before being set. Of late there has been considerable controversy as to whether it is advisable under any conditions to warm the milk before setting, and as to the limit of temperature beyond which it is not safe to go.

Mr. I. P. Roberts concludes, as the result of investigations at the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, that, first, there is a loss of butter when the milk is allowed to cool much below the normal heat of the cow before being put in the creamer; second, while there may not be any very great increase of butter when the milk is heated, there is no risk of injuring the quality of the butter by incorporating an excess of caseine, even when the milk is heated as high as 135 degs.

His Mind Was Gone.

Mrs. A.—"So you say your landlord has been put into the lunatic asylum?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, poor man. As I told you, for some time past we have had our suspicions that he was a little out of his head. Last month he had some repairs done to one of the flats and he actually reduced the rent to one of the tenants $5 a year. Next day the doctors came and took him away to the asylum."—*Texas Siftings*

The Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, publishes a statement that 52 per cent. of the patients in that institution had unsuspected kidney disease. Every drop of blood in the system passes thousands of times through the lungs in each 24 hours. The same blood passes through the kidneys for purification. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition or able to expel the poisonous waste matter the acids return to the delicate tissues of the lungs and produce irritation which results in the symptoms of what is known as consumption. This explains why 52 per cent. of the consumptive patients have unsuspected kidney disorder. Warner's Safe Cure puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, taking the acids from the blood which vitiates the lungs and causes consumption.

"And you went up the Rhine, I suppose?" said Mrs. Malaprop. "Indeed, yes. It was beautiful." "And did you see any Rhinoceroses?"

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

Oddities in Feminine Apparel Just Brought Out.

The white cotton dresses are gayly decorated with white ribbons.

The latest of the new Oriental laces are mixed in ecru and white.

Charming house dresses are finished with watteaus of black and white lace.

The flower bonnets are the prettiest of the novelties in dainty French millinery.

Bathing gowns are in great variety and may be had all the way from $2 to $50 each.

Sashes of surah can now be obtained complete, even to the knotted, silk-fringed ends.

Some of the new leg-o'-mutton sleeves are buttoned closely at the wrist. Six buttons are used.

A late fancy in neck lingerie is the deep, falling plisse and the narrow, upright ruche of sulphur-yellow gauze.

The new mohairs come in all shades of color in "shot" effects and in bars, plaids and checks of great beauty and effectiveness.

Hats and bonnets of straw are now dyed in every tint known to nature. Several of the colors are sometimes woven in on the chapeau.

Among other wraps recently revived in London is the long, straight scarf mantle. It is worn around the shoulders and falls to the hem of the dress in front.

The Jane Hading sleeve is of coat-sleeve shape and has at the top an extra quantity of material that is formed into four downward-turning plaits, the wrist being finished by a reversed portion in the shape of a cuff, under which is placed a tiny cuff.

The principal trimmings of tulle, net, gauze and lace dresses are ribbons. Some dresses are fairly covered with them. Long loops and ends flutter from waist to hem and are placed zigzag across the gown. Instead of being run row after row around the skirt they are arranged so as to describe vandykes.

The main difference between the bathing gowns of this and those of last season is in the cut of the waist, many of the new gowns being cut with several seams so as to fit the form quite closely. Then, again, more trimming is used than formerly, many of the suits being profusely braided with very fine braid put on in scroll or other fancy pattern.

An art dress recently seen in Paris is described as a "triumph of dressmaking." It is of the new soft, semi-transparent wool called crepaline, of a pale vieux-rose shade, with reseda-green ribbon girdle and old lace in Venetian design laid on as a very wide antique collar and on the deep cuffs of the mutton-leg sleeves. The surplice corsage has a well fitting blouse back, but the ribbon girdle is confined to the front, forming a point as it ties. The skirt, made with no steels and but a slight bustle, is laid in very fine plaits, with rows of ribbon at the foot. A large Gainsborough hat of vieux-rose straw is worn with this costume.

Did Eve Talk French?

No subject has been more fertile of speculation than the origin of language, and on few perhaps can less satisfaction be obtained. The Jews positively insist that the Hebrew tongue is the primitive language and that spoken by Adam and Eve. The Arabs, however, dispute the point on antiquity with the Hebrew. Of all the languages, except the Hebrew, the Syriac has had the greatest number of advocates, especially among eastern authors. Many maintain that the language spoken by Adam is lost and that the Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic are only dialects of the original tongue. Goropius published a work in 1580 to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise. Andre Kemp maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and Eve spoke in French, while the Persians believe three languages to have been spoken in Paradise—Arabic, the most persuasive, by the serpent; Persian, the most poetic, by Adam and Eve, and Turkish, the most threatening, by the Angel Gabriel. Erro claims Basque as the language spoken by Adam, and others would make the Polynesian as the primitive language of mankind. Leaving, however, these startling theories, we may sum up in the words of Darwin: "With respect to the origin of articulate languages, after having read on the one side the highly interesting works of Wedgewood, Farrar and Professor Schleicher, and the celebrated lecture of Professor Max Muller on the other side, I cannot doubt that language owes its origin to the imitation and modification, aided by signs and gestures, of natural sounds, voices of other animals and man's own cries."—*Current Literature.*

The Silver Quarters.

A paragraph which appeared in a contemporary a few days ago to the effect that all silver quarters which do not bear a small cap "H" on the reverse side under the knot are counterfeit, has created consternation in some parts of the country. The statement was not correct. A majority of the silver quarters do not bear the letter "H" at the place mentioned. The explanation of the mark is this: All British coins are supposed to be issued from the Royal mint, and the large majority in circulation have been so issued. Now and again, however, the pressure of work at the mint becomes so great and urgency being necessary some coinage has to be done outside, the firm employed for this purpose being Messrs. Ralph Heaton & Sons, of Birmingham. All coins struck by them are stamped with an "H" to distinguish them from the Royal mint issue.

There is a strike on the Brockville & Westport Railway against monthly instead of weekly payments, which formerly prevailed.

Seven girls in a ladies' seminary near Northampton have been suspended for smoking cigarettes made of tea leaves which they rolled together themselves. This is the latest fad among gay and fashionable girls.

Margaret Huston, one of the persons injured in the railway accident near Armagh, has died from her injuries. Business still remains suspended in Armagh. The only sounds disturbing the dull monotony of the streets are caused by the frequent funeral processions to the churchyard outside the town.

A ROMANCE OF A CLERGYMAN.

Labors of Self-Sacrifice of Father Hope, Belonging to the Scotch Nobility.

A young priest has just died in the northwest of London whose name may well be saved from oblivion, says the *Telegraph* of that city. Under circumstances less sensational than those which have made Father Damien's name ring through Christendom, Father Douglas Hope has practiced, in the unromantic monotony of the Harrow road, a self-surrender as complete as that of the hero of the leper island. Close to that landmark of the 'bus man, "The Prince of Wales," stands a home for boys, and in connection with it a bakery and printing works. The place was founded by the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, a brother of the Marquis of Queensberry and of Lady Florence Dixie. He brought his fortune and the fervor of his new-found faith to his task. Even the Harrow road is not without its romance. Lord Archibald's sister, Lady Gertrude Douglas, joined her brother and identified herself with his renunciation of society, perhaps too completely, for during his absence in Canada, whither he had taken some of his waifs, she married the head baker and became Lady Gertrude Stock. Some five years ago Lord Archibald found his increasing cares too heavy for him. He retired to quiet mission life in Scotland and his place in the Harrow road was taken by his cousin, Father Douglas Hope. A great-grandson on his father's side of Lord Hopetown and on his mother's of the Duke of Buccleuch he "called cousins" with all the blue blood of Scotland. His father, Mr. Hope, of Luffness, was at one time member for Windsor, and his mother, a daughter of Lord Montagu, was an early bed-chamber woman to the Queen. But Father Hope had obliterated the traditions of his family and the memories of Eton and Christ Church when he went to St. Vincent's Home to be priest, teacher, father and nurse to seventy boys mostly rescued from the London streets. He shared their rough food and lived their life in school-room and play-ground. If he had ever thought of himself he might have known that in spite of his six feet of stature and his brilliant physique he was not seasoned for the rough life he had adopted. His entire devotion isolated him from his fellows in the outer world; but those who got glimpses of him were not astonished to hear that rheumatic fever had carried him away last Thursday afternoon. He was laid to rest yesterday in the cemetery at Kensal Green—not far from the scene of his five years' labor of love.

To Get Clover on Light Soil.

The droughts of a few years past have very generally destroyed the clover and grass seed sown. The all-absorbing question, on light and sandy lands in particular, is how to secure a good catch of clover. When this can be done, such lands produce well and are classed among our surest and most valuable farming lands. Barnyard manure will be indispensable in putting such wasted soils in condition to grow the clover. Every farmer has doubtless observed in the fields where he has sown clover seed that spots more fertile than the main portions of the field have been covered with a good growth of clover, showing that if the land was thoroughly fertilized the clover would grow whether the season was wet or dry. I should advise keeping all the stock possible on the farm and buying more or less wheat, bran and oil meal to feed the stock, and so increase the value of the manure pile. I should prefer buying commercial foods such as I have named for this work of renovating rather than commercial fertilizers. It might be well to try plowing under green crops, as rye or buckwheat. Sowing the clover seed without any other crop, after the land has been put in good tilth, either in the spring or the last of August, sometimes proves effective. Such lands are not adapted to permanent meadows. We are experimenting with alfalfa or lucerne on lands of this character, but have not had experience enough as yet to know its value. We have an acre sown last April that has gone into the winter in very good shape. I may add that I think salt and plaster will prove beneficial on such lands.

A Terrible Experience.

During the "wrecking" of the U. S. S. Trenton, after the storm at Apia, Lieut. Scott's waiting-boy managed to get for him a uniform and enough under clothes to fill two small pillow-cases. Everything else of his belongings were lost—even his watch and his books, which he regrets the most, as they were a valuable collection containing all the best works in his profession. During the storm the water and the atmosphere were bitterly cold, and the men worked hours in the pouring rain and furious wind, with feet and legs bare, cut, bruised and blistered by the *debris* driven about the decks, and no food but hard tack or something out of a can. Lieut. Scott fell on a plank with a nail in it, cutting his leg, and for over a week after the storm could not wear shoes. He caught cold and narrowly escaped pneumonia. An Australian lady and gentleman living at Apia, fixed up their parlor with a bed and insisted on taking him in and treated him with the greatest kindness. Lieut. Scott is brother to Mrs. Roberts, wife of the American consul here.

A Far-off Dream Recalled.

The *Evening Post* says that strawberries should be eaten with coffee and that "nobody has known the strawberry flavor excepting immediately after the clearing of the taste which comes from drinking coffee." This is nonsense. Nobody has known the strawberry flavor except he has, as a boy, flung himself on a cool grassy slope at the edge of a summer woods, after hours of barefooted rambling, and there sought out one by one the wild strawberries under the leaves and devoured them, beating a tattoo with his calloused heels on the seat of his patched trousers. Strawberries gathered and eaten under such circumstances have a flavor that no product of the garden served with sugar and cream, or swallowed between sips of coffee, may ever have. The boy who has so eaten of them "on honey dew both fed and drank the mill of paradise."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Custa Daley, aged 18, son of John Daley, and Harry McBride were drowned off Digby, N. S., on Thursday afternoon by the swamping of their sail boat. The bodies have not been recovered.

RAISE THE KITCHEN STOVE.

A Simple Expedient that Would Save Many a Backache.

We have made a discovery lately which, it seems now, we ought to have made sooner, that the top of the average kitchen stove is too little elevated above the floor, and that there is in consequence a good deal of backache and other discomfort inflicted upon the cook because so much of her work has to be done in a stooping posture. Rather we should say, perhaps, that we have discovered a remedy for the trouble which we have borne for many years, and which we hasten to make known to others in the hope of lessening their troubles.

Our remedy is simply lifting the stove upon a platform which will raise it to such a height that it will bring the cooking utensils, when on the stove, within easy reach to one standing in an erect or nearly erect posture. In our case this required a platform about nine inches in depth, and to save the trouble and expenses of procuring a carpenter to build it we secured an empty packing-box of the requisite size from the grocer at a cost of only 10 cents. Brushed over with some staining material corresponding with the color of the floor, our platform looked neat and as though an established part of the room.

The only additional expense involved was that of adjusting the stove-pipe to the new conditions. The top of the stove is now as high as the kitchen table, or a little higher, and the cook and every one who has occasion to use the stove are delighted with the change and the greatly lightened labor.—*Exchange.*

PAINT ON FAIR CHEEKS.

Many London Women Do It, But Very Badly.

I was, the other afternoon, in the Park, and was looking at the ladies driving in their carriages. I take the liberty to give them a little advice. A considerable number of them had endeavored to "improve" their complexions, and, what is more curious, the young ones seemed to have done so even more than the elderly ones. But I never saw faces worse painted.

An American girl paints from her childhood upward! So, again, with French women. They know how to paint. But English girls know as little about it as savages. The white that they daub on their faces looks blue in daylight; their rouge becomes a pale magenta; the black line that they draw round their eyes gives their orbs a bead-like, expressionless air; the red that they put on their lips assumes a brownish tint, and darkens their teeth, and their attempts to better their eyebrows generally end in making one differ from the other.—*London Truth.*

A Few Farm Notes.

Nothing injures stock more than cold rains. It was the experience of the writer during a winter in the far north that his cattle did not suffer as much from 30 degrees below zero as they did from a cold rain in the spring. Keep the stock comfortable is the best way to insure profit in beef or butter making.

Keep the stock growing. When young give it food that will make it grow and develop bone and muscle, and when size is attained, rush it for the market by laying on the fat. The quickest growth is always the cheapest.

It is poor cows that cut the profits of the dairy down. It takes 150 pounds of butter to keep a cow a year; the cow that makes less than that is an expense, the cow that makes more is profitable. It is better to pay a hundred dollars for a cow that will make three hundred pounds of butter per year than to get one that will make only one hundred and fifty pounds for nothing. Don't complain that dairying doesn't pay till you know whether your cows are worth keeping or not. Stock may be kept in too close stables. There is not so much danger of this as the summer comes on as there is in the winter when every crevice is closed to keep out the cold. There is more danger from bad odors now, however, than in the cold of winter and there should be a free circulation of air to carry away any odor that may be injurious to the stock or milk.

Late Northwest News.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Allan's brewery, Moose Jaw, has been seized by the Inland Revenue officers for manufacturing beer.

A man named Nat Little, charged with killing a neighbor's cow and setting fire to the school-house in Cypress River District, has been found not guilty.

An unsuccessful attempt was made last night to rob the Bank of Montreal at Regina. The intruders were discovered by the bank messenger, but made off before they could be caught.

Lachance, a French Canadian, was killed at Field while attempting to board a Canadian Pacific Railway train.

The body of an unknown Indian was found in the river at West Selkirk to-day.

A man calling himself Edward Campbell victimized a number of Main street merchants yesterday by presenting a number of forged cheques over E. L. Drewry's signature.

At a meeting of the Winnipeg Methodist District yesterday, at Stonewall, a resolution was passed condemning the Jesuit Estates Act.

Lieut.-Col. Sprost, Rev. Mr. Howard nd Ald. Davis, of Prince Albert, are in he city on their way to Toronto and Montreal for the purpose of promoting emigration from the Eastern Townships and Quebec to the Prince Albert District.

At West Point.

Lieutenant—"Don't you know enough to salute your superior officer?" New Sentry—"I did, sir." Lieutenant—"I failed to see you." New Sentry—"Just as you came along I said, "Ah, there!" but I guess you didn't hear me."—*Judge.*

Quack! Quack!

He—I don't see why such a dear little duck as you are should not be welcome in society.

She—Oh, the society of our city is run by a lot of old hens, and little ducks don't belong to their set.

Perfectly Willing.

Wife—I wish you would push this baby carriage a little way.

Husband—Well, I will, if you will carry the baby.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Crossley and Hunter are conducting a great revival at Exeter.

Wakefield G. Frye, of Maine, has been appointed to succeed United States Consul-General Phelan at Halifax.

Archbishop Fabre yesterday laid the corner-stone of the new St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church in Montreal.

A Toronto man named Joseph Pittman was arrested in Buffalo on Saturday for giving for his board bill a sight draft that was dishonored.

The annual Convention of the Dominion Woman's Christian Temperance Union closed Saturday with a conversazione at the Normal School.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Senator Pugh, of Alabama, both members of the United States Senate Committee, were in Montreal on Saturday.

A deputation from the Toronto Board of Trade asked assistance on Saturday from the Ontario Government for the extension of the Victoria Railway from Haliburton to Mattawa.

Recently George McGowan, of Glenvale, was sued by Miss Pugh for breach of promise, and the jury awarded her $750. Now the couple have agreed to get married and thus settle the case.

Yesterday the new St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal, one of the finest ecclesiastical structures on the continent, was opened for divine service. It has a seating capacity of 2,700.

Cardinal Manning yesterday received into the Roman Catholic Church Rev. Mr. Townsend, recently Principal of the Oxford Mission at Calcutta, also six former clergymen of the Anglican Church.

A printer named Phil. Varney, belonging to Ottawa, was drowned in the river at Buckingham yesterday. He leaves a wife and several children. He was pretty well known to the craft throughout Ontario.

Prof. Selwyn, of the Geological department, Ottawa, has been in South Essex inspecting the gas wells. His opinion is that the County of Essex lies over a gas region, but this region lies very deep below the surface.

Cabbage and cauliflowers in Frontenac have been attacked by maggots, and in many instances thousands of heads have been devoured. At Cataraqui the destruction is wholesale. The cause of the invasion is unknown.

Mr. J. K. Archambault, advocate, of Montreal, has instituted an action for $200 damages for having been prevented from crossing the track at Vaudreuil for twenty-two minutes by a train, which by law can only block the road for five minutes.

The handsome granite and bronze memorial erected at the grave of the late President Chester A. Arthur, in the rural cemetery at Albany by some of his personal admirers, was officially unveiled on Saturday without ceremony by the donors, who inspected it.

A youth named Thomas H. Hatch, while swimming in the canal at the Exhibition Grounds, Ottawa, yesterday, was seized with cramps and drowned. There were a number of companions at hand, but no great efforts appear to have been made to save the young fellow.

As a young man named Joseph Hambly was walking along Dundas street east, London, on Saturday afternoon he suddenly sank to the ground, and when picked up was dead. Neuralgia of the heart was the cause. He was aged about 25 years and a bartender by occupation.

Letters received at Zanzibar from Ujiji, dated March 10th, say that Stanley met Tippoo Tib, and sent a number of sick followers back with him by way of the Congo. Stanley intended coming to the East Coast with Emin Pasha. Tippoo Tib would arrive at Zanzibar in July.

The following letter was found in a bottle floating in the St. Lawrence near Gananoque: "Capt. of Bavaria. Help. The ship is sinking. All have been washed overboard but me, and I expect my turn will come next. About 100 miles off Galops island, Lake Ontario." It bears the evidence of being a cruel hoax.

Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, accompanied by his betrothed, Princess Alexandra of Greece, made a State entry into St. Petersburg on Saturday in the presence of the Czar and the King of Greece. The route to the palace was lined on either side with troops, behind whom were dense crowds of spectators. The Grand Duke and his *fiancee* were given an ovation by the people.

While a waggon was passing the residence of Rev. Hugh Taylor at Packenham on the 11th inst. a 7-year-old daughter ran out and caught hold of the hind part of the waggon box, and in some way one of her legs got caught in the spokes of the wheel and in an instant her leg was pulled off at the knee. Shortly afterwards Drs. Jamieson and McIntosh amputated the leg about the middle third of the thigh, and the little sufferer is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Father Callaghan, of Castle Garden, New York, who some time ago sent to the leper settlement at Molokie several cases of clothing, has received a letter from Father Wendelin, the successor of Father Damien, thanking him for the gifts. Father Wendelin says he has not as yet experienced any indications of the dread malady, but that the disease has stricken down his assistant, Father Conrody. The five Sisters of Mercy sent to the settlement from Syracuse are reported as doing well.

There is an old man living at Clifford named Geo. Hubberd, whose wife left him lately for his cruelty to her. On Wednesday he met a young married man named John Dobson, from whom he purchased his wife for $25. Dobson received the $25 in cash, but when he came to hand over Mrs. Dobson to her new purchaser she objected unless the thing was legal, and applied to the county constable for information. The constable took Dobson into custody and secured the money, which he now holds.

While a ballast train was coming west about three miles east of Prescott yesterday afternoon on the G. T. R. a brakeman named John Lake was in the act of tightening his brake when the chain broke and he was instantly precipitated beneath the train. Two ballast cars, the van and engine passed over the unfortunate man, severing both legs and one arm from the body and also taking away one side of the face. When found the remains were beyond recognition. Lake, who was 26 years of age, leaves a wife and child. He belonged to Brockville.

At Armagh on Saturday four employees of the excursion train which was wrecked on Wednesday with such fatal results were arraigned in Court and charged with felonious killing. The prisoners are McGrath, the engineer; Parkinson, the fireman; Moorehead, the guard, and Elliott, the Traffic Manager's clerk. The Magistrate discharged Parkinson. A passenger of the train testified that when the train was stopped on the grade Moorehead placed a stone under a wheel of the last carriage and uncoupled a number of carriages. The detached portion immediately descended the grade at a rapid rate. The doors of all the cars were locked. The Court adjourned. McGrath and Moorehead were released on bail.

A MARY ANNE MILK PUNCH.

The Experience of the Ex-Manager of Oaklands With a New York Dude.

An energetic looking dude walked into the American Institute Building on Third avenue yesterday and asked Foreman Powers for the man in charge of the Jersey cattle to be sold at auction next week. Mr. Norton, in charge of Mr. Valancey E. Fuller's herd, was pointed out to him.

"Have you the wonderful cow Mary Anne of St. Lambert here?" asked the stranger. Mary Anne was pointed out to him.

"I am very anxious to secure a half pint of her milk," said the stranger.

"It is not milking time, and we have none left over," replied Mr. Norton.

"Bother milking time. It won't hurt her to give a half pint just now."

"Couldn't think of it," replied Mr. Norton.

"Now, really," persisted the dude, "I wouldn't mind $10 for a half pint of her milk, don't you know, if I can have it now."

"Come around at 5 o'clock and you can have it for nothing," said Mr. Norton.

"A tenner if I get it now," said the dude.

"I wouldn't milk her now for a hundred," said Norton.

The dude looked vexed and a little discouraged, but after a moment's reflection returned to the charge.

"I say, my man, of course I don't want to intrude upon time so valuable as yours, but if you have an assistant here who would be content with $10 for as little of his time as would suffice to milk a half pint for me I would be under lasting obligations for it."

"My time ain't so valuable as all that," replied Norton, "and if there were any sense in your asking for it I'd give it to you. What do you want it for?"

"Got my heart set on a Mary Anne punch," replied the stranger, partly closing one eye in a dreamy sort of way.

"Oh! ah! Yes—just so. I think I understand the feeling, but why not use other milk—you can get a milk punch anywhere."

"Sentiment goes a great way with me,' replied the dude. "Famous cow, you know—rare thing. Something to tell to future generations, don't you know."

"Of course—I see," said Norton, "but the fact is I've had charge of that cow several years and never thought of it before. No, thank you, I don't want your money, but the sentiment takes hold of me. I hope you wouldn't mind my joining you?"

The dude consented with excellent grace. Foreman Powers also got tangled up in the sentiment, and all three disappeared through a green baize door across the street, carefully guarding a tin pail containing the precious juice of the famous cow Mary Anne of St. Lambert.—*New York Herald.*

A Boy's Terrible Experience.

The Kingston *News* of Wednesday gives the following account: A short time ago a Kingston grocer found a tarantula in a barrel of bananas from Jamaica. He thought he had killed it, but it appears he was mistaken, as shown by his startling experience last night. On going into the bed chamber where his 10 year old son was in bed, he saw a horrified expression on the face of the lad. On following the direction of the son's eyes, he saw the tarantula on his bosom crawling slowly towards his head. The boy was game, and although the perspiration stood in large drops upon his blanched face, he never strained a muscle. The father stood transfixed and dared not stir for fear of disturbing the deadly animal. At last the spider slowly moved, and jumped on the poor boy's face. The brave little fellow still remained calm in this awful danger. For fully five minutes the tarantula remained on his cheek, and then skipped on to the counterpane. As it did so the father rushed forward and rolled the fabric round it, and then dashed it on the floor, crushing the life out of the fearful creature, and afterwards threw it in a fire to make sure this time that such a deadly "viper" had ceased to live. The little hero in the bed had fainted from the great stress upon his nerves, but upon coming to his senses was as lively as a cricket, and laughed at his late peril. When asked what his sensations were while the animal was crawling over him, he said: "I kept wishing papa wouldn't try to touch it, for fear it might kill him." It is a pity that the name of this plucky little fellow should not be known, but the father for many reasons wishes it to be so.

A Powerful Ally Shows Up.

He is here at last—the enemy of the potato-bug! Long has the patient husbandman waited his arrival, while alone he tussled with his hard-shelled persecutor. The parasite that slays the potato-bug has been a great while on the road, or he started late. He has had time to destroy the chinch bug, the locust and the apple-tree worm; but here he is at length. Success to him! May his teeth be sharp and his appetite superb!—*Syracuse Standard.*

The Porte has sent six Syrian battalions to Crete to suppress the existing discontent.

—It takes only two to make a bargain, but the small brother under the sofa sometimes turns out to be a useful witness.

A GRASSHOPPER plague threatens certain sections in British Columbia, but whether the locusts are of the seventeen-year species or some less harmful variety the despatches do not state.

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to :
1st Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts :
1st "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada
2nd "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than ny other machines in Canada
Therefore 1st Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
2nd And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

— MANUFACTURER OF —

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HRROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

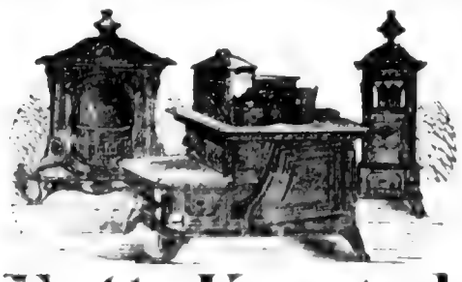

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (a makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECI ALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
— TO —
Get Your Tailoring Done
— AT —
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have re moved my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day The Little Mi is big in the estimation of the public
Satisfaction Guaranteed
P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.
Good stabling for horses.

—It Pays To—

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVIE
Flesherton P.O

Lines.

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF AGUSTA AKITT, THE DEARLY BELOVED WIFE OF J. B. HOGG OF EUGENIA.

Oh, thou art gone, thou much loved one,
Thy face we will see no more
Until we join that blood-washed throng
On Heaven's eternal shore.

Thy face once more we shall behold,
And on thy head a crown
Which never from thy brow shall fade,
Nor none can pull it down.

In grief and sorrow here we mourn,
And our sad loss deplore,
Thy little baby lisps thy name,
But mamma comes no more.

We know thou art with that blood-washed throng
On that celestial shore,
Where songs and gladness lasts for aye,
And joys for ever more.

We watched thee in thy hours of pain
Thou didst with patience bear,
Yet never dreamt that death so soon
Would claim a flower so fair.

Could love have kept thee on this earth
Thou would be with us still,
God loved thee best, He called thee home,
We bow beneath His will.

Its hard to break the ties of love
On earth that does us bind,
A loving husband, baby dear,
Father and sister kind.

But thou hast heard the Saviour say
My daughter, thou must come.
She gently closed her eyes and said,
"Father, thy will be done."

Even the last parting earth can know
To souls that heavenward soar,
Points to a brighter world on high
Where we shall part no more.

GLENFIELD, Eugenia, June 18

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Meaford Road.

Correspondence to The Advance.

At a meeting of the Artemesia Orange District Lodge held in the hall of 1383, Kell's Corners, on June 11th, the following resolutions were passed :

Moved by J. Ashdown, seconded by C. Doupe. 1st, that this Loyal Orange District Lodge of Artemesia, now in session, do approve of the action of the noble thirteen members of Parliament who supported and voted for Col. O'Brien's motion for disallowance of the Jesuit Bill and that the thanks of the lodge are due to them for their action on that occasion. 2nd, that we do censure, disapprove and condemn the action of the se members, especially the three members for Grey, viz., Landerkin, Sproule and Masson who, by voting against the motion, dishonored their Protestant constituents and to gratify their own selfish political interests, proved traitors to the trust confided to them. 3rd, that we as Orangemen true to God, Country and Queen do pledge ourselves to support no man that will not pledge himself to stand for equal rights to all and special privileges to none 4th, that this lodge desires to place on record their strong disapproval of the action of the Ontario Government, in allowing the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to destroy the national system of public education throughout the Province by allowing foreign language to be taught to the exclusion of the English language and allowing text books to be used, not consistent with the public school laws of this province in our public schools. We therefore strongly recommend that in Ontario immediate steps be taken to give the Bible its proper place in our public schools; to prevent the legal recognition of any but the English language in the text books of the public and separate schools; to prevent the distribution of any public funds among schools whose teaching and text books are not under the direction and control of the Government; to secure equitable assessment laws for school purposes; and to remove from the statute books all laws giving special favors to any particular religious denomination

And that copies of these resolutions be sent to The Flesherton Advance and Orange Sentinel
JAMES BRODIE, Rec Sec

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1886.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

EAST, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

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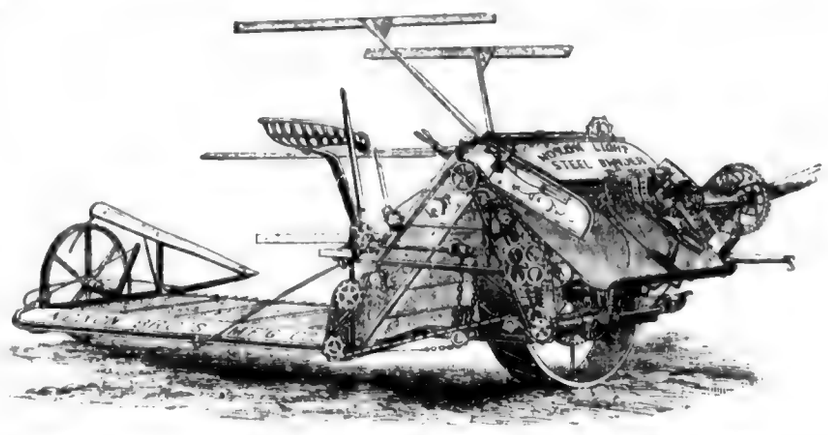

SOME of its SPECIAL ADVANTAGES :

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an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

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Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment
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FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 418. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR &

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Is again filled to overflowing with all classes of cool fabrics for the hot months of July and August.

Being through the wholesale house, we managed to pick up several lines at reduced prices, and are prepared to offer the public such bargains as never before heard of

ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS

In leading shades for 15cts. GRENADINES, cool and durable, in black or cream, only 12½ cts.

Nuns Veilings, Mummy Cloths, Cashmeres, Prints, Muslin, Challies, Ginghams, Seersuckers, Lawns, and all summer Fabrics.

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J. McCullough,
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manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything n the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Durham Bull for service.

Mr. Alex. Stewart, lot 157, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull for service on his premises.

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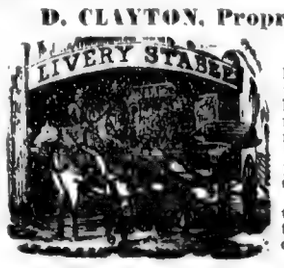

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Special attention paid to commercial business.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Lady's Trip to the Golden State via C. P. R.

Down Through Oregon and California—Natural Soda Water Springs, Water Falls, and the Sacramento Valley—Arrival at San Francisco.

Specially Written for The Advance.

Leaving the hotel, we were driven a couple of blocks to the ferry where we had to cross over the Columbia river to take the train at East Portland. The boat was something like a scow or large raft with a little house built on it. One division is for passengers and the other for horses and carriages. From East Portland we get a fine view of the city on both sides of the river. It is indeed a handsome city. The rain has ceased; the sun is shining, and all nature seems alive, so that everything in the country looks beautiful as we pass along. This is indeed a lovely tract of country. In a short time we arrive at Oregon city, which is distant fifteen miles, and is picturesquely situated on the Willamette river, a tributary of the Columbia. To our right lies the city with mountains rising up right at the back of it, the river rushing through the centre with a beautiful waterfall in the shape of a horse shoe just at the outskirts. To our left the rich and luxuriant valley, one of the most productive in the states. We travel this, valley now passing extensive hop yards, nurseries and orchards, all in the highest state of cultivation. Hay almost ready for cutting and grain from a foot to a foot and a half high. You would think nature had lavished all the wealth of beauty in this valley. Fine stretches of timber land, one mass of green and white, as there is any quantity of mountain laurel and cuttle wood trees in full bloom. The latter is used extensively in ornamental work in furniture furnishings, better known in Ontario as the cyrnga tree. We thought we knew what it was for the fields and trees to be dressed in their green garb, but once we had entered this section of the country we came to the conclusion that Ontario people did not know what that color was like and had never seen green in the true sense of the word. Everything is rich and of a velvetysoftness in shade that could not be conceived without having been seen. I can scarcely give you any idea of the beauty and richness of this tract of country, but certainly might properly be termed the "Garden of Eden."

We pass over what is called the Eyrie's prairie in going from Oregon to Salem. This of course is still in the Willamette valley. It was first settled by the French who intermarried with the Indians, and now is settled by halfbreeds. They have fine homes and orchards and extensive farms, all well cultivated. About three miles out of Salem we come to a very pretty Indian village. The houses are all built by the Government, and have a fine high school or college. The Government force the half-breeds to educate their children. The fence in front of the college was lined with young Indians as we passed. A number of the teachers are from Canada who are engaged here. Salem, the capital, is the largest and wealthiest city in the state except Portland. It has over 10,000 inhabitants. Here we are shown the State house which is built of gray granite, also the asylum and penitentary, both fine buildings, and both containing over 300 inmates at the present time. It might be called the "city of trees." It has fine, wide, clean streets, and altogether is a handsome city. One cannot help noticing how clean and fresh looking all the towns and villages are that we pass through. We were sorry we could not travel this section of country by daylight, it is so interesting. However, by the time we arrive at Albany it is quite dark, and so we have to bid farewell to all sight seeing for that night. At Eugene city, where we arrive about 10 p.m., we say good bye to the last of our party from Ontario. Making ourselves comfortable for the night we know very little of what is going on around us until 6 a.m. the next morning. About 7 o'clock we arrive at Oakland where we stop 30 minutes for breakfast, and from here we telegraph to our friend to meet us next morning about the same time. From this out the scenery becomes interesting as we are nearing the Siskiyou mountains. These are a spur of the Sierra Nevadas. We are also entering the gold regions. The soil becomes quite red, and the rivers and streams of a deep orange color, caused, we are told, by the gold washing. About eleven o'clock we are well into the mountains, and the scenery now becomes wild and startling, the trestle work over some of the canyons being 156 feet high, and very frail looking structures. Yet the view from some of these was fine. The terrible gorge beneath us as well as to our right and left, and just beyond a lovely valley with a homestead almost at the mouth of the canyon. At Siskiyou station we reach the summit of the mountain, the elevation being 4,130 feet. Looking down from this height we see track below track beneath us, and are told that is where we have come from, the line winding like the letter S. From here we get a fine view of Mt. Shasta, 14,440 feet high. Its snow capped peak glistening in the sun appears to be about 10 miles away but is in reality 50 miles. Now we begin the descent of the mountain, winding and twisting around the it, shooting in and out of tunnels, crossing and recrossing canyons, thinking that we have gone a considerable distance, but find we have only been retracing our steps, and when we finally reach the bed of the Sacramento river we look up and find we are right under Siskiyou station which we thought we had left a long way behind us by this time. Some ladies standing at the top appear like children two years of age. We now run up the left bank of the river for a mile or so, cross over a long iron bridge and go down the opposite bank. Thus forming the letter U. About noon we cross the state line and enter California. All day long we run a race with the Sacramento river, which is one continuous cataract, dashing, boiling, roaring, foaming, on, on toward the ocean, into which it at last empties; here and there narrowing until you can almost touch its opposite bank, then widening until it forms a small lake. We shoot in and out of tunnels until we have passed through some twenty during the afternoon, some of them being so long that we had to have the lamps lighted while passing through them. We pass immense wood sheds built along the side of the track containing thousands of cords of wood. The forests here are fine and thickly wooded. The mode of getting the wood up from the valley to the top of the mountain is by packing horses. This is by tying a bundle of sticks on each side of the saddle or bare back and then climbing the hillside with it. Here again we see oxen in harness. After leaving Siskiyou we descend the mountain until the elevation is 2,154 feet, we again ascend so that when we arrive at Sissin we are 3,555 ft. After leaving this station a short distance, the whistle blows and we know something is wrong. On enquiring we find that cattle are on the track. Raising our window and looking out we see a fine animal lying on its back just under, with wheels passing over its head, having first been flung about 20 ft. into the air. This is the second time during our trip this has happened. When crossing the prairie in the N.W.T. a calf was killed. Then on nearing Portland horses were also struck on. The poor animals just escaped by leaping from the track. About 14 miles from Sissin we come to the upper soda springs, then three miles further the lower soda springs. These are natural springs of soda water rising out of the rock right on the edge of the river. Over the upper soda springs there is a fountain erected and a summer house built over it. Just accross from this on the other side of the river is a beautiful fall of water about fifty feet high, gushing out of the face of the cliff, with a rainbow stretching over it. The river is very narrow here so that you could easily toss a pebble into the waterfall. This is a most charming spot, and would make a delightful camping ground for any tourist. Our train stopped here for a short time to let us see it. The gentlemen got out to get a drink and secure some for the ladies, but were quite dissappointed to find the fountain dry as they were fixing the pipes. However, a gentleman secured a bottle at the lower springs and we had a drink. We have been passing through small villages all day, but just at dark we come to a fine town called Redding. Here most of our passengers leave us, as we have a troup of colored minstrels (colored when on the stage) on board all day, twenty-two in number. They were all fine intelligent looking men and women, and we thought it was a great pity they did not make better use of their talents. We have still another night's ride before us, but feel pleased to know our trip will be ended in the morning, although it has been pleasurable throughout, having had the most delightful weather all the way and nothing to mar our trip from beginning to end. We found it smooth travelling and had no trouble in any way whatever. Officials everywhere were gentlemanly and accommodating, and gave information willingly and gladly. No one need feel troubled at all about travelling alone. Friday morning about six o'clock we arrive at Benicia. Here our train is put on a ferry and taken across the Sacramento river, just at the mouth of San Francisco Bay, to Port Costa, a pretty little village nestling at the foot of the hill on the other side of the river. From this out we wind around the hills and along the edge of the bay until we arrive at Oaklands, a lovely town across the bay from San Francisco about eight miles, with a population of over 25,000. Here a friend meets us and we are taken to the wharf waiting at the end of the pier and a delightful sail across the bay reached the land of sunshine and flow-

General News.

Hon. Mr. Mowat arrived in London Saturday.

Mail advices from West Africa show that Stanley has suffered severely from the hardship he has undergone.

The Grand Jury at Chicago has indicted Martin Burke, Patrick Cooney, Patrick O'Sullivan, John F. Beggs, Daniel Coughlio, Frank Kunze and Frank Woodruff in connection with the Cronin murder

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth. If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall..

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Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$3 40 to 5 00
Fall Wheat	to 00
Spring Wheat	00
Barley	0 00
Oats	0 25
Peas	0 00
Butter	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 11
Potatos bush.	0 15
Pork	5 00
Hay per ton	9 00
Hides	00
Sheepskins	00
Geese	00
Turkeys	00
Chickens per pair	0 30
Ducks per lb	00
Wool	00

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"Big Spex"

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks, backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

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QUALITY
Considered.

I would not be able to hold ch[illegible] share of Grey Co. trade [illegible]

"CASH or CREDIT"

will [illegible] to better.

Goods, Work and

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than you can do elsewhere. Specs [illegible] cally fitted.

Work Carefully Done,
Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and fair live margins.

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optician.
MARKDALE, Ont.

MAUD ANNESLEY.

A TALE OF LOVE AND JEALOUSY AND A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

The close of a golden day at Sorrento.

Maud Annesley stood in the garden of Tasso's villa, which, as the traveller knows, is perched like a sea-bird on the summit of the tall cliffs and looked out across the sunlit waters to where Ischia showed beautiful and unreal, as a fairy barque moored on the shining waves.

A lovely girl, this Maud Annesley, with a face at once tender, sensitive and proud, with marvellous brown eyes and sunny-brown hair, with grace in every movement, with perfect hands and feet, and, in point of character, as capricious, spoiled and uncertain as her compatriots alone can be yet still remain bewitching. As full of good qualities as she was of faults, a bundle of inconsistencies so opposite that she sometimes herself said, laughingly, she wondered that she held together.

There she stood, leaning her arms on the railing and gazing down the dizzy height where the gulls circled to and fro, while she looked wistfully over at the purple island, and was haunted by a sudden, foolish fancy that it seemed like the land of the lotus-eaters, where she might sit down and rest forever, could she only reach its happy shore. She had been spending a gay day with a gay party. She had been the centre and chief attraction for all the men. She had been in the wildest spirits and was handsomer than ever. And now she stood there in the sunset and sighed and looked dreamy and pre-occupied, as if care and trouble had come to her at last.

Howard Crofton, grave and sedate as befitted his nine and twenty years, strolled idly out upon the villa terrace, and saw her standing there in the magic light, and called her hard names and himself a fool, which no doubt he was, so far as concerned her, sensible as he usually proved himself in other respects.

It was the second week in June. For a whole month Crofton had been living in a blessed dream; and now that it was rudely disturbed he felt himself an aggrieved individual, as, indeed, I think he had a right to think himself.

He had come to Sorrento, meaning to remain for a few days and then go back to Naples, and drift away northward: but he found Maud Annesley and a pleasant party, and here he was still. He had known Maud's aunt long before, when he was a mere boy, and she received him like an old friend, for his mother's sake; and, thus introduced, he and Maud had naturally glided into a rapid and agreeable intimacy. Censorious people called Maud's mildest manners with men flirting of an outrageous sort; but, she was gentler and less capricious with Crofton than her aunt had ever seen her with any man, but, like a wise woman, the elder lady held her peace.

Just a week before this day Crofton's cousin and her spouse appeared, a cousin like most people's given to interference and governing; and of all the girls that lived, Mrs. Grosvenor hated Maud Annesley the worst. She disliked girls in general as women often do who have been beauties and have since grown thin and skinny and yellow; but she detested Maud! They had met in Paris two years previous, and Maud had laughed at her airs and graces, and Mrs. Grosvenor had been obliged to play second to this brilliant creature, who seemed to fascinate men at will. So she took refuge in hating the girl, and perhaps found a kind of consolation therein.

Soon afterwards the San Arpinos came down from Naples and took possession of their villa; and, to the disgust of the stately old dowager, young San Arpino, the heir to a dukedom and a rent roll enormous for Italy, and one of the handsomest men the peninsula could boast, flung himself anew straight at Maud Annesley's heart, or head, or feet, as you please. He had done this the previous winter in Rome, much to the disgust of his stately mother, the Duchess. Maud had, it is true, been the most admired girl there. But she had not a large fortune, and, even if she had, the San Arpinos, for a wonder, would not have needed her wealth. They had enough of their own, and more. They were proud. They boasted two sustained titles, and a descent, which they traced back almost to Nero, or Romulus himself, for what I know.

From the moment that San Arpino appeared Maud Annesley had completely changed in her conduct towards Crofton. There had been no letting him down easily; no attempt at pretence. She turned haughty and insolent and stony, and was never so charming and womanly to San Arpino as when Crofton was by to see. And this was the creature whom he had loved, had believed in; before whom he had poured his heart and soul, and let her know that he had done so! He had never put his secret into words, but he knew that she had seen it clearly enough, and had given him the tacit encouragement which any woman can do when she pleases, and yet remain perfectly feminine and delicate. False and despicable she proved in every way, and he had loved her! He loved her still, in spite of his pain and wrath. He learned the whole truth from his cousin, heard the story of the past winter, heard of San Arpino's devotion. Maud's efforts to win a ducal coronet and the old dowager's rage and masterly diplomacy to prevent such a consummation. He, Crofton, had been flirted with from sheer wantonness, or else regarded as a *pis aller*. Maud afterwards had thought of liking him and his fortune, because she believed the young Duke out of her reach. But the instant the Neapolitan reappeared and proved that his devotion was as strong as ever, strong enough to make him rebel against the mother who had always ruled him imperiously, then Maud flung off the mask and let Crofton see her in her true colors.

He was going on the morrow. The torture of the last five days had grown insupportable. Besides, now there was no longer any doubt in his mind, it would be weak and contemptible to remain, a laughing-stock for all about—and worse, an object of scorn to himself.

He had been horribly treated, and his sense of justice revolted against this. He was a man slow to anger, but he was furious now. Had the girl shown the least consideration for his feelings he could have made excuses for her. He knew she did not love this handsome boy, who was only her own age; but she might be dazzled by his position, she might be urged on by her aunt. Crofton could have sought for reasons why he should not judge her harshly had her conduct afforded the least opportunity. But she turned upon him with absolute cruelty; she seemed to have a savage pleasure in rendering the blow as cruel as possible, in hurting him in every way that female ingenuity can contrive.

To-day they had all been on an excursion, up among the lovely Sorrento hills. Crofton could not remain behind, for fear this girl should think he lacked courage to support her heartless cruelty, and she had made such a day for him that he thought a soul in purgatory might pity him.

So now he was going away. As he stood on the terrace and he caught sight of her standing below him, in her matchless beauty, a wild desire crossed his mind to speak, to let all his misery and anger find vent. She deserved it, deserved to hear the verdict of a true, upright heart, which her treachery had lacerated. He did not stop to consider. He was too nearly mad to be hindered by scruples or ideas which would have influenced him at another time.

He strode down the steps, hurried through the garden, and came upon her before she was aware of his presence. The least addition of color rushed into her cheeks, a second's confusion into her eyes, as she turned and perceived him. But both signs disappeared so quickly that he almost fancied they had not been there. She looked a little wearied, bored by this intrusion, but she gave him a sweet smile more cruel than a dagger thrust, and said, indolently, "How can you have energy enough left, after the day's fatigues, to move when you might sit still?"

"You seem to share a portion of it," he answered, trying to imitate her indifference.

"Oh, I came out to get rid of the people," she replied. "One might as well be an animal in a menagerie, one never gets a moment to oneself."

"Probably I disturb you then," said he.

"I am too well brought up a young person to contradict my elders," she replied, laughingly.

"Still, truth now and then makes an agreeable variety in this world, even if not polite," he retorted, losing his ill-assumed indifference.

"I think you are misanthropical or cross," said she. "I dislike either mood, so I will leave you."

He stood straight in her path, and fixed his eyes on her with a look of such iron determination that she remained motionless.

"It is possible that what I have to say may not be agreeable," returned he, slowly; "but I mean to say it, all the same. I am going away to-morrow"——

"Does that come under the head of disagreeable truths?" she interrupted, with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Not to you, certainly, or to me," he answered.

"So much the better; then bon voyage!"

"But, before I go, there is something I wish to say"——

"Last words are so fatiguing," she murmured. "I beg your pardon; but you spoke just as the dying people in novels begin their confessions. I forgot it was only a journey you were looking forward to."

"If I were dying" he cried out passionately, "you and I could not be separating more irrevocably."

"Partings are hard things," sighed she. "There's only one thing worse as a rule—meeting people again."

"I wonder," he exclaimed, smiting his hands together in uncontrollable excitement, "oh, I do wonder if you are a living, flesh and blood woman, or one of those snow creatures, animated by a spell, such as the old legends tell of!"

"Why, that's really very pretty!" she said, in the tone of one who is receiving a compliment, and feels surprised that the speaker had tact to offer it. "I see you are determined to make me regret your departure."

Nothing but a woman, and a woman of society, could have been so perfectly well bred and yet so horribly ironical and insolent.

"I have been here a whole month," he continued, not noticing her words.

She took advantage of the slight pause he made, for he found it difficult to speak calmly, to add: "Yes, a whole month!" and her voice implied that the period had seemed very long indeed.

Again he went on, without heeding her cruel mockery.

"From the first time we met I made no effort to hide my feelings. I could not have done so if I would. I loved you, Maud Annesley, and you knew it."

He was not looking at her now. He had turned partly away and was staring out across the sunlit sea. Had he seen her face he must have noticed how it changed suddenly. But fate was against them both and he saw nothing.

"You know," he hurried on, "that my devotion was not the idle homage a man pays a beautiful woman. You knew that my whole heart had gone out towards you, and tacitly you accepted it. You did a very wicked thing! I have no hesitation in acknowledging my weakness. I honor myself that I could love any human being as truly and unselfishly as I did you. That I was deceived is no shame to me."

The pallor and softness left her face. The beautiful features looked hard, as if carved out of marble.

"Don't stop!" she cried. "You had more to say—finish it!"

"Only to compliment you on your skill and art! It amused you to attempt a sort of Lady Clara Vere de Vere play with an honest heart! You succeeded perfectly. If that knowledge be any triumph to you, take it."

"Is it worth while?" she retorted, as if considering whether to accept success which was of such slight value.

"You do not deny the truth of what I have said. You cannot!" he exclaimed.

"In any case, I would not," she cried; and now she confronted him with a face shaken by anger. "If one word would clear me in your estimation, I'd not speak it. No, not if my soul's safety depended on its utterance. Believe what you will. It is a matter of indifference to me! Your respect would not be worth the having. You have been rude—insolent. I will never forgive you! Never!"

"It is a little odd to hear you put the right to pardon on your side," he answered, trying to speak calmly, since she had flamed into such passionate wrath. "To deny would be so useless that it is wise not to make the attempt."

"Go on! Do go on! I want to hear you speak your whole mind out. I would not stop you for the world," she said, with a bitter laugh.

"I have nothing more to say. I will congratulate you, if you like, on winning a coronet. It is the true English girl's ambition!" he sneered.

"He knows us so well!" she cried, laughing again in the same low, mirthless fashion.

"Did you love him I could excuse your treatment of me. Love is always an excuse. But you do not. You love nobody but yourself. If any higher rank were within your reach, you would fling this boy aside as unhesitatingly as you have flung me.'

"Yes. I love nobody but myself," she exclaimed. "You are right there!"

"And boast of it?"

"Yes."

She turned and walked away without another word. He made no attempt to follow—why should he? They had nothing more to say to one another in this world. He had only one prayer to offer, where she was concerned—it was that even in the next he might be preserved from the sight of her.

He waited till she had crossed the terrace, and disappeared into the house; then he hurried off through the lane-like streets, past the little square, where the villagers were collected, as usual, at that hour, and so up the path which runs along the ravine towards the hills above. The sun set in a blaze of glory. The sea shone like the pavement of the city the Prophet saw in his vision. It deepened from opal tints to amethyst, then grew dark and mysterious. The moon came up and trailed a pathway of golden light across the billows which seemed to lead away into heaven. The hills loomed shadowy and black. The pale glory of the evening sky domed in the whole. The soft murmurs of the brook sounded through the stillness, as if calling to the sea; and the sea answered, as if to welcome it in its course. A single nightingale awoke in the orange grove, and sang his heart out in a passionate plaint. The faint breeze brought, ever anon, the sound of laughing voices from the old square, where the villagers still gossiped. All was quiet and peaceful, save in his heart, where the tempest raged with awful might.

It was late when Crofton returned to the Tasso, but he was not able to get up to his rooms in safety. There were laughter and music in the salons and gay groups standing about the long corridors. Of course, he was captured, and forced to talk and laugh and behave like ordinary mortals under the galling restraints of civilization.

Crofton had told his old owl of a cousin of his proposed departure. He was glad to escape her society, for he had grown almost of late to detest her, with her head-shakings, her Cassandra prophecies, and now her "I told you so's," expressed in words and looks. Naturally, by the time he reached the house, everybody knew he intended to go away, and they were all eager to detain him. A portion of the party was to set off in the morning on an expedition to Amalfi. The others were going to row over to Capri and spend the day there. Crofton could not escape staying for one excursion or the other, for he was still animated by the natural desire to keep his hurt a secret. He chose Capri, however, when he heard that Maud Annesley was to make one of the Amalfi party.

While all the talk and merriment went on he could see this Maud Annesley through the open windows. She stood out on the terrace, with the full moonlight glorifying her face, as she talked and listened to young San Arpino, who had escaped from his dowager mother, and came to the hotel as usual.

Down in the gardens below, an Italian boy began playing Neapolitan sea-songs on his guitar. Half a dozen people called at once upon Maud to sing. Without hesitation she complied, and her rich contralto voice floated into the rooms, unearthly in its sweetness, and shook Crofton's very soul. He could stand it no more; so he cast one other look out into the glory of the night, and saw her standing there in her beauty, while the young Italian Duke gazed into her face with a passionate devotion he made no effort to conceal. Then Crofton passed from the rooms, hoping that he had bidden Maud Annesley farewell forever.

The night he spent was tragic enough. But in this prosaic world tragedies more frequently meet with an anti-climax than a consummation, and Crofton's experience was the usual one.

He was late in appearing the next morning, rather hoping that the pleasure seekers might have forgot him and gone off. But when one wants forgetfulness people always remember one. Up came a servant to say that everybody had gone down to the shore, but he was waited for there, and must come.

So off he set, cursing acquaintances and expeditions in his heart, as all of us have so often done when wearied and wounded, and yet forced to meet the petty exigencies of life with a smiling front. His cousin, Mrs. Grosvenor, had sent him word that she was too miserable with her neuralgia to join the party. There was a slight consolation in that. He should at least be free from her questions and surmises, her sighs and corkscrew glances, always trying to worm his secret out of him, she being one of those people who enjoyed groaning over the misfortunes of the persons she liked.

Crofton reached the shelving shore that spreads below the rocky descent from the village. Two boats, with bright-colored awnings, were ready. Into the smaller of the two San Arpino was assisting Maud Annesley just as Crofton appeared. In his dizziness and the uncertain state of his faculties on the previous evening, he had misunderstood, and so had chosen the very expedition of which she was to make a member.

Most of the wild young ones had gone to Amalfi. The boat in which Crofton seated himself held staid elders. Maud's aunt among them, with whom Crofton was a favorite. But she looked grave and rather harassed this morning, and was less cordial to him than her wont. The boat in which Miss Annesley and San Arpino, with a few other youthful people were seated, took the lead; and as he sat in the bow, Crofton could hear her gay laugh ring out across the waters, but he did not once turn his head. She had seen him as he descended the shore; their eyes had met. Then she had turned quickly away. Some words from the aunt made Crofton comprehend that neither she nor Maud had understood he was to make one of the party.

Beautiful rock-bound Capri! How one would like to dwell on its loveliness and its marvels! But you shall go visit these wonders, or read of them in faithful memory, since I have not leisure to dwell thereon.

It was late in the afternoon. Unwearied by the exertion of the morning the whole party listened approvingly to somebody's proposal that they should climb the cliff which rose in front of them, as they all sat comfortably resting in the broad veranda of the Quissisana Hotel, which looks out across the Salerno Bay.

On foot, or on donkeys, as each person pleased, away they defiled, up the narrow road, winding in and out among little villas, cosy peasants' cots, vine-wreathed walls, but always mounting up and up, the view widening and beautifying with every step. At last the road became a mere path; but by this time nobody thought of the way, in the delight of watching the grand panorama spread out below.

They were now not far from the top. Here it was necessary to dismount and look over the famous abyss down which the Emperor Tiberius had a playful habit of flinging his guests when he wearied of their society or craved a little excitement. It was a bald, bare precipice, good 700 feet in height, down which they fell into the white breakers of the ever-restless sea. Here some adventurous Capriot, lately returned from England, had established a little refreshment place, and, as most of the party were English, it was necessary to patronize the smiling wretch and let him prove by the exorbitancy of his charges that he had profited by his stay in the land of the free.

Crofton wandered off, turned an angle of the path where a great rock shut out the house and the gay party, and toiled on up to the top, where, among the ruins, rises a small chapel, in which a make-believe hermit lives and wheedles centesimi out of the pockets of stray visitors. But just now the hermit was down at the restaurant drinking surreptitious glasses of red wine in the kitchen; so Crofton was left to gaze and marvel undisturbed.

Presently the sound of voices roused them. He heard Maud Annesley's merry laugh, and turning, found himself face to face with her and San Arpino.

Maud and Crofton had managed to pass the day without exchanging a word. She had appeared as oblivious of his contiguity as only a woman can. But now, at sight of him, she said gayly, "So you had stolen a march on us after all, Mr. Crofton. I thought we were the first up."

"Where are the others?" he asked, since it was necessary to speak.

"Oh, drinking sour wine and listening to our naturalized compatriot's enormous fibs," she answered.

San Arpino spoke pleasantly to Crofton in his quaint, broken English. He was always civil, even cordial, and apparently perfectly unconscious that his attempts at friendship were neither desired nor welcome, though indeed Crofton was too just a man to visit Miss Annesley's sins upon a rival.

At this place the descent on the Salerno side was rocky, but little less steep than at the point called Tiberius' Leap; but the descent did not, as these, commence from the top. A steep path led down some twenty feet to a little platform of rock, whereon grew a crooked fir tree; from thence a sheer wall of cliff plunged perpendicularly to the sea.

After a brief conversation, Crofton walked away to the opposite side of the summit, to survey the ruins, leaving the young pair to themselves. Maud Annesley was in a mood when some wild, reckless performance possessed an irresistible attraction to her. She and San Arpino stood looking down at the stunted pine that clung to the platform of rock, and swung its ragged branches about, as if imploring to be released from its perilous position.

"I want to go down there," Maud said. "I am sure nothing but a mountain goat has ever stood under that tree. I want my name cut on the trunk."

San Arpino was as young and reckless as herself. He offered no opposition—rather admiring her courage, indeed. Though difficult, however, the path seemed to present no real danger if care were exercised.

A few minutes later, Howard Crofton, standing on the opposite side of the cliff, which looked out seaward, was roused from his gloomy meditations by a cry so wild and agonized that for years after it used to haunt his dreams. It was Maud Annesley's voice again; but so changed, so sharp with agony, so mad with fear, that for an instant it rooted him to the spot where he stood. Then away he rushed across the summit, gained the other side, and looked over. Maud Annesley was clinging to the fragments of rock, half way down to the platform, and trying to disengage her dress from a trailing vine which held her fast. She was in safety. He saw that. But he saw, too, the prostrate form of the young Italian, sliding helplessly and slowly towards the narrow platform of rock from whence the precipice began.

San Arpino had stepped a little out of the path, the better to aid Maud, had slipped and had struck his head so violently against a projecting stone that it knocked him almost senseless. He was slipping down now—down, down, Maud unable to extricate herself so as to rush to his aid.

Crofton saw it all, in the brief second he stood motionless, and a hundred years seemed to pass in that whirling space. With each new slide the body would go faster—faster! When it reached the platform the impetus would be so great that even had San Arpino consciousness left he could not save himself! He would be carried straight over the edge into the awful abyss.

And Howard Crofton saw this, and during that instant, which seemed an eternity, a score of devils tugged at his heart and whispered awful suggestions in his ear. Let him go! Let this false woman crouch there and see him perish, they said; see her ambitious hopes, to gain which she had so recklessly marched over a human heart, smitten from her, just when they seemed secure of fruition! This was what the demons urged upon Howard Crofton's soul, and I should lie if I denied that he hesitated. He did hesitate. The temptation was almost irresistible in its strength. Always he was gazing down. He could see Maud Annesley's white face, her frantic efforts to free herself, the helpless body sliding on—on!

But after one moment of hesitation and with a cry almost as mad as that shriek which had roused him to a consciousness of what was passing, Crofton turned and dashed down the descent. He saw while running all the while that by taking a more circuitous path, one a little further on, he could reach the platform before San Arpino. The one hope was to seize him there.

Away he ran.

At the sound of his voice Maud Annesley raised her head, comprehended that help was at hand and sank back on the moss and fainted away.

On Crofton dashed—on—on!

Vines trailed about his feet and almost threw him down. Stones, dislodged by his careless steps, nearly crushed his feet. He fell—was up again dashing on—on!

Always he could see that prostrate body sliding down—down! It was going faster now! Oh, he should be too late, and this man's death would lie at his door! He had hesitated, and now he should have this awful crime upon his soul through all eternity!

On, on! The way seemed endless. The pine tree shook its deformed arms. The wind surged suddenly up with a moaning cry. The voice of the sea responded in a hoarse shout of triumph, as if exulting over its prey. The dazzling sweep of sunlight on the white rock blinded him. But he could always see that form sliding down—down, each half second an age, each step in that frantic race he ran against death, as difficult as some mad flight the soul takes through the horrors of a nightmare.

Steeper became the inclined plane. It was now slippery with moss, over which the body sped, faster still, lifted almost from the ground twice, and flung on—on! Another bound, a wilder rush and Crofton had reached the tree, and flung one arm about the trunk, to steady himself, and with the other hand and his feet struck at the body as it neared him, seized an arm helplessly extended, planted his feet on the trailing coat and—had saved his rival.

When Maud Annesley came to her senses she was half lying on a stone bench at the side of a little chapel. Further on she saw San Arpino, supported in the hermit's arms, while Howard Crofton bathed his forehead and employed such means as were at hand to restore him to consciousness.

The hermit had returned just as Crofton caught San Arpino in that frantic clutch. Between them the two had carried the insensible man up the rocks, and then returned to place Maud Annesley beyond the reach of danger.

The unconscious party below were still resting at the little house near the Leap. Now and then the wind brought up the murmur of their voices and laughter.

Maud raised herself. She was weak and tottering. But she managed to reach the spot where the two men were at work over the senseless form.

The first sign Crofton had of her presence was when her voice, close to his side, whispered dismally, "Is he dead? Have I killed him?"

Crofton turned. A bitter response rose to his lips, but the sight of her white face checked it.

"There is nothing wrong but a few bruises and a broken arm," he said. "He will come to himself presently."

So he did. He was a little wild and incoherent in his talk at first, but he was soon able to recall what had happened, to smile at Maud and to mutter a few broken words of thankfulness to Crofton.

After a while the loiterers below were summoned. Crofton quickly silenced their eager questions and useless terror. San Arpino pronounced himself well enough to be put on a donkey so as to make the descent of the mountain, and Crofton walked by his side, and supported him in the saddle. Fortunately, when they reached the village, the English surgeon from Ana Capri was there. San Arpino's broken arm was set, and his wounds dressed. It was better that he should not run the risk of returning to Sorrento. By good luck his mother had gone up to Naples for a few days, so that the accident could be kept from her.

"Will you stay with me to-night?" San Aprino asked of Crofton. "They'll send my man and my valise over by the boat, but I wish you'd stay."

Of course, no refusal was possible. Crofton was occupied in the wounded man's chamber when the party sailed. The moon had risen before he quitted it. San Arpino was very comfortable and had fallen asleep. Crofton left the surgeon sitting by him and went out on the terrace. He came face to face with Maud Annesley.

"Miss Annesley!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had been gone for hours."

"Oh," she cried bitterly, lifting her pale face. "I may not be human, but I am not quite a fiend. Did you think I could leave this man, whom my wicked recklessness had led almost to death?"

After all it was only natural that she should remain, Crofton said to himself, for she was to marry the young fellow.

"He is asleep, they told me," she said, presently.

"Yes, everything is going well."

"I know—Dr. Green told me." She stopped for an instant, then exclaimed wildly: "Oh, Mr. Crofton, if heaven had not sent you there! Let me thank you—do let me!"

"There is no necessity," he replied, coldly. "I have no right to thanks, either."

"You"——

"Wait. Let me finish. Miss Annesley, when I saw that man sliding down, down to death, my first impulse was to let him go—to let him die before your eyes! I was almost a murderer, you perceive."

She covered her face with her hands and sat silent.

"I need not have told you this," he went on. "But it is better. Perhaps it may serve as a warning to you, not to use your beauty and your fascinations to break another man's heart, as you did mine."

She looked up now. But he continued resolutely.

"Shall I tell you what stopped me?—what made the temptation powerless when it was at its height?"

"Oh, tell me," she said, with a ghost of a laugh. "You can say nothing worse of me than you have done. Go on."

"Because to-day" (his voice shook slightly now), "to-day I became convinced that, in one respect, I had wronged you. You do love that man."

She turned her face quickly away. He saw her bosom heave, her breath come and go.

"I told you yesterday that love was always an excuse," pursued Crofton. "By great mercy, I read the truth this day.

A Fantasy.

What is a girl's life, pray?
  A little garden space
Within whose every spring
  She sees her beauteous face;
Where she is sole possessor
  Of all she hears and sees,
From the fluting of birds in summer
  To the honey of the bees;
Rosy wreaths and strings of pearl
All belong to the happy girl.

And what is a boy's life, pray?
  A quiet, shady nook,
Where he has nothing to do but play,
  Nor ever read a book;
A kingdom of contentment,
  Which every hour discloses
Some new delight of sense and sight,
  Fresh growth of sweeter roses;
A rich inheritance of joy
That crowns with light the happy boy.

We might be more than happy
  And lead such perfect lives
If all of us were children
  And none were husbands, wives;
But boys grow and girls grow,
  Together or apart,
Till some day each discovers
  The other has a heart.
This halves their joys and doubles their cares
And ends in wrinkles and gray hairs;
  In the feet that rock the cradle,
    In the hands that toil for bread,
  The trouble about the living,
    The sorrow above the dead.

What can we do, then? Nothing more
  Than those who begot and bore us;
  They make our lives before us
As theirs were made before.
We must be up and doing,
Maidens flying and men pursuing;
Then hey! for billing and cooing,
And ho! for wooing and wiuning.
  The world will never mend,
Love was before the beginning,
  And will be after the end.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

Past Her Usefulness.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no;
Dear grandma, with her locks of snow,
Her placid face, her loving tone.
How sorrowful, how lost and lone,
We'd be without that presence dear,
Who tries to comfort and to cheer
In every dark and gloomy hour,
Her loving heart it gives the power.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no;
Each kindly smile she doth bestow
Will help to cheer us on our way,
Like sunshine on a darksome day.
Each time we note that furrowed brow,
That frame which age has bid to bow,
Her head so white with winter's snow,
We feel new love within us glow.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
We would not dare to say 'twas so.
Our hearts might grow all hard and sere
Were it quite empty, grandma's chair.
We think upon her feet all worn,
With journey full of steep and thorn,
We view her pale and wrinkled hand
And touched to tenderness we stand.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
She rocks the cradle to and fro,
Dear grandma faithful watches keeps
While baby on the pillow sleeps.
Winter and spring, we softly say,
Eveningtide and dawn of day,
Baby a bud of promise sweet,
Grandma the head of ripen'd wheat.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
We're sure it never can be so,
We clasp her in a warm embrace,
We print a kiss upon her face,
We think on all that she has done,
We view the victory nearly won,
And softly cry, we cannot bear
To have it empty, grandma's chair!

A Shattered Illusion.

  know not if 'twere chance or fate
That brought the maid and me together;
At table d'hote one night at eight
  Our talk began about the weather.
We had no introduction—no,
  But this displays no lack of breeding,
Our seats were next each other, so
  It was a natural proceeding.

She dressed in stunning English style,
  Her hair was neatly coiled and braided.
"Ah! blessed," I thought, "is Britain's isle
  If home for eyes so softly shaded!"
Our rambling chat that waxed apace
  Was interspersed with frequent "fahncys."
I'll not deny the "fe'ching" grace
  Of "reahlly" slipped betwixt her glances.

Still something nameless made me doubt
  Her being truly, bluely Briton,
Yet when one little phrase slipped out,
  With horror was my bosom smitten.
"I guess"—She could not call it back,
  And laughed to hide her sweet confusion.
Oh, lovely Anglomaniac,
  To shatter thus my fond illusion!

Ye Cannibal and Ye Missionaree.

A cannibal lived on a cannibal isle,
  And was thinner than thin could be;
His legs were as lean as the tail of a rat,
His head rattled round in his number-five hat,
And he left no mark on the sand where he sat,
  Oh, a woful sight was he!
    So he was—
  A dismal sight was he.

Now, there came to this island from over the main
  A laudable missionaree;
His weight was three hundred and forty-three pound,
His paunch and his jowls and his tonsure were round,
And he left a mark when he sat on the ground
  Just two-and-a-half feet by three.
    So he did—
  Just two-and-a-half feet by three.

But the moral I'm trying to teach in my song
  You soon will be able to see,
For the Christian proved docile and teachable quite;
He learnt from the heathen the thing that was right,
And one Sunday morning, as soon as 'twas light
  He ate up the cannibalee!
    Yes, he did—
  He ate up the cannibalee.

Oh, the Wretch.

"My darling, you do not bestow upon me so much affection as you did before we were married," remarked a pouting bride of four years to her husband. "Don't I?" he replied. "No, Charles, you do not; you pay very little attention to me." "Well, my dear," observed the wicked husband, "did you ever see a man run after a street car after he had caught it?"

Suited to the Occasion.

At the barracks.

"How goes it, sergeant?"

"Pretty well, Major, only I'm hungry as a horse."

"Orderly, have a bale of hay sent around Sergt. Brown's quarters."

Nautical.

"The manner in which the English are buying up our breweries is getting to be a serious matter."

"That's so. With the lager beer schooner departs the last vestige of our American shipping."—*Boston Transcript.*

A fox at Horbling, in Lancashire, England, was compelled to retreat from her earth, owing to its flooding by heavy thunder-rain. She proceeded to bring her cubs out one by one into a field, where she was observed by two men. Then finding that escape with the four was impossible, she deliberately attacked her own cubs and killed them one after the other, after which she hastily scampered to a neighboring covert.

DUE TO SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

An English Physician Reports a Death From this Cause.

A phenomenal occurrence, nothing less than the spontaneous combustion of the human body, is claimed to have taken place recently. Dr. Booth reports the case as follows in the *British Medical Journal*:

On the morning of Sunday, February 19th, I was sent for to examine the remains of a man, age 65, a pensioner of notoriously intemperate habits. I found the charred remains of the man reclining against the stone wall of the hay loft. The main effects of combustion were limited to the corpse, and only a small piece of the adjacent flooring and the woodwork immediately above the man's head had suffered. The body was almost a cinder, yet retained the form of the face and figure so well that those who had known him in life could readily recognize him. Both hands and the right foot had been burnt off, and had fallen through the floor into the stable below among the ashes, and the charred and calcined ends of the right radius and ulna, the left humerus and the right tibia and fibula were exposed to view. The hair and scalp were burnt off the forehead, exposing the bare and calcined skull. The tissues of the face were represented by a greasy cinder, retaining the cast of the features, and the incinerated mustache still gave the wonted military expression to the old soldier The soft tissues were almost entirely consumed. On my return from other work, later on, I found that the whole had been removed. The bearers told me that the whole body had collapsed when they had tried to move it en masse. From the comfortable recumbent attitude of the body, it was evident that there had been no death struggle, and that, stupefied with all the whisky within and smoke without, the man had expired without suffering, the body burning away quietly all the time.

Children's Luncheons on Excursion.

I offer the experience of one family hoping it may be of use. Our children had not lived many years before we were convinced that grown people cannot judge of the appetite of the young, so we resolved that they should never be denied food when they asked for it, and concluded that good brown bread was least likely to hurt them. I do not think we should have allowed a child to eat all the time, but we were never troubled in this way. When the children were young we had a large three-seated "carry-all," into which we used to pack and drive to woods or streams within ten miles, and spend as many hours as they were interested and happy. A can of milk, dry bread and fruit was the only lunch they ever had or wanted. Visitors who sometimes went with us used to think it rather unkind treatment, till they saw with what hearty appetites the bread was eaten and realized how harmless bread crumbs are. One afternoon their father took two of them, about 6 and 8 years of age, to another part of the country, and, returning, had to wait a few minutes at the Broad street station. The children complained of hunger and were taken into a restaurant, where the waiter vied with their father in offering tempting cakes. In vain, nothing suited; till, somewhat out of patience, their father asked, "Well, what do you want?" "A piece of bread," was the meek reply, and the waiter had a very disgusted expression as each child turned away with a half loaf of bread and a contented face. Even small children can be taught that eating in public is scarcely permissible, but plain bread, properly eaten, annoys others as little as anything can. Would it not be a good idea for grown people, too, to look upon their picnics and days of "outing" as opportunities to enjoy the country, to get exercise and fresh air and to be satisfied with bread?—*Isabella in Philadelphia Ledger.*

Drawing the Credit Line.

Merchant Tailor.—I am sorry to say it, Mr. Goodheart, but as this is to be your wedding-suit, I must demand cash on delivery.

Mr. Goodheart.—Eh? Why, I've had had an account with you for years, and I've always paid promptly to the hour, the very hour, sir.

"Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a bachelor and had the handling of your own money."

A Poser.

The modern child is an analyst. The small kid was playing with the scissors and his kindly old grandmother chided him.

"You mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I knew a little boy just like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye, and he put his eye out, and he never could see anything ever after."

The child listened patiently and said when she got through:

"What was the matter with his other eye?"

An Unpromising Match.

Mrs. Henpeck—My dear, you will make a sad mistake if you marry Mr. Meak. He has no beard, and he wears a wig.

Daughter—What difference does that make?

Huh! You try managing a husband with no hair of his own, and you'll find out."

A Pardonable Sin.

Editor's Wife—I wonder what can be the matter with Mrs. Smith; she hasn't returned my visit yet.

Editor (absent-mindedly)—Perhaps you neglected to enclose a stamp.

Long-Distance Vision.

He—May I see you home?
She—Is your eyesight good?

An Unexpected Development.

Sick dude—Oh, doctor, what ails me? Doctor—I am surprised to find that you have brain fever.

—Mathematics has its oddities. The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45 a result equally odd is obtained—5,555,555,505. Is that curious or isn't it? And there is plenty more where that came from.

About a year ago the Dakota farmers began to import cats to destroy the mice in the wheat fields. Now they have got all the cats they want, and are howling for bootjacks.

HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE.

A Novel Courtship Ends in a Happy Marriage.

It is not often in this generation of self-reliant and independent young men, that the son will allow the father either to choose or pay much attention to his own choice of a young lady for matrimonial purposes. But Mr. Edy S. Haviland, of Boston, Ont., had faith in his father's excellent judgment, and will now pin that faith tighter than ever upon this *pater*, for he has recently married the girl of his father's choice and thinks he could not have done half so well for himself. It appears that some time since, Willis Haviland (the father), who is a member of the religious sect called Plymouth Brethren, was on Manitoulin Island preaching, and while at Manitowaning met a Miss Maggie Elliott, young, amiable and good looking. He fancied her for a daughter-in-law and in a short time had his son in correspondence with her. Acquaintance ripened into some sort of a tender affection, and an engagement and wedding followed. The young man, who is but 22 years of age, had never seen his betrothed, but he went for her about the first of this month, married her and brought her to his home in Boston about a week ago.

The reception was pleasant to all concerned and the newly married couple had several incidents of their trip to relate that were amusing. The difficulty in procuring a marriage certificate was their first trouble, but that was overshadowed by the exchange of Mrs. Haviland's trunk, containing besides clothing, the certificate duly signed, sealed and delivered. She has a trunk full of gentleman's apparel that she would like to exchange for her own. The young people received a large number of lovely presents, and the bride has already found that there are warm hearts in Boston open to her. May their lives be long, happy and prosperous!—*Brantford Expositor.*

CLEANING CLOTHES.

How to Restore the Freshness of Worn Clothing and Make it Like New.

It is a mystery to many people how the scourers of old clothes can make them almost as good as new. Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest or pair of pants of broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds, and plunges the garment into it, souces it up and down, rubs the dirty places, if necessary puts it through a second suds, then rinses through several waters, and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry, he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat, and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them, and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while the full cloud of steam arises, and brings the nap up with it. Cloth should always have suds made specially for it, as if that which has been used for white cotton or woolen clothes, lint will be left in the water, and cling to the cloth. In this manner we have known the same coat and pantaloons to be renewed time and again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them.—*American Analyst.*

The Idol of the Town.

The most popular song in England just now is monopolized by the London idol, Miss Vesta Tilley, and is entitled "Bachelors." Miss Tilley is a drawing favorite both for herself and her manager. For him she draws all the dudes of the metropolis to spend their money in the music hall, and for herself she draws $200 to $250 per week. The song runs as follows:

I want a girl of flesh, not stone,
  Chorus—So do I!)
Whose heart will beat for me alone;
  (Chorus—Oh, what joy!)
A tender, pure, impulsive maid;
  (Chorus—Hard to find!)
A comforter when sorrow comes;
  (Chorus—Brave and kind!)
A John Bull's daughter like her dad;
  (Chorus—Good and true!)
Until I find one I shall search England through.
  Chorus—And I'll not go away to Yankeeland
    To seek out there a lady's heart and hand!
    An English girl, if win her love you can,
    Is good enough for any Englishman.

Another chorus to this song touches rather heavily upon the matrimonial combination of Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice:

Had I been born a handsome German Prince,
I might have been a son-in-law long since;
The royal maid of thirty-six I'd splice,
By doing it for half Prince Henry's price.

Bobby's Disappointment.

Bobby has been playing on the porch while his mother was calling within. She suddenly appears at door with hostess ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries:

"Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?"

"No, dear."

"Boo—hoo—hoo—well, you said you would—boo—hoo—hoo."

(Painful silence, followed by rapid leave-taking.)

Duty.

Mrs. De Style—Were you at church last Sunday? I didn't see you.

Mrs. De Fashion—I saw you.

"Did you? How did you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, it was perfectly lovely! It came from Paris, I'm sure."

"Yes, my dear friend. Mrs. Devout smuggled it in for me."—*New York Weekly.*

A Brilliant Idea.

Hardware Dealer—Now, Mr. Rustious, there's what I call a bargain. That stove has a quick oven, and the draught is so arranged that it will save one-half your fuel.

Mrs. R. (who is a student of economics)—La sakes, pa! why not get two and save all the fuel?

The Cincinnati street railroad company is putting in an electric motor plant. The tugging horse on the street car must go.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

News from Rome states that the Duchess of Aosta has given birth to a son.

Owing to the dry weather in Manitoba there promises to be great scarcity of hay this year.

Sir John Macdonald will start on July 3rd on his usual summer trip to Dalhousie, N.B.

The Austrian budget for next year includes an estimate for the formation of 14 heavy batteries.

Advices from Pangani are that the Arabs have rejected Capt. Wissmann's terms, and that an attack is imminent.

The weather in Paris is very fine, and Canadian and American visitors to the exhibition are flocking there in great numbers.

A later despatch from Newcastle, N.S.W., says all the miners in the pit except two were rescued. The two bodies were recovered.

The members of the American Society of Civil Engineers in Paris visited the Eiffel tower and were entertained by M. Eiffel the other day.

The members of the Right in the French Chamber of Deputies have issued a manifesto protesting against the actions of the Republican majority.

The Customs Department has seized $8,000 worth of goods at Montreal belonging to the Vacuum Oil Co., of New York, on the alleged ground of undervaluation.

The Prince of Wales has sent to the Lord Mayor of London £100 towards a fund to be used for the expenses of English patients who are treated by M. Pasteur at Paris.

Frank Woodruff has commenced a suit for $19,500 damages for libel against the proprietor of a Chicago dime museum who has on exhibition a wax "figger" of the horse thief as one of the accomplices in the Cronin murder.

The Toronto police made a vigorous attempt yesterday to capture the burglars, or some of them, who have been infesting the city lately. The streets were specially patrolled and two crooks caught after a smart chase, during which several shots were fired.

The evictions on the Ponsonby estate were continued on Saturday. The evicting party encountered strenuous opposition, and a number of arrests were made. A mob which tried to rescue the prisoners was dispersed by the police with their batons. Several persons were injured.

A despatch from Shanghai says that Russia has occupied Deer Island, in Corea, as a coaling and naval depot. There is a Russian man-of-war there, and nobody is allowed to land or leave without a permit from the admiral. The possession of the island gives Russia great advantage over England.

A Rome despatch to the *Standard* says Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, having made a long report to the Vatican through Cardinal Simeoni on the criminal acts of the Clan-na-Gael, the Pope has given instructions that power be granted the archbishop to take whatever measures he may deem oppertune to declare the Clan-na-Gael in opposition to the Church.

It was recently discovered that a plot was being concerted among the convicts in Kingston Penitentiary to revolt and gain their liberty, and on Saturday by the advice of Sir John Thompson a number of soldiers were placed in hiding with a view to contingencies. The fact that the plot was known, however, in some way got to the ears of the malcontents, and the expected denouement did not take place.

Two girls, aged 17 and 19 respectively, arrived at Buffalo on Saturday from Johnstown, where they had been deprived of friends and food by the terrible flood. They were penniless and desirous of proceeding to Almonte, Ont., where they had friends who would care for them. The flood sufferers' fund at Buffalo not being available for that purpose, State Officer Winspeare sent them on at the expense of the State.

At an Imperial Federation League meeting in London on Saturday night, Sir Charles Tupper, after admitting that the federation idea was now received in Canada with as much enthusiasm as in some other colonies, suggested the holding of a convention, representing all parts of the Empire, to consider the question of federation in all its bearings. He urged that one result might possibly be the adoption of an Imperial fiscal policy beneficial to the Empire as a whole. Lord Herschell, the Chairman, in the course of his speech, remarked that, if such a convention be held, it must be at the desire of the colonies. Mr. Rankin, member of Parliament for Leominster, afterwards urged Canada to take the lead in pressing for a convention such as suggested by Sir Charles Tupper.

Ten thousand quinine pills form one of the New York contributions for the Johnstown sufferers.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—*Emerson.*

A laborer named Thomas Murphy was killed at Quebec yesterday afternoon when working on shipboard, by being struck on the head by a piece of timber.

William Lyman was brutally assaulted at Windsor by a colored man named Henry Williams on Monday afternoon, and died Tuesday at Harper Hospital, Detroit.

The West Peterboro' County Orange Lodge has passed resolutions condemning the action of the Grand Lodge at Goderich in reference to the Jesuits' Estates Act.

Two miners of Dortmund, in Westphalia, Germany, have just been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude each for using revolvers on the occasion of the disturbances growing out of the recent strikes.

Nine families were evicted at Youghal, Ireland, yesterday. Among those dispossessed was an aged woman named Sweeney, to whom the last sacrament was being administered when the evictors arrived. Mrs. Sweeney was subsequently reinstated.

Torrential rains, accompanied by thunder, have swept over Hesse, South Westphalia, Nassau and Thuringia, Germany. The storm extended east to Saxony and south to Bavaria. Serious damage was done to corn, hay and fruit crops. Several persons and a large number of cattle perished.

At the inquest at Armagh into the cause of the railroad accident near there last week, representatives of the Irish Northern Railway Company, on whose road the disaster occurred, announced that the company would accept all liability for the accident and was prepared to consider all claims for damages on account of loss of life and injuries that might be presented.

Some time on Tuesday night Mrs. Boyd and Miss Thompson, accompanied by A. Symonds and John Gillespie, left Blyth for parts unknown. Mrs. Boyd leaves a husband and six small children behind her. She took advantage of her husband's absence at work in the country, leaving her six small children all alone to do for themselves as best they could. The youngest is not two years old.

Word has reached Montreal of a terrible drowning accident that took place some days ago on the River Rouge, at the joint log drive of the Ottawa Lumber Company and Hon. J. K. Ward. In order to save portaging, a foreman named Emery Cote and two young men—one a French-Canadian, Monte Bello, and the other an Indian named Barnaby Shawen, tried to descend the mountain rapids in their canoe. The craft, which was rather heavily laden with utensils, provisions, etc., ran on a rock and was smashed to pieces. Cote got ashore, but the other two were drowned. The Indian Barnaby, though only about 24, was one of the best canoemen on the river. He is described as an exceedingly fine fellow, and was the only support of his widowed mother and her family, who live in Arundel township.

The impression prevails in Ottawa official circles that the Jesuit Incorporation Act will not be referred to the Supreme Court.

The Dominion Government have been notified of the discovery of an anthracite coal mine at Canmore, N.W.T.

Mr. Robert Flynn, of Arden, late Warden of Frontenac county, was thrown from his buggy and picked up unconscious. Death is feared.

In the Montreal Episcopal Synod yesterday the motion condemning the recent Jesuit legislation was carried, without debate, by a vote of 70 to 29.

A youth named Dore got entangled in the machinery in the Mountain Grove saw mill, near Brockville, and had his legs so crushed that both had to be amputated.

O'Donovan Rossa and Wilber Hendrickson, of the *United Irishman*, were arrested at New York yesterday on a charge of libel preferred by Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy.

An unknown man, aged about 20 years, was found drowned in the river at Leclercville, county of Lotbiniere, Que., on Monday, by the crew of the tug Boston.

Mr. Winstanley, a Protestant Home Ruler, has been privately selected for nomination as the next Lord Mayor of Dublin. The nomination is equivalent to election.

It is reported that Mr. A. P. Ross, ex-M. P. for Cornwall, has been appointed superintendent of the Cornwall Canal, in place of Mr. Macdonald, who will be superannuated.

The crop outlook in the vicinity of Ottawa, where there are low lying lands, is not bright. Potatoes have suffered the most, and in some districts will be a total loss.

The Orangemen of Medicine Hat, N.W.T., are appealing to their brethren throughout the country for ten-cent subscriptions to furnish and provide nurses for the Medicine Hat General Hospital.

The Dominion Line steamship Montreal, which arrived in Quebec on Wednesday, was the first vessel to come through Belle Isle Straits this season. She came through on Sunday, 16th inst. The straits are clear of ice, but there are numerous icebergs scattered about.

A young man named John Archambault was drowned in the Ottawa River, near Aylmer, Que., yesterday morning at Breckenridge. It seems he started out intending to shove along the float wood he collected, and it is supposed took a fit and fell in. He was 23 years old and leaves a wife and one child.

At Chambly Canton, Que., yesterday morning three men and a boy started fishing from a boat. A heavy gale came upon them and the boat filled with water and went down. Alex. Rivers, his son and Louis Savard were drowned. The other man managed to keep afloat for ten minutes when assistance arrived and he was rescued.

Alfred Cousin, switchman, M.C.R. yards, St. Thomas, met with an accident on Wednesday evening of a serious and painful character. While coupling two cars his left hand was carried into an Amos coupler and ground to a shapeless mass. He was carried to the Railroad Hospital and the hand amputated above the wrist. His relatives reside in Cayuga.

Arthur Rushton, the 11-year-old son of Mr. Robt. Rushton, boilermaker, Hincks street, St. Thomas, while watching the Salvation Army parade on Wednesday evening, was run over by a rig, both wheels of which passed over his head and neck. He was picked up for dead and hurried into Duncombe's drug store, but was restored to consciousness after some time. He has sustained severe scalp wounds and other injuries.

A Sure Cure for Consumption.

One of the "sure cures of consumption" sold in Philadelphia was analyzed and found to consist of rum, molasses and extract of dandelion.—*Rochester Democrat.* Well, what of it? If that won't cure consumption, what will?—*Buffalo Courier.*

What Might Have Been Expected.

"And how did Blifkins become insane?"

"By absorption. He slept for three months beneath a crazy quilt."

Andrew McFarlane, landlord of the Crawford Hotel, Windsor, died of heart-disease at 8 o'clock Friday morning, leaving a widow but no children.

An American, now in Liberia, writes that he saw on a single Sunday one missionary and 50,000 cases of gin landed on the African coast. Why so much missionary?

Hans Christian Andersen, according to Mr. Gosse, was a peculiar and decidedly unpleasant child. The genius of the youthful Andersen was stimulated by weeding in the garden of a lunatic asylum and by inventing little tales for the benefit of the old ladies in the neighboring poorhouse.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

July 12 this year will be celebrated by this district at Flesherton Station. It is expected some eight or nine lodges will be present.

Mr. Geo. Parks, who has driven the Feversham stage for years, made his last trip on Saturday, when he had his team nicely decorated with ribbons in honor of the occasion. He now hands over the reins to Mr. Meldrum

The Collingwood Bulletin takes two items of our Maxwell correspondence, a local which we wrote ourselves about the two gentlemen who got hilarious in Feversham, and places them under a Maxwell head, without giving credit. Golly! but you are gally, Mr. Bulletin.

Burtch and Burgess Uncle Tom's Cabin company performed here under canvas last Saturday evening to quite a large audience. We did not see the show ourselves but from what we heard it is to those who were present that we did not lose any opportunity of having our morals elevated by remaining away.

Here is what the Owen Sound Times says about Beaumaster: The Dundalk Herald man is studying Bovinology. His new head has carried him through an interesting chapter of its experience, enabling him to repeat the [illegible] loss. His success as [illegible] is tantamount to the [illegible] he has made in his newly adopted vocation.

A Close Call

Messrs. Richardson & Co's large establishment had a narrow escape from destruction on Monday evening. During the thunderstorm a line of papers, hanging inside the switch board in their telegraph office was ignited by the electricity and burned to a cinder. Beneath this file was other [illegible] paper and inflammable material, which if it had taken fire, would have resulted in a catastrophe terrible to contemplate, as no one was in the office at the time. How it failed to do this is the only mystery.

Directors' Meeting

The directors of East Grey Agricultural Society met in Munshaw's hotel on Saturday last for the transaction of general business. The secretary's report showed the society to be on a good financial basis, having $90 on hand from last year. On motion of Messrs. Clinton and Sproule it was decided to extend the prize list to the standard of 1887. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in arranging prize list, appointment of judges, etc. Mr. Thos. Kells, the ex president, was present and magnanimously offered a prize of five dollars for the best essay on farming, terms and conditions to be arranged by the directors, for which see prize list.

Notice.

Owing to the unpleasant evening for the garden party on Monday last, and consequent disappointment to so many, the ladies of the Methodist Church have decided to hold an adjourned garden party on the same grounds, those of J. W. Armstrong, Esq., on Friday evening, July 5. Admission 10 cents.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

Personal

J. G. Russell, Esq., returned home from Hamilton on Tuesday, bringing Master Richard Russell with him for a summer vacation

Miss Tillie Gaudin, of Owen Sound, was a guest of The Advance on Dominion Day.

Mrs. J. C. Crane, of Owen Sound, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Trimble during the past week.

Mr T. Clayton, of Toronto, spent Dominion Day in this vicinity and returned on Tuesday.

Mr. Ed. Richardson spent the 1st with friends in Owen Sound.

Mr Richard Bentham, Jr., and his sister, Mrs. Wm. Wilcock, also Mrs. A. M Bentham, are away this week visiting friends in Elma and Stratford.

Garden Party.

The garden party under the auspices of the Methodist Ladies' Aid on Monday evening could not be called a very great success. The weather was very unfavorable. A heavy thunderstorm about six o'clock caused everyone to give up hope of there being any gathering whatever, but the elements calmed down, people began to arrive, the gates were thrown open and when the audience had all arrived $30 had been added to the church treasury, which was not at all bad. Refreshments were served in Mr. J. W. Armstrong's residence, which had been kindly and freely thrown open to the visitors. The band was detained at Priceville by the storm but, believing that it is "better late than never," they put in an appearance about 9.30 and played several selections. Notwithstanding the dampness, everybody apparently enjoyed themselves, especially the young people, who kept up the sports until a late hour.

Irish Lake Picnic.

The annual Irish Lake Picnic was held this year in Mr. Jas. Buther's grove, on Wednesday of last week. The gathering was probably not quite so large as on former occasions, but everything was managed nicely and an enjoyable time was spent. The eatables were all that could be desired, and Mrs. Peter Neil, who engineered the culinary department, deserves much praise for the exellence of the repast provided. Dancing, of course, was the principal amusement, although there were several athletic competitions. Music was furnished by Flesherton's own inimitable orchestra, assisted by Mr. Jas. Henry, of Markdale, on an organ, and the splendid music was highly appreciated by officials and people. Among prominent gentlemen present we noticed Drs. Sproule, Ego, Jamieson and Hutton, J. G. Hunter, of Durham, and a number of others. Father Jefcott, of Orangeville, and Mr. Jas. Ryan of the same place, were also visitors. The gathering dispersed about 7 o'clock all having enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon. There was an almost entire absence of rowdyism. Prize winners in the games were as follows: Putting 21 lb. stone—1st R. Morrison, 2nd A. Morrison; hop step and jump 1st Jos. Blakely, 38 ft 2 in., 2nd D. McDonald, 36 ft. 9 in.; standing [illegible] 1st D. McDonald, 2nd J. Blakely; one hundred yard race 1st P. Hearn, D. Clark, 2nd R. Morrison;

For lame back, side chest, use Shilon's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Death of Wm. Wright

On Friday evening last, about 11 o'clock, there passed away in the village one of our old and much-respected residents, in the person of Mr William Wright, who, for thirty-nine years, has been a prominent figure in this section. Mr Wright was born in the year 1804 and came to this country from the county of Monaghan, Ireland, in the year 1850, settling on a farm about 14 miles from Flesherton, where he opened a general store, and subsequently removed to this village, where he carried on the business for a number of years. About five years ago, owing to financial difficulties, the business was given up, since which time, when health would permit, the deceased has been actively engaged in the stock shipping trade, and had been out driving on his round of business the day before death came. For two years Mr. Wright had been troubled with heart disease, and the approach of the dread messenger was therefore in a manner expected, for which the deceased gentleman was well prepared, having been a class leader and Sunday school worker in the Methodist Church for over twenty years. He leaves a widow and seven children, all of whom were present at the funeral excepting the eldest daughter, who was unavoidably detained in Chicago. The interment took place on Tuesday to Flesherton cemetery, and the remains were followed to the grave by one of the largest funerals ever seen here. Deceased was a member of the A. O. U. W., which lodged attended the funeral in a body, including representatives from the Markdale and Priceville lodges, and the A. O. U. W. burial service was read at the grave. Immediately after the interment an impressive funeral sermon was preached in the Methodist Church by the Rev. Mr. Shilton, from Luke 12:37: "Blessed are those servants whom when the Lord cometh finds watching." The church was crowded.

And thus passed away from life William Wright—a man who was respected by everyone, who helped make this country what it is, and who, above and better than all else, was prepared to hear the joyful summons, "well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Dominion Day in Priceville.

Priceville celebrated the natal day of our fair Dominion in a lavish manner with a magnificent list of sports and a big crowd. Flesherton vacated itself for the occasion and visited its sister town to assist her in the jubilee. There was foot racing, jumping, throwing stone, and other kindred games, but the greatest attractions were two baseball games, the first between Markdale and Priceville juniors, and the other between Priceville and Flesherton seniors. These matches attracted a large crowd of spectators, and Priceville won in each case. There were but five innings played by the junior clubs, when the score stood 8 to 9 in favor of Priceville's little sluggers, which was apparently very satisfactory to the majority, as the Markdale boys had in several instances almost reached manhood, and the Priceville boys ranged from 11 years to 15.

The second game—that between Flesherton and Priceville seniors, was noteworthy for some very poor, and also some brilliant playing. Taken on the whole Priceville played somewhat the best game, although several charming bits of work by Will Clark, Flesherton's pitcher, who knocked the ball over the fence while three men were on bases, thereby causing four runs to be piled up; Dave Anderson's lively protection of first base, and Williams's excellent catching redeemed our club from shame, owing to poor work in the field. Game was called on the seventh innings on account of rain, when the score stood as follows

Flesherton—2 0 1 1 2 6 1—13
Priceville—1 3 0 5 1 2 2—14

OTHER CONTESTS.

Putting 21 lb. shot—D. McDonald 1st, E. Watson 2nd

Standing high jump—S. Jackson 1st, C. McArthur 2nd

Running high jump—S. Jackson 1st, R. and A. Morrison equal

Standing long jump—Geo. Tyron 1st, C. McArthur and D. McDonald dead heat

Three standing jumps—G. Tyron 1st, C. McArthur 2nd

One mile race—John McArthur 1st, P. Neil 2nd

Fifty yard three legged race—D. Arrowsmith 1st, W. Blakeston 2nd

Boys' race, under 15—T. Atkinson 1st, D. McArthur 2nd.

Boys' race under 12—Frank Hill 1st, C. Armstrong 2nd.

Hundred yard race—D. Arrowsmith 1st, W. Blakeston 2nd.

Watson's hall was open during the afternoon and evening, and notwithstanding the intense heat a large number tripped the light fantas. Flesherton's inimitable brass band furnished music on the grounds. A great many respectable *looking* individuals would not pay the ten cents admission, but gazed on the sports from over the fence. Such antics would lead one to believe that the looks were their only stock in trade. We cannot refrain from congratulating the energetic committee, composed of Dr. Hutton, J. Brown, J. McArthur, D. Lamount and John McGowan, upon the success which attended their efforts. The judges were C. McKinnon, A. McInnis, and D. K. McArthur

LOTS FOR SALE BY TENDER

IN THE

VILLAGE OF EUGENIA.

[illegible]

HENRY CAIRNS
GEO. GE. STEWART
JOHN WRIGHT

NOTICE!

TO CREDITORS & OTHERS.

[illegible]

First day of August Next.

[illegible]

HENRY CAIRNS
GEORGE STEWART
JOHN WRIGHT
} Executors

Dated Jun 25th 1889

Mortgage Sale

OF

Valuable Village Property.

IN pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain mortgage to the vendor, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by D. McCormick, Esq., auctioneer, by public auction, at Atkinson's hotel, in the village of Priceville, on

Thursday, July 25th, 1889,

at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following lands and premises in the

VILLAGE OF PRICEVILLE,

in the county of Grey, being composed of park lot number two on the west side of Queen street in the said village of Priceville. There is on the premises a one and a half story frame dwelling house, 18x24, said to be in a fair state of repair.

TERMS of SALE:

This property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Twenty per cent of purchase money is to be paid at time of sale, and a sufficient amount with the said twenty per cent to make up in all the sum of $200 within three months thereafter. Time will be given for the balance if required, on terms to be made known at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to D. McCormick, Esq., auctioneer, Francis Waite, Esq., Priceville, or to the undersigned

J. W. FROST,
Flesherton, June 24th 1889. Vendor's Solicitor

Mortgage Sale

OF

VALUABLE PROPERTY,

IN THE

VILLAGE OF FLESHERTON.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage (which will be produced at time of sale) there will be offered for sale by public auction, at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

in the village of Flesherton, on

Thursday, the 25th Day of July, 1889,

at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon all and singular that property known as village lots numbers 16, 17, 18 and 19, on the south west side of Sydenham street, containing by measurement one acre and one-third of a square perch more or less, according to registered plan of subdivision of lot number 36, in the first range or concession south west of the Toronto and Sydenham Road, in the Township of Artemesia. This desirable property adjoins the public school property, and fronting on Main street, being about 60 yards from the business portion of the village. Erected thereon is a 1½ story brick dwelling house on stone foundation, containing ten rooms and cellar, with wood shed attached. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Terms and conditions made known on day of sale. For further particulars apply to

E. M. CHADWICK, vendors' solicitor,
Beatty, Chadwick, Blackstock & Galt,
58 Wellington street east, Toronto.

PRICES TO SUIT

The Times.

The time to offer bargains is when the times are dull and money scarce.

Taking advantage of this we offer you nice new goods at the following low prices:

MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS.

Men's whole stock high cut Kip boots. $1.[illegible]
Men's split high cut Kip boots $1.[illegible]
Men's Cole 75
Boys' whole stock boots. $1.[illegible]
Boy's split boots. $1.[illegible]

LADIES' & CHILDRENS' BOOTS.

Women's whole stock Kip. $1.25.
Women's split boots. $1.00.
A beautiful polished calf shoe. $1.30.
Ladies' fine Dongola Kid boots, full sizes, buttoned or laced. $1.90.
Children's shoes lower than ever.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A nobby suit, blue serge, full size, and nicely made, $4.75.
A nice pair wool pants cut in the latest style for $1.40.
A nice range of tweeds for boys' suits, from 30 cts. up to 50 cts. per yd. All wool.

DRY GOODS.

Factory cotton, full yard, only 4 cts. a yard.
Cottonades, nice patterns, 17 and 18 cts. a yd.
Our best prints at 10 and 11 cts. a yd.
Shirtings from 8 to 13 cts. a yd.
Beautiful ginghams at 8 cts. a yd.

GROCERIES.

A lovely Japan tea 5 lbs. for 90 cts. as good as any 25 ct. tea in town.
5 bars best Electric soap for 25 cts.
14 bars Nice Toilet soap for 25 cts.
24 lbs. best rice for $1.00
14 lbs. No. 1 currants for $1.00.
13 lbs. Valencia raisins for $1.00.
14 lbs. bright sugar for $1.00.

Oat meal, corn meal, cracked wheat, long clear bacon, spiced rolls, smoked hams, and bologna sausages constantly on hand, at close prices. Butter, eggs and wool taken at highest market prices.

The Old Reliable Stand.

R. Trimble.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence J. G. Russel's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians an
Surgeons, Ontario.
Entrance at office, one door east of Grier's store
or Atkinson House.
Feb. 10, 1887.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT
Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
T. S. SPOULE M.D. late ANGUS EGO M.D. late
late of Toronto, Ont. late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of the College of Toronto.
RESIDENCE—COLLINGWOOD STREET
Opposite Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. Thomas Henderson,
GRADUATE DENTIST
Honor Graduate
TORONTO.
FLESHERTON, Monday. Hotel
The latest improvements in
highest standard of the art.
Residence, 120 Yonge St. Toronto.

J. P. MARSHALL.
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

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House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Character Development.

BY M. W. CAMPBELL, PUBLIC SCHOOL INSPECTOR FOR SOUTH GREY.

The school is a little Kingdom. It has its sovereign and its subjects. The sovereign is absolute but the subjects have rights. All the machinery of monarchy is there—laws, judge, jury, sheriff and even executioner. The kingdom is Lilliputian in its dimensions, but in it there is room for the exercise of the varied passions of humanity. Passion also is much as it is made by habit. The minds of children of school age are in the formative period. Their whole lives follow the bent now received. It is the age of growth, of expansion, of rapid development. It is a well-known fact that the impressions received in childhood and youth continue when those of manhood and middle age have passed away forever. So with the *habits* of youth. They form the guiding principles of life. This is universally believed. It has found expression in sayings like, "The boy is father of the man." "As is the youth so is the sire." The same doctrine is taught in the Sacred Record. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." The belief has found expression, also, in other ways. Why all the benevolent associations for reclaiming the abandoned, homeless children of our great cities? Why the extraordinary expenditure of money by every free country for the education of the young? Why, but that it is found cheaper to maintain institutions to educate the people than to suppress the vice and crime that naturally follow ignorance and superstition?

How important then, that in our schools the young should form and practice correct habits—habits of mind foremost and chiefly, but habits of body as well. The one is the result of the other. I would here enumerate a few of the virtues or qualities of mind which can be cultivated more effectively perhaps in the school room than anywhere else. I give them as they occur to me without any attempt at classification or indicating relative importance except in the case of the first. Loyalty to truth for its own sake, benevolence, self-control, self-denial, industry, kindness, justice, generosity. Others may easily be added but these underlie every true and noble character. Loyalty to truth I place first for I believe it to be the highest test of character—the most rare and difficult of all the moral qualities." "For such loyalty as it grows in perfection, asks courage and more of us, and sets before us a standard of manliness always rising higher and higher."

To bear witness to the truth against avowed and open enemies is easy enough. "But to bear it against those we love, against those whose judgment and opinions we respect, and defence or furtherance of that which approves itself as true to our own inmost conscience this is the last and abiding test of courage and manliness. How natural, nay, how inevitable it is, that we should fall into the habit of appreciating and judging things mainly by the standards in common use among those we respect and love. But these very standards are apt to break down with us when we are brought face to face with some question which takes us ever so little out of ourselves and our unusual moods. At such times we are driven to admit in our hearts that we, and those we respect and love have been looking at and judging things, not truthfully, and therefore not courageously and manfully, but conventionally. And then comes one of the most searching of all trials of courage and manliness, when a man or woman is called to stand by what approves itself to their consciences as true, and to protest for it through evil report and good report, against all discouragement and opposition from those they respect or love. The sense of antagonism instead of rest, of distrust and alienation instead of approval and sympathy which such times bring is a test which tries the very heart and reins, and it is one which meets us at all ages, and in all conditions of life." Emerson's hero is the man who, "taking both reputation and life in his hand, will with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and die not by the absolute truth of his speech and rectitude of his behavior.

Without attempting a minute analysis of the way in which these several qualities of mind may be developed in the school-room, I would merely say that if the teacher himself possesses these qualities he will find many opportunities of directing the habits of his pupils, so that they too will ere long possess the same qualities. His own habits being fixed and good, his work will be to watch with jealous care until those also of his pupils become fixed and good. So far as he succeeds in this, so far is he successful in the best sense of the term, and so far as he fails in this so far does he fail to do the highest, the noblest, the most lasting part of the work that he has undertaken.

I shall now endeavor to answer the second question proposed:—What agencies are most potent for the development of a lofty character?

I am not now concerned with the further development of character in full grown men and women, but only with that in children during school life.

Starting from the general truth that it takes character to develop character I would place first, the Home influence on the pupils, but as that is beyond the limit of my subject I shall assume an average influence for good preponderating in the homes of our school children. So far then as the school is concerned, the first and most powerful agency in the building up of a true, noble and lofty character in the pupils is the teacher who is himself true and noble. In proof of this I shall merely quote a short paragraph from Fitch's Lectures on Teaching, a high authority on matters educational:—

"In regard to all the duties of life, there has to be considered the correlation between the thing to be done and the doer of it: the qualities of the agent largely determine the character and the results of the work. In all mechanical labor, in which matter alone has to be acted on, the physical strength and tactual skill of the artizan are the determining forces; but in the work and moral qualifications may have to do with the result. But in the case of the schoolmaster, as in that of the preacher, or of the statesman, moral character have to be the first; and it is found that in the long run nothing can influence character like character. You teach, not only by what you say and do, but very largely by what you are. Here there is a closer correspondence in this department of human labor than in others, between the quality of the work and the attributes of the workman. You cannot dissociate the two. And because in the profession of teaching, the ruler or agent comes into closer contact with the person ruled than in any other profession, it becomes here specially needful to see that we are not only what is the character of the work to be done, but what manner of men and women they should be who undertake to do it."

The second agency I would name is the free association or commingling of the pupils in the school.

This I consider has a most beneficial effect on the pupils. No doubt the influence is sometimes bad, and when bad is very bad. But with proper direction and supervision by a watchful teacher, the good effect on the pupils can scarcely be measured. What passion is not brought into play? What faculty of mind is not strengthened? Are there not abundant opportunities for repressing the evil propensities and of cultivating and encouraging the good? As no pupil can do as he pleases, but must submit to those restraints which regulate the school for the benefit of the whole, is he not thereby taught self-control—a prime factor in good character? As no pupil can get what he wants, but only what others get, if the teacher is truly impartial, is he not taught self-denial, and respect for the rights of others? As each pupil is generally treated by his fellow-pupils according to his deserts, is he not thereby forced in some measure to practice the golden rule "to do unto others as he would that others should do to him" until it becomes a habit and he does it from choice and no longer from compulsion. Thus, kindness to others is fostered and with it benevolence, generosity, and many other such qualities. And lastly, does not the emulation of the class room, the desire to excel, from whatever motive, lead the pupil to cultivate the habit of perseverence, the habit of work, until from the very habit a love of work, study, is begotten that will go with him through life and make him a useful member of society.

Here, I consider it not amiss to compare in few words the relative merits of public and private schools in character building. Although in our public schools, there is much that we must deplore, though the influences for evil are so much more active and widespread, though the moral tendencies of the pupils are more out of the control of the teacher, and evil habits are often learned which never find their way into private schools, yet, I maintain that, on the whole, they turn out better, more useful men and women than private institutions. To this of course there may be individual exceptions, but in general, I think it is true.

In the public school, the pupils are less held in by the leading strings of those in authority, and consequently they have greater opportunities of cultivating self-reliance and manliness—they are better fitted to cope with the oppositions, the difficulties, the perplexities of life—which every one must face sooner or later. Moreover, in the public school, class distinctions are well-nigh annihilated—impartiality should reign supreme in this little monarchy. All are so far as the public school is concerned, born free and equal and the foundation is laid on which can be built the superstructure of a well-ordered, well-governed democracy.

The atmosphere of a private school is certainly purer, fewer temptations assail the pupils; but this very fact, coupled with that other, that evil surrounds each one through life, weakens their claim to superiority in character building. For, clearly, in such institutions, where temptations are few, the pupils are without the experience of evil, are consequently less able to resist the evil, not knowing what it is. How often do we find in actual life, that the most innocent, those who have the least experience of the world, soonest fall, are by their very guilelessness easiest led from the path of rectitude and honor.

From this point of view, I would support very strongly the co-education of the sexes. The moral influence on the boys is of inestimable value. They are more careful of their speech, their manners, their every act when in the presence of the other sex. Whoever doubts this, let him witness some of the games practiced by our young men—base-ball for instance. In most cases, if no ladies are spectators or within hearing, loose rein is given to every form of vulgar speech and even act. On the other hand, when ladies are present, how [illegible] any profanity or obscenity checked! The chivalry of the young men is aroused. Their better selves are put on exhibition. What a mighty power the finer sex possesses! What a weighty responsibility for the improper or imperfect use of that power! It appears to me an almost irresistible force—a force that, if judiciously used, might be the strongest factor for reclaiming many of our young men from the destruction that lies at their door. For those evil habits that must sooner or later ensnare, are physical and moral ruin.

Here I agree with the girls, as of course, not so good, but backed as they are by a universal demand for greater purity, higher morals, there is not little danger that the impressions made will produce more than a feeling of disgust and a hatred of what is low and vile.

Col. Parker has a few sensible remarks about the common school system of the U.S. which will apply equally well to the public school system of Ontario.

"The common school system of the U.S. is an inspiration from God.

It says we will give every child the chance to work out God's design—the working out of character, for that is God's design—so that he can become the best possible that is in him.

The common school gives that chance. One of the greatest factors in the common schools is the social relation. Had the North known the South you could not have dragged them to war. The great power of the common school is this social intercourse. Yes, and the girls and the boys should be educated together: it is a crime to keep them apart half their lives and then bring them together. The mother should be educated as well as the father. * * *

It is character we must make in the schools; we will save millions of dollars by putting time and money into character. We must search for truth, for divine laws in humanity; they have not all been discovered. I fully believe that the millenium will come, not by any creed or catechism, but by the discovery and application of truth.

To conclude, I shall let Sir Thomas Bazley from Lord Beaconsfield's life of Lord George Bentinck, speak of those who in the society of the counting house are endeavoring to combine with their private success the highest standard of honor.

Such [illegible] duties and the character of teachers [illegible] I have found, have [illegible] unobtrusively, though perhaps observed by all in their blessed vocation wherever I have gone. * * * Their calling is high and holy; their labors the property of nations; their renown will rival the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in our own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in patience performs his appointed work; awaits in faith the fulfilment of the promises; and, resting from his labors, bequeathes his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

THE END.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

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ICE Cream Parlors
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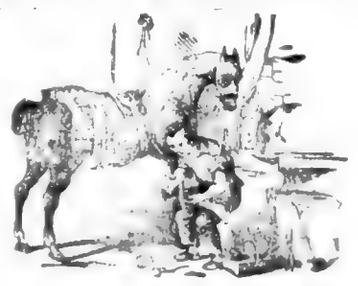

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, Breeder of Cleveland Bay and Trotting Bred Horses.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it's one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE DR. CRONIN CASE.

Tracking Bloody Footprints—The Iceman May Squeal—Burke Identified in Winnipeg.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: The special grand jury in the Cronin case gave its first indication of results at noon to-day in the shape of an indictment against Martin Burke on two counts. Burke, alias Martin Delaney, otherwise called Frank Williams, is indicted, first for murder, and secondly for conspiracy with Coughlin, P. O'Sullivan and Woodruff for the purpose of committing murder. Application will at once be made to Governor Fifer by an officer who is now in Springfield, for requisition papers for the extradition of Burke. These papers, properly attested, will be spread before the State Department of Washington, and the Secretary of State will make a formal request to the Canadian Government for the surrender and extradition of Burke. The indictment was returned upon the testimony of Michael Gavin, of the Chicago Sewer Department. Gavin testified that he had known Burke for a long time; that he had frequently heard the latter boast of his friendship with P. O'Sullivan and others of the suspected parties, and that on one occasion Burke had expressed his conviction that Cronin was an enemy, if not a traitor, to the Irish cause.

An entirely new Cronin suspect is being looked for to-night. His name is Michael Cooney, known as "The Fox," because of a song he used to sing. Cooney and Burke, it is claimed, actually killed Cronin. Both are Clan-na-Gael men. Cooney is a bricklayer and came from Ireland only a few years ago. Little hope is entertained of the immediate arrest of Cooney. State Attorney Longenecker allowed it to be inferred that he has two witnesses who will swear Cooney and Burke slept in the Carlson cottage several days prior to the tragedy, and were seen leaving the cottage on the fatal night. Both are said to have gone to a saloon and drank heavily.

When the Carlson cottage revealed its terrible story one of the most promising clues was the footprints in the paint. The murderer walked about in the paint in his stocking feet. A shoemaker wrote to the police that a well-known Irishman and Clan-na-Gael man, whose name he had seen in the newspapers in connection with the murder, was his customer, and had very peculiar feet. A piece of the floor was out out with three tracks on it and taken to police headquarters. Then the shoemaker was asked to produce the book in which he preserved the tracings showing the shape of his customers' feet. The outlines of the suspected Irishman's feet were found to correspond exactly in size and shape with the footprints taken from the floor. The peculiarity about the foot which made the paint tracks is the depth of the hollow part of it. In the paint tracks there is a great curve running in from the great toe to the heel, almost severing the latter from the front part of the foot. The board with the paint tracks on it and the measure book of the shoemaker have been in the Grand Jury room for several days. It is likely the suspect will be called before the jury.

It is reported the Grand Jury has obtained a complete list of the members of Camp No. 20, Clan-na-Gael, known as the Columbia Club, and has directed the subpœnaing of every member. It was from this camp that Cronin was expelled a couple of years ago on the charge of treason.

P. O'Sullivan, the iceman, indicted for complicity in the Cronin tragedy, was to-day removed to the "boys' department" of the jail, the recognized haven for "squealers." It is said he has offered to make a full confession. His motive is said to be fright over the arrest of Burke at Winnipeg and the disclosure that Cooney, "The Fox," is being actively pursued. It is suspected, however, that his removal is simply shrewd tactics on the part of the authorities to break down one or another of the suspects. It is reported that O'Sullivan at his own request had conferences with the sheriff and State's Attorney.

PARACHUTE ACCIDENT.

Prof. Williams, Who Performed in Hamilton Last Fall, Has a Narrow Escape.

A despatch from London (Eng.), dated yesterday, says: Prof. Williams, American aeronaut and parachutist, was announced to make an ascent from the grounds of the Alexandra Palace last evening and to descend in the usual manner by means of a parachute. The balloon having been inflated by the hot air system, Williams took a firm hold, and the balloon shot rapidly up to a great height. The spectators soon perceived something was wrong, and in a few minutes it became apparant that Williams was unable to detach the parachute from the balloon, which sailed at a considerable speed over Highgate. When last seen Williams was hanging from the balloon by his hands, and grave fears were entertained for his safety. Great excitement prevailed amongst the spectators. Williams held on to the balloon with his hands and drifted nearly five miles to Hornsey. There he descended, with the balloon and parachute together, on the top of the Local Board Offices. He was uninjured save for a few bruises.

Gold in Ontario.

A Winnipeg despatch says: It has all along been held by eminent and experienced mineralogists that gold in alluvial deposits should exist at the Lake of the Woods, on account of its geological character, it having been cut down by glaciers and depositing alluvial soil. Up to yesterday all attempts at discovery have been abortive, but this morning Prof. Harvey, of Toronto, reached Rat Portage from Yellow Girl Bay, where he has been prospecting on some mining locations which he, along with other Toronto capitalists, is interested in. Some of his men, it appears, brought in some "black sand" taken from the bed of a creek in the vicinity of the camp where they were located that he thought contained gold. This dirt was washed down until nothing remained but metal, which showed a large yield of gold. The test was repeated several times with most gratifying success, gold being found in the pan after each wash.

—The man who was lost in admiration of a woman afterwards found himself in ove with her.

AN INVITED DOG-BITE.

A Man Bares His Arm to a Rabid Canine's Teeth in Acceptance of a $500 Offer to Test a Madstone—If This Madman Hadn't Done It, Another Was Ready.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: The man who allowed himself to be bitten by a mad dog at the house of Dr. Edward N. Small, at Sedalia, is still alive and the madstone still clings to his arm. It is believed that the man was hardly less mad than the dog when he allowed the animal to bite him. Dr. Small is the chief surgeon of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway and is very sceptical as to the powers of the madstone. His joking offer to pay $500 to any man who would let a rabid dog bite him, in order to test the properties of the stone, was brought about by the fact that he had in his kennel several dogs which had gone mad or showed symptoms of doing so. In the course of some talk about these dogs he made the offer without the least idea that it would find a taker. When the man from Arkansas turned up to accept the offer Dr. Small promptly took water, not to save his $500, but to spare the man. The latter refused to be spared, however, and gaining admission to the dogs' quarters surreptitiously, he bared his arm to one of the brutes. The dog bit a piece out of the arm, and fifteen minutes later he died in horrible convulsions. It is feared the man will follow the dog's fate. Had not the Arkansan stolen the lead, A. L. Sherman, of this city, would have placed himself at Dr. Small's disposal. Mr. Sherman lives at 17 West Fifth street, and in expressing his willingness to submit to the painful test he declared that he was actuated only by a desire to benefit medical science. J. M. Dickson, also of this city, owns the madstone which Mr. Sherman proposed to use, and he, it is said, agreed, in case of the stone failing to work, to pay $5,000 to Mr. Sherman's heirs and a $1,000 forfeit to Dr. Small.

NOTES FROM MANITOBA.

Mr. Hugh Sutherland leaves about July 1st for the old country.

Ontario excursionists, to the number of 384, arrived at Port Arthur to-day, and will be here at noon to-morrow. Arrangements are being made for them to stop five hours at Griswold. Fifty teams were being engaged to drive them over the surrounding country. A picnic will be held at Hall's Grove.

G. Renfel, a wealthy Mennonite, of Gretna, imported two threshers and two engines from the States a few days ago. He paid $3,000 in cash for the machinery, besides paying $900 for duty and $140 for freight. After they arrived at their destination a local machine agent discovered that they had been made by convict labor across the line and reported it to the Government. The machines were seized and will be destroyed, as it is contrary to the laws of Canada to import anything from the States made by convict labor. It is rather hard on Mr. Renfel, as he knew nothing about the law in force, and will have to suffer the consequences without any recompense.

The annual session of the Methodist Conference opened in Grace Church at 9 o'clock this morning with a large attendance of delegates and ministers. Rev. W. L. Rutledge (Winnipeg) was elected President; Rev. A. Andrews, Secretary. The President read a list of transfers into and out of this Conference as transmitted by E. A. Stafford, Secretary of the Transfer Committee, as follows: Transfers into Manitoba Conference—Albert C. Crews, from Niagara Conference; John Stewart, from Montreal Conference; J. J. Leach, from Bay of Quinte Conference; J. A. Emslie and J. W. Sparling, from Montreal Conference; T. A. Oaten and R. Jamieson, from Toronto Conference; C. A. Procunier, from Niagara Conference; J. W. Runions and S. R. Brown, from Montreal Conference; John Tozeland, from Bay of Quinte Conference. Transfer from Manitoba Conference—J. A. Jackson, into Niagara Conference.

The Manitoba and Northwest Conference meets to-morrow. Rev. W. L. Rutledge will probably be elected President.

Surveyors are at work on the Canadian Pacific Railway extension from Barnsley to Carman. It is expected the road, which is only six miles long, will be built by the end of July.

Sparks from a passing engine caused a fire at Donald last week, which it was at one time feared would destroy the town. Happily the danger was averted by the energy of the Canadian Pacific workmen.

TO DRIVE AWAY THE DEVIL.

A Young Woman of Illinois Stuck Full of Pins to Cure Insanity.

A Carthage, Ill., despatch says A young woman named Hannah Heitland has been working for her brother in Quincy. She recently left his house and walked to her home in Tioga, a distance of 25 miles. She showed symptoms of insanity, and her parents, with other ignorant persons of the vicinity, held a sort of incantation over the girl, sticking pins into her person to "drive away the evil spirit."

The young woman became almost unconscious, and in this condition she was bound hand and foot, gagged, and placed in a farm waggon, brought to Carthage, and placed in a livery stable. Here she remained from noon yesterday until near midnight in an unconscious condition. The unfortunate creature was finally taken to jail, where a physician is trying to save her life. Pins are still found sticking to her person.

Keeping Up His Credit.

Young Wife—"My dear, you ought not to have purchased such a swell suit of clothes. It is entirely too costly for your income, and you certainly ought to know it."

Young Husband—"I got them on credit."

"Still worse."

"But I had to have them."

"What for?"

"To keep up my credit."

"The disease proceeds silently amid apparent health." That is what William Roberts, M.D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says in regard to Bright's disease. Is it necessary to give any further warning? If not use Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney malady becomes too far advanced.

A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.

How an Indiana Girl Lost and Regained Power of Speech.

Miss Sue Sutton, of Mount Carmer, Ill., 20 miles south of here, some months ago suddenly lost her power of speech. Her voice was gone and she could not utter a sound. The affliction baffled the aid of the physicians, who could not understand the case. Miss Sutton is a very pretty and accomplished young lady of 20 years of age. All other of her faculties were unimpaired, and she continued to go about her household duties, assisting her mother after the first shock produced by her affliction had passed off. Thursday her mother sent her out to dig some new potatoes. She went to the garden and stooped down and began to dig into the potato hills. Suddenly she felt a strange sensation and she straightened up. She found herself nearly paralyzed. Her arms were entirely so. Almost overcome with horror with what she believed to be a multiplication of her affliction, she managed to reach the house. As she entered, her mother said: "Have you got enough potatoes already?" and looked toward her for an answer, which the mother expected would be made by motion of her head, as the girl could not speak. The young lady stood as if rooted to the floor. She could not move a muscle. Her arms were drawn up, half bent, and totally paralyzed. The strange sensation increased, and for a minute or two she stood looking at her mother with a peculiar stare. Great drops of sweat stood out upon her, a tremor passed through her frame, and suddenly all was over and she replied in a strong voice, "Yes." To her great joy and astonishment her voice had returned, her strange nervous attack had passed away, and full use of her faculties had been suddenly and miraculously restored to her. Daughter and mother returned praise to that Supreme Giver of all gifts, and rejoiced that the strange affliction had been remedied.—*Vincennes corr. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Chancery Sittings and Assizes.

The Chancery autumn sittings and Assizes circuits have been fixed as follows:

CHANCERY AUTUMN SITTINGS.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT.

Toronto—Monday, Nov. 4.

THE HON. THE CHANCELLOR.

Ottawa—Monday, Oct. 28.
Kingston—Monday, Nov. 4.
Belleville—Friday, Nov. 8.
Cobourg—Thursday, Nov. 14.
Cornwall—Monday, Nov. 18.
Brockville—Friday, Nov. 22.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT.

Lindsay—Monday, Sept. 23.
Peterboro'—Friday, Sept. 27.
Woodstock—Thursday, Oct. 3.
Stratford—Thursday, Oct. 10.
Whitby—Wednesday, Oct 16.
Barrie—Tuesday, Oct. 22

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE FERGUSON.

St. Catharines—Tuesday, Sept. 17.
Guelph—Monday, Sept. 23.
Owen Sound—Monday, Sept. 30.
Brantford Monday, Oct. 7
Simcoe Monday, Oct 21.
Hamilton—Monday, Oct. 30.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROBERTSON.

Goderich—Thursday, Sept. 19.
Walkerton—Monday, Sept. 30.
London—Wednesday, Oct. 9.
Chatham—Thursday, Oct. 24.
Sandwich—Thursday, Oct. 31.
Sarnia Thursday, Nov. 7.
St. Thomas Thursday, Nov. 14.

AUTUMN CIRCUIT, 1889.

The Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and of Assize and Nisi Prius for the several counties of Ontario will be held as follows:

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE FALCONBRIDGE.

Toronto—Civil Court, Tuesday, Sept 10.
Toronto—Criminal Court, Monday, Oct. 7.
St. Catharines—Monday Oct. 21.
Orangeville—Monday, Oct. 28.
Milton—Monday, Nov 4.
Brampton Monday, Nov. 11

THE HON. CHIEF JUSTICE ARMOUR.

L'Orignal—Monday, Sept. 9.
Ottawa Thursday, Sept. 12.
Pembroke Tuesday, Sept. 24.
Perth—Monday, Sept. 30.
Peterboro Tuesday, Oct. 8.
Lindsay Tuesday, Oct. 15.
Barrie Tuesday, Oct. 22.
Owen Sound Tuesday, Nov. 5.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROSE.

London—Monday, Sept. 9.
Chatham Monday, Sept. 23.
St. Thomas—Monday, Sept. 30.
Sandwich—Monday, Oct. 9.
Sarnia—Monday, Oct. 14.
Goderich Tuesday, Oct. 22.
Walkerton—Monday, Oct. 28.
Woodstock—Monday, Nov. 4.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON.

Whitby—Monday, Sept. 9.
Picton—Monday, Sept. 16.
Napanee—Thursday, Sept. 19.
Belleville—Monday Sept. 23.
Kingston—Monday, Oct. 7.
Cornwall—Monday, Oct. 14.
Brockville—Monday, Oct. 21.
Cobourg Monday, Oct. 28.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE STREET.

Welland—Tuesday, Sept. 10.
Stratford—Monday, Sept. 16.
Simcoe—Monday, Sept. 23.
Hamilton—Monday, Sept. 30.
Cayuga—Tuesday, Oct 15.
Berlin—Monday, Oct. 21.
Guelph Monday, Oct. 28.
Brantford—Monday, Nov. 4.

A Little Child's Presence of Mind.

Ralph Ball, a little fellow 5 years of age, is the hero of the day in Carbondale, Pa. Several children were playing around an unprotected well, when Eddie Widner decided to take a drink from it. As the water rises within a foot of the surface the little fellow thought he could reach it by lying on his stomach and putting his head down to the water, but in trying this feat he lost his balance and plunged head first into the spring, which is over six feet deep. In his fall he turned a complete somersault, coming up head first, but as he went down he uttered a cry that attracted the attention of a playmate, Ralph Ball, who is only 5 years of age. The latter hastened to the place, and, with a precocious presence of mind that would have deserted many an adult, he took in the situation at a glance, and, seizing the already half drowned boy, he held his head above the surface of the water until the united voices of the children drew a man who was working near by to the rescue. Eddie was restored to his parents rather the worse for his dangerous bath, but was soon completely resuscitated. —*Chicago Times.*

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—*Walt Whitman.*

The *Sin Ye Bo* says that on the day of his recent marriage the Chinese Emperor presented his mother-in law with $1,500,000 and $750,000 worth of silks and satins.

The cable cars on State street, Chicago, are driven at the rate of 10½ to 14 miles an hour.

ALIVE IN THE COFFIN.

A Horrible Experience Undergone by a Minnesota Lawyer.

"It was horrible, horrible, sir; I lay in that coffin alive and just as conscious of what was going on around me as I am at this moment. I have always been of a hysterical temperament, and on one grievous occasion had lain in a cataleptic state for 24 hours. This last time I lay for three days, perfectly conscious, as I said before, but to all appearance as dead as Cæsar."

"It has been said," continued the hero of this blood-curdling adventure, "that there are infallible signs which denote death, and are unmistakable to the practiced eye of the medico. I deny that such is the case, and no one has had a better opportunity of judging than have I. When I died, or rather when three of the best known medical men in Boston had asserted that I was dead, I had been for three days previous to my supposed demise in a condition of violent hysteria, bordering almost on insanity, owing to the death of a sister whom I loved to distraction. At the expiration of that time I subsided into the condition I have previously described. My death was attributed by the learned disciples of Æsculapius to disease of the heart.

"The three old fogies held a consultation over me, and I heard them discuss the advisability of a post-mortem examination, there being a slight difference of opinion among them as to what was the actual cause. At this time I was lying on a board, perfectly rigid, and fully realized the fact that I should be buried alive if I could not brace up and explain matters within the next few hours. I immediately blessed my mother and brother for their refusal to allow those o'd butchers to go for me with their knive That's all that saved me, I tell you. This seems a wild story, but just the same it's a true one. Why, I can even remember laughing quietly to myself to think that the windows had been opened all around the room. It was devilish cold weather, too, but I could not feel the cold much. I knew, however, that those windows had been opened to prevent the decomposition of my ill-used frame. How did I get out of the fix? Well, it was just by the skin of my teeth. When the undertaker and his fool assistant brought the coffin and I was lifted into it, I knew at once that the coffin was too short, and just ached to say so, but I couldn't speak a work to save my life. I was tongue-tied, hadn't control of a muscle. The merest accident in the world prevented my being buried alive. I had been lying in the awful position I have described for over three days, when that beast of an undertaker came round again to screw up the lid.

"A tack had been left sticking out from the drapery gracing the interior of my sarcophagus, and the fellow in the coffin business commenced a series of vicious jabs at it with a sharp-edged screw-driver. On one of these occasions the instrument struck a nail-head and flying off at a tangent took me on the jaw with consider able force. The blood spurted forth and I instantly regained the use of my limbs. I wanted to knock seven kinds of blue fire out of the coffin-man, and was out of that in no time. The undertaker skipped, but I put it all over his assistant, I am ashamed to say, for the man was too horrified at my resurrection to defend himself in the least. Now you can just bet I am as healthy a man as the most of them nowadays, and I've issued strict orders that in the event of my death I am not to be buried until an artery has been opened and my decease absolutely proved."—*St. Paul Globe.*

PRAYER AGAINST OATH.

A Recorder Renders a Decision Worthy of Solomon Himself.

Recorder Price's court was the scene of an affecting incident in the trial of Duliss Chrisman for assault on his brother William. The brothers had quarrelled over William's desertion of his wife. William claimed that he was not married to the woman, although he had had two children by her, because they were divorced, and they were both Catholics. He testified that she kept a disorderly house in San Francisco, and wasn't fit custodian for her children. The woman wept and eagerly besought the judge not to believe his statement, saying: "I have raised my children as they should be brought up."

"Well," said His Honor, "I'll test it, madame," and he turned to the little girl, not more than 3 years old, who was clinging to her mother, and said: "You say your prayers."

Then ensued a most touching scene. The little girl climbed from her chair, knelt on the floor with policeman, judge, and her father and mother around her, and folding her tiny hands and lifting her eyes to Heaven, she made the grandest defence of a mother's word possible. Slowly, but distinctly, this child, born with the stain of shame upon her, and discarded by her father, lisped in childish accents the Lord's Prayer. As she proceeded, utterly oblivious of her surroundings, rough men who had not heard a prayer for years bowed their heads and many wept. Then the childish voice ended with "God bless papa, mamma, and Uncle Duliss. Amen."

The case was settled, and had William Chrisman sworn to a thousand oaths that his wife was bad he would have been disbelieved. It was several minutes before any one spoke, and then the Recorder fined the two brothers $15 each and dismissed court. —*Fresno (Cal.) Despatch.*

Strategy in His Look.

Photographer—My dear sir, can't you assume a more smiling countenance and throw off that jaded look?

Rev. V. V. Heighton—Take me as I am. I need a vacation this summer, and these pictures are intended for distribution among my parishioners.

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself a victim of serious kidney trouble I would use the preparation."

An English millionaire recently paid $5,000 to a beautiful woman at a Vienna bazaar for a kiss. It all came under the head of charity.

The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.—*Shelly.*

A baby born at Johnstown during the flood has been appropriately named Moses.

MARRYING HOUSEKEEPERS.

A Growing Preference for the Women Who Can Make Home Pleasant.

How did it come about? is a question now asked in regard to the marriage of a popular writer. The same question was asked five years ago when a society man in Boston married a sensible home body, some years his senior. The croakers croaked well, and decided that it was an unfortunate affair or would turn out to be in the end. George Eliot says that this love of "finding out how it came about" is due to "an excess of poetry or stupidity." I don't know as that is just fair, but I do think when a marriage is contrary to established rules, croakers are stupid and fortunately are often in the wrong in their prophecy. It is written that when a marriage was about to take place King James used to ask "What is the woman's makdom and her fairness?" The days of "infatuations" are now giving place to a keen outlook to the direction of personal comfort; makdom and fairness stand one side and the question to be answered first will this woman make my home restful to me, and will she live on what I can earn? Subtle has been the process that has led to this gradual change, but a change has come. The brilliant society man referred to is now a regular stay-at-home for the simple reason that his home is as perfect as a home can be made to be. The sunniest, brightest room in the house is his sanctum; here are his favorite books, pictures he likes, the latest magazines, leaves cut, and no end of pipes. When the train whistles into the depot, in which is this fortunate man, a fire is started on the low hearth to make the room cheerful although the warmth is not needed. To this room he brings his friends, and here husband and wife sit when alone. Every thing that will help his wife to make home a means of grace she reads; on her table are always to be found books and magazines that talk of the higher life of the home. I mean good cooking when I say higher life; a hitherto much neglected part of religion. This man, formerly out every evening, rarely goes to theatre or opera, party or ball, because his home has greater attractions, and he is really now so sensible, well-informed and amounting to something that his friends are rejoiced that the seemingly incongruous marriage came about. When I was asked what I considered the reason of this transformation, I answered: "Clean, well-aired rooms, good food, and a wife who is more anxious to be what a German writer calls 'a serene house-wife,' than to keep her weather-eye out to see if she will ever get her rights—and vote."—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Best Time for a Girl to Marry.

Probably the best time for the average civilized woman to marry would be any age between 24 and 36. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages; but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Very early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble, and the character is unformed. The considerations which would prompt a girl to marry at 17 would in many cases have very little weight with her at 24. At 17 she is a child, at 24 a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents, the seven years between 17 and 24 are the period which both mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline, and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development. Before 17 few girls have learnt to understand what life is, what discipline is, what duty is. They cannot value what is best, either in the father's wisdom or in the mother's tenderness. When married at that childish period they are like young recruits taken fresh from the farm and the workshop, and hurried off to a long campaign without any period of preliminary drill and training; or like a schoolboy removed from school to a curacy without being sent to the university or to a theological hall. Who can help grieving over a child-wife, especially if she have children, and a husband who is an inexperienced, and, possibly, exacting boy-man? The ardor of his love soon cools; the visionary bliss of her poetical imagination vanishes like the summer mist; there is nothing left but disappointment and wonder that what promised to be so beautiful and long a day should have clouded over almost before sunrise *Hospital.*

Bridal Etiquette.

A correspondent writes on this subject to the New York *World*: "A friend is to be married this month very quietly. He has requested me to act as best man. The ceremony is to be as simple as possible, only the contracting parties, their very near relatives, a friend of the lady to act as bridesmaid and myself in the capacity referred to, to be present on the occasion. Will you kindly inform me how I should deport myself under the circumstances and thus confer a favor on." And the editor replies: "With gentlemanly dignity. You should neither be too grave nor too gay. Don't turn handsprings, and on the other hand don't appear as if it were your turn next to view the corpse."

The man who attempts to beard the lion in his den is apt to have a close shave.

HOW THEY PAY THEIR CAR FARE.

Have you ever watched the warfare
Of two women over car fare?
Each aflame with generous feeling,
Depth of heart and purse revealing;
Each inspired with gentle horror
Lest the other should pay for her.
But take note—the more insistent
Of the combatants persistent,
She whose hand most promptly snatches
At her pocketbook's stiff catches,
She who murmurs: 'Don't be strange, dear;
It's all right; I've got the change, dear'—
She (though I am sad to say it)
Always lets the other pay it.

—This is the longest day.

A married woman has just begun suit against a prominent man in Ontario County, N.Y., for $200 damages for kissing her on the cheek last September. Her complaint does not say how she would have taken the tribute of affection had it been planted on her lips.

—Society has the yellow fever. Bridesmaids wear yellow tulle gowns, yellow roses, cream-colored hats, with yellow ostrich tips and yellow suede slippers. Black ebony cabinets are relieved with yellow Japanese bowls, or a drop lamp or pedestal burner of orange china, with trimmings of blackened iron. Palms in halls or doorways are grown in huge yellow vases, and in the king's blue candlestick burns a gilded yellow candle.

and so saved my own soul from eternal guilt and your life from ruin."

Then there was silence.

Suddenly a voice, close at hand, cried "Oh, Maud, won't you speak, even now?"

Crofton turned and saw Mrs. Gresham.

"You are both mad," she continued—"mad with jealousy and stubbornness and pride. Maud, if you'll not speak, I will."

"Perhaps your words may have some effect," Maud answered, in a slow, difficult tone. "Mr. Crofton has already told me that he would believe none of mine. Why should I speak?"

"And what could you say?" retorted he, bitterly.

"Be still!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham. "You are each worse and more obstinate than the other! Maud was not false—not a coquette, Howard. You were right when you told her that, from the first, you made your love evident. But you were wrong otherwise. She did not scorn, but she prized it."

There was a sound from Crofton, half an expression of unbelief, half a sob. Maud's face was hidden.

"She prized it!" repeated Mrs. Gresham.

"Only the day before San Arpino came to Sorrento, your cousin, who has always hated Maud, told her that you had been as good as engaged for years. So Maud went as mad as you."

Howard Crofton was at Maud's side now.

"Can you forgive me? I do not deserve it, but if you only could!" he cried.

Maud did not stir.

"As for San Arpino," continued Mrs. Gresham, "he and Maud were never more than friends—warm, devoted friends. He loves a girl whom his mother detests, and Maud has been his confidante. Oh, you two mad people!" And she walked away.

"Maud, Maud!" groaned Crofton.

She looked up. Their eyes met. She let his eager arms enfold her. There was no need of pardon or explanation. That one glance had said all.

THE END.

Fanaticism Fitly Rebuked.

The Jews are good haters. If they are wronged, especially in a commercial or financial way, they generally succeed in making the wrong-doers repent in the end. Judge Hilton excluded them from his hotel at Manhattan Beach; in two years they had diverted trade enough from the great dry goods house of A. T. Stewart & Co., to which business Judge Hilton had succeeded, to wreck the custom, and the great concern closed its doors. There has been a crusade for years against Jews in Vienna. This has been one of the great corn markets of Europe, and Jewish capitalists control a large portion of the corn trade of the continent. The Jewish corn factors now stay away from Vienna, and the glory of the Vienna Corn Exchange has departed. There are various kinds of boycotting, and no one need be surprised when those boycotted retaliate with the same weapon when this is found practicable. This species of persecution, like most others, brings its revenges. Besides, indulgence in hatred of a whole people because of their race or religion or success in commercial or industrial pursuits is about as contemptible a business as poor humanity can engage in. Britain, France and the United States long since rose superior to the base sentiments which not infrequently still give rise to popular outbursts against the Jews in Germany, Russia and Austria, and in the former countries politics, the bar and commerce have been enriched by the great attainments of men of Jewish birth and descent.—*Montreal Star.*

The Doddies.

Recent foreign exchanges report the exportation of 100 head of pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus cattle, chiefly selected from the North of Scotland, to the Quebec quarantine station consigned to the Quorn ranche, Calgary, Alberta, Can., which is situated in that extensive range country lying north of Montana. The cattle are pronounced a very good lot, representing nearly all of the best-esteemed strains of the breed, and four of the six bulls—two from Ballindalloch and two from Balliol College farm—are highly bred. If these cattle give a good account of themselves in their Northwestern home it is quite likely that a new market will be opened for the breed. In this connection it is interesting to note that Clement Stephenson has recently sent from his well-known herd a small bunch of heifers to Russia. The "doddies," it appears, are becoming cosmopolitan in their distribution.

Mere Luck.

Mrs. Blinks (acidly)—Mr. Jinks began life as poor as you did, and now he's rich enough to buy you out a dozen times over.

Mr. Blinks (calmly)—Yes; Jinks is a lucky fellow.

"Huh! Luck! I don't believe luck had anything to do with it."

"Oh, yes; he told me himself that he owed everything to his luck in getting an economical wife."

DR. AUSTIN FLINT, late Professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of New York Academy of Medicine, member of the State medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says, in speaking of Bright's disease, or advanced kidney disease, "The minor effects are headache, loss of vision, impaired hearing, involuntary muscular twitching, cramps, drowsiness, vomiting and diarrhœa." These are but some of the common symptoms of this malady, which accounts for Warner's Safe Cure curing so many diseases (so-called) which are not diseases, but are symptoms of advanced kidney disorders.

Convicted Beggar—Your Honor, couldn't you change my sentence of imprisonment into a fine? "No; that I cannot do. And where would you get the money, if I did?" "I could beg a little money every day till I had enough."

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.—*Bacon.*

An old man handed in a new $500 bill for the New York *Herald's* Conemaugh fund. "What name?" asked the *Herald's* cashier. "That is none of your business," growled the old man, and he slipped out of the door.

—It is a funny fact that the air of society always makes a green man turn red.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 13,000,000 pounds, or 7 ounces per head. Now it is 5 ounces.

THE authorities of Naples have decided to pull down 17,000 houses and rebuild entire districts of the city as a sanitary measure. King Humbert and Queen Margharita are earnestly supporting the movement.

A WORKINGMAN in a United States foundry has patented a method of casting pipes without sand moulds. In superheated steam or gas jacketted metal moulds pipes are cast which are uniform, sound and true, as if turned or bored in a lathe.

ASPHALT paving has been given a thorough trial in Buffalo. There are 53 miles of streets paved with it. So well satisfied are the people of that city of its durability and other advantages that they are expending $600,000 this year in adding to their asphalt roadways.

THE Yankee holds his own as an inventor. One person to every 820 of the population of Connecticut took out a patent last year. The other extreme was represented by North Carolina, to which only 55 patents were issued, an average of one to every 25,450 of the population.

MR. RITCHIE'S collection of early letters of Jane Welch Carlyle will contain, says the London *Athenæum*, in addition to Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence, eleven unpublished letters of Carlyle's, dealing chiefly with his preparatory studies for his projected "History of German Literature" and for his "Cromwell."

WHEN Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, said in his speech to the commissioners who are trying to buy the lands of his tribe in Dakota: "I looked around to see if you had any boxes full of money to pay us, but I see none; I presume you are to pay us in sugar talk, as you have done before," he showed that he was "on to" the Indian policy of the United States.

A PERSON with an eye to the future addresses an inquiry to a Boston scientific journal, anxiously asking what will be the fate of this earth. The editor in reply informs the man that the earth will undoubtedly fall into the sun. But, as if to prevent a panic, the editor considerately informs his readers that this catastrophe will hardly happen in their time, as it will not be due for some millions or billions of years.

THE venerable free trader, Mr. Villiers, is said to be the oldest member of the House of Commons. He was born in 1802, and is consequently in his 87th year. There is, however, a member of the House of Lords—also a staunch free trader—who is several years older than Mr. Villiers—Lord Teynham—who was born on May 27th, 1798, and is therefore 91 years old. Lord Teynham has just given evidence of his fidelity to the cause of free trade by sending £5 to the Cobden Club.

REV. DR. CUNNINGHAM, who succeeded Dr. Tulloch as Principal of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, is a man of marked individuality. A few years ago, when he was the pastor of a country church, he horrified old-fashioned Presbyterians by advising his congregation to take advantage of a dry Sunday to get in their crops instead of going to church. And in the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, which was recently held in Edinburgh, he moved that the Apostle's Creed be dropped from a certain book of devotions.

Two commissions and three sub-commissions are still at work in Russia considering the Siberian Railroad project. There are two routes under discussion, the northern and the southern. The latter is practically a continuation of the Transcaspian Samarcand-Tashkend line through Semipalatinsk and along the Chinese frontier. The northern route, so it is unofficially said, has been selected, and work will be begun in 1890 from Tobolsk. By 1894 the line will be finished as far as Atchinsk, a distance of 2,090 versts. At the same time the line will be commenced at the other end, in the Ussouri district.

THE *Northwestern Railroader* puts forth a novel theory to account for an alleged increase of storms and floods in these latter years. It says that there are more than 30,000 locomotives in use in North America; and that the vapor from these sent out into the atmosphere each week will measure more than 50,000,000,000 cubic yards, which must be returned as rain, or 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day—quite enough to produce rainfall every twenty-four hours. Other non-condensing steam engines add eight times as much more; so that the total mass of vapor discharged into the atmosphere must be each week more than 470,000,000,000 cubic yards.

THE late Drs. Gage and Burton, of Hartford, were both genial and fun-loving clergymen, and when the two met there was always a delightful passage of wit, as the following anecdote illustrates: One of Dr. Gage's lectures had proved to be less attractive than the others, and on its second repetition it had become a "chestnut" and did not "draw," and many left. When Dr. Gage was relating to Dr. Burton his experience with a burglar, he said: "Why, doctor, I had him down flat on his back—I held him there—he couldn't move an inch!" "What a splendid opportunity," retorted Dr. Burton, "that was, Gage, to have delivered to him your lecture on Palestine." There is a moral here for long-winded public speakers in every class of the community.

THE London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* hears that Mr. John Albert Bright will not take any action for some time to come with regard to the publication of his father's papers. As in the case of Lord Beaconsfield's papers, it is felt that inconveniences might arise if publication were to take place during the lifetime of Her Majesty or of Mr. Gladstone. The life of the late Lord Aberdeen, which has long been written and printed, will, it is said, continue to be withheld from the public so long as Her Majesty is alive. As regards Mr. Bright's papers, they are very voluminous and extremely interesting. Those who have been privileged to read his diaries describe them as written in that pure and nervous English of which Mr. Bright was so great a master.

SOME idea of the extent of Messrs. Krupps establishment for manufacturing implements of war may be gathered from a work just published at Essen, in Germany. It appears that in 1833 there were only nine workmen and in 1848 seventy-four. In July, 1888, the establishment employed 20,960 men, of whom 13,626 were at Essen. Including the families of the workmen they supported a population of 73,769 souls, of whom 24,193 lived in houses provided by the firm. There are at Essen 1,195 furnaces of various constructions, 286 boilers, 92 steam hammers of from 100 to 50,000 kilogrammes, 370 steam engines, with a total of 27,000 horse power; 1,724 different machines and 361 cranes. Of coal and coke 2,735 tons are used daily, and eleven high furnaces of the latest constructions produce nearly 600 tons of iron per day.

AFTER nine years passed in the rank of Major-General, the Duke of Connaught has been promoted a Lieutenant-General. His Royal Highness joined the Royal Engineers as lieutenant, June 19th, 1868; was transferred to the Royal Artillery, November 2nd, 1868, and to the Rifle Brigade, August 3rd, 1869. He took part in resisting the Fenian raid in Canada and was promoted captain in the Rifle Brigade, May 1st, 1871; joined the 7th Hussars, April 14th, 1874; became Major 7th Hussars, August 7th, 1875; Lieutenant-Colonel, Rifle Brigade, September 27th, 1876; and was promoted Major-General, May 29th, 1880. He served in the Egyptian war of 1882 in command of the 1st Brigade (the Guards), and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir (mentioned in despatches, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, C. B., medal with clasp, second class of the Medjidie, and Khedive's star).

THE amateur engineers who are condemning in the press the Conemaugh dam because it was made of earth are pulled up sharply by the latest number of the *Engineering and Building Record*, which says:

> It is recognized as a well-established principle by hydraulic engineers that, for absolute safety and durability, an embankment of good earth, homogeneous throughout, and properly constructed, forms the best dam that can be used to impound a large volume of water.

It also says that, where the proper material is difficult to obtain, the area of the perfectly homogeneous mass may be reduced by the addition of less carefully selected material added merely for weight and mass. The central core is then styled a puddle wall, or the core may be made of masonry, but the cheapest and poorest style of this kind of work is a stone wall two or three feet thick with an embankment on each side of it, such a wall being rather a detriment to the stability of the dam than anything else.

HERE are sovereign remedies for obesity. If they are followed, the original slimness of the stout middle-aged man or woman will be regained without the aid of nostrums or quack doctors. It is foolish to begin by starving one's self; first, because the health suffers, and again because when the flesh is thus unnaturally reduced, wrinkles are at once visible and the complexion suffers. Exercise is an essential, the walk varying from three blocks to three miles a day, whenever the weather permits. If it is cold or rain, dumb-bells and pully-weights should be used for from half an hour to one hour and a half, if possible, before breakfast. Starches and sugars should be avoided, but one may eat as much meat, fat or lean, as much fish and as much butter as one likes. Never eat between meals, never drink water while eating. Take no milk, no potatoes, no beets, turnips, no parsnips, and as little bread as possible; as much salad, no dessert, except unsugared fruits, and no oat-meal. If these directions are followed the patient will lose flesh daily, but retain all his strength and vigor. In the meantime the woman patient should have a strict regard to common sense in her dress. One may add forty pounds to one's avoirdupoise by an inappropriate costume. One short woman in fifty realizes that if her clothes are too tight attention is attracted to her exact measurement. If she compresses her waist, the flesh goes to the bust or hips, and her nose becomes rosy and her cheeks pale. She should pay no attention to the prevailing style if that style accentuates her defects. She should wear union undergarments that are made in one piece from neck to heel; a simple waist with light bones instead of a corset; a long, plainly draped skirt, and a long, loose bodice, with unbroken, smooth flowing lines. The undergarments cannot fit too snugly, but the outer ones should conceal rather than expose the figure. The tight basque should never be worn. The princess robe is a direct inspiration for her succor. Slow walking adds to the flesh rather than diminishes it. It is a cruel prescription, but the stout woman must do her exercising at full tilt, bringing up in a perspiration. A Turkish bath once a week wonderfully expedites the thinning process.

A Dangerous Experiment.

Mudge—For Heaven's sake, Bosworth have you been sandbagged or in a railway accident?

Bosworth—Neither. I hid under the bed the other night to scare my wife.

Fits, convulsions, dizziness and headache are prevented and cured by using Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Owen Rees says: "The tenuity (watery condition) of the blood in Bright's disease produces cerebral symptoms, the serous (watery portion) is filtered through the blood vessels of the brain, causing anæmia and subsequent head symptoms." That is why these symptoms yield to Warner's Safe Cure. It gets rid of the Bright's disease and prevents the blood from becoming watery.

MR. O'HEA, a member of the English House of Commons, made a piteous appeal the other night to his fellow-members to lower the temperature, so that he could retain what is left of his hair. He said he had become bald and his beard had grown grey as a result of the infernal heat of the House.

CHANCES OF LIFE.

How They Vary as People Grow Older in Years.

These life insurance tables that show the expectation, the average, the probability of life are very curious and interesting, writes Bill Arp in the Atlanta *Constitution*. In a million births the males outnumber the females 22,000, but the girls don't die so fast, and by the time they reach 50 years the females begin to outnumber the men and outlive them. Nine thousand more women live to see 70 years than men, taking a million as the basis. Two thousand more women than men live to see 90. At 100 years there are 79 men to 144 women. The males start out most numerous, and this is right, for it gives every girl a fair chance for a lover and a husband—and it certainly was intended by a kind Providence that she should have one. She is entitled to one, and if I had my way I would make every old bachelor marry or support one. If he wouldn't marry according to nature, I would make him work for one. In youth and middle age the males outnumber the females, because it takes a good number to defend the country and do the fighting. But the old women outlive the old men because they are needed to nurse us and raise the grandchildren. They have no bad habits that shorten life. They do not drink, nor chew tobacco, nor smoke, nor expose themselves nor eat in a hurry. They take life calm and serene. One hundred and twenty-five thousand children are born every day. What a squalling and rejoicing if one could hear it all at once. Just think of it—45,000,000 of brand-new human beings in a year. But they don't stay long, not many of them. One-fourth of them die before they are 6 years old. While 125,000 are born in a day there are 100,000 funerals going on at the same time. What weeping and wailing, what grief and sorrow if we could hear and see it all. Verily the increase of the human family is mixed with great tribulations. Births and deaths, births and deaths, with the births only a little ahead, and sometimes, when war and pestilence and famine come, the death rate is ahead.

Wicked San Francisco.

"The people in California will gamble on anything—they will bet on anything from a cigarette to wheat field. Even the ladies bet. They will bet their diamonds on a horse race and their sealskin sacques on a dog fight, and pay them, too, if they lose.

"The people of San Francisco don't believe in hell," continued Mr. Jones, "but they have got more of it than any other people I ever saw. The way they are rushing to damnation reminds me of my dog. Once I was out walking, and my dog, a little fellow, was along. Suddenly a dog bigger than he was jumped out from a yard and scared him, and he ran the fastest, I thought, I had ever seen a dog run, and the other dog right after him. Directly a still bigger dog jumped up and ran after the dog that was chasing mine. You just ought to have seen that middle dog run.

"He was afraid the hind dog would catch the front dog, and he fairly flew. That's the way the San Francisco people live. They live faster than any other people on earth, and unless something stops them they are going to hell as fast as that middle dog was running."—*From Sam Jones' Sermon at Atlanta.*

Remedy for Sunstrokes.

Whatever is to be done in this disease must be done quickly. Clinical as well as experimental observations enforce this doctrine. There should in such cases be no waiting for the doctor. The remedy is so simple, the death so imminent, that the good Samaritan passing by should save his brother. The good Samaritan must, however, have a cool head to be useful. Not every man who falls unconscious on a hot day has sunstroke. There is fortunately one criterion so easy of application that any one can use it. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt bosom and lay the hand upon his chest; if the skin be cool, you may rest assured that whatever is the trouble, it is not sunstroke. If, on the contrary, the skin be burning hot, the case is certainly sunstroke, and no time should be lost. The patient should be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped to his waist, and bucketful after bucketful of cold water dashed over him until consciousness begins to return, or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.

About Bananas.

There is no such thing as a banana season now, so far as the local fruit men know. St. Louis is a heavy banana market, and formerly we used to have the bulk of fruit arrive in the early part of the spring. But now there seems to be a regular carrying trade from the West Indies to New Orleans, whence the bunches of fruit are shipped up the river, no matter whether the ice is just broken up, or whether the thermometer registers 100 in the shade. It is next to impossible to ship a ripe banana any such distance as it is necessary to be covered, as what escaped bruising and crushing would rot on the way. So the fruit is picked while quite green, and when it arrives sound and hard it is hung up in a sweating room, where it ripens in twenty-four hours in hot weather, and in three or four days in winter. Of course the flavor isn't quite up to that of fruit which ripens naturally, but the difference is not so great as might be imagined.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Smith's Wife.

When the day is o'er, and the evening is come,
The cattle are fed, the milking done,
Smith takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free

But his faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes her burden up that's never done;
There is no rest, there is no play,
For the good of the house she must work alway.

And in the end this faithful, overtasked woman will break down beneath her never ending round of work; and as she lies upon her couch of pain, Smith will have ample time to bemoan the selfish economy which closed his purse strings when his patient wife gently hinted that her failing health required a tonic. Why was he so short-sighted? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would have given her a new lease of life, and brought the blush of girlhood to her cheeks again. It is the only remedy for overworked, "worn-out" and feeble women generally. Sold by all druggists, under a *positive guarantee* of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) promptly refunded.

SAND HEAPS.

Capital Things for Children to Amuse Themselves With.

I do not know of anything that yields so large a return for so little an expenditure as the sand gardens, writes a Boston correspondent of the Worcester *Spy*. The Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association provided seven of these playgrounds for poor children last summer at a cost of $1 for each of the 400 little ones entertained for eight weeks. In Berlin the Government provides heaps of clean sea sand in the parks and squares, in which the German children play under the general care of the police. In Boston the ladies started the movement, the school committee gave the use of the school yards, the public contributed the money, and poor but reliable motherly women were employed four days in the week to matronize the little folks. It was a pretty sight to see these poor children, doomed to spend the summer in town, playing with shovels and pails in the sand, whose fascination was unending. Others were playing horse with worsted reins or tossing bean bags, skipping rope and playing ball. If a different set had come every day it is calculated that the matrons would have entertained almost 130,000 children. Now and then a basket of flowers would be contributed, so that each child went home with a nosegay. This season it is hoped the contributions will be sufficiently generous to establish 20 sand gardens and extend the benefits.

Matrimonial Notice.

A Khatri widow, aged 17 years, is prepared for marriage. Applications, giving age, caste, religion, social position and education, to be sent to "Guardian," care of Postmaster, Quetta.—*Lahore (India) Tribune.*

She Knew What Made Him Busy.

Ethel—who has come up unexpectedly—"Don't you want to ride on my tricycle, Mr. Leslie?" Leslie—"Thank you, Ethel, but I'm too busy now." Ethel—"Oh, come ahead. I'll hold Sylvia's hand for you while you are gone."

Consumption Curable.

Since the fact that consumption is both preventable and in its earliest stage curable, it has lost much of its terror. If the first symptoms are at once recognized, and the proper remedy applied, very few, if any one, need die of consumption, which is really lung scrofula. Like many other diseases this formidable one grows out of impure blood, and this, in turn, from a diseased liver. Hence we have the hacking cough, the pains in chest, the inflamed lungs, and all are symptoms of hastening consumption, all the result of depraved blood and a diseased liver. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest all such symptoms, restore the liver to healthy action, and send streams of pure blood into every organ. Of druggists.

How "Uncle Sam" Got His Name.

The term came into use in the war of 1812, and originated at Troy, N. Y. The Government inspector there was Samuel Wilson, universally known as Uncle Sam. Whenever he inspected supplies furnished the Government he would brand them U.S., meaning United States, but the abbreviation, being then new and not generally recognized, the workmen supposed it to be Uncle Sam, the inspector. Afterward the story got into print, and from that time the name has been facetiously applied to the United States.—*Chicago News.*

Little, "But Enough,"

as Mercutio said of his wound. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Little Pellets, which are small, swift and sure in cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, and indigestion.

Alfred Webb, of Wilber Mines, went to Kingston on June 11th to attend Court, was seen on Tuesday night and then disappeared. His wife thinks he has met with foul play.

There are but 20 lepers in England. The scheme to bring them together into a hospital at London has caused a tremendous volley of medical "nays."

DOMIL, 27 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in a specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

LADIES' SARAVIA, the great Mexican Remedy positively and permanently cures all female irregularities. Avaluable medicine. Relief immediate. Price $1. Send for circulars YUCATAN MEDICINE COMPANY, 18 W. 14th St. N. York.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

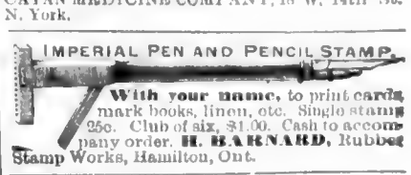

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

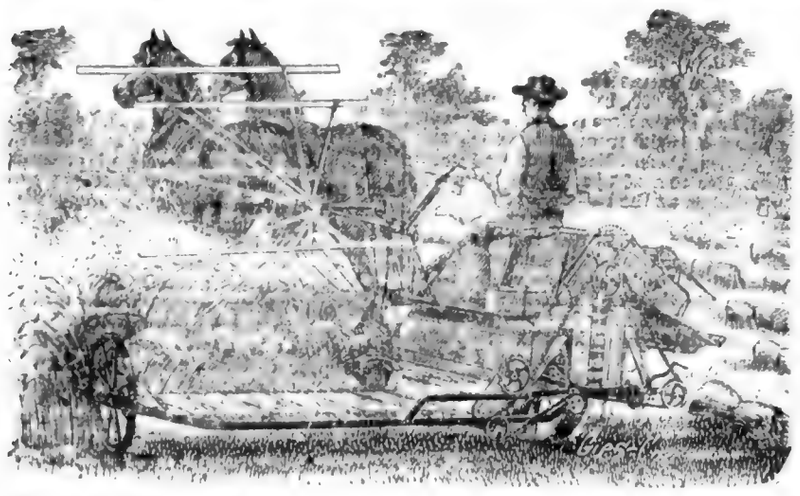

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts:
1st. Brantford Machines are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than any other machines in Canada.
Therefore 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower
and. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

EAVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
Get Your Tailoring Done
AT
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING,
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do Custom Grinding on short notice and on the following terms, viz: Seventy-five cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is for the accommodation of the public.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
P. LOUCKS, Proprietor
Good [illegible]

It Pays To

Go to the BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 18[illegible]

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P.O

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The Inistioge Sunday School will hold their annual picnic in Mr. Jordon's [illegible] grove on the afternoon of Wednesday 31 [illegible] inst.

The frame of Mr. John Letts' barn was raised on Friday evening last.

The stone masons have completed the stone work of Mr. John Talbots barn.

Mr. Wm. Little, of Owen Sound, who has been visiting Mr. Geo. Moore, left for home on Monday, the 1st inst.

Mrs. Scott, of Angus, who has been visiting friends and relations in this locality, left for home on Saturday last.

Mr. Josiah Roscborough, of the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute, is home on a visit.

The Salvation Army band from Owen Sound passed through here en route to Dundalk on Sunday last to celebrate Dominion Day. Some of their horses seemed to be terribly strapped.

Notwithstanding the wet weather that we experienced during the month of June, the crops have a very favorable appearance.

The members of the Inistiogo Division of the Sons of Temperance will attend church in a body on Sunday, July 14th, when a sermon will be preached especially, by the Rev. Mr. Moss of Dundalk. The following are the names of the officers who are elected to serve the division for the ensuing quarter: Mr. E. Cross, W. P.; Miss H. Armstrong, W. A.; Mr. R. Waters, R. S.; Miss E. Bannon, A. S.; Mr. Wm. Hutchinson, F. S.; Miss A Bannon, Treasurer; Mr. Geo. Bannon, Chaplain; Mr. Jno. Hutchinson, Conductor; Miss E. Acheson, A. C.; Mr. A. McCauley, I. S.; Mr. R. Acheson, O. S.; Mr. Wm. Ruddick, P. W.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The picnic on July 1st came off as advertised and was a success. There were quite a number of visitors, and everything went off nicely. The swings were excellent under the supervision of the the committee. Your correspondent could not ascertain the amount of the collection. In the evening a foot ball match was played between Epping and Kimberley teams [illegible] to none. The game last over [illegible] hour, and although our [illegible] were [illegible] elaborate [illegible] Watson.

Maxwell

From our own Correspondent.

Rev. L.W. Leggett preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening last to a very large congregation. He leaves for his new home in Seagrave [illegible]ck, the Rev. H.A. Brown of that place comes to Maxwell.

Wm. Sproule has sold one of his farms to R. Willar, of Lloydtown.

C. and L. Long paid a flying visit to New England last week.

Mrs. I. Clark and family, of Parry Sound, are visiting friends in Maxwell.

The Misses Mayhew returned to their home in Port Hope last week.

[illegible] evening being the [illegible] the administration of the [illegible] Lord's Supper, [illegible] of a novel but very solemn character occurred within the church. During an elaborate sermon which was being delivered by the Rev. A. McDonald, B.A., and while dwelling with much emphasis upon the unspotted life of Jesus Christ during His sojourn upon earth, whose dying love they were assembled to commemorate, a dove entered the church by one of the back doors and rested on a lamp near the pulpit. One of the elders carefully removed her, but soon afterwards she occupied a more elevated position at the south end of the church. After having taken a careful survey of a large audience, and probably wishing to change her position in order to become more conspicuously attractive, she flew in the direction of the preacher and perched herself on his Reverend head, uttering language quite familiar to her species, but totally unintelligible to the congregation. She was again removed contrary to her inclinations, which she manifested by her subsequent attempts to re-enter the sacred edifice. We are glad to observe that the congregation viewed the unique scene in a manner which did not in the least degree detract from the solemnity of the occasion.—[Collingwood Enterprise.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. [illegible]ola, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy B[illegible] and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be obtained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and Restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
And are sold at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, 4s 6d, 11s, 22s, and 33s each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from B. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
OF
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.
Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 419. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1889. W. H. THURSTON.

WATCHES,
Clocks, & Jewelry.
STUDY
Your Own Interests
by buying [illegible] Jewelry [illegible]
Russell's Noted
JEWELRY STORE,
FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Ellin as Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies and Gents sizes. Gold, Silver and Silveroire cases. Brooches and Buttons, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earrings, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Charms and a beautiful stock of Ladies Gem Engagement Rings. A full supply of Rock Wedding Rings al ways on hand. Also a large and well assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON

McDONALD
AND
EVANS.

CASH OR TRADE,
AND ONE PRICE ONLY.
OUR
DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT
Is again filled to overflowing with all classes of cool fabrics for the hot months of July and August.

Being through the wholesale house, we managed to pick up several lines at reduced prices, and are prepared to offer the public such bargains as never before heard of

ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS

In leading shades for 15cts. GRENADINES, cool and durable, in black or cream, only 12½ cts.

Nuns Veilings, Mummy Cloths, Cashmeres, Prints, Muslin, Challies, Ginghams, Seersuckers, Lawns, and all summer Fabrics.

See our heavy weight 29 inch
SHIRTINGS
for 11cts., Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Bustles, Laces, Embroideries, etc., at city prices.

Don't be afraid to call and see us ladies, whether prepared to purchase or not. You will find our salesmen very obliging.

Market Price for Butter & Eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps ! Pumps !

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Durham Bull for service.

Mr. Alex. Stewart, lot 157, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull for service on his premises.

TERMS—$1, payable 1st Feb., 1890. For four cows or over a liberal reduction will be made

Flesherton Livery Stables.
D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

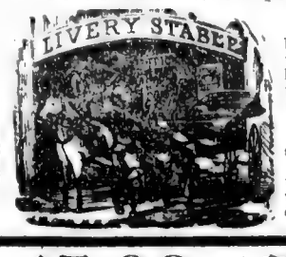

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

THE ADVANCE.

Every Thursday,

From the Office,

[illegible] Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

Hon. John Norquay, ex-Premier of Manitoba, died suddenly in Winnipeg Friday night, aged 47. He was a very large man—weighing nearly 300 pounds—and his death is attributed to heart disease. He was of Scotch and Indian parentage, a native of the Red River district, and has been connected with the public affairs of Manitoba since 1871, holding office during the greater portion of that time. He was a Conservative, and was on several occasions very successful in obtaining better terms from the Dominion for Manitoba. Fatally he was left-ed by Mr. Greenway, who headed the anti-disallowance of railways party. Mr. Norquay was a man of marked ability, an excellent speaker and an expert in financial matters. His death leaves the Manitoban Government without its premier.—Hamilton Times.

The following is a copy of the report of Elizabeth Committee adopted in the County Council held at Owen Sound [illegible]

Eugenia

Correspondence to The Advance.

Last Friday afternoon a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin paid them an unexpected visit at their residence on Mr. Buchanan's farm, Meaford Road. The old couple were exceedingly glad to see "sae many kint faces." The time passed quickly and pleasantly. About half past four the ladies of the company took possession and soon the large table was "groaning" with the most choice viands. Shortly after ten the horses were hitched for the return journey and soon the visitors left in the full assurance that their visit had gladdened the hearts of this aged couple, whose time here is fast drawing to a [illegible] Mr. Melvin is in his 86th year and his good wife is just six years younger. They have been residents of Artemesia for 34 years and previous to coming to this country Mr. Melvin was for 17 years in the employment of Mill, Cruden & Co., the well known firm of flax spinners in Aberdeen, Scotland.

On Monday morning early, in her 82nd year and surrounded by her family, "Grandma" Pedlar passed quietly away to her rest.

All night we watched the ebbing life,
As it its flight to stay,
Till as the morning hour came on,
Our last hope passed away.

Each flutter of the pulse we marked,
Each quiver of the eye,
To her dear ips our ear we laid,
To catch the last long sigh.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still,
The death-frosts through the clay
Stole slowly, and as mourn drew on
Our loved one passed away.

July 2, 1889.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

A number of the young people in this vicinity spent a very enjoyable day at the little lake on the third line of Euphrasia, [illegible] Boating was the [illegible] The party was not very large, but large enough to insure a good time. After satisfying the inner man with the good things provided for the occasion, and being a charitable company, they gave a basketfull of provisions to an old couple living on the third line who have hard work to make a living. The party returned early in the evening, all feeling very much pleased with their day's sport.

Farmers are commencing to cut hay in this vicinity, they report a good [illegible] Crops in general look well in this vicinity.

We understand that the Orangemen of Kimberley are going to celebrate the glorious Twelfth in Rocklyn

Kimberley foot ballers played a return match with Epping team on Friday evening last resulting in a victory for Kimberley by one goal to none.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Road work, or as it is sometimes very properly termed statuate laziness, has been the order of the day during the last two weeks.

The annual Sabbath school picnic came off on the 4th. The day was fine, and there was a good turn out.

The Rev. P. Sparling paid a short visit [illegible] on his way return [illegible]

Rev. P. Flint and family were visiting at Mr. Kells a short time ago.

Having will be commenced next week, the crops are generally light

Mr. Flannery on the Jesuits

[illegible]

DEAR SOR.—I wud loike to sind ver shmall communeashun about the Jebusite agitatshun. Be the powers, I don't know fwhat to make av it, at all, at all. I'm a Consarvative clear fr'm the core on the end av me big toe till the wisp av hair that shticks through me vintelator in the crown av me fib hat; and faith I've been that same, ivnsince I was big enough to read the heads av Editorials in the Toronto Globe. I've been the same reactual dootiful subject to me Consarvative exploss, good bad, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the head of all this confushun, and I think I can myself, the Jebusites will go, bad cess til them! but me party will go too. Biddy, me sapouse, thried to comfort me agitated mound by tellin' me it it was all wan-sided—that is, the house, and min av since wor kapin shtill while the bothersome agitatin fools wor kapin up their nowls, and be jabbers I begin til see it that way mesilf. Look at the noospapers! Look at thim, I say! Moighty quiet they are kapin', shure, an' they're min av sinse! Look at the vote in Parlevumint. Only wan av the thorteen cud be called shmart, an' that is Misther McCarthy, wid his good Oirish name riven presurve him, but manny a good man has been led astray before Misther McCarthy. Thin look at the 188 great min on the other side who said the thorteen wor astray in their raisoning. I believe in me heart it wud have been a bad day for the constitooshun shud the roights av Quabec hev been thrampled on by vatoing the Jebusites. I belave, too, that Sur John has a shquare head, an' Misther Blake has a shquare head (though it is not filled wid the same quality av material) and I belave, so I do, that the toime will come whin the electhors will fomd that the 188 ripresintatives in Parleymint knew fhwat they wor doing whin they neglicted to veto the bothersome Jebusites. This is the opinion av yer humble sarvint,

PATRICK FLANNERY, ESQ.
Potatie Holly, July the 4.

General News.

Rogerson's sawmill, at Blythe, Ont., was burned Thursday.

A little child in St. Thomas swallowed some carbolic acid, but her life was saved.

Society at the Capital is somewhat excited over the marriage of the Hon. G. E. Foster.

The late Hon. John Norquay had life insurances amounting to $14,000.

Great B[illegible]

W[illegible] be given [illegible]
Mr[illegible]
[illegible]
before [illegible]
[illegible]

HIGHEST PRI[illegible]
AND PAR[illegible]
For W[illegible]

W. H. FLESHE[illegible]

The Dublin strikers engaged on Saturday and the [illegible] out. Two men were [illegible] thirty wounded.

John L. Sullivan [illegible] train in a 75-round [illegible] Miss., on Monday last. [illegible] 16 minutes.

THE MARKE[illegible]
FLESHERTON.
Carefully Corrected Ev[illegible]

Flour [illegible]
Spring Wheat
Barley
[illegible]
Butter
Eggs, fresh
Potatoes per
Pork
Hides, per cwt
Sheepskins
[illegible]
Wool
Tallow
[illegible]

SIGN
"B[illegible]

Gold filled and Coin-si[illegible] cases.

Walnut and Nickl[illegible]
I am represented [illegible] by orders left at the homes of Central [illegible] doing biz. in this [illegible]
If prices are not [illegible]

QUALITY
Conside[illegible]
I will not [illegible] share of [illegible]

"CASH [illegible]

Goods, Wor[illegible]
Warrants Const[illegible]
than you can do [illegible] where, eally fitted.

Work Carefully [illegible]
Fair Cl[illegible]
Stock now comp[illegible]

Can save [illegible] to $3.00 watch
Other lines w[illegible] live margins.

W. A. BRO[illegible]
Jeweler a[illegible]
MARKDALE, Ont.

Roller Flour $5.00, Shorts 85cts., Bran 65cts., at W. TRIM[illegible]

THE CROP PROSPECTS.

Home and Abroad Appearances at the Present Time—Decidedly Above the Average in Canada.

An Ottawa despatch says: Crop reports from sixty district correspondents in Ontario show reason for gratification at the prospects. All speak of the excess of rain doing much damage on the lowlands, but in spite of this the crops are, on the whole, nearly everywhere pronounced decidedly above the average. Grain is doing splendidly. Wheat, oats and rye are all far better than usual. Barley is good, peas excellent and most of the root crops are doing well. Potatoes, however, are seriously damaged by the wet, and so is corn. Hay is scarcely up to the average and fruit is considerably injured. Further heavy rains will injure the whole harvest seriously, but, on the other hand, average fine weather now will give far more abundant harvest than usual.

A cablegram gives information as to the present condition of the European crops, from which it would appear that recent statements as to the extent of damage have very little foundation. Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy appear, as regards the crop outlook, to be in a highly satisfactory condition. Austria-Hungary and Hungary moderately so; while in Russia the latest estimate is that the wheat crop has been damaged to the extent of 25 per. cent. by drought.

SWORN BY A ROOSTER'S BLOOD.

The Strange Oath Taken by a Chinese Witness in Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia despatch says: A strange scene was presented in Judge Bregy's Court when the most solemn of Chinese oaths was administered to Lee Bang, a celestial witness. A rooster was brought into court and set down beside the witness-stand, where a square of muslin had been placed. Candles and joss sticks were lighted in a cuspidor. The witness then cut off the rooster's head and signed with a quill dipped in the dead bird's blood the paper from which the oath had been read to him. The paper was then burned in the cuspidor.

"Is this the form of oath administered in the courts of justice in China?" asked Judge Bregy. "Not particularly," replied Interpreter Chew. "The Chinese courts do not use any oath to my knowledge. I have been in America for a long time. When I was in Portland, Ore., the killing of a rooster was resorted to as the only thing to prevent a Chinaman from lying. Before that you couldn't get at the truth."

"What is the reason for the solemnity of this oath?"

"They believe that everything has a spirit, good or evil, and after a Chinaman cuts off a rooster's head, he believes that the spirit will trouble him if he tells a lie."

Notes From the Northwest.

It is reported here that nothing will be done this year on the proposed extension of the Galt Railway into Montana.

An inquest was held on the body of William McDermott, who hanged himself at Elkhorn. The evidence of his widow, his daughter, aged 8 years, and some neighbors was heard. The jury returned a verdict that he died from suicidal hanging while in a state of unsound mind. Mrs. McDermott is progressing favorably.

A letter from Field, B.C., says Mr. Carlson returned from a trip to the lately discovered springs south of there. There are 71 springs of petroleum within a radius of 500 acres and indications of an inexhaustible supply, with the quality first class. The springs are near the Crow's Nest Pass.

Fierce forest fires are raging in the mountains between Banff and Donald.

Latest Scottish News.

A Blue-tit has built its nest in the letter-box of Mrs. Peebles, Nether-Cask. When dropped in it took the letters out and scattered them about.

As an evidence of returning prosperity to farmers, it may be noted that at all the hiring fairs held recently the wages have been from 10 to 20 per cent. higher than for the past few years.

Rev. John Smith, of Edinburgh, specifying the forces in Scotland antagonistic to the precious institution of the Sabbath, places first the large proportion of the nobility and gentry who set themselves, so far as personal example and influence are concerned, to secularise the day of rest.

How One Burglar Was Caught.

The Irish (heaven bless 'em) have a little invention which has been used in Ireland with great success. It would be a good attachment for the ballot-boxes in this country. An enterprising burglar entered a gentleman's house at Waterford, Ireland, one night a couple of weeks ago, and, after purloining everything he could find, he prepared to remove a large photographic camera that was standing on a table. In some way he touched off a magnesium flash light attachment that was part of the machine and fled precipitately when the thing flared up. The next day it was discovered that the camera had taken the photograph of the burglar. The negative was placed in the hands of the police and by its aid they quickly nabbed their man. It showed the burglar with a jimmy in one hand and a box containing jewelery under his arm, while he carried a sack over his shoulder with valuable pieces of plate, books, etc., and was gazing at the flash light in open-mouthed amazement. This was the unimpeachable evidence of a mechanical eye-witness and the fellow was sent up for six months.—*Manchester Courier.*

Reliable.

Young man—You are older than I am, and I want to ask you a question. Does a woman always mean what she says?

Old man—Always that is, if she's married.

After hearing arguments in favor of and in opposition to Kemmler, the Buffalo murderer, Judge Day held that testimony would have to be taken as to the effect of the electric current on the human body, and appointed Tracy C. Becker, a lawyer, of Buffalo, to take testimony and report to the court on July 30th next.

A 3 year-old child named Cote, residing on St. Dagmillon street, Quebec, fell into a pan of boiling water yesterday and is so severely scalded that it is not expected to recover.

MORE SCOTCH ASCENDENCY.

The Earl of Fife to Marry the Prince of Wales' Eldest Daughter.

A London cable says: There was but one topic of discussion in the clubs last evening. It was the betrothal of Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar of Wales, the eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to Earl Fife. Rumor for a long time past has been busy in clubdom with the possibility of such a match, and what gave particular strength to the possibilities of such an alliance lay in the fact that the report was most credited by those about the Prince. Yesterday afternoon the Queen formally gave her consent to the union. The Prince of Wales is the most popular gentleman in the United Kingdom, and the Princess alone vies with him in the affections of the people. When it became known that the hand of their eldest daughter was to be conferred upon one of the most popular Peers in the United Kingdom, the Prince and Princess of Wales were simply and purely raised into the position of popular idolatry.

Princess Louise has in her short career won universal popularity. Like all the royal princesses she has always been troubled with shyness, but not more so than might be expected from young ladies not long out in the world; but those who have penetrated the veil of modesty surrounding her have found in her charming womanly nature a fund of intelligence and a good share of her mother's remarkable charm of manner and interesting gentle nature. She has a very pretty figure. She is about middle size and has a face with plenty of character. She was born at Marlborough House, February 20th, 1867. Earl Fife has been for many years a close friend of the Prince and Princess. Everybody knows him and knows well of him. He is an exemplary model of the British aristocracy. He is the sixth Earl of Fife, but was created a peer of the United Kingdom in 1885. He is 40 years of age.

A Remarkable Case of Somnambulism.

A policeman early this morning found a woman, attired only in her nightclothes, wandering aimlessly along by the side of St. Mary's Hospital. When the officer spoke to the woman he found that she was sound asleep, and when awakened she went into a nervous condition and was taken into the hospital. She gave the name of Mrs. Annie Davis, and said she lived at No. 831 Park avenue. The police of the 13th Precinct were notified to investigate the case. They found that the woman's husband had gone to his day's labors apparently undisturbed by his wife's escapade. The neighbors state that Mrs. Davis is a somnambulist of extraordinary quality, and her antics have long since ceased to be cause for wonder among the inhabitants of the tenements along Park avenue. She is in the habit, they say, of getting up in the middle of the night and while sound asleep will go through part of the work that is to be done the next day. Breakfast is sometimes prepared at 1 o'clock in the morning, and in a sound sleep the woman will do all the usual little odds and ends of her household duties without making a mistake, even to lighting a fire in the kitchen stove. Once or twice the woman has endangered her life by wandering on the roof top and lying down close to its edge. After Mrs. Davis had recovered from her nervous condition she was sent to her home.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Mistakes.

It is not disgraceful to make a mistake. Those who never make mistakes never do anything worth mentioning. The attitude of men with reference to their mistakes is sometimes disgraceful. One who cannot see his own errors even when they are pointed out will not make much improvements. Until we discover and deplore our defects we will not take pains to remedy them. Frankness in confessing faults is a great grace. When one becomes so perfect in his own estimation that he has no occasion to confess his faults to his neighbors, he is well nigh beyond the reach of hope. A Christian who believed that his holiness had reached the point of faultlessness once gave way to a violent fit of temper, and when forced to apologize told his story well enough until he came to the conclusion, and then spoiled it by saying: "I cannot tell what made me use such language; I think I must have been inspired; I am sure I was not angry." "Who can understand his errors?"

Rare Forethought.

"Harry," exclaimed the blushing Laura, "this declaration is so sudden that I—that that I hardly know what to say. I was unprepared for it. It unnerves me."

"I was afraid it might," said the young druggist, rising with alacrity from his knees, "and I brought along a bottle of my unrivalled nerve anodyne. This preparation, darling," he added, soothingly, as he took a bottle from his pocket, quickly extracted the cork, and poured a quantity of the medicine into a spoon he had also brought along, "will allay any undue excitement, quiet the nerves, aid digestion, and restore lost appetite. I sell it at 60 cents a bottle. This is the dose for an adult. Take it, dearest."

About New Books.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie admits that he is at work upon his memoirs, but adds that they will never be published while he is alive.

Mrs. Rives-Chanler's early stories do not please the London *Athenæum*. The "Brother to Dragons" and its two companions, in imitation of old English, were not, it says, worth reprinting.

George Meredith's new novel is said to have for its theme "The Romance of Journalism," and to be in an advanced state of preparation.

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Prof. of Surgery of the United States Medical College, editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," over his own signature said, referring to and prescribing Warner's Safe Cure: "I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months, no tube casts could be found and only a trace of albumen, and as the patient expressed it, he felt perfectly well.'

He Would Follow Suit.

Waiter (returning after a brief absence)—Lamb chops all out, sir.

Guest (rising, with a polite smile)—All right! Beautiful day to be out! I think I will go too.

SHORT BUT SWIFT.

Rev. R. T. Burns Gets Justice Tempered With Mercy.

A last (Wednesday) night's Kingston despatch says: This morning Rev. R. T. Burns, Deputy Postmaster, was brought before Judge Price. He tottered like a child when asked to stand up. The Judge told him he had been charged with appropriating money belonging to Mrs. Love, and asked, "Are you willing to be tried before me or a jury?" Mr. Burns said, "You." Mr. Britton, Q. C., read a lengthy charge, then he asked if Mr. Burns was ready for trial. The reply being "yes," Mr. Burns was asked to plead, and said, "I am guilty." Mr. McIntyre then addressed the Judge, stating that the case was the most distressing that had ever come before him. The respectable position which the prisoner had occupied for many years constituted an element in the deplorable nature of the case. His Honor was aware of the terrible calamity which befell the prisoner when two promising sons met watery graves. (Here the prisoner wept aloud). Another distressing element was the position in which his family was placed. When the charge was brought to the prisoner's knowledge on Sunday he had time to leave the country, but instead he went to the Inspector's office and gave himself up until the papers in the case were made out and he placed in safe keeping. Further, the prisoner's family, notwithstanding that it had been suggested to him to leave the country, decided to place no difficulty in the way of justice taking its course. Mr. McIntyre referred to the time of life the prisoner had arrived at, to the fact that there was absolute ruin for him and his family, and said he believed he had grounds for asking the Judge to be as lenient as the law allowed. Judge Price said this was the saddest case he had ever had to deal with, and, considering the position which the prisoner had left and the trying circumstances he had passed through in losing two sons, he felt justified in making the limit of imprisonment as low as the law allowed. "Therefore," said the Judge, "I will sentence you to the penitentiary for two years." The prisoner felt relieved; evidently he had expected a much longer term.

Fashion's Fancies.

Coachman's capes made of white velvet or cloth, trimmed with gold braid, have been ordered by Newport belles.

Very broad black borders on cards and note paper as an indication of the extent of mourning is the very worst taste.

Dress skirts of a fashionable length trail on the ground. It is to be hoped that the mode will not be generally adopted.

There are new fabrics for mourning brought out as regular as novelties in any other department of ladies' millinery.

The Richelieu embroidery—fine open worked patterns on ecru batiste—is a trimming of distinction for summer gowns.

Kangaroo skin is a favorite leather for men's summer shoes and boots. Oil or cream is used to keep it soft and pliable.

The steamer blanket used by the ladies this year is in the shape of a long circular cloak, which covers them from head to foot.

The tea gown is no longer worn as a reception dress, but has taken its position in the wardrobe as a refined sort of wrapper.

Straw poke bonnets are of sufficient size to shade the face. Large loops of ribbon, in which there are nests of flowers, trim the crown.

The elephants' ear is the name given to the fine, thin, flat sponge which is sold to women who seek new methods of taking particular care of their complexions.

The simplicity of the style in dress this season is a great satisfaction to those ladies who do not like to appear old-fashioned and still who object to the complicated and burdensome in women's gowns.

If a savage were suddenly to find himself in the midst of a number of fashionable ladies ready to walk he would think their long-handled parasols equipped them for war, and would run for his life.

There is a new and important change in the mode of a lady's carrying her parasol when she is driving. The hand which holds it has the index finger pointed upward on the stick. Any variation of this rule admits the possibility that she does not belong to the original "four hundred."

Good News for Housekeepers.

Advices from the Pacific coast are very flattering regarding the prospects for the raisin crop. The vines are doing well, and competent authorities have placed their estimate upon a one million box yield. The growers there are greatly encouraged by the outlook, and anticipate a liberal return for their labors.

The Sailor Boy.

Wibble—Do you believe all this nonsense you read in the novels about the sailor falling in love with his ship and all that sort of thing?

Wabble—Oh, yes. At least when a vessel goes on a cruise the sailor is gone on her until she gets back, isn't he?

Ocular Demonstration.

She—You were not so dissipated before we were married.

He—Indeed I was, my dear; but when anybody told you so then you wouldn't believe it.

Nevada had a "Dead Horse" post-office. It was ordered to take a new name, and it took that of "Live Horse." The Department wouldn't have it, but changed it to Rosedale.

During the heavy thunderstorm which passed over Belleville yesterday forenoon lightning struck the house of Mrs. Gallagher, on Wharf street. The bolt struck the chimney, which it demolished, and passed down the stovepipes into the kitchen, wrecking the stove, tearing up the floor and the heavy hardwood sleepers, and then passing through the window. Mrs. Gallagher was knocked down, stunned and had her face blackened, but was not seriously injured. Several others received severe shocks in various parts of the city.

A Newark burglar jumped through a window, taking sash and all, and fell 25 feet to the ground, where a dog caught and held him. They could not find one single cut or scratch from his daring dash.

SAND SPOUT IN THE DESERT.

Graphic Description of a Striking Scene in Africa—Moving Columns.

Under the fairest skies the desert is an awesome solitude, but when a storm comes it is terrible and appalling. I shall never forget a scene I witnessed some forty miles beyond the great pyramids, says a writer in the New York *Mail and Express*. I had gained an isolated hillock, some two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding desert. Away to the west, about two miles distant, I descried six or seven lofty pillars of sand moving swiftly over the undulating plain. The centre one of these was vertical, and those surrounding it, at a distance of two or three hundred yards, leaned slightly toward it. The sand at the base of the columns was lashed by the furious whirlwind into a surging sea. Desert trees of the hardest wood were torn up with their roots and hurled hundreds of yards away and high up into the air; even the grass that grew in the path of that terrible storm was shorn clean away from its roots. The summits of those columns of sand at length joined, and then burst forth from their united tops a yellow gigantic cloud of sand of such magnitude and density as to darken, as in a total eclipse, the face of the bright afternoon sun. The sand spout, called by the natives "zobahah," shortly after subsided, but the cloud of sand and grass, which had been raised high in the heavens, continued to darken the setting sun for more than an hour. The smaller column behind travelled swiftly, increasing in size, until it reached the site of the break-up of the other, and then added its mite to the universal destruction. With my sextant, as I stood in security, I measured the height of the centre column of sand; it was nearly one thousand feet. The other columns were rising so rapidly that they soon reached a greater height than that of the centre column. When the junction of them all took place the sudden eruption of sand, leaves and grass reached to a total height of over four thousand feet. These "zobahahs" are not very frequent, but when they occur they carry widespread devastation along with them, and woe betide the traveller and the tent that happen to stand in their way. Not more than ten yards from the column the air is perfectly calm, but within the small circumscribing circle there rages such a tempest as will carry away anything, however firmly fixed in the ground, into the regions of the upper air as easily as an ordinary gust of wind will blow a piece of paper. The camel, this wonderful ship of the desert, always knows a few hours before whether one of those approaching "zobahahs" is likely to come upon him, and his natural instinct will guide him to a place of safety, where he lies down and only breathes the cool reactive current which closely follows the burning, almost suffocating, hot air which accompanies the "zobahahs." The usual movement of these sand spouts is in the arc of a wide circle, and the direction of the centre of the circle is almost invariably from north to south.

When these awful turmoils are over, and the disturbing elements have resumed their normal state, the burning sand becomes saturated with a heavy dew, the sun is less angry, and the African desert more amenable to life in both man and beasts. Nature's wisdom and wonders are indeed beyond man's limited understanding.

The Manchester Ship Canal.

Some interesting statistics were lately given by Ald. Bailey, one of the directors, with reference to the progress of this work. He stated that 15½ million tons of earth and rock had been excavated, and that 28,000,000 tons more remained to be removed. It was anticipated that the work would be finished in two years from 1st of January next. There were on the works 183 pumping engines, 82 steam navvies, 5,000 waggons, 158 locomotives and 116 steam cranes, and in a few months 15,000 men would be employed. He further gave some particulars as to the cost of haulage of one ton, which was stated to be 6d. per mile on the highways, 2d. on the railways, 1-66d. per mile on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, 1-116d. per mile on the Aire and Calder Navigation, and between New York and Liverpool about 1-300d. per mile.

Dusting on Dew.

It is common to make the useful recommendation, in applying any powder to repel insects on plants, to perform the dusting in the morning while the dew is on the plants. The only objection to this recommendation is that plants are not moistened with dew every morning, or it is evaporated before the owner has time to do the work, or it may be too hot and dry for dew. The work is therefore put off till the insects may have done their mischief. A sure way, therefore, adapted to every morning or to any time in each day, is to procure a watering pot with a very fine rose, and with a fine mist moisten the plants and follow immediately with the dusting. Without waiting for a dewy morning, ashes, plaster, air slacked lime, hellebore or any of the numerous poisonous powders may be applied at any time of day.

Thumping the Bible.

In the country village of R—— there lived a Free Church minister who was greatly addicted to "thumping the book." One Sunday he was preaching from the text, "Ye are a stiff-necked people." In the middle of his discourse he repeated his text several times, and, to make it more impressive, brought down his fist with a thud on the edge of the hymnbook, which toppled off the cushion, and in its descent came into violent contact with the back of the precentor's head. The leader of praise, thus suddenly roused from the borders of a pleasant nap, rubbed the back of his head, and looking up, quietly remarked—"Losh, minister, the Israelites are unco near han' the day; I'm doubtin' ye've made me stiff-necked as wee as them wi' yer cantrips."

Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "In a great majority of cases Bright's Disease begins slowly and imperceptibly." This is sufficient warning, and justifies you in using Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney trouble becomes chronic or pronounced Bright's Disease.

—Very often the "May I?" of courtship is answered by the "You must" of matrimony.

GETTING INFORMATION.

A Reporter's Experience with the Patroness of a Philanthropical Institution.

It was the evening of the graduating exercises in a philanthropical institution. Said a New York *Sun* reporter to the lady in charge rustling around in the dignity of a new black silk:

"How many graduates have you?"

"Oh, dear me, are you a reporter. I just dread to see one come in. They never get anything right. I never knew one to. I think they do it on purpose. It is too mean for anything. I hate—

"But will you tell me the number of graduates?"

"Oh, ever so many, and they are just the brightest girls. Oh, it is such a wonderful thing that this institution can educate them as it does. It is perfectly splendid. I don't suppose its any use to tell you about it, for you won't get it right any way."

"What do they graduate in?"

"Why, every thing most. That's the idea of the institution, to make them so self-reliant and ready for emergencies and—"

"Who are the patrons of the institution?"

"Oh, nice people. Every body ought to be interested in it. They would be, too, if the papers took it up in the right way, but they won't. They never get any thing right, the reporters—oh, I can't tell how they twist things."

"How many instructors do you employ?"

"Oh, we have the loveliest teachers. I'll go and ask Miss B—— to come and tell you about them. She knows them personally—all the little family history, you know. But of course we don't want you to publish that. Papers are just filled with every one's private affairs now. It is just horrid, but I suppose the reporters don't care what they say if they just get their pay. Excuse me; I'll go and speak to Miss Smith," and she rustled away. The reporter waited while they counseled together, and, approaching, heard: "Oh, I think she's lovely in that dress. You know I advised her to put those revers on—so much more becoming than a plain waist. Oh, there's that dreadful reporter. I'm tired to death telling him about things. You tell him about the teachers, won't you, dear, and put those violets up a little nearer your chin."

"I? Why, I don't know anything about it, and I'm busy; I'm on the flower committee."

"Well, we might as well let it go. I've told him about it, but he'll get it all wrong, anyway. It is perfectly awful the way those reporters misconstrue things and never get anything right."

Grit versus Pluck.

A burro and a bull-dog had a fight recently in Fresno, Cal. Burro is Californian for donkey. The burro was browsing on cockle burs by the roadside when the bull-dog trotted along, stopped and without a growl, seized the donkey by the shank bone of the off hind leg. The burro kicked and kicked, and then he tried to reach the dog with his mouth, but unavailingly. Then the burro laid down on its back and brought its hind legs forward towards its head. He shut his jaws on the dog's back and slowly straightened out. The dog, without flinching, kept his grip on the shank bone. But the donkey had just as much grit, and kept on straightening itself out, though the strain was causing the flesh and muscles to be terribly lacerated. The dog let go first. The burro kept its hold on the dog's back, and in a second was on its feet, with the dog dangling from its mouth. The burro's leg was terribly lacerated, but it did not seem to mind. He limped across the road, and, deliberately pausing several times to rest, rubbed the dog back and forth over the barbed-wire fence until it was killed. The dog did not howl from the beginning to the end.—*Chicago Journal.*

Victoria's Interest in Funerals.

I hear that the Queen has recently been concerning herself with the arrangement of royal funerals, and that Her Majesty has caused a long memorandum on the subject to be drawn up, with a variety of new orders, which extend to the most minute detail. In future the body of a defunct male member of the royal family is to be placed in the coffin in an attire of quite different material to that worn by a deceased female, and married people are not to be treated the same as the unmarried. The Queen's solicitude extends even to the making of the coffins, and there are copious directions concerning them. Embalming is positively prohibited. One would suppose that the Queen was anticipating a large mortality among her kindred. It is no doubt expedient to be mindful of the uncertainty of human life, but there is surely no occasion to carry this forethought to such extravagant lengths.—*London Truth.*

How They Catch Fish in Georgia.

Last Monday morning it was our pleasure to go a-fishing with a party on Alapaha, near Grover, and see how fish are caught the "new way." From four to six men go into the water with a log in front of them, and a sheet with one edge on the log and the other edge held up by the man so that the fish can't jump over, but fall on the sheet. The log is pushed along to the land, and when near it the fish begin to try to make their escape back to the deep water by jumping. If they fail to make a good leap they lodge on the cloth, thereby becoming victims of their own destruction. It is amusing to see how they jump. It is supposed that about three hundred pounds were caught.—*Abbeville (S.C.) Times.*

The Shah of Persia has adopted some of the peculiarities of civilization, but is rather behindhand in others. He wears patent leather boots, but seems to regard a pocket handkerchief as a superfluity.

The wave of prohibition is undoubtedly receding. The defeat of a prohibitory amendment in Massachusetts will almost certainly be followed by the defeat of a similar amendment in Pennsylvania next month. This does not mean a relaxation of the people's resolve to regulate the liquor traffic and abate its worst evils. It means simply that the popular mind throughout the country is becoming fixed in the conviction that high license and local option are the most efficient methods of attaining the objects aimed at.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A CANINE HERO OF THE FLOOD.

How He Saved His Mistress from Death in the Overwhelming Water.

A large crowd of people attracted my attention about 6 o'clock this evening on Main street, says a Johnstown letter to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. On going closer I noticed that a number of men and women were surrounding a dog, on which each and every one of the crowd was anxious to lavish with attentions and endearing terms more appropriately bestowed upon a favorite child than an animal.

"Come here, Romeo, my noble old dog!" said one woman.

"Give me a kiss; there is a dear." "Ah, Romeo," said another, "it was a pity Johnstown had not more such noble creatures as you are, and there would not be so many people dead here now."

The dog, a beautiful water spaniel whose fur was clipped so as to give him the appearance of a miniature lion, stood as quiet and dignified among the people as if he understood each word addressed to him, taking the evidence of appreciation as matters of course which he had every right to expect. Soon I understood what it all meant.

Romeo belongs to Mrs. C. F. Kress, of Washington street, Johnstown. The day the flood-gates of the South Fork reservoir broke loose that lady went to the house of her sister, Mrs. A. C. Bress, on Main street, taking the dog with her. While there the awfully disastrous waters came sweeping down upon them from Conemaugh, so that all the people in the house were compelled to get upon the roof. There were seven in the party and Romeo made a good eighth.

But soon the terrible waves and floating debris raised horrible havoc with the building. Suddenly a big wave dashed upon the roof. Mrs. C. F. Kress was knocked off her place of refuge and rapidly floated along with the wild stream. No human being attempted to jump after her or make any effort for her rescue, because the surging flood had already dragged her beyond all human reach. But Romeo, the lady's dog, forgetful of his own danger, had apparently been expecting what was coming.

The waters had no more than closed above the sinking lady when the dog jumped after her, and when her dress again appeared above the surface he immediately grasped it between his teeth. It was a heavy burden, but the animal seemed to make a double effort. Holding the dress in his mouth he gently but firmly pushed her forward through the waters toward a frame house, which was still defying the waves. Romeo's noble efforts proved successful, and in a few moments Mrs. Kress was able to lay hold of one of the spars on the frame house and drag herself into comparative safety.

But alas! It was only temporary safety. Even before the woman had realized her escape the devastating waves came mountain high, rushing against the frame house. This time the building could not withstand. With a terrific crash the wooden sills seemed to be bursting apart, and once more the woman and her dog were at the mercy of the flood.

The noble brute, however, was not to be daunted. Again he clung to his mistress very closely, not as if he were to rescue her from a watery grave, but as if his whole life depended upon her safety. Constantly swimming by her side while she was borne upon the current he contrived to keep her head above water so as to prevent her drowning. For over half an hour the dog battled with the waves for her preservation. His noble, faithful endurance was at last rewarded. He succeeded in directing his valued burden toward Alma Hall and here Mrs. Kress was pulled out of the water.

As she reached the roof unconsciousness overcame her, and during all that time Romeo, who seemed to think the woman dead, barked and howled in the most frantic manner. Only her returning breath pacified him and then he quietly and contently lay down at her feet.

This was the story gleaned from the people surrounding the dog, and when I called to see Mrs. Kress at her sister's home she verified every particular of the above.

A Risk in Shaving.

At this time of the year men have a way of cutting off their beards altogether, or making some new adjustment of the hair upon their faces. In this way very startling effects are often produced, disguises thrown off, and astounding revelations of character made. There is Major Blank, for example; I have been meeting him all winter, more or less, and inasmuch as he has a red face, a jovial eye and a hearty manner, I have been inclined to set him down as a sincere, whole-souled sort of person; but in an evil hour he cut off his moustache, thus revealing a very bad mouth. In his present aspect I consider the Major a man to be feared and avoided. I should hesitate to lend him $10; if any underhand villainy were perpetrated I should at once suspect him of being at the bottom of it; and—at least until snow flies again and the Major resumes his moustache—I shall keep his name on my *index damnatus*.—"*Taverner*" *in Boston Post.*

An Odd Recommendation.

The note writer of the *St. James' Gazette* says: "When a coachman or other servant leaves his place 'through death' he does not, as a rule, advertise for another place. But there are exceptions to every rule, as the following 'advertisement' from the *Times* shows:

The Hon. Mrs. Mitford wishes to recommend her coachman. Ten years' personal character. Leaving through death. Total abstainer. Age 33. Married. Address A., 7 Cavendish square, W.

"Of course the poor fellow, when the ten years' service is ended 'through death,' is now a total abstainer; but whose eye is this advertisement meant to catch? I was not aware that the *Times* circulated in other worlds than ours."

He Believed in It.

Miss Spook Chacer—Do you believe in second sight, Mr. Peck?

Mr. N. Peck—You just bet I do. My marriage was a result of love at first sight.

The Clyde seamen and firemen, who have been on a strike, have resumed work on the owners' terms.

While trying a wife-beating case last week, Magistrate Smith, of Philadelphia, laid down from the bench this proposition: "It's a woman's right to sass her husband."

FOR HIM WHO RUNS.

New Paragraphs Got Up on the Rapid Transit Plan.

A herd of elk numbering 1,000 head was seen on a point of the mountains near the residence of Mr. Robinson, on Upper Elk, Wyoming, one day last week.

Wright Burke, of Troup County, Ga., has been married fifteen years and has fourteen children—twins five times, triplets once and one solitary and alone.

John A. Phillips (colored), of Chepachet, Mass., has spent thirteen years in State prison on two sentences. In each case he was convicted on the testimony of his own wife and daughter. Now it has been ascertained that the women perjured themselves, and that he is an innocent and terribly wronged man.

Lima, O., has a Fagin, who offered a watch to the one of a gang of 10-year-old boys who would bring him the most stolen brass in a certain time. They have all captured the watch in the city jail, but they will carry no more coals to Newcastle in the shape of brass to Fagin.

Mr. McKibben, of Henry County, Ga., captured a turtle in Walnut Creek the other day that weighed eighty-eight pounds. "It's head was as large as a dog's," says a local newspaper man, "and when cut off snapped in two an inch plank which Mr. McKibben placed in its mouth."

John Barrett, of Perry Township, Ind., aged 74, is in jail for chastising Mrs. Barrett (aged 70) with the poker.

In Russia every man found inebriated in the public streets is imprisoned, and when he has recovered from his intoxi[illegible] set to sweep the streets for a

Over two years ago Marcus Counts was young lady nam[illegible] betrayed her a[illegible] Olathe. His b[illegible] girl he betray[illegible]

A Waldo [illegible] Portland *Pr[illegible]* Troy, Waldo [illegible] of Gracelon[illegible] birth to four [illegible] are all alive

I

Abraham

Talking [illegible] Private Se[illegible] *Graphic* te[illegible] the latter [illegible] stout, and [illegible] were once [illegible] presence [illegible] legs. "N[illegible] are altoge[illegible] I think a[illegible] what he t[illegible] had been [illegible] coln's over[illegible] ...sed it by saying: "Abe, what do you think about it?" Mr. Lincoln had a faraway look as he sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question: "Think of what?" "Well, we're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long and Douglas' too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so of course I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

A Peculiar Epitaph.

An observing lawyer said the other day: "I have often heard of peculiar inscriptions on tombstones; but one came under my observation a few days ago that I think deserves a notice. It was something decidedly out of the common, and, while the sentiment was praiseworthy and a 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' had a strong element of the ludicrous in it. I was passing along Main street, in Germantown, and I stopped at the corner of Queen street for a moment to look at the old-fashioned stucco and stone church there. Its old steeple and clock are landmarks. It is the old Trinity Church, and it stands in the centre of a grassy plot about half an acre in extent. Part of it is used as a burying ground. There are three graves close together, but only one of them is marked with a tombstone. On this are the name and date of death of the deceased occupier, and beneath it is the rather remarkable inscription:

'When shall we three meet again?'

The designer evidently thought it biblical and not Shakspearean, and he had probably never read the succeeding line, 'In thunder, lightning or in rain?'"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

He Made a Mistake.

He—My dear Miss Angel, will you not partake of just a little pale, pink cream and one bonbon, which I fear will not be so exquisite as you are accustomed to in Boston?

She—What a break! I'm not from Boston. I live in Kansas City.

"Well, I am a fish! Here, waiter, bring us a double order of pork chops and some turnips with the peeling on."

A Wise Expedient.

Maud—So you are going to marry your father's cashier?

Isabella—Yes. Papa says that if he runs away with the bank's funds, the money will still be in the family.

Frederick T. Roberts, M.D., Examiner in Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng., in speaking of Bright's Disease, says: "Death is usually hastened by uric acid poisoning, serous inflammation, bronchitis, pneumonia, dropsy, or by apoplexy." Warner's Safe Cure is a guarantee against fatality from these terrible maladies, because it cures the cause (diseased kidneys), and puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, enabling them to expel the poison or waste matter from the system.

The trouble with most of the mothers who are trying to make Little Lord Fauntleroys of their boys is that they begin on the outside.

Between 15,000 and 16,000 children are lost in London every year, but nearly 98 per cent. of them are restored to their parents through the aid of the police.

Gaston Plante, inventor of the electrica accumulator, is dead. He was a brother o M. Francois Plante, the musician.

What one man thinks is fun another thinks is folly. That is what gives such picturesque variety to courting.

THAT SMALL BOY.

And Yet, With All His Faults, How We Love Him.

The small boy is the same the world over He has the universal language, and if he landed during the marble season in Timbuctoo he'd be perfectly able to make the Timbuctoo boy understand his opinion of alleys and tors. This small boy is a democrat—fine clothes do not obtain with him; indeed, they are rather scorned, and a well-dressed boy is at present grabbed by his fellows and taunted with bein' "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and asked in a whining tone: "Why doesn't 'oo go home to dearest?"

There is no sentiment about the small boy. He is all things to all men, and that is impudent. No pavement is too sacred to keep him from writing his opinion in whitest chalk upon it, and no lamp-post is too high and no step too much decorated for him to occupy it and view any passing show. He confesses to but one weakness, and that is dogs. Cats he holds in utter contempt, regarding their tails merely as an appendage by which to swing them, and girls he loathes and in his heart wonders what they were made for

For a few years he will run away from them, and after that time or until he gets married he will run after them. The small boy is an institution we could ill-afford to dispense with, says a writer in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and, like a great many other institutions, he occasionally needs a thorough warming up. I would like to suggest to his guardians that nothing is [illegible]

...o got her salary at the end of the week she found a substantial increase over the figure at which she had been engaged. She asked the cashier the reason.

Because of a sale you made the first day you came. If you remember, you sold half a dozen handkerchiefs to a gentleman after making a long talk."

"Yes, I remember."

"That was Mr. Pardridge. He thought your salary ought to be raised."

This was a good while ago. The lady is happily married again. You may be sure that a girl who can sell goods to the proprietor of the store will not be any too long in getting a husband, and a good one, too. —*Chicago Mail.*

The "Question" is Called.

George Amelia, I have a question.

Amelia—Pop it, George.

A small fishing craft came ashore at John Ritchie's, Amherst Island, yesterday morning. It was empty. It is thought to belong to one Ainsley, of Picton, or Indian Point, aged 59 years. He was at Bath Monday with a load of fish, which he disposed of, and filled himself up with whiskey before leaving in the evening. It is probable that he was drowned. In the boat were a sail set, and a hat. The craft had not been capsized.

About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon whilst Ella Brown, an 11-year-old daughter of Mr. G. R. Brown, merchant tailor, Belleville, was picking flowers on the high western bank of the river she fell into the water and was rapidly borne down stream by the swift current. Simon Sanford witnessed the accident from the opposite shore, crossed the footbridge, plunged into the stream and rescued the drowning girl just as she was being carried under the sawlogs which dam the river for some distance at this point.

Eugene Emery, a farm hand, employed near Oak Orchard, near Medina, N.Y., and aged about 40 years, had been paying considerable attention to Cora, the 13-year-old daughter of John Grimes, a well-to-do farmer of that place. The young girl's parents forbade Emery going with her, and on Monday evening, when the father and mother were away, and when only Cora and her little brother were at home, Emery entered the house and, with a large club of wood, commenced an attack on the defenceless girl, and beat her till life was extinct. Emery was arrested yesterday morning at Albion.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

A happy little lamb that yet no evil knew
Nibbled a rose-branch that above its pasture blew.
On that the briar, for what the little lamb had done,
Nipped from its fleece a lock of wool, but only one.
The briar held fast the little lock on sharp thorn bent,
When came a nightingale on nest-building intent.
Said she: "Unloose thy hold and give the lock to me,
An I once my nest be built I will sing thanks to thee."
It gave, she took, she built, and lo! while yet she sang,
From out the briar for very joy a rosebud sprang.

A burglar entered the house of John Webber at Lacrosee, Wis., on Wednesday night through the window of a room occupied by his two daughters, Kate and Lena. The girls were awakened while the robber was searching their clothing, and Lena, aged 18, attempted to escape. She fell, and before she could arise she was seized by the burglar, who plunged a knife into her body below the tenth rib. The knife was pulled upward, and a deep gash nine inches long was cut, exposing the heart, lungs and intestines. The assassin then made a thrust at the other girl, who managed to escape the knife. The family were aroused by the noise but the burglar escaped. Lena Webber will die.

AN IMPROMPTU WEDDING.

It Was a Joke on James, But He Proved Equal to the Emergency.

James Gordon, of this city, was considerably surprised last night when three omnibus loads of his friends and acquaintances from Norwalk and the surrounding country alighted at his boarding house. As they poured in on him and began to mingle congratulations, with requests for an introduction to "the bride," he was staggered, and explained that as he had not yet secured that very necessary participant in a wedding there must be a mistake.

Thereupon his unexpected guests produced invitation cards and accused Jim of trifling about a serious subject. At any rate, they did not think it fair that he should disappoint his friends.

It was evident that some practical joker had been putting in his fine work, and the party convinced Jim that it was his duty to get even.

"A good-looking fellow like you should be able to find a girl willing to marry him," suggested one of the party.

"Well, I'll try," said James. "Amuse yourselves for half an hour, while I see what can be done."

He called upon Miss Lizzie Emmons, a neighbor, and explained his pressing necessity. The sudden proposal almost took her breath away, but, recognizing her neighborly duty, she amiably consented, and said she would get on her best dress and be ready within the half hour. Gordon meantime rushed back to his friends and [illegible]d them of his luck. It was too late to [illegible] a minister, but a Justice of the Peace [illegible] the party volunteered to tie the nuptial [illegible]ot. Other guests went out into the [illegible]ghways and byways and gathered in a [illegible]erman cornetist, an Irish fiddler and an [illegible]alian harpist, with "lashin's" of eata[illegible]s and drinkables. The bride came to [illegible]ne promptly, her health was toasted in [illegible]any a brimming beaker, and after the [illegible]ast there was a merry dance until past [illegible]idnight, when the newly-paired couple [illegible]parted on a bridal tour and the guests [illegible]led home in deep content.—*Bridgeport [illegible]onn. letter in New York Press.*

A Feeble Effort.

A Scotch clergyman of the old school [illegible]s this anecdote: Early in life, while [illegible]upying another charge, he invited a [illegible]ergyman, whom the unregenerate would [illegible]ll conceited and dull, to preach in his [illegible]lpit. During the sermon our old school [illegible]eacher dozed away in the sweet old way [illegible] he was suddenly called on to conclude [illegible]e service with prayer. Accustomed to [illegible]gard himself as the humblest of his [illegible]reator's instruments, and forgetting that [illegible] had not delivered the sermon, he began with "We beseech Thee to accept the weak and feeble effort that has been addressed to Thee, and more richly to endow Thy servant in the graces he so greatly lacks."

Women May be Dentists.

A woman dentist is somewhat of an innovation; but that she is likely to make her mark in the profession is indicated by the high standing of the young woman who has just been graduated from the Boston Dental College. According to the announcement of the Dean she stood No. 1 in a class of between thirty and forty, and in the race she has run she was so far ahead of her classmates that she could hardly hear the tread of the fellow next behind her. The dentist's chair is not exactly a synonym for everything that is comfortable and inviting, but the presence of a gentle woman operator promises to detract something from its terrors.—*Boston Herald.*

Called.

Van Doodlees—Waggs called me a fool to-day, don'tchewknaw.

Van Simpre—Aw, weally? What did you do, deaw chawppie?

Von Doodlees—Oh, I got even with him; I happened to have me old chestnut bell in me pawcket, and I wang it at him weal hawd, don'tchewknaw.

Von Simpire—Baw Jawve! Thawt was awful good, chawppie.

Tempora Mutantur.

HIS FIRST.

Bjenkins—By the way, Bjonse, how old is that baby of yours?

Bjones (promptly)—One year, two months and eight days.

HIS SIXTH.

Bjenkins—By the way, Bjones, how old is that youngest baby of yours now?

Bjones—Oh, hanged if I know. A year or so. Ask my wife.

The Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor, Eng., is a remarkable success. While on the grounds I heard great regret constantly expressed at the absence of the usual Canadian exhibit, this being the finest show the society has ever held. The Colony of Victoria this year sent an exhibit of produce, not for competition. Millars' cheese is the only sample of Canadian produce hitherto shown. I met very few Canadian buyers of live stock.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell has built a house boat, in which he will cruise in Nova Scotian waters this summer. It is put together in catamaran style, and contains large parlors, billiard rooms, etc. On board Mr. and Mrs. Bell will entertain many friends.

They have a new way of planting orange trees near San Diego, Cal. They bore a small hole and drop in a dynamite cartridge, the explosion of which makes a hole big enough for the tree, and loosening the soil to the depth of several feet enables the tree to take root easier.

Mark Twain's forthcoming book, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," is said to be a satire on English nobility and royalty.

Mrs. Margaret Quinn, who died in New York the other day at the age of 110 years, smoked vigorously a strong pipe and possessed wit which was the marvel of the neighborhood.

Mr. Wm. Stilling, a Wellington street (London) baker, left home on Thursday evening, as he said, to pay a visit to the Sons of England Lodge in London West, and before starting handed his money to his wife. Since that time nothing has been heard of him, although the most diligent inquiry has been made. Mr. Stilling was a man of strictly temperate habits and his family relations all that could be desired. His friends can imagine no good reason for his disappearance.

FISHING AND FLIRTING.

A Sarcastic View of Angling Females.

A favorite delusion of mankind, in youth, or even in middle age, is that there is pleasure in fishing with a lady. About this let there be no error, says the London *News*. If you do not care about catching trout, and if the young lady is young and "conveniently handsome," as our father Walton says, go fishing with her by all means. In exactly ten minutes the following things will occur: First, she will entangle your lines and flies with hers. Next, she will wind her own cast all round her, and in her dress and in her hair, caught in the coils of the casting line, like Salammbo in those of her serpent. You will extricate her, and hand her your rod, but long before you have disentangled her flies, she will have hooked yours in the bottom of the boat. You snap the line with a jerk, and make a new cast, the boat meanwhile drifting on shore. You push off again, and begin casting, and by some accident you hook a trout. Then the fair one perhaps screams, averts her face, and calls you by a number of terms expressive of a tender and feeling but indignant heart, or she gets wildly excited, and twists the oar into your line. If the trout is firmly hooked she goes for him with the landing net, and if one thing more than another tries the human temper it is to see a woman hacking with a landing net at his line. She frightens the fish away several times, and then catches the net in the bobby, hits the half dead trout on the nose, breaks the cast, and permits him to join his relations, with a piece of gut and an artificial fly in his mouth. The horror of trying to troll with woman-kind, the extent to which all the many hooks of a phantom minnow get inextricably intertwined with her garments, ought not to be described by persons of feeling. If any one likes these recreations, let him be assured that he is no fisher, but a lover. If any one who does not want to fish can keep his temper in the midst of these distractions, he is no husband, but a saint. "All hope abandon, ye who fish with ladies," might be written over all Highland boathouses. The only thing to do is to abandon hope of sport, and fleet the time carelessly, not toying with the tangles of fly hooks in Neaera's hair. Land on an island, lunch, smoke, touch the light banjo, exchange sentimental confidences, but do not think to fish with a woman in a boat. And then, after all, when you come home she will mock you for not having caught any trout. As if Mr. Francis Francis, or Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddard, or Maui, who invented barbs for hooks, could have caught trout with a lady in the boat. Her presence may have other advantages, that is a matter of private taste and sentiment, but to loch fishing women is simply fatal. But her presence in a boat on a loch is a great lesson in the difficult art of grinning and bearing it. Fishers are now warned. Angling is quite difficult enough, thanks to weather and wariness of fish, to add the perplexities caused by woman is merely wanton. On the other side, he who has a woman with him on the loch has a beautiful and charming substitute for all the other excuses in which failure and incompetence find refuge.

Gretchen.

Her wealth of tangled yellow curls,
Her eyes cerulean blue,
The crimson dye of lips and cheeks
Outvie the rainbow's hue.

Two dimples nestle in her cheeks,
And one imprints her chin
Her sunny smiles play hide and seek,
To chase them out and in.

What a refreshing picture of youthful beauty and sweet temper! And Gretchen owes it all to the splendid health she enjoys. Wise beyond her years, she very sensibly avoids the ills and maladies which sap the health and strength of so many of the women of our land, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by all druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers. For conditions, see wrapper around bottle.

The Last Resort.

First Kansas Tramp—Bill, I'm [illegible] off uv the road in a few days.

Second Kansas Tramp—What air ye goin' ter do for a livin'? Not goin' ter work.

First Kansas Tramp—No, I'm goin' ter start a new town.—*Time.*

Detectives Wanted

to ferret out and discover, if they can, a single case where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been used for torpid liver, indigestion, impure blood, or consumption in its early stages, without giving immediate and permanent relief, provided, of course, that the directions have been reasonably well followed.

Method in His Silence.

"Bolton told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about it."

"No, I still hope to get it back."

$500 offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the head, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A London paper advertises: "Lady wanted to draw, at home, original designs for furniture."

DOM L. 28 89.

LADIES' SARAVIA, the great Mexican Remedy positively and permanently cures all female irregularities. Invaluable medicine. Relief immediate. Price $1. Send for circulars YUCATAN MEDICINE COMPANY, 18 W. 14th St. N. York.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,
BANKER,
FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

[illegible] Attention paid to the collection [illegible] Accounts. 2nd door North [illegible]

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

[illegible] was the [illegible] Twelfth.

Mr R. [illegible] home for [illegible]

[illegible] Owen Sound and this [illegible] examinations.

[illegible]

[illegible] Monday [illegible]

[illegible] of the Streets [illegible] his parents in Fast [illegible]

[illegible] of his friends [illegible]

[illegible] Tuesday [illegible] had ice cream [illegible] the order.

[illegible] free with each bottle [illegible] remedy. Price 50 cts [illegible] Medical Hall.

[illegible] Campbell's "Character [illegible] Mailed to any address [illegible] Advance office.

Mr A. A. Chesley shook the dust of Flesherton from his feet last week and [illegible] his footsteps for Toronto.

[illegible] mess of peas off the [illegible] on Monday last [illegible]

[illegible] when Shiloh's cure [illegible] immediate relief. Price 10 cts., [illegible] $1. For sale at the Medical [illegible]

[illegible] Esq., Maxwell, left for [illegible] Monday, where he will take [illegible] the military school during [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Flannery has to say [illegible] His joke about [illegible] is good. We hope [illegible] you again, Mr. F.

[illegible] Edward Kennedy [illegible] whose [illegible] Salem Ar [illegible] seriously ill. His brother [illegible] have gone down to see him.

[illegible] sale of household furniture [illegible] at the residence of Mrs. [illegible] Priceville, on Monday next [illegible] Among other articles to be [illegible] weaving loom. See bills. D. McCormick, auctioneer.

[illegible] dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A very exceedingly interesting letter will appear in next week's Advance from the [illegible] pen of Mr Wm Purdy, of Winnipeg. It is one of the best things, among the many good ones, which has even been written by him. Read it.

[illegible] has been monkeying [illegible] all this week [illegible] stepped over the line of [illegible] Monday and Tuesday. Had the [illegible] been blessed with this kind of [illegible] what an enjoy[illegible] might have spent!

[illegible] by indigestion [illegible] dizziness, loss of appetite [illegible] Shiloh's vitalizer is a positive [illegible] For Sale at the Medical Hall.

[illegible] attended [illegible] at a little lake on the [illegible] Euphrasia, Saturday last, in [illegible] with two other Fleshertonians, [illegible] had a 75 line wood letter [illegible] boats and a "Stappy" canoe [illegible] party and the waste of [illegible]

[illegible] "Character De[illegible] printed in pamphlet [illegible] covers. It has been [illegible] to set the price at 10 [illegible] copies for pre[illegible] order im[illegible] limited. Address The Advance, Flesherton.

We have received a neat little book, [illegible] Johnson's Canadian School Short[illegible] It is the most scientific system we have yet examined, and from a perusal of it we would judge that it is destined to become, if not an authorized text book on the subject, at least an accepted authority. It is much easier learned and practiced than either Pitman, Graham or Munson, and having been invented by an old newspaper man it bears in some degree the stamp of practicability. The book is very neatly lithographed and is sold at the low price of 25 cents. Address G.W. Johnson, head master Central School, Hamilton.

[illegible] Fan us!

Dr. Sinclair, specialist, will be at Munshaw's hotel on Saturday, July 27. Consultation free. Wait for him.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Rev. Mr Massicot, of Montreal, will preach in the Methodist Church here next Sunday morning. The Rev. gentleman is a young man, a convert from Romanism, and will no doubt give an exceedingly interesting discourse. His subject will be "Roman Evangelization."

Killed by Lightning.

Robert Best, Lot 6, con. 2, Euphrasia, had two cattle killed by lightning on Tuesday of last week.

Flesherton P.O. Hours

Office hours from 8 a.m. till 7 p.m. On holidays the office will be open from 9 till 9.30 a.m., and 1 till 2 p.m.

Sunday School Anniversary

Anniversary services will be held in the Baptist chapel, Flesherton, on Sunday next when Rev. A. Grant, of Toronto, will preach in the morning at 11, and in the evening at 6.30. All are cordially invited. Collections will be taken [illegible] the Sunday school work.

A [illegible] Garden Party.

The [illegible] garden party which was held in Mr. Armstrong's beautiful grounds last Friday evening, was highly successful, although the gathering was not quite so large as desirable. The place was [illegible] with Chinese lanterns [illegible] very handsome [illegible] band was present and added much to [illegible] pleasure. We think ourselves that Mr. Armstrong should be tendered the heartfelt thanks of the Methodist people for freely giving the use of his residence and grounds twice in one summer for the purpose of a garden party.

The Toronto Industrial Fair

The directors of the fair, which is to be held this year from the 9th to the 21st September, are already actively at work making preparations for the same, and appear determined to make it exceed in magnitude and attractiveness any of its predecessors. We have received a copy of the prize list, which is very neatly gotten up, and any of our readers who may desire a copy can secure one by dropping a [illegible] to Mr H. J. Hill, the manager, at Toronto. A large amount has again been appropriated by the directors for new special attractions and the erection of additional buildings, etc.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address enclosing a two cent stamp for mailing same to Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sales attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

Wedded

On Tuesday evening, at the residence of the brides mother, Artemesia, By Rev. J. Walker Shilton, B. A., Mr. Frederick G. Karsteolt, of Flesherton, to Miss Minnie Devin, Artemesia.

The interesting ceremony was performed on the lawn of the brides mother, where a very large company of friends and relatives of the contracting parties were assembled. The groom was supported by Mr. Bristol Evans, of Flesherton, and the bride by Miss Hannah Karsteolt, of Toronto. The presents were numerous and handsome. After the ceremony an elegant supper was provided, and the remainder of the evening was spent in music and games, the company dispersing at quite a late hour. Congratulations of The Advance attend the happy couple.

The Cheeky Manufacturer.

A cheeky manufacturer of Buffalo offers us $10 worth of shoe blacking in exchange for an advertisement. As we do not anticipate entering into the shoe blacking industry, and our family being limited, the chances are that our great great grand children would reap the largest share of the profits out of that advertisement. Anyhow the present straightened condition of our circumstances prevents us from providing for our prospective progeny. Just at present we are economizing as much as possible on shoe blacking, and have even persuaded ourselves and family that it is a needless luxury. We do not desire to disabuse their minds yet awhile, and are therefore reluctantly compelled to refuse the contract. What do these people take country editors for, anyway. We have already during the past year been offered half of a windmill, six dozen bottles of patent medicine, half of a sewing machine, plants, flowers, seeds, and other merchandise too numerous to mention, in exchange for advertising. We would like these enterprising individuals to understand, once for all, that we are no haberdashery store, and if we *are* married we are able to pay cash for all such luxuries as patent medicines and anti-wagon rattlers.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BLECROFT,
Flesherton P.O.

LOTS FOR SALE BY TENDER
IN THE
VILLAGE OF EUGENIA.

[illegible] for sale by tender in the [illegible] following park lots [illegible] on the south side of [illegible] Nos. 5 and 7 on the north [illegible] containing one [illegible] being a part of the [illegible] Cairns, deceased [illegible] GEO. STEWART [illegible] 1889. The lowest [illegible] accepted. Terms [illegible]

[illegible] CAIRNS [illegible] Flesherton.

Mortgage Sale

Valuable Village Property.

[illegible]

Thursday, July 25th, 1889,

[illegible]

TERMS OF SALE.

[illegible]

W. [illegible]
Flesherton [illegible] 1889. Vendor.

Mortgage Sale

OF

VALUABLE PROPERTY,

IN THE

VILLAGE OF FLESHERTON.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

[illegible]

Thursday, the 25th Day of July, 1889.

at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon all and singular that property known as [illegible] [illegible] on the south west [illegible] This desirable property adjoins the public school property and fronting on Main street [illegible] Terms and conditions made known on day of sale. For further particulars apply to

F. M. CHADWICK, vendor's solicitor, Beatty, Chadwick, Blackstock & Galt, Wellington street east, Toronto.

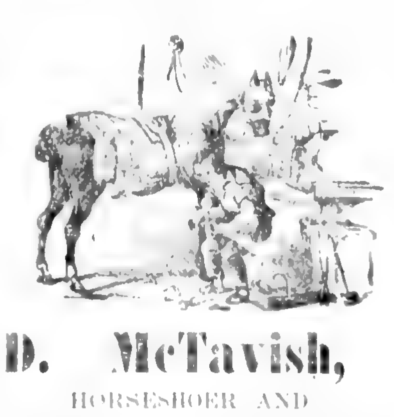

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract ed or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

PRICES TO SUIT
The Times.

The time to offer bargains is when the times are dull and money scarce.

[illegible] we offer you [illegible]

[illegible]D BOYS' BOOTS.

[illegible] Kip boots. $[illegible]

[illegible]

$1.00.

LADIES' & CHILDRENS' BOOTS.

Women's whole stock Kip. $[illegible]
Women's split boots. $1.00.
A beautiful polished calf shoe. $1.20.
Ladies' fine Dongola Kid boots, full sizes, buttoned or laced. $[illegible]
Children's shoes lower than ever.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A nobby suit, blue serge, full size, and nicely made, $4.75
A nice pair wool pants cut in the latest style for $1.40.
A nice range of tweeds for boys' suits, from 30 cts. up to 50 cts. per yd. All wool.

DRY GOODS.

Factory cotton, full yard, only 4 cts. a yard.
Cottonades, nice patterns, 17 and 18 cts. a yd.
Our best prints at 10 and 11 cts. a yd.
Shirtings from 8 to 13 cts. a yd.
Beautiful ginghams at 8 cts. a yd.

GROCERIES.

A lovely Japan tea 5 lbs. for 90 cts. as good as any [illegible] ct. tea in town.
5 bars best Electric soap for 25 cts.
14 bars Nice Toilet soap for 25 cts.
24 lbs. best rice for $1.00
14 lbs. No. 1 currants for $1.00.
13 lbs. Valencia raisins for $1.00.
14 lbs. bright sugar for $1.00.

Oat meal, corn meal, cracked wheat, long clear bacon, spiced rolls, smoked hams, and bologna sausages constantly on hand, at close prices. Butter, eggs and wool taken at highest market prices.

The Old Reliable Stand.

R. Trimble.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J.G. Russel's

T. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.
[illegible]

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT
Office: Manley's Drug Store.
[illegible]

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON
[illegible]
FLESHERTON

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. Thomas Henderson,
SURGEON DENTIST
[illegible]

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, [illegible] BUILDINGS, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, [illegible]

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
Flesherton, Co. Grey.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER [illegible] Conveyancer, &c. Agent to purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Company and P. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. Issuer of MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
on Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer [illegible] *sterer,*
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty
[illegible] Office.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK, ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT. &c.
DEEDS MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c. [illegible] properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to loan at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender, Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

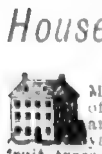

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton

Prize Essays.

Awarded by the Centre Grey Farmers' Institute.

FRST PRIZE.

Home has through all stages of the world been the educating school of the young. It is there the first principles are instilled into the mind, whether good or evil, whether taught by example or precept. It is therefor of the greatest importance that the home should be as bright, instructive and pure as the inmates can make it, for there in lies the nation's strength.

[illegible] all humanity have a craving for pleasure and happiness we will leave prosperity till later, and first notice the method of securing happiness within the home. What greater blessing could man wish than home happiness? Here the poor may share equally with the rich, the peasant as [illegible] as the queen, for happiness is not [illegible] The [illegible] within [illegible] according to the [illegible] of its inmates. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Never take friends into confidence regarding family affairs, speak respectfully of one another's relations, and should a discussion arise or a mishap befall, never let the triumphant party say, I told you so. Always be agreeable, affectionate and kind, and happiness is sure to reign.

[illegible]

Cooking has a great deal to do with making a happy home. One writer has said that the road to a man's heart is through his stomach. Although this statement is rather absurd, one thing is certain, it is very agreeable to the husband [illegible] and indeed to the [illegible] to have a good, tempting [illegible] meal set before them. An ear [illegible] is forgotten, and [illegible] happiness are the reign.

Amusement should be [illegible] within the home so that the younger members of the family may [illegible] themselves. Allow them to play such games as are amusing and [illegible] furnish each with a library, which will not only afford pleasure, but give them an opportunity to cultivate their literary talent. Contrive to have something interesting to do which will keep them out of mischief and at the same time instruct, for

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

To prevent them from becoming talebearers allow no tales to be carried either to or from home, for if there is an abomination in a household or in a community it is a slanderous talebearer.

Furnish and arrange the home in such a manner as will be most convenient for its occupants. Too many ornaments in a house are a nuisance, as they become displaced too often and are a constant source of annoyance to the inmates. Have the house neat and tidy and yourself and family to match, not omitting a good supply of sunshine. Let your sunniest smiles and pleasantest words be for those within the home, and when worry and trials come be sure to keep your temper under control, even if the steak is burning, baby crying and your husband comes in hurriedly to get a button sewed on. Don't fly into a passion, but lift the baby in one hand, turn the steak with the other and tell John to bring you a needle and thread.

Then what should contribute more to home happiness than prosperity, to afford both necessities and luxuries for yourself and family or be able to relieve the wants of others should bring to you peace, happiness and contentment, for the Scriptures say, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I will now bring forward a few facts regarding home prosperity.

Industry is the very foundation of prosperity. Let a man or woman be industrious, hard-working and active and they are on the road to prosperity.

Industry keeps our teeth a cracking,
Industry us gives silk and satin,
Industry gives us bread, meat and honey
Industry gives us good ready money.

Good management is another feature of prosperity. Use good sound judgment in laying out money in order to obtain the best and cheapest article. Remember the cheapest is not always that which costs the least money. It takes just as much time and expense to make up bad goods as it does to make good ones which will often last twice as long.

Never purchase articles you have no use for even though they many be sold below value.

Under no circumstances run a store bill. Always live within your income and contrive to lay something past for future need. Dress according to your circumstances and never fret and worry for luxuries you are not able to afford; remember,

[illegible]

That is where a great many housekeepers fail [illegible]

[illegible]

Look well after the health of your family. Neglected colds often cause serious diseases which compel you to call in a doctor. Ill-health and doctor bills are very detrimental to home prosperity.

Rigid temperance in all things must be observed, temperance in drinking, eating, sleeping, recreation, pleasure, etc., etc. If these rules are observed we would have better, stronger, healthier, happier men and women and our homes will abound in happiness and prosperity.

[illegible]

[illegible] that is what we [illegible] a [illegible] looking [illegible]

And now I will say to every housekeeper, if she would practise the above rules she would in most cases find they would supply the home with an abundance of happiness and prosperity, and we would hear fewer people ask, is marriage a failure.

In conclusion I would say to those men who think the home should always be run on a scientific plan, that it is almost impossible to keep the domestic affairs from getting tangled sometimes, and it is not when the household is running smoothest that your partner needs most comfort and help, but when

[illegible]

It's to you, Johnnie, I wish to direct my remarks. If you wish your wife to love, honor and respect you more, or as she should do, take a more favorable opportunity for praising her good qualities. It would add more to the happiness and prosperity of home if you would give her a cheery smile, pleasant words and relieve her tired arms of the baby. Remember our partner within the home cannot make it either happy or prosperous.

MARY KENDALL,
Camperdown, P. O.
Collingwood Tp.
Ontario.

SECOND PRIZE.

1st, How to make a home happy.

Contentment with our position and circumstances in life, what ever they may be, in the first way in making a home happy. Happiness in a home does not depend on how handsomely or richly the home is furnished, nor the wealth of the inmates, as the poorest and plainest may be the brightest and happiest place on earth. A pure genial sprit of kindly affection and unselfish love for one another, and in advancing each others interests and welfare, repressing any little grievance and disturbance that may arise in the ordinary occurrences of life, and pleasing each other in all their particular fancies or desires. Be honest, upright and obedient, attending to each others wants and necessities, and thinking of others rather than themselves. Have the home in order, everything neat, clean and convenient; the meals promptly at the regular hour, and the victuals cooked to suit the taste. Do all that is in your power [illegible] home [illegible]

[illegible]

MARY WRIGHT,
[illegible] P.O.
[illegible]
[illegible] 1889.

[illegible] hacking cough [illegible] cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee [illegible] For sale at the Medical Hall.

This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT [illegible] PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

FOR
CHURNS.
The best is always the cheapest, and we sell [illegible]

SEWING MACHINES

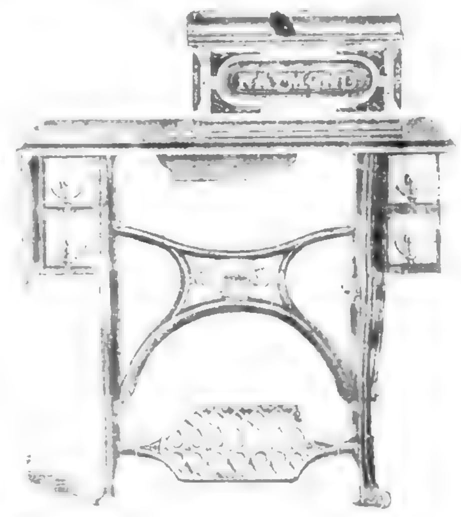

THE CELEBRATED NEW
RAYMOND!
[illegible]
[illegible] fully warranted,
$30 00.

Still selling magnificent
ORGANS,
AT $70.00.
Express Wagons
AT 75cts. EACH
BABY CARRIAGES
$10 00
STEP LADDERS
AT 75cts. EACH

See the Common Sense Blind Rollers and attachments for sale HERE!
The [illegible] complete, [illegible] stock [illegible] market.

BEDDING.
[illegible]
We are selling A. No. 1 mattresses with wool both sides in good striped ticking, [illegible] Woven wire spring beds at from $2.50 each.
DON'T MISS the PLACE.

J. E. MOORE,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND
FURNITURE DEALER.
FLESHERTON FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
DURHAM ST.
FLESHERTON.

Preferences and Treasures.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook
Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice,
I'd rather sleep on straw in the shepherd's hut
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,
Than feed without the zest of appetite
Off gorgeous plate 'mid unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true, unfailing friend,
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty,
And one poor lass who loved me for myself
Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,
And strews rich blessings everywhere around us
While Fortune, if we join in her pursuit,
Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine flowers and health and love,
These are endowments if we learn to prize them,
The wise man's treasures, better worth than gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

The Old Maid.

(By Rev. James Cooke Seymour.)

Who wakes the scoff of giddy mirth,
To many a wicked pun gives birth
'Mong all the daughters of the earth?
The odd, old maid!

Who would not wed for sake of gold?
Who would not barter love untold
For self or all could self unfold?
The *first* old maid,

Who would not cast herself away
On worthless man, whate'er they say?
Prefer for ever old maid to stay?
The *wise* old maid.

Who wears the face, if worn, yet meek?
Who searches round the sad to seek?
Who helps the poor, with tear-bedewed cheek
The *kind* old maid.

Whose heart has tender love for all?
Who hugs the children when they fall?
Her feet run swift at every call?
The *dear* old maid.

Who serves the Lord with earnest love?
Who waits in faith for joys above?
Her life's benediction proves?
The *good* old maid.

Disenchantment.

'Twas long ago in hammock days—
How very long it seems—
That down the winding country ways
Beside the singing streams
I went in search of dreams!

One dream I found as there I stayed,
A perfect vision, too!
A merry maiden girlhood maid,
Whose eyes were harebell-blue,
Most entrancing hue!

She smiled. I smiled. Ah! who can tell
What volumes there were said,
Although we spoke no syllable?
The clover blooms were red;
There was no cloud overhead.

I leaned. She lifted up her face—
What ruby lips she had!
Bliss for one little moment's space—
And then she cried, "There's dad!"
Oh, wasn't it too bad!

THE ORDEAL.

Tiny Clarence sat in her pretty little parlor as a bright, tropical bird balances itself on the swaying boughs of a palm tree, for the carpet was of green and the window draperies were green, and the walls were just tinted of that delicate sea green that shines translucently through the rolling billows of the deep, and she herself, curiously carrying out the unity of things, wore a dress of soft green cashmere, with silver lilies in her hair.

Her real name was Flora, but people called her Tiny; it was a pet name she had ever since she could remember perhaps because she was small and dimpled and fairy like, and had a fashion of nestling down on low ottomans and little footstools instead of perching herself on big, stiff chairs, like full size mortals.

She was very fair, with a transparent skin, flushed with pale rose, and hair like floss silk, where the burnished shadows came and went in golden glimmers, while her blue eyes were full of sweet, wistful expressions—a human lily of the valley, in short.

At least so Ernest Sargent thought, as he sat looking at her, with his heart in his eyes.

"You will not give me the answer, then, which is to seal my fate?"

"Not this morning, Mr. Sargent."

"Why not? I have surely the right to ask the question."

"I am not altogether certain that I have made up my mind, Mr. Sargent."

Ernest's eyes brightened.

"You will give me the benefit of the doubt, then?"

"I can't tell you just yet; I don't know myself. Cannot you comprehend, Mr. Sargent," she added, with a sudden spark of impatience in her soft eye, "that this matter of marriage is, with us women, something more important than the selection of a favorite shade in silks or the color of the spring ribbon?"

"I stand rebuked," he said, rising and bowing somewhat ceremoniously. "To-morrow morning, then, I am to call and get my answer."

"Yes, to-morrow morning, if you like."

So Ernest Sargent bent his head over Tiny Clarence's little rose leaf of a hand and went his way.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Clarence, as Tiny came slowly upstairs, twisting the green tassels that hung from her waist, "what have you decided?"

"I have decided upon nothing at all as yet, mamma."

"Don't you like Mr. Sargent?"

"Yes," answered Tiny, after a moment or two of grave consideration; "I suppose I do."

"He is very rich, and, your father says, in a business whose profits are continually increasing. You would be wealthy, my child."

"Is wealth the first object in life, mamma?"

"No, but it is more or less important; and then Mr. Sargent is very handsome."

"I know it, mamma."

And then Tiny Clarence went further still upstairs to the room where Bridget was sweeping and dusting, in a frenzy of energy.

"Bridget," she said, "will you lend me your brown cloth cloak this afternoon and the black silk bonnet? I want to wear them."

"Is it fun ye're making of a poor girl, Miss Tiny? Sure, you wouldn't even yourself to the likes o' them. And you, wid all the fine clothes a queen would wear!"

"But I am in earnest, Bridget. I am going to see a poor woman who lives in a tenement house down town, and I would rather dress so as to attract no particular attention."

Bridget still stared, but she made no further opposition.

"I can't understand at all, at all, so I can't," she said, shaking her frenzied head as she carried the aforesaid garments into Tiny's room. "Sure, miss, it's like dressin' the queen of the fairies up in a cabbage leaf. Your bonny face is lost entirely in the old bonnet, let alone the cloak covers you from head to foot, entirely."

"Never mind that, Bridget. Now lend me the veil. There; that will do."

Tiny Clarence felt curiously unlike the aristocratic little queen of fashion that she was as she rode down town in the extreme corner of a Second avenue car, and alighted at length at a cross street, whose narrow purlieus and swarming rows of tenement houses on either side betoken it the residing place of the poor.

Turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, Tiny Clarence kept on her way, until at length she entered a dwelling somewhere in the middle of the block, and ascended the long flight of carpeted wooden stairs, which was common property to all the inhabitants.

Pausing at a door on the fourth story, she knocked softly.

"Come in," was the reply, and opening the door Tiny Clarence entered.

It was a small room, comparatively bare of furniture, but very neat. A little bed occupied the farther corner of the room, and the smallest possible remnant of a fire smoldered in the tidy grate, while one or two chairs and a pine table constituted all the rest of the outfittings.

Close to the window a young woman sat sewing, while a crippled child played on the floor at her feet. She arose as Tiny entered.

"Is it you, Miss Clarence?" she said, her pale face momentarily dyed with a deep tinge of color, as she courtesied a timid welcome. "This is but a poor place for you to come."

"Miss Clarence!" repeated our little heroine, reproachfully. "You used to call me Tiny when we were school girls together, Helen!"

"But there is such a gulf between us now!"

"Because you are poor and I am rich? because you are a forsaken widow and I am still the favored child of fortune? Helen, you judge me unjustly!"

Helen Starr's eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Tiny, I will never do so again."

"I have brought you some more sewing," said Tiny carelessly, as she sat down by the side of her sadly changed school mate. "By the way, Helen, do you still sew for Sargent & Copley?"

"Yes, I am going there this afternoon to return some work and try to get a little more."

"Are you?"

Tiny strove to speak unconsciously, although the deep crimson flushed her neck and brow.

"Would you object to my going with you? I—I have a great curiosity to see the inner workings of one of those great manufacturing establishments."

"I shall be glad of your company."

"Do they pay you well?" went on Tiny, affecting to be deeply interested in removing a speck of mud from the hem of Bridget's brown cloth cloak. Mrs. Starr shook her head sadly.

"Starvation prices, Tiny, and Mr. Sargent has just cut down the wages one-quarter. He says times are hard and he cannot meet expenses."

"Yet he drives the handsomest horses in New York and lives in a brown stone palace," observed Tiny.

"I know it, but such is the universal justice between employer and employed. We are powerless and they know it, these grinding rich people.

She was folding up the bundle of neatly sewn shirts as she spoke and putting on her own worn and shabby outer garments.

"You will be good and quiet, Charlie, and not go near the fire until mamma returns?" she added, pausing on the threshold.

"Yes, mamma," the child answered, with docile meekness.

He was accustomed to being left alone, poor little fellow, and then Helen and Tiny set forth together on an errand entirely novel to the latter.

It was "pay day" at the establishment of Sargent & Copley, and a long string of worn looking women, some young and some old, but all pale and pinched, like plants that had grown in the shade, were waiting their turn for the miserable remuneration due them.

Mr. Copley, a fat, oily looking man, with a white neck-cloth and beaming spectacles, stood behind a ponderous ledger, a day-book and Mr. Sargent, with an expression of face very different from what he had that morning worn in Tiny Clarence's boudoir, leaned against the edge of the desk and took in the work, examining and commenting as he did so.

For Mr. Sargent chose himself to superintend this portion of his business. Nor was the tongue of slander behindhand in proclaiming that he contrived to make money out of this personal supervision.

"Clara Coyt!" he called out, sharply, as a pale, freckled young girl neared him; "how much due Clara Coyt? Ten dollars and seventy cents. Take off $1—work greased from sewing machine."

"But, sir," began the girl.

"Nine seventy—here you are! Pass on, Clara Coyt! Now, then, Mary Macalister—behind two days. Fine Mary Macalister 50 cents!"

So he went on, quick to detect or imagine faults, vigorous to punish, merciless to exact fines, until scarcely one of the waiting throng received the amount of money fairly due her.

When Helen Starr's name was called she advanced timidly, with her brown clad companion at her side.

"Helen Starr!" sharply enunciated Mr. Sargent, scrutinizing her roll of work. "Four dollars—deduct 40 cents!"

"On what account, sir?" faltered Mrs. Starr.

"Work soiled in making up—pass on!"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Sargent, indeed," pleaded Helen Starr; "the stains were in the linen when it was given out to me. It is not in the least soiled in my hands."

"I can't stop to argue matters with insolent sewing women in my employ!" snarled Ernest Sargent. "Take your $3.60, Mrs. Starr, without any more words, or leave the establishment. We can get plenty of hands who won't tell lies."

Helen Starr grew crimson and then pale, but knowing her own utter helplessness in the hands of this human vampire, she was about to take the miserable sum tendered her and pass on her way when a low, soft voice at her side detained her.

"Helen, stop an instant. Mr. Sargent," and turning back the long black veil which had hitherto concealed her face, Tiny Clarence looked calmly into the rich bully's eyes, "I am sure that my friend, Mrs. Starr, speaks only the truth. You lose all claim to the name of gentleman when you allow yourself to speak thus insolently to aught bearing the stamp and image of refined womanhood."

"Miss Clarence, he stammered, overcome with confusion, "there is some mistake here. I——"

"There is no mistake," she answered, calmly contemptuous. "I have been near making one that might have lasted a lifetime, but my eyes are fortunately opened. Pay Mrs. Starr the money rightly due her, and let us leave this den of money making iniquity."

Mr. Sargent paid Mrs. Starr the $4 with undisguised awkwardness, and strove to detain Tiny as she turned away.

"Miss Clarence," he faltered, "will you allow me to explain——"

"No, Mr. Sargent," she answered haughtily, "I will never allow you to speak to me again."

She kept her word. Ernest Sargent's nature had been tried in the balance of her womanly discrimination, and found wanting.

Tiny Clarence was heart whole still.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

A Fish Hospital.

A hospital for fish! This is the oddest thing heard of for a very long time, but it exists, and an ichthyologist, who knows all about it, sends particulars. Hospitals are springing up in all parts of the kingdom for the benefit of domesticated animals. The horse, the dog, the cat and winged creatures are cared for, and now a hospital for fish has been opened at the Midland Counties Fish Culture establishment at Malvern Wells. All fish are liable to expedemic, endemic and fungoid diseases, together with other maladies which may be due to natural or accidental causes, and these suffering from any of these affections are removed from their habitats at the establishments and placed in the hospitals, where they are carefully attended to. The home of rest, or finny hospital, consists of ponds, constructed in such a way that the patients may be readily scrutinized and doctored. A hospital without surgical aid would be lacking in an essential, and, therefore, the art of fish-healing has been carefully studied by the founder and proprietor of the hospital, who has invented and manufactured special medicine solutions for application to fishes of different species, according to the nature of their sufferings.—*London Sporting News.*

Satisfactory All Around.

"I don't want to break the law," he said, as he stood in the presence of Capt. Starkweather at Police Headquarters the other day.

"You are very kind," replied the Captain. "What is your case?"

"My wife has skipped."

"Indeed."

"Yes, skipped out two days ago. As I said, I don't want to break the law. What is the customary rule in such cases?"

"Let her skip."

"I am not expected to pursue her and shoot somebody?"

"No."

"Thanks. She has skipped. Let her skip. If she returns I overlook and forgive. If she does not I marry the hired girl. Perfectly satisfactory, sir, all around, and I thank you for your kindness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bad Omen.

"I've been a superstishus wuman a' ma life; aye carefu' no' to spill the saat, nor walk under ladders, an' wud never sit doon thirteen at a denner-table—espeashully when there was only denner for twal'. Ay, I'm a firm believer in the supernatural—an' no' without guid reason. I min' yince o' hearin' that if ye h'ard a doug barkin' at nicht time it was a verra bad omen indeed, an' a shair sign that somebody was gaun to de. Weel, yae nicht, some years syne noo, I was gaun to bed, an' was just on the point o' closin' ma een, when suddenly I h'ard a doug howlin', an' I made shair that some puir buddy was breathin' their last; an' sae help ma guidness, within a fort-nicht efter I happened to tak' up a newspaper and I fund that *a man had drappit doon deed near Milngavie.* Ever sin' that I've been terrible superstishus."

They Want Money.

The call from Johnstown for money instead of goods is a reasonable one. Nobody at a distance can tell what the destitute people most need, and many of the goods contributed are, as might have been expected, unavailable. With money all wants can be supplied. The large relief funds contributed in New York, Philadelphia, and some other places have in large part been held back—and wisely so, no doubt—but now the time has come when the money is needed, and there should be no delay in sending it forward. The appeal which the Relief Committee on the ground make for immediate assistance is unanswerable and irresistible.

Prof. Wm. R. Thompson, M.D., of the University of the City of New York, says that more adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady, except consumption, and yet many people look upon a slight kidney difficulty as of little consequence. Others take Warner's Safe Cure and remove any possible danger. When kidney disease becomes chronic, or Bright's Disease, it becomes a very serious matter.

A Hopeless Task.

Husband (100 years hence, when women rule)—My dear, I expect to go to town to-day. If you could spare me a little cash—

Wife (from bed)—Certainly, darling. You will find some loose change in my pocket.

The belt remains with Chicago for first-class murderers, discovered and undiscovered. It is a possession no one envies.

CURRENT TOPICS.

At last a man has gone on record as generous enough to bequeath his fortune to his widow on condition that she marries again, instead of depriving her of it if she pursues that course. The pity of it is that the man is dead.

In accordance with custom, the *Court Journal* of London, in announcing the completion of Queen Victoria's 70th year, gives the ages of her royal contemporaries as follows: King of the Netherlands, 72; King of Denmark, 71; King of Wurtemburg, 66; Emperor of Brazil, 63; King of Saxony, 61; King of Sweden and Norway, 60; Emperor of Austria, 58; King of the Belgians, 54; King of Portugal, 50; King of Roumania, 50; Sultan of Turkey, 46; King of Italy, 45; Emperor of Russia, 44; King of the Hellenes, 43; King of Bavaria, 41; King of Siam, 35; German Emperor, 30; Emperor of China, 17; King of Servia, 12; and the King of Spain, 3.

It is not often society finds itself in a shower of pearls, but it happened last week at a very smart ball in London. The Countess of Dudley broke a string of her famous necklace, causing for the moment a profound sensation in the crowded room, as the pearls flew in every direction, and were in imminent danger of being smashed or forever lost. Evidently Lady Dudley, beautiful as she is, antagonizes the family jewels. Not so many years ago the whole world was in arms because a casket filled with the almost priceless Dudley diamonds had been stolen in transitu from London to the earl's country seat. Nothing has ever been heard from the gems. Where they went to or who benefited by their possession remains a secret to this day, although an enormous reward was offered at the time for their recovery. The sense of this loss must have been keen in the minds of the titled company when it went down on all fours to search for the countess' fleeing pearls, pearls said to be second in size and color to no others in Europe.

Before the Royal Commission on English Elementary Education, Mr. J. G. Fitch testified what he saw done by a class of children 10 years of age in a school in Brussels. Around the room was a continuous blackboard and at its base a shelf. Both were marked off in sections, and on each shelf were crayons, compasses, clay, a wooden instrument for manipulating the clay and a graduated metrical rule. A child stood at each section, and the master standing in the middle of the room said: "Draw a horizontal line five centimeters long. Now draw a line three centimeters long at an angle of 45 degrees to the first." Thus continuing by a series of directions each completed a geometrical pattern. "Now," he said, "take clay and fasten it to the border of the pattern." That made an ornamental framework. Thereafter the pupils continued to add pieces of clay, making additional lines, dots etc., after their own ideas or inventions, until at the end of the lesson each had a different design before him. Mr. Fitch says the lesson throughout was an exercise not in hand-work only, but in intelligence, in measurement, in taste and in inventiveness

There appears to prevail among the laity a belief that the cure of cancer is seldom effected by the use of the knife, and that, when it is used, the disease is quite certain to reappear. At the recent congress of German surgeons a number of them told of the after results of operations for the removal of cancers from the tongue and throat. In one instance the whole tongue was removed from a patient 20 years ago, and the cancer never returned. Another patient first had the left side of his tongue removed, and as the disease reappeared, he was again operated upon and the other side taken out. That was between five and six years ago, and yet since that time he has remained perfectly well. Prof. Kuster, of Berlin, presented a case of carcinoma of the tongue upon which he operated 10 years ago, and which has not returned since. Prof. Von Bergmann exhibited two patients; one was a case operated upon two years previously, and the other four years before; the disease had not returned. As for carcinoma of the throat, several patients were presented who had had the entire larynx removed, and now, several years after the operation, there had been no signs of a recurrence of the disease.

Maxims for Memory.

Stilts are no better in conversation than in a foot-race.

Folly must hold its tongue while wearing the wig of wisdom.

It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

When poverty comes in at the cottage door, true love goes at it with an axe.

A vein of humor should be made visible without the help of a reduction mill.

All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.

The office should seek the man, but it should inspect him thoroughly before taking him.

The reformer becomes a fanatic when he begins to use his emotions as a substitute for his reasoning faculty.

Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain top.

The Good Samaritan helps the unfortunate wayfarer without asking how he intends to vote.

Worth Remembering.

Many who drive do not understand that the law gives the right of way to the pedestrian. A man or woman crossing the street at a regular crossing is not obliged to look out for the person who is driving the team, but the person who is driving is to take care not to jostle or incommode a person walking. This is law and common courtesy as well. How frequently do we see teams drawn up at a crossing and pedestrians made to pass around them.

A Tired Skeleton.

Living Skeleton (only one in America, at dime museum)—These folks make me tired.

Sympathetic Visitor—In what way?

"Here I am earning $500 a week as the greatest living skeleton, yet hour after hour, day in an' day out, one old woman after another stops an' chins and chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get fat."

WAYS OF A WIZARD.

Glorious Visions of Gold and Bills Melt Into Thinnest Air.

Herrmann, the magician, is his own best advertiser. He declares himself that if he was able to mix in with the public enough he would need no advance man or press agent. Wherever he does go he always makes his presence felt, and almost every one of the people who witness his marvellous little sleight-of-hand tricks is anxious to go to the theatre and see more of him. The other afternoon he dropped in with a friend at a popular down-town resort, and was introduced to a couple of gentlemen at the bar. The magician's Mephistophelean face marks him everywhere and his two new acquaintances knew at once who he was, and regarded him wonderingly. Pretty soon Herrmann said: "Excuse me, sir," to one of the gentlemen, and, taking his hat from his head allowed a huge roll of bills to drop on the bar. "It is very careless of you to carry that amount of money there, my friend," said the wizard, and as the gentleman reached for the roll Herrmann threw it up into the air and it disappeared.

After the gentleman had been laughed at and had done the proper thing the wizard turned to the second gentleman and said: "My dear sir, you should light your cigar properly. The one you are smoking is burning up one side. Allow me," and gently removing the cigar from the gentleman's mouth, Herrmann deftly slipped a fresh cigar from its wrapper, returned the burning cigar, and then proceeded to light the fresh cigar as a cigar should be lighted. Both men now regarded the magician with amazement and some degree of suspicion. They closely eyed his every move. When he casually pulled out his watch to note the time they thought he would bring a rabbit or an egg along with it. Upon the little finger of his right hand Herrmann wears two beautiful rings. In the upper one is set a rare brown diamond between two white gems of purest ray serene. To show the first of his new friends that there was no hard feeling existing between them, the wizard agreed to loan him this ring. "Hold out your finger," he said, and the gentleman willingly did so. He thought surely that he was wearing the ring, when Herrmann exhibited it in its proper place on his own finger. The gentleman was dumfounded. Then Herrmann took off the ring and said: "You see I drop it in my sleeve," which he apparently did. Then he stroked his long imperial with his left hand, and there the ring glistened from his little finger. The man to whom it was to be loaned rubbed his eyes, looked dazed and told the man behind the white apron to make it the same as before. A gentleman in the party started to roll a cigarette, and Herrmann begged a paper. The little book was handed him and he tore out a leaf. "Now, watch me carefully," he said, and every eye was on him as he crushed up the delicate rice paper into a pellet, and then began to pick it to bits. One piece escaped him, but he caught it before it reached the floor and rolled it up with the other fragments. Handing the pellet to one of the gentleman, he asked him to carefully unroll it. This was done, and a whole and perfect cigarette paper was revealed, greatly to the astonishment of those who had seen him tear it to bits. Taking a curious gold coin from his pocket, he asked the man next him to examine it. The man took it and looked at it—it was an ordinary silver dollar. He looked sheepish and passed it back—the gold coin was in the palm of the wizard's hand.—*Chicago Herald.*

Marrying a Young Girl.

In the St. Mary's Established Church, Dumfries, on the 11th inst., an old man of 71 and a girl 17 were married in the presence of an amused assembly. The bridegroom is stated to be a land agent in Newcastle, a widower, with a grown-up family, one of whom is a clergyman. The bride being a minor, and the parents having refused their consent, the pair come to Dumfries five weeks ago to fulfil the requisite condition of a fifteen days' residence in Scotland with a view to a Scotch marriage. The officiating clergy was the Rev. A. Chapman, who produced a smile by giving out the 67th Psalm at the close of the ceremony, "Lord bless and pity us," which the congregation joined in singing. On leaving the church the bridegroom was cheered and hissed.—*The Scottish American.*

A Piece of Good Luck.

Country Editor's Wife—How happy you seem to-night, Edward. Have you had any good luck to-day?

Country Editor—Well, I should say I had. You can have that silk dress now.

"What has happened?"

"Farmer Hendricks, who hasn't paid for his paper for seven years, came in to-day and stopped his subscription."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

Something to Think About.

"No, Mr. Meredith, you must put away this madness. I can never, never be yours; there is an insurmountable obstacle."

"Do not say so! Tell me what this insurmountable obstacle is, love that I may crush it as I would a worm in my path."

"It's a husband in New York."

Honesty the Cause.

Chicago Sport—Our baseballists have become too honest for any use, all of a sudden.

Friend—Why do you think so?

Sport—Of late not one of them can be induced to even steal a base.—*Chicago Globe.*

Fully Equipped.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?"

"Yes, Darlingger."

"What have you got toward it?"

"A wife."

Philadelphia Water.

Guest—A glass of water, please.

Waiter—Yes, sah; without?

Guest—With or without what?

Waiter—Microbes.

Guest—Without.

Waiter—Yes, sah. Distilled water for one.

It is said that arrangements have been concluded between Anderson & Co. and the Dominion Government for the establishment of a 19-knot steamship service between England and Canada.

A Modern Maiden.

When fair Aurora calls the dawn
The golden day to waken,
And robins on the verdant lawn
The early worms do rake in.
And Sol begins to light the skies
And tint the heaving billow,
My lady in her chamber lies
Asleep upon her pillow.

Oh, beauteous sight! A cheek so fair
On snowy arms reposing,
And lips just parted, rosebuds rare,
Two rows of pearls disclosing.
The light into her chamber streams,
Its bric-a-brac adorning,
And she awakens from her dreams
To greet the golden morning.

She springs from bed; how fair is she
All in her maiden glory.
Like Venus rising from the sea,
As told in classic story:
She opens the door, the charming sprite,
And calls her brother Freddy
To tell her ma the fire to light
And get the breakfast ready!

When she is dressed she goes downstairs
And gives the cook some orders,
Then to the dining room repairs
To mash the young men boarders,
The breakfast over up she springs,
And tells her ma and Hannah a
To wash the dishes while she sings
And bangs the grand piano.

Fairy Food.

Said my blue-eyed cousin John,
"What do fairies live upon?"
And he looked in eager wise
At me with his bright young eyes.

"Every morning time," I said,
"They bake tiny loaves of bread,
Cricket-steaks they often eat,
And their drink is honey sweet
From the honey-suckle bell,
Or the crimson clover cell,
They have berry pie and tarts
Flavored with a robin's heart,
And a very favorite thing
Is a slice of beetle's wing."

"Pooh!" cried John, "no wonder that
Fairies are not big or fat!"

THE MUSIC WAS FLY.

And a Death Scene Was Changed to a Decidedly Lively One.

Last night an entire change of programme was presented. The play was a painful melo-drama with a sad act in it, where a handsome young woman dies a lingering death surrounded by her weeping friends.

In the first act four men are killed, a boiler explosion occurs in the second, and two steamboats have a collision in the third, all of which takes place prior to the death-bed scene. These realistic features, along with the incidental music, must have affected the trombone player's nerves. The invalid commenced to die and forgive cruel wrongs, while the orchestra played a low and mournful strain. A doctor stood by the bedside, watch in hand, counting the pulse beats. Muffled sobs came from the audience and the splash of falling tears could be heard in the gallery.

"She's growing weaker fast," whispered the doctor. "See! the death damp is on her brow. One—two—ah! She's gone."

A deathlike stillness pervaded the house, but suddenly the trombone player pulled the machine wide open and let out a blast that filled the building with a deafening volume of sound, extinguished the footlights, and brought the corpse to its feet in a hurry. The orchestra leader, white with passion, turned on the man with the double-geared horn and hissed: "Why did you do that, you old bald headed, weak-eyed, palsied remnant of hereditary insanity?"

"A fly lit on my music and I played it for a full note," and the stricken man bowed his head in silent anguish.—*Chicago Times.*

The Gray Eye.

The best eye to me is the gray eye. And if there is a flock of the hazel in it, or, better yet, a touch of the violet's hue, it is the more effective. The gray eye bespeaks the constant nature. It is the trustful eye, the intelligent eye, the eye that eloquently portrays the responsive, the sympathetic, the loyal character. There is in the expression of the gray eye an indefinable essence or aspect which fascinates and holds the attention and commands the confidence. The steel gray eye is the eye of cruelty. But the soft gray eye, with its pure and expressive look, who does not say that it is beautiful? And who can deny that the violet-gray eye—an eye that is so seldom seen—is not really ravishing?—*Master Geoffrey, in the Detroit Free Press.*

Two Salvation Army officers have been fined $15 and costs or sixty days at Battle Creek, Mich., for obstructing the streets.

At a meeting of the Imperial Cabinet on Saturday it was decided to send additional warships to Delagoa Bay.

M. de Cassagnac was expelled from the French Chamber of Deputies on Saturday for using violent language.

Many of the friends of Henry George are urging him to become a British subject and enter Parliament for a Scotch district.

Although the quality of mercy is not strained, as the bard truly says, still none of us complain about its coming too thick.

"Does the Captain say whether we shall break the record or not?" "Yes. He says that the record or the boiler must go." "How lovely!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

An accident occurred at 6 p.m. on Thursday through the giving way of some part of the running gear of the elevator at the Ontario Wheel Company Works, Gananoque. Four of the employees, who were on the elevator at the time, were seriously injured, and it is thought that in one or two cases the injuries will be fatal. The names of the injured are Thos. Clark, Kingston; F. Black, Cardinal, F. Johnston and J. Reid, residents. Clark's injuries seem the most serious.

At the meeting of the Parnell Commission yesterday, Mr. Joseph Edward Kenny, M. P., denied that he had introduced Le Caron to Mr. Sexton. He never knew the man. He declared that he would not admit such a man to his house, as he showed by his face that he could not be trusted.

It is estimated that the number of horses and mules employed for street car services in Canada and the United States is, in round numbers, 115,000; 1 being the smallest number owned by any one company, 7,683 the largest and 105 the average. The general average of feed per animal is 26½ pounds, and the average for Kentucky is 45 pounds. The daily consumption of food is approximately 1,600 tons, or 584,000 tons per annum; and the cost of feed per animal varies from 17 to 50 cents per day, according to locality and season of the year.

A NEW CIGAR HORROR.

Elegant Wrappers for Cigars Now Made of Patent Rye Straw Paper.

Among the latest imitations which have been successfully introduced into the tobacco trade of this city and other cities are cigars, the wrappers of which are made out of a specially perfumed paper. A gentleman well known in the iron manufacturing circles of this vicinity was the first to inform a reporter that smoking material of this kind was new in the market. He has recently returned from a visit to Norfolk, Va., where he met a drummer for a large tobacco factory of New York State. This gentleman informed the Pittsburger that he was then introducing an imitation cigar wrapper which was so deceiving in its character that experts could scarcely distinguish it from the genuine. This preparation was made from rye straw, and one portion of the process was to steep the material in a strong solution made from tobacco stems. The grain of the straw, together with the manner in which the material was dressed would lead any person to suppose that it was sample of the leaf used in making wrappers for cigars of a more than ordinary quality. The flavor of tobacco was also present, owing to the paper having been immersed in the solution made from the genuine article. The gentleman subsequently examined cigars on sale in Norfolk and discovered that they were made with these patent wrappers. The samples examined were of an extra fine quality.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

A RED CURRANT BONNET.

Floral Parasols and Other Items of Dress in London.

"Miss Mantalini," who supplies the *Pall Mall Gazette* with racy fashion paragraphs, says: There are few trimmed sunshades to be seen this year. The shopkeeper is trying to get rid of a few lace things he had left over from last summer. In Bond street windows there are some delightful floral parasols. The ground of one was of the palest pink, and over it pale pink hyacinths seemed to grow. There was a creamy lace border, with a narrow ruching of crepe de chine in grass green above it. A lady in mourning could use another sunshade just as pretty. It is made of soft black silk, and is trimmed at the top with bunches of Neapolitan violets. A wreath of violets and leaves forms a narrow border just above the black lace edge. A shopkeeper told me to-day that there was some fear that the demand for artificial flowers would be greater than the supply. "We can't get the more popular flowers quick enough from the warehouse," he said. "We are always short of laburnum and sweet peas." It is uncertain how long flower bonnets will be in vogue. Women will tire perhaps soon of spending twice the ordinary amount on headgear. Another novelty in millinery is a currant bonnet. A border of red currants just like those in the kitchen garden is arranged round the brim of the bonnet. The top is covered with leaves, young sprigs and berries not yet ripe. Then there is a very attractive hat with the brim and foundation made of the young twigs of the lilac tree. The top is covered with white lilac.

Chancery Sittings and Assizes.

The Chancery autumn sittings and Assize circuits have been fixed as follows:

CHANCERY AUTUMN SITTINGS.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT.

Toronto—Monday, Nov. 4.

THE HON. THE CHANCELLOR.

Ottawa—Monday, Oct. 28.
Kingston—Monday, Nov. 4.
Belleville—Friday, Nov. 8.
Cobourg—Thursday, Nov. 14.
Cornwall—Monday, Nov. 18.
Brockville—Friday, Nov. 22.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE BOYD.

Lindsay—Monday, Sept. 23.
Peterboro'—Friday, Oct. 22.
Woodstock—Thursday, Oct. 3.
Stratford—Thursday, Oct. 10.
Whitby—Wednesday, Oct. 16.
Barrie—Tuesday, Sept. 27.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE FERGUSON.

St. Catharines—Tuesday, Sept. 17.
Guelph—Monday, Sept. 23.
Owen Sound—Monday, Sept. 30.
Brantford—Monday, Oct. 7.
Simcoe—Monday, Oct. 21.
Hamilton—Wednesday, Oct. 30.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROBERTSON.

Goderich—Thursday, Sept. 19.
Walkerton—Monday, Sept. 30.
London—Wednesday, Oct. 9.
Chatham—Thursday, Oct. 24.
Sandwich—Thursday, Oct. 31.
Sarnia—Thursday, Nov. 7.
St. Thomas—Thursday, Nov. 14.

AUTUMN CIRCUIT, 1889.

The Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and of Assize and Nisi Prius for the several counties of Ontario will be held as follows:

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE FALCONBRIDGE.

Toronto—Civil Court, Tuesday, Sept. 10.
Toronto—Criminal Court, Monday, Oct. 7.
St. Catharines—Monday, Oct. 21.
Orangeville—Monday, Oct. 28.
Milton—Monday, Nov. 4.
Brampton—Monday, Nov. 11.

THE HON. CHIEF JUSTICE ARMOUR.

L'Orignal—Monday, Sept. 9.
Ottawa—Thursday, Sept. 12.
Pembroke—Tuesday, Sept. 24.
Perth—Monday, Sept. 30.
Peterboro'—Tuesday, Oct. 8.
Lindsay—Tuesday, Oct. 15.
Barrie—Tuesday, Oct. 22.
Owen Sound—Tuesday, Nov. 5.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROSE.

London—Monday, Sept. 9.
Chatham—Monday, Sept. 23.
St. Thomas—Monday, Sept. 30.
Sandwich—Monday, Oct. 7.
Sarnia—Monday, Oct. 14.
Goderich—Tuesday, Oct. 22.
Walkerton—Monday, Oct. 28.
Woodstock—Monday, Nov. 4.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON.

Whitby—Monday, Sept. 9.
Picton—Monday, Sept. 16.
Napanee—Thursday, Sept. 19.
Belleville—Monday Sept. 23.
Kingston—Monday, Oct. 7.
Cornwall—Monday, Oct. 14.
Brockville—Monday, Oct. 21.
Cobourg—Monday, Oct. 28.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE STREET.

Welland—Tuesday, Sept. 10.
Stratford—Monday, Sept. 16.
Simcoe—Monday, Sept. 23.
Hamilton—Monday, Sept. 30.
Cayuga—Tuesday, Oct. 15.
Berlin—Monday, Oct. 21.
Guelph—Monday, Oct. 28.
Brantford—Monday, Nov. 4.

The new White Star line steamer Majestic was launched in England on Saturday.

There has been a decrease of about $15,000,000 in the public debt of the United States during June.

Prince Danilo, son of the reigning Prince, has been proclaimed heir-apparent to the throne of Montenegro.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The Arabs threaten to massacre sixty British Indians at Lindi if the man-of-war fires a single shot.

The burning of Mr. Wilson's house in Manotick recently has caused the death of Mr. Wilson himself and four of his family.

The annual meetings of the Liberal Associations of Centre Wellington, Cardwell and East and South Bruce were held yesterday.

Assistant State Attorney Baker, of Illinois, arrived at Winnipeg from Washington yesterday afternoon, where he has been receiving Burke the extradition papers.

King Alexander was warmly welcomed at Krujevacs on Thursday. Mottoes were displayed signifying the desire of the people for the restoration of the old Servian kingdom.

The 8 year-old son of Napoleon Delisle, of Valleyfield, while playing with a toy boat off the end of a barge, fell into the River Auraisin and was drowned about 11 a.m. yesterday.

The Oka Protestant Indians protest very vigorously against being dispossessed of the land that originally belonged to their fathers, and reject the idea of being bought out by the Seminary.

Michael Fenton, St. Thomas, aged 56, found guilty of an indecent assault on the 9-year-old daughter of D. McCready of that city, has been sentenced to one year in the Central Prison and 40 lashes.

Archbishop Tache has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of the Archdiocese of St. Boniface, Man., announcing the holding of an ecclesiastical council of the Province on July 16th. This will be the first one ever held.

The policy of forbidding street demonstrations, hitherto employed only against Socialists, was applied to the Salvation Army in London on Thursday, when their procession in the Strand was dispersed by the police.

Young Carlson, whose parents own the cottage in which Dr. Cronin was murdered at Chicago, declared two men came to the cottage on Thursday and threatened him with death if he should identify Martin Burke, now under arrest in Winnipeg.

G. Remple, of Gretna, who bought two threshing machines at Stillwater, Minn., which were afterwards seized by the Canadian Customs officers on account of their having been manufactured in the States, has commenced suit against the Dominion Government for $1,000.

There was a remarkable vote in the British House of Commons on Thursday against the employment of children in theatres. The Cruelty to Children Bill proposed to disallow child labor after 10 o'clock at night. The Attorney General moved an exemption in favor of theatres. The House by a majority of 50 refused it.

Yesterday part of the Rome & Watertown Railroad was washed away between Chaumont and Cape Vincent. The waters carried away for a distance of forty feet all the earthworks. A passenger train from Watertown would have been wrecked had not an old woman signalled it to stop. The brakes were applied, and the train stopped in time to prevent a disaster.

Yesterday afternoon, while the ballast train on the double track of the Grand Trunk Railway was unloading about a mile west of Lancaster, Conductor Page, who was in charge of the train, was standing on the plough when it met with some obstruction and was overturned. Conductor Page falling directly under the plough was very badly crushed. He received internal injuries which caused his death.

Seventy-five earthquake shocks have been felt at Susanville, Cal., within the past two weeks.

Serious forest fires are raging on the mountains between Banff and Donald in the Northwest.

Sir Donald Smith has accepted the appointment of Chairman of the McGill University.

The French Canadians have selected Dominion Day to celebrate the festival of Jean Baptiste.

Owing to favorable weather in Russia all fears that the crops would prove a failure have been dispelled.

The Earl of Aberdeen will preside at the grand banquet to be given to Mr. Parnell at Edinburgh in July.

The San Francisco schooner Annie is supposed to have been lost in Behring Sea with a crew of eleven men.

Work is to be begun to-day on the Winnipeg & Southeastern Railway, which is intended to connect with the line at Duluth.

A resolution to condemn the Dominion Government on the Jesuit Estates matter was voted down at a Conservative meeting in West Huron.

Sir John Lester Kaye has 1,600 acres under crop on his Balgonie farm in the Northwest, and the entire crop is said to be in splendid condition.

While excavating for a flagstaff at Port Colborne yesterday, an Indian burying ground was discovered, and a quantity of relics were unearthed.

Major Nash, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, has purchased some carrier pigeons with a view to starting a carrier pigeon service in Canada.

President Harrison yesterday appointed Mr. Wm. Walter Phelps Minister to Germany.

The Russian army will be equipped with new rifles of small calibre. The weapons will be manufactured in France.

The joint committee representing London and London South have agreed on a basis for the union of the two corporations.

The body of an infant was found in a well at Lucan, Saturday last, in the rear of the old McLean foundry. There is no clue to its identity.

The Baptist Association, at its meeting at Peterboro' yesterday, passed resolutions in opposition to the exemption of church property from taxation.

R. G. L. Barnett was yesterday sentenced at Toronto by Judge McMahon to seven years at Kingston for fraud in connection with Central Bank transactions.

In the famous case of the Grande Ligne Mission and Morrissette, the Montreal Court of Appeals decided yesterday that there was no appeal from the judge's decision at St. John's, ordering the girl back to her father.

It is stated in Montreal that the Crown witnesses against Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, are being rapidly spirited away, and unless something is done to check their departure the Crown will be without a case.

A woman of about 40 years of age, said to have come from Toronto, jumped overboard from the Levis ferry boat about 8 o'clock on Tuesday night, with the intention of drowning herself. She was fished out, however, and handed over to the police.

Capt. Edouard Lessard, of the tug Mersey, is missing from Quebec. He was last seen on Monday night about 10 30 on board his vessel asleep in the wheel-house. His hat was found on the deck of the tug yesterday morning, but no tidings of himself has yet been received.

Surgeon Foster, of the lumbermen's camps at Johnstown, Pa., reported last night that within the last twenty-four hours forty nine laborers were taken seriously sick with symptoms of typhoid fever. Many of them were sent home, and the others are being cared for in the hospital. The river channel above the railroad bridge was for the first time opened yesterday morning.

Last evening about 9 30 three young men named George Nixon, John McIntyre and John Dickson went for a row on the river, at Mount Forest, in a boat which they had made themselves, and in some manner the boat upset and Nixon, who could not swim, was drowned before assistance could reach him. The other two could swim and got out safely, but could not save their companion. The body has not yet been recovered.

As the Vaudreuil freight train, due at Bonaventure station, Montreal, yesterday morning, was one mile this side of St. Anne's under a full head of steam, a man was seen standing bolt upright in the centre of the track, only some dozen yards ahead and apparently staring deliberately at the train as it advanced to his sure destruction. Before anything could be done to slacken pace he was struck by the cow catcher and thrown on to the rail, the engine and the wheels of the entire train passing over him, cutting him literally to fragments. The train was promptly brought to a halt and the remains gathered together, when they were identified as those of a tramp, name not ascertained, but who was well known in the vicinity from his habits of walking on the track and his habitual drinking. It is surmised that the man, from his appearance as the train approached, had determined on suicide.

Rev. Peter Wright, of Stratford, has accepted the call lately addressed to him by the Presbyterian Church in Portage la Prairie, and will in a few days proceed to his new field of labor in the Northwest.

Steps are being taken at the Treasury Department at Washington for the establishment of life saving stations at Marquette, Mich., and Kewaunee, Wis., with a view of having them in operation before winter.

Bears have been playing great havoc lately amongst sheep in the Township of Lambton, Megantic, but one farmer, who has retaliated upon bruin, has killed no less than eight of his species within the past few weeks.

It is true that the North German Lloyds' steamers will no longer touch at Southampton, but they will touch at Cowes instead, so that the sensation which is said to have been caused in Southampton by their withdrawal was practicallly without cause.

On Thursday week Dan McNamara, 30 years old, formerly of Peterboro', Ont., was employed by contractors to go down shore at Cheboygan, Mich., and put in some logs. Sunday he disappeared and yesterday his body was found floating ashore.

The rivers have overflowed their banks and partially submerged the town of Barle-Duc, in the Department of Meuse, France, and the surrounding country. Many houses have been undermined and destroyed, and crops and vineyards been ruined.

Rev. Mr. Lariviere, before the Montreal Anglican Synod yesterday, said that the Protestant Church was losing ground in Quebec. He believed that since 1871 the Church of England had lost 6,000 adherents, and other denominations had lost proportionately.

William, the 15-year-old son of Henry Horace, Yarmouth, while trying to put a bridle on a horse, got his foot caught in the strap, and the horse becoming frightened, the lad was dragged a distance of 200 yards. He was picked up unconscious, and his injuries are serious.

Several families were evicted on the Ponsonby estate yesterday. The tenants offered a stout resistance, and in some cases the evictors had to use a battering-ram to effect an entrance into the cottages. Several persons were injured while resisting the bailiffs. Six arrests were made.

J. McGuin, an old man, was found under a culvert on the Grand Trunk Railway near Kingston with an arm so badly broken that amputation was necessary. Thursday he was under the influence of liquor, and the probabilities are that he fell off the culvert, inflicting the injuries. He is now at l'Hotel Dieu.

At a barn-raising at the residence of Mr. Bleuett, Southwold, on Thursday afternoon, Jeremiah Donohue, brother of the County Attorney, received probably fatal injuries. He was struck by a falling bent, his left leg broken at the thigh, his right leg injured, his chin crushed, and internal injuries inflicted. The physicians have but slight hope of his recovery.

For some time the domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Jonah Madden, Portland, have not been pleasant. The husband being sure that his wife was trying to put him out of the world, swore out a complaint that she had on several occasions attempted to administer poison in his food and medicine. Mrs. Madden was arrested and taken to Brockville jail. She is considered dangerous, having more than once threatened to burn the buildings of some of her neighbors.

A sad drowning accident occurred at Verdun, Que., on Thursday evening. A number of boys were bathing, among them Eddie Loucks, aged 15. A portion of a door was taken from shore and pushed out into the water. Loucks and a companion swam with it about the bathing place. His companion, after some time, let go his hold, but Eddie still kept by it and drifted out into the stream. He was suddenly seen to disappear and then rise and disappear again.

The residence of Mr. Felix Lafond, of Montreal, was, on Friday night last, the scene of an audacious piece of violence on the part of three unknown ruffians, who, in the absence of the owner, entered the house, assaulted Miss Celina Lafond, his sister, and upon her screaming for assistance fired two shots point blank at her. Fortunately, however, the bullets missed their mark and the lady hid herself on a stairway. The burglars then ransacked the house, and on leaving one of them fired a shot through one of the windows. On hearing of the circumstances Sheriff Marsolais made inquiries into the matter and has arrested a man named Marcil at St. Charles on suspicion, who has been placed in Joliette jail.

Details of a backwoods tragedy have come to light. Jas. Doolan, foreman in one J. R. Bert's lumber camp, got in a fight with a bush hand named Levecque. The encounter lasted about twenty minutes and Levecque got much the worst of it. It is alleged that Doolan beat him about the head with an iron bar. Levecque left the camp to go to the general depot in the woods, but he never reached there. Finding that he did not, his friends instituted a search, with the result that his dead body was found in a little lake, tributary to Lake Nipissing. When found it was discovered that his moccasin thongs had been tied so tightly around his neck as to be sufficient to cause death. A coroner's jury was empannelled and a verdict was returned that Doolan was guilty of manslaughter. Doolan, however, got word of these proceedings, and he immediately disappeared. It has been ascertained that he came to Ottawa and then paid a visit to his home in Manotick. His present whereabouts are unknown. Doolan is 27 years of age, tall and strong, with fair hair.

The Bishop of Ontario has deposed from his sacred office Rev. Robert. T. Burns, recently sent to the Penitentiary for embezzlement.

John W. Gibbard, 17 George street, Toronto, tried to commit suicide last evening by taking carbolic acid, but took too little and was arrested.

E. C. Goodenow, of Maine, has been appointed United States Consul at St. Stephens, N.B., and M. D. Sampson, of Kansas, Consul at St. John, N.B.

At Charleston, S. C., on Saturday, Dr. McDow, who was charged with the murder of Capt. Dawson, editor of the Charleston *News*, was acquitted on the ground of self-defence.

A lad named Ross Taylor, 246 Farley avenue, Toronto, was seized with an epileptic fit whilst bathing at the Island yesterday and died two hours after being taken out of the water.

The suburbs of Hyde Park, Lake, Lakeview, Cicero and Jefferson, on Saturday, voted to unite with Chicago, which will give that city an area of 174 square miles and a population of about 1,100,000.

Yesterday morning Bishop Cleary announced that he had no desire to be promoted to the Archbishopric of Waterford and Lismore, and had requested the Pope to permit him to remain in Kingston.

Gen. Wolseley, in his address at Blackheath, said the nation must consider the fact that an invasion of England could not last over a fortnight and that the volunteers should be equipped in accordance with this view.

The liberal wing of the Reformed Church in France is in session in Paris, ninety delegates being present. It is announced that they will almost immediately create a college at Nimes, which, if it be erected, will be the first Protestant seminary in France.

Senator Pugh, of the U. S. Senate Sub Committee on Foreign Relations, says that everywhere in the Northwest, on both sides of the border, there is a strong feeling in favor of a renewal of reciprocity relations between the United States and Canada.

The largest steamer upon the upper St. Lawrence, the John Armstrong, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., went to the bottom of the river at 11 a.m. Sunday while being used in ferrying cars from Morristown to Brockville. As far as can be learned no lives were lost.

Mail advices from West Africa confirm previous reports of the shocking privations to which Mr. Stanley has been subjected. It is stated his hair has turned snow white, that his clothes are rags, and that he is without shoes, being obliged to use skins to cover his feet.

While the Bersagliers regiment was marching in Naples yesterday a private named Borrelli, in a fit of madness, fired upon his comrades, killed the major of the regiment, and wounded a captain and others. The madman was finally killed with a revolver.

Belleville was shocked on Sunday by the intelligence of the drowning of Charles C. McFull, the Canadian passenger agent of the Delaware & Hudson Railway, and one of the best known and most popular railway men in Canada, which occurred there by the sinking of a ferry boat.

Grave alarm is still felt in Switzerland, where everybody is now convinced that Germany intends sweeping down through the Jura Pass into France and that war is very near. Upon this theory the Federal authorities are working like beavers to get war material together and the army in fighting trim.

It is rumored that the Portuguese Government will agree to submit the Delagoa Bay Railroad question to arbitration. Despatches from Delagoa Bay say that the Portuguese deny they fired upon English employees of the railway company as was reported. It is asserted that no violence whatever has been offered to the railroad men. Traffic will be resumed on Tuesday. The work of rebuilding the destroyed portion of the road and of extending the line will be begun immediately.

The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.—*Shelley.*

—It has been decided by the New York committee that the next session of the Baptist Congress should be held in Toronto, Nov. 12th, 13th, 14th.

—Force of habit: Auctioneer—"How much for this racket?" Judge (absent-minded)—"Ten dollars or ten days."

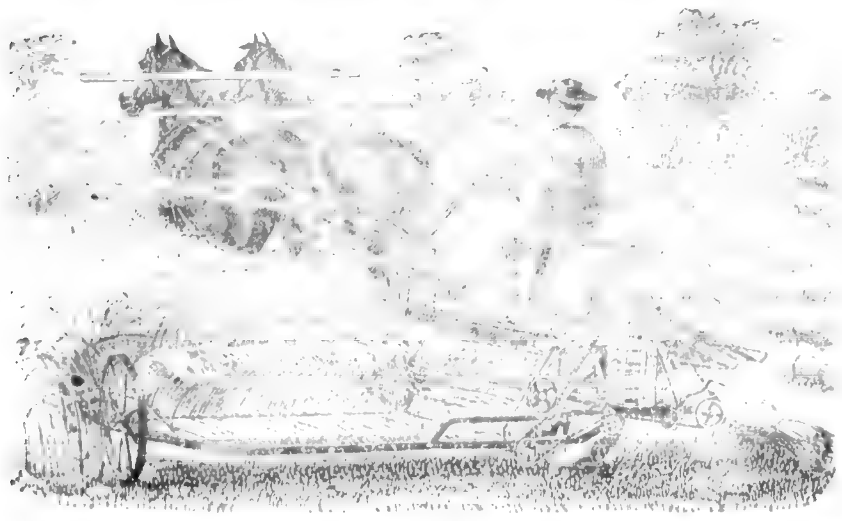

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

[illegible]

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

[illegible] Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used [illegible] and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

— Lumber, Lath and Shingles. —

Agent for [illegible] Mowers and Binders, [illegible] Champion, [illegible] Granger and Standard Plows, [illegible] Furrow Gang Plows, Horse Powers [illegible] Straw Cutters [illegible] and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

[illegible]

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* **Flesherton.**

NOW IS THE TIME
—o—
Get Your Tailoring Done
—AT—
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

[illegible] Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS Proprietor.
Good stabling for horses.

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern
Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c. address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.
Owen Sound, Nov. 1st, 18[illegible]

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises
REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.
Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
[illegible]
Flesherton P.O.

COUNTY & DISTRICT

A large frame building known [illegible] a.m. Sunday, and was totally [illegible] N. Brady, baker and confectioner, [illegible] how the fire originated. [illegible] week.

[illegible] Nixon [illegible] McIntyre [illegible] the mill pond here, in a new boat [illegible] capsized, throwing the three occupants in the water. Dixon and McIntyre [illegible] not swim was drowned. [Mt. Forest Representative.

During the severe thunder storm of Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Stewart, wife of Robt. Stewart, of lot 8, con. 3, Melancthon, was struck by lightening. Mr. Stewart was standing in the doorway and the injured woman was in the house at the time. She was badly injured. The right side from her face down was slightly burned and paralyzed. Dr. Rooney was sent for and did all that was possible to relieve the sufferer. It is expected that she will recover. [Shelburne Free Press.

ROBBED AND MUTILATED. A Detroit despatch says: Last November William Snook, son of Henry Snook a prominent citizen, left home, and no tidings were had of him until yesterday, when his father received word that a person answering to the description of his son had been drowned at Newport, Ont., and was buried there. The father went to Newport and before opening the grave was notified that he must not be shocked if he found the body mutilated. When asked what they meant the Newport officers said that young Snook's body was stripped of all its valuables and then taken into a trench [illegible] inches deep and covered with sand. Mr. Snook demanded [illegible] the trench should be opened, and found that the report that he had been jammed into the earth, his face in the sand, both legs broken and turned back [illegible] the trunk, this having been done in order to crowd the body into the small hole [illegible]. The arms were also broken in several places. The corpse bore every evidence of having been jumped upon by [illegible] employed to bury it. Mr. Snook brought the horribly mutilated body to Detroit, and fears to go back after the [illegible] lest in his anger he may shoot the parties who committed the [illegible]

[illegible]

Honor Roll

[illegible]

Kimberley Public School Report for June.

[illegible]

Average Attendance 26

[illegible]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

ROLLER FLOUR
best in the markets at
Blackburn's.
Ice Cream Parlors!
all kinds of cooling summer drinks.
Cured Meats,
Lard, Bologna,
etc.
ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON
—AT—
BLACKBURN'S

BOOTS & SHOES.

[illegible] A large supply on hand and

Selling Very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. [illegible]

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos,

Photos,

Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a [illegible] SAMPLES can be seen [illegible] Call [illegible] where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

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PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
--OF--
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.
Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 420. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROP.

WATCHES,

Clocks, & Jewelry.

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Your Own Interests

by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Spectacles and Silverware at

Russel's Noted
JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silveroid cases. Brooches and Bar-pins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earrings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains, and a beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by Mr. Russell.

THE ONE PRICE
Cash Store.

STILL ON DECK!

Goods cheaper than ever

This is the time for all farmers to lay in a good stock of

Groceries

for haying and harvesting. We have put the prices down to meet the demands.

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

—AT—

ROCK - BOTTOM - PRICES.

More Customers wanted

To Carry off the Bargains.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough.

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid, valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

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Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year $50; half col. do. $27 quarter col. do. $15

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON.

Editor and Proprietor.

AMERICAN "HASH" FOR CANADA

The enterprise of the Canadian daily press along certain lines is not something of which Canadians should feel justly proud. The large New York dailies have special correspondents in London who forward to their employers long despatches relating to British affairs and institutions, which, of course, are written and served up with the one object of tickling the American palate, and are not in many instances complimentary to the subject. They are salted with sarcasm and seasoned with sneers at things British. These American dishes are reproduced by our Canadian daily press and do more harm in disaffecting the Canadian people in their allegiance to the British Crown than any agency which is now at work. The Toronto Globe is especially guilty in this matter, but then it can only be considered as another little strategy by which Commercial Union and eventually annexation may be reached. Why don't the Globe and Mail move their "cases" across the border where such *hash* would be better appreciated.

An unfortunate murder was perpetrated at the asylum, Toronto, on Thursday night last. A maniac named Potter, who had always been considered harmless, murdered a companion named McDonald with a piece of hoop iron which he had sharpened, by cutting his throat. McDonald has been in the asylum fourteen years and hails from the County of Grey. No blame appears to attach to any one, as Potter had always been considered a harmless religious maniac.

The Shah of Persia is the guest of Queen Victoria. It is said that his manners are very shahking to the English nobility, who desire his visit to be as shahrt as possible.

Osprey Items.

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

Fine dry weather now.

Crops are looking well but will be shorter than was anticipated.

The 12th passed off very quietly in Singhampton.

The Orange Hall in Feversham will soon be completed, also the bridge.

It is said that G. C. Brown, the new hotel keeper, keeps the law strictly with regard to Saturday night and Sunday selling.

Mrs. B. S. Kerr, of Toronto, is visiting friends in this locality.

Mrs. Robinson is slowly recovering from her severe illness.

Mr. E. Hamilton, wagon maker, intends removing to Maxwell shortly, having rented Mr. Guy's shop and dwelling.

Mr. R. Brown raised a fine stable 40x50 on Thursday, on the same place the other was burned.

Messrs. Brownridge and Miller are engaged burning a lime kiln on the banks of the Beaver this week.

Mr. John Inkster is away on a trip to the old sod.

Messrs. Wm. Seymour, M. Murphy and John Duncan have all purchased new binders lately, which speaks well for their side of the country.

Mr. Joseph Carr is home from Cheboygan and reports good times in that part of Michigan.

Haying will be pretty well advanced next week if the weather is fine. Hay in this section will be about an average crop.

A 1 new Honey for sale at this office, 10c a pound

Kimberley

From our own Correspondent.

The inhabitants of our village were honored by the presence of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario on Tuesday last. He, with a number of other honorable gentlemen, and their ladies, were picnicing here, and seemed to enjoy themselves well.

Kimberley as desirable [illegible] much interest in the heart [illegible] and the interest [illegible] pleasant for visitors as [illegible]

Some fishermen [illegible] our village about midnight last Thursday and aroused the citizens by rapping on the windows and doors, and in one instance broke a pane of glass. They were the worse of liquor at the time, and caused a good deal of disturbance, but came back the next day and paid for the glass and made great apology for their misbehavior.

The foundation of the new church is now complete, and the committee intends building immediately.

The Misses Graham and Thurston were visiting friends in the vicinity of Vandeleur on Saturday and Sunday last.

General News.

The Erie and Niagara Railway has been amalgamated with the Canada Southern.

Farmer John Bates of Amaranth township, was thrown from his wagon by his team running away on Wednesday in Orangeville, and six of his ribs were broken, besides internal injuries. He has since died.

The Hon. T. B. Pardee, ex-Commissioner of Crown Lands, passed quietly away at 12.30 Sunday, apparently without much suffering. He has been very low for some time, and his death has been expected for weeks at any moment. The funeral took place on Tuesday at 3 p.m. and the remains were interred in Lakeview cemetery. Mr. Pardee has been afflicted with Bright's disease for years, and has been confined to his house for about a year. His resignation as a Minister of the Ontario Government was accepted some months ago, but Mr. Mowat refused to accept his resignation as a representative of West Lambton. The Hon. Mr. Pardee has represented Lambton continuously in the Local House since 1867. The death of Mr. Pardee leaves a blank in the representation of this riding which will be difficult to fill. He was universally respected. Conservatives and Reformers alike held deceased in high estimation for his many genial qualities, which endeared him to all who had the privilege of enjoying his friendship.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy--a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

BORN.

STUART.—In Artemesia on the 12th inst. the wife of Mr. Jas. H. Stuart of a son.

Nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour		
Fall Wheat		
Spring Wheat		
Barley		
Oats		
Peas		
Butter		
Eggs fresh		
Potatoes per bush	0 15	
Pork	0 10	
Hay per ton		
Hides		
Sheepskins	0 90	1 00
Geese	0 05	0
Turkeys	0 10	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 30
Ducks per lb		
Wool		0 2

NOTICE!

TO CREDITORS & OTHERS.

PURSUANT to section 36, Cap. 170 of R. S. 1887, the creditors and all others having claims [illegible]

First day of August Next.

[illegible] and circulars [illegible] scription the full particulars [illegible] statement of their assets and a [illegible] of the securities if any held by the [illegible] on [illegible] thereof and [illegible] after such last named date the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

HENRY CAIRNS
GEORGE STEWART } Executors
JOHN WRIGHT

Dated June 25th, 1889.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gents sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches [illegible] backed up by reliable warrants, in three [illegible] of Certificates from any jeweller [illegible] in this section.

Prices are not down rock [illegible]

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold [illegible] share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positively do better by you

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhere. Specially attended.

Work Carefully Done, Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held [illegible] and [illegible] live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

Roller Flour $4.95, Shorts 75cts., Bran 60cts., at W. TRIMBLE'S

Sweet Little Somebody.

Somebody crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up and whispers loud,
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once shuts a door,
Scatters her playthings all around,
Over the nursery floor.

Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes—
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mud pies—
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair;
"Somebody's me," she says, "but then
"Somebody doesn't care."

Old Folks.

Ah, don't be sorrowful darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray,
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day!

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May!

We had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and snow!

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.

Ay, God of night, my darling—
Of the night of death, so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

—*Alice Carey, in Boston Traveller.*

Out of the Darkness.

Out of the darkness whence?
Into the darkness—whither?
O for the long suspense,
And the searching hither and thither
When the silver cord is loosed,
And the golden bowl is broken,
How is the light diffused
That has been, and leaves no token?

The sound of a tender strain,
The flash of a crystal river—
Then into the never again,
Or into the long forever?
Is it life for the living, and naught
But death 'neath the sable curtain?
Whence is the truth, and what?
And where is it clear and certain?

Fear not, for He is there,
And the curtain is withdrawn;
The truth is bright and fair,
And the light streams further on,
While over the world a dark strife
Sounds a voice of sweet direction—
"I am the way of Life,
I am the Resurrection."

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Will you take a sleeper?" the conductor asked and she replied, "Oh no. I cannot afford that."

So he found her a whole seat in the common car, and telling her that he would speak of her to the new conductor, bade her good bye, and she was left alone.

Very nervously she watched her fellow-passengers as they came hurrying in,—men, mostly,—it seemed to her,—rough looking men, too, for there had been a horse-race that day at a point on the Harlem road, and they were returning from it. Occasionally some one of them stopped and looked at the girl in black, who sat so straight and still, with her hand bag held down upon the vacant seat beside her as if to keep it intact. But no one offered to take it, and Maude breathed more freely as the crowded train moved slowly from the depot. After a little the new conductor came and spoke to her and looked at her ticket and went out, and then she was really alone. New England with its rocks and hills and mountains, was behind her. Mother, and John and home were far away, and the lump in her throat grew larger and there crept over her such a sense of dreariness and home-sickness that she would have cried outright if she dared to. There were only six women in the car besides herself. All the rest were *wolves*; she felt sure of that, they talked and laughed so loud, and spit so much tobacco juice. They were so different from the stranger on the boat, she thought, wondering who he was and where he had gone. How pleasantly he had spoken to her, and how she wished——. She got no farther, for a voice said to her, "Can I sit by you? every other seat is taken."

"Yes, oh, yes. I am so glad," Maude exclaimed involuntarily, in her delight at recognising the stranger, and springing to her feet she offered him the seat next to the window.

"Oh, no," he said with a smile which would have won the confidence of any girl. "Keep that yourself. You will be more comfortable there. Are you going to ride all night?"

"Yes, I am going to Canandaigua," she replied.

"To Canandaigua!" he repeated, looking at her a little curiously; but he asked no more questions then, and busied himself with adjusting his bag and his large travelling shawl, which last he put on the back of the seat more behind Maude than himself.

Then he took out a magazine, while Maude watched him furtively, thinking him the finest looking man she had ever seen, except her father, of whom in his manner he reminded her a little. Not nearly as old, certainly, as her father, and not young like Archie either, for there were a few threads of grey in his mustache and in his brown hair, which had a trick of curling slightly at the ends under his soft felt hat. Who was he? she wondered. The initials on his satchel were, "M. G.," but that told her nothing. How she hoped he was going as far as she was, she felt so safe with him, and at last as the darkness increased and he shut up his book, she ventured to ask, "Are you going far?"

"Yes," he replied, with a twinkle of humor in his blue eyes, "and if none of these men get out I am afraid I shall have to claim your forbearance all night, but I will make myself as small as possible. Look," and with a laugh he drew himself close to the arm of the seat, and leaving quite a space between them; but he did not tell her that he had engaged a berth in the sleeper, which he had abandoned when he found her alone, with that set of roughs whose character he knew.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me," would surely be said to him some day, for he was always giving the cup of water, even to those who did not know they were thirsting until after they drank of what he offered them. Once he brought Maude some water in a little glass tumbler, which he took from his satchel, and once he offered her an apple which she declined lest she should seem too forward; then, as the hours crept on and her eye-lids began to droop, he folded his shawl carefully and made her let him put it behind her head, suggesting that she remove her hat, as she would rest more comfortably without it.

"Now sleep quietly," he said, and as if there were something mesmeric in his voice, Maude went to sleep at once, and dreamed she was at home with her mother beside her, occasionally fixing the pillow under her head and covering her with something which added to her comfort.

It was the stranger's light overcoat which, as the September night grew cold and chill, he put over the girl, whose upturned face he had studied as intently she had studied his. About 7 o'clock the conductor came in, lantern in hand, and as its rays fell upon the stranger he said, "Hallo, Gordon; you here? I thought you were in the sleeper. On guard I see as usual. Who is the lamb this time?"

"I don't know; do you?" the man called Gordon replied.

"No," the conductor said, turning his light full upon Maude; then, "Why, it's a little girl the Boston conductor put in my care; but she's safer with you. Comes from the mountains somewhere, I believe. Guess she is going to seek her fortune. She ought to find it, with that face. Isn't she pretty?" and he glanced admiringly at the sweet young face now turned to one side, with one hand under the flushed cheek and the short rings of damp hair curling around the forehead.

"Yes, very," Gordon replied, moving uneasily and finally holding a newspaper, between Maude and the conductor's lantern, for it did not seem right to him that any eyes except those of a near friend should take this advantage of a sleeping girl.

The conductor passed on, and then Gordon fell asleep until they reached a way station, where the sudden stopping of the train roused him to consciousness, and a moment after he was confronted by a young man, who, at sight of him, stopped short and exclaimed, "Max Gordon! as I live! I've hunted creation over for you, and given you up. Where have you been and why weren't you at Long Branch, as you said you'd be, when you wrote me to join you there?"

"Got tired of it, you were so long coming, so I went to the Adirondacks with Archie."

"Did you bring me any letters?" Max continued and his friend replied, "Yes, a cartload. Six, anyway," and he began to take them from his side-pocket. "One, two, three, four, five; there's another, somewhere. Oh, here 'tis," he said taking out the sixth, which looked rather soiled and worn. "I suppose it's for you," he continued, "although it's directed to Mr. Max Marshall, Esq., and it is in a school-girl's hand-writing. It came long ago, and we chaps puzzled over it a good while; then as no one appeared to claim it, and it was mailed at Merrivale, where your sister spends her summers, I ventured to bring it with the rest. If you were not such a saint I'd say you had been imposing a false name upon some innocent country girl, and, by George, I believe she's here now with your ulster over her! Running off with her, eh? What will Miss Raynor say?" he went on, as his eyes fell upon Maude, who just then stirred in her sleep and murmured softly, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

She was at home in her little white-curtained bedroom, kneeling with her mother and saying her nightly prayer, and, involuntarily, both the young men bowed their heads as if receiving a benediction.

"I think, Dick, that your vile insinuation is answered," Max said, and Dick rejoined, "Yes, I beg your pardon. Under your protection I s'pose. Well, she safe; but I must be finding that berth of mine. Will see you in the morning. Good-night."

He left the car, while Max Gordon tried to read his letters, as best he could by the dim light near him. One was from his sister, one from Archie, three on business, while the last puzzled him a little, and he held it awhile as if uncertain as to his right to open it.

"It must be for me," he said at last, and breaking the seal he read Maud's letter to him, unconscious that Maud was sleeping there beside him.

Indeed, he had never heard of Maude Graham before, and had scarcely given a thought to the former owners of Spring Farm. His sister had a mortgage upon it; the man was dead; the place must be sold, and Mrs. More asked him to buy it; that was all he knew when he bid it off.

"Poor little girl," he said to himself, "if I had known about you I don't believe I'd have bought the place. There was no necessity to foreclose, I'm sure; but it was just like Angie; and what must this Maude think of me not to have answered her letter. I am so sorry;" and his sorrow manifested itself in an increased attention to the girl over whom he adjusted his ulster more carefully, for the air in the car was growing very damp and chilly.

It was broad daylight when Maude awoke, starting up with a smile upon her face and reminding Max of some lovely child when first aroused from sleep.

"Why, I have slept all night," she exclaimed, as she tossed back her wavy hair, "and you have given me your shawl and ulster, too," she added, with a blush which made her face, as Max thought, the prettiest he had ever seen.

Who was she, he wondered, and once he thought to ask her the question directly then, he tried by a little *finessing* to find out who she was and where she came from, but Maude's mother had so strongly impressed it upon her not to be at all communicative to strangers that she was wholly non-committal even while suspecting his design, and when at last Canandaigua was reached he knew no more of her history than when he first saw her white and trembling on the boat. She was going to take the Genesee stage, she said, and expected her uncle to meet her at Oak's Corners, in Richland.

"Why that is funny," he said, "if it were not that a carriage is to meet me, I should still be your fellow-traveller, for my route lies that way."

And then he did ask her uncle's name. She surely might tell him so much Maude thought, and replied, "Captain James Allen, my mother's brother."

Her name was not Allen then, and reflecting that now he knew who her uncle was he could probably trace her, Max saw her into the stage, and taking her ungloved hand in his held it perhaps a trifle longer than he would have done if it had not been so very soft and white and pretty, and rested so confidently in his while she thanked him for his kindness. Then the stage drove away, while he stood watching it, and wondering why the morning was not quite so bright as it had been an hour ago, and why he had not asked her point-blank who she was, or had been so stupid as not to give her his card.

"Max Gordon, you certainly are getting into your dotage," he said to himself. "A man at your age to be so interested in a little unknown girl! What would Grace say? Poor Grace, I wonder if I shall find her improved, and why she has buried herself in this part of the country."

As he entered the hotel a thought of Maude Graham's letter came to his mind, and calling for pen and paper he dashed off the following:

CANANDAIGUA, September———, 18——.

MISS MAUDE GRAHAM,—Your letter did not reach me until last night, when it was brought me by a friend. I have not been in Boston since the first of last July, and the reason it was not forwarded to me is that you addressed it wrong, and they were in doubt as to its owner. My name is Gordon not Marshall, as you supposed, and I am very sorry for your sake and your mother's that I ever bought Spring Farm. Had I known what I do now I should not have done so. But it is too late, and I can only promise to keep it as you wish until you can buy it back. You are a brave little girl and I will sell it to you cheap. I should very much like to know you and when I am again in Merrivale I shall call upon you and your mother, if she will let me.—With kind regards to her I am, yours truly,

"MAX GORDON."

The letter finished he folded and directed it to Miss Maude Graham, Merrivale, Mass., while she for whom it was intended was huddled up in one corner of the crowded stage and going on as fast as four fleet horses could take her towards Oak Corners and the friends awaiting her there. Thus strangely do two lives sometimes meet and cross each other, and then drift widely apart, but not forever in this instance, let us hope.

CHAPTER V.

MISS RAYNOR.

About a mile from Laurel Hill, a little village in Richland, was an eminence, or plateau, from the top of which one could see for miles the rich, well cultivated farms in which the town abounded, the wooded hills and the deep gorges all slanting down to a common centre, the pretty little lake, lying as in the bottom of a basin, with its clear waters sparkling in the sunshine. And here, just on the top of the plateau, where the view was the finest, an eccentric old bachelor, Paul Raynor, had, a few years before our story opens, built himself a home after his own peculiar ideas of architecture, but which, when finished and furnished, was a most delightful place, especially in the summer when the flowers and shrubs, of which there was a great profusion, were in blossom, and the wide lawn in front of the house was like a piece of velvet. Here for two years Paul Raynor had lived quite *en prince*, and then, sickening with what he knew to be a fatal disease, he had sent for his invalid sister Grace, who came and stayed with him to the last, finding after he was dead that all his property had been left to her, with a request that she would make the Cedars, as the place was called, her home for a portion of the time at least. And so, though city bred and city born, Grace had stayed on for nearly a year, leading a lonely life, for she knew but few of her neighbors, while her crippled condition prevented her from mingling at all in the society she was so well fitted to adorn. As the reader will have guessed Grace Raynor was the girl, or rather woman, for she was over 30 now, to whom Max Gordon had devoted the years of his early manhood, in the vain hope that sometime she would be cured and become his wife. A few days before the one appointed for her bridal she had been thrown from her horse and had injuried her spine so badly that for months she suffered such agony that her beautiful hair turned white; then the pain ceased suddenly, but left her no power to move her lower limbs, and she had never walked since and never would. But through all the long years Max had clung to her with a devotion born first of his intense love for her and later of his sense of honor which would make him loyal to her even to the grave. Knowing how domestic he was in his tastes and how happy he would be with wife and children Grace had insisted that he should leave her and seek some other love. But his answer was always the same. "No, Grace, I am bound to you just as strongly as if the clergyman had made us one, and will marry you any day you will say the word. Your lameness is nothing so long as your soul is left untouched, and your face, too," he would some times add, kissing fondly the lovely face which, with each year, seemed to grow lovelier, and from which the snowy hair did not in the least detract.

But Grace knew better than to inflict herself upon him, and held fast to her resolve, even while her whole being went out to him with an intense longing for his constant love and companionship. Especially was this the case at the Cedars, where she found herself very lonely, notwithstanding the beauty of the place and its situation.

"If he asks me again, shall I refuse?" she said to herself on the September morning when Maude Graham was alighting from the dusty stage at Oak Corners, two miles away, and the carriage she had sent for Max was only an hour behind.

How pretty she was in the dainty white dress, with a shawl of scarlet wool wrapped around her, as she sat in her wheel chair on the broad piazza, which commanded a view of the distant lake and the green hills beyond. Not fresh and bright and glowing as Maude, who was like an opening rose with the early dew upon it, but more like a pale water-lily just beginning to droop, though very sweet and lovely still. There was a faint tinge of color in her cheek as she leaned her head against the cushion of her chair and wondered if she should find Max the same ardent lover as ever, ready to take her to his arms at any cost, or had he, during the past year, seen some other face fairer and younger than her own.

"I shall know in a moment if he is changed ever so little," she thought, and although she did not mean to be selfish and would at any moment have given him up and made no sign there was a throb of pain in her heart as she tried to think what life would be without Max to love her. "I should die," she whispered, "and, please God, I shall die before many years and leave my boy free."

He was her boy still, just as young and handsome as he had been 13 years ago, when he lifted her so tenderly from the ground and she felt his tears upon her forehead as she writhed in her fearful pain And now when at last he came and put her arms around her and took her face between his hands and looked fondly into it as he questioned her of her health she felt that he was unchanged, and thanked her Father for it. He was delighted with everything, and sat by her until after lunch, which was served on the piazza, and asked her of her life there and the people in the neighborhood and finally if she knew of a Capt. Alling.

"Capt. Alling," she replied; "Why, yes. He lives on a farm about two miles from here and we buy our honey from him. A very respectable man, I think, although I have no acquaintance with the family. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing; only there was a girl on the train with me who told me she was his niece," Max answered indifferently, with a vigorous puff at his cigar, which Grace always insisted he should smoke in her presence. "She was very pretty and very young. I should like to see her again," he added, more to himself than to Grace, who, without knowing why, felt suddenly as if a cloud had crept across her sky.

Jealousy had no part in Grace's nature, nor was she jealous of this young, pretty girl whom Max would like to see again, and to prove that she was not she asked many questions about her and said she would try and find out who she was, and she presumed she had come to attend the wedding of Capt. Alling's daughter, who was soon to be married. This seemed very probable and no more was said of Maude until the afternoon of the day following, which was Sunday. Then, after Max returned from church, and they were seated at dinner he said abruptly, "I saw her again."

"Saw whom?" Grace asked, and he replied, "My girl of the train. She was at church with her uncle's family. A rather ordinary lot I thought them, but she looked as sweet as a June pink. You know they are my favorite flowers."

"Yes," Grace answered slowly, while again a breath of cold air seemed to blow over her and make her draw her shawl more closely around her.

But Max did not suspect it, and pared a peach for her and helped her to grapes, and after dinner wheeled her for an hour on the broad plateau, stooping over her once and caressing her white hair, which he told her was very becoming, and saying no more of the girl seen in church that morning. The Allings had been late and the rector was reading the first lesson when they came in, father and mother and two healthy buxom girls, followed by Maude, who, in her black dress, looked taller and slimmer than he had thought in the car, and prettier, too, with the brilliant color on her cheeks and the sparkle in the eyes which met his with such glad surprise in them that he felt something stir in his heart different from anything he had felt since he and Grace were young. The Allings occupied a pew in front of him and on the side, so that he could look at and study Maude's face, which he did far more than he listend to the sermon. And she knew he was looking at her, too, and always blushed when she met his earnest gaze. As they were leaving the church he managed to get near her, and said, "I hope you are quite well after your long journey. Miss——."

"Graham," she answered involuntarily, but so low that he only caught the first syllable and thought that she said *Grey*.

She was Miss Grey, then, and with this bit of information he was obliged to be content. Twice during the week he rode past the Alling house, hoping to see the eyes which had flashed so brightly upon him on the porch of the church, and never dreaming of the hot tears of homesickness they were weeping in the log school-house of the Bush district, where poor Maude was so desolate and lonely. If he had, he might, perhaps have gone there and tried to comfort her, so greatly was he interested in her, and so much was she in his mind.

He stayed at the Cedars several days and then, finding it a little tiresome, said good-bye to Grace and went his way again, leaving her with a vague consciousness that something had come between them; a shadow no larger than a man's hand, it is true, but a shadow, and as she watched him going down the walk she whispered sadly, "Max is slipping from me."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

The setting sun of a raw January afternoon was shining into the dingy school-room where Maude sat by the iron rusted box-stove, with her feet on the hearth, reading a note which had been brought to her just before the close of school by a man who had been to the Post-Office in the village at the foot of the lake. It was nearly four months since she first crossed the threshold of the log shool-house, taking in at a glance the whole dreariness of her surroundings, and feeling for the moment that she could not endure it. But she was somewhat accustomed to it now, and not half so much afraid of the tall girls and boys, her scholars, as she had been at first, while the latter were wholly devoted to her and not a little proud of there "young school ma'am," as they called her. Everybody was kind to her, and she had not found "boarding round" so very dreadful after all for the fatted calf was always killed for her, and the best dishes brought out, while it was seldom that she was called upon to share her sleeping room with more than one member of the family. And still there was ever present with her a longing for her mother and for Johnnie and a life more congenial to her tastes. Dreaming was out of the question now, and the book which was to make her famous and buy back the old home seemed very far in the future. Just how large a portion of her thoughts was given to Max Gordon it was difficult to say. She had felt a thrill of joy when she saw him in church, and a little proud, too, it may be, of his notice of her. Very minutely her cousins had questioned her with regard to her acquaintance with him, deploring her stupidity in not having ascertained who he was. A relative most likely of Miss Raynor, in whose pew he sat, they concluded, and they told their cousin of the lady at the Cedars, Grace Raynor, who could not walk a step, but was wheeled in a chair, sometimes by a maid and sometimes by a man. The lady *par excellence* of the neighborhood she seemed to be, and Maude found herself greatly interested in her and in everything pertaining to her. Twice she had been through the grounds, which were open to the public, and had seen Grace both times in the distance, once sitting in her chair upon the piazza, and once being wheeled in the woods by her man servant, Tom. But beyond this she had not advanced, nothing could be farther from her thoughts than the idea that she would ever be anything to the lady of the Cedars. Max Gordon's letter had been forwarded to her from Merrivale, but had created no suspicion in her mind that he and her friend of the train were one. She had thought it a little strange that he should have been in Canandaigua the very day that she arrived there, and wished she might have seen him, but the truth never dawned upon her until sometime in December, when her mother wrote to her that he had called to see them, expressing much regret at Maude's absence, and when told where she was and when she went, exclaiming with energy, as he sprang to his feet, "Why, madam, your daughter was with me in the train,—a little blue eyed, brown haired girl in black, who said she was Capt. Alling's niece."

"He seemed greatly excited," Mrs. Graham wrote, "and regretted that he did not know who you were. He got an idea somehow that your name was *Grey*, and said he received your letter with you asleep beside him. He is a splendid looking man, with the pleasantest eyes and the kindest voice I ever heard or saw."

"Ye-es," Maude said slowly, as she recalled the voice which had spoken so kindly to her and the eyes which had looked so pleasantly into her own. "And that was Max Gordon! He was going to the Cedars, and Miss Raynor is the girl for whom he has lived single all these years. Oh-h!"

She was conscious of a vague regret that her stranger friend, was the betrothed husband of Grace Raynor, who, at that very time, was thinking of her and fighting down a feeling as near to jealousy as it was possible for her to harbor. In the same mail with Maude's letter from her mother there had come to the Cedars one from Max, who said that he had discovered who was his *compagnon du voyage*.

"She is teaching somewhere in your town," he wrote, "and I judge is not very happy there. Can't you do something for her, Grace? It has occurred to me that to have a girl like her about you would do you a great deal of good. We are both getting on in years, and need something young to keep us from growing old, and you might make her your companion. She is very pretty, with a soft cultivated voice, and must be a good reader. Think of it, and if you decide to do it, inquire for her at Capt. Alling's. Her name is Maude Graham.

Yours lovingly,
"Max."

This was Max's letter, which Grace read as she sat in her cozy sitting-room with every luxury around her which money could buy, from the hot-house roses on the stand beside her to the costly rug on which her chair was standing in the ruddy glow of the cheerful grate fire. And as she read it she felt again the cold breath which had swept over her when Max was telling her of the young girl who had interested him so much. And in a way Grace, too, had interested herself in Maude and through her maid had ascertained who she was and that she was teaching in the southern part of the town. And there her interest had ceased. But it revived again on the receipt of Max's letter and she said, "I must see this girl first and know what she is like. A woman can judge a woman better than a man, but I wish Max had not said what he did about our growing old. Am I greatly changed I wonder?"

She could manage her chair herself in the house and wheeling it before a long mirror, she leaned eagerly forward and examined the face reflected there. A pale, sweet face, framed in masses of snow white hair, which rather added to its youthful appearance than detracted from it, although she did not think so. She had been so proud of her golden hair, and the bitterest tears she had ever shed had been for the change in it.

"It's my hair," she whispered sadly,—"hair which belongs to a woman of sixty, rather than thirty-three, and there is a tired look about my eyes and mouth. Yes, I am growing old, oh, Max—," and the slender fingers were pressed over the beautiful blue eyes, where the tears came so fast;—"Yes, I'll see the girl," she said, "and if I like her face, I'll take her to please him."

She knew there was to be an illumination on Christmas Eve in the church on Laurel Hill and that Maude Graham was to sing a Christmas anthem alone.

"I'll go, and hear, and see," she decided, and when the evening came Grace was there in the Raynor pew listening while Maude Graham sang, her bright face glowing with excitement and her full rich voice rising higher and higher, clearer and clearer, until it had filled the church as it had never been filled before, and thrilled every nerve of the woman watching her so intently.

"Yes, she is pretty and good, too; I cannot be deceived in that face," she said to herself, and when, after the services were over and Maude came up the aisle past the pew where she was sitting, she put out her hand and said, "Come here, my dear, and let me thank you for the pleasure you have given me. You have a wonderful voice and sometime you must come and sing to me. I am Miss Raynor, and you are Maude Graham."

This was there introduction to each other and that night Maude dreamed of the lovely face which had smiled upon her, and the voice, the saddest and sweetest she had ever heard, which had spoken so kindly to her.

Two weeks afterwards Grace's note was brought to her and she read it with her feet upon the stove hearth and the low January sun shining in upon her.

Miss Raynor wanted her for a companion and friend, to read and sing to and soothe her in the hours of langour and depression, which were many.

"I am lonely," she wrote, "and as you know, wholly incapacitated from mingling with the world, and I want someone with me different from my maid. Will you come to me, Miss Graham? I will try to make you happy; if money is any object I will give you twice as much as you are now receiving, whatever that may be. Think of it and let me know your decision soon.

"Yours very truly,
"GRACE RAYNOR."

(To be Continued).

—An observer of human nature has discovered that when a Chinaman is pleased he takes off his shoes and opens his mouth.

FARM AND GARDEN.

How to Manage and Cultivate a Garden Plot.

USEFUL HINTS FOR FARMERS.

Small Fruits in Gardens.

Small fruits can be conveniently grown in a garden with but little loss of room. Currants, raspberries and gooseberries may be planted near the fence, out of the way of the vegetables, and will thrive better in such locations than anywhere else. Strawberries may be grown in close rows, and will give a fair yield on a small space. A few grape vines can be allowed to trail along the fence, or on arbors, and even a few peach trees may be grown, but it is better to have no trees in a garden, as the trees will largely appropriate the plant food and shade the plants from the warmth of the sun.

Cattle Stile.

Some years ago I was desirous of allowing my cattle the run of my hog pasture, but did not want the hogs in the cattle pasture. How to do this was a query. I finally arranged a contrivance and it worked admirably. Make an opening in your division fence so that the posts stand three feet apart. Twenty-two inches from the ground place a roller, which should be four or five inches in diameter, straight, and of any hard wood. The journals may be left on the roller, or the ends may be cut smooth and round, and smooth bolts inserted in the ends, with staples in the posts to receive them. If the former plan is used, 1¼ inch auger holes in the posts will answer. Care should be taken that the roller may work free and easy, for it answers a double purpose. Cows passing in and out will not injure the udder, but when Mr. Hog goes to jump into the other field he will land on his back on his own premises. Last summer I had a hog that would jump the roller—twenty two inches high. Not wishing to make it higher, I placed a board, ten inches high, eighteen inches from the roller, on the hog pasture side. This prevented the hog from facing the roller, and he could not jump; at the same time it did not interfere with the cattle in the least. As I have a nice grove in my hog pasture and no shade in my cattle pasture, I would hardly know how to do without this convenience.

Handle Milk Carefully.

Milk should be disturbed as little as possible before it is set, and should be strained directly into the creaming vessel after milking. It is bad policy to strain milk into a large pan and dip it thence into other vessels for creaming. The agitation and exposure to the air occasioned promotes the clothing of the fibrics and prevents a thorough separation of the cream. The creaming vessel should have a smooth surface and should be a good conductor of heat. Tin is the best material. Wood, earthen and glassware are all poor conductors of heat. A large can that cools off slowly will cream as well or better than a small can rapidly cooled; as in such the sides may be kept cool enough to prevent changes in the fibrin while the mass of milk is still moderately warm and affords the best physical conditions for the separation of the cream. The creaming vessel should have a shape giving as little surface of milk in proportion to the amount contained as it is possible to have. This condition is best fulfilled by a spherical vessel, but this form is inconvenient. The next best form is cylindrical. The ratio of surface volume diminishes as the size of the spherical cylinder increases. A shallow setting furnishes large surface exposure to the air and the bottom and sides of the vessel. The conditions are very favorable to the coagulation of fibrin, and it would be expected to get a slow and imperfect creaming. In reality this is the case, as milk set in this manner is not usually skimmed until after 36 hours. By this time some acid is developed which has a tendency to neutralize the effect of the fibrin clots, so that a fair creaming is obtained. This, however, is not as good as may be obtained in ten hours by setting under the most favorable conditions.

July Hints for Farmers.

It will pay to shake off a large proportion of the fruit from trees that are overloaded.

But few plants will thrive on a wet soil. A good drain is sometimes better than manure.

Bulls are very treacherous. It is usually the gentle bull that injures his keeps. The older they become the more dangerous they are.

Waggons and carts that are used daily should have the axles well greased at least three times a week. It lessens the work of the horses.

Horses should have at least two hours rest at noon. On very warm days horses suffer severely. They should be watered often, and at night should be swabbed and wiped dry.

Filthy quarters cause lice on all classes of stock, and at this season the vermin multiply very rapidly. An animal that is infested with vermin cannot be kept in good condition, even with the best of feeding.

A zigzag rail fence is supposed to be one of the cheapest that can be built, but unless the corners are kept free of weeds it is the most expensive fence that can be used, as it increases the labor of weed killing.

Dogs that become addicted to sheep-killing do so from pure viciousness. In a majority of cases the dogs do not eat any portion of the carcass, but will kill a dozen or more sheep for the delight of so doing.

Denmark expends $55,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools. The result is an immense improvement in the quality of the dairy product, and an increase within twenty years in Denmark's butter export from $2,100,000 to $13,000,000 annually.

Before farrowing sows are the better for an abundance of exercise, and should have all they will take; and as soon after this event as they want to let them return to their accustomed exercise. But do not make a sow take exercise by compelling her to forage for a living.

The best time to use the cultivator is on warm, dry days. All weeds and grass will then be quickly killed by the sun, and will have no opportunity to take root and grow. If the ground is damp when it is cultivated the weeds and grass will not be entirely destroyed, and the work may have to be done over again.

Tomatoes may be trimmed of the lower branches and made to grow somewhat in the shape of a tree. The main stalks of the plants become stocky and are better able to bear the weight of the fruit. By supporting the vines on posts or arms more air and sunlight will enter, thus ripening the fruit more perfectly.

A gain in one direction may sometimes entail a loss in some other quarter. The bountiful rains of this season have given the crops an excellent opportunity, especially corn, but rains also benefit weeds and increase the labor of cultivation. The work is necessary and should not be neglected, as it may entail greater labor next season.

When it is desired to cut two or more crops of grass from a field the grass should be cut before the seed heads form, as the grass has performed its mission when it has seeded; hence if the first cutting is deferred until the seed is ripe there will be no second crop of importance. Such crops as Hungarian grass and alfalfa may be cut every five weeks.

The windmill is an implement that costs very little compared with the advantages derived. Water pumped into a tank can be conducted to the barnyard or to the pasture through pipes, thus saving the expense of pumps and the labor of pumping. Where there is no running water troughs can be arranged for stock and may be kept full without difficulty.

The season has been damp for potatoes, but if seeded now a late crop may be put in, as July is usually a dry month, the fall rains beginning in August. Use plenty of fertilizer and make the rows deep and broad. The seed should be of the best, and some care should be exercised in cutting the seed, so as to have strong sprouts, and good cultivation should be given.

The way to prevent soft-shell eggs is to feed food rich in lime. The grains are deficient in that mineral. If you feed too much grain you give too much starch, and soon the hens will be over fat. They cannot lay unless provided with material for eggs. Fat is useless on a laying hen. Her business is to convert the proper materials meat, milk and clover into eggs.

Those who patronize creameries cannot derive full profit therefrom unless swine breeding is made a pursuit. The whey and buttermilk is sold to the patrons at a very nominal price, and can be put to excellent use if made a part of the rations of hogs. Very often the only profit to be made is from the hogs, the milk about paying the expenses of the food of cows and swine.

In order to avoid paying high prices for binder twine, many western farmers decided before harvest to adopt the plan of handling the grain unbound. Some intended to use their binders without twine and leave the sheaves on the ground, just as they were dropped from the machine, for a day or two, or until the grain was sufficiently cured, and then thresh or stack it unbound.

MR. BLUE'S REPORT

On the Live Stock and Dairy Trade of the Province.

The following is an extract from the report of the Ontario Bureau of Statistics The condition of live stock throughout the Province is most gratifying. The pastures have been and still are in excellent condition, in consequence of the abundant supply of rain, although there are a few instances where they have suffered through flooding, and by the cattle having been turned out too early upon them. The milk yield has been much larger than usual, consequently butter is plentiful and good, while the cheese factories are working well in most localities. There seems, however, to be an impression among many that the milk is of inferior quality this year, which is attributed to various causes, but primarily to the cool, wet weather. To this cause may also be attributed the fact that fat cattle are not making flesh as rapidly as might be desired, and are stated to be somewhat poor and thin, more particularly in the northwestern counties. The fact that so much stock was disposed of during last winter is being very naturally regretted by many, especially in the eastern part of the Province, where it is believed the dairy supplies will be considerably affected. Sheep are reported in some localities as poor in condition, owing to damp pastures and cool weather, many having been sheared too early; but horses are in fine condition, and, like all other farm animals, they are exceptionally free from disease. The condition of stock in the spring of the year, although much better than anticipated, was not all that could be desired; it is gratifying therefore to find how quickly they have reached their present favorable condition, and that the freedom from infectious disease reported in our May bulletin still continues. Over the larger portion of the Province the dairy prospects are more promising than they have been for years, and the tenor of the reports in this regard is of an exceedingly cheerful character. Cheese and butter are of good quality and command very fair prices.

How to Manage a Plot.

The work in the garden is mostly done in the spring, and the seed is carefully planted, the ground kept clean, the early crops taken off and the ground abandoned to weeds. One of the most unsightly objects is a plot of ground overgrown with weeds; and as the garden plot is usually made rich the weeds grow very rank and soon mature. As they are allowed to die down, and the ground cleared off the next spring, the result is that the ground is so covered with seeds that it is almost impossible to eradicate the weeds the succeeding year. Leaving the garden in such condition also affords excellent opportunities to insects of all kinds, and the drawbacks are, therefore, multiplied. The proper way to manage a garden is to keep some crops growing in it from spring until the frosts appear late in the fall. Several objects will be gained by so doing, among them the destruction of all weeds, a finer condition of the soil, and a supply of fruits and vegetables for the table, as many vegetables grow quickly and give a supply in a short time after the seed is planted.

—This is the season when people are drowned as a result of trying to change their seats in row-boats.

AN ARMLESS GROOM.

A Dime-Museum Freak Weds a Rather Pretty Cincinnati Girl.

A very unique marriage was celebrated in 'Squire Hauser's office yesterday afternoon, the 'Squire officiating. The bride was Miss Jessie Troeger, who lives at the corner of Main street and McMicken avenue. She obtained some celebrity two years ago by leading a strike of the waitresses in Rockwell's restaurant. She is 20 years old. The groom was Charles K. Adams, better known in the dime museum world as the armless wonder. He was born without these useful members of the body, and, in lieu of a better and more profitable means of livelihood, hired himself out to dime museums. Adams is now about 30 years of age, and, barring the lack of arms, is a fine specimen of physical beauty. The absence of arms is little felt by the Wonder, however, for he has become very expert with his toes and mouth. He can thread a needle or write a neat letter with the former, while with the latter he paints dainty little pictures, decorates chinaware, etc., holding the brush between his teeth.

When the couple entered the 'Squire's office yesterday and said they wanted to be united in wedlock, that official was perplexed for a while.

"How can you join hands?" he asked, blandly pointing to Adams.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said the pretty bride, who stood fully three heads shorter than the groom. And she reached up and grasped the stump of his undeveloped left arm with her right hand.

"See, she said, as she stood smilingly on her tiptoes.

"But the ring. How can he put the marriage ring on your finger?"

"In this way," said Adams, and the astonished officials in the 'Squire's court were thunderstruck to see the circlet of gold between the armless man's teeth. Bending his head he deftly slipped it over the girl's finger.

Satisfied that the couple understood their business, the 'Squire went ahead and performed the ceremony.

After being made man and wife, Adams sat down and, slipping the shoe off his right foot, disclosing a stocking with the front of the foot cut off, he reached into his vest pocket with his toes and brought out a roll of bills. Selecting a $5 note he tendered it as a fee, and putting on his shoe, went away, his little wife sticking close to him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE QUAINT AND DROLL

Answers Appropriate and Otherwise.

Occasionally some really amusing answers are given at examinations, and these lose none of their point by the absolute innocence of the pupil who perpetrates the witticism. "Who was Esau?" was asked an English school pupil. "Esau," said he, with great promptness and confidence, "was a man who became famous as a writer of fables, and who sold his copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." "Write an account of Cardinal Wolsey" brought the answer: "He was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being decapitated several times, remarked to Cromwell: 'Ah! if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age.'" "What is the Age of Reason?" evoked the reply: "The time elapsing since that person's birth." A not too devoted student was asked: "What are the letters of Junius?" and his mentor almost fainted when he read the reply: "Letters written in the month of June." "What do we understand by the expression 'The year of Jubilee'?" was asked of a girls' class in an English Sunday School. "Leap year," was the prompt response, given with manner born of assurance of absolute correctness. "Why do we stamp on our coins 'In God we trust'?" was asked of a Weldon, N.C., class. Of course this was a puzzler, and after wrestling with it for a few minutes a sharp little girl put up her hand, saying, "Please, sir, that was a long time ago." It has always struck me that there was a good deal of point in the naive answer. Like the physiology pupil who described the bone of the upper arm as the "humorous," "because it is the funny bone," she got very near the truth.

The Painlessness of Death.

The act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering: is really unconscious, insensibility always preceding it. Any anguish that may attend mortal illness ceases before the close, as thousands who have recovered, after hope had been surrendered, have borne witness. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably it is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to the effect are numberless.—*Forum.*

The Queen Regent of Spain is an expert embroiderer and has done some remarkably beautiful work with her needle. Many of the dresses of the infant King are the product of her hands.

And now the Syracuse *Standard* gravely asks: "Is marriage a crime?"

A LOVER'S COMBINATION.

Sweet, lay your head upon my breast,
As Minnie, long ago,
Tell me, like Maud, you love me best
Of all the men you know,
Turn up, as Lilly used to do,
Those eyes, and look in mine,
Swear, as I have often sworn to Loo,
That I alone am thine.
A radiance flits about thy hair
That once framed Mollie's face,
A soft, seductive, baby air
Once loved so much in Grace.
A fragrance as the violet,
Reminding me of Fan,
Comes from thy balmy lips, my pet,
And makes me think of Nan.
But do not call me fickle, sweet,
For my lost Julia's sake!
This very morn, at Flora's feet,
I swore you took the cake.
Then kiss me dear—you kiss like Nell—
Your true love darling call,
To-morrow I shall Cora tell
I love you best of all!

Wife, emphatically—"Did you say marriage was a failure?" Husband, humbly—"No, my dear, I did not. A married man doesn't have to say what he thinks, does he?"

The woman who hesitates is lost or deserves to be but, unluckily, the world has never been able to lose her permanently yet.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE GHOST OF CAMERON PASS.

It Turned Out to be a Wild Girl of 25, Dressed in Skins.

In the summer of 1882 W. C. Hart, the geologist, and two other enthusiastic collectors of specimens were encamped near the lava beds between the head waters of the Cache de la Poudre River and North Park. It was a rough, broken region, and the desolation was heightened by the proximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere. The hope of securing rare formations for their cabinets attracted the gentlemen to the uncanny spot, for every one averred that Cameron Pass was haunted by the spirit of an emigrant's daughter. Joe Shepler, a well-known mountaineer, who was piloting the party through the hills, had often seen the ghost, and promised his companions that they should view the strange apparition before returning to their homes. He said the spirit was a thief, and frequently stole food and furniture from the camps of hunters who ventured within her uninviting domain. At dinner on August 2nd, 1882, Shepler calmly announced that the spirit of Cameron Pass was approaching, and pointed to a strange being which was swiftly moving toward the camp. The marauder came within 500 yards of the men, and seizing a haunch of venison which had been placed on a stone, ran off with it. Hart picked up his rifle, and, calling on his comrades to follow started in pursuit of the thief. She—they were sure it was a woman—led them all a lively race directly toward the lava beds. Being close pressed the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to the opening of a cave. The pursuers entered the cavern on the heels of the strange robber and found the warm body of a dead woman. The fright and exertion had killed her. The corpse was that of a woman about 25 years old. Her only clothing was a rude gown, fashioned of skins. Her hair was very long and she was sunburned and barefooted. The remains were buried decently. An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit. The ground was covered with bones, and, although there were cooking utensils about, it was evident that they had never been used. The unfortunate girl had subsisted on stolen meats, roots and leaves. She had dried meat for winter use. For several years she was thought to be a spirit.—*Chicago Herald.*

Courtship's Progress.

When a young girl detects the signs of a mutual attachment between herself and a man whose tastes and position in life are suited to hers, she can do no better than confide her thoughts on the subject to her mother, or if she be motherless, to some woman who is much older than herself, and upon whose sympathy and wisdom she can rely. If the older person approve, there are many ways of arranging opportunities for the pair to become better acquainted, and to discover whether their first impressions of each other were correct. A wise mother can easily arrange the social setting of her children. If she gathers about her only such young people as she deems fitting companions for them, the most natural consequence is that ties are formed which will be satisfactory to parents as well as children.

The young man finds easy and natural ways of expressing his regard for a young girl, and by a kind of intuition she can usually satisfy herself from the first of the nature of his feelings toward her. He will show considerateness, deference, and a preference for her society at all times, and yet he will carefully avoid anything that might convey to others the impression that he believes her to hold the same attitude of preference toward him. He will always accept her society as a courtesy which she has graciously conferred, and apart from which he has no claim. Indeed, in all manly and chivalric ways he will testify his admiration for her, until he feels a sufficient assurance of her interest in him to warrant him in putting the vital question to her.

If she be an ingenious and high-minded girl she will admit or deny with kindness and candor that she values as he wishes his devotion to her. If her consent is obtained he will then seek the approval of her parents or guardians. If her family objects to the proposed alliance it is the girl's duty to reserve her final decision, out of respect for them. If time and opportunity for knowing each other better only deepen their regard, and parental disapproval continues, the girl has two alternatives—patient waiting and an unhappy assumption of the consequence of disobedience. Each girl must determine this matter for herself, remembering, however, that no one can have a more unselfish interest in her happiness than her parents.

A Difficulty About Witnesses.

"Mr. Smith," said the electric light manager to his foreman, "we want some men to testify to the absolute harmlessness of the electric light current as used by us. You might send Roberts——"

Foreman—He was killed while fixing a wire last night, sir.

"Well, Jackson will do then."

"He accidentally grounded a wrong wire last week, and is scarcely expected to live, sir."

"Such awkwardness! Send Williams."

"Sorry, sir, but he was paralyzed while fixing an electric lamp on Thursday."

"Really. It's most annoying. Employ some new men at once and send them to testify to the committee before they have time to get themselves killed."—*New York Herald.*

The Fly Crop.

The common fly lays more than 100 eggs and the time from egg-laying to maturity is only about two weeks. Most of us have studied geometrical progression. Here we see it illustrated. Suppose one fly commences "to multiply and replenish the earth" about June 1st. June 15th, if all alive, would give 150. Suppose 75 of these are females; July 1st would give us, supposing no cruel wasp or other untoward circumstances to interfere, 11,259 flies. Suppose 5,625 of these are females; we might have, July 15th, 843,720 flies. It might cause bad dreams if carried on further.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

—Lord Tennyson is to receive $1,000 for the poem he is now writing. His first accepted poem brought him the munificent sum of 10 shillings.

THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD.

Items of Utility and Curiosity for Everybody.

The second elevator in the Eiffel Tower has been accepted by the committee. The four hemp ropes temporarily used to sustain the load of eleven tons were cut simultaneously in the test, allowing the load to drop eight inches, and the safety wedges were found to stand the strain.

A discussion of the mythical "joint snake" is going on again in herpetological circles, the popular idea being that there exists a snake which, when broken to pieces joins itself together again. There is, of course, no such reptile. The delusion owes its origin to popular credulity, and so much of fact as is found in connection with the habits of the *ophisaurus ventralis*, a species of snake lizard with a mere rudimentary development of legs. It is very brittle and a slight blow breaks it into fragments. If only the tail is lost a new one is sprouted, but the self-mending powers are purely mythical.

Recent tests at Manchester, by burning in oxygen, shows anthracite coal to give the highest yield, emitting 8,340 Centigrade units of heat.

J. E. Thickston, Metuchen, N.J., predicts disaster from the escape of natural gas in the Alleghany region, beside which the Johnstown calamity will appear trifling. His theory is that the escaping gas is not, as in the case of oil deposits, compensated for by the influx of water, and he anticipates a collapse or an explosion.

The manufacture of starch from the cassava, which frequently, under cultivation not the best, yields forty tons per acre, is becoming an important industry in some parts of Florida.

The Egyptian Exploration Fund expenditures since 1883 have been about $8,000 per year and have yielded rich results.

"Rapid dentrifices" are to be eschewed, as the basis of all are acids, whose action on the enamel and bony structure of the teeth is most deleterious. Precipitated chalk, flavored with powdered orris root, a little powdered myrrh added, and rubbed with fine Castile soap, is as good a dentrifice as can be had. Regular and careful brushing, with the use of a good quill toothpick, is safe dental treatment—always presupposing a dentist has first put the teeth in good condition.

The best cement for glass is glue. When it fails it fails through the action of moisture. This may be obviated by treating the glue with bichromate of potash, adding in a dark room one tenth the weight of the dry glue to the solution, apply in the dark. When exposed to light the glue will harden and effectually resist the action of moisture.

The U. S. Government recipe for permanent whitewash is: Half bushel lime, slaked under cover, strain and add one peck salt dissolved in warm water, and three pounds rice flour boiled in water to a thin paste; half pound Spanish whiting and one pound clear glue dissolved in warm water. This should stand several days and then be applied hot.

The cleanly housewife will find an almost odorless liquid stove blacking, cheap and effective in the following: Mix two parts of copperas, one of bone black, one pulverized graphite with enough water to make a creamy paste.

Uranus was in perihelion in 1883 and will not be again until 1966. At perihelion it is distant from the sun 1,681,864,000 miles. Neptune's next perihelion will be in 2048 when it will be 2,755,207,000 miles distant from Old Sol.

Farmers will find the following table of (inside) dimensions convenient: A box 8.4x8 in. and 4 in. deep holds half a peck; one 7x6.4 in. and 12 in. deep holds a peck; one 12x11.2 in. and 8 in. deep holds half a bushel; one 16x12 in. and 11.2 in. deep contains a bushel.

Some Literary Bon Mots.

The following, said to have been copied *verbatim et literatim* from a sign at Barnet, Eng., is found in a file of the Caledonian *Mercury* for 1789. The inscription shows that business was not so subdivided 100 years ago as it is to-day: "John Nust, Operator in Ordinary and Extraordinary, Mender of Soles, Uniter of the Disunited, Restorer of Order and Harmony though of ever so long and wide a separation. N. B.—Gives advice gratis in the most desperate cases, and never pockets his fee till he has performed a cure."

Dean Alford tells of a certain set of instructions posted by a railway company for the guidance of engineers, which read as follows: "Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

Newspaper literary blunders are plentiful, but none familiar with the circumstances under which matter for the daily press is prepared will be hypercritical. Taken all round it is creditable to its producers. One reflects on this when he thinks of the sad blunders of eminent authors, whose work has all the advantages of careful revision. A notable instance occurs to me, where Mr. John Morley tells us that "Carlyle teaches us that silence is golden in thirty-six volumes."

Kansas Philosophy.

Man is ambitious to kill a lion until he meets one.

About all some men are good for is to marry and make a woman miserable.

When man economizes he buys less clothes; when a woman economizes she buys less to eat.

It is not the good who die young, but only those who have not lived long enough to be bad.

The most unfair thing that happens to women is that engagements are so short and marriages so long.

—"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice.' "That isn't Mr. Smith, it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then I must change the photographs on the mantel.'

—Mrs. Phunnyman—If that Eiffel tower should fall the damage would be irreparable. Mr. Phunnyman—Oh, I guess not; there are too many newspaper correspondents over there. They would soon write it up.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DEALTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection [illegible] North [illegible]

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Raspberries are ripe.

Mr W Trimble has placed a neat picket fence in front of his lot.

The Flesherton R.T. of T intend holding a picnic to Eugenia on Thursday, August 1

The Campbell residence, north of the Boyne, will be sold by auction to-day at Marshaw's hotel.

We have received the official program of the summer carnival and electrical exhibition, which is now in progress at St. John, N.B

Hay is a splendid crop in this vicinity this season. Mr. Wm. Gilchrist says he cut timothy the other day 4 foot 3 inches long

If you want good beef, veal and lamb that is butchered and dressed in style, go to Petch & Mitchell, as they are the only practical butchers in town.

The Baptist Sunday School picnic was held in Eugenia on Tuesday the 16th inst. There was a good attendence, beautiful weather, and a very happy time was spent

Next Sunday Rev. John Stafford, B A., B.D., will preach in the Flesherton Baptist Chapel at 11 a.m., in Priceville at 2.30 p.m. and in the Orange Hall, Flesherton Station, at 6.30

A very neat verandah has been placed on the Methodist parsonage, which adds greatly to the appearance of the building. As was built by Mr. Howard, who, by the way, is so rushed with business that he can scarcely fulfil his contracts.

Geo. Mitchell, Esq., banker, returned with his bride on Wednesday evening last and found a large number of friends awaiting him at his residence, where a very pleasant time was spent during the evening. The band serenaded the happy couple in grand style and were invited in to tea, but declined.

A lacrosse match between the Brantas, of Paris, and Dufferins, of Orangeville, will take place in Orangeville on July 25th, the day of the C.P.R.'s employes annual picnic there. The high standing of these clubs will guarantee a match which will be one of the greatest attractions of the day

East Grey Agricultural society will hold their annual fair this season, on Monday and Tuesday, Sept., 23 and 24. A substantial addition has been made to the prize list, and it is fully expected that this coming exhibition will exceed anything in interest which has ever been held here. Prize lists will be published in a few days.

Rev. John Stafford, B. A., B. D., preached in the Baptist Chapel on Sunday morning the 21st inst. His sermon was profoundly thoughtful, and by forcible reasoning and apt illustration he deeply interested his attentive audience in the great theme he handled so well the forenoon. Mr. Stafford is the first of Artemus's sons who has taken a B A at the Provincial University, and the only one who has succeeded in winning the hard earned, distinctive B A., from one of the best equipped theological seminaries in the United States.

Anniversary services in connection with Flesherton Baptist Sunday School were held on Sunday, the 14th inst. Rev A. Grant, superintendent of missions in the Baptist Missionary Society, was present and preached morning and evening, and also in the afternoon in Priceville. The scholars rendered several pieces of sacred songs with good effect. Miss Alice Moore presided at the organ in a most satisfactory manner. The school is in a very promising condition and all who attend take much interest in the quiet study of the inspired Word. The one aim of all concerned is simply to teach the truth and so train the young that they may be true christians and consequently good citizens and successful workers for the nation's progress.

Ho! for Niagara Falls. An excursion to Toronto and the Falls under the auspices of the O.S. Y.M.C.A., will leave here on Monday the 29th July. Excursionists may leave by either train on that day. At Toronto they will be conveyed to Lewiston by one of the special steamers, Cibola or Chicora, and thence along the mangnificent river scenery to to the falls Tickets, $2.75, children under 12 $1.75, good for three days, to return by any train on Wednesday. Do not miss this grand chance of a cheap trip. For particulars apply at the R.R. Station here

Notice to the Public.

I am in a position to do all kinds of cotton weaving, such as tweeds, flannels, full cloth and blankets. Rag carpet done to order by J. B. Barkley, weaver, next house to the Presbyterian Church

Sudden Death

Mrs. Jas. Ferguson, living near the station, was taken with convulsions on Sunday morning and died on Monday. Deceased was a young woman, married last winter. Her husband has the sympathy of all in his sudden and overwhelming bereavement

Remember Dr. Sinclair, Specialist, visits Flesherton next Saturday, July 27 Consulation free

Face Burned.

The Thornbury paper of last week says: Our genial watchmaker, Mr. W. Clayton, of Clarksburg, met with a very painful accident on Thursday last by the explosion of his spirit lamp, being burned severely on the face nose and forehead. The pain for a while was intense. Mr. Clayton was attended by Dr Hunt, and he is now all right at his work again

Injured by a Runaway.

Mrs. Richard Porteous, of The Gravel Road east, visited Flesherton one day last week with a horse and buggy. When returning home in the evening, and having arrived at her own gate she was obliged to alight and open it. When shutting the gate the horse took fright Mrs Porteous grabbed at the lines but was thrown to the ground, the buggy wheel passing over her breast, bruising her severely. The horse dashed away and broke the buggy into kindling wood Mrs. Porteous is recovering nicely from her bruises and fright.

Camping

Camping parties are nearly as plentiful as flies now. Last week Brad. Powell, R Keefer, R. Bates, Frank Vandusen and Blake Anderson pitched their tent at Bell's lake, returning on Saturday T. Hollinger, Fred Armstrong and W. Bellamy, are charming mosquitos in the vicinity of Eugenia, with the expectation of shooting a few rabbits and bear. Rev. Mr. Watson and family are drinking in pure air and beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Kimberley. The poor printer is the only coon who cannot enjoy these luxuries, He has to stay at home and wrestle with his pencil while his neighbors fight the black flies and bugs all alone. Oh, could we but get at them!

Personals

Miss Mamie Ayers, of Gorrie, is visiting at Jos. Blackburn's

Miss Fran o Beecroft has returned home from Collingwood.

Miss Sarah Smith has returned home from Owen Sound

Mr. Frank Evans, of St. Mary's, is the guest of his brother, merchant Evans.

Mr. Newt Henderson, of Toronto, spent a week with his family, who are summering in Flesherton.

Mr. Wesley Armstrong is now with Rice Bros., jewelers Toronto.

We had a short but very pleasant call from Mr Glendenning, of Markdale public school, Tuesday

Miss Geraldine Thurston, of Guelph, is visiting relatives here.

W K Flesher, Esq., and Miss Flesher returned from England last Friday.

First class Honey for sale at this office, 10c a pound

Ordination and Tea Meeting.

Mr I. C Emes' ordination to the ministry and induction to this charge took place in the Presbyterian Church here on Tuesday afternoon, a large congregation being present. Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Caledon, presided Rev Mr. Hossack, of Orangeville, preached a most eloquent sermon from Acts 24 a nd 25: "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Mr. Hossack is a young man, only having been in the ministry for a short time, but is justifying the anticipations of those who were wont to call him the Henry Ward Beecher of Knox College. His thrilling eloquence is of the highest order. After the sermon the ordination and induction services were proceeded with Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, addressing the new minister, and Rev. Mr McColl, of Proton, speaking to the congregation.

In the evening a tea and entertainment was held in the church, tea being served in the basement. The evening's entertainment consisted of music by the choir and Glee Club and speeches by Revs. Messrs. Emes, Watson, Shilton, Hossack and Wilson

MY EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

Sixty Years Ago or Thereabout, Brockville, Vicinity, Canada.

"Telling Tales out of School"-Some Pleasing, Some Funny, Some Sad, Some Strange, Some Good and Some Bad, Loves Rule and the Gad, When I was a Lad "Only a Boy."

BY WM. PURDY

Specially Written for The Advance.

My next experience in getting an "edikaishun," was in

"FULFORD'S SCHOOL HOUSE,"

a much more suitable building, than a supposed-to-be, Spook-haunted, private dwelling and conveniently situated a mile and an half above "our house.

My third teacher, (my first there,) was a Mr. Connell, but my attendance was brief, perhaps sickness in our family was the cause. I have but a dim recollection of that time. The fourth one, a Mr. Wells, taught but a few days, succeeded by Mr. McLaughlan. I went to his school, probably three months, but had not yet been taught to write. He "sat" my

FIRST COPY

without enquiring whether I had any previous practice. He wrote it in "fine hand," and a fine job. (3) I made in "imitation thereof," after a while he came to see how I was getting along. "Oh," (said he,) "I was not aware that you did not know how to write."

He then set me a copy--"straight marks, hooks, and pot sticks." I than had a opportunity of beginning at the beginning. I was in the "Testament class about that time. "Master" McLaughry also "set" my first

SUM IN CYPHERING.

We din'nt call it, "in withmetic," or "counting" in that long ago. "Cyphering" was a term good enough for us, but those *big* names multiplication, subtraction, subtrehend dividend, etc., without verbal explanation of meaning—how hard they were to be understood. How "thick" my head felt sometimes when trying to "cypher out a sum" and "carry one for every ten." If all teachers would lay aside their "stiff" hard look, and manner, and sit down beside their scholars a minute or two, and in a friendly way give easy-to-be understood instruction, in a pleasant tone of voice, instead of harshly saying -"There's the book, read the "rulgs" in it yourself,' how much easier, and faster a young beginner could get along. However, I believe he gave general satisfaction, and, when his term ended was succeeded by, Miss

PHEBE FITZGERALD,

who, (her a relation of "aunt" Laura, I do not know, but she was good-natured, and religiously inclined. Ruled by kindness, and the "birchen twig," respected by her pupils. I don't think she was related to Polly W- because

No superstitious, "spook-ish dread,
Disturbed her mind or filled her head,

consequently our progress in reading, writing, spelling etc., was good. I mention spelling because it was a "feature" in those days. "The best speller in school," was an honorable a title as—as well, if I must say it, as "Governor of Upper or Lower Canada,"- "you know"

Having thus far escaped condign punishment of any importance for infraction of rules, and no fear now, as previously stated, I will continue "telling tales out of school" a while longer, and speak of an event in which I "figured" as one of the "chief actors"—whipped for

GOING IN SWIMMING

at noon spell. "Fulford's school house" was about fifteen minutes' walk from where the river

The gentle St. Lawrence,
The noble St. Lawrence,
The far famed St. Lawrence,
"Roll down to the sea."

There was a somewhat secluded, sand beached bay. What boy could resist the "temptation" to "go in swimming?" Some of us scholars had "yielded" a few times against the "rule." The mistress then plainly stated that she would certainly whip whoever went in swimming again.

Well, one day at noon, a boy of our acquaintance who did not attend school, coaxed "Dan" and I to go for a "swim," and boy like, we went. After school was "called in," our teacher got the whip! We two knew "what was coming." Mistress "called up" my schoolfellow first. The stove stood in the middle of the floor. She gave him a "cut," he bawled, and started round the stove, she followed him, laying on the gad," He yelled while

"Round and round the stove they ran
Three hundred times, or more" (?)
And every time she struck poor Dan,
He gave a "horrid" roar!

How plainly I can see him now, throwing up his arm to loosen his coat, to lighten the stroke, ha, ha, ha! But stop! My "turn" is coming! "Dan take your seat." "William, come out here." I was sitting in my usual place, behind the desk The desks and seats were much higher than the floor. I didn't care about exposing my "devoted" back quite so easily to be got at, as was poor Dan's, so I just stood up where I was.

Perhaps Mistress did'nt wish for another race around the stove, so she "got at" me there, but being so much lower down than I was, she had to reach up. She gave me a few strokes, which only "tingled" a little. Of course I cried—crying, you know is the best thing to do under such circumstances, and we were "only boys." Did we go in swimming after that? No.

Our backs the birchen twig had felt,
A wholesome lesson we had spelt,
Learned not to disobey

The summer ended, the teacher's "time out," scholars and all, generally glad and sorry too. Good bye-ood bye, and home we go.

My seventh and last school teacher's name was

HENRY WILKINSON,

then a young man, better known in after years as Rev. Henry Wilkinson. I attended his school the greater part of one summer and winter, being then about thirteen years old. He was a thorough-going man. Governed by friendship and force, by kindness and the rod, with some whipping but not very severe. He chastised me once.

My offence was laughing in school. He happened to see me, and enquired why I laughed I replied, Sam tickled me. "Well, I'll tickle both of you," said he. "Hold out your hand." Down came the "ruler" Slap! slap! slap! Three strokes in quick succession No desks or high up position to befriend me this time. I now laughed out of the other corner of my mouth." Of course he "tickled" Sam also. But I don't think he ever whipped because he "wanted to." He was a

GOOD SCHOOL MASTER,

and tried earnestly, and faithfully to educate his scholars both by precept and example. Many an exhortation in morality and religion he gave us scholars, and I think all were benefitted thereby. His pupils made good progress, were obedient to his rules, and he was generally well liked by young and old.

Father having decided to sell out, and move to a distant and newer part of Ontario, to "get land for my boys," as he expressed it, I did not see "Master" Wilkinson until about thirty years after. He was then a minister of the Gospel. I was pleased to meet with him once more. We talked of old school days and scholars, but his time was too limited to allow of a lengthy visit, being on a journey. He was looking well, yet plainly to be seen was

—"growing old.
Silver threads among the gold

I never saw him again, but a number of years afterwards, read an obituary in the "Christian Guardian" of probably the last one of my school teachers, the

REV. HENRY WILKINSON.

I am not quite certain whether I have placed all of my teachers in regular line of succession, nor the exact year in which each taught or length of time. I write from memory only. My schooling ended at thirteen. I am hundreds and thousands of miles distant from any who might be able to correct a mistake of which I fear there are some.

Possibly I may sometime write again concerning "Old Times" but now advise all school children to be kind and agreeable with each other. You know not where or with whom your future "lot may be cast." That school mate you once "hated", despised or wronged, perhaps was or will be your best friend, or nearest neighbor in a settled life

Teachers, great is your opportunity to implant right principles in the young mind. Next to a parent is the school teacher's position, responsibility and kindness the best weapon.

The original stanzas last week may be somewhat expressive of others' thoughts although in ordinary rhyme. My upwards of three score years admonish me that, e're long I, too will in the graveyard sleep like those of long ago.

Winnipeg, Canada, 1889.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T and S R, containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

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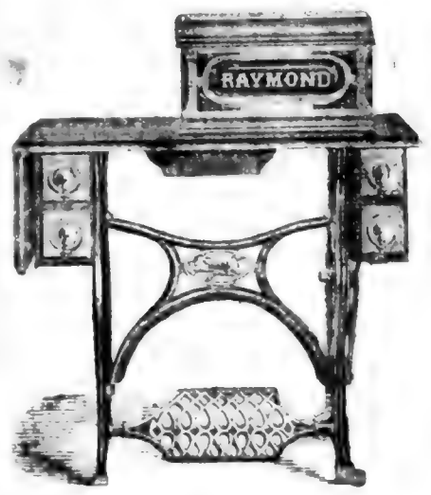

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Office at the one door east of Grier's store
Flesherton, Nov 10, 1888.

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House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and [illegible] yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to A VANDUSEN, Flesherton

Prize Essays.

Competition Essay for Centre Grey Farmers' Institute on the "Benefits secured Through an Agricultural College Education."

FIRST PRIZE.

We, as Canadian farmers, have in the past been accustomed to look upon education as something to be shunned. This was no doubt due to the fact that a literary education, though good enough for its own specific purpose, has a tendency to allure men away from the farm, rather than causing them to take a deeper interest in the cultivation of the soil.

Education may be defined as something that renders its possessor better fitted for his life's work. With this object in view we see that a literary education as obtained at the various institutions of learning, entirely fails in fitting the agriculturist for his work. On the contrary such an education tends to direct the energies of the young in lines of work altogether [illegible] that of tilling the soil. This is true to such an extent that we seldom see a young man on the farm return and pursue farming as an occupation, after having been successful in passing the examinations as prescribed by our higher educational institutions.

Nevertheless there is no class of men whose surroundings present such a large field for investigation as the tillers of soil. Being surrounded by nature and her laws, which underlie all farm operations whether they are a success or failure, the farmers are thus brought into close contact with her and all her intricate variations. Indeed the farmer's success entirely depends upon the way in which he appropriates nature's laws to aid him in attaining his purpose. To do this profitably, it must be done intelligently, which demands a thorough knowledge of those sciences that relate to the soil, plant and animal.

The best way in which the farmer can obtain such knowledge is by spending a year or two at an institution where these subjects are dealt with, and where the course of study bears directly along the line work which is being carried out upon our farms every day. The need of such instruction is manifested by the great interest that has been taken in this matter by the most advanced nations of the earth. Great Britain, Germany and most of the European countries spend large sums of money in equipping and maintaining agricultural colleges, where the people can receive an education that meets the wants of the agriculturalists. Australia, although a comparatively new country, has found it necessary to have agricultural colleges to educate her yeomanry and thus keep pace with other lands. But not until coming to our own continent do we find this subject receiving the attention that its importance demands. Our cousins over the border, although having a world wide reputation for their advancements in the mechanical pursuits have, during the last two years, spent more money to advance the cause of agriculture than they ever have during a like period of time to any of their other industries. Large sums of money have been set aside for the use of every state in providing agricultural instruction for the people. Thus we find every state in the union has, or is shortly to have, an agricultural college or experimental station within its borders. Upon coming to our own province we find that we have had an agricultural college in our midst for the last 14 years which compares favorably with those of other lands as regards the nature and thoroughness of the course.

When we remember that these colleges are but poorly patronized by the class whom they were specially to help, we must say that the farmers are neglecting the means of education within their reach, which, if attended to, would be the means of improving their present condition so that they would be able to take that position which the importance of their calling demands. The few who avail themselves of these opportunities receive an education which will benefit them greatly in after life.

By studying the works written by advanced men, showing the relation the sciences bear to agriculture, the energies of the student are directed along the proper course of work and he takes a deeper interest in his studies on account of the very close connection they have with his work upon the farm. Thus by taking a college course the student has the whole field of agriculture unfolded before him in its different phases. The position which the soil occupies to the plant, and that of the plant to the animal is all carefully traced out and fully explained by the professors in their respective courses of lectures on the different sciences, such as Geology, Zoology, Botany, Chemistry, Veterinary, Dairying, and Live Stock, etc. By the study of these subjects the student gets a thorough knowledge of the principles which underlie agriculture.

By the study of live stock on the farm the student becomes thoroughly conversant with the different breeds as regards origin, characteristics and points. This cannot but be of great practical benefit to a man engaged in farming, for having a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of his farm he can from his knowledge of the different breeds of live stock, select those that will do best under his conditions. The possession of such knowledge may be worth hundreds of dollars to its possessor in these days of keen competition, where very small changes decide whether a man is going to succeed or fail in his undertakings.

Further, in the course of veterinary science he studies the structure and diseases of the different farm animals. This is very important, every farmer must of necessity be a stock raiser, for every stock owner's success will vary in proportion to his knowledge of the animals and their diseases. I do not mean to say that every farmer should be a veterinary surgeon, but every farmer should have sufficient knowledge of the more common forms of diseases and their methods of treatment, to enable him to keep his animals in a state of health. By possessing such knowledge the agricultural college graduate will often be enabled to save the life of a valuable animal, or avoid it's becoming what is commonly termed a "scrub."

So pressing is the need for the adoption of different methods of farming that the farmers are rapidly [illegible] themselves how they can get the land tillage that will cause it to yield larger returns? And while drainage and the adoption of other methods are being largely discussed as a way out of the difficulty, it is evident that if the owners of the farms had a thorough knowledge of the science of farming they would be better able to decide what alterations would be necessary for them to make in order to put their business upon a paying basis. Different methods must be adopted upon different farms according as the capabilities of the soil and circumstances vary, hence the importance of every man being capable to decide which methods he should adopt for success, instead of blindly following his neighbors and their ways, thinking their methods will produce the same result upon his farm.

The growing of plants upon the farm so as to supply food for man and animals is the first work of the husbandman. His success at this work will largely depend upon his knowledge of plant life and its requirements as well as the amount of skill he can put into the crop he undertakes to grow. A person to possess such knowledge, must become thoroughly acquainted with every part of the plant, knowing how it obtains its food and what changes take place in the plant during its growth. This involves the studies of botany and plant chemistry with which the student is familiar. But if the plants are going to be grown under the most favorable conditions it will be necessary to place them in a soil suited to their requirements. This requires the farmer to know something about drainage, for he will find that a certain portion of his farm is too wet for the profitable growing of plants. All weeds and noxious plants must be kept out of the land so as to produce as much of the cultivated crop as possible.

Now after having reaped a bountiful harvest as a result of skill and industry, the farmer cannot expect to take a place in the front rank of agriculturists without he is capable of disposing of his crop to the best advantage. This is done by having the principal part of the crop, especially all of the fodder and coarse grains manufactured into animal products which are concentrated in their character and which sold off the farm they carry away but a small portion of the mineral constituents of the land. To do this successfully the farmer must be well grounded in animal chemistry as well as scientific dairy and practice; for if animals are to be fed at a profit it must be done upon proper principles, and it will be found to be more advantageous to feed milch cows and send the surplus animal products away in the form of butter or cheese rather than meat.

The man who is doing this successfully is engaged in no mean work, for he is directing the energy of the sun through the soil, the plant, and the animal, and gathering the produce in a concentrated form fit for man's use. But while attaining this end every opportunity has been offered him for the exercise of skill and science, and a person who can go along the line of work and direct the various agents with certainty of success is engaged in a work that will vie with that of the chemist or sculpter.

When we see the importance of the farmer's work, and how it is connected with the different sciences, we cannot make a mistake in deciding that the agricultural college graduate is better fitted to succeed at farming than those who have not attended such a place. He has a thorough knowledge of the principles bearing upon the farmer's work and will apply them as opportunities are offered. We cannot improve upon the idea of the ancient poet, Virgil—

"Happy is he who knows the causes of things, and it is very applicable to the farmer, surrounded as he is by matters of the most intricate nature that are taking place around him every day.

But some may ask "How are these results to be brought by agricultural colleges?" To satisfy such it will be necessary [illegible] how these principles are to be applied [illegible]

[illegible] that attendance at these institutions [illegible] for the young [illegible]

[illegible] enabled him to [illegible] the possessor [illegible] farm [illegible] will be [illegible] by the application [illegible] as to [illegible] fields [illegible] weeds [illegible] acquainted with them [illegible] would be [illegible] ignorant of the [illegible] principles [illegible] he will only keep those that come up to the standard [illegible] making the dairy pay, not with [illegible] cows [illegible] pastures [illegible] a two months [illegible] summer. [illegible] will [illegible] and grass [illegible] [illegible] fodder [illegible] pest. By [illegible] manure [illegible] will [illegible] the [illegible] receive [illegible] of milk [illegible] The [illegible] of a [illegible] the principles of breeding [illegible] size, [illegible] and by [illegible] he will soon have [illegible] up as to be equal to pure [illegible] for all practical purposes.

These few practical illustrations will suffice to show you how the farmer is personally benefited in his work by the course which he has taken; but beyond these there are other benefits secured which are more general in their character. By this I mean that he secures benefits which are shared by his neighbors. He is reading the latest agricultural works and constantly adopting some new methods of working which will be copied in turn by his observing neighbors. He will also take a very active part in anything that is going to improve the condition of the farmers. Being aware of the benefits to be derived by having the farmers attend public meetings to discuss questions of interest he will give them hearty support and try to have these meetings increased by [illegible] the organization of literary societies in every neighborhood where they may [illegible] a training in public speaking that will be useful to him in after life when attending farmers institutes or other public meetings.

In conclusion, we see that the agricultural college graduate is in every way better fitted to [illegible] work than he who has had [illegible] He [illegible] a better farmer [illegible] respect [illegible] office in [illegible] which he may be [illegible] the benefits to be [illegible] at their meetings [illegible] realized by the [illegible] rapid strides [illegible] ahead of any other [illegible] and owing [illegible] sent their sons [illegible] they have re- [illegible] training. Then [illegible] many times more [illegible]

[illegible] farmers are [illegible] the farm will be [illegible] for, [illegible] the great [illegible] agriculture, having become [illegible] of the sciences underlying their work, and having a thorough knowledge of the habits of plants and animals they have to [illegible] they will not [illegible] old homestead where these things abound, and go to the vast tracts of land where [illegible] do so, and [illegible] want of nature's [illegible]

WM [illegible]

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF [illegible] AND CATTLE. [illegible] HEAD
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 3, 1888.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like your cure in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my use and success of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. [illegible]
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW [illegible]
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TO BE EXTRADITED.

Judge Bain Remands Burke for Extradition.

A Winnipeg despatch of Wednesday says: In the Burke case to-day Judge Bain, on the conclusion of the arguments, summed up the case, making a most able review of the evidence, and showing how the links of evidence fitted into each other and formed a complete chain. As to the depositions, he had to take them as being properly authenticated. He had little doubt as to their admissibility. It only remained for him to consider whether or not the evidence was sufficient to justify him in committing the prisoner for extradition. It had not been questioned that the crime was one for extradition under the Act. All the prosecution sought to show was that the prisoner was an accessory before the fact. Clause 25 of the Act provides that a man can be tried as a principal, if accessory before the fact. There was no question, if a presumptive case was shown that the prisoner was accessory to the murder of Dr. Cronin, that he comes under this clause of the Act. He was sitting, not for the purpose of trying the prisoner, whether he was guilty or innocent, but just as if the prisoner were brought before him as a magistrate. With regard to the spirit in which it seemed to him the principles of the Act should be administered in our courts, he agreed with the expressions of the learned judges that had been cited by the lawyers for the prosecution.

For his own part, he thought that the formalities and technicalities in the law of extradition should be very much simplified, and it would seem to him that the fact of an indictment being found by the grand jury of his countrymen should be sufficient to warrant a judge in sending the prisoner back for his trial. In considering the evidence, he regarded his position as somewhat different from that of sitting as a judge trying the case. He thought it proper that any leanings he might have should be in favor of extradition, and he was pleased to find he was supported in that view by the learned Chief Justice of Ontario. On the evidence adduced he could come to no other conclusion than that the evidence raised a strong presumption that the prisoner was an accessory to the murder of Dr. Cronin, and that being the case he had no alternative but to remand him for extradition. He accordingly held the prisoner for extradition, stating that the matter of extradition rested with the Department of Justice at Ottawa. He committed Burke to the jail of the eastern district, to await transference to Chicago. He notified the prisoner that he would not be delivered up for fifteen days, and that he could in the meantime apply for a writ of *habeas corpus* and have his case reviewed by the full court. Burke was then sent back to jail. It is not likely an appeal will be taken as the prisoner's counsel refuse to take the case further until funds are forthcoming.

A Chicago despatch says: A paper here says that young Mrs. Carlson will swear when Cronin's murderers are brought to trial that she saw the doctor enter the cottage on the fatal night and heard the struggle in the house. There has not heretofore been known to be any direct proof that the doctor was murdered in the cottage.

CROPS IN THE STATES.

Interesting Reports From the Department of Agriculture.

A Washington despatch says: The June crop report of the Department of Agriculture makes an increase in the area planted in maize of about one and one-third million acres, and the total over 77,000,000. This is only a preliminary estimate. The largest increase is west of the Mississippi. The condition of the crop is only medium. It is lower than usual at this period of its development. Excessive moisture delayed planting, and low temperatures and a saturated soil retarded growth on the Atlantic coast north of South Carolina. In the Ohio Valley the condition is lower than elsewhere. The extremely cold weather of the latter part of May and the first week in June was very unfavorable to germination, and the frosts of that period injured or destroyed that which was above ground. The replanting was slow and the plants are therefore small. In Michigan there has been some loss of area by ploughing up. Cut worms have been very destructive in the west. The crop is late and dependent on July weather for improvement. West of the Mississippi, in the subhumid belt and border of the arid region, the crop is generally in fine condition. The general average of condition is about .90. The condition of winter wheat is well sustained, notwithstanding injury by storm and flood, the general condition standing at .92. In the heart of the west the harvest is generally finished by this date. It is entirely completed in the south, and threshing is in progress. The straw is generally short and unusually well headed and plump in grain. The general average of spring wheat is about .83, which is very low at this stage of growth. Rye maintains its condition, and barley declines to about .92. A falling off of the area in tobacco of over 23 per cent. on both cigar and manufacturing leaf is reported. The total value of exports of mineral oils from the United States for the year ending June 30th was $49,420,817, against $46,585,551 in the previous year.

Original and Attractive.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, a son of the celebrated London preacher, who is delivering religious addresses throughout the States, takes "Nails" as the subject of one of his discourses, and uses a number of these articles as illustrations of human character. With a hidden electric battery to represent Divine love he causes the nails to approach and cling to a small steel cross, thus giving at the same time a lesson in theology and natural science.

"Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Frederick Roberts, of University College, London. First get rid of the kidney disease by using Warner's Safe Cure, then the effects of symptoms will be removed.

The usual summer cry against ice water is abroad. Ice does not seem to be objectionable in anything but water. It looks suspicious.—*Boston Globe.*

A GALLOWS HORROR.

Sickening Scene at a Rochester Execution—Kelly Pays the Dread Penalty.

A Wednesday's Rochester despatch says: John Kelly, convicted of the murder of Eleanor O'Shea, near Geneva, November 6th, 1888, was hanged at Canandaigua at noon to-day. Kelly passed the time from 9 o'clock in his cell. At 10 o'clock there was a scene in the room, his family being there for the purpose of bidding him farewell. The loud wails of his daughters could be heard out in the street. At 11.45 the condemned man was escorted from the cell to the gallows by Sheriff Corwin, of Ontario county, Sheriff Hodgson, of Monroe, Father English, of Canandaigua, and a number of deputies. He walked firmly, and mounted the scaffold without assistance. Father English said a brief prayer, and Sheriff Corwin asked Kelly if he wished to say anything. The man said "Yes," and commenced a rambling speech, which lasted seven minutes. He said he was sure he would go to heaven, and hoped everyone else would. "I did not intend to kill Eleanor O'Shea, and I am not wholly to blame," said Kelly. He finally said: "I have only a few words more to say. I am sorry the crops hereabouts are bad. I give you all my blessing." Sheriff Hodgson, of Monroe county, then adjusted the cap. While doing so the condemned man said, "I am going soon, goodbye. You are too slow." At 12.05 the drop was touched, and down fell the body. As soon as the rope straightened out blood shot out from the neck, and then a perfect stream of bright red blood flowed down the outside the man's clothing and formed a pool beneath his feet. The spectators were horror stricken and every one save the doctors turned deathly pale. The physicians at once took charge of the body and listened for the pulsations of the heart. At 12.14½ he was pronounced dead. He was cut down at 12.15. When the cap was removed it was found that there was a great gash in his throat just as if it had been slashed with a razor. The blood flowed from this gash even after the body had been cut down. The face presented a horrible appearance, being distorted greatly. The body was at once taken to Geneva.

Kelly's crime was the murder of Eleanor O'Shea, a woman 65 years old, housekeeper for George Kippen, a farmer residing near Geneva, by whom the murderer was employed. It is said Kelly was unduly intimate with his employer's daughter, a half-witted woman. The housekeeper upbraided the pair, and in a fight Kelly struck her on the head with a hammer, killing her.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

The General Secretary Presents a Most Interesting Report.

A Philadelphia despatch says: At the Christian Endeavor Convention yesterday the report of the General Secretary, Mr George M. Ward, was read by the Rev. J. L. Hill, of Medford, Mass. The report stated that in 1881 there was one society, now the number is 7,670. A vast band of nearly 500,000 young people now marches under our banner in regularly enlisted, united service. To day we can add nothing in territory, for twelve months ago it had encircled the globe. Everywhere along the road it has gained in numbers. Single societies of last year have multiplied and increased. England has made a great advance, and to-day sends greeting from thirty seven societies of Christian Endeavor. The foreign mission field is also awakening, and about fifty societies are aiding the hard-working missionary in all its foreign fields. In our own country New York still holds the banner, with 1,387 societies, as many societies in a single State as the whole world could show a few years ago. Next comes old Massachusetts, with her 742; then Illinois, with her 541 societies. New York, with two national gatherings, has held the lead for two years, and now Illinois, from the effect of last year's convention, jumps up to 541. One of the most noticeable growths of the year past is that of Ohio, which has increased from about 200 to 465 societies. California has also doubled her lists. Two thousand one hundred and forty one societies report that there had been 15,672 young people come from their associate membership to acknowledge Christ. The Secretary covered 25,000 miles of territory and presented the cause on about 160 different occasions. Utah is not ready to be admitted as a State, nor can she have representatives in a national congress, but she does deserve a front seat in a National Endeavor Convention. The work in Washington Territory is gaining a stronghold, although it is yet in its infancy. The Secretary did not know when the cause has had a more generous hearing, as regards all classes of listeners, than it received in Tacoma. The Convention sermon was preached by Rev. George H. Wells, D.D., of Montreal.

Parnell Will Not Recede.

A London cable says: George Lewis, solicitor for Mr. Parnell, in an interview Friday professed ignorance of any intention of Mr. Parnell to withdraw his case from before the Special Commission.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* asserts that counsel for the defence in the *Times'* case against Parnell have subpœnaed the Secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union to produce the books of the Union before the Parnell Commission. It is stated, moreover, that counsel have also subpœnaed the members of the commission who advanced money to Houston, including Sir Rowland Bennerhasset. Yesterday's evidence was little more than a dull procession of Irish Mayors and Town Councillors, the tone of whose evidence was only a repeated confirmation of that which every one is already convinced, namely, the innocence of Parnell and his intimate associates of all connections with the crimes with which the criminal set of Irishmen have soiled Ireland's struggle for justice.

A Highly Spiced Dinner.

A Mt. Pleasant, Fla., despatch says: Tuesday Frances Cooper, colored, invited three other negro women to dinner. After dinner the guests were taken with convulsions and one expired in agony. Investigation established the fact of poisoning. To-day Frances confessed that she had a grudge against these women, and had placed rat poison in a dish of beans for the purpose of poisoning them. She said her husband had urged her to do it. Austin Cooper, her husband, confirmed his wife's confession. The two surviving victims will probably die.

NORTHWEST NOTES.

The promoters of the Winnipeg Transfer Railway, that is to connect the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific roads by a line along the river front, says it will be in operation in a month's time.

A Bryant boy, aged 13 was drowned while bathing in the Red River to-night.

Mr. James Fisher, Liberal member for Russell, was given a banquet at Russell village to-night.

The Indian Agents of the Northern Treaties have left to make their annual payments. Dr. Orton left yesterday with Commissioner McLean to attend the Indians in the neighborhood of Cumberland House, disease having broken out among them.

At the Baptist Convention of the Northwest to-day the report of the Educational Committee was presented. It recommended the erection of a college at Brandon, providing that city gave $10,000, the college to cost $25,000 and have a staff of four first-class professors to begin with and have fine arts and musical departments. Steps, it was said, would be taken to secure an endowment of $5,000 a year for three years to carry on the work. A committee in connection with the scheme was appointed.

Mr. Buchanan, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, is making a trip through the Province.

The Plum Creek Lacrosse Club visited the city and played matches with the city clubs. The Winnipegs defeated them four to one last night, and the Nineteenth with the same score to-day.

There have been light showers of rain in various parts of the Province last night and to day. The indications are that harvesting will begin about August 1st.

The body of Willie Bryant, the boy who was drowned in the river yesterday, was recovered this morning near the place where the lad sank.

Bishop Farand, from the Athabasca region, has arrived for the purpose of attending the Catholic Council at St. Boniface on the 16th inst. He says a good many Indians died from starvation last spring.

St. Paul and Manitoba people are reported to be behind the scheme for building a railroad between Winnipeg and Duluth.

Sir John Lester Kaye is having made 44 sprinkling carts in Winnipeg. These he intends to use on his Western farms with a view to overcoming the effects of drouth.

The Provincial Sunday School Convention at Portage la Prairie closed its proceedings to day. A resolution was passed condemning the Provincial papers for publishing reports of the Sullivan Kilrain prize fight.

Immediate application will be made to the Department of Justice for authority to extradite the prisoner Burke, but until the appeal is settled action will be deferred.

It is practically settled that the writ of *habeas corpus* in the Burke case will be applied for next week. Burke has no money, but a few citizens who desire to see the accused receive the best of fair play have intimated that if his lawyer will appeal it will be seen that all disbursements at any rate will be paid. This is sufficient to satisfy the lawyers, and there is practically no doubt an appeal will be made. It will be made next week before one judge, it being quite impossible to get it on during term. The lawyers for the defence think they have a very good fighting case. In fact Mr Perdue is quite confident that the date flaw in the depositions will prove fatal to them. If it does, the whole business will be dropped, as without the depositions Cronin's death is not proved, and there is no crime upon which the prisoner can be sent back.

Showers of rain fell throughout the province to day. Mr. John T. Moore, of Toronto, managing director of the Saskatchewan Land Company says the damage by drought has been greatly overestimated. A good many cried before they were hurt.

About four hundred Orangemen went from this city to-day to celebrate the 12th at Brandon. A demonstration was also held at Rapid City.

Detective Broderick has received definite orders for himself and John Collins to wait in Winnipeg until Burke is surrendered, as it is most desirable they should bring him back with them.

Bishop Clute, of the Diocese of Mackenzie River, arrived here to day from Montreal to attend the meeting of bishops to be held next week. Bishop Clute has been living in Montreal for two years owing to ill-health, but will return to Mackenzie River in a few weeks.

O'Connor's Code.

A London cable of Thursday says: Upon John O'Connor's refusal to violate his Fenian oath or to tell anything which he has promised to keep secret, notwithstanding his hostility to the extremes to which the secret societies had gone, Sir James Hannen, after reproving the witness in somewhat strong language, asked him whether he were a Protestant or a Roman Catholic; and then whether the Church justified him in refusing to answer all questions in giving evidence on the ground that he had taken an illegal oath. O'Connor replied that he had not studied the theological aspect of the subject. "Nor the moral?" asked Justice Hannen. "No," replied O'Connor; "but I know my own code of honor." Everyone in the Court room thought that something serious was about to happen, but the matter was dropped. The presiding Justice exhibits a disposition to give an ultimate judgment unfavorable to the Parnellites if he can, but he tries to be careful not to be unjust during the evidence.

Wm. Roberts, M.D., Physician to the Manchester (Eng.) Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital and Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "Deep sleep nervous or rapidly failing eyesight, dropsy of the lungs, or a violent inflammation, any one of them, is a symptom of kidney trouble." Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable and guaranteed remedy for kidney disorders.

Before her husband boiled Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" down it was four times its present size.

"What business are you going to put your son into, Mr. Sloons?" "Well, I don't know. He is not quick to apprehend anything." "Not quick to apprehend? I'll tell you the very place for him." "Indeed, where is it?" "On the Chicago detective force."

WICKED CHICAGO.

A Vivid Picture Thereof Painted by a Home Artist.

The truth is not always palatable even to us Chicagoans. The greater the truth, if it be a disagreeable truth, the deeper it cuts. The New York *Sun* says: "What Chicago needs is more virtue and more intelligence in the hearts and minds of her people. Mere bigness, a million and a quarter of population, will not suffice to make Chicago great."

Here is a solid chunk of truth, well aimed, that hits us squarely between the eyes.

As to our virtue—is it necessary to particularize? Where are there filthier slums? Where is there a more open and brazen disregard for common decency than our down-town streets present after nightfall? Where are concert halls, dance halls and dives of every description tolerated to a greater or more shamefull extent? Where are blacklegs permitted to follow their calling with more freedom? Where are gambling hells run more wide open? Where are the police on more intimate terms with thugs and thieves? Where do the divorce courts present greater attraction for people of depraved tastes? Where is there a more reckless disregard for morality among all classes?

As to our intelligence—is it necessary to particularize? What sort of literature finds the readiest sale in Chicago? What kind of news is devoured the soonest? What sort of newspapers do the masses of the people demand? What sort of men are most certain to be elected to office? What sort of men are, generally speaking, the most popular? Where is integrity of the cast-iron stamp held for less, and where is dishonesty of the genteel kind held for more? Where is the money getter asked fewer questions as to the manner of his getting it? Where is talent without means a less desirable or a less profitable thing to be possessed of? Where on God's footstool is genius without a bank account likely to have fewer admirers?

The virtue and intelligence of the populace, using the words in their highest meaning, have not been generally considered essential here to the greatness of the city. They are not generally considered essential now. Perhaps when we shall all have become rich, no matter how, we will pay a little more attention to those things. At present the poor are striving for the dollar, the well to-do for real estate, and the millionaire for the earth. There is no time to spare—no time to be wasted upon virtue, intelligence, and other immaterial things.—*Chicago Times.*

Great Damage by Floods.

An Albany despatch of Thursday says: Superintendent of Public Works Stranahan and his assistant, John E. Ashe, have just returned from the region of the flood at Johnstown and Fonda. They give the following information as to the extent of the damage done: At Aiken, three miles west of Amsterdam, 100 feet of the New York Central's track have been washed away. At Fonda the highway bridge spanning Cayadutta Creek is gone. The New York Central bridge adjacent to that village was also swept away. What was known as Segroff's bridge, midway between Tribes Hill and Fonda, together with the four tracks of the Central Railroad, was carried away. The water stood three feet deep in the streets of Fonda. Cellars were flooded and much damage was done to the plank road leading to Johnstown. Two miles west of Fonda the Central's tracks were carried away for a distance of 500 feet. At Johnstown and in its immediate vicinity nine bridges were destroyed. Between Tribes Hill and Fonda the West Shore Road is accommodating travel and is being strained to its utmost capacity. Several miles of freight cars are stranded between Amsterdam and Johnstown. The only damage done to the canals is on double lock 28 of the Erie Canal, the bank on one side having caved in. Navigation is not suspended, as the other side of the lock was not injured.

A Johnstown, N.Y., despatch says: Rain here during the night raised the Cayadutta Creek and shut off the search for the bodies. Only the bodies of Alfred Coakley, Charles Frear and Albert Steadwell have thus far been recovered, but Willie Myers, aged 10, and R. G. Simmons, aged 35, are also known to have been drowned. The most careful inquiry fails to reveal that any woman is missing. There were five men rescued from the flood. It is estimated that the loss by the flood will reach $200,000.

A Greensburg, Pa., despatch says: A destructive storm passed over the northern end of this county last evening. Crops of wheat, hay and oats were carried down the streams. Every bridge from Crabtree to Saltsburg has been carried away, and two or three hundred yards of the Crabtree Branch Railroad has been completely washed out. No lives reported lost. All along the Loyal Hannan Creek the damage is great. The Crabtree Railroad is a branch of the Pennsylvania Road. The water is now falling rapidly.

Something Like a Blaze.

A Ruthven despatch says: During Tuesday night a miscreant or miscreants partly removed the capping from Coste well No. 1, near Ruthven, and set fire to the escaping gas. The flames melted a portion of the iron stoppers and piping, burnt down the frame building that rose above and enclosed the well, and are now spreading far out on all sides, rendering near approach impossible. As the gas well has a yield of 16,000,000 feet per day, the terrible violence, heat and deafening roar of the flames may be imagined. All day yesterday was spent in vainly endeavoring to devise means to extinguish the burning gas. It is now thought that a cannon will have to be brought on the scene in order to shoot a ball that will break the piping and cut off the flames. The roar of the burning gas can be heard several miles distant from the well.

After Which He Probably Struck Out.

"I am sorry to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson," she said to the kneeling youth, "but your score is a goose-egg this time."

"Not much, Miss Kajones," he replied, haughtily, as he rose up and took his hat: "you can't prevent me from scoring a home run."

There are now in actual operation in Bengal 844 miles of canal, of which 614 are navigable. The area commanded by irrigation canals is 2,698,846 acres.

THE HAND OF DEATH.

Diphtheria Claims 360 Victims in a Year in St. John's, Nfld.

The returns for last week show that diphtheria is steadily though slowly abating. Twenty-three cases only are now under treatment; the number of new cases during the week was thirty-six, and there were but four deaths. It is thus evident that under the vigorous and judicious means employed the destructive pestilence which has desolated so many homes, and caused such an amount of suffering, is fast disappearing. That it will linger for some time yet may be expected; but its operations are curtailed, and we may reasonably hope that it will decline more and more till we shall at no distant date be delivered from it entirely. There must be no relaxation of vigilance for some time to come, for we have a treacherous foe to deal with; but we can now breathe more freely, in the hope of entire deliverance.

At this stage we may glance backward at the history of the epidemic and the ravages it has wrought. There were but few cases of diphtheria up to the 1st of July last year, and these were in the sporadic form. The disease presented no symptoms of becoming epidemic. On the 28th of June, 1888, the Board of Health, from the medical reports, were able to affirm that "St. John's was more free from infectious diseases than for a great many previous years—more free than ever in their experience."

From that date a change began. The number of cases began to increase. From a foul locality at King's bridge, where a number of families were infected, it spread into the city and appeared at various places. The efforts of the Board of Health were baffled by the concealment practised in too many cases, and thus intercourse with infected houses where it was not suspected to exist, diffused the germs of the disease widely. Still, during the fall months the extent of the disease was not very serious, and did not create much alarm. It was not till near Christmas that its proportions began to create a panic. Just before Christmas, there were 76 cases and 10 deaths. The increase went on, and in the first half of February there were 124 cases and 24 deaths, and in the second half 91 cases and 6 deaths. From March 14th to the 25th there were 124 cases and 18 deaths. The returns from that time showed that cases ranged from 47 to 69 each week. May proved to be a particularly fatal month. For the week ending May 5th there were 70 new cases and 14 deaths; in the second week 55 new cases, 11 deaths; third week 83 new cases, 11 deaths; fourth week 69 new cases, 9 deaths. Since then, there has been a gradual abatement.

From the returns compiled by that able and intelligent Health Inspector, Head Constable Winslow, who has rendered most valuable services throughout, we are now able to give the statistics of the epidemic since its first appearance, with a very close approximation to the facts. Altogether, there have been, up to the present time, 2,000 cases of diphtheria in St. John's and the immediate vicinity, and 360 deaths. The death rate has thus been 18 per cent. This is considerably lower than the death rate of other places, where diphtheria has been epidemic. The average of death ranges from 20 to 25 per cent. This lighter death rate speaks well for the skill and care of our medical men, as well as for the efficient energy of our Board of Health, especially in their efforts to aid the poor with medicines and necessaries.

We have had a severe lesson in the ravages of this epidemic—one that will not soon be forgotten. Two thousand out of a population of 30,000 have been attacked. Death has darkened many a dwelling. The amount of suffering, sorrow, anxiety, who can calculate? The mere loss of money—the disturbance of business—the public expenditure in meeting the visitation—the loss of time and labor—have been immense. The lesson will be thrown away upon us if we do not adopt the most stringent and efficient means in the future to improve the sanitary condition of the city, and guard the community from the invasion of infectious diseases.—*St. John's (Nfld.) Mercury.*

The Last Suez Canal Report.

The receipts for 1888 were 67,000,000 fr. and the expenses 7,743 000 fr., or only 11½ per cent., though including 400 000 fr. for the working of the night service. The expenses have only increased by 2,500,000 fr. since the opening of the canal, for canals, unlike railways, do not use up rails or coal, and increasing traffic requires but a very slight increase of the staff. The dividend, including the sum paid on account, will be 84 fr. The reserve being already above the obligatory amount, will not be increased, but 300,000 fr. is allotted towards the new works; 3,440 vessels used the canal last year, the passengers numbering 183,000; 1,680 vessels passed through by night. The average duration of the transit was 30¾ hours, which shows a steady reduction of time.

Placed Behind the Bars.

A Chicago despatch of Friday says Judge Horton to-day, after hearing the arguments, refused to issue a writ of habeas corpus looking to the release on bail of John J. Beggs, the chief officer of camp No. 20, Clan-na Gael, indicted for conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin. Judge Horton held that the indictment was sufficient presumption of guilt to warrant holding the prisoner without bail. He did not require the State to disclose the evidence on which the indictment was found. It was said that the application was made partly with a view to obtain this evidence, that it might be used to assist Burke in his fight against extradition at Winnipeg.

Prof. Semmola, of the University of Paris, in an article published in the *Gazette Medicale de Paris*, says: "Dryness of the skin, imperfect digestion and transformation of albuminoid food are present at the beginning of chronic Bright's Disease." Warner's Safe Cure removes digestive disorders. Why? Because it enables the kidneys to perform their functions in a healthy manner, when both cause and resulting symptoms disappear.

The St. Mary's, Pa., *Herald* states that a Ridgway minister who had favored Prohibition was saved in the late flood by a beer-keg that opportunely floated to him, and he thereupon decided to vote against the amendment.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE colored man is now having an inning. Frederick Douglass has been appointed U. S. Minister to Hayti. He gets $5,000 a year as advance agent of the great republic.

THE new harbor works at Buenos Ayres will confer great advantages on that rising port. It will no longer be necessary for ocean steamers to anchor twelve miles from shore. Excessive lighterage amounting sometimes to more than the entire freight charges from Europe or the United States will be also avoided for the same reason.

THE year 1889 is the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the penny post in England. It was in 1839 that a committee of the House of Commons reported favorably upon Sir Rowland Hill's scheme for the establishment of cheap postage. The Bill received a majority of 100 votes and became a law on August 17th, 1839.

THE ice cream freezer and the ice water pitcher are doing their deadly work these days. The other day a Toronto man lost his life by tarrying too long at the ice water pitcher, and to-day's despatches announce that some sixty people were more or less poisoned by dallying too much with the freezer. The lager beer keg must be off on a holiday, for we have not heard of it laying out any of its customers.

THE ship canal connecting Manchester, Eng., with the sea will be completed within four years. The canal is to be thirty-five miles long and from 170 to 260 feet above and 130 feet wide at the bottom. The minimum depth will be 25 feet. The contract for digging the canal has been taken by a company of engineers for £5,750,000. Such a waterway will be of incalculable benefit to the whole of England.

THE English naval authorities propose to construct two war vessels, which shall surpass anything of the kind yet built by that country. They will be named respectively the Hood and the Hawk. The first will be of 14,600 tons measurement, and will have engines of 20,000 horse-power. The second will also be of 20,000 horse-power, but the tonnage will be little more than half that of the first mentioned, or 7,500 tons.

ENGLAND owns over half of the entire ocean tonnage of the world. The exact figures are 51.4 per cent. The increase of the steam tonnage of the world in 1888 was 633,948 tons, and half of this increase was built by British owners. In the same year the United States added to her tonnage only twenty-seven new steamers and 20,274 tons. Even Japan has gone beyond this figure in the same period, by the addition of fifty steamers and 36,084 tons.

THE Johnstown disaster has aroused public apprehension in England, lest similar accidents may occur there. There are many large storage reservoirs in various parts of Great Britain, and Parliamentary inquiry is to be made into their condition. There is an immense reservoir in Wales, from which Liverpool is supplied with water. It is four times the size of the Conemaugh lake, and is formed by a wall of solid masonry ninety feet thick. This wall, though comparatively new, is said to have shown signs of weakening, and an immediate inquiry is demanded into its condition.

M. TOPINARD has been making a statistical inquiry into the colors of the eyes and hair in France, and from his 180,000 observations he deduces many interesting results, one of the most curious being that where the race is formed from a mixture of blondes and brunettes the hereditary blood-coloring comes out in the eyes and the brunette element reappears in the hair. To this tendency, probably, is to be attributed the rarity of a combination of light hair with dark eyes. Several observers have asserted that the American people, who are pre-eminently a mixed race, are becoming a dark-haired and blue-eyed nation, and if this be true such a development must be owing to the working of the law formulated by M. Topinard.

THE same trouble with pavement is met in European cities as in American, and experiments have been made with all sorts of materials. The use of wood has met with much greater success there than on this side of the Atlantic. The reason is said to be that a solid foundation of concrete is used upon which the blocks rest. Owing to its hardness and resinous quality American yellow pine, it is said, has become the favorite wood for this purpose in Berlin and Hamburg, and an official report says that Frederick's Bridge, Berlin, which was paved in the spring of 1879 with the wood in question, is still in good condition, while the approaches, paved with granite blocks, have twice since required repaving.

A CABLE despatch announces the death in the Caucasus of Prince Nicholas Dadiani of Mingrelia, at one time a candidate for the Bulgarian throne. Prince Nicholas was about 52 years old, and had been divorced from his wife, who was the daughter of General Count Adleberg, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, and a former maid of honor to the Empress. He held the rank of colonel in the Russian army, and was described as a man of the world. He was married in 1860, and ten children were the fruit of the union. In the early part of 1887 Russia pressed Prince Nicholas forward as her candidate for the throne of Bulgaria. For a time all Europe talked about him. Little was known about him or his family, however, but that little was eagerly devoured. The Bulgarians were not pleased with his nomination. They were violently opposed to any one proposed by Russia and bitterly fought against her candidacy. After much delay the Sobranje declared it would not have him, and as a ruler had to be appointed at once Prince Ferdinand was given the throne.

A CABLE despatch announces the death of Sir Salar Jung, K.C.S.I., formerly Dewan or Prime Minister of Hyderabad. He was the descendant of a line of statesmen who have directed the affairs of the Nizam of Hyderabad since the beginning of the 18th century. Engaged in official work from his youth, he succeeded his uncle, Surdj-ul-Mulk, as Dewan in 1853. The State was a prey to anarchy, the capital was terrorized by Arab mercenaries, and the British Government had recently deprived the Nizam of the Province of Berar. It was evident, indeed, that Lord Dalhousie contemplated the annexation of the remainder of that ruler's dominions. To avert the supreme disaster and to gain back Berar was the great task set before him by Salar Jung, and despite the meddling and muddling of the Nizam, Afzul-ul-Doulah, he had completely succeeded in the first part of his task by the time of the mutiny. During the mutiny his energies were wisely devoted to keeping back the fanatical element of the population of Hyderabad, and by holding the Deccan tranquil during this great crisis he removed the last pretext the Calcutta authorities could possibly entertain for annexing the country. The death of the Nizam, in 1869, gave Salar Jung a free hand, the new sovereign being a mere child, and the State being administered by a regency composed of the chief of the nobility, Amir-i-Kabir and Salar Jung. What abuses remained were promptly swept away, and Hyderabad became a model State. In 1876 Sir Salar undertook a voluntary mission to England in the hope of procuring the restoration of Berar. In that he was disappointed, but he must have found some consolation in the genuine admiration entertained for him by Englishmen. He was knighted and created a K. C. S. I.

FOR HOT WEATHER.

Four Recipes for Making Good and Inexpensive Drinks.

Ginger water, which is simply water sweetened with molasses, with two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar added to each cup of molasses, and the whole spiced with ginger, is a very palatable drink, and one which may be safely used by farm laborers, unless indulged in too freely when overheated.

Cocoa tea is healthful and inexpensive. It is made from the shells or nibs, which cost three cents per pound. Wet two ounces with a little cold water, and pour over them a quart of boiling water; cook one and a half hours; strain and add a quart of milk heated to boiling. It should be slightly sweetened.

Oatmeal water is the cheapest and one of the most healthful hot weather drinks. It is simply oatmeal stirred into cold water and allowed to settle before drinking. This is sold in New York at a penny a glass, giving the vendor about 99 per cent. of profit. It makes a pleasanter drink if a very thin gruel is made, using one tablespoonful of oatmeal to a quart of water. Boil for an hour, strain and let it get very cold. Still another improvement is to add the juice of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each quart.

Ginger Beer.—A ginger beer costing about fifteen cents a gallon is a good standby. There are many different recipes for this, but the following is one of the simplest. Pour four quarts of boiling water over three-fourths of a pound of white sugar; add the minced yellow peel of one lemon and an ounce of ground ginger. Let this stand covered until lukewarm, then add the juice of the lemon and a gill of good yeast. Mix thoroughly, cover and stand in a warm place over night. Next day strain, bottle and cork; tying down the corks securely. Lay the bottles on their sides in a cool place.

Sadder Than Death.

Last Friday afternoon a district telegraph messenger who was speeding along the street with a telegram valued at 15 cents a minute, was run over and seriously injured by a blind man named Standfast. Standfast is a cripple, having a wooden leg. He had taken his leg off to rest it, while he sat by the wayside and begged, and some mischief-loving boys had taken the leg and hid it. Standfast missing it, was groping along the sidewalk feeling for it, and inadvertently moved right in the messenger boy's wake. Several persons, seeing that he would run the boy down, shouted to the latter that the blind man was after him, and the boy, realizing his peril, made a desperate sprint for his life, and for a few feet gained on his pursuer, but before he was far enough ahead to turn out with safety the cripple was upon him and ran clear over him before he could be stopped. The boy's injuries were very serious, as he fell upon his wrist, spraining it so that it will probably be two weeks before he can hang on the steps of an omnibus going in the wrong direction. It was reported late that night, owing to his inability to utilize his favorite official time killer, the boy had delivered one message nearly on time, but the rumor was indignantly denied at headquarters, the superintendent offering to prove by the books that such a thing had never occurred since the invention of human speed. At a late hour this morning it was feared that the boy was recovering his inertia, which had been severely disturbed.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Notes From Scotland.

It is said that Mr. Arrol, the leading contractor for the Forth bridge, will be knighted on the completion of the enterprise.

The Duke of Argyll has resolved to feu the Roseneath estate, and through his agents is offering sites on that part of the estate extending eastwards towards Kilcreggan, and embracing the Gallowhill heights.

Mr. Ian Macpherson-Grant, eldest son of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, was married in St. Mark's Church, London, on June 26th, to Miss Mary Dennistoun, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Dennistoun, of Golfbill, Lanarkshire.

Mr. Gladstone intends addressing his constituents in Midlothian in October at Edinburgh, Dalkeith and Mid-Calder respectively. He will be the guest of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, and will probably thereafter go to Aberdeen on a visit to Lord Aberdeen at Haddo House.

Breeding English Pheasants.

Rutherford Stuyvesant, the wealthy landowner of Abamuchy, some time ago set 4,000 English pheasant eggs under hens and now has hundreds of little birds running about his place and the number is increasing daily. He will set them free on his large reserve some time during the summer or fall. He employs regular gamekeepers.

—A young man in Pennsylvania could not afford to take his bride on a wedding tour; so he purchased $5 worth of rides on a merry-go-round, and they travelled until tired out.

In 1774 a Yorkshire village school bore the sign: "Wrighten and Readden and Trow Spellen and allso Marchantte Ackounts with Double Entery. Post Skript Girlls and Bouys Boarded and good Yozitch for Chillderen."

MAKING ANAGRAMS.

A Pleasant Diversion for a Quiet Evening Hour at Home.

Making anagrams is a pleasant diversion for a quiet evening hour, says the New York *World*. Let our boys and girls get out their paper and pencils and prove this. In the first place, though, let us find out what an anagram is. An anagram is the dissolving of a person's name or some familiar phrase, historical or otherwise, into its letters, as elements, from which, without addition, subtraction or change, a new sentence or connection of words is made so as to form complete sense. The more applicable the sentence so formed is to the subject annagrammatized so much greater is the merit of the anagram.

A good subject for our young people to try first is their own or the name of some friend, and if there is a good sprinkling of vowels in the name selected some surprising results may be reached. The pith of the anagram is, of course, that it shall in some way relate to the person whose name is used. Cornelius Vanderbilt's name has been aptly transformed into "On curb death in silver," but some one has done even better than that by discovering that it also may be made to read: "Vanderbilt rules coin." From Lord Beaconsfield's name is gleaned "I faced nobles," and "I moyl in law" is a good transposition of William Noy, who was Attorney-General to Charles I.

The flatterers of James I. of England proved his right to the British monarchy as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur, from his name, "Charles James Stuart," which becomes "Claims Arthur's Seat." An author, in dedicating a book to the same monarch, finds that in "James Stuart" he has "a just master."

Comparatively few people are aware that the name of Voltaire, the witty Frenchman, is Francois Marie Aronet, and that the assumed name (Voltaire) is simply an anagram of Aronet, l. j. (le jeune), u being synonymous with v, and j with i. See if our young people cannot make some equally happy hits as the above.

Anagram-making is no recent institution, but has long been a fashionable amusement of the witty and learned. At the court of Louis XVI it was the leading pastime, and the King, it is said, employed a learned man especially for the purpose of composing these fancies of wit for the amusement of himself and court. It was a great triumph of the mediæval anagrammatist to find in Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) its own answer, "Est vir qui adest" (It is the man who is here). This certainly is most singular. Our modern anagrammatists have also done some good work, among the best of which is the following:

The Declaration of Independence—Open hate dare lend it confidence.

Washington Crossing the Delaware—A hard, howling, tossing water scene.

The Last Days of Pompeii—Past homes of Italy pied.

Where Old Shoes Go.

It may have been noticed that nowadays very few old shoes and scraps of leather are observable lying in our streets or dustheaps. This is in a great measure due to the collections of old scraps of leather, which are taken to mills, where they are cut up almost into fine dust. To this is added about 40 per cent. of Indian rubber, and the whole is then subjected to a pressure of 6,000 or 10,000 pounds per square foot. The substance is then colored, and is sold at prices some 50 per cent. below that of natural leather. It is manifestly a very poor substitute, and it is wholly wanting in fibre; in fact, if it were not for the insane craze for cheap articles, which buyers vainly hope to substitute for those which, though the original cost is greater, are yet in the end cheaper, we should never hear of this compound, which might almost as well be made of saw-dust as leather-dust. In consequence of the manufacture and sale of large quantities of inferior leather many old established tanners are now stamping their's with a trade mark, which is some guarantee to the buyer, as he may be sure no man will put his name or trade mark on an inferior article. It is hoped by this means to enable those who desire to buy the best quality of leather to be able to secure what they want, namely, a reliable article at a moderate cost.—*Shoe and Leather Review.*

A Scottish Spurgeon.

A preacher who is being more talked about, perhaps, than any other man in England is the Rev. John MacNeill, who has just accepted a call from Scotland to Regent's Square Chapel, London. A correspondent, who heard him recently, writes: "I had thought from anything I had seen published of MacNeill's sermons that he was only a Scotch edition of Spurgeon or Moody, but though there is something that reminds one of Moody in things he says his individualism is very pronounced. His homely Scotch accent and reverence in prayer drew me at once; and then his plain, earnest, unpretentious talk in preaching, with here and there a telling illustration, with some light touches both of humor and pathos, all combined to make you forget the man under the power of his utterances. So far as I could see he seemed a plain, broad shouldered, sturdy Scot, with an honest, good humored face."

Visitors to the Whipping Post.

"There is not in the State of Delaware to-day a single penitentiary. If a man beats his wife or sets fire to a neighbor's barn, or breaks into a house, he isn't shut up with a lot of other criminals, with full time and opportunity to learn all their tricks of deviltry that he did not know before. As a preventive of crime the whipping post has a much greater terror than a term in the penitentiary, and I have never known of a man that came back for second dose. He simply leaves the State. Maybe he comes to New York; I don't know. At any rate he seeks another home, and you may rest assured that if he stays in Delaware he lives a very quiet life. To be sure it is a relic of barbarism, but it is our way."—*Governor Biggs in the New York Star.*

Cooler Than a Flannel Shirt.

The flannel shirt is coming in for its full share of adoration during the hot spell, when starched linen wilts so easily. There is only one thing that is cooler than this article, and that is a calm and contented mind. There's nothing more heating than fret and worry.—*Boston Herald.*

CRAWLING UNDER.

An Old-time Sport and Its Modern Disheartening Dangers.

The red lemonade isn't anything like as red as it used to be, and the facilities for crawling under the canvas are absolutely wanting. This is not fair. It is a discrimination against the boy who has not collected enough scrap-iron to produce the price of a ticket. In the good old one-ring days as soon as the bills were up every boy, whose father could see nothing ennobling in the circus, plunged madly into the junk business until the necessary 13 pounds of wrought iron at 2 cents per pound or 50 pounds of cast iron at one half cent per pound were collected. But sometimes there was great stringency in the scrap-iron market. This frequently happened when circuses came a few weeks apart, and after the first one folks learned to carry in their garden tools and kettles nights. In such events competition ran high to secure a situation as water-carrier to a Prohibition elephant. In default of securing this there was no recourse but to crawl under the canvas. I believe canvasmen preferred this way. They were accustomed to permit a boy to get his head under the bolt-ropes and then help him on his way rejoicing with a kick which boosted him into a flight only equaled by the man who jumps from one trapeze to another at that critical moment when the bass-horn snorts. Now all this is changed. The most impecunious boy you ever saw can not get within 100 feet of the promised land without being yelled at by a vulgar second-mate kind of person who has the bad taste to kick outward instead of inward. Such is progress. Such are the brutal tactics indulged in by the exponents of the tent-show renaissance to popularize the ticket-waggon. That which is missed by the present generation more than anything else is the above mentioned temperance elephant whose motto is "Water, cold, cold water for me." Now, with a whole "drove of performing pachyderms" there is no longer a chance to carry water for six hours to pay for two-hours bliss. The drove simply connects its hose to the water plugs, while the householders of the neighboring wards send complaints to the water office and abuse the Commissioner of Public Works. The boy of to-day misses the toothless old "Monarch of the Forest," which is the professional alias of the misanthropic, weary lion, and also fails to know intimately the man who stood in front of the cage and told how many little boys he had eaten at the last stand. The combination of liar and lion furnished more good thrill than the dozen cages of sleek "Monarchs" in the big show of to-day.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

GAMBLING ON BOARD SHIP.

Poker the Most Popular Game Among the Crowds Crossing the Ocean.

The Paris Exposition has been a godsend to the steamship gamblers, who have plied their trade with vigor during the past few months. They have followed their profession regularly, and with profit, until complaints at the steamship offices about transatlantic gamblers have been as thick as flies.

"More people have been carried across the ocean this year by the different lines of steamers than ever before," said an agent the other day. "Our steamers have been crowded, and from all accounts those from other lines have been in the same condition. The great crowd has been attracted by the Exposition, and many of them being young men with plenty of money, have been fleeced by the gamblers.

Gambling is not allowed on board of the steamers, but how can you help it when it is done in private state-rooms, where no one sees it? It is in their state-rooms that the professional high sea sharpers fleece the young men whose fortunes are greater than their knowledge of cards.

"Poker is the most popular game on shipboard, although on one of the recent voyages a gambler tried to start a game of faro in his stateroom, but was stopped by the ship authorities. There is hardly a ship that leaves the city but carries one or more professional gamblers on board, although none of the agents of the big lines would sell tickets to them if they knew it beforehand. Men love gambling too well to be deprived of it and they will have professional card players so long as they are willing to put up small or large stakes. It is hard work to amuse oneself on the steamships during a long voyage, and it is only natural that many should take to their favorite game of cards. They gamble in a friendly way; make acquaintances until they find that they are fleeced out of large amounts by some professional. Then, rather than let it be known, they fail to report it to the proper authorities. I know of two or three club men from New York and Philadelphia who were fleeced out of several thousand dollars this summer in coming from Queenstown to New York. But they would willingly give several thousand dollars more rather than have their losses made public. They don't want their names connected with cards or the gambling table, and so the matter is hushed up.—*New York Letter to Philadelphia Times.*

Cure for Indigestion.

For indigestion, the external application of something warm to the stomach, a piece of flannel, or anything to keep the stomach warm and promote a supply of blood, is sometimes of great benefit. In taking hot water internally, it is best to sip it by spoonfuls, waiting a moment after each for an eructation of the gas disengaged by the hot water from the fermenting contents of the stomach.

Warner's Safe Cure cures both malaria and kidney disease by taking out of the blood the poisonous malarial germs, and by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

—Lawyer—My conscience troubled me a little last night about that fee I charged Jones yesterday. Friend (astonished)—Your conscience? Lawyer—Certainly. I was afraid that I had been unjust to myself.

Emeline—Alfred, I am very fond of you, but I doubt if I love you enough to be your wife. Alfred—Emeline, give me, oh give me the benefit of the doubt! Emeline—I will, Alfred. Henceforth all is over between us.

Fault is one of those little things that do not need to be seen in order to be found. A blind man can find fault.

FACTS ABOUT INSOMNIA.

Those Who Always Practice Punctuality and Those Who Do Not.

Are you afflicted with insomnia? Perhaps you have too much time for sleep. Perhaps you depend too much on sleep for rest and recuperation. For sleep is not the sole rest of used-up nerves. Sociability, congeniality and the enjoyment of good company rest the body quite as much as sleep. The dreary monotony of life in many a household, involving this tumbling into bed with the mechanical regularity of a machine at 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening, does not always rest weary bodies. "Early to bed and early to rise" does not always make a man healthy, wealthy or wise. Numbers of organizations are only capable of five or six hours sleep at a time, and their early lying down to rest is often succeeded by an early waking up and a consequent restless tossing for hours preceding daybreak. The practicers of punctuality are often surprised after breaking their own cast-iron rules, and passing two or three later hours of mirth and jollity past their usual bed time, to find themselves even more refreshed in the morning than usual. The relaxation of sociability had rested them more than sleep would or an attempt to sleep. But these are conditions not so easily reached in the average family. In fashionable life we have a formal, exhausting, mechanical evening of more or less dissipation. On the other hand the evenings of many families are monotonous humdrum. They involve the assemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same paterfamilias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overladen with family cares. Fresh people, with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, anything to stir up and agitate the pool of domestic stagnation, are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a constant succession of such fresh people to bring about these results. The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be their business after the day's work was done to entertain each other, and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds, if not thousands, of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out prematurely from utter lack of domestic recreation. There might be written over the graves of hundreds of thousands: "Bored to death by the stagnation of domestic life."—*The Christian at Work.*

"She's Much Older Than Her Husband."

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is really several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar sufferer, let her get the "Prescription." It will bring back her lost beauty, and, better still, it will remove all those distressing symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on the bottle wrapper.

A Popular Error Corrected.

There is a widespread popular impression that a very large proportion of deaths from disease take place in the early morning hours—between 4 and 6 o'clock. That this is an error is well known to most medical men. From time to time careful observations have been made in hospitals which have resulted in showing that the act of death takes place with fairly equal frequency during the whole 24 hours of the day.

$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their disease by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

An Understanding at Last.

Old Mr. Widower had been sitting silently alone with Miss Autumn for fifteen minutes. Finally he spoke: "Miss Autumn, you are pretty—" "Oh, Mr. Widower!" "You are pret—" "How can you, Mr. Widower?" "I started to say you were pretty—" "Oh, you horrid man, stop!" "Condemn it all, woman," shouted Mr. Widower, rising and breaking for the door. "I wanted to say that you were pretty near as old as I am. Now, demme, I think you're twice as old."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

P stands for Pierce, the wonderful doctor,
Providing safe remedies, of which he is concoctor
Pleasant to taste and easy to take,
Purgative Pellets now bear off the cake.

Raspberry vinegar is a luxury that may be indulged in by families living in the country who have an abundance of fruit. Put four quarts of berries in a stone jar, with one quart of the best cider vinegar, and mash to a paste with a wooden pestle. Set in the sun twelve hours and then place all night in a cool place. Strain off the juice the next day and pour it over four quarts of fresh berries. The second day strain, and to each quart of the juice allow one pint of water and five pounds of granulated sugar. Heat over a slow fire until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil slowly, skimming off the scum. As soon as it reaches the boiling point, strain and bottle while warm, sealing the corks with wax. This syrup, or cordial, although too expensive for ordinary use, is a delightful drink for summer-evening gatherings. Put two tablespoonfuls in a glass of ice-water and embellish with any fruit in season.

DUNL 30 89.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

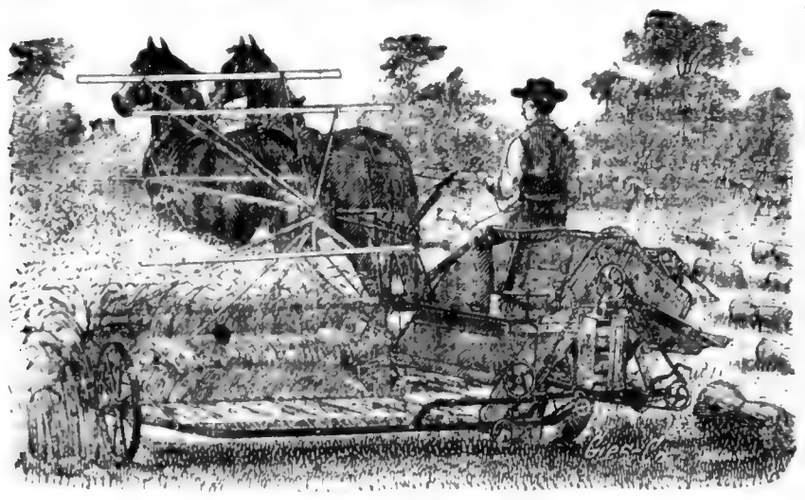

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before purchasing I would respectfully request the farmers to
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than any other machines in Canada.
Therefore 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower.
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

—:— MANUFACTURER OF —:—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al Kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, ca makes STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc ,constantly on hand

EVETROUGHING A SPECI ALITY

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME
Get Your Tailoring Done
AT
C. J. LEITCHE'S
FLESHERTON.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore

I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Grist ing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern
Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, &c., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 88

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P. O

COUNTY & DISTRICT

Mr. W. H. Blair, the popular and widely known piano, organ and sewing machine man, while at Bell's Corners the other day, heard of a farmer in the neighborhood owning a colt of most extraordinary description. Mr. Blair drove out and purchased the animal, and we venture to say it is one of the greatest freaks of nature which that dame has ever produced. It is a fully developed colt with one exception that it is a biped, having only two legs—the hind ones. Mr. Blair's stables were visited by hundreds of persons on Friday and Saturday. The animal died on Saturday morning, having injured itself during the night. It is the intention to have it preserved as a curiosity.—[Arthur Enterprise.

BAD ACCIDENT.—On Monday last a young boy, only child of Mr. Vick Bates, of Melancthon, was injured by being kicked by a horse. His scull was badly fractured, and only slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.—[Shelburne Free Press.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last a son of Mr. McAlpine, of Chatsworth, aged about 25 years, being home for holidays, went out with other young men to spend an afternoon shooting; and while returning he was in the act of lifting his gun over the seat in the rig in which they were riding, bringing the gun towards him by the muzzle when the trigger caught on something, discharging the load, the ball entering his breast. He was brought home and medical aid was summoned; but he continued to sink, and died at 3 o'clock the following morning. The sad event is a severe blow to his parents.—[Markdale Standard.

LOTS FOR SALE BY TENDER

—IN THE—

VILLAGE OF EUGENIA.

There is now offered for sale by tender in the village of Eugenia, the following park lots, namely: Lot No. 6 and 7 on the south side of Raglan street, and lots No. 6 and 7 on the north side of Raglan street, each lot containing one-half acre more or less, and being a part of the estate of the late Archibald Cairns, deceased. Tenders must be addressed to GEO. STEWART Sr., Flesherton P.O., and must be received by him on or before August 1st, 1889. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Terms cash.

HENRY CAIRNS
GEORGE STEWART } Executors
JOHN WRIGHT

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies, Delivery carts, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract work for tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

ROLLER FLOUR
best in the markets at
Blackburn's.
Ice Cream Parlors!
all kinds of cooling summer drinks.
Cured Meats,
Lard, Bologna,
etc.
ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON
—AT—
BLACKBURN'S

'This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish Calf and Buff Congolas, Lace and Button

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Congola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s 1½d, 2s. 9d., 4s 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.
A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week: on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McCOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from B. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
-OF
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re-sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. BOWERS,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years, our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 420. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1889. W. H. THURSTON,

WATCHES,
Clocks, & Jewelry.
STUDY
Your Own Interests
by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Spectacles at Silverware at
Russell's Noted
JEWELRY STORE.
FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Barpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains, and a beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagemen Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell.

THE ONE PRICE
Cash Store.
STILL ON DECK!
Goods cheaper than ever

This is the time for all farmers to lay in a good stock of

Groceries

for haying and harvesting. We have put the prices down to meet the demands.

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.
—AT—
ROCK - BOTTOM - PRICES.
More Customers wanted
To Carry off the Bargains.
McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps ! Pumps !

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with both wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

Durham Bull for service.

Mr. Alex. Stewart, lot 15?, 3rd range west, Artemesia, desires to inform the public that he has a fine thoroughbred Durham Bull for service on his premises.

TERMS—$1, payable 1st Feb., 1890. For four cows or over a liberal reduction will be made

Flesherton Livery Stables.
D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

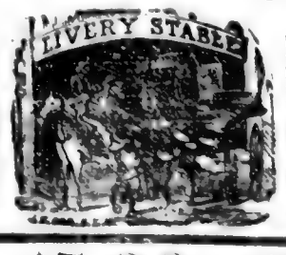

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Special attention paid to commercial business.

THE ADVANCE.

Is published
Every Thursday,
FROM THE OFFICE,
Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance
$1.50 per annum when not so paid.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

The editor of the Streetsville Review still has a fatherly eye upon Flesherton and the County of Grey in general. Here is how his optics see matters in this county re high school matters :

The County of Grey is three times as large as Peel. It sends three members to the House of Commons and three to the Legislative Assembly. There are seventeen townships and the County Town, Owen Sound, is situated on the extreme Northern boundary. The population of the County is between 80,000 and 90,000. There are three Public School Inspectors. And yet the large district, with its teeming population, possesses but one High School, and that is located about as far away from the center as it is possible to get it. Efforts have been made time and again to get other High Schools established, but the County Council have repeatedly voted them down, and by their shortsiged and retrogressive policy have driven scores of pupils to seek for higher educational facilities in outside places. There should be at least two more High Schools in Grey than there is—one, say, at Meaford and the other at Flesherton. Let the press keep up the agitation until these are secured. It will only be a matter of time—the reins of power will not always remain in the hands of the opponents of increased educational facilities.

Sullivan and Kilrain are fugitives from justice, and it is said they are "are on the way to Canada" and will meet in Toronto. It is rather hard on Toronto to have these gentlemen seek its hospitality in this manner, when it has such an unblemished character to defend, and no doubt the good people of that city will endeavor to persuade the pugilists that Hamilton or Mimico is a much healthier point to rusticate in—that is if they have not got considerable money to squander.

From a late Parliamentary return it is learned that there are still 104 veterans of the war of 1812 still living and receiving pensions, divided among the provinces as follows : Ontario 42, Quebec 52, New Brunswick 4, Nova Scotia 1, Manitoba 1, United States 4.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. R. Brown intends putting up a stable and shed this week.

Mrs. T. Clark returned to Parry Sound last week.

Miss Lilly Long was visiting friends near Dundalk last week.

Mrs. T. Hamlin, of Collingwood, is visiting friends near Maxwell.

Miss Etta Spotford is home from Collingwood, where she has been attending the Collegiate Institute.

George Heron intends leaving for Dakota this month.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

A good investment has been made at the Wesley church by putting on a new gate.

Mr. S. Osburn is erecting a new building on the school premises.

Mr. J. Brodie was down to Toronto last week attending a meeting of the grange salt company.

Mrs. Wm. Hutchinson is away on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Dean at Emery.

Mr. J. Warling, Mrs. Warling, and Mr. R. Warling were away on a visit to Durham last week.

Mrs. Johnston of Wiarton, is visiting at her father's.

Mormonism.

To the Editor of The Advance.

SIR—With your permission I will give your readers a short sketch of the teaching of the Mormons. We had some of them lately in Balsam Valley, trying to convert us to their faith, giving us to understand that all other churches are on the road to perdition. Elder McIntosh began by showing 1. That the Church of Rome departed from the faith and is the great whore and mother of harlots, and that all the other churches are harlots and their preachers impostors, as the signs do not follow their preaching. This is certainly Mormon impudence, for I know not of any other society that the words whore, harlots and impositors will apply to or suit better than to them. They are the only church known in America that is charged with polygamy and polytheism. They maintain that they are the only people on earth to-day that have any authority to preach or baptise, and that they hold the keys of the Aaronic and Melchisedek priesthood, for that they were ordained by John the Baptist, sent from heaven for that purpose by Peter, James and John, who they say, held the keys of the Melchisedek priesthood, and as they claim to be the only authorised priesthood and church. I will give to your readers their authority for preaching from their own writings, which be sufficient to prove their whole system is an imposture and a beastly system of idolatry, composed of Mormonism, Mahommedanism, Smithism, Rigdonism, Prattism, and almost every other ism, including infidelity. I will give you the corner stone of Mormonism. Their ordination : We, on a certain day, went into the woods to pray and enquire of the Lord respecting baptism for the remission of sins, as we found mention in the translation of the plates. While we were thus engaged praying and calling on the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands on us he ordained us, saying : "On you, my fellow servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and by baptism, by immersion, for the remission of sins. And this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering to the Lord in righteousness, he said that this Aaronic priesthood had not the power of laying on of hands for the gift of the holy spirit, but that this should be conferred on us hereafter, and he commanded us to go and be baptised, and gave us directions that I should baptise Oliver Cowdry, and that afterwards he should baptise me. Accordingly we went and were baptised. I baptised him first and afterwards he baptised me. After that I laid my hands on his head and ordained him to the Aaronic priesthood ; and afterwards he laid his hands on me and ordained me to the same priesthood, as we were commanded. The messenger who visited us on this occasion and conferred this priesthood on us said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptist in the New Testament, and that he acted under the direction of Peter, James and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchisedek, which priesthood he said should in due time be conferred on us, and I should be the first elder and he the second." Joe Smith was always sure to be the first in everything. On page 102, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Joe is to be called 1. Seer, 2. Translator, 3. Prophet, 4 Apostle, 5. Elder. In my next I will show to the readers of The Advance the absurdity of their claim to be so ordained, and that their claim is a flat contradiction of the Scriptures, and they are not entitled to any encouragement from those who love the truth.

ANTI-MORMON

Sixty Years Ago

Sung "Twenty Years Ago."

I'm thinking of our school days, Tom,
When we were young you know
Some things seem but as yesterday
Tho' sixty years ago.

And memories come, of that long past
Return but as a dream—
Part of a long forgotten
Adown time's restless stream

Those long, hard words, and "tables" learned
And writing "sure but slow"
And reading too, and rithmetic,
Of sixty years ago.

Our schoolmates, Tom, those boys and girls
We played with on the green,
Or hand sleigh riding down the hill,
How near to us they seem

Although some sixty years have fled,
Of sunshine, wintry snow,
Bright hopes, and disappointment too
Since three score years ago

See that old man with faltering step
Eyes dimmed, and hair so gray
Can that be "Rush," that sprightly boy
Our schoolmate once so gay ?

Ah, yes, and in the graveyard sleep
'Neath many a silent mound,
Some younger older, teachers dear
While yet we're "homeward bound

The old school house has crumbled down
Wild vines and grasses grow
Few school mates now are left, dear Tom
Of sixty years ago.

WM PURDY

Winnipeg, Canada, 1889

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 25	$
Fall Wheat	90	0
Spring Wheat	88	
Barley	0 30	0
Oats	0 25	0
Peas	0 50	0
Butter	0 15	0
Eggs, fresh	0 12	0
Potatos bush	0 15	0
Pork	6 00	6
Hay per ton	9 00	9
Hides	5 50	6
Sheepskins	0 50	0
Geese	0 05	0
Turkeys	0 10	0
Chickens per pair	0 25	0
Ducks per lb	0 06	0
Wool	0 18	

SIGN
"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gents'

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optician
MARKDALE, Ont.

Roller Flour $5.00, Shorts 85cts., Bran 65cts., at W. TRIMBLE'S.

Three Stages.

I.

Sighing like a furnace,
Over ears in love,
Lost in adoration
Of his lady's glove.
Thinks no girl was ever
Quite as sweet as she.
Tells you she's an angel,
Expects you to agree.

II.

Moping and repining,
Glum and morose,
Asks the price of poison,
Thinks he'll take a dose.
Women are so fickle,
Love is all a sham,
Marriage is a failure
Like a broken dam.

III.

Whistling, blithe and cheerful,
Always bright and gay,
Dancing, singing, laughing,
All the livelong day,
Full of fun and frolic,
Caught in Fashion's whirl,
Thinks no more of poison—
Got another girl.

What Was It?

Guess what he had in his pocket,
Marbles and tops and sundry toys,
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brass watch-key broken in two,
A fish hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two and a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What *did* he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
Wasn't it?

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE FARM HOUSE.

It was a very pleasant, homelike old farm house, standing there among the New England hills, with the summer sunshine falling upon it, and the summer air, sweet with the perfumes of roses and June pinks, filling the wide hall and great square room, where, on the morning when our story opens, the utmost confusion prevailed. Carpets were up; curtains were down; huge boxes were standing everywhere, while into them two men and a boy were packing the furniture scattered promiscously around, for on the morrow the family, who had owned and occupied the house so long, were to leave the premises and seek another home in the little village about two miles away. In one of the lower rooms in the wing to the right, where the sunshine was the brightest and the rose-scented air the sweetest, a white-faced woman lay upon a couch looking at and listening to a lady who sat talking to her, with money and pride and selfishness stamped upon her as plainly as if the words had been placarded upon her back. The lady was Mrs. Marshall-More of Boston, whose handsome country house was not far from the red farmhouse, which, with its rich, well cultivated acres, had, by the foreclosure of a mortgage she held upon it, recently come into her possession, or rather into that of her half brother, who had bidden it off for her.

Mrs. Marshall-More had once been plain Mrs. John More, but since her husband's death, she had prefixed her maiden name, with a hyphen to the More, making herself Mrs. Marshall-More which, she thought, had a very aristocratic look and sound. She was a great lady in her own immediate circle of friends in the city, and a greater lady in Merrivale, where she passed her summers, and her manner toward the little woman on the couch was one of infinite superiority and patronage, mingled with a show of interest and pity. She had driven to the farmhouse that morning, ostenibly to say good-bye to the family, but really to go over the place which she had coveted so long as a most desirable adjunct to her possessions. What she was saying to the white-faced woman in the widow's cap was this:

"I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Graham, and I hope you do not blame me for foreclosing the mortgage. I had to have the money, for Archie's college expenses will be very heavy, and then I am going to Europe this summer, and I did not care to draw from my other investments."

"Oh, no, I blame no one, but it is very hard all the same to leave the old home where I have been so happy," Mrs. Graham replied, and Mrs. Marshall-More went on: "I am glad to hear you say so, for the Merrivale people have been very ill-natured about it and I have heard more than once that I hastened the foreclosure and intend to tear down the old house and build a cottage, which is false."

To this Mrs. Graham made no reply, and Mrs. Marshall-More continued:

"You will be much better off in the village than in this great rambling house, and your children will find employment there. Maude must be 18, and ought to be a help to you. I hear she is a sentimental dreamer, living mostly in the clouds with people only known to herself, and perhaps she needed this change to rouse her to the realities of life."

"Maude is the dearest girl in the world," was the mother's quick protest against what seemed like disapprobation of her daughter.

"Yes of course," was Mrs. Marshall-More's response. "Maude is a nice girl and a pretty girl and will be a great comfort to you when she wakes to the fact that life is earnest and not all a dream, and in time you will be quite as happy in your new home as you could be here, where it must be very dreary in the winter, when the snow drifts are piled up to the very window ledges, and the wind screams at you through every crevice."

"Oh-h," Mrs. Graham said, with a shudder, her thoughts going back to the day when the blinding snow had come down in great billows upon the newly-made grave in which she left her husband and went back alone to the desolate home where he would never come again.

It had been so terrible and sudden, his going from her. Well in the morning, and dead at night; killed by a locomotive and brought to her so mangled that she could never have recognized him as her husband. People had called him over-generous and extravagant, and perhaps he was, but the money he spent so lavishly was always for others, not for himself, and, as the holder of the heavy mortgage on his farm had been content with the interest and never pressed his claim, he had made no effort to lessen it, even after he knew it had passed into the hands of Mrs. Marshall-More, who had oftened expressed a wish to own the place known as the Spring Farm and so-called from the mumerous springs upon it. She would fill it with her city friends and set up quite an English establishment, she said; and now it was hers, to all intents and purposes, for though the deed was in her brother's name, it was understood that she was mistress of the place and could do what she liked with it. Of the real owner, Max Gordon, her half-brother, little was known, expect the fact that he was very wealthy and had for years been engaged to a lady who, by a fall from a horse, had been crippled for life. It was also rumored that the lady had insisted upon releasing her lover from his engagement, but he had refused to be released, and still clung to the hope that she would eventually recover. Just where he was at present, nobody knew. He seldomed visited his sister, although she was very proud of him and very fond of of talking of her brother Max, who, she said, was so generous and good, although a little queer. He had bidden off the Spring Farm because she asked him to do so, and a few thousand dollars more or less were nothing to him; then, telling her to do what she liked with it, he had gone his way, while poor Lucy Graham's heart was breaking at the thought of leaving the home which her husband had made so beautiful for her. An old-fashioned place, it is true, but one of those old-fashioned places to which our memory clings fondly, and our thoughts go back with an intense longing, years after the flowers we have watered are dead, and the shrubs we have planted are trees pointing to the sky. A great square house, with a wing on either side, a wide hall through the centre and a fireplace in every room. A well-kept lawn in front, dotted with shade trees and flowering shrubs, and on one side of it a running brook, fed by a spring on the hillside to the west; borders and beds and mounds of flowers—tulips and roses and pansies, and pinks and peonies and lilies, and geraniums and verbenas, each blossoming in its turn and making the garden and grounds a picture of beauty all the summer long. No wonder that Lucy Graham loved it and shrank from leaving it and shrank, too, from Mrs. Marshall-More's attempts at consolation, saying only when that lady rose to go, "It was kind in you to come and I thank you for it; but just now my heart aches too hard to be comforted. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, I shall call when you get settled in town, and if I can be of any service to you I will gladly do so," Mrs. Marshall More said, as she left the room and went out to her carriage, where she stood for a moment looking up and down the road, and saying to herself, "Where can Archie be?"

CHAPTER II.

WHERE AR HIE WAS.

A long lane wound to the westward across a strip of land called the mowing lot, through a bit of woods and on to a grassy hillside, where, under the shade of a butternut tree a pair of fat sleek oxen were standing with a look of content in their large, bright eyes as if well pleased with this unwonted freedom from the plough and the cart. Against the side of one of them a young girl was leaning, with her arm thrown across its neck and her hand caressing the long white horn of the dumb creature which seemed to enjoy it. The girl was Maude Graham, and she made a very pretty picture as she stood there with her short brown hair curling in soft rings about her forehead, her dark blue eyes; her bright, glowing face, and a mouth which looked as if made for kisses and sweetness rather than the angry words she was hurling at the young man, or boy, for he was only 20, who stood before her.

"Archie More," she was saying, "I don't think it very nice in you to talk to me in that patronising kinp of way as if you were so much my superior in everything and trying to convince me that it is nothing for us to give up the dear old place where every stone and stump means somebody to me, for I know them all and have talked with all and called them by name, just as I know the maiden ferns and water lilies and where the earliest arbutus blossoms in the spring. Oh, Archie, how can I leave Spring Farm and never come back again. I think I hate you all for taking it from us, and especially your uncle Max."

Here she broke down entirely, and laying her face on the shining coat of the ox began to cry as if her heart would break, while Archie looked at her in real distress wondering what he should say. He was a city-bred young man, with a handsome boyish face, and in a way very fond of Maude, whom he had known ever since he was 13 and she 11, and he first came to Merrivale to spend the summer. They had played and fished together in the brook, and rowed together on the pond and quarreled and made up, and latterly they had flirted a little, too, although Archie was careful that the flirting should not go too far, for he felt that there was a vast difference between Archie More, son of Mrs. Marshall-More, and Maude Graham, daughter of a country farmer. And still he thought her the sweet, prettiest girl he had ever seen, a *jolly lot* he called her, and he writhed under her bitter words, and when she cried he wanted to cry and tried to comfort and explain matters as best he could. But Maude was not to be appeased. She had felt all the time that the place need not have been sold, that it was a hasty thing, and though she did not blame Archie she was very sore against Mrs. Marshall-More and her brother, and her only answer to all Archie could say was, "You needn't talk. I hate you all, and your uncle Max the most, and if I ever see him I'll tell him so, and if I don't you may tell him for me!"

Archie could keep silent and hear his mother blamed and himself, but he roused in defence of his uncle Max.

"Hate my uncle Max!" he exclaimed. "Why, he is the best man that ever lived, and the kindest. He knew nothing of you, or how you'd feel, when he bought the place; if he had he wouldn't have done it; and if he could see you now, crying on that ox's neck, he'd give it back to you. That would be just like him."

"As if I'd take it," Maud said scornfully as she lifted up her head and dashed the tears from her eyes with a rapid movement of both hands. "No, Archie More, I shall never take Spring Farm as a gift from any one, much less from your uncle Max; but I shall buy it of him some day if he keeps it long enough."

"You?" Archie asked, and Maude replied, "Yes, I, why not? I know I am poor now, but I shall not always be so. People call me crazy, a dreamer, a crank, and all that, because they cannot see what I see; the people who are with me always, my friends, and I know their names and how they look and where they live; Mrs. Kimbrick, with her fifty daughters, all Eliza Anns, and Mrs. Webster, with her fifty daughters, all Ann Elizas, and Angeline Mason, who comes and talks to me in the twilight, wearing a yellow dress; they are real to me as you are, and do you think I am crazy and a crank because of that?"

Archie said he didn't, but he looked a little suspiciously at the girl standing there so erect, her eyes shining with a strange light as she talked to him of things he could not understand. He had heard of this Mrs. Kimbrick and Mrs. Webster before, with their fifty daughters each, and had thought Maude queer, to say the least. He was sure of it now as she went on:

"Is the earth crazy because there is in it a little acorn which you can't see, but which is still there, maturing and taking root for the grand old oak, whose branches will one day give shelter to many a tired head? Of course not; neither am I, and sometimes these brain children, or brain seeds, call them what you like, will take shape and grow, and the world will hear of them, and of me; and you and your mother will be proud to say you knew me once, when the people praise the book I am going to write."

"A book!" and Archie laughed incredulously, it seemed so absurd that little Maude Graham should ever become an author of whom the world would hear.

"Yes," she answered him decidedly. "A book! Why not? it is in me; it has been there always, and I can no more help writing it than you can help doing——well, nothing, as you always have. Yes, I shall write a book, and you will read it, Archie More, and thousands more, too; and I shall put Spring Farm in it, and you, and your uncle Max. I think I shall make him the villian."

She was very hard upon poor Max, whose only offence was that he had bidden off Spring Farm to please his sister, but Archie was ready to defend him again:

"If you knew uncle Max," he said, "you would make him your hero instead of your villian, for a better man never lived. He is kindness itself and the soul of honor. Why, when he was very young he was engaged to a girl who fell from a horse and broke her leg, or neck, or her back, I've forgotten which. Anyhow, she cannot walk and has to be wheeled in a chair, but Max sticks to her like a burr, because he thinks he ought. I am sure I hope he will never marry her."

"Why not?" Maude asked, and he replied, "Because you see, Max has a heap of money, and if he never marries and I outlive him some of it will come to me. Money is a good thing, I tell you."

"I didn't suppose you as mean as that Archie More! and I hope Mr. Max will marry that broken-backed woman and that she will live a thousand years! Yes, I do!"

The last three words were emphasized with so vigorous blows on the back of the ox that he started away suddenly and Maude would have fallen if Archie had not caught her in his arms.

"Now, Maude," he said, as he held her for a moment closely to him, "don't let's quarrel any more. I'm going away to-morrow to the Adirondacks, then in the fall to college, and may not see you again for a long time; but I shan't forget you. I like you the best of any girl in the world; I do, upon my honor."

No you don't. I know exactly what you think of me, and always have, but it does not matter now," Maude answered vehemently. "You are going your way, and I'm going mine, and the two ways will never meet."

And so, quarrelling and making up, but making up rather more than they quarrelled, the two went slowly along the gravelly lane until they reached the house where Mrs. Marshall-More was standing with a very severe look upon her face as she said to her son, "Do you know how long you have kept me waiting?" Then to Maude, "Been crying? I am sorry you take it so hard; believe me, you will be better off in the village. Neither your mother nor you could run the farm, and you will find employment there. I hear that Mrs. Nipe is wanting an apprentice and that she will give small wages at first, which is not usual with dressmakers. You'd better apply at once."

"Thank you," Maude answered quickly. "I do not think I shall learn dressmaking," and Maude looked at the lady as proudly as a queen might look upon her subject. "Mrs. More do you think your brother would promise to keep Spring Farm until I can buy it back?" she continued.

The idea that Maude Graham could ever buy Spring Farm was so preposterous that Mrs. Marshall-More laughed immoderately, as she replied, "Perhaps so. I will ask him; or you can do it yourself. I don't know where he is now. I seldom do know, but anything addressed to his club, No.—, ——street, Boston, will reach him in time. And now we must go. Good-bye."

She offered the tips of her fingers to the girl who just touched them and then giving her hand to Archie said, "Good-bye, Archie, I am sorry we quarrelled so, and I did not mean half I said to you. I hope you will forget it. Good-bye; I may never see you again."

If Archie had dared he would have kissed the sweet face which had never looked so sweet to him as now; but his mother's eyes were upon him and so he only said "Good-bye" and took his seat in the carriage with a feeling that something which had been very dear had dropped out of his life.

CHAPTER III.

GOING WEST.

It was a very plain but pretty little cottage of which Mrs. Graham took possession with her children, Maude and John, who was two years younger than his sister. As most of the furniture had been sold it did not take them long to settle, and then the question arose as to how they were to live. A thousand dollars was all they had in the world, and these Mrs. Graham placed in the saving's bank against a time of greater need, hoping that, as her friends assured her, something would turn up. "If there was anything I could do, I would do so willingly," Maude was constantly saying to herself, while busy with the household duties which now fell to her lot and to which she was unaccostumed. During her father's life two strong German girls had been employed in the house and Maude had been as tenderly and delicately reared as are the daughters of millionaires. But now everything was changed, and those, who had known her only as an idle dreamer and devourer of books, were astonished at the energy and capability which she developed. But these did not understand the girl or know that all the stronger part of her nature had been called into being by the exigencies of the case. Maude's love for her mother was deep and unselfish, and for her sake she tried to make the most and the best of everything. Stifling with a smile born of a sob all her longings for the past, she turned her thoughts steadily to the one purpose of her life,—buying Spring Farm back! But how? The book she was going to write did not seem quite so certain now. Her brain children had turned traitors and fled away from the sweeping, dusting, dishwashing and bedmaking which fell to her lot and which she did with a smile and a song upon her lips lest her mother should detect the headache which was always with her, even when her face was the brigheest and her song the sweetest. She had written to Archie's uncle without a suspicion that she did not know his real name. As he was a brother of Mrs. More, whose maiden name was Marshall, his must be Marshall, too, she reasoned, forgetting to have heard that Mrs. More was only his half-sister and that there had been two fathers. Of course he was Max Marshall, and she addressed him as follows:

MERRIVALE, July——, 18——

Mr. Max Marshall,

DEAR SIR,—I am Maude Graham, and you bought my old home, Spring Farm, and it nearly broke my own and mamma's heart to have it sold. I don't blame you much now for buying it, but I did once, and I said some hard things about you to Archie More, your nephew, which he may repeat to you. But I was angry then at him and everybody, and I am sorrow that I said them. I am only 18 and very poor, but I shall be rich some day,—I am sure of it,—and able to buy Spring Farm, and I want you to keep it for me and not sell it to anyone else. It may be years, but the day will come when I shall have the money of my own. Will you keep the place till then? I think I shall be happier and have more courage to work if you write and say you will.—Yours truly,

"MAUDE GRAHAM.

After this letter was sent and before she had reason to expect an answer, Maude began to look for it, but none came, and the summer stretched on into August, and the house at Spring Farm was shut up, for Mrs. Marshall-More was in Europe, and Maude's great anxiety was to find something to do for her own and her mother's support. Miss Nipe, the dressmaker, would give her a dollar a week while she was learning the trade, and this, with the $3 per week which her brother John was earning, in a grocery store, would be better than nothing, and she was seriously considering the matter, when a letter from her mother's brother, who lived "out West," as that portion of New York between Cayuga Bridge and Buffalo was then called, changed the whole aspect of her affairs, and forged the first link in the chain of her destiny. He could not take his sister and her children into his own large family he wrote, but he had a plan to propose, which he thought, would prove advantageous to Maude, if her mother approved of it, and would spare her from home. About six miles from his place was a school, which his daughter had taught for two years, but as she was about to be married, the position was open to Maude at $4 a week and her board, provided she would take it. Maude is rather young, I know," Mr. Allen wrote in conclusion, "but no younger than Annie was when she began to teach, so her age need not stand in the way, if she chooses to come. The country will seem new and strange to her; there are still log-houses in the Bush district, indeed, the school-house is built of logs and the people ride in lumber wagons and not like Bostonians or New Yorkers, but they are very kind, and Maude will get accustomed to them in time. My advice is that she accept."

At first Mrs. Graham refused to let her young daughter go so far from home, but Maude was persistent and eager. Log-houses and lumber wagons had no terrors for her. Indeed they were rather attractions than otherwise, and fired her imagination, which began at once to people those houses of olden time with Kembricks and the Websters, who had forsaken her so long. Four dollars a week seemed a fortune to her, and she would save it all, she said, and send it to her mother, who unwillingly consented at last and fortunately found a gentleman in town who was going to Chicago and would take charge of Maude as far as Canandaigua, where she was to leave the train and finish her journey by stage. But on the evening of the day before the one when Maude was to start, the gentleman received word that his son was very ill in Portland and required his immediate presence.

"I can go alone," Maude said courageously, though with a little sickening of the heart. "No one will harm me. Crossing the river at Albany is the worst, but I can do as the rest do, and after that I do not leave the car again until we reach Canandaigua."

"Don't feel so badly, mamma," she continued winding her arms around her mother's neck and kissing away her tears. "I am not afraid, and don't you know how often you have said that God cared for the fatherless, and I am that, and I shall ask him all the time I am in the car to take care of me, and he will answer. He will hear. I'm not a child. I am 18 in the Bible and a great deal older than that since father died. Don't cry darling mamma, and make it harder for me. I must go to-morrow, for school begins next Monday."

So, for her daughter's sake Mrs. Graham tried to be calm, and Maude's little hair trunk was packed with the garments, in each one of which was folded a mother's prayer for the safety of her child; and the morning came, and the ticket was bought, and the conductor, with whom Mrs. Graham had a slight acquaintance, promised to see to the little girl as far as Albany, where he put her in charge of the man who took his place. When the good-byes were said, the train moved on past the village on the hillside, passed the dear old Spring Farm which she looked at through blinding tears as long as a treetop was in sight, past the graveyard where her father was lying, past the meadows and woods and hills she loved so well, and on towards the new country and the new life of which she knew so little.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD.

Those were the days when the Boston train westward-bound moved at a snail's pace compared with what it does now, and 24 hours instead of 12 were required for the trip from Merrivale to Canandaigua, so that the afternoon was drawing to a close when the cars stopped in Greenbush and the passengers alighted and rushed for the boat which was to take them across the river. This and re-checking her trunk, was what Maude dreaded the most, and her face was very white and scared, and her heart beating violently as she followed the crowd, wondering if she should ever find her trunk among all that pile of baggage they were handling so roughly, and if it would be smashed to pieces when she did, and if she should get into the right car or be carried somewhere else.

She had lost sight of the conductor. Her head was beginning to ache, and there was a lump in her throat every time she thought of her mother and John, who would soon be taking their simple evening meal and talking of her.

"I wonder if I can bear it," she said to herself, as she sat in the cabin the very image of despair, clasping her hand-bag tightly and looking anxiously at the people around her as if in search of some friendly face which she could trust.

She had heard so much before leaving home of wolves in sheep's or rather men's clothing, who infest railway trains, ready to pounce upon any unsuspecting girl who chanced to fall in their way, and had been so much afraid that some of the wolves might be on her train, lying in wait for her, that she had resolutely kept her head turned to the window all the time with a prayer in her heart that God would not let any one speak to and frighten her. And thus far no one had spoken to her, except the conductor, but God must have deserted her now, for just as they were reaching the opposite shore, a gentleman, who had been watching her ever since she crouched down in the shadowy corner, and who had seen her wipe the tears away more than once, came up to her and said, "Are you alone, and can I do anything for you?"

"Yes—no; oh, I don't know," Maude gasped as she clutched her bag, in which was her purse, more tightly, and looked up at the face which was above her.

It was such a pleasant face, and the voice was so kind and reassuring, that she forgot the wolves and might have given him her bag, purse, check and all, if the conductor had not just then appeared and taken her in charge. Lifting his hat politely the stranger walked away, while Maude went to identify her trunk.

(To be Continued).

Church Statistics Compared.

The comparative statistics of the three Presbyterian Churches of Scotland are always curiously scanned by those who think the progress of a religious body is to be measured in terms of the multiplication table. This year the returns of the churches, while presenting nothing decisive one way or other, gives the friends of the voluntary principle sufficient ground for satisfaction. As regards communicants, the Established Church claims 581,569, and the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church together 504,355, being in the former case an increase of 2,566 during the year, and in the latter an increase of 4,030; so that while the Established Church maintains its superiority according to its unpurged roll, it does not show so high a relative advance. In point of contributions, the statistics are very much against the State Church, which reports the sum of £349,973, or a decrease of £7,957; while the other two churches are able to report contributions amounting to £1,014,045, or an increase of £53,180. Another point of comparison is afforded by the Sunday schools. The Established Church claims an increase of 1,302, and a total of 216,446; the Free and United Presbyterian Churches together report an increase of 9,317, and a total of 276,434.

How a Picture is Telegraphed.

The *fac-simile* telegraph, by which manuscript, maps or pictures may be transmitted, is a species of the automatic method in which the receiver is actuated synchronously with its transmitter. By Lenoir's method a picture or map is outlined with insulating ink upon the cylindrical surface of a rotating drum, which revolves under a point having a slow movement along the axis of the cylinder, and thus the conducting point goes over the cylindrical surface in a spiral path. The electrical circuit will be broken by every ink-mark on the cylinder which is in its path, and thereby corresponding marks are made in a spiral line by an ink-marker upon a drum at the receiving end. To produce these outlines it is only necessary that the two drums be rotated in unison. This system is of little utility, there being no apparent demand for *fac-simile* transmission, particularly at so great an expense of speed, for it will be seen that instead of making a character of the alphabet by a very few separate pulses, as is done by Morse, the number must be greatly increased. Many dots become necessary to show the outlines of the more complex characters.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

EXTREME wakefulness, distressing nervousness, chronic rheumatic pains, sciatica, neuralgia; any of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney or Bright's Disease. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation."

They Scaled the Walls.

Six inmates escaped from the Mercer Reformatory on Monday evening by scaling the walls. So far only one has been found, and she was discovered by P. C. Stewart (149) in a shed in rear of 42 Centre street. The authorities have endeavored to keep the matter secret, but it leaked out yesterday.

Mahomet and Pike's Peak.

Patron—This set of teeth you made me is too big.

Dentist—Yes, sir. Sit down in the chair and I will enlarge your mouth a little.

July 1889

Always Some One Below.

On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up at the dim, vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,
I climbed till my brain was on fire,
I planted each footstep with wisdom—
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,
And that one was gilded with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another
I found, under velvet, a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,
And my heart strength began to fail,
And the flush of the morning's excitement
Ere evening commenced to pale.

But just when my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last gained round,
When my hopes, coming back from the future,
Were sinking again to the ground—

One had climbed near to the summit
Reached backward a helping hand,
And refreshed, encouraged and strengthened
I took once again my stand.

And I wish—oh, I wish—that the climbers
Would never forget as they go
That though weary may seem their climb
There is always some one below.

The Picnic—Before and After.

O, joyous, glads me picnic morn!
How cool the air, the skies how bright!
A thousand mental joys are born
To fill the heart with wild delight.
The incense from the tree-crowned hills
The babble of the woodland rills,
The wild bird's song which grandly thrills
And all the forest arches fills;
The mystic whisper of the trees,
The drowsy hum of honey bees;
A scene designed the gods to please
A dream of happiness and ease
That all our being thrills

O, weary, dreadful picnic night!
I almost wish that I were dead;
I'm looking like a perfect fright,
And filled with aches from feet to head.
It's rained incessantly since morn.
My clothes are wet and strained and torn,
I'm feeling miserably forlorn,
I can't now think why I was born.
The woods were full of beggar's lice,
We drank rain-water without ice,
And dinners full of ants aren't nice
Hereafter a picnic device
Will catch me—in a horn

A Song of Killarney.

By the lakes of Killarney, one morning in May
On my pipe of green holly I warbled away,
While a blackbird, high upon the arbutus-tree,
Gave back my gay music with gushes of glee,
When my Eileen's voice stole
From the thicket of holly,
And turned just the whole
Of our flirting to folly,
And softly along
Through the myrtle and heather
The maid and her song
Swept upon us together.

'Twas an old Irish tale, full of passionate trust,
Of two faithful lovers long and in the dust.
And her eyes as she sang looked so far, far away,
She went by me, nor knew she went by, where I lay,
And myself and the grass,
And the little red daisies
Should let our dear pass,
Only whisp'ring her praises,
Till the lass and her lay
Through the myrtle and heather,
Like a dream died away
O'er the mountain together.

AMONG THE LADIES.

What is Transpiring Throughout the Women's World.

FASHION AND MISCELLANY.

Girls in Starched Shirt Fronts.

The girl is pretty. Oh, yes—but look at the shirt front on her! It is well enough for us to adopt the clothes of the other sex if only we can feminize them bewitchingly. Tailor-made clothes were a pretty innovation, because, in spite of their masculine characteristics, they had to take on the shapes of women. Those little stand-up collars are piquant, too, when they encircle a round, fine, white throat. But when the girl tennis-player puts on a manish shirt (it would be a misnomer to call it a chemise), as she has done in some influential instances, I record the fact as deplorable, like a murder or a disaster. The bosom is starched stiffly, and it reaches from neck to waistband, from side to side of the body's frontage. Only a slim creature, or at least one to whom nature has given only a flat frontispiece, can wear such a bosom at all, for it must not be wrinkled or irregular in its undeviating surface. The smooth, glossy expanse of linen is exposed by an open jacket. The girls of the suitable configuration—which is practically no configuration at all—are just the ones who ordinarily hang jabots outside their wish bones and by devices not so public extend the outlines of their corsages; but when arrayed for tennis this summer they might as well be boys, so far as their shirt bosoms are concerned. I can't help thinking "how stale, flat and unprofitable are the uses" of the physiques thus confessed to by the wearers of men's fronts.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Wealthy New York Widow.

Mrs. Robert L. Stuart is the widow of a very rich man, who left his entire wealth—some $10,000,000—to her, and her influence in New York is widespread and beneficent, and yet few people know her. She is of a very religious turn and cares little for art or literature, music or society, and probably never saw the inside of a theatre; but the poor and afflicted know her bounties, if not herself. She keeps a person whose sole occupation it is to visit the different police courts and give bail for any deserving person whose detention would be a hardship until proved guilty, and often pays their fines when the offence is light. This lady has now been a widow many years, and is a sweet, simple, retiring woman of the noblest type, quiet and self-sacrificing. She does more genuine good than the world dreams of, but then she does not do it for the world to know or herald.

The Divorce Mill.

The quickest divorce ever granted in York county, Me., was decreed by Judge Haskell at Alfred, last week. Mrs. Edward W. Kelley, of Saco, had applied for a divorce, and she appeared before the court to plead her reasons. Her husband had spent most of his time since their marriage in jail, and had just been brought up on a charge of stealing hens. "Is that man your husband?" asked the judge. The woman replied in the affirmative. "You're divorced," said the court—with a celerity of action equal to that of the hustling New Hampshire parson who married his patrons in this fashion: "You take this woman for a wife? You take this man for a husband? Married. Two dollars."

The New Duchess.

The new Duchess of Portland is said to look very young, though she is so tall. Her coloring is perfect, but not to be sketched with pen and ink, comprising, as it does, dark brown hair with an auburn gleam where it catches the light, violet-blue eyes with large pupils, and a complexion of milk and roses. A London writer says: "Is it not sweet and nice of her to let a country dress-maker make her wedding-gown because she had promised her long ago that she should? Perhaps neither of them dreamed then that it would be the bridal dress of a duchess."

The Man Milliner.

Worth, the famous "French" dressmaker, is a native-born Englishman. He is a man of striking appearance, with rather a Scotch type of face, which is made more noticeable by the Scotch cap he usually wears. His parents intended him for a printer, but he disliked to soil his fingers with printers' ink, and decided for the dry goods trade, beginning in London and finally going to Paris, where he found favor with the Empress Eugenie, and consequently with the fashionable world which she led. M. Worth has a fine chateau near Paris, where he is very fond of entertaining his friends and customers, among whom a large percentage are Americans.

Divorce in Five Countries.

If the wife of a Turkoman asks his permission to go out, and he says "Go," without adding "Come back again," they are divorced.

In Siberia if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears a cap or veil from her face, and that constitutes a divorce.

In Siam the first wife may be divorced, but not sold as the others may be. She may claim the first child. The others belong to her husband.

Among the Moors if the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced, with the consent of the tribe, and can marry again.

In the Arctic region a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger, and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

Fashion Notes.

Mutton-leg sleeves are becoming to every one.

The hem of a widow's veil is deeper than ever.

Sailor hats in colored straw are effectively trimmed with black lace.

Narrow plaitings are no longer used to finish the edge of dresses.

Fruit is only occasionally used as decoration for hats and bonnets.

Nainsook morning jackets have their entire front laid in narrow tucks.

Dressy young married ladies wear white tulle veils with capote-shaped bonnets.

Many of the summer dresses made of thin fabrics have bodices without darts.

Mourning is worn for a longer period in the United States than any other country.

The directoire ruffle of white or black lace is one of the features of summer gowns.

The ribbons used for sewing in rows on net dresses are generally two inches wide.

Yellow daffodils were the floral table decorations much used in London this spring.

Cool and pretty summer toilets in white and green, or white and gold, are of white crepaline or India veiling, with garniture of China silk arranged as a soft, easy empire vest.

White silk brocaded or lace parasols are not seen to advantage in an unexpected shower.

Bathing stockings which are rubber finished and cork-soled find a large sale just now.

Scarf veils three-eighths of a yard wide, scalloped on the lower edge, are worn with traveling hats.

The handwriting of educated women a generation ago was far more legible than it is at the present time.

Twenty yards of ribbon is a very meagre estimate of an allowance for trimming on a summer dress.

Piazza and ball-room wraps resemble very much the talmas of other days. The garments now worn, however, are much more graceful, the cape portion being adjusted snugly to the figure.

Sage tea mixed with a little bay rum is an excellent wash for the hair, and prevents its falling out.

Sailor hats, which are again used for summer wear, are much more trimmed than they were last season.

Plain coat-sleeves are rarely seen. There is always some plaiting or fullness at the top about the armholes.

An ancient fashion, revived by gentlemen of changeable tastes, is the watch fob on the right side of the trousers.

Travelling and walking costumes may be made in any of a large variety of light woolen cloths and Irish homespuns.

Dresses made up largely of pink should not show color combinations, although of course white lace may be used freely.

Enormous sleeves are necessary appendages to the light taffeta and surah silk dust cloaks worn by ladies when driving.

Flower-crowned hats in empire and directoire styles are popular. Those known as the "Tosca" style have a bacchanalian air and are decidedly ugly.

At the fashionable resorts a popular toilet for youthful wearers is a tinted silk blouse waist with skirts of lace, either white or matched to the blouse in color.

The pale, shadowy broche patterns produced by the Jacquard looms are noticeable in many of the beautiful semi-diaphanous textiles imported for summer wear.

Bridesmaids and debutantes wear very stylish toilets of real China crepe in willow green, old rose and primrose yellow over soft repped sicilienne, with fronts of pearled lisse.

A pretty dancing toilet recently seen at a seaside resort was of anemone pink. The color was as faint as could be without being pure white, and the effect is described as charming.

Hats of green or brown rushes are a hot weather luxury. One of these hats is wholly veiled with green tulle, with moss buds and great yellow Tosca roses and leaves around the front of the crown.

Rich black toilets are in vogue and reach the height of fashionable elegance. Soft silks of various kinds, lace veiling, grenadine, crepe de chine, plain and beaded nets, and other handsome materials are in popular use.

Simple white waists of French nainsook, India linen, American surah or China silk are worn over skirts of various kinds. They may be shirred, tucked or plaited to suit the form and fancy, and are made with bishop sleeves.

A pretty toilet for summer evening wear is a gown worn by a young New York woman. It is a skirt of cream-white China silk trimmed with rows of narrow moire ribbon, the silk pressed in accordion plaits from the hips, where it is joined by a close jersey shaped bodice of cream lace, while the joining is covered by an immense sash of moire. A similar skirt is garnitured with ribbon bands and sash of apple-green silk.

Miscellaneous Notes.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is 77 years old.

The only sister of Mrs. Henry George is a Sister of Charity in St. Louis.

The wedding presents received by the new Duchess of Portland were no less than 5,000 in number.

Queen Victoria is the richest woman in the United Kingdom. She has accumulated a fortune of $20,000,000.

The Queen of Roumania has accepted the presidency of the new Woman's Library which is shortly to be opened in Paris.

Women who object to smoking should shun matrimony. the husband smokes in the parlor and the stove smokes in the kitchen.

Some 14,000 girls attended the London school board cookery centres, and arrangements are being made for the accommodation of a still larger number.

There are five girls in one of the Humphries families of Fleming county, Ky., and their names are Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Florida and Virginia.

The Empress of China has been presented by her husband with an immense tiara of gold, having a very lofty cap of Siberian sable, embroidered with rows of pearls and the feathers of the golden pheasant. Twenty skilled workmen were two months in making it.

Buffalo has a Woman's Wheel Club and a Woman's Pedestrian Club. The wheel women comprise the elite of Buffalo's society, and the pedestrians are of the upper ten. The latter club walks two miles every day and twice a week takes a "tramp" of about fifteen miles.

Mrs. Millicent Garret Fawcett and her daughter have made a joint present of $2,000 to the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India, the money to be spent in founding two scholarships for native female medical students, one in Calcutta and one in Bombay.

Florence Nightingale is 69 years of age and an invalid, but she has written a letter of sympathy for the Johnstown sufferers with her own hand. She seldom leaves her house nowadays, but she keeps up a lively interest in all that is going on, and she attends to an enormous correspondence from all parts of the world.

The wife of Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is the business member of the family firm. She has sole charge of the sale and distribution of her husband's books, and is his amanuensis, revisor and translator. Besides all this, she superintends the bringing up and education of their thirteen children, and looks after all domestic matters.

Onion parties are a fad of the day in the select circles of Nebraska society. Six girls stand in a row, while one bites a small chunk out of an onion, and a young man pays 10 cents for a guess as to which one it was. If he guesses right he kisses the other five, but if he doesn't he is only allowed to kiss the one with the onion-scented breath.

The athletic fad bids fair to speedily distance all of the latest fashionable fads and crazes. It has grown very rapidly during the last few weeks. The lawn-tennis girl, the equestrian girl, the girl who swims, and the girl who rows are found everywhere. Even boxing and fencing are in order, and there is one woman's club, at least, in New York whose members hold little pugilistic frays once a week.

Asking the Interlocutor.

After Mr. Tooter Barestone had sung "The Harp That Tears Through Overalls," Mr. Celluloid Dickey asked of the interlocutor: "William, can you tell me why angels' visits are like Chicago sewers?" "I don't know, Richard," replied the interlocutor in his rich bass voice; "why are angels' visits like Chicago sewers?" "Because, sir," said the comedian, with a mighty effort, "they are—phew! and far between." Then while a solemn hush fell upon the audience the interlocutor announced that Mr. Laring Geetis would sing "Down Where the Sandwich Blooms."—*America.*

True, Every Word.

Thus talks an old farmer about his boys: From 16 to 20 they knew more than I did; at 25 they knew as much; at 30 they were willing to hear what I had to say; at 35 they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be 40 they will acknowledge that the old man does know something.—*Ex.*

Every drop of blood in the system passes through both the kidneys and lungs many thousand times in each twenty-four hours. This explains why 52 per cent. of the patients of Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, Eng., have unsuspected kidney disorder. If the kidneys were in a healthy condition they would expel the waste matter or poisonous acid and prevent the irritation of the lungs. But if diseased they are unable to perform their functions. This explains why Warner's Safe Cure has proved so valuable in cases of lung trouble. It removes the cause.

The pastor's wife—Dr. Talkwell exchanges with my husband next Sunday! Thoughtless parishioner—Indeed! Perhaps I can persuade my husband to come to church.—*Life.*

—About 30,000 people a day go up the Eiffel tower. Of these between 3,000 and 4,000 go to the top. On an average a person has to wait about an hour to go up in the lift.

"That fellow Gagley tried to borrow $500 of me this morning." "Five hundred? He must be cracked." "No, he's broke."—*Life.*

HOW THEY DO IT.

Subtle Advertising That Beats the Garrulous Advance Agent Hollow.

In the fine art of advertising the men and women of the stage have obtained an efficiency that sometimes puts to shame their merely dramatic achievements, and that excites the bitterest envy among those steady-going people who pay for what is said about them and their goods at the usual rates per column. To keep thus constantly in view, to leave no false impression on the popular mind as to the clothes, food, furniture, books, papers, beverages cigars, chewing-gum, sports and hobbies most affected by the hero of the stage argues the possession of something akin to genius, and he is an obsolete sort of manager who cannot furnish new and frequent excitements respecting the star that he works for.

The agent who swaggered into the offices of provincial newspapers and by gifts of injurious cigars and a fitting dispersal of free tickets secured the publication of items avouching that he did $60 more business in Kalamazoo than "Humpty Dumpty" did on the previous week, that his advance sale in Paterson, N. J., was $14 larger than it was last year, that the *Poquannock Partyblower* spoke of his show in higher terms than it did of Booth—this grewsome and fatiguing person is failing from view and his place is taken by unseen agents who from unseen places set agoing rumors that require much more inventiveness and particulars that require a better memory than the perfunctory advance agent of the last decade was ever known to show. And these rumors and particulars will be printed, too, because they are interesting, whereas the items about Kalamazoo and Paterson are not. When we learn, for instance, that Mrs. Langtry is to wed the Prince of Wales immediately on the death of the Princess, that Mrs. Potter has discovered a posthumous tragedy by Shakspeare and will play it next winter, that Minnie Palmer has been asked to stop for a week at Windsor and has been escorted from the station by a regiment of the Queen's Own, that James Owen O'Connor on playing before the coal miners of Honesdale was pelted with $20 gold pieces, that Henry E. Dixey has just bought the Koh-i-noor and will wear it in his thumb ring, or that Mr. Worth the man milliner, not Jacot, is comprising 207 gowns for Lillian Russell, we read these facts with interest, not to say surprise, and eagerly watch for sequels. When Mr. Mansfield appeared in "The Strange case of Dr. Jeayll and Mr. Hyde" we were not long in ignorance as to how he made up, how his postures and expressions affected his muscles, how the effects of lights were produced, what scientists said of his stertorous breathing, how many clergymen had preached on the moral of his performance, and how many people had fainted with terror at the murder scene and had to be laid out in rows in the lobby until they recovered, and as a result every body from Maine to the Gulf was anxious to see the dual personation.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The Graduate's Lesson.

We must own that we are wofully disappointed in the sweet girl graduate this year. Not that she isn't as pretty as ever with her white fixings on—not knowing the technical terminology, it is just as well to use the generic name—oh no. The reports which reach us from all quarters tend to show that the visible supply of pretty girls far exceeds that of last year while there are many hold-overs. But we had looked for an essay on two on "Success in Life," or "Our Pathway in Life," or some such oracular theme. Failing that we expected something in the comedy vein with a caption like this: "Peeps," and we had fancied that the sweet girl graduate had a squeeky voice, lisped and "juked" her chin in and out as she shrilled out: "Peepth into thome peopl'th liveth I mean." But we have been disappointed grievously. The young ladies have taken up subjects on which interesting special articles might be written, and it's an even thing that they did pretty well with them. When you come right down to hard, cold facts, it's the sweet boy-graduate who slops over about "Success in Life" and stacks up a lot of pretty adjectives like "amethystine" and large sentences about "the infinite abysses of the unknown" which don't mean a blessed thing. But the sweet boy-graduate will get all that knocked out of him when he comes to solicit life insurance or starts selling dump-waggons on commission. He'll find out then that his "life work" will consist principally in gathering in enough shekels per week to pay the landlady and the laundryman, and that all the other things are like the chaff which the wind drives away.—*Chicago News.*

Friends of the Farmer.

It may be an advantage to point out some of the friends of the farmer, which, consequently, no farmer should destroy or allow to be destroyed. Among these are toads, which are, under all circumstances, the farmer's friend; moles and field mice, probably, do a vast deal more of good than harm; all birds, especially robins, wrens, thrushes, orioles, cuckoos, phebes, blue birds, woodpeckers, swallows and cat birds. The destruction of all these and many others, except for scientific purposes, should be made, under very heavy penalties, illegal everywhere. The house sparrow, known better as the English sparrow, is to be rated an exception. This bird is now universally regarded as a nuisance, first, because of its grain and vegetable destroying propensities; secondly, because it drives away insect-destroying birds. Among insects, many wasps are friends, especially those with a more or less protruding horn or sting at the end of the abdomen. Lady-bugs and lace-wing flies live entirely upon destructive insects, especially plant lice and scale insects, and should never be destroyed. Dragon flies, or devil's darning-needles, are also useful as well as harmless.—*Bulletin 46, New Jersey A. C. E. S.*

Vital Statistics from Europe.

Here are some vital statistics from England: The greatest number of births occur in February, the fewest in June. Five per cent. of all marriages are fruitless, ten per cent. among the "nobility." Out of 1,000 persons, 602 are unmarried, 345 married and 53 widowed; and over half of the women between 15 and 45 are unmarried. There are 33 births yearly for each 1,000 of population; 11 twins in 1,000 births.

LINCOLN AS A LOVER.

How He Proposed Marriage—A Curious Love Letter.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one and, singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Jesse Weik, of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:

"You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not I would not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance, and your bounden duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else, to do right with you: and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone I would do it. And, for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say you can drown the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered, without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort or peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it, while, on the other hand, I am willing, and even anxious, to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable, nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think just in the manner you think it. Your friend,

"Lincoln."

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love and a proposal of marriage that does not propose. Every line of it breathes admiration, affection, devotion, unselfish desire for the lady's happiness the writer's sense of unworthiness and his genuine adoration of the lady he was addressing, but it does not mention love.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Queer Things That Are Patented.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: There is a claim in the patent office for a patent on the Lord's prayer, the specifications being that the repitition of the same "rapidly and in a rapid tone of voice" will cure stammering.

Among odd inventions are "chicken hopples," which walk the chicken right out of the garden when she tries to scratch; "the bee moth excluder," which automatically shuts up all the beehives when the bees go to roost; "the tapeworm fish-hook," which speaks for itself; the "educational baloon," a toy baloon with a map of the world or its surface; side hill annihilators—suits to fit on the down-hill legs of a horse when he is plowing along a side-hill, and the "hen surpriser," a device that drops the newly-laid egg through the bottom of the nest, with intent to beguile and wheedle the hen into at once laying another.

One of the latest patents is an automatic bath-tub, which starts the hot and cold water at a given moment in the morning to which it has been set, maintains exactly the right temperature of it by graduating the flow of water, rings a bell when all is ready, and, two minutes later, suddenly drops the sleeper's pillow about a foot and turns him out.

The First Person Singular.

When a great man overworks the big personal pronoun I, people are ready enough to laugh at him and charge him with having an exaggerated sense of his own importance. But the use or misuse of the first person singular is no test. Washington, a modest man, used it twenty times in his inaugural address of 1,800 words, and Lincoln, another modest man, used it forty-three times in his first inaugural of 3,588 words. Arthur, who was not modest, but who was always on dress parade, used the big I only once in a brief address of 431 words. Cleveland used it five times in his 1,683 words, and our new President used it fifteen times in speaking 4,588 words. This much abused pronoun is all right. It is better taste to use it when it is needed than it is to dodge around it in a dreary mass of circumlocutory phrases. When a man is afraid to speak of himself in the first person singular it shows a weakness in his make-up. Every man has the Ego in his mind, whether it is on his lips or not. After all, it is the man himself. There is no use in hiding it. Let it come out.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Matrimonial Boycott.

Mr. Hickey, County Waterford, Ireland, has been boycotted not only by the men but by the women. At a recent meeting, a Miss Sheehan, seconded by Miss Sullivan, moved this resolution: "That we, the young girls of Waterford, Tipperary and Kilkenny, resolve and promise to treat with scorn and contempt any matrimonial proposals from Michael Hickey." Thus Mr. Hickey finds himself not only boycotted but girlcotted as well.

Ex-President Cleveland always keeps an appointment with his wife without regard to what other matter may be pressing upon his attention.—*Exchange.*

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

The Messrs. Hawk Bros. have disposed of their egg business here to Mr. John Nichol

The prize list of the Provincial Exhibition, to be held at London on Sept. 9 to 14, has been received.

Messrs. Cook and McMullen made a large shipment of cattle last week, which proved quite successful.

Mr. S. Damude and Joseph Blackburn, Esq., are attending the Masonic Grand Lodge at Owen Sound, which is in session there

J Whitten has been elected to represents the Flesherton I.O.O.F at the Grand Lodge which meets at St. Catharines shortly

Mr. George Thompson, jr., Artemesia, had a rib broken Friday week while burying a stone by the lever flying back and hitting him.

LOST—A pocket book containing a two dollar bill, a due bill on M. Richardson & Co., and about 15 cents in change. The finder will kindly leave it at this office

Mr A. Muir, near the station, raised a fine barn on Wednesday last, 70 by 52 feet. Mr. John McFayden was the framer, and the building reflects much credit upon him.

Mr Geo. Mitchell, Flesherton's genial and portly banker, committed matrimony yesterday by uniting in marriage with Miss Sara E. McGirr, of Feversham. Our slipper is thrown.

Crops in the vicinity of Toronto are much in advance of what they are in this section. We saw last week below Woodbridge fall wheat in shock and other fields ready for the reaper.

Mr James Beecroft laid three huge stocks of rhubarb upon our table the other day, the largest of which gave the following measurements: Leaf 30 inches wide, 36 inches long. Stem 32½ inches long and 4½ inches in circumference.

Mr. Stephen Spirit has opened out a palace ice cream saloon and general grocery store in Strain's block, where he will be glad to welcome all his old friends once more. New fruits, flour, and every thing else in his line constantly in stock.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

The landmarks are passing quickly away now. On Sunday last another old settler gave up his labors upon earth, in the person of Mr. Chas. Irwin, sr., who died at the ripe age of 75 years, having been a resident of Artemesia for 35 years.

An auction sale of farm stock, implements and 35 acres of grain, will be held on the farm of Mr. R. Meldrum, lot 8, con. 4, Osprey, on Thursday, July 25, next. Usual terms. Eight per cent discount for cash. See bills. J. Speers, auctioneer.

We have received "copy" of the first and second prize essays awarded by Centre Grey Farmers' Institute on the "Benefits secured through an Agricultural College Education, but owing to lateness of the hour at which it arrived are unable to publish them this issue. They will appear next week

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr Massicott, of Montreal, gave an exceedingly interesting lecture in the Methodist Church on Sunday morning last upon Roman Evangelization. The gentleman is a young convert from Romanism, and is preparing himself for the ministry. Through his instrumentality the whole family had been converted to the Protestant faith. He showed a number of relics and paraphernalia of the Catholic Church, and explained its workings in a lucid and forcible manner.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster Price 25 cents For sale at the Medical Hall.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall

Notice to the Public.

I am in a position to do all kinds of cotton weaving, such as tweeds, flannels, full cloth and blankets. Rag carpet done to order by J. B. Barkley, weaver, next house to the Presbyterian Church

Barns Burned.

Mr. John Thibeaudeau, living on the Toronto and Sydneham road, near Markdale, had his frame barn struck by lightening on Saturday morning last and burned to the ground with all the contents. Mr. John Anderson had a buggy in the barn, which was also burned.

Mr. Wm. Brown, of Markdale, had his barn burned the same night, supposed to be incendiary.

To the Editor of The Advance.

I would like to draw the attention of the Methodist Church trustees to the dilapidated condition of the carriage block at the church. It is a regular trap for ladies, and bristles with nails for the purpose of manufacturing ribbons out of good silk dresses. Fix up the block, gentlemen. I would also whisperingly enquire when the pew labels which were presented to the church a long time ago will be placed on the backs of the seats?

METHODIST.

Old Fashioned Union Picnic

The Sabbath Schools of the Methodist and Presbyterian church in Flesherton intend holding their annual picnic on Monday, the 24th of July next, in the beaver-meadow near Flesherton. All the friends of the schools are earnestly invited to come along. Make this as on former occasions the picnic of the season. Games and amusements will be provided for the children and friends. Schools will leave for the grounds at 10 a.m. The committee will not sanction refreshment stands on the grounds. J. W. Armstrong, Supt. Methodist S. S. J. Blackburn Supt. Presbyterian S. S.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sales attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time

Orangeism Takes a Drop.

While Rev. Mr Watson was making his speech at the demonstration on Friday last an accident occurred which happily resulted in no injury to any person beyond a few slight bruises. Mr. Watson said he hoped we were not all pessimists. There were some who said that everything was going to the bad. Just at this juncture a crash was heard and the platform upon which the speakers and band were situated fell to the earth, creating considerable commotion. The drop was considered a favorable omen for the pessimists. It was some time before Mr. Watson was able to resume the thread of his discourse. Some boys who had been driven from beneath the platform a few moments before narrowly escaped being squeezed into pemican.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Ordination and Induction Services

The ordination of Mr. L. C. Emes to the ministry, and his induction to the charge of Flesherton and Markdale congregations will take place in Chalmer's Church, Flesherton, on Tuesday, 23rd July, at 2 p.m. This will be a very interesting ceremony and all should witness it. Rev. Mr. Wilson, the late pastor, will preside. Rev. Mr. Hossack, of Orangeville, will preach. Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, will address the newly inducted pastor. Rev. Mr. McCole, of Proton, will address the congregation. Tea will be served in the basement by the ladies of the congregation. A social entertainment will commence at 8 p.m The chair will be taken by the newly inducted pastor, Rev. Mr. Emes. Speeches by the Rev. gentlemen taking a part in the ordination and induction services, and by Revs. Mr. Shilton and Watson. Music by the choir and Glee Club. All are cordially invited.

Personals.

Miss Foster, of Union City, Pennsylvania, is visiting at Mrs. W. K. Flesher's

The Misses Annie and Lizzie Richardson, who have been attending the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute, returned home on Monday morning last.

Miss Kells, of Meaford Road is visiting at Mr. P. Munshaw's.

Mrs. Southgate and daughter, of Toronto, are the guests of Mr. M. Richardson.

Misses M. and J. Peters, of Michigan, are spending a few days with their uncle, Dr. Christoe.

Mrs. J. F. Sproule, of Winnipeg, sister-in-law of R. J. Sproule, is visiting friends and relatives in the vicinity of Markdale and Flesherton.

Mr. S. Ranton, son-in-law of Mr. Thos. Leitch, Flesherton, is now editor of the Stratford Advertiser.

Mrs. Hiram Savage, of Novar, Muskoka, is visiting her sister here, Mrs. William Mitchell.

The Prince of Orange.

Has his Praises Sung Once More by a Monster Crowd at Flesherton Station.

The Orange lodges of this district celebrated the historical Twelfth in a royal style at Flesherton Station on Friday last. It is just ten years since the station was honored with their presence before. Of course many changes have taken place in that period of time within the village, which has grown to much larger proportions; but Orangeism in this section has apparently kept pace with the expansion of the Station, judging by the great turnout of enthusiastic celebrators on Friday. It is estimated that there were some 1,000 people present, and a more orderly gathering was never convened on a Twelfth of July. Everything passed off pleasantly with nothing to mar the enjoyment The speeches were short, but pithy, and were listened to with the greatest attention. One of the features of the celebration was the unique and elaborate turn-out of Flesherton brass band, which was drawn by a double team neatly decorated with evergreens, rosettes and colored nets. We strongly insist, anyway, that Flesherton has a brass band which any city might be proud to possess. The speakers of the day were Rev. Mr. Watson, who delivered a sound speech upon Romish influences and aggression, but was unfortunately interrupted by breaking down of the platform, which tended to spoil the line of argument. Dr. Christoe said he was like the small stones which masons use to fill in the chinks between the larger ones. However, before the Dr. concluded he had proven himself to be a very fair-sized stone, indeed, and one that was very liable to hurt if it fell upon a person. He regretted very much the state of affairs and showed that the Reform party in Ontario was equally guilty with the other in pandering to Romish influences. He said we must stand as one man and be united.

Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., delivered a most vigorous speech, which was listened to with great attention. After a few congratulatory remarks by way of introduction, he began his subject by enquiring, Why are we here? and proceeded to tell the story of King James and the causes which led up to the calling over of William, Prince of Orange, the siege of Derry and battle of the Boyne. There were men in those days who would not abide the condition of things caused by Roman aggression Mr. Shilton then gave a graphic description of the siege of Londonderry, and the heroism displayed by those within the city's walls while surrounded by the enemy. Then came the battle of the Boyne and the fall of Papal supremacy and the triumph of Protestant liberty. To-day we have these liberties and the Bible. The speaker asked his hearers to remember that God had set up a Christian Sabbath. The Twelfth of July was to celebrate the valiant deeds of our forefathers. The Christian Sabbath was to memorialize us of the liberty which had been accorded us. He would now ask, why should we keep up this celebration? Rome was still attempting to-day what it had attempted 200 years ago. Eternal "vigilance is the price of liberty." There is as much need to-day as then. We should teach our children the principles of Protestantism. The speaker was sorry that none of the members for Grey were present. He thought that they had made a grave mistake in voting as they did. With reference to Ontario's right to interfere in this Jesuit matter, he said that $400,000 seemed a small thing, but Quebec formed a part of the Dominion confederacy, and what affected our brethern in Quebec affected us. If the speaker saw that his own child was liable to get burned he would be remiss in his duty if he did not make an attempt to prevent it. Jesuit aggression was reaching beyond Quebec and the thin edge of the wedge had been inserted in Prescott, Essex and Russell, where they must have French teachers from Quebec. With reference to the Essex schools Mr. Shilton could speak from experience. The French teachers there had been imported from Quebec and were allowed to teach upon permits year after year, owing to Catholic influences. There was danger in apathy, as familiarity tended to engender a feeling of security which was only imaginary. The educative force which was at work aimed to sap the foundations of Protestantism. The speaker insisted that there was great need to educate true principles into our young men that they might follow in the footsteps of our forefathers. He believed that if the supremacy of Protestantism was not settled peaceably in this generation it would be by bloodshed in the next. Protestant ministers of the gospel had struck out against the common danger, and the people should awaken to the seriousness of that danger. We want unity of purpose. He did not blame the 188, but the people themselves. They (the people) were the government in themselves and should elect men who would fight for Protestantism and avert the catastrophe which the speaker saw in the near future. The remarkably united front of the Catholic Church and fecundity of the French people constituted the breastworks behind which their legions were advancing. The speaker wound up an eloquent 20 minute oration by warning the people once more to inculcate principles of right into the minds of the young

Mr. L.C. Emes was the last speaker. The meeting then broke up.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Waggons, Sleighs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract work or tender work.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES
FLEWOOD, ILL., Nov. 23, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my own opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SAVY, WYRON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 10, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 85 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT

LOTS FOR SALE BY TENDER

—IN THE—

VILLAGE OF EUGENIA.

There is now offered for sale by tender in the village of Eugenia, the following lots, namely: Lot No 6 and 7 on the south side of Raglan street, and lots No 6 and 7 on the north side of Raglan street, each lot containing one half acre more or less, and being a part of the estate of the late Archibald Cairns. Tenders must be addressed to G. & O. Stewart, Flesherton P.O., and must be sent to him on or before August 1st, 1889. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Terms cash

HENRY CAIRNS
GEORGE STEWART } Executors
JOHN WRIGHT

NOTICE!

TO CREDITORS & OTHERS.

PURSUANT to sec. 38 Cap. 110 R.S.O. that all persons having claims against the estate of the late Thomas Wright, who died in his lifetime, of the Township of Artemesia, in the county of Grey, farmer, who died on the 12th of April A.D. 1889, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned, executors of the estate of deceased, on or before

First day of August Next,

their christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said first day of August the executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons whose claim or notice of claim they shall not have received at the time of such distribution.

HENRY CAIRNS
GEORGE STEWART } Executors
JOHN WRIGHT

Dated Flesherton, June 20th, 1889.

Mortgage Sale

—OF—

Valuable Village Property.

IN pursuance of power of sale contained in a certain mortgage to the Vendor, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by D McCormick, Esq., auctioneer, by public auction, at Atkinson's Hotel, in the village of Priceville, on

Thursday, July 25th, 1889,

at the hour of two o'clock in the forenoon, the following lands and premises in the

VILLAGE OF PRICEVILLE,

in the county of Grey, being composed of part of lot number two on the west side of Queen street in the said village of Priceville. There is on the premises a one and a half story frame dwelling house, 18x24, said to be in a fair state of repair.

TERMS of SALE

This property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Twenty per cent of purchase money is to be paid at time of sale, and a sufficient amount with the said twenty per cent to make up a sum of $200 within three months thereafter. Time will be given for the balance if required on terms to be made known at time of sale

For further particulars apply to D McCormick, Esq., auctioneer, Francis Waite, Esq., Priceville, or to the undersigned.

J. W. FROST,
Vendor's Solicitor

Flesherton June 24th 1889

Mortgage Sale

OF

VALUABLE PROPERTY,

IN THE

VILLAGE OF FLESHERTON.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction, at

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL,

in the village of Flesherton, on

Thursday, the 25th Day of July, 1889.

at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon all and singular that property known as village lots numbers 16, 17, 18 and 19, on the south west side of Sydneham street, containing by measurement one acre and one-third of a square perch more or less, according to registered plan of subdivision of lot number 148, in the first range or concession south west of the Toronto and Sydneham Road, in the Township of Artemesia. This desirable property adjoins the public school property, and fronting on Main street, being about 60 yards from the business portion of the village. Erected thereon is a 1½ story brick dwelling house on stone foundation, containing ten rooms and cellar, with wood shed attached. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid. Terms and conditions made known on day of sale. For further particulars apply to

R. M. CHADWICK, vendors' solicitor
Beatty, Chadwick, Blackstock & Galt,
58 Wellington street east, Toronto.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil 14 miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R J Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

THE BEST IS CHEAPEST.

Farmer's Advocate & Home Magazine

Every farmer should read the leading and only independent publication devoted to his interests. Thousands say, there is none equal to it, and no dollar ever expended from the farm returns so much good. It treats on all branches connected with the farm, and is highly prized by the ladies and children; it has saved many a farmer from the loss of his farm; it has saved the farmers millions of dollars by checking the introduction and spread of contagious stock diseases; it has increased the receipts from our cereals by millions of dollars. Commended by City and County Councils and Agricultural Societies. Agents wanted. Sample copies free. Price $1 per annum. Address FARMER'S ADVOCATE OFFICE, London, Canada.

~~1883~~ 1889

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M.C.P. & S., ONT.
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FLESHERTON.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

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RESIDENCE, ELGIN & COLLINGWOOD STREET
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Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
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POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, the lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply to S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

MY EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

Sixty Years Ago or Thereabout. Brockville, Vicinity, Canada.

"Telling Tales out of School"-Some Pleasing, Some Funny, Some Sad, Some Strange, Some Good and Some Bad. Loves Rule and the Gad. When I was a Lad. "Only a Boy."

BY W. F. [illegible]

Special to The [illegible]

I am growing old. Only one of my seven school teachers yet living, I think. No fear now of getting "whipped" for "telling tales out of school." Anyway I have nothing very bad to tell, because my teachers were not "bad." There were "bad scholars," and I was not a "bad boy."

Perfectly in my seventh year I began going to school, but adverse circumstances prevented my getting only a few months schooling at a time. So frequent change of teachers in those days. I only obtained about a year and a half schooling, all told. No opportunity for studying grammar or geography. "Webster's spelling book," "New Testament," "Cobb's English Reader," "Murray's" were our "daily (mental) bread." Where now, can better be obtained? My great school teacher's name was

"AUNT" LAURA ELLIOTT

who ruled by love, more than the rod. She was an elderly, good natured woman, and probably on this account was familiarly called "aunt." I cannot recall of her ever whipping a scholar. She had names of her own making for "titles," for the school children, few of which I now remember, but as human beings are generally remembered best what [illegible] I recollect of her own[illegible]

"GOVERNOR OF UPPER [illegible]

partly by way of encouragement, also because I happened to live "up the road" from the school house, and I think no other boy from farther up the country attended her school.

"Down the road" below the school house, there lived another boy about my size and age—a relative of mine, whom she called the

"GOVERNOR OF LOWER CANADA"

His name was Samuel McLean, son of the late John McLean, Esq., who owned and occupied the first and only brick house then between Brockville and Gananoque to my knowledge. Poor fellow, an accident while yet a young man cut short his prospect of a long life, so far at least as good health and long lived ancestry gave promise.

"Aunt" Laura taught one term in that neighborhood. On account of the following, I may here remark that the school was held in a farm house, once belonging to the late Mr. Randall, the family having moved out. My second teachers name was

POLLY W[illegible]

I think she was a "Miss," but, married or single, in those days female teachers were called "Mistress." I do not believe she recognized me as "Governor of Upper Canada," because she never called me by that title. However, the omission did not trouble me any. Young as I was, I preferred knowledge to fame.

"The clouds may drop down titles and estates, wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought."

Of course, like other boys, I played at "noon spell." What boy wouldn't? This teacher—"Mistress," was afraid of "spooks," and in consequence of a report having gone out that the

HOUSE WAS HAUNTED

felt "ill at ease" while in it. There were two rooms and an "up stairs," dimly lighted, where a few things were stored belonging to the family, including an old hat worn by the late Mr. Randall. Query: Is there anything more suggestive of the nearness of the person, presence, or spirit of man, than his hat? or a "man's hat?

Well, if during school hours any little noise was heard overhead our mistress, fearing it was

A SPOOK,

would send some of her scholars to try and find out. Of course this was a fearful undertaking. I well remember the time when I and the "Governor of Lower Canada" were "petitioned" to investigate.

How slowly we crawled up stairs, step by step, on our hands and knees. Being little boys then, we only ventured to "poke" our heads up far enough to look around. We saw no spook, but plainest of all was the dead man's hat hanging in a remote part of the room and

When thus reminded of his death
The very greatest would draw breath
We scarcely dared to move.

After watching, waiting, listening long as our courage held out, and too "backward to go forward," we slowly backed down, "crab fashion," not daring to turn around lest the spook, spying our unguarded position, might suddenly pounce upon and annihilate us. During our reconnoitering

There were faces sad with woe
In the school room down below,
"There was silence deep as death"
Many sad hearts teachers all.

If an unusual sound seemed to be outside, she would tell us to go and look for the s[illegible] I recollect one time seeing a little woodpecker fly off the roof which I had been the innocent cause of a

[illegible]

"Quiet at s[illegible] times more.

Failing to discover anything supernatural and not allaying her fears. Her custom was, whether "bird or beast or thing of evil" make a

UNUSUAL SOUND

overheard in one room, to move the school into the other room. Books, benches, chairs, writing tables, etc., (we had no desks) and there teach us until the spook "changed base of operation," and then for greater safety remove back again, and so on.

Well, we must "praise the bridge that carries us safe over." By her good (?) "generalship" we were all carried safely over that never-to-be-forgotten term of [illegible] receiving no personal injury from spooks, ghosts or goblins, but, whether much mental benefit resulted, I will leave the reader to "guess."

Not by way of egotism [illegible] I may remark that, [illegible] as those spook-searching expeditions were, I never felt in[illegible] fear. I wished to see for [illegible]. Not many pleasant memories [illegible] that second schooling of my early days, especially which I call to mind the

CRUEL WHIPPING

she gave my little brother just because he happened to laugh too loud to suit her rules when playing at "noon spell." I don't think he laughed any louder than the other boys. Perhaps she thought it right to whip somebody. There were some teachers then who seemed to take a "vicious delight" in whipping. Are there any such now? My brother could scarcely cease crying and sobbing in time for his afternoon lesson.

He is now an elderly man, I am a few years older, yet to this day, could weep for him if it would do any good. We attended her school one term.

[illegible]

General News.

Thomas Rooney and Daniel Bohan, of Mitchell, went boating Friday, and were capsized. Rooney was saved, but Bohan drowned.

The jail at Jacksonville, Oregon, took fire Friday night and three prisoners were suffocated.

Trouble is said to be brewing at Oklahoma City, owing to a new crowd of settlers opposing the city administration.

The Burke matter at Winnipeg has been enlarged for two weeks, as there is a prospect that a habeas corpus will be applied for.

Thomas Jackson, colored, who is in Sandwich jail awaiting trial for killing his little stepson, has eaten nothing since last Tuesday, and proposes to starve himself to death.

Neil Gilchrist, a farmer of Hartley, while going home from the Orange demonstration at Lindsay on Friday night, was thrown violently against a fence by his team running away, and had several ribs broken and an arm fractured in two places.

The Masonic Grand Lodge of Ontario met in Owen Sound yesterday.

Two post office clerks at Kingston have been suspended for opening letters.

A Memphis, Mich., despatch says that James Couch, of Chesley, suicided with Paris green there on Saturday night.

Kilrain and Murphy reached Chicago Sunday morning in a bedraggled condition, leaving Pony Moore in the woods. They went to the residence of Parson Davies, who fixed them up, loaned them $100 and sent them east. They are said to be making for Toronto.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.- For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Canadian Northwest.

Until within a very few years, the accepted opinion, as to the character of the Canadian Northwest, was that, except as a hunting ground for fur-bearing animals, it was of little value. Even now well-informed people have, as a general rule, a most inadequate conception of its resources and immense natural advantages.

The Canadian Senate has recently collected a great mass of information in regard to this territory, and as a result have revealed to the world the existence of a vast region possessing a highly fertile soil and a genial summer climate in a latitude surprisingly near the polar circle.

It has been shown that wheat can be successfully grown at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, in latitude 61° 51', or eight hundred and sixty-two miles north of the northern boundry of the United States; that barley is a safe crop at Fort Norman, on the same river, in latitude 65°; and that potatoes can be grown with fair success within the Arctic zone. It is a revelation to be informed that the Peace River country, which lies between 56° and 59° north latitude, is "almost semi-tropical," it is the region of the cactus.

The Peace River is a feeder to the great river and lake system, of which the Mackenzie is the outlet. The Mackenzie has its source in the Great Slave Lake, a vast inland sea, rivalling Superior in magnitude, and empties into the Arctic Ocean, after a course of one thousand one hundred miles. With the great lakes which it drains, and the tributary rivers received by them in turn, it forms one of the most extensive waterways in the world.

From the source of the Peace River in the mountains of British Columbia to the ocean the distance is upwards of two thousand five hundred miles, and for the greater part of the way the navigation is excellent, in some places for the largest steamers. The Athabasca is another river of this system. It is a thousand miles long, and empties its waters into the lake of the same name, which, in its turn, finds an outlet in the Great Slave Lake by means of the Slave River.

The rivers named flow for nearly two thousand miles through a region highly adapted to agricultural pursuits. The Canadian Senate Committee reports that they, with the Saskatchewan River, drain an area of eight hundred and sixty thousand square miles, of which there is a possible area of three hundred and sixteen thousand square miles—over two hundred million square acres—suitable for wheat.

If this is even approximately correct, its bearing upon the food supply of the hundreds of millions of people who will inhabit North America within half a century, at present rates of increase, can hardly be overestimated. The whole area sown to wheat in the United States in 1888 was, according to the reports of the Department of Agriculture, thirty-six million acres.

On first consideration it will seem incredible that conditions favorable to agriculture can exist at such high latitudes, but when the explanation has been given, the case appears plain enough.

As it is well known elevation above the sea level has a potent effect in determing temperature. The Canadian Northwest is much lower than the Western States. For a distance of fifty miles east of the Rocky Mountains, the average elevation above the sea level of the Union Pacific Railway is five thousand feet.

As we go northward there is a gradual descent, until when the Mackenzie River Valley is reached, the altitude is only three hundred feet. It is asserted that this difference of latitude is equal to thirty degrees of latitude.

If a close examination of any good map of America is made, it will be seen that no great river enters the Pacific Ocean along the coast of California and Oregon, and, as most people know, the mountains form a lofty barrier to the warm winds, which sweep eastward over the Pacific. But just at the northern boundary of Oregon, the Columbia River debouches, and still further north, a short distance above the international boundary, the Fraser River empties its floods into Queen Charlotte's Sound.

The numerous tributaries of these great rivers penetrate far into the mountains, so far, indeed, that they interlock with the upper branches of the Saskatchewan, which flows into Lake Winnipeg, and of the Athabasca and Peace Rivers, already spoken of.

Through the passes thus formed, the Pacific winds, the Chinooks, as they are called, find their way out on the Canadian plains, and carry a genial summer climate far beyond the Arctic circle.

In addition to the Pacific winds, there is a constant current of air, warmed on the plains west of the Mississippi, flowing northward. Canada has all the disadvantage resulting from the cold current from the Polar region, as passing down over Labrador it drives the isothermal lines far below the latitude they occupy in Europe. It is only a just compensation, therefore, that the warm currents, which ascend to supply the vacancy at the North, should render the climate of the Canadian Northwest, for a large part of the year, very delightful.

An important influence in determining the agricultural capability of this north land is the length of the summer days. In the centre of the Peace River country, the longest summer day is seventeen hours twenty-eight minutes long, that is, from sunrise to sunset. The prolonged sunlight promotes rapid and vigorous growth.

It is a recognized fact that all plants are produced in their greatest perfection at the northern limit of the zone which they characterize. Wheat, oats and barley are essentially the products of the north temperate zone. Hence we would expect to find them in their greatest perfection in high latitudes where the conditions necessary for their growth can be found. It is therefore not a matter for surprise that the best wheat shown at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia was grown in the Peace River country.

Deaf Mute Race.

[illegible] of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—You have [illegible]ness noticed in various newspapers articles stating that a deaf-mute [illegible]ety of the human race is likely to be the result of the near future of the marriage of deaf mutes. From the [illegible] I have been able to gather up to this time, I have only learned of one deaf child in Ontario, a little boy now about four years of age, whose parents are deaf and dumb. Of the hundreds of children who are now attending or have attended this Institution there is not one congenital deaf child who has deaf-mute parents. I would like to obtain full and accurate information in regard to this matter, and if you or any of your readers know of any deaf-mute married persons, with or without children, if they will kindly send me their addresses, I shall feel much obliged.

There are deaf children of school age in the Province that I have not heard of and I am making an effort to get them into this Institution where they may receive an education that will fit them for the duties of life. The condition of an uneducated deaf-mute is more deplorable than that of any other human being. Will you be good enough to bring these children to school? You can do more than any other person I might address. The parents of some are not aware that an institution exists where their deaf children can be taught to read and write. There are others who have heard of the Institution but are probably not acquainted with its real character, or from other causes fail to send their children to us. These might be induced by a little effort to send them. Deaf children between the ages of seven and twenty are admitted, boarded and learned at the expense of the Province. It is only required that the child shall be sound in mind and that the parents [illegible] pay if the parents are unable, pay the railroad fare and provide necessary clothing. Application papers may be had by writing to me at Belleville and any information required will be cheerfully supplied.

Yours faithfully,
R. MATHISON,
Superintendant.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

The S. S. picnic held here on Wednesday afternoon was a very enjoyable affair. The visitors present were a fair representative of this vicinity, and all seemed to enjoy themselves well. The amount of the collections was $7.87. At 6 o'clock all were invited to the church to hear the program that was discoursed.

Mr. Henry Armstrong has purchased the farm of Mr. E. Williams for the sum of $1100.00. Mr. W. has bought a farm in Holland.

Mrs. John L. Moor, has been sick for some time and is not recovering quickly.

Mr. Samuel Rosborough is sick with intermittent fever.

Miss C. Atchison and Miss E. Armstrong have returned from Owen Sound.

Mr. Thomas Ludlow's little boy had the misfortune to fall and fracture one of his wrists recently.

THE NET CLOSING.

Evidence in the Cronin Case Accumulating.

KUNZE'S IMPORTANT CONFESSION.

Denouncing the Clan-na-Gael—Evidence Against Burke.

A despatch from New York says: It has come out that when the Clan-na-Gael "Triangle" was in full power, and the dynamite operations in England were frequent, Dr. John McInerney and J. J. Maroney were entrusted with carrying them out. The "Triangle"—Sullivan, Boland and Feeley—was the Supreme Executive to decide on the work to be done. McInerney was always despatched to the scene of the proposed outrage, and, being an engineer as well as a chemist, he took plans of the premises or the structure, sized up how the work was to be done, and decided upon the amount of explosives it would be necessary to use. Maroney had charge of the financial end of the business, and as soon as the actual perpetrators had received their instructions from McInerney, Maroney equipped them and supplied them with money for their journey. When the bills for these expeditions began to come in McInerney opened his eyes at the amounts asked for. This was in 1883 or 1884, and was the keynote of the fight afterwards taken up and waged by Cronin, McCahey and others.

It was said Thursday by some of McInerney's friends that fully $2,000,000 had passed into the hands of the Sullivan faction. The Clan-na-Gael has been in existence for twenty years, and the contributions were hoarded up until Sullivan, by reason of his acquired power, called for 25 per cent. This was followed by a demand for 50 per cent, and a third call absorbed the remainder. When vouchers were asked for concerning the expenditure of this money, Sullivan freely announced that all vouchers had been destroyed because they would implicate prominent men in English and Irish politics. The anti-Sullivanites here now believe these vouchers never existed, and the knowledge possessed by McInerney concerning the disposition of these funds made him a mark for hatred.

The Limerick men in the Clan-na-Gael camps in the city and in Brooklyn are greatly excited and loud in their threats against the leaders of the inner circle. Several of them wanted to start to-day for Chicago to shoot those they suspect of complicity in McInerney's murder. It took the persuasive power of two leaders to calm them.

A Wednesday's Chicago despatch says: The arrest of John Kunze, or "Cooney," the German concerned in the murder of Cronin, is regarded with great delight by the police and the State Attorney. For months Kunze was the trusted friend of Dan Coughlin, and he is believed to know more about the conspiracy than any one else, except Coughlin. The police are very careful of Kunze. Last evening he was identified by Mertes, the milkman, and by a Mr. James, who picked him out at once from among five prisoners as the man who drove the buggy which stopped before the Carlson cottage on the night of May 4th—the buggy in which Cronin rode to the cottage to be butchered.

There are so many conflicting stories of Kunze's arrest that many believe he was in the hands of the police two weeks ago, and that he has been giving them all along an interior view of his conscience. He was known to be in custody twenty minutes after the indictment against him was brought in by the Grand Jury. The police are either trying to assume credit for a quick and clever capture or else trying to hide knowledge of a "squeal" that furnishes them with important evidence.

According to Capt. Schuttler, Kunze took his arrest coolly. "He's a game fellow and very fly," said the captain.

"Hasn't he squealed?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Did he not give you the last important information that was presented to the Grand Jury?"

The Captain would not acknowledge this, any more than he would that Kunze had been a prisoner for two weeks.

The Grand Jury seemed to be fully agreed on one point—that Dan Coughlin was at the Carlson cottage on the very night and at the very time of the murder. He was driven there behind a dark bay or brown horse with a bald face. O'Sullivan, the iceman, owned two horses, either of which would answer the description. The driver of the rig was "Coonsey," who remained outside and held the horse while Coughlin went inside and either assisted in the dealing of the blows or in the subsequent removal of the body. It is almost positively established that Kunze and Coughlin were together on the night of May 4th.

A despatch was received by State Attorney Longenecker to-day from Assistant State Attorney Baker, who is in Winnipeg, stating that to secure Burke's extradition stronger evidence will have to be presented before the Manitoba Court connecting him with the Carlson cottage tragedy. Judge Longenecker conferred with Luther Laflin Mills over the unexpected obstruction, and it is understood that both the Carlsons will be sent to Winnipeg at once.

There are two men yet wanted by the police. One of them is the man who drove Dinan's white horse, and the other is the man "Simons," who purchased the furniture at Revell's and rented the rooms at 117 Clark street. The police think that Cooney may be the man, although Salesman Hatfield and Book-keeper Throckmorton have not been able to identify the photograph of Cooney as that of their customer.

A Winnipeg despatch of Wednesday says: The Burke case was continued before Judge Bain to day. Officer McKinnon, of the city police, gave evidence as to the arrest and search of the prisoner in the police station. Chief McRae told the prisoner he was arrested on suspicion, and that anything he said would be used in evidence against him. The prisoner was then asked several questions. Witness asked if the name on the ticket was his real name, and the prisoner said it was not his name, as it was Martin Burke, and he was sometimes called Delanoy. The prisoner said he had taken the name of Cooper because he was watched by one or two men. The chief asked him where he lived, and he replied with an aunt at the corner of Erie and Sedgwick streets Chicago. Witness examined the hat found in the valise in the prisoner's possession. There appeared to have been a name on the hat-band, but it was almost obliterated by scratches of ink. It was impossible to make out the name.

A Chicago despatch of Thursday says: John Kunze, the young German who drove Dan Coughlin to the Carlson cottage the night Dr. Cronin was murdered, has broken down and made a confession. For three days he maintained a stolid silence. The change in his demeanor was brought about by a visit of Attorney Furthmann, who defended Kunze last year and secured his acquittal on a charge of swindling. Furthmann said to him: "Tell all you know if you expect to save your neck." Kunze was badly frightened by these words. Furthmann told him he was in a bad fix and left.

Shortly afterwards Captain Schuettler had a two hours' talk with Kunze. The German made a clean breast. He was a sort of confidence operator, and enjoyed the protection of Dan Coughlin, who employed him in many dirty jobs—among others the obtaining of money from the Schufeldt Distilling Company for doing pretended detective work. He has told where he got the rig in which he drove Coughlin to the Carlson cottage. He also has told how he returned to the cottage an hour after, and, meeting Coughlin in the vicinity of the house, drove him into the city. The captain is loth to give any part of Kunze's statement to the public without verifying it, because he sees in Kunze a German edition of Woodruff.

Speaking of Kunze, Attorney Furthmann said: "He is a bad egg and an unconscionable liar—worse than Woodruff, I believe. I defended him once, and even then he lied to me. He is a bad type of the German confidence man."

The triangle men are in abject terror lest Beggs should squeal, and under a flimsy pretext Coughlin's lawyer had an interview with Beggs yesterday. Clearly Coughlin's attorney has too much liberty. Kunze has no attorney yet, and on account of his having confessed he is not in the county jail, although, like the others, he has been indicted. He is at the Halsted street police station.

At a meeting in the Second Regiment Armory last night resolutions denouncing secret political societies were passed. There were 2,000 men present, and the meeting was thoroughly American in sentiment. "Before the officers of justice of the nation we impeach the United Brotherhood, or Clan-na-Gael, as an association of assassins," was the voice of the meeting.

State Attorney Longenecker remarked to-day that he almost despaired of ever getting at the root of the Cronin conspiracy. "We can hang Coughlin, O'Sullivan, Beggs, Woodruff, Burke, Cooney, when we get him, and Kunze," he said, "and then not be doing justice to the case. These fellows are all guilty, but they are not the principals. Back of them stands the man we are after; but he may die a natural death unless by some slip or hook or crook we can get hold of the thread of the mystery."

Wm. Connolly persists in saying that Dr. McInerney is alive and well. "I am not at liberty," he says, "to declare where he is at this moment, for it is a confidential matter. But in order to settle the question and to satisfy his friends I to-day telegraphed to certain places where I supposed he could be reached, and have received a reply from him. This message I have shown to John Devoy and convinced him that his fears are unfounded. He has been given the information confidentially. Beyond this my lips are sealed."

"But why do you conceal the where abouts of Dr. McInerney?" asked the reporter.

"Because I am not at liberty to reveal it. He has gone away on business, and is travelling with a wealthy patient. I am not going to say whether he is in the United States or in South America or in Europe, because it would annoy him. I remember a case where a young physician joined a gentleman in an extensive tour of travel, and made himself a pleasant companion. In some way it leaked out that the physician had been employed by the family because his fellow-traveller was weak in intellect. The family blamed the physician for letting out the secret and he lost a very remunerative engagement. Dr. McInerney's business is of a private nature and I do not intend to reveal it."

"You will not show the telegram you have received?"

"No. Mr. Devoy has seen it, and he is contented with knowing that our friend is not dead but very much alive. That must satisfy the public."

Mr. Devoy admitted that he had seen the telegram from Dr. McInerney, and seemed glad to find his fears unfounded.

A Winnipeg despatch of same date says: After the evidence of Hakan Martenson, the Chicago expressman, before Judge Bain, the extradition of Martin Burke is assured. The honest Swede swore to Burke's identity, and in broken English told his story of how Burke superintended the removal of the furniture and trunk from Clark street to the Carlson cottage. In his cross examination Martenson said: "I did not know the prisoner's name. I was shown a group of photographs in the Chicago Court House. I picked it up by accident, and I at once selected the prisoner's face from among the group."

Affidavits declaring Burke's identity with the man Frank Williams, who was concerned in the renting and furnishing of the Carlson cottage, have been filed. They are sworn to by Mrs. Carlson and Michael Gavin.

It is likely that the end of the week will see Burke back in Chicago. There was a report to-day that his friends would attempt a rescue from the train. The officers smile at the idea and say they will take proper precautions.

Should Judge Bain issue an order for Burke's extradition to-morrow, it is thought that the defence will move before a full court for a writ of habeas corpus. This is anticipated, even by the prosecution, and they look upon them carrying their present point as only the beginning of a legal fight that will be necessary to enforce Burke's return to Chicago.

—Some scientist has estimated that quinine has added at least two years to the life of civilized man.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Ben Butler Tells an Audience of Canada's Immense Size.

A Waterville, Me., despatch says: Gen. Benjamin F. Butler delivered an address before the literary societies of Colby University last evening on "The Annexation of Canada." These are some of the things he said:

We hear men, some of whom hold positions which statesmen should fill, speak of the annexation of Canada to the country with the same levity as one in the ordinary walks of life might speak of the joining of a tail to a dog—a little difficult to do, but of itself a very small matter. But how should this be spoken of if the tail might happen to be larger than the dog? In my belief, this frivolous talk, belittling alike to the Canadian and insulting to the might and power of Great Britain, is one of the chief obstacles to what every patriot in the United States, and every Englishman in Canada, if not in the Empire, must, if the question is fully understood, greatly desire—the union of these two great English-speaking peoples on this continent, which must happen if democracy is not to be a failure, so that this continent shall be the home and exemplar of English freedom and of the English language, as modified and improved by American genius and American enterprise. The first great fact to be taken into consideration when we speak so lightly of the annexation of Canada is her immense area, which includes 40 per cent. of all the possessions of Great Britain, wherever situated on the globe. There is room for three British Indian possessions within the Dominion of Canada, and enough territory left over out of which the area of Great Britain might be five times taken. Modern empires are pigmies to it, for there is room in Canada to carve out nine German empires. The Dominion of Canada holds within its boundaries an area of 3,470,392 square miles, while the United States (not including Alaska, of which the limits are unknown) has an area of 2,970,000 square miles, or rising 500,000 square miles less than Canada. Canada and her surrounding waters contain quite one-half of all the fresh water of the globe. Please bear this great fact in mind, for I repeat it is a foundation of the resources to make one of the greatest nations on earth. The general idea, when thinking of Canada, is that her high latitudes must be regions of Arctic cold. The immense body of water known as Hudson's Bay, 1,000 miles long and 600 miles wide, thrust down into the centre of Canada, and which in ordinary comprehension, being connected with the waters of the Arctic ocean, is deemed to be wholly frozen over for a great part of the year, averages three or four degrees higher temperature than the water on the south-western shores of Lake Superior. And we must remember that on the south-western shores of Lake Superior lie Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota of our Northwest. Do we claim any States more flourishing, any land more fruitful, or any part of the United States which has made greater progress than the great Northwest, to which the star of empire takes its way? Canada has quite one-quarter more land fitted for wheat cultivation than has the whole United States. It may be safely said, that, leaving out the worn-out wheat lands of the United States, Canada has twice the extent of unworn-out lands, which produce an average of more than twice the number of bushels to the acre than are produced by the average lands of the United States, and on some lands wheat has been raised in the largest producing quantities for twenty years in succession without a fertilizer.

DAVITT OPENS HIS CASE.

He Will Conduct It in Person—His Charges Against the Police.

A yesterday's London cable says: Mr. Davitt opened his own case before the Parnell Commission to-day. The first witness he called was Mr. London, ex-member of Parliament, who testified that periodic famines occurred in county Mayo owing to rack rents. Witness assisted in founding the Mayo branch of the League. It never voted a farthing to foment crime. The murders of Lymen, Hudd and Kavanagh were the work of the Herds League, a part of whose policy was to shoot Land Leaguers. The Herds League was in the pay of the police. It was organized by Whelan, who lost his life in consequence. Presiding Justice Hannen questioned the witness, who persisted that the police incited the outrges perpetrated by the Herds League. Witness said he did not inform the authorities because he would not put himself on a level with an informer. He had frequently denounced the Herds League publicly.

The Lynchburg Railway Wreck.

A Roanoke, Va., despatch of Wednesday says: The debris at the wreck on the Norfolk & Western Railway has been removed and a number of charred bodies have been found. The names of seventeen persons who were killed have been ascertained. The list of killed, which is official, is as follows: Pat Donovan, engineer; J. E. Bruce, fireman; A. M. Jones, road foreman of engines; M. S. Bruce, mail agent; S. W. Lipsey, train despatcher, Roanoke, Va.; Will Hopkins, express messenger. Passengers—Dennis Mellon, Roanoke; W. D. Stevenson, Cleveland, Tenn.; L. A. Moore, Chattanooga; C. W. Steeds, W. F. Marshall, J. M. Hardwick, all of Cleveland, Tenn.

Constipation followed by fitful diarrhœa, shooting pains in the breasts, drawing down aching pains, burning sensation in the small of the back, scanty, dark-colored fluids which scald in passing, and many deposits sand, mucous, tube casts and fluids covered by a greasy scum, any one of the foregoing signifies advanced kidney trouble. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, M. D., of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation."

The woman who weeps is not a pleasing object to look upon, but heartless husbands may console themselves with the thought that the women who dissolves in a flood of tears never throws flatirons.—*Somerville Journal.*

SOLD BY BRITISH SPIES.

Irish Revolutionists Who Have Been Betrayed to England.

Twenty-nine Irish revolutionists have been sent from America into English prisons in the last eight years. In almost every instance it is known for a fact certain that these victims were betrayed to the Government against which their attack was to be delivered before they had left the vessel which carried them over. P. J. Tynan, the No. 1 of the Phœnix Park assassination, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were "removed," is still being sought for all over the world. The other successful fugitive is James Moorhead, better known by the nom de dynamite of Thomas J. Mooney. Moorhead with one Terence McDermott managed the explosion at local Government Board offices at Whitehall in London March 15th, 1883. He is supposed to have had a hand in the Glasgow outrages which occurred six weeks earlier. There is no such doubt about the addresses of the other and less lucky dynamitards. The list, as given officially, is as follows:

A LIST OF THOSE SENTENCED.

James McGrath and James McKevitt, attempt to blow up Liverpool Town Hall. Sentenced May, 1881, to 20 years.

John Tobin, illegal possession of nitro-glycerine. Sentenced January 31st, 1885, to 7 years.

Thomas Walsh, illegal possession of nitro-glycerine. Sentenced July 31st, 1882, to 7 years.

Thomas Gallagher, A. G. Whitehead, H. H. Wilson, John Curtin, illegal manufacture of nitro-glycerine at Birmingham and transfer of it to London. Sentenced May 28th, 1883, for life.

William Tansey, Pat Naughton, Pat Rogerson, James Kelly, explosion at Weston House in Galway. Sentenced July, 1882, to 14, 8, 12, 2 years respectively.

Timothy Featherstone, Dennis Deasy, Pat Flanigan, Henry Dalton, illegal possession of infernal machines. Sentenced July 30th, 1882, for life.

James McCullough, Thomas Dewanney, Peter Callahan, Henry McCann, Terrance McDermott, outrages at Glasgow in January, 1883. Sentenced Dec. 21st, 1883, for life.

Dennis Casey, Pat McCabe, James Kelly, James Donnelly, Patrick Drum, outrages at Glasgow in January, 1883. Sentenced Dec. 21st, 1883, for 7 years.

John Daly, Illegal possession of infernal machines. Sentenced July 20th, 1884, for life.

J. F. Egan, illegal possession of infernal machines. Sentenced July 20th, 1884, for 20 years.

Patrick Levy, explosion at Mill street barracks. Sentenced March 1882, for 1 year at hard labor.

J. G. Cunningham, H. Burton, explosion at Tower of London, etc. Sentenced May 18th, 1885, for life.

J. Wallace, alias Duff, murder at Solihull. Sentenced Nov. 18th, 1885, for 20 years.

This makes thirty-two imprisoned for dynamite outrages, for the conviction of Wallace, for the Solihull murder, was only brought about by his arrest in one of the criminal conspiracies. The Solihull murder was a Fenian "removal." Of these thirty-two two died, and one, Patrick Drum, was released immediately after conviction, leaving twenty-nine persons sent to jail to serve out sentences for their share in the murder plot. Some of these sentences have been already ended, but there are still in British jails twenty-two men under punishment for the conspiracy, and it is a curious fact that none of these men have been permitted to earn good time or get the indulgence granted to other convicts, if the stories told by their friends be true.

Of the dynamitards two are dead. These are Capt. Mackey Lomasney and Peter Malone, although there is much doubt about the name of this latter. They were killed in the abortive explosion at London Bridge about a quarter to 6 o'clock the evening of Dec. 13th, 1884. Neither of the bodies was ever found and it is supposed that the men and boat were so torn to pieces that nothing but human and other wreckage remained after the premature explosion of the cartridges. Lomasney's widow still lives in Detroit and it will be remembered that it was the failure to provide properly for her that was one of Dr. Cronin's charges against the triangle.—*Chicago Personal Rights Advocate.*

Villard's Romantic Career.

Henry Villard is once more a recognized power in Wall street. He has been elected President of the Oregon & Transcontinental Railroad, after a desperate struggle, by a majority of 16,999 shares. Thus begins another chapter in one of the most romantic lives of this generation. A youthful foreigner, poor, unknown, depending on nothing but pluck and brains, becomes clerk, newspaper reporter, correspondent, confidential friend of millionaires, speculator, millionaire himself, constructor of a railroad across this continent, guest of princes, dweller in his own palace that a prince might envy. Then the wheel goes the other way. Stocks shrink, friends deceive, enemies bear down hard, and a big fortune made like magic is lost more rapidly than it was won. The palace is sold and its owner seeks employment to earn his daily bread. By dint of fine sense and invincible energy, he gets on the upward turn again and is soon on top, once more a millionaire, once more a railroad king, once more honored, flattered and hated as only successful men are.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

One More Chance.

Billy Dobson, proprietor of the Blue Front saloon and gambling house, was the first subscriber to the *Kicker*. He encouraged us and occasionally lent us money, and our gratitude has prevented us from drawing public attention to his den of iniquity. We can't promise to hold off much longer. We shall give him one more chance to reform the place, and if he doesn't improve it, we shall give him three or four columns per week of the hottest kind of language. Gratitude is all right up to a certain limit. Beyond that an editor owes a duty to the public.—*Arizona Kicker.*

Mr. Noodleboy—"No wonder you girls are so fond of tennis. There's so much 'love' going on in it, isn't there?" Miss Sharpley—"Yes; but 'love' stands for nothing in this game, you know."

THE TIME TO BATHE.

When it is Dangerous to Plunge in Cold Water—Before Noon and Before Going to Bed the Best Time for the Bath.

In considering the subject of injudicious bathing one of the medical journals reiterates that it is highly dangerous to plunge into the water just after a meal or while fatigued. An hour before noon and before going to bed are the best times to bathe. The average duration of the bath should be from five to ten minutes for children, fifteen minutes for women and but little longer for men. To delay much beyond these periods is a pernicious practice inviting debility and injury. How often one sees in a stroll along a popular sea beach groups of drenched, miserable objects with blue lips, chattering teeth and wrinkled, clammy skin, who have been spending half a morning in alternately plunging into the waves and walking about, dripping, in the cool air. From what should have been an invigorating dip, they return in a condition approaching collapse. Such abuse of sea bathing is unfortunately too common, even among those who have sought the seaside for the improvement of impaired health. The immediate effect of a cold bath is to chill the surface of the body, the temperature of which, as tested by a thermometer may fall several degrees—as much even as three or four. The skin becomes pale, the lips blue, there is chilliness, shivering, goose skin and the breath has a spasmodic and catching character. Cold bathing is salutary under certain conditions of the system, while in others it is capable of great harm. It benefits the strong and robust and it can be made a restorative and tonic, a revitalizer, to the "run down" when wisely and judiciously used. Aged people should use it with much care and not oftener than every other day; and should not remain in the water longer than ten minutes at the most. Persons who have heart or kidney disease and those in a feeble state of health should not indulge. If the bather do not remain in too long, "reaction" sets in, the chilliness gives place to a pleasant glow and a feeling of comfort and agreeable exhilaration. This reaction follows most quickly when the bath is of short duration. The shorter the bath the less is the ultimate depression of the temperature of the blood. The shorter the bath the greater is its power of stimulating the functions; the longer it is continued the greater is the cooling effect and the consequent lowering of vitality. The best of all baths is the swimming bath, for in it the bather can indulge in a free exercise of his limbs, such as is hardly attainable under any other circumstances. Swimming is a very valuable exercise, as it brings into action a large number of muscles. It employs the arms equally with the legs and leads to a healthy development of the muscles of the chest. Nearly all good swimmers are big chested. A sea bath has also another great advantage over all other forms of bath, that it is taken in the purest air possible. Reaction more readily occurs after a sea bath than after a river bath, and thus the liability to "catch cold" is less, although the popular belief that it is impossible to take cold from a wetting with salt water is far from the truth. The practice into which the fair sex has fallen, of sitting about for a long time after "coming out" in order to dry their hair, is injurious and should be avoided. As soon as the bather leaves the water the body should be dried thoroughly and the clothing assumed as rapidly as possible. Serious injury of the ear, resulting even in deafness, has occurred in consequence of the waves striking forcibly on the side of the head. Put a light cotton plug into each ear.—*New York News.*

A Nova Scotia Elopement.

A runaway pair from St. Margaret's Bay arrived in the city this on Friday morning in time to take the steamer Halifax for Boston. The man's name is David Johnston, and he is married; while the girl's name is Sadie Boutiller, about 17 years of age. As near as can be learned the elopement was planned about a week ago. The couple had been frequently seen walking along the roads in the evenings at the bay. Johnston had been reprimanded by his wife, but all to no purpose. The elopers drove into town early this morning and registered on the passenger list under assumed names. The deserted wife is the mother of two children. Mrs. Johnston's father arrived in town just in time to see the steamer sail down the harbor.

Typhoid Epidemic at Wilkesbarre.

A despatch of Wednesday from Wilkesbarre says: This city is threatened with an epidemic of typhoid fever. Within the past few weeks numerous cases have developed among the people using the water of Laurel Run, which supplies the eastern portion of the city. The physicians to-day made a careful canvass of the stricken district and over 150 cases of typhoid were discovered. All the cases are attributed to the impurity of the water supply aggravated by the prolonged wet weather.

Fun For Women.

Wives should never conceal anything from their husbands—excepting their faults, of course.

Next to hearing that she is pretty herself, a woman likes best to be told how homely some other woman is.

When the boys in one of the public schools at Atlanta, Ga., swear, they are made to rinse their mouths out with water that has stood in a quassia cup. One application is said to convince them of the superior advantages of the editorial method of using simply consonants and dashes.

IN CLOVER.

Down in the meadow red clover is nodding,
Out in the sunshine bright song birds flit by;
Apart from this all I sit steeped in sadness,
For to Love's question I gained no reply.

When evening had come and down in the meadow
My love and I strolled mid clover-tops red,
To my query of noontime, while the stars shone out bravely,
"In clover or out, I love you," she said.

—"Who is the haggard looking man with the expression of deep melancholy on his face that is fleeing before the mob?" "He is an editor." "Who are they and what has he done to excite their wrath?" "They are college graduates, and they are pursuing him in order to get places on his paper." "How many did you say there were?" "Five hundred."

FREE ENGLISH LIBRARIES.

Valuable Opinion About Reading by the Bishop of London.

The Bishop of London, in formally opening a new free library at Fulham, said he looked upon libraries everywhere as being of the highest importance and value for the cultivation of the great body of people at large. There would be, he was quite certain, a perpetually increasing number of those who would be glad to have the opportunity of reading books which it would be impossible for them to buy or hire. It was a very excellent arrangement that there should be, for common good, libraries of the kind, to which all might resort—libraries which were open to the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest. The most important feature of that which had been commonly called the "republic of letters," was that all found themselves equal at the commencement, and the difference between one man and another only consisted in the kind of books which were read, and the degree of diligence used in reading them. At that library every man who had brains would be able to gratify his love of learning to the very utmost extent. He thought that in a very short time there would be a demand springing up for books. Those who had been endowed with gifts and special faculties, and to whom it was the greatest blessing, not only to themselves, but to society, would be able to cultivate their particular faculties. He frequently came across men who were engaged in the ordinary occupations of life, and who had very little education, who had cultivated themselves by a diligent pursuit of the one study for which they were specially adapted. The thing which was wanted was to enable these men to enter upon such a career as was precisely provided by that library. He would be very glad if libraries were hereafter developed still further, and there were added to them by the Legislature museums for the purpose of instruction in such subjects as the books described. It was an excellent plan that men should see those things which they were studying, and it also tended to make study complete. The intelligence of the body of the public at large was sure to be raised if those persons who were naturally the most intelligent were allowed to study, and it was always well worth while in any community to give opportunities to the few to cultivate their natural faculties, because of all the things that educate the great body of the people there was nothing which educated them so much, so effectually and so permanently as the cultivation of the few who were daily among them, and whose ready explanation on difficult questions would permeate the whole mass.

A Romance and a Mystery.

The well-dressed body of a young woman found floating in New York bay off the Battery, twelve days ago, was identified as Laura Wilder, of South Easton, Pa., and the fact of such identification was published far and wide. Now it turns out that the person who so identified the dead was Laura Wilder herself, whose purpose was to win back a wandering lover. As the *Evening World* tells the story, Laura had been engaged to Fred Bowman, and in a fit of jealousy he had left her. Bowman was travelling in the West when he saw in the papers the statement that the dead had been identified as Laura Wilder. His heart was softened; he telegraphed money to have the girl buried; he came himself to attend the funeral. When he came and saw that the body was a stranger, he was puzzled; but the live Laura was watching for him, and they soon came to an understanding. Last Saturday they were married. Last Sunday they started for the West. Mr. Bowman's money was used to bury the dead girl in Evergreen Cemetery. Whose Laura was she?

What a Madstone is Like.

We were shown, a few days ago, by Mr. William Howe, two madstones which were taken from deer killed by his wife's grandfather, Mr. Bryant, in Montgomery County. They have been in his possession 43 years and are supposed to be over 100 years old. They are about the size of a small pullet's egg, and light yellow in color and light in weight. They were found in the stomachs of deer. One of them is broken and discloses in the centre a small piece of lead, from which we infer that these stones are produced by an effort of nature to cover up foreign substances and prevent them from harming the stomach. The formation seems to be gradual and something in the nature of an oyster pearl. These stones have never been used in cases of hydrophobia, but Mr. Howe is willing to have them tested at any time.—*Americus (Ga.) Recorder.*

We Will Soon Wear Paper Clothing.

It is by no means improbable that paper clothing will yet supersede cotton and woollen cloth as the material of the people. One establishment in the West is already doing an extensive business in the manufacture of paper clothing, and the fabric is said to equal that of any other class of goods in style and durability. For blankets, piano coverings and similar purposes the paper fabrics are an established success. They are light and serviceable. Paper pails, dishes and canes are familiar to almost everybody. Paper boards for making houses, paper boats, paper water pipes, column pipes, tanks and a thousand other new uses are becoming popular. Paper made from wood pulp is becoming a very important article in manufacturing, and its products are being exported from this country to every part of the globe.—*Manufacturer.*

"The deaths of women from Bright's Disease during the child-bearing years of life (from 20 to 45) is as high as 80 women to 100 men. After the age of 45 the proportion of deaths from Bright's Disease sank to 59 women for every 100 men. There seems no other conclusion to be drawn from this, than that pregnancy is a frequent cause of Bright's Disease." So writes Wm. Roberts, M. D., F. R. C. P., London, Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Royal Infirmary, Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester. All women during pregnancy and the "getting-up" period, should use Warner's Safe Cure, and prevent disease of the kidneys.

—It takes a man with a pretty strong constitution to rise with the lark after being out on one all night.

SHOOTING STARS.

Forty Million Meteorites Fall Each Night.

Observations of falling stars have been used to determine roughly the average number of meteorites which attempt to pierce the earth's atmosphere during each twenty-four hours. Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, from observations made during seventeen years, found that the mean hourly number of luminous meteors visible on a clear moonless night by one observer was fourteen, taking the time of observation from midnight to 1 a.m. It has been further experimentally shown that a large group of observers who might include the whole horizon in their observations would see about six times as many as are visible to one eye. Professor H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than 10,000 times as many as could be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than 20,000,000 luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, each of which in a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting star.

This number, however, by no means represents the total number of minute meteorites that enter our atmosphere, because many entirely invisible to the naked eye are often seen in telescopes. It has been calculated that the number of meteorites, if these were included, would be increased at least twenty-fold. This would give us 400,000,000 of meteorites falling in the earth's atmosphere daily.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Some Mighty Loose Notions About Marriage.

No subject has been more discussed of late than the marriage relation.

Is it because we wish to render marriage more sacred and its vows more binding, or because we desire to make divorce easy?

We prate a good deal about the spiritual horrors of being mismated and the fathomless bliss of finding our affinity. We paint in lurid colors the sulphurous hell on earth in which a couple "continually do dwell" who once thought they loved each other and afterward find out that they do not.

The practical result of this superfine philosophy is that the husband and wife who swore to stand by each other "until death us do part" are on the still hunt throughout society—the man for another woman and the woman for another man.

When the man has found the woman and the woman has found the man, then they seem to regard their marriage as a sacrilegious thing, and proceed at once to break the laws of God and man in order to insure domestic happiness.

Now, why not carry this logic to its proper conclusion? For example, two young people go to the altar. They are dead sure that their love will be eternal. At the end of five years they grow cool, get a divorce and remarry. There is no reason to suppose that the second marriage will prove happier than the first. At the end of a second five years they find they have made a second mistake. Why not another divorce and another remarriage? Why not a quinquennial recurrence of this experience until the average number of marriages and divorces in an ordinary lifetime shall be, well, say ten or twelve?

Take this Plunkett case as an example. The man and wife were Christian scientists. Heaven save the mark! They quietly declared themselves divorced by their own act, without form of law. They lived in the atmosphere of exceeding holiness, and were so awfully pure and saintly that they wanted to be regarded as specimens of the best results that could be produced from human nature. They opened a school and invited the public to come and be taught how to be as heavenly as they were themselves at the moderate rate of $2 per lesson.

Mrs. Plunkett joined herself to another husband. That is to say, she told her friends she was married to him. She thinks all this bosh is religion—that is, she says she thinks so, which shows that she is either putting on the cloak of religion to serve the devil in or else that the Lord has endowed her with an unusual amount of imbecility.

Is this an isolated case, the case of a pitiful crank, or does it indicate a tendency of modern thought?

Well, Dr. Stillman is the unenvied hero of another episode of the same nature. He is a man of culture and social standing and supposes himself to be honorable. Already married to one wife, he searches for another. He had an irrepressible yearning for sympathy, or something of that sort, and couldn't find it at home.

But omit the details; you are familiar with them. The upshot of the matter is that his early vows are whistled down the wind on some romantic pretext or other. Under the excuse of protecting the young girl he is living, according to his own confession, in open shame. That a man of honor should be willing to bring everlasting disgrace on the woman he loves is one of the psychological curiosities of the age. To ruin a woman's future may not excite surprise, but to do it because you love her with a manly and protecting affection presents a problem which is past finding out.

All of which leads us to ask, What are we coming to? Is this the road to an earthly paradise, strewn as it is with broken vows and broken hearts, or have we misread the sign at the crossing and taken the road to the devil under a mistake?

Perhaps it is a higher philosophy that is being taught; but if so we have a strong prejudice in favor of something not quite so ethereal. The old fashioned fidelity to home, the old time loyalty to the marriage relation, even when it is somewhat irksome, is better than this new fangled notion about affinity, soul partners and the rest of the poppycock with which the air is filled.

It is dreadfully æsthetic, we know, but we have a faint suspicion that a great many people mistake the amorous for the holy.—*New York Herald.*

A Boy's Chance Spoiled.

Farmer's Boy—Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become Secretary of Agriculture? Old Farmer—Too late, too late, my son, you know too much about farmin'.—*New York Weekly.*

—Husband—Half the time I don't know whether I am crazy or not. Wife—I know all the time.

PECULIAR SYSTEM OF POLYANDRY

Something About the People of Tibet.

The most curious of the many remarkable customs of the country with which our latest war has brought us in contact is polyandry. One of the most recent writers on the subject is the late Mr. Andrew Wilson, who devotes a chapter of his work, "The Abode of Snow," to Tibetan polyandry. Polyandry is that species of polygamy in which the wife has more husbands than one, and it prevails wherever the Tibetan language is spoken. Tibetan polyandry has the peculiarity that the husbands are all brothers, or, at least, very nearly related, so that the woman becomes the wife of a whole family. It does not appear to be in any way connected with the Tibetan religion, but to owe its existence to the poverty of the country and the desire to limit the population. It is practiced by all classes of the population, rich and poor, and is only superseded by polygamy, or multiplicity of wives, where the people have been much in contact with Hindoos or Mahommedans. Mr. Wilson met a case in which one woman was married to six brothers, one of whom was quite a boy, but he thinks in most cases there are only two husbands, not because five or six were objectionable, but because families with more than two brothers are not common. He attributes the fact that the system works peacefully to the calm, unimpassioned temperament of the people, who subordinate all other interests to those of the family. The children are regarded as scions of the house rather than of any individual member of it: all the husbands are treated as the fathers of the children, and there is no noticeable difference in the relations of a child to the different fathers. The surplus women left by the system are provided for in the Lama nunneries, where they learn to read and copy the Tibetan Scriptures, and to engage in religious services. The choice of a wife for the family is the right of the elder brother, and the contract he makes involves marriage contracts with all the other brothers. The system is said to have existed in Tibet since prehistoric times, so that its origin is lost in antiquity. The notable end that it serves is that it restricts population in regions where emigration is difficult, and where the means of subsistence cannot be easily increased. Captain Turner says that "the influence of this custom on the manners of the people has not been unfavorable. * * * To the privileges of unbounded liberty the wife here adds the character of mistress of the family and companion of her husbands." On the other hand, it struck Mr. Wilson that so many husbands meant for the women only so many more masters, and so much more toil and trouble.—*Exchange.*

Rooms the Queen Locks up.

As is well known, the Queen is in the habit of keeping rooms which have been occupied by deceased relatives locked up. The apartments at Claremont, in which the Princess Charlotte died more than 70 years ago, are rigorously closed, and nobody is allowed to use them. Prince Albert's apartments at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral are all kept precisely as they were when he was alive, and on the wall of the room in which he expired there is a tablet with an inscription recording the fact that "this apartment was the scene of his demise." The Duchess of Kent's rooms at Frogmore are also shut up—an arrangement which renders that abode absolutely useless, inasmuch as they are the best in the house. Frogmore, by the way, is officially a part of Windsor Castle, and any repairs that are done there go into the castle account. The Queen has also kept John Brown's rooms at Windsor entirely closed since the death of that domestic, and a large brass has been erected in the apartment in which he expired, with an inscription commemorating his virtues and deploring his loss.—*London Truth.*

Out of His Nose.

A good story is reported from India. There is a famous border freebooter known as Tantia Bheel, who is the cause of much trouble to the authorities. He has long been famous, but, like Scottish Rob Roy, Tantia does not seem to stand much in awe of the powers that be. A body of native police recently set out in pursuit of the robber, and halted at a spot near one of his favorite haunts. During the halt a "barber" joined the police, and his services were requisitioned by the officer in command. The "barber" was, after the manner of barbers, loquacious, and talked freely of the deceit and his doings. "Ah," he said at last, "there is only one way of catching Tantia." "And how is that?" eagerly asked the officer. "In this way," said the shaver, cutting off the tip of the jemadar's nose, "I am Tantia." Tantia bolted off into the jungle, leaving the unfortunate jemadar streaming with blood and frantically calling his men to follow the runaway. Pursuit was in vain. The "barber" made good his escape.

A Problem for the Honest Farmer.

The difference between a comfortable prosperity and a slowly grinding impoverishment for the farmer may be made by the simple fact that he necessarily sells his products in competition with all the world and at the lowest prices that competition can produce, while the cost of nearly everything that he must buy is enhanced by a system of indirect taxation, the greater part of which is intended to strangle competition and increase the profits of favored interests. When the farmer has worked out this simple problem he will find that the relief he most needs is in his own hands and that the taxation from which he suffers most is that which he has been blindly helping to fasten upon himself.—*New York Times.*

Took Enough to Kill.

A man by the name of George Graub, living in Jordan village, committed suicide Friday by taking Paris green. Before death he remarked that had he known it was going to give him so much pain he would not have taken it, and that he expected he would fall over just like a potato bug. About a year ago Graub endeavored to kill himself by getting on to the house top and rolling from the roof. That time he only succeeded in slightly hurting himself.

—The man who invented the locomotive cow-catcher never got a cent for it. And yet it has given many a man a lift.

VOICE AND STIMULANTS.

Tobacco, Alcohol and Fiery Condiments are Best Avoided.

Tobacco, alcohol and fiery condiments of all kinds are best avoided by those who have to speak much, or at least they should be used in strict moderation. I feel bound to warn speakers addicted to the herb nicotian against cigarettes. Like tippling the effect of cigarette smoking is cumulative, and the slight but constant absorbtion of tobacco juice and smoke makes the practice far more noxious in the long run than any other form of smoking. Our forefathers, who used regularly to end their evenings under the table, seem to have suffered little of the well known effects of alcohol on the nerves, while the modern tippler, who is never intoxicated, is a being whose nervous system may be said to be in a state of chronic inflammation. In like manner cigarette smokers, those at least who inhale the smoke, do not merely puff it "from the lips outward," as Carlyle would say, are often in a state of chronic narcotic poisoning. The old jest about the slowness of the poison may seem applicable here, but though the poison may be slow there can be little doubt that it is sure. Even if it does not kill the body, it too often kills or greatly impairs the victim's working efficiency and usefulness in life. The local effects of cigarettes in the mouth must also be taken into account by those whose work lies in the direction of public speech. The white spots on the tongue and on the inside of the cheeks, known as smoker's patches, are believed by some doctors with special experience to be more common in devotees of the cigarette than in other smokers; this unhealthy condition of the mouth may not only make speaking troublesome, or even painful, but it is now proved to be a predisposing cause of cancer. All fiery or pungent foods, condiments or drinks tend to cause congestion of the throat, and if this condition becomes chronic it may lead to impairment, if not complete loss of voice. The supposed miraculous virtues of the mysterious pastes and draughts on which some orators pin their faith exist mainly in the imagination of those who use them; at best they do nothing more than lubricate the joints of the vocal machine so as to work it more smoothly.—*Sir Morell Mackenzie in the Contemporary Review.*

THE SUICIDAL MANIA.

Its Extraordinary Daily Increase in Civilized Communities.

Whether man, who has no voice in entering this world, has the moral right to determine when he shall quit it is a question that anthropologists have disputed over for ages. The Chinese regard self-destruction as honorable and in a sense a rebuke to an enemy, and they occasionally approach the grotesque in carrying out their designs. The early inhabitants of Tartary compelled their old men and old women to destroy themselves so that they would no longer be a burden to the community, and the cannibals of the Fiji Islands, after having eaten the most succulent of the prisoners of war, caused those who were too tough to roast and too old to be of any use to cast themselves into the sea. Suicide in civilized countries has increased disproportionately with the increase in population, and the area of self-sought deaths has changed from one country to another without any apparent reason. Statistics show that Germany led the list for years, until the beginning of the present decade, and that France followed. Germans, it was said, killed themselves because the lager beer they drank clogged the liver and produced despondency. Frenchmen, on the other hand, made away with themselves from over-exhilaration—a precisely opposite cause. Spaniards and Englishmen, or the majority of them, prefer natural deaths, while Americans, from the very nature of their polyglot character, are gradually beginning to lead all other civilized countries in the number of suicides. The State of New York has attempted to stem this rising tide by enacting a law making it a crime to attempt self-destruction, and the unfortunate who is too slow or too unskilful to get out of the world without making a halt goes behind prison bars to wonder why a community should insist on saving something that did not belong to them. No other State in the Union and no State in Continental Europe prohibits attempts at self-murder. That the mania is increasing to an extraordinary extent in this country is shown by the daily record in the newspapers. No one section is exempt. In the cool mountains of Maine and in the tropical bayous of Louisiana men and women seek the grave of their own volition in almost equal proportions.—*New York World.*

Co-Operation in England.

Whatever one may think of co-operation, it is making headway. In fourteen years the co-operators in the south of England have increased fourfold; they do five times the number of sales they did in 1875, make six times the profits, and employ eight times the capital. Commercially speaking, this is good enough, but it would be worth more if, as yesterday's discussion shows, "profit sharing" was not still an open question with many co-operators. However, the principle of profit sharing is making its way, and if it be only systematically carried out by the productive societies co-operation may do more for the world than it has yet. We should like to see the industrial co-operative societies turning their attention more actively to co-operative land owning.—*London Star.*

Milk not a Beverage.

It is a a mistake to look upon milk as a beverage. It is a liquid food, and though it quenches thirst at the moment, it makes it more intense after it has been some time in the stomach, and its digestion has commenced. Healthy infants who receive a sufficiency of milk often cry for long periods, to the bewilderment and distress of mothers and nurses, simply because they are thirsty, and in many cases where indigestion is caused by weakness or insufficiency of the gastric juice, the child would be greatly benefited by a drink of water.—*Hospital.*

—"It really isn't fair," remarked Mr. St. Louis, indignantly, "for Chicago to annex all the Cronin murderers just before the census is taken. Why, really, unless we count in the flies our honest city will have no show at all."

SELECTING MEATS.

How to Choose a Good Piece for Broiling or Roasting.

We hear much said about our tough beef and the poor meat in general that comes to us from the market. It seems just possible that the meat would be much more palatable if the cooks understood thoroughly the best ways to cook the different pieces, so that they would come to the table in their tenderest, most appetizing shape. There is something to be learned, too, by the one who does the marketing. Meat for a certain purpose should be cut from a certain part. If a roast is wanted, it is better that it come from the loin. If an inferior roast be bought, cook it as a pot roast, and see how much more tender it is.

When steak is bought many people will broil or even fry anything the butcher gives them. A lady who knows a little about meat once asked in a shop for a beefsteak, and upon seeing the piece from which the butcher began to cut she said: "Why, that isn't steak, is it?" Whereupon he answered: "No; but I can make steak of it." Too many people know no difference if the meat be cut in slices. If they would realize that what makes a very poor piece of meat broiled would often be delicious if braised or simply baked in a closely-covered dish; or cut up and cooked, then made into a meat pie; or if, failing to get just the piece of meat wanted, they would take the one they could get and cook it the way it is best—not spoiling a good stew to make a poor roast—they would find more digestible as well as palatable meats.

It should be remembered, too, after the outside of the meat is seared over to prevent the escape of juices, that a slow fire does better work than a very hot one. Intense heat hardens fibrin, while slow heat softens it. All housekeepers should learn to know the parts of meat by the names given them by the butchers, be able to ask for what they want in the market, and to know that they are given what they order.

There are only a few choice cuts of beef, and everybody cannot have the best. It is the part of wisdom to be able to make "best" from "second best" by cooking in such a way as to make each piece of meat appear to the very best advantage. In this way, if housekeepers look out for their own tables, they will find that, in spite of poor meats, tough beef and scrawny chickens, savory dishes may be prepared, and the family enjoy good living.—*Mrs. Rorer, in Industrialist.*

$40 000 Lost.

"I lost forty thousand dollars by a periodical attack of nervous sick headache," said a Chicago capitalist to a correspondent, pointing across the street to a handsome corner lot. "That lot was sold for ten thousand dollars at a public auction five years ago, and I intended to buy it, but was too sick with headache to attend the sale, and it is now worth fifty thousand dollars." If he had known of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets they would have removed the cause of his headaches—biliousness—and he would have made the money. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion and bilious attacks. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

A Woman's Sarcasm.

"You'll never die of consumption, John," said a wife to her husband when he came home at a late hour a little the worse for wear.

"I won't die of consumption. What makes you think so?"

"Because your lungs are sound."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Because your breath is so strong."—*Boston Courier.*

$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for years made a standing offer in all American newspapers of $500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Improved Blower," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get $500 in case of failure.

A Man of Push.

Wife—Mr. Blower, you've always to be a man of push, haven't you?

Husband—That's what I claim to dearest, and I'm always ready to stand that assertion.

Wife—Then what's the matter with pushing this baby carriage a little, precious?—*Time.*

Terrible Slaughter.

Thousands of lives were needlessly sacrificed last year in this country, and other lives are being as wantonly sacrificed to-day. Disease is Grinding Many Down into the dust of the earth who might be well. Mark those initials, for thereby hangs a tale: "G. M. D." They stand for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is unequaled for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys, in purifying the blood, and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors and consumption (or lung scrofula), in its early stages, it is a positive specific. It is sold under a *positive guarantee* of benefitting or curing in every case, on being given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded.

A Fly Youth.

Fond parent (sternly)—More money? I tell you, sir, I did not dare ask my father for money when I was your age.

Fly youth—I know the reason of that.

F. P.—You do? And what was the reason, pray?

F. Y.—Your father was not so kind and generous-hearted as mine is.

F. P.—Well, I suppose I must let you have a little, Jack; but go easy, my boy, go easy.—*Boston Courier.*

DOWL 29 89.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

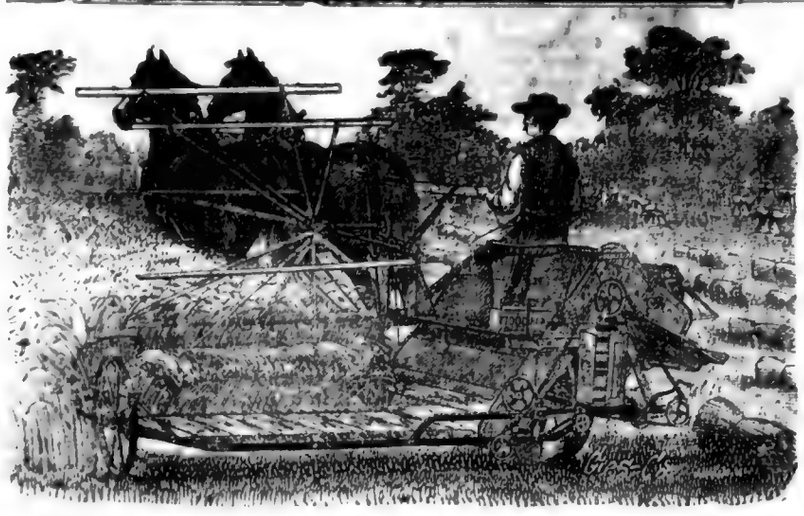

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Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to :
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion o their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts :
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada
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Therefore : 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder or Mower.
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

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Heard's Carriage Works.

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Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

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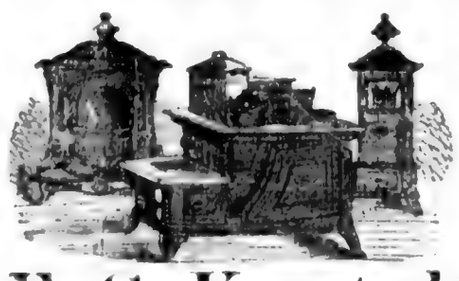

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F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

NOW IS THE TIME —TO— Get Your Tailoring Done —AT— C. J. LEITCHE'S FLESHERTON.

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I desire to inform the public that I have re moved my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING EAVETROUGHING Etc.

done as heretofore.

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said w secured the agency for
The p celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.
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ticket was hi g my old friends to come and see
said it was not w shop, I remain, etc.,
Burke, and h **JAS. SULLIVAN.**
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name of Coop

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mi is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Good stabling for horses.

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Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
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COUNTY & DISTRICT

About one o'clock Sunday morning, u citizens were aroused from their slumber by the sound of the fire alarm. The hundreds who hurried into the streets soon found that the Stovel block on the corner of Sykes and Collingwood street was on fire. The building was frame and in a short time was enveloped in flames. The exertions of the firemen were in vain. The south part of the building was occupied by Mr. Noble Brady, as a shop and dwelling, and the central part by Mr. R. Spike, boot and shoemaker. The shop to the north was vacant. In a short time the whole block was consumed to the ground. The devouring element was so rapid in its operations that Mr. Brady and family had barely time to escape. Furniture, bed clothes, wearing apparel, groceries, provisions, almost everything, were destroyed. Mr. Brady's loss will probably exceed $2,000, of which only about $500 is covered by insurance. Mr. Brady is a honest, industrious citizen and much sympathy is felt for himself and family. We are informed the building was insured for about $1000.—[Meaford Mirror.

RUN OVER BY AN ENGINE.—Mr. Alex. Watt, who had just reached home from the Miller's Convention at Toronto, was run over at Palmerston by an engine and died in two hours.—[Wiarton E

The Orangeville Advertiser says : "Macaulay's History of England, in five volumes, given by the Montreal Witness for the best original story, was awarded to Master Arthur Shain, a pupil attending the public school of this town."

The three-year-old daughter of George Leak, on Logan township, was runing around with a sharp stick in her mouth on Saturday, when she fell and the stick penetrated to the base of the brain with a fatal result.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth! If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers ; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

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Ice Cream Parlors !

all kinds of cooling summer drinks.

Cured Meats, Lard, Bologna, etc.

ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON

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$66 Sewing-Machine FREE To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out : other patents run out it sold for $60. With the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. ADDRESS CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

$66 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, warranted Beat $65 watch in the world Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large valuable line of Home Sample. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 414, Portland, Maine

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I have a very large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival ; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON !

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McCOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work, such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK !

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 422. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

WATCHES,

Clocks, & Jewelry.

STUDY

Your Own Interests

by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Spectacles and Silverware, at

Russell's Noted

JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Barpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains and a beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell

THE ONE PRICE

Cash Store.

STILL ON DECK!

Goods cheaper than ever

This is the time for all farmers to lay in a good stock of

Groceries

for haying and harvesting. We have put the prices down to meet the demands.

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

—AT—

ROCK - BOTTOM - PRICES.

More Customers wanted

To Carry off the Bargains.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Inquire and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

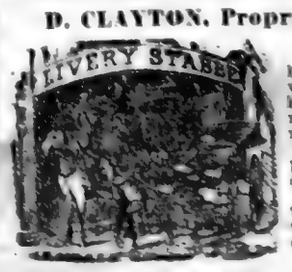

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THE ADVANCE.

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Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year $50, half col., do., $27, quarter col. do., $15

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

A MUDDLE.

A clause is the Manhood Franchise Act of 1888 provides that opposite the name of every person entitled to vote, the leters M.F., meaning manhood franchise, must be placed. The township clerks in a large number of municipalities throughout the province have, through ignorance of this law, neglected the adding of the necessary letters in the voters' lists which have lately been published. The clerks cannot be blamed for this, as they are not required to go outside the assessment roll in making up the list, and not having received any instructions upon the matter have innocently created a difficulty which is not easy to arrange. According to the way matters stand every name which does not show the M.F. after it is disfranchised and cannot vote at the coming election for the Legislature should this years' voters' lists be used, as is the present intention There is no time to issue new lists and have them posted within the limits which the law allows. As might be expected, the astute and painstaking clerk of Artemesia has not fallen into the error just noted, having inconvenienced himself considerably to obtain information upon the matter, and so far as this township is concerned we are out of the squirm. Surrounding townships have not fared so well, and it is doubtful what the outcome will be in such cases. Of one thing we may be sure, there will be a mammoth kick if everybody is disfranchised in this manner in those municipalities where the error has been made.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is just one year ago to-day since we took possession of this office. It has been a short year to us, as well as a pleasant one. Our anticipations have been fully realized, and we have found our patrons to be kind in overlooking shortcomings and appreciative of our efforts. The Advance has added a large number of new subscribers to its list, and ends the year with a considerably extended list of names. This is very encouraging to us, but we want still more encouragement in that line. We are a little hoggish on this point. Our job department has been a lively one during most of the past year, and at present is more so than at any other time during the twelve months. We have received much praise for our artistic work in the job line, and have lately added material which will place us in a position to do even finer work than heretofore. In short we have prospered fairly well, and would have absolutely no fault to find if the old delinquents would send in their arrearages for subscriptions. We have a few such on our list who appear to forget that we require dollars to pay the paper bills. They may be, and are no doubt, all true friends of the paper. If so there is no pleasanter way of showing it than by remitting what they owe. Please do it now and see us smile.

At Buckingham Palace Saturday, amid all the splendid pomp of Royal ceremonial, Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar of Wales was married to Alexander William George Duff, Earl of Fife and Viscount MacDuff. That is the way the Globe copies it from the New York Cablegram. The proper titles are these: Princess Louise Alexander Dagmar, to Alexander William George Earl of Fife, K.T. The Globe believes in "laying on Macduff," as Mr. Shakespear remarked.

Lippincott says the first picnic was held on the bank of the Ganges. We were under the impression that the picnic luxury was instituted when the ark was bowling along towards Ararat. At any rate there were spiders, ants, and divers other creeping things present on that occasion, and what more is required to make up a picnic?

Bishop Walsh, of London, has been appointed to the archbishopric of Toronto, left vacant by the death of Archbishop of Lynch. The appointment gives very general satisfaction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

On Tuesday last Rev. Mr. Madden, of Heathcote, addressed a few of the electors in this vicinity on the Jesuit Estate Act. On account of the meeting not being properly announced the audience was not as large as it would otherwise have been. Mr. Madden spoke for over an hour and gave a great deal of information on the subject, and also succeeded in getting a goodly number of signatures to a petition praying the Governor General to disallow the act.

On Thursday last an infant child of Mr. J. Thompson of this vicinity, passed away to its eternal rest after a brief illness of four days. The parents have our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

On Sunday evening last Mr. J. M. Thurston conducted a reading and song service in the church here. He read the 21st chapter of Revelations, which refers to home. The subject was home and its associates. The choir sang quite a number of pieces in a very pleasing manner, and quite a number of brethern and sisters read corresponding passages of scripture during the meeting.

Harvesting is in full blast here now.

Berry picking is the order of the day.

Those rusticating from Flesherton in our vicinity got a little two much rain on Sunday night to make things pleasant for them.

Mrs. Brown, of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Thompson of this place.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Fred Roome is home from Oregon, where he had been spending the winter and spring.

Mr. Adam Reid returned to Toronto Junction on Monday morning.

Rev. T. W. Leggott and family left for Seagrove, their new home, last week. Mr. Brown seems to be well liked by all.

Mr. Robert Meldrum moved to Feversham last week.

What the Chic-a-Dee Says.

Out in the woods where the choppers are
Dwells a sociable little bird,
And his sweet voice trilling, now here now there
Makes the greenwood is ever heard—
Chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee-dee-dee.
I'm a sociable bird you see
And I sing all day
While I work or play.
Chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee-dee-dee

The seasons are all alike to me
And no changes can ever bring.
For my life in the woods is glad and free.
So listen and hear me sing—
Chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee-dee-dee.
I'm a sociable bird you see
And I sing all day
While I work or play.
Chic-a dee, chic-a-dee-dee-dee.

I know not trouble, I know not care
I have found that they do not pay
So I twit and sing to my lady there
And go sadness can with me stay—
[illegible]
I'm a sociable bird you see
And I sing all day
[illegible]

Here's a maxim good for the troubled heart
[illegible]
Let us sing through life and the better part
Will [illegible] better home—
Chic-a-dee chic-a-dee-dee-dee
I'm a [illegible]
And I sing all day
While I [illegible]
Chic-a-dee, chic-a-dee-dee-dee

Died.

MOORE.—In Artemesia, on Saturday July the wife of J. L. Moore aged [illegible] years.

PAUL.—At Eugenia, on Sunday, H. Samuel Paul in his 71st year.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00 to 4 [illegible]
Fall Wheat	0 [illegible] to [illegible]
Spring Wheat	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Barley	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Oats	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Peas	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Butter	0 14 [illegible]
Eggs, fresh	0 11 [illegible]
Potatoes bush.	0 15 [illegible]
Pork	6 10 [illegible]
Hay per ton	9 00 [illegible]
Hides	7 50 [illegible]
Sheepskins	0 50 [illegible]
Geese	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Turkeys	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Chickens per pair	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Ducks per lb	0 [illegible] [illegible]
Wool	0 15 [illegible]

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section

If prices are not shed rock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you.

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done, Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

Particulars of Jack the Ripper's Latest Crime.

A Last (Wednesday) night's London cable says: The body of the latest Whitechapel victim was taken to the mortuary. The examination developed an unusual feature—Jack has done his work with a dull knife. Heretofore the slashes were clean. Alice Mackenzie's body bore marks of Jack's terrible methods, but there was no execution. The clothes were drawn over the head after the knife had been driven into the neck. A cut of four inches long, running towards the groin, had not served the abdominal wall. On both sides of this cut and along the lateral line below the breast bone there were twenty scratches, which wouldhave been slashes had a keen knife been used. Every scratch was an attempt to rip the woman up. She was evidently taken unawares, as she was strongly built, and weighed 140 pounds. She could not have uttered a cry without being heard by the police. Jack adopted his old plan, except that in this case his right hand was placed over his victim's mouth, and the left hand drove the knife into the neck, instead of *vice versa*.

The murder threw Whitechapel into a condition of fearful excitement. Castle alley was crowded all day. People from all quarters flocked to the scene, and stories of the crime were on every tongue.

At 10 o'clock the woman was identified. John McCormack, a porter, said he lived with the woman for six years. She was 40 years of age. She was born at Peterborough, and her family lived there until a month ago, when they moved into furnished rooms in Whitechapel. The victim did charing work. She never got a living on the streets. Sometimes she drank too much. She left the house at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. They had had a tiff. He gave her a shilling and advised her not to spend it in drink. He was told that she returned to the house at 10 o'clock last night and took a blind boy, George Dixon, for a walk. McCormack knew no more. The woman and the boy went to the Cambridge Music Hall. There they met a man and she asked him to treat. She then went home to the lodging house, and left after saying she was going to meet a man at the Cambridge Hall. Whether or not she met him is not known, for the blind boy had no means to identify him except by his voice.

Nothing could more clearly indicate the cunning of the murderer than the selection of the locality. The alley is 100 yards long, dark, and encumbered by a mass of waggons and barrows, which formerly were stored in a yard in which excavations were going on a few feet above. At the bottom of the alley, is a network of streets, courts and alleys. Castle alley has no residents likely to go through it at night, the baths being the only tenanted house in the upper part of it. The others on the left side are small factories and workshops. On the right side is a high board fence, shutting off the back yards. A row of small houses, facing on New Castle street, runs parallel with Castle alley, and just below the scene of the murder they are connected by a narrow court. If he approached, therefore, from the Whitechapel road the murderer could escape down Castle alley into Old Castle street, through this to Wentworth street, and thence to Commercial street or the lane. If he approached from Old Castle street, he could escape through Castle alley court into Whitechapel road. This way he did escape. If hemmed in on both sides he could still escape through the connecting court to New castle street and thence to Whitechapel road or Wentworth street as he chose. There was further cunning and evidence of intimate knowledge of the locality in the fact that he was just on the boundary line of two police districts. Whitechapel road is patrolled by constables from Leman street station, and no street constable comes from the road down the alley, because that is in the district belonging to another division. He must have known that an officer could come toward him only from the bottom of the alley, and his intimate knowledge of the locality and police rules made his escape as easy as ever, when it is remembered that in all the eight murders committed he has never once been seen by anybody. The fear of him in Whitechapel can be understood, and the superstition in some of the slums that he is invisible does not seem surprising.

A Thursday's London cable says: The inquest was resumed this morning at 10 and lasted till 1, when it was adjourned until August 14. The only witness who gave any information that has not been published was Dr. Phillips, divisional surgeon. He said that as he was going to the scene of the murder it was raining hard, and he was struck with the fact of the unusual scarcity of the people on the streets. Several jurors smiled at this. He found the body in the position already described. Her clothes were raised well up on the chest. They were all bloody on the side next the wall. He made a complete *post-mortem* examination to-day at the mortuary. In his examination he found below the woman's left collar bone that there was a well-defined bruise about the size of a shilling, and on the other side was a larger well-defined recent bruise. Both bruises were the result of injury during life. Seven inches below the right nipple began an external wound. It was seven inches long and deepest at its middle part. It divided only the skin and tissue underneath, leaving the muscular structure undivided. Then there were seven smaller wounds, only dividing the skin, running from the inner side of the large wound towards the navel, and from the middle of the larger wound were several small wounds reaching only through the skin, and running downward. The top of the right thumb had been cut off, but that was apparently a former injury. It was clear that the woman had suffered from an old disease. He thought the throat was cut from behind. The first incision seemed to have been interrupted by the prominence of the woman's lower jaw. It was the second incision, joining the first at its deepest part, which was immediately over the carotid vessels. These were entirely severed. He had not the slightest doubt that the cause of death was syncope arising from the loss of blood consequent upon the division of these vessels, and such a death was probably almost instantaneous. The air passage was not divided. At Dr. Phillips' request, he was permitted to defer testifying further pending the investigations of the police.

THE NEXT POPE.

Bishop Kean's Views on the Papal Succession—No Chance for an American.

A Nashville despatch says: The *American* publishes an interview with Bishop Kean, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who is here in attendance on the National Education Association. Speaking of the health of the Pope, Bishop Kean said: So far as the health of Leo XIII. is concerned there is little likelihood of his dying very soon. I saw him the day before I left Rome, March 19th, and he was then the picture of health, stout, robust and active. It is true he is a very old man, 82 years old, but he does not stand alone as the only man of advanced age performing the active duties of a high and responsible position. Bismarck, Gladstone, Manning as well an Leo. XIII. are far advanced in life, and yet these men are moving the world. Cardinal Newman is 92 years old, and he has only just retired from the active performance of his duties. When Leo XIII. became the chief bishop of the Church, some 12 years ago, he himself regarded his health so poor that he said it was useless to make him Pope, for he had scarcely six months to live. His health now, however, is very good, and I assure you he has no notion of dying to please anyone. In the event of the death of the Pope where will his successor probably come from? I should say Italy beyond a doubt. Then all this talk about an American Cardinal succeeding is without any foundation at all? Entirely so. There are many reasons why an American will not be elevated to the Papacy. To begin with, an American, no matter how learned he may be, how well posted on European affairs, is thoroughly unfitted to fill the Papal See. The Pope must be a thorough cosmopolitan. He must be *au fait* with European affairs, conversant with the political and spiritual conditions of France, Germany and Spain, in fact the whole world. No American can grasp the situation in all its details. His educational surroundings and life are totally different from that of the man who is fitted to fill the Papacy. Europe is becomming Americanized, the people are gradually taking up our theories and systems of life and government, but it will be a hundred years before the conditions are such that it would be possible for an American Cardinal to become the head of the Catholic Church.

A GREAT CLOUD BURST

Sweeps Away Many Lives and Destroys Much Property.

A last (Friday) night's Parkersburg, W Va., despatch says: The greatest disaster which ever befell Little Kanawha valley came last night in the shape of a cloud burst, which has completely flooded the county, destroying many lives, carrying off thousands of dollars' worth of property and ruining crops for many miles. Mrs. Isaac H. Tucker, Martin Lawless and an unknown man were drowned in the lower part. Above the destruction is still greater. At Chesterville, a small town about ten miles above, half the residences were carried off bodily and left in the cornfields. Big Tygart valley is completely ruined. In Clay district a fine church and three dwellings were wrecked. The steamer Oneida is reported wrecked and sunk at Enterprise, and the steamer C. C. Martin is sunk at Burning Springs. Little Tygart valley is also reported ruined, but no lives are reported lost there as yet. The worst story of all comes from Morristown, a small village near the head of Tucker Creek, where the cloud burst concentrated all its fury. It struck the village about midnight and completely destroyed it, with many people.

The first report gave the loss of life eleven, but later news seems to increase it. The houses are said to have been picked up and hurled against each other in such a short space of time that no chance to escape was given. It is impossible now to estimate the loss even in this city, as the river is still rising and tearing everything loose. A family boat containing three or four persons went out during the night and it is believed the occupants were drowned. A freight train went through a trestle which was washed out at Harris' ferry, wrecking the train and killing a man. It is reported that Lock No. 1, above the city, on the Little Kanawha, has given way before the flood.

A Fatal Runaway Accident.

An Adrian, Mich., despatch of Thursday says A heartrending accident occurred yesterday. While Mrs. Robert Moreland and Miss Louise Stephenson were being driven through the city in a landau, the horse became frightened and ran, and fearing it would not be controlled by the driver, Miss Stephenson jumped from the carriage and fell, striking her head upon a stone. Her head was bruised and death ensued in a few moments. She is the eldest daughter of Dr. Robert Stephenson, and a young lady universally esteemed for her high character. Her father was at the lake at the time, but Dr. Abe Stephenson, her brother, was present at her death. The city is in mourning over the sad event. Mrs. Moreland was not injured and the driver soon had the horse under control.

Married His First Wife Again.

A New York despatch says: Charles J. Turner, superintendent of the Cleveland Iron Works, Cleveland, O., ten years ago was divorced from his wife, whom he had married 20 years before in Danbury, Ct. His wife secured the divorce, and Mr. Turner married the woman who had won his affections from his wife. Two weeks ago last Saturday he was remarried to his first wife. For ten years Mrs. Turner heard nothing from her divorced husband. A month or so ago she received a newspaper containing a marked death notice. This was followed by a letter from Mr. Turner. The letter was answered and the marriage the other night was the sequel.

"Several first-class death notices were crowded out this week to make room for the circus ad.," says a Missouri paper of late date, "but they can be confidently looked for after the rush has passed."

A poultry trust has been organized, and thus the fowl business goes on.

HAD A SENSITIVE NATURE.

Morgan Graves Killed Himself Because He Was Charged With Stealing a Small Sum—The Pathetic Notes He Left Behind.

A Chicago despatch says: Out in the hearse-house of the undertaker's establishment at 628 North Wells street, on the cooling-board, lay the body of Morgan Graham Graves. He was only 28 years old when he shot himself. It is one of those tragedies which bubble to the surface of the river of life in Chicago. The bubble burst and the coroner's inquest this morning was the vanishing circle which told that it had been. Graves was his mother's support, his father having left the family. He was slightly deformed with that protruding chest known as a pigeon-breast. He worked for James Wilde & Co. Last Saturday, he told his mother when he came home so early yesterday afternoon, he had sent out a boy to collect $6 50 on a suit of clothes. Graves forgot to ask the boy for the money when the lad returned, and when Graves thought of it yesterday morning the messenger declared that the money had been paid to Graves. Mr. Reed, the manager, concluded, after hearing both sides, that the boy's story was true. Graves left the store, went home, told his mother about it, and said he was going out into the park for a walk. Then he wrote a letter to his mother and sent it to her by a neighbor. It is written in clerkly script and is pathetic in its simplicity. Here it is:

July 15, 1889.—Dearest mother, I have telegraphed Mark and Edith, so you will not have the trouble. I am now going to take my life, as I am in so much trouble that I cannot try any longer. I could not let you know of it, for it will break your heart. I did not send pa any word, for he doesn't care for me or else he would never have left me this great burden. So forgive me for this awful sin I have committed. Good-bye forever. Your son,

MORGAN GRAHAM GRAVES.

Then the suicide wrote another note to his friend Eddie Schupp. This he left in his coat pocket:

Dearest friend, it(reads), you will, no doubt be much surprised to hear that your best friend has left you. I am sorry, but can't help it. I am in much trouble. You know I said to you the other night that Mr. Reed had blamed Mr. Springer and I with taking the small amount of cash. I can't stand this charge, so will not try to any longer. My last promise is that I am innocent of the last charge. I want you to always encourage my mother, God knows that I loved her dearly, and she did me, too. I am so nervous now. You must remind me to all my many friends, so good-bye to all. I cannot be with you again, so good-bye.

Then he started off to the park. Meantime his mother had sent word to the captain of the park police, and he in turn had warned all the men to keep a sharp lookout. Officer Wickert saw Graves near the main entrance and started toward him. Graves fired one shot in the air and then bending his head shot again, the ball gashing the flesh and entering the skull right in the middle of the forehead just above the root of the nose. He toppled forward and when the officer reached him he was dying. In four minutes he was no longer Morgan Graves, but a thing which must be put away out of the sight of man. Graves had pinned his card, on which he had written his address, on the lapel of his coat. In his pocket was 45 cents in money, a pocket-book and a bunch of keys.

The coroner's verdict was that Graves had shot himself while despondent.

To-day a streamer of crape floated from the bell-handle of 751 North Wells street and a mother sat in darkness and mourned.

THAT MISERABLE WAR.

Hippolyte and Legitime Driving the People Delirious.—A Lively Time Expected.

A letter to the New York *Times* dated Port Au Prince, July 17, says the city is in a state bordering on frenzy. Hippolyte has assaulted the outer works. Legitime is impressing into the ranks every man capable of carrying a rifle. The people having been delirious with excitement, the Minister of War has executed some of the prisoners with his own hands. Hippolyte is burning farm houses and villages in sight of the city. All foreigners have been threatened with extermination, but the United States naval force on hand are prepared to take the city if necessary.

The Kearsarge and Ossipie are here. The British cruiser Forward has come in under a full head of steam. She left Jamaica on six hours' notice. The Spanish cruisers Comba and Sanchez have arrived. They report a French man-of-war on the way. The combined forces of the foreign warships are prepared to effect a landing at a moment's notice. A system of signals has been established with the American Consul, and the moment the danger flag is exhibited picked infantry companies from the Kearsarge and Ossipie will jump for the boats. The captain of the British cruiser declares if one Englishman is touched he will open every gun in his batteries. Hippolyte is within a mile of the city, and his force is reported to number 10,000 men. It is a question of but a few days before the end is at hand. Port au Prince knows it, and men, women and children are prepared to die with Legitime. The feeling against foreigners is one of bitter hatred, and it needs but a spark to turn the whole native population into a frenzied mob.

Suffocated by Sewer Gas.

A Lincoln, Neb., despatch of Wednesday says: This afternoon a watch was dropped in a cesspool here and several men endeavored to recover it. They dug a large hole at the side of the pool. This hole was filled with water by the rain. One man stood on a ladder above the water and made an opening into the cesspool. The foul air and gas rushed out and overcame him, and he fell into the water. A friend went to give aid and was likewise overcome. Others came to help, and one by one seven men fell into the water, which by this time was full of muck and slime from the vault. Three were rescued by the men who afterwards perished in attempting to save the others.

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, editor of *Medical Tribune*, author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," in speaking of advanced kidney disease, and the effect of the use of Warner's Safe Cure, says: "I find that in Bright's Disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial *debris*, which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi* (urine-bearing tubes), and to prevent the destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

A NEW MESSIAH DOWN SOUTH.

A Man who has Turned the Negroes Wild with a Promise to Turn Them White.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch says: Liberty county is greatly excited over the proceedings of a man calling himself Dupont Bell, who claims to be the New Messiah. He hails from Circleville, O. He is tall and sallow, with long black hair. He has succeeded in working the negroes of that section up to such a point that the white people are afraid of serious trouble.

"This man Bell," Senator Bradwell said to-day, "appeared suddenly in Liberty county six weeks ago. He proclaimed himself to be the Son of God, and the negroes at once went mad over him. They deserted their fields to follow him and listen to his rantings, and now things are so bad that it is impossible to get hands on the plantations near Riceborough, and some of the crops are being ruined. The negroes kneel before him and struggle with each other for the privilege of kissing his feet. He has told them that the judgment day will be here August 16th. He says that the white people have enjoyed their paradise on earth for the last eighteen centuries, and now it will be the black man's turn. On the eagerly-looked-for 16th every white man will be turned black and every black man will become white.

"This prospect cannot be cheering to Bell, whose skin is white. He says his body was born thirty years ago in Ohio, but his soul has lived since the world began. On the 38th of June he was arrested on a charge of vagrancy, but it was impossible to hold him on such a charge, as he had a quantity of money in his possession. I think a good application of the whip would be the best thing for him, but the negroes far outnumber the whites, and there would be a fearful and bloody riot if anything were done to him. His schemes for raising money are varied and peculiar. The last effort of his genius was to declare that he had sent to his august Father for a consignment of wings which the negroes will need on and after the 16th of August. There was a corner on wings when his requisition reached heaven, and the Almighty was only able to send him 360 pairs. These, he claimed, would be delivered on the Judgment Day, and in the meantime he would sell them at $5 a pair. Every pair has been bought and paid for, and now the lucky ones are practicing the flying motions. He thinks his Father may be able to send him a few more pairs before the great day.

"There is a scheme on foot to get Bell away from his followers, arrest him quietly and have him sent on the fast train to Savannah to be locked up. That is, as far as I can see, the only way to get rid of the man. He may cause serious trouble any day."

THE MISSING AIR SHIP.

Hogan May be Safe Yet, but His Chances are Poor.

A New York despatch says: Prof. Hogan, the missing æronaut, may be alive after all. The pilot boat Robert Carll sighted the air ship yesterday at 2 p.m. out at sea, floating a short distance above the water. The Carll was about a mile distant from the air ship. The pilots intended to pick up the balloon and stood toward the air ship. Just as they were going to launch their yawl the man in the balloon threw ballast overboard, waved a white flag, as if to say he was all right, and ascended again very quickly. The balloon remained in sight about an hour and was sailing well. Two schooners within signalling distance were sailing east in the same direction as the air ship. When at 5.30 o'clock Capt. Phelan, of the pilot boat Caprice, saw the air ship dragging in the water there was no man in it. There were two large schooners in sight and it is thought Hogan may have been picked up by one of them.

Prof. Edward D. Hogan, the æronaut supposed to have been lost near New York, was born at Moorestown, Ont., a few miles below Sarnia. He was 37 years of age. Hogan was a man without fear and made more successful balloon ascensions than any living man. He made his first trip to the clouds in 1866, and since that time has devoted his whole life to the profession and has taken over 600 upward journeys. He was among the first to dispense with the basket and ascend to the heavens upon a frail trapeze bar. Two years ago he began jumping from his balloon with a closed parachute.

The Gladstone Golden Wedding.

Arrangements are now complete for the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in the National Liberal Club on the evening of the 26th inst., in celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The members of Mr. Gladstone's last administration and representatives of Liberalism from all parts of the country will be present. Mr. Marcus Stone, R. A., has designed the allegorical figure of "Freedom" prefacing the commemoration album which is to be presented to Mr. Gladstone. The presentation address is a short one, the work of Mr. Wemyss Reid, and is an eloquent tribute to Mr. Gladstone's great personal gifts. The body of the album consists of five pages, three of which are decorative in character and support the intermingled address. Of these, one, designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day, refers to the domestic life and political career generally of Mr. Gladstone; another, Mr. Henry Holiday's design, refers to Mr. Gladstone as a scholar and statesman, his debt to Greece and Italy, and their indebtedness to him in return. On the third page, Mr. Walter Crane refers more particularly to Mr. Gladstone's later career, and to Home Rule in particular. A page of water-color drawings by Alfred Parsons, R. I., represents country life at Hawarden, whilst J. MacWhirter, A. R. A., and Arthur Severn, R. I., portray Edinburgh and London respectively.

Babies in California.

"At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause to gaze on her, and a child was so rare that once in a theatre in the same city where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, 'Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years.' The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm."

NORTHWEST NOTES.

The Northern Pacific & Manitoba Portage branch will be open for business on the 1st of August.

Two brothers named Western made a serious assault upon Geo. W. Robinson at Portage la Prairie. The Westerns rented rooms from Robinson and the quarrel resulted over the rent.

The contract for the new Lansdowne College at Portage la Prairie has been let and permanent officers chosen.

Angus McNaughton, Calgary, livery stable keeper, was seriously injured by a horse falling on him, pinning him to the ground for several minutes.

A young French-Canadian, nephew of a Mr. Licotte, was drowned to-day at Rat River. The name of the deceased is unknown.

Blood Indians recently interfered with Mounted Police officers in seeking the arrest of Colt Robe and Prairie Chicken, two of their number, for horse-stealing. Early next morning several Indians arrived at the barracks and reported that the police were intoxicated and drew their arms, and to prevent their firing they interfered. Supt. Steel then sent out Inspector Wood to investigate and bring in the Indians. He found that there was not a particle of truth in the charge of intoxication; that their men had not drawn their arms, nothwithstanding provocation. After waiting a considerable time Red Crow handed over Prairie Chicken and Colt Robe to Inspector Wood, together with four others who had obstructed the police. Prairie Chicken received a lecture for running away and was released. Colt Robe was held on a charge of levelling a rifle at Constable Sinckmont. He had his preliminary examination and was committed for trial. Superintendent Steel and Inspector Wood held a preliminary investigation on the four Indians' who had obstructed the police, and they are to stand their trial. Indian Agent Pocklington and Red Crow went security for their appearance.

The Pope has sent his Apostolic benediction to the Catholic Council at St. Boniface.

In the notice published in regard to the sale of the anthracite coal mining property, only the names of the American stockholders who had received direct benefit from the sale are given. In addition to these a number of Canadians were heavy stockholders, and will receive equal benefit from the magnificent sale of the property for $1,500,000. Among the Canadians interested are Mr. McLeod Stewart, Major Jack Stewart, Mr. Sandford Fleming, Mr. James O'Connor, of the Queen's, and Mr. W. B. Scarth, M P. Mr. O'Connor will receive between $50,000 and $60,000 for his share, as he was a pretty heavy holder of stocks. Mr. Scarth will also get a good slice, as will also the others named. The old company was stocked for half a million, so that the stock sells for three times its face value. It is understood that Sir Charles Tupper assisted Mr. Stewart in England in making the sale.

A young man named Peters was drowned in Red River, near St. Pie yesterday. He was swimming, and challenging his companions as to who could swim across the river the greatest number of times, at last became thoroughly exhausted and was drowned.

The Board of Trade have passed a resolution calling upon the Council not to proceed with the proposed by-law for the city undertaking the water-power scheme, the belief being that it should be done by a company.

An Englishman, calling himself Dr. Lucas put up at one of the city hotels for a few weeks, but has not been seen since the 9th of the present month. All his effects were left in his room, including a bottle of laudanum. It is believed he has committed suicide.

The sensation of the day at St. Boniface is a land sink which occurred in that village the night before last. The slide is the largest any old resident has even seen. It occurred immediately opposite St. Boniface Convent and takes in a stretch of the river bank about two hundreds long and twenty-five feet wide. It took away about half the roadway in front of the convent. The land does not appear to have slid into the river; it seems just to have dropped straight down about fifteen feet as if to fill in a shrinkage in the bowels of the earth. The ground from which the fallen portion was severed presents a perpendicular wall, fifteen feet high, which looks as if the land had been sliced off with a knife. The phenomenon drew hundreds of curious people to examine the locality and speculate upon the cause.

James and Wm. Western, for assaulting Geo. W. Robinson, at Portage la Prairie, were heavily fined.

A young Englishman named Fred. Blair, at Morden, has been adjudged insane and taken to Selkirk.

There is a movement on foot among the friends, political and personal, of the late Hon. John Norquay to erect a monument over his grave.

The contract for the grading of the Winnipeg Transfer Railway along the banks of the Red River has been awarded to J. W. Buchan.

Intelligence has been received here that Rev. A. B. Winchester, who left Winnipeg for mission work in China some months ago, is returning broken in health.

No application has yet been made for a writ of *habeas corpus* in the Burke case, and only a week remains in which it can be made. The difficulty in the way seems to be that Burke's lawyers have not yet been supplied with money.

Locating engineers are preparing to go out over the Regina & Long Lake Railway. The company have an agent here who will ship an outfit to Regina next week for the engineers.

A grain dealer who has been over a large part of the Province says the harvest will be two weeks earlier than it has been for years. He estimates that by August 10th wheat cutting will be going on all over the Province. He also says there is very little to complain of in the crops in the Red River district.

A young Presbyterian minister has been driven from the town of Le Claire, Ia., because he declared in a sermon that there was not a virtuous woman between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five in the place.

Robert Browning has presented the Shah of Persia with a gorgeously bound set of his works.

Kiss Her and Tell Her So.

You've a neat little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you'd wish to see;
As faithful and gentle-hearted,
As fond as a wife can be;
A genuine, home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss and show;
She's dearer to you than life, John;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As, likewise, your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be,
Her house is a cosy home-nest, John,
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you, John,
She cheerfully bears her share.
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And perhaps far more than you know,
Twill lighten her end of the load, John,
Just to kiss her and tell her so.

There's a cross-road somewhere in life, John,
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one "over the river,
And the other must go on alone,
Should she reach the last milestone first John,
Twill be comfort amid your woe
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her and told her so.

—*Lillie Sheldon.*

The Girl in a Calico Dress.

Though Queens of Society try as they will
To dazzle and charm us by dressing to kill
They cannot look ever, we have to confess,
As sweet as the girl in a calico dress.

No framework of satin, silk, jewels and lace
Can set off her picture of beauty and grace
Like a calico dress of neat pattern and shade
That her own willing hands have so tastefully made

There's something so welcome, so homelike, so clean,
So honest and useful, so modest of mien
In a calico dress that its wearer we know,
Partakes of its virtues and in them will grow.

No tailor-made girl, be she ever so smart,
And decked in the fashion of dressmaking art,
Can hold up a candle with any success
To the sensible girl in the calico dress.

And none, when it comes to the duties of life,
Can make for a man such a helpmate and wife
And build him a home that he proudly will bless
Like the brave little girl in a calico dress.

All praise to the girl in a calico dress;
A marriage with her is a certain success.
A kitchen or parlor—each one in its place—
She, like Cinderella, will equally grace.

My Ships.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, the harbor could not hold
One-half the sails that there would be
If all my ships came home from sea.

If half the ships I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state,
So rich the treasures there would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, the storm-cloud then might frown,
For if the others all went down,
So rich, so proud, so glad I'd be,
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me,
Weighted with wealth untold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

Oh, skies be calm, oh, winds blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me:
But if thou sendest home a wreck,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But send my love ship home to me.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

No Prayer To-Night.

No prayer to-night! No golden head
To lie in my lap with glittering light;
But a broken heart, and a sigh instead—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No lisping tongue, no dimpled hands,
To sing and strike in keen delight,
No hair to plait in glistening strands—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night—no bright eyes shine;
No cradled head to catch my sight,
No rosy lips pressed close to mine—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No trusting love, no pearly tears;
No smile; no laughter loud and bright;
No little voice to tell its fears—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night, an aching heart,
A life that is full of care and blight,
A life that has sorrow in every part—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

—*Chambers' Journal for July.*

Content.

Happy the man that, when his day is done,
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret;
The battle he has fought may not be won,
The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet.
Folding at last his hands upon his breast,
Happy is he, if hoary and forespent,
He sinks into the last, eternal rest,
Breathing these only words, "I am content."

But happier he, that, while his blood is warm,
Sees hopes and friendships dead about him lie,
Bares his brave breast to envy's bitter storm,
Nor shuns the poison barbs of calumny;
And 'mid it all, stands sturdy and elate,
Girt only in the armor God hath meant
For him who 'neath the buffetings of fate
Can say to God and man: "I am content."

—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

A Royal Epitaph.

Here is an epitaph composed for Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, and Prince of Gamblers

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead
Had it been his father,
I had much rather,
Had it been his brother,
Much better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

"Good-by."

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
"Good-by."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
To him who journeys to the world's far end
And soars our soul, with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
"Good-by."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
"Good-by."

—*Grace Denio Litchfield.*

A new French invention, the thermographic press, is made for printing on wood by means of hot type. As neat an impression is claimed as is obtained in lithography, and by the use of a specially prepared ink it is said that cold type may be used with equally good effect. Its speed is 400 impressions an hour on flat wood.

A customer may abuse his milk dealer in the most scandalous fashion for supposed unfair dealing, but in the end the milkman will make him take water.

WHAT A CLOUDBURST IS.

A Lake of Water Actually Suspended in Mid-Air.

The phenomena of a cloudburst, which can only occur in a tornado or whirlwind, are not generally understood, says the New York *Herald*. The whirl in which it forms is not a very broad and shallow disk, but a tall, columnar mass of rotating air, similar to that in which the Atlantic waterspout or the famous pillar-like dust storm of India is generated. While this travelling aerial pillar, perhaps a few hundred yards in diameter, is rapidly gyrating, the centrifugal force, as Prof. Ferrel has shown, acts as a barrier to prevent the flow of external air from all sides into its interior, except at and near the base of the pillar. Their friction with the earth retards the gyrations and allows the air to rush in below and escape upward through the flue-like interior as powerful ascending currents.

The phenomenon, however, will not be attended by terrific floods unless the atmosphere is densely stored with water vapor, as it was on Tuesday in the Cayadutta valley, and as it was on May 31st in the Conemaugh valley. When such is the case the violent ascending currents suddenly lift the vapor laden clouds several thousand feet above the level at which they were previously floating, and hurl them aloft into rarified and cold regions of the atmosphere, where their vapor is instantly condensed into many tons of water. Could the water fall as fast as condensed it would be comparatively harmless. But the continuous uprushing currents support this mass of water at the high level, and as their own vast volumes of vapor rising are condensed they add to the water already accumulated thousands of feet above the earth's surface—making, so to speak, a lake in high air.

As the whirlwind weakens or passes from beneath this vast body of water, which its ascending currents have generated and upheld in the upper story of the atmosphere, the aqueous mass, no longer supported, drops with ever increasing gravitational force to the earth. In severe cloud bursts the water does not fall as rain, but in sheets and streams, sometimes unbroken for many seconds. The cloud burst of 1838 at Hollidaysburg, Pa., excavated many holes in the ground, varying from 25 to 30 feet in diameter, and from 3 to 6 feet deep. In a similar but milder storm, which visited Boulogne last May, fissures were cut in the streets eight feet deep and openings made large enough to engulf a horse and cart.

Temperance Notes.

A STRANGE, SAD, TRUE TALE.

In his speech at the Presbyterian Synod, the Rev. John McNeil, of London, the "Scottish Spurgeon," created quite a sensation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance, and said that last Sunday (when he preached a temperance sermon at the Tabernacle) he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fermented wine. The lady in her letter told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them, several brothers and two sisters, and the children of intemperate parents. The sister had, unfortunately, inherited the craving, and before she was fourteen had taken to drink. The others became converted, and did all in their power to cure their sister; but it was of no use. The sister at length married comfortably, and children were born. But the craving for drink grew greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she stayed a year. She left apparently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold, and before going out one morning drank a glass of hot whiskey—taking care, however, not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then, as was his custom, before leaving, he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of alcohol passed into her, and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from worse to worse, and at last left her husband and her children, one of them a cripple, through her drunkenness. The husband died two years ago, a white-haired and broken-hearted man, though only 45 years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letter, "what became of her? Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent Whitechapel victims. That was my sister!"

"AFTER YOUR BOY."

During the Christian Endeavor Convention at Chicago, one of the delgates, a young business man, dressed in a natty rough-and-ready suit, every movement alert and eager and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red faced citizen who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Buttonholing the delegate a trifle unceremoniously, the latter said:

"What are you fellows trying to do down at the battery? You are hot on temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me?

"No," replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot with a keen glance, slightly contemptuous, "we evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are after your boy."

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously, "Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to-day."

The young man gave in a nutshell the sum and substance of the Christian Endeavor movement.

Mr. Simmons, Governor of Canterbury Prison, is authority for the following: 'The number of prisoners who have been committed to the prison with which I have been connected during the last ten years amounts to 32,000. Among them I have come in contact with ministers of the gospel, numbers of persons who were once members of Christian churches, as also children of pious parents; but, *I never met with a prisoner who was a teetotaler.*

Had Had Experience.

Merchant—"You want a place in my store you say?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir."

"Ever worked in a store before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me try you. Suppose a lady should come in with a piece of cloth, and want to get a number of yards to match it, what would you do?"

"I'd send her to the next counter."

"I guess you've had experience."

HE STICKS TO IT.

Dr. McGlynn Tells His Friends He Has Nothing to Recant.

The third annual excursion of the Anti-Poverty Society, like its predecessors, according to the New York *Mail and Express*, was a big success. Dr. McGlynn spoke to 3,000 of the faithful on his favorite theme. Among other things he said: "We have nothing to be ashamed of. We have nothing to apologize for. We have nothing to explain away; and, least of all have we anything to take back. If at this late day there is some benighted, belated person, some one who has never read the newspapers or forgets all he reads, or some one perhaps who cannot read at all, I care not who he be, who will ask the musty, the stale, the moth-eaten, the chestnutty old question, 'Why didn't Dr. McGlynn go to Rome?' a sufficiently adequate answer to that is in the fact that with the command to go to Rome was a command to condemn in writing the doctrines that I have maintained. So help me God, whom I venerate as present here, in this, one of His first temples, since the groves were God's first temples, whence men looked up to the clear sky beyond and said 'our Father'—so help me God, I would, this or any other moment, sooner be burned alive by slow fires than retract what I know to be the very truth of God. (Applause.) For me under such circumstances to retract or go to Rome were to be guilty of an infamy. To retract under such circumstances, to condemn the truth that was God's, would have been not merely a blasphemy and sacrilege and perjury, a monstrous crime against God, against my own soul, and against the precious rights of humanity, but, to speak merely from a worldly point of view, it were a blunder worse than a crime. If I had the rare good fortune to be led out amid thousands of jeering, mocking, insulting, cursing, howling enemies, alone unfriended and naked, to be burned at a stake for this truth, I should go smiling as to victory. I should mount the scaffold as if it were a royal throne. I should feel that from such a scaffold I saw the heavens open and that was the best ladder by which I could mount to God. And if I could permit, as I should not care to do, any mere worldly thought of personal glory to enter into my mind, I should feel that I was not so much making a prophecy as applying the teaching of all history, when I should say the very spot that you would make infamous by the ashes of a man whom you would burn to death for the truth shall be made memorable by this day's scene, and some after generation, better minded, shall come and consecrate the spot to liberty forever."

Statue of Wallace in Ballarat.

On May 24th a magnificent statue of Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, was unveiled in the Public Gardens, Ballarat, Australia. The statue was a gift to the city from the estate of the late Russell Thomson, a native of Scotland, who was long identified with the place. The sculptor was Mr. Percival Ball, of Melbourne. Wallace is represented as standing upon the Abbey Craig, watching for the precise moment when a blast upon the horn hanging at his side will give the signal for his forces to fall upon the English as they cross Stirling Bridge. The figure is of heroic size, standing over eight feet in height. His powerful frame is clad in a close-fitting suit of chain armor, which well displays the muscular development of the stalwart frame. The arms are bare to just above the elbow, and the large muscles stand out in cords through the armor. Both hands are grasping a representation of the immense sword that in Wallace's hands wrought such havoc among his foes. Over the figure is a light surcoat, with lion of Scotland emblazoned on the breast, and on the head is a simple morion, so that the features are not hidden by a visor. These are most expressive, representing a stern resolve to do or die, not unmixed by anxiety, and full of vigilance and observation. The pose is natural and effective and the *tout ensemble* is pleasing to the eye. As might be imagined, the unveiling ceremonies were attended by the Scottish residents for a great distance around Ballarat, and prolonged and enthusiastic cheers greeted the figure when it was unveiled by Hon. J. Nimmo.

Hot Milk a Substitute for Liquor.

Mrs. Hayes always declared that a perfectly adequate substitute for liquor when needed as a stimulant could be found in hot milk, and after any cold or wetting she gave them this in place of the wine or whiskey which others would have considered necessary. This is, by the way a custom of Mrs. Cleveland's also, who discovered after the fatigues of the many long and wearisome receptions she was obliged to go through, standing for hours on her feet and shaking hands with hundreds of people, that nothing would restore her so quickly as a cupful of boiling milk brought to her by her maid, and which she drank in little sips as hot as it possibly could be taken. The Washington girls caught the idea from her, and finding how quickly it helped them after a hard day of calls and social duties they began to substitute it for the various malt preparations they had been in the habit of taking, or the hot wine and water which their maids usually administered when they came in too tired out to dress for their next engagement.—*New York World.*

Apoplexy, pneumonia, rheumatism are prevented and removed by Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Geo. Johnson, of King's College, London, England, says: "There is wide-spread enlargement of the muscular walls of the small arteries in chronic Bright's Disease, not only in the arteries of the kidneys, but also in those of the pia mater (investing membrane of the brain), the skin, the intestines and the muscles, as a result of a morbidly changed condition of the blood due to kidney disease." If the kidney disease is not cured, apoplexy, pneumonia or rheumatism will result. Warner's Safe Cure does cure kidney disease, thus enabling them to take out of the blood the morbid or unhealthy matters

Before and After.

Evening Caller—"I have been wondering who those companion framed portraits are, one a beautiful young girl and the other a wrinkled, sad-faced old woman." Pretty Hostess—"Oh, that's ma, before and after marriage."—*New York Weekly.*

A DUTIFUL SENTRY.

Coolness and Bravery of a Private Soldier in the Crimea.

The true soldier esteems it a privilege to serve his country in word and deed. His resolve is to do his duty, come what may, and to do it even in the dark, where his self-devotion can meet with no recognition, much less with reward. How such a determination ennobles a man and lifts him out of the slough of selfishness is illustrated by a story told by Lord Wolseley in his "Fortnightly Review" article, "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living?" The place was in the Crimea, the time during the dismal winter of 1854-5 and the hero a British private. One night the Russians forced their way into the English second parallel, drove out the men on guard and for a short time held the position. Then the English troops drove back the Russians to their own lines and reoccupied the parallel. On the extreme left of the parallel, where it dipped down into a ravine, an English sentry was found at his post, where he had remained during the Russian assault and occupation. They had not spread out so as to reach his post, though they had come very near it. His comrades had died in a panic and he knew that he was in danger of being surrounded and taken prisoner. But he stood there waiting to be attacked before he retreated. When discovered by his comrades he was coolly looking over the parapet toward the Redan, he having been ordered to watch that Russian work. On being asked why he had not run when the others did, he answered that he had been posted there by his officer and could not leave his post until relieved or driven away by the enemy.

His coolness and high sense of duty," writes Lord Wolseley, "made a deep impression upon my mind at the time. No marshal's baton was in his knapsack, he expected nothing, he got nothing. It was by accident only that his gallant conduct on that dark winter's night was ever known to any one; but he must have had the satisfactory consciousness in his heart that he had done his duty. How many are the heroic deeds which are never heard of.

A Ghost Story.

The late Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell had frequent altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of the reality of them; the justice was somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject he had had ocular demonstrations which had convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop; "give me the circumstances which produced it, with the particulars. Ocular demonstration, you say!" "Yes, my lord. As I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming upstairs." "Go on, sir." "Fearfully alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain ——." "Proceed." "And saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber." "Of a blue color was it not?" interrogated the doctor. "Of a pale blue, and this pale blue light was followed by a tall meagre, stern figure who appeared as an old man of 70 years of age arrayed in a long light-colored rug gown bound with leather girdle; beard thick; hair scant and straight; face of a dark sable hue; upon his head a large fur cap, and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame. I trembled till the bed verily shook, and cold drops hung upon every limb. The figure advanced with slow and solemn step." "Did you not speak to it? There was money hid or murder committed without a doubt," said the bishop. "My lord, I did speak to it; I adjured it by all that was holy to tell me whence, and for what purpose he thus appeared." "And in Heaven's name what was the reply?" "Before he deigned to reply he lifted up his staff three times, my lord, and smote the floor even so loudly that verily the stroke caused the room to reverberate the thundering sound. He then waved the pale blue light which he bore in what is called a lantern. He waved it even to my eyes; and he told me, my lord, he told me that he was—Yes, my lord, that he was no more nor less than—the watchman! who had come to give me notice that my street door was open, and that I might be robbed before morning." The justice had no sooner concluded than the bishop disappeared.

The Best Time to Bathe.

It is best to bathe just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then into the bath-tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known, and the present season is the best for a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal, powdered and taken with water, is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—*The London Lancet.*

A Library Without a Novel.

One would scarcely believe it possible for a circulating library to exist without works of fiction on its shelves. Yet, the Friends' Library, Germantown, Philadelphia, contains no novels whatsoever and loans out fourteen thousand and some volumes yearly and about twenty-five thousand people annually use its reading room.—*De Meml, St. Louis Magazine.*

A Hard Man.

Job Comfort—If you're in such hard luck, Jack, why don't you go to your Uncle Nathaniel and tell him the whole story? He's rich enough to help you.

Jack N. Aighpe (gloomily)—It would be no use Job. He's one of those chaps who say "the Sabbath" when they mean Sunday.

Preparing for a Reception.

Young Coachman (to keeper of livery stable)—I'd like to get kicked by a mule if you've got one. Stable-keeper—What for? "I'm going to ask the boss if I can marry his daughter, and I want to see if I'm in condition to receive his reply."

WORLD'S TOBACCO YIELD.

It is Increasing More Rapidly Than That of Either Wheat or Corn.

The world's annual output of tobacco is increasing, perhaps more rapidly than that of either wheat or corn. Kentucky is the greatest factor in the tobacco market, and her product steadily grows. That of Virginia does likewise, and several of the Northern States are cultivating it successfully. Cuba has long been famous for her cigar wrappers, and in many parts of the island the planters are abandoning sugar and turning their attention to tobacco, finding the latter much more profitable. Even Germany is endeavoring to raise it. But the greatest efforts to extend cultivation of tobacco are being made in the East Indies. Both the soil and the climate of the great islands near the Asiatic coast are admirably adapted to the weed, and it has long been successfully grown there, but not until recently have attempts been made to produce it on such a large scale. Both the Dutch and the English are heavily interested, and the industry is not conducted by small farmers, as here in Kentucky, but by great companies on immense plantations, working a thousand or more coolies and Malays.

Sioux Eye Sighed.

Sioux is pronounced Soos, therefore Sioux would be "Soo." Eye is pronounced "I," and sighed is pronounced as though spelt "side." Yet Sioux-eye-sighed would be regarded as a most peculiar way of spelling suicide. It is an ugly thing however you spell it, yet thousands of women are practically guilty of it. Day after day, week after week, they endure that dull pain in the back, that terrible "dragging-down" sensation that tells of weakness and functional disorder, and do absolutely nothing to effect a cure. In a few years a broken-hearted husband and motherless children will follow her to the grave. False delicacy prevents consulting a physician, but even this is not necessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured thousands of such women. To suffer and to die when this would cure is plain, unmistakable *Suicide.* It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money paid for it refunded.

Electric Light on the Eyes.

Within the past ten years thirty people, suffering from a peculiar disease of the eyes, have come under the observation of a Cronstadt oculist. The symptoms were the same in each case, and all the patients had, owing to their employment, been accustomed to remain for hours at a time near electric light apparatus. The new disease is called photo-electric ophthalmia. The patient is apt to be awakened in the night by great pain about the orbits, accompanied with profuse lachrymation. Intense photophobia is another characteristic of the malady.—*Journal American Medical Association.*

Successful Business Men

Who are our most successful business men? Go out on the street and look them over. You won't find them men who have pale cheeks. They are not thin, emaciated men. They are not nervous, irritable men. They are men whose faces indicate robust health. Men with good blood, and plenty of it. That's the secret of their success. A man whose blood is thin and weak and poisoned with impurities, is never successful like his healthy neighbor. You cannot expect him to be, for without rich, strong, nourishing blood he will lack the "vim" and "push" which the man must have who would succeed. Such men should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to restore their impoverished blood to its normal condition. By the use of this great blood purifier and builder-up of the system, they may put themselves in a condition which will enable them to win the success they are anxious to achieve.

Lord Wolseley on the German Army.

The German nation may be thankful to the German army for other reasons than simply the defense of the fatherland, according to Gen. Lord Wolseley. He writes: "I take the German army as the highest existing type of the military system and organization, which the changes effected in armies by the French revolution have led up to; and much as I admire that army as a soldier I admire it still more as a citizen. Great as it is for war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental and physical training of the people. Designed exclusively for war, it has become the most important of peace institutions. In it all Germans are trained to strength and taught the first principles of personal cleanliness and of health. There they learn to be honest and manly, and are taught the excellence of those virtues which serve to make men good subjects and law abiding citizens. It is the school of the nation, in which deep love of fatherland is fostered and cherished, and where all classes learn that there is honor in obedience and nobility in self sacrifice.

Are you bilious and dyspeptic?
Does your liver sluggish seem?
Is your slumber often broken
By a hideous, nightmare dream?
Friend, be wise. The Pleasant Pellets
Made by Dr. Pierce prevent.
And they'll bring you back the sunshine
Of good health, you may be sure.

Two Wardrobes.

Loving Wife—"My summer wardrobe is completed and I am now ready for Newport." Husband—"Well, I'll see if I can arrange my affairs so I can go." "Gracious! I can't take you along. You haven't a suit of clothes fit to be seen."—*New York Weekly.*

—Omaha Youth—"Are you in favor of annexation?" South Omaha belle—"Yes, if you can get papa's consent."—*Omaha World.*

—The language of a deaf-mute is a thing that goes without saying.

DOWL 31 89.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Fountain Council, R. T. of T., picnic at Eugenia to-day.

Quarterly services will be held in the Methodist Church on Sunday next.

The Artemesia voters' list is in the hands of the clerk this week.

Several parties from Flesherton took in the Niagara excursion on Monday.

They have arrived, but as Josh Billings remarked: "Don't ete Q kumbers. Tha will W up."

Rev. Father Feeny will remove from his charge at Irish lake this fall to a new parish in Hamilton.

Read carefully M. Richardson & Co's big summer announcement on the opposite page.

Dr. T. Henderson will visit Flesherton on Thursday (to-day) and Friday, August 1 and 2.

The directors of Artemesia Agricultural Society met in Priceville on Tuesday for the purpose of revising the prize list, etc.

Mr. Ed. Richardson and the Misses Maud and Lizzie Richardson are camping with friends from Markdale at Bell's lake

The C.P.R. employes picnicked at Orangeville on Saturday last. It is said there were fully 7,000 strangers in the town on that day.

If you want good beef, veal and lamb that is butchered and dressed in style, go to Petch & Mitchell, as they are the only practical butchers in town.

Our "devil" forget to change the date and number of this paper last week. We feel quite justified in using his distinguished title in this instance.

The Campbell residence, which was to have been sold by auction last Thursday, is still awaiting a buyer, the bids not arriving at the reserve bid figure.

The family of J. E. Moore, Esq., have been camping at Kimberley in company with Rev. Mr. Watson during the past week. A number of Flesherto nians paid them a visit on Sunday last.

The East Grey Agricultural prize list is now in the hands of the secretary. It is a 26-page pamphlet and a daisy. Those desiring a copy may secure one by addressing the secretary, Mr. Damude.

There are several cases of diphtheria on the town line, Euphrasia and Artemesia, in the O'Brien neighborhood. No deaths have been reported. The disease does not appear to be of a virulent type.

Our old friend J.G. Anderson, now of Griswold, Man., surprised his acquaintances here by dropping in upon them on Monday last for a short visit. He will return to the Northwest in three or four weeks.

Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday last and will remove to Glengarry County. The pulpit in Priceville will be declared vacant on Sabbath next by Rev. Mr. McColl, of Proton Station.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. Edgar, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk railway, for a neat little book telling all about summer tours and camping grounds. Those anticipating a summer trip should send for one.

A magnificent ten-cent mouthorgan was found on the pic-nic ground last Wednesday. The owner may have it by proving property and paying for this advertisement. If not claimed within six months will be sold to defray costs

The raspberry crop in this immediate vicinity is away below par this summer. In fact fruit of all kinds will be a mighty scarce article One gentleman at Eugenia who owns a good orchard has been counting his apples, and has found that he will have exactly twelve.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall

We have decided not to publish the Centre Grey Farmers' Institute second prize essay, on the advantage of a college education, written by Mr. G. F. Marsh, of Clarksburg. Although the essay is very good in itself, yet it necessarily covers much the same ground with that of the first prize article, published last week, which was complete and convincing. Another reason for not publishing it is that a second class article following upon a first class unavoidably injures the good results obtained from the former.

The following officers of Prince Arthur Lodge, A.F. and A.M., were installed July 12, 1889: W. M., Bro. W. J. Bellamy; S.W., Bro. A.S. Vandusen; J.W. Bro. Dr. Carter; Sec. Treasr, W. Bro. R.J. Sproule; S.D., Bro. W.H. Flesher; J.D., Bro. W. Strain; I.G., Bro. J. Sullivan; Tyler, Bro. J.J. Field P.M., W. Bro. J. Blackburn.

There was to have been a baseball match in Flesherton yesterday between Markdale and Flesherton clubs, for which small bills were issued and other preparations made, but at almost the last moment word was received that Markdale could not come, owing to the death of some one. It is probable that Flesherton and Priceville will meet on the diamond here some day next week.

To Parry Sound.

A load of the Flesherton boys leave to-day for Thornbury, where they intend to take in an excursion which sails from that place for Parry Sound to-morrow.

Honey.

A gentleman left about 200 lbs. of honey at this office for sale last week. It is all disposed of execpting some honey in the comb which he desires to sell at 15 cents per lb.

Notice to the Public.

I am in a position to do all kinds of cotton weaving, such as tweeds, flannels, full cloth and blankets. Rag carpet done to order by J. B. Barkley, weaver, next house to the Presbyterian Church

The Examinations.

As usual our examiners for this county are away behind in their work. Surrounding counties published the results a week ago, but up to the present time of writing (Wednesday) no report has been received from the Grey examiners by any of the newspaper offices.

To Correspondents.

Will correspondents kindly write upon *one side* of the paper only, and also endeavor to write legibly. This week we have wrestled with manuscript closely written and written upon both sides. If there are errors in it the writers will please remember that we are very busy with job work and have not time to devote to the study of picture writing or hieroglyphics. Had the same manuscript, however, been written with lines and words more distinct, it would be considered as good. Please write plainly.

Bears.

Bears appear to be quite plentiful out east of Eugenia this summer. A little girl, daughter of Mr. H.W. Philips, aged 10 years, was driving the cows along the road near her father's house a few days ago, when a large black dog, as she thought at the time, walked out of the bush, stood upon its hind legs and grinned at her. The animals bawled and started to run, when the bear (for it was a bear) dropped down upon his feet again and ambled off into the bush. We might just add that this is the bear which Tommy Hollinger intends to bring home with him.

Two More Deaths.

Two more deaths of well-known residents of Artemesia have occurred during the past week. Mrs. J.L. Moore, who has been ill for some time, passed quietly away on Saturday last. Deceased's husband is a brother of the sheriff and deputy sheriff of the County, and the remains were taken to Owen Sound for interment on Monday last. The second death was that of Mr. Samuel Paul, who has been a well known personage in the vicinity of Eugenia for many years past. His demise took place on Sunday, 28th, inst.

"Jined" the Church.

The Burlington, Vt., Free Press, published the following: A vast congregation attended the 14th street Catholic Church of this city on Sunday morning last, it being the occasion of receiving into the Church three distinguished gentlemen, who formerly were Protestants, viz: Mr. Scathmore, of Bangor, Maine; Mr. Thomas Hantwell, Barrister, of Augusta, Maine, and Mr. E.E. Knott of this city, formerly Mayor of the city of Euphrasia, Ontario, Canada. Mr. E.E. Knott is undoubtly the ex-reeve of Euphrasia, well-known to many of our readers. The news will be most surprising to the gentleman's friends and relatives here.

Picnic.

The old-fashioned joint picnic between the Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday schools, held on the beaver meadow, near Flesherton, last Wednesday, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the kind which we ever attended. The day was pleasant, the crowd was large, and every one, old and young, abandoned themselves to the festivities with an energy that denoted the complete putting away of business anxiety. Baseball, croquet, swinging, and other games were plentiful. It was beautiful to see elderly gentlemen return to the games of their childhood, such as "duck on the rock," "tag," and "command you red lion." It was also beautiful to see them limping along the street on the following day like old spavined, ringboned, foundered horses, with dejected, muscle-contracted looks in their faces. Anyway they had a good time, and judging by the crowds present the old annual Sunday school picnic has lost none of its charms.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise of the Horse and his Diseases" which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of the valuable work *free* by sending their address enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B.J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sales attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

A Wild Beast Show.

An itinerant showman pitched his tent on Trimble's corner last Friday. The show was not advertised nor heralded in in any way. What the show was, only the owner knew. It was his business. If any person wished to find out he could pay his dime for the information. An old colicky drum and an asthmatic hand organ furnished what was called music inside the tent. We waited around for a long time in the vain endeavor to find some one who had been inside, but had to give it up in disgust. We actually did not see one person enter the yawning canvas door. A shooting gallery on the outside drew considerable custom, but as Tommy Hollinger was away camping the shooting contest was not very spirited. The showman folded their tent on Sunday evening and cautiously stole away while the natives were at church, which makes us suspicious that they were not exactly Methodists, Presbyterians nor Baptists. In fact we don't believe they were very religious people, anyway.

He Was Balky.

If there is anything in this world more exasperating than a balky horse this paper would like to know what it is. One of our business men had occasion the other evening to drive from Flesherton to Bell's lake, which is about five miles north-west of Markdale. The horse furnished for the occasion did not belong to the aforesaid business man, and there is no immediate prospect of his purchasing the equine, which happened to be one of those animals upon which smiles, patience, anger, kicks, soothing words, coaxing, pushes and endearing epithets are thrown away when he takes the idea into his head that he has gone far enough. A dynamite cartridge placed on his tail and fired wouldn't budge the horse in question when he is under deep conviction. The procession got as far as Markdale at a late hour, but beyond that point the horse utterly refused to draw the light wagon, which was pretty well loaded with camping utensils, up any hill however small. He was unhitched and trotted up and down the road, hitched up again and persuaded in several languages, but he did not move perceptibly, and the gentlemen (for there were two of them) had to hoist the vehicle up all the hills while the horse walked behind and laughed at them. On one occasion the horse balked in a swamp after running the wagon into the mire, and in the fight which followed to get it out one of the gentlemen was upset and sank to his waist in water. When he emerged and turned down his pants, which had been rolled up, he found in their folds a fish three inches long. Fish are quite plentiful up there Well, the camping ground was reached sometime in the morning and the gentleman returned home the following evening.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

The weather for the past two weeks has been very favorable for curing the hay crop, which is up to the average in this vicinity.

Heavy rain on Saturday night and Sunday night.

The turnips and other roots are coming on fine.

Some of the oat leaves in this neighborhood measure 1,3-16 inches in width.

Rev. D. McLeod preached to a very large congregation on Sunday, he will remove to his new field of labor in a few days.

An old bachelor "who lives by himself," was out fishing on Sunday, when some of the boys informed him that it was the Sabbath, he would not believe them, but protested that it was Friday. Bachelors take warning.

Mr. D. Lamont raised a large stable at the rear of the Crown hotel on Monday. "Big Hector" is the contractor, and he does his work well.

Mrs. Walker, of Toronto, is here visiting friends. Miss Mary, adopted daughter of the Curry family, after a lingering illness passed away on Monday. The whole neighborhood mourns her loss.

$90 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out: before patents run out it sold for $90, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, cheapest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

NASAL BALM.

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time*, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1 00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Beware of imitations similar in name.

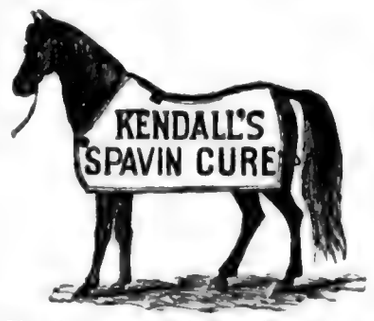

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

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A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

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Sufficient advance having now been made in the seasons operations, and from numerous reports covering our business constituency, we are lead to feel that the results may now be forecast, and that the time has arrived to address the public upon the subject of "The Fall Trade." This always depends so largely upon the outcome of agricultural interests, that we endeavor to be guided by the season's prospects.

Contracts were made by us for all the lines of Canadian Manufactured Goods, at the low prices prevailing some months ago, we can assure those purchasing from us of Good value.

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Mormonism Continued.

Joe and Oliver claimed to be inspired when translating the Book of Mormon, but they were not then baptised nor ordained. This flatly contradicts their own teaching, for they say that you must be baptised by one having authority before your sins can be remitted, and have their hands laid on you before you can receive the gift of the spirit, enabling any person to do such miracles as they did. They claim to be the Church of Christ but the Aaronic priesthood never was in the Church of Christ, it belonged to the dispensation of the law, which was changed; for the priestwood being changed, there is made of necessity a change also of the law. See Heb. 7, 12. Christ never was an Aaronic priest, and He has no such priests in His Church, for He sprang from the tribe of Juda, of which Moses spoke nothing concerning priesthood. Heb. 7, 14. There is not a word about the Aaronic priesthood in the Church of Christ. It is a Mormon fiction. They say the angel was John the Baptist, who held the keys of the Aaronic priesthood. John died early in our Lord's ministry. He died under the Law of Moses. He never ordained a priest in the Church. There was no Aaronic priests from John till Joe and Oliver. According to this, Christ had not properly organised, this Church, and John had to correct His omission by ordaining Joe and Oliver in 1829. If John had been a priest, death would have cut off his priesthood, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death. Heb. 7. 23. John claiming to be sent by Peter, James and John, who not by Christ. Christ himself shed forth what laid the foundation of the Church on pentecost Joe says that Peter, James and John held the keys of the Melchisedek priesthood—an utter falsehood. The Melchisedek priesthood belongs to Christ alone, and He has no successor, Heb. 7, 15 17. There arises another priest after the order of of Melchisedek. Christ began his priesthood in heaven, For if He were on earth He should not be a priest. See Heb. 8, 4, Christ is a priest forever after the order of Melchisedek. He can have no successor. The priesthood under the gospel belongs to all Christians, see 1 Peter, 2, 5, 9. Also Revelations 1,6. These objections overturn the corner stone of Mormonism. The lie that Joe fabricated to have a divine commission for his pretense to hold the keys of the Aaronic and Melchisedek priesthoods, is as baseless as the other claim that he made of having the keys of the Kingdon that should never be taken from him while in this world or in the world to come. Book of Doctrine and Convenants, page 246, verse 2. Christ himself has the keys of the Kingdom for proof, see Revelation 3, 7. Mormons themselves claim that there is but one gift of the spirit, that is the miraculous power. Joe and Oliver had not received the priesthood nor the power it alone can confer. Yet Joe had received an inspiration to translate, so had Oliver, and they prophesied on this occasion, before the priesthood which could confer such power was in existence. But the most of their teaching is a flat contradiction of Scripture. In Book of D. and C., page 75, Joe and Oliver had a revelation, that the apostle John is still on earth and that the Lord said to John, verily I say unto thee, this thou shalt tairy until I came in my Glory, and shalt prophesy before nations, tongues, kindreds and people, see 21 chap. and 23 verse of John's Gospel for a contradiction of this. I will now give the readers of The Advance part of the Mormon revelations in their Book of Doctrine and Covenants. B. D. C. and P. will stand for book and page. Joe gives his authority on p. 68 B.D.C: Behold this is my authority, unto the book of my commandments which I have given them: to publish to you, oh inhabitants of the earth: fear and tremble oh ye people, for what I the Lord have decreed in them shall be fulfilled. On p. 94 B. D. C., we are told, 1 that Joe was inspired to translate the Book of Mormon. 2. The Book of Mormon contains the fullness of the Gospel of Christ to the Gentile and Jew. 3. That the Book of Mormon was given by inspiration, therefore binding on all who hear it. P. 100, B.D.C., endless punishment is God's punishment. I command you to return and keep the commandments you have received by the hand of my servant, Joe Smith, in my name. P. 101, B.D.C. Martin Harris is told not to covet his neighbor's wife, nor seek his neighbor's life, but to impart freely of his property for the printing of the Book of Mormon. P. 109, B.D.C., Joe is told, in temporal things thou shalt not have strength, for that was not his calling, but to magnify his office and go speedily to the church in Colesville and that they would support him and the Lord would bless them, but if they would not receive him they would be cursed instead of blessed. P. 110, Joe's wife is to write for him and Joe is going to support her in the church for she was going to be a blessing to Joseph and the church in preparing a hymn book for them for she was the Elect Lady. So poor Oliver had to go wherever Joe would like to send him. P. 113 B.D.C. when Oliver wished to have revellations Joe told him that he was the only one appointed to receive commandments and revellations in that church, for that I received them as Moses The Mormon god fixes all these matters always to suit Joe. On p. 120, B.D.C. Joe alone is to be councillor in the church. Page 140, B.D.C., it is meet that my servant, Joe Smith jr. should have a house built for him in which to live and translate. Page 142, B.D.C., the elders' priests of this church shall teach the principles of my gospel which are in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, in which is the fullness of the gospel. P. 148, b.d.c., and again I say to you, if you desire the mysteries of the kingdom provide for him Joe food and raiment and whatsoever thing he needeth. P. 176, b.d.c., yea a supper of the house of the Lord will be prepared unto which all nations are invited. First the rich and learned and the wise and the noble, and after that shall the poor, and the lame and the blind and the deaf come. The order of things here is reversed. The preference is given to the rich by the Mormons. P. 77, b.d.c., Martin Harris is approved for giving his money to the bishop of the church. P. 109, b.d.c., Mormon god sends out Joe and Sidney Rigdon to Missouri on a land speculation which was to be the land of their inheritance where a new Jerusalem was to be built. Sidney is to write a description of the land of promise Ezra Thayre gets a dressing from Joe because he won't give his property to the church to provide means for Joe. Now let the readers of The Advance stop and think of such stuff as this coming down from the infinite God. Tricks to cajole into fraud, to wheedle money out of them, to prevent any one rivaling Joe, to see that he has some one to write for him, and all such low, paltry, tricky stuff called revellations. The mormons will not touch these things when they go among the people to convert them to their faith. But this is not the worst. They have in their standard books some of the worst blasphemous stuff that I ever saw in print. - - ANTI-MORMON

OUR MUSKOKA LETTER.

Mr Editor,—Once again I pen you a few notes. This Muskoka country, I find, is a wonderful piece of country in many respects—wonderful for its [illegible] its rocks, and for its much water, also for its timber in the past. It is convenient to the metropolis, the capital city of Ontario, and other large towns, and the tired toilers can take advantage of the heated term, July and August, and lie away to the many islands and along the shores of the many lakes here in Muskoka, and bask in the shadows of the woodland, bathe in the limpid waters, and drink in the many romantic views to be had on every hand in this wild Muskoka. Now, representatives from the older settlements, cities, towns, villages, etc., of Ontario, are arriving here daily to spend their vacation. People of nearly all grades of society, from the humble, tired tradesman, to the plutocrat, are [illegible] Muskoka! most [illegible] themselves Mosquitoes. It is interesting [illegible] observation of the people and customs and costume when [illegible] the tourist trains arrive and the eager, excited anxious seekers after pleasure, quiet and lake and woodland, rockland solitude and breezes, exchange train for boat at the Muskoka wharf. Some gay [illegible] happy, others serious, careworn, sad what a cosmopolitan company, sure. And what an array of baggage, some have preparations for tents of luxury, others plain, primitive, romantic; and what a medley of sports, pastimes, are prepared for—football, baseball, cricket, Books, papers, fishing tackle, games, etc. One cannot half reflect how favored is this Canada of ours to have such a magnificent park, such a pleasure garden,—such a recuperating asylum for the care worn, such a life-invigorating gymnasium for the over-worked masses in our cities and towns. Truly the men and women of ease and plenty and leasure can find here, in verity a grand Canadian Adirondacks, a spot of historical interest in respect to the tribes of the people of the past age the aborigines—now almost extinct, and on the path of the great national highway across the continent, from ocean to ocean, with its proximity to the frigid breath of the Arctic shore. Who would believe it, and the mercury looking among the nineties [illegible] later. But then, strawberries and raspberries bloomed and ripened, and huckleberries turned blue and adorned our tables and tickled our palates. The hay is cut, the grain ripens apace, and we don't grumble

Election day draws on, and Muskoka anticipates it will squelch the Jesuits.

The sawmill business, which is extensive in this part of Muskoka, is being rushed ahead this season, and the season's cut is fast approaching the end, and your humble quill will fly away to home-land then.

F. T. C.

What Fetched Them.

(Dedicated to the 13th Band).

The toons wich the perfesser
would perform with seoh eclaw
Would melt the toughest mountain
gentleman I ever saw—
Seoh touchin' opry music es
the Trovytory sort.
The eollum "Miser Reery"
'nd the turillin' "Reely Mort";
Or sometimes from "Lee Grand Dooshess"
a trifle he would play,
Or morseze from a opry boof
to drive dull care away;
Or, feelin' kind uv serieus, he'd
discourse somewhat in C,
The wich he called a opus—
whatever that may be;
But the toons that fetched the likker from
the critics in the crowd
Wus not the high-toned ones, Perfesser
Vere de Blaw allowed.

'Twuz "Dearest May," 'nd "Bonnie Doon,"
'nd the ballad uv "Ben Bolt,"
Ez wuz regarded by all odds es
Vere de Blaw's best holt;
Then there wuz "Darlin' Nellie Gray,"
'nd "Settin' on the Stile,"
And "Seein' Nellie Home," 'nd "Nancy Lee,"
'nd 'Annie Lisle,"
And "Silver Threads Among the Gold,"
'nd 'The Gal That Winked at Me,"
And "Gentle Annie," "Nancy Till,"
and "The Cot Beside the Sea";
Your opry airs is good enough
for them ez likes to pay
Their money for the truck ez cant
be got no other way;
But opry to a miner is a
thin and holler thing—
The music that he pines for is
the songs he used to sing.

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Oh," Maude cried. "Eight dollars a week and a home at the Cedars, instead of four dollars a week and boarding around. Of course I will go, though not until my present engagement expires. This will not be until sometime in March," and she began to wonder if she could endure it so long and, now that the pressure was lifting, how she had ever borne it at all.

But whatever may be the nature of our surroundings time passes quickly, and leaves behind a sense of nearly as much pleasure as pain, and when at last the closing days of school came, it was with genuine feelings of regret that Maude said good-bye to the pupils she had learned to love and the patrons who had been so kind to her.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE CEDARS.

It had cost Grace a struggle before she decided to take Maude as her companion, and she had been driven past the little log house among the hills and through the Bush district, that she might judge for herself of the girl's surroundings. The day was raw and blustering and great banks of snow were piled against the fences and lay heaped up in the road unbroken save by a footpath made by children's feet.

"And it is through this she walks in the morning and then sits all day in that dingy room. I don't believe I should like it," Grace thought, and that night she wrote to Maude, offering her a situation with herself.

And now, on a lovely morning in April, when the crocuses and snowdrops were just beginning to blossom, she sat waiting for her, wondering if she had done well or ill for herself. She had seen Maude and talked with her, for the latter had called at the Cedars and spent an hour or more, and Grace had learned much from her of her former life and of Spring Farm, which she was going to buy back. Max's name, however, was not mentioned, although he was constantly in the minds of both, and Grace was wondering if he would come oftener to the Cedars if Maude were there. She could not be jealous of the girl, and yet the idea had taken possession of her that she was bringing her to the Cedars for Max rather than for herself, and this detracted a little from her pleasure when she began to fit up the room her companion was to occupy. Such a pretty room it was, just over her own, with a bow window looking across the valley where the lake lay sleeping, and on to the hills and the log schoolhouse, which, had it been higher, might have been discerned above the hills which surrounded it. A room all pink and white, with roses and lilies everywhere, and a bright fire in the grate before which a willow chair was standing and a Maltese kitten sleeping, when Maude was ushered into it by Jane, Miss Raynor's maid.

"Oh, it is so lovely," Maude thought, as she looked about her, wondering if it were not a dream from which she should presently awake.

But it was no dream and as the days went on it came to be real to her and she was conscious of a deep and growing affection for the woman who was so kind to her and who treated her like an equal rather than a hired companion. Together they read and talked of the books which Maude liked best, and gradually Grace learned of the dream-life Maude had led before coming to Richland and of the people who had deserted her among the hills, but who in this more congenial atmosphere came trooping back, legions of them, and crowding her brain until she had to tell of the them, and of the two lives she was living, the ideal and the real. She was sitting on a stool at Grace's feet, with her face flushed with excitement as she talked of the Kimbarks and Websters, and Angeline Mason, who were all with her now as they had been at home, and all as real to her as Miss Raynor was herself. Laying her hand upon the girl's brown curls, Grace said, half laughingly, "And so you are going to write a book. Well, I believe all girls have some such aspirations. I had it once but it was swallowed up by some stronger, deeper feeling, which absorbed my whole being."

Here, Grace's voice trembled a little as she leaned back in her chair and seemed to be thinking. Then rousing herself, she asked suddenly, "How old are you, Maude?"

"Nineteen this month," was Maude's reply, and Grace went on: "Just my age when the great sorrow came. That was 14 years ago next June. I am 33, and Max is 37."

She said this last more to herself than to Maude, who started slightly, for this was the first time his name had been mentioned since she came to the Cedars.

After a moment Grace continued: I have never spoken to you of Mr. Gordon although I know you have met him You were with him on the train from Albany to Canandaigua; he told me of you."

"He did!" Maude exclaimed with a ring in her voice which made Grace's heart beat a little faster, but she went calmly on:

"Yes he was greatly interested in you, although he did not then know who you were; but he knows now. He is coming here soon. We have been engaged ever since I was 17 and he was 21; 14 years ago the 20th of June we were to have been married. Everything was ready; my bridal dress and veil had been been brought home, and I tried them on one morning to see how I looked in them. I was beautiful, Max said, and I think he told the truth; for a woman may certainly know whether the face she sees in the mirror be pretty or not, and the picture I saw was very fair, while he, who stood beside me, was splendid in his young manhood. How I loved him; more, I fear, than I loved God, and for that I was punished,—oh, so dreadfully punished. We rode together that afternoon, Max and I, and I was wondering if there were ever a girl as happy as myself and pitying women I met because they had no Max beside them, when suddenly my horse reared, frightened by a dog, and I was thrown upon a sharp curb-stone. Of the months of agony which followed I cannot tell you, except that I prayed to die and so be rid of pain. The injury was in my spine, and I have never walked in all the 14 years since. But Max has been true to me and would have married me had I allowed it. But I cannot burden him with a cripple, and sometimes I wish, or think I do, that he would find someone younger, fairer than I am, on whom to lavish his love. He would make a wife so happy. And yet it would be hard for me, I love him so much. Oh, Max; I don't believe he knows how dear he is to me."

She was crying softly now, and Maude was crying, too; and as she smoothed the snow white hair and kissed the brow on which lines were beginning to show, she said, "He will never find a sweeter face than yours."

To her Max Gordon now was only the betrothed husband of her mistress; and still she found herself looking forward to his visit with a keen interest, wondering what he would say to her, and if his eyes would kindle at the sight of her as they had done when she saw him in the church at Laurel hill. He was to come the 20th, the anniversary of the day which was to have been his bridal day, and when the morning came Grace said to Maude, "I'd like to wear my wedding gown; do you think it would be too much like Dickens', Miss Havershaw?"

"Yes, yes," Maude answered quickly, feeling that faded satin and lace of 14 years standing would be sadly out of place. "You are lovely in those light gowns you wear so much," she said.

So Grace wore the dress which Maude selected for her; a soft woollen fabric of a creamy tint with a blue shawl, the color of her eyes, thrown around her and a bunch of June pinks, Max's favorite flowers at her belt. Then, when she was ready, Maude wheeled her out on to the piazza, where they waited for their visitor.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAX AT THE CEDARS.

The train was late that morning and lunch was nearly ready before they saw the open carriage turn into the grounds with Max standing up in it and waving his hat to them.

"Oh, Maude," Grace said, "I would give all I am worth to go and meet him. Isn't he handsome and grand, my Max," she continued, as if she would assert her right to him and hold it against the world.

But Maude did not hear her, for as Max lighted from the carriage and came eagerly forward, she stole away, feeling that it was not for her to witness the meeting of the lovers.

"Dear Max, you are not changed are you?" Grace cried, extending her arms toward him, with the effort to rise which she involuntarily made so often, and which was pitiful to see.

"Changed, darling? How could I change in less than a year?" Max answered, as he drew her face down to his bosom and stroked her snowy hair.

Grace was not thinking of a physical change. Indeed, she scarcely knew what she did mean, for she was not herself conscious how strong an idea had taken possession of her that she was losing Max. But with him there beside her morbid fears vanished, and letting her head rest upon his arm, she said, "I don't know, Max; only things come back to me to-day and I am thinking of 14 years ago and that I am 14 years older than I was then, and crippled and helpless and faded, while you are as young as ever. Oh, Max, stay by me till the last. It will not be for long. I am growing so tired and sad."

Grace hardly knew what she was saying, or why as she said it, Maude Graham's face, young and fair and fresh, seemed to come between herself and Max, any more than he could have told why he was so vaguely wondering what had become of the girl in black, whom he had seen in the distance quite as soon as he had seen the woman in the chair. During his journey Grace and Maude had been equally in his mind, and he was conscious of a feeling that the Cedars held an added attraction for him because the latter was there; and now, when he began to have a faint preception of Grace's meaning, though he did not associate it with Maude, he felt half guilty because he had for a moment thought any place where Grace was could be made pleasanter than she could make it. Taking her face between his hands he looked at it more closely, noticing with a pang that it had grown thinner and paler and that there were lines about the eyes and mouth, while the blue veins stood out full and distinct upon the forehead shaded by the silvery hair. Was she slowly fading? he asked himself, resolving that nothing should be lacking on his part to prove that she was just as dear to him as in the days when they were young and the future bright before them. He did not even speak of Maud until he saw her in the distance, trying to train a refactory honeysuckle over a tall frame. Then he said, "Is that Miss Graham, and do you like her as well as ever?"

"Yes, better and better every day," was Grace's reply. It was a little awkward at first to have a stranger with me continually, but I am accustomed to her now, and couldn't part with her. She is very dear to me," she continued, while Max listened and watched the girl, moving about so gracefully, and once showing her round white arms to the elbows as her wide sleeves fell back in her efforts to reach the top of the frame.

"She oughtn't to do that," Grace said. "She is not tall enough. Go and help her Max," and nothing loth Max went along the terrace to where Maude was standing, her face flushed with exercise and her eyes shining like stars as she gave him her hand, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Gordon. I am Maude Graham. Perhaps you remember me."

"How could I forget you," sprang to Max's lips, but he said instead, "Good morning Miss Graham. I have come to help you. Miss Raynor thinks it bad for your heart to reach so high."

Maude could have told him that her heart had not beaten one half as fast while reaching up as it was beating now, with him there beside her holding the vine while she tied it to its place, his hands touching hers and his arm once thrown out to keep her from falling as she stumbled backward. It took a long time to fix that honeysuckle, and Max had leisure to tell Maude of a call made upon her mother only a week before.

"Spring Farm is looking its loveliest, with the roses and lillies in bloom," he said. "and Angie, my sister, is enjoying it immensely. She has filled the house with her city friends, and has made some changes, of which I think you would approve. Your mother does, but when she wanted to cut down that apple tree in the corner I would not let her do it. You remember it, don't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Gordon," Maude exclaimed, "Don't let her touch that tree. My playhouse was under it, and there the people used to come to see me."

He did not know who the people were, for he had never heard of Maude's brain children—the Kimbricks and the Websters—and could hardly have understood, if he had; but Maude's voice was very pathetic and the eyes which looked at him were full of tears, moving him strangely and making him very earnest in his manner as he assured her that every tree and shrub should be kept intact for her.

"You know you are going to buy it back," he continued, laughingly, as they walked slowly toward the house where Grace was waiting to be taken in to lunch.

"Yes, and I shall do it, too. You will see; it may be many years, but I trust you to keep it for me," Maude said, and he replied, "You may trust me with anything, and I shall not disappoint you." The talk by the honeysuckle was one of the many which took place while Max was at the Cedars, for Grace was too unselfish to keep him chained to her side, and insisted that he should enjoy what there was to enjoy in the way of rides and drives in the neighborhood, and as she could not go with him she sent Maude in her stead, even though she knew the danger there was in it, for she was not insensible to Max's admiration for the girl, or Maude's interest in him.

"If Max is true to me to the last, and he will be, it is all I ask," she thought and gave no sign of the ache in her heart, when she saw him going from her with Maude and felt that it was in more senses than one. "If he is happy I am happy too," she would say to herself, as she sat alone hour after hour, while Max and Maude explored the country in every direction.

Sometimes they drove together, but oftner rode, for Maude was a fine horsewoman and never looked better than when on horseback, in the becoming habit which Grace had given her and which fitted her admirably. Together they went through the pleasant Richland woods, where the grass was like a mossy carpet beneath their horses hoofs, and the singing of the birds and the brook was the only sound which broke the summer stillness; then again they galloped over the hills and round the lake, and once through the Bush district, up to the little log house which Max expressed a wish to see. It was past the hour for for school. Teacher and scholars had gone home, and tying their horses to the fence they went into the dingy room and sat down side by side upon one of the wooden benches and just where a ray of sunlight fell upon Maude's face and hair, for she had removed her hat and was fanning herself with it. She was very beautiful, with that halo around her head, Max thought, as he sat watching and listening to her as in answer to his question, "How could you endure it here?" she told him of her terrible homesickness during the first weeks of her life as a school teacher.

"I longed so for mother and Johnnie," she said, "and was always thinking of them and the dear old home, and—and sometimes—of you, too, before I received your letter."

"Of me," Max said, moving a little nearer while she went on, "Yes I've wanted to tell you how angry I was because you bought our home. I wrote you something about it, you remember, but I did not tell you half how bitter I felt. I know now you were not to blame, but I did not think so then, and said some harsh things of you to Archie; perhaps he told you. I said he might. Did he?"

"No," Max answered, playing idly with the riding whip Maude held in her hand. "No, Archie has only told me pleasant things of you. I think he is very fond of you," and he looked straight into Maude's face, waiting for her reply.

It was surely nothing to him whether Archie were fond of Maude, or she were fond of Archie, and yet her answer was very reassuring, and lifted from his heart a little shadow resting there.

"Yes," Maude said, without the slightest change in voice or expression, "Archie and I are good friends. I have known him and played with him and quarrelled with him ever since I was a child, so that he seems more like a brother than anything else."

"Oh, ye-es," Max resumed, with a feeling of relief, as he let his arm rest on the high desk behind her, so that if she moved ever so little it would touch her.

There was in Max's mind no thought of love-making. Indeed, he did not know that he was thinking of anything except the lovely picture the young girl made, with the sunlight playing on her hair and the shy look in her eyes as, in a pretty apologetic way, she told how she had disliked him and credited him with all the trouble which had come upon them since her father's death.

"Why I thought I hated you," she said with energy.

"Hated me! Oh, Maude, you don't hate me now, I hope—I could not bear that," Max said, letting the whip fall and taking Maude's hand in his, as he said again, "You don't hate me now?"

"No, no; oh no. I—oh, Mr. Gordon," Maude began but stopped abruptly, startled by something in the eyes of the man who had never called her Maude before, and whose voice had never sounded as it did now, making every nerve thrill with a sudden joy, all the sweeter perhaps because she knew it must not be.

Wrenching her hand from his and springing to her feet she said, "It is growing late, and Miss Raynor is waiting for us. Have you forgotten *her*?"

He had forgotten her for one delirious moment, but she came back to him with a throb of pain and self-reproach that he had allowed himself to swerve in the slightest degree from his loyalty to her.

"I am not a man but a traitor," he said to himself, as he helped Maude into her saddle and then vaulted into his own.

The ride home was a comparatively silent one, for both knew that they had not been quite true to the woman who welcomed them so sweetly and asked so many questions about their ride and what they had seen. Poor Grace; she did not in the least understand why Maude lavished so much attention upon her that evening, or why Max lingered longer than usual at her side, or why his voice was so tender and loving, when he at last said good-night and went to his own room and the self-castigation which he knew awaited him there.

"I was a villan," he said, as he recalled that little episode in the school-house when to have put his around Maude Graham and hold her for a moment would have been like heaven to him.

"I was false to Grace, although I did not mean it, and God helping me I will never be so again."

Then, as he remembered the expression of the eyes which had looked up so shyly at him, he said aloud, "Could I win her, were I free? But that is impossible. May God forgive me for the thought. Oh, why has Grace thrown her so much in my way? She surely is to blame for that, while I—; well, I am a fool and a knave and a sneak ——."

He called himself a great many hard names that night, and registered a vow that so long as Grace lived, and he said he hoped she would live forever he would be true to her no matter how strong the temptation placed in his way. It was a fierce battle Max fought, but he came off conqueror, and the meeting between himself and Maude next morning was as natural as if to neither of them had ever come a moment when they had a glimpse of the happiness which, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been theirs. Maude, too, had had her hours of remorse and contrition and close questioning to as the cause of the strange joy which had thrilled every nerve when Max Gordon called her Maude, and asked her if she hated him.

"Hate him! Never!" she thought; "but I have been false to the truest, best woman that ever lived. She trusted her lover to me, and——."

She did not quite know what she had done, but whatever it was it should not be repeated. There were to be no more rides or drives, or talks alone with Max. And when next day Grace suggested that she go with him to an adjoining town where a fair was to be held, she took refuge in a headache and insisted that Grace should go herself, while Max, too, encouraged it, and tried to believe that he was just as happy with her beside him as he would have been with the young girl who brought a cushion for her mistress' back and adjusted her shawl about her shoulders and arranged her bonnet strings, and then, kissing her fondly, said, "I am so glad that you are going instead of myself."

This was for the benefit of Max, at whom she nodded a little defiantly, and who understood her meaning as well as if she had put it into words. Everything was over between them and he accepted the situation, and during the remainder of his stay at the Cedars devoted himself to Grace with an assiduity worthy of the most ardent lover. He even remained longer than he had intended doing, for Grace was loth to let him go, and the soft haze of early September was beginning to show on the Richland hills when he at last said good bye, promising to come at Christmas if it were possible to do so.

CHAPTER IX.

GOOD-BYE, MAX; GOOD-BYE.

It was a cold, stormy afternoon in March. The thermometer marked six below zero, and the snow which had fallen the day before was tossed by the wind in great white clouds, which sifted through every crevice of the house at the Cedars, and beat against the window from which Maude Graham was looking anxiously out into the storm for the carriage which had been sent to meet the train in which Max Gordon was expected. He had not kept his promise to be with Grace at Christmas. An important law-suit had detained him, and it as would be necessary for him to go to London immediately after its close; he could not tell just when he would be at the Cedars again.

All through the autumn Grace had been failing, while a cold taken in November, had left her with a cough, which clung to her persistently. Still she kept up, looking forward to the holidays when Max would be with her. But when she found he was not coming she lost all courage, and Maude was alarmed to see how rapidly she failed. Nearly all the day she lay upon the couch in her bedroom, while Grace read or sang to her or talked with her of the book which had actually been commenced, and in which Grace was almost as much interested as Maude herself. Grace was a careful and discriminating critic, and if Maude were a success she would owe much of it to the kind friend whose sympathy and advice were so invaluable. A portion of every day she wrote, and every evening read what she had written to Grace, who smiled as she recognized Max Gordon in the hero and knew that Maude was weaving the tale mostly from her own experience. Even the Bush district and its people furnished material for the plot, and more than one boy who had called Maud schoolma'am figured in its pages, while Grace was everywhere, permeating the whole with her sweetness and purity.

"I shall dedciate it to you," Maude said to her one day, and Grace replied: "That will be kind; but I shall not be here to see it, for before your book is published I shall be lying under the flowers in Mt. Auburn. I want you to take me there, if Max is not here to do it."

"Oh, Miss Raynor," Maud cried, dropping her MS. and sinking upon her knees beside the couch where Grace was lying, "you must not talk that way. I can't lose you, the dearest friend I ever had. What should I do without you, and what would Max Gordon do?"

At the mention of Max's name a faint smile played around Grace's white lips, and lifting her thin hand she laid it caressingly upon the girl's brown hair as she said: "Max will be sorry for a while, but after a time there will be a change, and I shall be only a memory. Tell him I was willing, and that although it was hard at first, it was easy at the last."

What did she mean? Maude asked herself, while her thoughts went back to that summer afternoon in the log school-house on the hill, when Max Gordon's eyes and voice had in them a tone and look born of more than mere friendship. Did Grace know? Had she guessed the truth? Maude wondered, as, conscience-stricken, she laid her burning cheek against the pale one upon the pillow. There was silence a moment, and when Grace spoke again she said: "It is nearly time for Max to be starting for Europe, or I should send for him to come, I wish so much to see him once more before I die."

(To be Continued).

Telegraphing to a Moving Train.

The idea of telegraphing to moving trains had its inception as early as 1853; but of the many forms suggested all were impracticable in that they involved a mechanical contact between the train and the stationary conductor. Obviously, it is not feasible to make a circuit, either through a sliding arm projecting from a car or by so modifying the track of a railroad that its rails may be utilized as electric conductors. But that this may be done by induction there can be no doubt, for its feasibility has been shown in daily practice upon the lines of the Lehigh Valley Railroad for the past two years. A moving train may now receive messages passing along a neighboring wire almost as readily as New York communicates with Philadelphia by ordinary methods. Nor does the great speed of the train interfere with successful communication. If it could attain the velocity of a meteor, signals upon the wire would fly across the intervening space, inductively impressing themselves upon the metal roofs of the cars with the same certainty as if the cars were motionless upon the side track; and it is not even essential that the train and the line be separated by a clear air space, for non-conducting or non-magnetic substances may be interposed without impeding transmission. During the memorable blizzard of March, 1888, the capacity of the system, in this particular, was subjected to an instructive test on the Lehigh road.—*Charles L. Buckingham in Scribner.*

Open Your Windows at Night.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. One could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make the night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after 10 o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within. *Sanitary World.*

A Model Republic.

The smallest republic in the world is not San Marino, nor Andorra, nor Moresnet, but the tiny Republic of Goust, in the Pyrenees, which contains less than one hundred inhabitants, all of which are Romanists. The sole occupation of these people is the weaving of wool and silk. Their government consists of an assembly of old men, called the Council. They pay no taxes nor imposts of any kind, and therefore have need of no collectors. They have neither mayor, priest, nor physician. They baptize their children, bury their dead, and perform their marriage ceremonies all beyond the boundaries of the town or in the neighboring village of Laruns. If any one wishes to espouse a wife he must go away from home to find her. Among the peaceful residents of this microscopic republic are several centenarians. No one is really poor, and none is rich. The language which they speak is a mixture of French and Spanish, and their numbers, manners, and customs have remained unchanged for several centuries.

An Asylum Horror.

The United States will not be a civilized nation as long as such scenes occur as are said to be witnessed at the insane asylum at Rochester, Minn. The saddest phase of the affair is that this is not a private sanitarium, but the State Insane Hospital of Minnesota. Weak girls and women have been thrown to the floor and stamped upon and pounded with brutal fists. They have been shut up in a cell naked, with no bedding, and food refused to them till they were almost famished. Such ferocious brutality seems incredible. The insane require in their treatment the utmost patience and kindness that human nature is capable of. They oftentimes, it is true, seem so perverse and ugly that it is hard to realise that they are at no time responsible. But only those who can constantly realize this and act on it are fit to be trusted with the care of the insane.—*Olean Herald.*

Frederick T. Roberts, M.D., Professor in the University College, London, England, Examiner in the Royal College of Surgeons, calls attention to the fact that headache, dizziness, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, derangements of the digestive organs, are common symptoms of kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure cures these symptoms by removing the cause and putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

Wibble—"I wonder why ministers always wear long-tailed coats?" Wabble—"If you were a country minister with a $300 salary, and a large family, you wouldn't ask such a fool question as that."—*Terre Haute Express.*

JACK THE RIPPER.

Vivid Description of the Localities and People

WHERE MURDER REIGNS.

Whitechapel Described in All Its Squalor and Vice.

(New York Herald.)

How does the Whitechapel district appear to a stranger in London? That is what I went to see recently, says a reporter of the London edition of the *Herald*. In company with a member of the government and a special detective I took a "four wheeler" and drove down by St. Paul's, past the Bank of England and on through Cornhill, where, turning to the left, we followed up Bishopsgate to the famous underground drinking dive known in history as "Dirty Dick's." The detective thought it would be interesting to begin the evening with a visit to this celebrated place. It dates back nearly a century, and seventy years ago Dirty Dick was one of the characters of London. Charles Dickens' *Household Words* devoted a sketch and a poem to Dirty Dick's life and peculiarities. The rules that govern his establishment were that no person is to be served twice. No person to be served if intoxicated. No error admitted or money exchanged after leaving the counter. No improper language permitted. No gambling allowed.

AT DIRTY DICK'S.

Into this historical cellar we entered. Every foot of space was occupied. Men, women and children were packed together like fish, all drinking, smoking and swearing, at intervals telling "loud" stories, while in the corners, sitting on benches or staggering against the walls, were women, old and young, in various degrees of intoxication. One miserable creature, evidently in the last stages of vanity, grinned hideously as she leaned over the bar with a wee babe in her arms begging for another drink, as she had already spent her last penny. Along the walls above the bottles of the bar were the skeletons of rats and mice and other household vermin, including several cats and dogs. They were found in the hollow walls when the old building occupied by Dirty Dick was demolished several years ago to make room for the present structure. To a stranger the dive seemed a filthy den of vice and disease, but on our return from Whitechapel it seemed a very respectable place.

WHERE PRIZE FIGHTERS ARE TRAINED.

The next stop was made at the Blue Anchor tavern, further down toward Whitechapel. To sporting men it is one of the most celebrated places in England, for it is the headquarters of the professional prize ring. The landlord, Tom Symonds, was at home and showed us over the place. He is the treasurer of the London prize ring, is an ex-champion boxer, and for many years his house has been the training school for the most noted pugilists of the world. It was here that Jem Smith and dozens of other celebrities took their first lessons in the manly art of professional boxing. Jem Goode, another ex-champion, who once fought in the United States, dropped into the big billiard hall, which is used for boxing once or twice a week. The rooms are decorated with full length portraits of the principal prize fighters and sports of the world. A buxom young woman, with a motherly smile, stood behind the bar and served out drinks in the old fashioned English style of fifty years ago. It was an interesting place for any one to visit—a sort of an appetizer for a stranger about to explore the mysteries of Whitechapel.

A COLONY OF THIEVES.

From Tom Symonds' Blue Anchor tavern it is but a short ride into the slums of Whitechapel. It should be explained for the benefit of those unfamiliar with the geography of London that the Whitechapel district is a colony of thieves situated nearly north of the Tower of London on the Thames. A few blocks further down the river are the famous London Docks. Many of the lower classes of men employed along the river and the numerous water thieves of the wharves live up in Whitechapel. A hundred years ago, in the time of George III., Whitechapel Road was just outside the eastern walls of London—a sort of suburb for the poorer classes, who had little money to pay for rent. Now it is in the centre of a vast and populous district, with well paved streets and alleys (thanks to modern improvements) cutting the district in every direction, with horse railway and 'bus lines following the principal streets, which in olden times were the King's highways. Vast warehouses, private and bonded, and manufacturing establishments rise darkly and silently in the night on the borders of these slums. Then there are big breweries, hospitals, cemeteries, almshouses and other institutions not far away. A surprising feature of the neighborhood is that well lighted streets with tramways and bus lines are but a few squares away from where these murders were committed. The Whitechapel district may be likened to certain localities in the country where dark and gloomy swamps filled with pestilential vapors lie between the great highways. A visitor walking up Whitechapel road would little dream of the horrible dens within a stone's throw of the brilliantly lighted shops. Only the policemen on duty there recognize the flashily dressed men and women who hurry along the pavement as the worst types of London thieves and murderers. Their restless eyes and scarred faces long haunt one after he takes a second look into their villainous countenances.

PETTICOAT LANE.

It was but a few minutes after the detective turned off the Algate Road that we found ourselves in a dark crevice like lane, with the darkest and most forbidding buildings of the slums rising on every side of us. The streets are as well paved as Broadway in New York, but some of them are not more than five feet wide, and when we entered this Petticoat lane of history, celebrated among thieves from Cheyenne to Australia, all the world seemed cut off. A feeling of indescribable loathing and horror came over one as he got a sight of the scenes within the tenements. The lane is the headquarters of the most dangerous thieves in Europe. Every class and nation is represented. Low Jews, Gentiles, convicts and prison birds of every grade swarm the place like vermin. "As a Saturday night scene the region about Petticoat lane has no equal on the globe," said the detective. As every few steps were passageways leading out of the lane, like tunnels in a mine. No cave could be more gloomy or more forbidding. As we walked up the long, black alley called Petticoat lane one of the Government officials said, "You see Dickens did not exaggerate." People unfamiliar with these districts think that Dickens drew his characters from his imagination. The man was right, the Smikes and Oliver Twists, the Fagins and the Dick Swivellers were as thick as flies. An ordinary American child would live about three days in such a place, yet there were hundreds of children hardly able to toddle that darted in and out of the passageways like rats. They were the little thieves, soon to become the big thieves of London. The atmosphere was thick and fetid, the fog hung over the alleys like lead, and the few scattering jets of gas burning along the lane were hardly visible ten steps away. After walking through the neighborhood for five minutes it seemed as if we had been in the place a month. The world and its green fields and beautiful cities seem blotted from creation. As we walked along heads were poked out of the little holes leading into dark courts, and then they flitted back again; children vanished through the walls. Dark faced, scowling men always planted themselves in our way just ahead, but disappeared like shadows at a sign from the detectives. Behind us came beggars and thieves.

SOMEBODY'S CHILDREN.

Women with streaming hair and babies in their arms followed, with pitcous tales and cries for money. They, too, were thieves and beggars, and the detective said the worst of the lot. We made a quick turn round a corner, doubled on our course, and entered one of the thousands of lodging houses of the Whitechapel district. There sat the same women with somebody's babies, blaspheming and drinking spirits with the bullet headed infants hanging over their shoulders like bundles of rags. Others were singing ribald songs in hoarse, drunken voices, while the men laughed and joined them in the night's carousal. There is a little spot in New York called the Five Points, and a few streets leading away from it inhabited by Italians and Chinamen. It is said that those Sixth ward tenement houses are inhabited at the rate of 290,000 to the square mile. But this Whitechapel district is a vast city of vice and poverty compared with that small plague spot. London, with its three millions of inhabitants and its colonies of criminals, representing the most vicious classes of Europe, is a monstrous problem for any government to solve. As I walked down those gloomy lanes and crawled through the dark underground passageways among the depots of stolen goods, where fortunes disappear in a moment, where men's lives go out like a candle, I exclaimed aloud, "No wonder it requires 15,000 policemen in London."

The Government official said: "We have only half enough police. We ought to have twenty-five or thirty thousand."

In the presence of all the intricacies of the Whitechapel slums, the thousands of winding passage ways, the tiers of bedrooms no larger than cells in a prison, the scene gave one an idea why the Whitechapel assassins have not been discovered. One might as well look along the docks of London for the rat that stole his cheese as to hunt for a criminal in this place.

MURDER NO. 7.

Turning out of a lane through a dark passage way into a little area, and standing beside a small addition built back of the other houses, and pointing to the boarded windows the detective said, "In there is where murder number seven was committed." This is Miller's court. While we were looking at the place and wondering which way the assassin ran after he had killed the poor woman, little yellow haired children came dancing into the court and listened with a curious boldness, as if we were about to open a box of valuables and there would be a chance for them to steal.

In Osborne street, where the first of all the murders was committed, and the victim unknown, the Whitechapel which stands in the very middle of Whitechapel road is almost in sight. A walk of a few steps from the horrible place leads one to the open thoroughfare where the jingling bells of the horse cars are heard and the chimes of Whitechapel ring out on the night air as they do in Christian lands where thieves and murderers are not so near civilization.

At George's Yard, Commercial street (not Commercial road), the buildings are thick and heavy walled, entirely fireproof, with arched floors and iron joists. Yet they are but tenements for the lowest of humanity, and let as lodgings for men and women indiscriminately, it is said. In all these places there is no attempt to separate the children from the full grown thieves and abandoned women. As I stood in George's Yard, looking up at the balcony where the poor woman was found with strips of her remains tied around her neck, I turned and saw lights gleaming in a large building separated from the court by a high fence. On inquiry I found it was a large hall where a much talked about black and white art exhibition was being held. It seemed incredible that an institution reflecting the light and genius of the nineteenth century, could actually exist and be filled with cultivated men and women with its windows looking down into the very purlieus of London.

Whitechapel is made up of paradoxes. The innocence of youth is destroyed by robbers and professional beggars under the very eaves of Christian institutions on one side and breweries and almshouses on the other.

ANNIE CHAPMAN'S DEATH PLACE.

In Hanbury street, in a brick yard, with dry goods boxes piled up far above the fence, is where Annie Chapman was found with her throat cut and body mutilated on September 8th. A word from the detective secured permission to go through the house. The character of it may be imagined when it is said that the price for a single bed is but a penny or two, and that two persons of the lowest of all God's creation may drink, shout and blaspheme all night for only twopence. Little children with pale faces, scarcely old enough to lisp the name of mother, lay in dark corners on vermin-covered beds with withered hags, who drank beer and sang snatches of songs half awake and half drunken, apparently in a stupor; and as we passed through the long alleyways between the banks they stretched out their shaking hands and bawled piteously for a penny to help the poor darling. We looked into other chambers that were empty, where a dozen cots, covered with filthy rags, were awaiting the return of some assassin to lie down and drink and riot in the early Sabbath morning. The boys and girls of these loathsome dens were as bright as crickets, and the detective said they could pick a pocket more artistically than the old 'uns.

THEORIES OF THE MURDERS.

Many theories regarding the Whitechapel murders have been advanced by detectives, criminal philosophers, court experts, newspaper men and experts on insanity. The theory that most generally prevails is that the murderer is a religious crank who imagines he has a mission to perform, and like the fanatics of Mahommed's time, the more atrocious the butcheries he performs the greater the saint he thinks himself. It is a fact that all the Whitechapel murders have occurred about the 5th of the month or on the very last days of each month, and it is claimed that every fresh outbreak has occurred with the change of the moon. This, it is thought, indicates that the murderer is a maniac and has periodical fits of insanity.

"Who is he?" and "What is he?" is a problem to be answered. Many officials in the detective service hold to the theory that the murderer is a crazy butcher.

WHO IS HE?

The fact that the victims of this horrible fiend have been selected from the lowest class of women is considered proof by many that the murderer is a religious fanatic. Others are sure that the assassin is an escaped lunatic. At one time it was believed that he was the Russian maniac who had committed several murders in Paris and other parts of Europe. At still another time it was said that a certain American quack doctor was the culprit, and the detectives of England and America shadowed him for months. Early in the autumn it was believed that a Malay outlaw was the man who was running amuck in Whitechapel. A careful investigation of the district certainly leads a stranger to believe that no mere visitor or outside person ever committed these crimes. The murderer must not only have been well acquainted with the locality and its inhabitants, but he was without doubt an old settler in the slums of that region and as familiar with its dark cellars and underground passage ways as the rats of the sewers. A person who has spent weeks in that locality in studying its geography would not venture to lose himself in the intricacies of its gloomy and dangerous labyrinths, especially when on a mission of murder. The assassin is probably a man or woman perfectly familiar with Whitechapel, and his motive is revenge or an insane desire to commit wanton butchery.

Intelligent Cows.

The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks, I bethought myself that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with the greatest eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand. In about half an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused, by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows. The water tap was again called into requisition, and the new comers were in like manner helped liberally. Then, with gratified and repeated "boo-oos"—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasturage. It was quite clear to us that the first two callers, pleased with the friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions and had informed them—how, I can not say, can you?—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Among the Icebergs.

Reports by all the ocean steamers agree as to the continued prevalence of icebergs in the Straits of Belle Isle, although the passage is getting gradually clearer and the bergs are being carried into the Atlantic. The Beaver liner Lake Huron, on her last outward trip from Montreal to Liverpool, appears to have fallen in with an immense field of icebergs, which were watched for two whole days with much interest by the passengers. No less than forty-two were counted at one time, all within a radius of ten miles. One of these, sighted 170 miles east of Belle Isle, was declared by the captain and officers to be the largest they had ever seen. Its length was estimated at 1,000 feet, and it stood some 250 feet out of water. It was about two miles distant from the ship.

The First Duty of a Girl Graduate.

"So your daughter joins the ranks of the sweet girl graduates this year, Mrs. De Johns?" said Fitzroy in a patronizing sort of way. "Yes, Arabella graduates this year, and will immediately begin her life work." "What profession is she to enter?" "Oh, I don't know, but I presume she will teach her mother society manners for a year or so. That's what all girls do after they come home from school.—*Hartford Post.*

Dr. Wm. Roberts, Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester, Eng., in writing of Bright's Disease, says: "The blood becomes speedily deteriorated by the unnatural drain through the kidneys. It becomes more watery and poorer in albumen, while urea, uric acid and the extractives are unduly accumulated in it." Warner's Safe Cure will restore the kidneys to a healthy condition and purify the blood.

—Bride (in the Pullman car)—Do you think that every one knows we have just been married? Groom (coloring)—Oh, no, dear; they only think so.

—"Mary," said her mother severely, "if I am not mistaken I saw your head on George's shoulder. What sort of an attitude is that for a young lady?" Mary ecstatically)—Beatitude

SURGEONS CUT HIS THROAT.

The Operation of Œsophagotomy Successfully Performed by Dr. Deaver.

Thousands of instances are on record where a man's throat has been cut to kill him, but only three cases are known in the United States where that operation has been performed to save life. Indeed, there are but two instances which are authenticated. The first occurred in 1844 in this city and the other in Philadelphia yesterday. There came into the "drunk" ward of the Philadelphia Almshouse a much-befuddled and suicidally inclined individual, John Cavanaugh by name. There appeared to be some obstruction in his throat which prevented him from swallowing solid food, and the passage of liquids, such as milk or beef tea, gave him much pain. The pain distracted the man and he would tear at his throat, and the attendants feared he would succeed in destroying himself. Cavanaugh could not tell what obstacle had lodged in his gullet, or, in his daze from whiskey, would not. After he had become somewhat sobered, however, it was discovered that he had swallowed his false teeth, plate and all. Dr. Deaver, surgeon at the Philadelphia Hospital, was summoned. He endeavored to "extract" the teeth through the mouth, but failed. Then he tried to push them down into the stomach, but with no better results. There was but one course reserved to surgical science—the operation of œsophagotomy, or taking the teeth out through an incision from the outside of the throat. This operation has always been attended with a high percentage of mortality. The danger was set forth to Cavanaugh, but he decided to submit to it. He first thought he could stand the pain without ether, but the surgeon thought best to administer the anæsthetic. About six inches down the throat was fixed as the point for opening. It took the doctor an hour to get at the teeth, but he got there. The plate had a general circular shape about one and a half inches in diameter. It hung vertically in the œsophagus and so permitted the passage of milk, but no solid matter could pass. The plate was successfully removed and the wound stitched up. Cavanaugh is now in the hospital in good condition, and Dr. Deaver thinks he will survive, but two or three days will elapse before he will be pronounced out of danger.

THE FUSE WAS BURNING.

Bravery of Captain Peel in the Crimea Once More Recalled.

There occurred on this day—October 18th, 1854—one of those incidents of war which show how instantaneous in heroic natures is the process of both the thought and the resolve from which brave actions spring. The horses which were drawing an ammunition waggon for the Diamond battery having refused to face the fire some volunteers went to the waggon to clear it, and they succeeded in bringing in their loads; but before the powder could be stored away in the magazine a shell came into the midst of it, while the volunteers were still gathered close to the heap. A voice cried out, "The fuse is burning!" Then, instantly, and, as the narrator says, "with one spring," Captain Peel darted upon the live shell and threw it upon the parapet. The shell burst about four yards from his hand without hurting anyone. The official list, in commemorating the services for which Captain Peel obtains the cross, adds to this feat: "On November 5, 1854, at the Battle of Inkerman, for joining the officers of the Grenadier Guards, and assisting in defending the colors of that regiment, when hard pressed at the Sandbag Battery. On the 18th of June, 1855, for volunteering to lead the ladder party at the assault on the Redan and carrying the first ladder until wounded."—*World of Adventure.*

Ned's Big Contract.

A London cable of Thursday says: In the House of Commons this evening Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, read a communication from Gen. Grenfell, who is with the troops in Egypt. The communication contained the reply of Nad el-Jumi, the leader of the dervishes, to the General's demands for his surrender. The reply says: "Your force is nothing to me. I am sent to conquer the world, and I cannot stop. Now I call upon you to surrender. If you will do so I will protect you. Remember Hicks Pasha and Gordon Pasha." Gen. Grenfell adds that Nad-el-Jumi's fighting men are well fed and in good condition.

Strictly First-Class.

The Judge—Where did you find the prisoner, officer?

The Policeman—Caught him getting out of a loaded freight-car that had just come in.

The Tramp—I desire to say in justice to myself, your Honor, that there was only strictly first class freight in the car. I may be poor, but I am not low down enough to travel as third or second-class freight.

One Thing Women Will Not Do.

"Shall women propose?" is a question lately held under discussion. No, brethren; not marriage, certainly. Woman will not propose. Metaphorically speaking, the pitcher's box is the one place that she does not aspire to fill. She will take her stand on the home plate as heretofore, and swat the ball when her turn comes until caught out.

Appearances are Deceptive.

Street Gamin—Hi, Jimmy, look at de country jake.

The Jake—I'm no 'countryman, young feller. I own one of the biggest farms in Chicago.

—"I saw a singular metamorphosis the other day," said Pippins. "Well, what was it?" asked Bulsby. "I saw a man urn into a saloon."

Gazzam—"So young Briggs has taken a partner for life, has he?" Fangle—"No; not—not exactly for life. He married a Chicago girl."

One of the most dangerous and demoralising of all drinks is this beverage that is known as "Same."

—Boston Heiress—I am afraid it is not for me, but for my money, that you come here so often. Ardent Wooer—You are cruel to say so. How can I get your money without getting you?

—Mr. T. J. Bell, recently of the Dundas *Standard*, and family have taken up their residence in Brampton.

A PICKED BATTALION.

Chosen Men from the Whole German Army.

The "Schrippenfest" is an annual treat given to the Lehr-Infanterie-Bataillon, quartered at Schloss Friedrichs-Koge, says a Berlin letter. This battalion, brought into being by Frederick William III., is composed of men chosen from every regiment in the German army—with the exception of the Bavarian—who remain together with the permanent company from April 15th till Oct. 15th in each year, in order that the whole army may be impregnated with the same ideas and modes of looking at things; for when they return to their several regiments they are supposed to instruct their comrades with what they have learned. The annual treat takes place on Whit Monday, in the presence of the King of Prussia and the whole royal family—for it was originally a "royal" ceremony. Its name is taken from the "schrippe," the commonest kind of roll of white bread that is baked in Prussia. This "schrippe" was given to the soldiers at the dinner served on this occasion, in place of the ordinary "commis brod," which is very black and coarse. On this day divine service is held for the battalion in the open air. It was originally intended that the Shah should witness this part of the ceremony from the windows of the Schloss—out of regard to his religion—but His Majesty preferred to be among the worshippers, and at the hour appointed he offered his arm to the Kaiserin, and, conducting her to her place, remained between Her Majesty and the Kaiser. It was a solemn sight to see these soldiers drawn up for divine service, as if they were on the field of battle, while the pacific surroundings drive away from the mind of the spectator all thought of war. Their Majesties were accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred and a number of German princes, and were attended by a host of court officials. Of foreign diplomats, only Sir Edward Malet was present in attendance on the Duke of Edinburgh. After service the men sat down to dinner, the tables being covered with more sumptuous fare than usual, to wit, roast pork and stewed beef—the delight of the Prussian soldier, when he can get it—wine and beer and plenty of "schrippen." A royal procession proceeded up and down the tables, the food was tasted by the Kaiser and his imperial guest, who also took a sip from the moselle cup, and the Kaiser spoke a few appropriate words to the men.

LET THE GIRLS ROMP.

They Require It Even More Than do the Boys.

So many mothers lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and gentle and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery with calisthenics or gymnastics will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air.

Better the laughing, rosy cheeked, romping girl than the pale, lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks things or tears her dresses or tires her mother's patience, as the former does; but after all, what does the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as they can. Give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and let them run and romp as much as they please. By all means give us hearty, healthy, romping girls rather than pale-faced little ladies, condemned from their very cradles to nervousness, headache and similar ailments.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Sure Signs.

Wife—"Cyrus, I am sure young Spoonemore is becoming serious in his attentions to our Susie."

Husband—"Nonsense! What makes you think so?"

"He wears a new necktie every time he comes."

"Do you think Susie cares anything for him?"

"Yes. She hasn't eaten an onion this spring."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Railroad to Alaska.

Alaska now seems to be the ultima thule of our continent and the suggestion of reaching it by rail serves to excite ridicule. And yet it may not be very many years before the traveler can take a car of the Northern Pacific Company at Chicago and journey steadily over lines under the same control to the border of that remote and now almost unknown land.—*Railway Age.*

Horse Flies.

The horse fly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong they will penetrate leather. He makes his appearance in June. The female is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings.—*Colman's Rural World.*

At the Ball.

"Oh, what a chance, Lieutenant, to find you here."

"Pardon, dear madam, the chance is entirely on my side."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—"I beg your pardon," said the convict to the governor.

—"I understand you are one of the fair graduates, Miss Pease?" More than fair, Mr. Fleecy. I stood 96 in all my examinations.

—Tramp—to lady of the house—I'm starving to death! Can I die out in the barnyard? Lady of the house—graciously—Yes, if you won't crawl under the barn.

—A Philadelphia clothing house is attracting customers by photographing every person buying a suit in his new clothes, free of charge. The scheme works well.

Heard's Carriage Works.

—:— MANUFACTURER OF —:—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

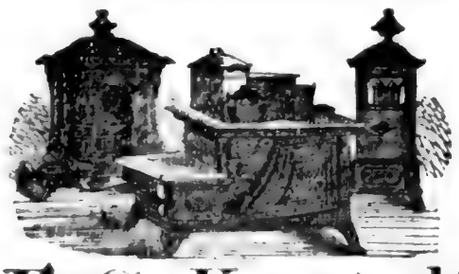

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (a makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, coustantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING, EAVETROUGHING Etc.

done as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth! If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P O

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to Special attention given to contract work or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

ROLLER FLOUR

best in the markets at

Blackburn's.

Ice Cream Parlors!

all kinds of cooling summer drinks.

Cured Meats,
Lard, Bologna,
etc.

ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON

AT

BLACKBURN'S

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mi is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

—It Pays To—

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms &c., address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Owen Sound, Nov 1st, 188

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVES,
Flesherton P O

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Glenville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents For sale at the Medical Hall.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

A new hotel, costing $28,000, has just been completed in Owen Sound.

Southampton is the fashionable camping grounds for Walkerton nabobs.

The Wiraton Echo and Chatsworth News will not issue papers next week.

To-day is Owen Sound's civic holiday. The town goes to Brampton by train.

A fiend in human form cut a teat from a valuable cow belonging to W. McMaster, of the 1st line, Mono.

The Creemore Star says there is a boy in Collingwood 17 years old, who weighs only forty-three pounds. He is certainly a curosity in his weigh.

The Warden of Simcoe when presiding at the county council sessions wears a gorgeous cocked hat and silk gown, purchased at a cost $110.

The following touching obituary notice appeared in our most esteemed exchange last week: "Mr. R. Marchment's faithful old gray horse died on Wendesday."

The Canadian city with the shortest name is 02a.—M.F. Rep.—And the county with the most abbreviated appelation is Sx. Beeton World. The town with the shortest name is kuga, and the newspaper with the shortest headline that we know of is the Creem.

About 10 o'clock Monday morning Joseph Young, a boy about 15 years old, son of Mr. Alex. Young, of Keppel, started with a load of wood to town, and when about a mile from home while going down a hill the wood fell forward bringing the boy, with it and the wagon passed over his neck, killing him instantly. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon.—[O.S. Adveatiser.

They are energetic, hard-working people in the vicinity of Wiarton. The Echo says: "One day last week a farmer who resides in the township of Albemarle left his house at noon for his work, leaving his wife attending to her domestic duties as usual. On his return in the evening he found that in his absence one had been added to the family circle, a fine bouncing boy, which was lying in the cradle, and the mother was out milking the cows.

HIS LEGS CUT OFF.—Brakeman Simmons met with a terrible accident at the C.P.R. station late on Saturday night. He was engaged in making a coupling when his foot was caught in some obstruction and before he could extricate himself a number of cars passed over him, nearly amputating both legs. The poor fellow was picked up and carried to the Royal Hotel, where his wounds were attended to. The injured limbs were amputated early Sunday morning. Simmons, who has been only six weeks out from England, is a fine looking young man of about 22, and hopes are entertained that a strong constitution will enable him to pull through his terrible accident.—[Dufferin Advertiser.

General News.

John Hopper, a farmer, was killed by a train near Newmarket on Saturday.

Princess Louise of Wales and the Duke of Fife were married at Buckingham Palace on Saturday

Lillie Kelly, a prisioner at the Agnes Street Police Station, Toronto, committed suicide by hanging early Sunday morning.

The British sealing schooner Black Diamond has been seized by the United States revenue cutter, Rush, for sealing in Behring sea.

Mr. T.T. World and his 16 year-old daughter, Lily, were drowned in the bay, Toronto, Saturday evening. A lad named William Wood was drowned ealier in the day.

Two hundred people in Wilson county, Tenn., haved banded together to drive the Mormon elders and converts from the county.

Prof. J.W. Howell, a well-known educator of Rutledge, Tenn., is dying of hydrophobia. He was bitten thirteen years ago by a black-and-tan terrior.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Harbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on hand and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunlela, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week: on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES

Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given Handsome outfit free Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 423. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889. W. H. THURSTON,

WATCHES,

Clocks, & Jewelry.

STUDY

Your Own Interests

by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, etc.

Russell's Noted

JEWELRY STORE.

FLESHERTON.

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON

THE ADVANCE.

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

ADVERTISING RATES

W. H. THURSTON.

THE ONE PRICE

Cash Store.

STILL ON DECK!

Goods cheaper than ever

This is the time for all farmers to lay in a good stock

Groceries

for haying and harvesting. We have put the prices down to meet the demands.

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

—AT—

ROCK - BOTTOM - PRICES.

More Customers wanted

To Carry off the Bargains.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough.

Manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the [illegible] that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells.

Guaranteed Satisfaction

be using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Bear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 1, con. 2, township of Egremont, containing 50 acres, about 30 of which are valuable timber land. Well fenced with [illegible] in Queen's Valley, where there are mills, stores, post office, 2 churches, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class [illegible] always on hand. Horses to hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial [illegible]

A large and influential deputation waited upon the Governor-General at Ottawa on Friday last with petitions praying that he would disallow the Jesuit Bill passed at last session of Parliament. This deputation was headed by such men as Rev. Principal Caven, of Toronto, E. D. Armour, of Toronto, Dr. Davidson, of Montreal, and nearly fifty more well-known gentlemen of Ontario and Quebec. The petitions held the signatures of nearly 58,000 persons, representing the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. As was very generally expected the big guns met with no success whatever in their interview, the Governor-General stating distinctly that he would not disallow the bill, and hoping out no hope that the matter would be brought before the Supreme Court. He also refused to dissolve Parliament. The [illegible] advised the deputation to [illegible] to the people during the [illegible] session of the Advance [illegible] publish the reply [illegible] following before [illegible] the exact wording of the refusal to disallow the obnoxious bill, so that they may judge the more justly of the [illegible] of the said refusal.

The pertinent question with all is, What next? We reply, with a promise, nothing. The evil has become law. The provisos which we refer to remain with the people. Providing that they are strenuously carried as to place as [illegible] party considerations [illegible] may prevent a [illegible] and success, [illegible] which is manifested [illegible] at times, when [illegible] for [illegible], as any party [illegible] public [illegible] of that can be done now. What can be done? In many cases, at least, it will be a sufficient number to show that protestants are awakening to the malodorous state of Denmark, we hope.

That was a funny seizure which was made in Behring sea the other day. An American vessel seized a Canadian sealing vessel which had been catching seals in waters which the United States claims to be her own feeding grounds. After the seizure the American captain placed an able bodied seaman on the Canadian craft and told him to take her to an American port. This, of course was objected to by the Canadian captain, and after the captor's departure he steered for Vancouver, where he arrested all and any [illegible] in charge the able-bodied American seaman. The American captain must have had a strange idea of the native prowess or of British temerity, if he thought a crew of British seamen would submit to being towed around the broad Pacific at the word of command from one sickly American in a coersive mood. John Bull is not a lamb of that kind.

What is going to be done about election matters in this riding, anyway? Things are very calm on the surface, but we imagine we hear a perhaps [illegible] undercurrent bubbling up. A meeting of Conservative [illegible] was held in Markdale last week, at which the question of representation was, I believe, the main topic of discussion. What the result was is not known. It is quite probable, however, that Mr. Rorke will again be the Conservative standard bearer for East Grey in the local house, but who his opponent will be it is hard to surmise.

Kaiser Wilhem must have been impressed with the welcome he received in Old England yesterday. No other country on the face of the earth could have made such a naval display. Line after line of sea monsters greeted him with the roar of cannon. But he must have been considerably reassured when his grandma kissed him and told him it was only in fun.—Hamil

A new [illegible] paper has been started in Hamilton, with Wallace McLean [illegible] Word is the plat [illegible] looks [illegible] We [illegible] what Hamilton [illegible]

Wales, Princess Victoria, has eloped [illegible] the Viscount Chelsea.

General News.

Quebec farmers are complaining of the cold wet weather.

The trial of the Crown suspects has been set down for August 26.

The Panama Canal lottery tickets have been [illegible] a syndicate

[illegible] Hayes, who sued Miss F[illegible] for [illegible] has won Gaulp's [illegible] verdict. Back Downs!

[illegible] of the Behring Sea [illegible] is [illegible] received at Victoria [illegible]

Prof. [illegible] P. Carlyle has been [illegible]

[illegible] ation at Sarnia [illegible]

This time it was Capt. W. F. Smith of the Empire Navigation, who saw the monster in Panama waters.

Mr. McCarthy will deliver only one address on the Jesuit question in Manitoba, which will be at Portage la Prairie on August 5.

Judgment has been given in favor of the plaintiffs in the suit of Conmee C. P. P.

The Hamilton Herald, a new independent one-cent paper, made its appearance Thursday.

Fire on Sunday night destroyed nearly all the business portion of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory. Several lives were lost. The loss of property is estimated at $14,000,000.

The Governor-General's reply to the Ontario and Quebec deputations Friday was a decided refusal to disallow the Jesuits Estates Bill, with a defence of the Dominion Ministers. He also stated definitely that there was no chance of a reference to the courts.

The administrators of the estate of Rudolph S. Edeal, killed in the Grand Trunk accident at Hamilton, have entered [illegible] against the company.

The late President Garfield's son James is soon to marry Miss Helen Newell, [illegible] President Jay Newell of the Lake Shore road. He is [illegible] political. He is a fine scholar, a fair writer, and is making a reputation as a lawyer.

Mrs. E. Sheppard, of William Nevis City, is the writer of a pen which made its nest in the woods near its home, and had several [illegible] to desert them. [illegible] A party [illegible] then appeared to inspect the claim, and after laying a few more eggs settled down for the usual three weeks' stay. [illegible] chickens first appeared [illegible] but these were removed to Mr. Sheppard's [illegible]

[illegible] For Sale at the Mail Office.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

[illegible] Wheat

[illegible]

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

[illegible] represented [illegible]

QUALITY Considered.

[illegible] won't [illegible]

"CASH or C[illegible] OUT"

Goods [illegible] and

Warranted [illegible]

Work Carefully [illegible]

Fair C[illegible]ges.

Stock [illegible]

Can save [illegible] to $3.0[illegible] on watch

W. A. BR[illegible]N,

Jeweler [illegible]

FLESHERTON.

The London Leper.

Good gracious me!" cried Smith and Jones,
"Good gracious me!" cried Brown;
"A London leper in our midst! For God's sake,
hunt him down!
Our Prince, whom no one would deceive, declares
this leper stands
In that great mart whence comes our meat.
That meat goes through his hands!"

The awful rumor ran the round, like wildfire fast
it spread;
Men gazed upon their steaks and chops in doubt,
dismay and dread
With fear they eyed the tender joint; the
thought perhaps it might
Have come from where the leper worked de-
stroyed their appetite.

In panic London salesmen met, the retail dealer
cried,
"O find this leper butcher out—search, search
on every side!
The hue and cry rang clear and shrill from east,
west, south and north,
And every day the London press in leading type
held forth.

They ran the man to earth at last, and found—
O, thank the fates—
He only vended odds and ends outside the mar-
ket gates;
The leper's hands were never laid on Dives' A 1
meat,
He only touched the common stuff that Lazarus
must eat.

Then died the sudden panic down, the nine days
waxed and waned,
And with them ceased the sudden fame "our
only leper" gained;
Society was satisfied, as soon as it felt sure
The only meat the leper touched was eaten by
the poor.

—*By George R.Sims.*

Lizzie.

I wonder of all wimmin air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theatres an' concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other wimmin fret an' stew
Like they wuz bein' crucified—
Frettin' a show or concert through,
With wonderin' of the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there
To see that everything is right,
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care
Ain't good enuff f'r baby, quite;
Yet what am I to answer when
She kind uv fidgets at my side,
An' asks me every now and then:
"I wonder if the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes
A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile—
Seems like she heern the pleadin' cries
Uv one she thinks uv all the while;
An' so she's sorry that she come,
An' though she allus tries to hide
The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum
Than wonder of the baby cried

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike—
By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest;
There never wuz a little tyke
But that his mother loved him best,
And nex' to bein' what I be
The husband uv my gentle bride—
I'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

Chicago News.

The Temple of Fame.

Three riders set out for the Temple of Fame,
Each booted and spurred and equipped the
same.
The first rode forth at a rattling pace,
Like a jockey who wins an exciting race.
The second set out with caution, slow,
That, when need was, he might faster go.
The third rode steadily, quietly on,
At a quick jog-trot he could reckon upon.

And which do you think the winner be;
The hare, the tortoise—or number three?

The first one soon broke down, of course;
He saved his saddle, but lost his horse!
The second met the regular fate—
Dallied too long, and was just too late
The third, I grieve and regret to say,
Did not get there—for he lost his way.
He thought so much of his regular trot,
To look at signboards he quite forgot.

See how strangely things befall!
Another—not thinking of Fame at all
Who was on his way to the breadfruit tree,
To provide for a wife and children three,
Went straightway into the Temple of Fame,
And innocently asked its name!
They answered him. With a quizzical face,
He remarked, "It's a most uncomfortable
place!"
Then on he went to the breadfruit tree,
And home to his wife and children three

The moral?—Well, if you can't find it,
Write it out for I shan't mind it!

Bargains.

He pressed a ruby on her lips, whose burning
blood shone through,
Twin sapphires bound above her eyes, to match
their fiery blue,
And, where her hair was parted back, an opal
gem he set—
Type of her changing countenance, where all
delights were met.

"Will you surrender now," he said, "the ancient
grudge you keep
Untiring and unuttered, like murder in the
deep?"
"I thank you for the word," she said; your
gems are fair of form,
But when did jewels bind the depths, or splen-
dors still the storm?"

"There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl
beneath the wave,
There is no fretted coronet that soothes a
princely grave,
There is no fate nor empire in the wide infinity,
Can stand in grace and virtue with the gift you
had from me."

Julia Ward Howe.

The Old House.

In through the porch and up the silent stair;
Little is changed, I know so well the ways—
Here, the dead came to meet me; it was there
The dream was dreamed in unforgotten days.

But who is this who hurries on before,
A flitting shade the brooding shades among?
She turned—I saw her face—O, God! it wore
The face I used to wear when I was young!

I thought my spirit and my heart were tamed
To deadness, dead the pangs that agonize,
The old grief springs to choke me—I am
ashamed
Before that little ghost with eager eyes,

O, turn away, let her not see, not know!
How should she bear it, how should under-
stand?
O, hasten down the stairway, hasten and go,
And leave her dreaming in the silent land.

The Boy in Love With His Mother.

He went up the pathway singing
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweet-heart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true.
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man.

Laws of Health.

Tramp—"Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' sich a fine supper to-day, mum. May Heaven bless ye!"

Housekeeper—"As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood."

"Yes, mum; but you know the old adage' 'After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum.'

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Do you think a hundred trips to Europe would keep him from you if he knew you wanted him?" Maude asked, and Grace replied: "Perhaps not. I don't know. I only wish he were here."

This was the last of February, and after that Grace failed so fast that with the hope that it might reach him before he sailed, Maude wrote to Max, telling him to come at once, if he would see Grace before she died. She knew about how long it would take the letter to reach him and how long for him to come, allowing for no delays, and on the morning of the first day she could by any chance expect him she sent the carriage to the Canandaigua station, and then all through the hours of the long, dreary day she sat by Grace's bedside, watching with a sinking heart the pallor on her lips and brow and the look she could not mistake deepening on her face.

"What if she should die before he gets here, or what if he should not come at all?" she thought as the hours went by.

She was more afraid of the latter, and when she saw the carriage coming up the avenue she strained her eyes through the blinding snow to see if he were in it. When he came before, he had stood up and waved his hat to them, but there was no token now to tell if he were there, and she waited breathlessly until the carriage stopped before the side entrance, knowing then for sure that he had come."

"Thank God!" she cried as she went out to meet him, bursting into tears as she said to him, "I am so glad, and so will Miss Raynor be. She does not know that I wrote you. I didn't tell her for fear you wouldn't come.

She had given him her hand and he was holding it fast as she led him into the hall. She did not ask him when or where he received her letter. She only helped him off with his coat, and made him sit down by the fire while she told how rapidly Grace had failed and how little hope there was that she would recover.

"You will help her if anything can. I am going to prepare her now," she said, and, going out, she left him there alone.

He had been very sorry that he could not keep his promise at Christmas, and tried to find a few days in which to visit the Cedars between the close of the suit and his departure for England. But he could not, and his passage was taken and his luggage on the ship, which was to sail early in the morning, when about 6 o'clock in the evening Maude's letter was brought to him, changing his plans at once. Grace was dying—the woman he had loved so long, and although thousands of dollars depended upon his keeping his appointment in London, he must lose it all, and go to her. Sending for his luggage, and writing a few letters of explanation, the next morning found him on his way to the Cedars, which he reached on the day when Maude expected him.

She had left Grace asleep when she went to meet Max, but on re-entering her room found her awake and leaning on her elbow in the attitude of intense listening.

"Oh, Maude," she said, "was it a dream, or did I hear Max speaking to you in the hall? Tell me, is he here?"

"Yes, he is here. I sent for him and he came," Maude replied, while Grace fell back upon her pillow, whispering faintly: "Bring him at once."

"Come," Maud said to Max, who followed her to the sick room, where she left him alone with Grace.

He stayed by her all that night and the day following, in order to give Maude the rest she needed, but when the second night came they kept the watch together, he on one side of the bed, and she upon the other, with their eyes fixed upon the white, pinched face where the shadow of death was settling. For several hours Grace slept quietly. Then, just as the gray-daylight was beginning to show itself in the corners of the room she awoke and asked, "Where is Max?"

"Here, darling!" was his response, as he bent over her and kissed her pallid lips.

"I think it has grown cold and dark, for I can't see you," she said, groping for his hand, which she held tightly between her own as she went on: "I have been dreaming, Max—such a pleasant dream, for I was young again—young as Maude, and wore my bridal dress, just as I did that day when you said I was so pretty. Do you remember it? That was years ago—oh! so many—and I am getting old; we both are growing old. You said so in your letter. But Maude is young, and in my dream she wore the bridal dress at the last, and I saw my own grave, with you beside it and Maude, and both so sorry because I was dead. But it is better so, and I am glad to die and be at rest. If I could be what I once was, oh! how I should cling to life! For I love you so much! Oh, Max, do you know, can you guess how I have loved you all these years, and what it has cost me to give you up?"

Max's only answer was the hot tears he dropped upon her face as she went on: "You will not forget me; that I know; but sometime—yes sometime—and when it comes, remember—I was willing. I told Maude so. Where is she?"

"Here!" and Maude knelt, sobbing, by the dying woman, who went on: "She has been everything to me, Max, and I love her next to you. God bless you both! And if, in the heaven I am going to, I can watch over you, I will do it, and be often, often with you, when you think I am far away. Who was it said that? I read it long ago. But things are going from me, and Heaven is very near, and the Saviour is with me—closer, nearer than you are, Max; and the other world is just in sight, where I soon shall be, free from pain, with my poor, crippled feet all strong and well, like Maude's. Dear Maude! tell her how I loved her; tell her —."

Here her voice grew indistinct, and for a few moments she seemed to be sleeping; then suddenly opening her eyes wide, she exclaimed, as an expression of joy broke over her face: "It is here—the glory which shineth as the noonday. In another moment I shall be walking the golden streets. Good-bye, Max; good-bye."

Grace was dead, and Maude made her ready for the coffin, her tears falling like rain upon the shrivelled feet and on the waxen hands which she folded over the pulseless bosom, placing in them the flowers her mistress had loved best in life. She was to be buried in Mt. Auburn, and Maude went with the remains to Boston, as Grace had requested her to do, caring nothing because Mrs. Marshall-More hinted broadly at the impropriety of the act, wondering how she could have done it.

"She did it at Grace's request, and to please me," Max said; and that silenced the lady, who was afraid of her brother, and a little afraid of Maude, who did not seem quite the girl she had last seen in Merrivale.

"What will you do now? Go back to your teaching?" she asked, after the funeral was over.

"I shall go home to mother," Maude replied, and that afternoon she took the train for Merrivale, accompanied by Max, who was going on to New York, and thence to keep his appointment in London.

Few where the words spoken between them during the journey, and those mostly of the dead woman lying under the snow at Mt. Auburn; but when Merrivale was reached Max took the girl's hands in his own and pressed them hard as he called her a second time by her name.

"God bless you, Maude, for all you were to Grace. When I can I will write to you. Good-bye.

Only for a moment the train stopped at the station, and then it moved swiftly on, leaving Maude standing upon the platform with her mother and John, while Max resumed his seat, and, pulling his hat over his eyes, never spoke again until New York was reached. A week later and a ship of the Cunard line was plowing the ocean to the eastward, and Max Gordon was among the passengers, silent and abstracted, with a bitter sense of loneliness and pain in his heart as he thought of the living and the dead he was leaving behind—Grace, who was to have been his bride, dead in all her sweetness and beauty, and Maude, who was nothing to him but a delicious memory, alive in all her freshness and youthful bloom. He could hardly tell of which he thought the more, Grace or Maude. Both seemed ever present with him, and it was many a day before he could rid himself of the fancy that two faces were close against his own, one cold and dead, as he had seen it last, with the snowy hair about the brow and a smile of perfect peace upon the lips love to him—the other glowing with life and which had never said aught but words of girlish beauty, as it had looked at him in the gathering darkness when he stood upon the car step and waved it his good-bye.

CHAPTER X.

AT LAST.

Five years had passed since Grace was laid in her grave in Mt. Auburn, and Max was still abroad, leading that kind of Bohemian life which many Americans lead in Europe, when there is nothing to call them home. And to himself Max often said there was nothing to call him home, but as often as he said it a throb of pain belied his words, for he knew that across the sea was a face and voice he was longing to hear and and see again, a face which now visited him in his dreams quite as often as that of his dead love, and which he always saw as it had looked at him that summer afternoon in the log house among the Richland hills, with the sunlight falling upon the rings of hair and lending a warmer tint to the glowing cheeks. Delicious as was the memory of that afternoon, it had been the means of keeping Max abroad during all these years, for, in the morbid state of mind into which he had fallen after Grace's death he felt he must do penance for having allowed himself for a moment to forget her who had believed in him so fully.

"Grace trusted me, and I was false to her and will punish myself for it, even if by that means I lose all that makes life desireable," he thought; and so he stayed on and on, year after year, knowing always just where Maude was and what she was doing, for Archie kept him informed. Occasionally he wrote to her himself—pleasant, chatty letters, which had in them a great deal of Grace—his lost darling, he called her—and a little of the places he was visiting. Occasionally, too, Maude wrote to him, her letters full of Grace, with a little of her life in Merrivale, for she was with her mother now, and had been since Miss Raynor's death. A codicil to Grace's will, bequeathing her a few thousand dollars, made it unnecessary for her to earn her own livelihood. Indeed, she might have bought Spring Farm, if she had liked; but this she would not do. The money given for that must be earned by herself, paid by the book she was writing, and which, after it was finished and published, and after a few savage criticisms by some dyspeptic critics, who saw no good in it, began to be read, then to be talked about, then to sell—until finally it became the rage and was found in every bookstore and railway car and on almost every parlor table in New England, while the young authoress was spoken of "as a star which at one flight had soared to the zenith of literary fame," and this from the very pens which had at first denounced "Sunny Bank," as a milk-and-watery effort, not worth the paper on which it was written. All Mrs. Marshall-More's guests at Spring Farm read it, and Mrs. Marshall-More and Archie read it, too, and both went down to congratulate the author upon her success, the latter saying to her, as he beat his boot with his cane, and looked admiringly at her through the glasses he now wore, "I say, Maude, your prophecy came true. You told me you'd write a book which everyone would read, and which would make mother proud to say she knew you, and, by Jove, you have done it. You ought to hear her talk to some Boston people about Miss Graham, the authoress. You'd suppose you'd been her dearest friend. I wonder what Uncle Max will say. I told you you would make him your hero, and you have. I recognized him at once; but the heroine is more like Grace than you. I am going to send it to him."

And the next steamer which sailed from New York for Europe carried with it Maude's book directed to Max Gordon, who read it at one sitting in a sunny nook of the Colosseum, where he spent a great part of his time. Grace was in it, and he was in it, too, he was sure, and, reading between the lines what a stranger could not read, he felt when he had finished it that in the passionate love of the heroine for the hero he heard Maude calling to him to come back to the happiness there was still for him.

"And I will go," he said. "Five years of penance have atoned for five minutes of forgetfulness, and Grace would bid me go, if she could, for she foresaw what would be, and told me she was willing."

With Max to will was to do, and among the list of passengers who sailed from Liverpool, March 20th, 18——, was the name of Maxwell Gordon, Boston, Mass.

* * * * *

It was the 2nd of April, and a lovely morning, with skies as blue and air as soft and warm as in the later days of May. And Spring Farm, for the season, was looking its loveliest, for Mrs. Marshall-More had lavished fabulous sums of money upon it, until she had very nearly transformed it into what she meant it should be, an English Park. She knew that Maude had once expressed her intention to buy it back some day, but this she was sure she could never do, and if she could, Max would never sell it, and if he would she would never let him. So, with all these *nevers* to reassure her, she went on year after year improving and beautifying the place until it was worth far more than when it came into her hands, and she was contemplating still greater improvements during the coming summer when Max suddenly walked in upon her, and announced his intention of going to Merrivale the next day.

"But where will you stay? Both houses are closed—only the one at Spring Farm has in it an old couple—Mr. and Mrs. Martin—who look after it in the winter," she said, and Max replied, "I will stay at Spring Farm with the Martins. I want to see the place." And the next day found him there, occupying the room which, by a little skilful questioning of Mrs. Martin, he learned had been Maude's when her father owned the farm.

Miss Graham was home, she said, and at once launched out into praises of the young authoress of whom Merrivale was so proud.

"And to think," she said, "that she was born here in this very house! It seems so queer."

"And is the house more honored now than went she was simple Maude Graham?" Max asked; and the old lady replied, "To be sure it is. Any house can have a baby born in it, but not every one an authoress!" and with that she bustled off to see about supper for her guest.

Max was up early the next morning, wondering how soon it would be proper for him to call upon Maude. He had no thought that she would come to him, and was somewhat surprised when just after breakfast her card was brought by Mrs. Martin, who said she was in the parlor. Maude had heard of his arrival from Mr. Martin, who had stopped at the cottage the previous night on his way to the village.

"Mr. Gordon in town! I supposed he was in Europe!" she exclaimed, feeling herself grow hot and cold and faint as she thought of Max Gordon being so near to her.

That very afternoon she had received the first check from her publisher, and been delighted with the amount, so much more than she had expected. There was enough to buy Spring Farm, if Max did not ask too much, and she resolved to write to him at once and ask his price. But that was not necessary now, for he was here and she should see him face to face, and the next morning she started for Spring Farm immediately after their breakfast, which was never served very early.

"Will he find me greatly changed, I wonder," she thought, as she sat waiting for him, her heart beating so rapidly that she could scarcely speak when at last he came and stood before her, the same man she had parted from five years before save that he seemed a little older, with a look of weariness in his eyes.

But that lifted the moment they rested upon her.

"Oh, Maude," was all he could say as he held her hands in his and looked into the face he had seen so often in his dreams, though never as beautiful as it was now. "Maude," he began at last, "I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you again, or how glad I am for your success. I read the book in Rome. Archie sent it to me, and I have come to congratulate you."

He was talking so fast and pressing her hands so hard that he almost took her breath away. But she released herself from him, determining to have the *business* off her mind as soon as possible, and began abruptly:

"I was surprised to hear of your arrival, and glad, too, as it saves me the trouble of writing you. I can buy Spring Farm now. You know you promised to keep it for me. What is your price?"

"How much can you give?" Max asked; and without stopping to consider the strangeness of the question, Maude told him frankly the size of the check she had received, and asked if it were enough.

"No, Maude," Max said, and over the face looking so anxiously at him there fell a cloud of disappointment as Maude replied, "Is it much more you ask?"

"Yes, a great deal more," and Max seated himself beside her upon the sofa, for she was now sitting down; "but I think you can arrange it. Don't look so sorry. It is *you* I want, not your money. Will you give me yourself in return for Spring Farm?"

He had her hands again, but she drew them from him, and, covering her face with them, began to cry, while he went on: "Five years is a long time to wait for one we love, and I have waited that length of time, with thoughts of you in my heart, almost as much as thoughts of Grace, whom I loved dearly while she lived. But she is dead, and could she speak she would bid you grant me the happiness I have been denied so many years. I think she knew it would come some day. I am sure she did, and she told me she was willing. I did not mean to ask you quite so soon, but the sight of you, so beautiful and sweet, and the belief that you care for me as I care for you, has made me forget all the proprieties, and I cannot recall my words, so I ask you again to be my wife, to give yourself as the price of Spring Farm, which shall be your home as long as you choose to make it so. Will you Maude? I have come thousands of miles for your answer, which must not be no."

What else he said, or what she said, it is unnecessary for the reader to know; only this, that when the two walked back to the cottage, Maude said to her mother, "I am to marry Mr. Gordon in June, and you will spend the summer in our old home, and John will go to college in the fall."

It was very bad taste in Max to select the 20th of June for his wedding-day, and she should suppose he would remember 20 years ago when Grace Raynor was to have been his bride, Mrs. Marshall-More said to Archie, when commenting upon her brother's approaching marriage, which did not altogether please her. She would far rather that he should remain single, for Archie's sake and her own. And still it was some comfort that she was to have for her sister one so famous as Maude was getting to be. So she went up to Merrivale early in June and opened her own house, and patronized Maude and Mrs. Graham, and made many suggestions with regard to the wedding, which she would have had very fine and elaborate had they allowed it. But Maude's perference was for a quiet affair with only a few of her more intimate friends present. And she had her way. Archie was there, of course, and made himself master of ceremonies. He had received the news of Maude's engagement with a keener pang of regret than he had thought it possible for him to feel, and suddenly woke up to a consciousness that he had always had a greater liking for Maude than he supposed. But it was too late now, and casting his regrets to the winds he made the best of it, and was apparently the gayest of all the guests who, on the morning of the 20th of June assembled in Mrs. Graham's parlor, where Max and Maude were made one.

Aunt Maude, Archie called her, as he kissed her two or three times and asked if she remembered the time she cried on the neck of the brown ox, and declared her hatred of Max and all relations.

"But I did not know him then; did I, Maux?" Maude said; and the bright face lifted to her husband told that she was far from hating him now.

There was a short trip to the west, and a flying visit to Richland and the Cedars, so fraught with memories of the past and of Grace, whose grave on the wedding-day had been one mass of flowers which Max had ordered put there. "Her wedding-garment," he said to Maude, to whom he told what he had done. "She seems very near to me now, and I am sure she is glad."

* * * * *

It was a lovely July day, when Max and Maude returned from their bridal journey and took possession of the old home at Spring Farm, where Mrs. Graham met them with a very different expression upon her face from what it wore when we first saw her there years ago. The place was hers again, to enjoy as long as she lived; and if it had been beautiful when she left it, she found it far more so now, for Mrs. Marshall-More's improvements, for which Max's money had paid, were mostly in good taste, and never had the grounds looked better than when Max and Maude drove into them on this July afternoon. Although a little past their prime there were roses everywhere, and the grassy walks, which Mrs. Marshall-More had substituted in place of gravel, where freshly cut, and smooth and soft as velvet, while the old-fashioned flowers Maude loved so well were filling the air with their perfume and the birds in the maple tree seemed carolling a welcome to the bride, so full were they of song.

And here we shall leave her, happy in her old home and in her husband's love, which is more to her than all the world beside. Whether she will ever write another book we do not know. Probably she will, for where the brain seeds have taken root it is hard to dislodge them, and Maude often hears around her the voices of new ideal friends, to whom she may sometime be compelled to give shape and name, as she did to the friends of her childhood.

THE END.

How to Change the Color of Canary Birds

The following is from the proceedings of the Berlin Physiological Society: Starting with the observed fact that canaries fed with Cayenne pepper acquire a ruddy plumage, Dr. Sauermann has based upon it a scientific investigation of canaries, fowls, pigeons, and other birds. From these he has obtained the following results. Feeding with pepper only produces an effect when given to young birds before they moult; the color of the feathers of older birds cannot be affected. Moisture facilitates the change of color to a ruddy hue, which is again discharged under the influence of sunlight and cold. A portion of the constituents of Cayenne pepper is quite inactive as, for instance, piperin and several extractives, similarly the red coloring matter alone of the pepper has no effect on the color of the feathers. It is rather the triolein, which occurs in the pepper in large quantities, together with the characteristic pigment, which brings about the change of color by holding the red pigment of the pepper in solution. Glycerine may be used instead of triolein to bring about the same result. The same statement holds good with regard to the feeding of birds with aniline colors. The red pigment of the pepper is also stored in the egg yolk as well as in the feathers. The first appearance of the pigment in the yolk may be observed as a colored ring four days after the commencement of feeding with the pigment dissolved in fat; after a further two days' feeding the whole yolk is colored. Dr. Sauermann is still engaged in carrying on his researches.

On the Hotel Porch.

"Mamma, dear, do you know you've got 29 pins in the back of your dress?"

"Good gracious, child, how do you know?"

"Why, I've just pulled them out."

What We Are Coming To.

Justice (a few years hence)—What is this lady arrested for?

Park policeman—Vandalism. Her skirts knocked over a blade of grass.

Justice—Madam, have you anything to say before sentence of death is passed?—*New York Weekly.*

A Gloomy Outlook.

Old Friend—"Got a star for next season?"

Theatrical Manager (gloomily)—"No; all the babies are engaged, and the woman who killed that Chicago broker won't go on the stage."

HEADACHE, fickle appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, cramps in calf of legs, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling—any one or more of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney disease or Bright's Disease, and Warner's Safe Cure should be freely used according to directions. Dr. Wm. H. Thompson, of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis says, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use your preparation."

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

The Dread Disease May be Prevented and Cured by Proper Treatment.

IMPROPER FOOD ITS PRIME CAUSE.

The "Mechanical Process" Practised by One of New York's Leading Physicians.

"With proper treatment and care taken in time, there is no reason why the most severe case of cholera infantum or summer complaint in young children should not be speedily and effectively cured."

This statement was made by a prominent physician of this city, who is at the head of the department of children's diseases in one of New York's largest medical institutions, to a reporter of the *Evening World*.

For ten years in charge of the children's department of the largest dispensary in town, and later as an instructor and professor, he has made the subject a profound study, and an account of some of the results of his wide experience and research, which he gave to the reporter, are as full of interest to the public as to the medical profession, in which he is regarded as an authority in his specialty.

As every one knows, cholera infantum is the source of great mortality among children, greater even than from all other causes combined, especially in the large cities. Unless the disease can be arrested by medicinal treatment before it has reached a certain stage, children attacked by it were generally given up as hopeless cases. Nothing could save them, it was said.

This is the result of failing to treat the disease in the right manner, and of erroneous views that have prevailed as to its immediate cause. It has commonly been supposed that because the greatest mortality from the disease occurred during the hot months of July and August the prostrating effect of the heat upon the feeble infants was the direct cause. For that reason they have been wrapped in red flannel bandages and dosed with medicines until it is a wonder that any of them ever got well. This theory, however, has been pretty thoroughly exploded by the authority which has been quoted.

By a series of elaborate charts, showing the variations in temperature for the summer months for a period of ten years from 1878 to 1888 compared with the death rate from cholera infantum compiled by himself from the records of the Bureau of Vital Statistics for the same period, he proves that while the death rate follows the temperature to a large extent it has frequently been much larger than the average in very cool seasons, and, vice versa, in the hottest weather a lower death rate is found.

The heat is, therefore, only an indirect cause of the disease. The real cause is the decomposition in the child's stomach of the food which it is given, the great majority of the victims being brought up on the bottle.

Scientists know that milk will absorb germs and bacteria floating in the air much more readily than water, and that by the time milk reaches the city and is given to the babies it is filled with these destructive germs of disease.

That is what causes all the trouble. The entire digestive apparatus gets out of order. Food remains in the stomach sometimes for days without being digested, and whatever is given to the child to nourish it only aggravates the trouble. Drugs are given to kill these germs, but it takes more medicine to destroy them than it does to kill the child, and as for chalk mixtures bacteria enjoy no better diet. They grow and flourish on it.

What, then, is the remedy for what has formerly, in nine cases out of ten, proved a fatal disease?

It is what the professor calls the mechanical treatment. He simply washes out the children's stomachs with lukewarm water, which at once gets rid of the cause of the illness by removing the decomposed and indigestible matter.

It is a sort of laundrying process that is simple but effective, as the result of a single year's experience at the clinic will show. Of nearly five hundred cases treated during the last year and a half by this method only three deaths occurred, and since the beginning of the hot season this year in not a single case has it been unsuccessful.

Children have been brought to the clinic in the very last stages of the disease, where the eyes were fixed and glassy, the nose pinched, the face drawn, and every indication of the near approach of coma. After the brain is affected and coma is complete there is no way of saving life.

The most remarkable thing about the treatment is that as soon as the washing begins the child at once revives, and when it is over in falls into a natural sleep, and then it is only a question of proper care when it will completely recover.

The process is applied on the syphon principle. The apparatus consists of a metal receptacle for the warm water, with a graduated glass tube in front, showing how much water it contains, and a long rubber tube attached to the lower side. In the end of the rubber tube is inserted a short glass tube, with a stop-cock that works by pressure of the thumb in one end. To the other end is attached a soft, velvet-eye rubber catheter, which forms the termination of the tube.

The catheter is passed easily down the throat of the child to the stomach, when the stop-cock is pressed and the warm water from the receptable above flows through until the stomach is full. Then the tube is detached and the outer end held down, when the water will flow in the opposite direction.

The operation has been performed for many years as a remedy for dyspepsia, but not until a comparatively recent date for cholera infantum, especially in this country. Prof. Epstein, of Prague, Austria, was the first to recommend it, in 1880.

For the past few years the disinfection of the stomach and intestines and their contents has been attempted by means of drugs. Naphtholin, benzoate and salicylate of soda have been tried and recommended. All of these remedies may be well enough, but they often fail, if they are retained, which generally does not occur as long as nausea is present.

These drugs do not check the vomiting. They can only destroy a very small portion of the germs of decomposition, as they are hardly strong enough and as they only reach the lower pyloric end of the stomach; while the germs and the tyrotoxicon may adhere in safety to the upper and lateral walls of the organ without ever coming in contact with the antiseptics sent after them.

It is very different with stomach washing. The whole stomach is filled with warm water; the latter is churned and splashed all over its walls by the movements of the child (if necessary brought about by shaking the baby), and every particle of obnoxious material, whether solid or fluid, whether microbe or chemical poison, is immediately drowned in the fluid and within a few seconds carried out of the body, where it can do no more harm. Vomiting and nausea have ceased once and for all.

The Professor, however, is a firm believer in preventive measures, and thinks that the real way to diminish the terrible mortality among the children from this cause is by the spread of information among the parents as to the hygienic treatment of the children and the preparation of their food.

Cleanliness, of course, comes first. Bottle-fed babies should never be given cow's milk without previously preparing it. The germs that it contains are the chief cause of the disease. There is a process called sterilizing milk, which is nothing more nor less than boiling it and then keeping it air-tight. Boiling will destroy all the germs.

Among ignorant people not even the boiling of the milk is thought of by the mother, but the child is permitted to drink the milk just as it comes from the can.

Children are also given all sorts of things which are not good for them by ignorant parents, which will contribute to bring on summer complaint, but the milk difficulty is the chief one.

A curious fact has been brought out by the charts and tables, already mentioned, prepared by the professor, which he used in his demonstrations in the clinic. It is that warm weather (not hot), either dry or moist, showing a minimum daily temperature of not less than 60 degrees F., brings on the epidemic appearance of cholera infantum invariably in every year, irrespective of the height of the maximum temperature, as in the latter part of June of nearly every year.

Again, summer complaint loses its epidemic character as soon as the maximum daily temperature remains below 60 degrees F., as in the latter half of October of nearly every year.

It has been ascertained by chemists and analysts that it requires a continuous temperature of at least 60 degrees F. to produce germs and bacteria in cow's milk and to develop organisms of decomposition.

Here is the real explanation of the apparent effect of hot weather upon children in developing summer complaint. The heat is really responsible for the disease, but only indirectly, in affecting the only food which very young children and infants can take. Nothing could be plainer or simpler than this.

Another very curious fact is that in the mortality tables prepared the death rate from cholera infantum in New York city has for every year been shown to be just twice as great in July as in August.

Not long ago when this fact was placed before a large body of medical men, it excited a great deal of surprise, for every one supposed that the disease was more prevalent in August than in July, as the weather then was usually more oppressive.

Even Dr. John T. Nagle, Register of Vital Statistics, was under the impression that this was the case until he was shown the figures which had been compiled from the records of his own office. No one could explain why this should be so, though several very profound opinions were advanced by members of the profession present.

When it was suggested by the compiler of the figures that so many children died in July that there were not enough left to keep up the same death rate in August, several of the scientists present recalled the time-honored chestnut about Columbus and the egg.—*N.Y. World.*

"Lady-Bug, Lady-Bug."

Those people in this vicinity who are in any way interested in the cultivation of flowers or fruit, and who, to protect the same, are in the habit of destroying that little member of the entomological family known as the lady-bug, vedolia cardinalis, make a serious mistake. This gaily decorated little insect is one of man's best friends in that its sole mission is to destroy a destroyer. The little green lice that have been such a pest to vegetation this year that have prevented thousands of bushels of wheat from ripening, that have infested the rose bush and the apple tree, the tender house plant and the sturdy oak, is the lady-bug's special prey. This little insect has become so valuable to the horticulturists of California in consuming the cottony cushion scale that they have gone to cultivating them. One man in Los Angeles covered five of his orange trees suffering from the scale with tents, and turned in among them some 7,000 lady-bugs that he had obtained from the lady-bug breeding grounds. The effect was almost magical. The scales disappeared like frost under a warm spring sun. Horticulturists in the Ohio Valley have not hitherto appreciated the services of the little summer visitor.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

A Stumbling Block.

Rev. Primrose—Your mother doesn't seem as fond of you as she might be.

Little Johnnie—No, sir; she says if it hadn't been for me, she'd have had sister married years ago.

The "Reference Handbook of the Medical Science," speaking of kidney diseases, says: "Often symptoms on the part of other organs, palpitation, dyspepsia, difficult breathing, headaches, or weak vision first impel the patient to seek advice." The symptoms mislead both the physician and patient. The only safe method of treatment is a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure. It not only secures healthy action of the kidneys, but cures the symptoms of disease.

—Over $250,000,000 in cash, raised on securities of a face value of about $400,000,000, have thus far been expended on the Panama Canal.

LADY DOCTORS IN INDIA.

Their Great Value Now Fully Appreciated by Natives.

In India lady doctors are now familiar to us, and although at first they may have been somewhat ridiculed by those who could not appreciate their value, they are fast making their presence felt for good in almost every corner of the land. So far as the native women of the country are concerned it is gratifying to note that their success in all branches of college education is progressing to the entire satisfaction of their professors. Not only have they proved themselves to be generally well fitted for the arduous duties attendant on medical studies, but they have in some cases succeeded beyond all ordinary expectation. Bombay, Madras, the Northwest Provinces and the Punjaub all return flattering reports on the subject, and when we say that a class of female students can average over 700 marks out of 1,000 in a surgical examination, as we hear has recently been the case, little can be said against their power or skill or aptitude for gaining knowledge in one of the most important branches in the medical profession. Indeed, it appears not unlikely that women in India may prove themselves by no means inferior to men in most branches of the practice of medicine, if the progress made by native females in hospital work may be taken as a criterion. In many cases they have proven themselves superior to the male students in college examinations, and in no way behind them in application, power of reasoning and resource. The fact that much of their success is due to the great interest taken in their studies by their lecturers and professors is not without a certain special significance.—*Englishman's Overland Mail.*

The Canal of Joseph.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century, remarks *Engineering*, will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in the far-off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of four thousand years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Jousuf—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. This canal took its rise from the Nile at Asiut, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilising floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.

Notes from Scotland.

The Greenland seal and whale fishing has this season been very successful, and most of the Dundee and Peterhead vessels have got remunerative cargoes.

Professor Struthers, who has occupied the Chair of Anatomy in Aberdeen University since 1863, has intimated his intention of retiring in consequence of failing health.

The Scotch Disestablishment Council has issued a circular calling attention to Mr. Gladstone's recent utterances in regard to Scotch Disestablishment, and urging that the time has come when the subject must be firmly pressed by the friends of Disestablishment.

The death is announced of Mr. Edward Fiddes, of Aberdeen, and manager of the North of Scotland Bank, in which institution Mr. Fiddes had been employed since its establishment in 1836.

Negotiations are in progress for the amalgamation of the Glasgow & Southwestern Railway Company and the North British Railway Company in Scotland, on the basis of a 4 per cent. perpetual preferential dividend to the shareholders of the former company.

Novelties in Parisian Sunshades.

Some of the Paris parasols are startling in the novelty of their styles. One is of white feathers with plumes half a yard long. Another is made of buttercups, the flowers appearing to climb upward from the edge toward the ferule. A thick hedge of blossoms fringes the parasol, which has been made to match a buttercup bonnet, to be worn with a white silk dress scarfed with yellow silk sashes. The designs upon some of them are of the eccentric order, consisting of what looks like forked lightning, or Catharine wheels, or the trees in Dore's illustrations of Dante's poems.

Society in the West.

Mrs. Gotham—"So you live in Kansas City? I suppose you know Mrs. Van Astor who moved there from New York?"

Mrs. DeBoom—"Not intimately. The fact is she is not in my set. She associates with very respectable people, of course—lawyers, preachers, bankers, manufacturers and such folks—but she has not been admitted into the real estate circle."—*New York Weekly.*

A Trifling Affair.

Mr. Shawmut—I understand, Miss Kaktus, that there was something in the nature of a personal altercation between your escort and young Mr. Outfit at the Red Fork ball last evening.

Miss Kaktus—Nothing more than a passing scrap, Mr. Shawmut. Neither gentleman had his gun.

—He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you? She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you? He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put one arm around you if you had never been there before?

She—Uncle Chawles, which is the best to have, in your opinion, muscle or brains? Uncle Charles—I don't know. Of course, a collegiate education is a good thing for a young fellow, but when a man gets out into the world, I tell you he needs brains.

—The man who has the most fun in life is most instrumental in making others have a good time. There is no virtue in melancholy piety.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP.

Something About Archbishop Lynch's Successor.

The Right Rev. John Walsh, Bishop of London, who has been elected Archbishop of Toronto in place of the late Archbishop Lynch, was born in the parish of Mooncoin, county Kilkenny, on the 24th of May, 1830. From an early age he felt a great desire to enter the ministry. Accordingly, after having completed an extensive preliminary course of science and classics, he entered St. John's College, Waterford, where he studied philosophy and a portion of his theology with success and distinction. In the fall of 1853 Bishop Walsh carried out his intention of serving God on a foreign mission and left home and friends and native land. Arriving in Canada he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, and, together with the late Father Synnott, Father Hobin, of Toronto, and several other ecclesiastics of Irish birth, finished his divinity course with credit to himself and satisfaction to his superiors.

He received tonsure at the hands of Archbishop Baillargeon, who also consecrated him bishop. On the first of November, 1854, he was ordained priest by Bishop de Charbonnel. Brock was his first mission, in which he spent nearly two years. In 1857 he was appointed to the pastoral charge of St. Mary's parish. For a short time he discharged the same duty at St. Paul's. After the consecration of Bishop Lynch he was appointed rector of the cathedral, and was again reinstated as pastor of St. Mary's, where he remained until November, 1867, when he surrendered up his charge to enter upon his retreat for consecration.

Father Walsh enjoyed the reputation among the clergy of being a sound and deeply-read theologian, well versed in the sacred Scriptures and canon law, and an eloquent speaker. He was consecrated Bishop of Sandwich in St. Michael's Cathedral on the 10th of November, 1867, and was installed in the cathedral of Sandwich four days later. In January, 1868, Bishop Walsh, by consent of the Holy See, removed the Episcopal residence to London, and since the following year has maintained the title of Bishop of London. Bishop Walsh visited Rome in 1875, and since that time has quietly superintended his charge.

HICCOUGHS AND SPASMS.

Means by Which Two Unpleasant Things Can be Stopped.

As a cure for hiccoughs a correspondent of the New York *Medical Record* writes: "Drinking water, as slowly as it can be possibly swallowed, for ten or fifteen minutes continuously, seldom fails to relieve the paroxysms in the otherwise healthy person. In a recent severe case of pneumonia in an adult alarming symptoms of prostration, with a feeble irregular pulse and almost constant hiccough, on the seventh day yielded to two subcutaneous injections of one fourth grain of morphine and one one hundred and fiftieth grain of atropine, at an interval of 12 hours, after ammonia, whiskey and digitalis had been faithfully given for 48 hours without avail.

Dr. Amos Sawyer of Hillsborough, Illinois, writes: "In two cases where every other remedy has been tried, including the continuous electrical current, without avail, the administration of a fresh infusion of pæonia root—I presume that the fluid extract would answer the same purpose—given every two hours, afforded relief in eight and twelve hours respectively. That this remedy possesses anti-spasmodic properties the above-named cases seem to indicate, but from one or two instances we cannot safely infer the whole, and further trial will be necessary before its value in this complication can be established."

Whetting the Divorce Shears.

A Wednesday's Chicago despatch says: It has been the practice of the courts here to hold that an applicant for divorce must be a resident of this State and must appear in person. Both these requirements were waived to day in the case of Mary Gottschalk, a resident of Pennsylvania. She was never in Chicago, and on her affidavit that her husband had deserted her for two years, during which time he had lived in Chicago. She was granted a divorce. Her attorney secured this result by fishing up a former forgotten decision by the State Superior court rendered twenty years ago, in which the court held that in the contemplation of the law the residence of the wife follows that of the husband, and desertion for the period of two years by the husband residing in the State, although commenced in a foreign jurisdiction will enable a wife to obtain a divorce.

Speed of Thought.

It takes about two-fifths of a second to call to mind a country in which a well-known town is situated, or the language in which a familiar author wrote, says the New York *Commercial*. We can think of the name of the next month in half the time we need to think of the name of the last month. It takes on the average one-third of a second to add numbers consisting of one digit, and half a second to multiply them. A letter can be seen more quickly than a word, but we are so used to reading aloud that the process has become automatic, and a word can be read with greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged and in the uneducated.

The Young Know Everything.

Husband—Well, I believe I'll have to go to the public library. I can't find in my encyclopædia what I want.

Wife—Is it very important?

H.—Yes, dear, it is very important. I cannot finish my article without it. But in the public library I think I will be able to find the authorities that I want.

W.—Hadn't you better wait, dear, till John comes home from the grammar school? He might be able to give you the information you want.

Husband faints dead away.—*Boston Courier.*

"I must say," said the young man who had sat down on a bent pin, "that I don't see the point of a practical joke like that." "Perhaps," replied the lady on whom he was calling, "it wasn't intended that you should."

—Edison is just now trying to perfect a plan for taking your picture by wire.

COMMON SENSE IN DIET.

You May Survive Youthful Gorging, but Beware in Your Old Age.

There is in human nature infinite diversity of power and endurance in the general and nervous energy, and in digestion and assimilation; and a man of high-strung nervous temperament, hearing a temperance orator describing the effects of alcohol, might cap it all by similar effects of tea, "the cup that cheers and not inebriates." Even the faculty seldom appear to recognize the injurious results of this refreshing beverage. The poet Cowper seems to have been its slave and victim. Coleridge abused its use and took to laudanum. The "English Opium-eater," well describes its bad result. The Chinese as a nation are tea-drinkers and addicted to the other subtle drug. The alternation of excitement and depression in the votaries of tea is evidence of its unsuitability for many people as a stimulant. Melancholia and religious mania are often to be traced to its habitual use. The question of the use of any kind of food, stimulating or otherwise, is entirely personal. To say that because one man is injured by excess another man should perfectly abstain, is most absurd. Probably more men are injured by excessive eating than by excess in alcohol, and are we therefore bound, for the encouragement and aid of those who need conversion from excess, to cease to eat at all of things well flavored? To say that those who are not injured should abstain is but to make a law without the due preamble. Men vary, not from one another only, but they differ from themselves in different circumstances and at various periods of life. There is no absolute rule, respecting any food or drink, for all men; one man is not to be controlled by other men in his entirely and strictly personal affairs, but each man is to be "fully persuaded in his own mind." Each mind, however, should be open to persuasion; and persuasion in the question of habitual food should be distinctly of an experimental sort. Each man is provided with intelligence for his own preservation; but the pity is that men neglect this precious gift of individual mind in their peculiar concerns. They do as others do. They eat and drink with freedom, while they are so young and active that the system overcomes the injurious attack, but as men advance a little further into life, and are not quite so agile, then begin the troubles that tea, coffee, alcohol and many kinds of even simple food and stimulants and condiments inflict upon the careless and the inconsiderate as well as on the intemperate and immoderate consumer. Each man should discover for himself what, and how much, and when to eat and drink, at several periods, and in the varied conditions of his life his organism must be recognized by its possessor as a healthy, life-long study and a happy care. —*Quarterly Review.*

Her Choice.

Amy—I have two suitors I love equally well, what can I do

Lulu—Who are they

Amy—Edward, an artist, and Arthur, a reporter.

Lulu—Take Arthur.

Amy—Why?

Lulu—You goose, he can describe your trousseau and the wedding in his paper.

Amy—So he can, dear Arthur.

He Knew a Beau by Sight.

Tommy—You want to see my sister, don't you Mr. Featherly

Featherly—You are a smart little boy, Tommy. How do you know that?

Tommy—'Cause when you came you asked if pa was in, just like sister's other beau.

Honors Easy With Her.

First Lady—I sympathize with you in the loss of your husband. I am afraid you will find it hard work to win your way alone in this cold world

Second Lady—Thanks, but I guess I'll get on all right. I have belonged to a church choir for five years.

She Was Qualified.

Manager—You want to go on the stage, you say Mrs. Terwilliger. Have you any dramatic ability?

Mrs. Terwilliger—Dramatic ability! I should say? I have $80,000 worth of diamonds, a husband who abuses me, and I'm going to get a divorce.

Manager—I'll take you, at a salary of $1,000 a week.

An Old Brute.

Miss Prynne—I wonder why they always call ships "she?"

Mr. Flynne—Because they are all crafts.

Taste Not: Smell Not.

He—Young Algernon Browne smelt of gin yesterday.

She—The dear boy! so long as he didn't taste of it!

—Ye editor was married yesterday to Miss Mary Sellet, one of the most charming ladies we have ever met. Those owing us on subscriptions and job work will greatly facilitate the purchase of rag carpets, cord wood, baby carriages, etc., by settling at once.—*Dexter Sentinel.*

BY THE SALT SEA WAVES.

She fell in love with her harbor buoy;
She couldn't have loved him more
Yet one day jealousy spoilt their joy—
He caught her hugging the shore!

They fixed it up in the good old way,
As you can determine with ease,
For her captain wrote me the other day,
"She's enjoying a smacking breeze."

The largest ship in the British Navy, the Trafalgar, launched two years ago, has at last tried her engines, with success. She is 345 feet long, 73 feet beam, and 12,818 horse power drove her 17 28 knots.

—Women who elope with coachmen probably think that class of men will make stable husbands.

—"Your uncle is quite close in money matters," remarked Fangle to his wife. "Yes, he's a regular money maniac," she replied.

—A Pennsylvania editor has discovered that everything in nature is playful. He says: "The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the trees shoot and the rivers and streams run."

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

The Creemore Star will not twinkle next week.

Osprey Council meets at Badgeros on Saturday next.

Mrs. W. J. Bellamy is visiting in the vicinity of Nottawa.

The Collingwood *Bulletin* commenced its 20th volumu last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowling, of Woodbridge, are the guests of Mr. Beecroft.

Mrs. C. W. Chadwick, of Stratford, Ont., is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Division Court will meet in Flesherton on the 20th of the present month.

Read the advertisement of properties which Mr. Hogg offers for sale in another column.

A few good animals were offered at the fair on Monday, but buyers were more plentiful than cattle.

It is expected that Priceville will play Flesherton baseball club on Friday next on the agricultural grounds here.

The neatest show prize list which has been received at this office comes from the establishment of the Streetsville Review.

In M. Richardson & Co's large advertisement last week "gray and broadcloth cottons" should have read "gray and bleached cottons."

A game of baseball was played in Markdale on Tuesday between the Markdale and Glantyre clubs. The score was 23 to 39 in favor of Markdale.

Three Flesherton pupils, out of six who wrote at the recent entrance examinations, passed with flying colors, which speaks well for our principal, Mr. Irwin.

Annual injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Store for sale,—a general business in County Grey in fine farming section, stock strictly first class and staple, good opening. Terms easy, address office of this paper.

Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Priceville, left for his new charge in Glengarry County on Monday evening last. A large number of friends and well-wishers accompanied him to the station.

The Artemesia voters' list is now in the hands of the clerk, as will be seen by advertisement elsewhere. Electors should examine said list, and if any errors or omissions have been made, take proper measures to have the same corrected.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr. Miles Thistlethwaite, near the station, raised a fine barn on Wednesday of last week, 50 x 60 feet. Mr. Angus McLeod was the framer, and his work does him credit. We learn from Mr. McLeod that this was the thirteenth building which he has framed this summer.

Mr. R. Cook, at the station, has just returned from a visit to Manitoulin Island. He reports the crops on the island to be extraordinarily fine. Mr. Cook says the island is nice in summer, but he would not care to be cooped up there during the winter.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

From a few maxims published in an exchange for the benefit of business men we glean the following paragraph: If you are a merchant don't advertise in the home papers, but buy a rubber stamp and use that—it may save a few dimes and make the paper look as if it was published by amateurs in a one horse town.

The R.N. of T. picnic to Eugenia on Thursday last was most enthusiastically enjoyed by the fifty people who took part in it. The only disappointment was that suffered by the non-arrival of the Markdale livery rig, which had been engaged for the occasion, and as usual with a great many things Markdalian, did not fulfil their promise. The Advance took his little fish pole along and fished the beautiful afternoon away among the rocks, returning with 31 nice speckled. The day could not have been pleasanter for picnic purposes.

Harvest Home.

The Methodist Church officials intend holding a harvest home in the near future.

Garden Party.

Best of the season, to be held on the spacious grounds of Mrs. George Dinwoody, Wednesday, August 14th, given by the young ladies of the Methodist Church. Admission 15c.

Notice to the Public.

I am in a position to do all kinds of cotton weaving, such as tweeds, flannels, full cloth and blankets. Rag carpet done to order by J. B. Barkley, weaver, next house to the Presbyterian Church

Judge Macpherson Dead.

Judge Macpherson, senior Judge of the County of Grey, died at his residence at two o'clock Sunday morning. He has held the position of Judge for a number of years and was a member of the Masons. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock.

The Bold Campers.

The campers have nearly all returned. The very cold weather of the last few days made them wend their steps homeward. Tommy Hollinger and Fred Armstrong did not succeed in bringing home the bear which they were after, but through superhuman exertions they managed to capture a fierce wild baby rabbit, just able to stand alone, and a kitten that had its eyes about half open. The latter they found near a sawmill in a wild cat's nest. It was newly hatched, and they left 3 other eggs in the nest which were just "pipping."

Newspaper Duns.

We suppose many people think newspaper men are presistent dunners. By way of comparison let us suppose that a farmer raises 1000 bushels of wheat a year, and he sells this out to 1000 persons in all parts of the country, a great portion of them saying, "I will hand you the dollar in a short time." The farmer don't want to be small, and says all right. Soon his thousand bushels of grain are gone, but he has little to show for it, and he than realizes that he has frittered away his whole wheat crop and that its value to him is due in a thousand little driblets, consequently he is seriously embarrassed in his business because his debtors each owing only $1, treat it as a small matter, and think it would not help much. Continue this kind business year in and year out, as the publishers does and how long would he or could he stand it? A moment's thought will convince any one that a publisher has cause for persistent dunning.

A Markdale Industry.

Last Friday while in Markdale The Advance took occasion to visit the stove foundry of T. L. Moffatt & Sons. The foundry has been in existence some eight years, but it is only lately that Mr. Moffatt has confined himself almost exclusively to the manufacture of stoves. The premises have gradually been enlarged, until at present they occupy a large surface of ground, and are fitted up with complete arrangements for manufacturing the special lines in which they are engaged. The Messrs. Moffatt manufacture eight or ten different styles of the "Pearl" line of stoves. Their foundry has a capacity of about five stoves per day. We had the pleasure of being shown through the show rooms, and were very agreeably surprised at the beauty and excellence of the manufactured articles. Markdale has great reason to be proud of its expanding stove industry and of the energy and pluck displayed by the Messrs. Moffatt in founding a business of such proportions in that place.

A Presentation.

The Presbyterian congregation of Priceville met in the new church Friday, the 2nd inst., and after singing a few appropriate pieces, Mr. John McArthur read the following address:

BELOVED PASTOR: It is with much regret that we are now called upon, in the providence of God, to seperate our connection as minister and people. On the 21st day of this month you shall have been 11 years with us. During this number of years you have approved yourself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." You have faithfully watched and warned us of the danger of neglecting the "one thing needful" and have always striven to point us to the Saviour, who alone can give life and peace. In this your removal, we shall lose a friend and faithful minister of the Gospel, whose name will not easly be forgotten.

We shall miss you from our homes, to which you have been always welcome, and we pray that your faithful labor among us will redound to the glory of God, and that when time shall be no more we shall meet in yon fair land where the friends of Christ shall part no more. We shall also miss you as a loyal citizen who has taken an active part in our social and educational prosperity. It is therefore with much sorrow that we now bid you farewell, and in so doing we beg to show you, our most esteemed friend, our appreciation to yourself and your esteemed partner, by presenting you with a purse containing $67.50. Accept this token of our warmest attachment to yourself and family, and may the Lord go with you to your future field of labor and crown your efforts with much success.

Mr. McLeod then made a suitable reply to the above address, in which he thanked the people for their kindness to himself and family and after referring touchingly to his labor among them for the last 11 years, he bid them farewell, expressing a hope that the "Lord of the Harvest" would soon send them a faithful laborer who would carry on the work of Christ with more success than he did.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

Grand Union Excursion.

The Forester and A. O. U. W. Lodges of Shelburne and Dundalk intend running a grand excursion to Owen Sound and Wiarton on the civic holiday of both towns, Monday August 19th, 1889. The trip will be made by special train leaving Orangeville at 6:20 a. m., calling at all intermediate stations between there and Owen Sound. Train will leave Shelburne at 7:00 o'clock, Dundalk 7:32, Flesherton 8:00, Markdale 8:15, Chatsworth 8:36, arriving in Owen Sound at 9:45. The trip from Owen Sound to Wiarton will be made by the Steamer Carmona, leaving the Sound at 9:45, arriving in Wiarton at 12:30 p. m., and leaving again at 4:00 o'clock, arriving at the Sound at 6:45. Special train leaves Owen Sound at 8 p. m., for home, reaching Orangeville at 11:10. Tickets from Orangeville, Orangeville Junction, Laurel, Crombies, Shelburne, Melancthon, Corbetton, Dundalk, and Proton at the extremely low rate of $1.25 for adults and 65c. for children. From Flesherton and Markdale $1.00, and 50c. for children. From Berkeley and all other stations north 75c. for adults, children 40c. A concert will be given on board the Steamer by the children of the various Sunday Schools, assisted by the Shelburne Glee Club. Dinner will be served on the Steamer at 25c. each. Tickets good to return next day on paying 25c. extra. The Citizens' Band, of Shelburne, will accompany the party. Baseball and other amusements at Wiarton. Many attractions are being arranged for, to be announced later. A good time is assured, and don't you miss it.!

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Entrance Exams.

Below will be found a complete list of the names of those who passed the late entrance examinations at Dundalk and Markdale, with the total number of marks obtained. The number of marks required to pass was 367.

AT MARKDALE.

	No. of marks obtained
Bigger, Mary M	450.
Brown, Nellie	369.
Henderson, Annie	393.
Keefer, Gertie	435.
Kay, Alexie	377.
Kells, Clara	480.
Mercer, Mary E	448.
Quirk, Mary A	460.
Stafford, Hannah	432.
Strain, Lizzie	377.
Walker, Martha	431.
Wiley, Ellie	465.
Carruthers, Benjamine A	429.
Douglas, Wesley	382.
Dundas, Fred	370.
Mathewson, David	471.
McCoy, Norman	397.
Rutledge, Arthur W	429.
Wright, L. E.	463.

AT DUNDALK.

Hanbury, Maud E	373.
Hunter, Maggie	401.
MacMillan, Nellie	441.
Moorhead, Ella L	531.
Noble, Alla	493.
Bridgewater, Thomas	370.
Douglas, Fred	371.
Hazard, Robert G.	498.

Fall Shows.

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs in this vicinity.

Name.	Place.	Date.
East Grey	Flesherton	Sept. 23 and 24.
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 24 and 25.
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27

Written for the Advance.

In Memory of Brock.

Breath not a dirge where the hero lies sleeping,
Murmur no sigh, ye light winds o'er the glade,
May but the brightest of flowers be keeping
Their watch o'er the spot where Brock's ashes are laid.

Murmur in praises Niagara's dark waters.
Murmur in praises, ye night winds so free.
Never there fell in the midst of the slaughter,
One who was truer or nobler than he.

His was the voice that but victory sounded.
His was the sword that to victory would fly.
His was the heart that unsullied, unbounded.
For country would live and for country would die.

Then breath not a dirge where the hero lies sleeping.
Then murmur no sigh, ye light winds o'er the glade.
Ah let but the brightest of flowers be keeping.
Their watch o'er the spot where his ashes are laid.

VOTERS' LIST.

1889.

Municipality of the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "THE VOTERS' LIST ACT," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Flesherton, on the 5th day of August, 1889, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WM. J. BELLAMY,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

Dated this 5th day of August, A. D., 1889.

Friends to the Farmer.

It may be an advantage to point out some of the friends to the farmer, which, consequently, no farmer should destroy or allow to be destroyed. Among those are toads, which are, under all circumstances, the farmer's friend; moles and field mice, probably do a vast deal more of good than harm; all birds, especially robins, wrens, thrushes, orioles, cuckoos, phebes, blue birds, woodpeckers, swallows and cat birds. The destruction of all these and many others, except for scientific purposes, should be made, under very heavy penalties, illegal everywhere. The house sparrow, known better as the English sparrow, is to be rated an exception. This bird is now universally regarded as a nuisance, first, because of its grain and vegetable destroying propensities; secondly, because it drives away insect-destroying birds.

Among insects, many wasps are friends, especially those with a more or less protruding horn or sting at the end of the abdomen. Lady-bugs and lace-wing flies live entirely upon destructive insects, especially plant lice and scale insects, and should never be destroyed. Dragon flies, or devil's darning-needles, are also useful as well as harmless.—*Bulletin 16, New Jersey A.C.E.S.*

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A LITERARY WONDER.—Master Gerald Leslie Marston Pogue, son of W.H Pogue Esq., Merchant of Little Britain, Ont., has suddenly sprung into world wide fame as an author and *literateur*. He is not yet sixteen years old, having been born on November 6th 1873. When a lad he received a slight sunstroke which partly paralyzed his right hand, so he writes with his left. Being delicate, he studies at home, having a room to himself. His father gratified his taste by purchasing all kinds of books fancied by the lad. Early in June he went to New York and is now engaged on the staff of the Herald at $5000 a year and all expenses paid, to go on a tour around South America and thence to Australia. The father was surprised a few days after his departure to learn the news, and also that his fifteen year old boy was author of two of the most popular novels of the time. His mother often joked him as a dreamer. His first novel published is "A Dreamer of Dreams." The second is "Troth." Both are highly praised by the best London and New York critics. When his father for the first time examined his son's library, he found box on box full of manuscript, a novel here, poetry there. Many of his poems, it seems, have appeared in standard magazines, and articles bearing the name 'Leslie Pogue' are found in the Cornhill Magazine, Harpers, The Century, and others. All this was unknown to the father or mother. He has now a novel in print for which he is to receive $5000 and a royalty. His first newspaper venture was the Johnstown accident. We congratulate the parents and also the youth on their exceeding great fortune. —Lindsay Warder.

Medical.

DR. CARTER.

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, [illegible]

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians & Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Coker's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc. late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

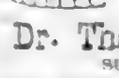

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson.

SURGEON DENTIST

Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Marshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

HEAD OFFICE, 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.

OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER R. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

on Town or Farm Property.

[illegible]MUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a [illegible]

[illegible] one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CL[illegible] ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, [illegible] COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT. &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, [illegible]S, &c., prepared and properly executed in first-class style. Insurance effected at lowest rates. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule.

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer, Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages [illegible] Wills drawn up and Valuations [illegible] most notice. Auction Sales attended [illegible] any part of the County. Money to lend at lowest rates of interest. [illegible] attended to with promptness [illegible]. Charges low. Agent for the [illegible] Steamship Company. Cheap [illegible] Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow [illegible] by of the British Ports. [illegible] to visit England, Scotland or Ireland please ask rates before purchasing [illegible] tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good [illegible] Markham [illegible] erected [illegible] and lot [illegible] yard, apple trees, fruit trees, etc. This [illegible] S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton. and lot, opposite the B. Flesherton, is now The house is large lot, good stable and all on the premises. rare bargain. Apply

Competition Defied!

PRICES CHALLENGED

THE PEOPLE

Wonder!

How we can sell so cheap and at the same time keep up the standard quality.

OUR MOTTO IS

SMALL PROFITS

—AND—

QUICK RETURNS.

And the large trade we are doing proves that our efforts to please and give satisfaction are appreciated by the public.

To speak of our cheap or leading lines would mean to enumerate our whole stock which in

PARLOR FURNITURE!

CONSISTS OF

Plush & Hair Cloth Suites,
Sofas,
Lounges,
Centre Tables
Sideboards,
Cupboards,
Chairs,
Etc.

—IN—

Bedroom Furnishings

We have still better values than ever. Whole bedroom suites of beautiful finish and design at remarkable low prices. Spring Mattresses and Mixed Wool Mattresses lower than ever.

J. E. MOORE

Furniture Dealer and Funeral Director.

1 & 2,
Durham St.,
FLESHERTON.

SNUBBED.

The Governor General of Canada Decides

That he Will not Disallow the Jesuit Bill, he will not Dissolve Parliament, he will not Bring the Matter Before the Privy Council.

Following is a full report of the reply to the long list of petitions presented to Governor Stanley by the deputations which waited upon him at Quebec on Friday last:

His Excellency the Governor-General replied as follows: "It is not usual to receive such a deputation as this, but in view of the importance of the subject I am willing to create a precedent. At the same time I do not think it should be too often followed. The difficulty in receiving deputations is that one may lay oneself open to the charge of arguing for or against the measures in which the deputations are interested. But with the sanction of my advisers I am disposed to let the deputation know what has been the aspect of the case as it presented itself to me. There is no disrespect to those who have so ably stated their views if I express neither concurrence nor dissent, lest I should drift into what might be construed as argument, however unintentionally. Previously to my arrival in the country, or about that date, the Legislature of Quebec had passed the Act in question. The history of the Jesuites estates is so well known that I need not refer to it in detail. Large amounts of property had lain virtually idle because, when the Provincial Government had endeavored to sell, protests had been made by the claimants, and in fact no one would except so doubtful a title. I cannot agree with the view expressed in your second paragraph. There were two sets of claimants, at least, to the Jesuits' estates. It was necessary to arrange to whom compensation should be paid, and to ensure a division which would be accepted by all. It is true that the Pope has an authority, recognised by both sets of claimants, was to be called upon to approve or disapprove the proposed division so far as Roman Catholic claimants was concerned, but this appears to me to relate not to the action of the Legislature of the province, but to the division of the funds after they had been paid over. It is arguable that as a matter of fact there is no reference to the Pope's authority at all in the executive portion of the Act. It is undobtedly the case that the preamable to the Act (an unusually long one by the way) contains a recital of events which led to the introduction of the Bill, and that in the correspondence so set out authority had been claimed on behalf of the Holy See, to which, however, the First Minister did not assent. The introduction of the name of the Pope may be unusual, and very likely unpalatable to some as Protestants, but as it appears in course of a recital of facts which had previously occurred (and which of course legislation could not obliterate or annul), and there being moreover (as I have before stated) no such reference in the body of the Act, I did not consider that Her Majesty's authority was in any way weakened or assailed, nor that I was compelled, in the exercise of my duty as her representative to disallow the Act on that account.

As to the question of policy that is not one on which I feel at liberty to pronounce an opinion. I believe, and am confirmed in my belief that, by the best authorities whom I can consult, that the Act was *intra vires*. There my power of interference is limited, for the Act does not appear to do more than to seek to restore to a certain society not in kind, but in money, a portion of the property of which that society was in years gone by deprived without compensation, and it professes to give a compensation therefore in the money of the province that had become possessed of the property and was profiting by it.

As to the recognition (spoken of in paragraph 4) of the rights of the Jesuite Society to make further demands, it seems to me that this Act leaves so-called "rights" exactly where they were. It is by no means uncommon for the Crown to recognize such a moral claim, and I can speak from my personal experience when secretary of the treasury (ten or twelve years ago) and when it constantly happened that in cases of intestacy, escheats and other forfeitures to the Crown, the moral claims of other persons were admitted and remissions were made, not as a matter of legal right, for the right of the Crown was undisputed, but as a matter of grace. There was also many parliamentary precedents to the same effect. Such cases, it seems to me, must in each instance be decided on their own merits.

As to paragraphs five and six, you will pardon my saying that I am not concerned either to admit or deny your statement. But, as a matter of fact, I do not find any evidence that in this Dominion and in this 19th century the Society of Jesus have been less law abiding or less loyal citizens than others.

As to paragraph 6, it appears to me that the legal status of the society was settled by the Act of 1887 (to which little or no objection was taken). I cannot see anything unconstitutional in that respect in the payment of the money in question to a society duly incorporated by law.

The Governor-General, both by the written law and by the spirit of the constitution, is to be guided by the advice of his responsible Ministers. If he disagrees with them on questions of high policy as being contrary to the interest of her Majesty's Empire, or if he believes that they do not represent the feeling of parliament it is constitutionally his duty to summon other advisers if he is satisfied that those so summoned can carry on the Queen's Government and the affairs of the Dominion. As to the first, I cannot say that I disagree with the course which, under the circumstances, ministers have recommended, believing it from the best authorities to which I have access to be constitutional. The Parliament of the Dominion, by 188 to 18, has expressed the same view. I decline to go behind recorded votes. Members of Parliament are elected, not as the delegates, but as the representatives of the people, and it is their duty to guide themselves according to that which they believe to be the best interests of the high functions which they have to discharge.

Again, I would ask, do the dissentients represent the majority? I find that the 188 represent 916,717 voters, whereas the thirteen members represent 77,297; and moreover the body of the constitutional opposition appears to have voted for the approval of the allowance of the bill. I have been asked, though not by you, to disallow the Act, though otherwise advised by ministers, and though contrary to the sense of Parliament. Would it be constitutional for a moment that I should do so if it were a question of commerce, or of finance, or of reform, or of constitution? There would be some risk of the Governor-General being held up as a court of appeal on questions of constitutional government and against the Parliament with which it is his duty to work in concert. Then it has been said, Why not facilitate a reference to the Privy council? I believe that my advisers have a perfectly good answer, that having no doubt of the correctness of their view they have a good reason for not doing so.

I have been asked to dissolve the House of Commons in one of the petitions to which I am replying. A dissolution of Parliament in the first instance, except under the gravest circumstances and with great reservation, even then should not be pronounced except upon the advice of the responsible ministers. It causes the disturbance of the various businesses of the country and considerable expense to the country and to all concerned. It is a remedy which should be exercised only as a last resort, and I must say, though I do so with great deference to those present, that excepting in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, there does not appear to have been any general feeling in the matter such as would warrant the Governor-General to use this remedy. I recognize the influence of the two provinces, but I cannot leave the rest of the Dominion out of sight, and I may express the personal hope that this parliament may exercise for some time to come a wise constitutional influence over the affairs of this country.

I think my answer has been made substantially to the other petitions which have been presented to me. For the reason which I have given I am unable to hold out to you any hope that I shall disallow the Act. You cannot suppose that the course taken by my advisers and approved by me was taken without due consideration. Nothing has taken place to alter the views then entertained, nor could the Government recommend the reversal of an allowance already intimated.

Gentlemen, I cannot conceal from you the personal regret with which I fo l my self addressing a deputation and returning such an answer as it has been my duty to do to the petitions which have been presented to me, but I have endeavored to make my statement colorless, I have endeavored to avoid argument, and I have only to hope that I have done something to warde dissipating alarm. I will close by making an earnest appeal which by anticipation has already, I am certain, found weight with you, and that is that in this question we should as far as possible act up to that which we find to be for the welfare of the Dominion. During late years we have hoped that animosities, which unfortunately prevailed in former years, had disappeared, and that the Dominion as a united country was on the path of prosperity and peace. I earnestly call upon all the best friends of the Dominion as far as possible, while holding their own opinions, to be tolerant of those of others, and like our great neighbor, to live and let live, that we may in time to come feel that we have the one object of promoting the prosperity and welfare of the Dominion and the maintenance of loyalty and [illegible]

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing your order for 1889 we request you to [illegible] with others.

2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion as to their working and lasting qualities.

If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts.

1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.

2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular give better satisfaction, and are more [illegible] than any other machine in Canada.

Therefore: 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder and Mower.

2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON.

FOR SALE

In Quantities to Suit Purchasers.

LOTS 141, 142 AND [illegible] IN BANGE N. E. T. S. R. 10 [illegible]

Lot 22, in 4 Con., 50 acres, and lot 23 in 5 Con., 144 acres, and [illegible] township of Artemesia. Several good water power mill sites on above

WM. HOGG,
Flesherton Station, Ont.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. J. Carr and family, left for Cheboygan on Saturday morning last.

Messrs. L. and M. McIlroy and Esme Barber, of Toronto, are spending the summer with friends in Maxwell.

The marriage of Mrs. Small and Thos. Pallister on Wednesday of last week, caused quite a commotion. The boys showed their pleasure by serenading them on their return from Flesherton.

The members of St. Mary's Church will [illegible] on Thursday. A [illegible] to St. John's [illegible]

After harvest the members of [illegible] Church will hold a [illegible] four day's meeting.

Artemesia Council.

Artemesia Council met in the Town Hall on Monday, all the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. The following communications were received: From the County Treasurer, list of arrears of taxes for the year 1889; from County Clerk, county rates; John Nichol, appealing against award of assessors re Union S.S. 12 Artemesia & Glenelg; Peter Hehn, with reference to gravel having been taken from in front of his lot to the detriment of his fence; from school sections 1,2,3,5,6,8,9,11, [illegible] and separate school, trustees requisitions.

The following accounts were presented and ordered to be paid: W. H. Thurston, printing [illegible]; R. J. Sproule, postage, [illegible]; Hayes, repairing scraper, 75 [illegible]; George Pritchard, repairing [illegible], $1.50; John Hargrave, [illegible] 37; Wm. Davis, gravel, $1 [illegible]

By-laws 458 to [illegible] school trustees' rates; 458, to levy county and township rates, and 460, appointing collectors, were introduced. Collectors, ward 1 John Hargrave, ward 2 Wm. Blair, ward 3 John Wright, ward 4 J. P. Sloan [illegible]

It was moved by Messrs. Sharp and Cairns that John [illegible] be and is hereby instructed to [illegible] in conjunction with the councillor [illegible] township to expend, [illegible] from each township. Carried.

Boland—McArthur—That the following be paid [illegible] repairs on Longshoe hill, P. [illegible] Fifteen barrels water [illegible]; drawing stone, and [illegible], $14 62; freight on plaster [illegible]; total, $9.-38. Carried.

McArthur—Sharp—That the usual grant of twenty [illegible] be made to the Township [illegible] Agricultural society.

McArthur—Sharp—That the Reeve issue his order [illegible] day's session of council and [illegible] monthly allowance, Neil Kennedy [illegible] be given or withheld or divided [illegible] Katy McArthur and E. [illegible] Councillor McArthur does [illegible] Carried.

The Council [illegible] journed.

$60 Sewing Machine FREE

PAULA CO., Box 780, Augusta, Maine.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 21, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROCKTON, N. Y., November 5, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SAINT WESTON COURET, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured seventy-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SLAIN AS A SACRIFICE.

Fanatical Followers of a Negro "Messiah" Kill a Child as an Offering.

BEATING DEVILS OUT OF A WOMAN

A Savanna, Ga., despatch says: A lamentable state of affairs exists in that section of Liberty county where the lunatic Orth, or Bell, preached for a month. He is in the insane asylum at Milledgeville, but the effect of his ravings is still felt. Hundreds of negroes are totally demoralized through religious frenzy. Orth has a successor in a negro named Edward James, who claims that the spirit of the Messiah has passed into his body. Some of his actions and words are amusing. Other acts and language are revolting. He tells his listeners to throw their money away. Near his rude pulpit is a box into which the silver coins are thrown. Yesterday David James, a brother of the preacher, and Carter, a friend, went to the camp ground to try to persuade Edward James to give up his calling. The negroes who were there denied that their acting Lord was about. However, the two men lingered and at length discovered Edward James asleep in a waggon. They woke him up and began arguing with him. He got mad and threatened to strike them dead. That did not frighten them. Carter put his hand on James' shoulder and the pretended Messiah struck him in the face. Carter grabbed the false Lord by the throat and choked him until his tongue stuck out. At that the other negroes mobbed Carter and beat him terribly with their fists and clubs. Carter is likely to die. Dr. Henry is attending him. His skull is crushed and his thigh is badly cut. James is a Justice of the Peace. On Thursday last he announced his divine mission. He urges his followers to make financial sacrifices to the Lord. On Sunday as much as $400 was offered as a sacrifice. James tore up the paper money and scattered the silver broadcast through the woods. Whether he secreted some of the coin and paper on his person does not appear in the evidence, but it is thought extremely likely that he did. The crowds that follow James increase daily and their violence is becoming a terror to the law-abiding element of both races. The idea of sacrifice has spread to a horrible extent. The offer of money no longer satisfies these violent and misguided persons. Human blood is demanded. The story of Abraham offering up Isaac is told with awful effect. On Sunday a boy, 4 years old, was left with his aunt, Laura Roberts, at home several miles from Walthamville plantation by his parents. On the return of the wretched father and mother the child was missing. On Monday the body was found floating in a railroad ditch. On the forehead a cross had been cut, and on the breast the same symbol was stabbed deeply. The throat was cut and the ears split. The woman was arrested, but refused to divulge what she had done with her other child. A vigilant search has been instituted, but without avail. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict finding Laura Roberts guilty of murder. The woman was out of her mind at one time, but had recovered and was apparently perfectly sound until Bell began his meetings. She was one of his most devoted followers and, after his removal, transferred her attachment to James. Like many of the others, she accepted all of his words as of divine origin, and, acting upon them, killed the child. James, while a Justice of the Peace, had in his office Tony Lecount, a negro constable. Tony had developed the mania to as great an extent as the ex-magistrate, and is posing as the Holy Ghost. "We are three in one," he announced at the meeting in the swamp on the Baker plantation yesterday to a crowd of several hundred, and then went on to explain that Bell was God, who has gone back to heaven to make arrangements for their reception. James is the Son and he is the Spirit. His theory is swallowed with as much gullibility as all the other statements made to the ignorant rabble. Both men yesterday appeared together, naked.

At the meeting on Saturday afternoon the wife of Charles Baker was badly injured. She is a large woman and was in the crowd near James, who was preaching. Stopping suddenly he pointed to her and exclaimed, "She has devils in her; pound them out! pound them out!" A dozen men seized her, threw her on a rough table, and began to beat her with clubs. Her jaw was broken and her body was badly bruised before the evil demons were persuaded to leave her.

On Monday James saw devils moving in Eugene Richards, a sober, industrious colored man, who had gone to the meeting from curiosity. He resisted, when the disciples set upon him and he was beaten almost into insensibility. He received internal injuries, and will probably die.

Sheriff Smith has arrested seven ringleaders of the mob that put Carter's life in jeopardy. As the 16th of August approaches, the date prophesied for the world's ending, fears of increased violence are entertained. A band of several hundred is expected to march out of the county towards the north and at the same time to beat back all but the chosen seed. The farming interests of Liberty are partially prostrated, and the serious state of affairs taxes the wisdom and ingenuity of the conservative citizens of the county. The people are becoming more and more excited and the whites are dreading that James will influence his followers to attack them. This afternoon Sheriff Smith, of Liberty county, with a posse of fifteen well-armed and determined men, went to make an effort to put a stop to the scandalous proceedings that have disgraced that section for some time past, and relieve the peaceable citizens of the fear they now entertain of violent proceedings on the part of the followers of James. Yesterday a number of the leaders of the new sect were arrested, making fifteen in all that have been taken into custody. If to-day's movement does not succeed a vigilance committee will be organized at once and hemp brought into requisition to rid the county of the nuisance.

—A good deal of billing and cooing is being done at the summer resorts just now. Lovers do the cooing and hotel proprietors the billing.

—The difference between a young wife and her husband is that her first biscuit is apt to be his last.

CATTLE KATE.

The Famous Female Cowboy Hanged to a Limb for Cattle Stealing—Makes a Speech With a Rope Around Her Neck—"Game" to the Last.

A Cheyenne despatch gives the following fuller particulars of the lynching: James Averill and the notorious cattle queen, Kate Maxwell, were lynched by cowboys Sunday night. The bodies of the "rustler" and "range queen" dangled from the same limb of a big cottonwood yesterday morning. The scene of the lawless but justifiable deed of the midnight riders was Castle Rock, on the Sweetwater River, in Carbon county, near Independence. Castle Rock is a place which became historical during the rush overland to the California gold fields. Averill was postmaster at Sweetwater. Kate Maxwell was the heroine of a sensational story which appeared in the newspapers throughout the country three months ago, when she raided a gambling house and recovered a large sum of money won from her employees. Stockmen of the Sweetwater region have been the victims of cattle thieves for years. On account of prejudice against the large outfits it has been impossible to convict for these offences, and the rustlers have become very bold. Averill and his remarkable partner have been very active in thieving. The woman could hold her own on the range, riding like a demon, shooting on the slightest pretext, and handling the lariat and branding iron with the skill of the most expert vaquero.

Fifty freshly branded yearling steers were counted in the Averill and Maxwell herds Saturday morning. A stock detective whose suspicions were aroused was driven from the place when he was noticed viewing the stolen property. This circumstance was reported to the ranchemen, who determined to rid the country of the desperate pair. Averill and the woman have several times been ordered to emigrate or cease appropriating mavericks, but had disregarded all warnings. After her celebrated gambling house escapade, Mrs. Maxwell degenerated from a picturesque character into a reckless prairie virago of loose morals, and lost most of her following, but continued partnership with the postmaster. Word was passed along the river, and fifteen to twenty men gathered at a designated place and galloped to the cabin of Averill and Cattle Kate without unnecessary noise. The rustlers were at home, and a peep through the window disclosed the thieves and a boy in their employ, sitting beside a rude fire place smoking cigarettes.

As half a dozen men rushed into the room, a Winchester was poked through each window and a command to throw up their hands was given with unmistakable earnestness. The trio sprang for their weapons but were quickly overpowered. Averill begged and whined, protesting his innocence. Kate cursed. Her execration of the lynchers was something terrible in its way. She cursed everything and everybody, challenging the Deity to harm her if He had the power. An attempt was made to gag her, but her struggling was so violent that this was abandoned. She called for her own horse to ride to the tree selected for a scaffold, and vaulted astride the animal's back from the ground. Averill did not resist, and the boy, who had been told that he would not be harmed, followed. Either end of the same rope was fastened about the necks of the rustlers as they sat in their saddles. The boy made a pass with a knife at the man who was preparing Kate for hanging. He was knocked insensible by a blow with the butt of a revolver. The lad was a nephew of the bandit queen.

When preparations for the execution had been completed, Averill and the woman were asked to speak. The man spoke only of his office, saying that he did not wish a certain man to be his successor. He was promised the influence of the party for another candidate. Kate made quite an address. She wished the affair kept as quiet as possible, desiring that her mother be kept in ignorance of her disgrace and tragic death. It was useless to deny that their herd had been stolen from the ranchmen of that section, but if they did not wish to divide it among themselves she would like to have it sold and the money g ven to a home for homeless girls. Kate bade her nephew good bye, and commenced to deliver a blasphemous harangue. The horses were led from under the pair, while Kate was still cursing. Both kicked in lively style for ten or fifteen minutes. A few bullets were fired into Averill's body, and the lynchers rode away.

It is doubtless if an inquest will be held, and the executioners have no fear of being punished. The cattlemen have been forced to this, and more hangings will follow unless there is less thieving.

European War Rumors.

A Thursday's London cable says: An undercurrent of uneasiness continues to pervade the continent, notwithstanding strenuous efforts to smooth matters over. Servia still remains the object on which all eyes are fixedly gazing. The powers that be never know what Servia will do next. To-day agents of the Sultan in Belgrade report to the Turkish government that Russia, as well as France, has prepared to furnish war material to the Servians on long credit. Neither Carnot's Government nor the Czar will make demand for payment, according to the Turkish agents, and Servia can purchase weapons, ammunition, etc., without fearing any pressure whatever.

Von Vollmar, the German Socialist leader, in a recent interview, expressed a decided opinion that the triumph of Boulanger would mean a new disturbing feature to Europe. The general's name, Von Vollmar thought, would be an excellent platform cry for another military vote, and although no war might follow, the ill-feeling between France and Germany could only be increased by the success of Boulangism.

—Next month the Connecticut law against the sale of cigarettes to boys under 16 will go into effect.

—Tennyson and Dr. Holmes will both be 80 years of age in August—the English laureate on the 6th and the American poet on the 29th.

—It is estimated that the population of New York and Brooklyn and the surburban towns near by is over 3,000,000. The estimate gives New York 1,600,000 and Brooklyn 800,000.

THE GRANTS TO ROYALTY.

Mr. Bradlaugh and Lord Churchill Deliver Speeches For and Against.

A last Friday night's London cable says: When the debate was resumed in the House of Commons to-day, Mr. Bradlaugh said he found difficulty in discussing the question calmly when Mr. Balfour outside of the House denounced the objections as disgusting and sordid. The opponents of the grants meant nothing personally discourteous to the members of the royal family, but were simply acting within their rights when they met the demands of the Crown on a question of finance with a direct negative. Much of the argument in favor of the grants was based on the erroneous idea that the Crown, under the Civil List Acts from George I. onwards, surrendered its private property in exchange for a civil list. Neither George I. nor his successors, Mr. Bradlaugh declared, surrendered anything. The present royal family never surrendered anything of a farthing's value to the country. The Committee of Inquiry had elicited the fact that during the present reign the savings upon certain classes under the Civil List Act, instead of being applied to defray the charges of other classes, had been handed to the Queen without the authority of Parliament, and in breach of the statute. (Cries of Hear, hear.) Mr. W. H. Smith, the Government leader, had denied that the alleged savings of the Queen were over three millions of pounds, but he declined to show how much money had either been saved by the Queen or drawn by the other members of the Royal family from all sources. Mr. Bradlaugh said there ought to be nothing to conceal. The fact of the concealing had led to exaggerated ideas. The refusal of the Government to disclose the wealth amassed by royalties justified the aversion of the country to Royal grants. (Cheers.)

Lord Randolph Churchill argued that the original demands of the Government were just, besides being in conformity with precedent. If burdens were thrown upon the Crown, not intended under the Civil List, it would impair the credit of the nation and of Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh had questioned the title of the Crown to its estates, but successive Parliaments had recognized it, and none of the greatest lawyers had ever yet challenged the Crown's title. He reminded the House that Sir Henry F. Ponsonby, Her Majesty's Private Secretary, a few years ago denied the reports that the Queen was making immense investments in ground rents and stated that she had not £1,000,000 to invest in anything. Lord Randolph saw that the Radicals' over-estimate of the Queen's wealth was designed to excite popular feeling against Royalty. He objected to the adoption of methods whose purpose was to foment a clamor against the throne, which in spite of them would remain steadfast in the affections of the people.

THREW THEM IN THE CANAL.

A Montclair Father's Heroic Act to Save His Boys.

A Montclair (N.J.) despatch says: The residents of this town are pretty thoroughly frightened over an epidemic of madness which seems to possess all the dogs in town. Several people have had narrow escapes from being bitten by infuriated animals, and every one now puts the greatest possible distance between himself and any stray dog that may come along. A thrilling incident in connection with a mad dog happened here on Monday afternoon. Capt. Michaels, of the Morris Canal, was the owner of a pet dog which he valued highly. During the morning he noticed that the dog was acting queerly, but he thought nothing of it. Shortly after noon, however, the dog, which had been lying apparently asleep on the deck of the boat, suddenly jumped up and with hoarse, yelping cries began whirling around madly. Capt. Michaels realized instantly that the animal was mad. His two little sons were playing together only a short distance away. With a bound the captain reached them and at the same time the dog ceased his whirling about and his bloodshot eyes rested on the captain and his children. Then, with wide open, foam-flecked mouth, he dashed at the captain. The latter dodged and made for the shore, but the dog headed him off. Again the captain dodged the infuriated animal, and running to the side of the canal dropped both his children in. Then he sprang in himself just as the dog made a snap at his legs. The captain rescued both his boys, and the dog crept under a box, where he was despatched with a revolver later. The next afternoon a small yellow dog came dashing along one of the streets snapping and biting at everything within his reach. He attacked two ladies on Bloomfield avenue, but they bravely beat him off with their umbrellas. Then he ran down the avenue, biting two other dogs on the way. All three animals were finally killed by officer Duncan after a long chase. No one cares to fondle a dog just at present, and every one is on the lookout for suspicious symptoms.

The Naphtha Supply Failing.

A Berlin cable to the *Herald* says: Intelligence has been received here from Baku to the effect that a permanent decrease is showing itself in the production of napatha in that region, and that there is a probability of a very serious crisis shortly coming on. The naphtha basins of the Apsteron Peninsula and Bibiebat are no doubt still very productive, but the yield is no longer to be relied on. Almost all the factories at Baku are suffering for want of raw product. The price has risen from under two kopecks to five or six per pound. Messrs. Rothschilds' representative, manager of the Caspian & Black Sea Naphtha Company, has received orders to proceed to Paris after a thorough investigation has been made of the state of affairs by the company's engineer at Balachona.

—Bjones (reading the paper)—That' queer—a North Dakota clergyman caugh stealing a horse from one of his parishioners. Bjenkins (languidly)—Ah! Did they suspend him from his pastorate? Bjones—No, they suspended him from a tree.

—Mr. Cholly (showing a lady guest about billiards)—I beg pardon; I don't think I quite understood. Miss Jolie—Teach me how to make a double kiss." Mr. Cholly (taking out his engagement book)—With pleasure. What evening will you have me call?

DARING AERONAUT HOGAN,

The Hero of the Campbell Air-Ship Adventure.

Long List of Successful Balloon Ascensions—Perilous Feats With the Parachute—A Number of Very Narrow Escapes.

The hero of the recent air-ship adventure, Prof. Edward D. Hogan, lives at Jackson, Mich., when he has been at home, which hasn't been very often. He has had a fondness for atmospheric exploration that has kept him most of the time at various points several hundred feet above the earth. When Prof. Hogan made his memorable leap from a balloon to a parachute when 9,000 feet from earth, last April, the newspapers of the city of Jackson chronicled the startling feat with proper prominence, but one paper remarked sadly: "We fully expect to be called upon to chronicle his death while making a descent with the parachute." Nevertheless, the man of the clouds doesn't seem to have been deterred by the solicitude of his friends and neighbors.

It was in 1866 that Prof. Hogan made his first trip to the region above the earth. He was then a young man, or rather a boy, of 14, having been born at Moretown, Canada, in 1852. On September 4th he ascended from Michigan, and the taste for adventure which the success of this ascension developed has manifested itself in a longer list of successful balloon ascensions than can be credited to any living man. Since 1866 he has devoted his winters quite exclusively to the construction of new air ships and to the arrangement of details for new experiments. He has resided all this time at Jackson, Mich., and he has come to be well-known to the residents of that city and adjacent towns. Prof. Hogan labored assiduously to improve the facilities for aeronautic exploration, and the efficiency of his methods in any one of his experiments after the first initial ascension has shown a decided advance over that of his methods in previous trials. In 1866, when he made his debut as an aeronaut, the art was in rather a primitive stage of development. The balloon of that time differed in many important respects from the balloon of to-day. It was a cumberous machine, and it carried a boat, life-preservers, food, axes, saws, etc. It was not made of silk and linen, as the modern balloon is made of, and it was altogether a rougher, coarser and less manageable ship. Prof. Hogan was not only an aeronaut, but an acrobat of rare skill, and in his first ascensions he added to the attractions of the occasions by performing on a trapeze bar in mid-air. He acquired a reputation as much for feats of strength and agility as for the courage and dexterity with which he handled a balloon. He was the first to introduce the acrobatic feature into aerial exhibitions of this kind, and his remarkable performances on the trapeze bar, hundreds of feet above the earth, excited the curiosity and admiration of thousands.

Prof. Hogan was constantly devising new and startling expressions of the art to which he was so devoted, and his recent trip in the air ship—a trip that seems just now to have had a fatal character—is the culmination of his ingenuity, skill and daring. In 1888, when he introduced the perilous parachute descent in a trip that was attended with many hazardous incidents, his exploit was chronicled as a genuine sensation by the local press. He had long meditated such an undertaking, but there were many obstacles that had to be removed by patience and industry. He was 36 years old when he finally made the dangerous experiment, and his great familiarity with everything connected with balloon ascensions inspired him with a confidence that the dumbfounded reporters and spectators could only consider daredevilry of the most pronounced type. The details of this remarkable feat were telegraphed all over the country and published broadcast. It served to assure the permanent reputation of Prof. Hogan as an aeronaut. In August, 1887, Prof. Baldwin had ascended by means of an open parachute and a balloon held to the earth by a 5,000-foot rope. A large basket was attached to this balloon, but when Prof. Hogan, fired with new zeal by the feat of Prof. Baldwin, undertook to emulate his predecessor, he discarded the large basket and made his ascension with a horizontal bar beneath the gas bag.

On the morning of April 4th, 1888, Prof. Hogan had completed preparations for his experiment with the parachute. The first trial was unsuccessful, the balloon landing on a farm outside the city limits. But the second trial, which was made immediately afterward, was entirely successful, except that the aeronaut was badly shaken up. The success of this experiment led him to repeat it with additional details, and during the season of 1888 he made 29 parachute drops, each drop being performed with greater ease and attended with less hazard and inconvenience. Since 1866 he had made more than 500 ascensions, when his famous feat of dropping with the parachute was performed. Immediately after his successful experiment with the parachute he received several offers of $1,000 to drop for exhibition purposes.

Hogan was an extremely modest man, and he always took particular pains to maintain as much privacy about his aeronautic adventures and plans as was consistent with pleasant feeling. His air ship trip he intended to be very secret, and the plan of his first parachute drop was known only to about 50 persons. At the same time he was very energetic and sometimes impulsive, and he went up in the air ship this time because a previously advertised and arranged trip had proved a fizzle, through no fault of his, and he was anxious to sustain his reputation. He was married, and his wife lives in a cozy home at Jackson. Hogan had an elder brother named William, who was widely known as an aeronaut throughout the West. It was William who taught young Edward how to handle a balloon, and it was William to whom young Edward looked for inspiration and confidence when he made his initial trip at Jackson. On this trip he was lost for three days, and then he was finally discovered by his friends asleep in a barn. He had many narrow escapes in his after career, and several times his rescue from death seemed simply miraculous. He always had the faculty of landing on his feet, and though he fell into the ocean once with no life preserver on, and was precipitated once from his balloon at the height of 100 feet, and on another occasion dropped 2,500 feet before his parachute opened, just as he was nearing the roof of a house, yet he always escaped with slight injuries. When he fell into the ocean he was rescued by an expert swimmer who happened to be in the water at the time; when he fell from the balloon he landed in soft mud on a meadow, and when he had fallen 2,500 feet with an unmanageable parachute, the parachute opened in the nick of time to save his life; so that, altogether, fortune seemed to favor the bold young aeronaut. He had an indomitable will and no end of courage. In appearance he was a man of medium height, and he had dark hair and brown eyes. His weight was 171 pounds, and he was strong and agile.

The "Musa Cavendishi."

In these days when the banana has become so favorite an article of diet, it may not be uninteresting to the general reader to peruse the following extract from the High Peak *News* of 13th inst., a North Derbyshire newspaper. The writer is Rev. George Turner, LL.D., one of the most eminent missionaries of the London Missionary Society, who was the immediate successor of the martyr missionary of Eromanga, the lamented John Williams, and for over forty years labored with great success in Samoa. He is now residing in Birkenhead:

Before leaving England in 1838, John Williams, the martyr of Eromanga, received many expressions of kindly interest in his mission work from His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and among these were some cases of plants, carefully selected and packed at Chatsworth, to be taken in the missionary ship to the islands of the Pacific. It is not generally known the large extent to which missionaries have introduced new plants, and additions to the food of native tribes in the Pacific and elsewhere. Before leaving the Samoan Islands, a week or two before he was killed on Eromanga, in 1839, Mr. Williams put on shore at the harbor of Apia one of the cases from Chatsworth, the contents of which were apparently dead from long exposure on board ship. When I reached Samoa in 1841 I saw that case, and close by it a fine banana plant growing. This was from a bulb which was found at the bottom of the box, still containing the germ of life. This plant was watched in the garden of Mr. Mills, the missionary, with no small interest by the natives, and soon their curiosity rose to amazement, when they saw that it commenced to bear while yet only about five feet high, and that the very first bunch weighed close upon 100 lbs. The Samoans had already upwards of thirty species of banana, but this new one far excelled them all. The neighboring chiefs begged Mr. Mills for some of the young shoots, and soon they spread from village to village.

On my second voyage to our out stations in Western Polynesia in 1845, and in our missionary barque, "John Williams," I got a number of plants of this rare banana packed in a large iron pot, and fastened up on the crosstrees away from the waves and spray. At each of the larger islands visited on our cruise, I sent on shore one or more of the plants. When I visited these places again in 1848 the new banana was greatly prized, and fast spreading; and again, when I was there in 1859, '63 and '82, there was hardly any other banana brought on board ship, or to be seen on shore. When I was last in Sydney, I saw a cart passing along laden with great bunches of this very banana from a Fiji steamer just arrived. They are now spread over Eastern, Central and Western Polynesia, and all have come from that one bulb which went out from Chatsworth in 1838. It is called the Chinese banana, and is known in botany as the "Musa Cavendishi," having been introduced to Chatsworth from China by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire in 1829, and can be seen in the conservatory there, as I had the pleasure of doing yesterday, by the kind courtesy of Mr. Chester.

The great value and rapid spread of this banana in the Pacific has become quite proverbial. I have heard native orators, for instance, in speaking of the rapid spread of Christianity, comparing it to that wonderful plant, and well they may do so. In the early part of the century the Gospel first took root on Tahiti, and now it covers and gladdens Eastern, Central, and, to a large extent Western Polynesia as well, with an aggregate of 600,000 converts from heathenism, and of these 60,000 at least in full communion with the mission churches. It is destined still to spread through the Papuan and Malayian Archipelago, until, in the not far distant future, the missionaries of Polynesia shall unite stations and shake hands with their brethren in India, China and Japan.

Is Hogan Playing 'Possum?

A despatch of Wednesday from Jackson, Mich., says: Joseph Flowers, a reputable man of this city, who has known E. D. Hogan, the aeronaut, since boyhood, says Hogan certainly did not lose his life in the New York air ship affair, for he saw him in this city last Thursday and spoke with him. He is sure of this, and says, furthermore, that Hogan told him to "keep his mouth shut for a while yet," and he has kept still about it until now. Two other men, one of them the expressman who took the ballon that was used at St. Thomas, Ont., to the station, says it was E. D. Hogan himself who made the St. Thomas ascension and that he has been lying low since he hurt himself there. These reports greatly mystify Hogan's friends.

R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says over his own signature, in speaking of a severe case of kidney disease: "A chemical and microscopical examination of the patient's urine revealed quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, confirming Bright's disease. After trying all of the other remedies in vain, I directed him to use Warner's Safe Cure. I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen, and as he expressed it, he felt perfectly well."

A Bad Prospect.

Smith—Is your friend Jones contracting any bad habits?

Brown—No, he is still expanding them.

A NEW NAVAL TERROR.

England's Latest Supply Ship—A Quick Fighter and a Fast Sailor.

A new acquisition to England's navy was launched recently and christened the Vulcan. She is designed as a twin-screw torpedo-boat ship, but is a fast protected cruiser and a formidable fighting craft as well and represents an entirely novel type. The construction of the Vulcan was begun on June 16th, 1888. She is of 6,200 tons displacement—larger, in short, than any of the large Indian troop-ships and three times as large as many a cruiser. She is built of steel, her hull alone weighing 3,170 tons, and her principal measurements are as follows: Length, 350 feet; beam, 68 feet; mean draught, 22 feet. The vertical keel is of an unusually heavy and substantial character and is 3 feet 6 inches high. The cast-steel U-shaped sternpost is extra strong, weighing five tons. The vessel is divided into numerous water-tight compartments, and is protected by a continuous steel deck six inches deep in the slope and 2½ inches elsewhere. The engines are of the triple expansion type, and will give a collective indicated horse power under forced draught of 12,000. They will drive the ship at a speed of 30 knots (23 miles) and 18 knots (20.7 miles) at sea. There will be storage for 1,000 tons of coal, an amount sufficient for 3,000 miles steaming at 18 knots an hour. She will have a balance rudder that will enable the new war ship to turn a complete circle of not more than 400 yards in diameter in little over three minutes. As a torpedo depot ship she will be admirably adapted for the work. She will be a floating factory, full of forges and workshops for the repair of torpedo boats and torpedoes, submarine mines and all the necessary gear for submarine work on a large scale, and she will also have upon her decks a small flotilla, probably eight in number of second-class torpedo boats of the largest size. These she will be able to hoist overboard and dispatch in all directions at a few minutes' notice. The vulcan will also have a torpedo armament of her own, consisting of six launching tubes, some of which are to be under water. Regarded more particularly as a cruiser, she will possess qualities which will entitle her to rank among the most formidable unarmored cruisers in the world. She will have weapons which at close range will be capable of penetrating armor up to nearly sixteen inches thick. The quick firing arrangement will be the most powerful of any ship in the world. It will enable her to discharge on each broadside a storm of from eighty to one hundred and fifty projectiles a minute; and should she ever be attacked by unarmored cruisers or topedo boats, she would be able to give them a warm reception.—*New York World.*

The Death Roll of the Forth Bridge.

In an article under the above heading a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says he has learned from Dr. Hunter, of South Queensferry, that, including five drowning cases, the fatal accidents from all causes in connection with the Forth Bridge amount to fifth-three. As regards those killed in the actual construction of the bridge there have been forty-four lives lost, death taking place either at the time of the accident or soon after. One man trusted himself to work at a height of 120 feet over the waters of the Firth, simply grasping a rope. His hands got numbed with cold, his grasp relaxed, he fell backwards down and down into the water, and he was fished up alive. In another instance a spanner fell 300 feet, knocked off a man's cap and fell on the wooden stage at his feet, and went clean through a four inch plank. In another case somewhat similar, a spanner which fell from a great height actually tore a man's clothes from his waistcoat to his ankle, and left him uninjured. One of the most thrilling incidents was that in which the "staging," or scaffolding on which the men work high up in mid-air, gave way, carrying a number of poor fellows in its fall. Two of these men, striking some portion of the work in their descent, were killed before they reached the water; one or two others who fell clear of the girders were rescued from the Firth little the worse for their fall and immersion. Two others, however, managed as they fell to grasp at one of the struts high up above the water, and there they clung for dear life; to effect their rescue was itself an undertaking of no slight danger. But efforts were promptly made, and before long the man who happened to be nearest the rescuers was reached. And this brave fellow, hanging there to the ironwork, actually dissuaded the rescuers from delaying to take him off before they saved his companion. "Never mind me," he said, "I can hold on a bit longer; go and see to my mate, for he's getting dazed, and he'll drop." Happily this hero and his mate, too, were saved.

Willie Was Quite Right.

Mrs. Dumpsey—"For shame, Willie! You've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and your face is scratched. Dear me, what a trial you are! I wish you were a girl—girl's don't fight." Willie Dumpsey—"Yes, ma, but don't you think it's better to have a good square fight and get all the mad out of you, than to carry it around, the way girls do, for months?"—*Lawrence American.*

Would Like to Commute.

Police Magistrate—William Rounder, drunk and disorderly—fifth time since New Year's, William—I'll have to make it $10 this time.

Mr. Bill Rounder—Please, Your Honor, wouldn't it come cheaper if I could make some arrangement to pay by the year

Gently Corrected: Miss Chatty Lafite (of Chicago, at the seaside)—There goes a crab. What a strange creature it is! Don't you think so, Miss Somerset? Miss Minerva Somerset (of Boston)—It is passing strange, yes. Miss Chatty Lafite—You mean it is passing strangely, no doubt. That's one on you, Miss Somerset.

"Maria," said the Chicago husband, "I beg of you to listen to me." "No, sir; I am resolved, and you can say nothing to change me. I will have a divorce." "But, Maria, one word." "Well." "Even your best friend would tell you that you haven't ghost of a show on the stage."

—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* remarks that, 'whatever may be its faults, ice-water never made a man kill his mother-in-law, but beer and whiskey have often been so responsible."

THE VALUABLE MECHANIC.

Some Good Advice to the Young Man Learning His Trade.

When a young man starts out to learn his trade, says the *Stationary Engineer*, and goes into a shop totally unschooled in the manual performance of his duties in the new field of life on which he is entering, it is important that he should bear in mind this fact, viz.: That his position, so far as it relates to himself, is intrinsically an educational one, as much so as in the school or college from which he may have recently graduated. The simple performance of so many hours' work per day, while it has a certain financial measure of value to the employer, has a value to himself when properly considered that is greater than can be measured in currency. As his progress and standing in the school depended on the thorough mental understanding of each progressive step he took, so, only in a more material sense, his advance in mechanical skill and knowledge is dependent on his thoroughly understanding not only the routine details of his work, but the why and wherefore of each operation. There always has been, and probably always will be, two classes of mechanics—those who stand at their bench and go through the manual motions of their work like automatic machines, with little more conception of why the results are as they are, and the other that class of men who make no moves without knowing why and how results are obtained and the relative importance of each step. This is the mechanical education that counts, the education that schools the mind to a clear comprehension of the principles equally with details, and leads unfailingly to that higher field where skill, diligence and marked ability find their natural level. The young man who, on beginning his mechanical education, realizes and acts upon these truths, will develop that ability which is not gauged by mere manual dexterity, but rather that which, when in later years he may be called to design, lay out and superintend the work of others, will enable him to creditably fill the position. Such positions come to those who bring thought and brains, as well as manual dexterity, to assist them in their work. To such men we owe the improvements of the age in every branch of mechanics. It is a fact that too many mechanics work along day after day accomplishing their work by "main strength and foolishness," which is the direct and legitimate result of a lack of proper and thorough application in their earlier mechanical life. The point emphasized is that the mind that is able, through careful training and application to bring to bear a knowledge of the principles involved, as well as execution of detail in the work, is one that approaches that standard of ability which should be the aim of every young man who is beginning his mechanical education—his work in the shop. When he has attained this no question of wages will ever trouble him. Such men are always wanted. The supply is not equal to the demand.

The Favorite Times for Suicide.

Statistics show that the months in which the fewest suicides occur are October and November, while the greatest number occur in April, May and June. July and September also have a goodly share, the latter possessing a peculiar fascination for women. This refutes the old idea that suicides occur more frequently in damp and gloomy weather, for the months just mentioned as being the most prolific are certainly those in which the skies look brightest and the earth is fairest. Another remarkable fact in this connection is that the progressive increase and decrease in the number of suicides coincide with the lengthening and shortening of the days, and, as M. Guerry has shown, not only the seasons of the year, but the days of the month and the week, and even the hours of the day, exert an influence, the constancy of which cannot be mistaken. As a result of his elaborate research he found that the greatest number of suicides among men occurred during the first ten days of the month, and from Monday to Thursday of the week. This is accounted for by remembering that the majority of workingmen receive their wages either on the 1st of the month or the last of the week, and that "pay day" is often followed by dissipation, debauchery and remorse. Oettingen completed this interesting observation by showing that the larger number of suicides among women take place during the last half of the week, when they are most apt to feel the effects of man's prodigality and wrong-doing. In regard to the hours of the day, we know, from Brierre de Boismont's examination of 1,993 cases of suicide in Paris, that the maximum number occurred between 6 a.m. and noon, and thereafter regularly declined, reaching the minimum at the hour before sunrise.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The First American Shoemaker.

Among the Pilgrim Fathers who came to Salem, Mass., in the second cargo brought by the Mayflower, in 1629, was Thomas Beard, "The Shoemaker." Boston was not settled, or known even as St. Botolph's Town. Beard brought a letter to Governor Endicott, stating that he was sent by the Massachusetts Bay Company in London, and was to be maintained by them, and commending him to the care and helpful favor of the Governor. From their knowledge of the few cattle here, and the needs of the people, the company wisely shipped some "hides" in the Mayflower's cargo; these probably being tanned sides of leather. The little colony of Naumkeag gave a warm welcome to their new fellow-citizen, and his address and credentials moved them to present him wity fifty acres of land. After this pleasant event he seems to have lived so peacefully that he had no further history; but he is the first one of whom our records tell as being an American shoemaker.

A Neighbor Sent Him.

He—I'm the piano tuner, mum.

She—I haven't sent for any piano tuner.

He—Yes mum, I know mum; it were the gentleman next door sent me here, mum.

A New Definition.

Teacher—Now, my young friend, can you tell me what memory is?

Master Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—Please, sir, memory is what you forget with.

SPEED OF INSECTS.

Many of Them Able to Outstrip Birds of Great Swiftness.

High speed is attained by insects in their flight, many of them being able to outstrip swift birds. It has been computed that the common house fly, in ordinary flight, makes 600 strokes per second and advances 25 feet, but that rate of speed, if the insect be alarmed, may be increased six or seven fold, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip the fleetest racehorse. It is no uncommon thing to see a bee or a wasp endeavoring to get in at the window of a railway train in full speed, and it is calculated that if a small insect can fly faster than a racehorse can run, an insect as large as a horse would be able to travel as fast as a cannon ball. Leunwenhoik relates an exciting chase, which he beheld in a menagerie, about one hundred feet long, between a swallow and a dragon-fly—among the swiftest of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed and wheeled with such address that the swallow, in spite of its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it. A pigeon fancier of Hamme, in Westphalia, recently made a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cote from the same distance. The competitors were given wing at Rhybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached home a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon, the main body of both detachments finishing almost simultaneously an instant or two later. The bees, it may be mentioned, had been handicapped in the race, having been rolled in flour before starting for purposes of identification. According to Chabrier the male of the silkworm moth travels upward of 100 miles in one day, and there are many British moths, as entomologists well know, which can cover long distances in an incredibly short space of time.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Governor's Chase.

The Governor sat in his easy chair, a spy-glass at his eye—"Has any one seen three thousand men and a train of cars go by? A pilot train with the bad men on, one more, and another one still; with rattle of wheels and clank of bell, and shriek of the whistle shrill? They travel not as the flying ship, in silence and in fear; they whoop and holler and howl and yell for all the world to hear. They have advertised the place of the fight, for six long weeks or more, and I fear that I cannot find the place, 'till the brutal fight is o'er. Oh, rally and squander, my men-at-arms, and look if you can see where three railway trains and three thousand men have hidden away from me."

They rallied and squandered, those men at arms, they searched the country through; and another Governor came along, and joined the searchers, too. They looked in the clock and under the stairs, and under the bed they peered, and out in the kitchen and everywhere, but the trains had disappeared. They felt in their pockets and looked in their hats, and lowered a man down the well, but where all those sluggers had disappeared to, there wasn't nobody could tell. They asked a boy at Lowery's store, and the blind man down by the hall, and the woman who keeps the candy shop, but they hadn't seen nothin' at all. They dragged the pond at Sawyer's mill, and they questioned the toll-gate man, and all through the lot at the back of his house, the Governor raced and ran. But all in vain, for wherever he looked, the people he sought were gone, and the only place he didn't look was where the fight was on. And he never knew there had been a fight until a week and a day, then he sent a constable after the men, four thousand miles away.

Long live the State of Massasip! The Governor, long live he! If ever the moon should run away may he there to see! Should hostile powers invade his land at some far distant day, may he find the foe that wastes his State before it goes away. And great good medicine had it been, for the land of the sunny South, had the Governor closed his smooth-bore eyes and looked with his long-range mouth.—*Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

Noise and Nerves.

The most sensitive, delicate and easily injured parts of the human system are the nerves. These can never become so accustomed to incessant strain as to escape injury. That which is unpleasant to the senses is always—and, so far as the sense of hearing is concerned, discordant noises always are—injurious to the nerves. The yelling of steam whistles, the hiss of steam pipes, the rattle and clash of wheels on stone-covered streets, the rumble of street cars, the clangor of bells, the howling of hucksters, keep up a condition in which a healthful nervous system of natural strength and sensitiveness is impossible. And there is not one of these agencies that is not suppressed more or less completely in most of the great cities of the world. In Berlin heavy wagons cannot run on certain streets. In Paris any carload of rattling material must be fastened until it cannot rattle. Munich allows no bells on street cars. In Philadelphia, church bells have been held a nuisance in certain neighborhoods by judicial ruling. Steam whistles are forbidden in nearly all of the larger cities of this country, and most of these noises in our advanced stage of civilization are utterly unnecessary. Clocks and watches are now so cheap and plentiful that steam whistles and bells to denote the time are useless. Why should not all useless noises, and nearly all are useless, be suppressed?—*American Analyst.*

T. Grainger Stewart, M.D., F.R.S.E., ordinary physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland; Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes of Bright's Disease as follows: "Catarrh of the intestine also occasionally occurs, sometimes producing an exhausting diarrhœa." Warner's Safe Cure cures the Diarrhœa by first removing the cause.

Couldn't Stand Any Worse.

Mr. Curtis—I tell you what 'tis, you could have a far worse husband than I am

Eunice (his wife)—I don't want one.

—He is a fool that praises himself and he a madman that speaks ill of himself.

BRITISH SERVING PEOPLE.

Retainers of the Old Nobility and Their Peculiarities.

The best domestic servants in the world are undoubtedly to be found in England, writes a New York *Sun* correspondent. Nowhere else can such thorough, trustworthy and willing service be had. The servants of the aristocracy in the middle ages were a class apart, and they have remained so ever since. To-day a servant in Great Britain considers himself of a lower order of mankind than his master, and brings up his children in the same belief. Humility is the creed. The master—perhaps a drunken, sottish and poverty-stricken gambler, graced by neither birth nor position—curses his servant like mad and flings his boot-jack at him. The servant, who is as likely as not an intelligent, honest, frugal and temperate man, dodges the boot-jack, bows respectfully and murmurs the perennial "Thank you, sir." The domestic servants of England are creatures of remarkable foibles and conceits. Thackeray immortalized the flunkey's speech and manner, but it is doubtful whether the ridicule he poured upon them has had any effect toward correcting their extravagance, as it would upon that of any other class. These servants still speak atrocious English, but with an unmistakably aristocratic accent, and although their pay is seldom high, they look down with lofty contempt upon workingmen, or, indeed, upon any one not holding the social rank which entitles him to treat them with insolence. In England the law assigns to every one, from the ranks of "gentleman" or "esquire" upward, a distinct rank or precedence on the social ladder. The servants, of course, are not included in this, but among themselves they give every man or woman his or her place in the strictest manner according to the rank of the master. A duke's servant takes precedence over that of a marquis' and the servant of either of these nobilities looks down upon a man who is the servant of merely a "gentleman." A thing which helps them greatly in maintaining these distinctions is that under no circumstances do they ever do work outside that appertaining to their particular offices. A butler, for instance, would be much less likely to put a hand to work which should be done by a footman than a duke himself. The upper men servants have usually acquired, as a result frequently of hereditary transmissions, an air of aristocratic vacuity or supercilliousness. They are not allowed to grow mustaches, but that only serves to make more prominent the aquiline nose and half scornful lip. It also makes one think that they must be relatives or friends of the great men of the earlier Victorian period, such as Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, or the Duke of Wellington, and that they are survivals of that period. They are almost incomprehensible to the majority of Americans in their intense arrogance.

"One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers
But they whom Truth and Wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed.

Those who are *wise*, and who love the *truth*, will believe what we say when we tell them that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done more to relieve the sufferings of women, than all other medicines now known to science. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Sad Case.

Two children belonging to Duncan Hartelle, of Cornwall Centre, died this week from diphtheria. The mother has been suffering from the same disease, and the case is made all the more sad by the fact that poor Hartelle himself does not know anything about the hand of death cutting down two of his bright little children, he being an inmate of the Rockwood Asylum. He was sent to that institution only a few months ago. The deeply afflicted mother has the sympathy of all in her bereavement.—*Cornwall Freeholder.*

She Could Talk About Something Else.

Irate Husband—O dear, can't you talk about something besides dresses?

Wife—Certainly, my dear. You ought to see the bonnets they are making nowadays at Smith's. I stepped in to-day and saw a beautiful thing in pink for only $37, and others were of course a good deal more expensive. A $50 gem just took my eye, but I thought I wouldn't get one that cost as much as that before I saw you. Of course I can talk about something besides dresses, you dear old hubby.

Alma Ladies' College.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

Nearly 200 students in 1888. 16 *graduates and certified teachers* in the Faculty. Total expenses from $40 to $60 per term or from $150 to $250 per year in advance including Musica nd Fine Arts.

McLachlin Hall, costing $30,000, erected last year to meet demand for rooms, now open. Address, Principal Austin, A. M.

A Happy Family.

There is no cheerfulness in the world comparable to that afforded by the daily life of a large family. There may be a depth of bliss where only two are together of which the life lived by ten or a dozen could afford no idea; but for the cheer of varied interests, of lively voices, of going and coming, of song and laughter, what can be desired better than a large family?—*Wilson Star.*

A Vocal Impediment.

Mrs. Bloodgood—I understand that Mrs. Chataway, who has just moved into our block, has an impediment in her speech. What is it? Do you know?

Mrs. Parvenu—Her teeth drop out while she is talking.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Here is Senator Wm. M. Evarts' definition of a contingent fee: "It is a very simple thing. I can explain to you what a contingent fee means in a few words. In short, if I lose your suit I get nothing; if I win your suit you get nothing."

—When a man affirms that "there's lots of money in leather," don't dispute with him—purses are made of leather.

RAILWAY RACING TO SCOTLAND.

Five Hundred and Forty Miles in Twelve Hours and Fifty Minutes.

This season the railway companies have again begun to "race" each other, with this difference, as compared with last year, that the fastest speed is attained by trains running between Aberdeen and London, instead of by trains from London to Edinburgh. It is now possible for passengers from the "Granite City" of Aberdeen to make the journey to London by the G. N. W. Railway in the course of the same day, for the traveller who leaves that city at 6 15 in the morning will reach London at 7 o'clock in the evening. This is a marvellously quick run for a distance of nearly 600 miles, the quickest, indeed, that has ever been attempted between Scotland and England. This train is declared to be the quickest in the Kingdom. Besides being a great boon to travellers from Aberdeen, the new train will enable letters that leave that place in the morning to be delivered the same evening by the last post in London. On the return trip you may travel the 540 miles to Aberdeen in 12 hours 50 minutes leaving at 10.30 a. m. and arriving 11.20 p.m. By the Great Northern the time taken is 13 hours, or slightly more than by the rival route—10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Greek Boxing in Classic Times.

The boxing to-day is almost as much more humane and presentable than the Grecian sort as a bout at modern Græco-Roman wrestling than the Roman gladiatorial shows. The Greek boxers wore a fearfully hurtful contrivance called a *cestus*, which consisted of bands of bull's hide fastened around the knuckles, and studded with knobs of lead and iron. These were very like the brass knuckles or "knuckle dusters" that are now used by burglars and criminals only. They must have made the old-time boxing matches both gory and horrible to an extent that would have shocked even the toughest of the tough citizens that attend the modern contests. The old fellows used often to wear a protecting cover over their ears, in order to keep them unmutilated, just as the German students guard their eyes against thrusts with the *schläger*. Boxing, moreover, was one of the most important features of the Olympian games, the great athletic meetings of Greece's hey-day, wherein the historically perfect runners and wrestlers and archers and charioteers, and all the young men lived and studied to excel. All had to box and go through a bloody and brutal performance that wouldn't be practised by any modern pugilist and wouldn't be tolerated now by anybody. The only thing comparable for beastliness to Greek boxing in these days is a form of contest called purring, in which a man heavily shod tries to disable his antagonist by kicking his shins, but that never excited any popular interest, and it is almost never heard of more. As regards the science in boxing we imagine that the improvement in that respect has been equal to its mollification. The Greeks, we believe, were right-handed fighters, using the left chiefly as a guard, while the accepted theory now is that if but one hand is used for offensive purposes it should be the left. If the Athenian Pet should venture within the ropes to-day without his abominable *cestus*, and face a first-class man it would be a talent to an obolos that his sponge would eventually be the one to go up. Johannes Sullivanus could probably whip Castor and Pollux in the same ring.—*New York Sun.*

Logic is Logic.

Now there was the case of our friend McKay:
He said to himself in his resolute way
That a cough which was growing from bad to worse
Must be cured, in spite of a slender purse.
An ocean voyage was out of the question,
A Florida trip a needless suggestion
Yet do he wouldn't! His money he paid
For the "Golden Medical Discovery" by Dr. Pierce made
And as sound as a nut is his health to-day—
Logic is logic, that's all I say

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine for the diseases it is recommended to cure, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that if it don't either benefit or cure in every case, the money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

The Mexican Wasp.

The Mexican wasp is built entirely for business. He is over two inches long when he is of age and is about the color of a bay horse. His plunger is fully an inch long and as fine as a spider's web. Unlike the stinger of the common bee, the stinger of the Mexican wasp is non-forfeitable. He doesn't give it up after one lunge, but has it always in readiness for an all-day job if necessary. The mission of the Mexican wasp seems to be merely to hunt up people and run that stinger of his into them. The natives say he will go ten miles out of his way to get a whack at a person. The natives seem to get fat on snake bites, centipede bites and scorpion stings, but if they discover one of these wasps in the neighborhood they hunt for cover without delay.—*Tombstone Epitaph.*

Will You Read This for $500?

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are abundantly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by enquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

Played For All It Is Worth.

Seedy Tragedian (on the Rialto)—Got any engagement yet?

Seedy Comedian—Yes, I'm playing a small part at the Fashion Theatre.

"What salary?"

"No salary; but the part calls for a meal on the stage, and I get something to eat."

DOML 32 89.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and al kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, of makes. STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc. always on hand

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING EAVETROUGHING Etc.

done as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Respecting myself friends to come and see me in my new shop. I remain, etc

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FLOUR, FLOUR,

STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCK'S

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seventy cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is in the estimation of the public.

It Pays To

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for student
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the courses of study, terms &c., address

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 14 & 15 in the 4th Con. of Proton, and S E ½ of lot 12 in the 5th Con. of Proton, containing 200 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and fenced, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the Village of Flesherton. Will be sold on easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BELCROFT
Flesherton P.O.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sloughs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract and to short feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

ROLLER FLOUR

best in the markets at

Blackburn's.

Ice Cream Parlors!

all kinds of cooling summer drinks.

Cured Meats,

Lard, Bologna,

etc.

ALL FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON

—AT—

BLACKBURN'S

For Sale

A dwelling will for sale at Flesherton Station with stone double roof bolt scant mill, dester and planer. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P.O.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.

Durham—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Dundalk—First Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Dundalk.
Hanover—Saturday before Chatsworth.
Meaford—Monday before Durham.
Harriston—Monday before Durham.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cent. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

To-day is Meaford's civic holiday.

Mr. Beattie, of Shelburne, had two valuable pups poisoned.

A little boy, son of Mr. C.L. Grant, Durham, fell of the fence and broke his arm.

A little Shelburne boy fell into a cistern but was fished out before life had become extinct.

W. Young's shoe store at Allison was burned last week. Loss $1500, insured for $600.

The Meaford harbor improvements, for which $6,500 was placed in the estimates, will soon be commenced.

Fire burned down Wm. Orr's grist mill, at Mt. Forest, Sunday morning, together with the large bridge which spans the Saugeen.

A young man named Nicholas Keating aged 19, who was working for Mr. Wm. McCarter, on the 12th con. Brant, was found dead in the harvest field on Monday last.

Owing to the death of J.D. Crabtree it was necessary to appoint another treasurer for the township of Euphrasia, which was done last week in the person of Mr. Wm. McConnell

A monster toad, weighing seven pound, and a half, found in the cellar of a Sts Catherines brewery, has been sent to school of Technology, Toronto. It is almost as big as a loaf of bread.

A foolish little boy in Dundalk found a bottle of gunpowder and dropped a match into it to see it fiz. His phiz is not so handsome now as it used to was before he tried the experiment, and it is feared that he will be obliged to quit looking through one of his eyes.

While out camping at Bell's Lake, Mr. David McKenzie has been distinguishing himself as a rifle shot. One day last week he shot with a 45 bore Winchester rifle a very fine loon while the bird was sailing on the lake. We understand he has since succeeded in hitting another of these wary birds. Grey Review.

This is a time for strange occurences and Oshawa is able to add one to the variable accumulation. It is this—some time in January last, a certain man's wife presented him with an addition to the family, the child being healthy and in every way worthy of the hearty reception which was accorded it. A few days ago this same man's wife was clever enough to repeat the presentation. Two children in six months is quick work. Both children are alive and well

A Collingwood despatch, of date August 2, says: The body of William Caven Ewing, eldest son of Rev. Robert Ewing, of this town, arrived here to-day from Sturgeon Falls, where he was drowned while bathing on Wednesday last. He was employed in mission work at that place, and was a young man of superior ability and scholarly attainment, admired and beloved by all that knew him. His sad death has caused a gloom over Collingwood, and his parents have the heartfelt sympathy of his many friends in this town. The funeral will take place at Cheltenham on Saturday where his father was formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

A despatch dated Collingwood, Aug. 4, says: A very destructive fire occurred here at an early hour this morning. It was discovered that flames were issuing from the south west corner of the Dominion hotel stables. The building being frame, and a strong south-east wind blowing, the flames spread with fearful rapidity to the driving sheds and the hotel, which were all consumed. The next building to take fire was John Ough's marble factory and dwelling. The contents of both places were saved, but the building was completely demolished. The adjoining roughcast dwelling, occupied by Mrs. Blue, was with great difficulty saved. The following buildings were burned: The Dominion hotel and contents, stables and driving sheds, owned by Mrs. H. Cameron; insured for $2,500; loss estimated at $5,000. Ough's marble works and dwelling, insured for $600; Ough's stable and contents; P. W. Bell's stable and contents; Mrs. Blue's stable and contents; Mrs. Blue's dwelling, part destroyed, insurance for $600. Mrs. Cameron lost a valuable driving horse and thirteen pigs. Mr. Ough was badly burned about the neck in rescuing his horse. W. P. Hill's bakery had a narrow escape, also Blue's hotel and Wilson's sash and door factory. The fire is supposed to have been caused by lightning.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on hand and am

Selling Very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Congola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MENS WEAR

Fine Calf and Congola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BILMER,
FLESHERTON

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, 4s 6d, 11s, 22s and 33s each Pot or Box, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES

Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS Nurserymen, Rochester, N Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 424. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1889. W. H. THURSTON.

WATCHES,
Clocks, Jewelry.

STUDY
Your Own Interests

By buying your Watches [illegible] and Silverware at

Russell's Noted
JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, [illegible] Swiss Levers, in Ladies and Gents sizes Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Pendants, of the latest design Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earrings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains and a beautiful [illegible] Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand Also a large and well-selected stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low [illegible]

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to [illegible]

THE ONE PRICE
Cash Store.

STILL ON DECK!

Goods cheaper than ever

This is the time for all farmers to lay in a good stock of

Groceries

for haying and harvesting. We have put the prices down to meet the demands.

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

—AT—

ROCK - BOTTOM - PRICES.

More Customers wanted

To Carry off the Bargains.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

to those who have heretofore had difficulty with [illegible] wells etc

Guaranteed Satisfaction

[illegible] articles I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of [illegible] pumps was a household word in Grey a [illegible] ago

[illegible] and call on me if you desire anything in my line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE [illegible]

in Queen's Valley, where there are mills, store, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton [illegible] and timber. Apply to R. J. Scroggie, Auctioneer, [illegible]

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

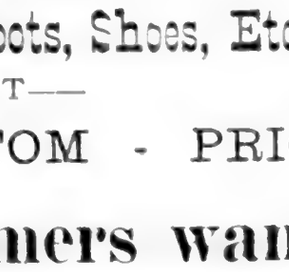

[illegible] horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.

Special attention paid to commercial business

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One column 1 year $[illegible] half do. $[illegible] quarter do. $[illegible]

Transient advertisements [illegible] of matter, 10 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON
Editor and Proprietor.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Medea daughter of the King of Colchis, is said to have possessed the art of restoring people from decrepitude to the bloom of early youth by draining off the blood from their veins and filling their veins with the juices of certain herbs. Her secret, however, was not generally known, as the daughters of Pelias found when they made amusement of their present and boiled him in hopes of restoring him to youth. The experiment was [illegible]

Ponce de Leon thought he had discovered the fountain of youth when he found that beautiful, limpid, sparkling spring of Florida, bubbling up from the earth like effervescing champagne, but he was mistaken. It was said of Cleopatra, the beautiful Egyptian queen, that age could not wither nor custom stale her infinite variety. Did she know the secret? If so it perished with her when the fatal draught was taken. For centuries "the elixir of life" has been a mythical preparation which all have heard of but none [illegible]

[illegible] Medea [illegible] he can take an [illegible] man young, with as much ease as a careful market gardener can restore the appearance of freshness to a wilted cabbage, and [illegible] he can take a veteran [illegible] and ten ship-loads [illegible] He says that he can [illegible] thirty years [illegible] man's life with the least difficulty, and that a man could be [illegible] thirty years of age [illegible] he chooses to be

Dr. W. B. Hammond, the well-known New York physician, has been experimenting with the new preparation, and has come to the conclusion that there is something in it. However, he claims that the miraculous properties claimed for it are exaggerated. The formula is this. He takes a certain carefully selected portion of young animals newly killed, macerates them with water, filters the mixture carefully, and the elixir of life is complete. When taking into consideration the fact that the same mixture made from an animal which had begun to putrify would act as a deadly poison the good effects of that from a healthy carcase should follow as a natural sequence. It is not probable that the formula of Medea or Cleopatra has been preserved, but there appears to be no reasonable doubt that an extremely valuable addition has been made to materia medica.

The Toronto Week, in its remarks upon the Governor-General's refusal to disallow the Jesuit Bill, has the following to say:

Were it quite respectful to suspect the Governor-General of being a humorist in disguise, and of giving way on so serious an occasion to his propensity, we could easily fancy His Excellency smiling in his sleeve as he reminded the deputation at the commencement of his reply that he must guard against drifting into "what might be construed as argument, and assured them at the close that he had endeavored to avoid argument. We can imagine the members of the deputation at the after-meeting wondering what Lord Stanley regards as argument. Most persons would, we think, but for his caveat, have been liable to mistake his reply for an admirably clear and concise presentation of the whole argument against disallowance. It is not his fault that the simple statement constitutes the most forcible argument. That statement, brief as it is, sums up the chief points which have always seemed to us to make the position of the Government and Commons in the matter absolutely impregnable. The property lying idle, the inability of the Government to sell it, the two sets of claimants, the Pope as the only arbiter acceptable to both, the fact that his approval, of which so much has been made, related not to the action of the Legislature, but to the division of the funds, the usage of Governments in the recognition of moral claims, the lack of evidence to show that in this Dominion and in this nineteenth century the Jesuits are [illegible] less law-abiding or less loyal citizens than others, the legal status of the Society in Quebec as settled by the Act of Incorporation—these seemed to make up a chain of argument which would [illegible] Lord Stanley to [illegible] imposed upon him by [illegible] made. It may be easy for [illegible] men composing the deputation to persuade themselves that these arguments have already been refuted, but the fact that, after so energetic and systematic an effort, the petition received the signatures of so small a percentage of the electors shows pretty conclusively that the great body of the people do not share their opinion.

It is very refreshing indeed to read some of the American editorial wisdom upon matters which refer to Canada. [illegible] seizure of the Black Diamond [illegible] was given occasion for many of the [illegible] sound homilies [illegible] was marked the [illegible] in papers since the [illegible] was opened. The San Francisco Chronicle of a late date clears [illegible] beautiful piece of sentiment:

The Ottawa Citizen is showing [illegible] warm and lively state and deprecates the seizure of the sealer engaged in killing seals in Behring sea as an act of piracy. Our esteemed Canadian contemporary should imitate the coolness of the climate it writes from, be calm and keep cool. It should also bear in mind that what is sauce for the goose is likewise sauce for the gander. If it is piracy to seize a Canadian vessel for taking seals in Behring sea, it is an equally piratical proceeding to seize an American schooner for fishing in the practically open ocean on the Atlantic side. Our Canadian neighbors might as well, once for all, understand that the United States is going to force the abandonment of the headland to headland theory set up by them on the other side. This is the aim of our Government, and if necessary to achieve it we will shut up the whole Pacific ocean, as well as Behring sea to Canadian vessels.

To such fine strung fellows as these Americans it must be exceedingly galling to note the progress of Canada in the concomitants of empire, when one considers that this whole continent should be the prey of Uncle Jonathan's eagle. Mark the egotist we will *shut out the whole Pacific ocean*, as well as Behring sea, to Canadian vessels!

It is stated that the estate of the late Judge Macpherson is estimated at about $10,000. No will has been found, except one made some years before the death of his wife, in which the bulk of his property was left to her. He leaves a daughter 12 years of age. The position of county judge is worth about $3,000 per year. Two prominent C[illegible] are spoken of for the [illegible] Mr. Masson, M.P., and Judge [illegible] It is understood that Mr. Masson [illegible] the position and [illegible] his influence will [illegible] for Mr. [illegible] Judge Lane, the present judge, is also spoken of for the position.

It is about decided that there will be a great exposition of the "Three Americas," to be held in some large city on this continent in 1892. New York, Chicago and Toronto are competitors for the big show, but it is probable that New York will get there if anybody. An engineer has already prepared plans for an American Eiffel tower which will be 1500 feet high, or 500 feet higher than the Paris one, to be built upon the grounds of the big show if it materializes.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON

Carefully Corrected [illegible]

[illegible] per pair

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gents sizes

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and [illegible] stocked up by reliable warrants to more homes of Central Grey, than any [illegible] in it's sort.

If prices are not [illegible] mock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a [illegible] share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT

will positively do better [illegible]

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered

[illegible] an you could [illegible] fully fitted

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and [illegible] live margins

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont

THE MAYBRICK TRIAL

Plenty of Arsenic Discovered in the Wife's Room.

WHAT THE AUTOPSY SHOWED.

Arsenic in the Liver and Kidneys—Bottles Full of it—Handkerchiefs Soaked with it.

A London cable says: The trial of Mrs. Florence Maybrick began at Liverpool to-day. The case attracts considerable attention here. The first witness was Michael Maybrick, brother of the deceased. His testimony was of little account against the prisoner. Edwin Maybrick, another brother, said his brother had never taken arsenic as a medicine. Mrs. Brigge, a friend of the Maybrick family, testified to finding several bottles in Maybrick's room. These she gave to the police. Two chemists said they sold arsenic fly paper to Mrs. Maybrick. The general impression is that Mrs. Maybrick has an even chance of acquittal. Her lawyer is Sir Charles Russell.

A Liverpool cable of Friday night says Two days of fixed attention through long hours of intense anxiety and scorching atmospheric heat have not been without their effect upon all concerned in the Maybrick trial. Generally a jaded air was apparent when the court sat again at the usual hour this morning. The experiences of the last few days have told heavily upon the prisoner, who as she wearily ascended the steps of the dock this morning was observed to be extremely pale and thin. The female warder, who hitherto had sat at some distance at the side of the dock, this morning drew her chair nearer to the prisoner, as though to be in readiness should her assistance be required by the unhappy woman. The court-room was crowded, and many fashionably dressed women were present. It was noticeable that the opera glasses, which on the first two days of the trial were somewhat disagreeably prominent, were conspicuously absent.

The first incident to excite animated interest was a rather startling admission of Dr. Richard Humphrey, the family medical man, who attended the deceased throughout his last illness, and with whose cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell the day's proceedings began, that had the deceased died on Wednesday, May 8th, he would have been prepared to give a certificate to the effect that death had been caused by acute congestion of the stomach, either gastritis or gastromenteritis.

The testimony given by Dr. Carter was also important. Dr. Carter is a physician of high standing in Liverpool. He declared without hesitation that the cause of death was arsenical poison, and no effort of Sir Charles Russell could induce him to admit that the death and subsequent appearance could be due to anything else.

Soon after noon the prisoner showed signs that the severe trial she was undergoing was producing symptoms of exhaustion. A glass of water, however, served to revive her, and she subsequently appeared to take more interest in the proceedings. Dr. Carter's emphatic assurance that the cause of death was arsenical poisoning and nothing else evidently produced a great impression upon all in the court, and it was noticeable that Sir Charles Russell treated this witness with more than ordinary consideration, and did not attempt to challenge his dictum otherwise than by suggesting that acute inflammation might have been caused by impure food.

What may be termed the sensation of the day was reserved for the analyst, Mr. Edward Davies, to contribute. Mr. Davies produced a lady's dressing gown and apron, said to belong to Mrs. Maybrick, and to have been found in her dressing-room. Upon it were stains, which Mr. Davies unhesitatingly pronounced to be arsenic. and he stated that the pockets were similarly stained. This piece of evidence, which was completely new, served to directly connect the prisoner in a personal manner with the use of arsenic in some form. This created intense excitement in the court. It was noticed that beyond a slight twitching of the hands the prisoner betrayed no perceptible emotion at the revelation. Amongst the various articles in which Mr. Davies stated that he discovered arsenic were the meat juice handed to him by Dr. Carter, the lady's handkerchief, three bottles, one almost full of arsenic, found in a chocolate box; a glass containing a handkerchief soaked in milk, in which was altogether upwards of 450 grains of arsenic; a sealed packet labelled poison for cats, which contained arsenic; a jug which had contained food taken to the office, and a bottle containing glycerine found in the lavatory. He had also found arsenic in some deposits from the lavatory, drain and sinks. Mr. Davies said he found arsenic in the liver and intestines of the deceased, but not in stomach or spleen. Passing to some fly papers which had been supplied to him, and which were of the same kind as those already referred to as being found in the washstand, he said they contained between two and three grains of arsenic each in the form of arsenite of potassium and arsenious acid. In the kidney he found about a hundredth part of a grain of arsenic; in the liver the equivalent of one-eighth of a grain at least, probably more. He could detect no arsenic in the pelvis nor in the lungs and heart. In cross-examination Sir Charles Russell took the witness carefully through the results of his various analyses, and in the course of the proceedings Mr. Davies produced the test tubes containing the preparations from the viscera, in which the arsenic was visible in the form of microscopic crystals adhering like film to the sides of the tubes. The case looks black for Mrs. Maybrick.

Art of Smiling.

Lessons in the art of smiling have been recorded of ancient times, and as an elegant accomplishment the art of smiling gracefully in just the right degree deserves consideration. Many persons open the mouth too widely, and the process recommended by a writer on beauty is "a sweet and gentle smile, where the mouth hardly opens, the cheek dimples slightly and the lower lip just conceals the ends of the upper teeth."

—The man who ought to listen and learn usually does most of the talking.

A GRIM RECEPTION.

Britain's Naval Display in Honor of Emperor William.

HE MEETS HER MAJESTY.

A last Friday night's Portsmouth cable gives the following graphic account of the reception of Emperor William in England that day:

Out in the channel lay thirty of England's warships, in three long parallel lines, streaching down the reach. Seaward were ranged 112 vessels of war, carrying 23,000 men. They were a most imposing sight collectively, a most impressive sight individually. For hours before the big ships of Germany arrived to greet and pass them they were the objects of great interest to all kinds of craft approaching as near to them as the black-lipped scowls of heavy cannon made them feel inclined. They were perfectly harmless, of course, and not the safest things in the world to go to sea in, some of them. But they had to-day a surly, don't-come-too-near-me-look that kept the cheapest excursion steamers at a distance. Inspected closely these great castles of floating metal, with black hulls and yellow upper works, really looked all the millions they have cost. They were in all the styles of naval architecture which have resulted from constant changes of the last thirty years. They were shapeless and shapely, symmetrical and the reverse. Some of them were decked in and others displayed an amount of complex hamper in the upper works that would disappear into shoe strings early in an engagement. There were iron hulls and steel hulls, simple, compound and triple expansion engines, single screws and twin screws, steel faced armour and compound armour broadside and central battery ships, barbettes and monitors. Every vessel represented a lot of new facts in plating, propulsion and armament that required a liberal education to comprehend, and a close study of several sciences to grasp. But they all looked excessively injurious to a foreign power, and had a capacity to do harm that was intelligible to the worst info med amateur at sea. Long, lean, black cannons peeped from the portholes, stuck out of grey iron sponsons, projected from turrets, or lay prone upon the barbettes. Lines of marines in red coats stood with their rifles perpendicular on the decks; solitary sentries in red coats paced the sides and walked the bridges. Brilliantly dressed officers in gold-laced caps, dark blue coats, gold braid, white trousers and patent leather shoes were on every deck. With them were lady guests in dresses of white, pink and pale blue, perched among the cannon like canaries in a gun shop, lending to the picture a touch of feminine frivolity in strong contrast with the deadly portent of their surroundings.

THE GERMAN SQUADRON.

At a quarter to 4 the little German band of ironclads were descried, hull down on the horizon, but rapidly came into complete view under a full head of steam. As they came nearer and nearer it was seen that the Hohenzollern, a black screw yacht seemingly about the size of the Osborne, but looking like a pigmy in front of the big black warships behind it, was flying the German royal standard at the main and the white English ensign at the fore. The German royal standard is a beautiful flag, with a black iron cross in the centre and four black eagles on gold ground.

As the Hohenzollern passed the lightship the German ensign of blue bars on white ground broke out at the fore of the Osborne, and the English ensign came fluttering down. Instantly the same thing took place all along the line of the fleet, the red and white of England giving place to the blue and white of Prussia. On the bridge of the Hohenzollern stood Emperor William in a cocked hat and the uniform of an admiral of the German navy. Beside him were Count Herbert Bismarck and Prince Henry of Prussia, also in cocked hats and dark blue uniforms, all three being heavily ornamented with gold braid and bullion fringe. The Hohenzollern came up abreast of the Osborne, the bridge of the latter being occupied by the Royal party. There was much fluttering of hands and nodding of heads between the Royal reception party and the Royal guest, and then the German fleet thundered out a salute of 21 guns, their salute to the Royal English standard. The effect, though small in comparison with the noise that followed, was a very striking one. Flashes of light and columns of smoke broke from the sides of the big floating batteries, and the smoke rose in clouds to envelop them, big white wreaths of it curling away up into the sky. The German fleet included the Baden, Sachsen, Oldenburg, Irene, Wacht, Kaiser, Deutschland, Friedrich der Grosse, the Preussen Zeiten, and the despatch boat Grief. They were joined at Cowes by the German training ship Niobe. By the Emperor's order each of the big black iron-clads, as it came up to enter the long waterway of ships, had its sides dressed with sailors in white, a human decoration of the neatest and most ship-shape character. As the two royal yachts came abreast of the Anson and Rodney, the former flying the flag of Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Irvine, C.B., and the latter the flag of Rear-Admiral Tracy, the fleet saluted There was such a roar of powder, such a thunder of noise, such clouds of smoke and such flashes of fire, that it is no wonder that the peaceful Shah of Persia grew ill over the experience. Bang mingled with bang, and salvo toppled over sonorously upon salvo, until it seemed as if the whole channel was being blown up with seventy ships firing 21 guns each as fast as the regulations permitted. The spectacle was one that no real battle could match. The ships were half concealed in clouds of smoke, and there was one mass of blue wreaths and rings. The smoke cleared and the manning of the ships became visible. Every ironclad that had no yards to man manned the sides. Those with yards presented a solid human rigging of blue jackets in the shrouds, on the yards and at the mast heads. It was a beautiful sight. On ship after ship, down the long line, on either side, the blue jackets were as immobile as if they felt to the full the importance of the occasion and the whole responsibility of the welcome was upon them.

THE ROYAL MEETING.

Almost immediately a launch put out from the Osborne, bearing the Prince of Wales and his suite. They were received on the quarter deck of the Hohenzollern by the German Emperor, and the Prince of Wales and the Emperor shook hands. Just as the Emperor landed the German squadron, at anchor between Ryde Bank and Mother Bank, saluted the Royal Standard floating from the palace at Osborne. The thunder of twenty-one guns from each announced to Her Majesty that her guest had arrived—rather a royal way of knocking at the door. Carriages awaited the party. The Emperor and Prince and Princess of Wales took the first. As night was falling over the waters and the lights were coming out on the warships, the Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia was received and greeted in the doorway of the palace by his royal grandmother, Her Majesty the Queen.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Suicide of a Brooklyn Belle at a Summer Resort.

A Syracuse, N.Y., despatch says: Miss Lillian Dumont, of No. 284 St. James place, Brooklyn, committed suicide Tuesday night by hanging herself with her corset laces in a toilet-room of the hotel at Glenhaven, a summer resort on Skaneateles lake. She had attended a ball at the Glen that night and seemed in the best of spirits. Leaving the ball room about midnight, she went to the place where she was found dead some hours later. No cause is assigned for the deed, but it is hinted that she had been disappointed in love.

Miss Dumont was between 20 and 21 years of age, a girl of loveliness of person and of charming manners. Her father and mother are said to be people of prominence in Brooklyn, where Mr. Dumont at one time was rated a very wealthy man. At present the family occupy one of the handsomest residences in that city. Charles Dumont, a brother of the suicide, has been a well-known visitor to Glenhaven, and a leader in its summer festivities. Miss Dumont, has always been especially gay, was exceedingly popular with the young people there, and was seemingly extracting all the pleasure possible out of her life when she elected to end it.

Notes from Scotland.

The Duke of Portland has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Caithness, in room of the late Earl of Caithness.

The First Lord of the Treasury has declined to place the widow of Mr. James Grant, the Scotch novelist and historical writer, on the civil list. She is 62 years of age and totally unprovided for.

The library of the Writers to the Signet in Edinburgh is about to undergo internal alterations so as to make room for about 20,000 additional volumes. There are at present about 82,000 volumes in the library.

The Queen has appointed Rev. Henry Cowan, D.D., minister of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, to be Professor of Divinity and Church History in the University of Aberdeen, in room of the late Professor Christie.

Mr. John Hutchison, sculptor, Edinburgh, has completed the memorial ordered by the Queen to commemorate the Royal Stewarts who lie buried in the grounds of Paisley Abbey. The memorial is in the form of a recumbent sculptured cross, in style similar to those which are to be met with in the Western Isles. It will have a base 8 feet by 4 feet, of polished Peterhead granite.

The British Government, while the Local Government Bills for Scotland were in committee, practically conceded free education to Scotland, as it agreed to increase the grant to about a quarter of a million sterling, which will be nearly, if not quite, sufficient to meet the school fees for education in all the five standards. It has therefore been resolved that after October 1st no School Board in Scotland will charge school fees.

THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND, he eminent writer and physician, wrote and published in *Scribner's Magazine*: "It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them are first discovered, and used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person knowing their virtue, forseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, says: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation." Dr. R. A. Gunn, M.D., author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The celebrated Dr. Thompson of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption."

Accommodating on Both Sides.

Voice from up-stairs—Tell the burglar to go away, Mr. Jenkins, there's nothing for him to get in this house.

Mr. Jenkins (with a revolver at his head)—Yes, my dear. I did tell him so, and he says he is going in a minute.

The Old, Old Story.

"Did you know that McLysander had become a resurrectionist?"

"What for, some medical college?"

"No; he is compiling jokes for an almanac."

Editor Stead, of *Pall Mall Gazette* fame, will soon set sail for the United States in order to get a few ideas on the American style of journalism. On his return he is to take charge of a new Radical halfpenny morning paper for London. The money for the enterprise was all raised last week.

NOT A FAIR CRITERION.

Is marriage, then, I said to her,
A failure, do you think?
A warm, sweet smile was in her eyes,
Which flashed a cunning wink.
She answered as she gave my arm
A delicate caress:
"If it's like courtship, don't you think,
'Twould be a grand success?"

—"False won!" cried the young man who bet that his girl's teeth were her own and lost.

There is a good deal of difference between the scum and the upper crust, though both are at the top.

TERROR AT CHICAGO.

A Mad Horse Runs Amuck Through the Crowded Streets.

A Chicago despatch says: A horse with all the symptoms of hydrophobia ran amuck on Robie street yesterday afternoon and was finally killed beneath the shadow of the Moody tent at Milwaukee avenue. No tiger of the jungle could have created more of a sensation or shown a more serious desire to exterminate man and beast. Two men were bitten and eight horses torn by the teeth of the maddened animal. A thousand people joined in the hunt to destroy the brute. For two hours they chased up and down the streets and alleys, pursuing and pursued. Four policemen with Lieut. Penzen joined the crowd. Shortly after noon Mr. Erickson attempted to hitch his horse to his meatmarket waggon in front of his store. The animal was of gentle disposition, small, and without a trick or vicious habit. When the horse was led from the barn he showed signs of anger. Suddenly, throwing back his ears, he sunk his teeth in Erickson's arm, and, rearing, struck at his master with his fore feet. Erickson dropped the halter and the horse chased his master into the shop. The beast put men, women and children to flight. He charged at everyone he chanced to meet or overtake. In rushing after three women and several children he ran over two little girls, knocking them down, but only slightly bruising them. The others escaped, one of the women climbing a fence, and the others with the screaming children, ran up the steps and into the door of a house. When nearing North avenue, Conductor Duffy, of the North avenue line, stepped off his car and caught hold of the animal's halter. He supposed he was simply a runaway horse. The animal made a vicious snap at him, catching his right hand with his teeth and taking out skin and flesh. The conductor left go of the halter and jumped on the car, the horse biting and striking at him. As the horse went down Milwaukee avenue he ran at everything he saw, and took a fancy for attacking his own kind. Every horse he passed, and there were eight of them, he nipped in the sides, and tore large pieces of hide from the ribs of some. Others he caught where he could, but always left the mark of his teeth. The animals thus injured in turn became demoralized and added to the excitement. The police finally drove the horse from the street into a vacant lot where he was lassoed and shot. Conductor Duffy's hand, which was terribly torn, was immediately cauterized. He and his family are in an agony of fright as to the results that may follow. He is in great pain. Mr. Erickson called in a physician and had his wound dressed. He thinks the horse was bitten by a mad dog two weeks ago.

List of Fall Fairs.

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs so far as at present obtainable:

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9 to 21
Midland Central	Kingston	Aug. 28 to Sept. 7
Eastern Tps. A.	Sherbrooke, Que	Sept. 3 to 5
Port Hope Ex	Port Hope	" 3 to 5
Central Canada	Ottawa	" 9 to 14
Southern	Brantford	" 10 to 12
South Renfrew	Renfrew	" 17 and 18
Northwestern	Goderich	" 17 to 19
Peninsular	Chatham	" 17 to 20
Lincoln County	St. Catharines	" 23 to 25
Great Central	Hamilton	" 23 to 27
Wellesley and East Lope	Wellesley	" 24 and 25
South Grey	Durham	" 24 and 25
Woodstock	Woodstock	" 24 and 25
North Lanark	Almonte	" 24 to 26
Lindsay Central	Lindsay	" 24 to 26
Ontario and Durham	Whitby	" 24 to 26
Centre Bruce	Paisley	" 24 to 26
Southern Counties	St. Thomas	" 24 to 27
Central	Peterboro	" 24 to 27
Great Northern	Collingwood	" 25 to 27
Central Agricul.	Walters Falls	" 26 and 27
Central Exhib'n	Cannington	" 27 and 28
North Braut	Paris	Oct. 1 and 2
County of Haldimand	Cayega	" 1 and 2
Arthur Union	Arthur	" 1 and 2
Great South-western	Essex Centre	" 1 to 3
Brampton	Brampton	" 1 to 3
The Northern	Walkerton	" 1 to 4
C. Saskatchewan	Saskatoon	" 2
East York	Markham	" 2 to 4
Ontario Central	Port Perry	" 2 to 4
North Perth	Stratford	" 3 and 4
North Renfrew	Beachburg	" 3 and 4
South Oxford	Otterville	" 4 and 5
Howard Branch	Ridgetown	" 8 to 10
West York and Vaughan	Woodbrige	" 9 and 10
C. Wellington	Fergus	" 10 and 11
Scarboro'	Danforth	" 10
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	" 15 and 16

Threatened Trouble in Zanzibar.

A London cable of Thursday says: Bushiri has sent a threatening message to the inhabitants of Bagamoyo and the neighborhood, forbidding them to supply the Germans with provisions. He is believed to be coming down with one quick firing gun, which is supposed to have been captured from the German station at Opwapwa, and he announces his intention to attack Bagamoyo. Fever is prevalent there, and among the fleet. The English are apparently suffering the most. On the Agamemnon alone 80 are sick, including 7 officers, out of a total complement of 400. The deck has been transformed into a hospital, and hammocks have been slung everywhere.

—A Jersey City policeman having offered his hand to a young lady, which was refused, he arrested her. "What is the charge?" asked the sergeant at the station house. "Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply.

A sign-post in the Highlands of Scotland reads: "Persons wishing to use this road will give notice to the gamekeeper in case they may be shot."

She raised her eyes; his cause was won—
A maid of sterling sense was she.
He clasped her to his manly breast,
And now a married man is he.

"What's the matter, driver?" said a passenger in a herdic, "why doesn't this coach go?" "'Cause you ain't put a nickel in the slot, that's why." And all the other passengers tittered.

ALE OF THE GAS.

How sweet to roam by the sad sea waves,
While no cares your mind harass,
And what joy to think, as you watch the stars
That you're paying no bill for gas!

But, oh, what grief when you travel home
And the meter your sad eyes meet!
You find that the cook has been holding
"soirees"
And has burned ten million feet!

—The Shah, on meeting the Chief Secretary the other day, asked plumply: "Are you going to give Ireland Home Rule?" and Mr. Balfour, every whit as plumply, replied: "Certainly not!"

MANITOBA MATTERS.

Improving Crop Prospects—A Northwest Jack-the-Ripper—A Mock Marriage.

The body of an unknown man has been found, murdered after Jack-the-Ripper fashion, in the Louise River.

Frank Moritz, a farmer, living a few miles from Gretna, spent Monday in town and imbited freely. When he returned home in the evening he turned his hired men, four in number—Germans lately from the old country—out of doors. Later on the men returned to the house, Moritz promising to allow them peaceful admittance. The last man was coming in when Moritz drew a revolver and fired. The man saw his intention, but not soon enough to prevent his shooting. He put his hand forward to catch the revolver, and received the bullet in his hand, which probably saved his life. Moritz is under arrest. The wound is a bad one.

Martin McDonald, ex-Registrar of Brandon, has been arrested, charged with falsifying the books of the office.

A young man named Tutman is charged with seducing a young lady from Salt Coats by means of a mock marriage. Tutman has fled the country.

James Thompson, Liberal M.P.P. for Emerson, was married to-day to Miss Ritchie, daughter of a well-known Winnipeger.

The 6-year-old child of Jerry Robinson, of St. Peter's, was fatally burned by her clothes catching fire.

The *Sun* says it is understood that a measure will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature to abolish the jury system in civil cases in Manitoba, also that the Government will submit a measure abolishing the dual language system, that is, the use of the French language in Manitoba, Government documents to be printed only in one language. The Board of Education will be wiped out and a portfolio of Minister of Education created.

A young girl living at Beulah, Man., hanged herself from a tree last Tuesday, and was quite dead when discovered. The cause of the act was that her mother, against the girl's wishes, had married an Indian living at Brandon.

A despatch from Moosomin to-day says: Intelligence has been received from Carnduff Point, in Assiniboia, 70 miles south of here, that the body of a man horribly mutilated has been discovered on the banks of the Souris River. It was apparent that the man had been dead for some time, as his features were discolored. The entrails of the victim had been torn out and scattered about on the ground. There is great excitement over the event. No clue seems to have been discovered as to the perpetrator.

The Winnipeg physicians have formed a committee to entertain and banquet the eastern physicians on their arrival here on the 9th.

At a Liberal picnic at Clearwater to-day Hon. Mr. Smart announced that the Government would wipe out the Separate School system. It was the intention of the Government to overhaul the whole educational machine. The double-barrelled system, with two superintendents, two Boards and two sets of inspectors must go and a Minister of Education appointed, one of the present Ministers taking the portfolio. The Government would administer the Education Department and be responsible to the people.

Work on the Winnipeg Transfer Railway on the banks of the Red River is progressing satisfactorily.

Burke leaves for Chicago on Sunday morning.

Fresh Fruit Syrups.

Fresh syrups of the grape, cherry, pine-apple, strawberry, tamarind, or of any of the home fruits, make refreshing and healthful beverages. The fruit is best crushed by hand in a wooden squeezer, metal being liable to impair the flavor of the juice. Skins and pulps are then mixed with the juice and plenty of sugar, and are covered with pounced ice. By the time the ice has melted the full strength of the juice is extracted, and the mass should then be strained through cheese-cloth and the syrup kept on ice till wanted. The juice of pressed fruit is a most grateful and beneficial drink at this season, refreshing and stimulating one, while it assists in renewing the wasted tissues of the body.

Discussing Dr. Tanner's Sentence.

A Thursday's London cable says: In the House of Commons this evening Mr. Sexton moved an adjournment in order to consider the sentence passed upon Dr. Tanner under the Crimes Act. He argued that the charge against Dr. Tanner was not assault with violence, that it did not come under the Crimes Act, and therefore the sentence was illegal. Mr. Madden, Solicitor-General for Ireland, replied that there was a method of testing the legality of the sentence without adjourning the House. After a lengthy debate Mr. Sexton's motion was rejected by 174 to 118.

Killing His Pride.

Ethel—Do you think he loves you, Nellie?

Nellie—Oh, I'm certain of it. Why, he wants to marry me so much that he has borrowed money of papa for us to get married on—a thing his proud, sensitive soul could not brook if he did not love me.

—It is rather remarkable that at seasons when throat diseases are prevalent doctors so often look down in the mouth.

—Mrs. De Splaye—I think you are too stingy, John. I have worn this bathing suit two seasons already, and I am positively ashamed to wear it any longer. Mr. De Splaye—I should think you would be superlatively ashamed to wear it any shorter.

I asked a bachelor why he
In singleness had tarried.
He answered thus: "Because, you see,
I've friends who've long been married."

Araminta—You put your arm around my waist so gracefully, George. George—I have had lots of practice, I was a street car conductor five years.

—If you want to find out all about women and their ways ask some young man who has never been married.

Emma—So you're engaged to young George Halby Sadie—Yes; George and I came to an understanding some weeks ago. You remember the wheat corner in Chicago? Emma—To be sure I do. Sadie—Well, that's the time I got caught on the squeeze.

THREE OLD MAIDS.

Joseph Howard Speaks of Misses Beecher, Dix and Anthony.

I have in my mind three old maids, and the moment I mention their names they will be recognized the world around as the names of three great women. They are Catharine Beecher, Dorothy Dix, Susan B. Anthony. There are others who have attained notoriety, such as Kate Field, the wine agent, Anna Dickinson, the stump speaker. But I am not speaking of notoriety. I am dealing with forces, vital, effective. Dorothy Dix will never be forgotten so long as the word hospital endures, or so long as cold type preserves the records of humanitarian effort on the battlefield and in the sick wards during our late civil war. She was a nervous sisterly left hand to the great war secretary, her brother, John A. Dix. Catharine Beecher will have her memory perpetuated so long as life endures and children are to be taught, while Susan B Anthony, who has survived taunts and outlived slander, might well die to-day content with the record she has made in an endeavor to uplift the women of the world from the slough of dependence, upon the solid substantiality of self-support.

Catharine Beecher was not a pretty thing to look at, but mentally she was the peer of any of her family.

Dorothy Dix, for reasons of her own, preferred the life of spinster, a sweet-faced, happy-hearted old lady when she died.

Miss Anthony, filled with a bitter gall of prejudice, is not in every way to be commended nor in every leading to be followed, but the man who derides her honest intention and seeks to despoil her of the crown of glory and of honor that fits her brow as a pioneer along the very choicest lines of thought in the best interests of her fellow women is a coward and a dastard.

How to Keep Milk.

A summer bulletin has just been issued by the Ontario Board of Health, to spread information regarding contagious diseases, and especially diphtheria—"that slayer of its thousands in Ontario" and elsewhere. The care of food and the best modes of disinfection are dwelt upon. The following advice is given as to the care of milk, "that most important of all articles of food:"

The cows should be healthy, and should not be fed upon swill, or the refuse of breweries or glucose factories, or upon any other fermented food. The pasture must be free from noxious weeds, and the barn and yard must be kept clean. Cows must not be allowed to drink stagnant water, but only pure, fresh water, and they must not be heated or worried before being milked. The udders should be washed, and then wiped dry before each milking. The milk must be at once thoroughly cooled. After the milk has been received by the consumer, it should be kept in a perfectly clean place, free from dust, and at a temperature not exceeding 60° F. Milk should not be allowed to stand uncovered, even for a short time, in the living or sleeping rooms. In many of the better houses in the country and villages, and occasionally in the cities, the drain from the refrigerator leads into a cesspool or kitchen drain. This is highly dangerous; there should be no connection whatever between the refrigerator and any receptacle of filth. The only vessels in which milk should be kept are tin, glass or porcelain. After using the vessel, it should be scalded, and then, if possible, exposed to the air.

Instances are given of febrile diseases and outbreaks of sickness caused by bacteria and a great quantity of hygienic instruction may be found in the twelve pages. Disinfection is spoken of thus:

It is a great pity that in the matter of disinfection of rooms we should in this region still be going through with the inefficient mummery of burning sulphur with closed doors under the impression that it will destroy contagion. Sulphurous acid, as it is usually applied in house disinfection, has been shown to be very inefficient and unreliable. It may be better than nothing, but in disinfectants—which are often our sole weapons in fighting epidemics—the best is none too good. The efficiency of sulphurous acid may be increased by securing the thorough wetting of every article to be disinfected, but even then it is not great. The disinfection of the room and its contents at the close of the illness will be more easy and efficient, if care has been exercised in removing all unnecessary articles of furniture, hangings, pictures, etc., from it at the commencement of the disease. All clothing which cannot be washed, bedding, mattresses, pillows, etc., carpets, cushions and all such furniture as has not exposed wooden frames, should be tied up in sheets saturated with 2 per cent. carbolic solution, and sent away to be steamed at the public disinfecting station. All valueless articles should be burned at the disinfecting station. If this is impossible they may be disposed of in the house furnace or range at such times as cooking is not going on. Polished and metallic articles should be firmly rubbed off on all their surfaces with cloths wet with five per cent carbolic acid. The clothes used should be immediately burned. Walls, doors, windows and woodwork should be thoroughly washed, as should, finally, the floor, with five per cent. carbolic solution. If walls are papered or frescoed, the floors should be thoroughly flushed with five per cent. carbolic solution and then all the walls should be thoroughly and firmly rubbed down in every part with lumps of bread, the crumbs being allowed to fall on the carbolized floor. Then the woodwork should be washed with carbolic solution, the crumbs gathered up and burned and the floors washed with water.

The room should be finally exposed as fully as possible to the air for at least twenty-four hours, and longer if it is practicable.

This pamphlet should be widely circulated and be kept for reference.

—"Forty Thieves" was recently billed for a Montreal theatre, but it was a failure. The insignificant number of thieves was only jeered at by the American colony of defaulters and cashiers.—*Texas Siftings.*

J. K. Emmet's season begins early next month, and his energetic, young, business-managing son is hard at work. Emmet intends to make a feature of a "string quartet," which he will carry in his company, and which has been selected with great care.

FOUR ONES.

Used to Designate the Hour on Watch Faces—How It Originated.

"Mark down the figures on the face of a watch," said a Summit street jeweller.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6"—began the reporter, as he put pencil to paper.

"No, I mean the Roman numerals."

Then this was produced:

"I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., VII., IX., X., XI., XII."

"You are wrong," said the jeweller.

"I guess not," said the reporter.

"Try again," said the jeweller.

"Perhaps I don't know how to count in Roman figures," said the reporter.

"You know that well enough, but the watchmakers use different ones. Look at your watch."

"Haven't got one."

"Well, look at mine. See the figure which stands for 4 o'clock."

The reporter looked and was surprised. It was IIII. and not IV.

"Are all the clocks and watches that way?" he asked.

"Every one which has Roman figures on its dial."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you the story. It is nothing but a tradition among watchmakers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or you may not know that the first clock that in any way resembled those now in use was make by Henri Vick in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France, who has been called 'the wise.'

"Now Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France; but his early education had been somewhat neglected and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in these enlightened ages. Still he had a reputation for wisdom and thought it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.

"So the story runs in this fashion, although I will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day:

"'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, 'you have got the figures on the dial wrong.'

"'Wherein, your majesty,' asked Vick.

"'That four should be four ones,' said the king.

"'You are wrong, your majesty,' said Vick.

"'I am never wrong,' thundered the king. 'Take it away and correct the mistake.' And corrected it was; and from that day to this 4 o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII. instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed."—*Toledo Blade.*

United States Ammunition.

At the Schuylkill United States arsenal, near Philadelphia, there is manufactured each year 8,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 15,000,000 of rifle balls. Three millions are used for target practice by the rank and file of the army. The other is kept for reserve or used in testing arms. So much each day is used to test the character of the work produced. The pressure, carrying power and the quality of the arms used are tested every day. New guns are being sent out to be tested and thousands of rounds of ammunition are used in these experiments for war. The arsenal at Philadelphia is the only one where ammunition is made in large quantities for the government. Its operations are peculiar and its machinery a study. The different processes represent the triumph of mechanical ingenuity. In these hours of peace few people can comprehend how much is being done in the way of testing the implements of defense.—*New York Times*

Blind Fish.

Professor Ray Lankester, in a recent lecture at the Royal institution, thus attempted to account for the absence of eyes in the fishes in the famous underground Kentucky caves in the following way: A great flood carries to the bottom of the Kentucky caves, some 30 miles below the surface, a number of fish among whose very numerous offspring will be some defective in sight, as some babies are born blind, or without any eyes at all. The fish who can see some faint glimmerings of light will swim away toward that light, while those will remain that cannot perceive the gleams. This with every succeeding generation would occur, the stronger in sight swimming away and the weaker remaining, and as the breeding would therefore occur between those of the worst sight, fish would be born with weaker eyes and weaker until born blind.

The Minister Gets Accurate Information.

"What pretty children you have!" said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Tell me, my dear"—taking a little girl of 5 upon his lap—"are you the oldest of the family?"

"No, sir," responded the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood; "my pa's older'n me."

An Unsatisfactory Apology.

Mr. Jay Hawke (of Secaucus).—I thought you advytised a Congress of Beauty Show here.

Mr. Coney Fake (proprietor of museum). Well, ain't yer seen it?

Mr. Hawke.—This place is a fraud!

Mr. Fake.—Dat's what all d' papers say. Why don't ye read 'em?

Temptation Solicited.

Willie (who has eaten his apple)—"Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve, and I'll be Adam."

Mabel—"All right. Well?"

Willie—"Now you tempt me to eat your apple and I'll succumb."

They are telling a very good story of Toole just now. Once, in Dundee, he offered to give a short sketch as a side show at a charity bazaar, and crowds paid their shilling to get into the room. When Toole came up, and assured the doorkeeper that he was the showman, the canny Scot stuck to his orders, and said, "May be ye are, and may be no, but ye canna get in here till ye pay a shilling." Toole paid.

WHEN PEOPLE MARRY.

Curious Things Shown by Records of Pennsylvania.

Thirteen per cent. of all the men married in Pennsylvania last year married women older than themselves. Seven per cent. took wives of their own age, and the remaining 80 per cent. married women younger than themselves. The average age of the men was 27 years and of the women 23 years. These interesting facts are found in the annual report for 1888 of Secretary of Internal Affairs Thomas J. Stewart, which contains much other curious information about the matrimonial propensities of Pennsylvanians. Thus it appears that more men are married at the age of 23 than at any other, and that among women 21 is the favorite age. The youngest wife of 1888 was only 13 years old, and the oldest was aged 71. Two boys of 16 were married, and two old graybeards of 86 ventured into matrimony, probably not for the first time. Of 14,726 women married, and whose ages were given, 4,065, or 27.5 per cent. were less than 20 years old. Among the men there were only 493 who were so young. There were 23 girls of 14 years married. 105 of 15, 353 of 16, 816 of 17, 1,333 of 18, 1,434 of 19, 1,322 of 20, 2,041 of 21, 1,517 of 22, and 1,140 of 23. After the latter age the number of those who found husbands rapidly decline. These figures show that if a Pennsylvania girl is not married by the time she is 23 years old the chances are that she will become an old maid. Men proceed more leisurely about matrimony. Besides the two 16-year-old husbands in 1888 there were 38 aged 17, 128 18 years old, and 325 19 years old. The figures then take a jump to 637 at 20, and reach the maximum in 1,565 at 23. They decrease slowly after that. There were 437 men married after they were 50 years old, but only 171 women. There was a remarkable disparity in the ages of some of the couples. A woman of 59 years married a man of 31, and an old man of 74 wedded a maiden of 24. The youngest couple were a 17-year-old husband and a 15-year-old wife. The girl of 13 wedded a man 19 years older than herself. A man of 54 married a girl of 18, his age being just three times hers, and a man of 48 did nearly as well, taking a 17-year-old wife.

In the marriages where the women were older than the men the differences in ages rarely exceeded five years. There were 83 marriages where one of the parties had previously been divorced.

It is estimated that there were 6,000 marriages of couples from this State in Camden alone, and, of course, there must have been very many more in cities and towns in other States bordering on Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Very Fauntleroy.

First Omaha Boy—So you ain't goin' to run away from home and go swimmin' with us to-day? Did your mother say she'd whip you?

Second Boy—No, I wouldn't mind a licsin'.

First Boy—Would she lock you in the cellar?

Second Boy—No, I don't mind any of them common things, but she said if I ain't good she'll make me wear my Fauntleroy clothes, so you kin bet yer life I'm goin' to be good.—*Omaha World.*

A Doubtful Compliment.

Weeping Widow—You are sure, Mr. Boneplanter, that you will conduct everything in a satisfactory manner?

Eminent Undertaker—Have no fears on that score. I beg of you, Mrs. Billhope. Of all the people I have buried in my long and successful career I am proud to say that not one ever raised the slightest objection to my work.

Convenient.

"This is a mighty convenient railroad," said a traveling man to the conductor.

"Glad you like it."

"Yes, it's great. You can get out wherever you want to without waiting for the car to stop."

[illegible]
Cooing [illegible]
King's street walk.
Moonlight clear—
Pleasant talk

Melon [illegible]
Lonely lay
On the [illegible]ave,
In Love's ray

Bliss entranced
Love is blind
Never saw
That melon rind.

[illegible] pants—
[illegible] yell—
Short [illegible] earnest,
Sound [illegible] like—well

. . . .

Fractured pants.
Busted collar—
Tailor sued.
About a dollar.

—London's policemen number 14,247; hackmen, 14,267.

—The style of some writers is graphic, of others, merely paragraphic.

—The import duty on the "Angelus," rating it at the value paid for it, will be $37,000.

—"Break the news gently," said a train robber to his pal, as they pulled down the telegraph wires.

—A wonderful young Russian giantess has just reached Paris. Her name is Elizabeth Liska. She is only 11 years of age, and is already 6 feet 6 inches in height.

—"Father," said Willie, who had just been corrected, "that strap is hereditary, isn't it?" "I don't know that it is." "But it descends from father to son, doesn't it?"

—At Canterbury, England, the other day, Archbishop Smith defined gambling as "the risking of sums larger than a man could afford to lose on ventures over which he could exercise little or no control."

PRECEDENT.

The wise man seldom gives advice
Else he would lose his fame,
But when he must he shows his sense
In doing it by reference;
If things go wrong—that's evidence
That he is not to blame.

Edward Michael, J. W. Pigott's manager, has returned from London. He says that Nat Goodwin positively signed a contract yesterday, by which he will produce "The Bookmaker," which Pigott will come to America to rehearse.

LAND TENURE IN CHINA.

The Laws all Favor the Tenant, who Pays no Taxes.

In a paper lately read before the Shanghai Asiatic Society by Mr. Jamieson it was stated that, although the Emperor theoretically owns everything under the sun, the private owner of land in China has as absolute a property in it as he can have under any Government. Waste or abandoned lands, as well as those for which there are not heirs, revert to the Crown, which can also annex private land for public purposes. Land tax is in all cases paid direct to the Government, and there are no zemindars and no "farmers-general" in China. There are two main tenures, military and common, the former applying only to certain military colonies and to grants made to his followers by the Manchu conqueror of the country in 1644.

Ninety-nine hundredths of the land is held under common tenure, which has three conditions attached to it, viz: The payment of the land tax, the supply on demand of statute labor to the authorities and the payment of a fine in alienation. For the land tax the hsien, or district, is the unit, and is assessed at a fixed sum by the Government, which the district magistrate has to pay whether he receives it or not. But as a rule he has a surplus. In the event of some great calamity, such as a dearth or inundation, he may get a remission, the benefit of which reaches the people. The supplying of statute labor has almost fallen into disuse, which perhaps accounts for the bad state of public works in China. The fees are payable on the transfer of land by sale or mortgage, succession or inheritance. Probably half the soil of China is owned by the peasants who till it. Large tracts are owned by retired officials and their families, usually called the "literati and gentry," who lease it to small farmers on a kind of customary tenancy at will, the rent, which is paid in kind, amounting to half the crop in the best soil and diminishing as the land is poorer. The rent is paid as soon as the crop is harvested, so that rents are seldom in arrears and evictions are very rare. The laws are all in favor of the tenant, who pays no taxes or rates of any kind, and when he leaves takes everything with him, including his house. The soil is so rich that the farms are generally very small, and indeed it is estimated that a square mile is capable of supporting a population of 3,840 persons. Within these broad lines there is every variety of arrangement respecting the ownership of land; there are absolute sales and sales in which the vendor has a right to claim something more if the land rises in value; some sales are revocable, some irrevocable, the former being apparently in the nature of mortgages, the limitation period being 30 years.

Again, there is a dual ownership in land, one man owning the surface, the other being regarded as the owner of the soil and liable for all the taxes; and there seems to be a good deal of Chinese law in the respective rights of the two owners as to house-building and laying coffins in the common ground. The ownership is established in the usual way by title deeds, registered in the district offices.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Are competent authorities say Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, but is presents the symptoms of other affections. Warner's Safe Cure is universally recognized as a specific for Bright's Disease. That is why it cures so many other diseases, which are caused by the kidney affection. It restores the kidneys to healthy action.

Try the Ice-Chest Treatment.

Just notice how nicely Mr. Gladstone and his wife have gotten along all these years and learn a lesson from it. "Whenever my wife insists I submit," says the great liberal; "whenever I insist she submits. We never discuss family affairs at the table, and if anything unpleasant occurs during the evening we never refer to it till next day." That is a good scheme. Family difficulties should never be discussed until they have lain in the ice-chest over night

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

Graduates of Alma Commercial College are now in lucrative positions in the leading cities of Canada and the United States. Full courses in Book-keeping, Phonography, Penmanship, Type-writing. Certificates and Diplomas granted.

Young ladies pursuing either of the above courses can also enter for Music, Fine Arts, or Elocution and enjoy all the advantages of residence. Rates low. 80pp. Announcement free. Address Principal Austin, A. M.

A Loss to Literature.

Mrs. Culture—"I don't see what is the matter with the magazines. They used to be full of intensely interesting articles, but now they are dreadfully stupid."

Mr. Culture (an omniverous newspaper reader)—"I think it likely, my dear, that all the intensely interesting writers have been engaged by the patent medicine proprietors."

"What's In a Name?"

Shakspeare said there was nothing, but there is. Would Caesar have had such notoriety if his name had been Caleb W. Pickerskill? Think of Patti drawing $7,000 a night if the bill-boards announced her as Jane Brown! The idea is absurd. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets is a name that has made a record. These tiny, sugar-coated pills cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness.

America, as the land of big things, will never be able to submit without an effort of rivalry to the record achieved in Paris the other Sunday in the way of a big concert. We think an orchestra of two or three hundred performers large, but in the gardens of the Tuileries there was a concert given by a band of 28,000 performers, "representing the musical element of 72 departments of France." The simultaneous playing of the "Marseillaise" was most impressive.

—Los Angeles has a modest girl who learns church songs from her sister and not from the book, because it is a hymn book.

—Marriage is not always a failure. The wedding presents at yesterday's royal ceremony at Buckingham Palace are worth $1,000,000.—*New York World.*

MUSIC ON THE FIELD.

It Is Seldom Heard, but the Players Are Often There.

The majority of people imagine that every band accompanies its regiment wherever it goes for the purpose of keeping up the good spirits of the soldiers, of supplying tolerable harmony for the better digesting of the officers' dinners, and in the case of actual conflict to inspire the men with enthusiasm and incite them to acts of heroism compared with which Tyrtæus—with his flutes and verses inflaming the ardor of the Spartans, so that they cut in pieces the whole army of the hitherto unconquerable Messinians—is quite outrivaled. Nothing of the sort, says a writer in the *National Review*. Our fine regimental bands are not taken to the battlefield, and to suppose that Tommy Atkins expires to the strains of "Men of Harlech," or "Bonnie Dundee," is to perpetuate a fallacy which many an old widow with a scapegrace son could dispel.

What real fighting would be to orchestral accompaniment I cannot judge, but it would certainly be no inglorious end to blare a tuba in the face of the enemy until an abstruent ball choked its funnel or created a vacuum in the neighboring bass drum! It is the trumpeters and buglers of the cavalry and the buglers, drummers and fifers of the infantry only who go on active service in a musical capacity, and then the bandsmen and band sergeant are deputed to the ranks, their instruments being returned into stores for safe custody until the piping times of peace. The trumpet major and trumpeters of the cavalry, and the drummers, buglers and fifers of the infantry join their respective troops, retaining their instrumental duties in the field, but the other bandsmen are trained as stretcher bearers and to assist the medical staff generally in the care of the wounded. If circumstances warrant it, both cavalry and infantry musicians are liable to be called upon for ordinary soldiers' duties, and they are so trained when at home.

Occasionally even the bandmaster goes on active service, though more often he has to remain at home instructing backward men and boys unable to bear arms, and the case of the bandmaster of the Twenty-fourth South Wales Borderers, who was killed at Isandula, as well as the promotion of the bandmaster of the Sixty-fifth York and Lancaster Regiment, are recent instances of this. The latter, F. H. Mahony, was appointed quartermaster in this regiment, and was mentioned in the despatches and promoted honorary captain for his distinguished conduct at the battles of El Teb and Tamai. The bands of the Guards and other stationary regiments are never ordered away for active service, either in the ranks or as bandsmen, which may, or may not, be a reason why men are so anxious to get into these particular bands.

A feeling of dullness and languor,
Which is not akin to pain,
And resembles suffering only
As the dusk resembles rain,

is often the first indication of incipient disease. In such cases the famous "ounce of prevention" is the highest wisdom, and may be found in its most potent form in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, by its wonderful blood-purifying and invigorating tonic properties, will quickly restore the ebbing vitality, repair and strengthen the system, and thus ward off threatening sickness. Its saving influence reaches every organ of the body. The Discovery is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money refunded.

Entertaining for Swells.

In many of the smoking or coffee rooms of the English hotels, especially in the large cities, there is on the mantel a box for contributions to some charity. On the top is a card on which is inscribed: "Please give a penny and it will thank you." Drop a penny in the slot and up comes another card on which "Thank you, sir," is printed. It pleases the half-befuddled cheap swells immensely.—*Daily Hotel Register.*

They "Mean Business."

If any one has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial and has not been cured thereby, the manufacturers of that unfailing Remedy would like to hear from that individual, for when they offer, as they do, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh which they cannot cure, they mean just exactly what they say. They are financially responsible, and abundantly able, to make good their guarantee if they fail, as any one can learn by making proper enquiry. Remedy sold by all druggists, at 50 cents.

Ladies' Bars.

The New York *Sun* in a recent issue gave an appalling account of women's drinking places in New York city. How many Christian women would be utterly shocked to read of the "ladies' bar" at Maillard's, of six tables full of women ordering drinks, "absinthe cocktail," a "pony of brandy," champagne and sherry; or to hear of the women's bric-a-brac store, where young girls and matrons indulge in all sorts of liquor from beer and milk punch to whiskey and brandy. Sir.

Malicious.

Mrs. Youngwife—I am so happy! My dear husband never goes out. He always stays at home with me in the evenings.

Female Friend—Yes, I have heard that he never cared for pleasure of any kind.

—"Yes," said the literary man, with a sigh, "style is a fine thing for a writer to have, but when his wife's got it, too, it takes all the profit away."

D W L 33 89

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH [illegible] Write for terms. A colored [illegible] W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, [illegible].

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Exchange Bank.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Division Court next Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Shilton and Mr. Crisp were visiting at Mt. Forest on Sunday.

W. Irwin, Esq., has been spending his holidays in Collingwood township.

For the latest novelties in dress goods see M. Richardson & Co's fall stock.

We are indebted to a lady friend for copies of the San Francisco Chronicle.

Read G. Blackburn's change of ad. and learn where to get your nice things.

Mr A. Munshaw has lately added a new roof to his stables and re-painted them.

The noise of the reaper once more drowns the chirp of the noisy grasshopper

Those desiring to purchase bees should correspond with Mr. Plewes. See advertisement.

The all important question—are you going to take in the Wiarton excursion on Monday next? If not, Wiaryounot?

Mr Geo Parks has purchased the stable livery from Mr. McInnis, the exchange having taken place on Tuesday.

NEW TWEEDS and worsted suitings. New patterns for fall, a large stock to choose from now, at M. Richardson & Co's.

A full stock of Grey flannels, all wool, from the best mills in Canada at very low prices. Examine them at M. Richardson & Co's.

Mr Nicholson occupied the Methodist pulpit here on Sunday morning last and Dr Christoe in the evening. Both gentlemen did well and gave very interesting discourses.

St. Leon Mineral Waters, for Constipation, Rheumatism, Indigestion and Liver Complaints. 3cts per Glass or 50cts. per Gallon at the Medical Hall, Flesherton.

Mr. Guy Orr, of Artemesia, Grey Co., has been visiting his brother, Mr. D. Orr, town line, Trafalgar, during the past week Streetsville Review.

M. Richardson & Co. are now receiving fall dry goods, and offer balance of summer stock at clearing prices. Bargains in every department this week.

The Canadian Horticulturist for August is brim full of good things for the gardener, florist and fruit raiser. One dollar per annum. Published at Grimsby, Ont.

STORE FOR SALE,—a general business in County Grey in fine farming section, stock strictly first class and staple, good opening. Terms easy, address office of this paper.

Those who enjoy reading a good story will find the one which we publish on the opposite page to be of the very best, and not calling for any apology for the space occupied. It is clipped from Collier's Once a Week.

The finest stock of china and glassware just opened at M. Richardson & Co's China Hall. See their cheap tea and dinner sets.

Tommy Acheson, of the Priceville baseball club, is only about sixteen years old, yet he stood behind the bat and picked up the ball like a professional on Friday last Master Tommy is a phenomenon and will command a good salary in the near future if he is so disposed.

New goods just received at W. Richardson's: A large consignment of school books, and school requirements. Beautiful fresh sponges of all qualities. Chloride of lime for disinfecting purposes, and a large lot of novelties suitable for the season. Call early and get the choicest.

Rev Mr. Emes was called away to the sick bed of his father some days ago. There was consequently no regular service in the Presbyterian church last Sabbath. Arrangements had been made to have the pulpit supplied, but for some reason the minister assigned did not come.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Good Fish.

Mr. A. Munshaw came home on Tuesday from somewhere with a magnificent lot of trout which he had caught, one of which weighed 2 lbs. 5½ oz. The Advance man went fishing last Thursday and also brought home a fine basket, one fifteen inches long and weighing within a fraction of 1¼ lbs. Nine others of the lot were 11½ inches in length. How are the above for good fish.

Personal.

Mrs. C. Lettau and son, of Toronto, are guests of the editor.

Mr. and Mrs. Crisp and sons, and Mr Watkins, of Hamilton, are the guests of Mr. Shilton at the Methodist parsonage.

Miss Minnie Connell and Miss Jennie Stewart of Toronto, visited with Miss Stewart's parents, Mr. Alexander Stewart, during the past week.

A. R. Fawcett, of the Streetsville Review, is spending a few days in Flesherton.

Priceville v. Flesherton.

Flesherton and Priceville baseball clubs met in immortal combat on the fair grounds here last Friday. There was quite a large number of spectators on the ground, including a very nice sprinkling of the fair sex. The game was a very spirited one, but the playing was ragged and the score high. By innings it was thus, and tells its own story:

Flesherton—2 3 0 0 2 4 5 5 8—29
Priceville—4 0 3 2 0 3 0 0 3—24

Mr. John McArthur, of Priceville, made an impartial and satisfactory umpire. After the game was over supper was partaken of at Munshaw's hotel by the two

We have just received from the Rev. Principal Austin of Alma College, St Thomas, a copy of his 40 pp. pamphlet just issued on the above subject. It has chapters on the Origin and History of the Jesuits, Principles and Aims of the Order, Condemnations of the Society by R.C. Authorities, Expulsions of the Order The Jesuits Estates Act, Treaty of Paris, etc., and given verbatim. The Bull of Pope Clement, abolishing the Society, giving his reasons therefore, etc. Price, 15 cents. Address, Principal Austin, St. Thomas, Ont.

The "Flying Dutchman."

On Friday morning last a traveller engaged a livery rig from Mr. A. McInnis, at the station, to drive over to Flesherton. Shortly after starting the horse decided that the driver did'nt know much about driving, anyway, and decided to travel as fast as he chose, regardless of rein, and accordingly started off at a breakneck pace. The driver could not stop the horse, and the more pulling done upon the reins the faster was the pace attained. It is said by those who saw the entry that they came bearing down upon the village of Flesherton like a Dakota cyclone, with the poor tired traveller grasping the bottom of the buggy with both hands and feet, while his face was as white as the beautiful snow. The horse made a beeline for Munshaw's shed and the stoppage was so sudden that the shafts were shivered into 415½ various-sized pieces. The traveller says he was not acquainted with the fact that we had an express train running between here and the station until he boarded her.

Entertainment.

Flesherton Division of the sons of Temperance held a public entertainment on Wednesday, the 7th inst. The evening was beautiful and a large turnout was the result. The program was entered upon after the singing of the opening ode and the introduction by the D.G. W.P. Miss Leitch sang a solo in a very pleasing way after which came Miss Jennie Peters, of Michigan. Her rendition of selections was excellent and throughout the program she distinguished herself as a practised elocutionist. She appeared a number of times throughout the evening and won the admiration of her hearers. On account of Mrs. Irwin's absence from town, the audience did not have the pleasure of hearing her recite. Dr. Christoe gave a brief history of the standing of the order, which was both instructive and interesting. Miss Christoe, Miss Ada Sproule, Mr. Evans and others rendered a number of suitable pieces for the occasion in their usual charming style. Miss Annie Richardson read a selection from Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and fully merited the hearty applause she received. Miss Lena Large again distinguished herself as a soloist as on former occasions. Miss Armstrong and Mrs. Blackburn also sang a couple of solos. The meeting then closed after the singing of the doxology. Flesherton Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering well, and deserves much credit for the entertainment which they provided for the people of Flesherton, on Wednesday evening last.

To the Editor of The Advance.

It has been reported that the Flesherton woollen factory is closed, which is not the true case, but on the other hand it has been doing an increasing business especially in custom work, and having made arrangements to continue the business for a time, you may depend on good work, as I will spare no pains in giving my customers the very best satisfaction and solicit a continuance of your patronage. W.H. FLESHER.

Flesherton, Aug. 13th, 1889.

Fall Shows.

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs in this vicinity:

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE
East Grey	Flesherton	Sept. 23 and 24
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 24 and 25
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27
Central Ag'l Socty.	Walters Falls	Sept. 24 and 26
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9 to 21

Osprey Items.

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

Osprey seems to be in a thriving condition just now. The haying is a thing of the past, with a well saved and abundant crop. The fall wheat is nearly all cut. Spring wheat and barley are showing their golden colors.

The youth of our land are inclined to wed One wedding on the tenth line, one at Maxwell and one at Wareham all within a few days, all go to show that Cupid, like vegetation in the soil, has been busily engaged the last few months. Success to each and all.

Mr. S. Ottewell, V. S., Proton., Osprey, raised a fine barn, 42x60. Mr. M. David was the contractor. Messrs. Cooper and Inlster were captains by a good deal of noise. Cooper and his chosen ones secured a large majority of men but were most sadly defeated by a few able lads from the south of their line.

Rev. John McNeil is away on a visit to his parents. The Endish church, Maxwell, S.S. picnic, on Friday was well attended considering the threatening clouds which, however, did not prevent those who had assembled from enjoying themselves.

Mr. E. Hamilton is now a full fledged citizen of Maxwell.

Mr. John Blakely was the proudest man in town last week. Usual cause.

Mr. Jas. Carr sold out his bag of tricks and removed himself and family to Michigan last week. He has a few mourners.

Mr. Mitchell, an old shoemaker living alone in Feversham, died last Saturday, of cholera morbus, and was buried at Badgeroo's on Monday.

Mrs. T. Heron, daughter of Mr. R. Y. Burk, returned to her home in Buffalo on Tuesday, accompanied by Miss Nellie Goselling, who intends to spend the summer there.

Good bye Mr, Editor; the cows are in the corn, so Bridget tells me. That won't make it prosper any.

Bright and Gladstone.

When Holl, the painter, was painting the portrait of Mr. Bright, he incidentally mentioned that he was about to perform the same operation for Mr. Gladstone. "It must be a very painful thing for you, Mr. Bright" he hazarded, "that after all these years you should have found cause to sever your connection." "Indeed it is," responded Mr. Bright, with a sigh; "to think that after we had trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder, and hand in hand, we should be forced apart in the evening of our lives! And by what? By a bogey that has risen up within him and is beckoning him away from duty and sense—by a Frankenstein. Do you know, Mr, Holl, I seriously fear that my dear old friend's mind has really become radically undermined?" When he was at Hawarden painting Mr. Gladstone, the subject of the artist's portrait of Mr. Bright cropped up. "Ah!" said Mr. Gladstone, with much interest, "and how did you find him?" "Fairly well, and he spoke very affectionately of you, Mr. Gladstone." "Did he indeed?" replied the sitter, sorrowfully; "did he indeed? That was a cruel blow. That after a lifetime of mutual esteem and of good work undertaken and carried through together we should be divided on so clear a question. Tell me, Mr. Holl"—here his mouth twitched—"tell me, did you notice anything in the manner of my old friend when you saw him which would lead you to believe that his reason was in any way unhinged?"

General News.

A Grand Forks, Dak., despatch says that a syndicate of capitalists has been organized to develop a new canal scheme that will reclaim upwards of 5,000,000 acres of arid and now useless land in north Dakota.

An explosion at the gas house of the woollen mills in Hespeler Thursday, severely injured W. H. Weaver and Fred Huckler, and badly damaged the premises.

Wm. Rate, an Adelaide farmer, was so badly gored by a bull a week ago that he died Thursday.

Lord Tennyson, the British poet laureate, was 80 years of age on Aug. 6

Two sons of Mr. Robert E. Little were drowned Friday at Teeswater.

Stanley and Emin Pasha are reported to be on their way to the coast, with 9,000 men and a great quantity of ivory.

A man supposed to be Tascott, the murderer of millionaire Snell in Chicago, has been arrested at Laredo, Texas.

Mrs. Maybrick is to be hanged on Monday, August 26th, if the Home Secretary does not interfere with her sentence.

The steamer Alberta on her downward trip had a slight collision with the steambarge Oregon at the Neebish rapids. She was only slightly damaged.

A by law bounding the Oshawa Railway and Navigation Company to the extent of $15,000 was carried in Oshawa on Saturday.

The First Presbyterian church of Erie, Pa., sent a call to Rev. H.C. Ross, of Ingersoll, Ont. The Alien Labor Law has been called in to keep Mr Ross out.

Charles R. Pope, of Missouri, has been appointed U.S. Consul at Toronto, and Richard G. Lay, of the District of Columbia, Consul General at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton have identified Martin Burke as "Frank Williams," who rented the cottage from them.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents Nasal Injector free For sale at the Medical Hall

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1 For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mother Mc Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

VOTERS' LIST.

1889.

Municipality of the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Flesherton, on the 5th day of August, 1889, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WM. J. BELLAMY,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Dated this 5th day of August, A. D., 1889.

Hub Thill Spring,

MANUFACTURED BY
Butts & Ordway,
147, Pearl St., Boston

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling

FOR SALE AT

Heard's Carriage Shop

BEES FOR SALE.

I HAVE TWENTY-FIVE SKEPS OF BEES, ALL in first-class condition, of which I am desirous of disposing of fifteen. Parties desiring bees would do well to communicate with me.

JOHN PLEWES
Kimberley Ont.

Medical.

DR. CARTER
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON &c
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Hutton's.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.
Priceville Nov 18 1888.

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE M.D. etc. ANGUS EGO M.D. late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. Thomas Henderson.
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,
Will visit FLESHERTON, (Meyers's) the 1st and 2nd of each month. Teeth extracted, restored and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.
H. AD OFFICE 761 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Co. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on the most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
on Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &c
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask us before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale

A good house and lot, opposite Methodist Church, Flesherton, offered for sale. The house and room my fine lot, and yard, splendid well, fruit trees, etc. This is a rare chance.
S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc

JAS. SULLIVAN.

—It Pays To—

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE
Northern Business College,
OF OWEN SOUND.

[illegible]
C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

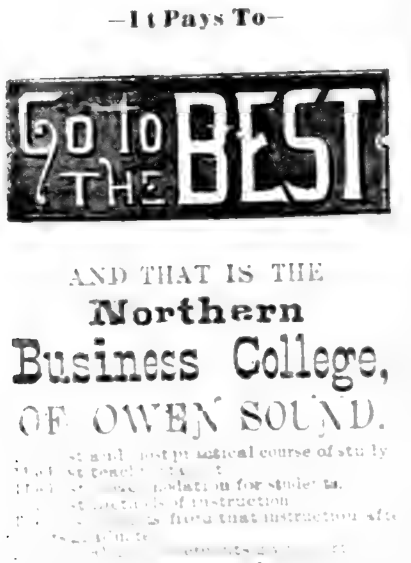

D. McTavish,
HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
[illegible]
FLESHERTON, - ONT.
[illegible] Horseshoeing [illegible] attention [illegible]

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

$93 Sewing-Machine FREE To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

The Runaway—A Pilgrim From "Old New England."

"Would they put her in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught her?"

Folks would surely think she was crazy.

She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.

Far behind stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and green in the late fall. Here and there by the sunken boulder stood soldierly goldenrod, or berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood solitary trees, where fluttering, brittle leaves fell in the gentle chill air. In summer time she remembered well the hay-makers rested in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed, as she sat there, to remember everything. The house was all right, she was sure of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire was out in the stove, and the cat locked in the barn.

She held her work-flattened hand to her side, panting a little, for it was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was eighty years old on her last birthday. The cows feeding looked home-like and pleasant.

"Good-by, critters," [illegible] "[illegible] the time I've [illegible] me to [illegible] an' I allus [illegible] on the way, not never [illegible] as [illegible]."

[illegible]

"[illegible]," she muttered [illegible] along.

At the foot of the hill [illegible] upon an old log and wa[illegible] train.

Across the road, guarded [illegible] sign, "Look out for the Engine," ran two parallel iron rails, that were to be her road when the big monster should come panting around the curve.

At last the dull rumble sounded, a shrill whistle, and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl to signal.

This, in the conductor's vernacular, was a cross-roads station, where he was used to watch for people waving articles frantically. The train stopped, and this passenger was helped aboard. He noticed she was a bright-eyed old lady, very neat and precise.

"How far?" he asked.

"Bostin."

"Get there in the mornin'," he said kindly, waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little reticule, where, under her knitting, wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief, was her purse with her savings of long years—the little sums Sam has sent her when he first began to prosper in the west, and some money she had earned herself by knitting and berry-picking.

At a cross-roads, as they went swiftly on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the rattling wagon, and John with his family driving homeward. She drew back with a little cry, fearing he might see her and stop the train, but they went on so fast that could not be, and the old horse jogged into the woods, and John never thought his old Aunt Hannah, his charge for twenty long years, was running away.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a through ticket for Denver.

"It's a long journey for an old lady like you," he said.

"But I'm peart for my age," she said anxiously; "I never had a day's sickness since I was a gal."

"Going all the way alone?"

"With Providence," she answered brightly, alert and eager to help herself, but silent and thoughtful as the train took her into strange landscapes where the miles went so swiftly it seemed like the past years of her life as she looked back on them.

"Thy works is marvellous," she murmured often, sitting with her hands folded, and a few idle days had there been in her world where she had sat and rested so long.

In the day coach the people were kind and generous, sharing their baskets with her and seeing she changed cars right and her carpet-bag was safe. She was like any of the dear old grandmas in Eastern homes, or to grizzled men and weary women, like the memory of a dead mother as faint and far away as the scent of wild roses in a hill-side country burying-ground. She tended babies for tired women and talked to the men of farming and crops, or told the children Bible stories; but never a word she said of herself, not one.

On again, guided by kindly hands through the great bewildering city by the lake, and now through yet a strange land. Tired and worn by nights in the uncomfortable seats, her brave spirit began to fail a little. As the wide, level plains, lonely and drear, dawned on her sight she sighed often.

"It's a dreful big wurld," she said to a gray-bearded old farmer near her; "so big I feel e'enmost lost in it but, hopefully, 'across them deserts like this long ago Providence sent a star to guide them wise men of the East, an' I haven't lost my faith."

But as the day wore on and still the long, monotonous [illegible] and showed no human habitation, no [illegible] of green, her eyes dimmed, something like [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] went out West. [illegible] was always adventurous, and for ten years she did not hear from him; but John was different and steady, and when he came of age she gave him her farm, with the provision she should always have a home, otherwise he would have gone away too. Well, for five years they were happy, then John married, and his wife had grown to think her a burden and did not care for her, and she felt she had lived too long.

"I growed so lon-some," she said pathetically, "it seems I couldn't take up heart to live day by day, an' yit I knowed that our folks was long lived. Ten years back, when Sam wrote he was a doin' fair an' sent me money, I begun to think of him; for he was allus generous an' kind, an' the greatfulest boy, an' so I begun to save to go to him, for I knowed I could work my board for a good meny years to come. Fur three years he ain't hardly wrote, but I laid that to the wild kentry he lived in. I said b'ars an' Injuns don't skeer me none, fur when I was a gal up in Aroostook kentry there was plenty of both, an' as fur buffalers them horned cattle don't skeer me none, for I've been used to a farm allus. But the lonesomeness of the medders has sorter upset me an' made me think every day Sam was further off then I ever calculated on."

"But what will you do if Sam ain't in Denver?" asked the farmer.

"I hev put my faith in Providence," she answered simply, and the stranger could not mar that trust by any word of warning.

He gave her his address as he got off at the Nebraska line, and told her to send him word if she needed help. With a warm hand-clasp he parted from her to join the phantoms in her memory of "folks that had bin kind to her, God bless 'em," and then the train went rambling on.

But many of the passengers had listened to her story and were interested, and they came to sit with her.

One pale little lad in the seat in front turned round to look at her now and to answer her smile. He was going to the new country for health and wealth, poor lad, only to find eternal rest in the sunny land, but his last days brightened by the reward for his thoughtful act and kindness.

"She probably brought those boys up," he thought, "and denied her life for them. Is she to die unrewarded, I wonder. There cannot be any good in the world if that be so." He thought of her and took out his poor purse; there was so little money in it, too, every cent made a big hole in his store; but the consciousness of a good deed was worth something. "I mayn't have the chance to do many more," thought the lad, buttoning his worn overcoat.

He slipped off without a word at a station and sent a telegram to Denver.

"To Samuel Blair"—for he had caught the name from her talk—"Your Aunt Hannah Blair, of Maine, is on the W. & W. train coming to you.

It was only a straw, but a kindly wind might blow it to the right one after all.

When he was sitting [illegible] after the message had gone its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.

"You don't look strong, dearie," she said; "hain't ye no folks with ye?"

"None on earth."

"We're both lone ones," she smiled, "an' now sad it be [illegible] am [illegible] to fuss [illegible] of the [illegible] your [illegible] that [illegible]

"[illegible]

[illegible]

H[illegible] Denver [illegible] to meet this train. His glance fell on the tiny black figure.

"Why, Aunt Hannah, [illegible] with a break in his voice, and she—[illegible] his big arms, tears streaming [illegible] withered face.

"I knowed Providence would let me find ye, Sam," she said brokenly, and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with gentle hand wiped her tears away.

"Why, I've sent John twenty dollars a month for five years for you," he said angrily, as she told him why she ran away, "and he said you could not write, you had a stroke and was helpless, and I have written to you often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to call his own brother a villain."

"We won't, Sam," she said gently, "but just forget, an' I won't be a burden to you; I can work yit, an' for years to come."

"Work, indeed!" [illegible] "I owe you everything," he cried. "And my wife has longed for you to come. There are so few dear old aunts in this country, they're prized, I tell you. Why, it's as good as a royal coat-of-arms to have a dear handsome old woman like you for a relation."

Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the lad, who blushed and stammered like a girl and did not want to take it.

"I suppose you want a job," said the big man. "Well, I can give you one; I'm in the food commission business. Give you something light. Lots of your sort, poor lad, out here. All the reference I want is that little kindness of yours to Aunt Hannah.

"Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and you won't see 'bars' and Injuns, nor the buffaloes you were talking about, but the prettiest and sunniest city you ever set your dear eyes on."

He picked up the the carpet bag, faded and old-fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked like Noah might have carried it to the ark.

They said good-by, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a pleasant home for all her waning years.

From the South.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking you would be interested to know something about the ways and dealings of the people here in the South, I will do my best to inform you in a measure.

I would first call attention to the fact (for I believe it to be a fact) that for the most part the stories, both hearsay and printed, are exaggerated. For instance the practise of whipping negroes is not, with the exception of a few cases, so severe as we are taught to believe. Another truth I learn: the negroes will steal anything they can, without being caught, and you have to keep them in their place, and if you cannot frighten them you must knock them down or anything else to gain your end. The southerners tell me that when a northerner comes here it is so easy that the negroes just have a picnic with him. He does not watch them and they steal him poor before he knows it. Then he is harder on a negro than one raised in the south. I have often heard that the negroes to-day are worse off than they were when slavery, and I think, and am convinced that as a whole they are in some respects. In slavery a man could not afford to starve his negroes and so lower the value of them, because they were a cash article. [illegible] them, and clothed [illegible] the animals were in a better [illegible] than they are to-day. The negro [illegible] there are some of them [illegible] [illegible] say, resting afte[illegible] [illegible] of them are lazy [illegible] of them, who do work de[illegible] They live in filth [illegible] their money in gami[illegible]

There is a great quantity [illegible] [illegible] I have seen [illegible] large [illegible] each crop, but no[illegible] peaches. The [illegible] not very productive [illegible] I have been out to see the[illegible] which were so thin [illegible] the [illegible] without [illegible] any account. There were [illegible] and three [illegible] were set [illegible] As I approached [illegible] singing a hymn [illegible] Then [illegible] them would [illegible] I se go[illegible] Don't you want [illegible] And so they went on singing, and [illegible] and yelling, just having the [illegible] time possible. As the grain here is so thin on the ground, they (the cradlers) gather it, each time they strike a blow with the grain, with their hand, and they will strike a second blow and gather it in one hand off the cradle fingers, then drop it. The binder puts two or three of these handfulls together and he calls it a bundle, which is about five inches in diameter. A good cradler can cut five or six acres in a day, and one can bind it all easy enough. I came across lots on my way home and I saw something which looked like a shock of wheat. I went to examine it and found it was wheat. I looked around a little and discovered two or three more, shocks and I began to think, this may be a wheat field. I looked around still more, and saw more shocks. I thought, there can be no reasonable doubt about it's being a wheat field. The principal farm produce here is cotton. This year is not very good for cotton, the weather is so unusually cool it does not do well. They make very well of it when it is a good crop. Wheat here runs from 8 to 15 bushels per acre, oats 20 to 30, corn on the ear 15 to 25 or 30. It is not so all through the south. There is very fine farming land in parts of the south. Tennessee is for the most part a good farming state.

A Zanzibar despatch says the Germans are doing their utmost to create a disturbance there, and a rising against Europeans is thought probable.

George Duncan Bryson was hanged at Boulder, Montana, Friday for the murder of Annie Lindstrom, [illegible] He died protesting his innocence. [illegible] hailed from Hespeler, Ont.

The people of the United States [illegible] annually about seven postal [illegible] every man, woman, child; that [illegible] their total consumption for a year reaches 3,000,000.

A young man at Titusville, [illegible] who could not afford to take his bride on a wedding tour, bought $5 worth of tickets for the merry-go round, and they proceeded to ride to their hearts content.

The Mortgage.

We worked through spring and winter through
summer and through fall.
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the
steadiest of them all;
It worked on nights and Sundays, it worked each
holiday,
It settled down amongst us and it never went
away.

Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad
as a theft;
It watched us every minute and it ruled us right
and left,
The rust and blight were with us sometimes,
and sometimes not;
The dark-browed scowling mortgage was forever
on the spot.

The weevil and the cutworm, they went as well
as came;
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all
the same,
It nailed up every window stood guard at every
door,
And happiness and sunshine made their place
with us no more.

Till, with failing crops and sickness, we got
behind upon the grade,
And there came a dark day upon us when the
interest wasn't paid.
And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind
of lost my hold,
And I grew weary and discouraged, and the farm
was sold cheaply sold.

And the children left and scattered, when they
hardly yet were grown;
My wife she pined and perished and I found
relief alone.
What she died of was a "mystery," and the
doctors never knew;
But I know she died of mortgage—just as well as
I wanted to.

If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the
doctor's art,
They would found a mortgage lying on that poor
woman's heart.
Worse than sickness, drought or tempest, on a far-
mer's land may fall,
But the first-class ruination, trust a mortgage
against them all.

—*Will Carleton.*

Take Me, I'm All Thine Own.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

My hand is free, this heart is pure
And beats for thee and only thee.
And I saw thy winning face
And loved not, and was fancy free.
I loved thee, and if thou canst say
With truth for me and me alone
Thou'lt dwell in your heart of hearts—
Then take me, I'm all thine own.

I love thee deeply, truly love;
For thee my life I would resign!
And I require in exchange
Love such as that which I equal mine.
And then I'd let thy bosom reign,
Without a rival near my throne—
If thou canst this condition meet,
Then take me, I'm all thine own.

'Tis heaven when two are joined in love
So deeply that 'twere death to part;
Oh, 'twere death if I were doomed
To live on a divided heart!
Then shouldst ever slight my love,
Or crime thou never couldst atone—
Perish thought so base as this!
No, take me! I am all thine own!

—*New York Weekly.*

The Dying Barber.

The dying barber's hands were crossed,
He moved his lips in prayer,
And tossed as he lay and tossed,
"There'll be no pacting there!"

His work was done, his weary mind
No longer was perplexed
With visions of the man who whined
"Just cut the wart next."

No more his face to warm with care,
Or strop to a peaceful hush,
No more beside his chair
Would feebly murmured "Brush!"

All was still; his tired soul
Of earthly cares had flown,
And sped towards that blissful goal
Where partings are unknown.

—*Chicago Herald.*

The Homeless Laddie.

Bewail the hirnie that stands at the door;
The storm is hameless and friendless and poor,
Then few hearts to pity the wee cowering form
That ne'er sheltered but frae the bield frae the storm.
Your name may be humble, your haddin but
sair,
For the poor and the lowly hae little to spare,
But we'll never miss a morsel, though sma' be
your store,
To the wee friendless laddie that stands at the
door.

When the cauld wind is goughin' sae eerie and
chill,
And the snaw flakes o' winter lie white on the
hill,
When we meet in the gloamin' around the
ingleside,
Be thankfu' for haddins and hames o' your ain,
And think what the fockless and friendless maun
dree,
Wi' a heart to pity and nae hand to gie.
That we got eless bosom might freeze to the
core
Gin ye turn'd the bit laddie awa' frae the door.

The bird seeks a bield o'er the wide ocean wave;
In the desert the cavert the fox has a cave;
And the hare has a den 'neath the wild winter's
snaw,
But the wee friendless laddie has nae hame ava!
Then pity the laddie sae helpless and lone,
Like gift to the poor is recorded aboon;
For the warm heart o' kindness there's blessin's
in store,
Save a hand to the laddie that stands at the door!

Hawick J. THOMSON.

How Would You Answer?

What would you do if you had a wee tease,
Asking you daily such questions as these:
"Mamma, did God simply turn down the light
Just when he guessed it a time to be night?"
"Are fairies made out of a butterfly's wing?"
"Why do the trees put their clothes on in
spring,
And then when cold winter comes get all un-
dressed?"
"How does the robin get blood on its breast?"
"Will Santa Claus ever get that letter of Zeb's?"
"Are baby-ties made out of big spider-webs?"
"Do the man in the moon smoke while look-
ing about?
And are the blue clouds just the smoke he puffs
out?
And the stars, are they just the wee sparks he
lets drop?
"Do cat-tail's grow up from——" But here I will
stop
And ask you again, Will you tell, if you please,
How you would answer such questions as these?

Harper's Young People.

CHOOSING.

She sat by his side in the corner nook,
In the bloom and blush of youth,
And the maiden frankness of her open brow
Was lit by the light of truth.
Can the word condemn if her heart beat fast,
As the word she longed to hear,
With a sound like the sweep of Love's silken
wing,
Broke softly on her ear?

But why in her eyes is that far-away glance?
And why is that catch in her voice?
Ah, who can tell all that may be hid—
All that lies in a woman's choice?
Then her face is raised, with a look, to his,
And a smile like the graces wore:
"Why, of course I will," "Vanilla!" she said,
So he ordered two plates more.

WARNER'S Safe Cure removes headache, deafness, nausea and convulsions. Why? Because the troubles are symptoms of malaria (uric acid poisoning). "Reynold's System of Medicine" says of the symptoms of uræmia: "They generally begin *insidiously*, with headache and vomiting, followed by heaviness, indifference and somnolence, succeeded by general convulsions and coma."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Things About the Household that Every Woman Ought to Know.

THE DRESS OF TO-DAY.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To give stoves a good lustre add either sugar or alum to the lead.

Remove stains from cups and saucers by scouring with fine coal ashes.

Vinegar improves by keeping, therefore it is best to lay in a large supply.

A raw cranberry, cut in two, and half of it bound over a corn, is recommended as a relief.

Individual plates for vegetables are not used much now. Only salads are separately served.

Cold tea is the best thing with which to clean grained wood. Never use ammonia for this work.

After washing a wooden bowl dry it at a distance from the stove, so that it may not warp or crack.

Lime free from grit mixed with alcohol applied with leather will give a beautiful polish to steel.

When recipes call for a cupful it means just half a pint; this amount in granulated sugar weighs just half a pound.

Chamois can be washed in warm water without soap; rinse well, and pull and stretch to soften while drying.

Salt will curdle new milk; so in preparing custards or porridges the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Binding a piece of lemon around the toe, rubbing the corn with green peach tree leaves, are both very good remedies.

Meat and vegetables are much better if served when they are done than if left to get cold before they are eaten.

To remove tar, rub well with clean lard, afterward wash well with soap and water. Apply this to either hands or clothing.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it.

A silver spoon put into a glass jar will temper it so that it can at once be filled with anything hot, even to the boiling point.

How many have tried sunflowers for bean poles? Plant them very early, and when one foot high plant two beans to a stalk.

To break up a bad cold bathe the feet, or the whole body, in very hot water, and drink a cup of hot ginger tea and go immediately to bed.

Be very particular about disinfecting the kitchen sink. Washing soda, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon of boiling water makes a good disinfectant.

Red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal thrown into the pot in which onions, cabbages, etc., are being boiled will prevent the unpleasant odor.

Starch polish.—A piece of stearine, candle spermaceti, or white wax as large as a robin's egg will give a nice gloss. A teaspoonful of salt to each pint of starch will prevent sticking.

If the coal cinders, when taken from the stove, are put in an old tin and cold water poured over them, in an hour you will have nice clean cinders that will burn clear and good, without the disagreeable trouble of sifting them.

An emergency cabinet should contain a roll of old linen and one of soft flannel, a graduated glass for medicines, court plaster, a bottle of ammonia, one of camphor, turpentine, and one of sweet oil, a china jar of mixed mustard for poultices, and any medicines prescribed by a physician.

Silverware, to keep bright, should never be washed in soapsuds. Clear water is best. To prevent articles from tarnishing warm them and apply with a soft brush a thin solution of collodion in alcohol. The ware can be brightened by rubbing with a flannel or chamois skin dipped in whiting or chalk, then with a newspaper.

Hints About Dress.

The newest blouses are made of washing silk, trimmed with stripes of a figured border.

Silk shoes and stockings of the same color as the gown accompany ball and evening toilets.

Hosiery worn with low walking shoes should be the color of the shoes, usually, of course, black.

A cloth mantle for children is made with a yoke, the skirt portion gathered to it, and pinked all round. It is inexpensive and picturesque.

Lace and embroidered skirts of last summer may be worn this year by arranging them as tunics, mounted at the top with a casing with colored ribbon run through.

Many ladies have their travelling dresses made with contrasting waistcoats, which may be changed at will, thus allowing a variation of costume when trunks are not available.

A pretty empire poke for country wear is of green straw, the brim faced with green velvet, three or four shades of green ribbon being bunched on the crown, holding a cluster of large white daisies.

Very ladylike and dainty costumes for summer are shown, made of a handsome quality of Bengaline or surah, figured with small devices over grounds of gray, amber, terra cotta, strawberry, reseda, pale olive and old rose.

Watteau draperies, as well as the straight styles, are employed for India and Burmese silks, and they are trimmed, according to the use for which they are indicated, with velvet revers, etc., or with quantities, more or less, of creamy lace.

The revolution in sleeves is being accepted, and some of the newest are very wide at the top, and either lace or button inside the arm. French women allow them to droop over the hand, carrying out the mediæval mode in its entirety.

The new fancy straw head-coverings show all sorts of fancy designs. In many of the bonnets and round hats they are arranged in what is known as "row and row" braids, these showing very chic and pretty effects in color and device.

Princesse dresses of "oyster-shell" white satin are favorite gowns with wealthy dowagers. These are draped with crepe de chine, also in oyster-shell white, which new shade has a gleaming silvery gray tint with no cream whatever in its reflections.

Corduroy is to be the material of the autumn and winter, and it is now being made up into evening cloaks which completely envelope the figure, reach to the hem of the dress, and fit in the back, the collars rounded and standing up about the throat.

There is certainly nothing in the jewel or floral kingdom which can quite take the place of lace as a personal adornment. All do not look well in either jewellery, or ribbons, or flowers, but the softening and beautifying power of lace is almost magical.

A Story About Carlotta Patti.

The Birmingham *Mail* tells a local anecdote of the late Mdme. Carlotta Patti. She was to sing in the Town Hall one evening in 1874. With the laudable desire to induce all Birmingham to come and hear their nightingale Messrs. Harrison, the concert managers, announced the cantatrice as a "sister of Adelina Patti." If this latter famous name was writ very fine and large upon the bills, it may have been the printer's accident; it may have been the compiler's design. What, indeed, does it matter now that nearly fifteen years have passed? The concert did not promise very well, all the same. When, however, the hour for its commencent drew near, there were not many seats vacant, for the entrepreneurs had resorted to an expedient not unknown in their business. They had distributed complimentary tickets rather freely, and Carlotta was assured at any rate of a large audience when she came. But Carlotta, like Mariana's lover, tarried long. She tarried so long that Mr. Percy Harrison thought it might be as well to walk round to her hotel and jog her memory. He had but time to exchange a few brief, burning sentences with her before an express bore her away to London. She had come and seen the bills, and proper pride had conquered her. Was she, Carlotta Patti, to sing under the ægis of her happier sister's name? Indeed not; and there was an end on't. Not for Mr. Percy Harrison. He had to explain to his audience, to proffer them their money back. Some loyal patrons stayed and heard the bereft programme. Some went. And there were dead heads, to their eternal shame be it recorded, who drew money from the check-takers on their complimentary tickets. One gentlemen claimed for a cab in from the distant country, and got it. With much magnanimity he refrained from claiming for his wife's bouquet. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Edwin and Angelina had received complimentary tickets. In the heat of the moment he drew 10s. on them; and bought her some gloves. Edwin's second thoughts were honest; and he returned the money. But Angelina kept the gloves. And the lovers were estranged. This is authentic.

Here are a Few Things that it Will Pay to Remember.

Here are a few miscellaneous hints, rules and facts worth remembering:

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

A box 16 inches square and 8 2-5 inches deep will contain one bushel.

One cent saved each day and put out at 6 per cent. interest will accumulate to $950 in fifty years.

Eight bushels of good lime, 16 bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

A stone, used by grocers, is equal to 14 pounds.

It takes from 1½ to 2 bushels of wheat to sow one acre of ground.

To find the amount of hay in a mow allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

A thousand laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

How Women Have Corrupted Men.

The gum chewing habit is certainly on the increase throughout the country. An epidemic has fastened itself upon the best and fairest of America's daughters from Maine to California, and from 5 years of age up to those uncertain days that lie beyond the hope of matrimony. And from the daughters and wives and sweethearts this form of maxillary calisthenics has been communicated to fathers, husbands, sons and lovers until America has become a nation of gum-chewers. The sales of chewing gum in Minneapolis have nearly doubled in the last year.—*Pioneer Press.*

More Than He Fished For.

Miss Dovecote (hostess)—Why don't you come into the parlor and dance, Mr. Orkwood?

Mr. Orkwood (who loves flattery)—Ah, deah me, you know, I darnce so beastly, don'tcherknow, that I'm sure I'd make a fool of myself.

Miss Dovecote (reassuringly)—You couldn't do that, I'm sure, Mr. Orkwood. You know it takes a wise man to play the fool.

What Disturbed Him.

"I always sleep with my watch under my pillow," said a travelling man to a friend during a conversation concerning train robberies.

"I used to do that, but I've quit it."

"Why?"

"Because I never could tell which was keeping me awake, the watch or the bed ticking."

Qualified.

"Hello, Lamb, are you still striking it rich in Wall street?"

"No; in fact, I lost all I had there!"

"I'm sorry for that. What are you doing now?"

"Just now I'm writing 'Tips for Speculators' for the daily press."

A Necessary Delay.

Mrs. Willowly—Have you ordered your new dress yet?

Mrs. Gushington—Not yet. I am waiting to see what Bridget is going to wear.

HEART FAILURE

Is Too Frequently Given by Physicians as Cause of Death.

The *American Analyst* thinks it would be an excellent idea if physicians of the present day would vent some other reason for about all the deaths which occur nowadays than the heart failure. It is difficult for any one conversant with the organs of the human body to understand how any human being can die without heart failure, while the causes of the failure of the heart at death may be very numerous. This might not be of serious moment where it not for the fact that hundreds of people are being nearly frightened to death by the constant use of the cause for sudden deaths, and many people who are sick, and necessarily have some heart symptoms, are kept in constant terror by reading or hearing in other ways of death after death by heart failure. It would be well if physicians who are too indolent or too ignorant to search out the disease lying back of the heart failure to consider how much harm they are doing the community, and if they cannot correct the habit, newspapers and the public should avoid giving currency to this unfounded and dangerous phrase. There are probably no more deaths from heart failure in these times than heretofore, but a new cause for death has been coined, and the nervous and timid are being severely injured by it.

Sale of Southdowns at West Wickham.

The world-famed flock of pure bred Southdowns sheep, which, as was aptly remarked, has taken Mr. Henry Webb, of Streetly Hall, Linton, Cambs., a lifetime of labor and love to bring to their present state of almost absolute perfection, was brought to the hammer on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. John Thornton, the eminent auctioneer, as he had done on the previous day at Sandringham, conducting the sale with that ability, geniality and courtesy which characterize all his dealings. When the Babraham flock, belonging to Mr. Jonas Webb, was dispersed, realizing an average of £11 15s 9d for 927 head, Mr. Henry Webb increased and improved his flock by the addition of about seventy of his father's best old ewes from the sale, as well as several rams of different ages. The Babraham flock has a world-wide reputation; it was descended from the best Sussex flocks, the blood of the sheep of Mr. John Ellman (who may be called the father of the breed) being its mainstay. The principle has been to raise a flock having purity of blood with hardy constitutions, that any farmer might breed from, and from which exhibitors might select show yard winners. The sheep are on a large scale, being very short-legged with deep carcases, with grand heads, fine sloping shoulders, and good thick legs of mutton; whilst the wool, which has been an especial study, is thick and close, and of remarkably fine quality. The sheep are folded throughout the year on the land, for out of about 550 acres only about 30 are pasture. It may be mentioned that the highest price for sheep of any breed last year was realized by a Southdown ram, which was by a son of one of Mr. Henry Webb's sheep. There was a large gathering from all parts of the country, the company present including the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Clarke Goodwood (his Grace's agent), Mr. Beck (H. R. H. the Prince of Wales' agent), Mr. E. W. Beck (agent to Lord Hastings), Mr. Smith (Duke of Hamilton's agent), Mr. Turner (agent to the Marquis of Bristol), Mr. B. D. Cook (Kimbolton, agent to the Duke of Manchester) Mr. Blair (agent to Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe), Mr. Prentice (Stowmarket, Secretary to the Suffolk Sheep Society) Mr. Alfred Heasman (editor of the Sussex Herd Book), Messrs. R. A. Houblon, T. Drake, T. Chalk, H. J. Cheffins, Grimwood Cook (Horseheath), Martin and George Slater, J. Clayden, F. G. and S. Jonas, S. Leverett and others. A *recherche* luncheon, supplied by Mr. Meeks, of the Crown Hotel, Linton, was set out in a spacious barn, tastefully decorated for the occasion. Accommodation was provided for between 300 and 400 guests. The Duke of Richmond, who presided, in proposing the health of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, referred to the great predilection show by the Queen for everything connected with agriculture, to the interest Her Majesty had shown in the Windsor Show, and to the forthcoming marriage of the Princess Louise of Wales. (Cheers.) His Grace next gave what he termed the toast of the afternoon. He was extremely flattered when some months ago his friend Mr. Webb honored him by asking him to preside on the present occasion. (Applause.) He entertained the liveliest recollection of his excellent father, whom he had held in the warmest regard; he was a man who was well known amongst agriculturists, and respected by all classes. (Cheers.) They had before them a candelabra, presented to the late Mr. Webb by the Emperor of the French, in recognition of the gift of a ram. (Applause.) He (His Grace) almost thought if his friend would give him the choice of one of his rams that day he would imitate the example of the Emperor of the French. (Applause and laughter.) There was no pleasure without alloy, and their pleasure was somewhat marred by the thought that they were assembled to witness the dispersion of one of the most famous herds of Southdowns which had ever existed in the country. He He had an hereditary interest in the Southdowns. (Applause.) They had been handed down to him, and he was endeavoring to maintain the honor and credit of the breed. They would all admit that the sheep about to be sold were the best specimens of any Southdown ewes produced at any sale. (Applause.) Mr. Webb suitably responded. Mr. Charles Howard submitted "The health of the Duke of Richmond," who was one of the most popular and respected noblemen in the country, and who had been aptly described by the Prince of Wales as the farmer's friend. (Cheers.) The Chairman said he was always delighted to find himself at a meeting of agriculturists, for he felt he was amongst a body of friends. They had passed through many years of agricultural depression, which had been felt by all classes—owners, occupiers and laborers—but he now trusted there was a gleam of hope for the future, and he concluded by giving them the sentiment, "Live and let live." (Cheers.) Mr. Seymour, of Preston, Kent, proposed the health of Mr. Thornton. Mr. Thornton feliciteously remarked upon that truly English scene, and the occasion which had brought them together. (Cheers and laughter.) The party now made their way to the sale ring, and after a few *apropos* observations by Mr. Thornten, the real business of the day commenced. The result was considerably in advance of general expectations. Eighty-three rams realized £2,696 8s., an average with a fraction, of £32 9s. 9d. The highest price was fetched by lot 12, and the Duke of Richmond was loudly cheered as Mr. Thornton declared it sold to His Grace for 210 gs. (the top price for a ram at Mr. Webb's father's sale was, we are informed, 260 gs.) Mr. Harry Brassey secured another fine animal for 190 gs.; Mr. Lucas, a couple, which fetched respectively 150 gs. and 100 gs.: Mr. Murietta also had to bid 150 gs. for a yearling, and Mr. Edwin Ellis 140 gs. The ewes, 415 in number, made £3,043 5s., averaging nearly £7 11s. 6d. The grand total of the 489 sheep catalogued was £5,739 13., with an all round average of close upon £11 10s. 6d. Mr. Thornton congratulated Mr. Webb at the close, and said the sale would be recorded in history as one of the most remarkable in sheep-breeding.—*Southwest Suffolk Echo, July 6th.*

STRANGLED BY A DOG.

A Baby Killed by a Playful Puppy.

By a most singular accident a baby lost its life in Kentucky yesterday. John Howard, a farmer, lives about two miles below Ludlow, opposite Riverside. Yesterday his wife, while engaged in her household duties, sat her 18-months-old child on the floor. The little one began playing with a puppy that happened to be in the room at the time. Fastened around the puppy's neck was a long, light chain that dragged on the floor. The baby and puppy were having a lively time when Mrs. Howard heard a bump. She looked around and saw the little playmates tangled up in a heap, the puppy having pulled the baby over. The mother started to pick the child up, when she was horrified to find that its face was distorted and its body limp. She also found that during the play the loose end of the chain had in some way become wrapped around the baby's neck, choking it to death in the presence of its mother. Every effort was made to restore respiration, but it was too late.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

New Stationer's Fancies.

An eagle's claw in exquisitely wrought brass makes an unique and handsome clip.

An eagle's feather in bronze, perfect in color and plume, makes a beautiful pen-tray.

A silver lute, with a sheet of music resting lightly upon it, makes a very ornamental ash tray.

A cute little bronze paperweight consists of a bright-eyed, fluffy, yellow chick standing on a feather.

A small, circular, black leather inkstand, with oxydized silver fittings, has on the cover a tiny, russet leather wallet for stamps.

A tiny cucumber, as green and fresh-looking as if plucked before sunrise, is one of the latest conceits for pocket match safes.

Dufferin and Temperance.

Canada's most popular Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, was among the notable men whom the late T. H. Parker successfully sought to influence on the temperance question. A friend who visited Turkey, and spent a week at Constantinople with Mr. Barker, paid a complimentary visit to Lord Dufferin, who was then Britain's representative there. "Mr. Barker was always true to the temperance question, and lost no opportunity of advancing it. With admirable tact he took occasion to lay before his lordship (interspersed with general conversation) some striking remarks on his favorite question, and I fancy they made an impression on his lordship which will not soon be forgotten by him."—*Citizen.*

Women of Note.

There are 275 women preachers in the United States.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the most famous of women journalists, has lived in Paris for more than thirty years.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett has been engaged to edit the children's department of a syndicate of English and American newspapers, for which she is to receive $7,500 a year.

Mrs. George H. Corliss will erect a fine building for the Young Men's Christian Association at Newburyport, Mass., as a memorial of her late husband, the famous engine-builder.

It is by no means improbable that the Landgrave of Hesse will marry one of the younger daughters of the Prince of Wales, and that the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg will become the husband of the other.

Land in the Argentine Republic.

Some idea of the enormous extent of undeveloped area in the Argentine Republic may be inferred from a recent government report on the agriculture of the province of Santa Fe. Its area is nearly twenty-five million acres, but 1,500,000 acres are under cultivation, and these are owned by 18,000 individuals, of whom half are immigrants from abroad. The total population is 220,000, and the province contains 2,600,000 head of cattle, 500,000 horses and mules and about 3,000,000 sheep.

Undoubtedly True.

"The bigger a man is the greater are his chances for success," observed the Judge.

"How do you make that out?" asked the Major.

"He always has his weigh."

AS COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

I am a level-headed man
In spite of Fashion's rule,
I'm dressing in the happy plan
Of keeping nicely cool.

I wear a nobby flannel shirt
Beneath a "blazer" coat;
No stuck-up collar, starched to hurt,
Is scraping at my throat.

A helmet hat protects my head
From aching with the heat,
And shoes undressed and very red
"Refrigerate" my feet.

Blue serge or linen trousers wide
That no suspenders need,
Held by a pretty sash outside,
Give comfort, Oh, indeed!

—The race problem—which horse to bet on.

A CHAPTER OF HORRORS.

How Heads Are Chopped Off in the Flowery Kingdom.

EXECUTION OF FIFTEEN MEN IN CHINA

Reader, be warned. I have looked upon men being cruelly tortured; I have stood in the shambles where human beings are slaughtered like pigs; my boots have dripped with the blood of my fellow-creatures; I must exorcise memory with my pen. Therefore, gentle reader, unless your nerves are fairly strong and your taste healthily gory, pass this letter by.

It was in Canton, a city like no other Chinese city I have seen, a colossal human ant hill, an endless labyrinth of streets a dozen feet wide and a score high, crowded from daylight to dark with a double stream of men and women, exactly like the double stream between an ant hill and a carcase. All this mass of humanity is presided over by the most foreigner-hating Viceroy in China, and, therefore, it may be imagined what is the temper of the populace, especially as the Cantonese are the most turbulent people of the Flowery Kingdom. During the day the streets of Canton are in semi-obscurity, as they are closed in at the top by broad strips of cloth and long advertising streamers, but at night they are as black as Tartarus. Public safety and order are supposed to be preserved by occasional posts of soldiers, with a collection of weapons and instruments of torture hung up outside to strike terror into the evilly disposed. But, as may be imagined, crime of every kind is rife in Canton, and so bad is the reputation of the place that very often a servant from another part of China, travelling with his master, will rather forfeit his situation than accompany him there. And where the crime is, there is the punishment, too. It by no means follows in China that the person punished is the criminal, but there is enough cruelty in Canton to glut an Alva. Respect for the presence of an occasional foreigner causes a good deal of it to be hid, and the spectacle of a man hung up in a cage to starve to death in public is not a common one there as it is in other parts. But I think I can describe enough to satisfy you.

It is, however, the last act of the drama of Chinese justice that is the great revelation. I am inclined to think that nobody can claim to have an adequate and accurate appreciation of Chinese character who has not witnessed a Chinese execution. This is not difficult to do at Canton, for the Canton River swarms with pirates, and when these gentry are caught they generally get short shrift. A few bamboolings to begin with, then several months in prison—and it is not necessary to explain what a Chinese prison is—with little to eat and a stiff course of torture, and then one fine morning a "short, sharp shock" at the execution ground. If you care to accompany me there I will try to place the scene before you.

THE EXECUTION

is fixed for 4 30, so at 4 the guide comes for us at Shameen, the foreign quarter of Canton, and our chairs carry us rapidly through the noisy alleys of the native city. Until we get close to the spot there is no sign of anything unusual. There, suddenly we run into a jammed crowd at the end of a long and particularly narrow street. The chair coolies, however, plunge straight into it and it gives way before us till we are brought up by a huge pair of wooden gates guarded by a little group of soldiers. To hear these men talk you would suppose that they would die then and there rather than let us pass, but the production of a couple of ten cent pieces works a miracle and they open the gates for us, vainly trying to stop the rush of natives that follows us in and carries us before it right into the middle of the open space. It is a bare piece of ground, 50 yards long by a dozen wide, between two houses, whose blank walls hem it in on three sides. To-day it is the execution ground; yesterday and to-morrow the drying ground of a potter who lives there. There is no platform, no roped-off space, nothing but this bare bit of dirty ground so crowded with Chinese that we are forced into the middle, not more than four feet from whatever is to take place. It is no use to try to get further off—here we are and here we must stop. Suddenly the gates are thrown open again, and, welcomed by a howl of delight from the crowd,

A STRANGE AND GHASTLY PROCESSION

comes tumbling in. First, a few ragamuffin soldiers, making a fine pretence of clearing the way. Then a file of coolies carrying the victims in small shallow baskets slung to bamboo poles. As soon as each pair reach the middle of the space they stoop and pitch their living burden out and run off. The prisoners are chained hand and foot and are perfectly helpless. The executioner stands by and points out where each load is to be dumped. He is dressed exactly like any other coolie present, without any badge of office whatever. The condemned men have each a long folded piece of paper in a split bamboo, stuck into their pigtails; upon which is written their crime and the warrant of execution. One after another they arrive and are slung out. Will the procession never end? How many can there be? This is more than we bargained for. At last over the heads of the crowd we see the hats of two pretty mandarins, and behind them the gates are shut. The number of men is fifteen, and the executioner has arranged them in two rows, about two yards apart, and all facing one way. All except one seem perfectly callous, and he had probably been drugged with opium, a last privilege which the prisoner's friends can always obtain by bribery. They exchange remarks, some of them evidently chaff, with the spectators, and one man was carried in singing and kept up his strain almost to the last. The executioners—there are now two of them—step forward. The younger tucks up his trousers and sleeves and deliberately selects a sword from several lying close by, while the other, an older man, collects the strips of paper into a sheaf and lays them on one side. Then he places himself behind the front man of the nearest row and takes him by the shoulders. The younger man walks forward and stands at the left of the kneeling man. The fatal moment has come. There is an instant's hush and every one of the two rows of condemned men behind, twists his head round and

CRANES HIS NECK TO SEE.

I will not attempt to describe the emotions of such a moment—the horror, the awful repulsion, the wish that you had never come, the sickening fear that you will be splashed with the blood, and yet the helpless fascination that keeps your eyes glued to every detail. The knife is raised. It is a short, broad-bladed, two-handled sword, weighted at the back and evidently as sharp as a razor.

For a second it is poised in the air, as the executioner takes aim. Then it falls. There is no great apparent effort. It simply falls, and moreover seems to fall slowly. But when it comes to the man's neck it does not stop; it keeps falling. With ghastly slowness it passes right through the flesh and you are only recalled from your momentary stupor when the head springs forward and rolls over and over, while for a fraction of a second two dazzling jets of scarlet blood burst out and fall in a graceful curve to the ground. Then the great rush of blood comes and floods the spot. As soon as the blow has fallen the second executioner pitches the body forward with a "Hough," it tumbles in a shapeless heap, and from every throat goes up a loud "Ho!" expressive of pleasure and approval of the stroke.

But there is no pause; the executioner steps over the corpse to the front man in the second rank, the knife rises again, it falls, another head rolls away, another double burst of blood follows it, the headless body is shoved forward, the assistant shouts "Hough!" and the crowd shouts "Ho!" Two men are dead. Then the headsman steps back to the second man of the front row, and the operation is repeated.

Two things strike you; the brutal matter-of-factness of the whole performance, and the extraordinary ease with which a human head can be chopped off. As a whole it is precisely like a drove of pigs driven into the shambles and stuck; and in detail it is—or seems—no more difficult than splitting a turnip with a carving knife or lopping off a thistle with a cane.

CHOP, CHOP, CHOP, THE HEADS ROLL OFF

one after the other in as many seconds. When the seventh man is reached, either because the knife is blunted or the executioner misses his blow, the neck is only cut half through. But still he does not stop. He comes quickly back, takes another knife, passes on to the next man, and only comes back to finish the wretched seventh when all the other heads are lying in bloody pools in front of the shoulders which carried them a few moments before. And every man has watched the death of all those in front of him with a horrid animal like curiosity, and then bent his own neck to the knife. The place is ankle deep in blood, the spectators are yelling with delight and frenzy, the heads are like bowls on a green, the horrible headless bodies are lying all about in ghastly grotesque attitudes, the executioner is scarlet to the knees and his hands are dripping. Take my word for it that by this time you are feeling very sick.

Fortunately you are not detained long. The moment the last head is off the crowd is gone with a rush, except a score of urchins who begin skylarking with the bodies and pushing each other into the blood. The bodies are thrown into a pond and the heads are plastered up in big earthenware jars and stacked up with those already round the wall of this potter's field. I had a few minutes' conversation with the executioner afterward. Decapitation, he told me, was not the occupation of his family; it is only a perquisite. But the business is not what it was. Formerly he used to get $2 a head for all he cut off; now he only gets 50 cents. It is hardly worth while chopping men's heads off at that rate. But then it doesn't take very long. Would I buy his sword? Certainly. Nine dollars. HENRY NORMAN.

A Sinking City.

Real estate appears to have a downward tendency in Northwich, a town of England, wherein a small excitement is always prevalent as to whose house will sink or topple over next. The footpath on both sides of the road opposite the old Wheatsheaf Inn has begun to crack and sink rapidly. The Local Board officials are keenly watching the footpath, which has already sunk a foot. It is estimated that Northwich loses £1,400 yearly from this dislocation of gas and water-mains alone, and keen disappointment is felt at the refusal of the Goverment to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the subsidences, perhaps to learn their cause, which is not stated, though the phenomena may be due to the salt mines and brine springs in the neighborhood.

Quaint Advertisements.

Here are some advertisements which have recently appeared in the London papers: "A young lady most earnestly wishes to become acquainted with thorough believers in spiritualism. No trifler need answer." "A smart young novelist wanted at once. Salary about £4, increase to £6. Good hours. Good connection." "Agents wanted to sell beautiful portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, printed upon wood cut down by himself." "Young man wants secretarial engagements with literary man. Qualifications: Considerable ignorance, fair capacity for labor, some literary enthusiasm and ability to write shorthand."

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Royal College of Surgeons, University of London, Eng., says: "Loss of appetite, loss of eyesight, dyspeptic symptoms, irregularities of the bowels, are some of the symptoms of the advanced kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure cures these troubles, because it removes the cause, and putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, enables them to expel the poisonous or waste matter from the system. This is why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many symptoms that are called diseases.

An All-Around Favorite.

Mrs. Batts—What a delightful conversationalist Mr. Jabberbox is! It just does me good to hear him talk.

Miss Minnie Ball—Yes, indeed; but how restful it is to hear the silence while he listens to somebody else!

Nobody There.

Dudy (insinuating himself into a railroad seat alongside a pretty Miss)—Nobody occupying the seat with you, Miss?

Miss (looking at him disdainfully)—Nobody yet!

TREATMENT OF COUGHS.

Hints for the Allaying of a Very Unpleasant Habit.

In a recent discussion concerning coughs and their treatment by the Clinical Society of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, Dr. W. A. Shufelt said that he would like to say a word in regard to the habit of coughing which he thought had been lost sight of. He believed that a cough was in every case a reflex paroxysm, and that the more one coughed the more likely it was to be repeated. After the patient had had a cough for several days it required much less irritation to bring on this paroxysm than at first. He thought many patients got this habit, and by exciting the nerves irritated the cough. He had seen many cases in which the patients, having been directed to refrain from coughing as much as possible, had improved rapidly. It was a subject worthy of a great deal of investigation. It was well known that whiskey or brandy or a similar stimulant would relieve a cough, and the speaker thought that could only be explained on the theory that the stimulant excited the nerve centres in the brain, and in that way the paroxysm was reduced. He had seen some cases in which a galvanic battery, using the positive pole below the angle of the jaw, would also relieve a cough. The theory of counter-irritants accorded with this view; that was, he stated, that counter-irritants, blisters upon the chest, acted more upon the central nervous system than by relieving the arterial pressure by drawing blood to the surface. In regard to the treatment of cough, of recent years he had given up cough medicines of all kinds. He believed we could do more with such remedies as cresote and alum and turpentine. Turpentine and iodoform combined were excellent. Two drams of creosote, two drams of terebene and two drams of tincture of iodine in an ounce of refined spirits; 15 drops of this, to be inhaled whenever the paroxysm came on, he considered far superior to the nauseous mixtures that were often given. In acute bronchitis, instead of using medicines he was in the habit of using a tablespoonful of terebene in a pint of boiling water, and directing the patient to inhale this three or four times during the day.

BABBLE AT PARIS.

Police Unable to Handle the Crowd of Criminals at the Exposition.

The recent terrible murders reported at Paris are the natural outcome of a mob-like semblance of a horde of criminals gathered there from all parts of France attracted by the exposition. The Paris correspondent of the London *World* writes: "The crowds that you see wandering about the exposition seem happy and peaceful enough, but look at the crowd outside the exhibition. Take your seat at a table at the Cafe de la Paix, for instance, and watch the crowd. Go to the law courts and listen to the remarks of the heroes of the crime of Auteuil. Go to the races and examine the formidable army of petty book makers and adventurers of both sexes, who have no regular means of existence. Talk with the chief of the police. All these sources of information will convince you that Paris, at the present moment, swarms with dangerous characters, whose audacity is increasing all the time. The police are even powerless to keep the boulevards in decent order, and to preserve the public from the annoyance and importunity of the hideous *voyous* who howl their wares from morning until night in front of the cafes, ready with insult and foul grimaces. As for the waiters and inspectors of the cafes, they dare not interfere with these scoundrels for fear of their vengeance; the police do not molest them, except in extreme cases, because the prisons are not big enough to hold them, or the laws practical enough to punish them; hence the ever-growing strength of an army of scoundrels, prostitutes, thieves and assassins."

Killed by a Bee.

A remarkable fatality from the sting of a bee is reported from Dorsetshire, England. A farmer who was attempting to hive a swarm of bees was so careless as to allow his mouth to stand wide open. Into this more or less inviting retreat a bee flew in search of a new home. The insect lodged in the farmer's throat, and being unable to go further it used the weapon provided by nature. The man's throat immediately began to swell, and despite all efforts at assistance, in a very short time he died from suffocation.

The Princess' Thimble.

The thimble presented to the Princess Louise at the wedding last week by the Rt. Rev. Lord Arthur Charles Hervey is described as one of the most exquisite demonstrations of the goldsmith's art. It is of gold enamelled with rosebuds and thistles, and the top is composed of a huge diamond. It is pleasant to feel that if the Princess should ever have to apply for a job in an overall factory she would have something to begin work with.—*Washington Post.*

Not the Cat She Knew.

Uncle George was asking little Florence if she knew how to spell. "Can you spell cat" he said.

"Oh, yes, I can spell that," she replied.

"Well, why don't you spell it, then?"

She looked very wise, but shook her head—"I don't know what kind of a cat you mean."

His Shocking Taste.

Miss Caustique—I suppose I'll have to congratulate you, Harriet, on your engagement to Harry, but—

Harriet—But! But what?

Miss Caustique—Well, I must say Harry has shocking taste in everything. I never knew him to show good taste in the selection of a single thing.

A bachelor of forty he,
A man of culture, pride and wealth;
A maid of twenty summers she,
With sparkling eyes and glowing health

He wooed, but not as others have,
With loving words more sweet than true.
He laid his bank-book in her hand,
And merely turned to "Balance due."

—A Western newspaper recently contained this advertisement: "A middle-aged woman who is capable, honest and industrious, but as homely as a stone-fence wants work.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.

The Royal Wedding Feast—The Dresses Worn—The Trousseau—The Honeymoon.

A London cable, describing the Royal wedding, says: Soon after 11 o'clock the State coach and liveries of the newly-created Duke of Fife were seen coming up the Royal Mews towards the "entre portico of the Palace. His handsome figure and well-favored face was set off to perfection by his full Highland costume, with a kilt of the famous Duff tartan and the broad green ribbon of the Thistle across his breast. In addition to the Star of the latter Order he also wore that of the Order of Albert of Saxony, conferred upon him when he visited Dresden as the chief of the special embassy sent to convey the Order of the Garter to King Albert. The Duke was accompanied by his friend, *factotum* and *alter ego*, Horace Farquhar, one of the most popular men in London, and who was to act as his groomsman during the ceremony.

DRESSES.

The bridal dress of the Princess was of the richest white satin Duchesse, very long, and with a flowing train fastened to the corsage. The skirt was entirely draped with volants of the most magnificent fine point De Gaze, intermixed with garlands of orange flowers. The bodice was of the same kind of satin, cut open in V shape, with a high Medici collar and elbow sleeves of lace. Volants of the latter were also arranged on either side of the V to the waist so as to entirely cover the satin, and were carried over the shoulder, forming a V behind. A train of orange flowers was arranged to fall from the left shoulder to below the right side of the waist. On her head she wore a wreath of orange flowers, with a point DeGaze veil, her coiffure and dress being sprinkled with a quantity of magnificent diamonds. Supporting the bride were eight bridesmaids, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the Princess Victoria of Teck, the Countesses Feodore and Victoria, and Helene of Gleichen. They were all dressed in a lovely shade of blush pink faille, with demi trains of draped crepe de chine, over which were arranged broad moire sashes. The bodices were cut V-shaped, with elbow sleeves, and trimmed with crepe de chine, with bouquets of pink roses at the throat. Each bridesmaid also wore pink roses in her hair. The bridesmaids' eight bracelets were designed by the Princess Louise herself, and consisted of narrow gold bands not much more than a quarter of an inch wide, set with the monogram "L. F." in diamonds, surmounted by a royal crown and an earl's coronet. These are in diamonds, too.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

The guests took luncheon in the supper room. This spacious apartment, with its dark, highly-polished floor, with the outer wall a glowing mass of solid gold plate, had an entirely royal appearance. A table was arranged around three sides, at which the guests took a champagne luncheon, standing. The bridal party sat down to a wedding breakfast in the main dining-room. The long table had seats for forty. In accordance with custom, two toasts were offered: "Her Majesty the Queen, and the "Bride and Bridegroom." In the absence of the Earl of Latham, the Lord Chamberlain, this duty fell on the Lord Steward, Lord Mount Edgecombe. There were no speeches, but when the second toast was proposed Her Majesty, to the surprise of everybody, rose in her seat at the head of the table, and under the magnificent ceiling of gray and gold, with the portraits of her kingly and queenly predecessors gazing down at her from the north wall, lifted her glass to join in honoring the toast. Her Majesty seemed in a remarkably happy humor throughout all the ceremonies.

GONE TO SHEEN HOUSE.

Between the heavy showers which marked the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Fife, for so they are gazetted to day, got into a close carriage and were driven to Sheen House. The Duchess wore a travelling dress white sicilienne of bold outstanding cord, the sides of the skirt very flat and straight, simulating somewhat the directoire coat and trimmed with lace and ostrich feathers. Over this was thrown a magnificent mantle of cream cloth, lined with pink surah. This had a high Medici collar of white and gold passementerie. The bride wore a bonnet of orange blossoms. The newly-wedded couple had an ovation all along the route to their house, near Richmond. On arriving they were enthusiastically welcomed. They passed between files of Venetian masts, decorated with floral festoons. The path was covered with carpet, upon which wild flowers were strewn by girls dressed in white. To-night Mortlake and Richmond, in the vicinity of the Earl of Fife's house, were brilliantly illuminated.

THE TROUSSEAU.

Much parade is made of the claim that this is a very simple wedding, for the reason that both the Queen and the bride wished to avoid ostentation, yet the cost of the bride's trousseau is estimated at $30,000. To make a possible political point this had been ordered from London, Dublin and Edinburgh impartially. Ireland is said to have sent the finest lace ever made in Ireland, while the manufacturers of Scotland laid themselves out to send some of the daintiest of underwear imaginable.

Death of An Admiral.

A London cable says: Admiral Thomas Bailie, of Wyburgh, died yesterday morning at Kelso. The Admiral joined the naval service shortly before the battle of Navarino, in which he took part, being then a lad of 16 years, and for which he received the Navarino medal. During the Crimean war the Admiral commanded the British fleet in the White Sea, and successfully blockaded the Russian fleet. He was an uncle of the present Earl of Haddington, and of Lord Polwarth.

Mrs. Wabash—Did you read about the Stimson scandal in the *Bugle* this morning? Mrs Lakefront—No; I never read such things. But Mr. Lakefront told me about it, Mrs. Wabash—Some of it was pretty bad, wasn't it? Mrs. Lakefront—Yes, indeed; especially that at the bottom of the third column on the first page.

Dr. McGlynn.

"Base ye call us," cry the people,
Worshippers of ease and gold,
Sordid need, and gross ambition,
Like the base-born slaves of old;
But our hearts have thrilled within us
Hearing of the greatand free
Of past ages—holy, just ones—
Sons of light and liberty

"Give us back Savonarola,
Italy's great priest who died—
Saviour of a slavish people—
He who tyranny defied!
O the flames that wrapped his body
Lightens up the night of Time!
One more herald of the sunrise
In the darkness glows sublime.

"Give them back, those sons of freedom,
Baseness from our midst will flee,
Give Mazzini, Gracchus, Danton,—
We will hear, rise up, be free
But now is the reign of Mammon.
Only gold is gain
And we sigh for life's past greatness,
Sigh for it in vain."

O ye deaf ones, O ye blind ones!
Like your sires of old
Dreamers crying Light has perished,
Freedom's fires grown cold
Rouse ye from your heavy slumber
See the dawn is here.
Heralds of the coming sunrise
On all sides appear

Look around you see the great ones
Throng on every side
Martyrs in your midst have perished
Whom ye scorn—deride
Heroes in your midst have suffered,
Champions of the truth,
Scorning scorn, and hating hatred—
Mammon's reign forsooth.

Hear the great Savonarola,
He has come to earth once more,
And his thrilling voice is heard
Round the world from shore to shore
Stronger than all superstitions
Potent in the darkness yet—
Striking off and branding withers
Baseness with his mighty scorn.

Though they hate him, tyrants fear him,
Cower beneath his stern calm gaze
From his eyes looks forth undaunted
The great soul of olden days
Hebrew Daniel and Isaiah
Sons of God, of Light and Truth,
Fearless thoughts are his to utter,
Dying for her in their youth.

Earth's strong heroes are its pure martyrs,
Born to suffer and to save
Champions ever of the people
Sons of toil or hopeless slave.
Leaders in the van of progress—
Greatness ever is akin
Boom ye giant sons of free from
For our priest McGlynn.

Picton, Ont.

The Festive Fly.

How are you, friends and relations, a-
I'm back again, you see
Come back to pay my summer
And frisk awhile with thee

The music of my wings
Is heard on every side
From morn till eve I sing,
And round about I glide.

I love to take my morning stroll
On some bald-headed pate
I love to jump from nose to nose,
And round and round I skate.

But if perchance my host's friend
Has hair upon his head
It makes me mad for I am sad
Upon his ear I tread

Oh, what a joy profound it
Is to hear you toss and swear,
While around your head softly flit
And buzz with not a care.

I love to perch upon your nose,
Half peeping from the sheet
Upon your nose I love to pose
And fiddle with my feet.

I love to kiss the nectar'ine lips
Of every maiden meek
I love, between those coy red sips,
To daily on her cheek

I love—but I shall have to cease,
A furtive hand is nigh
I'll see you later as you know
Until that time good-by

CURRENT TOPICS

AN average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole earth, and, assuming that condensation takes place at an average of 3 000 feet, scientists conclude that the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of 332,000 000 pounds of water 3 000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000 horse-power constantly exerted. Of this prodigious amount of energy thus created, a very small proportion is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fraction is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.

IN an interesting letter to *Science* H. A. Hasen, of Washington, gives some interesting and valuable particulars respecting the properties and nature of fog. He says it is admitted that fog is simply cloud composed of water, dust or solid minute spheres of water from 1-7000 to 1-1000 of an inch in diameter. Many have supposed that a dust particle must be a nucleus for each sphere, but an examination under the microscope of evaporated fog has proved that such is not the case. Briefly stated, the cause of fog is as follows: It is essential that there be no wind. The sky must be saturated, or nearly so. The formation of fog is a purely mechanical process unaccompanied by heat.

THE journalists who feed the English end of the Atlantic cable have put in a particularly busy week or so. Ordinary gossip has been switched off the wires and nothing below a golden wedding or Royal nuptials has been good enough for these young men to handle. They have fed the public with angel cake and lady fingers until they are getting tired of it. But a rather pretty story about the newly-wedded Princess and her sweetheart will bear repeating. It is said this shy Royal maiden had been soft on the Earl for years; in fact, even before she came out, but she had never told her love. And during these five years the Princess always bought a birthday present for the man she loved, but as she never dared give it to him, the little gift was laid away in a drawer and carefully locked up. This was only a bit of girlish sentiment, but it shows that love—like death levels all, and shows the Princess is a woman with a heart.

It Walked.

"Have you any second hand typewriters you'd like to sell?" asked the peddler

"No," replied the merchant, "but I've one I'll give away."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Chews gum and spells dozen 'nzz.'"

It is a sign that a woman is getting old when she stops crying over trouble and begins to think.

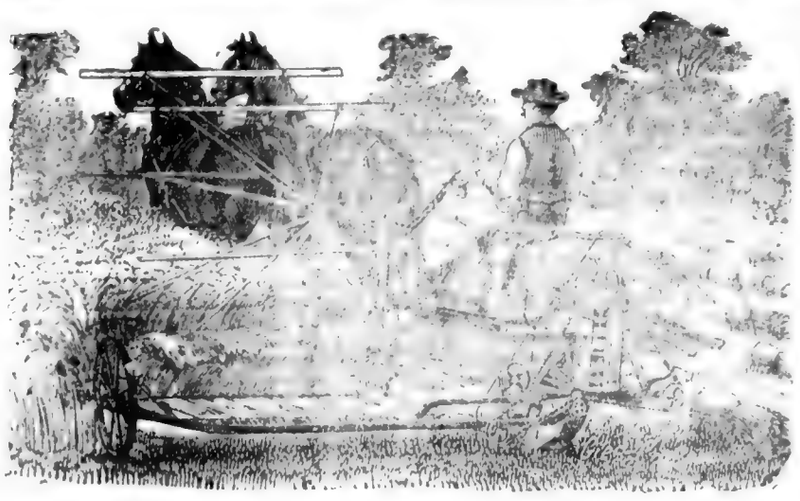

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Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada.

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to:
1st. Carefully examine the Brantford Machines and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion of their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice you will be convinced of these two facts
1st. Brantford Machines are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than any other machine in Canada.
Therefore 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder and Mower
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON.

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows, Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows, Horse Powers for 4 Horses, Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

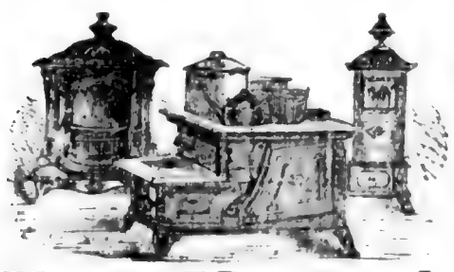

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A large assortment of STOVES, in Bakers, STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN, WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt,

Strain's old Stand
Flesherton.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona,
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn.
General assortment of canned goods

CHOICE HONEY

CONFECTIONERY of all kinds
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR, always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M Richardson & Co's.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents For sale at the Medical Hall.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For Sale

Steam Saw mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, shunt mill, dresser and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P.O

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
Holland Centre—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P.O

COUNTY & DISTRICT

Mr. Robt. Reed, of Owen Sound, has secured the contract for the harbor works at Midland.

The Durham Chronicle is becoming noted for the extravagant language it uses. Mt. Forest Examiner.

A young man named Butler, of Hamilton, fell off an excursion train near Beeton and was killed by the cars.

Mr. J. T. Coulter, of Galt, owned a horse 44 years of age, which had to be shot last week, owing to an injury of his hip bone.

Beeton had a heavy frost on Monday night of last week which cut off all the young pumpkins and squash. Claude appears to have escaped.

Silas Milligan ran down from Penetang Saturday to see his friends—Beeton World. Silas must have had a good long pair of legs, but even so we venture to swear that he took the train when going back.

According to the Beeton World, Rev. Mr. Chestnut preached an able sermon there on Sabbath last. We notice with a feeling of pleasure that the World did not in the item referred to indulge in any chestnutty jokes upon the name of Mr Chesnut.

A Woodstock belle was absent visiting friends a short time ago. She wrote home requesting her mother to send her overshoes. Her mother answered stating that a hen had just hatched out a brood of chickens in one shoe, and that her grandfather had taken the other shoe for a woodbox. This is no fish story.

An exchange says that the drug store of Messrs Blakoff & Bowler has changed hands. The reason is not given, but possibly it was because it got its fingers burnt in some acid. Another theory is that it was merely the employees which were changed. In that event it was no doubt because the hands were found to be light-fingered.

Collingwood Aug 10 Collingwood was visited by another fire last night, which originated in McKenzie's foundry on Fifth street, and destroyed it and a dwelling belonging to N. B. Hilborn. The cause of this fire is unknown. The general impression seems to be that there is a fire-bug about, as three fires in one week is rather too much for pure accident.

Another fire of a disastrous character started at an early hour Saturday morning in the machine shop and foundry of Geo. McKenzie, Fifth street, destroying building and contents; insured for $1,200 in the Mercantile Mutual. A rough cast dwelling on the next lot owned by N.B. Hilborn and occupied by Mrs. Ovas was also totally destroyed; insured in the Mercantile for $600. D. McQuad's dwelling barely escaped. The furniture was removed by a naval; insured in the Imperial.

Enoch E. Knott was at one time Reeve of Euphrasia Township, Grey County. Step by step he was elevated to that honorable position. About that time he contributed red hot patriotic letters to the Orange Sentinel, and occasionally found his way into the columns of the more cool headed local newspapers. He became a distinguished individual and his fame travelled through all the regions round about from Slabtown to the muddy little outlet of the Sydenham creek. Still he was not satisfied. He became a speculator, lost lots of money, and when he suddenly visited the Southern shores of Lake Ontario he had become decidedly famous. So thought his sorrowing friends, who had entrusted their several little piles to his fatherly care and keeping. They mourned because Elijah responded not to their touching appeals. And now we learn that Elijah has departed from the ways of his forefathers and has connected himself with the Roman Catholic church. If this be really so, then The Review extends its deepest sympathy to the members of the latter body with whom E. E. will come in contact. They've caught a Tartar! 'Streetsville Review.

ORILLIA, Aug. 10. A fatal accident happened at 3 p.m. to Mr. John Robinson, a well-to-do farmer, who lived at Ardtrea, six miles from Orillia. Mr. Robinson was driving home with a load of tanbark, and had a spirited team. The back of the load came down and frightened the horses which ran away. The jolting of the wagon shook Mr. Robinson off, and he was either kicked in the region of the heart by the horses, or run over by the wagon. He was picked up by his nephew, Mr. Mathew Robinson, who brought him to town. He only lived a couple of hours after the accident.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on and and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MEN'S WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

The invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen. Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 425. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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Clocks, ● Jewelry.

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Your Own Interests

by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Silverware at

Russell's Noted

JEWELRY STORE,

FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Lovers in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver oro cases. Brooches and Barpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains and a beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagemen Rings. A full supply of 18 K Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell

THE ONE PRICE

Cash Store.

STILL ON DECK!

Goods cheaper than ever

This is the time for all farmers to lay in a good stock of

Groceries

for haying and harvesting. We have put the prices down to meet the demands.

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

—AT—

ROCK - BOTTOM - PRICES.

More Customers wanted

To Carry off the Bargains.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps ! Pumps !

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

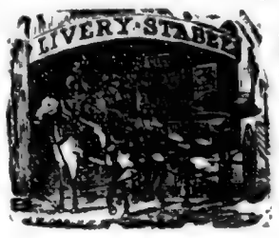

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Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1 50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES

One column, 1 year $50, half col., do., $27 quarter col. do., $15

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts per line for first insertion and 5cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON.

Editor and Proprietor.

A TOWNSHIP HALL FOR OSPREY.

The township of Osprey has never been the possessor of a township hall, and the council of that township is an itinerant one, held here to-day and there to-morrow. Maxwell, Badgeros, Feversham and Singhampton are the various points at which meetings are held throughout the year, and the ordinary ratepayer of Osprey is not certain as to where the next meeting of the council will be held without making special inquiry. This state of affairs is most unsatisfactory, and to have these montlily meetings of council peddled around from point to point during the year, for the purpose of distributing the lota of patronage which accrues from such meetings, to merchants and hotelkeepers, is a policy of exceedingly doubtful advantage. In fact the argument for some thing is not admissive of contradiction. It would be better, all will admit, if there was a certain point where the municipality could erect a hall and make such point the financial and business center of the township. This must be done in the near future : we know of no cause why it should not be done immediately. Heretofore the railway tax has been a burden to the township, and a prudent council did not care to involve extra burdens of taxation upon the people. But with only one more levy of taxes for railway purposes the coast is practically clear, and immediate steps should be taken to provide suitable premises for the transacting of township business. At present the accommodation in any of the villages mentioned is inadequate, and the prosperous and well-improved township of Osprey should at once discard the primitive itinerant system which it has labored under during the years of railway taxation for one more in accord with those of progress and the demands of expediency, so soon as they have rid themselves of the railway tax. The building of a township hall is an absolute necessity in any well-regulated township, and the time is opportune to agitate the matter in Osprey. Build now and have the cost begin where the railway tax departs.

As to where the new centre shall be is perhaps a question which will be pretty hard to decide ; and yet, from an outside point, we will say it should not be so. Singhampton is on the extreme eastern boundary of the township ; Feversham has not all the facilities which Maxwell enjoys, and Badgero's is in the same position. Maxwell is more easy of access to all concerned as a whole, than any other point in the township ; it has a good gravel road leading east and west, telegraph line, stores, hotel, etc., as well as having the advantage of being as nearly central as any of the other places named, and we think that there the headquarters should be established. However, all this is a matter for the people themselves to decide upon, and we simply give our views in a suggestive form, leaving it with our numerous patrons in the interested township to accept or discard our hints as seemeth best.

The Hamilton Times, preparatory to the carnival, earnestly requested every citizen of Hamilton to "adorn or improve his premises so that the city as a whole will strike the strangers as a pleasant place to live in." The candor of the Times in admitting that Hamilton is not a pleasant place to live in without these extra fixtures is worthy of all praise.

Mayor Clark, of Toronto, who has been absent in England for some time attending to financial matters in connection with the city, returned home on Saturday and was tendered a reception which no mayor ever yet saw exceeded in brilliancy. Mayor Clark is the pet of the public in Toronto, and well deserves the great honor.

Hamilton is blossoming as the rose this week. She is enjoying a carnival of brilliant magnitude, only bounded by the mountain on one side and Burlington Beach on the other. In fact the Hamiltonians themselves believe that its scintillations are quite visible from Atlantic to Pacific. But then you know, they are a people built with abnormal imaginations.

Inventor Edison has been made a count, and his wife a countess. This will count for something when his daughters come to a marriageable age.

Fall Shows.

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs in this vicinity :

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
East Grey	Flesherton	Sept. 23 and 24
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 24 and 25
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27
Central Ag'l Socty.	Walters Falls	Sept. 24 and 25
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9 to 21

General News.

The contract for the Northern Pacific's big hotel building at Winnipeg has been let at $300,000.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Winnipeg citizens at a meeting decided to erect a monument to the memory of the late Mr. Norquay.

The Provincial Treasurer of Quebec has paid to Father Turgeon, on behalf of the Jesuits, the sum of $13,333, being eleven months' interest on the $400,000.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

The pack of salmon to date this year in British Columbia totals 376,000 cases, which is larger than any previous year's pack by 127,000 cases.

Anasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The winnings of the Canadian Wimbleton team in England this year amounted to £432—an average of $90 per man—besides the Kolapore cup.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Young Twitchell, charged with the late burglary in Kingston, has been released on $6,000 bail.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The people of Warren county, Georgia have organized to drive out the Mormons.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

John G Morley, a young man living near Rockwood, Ont., was killed by lightning on Monday night.

Russian papers are abusing the Shah for his friendly expressions regarding England.

Fire at Tonawanda Tuesday destroyed 3,000,000 feet of lumber.

The South Fork dam at Conemaugh is to be rebuilt.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

THE MARKETS

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Fall Wheat		
Spring Wheat		
Barley		
Oats		
Peas		
Butter	0 14	0
Eggs fresh		0
Potatoes bush		
	0	
Hides		
Sheepskins		
Geese	0	
Turkeys	0	
Chickens per lb	0	0

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reads of watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time

QUALITY Considered,

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you.

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

BRITISH SEA DOGS

Reviewed by Emperor William Off Portsmouth.

A MAGNIFCENT DISPLAY.

Three Five Mile Lines of Battleships Closely Inspected.

NEXT WEEK'S MIMIC WAR.

A last Monday night's Portsmouth cable says: The annual naval review, the greatest naval review that England or any other country ever saw, took place to-day at Spithead. The sun shone down upon the wide green sea of brilliant flags and changing craft. In the wide water picture there were thousands of moving vessels, great and small; there were big ocean steamers, big excursion steamers, coasting steamers, steam yachts, tow boats, tug boats and shore steam launches, all brilliant with bunting of all colors, made all the brighter by the escaping clouds of steam. There was a great fleet of sail yachts, five hundred of them and more, dancing along over the bright green surface under a crisp, fresh breeze, their white sails bending in graceful undulations to the English ensigns they were perpetually passing. There were white ships' launches and pinnaces shooting across the water in all directions, with hissing steam pipes and fluttering white ensigns, the most important, if the smallest of all the boats in motion, and straight in immobile lines over the many square miles of sea area that these pleasure boats occupied lay the grim iron monsters of the fleet quietly at anchor, stern and silent as grim and unbending as so many black armoured and iron helmeted knights, looking on in majestic indifference at the petty frivolities of the children's masquerade.

It was the greatest fleet of warships that was ever gathered together, greatest in number and by far the greatest in power. They made an impressive sight, a grim scene that compelled every observer to stop and think to the extent of his personal ability, these three five-mile lines of battleships, each built to do the utmost harm of which a ship is capable with powder, shot and shell, or with torpedo and dynamite. All along the line were peeping out frowning guns which could quickly make brick yards of all the forts in the world.

Her Majesty's guardship Seahorse left Sheen Jetty just as the rusty clang of the dockyard clock announced half past 1. The admiralty had ordered that the Seahorse should keep abreast of the review movements, in order that the press representatives might see everything that occurred.

At half past 3 o'clock the station at Trinity pier announced that the Royal party had arrived for disembarkation, the young Emperor being sharply on time, as usual. The Alberta put off to the Victoria and Albert, and as Emperor William stepped on board the Royal standard of Germany ran up to the main to take its place beside the other, the two brilliant flags flying together in picturesque fraternity thenceforth throughout the day. The Emperor was accompanied by a brilliant party, including Count Bismarck and his full suite. With him also came Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Lords of the Admiralty. The Victoria and Albert quickly gathered way, and headed for the lower end of Ryde-bank. As she did so the first explosion in a day of explosions began. A flash and boom came from the gun deck of the Valorous, the ironclad that always guards the sea in front of Osborne when Her Majesty is there.

The view from this point was novel and altogether interesting. It was a five-mile avenue of sea water, 400 yards wide, lined with ships as far as the eye could see, brilliantly draped with flags standing out clearly for some distance, and then all ran together; masts, flags, smoke-stacks, turrets and barbettes mingling in strange confusion, in which the second lines of similar ships had a part. The royal yacht passed the Spider, Sand Fly, Sharpshooter and Mohawk before any sign of recognition became manifest. A moment later all over the fleet the general salute came. The Seahorse was in the midst of it, and the way in which those cannons banged all round the ears of everybody on board had a strong tendency to oust any desire for war. It was bang, bang, bang and boom, boom, boom, and smoke-clouds that hid the ships, concealed the fleet and lent a hazy look to the entire visible universe. The sheets of solid, rolling white smoke came from all parts of the various ships, wherever the saluting guns happened to be placed, and this smoke, seized by the wind, sailed off into the thinner and bluer clouds of indefinite size to an indefinite height. It was a grand salute, numbering 15,000 guns altogether, and when it had finally ceased and the smoke had rolled away, every ship, like a wrought-iron massive butterfly coming out of a cocoon of cannon smoke, took on a new appearance, majestically gaudy.

The Emperor wore full uniform with the cocked hat of an admiral of the fleet. The Prince of Wales wore the same. The Emperor had a telescope which he was constantly using. He inspected all minutely and with great interest. He was constantly in motion or in conversation, and took a business-like interest in the scene which evidently afforded him much gratification on occasions. He took off his hat whenever the Royal yachts passed one of the line ships. Every tar on board joined in the cheer which went ringing away to seaward with hoarse enthusiasm truly British. Then the commanders on the bridge uncovered, and the Emperor uncovered also. He takes off his hat very often, and does it extremely well.

The aquatic procession consisted of the Trinity yacht Galatea leading, the Victoria and Albert, the Hohenzollern, Osborne and Admiralty yacht Enchantress. It passed up the main line and down the second line amid two hours of cheers and naval courtesies, then it returned to the main line and stopped abreast of the Howe for a reception. In the meantime the sea had become everywhere dotted with white steam launches, coming from every direction and converging towards the Howe. They contained various commanders on their way to the reception. Meanwhile the Victoria and Albert had completed the inspection and come up abreast of the flagship. She stopped, the port gangway, carpeted with red, was lowered, and the signal that flew up to the masthead announced that His Majesty was ready to receive. Upon this the large steam pinnace of Admiral Sir Edmund Somerset, admiral of the fleet, put out from the Howe and crossed to the Royal yacht. Sir Edmund went on board and was duly presented to His Majesty, and then the formal presentation began. A flotilla of launches crossed the tossing stretch, each bearing a captain or commander in command. In half an hour all were gathered on board, and a procession was formed, two and two, the captains having been sorted into fleets and squadrons. All being ready, His Majesty took his position in the open space at extreme aft of the main deck. He stood alone, the Prince of Wales behind him and a little group composed of the Princess of Wales and her daughter and Princess Beatrice still further back. The ladies were in gray dresses of various shades, tasteful exemplars of the costume known as fashionably nautical. Lord George Hamilton, in court dress, had already presented Admiral Commerel, and that Admiral now headed the procession of officers, who marched from the saloon along the seaboard quarter to the stern. The Emperor took off his cocked hat with a free circular sweep at every presentation, and also shook hands with an emphatic muscular grip.

While the presentations were going on the flagship Howe dragged her anchor and had to let go her spare anchor. After the presentations the yachts weighed and proceeded to the westward at a quarter to 7, amid the same salutations as before. As she stood away she hoisted a signal. It was: "The Emperor and the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, wish to express to the admirals, captains, officers and men of the assembled fleets their highest approbation of the appearance and efficiency of the magnificent fleet assembled.'

THE COMING FIGHT.

The broad lines which are to be followed at the approaching naval manœuvres may be briefly laid down as follows: When war is declared, which will not be till after the combined squadrons have exercised for some days at what used to be called steam tactics, but is now known as fleet evolutions, and have filled their bunkers up with coal again, Vice-Admiral Baird, with Rear-Admiral Tracey as his second in command, will be at liberty to do as much damage to the seaports and shipping of Great Britain as he can. The Admiralty will not interfere with him at all, and he will hold no communication with them. Ireland will be his headquarters, and two of its ports, probably Berehaven and Queenstown, will be considered to be so fortified as to be impregnable. To Sir George Tryon, who will, as is only right, have a much more powerful fleet than Baird's, the frustration of the enemy's tricks and the defence of our coasts will be intrusted. His bases of operation will be Milford Haven and Lamlash Bay, in the Isle of Arran, where his second in command will be located. Admiral Tryon will be in direct telegraphic communication with the Admiralty, who will direct his movements according to the information they receive about Baird from the signal-stations round the coast.

A Portsmouth cable says: The great chain cables were rising with a hoarse clank, clank through the hawse holes; the anchors were being hove short; heavy streams were making round aurioles of water spray, as the hose was turned on the muddy chains; long lines of blue jackets were running along the decks, bending under the weight of ropes which were pulling heavy stream pinnaces from the water up to the high davits; fifes and drums on every deck were furnishing the inspiring combination of squeak and bang, which takes the place of the "heave ho" on Her Majesty's ships; sentries were pacing the bridges; crowds of barefooted men in blue were washing the decks; steam was escaping from the deck pipes and side vents, and all up and down the fleet strings of brilliant coloured signals were flying to the mastheads to fall with a despairing droop a few minutes afterwards, like so many shot pheasants. It made the prettiest of pictures in the dark of morning this bright coloured deaf and dumb language of the deep, and to make vivid the fleet of the sea, all the world came.

"C" and "D" are weighing anchor, answered a courteous petty officer on the Howe to your correspondent. They were weighing anchor. There was no doubt of it. Two squadrons at least were about to move, and the spectacle was awaited with interest. Battle ships at anchor are all very well, but they have the inert and unsatisfactory impressiveness of a stuffed bull dog. After all, it is the bull dog in motion, with his hair bristling, his teeth showing, his mouth opening like a porthole that makes his reputation as a beauty, and bull dogs had begun to move. The Raccoon at five minutes to 5 began to to forge ahead. The fleet line for the first time was broken. The cruiser moved majestically out of its place into the middle lane, and went steaming grandly away between the fleet. The Inconstant followed with impressive rapidity, her three masts perpendicular against the sky. Then, with a flash and roar, came the big floating battery, the Prince Albert, and the coast-defence ships Hotspur, Gordon and Hecate. They had an effect that was nothing more or less than weird, these great masses of metal tearing so actively through water. It was weight irresistible and power beyond opposition. The feeling they created was the sense one sometimes has in trying to sympathize with the panting locomotive, only it was the sense intensified to an indefinite degree. Grandest of all by accident of circumstances was the outcoming of the Cyclops. She came directly down the sun's path with all its blaze squarely behind her. She seemed to tower on high, a strange living and breathing Frankenstein of the seas, as she shot through gold filmed waves, the wall all on fire through all her line with the sun glare on davits, rails, boats, ventilators, air tubes, smoke stacks, smoke clouds as she came. But on passing, the light left her, and grown grey and sober she churned her way rapidly to the westward as if weary of inactivity.

Now the torpedo boats began to come out of the harbor at full speed. They darted down the north line in squadrons of six and seven, like shoals of fastest flying black porpoises, half in and half out of the water. They cut instead of mounting the waves. They were very fish-like, flying so fast and so low in the water. They thrust their noses into the billows as if they loved them and received spray that dashed in clouds about their bows just as gladly as if spray was their natural nutriment, and they had not had their breakfast. The second group of them passed, and were quickly out of sight. There was a great hole in the fleet line where C and D squadrons had been. A and B were to go next, but not for some hours, and so your correspondent shaped his course for Ryde, purchased one of the gilded waiters at the Royal Pier Hotel, and sat down to breakfast. In the forenoon A and B went out one by one to the eastward.

The German Emperor, though expected at the Cowes regatta, was too much interested in the navy to leave it long for yachts, and the Victoria and Albert took him and the Prince of Wales outward with the fleet. The two big squadrons went out in single column. The line ships were too far apart in this form to be very impressive as groups, but after rounding Bembridge point, the head ships slowed down, the after ones caught up and the procession went down the Isle of Wight coast. It was a grand sea picture that nobody living along the shore permitted himself to miss. St. Catharine's Point is a high bluff that rises hundreds of feet in precipitous shelves from the shore. From the summit the ocean was a flat stretch of wide waters, whose distances were indefinite and interminable. Five miles out in the blue the Immortalite was steaming into the Channel, a snow white, symmetrical, rapidly disappearing spot on the blue. Three miles behind her came the grand procession, far enough away from the observer to gain for the first time during the week the quality of compactness. It sailed along in two long columns. "B" squadron was headed on the shore side by the Northumberland, Vice-Admiral Beals' flagship, with the Rattlesnake torpedo catcher on her starboard beam. Behind came the Monarch, Hero, Mersey, Arethusa, Irish Conqueror and Grasshopper. Abreast of these was the other line, sailing evenly with them, headed by the Anson, Rear Admiral Irvine's flag ship, with the Curlew torpedo catcher on her port beam. Behind were the Iron Duke, Devastation, Collingwood, Calypso, Camperdown, Magicienne, Grasshopper and Nymphe. There was a wide stretch of sea and then came a squadron following the same track. The Hercules, Rear Admiral Lyon's flagship, headed the shore line, followed by the Neptune, Ajax, Invincible, Balkan, Prince, Northampton, Undaunted, Galatea, Thames, Mercury, Melpomene, Serpent and Sandfly. Abreast of them were the Rodney, Admiral Tracey's flagship, the Howe, Rupert, Warspike, Shannon, Narcissus, Media, Marathon, Mohawk and Spider, and over the glittering, diamonded stretch of deep calm ocean these massive ships, transformed by distance into pretty tiny toys, passed slowly to be lost to sight where blue meets blue.

The "B" squadron, otherwise the Achill fleet, goes to Black Sod Bay, in Ireland, thence to England with the unreal ferocity of imaginary war. The "A" fleet, the chief defending squadron, goes to Milford Haven. "C" squadron, defending, goes to Lamlash Bay, and "D," also defending, to Plymouth. "F" and "G" will protect the vicinities of Hull and Leith.

PRAYERS RESTORED HER SIGHT.

A Middletown (N. Y.) Woman's Remarkable Experience With Faith Curists.

A Middletown, N. Y., despatch says: Faith Mission is the name under which a religious organization in this city was recently incorporated. The Mission services are held on the upper floor of an old school house that was abandoned by the city many years ago. The leading spirit of the Mission is David L. Conkling, teller of the First National Bank. Faith Mission is very liberal in its views, opening its doors to all who profess Christ. Of late the pulpit has been occupied by Faith Curists, represented by Elder Hancox, of the Church of the First Born, Jersey City. On Sunday, July 28th, he devoted his time to recounting the cures effected in answer to the prayers of himself and his faithful followers. In the audience was a middle-aged woman, Mrs. William Boyce, a member of the Presbyterian Church and the wife of an employee on the State Asylum farm, who for fourteen years had suffered from impaired vision. One of her eyes was totally blind and the sight of the other was so defective that she could only see dimly by the aid of the strongest glasses. Mrs. Boyce was much impressed by Hancox's remarks and going forward for prayers was anointed with oil. Next morning, while working in the house, her sight was suddenly restored. She hastened to tell the neighbors and as proof read the smallest print in the Testament. On her husband's return from work she saw him for the first time in fourteen years with the eye that had been totally blind. Scores of people have been to see her during the week, and yesterday at the Mission's services she gave proof of the cure by reading at sight, without glasses, articles in small type which she had never before seen.

T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen, in Scotland: Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in writing of Bright's disease, says: "The blood itself is altered in its chemical composition. Its density is diminished, the corpuscles and albumen being deficient, while the water is correspondingly increased. The quantity of urea is above the normal. This is a plain recognition of the necessity of directing active treatment with Warner's Safe Cure when the blood is over-charged with urea or uric acid poison.

When daily life is to do the will of God, no disappointment is possible; neither can failure come in. Step-by-step following is the most quieting, disentangling thing in all the world.—*Woman's Journal.*

—Gussie—What is the-aw-orwigin, do you know, of thwowing up the sponge, old chappie? Mr. Sissy—Thwallowing the thponge, I pwesume, Gussie. And Gussie took the subject under advisement.

UNHAPPY MRS. MAYBRICK.

Sentenced to Death—Mr. Justice Stephen Hooted by the Crowd.

A Wednesday's Liverpool cable says: At the conclusion of the Maybrick trial three women fainted while the judge pronounced the sentence of death. The sentence pronounced, the prisoner, who at the concluding phrase, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," had clasped her hands convulsively together, required for a moment the support of the two female warders, but recovering her nerve, she walked down the stairs with a firm step and unassisted. When His Lordship, preceded by the usual retinue of javelin men, chaplain and sheriffs, made his appearance in the streets the crowd commenced to yell and hoot. His Lordship took no notice of the disturbance but proceeded to his carriage. The police not expecting a demonstration of the kind were not in any extraordinary force, and they only partially succeeded in keeping the crowd clear of the conveyance. The horses, being fine spirited animals, became restive, but the coachman, seeing the position of affairs, whipped them up and drove at a rapid pace up the London Road toward Newsham House, the judge's residence, followed for some distance by a yelling crowd. This treatment was the less deserved because throughout the trial Mr. Justice Stephen had been even anxiously careful that no point that told in favor of the prisoner should be overlooked.

As an instance of popular fickleness, a somewhat similar scene occurred in connection with the removal of the now convicted prisoner. It was at first intended to surround the prison van with an escort of mounted police, but this idea was abandoned, and when the van drove out of St. John's lane at the end of the private passage, by which the prisoners are taken to and removed from the courts, a large crowd awaited its appearance and indulged in hoots and groans for the prisoner, which continued until the van disappeared in the direction of Walton Jail. There is a rumor that Mrs. Maybrick is pregnant. If this were so it would save her from the noose, but the report is not believed. When a woman under death sentence makes such claims, she is placed in the hands of a jury of twelve matrons. If their verdict is that the prisoner is with child, she is respited, which means imprisonment for life. Otherwise she is hanged.

A Liverpool cable says: There are people who do not believe Florence Maybrick will be hanged. There are many who do not believe that she should be hanged. Many of the latter class, who are influential persons, have so expressed themselves in letters to the London editors. Petitions are being sent to Manchester and London, so that members of the bar who have left Liverpool may have an opportunity of signing them.

The merchants and brokers pray that the sentence of death may be respited with a view to commutation or reprieve, on the ground that there was no direct evidence of the administration of arsenic by the prisoner to the deceased; that the case against the prisoner on the general of facts was unduly prejudiced by the evidence of motive, and that there is room for grave doubt whether the circumstantial evidence relied on by the prosecution was weighty enough to justify conviction; that there was a strong body of medical testimony on behalf of the defence that death was ascribed to natural causes; that there was not sufficient evidence on the part of the prosecution; that it was due to arsenical poisoning; that, having regard to the conflicting nature of the medical evidence and the very widespread doubt as to the propriety of the verdict on general grounds, it would be in the highest degree unsafe to permit an irrevocable sentence to be carried out.

Messrs. Cleaver and Holder, Mrs. Maybrick's solicitors, have received letters from other towns, asking for copies of the petition for signature, and they have drawn up a form for general use similar to that of the merchants and brokers.

Mrs. Maybrick was in a prostrate condition this morning, and was attended by the doctor, who, however, states that her condition is not serious, but is due to relapse after the great strain of the past week. She has again protested her innocence to the jail chaplain. This afternoon she had recovered her composure somewhat, and was visited by her mother, Baroness Von Roque, who since the commencement of the proceedings has been living in the vicinity of the jail in order to be near her daughter.

There was a large crowd outside the jail, and the prevailing sentiment was one of pity for the prisoner.

The governor and officials of the jail decline positively to give any information about the prisoner, and information on this head has to be sought in other quarters. The interview between the mother and daughter, which was but brief, was painful and affecting, the prisoner being of the two the most agitated. She, however, expressed her appreciation of the kindness of the officials in allowing her mother to visit her, the visit having afforded her much consolation. Last night when she returned from court she walked to the condemned cell with a firm and elastic step, and as if she had not realized the terrible position she was in. This morning, however, a revulsion of feeling seems to have set in.

Some City Nuisances.

The man or woman who will have the window in a car up or down according to his or her special desire, reckless of the comfort of others. The people who talk at the play or the lecture while all around them are trying to listen to the performance. The woman sitting just behind us at church, who is always swinging a fan, and from whom we cannot escape, although we know that the current of air will give us a stiff neck for the next two days. The young man who whistles ("for want of thought" describes his character truthfully), and whose piercing notes go through the weary listener's brain like the puncture of a stiletto.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

—"Do you imagine M Porcine s well off?" "I judge so, from the fact that she said her father owned next to the largest abbattoir in Chicago." "Do you know what is next to the largest abbattoir in Chicago?" "No; what?' ' A vacant lot.',

A FATAL CANNON ACCIDENT.

They Didn't Know It was Loaded Till they Touched It Off.

A Wednesday's special from Yarmouth, N.S., says: A most startling and remarkable accident occurred here last night about 9 o'clock. The streets were filled with people when the sound of a discharging cannon was heard in the centre of the town. It was found that one of the old 32-pounder cannon in the drill shed had been discharged and the shot had killed a man named James Cosman, in Wilson's stable, in the next street. The Artillery Company meet in the drill shed for gun drill every Tuesday evening. They go through the exercise of loading and firing the cannon, using the regular large iron shot, but having only a bag of sawdust for powder. Last Tuesday night when drill commenced an obstruction was found in one of the guns, which proved to be a shot jammed in tightly in some way near the breech. Various means were tried to get it out without success, and the gun was then left until last night, when Capt. T. R. Jolly tried to blow the shot out by putting in powder at the touch-hole and firing it. The breech was previously sounded with a drift, apparently showing that the gun was empty, save for the shot. A small quantity of rifle powder was put in the breach and a friction tube exploded, but there was no effect until the third attempt, when there was a startling report and the drill shed was filled with smoke. The shot tore through a heavy rolled-up gymnasium mattress, through the doors of the rifle rack, through the end wall of the building, entered the back of Wilson's stable, where the stableman was cleaning a horse, struck him a glancing blow, breaking his neck, and then passed through four heavy board stall partitions before it was spent. The report of the gun and the effect produced were out of all keeping with the amount of powder poured into the touch-hole, and the cause of the accident is a mystery. It is believed by many that whoever jammed the shot in the cannon had first got some powder and put in a charge, but if this was so it seems strange the gun did not go off until the third firing of the powder inserted at the breach.

FLY PAPERS AS A COSMETIC.

Brussels Druggists Have Their Say on the Maybrick Case.

A Brussels cable says: The Maybrick trial has caused almost as great a sensation on the continent as in England. The *Independence Belge* compares the case to the celebrated Lafargue affair of thirty years ago. The Brussels newspaper has also sought to throw light upon one of the points of the trial which has remained somewhat obscure, and to-day publishes the result of interesting inquiries. The reporters have made the fly papers theory the subject of their inquiry. Mrs. Maybrick alleged that she had employed these arsenic impregnated papers for her complexion, after the example of German women. The counsel for the prosecution objected, and no witnesses were produced to prove that German women made use of fly papers, as alleged, and consequently this part of Mrs. Maybrick's defence was worthless. Ten Brussels chemists, who have been consulted by the *Independence*, have totally different opinions. Of these, nine stated that fly papers could be used successfully in the cure of skin diseases and eruptions, while the tenth went further. He carried on his profession many years in Germany, and declares that in that country many women are in the habit of using fly-papers to beautify their complexions. The preparation of the papers is the same as that which Mrs. Maybrick said she had followed. Another chemist named Hairant, who also spent several years in Germany, corroborated the previous statement. He pointed out that fly papers are generally impregnated with a strong solution of quassia amara, the extremely bitter taste of which would certainly have aroused Maybrick's suspicions had any liquid containing it been given him to drink.

THE BOULANGER TRIAL.

The General Charged with Intrigue, Falsehood and Conspiracy.

A Paris cable says: The trial of General Boulanger before the high court of the Senate was resumed yesterday. The Procureur-General, continuing his address, charged that General Boulanger had held a veritable political court at Clermont-Ferrand when he was in command of the troops there, and he had originated secret intrigues, electoral agitation and systems for corrupting officials. Notwithstanding these acts he had written to the War Office disclaiming any connection with what had been done in his name.

Here there were protests from the Senators belonging to the Right.

The Procureur-General declared that there were documents before the court which clearly marked the downward path of Gen. Boulanger from insubordination to intrigue, falsehood and conspiracy. The Government also had evidence to show that Gen. Boulanger had tried to have conveyed to Prince Bismarck the information that he (Boulanger) only desired to be appointed Consul for life.

The Procureur-General described the proceedings of the League of Patriots at Rochefort and the initial steps of the attempt against the State, which commenced with the scene at the Lyons depot when Boulanger started for Clermont-Ferrand and continued until the Longchamps review, when Boulanger was hiding in Paris awaiting the result of his manifesto. The Procureur's speech was received with many impatient cries to "Adjourn! adjourn!" The trial was finally adjourned.

Here's Richness.

The appointment of women on School Boards does not meet with approval in all quarters. A janitor in one of the Public Schools thus relates his grievances: "Here I have been janitor of this school for 15 years and not a soul has ever been in the basement but myself, and now this woman comes to inspect the school, and the first thing she does is to ask to see the basement. And that basement," he added plaintively, "wasn't in a fit condition for any one to see."—*American Analyst.*

Accepted suitor—Won't you find it awkward when you meet your other two husbands in heaven? Interesting widow—I don't expect to meet either of them there.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

What Will Be Worn the Coming Fall.

LECTURE ON LOVELY LINENS.

Valuable Suggestions for the Sick-Room.

RECIPES AND OTHER NOTES.

The Coming Fashions.

While all the world of fashion is making itself merry through the gay summer-time at the various resorts, busy heads and hands everywhere are making ready for the season that is to follow so closely in the footsteps of this rapidly retreating one, and are deciding what shall be presented in the way of high novelties for wear when the cool days call for change of raiment. Word has already come from the centres of fashion that velvet, that most regal of all fabrics, will be worn a great deal this autumn and winter. Not the brocaded velvets, nor the striped stuffs, but the plain-surfaced silk velvet. This beautiful fabric can never be too highly valued; and why should it? It stands alone among all the textiles; nothing takes it place. It is beautiful in its own unaided beauty. It needs nothing in the way of ornament or trimming to enhance its stately loveliness. It is the queen of all the materials that was ever made, and the very fact that it is to head the list augurs a season of rich and elegant dressing, with stately lines and dignified effects. Thick corded silk will also be fashionable, making a marked contrast, indeed, to the soft, yielding stuffs that have been the favored wear in silken stuffs during the summer. The woollens that will be the most generally worn this autumn will, it is prophesied, be quite profusely embroidered, either all over the surface or as a deep border. Some samples of the latter have been received, and dresses made from them are already brought home by returning European travellers, as a little hint of the preparation already being made for the approaching autumn and winter. Cashmere of an olive, mignonette or Egyptian green—a bright, rather dark shade—embroidered with a broad border in an oriental design, makes a charming costume worn in the form of a princess polonaise, or with a tunic divided from the bodice and very slightly draped. As to the mixture of materials, it seems just now as though it would consist only in putting into dress sleeves a different stuff from the body of a gown. The Frenchdressmakers began his odd innovation early in the summer, and they are still carrying out the idea. To what extent it will obtain during the autumn and winter it is, of course, quite impossible to say, but it is not at all uncommon now in either Paris or London. How American women will receive the fashion, remains to be seen.

Lovely Linens.

In a lecture recently given by Mrs. T. M Wheeler before the ladies' classes of a New York art school she said: "We require that the dish out of which we eat, the bed in which we sleep, the carpet on which we tread, shall have some share of beauty." Then she talked on household linens. The old-fashioned notion of a linen chest well stocked with homespun flax is superseded by piles of daintily embroidered linens for different uses. The monogram of the fair owner is worked in many pieces by her own hands, and each separate article bears some suggestion of the owner's personality.

The woman who loves to see beauty and daintiness about her embroiders her towels in different designs to suit each apartment. Her bed linen is fine and ample, and in the department of the table she allows her love of beauty full sway.

Linen for the bed quite as well as the bed in which we sleep can have its share of beauty, for true beauty has its root in appropriateness.

The sheets and pillow-slips of a well-ordered linen closet should be guiltless of machine stitching. Their hems should be daintily sewed by hand. The machine has its uses, but within this precinct it is ostracised. The hems of the sheets should be at least three inches wide, and in one corner there should be seen the monogram of the chatelaine daintily worked with white linen floss. No bit of color should mar the inviting usefulness of the pure white linen. There is, in the words of the old adage, a place for everything, and the bed linen is not the place for color.

The pillow-slips may be treated in a manner similar to the sheets, and the bed will be not only pleasant to look upon, but also will give an added sense of usefulness to the many occupants.

The towels that fit the corner of our linen closet are susceptible to decoration. Here color may be well used and suitable designs executed as elaborately as the time and patience of the worker admit.

Fringed towels are much in use, but inasmuch as they distribute more or less of lint wherever they go, at least some of the supply may well be hemmed.

Suggestions for Sick Rooms.

A large, sunny room should be selected for the invalid; if without a carpet so much the better. Sunshine as a disinfectant is worth bushels of chloride of lime.

The bed linen should be changed at least once in three days; the blankets once a week, those that have been removed being hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly aired in a warm room.

The room should be kept thoroughly ventilated and at a temperature not lower than 68 degrees nor higher than 70 degrees. If the patient is kept warm air may be freely admitted without the least danger.

The carpet of a sick room should be lightly brushed once a day with a wetted broom. The furniture and woodwork should be wiped with a damp cloth. Dry dusters and feather brushes are worse than useless.

The cross sheet should invariably be kept free from crumbs and wrinkles, as these are a frequent cause of bed sores. Whenever the least redness shows on the patient's body the skin must be at once bathed with alcohol, thoroughly dried and dusted with powdered oxide of zinc.

A sheet folded once lengthwise, laid across the bed, with the upper edge just touching the pillows and the ends tightly tucked under the mattresses, will be found to add greatly to the patient's comfort. It does not wrinkle like a single sheet, and crumbs may be readily brushed off it.

The nurse's dress should invariably be neat, tasteful and pretty. Slippers or boots of felt should be worn. To be continually smoothing the bed, pestering the patient with sympathy and saying a dozen times an hour, "How do you feel now?" is enough to drive a sick man wild.

Meals for invalids should look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass and china should shine with cleanliness. The patient should not be disgusted by a display of too much food, and should not be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or drink.

In bathing the invalid should never uncover too large a surface at once. Pin a blanket round the shoulders, fastening it behind, and remove the night-dress under that. Put the hand under the blanket and sponge the skin, a small portion at a time. A woman's hair should be combed every day if she is able to bear the fatigue. If it has become tangled a little sweet oil will loosen it.

Household troubles should be kept far from the sick-room. Above all, an invalid or an apparent convalescent should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance may in half an hour undo the good of a week of tender nursing. In long illnesses a small bed-table will be found indispensable. Every cup, glass, spoon and utensil used should be taken out of the room and washed as speedily as possible. as to walking on tip-toe and whispering, othing can disturb a sick person m ores.—*Home Topics.*

Dressing-Gowns for a Princess.

The Czarina has just had three wonderful dressing-gowns made for Princess Alexandra of Greece, who is about to be married to the Grand Duke Paul, of Russia. One of them is made of white silver fox fur, cut princess shape and edged with a border of real gold-plaited threads about a hand-breadth wide. The second is made of sable, fastened up the front with six agraffes, each composed of a cluster of real pearls. The effect of the pure white pearls on the bright dark fur is said to be positively dazzling. The third of these luxurious garments is made of blue-fox fur, and is encircled at the waist by a diamond belt. Several thousand skins have been used to make these dressing-gowns, which represent an almost fabulous worth. The Czarina is said to have explained the lavish outlay by saying she chose fur that the Princess, who comes from the sunny south, might be well protected against the cold.

New Designs in Jewelry.

Diamonds inserted in ivory are now seen in miniature portrait jewelry.

Mounted on a plain gold hoop bracelet, a moth of diamonds, opals and rubies shows with fine effect.

A large white pearl held between the nippers of a realistic looking crab is a recent design for lace pins.

Among scarf pins the much abused telegraph pole is represented with diamond insulators on the gold arms.

Initials formed by sprays of gold-backed enamel forget-me-nots are lace pins recently seen at the watering places.

Queen chain pendants are assuming every conceivable form. An eighteenth century spinning wheel is the most recent.

A plain gold scimitar with the hilt profusely inlaid with emeralds and torquoise forms a decidedly handsome hairpin.

A sea shell in relief, with finely etched marine scene surrounding it, forms an artistic decoration for silver mirror front.

Sloping Shoulders.

The feminine shoulder, which has for some time been treated by dressmakers in a manner to make it look as square as possible, is about to slope off. The pouf will go, according to the Paris fashion, and then the curve will again be natural and revealed.—*New York Sun.*

Receipes.

Tomato Soup.—Wash, scrape and cut small the red parts of three large carrots, three heads of celery, four large onions and two turnips; put them in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter and a half pound lean ham; let them stew very gently for an hour; then add three quarts of brown gravy soup and a little black pepper, with eight or ten ripe tomatoes; let boil for an hour and a half, then strain through a sieve; serve with fried bread cut in dice.

Croquettes of Fowl—Mince the remains of a cold fowl, carefully removing all skin and bone, and fry three shallots in one ounce of butter; add the minced fowl, dredge in one teaspoonful of flour, add pepper, salt, pounded mace, one teaspoonful of pounded sugar, and sufficient white sauce to moisten it; stir to it the well-beaten yelks of two eggs, and set aside to cool; make the mixture into balls, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry a rich brown.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Hollow out the centres of twelve tomatoes, chop some cold meat or chicken, add bread crumbs, one chopped onion, three eggs well beaten, one quarter pound of butter and seasoning; form into forcemeat balls and fill the centre of the tomatoes; stew them gently in gravy. Before serving up brown them with a salamander.

Vegetable Marrow au Gratin.—Parboi two marrows, quarter them, drain thoroughly, and place them on a buttered dish; sprinkle over grated Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt to taste, and a little grated nutmeg; lay small pieces of butter on the top; cover with finely-powdered bread crumbs, bake for twenty minutes, and serve very hot.

Beef Soup.—Boil one small beef bone in three quarts of water. When it has boiled three hours add two onions, two turnips, four potatoes chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls each of barley and rice; season with salt and pepper. Boil one hour longer.

THE late Dr. Dio Lewis, whose name is a household word all over the globe, warmly endorsed the use of Warner's Safe Cure in cases of kidney disorder. He said over his own signature: "If I found myself a victim of serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

—A pure and noble woman is like a great and good newspaper—neither of them ever grows old.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.

Remarkable Discoveries Made by M Naville.

The two large July gatherings held in London, England, by the Victoria Institute are considered to have been of much importance. The President, Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart., President of the Royal Society, took the chair at both, and on each occasion the members crowded the large hall engaged to the doors. At the first meeting Professor Sayce's account of his examination of the library brought by Amenophis III. from Assyria to Egypt 34 centuries ago, was given. The Lord Chancellor delivered an eloquent speech on the occasion, and M. Naville, the discoverer of Succoth-Pithom, Bubastis, and other places of great historical importance in Egypt, characterized the discovery described by Professor Sayce as one of the most important, and perhaps really the most important, of this century; and the Victoria Institute's members were not slow in recognizing the value of their fellow-member's work. At the second meeting, the members assembled to welcome M. Naville on his arrival in England after his discovery of the site of Bubastis, and his exploration thereof. The business of this meeting was commenced by the election, as members, of several who had applied to join the Institute as supporters, including His Excellency Count Bernstorff, and several Australian and American associates, after which M. Naville himself described his own discoveries at Bubastis, for the first time in England—his last visit to England having been previous to those discoveries. The Society of Arts having most kindly placed their apparatus at the disposal of the Victoria Institute, he showed, by lime-light, the photographs he had made on the spot. M. Naville commenced by quoting the prophecy of Ezekiel against Egypt, because it contained the names of the leading buried cities, the recovery of the records of which he is so desirous to obtain; and here we may be permitted to digress for a moment to call attention to the fact that the authoress of the last published work in regard to the East declares that this prophecy had not been fulfilled according to the prophet's words. Strange that the greatest and most successful Egyptian explorer of modern times should go to this very prophecy for light to enable him to find that which others had failed to discover? Taking the last city named, he described how he found Pibseth-Bubastis, how each day's excavating work brought him new relics, new inscriptions; how he found Rameses II., in the 19th dynasty, had, as usual, blotted out the names of previous Pharaohs, and put his own name on everything, even on the statue of a Pharaoh of the 4th dynasty; and how, by careful comparison, aided by the fact that Rameses II. had not been quite thorough in his appropriations, he had discovered which Pharaoh of the 4th dynasty the statue represented. He came to the conclusion that Bubastis was founded at least as early as in the reign of Cheops, between whom and Pepi, of whose influence there were traces, 500 years intervened, 800 years after there was a transformation of the city in the 12th dynasty; in the 14th dynasty there was the invasion of the Hyksos or Shepherds, who, from the statutes of great beauty found, and from other evidences, must have been a highly-cultivated people, who, he considered, must have come from Mesopotamia. Dr. Virchow considered that their monuments represented Turanians, and Professor Flower considered them to represent people of a Turanian or Mongoloid type, but that did not mean that the population itself was Turanian. Their worship and language was of a Semitic type, but the statues of their kings showed that they were not Semites. M. Naville added: "It was then what it is still now; and I believe that the conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos is not unlike what would happen at the present day if the population of Mesopotamia overran the valley of the Nile; you would have masses, in great majority of Semitic race, speaking a Semetic language, having a Semitic religion, and being under the command of Turks, who are not Semites but Turanians."

M. Naville, having referred to the head of a Hyksos King, which he had sent to the British Museum, added that he had found two statues of Apepi, the Pharoah of Joseph, and inscriptions in regard to the Pharoah of the Exodus, and many others of high interest. But it would be impossible to refer to the mine of interesting matter in this paper, and we can only congratulate the members of the Victoria Institute on possessing it; it is certainly worth the whole year's subscription to possess this one paper. M. Naville, in concluding, said: "I cannot dwell at great length here on the events of the Exodus, yet I should like to mention that the successive discoveries made in the Delta have had the result of making the sacred narrative more comprehensible in many points, and in one especially in showing that the distances were much shorter than was generally thought. I consider, for instance, it important to have established that Bubastis was a very large city, and a favorite resort of the king and his family. It is quite possible that, at the time when the events preceding the Exodus took place, the king was at Bubastis, not at Tanis, as we generally believed."

The First Omnibus.

The invention of omnibuses is due to the philosopher Pascal, who, in February, 1667, obtained a "privilege"—what we should call a patent—for public carriages to travel through certain streets of Paris. They held eight passengers, who paid 6 sous each, and were very successful, although an act of the Parliament of Paris forbade them being used by lackeys, soldiers and other humble folks. Pascal died in 1667 and his useful invention did not long survive him. The omnibus reappeared in London about the beginning of this century and was adopted in several French provincial towns before Paris accepted it again.—*London Standard.*

The *Woman's Temperance Magazine*, published in Tokio, Japan, is the first paper edited by women in that country. The editors are Miss Asai and Mrs. Tasaki. The design on the cover is an angel floating over the earth and scattering printed leaves for the use of mortals.—*Woman's Journal.*

THE SUMMER BABY.

The Trials and Tribulations of Mother and Child.

The summer baby goes on a good many excursions—in fact, the summer baby is a dissipated creature this hot weather. It is brought in town to shop, and it is taken down to the Beach to commune with old Ontario, and it is dandled from the end seat of an open car to catch the passing breeze. I meet the s. b. in all stages of white gown and prickly heat wherever I go, and I sympathize with its supine indifference to the world profoundly. The summer baby is very careless of personal appearances; it has all it can do to brace up long enough to have a cap tied under its little chin and a clean face put on. Occasionally, however, it burrows in a ripe plum or takes a nip from a sticky piece of candy, with results that make it excessively attractive to flies; but, then, the baby is agreeable, and why need anybody else care? With all the discomfort, and even cholera infantum staring it in the stomach, the summer baby has a good time. It is the tired, heated mother who is worried; she plumps her offspring down in the sand on the shore with an air of desiring to plant it, or she snatches the darling off the far from immaculate floor of the car, as though the child was a brand plucked from the burning and she meant to extinguish it. Sometimes the summer baby's poor little head wabbles like a Japanese's doll's, and it behaves as "fretty" as an old man who can't find his spectacles; life isn't running smoothly then, you may be sure; the miserable heat is playing witch work with its tender digestive organs. Fresh air and real cow's milk are wholesome, and shopping tours and crumby cake are the reverse, but, of course, the summer baby doesn't go a-shopping from choice, and so one is all the more sorry to find it sitting on a counter in August, while "mummer" buys its shoes or her own. Whenever the summer baby is encountered lolling in a perambulator under the trees in the Public Garden the combination is regarded as about as advantageous as the reigning dog star would be likely to permit in the city. A baby has the courage of its ignorance, but the summer baby is a perfect lump of heroism—to keep along at all.

Regularity of Habit.

One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acqire, says an able writer, is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put it off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. We know persons who have a multitude of duties, and who perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties, and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is in hand. This done, and other engagements are met, each in order and a vast deal accomplished, not by strained exertion, but by regularity. The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful, when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mixed, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive, and the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush, and attempt to do several things at once and accomplish little, while another will quietly proceed from one duty to another and easily accomplish a vast amount of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one, as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.

No Musical Sense in Horses.

An interesting report regarding the development of the musical sense in horses has just been made by a committee of German zoologists and botanists. The report says: "The investigations as to the musical sense of horses have shown that that sense is very poorly developed in these animals. It has been proved beyond doubt that horses have no notion whatever of keeping time to music and that at circuses they do not dance, according to the tune, but the musicians have to keep time according to the steps of the animals. Other investigations show that horses do not understand military trumpet signals. It is only the rider or the animal's instinct of imitation which induces horses to make the moves required by the signal, but no horse without a rider, however carefully trained, takes the slightest notice of a trumpet signal and the same observation has been made on a large number of cavalry horses without riders."

I Remember.

I remember, I remember,
When I was but a boy,
How Castor Oil and Epsom Salts
Robbed life of half its joy.
I remember, I remember,
When for each trifling ill,
The family Esculapius
Prescribed the Big Blue Pill.

But happily, (let suffering humanity murmur a prayer of thanksgiving), that period of woe is past. Speedy and painless relief from all the ills of a disordered stomach or impaired liver, can be obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They do not gripe, weaken or nauseate. Small, sugar-coated, pleasant to take, and mild and gentle in action. Neatly put up in glass vials. One a dose. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take.

One on Carlyle.

Carlyle, when a youth, attended a Presbyterian Church at Cummertrees, Dumfrieshire. The preacher, Rev. Davie Gillespie, spoke on "youth and beauty being laid in the grave." Something in his discourse tickled the future philosopher. He "smiled audibly," whereupon the dominie turned on him remarking: "Mistake me not, young man, it is youth alone that you possess."

He Really Was.

Father—Willie, where have you been?

Willie (the hopeful)—Upstairs, putting red pepper into Uncle 'Rastus' shoes.

Father—I am surprised, Willie! I thought you were above doing a mean act.

Willie—So I was, sir. [illegible]

THE ART OF SWIMMING.

Common Sense When in the Water—Everyone May Learn.

There is no knack in swimming, says the *Family Doctor*, albeit few of us swim by instinct. Remember that the one indispensable requisite is a confident belief that you cannot sink while you keep your hands under water and your legs the least in motion. Every person should know that his or her body is specifically lighter than the water.

Plain swimming is a perfectly easy and simple operation. Keep your hands open, with the palms rather concave, and the fingers close together that no water can pass between them. Lean with your chest on the water, and as you throw your arms forward your body will assume a horizontal position just beneath the surface. With slow and steady action let the legs follow the motion of the arms, or rather act simultaneously with them. Then spread the hands so as to describe a half circle, the elbows coming close to the body and the hands to the chest. A few yards is all you willaccomplish at first.

Keep up your head in all cases, and if you feel any inconvenience by the water entering your mouth close your lips and it cannot get in. In getting ready for each successive stroke draw back your legs by a simultaneous motion, keep the feet wide apart with the toes well turned out, and as you send out the arms kick the legs backwards and sideways to the full extent, keeping them separate until they have described as wide a circle as possible, the legs closing together at the end of each stroke. Press against the water with the sole of the foot, and not with the toes, and you will make more easy and rapid progress.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

St. Thomas, Ontario.

All Graduates of Alma Fine Arts College are legally qualified to teach in Public and High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, Mechanics' Institutes, and the Arts Schools of the Province.

☞Last year Alma passed 116 out of 137 candidates in the Provincial Arts Examinations, took the *only four* full Advanced Certificates given in the Province, also six full Primary Certificates and won two Gold Medal Certificates.

Alma's record in past years has been unequalled in the Fine Art work, and she now stands unrivalled in this respect in the Dominion of Canada.

Her Art room and apparatus are admittedly the best in Ontario, and her staff of instruction unsurpassed.

A number of graduates of Alma Fine Art School have received Collegiate appointments in Canada and the United States.

For 60 pp. Calendar, address Principal Austin, A.M.

A Widespread Injury.

Journalist—I would like to get a pension.

Pension Agent—Were you injured while you were in the army during the war?

"Yes, I was a newspaper correspondent, and I did so much hard lying that I strained my conscience, and as everybody connected with the army is getting pensions I thought I'd just file my claim."

Health and Beauty.

She is a form of life and light,
That, seen, becomes a part of sight:
Health on her cheek, and beauty in her eye,
Her form all grace and queen-like majesty.

The secret of her splendid health and beauty is simply this: she averts and avoids the many ills peculiar to her sex by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by all druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

The Richest Woman.

The richest woman in America is a resident of South America. She is not only the richest woman in the Americas, but she is the richest woman in the world. She has one of the largest fortunes held by either sex. This woman is Dona Isadora Cousino, of Chili. She is the biggest real estate owner in Santiago and Valparaiso. South American fortunes are hard to estimate, but many people have put hers above $200,000,000. Money multiplies fast in her hand, for her eye is everywhere.

A Reward of $500

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The mild soothing, cleansing and healing properties of this remedy are irresistible. 50 cents by druggists.

True Caution.

"Hold this revolver for me a minute, won't you?" said one travelling man to friend.

"I don't know about that," was the reply. "I'm timid about fire arms"

"But it isn't loaded."

"I know it isn't. Go ahead and load and I'll chance it. I've heard enough about pistols that weren't loaded."

At Work by the Day.

She—Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field!

He—That isn't a scarecrow.

She—It must be; see how motionless it is.

He—That's the hired man at work.

—"What prompted you to rob this man's till?" asked the Judge of the prisoner. "My family physician," said the prisoner, "told me I required change."

D C N L 34' 89.

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Mr. Thos. A. Blakely has sold sixteen self-binders during the past season.

W. J. Blakeston, of Hillside Academy, gave us a pleasant call on Tuesday.

Look out for McDonald and Evans' change of advertisement next week.

The cattle fair at Priceville on Monday was well attended and a large number of cattle were sold.

There was no regular service in the Presbyterian church last Sabbath, owing to the continued absence of Rev. Mr. Emes.

WANTED.—An experienced weaver, or a smart young woman to learn. Also a boy or girl to wind bobbins and reel yarn. Apply at the Flesherton Woolen Mill.

In the council minutes of last meeting of council the name of John Hargrave, as collector for ward No. 1, should have read John Hazard. Typographical error

Readers will notice by our advertising columns that the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute re-opens on Monday, Aug. 26th. This Institute has been remarkably successful. Read the announcement.

Mr. W. Wood, merchant at Flesherton station has a splendid stock of general dry goods and groceries, which he is selling at very reasonable prices. His stock of ladies' dress goods is more extensive than it has ever been before. Call in and examine.

Will McFarland, while camping out at Bell's lake last week shot a very large loon.—Markdale Standard. Mr. Ed. Richardson, of Flesherton, claims half the honor of that capture. He says he broke the bird's leg with a ball and Will finished it with a shot gun.

The Priceville correspondent of the Durham Chronicle says, with reference to the game of baseball which was played between Priceville and Flesherton two weeks ago, that "the ladies who were present were very enthusiastic, and showed a feeling against the visiting team which Priceville ladies would not be guilty of on such occasions."

We have received from the office of the Manitaba Colonist a publication in magazine form entitled Port Arthur Illustrated. It is very neatly executed, the illustrations being of superior excellence, and all printed on heavy toned paper, making the book a credit to the place with which it deals, and the office of publication as well.

The Flesherton Advance has entered on another volume. Success to ye. Creemore Star. Yes, brother, age is creeping on. The Advance was eight years old last June, but we neglected to mention the fact at the time. We have to wear spectacles and our memory is failing us, but don't you forget that in other respects we are still a vigorous old coon for our years.

In an item published in the Markdale Standard this anomaly exists.: "The horse ran for about a half a mile when he was caught. The buggy and harness are a total reck. He happened lucky that he was not killed." Who happened lucky that he was not killed? Was it the buggy, or the harness, or the horse, or the individual that caught him, or the half mile that he ran for? It is evident that something was nearly killed, but what was it? Where was the half mile situated that the horse ran for? How could he run, anyway, when he was caught? When—but our head aches. Ain't used to literary puzzles of this kind.

A Strange Beast.

A year ago the Shelburne Free Press noted the finding, near that village, of the ribs of some huge prehistoric animal. These remains were discovered while excavating for a well, but owing to the large quantity of water flowing in operations had to be abandoned. Lately, however, work has been resumed and the result is that other portions of the mammoth beast have been unearthed. Those who have seen the bones cannot place the species of animal to which they belong. So far as known no other remains of a like nature have ever been discovered. They belong to neither the mastodon or mammoth. One horn has been secured, which, Mr. R.L. Mortimer, of the Free Press, imforms us, must have stood out nine or ten feet from the head, or about twenty feet from tip to tip. The horn has the orthodox curve of an oxe's horn. A large number of the bones are now on exhibition, but the complete skeleton has not yet been exhumed. Here is something which may puzzle the zoographer to describe. So far we have not heard of the remains having been examined by any professor competent to decide as to the order of the animal which they represent.

Garden Party.

The garden party which was advertised to be given by the young ladies of the Methodist Church, took place on Friday evening last, on the spacious grounds of Mrs. Geo. Dinwoodie, near Flesherton, having been postponed from Wednesday owing to rain. The party gathered together was not large. The evening was rather cool, which, no doubt, caused a great many to remain away. The elements seemed to frown upon the young people in their efforts to get up this party. Those who were there, however, appeard to enjoy themselves heartily.

Good Crops.

The following from the Manitoulin Expositor go to show that agriculturists on the island will have no cause of complaint this season: "Eighteen ears of fall wheat, containing 770 grains, on straw four feet six inches long all grown from one grain. They stand at present in the corner of our office and came from the farm of Wm. Peters and are no better than the rest of the field. Timothy 6 feet 2 inches long, oats 5 feet 8 inches long, and spring wheat 5 feet 6 inches long with fourteen ears to the one root. These also stand in our office and came from the farm of Henry Shannon, the grain all large and plump and handsome enough to please anyone."

In the Peanut Business.

An item has been going the newspaper rounds stating that the Canadian Pacific railway company has fired all newsbutchers and candy mongers from their lines, and that henceforth the passenger may ride in peace. This is a mistake. The company, considering that the catering in these lines was not satisfactory to travellers, has taken over the business itself and will hereafter pester passengers on the latest approved plan. This is done through philanthropic motives, we presume. Of course the fact that Mr. Burgess (we think his name was Burgess) late proprietor of the news company which supplied the C.P.R. trains, made $16,000 in three years, may have been a small incentive in the eyes of the railway authorities. It sounds nice, does it not, to read that the C.P.R. are selling peanuts, popcorn packages, and oranges for a living!

The Wiarton Excursion.

One of the most pleasant excursions which we have ever enjoyed was that given by the united Foresters and Workmen of Shelburne and Dundalk to Owen Sound and Wiarton on Monday last. The train which conveyed the party consisted of ten coaches, containing between seven and eight hundred people, of which number Flesherton contributed about thirty. Upon arriving at Owen Sound the party was transferred to the steamer Carmona, which was in waiting, by which they were conveyed to Wiarton, where they arrived at 2.30. The village of Wiarton is growing steadily and surely. Fifteen years ago, when we first saw it, it was a mere hamlet, with probably twenty houses. To-day it is an incorporated village with the population and appliances of a town. It boasts of several excellent hotels, of which the Arlington is the best appointed and most pretentious. The public park skirting the cliffs which overlook the bay is not by any means the least attraction which Wiarton boasts. The park is picturesquely situated and is made more beautiful by a small assistance of nature. Trees and rocks adorn it; tables are placed at intervals for the accommodation of picnic parties, and a limpid stream of cold water wanders through it, rising from out the limestone cliffs near by. The village has a system of waterworks and fire protection of which any city might be proud. An exhibition of this was given by the fire department for the benefit of their visitors. Four different lines of hose were attached to two hydrants and an inch-and-a-half stream poured from each to a great height. We should say that Wiarton is practically impregnable to fire with the magnificent protection which is afforded by her waterworks. The time at our disposal was not sufficient to examine the town as we would have liked to, but from what was seen we should judge the place has not yet seen its palmiest days. Everything has an appearance of newness, yet there is a substantial glow of health which predicts still greater growth in manufactures and mercantile industries. The boat left at 3.20, and Owen Sound was reached at 6.30, where the excursionists had until eight o'clock to do that future western metropolis of Ontario, the Flesherton contingent arriving home a little after 10 o'clock, having enjoyed a pleasure trip which will not soon be forgotten.

Flesherton public school opened on Monday last.

An amusing game of baseball was played on Monday afternoon between the married and single men of Flesherton. There are conflicting rumors as to how the score stood, some placing it at 10 to 15 in favor of the married men, others claiming that it was 34 to 45 in favor of the single men. This latter statement we are ourselves inclined to accept.

Notice.

The members of Fonntain Council, R. T. of T., are earnestly requested to attend the next meeting of Council on Tuesday evening, Aug. 27, as business of importance is to be transacted.

Married.

Mr. John McGowan, miller, of Priceville, was united in marriage yesterday (Wednesday) to Miss —Grey, eldest daughter of Wm. Grey, Esq., Artemesia. Our hearty congratulations go with the happy couple.

To New York.

A cheap excursion will be run to New York from Toronto on Saturday, Aug. 31. Fare for the round trip from Toronto to New York and return, only $11. For particulars apply to H.W. VanEvery, 5 Adelaide st. east, Toronto.

Northern Business College.

We have received the annual announcements of the Northern Business College. Those who are desirous of receiving a business education would do well to write for them to C. A. Fleming, Principal, Owen Sound. See Advertisement elsewhere.

Personal.

Mrs. Jones, of Toronto, is visiting friends here.

Miss Feeny, sister of Father Feeny of Irish Lake, is visiting in New York.

Miss Jessie Damude, of Fonthill, is visiting with her uncle, Mr. S. Damude.

Mrs. Jas. Trimble, of Michigan, is visiting at Mr. R. Trimble's.

Mr. McDonald, merchant, and wife, have been visiting relatives in the vicinity of Ripley during the past week.

Mr. R. Cook intends to make another visit to Manitoulin island this week or next.

Mr. Walter Leitch has returned from Owen Sound for a couple weeks holidays.

Mrs. D. S. Monroe and Miss Frank Wright are visiting with their mother, Mrs. Wm. Wright.

A Fine Hotel.

While in Owen Sound on Monday we took occasion to visit the new Patterson House, which has lately been erected there. We found it even superior to what we had been led to expect. Mr. Duncan is the same genial landlord that he was while keeping the old City Hotel, but his new house is more in keeping with the requirements of a city than a place the size of Owen Sound. It will be many a day before a finer building will be erected in that place. The inner appointments, cuisine, etc., are entirely in keeping with outward appearance—first class in every respect.

Division Court.

There was a very large attendance at the Division Court held here on Tuesday, including seven lawyers. A number of cases were adjourned until next court. There was one case tried of more than ordinary interest, that of Kingston v. Wolseley. Kingston is a lawyer of Mt. Forest, and Wolseley a farmer in the township of Proton. The latter owed a third person, who, it appears, was indebted to Kingston, and had given him an assignment of his claim against Wolseley. After the assignment had been made and notification given it appears that Wolseley paid over his indebtedness to the assignor and Kingston sues for the amount. Judgement was given for the plaintiff.

Peanuts.

According to a correspondent of the New York Evening post, 3,200,000 bushels of peanuts are consumed in this country every year. They come chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, although Tennessee also produces a small crop. "Peanuts are planted at corn-planting time. Each kernel produces a running vine, like crab grass, and each root produces about twenty pods. When ripe, the plow is run through the loamy soil, on a dry day, just before frost. The nuts are dried and shocked up like corn to keep dry before housing. When marketed, they go to a cleaner where they are put through steam power machines and polished, after which they are graded according to size and variety. This year there is but two-thirds of a crop, and they are higher in price than since 1884. The crop begins to come into the market about the first of September. The Virginia nut is the largest and finest. The Wilmington is a smaller sort, and the Spanish nut, a still smaller variety, is one whose kernels peel perfectly clean, thus making it valuable for confectionary."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Owen Sound COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Re-Opens Monday, Aug. 26th.

The Best Equipped School in the Province.

A Staff of Seven Specialists.

RECORD, 1889.

ALL the pupils of the Institute, who tried the University Examination, were successful. Six matriculated, one taking honors in every Department. The candidates from this school at the Departmental Examinations received a larger number of Teachers' Certificates than did those of any other school in the Province. Six received first class; thirty-two, second class; and forty-six, third class. At the Art School Examinations the Students of the Institute obtained three hundred proficiency certificates—the largest number received by the pupils of any one institute. Two pupils tried the Primary Examination of the Law Society and succeeded.

For further information apply to

F. W. Merchant, Principal. D. R. Dobie, Sec of Board.

NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Re-Opens on Sept. 2nd for Ninth College Year.

Business Department. Shorthand and Typewriting Department, and Ornamental Department.

The most complete and practical College in Canada.

For Annual Announcements giving full Particulars address

C. A. Fleming, *Principal.*

VOTERS' LIST.

1889.

Municipality of the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Flesherton, on the 5th day of August, 1889, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list and if any omissions or any errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WM. J. BELLAMY,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Dated this 5th day of August, A. D., 1889.

Hub Thill Spring,

MANUFACTURED BY **Butts & Ordway,**

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885. 147, Pearl St., Boston.

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.

—FOR SALE AT—

Heard's Carriage Shop

BEES FOR SALE.

I HAVE TWENTY-FIVE SKIPS OF BEES ALL in first-class condition, of which I am desirous of disposing of fifteen. Parties desiring bees would do well to communicate with me.

JOHN FLEWES
Kimberley Ont.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russell's.

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office :—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc
late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Thomas Henderson,
SURGEON DENTIST
Gold Medalist and Honor Graduate of R.C.D.S.,

Will visit FLESHERTON, (Munshaw's Hotel) 1 and 2 of each month. Teeth extracted, inserted and filled in the highest styles of the art, at moderate rates.

Head Office, 761 Yonge St., Toronto

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.

Flesherton Office, next Post Office, Spoule's Building, on Thursdays.
Owen Sound Office, Frost's Building

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
Flesherton, Co. Grey.

DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. Com., and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. Issuer of Marria Licenses. Notary Public.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
on Town or Farm Property,
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house and lot, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, fine lot, good stable and yard, splendid well on the premises, fruit, trees, etc. This is a rare bargain. Apply S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Competition Defied!

PRICES CHALLENGED

THE PEOPLE

Wonder!

How we can sell so cheap and at the same time keep up the standard quality.

OUR MOTTO IS

SMALL PROFITS

—AND—

QUICK RETURNS,

And the large trade we are doing proves that our efforts to please and give satisfaction are appreciated by the public.

To speak of our cheap or leading lines would mean to enumerate our whole stock which in

PARLOR FURNITURE

CONSISTS OF

Plush & Hair Cloth Suites,
Sofas,
Lounges,
Centre Tables
Sideboards,
Cupboards,
Chairs,
Etc.

—IN—

Bedroom

Furnishings

We have still better values than ever. Whole bedroom suites of beautiful finish and design at remarkable low prices. Spring Matresses and Mixed Wool Matresses lower than ever.

J.E. MOORE

Furniture Dealer and Funeral Director.

1 & 2,
Durham St.,
FLESHERTON

Mormonism.

Mr. Editor, I will now give you more Mormon Revelation touching money matters, as they rail on all others for preaching for money, but that they preach for nothing but for the purpose of saving souls. We will now refer to their own Revelations in B.D.C., and let the reader judge for him or herself. Page 300 B. D. C., verily thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put in to the hands of the bishop of my church of Zion. P. 301 B.D.C., and after that those who have been tithed shall pay one tenth of all their interest annually,and this shall be a standing law to them forever for my priesthood. P. 302, B. D, C., awake! Oh kings, come ye with your gold and silver to the help of my people. P. 284, B. D. C., as fast as ye receive money by hundreds, or by fifties, or twentys, or tens or fives, cast it into the treasury, and let no man say or claim that as his own afterwards, or any part of it. P. 230, B. D. C., and if any man shall give to any of you a coat or suit, take the old and cast it to the poor and go on your way rejoicing. P. 190, B.D.C. let Newel R. Whitney retain his store, and let him impart all the money he can impart, and send it to the land of Zion. Let him and Oliver Cowdery visit the churches expounding these things to them. This is my will of obtaining moneys even so I have directed. He that sendeth treasures to the land of Zion shall receive an inheritance in this world and also in the world to come. P. 193, B.D.C., and verily it is a day of sacrifice and a day of tithing of my people, for he that is tithed shall not be burned at his coming. P. 194, B.D.C., they are told to not get in debt to their enemies, but that the Lord could take as he pleased and pay as it seemed good, and as they were his agents, and on his errand, whatever they would do accordingly to his will was his business, and that they were sent to provide for his saints in the last days that they might obtain an inheritance in Zion, giving them the assurance that they would obtain it. The reader can understand the meaning of this. P. 303, B.D.C. Joe had a revelation to build a boarding house to board strangers in. It was to be built as Joe would direct. This house was to be a healthy habitation if it was to be built unto the name of the Lord. P. 304, B. D. C., Joe says, let all my saints come with their gold and silver, and precious stones, and with all precious things of the earth, to build this house. On page 307, B. D. C., Miller, Wright, Synder and Haws were commanded by Joe to form a stock company, for to raise money for the building of this house. Joe had a revelation that they could not accept less than $50 from any person as stock in that house, but they were permitted to receive as high as fifteen thousand from any one who was able to give it, and such as would continue stockholders in the house, they and their heirs were to have a place in that house from generation to generation. Joe had a revelation then that caps the climax, of Mormon lying and blasphemy. I will give his own words: And as I said to my servant Abraham, even so I say to my servant Joseph, in thee and in thy seed shall the kindreds of the earth be blessed. Then on page 308-9, B.D.C., Joe has a revelation to several others to pay stock to this house telling them that they may have a place in that house from generation to generation. P. 312,B D.C.,Joe says to the Mormons, let no man pay stock to this company unless he be a believer in the Book of Mormon and the revelations I have given you saith the Lord, and on page 313, B D.C., verse 37, verily I say to you, I now give you the officers belonging to my priesthood that ye may hold the keys thereof the priesthood, which is after the order of Melchisedek, which is after the order of my only begotten son. First I give to you Hiram Smith to be a patriarch to you, to hold the sealing blessing of my church, even the holy spirit of promise whereby you are sealed up to the day of redemption that ye may not fall. See 2 Cor., 1st chap., 22 verse for a flat contradiction of this claim. These people claim to be inspired, and to have the gift of the spirit which sheds its love abroad in the hearts of all good christians,which enables them to pray for their enemies, but on page 277, B.D.C ,they are told by the Mormon god, and whosoever ye curse I will curse and my presence shall be with you even in avenging me of mine enemies to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.

I have given but a few of their revelations to the readers of The Advance,but I think it is enough to show that they are both imposters and blasphemers How any one could be so besotted in superstition as to publish this stuff with its selfishness,folly,low cunning and hypocrisy as revelations from God, is unaccountable to all common sense. That men should remain dupes of such a knave after such imposition is still more inexplicable.

ANTI-MORMON.

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

Hanover is discussing fire protection.

An old lady died near Mt. Forest last week aged 99.

The Stayner Sun is responsible for the statement that there dwells in the township of Sunnidale two red-headed negroes.

A Toronto business man wrote to a Mt. Forest firm, and addressed his envelope as follows: "Munfores furniture Manfacture Co. Ont."

One day last week three ladies left Durham for a trip to Walkerton, whose aggregate weight would go 800 lbs. Who says the people of South Grey are a half starved lot. – Grey Review.

In the band tournament Thursday at Listowel the 32nd Battalion band, of Walkerton, took first prize; Traax's band, of the same place, second and Forest City band, of London third in the competition for second-class bands.

During the storm on Tuesday afternoon the barn of Mr John Johnson, sr., on the back line Melancthon, was struck by lightening and burned to the ground. The stable adjoining was also burned. Both were log buildings. A considerable quantity of hay,four acres of barley, a fanning mill and other implements were destroyed. Mr. Johnson had no insurance.—[Shelburne Economist.

During the heavy thunderstorm which passed over this vicinity on Wednesday morning last, lightning struck the residence of Mr. David Stewart, Shrigley, passed down the eave-trough and in at the door way. Mr. Stewart's two sons, James and William, and his two little daughters, were standing in the door watching the rain when the lightning struck them, knocking all four senseless. One of the little girls recovered first and discovered one of her brothers' clothes to be on fire, she dashed water on him and put it out, then ran to the neighbors for assistance. During her absence one of the young men recovered and upon finding the house on fire commenced fighting the flames, finally extinguishing them. Medical assistance was sent for, and the two young men were found to be badly burned about the legs and back, also one of the little girls was slightly burned. The father was telegraphed for, he being absent at the Teachers' Convention at Niagara. At last accounts all are in a fair way for recovery.—[Dundalk Herald.

THE JUDGESHIP.—The vacant Judgeship, caused by the death of Judge Macpherson, is already occupying considerable attention and being very actively discussed. Why there should be so much speculation as to the successorship we cannot understand. It is a well established rule that the Junior Judge should succeed to the Senior Judgeship in the event of a vacancy. Not only common courtesy but every vestige of public policy suggests and emphasises the wisdom of such a course. To think for a moment, that the Government at the dictation of a political faction would violate this well understood principle, would be accusing them, in advance, of a public outrage. The rumors we hear must be surely without foundation. Judge Lane, since his appointment to the Junior Judgeship has faithfully performed his duties and his decisions, as far as we can learn,have been characterized by a judicial fairness that command the confidence and respect of the people generally. In his promotion to the Senior Judgeship of the County Judge Lane will receive the congratulations of all classes.—[O. S. Advertiser.

There is nothing small about Chesley justice. According to the Enterprise bad blood has existed for some time past between Alfred Eigholtz and Joseph Jackson, both of Sullivan. Their pent up hatred of one another finally found vent when on Thursday last Eigholtz issued a challenge inviting Jackson to meet him at the German church on the 8th con. for the purpose of fighting it out. Jackson would not accept the challenge but sent word next day to Eigholtz to meet at Jackson's brother's place when the matter would be settled. Eigholtz promptly put in an appearance and the fight took place, Jackson coming out second best. The affair coming under the notice of constable Coulter a warrant was secured and both men arrested. The case was tried in Hanover on Monday night. For writing the challenge, Eigholtz was fined $10 and costs amounting in all to $21.00. For assaulting Jackson he was fined $5 and costs, amounting to $17.50. Then Jackson for assulting Eigholtz was fined $5 and costs which also amounted to $17.50. Thus the melee cost them in all $56. When the trial was over, Jackson lent Eigholtz $17 to pay his fine and the two once more became friends.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The population here has been increased by a girl at Mr. A.Johnston's and a boy at Mr. W. Summer's.

Mr. J.Graham came very near losing a valuable mare. A grain cradle was left close to the barn and backing the team out one got entangled in the cradle receiving a very bad cut on one of the front legs, severing the sinews and leaving the foot almost useless.

The bricklayers are hard at work at Mr. R. Buchanan's new house.

Mrs. R. Warling and her son and daughter-in-law went to Chatsworth last week to see Mrs. Richardson, who is dangerously ill.

Some miscreant placed paris green and salt on the roadside close to the stone church, evidently for the purpose of destroying some animals running on the road. Judge Lynch should have charge of such persons.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Harvesting is the order of the day here.

The fall wheat has suffered considerably from the rust. The oat crop promises to yield fairly well.

Since my last correspondence death has been present with us. On Wednesday, the 7th ult, Mrs. Wm. Duggan passed peacefully away to her reward. Rev. Mr. Shilton, of Flesherton, performed the funeral services which took place on Friday following to the Inistioge cemetery. Her aged partner has the sympathy of the neighborhood in his sad bereavement.

On the 19th ult. the Inistioge Division Sons of Temperance gave an entertainment at Proton Station in the Presbyterian church. The program was a good one and was attentively listened to by the audience. The lunch which was served was everything that could be expected. $10.00 was the receipt at the door, among which was 50 cents of bogus money,which, we understand, is plentiful in the vicinity of Proton. Rumor says that it is manufactured there. On returning home one of the teams found a difficulty in getting along the road by coming in contact with some logs that had been placed on the road by some low lived persons who evidently missed their object, as no bones were broken.

The ladies aid society of this place intend having a garden party at Mr. Walter Nichols, on Wednesday, 15 inst., the charge will be 15c. 25cts. The money is wanted to fix the grave yard and give it a presentable appearance, and it is certainly a commendable one and should receive the attention of all who use the yard for a burying ground.

Miss Lizzie Hutchinson returned to her school at Wyebridge on Monday last.

Mrs. Irish, who has been seriously sick for some time, is recovering.

Victoria cheese factory has made another sale of cheese, 8¼c. per pound being the price realized.

The Gale Harrow agents are scouring this vicinity at present.

Mr.McArdle returned and took possession of our school which opened on Monday last.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Quite a number of the young people of Maxwell joined in the excursion to Wiarton on Monday last

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, of Walkerton,former residents of Maxwell, have been paying their old friends a flying visit.

Mr. C.J. Sproule returned from Toronto, where he had been attending the Military School during the holidays. He looks well and seems to be glad to get back again. He commenced his duties on Monday morning. The bell is a great improvement to the school house, and it gives entire satisfaction.

Mrs. L. Clark is at present in Bay City, Michigan, whither she went for the purpose of attending her son Alex., who has had to have a piece of the bone taken from his arm. They are expected home this week.

The Rev. Mr. Graham, of Markdale, will officiate at the Holy Communion service in the Church of England next Sunday morning.

Mr. J. Reid has returned to West Toronto Junction.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

We are informed that Mr. Bishop of this place has sold his mill to Mr John Plewes. We are sorry to loose such a genial young man as friend Bishop, but hope our loss will be his gain.

Quite a number of the citizens of this vicinity started the other day in search of huckleberries. They took lots of pails, but as the recent frosts had frozen the berries they were obliged to come home without any. However, they say they had a good time.

Mrs. Brown, who has been visiting here for some time past, returned to Toronto on Saturday last.

A couple of gentlemen from Toronto were rusticating in this vicinity last week. They succeeded in catching quite a number of the speckled beauties.

The Church of England minister from Heathcote,preached in the school house here on Sunday evening last.

The new church and hall here is progressing rapidly.

Mr.and Miss Judson, of Kincardine, are visiting in this vicinity.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING,
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
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Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

STREETSVILLE, P. Q., May 3, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen.—I have used Kendall's **Spavin Cure** for **Spavins** and also in a case of lameness and **Stiff Joints** and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,

I. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,

D. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Voices.

A man died yesternight. To-day the town
Makes mention of his taking off, and sums
His virtues and his failings. On the street,
Midst many barterings and lures of trade,
In homes where he was known, in busy marts,
Or public places where the commonweal
Gathers the town-folk; up and down his name
Is spoke of in as various ways of speech
As are the various voices sounding it;
Gruff-throated bass shrill treble of old age,
Soft sibilancy of a woman's tongue,
Or reed-like utterance of a little child
Thus one, his mate in business: "Ah! a shrewd
Dry head was that; much loss to us, much loss,
And as for heart"—wise shrug of shoulders now—
"Well, 'tis but little quoted here on 'change."
Another, who had summered with him once
In leisure time: "A right good fellow gone?
'Tis true, he liked his ease; but who does not?
For me, give me the man that Horace loved,
Who deemed it wise to fool when seasonable."
A tiny one who oft had found great store
Of sweetmeats in his hand, and, prized far loss,
Great store of tenderness within his heart:
"Oh, won't he come and see us any more?"
His surpliced pastor, bound to save his soul,
Balanced a bit by inconsistencies
He thought he saw, in private to his wife:
"Alas, poor soul, if he had only grasped
That matter of the creed, and made us sure!
But then—his heart was right, and God is good."
And one, a woman, who had found his arms
An all-protecting shelter through long years,
Said naught, but kissed the tokens he had left,
And dreamt of heaven for his sake alone.
Meanwhile, what was this man, and what his place?
You ask, confused by all this Babel talk
Of here and yonder, from his fellow-men.
I am as ignorant as any one
Whose speech you heard, and yet I loved him well.
Nay, ask me not; ask only God. He knows.

—*Richard E. Burton.*

A STRANGE MONEY-LENDING CASE.

(From London Truth.)

"It really is too bad of your father. When you come into the title, Ronald, you will not have a shilling to support it with."

"I can't help it mother. You know I've remonstrated with the governor often enough, but nothing that I can do will stop him. He's raised more than a thousand in the last month."

The speakers were Hon. Mrs. Browning, wife of Hon George Browning, brother and heir to the Earl of St. David's, and her only son, Ronald. They were now discussing the extravagant habits of the aforesaid George, whereby he bade fair to anticipate the whole of the St. David's property before he came into it at all. This property, which was not entailed, was left in an unusual manner. The present earl had only a life interest in it, the reversion being left to his brother and heir out-and-out—what the lawyers style "in fee simple." But by a codicil to the will it was ordained that, should the Honorable George die before his brother the earl, the latter should acquire the "fee simple" of the property, and be empowered to leave it to whomsoever he chose. Now, the earl was fond of his nephew, Ronald, and had frequently stated his determination to leave the whole property to him in the event of his father's demise. On the other hand, if the Honorable George outlived his brother, he would naturally leave the property to his son when his end came. Thus, whichever event happened, Ronald appeared sure to succeed to the family estate

But this was not really the case; for the Honorable George, being of an extravagant turn of mind, and unable to subsist on his younger son's allowance, was rapidly involving the St. David's property by post-obits, at a rate which in a very few years would mortgage the whole of it so that if he outlived his brother, and succeeded to the property, he would have to surrender every acre of it to the money lenders. A further evil in the case was that the Honorable George, being very few years younger than the earl, and having lived a fast, dissipated life, was regarded as by no means certain to outlive his brother. And thus the money had to be raised from Jews at an exorbitant interest.

Mrs. Browning's brother, James Godfrey, senior partner in the great banking house of Godfrey, Jones & Godfreys, 1,001 Lombard street, had lent his brother-in-law money at 5 per cent., until he discovered that he had an affection of the heart, when he promptly refused to accommodate him with another shilling; and the Honorable George accordingly took refgue with the Hebrews and cent. per cent.

"It was a ridiculous thing," Mrs. Browning argued, "for the property ever to have been left in that manner. Your only chance, Ronald, is that your father should not outlive the earl."

"Hang it, mother, I can't poison the governor—as the old Romans used to treat their obnoxious relatives! Such conduct is out of date."

"Don't joke about the matter, Ronald. It is nothing to laugh at, I assure you!"

"I know that well enough, mother, and I wish to goodness I could do something to stop the governor in his headlong extravagance. It is not only the loss of the property that I fear, but my uncle James has let me see pretty plainly that, if this sort of thing continues, he'll make Amabel break off her engagement with me."

Amabel was Mr. James Godfrey's only daughter, and cousin and financee of Ronald Browning.

"James is very strict on the point of money," Mrs. Browning answered. "And only two days ago he gave me to understand what you have just said."

"D——n it, mother, it's rather hard lines on a young fellow like me to be cheated by his governor's confounded extravagance, not only out of a fine estate, but also out of the prettiest girl in London."

"Your father must be stopped!" his mother said emphatically.

"But how?" It's out of the question. Uncle James has pitched into him, the earl has pitched into him, you have alternately blown him up and appealed to his better feelings, and I have sulked and growled at him till I'm tired of it. But all to no purpose. He promises amendment every day, and every day commits some fresh extravagance. Not down yet, you see, and nearly 12 o'clock. That means he was late at the club last night, where, I dare say, he lost no end of money at loo, or poker, or some other infernal game."

"I wish, Ronald, that you would go and see your Uncle James, and consider with him whether some plan cannot be devised to stop your father."

Ronald pushed his chair impatiently back from the breakfast table. "It's perfectly useless," he said; but I want to see Amabel, so I'll go round there to luncheon. If my uncle is at home, I'll take occasion to broach the subject to him—just to satisfy you, mother. But, of course, he'll be unable to do anything."

"Your uncle is a clever man, Ronald, and I have great faith in him."

Ronald shrugged his shoulders and made no answer; he evidently did not share his mother's opinion.

At that moment the honorable George entered the breakfast room. He was an oldish man, nearly 70, and the marks of fast living had stamped themselves very clearly on his once handsome countenance. But his dress, his elegant figure and his sprightly manner were all twenty years junior to his face.

The surly reception which he had from his wife and son did not affect his urbanity in the least; he was perfectly suave, cheerful and good-humored; told them what a pleasant evening he had spent at the club last night (omitting to mention that he had lost several hundred pounds at cards); asked what news there was in the morning paper; inquired whether Ronald was seedy this morning, as he looked devilish grave. To which inquiry his son replied by leaving the room to make his morning toilet. His father's unassailable good humor only made his conduct the more provoking, for no one was ever known to see the honorable George out of temper. This was partly what rendered him so utterly incorrigible. When he was dressed, Ronald walked leisurely round to his uncle's house in Hamilton place. As the footman opened the door to him, his uncle chanced to be crossing the hall and stopped.

"Ah, Ronald," he said, shaking hands with him not very warmly, "come to see me, eh?"

"I came to see Amabel especially; but I did wish to have a word with you."

"That is lucky, for I have something important to discuss with you. Just step in here. There is still twenty minutes before lunch."

So speaking, the banker ushered the way into his private study, and shut the door. He was a stout, rather handsome old gentleman, with a certain pompous dignity of manner. After pacing the length of the hearth rug several times, with his hands beneath his coat-tails, he said:

"What do you think the St. David's estates are worth, Ronald, eh?"

"Twenty-five thousand a year, I understand, uncle."

"So they are—every shilling of it! And to be an earl, with £25,000 a year, is a noble thing, Ronald, and gives a man high standing in the world. And that is what I thought you would one day be, when I consented to your engagement with Amabel. But, from what I can judge now, by the time you become Earl of St. David's, you are likely not to have £25,000 or £10,000, or even £5,000 a year."

"I know what you mean. And that was what I wanted to talk to you about. My father's extravagance is rapidly involving the property."

"Involving it! The word is scarcely strong enough. In another year or two he will have forfeited his right to every single acre. I do not speak at random, I assure you. Having long been anxious about the state of your father's affairs, I determined, last week, to obtain accurate information concerning them. So I visited Lionel Levi, of Jermyn street, with whom your father has had most of his pecuniary transactions, and pretended that I wished to buy up his bills. They amounted, I found, to more than £100,000."

"Good gracious! What can the governor have done with all that money ——?"

"Oh, he has not had a fifth part of it in cash. That makes it all the more provoking. By raising the money at this outrageously exorbitant interest he is practically selling the property to the Jews at a fifth of its real value."

"Can't he be stopped somehow?"

"Impossible! We have no hold upon him. So, unless your father—ah, ah—fails—to—ah—survive the earl, you will be a penniless peer, Ronald. And, pardon me for saying so, I cannot regard with complacency the prospect of Amabel's marrying a beggar!"

"You are very plain spoken, uncle!"

"I'm a straightforward man of business, sir, and there's no palavering about me. I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Ronald, for you are a good fellow, and I like you; but, at the same time, I am bound to do my best for my daughter's welfare. And I cannot permit her to throw away a number of certain fortunes now for this problematical one of yours in the future. The young Marquis of Truro might be hers tomorrow, and so might Sir Owen Meredith, both of whose estates are larger than the St. David's."

"You mean that you wish our engagement broken off?"

"Precisely! I really regret it, Ronald; but it is for Amabel's sake."

"And what does she say to this?"

"Amabel is a sensible girl, and will do what her father bids her!"

"You will let me see her, and tell her this?"

"Certainly. And if you two can lay your heads together and devise some plan for securing the estate against your father's extravagance—why then the engagement may continue."

"Is that a bargain?"

"Yes; but I fear that you will not profit by it much, since the condition involved is an impossibility."

It may be imagined that, after this conversation, Ronald's manner at lunch was far from cheerful. His aunt and cousin rallied him on his low spirits; but he refused to be drawn out of himself, and he sat moody and despondent.

When luncheon was over, the banker went off to Lombard street, and Mrs. Godfrey, who was the kindest and most considerate old lady in the world, left Ronald and Amabel together in the inner drawing room.

"What is the matter, Ronald?" Amabel asked, as soon as they were alone.

Ronald put his arm around her and drew her to him. To call her "the prettiest girl in London" was, perhaps, a rather sweeping statement; yet she was, beyond doubt, very lovely. And as she stood looking fondly into his handsome face, her auburn head resting against his shoulder, and her dainty little white hands clasped round his arm, it is no wonder that he cursed his father's extravagance more bitterly than ever.

"Has not my uncle told you?" he asked.

"Told me what."

"About our engagement. He wants it broken off, because my governor is anticipating the property, by raising money upon it, and when I come into the title there will be little or none of the estate left."

The little white hands clasped tighter on Ronald's arm, and the tender hazel eyes looked still more fondly into his.

"I can't give you up, Ronald, whatever my father may say! And what does the property matter. Father has always promised to give me a dowry fit for a princess; we can live upon that!"

"But, if you marry me against his will, he will not give you the dowry. No, Amabel, there is only one way out of it—and that is an impossible one."

"That sound Irish. But what do you mean?"

"Your father told me that if I could devise some certain means either to stop my father's extravagance, or secure myself against the consequences of it, our engagement might continue."

"And is that impossible?"

"Utterly. Every conceivable method has been tried and—failed."

"Tell me all about the matter, Ronald; and let me see if I cannot think of some plan."

The young man told her all the circumstances of the case, adding at the end, "There, my darling, you see how hopeless it is."

"I'm not so sure that it is hopeless. Tell it me all over again, so that I may understand it quite, quite clearly."

Ronald complied; pausing every now and then to—but this has no bearing on the story, and, therefore, need not be entered into.

"Now, Ronald," said she, smiling up into his face, "I mean to think of some plan. And when I mean to do a thing, it is as good as done. I shall rack my poor little brain day and night, and shall give it no rest until the plan has been thought of. Don't look so glum, sir. I tell you a plan shall be found."

Ronald only smiled hopelessly. "I have great faith in woman's wit," he said, "but even it cannot accomplish impossibilities.

And she answered, looking fondly into his eyes:

"The power of woman's wit is perhaps limited, but there is no limit to the power of woman's love."

At that minute Mrs. Godfrey, having discreetly coughed to announce her approach, entered the inner drawing-room, and, soon after, Ronald took his departure.

Amabel refused to go out for a drive that afternoon. She wished to be left alone and to think. She sat in the library, by herself, gazing dreamily into space, and buried in her own meditations. At length her cheeks suddenly flushed, and her eyes grew bright, and clapping her hands, she jumped up from her chair, crying aloud:

"I have got it!"

"What have you got, my dear?" asked Mr. Godfrey, who had just come back from the bank and entered the room at that very minute.

"Oh, father! I have thought of a plan!"

"What plan? What on earth do you mean, Amabel?' was the banker's perplexed rejoinder.

His daughter threw her arms round his neck, kissed him, and, drawing him into an armchair, sat upon his knee. Then she whispered something in his ear, and began to talk in a low, eager voice, growing more excited as she went on.

Mr. Godfrey's face, which at the beginning had assumed an obstinate and unyielding expression, gradually relaxed into a complaisant and approving smile.

"You are a true daughter of your father, my dear," he said, at the end. "A first-rate financier! The plan is a clever one, and, I believe, quite feasible. Who would have thought that that little brain of yours contained such cunning? We'll send for Ronald this very evening, and see what he says to your suggestion."

So a note was despatched to Ronald Browning, requesting him to dine in Hamilton place that evening, as his uncle had something important to communicate.

After dinner the three conspirators—Mr. Godfrey, Amabel and Ronald—held a secret conference in the banker's study. Mrs. Godfrey was not included, because, though the most amiable of old ladies, she could not be trusted with a secret.

In the meantime, the Honorable George, all unconscious of the plot that was being hatched against his extravagance, thought that he would try to recoup himself by the aid of the turf. So, with his usual princely recklessness, he backed the favorite for the Cambridgeshire for £3,000. The favorite, unfortunately, was beaten, and the Honorable George was in the position of being forced to raise £3,000 in cash before settling day. He went to his friend the money lender, Lionel Levi, of Jermyn street, nothing doubting but that that worthy would be quite ready to accommodate him. But, to his great surprise and dismay, the worthy Lionel refused to let him have a shilling.

"What the devil does this mean?" the Honorable George asked. "There is still nearly three-quarters of the property unencumbered."

And Lionel answered:

"True! But I do not like the look of your health, sir, and, to put it plainly, I think it very probable now that the earl will outlive you."

"What the deuce is worse about my health now than when you lent me that thousand last month?"

"I was not aware then that your heart was affected!"

"No more it is, by Gad! Who told you so?"

Lionel Levi smiled incredulously. He had it on good authority. He had already lent him £20,000, which he now saw every chance of losing. And the long and short of it was that he would not advance another sixpence.

The honorable George left in a rage, and drove to another money lender of his acquaintance. To his great wrath and chagrin, this individual treated him to the same reply, and assigned the same reason.

The would-be borrower was furious. Who on earth had been spreading that report about his heart? He thought that no one knew of it, except his own immediate family. It really was d—d provoking. These Jews all clung together, and very likely by this time the information had gone the round of every Hebrew in London.

He drove home to luncheon, and to consider his position. A pile of letters had come in for him since he had left the house two hours before. He turned them carelessly over; most were of a bilious appearance, and he did not open them. But there was one, marked on the envelope "Private and confidential," whose contents he deigned to inspect, "though I am sure," he soliloquized, "it's only some infernal advertisement——" "Egad!" he ejaculated a minute later, "Glad I did open it, by Jove! Just the very thing I want!" It ran as follows:

1,200 DUKE SREET, ST. JAMES', S. W.

DEAR SIR,—In the event of you requiring at any time a temporary advance of cash, I shall always be happy to accommodate you. Having a large capital at my command, I am able to advance money at a more reasonable rate than most lenders and to supply it at the shortest possible notice —— —— Yours truly,

DANIEL LAZARUS.

"Well, I'm hanged," muttered the Honorable George to himself, when he had finished reading the above. "If this isn't one of the luckiest things ever happened! Here, at any rate, is a Hebrew who has not heard of my heart disease. I'll call upon him this very afternoon and borrow that £3,000."

"I'm going out, my dear, to pay a few visits," he said to his wife after luncheon, and the first visit he paid was to MR. Daniel Lazarus' office, at 1,200 Duke street, St. James'.

As he entered his club that evening, two men were standing in the lobby, with their backs to him, talking.

"I know for a fact, that Levi refused him this morning," said the one.

"That is excellent, answered the other. Hon. George slipped past them unobserved. He recognized them both. They were his brother-in-law, James Godfrey, and his son, Ronald.

"So ho," he thought inwardly, "that was a dodge of yours to prevent my borrowing money, was it? I wonder how you would both look if you knew that I have this very afternoon paid into my bankers a cheque of Daniel Lazarus' for £5,000?"

From this time forward Hon. George plunged into more hopeless extravagance than ever. His wife and son ceased to remonstrate—either because they did not guess the real extent of his loans or because they thought remonstrance useless. His visits to Daniel Lazarus grew frequent, but the latter was always ready to accommodate him with cash.

"I'll be frank with you," the money lender said, on the occasion of one of these visits. "The fact is I am gambling for your estate. I have set my heart upon it, and have bought up all your bills from Levi. Our friend Lionel was growing nervous about his money—thought that you were sure to die before the earl, so he let me have the bills on reasonable terms. I know that there's a chance of your dying before the earl, but I also know that there's a good chance of your surviving him. I speculate on the latter. The game is worth playing, too, since at my present rate of interest (which is so high because of the risk involved) I shall by the expenditure of a hundred thousand in cash chance winning five hundred thousand in land. On the other hand, I may lose everything, if you are so disobliging as to die before the earl."

"Egad!" answered the Honorable George, with a laugh. "That's the only chance for my son. Why, you've lent me close on fifty thousand now!"

"That involves half the estaste, and your bills, which I have bought up from Levi, involve it to the extent of another quarter. Therefore, only a quarter remains for you to borrow upon. I shall be willing to accommodate you, sir, to the full extent of that security."

"Well, Lazarus, if you don't do so, it shall not be for want of application on my part. I promise that."

This conversation took place some twelve months after Hon. Geo. Browning's first introduction to Danial Lazarus. It will, therefore, be seen that he had been spending money with tolerable freedom during that period. He had, in truth, thrown it away with a reckless lavishness peculiar even for him. The next half year found him no more economical, and at the end of that time scarcely an acre remained upon which money could be raised.

But now an event happened which brought great joy to the heart of Danial Lazarus and such others as had claims upon Hon. Geo. Browning. The Earl of St. David's caught a sudden chill on the first day of cover-shooting. A sharp attack of bronchitis followed, and within 48 hours the noble earl was a dead man.

The Honorable George (we beg his pardon—the new earl) received the intelligence with his usual imperturbability. He did not much relish the prospect of his pecuniary embarrassments being disclosed, but Lazarus was an obliging fellow, and the disclosure might yet be deferred for some weeks.

He found, however, that Lazarus, the accommodating lender, was a very different man from Lazarus the creditor, in full possession of his legal rights. For, on the same afternood that he received the telegram with the news of his brother's death, a note reached the Honorable George from Lazarus, requesting him to step round to his office before 6 o'clock and arrange for the immediate transfer of the St. David's property.

Highly indignant at such a summary proceeding, he drove straight to 1,200 Duke street:

"'Pon my life, Lazarus!" he said irritably, as he entered the money lender's office, "this haste is positively indecent. You might at least have waited until after the funeral."

Daniel merely shrugged his shoulders, and answered, coldly:

"I am quite within my rights, sir! Besides, I am acting on instruction. For I may as well inform you that I am not a principal, but only an agent, in this affair."

"Come, Lazarus, that is a very old story."

"It is true, nevertheless, in the present case. To convince you beyond doubt, I will introduce you to my principal at once. Will you step this way, please?"

The Honorable George followed the money lender into an inner office, and there found, to his utter astonishment, no other a person than his brother-in-law, the banker.

"What the devil does this mean?" he ejaculated.

"Listen!" answered Mr. James Godfrey, a curious smile playing about his lips, "and you will understand. 'Tis I that have lent you the money."

"You! Pooh! You're joking."

"On the contrary, I am quite serious. Seeing that you were bent on selling your estate to the Jews at a fifth of its true price, I used Amabel's dowry—£100,000—to buy it up with. In doing so, no risk was run; for if you survived the earl, I could claim, by law, the whole estate; and, if the earl survived you, he had given me his word to leave the property to Ronald, and Ronald promised to settle £100,000 of it upon Amabel, in repayment."

"You mean that I have, in fact, sold the estate to you?" said the new earl, when his surprise permitted him to speak.

"Precisely! And it is my intention, this very day, to settle it upon Ronald and Amabel, and their children after them. You will not have the control of a single acre, George!"

"Well, well," the other replied, accepting the inevitable with his customary easiness, "after all, it had better go to Ronald than to the Hebrews."

An Electric Catechism.

Scribner's Magazine (743 Broadway, New York) is publishing a series of articles on electricity. The following twenty questions and answers contain a hint of the extent of the ground to be covered:

1. How strong a current is used to send a message over an Atlantic cable? 30 cells of battery only. Equal to 30 volts.

2. What is the longest distance over which conversation by telephone is daily maintained? About 750 miles, from Portland, Maine, to Buffalo, N.Y.

3. What is the fastest time made by an electric railway? A mile a minute by a small experimental car. 20 miles an hour on street railway system.

4. How many miles of submarine cable are there in operation? Over 100,000 miles, or enough to girdle the earth four times.

5. What is the maximum power generated by an electric motor? 75 horse power. Experiments indicate that 100 horse power will soon be reached.

6. How is a break in submarine cable located? By measuring the electricity needed to charge the remaining unbroken part.

7. How many miles of telegraph wire in operation in the U. S.? Over a million, or enough to encircle the globe forty times.

8. How many messages can be transmitted over a wire at one time? Four, by the quadruplex system in daily use.

9. How is telegraphing from a moving train accomplished? Through a circuit from the car roof inducing a current in the wire on poles along the track.

10. What are the most widely separated points between which it is possible to send a telegram? British Columbia and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

11. How many miles of telephone wire in operation in the U.S.? More than 170,000, over which 1,055,000 messages are sent daily.

12. What is the greatest candle power of arc light used in a lighthouse? Two million, in a lighthouse at Housthoim, Denmark.

13. How many persons in the U.S. are engaged in business depending solely on electricity? Estimated, 250,000.

14. How long does it take to transmit a message from San Francisco to Hong Kong? About 15 minutes. Via New York, Canso, Penzance, Aden, Bombay, Madras, Penang and Singapore.

15. What is the fastest time made by an operator sending messages by Morse system? About forty-two words per minute.

16. How many telephones are in use in United States? About 300,000.

17 What war vessel has the most complete electrical plant? United States man-of-war Chicago.

18. What is the average cost per mile, of a transatlantic submarine cable? About $1,000.

19. How many miles of electric railways are there in operation in the U. S.? About 400 miles, and much more under construction.

20. What strength of current is dangerous to human life? 500 volts, but depending larely on physical conditions.

Pipes the Favorite in Philadelphia.

Nothing is more noticeable now-a-days than the great increase in the number of men who smoke pipes on the street. This is by no means confined to workmen with their short clay dudeens. Clerks, lawyers, brokers, dudes and the young and old of all classes seem to prefer the pipe to the cigar, unless there is a high wind. Fine meerchaums, briar roots, an occasional corn-cob or a sally mical are among those seen. When the largest sizes are balanced carefully between the lips, and the men's trousers are turned up all around, "because it's raining in London, don' ch'er know," the possessor may be set down as an Anglomaniac. However, pipes are the fad now, and they have the merit of cheapness.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Valuable Experience.

"There comes the life insurance agent!" exclaimed a Wall street broker, as he stood at a window in his office the other morning.

"To see you?"

"Yes. He's bothered the life out of me for the last six months to take out a policy."

"My dear sir, you must have encouraged him to start."

"Well, I guess I did. He asked me for a light for his cigar, and I gave it to him. It will be a valuable experience to me."

WM. ROBERTS, M.D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "The attention of the patient is awakened some months, or it may be years, after advanced kidney disease exists." If you think it unwise to take further chances use Warner's Safe Cure before the malady becomes any further advanced.

—"Shoot any one that bothers you," said a Georgia man to his wife on presenting her with a shotgun. She followed his advice and now he has a bad wound in the neck.

—The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to do like what one has o do.

Two small girls—"Oh, auntie, we've come to tell you there's a baby at our house!" Aunt—"That is nice. Did the stork bring a little brother or a little sister?" Little girls (puzzled)—"Nobody knows till the christening."

Trifles.

The little joys and little cares,
They come upon us unawares—
And life is smiles, or frowns it wears.

The foes that tramp unheralded,
No banner carried at their head,
These leave the heart dried up,and dead.

A hand-clasp at the garden gate,
A whisper when the moon is late—
And strength is ours to conquer fate.

O trifling acts for weal or woe!
The pain would not harass us so,
The gladness not as sudden go,

If we could draw a freer breath,
If we could push aside dread death,
And hear untired the words God saith.

So much to do, ere hands are cold;
So far to fare, ere limbs grow old;
So much to say, ere story's told—

That we lose sight of better things;
Forget, in all our wanderings,
To use love's buoyant, sweeping wings.

And I, yes, I sometimes forget
To lure away your care and fret
And kiss the cheek that tears have we

Here let us pledge ourselves anew,
Each to the other, open, true—
Lest life lose all its morning dew.

Who knows what day we say good-by?
When one shall in the churchyard lie—
Let us cling closer, you and I!

William Haskell Simpson

TERRIBLE NAPHTHA EXPLOSION.

A Yachting Party Blown up and Four Persons Killed.

A Wednesday's Buffalo despatch gives the following account of a very sad accident to a pleasure party: This afternoon the family of Mr. L. B. Crocker, Superintendent of the New York Central Stock Yards at East Buffalo, had boarded Mr. Crocker's new yacht, the Cedar Ridge, for a trip down the river. The boat lay at her dock at the foot of Ferry street. The yacht used naphtha for fuel and almost as soon as the engineer had received orders to get ready, two loud explosions were heard and fragments of the yacht were seen shooting skyward. The boat was completely demolished.

The following is a list of the casualties:—

Dead—Ethel and Lancy Crocker, young girls, burned; Howard Crocker, boy, drowned; John Rubenstein, carpenter, working on dock, covered with burning naphtha, burned to death.

The injured are:—Miss Charlotte Crocker, very seriously burned; Miss McLean, a guest of the Crocker family, badly burned; Engineer Coalmeyer, severly burned.

Mrs. Crocker, mother of the three dead children, and the young lady, the latter being perhaps fatally burned, is seriously ill and has not yet been informed of the death of her children.

TERRIFIC GAS MAIN EXPLOSION.

Two Men Killed and Many Injured by an Exploding Main.

A last (Friday) night's Pittsburg despatch says: There was a terrific explosion on the south side shortly after six this evening. Booth & Flynn were testing a thirty-inch natural gas main, which they had laid for the Monongahela Natural Gas Co. Their workmen were testing it before turning on the natural gas by means of compressed air. They ran the pressure up to seventy-five pounds per square inch, when the dead cap on the end of the pipe blew out, scattering debris in every direction. Several hundred workmen employed in the iron mills were returning home and a number stopped to watch the experiment. They were struck by the debris and flying missiles as though a bomb had exploded. The pipe was braced with heavy timbers, and these were hurled into the crowd with terrific force. The workmen and spectators were thrown down, and one, who was killed, was hurled against a brick house and his neck broken. A general stampede followed, and a scene of wildest excitement ensued.

The cries of the injured could be heard several squares. John Miller, single, aged 23, and John O'Connor, single, aged 25, were killed, and several were seriously injured.

Durable Whitewash.

There are several methods of making serviceable wash. The common whitewash is made by putting quicklime into a tight barrel, pouring on water to slake it, and adding water till it is of the consistency of cream. This is used for ordinary work. But a much better whitewash which stands weather well is made as follows: Put half a bushel of quicklime in a barrel and add boiling water till it is covered nearly six inches deep; cover the barrel to keep the steam in, and when the violent ebullition is over; add water enough to bring it to the consistency of cream, allowing four pounds of rice flour to each half bushel of lime, or the rice flour may be mixed with the water for slaking; mixing the flour carefully in cold water before putting it in the hot water until thoroughly set, and then pour it all over the lime, as directed. To improve the above, add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one pound of salt. To change the color, add yellow ochre for cream tints, raw umber and lampblack for gray tints, and umber, red, and lampblack for fawn tints. The permanence of whitewash thus prepared is remarkable, and, when once tried, will be used to the exclusion of the ordinary mixture.

T. Granger Stewart, M.D., F.R.S.E. Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "Hypertrophy of the heart is almost always present in cases of advanced cirrhotic disease, and also in the advanced stages of the inflammatory affection. One may trace in patients the gradual development of this hypertrophy advancing *pari passu* (together) with the progress of the renal (kidney affection." In a large number of these cases the kidney disease entirely overlooked, and the trouble ascribed to heart disease as a cause, when in reality the kidney disease is the cause and the heart trouble the effect. This error is made easy on account of the kidney disease having no local manifestations in the majority of cases. The kidney disease can be cured by the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure and the consequence avoided.

Charles Arnold, the American comedian, arrived at New York on Saturday after an absence of four years. He made quite a lot of money in Australia.

NEW MIND READER.

Appearance and Doings of the Young Muscovite.

A formidable rival to Mr. Stuart Cumberland, M. Verbeck and other famous "thought readers" has, says a Paris correspondent, appeared in the Salle des Conferences, on the Boulevard des Capucines. The new "mind magician" is M. Onofroff, a tall young man of Muscovite origin, who calls himself, with considerable justice, the "celebrated fascinator and mysterious reader of thought." Notwithstanding the numerous attractions of Paris and the heat which prevailed in the little lecture hall on the boulevards, M. Onofroff attracted a large audience, and his novel experiments were watched with close and unflagging interest. Among the first of the experiments was a "murder scene." A gentleman, completeiy unknown to the "thought reader," was asked to imagine some particular spot where a murder had been perpetrated, and to fasten on somebody in the hall as a sham assassin. M. Onofroff not only pointed out blindfolded the place of the crime and the imaginary murderer, but also took the knife with which the crime was supposed to have been effected out of the pocket of a third person who had been included in the cogitated combination of the person whose thoughts were under experiment. In another instance, M. Onofroff put out a gas jet which had been the object of the thought of another person in the room. The audience applauded heartily the new "thought reader," and had every reason to be amazed at some of his experiments. M. Onofroff is more brisk in his movements than Mr. Stuart Cumberland, and at times his whole body quivers like an aspen leaf as he is following up the psychological trail and striving to come in contact with objects of thought.

How to Avoid Consumption.

The startling statement that consumption is a contagious disease, and precautions should be taken against it as such, is officially announced by the Board of Health.

Recently the principal physicians of the Health Department were directed by the Board to prepare a brief report on the nature of consumption, with rules to prevent its spread, for popular distribution.

Yesterday the report was presented to the Board and a resolution was passed directing that 10,000 copies of the rules be printed and distributed at once.

"Pulmonary consumption," says the report, "is a disease capable of being communicated from one person to another. The germ of the disease exists in the expectoration of the patient."

The directions for preventing the communication of the disease are given in nine rules, of which the following are most important:

"Do not sleep in the same room with a consumptive patient."

"See that all eating utensils used by the patient are thoroughly cleansed with boiling water."

"In washing do not mingle the clothing of the patient with that of the other persons."

"Consumptive mothers should not be allowed to nurse their children."

"Household pets, such as animals and birds, are capable of contracting the disease and communicating it to other persons, and should be promptly destroyed if even suspected of being infected."

"Rooms occupied by consumptive patients should be thoroughly cleaned—floor, walls and ceiling—at least once a week."

The Board of Health authorities believe that a strict adherence to these rules will do much to check the spread of this most terrible scourge.—*New York Morning Journal.*

Is Ice Water a Healthy Drink?

In the opinion of the editor of the *Sanitary Volunteer*, the official organ of the New Hampshire Board of Health, there is a great deal of sentiment and many opinions regarding the use of ice water that vanish when the light of reason and experience is turned upon them. The fact is that ice water, drank slowly and in moderate quantities, constitutes a healthful and invigorating drink. There is no doubt that ice is a great sanitary agent, and every family ought to be provided with it during the warmer months of the year. It is true that the inordinate use of ice water, or its use under some special conditions and circumstances, is attended with great danger; so is the improper use of any other drink or food. The assumption that iced water is dangerous, and that iced tea, or iced coffee, or iced lemonade is a harmless substitute, is simply a delusion. As the source of danger feared by some is the degree of cold, we fail to see clearly how flavor modifies the effect of temperature. There are individuals, undoubtedly, who cannot drink ice water without injury, and who ought never to use it, but to a great majority of persons it is refreshing and healthful. Its use, temperate and discreet, is in no way to be condemned, which cannot be said of some of its substitutes.—*The Sanitary News.*

A Negro Boy-Preacher.

There is in Brunswick a little negro boy whose years probably do not exceed eight, who has never attended school, but whose natural genius is remarkable. His name is Alexander Washington. He is known as "Preacher," from the fact that, without license and without denomination, he makes his living by preaching to the negroes, charging sometimes 5 cents, sometimes $1, for a sermon, according to the nature of his congregation. On Sunday last a *Times* reporter heard this juvenile exhorter delivering a discourse on the gamblers, near the Pope Catlin's dock. In a quaint but thoroughly sensible manner he condemned them to everlasting death. His use of English so readily, always having words to express a thought, is certainly remarkable. The negroes almost reverence and worship him on account of his unusual intelligence.—*Branswick (Ga.) Times.*

—"Gimme a bite of yer apple, Bill," said a street urchin to his fellow, who was munching a big yellow pippin he had surreptitiously snatched from a huckster's stand. "Naw, I won't," said Bill. "Well, gimme the core then." "Thar ain't goin' to be no core."

Fanny Davenport is on her way home from Europe. So is Emma Abbot.

TWO TIMES TWO ARE FOUR.

How Multiplication Led a Firm to the Verge of Bankruptcy.

Everybody has heard the story of the man who had to give his horse to the blacksmith for shoeing him according to the rule of armithmetical progression—one cent for the first nail and doubling the price for each nail—and of the farmer who gave his farm to the young man who worked three weeks at the rate of one cent for the first day, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, but probably Buffalo furnishes the first case of this kind outside of fiction where the contract was drawn and payment demanded. On account of the recent fire, the Queen City Rag Company had on hand a quantity of rags which they wished to dispose of. Oppenheimer & Co. on the Terrace proposed to buy them, but the terms could not be agreed upon. Finally the Queen City Company offered Mr. Oppenheimer 20 bales of rags on the basis of one cent for the first bale, two for the second, etc., doubling the price of each bale.

Mr. Oppenheimer thought he had a good bargain, and a contract was drawn up. When the purchaser got time to figure up the cost of his purchase, he found that he had agreed to pay $10,485.75 for 20 bales of rags, which were really worth $7 50 a bale, or $150. The following table shows what rags cost according to arithmetical progression:

No. of bale.	Cost of bale
1	$ 01
2	02
3	04
4	08
5	16
6	32
7	64
8	1 28
9	2 56
10	5 12
11	10 24
12	20 48
13	40 96
14	81 92
15	163 84
16	327 68
17	655 36
18	1,310 72
19	2,621 44
20	5,242 88
Total	$10,485 75

It is said that the contract will be contested in the courts.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Graveyard Insurance Scheme.

About six months ago, at Mahanoy City, Pa., when Squire O'Brien's father was very ill, and not expected to live, a plan was conceived of placing insurances on his life. With whom the scheme originated has not come out yet, but in its execution Constable Pat Foley had a hand. A man named Gallagher, who was perfectly well, was secured to represent himself as old Mr. O'Brien, and Dr. H. A. Klock passed him as a subject for a large insurance policy in the Prudential Mutual Aid Association. O'Brien, senior, died four or five months ago. Then a certificate was presented to the Prudential, and on proofs duly submitted it paid Squire O'Brien nearly $1,200. In the division of the money one of the conspirators was left out. After repeated threats of exposure had failed to bring him any return, he squealed. His revenge took the shape of a letter to the Prudential. The company hired Captain Doughtery, the well-known Pinkerton detective, to investigate the case. He spent a few days in Mahanoy City, and got to the bottom of the scheme. The result of his work was the arrest of Squire O'Brien, Constable Foley, Dr. Klock and Mr. Gallagher as parties to the fraud. All four were taken before Squire Ketner, who, after a brief hearing, put them under $1,000 bail each. Gallagher at the hearing was pointed out by the detective as the man who was examined. The affair created a sensation in Mohanoy City, particularly as all the parties interested are very prominent, politically and otherwise.—*New York Daily Commercial Bulletin.*

Harrison the Nepotist.

Pittsburg Post.)

Shortly after his inauguration, President Harrison laid down the rule that "the only way to get satisfaction out of a public office is to please yourself while in it." Here is the family list of appointments. It indicates one way in which Brother Ben is "pleasing himself" and "getting satisfaction" out of the office. A very rich list this is:

1. The President's brother.
2. The President's brother-in-law.
3. The President's father-in-law.
4. The President's son's father-in-law.
5. The President's wife's cousin.
6. The President's son's wife's cousin.
7. The President's nephew.
8. The President's daughter's brother-in-law.
9. The President's brother-in-law.
10. The President's wife's niece's husband.
11. The President's son's brother-in-law.
12. The President's brother-in-law.
13. The Private Secretary's brother-in-law.
14. The Secretary of State's son.
15. The Secretary of State's nephew.
16. The Pension Commissioners's two daughters.
17. The Indian Commissioner's wife.
18. The Indian School Superintendent's wife.

Fourteen "Thats."

In thirty-one words how many thats can be grammatically inserted? Answer: Fourteen. He said that *that* that *that* man said, was *that* that *that* one should say; but that *that*, that *that* man said, was *that* that man should not say. That reminds me of the following says and saids: Mr. B——, did you say, or did you not say, what I said? because C — said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?—*America.*

Carefully Brought Up

Lawyer—Yes, I wish to hire an honest young man to do office work. Were you carefully brought up?

Applicant—Oh, yes; I came up on the elevator, sir.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," lives in a handsome country house in England. He bears a striking resemblance to Longfellow in his old age. Tupper does not agree with his old schoolfellow, Mr. Gladstone, on the question of Home Rule.

REGARDING BABIES.

Reasoning in Children is Primitive and Develops Slowly.

In the course of a lecture delivered in Philadelphia the other day a distinguished female physician said that the inability of a abby to hold up its head was not due to the weakness of the neck, but to the lack of development of its will power. The act of standing was instinctive and initiative, while facial expression and gesture were due almost wholly to imitation. A baby's smile, she said, was the most misunderstood thing in infancy. A real smile must have an idea behind it, but the expression resembling a smile, which is so often seen on a very young baby's face, was without an idea, and was due to the easy condition of the stomach or some other physical satisfaction. The smile with an idea does not appear earlier than the fourth week. So, too, with the crying of a baby. The contortion of the features is due to physical causes. The baby sheds no tears, because the lachrymal glands are not developed for several weeks after birth.

The chief pleasure of all children is to change from one condition to another by their own efforts. This is the beginning of the development of the will power, and is often attested in what has been called "imperative intention of tears." This is not disclosed until after the second or third month.

A baby tests everything by its mouth its sense of taste being the surest and most reliable guide it has. The attention of all young children is difficult to attract, and they must attain considerable age before they begin to notice. Then colors and sounds are most potential. Fear has been known to be manifested by a baby only three weeks old, and in all cases the sensation is produced by sound more than by sight. Children of luxurious and carefully guarded homes are almost wholly without fear, but the children of poor and exposed parents always manifest it.

Jealousy and sympathy begin to manifest themselves in the second year. Curiosity also begins to develop here, and proves to be a self-feeder throughout childhood. A little later the ego begins to appear, and the baby has the first consciousness of itself. The ego first appears as a muscular sense, and the infant gradually learns to distinguish itself from the surrounding objects. It is first the hand that is distinguished, and then the foot, and finally the whole body.

Memory does not appear before the child is 2 years of age. All the reasoning of children is primitive and elementary, and develops slowly. Darwin noted an association of ideas in the mind of his child when it was only five months of age.

The lecturer related experiences of babies with the first view of mirrors, and showed that their actions under the new conditions were similar to those of anthropoid apes and dogs under like conditions.

Removing Paint.

The ordinary process of scraping old paint, or burning it off, is hardly expeditious enough for general purposes, and is also laborious. Soda and quicklime are far more thorough, and the paint is more quickly removed. The solution of half soda and half quicklime is thus made: The soda is dissolved in water, the lime is then added, and the solution can be applied with a brush to the old paint. A few minutes is sufficient to remove the coats of paint, which may be washed off with hot water. Many preparations are sold for the removal of paint, all of them having some basis of alkali. A paste of potash and strong lime is far more effectual in operation, and the oldest paint can be removed by it. Afterward a coating of vinegar or acid should be used to cleanse the surface before repainting. One authority on the subject recommends the gasoline lamp, a quart of oil being sufficient to last 3½ hours. The method is considered superior to gas, as the flame is stronger and the cost less, besides which the lamp can be carried to any part, which cannot be done conveniently with a gas jet. But the use of flame of either is dangerous and to be avoided when possible. Many a house has been burnt to the ground from using jets of flame. For removing varnish, spirits of ammonia is used, but it is a slow process, and several applications are necessary. Scraping and sandpapering can be employed; but it must be done carefully by experienced hands, or the surface of wood will be injured. The chemical process of removal has the advantage of leaving the surface in a better condition than burning off or scraping, and for large surfaces of paintwork is to be preferred.

Starting Street Cars.

Three employees of a New York firm have been at work in Bridgeport, Conn., recently on a curious invention which is called a "car starter." A Bridgeport paper says that various experiments with it will be made on a horse car in that city this week. The device "consists of a strong spring, which, upon loosening the car brake, sends the car forward a distance of eight feet, even when the car is heavily loaded. The inventor has just completed the arrangement. He expects to realize a fortune from his invention, as the principal cause of the disablement of horses on horse lines is the great strain brought to bear upon them in starting the cars when they contain a large number of passengers. The spring is so arranged that its force can be strengthened and diminished at will, so that in starting a car containing only a few passengers the force will not be great enough to cause the front of the car to strike the animals' rear legs."

In Deep Water.

Miss Bessie Neater, of Boston—Her books are simply delightful. Indeed, I think she is the most liberal writer I know of.

Miss Hattie Bacon, of Chicago—Well, I don't know. I don't think she is as liberal as Mrs. Southworth. Mrs. Southworth gives you 400 pages for a quarter every time.

An Old Rule Well Applied.

Creditor—Here, I have found you at last, and I want that little bill of $50 quickly.

Debtor (hastily)—Here's your money. Give a receipt in full, please.

Creditor—There is but $25 here.

Debtor—Yes, but you know he gives twice who gives quickly.

GAMES OF CHANCE.

Their Trivial Character and Moral Aspect

What is culpable in gambling is spending on it any sum which you would be ashamed to spend on the most trivial of all distractions of any other kind, says the *Spectator*. For a game of chance played for money is an utterly trivial amusement, of which the best that can be said is that it gives a certain amount of discipline to the understanding and character, in teaching a true estimate of the elemen of chance on the one hand, and cheerful ndifference on the other hand. But it seems to us that, if the right limits be assigned to risk at such games of chance, there is at least not less, perhaps we might justly say a good deal more, to be said for them than can be said for spending such sums as are actually spent on the gratification of the palate or the mere dazzling of the eye. In games of chance you do learn to realize practically what it means in life to have the odds against you, as men so often must have them against them in much more serious matters, and matters where it is far less possible to calculate the amount of the odds against them. You might learn, too, and often do learn, how much piquancy is given to otherwise very stupid occupations by the uncertainty of the issue. And you certainly get a very good opportunity of practising equanimity in small reverses and magnanimity in small successes. Take it all in all, we hold that games of chance played for such trivial sums as a man may properly pay for the most trivial of other amusements, are by no means wrong, though it is extremely wrong to encourage in yourself so great a taste for the excitement of risk that you are willing to pay for that excitement as much as you would pay for the most healthful and ennobling of human recreations—recreations which develop the body, or cultivate the mind, or stimulate the soul. We do not believe that there can be any wrong in enjoying in a moderate way in pure play the sort of excitement which all great explorers, all great scholars, all great pioneers, all great soldiers, all great sailors, enjoy in a large way in the pursuit of their various objects in life. But when the element of risk is sought after for itself alone, when it is entirely dissociated from any useful or noble or beautiful object beyond itself, then it ought undoubtedly to be kept, and jealously kept, within very narrow limits, and not permitted so to eat into the nature that everything seems to be tame and uninteresting which is not flavored with risk. After all, the certainties of life are infinitely greater and higher than the uncertainties, and the one delight which it is impossible to connect in any sense with the divine should not be the one in which man finds his most vivid satisfaction.

Eight Uses for Salt.

Salt and water cleans willow furniture.

Salt in whitewash will make it stick better.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

Brasswork can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from dripping fat will not annoy.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

If the feet are tender or painful after long standing or walking great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne.

Buying a Mountain.

It is one thing, says a country gossip, to buy a mountain, another thing to know what to do with it. Sir Edward Watkin cheerfully admits that it was for him Mr. Perks bought the summit of Snowdon. The price paid for the property was £5,750. The hon. baronet was asked what he thought of doing with his bargain, "Oh, nothing particular," he answered with a smile. "It was a little bit of Welsh vanity as much as anything else that prompted me to make the purchase." It presently appeared, however, that there was something else in Sir Edward's mind, for as the conversation went on he revealed that it is his intention to offer a site on the top of Snowdon to the Royal Astronomical Society for purposes of an observatory like that on Ben Nevis. Sir Edward also comtemplates greatly improving the road to the summit.

She Is Engaged.

Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, whose engagement to Lord Edward Fitzmorris, the younger brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has been announced by cable, is only 21 years old, but is a fine classical scholar and a clever linguist. She studied Sanscrit under Prof. Whiting of Yale College, and has published a book of poems. A large fortune in her own right has enabled her to fully gratify her taste for study and travel.

George Furnished the Arms.

Emma—So you're engaged to young George Halby.

Sadie—Yes; George and I came to an understanding some weeks ago. You remember the wheat corner in Chicago?

Emma—To be sure I do.

Sadie—Well, that's the time I got caught in the squeeze.

Scandalous.

Jones—"Do you know her?"

Brown—"No."

"I do. She is the main support of a great 'crook.'"

"What, that lovely creature support a crook? Impossible!"

"It's a fact, I tell you. Look at the handle of her parasol."

Ordering Groceries.

Delivery Boy—What shall I bring you for dinner, Mrs. Youngwife?

Mrs. Youngwife—Let me see. Oh, yes! Bring me a quart of strawberries and two bars of soap.

—The water lily keeps its head above water about as well as anything we think of just now.

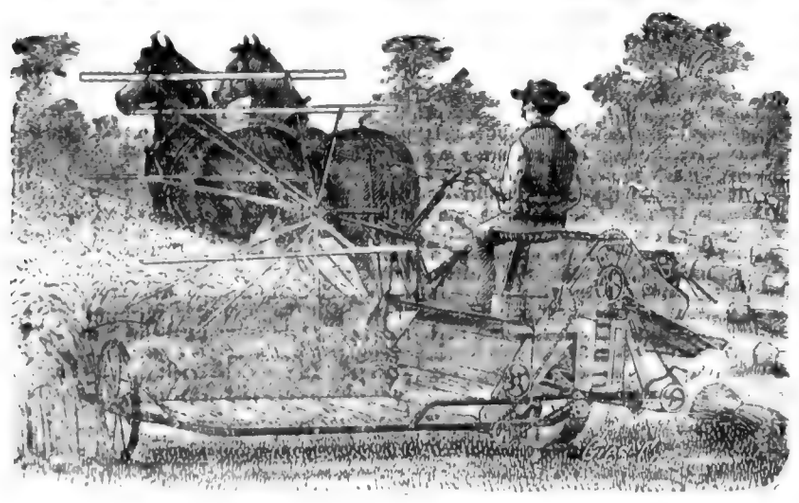

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Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to
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FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologna.
Mixed bird seed.
Pure prepared Corn.
General assortment of canned goods.

CHOICE HONEY,
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR, always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents For sale at the Medical Hall.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 4 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P.O

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month
Dundalk Tuesday before Orangeville
Flesherton Monday before Orangeville
Markdale Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham Third Tuesday in each month.
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Holland Center Saturday before Chatsworth
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Hanover Monday before Durham.

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FINER THAN EVER.

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Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P. O

Things Amusing and Strange.

NOT ORIGINAL, BUT WORTHY OF PERSUAL.

"Better late than never"
Is a comforting refrain,
Save when you reach the station
Too late to catch the train.

There are said to be at present 3,064 languages spoken by the inhabitants of the globe.

Willian Mooney, of West Pike, Potter county, Pa., has a peculiar head of hair When a storm approaches every hair in his head stands out straight, and as he wears his hair very long he is quite a ridiculous sight. On that account he never leaves the house when it is cloudy.

The kangaroo is in danger of being exterminated. Its skin is so valuable that large numbers of kangaroos are killed, and high authorities are of opinion that unles the process is stopped Australians will soon have seen the last specimen of this interesting animal.

There seems to be no end to the mischief the sparrow is capable of. One of the little feathered rascals recently took up his residence in a pipe of an organ in the Catholic Cathedral at Louisville, and the organist went nearly crazy before it was discovered what kept his instrument out of tune.

Rev. Frederick Mayer, pastor of the Evangelical Church at Lansing Mich., drew $5,000 in a recent lottery. Mr. Mayer sees nothing sinful in acquiring money in that way, but his congregation does, and there is likely to be a vacancy in the pulpit of this church very soon.

One of the best tributes to the regard in which women are held is found in the fact that men, the world over, revolt at the thought of hanging one of that sex, even though she may have committed murder. This feeling is so strong in England that Mrs. Maybrick may escape the full penalty of the law.

In China the habitations are counted every year in a curious manner. The oldest master of every ten houses has to count his families, and has to make a list, which is sent to the Imperial tax house. Last year the whole number amounted to 879,585,500 inhabitants.

To Keep Off Mosquitoes. Take a small quantity of a two per cent. carbolic acid solution and sprinkle sheets, coverlets, pillow, and bolster on both sides, the edges of bed curtains, and the wall next the bed. The face and neck may also be slightly wetted with the solution. Not a single gnat or mosquito, it is said, will come near

In 1816 it took just one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails, now one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth, now the same amount of barley will pay for twenty yards of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico, now one bushel of wheat will buy twenty yards of calico.

The Sarnia Observer says:—"A curious fact in connection with the Jesuits estates business has been brought to light by Dr. Cameron, M.P.P. for Huntingdon (the only English speaking Liberal in the Quebec Legislature). After the estates were taken possession of by the Government in 1800, Sir James Craig, then Governor, granted a portion of the property to St Andrew's Presbyterian church, on which a church was erected, and in 1823 or 1824, Lord Dalhousie, then Governor, granted additional ground to enlarge it, and also £300 sterling from the revenue of the Jesuits' estates to help in building the church. Between 1800 and 1831, £7,093 were granted to the Episcopalians of Quebec out of the fund, and £984 paid to the Episcopal minister. If the estates were held in trust by the government for educational purposes purely, the administrators of affairs in the early part of the century were evidently not aware of the fact."

A curious adventure happened recently to Mr. D. Campbell, permanent-way inspector of the Indian Midland Railway. As he was travelling on the Cawnpore line some twelve miles out of Jhnsi, seated on the front of the locomotive, he noticed a large number of vultures collecting and evidently disputing over some object, which, as the engine drew near, proved to be the carcase of a jackall. The locomotive, with the inspector in the front, charged in among the birds, who seemed to be determined, notwithstanding, to abide their prey. The result was that while some were killed others of them were thrown against Mr. Campbell, whom they straightway proceeded to attack in a most vicious manner tearing his clothes and inflicting considerable wounds on his hands and face. He was able, however to retain his position on the engine and to defend himself from further injury.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on and and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunlela, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MEN'S WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND,

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references S.A. McOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 426. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WATCHES,
Clocks, Jewelry.
STUDY
Your Own Interests
by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Spectacles and Silverware, at
Russell's Noted
JEWELRY STORE,
FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Barpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains, and beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagement Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc, repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell

ONE PRICE
CASH STORE.

As fall is approaching the topic for conversation is where can we get the

Best Value for the Least Money!

We cannot do without the necessary woollens to keep us warm during the long winter months.

WHERE CAN WE GO, THEN,

The CASH STORE offers you a free inspection of their stock in all lines of WOOLLENS. A lot of flannels now on hand.

A New Department.

We have just opened a choice lot of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, etc, see our prices.

Special lines in Men's Long Boots in the fall.

Highest cash price paid for butter and eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

by using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.
Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil, 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.
Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.
Special attention paid to commercial business

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year, $50; half col., do., $27; quarter col. do., $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

WHERE THE CHIPS SHOULD FALL.

Since the distinct refusal of Governor Stanley to interfere in the matter of the Jesuit's Estate Bill, a noticeable lull has been apparent over the troubled political waters of this province. The people have stopped talking, and have commenced thinking on a larger scale than they did previous to the refusal. The severe rebuke administered to the doughty deputation has been accepted by many of those whose sympathies had been drawn towards the agitation, and even those who were somewhat undecided in their views, as being applicable to themselves, as well as to the individual members of the deputation, and the result is that a reaction, to a certain degree, has set in. When such high authority as the Governor-General proclaims the act as *intra vires* of the Province of Quebec clamorers hesitate, and those who were wont to encore keep silence and ask themselves how the Dominion Government could well do otherwise that to allow the Bill to become law, when it is known that the Legislature of Quebec would have persisted in their demand, and have probably precipitated a race war in that province, the gravity of which could not be foretold. Quebec is by a large majority Roman Catholic and is in a position to force such a demand as that which was made, or "smash" the government which refuses her request. This is a sad fact, but it is true, and the remedy will never be applied until both or all of our political parties are prepared to place themselves as one man upon the sacrificial altar, and even that would be no lasting remedy while Quebec holds the balance of power.

The conclusion to which all must arrive who have considered this matter thoroughly is that the present and past agitation has been fruitful of much good, however meagre the returns appear at present. It has also painfully emphasized the fact that no great disease can be cured in a day, no matter how strong the physic applied. The matter will assuredly be righted, but it requires time. When the other provinces become more populous and powerful. Quebec will have become comparatively weaker.

The great question, however, that is now being asked, is, what party is the most to blame for the state of affairs existing with reference to the Jesuits' Estates Bill? In our estimation such questioners have not far to search for the answer. Mercier's Reform Government of Quebec are the real and only criminals. They it was who formed the Act, and it is they alone who are responsible for its vigorous life to-day. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, in a recent utterance, gave voice to what is probably accepted by two-thirds of the people as the most reasonable conclusion as to the motives underlying the act of the 188 when voting for allowance, in the following words:

Some considered the Act intra vires of the province, and in such case their theory of provincial rights forced them to leave it alone. No matter how bad they might consider the measure or how offensive its preamble, you can see how this would be, particularly with members from the smaller provinces. These could not be expected to cut a rod that might be applied next time to their own backs. Ontario, too, though big enough to take care of itself, has also been particularly zealous of its provincial rights. Other members who believe that intra vires acts may be vetoed, if opposed to the general interests of Canada, might surely believe also that to veto this bad Act would be still more against the general interest. Sometimes you may be shut up to Hobson's choice—bad to leave this Act on the statute book, you say, but worse to veto it. Therefore, on grounds of prudence, let it alone. 'This is the argument from expediency,' you may say; that word does not frighten me. Surely it is better to do what is expedient than what is inexpedient. It seems to me, therefore, a great mistake to breathe out indiscriminate slaughter against the one hundred and eighty-eight. It's worse than a mistake; it's wrong. Some of those men voted more conscientiously than some of the thirteen. Not a few of them, certainly, deserve better of the country than two or three of the thirteen who might be named.

What, then, in the face of all the facts, would be the better course for us to pursue? Is it to fight with all the vigor at our command the members who were given "Hobson's choice," and chose what they believed to be the least evil of the two; kill them politically, and give them no opportunity to redress the error (if it was an error)? Or is it to return them with the better knowledge of our desires and claims upon them, our deep aversion to the advances of this ecclesiatical hydra, and deeper conviction of the necessity of a firmer stand being taken against Roman aggression, all of which they have without doubt acquired during the past few months? We feel satisfied that the great majority will agree with us in our conclusion that the latter is the only proper line to follow in the great majority of cases.

The itinerant threshing machine now goes from hum to hum.

The Toronto Globe is at present busily engaged in calling its contemporaries liars. It applies the epithet to the Empire and another "whose name has escaped us." Is the Globe being driven into a corner, that it thus turns upon its pursuers?

In its issue of Saturday last the Toronto Globe gave an illustrated description of the town of Owen Sound. As an advertisement the letterpress is all that could be desired, but a proportion of the illustrations are rank libels upon the place and people. The large cut giving what is purported to be a view of the town from Snider's Hill is unrecognizable to old natives of the place. The cut of Mayor Morrison reminds one of the ghost of a Comanche Indian, minus paint and feathers, and a great sorrow appears to be weighing him down, judging by the length of face from stem to stern. If the weight of grief does not culminate when Mr. Morrison views his "remains" as given in Saturday's Globe we fail to connect in our surmises. The other illustrations are fair to middling, some of them good. Taken as a whole, however, we do not think the people of Owen Sound will feel proud of the delectable manner in which they have been dished up for the amusement of the people of Canada.

The sale of medicines for illegal purposes calls for suppression and we are pleased to see the College of Pharmacy moving in the matter. That the columns of family newspapers are polluted with indecent advertisements of this character is a blot on journalism.—Beeton World. Right you are brother, and this paper has refused more than one of that description during the past summer.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

THE MARKET

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$3 00
Fall Wheat	0
Spring Wheat	0
Barley	0
Oats	0
Peas	0
Butter	0
Eggs, fresh	0
Potatos bush.	0
Pork	6
Hay per ton	9
Hides	3
Sheepskins	0
Geese	0
Turkeys	0
Chickens per pair	0
Ducks per lb	0
Wool	0

SIGN
"Big Spo
Reliable watches in
Gold, filled
and Coin-sil
cases.
Ladies' and Gents' size
Walnut and Nickle
I am represented by A 1 watches
backed up by reliable warrant
homes of Central Grey, than a
doing biz. in this section.
If prices are not shed rock
QUALITY
Consider
I would not be able to h
share of Grey Co. trade as I
"CASH or C
will positivily do better b
Goods, Work
Warrants Consi
than you can do elsewhere.
cally fitted.
Work Carefully D
Fair Ch
Stock now complete in all
Can save y
to $3.00
watche
Other lines will be held on
live margins.
W. A. BRO
Jeweler an
MARKDALE, Ont.

THROUGH THE HEART.

A California Marshal Shoots Down an ex-Judge.

A DINING CAR TRAGEDY.

A Lathrop, Cal., despatch of Wednesday says: Upon the arrival of the southern overland train at 7.20 this morning, U. S. Supreme Court Judge Stephen J. Field and Deputy U. S. Marshal David Nagle walked into the depot dining-room for breakfast and sat down side by side. Soon afterwards Judge David S. Terry and wife came in. They were proceeding to another table when Mrs. Terry, evidently recognizing Justice Field, did not sit down, but retired to the train for some unknown purpose. Before she reached it, however, and as soon as she had left the dining-room, Judge Terry approached Justice Field and stooping over him slapped his face. At this juncture Deputy Marshal Nagle arose from his seat and shot Judge Terry through the heart. As he was falling the Deputy Marshal shot again, but missed him, the bullet going through the floor. The Judge did not utter a sound. He had hardly fallen when Mrs. Terry rushed to the side of her husband's body and threw herself upon it.

Then ensued a scene of the wildest excitement. People rushed from the dining-room and others rushed in. During this time Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle retreated to a sleeping car, where they were securely locked within. At times Mrs. Terry would call upon the citizens to arrest them. Before the train pulled out Constable Walker entered the sleeper and was carried away on board. He informed the spectators that he knew his duty and would perform it.

During the time the train was standing at the depot Mrs. Terry was running wildly alternately from the body of her husband to the sleeper, demanding admittance, that she might slap Justice Field's face, and at the same time begging that they be detained and have their examination here.

Previous to the entrance of Constable Walker into the car Sheriff Purvis and his deputy, of Stanislaus County, had already taken charge of Nagle.

After the shooting Deputy U. S. Marshal Nagle backed up against the wall of the dining-room and warned everyone not to arrest him, saying he was a United States officer in the discharge of his duty. There was no semblance of any attempt to arrest him. Constable Walker took Deputy Nagle from the train at Tracy and proceeded with him to Stockton, where he is in jail. District Attorney White has ordered the arrest of Justice Field upon his arrival is San Francisco.

The announcement that Judge Terry had been killed caused extraordinary excitement here. The scene of the tragedy is 83 miles from this city. The possibility of an encounter between Terry and Justice Field has been recognized ever since the imprisonment of Terry for contempt of court ten months ago. Terry was at one time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California and has always been a prominent figure in the political history of the State. He was married to Sarah Althea Hill, who claimed to be the wife of ex-Senator Sharon, while prosecuting her claim against the Sharon estate. Justice Field last year rendered a decision denying her claim to be the wife of Sharon. Mrs. Terry created a scene in court, charging Justice Field with being corrupt. The woman resisted a deputy-marshal who tried to remove her. Terry interfered, drawing a dagger. He was disarmed, and Terry and his wife were adjudged in contempt and committed to jail. Justice Field went to Washington, returning to this city six weeks ago. Newspaper articles were printed intimating it would be dangerous for Justice Field and Terry to meet personally, as it was thought the latter might insult the former, while the fact was also recognized that Justice Feld would be quick to resent an attack from Terry, knowing it could only result fatally to one or the other in view of Terry's record. Terry was born in Kentucky in 1823. He served in the Texan army under Sam Houston. He came to California in 1849, and in 1855 was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of California on the Native American ticket. Upon the death of Chief Justice Murray in 1857, Terry became Chief Justice. He opposed the Vigilance Committee of 1856 and stabbed one of the members who attempted to arrest his friend Maloney. Terry killed Senator Broderick in 1859 in a duel as the result of political differences.

A Stockton despatch says: The coroner arrived here at 11.40 to-day with Judge Terry's body in a box covered with white cloth. Mrs. Terry rode in the express car with the remains. Deputy-Marshal Nagle was brought here from Tracy in a buggy. He refused to be interviewed, but said, "I am a Deputy United States Marshal and simply did my duty as an officer." He was locked up alone and soon after sent for the local attorney. Nagle was very cool and determined, but looked pale.

A warrant of arrest was served upon Justice Field at 1 o'clock this afternoon at the latter's chambers. A writ of *habeas corpus* was at once sworn out before Judge Sawyer, of the Circuit Court, and heard by him in Chambers.

The Supreme Court of the State of California, of which the late David S. Terry was formerly Chief Justice, this morning refused to adjourn out of respect to Terry's memory. This decision was announced from the bench, and the reasons given were that Terry resigned his judicial position to fight a duel, and that he was killed while in the act of assaulting a justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Not His Usual Way.

Mrs. Blotterwick (reading)—"Among those who paid their respects to the President was Hon. John Doubleface, of Buncombe." Can that be old Doubleface, our neighbor?

Blotterwick (who keeps a large store) dubiously—Hardly possible. I never knew of his paying anything before.

—A Great Injury Done: "I've been injured by a statement in your paper." "I am sorry, sir. What did I say?" "You stated that I had compromised with my creditors for 70 cents on the dollar." "Well?" "Well, I haven't done anything of the kind; it was 40 cents."

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

Petitions Being Numerously Signed—Mrs. Briggs' Contradictory Story.

A Wednesday's London cable says: There are no new developments of importance in the Maybrick case. The army of letter writers are still filling the newspaper offices with waste paper. Home Secretary Matthews, in spite of the deluge of letters and petitions, keeps his own counsel. Fifty-two members of Parliament have signed the memorial asking for a commutation of Mrs. Maybrick's sentence. The signers of the petitions in Liverpool number 46,000.

Mrs. Briggs was about the only interesting feature of the case to-day. Goaded by the interview with Baroness Von Roque, Mrs. Briggs came to the front and denied that she had worked up the case against Mrs. Maybrick, of whom she was a friend, she affirmed. Mrs. Briggs contradicted herself curiously. In the first part of the interview she said she had first heard of the poison when the woman Yapp told her that her mistress was poisoning the master. Towards the finish of the interview she said the idea of poison never entered her head until the doctor refused the death certificate.

All sorts of rumors touching Mrs. Maybrick's health are afloat. Her latest ailment is quick consumption.

A Thursday's London cable says: The Maybrick case found its way into the House of Lords to-day and ruffled the temper of the Lord Chancellor to an extent absolutely dangerous to his health. In language mild and choice Lord Fitzgerald asked if during the coming recess the question of constituting an effective Court of Appeal in criminal cases would be considered, and if it were deemed expedient would the measure to effect such an object be presented.

The face of the Lord Chancellor became covered with a hue that betokened a rapid approach of apoplexy. He could only imperfectly express his regret, he said, that such a question should be raised. It was a matter he preferred not to discuss at such a time.

Lord Herschel coolly stated that it was impossible to obtain attention to the necessity of any particular reform except when the public mind was excited on the subject. He trusted the matter would be seriously considered by the Government at the coming recess, as there was undoubtedly a wide-spread feeling that such a tribunal would give additional security against injustice and against such an agitation as the suspicion of injustice created.

To-morrow's *Lancet*, after a thorough review of the medical testimony, will say: "We can have no desire that the royal prerogative of mercy should not be exercised in this case, but as a duty to the living relatives of the deceased, to a painstaking, fearless and honest jury, and to one of the greatest ornaments of the English bench, we solemnly assert as our unbiased opinion that the verdict arrived at in Mrs. Maybrick's trial was warranted by the evidence."

A last Friday night's London cable says: The Press Association states that Home Secretary Matthews will recommend to the Queen the commutation of the death sentence of Mrs. Maybrick to penal servitude for life, and that the commutation of sentence will be announced after the Queen has given her formal assent. The Home Secretary and the experts assumed that Mrs. Maybrick was not guilty, and acting upon this assumption sifted every scrap of the testimony given, especially that in relation to the husband's craze for arsenic, which is of great weight, and will, it is believed, turn the scale in the prisoner's favor. It is a noteworthy fact that the Lord Chancellor is seldom consulted in such cases except when a reprieve is meditated.

A despatch from Norfolk, Va., says a well-known woman of this city, Mme. Mary Hogwood, yesterday went before a notary and made oath to some startling statements concerning the late James Maybrick, whose wife is now under sentence of death in Liverpool, charged with her husband's murder. Despite the bad character of the woman, she bears a fair reputation for truth and veracity, and her affidavit will be accompanied by letters from several of the most respectable men of Norfolk attesting that fact. Her statement is as follows:

Know all men by these presents. That I, Mary Hogwood, residing in the city of Norfolk, Va., do unhesitatingly say that I knew the late James Maybrick for several years, and that up to the time of his marriage he called at my house, when in Norfolk, at least two or three times a week, and that I saw him frequently in his different moods and fancies. It was a common thing for him to take arsenic two or three times during an evening. He would always say before taking it, "Well, I am going to take my evening dose." He would pull from his pocket a small vial in which he carried his arsenic, and putting a small quantity on his tongue would wash it down with a sip of wine. In fact so often did he repeat this that I became afraid that he would die suddenly in my house, and then some of us would be suspected of his murder. When drunk Mr. James Maybrick would pour the powder into the palm of his hand and lick it up with his tongue. I often cautioned him, but he answered: "Oh, I am used to it; it will not harm me." One of the vials used by Mr. Maybrick to carry arsenic was left by him in my care during his last visit here, and I shall be glad to turn it over to the authorities if it can be of any use. I have been quite ill for a long time—so sick that I have paid little attention to the newspapers, and therefore I knew hardly anything about the facts concerning the alleged murder; but knowing Mr. Maybrick as I do and his habits, I am not surprised in the least at hearing of his death, and do not believe that his wife had any more to do with causing his death than I had. I have always believed that his habit of arsenic eating would carry him off.

The press is still filled with communications from people who claim Mrs. Maybrick is innocent. Mrs. Maybrick may be possessed of many desires, but one is pre-eminent. From morning till night she entreats to be permitted to write to the Queen. She has not been allowed to do so. She is but a wreck of her former self. Her attire is blue home-spun, her food is regular prison fare. To-day her mail consisted of eleven hundred letters. None containing a reference to the case are given to her, so that she is not allowed to read many. Baroness von Roque wanted to give her a peach to-day, but was not permitted to do so.

ZANZIBAR DISTURBANCES.

Rioters Arrested and Flogged—Fears of Another Outbreak.

A Zanzibar despatch of Thursday says: Of the eighteen prisoners arrested yesterday for a raid on the Indian bazaar sixteen were in the employ of the Sultan, one was in the employ of the Germans, and the other, an Arab, had no employer. Each received fifty blows with a stick yesterday, and they are lying confined in the barracks. The riot occurred between 6 and 7 in the evening, but as no police are ever on duty in the streets in the daytime, soldiers had to be brought from a distant part of the town, and these, after restoring order, patrolled the quarter until 8 in the morning. To-day there was another slight riot in the bazaar between Arabs and Banyans, and two of the latter were beaten. There is still much talk of disturbance brewing for Saturday or Sunday. The authorities should be compelled to have the streets guarded by the police by day as well as by night. The Sultan was absent at his country house when the riot occurred, and drove into town early this morning. There are only two German ships here. The Fifael and Carola have left their moorings and anchored off the German Consulate as a measure of precaution. It is reported that the German Consul has telegraphed to the German commander at Mozambique to return with the Leipzig.

A Zanzibar cable of Friday says The Sultan's principal adviser Mohammed Bakashmal, to whom I recently referred, since the deportation of Leesperadewjee, his predecessor, has been conducting public affairs and exercising a most nefarious influence upon the Sultan, has been exiled, and leaves by the French mail at the end of the month. The British war vessel Mariner left for Seychelles this morning. The Cossack is expected from the opposite coast to replace her. The men-of-war now in harbor are the British Agamemnon and Griffon, the German Pfest and Cariola, the American Swatara, and also one French and one Italian. The Griffon is now moored just below the palace on the north-west side of the town, so as to be able to shell any party coming from the district called Melinde, which is inhabited by Hindees and Arabs and their slaves. If an outbreak should occur, it is there it will commence, and then after the rioters have plundered the Hindees they will repair to the German Custom-house and wreck it. The Agamemnon is moored off the consulate. Everything is ready on board the British and German ships to assist in maintaining order. To-day the place is unusually quiet. Although it is Friday, there has been no selambik or parade of troops, the Sultan having shut himself up in his country house. Some soldiers are on guard in the streets, chiefly in the Hindee quarter. There is almost a panic among the well-to-do Arabs, who fear an occupation. The fall of the Sultan's chief adviser has completely set aside all idea of a rising, and Zanzibar is now quiet.

FATAL EXPERIMENTS.

Patients on Whom the Elixir is Tried Die—Was It or the Doctors to Blame?

A Friday night's Cincinnati dispatch says: Last Saturday Dr. George K. Taylor, one of the best physicians here, invited Chas. S. Steele, who was almost helpless from paralysis, to enter his office, and the doctor injected a quantity of the Brown-Sequard elixir in each of his hips without Steele knowing what it was. The man suffered intense agony, but was told that he would soon get well. The agony was so great that on Monday he called on Dr. Taylor, who told him the more pain he had the more complete would be his final recovery. Yesterday Steele sent for Dr. Watson, who found the inside of Steele's thighs terribly inflammed, swollen, and in a mottled condition, as if gangrene had set in, though it may prove only blood poisoning. Steele has a high fever and is out of his mind. He has a large family, which he supported by taking orders for coal. His friends have retained a lawyer to sue Dr. Taylor for heavy damages.

Sham Battle with Smokeless Powder.

A Berlin cable says: Emperor William and the Emperor of Austria left Berlin at 7.45 o'clock this morning for Spandau, where a sham fight took place. Four battalions of troops crossed the Havel River, which at this point is 450 metres wide, on a bridge constructed of ninety pontoons. The building of the bridge and the passage of the troops were accomplished in a remarkably short time. The battle took place on the heights south of Spandau. One division of the battalions used the new smokeless powder, while their opponents used the old style of powder. The contrast between the effects of the explosives was striking, the troops using the old powder being completely enveloped in smoke. The action ended in the western force being thrown back on Spandau. After the battle Emperor William called the officers together and criticised the operations. The two Emperors lunched in a tent on the field. They returned to Berlin this afternoon. In the afternoon Emperor William and his guest visited the Friedenskirche, where the Austrian Emperor laid a wreath upon the coffin of Emperor Frederick.

Jack-the-Ripper Will Laugh.

A last Wednesday night's cable from London says: The coroner's jury to-day returned a verdict that Alice Mackenzie, the latest victim of Jack-the-Ripper, was murdered. The verdict is on a par with much of the matter in the summing up by the coroner. He said there were grave doubts of her respectability, though it was proven she had lived for six years with a man not her husband, and was open to inducements from anybody else. The Ripper is almost due for another murder.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, England, says; "Bright's disease has no symptom's of its own and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practicioner and no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity." Ordinary common kidney diseases, many times unrecognized as such, will become chronic and terminate in Bright's (organic) disease of the kidney's, unless taken in hand. Warner's Safe Cure is the only recognized specific that has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

REJUVENATING CRIMINALS.

Testing the Brown-Sequard Elixir on Convicts.

A Nashville, Tenn., despatch says: The interest in the Brown-Sequard elixir of life is increasing in this city. Dr. George S. Glenn, State prison physician, encouraged by the success attending an experiment made by him, has decided to begin to-morrow a series of experiments among inmates of the penitentiary, who are anxious to subject themselves to the new treatment.

About three weeks ago Dr. Glenn and his partner, Dr. Schultz, began to experiment, Dr. Schultz himself being the subject chosen. At the time the experiments began Dr. Schultz had partially recovered from an attack of malarial fever, and was suffering from asthmatic troubles, which had reduced him about thirty pounds in weight. He presented a pale, emaciated appearance, his face being almost colorless. His pulse was frequent, small and compressible, and his nervous system much prostrated.

One dram of the fluid was injected into the cellular tissues of the abdomen; the pale face became flushed and the eyes assumed a brilliancy and sparkle as from an intoxicant. The feeling of lassitude disappeared, and a nervous energy began to thrill the whole body. The effect of the treatment is still plainly felt. From that day the patient's general health has greatly improved. Dr. Schultz is gaining his avoirdupois. He has no pains or aches and feels better than he has for years.

HEARTLESS RELATIVES.

They Disown the Dead Body of a Husband and Father.

A Buffalo despatch says: The unknown stonemason who was killed by the Michigan Central train Saturday morning has been identified in a singular manner. In the first place a man from the Chippawa market visited the Morgue and at once identified the body as that of John Myers, who lived at No. 249 Genesee street. Other men who had known him, twelve or fifteen in number, were brought in and identified the body.

Members of his family were then sent for, but they professed to see nothing in the dead man's features that resembled their relative. His wife, his brother-in-law, and a daughter 22 years old said it was not he, but when the dead man's little 14-year-old daughter visited the place alone the story was told.

"That's my papa," she sobbed, in her childish innocence, as she stood by the side of the rigid corpse and looked down into the face of him whom others of the family had refused to recognize.

"This seems like a strange situation," said Morgue-Keeper DeRyder, "but I have had several cases of this kind. One can see by watching the faces of these people that the dead man is their relative, but they are just that heartless that they will deny their own dead father rather than pay his funeral expenses. We shall bury him in Potter's Field."

A Glutton's Death.

A Thursday's Halifax despatch says: While the warship Tourmaline was lying in Barbadoes about two years ago, a colored seaman named Richard McAndrews made application to join the ship and play in the band. His terms were acceptable and his services were retained. The musician enlisted for a period of two years. McAndrews was looked upon as an enormous eater. The manner in which he ate and the quantity he devoured at a meal were astonishing. The Tourmaline was in readiness to proceed to sea with the flagship on Saturday last, but McAndrews was taken very ill through eating too much meat. His sufferings were of the most excruciating kind. He was taken from the ship and conveyed to the marine hospital at the dockyard, and died in terrible agony yesterday afternoon. McAndrews ate so much that it strained him inside, causing a partial paralysis of the rectum. Those sleeping in the same ward with McAndrews say his groans were terrible. The deceased, who was a man of 45 years of age, leaves a wife and family at Barbadoes.

A Military Cook's Suicide.

A Halifax despatch of Wednesday says A terrible suicide was committed at the military camp on Macnab's Island at 5.30 o'clock this morning, the victim being Private Joseph Hill, of the West Riding Regiment. Hill was engaged as cook in the officers' mess on the island, and last evening was placed under arrest for some petty offence, but was not put in confinement, being what is known as a "prisoner at large." This morning he took a loaded rifle, placed the muzzle fairly in his mouth and pulled the trigger. The top of his head was blown off and the pieces scattered in various directions. The body was brought up to the city to-day. Hill was a young man.

Railway Enterprise in China.

A Wednesday's cable says: Chang Chi Tung, Viceroy of Kwangtung, has been transferred to the Viceroyalty of Liang Hu. It is believed that this transfer has taken place in consequence of the memorial in which he supported the construction of the Hankow Peking Trunk Railway. The railway will now be begun shortly under Chang Chi Tung's direction, a Chinese syndicate with a capital of 60,000,000 teels having been formed to carry out the scheme. Li Hang Chang, the elder brother of Li Hung Chang, has been appointed Viceroy of Kwangtung.

A Revised Edition.

Blythe—Your autograph album is one of the finest I have ever seen. The names are all written so neatly and symmetrically.

Lythe—Yes, I copied them myself from the originals, some of which were perfectly horrid.

A Forced Confession.

Angry Wife (sarcastically)—Good morning. How was the show? Did it have a full house?

Belated Husband (who has sense enough left to realize that deception is useless)—Yesh, full ash a goat.

A Comprehensive Order.

Mr. Hyde (of Hyde & Tallow, Chicago)—Waiter, I want a dinner. Waiter—Will ze gentlemen haf table d'hote or a la carte? Mr. Hyde—Bring me a little of both, and have 'em put lots of gravy on it.—*Puck.*

THE TEXAN FEUD.

"Jaybirds" and "Woodpeckers" Make Things Interesting.

A Houston, Texas, despatch of Saturday night gives the following additional particulars of the feud reported Saturday: Capt. Reichardt left here for Richmond last night with 24 militia men. Two gentlemen who arrived here at 11.35 last night from Richmond reported that the "Woodpeckers" crowd (Negroes) were in the Court House surrounded by the other faction, but no more fighting had occurred. The town was crazy with excitement, the women and children being at home while the men were down town. There was but one light burning in the whole town, and that was at the hotel. The riot was precipitated by a "Jaybird" walking through the town with his Winchester. He was jailed. The fighting soon began. About 75 shots were fired. Sheriff Garvey and ex-Sheriff Blakely, who were killed, were "Jaybirds." All was quiet at midnight.

A Richmond, Texas, despatch says: Since the fighting last evening things have been extremely quiet. The county officials, who are among the "Woodpeckers," retreated to the Court House, carrying their wounded, and still occupy it, supported by th Houston Light Guards. The wounded in the Court House are Judge Parker, now a member of the Legislature, and Deputy Sheriff Mason, shot badly through the shoulder. Parker was shot beneath the shoulder blade and through the groin. The presence of the military will preserve the peace, but the "Jaybirds" are in possession of the streets and no warrant has been sworn out or arrests made. Henry Frost, a leader of the "Jaybirds," who received four bullet wounds, is fast sinking. The "Jaybirds" are undoubtedly prepared for trouble at any moment, while the opposition has been materially weakened by the loss of two leaders. There is a panic among the people here, chiefly the Negroes, and nearly a hundred have left by rail to-day, never to return. Volney Johnson, one of the "Jaybirds," was shot in the jaw with a Winchester and the ball is now somewhere in his neck, but he was walking on the streets this afternoon ready for anything that might arise. A distressing feature is the arrival here of relations of parties who have been killed or badly wounded. A squad of State rangers was here yesterday, but was powerless to check the fight, though making every effort to do so. It is said that Frost, after he was shot down, raised himself on his arms and killed ex-Sheriff Blakely with his Winchester.

PERTURBED JAPAN.

Great Loss of Life by Earthquakes—Floods and Riots.

A San Francisco despatch of Sunday has the following: The steamer City of Sydney, from Hong Kong and Yokohama, which arrived this evening, was expected to bring details of the earthquake at Kumamoto, news of which was cabled from Yokohama on July 30th. One cablegram gave the loss of life at 3,000, while another stated almost the entire town of Kumamoto, with a population of 38,000, was destroyed. Full details had not been received when the City of Sydney left Yokohama, but the newspapers of that city of August 2nd indicate no such loss as given by the cablegrams. Several late telegrams to Yokohama gave the loss at twenty to thirty killed. The Japan newspaper *Jiji Shimpo* says, however, that by a great earthquake at Kumamoto on July 28th many hills have been rent, houses demolished, and people killed and wounded in the city independent of the surrounding villages. Another shock has been felt, and the inhabitants are fearing further disaster. The people have been seized with superstition on account of the hills being broken open.

The floods having subsided in the various districts of Japan, a fairly accurate estimate of the damage done is obtained. Nine hundred and thirty houses were destroyed by being washed away or broken up by colliding together. Forty-one persons are known to have lost their lives.

The *Overland China Mail* learns, July 6th, that the rioters in the Fohien Province of China had fled before the approaching troops. Before leaving they burned their boats. The attack on the Chin Chu villages is confirmed. For the loss of four or five of their countrymen last year the rioters revenged themselves by slaughtering between 400 and 500 inhabitants of the Chin Chu villages, including women and children.

The Czar will go to Copenhagen prior to his visit to Potsdam. He will probably meet Emperor William at Potsdam on Sept. 18th.

The Halifax Magistrate on Saturday gave judgment in the case of Otto S. Weeks, charged with shooting at Annie H. Killam, dismissing the case.

The illness of Count Andrassy has taken the gravest turn. The Emperor of Austria receives daily bulletins concerning the old statesman's condition.

Cavaliere Capello is bringing a special decoration from the King of Italy to Mr. Edison, and will at the same time give Mr. Edison the title of Count.

Shocks of earthquake were felt yesterday throughout Herzegovina. A portion of the Mostar railway was damaged, but nothing serious is reported.

Admiral Broun, commanding the French Atlantic fleet, will shortly visit Montreal, and will be given a grand reception by the members of the French colony.

A colored boy named James Finlay, about 13 years old, was drowned Saturday afternoon at Chatham. He was fishing at one of the docks when he fell in.

Mayor Clarke, of Toronto, returned from London, England, on Saturday, and received a cordial reception from his constituents in the Queen City and friends.

W. K. Perry, the aeronaut who sustained severe injuries by falling from a balloon 700 feet high at Mount Holly fair, near Charlotte, N. C., ten days ago, died last night.

On the night of August 9th, while the barge Mona, belonging to the Kingston & Montreal Forwarding Co., was being towed from Lachine to Beauharnois, Pierre Dube, of Montreal, dropped overboard and was undoubtedly drowned. He was missed the next morning. The body has not been recovered.

The Editor.

BEFORE.

Who in his sanctum sits up late,
And strives, with sentences of weight,
To set to right affairs of state?
The editor. Admire him!

Who deeply molds the public thought?
For money who can ne'er be bought?
Who always for the right has fought?
The editor. Respect him!

Who notes what great men do and say,
And files obituaries away
When they shall die, to print next day?
The editor. Revere him!

Who gives us cure for cough or cold,
Who suffers patiently and long
And seldom uses language strong?
The editor. Don't chide him!

Who ignorance must ne'er confess,
Who knows of all things more or less—
Or what he don't know sure can guess?
The editor. Consult him

When youthful talent seeks to rise,'
Who views its growth with friendly eyes,
Its merits quick to recognize?
The editor. Oh, bless him!

AFTER.

Who doth good judgment sadly lack,
Who has of taste not e'er a smack
Who sent my little poem back?
The editor. Confound him!

SHAWLS.

How the Average Woman Effects Her Evenings on the Veranda.

The average woman over 40 is never so content as when hugging herself in a shawl on a hotel piazza, says a correspondent of the Boston *Gazette*.

Shawls to the right of us,
Shawls to the left of us,
Shawls all around the house
Hug without question.
Chuddas of brown or gray,
Blue, white or cafe au lait;
And each old girl will say
Hers is the best one.

On the slightest pretext a woman will give a little shudder, seize her shawl, and, enveloping herself from waist to ears in it, will settle down like a cat in a feather bed. The white chudda seems to be the most popular, and after dusk it is a wise man that knows his own wife, though it is immaterial for the moment which is which, for women in shawls are all alike; they shiver and hug their elbows, and answer in monosyllables; and if their shawl for a moment slips from their shoulders they are like clipped poodles or wet hens—disgruntled and whining.

How to Manage a Man.

A man never stoops to the means employed by women; he is broader, more liberal, he applies himself to the things which belong to the day, the hour and the object for which we live. Whoever heard of a man losing his temper because his suit would not match his complexion, or fume because six button gloves had been sent when he had ordered seven? What man would faint on Broadway because the clasp that held his hosiery gave way and wriggled on the sidewalk? None! Yet I saw that happen to a woman recently. Yet men are very much like children. Humor them, and they will do your bidding. Make them believe they are always having their own way; don't let them see the silken net you have woven about them, and they will blandly obey your will; but once let them believe they are captive and no puny woman's power will avail against their superior strength.—*Marie Jansen in New York World.*

Economy in Food.

Farmer Sawyer, of Wallingford, had quite an experience last winter with his cattle. His stock of hay ran out, and being unable to get more in time he gave the cows some of the dry leaves he had collected for bedding, and he was surprised to see that they appeared to enjoy them. The leaves went so well that he concluded that he wouldn't get any more hay for a while, and, in fact, leaves were the only thing that the six cows and two horses lived on during the last half of the winter. While eating hay the cows had given 12 quarts of milk weekly, yielding five pounds of butter. After being put on diet of leaves the quantity and quality of milk increased until they gave 15 quarts of milk, yielding seven pounds of butter. Mr. Sawyer intends to use nothing but leaves during the winter hereafter, as the leaves can be had for the trouble of collecting them, and are better than costly hay or grain.—*Meriden Republican.*

Character of the Black Bass.

If you want a real good argument any day touch up the black bass issue among the local fishermen. Some of them say that he is an enemy to all sport, a mean, low-lived, vicious specimen of the tribe of fish who sleep in the mud all winter and is worm-eaten all summer. Fish Commissioner Stanley says that the black bass is a splendid mannered, high bred fish, a fighter it is true, but an honest fighter, and one of the best food fishes that swim the streams of Northern America. He says that the stocking of ponds with the fish was wise, and that in years to come more sport will be realized with this fish than the sporting men of rod and line have yet dreamed.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Anything But That.

Miss Cynthia Mushroom—Now, papa, do be careful at dinner, and don't mortify us before Mr. Stuyvesant Sturtevant.

Mrs. M.—Yes, Phineas, do mind your manners and remember all them little points in that book about etiquette that I've been reading to you.

Mr. M.—Well, that's all right. You kin go ahead and arrange things to suit yerself, but I'm darned if I eat pie with a fork for anybody.

An Experienced Teacher.

"Must I aim at that black spot in the centre of the circle?"

"Why, no; that's what I want you to hit. Aim at that ice-house 10 feet to the right.

—These lines from John Boyle O'Reilly's Plymouth poem are greatly praised over all the country:

One righteous word for Law—the common will;
One living truth of Faith—God regnant still;
One primal test of Freedom—all combined;
One sacred Revolution—change of mind;
One trust unfailing for the night and need—
The tyrant-flower shall cast the freedom-seed.

—Albert C. Savage's little daughter caught the smallpox on board the Pacific mail steamer Newport. Mr. Savage has sued the company for $25,000 damages. He thinks a disfigured girl is handicapped to that amount in life's race.

SCOTLAND'S PRIDE.

The Greatest Bridge in the World—A Cantilever Triumph.

The bridge across the Firth of Forth at Queen's Ferry, Scotland, now approaching completion, is a work of such magnitude and presents so many points of novelty that it has attracted the attention of the whole engineering world. In 1804 a surveyor published designs for a bridge across the Forth at the same spot, and with spans of the like magnitude. That, however, was to be a suspension bridge, with chains like the cable of a fifty-ton yacht, and the total weight of iron was estimated at 200 tons, as contrasted with 50,000 tons of steel in the present structure. While a bridge of 1,700 feet in span was thus conceived of nearly a century ago, it may also be said that the cantilever principle of construction can be found in Egyptian and Indian temples built before the introduction of the arch. An eminent engineer says that the cantilever was in all probability invented by some intelligent savage, who, wanting to get across a stream too deep to ford and too wide to jump, utilized the projecting branches of two opposite trees as cantilevers or brackets, and connected them by a short independent piece of timber, and so formed a cantilever and central girder structure.

The true principle of construction and the nature of the stresses may be illustrated in a simple way. Two men who sit on chairs extend their arms, which they support by grasping sticks butting against the chairs. This represents the two double cantilevers. The central girder is represented by a short stick slung from the arm of each man, and the anchorage by ropes extending from the other arms to two piles of bricks. When stresses are brought on this system by a load on the central girder the arms of the men and the anchorage ropes come into tension, and the sticks and chair legs into compression. In the Forth bridge we must imagine the chairs to be placed a third of a mile apart, the men's heads to be 360 feet above the ground, the pull on the arms 10,000 tons, and the pressure on the legs of the chairs on the ground 100,000 tons. As regards size and weight no existing bridge at all approaches the Forth bridge. There are two spans, each 1,700 feet long; the width of the bridge at the piers is 120 feet; there is a clear headway for navigation at high water of 150 feet; the deepest foundation below high water is 89 feet; the highest part of the bridge above high water is 360 feet, and the depth of water in the centre of the channel is 210 feet. With this depth the bridge could never have been built had it not been for an island in the middle of the Forth. The train weight that will be put upon the bridge will be small compared with the wind pressure needed to be overcome, and to resist wind the lofty columns over the piers are 120 feet apart at the base and 33 feet at the top. As furnishing an idea of the enormous force which the cantilevers are capable of resisting it may be said that a pull of 45,000 tons would be needed to tear asunder the top ties. The greatest pull from passing trains can be only 2,000 tons. The bridge is looked upon as a railway necessity. Indeed, it will furnish the missing link in a great chain of communication throughout the United Kingdom. When we read of such structures, and know that trains reach a speed of sixty miles an hour, we cannot but smile at what the staid old "Quarterly Review" said in 1825: "We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which is as as great as can be ventured on with safety."

How and when to Drink Water.

According to Dr. Leuf, when water is taken into the full or partly full stomach, it does not mingle with the food, as we are taught, but passes along quickly between the food and lesser curvative toward the pylorus, through which it passes into the intestines. The secretion of mucus by the lining membrane is constant, and during the night a considerable amount accumulates in the stomach; some of its liquid portion is absorbed, and that which remains is thick and tenacious. If food is taken into the stomach when in this condition it becomes coated with mucus, and the secretion of the gastric juice and its action are delayed. These facts show the value of a goblet of water before breakfast. This washes out the tenacious mucus, and stimulates the gastric glands to secretion. In old and feeble persons water should not be taken cold, but it may be with great advantage taken warm or hot. This removal of the accumulated mucus from the stomach is probably one of the reasons why taking soup at the beginning of a meal has been found so beneficial.

An Effective Threat.

New Yorker—No, sir. I have no money for you.

Dirty Tramp—Well, I don't see nothing fer me ter do but drown myself.

New Yorker—I can't help that.

Dirty Tramp—All right. Where's the reservoir?

New Yorker—Here! Take this dollar and live.

Clearly Defined.

Boston Young Lady—What do you mean by saying that your ball nine has the opposing team 'rattled'?

Omaha Miss—It's when we have them razzle-dazzled and give them the grand razoo.

Lord Randolph Churchill's present to the duchess of Fife was a prayer book.

The compositor who was required to set up "cold horror then my vitals froze" and made it read "my victuals," etc., is now enjoying a vacation in company with the proof reader.

Flowery summer, golden summer, summer of our northern clime;
Spring may be a joyous season, but you beat it every time.

Season of delightful evenings, charming mornings, sultry noons,
Purple dawnings, crimson sunsets, placid starlight, tender moons,

Flowery summer, golden summer, summer of our northern clime,
Life is sweet and worth the living when we see you in your prime.

—First Chicago woman—Have you seen Mrs. Fowler's new summer suit? Second Chicago woman—No, what is it? First Chicago woman—Principally allegations against her husband. She hopes to get the divorce in ten days.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

A Young Student's Cheap Trip to England

Two hundred dollars is a large sum to a poor man and a small sum to a rich man, says the *Youth's Companion*. But in the matter of money every thing depends on the way it is used. Some men will get a vast amount of amusement, recreation and refinement out of a few dollars. Other men will spend large sums, and be unhappy or unblessed by the spending. Having occasion to put the matter to a practical test, a young student who lately went to Europe with just $200 is ready to tell what he got for it for the benefit of any who may be blessed with so moderate a sum, and still hesitates to go abroad for fear of not getting enough for the money. This philosophical traveller says:

"I went over, intermediate cabin passage, for $35 from Boston to Liverpool, by one of the finest Cunard steamers. The intermediate passage was not equal to first cabin it its table fare, but I had more fun in other ways. When I reached Liverpool I went to a plain hotel, where I could dine a la carte, or go to the sideboard and help myself, and generally did, and spent three days in the city at very moderate expense. I then went on to London, stopping one day at the Duke of Devonshire's estate, Chatsworth. Once in London I determined on one of the several ways of spending what money I had left. I procured lodging and breakfast and dinner at a cheap boarding-house in Bloomsbury, about ten minutes' walk from the British Museum. I had a Bædeker's guide book, and with its help I mapped out a number of famous places where I could go sight-seeing at very little expense. While on my tramps in the city I would go for a lunch into some restaurant where meals were served from some joint, or into the nearest coffee stand, where I often obtained all I wanted for eightpence and sometimes for sixpence. When I had to use the railways I always went third class. This was not so comfortable as second or first class, but more interesting in many ways on account of the people I met, and that is half the good of travelling at all. When I had occasion to ride I always took a 'bus if I could. This was a never-failing source of amusement to me. I saw more to remember from the top of an English 'bus than from any other place during my whole visit in London, and it was a very cheap source of instruction. The hansom cab was an expensive vehicle, costing a shilling, while the 'bus fares were usually very reasonable, and on some lines, at certain hours of the day, absurdly cheap for the distance. By selecting the right day and hour for visiting many places of interest I succeeded in seeing them for half price or for nothing. There are many places of interest in and about London where, on certain days of the week, admission is free. On certain other days it is sixpence or a shilling. By consulting my 'Bædeker,' and planning a little ahead, I saved many small items in this way. I was also content to do a large amount of walking; and, indeed, in this way I not only saved riding fares, but often saw curious and even rare sights which I should have missed if I had been in the habit of riding to and from points of interest. I spent seven weeks in London, and visited nearly all the large places of note. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Parliament buildings, National Gallery, the Tower, the museum, where I went almost daily, the bank, where I did not go so often, nearly all the suburbs on the west side, the parks and art galleries, the Thames and Chelsea, Lord's cricket grounds and the Zoological Gardens. In many of these places I spent much time in special study, and went frequently, especially to the museums and churches, on the principle that as I had confined my trip abroad to one city I would know as much about it as possible. Getting back to Liverpool I still had money enough for first-class cabin fare to New York, and paid £10, or $50, for my return passage. In the time I was abroad I saw and enjoyed $200 worth at least. My board cost me about $55. My travelling, counting going and coming, was $115. The remaining $30 went for sundries, clothing, amusements, washing and keepsakes of the trip. But if any one can get more out of $200 abroad I wish they would write me and let me know how that I may try it again."

The Spinal Cord Mending.

Dr. Chauncey Bigge, of Bellevue Hospital, has a case of much interest to the medical fraternity. On the 8th inst. H. W. Benedict rode from Fifty-seventh street to Forty-seventh street on a Third avenue surface car. At Forty-seventh street he jumped off. He jumped on the wrong side, and was knocked down and run over by an uptown car. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where it was discovered that his spinal cord was fractured. As a rule, the patient does not survive long under these circumstances, but Mr. Benedict is getting along so well that Dr. Bigge hopes the column will knit, and that the patient will recover.—*New York Star.*

Height of Great Sea Waves.

Carefully repeated experiments made by an experienced English navigator at Santander, on the north coast of Spain, showed the crest of the sea waves in a prolonged and heavy gale of wind to be 42 feet high, and allowing the same for the depth between the waves would make a height of 84 feet from crest to base. The length from crest to crest was found to be 386 feet. Other estimates of the waves in the South Atlantic during great storms give a height of 50 feet for the crests and 400 feet for length. In the North Sea the height of crest seldom exceeds 10 feet and the length 150 feet.

Work of Electricity.

There are now in use in the United States more than 5,650 central electric stations for light and power. There are 210,000 arc lights and 2,600,000 incandescent lamps. There were 59 electrical railways in operation in March last, and 86 roads in process of construction. The increase of capital in electrical investments during 1888 was nearly $70,000,000. These are very significant figures, and they point unmistakably to the course of future inventions and discoveries.

Didn't Agree With Him.

An Eastern man who moved to Chicago lost 120 pounds in three weeks. His wife eloped with a car driver.

"NOTHING FOR OLD MAIDS."

The Mistake the Two Spinster Boggs Made

An elderly lady once remarked to a pretty girl that it was a very serious matter for a young woman to have a sweetheart. The girl answered that it was a far more serious matter not to have one. Certainly the two Misses Boggs, who have committed suicide at Point Pleasant, W. Va., agreed with the young lady. The two sisters were well-to-do. There was no reason why they should die by their own hand, or die at all, apparently. But they killed themselves, leaving a pathetic note, signed by both their names, saying there was "nothing in life for old maids."

It is a melancholy story, but the suicide was founded on a gigantic misapprehension of life. There is just as much here below for an old maid as for anybody else. Suppose they were without husbands? Husbands are not always what the old or young maiden fancy paints them. No more are wives always satisfactory. Socrates is credited with saying that whether one marries or does not marry, he regrets it. If the Misses Boggs had married, they might have got husbands whom they would have had to commit suicide to get rid of. Women have done the like, more than once. But the gravest possible mistake one can make is to take for granted that his personal love, personal comfort and happiness play a very large figure in the plan of this universe. Whoever pursues these aims alone finds they invariably elude him at last, like Will o' the Wisp. If the Misses Boggs wanted children, there was a world full of forlorn, homeless babies, many of them quite as sweet and pretty as any possible Boggs' babies would have been. How much they could have added to human happiness by adopting four or five little waifs and giving them home and education! Then there was the whole world of ideas before them—study, travel, science, art and music. Humanity stumbles blindly and painfully on, seeking always the better way in everything, thankful always to people who show it the better way. All of us owe it to the race to give some part of our time to aiding the rest. In philanthropy, in helping mankind to prosperity, to better, wiser, sweeter ways of living, there is work enough for a million single women, heaven knows!

It is sometimes necessary to pass through a sea of troubles to find at last that the only genuine happiness is found in giving happiness to others. Exactly in proportion as men lose sight of the "miserable aims that end in self," by a mysterious law friends, happiness and hope will drift their way. It is indeed:

A miserable, petty, low-roofed life,
That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
Through naught save light or dark in its own cabin.

—*Elmira Advertiser.*

How the Shah Keeps Accounts.

Nasr-ed-Deen, like many other potentates, is fond of money, and is supposed to possess a colossal fortune. He pays small salaries to his servants and dignitaries if the money comes out of his own pocket—that is, out of the legitimate revenues of the country—but he pays at least promtly and fairly what he agrees to pay. After deducting what he deems right for army, administration and household purposes he puts the balance away every year into his private treasury. Once the money—which must always be coin—has been dumped into his vaults no power on earth can induce the Shah to give the slightest portion of it back again or to touch it for any purpose whatsoever. When he is compelled to borrow money from the Armenians he pays usurious interest sooner than go to his strong box and take from its illimitable treasures the smallest sum.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Dwellings for the People.

There is in London a corporation, composed of men and women, called the Ladies' Residential Dwelling Company. This company has already erected dwelling-houses in Gower street and Sloan Gardens for the use of educated women who are obliged to earn their living and to live in lodgings. It is now proposed to build a block of these dwellings in Hampstead. These buildings are arranged in sets of flats, renting from 10 to 25 shillings (from $2.50 to $6.25) per week, or from £2 to £5 per month. There is a cooking range set in each suite, but there is also a large general dining-room connected with each house, in which dinner is served after the work of the day is finished.

Faded Footlight Flowers Bloom Again.

"And, doctor, can you make this bloom again?" asked Father Time, pointing to a specimen of the vintage of 1840.

"I was once a footlight favorite, and men showered me with pearls and diamonds. Oh, *can I* be young again," she exclaimed with all the fervor of a maiden of 62 summers.

"You shall be queen of the May," responded Dr. Brown-Sequard, as he proceeded to his laboratory and slaughtered a fresh guinea pig.—*After the New York World.*

The Dog Had no Cause To Be.

She (tenderly)—Did the dog bite you, darling?

He—Yes, he did.

She (reassuringly)—Well, it was papa's dog, darling, and we know he isn't mad.

He—Yes; but I am.

He Should if He Didn't.

DeRyter—Here is a joke I have brought you.

Editor (after reading it)—That is not a joke.

DeRyter—But I say it is. I made it, and I ought to know.

All competent authorities, prominent among them being F. F. Roberts, M. D., Professor of Chemical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., say "Bright's disease has no marked symptoms of its own, but takes the symptoms of other (so-called) diseases." If you have headache, fickle appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling, extreme wakefulness, distressing nervousness, do not neglect such symptoms, or you will eventually have Bright's disease, or some other effect of neglected kidney disease. Take Warner's Safe Cure, the only recognized specific for this disease.

To give stoves a good lustre add either sugar or alum to the lead.

ERRATIC WATCHES CURBED.

How the Effects of Electric Magnets Have Been Neutralized by a Bright Idea.

Electricity is now applied to a majority of the watches now made in this country. It used to be that a valuable watch would suddenly lose all self-respect and run like a race-horse on one day and a tortoise on the next. No one could tell what it was. Big prices were paid to the jewellers by unhappy watch-owners who hoped that the wizard of the balance wheel and main-spring could repair their timepieces. As electricity became more popular the irregularities of watches became more marked. But before the watch trade grew desperate a bright mind solved the mystery. He made an experiment, applying the battery to a fine watch, and then tried the effect of the dynamo upon the electrified movement. As one poison counteracts another's effect, so one battery equalized the other's effect. The magnet and the watch movement were made friends, and now a timepiece can mingle with the battery in a familiar way and feel no evil effects from the association.

Mrs. Gladstone.

Margaret F. Sullivan in New York World.

Her figure is tall, shapely and impressive; her carriage is a little too rapid to be entirely graceful; her costuming is—is English, which requires no elucidation. Despite deficiencies in externals, which a French modiste would have no difficulty in abolishing—for Mrs. Gladstone would be a charming subject for a dressmaker of taste—she would be singled out in any company as its most distinguished woman.

The face is uncommonly long even in England, very high in the forehead, and very strong and gentle, equally devoid of romance and of pedantry. The eyes are large, liquid, well-shaped, dark blue, and meditative. The silvering hair is parted in the usual way, and combed in natural waves down either cheek, as in the familiar portraits of noted women forty years ago. Her mouth is well proportioned to the other dimensions of her face, and her voice is low and vibrant with cordiality toward those she addresses.

"Death has so many doors to let out, life," sang an old time poet. In those days they had not discovered remedies that shut those doors. How different is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, from the old time doses. Consumption or lung scrofula, is one *wide* door that it shuts, if taken in time. *Don't waste a moment*, then lest life slip through that open door. It is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

There's a blessing in the bottle on whose label we can read
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the woman who has need
Of a remedy for troubles none but women ever know.
'Tis her best and truest friend, and happy thousands call it so,
As they think of years of suffering that were theirs before it came,
Bringing them the balm of healing, and they bless the very name

of this wonderfully, and deservedly, popular remedy for the various ills woman is heir to. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Not to Be Ruled.

A bachelor who lives in Newark, N. J., and who has always had a fear that his little wife might rule him, says now that a new idea has struck him. He is going to marry a typewriter girl, because he can dictate to her.

The Great Dismal Swamp

of Virginia, is one enormous quagmire of decayed vegetation, a region of gloom and desolation; but not more so than the human system when blocked up by decayed animal matter, which poisons the blood and brings gloom to an otherwise happy household. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets remove all waste matter, and give Nature a chance to build up.

An Unfortunate Sequence.

A gentleman was once lamenting to a friend the conduct of his son.

"You should speak to him with firmness and remind him of his duties," said the other.

"He pays no attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools." Then, with a sudden thought, "I wish you would speak to him!"

—"There's a flood in Richmond, Va.," remarked the telegraph editor. "Gweat heaven!" exclaimed the dude reporter, 'will it spoil the thiggawettes?"

She wore a mannish little coat
With knowing little pockets;
She cast aside her necklaces,
Her bangles and her lockets
Her dickey, collar and cravat
Exactly match her brother's;
Her round straw hat is so like his
You can't tell one from 'tother's,
She ventures on a little slang
That sounds quite brusque and mannish
But show her once a mouse or worm
And see the disguise vanish!

—"See here, Mr. Grocer," said a Hartford housewife, "if you are going to bring me any more goods I want them to be the very best." "We keep none but the best." "I presume so; you sell the worst in order to keep the best."

—If you care to boss your own ranch a 60 save your cash at 30.

Dr. Nansen, the explorer, says that the ice in Greenland is 6,000 feet thick.

DONL 35 89.

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

To day is Markdale's civic holiday.

Quilt batts cheap at the Flesherton Woollen Mill.

There were two baptisms in the Baptist church on Sabbath last.

Croquet by lamp-light is the popular game in Flesherton.

Mr. W. J. Howard built last week an enormous cistern for Mr. Lucas, of Markdale.

Mr. Wm. Galbraith and family returned from the western States last week and will remain here.

We have received a copy of Glenelg Agricultural Society's prize list of the fall fair to be held at Markdale on Sept. 26 and 27.

Miss. E Brown, of Priceville, and her father, who has been visiting in Scotland during the past summer, are on their journey home.

The Revere Hotel, Markdale, has changed hands, Mr. T. Jennings having given it up. A gentleman from Collingwood took possession on Tuesday.

Flesherton and vicinity has been suffused with perspiration during the present week. Let us suffuse for two months to come ere John Frost unsuffuseth us.

Mr. C.E. Neil, merchant of Feversham, has removed the contents of his store to Maxwell, where he has taken up quarters in the shop lately occupied by Joseph Carr.

Artemesia Township fall show will be held at Priceville on Thursday, Oct. 3. The prize list has just been issued from this office. Jas Brodie, Vandeleur, secretary.

The output of cheese from Flesherton cheese factory for July was 21,000 lbs., for which 9 cts. was the price received. The same amount of June cheese sold for 8¾c per lb. These were the highest prices paid in Ontario for cheese.

D. F. Ferguson, Balsam Valley, was a welcome visitor to our sanctum on Monday. He reports the wheat crop in that vicinity to be a failure, owing to rust. Peas are a good crop, oats fair, and barley not very good.

Rev. Mr. Emes occupied his own pulpit here last Sabbath. He had been absent for two weeks in Sutton at what proved to be the death bed of his father, who had lived beyond the twilight age of threescore and ten. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon last.

Molaycthon people are blowing about their big mustard. The Economist tells of a stock of wild mustard eight feet long. The thing is indigenous to this township, or at least it is a scarce article, but none too scarce. When we haven't anything better than mustard to brag about, we will quit bragging.

Markdale, as a business place, does not count for much just at the present season of year. Farmers are busy and have no time to go to town. From personal observation on Tuesday we believe it to be quieter than Flesherton. Some of the business men informed us that they do not remember ever seeing it quite so dull as it has been this summer.

The Beeton World now says that a Mr. Macpherson, of Prescott, "made a flying visit to his son's last week." What's the matter with Prescott that it can't raise its own flies? Now if it had been a fishing visit there would have been some sense in the thing. Possibly, however, it is only the World's delicate way of making the fact known that Mr. Mac. does not use worms for bait?

Some men try advertising as the Indian tried feathers. He took one feather, laid it on a board and slept on it all night. In the morning he remarked: "White man say feathers heap soft, white man fool." Some business men invest 25 or 50 cents in advertising, and then because they do not realize a great increase of business they declare that advertising does not pay.—Ex.

The Anthem sung by the Methodist choir in the Flesherton church on Sunday evening last was worthy of special mention. It was exceedingly well rendered.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall..

A comfortable house with one and a quarter acre lot (convenient to Flesherton) to rent or for sale on easy terms. Apply to W. H. Flesher, Flesherton.
Aug 27th, 1889.

Fishing stories are a thing of the past. They have come to a fin-is for this season. All the tails which we have chronicled during the past summer were hooked on the fly, and we have not done a bit of line about them, either.

The Meaford Monitor transplanted a lengthy editorial of ours last week without giving credit. Not that we care for ourselves, but we hate to have its readers go away with the idea that the editor of the Monitor would write such nonsense, you know!

According to despatches the American cutter Bear is making things lively for Canadian sealing vessels in Behring Sea. She bears down upon them, cares their hidden sealskins and bears away with them to Ounalaska. Those who have barely time to escape do not forbear doing so. How can the English Government bear to see this thing going on?

Among all our exchanges last week, not one appears to have "dropped to the racket" of the C.P.R. authorities in firing the news company from its road. They one and all gravely applaud the move without dreaming of the motive underlying the philanthropic? act. The news agent still operates, gentlemen, but his master has been changed. He is as frisky as ever, too, and don't you hesitate to remember the fact.

More Honey.

Another large quantity of honey has been left at this office for sale. Twelve cents a pound in small quantities. A reduction will be made on 25 lbs. and over.

Notice to Farmers.

Special reductions in meats to farmers for threshings, or when purchased in large quantities. We kill to live, and furnish first class meats at cheap prices. Petch & Mitchell.

Read the Newspapers.

Sharks, swindlers, confidence operators, and the general fraternity of fakirs, find out people who don't take or read the local newspapers and fleece them quite easily, but the man who keeps posted on current everyday happenings is forewarned and prepared to bounce them unceromoniously, and save himself from being victimized.

Passed.

The Misses Lizzie and Annie Richardson were both successful in passing the recent examinations for third-class teachers. There was some error on the part of the examiners, and word was not received of their success until Friday last. We heartily congratulate the young ladies.

Not to Blame.

A meeting of Liberal Conservatives of ward No. 2, Artemesia, was held last week. After a thorough discussion of matters now exercising the country a resolution was unanimously carried to the effect that, however deep the meeting might regret incorporation of the Jesuits, the Dominion Government was not to blame therefore, or those who were elected to support the government, for the action they took in the matter.

In the Matter of Schools.

From the report of School Inspector Campbell as submitted to the last meeting of County Council we glean the following with reference to schools in this vicinity: "Considering the number of pupils in attendance, the school house in No. 7 Osprey is about the worst in the County. Not only is the room too small, and ceiling too low, but the walls, furniture, etc., appear dirty and forbidding in the extreme. Everything about the school indicates indifference to the comfort of the pupils. Although not wishing to be arbitrary, I must, as in duty bound, insist on some radical change in the appearance and dimensions of schools so neglected. Several other school houses are so bad that in my opinion it is money thrown away to repair them—among the worst of these are No. 4 Artemesia, and No. 8 Egremont. I was, however, notified that the ratepayers of the former had authorized the Trustees to erect a new brick building, not to cost more than $2,500. I have not yet heard from the Trustees of No. 8 Egremont, what they intend to do by way of improvement."

Personal Mention.

Miss Annie McGuire, of Quebec, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Kingston.

Miss Katy McTavish, of Syracuse, was visiting at Mr. D. McTavish's last week.

Mrs. C.F. Stewart, of Galt, is visiting at Mr. Geo. Stewart's.

W. K. Flesher, Esq., returned to England on Monday last.

Mrs. D. Munroe, Detroit, and Miss Frank Wright, Chicago, returned home on Saturday last.

Miss Laura Roland, of Durham, was a guest of M. Richardson, Esq., for a few days during the past week.

Mr. Geo. Anderson returned to the Northwest on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. D. Blair is visiting friends in Wiarton.

J.W. Henderson, Esq., is rusticating with his family in Flesherton for a week or so.

Mr. M.F. Madden, of Chicago, who has been visiting relatives in the vicinity of Maxwell, returned home on Monday. Miss M.A. Madden accompanied him.

Mrs. Wm. J. Varley and daughter Ella, of Englewood, New Jersey, also son Richard, of Jersey City, are visiting at her brother's, Mr. Wm. Wilcox's, near Flesherton. They had not seen each other for almost twenty years.

Local Drift.

While taking a walk around the village the other day we were pleased to note the large amount of improvement which has been done during the past spring and summer. New sidewalks have been laid down, crossings made, drains dug and trees planted. If the same amount of improvement is done each year it will not be long until our town will be sufficiently handsome to place in a glass case.

Speaking of sidewalks, though, there is one which is somewhat of an eyesore to us. We refer to the one lately placed from the street up to the school grounds. It is crooked. At whose door this fault lies we do not know but we do know that it is a blemish which could easily be rectified, and ought to be.

Since the late improvements upon our school grounds they are the general admiration of the public. The grounds have been nicely terraced and sodded, and semi-circular walks placed from the new turnstile. The Flesherton school and grounds are now admitted to be the finest in the county outside of Owen Sound. When a few more minor improvements have been made, such as planting more trees and shrubs, straightening of the warped sidewalks, and terracing the northern slope, it will be a place of beauty and a "joy forever." There is nothing like symmetry around an educational establishment. It is the place where the young idea expands, and the surroundings constitute a portion of the curriculum, as well as the A. B. C., geography, grammer and other studies. Let nothing be out of proportion or deformed around the school grounds.

It is rumored that some of our sportive characters intend placing a couple of boats upon Flesher's pond. Could not something be done towards cleaning out that pretty sheet of water, such as removing stumps, etc. It might be made a very pleasant place of resort.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A New Book.

Though the Johnstown Disaster occurred more than two months since, the interest of the public in so remarkable an event has not ceased to be active. H. S. Goodspeed & Co. of New York, have just issued a very complete and richly pictorial history of the event, which is a work of the deepest interest and power. No reader will care to lay aside this thrilling narrative unfinished. In the world's horrible records of evil wrought by the untamed forces of nature, few catastrophes have been more heart sickening. The fearful loss of life, the vast waste of property, the great interruption of business, destroying the complex machinery which fed so many thousands and contributed to the interests of the whole land, are hard to match. Death and ruin take a thousand shapes, but rarely have they assumed a guise so horrible as that in which they rushed down on the people of Conemaugh Valley. The record cannot fail to be of perennial interest, and to stir the hearts of all who read it for the next generation to come, for such a catastrophe, mercifully, comes but once in a century, if so often. Enough time has now elapsed to enable the proper verification of the facts to be made, and a careful and studied statement to be given to the public worthy of so startling a subject. Any hurried and hap-hazard narrative of an event which stands so unique in our history, is far from doing it even partial justice. The author has given us in this book a record both vigorous and accurate, and every reader should have the work in his hands. The book is an octavo handsomely printed and bound, and contains 522 pages, embellished with forty-nine fine full page illustrations. Agents wanted. H. S. Goodspeed & Co. pay all the duty.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Get Married.

Every newly married couple may have The Advance as a wedding present free for six months, upon furnishing satisfactory evidence of the marriage. This is a standing offer and application must be made six months from date of marriage

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

A Complete History of the **Johnstown** and CONEMAUGH VALLEY **FLOOD**

embracing also, a history of the floods in Williamsport, Lock Haven, Sunbury, and all the flooded districts in the State of Pennsylvania, also in Washington, D C, New York, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, all of which caused the total loss of over 11,000 lives and the destruction of over $40,000,000 worth of property.

By GEO. T. FERRIS, A. M.

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Owen Sound COLLEGIATE ✱ INSTITUTE.

Re-Opens Monday, Aug. 26th.

The Best Equipped School in the Province.

A Staff of Seven Specialists.

RECORD, 1889.

ALL the pupils of the Institute, who tried the University Examination, were successful. Six matriculated, one taking honors in every Department. The candidates from this school at the Departmental Examinations received a larger number of Teachers' Certificates than did those of any other school in the Province. Six received first class; thirty-two, second class; and forty-six, third class. At the Art School Examinations the Students of the Institute obtained three hundred proficiency certificates—the largest number received by the pupils of any one institute. Two pupils tried the Primary Examination of the Law Society and succeeded.

For further information apply to

F. W. Merchant, PRINCIPAL. D.R. Dobie, SEC. OF BOARD.

NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Re-Opens on Sept. 2nd for Ninth College Year.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT, SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT, AND ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

The most complete and practical College in Canada.

For Annual Announcements giving full Particulars address

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Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.

—FOR SALE AT—

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J.G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

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FLESHERTON.

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Flesherton each trip on the day following

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Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

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POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will do well to ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

House and Lot for Sale.

A good house, opposite the Methodist Church, Flesherton, is now offered for sale. The house is large and roomy, with good stable and yard, splendid fruit trees, etc. This is the premises, a bargain. Apply

J. S. VANDUSEN, Flesherton.

Supposed Antediluvian Relics.

From The Shelburne Economist.

The little we know compared with what we don't know regarding this world and its inhabitants in all the ages since it was started on its career through space has been most startlingly illustrated during the past few days. "Have you seen the bones?" That has been the all-important question asked by everybody of his or her neighbor since last Thursday morning, when Mr. John Jelly arrived in Shelburne bringing with him a portion of the remains of an animal that is supposed to have existed before the flood.

To commence our story properly we shall have to go back about one year. Last summer Mr. W.B. Jelly, of Bowling Green, ex-Reeve of Amaranth, was engaged in scooping out a watering place for his cattle in a wet piece of land on the south-east quarter of Lot No. 9, Con. 7, of the above-named township, when he came upon a couple of large ribs. Somewhat startled at the discovery, he made up his mind to make a further search for other remains the following day, but the weather set in very wet, water filled up the hole, and further investigation was postponed. A few weeks ago Mr. John Jelly, of Shelburne, while paying Mr. W. B. Jelly a visit, had these ribs exhibited to him, and his curosity being aroused, he, in company with Mr. David Hoey and Mr. John Anderson, both of this place, set out on Monday the 12th inst., to join Mr. W. B. Jelly in resuming the search. Arriving at the place, water was still found to occupy the hole—in fact it had never gone dry from the day of its excavation—and it was with considerable difficulty that they got to work. Filling some old sacks with earth, a small dam was constructed and the water dipped out of the hole and thrown behind the dam. They had not been at work very long when they came upon other bones—ribs, portions of the backbone, &c. But the most important find was made on Tuesday, when the men at work came upon what they at first supposed was a log of petrified wood, but which, after the earth had been removed from it, proved to be a mammoth horn or tusk, eight inches in diameter at the butt and 12 feet 8 inches in length. As there is a piece decayed or broken off the tip, that must have been at least, eighteen inches long, the complete horn or tusk must have been

OVER FOURTEEN FEET IN LENGTH!

Unfortunally this enormous thing was found to be cracked or broken in three pieces and had to be lifted out in sections. An idea of the weight can be had from the fact that the middle piece, measuring about eight feet in length, gave two men all they wanted to do to lift it out of the place in which it was found.

Notwithstanding the rain on Tuesday and Wednesday the search was continued, and the citizens of Shelburne were only informed of the discovery by the arrival of Mr. John Jelly on Thursday morning with a portion of the remains as above stated. In the afternoon the editor of The Economist accompanied Mr. Jelly back to the place, when the men were found to be still at work, occasionally unearthing a rib, vertebra, or some other part of the long extinct monster. The main object of search now seemed to be the other horn or tusk, the jaw-bones and teeth, or some of the leg bones, but up to the time of quitting work Thursday evening none of these had been found.

No doubt our readers would like to know the nature of the soil in which these bones have been so well preserved. The place was a black ash swamp a few years ago, but was cleared up and burnt over. The top soil is a black muck, varying from two to three feet in depth. Below this is a bed of white marl from three to four feet in depth, and below this again is a bed of hard black sand. In the marl were to be seen

THOUSANDS OF SMALL SHELLS

of various shapes, and it was in this marl that the bones were found.

Although the men quit work Thursday evening the search is not to be given up. They will return in a day or two, and, with better appliances, will no doubt find more of the remains. The bones appear to be greatly scattered, and a considerable area may have to be gone over, but the matter is in the right hands to secure a successful prosecution. The teeth, if found, will weigh from six to eight pounds each. The writer has seen similiar remains that were found near Dunnville some years ago, but the horn or tusk and the bones were not so well preserved as are these, although in the first-named collection the jaw-bones and teeth were in a remarkable good state of preservation. Mr. W.B. Jelly had also seen the remains found near Dunnville, and they were instantly brought to mind through this discovery.

Archæologists in various parts of the Dominion have interested themselves in this important addition to the relics of antiquities. Last Saturday evening Mr. A.S. Cochrane, of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, came here on the strength of a telegram received at the capital and inspected the remains. He was highly pleased with his visit. Mr. Cochrane has been making an examination of the marl beds at Shallow Lake, near Hepworth, and says they have a good thing there. The department will issue a geological map of the north-western part of this province next winter.

Tuesday evening, Mr. C.A. Hirschfelder, the U.S. Consul at Toronto, and a gentlemen who has collected many valuable specimens and makes archæology a special study, arrived in Shelburne and spent considerable time inspecting the remains. He also was greatly interested in them and says they are no doubt the remains of an animal that stood about twenty feet high—either a mammoth or mastodon. Mr. Hirschfelder is a son of Prof. Hirschfelder, teacher of the Hebrew and Chaldean languages in Toronto University.

The Messrs. Jelly expect to exhibit the remains at the coming fall fair in Shelburne.

General News.

The Viceregal party will not return to Ottawa, until November.

Fifteen prisoners are in the Tombs at New York awaiting trial for murder.

Mrs. Charboneau and Mrs. Richardson, of Kingston, sisters, have had a fortune of $30,000 left them.

Barnum's circus train was wrecked near Watertown, N.Y., Friday, and many of the ring horses were killed.

The last day of the Hamilton carnival passed off as successfully as the preceding days, and the whole erterprise has been an immense triumph.

The three-year old son of John Love, of Port Arthur, has been missing some days, and there is an awful fear that he may have been carried off by bears.

Mr. E.F.R. Zoellner, the furniture manufacturer of Owen Sound, gave a picnic to his employes Friday evening, which was attended by about 3,000 people.

As a Lake Shore freight pulled into the yard at Erie, Pa., yesterday, the engine left the track, and the oil tank exploded, destroying the engine and $50,000 worth of property.

On August 28 there will be direct cable connection with the Old Country through Canadian territory, connections having been made at New Glasgow, N.S., between the Bennett-Mackay cable and the C.P.R. telegraph lines.

Mickel Dyment & sons' No. 1 sawmill was burned at Gravenhurst on Saturday night.

The Pope is reported to be in very poor health and speculation as to his successor is largely indulged in.

The cost of the projected cable line from San Francisco to New Zealand, via the Sandwich Islands, is estimated at $10,000,000.

The war in Hayti is over, and Hyppolite, the revolutionary leader, is victorious.

John Lynch, a New York cobbler, on Saturday shot his wife to make her keep sober.

Graham, the barrel boat navigator of the Niagara, took another trip through the rapids Sunday.

Mail advices from Hong Kong and Yokohama show that great numbers of people have suffered death from floods and earth-quakes.

Schooners arriving at Victoria and Port Townsend report the sizure of several more Canadian sealing vessels by the United States revenue cutters. Some of the seized sealers have been towed to Dunalaska by the Rush.

Advices tell of another terrible flood in China by the bursting of the Yellow River.

A barge ran down a rowboat on the Ottawa River and a man and woman were drowned.

There is a $900,000 estate in Philadelphia which heirs in Kingston expect to prove their claim to.

The Cincinnati and Brooklyn baseball teams began a game at Hamilton, Ohio, Sunday, and had reached the fourth innings when eighteen policemen came on the diamond and arrested all the players, who were at once brought before the mayor and fined $8.35 each. The Cincinnati management paid the fines of all.

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

Prat. Ceasor, Massie, had a rib and hip bone broken by a kick from a horse.

James Anderson, a Mono farmer, committed suicide on Saturday by hanging himself.

Mr. Jos. A. Donovan, barrister, Toronto, and Rev. Mr. Burnitt, of Alliston, were badly lacerated by a dog belonging to a Mrs. Rowe, near Delphi.

Edward Patchell, who lives about one mile from Keswick, Ont., committed suicide Friday night by cutting his throat with a razor. He was about 80 yeas old.

A little Beeton girl prayed as follows the other evening: "And now, dear God, bless papa, mamma, and me, and goodbye, for to-morrow we are going to Tottenham."—[World.

School opened on Monday, and judging from the screams which occasionally rend the school house atmosphere, we should say the physical strength of the teachers had been largely augmented by their holiday outing.—[Chatsworth News.

A despatch from Owen Sound says that the new steamship Manitoba, of the C.P.R. fleet, made a trial trip this afternoon, in which she showed herself to be far superior to her sister ships, the Athabasca and Alberta.

Mr. James Russell, of Midhurst, had the misfortune on Saturday last to lose his barn and outbuildings by fire. The yield of about 35 acres of fall wheat, along with other crops, were stored in the barn and burned. The loss is supposed to be about $3,000, with insurance $1,300.

A telegram from Owen Sound dated Aug. 23 says: This evening at about nine o'clock a lad named Robert John Chesley, aged about 15 years, living near the Polson yards, while putting a revolver together was accidentally shot, the ball entering the region of the heart. Death was almost instantaneous.

Elizabeth Morgan, colored, the oldest inhabitant in this county, died last week at her residence near New Lowell aged 116 yrs. Her parents were Africans captured by slave dealers about 200 years ago. Their freedom was purchased after many years of slavery, and in 1773 at Philidelphia, the deceased was born a free woman. In 1824 she and her husband removed to Canada, when 40 years have been spent in the adjoining township of Sunnidale. Her husband died 16 yrs. ago aged 101 and the remainder of the family are well up in years and past the allotted time of life.—[Creemore Star.

On Sunday afternoon, about one o'clock, the barn and stables of Mr. Nathaniel Thompson, on the fourth line Mono, were discovered to be on fire. Mr. Thompson got to the burning buildings just in time to save his little boy's life. The child had set fire to the building and was still in the barn, unable to get out. The barn was full of grain, also a stack outside and a large quantity of hay. A valuable horse was also burned, together with all his farming implements, wagon, separator and mowers, drill, plow, etc. Mr. Thompson was insured for $600. His loss will be about the value of his crop.

Senator John Macdonald has been to Alaska and in an interview in Winnipeg speaks highly of the Mackenzie Basin and the Northwest generally.

The American Government are demanding that the officers on United States steamers shall be natives of the United States, and there is a commotion on the St. Lawrence.

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Clemes returned to his vocation and school re-opened after the holidays, on Monday 19th. with an attendance of about thirty-five. During the vacation the trustees had a new floor put in and other repairs made.

On Monday as Mr. Solomon Turner was engaged drawing in peas and while in the act of reaching for the lines, he overbalanced himself and as the wagon was going down hill he fell forward on the horses, this frightened the animals and they ran away. Mr. Turner was shook beneath the wagon, which had quite a load on, and fell on his face the front wheel passing over his shoulders, and the hind wheel struck his head making a severe cut. He was taken to the house and after the wounds were dressed he felt much better. The horses ran for some distance till they came to a hill and were easily stopped, and no further damage was done.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

Fine dry weather.

The farmers are busy in their fields.

Some fine samples of wheat have been brought in, but the majority of fields are injured more or less by rust.

The barley is nearly all saved and will be a good sample.

Mr. Alex. Brown and Miss Brown, who have been in Europe, are expected to arrive home in a few days.

Master Willie Irwin has been home on a visit to his friends.

Mr. W. Watson, sr., and his mother are visiting friends in Georgetown and elsewhere.

Mrs. D. McKinnon has been very ill for some time.

Mr. John McGowan and bride returned on Saturday evening from their wedding trip to Niagara and other places of interest.

Messrs. T. Patton, W. Watson, jr., and others have caught some very fine trout during the past week.

English and American Tailors.

For several days (says the New York Star) a neatly dressed, urbane gentleman, with an English accent and a large number of trunks, has been stopping at a Fifth Avenue hotel, where he has luxurious quarters and a good many visitors. Very few people know what his business is or anything about him, further than that he appears periodically in the spring and fall of the year, pays his bill, and departs for Europe. He is agent for a fashionable tailoring establishment in London. So soon as he arrives in New York with his samples of goods he notifies some fifty or one hundred old customers, who live in New York or near by, that he is ready to call at their houses and take measurements, first sending for their inspection a large bundle of samples of his goods. After a couple of weeks in New York, the quiet gentleman takes passage for London, and in three or four weeks more the clothes begin to arrive, are assessed at the custom House, the duty paid, and then delivered to their owners. There are many hundred men in New York who buy all their clothes in London, and others in different parts of the country, and they say that English-made clothes do not cost any more than if made in the United States, after the duty is paid, and are, in fact, cheaper in some instances, while they possess all the advantages of London clothes, whatever those may be.

You can always tell an American who has just returned from Europe by the cut of his coat. No matter what else he may or may not buy while he is in Europe, our fellow countryman always makes it a point to lay in a supply of clothes when he reaches London. They always seem to be so very much cheaper there. You go about among the shops "pricing" things, and you find an English tailor charging twenty-five dollars for a suit of clothes for which a New York tailor would charge fifty dollars, using the same material. The same difference is observed in the price of nearly every article of clothing—overcoats, hats, gloves, shirts, flannels, etc.—and the temptation to buy is too strong to be resisted. One thing which always astonishes the American who orders clothes in London is the tremendous rapidity with which they are made. You have your measure taken in the morning, and a pair of trousers is delivered at your hotel before dinner time. Two or three suits can be made in twenty-four hours, and an overcoat in a day and a half. It would almost seem as if the various parts of the garments flew together, and in some tailoring establishments they actually advertise to make clothes "while you wait."

A Baseball Romance.

She was a baseball enthusiast, and he was a professional ball player

It was midnight; and as they sat together on the steps of the front porch, he gradually edged nearer to his fair companion, just as one is instinctively drawn toward a newly painted fence.

"Will you tell me the difference between an 'in-curve' and an 'out-curve'? I always get them mixed," she said.

"Well this is an in-curve," he gently murmured, as his left arm stole around her slender waist.

She "got on to it."

But there was some one else who "got on to it" as well.

It was the old man, who softly whispered as he took up his position in the bay window, "I guess I'll umpire this game."

Fifteen short minutes passed and the old gentleman became restless. "I think I'll play short stop," he muttered, and as he made for the door the maiden saw him.

"Slide—you've got to slide," she cried frantically to her terrified lover.

But it was too late, for the old man got in a base hit with the toe of his boot, and as the anguish-stricken young man vanished in the twilight the short stop chuckled, "I guess that will be a home run. I'll go in now and make Juliet give him his release!"—*Grip.*

Fall Shows.

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs in this vicinity:

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
East Grey	Flesherton	Sept. 23 and 24
Artemesia	Priceville	Oct. 3rd.
Glenelg	Markdale	26 and 27
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 24 and 25
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27
Central Ag'l Soc'ty.	Walters Falls	Sept. 24 and 25
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9 to 21

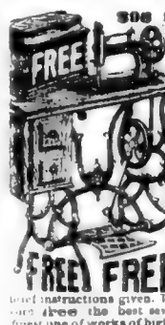

$80 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out: before patents run out it sold for $40; now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING EAVETROUGHING E dons as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop I remain etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

STREETSVILLE, P. Q., May 8, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen.—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavins and also in a case of lameness and Stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours, CHARLES J BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully, I. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly, D. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Modern Love.

'Twas only a week ago to-night,
You said "good-bye" at the garden gate.
The wind breathed a laugh to the poplar leaves,
And a nightingale sang of love to its mate.

The fireflies gleamed through the meadow dark,
Where the river ran gaily to meet the sea,
And every word was a sweet caress,
Ere you said "good night" at the gate to me.

You spoke of life "as a problem dread,"
And breathed a sigh for your lonely lot,
Then begged a pansy from my hair,
And a sprig of blue forget me-not.

You said, 'twas so bad to live unloved—
That love was love, forever and aye!
And implied, you never could love but one;
Your heart would break if I said you nay.

You spoke so long of men and books,
That mine eyes grew dim, and brain did reel
As you quoted of Tennyson many a page,
And asked "if I didn't dote on 'Lucille'"

'Twas only a week, and yet to-night
I sit alone in the shadows drear,
As the moon creeps over the poplar trees,
And list for a step which I seldom hear.

But soon a voice—and two shadows pass,
When I hear once more an old refrain—
He is quoting "Lucille" and "Locksley Hall,
To my pretty neighbor down in the lane.

The City of David To-day.

The town is as compact to-day as it was when David thrummed upon his harp and the tribes not only of Palestine but of all the world came here to worship. There are magnificent monasteries scattered throughout the city, and on the very top of the Mount of Olives a great Russian church lifts its bulbous domes toward heaven. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ spent the night before he was crucified, there is a resting place for pilgrims, and the Roman Catholics have 1,500 brothers and sisters in their monasteries and convents, while the old Armenian Church has a big monastery near the gate of Zion which contains 180 monks and which can accommodate 2,000 pilgrims. There are Greek Christians here by the thousands and there are Syrians and Copts by the hundreds. There are Abyssinian priests with faces as black as your hat, and you may see every costume and hear every language in the worshippers who gather around the holy sepulchre. The Jerusalem of to-day is the Mecca of millions of souls. It is to hundreds of millions the holiest spot on the face of the earth. And among the others whom I have met in Palestine is the party of American Roman Catholics, the first pilgrimage which has ever been made to the holy city by a band from the United States. It is, above all, a religious city, and, stranger than all, it is again becoming a city of the Jews. The Jews are fast coming back into Palestine, and the Jews of Jerusalem, who now make up a large part of the city, are far different from their brothers in any other part of the world. Their movement toward the holy land is strange, and their life here is so interesting that I have made it the subject of investigation.—*F. G. Carpenter's Jerusalem Letter in the Post-Dispatch.*

Night Terrors in Children.

Mentally active children of high strung nervous system occasionally suffer from what are termed "night terrors." These paroxysms come on suddenly during sleep, the victim starting up, crying or screaming, and exhibiting other signs of great terror. Such attacks are often quite obstinate, and it generally takes some time to fully awaken the sufferer and bring him to the realization of where he is, and that he is in no danger. The paroxysms in some cases come every few nights for quite a long time, and naturally occasion the parents much annoyance, if not intense disgust, after they know their character. They treat the unfortunate with consideration at first, but are extremely likely before long to show a good deal of temper and impatience if, as they term them, the "crazy spells" are of frequent occurrence. The victim of such attacks is in no wise to blame, and to use harsh measures would be simply inhuman, and add to his terror. Kind and reasoning words are what is needed at such times. If several attacks have occurred it is safe to assume that medical treatment is necessary, and a physician should be consulted. —*Ex.*

A Polish Election Dodge.

At an election in Poland the other day a smart young candidate tried a manœuvre which almost deserved to succeed for its ingenuity. Nearly all the peasants were against him, and the problem was how to prevent them from voting. The interval is very short between the time when they leave off work and the closing of the polls, so that at the last half hour a great crowd was waiting. Suddenly there was a cry of "Fire" and a rattling of engines. But the ruse did not succeed, the stolid countrymen first waiting to record their vote, and then hurrying off to discuss the conflagration.—*London Globe.*

Desecration of Sunday in England

The battle against desecration of Sunday continues to rage furiously in England. The Sunday observance societies have attacked the cheap excursion systems of the Brighton Railways, which allows the poorer classes to spend Sunday at the seaside. They have even got a large number of the shareholders of the road to sign a petition against the system.

R. A. Gunn, M.D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College; Editor of "*Medical Tribune*," Author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," referring to Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I find that in Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine bearing tubes); and to prevent the destructive metamorpeosis of tissue. * * * I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure.

A Real Necessity.

Committeeman—Before engaging you for our pastorate we should like to know if you can preach without notes.

Pastor—No, sir. Bank notes are a necessity with me.

Ada—So you have been to see your husband's friends, have you, Lulu? And how did you like his mother? Lulu—Oh! ever so much, Ada; she made me feel so much at home. Why, in less than 24 hours after I arrived there she had me in the kitchen wiping dishes.

THE FACILE PENCIL.

Shorthand as a Profession Very Much Overcrowded.

FEW REMUNERATIVE POSITIONS.

Some Well Paid Writers—The Various Systems—Lady Stenographers—Some Advice to Students.

In this age of hurry and rush it is but natural that shorthand should receive considerable attention. The saving in time which it effects for those whose time is very valuable, to say nothing of the facilities it affords for securing the words of public speakers or the evidence of witnesses, justifies placing it nigh up in the educational curriculum. But just now, I fancy, it is being rather run into the ground. When men are found who actually advertise over their own signatures for "competent stenographers" at a salary of nine dollars a week, there is required no further evidence of a glut in the stenographer market than the fact that such positions are regarded as "snaps." Not, of course, by "competent" stenographers, in the correct sense; but as they go they fill the places and cut down the figures paid really expert men (who are not plentiful) and drive them out of the business.

Perhaps you are thinking of studying some system of shorthand, and if so I would not discourage you. There are very few people now-a-days to whom a knowledge of shorthand—even if not very thorough—would not prove useful, if practice be maintained. But if you purpose depending on the use of the knowledge of shorthand you expect to gain to make a living a few friendly hints to enable you to take stock of the prospect, uninfluenced by some school prospectus, may be much to your advantage.

The "fat" situations for shorthand writers are confined chiefly to the official reporters of the Houses of Parliament, the courts, a few leading railway offices, and fewer of the larger newspaper offices. Inside of this charmed circle the remuneration is good. Murphy, chief of staff at the United States Capitol, is the best paid United States officer below the President, and receives the somewhat princely salary of $25,000 a year and perquisites. On his shoulders rests the entire responsibility of the work of the Congressional Record and the Senatorial Debates. He has under him a staff of 20 to 25 of the best reporters he can find; and he can size up a pencil pusher very quickly. He is a phenomenal man and an expert writer of the Graham modification of Pitman's system, known as Standard Phonography. Some very large sized stories are told of his work and, as all stenographers of experience know, many of them will stand being very heavily discounted. At Ottawa the Hansard reporters receive $1,500 a year; and there are some of our reporters of the High Court of Justice who receive as much and augment that figure considerably by transcripts. They receive either a stated salary per annum or a per diem allowance for attendance, with ten cents per folio of 100 words for copies of the evidence when required. When they get a long case where two to four copies are required, and can be manifolded on the typewriter, they have a soft snap. Two of our best known and most competent court reporters in Ontario are Mr. Nelson Butcher and Mr. A. J. Henderson, Toronto, to either of whom an all-day take offers no terrors.

Outside of the positions above referred to, and which require not only rapidity on the part of the writer but also a broad education and general acquaintance with the particular line of work entered upon, there are other openings for the aspirant to stenography, chiefly as amanuenses. The salaries are not usually large, and the rapid influx of women into the field has tended to still lower rates, until to-day she is practically master, or rather mistress, of the situation. It is an occupation for which women are well adapted, and when with fair education and moderate speed she combines the use of the typewriter, such a situation affords a young woman a clean, dignified and pleasant means of livelihood. The field of amanuensis work promises to become, as a rule, more and more a woman's preserve. If you are going to study with the view to entering that field you must expect her to fix your salary.

But there are many ways in which the accomplishment will prove beneficial to you indirectly, that is, other than as a main reliance. If you enter the ministry it will bless you daily; if you study law it will be your junior counsel always and aid you in a hundred ways; if you follow medicine it will save you much valuable time and be the means of preserving full and interesting notes which would, did you lack it, never be taken. If you are a newspaper man it will prove daily useful. If you are in business at all it will save you time, and time is money. But what I am trying to impress upon you is that as a means of livelihood—as a profession—it is a bruised reed.

What system should you learn? Well, that is a question upon which there is, naturally, much divergence of opinion, and I do not feel called upon to become arbiter. I have had some experience, and while I feel quite convinced that I write (indifferently, of course) the best system I must admit I have met writers of other systems who did good work. In general, practical reporters in Canada write either Pitman's system or Graham's, which is known as Standard Phonography and which is based on the same general principles as Pitman's. In Washington I found the great majority of those who occupied official positions wrote the Standard, while not one, during my term there, wrote other than Pitman's or Graham's. With either great speed is attainable. On August 22nd of last year a great speed test took place at Lake George, N. Y., before a committee of judges and under stringent rules. Three of the parties entering for the $500 in prizes wrote the Graham system and one the Munson system. The test was a five-minute "take" of strange matter, read by a copy-holder to each contestant, after a synopsis of the matter had been previously read to him. Each had three tests. The most favorable in each was then copied, counted, errors deducted and the prizes awarded. The committee awarded Mr. I. S. Dement, Chicago, 1st, (1,252 words) and Mr. Fred. Ireland, Detroit, 2nd, (1,202 words). Both gentlemen are official stenographers in constant practice, and both write the Graham system. Mr. Nicholes, who wrote the Munson system, failed to decipher his notes. I understand Mr. Ireland has since beaten his performance. This is, however, not ordinary work; it is phenomonal. Few write over 150 words per minute, and a speed of 120 is more common, even among fair shorthanders. The amount of matter taken down in a few hours at that speed would astonish the uninitiated.

And don't be misled by promises to turn you out a skilled shorthand reporter in three months. That is pure deception. You can no more be turned out a reporter in that time than you could be turned out a chemist, a physician or a lawyer. True, you can learn the principles of the art, but the acquisition of speed, the thousand and one things necessary to qualify you as an expert all-round, or even special, reporter must be a matter of much patient study and cultivation. You may set it down as a basic principle that you can only report what you know. Perhaps you have read some of the tall stories with which waggish fellows stuff the credulous, such as that whopper about the stenographer taking a verbatim report of a speech in a foreign tongue, of which he knew not a word; about Murphy reporting ambidexterously and taking two, or even three, speakers at a time. That is all very picturesque fiction. But to report you must comprehend. It is related of a member of the English Commons that he almost had a fit when he read his speech as taken by a rapid (but not expert) reporter, in which his

In heaven yclept Euphrosyne

was rendered:

In heaven she crept and froze her knee.

The merely mechanical reporter will never become expert. To be a success the reporter must be an omniverous reader, a close student of men and things, a man of good reasoning powers and above all of instant and unerring decision. Possessed of these qualifications, with a special aptness for the particular branch in which his services are engaged, unremitting study and devotion to his work should win for him the not too munificent remuneration good positions in this overcrowded profession yield. Masquette.

The People Like It.

The precedent set by the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne scarcely stirred the same feelings, for it was not so important. The illustrious lady at the time of her wedding, if our memory does not mislead us, stood only twenty-sixth in the order of succession. But the death of the venerable Queen and the accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne elevate the Duchess of Fife to a distinct civic status in the eyes of the law as Princess Royal of England. At this very moment, indeed, she stands third after the heir-apparent in the succession to the throne. That she has, in such circumstances, been permitted to wed out of the royal caste, and to select a husband, not from a minor Tectonic "dukery," if we may venture to appropriate a favorite phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's, but from the ranks of the English nobility, is to the English people a fact of no ordinary significance. It is a sign that in the highest quarters there is some desire to break the tradition perpetuated since the time of George II., that it is necessary to keep the Royal Family of England, or rather those of them who are near the succession, exclusively German. The outburst of popular congratulation with which Her Royal Highness' marriage was hailed on Saturday all over the Empire may be taken as showing that Englishmen are well pleased to find that this tradition is no longer to be held as sacrosanct. Perhaps it may be even taken as confirming the view of the shrewd historian, who held that Englishmen always in their heart of hearts hated the Royal Marriage Act as a thing offensive to their insular pride and prejudices, and that they only tolerated it when it was passed because they did not want to see Mrs. Fitzherbert Queen of England.—*London Daily Chronicle.*

A Surplus of Widows.

It appears from the last statistical returns that there are about 1,000,000 more women than men in England, and many of these are widows. This is a very surprising discovery. It may be explained, however. In England, as in all old settled countries, women predominate numerically over men, partly in consequence of the superior vitality of girl babies over boy babies; partly because of the large number of young men who go abroad. In England, widows are addicted to the practice of marrying again. How, then, does it come that the number of widows so largely predominates over that of widowers? The explanation is that there are more old men who marry young women than there are young men who marry old women. A large class of men postpone matrimony until late in life. They enjoy the desolate freedom of the bachelor; they are afraid of marrying on scanty means; they dread the loss of their freedom; they have never met the right girl. Thus they only resort to matrimony when they find they absolutely need female companionship. Such middle-aged men usually marry women of 25, or, at any rate, women under 30. It is obvious that, all other things being equal, the chances are that a woman of 25 will outlive a man of 45. The average life of men in easy circumstances is not over 60 years. If the husband dies at 60, the wife, if she is married at 25, will be 40 at the time of his death, and she will have a fair prospect of twenty years' more life. Hence the surplus of widows.

A Physical Demonstration.

Inquirer—How does your protracted meeting prosper, pastor?

Parson—Oh, very well. There's a great wakening at the close of every sermon.

—"Where are we going now?" said the prisoner, as the guard loaded him into the Black Maria. "You're going to the Police Court," was the reply. "Ah, I see; we are merely out for a trial trip."

A volume of the poems of Frederic Tennyson, eldest brother of the poet laureate, is among the reprints in contemplation in London. They have become difficult to procure.

THUMB AUTOGRAPHS.

A Novel Method of Identifying Criminals.

Two men of science in two different countries—Francis Galton in England and M. Bertillon in France—have lately recommended a means of identification which policemen and detectives, with all their ingenuity, seem never to have employed. These gentlemen have observed that the human thumb dipped in ink, in blood, in black lead or in any other loose, adhering substance, and pressed upon a sheet of paper, leaves a mark which is perfectly characteristic of the individual. Mr. Galton has remarked that no two persons' thumbs make the same mark; the lines and depressions in the skin, which make a series of wave lines when pressed upon paper, are never the same in two different individuals. It is urged that this fact would be of very great value in the administration of justice, because a criminal's thumb mark would be a sure means of identifying him, no matter what disguise he might assume. If a business man wishes to make use of a signature which is quite impossible to forge or counterfeit, he has only to dip his thumb in his ink bottle and make a mark with it in connection with his written name. No other thumb will make the same mark, and it would be practically impossible for anyone to imitate this new kind of "autograph" with a pen or other mechanical means.

"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and thumb," the new form of subscription may some time in the future, run, the seal having by that time perhaps completely gone out of use, as it has now except on official documents and with fashionable letter writers. The experiment with the thumb mark may be made by any one who will take a knife blade, hold it over a lamp until it is black with smoke, allow it to cool, apply the thumb to the black surface, and then press it lightly upon a slightly sticky bit of paper, such as the back of a postage stamp. Examined with a magnifying glass, the differences in the thumb marks of different individuals come out very strongly. According to Mr. Galton, thumbs run in family groups, dividing themselves, as it were, into seven or eight distinct types or grand divisions; but within these divisions the differences are so marked as to leave no chance for confusion.—*New York Press.*

The Homeless in France.

No such institution as our English workhouse exists in France, the only shelter offered those unfortunate members of the human family who find themselves houseless and penniless being the night asylums, which, though admirable institutions in their way, are kept up by private charity, and can receive but a very limited number of the applicants who crowd round the doors both winter and summer. That the absence of workhouses in France does not, however, imply much greater prosperity or thrift than in England is proved by a statement recently made in the Chamber of Deputies by the member for Indre-et-Loire, who informed the Minister of the Interior that in one commune of his department reckoning 6,000 inhabitants, no fewer than 1,400 vagrants had been known to present themselves for alms in a single day. This instance was adduced as an example of the great increase in the number of vagabonds, due presumably, as M. Constans observed, to the hard times experienced by many of the working classes during the past few years. It may be added that to put down vagabondage in France is not easy, offenders of this class only being liable to prosecution in the event of their having neither domicile, nor profession, nor recognized trade—three conditions that are rarely met with together. —*London Standard.*

What is Beauty?

A young gentleman, describing a young girl to some of his friends, said that she was beautiful. They naturally expected to see some radiant creature with whom they would be instantly charmed. This, however, was not the case, for they found the girl extremely plain, and a laugh was indulged in at the young man's expense. But in a very short time his friends found that they had laughed too soon. The young lady was one of a large pleasure party which went off on a week's outing; and when the party returned, there was not one among them who did not think her beautiful. It was she who had responded most quickly to the requests of her elders, rendering sweet service in a charming way which can be better understood by the delighted recipient than by any pen-picture, however vivid. It was she who had run with gentle helpfulness to the rescue of every troubled child, she who had given up her seat to an older and a more wearied person, with a tact not always shown even by kindly disposed persons. In fact, she had unostentatiously done the countless loving little acts which stamp the doer as a follower of the "One altogether lovely." —*Presbyterian.*

—Printers' types are not quarrelsome, as a general thing, but we have seen a quadrangle.

—In character, in manner, in style, in all things the supreme excellency is in simplicity.

—The wages of sin may be death, but pay day frequently comes so late the good effect is lost.

HIS MISTAKE.

There was music in the parlor,
Sweet airs were softly played,
And a lurking lover whispered,
"It is my own dear maid."

Then he stealthily approached her,
With one arm around her waist,
A kiss of long drawn sweetness,
Upon her lips he placed.

And a voice in smothered accents
Remarked with humor vicious;
"My daughter is in the kitchen
Washing the supper dishes."

Professor James Thomsen has resigned the chair of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in the University of Glasgow.

A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed almost as fast as a newspaper, and without dependence on sun or light. They are said to be of the first quality. That, of course, would make photographs much cheaper.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the 300th anniversity of the invention of the microscope. Zacharias Janssen, of Middleburg put together the first microscope in 1590.

BEACONSFIELD'S PRIMROSE.

How the Modest Blossom Became His Favorite Flower.

Lord Beaconsfield's fondness for the primrose originated when he was living in Highbury, London. Here he was much attached to a young lady residing in the same locality, who was the daughter of a gentleman of good property. At a ball given at that gentleman's house the young lady in question wore a wreath of primroses. A discussion arose between Mr. Disraeli and another gentleman as to whether the primroses were real or not. A bet of a pair of gloves was made, and on the young lady being consulted, and the primroses being examined, the bet was won by Mr. Disraeli. The primroses were real primroses and the young lady gave two of them to the future Prime Minister, which he put in his buttonhole and kept and used to show long afterward. Some have thought that because the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the flower became his badge in that way. This is a mere invention. The Queen did not know at the time that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower, and she did not, consequently, send a wreath of primroses to his funeral at all. Others have entertained the opinion that the noble lord appreciated the flower because he says in one of his novels that the primrose makes an excellent salad. This is incorrect again, and the true history of the way the primrose became the noble lord's favorite flower is recorded above.—*Washington Press.*

The Belles of Bethlehem.

There is a market inside the Jaffa gate and I can see it just under me as I write. Great piles of oranges and lemons lie upon the flag sidewalk, and there are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. Many of these are from Bethlehem, and the Bethlehem girls are the prettiest you see in Jerusalem. They have straight, well-rounded forms, which they clothe in a long linen dress of white, beautifully embroidered in silk, so that a single gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like an American woman's night gown without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet and is open at the front of the neck in a narrow slit as far down as a modest decollete fashionable dress. Over this they have sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes and their heads are covered with long shawls of linen beautifully embroidered. Just above her forehead each girl carries her dowry in the shape of a wreath-like strip of silver coins which stand on end fastened to a string, and crown the forehead with money. Some of the girls have several rows of these coins and some have crowns of gold. Not a few have coins of silver and gold the size of our $20 gold pieces hung to strings about their necks, and none of the women hide their pretty faces, as do those Mohammedan girls near by, who, in shapeless white gowns with flowery white and red veils covering the whole of their faces, look like girls playing ghosts in white sheets. Beside these are Russian girls in the peasant costumes of modern Europe and Jewish maidens in gowns and flowered shawls. There are Greek priests with high black caps, and monks of all kinds, such as you see under the black cowls of Europe. The Syrian, the Turk, the Bedouin, the African, the Armenian and the Greek are all in that crowd below me, and among them all is the form of the obiquitous American traveller, who, in pith helmet hat and green sun umbrella, has conquered the east as well as the west.—*F. G. Carpenter's Jerusalem Letter in the Post-Dispatch.*

Irish Industries Successful.

Irishmen in the United States will be glad to learn the association started by Micheal Davitt a couple of years ago to encourage the industries of their native land, has been a great success, and that the shares of the company are now held at a premium in Dublin. Several good dividends have been declared and there are excellent prospects for the future. It is a patriotic and philanthropic enterprise, and not a money-making scheme. Mr. Davitt has long been convinced that a larger demand for Irish homespun woollens would arise if they were properly introduced in the United States and England, and the result of the experiment has justified this opinion. The difficulty at the outset was to meet the long credits given by English manufacturers, the Irish cottage weavers needing cash for their goods as soon as they were finished. This was paid by the Dublin company, which gave the credit required by the trade, and the weavers were thus enabled to go on with their work. The demand is now said to be larger than they can supply, and the goods are wanted as much in England as in the United States, where the Irish homespuns were at first taken for patriotic reasons, which led to the discovery of their sterling worth.—*Correspondence New York World.*

He Killed It.

Doctor Talmage, while engaged in delivering a discourse on a very warm day in his Tabernacle recently, was closely watched by a little girl. A fly seemed to bother him very much. He brushed it away several times. It finally lit upon a bald spot on his head. He kept on with his sermon, gesticulating in his peculiar angular way with one hand while he raised the other devoutly over the fly and finally came down on it slowly drawing his hand down and looking at it. The little girl suddenly called out: "Did 'oo till it?" It is unnecessary to say that the audience smiled audibly while the doctor answered, "Yes, I killed it."

Horses In Russia.

Recent statistics show the stock of horses in Russia to be 21,000,000, exclusive of the Caucasus, Finland, and the Asiatic territory. There are six government studs, beside a large number of private ones. The sum of 100,000 roubles is devoted annually by the Russian government to the purchase of stallions. Much has been done in Russia of late years to improve the breeding of horses. Races, trotting matches and "shows" have been multiplied all over the country.

—"What is the matter with your eye?" exclaimed Brown, as Fogg made his appearance with his optic in mourning. "Only a *mare clausum*," replied Fogg with assumed indifference. "A *mare clausum*?" "Yes; a closed sea, you know."

MANITOBA AND THE NORTHWEST

The Provincial Grand Lodge of Oddfellows met this morning, when Grand Master Baymer delivered his annual address. A gain of 204 in membership is reported during the year. Committees were appointed for various purposes.

Crop reports from all parts of the Province indicate that harvesting is well advanced, and probably 50 per cent. of the cut crops seems to be turning out better than had been anticipated. A second Government bulletin, which will be issued tomorrow, will estimate the average yield throughout the Province at 14 bushels to the acre; on this estimate the total crop will be between eight and nine million bushels.

John Joslyn, an old and respected citizen of Broadview, was struck by a passing engine to-day and instantly killed.

James Cotter, a bachelor farmer, aged 65, living near Deloraine, hanged himself yesterday morning between 5 and 6 o'clock on a beef scaffold. He had been mentally deranged for some time.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Medical Association closed at Banff last night. There was a large attendance and the meetings were very satisfactory. Toronto was chosen as the next place of meeting. Over fifty of the party left to-day for the Pacific Coast.

Commissioner Herchmer, of the Northwest Mounted Police, is in the city on official business. He says the stock is looking exceptionally well, and in fact he never saw range cattle in such fine condition at this time of the year. The calf crop has been large.

It is reported that thirty-five miles of track will be added to the Manitoba & Northwestern railway this summer. Construction operations are to begin at once.

The Government will not at present fill the vacant Provincial Secretaryship, and it is likely that the French representation will be ignored. It is not improbable that a constituency will be made by which Mr. Martin will assume the new portfolio of Minister of Education, and some new man will be called in for one of the existing portfolios.

At a large meeting of citizens to-night it was decided to erect a public monument in memory of the late ex-Premier, John Norquay.

William Clougher's grain elevator at Otterburne was destroyed by fire last night, with 3,000 bushels of wheat; partially insured. The loss on the building is $3,000.

Mr. H. J. Clarke, Q. C., to day withdrew the charge of criminal libel against Mr. Cyr, ex-M.P., for circulating libelous posters respecting complainant during the Provincial election. The charge against Mr. Acton Burrows for printing the posters in question was dismissed with costs. There is another case against one Robinson, who will be heard on Saturday.

Dr. Gilbert Carberry has been elected Grand Master of the Odd-fellows of Manitoba.

A second crop bulletin of the Manitoba Government, issued to-day, referring to the spring wheat crop, says: "Correspondents invariably gave what in their opinion was as correct an estimate as possible of the average over their respective townships, and a careful compilation of these show that a yield of 10 8 bushels to the acre will be realized over the Province. The reports vary from 3 bushels in some townships to 35 and 40 in others. Taken by groups the eastern show an average of 14 5 bushels per acre, the southwestern 11.7, the central 15.2, and the northwestern 17.3. The counties of Souris River, Rock Lake, Turtle Mountain and Dennis show how great has been the destruction by gophers. Shoal Lake has also suffered largely, but the loss has not been as general as in other places named. The average yield of oats is placed at 21.5 bushels, barley 19.3 and peas 12.5. The total number of farmers in the Province is placed at 13,320, and the average amount put under crop by each 59.2 acres."

Hon. Mr. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, arrived here to-day by the Pacific express, accompanied by Mrs. Dewdney, Senator McInnes and his secretaries, Messrs. McGirr and Chisholm. A deputation representing the old settlers waited on the minister and presented him with a largely signed petition asserting their claims, which have been published several times, and urging the early settlement thereof. The petition was presented by Mr. LaRiviere, M.P. for Provencher. In reply Mr. Dewdney said he could say nothing in reference to the general claims set forth in the petition until he had consulted his colleagues.

The *Sun* to-night says: Whatever may have been the intention of the Government three weeks ago in regard to remodelling the educational system, recent events, more especially the resignation of Mr. Prendergast, have sealed the fate of the Separate Schools, and the decision now is to make a clean sweep of them and settle the question once and for all. The French language will also be wiped out. The statement that Mr. Prendergast's resignation was accepted was an error, as he attended a meeting of the Council yesterday. It will be accepted, however, on Mr. Greenway's return, as it would be impossible for Mr. Prendergast to remain under the circumstances. It is stated upon good authority that Mr. Prendergast will continue to support the Government in its general policy.

Several thousand dollars have been subscribed by Baptists for the purpose of erecting a Baptist College in Brandon. An effort will be made to raise money in the east.

One hundred and forty teams went west to-day to work on the Regina and Long Lake road.

Pilgrims to Knock.

A Thursday's Dublin cable says: About 40,000 persons visited the celebrated Shrine of Knock to-day. The vast throng participated in the customary devotions. Several masses were celebrated, followed by a procession, the spectacle being most impressive. Archdeacon Kavanagh, the central figure, was assisted by several clergymen, including two American priests. In the evening a benediction was given to a large number of pilgrims from England, Scotland and America.

"Love me little; love me long,
Ran the words of an ancient song
Which sought to decrease sorrow.
But that is not the modern way;
It's "Love me fiercely for a day,
I'll be divorced to-morrow."

A SOUTHERN DUEL.

Williamson Faced Four Bullets Without Weakening—No Blood.

Details concerning the bloodless duel between Calhoun and Williamson, of Atlanta, Saturday evening show that the affair, though terminating harmlessly, really had exciting and realistic features. When the contestants and seconds reached a battleground undisturbed by officers it was quite dark. All around stretched a dense forest, and, while the men's figures were clearly defined, faces could not be recognized at 10 paces. The men were soon in position, apparently as cool as though the affair was merely a midnight picnic. Capt. Jackson, Calhoun's second, and Mr. King, Williamson's second, met just between the two men.

King took one pistol and Jackson the other. King placed his in Williamson's hand. Jackson walked over and handed his to Calhoun. The two seconds took their positions. The principals and seconds formed the four corners of a square. Col. John Seay rushed in and begged the seconds to settle the matter and not allow the fight. "It is a shame," he said, "to have two such fine men stand up here and shoot at one another." The seconds could not agree upon a settlement, and so announced. It had been arranged that each principal was to empty his pistol—shoot five times. Suddenly King's voice rang out:

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Yes," answered both.

"Then fire."

The first shots were simultaneous. Williamson emptied his revolver, the five shots being fired very rapidly. Calhoun fired only once, and then slowly lowered his pistol as Williamson's bullets were whistling past his head.

"Are you hurt, Pat?" some one cried.

"No, sir," Calhoun coolly replied.

"Williamson, did he hit you?" asked King.

"I was not touched."

Both gentlemen, with smoking pistols in their hands, stood as calm as statues. The silence was broken by the ringing voice of Calhoun.

"Mr. Williamson," he said, "I have four remaining balls which I have the right to fire at you. I now ask if you will withdraw the statement you made before the Legislative Committee?"

"I will," replied Williamson, in a clear voice, "provided you will say that you intended no personal reflection up me."

The spectators drew a little nearer to hear and see better. Calhoun then said: "When I made those statements I did it to impress upon the Legislature that your railroad had been offered the Central; will you withdraw your statement? I say this holding four balls in my pistol which I have the right to fire. I have no desire to take Williamson's life."

"I will withdraw it," replied Williamson, "when you say that you meant no personal reflection."

"What I say," Calhoun replied, "is that I wanted the Legislature to understand that your road was offered the Central in 1887. You came to the Kimball House to see me. Do you remember that? All I want before firing my remaining balls is for you to say that you came to my office in 1887."

"I will do so," replied Williamson, "provided you say you meant no personal reflection."

Capt. Jackson interrupted with:

"Mr. Williamson, have you any respect for me as a gentleman of honor?"

"I have," replied Williamson.

"Well," said Capt. Jackson, "I say as a gentleman that I would withdraw the statement."

Williamson's response was: "If Mr. Calhoun will say that he intended no personal reflection."

"Will you withdraw?" demanded Calhoun

"If you say it."

"Will you withdraw?" again asked Calhoun. "I hold four balls."

"I am ready for you to fire," was Williamson's firm reply. "Then we will load and fire again."

"Allow me to speak to Mr. Williamson," said King, his second.

King approached Williamson and, while talking, began to examine his revolver. Capt. Jackson approached quickly and asked what that meant. "I am simply examining Mr. Williamson's revolver," replied Mr. King, "to see if it fired all five balls."

"You may come up and see. That's all right," said Capt. Jackson. Calhoun had remained quiet during this talk, but as soon as it ended, and King was withdrawing, his voice rang out clearly: "In my remarks before the Legislative Committee Mr. Williamson personally did not enter my mind." Then raising his pistol he said: "With the understanding that you withdraw your remarks after my statement, I fire the remaining shots in the air. I expressly reserved my shots to do this." With these remarks four shots rang out and four balls went skyward. Then Calhoun approached and the two principals shook hands, and the party started quickly for the car. Entering the car, Calhoun said: "Mr. Williamson, we will let this matter end here."

"We will," replied Williamson, giving his late antagonist's hand a hearty shake.

The Big Tunnel Scheme.

A New York despatch says: On Monday last, after an interval of two years, actual work was resumed on the submarine tunnel to connect New York with Jersey City. For the first time the financial part of the undertaking has been placed on a firm basis, and it is claimed the tunnel will be completed before 1892. It will be walled in, so as to make two independent tunnels, each 5,900 feet long. There will be an approach of three-fourths of a mile on each side, making a total length of over two and a half miles for each tunnel. About 2,000 feet of the north section of the tunnel has already been completed.

Anarchy in Zanzibar.

A yesterday's cable from Zanzibar has the following: Last night a party of natives entered the Indian bazaar and commenced thrashing the Indian men and women without distinction until they were ultimately stopped by the soldiers. Eighteen arrests only have been made and these men are in the fort. To-day they were flogged. The police arrangements here are infamous.

CURRENT TOPICS.

French physicians who are studying the matter are confident that hypnotism will in time succeed the use of chloroform in the practice of painful surgical operations. Many most remarkable experiments in this direction have proved successful. Patients have been hypnotized, and while in that condition undergone operations of the most painful and delicate nature without evincing sensibility in the slightest degree.

King Ja Ja, of West Africa, who is imprisoned on one of the islands of the West Indies by the English Government, has become a prey to melancholia. He refuses to eat and has grown extremely thin. He would have died months ago if he had not kept up on wine and tobacco. One of his wives is with him, but he will not speak to her and spends his time roaming about puffing cigars and sunk in gloomy reverie.

Denmark is rapidly developing into a sort of poultry yard annex to Great Britain—that is to say, a large portion of the eggs consumed in the latter country are the product of the Danish hens. This trade began some twenty years ago, at which time there were annually shipped from Denmark to England something like 900,000 eggs. The business has expanded steadily until the export now amounts to over 111,000,000 annually.

The amount of human blood spilled in bringing the Paris Exposition to completion is something enormous. The records show that during the erection of the buildings no less than 6,350 men were treated for injuries of one kind or another received while at work on them; 300 workmen were injured as to their legs, 200 were badly injured in their eyes, 114 were scalded or badly burned, 50 had fingers cut off. The death roll from falls foots up 24, though this is said to be far below the actuality.

The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Mr. C. Columbus falls in the year 1892, and New York and Chicago are the two leading cities struggling for the site of the world's fair with which it is proposed to mark the event. Both cities are going ahead with the preliminaries, as if the matter had been finally settled in their favor, and playing what might be called a bluff game. Congress has the privilege of settling the matter of a site for the fair.

Mr. Raikes, the British Postmaster-General, has introduced a threepenny post-card, intended principally for the Australian service. The stamp which appears upon the card is an entirely new design. For the usual head of the Queen which has hitherto formed the main feature of the British stamp, Mr. Raikes has substituted a full-length figure of Her Majesty in her jubilee robes. The stamp and superscription are printed in red.

The connection of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by the Suez Canal has had one effect which is as disagreeable as it was unexpected. Before the canal was opened all the watering places on the Mediterranean enjoyed a complete immunity from the presence of sharks, these fish being practically unknown then. But the canal has been utilized by the objectionable creatures to such an extent that sharks which have come from the Red Sea are now so numerous in the Mediterranean that it has become necessary to warn bathers in many places to be on their guard continually.

Following the example of St. Paul, who was all things to all men, the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association has adopted a rather novel plan to inveigle young men into its rooms. The free reading room, gymnasium, open meetings, social entertainments, etc., have been insufficient to draw the crowds it desired, and it has fallen back upon the dodge adopted by the saloons, cigar stores, billiard rooms, etc., to entice the unsuspecting youth within their doors, that of bulletining the baseball games. The association will thus be able to mingle good advice and Christian precepts with the stealing of bases, put outs and errors.

The food consumed on one of the large steamships from New York to Liverpool was as follows: Nine thousand five hundred pounds of beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 900 pounds of lamb, 256 pounds of veal, 150 pounds of pork, 140 pounds of pickled legs of pork, 600 pounds of corned tongues, 700 pounds of corned beef, 2,000 pounds of fresh fish, 20 pounds of calves' feet, 18 pounds of calves' heads, 450 fowls, 240 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 50 turkeys, 50 geese, 600 squabs, 300 tins sardines, 300 plovers, 175 pounds sausage, 1,200 pounds of ham, 500 pounds of bacon, 10,000 eggs, 2,000 quarts of milk, 700 pounds of butter, 410 pounds of coffee, 87 pounds of tea, 900 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of barley, 100 jars of jam and jelly, 50 bottles of pickles, 50 bottles of sauces, 20 barrels of apples, 14 boxes of lemons, 18 boxes of oranges, 6 tons of potatoes, 24 barrels of flour.

Yankees Paying Us Back.

A Boston despatch of yesterday says The Nova Scotia schooners Francis Arthenius and Aurora Borealis, arrived in port to-day and were held by the Customs officials in libel for $1,000 fine on a charge made by Captain Fengar, of the revenue cutter Woodbury, of having been in American waters over 24 hours and not reporting at the nearest custom house. It seems the two vessels were on August 1st in Passamaquoddy Bay, near Quoddy roads, during very thick weather, and both captains claim they were becalmed in the fog and could not tell whether they were in American or Canadian waters until after the prescribed time. They have both appealed to Washington to have the fines remitted, but will be held until the national authorities have been heard from.

The late Dr. Dio Lewis said: "The truth is, the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady." He also said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

—All things come to those who wait—including disappointment.

THE MIKADO'S SON.

Japan's Future Sovereign Being Educated According to Western Notions.

His Imperial Highness Prince Haru, heir apparent to the throne of Japan, is now in his tenth year. A delicate child in his early days, he has happily acquired health and strength as years went by. No imperial prince in this empire has ever been similarly brought up. The prince's mode of life is modelled almost entirely upon western lines. He attends the nobles' school daily, and studies precisely as do his fellow-students. The *Choya Shimbun* says that in both literature and military science he has made extraordinary progress, but of what this *bugei* (military science) consists we cannot precisely say. In olden times a noble Japanese began, at a very early age, to study the use of the bow, the sword and the lance, but even in the case of an imperial prince skill in managing such weapons scarcely continues to be included among essential accomplishments. Doubtless Prince Haru takes lessons in fencing and equestrianism as a part of his school course, and in archery as a pastime. The *Choya* tells us that he has a cold bath every morning; that his diet is chiefly meat; that he has shaken himself entirely free from petticoat government; that his constant companions are officers and tutors; that he is fond of visiting beautiful scenery as at Enoshima and Atami; that he plays on the seashore and in the woods like any ordinary boy, and that in consequence he is lusty and active. Our contemporary quotes Mr. Takasaki, Vice-Grand Master of the Board of Ceremonies, as saying that if such an education had always been given to the youthful Diamyo, the present representatives of that body would occupy a very different place in the national polity, and that the history of Japan during the past two thousand years contains no instance of the heir to the throne being brought up in such a manner. We learn on the same authority that Prince Haru treats everybody, even to the lowest of those about him, with the greatest courtesy; that he takes a keen interest in his fellow-students at the nobles' school, making minute inquiries whenever any one of them is prevented by sickness from attending, and that his conduct is in every respect exemplary.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

MR. VANDERBILT'S NEW HOME.

It Will be Made of White Marble and Modelled After Ancient Grecian Buildings.

The colossal size of Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt's new house, and especially of his entrance hall, is still a topic of conversation at Newport, says the Boston *Times*. Sidney Smith once said of an abnormally stout woman: "One might take one's morning walk around her, always supposing that one is in rude health and good physical training." And the remark would apply equally well to Mr. Vanderbilt's house, the inmates of which must get all the exercise they want within its walls. The entrance hall, notwithstanding its great size, is admirably proportioned, and the marble porch which opens out of it gives a fine view of the ocean and rocks, and of the pretty stone archway at the foot of the lawn through which the water breaks and ripples and then rushes back again to the sea. The charm of the great houses of Newport is their individuality. Each one is the outcome of an enormous expenditure of money, but of money laid out under totally different conditions and directed by individual taste and preferences. Hence sameness and monotony are unknown. The mansion only just begun by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt will, it is said, be absolutely unique in its style of architecture and decoration. It is to be of white marble and modelled after the buildings and temples of ancient Greece. Marble will also enter largely into the finish of its interior, and it is rumored that exquisite carvings and sculpture have been ordered for the ornamentation of its lower floors.

JUMPED THE TRACK.

Smash-up on the W. P. R.—Three Killed, Many Injured.

A Pittsburg despatch of last Friday night says: The south bound passenger train on the Butler branch of the Western Pennsylvania Railroad, which left Butler, Pa., at 2 35 o'clock this afternoon, jumped the track at Sarvers station, and the entire train, consisting of two passenger coaches and a combination smoking and baggage car, went over an embankment and was totally wrecked. Three persons were killed outright and 25 others injured, a number of whom will die. The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails on a small bridge. The rails were on stringers, which had rotted with time and long service. The engine passed over the bridge safely, but the first car was derailed and plunged down into the abyss some thirty feet below. The rails ploughed through the second car, and the escapes were miraculous.

A bootless attempt—To get upstairs without being heard by your wife.

There's something attractive about her,
It isn't her beauty of face.
It isn't her ribbons or lace
But there's something attractive about her,
And I swear that I can't live without her,
And that is the state of the case.

There's something attractive about her,
It isn't her glance or her smile,
It isn't her elegant style;
But I'm poor and I can't live without her,
For that something attractive about her,
You know, is the size of her pile.

—The following words were set to tune as an anthem by Mr. Joseph Barnby, Precentor at Eton, for the recent Royal wedding:

O Perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy Throne.
That their's may be the love that knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

O Perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith.
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears no pain or death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all worldly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

EPITAPH FOR A GOSSIP.

Here lies an ancient dame whose tongue
Could never rest, so loose it hung.
She talked so constant and so fast
That when Azrael came at last
To quench in her the vital flame
He hesitated, for the dame
Was such a talker, the record saith,
He feared she'd break the silence of death.

The Reason.

HE

It isn't that she's young,
It isn't that she's fair,
It isn't that she has a charming grace,
It isn't that her gown
Is the wonder of the town,
Or that every one admires her pretty face.
It is simply that in life
Every man must have a wife
The duties of his household to attend;
Else his dinner will be cold,
And his cook a saucy scold,
And his sorry tribulations without end.

SHE.

It isn't that he's rich,
It isn't that he's tall,
It isn't that he drives a coach and four,
It isn't that he's wise,
Or has very handsome eyes,
And virtues to be counted by the score.
It is simply that in life
Every girl must be a wife
(Unless, forsooth, she's one that's not afraid),
As for me, I'd die outright,
With dread horror and affright,
If I ever thought I'd be an old maid.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Firemen Whose Sleep Cannot be Broken Except by the Sound of the Gong.

A great many people wonder how it is that firemen are so easily aroused from their slumbers at night by the sound of the gong, and not being able to see through it clearly conclude that their sleep must be a very nervous one, says Fireman John Callahan in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. This is a wrong impression. When a man first joins the department he is wakeful and nervous, but a few weeks' acquaintance with the method of being awakened banishes all this, and no matter how tired or weary a fireman may be when he retires, or how soundly he sleeps, he is wide awake at the first tap of the bell. Long service in the department makes this method of being awakened so habitual that the sound of even the bell of an alarm clock will awaken the fire laddie when he could not be aroused by calling or tugging at him. I have become so accustomed to the habit of being awakened by the sound of a bell that when I go home on my day off and lay down to sleep I have to set the alarm clock at the hour I intend to leave. I was on the department nearly a month before I got my first recreation day, and I remember that when I went home and fell asleep my folks tried to awaken me at midnight to go to work. They tugged and pulled at me, but I did not awaken. They became alarmed and called in a neighbor, who was also a member of the department. He saw at once what was the matter, and brought in a dishpan to my bedside and hammered on it with a stick. I was up at the first stroke and threw my arms around him, thinking it was the pole. It caused a great laugh, of course, but fully illustrated the force of habit.

OUR YOUNGEST SISTER.

A New British Colony Formed at Old Calabar.

The question of the future government of the West African oil rivers from Benin to Old Calabar is being investigated by Her Majesty's Commissioner (Major Claude Maxwell McDonald), who is now on the coast, and has held a "palaver" with the kings and chiefs at Old Calabar. From a recent report it would seem that two proposals were placed before the natives for their consideration. The first was that the oil rivers should be governed by a royal chartered trading company, and the second was that the rivers should be made into a Crown colony. The candid opinion of the natives was asked by the Commissioner, who gave the natives time to consider the matter before replying. They were also requested to ask any question they wished, but they were not to ask the probable amount of taxation, as that question could not then be answered, though for their information they could get particulars of the duties which are now levied at Lagos and in the Royal Niger Company's territories. The natives retired, and next day they one and all decided to accept a Crown colony, preferring to be under the direct rule of Her Majesty's Government. It is further stated that the missionaries were also in favor of a Crown colony.

Scottish News Notes.

The Free Presbytery of Edinburgh on the 29th ult. inducted Dr. Marcus Dods as Professor of New Testament Exegises in the New College.

Private Paterson, of G Company, 1st L. R.V. (Glasgow), shot his mother with his rifle on the 27th ult. in her house after an altercation. The family belong to Ayrshire.

Mr. John Melrose, for many years one of the leading citizens of Hawick, has died at Trinity, near Edinburgh. For a long period he was the principal partner in the firm of James Melrose & Sons, engineers, Hawick.

The Dundee Town Council have resolved to present the Marquis of Lorne with the freedom of the city, on the occasion of his visit in October to open the Victoria Art Galleries.

The Shah told Sir Algernon Borthwick—so a London paper assures us—that he liked Scotland immensely. He had never seen such beauty among the women anywhere else.

At the welcome meeting to Principal Rainy, of Edinburgh, in Melbourne, the usually sedate Presbyters went the length of calling for three cheers for the Principal when he rose to speak. It is understood that Dr. Rainy will return home by way of the United States.

The death is announced of Admiral the Hon. Thomas Baillie, of Dryburgh Abbey. The Admiral died rather suddenly at the Cross Keys Hotel, Kelso, on the 31st ult. Deceased, who was an uncle of the present Earl of Haddington, saw a good deal of service in the British navy, having been present at the battle of Navarino, and held command of the British fleet in the White Sea during the Crimean war.

His Youthful Guard.

When the Shah arrived at Berlin a small boy, dressed in gorgeous garments of gold and purple, was noticed at one of the windows of the train. Nobody knew who he was, and many stories were current, but it is now stated that the little lad, who is only 5 or 6 years old, and who accompanies the Shah everywhere, is a sorcerer from Teheran, whose presence is supposed to guard Nasr-ed-Deen from all ills and all misfortunes during his journey.—*Once a Week.*

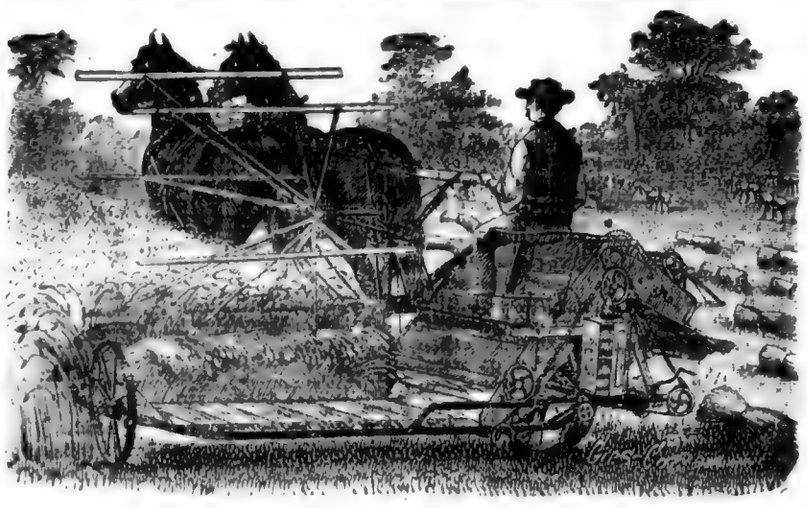

THE BRANTFORD LIGHT STEEL BINDER!

Over Four Thousand Sold in Season 1888. Being More Than Half of all Other Binders made in Canada,

Before placing their orders for 1889, we respectfully request the farmers to:
1st. Carefully examine the "Brantford Machines" and faithfully compare with others.
2nd. Enquire of your neighbors who have used "Brantford Machines" and get their opinion of their working and lasting qualities.
If you will follow the above advice, you will be convinced of these two facts:
1st. "Brantford Machines" are possessed of more improvements and are better made than any other machines in Canada.
2nd. "Brantford Machines" are more popular, give better satisfaction, and are more durable than any other machine in Canada.
Therefore: 1st. Give your order EARLY for a Brantford Binder and Mower.
2nd. And you will be sure to be perfectly satisfied with the machine you get.

THOS. A. BLAKELY,
FLESHERTON

Heard's Carriage Works.

—:— MANUFACTURER OF —:—

Carriages. Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs. Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHNH. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (a makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt,

Strain's old Stand
Flesherton.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona,
Mixed bird seed.
Pure prepared Corn,
General assortment of canned goods.

CHOICE HONEY,
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR,

always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents For sale at the Medical Hall.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P.O

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangevie.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangevie.
Markdale Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

'This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 146, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P.O

The Ideal Husband.

You've a neat little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you wish to see,
As faithful and gentle-hearted,
As fond as wife can be:
A genuine, home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss or show;
She's dearer to you than life, John;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As likewise your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be.
Her house is a cosy house nest, John,
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you John,
She cheerfully bears her share
You feel she's a brave, true helper;
And perhaps far more than you know,
'Twill lighten her end of the load, John,
Just to kiss her and tell her so.

There's a crossroad somewhere in life, John,
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she meet the last milestone first, John,
'Twill be comfort amid your woe
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her and told her so.

—Woman's Magazine.

Things Amusing and Strange.

NOT ORIGINAL, BUT WORTHY OF PERUSAL.

MASHED,

"How dare you treat me thus?" he wrote,
"You saucy little shrew!
To call me small potatoes, just
Because I'm mashed on you."

She seized the pen in wilful mood,
And these lines off she dashed:
"The smaller the potatoes are
The easier they're mashed."

Health makes wealth—and there is more demand for the finished article than the raw material.

A society has been started in London to promote the development of the science of mesmerism and of the application of hypnotism to practical medicine.

Rev. W. W. Carson, of Kingston, tells a remarkable spider story. While pouring water into a wash bowl, a huge spider that was in the basin crawled rapidly up the stream and into the jug. He is still mystified regarding the fact.

Victoria Morosini, the daughter of the millionaire, who married her father's coachman several years ago, and starred on the stage and latter in the back chorus, has done satisfactory penance for her social sin, and is again with her father as a modest but attractive belle at Saratoga. The whereabouts of the husband are unknown to the outside world.

A man who went to pick berries near Bear Lake, Pa., a few days ago, was found some hours later lying on the grass unconscious, with a huge rattlesnake fastened to his trousers. The snake was killed and the man was revived with cold water. He had not been bitten, yet he was affected just as if he had been, until his finders talked him out of it.

Mr. Gladstone's library at Hawarden is one of the finest private libraries in England. It has more than 20,000 volumes. Mr. Gladstone loans his books out to any one in the neighborhood who wants to read them. Formerly people could keep them as long as they liked, but a few years ago the rule was made that a book could be kept for one month only. It is the regular free library of the district.

It is reported, on the authority of a Gibbon correspondent, says the Omaha Bee, that some Buffalo County hunters found in the sand hills south of Lowell a band of petrified elk, surrounded by a circle of petrified coyotes, the adjacent atmosphere being full of petrified yelps and howls, each yelp having a diamond in one end and a geologist's hammer in the other, and every howl containing a pearl and a butcher's knife.

One of the Vanderbilts had his portrait painted by a French artist. When the work arrived in New York a customs duty of 30 per cent. was paid upon it. Mr. Vanderbilt was not satisfied with the picture and sent it back to the artist to be worked over. On its return to America another tax was exacted, making the total amount paid to the Government $2,000, just two-thirds of the sum received by the artist. It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt's views on protection are somewhat modified by this transaction.

A cat in Mississippi recently gave up its life to save the community. The river was very high, and the dyke which had been built to keep out the water gave way in one place. The water was pouring in unnoticed when the cat passed by and, realising the condition of affairs, crawled into the hole and stopped the flood. It is estimated that $80,000 and a number of lives were saved by the heroic feline, and the villagers have built a beautiful tomb of red granite, with mice carved in relief, over the bones of the animal.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on and and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MEN'S WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McCOMBER & Co
Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 427. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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Clocks, Jewelry.
STUDY
Your Own Interests
by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Spectacles and Silverware, at
Russell's Noted
JEWELRY STORE,
FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Barpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains, and beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagem en Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc, repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell

ONE PRICE
CASH STORE.

As fall is approaching the topic for conversation is where can we get the

Best Value for the Least Money!

We cannot do without the necessary woollens to keep us warm during the long winter months.

WHERE CAN WE GO, THEN,

The CASH STORE offers you a free inspection of their stock in all lines of WOOLLENS. A lot of flannels now on hand.

A New Department.

We have just opened a choice lot of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, etc, see our prices.

Special lines in Men's Long Boots in the fall.

Highest cash price paid for butter and eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.
Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Emphrasia containing 100 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil, 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor,

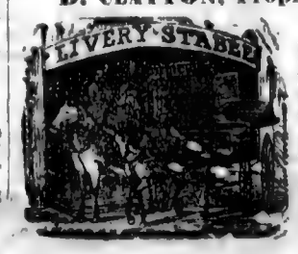

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THE ADVANCE.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE FRENCH SCHOOLS.

Most formidable of all questions which will confront the Mowat government at the forthcoming election will be its position re the French schools of this province. A commission was appointed at last session of the Legislature to enquire into the truth of charges perferred by a member of the Opposition (Mr. Craig), and the report of that commission was published last week. As given by the Globe, even with the pruning and suppression of evidence which it was within the power of the government to commit, it is a complete vindication of Mr. Craig's attitude on the question. It shows that in eighteen schools in Ontario the teachers cannot teach English. A large number of the French schools in Ontario teach English about as Iroquois would be taught from Longfellow's glossary to Hiawatha—without any perceptible progress in the language—the pupils being in nearly every case "very backward," or "knew scarcely any English." Another very damaging admission made, is that in several of the schools English has been taught during the past year, only, or in other words since Mr. Craig drew the attention of Mr. Ross to his duty in the matter.

The question of French schools in Ontario will prove a higher mountain than Mr. Mowat's government has ever yet scaled. In one province, at least, Canadians will prove that their school system shall be free from ultramontane or ultra-protestant interference, and that is the province of Ontario. Manitoba, the youngest province in Canada, is setting us a good example in abolishing separate schools, and the precedent will eventually be followed by some of the other provinces at least, and we are inclined to think that Ontario will not bring up the rear. In the meantime it is aggravating to note that Canadians are spending money for the purpose of inculcating foreign tastes and a foreign language to nearly 7,000 of her growing population, without any endeavor whatever to make them learn the language of the country and conform to British manners and Canadian customs.

OUR EXHIBITION!

Two weeks from Monday next will be an important day at this point. The East Grey agricultural exhibition will open in Flesherton on that day. The directors have been sparing no pains to make this the best and most attractive exhibition ever held here. The special attractions arranged for will, without doubt, prove a great drawing card. Thus far the special attractions secured are as follows: Baseball match, open to the county, for which a magnificent silver cup will be offered as a prize. For horsemen there will be a trial of speed, three times around the track—walk, trot and go-as-you-please. There will also be a foot race, and the Campbell Highland dancers. In connection with this latter we might say that last year prizes were offered for dancers in Highland costume but there were no entries. This year the directorate have made arrangements with Master Johnnie and Miss Katie Campbell, of London, to give an exhibition of Highland dancing, to be accompanied by the bagpipes. These little people have exhibited in all the large cities of Ontario, and are the wonder and admiration of all who have seen them. Added to these, efforts are being made towards getting up a baby show. At present writing it is not known whether the latter will materialize, but even without it we think there will be sufficient attraction to bring out such a crowd as has never before attended the East Grey Agricultural Society's fall exhibition.

Great Britain is the literary country par excellence. From a late compilation of statistics The Advance learns that the number of letters passing annually through the postoffices of Great Britain is forty for each inhabitant, while for the United States it is only twenty. Australia is second with thirty-five, and Russia foots the list with two. Our explanation of these figures would be something like this: The average Britisher has more time at his disposal than the American, and the latter does his match-making in person, while the courts attend to his divorce matters with despatch and without the use of correspondence. As for Russia, her natives really have not the time or means to write. Any people using a language that includes such words as "Blomonosowaskatchewowkoff" can readily be excused from corresponding with their friends. Germany is a marvel of industry. She actually writes the same number of letters per annum as the United States, and that in her own language, too, one word of which would include nearly as many letters as an American would use in a proposal of marriage, or a "freundschaftsbezeigungen."

A poor Englishman came out to this country and made his way to Winnipeg. There he could find nothing to do, and being without money tramped back to Montreal, where he arrived nearly dead, and the last heard from him he was keeping his weather eye open for a kind-hearted captain to take him back "'ome" to his ma. If a lot more of his blooming poverty-stricken, imbecilic countrymen would take warning by his sad fate, this Canada would be well rid of a nuisance. It is all right for Englishmen to make their home in Canada, of course, but we are not just now in want of men of any nationality who, if they cannot get a government clerkship, will not accept a bookkeeper's situation, or that of a farm laborer, hod carrier, or any other of a thousand and one things. As a rule they are too particular by half, and would rather starve than soil their fingers. The above is a case in point.

The latest "slot" machine is a butter maker. You pour new milk into the slot and carry home your butter "right away off." See description elsewhere.

The Keewatin "Hustler" spent a short, eventful, hustling life, and like many another precocious youngster, it has died in infancy.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

THE MARKETS,

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$5 00 to 4 [illegible]
Fall Wheat	95 to
Spring Wheat	95 0 9
Barley	0 30 0 40
Oats	0 27 0 2[illegible]
Peas	0 50 0 [illegible]
Butter	0 14 0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 13 0 13
Potatos bush.	0 15 0 16
Pork	6 10 6 10
Hay per ton	9 00 9 00
Hides	3 50 3 50
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 05 0 [illegible]
Turkeys	0 10 0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25 0 [illegible]
Ducks per lb	0 06 0 06
Wool	0 18 0 20

SIGN
"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks, backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.
If prices are not shed rock every time,

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $ to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and live margins.

W. A. BROWN,
Jeweler and Optici[illegible]
MARKDALE, Ont.

Man's Ideal Wife.

To hear the men a-talkin' in their sweet unself ish style
Bout the way a woman acts, who adores em without guile,
Is enough to make a woman just despair of bein' a wife,
For to satisfy her husband she must give him up her life.

For she mustn't be too handsome, nor particularly plain,
For if pretty she'd be flirtin', and if not, she'd try to gain
(By shriekin' and assertin' through all the days and nights)
Continual truth and justice and other fancied rights.

Then she must have serpent wisdom, yet be harmless as a dove,
Have common sense in plenty, yet be like the saints above—
As innocent and ignorant of all wickedness on earth
And believe the yarns he tells her of his doings from his birth.

Of course she makes her clothing, which must next to nothing cost,
Though the neighbors mustn't see that her dress in style has lost.
She will cook to great perfection and be a thorough nurse,
And tend her babes, and never ask to have a private purse

She'll grieve to see her gracious lord a-workin' long and hard,
And grant he needs a constant change, his precious health to guard;
And many comforts she'll be willin' to always do without,
But they're purchased for his benefit, with great delight, no doubt.

Just fancy, when this ideal wife dies wearily and worn,
How afflicted he will show himself, for weeks be quite forlorn,
And declare to all who knew her she was bounded by his love,
A very perfect woman gone, to wait for him above.

JANET COSSAR.

Chicago Ill., Aug. 12, 1889.

SOUP ON DRAUGHT.

How the Magician of the Kitchen Pleases His Patrons.

How they manage to get up so many different kinds of soups in the small restaurants is puzzling. According to an investigation it is done thus: Here comes a waiter with an order for vegetable soup. The cook lifts the lid of a big boiler of clear soup, made by boiling bones and scraps of beef, mutton, chicken, veal, etc. Out of this boiler the cook dips a bowlful of clear soup, and into it he pops in quick succession a little from each pot of boiled vegetable he is saving for that day. There is your vegetable soup. Is it consommé? From a big pitcher he pours into the clear stock some brown thickening fluid. Is it macaroni? A pot of boiled macaroni is near at hand, and he forks a few strings into the bowl. Is it ox-tail? A big tin of condensed ox tail soup stands on a handy shelf, and a spoonful lends its flavor to the stock. Is it chicken? He thrusts a pair of tongs into the boiler and brings up morsels from the depths until enough scraps of chicken are found to pass muster. Is it tomato? A squirt of weak but thick tomato catsup does the business. Is it rice? Some of the rice pudding is available. Roast lamb and roast mutton come from the same joint at its touch, and, by aid of an unctuous salad and some jelly, so will roast venison at a pinch. Roast rib or roast loin from the same piece of beef depends altogether on his carving. The veal is veal, or it is chicken for salad, or it is turkey for fricassee, or it is rabbit for stew, or it is lamb for pie, just as he desires. The plain old cod, too, if boiled, is turned into boiled halibut, or haddock, or bluefish, and if baked becomes baked halibut, or bluefish or haddock, at his simple touch. With the aid of a few biting sauces they become almost anything one can name in the way of fish. *Baltimore News.*

The Blood Orange.

The blood orange is a mere variety of the sweet orange, obtained by cultivation, and appears first to have been raised by the Spanish gardeners in the Phillippine islands, from the capital of which—Manila—it together with the well-known cigars formed at one time one of the chief articles of export. On its first appearance in Europe it excited a considerable sensation, and in the last century very high prices were demanded for the trees which bore the wonderful fruit. None, however, now are brought here from Manila, the supply being derived almost entirely from Malta, where great pains and attention are bestowed upon their cultivation. It was for a long time supposed, and the idea is not yet quite extinct, that the blood oranges were produced by the grafting of the orange with pomegranate, but there is not the slightest foundation for this belief.

A Young Sporting Man Leaves $80,000 to His Mother.

Frederick Brown, a well-known sporting man, of Washington, who died in Saratoga on Sunday, made a will leaving his mother $80,000. This amount he has won from the bookmakers in the last year. At the last meeting of the Jockey Club in 1888 here he "went broke," saving from the wreck only a diamond ring, which he pawned for $40. Borrowing $10 he started with this capital and won $6,000 during the spring meeting. He followed the horses to Monmouth, Sheepshead and Saratoga and won right along. He deposited $17,000 of his winnings in a Saratoga bank. Brown was a young man of good habits and well liked.—*Capital.*

Fully Equipped.

Fond Mere—You are fully prepared to enjoy yourself at the picnic?

Prudent Daughter—Yes, indeed. I have two umbrellas, waterproof and overshoes, and Charley has two lovely new life-preservers.

Optimistic.

Gladys (effusively)—Oh, Uncle Joe, the gypsy who told my fortune says I am to marry a nobleman.

Uncle Joe—Well, let's hope for the best. You may die, you know.

"BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many disorders which are only symptoms of kidney disease.

"How can you tell a poor cigar without smoking it, Smith?" "By looking at the picture on the box, my friend. If the picture is pretty the cigar is bad." —*Blooming. (Ill.) Pantagraph.*

GREENNESS IN NEW YORK.

There Are More Trees and Shade Here Than Any Countryman Would Believe.

"If I go home and tell my wife I've been sleeping under blankets ever since I came to New York, she won't believe me," said one man to another on an elevated train yesterday, "but it's a fact, nevertheless. I'm stopping with relations on the west side, between the river and the Park, and maybe that's made it somewhat cooler, but, as far as I can see, almost any part of New York is cooler than up in the State, where I live, especially at night.

"Then there's another thing about New York that would surprise country folks who think the city in summer is just one step this side of the bad place; that's the trees. I remember reading in the story books about the poor city children that never saw green grass or trees from year's end to year's end, and didn't even know that flowers grew anywhere except in shop windows. Well, I've been around New York pretty considerable, and it kind o' strikes me that it would be all-fired hard work to bring up a child in the city and keep it from seeing trees and grass everywhere it went, and flowers, too. I'm goin' to tell my wife the next time she wants to get cooled off, and at the same time not lose sight of trees and grass and green things, to come right to New York. It beats the seashore all hollow."

The countryman was a little enthusiastic, perhaps, but there was a deal of truth in what he said. New Yorkers are so used to it that they never stop to think about it, but to a man coming here with preconceived ideas of the desert nature and terrible heat of city streets, the amount of shade and greenness about the city is surprising. It is hard for a person in New York to find a position upon any street corner from which trees, vines, or green grass are not in sight in one direction or the other. Of course, above Fifty-ninth street there is Central Park always in sight from any corner up to and beyond 110th street on either side of the city. Besides this, there is Riverside Park, from Seventy-second to 125th, Morningside Park, Mt. Morris Park, and other green breathing places below the Harlem, while the beautiful Boulevard, with its park strip in the centre and its four rows of lusty young elms, even now beginning to form a double arch over the street, West End avenue, with rows of young trees doing well on either side, Eighty-sixth street, with its little grassy squares and trees in front of every house, and other shorter stretches of tree-shadowed streets make it certain that even when this part of the city shall be closely built up there will be no lack of greenness and shade.

Below Fifty-ninth street there are nearly a dozen small parks, with more to come, but the singular thing, when noticed for the first time, is the frequency of trees along the built-up streets. It probably won't be believed at first thought, but it is a fact, easily verified by personal inspection, that from Fifty-ninth street to Grand street the Sixth avenue elevated railroad does not cross a single street on which trees are not visible to a passenger. In a few instances there will be only one or two scrubby little trees struggling for existence upon the curb; more frequently the trees are numerous enough and vigorous enough to arch the street. On Fifty-third street they are so near the tracks that passengers can almost reach out and touch them as the train rushes by. Besides the trees along the curbs, there are frequent glimpses of green from the centre of blocks, and sometimes trees tall enough to wave above four-story houses can be seen, showing that in back yards there is abundant greenness for private enjoyment.

There are also thousands of windows where boxes filled with flowering plants and vines are kept, and often there are glimpses of sunflowers and other hardy plants blooming in yards or in boxes upon roofs. Pleasantest of all are the vines that of late years have been freely planted in front of houses on residence streets. These have grown so thriftily that in hundreds of instances they reach a dense mass of vivid green from the sidewalk to the roof, sometimes spreading out so as to cover almost the whole front of the house. Two or three such vines illuminate beautifully a block of dull brown stone fronts.

Below Grand street the rule ceases to hold good that a passenger on the elevated can see trees on every street crossed, but it is largely because the streets are so crooked that often not over a block or two is in sight in any direction from the train. In the dry goods district trees are few, but toward the river, wherever people live, there is generally at least one tree in sight from every corner, and from Chambers street, where the City Hall Park comes into sight, down past St. Paul's and Trinity, Bowling Green and the Battery, there is always something green upon which to rest the eye.

There are fewer trees in proportion to population on the east than on the west side of the city, but even on the east side they grow at frequent intervals, and thrive in the most closely built districts. There will be more of them, too, when the new small parks are made.—*New York Sun.*

On Time.

Some people are always in a hurry and generally always behind hand. The two go together; for hurry is the child of a state of mind rather than of a train of circumstances. The methodical man is never in a hurry. He moves along in his orbit, as Goethe says the stars do, "without haste and without rest." He knows what is first to be done, what next, and how long each item to be attended to will require. He sees in an exigency what can be omitted or deferred, and what must be done according to the programme he has made. If he is due at a certain train he is there on time with five or ten minutes to spare. If a certain task is to be done by a certain date, the work is ready a little in advance of the date.—*Exchange.*

Poor Creature.

A.—How is your pretty cousin coming on?

B.—I regret to say that her chances in life are slim.

"Great heavens! Is she so dangerously ill?"

"She is not ill at all. Her chances in life are slim because she is engaged to be married to a dude."

A report is current in Chicago that the Northwestern & Milwaukee Railway systems are to be amalgamated.

SARAH ALTHEA HILL.

The Stormy Career of the Woman Who is Now Judge Terry's Widow.

Sarah Althea Hill, whose stormy career in California has given her national notoriety, was born in this old French town just forty-nine years ago. She comes of good stock, her father being Samuel Hill, a prominent attorney, and her mother Julia Sloan, daughter of a wealthy lumber dealer. She had one brother, Hiram Morgan Hill, and her parents both died in 1854, leaving the two orphans an estate of $40,000. She is related to some of the best families in the country, among them the Wilkins, Sloans and Rodneys. The girl had good opportunities for acquiring an education. She attended school at Danville, Ky., and finally graduated from St. Vincent's Convent in this town. She had a governess in the person of Miss Barral, a sister of ex-Congressman Hatcher. Her grandfather, Hiram Sloan, was her guardian, and he appears to have held a slack rein. The young ward developed a spirited temper, and soon after reaching legal age made her money fly. She grew up to womanhood in much her own way, and was noted for her beauty and temper. Sarah was a girl of more than ordinary personal beauty. She was plump, of medium height and possessed a lovely complexion. She was fair, but not a pronounced blonde. She was scheming and ambitious to excel in personal charms. These traits made her unpopular among her girl companions. It was said of her, too, that though she was a spendthrift in some things, she worshipped money and gave her attention mostly to those who possessed it. She is remembered by her friends here as something of a flirt, and at one time she is said to have had three engagements to marry on her hands. The hero of one of these engagements, Mr. Leanders, is a prominent politician residing in Southeast Missouri, and another resides in St. Louis. Her conquests in that section of the State were numerous during the time she held sway. She was fast, but her name was never tarnished with scandal. In love affairs Miss Hill was tyrannical, and more than one of her lovers had to suffer under her iron rule and eccentric whims. To show how cruel she was to her lovers the case of the one she really loved will suffice. He was then a young man, but is now a Missouri politician of national fame. They were engaged to be married and one night attended a hop. Sarah Althea became angry at her escort, and when the ballroom was entered she went upstairs and never came back until time to return home. The young man was angry and determined to break the engagement. Sarah Althea heard of it, summoned him into her bewitching presence, and the old infatuation returned so strong that he determined to swallow the insults, but Sarah had heard that he had told his friends that he intended to break the engagement. She determined on revenge. She never looked lovelier than on the night her luckless lover answered her call. He was powerless before her and pressed his suit with more energy than ever. She said nothing until he was ready to leave, and as he stopped for a good-night kiss on the threshold she turned her head and, with her eyes blazing, said: "Mr.——, you can go. We will cry quits. I don't want to see you again." The young man almost fell down the steps and never saw her afterwards. Now the story goes that Sarah Althea was really in love with this young man and expected to win him back. In this she failed, and in September, 1870, disgusted and broken-hearted and with only the wreck of her fortune, she started for California. A young uncle, named W. Sloan, accompanied her to the Pacific coast. He was wealthy and took his handsome niece to his mother's home. Sarah and the old lady did not live in harmony, and Mr. Sloan gave his niece a fine suite of rooms in a prominent San Francisco hotel. It was there she met Senator Sharon. Her brother, Hiram Hill, was a reckless youth, and followed her to California, where he married a wealthy woman of Spanish blood. Sarah Althea has never returned to the home of her childhood.—*Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Special to Philadelphia Press.*

The City of Berlin.

Frederick the Great worked hard to beautify this town of his choice, but it cannot be said that, with all his efforts and all the energy of recent years, it is a town which strikes a stranger familiar with London or Paris as one of grandeur or even of dignity. To begin with, there only exists one church of architectural interest—interest, because the beauty of the Klosterkirche has been destroyed by additions made about the middle of the present century. As for the cathedral, that is a late, domed edifice, no larger than a decent parish church in this country. This poverty is unique. Look where you will over Europe and you will not find a single town of capital importance so void of that crowning ornament to a city, a fine ecclesiastical building. The defect cannot be exaggerated. Such buildings are the durable record of a city's life; each weather-beaten stone has an interest no less human than scientific, no less romantic than artistic. We have our St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the Parisians their Notre Dame, Vienna its St. Stephen's, Rome its St. Peter's; but there are no such sermons in stone to be read in Berlin, no building to be admired for its beauty or revered for its age. Conceive Paris without Notre Dame. The effect is nothing short of robbering French literature of Victor Hugo! Nor is Berlin much better off for secular buildings. None of them save an inconsiderable fragment of the old Schloss date earlier than the 17th century, and the bulk of the old Schloss is a decaying plaster faced pile of that unfortunate period. The palaces of the late Emperor William and of the Emperor Frederick as crown prince were built, the former some 50 years ago, the latter 30, and, though both insignificant in size compared with Buckingham palace, may be admitted to compete with it in point of style.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Pedestrian, to big, fat policeman on Broadway—Well, Mr. Officer, how do you stand this hot weather? Policeman—Principally on the shady side.

Wife—"Look at all the things I bought with that little money. You can no longer say I'm extravagant." Hubby—"But all those things are for my use. As soon as you begin to buy things for yourself you'll need a bank."

THE CHERRY.

The Past and Present Culture of this Fruit—Its Classifications.

Downing separates the cherry into two classes—first, the Bigarreaus and Hearts, and second, the Dukes and Morellos. These amount almost or quite to distinct species. The Hearts and Bigarreaus, being strong and vigorous growing trees, are somewhat tender in many sections of country, especially in the level, fertile west, and are therefore not so generally cultivated, though as a rule the fruit is of fine quality. According to Dr. Warder, the Hearts and Bigarreaus are not entirely reliable except on soils where the American chestnut is an indigenous growth, or at least successful when introduced. The Dukes and Morellos are more hardy and fruitful, this class embracing varieties like the Kentish, which are quite universally popular. Although in some sections a profitable fruit, the cherry has scarcely held its own in point of popularity along with other classes of fruits during the last quarter of a century. This is perhaps partly due to the overshadowing popularity of the strawberry and other small fruits coming into competition with it, by reason of their ripening at or near the same season. In some particulars, however, especially for culinary purposes, the cherry is not likely to be entirely superseded by any of its best of rivals. The late Dr. Kirtland, of Cleveland, O., made the improvement of the cherry, which succeeds admirably in that section, the specialty of his life work. In this way he gave to the world a number of valuable varieties. More recently new introductions are being made from abroad, through the energy and perseverance of Professor Budd and others, with encouraging prospects. We may hope from this source to obtain varieties directly and indirectly which will prove more hardy and valuable, especially north of the present limit of cherry culture, as intimated above, very little, if any, effort has yet been put forth in the improvement of our native species, of which Professor Gray mentions at least four. The arts of horticulture, aided by the hand of time, may yet subjugate to the uses of man some or all of these now untamed species. The cherry succeeds well on dry soils. In orchards, where there is ample room for large trees, and in climates where it is not subject to the bursting of the bark, standards with four or five feet of clear trunk are to be preferred. For door yards, where shade and ornament are taken into account, standards of the free growing sorts are the most suitable. For fruit gardens of limited extent, and in localities where the bark of the trunk is liable to burst, the dwarfs or low standards are most appropriate and profitable.

Weariness.

A tramp knows what it is to be leg-weary, a farm laborer to be body-weary, a literary man to be brain-weary, and a sorrowing man to be soul-weary. The sick are often weary, even of life itself. Weariness is generally a physiological "ebb-tide," which time and patience will convert into a "flow." It is never well to whip or spur a worn-out horse, except in the direst straits. If he mends his pace in obedience to the stimulus, every step is a drop drawn from his life-blood. Idleness is not one of the faults of the present age; weariness is one of its commonest experiences. The cheques that many a man draws on his physiological resources are innumerable; and, as these resources are strictly limited, like any other ordinary banking account, it is very easy to bring about a balance on the wrong side. Adequate rest is one kind of repayment to the bank, sound sleep is another, regular eating and good digestion another. One day's holiday in the week and one or two months in the year for those who work exceptionally hard usually bring the credit balance to a highly favorable condition; and thus with care and management physiological solvency is secured and maintained. But a physiological fortune is as good a thing, or even a better thing, than a money fortune. Stored resources, well invested, keep the mind easy and the body youthful. If, however, a man have not these, but only enough of strength to go on steadily from day to day, he should watch carefully against excessive weariness. A feeling of prostration is the dark thunder cloud that portends a change in the atmosphere. Health, like weather, may "break," and when once it is broken nobody knows when the barometer will mark "set fair" again. Weariness, coming on in the ordinary course of work, without any special and temporary cause, is nature's demand for an immediate holiday. The horse is tired. He does not want the whip, but a month's run in a quiet and abundant pasture. As nothing in the world can properly satisfy hunger except food, so no drug or stimulant of any kind except rest can restore the weary to energy and health. The doctor's tonic is a very good thing in its way, but it will no more act as a substitute for rest than a glow worm's light will serve the same purpose as the moon.—*Hospital.*

He Took a Fit.

A gang of men were at work on a city street when a slight, beardless youth laid down his pick, and approaching the foreman said to him:

"Can I take a fit, sir?"

"Take what?" asked the foreman.

"A fit—I feel one coming on," replied the young man, without emotion.

"Why certainly," said the foreman.

So the young man walked over to a bit of grass under a leafy tree—it was a new street in the suburbs—and had a fit.

Then he went and washed his face, came back to his place in the line, and took up his pick and struck into work. After the day's work was over the young man said to the foreman: "You don't mind my having fits?"

"No—I guess not if you do a fair day's work."

"Well, you see, I used to work for a butcher, an' he wouldn't let me take fits—said it interfered with business—an' I thought you might feel the same way about it."

And that young man works hard with pick and shovel and takes a fit once in a while as you or I might take a drink of water.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

—A physician in New York reports that during an epidemic of diphtheria in that city there were five times as many cases on the shady side of the street as on the sunny side.

THE NET BREAKS.

A Moment of Horror for Monsieur Peynaud and 5,000 People.

Monsieur Baptiste Peynaud, who dives from a tower at Rockaway Beach, L.I., said to be 150 feet high, into a bignet stretched below, broke through the net Friday afternoon. Peynaud started to make the jump at 2 p.m., with the usual formal preparations. More than 5,000 spectators were on the shore and in numerous boats, large and small. The net into which the dive or fall is made is about thirty feet long and fifteen wide, and is made of good, stout cordage. In the centre is a piece of heavy canvas about six feet square. When Peynaud dives he tries to land as near the centre of the canvas as he can. This ensures an equal strain on all parts of the net. The net is stretched eight feet above the shallow water at the shore. It was getting to be low tide at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, and the water below the net was about eight inches deep. Peynaud mounted the tower as usual and when he got to the top gave the same dramatic look about him. After bending over in the narrow opening in the platform at the top a minute or so, and looking intently at the net to gauge his jump, his body straightened itself and he shot downwards like an arrow. When he had descended 50 or 60 feet the spectators could see that his body was slowly turning, so that he could land in the net on his back, with his head towards the tower. He fell on his back, but his aim had been bad, and his body struck half on the canvas and half on the netting. The cords in the netting parted with a snap, a prolonged rip was heard, and the people turned pale and closed their eyes to shut out a horrible scene. Peynaud rebounded in the air two or three feet, came down again feet first, and slid through the rent in the net. As he did so, however, he grasped the loose shreds of netting on each side, and slowly let himself down into the water, where he stood with a look of blank amazement on his pale face. He stared at the top of the tower, at the hole in the net, and then at his feet, and seemed to wonder what had happened to him. He quickly recovered himself, however, and made his customary graceful bow and wave of the hand.

Facts About Coffee.

The pleasures of coffee are by no means dissipated in the warm season, when "ho coffee is not needed as a means of defying the discomfort of cold weather. Cold coffee is a delicious beverage when well made. Coffee ice made of strong coffee frozen in a freezer and served in cups with whipped cream is a dainty desert, or a convenient part of the afternoon tea menu; coffee soda is a peculiar summer drink, and few people accustomed to the morning cup of coffee make any difference on account of the weather in this most important feature of the breakfast table. An expert in coffee maintains that the best coffee is made in the old-fashioned tin coffee-pot. "Don't give me any new patent arrangement for making coffee," he says, "the old tin pot is the only kind of cooking utensil that preserves the aroma and the full flavor of the coffee."

After the coffee has been boiled and settled pour it in good strength upon a cup half filled with cream and hot milk. Most true coffee epicures have a beverage prepared with full strength that will give a delicious aroma and a true but delicate flavor to a cup of rich cream and boiled milk. Rather peculiarly the average American drinks about the same amount of coffee now that he did eighteen years ago. In 1870 the average consumption for each person was 7½ pounds; in 1888 it was 7⅞ pounds, showing that the taste for coffee neither increases nor decreases.—*Boston Journal.*

The Care of the Finger Nails.

The half-moon, which is esteemed so great a beauty, if carefully attended to, will increase in time, and even when it has been almost obliterated will grow to be very beautiful, says *Medical Classics.* Many people think that pushing the skin back from the nail will show it more, and that by this practice the delicate hem, as we call it, which holds the upper and under skins together, is totally destroyed, and the ends of the fingers have an ugly yellow growth encircling the nail instead of the delicate framework which nature intended. Then the way in which the nail is cut can totally change the shape of the fingers. By cutting the nails close at the sides and keeping the corners from adhering to the skin, hang-nails can be avoided. Where the nails are thin and inclined to break, frequent oiling is necessary, and the nails should never be polished except when some oily substance is used beside the powder. This keeps the nails more pliable, and no matter how thin they are, if properly treated they are no more liable to break than thicker ones. Another thing that is bad for the nails is polishing them too roughly. They should be lightly touched and not rubbed until they become heated. This is one cause of white spots coming on the nail and marring its beauty.

A Trick Worth Trying.

Baker Brothers, of Candler, Georgia, have invented a novel way of catching owls or night hawks. They have set up a long pole near the fowl house. The pole is about sixteen feet high with the top end sawed off smooth and a little steel trap is set on top of the post, fastened by a string to the post below. Notches are cut in the post by which it is easy to climb. On a moonlight night the owls when they are around are likely to light on something near the fowl house. The other night an owl was heard not far off and, thinking that he would be likely to come for a chicken during the night, the brothers went out after supper and set the trap on top of the pole. Before they went to bed the family heard a fluttering in that direction and, going out, found that they had trapped an owl that measured four feet five inches from tip to tip.

Brodie to Go Over Niagara Falls.

Steve Brodie has fully decided to attempt what no man has done and lived—float over the American Falls at Niagara. He will leave New York for Niagara to-day and devote some time to making himself familiar with the dangers he must encounter. The falls are 166 feet high. The compensation for the terrible risk Brodie will take in addition to the fame to be won by the undertaking is a purse of $1,500, contributed by hotelmen and railway men.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

A San Francisco despatch tells of an Indian, known as Old Gabriel, who is 150 years old.

The strike of dock laborers in London is spreading, and the Socialists are assuming control of the movement.

It is again rumored in Kingston that smelting furnaces will be established by the Rathbun Co., Deseronto.

Cobourg opened its tournament very successfully yesterday with a band competition and a number of games.

Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Millbrook, Colborne, Brighton and Trenton hold their civic holidays to-day.

Miss Kittie Cronyn, daughter of Mr. V Cronyn, of London, was married yesterday to Mr. Geo. W. Brown, of that city.

The Governor General and Lady Stanley of Preston have issued cards for a full dress ball at Quebec on Monday, the 26th inst.

The convention of the North American United Caledonian Societies meets to-day in the council chamber of City Hall, Toronto.

Four hundred and fifty persons who have completed the Chautauqua reading course yesterday received their certificates from Chancellor Vincent at Chautauqua.

Another day was spent yesterday on the Welland Canal investigation, which was more prolific than usual in disputes between Senator McCallum and Mr. Rykert.

Mrs. Robert Tufts Hungerford, Kingston, has had an information laid against G. W. Dalton, a merchant of Tweed, on a charge of indecent assault. Both are prominent persons.

Rev. Mr. McKenzie, a Presbyterian missionary in Labrador, writes that there is great destitution there, and urges that a movement be made to transport the inhabitants to the Northwest.

News was received at Ottawa yesterday of the death by drowning at Rockliffe, in the Ottawa River, of James Shea, of South March, Carleton county. Shea was employed by the Upper Ottawa Drive Company.

The death is announced in Montreal of Frank Goulette, probably the oldest railway employee in the Dominion, he having commenced railway work as a switchman in 1836 on the Champlain road, the first in Canada.

Mrs. Webster, whose husband was killed at the Temple building elevator in Montreal some time ago, has taken an action for $11,000 damages against the Methodist Church of Canada and the trustees of the St. James street congregation, who are the owners of the building.

In the case of young Twitchell, of Kingston, charged with burglary, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, of Washington, the well known authority on nervous diseases, gives it as his opinion that Twitchell was suffering from epilepsy when he committed the act, and that he was entirely irresponsible.

Brown and Hall, the two St. Thomas tramps who "held up' John Bird near Canfield, compelled him to hand over his money at the point of a revolver, and then stole his horse, were yesterday morning found guilty by the Cayuga County Judge of highway robbery and assault with intent to kill, and sentenced to nine years in the Penitentiary.

Emanuel Brooks, Shawneetown, Ill., shot and fatally wounded his wife this morning, and then shot himself twice in the head, but the wounds not killing him, he ran one hundred yards and jumped into the river and was drowned.

Farmers in New York State report that the potato crop is unusually large this year, though the quality is very poor, owing to rot caused by heavy rain. The crop of corn is light. Hay and oats are in abundance, but damaged by wet weather.

A telegram from Trois Pistoles reports that the body of a newly-born infant has been found there which had been born alive and subsequently suffocated. An inquest was held to-day, and a verdict of murder against some unknown party was returned.

A terrific explosion occurred in Scruggs & Whaley's flour mills, Gainesville, Tex., yesterday. All the men had gone home to dinner except Engineer Boosley. The east end of the building and the roof were blown away. Boosley was not seriously hurt.

Mrs. Eldridge, wife of Mr. T. R. B. Eldridge, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Toronto, jumped into the lake from the Cibola when that vessel was leaving Niagara yesterday morning. She was rescued and conveyed to her home. It is said that she is suffering from melancholia.

William Sargent, the thief who stole the horse from J. W. Firby's pasture field, near Corinth, Elgin county, about ten days ago, and was afterward caught in Linwood, was brought before Deputy-Judge McLean, St. Thomas, Thursday afternoon, and pleaded guilty to the charge. He was sentenced to three years in Kingston penitentiary.

The wife of Adam McKean, a highly respected farmer of Rogers' Hill, near Pictou, N.S., committed suicide by drowning last night while suffering from a temporary attack of insanity. She retired as usual in the evening, and her husband, wearied with a hard day's harvest, slept undisturbed until he discovered her absence in the morning. Immediate search was made, and the unfortunate woman's remains were found in an adjacent mill pond.

WARNER'S Safe Cure removes defective vision or sight. Why? Because it gets rid of the poisonous kindey acid circulating in the blood. Impaired vision is caused by advanced kidney disease, another name for Bright's disease, which "has no symptoms of its own." Warner's Safe Cure removes the cause, when normal vision returns.

A Very Rare Gift.

Mr. Bald—Al, old boy, what can I give my wife for her birthday? Something very rare.

Al—Give her a look of your hair.

Mrs. Cumso—Wouldn't it be grand if Dr. Brown-Sequard has really discovered the elixir of life? Cumso—Yes, indeed; but don't tell your mother anything about it.

PIGEON FLYING.

Methods of Sending the Birds by Mail—An Important Traffic.

Pigeon flying is one of the delights of the Black country, and a Birmingham (Eng.) paper gives a curious account of it. It is a passion with the workingmen, and it takes some of them completely away from their work. With the majority, however, it is no more than the ordered pastimes of the first day of the week. It has developed quite a new branch of railway traffic in the district. It is the practice of flyers to send their birds in baskets, addressed to the station master at a particular station, with the request that he will release them, mark on the label the time they were released and return the basket. What is most singular is that this is regularly done. An important traffic has grown up in this way, with a tariff for pigeon baskets and returned empties. Railway companies at first set their faces against it, but finally took a more enlightened view of their own interests and of the wants of their customers. They were probably influenced by the consideration that the officials rather liked the work. In cloudy weather porters have been known to feed birds three days before setting them free. The only inconvenience is that, where a bird fails to reach its destination, the obliging official is sometimes accused of being "got at" by a rival flyer. This suggests a certain demoralizing tendency in the pastime, and the suggestion may be confirmed by the revival of a well-worn anecdote. An aged penitent, who had loved pigeon flying not wisely but too well, was assured by his ghostly comforter on his deathbed that they would both meet in a better place with wings to their backs. The dying man suddenly forgot his anxieties in the ribald offer to "fly" the parson for a sovereign when they arrived.

A Clever English Rascal.

The cleverness of an English rascal has excited the envy of all the rascals in Paris, who, with typical Parisian egotism, have long claimed to be the cleverest rascals in the world. The English rascal in question was a professional London pickpocket. Shortly before the French exposition opened he bought a small hotel in Paris on the instalment plan. The purchase price of the hotel was 60,000 francs, and the first and only instalment which the Englishman paid was 2,000 francs. The Englishman bought a few pieces of cheap English furniture for his new house, equipped an English bar, and then advertised far and wide for English boarders during the exposition. His prices were so low that he soon filled his house. Every one of his lodgers was warned by a placard over his bed that the landlord would not be responsible for the loss of any valuables which had not been deposited in the hotel safe. Of course the safe deposits increased with the popularity of the hotel, and both reached high water mark two days before the second instalment of 2,000 francs on the purchase price of the hotel fell due. There was then 35,000 francs' worth of British jewellery and bank notes in the safe. The pickpocket landlord stole every sou of it. He concealed his plunder in his quarters in another part of Paris, dyed his hair, shaved his beard, put on a French suit of clothes and began picking pockets at the exposition. He was caught by the police with his hand in the pocket of an English member of Parliament, and was locked up. A police investigation led to a revelation of his history and the recovery of the jewellery and money which had been given to him for safe keeping.—*New York Sun.*

Restaurants in Sweden.

A traveller gives the following interesting description of a railroad restaurant service in Sweden: "We entered a little dining-room, around which were arranged little tables covered with snowy linen; in the centre stood a large table, one end spread with the usual diversified collection of the 'smargasbord'; at the other were piles of plates, knives, forks and napkins. The soup is brought in and placed on the central table; each one helps himself, and, taking it to one of the small tables, eats at his leisure. The soup finished, you serve yourself with fish, roast meats, chicken and vegetables in quantity and variety as you choose, and return to your table. The servants replenish the supplies on the large table, remove soiled plates, and bring tea, coffee, beer or wine, as ordered, to the occupants of the small tables, but each one must serve himself from the various courses, ending with pudding and nuts and raisins. There was none of the hurry, bustle and crowding usually encountered in a railway restaurant, but plenty of time was given for a quiet, comfortable meal, with no necessity for bolting your food. For this abundant and well cooked dinner the charge was 40 cents—tea, coffee, beer and wine being extra. Your word was taken without any questioning regarding the extras as you paid for them and your dinner at the table from which the coffee was dispensed."—*Exchange.*

English as She is Spoke.

Julian Hawthorne's tastes run to the romance about girl's names. He has five daughters, whom he has named respectively Hildegarde, Gwendolin, Gladys, Beatrice and Imogen. The English way of pronouncing these names is unique and not quite so pretty as the spelling way. They are "Hilker," "Gunnell," "Glads," "Beeritch" and "Moken." Queer language, that English, as the English speak it.—*Washington Gazette.*

He! He!

Rosie—Just hear that Miss Scrawnie titter. All she prays for in this world is to catch a husband.

Josie—Yes, even when she laughs she can't help saying "He! he! he!"

The second charge against Thomas Diamond at Belleville, of being accessory to the mysterious fluid-throwing, has been enlarged for two weeks.

The Virginia Republican Convention has nominated, by acclamation, General William Mahone for Governor and Colonel Campbell C. Slemp for Lieut.-Governor.

—A gentleman, with his card case in hand, rings the bell. "Are Mr. and Mrs. B. at home?" "Yes, sir." "Very well; then I'll call again."

—Mr. Quizitive—Catching anything? All-day fisherman—Yep. Mr. Quizitive—What? All-day fisherman—Darn-fool questions, right in th' neck.

RUMORS OF THE TARIFF.

It Cost Uncle Sam About $15 to Collect Three Cents.

After two days' work by the clerks of three or four departments of the New York Custom House and some incidental labor on the part of the Deputy Collector having charge of dutiable goods coming into the country through the mails, Henry Zimmern, of No. 37 Maiden Lane, New York, was enabled, upon payment of three cents duty and a penalty of like amount, to recover an article of personal adornment that was sent him by a friend in Germany and arrived in New York on Aug. 14th.

That article was a brass ring valued at 12 cents, dutiable under the customs laws for three cents. Why Mr. Zimmern wanted a ring of this material, or whether it was a gage of his early love, or possibly an heirloom in his family, Acting Collector McClelland does not know. The only fact he takes official cognizance of is that the ring came inclosed in a letter, that it owed a duty of three cents to the Government, and that, no matter what might be the result, that amount must be collected.

The amount of red tape through which this innocent brass ring passed before it reached its owner is hard to specify. When the deputy collector at the post-office discovered it in an envelope he and his staff of clerks had to fill out seizure papers in quadruplicate reporting the fact to the Collector. One of the clerks of the latter had to acknowledge the receipt of the documents, send copies to the Surveyor and naval officer for their information, and indorse upon the third an order to the Appraiser to make an examination of the seized article. The fourth copy was carefully filed in the Collector's office for future reference.

This was the work of the Collector's office, but there was more to be done before the Government could get its three cents. The official in the seizure room had to be instructed in writing to turn the ring over to the Appraiser; the Appraiser had to report the result of his examination to the Collector, and the latter had to acknowledge the receipt of the report, and so finally when the owner called for his property and planked down his three cents there had been expended, according to the opinion of experts in the Custom House, at least $15 in clerk hire, stationery, messengers' salary, etc.—*Buffalo Courier.*

"The Christian Buddha."

The United States Department of State has received from the legation at Pekin China, an account of the death and extraordinary life work of the Rev. J. Crossett, an independent American missionary in China. He died on the steamer "E. Dorado," *en route* from Shanghai to Tien-Tsin, on June 21st last. In speaking of Mr. Crossett Minister Denby couples his name with that of Father Damien, the Belgian missionary who died on the island of Molokai, and says: "Mr. Crossett's life was devoted to doing good to the poorest classes of Chinese. He would go out on the streets the coldest nights and pick up destitute beggars and convey them to refuge, where he provided them food. He also buried the dead at his own expense. He was known to the Chinese as the Christian Buddha. He was attached to no organization of men. He was a missionary pure and simple, devoted rather to charity than proselytism. He completely sacrificed himself for the good of the poorest of the poor. Let this American, then, be enshrined along with the devoted Belgian in the annals of men who loved their fellowmen."

Absence of Mind.

"Never was so put out in all my life as I was yesterday," remarked Jones at his club the other day. "Just fancy! I returned home at the usual hour, lit the gas, and was about retiring for the night when I took a notion to smoke a cigarette. Hunted high and low, but not the sign of a match could I find. In a rage I put out the light and went to bed."

"But why didn't you light your cigarette by the gas?" asked someone.

"Great heavens!" cried Jones, in comical despair, "if I'd only thought of it."

How to Clean a Baby's Nails.

Every mother knows how difficult it is to clean the baby's finger-nails, says a writer in *Medical Classics*. By folding some tissue paper into a sharp point, and, when using it, calling the attention of the baby to something else, this simple task can be easily performed. The paper is so soft that it does not hurt the tender flesh, yet it is sufficiently firm to remove every particle of dirt.

The Correct Number.

Jones—I tell you what, Robinson, I have got one wife in a million.

Robinson—That's all right, Jones. If you had more than one we'd run you out of town for a Mormon.

Had Sawed Enough.

Lady of the House—Now, don't you think you could saw a little wood for me?

Tramp (who had just dined)—No, mum; sawing that there steak you just gave me is all the sawing I want to do for one day.

Arthur Gets Credited for Once.

"You didn't squeeze my hand when you left us last night, Arthur."

"How could I? The whole step was covered with girls."

"Well, you got credit for it, anyhow, by shaking hands with the crowd."

Every scrap of iron, wood, and paint work within reach of the hand upon the Eiffel Tower is already completely covered with pencil names and dates. The interiors of the elevators are similarly inscribed, and though the Tower has been opened complete but for a few weeks, there is not a pane of glass that is not scratched all over with the names of visitors.

In the Montreal General Hospital on Wednesday, a dose of ether was administered to a patient upon whom a minor surgical operation was performed, and death resulted.

—Little Dick—I can do something your papa can't do. The Little Thespian twins—What is it Little Dick—Draw a house. My mamma said he never drew one last season.

A severe hailstorm passed over parts of Austin yesterday. Many persons were killed.

EGYPTIAN CHICKENS.

How They Are Hatched by Millions in Rude Incubators.

The Egyptian chickens are smaller than the American variety and the eggs are only about half as large as those laid by the speckled hens on Uncle Sam's farm. The Egyptians are, however, far in advance of us in the science of raising chickens, says Frank G. Carpenter, and the incubating establishments of the country hatch out eggs by the millions every year. At a hatching establishment near the pyramids the farmers trade fresh eggs for young chicks, and the rate is two eggs per chick. Another artificial egg hatchery turns out 500,000 little chickens every season, and the oven crop of chickens in Egypt amounts, according to figures furnished me by the Consul-General, to more than 20,000,000 of chickens a year. We have about $200,000,000 worth of money invested in the fowl industry in the United States, an amount so large that all the money of Jay Gould could not equal it, and still we have to import more than 16,000,000 dozens of eggs every year. If America would adopt the Egyptian hatching system we could sell eggs instead of buying them, and our farmers might buy little chickens to raise at a price of 20 cents a dozen. More than 20,000,000 of little chickens are sold each year in this way in Egypt, and there is an envelope business in chickens just about old enough to walk.

The incubators are rude, one-story buildings, made of undried bricks, so arranged that the eggs are laid upon cut straw in racks in rooms, around the ovens, which are kept fired in during the hatching season. The outside walls are very thick and are built so they retain the heat, and the only thermometer used is the blood of the boy or man who attends the fires. By long practice these men learn just how hot the ovens ought to be kept, and they replenish the fires as the weather demands. A small amount of fuel is needed, and the temperature of the oven is about that of 98 degrees above zero. The fire is built up for eight or ten days before the eggs are put in, to thoroughly warm the hut, and after this time it does not go out during the season, which is from March until May. The eggs are turned four times a day while hatching. The whole outfit of an establishment which hatches over 200,000 chickens a year does not, I am told, cost more than $25, and one man runs the whole machine, keeping the fires, buying and turning the eggs, and selling the chickens. There are, in this incubator, twelve compartments, each 70 feet long, 60 feet wide and 16 feet high, and each of these compartments will hold 7,500 eggs at a time, or 90,000 eggs in all. It produced last year more than 230,000 chickens and did the work of more than 20,000 hens.

By Rail to Jerusalem.

The British consular agent at Jaffa in his last report on the trade of his district states that a concession for a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem has been granted by the Sultan to Mr. Joseph Navon, an Ottoman subject, for seventy-one years. It is stated that a company has been formed in England and France to carry out the scheme, and that the engineers are soon expected to undertake the work. The carriage road between Jaffa and Jerusalem has been greatly improved. The government sold last year the income from the toll of the road for £2,085, as compared with £1,812 the year before last, which shows an increase in the traffic. The Jewish colonies in Palestine are greatly improving; one of them, which is called Richon le Zion, has planted about 2,000,000 vines, all promising well. The colonists are great laborers; nearly all their land is cultivated. The greater part of them are Turkish subjects, and all subject to the laws of the country.—*London Times.*

Nothing Like Getting Used to It.

A few years ago the colored brethren established a church near the residence of our good old friend Robert Wolters. At first the noise disturbed the old gentleman much, and thinking the best way out of the trouble would be to buy them out he made a proposition; they hooted at the offer. Time went on and they began to figure up the price offered by Mr. Wolters for the building against the cost of a new edifice elsewhere in town. It was developed that the price offered would build two houses like it. A committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Wolters and the chairman said: "Mr. Wolters, we have come to accept the offer you made us last year for the church." "Church? Nonsense! I've got used to the fuss now and couldn't sleep a wink without it. No, no, I don't want it. Go on with the meeting."—*Schulenberg, Texas, Messenger.*

What We Must Wear.

Another threatened innovation is in frock coats. Nobody wears frock coats nowadays but elderly gentlemen and country brethren from way back. But it is not the recent frock coat with which we are threatened—the genteel garment, whose skirts come down well below the middle thigh—but a substitute for it closely resembling the bobby coat which Thomas and James wear when they go out with the coach and the horses. This frock coat is now worn to a considerable extent in England, and that it will at least be offered in New York is a foregone conclusion. Its distinguishing feature, of course, is its short skirts, which reach nearly to mid-thigh, and present an appearance quite devoid of the dignity we are wont to associate with full-skirted garments.—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Road to Wealth.

"Mr. Jones!" said the old millionaire.

"Yes, sir," answered the private secretary.

"Here are fifty begging letters. Answer them all with a refusal."

"Yes, sir."

"And you will observe that every one has a two-cent stamp inclosed for reply."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, answer them on a postal."

The New West.

Usher (at reception in Chicago, pompously, as Mr. Foot and daughters enter)—Mr. Foot and the Misses Feet!

And yet they say Chicago has no culture.

Jinks—Been to the circus, eh? See anything new? Blinks—Yes, the children who laughed at the clowns were new.

How to "Make Coffee."

Dr. W. Junker, the African traveller, says: "Any European who believed that the decoction of coffee-beans which had been tasted at home deserved the name of 'coffee' is soon convinced of his error after sojourning for a while in Turkey, Egypt or Arabia. He will, indeed, at first be somewhat surprised always to find some sediment in his cup, which he is apt to overlook until he has swallowed some. But he will soon learn to sip the aromatic liquid carefully from off the sediment. The proper way to prepare coffee is as follows: The beans, which should, of course, if possible, be of the very best quality (genuine Mokka), are carefully examined, and all damaged ones picked out, constituting then what is known as *el-bunn es-saft*. Immediately before use the requisite quantity is freshly roasted and powdered, which latter is preferably done in a wooden mortar. The powder should be quite fine like flour. Water having been brought to a boil in a suitable kettle or vessel, a certain quantity of the powder—a small spoonful for every small cupful of coffee to be drawn from the vessel—is added, the whole stirred, and the vessel replaced on the fire until the liquid boils and foams up. It is then removed and the coffee served."

Nutmegs.

The nutmeg is the innermost kernel of the fruit of a small tree that grows about thirty feet high. It is a native of the East Indies, but it is cultivated in other tropical lands. It has a small yellow flower. The fruit is small and peachlike, but with a smooth surface, and turns yellow when ripe. The exterior, a thick, fleshy husk, dries up and cracks, disclosing the nut. The outer covering of this nut is what we know as mace. It is red at first, but turns to a light brown when dried. Next comes a hard, shining shell, and inside that is the nutmeg. The tree bears about the eighth or ninth year from the seed. The mace is taken off and dried in the sun for one day, and for eight days in the shade, then dampened with sea water and pressed in bags. The remainder of the nut is very thoroughly dried, when the shell is broken and the nutmegs assorted, the best ones being exported. They are first pickled in lime-water, then left to sweat, and finally packed for shipment. The Penang nutmegs, the best, are about an inch long, pale brown, corrugated on the surface, with red streaks in the gray interior.—*London Standard.*

Watch Screws.

It is asserted that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel wheel screw is the next thing to be invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust: with a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are 1-1,000th of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double: it is also estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws. No attempt is ever made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place 100 of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine 10,000 at a time. The plate on which the polishing is performed is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion.—*New York Star.*

The Hebrew Oath.

In the city court this morning in the case of Charles Freeman against Charles Goldman for the recovery of $25, the orthodox Hebrew oath was administered by the Jewish rabbi. To take the oath the witness has to wash his hands and put on a *Talith*, or prayer cloak, and while swearing to take and hold in his hand a tora, or the five books of Moses, written on parchment, for the use of the house of worship. The party must swear by the name of Jehovah, and, looking at the word, he shall swear: "I swear by Adonai," and concludes his oath, "So help me God to future happiness." A small casket contains the ten commandments and is held in the left hand, a strap attached being bound about the arms, and another such casket is strapped on the temple. The rabbi administered the oath to several witnesses before court adjourned for dinner.—*Utica Observer.*

She Spat on Her Bait.

We had long since voted her the prettiest girl in the boat. This would have been an offset for poor luck at fishing if she had only known it, but we weren't saying a word for fear of spoiling her, when by and by she looked up to the grizzly old captain and asked: "Captain, shouldn't I spit on my bait to bring luck?" "Guess you should," he replied. "Lemme put on a fresh shrimp and then you can spit." "Real hard?" "Yes." "All the spit I can?" "Yes." She held the hook within three inches of her nose, twisted her tongue three or four times and then gave a "huchoo!" We saw something fly overboard, heard a scream of despair and next moment the prettiest girl fell in a heap in the bottom of the boat. She had thrown both plates of false teeth out of her head into 20 feet of water.—*New York Sun.*

It is said that Sir Charles Russell's fees in the Maybrick case amounted to 1,100 guineas; 200 guineas was the fee marked on his brief, and he received 300 guineas as a "special retainer, and a daily "refresher" of 100 guineas.

If you marry a girl who is fond of dress,
You'll have a hard row to hoe;
I'm a single man, but I know it's true,
For my mother told me so.

TESTS made in London have shown that the value of coal wasted in smoke from the domestic fireplaces in that city amounts to $11,282,500 annually, while the aggregate waste of unconsumed carbon is $13,000,000 a year, and the damage to property caused by the smoky atmosphere is put down at $10,000,000. The effect upon human life and health of an enormous volume of hydro-carbon and carbonic-oxide gases pouring into the atmosphere daily is fearful to contemplate, and science could do nothing more practical than to bend its energies to the solution of such a great economic problem.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts. One door North Revenue Office

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

The minutes of Artemesia Council, which met on Monday, will appear next week.

A new and commodious station is in course of erection by the C. P. R. at Proton Station.

In another column will be found a "pay call" notice to subscribers that will be of interest to all our readers.

Mrs. Levi Hall and Miss Fogarty, of Churchville, paid a short visit to friends in the vicinity of Kimberley lately.

Mr. Chas. Lettau of Toronto, who has been visiting with the editor's family for the past three weeks, returned home on Saturday.

We are crowding out a large number of small advertisements this week. Your immediate attention to them is earnestly requested.

The Messrs. R. and A. Nelson, mill owners, are erecting a new store at Proton Station. They will also enlarge their grain warehouse.

The program of South Grey Teachers' Institute, to be held in Durham on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3 and 4 next, has just been issued from this office.

We have received a copy of prize list of the Great Northern Exhibition, to be held in Collingwood on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25, 26 and 27.

Mr. A. H. N. Jenkins, of libel fame, one time editor of the Durham Chronicle and Brussells Budget, has secured a situation as managing editor of the Brantford daily Telegram.

Those of our subscribers who are in arrears on their subscription accounts, will find a notice printed in our local columns that is of interest to them.

Wanted to Purchase!

A good, heavy, 2 year old filly colt. Apply to P. Hannan, Flesherton P.O.

More Honey.

Another large quantity of honey has been left at this office for sale. Twelve cents a pound in small quantities. A reduction will be made on 25 lbs. and over.

"Thoroughbred Ganders."

A pencil-written notice was posted in the Flesherton hotel last Saturday announcing that "seven well-bred geese and two thorough-bred ganders" would be offered at public auction that afternoon. The sale did not come off, however, as the owner put in an appearance and claimed the property.

Advertise Stray Animals.

When an animal or article is lost the quickest way to recover it is by advertising it in the newspaper. A great many people adopt the penny wise and pound foolish policy of tramping the neighborhood over in fruitless search of the missing object, losing more time than would pay for an advertisement many times over.—[Ex.

Unrestriced Reciprocity

may be of inestimable advantage to Canada or it may be a mere "fad" as its opponents call it, but no one can deny that Nasal Balm, has done more for sufferers from catarrh than any other remedy known. Mr. Thomas Roche, Rochefort, Ont, says :—I have suffered severely from catarrh, and never got any relief until I used Nasal Balm. I never thought I could find so sure a cure. It is a pity all afflicted with catarrh do not know of and use this wonderful medicine.

The Crops.

Through information received from various points we learn that throughout the townships of Euphrasia, Artemesia and Osprey, all kinds of grain are yielding well, with oats and peas exceptionally good. In Proton, most of Glenelg and Melancthon the yield is poor, with the exception of oats and peas, which appear to have done well in all sections. Barley in these townships is not of good quality, owing to rains. Harvesting will be well advanced this week, owing to the exceptionally fine weather of the past two weeks.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says : "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Keep it in Order.

The school bell once more sheds forth its accents upon the ambient air. The bell rope breaks regularly about once a week, when the bell's melody ceaseth. Could not the rope be replaced with wire? We like to here the lingering, vibrating accents of the aforesaid bell as it hustles the youngsters off to the place of execution (they execute their studies you know), where the rod tireth not, and the muscular development of the master getteth in its handiwork. Keep the bell in order and let us enjoy the memories it awakens.

Fine Plums.

The individual who says this country cannot raise good fruit, frost or no frost, is away off in his calculations. We had a large basket of plums sent us from Kimberley on Monday which was hand some enough to make an epicure's mouth water. They were all extraordinarily large, and luscious to a degree which no other fruit can attain. We measured one which proved to be 6½ inches in circumference one way and 5¾ the other. There were numbers of others equally large, in fact they all appeared to be nearly of a size. The plums were grown by Mr. J. M. Thurston, of Kimberley, and discount anything we have seen for a long time.

Tried to Jump to Death.

The other night while J.W. Henderson, Esq., was coming from Toronto, an intoxicated young man boarded the train at Dundalk with the intention of stealing a ride to Proton Station. He took up a position on the back end of the rear coach, and when approaching Proton Station, while the train was still travelling at the rate of about 30 miles per hour, the individual in question attempted to jump off. Mr. Henderson, who luckily chanced to be standing near him, grabbed his collar but could not pull him upon the steps. However, a brakesman opportunely put in an appearance and caught his legs, and in this way he was held up until the train arrived at the station. Here the conductor made him "whack up" under threats of arrest. It was a pretty close call for Mr. drunk, and as it was his pants were manufactured into ribbons and the cuticle of his legs tickled to an extent that he will not soon forget.

A Dotard.

We neglected noticing last week that while in Markdale on Tuesday we enjoyed a pleasant visit with friend Rutledge, of the Standard. He pronounced business as being quiet. Brother Rutledge is genial and affable. If he would but do his own editorial work, and not allow the addle-pated, hysterical nincompoop who wrote what editorial he had last week, access to his columns, the respect entertained for him by his readers would be more in ratio with the aforesaid qualities than they are at present. The writer referred to likens The Advance to Shakespeare's Dogberry. It is not a character that any person need be ashamed of. On one Occasion Dogberry had to deal with two hypocritical rascals, and the writer of the article referred to strikes us as being at least a fair representation of one of them. He would have us believe that he is the only immaculate seer in christendom, and in this case endeavors to hide it behind scurrility. But in the words of Dogberry, "No thou villian, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness."

Personals.

Miss Sarah Smith is visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. Skene, of the Sault, is visiting at Mr. W. P. Crossley's.

Miss Belle Christoe is visiting friends in and east of Toronto.

Mr. A. Munshaw and son took in the Barnum show in Toronto on Monday.

Miss Frances Beecroft has secured the position of head milliner with a large firm in Collingwood.

Dr. T. Henderson, dentist, is about paying a visit to British Columbia and California, and will not visit Flesherton professionally for some months. It will be a well-earned rest for Dr. Henderson.

Mr. Ed. and Miss Lizzie Richardson left for Owen Sound on Monday evening, the former to attend the Collegiate Institute in preparation for a second year at the University, and the latter to attend Model School.

A Strange Disappearance.

A few weeks ago a young man, who gave his name as Plaxton, arrived at Munshaw's hotel, claiming to be a representative of the Globe newspaper. He appeared to be in no haste, and remained nearly two weeks. He was affable and pleasant, and made himself quite at home and a favorite around the hotel. On Monday of last week, however, he suddenly disappeared, leaving no clue as to his destination. In fact no one saw him leave, and it could not be discovered which direction he took. He ate dinner as usual but could not be found at tea time. His room did not present the appearance of anticipated departure, as everything was left as he had used it, even to the case of a costly meerschaum pipe. He left behind him a large quantity of clothing and books sufficient to more than cover the cost of his board several times over. Mr. Munshaw will not entertain the idea that there was anything crooked about the young man, and still expects to hear from him. However, his strange departure appears unexplainable, and if something is not soon learned as to his whereabouts inquiries should be instituted to ascertain where he was from and where he has gone. It is remarkable, to say the least, that he could disappear thus in broad daylight without any person having seen him depart.

Any amount of honey for sale at this office.

Married in Dakota.

The following particulars of the marriage of Mr. Herbert Strain, of Minot, Dakota, (an old Flesherton boy) to Miss Sarah Abrams, of Pembina, appeared in the Pembina Express of date August 2 :

The ceremony was preformed at the residence of the bride's mother, in the presence of a large number of relatives and invited guests. The presents were numerous and beautiful. Many were the artistic handworks of the donors and all were tasteful and appropriate. After the ceremony, the guests sat down to a bountiful repast whose variety was only excelled by its elegance. After some time spent in social converse and merry making, the guests departed at a late hour, wishing the new married pair every blessing known to mortals. The groom is a member of the mercantile firm of Strain Bros. of Minot, N.D., and was formerly connected with the business of Shaw & Charlton of this city. While a citizen here, by his urbane manners, business abilities and good habits, he earned the regard and respect of a large number of friends who will be glad to learn that he has been successful in his Minot venture and will congratulate him on this last addition to his capital. Of the bride we can truly say that her place in church and social circle will be hard to fill. She is a fine musician, both instrumental and vocal, and is possessed of a talent of executive power that made her a leader in social entertainments and gatherings. She was for several years deputy auditor of this county and the public examiner paid her the compliment of having the neatest set of books that he had seen. Very few couples start out in the dual relation with more good wishes from as large a circle of warm friends, for all the pleasures of the wedded state than do this popular and happy pair.

The same paper of date Aug. 22 tells of a farewell gathering in Pembina, of which Mrs. Strain was the heroine. It was given by the Methodist congregation of that place, and during the evening Mrs. Strain was presented with a handsome silver water set valued at $25. The Advance vies with its western confrere in offering the heartiest of well wishes to the happy couple, which will be echoed by very many of Mr. Strain's old friends and acquaintances here.

Special.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the American farmer, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers, who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date, and to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first-class farm journal free. The American Farmer is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens—American farmers—whose industry is the basis of all material and national prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the American Farmer is $1.00 per year. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. From any one number ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of your household, BUT YOU GET IT FREE. Call and see sample copy.

Servant girl wanted :—Apply to Mrs. W. Irwin, Flesherton.

A Narrow Escape.

Geo. Snell, a young man 18 years of age, living on the back line, west, while approaching the cheese factory with a load of milk on Tuesday morning, met with a serious accident which might easily have proved fatal. While descending from the street to the factory his team became unmanageable and started to run. The wagon struck a stone and the collision broke the wagon tongue, letting the horses free. The lines became entangled, drawing Snell from the wagon, and one wheel of the latter passed over his body just above the hips. The injured man was carried to Dr. Carter's office and from thence home. At last accounts he was able to walk around. It was an exceedingly narrow escape.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, ringing and roaring in the head, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. The worst cases, when neglected, end in head results in Catarrh, Deafness, Consumption and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price 50 cents and $1 00 by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Beware of imitations similar in name.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

CAME ASTRAY!

Came to the premises of James Fisher, Lot 28, 5th Con. Artemesia, on or about the first of May last, one red steer supposed to be a 2 year old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away.

JAMES FISHER.

Flesherton, Aug. 5, 1885.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

A Complete History of the Johnstown and CONEMAUGH VALLEY FLOOD

embracing also, a history of the floods in Williamsport, Lock Haven, Sunbury, and all the flooded districts in the State of Pennsylvania, also in Washington, D. C., New York, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, all of which caused the total loss of over 11,000 lives and the destruction of over $40,000,000 worth of property;

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Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

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Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L.D.S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale on the first Monday in each month.

Flesherton every Tuesday following.

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FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE. SPROULE'S BUILDING, EVERY THURSDAY.

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AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

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MATERIAL FURNISHED

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Residence one door south of Advance Office.

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POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Hub Thill Spring,

MANUFACTURED BY

Butts & Ordway,

147, Pearl St., Boston.

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.

—FOR SALE AT—

Heard's Carriage Shop

Competition Defied!

PRICES CHALLENGED

THE PEOPLE

Wonder!

How we can sell so cheap and at the same time keep up the standard quality.

OUR MOTTO IS

SMALL PROFITS

—AND—

QUICK RETURNS.

And the large trade we are doing proves that our efforts to please and give satisfaction are appreciated by

To speak of our cheap or leading lines would mean to enumerate our whole stock which is in

FURNITURE

PARLOR

CONSISTS OF

Plush & Hair Cloth Suites,
Sofas,
Lounges,
Centre Tables
Sideboards,
Cupboards,
Chairs,
Etc.

—IN—

Bedroom

Furnishings

We have still better values than ever. Whole bedroom suites of beautiful finish and design at remarkable low prices. Spring Matresses and Mixed Wool Matresses lower than ever.

J. E. MOORE

Furniture Dealer and Funeral Director.

1 & 2,
Durham St.,
FLESHERTON

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

A Barrie lad named Smith cut his foot and died of lock jaw.

Kincardine will probably give $700 to bonus a stove manufactory.

Mr. Andrew Shore, Collingwood township, got his shoulder dislocated by being thrown out of a buggy in Meaford.

Neil Campbell, of Bentinck, died recently. He was 87 years old and never knew what sickness was until he experienced the one which took him off.

Early yesterday morning Mr J.C. Shook's saw mill at Corbetton was burned to the ground, together with about 60,000 feet of lumber (mostly hardwood) and 40,000 shingles. The mill was valued at $3000; insured for $1000. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, as there had been no fire in the mill since Saturday. The loss is a severe one to Mr. Shook and to the village.—[Shelburne Economist.

The Woodstock Sentinel Review says: A peculiar instance of the tenacity with which some animals cling to life has recently been brought light. Over a month ago Mr John Smith, of South Zorra, lost a steer and no trace of it could be found until a few days ago when some men working in the Mud Branch drain found the animal embedded in the mire. It was alive tho it is tolerable certain that it had been stuck fast in the bog for 30 days. On being liberated it was found that the flesh was laid bare on its back by the flies, hoofs were beginning to rot from its feet. It was still alive a day or two ago, a couple of days after it was removed from the mud.

On Sunday, the 18th, a five-year-old daughter of Mr. Louis Werner, Clifford, was accidently shot by her brother, aged eight years. The parents had gone to a camp-meeting some nine miles distant, and had left a young girl in charge of the children. The revolver, a 32 caliber, was loaded and within reach of the boy who took it and pointing at the girl in charge said he would shoot her. It went off and the ball struck the little girl over the right eye, fracturing the skull and lodging in the brain. Three doctors were soon in attendance and everything possible was done to save the child, although scarcely any hope was entertained of its recovery. This is another of the many warnings parents have received not to leave loaded fire arms within reach of your children.—[Mt. Forest Rep

A very distressing and fatal accident occurred at the farm of Mr. Nicholas Brown, 14th concession of Bro[illegible] on Monday last, by which an active young lad named Timpson met a terrible death. Deceased was driving a self-binder and it seems had just ceased work owing to rain, when the horses took fright at something and prepared to dash off. Timpson jumped to the front in order to seize the animals by the head, but in some manner fell directly in front of the machine, which was pulled over him. The knives tore and cut him in a horrible manner and the fingers of the right-former severated his lungs. The unfortunate fellow lingered in terrible agony until Tuesday morning when death put an end to his sufferings. He was one of Dr. Barnardo's charges and was in every respect a model youth.

George Williams is an Englishman who is too lazy to work and would rather be in jail, where he is sure of three meals a day, than at liberty. He has spent ten years in the British army and ten more in different penitentiaries and prisons of this country. Two years ago he struck Orangeville and the same night the agricultural hall at the exhibition grounds fell a prey to the incendiary's torch. For this crime, which he frankly acknowledged, Williams spent two years in the Central prison at Toronto. On Thursday morning week the little stone building on Prince of Wales' road, known as the "Manc College," was discovered to be on fire, and when the honest farmers of the vicinity gathered to extinguish the blaze they were coolly told by Williams that he was the man who applied the match. Williams, of course, was at once arrested, taken before Police Magistrate Pattullo and committed for trial. He was arraigned before Judge McCarthy on Tuesday of last week, and, as he rather likes his quarters in the "Castle," elected to be tried by a jury at the fall assizes. The prisoner, who is about 45 years of age and of robust appearance, has been pronounced sane by Jail Physician Lewis. He makes a specialty of burning public buildings, his sole object evidently being a desire to end his days in jail. It is a pity that the law does not permit of the addition of the cat-o' nine-tails to his sentence.—[Orangeville Advertiser.

The New Butter Extractor.

An ingenious fellow in Sweden has invented a machine for making butter from milk nearly fresh from the cow and it now looks as though a great revolution in butter making is about to occur, brought about by this wonderful machine The whole process of extracting butter from milk by its use is a mystery to us and we can only stand back in amazement and await further developments. The success of this process, however, is proven beyond doubt, and the following description, taken from Hoards' Dairyman, will throw some light upon the method of making butter by means of the Extractor:

"One month ago, the machine was set up at 90 Wall street, New York, and has since been astonishing every manipulator of milk, cream and butter who has inspected it. It takes sweet milk at a temperature of 62 degrees, runs it through the machine at the rate of 1,500 pounds per hour—the skimmed milk—there is no buttermilk about it—coming out at a point on the periphery of the bowl, and the granulated butter from the center. The machine is much like the Danish-Western separator, as to the main bowl; and it has inside of the said bowl another device called the "disturber," into which the cream enters as it seeks the center, and as we understand it from the cut and the explanation, a secondary separation is effected in the disturber that eliminates all the serum of the milk from the fat, save a little more than 1 per cent. of the caseine matter. As the most charming of the purest cream obtainable, by any of the old processes, leaves one per cent.; and the great bulk of the butter has 2 to to 3 per cent., and some of the poorest from 6 to 7 per cent. it will be seen it turns out butter essentially the same as freedom from the matter that makes butter go rancid, as we get from best churning.

Owen Sound Summer Carnival.

From our Special Correspondent.

Early in the day visitors could be seen wending their way towards our town which was decorated for the occasion. Shortly after noon excursionists began to arrive from Meaford, Wiarton, Collingwood, Brampton and Toronto. These friends were met at the station and the wharf by many of our populace, who were headed by the "Citizens' Own Band." By 3 o'clock over 3,000 persons had assembled on the pleasure grounds to witness the many sports of which our town in this northern region takes the lead. It is unnecessary to say that all were well pleased with the manner in which the boys acquitted themselves. Early in the evening firemen were on the alert. From every point Chinese lanterns could be seen swaying in the breeze while the ear was pleased with the grand music which was furnished by the "Diamond Oil Company" and our three town bands.

From the Patterson House the Citizens' Own led the procession down Poulett street. Then followed the nautical display. Every craft in town appeared to have paid a visit to China for their many quaint illuminations. The fast sailing steam ship, the Cambria, led the way, followed by the Mocking Bird with her fleet of forty sail. Near the dry dock professor Hans stationed his artillery. For hours the sky was one beautiful picture of medleyed stars and whirling meteors while over and anon balloons shot across the northern sky, shedding forth glory on their way. No doubt the numerous visitors bore away many pleasant recollections of the day's enjoyment, and will often think of the stirring enterprise of our people and the grand enlivening scenery that surrounds our fair young city.

Eugenia.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Mrs. Plembel and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Plembel, of Buffalo, have been visiting at William Purvis, near Eugenia, with some other friends. They spent a very pleasant afternoon visiting the caves and the falls. They also went down the Lovers' Walk and got pretty well tired out coming back. Mrs. Plembel has been a resident of Buffalo for forty two years. She was delighted with the scenery around Eugenia, and the pure air and good water. She says if they only had such picnic grounds near Buffalo what a grand pleasure resort would be made of it. Mrs. Plembel hopes to return in the near future and pay a longer visit to this romantic village.

Miss Ballie, of Chicago, is visiting at Mr. Jamison's. She is a very welcome visitor among her many friends around Eugenia, who still look forward with pleasure to her annual visit every summer.

Mr. J.R. Hogg has gone to reside in Toronto. Every one is sorry at his leaving the Falls. May he prosper where ever he goes. He is a good, honest young man.

Feversham.

From our own Correspondent.

There is an excellent crop—one without arrival for many years—in Osprey this year.

Our popular merchant has been able to withstand the commercial opposition he has so often met with. He is here still, and commands a good patronage.

W. McGirr got up at 21 minutes past five Wednesday morning. He must have been in a somnambulistic state. What think ye?

Our hotel is run on a very quiet style. No intruders, not so much as a tiny mouse.

Rev. Mr. McNeil has been away on a visit to his home to see his aged father. He will soon return.

Feversham school house was entirely rejuvenated during vacation, re-raised, newly plastered and neatly painted. The attendance is small caused by the big harvest.

Our saw mill is doing very [illegible] not because the water is low [illegible]

Flesherton Station

From our own Correspondent.

Weather exceedingly hot, fine for harvesting. Farmers start[illegible] success to their operations. Crops promise to be large in quantity and fair in quality, except wheat, some complaint of it, but wheat is not a staple around here. Always the stepping done in wood, pea[illegible] are not coming on, but [illegible] expect that it will be large in supply and profitable to handling this year. Good opening just now at the station for a shoemaker, a tailor, a saddler, and a tinsmith might also live and be useful.

There has been some sickness; one house has run quite a baby farm for the last month, succeeding, however, in the safe bringing through of two infants.

One of our esteemed young ladies was taken ill this week. All wish her a speedy recovery.

Noodlers around the station at the present time, thanks to the good demand of harvest work.

General News.

Mrs. W. E. Christian, the only child of Stonewall Jackson, died of typhoid fever at Charlotte, S.C., Friday.

At Fenelon Falls on Thursday, Percy, the little son of W.E. Ellis, druggist, was drowned while playing about the canal works.

Upon reaching Kingston prison, Mrs. Maybrick was examined by the prison physician, and upon his orders she was placed in the infirmary.

At Chattanooga, Tenn., Ida McLain, a beautiful young woman, burned herself to death, because her relatives had disagreed with her and she was tired of life.

Bail has been refused in the case of Mrs. Hicks, who is charged with having poisoned her brother in Toronto.

The Atlas woollen mills at Whitby were burned Friday.

At the New Hampshire State Fair a young couple were publicly married in a balloon, and immediately after the ceremony ascended on their bridal tour.

Wm. Pile, aged 72, a cripple, wandered away from his home, near St. Thomas, twelve days ago. Wednesday his body was found in a buckwheat patch half a mile from home. His crutches had broken, rendering him powerless, and he had died from starvation. A path through the fields showed where he had pulled himself along by burying his fingers in the ground.

Gus Witherspoon, of Yorkville, S. C., colored, whose capacity for disposing of eggs was well known, wagered a dollar on Wednesday that he could eat seven dozen eggs at one sitting. He stationed himself in a comfortable position at ten o'clock in the morning and four hours later he arose and was the heavier by eighty-four fried eggs, which he had swallowed during that time. He was well satisfied with his meal, but died the next day in great agony.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A Kingston man wants to form a syndicate to bore down a thousand feet to find what is under the city.

A woman who lived near St. Thomas was vaccinated and never recovered from the effects.

Gananoque had a $61,000 fire Sunday.

Fall Shows.

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs in this vicinity:

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
East Grey	Flesherton	Sept. 24 and 25
Artemesia	Priceville	Oct. 3rd
Glenelg	Markdale	26 and 27
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 24 and 25
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27
Central Ag'l Society	Walters Falls	Sept. 24 and [illegible]
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9th [illegible]

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered as it's certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

STREETSVILLE, P. Q., May 3, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavins and Stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,
J. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,
D. J. O'KEEFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors,
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

$83 Sewing-Machine FREE

At once we will place, free of charge, in all parts of the country, among our customers and others, a few of our high-arm, improved, lock-stitch sewing-machines. In order that you may see what kind of goods we make and where the people can see them, we will send, free of charge, to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments complete. We will also send, free of charge, to the same person a complete set of the most useful articles in use in every family, and one of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand, new machine is made after the Singer patents (which have run out) and is fully warranted for 10 years. It is worth and will sell for $83.50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All sent free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the best line of works of high art ever shown together in America.
TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

REMOVAL

I beg to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING

done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sloughs, Buggies, Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

FOUR MEN HANGED.

The New York Murderers Meet Their Fate this Morning.

HOW THEY FACED DEATH.

A NEW YORK despatch of last night says: Packenham and Nolan were hanged at 6 55 a. m. on the Franklin street scaffold, and Lewis and Carolin on the Leonard street scaffold at 7.03 a. m. A number of visitors called yesterday to pay their farewell visit. The two faithful Sisters of Mercy, who have been unwearying in their ministrations to the murderers, came in the forenoon at 11 o'clock and remained with them until 7 in the evening. Father Prendergast and Father Galinas arrived at that hour to assume the charge of the men until death should relieve them. Pat Nolan's sister and the two men cousins, who have called on him several times since he was sentenced, were with him yesterday. A young man also came to see him. The women broke down and sobbed hysterically, while Nolan looked at them curiously and puffed a little faster on his cigar, which he chewed nervously. "You don't do any good by crying," he said at last, "for that won't help things any." Later a message was brought to gray-haired Packenham telling him that his children were coming and he stepped briskly up to the wire netting of the cage. His son and daughter entered the corridor. He cut their visit short, telling them not to grieve for him and to take warning by his gloomy fate. Their sobs echoed along the walls of the corridor as they withdrew. In the evening, a little before 10 o'clock, young Robert Packenham, who had come from his farm work to see his father on the vigil of his death, returned to the prison and a still more affecting interview than that of the morning took place between them. Under-Sheriff Sexton was obliged to lead the boy, who was sobbing, away. After supper the condemned men were taken to the yard for a last taste of air and recreation. They ranged themselves along the wall of the prison, and

SMOKED, LAUGHED AND TALKED

as if they had no connection with the dreadful ordeal of the coming day. By midnight the men were in bed and asleep. At 4.30 o'clock, the men were busy arranging their last toilet. Nolan paid particular attention to the arrangementof his necktie, while Lewis spent most of his time in blacking his boots. Packenhan and Lewis shook hands with night-keeper Orr and bade him good-bye in voices devoid of tremor. At 5 o'clock the march to the chapel was commenced, Father Prendergast leading. For three-quarters of an hour the group remained in the chapel, the priests busy with the religious rites. After mass had been said the men were returned to the cage, where breakfast was served. It was a bountiful meal, and all the men partook. It was arranged that Packenham and Nolan, both being tall and of a size, were to be hanged together on the scaffold which had been erected on the Franklin side of the prison. Carolin and Lewis were to be hung on the gibbet on the Leonard street side of the jail. At 6 54 the condemned men emerged from the jail accompanied by the priests. Father Prendergast supported Packenham and Father Galenas walked alongside of Nolan. The procession brought up with Father VanRenselaer. The arms of the condemned men were pinioned and over the shoulder of each was

THE BLACK CAP

with its long streaming ribbon flapping in the wind. Packenham's face was of a ghastly pallor, but his step was firm. He looked unflinchingly into the faces around him. Nolan hardly appeared to realize his position. There was a half-defiant look in his countenance, and he cast his eyes up at the cross-beam from which two ropes dangled with something akin to curiosity. The rope around his neck, with the knot pressing against his left ear, seemed to chafe him, for he moved his head uneasily once or twice in his brief walk to death. Nolan took his place under the rope hanging nearest the Franklin street walk. Packenham was four feet away from his companion and next the prison. Both men turned and grasped the priests by the hands, wringing them fervently. The traps were then sprung and the bodies of the murderers were

JERKED INTO THE AIR.

With the rebound came the sound of the falling weight plunging to the ground. For an instant there was not a movement, and then a tremor passed through the frame of Nolan. His legs were drawn up slightly and his chest heaved faintly. Packenham remained motionless for fully 30 seconds, and then came a violent trembling from head to foot. His body swayed from the hips downward for half a minute and became still. At the expiration of four minutes there was a mighty throe almost together in the suspended murderers. Packenham's pulse had gone up to 96 and then sank rapidly to 50 beats a minute. Nolan's pulse at the fourth minute was at 70, but it became weaker and weaker, and at the expiration of five minutes was no longer perceptible. There was a slight muscular contraction then in Nolan. As his body swung round a tiny stream of blood could be seen trickling down his neck; the rope had abraised a small sore in his neck. At 7.10 o'clock both men were pronounced dead, but were permitted to hang fifteen minutes longer. While this scene was being enacted preparations were being made for what proved to be the most shocking spectacle that has ever taken place within the walls of the Tombs. The hanging of Carolin and Lewis in several aspects is probably unparalleled. Two minutes after 7 Carolin and Lewis with the priests came through the door. Lewis walked unsteadily the first dozen paces, but quickly recovered himself. Carolin had the butt of a

CIGAR BETWEEN HIS LIPS,

and was puffing vigorously, blowing great clouds of smoke into the faces of the attending priests. He glared at the men of God as he turned around and felt the rope touch his shoulder. Spitting the cigar stump from his mouth he broke out into blasphemy that horrified the spectators. Atkinson had just pinioned his legs when he spoke. Looking sullenly at the three priests he suddenly exclaimed, "I die an innocent man, —— —— it. I didn't do this thing." Lewis, who had then been pinioned, half turned his head, and addressing his companion said: "What's the matter with you anyway? Why don't you die like a man?"

"I WILL DIE LIKE A MAN"

shrieked Carolin, his face turning perfectly livid. "I will die like a man, an innocent—" The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Atkinson had clapped the black cap over the murderer's face. The assistant hangman covered Lewis' face at the same moment. Atkinson gave three deliberate raps with a perceptible interval between them. The sound of a blow came from within the box and the weight fell. Instead of bounding up as Packenham and Nolan had done, the miserable wretches went into the air with so little force that there was scarcely any rebound at all. Lewis immediately began to struggle in the most sickening manner, throwing his legs about so violently as to kick off his slippers, then he began to gurgle and choke, the rasping, wheezing sound came from under the black cap, for fully ten seconds his body turned and swayed, and the contortions were so painful that half a dozen men turned away their heads. The poor creature was slowly strangled. Carolin's body was violently contorted also, but he uttered no sound. The weight fell at 7.03 o'clock, and at 7.10 both men were dead. The four bodies hung for half an hour and were then cut down and put in plain coffins. All the murderers were strangled, but the deaths of Packenham and Nolan were comparatively painless; that of Lewis was agonizing.

ANOTHER GREAT WRECK.

Two Trains Collide, Killing Three and Wounding Twenty Persons.

A Petroleum, W. Va., despatch of Friday night says: A terrible collision occurred about 11 o'clock this morning between Petroleum and Silver Run tunnel, in which three men were killed and over twenty wounded. The accommodation train coming west crashed into a special train occupied by railroad magnates on a tour of inspection. The cause of the wreck is said to have been conflicting telegrams. The one received by the conductor and engineer of the accommodation ordered them to pass the special at Petroleum, while the special train, engineered by Capt. Rowland, is said to have had orders to pass the accommodation at Silver Run. The trains came together with a crash at the curve east of Petroleum. Both trains were running rapidly, and when they collided the special train and the engine, tender, and baggage car of the accommodation went over the cliff in one indescribable mass. James Layman, engineer of the accommodation, one of the oldest engineers of the Baltimore & Ohio Road, was crushed to death. Alex. Bailey, fireman, was also crushed in the wreck of the engines. Cephas Rowland, also one of the oldest engineers of Parkersburg, was caught under the wreck and received injuries from which he connot recover. John Fletcher, fireman on the special, was crushed to death. The special car, occupied by officials on an inspecting tour, was smashed into smithereens. Road-master J. A. Hunter was badly injured, with several others, including George Douglas. In the accommodation train were many passengers, all of whom received a terrible shaking up, and about twenty of them were more or less injured. R. J. Malley, trackmaster of Parkersburg, and a member of the City Council were badly injured. J. Rose, baggage master of the accommodation train, was also seriously hurt. Many of the injured passengers were hurried off on trains going east or west, and it was impossible to get their names.

THE DAILY SMASH.

A Freight Train Crashes Into Another Freight The Casualties.

A last night's Elmira, N. Y., despatch says: As a Lehigh Valley freight train, east-bound, was backing into a switch just west of Big Flats, about 10.30 last night, an Erie west-bound freight crashed into the centre of the train, badly smashing several cars of each train and derailing many others. Both tracks were blocked, and all the passenger trains during the night had to be sent around the wreck over the D. & L. R. The Erie train, No. 2, running at a high rate, crashed into the caboose and made a wood pile of several cars. The engine turned over and slipped partly down a twenty-foot embankment. Andrew Wallace, of Hornellsville, was buried under the wreck, and his scalp was nearly torn off. He was also badly burned and scalded and may die. Fireman Chas. Kimball, of Hornellsville, had an arm broken. His face and arms were badly scalded. The express car overturned and was smashed, but did not go down the embankment. Two expressmen crawled out of the car, slightly injured. The train consisted of a smoker, two day coaches, two empty excursion coaches, and two sleepers, well filled with passengers, who were tumbled about by the shock. Two passenger cars in the middle of the train were partially telescoped, but the passengers escaped with slight bruises. The wreck took fire from the engine, burning freight and wreckage, and consuming the express and baggage cars. The contents were mostly saved.

Swindling Uncle Sam.

A Boston telegram says: The complaints of ill-treatment and swindling upon the part of United States consular officers in the Maritime Provinces practiced upon American sailors who have been unfortunate enough to apply to them for aid or advice have been continually received by the State Department for some time; but it is only recently that the authorities took any action in the matter, the result being the catching of Consul Alfred W. Hart, of Canso, N.S., in a scrape that may interfere materially with his future liberty. Numerous complaints against this man led recently to Inspector Coogan, of the secret service, being sent to investigate, resulting in the discovery of a wholesale system of robbing American sailors and defrauding the Government on bills contracted to supply shipwrecked crews. He will be at least dismissed, if not prosecuted, is the latest from Washington.

The bill conferring the right of suffrage to women on the question of licensing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in this Commonwealth has passed the Senate on its final stage by a majority of 5. —*Boston "Temperance Cause."*

A TERRIBLE WRECK.

An Express Train Jumps the Track at a Trestle.

ONLY TWO PERSONS ESCAPE INJURY

A Knoxville, Tenn., despatch of last night says: A horrible wreck occurred on the Knoxville, Cumberland Gap & Louisville Railroad, at Flat Gap Creek, 22 miles from here, at 10.30 this morning. The train was the first to go over the new road, and carried a select excursion of the City Council, the Board of Public Works, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, and the very flower of the business and professional men of Knoxville. The train of two cars left the track at a crossing, and the rear car went down a trestle. Only one man was uninjured. It was impossible to obtain medical aid for a long time, and until 4.30 p. m., when the train reached Knoxville, scanty attention was rendered. Many had to be brought back on flat cars, and the last part of the journey was made in a driving rain. Three men died from their injuries, and others cannot live. The dead are: Judge George Andrews, the most prominent lawyer in East Tennessee; S. T. Powers, a leading merchant, and former President of the East Tennessee Fire Insurance Company; and Alex. Reeder, a leading politician. The injured are: Alex. A. Arthur, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Isham Young, President, and Peter Keern, member, of the Board of Public Works; John T. Hearn, editor of the *Sentinel*; W. W. Woodruff, a leading wholesale merchant; Charles Seymour, attorney; Alexander Wilson, assistant chief engineer of the Knoxville, Cumberland Gap & Louisville Road; County Judge Maloney, Aldermen Barry and Hockings, Gen. H. S. Chubert, of the Governor's staff; A. J. Alberts, a wholesale merchant; Rev. R. J. Cook, Professor of U. S. Grant University; City Physician West, Judge H. H. Ingersoll, H. B. Wetsell, W. B. Samuels, C. Abbie, Capt. H. H. Taylor, S. McKelden, Ed. Barker, R. Schmidt, J. F. Kinsella, W. A. Park, one of the train crew, J. B. Hall and Philip Samuels, aged 10. Out of 56 persons on the train 41 were severely injured. The most intense excitement and sadness are apparent here to-night.

A Knoxville, Tenn., despatch of Friday says: When the relief train arrived here last night from the scene of the accident over 100 carriages were in waiting. The scene as the wounded and dead were being taken out on stretchers was a ghastly one. There was a great dearth of doctors, and many of the injured had to wait several hours for attendance. It is feared that this fact, together with a drenching rain, will render the after effects very serious. Seymour and Barker will lose their legs. There is little chance for Ald. Barry. In the wreck he was thrown against the window and his abdomen filled with powdered glass. With this exception all the others may recover, unless the explosion brings on complications. It is believed the wreck can be attributed to the condition of the road. Two years ago Knoxville subscribed $225,000 towards the construction of the road, and the contract expired to-day. It was to show the city authorities that the road was completed that the excursion was given.

A SEAFARING CRANK.

A Venturesome Sailor Rescued Just in Nick of Time.

A Gloucester despatch says: The schooner Martha Bradley arrived to-day from Grand Bank, having on board Capt. Charles T. Rogers, of the boat Nickel Odeon, who was picked up on the western edge of Grand Bank, August 10th, in a helpless condition. Rogers is 39 years old, a native of Duxbury, and a jeweller by trade, although he followed the sea when young. He sailed from Boston for Paris in his eighteen-foot Nickel Odeon on July 3rd, having taken on board all necessary equipments. He enjoyed favorable weather until the 8th, when he struck a gale from the northeast lasting 72 hours. When it abated he found himself on the Georges. By July 28th he had become so blind from the sun's glimmer on the water that he could not see his compass, and steered by the sun for three days. For the last fourteen days his boat drifted around at the mercy of the wind and sea, the mariner being nearly exhausted as well as almost blind, and spent most of his time lying in the bottom of the boat. When found his condition was such that he could have lived but a short time had he not been rescued. He could neither stand nor feed himself. Since then his health has improved, but he is still very weak. His eyesight has been partly restored. He leaves for home to-day.

The Struggle in Hayti.

A special received via New Orleans, dated Port-au-Prince, says the Haytian gunboat Defence has just come in, bringing the body of General Dardignac, Legitime's Commander-in-Chief, and the news that the whole of the south is lost to Legitime. The fight is now entirely between Port-au-Prince and the rest of Hayti, and people engaged in business see some reason to hope that the end is near. The loss of Dardignac is serious, but the loss of all the important cities in the south is disastrous to Legitime. Hippolyte announces that he will not storm Port-au-Prince.

PREVENTION of disease is both rational and scientific. If one knows the causes of most diseases, and can remove that cause, the diseases must disappear. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson of the University of the City of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The majority per cent. of all diseases are caused by unsuspected kidney poisoned blood. The late Dr. Dio Lewis in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

—Two people were talking science the other evening when the germ theory came under discussion. "Just to think we are composed of germs!" he exclaimed. "Why, then, we are all Germanes," said she. "Yes," said he, "except the Irish, and they are Mickrobes." After that the conversation changed.

Kate Claxton has a genuine success in "Bootle's Baby,"

HER SENTENCE COMMUTED.

Mrs. Maybrick will Spend Her Days in a Prison Cell.

PUBLIC OPINION ON THE CASE.

A last night's London cable says: The Queen has commuted the sentence of death against Mrs. Maybrick into one of penal servitude for life. The decision was announced to the unfortunate woman last evening. Sir John Puleston, expressing a natural and kindly interest in the prisoner, endeavored in the House this afternoon to obtain from the Home Secretary an expression of opinion, but Mr. Matthews laid down the principle that the advice tendered to Her Majesty under such circumstances could not be made a matter for question in the House. It is understood that what governed the Home Secretary in recommending the prerogative of mercy to the Crown was the doubt as to whether sufficient arsenic had been administered to Maybrick to cause his death, and as to whether death really came from arsenical poisoning. The opinion of the judges whose advice was sought by Mr. Matthews, and who studied the evidence, was that Mrs. Maybrick had given her husband poison with intent to kill. The result of the trial is, therefore, that Mrs. Maybrick is held by the law of England as guilty of adultery and of having endeavored to poison her husband, and for these crimes she must undergo imprisonment for life. The Home Secretary distinctly states that petitions for release or commutation will not be considered. The Home Secretary has arrived at the conclusion that the trial had been so conducted that as to the guilt of the prisoner the doubt remained which under the law of England made capital punishment impossible. The practical result of the agitation of the Maybrick case will be the creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

Touching the Home Secretary's decision in the Maybrick case, the *Times* says: "We shall hardly be wrong in saying that his decision will be received by the large majority of the public with relief. The case against Mrs. Maybrick was and remains a case of terribly strong suspicion, but suspicion which, after all, it is said, just misses moral certainty."

The *News* says: "The Home Secretary's decision is avowedly based upon the somewhat singular ground that though Mrs. Maybrick undoubtedly administered arsenic to her husband he may conceivably have died of something else."

The *Standard* says: "Mr. Matthews has commuted the sentence of death passed upon Mrs. Maybrick at the Liverpool assizes into one of penal servitude for life. The decision will be received with little surprise, and on the whole with a good deal of relief. If for no other reason, we should welcome Mr. Matthews' decision because it removes the faintest shadow of an excuse for the silly and offensive agitation of the last ten days. It would be too much to hope that even now this senseless clamor will be completely silenced. Sentimentalists and busy-bodies, who have so boldly advertised themselves at the expense of the unhappy woman, will be reluctant to retire to their original obscurity."

The Newcastle *Chronicle* hopes to see Mrs. Maybrick free. One step has been gained.

The Cardiff *Western Mail* says the commutation will be accepted with a feeling of relief, but it considers the decision a compromise.

The Sheffield *Telegraph* approves of the commutation, but would have strongly disapproved of the liberation of the prisoner by a free pardon.

The Nottingham *Daily Guardian* is surprised at the decision, holding that no middle course was open.

The Bradford *Observer* says that the cry will be that Mr. Matthews is illogical, that Mrs. Maybrick should be hanged or liberated.

The *Observer* considers the decision just.

The Bristol *Times and Mirror* considers that decision illogical, and likely to bring trial by jury into discredit.

UNHAPPY CHINA.

Terrible Loss of Life by Earthquakes and Floods.

A Sunday's San Francisco despatch says: The steamer Oceanic, which arrived to-day from Hong Kong and Yokohama, brings advices to August 10th of further details of the bursting of the Yellow river embankments in the Province of Shantung July 22nd. The destruction is widespread. The breach in the river is over 2,000 feet in length, and a swift current swept through, flooding to a depth of twelve feet a large extent of the country lying adjacent. Many houses were washed away, and a despatch from Chefoo states that the number of persons drowned is too great to be counted. Ten districts are already submerged, and it is feared many more in the low-lying country south will suffer a similar fate.

The latest advices concerning the earthquake at Kumamota, July 28th, place the number of killed at eighteen and the wounded at nineteen. Fifty-two dwellings were demolished. A telegram received on the 30th July states that fifty-three shocks had been experienced and that they continued to be felt. The inhabitants were sleeping in the open air. The same earthquake was felt in the Province of Clukugo. Considerable loss of life is reported, but no particulars have been received.

Ocean Parasites.

Everything is said to have its parasite, and the cable at the bottom of the sea is no exception. Cables have been taken up from a depth of a mile and a half with the hemp covering badly eaten away, and at a depth of over half a mile strong currents of the ocean have rasped the armored wires on the rocky bottom. Experience has not yet determined the full lasting qualities of electric cables. Specimens have been taken up which show no signs of deterioration after having been in the water for more than 35 years. Water, and especially salt water, seems to be a preserver of insulating compounds.

"Well, my dear, how would Farmer Brown suit you for a husband? He seems uncommon sweet on you lately." "Perhaps so, father; but his hair is so red that——" "True, true, my child; but you should recollect that he has very little of it."

THE GRASP OF LIGHTNING.

Terrible Experiences of a Lineman in New York.

A New York despatch says: On the west side of Eighth avenue, just above Thirtieth street, a line of eight or nine Brush electric light wires runs through several ailantus trees growing along the curb. The top of one of these trees was killed some time ago by being set on fire by the current. About 8 o'clock to-night Policeman Maginley saw the dead branches again ablaze. He telephoned to the Brush station for a lineman, and Patrick Driscoll and an assistant were sent around. Driscoll had no gloves, and the policeman advised him not to fool with the wires without them. He laughed at the caution, and climbed up the tree, fixing himself in the lower branches and using a small rope to fling over and break off the branches that touched the wires. As he did this, stray flashes of electricity darted about his hand, framing it in fire. McGinley was scared and called to him to come down, but he paid no attention. A few moments later the policeman heard a cry, and looking up saw Driscoll lying on his back upon a number of wires, with both hands reaching up and grasping another wire. Maginley ran to the nearest box and sent out a fire alarm to get a ladder. When he got back to the tree a crowd of people were shaking it as hard as they could, trying to shake down the line-man. Not seeing the wisdom of adding a broken neck to the injuries that Driscoll had already received, the policeman drove the crowd back and told them to leave the tree alone until the firemen came. Driscoll's assistant climbed the tree, and, sitting on a branch, kept hold of Driscoll to see that he did not fall. The line-man was apparently dead. He had not moved or spoken since he received the first shock. When the truck came the firemen pulled him out from among the wires in short order, and by the time they had him on the ground he was conscious. He was taken at once to his home, and the doctor soon reported that he was doing pretty well for a man who had spent fifteen minutes in close communion with a live electric light wire. His worst injuries were on his hands and forearm, which were burned to the bone. His hands may be permanently crippled.

HUSBANDS FOR TWO.

A Queer Scene on Board the Switzerland.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The eight taps by which 4 o'clock was announced upon the bell of the Red Star steamship Switzerland as she lay in the dock yesterday afternoon had hardly died away when the sharp twang of the dinner gong reverberated through the ship, and the steward marched through the vessel fore and aft, crying: "Come to the weddings! Come to the weddings! Come on, everybody! Two weddings in the second cabin!"

There was a rush of stewards and stewardesses, officers and crew and the few straggling passengers who had not yet left the ship, and the cabin was crowded when Magistrate Ladner tied the double nuptial knot and made husbands and wives of two immigrant couples.

Among the 210 immigrants who were shipped at Antwerp by the Switzerland were two young girls who attracted the attention of the stewardess, and at her instance the Immigration Inspectors informed them that they would not be permitted to land unless they should first find husbands for themselves. The girls were Maria Mayer, who came from Elberfield, Germany, and Pauline Volz, whose home was in Friedburg, Germany.

Among the steerage passengers was also Frederick Behle, who came from the home of Miss Mayer and was bound for Detroit, which was the destination of that young woman. Upon finding that she was refused a landing Behle stepped forward and informed the Immigration Inspectors that he was a friend of Miss Mayer and had come with her from her home. He said that he was willing to marry the girl.

Miss Volz was quickly rescued from her embarrassing position in a quite similar manner. Peter Michael, a shoemaker, who lives at No. 39 Washington avenue, presented himself on board the Switzerland, and said he had come to claim Miss Volz as his wife. He came from her native place to New York a few weeks ago.

With this solution of the trouble in sight Immigration Inspector John J. S. Rogers went up to Clerk Bird, of the Orphans' Court, and procured a pair of marriage licenses. When he returned to the steamship Magistrate Ladner was summoned, the double marriage ceremony was performed, and the two couples left the ship rejoicing.

The First English Woman Journalist.

It is related as a curious and interesting fact that Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the well known novelist, was the first English lady journalist, says the New York *Star*. It is now many years since she determined to trench upon the province of the male journalist, and began contributing to a monthly paper. Her contributions were gladly accepted, and her example nerved other literary ladies to venture into the journalistic arena. Mrs. Linton lives in a flat at Queen Anne's Mansions, at a giddy height, which commands a very extensive view of London housetops. She is a very industrious writer, but her marvellous facility spares her that painful, anxious toil which with other writers is the first condition of turning out good work. Mrs. Linton's memory of literary personages is remarkable. She still recollects Robert Southey, who was a near neighbor of her father in Cumberland; and bears Walter Savage Landor—who was, it may be said, her literary foster-father—in affectionate remembrance. Singularly enough, Mrs. Linton spent some years of her life in the house at Gadshill, rendered famous by Charles Dickens' association with it. Charles Dickens, by-the-bye, was her editor, and had the very highest opinion both of her literary merits and—no mean thing in writers—her reliability.

—A party of 50 Methodist clergyman sailed from New York the other day bound for Palestine, where they are to enjoy a camping tour for three months, with headquarters near Jerusalem.

—"It's always a relief to me when i. comes time to pay off Bridget," said Mrs Howskeep. "Why?" inquired her husband. "Because that is the only time when I feel positive that she doesn't employ me."

READING FOR THE LADIES.

The Gorgeous Dresses Worn by the Ladies at the Royal Wedding.

WHAT THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS WORE.

The bride wore a dress of white satin, with a train measuring some three yards in length and untrimmed, save for a bordering of satin folds. The front was completely covered with the finest Brussels lace, and a chatelaine of orange-blossoms fell over the folds at one side. In her hair she wore a wreath of orange blossoms, under a veil of finest Brussels, the design of which matched that on her dress. In the front of her bodice she wore one spray of orange blossom and a sprig of heather which the Earl of Fife had taken to her that morning at Marlborough House. Her ornaments were pearls and diamonds. A high collar finished the bodice at the back, but was open V-shape in front, showing a necklace consisting of one row of beautiful pearls under the folds of the bridal veil. Her sleeves were of lace, unlined, through which the beauty of her arms could be discerned. Her bouquet consisted of white moss roses and maidenhair fern. Her eight bridesmaids were in pink of the precise shade of a moss rose, a reposeful and quiet tint. The materials of their dresses were silk and crepe-de-chine. The bodices were V-shaped, both in front and at the back. Sashes of pink moire ribbon were brought from under the right arm and tied at the back, where they fell to the very edge of the dresses. These were made with short trains. A small cluster of pink moss-roses was fastened in each bridesmaid's hair, at the left side. They carried bouquets of pink moss-roses, wore pink stockings, and shoes with paste buckles. The bridesmaids were: The Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and the Countesses Victoria, Feodore and Helena Gleichen.

Her Majesty marked the occasion by introducing more white into her invariably sombre toilet than she has ever done before. The Queen's train and bodice were of the richest black brocade, opening on a front of a black silk grenadine, embroidered in a design of flowers in white silk. Her veil was of magnificent white lace, edged with a deep hem embroidered with a thicker version of the design, and some white tulle was also used to trim the bodice. Looking exceedingly bright, happy and well pleased, the Princess of Wales wore a dress of gray satin, the color of the feathers of a dove's breast. The bodice and train were backed and brocaded with silver, the design being oxeyed daisies and marguerite foliage. The front of the skirt was draped with flatly sitting folds of grey tulle wrought with silver in a closely-woven, most effective design. The bodice was made with a high collar softly faced with silver-wrought tulle, which was carried in folds down either side of the open front, and caught with a series of diamond stars, getting gradually smaller towards the basque. Her Royal Highness wore a splendid diamond tiara in three divisions, in the centre of each of which was one immense deep-colored sapphire, the largest in the front of the tiara, and those at each side of scarcely less proportion. A collar of diamonds and three rows of loosely-hanging single stones with pendants completed her jewels. She carried a small bunch of dark red roses. The shoes were of satin, matching the dress, with high Louis Quinze bows. Princess Christian wore a dress of exceedingly handsome silver grey brocade, the design raised in satin from a silk surface, and the edges of each flower outlined with embroidery. The front of the dress was of satin, with flowers wrought with grey pearls and a faint tracery of silver. Chains of pearls were used to trim the front and stomacher, and Her Royal Highness wore many magnificent diamond ornaments. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) wore a gown of white brocade, the design outlined and mixed with silver and gold. The front was of silk, with silver and gold ornaments. In her hair were many diamond ornaments and a high white osprey aigrette, in which sparkled many brilliants. Princess Henry, of Battenberg, wore a most effective dress of the prettiest and most becoming shade of heliotrope, the front of a paler hue, with diamond ornaments. The Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), was gowned in bodice and train of brocaded velvet, the velvet design being raised in the deepest tint of mauve from a ground of satin many shades paler. The front of her dress was made of alternate stripes of puffed satin and of shimmering cut-steel and bronze fringe. The bodice was cut square, and trimmed with China crepe of the pale mauve shade, caught with passementerie of cut steel and bronze. The Duchess wore in her hair two bands of single stone diamonds and several stars. She also wore a collar of brilliants, from which hung several pendants. The Princess Frederica of Hanover's costume was of white silk strapped in a peculiarly effective way with bronze-green velvet. It was made with a high collar, beneath which two straps of velvet were brought to a point and fastened with a quaint device in brilliants. The elbow sleeves were also strapped with velvet, as was the front of the dress, each strap having a diamond ornament, for which it formed a most effective background. The Marchioness of Salisbury wore a dress of olive-green velvet, with a tablier of exquisite old point lace. The elbow sleeves were faced with lace and the open bodice bordered by folds of the palest blue and the palest pink satin, both softened by intervening frills of lace. Lady Salisbury had no ornaments in her hair, which looked wonderfully picturesque, arranged in silvery simplicity. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury wore a perfectly-cut bodice and train of purple velvet. The sleeves were slashed and the front trimmed with silk of a curious shade of pink, which harmonized in a subtle sort of way with the concealed pink of the purple. The Marchioness wore few diamonds, but those of perfect shape and color. Madame de Falbe's jewels were wonderful, her necklace of large single stones being supplemented by collars and pendents not easily surpassed. Her dress was of white corded silk, the skirt turned back with broad revers of pale peach-blossom color overlaid with some unique Flemish point lace. Peach blossom ribbons tied at one side of the waist fell carelessly to the hem, one or two being veiled with lace to match that on the revers. In her hair Madame de Falbe wore a peach-aigrette, with one large diamond and several smaller ones around it. Countess Spencer's dress was of cream-colored satin, richly embossed in a quaint way, giving it the semblance of thickly executed silk embroidery. The bodice was made with a high collar, the back of which was thickly embroidered with gold, the design being continued in points down the side seams below the shoulders. The front of the gown was a mass of gold embroidery. Lady Spencer wore a high tiara of diamonds and many magnificent diamond ornaments. Lady Randolph Churchill's dress was of cream-colored silk, with a full frill of yellow lisse crossing the front from the right shoulder to the left side of the skirt hem. Her one ornament was a diamond star, which was arranged most effectively just in front of her head above the forehead, her hair being dressed low. The Duchess of Manchester wore a beautiful yellow silk trimmed softly with deep folds of chiffon. Her tiara was one of the most imposing worn, although closely rivalled by that of her daughter, Lady Gosford. The ladies in attendance on the Princess of Wales could not have arranged their costumes to tone better with her lovely one of dove-grey and silver had they given the matter more thought than is probable at so occupied a time. Miss Knollys' dress was of robin's egg-tinted satin, draped with silken gauze the same shade. In the bodice were arrange a few pink and dark red carnations with their own grey leaves, a bunch of which Miss Knollys carried. Her companion wore a Princess dress of dark biscuit color, brocaded with sprays of pink roses opening over a front of pleated rose pink silk. Miss Knollys had diamond stars in her hair.

An Indian Hospital.

Lady Roberts' officers' hospital in India is progressing very favorably. It was opened on the 15th April, 1888, and from that time until the end of the season it was fully occupied, as it has been since it was opened this year. The house at Murree was originally bought for a "home in the hills" for the lady nurses of the Punjab circle, who required change and rest. Fortunately, it is large enough to admit of its being used in part as an officers' hospital; four rooms have been set aside for this purpose, and are most thoroughly appreciated. At Kasauli a "home" has been built for the lady nurses of the Sirhind circle, but as nurses have not yet been provided, and it is not therefore required for this purpose, it has been prepared for the reception of sick officers, and is under the charge of a qualified lady nurse, Miss James. The proposed increase in the number of nurses has been postponed by the India Office authorities for a time, a very short time only, it is to be hoped. Meanwhile Lady Roberts trusts to be able to supplement the Government nurses by employing two or three more qualified nurses at stations where they are much needed. Lady Roberts has been appealed to constantly to send nurses for work in hospitals, and to take care of sick officers, and also to open hospitals in other hill stations, but want of funds prevents anything more being done at present.

A Queer Canal.

The strangest canal in the world is one I never saw mentioned in any book or newspaper. It is a canal sixteen miles long between Worsley and St. Helens, in the North of England, and is underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface. So the canal was constructed, the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the cross-bars on the roof. Six or eight men will draw a train of four or five boats, and as there are two divisions in the tunnel boats pass each other without difficulty.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

New Terrors to War.

With smokeless and noiseless powder, such as it is claimed has been invented in England, in the wars that are to be death will take on still more terrors. The first notice of the presence of an enemy will be in the sudden sinking down of men as though smitten by a pestilence. The sentry will die at his post and give no sign. The sun will shine down serenely while the battle rages, and no canopy will obscure the butchery. Battles will be silent executions, save when trumpets sound and furious men shout or wounded men moan. There will be nothing to kindle the battle ecstacy; no booming of hotly worked guns will give notice where the battle is sorest. With the battle clamors and the battle canopy driven away, it will require more nerve to be a valiant soldier than ever before. The soldier will not only have to face the danger in sight, but also to contend with the terrors that his imagination will paint him. —*Salt Lake Tribune.*

R. A. GUNN, M.D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, editor of *Medical Tribune*, author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," speaking with reference to Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease, with the most satisfactory results. * * * I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." If you are gradually losing your strength, have extreme pallor of face, puffiness under the eyes, persistent swelling of the joints, abdomen and legs, unaccountable sharp pain in the heart, shortness of breath, begin taking Warner's Safe Cure without delay.

Five hundred veterinary surgeons in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning overhead check reins as painful to horses and productive of disease. It distorts the windpipe, and is liable to cause paralysis of the muscles of the face, apoplexy, coma and inflammation of the brain, all these resulting in shortening the life of the horse.

THE RUSSIAN EMANCIPATION.

Effects on the Country of Setting the Serfs Free.

After a trial of a quarter of a century, the Emancipation art is now acknowledged to have utterly failed. The reports of Russia officials, of statistical professors at Moscow, such as Jansen, and the Nihilists with Stepniak at their head, all alike agree that the misery of the rural class is greater than even in days of serfdom; cultivation is at the lowest ebb, the yield is wretched and less than in any other European country. Each peasant must plow, sow and reap as his neighbors do. The three-field system of corn, green crops and fallow, which was abandoned in all good agriculture long ago, goes on with disastrous results. As the lots are changed by the Mir at their pleasure, after every year, the temporary owner does not care to manure, etc., or in any way to improve his land. Although the rent is sometimes as low as 2s. an acre, yet the peasant cannot live. Agriculture is a business requiring capital, knowledge, and a sufficient amount of land to enable different crops to be grown, so that if one fails it does not mean starvation, for another may succeed. The Russian peasant has none of these qualifications. The peasant proprietors can neither pay the money owing to the Government for their land, nor even the State and communal taxes, and are flogged by the hundreds for non-payment. In one district of Novgorod fifteen hundred peasants were thus condemned in 1887. Five hundred and fifty had already been flogged, when the inspector interceded for the remainder. Widespread famine is found over a great part of the country; usurers, the bane of peasant proprietors in all countries, are in possession of the situation; the Koulaks and Jew "mir-eaters" supply money on mortgage, then foreclose, and when the land is in their own possession get the work done for nothing as interest. These "bondage laborers," as they are called, are in fact slaves, and are nearly starved, while the small pieces of land are often reunited into considerable estates, and their new owners consider they have only rights and no duties. Meanwhile, as forced labor is at an end and free labor is of the worst possible kind, the old landowners can get nothing done; thay have tried to employ machines, bought by borrowing from the banks, and are now unable to repay the money. The upper class has been ruined with no advantage to the peasant. "The wasteful culture of the cottier," as Stepniak calls it, "on these small plots is so bad that the general welfare of the country," says Prof. Jansen, "is in danger by the small yield of the soil." In spite of the philanthropic intentions of the Czar, he is believed to have aimed at diminishing the power of the nobles as much as of improving the condition of the peasants. He succeeded; the nobles in many distaicts are entirely ruined, and there is nothing now between the unlimited power of the autocrat and his 90,000,000 subjects, five-sixths of whom are peasants. —*The Nineteenth Century.*

Fruit Eating.

Some people are afraid to eat fruit, thinking that fruit and diarrhœa are always associated, when, if they understand the true cause of diarrhœa they would know that it was caused by eating meat. In hot weather meat putrefies very quickly, and during this process alkaloids are formed which are very poisonous, acting as emetics and purgatives It is true that fruit eaten green or between meals will interfere with digestion and cause bowel troubles; but use fruit that is perfectly ripe at meal-time, and only beneficial results will follow. Acids prevent calcareous degenerations, keeping the bones elastic, as well as preventing the accumulation of earthly matters. Fruit is a perfect food when fully ripe, and if it were in daily use from youth to age there would be less gout, gall-stones and stone in the bladder.

A John L. Sullivan Cure.

For "Black Eye," according to the N. Y. *Medical Times*, there is nothing to compare with the tincture or a strong infusion of capsicum annuum mixed with an equal bulk of mucilage of gum arabic and with the addition of a few drops of glycerine. This should be painted all over the bruised surface with a camel's hair pencil and allowed to dry on, a second or third coating being applied as soon as the first is dry. If done as soon as the injury is inflicted, this treatment will invariably prevent the blackening of the bruised tissue. The same remedy has no equal in rheumatic, sore or stiff neck.

Who Brown-Sequard Is.

Dr. Brown-Sequard is an American. His father, Capt. Edward Brown, of the American navy, was a Philadelphian and married a French woman on the Island of Mauritius named Sequard. He and his descendants took the name Brown-Sequard. The distinguished scientist, whose elixir of youth is making a sensation, was their eldest child. He was educated in France, but was afterwards a professor at Harvard and practiced medicine in New York for some years subsequent to 1873. He married twice, his first wife being Miss Fletcher, of Boston, a relative of Daniel Webster.

Equivocal.

"Augustus," said Mrs. Henpeck, severely, "I see a woman down in New Jersey has been convicted of being a common scold. I should like to see any brute of a man try that on me!"

"But you are no common scold, Maria," responded Mr. Henpeck with a sigh. And Mrs. Henpeck is still wondering what he meant.

Higher Yet.

Mrs. Cadsby Soads—Sig. Robustino is going to sing at our reception.

Mrs. Waverly Plaice—He's a tenor, is he not?

Mrs. Cadsby Soads—Oh, no, indeed. We couldn't get him for a cent less than fifty dollars.

Harry Lindley has written a play called "Ben Hur," which he proposes to put on the boards in the United States. His company is engaged to play at several fairs in the State of Pennsyvania. Harry says he dropped money on his last visit to Canada.

The rate of taxation in Galt this year is slightly over 20 mills on the dollar.

THE MESSENGER BOY.

A Word for a Much-Ridiculed and Useful Individual.

The district messenger boy long since took his place in the repertoire of the paragrapher, with the bannana peel, the mother-in-law and the stovepipe, says the Omaha *World-Herald*. Ever since he came into existence he has been a favorite butt of the comic writers and artists. He is represented as the embodiment of laziness, and they portray him as stopping to play games or read dime novels on his way to deliver messages marked "important." It is all so. The messenger boy will admit the testimony and waive examination. But hear his defence. How would you like to be taken from school at the age of 10 or 12 years and made to run errands every day in the year? How much would you hurry on a day like Monday, for instance, if they sent you with a letter from a silly clerk to his sweetheart? If you were 14 years old and had to run errands all day would you not stop to look in a window at papers you never otherwise had a chance to read? If the only words ever spoken to you all the long day were words of undeserved reproach or injunctions to "hurry," would not the independence of your American boyhood resent such treatment? Would you feel like hurrying if a sudden breeze brought to you the glorious scents of the country? Would you hurry if passing an old beech tree you heard the sharp staccato "ponk, ponk" of Mr. Red-Headed Woodpecker? Now, wouldn't you stuff the message into your pocket and go out into the street in search of a sizable pebble to chuck at him just for luck? Of course you would if you ever were a real American boy. And dawdling along a paved street you come across some boys on their bicycles. You haven't one yourself, but what more natural than that you should stop and wonder if you ever will own one of the shining spinners? Your run may, perchance, take you off through Hanscom Park. There are cool, delightful dells and soft mossy banks there, and you may loll around and watch the white clouds go kiting overhead, and away out westward you can see a drove of cows knee deep in a rain pond, peacefully chewing the cud and crackling their tails at the bothersome flies. And for a moment or two you actually forget that you are boy number steen-eleven, and are carrying a message from a love-stricken clerk to his dulcinea. But you come back to a realization that top time and kite time have vanished for you. You are not 14, you are 40, as far as the pleasures of boyhood are concerned. You are working to help the family out of the hole, and the fun of youth is as far past you as it is past the crusty lawyer who scolded you for carrying a story paper in your pocket. You merchant, lawyer, agent, who are reading this, how does it strike your case? Were you made to work while other boys played? Put it to yourself, and the next time you call a messenger boy, look him squarely in the face and try to imagine yourself forced into the daily grind of work and robbed of the treasures which should be the heritage of American boyhood.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

The abuse of the eye is the crime of the age. I am prepared to demonstrate that at least nine-tenths of the prevailing sleeplessness of which we hear so much is due to nervousness directly traceable to the optic nerve. We are wearing our eyes over books and desks and types, and the effect shows itself not only in the appearance of the organ itself, but in its retroactive effect on nerve and brain. I have discovered a remedy for sleeplessness, and for the reason that I have never known it to fail I am fortified in my opinion that the whole trouble arises from overstrain of the eyes. Take a soft cloth—say a piece of napped towel—and fold in it two small pieces of ice at a proper distance apart to exactly cover the eyes when the cloth is laid across them. Theh lie down, adjust the cloth with the ice over the closed eyes, and you will be asleep in a very short while.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Death from Tight Lacing.

A verdict of death from tight lacing is, perhaps, still to be sought among the curiousities of law. But a Birmingham jury have come near it in a verdict of death from pressure round the waist. The victim was a poor servant girl who died after a fright, and her death was attributed by medical witnesses to the fact that she was too tightly belted to enable her to stand the wear and tear of any sudden emotion. She was a notorious tight lacer; her collar fitted so closely that it was impossible to loosen it at the critical moment, and under her stays she wore a belt so remorsely buckled as to prevent the free circulation of the blood.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Kingston people confidently expect to see Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick become Minister of Militia.

BEWARE.

To flirt with her may seem no sin,
One's apt such follies to defend:
It's funny how such things begin,
But often funnier how they end.

—Snaggs—What are you doing with all those maps? Raggs—I'm getting ready to go on my vacation. Snaggs—Oh, I see; so you got those maps to see where to go? Raggs—No; to see where not to go.

"We will give you a two-seated carriage, the seats facing each other," said the learned liveryman of the summer resort—a vis-a-vis carriage. Maybe you don't understand. Well, its French for vice versa."

Customer—"How do you sell sugar this morning, Mr. Scales?" Grocer—"By the pound, sir, same as always." Customer—"Well, as I want two pounds this morning, I guess I'll go across the way to Mr. Counter's."

Indiana girl—"No; I don't believe in these isms. I once knew a man who was sent to prison for devoting his time to one of them." Boston girl—"What terrible laws you must have out in Indiana! What was the ism?" Indiana girl—"Incendiarism, I believe."

"Promise me, Mary," the dying man said,
"You will see that my grave is kept green."
"Why, I can't promise that," was the sobbing reply,
As sadly she wiped her roriferous eye,
"But I'll see, John, your urn is kept clean."

—First little boy—Is your father fond of fish? Second little boy—Yes, very; he has C. O. D. printed on his business cards.

PAPER PENCILS.

A Process by Which Pulp May be Substituted for Wood.

One of the difficulties which have stood in the way of the substitution of paper pulp for wood in the manufacture of pencils has been the toughness of the paper covering, and its consequent resistance to the action of a knife. By a new process, which has recently been patented, the molecular cohesion of the paper is modified in such a manner that it can be cut as easily as cedar wood. The paper is first of all made into tubes and a number of them are placed in a frame at the lower end of a cylinder. The substance which is to be used as a marking material is placed in the cylinder while in a plastic condition, and sufficient pressure is then applied to force it into the hollow centres of the paper tubes. After the completion of the process the pencils are gradually dried at increasing temperatures during a period of six days, and they are then plunged into a vessel of molten paraffin wax, which has the effect of modifying the texture of paper pulp as described.—*Manufactures and Industries.*

Intellectual Women.

"I do believe those women,
Who for years and years and years,
Keep polishing their intellects,
To ornament their biers"—

should again call the attention of their sex to the remedy especially provided for the correction of their physical ailments by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo. It is called "Favorite Prescription." Women of intellect for years and years and years have used it and pronounced it the best corrective of all "female weaknesses" that can be had anywhere. Ask your druggists for it. Full directions for using. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction or money refunded.

No Camel-Drivers Wanted.

The law that prohibits the landing of certain kinds of undesirable immigrants at our ports is apt to work harshly at times in New York. For example a few days ago two Arabs were found at Castle Garden, one of them named Ben Josef and the other Mohammed Ben Abdel Hirmir, who had come here to seek employment as camel-drivers. The penniless Arabs were in despair when told that we have no such industry as camel-driving in New York, and that they were unwelcome guests in the land of the star-spangled banner. The collector gave orders that they should be sent back across the ocean in the ship which brought them here. Surely this was hard upon the Arab camel-drivers.—*New York Sun.*

A Lesson in Grammar.

"I cough! He coughs! They cough!" And why need they cough! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure coughs colds, and all lung diseases.

Buy it and try it, there's virtue and worth
In the bottle whose contents are pure;
'Twill extinguish the germs of consumption at its birth,
And more acute symptoms will cure.

A Safe Cordial.

The Rhode Island State Board of Health *Bulletin* says: No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of milk, heated as warm as it can be sipped, and with or without a teaspoonful of sugar, will willingly forego a resort to it. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects.

$500 Reward.

So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure chronic nasal catarrh no matter how bad or of how long standing, that they offer, in good faith, the above reward for a case which they cannot cure Remedy sold by druggists at 50 cents.

It is announced that a saving of $40,000 a year in interest has been effected for Quebec city by the conversion of the civic debt, which the city's delegates have negotiated in England.

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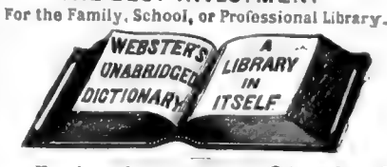

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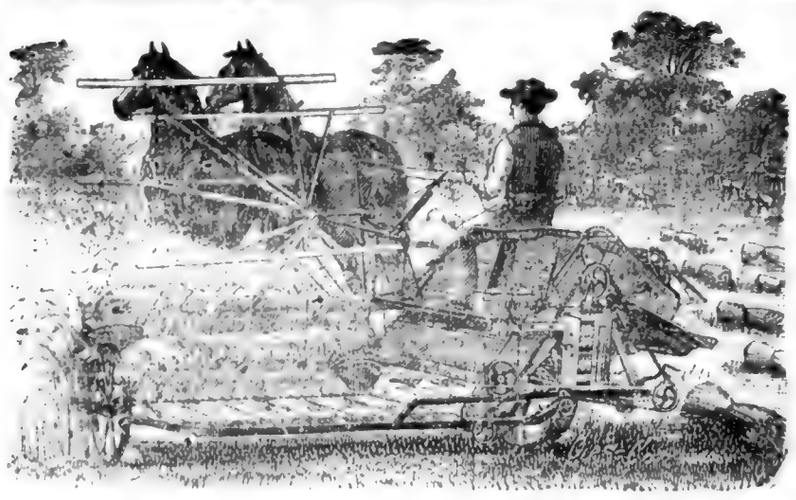

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Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

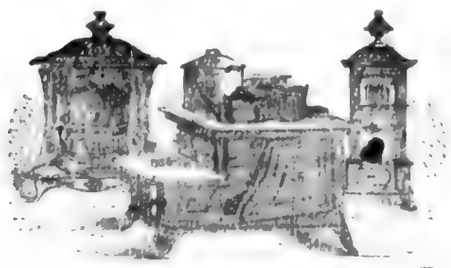

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES of makes: STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERSMITH GOODS

EAVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Grinding on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is King in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P LOUCKS, Proprietor

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona.
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn.
General assortment of canned goods.

CHOICE HONEY.

CONFECTIONERY of all kinds
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR,

always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

Shiloh's catarrh remedy--a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P O

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Centre—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham
Hanover—Monday before Durham

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P.O

A Legend o' Blair.

ALEX. MCLACHLAN IN "THE WEEK."

My lord is to the wars awa';
While a' nicht through a freet
My leddie walks the castle ha',
Or sits her doun to greet,

A fearfu' throbbin's in her breast,
Nor will her hert keep still,
A' crowns she'd gie but to get free
Frae thoughts o' coming ill—

And aye she says, while tears doun fa',
"Oh I was sair to blame!
To drive my loving lord awa'
To risk a death o' shame.

"He'd stayed at hame only for me,
And yet I urged him sair,
And oh but he was wae to lea'
The bonny woods o' Blair,

"His mither in my dreams I see
Come from her grassy lair
And sadly she does look on me
Foreboding dool and care

"I'll seek the seer fate's book to read
And learn what's written there,
For O this fear, this doubt and dread
Are more than I can bear."

And she has mounted on her steed—
A bay o' beauty rare,
And leaves behin I her at full speed,
The bonny woods o' Blair

She rode till she cam to the Gryffe,
And passed the Brig o' Weir,
And roused, as if for death or life,
The spirit-haunted seer.

"Learn by your mystic art" said she,
"What fate may have in store
For one more dear than life to me,
The husband I adore."

The old man bowed his hoary head,
And closed his weird-like e'en,
And in a mournful voice he said,
"I see a waefu' scene"—

And to her question he replies,
"I see the head man there,
And one, a noble captive, dies
Far frae the woods o' Blair."

One long, deep sigh her bosom rent,
Which struggled long to come,
And not a single word found vent,
For she was stricken dumb.

Then unto her ain castle ha,'
They sorrowing brought her back.
Yet a' the way nae tear did fa'
And not a word she spak;

Nor did she recognize the place,
But there both day and night
Sat wi' that silent woeful face,
For she was clean gaen gyte!

Not till three days and nights had passed
And sleep ne'er bowed her e'e,
That death in pity cam at last
And kindly set her free.

Yet often 'mong the dews o' e'en,
When shadows fill the air,
A weeping wandering lady's seen
Among the woods o' Blair.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.
Amaranth Station, Aug. 9, 1890.

Things Amusing and Strange.

NOT ORIGINAL, BUT WORTHY OF PERUSAL.

A book,
A book,
A shady nook.
A fish,
A sudden swish
A sigh But why?
Next day a he

The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.

The waiter girl is different from a poet. She is not born; she is maid to order.

The Lord Mayor of London, who started life as a commercial traveller, is to be presented with a bust of himself by the travellers of the Kingdom.

There are two reasons why some people do not mind their own business. One is they haven't any business; and the other is they haven't any mind.

A Mohammedan mosque has been built in Woking, England, and a Buddhist temple has been opened in Paris. There are about 300 Buddhists in Paris.

Canada (in great wrath to John Bull)—Why don't you bring your iron-clads over here and teach these impudent Yankees a lesson? John Bull—Sit down, child, sit down. I can't afford to quarrel with them. Got too much money invesed in their blawsted kentry.—[Chicago Tribune.

There is a lady in Milwaukee who is the mother of nine children. None of them was named until it was twelve years old. They were simply called by their nicknames and their numbers, "One" "Two," etc. When they were twelve years old each one chose his own name and was baptised.

The ways of auctioneers in different parts of the world vary greatly. In England and America the seller bears the expense of the sale, but in France the purchaser bears the cost, five per cent. being added to his purchase. In Holland it is still worse, the buyer being required to pay ten per cent. additional for the expenses of the sale.

One of the most suprising features of the modern business world is the large use of cotton seed, formerly considered worthless. Over 800,000 tons of these seeds are now pressed for their oil; from thirty-six to forty pounds being obtained from each ton. The consumption of cotton-seed oil is increasing both in this country and in Europe, and new uses for the oil are constantly being discovered.

Worth, the famous man-dressmaker of Paris, is a native-born Englishman of striking appearance, looking like a Scotchman, and adding to the likeness by wearing always a Scotch cap. His father meant to make a printer of him, but he did'nt like the work and managed to get into the dry goods trade in London. Thence he went to Paris, where he found favor with the Empress Eugene and his fortune was made. He has a fine chateau near Paris.

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on and and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunella, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MEN'S WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McOMBER & Co.,
Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re-sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established. We want three men in your vicinity to represent us, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Handsome outfit free. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Previous experience not required. Write at once for terms. Hardy stock for Canada a specialty. MAY BROTHERS,
Nurserymen, Rochester, N Y

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 428. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

WATCHES,
Clocks, ● Jewelry.
STUDY
Your Own Interests
by buying your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry Spectacles and Silverware, at
Russell's Noted
JEWELRY STORE,
FLESHERTON.

In watches we have a very large stock of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois Springfield, Columbus and Swiss Levers, in Ladies' and Gents' sizes. Gold, Silver and Silver ore cases. Brooches and Barpins, of the latest design. Fine Gold and Rolled Gold Earings, Cuff Buttons, Charms, Chains, and beautiful stock of Ladies' Gem Engagemen Rings. A full supply of 18 K. Wedding Rings always on hand. Also a large and well-assorted stock of Silverware and Spectacles at very low prices, and remember the place to get your Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc, repaired is at

RUSSELL'S, FLESHERTON.

All work personally attended to by J. G. Russell

ONE PRICE
CASH STORE.

As fall is approaching the topic for conversation is where can we get the

Best Value for the Least Money!

We cannot do without the necessary woollens to keep us warm during the long winter months.

WHERE CAN WE GO, THEN,

The CASH STORE offers you a free inspection of their stock in all lines of WOOLLENS. A lot of flannels now on hand.

A New Department.

We have just opened a choice lot of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, etc, see our prices.

Special lines in Men's Long Boots in the fall.

Highest cash price paid for butter and eggs.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.
Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 4, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

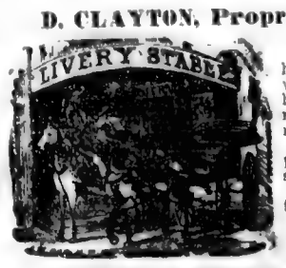

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.
Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.
Special attention paid to commercial business

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year, $50; half col., do., $27; quarter col. do., $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Canadian Pacific Railway company intend, after the close of the Toronto, London and Ottawa exhibitions, to send Northwest exhibits to several of the larger fall fairs, and we are happy to state that Flesherton has secured this exhibit for our fair to be held here on Sept. 23 and 24.

The Toronto Week is generally conceded to be the most independent and best-informed paper of its class published in Canada. Its editorial opinion is unbiased, and though it may not always deal with political matters in a mode which we admire, still its utterances are weighty, and well worthy of a respectful hearing. It has lately been delivering some valuable opinions upon the French schools of Ontario, to which we referred in these columns last week. Its calm and logical criticisms of the facts brought to light carry with them convincing truths of more than ordinary weight, and show conclusively that the state of affairs in our educational department is not at all perfect. The Week says:

The reports of the Commissioners appointed by the Minister of Education to inquire into the teaching of English in the Schools in the French districts of certain counties in Ontario, show the facts of the case to be very much what those who are accustomed to strike a balance between the contentions of the opposing political factions had supposed them to be. Some attempt at teaching English is made in every school. In a few it is as yet little more than the merest pretence. In a considerable number the knowledge of English possessed by the teacher himself is very defective, and the teaching, as a matter of course, inefficient. In many of the schools in which English is taught more or less passably, a large percentage of the pupils were not studying it at the date of the Commissioners' visit. This fact looks bad in statistics, but its aspect is materially altered by the explanation that in the summer season the schools are largely made up of very young pupils, and the teachers, sensibly as we think, do not as a rule put English books into their hands until they have made a little progress in learning to read in their own language. Next to the serious lack of proper qualifications on the part of the teachers, the worst feature of the case brought out by the report is, in our opinion, the use of textbooks which are not merely unauthorized but seriously objectionable. Such are those which "contain teachings peculiar to the Church of Rome," and those which "are written in a spirit unfriendly to the British Empire, and the development of a partriotism embracing the whole Dominion of Canada." These last are faults which can be and should be promptly corrected.

The latest marvel evolved from the busy brain of the inventor is a "bicycle railway," or a system of running trains on a single track, with a guiding rail overhead to retain the equilibrium. The cars will be two stories high. It is designed by this form of construction to save greatly in weight and friction. The new bicycle railway has been experimentally tried and appears to work very satisfactorily. The prospectus of the company promises nothing less than a revolution in the railway business of the country as a result of the introduction of this system.

The Hamilton Times tells of the theft of two *holes* from the Hamilton postoffice clock tower. The authorities had to telegraph to Montreal for two new holes. It strikes us that they might have been supplied much nearer home. The Spectator man's abnormal cranium could supply at least one large vacuum, which would no doubt answer all purposes which the two stolen holes served. Insist upon the patronage of home industries, Mr. Times.

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Thomas Crowe, whose dwelling and a great part of its contents was destroyed by fire last winter, has just moved into his new house, which is built almost on the site of the old one. The new house is quite a commodious dwelling and was built principally by Mr. John Bowerman, of Toronto, who seems to have done his contract in a substantial and workmanlike manner. On Friday evening the young folks held a surprise party in the new house in honor of the event, a goodly number was present and quite a pleasant time was spent.

A severe accident happened Mr. Hopper a few days ago, whereby he cut a severe gash in his leg with a scythe so that he will be confined to the house for several days.

The recent fine weather has been very favorable for harvesting, and farmers have made good use of their time so there is now very little outstanding grain. The wheat has suffered somewhat from rust, but on the whole the crops are excellent.

We hear now and then of Mr. Bruin making predatory excursions into the fields adjacent to the swamps and some attempts have been made to capture his bearship, but generally to no purpose. I hear however that Mr. Latimer while out hunting a short time ago managed to get a shot at bruin, but the ball did not seem to take effect and the bear bounded away into the woods, and Mr. Latimer was unable to trace him. However, a few days after while crossing within a short distance of the place he came suddenly upon his bearship lying dead but so far decomposed by the weather as to be utterly useless.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Solmon Turner, who a short time ago was run over by the wagon and so severely injured, has now so far recovered as to be able to superintend his work again.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The population still increasing, young girls having arrived at Mr. R Smith's, C. Jones' and S. Gilbert's.

The day school opened again at the usual time with our former teacher, Miss Ford, at the helm.

Mr. Pritchard, our village blacksmith, is putting up a fine new picket fence in front of his place making a most decided improvement in its looks.

Harvest work for this year is getting pretty well through with, a few more dry days will finish up and then threshing will be the order of the day.

General News.

Pere Hyachinthe, the celebrated French divine and orator, is said to be almost in absolute want, and an appeal is being made for his support.

The schooner Lewis Ross, of Port Hope, stone laden for Toronto, was driven ashore in a gale Friday at Rondeau harbor and is a total wreck. Crew saved.

Mr. Gladstone has ascended to Eiffel tower.

The German sailors who were wrecked at Samoa last March are back at the Fatherland.

Searle defeated O'Conner on the Thames course Monday by ten lengths; time, 22 42.

A brakeman ran off a C. P. R. car near Peterboro' on Saturday morning and was run over and killed.

A Woodstock grocer could not convince the Police Magistrate that he consumed two dozen bottles of ale per week and paid a fine of $50 and costs.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow Syrup," and take no other kind

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$5 00 to
Fall Wheat	85 to
Spring Wheat	85
Barley	1 00
Oats	0 37
Peas	1 00
Butter	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 16
Potatos bush.	0 15
Pork	6 10
Hay per ton	9 00
Hides	4 50
Sheepskins	0 50
Geese	0 05
Turkeys	0 10
Chickens per pair	0 25
Ducks per lb	0 05
Wool	0 18

SIGN
"Big Spe

Reliable watches in
Gold, filled go and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' siz
Walnut and Nickle Cases

I am represented by A 1 watches and backed up by reliable warran homes of Central Grey, than doing biz. in this section.
If prices are not bad

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able t share of Grey Co. trade as

"CASH or C
will positivily do be

Goods, Wo

Warrants Co

than you can do elsewhe cally fitted.

Work Carefully
Fair C

Stock now complete i
Can save to $3.C on watc

Other lines will be h live margins.

W. A. BR
Jewele
MARKDALE, Ont.

EGGS 16c a DOZEN at R. Trimble's, Flesh

FRENCH IN THE SCHOOLS.

The Ontario Government Commissioners Make Their Report.

GENERAL RECOMMENDATIONS.

The Commissioners appointed by the Minister of Education to inquire into the teaching of English in the schools in the French districts in the counties of Prescott, Russell, Essex, Kent and Simcoe have completed their work and handed in their report to the Minister of Education. The following are extracts from the report:

Before speaking in detail of what are commonly known as the French schools in these counties, it may not be out of place to speak of the immigration of the French people, and of the circumstances under which these schools were established.

The first settlers, who were English-speaking people, settled chiefly upon the high lands, and left unoccupied the low or swamp lands, of which there were large areas that could be reclaimed only by very great labor.

The first French Canadian settlers went into this part of the Province as lumbermen, and finding the soil good, they purchased these unoccupied lands at a low price and settled upon them in large numbers.

The increase in the French-speaking population during the past thirty-eight or forty years has been very marked, as is shown by the following census returns for the years 1851, 1861, 1871 and 1881:

	Total popl'n.	French popl'n.
1851	13,857	4 195
1861	22,393	9,447
1871	35,991	15,223
1881	47,939	24,223
Increase pr cent from 1851 to 1861.	67	121
" " " 1861 to 1871.	61	61
" " " 1871 to 1881.	33	60

During the past twenty years many of the English-speaking people have removed to other parts of the country and very few of that class have moved into the counties. The result is that the increase of the English population has been less than that of the French

While unoccupied lands could be obtained the immigration of French Canadians continued; but as nearly all these lands have now been purchased and brought under cultivation, this immigration has of late been very much reduced. Several of the old settlers told us that during the past four or five years it had almost entirely ceased. They also stated that many French settlers had recently sold their farms and removed to Manitoba or the Western States.

FRENCH LANGUAGE IN THE SCHOOLS.

As the French Canadian people and the English-speaking people, on coming into the district, settled in separate communities, the school sections became, to a great extent, essentially French or essentially English. The boundary lines are not always distinctly drawn, yet, in most cases, the early distinctive racial character of neighborhoods still remains. As an evidence of this, we found that in no less than thirty schools every child whose name was entered on the roll was of French-speaking parents. As whole sections were settled by the French, or as a majority of the people in a section became French, teachers who could speak French were employed, and French became the language of many schools, as it was already the language of the sections. The present English schools have always been English since they were first established, and most of the French schools have always been French, yet in a few cases schools which were formerly English and in which English teachers were employed are now taught by French-speaking teachers. This is due to the greater increase of the French population. In all cases where English children attend French schools, inspectors and trustees make special efforts to secure the services of teachers who can speak both English and French. In this, however, they are sometimes not very successful, and many English parents complain that their children are imperfectly taught by French teachers, whose knowledge of English is too limited to enable them to impart instruction properly in that language. For this reason some have taken their children from their own school which is taught by a French teacher, and have sent them to an English school in another section. French ratepayers also contend that their children sometimes receive but scant justice from teachers who cannot speak French.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF FRENCH LANGUAGE.

We find that as far back as 1851 it was ordered by the Council of Public Instruction "In regard to teachers of French, that a knowledge of French grammar be substituted for a knowledge of English grammar, and that the certificate to the teacher be expressly limited accordingly."

By resolution of the Council of Public Instruction, dated April 20th, 1868, the following French text-books were authorized for use in French schools in Ontario:

"Cours d'Arithmetique Commerciale."
"Abrege de la Geographie Moderne."
"La Geographie Moderne."
"Grammaire pratique de la Langue Anglaise."
"Traite Elementaire d'Arithmetique."
"Le Premier Livre de l'Enfance."
"Cours de Versions Anglaises."
"Grammaire Francaise Elementaire."
"Traite de Calcul Mental."

It does not appear that this continued use of French text-books arises from a desire on the part of the French to exclude the English language from the schools. We conversed with all classes of the French people, and they invariably expressed themselves not only as willing, but as desirous that their children should learn the English language. They are also desirous that they shall learn to read and write in French—their mother tongue.

TEACHERS.

As already stated, French-speaking teachers are usually employed in schools where the majority of the pupils are French, and, although four English-speaking teachers are employed in such schools, yet these teachers speak French fluently.

The supply of teachers has been obtained in the past almost entirely (1) from the Public Schools within the counties, and (2) from various educational institutions in Ottawa and in the Province of Quebec. Of the sixty-nine teachers employed in the French Schools inspected by us, only three had attended a High School, and only two had received any training in either a Normal or a Model School in Ontario. One had a second-class certificate, one had a third-class certificate, two had County Board certificates, forty-seven had district certificates and eighteen (of whom five were assistants) had permits granted by the Inspectors. Taking the proficiency of the French teachers in the use of the English language as the basis of classification, twenty-six may be classed as good, twenty as fair, and nineteen as not competent to teach English with any degree of efficiency.

SCHOOLS.

Before speaking of the work done in the schools, it should be mentioned:

(1) That the schools in the several counties were inspected at a time of the year (May and June) when the attendance in rural schools consists chiefly of the younger pupils.

(2) That the teaching of little children in two languages necessarily adds to the work of the teacher, and for a time renders the progress of the pupil slower than it would be in a school in which only one language is taught.

With reference to the instructions contained in your circular just quoted we find:

(1) That some English is taught in every school.

(2) That the Ontario Readers have been introduced into every school.

(3) That the pupils are usually well supplied with English reading books.

(4) That in at least twelve schools the work done in English is much beyond the amount prescribed.

(5) That in 24 schools more time is given to English than that prescribed in the circular; in 6 the time prescribed is given and in 23 less than the time prescribed is given.

(6) That in very few schools has sufficient attention been given to colloquial exercises.

In several schools only young children were present, and classes were therefore confined to pupils in the First Reader. It should be mentioned, however, that, whenever the teacher was at all proficient in speaking English, and when the school contained pupils who had been attending some time, these pupils were almost invariably in the third or fourth class in English, showing that progress was being made in this subject. In 17 schools the results were very satisfactory indeed, and in several cases quite equal to the work done in good English schools. In 21 schools fair progress was being made, and in 18 the pupils knew very little English. The backward condition of these last mentioned schools must be attributed, we believe, mainly to the inability of the teachers to speak English freely. If the children are to learn to speak the English language their teachers must be able to speak it. The teacher who finds it difficult to express his thoughts in English, to pupils who know even less of English than himself, naturally uses the language which both he and they understand.

The lack of progress is not, however, the result of this cause only. We found in two schools, in which English-speaking teachers were employed, that the standing of the pupils was quite below that of the French pupils in several schools whose teachers could speak comparatively little English. In the one case the teachers had taught by good methods and had labored faithfully; in the other teaching of English had evidently been neglected. As many of the teachers have attended only the Public Schools in the district, and have received no professional training, they are not proficient in approved methods of teaching, and the method usually followed in teaching the children to speak English is very defective. A child learns first to speak a language, then to read it. We never teach him the spoken language through the written. He may learn from books to pronounce, and to translate from one language into another, but he will learn to speak the language only by the practice of speaking. The general principle that we learn to do mainly by doing, holds true in this case as in all others.

The method usually followed is to teach the children to read the first French book, and in some cases a part of the second book, before they learn any English. The first English book is then placed in their hands, and they are taught to read or rather to pronounce, as their first exercise in English. The teacher gives the meaning of the words by translating into French, and as the pupils advance they are required to spell the words, and to translate regularly from English into French, and sometimes from French into English. This is the method practised in a majority of the schools. The pupils are taught to read and translate in the hope that they will thereby learn to speak English. We need not say that the hope in most cases is still deferred. The pupils usually translate freely and correctly, and spelled nearly, if not quite, as well as the English pupils present in the schools; but only those who had been taught orally, and who had been trained to give their answers directly in spoken English, showed any readiness in speaking the language.

This defect in the system of teaching has become apparent to the French people themselves. Some parents complain that their children are making very slow progress, and in many cases are learning to read words and sentences which they do not understand.

PUPILS NOT LEARNING ENGLISH.

At least 90 per cent. of the pupils reported as not learning English were in the first French reader, or had been recently promoted to the second class. Very few were found in higher classes who were not learning English.

There is difference of opinion as to the time at which it is best for a pupil to enter upon the study of the English language, but the practice followed in the schools appears to commend itself to a majority of the teachers, and is in accord with the wishes of the parents. What we have to recommend on this subject will be found under the heading of recommendations.

COUNTY OF ESSEX.

About the year 1700, French Canadian pioneers from the Province of Quebec began to settle along the south side of Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River, in what is now the county of Essex. From the census returns since 1851, we find the population of the county and the French population to be as follows:

	1851.	1861.	1871.	1881.
Total population.....	15,617	25,211	32,607	46,962
French population...	5,421	8,736	10,580	14,659

From these figures it will be seen that the total population and the French population have increased at about the same rate. From 1851 to 1881 the increase of the former was 179 per cent. and of the latter 172 per cent. The returns of the French for 1861 are evidently incorrect. Surrounded as the French people are in this county by English-speaking people, they are constantly brought in contact with the English language, and, in consequence of this, they usually understand English and speak it with some fluency, though French is the language of their homes. Their language, their religion and their love of nationality have been fully preserved.

Although racial identity is still distinctly marked, yet the English-speaking and the French-speaking people live side by side in harmony with each other. The French schools, with three exceptions are in North Essex, and are under the supervision of Mr. Girardot, Public School Inspector. From the testimony of persons occupying prominent positions in this county, and from our own observation, we believe that the prudent and impartial manner in which the school law and regulations have been administered by that gentleman for so many years has exerted a beneficial influence in preventing race prejudice, and in furthering the educational interests of all classes alike.

SCHOOLS.

There are thirty schools in the county of Essex in which French is taught, and all were inspected by us. Many of these could scarcely be distinguished from English schools. In twelve schools English is mainly the language of the school; in fourteen, French and English are taught about equally; and in four, French is the language of the school, the teaching in English being limited to reading and translation. The work done in these schools is about equal to what is done in the ordinary English rural school. The school houses and grounds usually show neatness and taste, and the schools are very well supplied with desks and other requisites. Taking the standing of the pupils in English as the basis of classification, seventeen schools may be classed as good, six as fair and seven as poor and unsatisfactory. The practice referred to, in connection with the schools in Prescott and Russell, of teaching the children to acquire some proficiency in reading French before they begin to learn English, is the practice adopted in the County of Essex also. Teachers claim that the French child learns to read English more readily after he has learned to read a little in his own language. The schedule, in which the statistics are given for each school, shows a large number of pupils who are not learning English, but these, with very few exceptions, are either in the First French Book or in the First Part of the Second Book. We believe, however, that the numbers are too large in many schools, and that some teachers are not so prompt as they should be in beginning to teach English to their pupils. The method usually followed in teaching English to the French children is the same as that practiced in Prescott and Russell, viz., reading, spelling and translation. Scarcely any attention has been given to colloquial exercises or oral instruction in the junior classes. As many of the pupils, however, had learned to speak English by associating with English children, this defect in the teaching was not so noticeable as it would be in schools entirely French.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES IN THE SCHOOLS.

Your Commissioners found that religious exercises occupy a prominent place in the schools inspected by us. In 57 schools religious instruction is given during school hours, in 22 it is given either before or after school, and in 18 no religious instruction is given. This instruction is given by the teachers from a catechism prepared for children of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is to the teaching from this catechism that reference is made in the schedule and summary when religious instruction is spoken of.

In some of the schools special instruction is given from this book, for a certain portion of the year, to children who are preparing for their first communion.

The prayers in use, in addition to the Lord's Prayer, which is used in almost every school, are taken from the Roman Catholic books of devotion. These prayers are, in some schools, used at the opening and close of the school, both in the forenoon and afternoon. In some of the French text books in use, which are elsewhere referred to in this report, the tenets peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church are more or less prominently introduced.

In addition to these methods of inculcating religion, there were found, in many of the schools in the county of Essex, pictures of a religious character, the crucifix and small statues or images of saints. In two instances in the county of Prescott altars were found in the schools. It was stated that these were erected during the month of May for services of a special nature for the people of the neighborhood, who assembled in the school houses for evening prayers, as the churches were at a considerable distance from these localities.

The prominence given to the Roman Catholic religion in these schools is objectionable to the English-speaking Protestants generally. The regulations provided by law on this question are ample to give protection to the religious convictions of all classes of people. They allow sufficient liberty to Protestant and Roman Catholic alike for imparting religious instruction without infringing on the ordinary work of the school. In order, therefore to remove all ground of complaint against the existing state of things, it is only necessary that the schools be brought into harmony with the law.

RECOMMENDATIONS—TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

In the counties of Prescott and Russell the French candidates for teachers' certificates have, in most cases, only an imperfect knowledge of English—too imperfect to enable them to take with advantage the prescribed course as given in English in our High Schools and Model Schools. They do not, therefore, attend these schools to prepare for teachers' examinations.

To provide competent teachers of English for the French schools, and to meet some of the difficulties mentioned in this report, we have to recommend:

(I.) That a special school be established for the training of French teachers in the English language.

The school shall be placed under teachers who can speak both English and French, and who are thoroughly competent to give instruction in these languages.

It should provide the ordinary non-professional course, and should also furnish facilities for professional training as given in County Model Schools.

Candidates on completing their course in this school should be prepared to take the regular examinations in English prescribed for teachers' certificates; and only those who have passed such examinations should receive a license to teach.

(II.) That special institutes be held for the immediate benefit of the teachers now employed in the French schools.

(III.) That the attention of the teachers be called at once to the necessity of making greater use of the oral or conversational method in teaching English.

TEXT-BOOKS.

(IV.) That a bi-lingual series of Readers—French and English—be provided for the French schools in Ontario.

If this were done parents would be saved the expense of purchasing two sets of books, of which many now complain.

The work of both teachers and pupil would be simplified, and there would be placed in the hands of the pupils books that would aid them materially in acquiring a knowledge of both languages.

Under competent teachers, with such books, the pupil should, on completing the Second Book, be sufficiently familiar with English to enable him to receive instruction in this language in the various subjects prescribed. We recognize the difficulties inseparable from the introduction of another series of Readers, but we believe they would be more than counterbalanced by the advantages to be derived therefrom.

(V.) That the use of unauthorized text-books in these schools be discontinued.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES AND INSTRUCTIONS.

(VI.) That the attention of trustees and teachers be called to the provisions of the law governing religious instruction in Public Schools, as there seems to be a general lack of information on this subject.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The object aimed at in the Public Schools of the Province is to give to the youth attending them such an education in the common branches of knowledge as will fit them to occupy creditably the positions in life they may be called to fill, and this education should be imparted in the English language. Any departure from this rule should be only partial and in accommodation to the peculiar circumstances of certain sections of the country, in order that the end sought may thereby be more fully attained.

There can be no question as to the fact that in all the French schools in the several counties visited, notwithstanding particular cases of backwardness or inefficiency, an effort is being made to impart a knowledge of the English language; and not only so, but this work is receiving a larger amount of attention at present than in former years. There are some of the schools in which English has been well taught for many years, so that they are practically English schools. There are also some, as will be seen from the statistical statement forming part of this report, in which the English language is largely used in the work of the school. This is the case more particularly in the counties of Essex and Kent.

There are some schools in which the time given to English and the use of that language in the school are too limited; but, even in these, more attention is paid to English than formerly, and the use made of it in the work of instruction is greater than it was a few years ago.

In dealing with these schools, in order to raise them to a higher standard, and to secure a satisfactory teaching of the English language in them, time must be allowed, and patience must be exercised. For many years, the French people were allowed to conduct their schools in their own way, no exception being taken either by the Education Department or by the public. Special provision was made to secure French teachers for them and French text-books were authorized for their schools. They have lived for a long period in the localities where they are found, enjoying the use of their native language. They are strongly attached to it. It is the language of their fathers, and the language used in their homes and spoken by their children. It is natural that they should cherish it with affection and desire their children to acquire a knowledge of it. If the schools are dealt with justly, and with due consideration for the feelings of the people, and if the recommendations made in this report are adopted, we believe these schools, within a reasonable time, will be raised to a degree of efficiency that will be satisfactory to both the English and French people.

We have reason also to believe that whatever changes may be necessary to render these schools more efficient and to advance the children more rapidly and intelligently in the knowledge of English, will be welcomed by the French people themselves. We have found that on the whole the people take a deep interest in the education of their children. In many of the rural sections in Prescott and Russell the school houses are inferior and poorly equipped and the salaries very small, yet in some sections and villages the people have manifested their appreciation of the importance of education by providing excellent buildings and paying fairly liberal salaries to the teachers.

While many of the teachers, as already stated, do not speak the English language fluently, we know that teachers may give instruction in languages in which they cannot converse. At the same time it is necessary that all the teachers of our Public Schools should be familiar with the English language, and be able to speak it fluently. And it is found generally that in those schools in which teachers are able to use that language with freedom, they have brought their schools to a very creditable degree of proficiency.

English teachers say that they find their inability to speak French a serious hindrance in teaching French children who do not understand English. The teachers employed in these French schools should be able to speak French as well as English. A sufficient supply of English students willing to undergo the labor and expense necessary to fit themselves for teaching in these French schools, could not be obtained for the small salaries paid. Hence the necessity for providing such means as are recommended in this report, by which French-speaking students can be trained both in the knowledge of English and in the theory and practice of their profession.

It must be remembered also that the teachers in these French schools have to carry on their work in the face of difficulties not met with in an exclusively English school. Especially is this the case in those districts which are wholly French, or in which there are only a few English-speaking residents. The pupils hear no language out of school but French. They have no occasion to make use of the English language, and their progress in learning it is necessarily slow.

It will be observed that this report bears exclusively on the schools among the French people and in which the French language is used. It has to do with the progress of the English language in French districts. There has not, therefore, been any special reference made to the English minority. Their situation is, in not a few cases, one of difficulty. The schools as now conducted are not satisfactory to them. Their children come in contact with views of religious and national questions with which they are not in sympathy. The question should, therefore, be considered with special reference to these difficulties. Whatever text-books are used should be such as Protestants can put with satisfaction into the hands of their children, and whatever in any Public School prevents or renders undesirable the attendance of those children should be removed. Interviews were had with many of the older residents in the districts visited, and with those interested in the questions under investigation. It was found that while there were complaints made by the English-speaking minority in some sections, on the grounds already referred to, yet in other sections people similarly situated had no complaints to make. Some of the people spoken with seemed to think that there had been in recent years an increased determination on the part of the French people to give prominence to their language to the exclusion of the English. They believe they see evidence of this in the social and educational tendencies in their localities. While this may be the case in some places, residents in other districts had observed no tendency in that direction.

Before leaving the subject of these schools it is only just to teachers and pupils to state that your Commissioners were much pleased with the politeness and good conduct of the children, both in and out of school. We have also to thank teachers, trustees and inspectors for their uniform courtesy and for the valuable assistance rendered us in conducting this investigation. We have pleasure also in recognizing the kindness with which we were received by the people in the districts visited. All of which is respectfully submitted.

ALFRED H. REYNAR, M. A.,
D. D. McLEOD,
J. J. TILLEY.

Toronto, Aug. 22nd, 1889.

A Hard Road to Travel.

It is very difficult to see why anyone who believes in his Bible should have much smypathy for characters of the Maybrick kind even when they come near the scaffold. Many a long day has passed since the good book said, "Be sure your sins will find you out." Centuries have rolled away since it was announced that, "The way of transgressors is hard." Why should there be any surprise when a noted and flagrant transgressor finds the way hard? Why should not the Maybricks find the way hard? If they always found it easy there would be grave reasons for doubting the truth of God's word. Indeed if a woman of the Maybrick type found life as happy and pleasant as the best wives and mothers often find it, many people would doubt the very existence of God. God has said that the way of transgressors must always be hard and no transgressor has a right to expect it otherwise. Why should people always raise a howl when they merely see God's word verified?—*Canada Presbyterian.*

The Business of the Eiffel Tower.

An item in the *World* states that the business of the Eiffel Tower turns out to be immense. M. Eiffel calculated that when everything was in working order the gate money would be $5,000 a day. Since the elevators have been in operation it is thought to have averaged more than this. On any of the ordinary full-price days more than twenty thousand people have paid admission, and, with the increased prices for those using the elevator, the entire receipts exceed $10,000. The original cost of the Eiffel Tower was a little less than $1,000,000. The proprietor has to keep it in repair, and hand over one-fourth of his gate-money to the Exhibition. It is estimated that it will be half paid for when the Exhibition closes, and then it will remain certainly three years more and perhaps ten.

He Couldn't Enthuse.

Branch—Tree, congratulate me, and come right along and take something. Yes, you've got to. It's a ten-pound boy. My first, you know.

Tree—Really, Branch, you must excuse me this morning, for I cannot enter into the spirit of the occasion. Do not insist now. I am in no mood for it.

Branch—What's the matter, old man?

Tree—It's a boy at our house, too. My eighth, you know.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M.D., Professor in University College, London, Eng., Examiner in Medicines, Royal College of Surgeons, says, in reference to advanced kidney disease: "Complications are met, such as consumption, heart disease, morbid conditions, liver affections. Warner's Safe Cure cures these affections by putting the kidneys in a healty condition, thereby enabling them to expel the waste or poisonous matter from the system.

Doing His Prettiest.

Mr. Budworthy—Rather clever fellow that young Dudelong, don't you think?

Miss Tewstules—I really couldn't tell. He uttered scarcely a word the whole time he was here.

Mr. Budworthy—Sly dog! He knows when he is at his best.—*Puck.*

Wifely Care—John, do tie a knot in your handkerchief before you go to bed so as not to forget to get up to-morrow at 4 o'clock.

—The Duchess of Portland has promised a ton of toys to the children of an English village.

Granddaddy Greybeard.

(By Mrs. Haney.

Granddaddy Greybeard, how do you do?
'Tis ever so long since I parted from you.
Now you have come, with your long spindle shanks,
Accept a warm welcome and many kind thanks.
Drive with your bicycle over my nose,
Down my long skirts till you come to my toes,
As I lie in my hammock, swayed by the breeze,
Screened from the light by the leaves of the trees;
Do as you like, only stay here with me,
While I dream of the past as it once used to be

Granddaddy Greybeard, so long, long ago,
When a wee girl, we met often, you know.
I held you up lightly—I thought you were wise—
And asked the old question, with wonder-wide eyes:
"Granddaddy Greybeard, tell me, I pray,
Where are my cows? or I'll kill you to-day."
With so many legs, no wonder you held
One, two or more towards the old pasture-field;
But I thought some old man's soul, all withered and dried,
Must be crowded and cramped in your little grey hide,
As up the long pathway, with a slow pace,
Came old "Lineback" and "Pink" and young "Brockleface,"
Nipping the herbage and switching their tails,
To where mother stood, with the bright milking-pails.
Oh! those were the days, when all nature could please;
My friends were the butterflies, birds and the bees;
Some old-fashioned flowers, now ruled out of style,
That looked in my face with a glad, sunny smile.

Granddaddy Greybeard, sure something is wrong;
The world changes so as it gallops along:
They say times are better, but how can that be?
It has stolen so much that was pleasant from me;
It has scattered my hopes, upset my best joys,
Turned the girls into women, made men of the boys,
And those who laughed loudest and joined in the fun
Are buried away from the light of the sun.

Granddaddy Greybeard, when early to-day,
Oppress'd with sad thoughts in my hammock I lay,
You brought to my mind such a soul-soothing train!
Granddaddy Greybeard, come back soon again

Caistorville, Ont.

The Banner of the Sea.

(By Homer Greene.)

[This is the song for which John Boyle O'Reilly awarded the prize of $100 offered by the Scranton, Pa., *Truth*, for the best American sea song. The Scranton *Truth* now offers a prize of $100 for the best musical setting of the words offered before November 1, 1889. Harrison Millard will be the judge in the contest.]

By wind and wave the sailor brave has fared
To shores of every sea;
But, never yet have seamen met or dared
Grim death for victory
In braver mood than they who died
On drifting decks, in Apia's tide,
While cheering every sailor's pride,
The Banner of the Free!

Columbia's men were they who then went down,
Not knight nor kings of old,
But brighter far their laurels are than crown
Or coronet of gold;
Our sailor true, of any crew,
Would give the last long breath he drew
To cheer the old red, white and blue,
The Baner of the Bold!

With hearts of oak, through storm and smoke and flame,
Columbia's seamen long
Have bravely fought and nobly wrought that shame
Might never dull their song.
They sing the country of the free,
The glory of the rolling sea,
The starry flag of liberty,
The Banner of the Strong!

We ask but this, and not amiss the claim,
A fleet to ride the wave,
A navy great to crown the State with fame,
Though foes or tempests rave;
Then as our fathers did of yore,
We'll sail our ships to ev'ry shore,
On every ocean wind will soar
The Banner of the Brave!

Oh! this we claim, that never shame may ride
On any wave with thee.
Then ship of State whose timbers great abide
The home of liberty;
For so our gallant Yankee tars,
Of daring deeds and honored scars,
Will make the Banner of the Stars
The Banner of the Sea!

Dr. Barnardo Sent to Jail.

In the Court of Appeal on Tuesday, Dr. Barnardo appealed against the decision of Queen's Bench granting attachment for contempt of court in not producing a child named Martha Tigh, who had been taken from her mother's home at Bristol, and placed in one of the appellant's homes. Dr. Barnardo made arrangements for sending the child to Canada, and when the mother demanded its return he handed it over to a lady who took it to France. Steps having been taken in the English Courts to obtain the return of the child, Dr. Barnardo wrote to the lady, who refused to return it because she believed that it had been ill-treated by its natural guardians. The Master of the Rolls in delivering judgment said Dr. Barnardo, in his zeal for his own benevolent objects, had overlooked the rights of the people and the law of the country. Having done so he must take the consequences, and he was accordingly committed to prison.—*Altringham Advertiser.*

Fond of Sunflowers.

It is said that rats are so fond of sunflower seeds that they will, if plenty, flock into the wire cage kind of a trap in such quantity as to nearly fill it. But they should be fed awhile on the seed before introducing the trap.

Talking Shop.

Miss Chiff—Would you believe it? Old Mr. Grump, who is thought so reserved, told me last night that he was a believer in first impressions.

Miss Keenan—Why, don't you know, he's a dealer in etchings.

Miss Rose Coughlan has made a genuine success at the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco in "Jocelyn."

The friends of temperance in Ireland have formed a resolution worthy alike o themselves, of father Mathew and of the cause. It is to erect in the Irish metropolis a public statue of that apostle of temperance and a total abstinence hall in every city and town in Ireland.

—An exchange makes a note of the fact that the 9 in our date has come to stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using a 9. It now stands at the extreme right, 1889. Next year it will move up a peg—1890—and there it will stay for ten years. It will then move up to the third place—1900—and rest there for 100 years.

Mr. Benson, Collector of Customs at Windsor, is gradually sinking.

The Cornwall Canal was opened for traffic at 6 o'clock Sunday evening.

Advices from Honolulu state affairs there have been quiet since the recent insurrection.

MANITOBA MATTERS.

Brazier, the Montana murderer, has gone back to stand his trial, having consented to waive extradition proceedings.

It is said Attorney-General Martin will be Minister of Education under the new system.

The buildings of the Williams Manufacturing Company, located on the Canadian Pacific track, were destroyed by fire to-day. The loss will principally fall on Mr. J. H. Ashdown, the owner of the building, as there was not much stock on the premises at the time.

J. Buchanan, of Selkirk, has gone to the States. It is said financial troubles caused his sudden departure.

Mr. Somerset, Superintendent of Education for Manitoba, in an address takes ground against the abolition of the Separate Schools on the ground of expediency, although he admits he is opposed to their principle. He thinks they should be brought to a higher standard. He also opposes, from experience elsewhere, the proposal to do away with the Board of Education. He regards this address as a valedictory, as he expects to be legislated out of office.

The first car of new wheat was shipped from Cartier by railway for Winnipeg to-day.

Winnipeg's death rate during August was 15.43 per 1,000 inhabitants.

Geo. Strevel has been awarded the contract for the construction of 30 miles on the Long Lake & Regina Railway.

The weather to-day and during the past two weeks has been most favorable for harvesting, and in consequence nearly all the grain has been cut and over one-half stacked. In most districts threshing has commenced. New wheat has been marketed at several points and is a splendid sample. In Morden district, where the crop suffered most from want of rain in June, it is now estimated the yield will be 25 bushels to the acre. At Portage la Prairie 28 bushels per acre is a careful estimate. One farmer at the latter place from 11 bushels of wheat sown threshed 235 bushels, and many fields will yield from 40 to 50 bushels per acre. Samples show that this season's grain is by far the best ever raised in Manitoba. The kernel being very plump and the color bright, it is now pretty certain that estimates of over a month will be fully realized, viz., that the wheat crop in Manitoba and Assinaboia together will be 12,000,000 bushels.

Convict No. 34 escaped from Stoney Mountain Penitentiary last night and has not yet been captured.

The regular train service will be inaugurated over the Northern Pacific to Portage la Prairie on Monday.

A separator was burned yesterday while threshing on Mann Bros'. farm at Portage la Prairie; loss, $1,000.

Rourke & Cass have received the contract for the construction of the new Northern Pacific roundhouse at a cost of $45,000.

The Northern Pacific, having failed to purchase the Northwest Central or make arrangements with the Manitoba Northwestern, has decided, under the General Railway Act of the Province, to build immediately 50 miles of road from Portage la Prairie westward, tapping the section of country lying between Brandon and Rapid City.

The railway mail clerks of this country have organized a branch association with Mr. J. G. Moore as President.

The daughter of Lord Selkirk, of Rupert's Land fame, will visit Manitoba next month, and a garden party will be held in her honor.

The market for new wheat opened at 60 cents per bushel. There was a considerable quantity of wheat, grade number one hard.

"Have you had a pleasant vacation this summer?" "Yes; enjoyed myself hugely." "How did you spend it?" "By sending my wife to the country for six weeks."

The marriage festivities at Copenhagen will bring a large gathering. It is estimated that forty members of the Imperial and Royal families will be present, the assembling of whom gives rise to numerous betrothal rumors.

—Miss Crimple (to clerk of the Snake Creek House)—Will you please send the porter to our room, Mr. Bigstud? Clerk—Yes, ma'am; anything wrong? Miss Crimple—Papa just shot a musquito, and we would like Patrick to carry it out.

—Jubilant remarks in a dyspepsia doctor's office on Vine street: "Well, doctor, I took your advice about plain, wholesome food. I had a plain deviled crab before I went to bed last night, and I had a splendid night. I dreamt I had a fight with a party I despise, and I nearly knocked the life out of him!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Rider Haggard has agreed, says London *World*, to write a book, to appear in 1891, about Queen Esther. In order to explore Assyria in search of topographical and archæological lore, he will leave England before the end of autumn.

It is not many years since the post-card came into use, yet it has become all over Europe and this continent a very common means of communication. On the other side of the line it is said over 100,000,000 cards are used a year. Each country has a style of card peculiar to itself, and each has a particular formula where the address is to be written. This has given rise at times to a good deal of discussion among grammarians and newspaper writers. As a matter of curiosity, the various legends may here be noted: Canada: "The address to be written on this side." United States: "Nothing but the address to be on this side." England: "The address only to be written on this side." France: "This side is exclusively reserved for the address." "Germany: "Only for the address." Spain: "On this side is written only the address (foreign). What is to be written will be done on the opposite side, and will go signed by the sender (home), Switzerland: "Only for the address (in German). Side reserved for the address in Italian and French)." Italy: "N. B. On this side nothing is to be written save the address only." Sweden: "This side reserved for the address." Denmark: "On this side write only the address." Russia: "This side reserved specially for the address." Holland: "Side reserved for address." Hungary, Belgium and a few other countries make no specifications, but throw out unequivocal hints that you "must write only the address on this side."

WAR ON CHINESE.

St. Louis Working Girls Begin a Crusade Against Ah Sin.

The Mongolian shirt manipulator and the American working girls are engaged in deadly war in St. Louis. The Chinese population has increased so rapidly and their laundries have increased so continuously, that the American laundry business has been almost ruined. The Americans formed a combination, and by agitation and newspaper aid have drawn the population of the city into the fight. There was a big parade of the Americans the other night, and the transparencies carried were designed to make a Chinaman blush. One that was cheered along the route had this: "American girls first; Chinamen never." Another had this startling piece of information: "What was found at the Chinese laundry, No. 16 North Ninth street. Ask the police and they will tell you. A white woman stupefied by opium." Further down was this statement: "Those who patronize Chinese laundries keep honest girls from work." Oliver H. C. Ross, the president of the association, in speaking about the warfare about to be inaugurated against the celestials, said: "We are confident of the success of the movement because of our faith in the American people's sense of justice. I am sure the people of St. Louis do not realize fully what they are doing when they patronize Chinese laundries, and I believe that when the matter is fairly presented to them, as we propose to do, that the Chinese will find no profit in the laundry business in St. Louis, and that 2,500 honest girls, who are anxious to secure employment, but who cannot get it, will be able to get work at which they can earn good wages. There are in St. Louis 900 Chinamen, and each one does about the work of three girls. That means that if there were no Chinese laundries in St. Louis 2,500 girls would be earning $7 and $8 a week in the laundry business."

It has been decided that a big parade of the laundry girls will be the most effective way of winning over the young men from the heathen. The girls will put on their best, and in the whitest linen will carry their transparencies and show their countrymen the error of their ways.

MEERN IS A HERO.

His Courage Saved Forty-five Men from Probable Death.

A Cumberland, Md., despatch says: Even yet there are echoes to the cries of rejoicing which went up yesterday when forty-five men emerged safely from a dark earth prison in which death had seemed their certain lot. The Allegheny and the Ætna mines are located thirteen miles from here. Yesterday a thin wall between them collapsed with a crash and a volume of water from the Ætna, or the Boston Mine, rushed into the Allegheny mine and flooded it. Forty-five miners were at work when the rush of water came between them and the shaft through which they went up and down to and from the surface. Their lamps went out and they were left in utter darkness. The water swirled around them, rose to their waists, and then to their necks, and they began climbing the wall of the mine. Perched about like birds they waited. Meanwhile, up above, in the light of day, a heart-rending scene was being enacted. News of the disaster had spread rapidly, and within a few minutes a crowd of weeping women and children, who had husbands and fathers in the submerged mine, gathered about and prayed aloud to heaven to save their loved ones. Men were there, too, weeping with the women; but they could suggest no means of finding out the condition of the men in the mine. Unable to endure the suspense any longer one man finally volunteered to go down into the mine and find out, if possible, whether the men were alive or dead. This man's name is H. P. Meern, and he is a mining engineer. He found the water up to his neck, but he swam through the darkness until he came to the miner's retreat, where they were perched about in every position. They seemed dazed, and looked for nothing but death. Placing a boy on his shoulders, Mr. Meern shouted encouraging words to the others and induced them to swim after him to the mouth of the shaft. They followed him and every one of them got out in safety. Then came the scene of rejoicing which no pen can describe.

The Shah's Fast Ride.

The Shah of Persia was given the experience of very fast running on English railways recently; for example, the run from Leeds to York over the Great Northern Railway, a distance of 185¾ miles, being made in 3 hours and 41 minutes, giving a running average, exclusive of stops, of 56¼ miles an hour, a tremendous pace for so long a run. From Liverpool to Manchester he was taken over the Cheshire line in 33 minutes, the distance being 34 miles. It is doubtful whether His Majesty enjoyed the tremendous contrast to Oriental ways which such a pace involved.

Began to Doubt Him.

"You doubt me!" he exclaimed. "Have I not told you over and over again that I loved you and you only; and did I ever tell you an untruth, Katherine?"

"I would that I could have absolute faith in you," she replied, stifling a sob; "but—but I heard you tell uncle that you once caught a brook trout that weighed three pounds and six ounces"; and the tears flowed down her fair young face, while he tapped the ground with his foot and solemnly gazed o'er the wide blue sea.

Commencing to-day there is an advance in Western Union Telegraph rates.

—"I have," cried the rampaging orator, "in my tongue a rapier with which to kill all fools." "Take it away from him!" yelled a man in the hall. "He's going to commit suicide!"

"Mr. McClintock," shouted his better half, "I want you to take your feet off the parlor table." "Mrs. McClintock," he said, in a fixed determined voice, "I allow only one person to talk to me that way." "And who is that?" she demanded. "You, my dear," he replied softly, as he removed the pedes.

Farmer's wife—I suppose you will be soon leaving the country for the city, won't you? Tramp—Yes, ma'am; it's allus about this time of the year that the actors begin crowdin' us off the road.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Will Carleton is rusticating at Thousand Island Park.

On Friday evening a little Kingston lad fell into a lime vat and was sadly burned.

Mr. Wm. McMillan, Magistrate at Brucefield, Ont., dropped dead yesterday afternoon.

Thirteen persons at Iroquois were poisoned by eating ice cream. None of them died.

Prairie fires are raging at Regina, Maple Creek, and other adjacent points, which are doing a great deal of damage.

Under Count Tolstoi's scheme Jewish advocates will not be allowed to plead in the tribunals of the Baltic Provinces.

A little Toronto girl accidentally fell upon a moving emery wheel, and the moving wheel made a deep gash in her throat.

The Ottawa Ministerial Association condemn some of the attractions advertised for the Central Fair as immoral and appealing to the lowest tastes.

A Gananoque forger, who sold W. N. Rogers, Kingston, a cheque for $500, has been arrested in the United States, whither he absconded. He was ran down at Bancroft, Iowa.

George Campbell, London, was yesterday committed for trial at the Quarterly Sessions, on a charge of slashing Henry Moorehead with a razor after church the other Sunday night.

Many parts of Essex county are threatened with a water famine as a result of the protracted dry weather. The farmers have to draw water for miles, both for their stock and household use.

Early Sunday morning Mr. E. S. White, Welland, was awakened by some one in his bedroom. He gave the alarm and the intruders beat a hasty retreat, taking Mr. White's pants, containing $5.50 in cash.

Dr. Johnston, of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, who is at present in Paris, has been instructed to make inquiry with reference to the discovery of M. Pasteur in connection with the inoculation of animals as a prophylactic of pneumonia.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in a speech at Birmingham to-day, advised the Government before introducing their Irish Land Bill to submit to Parliament a resolution declaring that Ireland, equally with England and Scotland, is entitled to a denominational endowment for educational purposes.

Samuel C. Shovalter, aged 60, of Dayton, O., submitted to an injection of elixir of life three weeks ago, hoping for relief from rheumatism, and died yesterday. After the injection his limbs swelled and his whole system was permeated with blood poison. Gangrene set in, the flesh chipped off in flakes large as a man's hand, and he became a horrible object.

The body of the young man recently found dead on the Grand Trunk track near Glencoe proves to have been that of Wm. B. Jaynes, aged 24 years, eldest son of Mr. Wm. Jaynes, of Askin street, London South. The young man was on his way home from Detroit and is supposed to have fallen from the cars while sitting on the steps asleep.

Mrs. Henry White, of Newtonbrook, was standing at the corner of Queen and James streets, Toronto, yesterday morning looking at the circus, when a man at her side, in turning hastily, struck her in the breast with his elbow, knocking her down. In falling she broke her arm, and had to be conveyed in the ambulance to her friends at 51 Teraulay street.

Shortly after 8 o'clock last evening Alfred Jones, a brakesman on an auxiliary train, while passing between the auxiliary car and van at Port Hope, fell between the cars and was cut in two. Death was instantaneous. Jones was an unmarried man, about 30 years of age. His mother lives near Belleville. The body was sent down by express to-night.

It is rumored that the Czar will meet Emperor William at Potsdam during the present week.

It is rumored in St. Petersburg that Russia is likely to abandon the present severe system of industrial protection.

Regent Gruics declares the Servian Government earnestly desire to maintain friendly relations with Bulgaria.

Each side in the Cronin case is so anxious and particular that it is expected the task of selecting jurors will occupy some weeks.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," was among the passengers of the Vancouver, which arrived at Quebec on Saturday.

Grimsby Park closed for the season with yesterday's services, when Dr. Searles, of New York, and Rev. Dr. W. S. Griffin conducted the services.

About 300 representatives of the United States Editorial Association were in London on Saturday *en route* to Niagara Falls, and were tendered a reception.

The Dominion Trades and Labor Council will meet in Montreal to-morrow. To-day there will be an imposing demonstration of workingmen in that city.

Mr. VanHorne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, says the extension to Windsor will be completed so that freight can be carried within two months.

The Berlin *Post* declares the only way to turn the attention of Russia from war is for the European Powers to agree to give her a free hand in Asia and the Balkans.

The Georgetown paper mill last week erected a 60 horse electric motor, the power for which is generated by damming the River Credit a short distance below the mill.

It is said the Russian Government have discharged the debts owed by the Prince of Montenegro to various Austrian banking firms. The debts amounted to over 1,000,000 roubles.

An engine and four freight cars went through a burning bridge near Rock Creek, Wyoming Ter., on the Union Pacific yesterday. The fireman jumped, but the engineer went down with the mass.

Mrs. Maybrick is permitted by the prison authorities to take exercise in the prison yard. Her health is improving. She still maintains her cool demeanor, and seems to be settling into the routine of convict life.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has signed a concession giving the British East Africa Company the Lamu Island and the Beragir coast line from Kipini northward, including Kismayu-Brawa, Merka, Magadish and Mruti.

The French Government have declined to accede to the request of the people of the New Hebrides for the annexation of the islands by France. France does not wish to infringe upon her convention with England relative to the New Hebrides.

This week's proceedings in Mont Martre and Belleville seem to indicate that there is a great deal of Boulangist sentiment in the rougher districts of Paris. But the opinion here now is very decided that the Republic will hold, if not its own, still a clear majority in the new Chamber

The body of a man was found in Bertrand's fishing net in Lake Erie, near Colchester, Thursday. From his clothes it is supposed he was a sailor. He was 5 feet 8 inches in height, red hair and moustache, barefooted and tattooed on both arms. From the appearance of the body he could not have been long in the water. The body was buried on the beach.

Albert Brierly, the Liverpool merchant who has gained notoriety through his connection with the Maybrick case, arrived at Boston Sunday. He admitted paying the costs of the trial, £6,500, but said he had figured more prominently in the case in print than any real connection with it warranted, and he came to America to escape notoriety. After he left the steamer all trace of him was lost.

SECRET OF LIFE.

Brain Workers Must Spare the Body—Realize When Old Age Comes.

Bacon says: "Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still, for age will not be defied." Half the secret of life, we are persuaded, is to know when we are grown old; and it is the half most hardly learned. It is more hardly learned, moreover, in the matter of exercise than in the matter of diet. There is no advice so commonly given to the ailing man of middle age as the advice to take more exercise, and there is perhaps none which leads him into so many pitfalls. This is particularly the case with the brain workers. The man who labors with his brain must spare his body. He cannot burn the candle on both ends, and the attempt to do so will almost inevitably result in his lighting it in the middle to boot: the waste of tissue will be so great that he will be tempted to repair it by the use of a too generous diet. Most men who use their brains much soon learn for themselves that the sense of physical exaltation, the glow of exuberant health which comes from a body strung to its full powers by continuous and severe exercise is not favorable to study. The exercise such men need is the exercise that rests, not that which tires. They need to wash their brains with the fresh air of heaven, to bring into gentle play the muscles that have been lying idle while the head worked. Nor is it only to this class of laboring humanity that the advice to take exercise needs reservations. The time of violent delights soon passes, and the effort to protract it beyond its natural span is as dangerous as it is ridiculous. Some men, through nature or the accident of fortune, will of course be able to keep touch of it longer than others; but when once the touch has been lost, the struggle to regain it can add but sorrow to the labor. Of this our doctor makes a cardinal point: but pertinent as his warning may be to the old, for whom, indeed, he has primarily compounded his *elixir vitæ*, it is yet more pertinent to men of middle age, and probably it is more necessary. It is in the latter period that most of the mischief is done. The old are commonly resigned to their lot: but few men will consent without a struggle to own that they are no longer young.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Astrologers Forbid.

It is said that the Emperor of China is anxious to encourage the building of railways in his kingdom, but he is surrounded by many obstacles. His priests, astrologers, and advisers of various kinds are afraid of Western civilization, and they employ all manner of devices to keep the young potentate from acting in a progressive way. The astrologers never find the stars favorable to the granting of a railway franchise. The Emperor is not more superstitious than other educated Chinamen, but he is obliged to conform to certain ancient customs or stand in danger of a rebellion. But the railways in the end will be built.—*Boston Star.*

A Growing City.

The city of Vancouver, B.C., is springing up like an Alladin's palace. In 1886 it had 600 inhabitants and in January of 1889, about 11,000. It possesses 38 miles of streets, 16 miles of sidewalks, 12 churches, a paid fire department, electric light and two magnificent parks. Less than five years ago the site was a wilderness.

Had to Take the Lot.

Jones' better-half presented him with twins.

When nurse brought them into the room for inspection the poor man was so bewildered at the multitudinous character of his happiness that he asked:

"Am I to choose?"

A Mother's Love.

Indignant Mother—You haven't given the child any prize.

Teacher—Alas, he has been persistently lazy.

Indignant Mother—Well, then, why don't you give him a medal for his persistency?—*Texas Siftings.*

A Strange Question.

Cora—I really must be careful not to give Mr. Smythe any more encouragement, for I do not want to hurt his feelings.

Edith—He has not proposed, has he?

Cora—No, but he has been asking me if I thought I could keep house on $10 a week.

—P. T. Barnum's wealth is estimated at $10,000,000, and the number of houses he owns in Bridgeport about three hundred and fifty. He has made and lost several fortunes, but would appear to be so comfortably fixed just now as to have no fear of any further financial disaster. He is one of the few editors that have made a large amount of money.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

The Local News.

What is Happening in Our Own Vicinity.

Read our special offer on this page.

A Sunday School convention was held in Markdale on Tuesday.

Any amount of honey for sale at this office.

The cattle fair on Monday was very poorly attended, only about half a dozen animals being offered.

Men's and boys' SHIRTS and DRAWERS, all wool, very cheap this season at M. Richardson & Co's.

Mr. Chas. Leitch says he has plums which beat the ones we noticed last week for size, one of which measured six inches one way.

The fall show bills have just been issued from this office, and we have received much praise for the manner in which they were executed.

If your watch or clock needs repairing, be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton, for a perfect job.

M. Richardson & Co's fall millinery opening next week, come early and see the new and pretty designs for fall.

Mr. Wm. Elder has leased his hotel at Proton Station to Mr. John Sheehy, of Durham, and returned this week to reside in Flesherton

When visiting the Flesherton fair be sure and call at Russell's noted jewelry store and see their grand display of watches, clocks, jewelry, etc.

We have received from the secretary a copy of Proton Agricultural society's prize list. The exhibition will be held at Dundalk on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1 and 2.

M. Richardson & Co are now showing a very attractive stock of new and PRETTY DRESS GOODS and dress trimmings in latest novelties at astonishingly low prices.

A district meeting of the Methodist Church was held in Markdale on Tuesday. No very important business was transacted. Two or three members were absent owing to sickness.

Several parties from Flesherton attended a corn supper and dance at the residence of Mr. Simon McCallum, Meaford Road, one evening last week, and say they had a magnificent time

Mr. Bishop, proprietor of the Kimberley grist mill, returned from a trip to the eastern Province on Monday. Mr. Bishop pronounces the hay and grain crop of the east as being good, but root crops are not up to the average.

A man who never told a lie, a woman whose tongue never got the better of her judgment and a man who can publish a newspaper to please everybody, are the three social white elephants which would be leading cards in the circus of the world.

A full range of fine Henriettas beautiful finish, leading colors, just opened at M. Richardson & Co's.

We would impress upon our business men the necessity of getting their show printing done early, so as to avoid the rush which always occurs previous to the show. Posters, dodgers, advertising cards, letter heads, bill heads, circulars, and any kind of plain or colored printing artistically executed at The Advance office. Fair prices and first class workmanship.

An exchange makes a note of the fact that the nine in our date has come to stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using a nine. It now stands at the extreme right, 1889. Next year it will move up a peg—1890—and there it will stay for ten years. It will then move up to the third place—1900—and rest there for 100 years.

If your watch or clock needs repairing, be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton, for a perfect job.

Mrs. Wm. Wright has placed a new roof on her store.

Mr J.E. Moore has lately plastered and otherwise improved his furniture store.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church intend holding a public entertainment on the evening of the second day of our fall show.

Fine all wool blankets, all wool and union factory flannels, choice patterns, at very close prices at M. Richardson & Co.

Shooting.

Hunters have already been bagging rabbits in this vicinity. Partridge shooting is on, but the partridge themelves appear to be off. They are said to be scarce.

Runaways.

On Friday last a horse attached to a bread wagon, and belonging to Mr. Watson, of Priceville, ran away from opposite Mr. Treadgold's, and during its peregrinations ran foul of Munshaw's hay scales, upsetting and smashing the cart badly. Earlier in the day F. G. Karstedt's horse started off with a wagon loaded with scraps of tin, and was only stopped when it tried to jump through Mr. Trimble's window. Mr. Trimble "drew the line at that" and the horse stopped.

Too Close for Comfort.

One day last week a man hailing from Dundalk, whose name we did not learn, was standing on the station platform when the express came in. He was under the influence of liquor, and standing so close to the edge of the platform that a car struck and rolled him over upon the ground. He fell between two cars with both legs across the rail, and when the train came to a standstill one wheel was within an inch of his leg. An extra half turn of the wheel would have amputated his limb. That was about as close a call as the most fastidious could wish for.

Card Playing.

There are some young men in Flesherton who are quite liable to get themselves or their parents into severe trouble. Card playing on Sunday is an offence in the eyes of the law made punishable by a fine not to exceed twenty dollars, yet that is what these intelligent youngsters have been guilty of. We tell them candidly, it is not safe for them to allow themselves to be caught at it again. The names of the offenders have all been handed in to this office, but we withold the publishing of them in hopes that it will not occur again.

He Rode Far and Free.

The other day a farmer hailing from the vicinity of Priceville came out to the station with the intention of going to Markdale. A single engine and tender was just ready to start for Owen Sound, and the farmer thought it a good chance to steal a ride as far as Markdale, so he mounted the draw-head at the stern and away he went. It chanced, though, that the engine did not stop at Markdale, and Mr. farmer was carried on to the next station, from whence he walked back to Markdale and came down on the evening train, paying his fare like a little gentleman.

Merely Sarcasm.

The following from a Flesherton correspondent appeared in Tuesday's Empire. It explains itself.

PIE FOR FLESHERTON

To the Sporting Editor of THE EMPIRE

SIR,—I have been requested by the Flesherton baseball club to enquire upon what terms a match could be arranged between themselves and the Toronto International baseball team, said match to be played at any time and on any grounds which the latter may name. Of course ours is only a "one horse" country club, but these late exhibitions of playing which the Tortons have been indulging in have added courage to our other good qualities, and we simply think that Flesherton can hold them down without difficulty. Yours etc.

Flesherton, September 6.

[Write to Manager Cushman, Elliot house.]

Personals.

Miss Bella Lennox, of Barrie, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Ada Sproule is spending a fortnight with her aunt at Pine Grove.

J.W. Armstrong, Esq., and Mrs. Armstrong, are visiting London this week.

Miss Sutherland, of Durham, is visiting at Mr. Bradley's.

Master Geo. Legard is home for a short time visiting his parents and friends.

Medical Visitors.

The ozone-saturated air of Flesherton has been filled with the cry of quacks during the past week. Dr. Laird, the lightning long-haired tooth destroyer, held forth for four nights on the street, doing clever slight-of-hand tricks, and as a favor allowing people to buy his medicines for two minutes only each evening. Then on Friday evening Dr. Gardiner, who was known to the people here four years ago as the Wizard Oil talking machine, opened out on Trimble's corner with a select trio of musicians, some glassware, his medicines, and several diamond rings, one of which he gave away on Saturday evening to mine host McInnis of Flesherton Station. Whether it was because Angus was the best looking man in the crowd, or simply that it was just his luck, has not yet been decided. The music furnished by the company was first class and attracted large crowds.

U. C. Bible Society Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Upper Canada Bible and Tract Society was held in the Methodist Church on Wednesday evening of last week. The attendance was very small. Rev. Dr. Moffat, secretary of the society, addressed the meeting at some length, giving a most interesting description of the work accomplished by the society during the past year. The society has been in existence 56 years. Last year there were $11.35 collected at this appointment. The following officers were elected for the current year: Rev. Mr. Shilton, president; Rev. Mr. Watson and Rev. Mr. Emes, vice-presidents; J.T. Moore, secretary. Miss Armstrong, Miss Damude, Miss Annie Richardson, Miss Vandusen, Miss Woods and Miss Stafford were appointed collectors.

Artemesia Council.

Artemesia Council meet on Monday, Sept. 3, the reeve in the chair. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. The following accounts were passed and ordered to be paid. John Boland, overseeing road jobs, $4, and monthly indigent account. Bylay No. 452, to levy school rates was read a third time.

It was moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp that this Council grant fifty dollars to be expended on the gravel road—twenty-five west of station and twenty-five east of station. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Cairns and Sharp, that the sum of $140 be advanced to pay workmen on stone culvert, Boyle's creek. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Cairns and Sharp, that John Porteous be allowed five dollars remuneration for gravel taken off his place for use of road. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Cairns and Boland, that this Council expend five dollars on town line, Artemesia and Euphrasia, providing Euphrasia expend the same. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp, that the reeve issue his order for this day's session of Council. Carried.

This finished the business and Council adjourned.

Special.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the American Farmer, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date, and to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first class farm journal free. The American Farmer is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens—American farmers—whose industry is the basis of all material and national prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the American Farmer is $1.00 per year. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. From any one number, ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of your household, YET YOU GET IT FREE. Call and see sample copy

For a new fall suit in TWEED or WORSTED you cannot do better than select from M. Richardson & Co's full and very choice stock of new SUITINGS.

Honor Roll.

S. S. NO. 6, ARTEMESIA. MARKS FOR AUGUST, 1889.

Fourth Class.—Nettie Stone 76, Ida Stone 75.

Third Class.—John Wright 52, Roy McLeod 38, Alfred Stone 36.

Second Class.—Lizzie McArthur 75. Meda Whittaker 74, Susie Gee 68, Florence Stone 65, Bella Harrow 67, Ulric Stone 61, Henry Patterson 57, Norman Fletcher 53, Alex. McLeod 41, Malcolm Baxter 16.

Part Second Class.—John Gibson 37, Tamar Gibson 16.

First Class.—Margaret A McArthur 64, Laura Whittaker 63, John McLeod 52.

Sell your Eggs now, 16c a dozen at M. Richardson & Co's.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Dr. Sinclair

M.D. M.A., L.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.M.

The Great Scottish Specialist

—OF—

TORONTO.

Specialist for the Treatment of

All Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain & Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and diseases of Women positively treated successfully.

Consultation Free.

Dr. Sinclair will be at Flesherton on Saturday, 5th day of October.

EAST GREY

FALL EXHIBITION

FLESHERTON

September 23 and 24, 1889.

$600 IN PRIZES!

OPEN TO THE WORLD!

FIRST DAY: Grand base ball competition, open to the county; silver cup valued at $15 as prize; clubs to employ no outside players; game to commence at 1 p.m. sharp. Foot race once around the track, at 3 p.m.; 1st prize $3 and prize $2, entrance fee to be 10 per cent. of first money, to be added to 1st prize. Judging in hall. Doors open at 4 o'clock p.m.

SECOND DAY: Grand trial of speed, open only to horses belonging to the members of the society, three times around the track—walk, trot and go-as-you-please; 1st prize, $5, 2nd, $3. Campbell Highland Dancers, of London, accompanied by the bagpipes. These children have exhibited in all the large cities of Ontario, and are marvellously clever. Judging of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. Doors open to the general public at 9.30 a.m.

NOTICE!

☞ *See the Northwest exhibit of cereals.*

Arrangements have been made with the railway to carry passengers from Orangeville, Owen sound and intermediate stations at one and one-third fare on first day of show, and single fare on second day, good to return on Wednesday, September 25.

FLESHERTON BRASS BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

Gen'l Admission 15c., Children 10c.

GEO. Stewart, President. R. J. SPROULE, 1st Vice President. S. DAMUDE, Sec.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Owen Sound Work," will be received until Wednesday the 18th day of September next inclusively, for works for the improvement of the Harbour of Owen Sound, Grey County, Ontario, according to plans and a specification to been seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Owen Sound, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenders

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of three thousand dollars ($3,000) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBEIL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 3rd Sept. 1889.

Executors Notice!

PURSUANT to section 36, Cap. 110, of R.S.O., 1887, the creditors and all others having claims against the estate of Susan Pedlar, deceased, in her lifetime, of the Township of Artemesia, in the county of Grey, who died on or about 1st of July, 1889, are hereby notified to send by post prepaid or deliver to W. S. Christoe, one of the executors of deceased, Fleherton P.O. on or before the first day of November Next, their christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of the securities (if any) held by them, or on default thereof and immediately after such last named date the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required; and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

W. S. CHRISTOE, SAMUEL PEDLAR, Executors.

Dated Sept. 5, 1889.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G Hatton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

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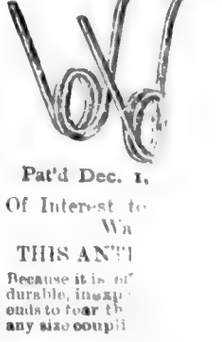

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Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your volume books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

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EAVETROUGHING

Etc.

done as heretofore.

I have

secured the agency for

the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

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and CONEMAUGH VALLEY FLOOD

embracing also, a history of the floods in Williamsport, Lock Haven, Sunbury, and all the flooded districts in the State of Pennsylvania, also in Washington, D. C., New York, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, all of which caused the total loss of over 11,000 lives and the destruction of over $40,000,000 worth of property;

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EDWARD P. SNELL,

Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.

A young fellow, a tobacco peddler by trade, was on his way from Morriston to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side panel and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stock on the rear. The peddler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees, who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the peddlar was inquisitive and somewhat of a tattler, always itching to hear news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morriston, the tobtacco peddler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shop-keeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sunglass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the peddler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night and meant to do the same all day.

"Good-morning, Mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog! What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes and answered rather sullenly that he did not come from Parker's Falls.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls.

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he were either searching his memory for news or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him:

"I do remember a little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard at eight o'clock, last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to a branch of a large old St. Michael's pear tree where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again with more speed than ever. The peddler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the fate of Mr. Higginbotham—whom he had known in the way of trade—having sold him many a bunch of long nines and a great deal of pig-tail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line: the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must surely have worn seven-league boots!

"Ill news flies fast, they say!" thought Dominicus.

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader, and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accostumed to return home, through the orchard about night-fall, with money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. His property would descend to a pretty niece, now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room and went through the story of the murder which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer who had arrived on horseback, a short time before and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was completed he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair in front of Dominicus and stared him full in the face.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard the night before last and was found hanging on his pear tree, yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, Mister," answered Dominicus. "I don't say that I saw the thing done—so I can't swear he was murdered exactly in that way!"

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning!"

"Then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus.

"I guess he'd likely have mentioned it to me, if it was," said the old farmer.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The peddler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water and went to bed, where all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer, Dominicus arose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman or foot traveller till just as he crossed the Salmon river, a man came trudging down to the bridge, with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder.

"Good-morning Mister," said the peddler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering he thus replied—

"No! No! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the peddler's mare on a sharp trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed until Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambigious circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder—since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go!" thought the peddler. "I don't want his black blood on my head and hanging the nigger would'nt unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang him! It's a sin, I know, but I should hate to have him come to life the second time and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls. But a few of the shop doors were unbarred, when he alighted in the stable-yard of the tavern and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty of course was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the 'ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact and also to be uncertain as to whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto or by the son of Erin alone Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority or that of any one person, but mentioned it as a report, generally diffused through the neighborhood.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place. Such was the excitement that the Parker's Falls' Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals and headed:

HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM!

Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord around the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed. There was such pathos, also, about the affliction of his niece who had gone from one fainting fit to another ever since her uncle had been found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, with his pockets turned inside out.

Concluded next week.

COUNTY & DISTRICT.

Last Thursday evening about nine o'clock Benjamin Oliver, a young man about eighteen years of age, who has been working for Mr. John Laybourne, near Riverview, while returning home from a neighbor's place, carrying two scythes under one arm and a small pig under the other, made a misstep in attempting to cross a ditch, and fell with his right leg on the scythes, cutting the fleeh, arteries and tendons to the bone. The wound was a serious one and bled profusely. Mr. Laybourne heard the young man's cries and went to his assistance, and after tying a bandage above the wound, which partially stopped the flow of blood, carried him to his house. Drs. Norton and Rooney attended to his injuries, and Oliver is now doing nicely.—[Shelburne Economist.

LARGE TOOTH.—Messrs. W. B. and John Jelly had a gang of men at work all last week searching for more bones belonging to the mammoth skeleton On Thursday they found three ribs and on Friday an immense tooth which weighs 16½ lbs. It measures 17 inches around the bottom and 33 inches around it in length. The proprietors will exhibit the skeleton at the London Exhibition, commencing on the 9th September. It will also be exhibited during the second week of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition.—[Shelburne Free Press.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A terrible accident occurred at Laurel on Monday last by which Mr. Patrick McGarvey is crippled for life. Mr. McGarvey lives on lot 10, con. 5, Amaranth, and was engaged cutting grain with a reaping machine. While standing in front of the machine making some repairs the horses became frightened and ran away. The first jump the horses made the sickle came in contact with Mr. McGarvey's legs, cutting off both below the knee. He received other severe injuries. Drs. Lewis and Henry, of Orangeville, were sent for. The injuries are of such a nature that the wounded man may not recover.—[Shelburne Free Press.

The Streetsville Review tells of a gentleman who was fishing for eels in the Credit. He felt an elastic tug at his line, and upon pulling his hook from the water found adhering to it a turtle one foot in length.

Meaford has electric light.

One day last week, a five-year-old son of Mr. McNabb's got some sand in one of his eyes. The little fellow went to bed without having the sand removed, and in the night his eye burst, coming out on his cheek. He loses the sight of the eye entirely.—[Collingwood Enterprise.

John Smith the World Over.

In Latin he is Johannas Smithus, the Italians smooth him off with Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render him Juan Smithus; the Hollanders adopt him as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten him out as Jean Smeet; the Russian sneezes and barks as he says Ivan Smittowski. In China he is known as Jovan Shmunit; in Iceland as Johne Smithson, in Tuscaroras you forget all about Pocahontas and Powhatan when you hear them call Ton Qua Smittia. In Wales they speak of him as Jihon Scmidd; in Mexico he is Jantli F'Smitti; among the Greek ruins the guide speaks of him as Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Voe Self.—St. Louis Republic.

Mormonism.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—I will now give a few more quotations from the Book of D.C. as they find fault with me for calling them Mormons. I will give my reasons for calling them by that name. They claim to be followers of Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism. Joe claims to have found plates in a stone vault on Cumorah hill in Ontario county, in the state of New York, and that there were hieroglyphics on these plates engraven, and that no one could translate them but him, for no one was to receive translations but Joe. P. 113, B.D.C., and again on p. 102, Joe was to be seer and translator of these plates. He claims to have translated the Book of Mormon, which they claim contains the fulness of the gospel, and now as they believe in this book which I am able to prove why they object to being called Mormons. When they also say on p. 335 of B.D.C. concerning Joe and Hiram Smith when shot in Carthage jail, that their innocent blood on floor of said jail is a broad seal affixed to Mormonism that cannot be rejected by any court on earth. And again on p. 94, B.D.C., but those who harden their hearts in unbelief and reject it (the Book of Mormon) it shall turn to their own condemnation, for the Lord hath spoken it. That's my reason for calling them Mormons. I will here give your readers a quotation from the Book of Mormon which will show your readers the contradiction of Mormon teaching. On p. 540, "behold I say to you that he that supposeth that little children need baptism is in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Wherefore such for they are in danger of hell and endless torment. Yet the law of the Mormon church is that the children should be baptised when eight years old. 2 o. B.D.C. for this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or any of her stakes which are organized, and their children shall be baptised for the remission of their sins when 8 years old and receive the laying of the hands. The laying on of their hands is that they may receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. This is sufficient to show the reader that they are impostors when they claim to be able to impart the Holy Spirit as the apostles did. I will now give another quotation from B.D.C. to show that they are polytheists. "And all saints shall be filled with his glory and receive their inheritance and be made equal with him that is, Christ." I will now give you a few verses of their Hymns to show this to be.

Praise to the Lord for the great work begun
Brought by the angel to Joseph's listening ear
Blessed to open the last dispensation
The time to establish the Kingdom of God

Hail to the prophet ascended to heaven
Traitors and tyrants now fight against God
Pleading with God on behalf of his people
Death cannot conquer that hero of God

Great is his memory, he died as a martyr
Honored and blessed be his ever dear name
Millions will love him and gather with joy
The martyr will rise with his Savior to reign

Great was his calling and great was his power
Ever and ever the keys he will hold
Faithful and true he will enter the portal
Crowned in the midst of the prophets of old

I will now give a quotation from Stenhouse book p. 297 concerning Mormonism. She says that it was only that could be entrusted with the secrets of the church leaders, and that them was taught in Joe's time as will show.

Unchanged in death with a Savior
He pleads their cause in the courts above
His home is in the sky, he dwells with God
Far from the furious rage of mobs
He died, he died for those he loved
He reigns, he reigns in realms above

Now Mr. Editor, I think that to show that these people are not believe that Joe Smith is now [illegible] God for them, which is a fact of Scripture. See 1 Tim. 2 [illegible] which I will here quote, [illegible] one God and one mediator [illegible] men, the man Christ Jesus. [illegible] conclusion I will say [illegible] selves, study the perfect [illegible] be guided by it, for it [illegible] unto salvation, and will [illegible] you unto all good works [illegible] a fraud, it was begot[illegible] Skeptical back-slidden [illegible] Rydon, another [illegible] inquisity, and brought [illegible] a skeptical admirer of [illegible] ished in fraud and [illegible] culminated in Utah [illegible] MORMONS.

Fall Sh[illegible]

Following is a [illegible] dates of fall fairs in this vicin[illegible]

NAME.	PLACE	DATE
East Grey	Flesh[illegible]	Sept. 27 and 28
Artemesia	Pi[illegible]	Oct. 3rd
Glenelg	Mar[illegible]	[illegible]
South Grey	[illegible]	Sept. 24 and 25
Great Northern	Co[illegible]	Sept. 25 to 27
Central Ag'l Soc'ty.	Wal[illegible]	Sept. 24 and 25
Industrial	To[illegible]	Sept. 9 to 21
Proton	Dun[illegible]	Oct. 1 and 2

THE LONDON STRIKE.

The Conference Leaves Matters Much as They Were.

WHARFINGERS AND DOCK COMPANIES.

A last Thursday night's London cable says: The London and India docks Joint Committee, after being in consultation the greater part of the afternoon, declined to concede the one remaining point at issue with regard to the strikers' pay, 6d. instead of 5d. per hour, and issued the following manifesto, which was immediately posted up on each side of the dock-house entrance and despatched to the strikers' headquarters, and also to the general managers of railroads, shipping companies and others specially interested: "The Joint Committee have decided to adopt the following conditions for extra labor at the docks under their control, the 5d. rate per hour, with 6d. per hour overtime, to apply to all labor not piecework, but men taken on before noon, if discharged by the Dock Company, to receive not less than 2s. The present contract work to be converted into piecework as far and as soon as practicable, under which the men will be paid not less than 6d. per hour, with 8d. an hour overtime, and divide the surplus, if any, between them all, the payments being made to the men under supervision of the dock officials. The hours of overtime shall be at the docks and uptown warehouses from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. The committee will use their best endeavors to obtain from the Government a prolongation of the Customs hours, which, if granted, will have the effect of extending the time during which payment may be earned."

The large crowd of strikers, shippers and others who were congregated in front of the dock-house made a grand rush to read this manifesto the instant the copies were posted, and for a while great confusion occurred. It was evident that the general expectation was that the notice was an announcement that the directors had capitulated, and great disappointment was expressed as soon as it was discovered that such was not the case. One striker was so angry that he reached out and with an oath tore down the notice he had just read. Hot words followed, and a free fight seemed imminent.

As the crowd learned the contents of the manifesto, many expressions of disgust and indignation were uttered. One striker voiced the general sentiment when he said: "That is not as good as we had before. It means fourpence less per day."

John Burns, head of the strikers, said: "Those are not concessions. They are nominal. If the men accepted they would find themselves in the old hole."

The dock companies and wharfingers do not pull together. The representatives of the wharfingers who attended the conference did not endorse the issuing of the manifesto. On the contrary, they opposed its terms. Mr. Lafore and another wharfinger withdrew from the conference because of the action taken. The wharfingers, as has been stated, have practically endorsed the strikers in their demands, and to-day they brought pressure to bear on the dock directors to induce them to settle the strike as quickly as possible. They represented that their business and that of the entire shipping interests of London were being paralyzed and permanently injured, and immense losses were being suffered. They further made it known that unless the strike was ended at once they would attempt to operate their wharves independently of the dock companies, and, as far as possible, would handle ship cargoes from the river. The wharfingers, at a largely attended meeting, decided upon a compromise which was submitted to the dock committee. It was rejected. The difference between the dock companies and the wharfingers is as follows: The latter load and unload vessels in mid-stream or at the wharves. The former unload ships at the docks and place return cargoes on the docks, but do not load. The ships' strikers have intimated their willingness to agree to the terms proposed by the wharfingers, but are apparently determined not to knuckle under to the dock companies.

A last night's London cable says: The dock strikers played what they consider their trump card to-day. They issued an appeal for a general strike in London on Monday, unless the dock directors end the strike at noon to-morrow by yielding all the demands of the strikers. The committees of the strikers have placed copies of the appeal in possession of the employees of all large establishments. The dock directors have also been furnished with a copy. One of the dock directors, who had read the copy, said there was nothing for the directors to do. They would not pay sixpence an hour, and if a general strike were inaugurated that was the lookout of the strikers.

Both sides were surprised to-day by the action of Cardinal Manning. He called upon the dock directors when they were in session. He said afterwards he supposed the subject of conversation would be made public, but if the dock directors refused to state what was said he could not do so. He gave the impression that he was on the side of the strikers, and it seems reasonable that the dock directors would quickly make public his remarks if he were on their side. There is also an impression that he may cause an appeal for peaceful methods to be made to the strikers from the Catholic pulpits on Sunday.

A prominent shipowner said: "I understand that Cardinal Manning addressed the directorate at some length, representing how greatly the commerce of London was being interfered with, and how much the peace of the metropolis was being threatened, and ended by urging them to submit to the strikers' demands, which he believed were not extravagant."

Meanwhile the shipping interests are suffering greatly.

The Seaman's and Wharf Laborers' Union at Brisbane, Australia, sent a cable despatch here to-day, saying employment would be furnished there to 250 of the striking London dockmen.

—Lord Salisbury's growing obesity is becoming very troublesome to himself and a scource of anxiety to his friends. It is understood that he intends to consult Prince Bismarck's physician immediately after the rising of parliament.

HUNGER AND DISEASE

In the Illinois Mining District Among the Strikers.

A Chicago despatch says: The Rev. Jos. Huntington arrived here to-day en route from the Illinois mining district to his home in New York. He said: The situation in the mining district is unspeakably distressing. Hunger and disease are abroad, and death is desolating the homes of the hopeless victims of this unnatural struggle. It would be hard to exaggerate the horrors which I have witnessed during my week's trip through the coal region. It is bad enough everywhere I went, but it is worse at Spring Valley than elsewhere. But even there the poverty-stricken inhabitants are not like the poor I am used to seeing in New York. There is no whining. People show intelligence and pride. Even hunger has not debased their feelings as one might expect. I am used to scenes of want, but what I saw at Spring Valley was more pitiful than anything I ever witnessed before. The cottages are nice and are surrounded by pretty lawns and gardens, but the awful poverty within was shocking.

Sickness is increasing and the doctor told me the people were so enfeebled by long privation and anxiety that an epidemic might break out at any moment. Business is utterly dead. Merchants are giving their goods away. The people go to the drug stores for medicines and the druggists supply them as far as may be, but take no account of the purchases on their books. Despair is written everywhere, but there is determination also in the faces of the hungry men and they will not yield. The award of the Arbitration Committee was a clean endorsement of the strikers' refusal to accept the terms of the operators. The outlook is black enough. The mine owners profit whether the mines are operated or not. When production is lively and values rise, they sell lots at a handsome advance. The miners build houses, and then hard times come, wages are cut, a strike or lockout results, the operators repossess themselves of the miners' homes, and in due time another wave of prosperity rolls up, and again the operators reap a rich reward in advancing land values."

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

A Farmer Fires His Barn and Then Leaps Into the Burning Mass.

A New York despatch says: The town of Paradise, near the Blue Mountain, in New Jersey, has been the scene of a dreadful tragedy which has excited the horror of the country people for many miles around. The town is a remote one and the news travelled slowly. Philip Heinickle, a well-to-do German farmer, has for some time past made threats that he would burn the town, but little heed was paid to him, as it was not believed he would carry out his threat. The other day he went to his large barn, in which was stored all his summer harvest, so that it was filled to bursting, and kindled a fire at the four corners. The barn was soon blazing and roaring, while the flames and smoke shot high in the air, showing for miles around. Some of his neighbors wanted to put out the fire, but with a gesture he refused their aid and they could do nothing but stand idly gazing at a distance, for the flames were so intense that a close view of the fire was uncomfortable. Suddenly they were horrified at seeing Heinickle deliberately throw himself into the flames when they were at their height. Nothing could be done to prevent his terrible act as no one was near enough. When the flames went down and the embers had cooled, so that a search among the ruins was possible, his charred and half consumed body was found among the embers several hours later.

A ROMANTIC MATCH.

One of Barnum's Arabs Falls a Victim to Charms of the Snake Charmer.

An Ottawa despatch of Thursday night says: Ali Bin Debe, the volatile Arab who twirls the rifle with such vim and dexterity in Barnum's show besides showing an aptitude for other entertaining feats of skill, has fallen a victim to the magnetism of Miss Nellie Hamilton, the snake charmer, in the same aggregation. Ali knows as much about English as the Prescott county school children do, and Miss Hamilton's knowledge of Arabic is equally slender, but love has an universal language, and the two try its agency to understand each other. The result was that Rev. Mr. Wingfield, of this city, had two singularly mated callers yesterday. The dress of one was chiefly noticeable for a showy turban and baggy trousers, while his fair companion was attired in a sweet Broadway hat and tailor-made gown. The rev. gentleman knew no obstacle why the ceremony should not be performed. Nobody forbade the banns, and the rite was accordingly proceeded with. An interpreter was present to explain to the love-stricken Moor the important parts of the ceremony. Ali professed to be a Christian.

Leather Butchers on Strike.

A last Wednesday night's North Adams, Mass., despatch says: The cutters in the shoe shops of W. D. Cady & Co., the Sampson Manufacturing Co., Whitman, Canody & Co., and N. L. Millard are on strike, claiming the prices are not uniform. The strikers have caused much trouble in the shops during the last six months. As all the other help are supplied with stock from the cutters' rooms the result of this strike will be disastrous unless soon settled. There are 1,500 hands employed in the shoe industry here.

R. A. Gunn, M.D., Dean, and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College; Editor of "Medical Tribune"; Author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," in referring to the use of Warner's Safe Cure in a case of Bright's disease, said over his own signature: "I was greatly surprises to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months, no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen; and, as he expressed it, he felt perfectly well. After this demonstration of its power, I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease, with the most satisfactory results."

—Princess Victoria is the most original and thoughtful of the Prince of Wales' daughters. Princess Maude acts as her mother's amanuensis. Princess Louise has been her father's favorite.

JIM McDERMOTT.

The Irish Informer Said to Have Been in London.

A London cable says: Jim McDermott, who made his home in Brooklyn for many years, who has been denounced as an informer by Irishmen all over the world, whose death in various shapes has been announced nearly a dozen times, and for the information of whose whereabouts Mr. Henry Labouchere offered £50 during the sitting of the Parnell Commission, left London to-day on an early morning train. He had been in London a week. He took no pains to seclude himself, and last night informed your correspondent that he was afraid of no one, and that the heaviest weapon he carried was a latch key. This he carried in his trousers pocket attached to a silver chain, after the English fashion.

McDermott never looked more prosperous nor more contented than last night, while he sat at one of the small tables with which the smoking room of one of London's principal hotels is lavishly furnished. He was one of a party of six, five of whom were Americans.

The sixth might have been a native of Scotland or the North of Ireland, but he had very little brogue. Excepting his upper lip, his face was smoothly shaven. He wore a small sandy mustache. His hair, also sandy, was cut reasonably close and was plentiful. His face was fresh-colored rather than florid. His attire smacked of the world of sport. It was of Scotch goods, a rather biggish check, and was fashionably made. In his scarf he wore a large cameo pin; on his head a brown Derby. His age would be guessed at from 40 to 45. His movements were quick and his air youthful rather than middle-aged, though his manner was perfectly composed. This is Jim McDermott. He was perfectly at home, though he had known only one of the party for more than thirty minutes, and to only one was he known as Jim McDermott; for his single acquaintance, a New Yorker, had introduced him to the others of the party under an assumed name. This, it should be said, was done without McDermott's connivance, and Red Jim informed me afterwards that it would not have bothered him at all had he been introduced as McDermott, as he thought many had forgotten him, while many more believed him dead.

A BRIDEGROOM AGED 83.

Isaac Amsden, of Cuba, Who is a Great-Grandfather and was Recently Married for the Fourth Time.

A Friendship, N. Y., despatch says: Matrimony has apparently no terrors for Isaac Amsden, who lives near Cuba, Allegany county, this State. He is an octogenarian bridegroom. He is nearly 83 years of age and has recently married for the fourth time. Mr. Amsden is a fine-looking, well-preserved old gentleman. His bride is Miss Victoria Renwick, who is barely half his age and becomes by marriage at one step a great-grandmother. Mr. Amsden was born at Corning, Mass., on September 20th, 1806. He was one of the pioneers of Allegany county, having settled near Cuba while yet a young man. Industry brought wealth, and his bride will rank among the richest women in the country. He is a Republican, and all his sons and grandsons belong to the same party. While yet a young man Mr. Amsden was married to Cynthia Webster, by whom he had four children. After her death he was married to Mary Ann McIntosh, and two children were the fruit of their union. His third wife was Louisa Bishop, by whom he had three children, making nine children in all—five sons and four daughters. He has thirteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. One of his daughters was murdered some years ago and the family name became much more widely known in consequence. To each one of his sons Mr. Amsden gave $1,000 to start them in business for themselves, and all are living and doing well. Miss Renwick, the bride, was born in Cuba, this State. She is a fine-looking woman and has many friends.

A RELIC OF DARK DAYS.

Enforcing an Old Statute Against the Jewish Religion.

A Thursday's Montreal despatch says A rather curious point has arisen before the Montreal courts over the refusal of Judge Pagnuelo, a Superior Court judge, to grant a petition from Louis Aronson, a Jewish citizen, for leave to establish a new Jewish synagogue in this city. It appears that under a statute of King George III., distinguishing between the Jews and Gentiles, which has never been repealed, Jews are required, in order to have a legally recognized corporation, to secure authority from the courts on the application of ten Jewish British subjects. There is, however, another *modus operandi*, which is to obtain a special charter from the Provincial Legislature. Of the two ways the latter is the more expensive. The congregation which has asked for legal authority is a branch of a Jewish order known as the "Sons of Benjamin," and has been in existence about four years. It numbers about 75 members. It has a burying lot for deceased members, and as registration books cannot be issued to them until it is a legally constituted corporation it labors under certain disadvantages. There are three other Jewish congregations in the city recognized by law, the Portuguese, the German, and "Temple Emanuel." The first two are under the old British statute, the last named under a Provincial charter.

Chinese Typhoons and Floods.

A Shanghi cable says: North China and Japan have been visited by a series of typhoons of almost unprecedented violence. The number of junks and lives that have been lost through inundations at Wengchow and Ningpo is enormous. According to the latest intelligence from Japan too, the number of persons who have lost their lives by drowning in consequence of floods is at the lowest estimate five thousand.

A Serious Case.

Mrs. Briske—Johnny, d the doctor call while I was out?

Little Johnny (stopping his play)—Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left this prescription and said he'd call again before night.

Mrs. Briske—Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.

ANOTHER RACE RIOT.

Five Hundred Shots Fired in Fifteen Minutes—A Large Number of Persons Wounded.

A New Orleans despatch says: Between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning a train carrying a colored excursion arrived at the Gouldsboro depot from Baton Rouge. A large number of colored men and women were near the depot waiting for the train. As the train neared the depot one of the excursionists attempted to get off and fell to the ground. Some unknown person said "Look at the black ——," when the negro drew a pistol and fired four or five shots in rapid succession, one of which struck a white man, William Mills, a brother of one of the Gretna police, in the nose and lodged in the back of the neck. Then the shooting became general, some four or five hundred shots being fired in less than fifteen minutes. The above account of the trouble is from the police of Gretna.

A terrible panic occurred. Women and children ran in all directions, shouting and screaming, leaving dishes, baskets, hats, and shoes, etc. Ed. Levy, a colored man, living in Algiers, was shot in the left arm and a colored woman named Fleming was fatally shot in the back. John Rainy, the superintendent of the Algiers & Gretna Railroad, who was about two squares away with two cars waiting for the excursion, states the panic caused by the rapid discharge of firearms was dreadful. He did not know what caused the trouble, but the cars on their way down to Algiers were fired into, and one of the bullets passed through a dashboard. Mr. Rainy stated that several times he and his drivers were in imminent danger of losing their lives.

Ben Watkins, colored, aged 70, residing in Gouldsboro, was shot while lying in his bed at his home this morning by some unknown party, who fired through the window. The ball struck him on the right arm, hand and breast, and left hand, inflicting severe wounds. Watkins says he knows nothing of the trouble.

The Algiers fire department was called out at 4.30 a.m. by an alarm of fire. They found a large number of men armed with muskets, etc., and a negro church on fire. There was no water at hand and the church was consumed.

BALFOUR'S COUP.

The University Scheme Intended to Weaken Parnell.

A Dublin cable says: *United Ireland* in a leading editorial informs the Radicals that the position of the Irish party regarding the project for the endowment of a Catholic College is the same as when it squelched the scheme for an underhand treaty with Rome sought to be negotiated by Lord Salisbury and the Irish Union Bishops, who now stood ready to sell Ireland to Balfour for a mess of pottage if they only had the country to sell. The Nationalists would welcome any genuine effort to settle the Irish question made by Parliament above board, and would try to make it genuine. There their position ends. They do not ask, nor do they expect, assistance from the Radicals. They fight for a great principle which the Radicals also endorse. The question is one which should be settled by an Irish Parliament, but wanting that, the Nationalists must be content in the meantime to take what reforms an English Parliament offers.

A London cable says: It is understood that the Government and the Catholic Hierarchy were in negotiation for some time with reference to the University scheme. Mr. Parnell was cognizant of the project, but the Ulster members of Parliament were completely surprised by the announcement of the scheme. The latter assert that the Government intended to ignore them.

Mr. Chamberlain says there is nothing between the Unionists and the Government beyond a general feeling that the question of higher education in Ireland ought to be dealt with. He is not aware that any details of the scheme have been settled.

Another Manifesto.

A Paris cable says: The Comte de Paris has issued an electoral manifesto. He declares his object to snatch the power from the hands of an oppressive faction. He counsels the union of the Conservatives and tolerance of the Boulangists, whose programme of revision, he says, will release France from servitude and restore religious peace. He expresses the belief that the Imperialists will not refuse to support a strong Republic, and appeals for assistance of all those who wish to found an honest Republic.

Uncle Sam Courts Their Acquaintance.

A Friday night's Washington special says: In consequence of frequent armed attacks made by highway robbers upon the United States mail in the Western States and Territories, the Postmaster-General has offered a reward of $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of any person found guilty of making an armed attack upon any stage coach or any railway train having the mail in transit.

The Coal Oil Can Scores.

A Thursday night's Denver despatch says: At Sopris last night Jas. Danochy's 8-year-old daughter started to kindle a fire with oil. The can exploded, burning the girl to death and fatally burning the mother, who attempted to save her child. This makes fifteen lives lost in this State during the past month by explosion of oil cans.

T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M., the Queen, in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "The arteries are sclerosed and atheromatous in the advanced stages of the inflammatory and in the cirrhotic but not so small in the waxy disease. In that affection the small vessels in other parts are frequently the seat of waxy degeneration." From this it will be seen that in the three forms of kidney disease classed Bright's disease, the arteries suffer changes, and it matters not whether they undergo sclerotic, atheromatous or waxy change, they are so weakened as to endanger rupture under any increased pressure. This explains the frequency of appoplexy and paralysis, and as clearly demonstrates that the only preventive of these disastrous ruptures of the blood vessels is the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure to keep the kidneys in a healthy condition.

UNDER THE GUILLOTINE.

Execution of a Murderer at St. Pierre-Miquelon.

A private despatch was received in the city yesterday from St. Pierre de Miquelon giving an account of the execution of one Noel, a French fisherman, who was condemned to death some months ago for the atrocious murder of an elderly man named Coupart, whom he cut to pieces after the style of Jack the Ripper. There was no guillotine and no executioner in the place, and the authorities were much embarrassed as to how the execution was to be carried out. The Privy Council had decided that justice must take its course as an example was deemed necessary, but the Governor was unable to find a contractor who would undertake the erection of a guillotine or a man to work it and was obliged to telegraph to the French Government. A guillotine was sent out by way of New York. Saturday last was fixed for the execution, and at 3 a.m. on that day Noel was aroused and told to prepare for death. One hour afterwards the condemned man was carried out, bound hand and foot, and driven in a carriage to Courbet square, where the execution was to take place.

In spite of the early hour there were about 2,000 people on the square besides the authorities whose duty it was to see the execution carried out. While the executioner was making his arrangements Noel recognized him and said, "Ah! well, Jean Marie, you are going to kill me. You will have another to kill before long. You ought to offer me a last drink before I die. I will be the first man to die in this way here; would to God I were the last." The executioner was more nervous than the condemned man, and placed the latter too far forward on the block. "My neck is too far forward," said Noel, "you will strike my shoulders. I beg of you don't be long, and above all don't miss your stroke." The executioner was over a minute getting the man in the proper position, and Noel was about to speak once more when the executioner touched the lever and the knife came down on Noel's neck. The head was severed from the neck but remained hanging by a piece of skin, which the executioner had to cut with his pocket knife. When the head fell in the basket convulsive contractions were noticed for a moment.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Scottish News Notes.

In the tournament for the Scottish chess championship Mr. James Marshall, a native of Crieff, has proved the victor.

The death is announced of Judge Gillies, of New Zealand. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Gillies, of Rothesay.

The Town Council of Linlithgow have resolved to present the freedom of the burgh to Lord Hopetoun prior to his departure for Victoria.

Mr. George Rutherford, a prominent Berwickshire agriculturist, died at Printonan farm, Coldstream, on the 7th inst., at the age of 51 years.

It has been decided at the British War Office that the 2nd Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, which has been in Egypt a little more than a year, shall be sent on to India.

Seven natives of Scotland are among the framers of the Constitution of the new State of Washington. They outnumber all the other foreign-born members of the Constitution Committee combined.

The Duchess of Portland was on the 8th inst. presented with her husband's portrait by the tenantry on the Portland estates in Ayrshire. About 500 persons were entertained at luncheon at Fullerton House.

By an accident which occurred on the 9th inst. in the malt store of Robert Hutchison & Co., flour millers and maltsters, Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, two men, named Edward Kinsman and William Steel, were killed, and another, named George Ritchie, had a narrow escape.

A tablet of white marble has been erected in St. Mary's Cathedral, Huntly street, Aberdeen, to the memory of the late Right Rev. John Macdonald, Bishop of Aberdeen. The Very Rev. Dean Stopani, V. G., purposes placing a similar monument to the Right Rev. James Kyle, D. D., the predecessor of Bishop Macdonald.

The Loch Katrine works, which have supplied Glasgow with water for more than thirty years, are now found to be inadequate to the wants of the city, so they are being duplicated, at a cost of about two millions sterling, and when the work is complete one hundred millions of gallons will be drawn from the lake every day.

Sir James Watson, ex-Provost of Glasgow, died on the 14th inst., at the advanced age of 89. He was the first to introduce stockbroking into Glasgow, took an active part in the railway movement, and was an energetic philanthropist. He entered the Town Council in 1863, was made Provost in 1866, and was knighted for his services to the city in 1874.

Ten Tons of Molten Metal Explode.

A last Friday night's Pittsburg despatch says: An explosion of hot metal occurred in the Homestead steel works of Carnegie, Phipps & Co. this afternnon, killing Andrew Kebbler and another workman, and seriously injuring seven others, two, it is thought, fatally. The explosion was caused by the upsetting of a ladle containing ten tons of hot metal.

Death from Nicotine.

An inveterate tobacco smoker, of Newburgh, New York, died last week from the effects of nicotine poisoning, a post-mortem examination revealing the fact that so thoroughly had his system become impregnated with the poison that the stomach and other organs were unable to perform their functions.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry died yesterday.

—Doctor—How would you like some animal food? Invalid—Animal food? Well, I don't care for any hay or grass, but I guess if I could worry down a little rye I'd feel better.

A postal telegraph scheme is being discussed by the President of the Western Union and Postmaster-General Wannamaker.

—Mrs. Brief (who has been reading an article on sleep, in a health paper)—John is it best to lie on the right side or the left? John (a lawyer)—If you are on the right side, it usually isn't necessary to lie at all.

SELDOM USED, NEVER ABUSED

The Pardoning Power in Britain—An American Tribute.

In England the pardoning power is seldom used and never abused. The authorities take no thought of the convict except to keep him fast. The protection of the community is the governing influence with them. Punishment being imposed as a deterrent, they work on the theory that, in lessening its terrors, you impair its power to restrain. In the grim old days, when many offences now lightly punished were capital crimes, a poor wretch who was about to be sentenced to the gallows complained that it was hard to be hanged merely for stealing a duck off a common. "Prisoner," said the judge, "you are not to be hanged for stealing a duck, but that ducks may not be stolen." Since then, in England, the law has become more merciful in its penalties, but the theory that the protection of the community is the paramount consideration still survives in full force. Mrs. Maybrick, having been convicted of poisoning her husband, and sentenced in commutation to penal servitude for life, passes inside of prison doors, and nothing but evidence of her innocence will ever unbar them for her release.—*Boston Herald.*

List of Fall Fairs.

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs so far as at present obtainable:

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9 to 21
Midland Central	Kingston	Sept. 2, to Sept. 7
Eastern Tps. A...	Sherbrooke, Que	Sept. 3 to 5
Port Hope Ex...	Port Hope	" 3 to 5
Central Canada	Ottawa	" 9 to 14
Provincial	London	" 9 to 14
Prince Edward	Picton	" 10 and 11
Southern	Brantford	" 10 to 12
Lanark Village	Lanark Vil...	" 11 and 13
Caledonia Fair		" 10 and 11
South Renfrew...	Renfrew	" 17 and 18
N. and W. Ox'ford...	Ingersoll	" 17 and 18
Arnprior	Arnprior	" 18 and 19
Carlton County...	Balls Corners	" 18 and 19
Malahide	Aylmer	" 20 and 21
East Grey	Flesherton	" 33 and 34
Northwestern	Goderich	" 17 to 19
Peninsular	Chatham	" 17 to 20
Listowel	Listowel	" 18 to 20
Lincoln County...	St. Catharines.	" 23 to 25
Great Central	Hamilton	" 23 to 27
Wellesley and Easthope	Wellesley	" 24 and 25
S. Perth	St. Mary's	" 24 and 25
Dereham	Tilsonburg	" 24 and 25
Packenham Tp	Packenham	" 24
N. Leeds	Merrickville	" 24 and 25
S. Leeds	Delta	" 24 and 25
Peterboro Central	Peterboro	" 24 to 27
C. Simcoe	Barrie	" 24 to 27
E. Muskoka	Huntsvill	" 24 and 25
Walter Falls...	Walter Falls	" 24 and 25
South Grey	Durham	" 24 and 25
Woodstock	Woodstock	" 24 and 25
North Lanark	Almonte	" 24 to 26
Lindsay Central	Lindsay	" 24 to 26
Ontario and Durham	Whitby	" 24 to 26
Centre Bruce	Paisley	" 24 to 26
Huron Central	Clinton	" 24 to 26
Southern Counties	St. Thomas	" 24 to 27
Central	Peterboro	" 24 to 27
B. of Quinte Dist.	Belleville	" 24 to 27
Gt. Northern	Collingwood	" 25 to 27
Guelph Central	Guelph	" 25 to 27
Moss and Elfrid...	Glencoe	" 25 and 26
North Union	Orangeville	" 25 and 26
Central	Guelph	" 25 to 2
Great Northern	Collingwood	" 26 to 27
Central Agricul.	Walters Falls	" 26 and 27
Orangeville	Orangeville	" 26 and 27
Welland	Welland	" 26 and 27
Mitchell	Mitchell	" 26 and 27
W. Dur. & Darlingt'n	Bowanville	" 26 and 27
N Waterloo	Berlin	" 26 and 27
Central Agl	Water Falls	" 26 and 27
Dunwich and Southwould	Iona	" 27
London Township	Ilderton	" 27
N. Norwich	Norwich	" 27 and 28
Montague	Smith Falls	" 27 and 28
Dunwich	Southwould	" 27
Bertie	Ridgeway	" 27
Central Exhib'n.	Cannington	" 27 and 28
Northumberland East	Campbellford	Sept. 30 to Oct. 1
Waindeet	Marshville	" 28
Westminster	Lambeth	" 30
West Branch Co. Monck	Dunville	Sept. 30 and Oct. 1
North Brant	Paris	Oct. 1 and 2
County of Haldimand	Cayuga	" 1 and 2
Netherby Union	Netherby	" 1 and 2
W. Elgin	Wallacetown	" 1 and 2
Mornington	Milverton	" 1 and 2
Arthur Union	Arthur	" 1 and 2
Gt. S. Western	Essex Centre	" 1 to 3
Brampton	Brampton	" 1 to 3
North Simcoe	Stayner	" 1 to 3
The Northern	Walkerton	" 1
Huntley Township	Carp	" 1 and 2
S. Simcoe & Essex	Cookstown	" 1 and 2
E. Simcoe	Orillia	" 1 and 2
Euphrasia	Rocklyn	" 2
Dalhousie	McDonald's Cor.	" 2
N. Hastings	Stirling	" 2 and 3
C. Saskatchewan	Saskatoon	" 2
East Hastings	Roslyn	" 2
N. Walsingham	Langton	" 2
Cardwell	Beeton	" 3 to 4
East York	Markham	" 3 to 4
Ontario Central	Port Perry	" 3 to 4
Trenton Union	Trenton	" 3 to 4
Freelton Central	Freelton	" 3
Yorkton	Assa, N. W. T.	" 3
W. Middlesex	Strathroy	" 3 and 4
Smith, Ennismore and Lakefield	Lakefield	" 3 and 4
Port Hope	Port Hope	" 3 to 5
Lanark Township	Middleville	" 3 and 4
Eramose	Rockwood	" 3 and 4
Blanchard	Kirkton	" 3 and 4
Buffalo International	Buffalo	" 3 to 13
North Perth	Stratford	" 3 and
North Renfrew	Beachburg	" 3 and 4
E. Luther	Grand Valley	" 3 and 4
Stephenson	Parkersville	" 4 and 5
South Grimsby	Smithville	" 3 and 4
South Waterloo	Galt	" 3 and 4
South Oxford	Otterville	" 4 and 5
E. Kent	Thamesville	" 4 and 5
W. Zorra and Embro	Embro	" 4
Pelham	Fenwick	" 7 and 8
Acton Union	Acton	" 8 and 9
Cramahe	Castleton	" 8
N. York	Newmarket	" 8 and 9
W. Garafraxa	Bellwood	" 8 and 9
Windham	Windham Con.	" 8
Howard Branch	Ridgetown	" 8 to 10
Melancthon	Shelburne	" 8 and 9
E. Algoma	Sault Ste. Marie	" 9
West York and Vaughan	Woodbrige	" 9 and 10
Simcoe Union	Elmvale	" 9 and 10
Elmvale	Elmvale	" 9 and 10
Alliston	Alliston	" 10 and 11
Caledonia	Caledonia	" 10 and 11
C. Wellington	Fergus	" 10 and 11
Halton	Milton	" 10 and 11
Percy Tp	Warkworth	" 10 and 11
Blenheim	Drumbo	" 10 and 11
Scarboro'	Danforth	" 10
Aldborough	Rodney	" 12
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	" 15 and 16
King	Schomburg	" 16 and 17
Bradford	Bradford	" 18 and 19

Almost Strangers.

Mr. Newkomer—Mr. Lamb, I have been recommended by Mr. Wells, the broker, to purchase my meat from you. He says you act very liberally with him and give him good meat. You are acquainted with him, are you not?

Mr. Lamb—Oh, yes, but not as intimately as I once was.

"How is that?"

'Because I don't see him as often as when he paid me cash."

—Eastern Man—I do business in New York, but I live in the suburbs. Do you live in the suburbs, too? Chicago Man—The suburbs of Chicago? Great snakes! Do you take me for a frontiersman?

OCEAN RACERS.

Enormous Amounts of Coal Consumed by the Big Steamships.

"The big steamship business is being overdone," said Superintendent Charles G. West, of the French line, recently. "The size and number of the steamers are increasing out of all proportion to the increase in travel. This year the lines will get along all right on account of the Exposition, but next year they will have trouble. Either the big racers will have to be withdrawn, some of them, or rates will go down. You see, they are built for passengers, and they've got to run full, or nearly so, or they won't pay expenses. And as to laying them off, except in the rush of the season, why, it would be like laying millions of dollars idle in a safe deposit vault ten months out of the twelve. The interest in the investment in these boats is too big an item to be thrown away.

"You see, the trouble about the racing boats is that to get a comparatively small increase in speed and power, a terrible amount of room must be sacrificed and a great increase made in running expenses. Look at the fast Cunarders, burning some 350 tons of coal a day to get across in six days. I believe some of the other racers eat up even more fuel, especially at this season of the year, when they have to be in racing trim all the time. I went over to see the Columbia when she was on inspection after her maiden passage, and I found that not only were the bunkers full of coal but some of the steerage compartments had also been closed up and filled with coal. They were bound, you see, to get every possible pound of power out of the engines. It isn't the cost of the coal alone, though that will average $5 a ton, but it's the room the extra coal takes up, and the extra men necessary to handle it, and the room they take up. It takes a regiment of stokers to shovel 400 tons of coal a day into furnaces. Every man costs from 90 cents to $1 a day, besides his board and lodging.

"When it comes to freight the racers don't get in. After the Cuñe sails there's no transatlantic freight to speak of left here, anyhow. The Cuñe burns, they say, only 135 tons of coal a day, and she makes the passage in 10 days or so. You can imagine the profit there is in a boat like that. Then the old Adriatic of the same line gets along with 85 tons a day and makes the passage plenty fast enough for freight. She's a regular gold mine beside these new racers."

All the same, Mr. West's own line is going to have its twin-screw boat. "Our new vessel will be ready next season," Mr. West said. "We've been waiting until the other lines had showed what they could do, and now we're going to take our turn. Will she be a racer? Well, we're not saying anything about that yet, you know; we don't want to boast prematurely. I don't mind saying, though, that personally I shan't be a bit disappointed if she slides through the water just a little faster than anything else afloat.—*New York Sun.*

Methodist Dancing and Card Playing.

Sometimes our young people, who are drifting into some form of conformity to the world, excuse themselves by saying that they have seen members of other churches dance, play cards, attend the theatre and drink wine, without losing religious caste because of so doing. This seems to us a very weak plea. We are certainly not justified in assuming that it is right for us to do everything which members of other churches may do. We should go to the Bible and the Discipline of our own Church to learn what we should do—not to the example of others, whom it may not be safe to follow. We are not their judges; but it may be that the people who are held up as a proof that certain worldly amusements are innocent, are doing wrong and losing ground religiously in doing these very things. One thing is certain, it is not dancing, card-playing Christians that are successfully working and witnessing for Christ. It is equally certain that the spirit that circulates in connection with these practices is not helpful to growth in holiness. Among Methodists such practices are signs of religious declension. It is not wise to try how near we can drive to the edge of the precipice.—*Christian Guardian.*

Semi-Royal Marriage.

Rumor in England leads to the conclusion that Princess Mary of Teck, daughter of the popular Princess Mary of Cambridge, is about to be married to the heir of a wealthy English peer. It is said that the Hon. John Baring is the bridegroom expectant. The Princess Mary is more generally known as the Princess Victoria of Teck. She is nearly of the age of the Princess Louise of Wales, who was married to the Duke of Fife the other day. She was 22 last May. The Hon. John Baring, if he be the suitor for her hand, is not yet 26. He is the son of Lord Revelstoke, the head of the great firm of Baring. So far as wealth goes, the match is of the most promising kind. Lord Revelstoke is immensely wealthy, and uses his riches admirably. The parish church he built at Nos is probably as complete a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture as can be shown amongst any of our modern country churches. The Hon. John Baring is said to be of his father's generous and and thoughtful disposition, and though he has exhibited no signs of great genius, he is described as being intellectually of great promise.

A Good Investment.

"Can you lend me $5?"

"Can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I never lent you any money, so I don't know whether you would pay me or not."

"Well, great Scott! isn't it worth $5 to find out what kind of a man I am? I might strike you for a hundred some day."

Fred. Brown, just released from the Kingston Penitentiary, robbed a man in the Ottawa hotel on Saturday night, and was soon after arrested. He afterwards escaped from the cells while the door was open and the officers were subduing a lunatic. He was chased around for an hour and recaptured.

The immense sum of $16,000 was spent for the single item of wine at the Centennial banquet in New York city. Richard Busse, the chief steward of the Hoffman House, said that not since the feast of Belshazzar has so much wine been drunk as on the occasion of the Centennial hall and banquet.

THREE HAPPY GIRLS.

Released From an Obligation to Marry or Lose an Inheritance.

The court this morning removed an incubus from three pretty, intelligent and amiable young ladies who reside on the north side of Barr street, between Custer and Linn, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. The young women are known as the Courtney sisters, Jane, Julia and Anna, daughters of good old Mrs. Mary Courtney, who died some time ago. The obligation imposed upon the girls by their mother was to get married if they would derive certain privileges on her estate. Evidently she believed it is not good to live alone, but as her daughters never manifested any desire to enter matrimony, she, on her death bed, devised this unique way of bringing about the wish of her heart. She called a lawyer to her bedside and dictated to him a will he would never have allowed had he not been in his cups. The property, real and personal, she left in equal parts to the girls; but provided that neither or all jointly should be able to give a title to any part or the entirety unless all were married. In case of any marriage the remaining one or two could enjoy all the privileges of the home and remain in it. The will was contradictory and showed unsteady heads of the testator and the scrivener. The court construed the will by giving a fee simple title to the young ladies, and now they may pass a title whether unmarried or married. Father Quinn witnessed the will, but he did not read it. A queer fact is that originally the property belonged to the girls, and they deeded it to their mother, so in case of their demise she would be provided for. Had the paper held good as the old lady intended, the queer fact would have been presented of young ladies being obliged to marry to gain their own estate.

In the House of a Rich Japanese.

The wealthy Japanese make no display either in the architecture of their houses or in the display of ornaments. In the way of furnishing, their pride is in the delicacy of their mats and the richness of the satin cushions. The chief room in the house of a rich Japanese is thus described: "The salon was about 25 feet long by 15 wide. At one end, in the corner, was a small raised platform in a little niche and on it a fine Imari vase three feet high, holding flowering branches of the cherry tree. Behind, upon the wall, hung a very valuable but very ugly kakamono of a god. Twelve blue satin foutons lay in two rows upon the floor and three standing lamps stood in a line between. A folding screen was placed to protect us from draught—and that was the entire furniture of the millionaire's drawing room. The 'mats' upon the floor were of the whitest and finest straw. The screen was a gorgeous one, with a battle scene painted upon a gold background." The Japanese keep their bric-a-brac in fire proof buildings, to be taken out one at a time and admired, and then replaced by another.—*Chicago Times.*

The Omaha Onion Game.

The Omaha onion game is not intricate nor hard to learn. Six young ladies stand in a row. The hostess gives a "silver-skinned" onion to the head of the row, who passes it along the line. Some one takes a bite and then the young men, who have been rigidly excluded from the drawing room and imprisoned somewhere in the vicinity of the front hall hat rack, are called upon to guess who bit the onion. The young man who guesses correctly is allowed to kiss the fair biter of the tender vegetable.—*Omaha Herald.*

Porridge all the Rage.

According to the *Sun* the keeper of a large and stylish boarding-house in Lexington avenue, New York, has oatmeal porridge put on the table for all the boarders at Breakfast every morning, and he says it is regularly eaten by every boarder of both sexes in the house. A very large number of the boarding-houses of the city now provide oatmeal porridge as a breakfast dish, and find that it is favored by all hands, young and old. Yet it would have been a curiosity for most of the boarders 20 years ago.

The Steel Pen.

The steel pen trade at Birmingham is reported as buoyant, the average weekly production exceeding 160,000 gross, something that would give an aggregate annual product of 1,198,080,000 steel pens. In Her Majesty's stationery office, one year, the consumption of steel pens was about two millions, as against half a million of quill ones. In the London clubs the proportion of quill pens used is larger than that in the Government offices.

With Little Affection.

Fanny—The Browns are still lovers, although married ten years.

Frank—Oh, don't talk that kind of rot!

Fanny (indignantly)—Rot, indeed! I saw her run down the steps last night and kiss Mr. Brown when he came home.

Frank—Pshaw! She wanted to find out what he'd been drinking.

A Parliamentary Ruling.

A citizen of this place was presiding some years ago, over the deliberations of a Democratic meeting, and things were not going to suit him. He finally delivered the following opinion: "According to parliamentary law, it requires a two-thirds vote to carry that motion, and the chair decides that there are not that many here." The meeting at once adjourned. That settled it.—*Atchison (Kan.) Champion.*

By the Booming Sea.

An old lady who imagined the sea must be very dirty because so many people bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it was washed upon the beach every morning.

The Baseball Maiden.

"No, Mr. Brown, I cannot marry you. You score a gooser this time."

"Can't tell yet," said Mr. Brown, rising from his knees. "I've got to third, and I haven't had an answer from the other two yet."

—News comes from Berlin that Count Von Moltke's brother Louis, an ex-Postmaster of Denmark, is dead, aged 85 years.

—Of the English Bench of Bishops twelve are pledged abstainers.

WHO LOST THE MONEY?

A Conundrum Which Sent One Man to His Grave.

Once there was a man who had misfortune. The further he went the worse he fared. When he struck El Paso he had just one round white silver dollar left to his name, and he went and bought a drink with it.

The barkeeper took his American dollar and handed him a Mexican dollar in change. A Mexican dollar at that time was worth only 85 cents in United States money. There were rumors of trouble between the two republics, growing out of Indian raids, and the pursuit of the robbers from one country into the other. A Mexican dollar was only worth 85 cents in Texas, and the United States dollar was worth but 85 cents in Mexico. It was early in the morning. He had nothing to do with the rest of the day, or with the rest of his life for that matter. The Mexican eagle on his last remaining coin suggested something to his desperate fancy, and he wandered across to El Paso del Norte on the Mexican side. He bought a drink of mescal there for 15 cents, laid down his Mexican dollar and received an American dollar in change, equivalent to 85 cents in Mexican money. He looked at the coin and an idea struck him. It appealed to his speculative humor. He retraced his steps to the American side, walked into a saloon, called for a drink of whiskey, paid for it with his solitary American dollar, which he had received in change on the other side and got a Mexican dollar in change. This he promptly carried over the line, bought a drink of mescal and got a United States dollar in change. Then he got to thinking. Here was the situation. He had precisely the same capital he started with an hour before and had distributed 60 cents' worth of liquor through his system in the way of dividends. The whiskey and mescal was gone. It was no further use to anybody. The visible supply of exhilarating beverage had been absolutely diminished to that extent. As had bought it at the market price. He had paid for it in cash. He had all his original capital still in his pocket. True, he had contributed the labor of walking back and forth from the Mexican to the Texan side, and vice versa, but that, as he shrewdly decided, was non-productive labor, so far as the interests of the public were concerned. It earned nothing, for it added nothing to the supply of anything. He might have walked back and forth until the river ran dry without anybody being the better off. Here was a chance to get even with the section of the country which had indirectly been the cause of his bankruptcy. He walked back to the Texan side, bought another drink, got a Mexican dollar in change, went back to the Mexican town, got another drink and a United States dollar in change. He kept it up all day. He picked up a stick and cut a notch in it for every drink, as the old Indian fighters used to keep a score of the scalps they took. He kept it up pretty steadily all that day until closing-up time, and set at it again the next day as soon as he could see. He waxed enthusiastic over his speculation, giving a war-whoop at every notch in the stick. But at length he got to wondering who was losing all this money. Apparently not the bar-keepers. They were getting the market rate for their liquors. Surely not he, for he was holding his own. The problem bothered him. He was naturally a curious man. The more he thought of it the more he drank, the more his head swam around with perplexity and the more the subject in question became complicated with extraordinary things which reminded him of the menagerie he had gone to see when he was a boy. At length, when he had consumed $5.05 worth of Texas whiskey, and $5 worth of Mexican mescal, he died in front of the saloon where he got the first drink and with a silver dollar in United States coin in his pocket—died of wondering who had lost the $10.05 worth of two kinds of liquor which he had consumed, although the local coroner said it was delirium tremens. But neither the coroner nor his jury explained who lost the $10.05, and that's what I want to know.—*Pittsburg Times.*

They All Do It.

Billings (to his tailor)—I must have that suit to-night. Can't possibly get along without it. Don't fail me now.

Tailor (wearily)—You'll have it, sir, if I have to put on an extra man.

Mrs. Billings (five hours later at home)—Your suit has just come, dear.

Billings—All right. Hang it up in the closet. I won't need it until fall.

R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, said: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, writing to the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

—"Oh, I am the flower that blooms in the spring," sang an intoxicated individual, as he lay on the sidewalk. "You don't seem to possess the self-raising qualities," said the cop who gathered him in.

Why is it that in our courts of justice we cling to the old custom of swearing witnesses on the Bible? Does the fact of kissing the sacred volume add to the solemnity of the oath? Would not the raising of the right hand be just as binding as kissing the dirty covers of a book that has done service in our court rooms from time immemorial? Drop into our Police Court any morning and see the motley crew that handle the Bible and press it to their lips, and then think of a respectable man or woman having to follow a vagrant on the witness stand and kissing the same book on which the foul breath of some diseased wretch still hangs like a vapor. Who would think of pressing to their lips the cover of a book that had just been handled by one afflicted with a loathsome disease? and yet it is done every day in our Police Courts. Reform is necessary. This would be a good subject for a physician to discuss.

—The Russian *Punch* abounds in comic pictures, printed in gorgeous colors.

—At Orchard Beach, Me., they have a sea serpent six feet long. That isn't very long, but it is getting late in the season and most of the first class serpents have signed.

A WEDDING POSTPONED,

Because the Groom Overslept Himself and Didn't Turn up.

Considerable interest was manifest early yesterday morning at St. Jean Baptiste Church on Primrose hill, where a young couple whose names are Joseph Potvin and Mary Arneau respectively, the former from Mechanicsville and the latter from Rochesterville, were to have been united in matrimony. The bride and all her friends were on hand punctually, and so was the priest, but the groom did not present himself. This put all the parties concerned in a flutter, and the greatest anxiety prevailed. A delegation was afterwards sent to the residence of the groom to inquire into his mysterious non-appearance. They were received by Potvin, who was as cool as a cucumber, and who met their queries by saying "he had slept it out." The marriage, the supper and the dance in the evening were all consequently postponed.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

Will Be Goosey, Next.

Mr. Nuwed (tenderly, but inflexibly)—It seems to me that "Lovey" and "Sweetie" and "Dearie" ought to afford you scope enough. It makes a man blush to be called "Darling" at every other word, particularly in the presence of strangers. But I draw the line at "Duckey." I won't be called "Duckey" by any one!"

Mrs. Nuwed (tearfully)—All righ Birdie," I wont. But I love you so much Dolly," that it's hard not to. Don't you understand, "Baby"?

Her Face was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so animated and lively that it did one good to look at her. She *was* all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no more in her cheeks, the former luster of her eyes is gone. She is a woe-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster, and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Superior to Dynamite.

Experiments first made in London with carbo-dynamite, one of the latest explosives, would seem to show that it possesses some important advantages over ordinary dynamite, among others that of considerably greater power, and the generation of much less noxious vapor when exploded in confined places. It is composed of nitro-glycerine absorbed by ten parts of a variety of carbon, and is claimed to be entirely unaffected by water.—*New York Telegram.*

"O. K."

The origin of the expression "It is all O. K." is thus told: An ignorant official endorsed each account that he audited and found correct—O.K—meaning to intimate that the bill was all correct, or as he pronounced and spelt it, *Oll Kreet*. Whatever the origin, the expression is used in a variety of connections, as for instance, when Robson told Tomkins that his wife's health had been O.K. ever since she used a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the great cure for all the painful and distressing ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only *guaranteed* cure for these ailments, sold by druggists. Money paid for it will be promptly returned if it don't give satisfaction. See *guarantee* printed on the bottle-wrapper.

That Boy Again.

Tommy—Say, Mr. Dryleigh, you can try it on me if you like.

Rev. Mr. D.—I don't understand you, my child. Try what?

"Why, ma says you can put anybody to sleep in five minutes." (Tableau.)—*Grip.*

$500 Reward.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh which they cannot cure. No matter how bad the disease has become, or of how many years standing, it yields, in due time, to their skill. This famous remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

A Strong Appeal.

Van Setmeup (fils)—Come, father, be generous. Let me have a thousand and I'll make it last a month, 'pon honor.

Van Setmeup (pere)—My dear boy, consider. If you go on spending at this rate you'll be as poor as I am before long.

—Victoria Morosini, the daughter of the millionaire, who married her father's coachman several years ago and starred on the stage, has done satisfactory penance for her social sin, and is again with her father as a modest but attractive belle at Saratoga.

Gen. Russell A. Alger has been elected National Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of Republic.

Looking at the matter from a philosophical point of view, what an easy thing it is for other people to be mistaken!

—The best horse is made to lose a race by being pulled; but the best boat only wins by it.

DONL 3789.

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

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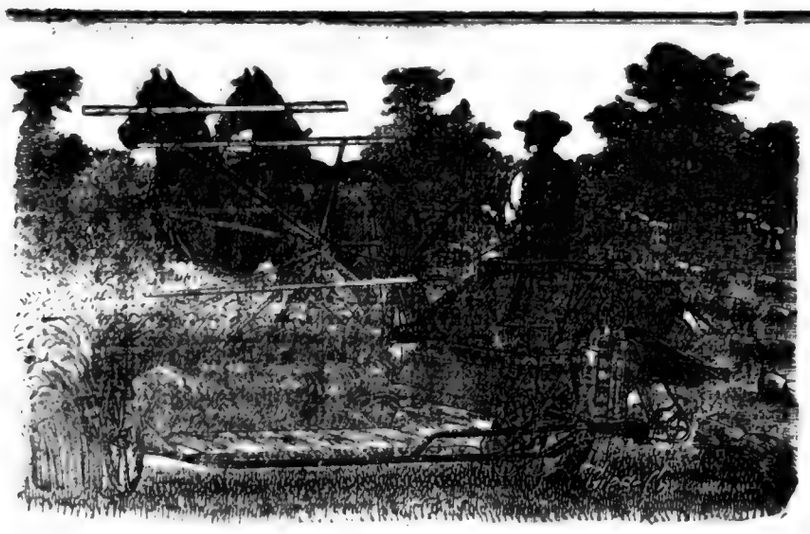

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Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

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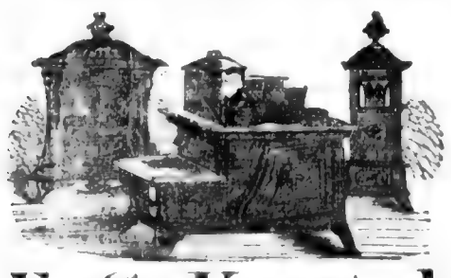

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Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reel bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
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Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangevie.
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Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
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Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
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JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P.O

Things Amusing and Strange.

NOT ORIGINAL, BUT WORTHY OF PERUSAL.

It's odd how much food a horse can go without and still be no faster.

Among the remarkable men who were born in 1809 may be mentioned Dr. Holmes, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin, Alfred Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, Edgar A. Poe and Lord Houghton.

The cost of the Paris Exhibition is roughly estimated to be £6,000,000. This includes the expenditure by France and by foreign Governments. To go against this there will be the money spent by those numerous visitors who will go away declaring that they went to the top of the Eiffel tower when they didn't.

The library of a Manchester collector contains a copy of what is probably the smallest volume ever engraved, printed, and bound. It measures 1.1 inch in height by .75 inch in width, contains 32 leaves or 64 plates, is covered in crimson and gilt roan, and has gilt edges. It was published in "Paris at the Black Cat, 82 Saint Denis street." The contents of the book are entirely in French, and consist of eight chansonettes, each illustrated by a vignette.

Dr. Buckly tells a story in The Christian Advocate about his following Tennyson some years ago through the South Kensington Museum, hoping to hear him speak. For two mortal hours and a half he did this without success. "At last he made sign as if he were about to do so. Hoping to hear some criticism of a painting we listened intently, and these memorable words fell from the lips of England's Poet Laureate: 'You take care of the children while I go and get some beer.'"

The Mexican wasp is built entirely for business. He is over two inches long when he is of age, and is about the color of a bay horse. His plunger is a full inch long, and as fine as a spider's web. Unlike the stinger of a common bee, the stinger of the Mexican wasp is non-forfeitable. He doesn't give up after one lunge, but has it always ready for an all-day job if necessary. The mission of the Mexican wasp seems to be merely to hunt up people and run that stinger of his into them. The natives say he will go ten miles out of his way to get a hack at a person. The natives seem to get fat on snake bites, centipede bites and scorpion stings, but if they discover one of these wasps in their neighborhood they hunt for cover without delay.

A HORNED HORSE.—Mr. W. McArthur, of Woodstock, owns a black horse, which has been distinguishing himself by drawing loads of brick and stone heavy enough for an ordinary team, and is likely to acquire additional celebrity as the possessor of a pair of horns, which have lately commenced to sprout from his forehead, about three inches apart, slightly above the level of his eyes. Mr. McArthur assures us that he has been repeatedly told that his horse's sire, a black Percheron, had a pair of veritable horns about four inches long, that did not make their appearance until he was seven years old. Percheron junior (whose christian name is Fred) is now just that age; and while a short time ago his forehead was as smooth as any muley horse's in the province, there are now two bony protuberances large enough to be seen almost from one side of the road to the other, and slowly but steadily growing. A horse with bona fide horns is a decided novelty.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe lives a peculiar existence at present. She eats very little, confining her diet almost altogether to bread and butter and fruit. She sleeps well in the daytime but is apt to be wakeful at night. At times she seems to have a momentary return of her old brilliancy, but as a general thing is mentally apathetic. She is fond of being in the open air, and can walk about a mile with a cane. Her tenure of life is considered remarkable by her physicians, who say she has the strongest vitality of any woman they have ever known.

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We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

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FLESHERTON

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY's Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND,

will visit Flesherton twice a week—o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Situation.

with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S.A. McCOMBER & Co.,
Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
OF—
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

LOOK!

HAVING done business in Canada for years our reputation is established W... want three men in ... us, to whom exclusive ... Handsome outfit ... paid weekly. Prevent ... Write at once for ... ada a specialty

...nity to represent ...ry will be given ...y and expenses ...ence not required. ...ly stock for Can... BROTHERS Rochester, N.Y.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 429. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, [illegible]

Visitors to Flesherton

Exhibition should not fail to call and examine the fine stock of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, etc.,

—AT—

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton,

which has just arrived, consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Ladies' and Gents' sizes, Rings, Cuffbuttons, Charms, Gents' and Ladies' Gold Chains, Diamond Rings, etc. We expect to do the trade this fall and winter and have a very fine selection of Goods on hand, call and examine, no trouble to show goods.

And always take your watches, etc to Russell to repair, if you want a perfect job.

Russell's Jewelery Store, Flesherton

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The CASH STORE is offering special lines in all departments.

Our DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

has lately been filled to overflowing, with as choice a line of goods as ever shown. In making our selections we realize that to the quality of the goods sold, we must look to the building up of that confidence between buyer and seller, so essential to a commercial success and permanence. Customers will find that in respect to quality, our stock has no superior.

DRESS GOODS

in leading shades, plain and durable. Prices ranging from 10c. to 50c. with trimmings to match. In Braids, Gimp, Plushes and Velvets, Gray, White, Navy Blue and Red Flannels, second to none for QUALITY and PRICE. It would take too much space to mention all our lines in this department separately. But we would request an inspection, guaranteeing satisfactory results.

Our BOOT and SHOE Assortment Larger Than Ever.

Special lines of women's high Laced Boots at $1 14 Men's long Boots from $1.75 up. Misses and Children's in all sizes Groceries, Crockery and general merchandise.

Persons visiting the fair would do well to give us a call.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough, Markdale.

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

Parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY terms lot 7, con 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley, in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R. where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

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Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance. $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

[illegible]

W. H THURSTON

Editor and Proprietor.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Poor see-saw Haldimand! The other end of the plank is up now. Mr Colter, the Reform member, has been unseated through bribery by agents. These Haldimand "agents" appear to be a bad lot—unscrupulous and plentiful. It is very nearly time they took the lesson to heart and employed their perverse natures in some occupation which would not bring odium upon the party which they profess to serve. The man who will place his party in a perilous position by such small acts as treating and paying insignificant bribes is a barnacle, attached to either party. He would steal sheep. "Them's our sentiments."

Toronto's great and only exhibition is attracting curious humanity by the thousand. The receipts for last week fell $1000 short of those during the corresponding period last year, and up to Monday evening were more than $2,000 short. Does this demonstrate that the show has reached its apex of popularity, or is it accounted for by the fact that Canadians are waiting for the East Grey fall show, to be held in Flesherton on Monday and Tuesday next? We have consulted Secretary Damude on this weighty subject, and find him strongly inclined to the latter belief.

On Friday evening last there died in Toronto one of "nature's noblemen," in the person of Wm. Gooderham. He was a wealthy man, but his charity was unbounded, and many a struggling charitable institution will miss his ready purse; many a poor family and invalid will miss his kindly smile and words of counsel. He was one of the few kings of christianity, and spent the later years of his life in uninterrupted work for the Master, dying of heart disease while at his post. He was conducting a prayer meeting when the summons came. Mr. Gooderham was 65 years of age.

Here is a sad warning to ladies. The wife of a prominent citizen of Reading, Pa., laughed herself into spasms, and then swallowed her teeth, after which she died. The moral is, don't laugh if you wear teeth that will float. Some women laugh simply to show their pretty pearls, which, of course, are always of the floating kind. It is a dangerous practice and cannot be too strongly condemned. When a woman must laugh she should carefully remove her portable teeth before doing so, and then, in case of spasmodic jerks overtaking her, the husband would not be held liable for murder in furnishing her with such a deadly weapon. That will be the outcome of this pernicious practice if women will persist in swallowing their false teeth at the present rate.

London, Eng., has lately had a little strike experience which it will remember for some time. It is said to have cost the city $10,000,000, and the shrinkage of dock securities amounted to another $5,000,000. The strike lasted for a month, and ended in a victory for justice. In other words, the striking dockmen gained the points they aimed at.

HANDCUFFS ILLEGAL.

Mr. Justice Rose, who is presiding at the Middlesex Assizes in London this week, has just given a very important [illegible] of a police officer [illegible] a prisoner. A man was arrested and taken before a magistrate [illegible] [illegible] was nothing wrong in [illegible] severely reprimanded the detective who made the arrest for using the handcuffs. To handcuff an untried prisoner, unless he resists arrest, is trespass, according to the law, and in this case the detective will have to pay the handcuffed man $200 damages and the cost of the suit. Police officers would do well to overhaul their rules of conduct, and when found "make a note on't." They will be protected in the performance of their duty, but the law is very jealous of the liberty of the subject, and will not permit injustice to be committed in the name of law, as Judge Rose has ably pointed out.—London Advertiser.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—While Mr George Turner was at Eugenia a few evenings ago, he unhitched his horses from the rig to take them to water, and on returning to where he left his rig it was gone. On looking around he at last found it, but a valuable whip had been taken therefrom, and while he was quietly hitching his horses to the rig some person or persons started to throw stones at him. Some of the stones were quite a size. Had they hit Mr. Turner they might have done serious harm. Such rascally tricks ought to be looked into, and the villains punished as they deserve. It is the opinion of the people that Eugenia ought to have a policeman and lockup.

R.

General News.

Many farmers in Quebec province have such abundant crops that their barns will not hold them.

The Hamilton papers exultingly announces that the C. P. R. will be running trains into that city in a short time.

Grand Rapids, Mich., offered a bounty for the killing of English sparrows, and up to this date boys have slaughtered over 10,000 of the pests. In addition the boys have filled a horse with bird shot, punctured the leg of one of their number with the same, and put out the eye of another.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Deputy Nagle, who shot ex-Judge Terry, in California, has been released on a habeas corpus.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Thomas Howson, an old resident of Milton, was killed at a crossing there by a C.P.R. train Monday evening.

The trial of the four men arrested on suspicion of complicity in the tarring and feathering of Charles Hambly is in progress at Owen Sound.

Wm. Watson was shot dead near Lanark Village on Friday night by Benjamin Cameron, who fired off a gun to frighten Watson and a number of drunken companions from a house where they were illtreating an imbecile girl.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The balloon which ascended from the International Fair at Buffalo Friday dropped into the Niagara river at the head of Strawberry Island.

[illegible]

THE MARKET

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Fall Wheat	[illegible]
Spring Wheat	[illegible]
Barley	[illegible]
Oats	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Butter	[illegible]
Eggs, fresh	[illegible]
Potatoes, bu	[illegible]
Pork	[illegible]
Hay per ton	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Turkeys	[illegible]
Chickens per pair	[illegible]
Ducks per lb	[illegible]
Wool	[illegible]

SIGN

"Big Sp[illegible]

Reliable wat[illegible]

Gold, filled [illegible] and Coin-sil[illegible] cases.

[illegible]

Walnut and Nickle

[illegible]

QUALITY Conside[illegible]

[illegible]

"CASH or C[illegible]

Goods, Wor[illegible]

Warrants Con[illegible]

[illegible]

Work Carefully [illegible]

Fair C[illegible]

Stock now complete [illegible]

Can save [illegible] to $3.0[illegible] watc[illegible]

[illegible]

W. A. BR[illegible]

Jewele[illegible]

MARKDALE [illegible]

Grand Millinery Opening next week. MRS. W. TRIM[illegible]

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

MISS OCTAVIA BASSETT.

Slowbridge had been shaken to its foundations.

It may as well be explained, however, at the outset, that it would not take much of a sensation to give Slowbridge a great shock. In the first place, Sloworidge was not used to sensations and was used to going on the even and respectable tenor of its way, regarding the outside world with private distrust, if not with open disfavor. The new mills had been a trial to Slowbridge—a sore trial. On being told of the owner's plan of building them, old Lady Theobald, who was the corner-stone of the social edifice of Slowbridge, was said, by a spectator, to have turned deathly pale with rage, and on the first day of their being opened in working order, she had taken to her bed, and remained shut up in her darkened room for a week, refusing to see anybody, and even going so far as to send a scathing message to the curate of St. James, who called in fear and trembling because he was afraid to stay away.

"With mills and mill-hands,' her ladyship announced to Mr. Laurence, the mill owner, when chance threw them together, —"with mills and mill-hands come murder, massacre, and mob law." And she said it so loud, and with so stern an air of conviction, that the two Misses Briarton, who were of a timorous and fearful nature, dropped their buttered muffins (it was at one of the tea-parties which were Slowbridge's only dissipation), and shuddered hysterically, feeling that their fate was sealed, and that they might, any night, find three masculine mill-hands secreted under their beds, with bludgeons. But as no massacres took place, and the mill-hands were pretty regular in their habits, and even went so far as to send their children to Lady Theobald's free school, and accepted the tracts left weekly at their doors, whether they could read or not, Slowbridge gradually recovered from the shock of finding itself forced to exist in close proximity to mills, and was just settling itself to sleep—the sleep of the just—again, when, as I have said, it was shaken to its foundations.

It was Miss Belinda Bassett who received the first shock. Miss Belinda Bassett was a decorous little maiden lady, who lived in a decorous little house on High street (which was considered a very genteel street in Slowbridge). She had lived in the same house all her life, her father had lived in it, and so also had her grandfather. She had gone out, to take tea, from its doors two or three times a week, ever since she had been twenty, and she had had her little tea-parties in its front parlor as often as any other genteel Slowbridge entertainer. She had risen at seven, breakfasted at eight, dined at two, taken tea at five, and gone to bed at ten, with such regularity for fifty years, that to rise at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at three, and take tea at six, and go to bed at eleven, would, she was firmly convinced, be but "to fly in the face of Providence," as she put it, and sign her own death-warrant. Consequently, it is easy to imagine what a tremor of excitement seized her when, one afternoon, as she sat waiting for her tea a coach from the Blue Lion dashed—or, at least, almost dashed up to the front door, a young lady got out, and the next minute the handmaiden, Mary Anne, threw open the door of the parlor, announcing, without the least preface:

"Your neice, mum, from 'Meriker."

Miss Belinda got up, feeling that her knees really trembled beneath her.

In Slowbridge, America was not approved of in fact, was almost entirely ignored, as a country where, to quote Lady Theobald, "the laws were loose, and the prevailing sentiments revolutionary." It was not considered good taste to know Americans, —which was not unfortunate, as there was none to know,—and Miss Belinda Bassett had always felt a difficulty in mentioning her only brother, who had emigrated to the United States in his youth, having first disgraced himself by the utterance of a blasphemous remark that "he wanted to get to a place where a fellow could stretch himself and not be bullied by a lot of old tabbies." From he day of his departure, when he had left Miss Belinda bathed in tears of anguish, she had heard nothing of him, and here upon the threshold stood Mary Anne, with delighted eagerness in her countenance, repeating:

"Your neice, mum, from 'Meriker!"

And, with the words, her neice entered.

Miss Belinda put her hand to her heart.

The young lady, thus announced, was the prettiest, and at the same time the most extraordinary-looking, young lady she had ever seen in her life. Slowbridge contained nothing approaching this neice. Her dress was so very stylish that it was quite startling in its effect, her forehead was covered, down to her large, pretty eyes themselves, with curls of yellow-brown hair, and her slender throat was swathed round and round with a grand scarf of black lace.

She made a step forward, and then stopped, looking at Miss Belinda. Her eyes suddenly, to Miss Belinda's amazement, filled with tears.

"Didn't you," she said,—"Oh dear, didn't you get the letter?"

"The—the letter!" faltered Miss Belinda. "What letter, my—my dear?"

"Pa's," was the answer. "Oh, I see you didn't."

And she sank into the nearest chair, putting her hands up to her face, and beginning to cry outright.

"I—am Octavia B-bassett," she said. "We were coming to surp-prise you, and travel in Europe, but the mines went wrong, and p-pa was obliged to go back to Nevada."

"The mines?" gasped Miss Belinda.

"S-silver mines," wept Octavia. "And we had scarcely landed when Piper cabled, and pa had to turn back. It was something about shares, and he may have lost his last dollar!"

Miss Belinda sank into a chair herself.

"Mary Anne," she said, faintly, "bring me a glass of water."

Her tone was such that Octavia removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and sat up to examine her.

"Are you frightened?" she asked, in some alarm.

Miss Belinda took a sip of the water brought by her handmaiden, replaced the glass upon the salver, and shook her head deprecatingly.

"Not exactly frightened, my dear," she said, "but so amazed that I find it difficult to—to collect myself."

Octavia put up her handkerchief again to wipe away a sudden new gush of tears.

"If shares intended to go down," she said, "I don't see why they couldn't go down before we started, instead of waiting until we got over here, and then spoiling everything."

"Providence, my dear,——" began Miss Belinda.

But she was interrupted by the re-entrance of Mary Anne.

"The man from the Lion, mum, wants to know what's to be done with the trunks. There's six of 'em, an' they're all that 'eavy as he says he wouldn't lift one alone for ten shillings."

"Six!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Whose are they?"

"Mine," replied Octavia. "Wait a minute. I'll go out to him."

Miss Belinda was astonished afresh by the alacrity with which her neice seemed to forget her troubles and rise to the occasion. The girl ran to the front door as if she was quite used to directing her own affairs, and began to issue her orders

"You will have to get another man," she said. "You might have known that. Go and get one somewhere."

And when the man went off, grumbling a little, and evidently rather at a loss before such peremptory coolness, she turned to Miss Belinda.

"Where must he put them?" she asked.

It did not seem to have occurred to her once that her indentity might be doubted, and some slight obstacle arise before her.

"I am afraid," faltered Miss Belinda, "that five of them will have to be put in the attic."

And, in fifteen minutes, five of them were put into the attic, and the sixth—the biggest of all stood in the trim spare chamber, and pretty Miss Octavia had sunk into a puffy little chintz-covered easy-chair, while her newly found relative stood before her, making the most laudable efforts to recover her equilibrium, and not to feel as if her head was spinning round and round.

CHAPTER II.

"AN INVESTMENT, ANYWAY."

The natural results of these efforts was that Miss Belinda was moved to shed a few tears.

"I hope you will excuse my being too startled to say I was glad to see you," she said. "I have not seen my brother for thirty years, and I was very fond of him."

"He said you were," answered Octavia, "and he was very fond of you, too. He didn't write to you, because he made up his mind not to let you hear from him until he was a rich man, and then he thought he would wait until he could come home, and surprise you. He was awfully disappointed when he had to go back without seeing you."

"Poor dear Martin," wept Miss Belinda, gently. "Such a journey!"

Octavia opened her charming eyes in surprise.

"Oh, he'll come back again!" she said. "And he doesn't mind the journey. The journey is nothing, you know."

"Nothing!" echoed Miss Belinda. "A voyage across the Atlantic nothing? When one thinks of the danger, my dear.——"

Octavia's eyes opened a shade wider.

"We have made the trip to the States, across the Isthmus, twelve times, and that takes a month," she remarked. "So we don't think ten days much."

"Twelve times!" said Miss Belinda, quite appalled. "Dear, dear, dear!"

And, for some moments, she could do nothing but look at her young relative in doubtful wonder, shaking her head with actual sadness.

But she finally recovered herself with a little start.

"What am I thinking of," she exclaimed, remorsefully, "to let you sit here in this way? Pray, excuse me, my dear. You see I am so upset."

She left her chair in a great hurry, and proceeded to embrace her young guest, tenderly, though with a little timorousness. The young lady submitted to the caress with much composure.

"Did I upset you?" she inquired, calmly.

The fact was that she could not see why the simple advent of a relative from Nevada should seem to have the effect of an earthquake, and result in tremor, confusion and tears. It was true she herself had shed a tear or so, but then her troubles had been accumulating for several days; and she had not felt confused yet.

When Miss Belinda went down-stairs to superintend Mary Anne in the tea-making, and left her guest alone, that young person glanced about her with a rather dubious expression.

"It is a queer, nice little place," she said. "But I don't wonder that pa emigrated, if they always get into such a flurry about little things. I might have been a ghost."

Then she proceeded to unlock the big trunk and attire herself.

Down-stairs Miss Belinda was wavering between the kitchen and the parlor, in a kindly flutter.

"Toast some muffins, Mary Anne, and bring in the cold roast fowl," she said. "And I will put out some strawberry jam, and some of the preserved ginger. Dear me! Just to think how fond of preserved ginger poor Martin was, and how little of it he was allow to eat! There really seems a special Providence in my having such a nice stock of it in the house when his daughter comes home."

In the course of half an hour everything was in readiness, and then Mary Anne, who had been sent upstairs to announce the fact, came down in a most remarkable state of delighted agitation, suppressed ecstacy and amazement exclaiming aloud in every feature.

"She's dressed, mum," she announced, "an' 'll be down immediate," and retired to a shadowy corner of the kitchen passage, that she might lay in wait unobserved.

Miss Belinda sitting behind the tea-service, heard a soft, flowing, silken rustle sweeping down the stair-case and across the hall, and then her neice entered.

"Don't you think I have dressed pretty quick?" she said, and swept across the little parlor and sat down in her place, with the calmest and most unconscious air in the world.

There was in Slowbridge but one dress-making establishment. The head of the establishment—Miss Letitia Chickie, designed the costumes of every woman in Slowbridge, from Lady Theobald down. There was legends that she received her patterns from London, and modified them to suit the Slowbridge taste. Possibly this was true, but, in that case, her labors as modifier must have been severe indeed, since they were so far modified as to be altogether unrecognizable when they left Miss Chickie's establishment and were borne home in triumph to the houses of her patrons. The taste of Slowbridge was quiet—upon this Slowbridge prided itself especially—and, at the same time, tended toward economy. When gores came into fashion, Slowbridge clung firmly, and with some pride, to substantial breadths, which did not cut good silk into useless strips which could not be utilized in after time, and it was only when, after a visit to London, Lady Theobald walked into St. James' one Sunday, with two gores on each side, that Miss Chickie regretfully put scissors into her first breadth. Each matronly member of good society possessed a substantial silk gown of some sober colour, which gown, having done duty at two years' tea-parties, descended to the grade of "second-best," and so descended, year by year, until it disappeared into the dim distance of the past. The young ladies had their white muslins and natural flowers, which latter decorations invariably collasped in the course of the evening, and were worn during the latter half of any festive occasion in a flabby and hopeless condition. Miss Chickie made the muslins, festooning and adorning them after designs emanating from her fertile imagination. If they were a little short in the body and not very generously proportioned in the matter of train, there was no rival establishment to sneer, and Miss Chickie had it all her own way; and, at least, it could never be said that Slowbridge was vulgar or overdressed.

Judge, then, of Miss Belinda Bassett's condition of mind when her fair relative took her seat before her.

What the material of her neice's dress was, Miss Belinda could not have told. It was a silken and soft fabric of a pale blue colour; it clung to the slender, lissome young figure like a glove; a fan-like train of great length almost covered the hearth-rug; there were plaitings and frillings all over it, and yards of delicate satin ribbon cut into loops in the most recklessly extravagant manner.

Miss Belinda saw all this at the first glance, as Mary Anne had seen it, and, like Mary Anne lost her breath; but on her second glance, she saw something more. On the pretty, slight hands were three wonderful, sparkling rings, composed of diamonds set in clusters; there were great solitaires in the neat little ears, and the thickly plaited lace at the throat was fastened by a diamond clasp.

"My dear," said Miss Belinda, clutching helplessly at the tea-pot, "are you—surely it is a—a little dangerous to wear such—such priceless ornaments on ordinary occasions."

Octavia stared at her for a moment, uncomprehendingly.

"Your jewels, I mean, my love," fluttered Miss Belinda. "Surely you don't wear them often. I declare it quite frightens me to think of having such things in the house."

"Does it?" said Octavia. "That's queer."

And she looked puzzled for a moment again.

Then she glanced down at her rings.

"I nearly always wear these," she remarked. "Father gave them to me. He gave me one each birthday for three years. He says diamonds are an investment, any way, and I might as well have them. These," touching the ear-rings and clasp, "were given to my mother when she was on the stage. A lot of people clubbed together and bought them for her. She was a great favourite."

Miss Belinda made another clutch at the handle of the tea-pot.

"Your mother!" she exclaimed, faintly. "On the—did you say on the——"

"Stage," answered Octavia. "San Francisco. Father married her there. She was awfully pretty. I don't remember her. She died when I was born. She was only nineteen."

The utter calmness and freedom from embarrassment with which these announcements were made almost shook Miss Belinda's faith in her own indentity. Strange to say, until this moment she had scarcely given a thought to her brother's wife, and to find herself sitting in her own genteel little parlor, behind her own tea-service, with her hand upon her own tea-pot, hearing that this wife had been a young person who had been "a great favourite" upon the stage, in a region peopled, as she had been led to suppose, by gold-diggers and escaped convicts, was almost too much for her to support herself under. But she did support herself bravely, when she had time to rally.

"Help yourself to some fowl, my dear," she said, hospitably, even though very faintly indeed, "and take a muffin."

Octavia did so, her over-splendid hands flashing in the light, as she moved them.

"American girls always have more things than English girls," she observed, with admirable coolness. "They dress more. I have been told so by girls who have been in Europe. And I have more things than most American girls. Father had more money than most people; that was one reason, and he spoiled me, I suppose. He had no one else to give things to, and he said I should have everything I took a fancy to. He often laughed at me for buying things, but he never said I shouldn't buy them."

"He was always generous," sighed Miss Belinda. "Poor, dear Martin!"

Octavia scarcely entered into the spirit of this mournful sympathy. She was fond of her father, but her recollections of him were not pathetic or sentimental.

"He took me with him wherever he went," she proceeded. "And we had a teacher from the States, who travelled with us sometimes. He never sent me away from him. I wouldn't have gone if he had wanted to send me—and he didn't want to," she added, with a satisfied little laugh.

(To be Continued).

Col. Rhodes, Commissioner of Agriculture in Mr. Mercier's Cabinet, was insulted at the Sherbrooke Fair yesterday, which he attended to open in his official capacity.

The town of Szegedin, Hungary, is again threatened with inundation. It is reported that the protective quays built after the town was destroyed in 1879 are crumbling away.

A HARD LIFE OF IT.

A Montreal Breadmaker's Week as it is Now and as it Might Be.

"Home? Why, the baker doesn't know what home is," said a night baker yesterday to a *Witness* reporter. "He don't know what home is. How should he? Why, look here, this is a kind of plan of the night baker's week: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights he works twelve hours. Then on Saturday morning he goes home. He's got to sleep eight hours, at least, and more because he doesn't get to sleep right away I can tell you. Well, then he gets up about 3 or 4 and he isn't all rested yet. Then, maybe, he takes his wife out for a walk, and, after supper, perhaps, he gets a little time to read the Saturday *Witness* and some book. But he never feels fresh. He's always tired out with his unnatural night work. Sunday morning, of course, he sleeps late, as he must get rest for Sunday night's work, and having slept on Saturday morning and afternoon he can't sleep soundly all Saturday night—it stands to reason. Well, he may get up Sunday noon, unrefreshed from his series of naps, and this afternoon is the only time to speak of he has with his people. Then, after his tea at half-past 4 or so, he feels happiest of any time in the week. This doesn't last for long, because he must go to the shop at 6 or 7 o'clock. The night baker's life is one long fight for sleep. He gets home say at half-past 6 or 7, goes to bed in the family bedroom that his people have just got through with, tosses about in perspiration for perhaps an hour, and then sleeps—after a fashion. What with the flies, the close atmosphere, the noise of the children and the sewing machine, not to speak of the street noises, outraged nature is still more outraged. She gets her pay, though, in undermining the health. It is, as I said, a fight for sleep, and the time for culture and pleasure in life is comparatively nil. Look at the average working man—he sleeps and works naturally; he knows what it is to get a good sleep."

Take Our Advice and

Wear a small neat pin in your knotted scarf; wear a larger one with a puff.

Wear a low-crowned hat with a sack coat.

Wear pearl-gray gloves with black or white stitching on the backs for full dress.

Wear half-hose supporters with low-cut shoes.

Wear only the best qualities in black hosiery.

Wear light colored flannel shirts at the seaside and dark colored ones in the mountains.

Wear your trousers easy at the hips, and pull them up a little about the knees whenever you sit down.—*Men's Outfitter.*

Italians as Barbers.

The rapid growth of Italian barber shops in New York city is alarming the old-time barbers. The Italian five cent shops are now to be found not only in "Little Italy" and the other quarters in which swarms of Italians have taken up their abode, but also in other localities up town, down town and on both sides of the city. For many years a great part of the trade has been in the hands of German philosophers, who now find it hard to compete with the Italians even when they charge a dime for using the lather, brush and razor.

On Advertising.

"Advertising is to a genuine article what manure is to land—it largely increases the product. Thousands of persons may be reading your advertisement while you are eating or sleeping or attending to your business; hence, public attention is attracted, new customers come to you, and if you render them satisfactory equivalent for their money they continue to patronize you and recommend you to their friends."—*P. T. Barnum.*

"It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day," said the late Dr. J. G. Holland in "Scribner's Magazine," "are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." Failure of eyesight, fickle appetite, headache, extreme wakefulness, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, gradual failure of strength and dropsical swelling—these are symptoms of kidney disease. If you neglect the symptoms you will eventually have Bright's Disease. Warner's Safe Cure is the only specific which has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

The Man of It.

Wife—John, don't you want some of these plums for lunch? They're some I put up.

Husband—No, I don't like plums with the pits in.

Wife—But, John, these plums have no pits.

Husband—Oh, that's so; they haven't. I knew there was something about them I didn't like.

Bad For His Business.

First Stranger (at the theatre)—That was a short wait between those acts, wasn't it?

Second Stranger—Yes; too short.

First Stranger—Don't you like short waits?

Second Stranger—No; I keep the saloon under the theatre.

But They Have Talent.

Theatrical Manager—You surely don't expect to succeed on the stage solely on account of your beauty?

English Society Woman—Yes, but I do. I know of scores of actresses who succeed and they aren't one bit good looking.

According to a French physiologist the wing of the ordinary housefly makes 330 strokes in one second; the wing of the bumble bee, 240; the wing of the honey bee, 190; the wing of the wasp, 110; the wing of the dragon fly, 28; the wing of the sparrow, 13; the wing of the wild duck, 9; the wing of the house pigeon, 8; the wing of the osprey, 6.

THE DELIGHTS OF BATHING.

Some Practical Advice for Those Summering at the Seashore.

It is from the pen of a well-known writer that the following valuable advice comes from *Harpers Bazar:*

River bathing and sea bathing are the forms in which cold bathing is most frequently practiced, at least by those who do not dwell in cities; but the temperature both of sea and river, during the summer and autumn months, are as often those of the temperature bath in its lower ranges (68 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit) as of the cold bath. The sensation of chill on entering, often distressing even at the higher temperature just mentioned, is soon succeeded by a warm glow; the water that felt so cold on entering it seems much warmer, and the reaction of the blood to the surface, especially if the bather take active exercise by swimming or diving, produces such a feeling of comfort that the temptation is often to overdo the bath and to risk its tonic effect by remaining in the water too long. It is far better to enter a cold bath when you are well warmed than to cool off according to the dull routine prescription of the books. To cool off before you enter the water is simply to reduce your power of resisting the cold. For a cold swimming bath such as I have defined it fifteen minutes in stream or sea will generally be enough, though persons of strong constitution may remain in twice as long, or more than twice. Practiced swimmers or bathers are a rule for themselves in such matters. A cold bath indoors should not generally last over five or ten minutes, because the active exercise of swimming is wanting. The bath should be followed immediately by strong frictions with coarse towels, and a prompt resumption of one's clothing. The best time of the day for a cold bath is about three hours after either the morning or mid-day meal. The aged, delicate and the very young should not use cold baths, nor should those affected with heart disease, nor the anæmic, except with great care and moderation. They are essentially a tonic for strong and a stimulant curative for sluggish temperaments.

A Transformation Scene.

A recent visitor to the top of Pike's Peak found the signal service officer melting snow for his water supply, the only one he gets. The officer said: "Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. The wind without is keen and cutting as a knife. I can see the houses of Colorado Springs, twenty miles away, the visitors sitting in their shirt sleeves, sipping iced drinks to keep cool, and ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass; the summer scene is gone. Green trees, animal life, men and women fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal ice, and snow, and silence."

Vice and Liberty.

"Our vices are digging the grave of our liberties" is a sentence which has passed into a proverb. Vice clamors for license; but the "good alone are free." That which is vicious will never go free without making attack upon the very foundations of our freedom. We may never fail to make distinction between tolerating an error and tolerating a vice. Man has rights of belief with which the community has no concern, but his actions are public property. Actions that tend to individual or social degeneracy are criminal, and crime may neither be ignored nor sanctioned, for vice so permitted becomes powerful, and finally omnipotent over the rights and liberties of the people.—*Canada Citizen.*

The Better Half.

There is no justice in hanging women, for no woman has ever had a fair trial in Canada, in England or in the United States, because women are not tried by a jury of their own sex, but by a jury of men. It is an outrage and a crime and ought not to be committed against a woman any more than a man. A man has to be tried by his peers. Men are not the peers of women.—*Ex.*

In the Early Dawn.

Proprietor of Museum—I am glad to see that you are looking out for my interests so well. That last freak—the girl who hasn't slept for fourteen years—is a dandy ——

Manager—Sh-h! Not so loud. She has just gone into the next room, and she told me not to wake her until half an hour before show time.

Not Disturbed.

Railway Official—M'sieu, your valet has has been run over and cut into a dozen pieces!

Languid Englishman—Haw Be good enough, please, to bring me the piece that—haw—contains the key of my hat-box—haw!

About the Size of It.

Small Boy——Papa, why do the newspapers make such fun of John Wanamaker?

Papa (a great statesman)—Oh, its because he's such a queer Dick—always goes to church regularly, and never gets tight or has any fun.—*New York Weekly.*

A New Species.

Tramp—Please, mum, won't you let me have——

Housekeeper—You git out, or I'll call the dog.

"Have a piece of soap?"

"Sakes alive! Come in and stay to dinner."

The Swiss Federal Council states that it has learned with great dissatisfaction that an illegal arrest of five American citizens had been made by the police at Berne. It added that measures have been taken to prevent the recurrence of such cases.

Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, has issued warrants for the arrest of Muldoon, Wakely and several other individuals who were prominently connected with the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. Governor Lowry's intended victims will sternly resist extradition.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, who was removed yesterday to Galway jail, is seriously ill. He requested the attendance of his own physician, which was refused, and the prison doctor was given charge of his case. The prison officials have telegraphed to the prison board that his condition is critical.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Prince Bismarck is suffering from inflammation of the veins.

The Bow Park cattle at the Buffalo Exhibition were very successful.

Mr. Gladstone thinks the Irish Catholic University will die before it is born.

The Third party tendered a reception to Rev. Dr. Sutherland last night at Toronto.

It is reported that the bank of the Murray Canal is in danger of caving in some places.

Mr. Justice Sicotte, who had been ill for some months, died yesterday at St. Hyacinthe.

Brant, Oxford and Waterloo millers met in Galt yesterday and talked over their grievances.

East Elgin Liberals will choose a standard-bearer for the Local House at Aylmer on the 15th October.

Right Hon. Henry Chaplin has been appointed Secretary for Agriculture with a seat in the Cabinet.

Selby Grundy Allen, bookkeeper, Toronto, was arrested yesterday for stealing $1,600 from his employers.

Mrs. Maybrick has been removed from the infirmary in the Woking prison, and now occupies a solitary cell.

Mr. Robert Fleck has been chosen by the Conservatives of West Lambton as their candidate for the Legislature.

Five thousand steelworkers in Wales threaten to strike. They demand an advance of 10 per cent. in wages.

A resolution to establish a teacher's superannuation fund was carried at a meeting of the Toronto School Trustees last night.

Desertions are numerous from the British war ships since they came up the St. Lawrence; 22 were from the Bellerophon at Quebec.

Jean Rouillard, a pilgrim on his way to St. Anne from Maine, was choked to death with a piece of meat while eating his dinner at Levis yesterday.

Theodore Veuilleux, an Ottawa cab-driver, has been jailed charged with committing an indecent assault on Delina Quirons, a 17-year-old girl.

Marshall Norris went up on the elevato at Swift's wharf, Kingston, yesterday, and fell off. His leg was broken and other internal injuries were received.

Pere Hyacinthe, the celebrated French divine and orator, is said to be almost in absolute want, and an appeal is being made for his support.

The schooner Lewis Ross, of Port Hope, stone laden for Toronto, was driven ashore in a gale yesterday at Rondeau harbor and is a total wreck. Crew saved.

After the 13,000 mayors had departed from President Carnot's banquet in Paris, 18,000 empty champagne bottles were counted. Other liquors were also consumed.

A census of hotels and registered lodging houses in Paris for a given night last week revealed the fact that 59,000 foreigners and 174,000 provincials slept in those places.

The French Government has sent a circular to the bishops throughout the country warning them that all ecclesiastics taking part in the elections will be vigorously proceeded against.

The regents have warned ex-Queen Natalie not to attempt to carry out her scheme of establishing a residence in Bulgaria as a private person.

Lieut. Laurie, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, with the British troops in Egypt, is down with the smallpox at Assouan, but is recovering.

One hundred and forty-four designs for a national memorial to Emperor William have already been submitted. The Jury of Award will meet Sept. 30th.

Shocks of earthquake were felt yesterday throughout Western France. The oscillations were specially strong at Angers and Nantes. No damage was done.

It is complained that the band of "A" Battery, Kingston, in uniform were refused the Orangemen on the 12th of July by the Government, but they were allowed to walk in the I. C. B. U. parade the other day.

A convict named Adams, undergoing a ten years' sentence for burglary, escaped from St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary last night. He is an old jail-bird. No traces of his whereabouts have yet been discovered.

Mr. Badenoch, D.G.C. of the Orangemen of England, has issued a manifesto inviting Orangemen throughout the kingdom to unite in opposing Mr. Balfour's scheme for establishing a Catholic university in Ireland.

The Railway Committee of the Privy Council will give no decision on the Toronto Esplanade question until after the Government Engineer has consulted with the engineers of the interested railways and the city of Toronto.

A young Torontonian named George J. Foote was yesterday sentenced to four months in the Central Prison on pleading guilty to feloniously wounding his mother, Catharine Stewart, and James Montgomery, a man who was living with her at 18 Duchess street.

Last Sunday as Mr. James Henderson and family, of Nassagaweya, were on their way home from church their horse ran away, upsetting all the occupants of the rig. None were fatally injured, but all were more or less severely bruised.

Henry Canning, charged with assaulting John Howe at the G.T.R. depot on Sunday night, July 11th, by throwing, it is alleged, carbolic acid on him, was arrested in Kingston Wednesday night by Officer Hayes. At the Police Court yesterday the Magistrate adjourned the case until to-morrow.

An explosion occurred to-day in the ironstone pit of the Maurice Wood colliery, Midlothian, Scotland, which threatens disastrous consequences. Sixty miners are entombed. Four bodies have been recovered. It is believed the sixty miners still in the pit are dead.

The residence of Mrs. Lewis, South Westminster, has been burglarized four times within the past month. Two buggy robes, a quantity of clothing, a silk umbrella and a woollen shawl have been taken at different times, and last night a spare bed was stripped. The thief lost a pillow at the gate as he was getting off with his booty.

Miss Jennie Chamberlain, second daughter of Mrs. Chamberlain of Cleveland, Ohio, was married to-day in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to Capt. Herbert Naylor Leyland. The bride wore white satin, with silver and pearl ornaments. Her sister, Josephine, was bridesmaid. The presents were numerous, and included a brooch in the shape of a horseshoe studded with diamonds and pearls to the bride and a diamond and ruby pin to the groom from the Prince of Wales.

The Teutonic, City of New York and City of Rome, which sailed from Liverpool yesterday for New York, carried nearly four thousand passengers, the largest number ever carried by three steamers sailing on the same day. The Teutonic carried 1,300; the City of Rome, 1,152; the City of New York, 1,114. The rush is not over yet.

A. F. Wood, M.P.P., states that there will be over 200 witnesses examined in the Welland Canal investigation. Books covering eight years' administration will be gone into. Mr. Wood draws $5 a day for his services besides assistants, etc.

The young woman who suicided at Niagara Falls yesterday morning is believed to be Anna Mead, of Binghamton, N. Y. Miss Mead left home, at 32 South Water street, Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, ostensibly to take a walk. That was the last time she was seen by her parents. The description of the suicide tallies with the missing girl.

Prof. Ruskin is ill.

The Prince of Monaco is dying.

Midland Central Fair is proving successful.

President Harrison and Mr. Wanamaker are in Philadelphia.

The Dervishes have won an engagement with "friendly" natives.

Turkish troops are advancing in Crete without meeting resistance.

Several desertions from "D" School of Infantry, London, are reported.

Fifteen mills is the rate of taxation this year for St. Thomas.

Gold has been discovered seven miles from Halifax, N.S.

The Labor Congress at Dundee rejected the eight-hour day principle.

Archbishop Cleary, addressing the I.C.B.U., denounced the Masonic Order.

Serious drought about London, Ont., was broken by yesterday's storm.

Typhoid fever is very prevalent in South Dorchester, in the vicinity of Belmont.

Mr. Firth, M. P. for Dundee (Gladstonian), is dead.

Graham says he can prove that he went over Niagara Falls in his barrel. He is on exhibition in Buffalo.

The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales has approved the continuance for one year of the San Francisco mail contract.

The United Cotton Spinners' Society, of Manchester, Eng., has resolved to work on half-time for a month, commencing the 9th instant.

The Paris *Temps* says that the French Government will ignore the demand of Gen. Boulanger to be tried by court-martial.

The police yesterday fired upon a crowd of London dock strikers who were obstructing the work of loading steamers, fatally wounding one man.

Mr Charles McKerlie, of Westminster who shot himself three weeks ago by the accidental discharge of a revolver and who was reported dead, is in a fair way for recovery. The ball passed through the right lung and is lodged near the spine.

A Galt despatch says public interest in the strike is beginning to subside. This week Goldie & McCulloch took on another non-union moulder, and McGregor, Gourlay & Co. three. All the shops have now very nearly their complement of men, and are working full time.

A movement is now on foot to construct a branch line of the M. C. R. to leave the main line about Kingsmill, two and a half miles west of Aylmer. It is to run through the towns of Aylmer and Vienna and terminate at Port Burwell, making the latter a water resort in summer.

The Countess of Selkirk was to have left Newport at the end of August, to remain a week in Burlington, Vt., whence she would arrive in Montreal about the 8th inst., and leave there for Winnipeg about the 14th or 16th inst. In a letter to the Lieutenant-Governor she intimates her deep interest in and a desire to meet the descendants of the early settlers whom her father-in-law, Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, established in Manitoba.

The Nihilists recently arrested at Kief and Kharkoff are all Poles.

The Odd-fellows made a very successful parade in Montreal yesterday.

It is stated that King Leopold of Belgium contemplates a trip to the Congo.

A Brockville man deserted his wife and then came back and kidnapped his child.

Sandwich, Mass., yesterday celebrated the 250th anniversary of its incorporation.

Mr. Gladstone, who arrived in Paris last evening, was presented with bouquets by a number of friends.

Port Hope's Industrial Exhibtition opened yesterday, but it will be formally declared open to-morrow.

T. B. Musgrave, a prominent New York stock operator on the bear side, has failed, with liabilities of $100,000.

The municipality of Elton, immediately north of Brandon, Man., has paid for 140,000 gopher tails this summer.

The twenty-first annual convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of America will be opened to-day at Kingston.

Lord Zetland will be sworn in as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on October 1st, and will make his State entry into Dublin on December 3rd.

The editor of the *Cocarde*, Boulangist organ, has been fined and imprisoned for purloining Court documents.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Laylor, the second cook in Braun's restaurant, Toronto, was sitting in the back window of the second story getting a breath of cool air. For some unaccountable reason she lost her balance and fell heavily to the street, a distance of about twelve feet. She struck her head on the sidewalk and sustained a severe scalp wound. When picked up she was unconscious, but she recovered in a short time, and was removed to the hospital in the ambulance. Her wound is not considered dangerous.

An unfortunate Ottawa lad named Trepanier had his leg taken off at Hull station yesterday by a Canadian Pacific Railway train. He was playing with some companions on the tracks when a freight train knocked him down.

The G.T.R. express ran from Brockville to Kingston yesterday morning in 80 minutes. The distance is 60 miles.

An inspired article in the Vienna *Vaterland* announces that Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany has joined the Catholic Church.

Henry Parry, Toronto, was arrested last evening charged with being implicated in the misdemeanor of performing an abortion on the body of Mrs. Elliott, now supposed to be dying at the Hospital there.

The trial of Robert Murray, formerly of London, charged with killing John Young, at Port Huron, which was to have taken place on the 8th inst., at Lapeer, Mich., is postponed, the chief witness being ill.

Judge Wilkinson, revising officer for Kingston, has completed the inspection of the Dominion voters' lists. Between 2,000 and 3,000 names were added. The court at which other names may be added will not be convened before November.

It is reported that Mr. William McGirr, private secretary to Mr. Dewdney, is to be made chief Indian agent for British Columbia. This position is worth about $3,000 a year, and was until recently filled by Mr. Powell, brother of the Adjutant-General of Militia.

Geo. W. Dean, Toronto, who abducted a 15-year-old girl and ran off with her as far as Newmarket, was yesterday arrested there on a charge of seduction. He was brought back last night along with the girl, who returned to the home of her parents. Dean spent the night in the cells.

There are heavy floods at Tetecal, State of Morelos, Mexico. A large portion has been washed away and several lives have been lost. There is danger of a greater rise. Tampeca is also flooded, and the people have been driven from their homes. They are in a starving condition and appeal for help.

As Phileas Plouffee, a stonecutter, of Bord a Plouffe, near Montreal, was driving home from church with his wife last Sunday, his horse ran away and a spark fell out of Plouffe's pipe, setting fire to his wife's dress. Before he could stop his horse his wife was so badly burned on her legs and body that her recovery is despaired of.

Dr. Peters has been recalled from East Africa. The expedition for the relief of Emin Bey has been abandoned.

Mr. Gladstone has ascended the Eiffel tower.

Three people dropped dead at Quebec on Saturday.

Lord Hartington does not favor a fusion of Unionists and Conservatives.

Last week closed without a single juror being selected in the Cronin trial.

William Davidson, a prominent resident of Ridgetown, dropped dead on Saturday.

Heavy storms are reported throughout Switzerland and much damage has resulted.

A Zanzibar despatch says the Germans have blockaded Suadani, and fighting is expected.

The German sailors who were wrecked at Samoa last March are back at the Fatherland.

Inventor Thomas A. Edison is attempting to bring Canada under the patent convention of 1883.

Williamsburg, N.Y., had a $2,000,000 fire on Saturday. A number of men were killed and many injured.

In the investigation into the books of Essex County Treasurer Wright nothing wrong has yet been discovered.

The effort of the French Government to restore harmony by concesions to General Boulanger may result disastrously to it.

Fifty persons were seriously poisoned by eating cheese at the village of Bettaville, Ohio, on Friday, and it is feared some may die.

The rumors that ex-Empress Augusta has joined the Roman Catholic Church or contemplates doing so are pronounced baseless.

Emperor William was serenaded at Dresden yesterday by 12,000 citizens. The enthusiasm manifested by the people was remarkable.

Ontario and London.

The population of Ontario, according to the census of 1881, was 1,923,228. The population of London, England, in 1881, is thus stated in Whitaker's Almanac: Within the Registrar-General's Tables of Mortality, 3,816,483; within the limits of Metropolis Local Management Act, 3,834,354; London School Board District, 3,834,354; City of London within the Municipal and Parliamentary Limits, 50,632; Central Criminal Court District, 4,457,102; Metropolitan Parliamentary Boroughs (exclusive of the City of London), 3,403,973; Metropolitan Parliamentary Boroughs (including the City of London), 3,454,625; Metropolitan Police District (not including the City of London), 4,716,009; Metropolitan and City Police Districts, 4,766,661.

FORGOT THE IMPORTANT PART.

He asked fair Maud to marry;
By letter she replied.
He read it; she refused him;
He shot himself and died.

He might have been alive now
And she his happy bride,
If he had read the postcript
Upon the other side.

GEN BOULANGER, like a great many other men, is superstitious. He is careful not to get out of bed on the left side, and if his path is crossed by a black cat he does nothing of political importance for twenty-four hours. His followers recall that on the day of his sentence he recklessly went under a ladder in front of his house in Portland place. It is rumored that he is a firm believer in palmistry and takes stock in the words of a gypsy who examined his hand and told him that his chief ambition would one day be satisfied.

CURRENT TOPICS.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is out in Boston as a Democratic candidate for nomination to Congress for the next election. In a published letter he says:

As to my fitness for the place I can prove that in few words: A man is elected to Congress to look out for the interests of those who sent him there; that will be my motto, and living up to it will be my business. I know what is wanted by my friends and the citizens of Boston generally and I'll try to get it. In my travels about this country and Europe I have had as much experience in public speaking as most people. I'll have no trouble about getting a hearing in Congress or in making people pay attention to what I say.

As actions speak louder than words most people will agree that John will be able to command attention if he lays himself out for that kind of thing.

IVAN STEPANOFF, of Tobolsk, Siberia, is making an extensive tour of this country. He was at one time Governor of one of the Siberian provinces. After resigning this position he made a large fortune in business. He is about 5 feet 9 inches in height and weighs 150 pounds. He tells many startling tales of life in Siberian prisons, and has a nervous way of looking over his shoulder, as though afraid of an attack from a desperate convict. He will visit Canada and the extreme west. He says he is astonished at the advance of civilization in this country.

ONE can hardly conceive the magnitude of the amount of money spent by the United States in the form of pensions to her old soldiers who "fit" in the war. It is stated that there are on the pension rolls very nearly half a million names. The amount spent for all purposes last year by the Pension Bureau was in round numbers $82,000,000, and the total expenditures of the Government for the same time were $267,000,000. This shows that the amount spent on pensions was over 30 per cent. of the entire expenditure. $1,000,000,000 has been appropriated one way or another for the support of the pensioners since 1861.

DR. BRIAND, the young medico who, with Dr. Vallon, has made the Villejuif Hospital famous for its cures, has discovered or invented a new cure for consumption. We have had the cold water cure, and now we are going to have the cold fresh air cure! Slowly accustoming the patient to the action of air, Dr. Briand first opens the window, then moves the bed on which the "subject" is lying every day a little nearer to it. The last stage of the cure consists in sleeping in the open air, regardless of wind, rain, or snow. It is said that the four patients who submitted to the kill-or-cure treatment last winter have gone home to their families rejoicing, every consumptive symptom having disappeared. This way of curing consumption is not absolutely new, having been tried some years ago at Falkestein. The treatment is composed of 80 centigr. of creosote, 8 of iodoform, 30 of glycerine, air, rain and snow *ad libitum*.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A POINT GAINED.

The London Strikers Come to Terms with the Warfingers.

A early morning cable from London says: "The first nail has been driven into the coffin of the dock companies by the decision of the Striking Committee given at 2 o'clock this morning. The wharf-owners have expressed a willingness to grant every item in the laborers' demands, provided they return to work at once. These terms were considered for six hours by the leaders of the men, who agreed to accept and allow the men employed by the warfingers to return to work to-day. This will enable the latter to unload and load their cargoes alongside their own wharves and in the river, and pursue their business as heretofore. Naturally the shippers will send their goods to the wharves, where immediate handling is assured, in preference to the docks, where the strike will be continued. The inevitable effect of this policy will be that the dock companies, finding the business of their competitors on the river front going on as usual, will be forced to submit to the demands of the men or drive their customers to those who are able to deal with their goods. The complete victory of the laborers is therefore probable."

A London cable says: Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking at Newton, said that the strike was the natural outcome of the excesses into which employers had fallen in the effort to extract an undue amount of labor and an inadequate rate of wages.

Cardinal Manning, the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of London and Sir John Lubbock are conferring with the officials of the dock companies and merchants. The Steam Navigation Company has conceded the strikers' terms. An increased number of wharf laborers are at work to-day. The shipwrights in the employ of the Williamsons, at Workington, in Cumberland, have struck for an advance of four shillings a week.

A London cable of Thursday night says: The dock companies have again called upon the police to protect the men at work. The ship-owners made another appeal for permission to unload ships themselves, but met with a refusal. It is estimated 2,000 men are now at work on the wharves. An attempt which was made to organize a general strike of builders, engineers and other mechanics in South London has collapsed. Mr. Donald Currie has announced his intention to ask Parliament to deal with the privileges of dock proprietors and ship-owners and settle disputed rights regarding the unloading of vessels.

The overtures made for a resumption of work in the Milwall and Commercial docks proved fruitless.

The Bishop of London conferred with Burns yesterday on the subject of mediation.

A tidal wave struck Rockaway Beach, L.I., yesterday, drenching several thousand persons.

The United States Treasury Department has decided that paintings by Reynolds and Gainsborough cannot be admitted free under the head of old masters.

It is announced Mr. Harford Ashley, Clerk of the Division Court, Belleville, and ex-Warden, will apply for a divorce from his wife on the ground of adult y.

An Order-in-Council has appointed a board to fix the grain standards for west of Port Arthur in place of the Toronto standards which have hitherto been used.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

Several Portage la Prairie farmers are shipping their wheat over the Northern Pacific & Manitoba to Duluth, on the advice of an agent sent out by that company. There were 58 teams hauling grain to the Northern Pacific cars yesterday.

The Northern Pacific Road will enter Brandon from the south instead of the east, as originally intended.

Part of the Canadian Pacific Railway's exhibit went last night on a tea train and will reach Toronto by Saturday.

A big sale of farm lands has just been made by Mr. George Broughall. He has disposed of 14,000 acres to an Ontario syndicate for $40,000.

Dr. Thornton, of Deloraine, who has been in ill-health, died at Banff this week.

Mr. G. W. Bourne, of Portage la Prairie, lost three children this week from whooping cough.

Mr. Thomas Anderson, factor for the Hudson Bay Company in the far off Peace River country, has arrived from the north. He says the summer has been very dry in the Peace River district and against the growth of the crops. There has also been frost, injuring crops everywhere but at Dunvegan. The woods are being destroyed along the south side of the Peace by the fires, which have never ceased all summer. The fires have driven out the game and destroyed the berries, which are an important source of food supply to the Indians, both in summer and winter, from the burnt district, so there is likely to be more hunger than ever this coming winter. Unless rain falls area will be still more destructive before the winter sets in. The Beaver Indians, the natives of the country, are dying out very fast, but the Crees, who are coming in from the Lesser Slave Lake and Edmonton, are increasing.

It is thought Lord Stanley, on his western trip, will go as far as Alaska.

Mr. Gordon Brown is out over the line projected by the Winnipeg & Southwestern, examining the country in anticipation of the arrival of Duluth capitalists who are to finance the scheme.

The actual work of construction will be commenced on the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway on Saturday. The contract for the first twelve miles has been sub-let by the contractor.

The building used as the Northwest Mounted Police stable at Edmonton was destroyed by fire last night and fourteen horses were burned to death. Loss, $4,000.

Sir William P. Howland is here.

The hum of the thresher is now heard all over the country and farmers are seen busily engaged ploughing the ground for next season's crop. Neither moth nor rust has done damage to the wheat and it will all grade No. 1 hard. New wheat is being brought to market, but not yet in any great quantity. Several cars have already been shipped east. Grain merchants have completed arrangements for handling their crops, and in a week or two the grain business for the season will have fairly commenced. At the present time there are twenty elevators in course of construction in Manitoba alone, several of capacity of from forty to sixty thousand bushels. There is a general feeling of satisfaction and confidence among farmers and business men all over the country.

Mrs. John Mason, of this city, who left here yesterday for Omemee, Ont., died on the train this morning east of Rat Portage. She had been an invalid for some time.

The regatta of the Rowing Club, which was to have been held on the 14th inst., has been postponed until the date of Lord Stanley's visit, which is expected to be about the 20th inst.

Arrangements are being made for the erection of a monument to mark the site of the battle of Sevenoaks, which took place between the employees of the North-west Trading Company and the Hudson's Bay Company.

An attempt at murder was made at the international boundary near Gretna last night. A German settler named Fischer shot another settler named Kane, with whom he had a disagreement, on the door step of the latter, and followed it up with an assault with an axe. Fischer was arrested. Kane is living, but in a precarious condition. An ante-mortem statement has been taken.

STYLE OF CLERGYMEN'S DRESS.

The Dominie's Straight-Cut Coat Passing Into Oblivion.

The question as to whether clergymen ought to wear a distinctive dress is an interesting one. It is being discussed among the preachers themselves. In Chicago there is among the divines a tendency to drop the conventional garb and adopt for ordinary wear the styles in vogue among men in general, and in Brooklyn, the City of Churches, the clergymen are by no means a unit on the subject of straight-cut coats, high-buttoned vests and several formal cravats.

Now, there is that far-famed preacher, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, for instance. He holds that out of the church clergymen should not wear "sacredotal vestments, because a minister who indicates by his dress in ordinary everyday life that he is one of the clergy loses the opportunity of seeing the world as it really is. People are put on their guard and say: 'Look out' Here comes a minister.'

Justice in India.

The district judge at Kalatura, Ceylon, had before him recently three persons, including a village headman, charged with causing "grievous hurt" to four others by requiring them to plunge their right hands into a cauldron of boiling oil. A woman in the village had had some plumbago and rice stolen from her; a headman made inquiry, and, failing to obtain a clue to the theft, announced that it would be necessary on the third day to hold an ordeal by boiling oil. This appears to be not an uncommon custom in remote parts of the country. Any exclamation of pain on the part of the suspected person is construed into an admission of guilt. The judge took the fact that it was a custom into account, but fined the prisoners 100 rupees each.

Henri Rochefort, the fiery French editor, is now in his 59th year. He has a small but exceedingly choice collection of valuable paintings, and is known as a lover of fine arts. He appears often in society and is always faultlessly dressed and agreeable.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

The Dundalk Herald takes a holiday this week.

Any amount of honey for sale at this office.

Diamond Blood Purifier for sale at W. Richardson's.

Mr and Mrs. Anderson, of Oshawa, are visiting at Mr. E. Vanzant's.

Choicest fruit sold by C. Treadgold. Plums, apples, crab apples, etc.

If you want a first class watch at a low price, go to Russell's, Flesherton.

Take your clock and jewelry repairs to Russell if you want a perfect job.

If your watch needs reparing, take it to Russell, Flesherton. It will pay you.

Meals served by Mrs. Treadgold at all hours in town hall, on Tuesday, show fair day.

If your watch or clock needs repairing, be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton, for a perfect job.

If your watch or clock needs repairing be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton, for a perfect job.

Mr. Fall weather put in an appearance this week. He is cold and heartless as ever.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church intend holding a public entertainment on the evening of the second day of our fall show.

When visiting the Flesherton fair be sure and call at Russell's noted jewelry store and see their grand display of watches, clocks, jewelry, etc.

Mrs. Treadgold will give meals at all hours on Tuesday, show fair day, in town hall, Flesherton.

Osprey Agricultural society will hold their fall exhibition at Maxwell on Friday, Oct 4

Our thanks are tendered for a badge from S.G. Agricultural society and ticket from the Great Northern.

Rev. Mr. Buggin, of Markdale, will occupy the pulpit of the Flesherton Methodist Church on Sunday morning and evening next.

Farmers should read our special offer in these columns, and profit thereby. Such another chance to get two papers for the price of one will not be given again for many a day.

Mr. T. Carruthers, jr., of Kimberley, poked his hand into the mouth of a threshing machine, which closed its jaws on him just once. He is now feeding his finger with salve and rags.

Flesherton, during this week, would fairly represent Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Everybody, with their brothers and sisters, have been visiting the big show in Toronto.

The congregation at church on Sunday evening was "small but select." Heavy rain at service hour kept a large number at home. There was something wrong with the choir in the morning, but we will not "give them away."

He sat in his door at noonday, lonely and glum and sad; the flies were buzzing about him, led by a "blue winged gad." Not a person darkened his portal; not a sign of business was there, but the flies kept on buzzing about the old man's hair. At last in misery he shouted: "Great Scott! I'm covered with flies," and the zephyr that toyed with his whiskers, whispered: "Why don't you advertise?" -Ex.

That thin-skinned individual who is strutting around in the editorial shoes of the Markdale Standard evolved a funny little item last week. He says there are no dotards on the editorial staff of that paper. Of course The Advance did not hope to make the said writer believe himself a dotard, but as he is the only pronounced individual of that description airing himself through the Markdale press, his decision as to whether he is a dotard or not will scarcely be accepted as final. His effusions have created considerable amusement at his own expense in this neighborhood. His owlish advice to The Advance to "preserve better temper" is the richest of all. Ha, ha! ho, ho!

A despatch from Owen Sound says: Miss Chambers, housekeeper for Mr. H. H. O'Reilly, while doing some housework on Saturday, fell from a chair against the end of a carpet-sweeper handle and received injuries which resulted in her death about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The deceased was born in the Isle of Jersey, and intended shortly to pay a visit to her native home, expecting to spend Christmas there. Mr. O'Reilly was absent in Stratford when the fatality occurred.

Boots.

Cheaper than ever for fall and winter. R. Trimble.

New Fall Goods.

Piles of new goods arriving daily for fall trade. R. Trimble.

Woollens.

Flannel blankets, rugs, fur caps, robes, etc., just received, and lower than ever. R. Trimble.

Millinery Opening.

Mrs. W. Trimble having just returned from the city with a beautiful stock of fall millinery, will be prepared to receive her many customers on Monday, Sept. 23. All the newest designs in hats, bonnets, etc.

Terrible Accident.

On Sunday last a son of Mr. Guy Orr, living about three miles south of Flesherton, received a kick from a horse which broke in his skull above the left temple, causing the brain to protrude. Dr. Carter was at once summoned and is now caring for the lad, who is quite sensible, but recovery is extremely doubtful

The Best Yet.

R. Trimble, Esq., walked into our den on Monday with something which, at first glance, appeared to be a toy balloon. Closer examination identified it as a huge plum, measuring seven inches in circumference by 6½ inches.

Not to be Removed.

Some time ago it was announced that Father Feeny would sever his connection with the Irish Lake charge and take up his residence in Hamilton. This order was lately countermanded, owing to other changes in the diocese, and Father Feeny will still remain where he has labored so satisfactorily in the past. This will be agreeable information to his many friends.

The Show.

Great preparations are being made for the fall exhibition to be held here next Monday. Entries are coming in at a lively rate, the secretary registering 30 from one individual on Monday. A new officers' headquarters is being erected, a dancing platform, etc. We are going to have a very successful show this year, with Old Probs' permission. Don't you forget to come and see it.

Concert.

The concert to be held on Tuesday evening next (second day of the fall show) is expected to be something exceptionally fine. Outside talent of more than ordinary excellence has been secured, including Mr. Dorrington of Meaford. Come to the exhibition prepared to stay and enjoy the evening concert under the auspices of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid.

Hard Trials.

Two stout ladies of our town had quite an adventure the other day. They started out to pay a visit to a friend in the country, and took the railway track for it. Just as they reached a high narrow embankment with water on each side, the steamboat express came thundering along. Of course they ran, and though their gait was not according to the rules of racers, they kept ahead of the express until they reached a turning out place, puffing and panting like old war-horses. But their trials were not ended. They left the track and tried the fields, and, to make matters worse a pouring rain set in. All at once they made the horrible discovery that they were lost. After climbing fences by the dozen, they arrived at the friend's house, with their skirts gathered around them in the style of 1756, their shoes going flipity-flop, and looking very little like two stylish ladies of the artistocratic village of Markdale.—Markdale Standard,

The Power of the Press.

From one end of the country to the other the press is making known the wonderful curative properties of Nasal Balm, for catarrh and cold in the head. P.H. Munroe, Parry Sound says:—Nasal Balm has no equal as a remedy for cold in the head. It is both speedy and effective in its results.

Owen Sound's New Church.

Owen Sound has grown to such an extent of late that is was found necessary to form a new congregation of the Methodist Church in that place. Accordingly a site was purchased and a building erected, costing, all included, $2,000. The new church was opened on Sunday last. The service was conducted by Rev. J.E. Howell at 11 a.m., Rev. Mr. Holmes, the newly stationed minister, at 3 p.m., and Rev. Mr. Laird in the evening. On Monday evening a very successful sacred concert was held. Subscriptions, collections and proceeds of the concert amounted to $2,200, leaving a balance of only $700 indebtedness on the church. Special services will shortly be commenced.—Com.

A Magnificent Stone.

Mr. Vanzant succeeded last week in placing in position in Flesherton cemetery a grand specimen of the stonework-er's art. It was a granite monument bearing on its second base the one word "Wright" and on the column the following inscription:

Geo Low Wright,
born in Dublin, Ireland,
Nov. 3, 1808, died at his
home near this place.
June 30, 1868
Fran es M. Thorp
Born at Grange Ford,
Co. Carlow, Ireland,
Nov. 12, 1819, died at
Kirkwood, Missouri,
U. S. A., Mar. 14, 1887
At her son's home.
Married in Dublin,
Ireland, Dec. 10, 1850
Emigrated to Canada 1852.
To their sacred memory
This stone was erected
By their loving
Children in 1889

The monument is set on a large limestone base with a second base of red granite partially polished, and a cap stone of gray granite, from which rises a square coloumn of polished red granite, the whole surmounded by a large urn. The monument presents an imposing aspect, and is a credit to the builder.

Special.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the American Farmer, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date, and to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first class farm journal free. The American Farmer is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens--American farmers—whose industry is the basis of all material and national prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the American Farmer is $1.00 per year. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. From any one number, ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of your household, YET YOU GET IT FREE. Call and see sample copy

Chinese Sacred Narcissus--Oriental Lily, or Joss Flower.—This beautiful variety is grown by the Chinese, according to their ancient custom, to bloom at the advent of their New Year. It is highly prized and called by them "Joss Flower," or "Flower of the Gods." The buds are specially grown by a method known only to themselves, whereby they attain great size and strength, insuring luxuriant growth and remarkable profusion of bloom, in a very short period. They are generally flowered in shallow ornamental bowls containing water, the bulbs being surrounded by bright colored pebbles to prevent them from topping over when in bloom. The flowers, which are borne in clusters or tall spikes, are white with a golden yellow center, and deliciously fragrant. The bulbs bloom in six to eight weeks after planting.—The Stelle Bros. Co'y, Toronto, Bulb Catalogue.

Help Your Town.

Towns and cities are not built by one man. It takes a good many to do that. They must work together, and not selfishly, each for himself. If you want business to come along, encourage those who want to come. Don't try to sit on them, asking double prices for your building sites or by telling them that there are already more engaged in that line of trade that the situation will justify. Do not show them that you are jealous and prefer that they should stay away. Welcome a wide-awake, progressive man, whenever one comes along. Show that you appreciate his energy and pluck, and lend him a helping hand when occasion offers. Do not discourage him by relating the failures of other men. Let him alone. If he is the right kind of a man he will be able to take care of himself. Don't be eternally discussing why your town is so slow. Better take off your coat and do a little something toward making it otherwise. It takes a number of people to make a town prosperous. Be one of these yourself, instead of watching how your neighbor is going to accomplish it. It can't be done by sitting down. It can't be done by keeping out of new enterprises, but by taking a hand in them yourself. When you have to buy anything do not go to a larger city to buy it, and then denounce home dealers for not having it on hand; they know your ways, and are not going to invest in things which you and others go elsewhere to buy. No, sir; don't wait for strangers to build up your town. Get right to work and help to do it yourself. Shake off your sleepiness and go to work!

BORN.

In Artemesia, on Sunday, Sept. 15th, the wife of W.J. Talbot, of a daughter

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

CAME ASTRAY.

One black sow came into the enclosure of D. Madill's, about the first of August. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take her away.

D. MADILL.

Maxwell, Sept. 14, 1889

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Eleven years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton

Executors' Notice!

PURSUANT to section 37, Cap 110, of R.S.O. 1887, the creditors and all others having claims against the estate of Charles Irwin, deceased, in his lifetime of the township of Artemesia, in the county of Grey, who died on or about the 14th day of July, are hereby notified to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned one of the executors of deceased, Flesherton P.O., on or before the first day of November Next, their christian and surnames addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of the securities (if any) held by them, or on default thereof and immediately after such last named date the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

CHARLES IRWIN,)
SAMUEL IRWIN, - Executors.
EFFIE IRWIN,)

Dated Sept 11, 1889

EAST GREY

FALL ** EXHIBITION

FLESHERTON

September 23 and 24, 1889.

$600 IN PRIZES!

OPEN TO THE WORLD!

FIRST DAY: Grand base ball competition, open to the county; silver cup valued at $15 as prize, clubs to employ no outside players; game to commence at 1 p.m. sharp. Foot race once around the track, at 3 p.m., 1st prize $3 and prize $2, entrance fee to be 10 per cent. of first money, to be added to 1st prize. Judging in hall. Doors open at 4 o'clock p.m.

SECOND DAY: Grand trial of speed, open only to horses belonging to the members of the society, three times around the track, walk, trot and go as you please. 1st prize, $5, 2nd, $3. Campbell Highland Dancers, of London, accompanied by the bagpipes. These children have exhibited in all the large cities of Ontario, and are marvellously clever. Judging of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. Doors open to the general public at 9.30 a.m.

NOTICE!

See the Northwest exhibit of cereals.

Arrangements have been made with the railway to carry passengers from Orangeville, Owen sound and intermediate stations at one and one-third fare on first day of show, and single fare on second day, good to return on Wednesday, September 25.

Flesherton Brass Band in Attendance.

Gen'l Admission 15c., Children 10c.

Geo. Stewart, President. R. J. Sproule, 1st Vice President. S. Dampier, Sec.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., Ont.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence J. G. Russell's

J. G Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's tor or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T. S. SPROULE M.D. etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc late of Tottenham, Ont

Dr Ego will be from 1st Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church

FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.

Flesherton Office, next Post Office, Sproule's Building, on Thursdays

Owen Sound Office, Frost's Building.

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

Flesherton, C. Grey.

Division Court Clerk, Commissioner R.R., Conveyancer, Ins. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Agent for C.L.C. Co. and F.P.B.A.S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. Issuer of Marria Licenses. Notary P.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

on Town or Farm Property

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

Residence one door south of Advance Office

W. J. BELLAMY

TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT. &C

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,

Postmaster, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to Loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any other British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

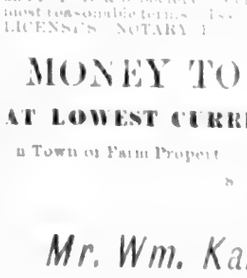

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every Waggon

THIS ANTI-RATTLER

Because it is effective, durable, inexpensive, easily adjusted, no projecting ends to tear the sp... cloth. It fits any else coupling

FOR SALE BY—

Heard's Carriage Shop.

hill ring,

...URED BY

s & Ordway.

...rl St., Boston

who uses a ...ge.

the BEST.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT, 1889.

J. E. MOORE.

Flesherton Furniture Warerooms

Begs to tender his sincere thanks for the very liberal share of patronage received during the past two years. We have tried to please, and from the steady growth and increase in our sales, we feel that we have succeeded in giving very general satisfaction to all who have patronized us in any way, either by purchase or recommending others to us. We again offer our hearty thanks with the assurance that with the experience gained in the past two years and a better knowledge of the needs of our patrons, we shall redouble our exertion to meet your wants and retain the confidence we have so largely enjoyed. In entering on our third year of being the people's House Furnisher and Undertaker, it is perhaps well again as at the first to speak of some of our leading lines, feeling it is unnecessary to quote prices as the fact is established beyond controversy that we sell *cheaper* than any other house in the county. We are enabled to do this, having no rent to pay and doing business on a small profit (Cash principles). Thus doing away with the two heaviest items most business men have to contend with, big rent and bad debts. Our stock at present consists of Bedroom Furniture of every description, Bedsteads all prices and styles, Woven wire Springs and cott bedsteads, Mattresses of wool and seagrass, dressing cases, Bureaus, Wash stands and Mirrors of all sizes and kinds. In parlor furniture we carry suites in Plush and Hair cloth, Sofas and Lounges in Rame, Tapestry, Silk and Hair Cloth Cane, perforated, Rattan and Plush, sitting and rocking chairs, Whatnots, Center and Side Tables, Pictures, Music Racks, Picture Easels and the celebrated Karn or Thomas Organs. For the Dining room we have tables of every description calling attention to our cheap extension tables at $6.00, dining chairs in cane, perforated and wood seats and a special line of lounges for dining room use, Sideboards in a variety of styles. For the kitchen we have chairs to suit everybody. Cupboards for the rich and for the poor, and tables made on short notice just to suit you. Again thanking you for past patronage, we invite you to call again, assuring you that we are in better position than ever to supply your needs in house furnishings, or in undertaking, in which department we have a full line and good hearse. Our prices in this as in other branches of our large business, are on a fair living basis, and as we give this our best personal attention, by promptness, by neatness and cleanliness in all our departments, we feel that the wants of this growing country in this department are fully met.

J. E. Moore,

The Flesherton Furniture Warerooms, Durham St. Flesherton.

Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.

Meanwhile the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding houses, factory girls, mill-men, and schoolboys rushed into the street. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of this authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment and had just begun a new edition of the narrative with a voice like a fleet preacher when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had hastened all night, and must have startled horses at full gallop at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear particulars" shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people. Every man had been minding his own business this hour, he now left it at sixes and sevens to hear the news. The postboy, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers—both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless—although one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" brawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him even when asleep, and the first thing he did after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, and had such a sweet, pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love-tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or more probably a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated, but I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony in the negative. Here is a note relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut Courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it or—as some deemed the more probable case—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the peddler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to the crowd to listen to her.

"Good people, I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so rosy and bright.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of Commencement week with a friend about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and delivered with grace and propriety. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on hearing their mistake. Nothing saved Dominicus Pike, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heart-felt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up, nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida and, perhaps, form an item in the London newspapers, and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the seat of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occured to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered a hoax but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or with the fact and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character of habits and life and that he had an orchard and a St. Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at nightfall—the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer or even the niece's direct testimony ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the peddler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character whom he had hired without a recommendation on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a breezy hill, "if I'll believe old Mr. Higginbotham is unhanged till I see him with my own eyes and hear it from his own mouth!"

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll house on Kimballton turnpike about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback who trotted through the gate a few yards in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man and while making change, passed the usual remarks on the weather.

"I suppose," said the peddler, throwing back his whip lash to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me, but tonight he nodded and jogged on, for wherever he goes, he must always be home at eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus. The peddler strained his eyes through the twilight and could just discern the horseman, now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham, but through the evening shadows and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial—as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered at the sight.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world by Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow till the latter was concealed by a bend in the road. On reaching this point the peddler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street. On his left were a stone wall and a gate beyond which lay an orchard. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham. Dominicus knew the place and the little mare stopped short by instinct.

"For the soul of me I can't get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on his St. Michael's pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood lot, as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock told eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before till dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-tree. One great branch stretched from the old, contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow in that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The peddler had never pretended to more courage than belongs to a man of tolerable composition, or could he account for his valor in this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, grasped a stout Irishman with the heart out of his wicked and female body and the St. Michael's pear-tree trembling beneath it, with a halter around his neck—the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this coming event was made to cast its shadow before. Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr Higginbotham, two of them, successively, lost courage and fled—each delaying the crime one night by his disappearance. The third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared, in the person of the gossiping, good-natured young peddler, Dominicus Pike.

THE END.

Priceville.

Mr. Alex Brown and daughter returned on Thursday last from a trip to the old country. They are both much improved in health, and enjoyed the trip very much.

Mr. Riley has purchased a new trotting sulky for his Maud S. trotting mare, and proposes taking in some sweepstakes this fall. She is a good one. Michael's colt has scarcely enough feet under her.

Priceville has been the scene of several fisticuff encounters during the past week. Nothing serious.

Dr. Hutton's practice is enlarging every day. He is popular and successful.

Mr. James has just returned from London, where he took in the Provincial exhibition.

The pulpit of our Presbyterian Church is still vacant. There has been no call made as yet.

Dr. Hutton visited the Toronto exhibition on Farmers' day.

Mr. John McArthur is overseeing a gang of men between Flesherton and Priceville mending the gravel road. It needed it badly, but is sure to be much improved when "our John" gets through with it. He always makes his labor tell.

Mr. J. Brown, merchant, pays 16 cents for eggs.

Priceville baseball club is somewhat demoralized, but we intend to try to scrape together a team strong enough to wipe Flesherton out for the silver cup on Monday next. See if we don't. ZIP.

Maxwell

[illegible]

On Sunday evening a very heavy wind storm struck town which was followed later by a very heavy rain.

Some of the young people visited Eugenia a Sunday last.

Mr. E. M. Heron has [illegible] Collingwood and is [illegible] lately occupied by C. H. [illegible].

C. E. Nash is being [illegible] store. Mr. Anders has taken stock [illegible] him.

Miss Annie Killoran [illegible] visiting friends in the village.

The annual thanksgiving of St. Mary's Church will be held next Sunday morning. The church will be decorated this week.

It is announced from Ottawa that Junior County Judge Lane has been appointed judge of the County Court of Grey, vice Judge Macpherson, deceased.

Dr. Sinclair

M.D., M.A., L.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.M.

The Great Scottish Specialist

—OF—

TORONTO.

Specialist for the Treatment of

All Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain & Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and diseases of Women positively treated successfully.

Consultation Free

Dr. Sinclair will be at Flesherton on Saturday, 5th day of October.

Executors Notice!

PURSUANT to section 38, Cap. 110, R.S. [illegible] the creditors and all others having claims against the estate of Susan Pedlar, deceased, late of the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey, who died on or about [illegible] are hereby notified to send by post, and or deliver to W. S. Christie, the [illegible] on or before the first day of November next, their christian and surnames, addresses and [illegible] full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts and a statement of the securities held by them, if any, [illegible] after the said first day of November next, the executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim they shall not have had notice at the time of such distribution.

Dated, Sept. 23rd, 1889.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Harbour Work," will be received at this office until the 18th day of September next inclusively, for works for the improvement of the Harbour of West Sound, Grey County, Ontario, according to Plans and a specification to be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Owen Sound, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of three thousand dollars ($3,000), must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 3rd Sept. 1889.

IT PAYS TO

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical [illegible]
The best teaching talent [illegible]
The best methods of instruction [illegible]
The best results from that [illegible]
Our students graduate [illegible]

For annual announcements giving [illegible] regarding the course of study [illegible]

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform the public generally and my well known [illegible] to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

[illegible] stock of [illegible] in my new premises.

REPAIRING

EAVETROUGHING

Etc.

done as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for the celebrated Singer Sewing [illegible]

Requesting my old friends [illegible] me in my new [illegible]

JAS. SULLIVAN.

CATARRH COLD IN THE HEAD

NASAL BALM

CATARRH

[illegible] such as head[illegible] of smell, hawking, [illegible] throat, general [illegible] [illegible] with many of the [illegible] Catarrh, and [illegible] Nasal Balm [illegible] cold in head [illegible] consumption and [illegible] druggists, or will be [illegible] (50 cents and $1)

FULFORD & [illegible] ALE ONT.

Beware of imitations.

It is understood Mr. [illegible] Smith's Bystander will be [illegible]

A MINING HORROR.

Recovering Bodies from the Maurice Wood Mine.

GHASTLY AND SORROWFUL SCENES.

An Edinburgh cable says: Sixty-three men and boys have perished through the fire in the Maurice Wood pit near Penicuick, Midlothian. Twenty-one bodies have been recovered. This fire is one of the most disastrous mining calamities that has ever befallen Scotland. On Thursday morning 65 miners, including a contingent of boys, went down the pit to prosecute their calling, and all but two have perished. Hitherto mining disasters in Scotland have been confined to explosions of fire damp, and these have all been in the west of Scotland, where, as at Blantyre and Udstone, there are fiery seams of coal. On the east coast fire damp in any dangerous quantity is a thing unknown, and consequently mining has hitherto been considered exceptionally safe. The present calamity, however, shows that other perils have to be faced, and the disaster of the Maurice Wood mine takes rank with the two great tragedies of Blantyre and Udstone in the awful destruction of human life. On Thursday night the list of dead consisted of four, and there were 59 entombed. Now there is not the faintest hope of any one in the pit having escaped, except five men who brought the intelligence of the fire to the surface. The pit belongs to the Shotts Iron Company, and was worked solely as an ironstone pit, but recently considerable check was put on the industry through an interdict having been obtained by certain landed proprietors against companies carrying on calcine work in connection with the production of raw material. Since then the ironstone has been conveyed to shoots and rather more attention has been directed to the production of coal, though the ironstone was still worked. The coal is of good quality. The mouth of the pit is situated on the top of a hill shortly slanting from the turnpike road. The shaft descends a distance of eighty fathoms, running in a southerly direction. From the bottom of the shaft is a level mine extending fifty fathoms, at the extreme end of which the shaft of the Greenlaw pit communicates. Branching off near the junction of Greenlaw pit is an incline which descends on a scale of about eighty in 100 feet. For a distance of 160 fathoms from the bottom of this incline the workings run in opposite directions right and left. The mine has thus no second shaft leading to its utmost depth, as the Greenlaw connection only extends down to the eighty fathom level. The coal and iron was conveyed up the incline by hutches running on rails, and thence up the shaft to the usual cages. The coal sides of the incline were lined with wood, but the roof, which was of ironstone, was bare. It is this wood lining which appears to have taken fire, and that too at a point lower than the connection with the Greenlaw pit, the consequence being that the miners who were engaged at the lower level were literally hemmed in, and could find no way of escape.

A SURVIVOR'S STORY.

Then ensued a scene which happily is not often witnessed, and which is perhaps best described in the words of one of the survivors, David Robb, who was at the deepest part of the workings. He says: "I immediately shouted, 'Boys, the pit is on fire.' The boy Tolmie volunteered to enter the workings to warn the men. Not far from the bottom of the incline two men, Hunter and Wright, were driving the new road, and Tolmie went specially to warn them. Just at that moment I got the bell from the top to send up the men's carriage. As it was leaving empty I formed the resolution to go with it, and jumped in. I had no idea of the serious nature of the fire, and thought if I could get to the 80-fathom engine-house I might be able to turn the water down and so extinguish the flames. But before I got to 80-fathom the smoke became so dense that I was almost suffocated. I could see nothing and I heard no one. I thought I should never come through it, and at 80 fathoms station, where the carriage halted as usual, all I could do at the top was to yell 'for God's sake bell away.' That meant to go. Fortunately they heard me at the bank or I should not have been alive to tell the story."

From the time of the alarm till now relays of men have worked at the task of rescue, but without any result. All through last night there was kept up a struggle with overmastering fumes in putting up brattice work to obtain ventilation. Two or three men were let down the incline in a truck, and besides having to battle with a current of smoke so thick as to obscure all vision, their efforts were rendered almost of no avail by the force of the current itself, which threatened again and again to destroy their work as soon as it had been completed. The men would come to the surface after each effort with streaming eyes and perspiring faces. Their object was to reach 80-fathom level, from which it was hoped it might be possible to turn the current to clear the incline. At midnight there were still some four or five fathoms to be bratticed before the 80 fathom level could be reached. From that time the work proceeded at the rate of not more than a fathom per hour. Shift after shift went down, and the men came to the surface in despair at the slow progress they were making. While working on the incline the men, about 3 o'clock this morning, came on the bodies of John Walker and Hugh McPherson. Both bodies were found in the vicinity of the 80-fathom engine. It was part of the duties of these men to attend to it, and they seem to have died at their post.

A GHASTLY SPECTACLE.

Dr. Badger, who examined the bodies on their arrival at the surface, states that the corpses were frightfully scorched, not with actual fire, but with the hot air in the pit, the temperature of which is stated to have been high enough to melt lead. The flesh adhered to their clothes, and the ghastly spectacle was rendered the more hideous by the fact that on endeavoring to remove their boots the feet nearly parted from the legs. Shortly after 3 o'clock it was found that the east side of the pit began to fall in, and in order to retain the sides and roof a large number of props were utilized. A quantity of stuff, however, fell, considerably hindering the operations of the rescuers. About 4 o'clock information reached the pit head that although six bodies are visible of the west side they could not be approached. On the east side there is not a man alive. The rescuers made gallant efforts to get at the bodies, but were repulsed by the fire and foul air. By 7 o'clock it was seen that nothing further could be done in the way of recovering the dead. Meantime in consequence of the fire on the east side of the workings and the after-damp on the west side the explorers cannot reach the bodies, although they can see a number, and from their position it would appear as if they had made a rush almost in a body to get out of the air which overwhelmed them. One of the rescuers, named Anderson, ventured too far, and had to be carried to the surface in a helpless condition.

THE CRONIN CASE.

Remarks of Counsel Prove Cold Comfort for Prisoners.

A Thursday night's Chicago despatch says: Though no jurors were finally accepted in the Cronin case on Thursday considerable progress was made. The defence expended nine peremptory challenges in addition to the four used Saturday, thus exhausting thirteen of Dan Coughlin's quota, and reducing the number which the defence can exercise from 100 to 87.

Once during the preliminary discussion the court used the following language, which sent a thrill through the court room and caused some of the defendants to start in their seats: "The question, Have you formed an opinion as to whether Daniel Coughlin knew when he engaged the horse and buggy from Dinan that the horse and buggy were to be used to take Dr. Cronin to the Carlson cottage to be murdered?' practically asks the jurymen to determine at this time and say whether or not he believes these defendants guilty of murder. I think it is not proper."

Even the attorneys for the defence seemed to be startled at the significance of this language. But Mr. Forrest added emphasis to it by saying: "We think it is competent because it almost covers the question of guilt." Here was a declaration, also an admission of awful import to the accused. Coughlin and O'Sullivan seemed to be utterly bewildered for a few minutes after these utterances, which produced a profound and painful impression.

A HAPPY LIFE.

A New Armored Pleasure Carriage for the Czar.

A London cable says: A new Imperial train has just been built for the Emperor of Russia. The saloons are covered with iron outside, and then come eight inches of cork instead of steel plates with which the carriages of the old train were protected. All the saloons, which communicate by covered passages, are exactly the same in outward appearance, so that no outsider may be able to discover in which carriage the Czar is travelling. During the Emperor's journey last autumn he passed most of his time in a carriage which from the outside looks like a luggage van.

The Terry Shooting Affray.

A San Francisco despatch says: In the Nagle *habeas corpus* proceedings yesterday Justice Field described the tragedy at Lathrop, and expressed the opinion that if Nagle had not shot Terry, he (Field) would have been dead within the next five seconds. He said the expression of Terry's face when he raised his hand to strike a second time was full of malice and murder. The justice had no difficulty with Terry prior to a year ago. In fact, they had always been on friendly terms. Several witnesses stated that when Terry fell to the floor in the depot at Lathrop, Mrs. Terry threw herself upon her husband's body and remained there a minute or two. When she arose she declared Terry was unarmed. A pistol was produced which was found in Mrs. Terry's satchel.

The Hamilton Case.

A New York despatch says: The midwife who gave the baby known as Beatrice Hamilton to Mrs. Swinton and Eva, to be palmed off on Mr. Hamilton as his own offspring, was taken to Atlantic City today, where she identified both the baby and Mrs. Hamilton. The midwife's name is kept secret. Joshua Mann stated to-day that during the four or five years he and Eva had lived together he had never been absent from her more than two or three days at a time. During that time she had never been in a delicate condition. The child in question was born some time between November and January last, and Mann swears positively no such event occurred within that period. Inspector Byrnes said he had no evidence that the conspirators proposed to get rid of Hamilton to secure his property.

It Puzzles the Anatomists.

A Council Bluffs despatch of Wednesday says: Frank Havens, aged 38, dropped dead last evening. A post-mortem disclosed an abnormal arrangement of the vital organs. The heart was on the right side. A coagula, amounting to about two quarts of blood, surrounded his heart. The liver was on the left side of the abdomen and the stomach was on the right. The lungs were only one-third the regular size and were pressed upward. How the man could have lived any length of time after birth seems a mystery to the surgeon.

T. Granger Stuart, M. D., F. R. S. E. Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "Acute bronchitis is common especially in the advanced stages of Bright's disease, and tends to pass into the chronic state. Phthisis (consumption) in its various forms is found occasionally associated with these renal (kidney) affections. It usually proves fatal while the renal malady is yet in its early stage." It thus becomes evident that consumption and bronchitis are intimately associated with kidney disease, and Warner's Safe Cure should be taken early in the disease to prevent the damaging influence the kidney malady exerts upon the presiratory organs.

—Author—I want you to give my book a good notice. I want to see it in the hands of every mother, wife and daughter in the country. Editor—I can fix that. In criticising the book I'll say that it is not a proper book for any self-respecting lady to read, and then they all will buy it.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Forty Million Cartridges Explode and Fire the City of Antwerp.

PROBABLY 200 LIVES LOST.

A last night's cable from Antwerp gives the following: A terrible catastrophe, the consequences of which are as yet incalculable, took place at Antwerp this afternoon. At a quarter-past two a terrific explosion was heard even so far as Ghent. The whole town was shaken, and immediately afterwards it seemed as if a rain of glass was falling over the surrounding country. There is not a whole window in Antwerp. The magnificent stained glass windows of the cathedral were also destroyed. The townspeople were panic-struck. It was first supposed that an earthquake had taken place, but suddenly the sun, which was shining brightly, was obscured by an impenetrable cloud of smoke tinged by the red glare of a great fire. It was near the port, and just behind the dry-docks, that the catastrophe took place, in a powder magazine belonging to M. Corvillain, merchant, who had recently purchased forty millions of old cartridges, intending to sell the powder. His workpeople, over a hundred in number, more than half of them being women, were occupied in the task of opening these cartridges when the explosion took place. To what it was due there is very little hope of discovering, for not one of Corvillain's employees has yet been found alive. In fact, not a single corpse has been found intact. It was not only in the Corvillain factory that lives were lost. A large number of persons were also more or less severely wounded by pieces of glass, and the roofs of several houses fell in for a great distance. All around the ground was strewn with cartridges and debris of all kinds. All was not over yet, however. A few minutes after the explosion a vast sheet of flame leaped up into the sky, and it was seen that the petroleum warehouse not far from the powder magazine was on fire. Even in broad daylight the blaze of 40,000 barrels of petroleum on fire was visible at a distance of over thirty miles, at Brussels. Then the Maison Hydraulique, of Antwerp, which furnishes the motive power for all the cranes and other machines of the port, suddenly gave way and became a heap of ruins. Everywhere in the streets were wounded persons, and at frequent intervals one came across parts of the human frame, such as legs and arms. The petroleum mart is, as I wire you, still ablaze, and the heat is so great that it is impossible to approach within several hundred yards of the conflagration. The spectacle is terribly superb, and there is nothing in recent history that can be compared to it save the scene which Paris presented during the last days of the Commune and the great fire in Chicago. The fire has spread in all directions. City warehouses in which from 20 000 to 25,000 barrels of petroleum are stored are on fire, as are many of the vessels in the docks.

The Scheldt resembles a river of fire. The whole of the garrison and a large part of the male population of the town are aiding the firemen, but their efforts are simply useless. It is impossible even roughly to estimate the number of persons killed, but suppositions range from 200 to 400, while there are certainly a thousand persons injured. The latest information is that there are 150 half-burned corpses in the hospitals. The population is in a state of panic, for though the fire at present is confined to the neighborhood of the port, it can scarcely be prevented from gaining the town were the wind to turn to the north. With regard to the material damages it is needless to say that they are enormous. When Corvillain sought permission to erect his cartridge manufactory the city authorities opposed him might and main. The Provincial Council, however, were less far-seeing and accorded Corvillain the authorization he asked for.

The fire is still raging. Many soldiers are dropping from suffocation. I have ascertained that the disaster is really the outcome of political bickering between the Town Council and Provincial Council. The former is Liberal and the latter clerical. The latter only granted permission to Corvillain to locate the powder factory in such a dangerous position to annoy the Town Council. This disclosure causes intense indignation. Explosions are constantly occurring, and ships are going further back in the Scheldt to avoid the flames. The King has telegraphed an expression of sorrow and a request for hourly information.

Dr. Chalmers' Daughter.

In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries. Her chief work is with the drunkards, their wives and daughters. In the winter when the nights are long and cold you may see Helen Chalmers with her lantern going through the dark lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved and bringing them out to her reform meetings. Insult her, do they? Never! they would as soon think of insulting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday night speech on temperance. One night as she was standing in a low tenement talking to an intemperate father, and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room as though uninterested in what was said, but finally staggered up and said, "I shall get to Heaven as you will, do you not think so?" Helen answered not a word, but pointed to the passage, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow struck, and that little piece of Christian strategem ended in the man's reformation.

Hon. William Macdougall says the reference to the Jesuit Estates Bill to the law officers of the Crown was a mean evasion of duty.

Capt. Wissmann, with 400 men, has started for Upwapwa to punish Bushiri for killing officer Neilson, of the East Africa Company.

"Papa, why do they call it Labor day?" "Because, my son, it is the day on which workingmen do not labor."

AWFUL DEATH.

An Electric Light Lineman Tortured to Death While at Work.

A Buffalo despatch says: An electric light lineman falling from the upper wires of a pole on Seneca nearly opposite Jewett's stove worsk, attracted a crowd just before 12 o'clock yesterday. He caught on a cross bar and hung there in the wires unable to save himself and giving evidence of extreme suffering wherever he encountered the powerful shock of the electric light wires. The fire department was telephoned to, but it was 15 minutes before help came. It appeared that the man while at work at the wires near the top of the pole took hold of one of the wrong wires and got the "ground current," or waste current. If he had taken the full active current it would have been almost instantly fatal. The arm on which he caught in falling was about 30 feet from the ground. He hung head down till hook and ladder No. 2 arrived, twitching at intervals in a way that thrilled the spectators. He was alive when taken down, but entirely helpless and speechless. He died a few minutes after reaching the Fitch Hospital. His right breast was badly burned and the fingers of his left hand were burned almost through the bone. He did not recover consciousness. He had been in the employ of the company but a few days. His name was Hugh Perry.

Fireman James T. Lawler of truck 2, who took Perry down, first cut the wrong wire with the rubber-handled shears used in cutting electric wires at fires. Then he put Perry's head between his knees and held him while he cut the other wire. The twitching body was lowered to the walk by means of a rope.

Fireman Lawler got a hard shock and ruined his clothes in the operation. He is a very careful man and escaped getting the full current.

Perry was about 38 years old, short and stout, wore chin whiskers and came here recently from Detroit, where he has a wife and children. He boarded at the Spencer House and had been in the employ of the Brush Company only a few days.

TOO HASTY SWITCHING

Results in Wrecking a Sleeper and Injuring Five Persons.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch of last (Friday) night says: Passenger train No. 1 on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad, due at Youngstown, Ohio, at 5 o'clock this morning, was derailed at Pymaturning. A freight train was lying on a siding, and a brakesman at the switch, in a hurry to get his train out, turned the switch as the last sleeper was passing over. The coach was thrown on its side, and the following persons were injured, though not fatally: Mrs. H. W. Clark, Mrs. E. L. Clark, Thos. Clark and Marion Clark, of Pittsburg; W. H. Shields, of Eaglesville. The injured were cared for by surgeons and forwarded to their homes.

Scriptural Lore.

Curious essays are said to have been produced by some of the younger pupils at the recent examinations in connection with the elementary schools. The following appeared in answer to the request of H. M. I. to write on account of the Good Samaritan. "A certain man went down from Jerslem to Jeriker and he fell among thawns, and the thawns sprang up and choked him. Whereupon he gave tuppins to the host and said tak care on him and put him on his hone hass. And he past by on the hother side." The following are two other essays which are said to have just seen the light: "Who was Moses?" "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a hark made of bullrushes, and he kept a golden carf and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het nothin' but quables and manner for forty years. He was kort by the 'air of his 'ed while ridin' under the bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Abison as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace." "What do you know of the patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot and had tew wives. One was called Hismale and tother Haygur. He kept wun at home and he hurried the tother into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the day time and a pillow of fire at nite."
—*Altringham Advertiser.*

Boulanger to Demand a Court Martial.

A Paris cable says: General Boulanger has written to Prime Minister Tirard claiming the right to be tried by court martial and pledging himself to appear before such tribunal. The refusal of a trial by court martial, the General says, will be equivalent to an admission on the part of the Government that it fears the impartiality of a military court. In the event of a refusal the General says he will submit himself to the judgment of the people at the polls. Gen. Boulanger also expresses his willingness to be tried by the First Chamber of the Court of Appeal.

The *Soir* says that in the event of the return of Gen. Boulanger to France the Government will order the arrest of M. Lagnerre, Laisant and DeRoulede as accomplices of Boulanger, and include them in a new trial.

Removing Large Trees.

Spring is the best time to remove large trees, says *Country Gentleman*, and if they have been much shaded by other trees, and thus rendered hardy against cold, it would be quite necessary to do the work in spring. If growing alone, they would be hardy enough to transplant in autumn. Trimming or pruning, to render the tops lighter, may be done at the time of removal; but we would advise the operation to be rather sparingly performed in autumn, as heavy pruning always makes a tree more tender for a time.

King George, of Greece, is one of the handsomest monarchs in Europe. He is 44 years old, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, with a straight and well-formed figure. He looks younger than he is.

A very striking miracle is reported to have taken place at La Bonne Ste. Anne, yesterday, in the presence of a large pilgrimage, the beneficiary being a woman who had been bed-ridden for years and who had to be carried into the church on a stretcher. Suddenly, towards the close of the service, she arose to her feet without assistance, and, exclaiming that she was cured, walked out of the church with a strong, firm step. Hundreds were eye-witnesses of the startling incident.

AGED POPE LEO.

A Pen Picture of His Holiness Drawn by a Catholic Editor.

A St. Louis despatch says: The Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of the *Western Watchman*, the Catholic paper published in this city, is travelling in Europe. Father Phelan sends to his paper an account of an audience he had with the Pope. He thus describes the Pope: "What struck me most forcibly was his very great apparent age and feebleness. He fairly looked a hundred years old if he looked a day. His face is almost inhumanly white. He looked too old and gone to impress one only as a relic might impress. I was very much struck and disappointed. I had hoped to see a stirring face and an eye full of life and fire. Leo had both once, but they are now gone. When I knelt at his feet his look was very feeble. I noticed the play of his features as he spoke, for there was not enough life in that blessed face to dazzle. The Pope has a full set of pearly white teeth, well preserved. His lips are heavy and very purple, in striking contrast to his white face. The Holy Father drawls very heavily when he speaks, but seems able to conduct a conversation without fatigue. After about a quarter of an hour of a very one-sided conversation for the Holy Father talked almost without ceasing, I introduced my travelling companion, for whom I had obtained the honor, informing His Holiness that he was a Protestant, but very well disposed to the Church. He immediately reached out his hand and bade him advance. He took his hand in his and placed the other on his head and blessed him. He turned to me and asked me if he had any children, evidently intending to bless them also. When I answered in the negative he repeated his first benediction, and bade us both depart with his blessing on us and and ours. I left feeling that I had spoken to the greatest man of this century, and one of the greatest Popes who ever occupied the chair of Peter, but a man ready to close his eyes forever. We may have a few more fitful flashes of that one great light, but it must soon go out forever."

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

A 25-Pound Can of Dynamite Explodes, Killing Two Men.

A Jacksonville, Fla., despatch of Thursday says: Capt. R. G. Ross, in charge of the Government jetty work at St. John's Bar, has been for several days blowing up the submerged wreck of the Dutch brig Neva, which has for years obstructed the channel of Mayport. He had in his employ a lighter, commanded by Capt. A. C. Moore, with a crew of 12 men. Two of the men, R. T. Moore, son of the captain, and G. Powell, colored, were soldering a 25-pound can of dynamite to-day when it exploded and blew both men to atoms. Only one toe of Moore was found. Engineer Dunn was badly wounded in the side and arm. Capt. Moore was blackened by the explosion and badly shaken up.

"The Light of Asia."

Sir Edwin Arnold, the English poet and journalist, who is on a visit to Canada and the United States, arrived last night in Toronto. He is a man of medium height, rather inclined to be stout, and his appearance is that of a pleasant, scholarly gentleman, who is possessed of a large fund of the energy and force of character that is so essential to success. He wears a full beard, which, however, does not conceal the strong lines of his face. All his movements are sprightly, and there is that about him which immediately convinces an observer that he is a close student and tireless worker. To one who has read his works, and particularly his exquisite lyrics, his appearance is scarcely what might be expected, for it seems to lack that ideal touch which admirers are accustomed, unjustly perhaps, to look for in the face and form of their heroes. But his kind smile and affable manners are such as cannot fail to put one who meets him at ease immediately, and to make the meeting pleasurable.

Sui Generis.

Mrs. Land (an inveterate match-maker.—Though my son Charles is an accomplished man of the world, Miss Cavendish) you will find him no slave to form or the dictates of fashion. He is so original, and does everything in the most independent manner. Don't you think so?

Miss Cavendish—Well, I've just met him, Mrs. Land, but I thought so the moment we commenced to waltz.—*Puck.*

Justifiable Homicide.

"How came the jury to acquit the prisoner?" asked the astonished stranger. "The evidence all went to show, did it not, that he killed the man?"

"Yes," replied the juryman, "but it also appeared in evidence, before you came in, that the man he killed always persisted in saying 'Is that so?' whenever anybody told him a bit of news."

"Hemorrhage may take place from the kidneys or from the mucus membranes, particularly that of the nostrils." So writes T. Granger Stewart, M.D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Surgeon to H. M., the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease. Hence the only natural inference is that the kidneys must be restored to a healthy condition before its effects will disappear. Warner's Safe Cure is the most efficient agent for this purpose known to science.

"I suppose," said Professor Huxley, speaking of the oyster, "that when this slippery morsel glides along the palate few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery far more complicated than a watch."

The place of meeting of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union next year will be St. Louis, Mo.

The Kenmare estates trouble has been settled by the cancellation of the arrears of rent now due.

Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works, made an inspection of Toronto harbor yesterday.

Mr. Wanamaker's postal telegraph scheme looks to a great extension of the wires to small places.

First newspaper man—Did you do any literary work on your voyage across? Second newspaper man—Yes, I contributed extensively to the *Atlantic*!

IMPORTANT TO POLICEMEN.

A Detective Mulcted in $200 and Costs for Handcuffing a Prisoner.

Mr. Justice Rose gave judgment at Osgoode Hall yesterday in the case of Hamilton vs. Massie and McGrath, tried before him at the Toronto Assizes held last January. This will be remembered as an action brought by an employee of the Central Prison against Warden Massie and Detective McGrath for false arrest. Hamilton committed the offence of bringing tobacco into the prison to a prisoner, which is an infraction of prison rule 210, and a misdemeanor under R. S. C., ch. 173, sec. 25. He was arrested by McGrath by order of Warden Massie, and taken before a magistrate. He was discharged, the Warden not pressing the complaint against him, and brought this action for damages for the arrest. Judge Rose expresses his opinion that the arrest and taking before the Magistrate were justifiable. But the plaintiff when arrested was at once handcuffed and thus taken through the streets. There was no evidence that this was necessary to prevent Hamilton's escape, or that he had attempted to escape—indeed the evidence was to the contrary effect.

It may perhaps be a surprise to many people to learn that there was no right to handcuff the man under these circumstances, and that the person who "put the darbies on" was a trespasser and liable for damages. The law for this is to be found in Wright vs. Court, 4 B. and C. 598; 6 Dowl. and R. at p. 624, per Bayley, J.; Addison on Torts (3rd ed.), p. 710.

"The English law," says Mr. Justice Rose, "has always been sensitively careful of the liberty of the person, something not always well remembered in these days: and while the courts have always protected its officers in the discharge of duty, they never have, nor indeed can they, brook injustice being committed in the name of law.

There was not the slightest evidence offered here to justify the handcuffing, and the amount of damages awarded cannot in any degree be deemed large when the jury were informed that the plaintiff was in broad daylight led handcuffed from the Central Prison to King street, then to Adelaide street, along Adelaide street to St. Andrew's Square, and from thence to No. 3 Police Station, where he was locked up.

"Clearly upon the law and evidence the detective is liable in trespass, and judgment must be entered against him for the damages, $200 and costs of suit.

"I do not think the plaintiff is entitled to recover against the defendant Massie. If I have taken the proper view, the arrest was justifiable, and in directing McGrath to take the plaintiff into custody Massie did no wrong, and there is no evidence, I think, to justify a finding that Massie in any wise directed the handcuffing. That was in my opinion the act of McGrath alone.

"Judgment must be entered for defendant Massie, dismissing the plaintiff's action with costs."

Physiological Reasons for Sunday Rest

The question of Sunday work has, of course, a moral side, and it is that side which most strongly influences many who are striving to lessen the evil. Physiologists are universally agreed that men need, for purely physiological reasons, one day's rest out of the seven. There is plenty of evidence upon this question, all pointing in the same direction; and the conclusion is inevitable that the almost universal desire of workmen for rest on Sunday, and their strong objection to working continuously every day, is the result of a natural physiological law, which, like all other laws of the kind, cannot be violated without some one having to suffer the penalty. There is good reason for believing that many railway accidents are directly traceable to physical and mental exhaustion of trainmen, caused by the strain of severe and exacting duties, performed without relaxation for a period of time beyond that which is allowed by nature. And in the case of street railway employees, who are required to work from twelve to sixteen hours every day, Sunday included, it is probable that society suffers, and will suffer, a large share of the penalty. For the presence in the community of a considerable body of men to whom civilization means almost, if not quite, nothing, upon whom society has imposed burdens almost intolerable and infinitely heavier than are imposed by nature as a condition of living—we say that the presence of a body of men living under such conditions is a menace and a danger to Republican institutions.—*American Machinist.*

Susceptible to Alcohol.

Mrs. Prim—It's dreadful the way the men drink these days, isn't it? My husband's head is so weak he can't drink. A glass of vichy makes him roaring.

Mrs. Blim—Yes, and my husband can't read the label on a beer bottle without getting a headache.

All Corner Lots.

Eastern Speculator—So this is the plat of Boomerville, is it? Don't you think you have the blocks laid off rather small?

Kansas Real Estate Man—You see, that is an idea of my own. There are only four lots in a block, so there will be nothing but corner lots. Great, ain't it?

Four billion five hundred and eight million gallons of beer and ale are consumed annually in Europe, according to the *Jewish Messenger*. Less of this is consumed in England than on the continent. Germany alone consumes 1,128,000,000, while Austria-Hungary makes way with 354,000,000 gallons. In Bosnia and Roumania the amount consumed per head yearly is little more than a quart, while in Bavaria 65½ gallons are consumed yearly on the average by every man, woman and child in the country.

The Chinese minister will bring his wife to Washington this winter. However, society will not be allowed to gaze on her, as she will be kept in strict seclusion. It is said that she is the first high caste Chinese woman every permitted to leave the flowery kingdom.

Friend—Do you still continue to send matter to the newspapers, Cholly? Cholly—Yes; but's merely for good faith, and not necessarily for publication.

Kissable girl (suddenly)—Take care, some one will see you! Good-looking but bashful beau—What am I doing? Kissable girl (scornfully)—Nothing.

ON HORSEBACK.

A Talk About Horsemanship—Keep Hands Well Down and Head Well Up.

New York Herald.

The three most essential points in race riding for a jockey are to keep his head up, his hands down and his mouth shut, it, of course, being understood that he has a strong seat on a horse. And these three points are not so easy to carry out as the casual observer might imagine, and, as the experienced horseman knows, the most difficult one being to keep the hands down. Long practice and experience in riding are required to enable the jockey steadily to keep his hands where they ought to be—well down below and on each side of the wither. The amateur jockey, perhaps a good cross country rider with strong seat and light hands, may know just what he ought to do; he may sit his horse in the most orthodox manner for some time after the start, but the hands will get up. In fact, I think I am safe in saying that hardly any amateur jockey can ride a race of any length and keep his hands in the right position.

Of course the rule to keep the hands down is a general one, to which there are exceptions. For instance, at the finish a jockey may be obliged to use his whip, taking both reins in one hand, or, again, in riding his horse out in a close struggle he may sit down in the saddle, and raising both hands above the wither, "shake his horse up" with a sort of circular motion of the reins with both hands. The reason why it is so difficult to keep the hands down is because during a race, while a jockey does not sit down in the saddle, but is more or less balanced over the centre of it, so as to interfere as little as possible with his horse's action, the arms, in order to keep the hands down must be extended both forward and downward, and kept more or less rigid. The tendency of an inexperienced rider to get his hands up is caused by his perhaps generally tiring and therefore steadying himself by a direct pull of the reins on his horse's mouth, or by the giving out of those particular arm and wrist muscles which have not had the professional's constant exercise to strengthen and harden them.

Now, as to keeping the head up, it is certainly an easier matter than keeping the hands down, but the tendency is to lower the head, more particularly when the rider is endeavoring to keep his hands down. A poor rider may win a race on a good horse with his hands "all over the place" and his head held anyhow if he keeps his mouth shut, but he might as well try to run a foot race against horses as keep his mouth open while riding a race, for the amount of air forced down his windpipe at the rate of thirty miles an hour would soon exhaust him and make it difficult for him to stick on let alone to steady a tired horse or get the most out of him in a close finish. It does not require any great knowledge of horsemanship to understand why the head should be kept up while riding a race. The rider who does not can not see what the other horses are doing, nor can he guide his own horse properly so as to take every advantage of the ground and of his position in the race; besides, keeping the head down tends to throw the body forward, thus throwing extra weight on the horse's forelegs. Keeping the hands down steadies them, and the pull on the reins is then in the direction of the horse's neck. If the hands are above the wither it is difficult to keep them steady, and very little will throw a horse out of his stride, particularly if tired, and make him lose a length or so.

In cross country riding the above rules also hold good, but in a modified form, and yet not all of them, for if ever there was a time when a rider should keep his head up and use his eyes and judgment it is in charging a big fence during a fast run. As in race riding, too, a good cross country rider keeps his hands down, and if he keeps his mouth open he will not only lose his breath, but be very likely to get it filled with mud or other samples of the local soil from the heels of the horses in front of him. If a jockey has a strong seat, light hands and good judgment, the grace with which he rides his horse is a secondary consideration, but on the road or in the park a graceful seat is of the first importance.

To look well on horseback a man must first have a strong seat, without which it is impossible to have confidence in one's self or to ride with ease and grace. A good firm seat is generally accompanied by what is known as good hands—that is, a light hand on the reins; a weak seated rider, having to balance himself by the reins, cannot have light hands. If a horse stumbles and by so doing jerks his head down, a poor rider is apt to go over its head, or at least, by throwing his weight forward, to make it difficult or impossible for the horse to recover itself. On the contrary, a good rider sits firmly in the saddle, his body from the waist down forming, as it were, a portion of the horse; above the waist as on a pivot swaying gracefully with the animal's motions. Should the horse stumble a pull on its mouth helps it to throw up its head, and throwing the upper part of his body back he still further assists the horse's recovery.

Although to look really well on horseback a firm seat is essential, still one not so fortunately gifted may present a good appearance by care and attention to the principal rules of good horsemanship. Commencing at the highest point, he will, as I have said before, keep his head up, his shoulders square and his body erect over the centre of the saddle, at the same time sitting comfortably and at his ease, yet he must not be stiff, his body from the waist upward conforming with the horse's motions. This is a very important point. The hands should be kept moderately well down, yet not so low as in racing or in the hunting field. The reins should be held so as to give a gentle feeling of the horse's mouth, giving and taking, and here the wrists come into play. When riding with a plain snaffle the rider has only to shorten up the reins through his hands till he gets the proper touch with his horse's mouth; when using both snaffle and bit (bit and bridoon) the snaffle reins must first be arranged, then those of the bit tightened up sufficiently. To do this properly can only be learned by experience, and depends upon how much the horse pulls, or if he requires to be held together. When using snaffle and bit it is important to see that the curb is neither too tight nor the reverse; if too tight it will hurt the horse's lip; too loose, it will do away with nearly all the advantage of the extra leverage of the bit over the snaffle.

In race riding or in the hunting field the stirrup leathers are shortened up and the feet are put further in the stirrups than for road riding. A good rule for the length of the stirrups is to place the tip of the second finger of the right hand on the top of the stirrup leather, under the flap of the saddle, and let the stirrup iron down so that the bottom of it will just reach, touching under the armpit. When sitting in the saddle a plumb line from the point of the shoulder should about touch the back of the heel, but most riders keep their feet a little further forward. The heel should be lower than the ball of the foot, and the foot nearly parallel with the horse's side, but turned out slightly. In racing or hunting it is necessary to hold the reins with both hands, to steady the horse and keep his head straight, but under ordinary circumstances one hand only should be used; in fact, it looks ridiculous to see, as one often does in the park, an individual riding with two hands a perfectly broken hack, and holding the reins as if preparing for a start in a race. There is too much of the stiff riding school style about most of these riders, and it can be detected at a glance.

A poor rider should not wear spurs, as he is very apt not to be able to use them at the proper moment to coerce a refractory steed, and still more likely to give the unfortunate animal a "dig" when there is no necessity for it. After an amateur steeplechase I have often seen spur marks on a horse nearly on the back and the cantle of the saddle cut from the same cause. But if a rider can wear spurs they are much more effective than the whip. A good rider directs his horse more by the pressure of his legs and by judicious use of whip and spur than he does by the bridle.

The rider of a troublesome horse should remember that what may appear to him to be vice is as often fear, for which patience and kindness is the cure. Ladies when riding are apt to hold the head down and keep the left shoulder too far back.

The Greatest Lathe in the World.

Perhaps one of the most marked novelties in the Machinery Hall at the Paris exhibition, writes a correspondent, is the monster lathe shown by Messrs. Greenwood & Batley, of Leeds. This extraordinary machine tool weighs nearly 300 tons, and has been made for Schneider's steel works at Le Creusot. It is intended for rough boring and turning steel ingots of the largest dimensions, such as those used in the manufacture of heavy gun tubes and jackets. I am told it is the most powerful lathe in the world. The space it occupies is about 75 feet by 20 feet. An ingot 52 feet long and 8 feet in diameter can be turned by this "leviathan." It has four independent saddles, each of which carries two tools, eight tools being thus set to work if required at one time. Each tool takes a cut 1½ inches in depth, and advances at the rate of 4 to 5 cuts per inch. A hole 40 inches diameter may be bored through an ingot 32 feet long. The machinery showed at Paris this year is dwarfed by the great display made at Manchester two years ago. While the latter exhibition was literally crammed with "good things and new" in the mechanical line, the Paris show is made to cover a lot of space with but a limited number of highly deserving specimens.

Home-Made Soap.

I have found a way in which I can make soap while waiting for the teakettle to boil for supper, says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*. It is very easy. Get of a druggist or grocer a pound box of pulverized lye now sold so cheaply and in such convenient shape. It will cost you 15 cents. It comes in a neat can, which can be opened with any penknife. Dissolve this lye in three pints of cold water. The lye heats the water, and you must wait till this heat passes off before making your soap. Melt your grease and strain through a cheesecloth and weigh 5½ pounds. As soon as this melted grease is cool enough to bear your hand in, pour grease and lye together and stir thoroughly a few minutes, and you will see it thicken. Now pour it into a box or dripping pan, lined with greased paper, and let it stand in a warm place for twenty-four hours, then cut into bars. It will be ready for immediate use, will keep growing better, is clean and thoroughly satisfactory for dish-washing and the laundry, makes a good suds and is economical, having cost you only 15 cents, the price of your lye, as the grease was saved at odd times. It can be made without fire, as you see it does not have to be boiled or even have boiling water added. Our laundress uses it and says "It is good," and she is apt to be critical.

Many of the recognized authorities in civil as well as military circles say, "The malarial disease is most dangerous in that the kidneys are most liable to break down." Such men as Dacosta, Atkinson and Pepper, professors in our leading medical schools, and Soldaton, Surgeon Gen. in the Russian army, Woodward, Surg. Gen. in our American army, speak of malaria as a direct complication of chronic Bright's disease. The kidneys must be kept free from disease and the poisonous germs of malaria; they must act normally in cleansing the blood, for 65 gallons of it passes through them every hour. People in malarial localities recover from both the cause and effect of malaria by using Warner's Safe Cure. Every person, in the spring or fall, who has either kidney disease or malaria, should use Warner's Safe Cure as a precautionary measure.

A Circus in Itself.

Robert Vance, of Napanee, is a genius. For three years he has devoted all his spare time to fitting up a collection of automatic figures to work by one power, and he has accomplished a marvel of skill and ingenuity. He has over one hundred figures all working independently, and illustrating nearly every industry. He had the weaver at his loom, a spinning wheel, boat races, a bird in the bushes, water wheel and windmill, watchman on tower, ship at sea, blacksmith, engine, minstrel troupe, circus, Salvation Army, flour mill, saw mill, hurdy-gurdy, carpenter, shoemaker, bicycle races, company of soldiers, darkey preacher, train of cars and so many other novelties that it is impossible to name them, all hard at work. It is the first machine of the kind ever constructed in Canada.

EMERSONIAN GEMS.

Pearls of Thought Set in English by the New England Philosopher.

The young man or woman who fails to read and study Emerson's Essays misses an intellectual feast. There is not one of those sparkling productions but abounds in epigrammatic sentences, each one worthy of a permanent corner in our memory. His style is crisp, lucid and pleasing; his language faultlessly pure; his thought lofty and ennobling. Here are a few crystalized thoughts from the vast treasure house they open to the student:

FROM "HEROISM."

Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence it wears a ragged and dangerous front.

The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will, but pleasantly and as it were merrily he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness.

Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right. * * * It is the avowal of the unschooled man that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and that he knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.

When the spirit is not master of the world it is its dupe.

The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter to the stranger—so it be done for love and not for ostentation—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe.

The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendor of its table and draperies.

The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough.

See to it only that thyself is here, and art and nature, hope and dread, friends and angels and the Supreme Being shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest.

That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds.

O friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas.

Let us be generous of our dignity as well as of our money.

Greatness once and forever has done with opinion.

FROM "SELF-RELIANCE."

God will not have His work made manifest by cowards.

Trust thyself. Every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. * * * The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion.

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind.

Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. * * * It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. * * * If you would be a man speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.

We pass for what we are.

Character teaches above our wills.

The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this.

Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought; and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession.

Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide.

Insist on yourself; never imitate.

That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him.

FROM "COMPENSATION."

Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess.

Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature.

Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. The dice of God are always loaded.

Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed.

We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong.

Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. * * * Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement.

He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none.

In general every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.

The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot suffer loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. * * * Compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

A Lovely Woman

overheard one say of her, "By heaven! she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she, indignantly, and by heaven *only!*" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, enthroned on the rose and lily. Yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, with a dry, hacking cough, night sweats, and slight spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again, the picture of health and strength. It is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* that it will benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid will be promptly refunded.

A Temperance Woman on Newspapers

Frances Willard urges women to read the newspapers. She says: "Women are a set of passivities on that subject, as a class and I am never more annoyed for my 'sect' than when the newsboy goes trotting through at full speed, if he finds the car contains chiefly women, never dreaming that they want a paper. I clutch his sleeve with a vim, and buy one of every variety he has, and ask him what he is thinking about to lose custom in that way. Gossip is nothing but small news—the nickels, pennies and dimes, while the newspaper deals in dollars and V's and X's, so it widens the mind more to read the newspaper than to gossip about the neighbors."

"An idler is a watch that lacks both hands
As useless if it goes as when it stands."

Alas how many women, though household and children need their care, are necessarily idle, because suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex. To all such Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a precious boon, speedily curing internal inflammation, leucorrhœa, displacement, ulceration, tormenting periodical pains, prolapsus, "bearing-down" sensations, morning sickness, bloating, weak stomach, nervous prostration, and tendency to cancerous disease. In all those ailments called "female complaints," it is the most reliable specific known to medical science.

Not in a Hurry.

He—Will you marry me?

She—I am married already and you ought not talk that way to me.

He—I did not mean for you to marry me right away: I am willing to wait a year or two.

No matter what the school of physic
They each can cure an ache or phthisic—
At least 'tis said they can:
But as Science turns the wheel still faster,
And quacks and fogies meet disaster,
To us there comes a man
Whose merit hath won countless zealots,
Who use and praise his "Pleasant Pellets."

The "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" of Dr. Pierce, though gentle in action, are thorough, and never fail to cure biliousness, diseased or torpid liver, and constipation.

All the Difference in the World.

And will you not be mine?" he asked tenderly as he took her hand.

"No, Percy," she replied, "I can never marry a horse doctor, but the moment you become a veterinary surgeon I am yours."

Something New at the Circus.

Jinks—Been to the circus, eh? See anything new?

Blinks—Yes. The children who laughed at the clowns were new.

Fooling the Landlady.

Eli—This steak is awful.

Joe—Then why do you eat?

Eli—To keep it from being made into hash.

A Long, Long, Weary Day.

Gus—What's the matter, Jack? You look all worn out.

Jack—I've been visiting a young couple with their first baby.

For half a million of dollars a year one can become known as a large advertiser in American newspapers; but many an advertiser has expended more than $50,000 in a single month without using a single paper published outside the twelve or fifteen of the largest cities. A page advertisement inserted once in all the New York dailies would cost not less than $8,000.

A writ has been issued at the instance of Bigelow & Morson, acting for a Miss Gokey, formerly of Wallaceburg, in a breach of promise of marriage suit, claiming $10,000 damages from Dr. Dobie, of 160 McCaul street, Toronto. Dr. Dobie was formerly assistant surgeon in the Toronto Hospital.

Rev. Father Murray, who recently severed his connection with the parish of Cornwall, last night bade a formal farewell to his congregation. He was presented with several warm addresses and purses aggregating $1,000, together with warm wishes that he might return to Cornwall as the Bishop of the new district.

At a conference of the window glass manufacturers and representatives of the Workers' Association at Pittsburg, Pa., yesterday, the manufacturers offered to compromise by paying last year's wages. This was rejected by the workmen, who insist upon an advance. Negotiations are now off and a long struggle is anticipated.

Last evening Fred Young, aged 13 years, the son of R. Young, Kingston, was drowned while bathing. He could not swim, and fell off a flat rock. He was got out too late to be resuscitated.

DOWL 38 89.

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 30c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & P. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES

Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,

Flesherton.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

FLESHERTON, P. Q., May 3, '89.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for **Spavins** also in a case of lame shoulder and found it a sure cure. I consider it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES J. BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Inflammation in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,

I. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and I can say I have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in either since. Yours truly,

D. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,

Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

A Complete History of the **Johnstown** and CONEMAUGH VALLEY FLOOD

embracing also, a history of the floods in Williamsport, Lock Haven, Sunbury, and all the flooded districts in the State of Pennsylvania, also in Washington, D. C., New York, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, all of which caused the total loss of over 11,000 lives and the destruction of over $40,000,000 worth of property;

By GEO. T. FERRIS, A. M.

Octavo, 522 pages; **Illustrated with Forhty-Eight Full-Page Engravings.** Price $1.50. First edition issued August 10th. We pay duty on all books. ***Agents Wanted.*** Send 50 cts. for complete outfit.

H. S. GOODSPEED & Co., New York.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 run stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to

ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P O

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangevie
Flesherton—Monday before Orangevie
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

This Year's

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

in bronze on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 11 & 12, 1 and 2 range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS BEECROFT,
Flesherton P O

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona.
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn,
General assortment of canned goods

CHOICE HONEY

CONFECTIONERY of all kinds
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR,

always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLASS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND,

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

He Tackled the Bear.

It was a state election in Alabama, and among the crowd filling the little town where I happened to be stopping were some queer characters. Among the queerest were an old man and his son—the father about sixty years old, the son about to cast his first vote. The boy had primed up pretty well and by ten o'clock in the forenoon he was saying:

"Father, git ten men to hold me, fur if I turn loose this town won't be nowhar!"

Be calm, Jonas, be calm," advised the old man as he patted him on the shoulder.

"Whoop! yi! yi! Whar's the critter as says he will challenge my fust vote?"

"Thar's no critter sayin' anything of the sort, Jonas. Jist be quiet! Don't be raisin' your voice too much."

Jonas circulated around for a while, took another drink and then came back to the tavern steps and said Father, I've got to turn — e ose."

"Shoo! Jonas!"

"But I hev. I'm a-goin' to cut loose and go fur the hull crowd, fur I can't hold myself no longer."

At that moment a Turk or Bohemian or foreigner of some sort came up with a hand organ and a dancing bear, and I saw a new idea strike Jonas like a landslide. The father saw it too, and he protested:

"Now Jonas doan make no critter of yo'self. You jist let that b'ar alone."

"Pop, I'm gwine ter clinch him. He's altogether too funny fur this yere locality."

"You'll git busted, Jonas. B'ars is onery varmints."

"Got to do it, pap. I'm bubblin' up like bilin' soapsuds, and somethin' has got ter be done or the biler will give way. Stand back! Whoopee!"

Every citizen in the town heard his yell. The bear was about five rods away, going through a waltz, and he stopped his movements to see what was going to happen. Jonas made a bee-line for him, and as he came within six feet he rose in the air and came down astride of Bruin and grabbed him by the ears and yelled:

"America agin the hull arth whoop!"

It was in the middle of the street and the street was dusty. Therefore I cant swear as to what took place during the next two minutes. When the foreigner pulled his bear off there was a bundle of something lying in the dust. It looked like old clothes but it turned out to be Jonas. He wasn't saying a word. He did'nt know it when the father and two others lifted him over against the fence and got water from the town well to pour over him. It was a full quarter of an hour before he opened his eyes and faintly asked:

"Father, did I clean out the hull crowd?"

"No Jonas. You tackled that b'ar agin my advice."

"And kerwolloped him."

"Skeercely. You've done gone got the wust maulin' yer ever heard of in yer born days."

"Licked?"

"I should obsarve. You's bit, clawed, knocked, rolled, paralyzed, and broke, and you won't be fitten to work fur a month. Jonas, you's a critter, a pore fule of a critter, and if this doan't take the swellin' outer your head I'm gwine to hire a nigger and a maul to knock it off. Say, Baker, kin you load this critter into yer cart and tote him out home and leave him at the gate."

A CIRCUS MARRIAGE.—A somewhat unique marriage ceremony was performed at Ottawa one night lately by Rev. W. Winfield at his residence, when he united in holy bonds of matrimony Ali Bin-Debe, chief of the Arab troupe with Barnum's show, and Mrs. Nellie Hamilton, the snake charmer of the same show. some months ago the dark eyes of Nellie captivated the susceptible heart of the dusky denizen of the desert, and he made love by signs and fashions. These culminated in their marriage.

A Woodstock young man attempted to steal a ride on a Grand Trunk freigh train and was killed.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall

Fall Shows

Following is a list of the dates of fall fairs in this vicinity:

NAME	PLACE.	DATE.
East Grey	Flesherton	Sept. 23 and 24
Artemesia	Priceville	Oct. 3rd
Glenelg	Markdale	26 and 27
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 24 and 25
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27
Central Ag'l Soc'ty.	Walters Falls	Sept. 24 and 25
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9 to 21
Proton	Dundalk	Oct. 1 and 2
Osprey	Maxwell	Oct. 4

BOOTS & SHOES.

I have a very large supply on and and

Selling very Cheap.

IN LADIES WEAR. Prunlela, Kid, Polish calf and Buff Dongola, Lace and Button.

Misse's, Youth's and Children's

A large assortment, all sorts and sizes.

MEN'S WEAR

Fine Calf and Dongola, Balmorals and Gaiters, also Heavy Boots and Shoes. Prices and Material cannot be beat.

W. CLAYTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,

FLESHERTON

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World

☛ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, also STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALTY

F. G. Karstedt,

Strain's old Stand
Flesherton.

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders. Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 430. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1889. W. H. THURSTON,

Visitors to Flesherton

Exhibition should not fail to call and examine the fine stock of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, etc.,

—AT—

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton,

which has just arrived, consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Ladies' and Gents' sizes, Rings, Cuffbuttons, Charms, Gents' and Ladies' Gold Chains, Diamond Rings, etc. We expect to do the trade this fall and winter and have a very fine selection of Goods on hand, call and examine, no trouble to show goods.

And always take your watches, etc. to Russell to repair, if you want a perfect job.

Russell's Jewelery Store, Flesherton

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The CASH STORE is offering special lines in all departments.

Our DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

has lately been filled to overflowing, with as choice a Line of goods as ever shown. In making our selections we realize that to the quality of the goods sold, we must look to the building up of that confidence between buyer and seller, so essential to a commercial success and permanence. Customers will find that in respect to quality, our stock has no superior.

DRESS GOODS

in leading shades, plain and durable. Prices ranging from 10c. to 50c. with trimmings to match. In Braids, Gimp, Plushes and Velvets, Gray, White, Navy Blue and Red Flannels, second to none for QUALITY and PRICE. It would take too much space to mention all our lines in this department separately. But we would request an inspection, guaranteeing satisfactory results.

Our BOOT and SHOE Assortment Larger Than Ever.

Special lines of women's high Laced Boots at $1.14
Men's long Boots from $1.75 up. Misses and Children's in all sizes. Groceries, Crockery and general merchandise.

Persons visiting the fair would do well to give us a call.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago

Do sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R. where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Sydenham Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$1 per annum when paid within the year in advance $1.50 per annum when [illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES

One column 1 year $80, half do 2 [illegible] quarter [illegible]

[illegible] of nonpareil space [illegible]

W. H. THURSTON,

[illegible]

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The trial of the prisoners charged with the [illegible] which was in progress during most of last week, goes to show what inhuman brutes some men can make of themselves when they take law into their own hands. They have been sent up for trial, and it is hoped a just reward will be meted out to them providing guilt is established. The act alleged to have taken place on that boat was worthy of pirates.

Mr. J.J. Dearn, a candidate for the Newfoundland Assembly, has a magnificent command of language, as witnessed by the following. He recently remarked that the reason the people of St John's allowed the Telegram to exist was because "they looked upon the editor as a foolish, [illegible] imbecile, [illegible] witless, [illegible] Yorkish, [illegible] addled, unenlightened, [illegible] prejudiced, purblind, narrow minded, crotchety, conceited, mulish, [illegible] infatuated, hypocritical, cadaverous, half fledged, unwashed, God-forsaken, hungry-looking, soft-brained, woolly-headed, knock-kneed, long eared, squint eyed, lantern jawed, slab sided, ill natured, puerile, insignificant, puppy, vicious, effeminate, sheepish, mellow, utterly depraved and miserably wretched nincompoop, and so let him slide."

The terrible catastrophe which befel Quebec on Thursday evening last is another exemplification of the remarkable indifference of humanity to danger in some instances. In this case it is all the more wonderful from the fact that two similar catastrophes have occurred in that identical spot during the past fifty years. There is food for deep thought and moralizing in this case. Two similar warnings had been given, many lives had before been lost in the same manner, yet the people still continued to live under the shadow of death with the fond hope (if they hoped at all) that a disaster would not overtake them in their day and generation. Familarity bred contempt in their case, but alas the fate came upon them, and ten million tons of rock wiped out the lives of two and a half score, while more than the same number live in agony to bewail their folly. It is pitiful to think of the awful indifference which man can pay to deadly danger. No more terrible proof of this can be found than in the fate of these dwellers under the shadow of Cape Diamond.

The Witness Prize Competition

The winners of the Montreal Witness "Dominion Prize Competition" have just been announced. The competition, concerning which we notice some writers request that it should be made annual, or at least repeated, was a capital device for stimulating patriotism and native literature at the same time. Tales and sketches were asked for from all school children, illustrative of pioneer life in Canada. The Northern Messenger, a small paper published at the same office, was offered as a prize for the best tale in every school in the Dominion. A prize of greater value, Macaulay's last ryin five volumes, was sent to the writer of the best tale in each county, and a set of Parkman's works was the reward of the best in each province. The judges appointed to award these prizes were men of recognized ability, the judge for the province of Ontario having been Mr Wm Houston, Parliamentary Librarian Toronto. Finally a Dominion prize a set enbid type-writer, was awarded by Lord Lorne. The Dominion prize has very curiously been taken by a young lady outside of the Dominion, the Witness having in view of its numerous readers in Newfoundland, counted that province for the purpose of this competition, as though it had been a part of Canada. None will be jealous that our little province has carried off this honor. The winner is Miss May Selby Holden of St. John's, whose portrait and autograph appear in the Witness with her tale. The second honor is awarded by Lord Lorne to Norman L. Cook of Gaya River, N.S. The other province prize winners are: Miss Ellie Ladner, Kamloops, Yale Co., British Columbia; Miss Lizzie McLaren, Woodworth, Lennis Co., Manitoba; Miss Mary Ann McPherson, River Charlo, Restigouche, New Brunswick; Miss Abigail Smith, Harwich, Kent Co., Ontario; Benj. Howard, Summerside, Prince Co. Prince Edward Island; Victor Morrill Stanstead, Stanstead Co., Quebec.

Following are the names of the prize winners for Grey County:—Fred Custer, Miss Martha, P. Williams, Miss Kate Malone, Wm. J. Clark, Meaford; Thos. Gadd, Varney; Martha Patterson, Wesley; R. L. Dean, Louise; Miss Bella Anderson, Eastwood; Miss Annie Hewis, Kemble; Herbert G. Goodere, Miss Alice Perves, Allen Park; David H. Moss, Bayview; Miss Goldie Hopkins, Blantyre; Archie Randall, Camperdown; Miss Ida Stone, Flesherton Station; William G. Nadigar, Lamlash; Miss Ella Cook, Traverston; George Dixon, Dromore; Herbert Boon, Thornbury; Miss Herron, Tara; Miss Mamie McRae, Wareham; Miss Sarah Garvie, Clement M. Keys, Clarksburg.

Eugenia.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

This last week professor Howard, of Ithaca University, New York state, and one Mr. Linden, of Rochester, have been scouring the woods around Eugenia in search of a plant called Chinsing. It is one of the most valuable plants known to science. It is dried and sent to China, where it is worth its weight in gold. It grows quite plentiful in the woods around this part of the country. In searching for it professor Howard picked up pieces of rock which he thinks indicate very valuable silver mines around Eugenia. He says the ground and the rock and the plants that grow around all show very plain signs of valuable mines, both of gold and silver, also copper. The Professor has sent away some of the rock to the University to be analyzed. He is coming around again to see more about it. When Mr. J. W. Heath sunk his well some time ago he raised up some rock that had rich veins of copper. Some of the pieces were sent to New York as specimens of the rocks in this part of Canada. The gentleman who got it was so impressed with the belief that it contained copper that he had it examined by an expert who said it was rich in copper, with some gold. That was only twenty-seven feet down where it was found. If the Americans take it in hand we may hope for something to turn up yet at Eugenia, but unless they do we may sleep on for another decade, as nothing short of an earthquake will waken up the people of Eugenia to their own interests.

Mr James Purvis, of Toronto, has been trying to recruit his failing health at his father's, Mr William Purvis of Eugenia. The pure air has benefitted him wonderfully in a few weeks time.

GLENFIELD.

Several brigands were surprised [illegible] Servian village by gendarmes, who set fire to the house and burned up three of the outlaws.

[illegible]

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully corrected every week.

[illegible]

Flour
Fall Wheat
Spring Wheat
Barley
Oats
Peas
Butter
[illegible]
[illegible]
Potatoes
Hay

SIGN

"Big Spen

Gold, filled go and Coin-silve cases.

Ladies and Gents

Walnut and Nickle Cl

I am represented by A. J. Watson backed up by reliable warrants Lomes of Central Grey that I doing [illegible]

If prices are [illegible]

QUALITY Considered

I would not be able to hold my share of Grey Co. trade as I have at

"CASH or CRE

will pay you better by a

Goods, Work

Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhere [illegible] cally fitted

Work Carefully Done

Fair Char

Stock now complete in [illegible]

Can save yo to $3.00 o watches

Other lines will be held on [illegible] live margins.

W. A. BROWN

Jeweler and [illegible]

MARKDALE, Ont

THE CAYUGA'S CLAIMS.

Canadian Indians Want a Quarter Million From the State of New York—A Nonagenarian Witness.

A Buffalo despatch says: The Standing Committee on Indian Affairs of the Senate, to which was delegated the duty of investigating the claims of the Cayuga Nation of Indians, was to have held a meeting yesterday afternoon at Senator Laughlin's office. There was no quorum of the committee, but by consent of all the parties the testimony of Henry Phillips, a Seneca Indian, 94 years of age, was taken, to be used before the committee with the same effect as if all the members were present.

The claim of the Cayugas grows out of a treaty made between the State and that nation at a time when certain of its lands were purchased, the consideration being an annuity of $23,000, to be paid by the State. During the war of 1812 a portion of the Cayugas went to Canada and joined the British army and from that time out received no portion of the annuities, the American Cayugas taking the whole amount. The claim now made on behalf of the Canadian Cayugas is that by the treaty of Ghent the United States became at peace with them, and therefore that they were and still are entitled to their share of the annuities and should be paid the amount to which they were entitled from the date of the ratification of the treaty of Ghent until the present time, amounting to about a quarter of a million dollars.

The members of the Senate Committee are Messrs. Vedder, Laughlin and Pierce; and they are represented by Mr. Johnston, of Salamanca. The Canadian Cayugas are represented by Gen. James C. Strong, of this city, and the Dominion Government is represented by Messrs. Richie & Mickham, barristers, of Toronto. Mr. George H. Thornton is the official stenographer of the committee. An adjournment was had until November 11th, at Brantford, Ont.

Probably Wrongfully Imprisoned.

A Montreal despatch says: Last spring a man named Hennessy was sentenced to 14 years in the Penitentiary for committing an assault on a Miss Roberts. At the present term of the court a man named Mulcahey is being tried as an accomplice of Hennessy. A sensation was created in court to-day when Spicer, a Grand Trunk watchman, swore that neither Hennessy nor Mulcahey resembled the men from whom he had rescued Miss Roberts at the time the outrage was committed. He pointed to one of the witnesses in the case as being most like one of the fellows. Hennessy, produced as a witness against Mulcahy, solemnly protested his innocence and declared that, so far as he knew, Mulcahy, too, was innocent. An impression is getting abroad that some of the witnesses for the prosecution may be the guilty parties. If Mulcahy is acquitted it is possible an application may be made for the release of Hennessy.

Newspaper Postage.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Deputy Postmaster-General stated to day that the object of the Department in asking postmasters to note the weight of printed matter mailed at their office was solely for statistical purposes. Not since the institution of free postage for newspapers has an accurate return been made of the amount actually carried through the mails, and for this purpose therefore, postmasters have been asked to furnish a return of newspapers and periodical matter mailed at their offices from Sept. 1st to 14th.

Stanley's Movements.

A despatch from Zanzibar says: Henry M. Stanley, on leaving the basin of the Albert Nyanza, endeavored to make his way southward by passing to the west of the Victoria Nyanza. He failed, however, in his attempt. He then went northward and reached the eastern shore of the lake. Emin Pasha accompanied him. After a long stay on the borders of the lake awaiting supplies from Msalala and Tabora, Stanley, leaving Emin Pasha, marched in the direction of Mombasa. He is expected to reach the eastern seacoast about the end of October.

War Amongst West Virginia Negroes.

A Huntington, W. Va., despatch of Friday says: News has reached here of a terrible encounter among negroes at Bramwell, Mercer County. A number of colored miners had been drinking and engaged in a fight. Knives were drawn, and Dan Lambert and Tom Kadle were literally cut to pieces. Three of their companions were seriously, if not fatally, injured. The fight arose over a remark which some one made concerning Lambert's wife.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, England, says: "Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, and no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity." All the diseases to which the kidneys are subject and to which they give rise can be prevented if treated in time." Warner's Safe Cure is the only recognized specific. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean, and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College; "Editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure."

They Turn Him Over.

In France, when a patient is under chloroform, on the slightest symptom appearing of failure of the heart they turn him nearly upside down—that is, with his head downward and his heels in the air. This, they say, always restores him; and such is their faith in the efficacy of this method that the operating tables in the Paris hospitals are made so that in an instant they can be elevated with one end in the air, so as to bring the patient into a position resembling that of standing on the head.

A Bad Omen.

Charley—What do you say to Lord Lovell's intending to stay here, and become an American citizen?

Kyrle—Evidently poverty-stricken—compelled to change his last sovereign!

ELECTRICITY WILL KILL.

An Italian Fruit Vendor Instantly Killed by a Live Wire.

A Friday's New York despatch says: Joseph Matz, an Italian, met a horrible death to-day by coming in contact with a "live" electric wire at the corner of East Houston and Chrystie streets. Matz and another Italian kept a fruit stand there. On account of the rain torrents of water poured down from the gutter, and the board awning was partially filled with mud. To remove this mud Matz climbed an electric light pole and gained the roof of the awning. On this pole were thirty wires. When Matz stooped to clean the gutter he faced a network of wires about breast high. In performing his work he slipped, and in trying to save himself he grasped one wire with his hand and fell forward on another, which caught him under the neck and chin. Matz then gave a shout which startled the passers-by. The latter saw the man actually burn alive. Blue light shot from the wire when it came in contact with his skin, and the wire burned into his flesh with a crackling sound. One Albert rushed into the house, and climbing out of the window, took hold of Matz and tried to pull him from the wires. The moment that he touched the body Albert received a shock that nearly threw him to the ground. Finally two linemen arrived and cut the wires and pulled the body into one of the windows, just ten minutes after the wire had touched him. The body presented a horrible appearance. The wire had burned a hole four inches long and penetrated to the larynx. The hand which clutched the wire was burned almost to the bone. The odor from the body was sickening. An ambulance surgeon who had been summoned said death was instantaneous.

PLACING THE BLAME.

The Official Investigation Into the Antwerp Disaster.

An Antwerp cable says: Nothing remains of the cartridge factory in which the explosion occurred on Friday. The village of Austruwell, situated 200 metres from the factory, and which consisted of 40 houses, has vanished. The hydraulic machines used in the dry dock were almost entirely destroyed. A number of merchandise depots, including the Prussian stores, which were constructed of iron, were overturned by the explosion, and an immense quantity of goods was ruined. Two stained glass windows in the cathedral were broken, but the building is intact. For a distance of 500 to 1,000 metres the windows of houses were shattered. Not a drop of the burning petroleum got into the docks, the depots being surrounded by a high embankment. The official report says 135 persons were killed, twenty are missing, 100 were seriously and 200 slightly injured.

The Government's official report says nothing has been clearly established regarding the origin of the explosion. The Governor says the cartridge factory worked three months without a license, when it was closed by order of the city authorities. M. Corvillain, the proprietor of the factory, then applied for a license, which was granted after an inspection of the factory and the imposition of stringent regulations for its management. The Governor says he does not know whether the city authorities' inspection was adequate or not. When the explosion occurred an inquiry was proceeding with reference to an accident that had resulted from the unauthorized introduction of a steam engine into a factory.

Another Boulangist Manifesto.

A Paris cable says: Gen. Boulanger has issued a manifesto to the electors of Montmartre. In it he says: "If I ask the suffrages of the people, it is because I represent, not the personality depicted by my calumniators, but a national sentiment aspiring to throw off the burden of a growing debt and the intolerable iniquities and humiliation to which the country is subjected." Despite the refusal of the Prefect of the Seine to receive Gen. Boulanger's declaration of candidacy for member of the Chamber of Deputies, placards were posted in Montmartre, in the Department of the Seine, announcing that he would be a candidate. The police have torn down the placards and arrested the men who posted them.

Killed by a Ballast Train.

A Halifax despatch of Thursday says: On Monday, as the C. P. R. express going north was passing Greenville, it struck a young Frenchman named Melauson, a laborer, on the ballast train which had taken the siding to allow the express to pass. It is supposed he was standing too near the track. He was badly cut and bruised about the head. His jaw was broken in three places and his collarbone broken, besides internal injuries. The man was taken to Oxford for medical attendance and thence to his home at Meadowbrook, Westmoreland county, N. S., where he died on Tuesday night.

How do You Lace Your Boots?

Not one person in a thousand laces his shoes correctly. About the nearest anybody gets to it is to lace as tightly as possible. The correct way is to put your foot when you are about to lace your shoe as much as possible in the heel of the shoe. You can do this best by lacing your shoes with the heel of your shoe resting in a chair standing in front of the one you are seated in. Over the instep the lacing should be drawn as tightly as possible. This will hold your foot back in the shoe, giving the toes freedom and preventing their being cramped. Lace about the ankle to suit your comfort.—*Vanity Fair.*

How It is Done.

Son—Papa, how do they catch lunatics?

Cynical Father—With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy.

Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember that time how I dressed before we were married.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "It has been arranged that H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay division of the British army in India, shall return to England in March next. He will travel home via China, Japan and Canada, passing through Ottawa, Montreal, etc. H. R. H. is a Lieutenant-General in the army.

THE STRIKE ENDED.

The Dockmen to Receive an Increase on November 4th.

A Wednesday night's London cable says: The negotiations between the representatives of the dock companies and the wharfingers were resumed to-day. The conference was private, though with a view to prevent subsequent misunderstandings a stenographer was present to transcribe the proceedings. Several more wharfingers have conceded the demands of the strikers. Nearly 1,000 men resumed work this morning.

The strikers are as resolute as ever. Their pickets display greater activity, and have prevented many batches of new men engaged to take the place of strikers from proceeding to the docks.

Another meeting of strikers was held at Tower Hill. Mr. Tillett and Mr. Champion made addresses, in which they congratulated the strikers upon the increase in the subscriptions for their benefit, and the better organized plan for the distribution of relief. They expressed the belief that Cardinal Manning, who they say is deeply impressed with the justice of the strikers' demands, would succeed to-day in arranging a settlement.

There is a pause in the strike negotiations. Cardinal Manning has postponed his interview with the directors of the dock companies until to-morrow.

Mr. Burns is ill from overwork, and is taking a day's rest.

Further contributions of money for the relief of the strikers have been received from Australia. The Strike Committee have nearly $12,000 on hand. The Seamen's Union has sent a request to the unions in Australia to refuse to unload vessels from London loaded by "blacklegs."

A London cable of Thursday night says: Australia sent an additional contribution of £700 to the strikers' fund to-day. The Mansion House Strike Committee announce that a more amicable feeling prevails on both sides, and that only extraneous questions now prevent a settlement, which it is hoped will be attained to-morrow.

Some city gentlemen, believing the Australian contributions to the strikers' fund have been sent under a wrong impression, have sent a cable despatch to Australia, with the view of preventing further remittances.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that an organization be formed for the purpose of raising the £10,000 necessary to pay the dock laborers sixpence per hour from November 1st to January 1st. A leading business man has offered to contribute £2,000 for this purpose on condition that the remaining four-fifths be subscribed immediately.

A Friday night's London cable says: The Joint Committee appointed to consider the proposals of the strikers have agreed that the wages demanded by the dock laborers shall be conceded, the advance to take effect on November 4th. The Lord Mayor, at a conference with the directors of the Dock Companies to day, gave assurance that the men were now ready to resume work on Monday. In view of the approaching end of the dock laborers' strike, the lightermen are seeking to resume work.

The Mansion House Committee announce that the dock directors and the men have practically agreed, and that as soon as other interests are arranged all the men will resume work on the understanding that the deferred concession will be granted in November.

The Secretary of the Surrey Commercial Docks has officially refused to grant the terms demanded by the men's manifesto, but it is expected the matter will be arranged, as the southern men are only striking out of sympathy with the northern men.

FIRE AND PANIC.

The Cry of "Fire" Starts a Mad Scramble Among 10,000 People.

A Sunday's Chicago special says: Nearly 10,000 people rushed pell-mell out of the Exposition Building here last night, falling over each other down stairs and jumping through windows in their hurry to escape. Fire had started in one of the big booths near the center of the huge structure, and the glare of the flames and the crash of the plate glass caused a panic. Men, women and children joined in the mad scramble for the exits, which, fortunately, were numerous enough to prevent fatal crushing. Within five minutes the excited thousands were safe outside. Before the flames were extinguished one-fourth of the interior of the exposition was in ruins. The damage to the building itself was slight. Probably $75,000 will cover the loss, which is distributed among some of the largest exhibitors. Nobody was seriously injured, though many doubtless suffered minor hurts. One young lady and her escort had to descend by ladders from the roof, the elevators and stairways having caught fire. The fire was caused by an ignited carbon falling from one of the electric lights into a pile of ribbons.

Transplantation of the Cornea.

The London *Lancet* says that Dr. Gradenigo, Professor of Ophthalmic Surgery in the University of Padua, has just succeeded in transplanting the cornea from the eye of a barn fowl into the eye of a patient under his care. On the eighth day after the operation the transplanted cornea presented a quite pellucid and convex appearance. Such a result has not before been recorded in the annals of continental surgery.

In the Gloaming.

She (after a moment of silence)—What are you thinking about, Charley.

He—Oh, just about the same thing you're thinking yourself.

She—If you do I'll slap you.

—"Yellow work" is the latest popular phrase for bad work. Whence do these slang expressions come? All at once they are in the air, and all who are without repect for the purity of the English tongue are using them. They have their day and then they vanish. They die probably of inanition, but their birth is a mystery.—*Boston Herald.*

It is said all the husbands who go to Chicago after a divorce cross the cantilever bridge.

A man with a pinchbeck watch called it Faith, because it was without works and therefore dead.

RATHER APOCRYPHAL.

Gossip About the Disagreements in the Royal Nest.

A London cable gives this story: In Court circles just now interest is centered upon the private and personal affairs of the Royal family, which do not present a picture of harmony and good feeling. The Queen, it is understood, has been gradually submitting more and more to the aggressive domination of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who, although he is regarded as a person of little consequence or character, seems to have a domineering spirit, and to have succeeded in persuading Her Majesty that he is able to manage the realm as well as anybody. It is reported that the Queen takes his advice upon everything, submitting her own judgment to his opinion on all manner of subjects. With the increase of influence which has come with Her Majesty's growing favor, Prince Battenberg has developed an arrogance of behavior which is extremely offensive to all who are obliged to come into any sort of relation with him. The Prince of Wales, upon learning that the Queen had consulted Prince Henry with regard to the Bill in the House of Commons for the provision of the Royal family, sent a furious protest against the interference of a comparatively insignificant outsider with the private affairs of his family. In addition to this the Duchess of Fife complained to her father of the insolent and overbearing behavior of Prince Henry, which did not tend to calm the rage of the Prince of Wales, or to make matters any more pleasant between him and his royal mother. The Queen's protection alone prevents Battenberg being boycotted by the other members of the Royal family. They all want him to be sent to reside on the continent, but it is not at all likely the Queen will yield an inch or allow her peculiar fondness for this unpleasant young man to be interfered with.

A GOOD NAVY, BUT IT COMES HIGH.

A Specimen Warship of John Bull that Cost $1,313,970.

A hundred years ago the expense of building a ship-of-the-line of 100 guns in the Royal Dock yards was £67,600. This included the cost of coppering and copper bolting, and of masts, yards, rigging, sails, anchors, cables, and all other boatswain's and carpenter's stores. This was the original expense of the Royal George, a 100-gun ship, launched in 1788 at Chatham. She was of 2,286 tons, and was about 190 feet long and 52 feet broad. The modern equivalent to the old wooden line-of-battle ship of the first rate is the first-class iron-clad battle-ship, and the Trafalgar may be regarded as a good specimen of the finest and most recent vessels of this type. Her original cost, exclusive of armament, was no less than £862,794. She is of 11,940 tons displacement, and is 345 feet long and 73 feet broad. Thus, while the first-class battle-ship of a hundred years ago cost only about £29 11s. 4d. per ton, the first-class battle-ship of to-day costs over £72 6s. per ton.

In the course of the century we have quintupled the size and increased by about twelve times the expense of our men-of-war of the first class. The cost of smaller line-of-battle ships in 1786 was: For a 98 gun ship, £57,120; for an 80 gun ship, £53,120; for a 74 gun ship, £43,820. The smallest sea-going ironclad of the present era, the Hotspur, cost, as a first charge, over £171,500. The frigates of 1789 were the equivalents of our present second class cruisers. A 44-gun frigate then cost £31,000; a 38-gun frigate, £20,830; a 36 gun frigate, £19,070; a 32 gun frigate, £15,080, and a 28-gun frigate, £12,420. The original cost of some modern second class cruisers was as follows: Inconstant, £215,324; Forth, £201,952; Mercury, £213,252; Phaeton, £145,198. We may take it, therefore, that, roughly speaking, a large cruiser nowadays costs ten times as much as she did a hundred years ago.

Speed of Locomotives.

The question, "How fast can a locomotive run?" has been a good deal discussed recently in the engineering papers. The conclusion appears to be that there is no authentic record of any speed above 80 miles an hour. That speed was obtained many years ago by a Bristol & Exeter tank engine with nine foot driving wheels—a long extinct species—down a steep bank. But it has, apparently, never been beaten. It is indeed, not a little strange how sharply the line appears to have been drawn at 80 miles an hour. Records of 75 miles an hour are as plenty as blackberries. Records of 80 miles are exceedingly rare. Records of any greater speed have a way of crumbling beneath the lightest touch.

The "Addressee."

The postoffice department has recently coined a word which will probably find its way into the dictionaries. It is "addressee," and signifies the person to whom a letter is addressed. We presume it will be equally applicable to the charming young lady who is receiving the addresses of a lover. It would work something in this way in such a case:

"Jones is paying his addresses to Miss Smith."

"Indeed, is the addressee rich and handsome?"—*Boston Courier.*

A Great Barrier.

Friend—What's come up between you and Miss Dumpling?

De Leffs sadly)—Her father.

Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the pianiste, intends making a tour of the country, which will extend to San Francisco.

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall is to make her *debut* as an actress in England after the return of her parents from their American tour.

During his tour in this country Signor Salvini will confine his *repertoire* to three plays—"The Gladiator," "Othello" and "Samson."

Mr. Wilson Barrett is at work at present re-writing "The Lord Harry," which he intends to produce during his forthcoming visit to this country.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company this season will contain many singers new to the organization. Among them are Miranda, the baritone, who has been for a long time at Covent Garden; Scovel and Bassett, the tenors, and Mme. L'Allemand and Mlle. Romeldi, sopranos. The *repertoire* has been enlarged and will include many Italian operas.

OUR NORTHWEST.

Currency is given to the reports that Mr. Hugh Sutherland will become a candidate for the Local Legislature for Kildonan.

The charge of embezzlement against Martin McDonald, late Registrar of Deeds at Brandon, has been dismissed.

Mayor Ryan received a telegram this morning from the Governor-General's Secretary stating that His Excellency would remain in the city on the 24th, 25th and 26th inst. Probably a reception will be given on the evening of the 23rd to His Excellency.

A letter received yesterday from Sir John Lister Kaye states that harvest on his farms is now over and that the yield will be at least 120,000 bushels, which he considers very satisfactory.

Rev. M. McHaffie and his companions, who were reported drowned, arrived at Selkirk at 3.20 this afternoon. They report having a very rough trip, and were compelled to take shelter for many days, which accounts for their delay.

The annual meeting of the Manitoba Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club last night was largely attended by delegates from outside Clubs. It was decided to hold the next big bonspiel in the second week in February.

It has been discovered that Messrs. Isaac Campbell and Perdue, the lawyers who acted for Burke, the Cronin suspect, received $600 for their services. The money came from three different channels, enclosed in a piece of white paper without a note of explanation. It was evidently the intention of the senders to give no clue to the source of the financial assistance given to Burke.

Between 800 and 1,000 men are employed on the Regina and Long Lake Road. Forty miles of the road are graded and track-laying has been begun.

The Morris and Brandon branch of the Northern Pacific will be opened for business about the middle of November.

A. Pearson has announced his intention to be a candidate for the Mayoralty at the next election.

Sproule, ex-Chief of Police of Portage la Prairie, was up for trial this morning for embezzlement, before Magistrate Giles, of that place. The constable in charge of Sproule was sent out of the court room for some papers, when Sproule walked out of the back door, and before the court had recovered from its surprise he had skipped for the bush on the river south of the town and has not been seen since. He will doubtless escape over the boundary.

Five Mennonite men, while under the influence of liquor at one of the Mennonite villages, in Southern Manitoba, brutally assaulted a young Mennonite girl, aged 18. After the brutes had accomplished their foul purpose the poor girl was released in an almost nude condition, and is at the point of death. The matter was hushed up, as the Mennonites do not believe in going to law, and the brutes were let off by the Chief of the village on the payment of one dollar each.

Commissioner Wrigley, of the Hudson Bay Company, has just returned from a trip to Alaska. He says work has been begun on the coal mines in Queen Charlotte Island.

Principal Grant has returned to the city from the Pacific coast.

The Northwest Legislative Assembly will meet on October 16th.

Mandeville's livery stable, on the corner of Graham and Fort streets, was destroyed by fire and also the adjoining building, known as the old International Hotel. Seven valuable horses were burned. Total loss, $12,000.

It is said the writ for the new election in Denis, rendered necessary by the appointment of Mr. Maclean as Provincial Secretary, has been issued. Nomination is fixed for the 28th inst., and polling a week later.

A brakeman named Kennedy was killed near Medicine Hat while coupling cars. His parents reside in this city.

New Uses for for Cocoanut Oil.

It is found that cocoanut oil is not only an excellent lubricant, but it is of great value for lighting purposes. A Frenchman in Cuba has just established a factory for the manufacture of this oil. He has imported the most perfect machinery, in order that the oil produced shall be as pure as possible. The oil is very fluid, oxidizes slowly, and is said to keep long without turning rancid.

Evidences of Thrift.

Omaha Papa—So you are going to marry, are you, my son? I presume the young lady you are to wed knows all about housework and looking after the wants of a family?

Omaha Youth—Well, you just bet she does. I wish you could see a cotton batting dog she made last week, and some butterflies she painted on velvet.

Quick Justice in England.

A condemned criminal in England must be allowed to see three Sundays between his sentence and his execution. Of course, he can thus be hanged in a little over two weeks, but the three Sundays must pass over his head before the gallows claims him. The custom is a relic of medieval times, when a criminal was allowed that much of a respite to prepare for death.

The Lesser of Two Evils

Clerk (entering theatrical manager's sanctum)—There's a young man waiting who wants to read a play to you, sir; and another man who says he's come to horsewhip you for breach of contract.

Manager (taking off his coat)—Oh, show in the man who's going to horsewhip me.

TROT OUT YOUR ELIXIR

We thank thee Doctor Brown Sequard,
That science is not all in vain,
The female sex are glad to learn
Old maids may be made young again

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,"
The poet says; what "might have been
May all come back at their recall.

Dear, darling Doctor Brown-Sequard,
This problem solve, if in thy power;
A monument to thee we'll raise
Far higher than the Eiffel tower.

Gods! how the earth will bloom afresh
And poets sing a glad refrain,
If thou canst cause such happiness
As make the old maids young again

A. H. W.

—Editor (returning from his vacation)—Anything happened since I've been away? Assistant—Yes, the assessors assessed the office towel as real estate.

MANCHESTER'S CANAL.

One of the Great Engineering Feats of the Present Age.

The objective point of this (Saturday) morning was the famous ship canal now in course of construction between Liverpool and Manchester, says Julian Hawthorne in a letter to the Detroit *News*. These two great towns, each containing at least 500,000 inhabitants, have long been jealous rivals, after the fashion of our own St. Paul and Minneapolis or St. Louis and Chicago. By making this canal Manchester will immensely improve her position, for it will render her a seaport in every way as convenient and accessible as Liverpool herself. The canal has long been in contemplation, but has been delayed by many causes, among which the opposition of the railway corporations are not the most formidable. But all the obstacles were at length overcome. The route of the canal was surveyed with extraordinary care and judgement. The contract was given to one man, the renowned Mr. Walker, whose successful management of an enterprise at Buenos Ayres, involving a cost of £5,000,000, and of the Severn tunnel have given him an unsurpassed reputation. No part of the contract has been sublet; he conducts it all himself, and so careful were his calculations that he will clear a handsome profit from the transaction. He began work eighteen months ago and will complete the job in 1891, or in about four and a half years. The total cost will come within £10,000,000—$50,000,000. He employs an army of 12,000 workmen, and dredging and other machinery that save the labor of ten times as many men. The men work ten hours a day, beginning at 6 a.m. and ending at 5:30 p.m., with intermissions for breakfast and dinner. I was informed by the overseer of the ninth section (whose department we were visiting) that no workman had been discharged since operations began. The wages are from fourpence to sixpence per hour. The contractor has built at intervals of five miles along the route of the canal cottages, chapels and gymnasiums for the use of the workmen, and I believe schools for their children, all free. This has never been done before, and the results have been very gratifying. We visited one of the chapels, a fine, airy, clean edifice of wood, perfectly simple but entirely adequate. The men themselves, so far as we saw anything of them (Saturday was a holiday), were fine, healthy, quiet fellows, not perhaps so intelligent as the corresponding class would be in America, but undoubtedly well up to their work. In fact, English operatives are, as a rule, at least as expert as ours, because they have been at work all their lives, and not only that, but their fathers and grandfathers before them. Their skill is, so to speak, congenital. The operations are being pushed forward all along the route of the canal, from Liverpool through the valley of the Mersey. The lines are as straight as practicable, the river winding along beside it. The entrance is at Eartham, a place on the Cheshire bank of the Mersey, a few miles above Birkenhead, which is opposite Liverpool. The cut has a uniform depth of 30 feet, with a breadth of 120 feet (as against 72 feet in the Suez), and the water is 26 feet deep. It is lined throughout with solid concrete, the walls sloping slightly outward, and is faced at the top with huge blocks of Cornish granite riveted together. There are four locks in the total length of 35 miles, each giving a lift of 15 feet. The largest steamships afloat can come up this canal direct from the ocean, and unload their cargoes in the vast basins that are building here, and in a few years the singular spectacle will be presented of these leviathans of the Atlantic steaming slowly through the verdant English valleys. The time occupied on the trip from Liverpool will be about seven hours, including all stops. The canal widens out at the locks so that there are three locks abreast at each point. As we were about to depart an engine came steaming along the track, carrying the week's wages of the workmen, who were gathered together in their best clothes—corduroys and yarn stockings. They were very orderly and clean looking. A greater contrast in every respect than this great work and all those concerned in it offers to the New York aqueduct job could hardly be imagined, and the contrast is nowhere in favor of the latter. Everything is done here as it was planned to be done; it costs only what it was promised to cost; it is being completed within the time it was contracted to complete it in; the work in every detail is the best and soundest of its kind, and there is no politics in it. There is food for reflection for Americans in the Manchester ship canal.

Stuttering.

It is said that stutterers, when speaking in a whisper, show no impediment of speech. This fact has been turned to account by Coen. In his method of treatment, for the first ten days speaking is prohibited. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice, and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.—*Ex.*

Whose Life is Always Spring.

First—There is at least one man with whom life is always spring.

Quiz—And who is that?

First—An acrobat.

The *Pall Mall Budget* says: After all, the Princess Victoria will not, it is said, marry Lord Chelsea, as everybody says she will. In a few days you will hear officially that Her Royal Highness is affianced to the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, a second cousin of the Queen, being the grandson of Her Majesty's half sister. On the other hand, the fine estate in Suffolk which formerly belonged to the Cornwallis family, and which Earl Cadogan has bought, is to be rebuilt on a scale of absolutely princely magnificence, as if, indeed, preparations were being made for the reception of a Royal bride, who may after all be no less a personage than the Princess Maud. Very well informed people authoritatively state that this will be so, but I think you will find that it will be the Princess Mary of Teck who will become Countess of Chelsea.

Members of beneficiary societies should see that assessments are punctually paid. By a lapse of ten days a recent certificate became void, thus depriving the heirs of the expected benefit of $2,000.

THEY'RE MARKED FOR LIFE.

The Bertillon System of Identifying Prisoners as Practiced in the Armory.

Once a criminal is measured by the Bertillon system he is sure of being identified the next time he is caught. The Bertillon system was imported to this country from France not a great many years ago, and is as yet in use in but few prisons and penitentiaries. Several of the eastern state prisons use it, and the Illinois State Prison Board was the first to adopt it. The system is followed at the Harrison and Armory stations in this city. Capt. Lloyd said yesterday that it had been the means of identifying more criminals since it had been adopted here than any other of the numerous schemes devised. On the second door of the Armory, where none but officers is allowed, is a room where all prisoners of any prominence are measured, according to the Bertillon system, and where their photographs are taken. The measurements are as follows: First the full length is taken, then the distance from the middle finger of one hand to the middle finger of the other, with the arms held out straight from the side; the length of the fingers, the length of the joints of the middle finger from the elbow to the end of the middle finger, the size of the wrist, arm, and shoulder, the measurement of the neck, size of mouth, the size of head, distance around the head from the top of each ear, distance from the root of the nose to the crown of the head, length of ear, the length and breadth of forehead, bumps or marks on the same, length of foot, the distance from the ball of the same to the knee joint, length of toes, distance from first joint of big toe to heel, and the exact breadth of foot from the last joint of big toe to the little toe. Those are the measurements of the body. Then the color of the eyes, hair and every scar, india-ink mark and blemish on the skin, no matter how trivial, are noted. If the prisoner be a man grown, and is caught twenty years later, his identity can be established beyond the peradventure of a doubt. "The system succeeds where a photograph will fail," said Capt. Lloyd, "because a prisoner can squirm around and screw his features into such shapes that the identity is lost in a photograph, but by the Bertillon system, no matter what a man does he cannot prevent us holding him and taking his measurements. A large number of the criminals we have measured, upon going back to their old life, when released, were again caught and identified by this system, where otherwise we would have failed. There are not two persons on the face of the earth alike, and the measurement of one man cannot tally with that of another. The only tools required are a little measure made to fit about the head and a rule.—*Chicago News.*

How to be Eloquent.

It is only when a minister preaches out of his own heart that he reaches the hearts of others. A purely intellectual sermon stops with the intellect, a doctrinal sermon is nothing more than a spiritual opiate. But let a man utter what he has felt and known, let him touch the harp-string that has vibrated in his own soul, and there comes that hush and spell over an audience, that chained attention, that lifting of faces which seems like a white tablet for God's finger to write on. Who has not felt the irresistible power of a hidden experience interpreted by another soul? This is the secret of all oratory, of all sympathetic power of man over man. The greatest preachers are not those who may lay claim to the highest scholarship, who are profound philosophical thinkers or doctrinal giants, but whose large hearts have throbbed with the deepest spiritual experience. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." These are men who can lay hold on vast audiences and sway them as the wind sways a forest. Their language may be plain, their style unpolished, their manner awkward, but they know the stops and keys of the human heart as the organist knows his instrument, and all the solemn and sweet music of life answers to their touch.—*Herald.*

Baby Shows at Fairs.

The improvement of the fall fair that it may keep up with the times is necessary. But he would be a bold man who would suggest the addition to the prize lists of the following offers: Handsomest baby of any age, $5; handsomest girl baby, not less than 2 nor more than 3 years old, $5; handsomest boy baby, not less than 2 nor more than 3 years old, $5; handsomest girl baby, not less than 1 nor more than 2 years old, $4; handsomest boy baby, not less than 1 nor more than 2 years old, $4; handsomest girl baby under 1 year old, $3; handsomest boy baby under 1 year old, $3; handsomest colored baby, any age, $3; fattest baby, any age, $3; handsomest pair of twins, $5; handsomest triplets, $5.

A Dying Request.

"Susan," said an Arkansaw man who was very sick, "ef I should die I reckon yer'll have a hard time makin' a livin' an' I reckon yer'll have ter get the children homes whar they kin arn their vittels an' clothes, but thar's one thing I don't want yer ter do."

"What's that, Jerry?" said the wife, who sat sobbing by the bed.

"I don't want yer ter let nobody have old Boze, 'cause thar ain't more'n a dozen men in this county knows how to treat a good coon dog."

A Success.

Man of Family—That burglar-alarm is a grand success; wouldn't part with it for a mint of money. It went off at one o'clock this morning.

Dealer—Eh? Did you catch a burglar trying to get in?

"No; but I caught my daughter's young man trying to get out."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

When women vote—all hail the day!
Twill be a blessing great,
When equal rights shall hold full sway
Where voters congregate.

In horse cars men may sit, although
A dozen women stand,
And masculine content will grow
Throughout this glorious land.

The Central telephone office is all ready for work, and the operator will be Miss Rose who has been connected with the Hamilton exchange for some time.—*Rat Portage News.*

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

The Third Earl of Zetland who has Succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry.

The Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart., third Earl of Zetland, Baron Dundas of Aske, near Richmond, in the county of York, who has succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was born at Stirling on Aug. 16th, 1844, son of Mr. John Charles Dundas, of Woodhall, Wetherby, Yorkshire, M.P. for Richmond, who was fourth son of Lawrence, the second Baron Dundas and first Earl of Zetland, says the New York *Morning Journal*.

The barony was created in 1762 and the earldom in 1838. There are four branches of the ancient Scottish family of Dundas, some members of which have held high public offices in Scotland and in the United Kingdom. The branch distinguished as Dundas of Fingask had an hereditary connection with the Orkney and Shetland or Zetland Isles, usually holding the offices of Lord Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral in those islands. Their estates in Yorkshire accrued from the marriage of Sir Thomas Dundas, in 1794, to a daughter of the third Earl Fitzwilliam, and this gentleman was raised to the peerage 50 years afterward.

Mr. J. C. Dundas, father of the present Earl of Zetland, married, in 1843, a daughter of Mr. James Talbot, of Wexford, so the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is the son of an Irish lady. In 1876, on the death of his uncle Thomas, second Earl of Zetland, the well-known Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, and renowned as a sportsman, the present Earl succeeded, two other uncles having died young.

Lord Zetland, who held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, had married, in 1871, Lady Lilian Lumley third daughter of the late Earl of Scarborough, and he has several children. Her Ladyship's sisters are married to the heirs of the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Bradford, and of Lord Boston. Lord Zetland has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. He resides at Aske Hall, Richmond, and at Kerse House, near Falkirk in Scotland.

The Decline of Constantinople.

The British Consul-General at Constantinople, in his last report, refers to the declining commercial importance of that city. Its trade has suffered considerably since 1878, and more particularly during the past two years. Large wholesale houses which formerly did business with Persia and Central Asia, and acted as middlemen between European manufacturers and the merchants of these parts, have in recent years lost their customers, and are gradually disappearing from the city. This is owing, in a measure to new and more direct routes having been thrown open to markets that were formerly supplied from Constantinople, and also to the fact that produce which used to go to the Turkish capital for shipment to Europe is now despatched direct from the exports. Persia, which previously drew a considerable part of her imports from Constantinople, has latterly commenced to make use of Bushire, and the entire import trade of Lower Persia is at present centred in that place. The export trade of the city has suffered in a similar way. The produce of Turkish Kurdistan, estimated to amount to an annual value of £1,500,000, which two years ago went through the capital is now shipped from Bagdad—a route which is considered to be less expensive and safer. As regards Persian trade especially, Mr. Fawcett observes that during the years 1887-88 it was not satisfactory. Dealers in Manchester goods suffered considerably, owing partly to Russian competition, and also to the high rate of exchange prevailing at Odessa.

The Hebrew Oath.

In the city court this morning in the case of Charles Freeman against Charles Goldman for the recovery of $25, the orthodox Hebrew oath was administered by the Jewish rabbi. To take the oath the witness has to wash his hands and put on a Talith, or prayer cloak, and while swearing to take and hold in his hand a torah, or the five books of Moses, written on parchment, for the use of the house of worship. The party must swear by the name of Jehovah, and, looking at the word, he shall swear: "I swear by Adonai," and continues his oath, "So help me God to future happiness." A small casket contains the ten commandments and is held in the left hand, a strap attached being bound about the arms, and another such casket is strapped on the temple. The rabbi administered the oath to several witnesses before court adjourned for dinner.—*Times-Herald.*

Connubial Asperities.

"Mrs. Litewaite, said that lady's husband, in a tone of solemn warning, do you know that the newspapers speak of cases where women have been tried as common scolds?

"And do you know," said she, with deliberate emphasis, "that there is a growing popular impression to the effect that a fool-killer is preparing for effective work?

A Young Barbarian.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best?

Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.

An Imported Smell.

Miss Trust—Why, Mr. Bluffer, where have you been all this time? I haven't seen you for two months!

Mr. Bluffer (breathing a balmy odor of gin and bitters)—I have been abroad, you know.

Miss Trust—How delightful! And, of course, you visited Cologne? I knew I smelled some perfume when you came in.

WARNER'S Safe Cure cures nervousness, insomnia, hysteria and neuralgia. Why? Because these are symptoms of an impure condition of the blood, caused by unhealthy kidney action. The poisonous urea and uric acid being retained in the blood cause the symptoms of kidney disease first noted.

—Mrs. Proctor, widow of the late astronomer, will deliver a number of the professor's lectures next winter, using his lantern slides.

WHERE TIME GOES.

The Ordinary Duties of the Day Classified and Time Accounted For.

A man whose head is bulging with mathematical problems has figured out the disposition of every hour of the daily life of an average man, and tells just how many hours a man of 50 years has devoted to his toilet, meals or newspaper. "Let us assume," said he, "that the sleeping hours of an average man will number eight daily. That is one-third of his time, so that in fifty years your man will have slept, all told, sixteen years and eight months. The man who is shaved daily at fifty years probably had his face scraped not oftener than three times a week at twenty-five years, while during the first eighteen years a razor never touched his face. Say that the semi-centenarian has averaged two shaves a week for fifty years, that will give 1,700 scrapes in the half century. At an average of fifteen minutes per shave, the time devoted to this one small element of life will run up to fifty-nine days and nine hours. If a man should not shave in fifty years, and then attempt to make up his proportion all at once he would have to shave eight and day for nearly two months. The average man who is not limited to twenty minutes for dressing, breakfast and finishing his train consumes about thirty minutes in getting outside his clothes in the morning. Half an hour per day for fifty years would amount to one year, fifteen days and five hours, so that if a man started even with the start in life for the whole fifty years he would pass two weeks beyond his birthday anniversary, and this means working twenty-four hours per day. A good shoe-shiner, however, and twenty minutes a day for that purpose would put a man in the hot for eight months, thirteen days and eleven hours out of the fifty years. For other demands of the morning toilet allow ten minutes per day for four months, five days and twenty hours in half a century. Why, just a single minute spent in looking for a collar button means twelve days and fourteen hours in the course of fifty years. Half an hour for breakfast, forty minutes for lunch and an hour for dinner amounts to five months, five days and nine hours of eating in fifty years of life. The man who lives away up in the twenty-eighth ward and spends an hour each day jogging to and from business in a horse car may not realize it, but it is nevertheless true that in thirty years, one year, three months, one day and six hours of his time will go that way. When a man reckons his time at fifty cents an hour it seems rather rough to think that it takes $500 worth every year to get to business and back home again every day.

A Bit of French History.

Sept. 4th, 1870, before dawn Comte de Palikao announced to the French Chamber the surrender of the Emperor's army at Sedan. Jules Favre at once declared for defending France to the last, deposed the Imperial Dynasty, and proposed the concentration of power in the hands of Gen. Trochu. This was at 1 a.m. At 5 p.m. at the suggestion of Thiers the Chamber appointed a commission of government and national defense, ordered the election of a constituent assembly and adjourned. On the sitting being resumed an hour later the hall was invaded by a mob demanding the establishment of the republic. Most of the members left the chamber while Gambetta and the other Liberals proclaimed the deposition of Napoleon III. and the formation of a republic. Simultaneously the Imperial Senate held its last meeting and declared its adhesion to the Emperor. The government of national defense was then proclaimed on the meeting of the Legislative Assembly. Thiers presided when Favre announced the formation of the government. A protest was made, but Thiers counseled moderation. Such was the beginning of the third French Republic nineteen years ago. On the same evening Sept. 4th the Empress Eugenie and Comte de Palikao secretly left Paris and entered Belgium.

He Was Lazy.

One of the laziest men in the country is John Curtis, who is serving a three years sentence in the State Prison at Salem, Oregon. Curtis worked in the foundry and about three months ago took off his boots on the plea that they hurt him and then burnt his foot so severely that he was laid up. When the burn was healing he put vinegar on it and aggravated it to prevent its getting well. The prison physician threatened him and managed to cure the wound. Curtis was set at work again. He worked four days and then with a hatchet cut off his left hand. It took two blows. One cut through the fleshy part of the hand, the other clean through the wrist joint. He confessed that he did it to avoid work.—*Salisbury Dispatch.*

How to Dry Umbrellas.

Umbrellas should be placed handle downward to dry. The moisture falls from the edges of the frame and the fabric dries uniformly. If stood handle upward, as is commonly the case, the top of the umbrella holds the moisture, owing to the lining underneath the ring, and it takes a long time to dry, thereby injuring the silk or other fabric with which it is covered. This is the main cause of the umbrella wearing out so soon at the top. Umbrella cases are responsible for the wear of the silk. The constant friction causes tiny holes to appear so provokingly early. When not in use the umbrella should be left loose and when wet left loose to dry.

Life Worth Living.

"I see that a soda water trust is talked of," remarked a Pittsburger to his best girl, as they quaffed the sweetend atmosphere.

"Ah," she replied. "Then if they would only trust us for ice cream, too, how nice it would be."

THE CHANGE.

God pity the heart that is stricken to tears
God pity the eyes that are never wet
By the sight of another's woes or fears
Or the scent of a rose or mignonette—
Tender and faint as a song that smote
The gates of Heaven from a thrush's throat
Yet strong enough to bear and float
A heavy soul o'er the vanished years
To some dear memory above it set
The immortelles of a vain regret—
To some small grave by which we know
The sad, sweet peace of death and woe.
God pity the life that is withered and dry
From a frozen heart and a desert eye.

WHY THE LEAVES TURN.

A Brief Explanation of the Causes of the Red and Golden Glory of Autumn.

Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall, remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these. The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions, the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colors.—*Field and Forest.*

Nasal Catarrh

is a dangerous disease. From its tendency to extend to the throat, bronchial tubes, and finally to involve the lungs in consumptive disease, it should be promptly cured, that those grave dangers may be averted. So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy of their ability to cope successfully with this very prevalent disease, that they have for years offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh, no matter how bad or of how many years standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy only 50 cents, by druggists.

How Her Hair is Dressed.

It has been observed by the all seeing eye of the London reporter that the Princess of Wales has changed the style of dressing her hair. The curly front piece has altered in shape; it is worn farther off the forehead and the back hair has consequently lowered on the neck. Of course the London reporter says the Princess looks much better (if that were possible!) for the change, and it is safe to predict every feminine head in the kingdom is going to adopt the new coiffure. Be it remembered, however, that the adorable Alexandra wears a wig.

[illegible]

Female diseases, so terrible in their effects and so prevalent among all classes, can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Writing as a Lost Art.

What the coming man will write! Not at all. There will be no more need of his learning to write than learning to spin. Writing will have become one of the lost arts, and a wholly unnecessary art, by the time the coming man appears. His writing will be done by the phonograph, which will be placed on his desk as pens and ink are now, and whenever he has a story, a poem, an essay or a private letter to indict he will simply talk into the phonograph and send on the plate which has recorded his words. The teaching of penmanship will be unknown in the school of the future, and writing, in the present fashion, will be regarded as much among barbaric methods as we now hold the rude hieroglyphics of the ancients to be.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

[illegible]

Up and down, up and down—one day a millionaire next day "dead broke"—one day buoyant in spirits, next day gloomy as a fog—one day in seeming perfect health, next day "laid out" with a bilious attack or your stomach "on a strike." This is the way the world wags now-a-days. If you are bilious, melancholic, dizzy headed, dyspeptic, want appetite or have torpid action of liver, kidneys or bowels take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless; one a dose.

Quite Work for a Time.

Foreman—You might as well look for another job, Jerry.

Bricklayer—What for? What have I done.

"Your trowelful of mortar struck the owner of the building down on the first floor."

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a trowel of mortar I don't care where it drops."

Didn't Come to Work Overtime.

Chief industrious clerk in Government office)—Why didn't you dot the "i" in the last word of your report last night?

Industrious Clerk—I beg your pardon; but you see the clock struck 4 just at that point, and I didn't care to work overtime.

DOWIE 39 89

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 25c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & P. PUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

Remember the Osprey fall show at Maxwell on Friday, Oct. 4.

Miss Fisher, of Parry Sound, is visiting with Mrs W.K. Flesher.

If your watch or clock needs repairing, be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton for a perfect job.

If your watch or clock needs repairing be sure and take it to Russell's, Flesherton for a perfect job.

An account of honey for sale at this office

Mr T Bates, of the Sault, made Flesherton a call on Saturday, leaving for the Sault the same day

Miss Lily Powell, who has been visiting relatives in Toronto and vicinity for some weeks, returned on Monday last.

Mr W Varty and son returned last week from the Canadian Sault, where they have been employed during the past summer

Mr R. Richardson & Co have repaired the clock in their tower. It was illuminated on Saturday evening for the first time this fall

LOST A pair of long boots, slightly worn, on the gravel road leading south of Flesherton. The finder would confer a favor by leaving them at this office.

Each purchaser of an admission ticket to the Stayner Exhibition will receive a numbered ticket, entitling him to one draw for a handsome covered carriage, valued at $110

Now that the harvest is ended and summer is past it would allay an overwrought feeling of lonesomeness could we hear from our Balsam Valley correspondent once more

The most interested man in the prehistoric remains was Dr. Ottewell By the way Mr. Jelly says he finds that the veterinary surgeons can give a better description of the various bones of the beast than any of the scientists

One row per fair day is to be chronicled It was between three beauties from Euphrasia. Two strapping fellows piled on to a little man and both got seriously done up, too. When there must be a row that is the way one likes to see it end.

Theodore Malchell, a native of Macedonia, who is now in this country and studying in Knox College, Toronto, will accompany the Rev. Mr. Emes and preach in the Presbyterian church here on Sabbath afternoon next.

Big Egg

Mr John Davis made The Advance a present, on Monday, of two eggs which measured sixteen by thirteen inches. They were manufactured by a hen which he employs specially for that purpose They may be seen at this office by the inquisitive

Prize Cheese

Flesherton cheese factory took fourth prize at the Industrial fair for factory cheese. Considering the fact that there were two hundred entries, this is very satisfactory, and proves that our cheese makers are among the very foremost in Canada

A Sure Criterion.

A Cincinnati trade journal says By watching the advertising columns of a newspaper we are enabled to know the exact condition of mercantile affairs and of the general prosperity or depression of the town where the paper is published We can sit at our desk, and pick out the lively businesses all over the country, and also the show of dead ones. There is no better index to a town than its newspaper. It is a better criterion to go by, and is considered so by sagacious men, than a photograph.

Died.

THOMPSON.—In Flesherton on Monday, Sept 23, the infant son of Samuel Thompson, aged six week

Concert.

The concert given in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening by the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid was fairly well attended. The program supplied was very good and consisted of solos by Mr. Anderson, Miss Vanousen, Mr. Evans, Mr. Dorington and Miss Benson, of Markdale; quartet by Messrs. Evans, Russell, Miss Damude and Mrs. Blackburn; recitation by Miss Annie Richardson, entitled "Poor Joe." Rev. J.W. Shilton, B.A., gave a short address, and his remarks were as usual, received with much favor.

Arbitration.

Judge Lane, Inspector Campbell, Inspector Grier, Jas. Campbell, Esq., of Collingwood, and Jas. Elliott, Esq., of Feversham, composed a board of arbitration which met in the Town Hall, Flesherton, yesterday (Wednesday) to hear the petitions of certain ratepayers situate in school sections Nos. 6 and 10, Osprey, who were desirous of being annexed to section No 16, Collingwood. After hearing evidence the request of the petitioners was granted.

Gone into Mining.

Mr. R. Oliver took a trip up the lakes in June last, and became so impressed with the mining qualities of Algoma that he purchased a mine, bringing a quantity of specimen ore home with him. This he had analyzed last week in Toronto, the result being that the ore turned out as follows: Gold worth $2.40 per ton, silver ten cents, copper $24; total $26.50 per ton. This ore was simply surface ore, and Mr. Oliver thinks he has a pretty good thing in it. He will visit his property again very shortly.

A Successful Agency

Farmers should read T A. Blakely's new advertisement in this week's issue Mr. Blakely sells the best and most serviceable implements manufactured He disposed of a binder on the fair grounds on Monday to D Stinson, Esq., which made up the large number of eighteen binders during this season. The number of other implements sold by him was in proportion Had he not been handling the best implements manufactured this magnificent showing would not have been made

The Ancaranth Mammoth

Flesherton people had the pleasure of viewing the wonderful remains of the prehistoric [illegible] which were discovered [illegible] and a description of the Advance [illegible] The relics are really wonderful, and scientists cannot [illegible] the species of animal to which they belong; but there is no reasonable doubt that it was of the ox nature. The one horn shown, and which is the only one yet unearthed, is twelve feet eleven inches in length, and curves as gracefully as the most graceful of ox horns, but its immense size renders it almost impossible for one to imagine what the appearance could be of an animal with such an immense bone on its head. Nothing like it is known to science, and though every wiseacre has his theory to advance, yet none are agreed, which proves conclusively that on one knows anything about it Mr Jelly, the owner, is exhibiting it, and we believe it will prove a gold mine to him He intends to exhibit the remains at Markdale, Walter's Falls, and Walkerton.

Polished Him Off

A couple of weeks ago the Markdale Standard published an abject apology for the exceedingly small amount of reading matter which it publishes, at the same time taking occasion to remark that "there is not a local paper on our exchange list some 30 all told which gives as much local reading matter as the Standard." Last week the Chatsworth News polished Mr. Rutledge off for the above falsehood in the following style: Apologize all you like Brother Rutledge, and perhaps your readers will still think you owe them one. But don't you think it would look much better if you were to try and elevate your Standard, instead of endeavoring to pull your 30 local exchanges down to its level? There is nothing made by trying to injure your neighbors If you succeed it only takes a little out of their pocket and it don't put anything in yours. Blow your own horn as much as you will, and if you can't get up don't blame other people for your failure; it isn't their fault, its your own, and no doubt you have their sympathy. Besides it isn't business, and you are liable to offend your advertising patrons by publishing such a profuse apology for the appearance of their business announcements in the columns of your paper.

Accident.

R.J. Sproule, Esq., met with a serious accident in the Agricultural hall on Tuesday. He fell from a ladder, striking against a railing, breaking one rib. We are happy to see that his injury does not entirely confine him to the house.

Special.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the American Farmer, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date, and to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first class farm journal free. The American Farmer is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens—American farmers—whose industry is the basis of all material and national prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the American Farmer is $1.00 per year. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. From any one number, ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of your household, YET YOU GET IT FREE. Call and see sample copy

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

The Woodstock Times has been changed to the eight page form.

The Durham Cronicle is still publishing tall hay stories.

The tower of the windmill of the Shelburne waterworks is completed.

A young man named Smith, Melancthon, was dangerously injured by a stub falling upon him.

Samuel Moore, son of the caretaker of Thornbury cemetery, fell dead from heart disease the other day

Bro. Spurr, of the Creemore Star, is degenerating. He wants to get up a bet with somebody, and offers to wager his old hat against somebody's painted hat

At this stage of the Baltic case any expression as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoners would, of course be extremely improper, but the opinion may be tolerated that the Toronto commercial traveller, who rushed into print to deny positively that any such outrage took place, was just a trifle premature. [Hamilton Times.

Mr William Langrill, of Bentinck, lost one of his horses the other day from a disease but rarely met with but having a jaw breaking name. It paralyzes the nerves and muscles and effectually prevents any liquid or solid from being swallowed. In this case the disease is supposed to have been caused by the horse drinking for a few days the water from an old and long disused well. [Chronicle.

The barns of Mr. Joseph Freestone, 3rd line, St. Vincent, were struck by lightning during the thunder storm of Sunday evening, and entirely consumed, together with all this season's harvest and a portion of last year's grain. The fire illuminated the heavens for fully three hours in spite of a heavy downpour of rain which continued for nearly an hour. The barns and contents were insured for $1200, but this will not more than half cover the loss which Mr. Freestone sustains. [Monitor.

Collingwood has been afflicted with another destructive fire. The Callary Block, consisting of seven stores, photograph gallery, dentists' rooms and telegraph and telephone office, was totally destroyed by fire Thursday night. The fire broke out in rear of Durnford Bros.' grocery, and the block being all wood soon spread to the adjoining stores. The losses are: E Callary, dry goods, stock partly removed and damaged; Durnford Bros, grocery; Hocking and McFadden, hardware and stoves; E. J. Telfer, telegraph and express office; Danford, Roche & Co, general store; Mechanics' Institute and Masonic Hall. These, all being tenants, lost their stock either by fire or damage. Callary's block, wood, is totally destroyed; Lindsey's brick block, occupied by Danford, Roche & Co., Mechanics' Institute and Masonic Hall, is considerably damaged but not destroyed. A heavy rain was falling at the time and little wind, otherwise the destruction would have been a great deal worse.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Mrs. J.E. Bloor, of Wilton avenue, Toronto, attempted suicide Thursday evening by taking rat poison.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall..

A riot has occurred on Naavasa, an island in the Caribean Sea, in which several Americans were killed.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchiti immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

CAME ASTRAY.

Came to the premises of Louis Frook, Lot No 6, Con. 19, Proton, on or about the last of August, 1 heifer and 1 steer, about 2 years old. The owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses

LOUIS FROOK, Priceville P O

Sept. 24, 1889.

Came Astray!

Came to the premises of the undersigned, about three weeks ago, one spring lamb The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

D HOWELL,
Kimberley

CAME ASTRAY.

One black sow came into the enclosure of D Madill's, about the first of August. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take her away.

D MADILL,

Maxwell, Sept 14, 1889

In the Matter of Charles E. Neil, Late of the Village of Feversham, (now of Maxwell), Merchant. Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to the undersigned, in pursuance of an act respecting assignment for the benefit of creditors, revised statutes, Ontario Chapter 124, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the office of Messrs M Richardson & Co., Flesherton, on Monday, 30th Sept 1889 at 2 p m. to receive a statment of affairs, appoint inspectors and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally And notice is hereby given that after November the first next, the said trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said debtor among the persons entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given and that he will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose debt or claims he shall not then have had notice

JOSEPH BLACKBURN
Assignee in Trust

Dated at Flesherton Sept 21, 1889

FARMERS! LOOK!

T. BLAKELY, Flesherton.

The best farming implements manufactured, including

Bradley Lit. St. Bull and Mule Horse Rake, Geared Bull and Spring Tooth

The Waterloo Pitless Self Thresher, Needham and Durand's Hayfork.

The peculiarities of these implements are sufficiently known to speak for themselves without a word from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me as I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines

T. A. BLAKELY, Flesherton.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness Satisfaction guaranteed Eleven years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealing, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity Sewed work a speciality Get your boots made by Wm Barnhouse, Flesherton

Auction Sale

OF

Valuable Store and Dwelling,

IN

The Village of Flesherton.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from Elizabeth and Malcolm for E. Merriam to the Vendors, which will be produced at time of sale, and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction by A S Van Luven, auctioneer, at

Munshaw's Hotel.

In the Village of Flesherton on Friday the Eleventh day of October, 1889, at 2 o'clock p.m. the following property, namely Village lot number three on the south west side of Toronto street in the village of Flesherton, according to plan by William Spry Esq. D.L.S., of the subdivision of lot 61 first range of concession, S W E.G.R. Road, Artemesia, and lot containing 284 square perches more or less. On the lands are said to be a two story frame building, divided into two shops and dwelling recently improved Premises are situated on the main street and near the business centre of the village.

Terms 10 per cent at time of sale, and for the balance terms will be liberal and will be made known at time of sale. For further particulars apply to W.J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton or to MOSS, BARWICK & FRANKS, Vendor's solicitors, Toronto

Dated 17th day of September, 1889

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., Ont.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russell's

J. G Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario

Enquire at office one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT

Office:—Manley's Drug Store.

T.S. SPROULE M.D. etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D. etc. late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET South Door East of Presbyterian Church

FLESHERTON

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST.

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.

FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEAT DOOR OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THE SQUARE

OWEN SOUND OFFICE [illegible] BUILDING

P. McCULLOUGH,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,

[illegible]

DIVISION COURT CLERK [illegible]

[illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

[illegible]

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free [illegible]

[illegible] one door south of Advance office

W. J. BELLAMY

[illegible] CLERK [illegible]

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE [illegible]

DEEDS MORTGAGES LEASES &c prepared correctly Accounts [illegible] Insurance effected [illegible] Companies [illegible] as low as lowest [illegible]

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton [illegible]

[illegible] B. R., Licensed Assessor, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool Glasgow, London [illegible] the British Ports [illegible] England Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere

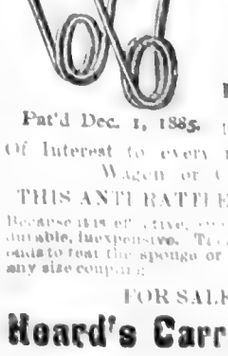

Hub Thill Spring,

MANUFACTURED BY

Butts & Ordway,

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885. 147 Pearl St., Boston

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage

THIS ANTI RATTLER IS the BEST.

Because it is effective, [illegible] adjusted, durable, inexpensive. To [illegible] projecting ends to rest the sponge or [illegible] cloth It fits any size coupe

FOR SALE AT—

Heard's Carriage Shop.

Details of the recent disasters by floods in Japan show that some 15,000 people were drowned or killed and an enormous amount of property destroyed.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A great rock slide occurred in Quebec Thursday evening, an enormous mass of rock falling from near the Citadel and crushing many houses on Champlain street below. The number of lives lost is not yet fully known, as a good many persons are still under the ruins.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

E H Pratt and John Allen, who left New York City, May 14 on horseback, with the intention of crossing the continent, arrived at Sacramento Thursday night.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Dr. Sinclair

M.D. M.A. L.C.P.S.O. M.C.P.S.M.

The Great Scottish Specialist

OF

TORONTO.

Specialist for the Treatment of

[illegible] Private Diseases [illegible] of the Brain & Nerve Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and Diseases of Women positively treated successfully.

Consultation Free

Dr. Sinclair will be at Flesherton on Saturday, 5th day of October.

Executors' Notice!

PURSUANT to section [illegible] Cap. [illegible] [illegible] Estate of Susan [illegible] late [illegible] Township of Artemesia [illegible]

[illegible]

GO TO THE BEST

IT PAYS TO

AND THAT IS THE

Northern

Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND

The best and most practical course of study. The best teaching talent. The best accommodation for students. The best methods of instruction. The best results from that instruction after students graduate. For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, etc., address C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed [illegible] to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING

EAVETROUGHING

Etc.

done as heretofore

I have

secured the agency for

the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain etc.

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Executors' Notice!

PURSUANT to section 36 Cap. 110 of R.S.O. 1887 the creditors and all others having claims against the estate of [illegible] late of [illegible] his lifetime, of the township of Artemesia in [illegible] day of July, are hereby notified to send by post [illegible] the executors of deceased, Flesherton P.O., on [illegible] christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of the [illegible] thereof and immediately after such last named date [illegible] distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof [illegible] whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

CHARLES IRWIN,
SAMUEL IRWIN,
EFFIE IRWIN, } Executors

Dated Sept. 11, 1889

East Grey Fall Fair.

A Good Showing of Live Stock—Grain and Seed Exhibit Small, but of Good Quality—The Prize List.

For at least once in its life the Flesherton fall fair was favored with beautiful summer weather during the two days' exhibition. The attendance upon the first day was somewhat small, and the exhibits had not attained the settled and attractive appearance which they made on the second day. The exhibits inside the hall were not up to other years, but were all first class in quality. Fruit was very scarce, as also were vegetables, but the samples [illegible] each of these lines were good.

The Manitoba exhibit of grains, which was tastefully arranged in the hall, attracted much attention. Other special exhibits in the hall were: J. E. Moore showed a handsome set of parlor furniture; F. G. Karstedt, an exhibit of stoves; T. W. Wilson, an exceedingly handsome bedroom set in ash; M. Richardson & Co., a pretty case of silverware, in which was also shown an ancient flint lock musket taken from one of Prince Charley's followers the day after the battle of Clifton Moor, and an old sword picked up on the battlefield of Culloden. Mrs Beecroft showed an infant's dress over one hundred years old. Special exhibits outside the hall were: M. Cochrane, of Durham, mower; Beattie Bros., plows and hay carrier; J. Campaign, seed drill and binder; T. Blakely, binder.

HEARD'S CARRIAGE EXHIBIT

Mr J H Heard, Flesherton carriage works, exhibited a single and double cutter, top buggy, democrat and a lumber wagon. His exhibit was not so large as former years, owing to the fact that his time during the past season has been fully occupied in filling orders. The fine workmanship evidenced in the articles shown was the object of much admiration, and the general verdict was that Flesherton [illegible] anything in the line equal to the very best in the Dominion. Mr Heard's business is [illegible] more extensive every day as this work [illegible] [illegible]

Mr D McI[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr Thompson [illegible] 1st and D M[illegible] [illegible] the first day [illegible] [illegible] having [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] consequently only three innings were [illegible].

The exhibit of live stock this year was considerably larger than last, but space forbids us particularizing to any greater extent. Altogether the directors are quite satisfied with the result of the fall show of 1889. Following is the prize list:

DRAUGHT HORSES.

Pr. Draught horses gelding or mare, 1st R. P[illegible] 2nd [illegible]

Brood mare, foal by her side, 1st J. Conn, 2nd Wm Lewis.

Draught 2 years Gelding or Filly, 1st J. Conn, 2nd W. Chard.

Draught 1 year Gelding or Filly, 1st A.S. Madill, 2nd A. S. Madill.

Draught spring foal, 1st J. Conn, 2nd W. Lewis.

GENERAL PURPOSE.

Pr. General Purpose horses Gelding or mares, 1st H. Purvis, 2nd R. Porteous.

General Purpose brood mare, 1st W.F. Chard, 2nd R. Mercer.

General Purpose 2 years old gelding or mare, 1st W. Brewster, 2nd J. Hill.

General Purpose spring foal, 1st W. F. Chard, 2nd R. Mercer.

ROADSTER & OTHER HORSES.

Pr. Roadster gelding or mares, 1st T. K[illegible] 2nd J [illegible]

Pr. Carriage geldings or mares not less than 15½ hands, 1st D. Stinson, 2nd D. Thompson.

Buggy horse, gelding or mare, 1st Dr. Sproule, 2nd W. Petch.

Saddle horse gelding or mare, 1st D. McLean, 2nd T. Timbuskie.

Speeding, walk, trot, go as you please, 1st T. Timbuskie, 2nd D. McLean.

DURHAM CATTLE.

Bull aged, 1st L. Frook, 2nd J. Hutchinson.

Bull 2 years and under, 1st R. Mercer.

Cow 1st Jas. Mercer.

AYRSHIRE.

Bull aged, 1st Geo. Stewart.

Bull calf, 1st A. Cairns.

Cow, 1st A. Cairns.

2 years old heifer, 1st A. Cairns.

1 year old heifer, 1st A Cairns

DEVON CATTLE.

Bull aged, 1st R. Oliver.

Bull calf, 1st R. Oliver.

Cow, 1st R. Oliver.

2 year heifer, 1st R. Oliver.

Heifer calf, 1st R. Oliver.

GRADE CATTLE.

Cow, 1st J. G. Carson, 2nd Geo Stewart sr.

2 year old heifer 1st W. F. Chard, 2nd W. Buchanan jr.

1 year old heifer, 1st W. Buchanan, 2nd W. F. Chard.

Heifer calf, J. Mercer 1st & 2nd.

Pair working oxen, 1st J. O'Brien.

Pair 3 year old steers, 1st J. Stewart, 2nd J. Galbraith.

Pair 2 year old steers, J. Stewart 1st & 2nd.

Special best cow for dairy purpose, 1st J. Mercer, cross Ayreshire, Durham.

COTSWOLD SHEEP.

Ram lamb, 1st R. Oliver, 2nd J. Stewart.

Pair aged ewes, 1st J. Stewart, 2nd R. Oliver.

Pair Shearling ewes, 1st R. Oliver.

Pair ewe lambs, 1st R. Oliver, 2nd J. Stewart.

LEICESTER.

Ram aged, 1st J. Stewart.

Ram lamb, 1st Jas. Oliver, 2nd J. Stewart.

Pair aged ewes, 1st Jas Oliver, 2nd J. Stewart.

Pair Shearling ewes, 1st R. Oliver, 2nd J. Stewart.

Pair ewe lambs, 1st J. [illegible] J. Stewart.

[illegible] WN

Ram lamb, T. A. M. Ferguson 1st & 2nd.

[illegible] 1st T. A. M. [illegible]

[illegible]

POULTRY.

Pair Brahmas light, 1st J. McGee.

Pair leghorn white, 1st W. Farnhouse, 2nd J. McGee.

Pair leghorns brown, 1st J. Smith, 2nd J. McGee.

Pair Hamburgs silver, 1st J. McGee.

Pair Houdans, 1st J. McGee.

Pair Spanish white face black, W. Trimble, 1st & 2nd.

Pair Plymouth Rock, 1st J. H. Heard, 2nd J. Brodie.

P. Bantams game, black red, 1st W H Forester, 2nd W. Petch.

P. Ducks, any kind, 1st J. McGee.

P. Geese, 1st S. Stokes, 2nd J. Brodie.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.

1 bus. Clawson, 1st R. Rutnvan, 2nd J. Stewart.

1 bus. Other Variety, 1st D. Stinson, 2nd J. Stewart.

SPRING WHEAT & OTHER GRAIN.

1 bus. Glasgow, 1st W. Buchanan.

1 bus. Russian, 1st J. Brodie.

1 bus. Other Variety, 1st J. Brodie, 2nd J. Stewart.

1 bus. Barley, 1st J. Brodie, 2nd J. I. Graham.

1 bus. Oats, white, J. Brodie, 2nd J. Boland.

1 bus. Oats, Black, 1st J. Brodie, 2nd D. Stinson.

1 bus. Peas Small, 1st D. Thompson, 2nd J. Brodie.

1 bus. Peas Large, 1st J. Brodie, 2nd J. Stewart.

12 ears Indian corn, white, 1st T. A.M. Ferguson, 2nd R. Best.

12 ears Indian corn, yellow, 1st J. Brodie, 2nd D. Thompson.

1 peck Timothy seed, 1st J. Brodie, 2nd J. Boland.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

1 bus. Early Rose Potatoes, 1st J. Carson.

1 bus. Other Variety, 1st W. Buchanan, 2nd R. Best.

6 Mangold Wurtzels, Globe, 1st J. Ferris, 2nd J.I. Graham.

6 Mangold Wurtzels, Long, 1st J. Ferris, 2nd W. Norton.

12 Turnips, Swedish, 1st W. Buchanan, 2nd J. Boland.

12 Turnips other field, 1st J. I. Graham, 2nd J. Boland.

12 Turnips Table, 1st T.A.M. Ferguson, 2nd J. I. Graham.

6 long blood Beets, 1st W. Norton, 2nd J. Oliver.

6 Other Variety, 1st W. Norton, 2nd D. Thompson.

6 Field Carrots, 1st W. Norton, 2nd J. Ferris.

6 Early Horn Carrots, 1st J.I. Graham, 2nd D. Thompson.

6 Parsnips, 1st W. Norton, 2nd J. Ferris.

1 peck Onions from black seed, 1st W. Norton, 2nd D. Thompson.

1 peck Potato Onions, 1st W. Norton, 2nd R. Best.

6 Cabbages Winnigstadt, 1st R. Best, 2nd D. Thompson.

6 Cabbages Drumhead, 1st J. Beecroft.

6 Cabbages Other Variety, 1st R. Best, 2nd D. Thompson.

6 Cauliflowers, 1st J. Milner, 2nd W. Buchanan.

6 Roots Celery, white, 1st J. Beecroft, 2nd J. Ferris.

6 Roots Celery, red, 1st J. Ferris.

2 Pumpkins, 1st W. Buchanan, 2nd Mrs. Bulmer.

2 Squashes, 1st Mrs. Bulmer.

2 Citrons, 1st W. Norton, 2nd T. A.M. Ferguson.

12 Sm[illegible] red Tomatoes, 1st W. Norton, 2nd J. Beecroft.

3 Water Melons, 1st C.W. [illegible], 2nd W. Norton.

FALL APPLES.

[illegible] red Astrachan [illegible]

[illegible] 2nd J. Stewart

[illegible]

6 Gravenstein, 1st [illegible]

6 Alexandrias, 1st [illegible]

[illegible]

WINTER APPLES.

[illegible]

12 V[illegible]

12 B[illegible]

[illegible] A. S. Madill

[illegible]

Stewart [illegible]

[illegible]

DAIRY PRODUCE.

[illegible] J. M[illegible]

[illegible] J. M[illegible]

Thurston

5 lbs [illegible] 1st J. Abbott, 2nd J. Milner.

15 lbs pail or crock butter, 1st J. Abbott, 2nd J. Ferris.

50 lbs tub butter, 1st J. Ferris, 2nd J. Milner.

5 lbs. cheese, not factory, 1st S. Stokes, 2nd W. Norton.

Bread, 1st J. Abbott, 2nd Mrs. A. Mulshaw.

GENERAL MANUFACTURES.

Lumber wagon, 1st J. H. Heard.

[illegible] 1st J. H. Heard.

Buggy covered, 1st J. H. Heard.

Cutter single, 1st J. H. Heard, 2nd D. McTavish.

[illegible] 1st J. H. Heard.

Heavy team harness, 1st D. Clayton.

Carriage harness, 1st D. Clayton.

Single harness, 1st D. Clayton.

Pair gents fine sewed boots, 1st J. Smith.

Pair gents stoga boots, 1st J. Smith.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Pair blankets, 1st J. Milner.

5 yards flannel, 1st J. Milner.

5 yards flannel, union, 1st W. Buchanan.

2 lbs stocking yarn, 1st W. Buchanan, 2nd J. Abbott.

2 pairs woollen mitts, 1st Mrs. W. Norton, 2nd Mrs. Milner.

2 pairs woollen socks, 1st Mrs. Milner, 2nd Mrs. Norton.

2 pair woollen stockings, 1st Mrs. Norton, 2nd Mrs. Abbott.

Quilt patchwork, 1st Mrs. Jim Carson, 2nd Mrs. Norton.

Quilt [illegible] crochet, 1st Mrs. F. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Norton.

Quilt other kind, 1st Mrs. Kells, 2nd Mrs. Norton.

Collection berlin wool work, 1st Mrs. M[illegible]

Arrasene work, 1st Mrs. Milner, 2nd Mrs. A. Mulshaw.

Braiding in cotton, 1st Mrs. J. A. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Ferris.

Embroidery in silk, 1st Mrs. Kells, 2nd Mrs. Milner.

Embroidery in cotton, 1st Mrs. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. [illegible]

Embroidery in worsted, 1st Mrs. J. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Norton.

[illegible] 1st Mrs. Norton, [illegible] Mrs. Milne.

[illegible] 1st Mrs. Norton, [illegible] Mrs. Milne.

[illegible] and [illegible] lace, 1st Mrs. [illegible] Mercer, 2nd Mrs. Abbott.

Fancy knitting in wool, 1st Mrs. Norton, 2nd Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] work in canvas, 1st Mrs. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Norton.

Needle work ornamental, 1st Mrs. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Milner.

Man's shirt hand made, 1st Mrs. Norton, 2nd Mrs. Milner.

Mat, 1st Mrs. W. W. Trimble, 2nd Mrs. M[illegible]

Mat [illegible], 1st Mrs. Milner, 2nd Mrs. N[illegible]

[illegible] work ornamental, 1st Mrs. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Stewart.

[illegible] 1st Mrs. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Norton.

Wax fruit, 1st Mrs. Milner.

[illegible] flowers, 1st Miss Armstrong.

[illegible] 1st Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] 1st Miss [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Arm[illegible]

[illegible] 1st Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] flowers, 1st Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] plants, 1st Mrs. [illegible], 2nd Mrs. Bulmer.

General News.

A man arrested as a vagrant in Montreal claims to be 1[illegible] years [illegible]

[illegible]

The British war ship Lily struck a rock at Point Armour, on the Labrador coast and sank. Seven of her crew were drowned.

Joseph Kemp, who was buried in the Quebec land slide has been rescued alive after being under the debris 11[illegible] hours.

Forty-seven is the number to have died in Quebec land slide.

The Governor-General is on a [illegible] through the Northwest.

The death roll of the Quebec disaster now totals 51.

The wife of Indian Commissioner Hayter Reed died suddenly at Regina, N. W. T., Monday. She was formerly a Miss Ponton, of Belleville.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, died Monday.

The work of double-tracking the Toronto-Hamilton branch of the Grand Trunk is to be commenced [illegible]

William Spellman, George Pearce and Sam Jarvis, three well known gaol birds escaped from the Toronto jail Monday by crawling through a corridor window.

At Owen Sound Friday, the Magistrates committed for trial the four prisoners, Russell, Irwin, McFadyen and Dawson, accused of being the principals in the Ba[illegible] outrage.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Among the Flowers.

Once, in the Morning Glory,
I had an odd conceit,
Sweet William was a bridegroom,
The bride of Marguerite.

And Violet was the bridesmaid,
She combed the Maiden's Hair
With a dainty bit of Cockscomb,
Found in the garden fair.

The priest, good Johnny Jump-up,
A fitting Monk's Hood wore,
And said the rite in silence,
As ne'er was said before.

"Now, may you Live for-ever,"
The guests united said;
Fair Lily, tall and stately,
Just bowed her queenly head.

Pu: Rose went up with blushes,
And kissed the winsome bride;
Here, too, was Bachelor Button,
With Daisy by his side.

When Blue-bell rang for breakfast,
They went in two by two;
How Bouncing Betty hurried,
She has so much to do.

They ate the Butter-and-the-Eggs,
The Honey suckles, too,
And then, from golden Buttercups,
They sipped the morning dew.

They fanned with Princes' Feathers,
And all were gay, I ween;
"No room is here for Bleeding Hearts,"
Quoth Lady-in the Green.

And some wore Lady Slippers,
And danced to music fine,
Of Lily-bells a swinging,
All in the glad sunshine.

So, from the Morning Glory
Till Four O'Clock they stayed,
Dear flowers of the upland,
Sweet blossoms of the glade.
—*Vick's Magazine for August*

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER III.

L'ARGENTVILLE.

Miss Belinda sat looking at her neice, with a sense of being at once stunned and fascinated. To see a creature so young, so pretty, so luxuriously splendid, and at the same time so simply and completely at ease with herself and her surroundings, was a revelation quite beyond her comprehension. The best-bred and nicest girls Slowbridge could produce were apt to look a trifle conscious and timid when they found themselves attired in the white muslin and floral decorations; but this slender creature sat in her gorgeous attire, her train flowing over the modest carpet, her rings flashing, her ear pendants twinkling, apparently entirely oblivious of, or indifferent to, the fact that all her belongings were sufficiently out of place to be startling beyond measure.

Her chief characteristic, however, seemed to be her excessive frankness. She did not hesitate at all to make the most remarkable statements concerning her own and her father's past career. She made them, too, as if there were nothing unusual about them. Twice, in her childhood a luckless speculation had left her father penniless; and once he had taken her to a California gold-diggers' camp, where she had been the only female member of the somewhat reckless community.

"But they were pretty good-natured, and made a pet of me,' she said. "And we did not stay very long. Father had a stroke of luck, and we went away. I was sorry when we had to go, and so were the men. They made me a present of a set of jewelry made out of the gold they had got themselves. There is a breastpin like a breastplate, and a necklace like a dog-collar; the bracelets tire my arms, and the ear-rings pull my ears; but I wear them sometimes gold girdle and all."

"Did I," inquired Miss Belinda, timidly

"Did I understand you to say, my dear, that your father's business was in some way connected with silver-mining?"

"It is silver-mining," was the response. "He owns some mines, you know——"

"Owns!" said Miss Belinda, much fluttered. "Owns some silver mines? He must be a very rich man—a very rich man! I declare, it quite takes my breath away."

"Oh, he is rich," said Octavia. "Awfully rich—sometimes. And then again he isn't. Shares go up, you know, and they go down, and you don't seem to have anything; but father generally comes out right, because he is lucky and knows how to manage."

"But—but how uncertain!" gasped Miss Belinda. "I should be perfectly miserable. Poor, dear Mar—"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said Octavia. You'd get used to it, and wouldn't mind much—particularly if you were lucky as father is. There is everything in being lucky and knowing how to manage. When we first went to Bloody Gulch—"

"My dear!" cried Miss Belinda, aghast. "I -I beg of you—"

Octavia stopped short. She gazed at Miss Belinda, in bewilderment, as she had done several times before.

"Is anything the matter?" she inquired, placidly.

"My dear love," explained Miss Belinda, innocently, determined at least to do her duty, "it is not customary in—in Slowbridge—in fact, I think I may say in England—to use such—such exceedingly—I don't want to wound your feelings, my dear,—but such exceedingly strong expressions. I refer, my dear, to the one which began with a B. It is really considered profane, as well as dreadful beyond measure."

"'The one which began with a B,'" repeated Octavia, still staring at her. "That is the name of a place; but I didn't name it, you know. It was called that, in the first place, because a party of men were surprised and murdered there, while they were asleep in their camp at night. It isn't a very nice name, of course, but I'm not responsible for it; and besides, now the place is growing, they are going to call it Athens or Magnolia Vale. They tried L'Argentville for a while; but people would call it Lodginville, and nobody liked it."

"I trust you never lived there," said Miss Belinda. "I beg your pardon for being so horrified, but I really could not refrain from starting when you spoke; and I cannot help hoping you never lived there."

"I live there now, when I am at home," Octavia replied. "The mines are there, and father has built a house, and had the furniture brought on from New York."

Miss Belinda tried not to shudder, but almost failed.

"Won't you take another muffin, my love?" she said, with a sigh. "Do take another muffin."

"No, thank you," answered Octavia, and it must be confessed that she looked a little bored as she leaned back in her chair, and glanced down at the train of her dress. It seemed to her that her simplest statement or remark created a sensation.

Having at last risen from the tea-table, she wandered to the window, and stood there, looking out at Miss Belinda's flower-garden. It was quite a pretty flower-garden, and a good-sized one, considering the dimensions of the house. There was an oval grass-plot, divers gravel paths, heart and and diamond shaped beds, aglow with brilliant annuals, a great many rose-bushes, several laburnums and lilacs, and a trim hedge of holly surrounding it.

"I think I should like to go out and walk around there," remarked Octavia, smothering a little yawn behind her hand. "Suppose we go—if you don't care."

"Certainly, my dear," assented Miss Belinda. "But perhaps," with a delicately dubious glance at her attire, "you would like to make some little alteration in your dress—to put something a little—dark over it."

Octavia glanced down, also.

"Oh, no," she replied; "it will do well enough. I will throw a scarf over my head, though; not because I need it," unblushingly, "but because I have a lace one that is very becoming."

She went up to her room for the article in question, and in three minutes was down again. When she first caught sight of her, Miss Belinda found herself obliged to clear her throat quite suddenly. What Slowbridge would think of seeing such a toilette in her front garden, upon an ordinary occasion, she could not imagine. The scarf truly was becoming. It was a long affair of rich white lace, and was thrown over the girl's head, wound around her throat, and the ends tossed over her shoulders, with the most picturesque air of carelessness in the world.

"You look quite like a bride, my dear Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "We are scarcely used to such things in Slowbridge."

But Octavia only laughed a little.

"I am going to get some pink roses, and fasten the ends with them, when we get into the garden," she said.

She stopped for this purpose at the first rose-bush they reached. She gathered half a dozen slender-stemmed, heavy-headed buds, and having fastened the lace with some, was carelessly placing the rest at her waist, when Miss Belinda starte violently.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY THEOBALD.

Oh dear!" she exclaimed nervously, "there is Lady Theobald."

Lady Theobald, having been making calls of state, was returning home rather later than usual, when, in driving up High street, her eye fell upon Miss Bassett's garden. She put up her eyeglasses, and gazed through them, severely; then she issued a mandate to her coachman.

"Dobson," she said, "drive more slowly."

She could not believe the evidence of her eyeglasses. In Miss Bassett's garden she saw a tall girl "dressed," as she put it, "like an actress," her delicate dress trailing upon the grass, a white lace scarf about her head and shoulders, roses in that scarf, roses at her waist.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed; "is Belinda Bassett giving a party, without so much as mentioning it to me?"

Then she issued another mandate.

"Dobson," she said, "drive faster, and drive me to Miss Bassett's."

Miss Belinda came out to the gate to meet her, quaking inwardly. Octavia simply turned slightly where she stood, and looked at her ladyship, without any pretence of concealing her curiosity.

Lady Theobald bent forward in her landau.

"Belinda," she said, "how do you do? I did not know you intended to introduce garden-parties into Slowbridge."

"Dear Lady Theobald——" began Miss Belinda.

"Who is that young person?" demanded her ladyship.

"She is poor dear Martin's daughter," answered Miss Belinda. "She arrived to day from Nevada, where where it appears Martin has been very fortunate, and owns a great many silver mines——"

"A 'great many' silver mines!" cried Lady Theobald. "Are you mad, Belinda Bassett? I am ashamed of you. At your time of life, too!"

Miss Belinda almost shed tears.

"She said 'some silver mines,'" I am sure," she faltered; "for I remember how astonished and bewildered I was. The fact is that she is such a very singular girl, and has told me so many wonderful things, in the strangest, cool way, that I am quite uncertain of myself. Murderers, and gold diggers, and silver mines, and camps full of men without women, making presents of gold girdles and dog-collars, and ear-rings that drag your ears down. It is enough to upset anyone."

"I should think so," responded her ladyship. "Open the carriage door, Belinda, and let me get out."

She felt that this matter must be inquired into at once, and not allowed to go too far. She had ruled Slowbridge too long to allow such innovations to remain uninvestigated. She would not be likely to be "upset," at least. She descended from her landau, with her most rigorous air. Her stout, rich, black *moire antique* gown rustled severly, the yellow ostrich feather in her bonnet waved majestically. (Being a brunette, and Lady Theobald, she wore yellow). As she tramped up the gravel walk, she held up her dress with both hands, as an example to vulgar and reckless young people who wore trains and left them to take care of themselves.

Octavia was arranging afresh the bunch of long-stemmed, swaying buds at her waist, and she was giving all her attention to her task when her visitor first addressed her.

"How do you do?" remarked her ladyship, in a fine, deep voice.

Miss Belinda followed her meekly.

"Octavia," she explained, "this is Lady Theobald, whom you will be very glad to know. She knew your father."

"Yes," returned my lady, "years ago. He has had time to improve since then. How do you do?"

Octavia's limpid eyes rested serenely upon her.

"How do you do?" she said, rather indifferently.

"You are from Nevada?" asked Lady Theobald.

"Yes."

"It is not long since you left there?"

Octavia smiled faintly.

"Do I look like that?" she inquired.

"Like what?" said my lady.

"As if I had not long lived in a civilized place. I dare say I do, because it is true I haven't."

"You don't look like an English girl," remarked her ladyship.

Octavia smiled again. She looked at the yellow feather and stout *moire antique* dress, but quite as if by accident, and without any mental deduction; then she glanced at the rose-buds in her hand.

"I suppose I ought to be sorry for that," she observed. "I dare say I shall be in time—when I have been longer away from Nevada."

"I must confess," admitted her ladyship, and evidently without the least regret or embarrassment, "I must confess that I don't knowwhere Nevada is."

"It isn't in Europe," replied Octavia, with a soft, light laugh. "You know that, don't you?"

The words themselves sounded to Lady Theobald like the most outrageous impudence, but when she looked at the pretty, love-lock-shaded face, she was staggered—the look it wore was such a very innocent and undisturbed one. At the moment, the only solution to be reached seemed to be that this was the style of young people in Nevada, and that it was ignorance and not insolence she had to do battle with—which, indeed, was partially true.

"I have not had any occasion to inquire where it is situated, so far," she responded, firmly. It is not so necessary for English people to know America as it is for Americans to know England."

"Isn't it?" said Octavia, without any great show of interest. "Why not?"

"For—for a great many reasons it would be fatiguing to explain," she answered, courageously. "How is your father?

"He is very sea-sick now," was the smiling answer,—"deadly sea-sick. He has just been out 24 hours."

Out? What does that mean?"

"Out on the Atlantic. He was called back suddenly, and obliged to leave me. That is why I came here alone."

"Pray do come into the parlor and sit down, dear Lady Theobald," ventured Miss Belinda. "Octavia—"

"Don't you think it is nicer out here?" said Octavia.

"My dear," answered Miss Belinda. "Lady Theobald—" She was really quite shocked.

"Ah!" interposed Octavia. "I only thought it was cooler."

She preceded them, without seeming at all conscious that she was taking the lead.

"You had better pick up your dress, Miss Octavia," said Lady Theobald, rather acidly.

The girl glanced over her shoulder at the length of train sweeping the path, but she made no movement toward picking it up.

"It is too much trouble, and one has to duck down so," she said. "It is bad enough to have to keep doing it when one is on the street. Besides, they would never wear out if one took too much care of them."

When they went into the parlor and sat down, Lady Theobald made excellent use of her time, and managed to hear again all that tried and bewildered Miss Belinda. She had no hesitation in asking questions boldly; she considered it her privilege to do so; she had catechised Slowbridge for forty years, and meant to maintain her rights until time played her the knave's trick of disabling her.

In half an hour she had heard about the silver mines, the gold-diggers, and L'Argentville; she knew that Martin Bassett was a millionaire, if the news he had heard had not left him penniless; that he would return to England, and visit Slowbridge, as soon as his affairs were settled. The precarious condition of his finances did not seem to cause Octavia much concern. She had asked no questions when he went away, and seemed quite at ease regarding the future.

"People will always lend him money, and then he is lucky with it," she said.

She bore the catechising very well. Her replies were frequently rather trying to her interlocutor, but she never seemed troubled, or ashamed of anything she had to say; and she wore, from first to last, that insoruitably innocent and indifferent little air.

She had not even shown confusion when Lady Theobald, on going away, made her farewell comment:

"You are a very fortunate girl to own such jewels," she said, glancing critically at the diamonds in her ears; "but, if you take my advice, my dear, you will put them away, and save them until you are a married woman. It is not customary on this side of the water, for young girls to wear such things particularly on ordinary occasions. People will think you are odd."

"It is not exactly customary in America," replied Octavia, with her undisturbed smile. "There are not many girls who have such things. Perhaps they would wear them if they had them. I don't care a very great deal about them, but I mean to wear them."

Lady Theobald went away in a dudgeon.

"You will have to exercise your authority, Belinda, and make her put them away," she said to Miss Bassett. "It is absurd—besides being atrocious."

"Make her!" faltered Miss Bassett.

"Yes, 'make her'—though I see you will have your hands full. I never heard such romancing stories in my life. It is just what one might expect from your brother Martin."

When Miss Bassett returned, Octavia was standing before the window, watching the carriage drive away, and playing absently with one of her ear-rings as she did so.

"What an old fright she is!" was her first guileless remark.

Miss Belinda quite bridled.

"My dear," she said, with dignity, "no one in Slowbridge would think of applying such a phrase to Lady Theobald."

Octavia turned around, and looked at her.

"But don't you think she is one?" she exclaimed. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have said it; but you know we haven't anything as bad as that, even out in Nevada—really!"

"My dear," said Miss Belinda, "different countries contain different people, and in Slowbridge we have our standards,"—her best cap trembling a little with her repressed exciteument.

But Octavia did not appear overwhelmed by the existence of the standards in question. She turned to the window again.

"Well, any way," she said, "I think it was pretty cool in her to order me to take off my diamonds, and save them until I was married. How does she know whether I mean to be married or not? I don't know that I care about it."

CHAPTER V.

LUCIA.

In this manner Slowbridge received the shock which shook it to its foundations, and it was a shock from which it did not recover for some time. Before ten o'clock the next morning, everybody knew of the arrival of Martin Bassett's daughter.

The very boarding-school (Miss Pilcher's select seminary for young ladies, "combining the comforts of a home," as the circular said, "with all the advantages of genteel education") was on fire with it, highly colored versions of the stories told being circulated from the "first-class" downward, even taking the form of an Indian princess, tattooed blue, and with difficulty restrained from indulging in war-whoops,—which last feature so alarmed little Miss Bigbee, aged seven, that she retired in fear and trembling, and shed tears under the bedcloths; her terror and anguish being much increased by the stirring recitals of scalping stories by pretty Miss Phipps, of the first class—a young person who possessed a vivid imagination, and delighted in romances of a tragic turn.

"I have not the slightest doubt," said Miss Phipps, "that when she is at home she lives in a wampum."

"What is a wampum?" inquired one of her admiring audience.

"A tent," replied Miss Phipps, with some impatience. "I should think any goose would know that. It is a kind of tent hung with scalps and—and—moccasins, and—lariats—and things of that sort."

"I don't believe that is the right name for it," put in Miss Smith, who was a pert member of the third class.

"Ah!" commented Miss Phipps, "that was Miss Smith who spoke, of course. We may always expect information from Miss Smith. I trust that I may be allowed to say that I think I have a brother—"

"He doesn't know much about it if he calls a wigwam a wampum," interposed Miss Smith, with still greater pertness. "I have a brother who knows better than that, if I am only in the third class."

For a moment Miss Phipps appeared to be meditating. Perhaps she was a trifle discomfited, but she recovered herself after a brief pause, and returned to the charge.

"Well," she remarked, "perhaps it is a wigwam. Who cares if it is? And at any rate, whatever it is, I haven't the sligtest doubt that she lives in one."

(To be Continued).

"Facial Perception."

Mr. W. H. Levy, who is blind, says in his book, "Blindness and the Blind," that he can tell when he is opposite an object, and can perceive whether it is tall or short, slender or bulky. He can also determine whether it be solitary object or a continuous fence; whether a close fence or an open one, and, sometimes whether a wooden fence, a stone wall or a hedge. None of the five senses have anything to do with this perceptive power but the impressions are made on the skin of the face, and by it transmitted to the brain. He therefore names this unrecognized sense facial perception. The presence of a fog interferes with facial perception and makes the impressions faint and untrustworthy; but darkness is no impediment. A noise which distracts the attention interferes with the impressions. In passing along the street he can distinguish stores from private houses and doors from windows, if the windows consist of a number of panes and not of a single sheet of glass. A remarkable fact, bearing on the subject of an unrecognized sense, is mentioned by Mr. Levy. A naturalist extracted the eyes of several bats and covered the empty sockets with leather. In this condition the bats flew about the room, avoiding the sides and flew out of the door without touching the door case. In flying through a sewer which made a right angle they turned at the proper point. They flew through threads suspended from the ceiling without touching them, though they were only far enough apart to admit the passage of the bats' extended wings.—*Youth's Companion.*

Sheffield Workmen.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, correspondent to the American workingmen's expedition to England, is reported to have said: "Our party has been immensely impressed with the solidity and substance of England; it has been quite a revelation to them. The skill of the English workingman, too, acquired in each trade by hereditary transmission from generation to generation, has struck them very much. We were particularly interested at Sheffield to notice how little of the excellence of English cutlery was due to any secret process, and how much to manual skill." In reply to further questions, Mr. Hawthorne stated that "the American workingmen had found the dwellings of our (British) workingmen very comfortable, and had also been much struck by the sobriety of the people."

Surg. Gen. Woodward, U. S. Army, says of the results of chronic malarial poisoning: "Disorder of the kidneys frequently complicates the condition under consideration. Scanty, more or less albuminous urine is often observed, and those cases not infrequently termitate in chronic Bright's Disease, with confirmed albuminuria, oedema or general anasarca." What at first is recognized as malaria is subsequently found to be Bright's Disease, which Warner's Safe Cure cures.

Draining the United States.

A San Francisco newspaper thinks that $12,000,000 is yearly "drained" by the Chinese through various channels from a city of 300,000 inhabitants. It figures this way: There are 40,000 Chinese in San Francisco. These persons earn at least $1 a day each over and above their board. That is $40,000 a day, $1,040,000 a month of 26 days and $12,000,000 a year. Most of this money it thinks goes directly or indirectly to China never to return.

Mr. Gladstone's library at Hawarden is one of the finest private libraries in England. It has more than 20,000 volumes. Mr. Gladstone loans his books out to any one in the neighborhood who wants to read them. Formerly people could keep them as long as they liked, but a few years ago the rule was made that a book could be kept for one month only. It is the regular ree library of the district.

HOW SOME GIRLS WALK.

Awkwardness Due to Lack of Thought and Lack of Training.

Why is it our young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with her head pitched forward, her hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffling the walk, and altogether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of America's lovely daughters, charming in all else, perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one walks with a jerk, her feet and lower part of her body having started on a race with her head to see which will get there first. The consequence is for every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk.

Her sister follows twitching ungracefully from side to side, rolling from one foot to the other like a sailor in midocean, only he has some excuse and she has not. The arms usually follow, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, back bent, head forward and feet trying to catch up. Not one with the firm, graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms and hands to be acquired by sufficient ambition and determination to prevent a dignified carriage. When will deportment be taught in our schools.—*Saratoga letter in the Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

New Mountain Railways.

One used to think a great deal, writes a correspondent of the Independance *Belge*, of the Rigi Railway, with its gradients of from 18 to 25 per cent., those of the Uetliberg of 30 per cent., of the Burgenstock and of Territet-Glion of 40 per cent., of the Gueisch of 50 per cent., and of the Giessbach of 30. All this is now only child's play. Now one can ascend the Beatenberg, from the station of Beatenbach, on the Lake of Thun, by a funicular railway at an incline of 26 degrees, and Mount Pilatus is climbed by a gradient which is officially stated to be 48 per cent., but which sometimes attains to 75 per cent. The start is made from Alpnach, on the Lake of Lucrene, and in 90 minutes the summit is reached, the traveller being comfortably dragged in his carriage up the precipitous peaks of this celebrated mountain, which is more than 3,000 meters high. They assure you that the ascent is perfectly safe, and this is quite possible; but the fact remains that travellers are often much alarmed, and that many of them ascend only with their eyes closed and their hands tightly clenched. Railways are also in course of construction from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen, to Grindelwald and to Murren. From Interlaken to Zweilutschinen this railway will have a gradient of 15 per cent.; thence to Grindelwald 30 to 40 per cent.; up to Murren the incline will be 50-60, a species of lift a couple of thousand feet in height! Crowds of Italian workmen will be set to work on it, and the new lines will be all ready next season.

Five-Legged Pigs.

Harvest goes on apace on all the company's farms. The crops with one or two exceptions are fair, keeping in view a season of unusual, if not unprecedented drought. The crops on the Dunmore are all safely in stack Tuesday of last week, and a long array of stacks are to be seen from the railway cars. It may be noticed as no small evidence of the fertility of the soil and climate of the Northwest, if not of the rare variety of pedigree pigs imported last fall by the above company, to state that the offspring of this rare stream of the porcine race are not unfrequently possessed of five distinct legs each. No wonder the company talks of opening a business; five excellent hams from every pig is doubtless an encouraging fact.—*Calgary Herald.*

What Are "Morganatic" Marriages?

The term "morganatic" applied to marriages, had its origin in an ancient custom by which the bridegroom on the day after the wedding gave his bride a morning gift—morganabe. In the case of a nobleman wedded to a wife of low estate this morning gift constituted the wife's portion endowment, and from this gift such marriages took the name morganatica. The German law, continuing this tradition, allows the members of the reigning house and certain noble families to contract marriages in all respect legal and valid, except that it gives to the partner of lower birth and to the children no share in the rank, titles and distinctions of the privileged house. Such marriages have often been eminently happy ones.—*London Life.*

Dying and Dead Souls.

Speaking of London, Cardinal Manning says: "There are four millions of living and dying and dead souls. And if every church or chapel or place of worship of every sort and kind were filled three times to the full on every Lord's Day, they could not contain more than 1,500,000. There must be, therefore, 2,500,000 who never can physically set their feet in any place of Divine worship or any place where the name and existence of God are recognized."

The Clan Cameron.

It is a curious fact that the fine old 79th regiment of Cameron Highlanders which is stationed at Balmoral during Queen Victoria's residence in Scotland, does not contain a single man in the corps whose name is Cameron. On the other hand there are no less than 360 Macdonalds in the ranks. It should be added that the Highland clan of Cameron and Macdonald have been on terms of bitter enmity for several centuries.

Dealing in Futures.

"Your brother ought to marry. He is too good a man to be wasted."

"But he thinks he oughtn't to, you know, because he's a minister."

"And why shouldn't a minister marry if he wants to?"

"I suppose it is because he may have a son, and you know what a minister's son usually is."

—Rachel De Willis, a colored woman of Yamcaw, Ga., is gradually turning white. The skin of her face began to change color three weeks ago, and at present nearly her entire body has changed its hue.

—The Queen of Greece is a blonde, with brown hair, regular features and a beautiful neck and shoulders. She dresses very simply, except on state occasions, and often goes about Athens without even a maid to attend her.

Her Friend.

Marie has lovers half a score,
  She wears them as she does her gloves
One pair when driving on the shore,
  Another for the modest loves
Of country lanes and flowers and dew
  (A whim that never seems to end—
And yet, all seriously and true,
  I much prefer to be her friend

When tired of Charley's tennis talk,
  And [illegible]
With [illegible]
  After [illegible]
Ah [illegible]
  And I to her rare moods attend.
Be [illegible]
  And still I'd rather be her friend

Her soul is like an open book
  Wherein to [illegible]
No strange re tween its covers look,
  Or, glimpsing, feel no anxious need.
The utmost trust she asks of me,
  That trust where two twin natures blend
My comrades woo right gallantly—
  But I would rather be her friend

We read for hours in quiet nooks,
  The few deep authors of our choice;
Somehow, the music of the brooks
  Is not so sweet as her low voice—
And while the breakers strike the beach
  And over, under curve and bend,
Her heart my heart doth truly teach,
  Until—but I must be her friend

Sometimes the thought will daring rise
  When touch of hand has thrilled me through
And in her tender girlish eyes
  One sees the heavens reflected blue—
What would I do if she some day
  Her wedding cards to me should send—
I could not truly, frankly say
  'Tis better just to be her friend

—[illegible]

Two Years.

[illegible]

They strolled on the beach by the bright summer sea
  He and she
And they never paid any attention to me
  He and she.
His hair was superb and to all that he said
She modestly listened and hung down her head
While with swift-dying blushes, her fair face grew red—
  Dear me

II.—This Year.

Again they are seen on the beach by the sea,
  She and he;
That they are married this year you will quickly agree.
  She and he
In silence he stalks while she lays down the law,
A man more submissive the world never saw
He's learned that a kitten has claws in her paw
  Dear me.

How a Jockey Feels in a Race.

George Taylor is an Englishman. He has been riding all this season for the Dwyer Brothers, but has just severed his connection with that stable.

"How do you feel when riding in a race?" he was asked recently.

"Just as though I was all strung on wire. It's a very exciting feeling, and one very hard to describe. I believe that there are many riders who know nothing from the fall of the flag until the finishing post is passed. The first time I rode on a fast horse I was almost scared out of my wits I had often ridden horses slowly, but never at any speed. I was put on a young horse to ride a five-furlong trial. Away we went, and I just remember how I clung to that colt. The horse ran purely on his own courage and without any assistance from me. In a race I seem to become almost intoxicated. I forget everything except the horse. To hear the sound of other hoof beats on the track is only to give me a desire to leave them behind, and if I am riding a good horse I have to restrain myself as well as the horse or I should just run right away from everything. It is hard sometimes after a race to remember how I rode. I think the air sharpens one's instincts, and then we guide the horses just naturally. I have very often shuddered when I have thought of the great chances I have taken. A rider, you know, takes his life in his own hands, and I think when he rides in a race he loses his sense of the dangers and just remembers that there is fame for him for winning the race, and money also. A jockey's life is a very dangerous one. It is said we either break our necks or make our fortune. My neck is sound so far, but my fortune is not made yet.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Remedy for Prickly Heat.

I have just discovered that if any person subject to prickly heat in summer will bathe the places in a weak solution of alaratus water and dry them with a soft, cloth, and afterwards powder them with a powder made of equal parts of fuller's earth and rice flour, they will have perfect ease. It should be done night and morning in the hot weather, and if a mosquito bites you, don't try any heroic remedy, but simply apply a little cold cream, which somehow overcomes the poison and irritation when nothing else will. I have seen children that were nearly wild with the irritation of many mosquito bites calmed in a moment by the application of cold cream.—*Olive Harper in Lippincott.*

A Trinidad Mutiny Suppressed.

A New York despatch says: Advices from Bolivia state that a mutiny occurred some time ago in Trinidad, the capital of the Beni Department. The revolting troops were joined by the citizens, and they offered a stubborn resistance for some hours. The mutineers surrendered after the loss of twenty-four of their number. Of the attacking force eleven were killed or wounded.

The Old Resident.

"Have a pleasant time at the banquet last night, Major?" inquired the Colonel.

"Not at all, sir, not at all. There was an old resident present, who told us how the city had changed since he first came here."—*St. Joseph News.*

Life's Phases.

Henrietta's gone to Vassar, gum, gum, gum
Louise is at the singing school, hum, hum, hum
Tom is in the melon patch, mum, mum, mum
Bill is in the bar-room, rum, rum, rum!
Father's at the counting room, sum, sum, sum
Kate and Ned are all alone, yum, yum, yum!

Sir Francis Grenfell has gone over the heads of between 80 and 90 colonels, who stood senior to him, on his promotion to the rank of major-general; but none of them will dispute his claim to the distinction after the able manner in which he has twice disposed of the troublesome enemy who has threatened the dominions of the Khedive. Both at Suakim last December and at Toski the arrangements were excellent, and the programme was admirably carried out.

—There are 275 women preachers in the United States. The women lecturers haven't been counted yet.

THE GIRLS OF SPAIN.

How the Dark Eyed Beauties Make Themselves Look Fascinating.

The traveller through Spain sees the young girls, anywhere, as beautiful as angels. They are tall, straight as an arrow, with the most perfect figures, and with faces which for a dark, tender, sad beauty are unexampled. The magnificent hair, always clean, always combed, always marvellously dressed, with the inevitable flower in it, is alike the distinguishing mark of the poorest as well as the richest Spanish woman. In this respect the Spanish woman is unlike any other. Even Italy, the sister peninsula, so closely connected with Spain in the past—Italy has no such disunction. The Italian peasant does not take such care of her hair, nor does the Italian lady manifest the pride, the neatness, the coquetry of fresh flowers, as does the Spaniard. That beautiful undulating hair, so blue black, with a rose hidden in its tresses—it is the joy of Spanish travel to look at these heads.

In going into small shops and humble quarters one often sees the business of hair dressing in progress. One sister is dressing the hair of another, or the mother is arranging the coiffure, etc. They have little heated irons, with which they frizz the one side and the other is allowed to go smooth. It is always becoming to the face beneath it. They wear it much over the face, avoiding the Chinese style. Little curls around the ears or pushing forward on the temples show that the Spanish woman values the purpose of hair, which is to shade the eye and contrast with the complexion. At the back of the head the coque is always carefully brushed up. The coque gives that character to the back of the head which is so essentially Spanish. It is a remnant of the high comb days and the mantilla. The high comb is now seldom worn, but the hair is always dressed high on the head—a natural crown which any queen might envy.

The Spanish eye, large, humid, tender, grand, languishing, furnished with lashes so long, so curling and so beautiful that the pencil of the artist fails to despair, the black pupil, the white sea, in which the lustrous orb sails—all is indescribable. Spanish eyes are sad. Spanish women, when they are not coquetting and laughing, have a sad expression. Is there a little of the Orient left in their expression? Is it Moorish, and does it speak of the harem and the inevitable heart-break? Next to the beauty of hair and eye comes the beauty of the flashing teeth. These are so universally perfect that the student of dentistry should go to Spain and find out how they manage it. There is very little good eating in Spain. Perhaps these faultless teeth are not spoiled by cakes and pastry and sweets in childhood. But the careless traveller expects to be rewarded when the Spanish woman smiles with a row of pearls, and he is almost never disappointed.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

The Mistassini Mystery Disappears.

The Toronto *World* this morning presents to its readers an account of the trip recently made by Mr. W. J. Loudon and Mr. G. S. Macdonald to Lake Mistassini. Considering the country they travelled through, the time they consumed, the obstacles they overcame and the risks they ran from want of provisions, their expedition is one of the most rapid and most successful ever made by travellers in the unexplored and unknown regions of Northern Canada. Lake Mistassini lies about 300 miles north of Lake St. John, in the Province of Quebec, and between Hudson Bay and Labrador. The Rupert's River, which drains this lake, falls into Hudson Bay about 400 miles from Mistassini. The Hudson Bay Company have a post on Mistassini and take in their supplies by the Rupert's River route, which, though longer, is much more accessible than from Lake St. John, the starting point of Mr. Loudon and Mr. Macdonald.

What has been called the Mistassini mystery has been dissolved by the journey of these gentlemen. Instead of an immense lake, greater than Superior, as has been current for years, the lake is about one hundred miles long and twenty broad, with a chain of islands running up the centre; and parallel to it, on one of its sides, is another lake of similar shape, making three in all. But the three of them put together would make a very inferior comparison with Lake Ontario. The mystery imparted to Mistassini rests entirely on the tales of men who had never visited it, but who had come in contact with Indians who knew something of these waters and who had been impressed by the terrible privations endured by Montagnais and Nasquapees and the other hunters who dwell in that inhospitable country. Most of those who had previously written about Mistassini, not having any facts to present as to its geographical and other characteristics, succeeded in creating a mystery and a terror in regard to it. The Hudson Bay Company, too, it would appear, seem to have been satisfied that the country should remain under the shadow of the mysterious, as their trading monopoly is best protected by the absence of intrusion of any kind. The country about Mistassini, as we learn from the expedition of these gentlemen, is a very poor one, totally unfit for settlement, with little or no timber, inhabited by only a few Indian hunters and their families, whose members are steadily decreasing, marked by an animal life limited to bears and beavers and a few other fur-bearing animals. A land, in the short summer, of heavy rains, and in the winter of nothing but ice and snow for more than eight months in the year. Streams, lakes and rivers, and rushing rapids seem to be everywhere.

To relieve brides-elect of the labor and anxiety which usually attend the preparations for a wedding, an angel of propriety has appeared in London, and she agrees, for a stipulated sum, to make all necessary arrangements. This personage is called "the wedding superintendent." For some weeks preceding the happy day she is installed in the house, and her presence is soon felt. She selects the trousseau, advises what is latest and finest in underwear, buys the material, superintends the making of the gowns, chooses stockings, boots, gloves, laces and handkerchiefs; in fact, attends to every detail, so that the fair bride, unvexed by worrying details, will look her loveliest on the wedding day.

THE CHILD IN THE MILL.

A Picture of Children in Industrial Slavery.

A pallid little child toils in the factory; his mates are as wan and pale as he. When at evening from work he creeps homeward, tired and limp, he sees the merry schoolboys strolling back from play, hearty and plump faced, laughing, leaping, carelessly swinging their bats, at random tossing a ball, full of fun and sport, hungry from the fresh air and healthy exercise. He never meets them going schoolward; when they begin to store up in their brains more of life's wonderful story than they knew yesterday, already, for two hours, he has been at work. Brief and rare are the snatches of the story that may reach his ears while yet they are open to receive it. Ever the task unending, the same thing over hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year. How he would like to laugh and leap and play! But childhood's privilege for him was long ago abridged. Still, now and then his thoughts make daring sport while his hands keep on unceasing at their task: "What fun 'twould be to snarl up all these threads, and let the shuttles jump about all helter skelter, like rats in the basement when the river rises and drowns them out!" But the play for him exists in thoughts alone, and soon even thoughts of play will cease, since the stream of knowledge is turned away from him and dulled by lack of use, like a well made tool grown rusty, he soon forgets to think at all. The gates of his mind swing heavily to and open only to the duties known to the sentry by accustomed entrance to serve coarse daily wants. Then, plodding, he goes through life with body distorted and stunted, with soul repressed and crushed—perhaps he vaguely wonders why this unsightly ruin of God's most holy temple. Yes, why is it thus in a nation called free? Why is it thus amid a people professing love of Him who loved little children? What offence can be charged against these little ones, condemned to early toil and slowly darkening minds—while learning's lamp stands freely lit to guide their fortune favored fellows? Perchance for lack of merit? Great indeed is their offence! Their parents are poor, and therefore have need of the brats that they breed! Yes, the children are slaves, and a barbarous State mocks their bondage with laws that their owners must break. For enactments declare that the child shall be schooled, but 'tis easy to lie in a matter of age, and no one especially cares. So the child slaves keep toiling on, and strong armed men in vain seek work, or work for scanty hire, for the lords of the mills have greed cheap to them is child labor, and gold is more precious than souls in their eyes, but dear comes that toil to the State. In ancient times 'twas thought no wall could ever stand unless with the blood of slaves the mortar was mixed. We now are wiser, we deem, since superstition rules us no more. Still, upon our mill owners heads lies the guilt for the blood of those held in bondage—blood that might swell the veins of the children, were they not held captive within factory walls. —*Sylvester Baxter in the Pilot.*

How to Cook Steak.

Now if you only knew how to cook a steak to make it good that would do, but it always makes me sick to see a woman cook a steak. She invariably puts her frying pan on the stove, and puts in a chunk of grease about as big as my fist, and when it is hot enough to begin to crackle she puts in her beef and never thinks of covering it. The smoke and steam from it goes to the very ceiling. After she cooks it this way until it begins to look like an old rubber shoe sole she calls it done. When you go to eat it there is no more taste in it than a chip. Now, if you want a good bit of steak have a clear, hot fire, set your clean, empty pan on a spot, cover it up, then pound your steak, and when your pan is very hot lay in your steak and cover quickly. As soon as it has crisped enough to let go its hold on the pan, turn over and cover quickly, turn again as at first, and continue to do so about every two minutes until you have turned it about six or eight times. Have a hot buttered dish ready for it and lay it in; add a sprinkling of pepper, salt and sugar, and cover tightly. Now, if you wish a gravy, put a bit of butter in your pan. When hot, rub in a pinch of flour, add a small teacupful of boiling water, let it boil a few minutes, then put in a gravy boat instead of putting it over your beef to draw out the juice. Now try this plan just once, and you will see you women know nothing about cooking a good steak.—*An Old Butcher.*

A Terrible Experience.

Lucy—Maud, that was a terrible experience of yours!

Alice—Just think! You wake up and find the house on fire.

Julia—And you are carried down the ladder by a fireman!

Emma—In the presence of thousands of spectators!

Min—What did you have on?

Maud (sadly)—A wrapper and my bonnet.

All—Which bonnet?

Maud—Last season's—untrimmed.

All—Poor girl!

Exit Maud, weeping.—*London Tid-Bits.*

William Roberts, M. D. F. R. C. P., "Pregnancy is a fruitful cause of Bright's disease. The relative proportion of cases between the ages of 30 and 45, are 80 women to every 100 men, while after this period the mortality falls to 59 women to every 100 men." Women during pregnancy are especially liable to contract kidney disease, which if neglected will terminate in Bright's Disease. Keep the kidneys active, and maintain a healthy flow of urine by the frequent use of Warner's Safe Cure during the period of pregnancy. It will keep the kidneys healthy and active.

Beats Electricity.

Gus (pathetically)—How I do suffer with hay fever! I'm almost dead!

Jack (heartlessly)—Never mind. Sneezy death.

—Lord Brassey's London house is lighted by electric lamps inclosed in sea shells of the greatest beauty, whose transparency sheds a glowing refulgence over the whole apartment.

—Starvation enables men to make fast time to the grave.

—Love is a weakness, but it is too strong for most of its unhappy victims.

THE BREECHES BIBLE.

A Copy of the Rare Old Volume Owned in Hartford.

A well preserved volume of the genuine old "Breeches Bible," so called, is in the possession of Mr. Horace Johnson of Hartford. It was printed in London in 1602 in the old "black letter" text—enough to spoil the sights of any but the most persistent reader; but it was a kind of print with which Shakespeare and Lord Bacon were familiar. This edition—probably copied from the "Bishops' Bible" of 1568—derives its irreverent name from its version of the story of Adam and Eve in the garden. In chap. iii., v. 7, after telling of the transgression it reads:

7. Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches.

That picturesque attire is changed in King James' version, which appeared nine years later, to "aprons"—the present accepted version. King James' 54 translators only made alterations of the Tyndale and Coverdale text, and of the "Bishop's Bible" when it was found to be "necessary." The new revised version, however, makes a good many changes. It cost poor Tyndale his life—he was burnt at the stake, near Brussels, in 1536—for daring to make a translation into English.

This quaint old Bible includes those Old Testament books that have since been relegated to the nebulous limbo of "the Apocrypha," and includes them without any mark of separation from those that are now accepted. There are the books of Baruch, of Susannah, of Jesus the son of Sirach, the book of Maccabees, Esdras, Tobit, Bel and the Dragon, etc. all figuring as a part of the divinely inspired word. If we can believe the various holy councils on those subjects, more or less of these apocryphal books are not so inspired.

Mr. Johnson's old Bible contains also the quaint psalmody of Sternhold and Hopkins—the psalms of David "done into English verse."

The quaint character of the mechanical work alone of this old Bible makes it an interesting study to any one especially who knows much about printing. Unfortunately the quaint old title page is missing—its place being supplied by a pen and ink copy.—*Hartford Times.*

A Novel Refrigerator.

A young friend of mine who has for several years each summer gone with his father on a camping trip on the south shore of Lake Superior, tells me of a novel expedient they often employed for preserving their venison in warm weather. In that country some of the streams are dammed by long rows of sandhills, whose composition is so loose that they shift about continually under a wind of any force. In the winter time the high winds often blow the sand over the great snow banks which lie upon the north side of the sand hills, covering up the snow to a depth of several feet. The snow is thus kept unmelted and even in the middle of summer one can dig down through the sand to it and find the best imaginable sort of a natural refrigerator. In this way, said my young friend, they buried their deer and trout, and found them kept entirely fresh so long as they cared to leave them. This is certainly a new instance of nature's bountifulness with the sportsman.—*Forest and Stream.*

Continental Wages.

A stay-at-home man can have only a very vague idea of the position of England as compared with foreign countries. Especially he can have little idea how much levelling up has to be done with the wages of most continental workers. If we say that from a half to one-third of our wages is the rate over vast regions of the continent we should not be far wrong. They are excessively low in some districts of northern Italy, as on the plains below Vesuvius, where five shillings a week for a man is not uncommon, and the agricultural laborer of Bohemia is not much better off. The normal condition, almost everywhere, is so far below ours that it constitutes a danger to us and a cause for the migration of trades, which are always seeking the easiest and most profitable lines.

A traveller who during the last three years has travelled over 80,000 miles of various European countries declares that he has not once seen wages equal to those at Nottingham.—*Manchester Textile Mercury.*

Wine's Age from Electricity.

In the seventh annual State Viticultural Convention the subject of "the electromagnetic treatment of wines" was opened by Prof. Hilgard. He gave the history of the Fraser experiments, the results of which were that by the application of a current from a dynamo the acid and alcohol diminished and the age of the wine apparently increased. Various experiments had been made and the simplest arrived at was to place a quantity of wine in a glass jar and around the jar to wrap a coil of insulated wire and then apply a current of electricity. In the course of a few weeks he claimed that the acid and alcohol would combine in ether and leave the wine, making it smooth and pleasant to the palate. The process could not be used for tanks of wine, and the best form of vessel to use was still under investigation.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Idyllic Idleness.

Lady of the house—Why don't you go to work? I don't see what pleasure there can be in your sort of life, with nothing whatever in view.

Tramp—You're mistaken, madam. I have had something in view since the early spring, a work of the imagination, so to speak.

"Indeed! And what is that?"

"A summer idyll, as it were."

He Did.

Miss Clara (entertaining a caller)—Bobby, you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat.

Bobby—Why not?

Miss Clara—You might injure it, and besides he will want it shortly.

Only one woman in France has this year taken out a license for shooting. Last season there were five.

It's odd how much food a horse can go without and still be no faster.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Some of our American exchanges are given to poking fun at the Britishers and the Queen every time Her Majesty telegraphs her sympathies to people or communities under the shadow of some great calamity, but it is now the Britishers turn to laugh if there is room for it. John Burns, the leader of the great London strike, says the American workingmen had forwarded sentiment and sympathy enough to become insolvent if committed to paper, but not a single cent to supply the wants of their fellow workmen.

It is an age of tremendous new surgical operations many of which have the peculiarity of appearing to be rather worse in themselves than the morbid conditions it is proposed to remedy by them. This, however, cannot be said of the operation that Dr. William Alexander proposes for the amelioration of epilepsy. In a bad case of epilepsy any conceivable remedy may fairly be regarded as worth a trial. Formerly Dr. Alexander used to put a ligature on the vertebral artery and that was not a minor operation. Now he proposes and practices the ligature of the superior cervical ganglion. His incision goes down by the external and internal jugular veins, and the sternal carotid artery has to be pushed aside to get at the ganglion. He has operated in twenty four cases and reports that six were cured, ten were improved, in five there was no change and two died.

Some very peculiar discoveries have been made during the progress of the Mackenzie Simpson work, but perhaps the most curious and to the mind of the most interesting was made recently. As the quarrymen on the Boston estate were lifting with a crane a block of stone weighing ten tons they were amazed to find a live frog in a small pool of water which had percolated through the red sandstone and settled in a cavity. Like the fly in amber the thing was neither rain nor rare and the wonder was how it got there. The frog was carefully tended and is now an object of curiosity. It was found on the 25th ult. and has changed color since exposure to the air. There is a film over its mouth. Its eyes also which are large are apparently sightless. How it has lived and grown in the prison home is somewhat of a mystery. A plaster cast has been taken of the cavity, and a photograph of the frog. It sat still whilst the operation was performed, and then jumped on to the floor.

Light in the Sick-room.

Still a custom prevails, despite all our sanitary teachings that the occupant of the sick-room in the private house should be kept at all hours in a darkened room. Not one time in ten do we enter a sick room in the daytime to find it blessed with the light of the sun. Almost invariably, before we can get a view at the face of the patient, we are obliged to request that the blinds may be drawn up, in order that the rays of a much greater healer than the most able physician can ever hope to be may be admitted. Too often the compliance with this request reveals a condition of room which, in a state of darkness, is almost inevitably one of disorder everywhere; books, magazines, furniture, bedding misplaced, dust and stray leavings in all directions.

In brief, there is nothing so bad as a dark sick room. It is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient; and if the reason for it is asked, the answer is as inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light, as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though to darken one part of the room it were necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstitious practice, which once prevailed so intensely that the sick suffering from the most terrible diseases, small-pox, for instance, were shut up in darkness, their beds surrounded with red curtains, during the whole of their illness. The red curtains are now pretty nearly given up, but the darkness is still accredited with some mysterious curative virtue.

A more injurious practice really could not be maintained than that of darkness in the sick room. It is not only that dirt and disorder are results of darkness, a great remedy is lost. Sunlight is the remedy lost, and the less is momentous. Sunlight diffused through a room warms and clarifies the air. It has a direct influence on the minute organic poisons, a distinctive influence which is most precious, and it has a cheerful effect upon the mind. The sick should never be gloomy, and in the presence of light the shadows of gloom fly away. Happily the hospital ward, notwithstanding its many defects, and it has many, is so far favored that it is blessed with the light of the sun, whenever the sun shines. In private practice the same remedy ought to be extended to the patients of the household, and the first words of the physician or surgeon on entering the dark sick room should be the dying words of Goethe, "More light, more light!"—*B. W. Richardson, M. D.*

He "Hadn't Saw."

"Did you saw that wood I told you about?" asked the lady of the house of the tramp to whom she had given a dinner.

"Madam," he replied, and a look of contempt flitted across his tawny face, "I am surprised that so good a cook and housewife as you should be so ungrammatical. You should say, 'Did you see that wood?' 'Saw' is proper only in a question referring to the perfect tense. I cannot work for one so uncultured, for I fear I should be contaminated. Ta-ta."

Better Than a Safety Vault.

Highwayman (halting lady in carriage)—Stop, madam! Your money or your life!

Lady—My money is in my pocket, sir, and as neither you nor I can find it inside of ten minutes, and there is a large party of brethren tourists coming up the hill, I would advise you to let me pass.

Highwayman—Thanks, madam, your advice is worth heeding. Good day.

Too Expensive.

Jack—Edith, will you have me?

The Heiress—Thanks, Jack, I can't afford you.

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EDWARD P. SNELL,
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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T. F. WILKINSON.

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A Boy's Trouble.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—My Pa he takes your paper and he thinks an awful lot of it. He reads out of it all night sometimes cause he says it helps to educate us boys how to farm. A long time ago Pa read a piece that Zeke Bradshaw wrote and it made us boys laugh till we scairt the cat from under the cook stove. Pa he advised us boys (me and Jim and Pete) to take warnin' from the trouble that Zeke got into and not be monkeyin' around young fellers when they go to see their best girl, for it might make a separation and spoil their whole lives after. He talked to us like a preacher and Sarah (thats my big sister) she said it was gettin awful warm in the room and she opened the door. I guess she wanted to change the subject for she has a feller what comes to see her sometimes, he don't come now like he used to though. He is a great big tall chap and he has got long feet. Pete he asked him one day when he was scrapin the mud off what made his feet so long and he said he got too much bent up. I guess it was well he did have so much bent for if he'd been any higher it would have been hard for him to whisper to Sarah when he was walking home from church Sunday nights with me and her. He used to call me his little man but he don't any more cause one night he came to our house and Sarah she took him in the parlor and told us boys she'd give us some cookies when she baked again if we'd be good boys and go to bed, so we went upstairs to our room and Pete and me laid down on our bed and I laid right down on our big kitten cause it was dark and we could nt see him. He was all curled up in a heap and I felt awful sorry and rubbed him up the back to see him spark.

Our room is right over the parlor and there's a stove pipe hole where the pipe comes up when the stove is there. The hole was covered with a mat, and Jim he was prowling around and pulled the mat off the hole and looked down. He saw Feet. We always call him Feet now cause we don't like him. He was right under the stove pipe hole on the sofa, holdin Sarah like as if she'd fall to pieces if he'd leave her go. Jim, he whispered to me and Pete to come and look, so we went and I took the kitten cause I did'nt want him to get away. Pete looked first and then I looked and Jim whispered to me to let kittie see, so I held him over and Jim he hit my hands and knocked poor kittie down through the hole. I could'nt hold him cause he scratched. We heard a big noise down stairs. Sarah she screamed awful, and Feet ran to the parlor door and we heard Pa meet him and ask him what was the matter. He said something about them uncultivated imps of his throwin cats on his head so Pa said he'd tend to them for it cause he liked Feet, and did'nt want us boys to play any tricks on him. So he started to stamp up stairs and Pete and Jim and me crawled into bed and covered our heads with the quilts. We did'nt stay there long for Pa rolled us out quilts and all and took a bed slat. Jim and Pete crawled off in a dark corner but I got tangled in the quilts and Pa caught me. I tried to tell him I did'nt do it but he could'nt hear for the noise of the slat. He found Jim and Pete and he talked to them just like he did to me and then he made us sleep in the closet all night. Feet did nt come back again for a long time and Sarah felt awful bad, but when he did come again Pa and Sarah used him awful nice, so I guess he got over being mad. Jim says he don't see what he got mad for anyhow. Pa always tells us boys when any bad accident happens, to feel pleasant and be thankful that it was'nt worse and I think Feet ought to feel glad that we did'nt let the kitten scratch his eyes out. I don't know what Pa will say when he reads this, but I'm going to grandpa's for two weeks and I gave Jim my best fish line and Pete my popgun if they'd take their oath on the Almanac that they would'nt tell Pa that I wrote it.

Yours Truly,
JOSIAH GREEN.

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FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 431. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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—AT—

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in leading shades, plain and durable. Prices ranging from 10c. to 50c. with trimmings to match. In Braids, Gimp, Plushes and Velvets, Gray, White, Navy Blue and Red Flannels, second to none for QUALITY and PRICE. It would take too much space to mention all our lines in this department separately. But we would request an inspection, guaranteeing satisfactory results.

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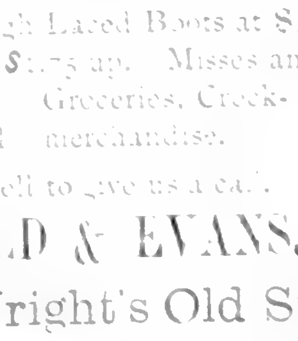

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W. H. THURSTON,

[illegible]

A GREAT DEMONSTRATION

A great Liberal demonstration [illegible] was that [illegible] Horner [illegible] Monday evening last. It was gotten up by the Liberals of Toronto with a view to bringing into line the refractory members of their party. Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Oliver Mowat were the big guns brought into play for the occasion, and how [illegible] leader in the Dominion Parliament. [illegible]

[illegible]

It has never had a stable platform, and to-day, by the dictate of the Liberal leader, it has committed itself unequivocally to the one narrow and visionary plank of Commercial Union, and, in the words of Mr. Laurier, the Liberal party, so long as he has anything to do with it, must remain true to the policy of unrestricted reciprocity. We consider it as a very rash decision, inasmuch as Mr. Laurier is a comparatively young man, and in the event of his [illegible] as leader of the opposition [illegible]

[illegible]

The manner in which Mr. Laurier entered upon his duty made it plain that he was cognizant of the hazardous task before him, and one cannot but admire his temerity in facing an Ontario audience in the manner in which he did, with convictions entirely at variance with those of the great majority of his hearers. He received, too, a fair hearing. His sentiments were listened to with respect, and his arguments received with a courteous hearing which augured well for a final peaceful quietus to the Jesuit Estate question. We have only space to quote one of his telling points on this question. After impressing upon his hearers by his own statement and documentary proof that it had not been the desire of the Quebec legislature to place Pope before Queen, Mr. Laurier [illegible]

[illegible]

This is a very satisfactory answer, too, but this [illegible] fact that Protestants [illegible] a treasonable act had been committed. When they find out their mistake the matter will be gratefully [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] his address [illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible] occurred in Hamilton [illegible] An [illegible] came [illegible] police [illegible] placed [illegible] window [illegible] caused [illegible] A [illegible] war was then held, and it was [illegible] to burst open the bedroom [illegible] This was attempted [illegible] the Hamilton police [illegible] afterwards [illegible] a farmer [illegible] The [illegible] What right had they to break open [illegible] the manner they did, simply to satisfy an hysterical woman who fancied she was harboring a murderer or something equally bad? Had the man not a perfect right to attempt to protect himself as he did? Had it been constable Hawkins who was shot, the same amount of sympathy would not have been forthcoming for him as in the case of his poor unfortunate victim.

General News.

Mr. Edison has received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

At Chatham Friday Ben McEahen was found guilty of murdering Mr. Holton and was sentenced to be hanged on December 13.

A bogus medical college in New Hampshire has been selling diplomas at from $50 to $300 each.

Mr. L. W. [illegible] the Brampton [illegible] suddenly at Brampton on Friday [illegible]

[illegible]

THE MARKETS.

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[illegible]

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"Big Spex"

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

QUALITY Considered.

CASH or CREDIT

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered

Work Carefully Done. Fair Charges

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

W. A. BROWN.

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

The Water Lily.

The summer morning opens cool,
A subtle freshness fills the air;
And see! upon the cloistered pool,
The lily opes her bosom there.

Of all the buds and blossoms rare,
No fairer one the eye may bless;
She feels the zephyr's kindly care,
And trembles at his fond caress.

Through all the loathsome mud and slime
She sends her rootlets to search below,
And undreamed beauties upward climb,
And in her petals throb and glow.

Send down thy rootlets, O my soul!
With darkened lives thy sunlight share,
And seek in miry depth and shoal
God's beauteous image buried there.

So, in some fair, diviner hour,
When risen free from sin and crime,
Thou shalt preserve life's perfect power
Above the sluggish pools of time.

The Rain Harp.

When out of doors is full of rain
I look out through the window pane,
And see the branches of the trees,
Like people dancing to the breeze.

They bow politely, cross and meet,
Salute their partners and retreat,
And never stop to rest until
They reach the end of the quadrille.

I listen, and I hear the sound
Of music floating all around,
And fancy 'tis the breeze who plays
Upon the harp on stormy days.

The strings are made of rain, and when
The branches wish to dance again,
They whisper to the breeze, and he
Begins another melody.

I've heard him play the pretty things
Upon those slender, shining strings;
And when he's done—he's very sharp—
He always hides away the harp.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

This comparatively tame version was, however, entirely discarded when the diamonds and silver mines began to figure more largely in the reports. Certainly, pretty, overdressed, jewel bedecked Octavia gave Slowbridge abundant cause for excitement.

After leaving her, Lady Theobald drove home to Oldclough Hall, rather out of humor. She had been rather out of humor for some time, having never quite recovered from her anger at the daring of that cheerful builder of mills, Mr. John Burmistone. Mr. Burmistone had been one innovation, and Octavia Bassett was another. She had not been able to manage Mr Burmistone, and she was not at all sure that she had managed Octavia Bassett.

She entered the diningroom with an ominous frown on her forehead.

At the end of the table, opposite her own seat, was a vacant chair, and her frown deepened when she saw it.

"Where is Miss Gaston?" she demanded of the servant.

Before the man had time to reply, the door opened, and a girl came in hurriedly, with a somewhat frightened air.

"I beg pardon, grandmamma, dear," she said, going to her seat quickly. "I did not know you had come home."

"We have a dinner hour," announced her ladyship, "and I do not disregard it."

"I am very sorry," faltered the culprit.

"That is enough, Lucia," interrupted Lady Theobald; and Lucia dropped her eyes, and began to eat her soup with nervous haste. In fact, she was glad to escape so easily.

She was a very pretty creature, with brown eyes, a soft, white skin, and a slight figure with a reed like grace. A great quantity of brown hair was twisted into an ugly coil on the top of her delicate little head, and she wore an ugly muslin gown of Miss Chickie's make.

For some time the meal progressed in dead silence, but at length Lucia ventured to raise her eyes.

"I have been walking in Slowbridge, grandmamma," she said, "and I met Mr. Burmistone, who told me that Miss Bassett had a visitor—a young lady from America."

Lady Theobald laid her knife and fork down deliberately.

"Mr. Burmistone?" she said. "Did I understand you to say that you stopped on the road-side to converse with Mr. Burmistone?"

Lucia colored up to her delicate eyebrows and above them.

"I was trying to reach a flower growing on the bank," she said, "and he was so kind as to stop to get it for me. I did not know he was near at first. And then he inquired how you were—and told me he had just heard about the young lady."

"Naturally!" remarked her ladyship, sardonically. "It is as I anticipated it would be. We shall find Mr. Burmistone at our elbows on all occasions. And he will not allow himself to be easily driven away. He is as determined as persons of his class usually are."

"Oh, grandmamma?" protested Lucia, with innocent fervor. "I really do not think he is—like that at all. I could not help thinking he was very gentlemanly and kind. He is so interested in your school, and so anxious that it should prosper."

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, "how long a time this generous expression of his sentiments occupied? Was this the reason of your forgetting the dinner-hour?"

"We did not—" said Lucia, guiltily; "it did not take many minutes. I—I do not think that made me late."

Lady Theobald dismissed this paltry excuse with one remark—a remark made in the deep tones referred to once before.

"I should scarcely have expected," she observed, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent half an hour conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slowbridge Mills.'

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, the tears rising in her eyes; "it was not half an hour."

"I should scarcely have expected," replied her ladyship, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent five minutes conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slowbridge Mills."

To this assault there seemed to be no reply to make. Lady Theobald had her granddaughter under excellent control. Under her rigorous rule, the girl—whose mother had died at her birth—had been brought up. At nineteen she was simple, sensitive, shy. She had been permitted to have no companions, and the greatest excitements of her life had been the Slowbridge tea-parties. Of the late Sir Gilbert Theobald, the less said the better. He spent very little of his married life at Oldclough Hall, and, upon his death, his widow had found herself possessed of a substantial, gloomy mansion, and exalted position in Slowbridge society, and a small marriage settlement, upon which she might make all the efforts she chose to sustain her state. So Lucia wore her dresses a much longer time than any other Slowbridge young lady; she was obliged to mend her little gloves again and again; and her hats were retrimmed so often that even Slowbridge thought them old-fashioned. But she was too simple and sweet-natured to be much troubled, and indeed thought very little about the matter. She was only troubled when Lady Theobald scolded her, which was by no means infrequently. Perhaps the straits to which, at times, her ladyship was put to maintain her dignity embittered her somewhat.

"Lucia is neither a Theobald nor a Barold," she had been heard to say once, and she had said it with much rigor.

A subject of much conversation in private circles had been Lucia's future. It had been discussed in whispers since her seventeenth year, but no one had seemed to approach any solution of the difficulty. Upon the subject of her plans for her granddaughter, Lady Theobald had preserved stern silence. Once, and once only, she had allowed herself to be betrayed into the expression of a sentiment connected with the matter.

"If Miss Lucia marries—" a matron of reckless proclivities had remarked.

Lady Theobald turned upon her, slowly and majestically.

"If Miss Gaston marries," she repeated. "Does it seem likely that Miss Gaston will not marry?"

This settled the matter finally. Lucia was to be married when Lady Theobald thought fit. So far, however, she had not thought fit—indeed, there had been nobody for Lucia to marry—nobody whom her grandmother would have allowed her to marry, at least. There were very few young gentlemen in Slowbridge, and the very few were scarcely eligible according to Lady Theobald's standard and—if such a thing should be mentioned—to Lucia's, if she had known she had one, which she certainly did not.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCIDENTAL.

When dinner was over, Lady Theobald rose, and proceeded to the drawing-room, Lucia following in her wake. From her very babyhood, Lucia had disliked the drawing-room, which was an imposing apartment of great length and height, containing much massive furniture, upholstered in faded blue satin. All the girl's evenings, since her fifth year, had been spent sitting opposite her grandmother, in one of the straightest of the blue chairs; all the most scathing reproofs she had received had been administered to her at such times. She had a secret theory, indeed, that all unpleasant things occurred in the drawing-room after dinner.

Just as they had seated themselves, and Lady Theobald was on the point of drawing towards her the little basket, containing the grey woollen mittens she made a duty of employing herself by knitting each evening, Dobson, the coachman, in his character of footman, threw open the door, and announced a visitor.

"Captain Barold."

Lady Theobald dropped her grey mitten, the steel needles falling upon the table with a clink. She rose to her feet at once, and met half way the young man who had entered.

"My dear Francis," she remarked, "I am exceedingly glad to see you at last," with a slight emphasis upon the "at last."

"Thanks," said Captain Barold, rather languidly. "You're very good, I'm sure."

Then he glanced at Lucia, and Lady Theobald addressed her.

"Lucia," she said, "this is Francis Barold, who is your cousin."

Captain Barold shook hands feebly.

"I have been trying to find out whether it is third or fourth," he said.

"It is third," said my lady.

Lucia had never seen her display such cordiality to anybody. But Captain Francis Barold did not seem much impressed by it. It struck Lucia that he would not be likely to be impressed by anything. He seated himself near her grandmother's chair, and proceeded to explain his presence on the spot, without exhibiting much interest even in his own relation of facts.

"I promised the Ruthburns that I would spend a week at their place; and Slowbridge was on the way, so it occurred to me I would drop off in passing. The Ruthburn's place, Broadoaks, is about ten miles further on; not far, you see.

"Then," said Lady Theobald, "I am to understand that your visit is accidental."

Captain Barold was not embarrassed. He did not attempt to avoid her ladyship's rather stern eye, as he made his cool reply.

"Well, yes," he said. "I beg pardon, but it is accidental rather."

Lucia gave him a pretty, frightened look, as if she felt that, after such an audacious confession, some thing very serious must happen; but nothing serious happened at all. Singularly enough, it was Lady Theobald herself who looked ill at ease, and as though she had not been prepared for such a contingency.

During the whole of the evening, in fact, it was always Lady Theobald who was placed at a disadvantage, Lucia discovered. She could hardly realize the fact, at first; but before an hour had passed, its truth was forced upon her.

Captain Barold was a very striking-looking man upon the whole. He was large, gracefully built, and fair, his eyes were grey, and noticeable for the coldness of their expression, his features regular and aquiline, his movements leisurely.

As he conversed with her grandmother, Lucia wondered at him privately. It seemed to her innocent mind that he had been everywhere, and seen everything and everybody, without caring for or enjoying his privileges. The truth was that he had seen and experienced a great deal too much. As an only child, the heir to a large property, and heir prospective to one of the oldest titles in the country, he had exhausted life early. He saw in Lady Theobald, not the imposing head and social front of Slowbridge social life, the power who rewarded with approval and punished with a frown, but a tiresome, pretentious old woman, whom his mother had asked him, for some feminine reason, to visit.

"She feels she has a claim upon us, Francis," she had said, appealingly.

"Well," he had remarked, "that is rathed dueced cool, isn't it? We have people enough on our hands without cultivating Slowbridge, you know."

His mother sighed faintly.

"It is true we have a great many people to consider, but I wish you would do it, my dear."

She did not say anything about Lucia; above all, she did not mention that a year ago she herself had spent two or three days at Slowbridge, and had been charmed beyond measure by the girl's innocent freshness, and that she had said, rather absently, to Lady Theobald:

"What a charming wife Lucia would make for a man to whom gentleness and a yielding disposition were necessary! We do not find such girls in society nowadays, my dear Lady Theobald. It is very difficult of late years to find a girl who is not spoken of as 'fast,' and who is not disposed to take the reins in her own hands. Our young men are flattered and courted until they become a little dictatorial, and our girls are spoiled at home. And the result is a great deal of domestic unhappiness afterward—and even a great deal of scandal, which is dreadful to contemplate. I cannot help feeling the greatest anxiety in secret concerning Francis. Young men so seldom consider these matters until it is too late."

"Girls are not trained as they were in my young days, or even in yours," said Lady Theobald. "They are allowed too much liberty. Lucia has been brought up immediately under my own eye."

"I feel that it is fortunate," remarked Mrs. Barold, quite incidentally, "that Francis need not make a point for money."

For a few moments lady Theobald did not respond; but afterward, in the course of the conversation which followed, she made an observation which was, of course purely incidental:

"If Lucia makes a marriage which pleases her great-uncle, old Mr. Dugald Binnie, of Glasgow, she will be a very fortunate girl. He has intimated, in his eccentric fashion, that his immense fortune will either be hers or will be spent in building charitable asylums of various kinds. He is a remarkable and singular man."

When Captain Barold had entered his distinguished relative's drawing-room, he had not regarded his third cousin with a very great deal of interest. He had seen too many beauties in his thirty years to be greatly moved by the sight of one; and here was only a girl who had soft eyes, and looked young for her age, and who wore an ugly muslin gown, that most girls could not have carried off at all.

"You have spent the greater part of your life in Slowbridge?" he condescended to say, in the course of the evening.

"I have lived here always," Lucia answered. "I have never been away more than a week at a time,"

"Ah?" interrogatively. "I hope you have not found it dull."

"No," smiling a little. "Not very. You see, I have known nothing gayer."

"There is society enough of a harmless kind here," spoke up Lady Theobald, virtuously. "I do not approve of a round of gayeties for young people; it unfits them for the duties of life."

But Captain Barold was not as favourably impressed by the remarks as might have been anticipated.

"What an old fool she is!" was his polite inward comment. And he resolved at once to make his visit as brief as possible, and not to be induced to run down again, during his stay at Broadoaks. He did not even take the trouble to appear to enjoy his evening. From his earliest infancy, he had always found it easier to please himself than to please other people. In fact, the world had devoted itself to endeavoring to please him, and win his—toleration, we may say, instead of admiration, since it could not hope for the latter. At home he had been adored rapturously by a large circle of affectionate male and female relatives; at school, his tutors had been singularly indulgent of his faults and admiring of his talents; even among his fellow pupils he had been a sort of autocrat. Why not, indeed, with such birthrights and such prospects? When he had entered society, he had met with even more amiable treatment from affectionate mothers, from innocent daughters, from cordial paternal parents, who had voted him an exceedingly fine fellow. Why should he bore himself by taking the trouble to seem pleased by a stupid evening with an old grenadier in petticoats, and a badly dressed country girl?

Lucia was very glad when, in answer to a timidly appealing glance, Lady Theobald said:

"It is half-past ten. You may wish us good-night, Lucia."

Lucia obeyed, as if she had been half-past 10 herself, instead of nearly 20; and Barold was not long in following her example.

Dobson led him to a stately chamber at the top of the staircase, and left him there. The captain chose the largest and most luxurious chair, sat down in it and lighted a cigar at his leisure.

"Confoundedly stupid hole!" he said, with a refined vigor one would scarcely have expected from an individual of his birth and breeding. "I shall leave to-morrow, of course. What was my mother thinking of? Stupid business from first to last."

CHAPTER VII.

"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE OF SLOWBRIDGE."

When he announced at breakfast his intention of taking his departure on the midday train Lucia wondered again what would happen, and again, to her relief, Lady Theobald was astonishingly lenient.

"As your friends expect you of course we cannot overrule them," she said. "We will, however, hope to see something of you during your stay at Broadoaks. It will be very easy for you to run down and give us a few hours now and then."

"Thanks!" said Captain Barold.

He was decently civil, if not enthusiastic, during the few remaining hours of his stay. He sauntered through the grounds with Lucia, who took charge of him, in obedience to her grandmother's wish. He did not find her particularly troublesome when she was away from her ladyship's side. When she came out to him in her simple cotton gown and straw hat, it occurred to him that she was much prettier than he had thought her at first. For economical reasons, she had made the little morning-dress herself, without the slightest regard for the designs of Miss Chickie, and, as it was not trimmed at all and had only a black velvet ribbon at the waist, there was nothing to place her charming figure at a disadvantage. It could not be said that her shyness and simplicity delighted Captain Barold; but, at least, they did not displease him, and this was really as much as could be expected.

"She does not expect a fellow to exert himself, at all events," was his inward comment, and he did not exert himself.

But when on the point of taking his departure he went so far as to make a very gracious remark to her.

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you in London for a season, before very long," he said. "My mother wil have great pleasure in taking charge of you, if Lady Theobald cannot be induced to leave Slowbridge."

"Lucia never goes from home alone," said Lady Theobald; "but I should certainly be obliged to called upon your mother for her good offices, in the case of our spending a season in London. I am too old a woman to alter my mode of life altogether.

In obedience to her ladyship's orders, the venerable landau was brought to the door, and the two ladies drove to the station with him.

A curious incident occurred—an incident to which, perhaps, this story owes its existence, since, if it had not taken place, there might, very possibly, have been no events of a stirring nature to chronicle. Just as Dobson drove rather slowly up the part of High street distinguished by the presence of Miss Belinda Bassett's house, Captain Barold suddenly appeared to be attracted by some figure he discovered in the garden appertaining to that modest structure.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed in an under tone, "there is Miss Octavia."

For the moment he was almost roused to a display of interest. A faint smile lighted his face, and his cold handsome eyes slightly brightened.

Lady Theobald sat bolt upright.

"That is Miss Bassett's niece, from America," she said, "do I understand you know her?"

Captain Barold turned to confront her, evidently annoyed at having allowed a surprise to get the better of him. All the expression died out of his face.

"I travelled with her from Framwich to Stamford," he said. "I suppose we should have reached Slowbridge together, but that I dropped off at Stamford to get a newspaper, and the train left me behind."

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, who had turned to look, "how very pretty she is!"

Miss Octavia certainly was amazingly so this morning. She was standing by a rose-bush again, and was dressed in a cashmere morning-robe of the finest texture and the faintest pink; it had a Watteau plait down the back, a *jabot* of lace down the front, and the close, high frills of lace around the throat which seemed to be a weakness with her. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and showed to advantage her little ears and as much of her slim, white neck as the frills did not conceal.

But Lady Theobald did not share Lucia's enthusiasm.

"She looks like an actress," she said. "If the trees were painted canvas and the roses artifical, one might have some patience with her. That kind of thing is scarcely what we expect in Slowbridge."

Then she turned to Barold.

"I had the pleasure of meeting her yesterday, not long after she arrived," she said. "She had diamonds in her ears as big as peas, and rings to match. Her manner is just what one might expect from a young woman brought up among gold-diggers and silver-miners."

"It struck me as being a very unique and interesting manner," said Captain Barold. "It is chiefly noticeable for a *sang froid* which might be regarded as rather enviable. She was good enough to tell me all about her papa and the silver mines, and I really found the conversation entertaining."

"It is scarcely customary for English young women to confide in their masculine travelling companions to such an extent," remarked my lady grimly.

"She did not confide in me at all," said Barold. "Therein lay her attraction. One cannot submit to being 'confided in' by a strange young woman, however charming. This young lady's remarkes were flavored solely with an adorably cool candor. She evidently did not desire to appeal to any emotion whatever."

And, as he leaned back in his seat, he still looked at the picturesque figure which they had passed, as if he would not have been sorry to see it turn its head toward him.

In fact, it seemed that, notwithstanding his usual good fortune, Captain Barold was doomed this morning to make remarks of a nature objectionable to his revered relation. On their way they passed Mr. Burmistone's mill, which was at work in all its vigor, with a whir and buzz of machinery and a slight odor of oil in its surrounding atmosphere.

"Ah!" said Mr. Barold, putting his single eye-glass into his eye, and scanning it after the manner of experts. "I did not think you had anything of that sort here. Who put it up?"

"The man's name," replied Lady Theobald, severely, "is Burmistone."

"Pretty good idea, isn't it?" remarked Barold. "Good for the place—and all that sort of thing."

"To my mind," answered my lady, "it is the worst thing which could have happened."

Mr. Francis Barold dropped his eye-glass dexterously, and at once lapsed into his normal condition—which was a condition by no means favorable to argument.

"Think so?" he said slowly. "Pity isn't it under the circumstances?"

And really there was nothing at all for her ladyship to do but preserve a lofty silence. She had scarcely recovered herself when they reached the station, and it was necessary to say farewell as complacently as possible.

"We will hope to see you again before many days," she said, with dignity, if not with warmth.

Mr. Francis Barold was silent for a secon, and a slightly reflective expression flitted across his face.

"Thanks—yes," he said at last. "Certainly. It is easy to come down, and I should like to see more of Slowbridge."

When the train had puffed in and out of the station, and Dobson was driving down High street again, her ladyship's feelings rather got the better of her.

"If Belinda Bassett is a wise woman," she remarked, "she will take my advice, and get rid of this young lady as soon as possible. It appears to me," she continued, with exalted piety, "that every well-trained English girl has reason to thank her Maker that she was born in a civilized land."

"Perhaps," suggested Lucia, softly, "Miss Octavia Bassett has had no one to to train her at all—and it may be that—that she even feels it deeply."

The feathers in her ladyship's bonnet trembled.

"She does not feel it at all!" she announced. "She is an impertinent—minx!"

(To be Continued).

A Man of Understanding.

America's champion "Big Foot John" has been unearthed in the wilds of North Carolina, and he has his shoes made in this city. He is a divine and a gentleman of color, being properly known as the Rev. John W. Farnham, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Charlotte. The size of his boot is 35½, which necessitates a sole of twenty inches in length and seven inches broad. Rev. Farnham stands 6 feet 10 inches in his sizable stockings and weighs 410 pounds when stripped of his impedimenta. When he strides up the sanctuary aisle the foundations rumble as if under the influence of an earthquake shock, and the stranger within the gates jerks round expecting to see Gabriel and the Last Day hand in hand. The enforced itinerancy of Methodistic clergyman has caused Brother Farnham no little annoyance, for no sooner does he find in one town a cobbler who can fit his feet than he is hustled off to another far distant. Recently, however, the problem has found a solution. The dominie has had a quantity of mammoth lasts and uppers, sufficient to last till doomsday, manufactured and sent to a shoe house on Eighth street, in this city. Thus provided he can rise superior to his big-footed fate by having the finishing touches added whenever there is need. The privilege of half-soling the reverend's boots is counted a rare one.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Scottish Mining Casualties.

Taking Scotland as a whole there were comparatively few fatal accidents in mines last year, although the total number of accidents of all kinds show a considerable increase over the previous year, namely, 200, as against 167. In 35 of these 200 accidents 36 persons were killed, as against 27 deaths by 27 separate accidents in 1887. Although that is a considerable increase yet it is very much under the average since the passing of the Mines Regulation Act of 1872. The average lives lost annually during the sixteen years is one in every 586 persons employed, while last year it was only one in every 626. No less than 53⅓ per cent. of the deaths last year were caused by falls—four falls of coal and twelve falls from the roof resulting in seventeen deaths. As regards these falls Mr. Ronaldson says: "I can only repeat what I have stated in former reports, that until there is introduced compulsory systematic propping and spragging at the face, which leaves nothing to individual discretion as to where and when props and sprags are to be set, progress in reducing the number of these accidents will be slow." Mr. Moore again says that he thinks the minimum of accidents from falls from the roofs and sides will never be reached until the care of the roof and sides of the miners' working places in put upon the owners and officials with no power to delegate it to the miner, and he adds that, in his opinion, "there ought to be a trained staff of men for this class of work."

A Trinidad Mutiny Suppressed.

A New York despatch says: Advices from Bolivia state that a mutiny occurred some time ago in Trinidad, the capital of the Beni Department. The revolting troops were joined by the citizens, and they offered a stubborn resistance for some hours. The mutineers surrendered after the loss of twenty-four of their number. Of the attacking force eleven were killed or wounded.

Scared Away the Cat.

"What a lot of bright ideas you have!" exclaimed the young wife admiringly to her husband.

"But I haven't such bright eyes, dear, as you!" exclaimed the young husband to his wife.

And then the family cat got up disgusted from her warm resting place by the sitting-room stove and walked solemnly and slowly out into the open air.

What a Brute!

Stupid Man—I've hired a new typewriter.

Wife (coldly)—Indeed!

Stupid Man (enthusiastically)—Yes, a daisy. One of the kind you can take anywhere with you and hold on your lap and ——.

(Conemaugh of tears).

Stupid Man (an hour later)—But, my dear, it's a machine; not a girl.

A Foolish Son-in-Law.

Enraged father—Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding cheque.

Mother—Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope.

Enraged father—Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed.

Didn't Know Beans.

Little Willie (to his sister's beau)—You can't guess what I've got in my pocket, Mr. Blinker.

Mr. Blinker—No, I cannot guess. What is it, Willie?

Willie—It's beans. Mamma said you didn't know beans, but I thought I'd try you.

A Great Event.

Teacher—What great event occurred in 1878?

Small Boy (after a pause)—Please, ma'am, I was born then.

The Queen of Madagascar has just celebrated the annual function of taking her State bath. All her attendants joined in the solemnities.

—Father of family—How much? Shoe dealer, figuring on back of package—Pair of shoes for the lady, $8; eldest girl, $5; boy, $3; other girl, $3; baby, $1.50. Just $20.50, sir. Thanks. Can't I show you some shoes for yourself? Father of family, wearily—Oh, don't bother about me. I can go barefoot.

FOR YOUNG CANADIANS.

History in Brief—Official Acts Leading Up to Confederation.

In 1808, the question of Union of the British Provinces of North America was brought before the Legislature of Nova Scotia by Richard J. Uniacke.

In 1814 Chief Justice Sewell, of Quebec, proposed to Lord Bathurst the solution of certain Governmental difficulties of the time by the formation of a union of British North American colonies.

In 1822, John Beverly Robinson, Attorney-General for Upper Canada, formed a plan for the Confederation of British North America.

In 1825, Mr. McCullogh, then publisher of the Montreal *Free Press*, strongly supported a similar scheme, and in 1835, Robert Gourlay, in London, submitted a plan of the same nature.

In 1839, Lord Durham, in his report to the British Government, recommended that the provinces be confederated.

In 1854, Hon. J. W. Johnston placed a resolution favoring confederation before the Nova Scotia Legislature.

In 1857, the same gentleman and the Hon. A. G. Archibald went to England as delegates from the Nova Scotia Legislature to secure the attention of the British authorities for the scheme.

In 1857, Hon. A. T. Galt is said to have alluded favorably to the plan, and the same year he, with the Hon. G. E. Cartier and Hon. John Rose, being in England on business concerning the colonies, discussed the proposal for union with Sir Bulwer Lytton, then Colonial Secretary.

In 1861, the first legislative step was taken by Nova Scotia, the Assembly there having unanimously resolved in favor of a Confederation.

In June, 1864, the Hon. George Brown, then Chairman of a Select Committee of the Canadian Legislature, made a report favoring a federation to be applied either to Canada alone or to all the Provinces of British North America.

In September of the same year the Charlottetown Conference was held to discuss a Maritime union of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Delegates from Canada asked permission to attend, and upon it being granted proposed the larger union to the conference on the 12th of September.

On the 10th of October, 1864, the celebrated Quebec Conference was held, at which delegates from Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland attended, and the famous Quebec resolutions, the basis of the present Confederation were framed in seventeen days.

On the 3rd of February, 1865, the Canadian Parliament met at Quebec, and the Quebec resolutions were introduced. They were placed before the House of Assembly by Hon. John A. Macdonald, and before the Legislative Council by Hon. E. P. Tache. The motion approving of them was carried by a large majority.

On the 24th of April, 1865, New Brunswick having returned a House opposed to Confederation, Hon Charles Tupper carried a motion in the Nova Scotia Legislature favoring the renewal of negotiations for a maritime union.

On the 17th of April, 1866, Mr. Tupper moved a resolution in the Nova Scotia Legislature empowering the Lieutenant Governor to appoint delegates who would confer with the Imperial Government and make arrangements for the entry of the Province into Confederation in such a way that its interests would be protected. The resolution was carried, and on the 30th of June, 1866, a like resolution applying to New Brunswick was carried in the Legislature of that Province.

On the 4th of December, 1866, deputations from the two Provinces of Canada, and from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia met in London, and organized the London Conference at which the question was discussed with her Majesty's legal officers, the interviews beginning on the 24th of Jan., 1867.

The Act of Union was made law by the Imperial Parliament on the 29th of March, 1867, and on the 22nd of May the Royal Proclamation was issued from Windsor Castle.

On the 1st of July, 1867, Confederation was proclaimed through the four Provinces, and the Dominion of Canada was an accomplished fact.

On the 23rd of June, 1870, Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory were, upon the joint addresses of the Dominion Houses of Parliament admitted to Confederation by an Imperial Order-in-Council.

On the 15th of July, 1870, Manitoba became a Province in the Union.

On the 20th of July, 1871, British Columbia was added.

On the 1st of July, 1873, Prince Edward Island joined in the swim.

The Warmth of Italian Courtship

All court circles delight in gossip, and nowhere is more material furnished than in Italy. Italians think of nothing else but making love. Flirtation is unknown; it is always desperate earnest there. The chaperon is a necessity. Women speak of their lovers with a frankness that would amaze us here. In the family circle, at dinner, in the presence of the children, subjects are discussed and stories told that would never be mentioned even in private with us. If Mrs. Chamberlain finds it necessary to seek a retreat from polite drawing-rooms in London she would fly quickly from Rome.—*Buffalo News.*

A Hint to the Fraternity.

First Country Editor—How are you coming on with your paper?

Second Country Editor—First rate. Got seventy-five subscribers last week.

Do they pay up.

You bet they do.

How do you manage to make them pay?

I issue phrenological charts to every subscriber, and those who pay in advance have finely developed heads. It's a great scheme.

Kindness Appreciated.

Old Lady—Doctor, please let me have my bill.

Doctor—My good woman, I know you are not in the best of circumstances. I want nothing for my trouble.

Old Lady—Oh, that's kind of you! But who will pay the druggist?

—Lady of the house to tramp—You eat as if you never had seen a meal of victuals before! Tramp—Madam, you must excuse me. I s'pose I do eat awkward, but the fact is I hain't had much practice lately.

THE ALLEGED DAY MURDER.

Probability That it Will Turn Out to be a Huge Hoax.

The Day murder case, says Thursday's *Recorder*, which for a few days past has been greatly agitating many people in the back country and for which one Carr is now in Brockville jail awaiting his trial, is likely to turn out the biggest kind of a farce from beginning to end. As was intimated in yesterday's issue, two men interested in the affair crossed the river here in search of the old house in which Day's body was said to have been placed after he had met death at Carr's hands. They were accompanied by the little boy who first gave the particulars of the murder and upon whose story the whole case originated and rested. The youngster is said to be an illegitimate son of the accused man's brother, his mother being Mrs. Rebecca Day, wife of the man said to have been murdered. He is a barefooted urchin about 10 years old, sharp as a steel trap in his movements and talk and, as the sequel will show, possesses all the essential requisites for a first-class book agent or a lightning rod pedler. Robert Day, brother of the missing man, is the party who headed the search for the old house yesterday, and he seems a modest and much-in-earnest countryman. He stated on his return home that after they crossed the river they proceeded out on what is known as the Oswegatchie road from Morristown to a point about midway between that village and Ogdensburg. They had no difficulty in finding the old house described, and soon came upon a farmer who resided in the immediate vicinity. When this personage was told the story he gave it as his opinion that no body would be found in the cellar, for the reason that in the first place the house had no cellar and in the second place the expected corpse was earning good wages in the employ of a farmer about a mile further down the road. Sure enough a visit to this place revealed Day, who not only is earning a good living, but also satisfied with his lot. The residents in that section, however, knew the whole lot of Days and Carrs and were not at all sorry when they left the country. One of them said that Carr had threatened to take Day's life and always carried a butcher knife on his person. Robert Day now says that Carr will be held on several other counts, including stealing. The boy has been treated to quite an excursion and now says that he was instructed by his mother to tell the story and that there was no truth in it.

British Crops.

The weather has been so bad for the greater part of the month that has elapsed since harvest began that the quality, and to some extent the quantity, of the grain must have suffered. Some wheat has sprouted, but not very much. Barley has been badly stained, so that fine malting samples will be scarce. The wheat crop is still generally estimated at about 80,000,000 bushels or a little under, but it will surely be safe to reckon on 73,000,000 bushels, after allowing for seed, other farm uses and waste owing to damage done by the rains. Probably about 68,000,000 bushels will be all that will be marketable, and in that case we shall require to import during the next twelve months about 140,000,000 bushels.

The hop crop is nearly all gathered, and it has been but little injured by the rain. Indeed, except for hops bruised by high winds, the quality is exceptionally fine. The yield is now generally put at about 8 cwts. per acre, which, on the 57,754 acres grown, will come to 462,032 cwts. Last week the weather was brilliantly fine, enabling many farmers to stack their crops of grain in dry condition. But harvest is not half over in the late districts, and unfortunately we have had more rain this week. Most of the new wheat brought to market has been damp; but dry samples weigh well, some as much as 63 pounds per measured bushel. This is a good sign, and it may be that the yield will prove beyond expectations.

The British Warship Lily Lost.

A St. John's, Nfld., despatch of Friday night says: The British war ship Lily struck a rock off Point Armor and sank. Seven of her crew were lost. The vessel is a total wreck. Considerable money and valuables went down with her. Nothing was saved. The Lily was a composite gunboat of 720 tons burthen and 830 horse-power and carried three guns. She belonged to the North American and West Indies station.

A British Steamer Wrecked.

A Baldwin, L. I., despatch of Tuesday says: The British steamer Vertumnus, of the New York and Jamica steamship line, ran ashore last night in a dense fog opposite the life-saving station at Point Lookout. She had a cargo of fruit, most of which was thrown overboard. Four passengers and the crew of eighteen were taken off safely. The vessel is being badly pounded by the waves and the chances of floating her are poor.

From the Lexicon of Life.

Dowry—A sauce that enables one to worry the fish down.

Look out—An expression used by cabbies just after they've run over somebody.

Guillotine—A window looking out into eternity.

Illusions—The spectacles of hope.

Tears—The blood of the heart.

The great ambition of S. S. Cox during the last twenty years of his life was to be chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mrs. enpeck—Do you notice, Mr. H., how majority of the newspapers are opposed to easy divorce laws? Mr. Henpeck (wearily)—Yes, I wonder how it happens that editors get such good wives.

The case of the Queen vs. Marshall C. Twitchell came up for trial at Kingston yesterday. The defendant was present in court and desired to alter the tribunal and to be tried by a jury instead of the Judge. The Judge allowed him to elect to be tried by a jury and granted the application for a postponement of the trial till next assizes. Bail was granted and the defendant was again liberated.

Mrs. Cleveland, with her own good rifle, has shot and killed a deer. In her private station she appears to be keeping up her reputation for hits.

A HUSBAND'S AGONY.

He Strives in Vain to Save His Wife from Death.

The New York *Herald* of Thursday says: Mr. and Mrs. McHugh lived in cosy rooms on the third floor of No. 427, which is a big tenement house. Daniel is a laborer. He was obliged to be up early to reach his work on time, and Mrs. McHugh usually rose first, lighted the fire and prepared his breakfast while he finished his sleep. She was up before 4 o'clock yesterday morning. She had set out the dishes and nearly prepared Daniel's breakfast. Just before calling him she stepped in the bedroom, took up a kerosene lamp, lighted it and turned to go back and awaken her husband. Instead of the cheery call with which she was wont to arouse him he was startled from his slumbers by a shriek.

"Oh, save me! save me, Dan!" were the first words he distinctly understood. They came just after what had seemed to him in his sleep like the dull, faraway roar of a gun. It was really the report of the exploding kerosene lamp.

Leaping from bed as his wife screamed out again McHugh darted into the adjoining rooms. He was more than horrified. Rushing blindly backward and forward, while she beat the air with her hands and shrieked with pain, was his wife, seemingly ablaze from head to foot. The fire had caught in her apron and then in her dress, literally enveloping her in a sheet of flame. Then it had run quickly to her dress waist and so to her hair, which floated out over her shoulders like a wave of fire.

Daniel at once seized his wife around the waist and forcibly bore her to the floor, all the while trying to beat the flames out of her clothing and hair with his bare hands. Then he ripped the blazing dress from her body, and rolled her over and over. It was not until he was severely scorched that he finally extinguished the flames which had enwrapped his wife, and then it was too late to save her life. Almost every inch of her body was blistered and blackened, and her head and neck were as black as burned charcoal.

The police called an ambulance and the terribly burned woman was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. She lost consciousness on the way, and died in the hospital at fifteen minutes after 7. McHugh's burns were dressed at the hospital and he was put to bed in one of the wards. He bore up manfully through all the intense pain until the news of his wife's death was taken to him. Then he groaned in anguish for the first time. They are said to have been a very devoted couple. They had no children. Mrs. McHugh was 29 years old. Her husband is several years younger. The police and the hospital doctors speak of him as a man of remarkable courage. It will be a long time before he can leave the hospital.

A Candidate For the Papal Succession.

A Rome cable says: The candidacy of Mgr. Zigliara to succeed Leo XIII. is now a public matter. His Eminence is the youngest of the College of Cardinals, being only in his 56th year. He was born at Bonifaccio, Corsica, and took orders as a Dominican monk. The Italians affect to look upon Mgr. Zigliara as the candidate of the French Government, but although born in Corsica, His Eminence has always repudiated his French citizenship. His candidacy is supported by the Dominicans and also by the Jesuits, who at first were inclined to support Cardinal Parocchi. He is also on the best terms with Leo XIII. The most formidable competitor of Mgr. Zigliara for the triple crown is Mgr. Sanfelice, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, who is backed up by the Italian Government. The party of conciliation in the Sacred College favors Cardinal Monaco de a Valette.

Yellow Fever in Venezuela.

The U. S. Consul at Marcaibo, Venezuela, writes to New York papers: "Having at heart the interests of humanity, at least as regards my own countrymen, I take this way of notifying the health authorities to be very careful of any shipping arriving from this port. The yellow fever is raging fiercely here, and there are two barques here loaded whose crews have all died and which cannot sail until arrival of new crews. All the shipping here is infected and there are many cases in this city. Not long ago two American electrical engineers died here, and while at no time does it appear to be particularly epidemic, there are many cases at all times of the year and everybody not acclimated seems to take it."

Another Boulangist Manifesto.

A Paris cable says: Gen. Boulanger has issued a manifesto to the electors of Montmartre. In it he says: "If I ask the suffrages of the people, it is because I represent, not the personality depicted by my calumniators, but a national sentiment aspiring to throw off the burden of a growing debt and the intolerable iniquities and humiliation to which the country is subjected." Despite the refusal of the Prefect of the Seine to receive Gen. Boulanger's declaration of candidacy for member of the Chamber of Deputies, placards were posted in Montmartre, in the Department of the Seine, announcing that he would be a candidate. The police have torn down the placards and arrested the men who posted them.

Almost Driven to Cannibalism.

An Auckland despatch gives the following: The Tonga steamer Wainui has brought here the captain and crew of the British ship Garston, which foundered in mid-ocean. The shipwrecked sailors were 23 days in an open boat without food or water. On the 22nd day the men, driven to desperation by hunger and thirst, decided that one of their number must be sacrificed to save the lives of the others. They were casting lots to see who should be the victim when they sighted Wallis Island. The natives of the island assisted the exhausted men to land and treated them most kindly. A mission boat took them to Tonga.

Freddy's Candid Reply.

Little Freddy (aged 6)—Mamma's the nicest lady in the whole world, papa's the nicest man and sister Ethel is the nicest girl.

Mr. Snickney (who is courting sister Ethel)—What am I, Freddy?

Little Freddy—You's nobody.

A SINGULAR COUNSEL FEE.

How the Arkansas Legislature Paid Garland's Little Bill.

A Washington despatch says: Ex-Attorney-General Garland has been chasing deer and having a good time at Hominy Hill. He wrote the other day to a friend to say that he had just killed two fine bucks. He explains, also, his apparent disregard for the game laws. The State of Arkansas owed him some $5,000 for legal services. He put in a bill for half that amount, and said he would call it square if the bill was paid as presented. At the last meeting of the Legislature money should have been appropriated to pay him, but unexpectedly the bill was defeated. There was no dispute over the indebtedness, but some of the old Legislatures were simply opposed to paying. The reasons they gave for their opposition were verified and eccentric. One old fellow, wearing a choker collar and a full suit of black, said that during the last campaign he had heard Garland tell stories that were off color, and he did not think that the State should vote money to a man who would do such a thing. Another man gave as his reason for voting against the Bill that the ex-Attorney-General played poker, and that to pay him the money would be to encourage vice. A friendly member ultimately suggested: "Garland is always here along during the month of August, and has to be a going some about the middle of September. If he does chase deer with hounds he's a mighty good shot. I propose that we just change the law so as to allow the shooting of deer to begin the 1st of August instead of the 1st of September. That will allow him a month of shooting.

This proposition met with approval and the game law was amended accordingly. All during last month Garland was chasing deer under the new law, and he says he is perfectly satisfied with the settlement of his claim against the State.

The Nickel in the Slot Outdone.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy M. Lippmann presented a note by M. G. Guercuil, in which it is suggested that by the combined use of a phonograph and an apparatus for instantaneous photography and reproduction of the pictures obtained, it would be possible to reproduce at any future time not only the future speech of a person, but also bring before the audience a vivid picture of the person's gestures and facial expression.

The procedure would be somewhat as follows: A person speaking or singing into the phonograph would be photographed by an automatic apparatus geared with the barrel of the phonograph. The pictures would be instantaneous, and taken at the rate of, say, ten pictures per second. They would then be developed and arranged in a special lantern for reproduction on a screen isochronously with the phonograph, when the latter is reproducing the speech. An audience might thus be enabled not only to hear the utterances of, say, a famous actor, but also see himself and his actions represented on a screen. About a year and a half ago M. A. Bandsept, of Brussels, experimented with a similar apparatus.

What the Weather-wise Prognosticate.

"An Old Settler" says that he has reached the conclusion "we are to have an early fall and a long, cold, hard winter" and figures it out as follows: "In the first place try the skin of any of your fruit. You will find your apples, peaches and grapes, and all your fruit, for that matter which is home-grown, with a thicker and tougher skin than you have seen for several years. That is one of the indications. That is the way nature takes care of her products. Last winter apples and other fruits were so thin-skinned and tender that it was hard to gather them without bruising them, if you will remember, and we had an extraordinary mild winter. Corn is another of nature's signboards. The ears this year are protected by thicker and stronger husks than I have seen before for years. Wheat and rye straw are tougher, hay is winter and the seed pods are better protected than usual. These are old farmers' signs."

Slashed to Death with a Butcher Knife.

A Zanesville, O., despatch of last (Monday) night says: Frank Amos, one of the most prominent citizens of Morgan county, was murdered at his home in the western part of the county to-day by Mrs. Hamton, his niece, who hacked his face and head to pieces with a butcher knife, which it appears she carried for weeks avowedly for that purpose. Amos was picking berries in the field with his wife when the attack was made. Mrs. Amos and a man passing by were attracted by Amos' cries, and reached him only in time to see him breathe his last, and to see Mrs. Hamton and her daughter run away. The murder grew out of a law suit in which the testimony of Amos threw the costs on Hamton.

Did Her Uncle Murder Her?

A Waverly, O., despatch says: Chalkley LeConey, of Merchantville, N.J., has been arrested here charged with murdering his niece, Annie LeConey, near Merchantville last Monday morning. Chalkley LeConey brought the remains of his niece here to the residence of her father, James LeConey, and the arrest was made on a telegraphic order from the District Attorney at Camden, N.J. Chalkley denies the charge, and James says the arrest is an outrage. It is stated that a pair of bloodstained trousers, which were identified as Chalkley LeConey's, were found in the house near Merchantville, and that a pair of shoes which LeConey had worn were also found with blood stains on the bottoms. There is said to be other evidence against him.

—Simcoe—I tell you, they can say all they please about woman's extravagance, but she can dress well on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby. Brown (dryly)—That's just it. The sum that my wife dresses well on keeps me looking shabby.

"How do you feel now, Sue?" asked one Chicago woman of another who had just secured a divorce. "I feel unmanned," she replied.

—Maiden—What can a woman do when a man that has won her affection refuses to marry her? Lawyer—Is he rich? No; hasn't a cent. She can appoint a day of general thanksgiving and invite both families to participate.

DISTRIBUTION OF MERCHANDISE.

The Americans admit that the English can beat them in handling freights. One aid to this is the very efficient warehouse system in connection with all the leading freight depots. This is on such a scale that the task of dissecting merchandise and allotting it to its respective cars is greatly simplified; whilst the extent of ground covered by the goods yards themselves enables the companies to marshal the cars into trains with the greatest possible speed. Some idea of the extent to which efforts to simplify and so accelerate freight traffic have been carried may be formed from one or two examples. The London & Northwestern goods yard at Edge Hill, Liverpool, contains 57½ miles of line, costing $10,000,000; and in addition this company has in the same city five other freight depots, two of them reached by tunnels each a mile and a quarter in length, constructed for their use alone. There are also in Liverpool twelve other goods depots belonging to other companies. At Crewe, another London & Northwestern depot, the area covered by sidings and shunting lines is 200 acres, with 34 miles of running line and siding room for 6,500 cars. What has been done by the premier company has been done on a relative scale by others. Comparisons could be constantly drawn to our disadvantage between the celerity with which goods consigned from the United States to interior points in Great Britain reach their destinations and the tardy movement in the distribution of merchandise consigned from England to points outside of New York or other receiving ports. Apart from the question of speed of trains, there is no doubt that the advantage in England is largely due to the superior working of the preliminaries before starting trains on their journeys, rendered possible by the facilities here named.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I never knu a man whose name was George Washington Lafayette Goodrich, Esq., and who always signed his name for the full amount, but what was a bigger man on paper than he was by natur.

As a general thing, an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals.

Man is mi brother, and I konsider that i am nearer related tew him thru his vices than I am thru his virtews.

There is nothing about which the world makes so few blunders, and the individual so menny, as a man's actual importance among his fellow-kriters.

A man with a very small head is like a pin without enny—very apt tew git into things beyond his depth.

The pashuns ov an old man are often like his teeth—they cease to trouble him, simply bekauze the nerve is ded.

The only pedigree worth transmitting is virtew; and this is the very thing that kant be transmitted.

Affekshun has made more phools than the Lord has.

About the nearest tew absolute insolvency that a man kan git in this world, and think he is doing rite, is tew leave nothing but a pedigree tew his family.

Is LeCaron in Chicago?

The Chicago *News* of Tuesday says: Officer Garrity, who is stationed at the corner of Jackson and Dearborn streets, was told a startling story this afternoon by Mail Carrier O'Brien, who declared that he had every reason to believe that LeCaron was in Chicago.

O'Brien told me," said Garrity to-day, "that while he was assorting his mail yesterday a man came to the window and asked the address of a certain Englishman who used to be connected with the *Western British-American*. O'Brien had a friend standing there at the time, and he at once declared: 'Why, that's LeCaron.' He claimed to know the spy very well and at once rushed outside to greet the man supposed to be LeCaron. When he got into the corridor, however, the fellow had disappeared. O'Brien's friend said he could not be mistaken and that he would take an oath that the man was LeCaron.

There has been some talk of the spy's giving testimony in the Cronin case, and this story told by Mail Carrier O'Brien gives some color to the rumor that LeCaron will appear on the stand. O'Brien's very peculiar statement, however, could not be confirmed this afternoon.

Smithsonian Ubiquity.

The St. Louis *Republican* has traced the name John Smith through various languages with this result:

In Latin he is Johannes Smithus; the Italians smoothe him off with Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render him as Juan Smithus; the Hollanders adopt him as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten him out as Jean Smeet; the Russian sneezes and barks as he says Ivan Smittowski.

In China he is known as Jovan Shimmit; in Iceland as Johne Smithson; in Tuscaroras you forget all about Pocahontas and Powhatan when you hear them call Ton Qua Smittis.

In Wales they speak of him as Jihon Scmidd; in Mexico he is Jantli F'Smitti; among the Greek ruins the guide speaks of him as Ion Smitson, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yee Self.

Just Like a Woman Does.

"What you working at now, 'Rastus?"

"I've tooken a job of carpenter work, Boss; mending up de holes in old Dr. Schmerz's stable."

"Can you hit a nail on the head every time?"

"Not yet, sah; but I can hit de nail on de thumb four times out o' three."—*Puck.*

Wm. H. Dean, Toronto, the young man charged with abducting and seducing Marion Atkinson, was allowed out on his own bail, Inspector Archibald stating that he had consented to marry the girl. Dean has been in jail since his arrest, and has had lots of time to reflect on his folly. Later in the day the marriage took place at Erskine Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. A. Hunter conducting the ceremony and Mr. A. Thomson giving away the bride.

Delia Walker, aged 19, committed suicide by drowning at Langdon, N. H., on Friday night. She was a beautiful and accomplished girl. She was spending her vacation at home expecting to return this week to an art school in Boston. The cause of her suicide is a mystery. She was an intimate friend and classmate of Miss Skinner, of Keene, and Miss Walker of Springfield, Vt., both of whom committed suicide last winter.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

RAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

SEASONABLE.

PRELUDE.

The forest trees begin to blush,
The passing clouds begin to gush,
The highways all begin to slush,
The waterproofs are on the rush,
The waterways are getting flush,
The land is soft as graham mush,
The chilling winds our hair will brush,
And chunks of ice the spirit crush.

EPILOGUE.

But winds may come and winds may go,
Likewise the rains and big fall show;
The chilling winds and mushy mud,
The summer nipped in half blown bud,
All, all may come and go again,
But our delinquents must remain--
Which makes us shout as loud's we're able
In them we've found one thing that's stable.

Osprey fall show at Maxwell to-morrow (Friday.)

The fall assizes will open in Owen Sound on Tuesday, November 5.

Mr. T. Carruthers, of Kimberley, has the grateful thanks of The Advance for a beautiful basket of pears.

Dr. Sinclair, the eminent Scottish specialist, will be at Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, Saturday, Oct. 5.

Mr. Geo. Mitchell, banker, was suddenly called away on Monday evening to the sick bed of his father at Alliston.

For one dollar you get The Advance and an agricultural monthly paper for one year. Just think of it—dream over it you farmers. Sample copies at this office.

Mr. Beecroft, of Flesherton greenhouses, was successful in bringing away fourteen prizes—seven first and seven seconds—from the Great Northern Exhibition in Collingwood last week.

The regular meeting of Fountain Council, R.T. of T., will be held on Wednesday evening of next week, instead of Tuesday evening, on account of the harvest home festival on the regular night of meeting.

Messrs. Osborne & Inkster, of Maxwell, have lately purchased from Mr. J.H. Campaign an Advance engine and cleaner, manufactured at Fingal, Ont. It is a handsome piece of machinery, and is expected to do exceptionally good work.

There was a slight error in the East Grey prize list as published last week. In grade cows James Mercer took first instead of J.G. Carson. The mistake was caused by an error in the numbering of entries.

There will be an auction sale of valuable church property and fittings, etc., known as the Hodgson church, on the corner of lot 7, Con. 3, Township Euphrasia, at 2 p.m. on Saturday, the 26th October, 1889. Look for advertisement in this paper next week.

LOST. side wall of canvas belonging to the undersigned, between Flesherton and Durham. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at Munshaw's hotel, Flesherton, or at my place of residence. John Jelly, proprietor of the mammoth. Shelburne, Sept. 30, 1889.

Arm Broken.

Thomas Gilchrist, son of Mr. Wm. Gilchrist, fell in the barn one day last week while drawing in grain and broke his arm.

Auction Sale.

An auction sale of live stock will be held on the farm of John Crawford, lot No. 9, 11th con., Osprey, on Thursday, Oct. 10. Seventeen months' credit on all sums over five dollars. T. Spears, auctioneer.

Monopolies and combines

are a source manac to the public wellfare, and should be stamped out. So should catarrh. Mr. J. Duncan Maple Creek, N.W.T., says:—Nasal Balm has done my catarrh good, more than all the numerous remedies I had previously tried combined. I have improved so much that I believe one more bottle will completely cure me.

Accident.

Mr. Wm. Brewster, while returning home from the fair on Tuesday last, had his buggy badly demolished. When in the vicinity of the old Morey house his horses took fright and ran the buggy over the side of a bridge, tearing off the top and otherwise injuring it. Mr. Brewster was uninjured.

Valuable Curios.

Some time ago Mr. M. Richardson was made the recipient of two valuable pieces of Chinese furniture, consisting of a hall chair and table. The articles are built of a dark Chinese wood of great strength, inlaid in peculiar designs with mother of pearl, and are very valuable. The most curious part of their manufacture is the entire absence of any glue or nails in their construction, all joints being keyed together in a manner peculiar to the Chinese.

Church Opening.

A new and commodious brick church was opened on Sunday last at Bethel, some three miles south of Proton Station. Rev. Mr. Buggin, chairman of the district, preached in the morning, Rev. J.W. Shilton, B.A., in the afternoon, and Rev. Mr. McCaul, Presbyterian minister, in the evening. The crowd present was enormous, only about two-thirds being able to obtain entrance to the church in the afternoon. The appointment is in charge of Rev. Mr. Moss, of Dundalk. On Monday evening following a very successful teameeting was given in the church, at which Revs. Messrs. Buggin and Shilton were the principal speakers. The original cost of the church was over eight hundred dollars. Cash taken in and subscriptions leave an indebtedness of only $241 remaining.

Personals.

Miss Christoe returned home on Saturday last.

Mrs. Baskerville, of Manitoulin Island, who has been spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. W. Trimble, returned to the Island on Friday last.

Jeweller Russell, Dr. Carter and Mr. A.T. Down are paying a visit to Detroit.

Miss Lizzie Armstrong, who has been visiting distant friends for a month or so, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Geo. Smith, who has been working in the vicinity of Caledon East, has returned home.

Mrs. W. Moore, of Owen Sound, visited with her parents here last week.

Mr. Wm. Varty has again returned to the Sault.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy--a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Annual Harvest Home Festival.

The friends of the Methodist church, Flesherton Circuit, will hold their annual harvest home festival as follows: Sermons in the Methodist church, Flesherton, by the pastor, having special reference to the old Jewish feast of the harvest, on Sabbath Oct. 5th. On Tuesday Oct. 8th, from 5.30 to 8 p.m., dinner will be served by the ladies in the lecture room, after which addresses will be delivered in the church by a number of talented laymen. Rev. W H. Moss, of Dundalk, Rev. Mr. Watson of Flesherton, Rev. Mr. Emes of Markdale and Rev. Mr. Buggin of Markdale, have been invited and are expected to be present. Thos. Gamey, Esq., reeve of Osprey, will take the chair. Music will be furnished by the church choir. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents. Proceeds for church purposes.

A Lecture Sermon.

Mr. Theodore Malcheff, a young Bulgarian from Macedonia, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Flesherton on Sunday afternoon, and gave an extremely interesting discourse upon political, educational and physical matters in his own country. The Greek church is the established church in that country, and the speaker gave a very vivid description of its hollow, meaningless rites, and compared them to the sincere, unhidden light of the christian religion. He gave a short synopsis of the struggles of his countrymen during the past thousand years, and described the terrible ignorance of the common people upon biblical and religious matters. He then gave an account of his own conversion and struggle to secure an education. His tenacity of purpose and the difficulties which he overcame are remarkable. Landing in New York five years ago with only five dollars in his pocket and in complete ignorance of the English language, he has now fought his way up to a college course, having entered Toronto University last fall. After Mr. Malcheff completes his course there it is his intention to enter Knox college and prepare himself theologically to return home and convey the gospel to his benighted brethern.

OUR TABLE.

The Cosmepolitain for September is to hand. It contains a capital spread of literary food, consisting in part of a story by Carmen Sylva, the talented queen of Roumania; "The Two Capitals of Japa," a most interesting article on this interesting people; "An Extraordinary Republic," by William Elleroy Curtis; a vivid account of the opening of Oklahoma; "Mermaid Stories;" "A Nineteenth Century Acadia," several excellent pomes, etc. The articles are all splendidly illustrated. Published by the company, No. 363 Fifth Avenue, New York, at $2.40 per annum. One of the cheapest and best of our modern magazines.

A copy of the Scientific American Architects and Builder has been received. Invaluable for Mechanics, machinists, architects, etc. Two colored plates. Munn & Co., 361 Broadway, N.Y; $2.50 per annum.

Special.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the American Farmer, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date, and to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first class farm journal free. The American Farmer is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens -American farmers—whose industry is the basis of all material and national prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the American Farmer is $1.00 per year. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. From any one number, ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of your household, YET YOU GET IT FREE. Call and see sample copy

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

We notice that your previous correspondent has retired from the arena, and we presume it must be either from press of business or that the task has proved too onerous for his health. However this may be, Mr. Editor, we believe that Priceville is not yet destined to become obsolete from an intelligent point of view, and we will endeavor from week to week to satisfy you with a few items of interest from our village and surrounding country.

The pulpit of the Presbyterian church is still vacant; we hope ere long to have a permanent minister.

Rev. Mr. Ottewell preaches morning and evening in the Methodist Church. This change has been brought about by the amalgamation of the Stone and Priceville congregations.

The contract of carrying the mail between Priceville and the Station has changed hands. Mr. Cairns of the Crown hotel will now do service for Her Majesty.

Mr. Michael Riley secured first prize at the Durham fair for his geese. They are fine ones.

Mr. Neil McKinnon of McKinnon & Co. has returned from Toronto, where he was visiting during the exhibition. He reports having a pleasant time and is as hale, hearty and handsome as ever.

Notwithstanding the clemency of the weather, a certain young gentleman from the station, bristling with matrimonial intentions, makes his weekly visits to this village.

Mr. John McArthur has completed the contract of repairing the gravel road between Priceville and the Station. We understand that Mr. Donald McDonald (big Dan) and Mr. Robert Conkey has the sub-contract, and that they have buried the hatchet. It is reported that they even smoke out of the same pipe. Truly the lion and the lamb have lain down together. This was a fine stroke of diplomacy on Mr. McArthur's part; he shall receive his reward, for "blessed are the peacemakers."

Where is the place for pounding cattle? This was the pertinent question asked by a gentleman hailing from the station as he drove up a herd of cattle. It appears that there is now no regularly appointed pound-keeper in this place. This is a matter that should be looked into by the Township Council.

We understand that Mr. Jas. Watson intends to run a stage between Priceville and the station to convey passengers and freight.

Don't forget Priceville fair on Thursday, 3rd Oct. Bring your sisters, cousins and aunts. The big horn won't be here. We don't indulge in horn blowing but we have a good show. VIDI.

Some of the Democrats in the Fourth District of Massachusetts are working for the nomination of John L. Sullivan for Congress.

The Earl of Galloway, accused of criminally assaulting little girls, is to be tried on October 14th.

The body of Thos. Pemberton, the last victim of the Quebec disaster, was recovered Monday.

Fifty people were killed or injured in a railway collision in Italy.

Fire at Butte, Montana, caused a loss of $1,000,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

PURSUANT to section 36, cap 110 of R S O 1887, the creditors and all others having claim against the estate of James Crawford, deceased, in his lifetime of the township of Osprey, in the county of Grey, who died on the 15th day of September, 1889, are hereby notified to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to Josiah Gamey, one of the executors of deceased Maxwell P.O., on or before the first day of December next, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims a statement of their assets and a statement of their securities if any held by them. On default thereof and immediately after such last named date, the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

JAMES CRAWFORD,
JOHN CRAWFORD, } Executors.
JOSIAH GAMEY,

Dated this 25th day of September, 1889

CAME ASTRAY.

Came to the premises of Louis Frook, Lot No 6, Con. 19, Proton, on or about the last of August, 1 heifer and 1 steer, about 2 years old. The owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses. LOUIS FROOK, Priceville P.O.

Sept. 24, 1889.

Came Astray!

Came to the premises of the undersigned, about three weeks ago, one spring lamb. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

D HOWELL,
Kimberley.

CAME ASTRAY.

One black sow came into the enclosure of D. Madill's, about the first of August. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take her away.

D MADILL.

Maxwell, Sept 14, 1889.

In the Matter of Charles E. Neil, Late of the Village of Feversham, now of Maxwell, Merchant.

This is to give notice that an assignment of his estate for the benefit of his creditors has been made in pursuance of an act respecting assignments for the benefit of creditors, being chapter 124 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, and that a meeting of the creditors will be held at the office of Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., Flesherton on Monday 30th Sept 1889, at 2 p.m. to receive a statement of affairs, appoint inspectors and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. And notice is hereby given that after November the first next, the said trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said debtor amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received, and that he will not be liable for the assets, or any part thereof, so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt or claim he shall not then have had notice.

JOSEPH BLACKBURN,
Assignee in Trust.

Dated at Flesherton, Sept 21, 1889.

FARMERS! LOOK!

T. BLAKELY,
Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder.

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.

Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY,
Flesherton.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twelve years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J.G. Purcell's

J. G Hatton, M.D.C.M.

College of Physicians
Office next door east of Grierson's

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE, M.D., late of Ottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L.D.S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK COMMISSIONER B.R., Conveyancer, &c Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C.L.C.C. and F.P.B.&S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
on Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Cementing and Plastering a Specialty.
Shop one door south of Advance office

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Hub Thill Spring,
MANUFACTURED BY
Butts & Ordway.
147, Pearl St., Boston
Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash-cloth. It fits any axle coupling.

—FOR SALE AT—

Heard's Carriage Shop.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT, 1889.

J. E. MOORE.

Undertaker, Upholsterer and Furniture Warerooms

Begs to tender his sincere thanks for the very liberal share of patronage received during the past two years. We have tried to please, and from the steady growth and increase in our sales, we feel that we have succeeded in giving very general satisfaction to all who have patronized us in any way, either by purchase or recommending others to us. We again offer our hearty thanks with the assurance that with the experience gained in the past two years and a better knowledge of the needs of our patrons, we shall redouble our exertion to meet your wants and retain the confidence we have so largely enjoyed. In entering on our third year of being the people's house Furnishing and Undertaker, it is perhaps well again as at the first to speak of some of our leading lines, feeling it is unnecessary to quote prices as the fact is established beyond controversy that we sell *cheaper* than any other house in the county. We are enabled to do this, having no rent to pay and doing business on a small profit (Cash principles). Thus doing away with the two largest items most business men have to contend with, big rent and bad debts. Our stock at present consists of Bedroom Furniture of every description, Bedsteads all prices and styles. Woven wire Springs and cott bedsteads, Mattresses of wool and seagrass, dressing cases, Bureaus, Wash stands and Mirrors of all sizes and kinds. In parlor furniture we carry suites in Plush and Hair cloth, Sofas and Lounges in Rattan, Tapestry, Silk and Hair Cloth Cane, perforated, Rattan and Plush, sitting and rocking chairs, Whatnots, Center and Side Tables, Pictures, Music Racks, Picture Easels and the celebrated Karn or Thomas Organs. For the Dining room we have tables of every description calling attention to our cheap extension tables at $6.00, dining chairs in cane, perforated and wood seats and a special line of lounges for dining room use, Sideboards in a variety of styles. For the kitchen we have chairs to suit everybody. Cupboards for the rich and for the poor, and tables made on short notice just to suit you. Again thanking you for past patronage, we invite you to call again, assuring you that we are in better position than ever to supply your needs in house furnishings, or in undertaking, in which department we have a full line and good hearse. Our prices in this as in other branches of our large business, are on a fair living basis, and as we give this our best personal attention, by promptness, by neatness and cleanliness in all our departments, we feel that the wants of this growing country in this department are fully met.

J. E. Moore,

The Flesherton Furniture Warerooms, Durham St.
Flesherton.

Glenelg Fall Show.

Glenelg fall show was held in Markdale on Thursday and Friday of last week The number of people present was rather small, owing to inclemency of the weather, but the exhibition itself was really very good. The show of horses was a magnificent one, every class being well represented. Other live stock more than averaged the usual excellence. A very fair display of grain, roots, flowers and manufactures was made in the hall. Following is the prize list:

CLASS 1.

HEAVY DRAUGHT HORSES.

Heavy draught team horses, 1st Thomas Kells. Mare with colt, 1st Wm. Sargent, 2nd Thomas Hill. Two year old colt, 1st Wes. Bowler, 2nd B. Wright. Yearling colt, 1st Thos. Hill, 2nd Wm. Bready. Spring colt, 1st J. Wright, 2nd Wes. Bowler.

CLASS 2

GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES.

General purpose team, 1st John Purvis, 2nd Robert Wiley. Mare with colt, 1st Wm Hill, 2nd J. Wright. Two year old colt, 1st Wm Hill, 2nd Wm Buchanan. One year old colt, 1st John McLean, 2nd Jas Bell. Spring colt, 1st Wm Sargent, 2nd James Elliott.

CLASS 3

CARRIAGE OR ROADSTER.

Carriage team, 1st Wm Henry, 2nd John Beaton. Two year old colt, 1st Wm Sargent, 2nd Geo Noble. One year old colt, 1st Jas Nelson, 2nd Thos Sheridan. Spring colt, 1st Geo Noble, 2nd Alex Smith.

CLASS 4

BLOOD HORSES.

Brood mare with colt, 1st Dr. Sproule, 2nd Wm Snell. Two year old colt, 1st Alex Smith. One year old colt, 1st Geo Noble, 2nd Jas Brodie. Spring colt, 1st Dr. Sproule, 2nd Wm Warner. Best buggy horse, 1st Alex Smith, 2nd Frank Gerow. Saddle horse, 1st Donald McLean, 2nd J W Shepherdson. Speeding in ring, value and speed, 1st Wm Haskett, 2nd J W Sproule.

CLASS 5

CATTLE.

Thoroughbred bull any age, 1st John Hutchinson, 2nd Dr Sproule. Thoroughbred bull under 2 years, 1st Robt Mercer, 2nd C C McFayden. Grade bull any age, 1st B. Coleman. Durham cow any age, 1st Jas Mercer. Cow giving milk, grade, 1st Jas Mercer, 2nd Donald McDuffie. Grade heifer two years, 1st Walter Douglass, 2nd John Weber. Pair steers, one year old, 1st Jas Mercer, 2nd Walter Douglass. Spring calf, 1st Wm Walker, 2nd Jas Mercer.

CLASS 6

SHEEP.

Shearling ram, 1st B C Coleman. Pair Shearling ewes, B C Coleman 1st & 2nd Ram lamb, B Coleman 1st & 2nd. Pair ewes, raised lambs, 1889, B C Coleman 1st & 2nd Pair ewe lambs, B Coleman 1st & 2nd.

CLASS 7

SHEEP, FINE WOOL.

Aged ram, 1st John Baskin. Pair shearling ewes, John Baskin 1st & 2nd Ram lamb, John Baskin 1st & 2nd. Pair ewes, raised 1889, John Baskin 1st & 2nd. Pair ewe lambs, 1st S G Bennett, 2nd John Baskin.

CLASS 8

PIGS, BERKSHIRE OR OTHER BLACK BREEDS.

Boar any age, 1st C Irwin. Spring pig, 1st Wm Douglass, 2nd James Elliott.

CLASS 9

SUFFOLK, OR OTHER WHITE BREEDS.

Boar any age, 1st James Elliott. Breeding sow, 1st B Coleman. Spring pig, 1st Wm Douglass, 2nd B Coleman.

CLASS 10.—POULTRY.

Best collection fowls, 1st Jas. Mercer, 2nd B. Coleman. White Leghorn rooster, 1st R. McNall, 2nd B. Coleman. White Leghorn Hen, 1st B. Coleman, 2nd W.N. Haskett. Buff Cochin Hen, 1st Jas. Brodie, 2nd W.N. Haskett. Spanish Rooster, 1st Jas Mercer. Spanish Hen, 1st Jas. Mercer, 2nd Wm. Douglass. Black Minorcas Rooster, 1st W.N. Haskett, 2nd W.N. Haskett. Black Minorcas Hen, 1st W.N. Haskett. Pair Geese, 1st Robt. Wiley, 2nd B. Coleman. Plymouth Rock Hen, Jas. Brodie, 1st and 2nd. White Braham Rooster, 1st B. Coleman, 2nd R. McNall. White Brahma Hen, W.N. Haskett 1st and 2nd. Dark Brahma Rooster, 1st B. Coleman. Dark Brahma Hen, 1st W.N. Haskett, 2nd B. Coleman. Silver Spangled Rooster, 1st Jas. Brodie. Silver Spangled Hen, 1st Jas. Brodie. Game Rooster, 1st Wm. Bush, 2nd Jas. Brodie Game Hen, 1st John Hewitt, 2nd Wm. Bush. Plymouth Rock Rooster, 1st Jas. Brodie. Pair Turkeys, 1st Wm. Snell. Pair Duck, Pekin, 1st B. Coleman, 2nd Wm. Douglass. Pair Ducks, common, 1st Wm. Douglass, 2nd Frank Crowe.

CLASS 11.—GRAIN.

Bushel of Fall Wheat, any kind, 1st Hugh Johnston. Bushel Wheat, Russian Spring, 1st W. Lewis, 2nd Jas. Brodie. Bushel any other kind spring wheat, 1st Wm Buchanan, 2nd Hugh Johnston. Bushel Barley, Jas. Brodie, 1st and 2nd. Bushel Peas, large, Jas Brodie, 1st and 2nd. Bushel Peas, small white, 1st Jas Brodie, 2nd Thos Beatty. Bushel White Oats, 1st Jas. Brodie, 2nd W Norton. Bushel Oats Black, 1st Jas. Brodie, 2nd Wm. Norton. Half Bushel Timothy Seed, 1st Hugh Johnston, 2nd Jas Brodie. Six Ears Indian Corn, 1st Jas. Brodie, 2nd B. Coleman. Gallon of Beans, 1st Wm Norton, 2nd Wm Buchanan.

CLASS 12.—ROOTS.

Best collection Potatoes four varieties, one peck of each, 1st R H Stinson, 2nd Hugh Johnston. Bushel Potatoes, Rose, 1st Wm. Douglass, 2nd Hugh Johnston. Bushel any other kind, 1st R H. Stinson, 2nd G.S. Bowes. Six Swede Turnips, 1st Jos. Beattie, 2nd R.H. Stinson. Six Aberdeen Turnips, 1st Wm Douglass, 2nd R H. Stinson. Six Turnips any other kind, 1st John Graham, 2nd Jas. Nelson. Six Mangel Wurtzels, 1st Wm Norton, 2nd Wm. Douglass. Six Blood Beets, 1st G S Bowes, 2nd Jas. Nelson. Six Turnip Beets, 1st W. Norton 2nd Henry Hamilton. Six Field Carrots, Red, 1st Wm. Haskett, 2nd Wm. Haskett. Six Field Carrots, White, 1st Jas. Beattie, 2nd Jas. Nelson. Six Early Horn Carrots, 1st Wm. Haskett, 2nd G.S Bowes. Six Parsnips, 1st R H. Stinson, 2nd Wm. Norton. Three Roots Celery, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd R. D. Bigger. Two heads Cauliflower, 1st G. S. Bowes, 2nd Wm. Buchanan. Two Cabbages, 1st R.D. Biggar, 2nd Wm. Norton. Two Cabbages, Red, 1st Wm Douglas, 2nd Wm. Norton. Six Tomatoes, Yellow, 1st Wm. Douglas. Six Tomatoes, Red, 1st Wm Norton 2nd Wm Douglas. Gallon Seed Onions, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd Wm. Douglas. Gallon Onions from Dutch set, 1st Wm. Flesher, 2nd R. H. Stinson. Gallon Onions, any other kind, 1st Hugh Johnston, 2nd Wm. Norton. Six Salsify, 1st John Graham, 2nd Wm. Haskett. Two Squashes, 1st G.S. Bowes. Two Pumpkins, 1st John Hewitt, 2nd Wm Buchanan. Six Cucumbers, green, 1st G.S. Bowes, 2nd Wm Lewis. Three Citron, 1st Wm. Norton. Three Water melons, 1st Wm Norton, 2nd G. S. Bowes.

CLASS 13

[illegible]

CLASS 14.—DAIRY.

Tub Butter, 50 lbs, 1st Hugh Johnston, 2nd John Hewitt, 3rd Wm Sargent. Five lbs. Butter, [illegible] John Hewitt, 2nd Hugh Johnston. Cheese, home-made, 10 lbs., 1st Wm Norton Cheese factory-made, 50 lbs. Thos. Elliott, 1st and 2nd. 100 lbs. Flour must be shown by manufacturer. A. Plewis, 1st and 2nd. Two loaves Bread, home made, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd Angus Plewis. Five lbs. Maple Sugar, 1st Wm. Flesher, 2nd C. Littlejohn. Half Gallon Maple Syrup, 1st John Plewis, 2nd R. H. Stinson. Heaviest dozen hen eggs, 1st Hugh Johnston, 2nd John Hewitt.

Owing to an oversight of the Secretary we have not received Class 15, Manufactures.

CLASS 16.—LADIES WORK.

Specimen penmanship, under 15 years, 1st Thomas McNea, 2nd Wm. Douglas. Berlin wool raised, 1st Wm. Norton. Berlin wool not raised, 1st Thomas Smith, 2nd Wm. Norton. Crochet in wool, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd Wm. Dundas. Crochet in cotton, 1st Thomas Gilray, 2nd Wm. Douglass. Embroidery in silk, 1st Thomas Smith, 2nd Wm. Dundas. Embroidery in cotton, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd Hugh Johnston. Darned net, B. Wright, 1st and 2nd. Fancy knitting in wool, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd Thomas Gilray. Fancy knitting in cotton, 1st Hugh Johnston, 2nd James Brodie. Outline work in cotton, 1st Wm. Dundas, 2nd Wm Norton. Macrame lace, 1st James Nelson, 2nd Wm. Norton. Braiding in cotton, 1st John Hewitt, 2nd Thomas Gilray. Braiding silk, 1st Wm. Dundas. Knitted or crochet counterpane, 1st Hugh Johnston, 2nd Wm. Norton. Fancy quilt, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd Thomas Gilray. Log cabin quilt, 1st Wm. Dundas, 2nd Wm. Flesher. Patchwork quilt, 1st Wm. Dundas, 2nd Wm Norton. Rag carpet, Wm. Dundas, 1st and 2nd. Leather work, 1st Thomas Gilray. Gent's shirt made, 1st Wm. Norton. Wax work, 1st Thomas Gilray. Five yards rag carpet, 1st R. Watson. Crazy patchwork, 1st Wm. Dundas, 2nd Wm. Flesher. Knitted lace, Wm. Dundas 1st and 2nd. Abrasene work, 1st John Whitney, 2nd C.W. Rutledge. Wool work on canvas, 1st Wm. Douglass, 2nd C. W. Rutledge. Pair woollen mitts, 1st Wm. Norton, 2nd Robert Mercer. Pair men's socks, 1st Hugh Johnston, 2nd C. Littlejohns. Pair ladies stockings, 1st Wm Norton, 2nd Hugh Johnston. Crayon drawing, C. W. Rutledge 1st and 2nd. Pencil drawing, 1st Wm. Dundas. Collection of paintings, Wm Dundas 1st and 2nd. Collection of photographs, J. Hamilton 1st and 2nd. Bouquet 1st R. D. Biggar, 2nd G. S. Bowes. Collection house plants, 1st Wm Dundas, 2nd G. S. Bowes. Collection fancy work, Wm. Dundas 1st and 2nd. Cage of canaries, 1st Wm. Dundas, 2nd Wm. Haskett. Oil painting, 1st C.W Rutledge, 2nd Wm. Dundas. Cone work, 1st Wm. Douglass. Special by S. Ceasar, one cut dahlia, 1st R. D. Biggar. Special by S. Breadner, collection house plants, G. S. Bowes. Special by S. J. Halbert, pair woollen gloves, Wm. Norton. Special by R. D. Biggar, specimen handwritting by boy under 15 years, 1st Walter Douglass 2nd Wm. Dundass.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Hugh Mercer, best buggy horse, 1st W N Haskett. J Hamilton, best lady driver, 1st Miss Bush. C.W. Rutledge, best halter trained colt, two years or under, 1st Wm. Hill. Carson and Irwin, 2 year old colt, 3 times round ring, in harness, 1st Thomas Kells. Thomas Jennings, span carriage horses under sixteen hands, 1st Wm. Henry. Thomas Jennings, span carriage horses over sixteen hands, 1st G K. White. W G Pickell, best "Lord Derby" colt, 1st James Elliott, 2nd Wes. Bowler. For Sargeant, pedigree bull any age, 1st Robert Mercer. G.S. Bowes, sow under six months old, 1st Wm Douglass.

Inistioge.

[illegible]

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50cts. For sale at the Medical Hall

Dr. Sinclair

M.D., M.A., L.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.M.

The Great Scottish Specialist

—OF—

TORONTO.

Specialist for the Treatment of

Acute, Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Blood & Nerve, Diseases of the Heart [illegible]

Consultation Free

Dr. Sinclair will be at Flesherton on Saturday, 5th day of October

Executors' Notice!

Pursuant to Cap. 120, of R.S.O. [illegible] executors and all others having claims against the estate of Susan Pedlar deceased, late of the Township of Artemesia, in the County of Grey, who died on or about 1st day of [illegible] are hereby notified to send by post prepaid or deliver to W. S. Christie, one of the executors of deceased, Flesherton P.O. on or before the first day of November Next, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of the securities if any held by them, or on default thereof and immediately after such last named date the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have given notice as above required and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim they shall not have been receive notice at the time of such distribution.

[illegible]

IT PAYS TO

AND THAT IS THE

Northern

Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

[illegible]

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my work and waiting shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

[illegible] my new premises

REPAIRING

EAVETROUGHING

Etc.

As heretofore.

I have

secured the agency for

the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine

[illegible]

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Executors' Notice!

[illegible]

Auction Sale

—OF—

Valuable Store and Dwelling,

—IN—

The Village of Flesherton.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from Elizabeth and Mary Ann Carter to Merriam to the Vendors, which will be produced at time of sale, and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Auction, by A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer, at

Munshaw's Hotel.

In the Village of Flesherton on Friday the Eleventh day of October, 1889, at 2 o'clock p.m. the following property, namely: All and singular number three, on the south west side of Victoria street in the village of Flesherton as shown on plan by William Spry, Esq., D.L.S., of the sub division of lot 15, first range of the [illegible] T. & S. Road, Artemesia, and lot [illegible] 34 square perches more or less. On the lands are said to be a two story frame building divided into two shops and dwelling recently improved. Premises are situated on the main street and near the business centre of the village.

Terms 10 per cent at time of sale and [illegible] balance terms will be liberal, and will be made known at time of sale. For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., [illegible] or to Messrs. BARWICK & PARKES, Vendor's solicitors, Toronto.

Dated 17th day of September, 1889

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbone Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure For sale at the Medical Hall

QUEBEC'S TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Forty Persons Killed and Injured by a Land-slide.

SEVEN HOUSES BURIED.

A Quebec despatch of Thursday says: About half-past 7 o'clock this evening a terrible land-slide occurred immediately below Dufferin Terrace, by which seven houses were crushed out of shape and from twenty to forty people killed and wounded. Those who witnessed the fall of the rock say that they heard a long, loud report, as of several cannon, and on looking up towards the terrace and citadel were horrified by the sight of an immense mass of stones, rock and earth breaking loose and rushing down the three hundred feet of a declivity upon the doomed houses below. Immediately the air was filled with dust, so that no one could see ten feet in front of him, and breathing was made difficult. This was followed by the sounds of timbers crashing and yielding to the immense power of the avalanche, and the shouting and screaming of men, women and children in all the agony of despair. The avalanche was caused by the hot weather of the past few weeks cracking the earth and rock, which were loosened and driven down by the heavy rain of the last few days. Immediately the men of the water police, whose station is near the scene of the accident, set to work to

RESCUE THE IMPRISONED,

while the general alarm was sounded, which called out the fire brigade and police, for what between lamps and stoves breaking the houses soon caught fire. A telephone message was also sent to the Citadel requesting the assistance of a detachment of "B" Battery, R.C.A. The flames were, however, soon extinguished, and the men from the Battery began the work of extricating the unfortunates from the ruins, assisted by many of the citizens. As each of the sufferers was rescued he was carried into the quarters of the water police, where a large staff of medical men was on hand as well as a priest, who did all they could to alleviate their sufferings. All sorts of wild rumors were soon flying about the city, and conflicting reports were met with everywhere. At times it would be said that as many as twenty were killed, and at others that the injured were few and far between. This is all accounted for by the reason that it was next to impossible to obtain particulars, owing to the fact that when the rock fell it covered the roadbed to the depth of about twenty feet, so that in order to get at the ruins one must pass along the wharves at the foot of the cliff over huge piles of coal, and through immense crowds of horror stricken relatives and sympathizing onlookers.

MANY HARROWING SCENES

occurred as the dead and wounded were carried in, some with broken limbs, others bruised and many badly burnt. Here an old woman would be brought in, frantic with grief and calling for a brother or husband or a child. Young children followed by weeping mothers and distracted fathers were carried in the arms of strong, resolute men almost melted into tears.

OCCUPANTS OF THE HOUSES.

The occupants of the destroyed houses were the following with their families: Chas. Allan, Thos. Berrigan, Tim Berrigan, Henry Black, Mrs. W. Bracken, James Bradley, Stephen Burke, Michael Deehey, Thomas Farrell, Patrick Fitzgerald, Henry Lawson, Robert Lawson, Richard Leahy, Frank Carslow, James Hayden, Joseph Kemp, Luke Kirwin, Henry Mullins, Richard Maybury, Mrs. Widow, John O'Dowd, John O'Neil, William Stephens, Thomas Power, John Ready, John Henry. The dead bodies recovered and recognized are those of Thomas Farrell and his little daughter, his wife and other children being still in the ruins; P. Fitzgerald's two children, two children of Stephen Burke and one of James Bradley.

RESCUING THE WOUNDED.

A later despatch says: Some scenes were witnessed which were extremely heartrending. A young boy named Power was released from the ruins. He, however, begged piteously to be allowed to remain and die with his mother and sisters, who were also in the ruins near by. He as well as his parents and sisters were removed alive but badly wounded. A man named Berrigan was found near by pinned solidly under a huge rock. He was speaking to friends around him, who were unable at the time to remove the immense boulder and relieve him from his agonizing and perilous position, as the rock was in such a position that it was feared when it was moved it would cause his death. Up to the present hour, 11.30 p.m., there have been six bodies taken from the ruins, namely: Thomas Farrell and two of his children, two children named Burke, and one unknown child. Farrell's mother-in-law, Mrs. Allen, and her husband are still in the ruins. About twenty-five persons have been removed from the debris badly injured. Some have broken arms and legs, others being badly crushed and mutilated in all shapes. It is supposed that at least fifty persons are yet under the ruins. The roadway is blocked with solid boulders to the height of fifteen feet in some places.

THE MOUNTAIN STILL CRUMBLING.

Midnight.—Under some of the houses crushed cries of "Help, help," are heard, but no immediate aid can be given. An old soldier named Maybray, bearer of several medals of merit, who fought in the Crimean war, is heard shouting, "For God's sake, do assist me, please." Although soldiers and citizens are working to the relief like Trojans, very little progress is made in recovering the bodies owing to the stupendous mass of rock and debris encumbering the ruins. About 175 bodies are supposed to be buried under the debris. The body of a woman named Mrs. Berrigan has just been pulled out. It was mangled and bleeding, and presented such a sight as to affect the strongest man. More rocks are still crumbling down, and the people of the locality are fleeing with dread lest the whole boulder forming the highest point of Quebec will give way. Help is coming in abundance from all quarters of the city. Accidents are occurring every moment to the rescuers. The crashing of timbers and the rolling of huge masses of rocks put the life and limbs of the volunteers in continual danger.

DUFFERIN TERRACE UNDERMINED.

The mass of rock detached from the cliff's side left a vacant space of extraordinary dimensions. It has worked immediately under the Dufferin terrace, undermining the support of that great promenade, so that it is now unsafe. The northeast bastion of the citadel is perpendicular with the cliff sides. Huge rocks are still menacing the locality, hanging as they are on the flank of the mountain. Ten corpses and sixteen wounded are now taken out. The work is still carried on cheerily, but it will take several days to haul out all the bodies. The damage will, it is said, exceed $100,000. The houses in the locality were built of stone and brick, and inhabited by ship laborers, etc. The scenes witnessed around the place of disaster are in every sense of the word heartrending. Here a mother seeks a child and a desolate man digs in the debris in hopes of finding his wife.

SHRIEKS AND CRIES

fill the air. It is so that no pen can describe it. The officers and men of the Royal School of Cavalry are coming to the rescue with ropes, picks and shovels. About 600 men are now working with a heart clearing out rocks and debris of all descriptions. Three bodies are just taken out from the catacombs. Their names are not ascertained. Two are dead, while the third's heart is still beating. One has his skull crushed in, another has an arm missing. The bodies are covered with coagulated blood and dust, and are a sickening spectacle to behold. The workers are cheered to work by some prominent citizens.

The scene of the terrible disaster is being visited by thousands, who block up the narrow street and make it a difficult task for any one to move in any direction, there being but one narrow street between the rock and the river. There is a complete stoppage of traffic except by climbing over the debris of rock and dwelling houses intermixed. So great is the mass of material which will have to be removed that the Allan Steamship Company's and other business houses whose establishments are west of the slide are occupying temporary offices in the eastern part of the lower town. The work of searching the ruins is going on slowly, though a large force of men is engaged in the labor. The shipping office in the Dominion Government building has been turned into a temporary morgue. Over twenty bodies lie in it. It is difficult to identify some of them, so much have they been disfigured and crushed. The following have been identified; Thomas Farrell, sen., and his children Lawrence Farrell, Stella Farrell and Agnes Farrell; Mrs. Stephen Burke, Miss Allan, Willie Black, Mrs. McKenna, Michael Deehy, Mrs. Widow Bracken, an old lady who had passed her 80th year; Eliza Bradley, Esther Fitzgerald, aged 4 years; Patrick Fitzgerald, aged 1 year; Mrs. Leahey, Charles Allan, Mrs. Charles Allan, Norah Kennedy, an adopted daughter of Mrs. Richard Leahey. There are several bodies not yet identified. Two of them are supposed to be the little daughters of Mrs. Stephen Burke. Several of those persons reported missing have turned up, but it is thought there will be ten or more victims to be added to the above list. No list of the injured has yet been made up. They were removed to the different hospitals and to friends' houses as they were removed from the ruins. Only one or two are supposed to be fatally injured. The City Council are holding a special meeting this morning to consider what their best course of action will be to complete the work of recovering the remaining dead, and of opening up the street. It is feared that a large part of the rock adjoining the site of the slide will come down, as large crevices have appeared, and the rain is still falling and may repeat the operations which caused last night's disaster. People are moving out of the neighboring houses. There has been no lack of volunteers for the work at the ruins, but there is a lack of intelligent direction, as there is no person in authority. Among the most useful laborers are two large gangs from the works at the Louise docks, who were sent up by the contractors, Messrs. Larkin & Connolly. Several citizens, including Hon. Mr. Mercier, have sent sums of money to Mr. Gregory, agent of the Marine Department, to be used by him to relieve any immediate distress amongst the homeless women and children. The cliff being the property of the Dominion Government, application was made by telegraph to Sir Hector Langevin at Ottawa, who promptly responded, giving directions to have the roadway cleared and expressing his sorrow at the calamity to his native city. There were several families of strangers from Newfoundland in the houses destroyed; the loss of life among them is uncertain.

The site of the landslide of last night is almost identical with that in the year of 1841, when eight buildings were crushed and thirty-two persons killed. To prevent a repetition of that disaster the Dominion Government purchased the buildings along the base of the cliff and removed them, putting up a heavy revetment wall, which has served its purpose well in preventing accidents from small slides, which were common enough to attract but little attention. In fact, some of the people who have now lost their lives saw premonitory symptoms of the disaster, one or two small slides having taken place before the great mass of rock started. The houses now destroyed all stood on the river side of the roadway, and were not thought to be in danger, but the immense mass of rock swept clear across the roadway and over the brick buildings, demolishing them like cardboard. The place from which the greater mass of rock fell is just below the King's Bastion at the west end of Dufferin terrace instead of the gradual slope from the foot of the terrace wall to the street below which appears a perpendicular rock rising like a wall from a huge mass of debris at the foot close up to the wall of the terrace. It rises so straight and clear that it might be taken for a part of the wall itself until a proper examination is made. It is hard to speak positively, but from present appearances there seems little doubt but that the westerly end of Dufferin terrace will have to be abandoned or very much narrowed down.

The thousands of tons of rock have fallen away at the narrowest point of the terrace, where it was crowded towards the river by the citadel works. The mass moved is, roughly speaking, about 600 feet frontage by 80 feet in depth.

Some of the masses of fallen rock must weigh nearly twenty tons, and there are so many huge blocks that it makes the work of clearance very difficult.

The working parties are now better organized and equipped and are making more headway with the work.

The list of those killed and wounded, so far as known, is as follows: Killed—Thos. Farrell, three Farrell children, two Burke children, one Bradley child, one child of P. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Bracken, Mrs. Stephen Burke, Henry Black, William Black, Thomas Nolan and Mrs. Ready. The wounded are: Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, Mr. J. O'Neil, Mrs. Luke Kerwin and child, Thomas Berrigan, Dennis Berrigan, James Hayden, Wm. Stevens and son, Nelly Deehey, Patrick Fitzgerald, Martin Ready, three of Maybury children, Stephen Burke and his mother, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Thomas Graham, William Power, wife and child, Mrs. Thomas Farrel. Some dead and wounded are now being taken out of the ruins. The names of some are not yet ascertained.

A last Friday night's despatch from Quebec says: Some 20,000 persons have visited the scene of the disaster during the day, have crowded into the morgue and seized every point inside and outside the building where a glimpse could be had of the bodies of the victims. Many women who obtained an entrance had to be removed in a fainting condition, the mangled bodies being a sight to try the nerves of the strongest men.

Preparations are being made for the funerals of the killed, who will be buried at the joint expense of the city and the Local Government.

Among those buried by the rocks are a young couple named Nolan, who were married a few weeks ago. Nolan could have escaped, but lost his life trying to get his wife out of the house.

It is thought the King's Bastion, on the Citadel, will have to be removed, as it is now so much nearer the edge of the rock, with unsafe crevices in front of it. As a precautionary measure all communication with the Bastion has been cut off and the morning and evening guns will no longer be fired from it.

This afternoon it was decided to use small charges of powder to break up the huge boulders covering the roadway, as it is a certainty that there can be nothing living beneath them.

The horrors of the dreadful day are still succeeding each other. While workers were busy clearing the debris of a crumbled building faint groans were heard at intervals from under the huge pile of rock. The efforts of the volunteers were concentrated to that point, and after three hours' hard work the bleeding body of Joe Kemp was extricated from the mass of rock. The poor man was in the most miserable condition. Both legs were broken at the knees, the left arm was fractured above the elbow, and several ribs were also fractured. Kemp will not live two hours longer. He is unconscious, and a livid pallor and deathlike appearance prevail in the man's face. Two hours later his wife's body was taken out of the wreck. Her head was almost severed from the body, and indications of the most revolting and violent death were seen on her corpse. Further away another hideous spectacle was offered to the sight The corpse of a young woman, Mrs. Lawson, who had been admired in her lifetime both for her beauty and amiability, was extricated from under a rafter, on which about ten tons of stones and matter were lying. The sight was more than many could bear. She was smashed almost flat The abdomen was ripped open, her entrails wre scattered about. Her husband, at the sight of his beloved wife's remains, became frantic, and is now insane for perhaps the remainder of his life.

A man named Michal Bradley, who had gone almost crazy when told that all his family had perished in the landslide, discovered while working over the wreck of his house his 5-year-old daughter still alive; his joy was indescribable. He kissed and patted the mangled form, called her by endearing names, fondled her as a mother would her baby. It is thought the child will live.

Up to this time the number of corpses found is twenty-five, and the wounded is eighteen.

She Was Afraid of the Doctors.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harper, wife of W. W. Harper, a jeweller at Hackensack, N.J., committed suicide Sunday night by hanging herself to a door-knob in her sleeping apartment with a strip of white muslin. Mrs. Harper had been ill for several months and was attended by a professional nurse. Recently her physician and the family had discussed the advisability of removing her to a hospital for an operation. This had a depressing effect upon a mind weakened by long illness. Mrs. Harper was well known and highly respected in the community, and was a leading worker in the First Reformed Church, of Hackensack.

Mexico's Liquor License System.

In the city of Mexico the income from the taxation of liquors and the license on saloons is very large indeed. Every liquor and pulque shop pays a monthly license. In addition to the license fees on saloons, an octroi, or entry tax, is collected on all pulque coming within the city limits. For the fiscal year just ended this gate tax amounted to the sum of $500,000 or more than $1,500 a day. The pulque shops open at 6 o'clock in the morning and close at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and not one of them has a back door.

Our Big Natural Water Power.

The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls varies with the height of the river. Prof. W. D. Gunning estimates the average amount at 18,000,000 cubic feet per minute. Allowing 62½ pounds to the cubic foot, this would give a total of 562,500 tons per minute, or 25,312,500 tons in forty-five minutes, of which somewhat more than two-thirds passes over the Horseshoe Falls. Other estimates place the total amount passing over both falls as high as 100,000,000 tons per hour. In comparison, the recent flood at Johnstown was a gill.

Dervish means "one who lies at the door." It is not proper to call a returned fisherman a dervish, for he begins it as soon as he gets on the ferryboat.

FLOODS IN JAPAN.

Fifteen Thousand People Killed and Many Towns Destroyed.

RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERERS.

Trees Uprooted and Swept Upon the Fields.

A Wednesday's San Francisco despatch says: Japanese papers place the number of persons drowned in the floods of August 20th in the city of Wakayamo and in the districts of Minami-Muro, Higashi-Muro, Nishi-Muro and Hidaka at 10,000, and the number of persons receiving relief at 20,424. The River Kinokuni swelled from thirteen to eighteen feet above its normal level and the embankments at the village of Iwahashi were washed away. The village and about forty-eight hamlets were covered by the raging waters. On August 19 an enormous mass of earth fell from the mountain near the village of Tennokawa and stopped the course of the river of the same name, which being already swollen submerged the village and drowned nearly all the inhabitants. A number of villagers belonging to Tsujido took refuge in their temple on high ground, but when the land slide occurred fifty persons were buried alive.

The steamer Gaelic, from Yokohama, brings details of the overwhelming disaster in Japan. The Province of Kii, in the southwestern part of Japan, has been visited by the greatest floods known in the history of the country. Over 15,000 people have been killed, several towns have been destroyed and others have been wrecked. The catastrophe was caused by floods in the western part of the Province and by the crumbling of a mountain, which buried six villages. The early part of August was remarkable for its rains, and the rapid rise of the rivers soon became alarming. The banks of the Kinogawa, a stream over 100 miles long, broke near the city of Wakamayo on August 19th, and a mountain of water rushed out upon the fields and towns, wrecking houses, bridges, fences, temples and all things in its path. In this district 200 houses were carried away and 5,000 were ruined by the water, leaving 30,000 people

DEPENDENT UPON THE LOCAL OFFICIALS

for food. Lower down the embankments of Hidakagown were also destroyed, flooding the cultivated fields and adjacent towns. Out of sixty houses at Wakanomuda, but two remain standing, and more than 50 people lost their lives. An official of the Nisnimura district, who arrived at Wakamoya Aug. 22nd, reports that about 4 p. m. Aug. 19th a sudden rise of the waters took place at Sanabemachi, and in a few minutes the floors of buildings were covered. Many houses were carried away and about

THREE HUNDRED PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES.

All the villages within a radius of ten miles were more or less submerged. In Chorairomuta 700 houses were washed away, leaving only 11 buildings standing. Many persons lost their lives in that district. The volume of the river Kinokuni, an adjacent stream, swelled to an extraordinary extent, the rise being in some places 13 to 18 feet. No bridge over the stream could withstand the force of the flood. The river steadily rose from 6 o'clock in the evening until at midnight it began to overflow its embankments, and about four miles from the city of Wakameyo the banks at the village of Iwahashi were washed away. Immediately the village and its whole neighborhood, including 48 other hamlets, were

COVERED BY THE RAGING WATERS.

The depth of the flood was from five to fifteen feet. The neighborhood of Osaka also suffered severely. At Osaka relief is being given to several thousand people. The embankments on the Yodogown and Inkedapsigawn rivers were broken at several places August 21st, and considerable damage caused to farms, while many houses were swept away or partially wrecked. In Hongumura 180 houses were washed away and thirty persons drowned. In Higashipo, Murogori and Neship Marogori several hundred houses were demolished and considerable loss of life occurred. In Hidakagoria 380 houses were carried away and 70 houses were damaged, while 120 persons lost their lives and 50 were injured.

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH.

Many houses in Tsechigwara and Shikiya, which are situated close to the Kumanagawa were carried away, and many lives lost. The buildings of the Kumano Shrine, except one or two small temples were swept away, but the sacred image was saved. According to a report from Jeninu in Higashi Murogari, about one-fourth of the buildings (over 500) and 100 persons were swept away. The Hikawga river rose 28 feet, and villages close to the river were flooded. About 150 houses were washed away and many persons perished. Seventy-eight houses and the Miwake police station at Shusan were carried away. Owing to landslides close to the source of the Hidakiwaga vast numbers of trees are uprooted and swept upon the fields, where several thousands are now lying. About 1,200 houses of the village close to the Tomitagawa were swept away and over 500 persons were engulfed. According to investigations made at Wakayamo up to Aug. 26th the number of houses carried away in Nishi-Murogari was 1,092, while 508 others were demolished and 440 were damaged. The number of deaths there was 863. Other villages suffered much, and the number of dead cannot be accurately determined, but for the province of Kii it will not be below 10,000. Bloated bodies and wreckage cover the fields for miles, and it will be months before the survivors can proceed with the work. The loss in money is estimated at $6,000,000. Relief has been sent to the ruined district, but the suffering is intense and in the outlying districts many will die from starvation. The same rain which ruined the western part of the Province of Kii by flood, also wrought a most similar disaster on the eastern section of the same Province. The rivers rose rapidly and the people in the neighborhood of Amanogawa, fearing an inundation, made preparations for the emergency. While they were thus employed the

MOUNTAINS SUDDENLY CRUMBLED AWAY,

obstructing communication between Tsujido, Mura and Sakamoto Mura, and the waters in the rivers which rose in consequence covered the houses in Tsujido Mura, the people fleeing to the temple on an elevated piece of ground. The mountain of Sugitama, at the back of the temple, suddenly came down in an avalanche, burying the entire village under ground, only the upper half of the temple being left to view. The villages of Nagato Mura, Tanise Mura, Uyenoike Mura and Hayashi Mura, along the Totsugawawgo were all buried under ground by the crumbling away of the Umiyabara Mountain. All the villages of Ui, Nagatorio, Numata Hara and Asahi, at the entrance of the Totsugawago, face each other and can be seen across the river, but there being no boats between these places

NO HELP COULD BE RENDERED.

The villages of Uyeno, Chi, Takatsu, Kawatsu and several others were all either swept away or buried underground. The number of deaths in these villages has not yet been ascertained, but as all outlets were blockaded the loss of life must have been appalling. The villages of Kaseahaya, Uchihara, Takigawa, Nojori, Yamasaki and Taana were also entirely swept away or buried by the overflow of rivers and the crumbling of mountains. The damage along the lower course of the river and the villages skirting it has not been yet ascertained, but it is supposed that out of fifty villages comprising Totsugawaga, all have suffered more or less from the disaster, and it is doubtful if one has escaped. In all these villages,

FARMS, RICE FIELDS AND HOUSES

are supposed to have been nearly or quite destroyed. The exact number of deaths in this small region is not yet known, but the district officials place it between 4,000 and 5,000. The coal mines at Tatezato Mura, and Yoshino Gori also caved in, and forty miners are missing. In Shiono Mura a land slide occurred, crushing to death eight persons, besides which forty are missing who are supposed to have been buried alive. It is impossible to furnish aid to the thousands of sufferers, and many must die of hunger and thirst. The losses in lives and money will never be known, as whole towns have been annihilated, leaving no survivors to tell the story. The wreckage is strewn along the sea coast for ninety miles. The Japanese newspapers think the loss of life does not fall below 15,000.

THE CURRENT FAILED.

An Electric Car Rushes Down an Incline—Many Injured.

A Chattanooga, Tenn., despatch says: A car on the Electric Railroad up Mission Ridge had nearly reached the top on the steep track to-day when the electric current failed. The car at once started down the mountain at great speed. The conductor shouted to the passengers to jump off. The car contained 50 people, visitors to the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, one-half of the party being ladies. A panic seized the passengers and they began leaping from the car. Five or six persons remained on the car with the conductor and motor man, and all were uninjured, as the car was stopped before reaching the foot of the ridge. Mrs. Mary Adams, of Casey, Ill., who jumped off, struck a pole and was thrown in front of the car, striking on her head, and was thrown to the side of the track, suffering injuries from which she died. William Munford, of Casey, Ill., in jumping from the car struck on a mass of barbed wire and was badly cut, one eye being literally torn out. About ten persons were seriously hurt and some half dozen badly but not dangerously injured.

Fighting a Cotton Ring.

A London cable says: Energetic action is being taken by those employed in the cotton industries to defeat the Liverpool cornerer, who has succeeded in buying up the great bulk of actual cotton which will be on the market at the end of September. As the new crop in any quantity will not be here until the middle of October the cornerer, who is a Dutch Jew, will have the market to himself for three weeks, and if his move is successful will be able to run up the price to his own figure. Both employers and employees have agreed to take joint action in order to defeat the ring. Two-thirds of the mill-owners have decided to run on short time. The remaining third will be unable to work at all, as the Operatives' Union will call out the spinners from all the mills where short time is not run. This will enable the masters to make their present stock last out until the new cotton comes into market, and so leave the cornerer with the whole purchase on his hands.

Big Public Frauds in the South.

A New Orleans despatch says: The investigation by the State officials and parties interested in State securities continues to develop new cases of fraud every day. In addition to the $303,600 of consolidated bonds upon which interest payments have been stopped, and many of which (presumably all) have been surreptitiously put upon the market, instead of being cancelled, there have been discovered in private hands a number of 4 per cent. "constitutional" bonds that are clearly an over-issue made in fraud. The highest legal issue of the $100 series of these bonds is No. 200, yet numbers at least as high as 242 are outstanding; and of the $500 series, the legal limit of which is No. 80, bonds as high as No. 56 are afloat. Opinions differ as to whether ex-State Treasurer Burke is to blame for this state of affairs.

Yacht and Pleasure Party Lost.

A Cleveland, O., despatch says: The steam yacht Leo left Loraine for this port on Sunday afternoon, having on board John B. Tunte, J. D. Lawler, T. P. Ritter, Benjamin Kline, S. D Knight, D. A. Lawler, Capt. Sam Root, Fred Pelow and an engineer from Detroit, name unknown. Nearly all of them we e prominent and well-known business men of Loraine. The yacht was a small one, and had just been purchased at Detroit for $550. She encountered a heavy sea on Sunday night, and was probably lost with all on board near Rocky River. Nothing was learned of the yacht until this morning, when the bodies of Ritter and Lawler were found by the life-saving crew floating in the lake. The remaining bodies are being searched for.

Finland has very cultured society. There is so much Finnish to it.

THE LIQUOR TRADE.

How Would it do as a Government Monopoly?

AN AMATEUR GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

SIR,—It appears to me from the way the Scott Act has been defeated in almost every county where the vote has recently been taken, that the temperance people have made up their minds to abandon it and try other means which they hope may be more successful. Judging from the present attitude of many of the temperance workers, I would infer that they are looking to prohibition as being in their judgment the only remedy now left to them with which successfully to meet the evils of the liquor traffic. This is noticeable in the movement for a third party in this country with prohibition as a principal plank in their platform. I take it then that the present is a proper time to consider whether, after all, prohibition is a practical movement, and if so, how long must we wait for its consummation? On every hand the evils of the liquor traffic are apparent, and efforts are being put forth in many quarters to stem the tide, by reducing the number of licenses and securing the better enforcement of the law. Still the evil goes on, and all that can be said is that, in some respects, it is being held in check. It would now look as if we must be content with a liquor law more or less well administered, while the great tide goes on the same as ever, or till the ultra temperance party succeed in bringing the community to think with them to the extent of enacting a prohibitory law. Well sir, if this is the best that can be done, we should be satisfied, but I for one am not willing to wait so long. It surely becomes every earnest temperance advocate to consider, whether there may not be other methods than prohibition which could be adopted, and which, from their greater fitness to meet the views of all classes of temperance people, could be brought into practical effect within a comparatively short period, and, at the same time, practically serve the same purpose. It is to this point, therefore, that I wish to direct my remarks, and in doing so I have no idea of treating the subject exhaustively, but simply to broadly state my views, with the hope that it may stimulate thought and provoke discussion. I think it will be admitted that if all the temperance people were only united they could get all the necessary legislation they would require; but, in my opinion, the trouble lies just at this point. There are two classes among the temperance people—one which, for convenience, may be termed the extreme or entire prohibitionists, and the other the moderate or anti-prohibitionists. Now, while these two parties, both of which are numerous and respectable, remain divided, there can be no hope of any great and successful achievement in the cause of temperance. To unite these two classes, therefore, should be the great effort, and this can only be done by adopting some method which would fairly meet the views of both. To secure this, we should see at what point they differ, and then try to find a course which, while it might not fully meet the views of the Prohibition party, yet will be such a step in the right direction, if only as a starting point, as to secure their co-operation, and at the same time will be likely to gain the sympathy and support of the more moderate class. It is well known that even in countries where prohibition has been enacted there has been a respectable class of persons who have not been in sympathy with the law, and, consequently, they have in one way or another, given more or less countenance to those who, for gain, were ready to break it, and for the reason that they felt their private rights were infringed, and consequently if they did not actually assist in the illicit traffic, they did not oppose it, as they would otherwise have been disposed to do. My idea is, therefore, that some method should be adopted which, while it would secure to the temperate class of the community the right to procure liquors in an honorable and open way, would on the other hand, provide that those who were intemperate and unable to control themselves could be prohibited; also that the use of liquors would not in any way be promoted, as is now done so effectually under the license system. I may be pardoned in digressing to say that I think it would not be possible in any other way, so effectually to stimulate the consumption of liquors and the drinking habits of the people, as by a high license system. When you grant a license to a party at a high rate to sell liquors, it is simply the broadest intimation you can give that you expect him to sell all he can, and thus secure a return for his money. One of the reasons why I advocate a more moderate scheme, is because of the almost utter impossibility to secure prohibition. I have already mentioned one reason for this, namely, the divided public sentiment, and the other is the difficulty any government must experience in abandoning the revenue derived from the trade. It is all very well to say that the expenses of government would soon be so reduced, through the lessening of crime, as to make up for the loss, but even in the face of some precedents, that has to be tested, and our legislatures would need a good deal of faith to warrant them in trying the experiment. If it is true that public drinking places and the licensed sales shops are so largely responsible for the drinking habits of the people, then it needs no argument to prove that these should be swept away, and any substitute for prohibition must provide for this. It will scarcely be questioned that all classes would unite in doing away with places for the sale of liquors, where the individual's personal interests were involved, provided liquors could be had with reasonable restrictions in some other way. Then the Government would surely be well satisfied with the revenue derived from a trade which was sufficient to meet the normal demands of the people. The plan I would propose, therefore, is to do away with all public drinking places and sales shops, and put the sale of liquors exclusively in the hands of the Government. Let the Government open only as many stores as would be necessary to supply a reasonable demand, putting in their own official, who would have no personal interest in the sales beyond serving the public as any other civil servant in its employ. By this means all sober and proper persons could secure their liquors (but not to be consumed on the premises, of course) without the temptation to perjury or deception, as would be the case under a prohibitory law, and, at the same time, the Government would have it in their power to say who were fit and proper persons to be served, and under what conditions. The Government would have the right and power to charge just such prices for the liquors as they might think right and proper and thus they might receive as much revenue as they do now, while the consumption of liquors would naturally be greatly reduced. By this system the liquors would be in the hands of only two parties, the manufacturer or importer and the Government, and in this way also the purity of the liquors would be assured. As the manufacturer or importer can now only get his goods out of bond as the Government officer permits it, so this same regulation would prevent them selling to any person outside the Government. I would permit the manufacturer to export all he could and the importer to import all he could find a market for from the Government, and I would let the demand from the people for the various brands be the guage or limit of the Government purchases. When the Government's stock of Mr. A's liquors needed to be replenished let them buy from him, and so on with all the other manufacturers and importers. If the Government and manufacturer should find that trade fell off with them, all that could be said would be the demand is fully met, and therefore neither party could complain. This, therefore, is a general statement of the plan I would propose, as I do not think it necessary, at this point, to go into all the details required in the practical working of the scheme. If the principle can be proved to be the true one, the details required in carrying it out practically can easily enough be wrought out. Such a plan would not be found to absolutely free the country from all the evils which might arise from the too free use of liquors in the homes, but the same can possibly be said of entire prohibition. With the sale of liquors placed in the hands of the Government alone, you make the Government responsible for the welfare of the people—the same as the head of the household is responsible for the welfare of his family, consequently it would soon become apparent what restrictions would be necessary in supplying the public. It might be well at the same time to consider the propriety of placing the sale of tobacco in the same hands, and thus secure a large revenue from that source also. In talking this matter over with friends I am told that in one or two of the smaller countries in Europe the Government controls the sale of liquor and tobacco, and that it works well. If that is the fact then we have some precedents for this plan, but personally I am not familiar with the facts.

ANTI-SALOON.

PRINCE ALBERT, who now succeeds the late Prince of Monaco, is a man who is known to the world mainly on account of his craze on the subject of the Gulf Stream and also by reason of the extraordinary circumstances which brought his marriage to a close in 1880. Born in 1848, he was married in September, 1869, at the Tuileries, in Paris, to Lady Mary Victoria, the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton. The late Duchess of Hamilton was a Princess of the house of Baden, and as such related through the Beauharnais to the Bonapartes. The marriage between Prince Albert and Lady Mary was arranged by Napoleon III. A few days after the marriage Princess Mary left her husband suddenly, never to return. The reason which led her to adopt this extraordinary course has remained a deep mystery to the world at large, and is only known to a few persons, including the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Pope and a few other great personages. It is worthy of note, however, that popular sympathy was altogether on the side of Lady Mary, and that her husband has been cold-shouldered ever since by those in a position to know the true facts in the case. Lady Mary shortly afterwards commenced proceedings at the Vatican with a view to obtaining the annulment of the marriage, on the grounds (the only ones publicly given) that she had been forced into contracting the alliance against her will. A special committee of five cardinals was appointed by the Pontiff to consider the case. After numerous delays and discussions extending over a term of ten years, the marriage was finally annulled on January 3rd, 1880, the son, however, who was born within the first year after the wedding being expressly declared to be of legitimate birth. Lady Mary has since married the well-known Hungarian magnate and sportsman, Count Tassilo Festetico, and entertained the Prince of Wales at her superb country seat in Hungary last year.

TALE OF AN ESQUIMAU.

An Esquimau sat on a chunk of ice,
In the land of the Northern Pole;
He cracked his heels and he whistled twice
At a sight that alarmed his soul.

For a stranger came over the fields of snow,
At a speed that was fearful, quite;
His cheeks were pallid and thin with woe
And the frost on his beard was white.

"Oh, prithee, pause," cried the Esquimau
"From whence do you come so fast?"
"I come from a land weary leagues below
This realm with its storm and blast.

I come from a land in the far off South,
And I've travelled ten thousand miles
Since last the sun like a beaming mouth
Turned loose on the earth his smiles.

Matrimony is the only thing that offers man a safe refuge from himself, if he will only allow his wife to properly develop her capabilities.

A sick man expressed a desire for some apple dumplings, and his wife made a dozen. A little son sat by the bedside watching the dumplings disappear one by one. After a eleven had been devoured the boy said: "Pa, can I have a dumpling?" And the invalid, biting into the last of the toothsome delicacies, said: "Go away, my son; your father is sick."

Why should a young man says he's "raised" a mustache when the truth of the matter is that it is "down?"

—The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was there reached at a depth of 40,236 feet.

—"Say, Bobbie, why is it you always look so mean and shabby? Why don't you be like Sammy Bilpayd and look nice?" "Well, pop, his father buys him some new clothes now and then."

A BACTERIAL DISEASE.

More Misery for the Farmer—New Thing in Corn Pests.

Professor Burrill has detected a new bacterial disease of Indian corn which shows itself first in a dwarfed condition of the young plants over areas varying in size from a few square rods to an acre or more. After the tassels are formed, the disease may be found scattered throughout the field in single plants; the affected stalks, and especially their lower leaves, being yellow and smaller than the healthy ones. In anything like severe cases, at least half of the roots are injured and often dead, the lower portion of the stalk will be found dead or dying, and presenting a dark color when split. The disease organisms are found in great numbers on and within the affected parts, in many cases collected in gelatinous masses consisting of the bacteria held together by a stiff mucilaginous substance which they exude. Too little is known of the disease to suggest any remedy, but, as it is probable that the germs live through the winter in the soil, the young corn would be liable to suffer more if planted in a field where the disease had prevailed the year before. It is noted that the disease is usually the worst where corn has succeeded corn. The disease is a very prevalent one, and may have existed for a long time. It is not always destructive enough to attract attention, but not infrequently it occasions very serious loss. —*Garden and Forest.*

The Art of Neat Dressing.

After seeing a fair woman in the dress which most suits her you no more wish to see her in any other than to see an oriole in pink or a robin in parrot green. When women learn the art of dress they will need much less in the way of outfitting than they do now—changes for the season, that is all. It is your cheap, pronounce, ill-chosen gowns, less fit than fashionable, which one tires of soon; and, if women did but know it, there is but one style becoming to each one of them, which brings out her good points and suppresses poor ones, which we should be glad to see her in continually. Mary Stuart had fifty grand dresses, stiff with gold and minever, and shot with rubies and pearls as a modern gown is with jet, but who ever wishes to think of her in any costume but that of her picture, the black velvet gown fitting easily the supple figure, the transparent cuffs and ruff of point lace, the net of pearls and the white veil. She being a beautiful, graceful woman could do with a wardrobe of few dresses, compared with the royal frump Elizabeth Regina, who had 3,000 toilets, some of which, we are told, exist to this day. But she needed something gorgeous to take people's eyes from her black teeth, as she told one of her counselors. Good looks are an economy.—*Shirley Dare.*

Double Murder and Attempted Suicide.

A Philipsburg, Pa., despatch of Sunday says: W. Seely Hopkins, aged 25, has engaged in numerous quarrels with his wife during the past two or three months. Two weeks ago he left home, returning yesterday. They had another quarrel this morning, in the course of which Hopkins pulled a revolver and shot his wife dead. This occurred on the first floor of their home. The frenzied man then rushed to the third story, where his mother-in-law was, and shot her, too, killing her instantly. Hopkins afterward left the house and went to a livery stable, where he attempted to kill himself, firing two shots at his head with his revolver, neither doing much damage, however, beyond ploughing a couple of grooves in the top of his skull. He confessed to killing his wife and her mother to Dr. Pierce, who pronounced him out of danger. Jealousy and a belief in the faithlessness of his wife are the supposed reasons that incited Hopkins to commit the crime.

Heavy Blow.

Mrs. F.—They must have some very heavy winds in Boston.

Mr. F.—Indeed they do

Mrs. F.—There is an item in the paper about a safe being blown open there.

The Emperor of Russia will be obliged to give the Prince of Leuchtenberg, who recently married the Princess of Montenegro, a large fortune ere he can live as his station requires. The family is decidedly poor.

Widow Flapjack—"Are you superstitious, Mr. DeSmith? Gus DeSmith—"Not at all." "Then I don't mind telling you. That's the thirteenth biscuit you've eaten to-night."

—Mrs. N. Peck—I ran across one of your letters to-day, Nathan, where you said you would rather be in endless torment with me than be in bliss by yourself. Mr. N. Peck—Well, I guess I got my wish.—*Terre Haute Express.*

clambered the mountains on raging steams
oft I've been heaved and tossed,
umpired a game for two baseball teams—
Alas! And the home club lost.

—Fifteen of the twenty-five mayors who have governed Chicago have been natives the State of New York.

—Jay Gould's daughter Helen gives private music lessons, but her notes are not so highly appreciated as those of her father.

TAKE A SEAT.

"I'm all worn out," remarked the pants.
"I've been so roughly treated.
I wish some one would come along
And ask me to be seated."

—An Irishman had an alarm clock, and said he had nothing to do but to pull the string and he could awake himself.

—It is instinct that prompts a girl who knows nothing of the world to ask to drive when you strike a lonely road.—*Lawrence American.*

—Traveller in parlor car, passing a health resort—That is a remarkably picturesque village we are passing. What is its principal industry? Porter—Embalming.

—What do you mean, sir, by swearing before my wife? You must apologize Pardon, monsieur! Pardon! I do make ze apology. I did not know ze lady wish to swear ze first.—*Boston Times.*

It is said to be very probable that the Quebec Government will take upon itself to authoritatively and definitely solve the Mistassini mystery by sending out a properly equipped and thoroughly competent expedition early next spring, with instructions to examine and report upon the region beyond the Height of Land which is claimed as part of the territory of the Province.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Judge James, of Nova Scotia, died last evening.

The ironworkers in England have resumed work.

Ex-Ald. John E. Mitchell, Toronto, died shortly before midnight last night.

Twenty students have been arrested at Kieff on the charge of being Nihilists.

Brant county again leads the list at the Exposition now being held in Detroit.

King Menelek of Shoa is making preparations to be crowned Emperor of Abyssinia.

The condition of the King of Portugal gives no cause for anxiety. He receives the ministers daily.

The Quebec Government, it is said, will send an exploring expedition to the Lake Mistassini districts in the spring.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has signed contracts for the erection of workshops at Hochelaga for manufacturing rolling stock.

The London, Eng., police yesterday raided the popular Cranbourne Club. They arrested 35 baccarat players and betting men.

Grand Duke Constantine, uncle of the Czar, who suffered a stroke of paralysis two months ago, is dying. He is unable to speak.

Lord Mayor Sexton, in a speech at Dublin, said the Catholic University scheme would not turn the Nationalists aside from their work.

The inquest in the case of the murdered Casselman man, Monette, closed last evening. A verdict was returned of murder by persons unknown.

On Tuesday a little boy named Kinsley, Wolfe Island, while playing on a mow of hay in his father's farm, fell to the floor and broke one of his legs.

A demonstration was held in Naples yesterday in honor of Premier Crispi, and he was congratulated upon his recovery from the injuries recently inflicted.

Thirty-two of the 259 Boulangist candidates nominated have withdrawn, among them are two influential citizens. It is too late to substitute other candidates.

The main charge of embezzlement against Selby G. Allan fell through yesterday morning at the Toronto Police Court, but other charges will be taken up to-day.

There are persistent rumors in Belgrade that ex-King Milan contemplates a *coup d'etat* for the purpose of securing the Regency. It is said he asked Austria for military support, but was refused.

Detective Graham on Saturday arrested Frank Sparks, of Westminster, on a charge of attempt criminal assault on a girl named Sarah Pearson.

Judge Price has cancelled the tolls on the Perth Road, Kingston, until it is put into shape for travel. Sir John Macdonald is one of the chief shareholders.

At a meeting of the Benchers held on Saturday the rules relating to the Law School were adopted, and Saturday, Oct. 7th, fixed for the opening of the school.

Wm. Reid, a Toronto expressman, while unloading a barrel of tar from his wagon on Alice street Saturday, slipped, and the barrel fell upon his leg, breaking it in two places.

The Sultan of Morocco is encamped at the distance of two hours' march from Tangier. Part of his harem has arrived there. The Sultan will make his public entry into Tangier to-day.

Consul-General Pringle, at Constantinople, in a communication with the Department of State at Washington, dated August 30th, reports a total of 1,285 deaths from cholera in Mesopotamia.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery has resumed operations. Stocks in the hands of wholesale and retail grocers are greatly reduced, and steady work is now anticipated for a long time to come.

Mr. Wm. H. K. Redmond, member of the House of Commons for North Fermanagh, who was convicted for offences under the Crimes Act, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The death of Judge James leaves the judgeship in equity in Nova Scotia vacant. It is understood that Mr. Sedgwick, Deputy Minister of Justice, will be offered the high office. The name of Mr. Wallace Graham is also mentioned in connection with it.

The Chicago *Journal* publishes a special from Oakland, Cala., to the effect that Chicago officers are there to arrest J. J. Hefferman, senior guardian of a Clan-na-Gael camp of that city, on a charge of complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin.

Another death from diphtheria occurred in the family of Mr. Steele, Adelaide street, London, on Saturday. This makes the sixth death from this virulent disease in the city within the last two weeks. No new cases have been reported since Wednesday.

Two New York electric light linemen, Henry Freeman and John Neil, were knocked from the pole where they were at work Saturday, and the latter had his skull fractured and may die. Freeman was also badly hurt. An electric shock caused the men to fall.

At Saturday's session of the International Cigar Manufacturer's Convention the report of the committee on strikes was read. During the past two years 160 strikes occurred and $53,687 was expended. Eighty strikes were successful and seventeen were compromised.

Wm. Emery, jun., was found dead on Friday near his home in the northern part of Marmora. It is supposed that he was shot by some unknown party, but it has not as yet been ascertained whether it was done purposely or accidentally. An inquest will be held.

Arthur Lynchberry, of South Dorchester has instituted proceedings against J. A. Dunn, farmer, of the same township claiming $1,000 damages for the seduction of his daughter Minnie. No less than four cases of this character are entered for trial at the Elgin Assizes.

On Saturday Wm. Turnbull, Patrick Sheedy and Wm. Leader were before the Galt Police Magistrate on remand, charged with committing an assault on Elizabeth Richardson on Saturday night. The evidence went to show that the girl had been pretty badly used. The Magistrate refused bail and sent the three prisoners for trial.

HIGH PRICED LOTS.

Where Land is Sold per Square Foot.

The New York *Herald* says: Smith Ely, jun., and Jefferson M. Levy have returned to New York after an extended European trip. These two gentlemen have for a number of years past co-operated in the purchase and sale of city properties. They naturally, when abroad, had their eyes wide open, and Mr. Jefferson M. Levy said: "We have not at all come up to the values which London properties command. There was a sale there recently of a parcel containing fifty square feet to the London County Bank, almost opposite the Bank of England. That property sold at a figure equal to $625,000 for what we designate a lot of 25x100. In fact there is no such thing as a real estate market there, and whenever anything is sold at all it goes by the square foot, as from £25 to £30 per foot. Investors also who make a business of renting property are perfectly satisfied with the 2 per cent. they are now earning on their investments. Yet all of these people carefully watch the progress of this country, and year by year more of their money will be planted in the American soil."

That Deadly Scourge:

Tubercular consumption is simply lung-scrofula—the active and dangerous development of a taint in the blood. The grand blood-cleansing botanic principles contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery specially fit it to purify the blood, and prevent the formation of ulcers in the lungs and bronchial tubes. Liver complaint, skin diseases, and sores, are also cured by it. All druggists.

A Consistent Service.

"How did the new preacher impress you, Mrs. Flating?"

"He seemed very eloquent and used no notes whatever."

"How did the choir sing?"

"Well, just as the minister preached."

The "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Exactly.

Elevated R. R. Conductor—Schwxyzmixstriah!

Stranger—What street did you say?

Elevated R. R. Conductor (with blood in his eye)—Schwxyzmixstriah.

Stranger—Thanks.

Doctor—It's nothing but an attack of dyspepsia.

Patient—And what does that come from?

Doctor—That comes from the Greek, madam.

No matter whether it comes from the Greek or the Hebrew, or eating mince pie, if you have it, just take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and you won't need to ask the doctor anything about it. Specific in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Most widower.

Miss Gushing—You are a widower, are you not, Mr. Newman?

Mr. Newman (of Salt Lake City)—Only partially, Miss Gushing. Three of my wives are still living.

Parlor Street Cars.

There is a possibility that Pullman parlor street cars will be running on the Traction company's Market street and Columbia avenue lines before long. The Traction syndicate is considering plans for establishing such a service on the South and West Side cable lines in Chicago, and if the results shall be satisfactory there Philadelphia will, without doubt, get a taste of the new luxury. The intention of the company is to have the cars handsomely fitted up and fixed on double trucks. An extra fare of five cents will be levied, but no more passengers will be admitted than can be comfortably seated. For those who have a long distance to ride, the Pullman car will have every attraction, and it is thought that many will gladly pay the additional five cents.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Briggs—"I had a dickens of a time today, I tell you." Braggs—"What was it?" Briggs—"Just for fun I shook my fist at a blind beggar across the street and he chased me three blocks up an alley before I could get away."—*Terre Haute Express.*

A Chicago paper says the danger line is passed as regards the corn crop. Not at all. The danger line will only be reached when the corn is manufactured into whiskey.

THE INVENTO

"Keep still and stop your fidgeting and listen now, my son.
This story of good Joshua is only just begun."
"Don't like it," crossly said the boy, kept in against his will,
"Cause he's the man who first invented making sons stand still."

The two youngest daughters of the Prince of Wales are contributors to magazines.

I love the man who knows it all,
From east to west, from north to south,
Who knows all things, both great and small,
And tells it with his tireless mouth.
Who holds a listening world in awe,
The while he works his iron jaw."

Two more of Grand Trunk Yardmaster Walker's children died yesterday at London from diphtheria, and another one was stricken down with the terrible malady. A week ago Mr. Walker's seven children were well and hearty, but in that time four of them have died and two others are still very low. The disease was first contracted by one of the younger daughters and brought into the home, but she is now on a fair way to recovery.

DCML 40 89

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 30c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 30 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
—OF—
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.
Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. BOWERD,
Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

A Complete History of the
Johnstown and CONEMAUGH VALLEY FLOOD
embracing also, a history of the floods in Williamsport, Lock Haven, Sunbury, and all the flooded districts in the State of Pennsylvania, also in Washington, D. C., New York, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, all of which caused the total loss of over 11,000 lives and the destruction of over $40,000,000 worth of property,

By GEO. T. FERRIS, A. M.

Octavo, 522 pages; **Illustrated with Forhty-Eight Full-Page Engravings,** Price $1.50. First edition issued August 10th. *We pay duty on all books.*
Agents Wanted. Send 50 cts. for complete outfit.
H. S. GOODSPEED & Co., New York.

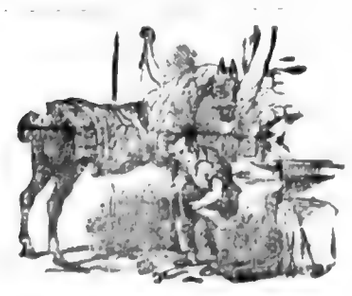

D. McTavish,
HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.
Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract and tender feet
Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.
SHERBROOKE, P. Q., May 3, 1890.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
GENTLEMEN.—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for **Spavins** and found it a sure cure in every case of lameness and both Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1890.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
GENTS.—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my roan, which was suffering from inflammation in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,
I. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
EAST ELORA, MAN., May 10, 1890.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
GENTS.—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,
D. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve

Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1. For sale at the Medical

For Sale

Steam flour mill for sale at Flesherton Station 2 runs stone, double reed bolt, smut mill, duster and purifier. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. This is a bargain. Apply to
ROGER LEVER
Flesherton P.O

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month.
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangevie.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangevie.
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville.
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month.
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham.
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham.
Hanover—Monday before Durham.

This Year's
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
in bronze on
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to
JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P.O

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!
MR. P. LOUCKS
Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.
Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S
is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts at rockbottom prices.
Cured Meats, Bologona,
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn,
General assortment of canned goods.
CHOICE HONEY.
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.
ICE CREAM
and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.
OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR,
always on hand.
Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.
A. WATSON!
Desires to inform the public that he can furnish
CAKES AND PIES
To Order.
FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.
will visit Flesherton twice a week o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.
DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.
WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty
A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Kimberley.

From our other Correspondent.

Our little village has not been represented in your columns for some time, and it is really a pity that such an enterprising place as this is should be passed by unnoticed.

Kimberley is improving very rapidly. Two very nice buildings have already arisen, and the third is growing.

Inspector Grier visited the school a few days ago and pronounced it very much improved "since his last visit," more so than could be expected, considering the disadvantages arising from having two divisions in the same room.

Miss Aggie Kay, of the Queen City, is the guest of Mr. Thos. Wickens.

While Mr. Ellis's girls were after their cows, they ran across old bruin. A hunting party, composed of the miller and the J. P. started after him, but his bearship, not wishing to be caught by the limb of the law, made himself scarce.

Kimberley is booming at present. Building is the order of the day with the business men here.

Mr. William Best, who has been in the threshing business for the past few years, has invested in a new steam "Wide-awake" threshing machine, and is now turning out wheat at a lively rate.

Mr. Sherwood has lately burned his brick kiln, but the result is not very favorable; however, he has a very good pile.

Mr. C. Knott has been improving his already handsome residence by having it veneered with brick. He has now a good gang of men on and expects to soon have it completed.

Our genial postmaster and storekeepor, Mr. Hammond, is intent on building a new dwelling house. He has now a number of men working on the stone wall, upon which he will erect the dwelling next spring.

Mr. McKenzie has caught the building fever also. He is now getting ready to erect a fine, solid brick dwelling, elegant in construction and beautiful in design. Mr. Sherwood's brick kiln will soon be exhausted if this fever continues.

Mr. Thomas Lewis, an old resident of Kimberley, who has been living in Toronto for the last few years, has moved again to Kimberley where he intends to pitch his canvas for the present. He is now doing good work in the carpentering line as house builder.

Mr. George Proctor has erected a new dwelling, where he intends moving into presently. This is one of the buildings on which Mr. Lewis is showing his handiwork.

Mr. A. Aldous, has sold his farm to Mr. William Scott. Mr. A. intends quitting this section of country to seek his welfare elsewhere.

Miss Fogarty, of Churchville, who has been rusticating in this pretty village for the past few weeks at the residence of Mr. Howell, returned home last week. On the eve before departure her many friends here made a taffy pull for the purpose of giving her a pleasant send off. A very pleasant evening was whiled away, and many a straggler could be seen "homeward plodding his weary way when the birds were singing in the morning."

The new Union Hall is at a standstill at present, but we expect to see it finished ere long.

Mr. James Stewart showed a large lot of live stock and farm produce at East Grey fall show, and was successful in bringing home a goodly number of reds and blues.

Mr. Bishop has decided to remain in this burg for a while yet. His old friends and patrons welcome this decision with joy. Mr. Bishop is too valuable a citizen to lose, and it is hoped he will continue his abode in our flourishing village for a long time to come.

A SUB COR.

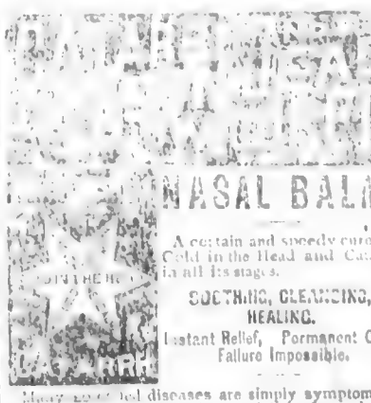

NASAL BALM.
A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time.* Neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by druggists, or will be sent post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by dressing
FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

WM. CLAYTON,
BOOT AND SHOE DEALER,
Has a large assortment of FALL and WINTER Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Trunks, etc.
New and seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices.
Custom work to order.
FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.
We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.
COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.
PICTURE FRAMING
done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.
MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of
Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.
THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa
For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.
Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment.
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

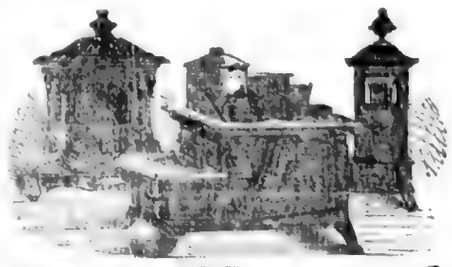

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM
A large assortment of STOVES, as makes; STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.
EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.
F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* Flesherton.

Heard's Carriage Works.
MANUFACTURER OF
Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.
HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.
Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale
—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—
Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses Straw Cutters and
JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 432. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

Visitors to Flesherton

should not fail to call and examine the fine stock of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, etc.,

—AT—

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesherton,

which has just arrived, consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Ladies' and Gents' sizes, Rings, Cuffbuttons, Charms, Gents' and Ladies' Gold Chains, Diamond Rings, etc. We expect to do the trade this fall and winter and have a very fine selection of Goods on hand, call and examine, no trouble to show goods.

And always take your watches, etc. to Russell to repair. if you want a perfect job.

Russell's Jewelery Store, Flesherton

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The CASH STORE is offering special lines in all departments.

Our DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

has lately been filled to overflowing, with as choice a line of goods as ever shown. In making our selections we realize that to the quality of the goods sold, we must look to the building up of that confidence between buyer and seller, so essential to a commercial success and permanence. Customers will find that in respect to quality, our stock has no superior.

DRESS GOODS

in leading shades, plain and durable. Prices ranging from 10c. to 50c. with trimmings to match. In Braids, Gimp, Plushes and Velvets, Gray, White, Navy Blue and Red Flannels, second to none for QUALITY and PRICE. It would take too much space to mention all our lines in this department separately. But we would request an inspection, guaranteeing satisfactory results.

Our BOOT and SHOE Assortment Larger Than Ever.

Special lines of women's high Laced Boots at $1.14
Men's long Boots from $1.75 up. Misses and Children's in all sizes Groceries, Crockery and general merchandise.

Persons would do well to give us a call.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough.

Markdale.

manufacouturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

He sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pumpline.

J. McCulloguh.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 100 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

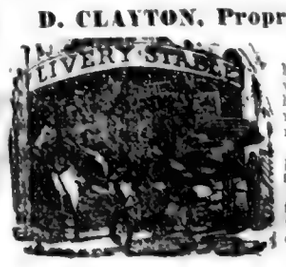

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.

Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business

Artemesia Fall Show.

A very successful show, considering all things, was that held at Priceville on Thursday of last week. The morning was very wet, but as midday approached the downpour ceased and people began to arrive in quantity at the historical old burg of Priceville, where Mr. M. Riley had gratuitously offered his carriage shop for the display of roots, grains, ladies' work, manufactures, etc. Live stock was exhibited on the school grounds, and was above the average in excellence. The show of horse flesh was especially fine, in fact we do not remember ever seeing a better show of yearling and two-year-old colts than that shown. The two-year-olds, twelve in number, were especially noteworthy. In cattle there were also some fine animals, Mr. L. Frook of Proton, and Mr. Sullivan, of Glenelg, showing two magnificent Durham bulls, the latter's animal tipping the scales at 1585 pounds. In other classes the show was fully up to the average. The inside exhibits were also slightly in advance of former years, if anything. Mr. G. F. Chapman, of Durham, showed a fine collection of photographs. Mr. Chapman does good work, and as he says himself, his "prices are right."

Our good looking brother quill-driver, Mr. Mitchell, of the Durham Chronicle, was present in all his glory. He is unmarried, and the young ladies present appeared to know it.

Mr. Brodie was kept hustling until a late hour attending to entries.

After the show the directors had a supper at the Crown Hotel, to which The Advance had the honor of an invitation. Strict justice was done to the good things provided, after which a meeting of directors was held to discuss the question of a plowing match. It was decided to hold one on Friday, October 18th, and committees were appointed to select a field, etc.

THE PRIZE LIST.

HORSES.—DRAUGHT.

Span, J Stewart, C McKinnon. Brood mare, C McKinnon, J McMillen. One year old colt, C McKinnon, W McMurdo. Spring colt, J McMillen, D McDonald.

GENERAL PURPOSE.

Span, H Purvis, Allen McKinnon. Brood mare, James Sullivan. 2 year old colt, M Williamson. 1 year old colt, J McLean, W Buchanan. Spring colt, J Sullivan, C McKinnon.

ROADSTER.

Span, D Thompson, W Stewart. One year old colt, A Bell. A Mar. Spring colt, A Bell. Hack horse, G Stewart, D G McLean.

CATTLE—DURHAMS.

Bull, J Sullivan, W Frook.

DEVON.

Bull, R Oliver, 1st and 2nd. Cow, R Oliver, 1st and 2nd.

AYRSHIRE.

Bull, G Stewart.

GRADES.

Cow, A Jackson, A Ferguson. 2 year old heifer, D Harrow, W Wilcock. 1 year old heifer, A McLeod, J Oliver. Heifer calf, W Frook, M McInnes. Yoke of oxen, M Williamson, A Jackson. 3 years old steers, A McKinnon. 2 year steers, J Nichol, T A Ferguson. 1 year old steer, A McLeod.

SHEEP—LONG WOOL.

Ram lamb, R Oliver, 1st and 2nd. Aged ewes, R Oliver, 1st and 2nd. Shearling ewes, R Oliver. Ewe lamb, R Oliver, 1st and 2nd.

LEISTER.

Aged ram, G Swanton, D McMullen. Shearling ram, J Nichol. Ram lamb, R Oliver, J Nichol. Aged Ewes, J Oliver, W Meads. Shearling ewes, R Oliver, J Nichol. Ewe lambs, J Nichol, W Meads.

FINE WOOL.

Shearling ram, T A Ferguson. Ram lamb, T A Ferguson, R Oliver. Aged ewes, R Oliver, 1st and 2nd. Shearling ewes, T A Ferguson. Ewe lambs, R Oliver 1st and 2nd.

SWINE—BERKSHIRE.

Boar, T A Ferguson. Spring pig, W Ferguson.

SUFFOLK.

Spring pig, J I Graham.

POULTRY.

Hamburgs Black, W McAuly 1st and 2nd. Hamburgs, gold penciled, J R Atkinson. Hamburgs, silver penciled, T Conky, J R Atkinson. Black spanish, J R Atkinson, A R McLeod. Leghorns, A Jackson, W Wilcock. Plymouth rocks, T A Ferguson. Houlans, A R McLeod. Aylesbury duck, D Kennedy, 1st and 2nd. Other ducks, T A Ferguson, M Ferguson. Turkeys, M Ferguson, A Jackson. Geese, J Alcorn, M Riley.

GRAIN & SEEDS.

Fall wheat, Clawson, J Stewart. Fall wheat other kind, J Stewart. Spring wheat Russian, J Brodie J Stewart. Spring wheat White Fife, J Brodie, J Stewart. Spring wheat other kind, J Stewart W Buchanan. Fall Rye, J Brodie T A Ferguson. Barley, J Brodie, D Thompson. Oats white, J Brodie, A Bell. Oats black, J Brodie J Stewart. Peas large, J Brodie, J Stewart. Peas small, J Brodie D Thompson. Corn, D Thompson, W Ferguson. Timothy seed, J Brodie, A R McLeod. Beans white, J Brodie, H Mathewson. Beans colored, T A Ferguson, J Brodie.

ROOTS & VEGETABLES.

Patatoes Early Rose, J Henderson. Potatoes other kind, G Arrowsmith, J Henderson. Turnips swede, J Anssum, J I Graham. Turnips other kind, J I Graham, G Arrowsmith. Mangolds, H Mathewson, D Harrow. Beets, A Ostrander, J Anssum. Cabbage, J Hazard, D Thompson. Cauliflower, Mrs Beecroft, W Buchanan. Potatoe onions, J Anssum, R Oliver. Egyptians, W Ferguson, D Thompson. Parsnips, J I Graham, W McAuly. Field carrots, R Black, D Thompson. Table carrots, W McAuly, W Ferguson. Pumpkins, W Buchanan, A McKinnon. Squash, W Ferguson, T A Ferguson. Celery, Mrs Beecroft, R Oliver. Citrons, W Ferguson, M Ferguson. Tomatoes, Mrs Beecroft, W Watson. Collection of vegetables, J I Graham, T A Ferguson.

FRUIT.

Winter apples, J. Brodie, J. Stewart. Fall apples, W Watson, J Stewart. Collection apples, J Stewart, J I Graham. Crab apples, J Graham, J Stewart. Plums, W Watson, J. Brodie. Pears, J Watson, W Watson. Grapes, J I Graham, J Brodie.

FLOWERS.

Hand bouquet, Mrs Beecroft, Mrs Wilcox. Table bouquet, Mrs Graham, Mrs Wilcox. Collection of house plants, Mrs Beecroft, Miss Reily.

DAIRY AND OTHER PRODUCE.

5 lbs Honey comb, J Anssum, W Watson. 5 lbs extracted honey, W Wilcox, W Watson. Roll butter, Mrs C. McKinnon, Mrs D Harrow. Cheese homemade, D Harrow. Cheese factory, J Stewart Maple molasses, W Stewart, W Wilcox. Maple sugar, J Brodie, J Hazard. Tub butter, A Ostrander, J Nichol.

MANUFACTURES.

Mens' boots, calf, T. Conkey, W. Conkey. Mens' boots, kip, W Conkey T Conkey. Full cloth, A R McLeod, J McMillan. Plain flannel, W Buchanan, A R McLeod.

LADIES' WORK.

Woollen yarn, Mrs Buchanan, Mrs Alcorn. Mens' socks, Mrs Wilcox, Mrs Buchanan Mitts, Mrs A R McLeod, Mrs Wilcox. Mens' gloves, Mrs Wilcox, Mrs M Ferguson. Quilt Patchwork, Mrs Brodie, Mrs Wilcox. Quilt other kind, Mrs Jackson, Mrs Meads. Bread, Mrs Ostrander, Mrs C McKinnon. Berlin wool work, raised, Mrs Beecroft, Mrs T A Ferguson. Collection berlin wool work, Mrs T A Ferguson, Mrs A McLeod. Hair flowers, Mrs T A Ferguson, Mrs Vaudna. Wreath, Mrs Wilcox, Mrs T A Ferguson. Gents' shirt, Mrs Mathewson. Hooked mat Mrs Wilcox, Mrs D. McCormick. Crochet work in cotton, Mrs R Conkey, Mrs M Ferguson. Crochet work in wool, Miss McPherson, Mrs Wilcox. Fancy knitting in wool, Mrs Beecroft, Mrs Wilcox. Fancy knitting in cotton, Miss Brodie, Mrs Bell. Braiding in cotton, Mrs Harrow, Mrs Graham. Tatting, Mrs Cavins, Mrs T A Ferguson.

The lady judges made a note of a piece of crochet work in cotton as being very neatly done. Also two woollen counterpanes, a crochet one and three knitted ones as being of superior workmanship. Also woollen stockings, woollen warps and a handsome display of cut flowers in the shape of a table ornament and not a table bouquet. In horses, two year old colts, draught, the names of the prize takers are not given. Also brood mare, 2nd prize, and 2nd prize two year old colt, the reason being that there is some mistake in the judges book, which the secretary will be very well pleased to make right with the parties concerned in each case upon their letting him know who they are that are entitled to these prizes.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$3.00 to 4.25
Fall Wheat	0.85 to 0.87
Spring Wheat	0.85 to 0.87
Barley	0.40 to 0.44
Oats	0.26 to 0.27
Peas	0.65 to 0.66
Butter	0.15 to 0.18
Eggs, fresh	0.16 to 0.17
Potatoes bush.	0.25 to 0.30
Pork	6.00 to 6.50
Hay per ton	5.00 to 6.00
Horses	50.00 to 150.00
Sheepskins	1.00 to 1.25
Cheese	0.12 to 0.13
Turkeys	0.10 to 0.12
Chickens per pair	0.50 to 0.60
Ducks per pair	0.60 to 0.70

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented [illegible] backed up by [illegible] warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweller doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not checked each every time

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you.

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered

than you can [illegible] elsewhere. Specs [illegible] cally fitted.

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

BALTIC PRISONERS COMMITTED.

Backhaus and Peilch Sent for Trial—Russell and Trip Refused Bail.

An Owen Sound despatch says: A. G. Campbell, purser of the steamer Baltic, gave evidence as follows: We had a deck hand who was lost on the 26th of August. I understand his name was Charles Hambly; that name appears on our books. The first I heard of this disturbance was from the first engineer. This was some time after it had occurred. It was called tarring and feathering. I did not see the boy. I got no order to pay him off. The watchman came and tapped at my office window. He told me there was a hand there going ashore at Wiarton and wanted his money. I asked his name and the watchman replied, "He says his name is Charles Owens." I reached down for my crew list book and while doing so I heard the splash. I have a distinct recollection of the occurrences and of Mr. Currie's words. After the splash the cry "man overboard" was raised. I feel satisfied that the boy who gave us his name as Charles Hambly was the boy who was lost.

Mr. Frost then questioned Mr. Campbell as to the way the Crown witnesses attached to the boat had been paid since their detention. Mr. Campbell explained that McMillan, Rogers and Backhaus had been paid off.

Witness—When I heard the shout I ran out of my office aft on the main deck and threw the life buoy over. When I was returning, and just passing in front of the office, I met the captain going aft on the main deck. I heard him saying to a man, "Go up there and see if they are lowering a boat," or some words to that effect. I distinctly heard the captain give that order. I am not positive where the captain went after giving the order, but I think forward. There was more or less confusion, as there always is in a case of this kind. The captain would be just in front of the steward's office when he ordered the man up and was passing aft.

This closed the case for the Crown, and the Crown Attorney said he did not consider any argument on his part necessary to convince their Worships after what they had heard. Mr. Creasor, on behalf of Peilch, argued for bail, but the Magistrates held that from the evidence it appeared plainly that in law all the prisoners were equally guilty, whether they aided by personal effort the perpetrators of the outrage or whether they only abetted it by lending their presence at its committal. It made no legal difference. The two prisoners were therefore remanded to jail to await their trial at the next Assizes.

Chief Justice Galt, after considering the application made to him to bail the prisoners yesterday committed for trial in connection with the Baltic outrage, gave his decision yesterday. He ordered bail in the sum of $400 for each of the two boys Daggett and McFadyen, who are each to find two sureties for $200 each, but he refused the application for bail for Russell and Tripp, who will therefore remain in jail till 9th November, when Chief Justice Armour will go up to Owen Sound to hold the Assizes.

IN MOLTEN IRON.

The Bottom of a Blast Furnace Gives Way With Frightful Results.

A Braddock, Pa., despatch of Friday says: At Carnegie's Edgar Thompson steel works last night Captain W. R. Jones, general manager of the works, and a number of workmen were horribly and perhaps fatally burned. Furnace "C," one of the largest blast furnaces, had not been working properly, and Captain Jones called this evening to see if he could not ascertain the cause. He was working with a number of men near the base of the furnace when the bottom gave way. In an instant flames of fire shot forth, and the hot metal exploded and fell like sheets of water. Tons of the metal poured out of the furnace, and that any person near it escaped instant death is remarkable. The injured are: Captain Jones, horribly burned; Michael Quinn, aged 25, so badly burned that his flesh peeled off with his clothes. He can only live a few hours; John Makake, badly burned about body but not fatally; Capt. Ned Quinn, burned about arms and chest, will recover; Patrick Hughes, Michael Connor and John Needan. The last three may not recover.

LATER.—Capt. Jones, the physicians now say, will recover, and his face will not be disfigured. Two of the others will die.

Burglars Make a Big Haul.

An Inwood, Mich., despatch of Sunday says: Burglars on Friday night entered the Iron Exchange Bank and stole $44,000 from the vault. The money was a special deposit from the Ashland Iron Company, and was placed there after banking hours on Friday night. There is no clue to the robbers. The door of the vault had not been marred, and it was opened by some one who had learned the combination. There were only two men supposed to be in possession of it—Cashier Reynolds and Assistant Cashier Leonard Perrin.

The exact amount stolen was $39,895. The robbers were evidently in too much of a hurry to take small silver and $1,805 was left behind. The United States Express Company is the loser of the money. They did not deposit it in the bank, but merely left it there for safe keeping over night, when it would be delivered to the consignee, Manager William P. Lyon, of the Ashland and Germania mines. It is likely that the Express Company will announce a heavy reward for the apprehension of the burglars.

Fatal Railway Collision.

A Worcester, Mass., despatch says: Two freight trains collided early yesterday morning on the Boston & Maine Railroad, between Lancaster and South Lancaster. Engineer Edward Lawrence, of Rochester, had his left arm broken. Fireman Warren was killed and Peter Trapo was injured about the head. The cars, thirteen in number, were piled on top of each other. The engines were totally ruined.

Patti will remain at Craig-y-Nos, Wales until October 21st, when she goes to London. She will sing in eight concerts, two in London and six in the Provinces, for which she is to receive $28,000 and all expenses paid. She will leave Liverpool for New York on November 23rd. She is to sing in this country, Canada and Mexico.

THE ROTTERDAM STRIKE.

The Men Generally Well-behaved.—Negotiations for Settlement.

A Rotterdam cable of Sunday says: Everything was quiet in the vicinity of the docks yesterday. The police are protecting the comparatively few men employed on the wharves, and are backed by troops, who occupy positions enabling them to quell in a very short time any disturbance that may arise.

The labor troubles are increasing at Rotterdam, and the immense shipping business of that port has for the time being been transferred to Amsterdam. The movement is in the nature of a lockout, so far as the original strikers are concerned, but the strike is nevertheless certain to spread, and will probably extend to Amsterdam. The chances of its success are by no means as good as were the chances of the London strikers, as those of Rotterdam have very little, if any, public sympathy; neither are they favored with the good will of the police, as was the case in London.

Thus far very few acts of violence have been reported, but the people of Hull, England, were treated to a sensation to-day, which gives evidence of the existence at the Dutch port of a spirit of violence among the strikers which the authorities have failed to note. A few days ago a steamer sailed from Hull for Rotterdam, and reached her destination after the strike took place. She was unable to discharge her cargo, and finally cast off from her dock and returned to Hull. Upon her arrival home the body of a Rotterdam Customs officer was found in her hold. An inquest was held, and in the absence of full testimony the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, though there is very little doubt that the dead official was the victim of exasperated strikers.

The masters have consented to negotiate with the striking dockmen. All is quiet in the neighborhood of the docks to-night.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

Three Prominent Statesmen Give the Public their Opinions.

A Paris cable says: Gen. Boulanger has issued an address to the electors of Montmartre, in which he says they have replied to the iniquitous charges of the Senate by electing him to the Chamber. The Government, finding its trickery of no effect, had resorted audaciously to the annulling of votes. This the General declares, was an act of sheer brigandage. The rights of the electors and their privileges had been trampled under foot. The Republicans ought to see that the rights of the voters were respected.

President Carnot received the members of the Commercial Congress to-day. In a speech he referred to the happy result of the elections. He said the destinies of Republican France were now assured. It behoved the Chamber to attend less to speculative politics and to devote themselves to practical business and pacific developments.

M. Ferry, who was defeated in the recent elections for member of the Chamber of Deputies, has written a letter to the electors of the District of the Vosges, in which he ran, saying that violence, dishonesty and corruption disorganized for the moment the Republicans of the district, but that such a state of affairs cannot last long. His defeat, he says, is of small consequence. He will remain on the battlefield until the coalition against the Government is broken.

Mexico Disturbed by Storms.

A St. Louis despatch says: Advices from Mexico say very heavy storms have been sweeping over that country since August 15th, visiting different States at different times. The latest prevailed along the Pacific coast, and reports from Mazatlan and Manzanillo are that the steamers Porferio Diaz and Alatta have probably been wrecked. After a five days' steady rain in the State of Vera Cruz, a cyclone passed over the town of Chipintipec, causing great destruction, and to add to the terror of the inhabitants a great land slide occurred on the mountain back of the town, a part of which passed directly through the town, cutting a great swath through the buildings and carrying away everything in its path. A torrent of water then poured down the gully made by the land slide and flooded that part of the place not already destroyed. There was no loss of life.

Almost Driven to Cannibalism.

An Auckland despatch gives the following: The Tonga steamer Wainui has brought here the captain and crew of the British ship Garston, which foundered in mid-ocean. The shipwrecked sailors were 22 days in an open boat without food or water. On the 22nd day the men, driven to desperation by hunger and thirst, decided that one of their number must be sacrificed to save the lives of the others. They were casting lots to see who should be the victim when they sighted Wallis Island. The natives of the island assisted the exhausted men to land and treated them most kindly. A mission boat took them to Tonga.

Quebec Universities Win.

A Montreal despatch of Sunday says: The universities of this Province have won a victory. Yesterday the Bar Council of the Province voted, by a considerable majority, to accept holders of university degrees for entrance to the study of law without a preliminary examination. This privilege has been hitherto refused by the Bar Council, and last session legislation was sought by McGill University to overcome the narrow-minded view of the Bar Council. The Bill passed the Assembly by a large majority, but was killed in the Legislative Council. The Bar having capitulated, it is presumed legislation will be unnecessary.

Tuey Gwok Ying, the new Chinese Minister to the United States, is a good looking man, about 50 years of age. He dresses in the finest silk raiment and spends a great deal of money. He is a constant smoker, and when he is not puffing a cigarette is rolling one. His present visit to Washington will not be a long one, as he is accredited to Spain and Peru, and will soon set out for Madrid.

—When cold weather comes charity begins to hum.

—It seems strange that a live electric light wire should be so deadly.

A KINGSTON SUICIDE.

Suffering from Melancholia a Laborer's Wife Takes Paris Green.

A Kingston despatch of Friday says: Mrs. Jas. Howie, wife of a stone breaker in the township of Kingston, committed suicide yesterday by taking Paris green. She was respectable and religious, but because of a serious ailment she frequently became melancholy. Yesterday she discovered Paris green in the house, and, sending the children to the shed, she mixed a draught and drank it. She grew sick and the children ran for her niece, Miss Guy Howie. She found Mrs. Howie gasping for breath. An old cloth which Miss Howie saw in Mrs. Howie's room had contained Paris green. When Miss Howie picked it up she said: "Mrs. Howie, you have been taking Paris green." Although dying she said she had not drank any of the stuff, but that as she was handling a bundle of clothing containing green some of it got down her throat. Miss Howie knew that was impossible. She questioned the woman very closely, and at last she said she had drank Paris green, but would not give any reason. Miss Howie said to her, "I thought you always wanted to go to heaven." "So I do," replied the poor woman. Miss Howie added: "You are liable to go to another place now." Before the neighbors were summoned and after she had taken the drug she remarked to the children: "Uncle Jimmie," meaning her husband, "does not like me now." Miss Howie said she attended Mrs. Howie a few days ago while she was in a melancholy spell. After she came to Miss Howie found an open razor under her bed. She told the girl that she had intended to cut her throat. The girl kept this quiet because Mrs. Howie had bound her to secrecy.

GERMAN WAR TALK.

Complications Growing Out of Royal Visits—Bismarck's Future.

A Berlin cable says: The Cologne *Gazette* ridicules the gossip about the appointment of a successor to Prince Bismarck. The Chancellor, it says, is still powerful enough to protect his rights and defend himself against the attacks of unauthorized persons. No statesmen or military man, it declares, has any idea of replacing Bismarck.

The Berlin papers assert that the fresh complications respecting the Czar's visit to Berlin, by which that event is indefinitely delayed, are due to the fact that Emperor William contemplates a visit to Constantinople while on his way to Athens to attend the marriage of his sister, Princess Sophie, to the Crown Prince of Greece. Whether the Russian Emperor objects to the Kaiser's visit to the Sultan or merely wishes to postpone his own visit until the rulers of Germany and Turkey have concluded their conference, is not stated.

The week has been signalized by an outbreak of the war clamor by the semi-official press, based on the extension of the Russian strategic railways and movements of Russian troops on the frontiers of Galicia and Bukovina. Prince Bismarck is credited with instigating this agitation, both in order to constrain the Czar to grant him a political conference, to baulk Russian efforts, to obtain a loan, and to prepare the Reichstag to accept a new military Bill appropriating 240,000,000 marks. The Czar is annoyed over Emperor William's projected visit to Constantinople.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

A Smallpox Infected Party Travel From New York to Chicago.

A Sunday's Chicago despatch says: John Welter, aged 14, the son of wealthy parents, is ill here with smallpox. The family returned from Europe recently. They embarked at Havre, where, smallpox being reported, John was vaccinated. The party passed quarantine at New York and started west on a Delaware & Lackawanna train. An eruption was noticed on the boy's face, but it was supposed to be a case of measles. At Buffalo they changed and took a Michigan Central train and arrived here on the 25th inst. A physician was called and in a couple of days concluded the lad's disease was smallpox. All the school children in the vicinity are being vaccinated. There is no doubt that hundreds of persons between New York and Chicago have been exposed to the disease. No attempt was made to isolate it in Chicago for two days, and in the meantime the boy had travelled the streets and come in contact with many persons.

Rafting on an Extensive Scale.

An Ottawa despatch says: The articles of incorporation of the Joggins Raft Company, which is to handle Canadian and American timber on the Pacific, have been filed. The company start on a paid-up capital of $300,000, with a reserve of over double that amount. Col. J. M. Donahue, of the San Francisco & Northern Pacific Company, and J. D. Spreckles, two of the largest capitalists of the Pacific coast, are backing the scheme. The company will build rafts of 8,000,000 to 12,000,000 feet, making them as large as consistent with the season. These rafts will be towed by tugs to San Francisco, where the mills will be situated. The entire cost of construction of an 8,000,000 foot raft will, it is said, not exceed $15,000. This means an enormous saving, and a freight rate of approximately $2 per thousand feet. This will enable the company to place lumber much cheaper on the market than at present, and undersell all the old lumber companies.

The Hidden Danger Was Great.

A Milwaukee despatch says: The startling information is made public that a great catastrophe during the National Encampment was averted by mere chance. The sloping hillside at Juneau Park, where 100,000 people were seated on the night of the sham naval battle, has moved six inches. Had it not been for the stone roadbed of the railway at the foot of the hill, the whole side of the bluff would have slipped into the lake, carrying the people with it. The ground at the bottom of the hill is bulged, and at the top there is a deep fissure where the sod and earth have been torn apart. Before the seats were erected many civil engineers had doubts about the safety of the bank.

—Figures will not lie, but the female figure will fool a man once in a while.

KEMP SUCCUMBS.

The Long-Imprisoned Landslide Victim Dead—More Bodies Found.

A Quebec despatch of Wednesday night says: The rejoicing caused by the escape of Mr. Joseph Kemp was short-lived. He expired shortly after 11 o'clock yesterday evening. When first taken out of the ruins he seemed so strong, in spite of his age and sufferings, that great hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery. Towards 3 p.m., however, the reaction made itself felt. He sank rapidly and died without a struggle. It was a great consolation to him to see before his death his son, Mr. J. W. Kemp, of Portland, who immediately returned to Quebec on hearing of the dreadful accident.

Harry Black was buried yesterday. This morning the body of Mrs. O'Dowd and this afternoon those of Mr. and Mrs. Henry were carried to the grave.

The sad search was continued throughout the day, and the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Maybury discovered. The latter was so much disfigured that the workmen hesitated before touching an object so inexpressibly horrible. The corpse had been partly eaten by rats. Richard Maybury, over 60 years old, was a British veteran, enjoying a pension of one shilling sterling per day. At the beginning of his career as a soldier he went through the Crimean campaign and retired covered with medals and decorations, which he proudly wore when marching in the ranks of the gallant 8th. He will be given a military funeral to-morrow. The firing party will consist of 21 men of the 8th Royal Rifles, under command of the Color-Sergeant of Maybury's company. Detachments of "B" Battery, the School of Cavalry and all the local volunteer corps will attend. It will be the sixth military funeral which has taken place in Quebec since the month of May.

The other two children of Michael Bradley were found late last night. According to the best authorities there is now only one body missing, that of Tom Pemberton, Kemp's adopted son. It is expected that his body will be found to-morrow. His funeral will be the last sad act of this dreadful tragedy.

Rain has been falling in torrents for 16 hours, and it is feared that this will open up the remaining fissure and produce a second landslide. This would be rather advantageous than otherwise, as nobody is now living beneath the dangerous portion of the rock. It seems that the military authorities hold this opinion, as orders have been given to fire the noon and 9.30 o'clock guns as usual. It will be remembered that this had been discontinued as long as there was hope of saving lives among the ruins. It is also rumored that another fissure has opened on the face of the rock. The City Engineer has, however, not heard of it.

The Coroners' inquest was continued to-day. Most of the witnesses heard were questioned as to the manner in which the search had been conducted. So far it appears that on the first night the work was done by the soldiers and by volunteers from all parts of the city. On all the succeeding days the corporation foremen were in command, and kept continually on the ground relays of from 30 to 40 men. It is to the credit of the Mayor and of several Councillors, especially Councillor McLaughlin, that things were done systematically and as promptly as could be expected under the circumstances. Dr. Parke testified that had the ruins been cleared in 24 hours, more lives might have been saved, but this was a manifest impossibility. Of course, as must be expected, the usual ill-feeling and bickerings to which disasters of this kind invariably give rise have begun to make themselves felt. To an impartial observer it will be evident that, apart from the unavoidable confusion and dismay which followed the first shocking news, all that could have been done has been done to save life. Such is the opinion of Father McCarthy, of St. Patrick's, who was questioned on the subject.

A Miner's Little Nap.

The *Sun's* Wilkesbarre (Pa.) special says A Hungarian at Rock Glen has just awakened from a fourteen days' sleep. About eight weeks ago he started on a spree and drank eight gallons of the worst liquor in the coal region. He then dropped into a stupor, and for seven days lay in the bush. At the end of that time he was found by the overseer of the poor and carried into a shanty near the railroad. Here the fellow slept until last Friday. He was visited by the people in the neighborhood, but all efforts to awake him failed. A physician examined him and found that his circulation was all right, and that his pulse registered 64. Friday the Hungarian awoke and walked down to the hotel, where he took his morning "bracer."

Fighting the Cotton Corner.

A Blackburn, Eng., cable of Tuesday night says: To-night at a special representative meeting of the operative cotton spinners of Blackburn and district, the following important resolution respecting the cotton corner was passed: "That this meeting agrees, in case the masters refuse to stop their mills for a fortnight in October, to assist in defeating the cotton corner, and that the operatives of all the mills shall be brought out by this association, and be paid by the amalgamation." A resolution was also passed recommending the spinners to hold shop meetings and decide to stop, and a mass meeting will be held on Friday to consider the question again.

The Daily Smash-up.

A Chicago despatch of Tuesday says: The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific passenger train which left the main depot at 8.35 p.m. to-day for Blue Island was run into by a freight train at the Lake Shore & Panhandle crossing, near Eighty-Seventh street, Englewood. The passenger train was at a standstill, one coach projecting over the crossing. Into this coach, containing about sixty persons, plunged the freight train, travelling rapidly at right angles to the Rock Island track. The wreck of the passenger coach was complete. The list of the killed is: Mrs. Kelley, J. McKinsie, Fred. Huffner, Mrs. Brown and an unknown woman, all of Washington Heights. Those most seriously injured are: Gus Mulcahy, Chicago, fatally hurt; Miss A. K. Steele, Anton Thuberg and Parker Harden, of Washington Heights. Several others sustained slight injuries.

THE NORTHWEST.

The residence of Thos Rooks, at Brandon, was entered by burglars and goods valued at $300 were stolen.

The special train conveying the viceregal party ran at the rate of 45 miles per hour between Rat Portage and Winnipeg.

The funeral of Mrs. Hayter Reed, the wife of the Indian Commissioner, took place to-day. She died on Monday from inflammation of the bowels. On Friday last she was at a ball.

Nearly 100 miles of the Regina & Long Lake road are already graded, and it is believed Saskatoon will be reached this fall.

Track-laying on the Souris extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway began to-day.

In 1877 and 1878, the "grasshopper years," the Dominion Government made advances for seed grain to a number of settlers of the Red River district, taking mortgages for the same. Two or three thousand of these mortgages are still in existence, and now, under the Torrens system, it is found they constitute a cloudy title. An effort is being made to secure a settlement.

A man named Masoch has been arrested at St. Boniface on a charge of robbing Langlois' butcher shop of $610 in bills. It is also said he is suspected of robbing one Jean of $1,000.

Lord Stanley and party visited St. Boniface this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. McVicar, Miss McIntosh and Miss Graham, of Toronto, Presbyterian missionaries to China, arrived to-day and proceeded west to Vancouver. They were met at the station by a number of Presbyterian friends.

The Governor-General and party went out to Stonewall to-day and opened the annual Fall Fair of the Rockwood Agricultural Society. An address was presented from the Municipal Council at Stony Mountain. An excellent view of the herd of buffalo was had.

Alex. McDonald, contractor for the Northwest Central, arrived from Ottawa on to-day's train. To-morrow he will go on to Brandon, where work has already been begun, in order to connect the new road with the Canadian Pacific.

John Gunn, of Gonor, has finally decided to be a candidate for the representation of Kildonan in the Legislature.

While making arrangements at Stonewall to fire a salute for his Excellency, wind blew a spark into the powder and an explosion followed, seriously injuring a man named McLean and his young son. The father's face is badly disfigured, and the boy has some bones broken.

The residents of Swift Current witnessed a remarkable and unusual sight at about 8.40 last evening, when a meteor was observed in the heavens of sufficient brightness in a clear starry sky to render objects as visible as by a good moon. It lasted for a period of about three seconds and was traveling in a northwest direction. The report of an explosion which resembled that of a cannon fired at a considerable distance was heard about two minutes after the disappearance of the body.

A special train with European emigrants on board arrived last night.

The city engineer is going to Ottawa to submit plans for the Assiniboine water scheme for the approval of the Government.

A representative of Sir Thomas Brassey, one of the wealthiest members of the English aristocracy, is expected to arrive here to-day or to morrow to complete the purchase of certain large interests in Northwest lands, to be used for colonization purposes. The idea is to erect cottages and start new colonists in life.

The rails for fifty miles of the Northwest Central will arrive at Brandon to-morrow. Track-laying begins immediately, and building operations will be renewed at the earliest possible moment next spring.

R. Campion, the Conservative candidate in Dennis, has withdrawn, and Hon. Mr. McLean, the new Provincial Secretary, will doubtless be declared elected by acclamation to-morrow. In his letter of resignation Mr. Campion says: "I find in a personal canvass of part of Dennis that the Liberal Conservative party, while not in any way approving of the past record of the Greenway Government, and especially of Hon. Mr. McLean's vote on the railway question, are anxious to see if the present Administration will carry out the policy in reference to the dual language and Separate Schools questions, foreshadowed by Hon. Mr. Martin in the speech at Portage la Prairie, and that the past acts of the Government for the present appear to be lost sight of. I deem it therefore in the best interest of our party that Hon. Mr. McLean should be allowed to be returned without opposition.'

Six hundred teams and 1,500 men are working on Regina & Long Lake Railway. Sixty miles of line have been graded, and it is now thought that the road will be completed to Saskatoon this fall.

Doctors to Order.

A Portsmouth, N.H., despatch says: A great sensation has been caused here by the discovery of another bogus college of medicine similar in management and larger than the Druid College of Maine, a full *expose* of which was made some years ago. The latest chartered institution is the Trinity University of Medicine and Surgery, having nominal headquarters at Bennington, Vt. Its methods of business are these: Any person desiring to buy a diploma covering both medicine and surgery has, if possessing the necessary money, been given his choice of the following institutions, all of which exist merely on paper: University of Cincinnati, Montreal Medical College, Trenton, N. J., Medical College, New York State Medical College, University of New Hampshire, Trinity University of Medicine and Surgery. The value of sheepskins representing the above institutions has varied from $60 to $300 each. There is no doubt that hundreds of them have been purchased throughout the West and South, while New England has been victimized by scores.

Signor Salvini has left Havre for the States. His route for the short season of twenty weeks will include New York, Boston, Providence, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City Denver and probably St. Louis. Salvini will play four nights each week, making his season consist of about eighty performances.

Voices of the Fair.

"Come on, now, good people! This way to the Fair!"
"They're fresh and they're juicy, they're ripe and they're rare!"
"Oh, what are those things with the big whirring wheels?"
"Now don't go in there, girls; let's go see the seals."
"Oh, isn't that sweet!" "Here's your pink lemonade!"
"Take back that bananer; the darn thing's decayed!"
"Oh, just see her face and the light on his hair;
It's wonderfully painted." "Jane, git me a chair;
Land sakes, I'm most dead!" "Here you are now, this way;
A half dime! a nickel! just five cents to-day!"
"She's the only lady with two distinct heads!
Don't miss it!" "Oh, ma, what's that under them sheds!"
"Here's all you can eat now for thirty-five cents!"
"I see the balloon over there by the fence!"
"I tell you there's no pork in these; not a bit!"
"Don't eat them, good people; you'll all have a fit!"
"Why yours are all cinders; they're half raw, while mine ——"
"Come here for your pictures; I'll make you look fine!"
Oh, my, ain't it crowded; I wisht I was home!"
"Please give me a big cup of clear tea with foam."
"Oh, look! Oh, my gracious, suppose he should fall!"
"Just see him go up! Oh, my, isn't he small?"
"Just look, now; he's jumped!" "Here's hot coffee and tea!"
"I really suppose he's as scared as can be."
"That car's just chuck ful; I must stand up; oh, dear,
I vow I won't kill myself comin' next year."

Kissing on the Platform.

"Bohemian" writes in the St. Thomas *Journal*: The railway stations are the great kissing marts of the world. It is there you can see kissing in all its styles, and it is interesting to watch the people doing the kissing act. All the different varieties of kissing known to civilized and uncivilized men can be seen, and to witness the exhibition takes all the sentiment out of a kiss for the spectator. People in every walk of life go to the railway station to meet friends and relatives, and the styles of kissing to be found there are about as plentiful as the leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa. Some come together with a quick movement, a short, sharp report and break away again, the osculatory exercise being over before it had hardly begun. This is the ordinary kiss of greeting between friends and relatives. The kiss that occupies about the medium duration of time is that between husband and wife. The husband for some weeks past has put in just a "miserable" time whilst his wife has been rusticating with friends. The poor fellow has been out with the boys every night, playing whist, billiards, taking in everything in the shape of fun, and taken altogether has been having a very ruddy time. To tell the truth he is not sorry to see his "pardner" back, but he cannot forget what a "miserable" time he has been having, and he has to make out he is more pleased that she is back than he really is, and he makes a desperate attempt to kiss her as he used to in the old days before and just after marriage. But he has not the staying power and the kiss is only a counterfeit—there is not the cling to it there was when the couple were only lovers. The true lover's kiss is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. As soon as they get their eyes upon each other, these two souls with but a single thought fall upon each other's necks, wind their arms around each other with a lock hitch at the back, their lips come together with a loud report, which gradually dies away like a distant echo, the lips are slowly drawn apart, the arms unwound and the clinging kiss is over. There is no persons in the wide world so oblivious to what is passing around them as a couple engaged in a clinging kissing bee, and they will stand right there and cling no matter if 300 persons are taking it in. A case of this kind was witnessed at the station the other day. A young dude waited around for several trains, and when no familiar face showed up in the crowd he would retire looking disconsolate. At last the party he was looking for appeared. She was a young girl of the dudine order. He could barely restrain himself until she came within reach. As soon as he dared he made a dash and grabbed the object of his affection. "Oh, me dawlin!" he exclaimed, and their lips met in a clinging kiss. The brim of her big hat came down over the dude's little head and completely hid it from view. Those behind them stopped to enjoy the sight, and a small boy fired a volley into them like this: "Break away there!" "Come off the roost!" "Ain't we all in it?" But they paid no attention to the gags, and did not break away till they were good and ready.

Testing Soils by the Color of Plants.

M. Georges Ville, a French scientific agriculturist, after almost thirty years of assiduous researches on the experimental farm at Vincennes, has made a remarkable and important discovery of a relation existing between the color of plants and the richness of soils in fertilizing agents. His conclusions, recently reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences, deserve consideration by all farmers and horticulturists. He finds that the color of the leaves of plants undergoes marked change whenever the soil is lacking in phosphate potash, lime or nitrogen. The color remains light green or turns to yellow when the soil is deficient in phosphate potash or nitrogen. When none of the fertilizing elements are wanting the color is a dark green. By his experiments M. Ville furnishes agriculturists with positive indications by which they can determine with the greatest facility what kind of fertilizer the soil needs most or in what elements of fertility it abounds. His experiments should be repeated by our Department of Agriculture and the results published. The practical information which might thus be supplied to American farmers would enable many of them to "make two blades of grass grow where one now grows.'

Within the Law.

Wild-eyed Man—I want a lot of poison right off.

Drug Clerk—It's against the law to sell poisons to people who look as if they wanted to commit suicide; but I'll let you have a bottle of Dr. Black-Sequin's Elixir of Life. That seems to be pretty sure death.

It is announced that the Queen has postponed until next year her contemplated visit to Strathpeffer Spa, Rossshire, but will prolong her stay at Balmoral until November. She will probably go to Aix-les-Bains early in the spring.

CURRENT TOPICS.

On Saturday the city of London elected a Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs. As an evidence that the day of disabilities is over, it is only necessary to state that the new Lord Mayor is a Hebrew and a Jew, one Sheriff a Catholic and the other an Atheist.

It is said that a vast army of tramps is abroad along the entire length of the Pennsylvania Railway, and like a swarm of locusts is devouring everything edible in its track. Decent, peaceable people are alarmed at the invasion. Farmers are at the mercy of these tramps, railway cars are pillaged and train hands assaulted. The queer thing about the matter is that these tramps came from the mines, factories and foundries of Pennsylvania, the most highly protected State in the Union, and the men are the offspring of the over protected trades.

The motto of the British Volunteers is "Defence, not defiance." They are wholly for home protection and cannot be sent abroad. The War Office has just elaborated a scheme of defence and now every volunteer knows exactly where he is to be placed in a time of invasion, what is required of him and how he is to get to his destination. It is noticeable that in the arrangement Scotland has more volunteers than will be required in her defence. Having made herself all serene she will send to the assistance of England the two Highland and South of Scotland Brigades, with the guns of the Fife, Ayr, Galloway, Aberdeen and Inverness Artillery Corps, besides movable batteries of garrison gunners from the seven brigades, and garrison gunners of the second class from the Banff, Argyll, Caithness and Orkney brigades. Four days after the order for mobilization every volunteer will be at his destination.

Ontario does not lack lawyers. Sometimes we are inclined to think there are too many of them, but we cannot sympathize with the measures that are spoken of to reduce the supply. One plan is to compel the students to attend the Law School both morning and afternoon, thus discriminating against those who depend for support upon the salaries they earn in the offices. Another plan is to raise the fees for becoming solicitor and barrister from $90 and $100 to $400 and $500. These changes would simply leave the door open to rich men's sons, and close it against the poor. A far better scheme would be to raise the standard of qualification — to make the examinations harder. A head test is better than a pocket test. By the way, is it just the thing to let a company of lawyers decide the terms upon which other men shall be allowed to practice law, or to let the doctors' guild fix the barriers surrounding the medical profession? The merchants have no such close corporation, nor have the editors, nor the carpenters, nor many other classes of workers, who, to put it mildly, require more brains than the lawyers to make a living. If the lawyers over-do the fencing-out business, the public will be apt to help the law students to re-arrange the whole system.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist and dramatist, died Monday. Some weeks ago it was cabled here that Mr. Collins was dying, but he afterwards rallied and for a time seemed to improve. Death, however, has overtaken him at last, and with his life disappears one of the familiar literary figures of the 19th century. William Wilkie Collins was the eldest son of William Collins, the well-known painter of rustic scenes, and was born in London in January, 1824. After being educated at a private school and spending two years with his parents in Italy he was articled for four years to a firm in the tea trade, but he soon quit to study law. His first literary production was a biography of his father, published in 1848. From this time he devoted himself entirely to literature, and published successively "Antonina," 1851; "Basil," 1852; "Mr. Ray's Cash Book," 1852; "Hide and Seek," 1854, etc. Soon afterwards he became a contributor to the *Household Word*, and his "After Dark" and "The Dead Secret" are reprints of the tales which originally appeared in that periodical. In 1859 he published the "Queen of Hearts" and in 1860 his masterpiece, "The Woman in White." In 1862 "No Name" appeared, followed in 1863 by "My Miscellanies" and in 1866 by "Armadale." "The Moonstone," "Man to Wife" and many other works followed in rapid succession. Of late years he has contributed largely to *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Collins' works have been translated into almost every modern language and have run through several editions. He was a member of the Guild of Literature and Art. "He wrote "The Light House," first played in private at Tavistock House and afterward produced at the Olympic Theatre. "The Frozen Deep" was produced at Tavistock House by a company of amateurs, among whom was Charles Dickens. Mr. Collins dramatized "The Moonstone" in 1877.

Many Years a Bachelor.

Young lady (to middle-aged gentleman at Saratoga)—Mr. Rivington, I suppose you are very fond of little children?

Mr. R.—Yes, indeed; passionately fond of them.

Young lady—You have some of your own, have you not?

Mr. R.—Oh, no; I'm a bachelor.

Young lady (innocently)—You don't mean it? How long have you been a bachelor?

Indisputable Evidence.

De Pole—Where do you intend to spend your vacation?

De Pole—I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood.

"Hub! You don't take his word for it, do you?"

"No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk."

"Tiny" Quantrell, the English jockey, is now riding for a stable in Pennsylvania. He is a little fellow, not more than four feet in height. He has had a wide experience in his calling. He has had mounts in hundreds of races in England, including a number of Derbys. He has ridden in the Grand Prix at Paris, has plied the whip and spurs in South Africa, and has raced on every track in Australia. He has been in the west for sometime, and is making his way back to England, having got as far as the Keystone State.

ARISTOCRATIC SPORT.

What it Costs to Maintain a Deer Forest in Scotland.

No one but a millionaire will think of hiring a deer forest. And yet there are deer forests with fishing which are not highly rented for men of modest means and a quiet mode of life. The lodge party, the champagne luncheons, the racket and fashion of the west end transported to Glen Sneeshin—these are what render deer-stalking expensive. Still it is computed that each deer that is shot costs its slayer fifty guineas. There are over a hundred deer forests in Scotland, some (like the forest of Mar, Blackmount, or Glenstrathfarrar) of immense extent, the first of those named comprising 80,100 acres. They occupy about 2,000,000 acres on the whole. Estimating their rental at 2s 6d per acre, this alone amounts to £150,000. The cost of living and various other modes of outlay will certainly add £50,000 to these figures. Ample is the harvest of gold which the Pactolus of deer-stalking rolls though some of the most barren districts of the Highlands, running, however, by an easy transition to a grouse moore, here rents are much easier, yet each brace of grouse shot is supposed to cost the sportsman £1. Moors stand at from 10d to 2s 7d, or 2s 6d per acre, with lodges upon them. Taking a case, for instance, where the rental would be 2s per acre, a shooting of 1,000 acres would cost the lessee £100, and the acres of heather ought to hold a hundred brace of grouse, while fifty brace would be left as breeding stock. There are not less than 2,400 shootings in Scotland (in addition to the deer forests) which hold grouse as well as other sport. In a good season it is estimated that 500,000 brace of grouse will be shot in Scotland, which represents the same number of pounds in rent. Travelling and living must, of course, be included in the costliness of these moors. Taking on an average ten sportsman annually as visiting each of these forests and moors, 25,000 persons, besides ladies, children and servants, have to be transported to and fro, and if £20 each be allowed for this purpose, the modest sum of £500,000 must be added to the amount of rental.

Demoralizing Drinks.

"Give me a great double-barreled, centre-fire, back action drink of soda and phosphate," ordered a jolly customer at a drug store last night. "Do you know what this favorite of yours is doing for you?" asked the venerable druggist, as the customer drained his glass. "Killing the nausea in my stomach'," was the reply. "Yes, and it's killing your stomach, too. Some of these days you'll want it copper-plated, and you'll want in vain. Phosphate is something that no one should take except after a full meal. Why? Well, I will explain. You wouldn't think that the inflammable ends of matches were a proper thing to eat, would you? But phosphate is derived from phosphorus, and if you used it to excess it will burn out your stomach just as alcohol would if used in excess. You feel benefited by it now, but if you keep on the time will come when you will wish that you had never heard of phosphate. Of course, we sell it because there is a foolish craze for it, but I advise no one to use much of the fiery substance." "Should no one use it at all?" "In moderate quantities just after a full meal it will not hurt any one; but beware of using it in excess or on an empty stomach, for if you do that organ will need half-soling and heeling some time."

Life is Much What We Make it.

Take time; it is no use to fume or fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret in comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.

Show your sense by saying much in a few words.

Try to speak some kind word or do some kind deed each day of your life. You will be amply repaid.

Set your work to song.—*Washington Post*.

Ready for the Waste Basket.

Young Poet—Now, to tell the truth, I don't think this poem of mine can be improved on.

Friend—Is it as bad as that?

Joseph Arch, the English labor leader, is a stout man with a pock-marked, weather beaten face, covered with stubby beard. His eyes are blue. When roused by excitement his chest expands, his voice roars and he exhibits the characteristics of an angry lion.

A TIMELY WAIL.

The season grows colder apace,
The winds begin to roar;
So, when you come into this place,
Please, mister, shut the door.

It's most too warm for fires as yet,
They'd open every pore;
But frost has come, mankind to fret,
So, mister, shut the door.

Don't leave it swinging while we sneeze,
And christen you a bore;
Unless you want to see us freeze,
Why, hang it, shut the door!

Don't make us shiver 'till we're blue,
And hanker for your gore;
Look here, we've said all we're going to on this subject, and the next thing you know we'll be over there wiping the floor up with you
Unless you shut that door.

—Hotel guest (sitting up in bed, watch in hand)—Six o'clock and nobody comes to wake me. I shall be sure to miss the train.

Manager J. C. Duff's comic opera company, which is presenting "Paola" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, will shortly take to the road, playing in all the large cities east of the Mississippi, and will return in the spring.

LIPS THAT NEVER TOUCH.

Japanese Are Ignorant of the Pleasures of Osculation.

Over in the Mikado's empire kissing is an unknown pleasure, and even between husband and wife osculatory enjoyment is a liberty never indulged in. Although the young Japanese maidens have the rosiest of lips, the whitest of teeth and the sweetest of smiles, their dainty little mouths are as forbidden fruit to their sighing swains, who must content themselves with more formal manifestations of their love. A Tokio correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes thus:

'Tis a melancholy fact, but a Japanese has no such impulse. No lover courts his mistress with "sweetest persuasive kisses." No mother kisses her baby as she hugs it to her bosom. Parting husband presses the hand of his wife and bends her forehead to the mats in sad farewell. Our salutations run through the crescendo of bow, handshake, kiss and kiss. I can't explain the difference in grade between the last two, but everybody knows. But in Japan the expression of regard is regulated by the number and length of the salaams. A friend who constantly travels about the country told me of a little illustration in point. He had been on the road for six weeks, having with him a native merchant who was interested in his business. On their return to Tokio he accompanied the broker to his home, a permit for the night's visit having been obtained from the local Inspector of Police. The wife met her husband and friend at the door and ushered them in. Together they assisted their guest to remove his coat. The wife next took from her lord his wadded kimono and other wraps and folded them away. Then, and not until then, did they kneel upon the mats and bow long and low to each other. "You have been many weeks away from us," said the wife, in a sweet, affectionate voice. "We have waited for you with impatience. I hope that you are well, dear lanoskesan." And he thanked her and said he was.

Virtue in Good Coffee.

So extensive is the adulteration of coffee it is not easy to obtain the pure article, even although the highest prices be paid. The substance commonly used in adulteration are chicory, roasted grains, peas or beans. The principal element of roasted chicory is sugar. It is useful in coloring the decoction, but adds nothing to its virtues. As for the other substances, although they may be harmless, considering their use from an economic point of view, nothing is made in buying coffee which contains them, even if the price of the mixture be much under that demanded for the pure article. This is evident when it is known that not infrequently what passes for low price coffee contains at least 60 per cent. adulteration. In buying coffee the pure is actually the cheapest. And in the matter of adulteration of this important article of food there is a weighty consideration beyond that of economy. The more good, pure coffee there is obtainable the less will be the demand for spirituous liquors, for even the veriest toper will often choose the former in preference to the latter.—*Boston Herald*.

The Bashfulness of Office.

A tourist stopped in front of a "shack" house, over the door of which a prominent Kansan was nailing a sign, bearing this legend: "I am a candydate for the offis of sherf."

"That is very unlike the way we do in the East," remarked the tourist. "There we believe, with the proverb, that the office should seek the man, and ——"

"Wal," interrupted the prominent one, "that may do fer the East, whur the offices hain't so durned bashful; but, out this way, if you expect the office to ride up to your place, an', whirlin the loose uv its lasso three times round its head, drag you outer your house an' off to the county seat, I'm afeard that grim disappointment will be your portion."—*Puck*.

Value of Christian Heads.

In the late war between the black flags of Tonquin and the French, the leader of the Chinese outlaws made a monetary estimate of the value of his enemies. He offered his men a sum equivalent to $125 for the head of every Frenchmen and $25 additional if the victim had gold braid on his coat. The fact that most orientials express great contempt for native Christians was illustrated in this black flag proclamation, which offered $50 apiece for the heads of native soldiers in the French service, but added that $15 for the heads of native Catholics was all they were worth.

He Was Misunderstood.

Judge—you have abandoned your wife. Not only that, but before you left you treated her in the most brutal manner, dragging her around the room by the hair of her head.

Culprit—What a fuss you all make because I took a lock of my own wife's hair by which to remember her during my absence.

At the Marriage Agency.

Would-Be Customer—Yes, I would like to marry, and if you come across a handsome, young amiable girl who has money and who wants a good home, just drop me a postal.

Marriage Broker—I beg your pardon, but if I find that kind of a female I'm going to marry her myself.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Summer Guest (impatiently)—I have found dead flies in every dish I touched this morning, and I think you might at least make a reduction in your charges.

Hotel Proprietor—I can't reduce your bill, sir; but if you will come with me to the kitchen, I'll let you hear me swear at the servants.

The Shortcomings of Journalism.

"These papers are very unsatisfactory."

"What's the matter now!"

"Why, it tells here of a man who fell from the top of the Eiffel tower, but does't say whether he was hurt or not.

We have the Patti corset, the Langtry gold paint and bustles, the Judic hat, the Hading veil, and now we have the Joshua Whitcomb cough syrup.

—Women are ever dupes or victims of their extreme sensitiveness.

IRELAND AT PARIS.

Magnificent Specimens of Art in Textiles.

One of the most delicate exhibitors of long-skilled handicraft, at the present French exhibition, is from the linen looms of Ireland, in the form of damask napkins out of a set of two dozen doilies, made for a jubilee gift to Queen Victoria by a Belfast manufacturer. These doilies are woven from the finest linen yarn which has ever yet been spun from flax fibre. The napkin is exhibited in its unbleached state, and also in its bleached and finished condition. Upon each is a strikingly faithful delineation of the factory from which it comes. The building is photographed, as it were, in the linen web. One of these damask doilies, about sixteen inches square, contains 3,060 threads of warp and 4,012 threads of woof, and these threads, joined together, would extend a distance of more than two miles. Yet the napkin seems to be the merest figment of gossamer—a fabric of lightest gauze, a thing one might blow away with a breath.

The draughtsman was engaged for seven months in the preparation of the enlarged design—about twelve feet square—upon paper. This plan or map, so to speak, of the napkin was divided by fine machine rulings into 12,000,000 squares, each line standing for one thread of the web. On the damask work are represented 44 different species of ferns, birds, butterflies and flowers. Irish lace, hand-made, at 100 guineas a yard, handkerchiefs at $250 each, and many other samples of exquisite skill and patient toil, from the north of Ireland looms, are included in the display. In further illustration of this great industry, there is a display of flaxseed, the flax plant with its blue flower, flax straw, scutched flax and flax spun into yarn and wound upon bobbins ready for weaving. There are also illustrated plans of the different processes of making damasks, and the entire exhibit is appropriately surmounted by one of the most ancient specimens of an Irish flax wheel for spinning nen thread.

The Burdens of Womanhood.

Thousands of women are silently suffering untold misery, simply because they shrink from consulting a physician in those numerous complaints arising from functional irregularities and disorders. Many a modest girl and woman prefers to bear her heavy burden in silence rather than to go to the family physician for advice. All sufferers from this class of disorders can, however, find prompt and sure relief in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a specific in such cases, and has brightened the lives of countless women by restoring them to perfect health.

Luck.

First Tramp—Some folks is born lucky. Rem'ber Bill Soaks?

Second tramp—Yep.

First Tramp—He got into Sweipier's brewery the other night an' was drowned in a beer vat.

Don't be Humbugged

with the foolish idea that Catarrh cannot be cured! The world moves, and medical science is progressive. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

Knowledge is Bliss.

Mrs. H. Arlem Flatte—I wanted to see that new play at the Downtown Theatre to-night, but the critics say the play is a failure, and the weather reports say it is going to rain.

Mr. H. Arlem Flatte—Then let us go by all means. The play will be charming and the weather delightful.

Poison the fountain and the stream is impure; poison the blood, and its taint is carried through the entire system—those innumerable veins and arteries carry disease and death instead of life and vitality. As a result, you have Headache, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and General Debility. An inactive Liver means poisoned blood; Constipation means poisoned blood; Kidney disorder means poisoned blood. The great antidote for impure blood is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Acting directly upon the affected organs, restores them to their normal condition. "A word to the wise is sufficient." The "Discovery" is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

The Same Thing.

"I see," said Smith, laying down his paper, "that old man Skinflint has willed his property to Groggins, the saloon-keeper."

"How's that? I supposed that he left it all to his son, Harry."

"Well, he did, but that was only an indirect way of leaving it to Groggins."

Patient Waiting No Loss.

Confiding Son—Mother, what's the best way to propose to a girl?

Mother—When the right girl comes along, my son, you won't need any advice.

—Geese at the north will commence to fly southward when the fall storms break up the watering place society.

The Rev. Dr. Menzies, minister of Abernyte, has, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, been appointed Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in room of the late Professor Crombie.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

Osprey Fall Show.

Osprey fall exhibition was held at Maxwell on Friday last. Extremely unfavorable weather in the morning prevented many from attending, but this did not appear to prevent the fair becoming a success. In the afternoon a large number were present. It was late when all the entries had been given in, the energetic secretary, Mr. D. Grant, of Singhampton, being kept industriously at work until nearly 2 o'clock seeing to these matters, consequently judging of live stock was made rather late, and it was nearly five o'clock when the Orange Hall was opened to the general public. Inside the exhibit was very fair, a splendid exhibit of roots, especially, being made. There was also a good exhibit of grain. In ladies' work the show was rather scanty. In fruit Mr. James Stewart, of Kimberley, was, we believe, the only exhibitor, and took something like fourteen prizes in that class, besides prizes for grain. Nice samples of honey were shown, Mr. Wm. Guy taking first for strained. The outside exhibit of stock was not extra large, but the quality, especially in horse flesh, was A 1. Two magnificent cows and two calves were shown by a gentleman living in Nottawasaga, whose name we did not learn. The exhibit of sheep was small and the quality not good. The same may be said of pigs. Taken as a whole, however, the show was a pronounced success, and the directorate may congratulate themselves upon the interest manifest by the people of Osprey, notwithstanding the very miserable weather experienced. Look out for prize list next week. We have to thank the directors for many courtesies shown, and Mr. R. Y. Burk for a present of the prize winter radishes.

When we find a person who talks flippantly about his neighbor's dishonesty or untruthfulness we have found one who is unworthy the confidence of humanity. The Editor of the Flesherton Advance will perceive. - Markdale Standard.

The Advance perceives, of course, and is extremely sorry that it has grieved Mr. Rutledge by talking "flippantly" about his untruthfulness. We did not intend to be "flippant." What The Advance said was in sober earnest, brother. Hoping this will dispel the impression that we were insincere, we remain yours etcetera and so on ad infinitum. The Advance cannot live, of course, without the "confidence" of the Standard, and therefore we hasten forward with this apology.

Progress of Inventors Since 1845

In the year 1845 the present owners of the Scientific American newspaper commenced its publication, and soon after established a bureau for the procuring of patents for inventors at home and in foreign countries. During the year 1845 there were only 502 patents issued from the U.S. Patent Office, and the total issue from the establishment of the Patent Office, up to the end of that year, numbered only 4,347.

Up to the first of July this year there have been granted 407,413. Showing that since the commencement of the publication of the Scientific American there have been issued from the U. S. Patent Office 402,166 patents, and about one third more applications have been made than have been granted, showing the ingenuity of our people to be phenomenal, and much greater than even the enormous number of patents issued indicates. Probably a good number of our readers have had business transacted thorugh the office of the Scientific American, in New York or Washington, and are familiar with Munn & Co's mode of doing business, but those who have not will be interested in knowing something about this, the oldest patent soliciting firm in this country, probably in the world.

Persons visiting the office of the Scientific American, 361 Broadway, N.Y., for the first time, will be surprised, on entering the main office, to find such an extensive and elegantly, equipped establishment, with its walnut counters, desks, and chairs to correspond, and its enormous safes, and such a large number of draughtsmen, specification writers, and clerks, all busy as bees, reminding one of a large banking office, with its hundred employees.

In conversation with one of the firm, who had commenced the business of soliciting patents in connection with the publication of the Scientific American, more than forty years ago, I learned his firm had made application for patents for upward of one hundred thousand inventors in the United States, and several thousands in different foreign countries, and had filed as many cases in the Patent Office in a single month as there were patents issued during the entire first year of their business career. This gentleman had seen the Patent Office grow from a sapling to a sturdy oak, and he modestly hinted that many thought the Scientific American, with its large circulation, has preformed no mean share in stimulating inventors and advancing the interests of the Patent Office. But it is not alone the patent soliciting that occupies the attention of the one hundred persons employed by Munn & Co., but a large number are engaged on the four publications issued weekly and monthly from their office 361 Broadway, N.Y., viz.: The Scientifit American, the Scientific American Supplement, the Expert Edition of the Scientific American, and the Architects and Builders Edition of the Scientific American. The first two publications are issued every week, and the latter two, the first of every month.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall..

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, lot 135, Back Line, west, on or about the middle of August last, one two year old heifer, white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take it away. WM. WRIGHT

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of A. Cullen, lot 157, 2nd range west, T and S R., about the first of August last, one year old steer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away. A. CULLEN

FARM TO RENT.

For a term of years. Being lots No 183 and 184, second range north of the T & S. Road, Artemesia, containing over fifty acres of cleared land, free from stone and mostly clear of stumps, and well adapted for either grain or grazing purposes. Good chance for a good man. An inspection of the place solicited. Apply to T. B. POWERS, Kirby P.O., or to ANDREW CARR, Flesherton P.O., Ont

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 15th November, 1889, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Durham and Flesherton Station, from the 1st January next. The conveyance to be made in a vehicle. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of Durham, Bunessan, Priceville, Flesherton Station and at this office

H. G. HOPKIRK,
Post Office Inspector.

Post office Inspector's Office,
Stratford, 2nd October 1889.

1890 SUBSCRIBE FOR THE 1890 Weekly Empire,

Canada's Leading Newspaper

PATRIOTIC IN TONE
TRUE TO CANADA
TRUE TO THE EMPIRE

THE EMPIRE IS NOW

THE GREAT WEEKLY PAPER

OF THE DOMINION,

and special arrangements are being made to add new and attractive features, which will greatly increase its interest and value.

As an inducement to place it in the hands of all PATRIOTIC CANADIANS the balance of present year will be given

FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

Making it only $1.70 for the Empire and Flesherton Advance, from now to the end of 1890.

A GIFT!

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

In order to secure another thousand subscribers before January next we have decided to make a great sacrificial offer for the balance of this year.

We have made arrangements with a publisher whereby we are enabled to make a magnificent gift to all our subscribers. We offer you your own choice from a list of splendid books, printed in clear type on good paper, or a monthly farmer's magazine for one year, upon the following terms: Every new subscriber remitting one dollar to us between the date of this circular and Jan. 1 next will receive The Advance for 1890 and balance of this year free, and may also select one from our list of books. And in order that all may fare alike we offer to our old subscribers, who will send in any arrearages and the dollar in advance for next year, *before, or on Jan. 1, 1890*, a choice from the appended list of books.

N. B.—The books will not be delivered until after Jan. 1, next, in order that all may be sent out at one time. Where they are to be sent by mail five cents extra must be sent with the order, to pay postage.

This is a bona fide gift, made as an experiment, and the most liberal ever made by a local newspaper. The names will be enrolled as received and the books delivered in that order. Here is the list:

1 THE AMERICAN FARMER, monthly, for one year.
2 A House of Tears, by E. Downey.
3 Sara Crewe and Edith's Burglar, by Frances Hodgson Burnett.
4 The Abbey Murder, by Joseph Hatton.
5 The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte.
6 The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, by Mrs. F. H. Burnett.
7 Dr. Glennie's Daughter, by B. L. Farjeon.
8 A Mere Child, by L. B. Walford.
9 The Queen's Token, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
10 A Missing Husband, by George R. Sims.
11 The Earl's Wife, same author.
12 An Algonquin Maiden, by G. Mercer Adam and E. Wetherald.
13 Heaven and Hell, by E. Swedenborg.
14 Stranger than Fiction, by Kenneth Lee.
15 The Story of an African Farm, by Ralph Iron.
16 John Ward, Preacher, by Margaret Deland.
17 Buffalo Bill, by Ned Buntline.
18 Michael Strogoff, by Jules Verne.
19 The Gunmaker of Moscow, by S. Cobb, a capital story.
20 Maria Monk.
21 Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
22 Rudder Grange, by Frank R. Stockton.
23 Ten Nights in a Barroom, by T. S. Arthur.
24 A Dangerous Catspaw, a detective story.
25 Helo n's Babies, by Habberton.
26 Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace.
27 Seaside Cook Book.
28 Day's Ready Reckoner, complete.
29 Chesterfield's Letter Writer and Etiquette, Complete.

Remember these two facts: You secure what is admittedly the best local paper in Grey, and get a present of another dollar paper or a book to while away the winter evenings. Our offer only holds good up to and including Jan. 1, 1890. Such another offer will, in all likelihood, never be made again. Do not put off sending in your orders until the last moment.

W. H. THURSTON,
Publisher Advance, Flesherton.

Flesherton, Sept. 24, 1889.

Extra Copies of any of the above Works may be had for 30 cents.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

CAME ASTRAY.

One black sow came into the enclosure of D. Madill's, about the first of August. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take her away.

D. MADILL,

Maxwell, Sept. 14, 1889.

In the Matter of Charles E. Neil, Late of the Village of Feversham, (now of Maxwell), Merchant, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate to the undersigned, in pursuance of an act respecting assignment for the benefit of creditors, revised statutes, Ontario. Chapter 124, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the office of Messrs. M. Richardson & Co., Flesherton, on Monday, 30th Sept. 1889, at 2 p.m., to receive a statment of affairs, appoint inspectors and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. And notice is hereby given that after November the first next, the said trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said debtor amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given, and that he will not be liable for the assets, or any part thereof, so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt or claims he shall not then have had notice.

JOSEPH BLACKBURN,
Assignee in Trust.

Dated at Flesherton, Sept. 21, 1889.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

PURSUANT to section 36, cap 110 of R.S.O. 1887, the creditors and all others having claim against the estate of James Crawford, deceased, in his lifetime of the township of Osprey, in the county of Grey, who died on the 15th day of September, 1889, are hereby notified to send by post, prepaid, or delivered to Josiah Gamey, one of the executors of deceased Maxwell P.O., on or before the first day of December next, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of their securities (if any) held by them. On default thereof and immediately after such last named date, the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

JAMES CRAWFORD,
JOHN CRAWFORD,
JOSIAH GAMEY, } Executors.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1889.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russell's

J. G. Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians [illegible]
[illegible] east of Grier's stor
or Athletic Hotel
Priceville Nov. 15, 1888

DRS. SPROULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc. late of Tottenham, Ont
Dr Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, Co. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, &c. Agent for purchase and sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. C. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
on Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Hub Thill Spring,
MANUFACTURED BY
Butts & Ordway,
147, Pearl St., Boston
Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.

—FOR SALE AT—

Heard's Carriage Shop.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

Farm to rent—see advertisement elsewhere.

Mr. Earl Strain has returned to Penn. University to complete his course in medicine.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Strain left on Tuesday morning for an extended visit with their sons in Minot, Dak.

The young son of Mr. Guy Orr, who was recently kicked by a horse, is improving, and will recover.

If any of our readers are breeders of Chinese geese they would confer a favor by corresponding with The Advance.

Mr. M. Williamson, near Priceville, has fruit trees in bloom. The snow of Saturday, however, knocked them senseless.

J. G. Russell, Esq., and Dr. Carter returned from Detroit on Monday, both having spent a very pleasant holiday.

Mr. John Shilton and wife, of Toronto, were the guests of Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., for a few days during the past week.

Township council met in the Town Hall on Monday. Minutes are crowded out of this issue. They will appear next week.

Mrs. Skene who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Crossley for some time, returned to the Sault St Marie, Michigan, on Saturday.

The report of the teachers' convention, held at Durham last Thursday and Friday, is unavoidably crowded out this week.

The cattle fair on Monday was well attended, considering weather and roads. A large number of buyers were present and a goodly number of cattle changed hands.

The Pickering News has a potato weighing three pounds. We have one in our office, which, when dug was found attached to the bowl of a teaspoon, all ready for eating, minus cooking. It was grown by Mr. Boyd Thompson.

Snow fell on Friday night last, at Rocklyn and Singhampton, to the depth of from 3 to 4 inches. In Flesherton it was simply a mixture of rain and snow. On Saturday night, however, snow fell here to a depth of about two inches.

New subscribers are coming in every day. Now is the time to get your name enrolled on our list. We are offering every inducement possible, and it is your own fault if you are left out in the cold. There is a valuable gift awaiting you. See elsewhere.

Robert Bates has purchased the remaining stock of his brother, Thomas Bates, and will continue in the clothing business at the old stand. Robert is a young man who has had a large experience for a young man, and having one of the best stands in the city must do a good business.—Sault Herald.

The decorating committee of the Harvest Home festival should have got to work on Saturday last and fixed up the church. There was not a decoration of any kind to show that the services were anything more than ordinary. A few hours' work would have made the church appear to harmonize with the sermons, and the services more impressive.

San Francisco the Beautiful.

The Advance strongly advises its readers to be on the alert for letters which will shortly appear in these columns descriptive of the city of San Francisco and California. It is written by the talented authoress of "Across the Continent," and will prove extremely interesting. Her former letters attracted much attention, and this series of articles descriptive of San Francisco and the Golden State will prove equally fascinating. This week is a good time to subscribe and secure The Advance one year and nearly four months and a valuable book, all for the sum of one dollar. No such wonderful offer was ever made before. "Strike while the iron is hot" and get three times the value for your money. Read our fall campaign announcement elsewhere.

Horse for Sale.

A good young horse, four years old, a "Byron," without fault or blemish, time for payment will be given. JOHN W. ARMSTRONG, Flesherton.

Plowing Match.

The annual fall plowing match of the united townships of Artemesia, Glenelg, Proton and Egremont, will be held near Priceville on Friday, Oct. 18th. The farm has not been selected up to time of going to press.

Could Not be Served.

A business man of Flesherton recently rendered a statement of account to a minister who was one time a resident of Maxwell. The letter was returned. It had been opened by some person, and on the back of the account was written: "Mr. Blank is in heaven and his wife is in Port Perry."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Damage.

A large amount of damage has been done in this vicinity to fruit and ornamental trees by the snow storm of Saturday night. None of the leaves had fallen, and therefore the snow made huge pyramids of white out of the trees, weighing down limbs and breaking them off in large numbers.

A Treat.

Those who attended the Methodist church on Sunday evening last had the unexpected pleasure of listening to that Canadian queen of song, Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, of Toronto. She sang two solos in a manner that should disarm all critics. Her singing was greatly enjoyed by the congregation, as it is by all who hear her.

Barn Burned.

On Friday last the frame barn belonging to Mr. Jas. Henry, North Line, near Priceville was destroyed, together with grain, hay and a large number of fowl, including forty turkeys. The circumstances were somewhat peculiar. Mr. Henry was threshing on that day, the machine engaged belonging to Mr. Charles Ryan. All the grain had been threshed and the hands were cleaning up the floor, when fire was discovered near the machine. It spread almost incredibly fast, and there was only time to run out the thresher and the farm implements, which were in another part of the barn. One rumor said that the spark arrester had been removed for the purpose of cleaning it, and the fire started from a spark from the engine, but whether this is a fact we have been unable to learn. Mr. Henry's loss will mount up to nearly seven hundred dollars, and will be a heavy blow to him. There was no insurance.

Ladies should see the checked gray flannel at the Flesherton factory.

Terrible Gunning Accident.

Thomas Lyons, son of Mr. John Lyons, of Tyrone, aged 22, met with a terrible accident on Friday last while out shooting in company with a companion named Shearson, in the vicinity of Proton Station. It appears that the young men were on the lookout for a deer, and young Shearson had placed a ball in his gun upon the load of fine shot. While going through a brush heap Shearson held his gun over his shoulder with the muzzle pointing forward, and a twig raised the hammer, discharging the gun, the whole contents of which entered Lyons' arm and back. The arm was terribly shattered, and the wounded man had to walk four miles to his brother's place near Proton Station. Drs. Greenlau and McWilliams, of Dundalk, and Dr. Sproule of Markdale, were summoned, and found it necessary to amputate the arm at the shoulder. This was done twenty-four hours after the accident occurred, and the young man is now progressing favorably, but complains more of the injury to his back from the effects of the fine shot than that of the amputated arm.

Union sheeting plain and twilled, white and gray, at the Flesherton factory.

Mr. S. Damude wishes us to announce that he is prepared to purchase all the hides which may be forthcoming and pay the highest price.

Passed Away.

We have this week to record the death of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this vicinity, Mr. Madill, father of Mr. Alexander Madill. Mr. Madill was born in Ireland in the year 1804, and had consequently reached the advanced age of eighty-four years. He emigrated to this country when quite young and settled for a while on the Toronto line, near Flesherton, and underwent, with his now aged and still surviving helpmeet, all the hardships of a pioneer life. Like most of his countrymen he possessed a very strong constitution, and until about ten years ago, when he had a severe attack of bronchitis, scarcely knew what it was to be sick. Since that time until about three weeks before his death he enjoyed tolerably good health, but for two weeks previous to his death he was confined to his bed, and bore his sickness with christian fortitude. On Wednesday night he calmly and peacefully passed into the land where the inhabitants never grow old or never say "I am sick." For a number of years and up till the time of his death he lived with his son, Mr. Alex. Madill, about two miles north of Eugenia, whence his remains were borne to the cemetery, Flesherton, on Friday afternoon, there to wait "The Great Day when we shall all be contemporaries and make our appearance together." To the lonely widow and the bereaved family we would offer our sincere sympathy, and comfort them with the thought that though he will never come back to them, they may go to him.

Wool quilt batts cheap, at the Flesherton factory.

Harvest Home.

The harvest home festival which was held in the Methodist church on Tuesday evening last was a decided success in point of program, but not so much so in that of the number present. Tea was given in the basement, which had been most beautifully and tastily decorated by several young ladies, viz., Miss Armstrong, Miss Wright, Miss Lou Armstrong, Miss Ada Sproule and Miss A. Thurston. The taste exhibited in arranging the grain, vegetables, flowers and autumn leaves was truly creditable to the artistic abilities of these young ladies. A most bountiful repast was served, in fact the cuisine was equal or superior to anything we have ever seen in that line. After the inner man had been catered to, the audience adjourned to the body of the church where a program of unusual excellence was presented. Mr. Thos. Gamey, the popular reeve of Osprey, occupied the chair, and the managing committee did a wise thing when they placed Mr. Gamey there. The program consisted of music and speeches of a superior order throughout. The choir rendered a couple of pieces in most excellent style. Rev Mr. Watson was the first speaker, and delivered a short, pithy address which was listened to with much interest. Other speakers were Mr. Thorpe Wright, who has the happy and rare faculty of amusing while he instructs; Mr. Thos. Graiger, who was unprepared to deliver a lengthy address; Mr. John Shilton, of Toronto, who can talk, as all lawyers can, and yet say something instructive, at the same time evolving ideas which will make one think; Rev. Mr. Baggin, chairman of the district, who—well, everybody knows what Mr Baggin can do. The great pleasure of the evening, however, was the somewhat unexpected presence of Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, of Toronto. This lady rendered the following solos during the evening: "Lullaby Song;" as an encore, "Come in and Shut the Gate." "Jerusalem," by Parker, and as an encore, "No Place like Home." Mrs. Shilton's singing powers are, in our estimation, beyond any criticism whatever, and her music was all the more enjoyed from the fact that in all probability it is the last opportunity which Flesherton people will have of hearing this talented lady at home. Those who missed hearing her this time lost a rare treat. Mr. Evans rendered a bass solo, "The Old Sexton," and gave as an encore "The Model church," both of which were well received. A pretty quartet by Messrs. Evans and Beecroft and Misses Richardson and Beecroft, completed the program. The whole affair was very pleasant and enjoyable, the only thing to mar it's success being the comparatively slim attendance of farmers. The proceeds amounted to something over forty-five dollars.

Get your colored mitt yarns at the Flesherton factory.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall

Special values in overcoats—heavy Canadian Tweeds, at Richardson & Co's.

Fur coats this season at prices away down. An elegant stock of ladies' and gents' furs just opened at Richardson & Co's.

Fine overcoatings in Beaver, Melton, Worsted, etc., at Richardson & Co's.

A good strong horse, healthy and in good condition. Cheap for cash or time to good paper. W. W. Trimble.

Maxwell

From our own Correspondent.

The four days' special services that were held last week in the Methodist church were not very well attended owing to wet weather. Mr Brown opened the services by preaching from Exodus, 14th chap. 13th v. Mr. Weatherall, of Singhampton, occupied the pulpit in the evening. Mr. Shilton, of Flesherton, preached afternoon and evening of Tuesday. On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Flint, of Ravenna, was present, and in the evening Mr McNeil, the Presbyterian minister. Mr. Flint stayed and helped in the services on Thursday morning and afternoon. Mr. Brown occupied the pulpit on Thursday night. Service was also held on Friday night, and they will be continued every evening this week.

Osprey fair was a success. There was a larger number present this year than there has been for some time.

The Rev. Mr. Hall, of the Church of England, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday morning. The congregation was very small, on accoount of the cold and disagreeable morning. Every one is sorry that Mr. Hall's three months' vacation is at an end. A minister has not yet been secured in his place.

John Britton, one of the Home boys, who had been for some time with Jos. Clinton, started for the Collingwood exhibition and has not been heard of since.

Mr. Richard Heron is very slowly recovering from his long illness.

Miss L. Roome is home from Toronto on a visit.

Mr T. A. Gamey is home again from Sault St. Marie.

CAME ASTRAY.

Came to the premises of Louis Frook, Lot No , Con. 19, Proton, on or about the last of August, 1 heifer and 1 steer, about 2 years old. The owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses.

LOUIS FROOK, Priceville P.O.

Sept. 24, 1890

IT PAYS TO

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, etc address

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

FARMERS! LOOK!

T. BLAKELY, Flesherton.

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.
Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder
The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Nesbit and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY, Flesherton.

Came Astray!

Came to the premises of the undersigned, about three weeks ago, one spring lamb. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

D. HOWELL, Kimberley.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twelve years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

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Harness,
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The Saskatchewan Buffalo Robe, warm, durable, water and wind proof; new invention. White goat robe, very serviceable.

A MAGNIFICENT LOT OF NEW AND CHEAP

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Just Examine our Stock, which is Larger than Ever.

WHIPS

In endless varieties and all prices.

Axle Grease, Hoof Ointment & Harness Oil.

In all the above supplies I have a large stock, and my prices are low.

Those who go further will fare worse.

D. Clayton, Flesherton

N. B.—First class livery in connection.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHARES LOOKING UP.

There were others who echoed her ladyship's words afterward, though they echoed them privately and with more caution than my lady felt necessary. It is certain that Miss Octavia Bassett did not improve, as time progressed, and she had enlarged opportunities for studying the noble example set before her by Slowbridge.

On his arrival in New York, Martin Bassett telegraphed to his daughter and sister, per Atlantic cable, informing them that he might be detained a couple of months, and bidding them to be of good cheer. The arrival of the message, in its official envelope, so alarmed Miss Belinda that she was supported by Mary Anne while it was read to her by Octavia, who received it without any surprise whatever. For some time after its completion, Slowbridge had privately disbelieved in the Atlantic cable, and, until this occasion, had certainly disbelieved in the existence of people who received messages through it. In fact, on first finding that she was the recipient of such a message, Miss Belinda had made immediate preparations for fainting quietly away, being fully convinced that a shipwreck had occurred, which had resulted in brother's death and that his executors had chosen this delicate method of breaking the news.

"A message by Atlantic cable?" she had gasped. "Don't—don't read it, my love. L—let some one else do that. Poor—poor child! Trust in Providence, my love, and—and bear up. Ah, how I wish I had a stronger mind, and could be of more service to you."

"It is a message from father," said Octavia. "Nothing is the matter. He's all right. He got in on Saturday."

"Ah!" panted Miss Belinda. "Are you *quite* sure, my dear—are you quite sure?"

"That's what he says. Listen."

"Got in Saturday. Piper met me. Shares looking up. May be kept here two months. Will write. Keep up your spirits.

"MARTIN BASSETT.

"Thank heaven!" sighed Miss Belinda. "Thank heaven!"

"Why?" said Octavia.

"Why?" echoed Miss Belinda. "Ah, my dear, if you knew how terrified I was; I felt sure that something had happened. A *cable* message, my dear! I never received a telegram in my life before, and to receive a *cable* message was really a *shock*."

"Well, I don't see why," said Octavia. "It seems to me it is pretty much like any other message."

Miss Belinda regarded her timidly.

"Does your papa *often* send them?" she inquired. "Surely it must be expensive."

"I don't suppose it's cheap," Octavia replied, "but it saves time and worry. I should have had to wait twelve days for a letter."

"Very true," said Miss Belinda, "but—"

She broke off with rather a distressed shake of the head. Her simple ideas of economy and quiet living were frequently upset in these times. She had begun to regard her niece with a slight feeling of awe, and yet Octavia had not been doing anything at all remarkable in her own eyes, and considered her life pretty dull.

If the elder Miss Bassett, her parents and grandparents, had not been so thoroughly well known and so universally respected; if their social position had not been so firmly established, and their quiet lives not quite so highly respectable, there is an awful possibility that Slowbridge might even have gone so far as not to ask Octavia out to tea at all. But even Lady Theobald felt that it would not do to slight Belinda Bassett's niece and guest. To omit the customary state teas would have been to crush innocent Miss Belinda at a blow, and place her—through the medium of this young lady who, alone, deserved condemnation—beyond the pale of all social law.

"It is only to be regretted," said her ladyship, "that Belinda Bassett has not arranged things better. Relatives of such an order are certainly to be deplored."

In secret, Lucia felt much soft-hearted sympathy for both Miss Bassett and her guest. She could not help wondering how Miss Belinda became responsible for the calamity which had fallen upon her. It really did not seem probable that she had been previously consulted as to to the kind of niece she desired, or that she had in a distant manner, evinced a preference for a niece of this description.

"Perhaps, dear grandmamma," the girl ventured, "it is because Miss Octavia Bassett is so young that——"

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, in felt tones, "how old you are?"

"I was nineteen in—in December."

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said her ladyship, "was nineteen last October, and it is now June. I have not yet found it necessary to apologize for you on the score of youth."

But it was her ladyship who took the initiative and set an evening for entertaining Miss Belinda and her niece, in company with several other ladies, with the best bohea, thin bread and butter, plum-cake and various other delicacies.

"What do they do at such places?" asked Octavia. "Half-past 5 is pretty early."

"We spend some time at the tea-table, my dear," explained Miss Belinda. "And afterwards, we—we converse. A few of us play whist. I do not. I feel as if I were not clever enough, and I get flurried too easily by—by differences of opinion."

"I should think it wasn't very exciting," said Octavia. "I don't fancy I ever went to an entertainment where they did nothing but drink tea and talk."

"It is not our intention or desire to be exciting, my dear," Miss Belinda replied, with mild dignity. "And an improving conversation is frequently most beneficial to the parties engaged in it."

"I'm afraid," Octavia observed, "that I never heard much improving conversation."

She was really no fonder of masculine society than the generality of girls, but she could not help wondering if there would be any young men present, and if, indeed, there were any young men in Slowbridge who might possibly be produced upon festive occasions, even though ordinarily kept in the background. She had not heard Miss Belinda mention any masculine name, so far, but that of the curate of St. James', and, when she had seen him pass the house, she had not found his slim black figure and faint ecclesiastic whiskers especially interesting.

It must be confessed that Miss Belinda suffered many pangs of anxiety in looking forward to her young kinswoman's first appearance in society. A tea at Lady Theobald's house constituted formal presentation to the Slowbridge world. Each young lady, within the pale of genteel society, having arrived at years of discretion, on returning home from boarding-school, was invited to tea at Oldclough Hall. During an entire evening, she was the subject of watchful criticism. Her deportment was remarked, her accomplishments displayed, she performed her new "pieces" upon the piano, she was drawn into conversation by her hostess, and upon the timid modesty of her replies, and the reverence of her listening attitudes, depended her future social status. So it was very natural indeed that Miss Belinda should be anxious.

"I would wear something rather quiet and—and simple, my dear Octavia," she said. "A white muslin, perhaps, with blue ribbons."

"Would you?" answered Octavia. Then, after appearing to reflect upon the matter a few seconds, "I've got one that would do if it's warm enough to wear it. I bought it in New York, but it came from Paris. I've never worn it yet."

"It would be nicer than anything else, my love," said Miss Belinda, delighted to find her difficulty so easily disposed of. Nothing is so charming in the dress of a young girl as pure simplicity. Our Slowbridge young ladies rarely wear anything but white for evening. Miss Chickie assured me, a few weeks ago, that she had made fifteen white muslin dresses all after one simple design of her own."

"I should think that was particularly nice myself," remarked Octavia, impartially. "I should be glad one of the fifteen didn't belong to me. I should feel as if people might say, when I came into a room, 'Good gracious, there's another.'"

"The first was made for Miss Lucia Gaston, who is Lady Theobald's niece," replied Miss Belinda, mildly. "And there are few young ladies in Slowbridge who would not desire to emulate her example."

"Oh," said Octavia, "I dare say she is very nice, and all that, but I don't believe I should care to copy her dresses. I think I should draw the line there."

But she said it without any ill-nature, and sensitive as Miss Belinda was upon the subject of her cherished ideas, she could not take offence.

When the eventful evening arrived, there was excitement in more than one establishment upon High street, and the streets in its vicinity. The stories of the diamonds, the gold-diggers, and the silver-mines had been added to, and embellished, in the most ornate and startling manner. It was well known that only Lady Theobald's fine appreciation of Miss Belinda Bassett's feelings had induced her to extend her hospitalities to that lady's niece.

"I would prefer, my dear," said more than one discreet matron to her daughter, as they attired themselves,——"I would much perfer that you would remain near me during the earlier part of the evening——before we know how this young lady may turn out. Let your manner toward her be kind, but not familiar. It is well to be on the safe side."

What precise line of conduct it was generally anticipated that this gold-digging and silver-mining young person would adopt, it would be difficult to say; it is sufficient that the general sentiments regarding her were of a distrustful, if not timorous nature.

To Miss Bassett, who felt all this in the very air she breathed, the girl's innocence of the condition of affairs was even a little touching. With all her splendor, she was not at all hard to please, and had quite awakened to an interest in the impending social event. She seemed in good spirits, and talked more than was her custom, giving Miss Belinda graphic descriptions of various festal gatherings she had attended in New York, when she seemed to have been very gay indeed, and to have worn very beautiful dresses, and also to have had rather more than her share of partners. The phrases she used and the dances she described were all strange to Miss Belinda, and tended to reducing her to a bewildered condition, in which she felt much timid amazement at the intrepidity of the New York young ladies, and no slight suspicion of the "German"—as a threatrical kind of dance, involving extraordinary figures, and an extraordinary amount of attention from partners of the stronger sex.

It must be admitted, however, that by this time, notwithstanding the various shocks she had received, Miss Belinda had begun to discover in her young guest divers good qualities which appealed to her affectionate and susceptible old heart. In the first place, the girl had no small affections; indeed, if she had been less unaffected she might have been less subject to severe comment. She was good-natured, and generous to extravagance. Her manner towards Mary Anne never ceased to arouse Miss Belinda to interest. There was not any condescension whatever in it, and yet it could not be called a vulgarly familiar manner, it was rather an astonishingly simple manner, somehow suggestive of a subtile recognition of Mary Anne's youth, and ill-luck in not having before her more lively prospects. She gave Mary Anne presents in shape of articles of clothing at which Slowbridge would have exclaimed in horror, if the recipient had dared to wear them; but when Miss Belinda expressed her regret at these indiscretions, Octavia was quite willing to rectify her mistakes.

"Ah, well," she said, "I can give her some money, and she can buy some things for herself." Which she proceeded to do; and when, under her mistress' direction, Mary Anne purchased a stout brown merino, she took quite an interest in her in making it.

"I wouldn't make it so short in the waist and so full in the skirt, if I were you," she said. "There's no reason why it shouldn't fit, you know," thereby winning the housemaiden's undying adoration, and adding much to the shapeliness of the garment.

"I am sure she has a good heart," Miss Belinda said to herself, as the days went by. "She is like Martin in that. I dare say she finds me very ignorant and silly. I often see in her face that she is unable to understand my feeling about things; but she never seems to laugh at me, nor think of me unkindly. And she is very, very pretty, though, perhaps, I ought not to think of that at all."

CHAPTER IX.

WHITE MUSLIN.

As the good little spinster was arraying herself on this particular evening, having laid upon the bed the greater portion of her modest splendor, she went to her wardrobe, and took therefrom the sacred bandbox containing her best cap. All the ladies of Slowbridge wore caps, and all being respectfully plagiarized from Lady Theobald, without any reference to age, size, complexion or demeanor, the result was sometimes a little trying. Lady Theobald's head-dresses were of a severe and bristling order. The of lace which they were composed was induced by some ingenious device to form itself into aggressive quillings, the bows seemed lined with buckram, the strings niether floated nor fluttered.

"To a majestic person, the style is very appropriate," Miss Belinda had said to Octavia, that very day; "but to one who is not so, it is rather trying. Sometimes, indeed, I have *almost* wished that Miss Chickie would vary a *little* more in her designs."

Perhaps the sight of the various articles contained in two of the five trunks had inspired these doubts in the dear old lady's breast; it is certain, at least, as she took the best cap up, a faint sigh fluttered upon her lips.

"It is very large—for a small person," she said. "And I am not at all sure that amber is becoming to me."

And just at that moment there came a tap at the door, which she knew was from Octavia.

She laid the cap back in some confusion at being surprised in a moment of weakness.

"Come in, my love," she said.

Octavia pushed the door open, and came in. She had not dressed yet, and had on her wrapper and slippers, which were both of quilted gray silk, gayly embroidered with carnations. But Miss Belinda had seen both wrapper and slippers before, and had become used to their sumptuousness; what she had not seen was the trifle the girl held in her hand.

"See here," she said. "See what I have been making for you."

She looked quite elated, and laughed triumphantly.

"I did not know I could do it until I tried," she said. "I had seen some in New York, and I had the lace by me. And I have enough left to make ruffles for your neck and wrists. It's Mechlin."

"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "My dear!"

Octavia laughed again.

"Don't you know what it is?" she said. "It isn't like a Slowbridge cap; but it's a cap, nevertheless. They wear them like this in New York. And I think they are ever so much prettier."

It was true that it was not like a Slowbridge cap, and it was also true that it was prettier. It was a delicate affair of softly quilled lace, adorned here and there with loops of pale satin ribbon.

"Let me try it on," said Octavia, advancing, and in a minute she had done so, and turned Miss Bassett about to face herself in the glass. "There!" she said. "Is that better than——well, than emulating Lady Theobald?"

It was so very pretty, and so becoming, and Miss Belinda was so touched by the girl's innocent enjoyment, that the tears came into her eyes.

"My——my love," she faltered, "it is so beautiful and expensive, that — though indeed I don't know how to thank you—I am afraid I should not dare to wear it."

"Oh," answered Octavia, "that's nonsense, you know. I am sure there's no reason why people shouldn't wear becoming things. Besides, I should be awfully disappointed. I didn't think I could make it, and I'm real proud of it. You don't know how becoming it is."

Miss Belinda looked at her reflection and faltered. It was becoming.

"My love," she protested, faintly, "real Mechlin! There is really no such lace in Slowbridge!"

"All the better," said Octavia, cheerfully. "I'm glad to hear that. It isn't one bit too nice for you."

To Miss Belinda's astonishment, she drew a step nearer to her, and gave one of the satin loops a queer, caressing little touch, which actually seemed to mean something. And then suddenly the girl stooped, with a little laugh, and gave her aunt a light kiss on her cheek.

"There!" she said. "You must take it from me for a present. I'll go and make the ruffles this minute, and you must wear those, too, and let people see how stylish you can be."

And without giving Miss Bassett time to speak, she ran out of the room, and left the dear old lady warmed to the heart, tearful, delighted, frightened.

(To be Continued).

Life in Chicago.

Visitor (in Chicago)—I should think you would be dreadfully afraid of burglars in a place like this.

Hostess—Burglars? Mercy, no. We don't mind the burglars. It's the police we're afraid of.

Of Two Evils Choose the Lesser.

Mrs. Lumkins—Joshua, I am going to a dentist's to have a tooth pulled out. You mind the baby while I'm gone.

Mr. L. (jumping for his hat)—Say, you mind the baby and I'll go get a tooth pulled, you know.

Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with a girl before marriage.

Mr. S. M. Donaldson has accomplished the remarkable feat of riding his bicycle from Edinburgh to London, 394 miles, in 2 days, 6 hours and 50 minutes—less than 55 hours—over roads unfavorable from weiness. This is little more than 7 miles an hour, nclusive of time necessarily taken for rest and refreshment.

A humane New York undertaker delayed a funeral the other day. The dead man had not paid for his first wife's burial, and once the undertaker got him in his grip he did not propose to give him up—dead or alive—until the bills were all paid. The matter was settled by the pall-bearers contributing enough to appease the undertaker, who allowed the corpse to proceed to the grave. Undertakers' rings are all of the same metal.

EGYPTIAN CHICKENS.

How They Are Hatched by Millions in Rude Incubators.

The Egyptian chickens are smaller than the American variety and the eggs are only about half as large as those laid by the speckled hens on Uncle Sam's farm. The Egyptians are, however, far in advance of us in the science of raising chickens, says Frank G. Carpenter, and the incubating establishments of the country hatch out eggs by the millions every year. At a hatching establishment near the pyramids the farmers trade fresh eggs for young chicks, and the rate is two eggs per chick. Another artificial egg hatchery turns out 500,000 little chickens every season, and the oven crop of chickens in Egypt amounts, according to figures furnished me by the Consul-General, to more than 20,000,000 of chickens a year. We have about $200,000,000 worth of money invested in the fowl industry in the United States, an amount so large that all the money of Jay Gould could not equal it, and still we have to import more than 16,000,000 dozens of eggs every year. If America would adopt the Egyptian hatching system we could sell eggs instead of buying them, and our farmers might buy little chickens to raise at a price of 20 cents a dozen. More than 20,000,000 of little chickens are sold each year in this way in Egypt, and there is a regular business in chickens just about old enough to walk.

The incubators are rude, one-story buildings, made of undried bricks, so arranged that the eggs are laid upon cut straw in racks in rooms, around the ovens, which are kept fired in during the hatching season. The outside walls are very thick and are built so they retain the heat, and the only thermometer used is the blood of the boy or man who attends the fires. By long practice these men learn just how hot the ovens ought to be kept, and they replenish the fires as the weather demands. A small amount of fuel is needed, and the temperature of the oven is about that of 98 degrees above zero. The fire is built up for eight or ten days before the eggs are put in, to thoroughly warm the hut, and after this time it does not go out during the season, which is from March until May. The eggs are turned four times a day while hatching. The whole outfit of an establishment which hatches over 200,000 chickens a year does not, I am told, cost more than $25, and one man runs the whole machine, keeping the fires, buying and turning the eggs, and selling the chickens. There are, in this incubator, twelve compartments, each 70 feet long, 60 feet wide and 16 feet high, and each of these compartments will hold 7,500 eggs at a time, or 90,000 eggs in all. It produced last year more than 230,000 chickens and did the work of more than 20,000 hens.

From Penury to Affluence.

B. K. Jamison, the banker, whose wealth nobody exactly knows, went to Philadelphia in his boyhood without money enough in his pocket to pay a week's board, says the *News*.

Director William S. Stokley knows what it is to make candy with his own hands and sell it over a little counter in his own shop.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker began his business life as a clerk in a Market street store upon a mighty small salary. He used to pay five cents for his daily dinner, consisting of a piece of pie and a glass of milk.

Frank Siddall, the great soap manufacturer, and the owner of some of the choicest property on the Jersey coast, to say nothing of mineral interests in Georgia, for years kept a rather insignificant grocery store near Eighth and Callowhill streets.

John B. Gest, Vice-President of the Fidelity Trust Company, used to wait for law cases in a little office, generally in vain.

George W. Childs worked for a long time in this city at such a salary that he only paid twenty-five cents for his noonday meals by practicing rigid economy.

Anthony J. Drexel, who is worth more than twenty-five millions of dollars, was the son of a poor portrait painter and thought himself lucky when he got a trifling stipend as a clerk in his father's little brokerage office.

The Unnecessary Verbiage of Law.

The world has outrun the courts and legal technicalities have outlived their usefulness. The progress of the people has been toward common-sense methods in all things, and the lawyer's "whereases," "aforesaids," and "parties of the first part" must be relegated to oblivion. There is a demand springing up for plain, direct English. There is really no sound reason why, to a man of ordinary intelligence, legal documents should be unintelligible. The technical verbiage employed is a relict of the age when that which was mysterious and could not be understood was esteemed to be beyond the comprehension of the common herd. The use of uncommon English in purely business circles would not be endured. Why, then, should the transfer of a piece of property be a process so labyrinthine and so mysterious that a man of sound sense cannot fathom it? It has been estimated that the dropping of the letter u in such words as honour, labour and the like has added to the world each year what is equivalent to the productive capacity of 500 able-bodied men. What would we not gain if from every legal paper and from every legal suit there should be removed that vast mass of superfluity, that antique verbiage, that bulk of repetition and solemn senselessness that now enwraps them as its shell enwraps the clam?

Self Preservation.

Wealthy Old Gent—What! Marry my daughter? You are being supported by your father.

Suitor—Yes, sir, but my father is tired supporting me, and I thought I'd better get into another family.

Summer resort extremities. Mattie Bond (on the verandah of the Mountain House)—Here comes a man across the fields. Chorus of feminine shrieks—Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Oh!!!! A man! a man! Where?" Mattie Bond—No, it's nothing but a scarecrow after all. Chorus—The mean thing! Mattie Bond—Well, you needn't get mad about it. That's more than any of *you* have discovered so far.—*Time*.

ROMAN GIRL AND DOLL.

Touching Scene Brought to Light in the Ancient Italian City.

In May last the workmen who were digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus buried thirty feet below the surface. Immediately the telephone called to the spot the members of the Archæological Commission; scientific and literary men who watch with jealous care all the excavations made in the Eternal City. Under their direction it was carefully raised and opened. Within lay the skeleton of a young girl, with the remains of the linen in which she had been wrapped, some brown leaves from the myrtle wreath with which, emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death. On her hands were four rings, of which one was the double betrothal ring of plain gold, and another with Filetus, the name of her betrothed, engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklet with white small pendants were lying about. But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that the legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut, with small and delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out in the most minute and careful way, the hair waving low on the forehead, and being bound with a fillet. On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphæna Creperia, and a touching scene, doubtless faithfully representing her parting with her parents. She is lying on a low bed and striving to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her heartbroken father, who stands leaning on her bedstead, his head bowed with grief, while her mother sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping. It seems but yesterday, so natural is the scene, and yet it was nearly 18 centuries ago that these stricken parents laid so tenderly away their dearly beloved daughter with her ornaments and her doll.—*Youths' Companion*.

Earning a Million Dollars.

What about the distribution of wealth? Fortunes such as the world never saw since the days when "great estates ruined Italy" are growing up in the American Republic. We have four or five men who are worth from one hundred millions to two hundred millions apiece, we have sixty or seventy whose fortunes are estimated at from twenty millions to a hundred millions, while as for simple millionaires they are far too numerous to be counted. Consider what the possession of a single million means. Consider how long it would take an American mechanic or American laborer—I will not say such protected American laborers as the coal miners of Illinois or Pennsylvania—after supporting himself and his family, to save a million dollars. How many lifetimes? For though he were to live to the age of Methusalah he could not save a million dollars. If you would get any intelligible idea of what these fortunes of millions, tens of millions, scores of millions and hundreds of millions really mean, figure up how many workingmen's incomes—deducting of course the necessary subsistence of a man and family, for even the slave owner had to allow that to the slave—it would take to make such incomes as these fortunes represent.

And look again. While these monstrous fortunes are gathering in the hands of a few, one has but to read our daily papers to see how familiar we are becoming with conditions that we once thought possible only in effete monarchies of the old world, and could not exist in the free air of our democratic republic—with tramps and paupers and beggars; with charities that show the need of charity, with destitution and starvation, with crimes and suicides caused by want, or fear of want; with a struggle for existence on the part of great classes of the people that makes life hard, bitter and ofttimes imbruting—a struggle which grows not less, but more intense as these great fortunes go rolling up.—*Henry George at Baltimore*.

The Syndicate of Specalists.

The exposure of Graham's and of Brodie's fraudulent performances at Niagara Falls has had the unexpected effect of throwing the light of publicity upon a little syndicate of newspaper reporters in Buffalo, the members of which have been lending themselves to the schemes of imposters of the Brodie and Graham stripe. These reporters have acted as the correspondents of the papers in nearly all the large cities of the country, and it has been their duty to telegraph "specials" at rates which are considered highly remunerative. Their connection with Buffalo papers give them unusual facilities for news gathering and had they been content with the legitimate business they might have done very well after the manner of their brethern in other cities. But they were too ambitious. They tried to establish a "corner" in news and it must be confessed that they were running matters pretty much as they chose, when they tried to foist upon the world the story of Graham's adventure in in a barrel. It was a clever enough "fake" and paid the syndicate well and they did equally well with the Brodie story, but then came a reaction. It was soon proved that the reports were absurdly untruthful and the papers in other cities that had been duped by their Buffalo correspondents began to make inquiries. It was not long before the real facts in the case were discovered and now it looks very much as if another syndicate must go down before a burst of public indignation.

The boys have been bright and enterprising and have seriously impeded the regular channel for news, but they made the mistake which many older men have made of not knowing where to draw the line.—*Rochester Democrat*.

Knowledge Costs Money.

Irate Patron—See here, sir, I dropped a nickle into this machine, and nothing came out.

Agent—If nothing came out, that shows it's empty.

"But, sir, what do I get for my nickle?"

"Information."

Fond Father—Sir, my daughter is the apple of my eye. She shall continue under her father's wings. Van Gall—Thanks. I was just going to speak about that. Can you give us the northwest wing?

The Girl That Pounds the Keys.

My office of late has seemed brighter,
More cheerful by far than it was;
It may be the pretty typewriter
Who sits near my desk is the cause.

A radiant, dashing young creature;
In typewriting circles a belle;
Although I'm unable to teach her
To punctuate rightly or spell.

Her mouth like a half-opened rose is,
Her hair rivals gold in its hue,
Tip-tilted her dear little nose is,
Her eyes are a heavenly blue.

I really should feel lost without her;
For while there's no cause for alarm,
There's something attractive about her,
A thrilling, intangible charm.

Her typewritten letters are fearful,
With errors they thickly are strewed;
I scold her, and she becomes tearful,
And thinks I am awfully rude.

She breaks into silvery laughter
As soon as forgiven, and I've
Rewritten no end of them after
She's gone—she leaves promptly at five

My wife, who is somewhat suspicious,
Dropped into my office to-day,
And found—well, I thought it judicious
To send my typewriter away.

I really shall feel lost without her,
For while I intended no harm,
My wife noticed something about her
That filled her dear soul with alarm.

Mother and Child.

"Where is the girl that you were?" said the child,
And the mother smiled back to her lifted eyes,
"She lives where the faded violets go,
And the old sun shines in the skies!"

"Where last year's birds sing last year's songs?
She caught at the fancy as children will.
"But if you should meet with the girl that you were,
Do you think you would know her still?"

"I remember her eyes and her waving hair;
I see them now as I look at you.
My little daughter, when one dream dies
Another sometimes comes true!"

"Mothers are better than girls, I think;
They wipe your tears and find out the pain,
And smile when you smile—pray do not go back
If you have the chance again!"

"Ah! there is no fear of that my sweet,
A mother forevermore and a day
I shall be. We will let the girl that I was
With your faded violets stay."

—*Charlotte Mellen Packard.*

The Yacht Race.

A rattling breeze from out the west
Stretches like drumheads every sail.
Each wave beats like a muffled flail
Upon the glist'ning hulls that breast
The endless droves of tossing manes
Hurrying across the wind-swayed plains.

Haul taut each sheet until it sings
Like chorus from an Æolian harp;
Now see the long bows, clean and sharp,
Rush forward, sped by tireless wings
That cleave their way into the wind,
While long waves stretch away behind.

What grander scene of power than this
To feel the sea's strong shoulder pressed
Against the helm, as though 'twould wrest
It from thy grasp: while salt sprays kiss
The wings that glance across the swells
And scuppers foam like boiling wells.

Ten miles to windward, cross and cross
The white fleet beats towards the mark,
While lemp and canvas strain. Now, hark.
How the glad waves toss and toss
The bell buoy breaks upon the ear
Its brazen note more clear and clear.

And now it mounts upon a swell.
Another reach and it's a-lee,
Now swirling in the heavy sea.
The leader turns, with sheets eased well.
And the next moment bursts her cloud
Of spinnaker athwart her shroud.

Then like some downy, snow white fleck,
She's blown across the blue expanse.
The fresh wind seems to pause in trance,
To those who stand upon her deck,
The seas to cease their headlong race
In homage to her matchless grace.

The breeze dies with the setting sun,
But not until the trembling air,
Ruffling the waters here and there,
Has waited on its chosen one
Across a goal of gleaming gold,
And then the conquering pinions fold

The Art of Prolonging Life.

Dr. Robson Roose in Popular Science Monthly.

Somewhat different advice must be given with regard to bodily exercises in their reference to longevity. Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration. The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin, and the aeration of the blood, are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth, the vigor of the system is often great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age, the tasks cannot be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength.

The Doctor Was There.

The curtain had risen on the last act of the play and the diabolical plot of the villain was about to be exposed in all its hideousness, says the Chicago *Tribune*.

Suddenly there was a commotion near the entrance and a voice called out breathlessly:

"Is Dr. Kallowmell in the audience?"

With the grave, preoccupied manner of a man on whose skill the life of some fellow creature might depend, the doctor arose from his seat near the stage and passed slowly down the aisle.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Doctor," said the breathless as he drew from his breast pocket a of folded documents, "I'm Spotcash & Co's. new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that little bill this evening?"

Lady Wilde has finished another volume of the mystic customs of Ireland.

The J. W. Morrissey English Grand Opera Company sang "Carmen" last week for the first time.

O, IT WAS PITIFUL,

Near a Whole Cityfull, Friend She Had None.

The story of Mary Mullins, the young mother, who was turned out on the street with her two children, and whose baby died in her arms while she was sitting on a doorstep, is a pitiful one in many ways The young woman had been apparently deserted by her husband, and her friends had advised her to put her children in a charitable institution. But she could not bring herself to part with the little ones, and being feeble after a long illness she became unable to work for them. Her baby being sick she took it to a hospital, where she was told that it had bronchitis, but that it was against the rules to take it in, though the poor mother explained her helplessness and lack of shelter for it. It was against the rules to take in a sick baby, which was morally certain to die if subjected to further exposure, and which would be so exposed, because the mother was homeless and destitute. But it was not against the rules for this homeless creature to crouch all through a cold night on the doorsteps of a house, until her baby died on her bosom. Then, however, the "rules" came into play again. The sergeant at the police station where she went "could do nothing for her." She must go to the morgue, and, being penniless, must walk there, carrying her dead baby, after a night in the streets.

At the morgue the "rules" again confronted her. They could not receive the little body without a permit from the coroner, and the coroner could not be found; so the wretched woman had to visit another police station, and there, after being at last allowed to surrender the dead baby at the morgue, the best the police could do for her was to lock her up. Apparently it is against the "rules" to be destitute, to be homeless, to be bereaved. The cruelest blow that can fall on a mother is, according to the "rules," only a reason for treating that mother as a criminal. Even though no charge whatever can be brought against her, she must be dragged before a police justice with the ruffianry of the night, and may count herself lucky if she is discharged and permitted to take her grief, misery and indigence back into the streets that offer her neither food, shelter, nor consolation. That this should be possible in one of the most charitable and tender-hearted communities is, to say the least, strange, but it is not less evident that red tape is largely accountable for it. This baby's life should have been saved. The hospital surgeon who declared it against the rules to take the infant in, no matter what the alternative, should have assumed the responsibility of overriding all rules in such a case. The police sergeant, the morgue keeper and the coroner are doubtless equally sheltered by their regulations; but is there not room for amendment in rules which produce results of this kind?

Of course it may be said that Mary Mullins was to blame for not putting her children in an asylum. But for the credit of human nature there are mothers who cling to their babies with a passionate affection, and systems and institutions which make no provision for such cases are defective. What is a poor mother to do who finds herself in Mary Mullins' position? Experience seems to warrant the conclusion that if she had gone to any other shelter or asylum at that hour of the night she would have been refused admission. Even in the daytime she would probably have been required to go through forms and ceremonies, and in most cases she would have been made to part with her children as an indispensable condition. Is it not time that some provision should be made somewhere in our complicated system of charities and correction, or in the auxiliary network of private and semi-public institutions, for cases of urgency such as this one? Should there not be somewhere in the city a place—hospital or asylum—where the "rules" were broad and flexible enough to include the preservation of a baby's life, suddenly exposed through the heartlessness or the helplessness of others? To expect so much relief does not seem extravagant, and we are sure the people of New York would be glad to hear that a second case of the Mary Mullins type had been rendered impossible.—*New York Tribune.*

Imperfections of Imbeciles.

A peculiar tendency in idiots to imperfections and disease in the teeth has been noticed by several physicians and it has been studied by Madame Sollier in a hundred cases of idiots taken at random. The multiplicity and variety of the dental lesions were remarkable and the conclusion has been drawn that idiocy, with or without epilepsy, pre-disposes to arrests of development and to anomalous dentition. The effect rarely appears in the first teeth, but almost wholly in the second.

Germany wants Rapid Exit for Criminals.

Emperor William has instructed the Ministry of Justice to report on execution by electricity. He favors this method of execution if it will produce painless death with absolute certainty. He has sent the Ministry copious notes on the American and European scientists' inquiries into the matter. The Emperor believes electricity ought not to be applied unless the preparation for the execution be short and simpler than for hanging or beheading. He thinks he methods hitherto suggested are clumsy.

A Foregone Conclusion.

Canvasser—I have here a work——
Master of the house——I can't read.
Canvasser—But you have children——
Master of the house—I have no children (triumphantly). Nothing but a cat.
Canvasser—Well, you want something to throw at the cat. (He took it.)

Thomas Burt, who was the first British workingman to get into Parliament, was for years a hard-working miner. He studied political economy, made temperance speeches, and in 1874 was elected a member from Morpeth.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's company having closed its provincial tour in Liverpool last night, will leave for this country on Wednesday on the City of Chicago. The company numbers about thirty-five and includes Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cathcart, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Cliffe, Messrs. Charles Barrett, Austin Melford and W. A. Elliott and the Misses Lillian Belmore, Lila Garth and Alice Cooke, all of whom have been identified with Mr. Barrett for the past six years.

COCOANUT FIBER AS ARMOR.

This Waste Product Develops Great Resistance to Bullets.

A possible use to which cocoanut fiber may be applied in the future is to form backing substance for the iron plates of men-of-war vessels. The fiber is first powdered and then, before it is quite dry, subjected to pressure, when the natural viscidity of the cellular substance of the nut causes it to cohere and form a plate much like millboard in appearance, but a great deal more brittle, says the London *Court Journal*. If a hole is made in this material, and then water be applied to the portion adjacent to the puncture, it immediately swells to such an extent as to fill the hole.

Experiments with bullets varying from one-half to three quarters of an inch in diameter have been made upon a plate of this material 18 inches square by three quarters of an inch thick, and with very satisfactory results. Whether, however, the substance would really prove efficacious as regards cannon shot has not yet been tried. Should it prove of use in such cases, it could be supplied in large quantities, for millions of tons of cocoanut fiber are annually allowed to go to waste in India for want of use.

Vastness of the British Dominions.

History affords no parallel to the position of the British Empire. Great Britain stands *facile princeps* among the nations. The British flag floats over one-eighth of the habitable globe; our Queen rules over one-sixth of the world's population; and our country enjoys one-third of the world's trade. Canada has an area equal to that of Europe without Spain, and comes fourth on the world's list of ship-owning nations. Australia is about four-fifths the size of Europe, and contains the elements of an almost fabulous wealth. South Africa, with an area almost as large as Austro-Hungary, or nearly four times that of England, has so fertile a soil and so excellent a climate that, although its progress has been slower than that of the other great colonies, its future will entitle it to rank as fourth only in importance to ourselves. India is as large as the whole of Europe if we omit Russia, and contains a much larger population, amongst which order is easily maintained; for while at home one policeman is required for every 635 persons, in India only one policeman is needed for every 1,200 people. Thus India, with its one and a half millions of square miles and its two hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, must be regarded as an empire in itself. These magnificent possessions, together with some sixty smaller territories lying on the scattered fringe of many oceans, irresistibly lead us to see that the boast of the brave Spanish soldier, that the sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V., receives its most forcible application when applied to the dominions of our beloved Queen. The powerful world kingdoms of Assyria and Persia fade into insignificance as compared with the British dominions. The imprint of Rome's Empire is indelibly fixed on all the most civilized nations of Europe. The dominions of Rome extend from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Euphrates, from the mountains of Caledonia, the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, to the border of the great African desert and to the first cataracts of the Nile. But the British dominions exceed fourfold those of ancient Rome. They today exceed by an eighth the vast territories of all the Russias. France is a great country, boasting colonial possessions, but the British possessions are sixteen times larger than those of France, and forty times as extensive as the powerful dominions of United Germany, and nearly three times the size of the United States. These facts enable us to appreciate the eloquent words of Daniel Webster, and to see in the British dominion, "a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." With so vast an empire occasional local wars are inevitable. But never in the history of the world have the blessings of peace been preserved over so wide an area as the lands over which the sceptre of our Queen exercises beneficent sway.—*Westminster Review.*

Blessing of Odontalgia.

The toothache causes its possessor to forget all other troubles, especially the troubles of others. There may be a flood or fire in the next town which swallows up millions of property and hundreds of lives; murder may run amuck past his very door; the entire family of his nearest neighbor may be starving to death. Its effects him not at all.—*Boston Transcript.*

Undoubtedly Healthy.

"Is this house healthy?" said the prospective tenant to the real estate man.

"Healthy? well I should say so."

"You speak very positively."

"Yes, I have a right to. The last family in it had the smallpox from the father to the youngest baby, and not one of them died."

A Society Mystery.

Mrs. De Style—My dear, your wardrobe is three months behind the fashion. Why don't you have your husband buy you some new dresses?

Married Daughter—He can't afford it; he has no money.

Mrs. De Style—No money? Well! I can't imagine what on earth you married him for.

Got Back Home.

Mr. Blinks (in dairy restaurant, New York city)—I'm most starved for a bowl of milk and some berries with real cream on 'em. Bring me a double order.

Waiter—Yes, sah. Been summering on a farm, I s'pose, sah?

A man may have a mansion in the skies and a castle or two in Spain, but unless he has a house up town and a few thousands to run it he will not amount to anything in this utilitarian age.

—The season is at hand when the inexperienced fool goes hunting and looks down the barrel of his gun to see if it is loaded. No flowers.

IT WAS LOADED.

A Cigar That Went Off at the Wrong Time

The small advertising man with the large mustache has been at it again, says the Chicago *Herald*. This time he did not know that it was loaded. He never smokes a cigar that is given him, and this is why he escaped disaster himself, but he made an enemy. The other day an advertiser gave him a cigar. He filed it away in his vest pocket with the stereotyped remark: "I'll smoke this after dinner." When he reached the office he met a reporter who had on several occasions "joshed" him. Here was a chance for him to get even. He had sized the cigar up as a bad one, and he gave it to the scribe, expecting him to light it at once. Instead of doing so he put it in his pocket and said: "Thanks, old man, I'll smoke this after dinner.' About an hour later the reporter met an editor. He thought of the cigar, and asked the editor if he would smoke. The editor took the weed, thanked the reporter and said he would smoke it after dinner. The editor did not meet anyone who smoked before he went home, and after dinner he sat out on his front porch and lit the cigar. In about three minutes it exploded. A man who lived across the street thought the editor was shooting at him.

The editor is mad. Part of his mustache was singed off. The next morning he nailed the reporter to the cross. The reporter declared that he did not know it was loaded, but the editor did not believe him. Then the reporter threatened to lick the small advertising man on sight. The only man who knew the cigar was loaded was the advertiser, who had designs on the small advertising man. But he missed his mark. He shot at the counting-room and hit the editorial staff.

Persecuted Armenian Christians.

A prominent Armenian in New York city, referring to the persecution of his countrymen by the Kurds says: Turkish officials pretend that the troubles in Armenia are due to Russian and other foreign intriguers, but Christian missionaries know that the Kurds are to blame. Responsibility for the trouble was also thrown upon the Persian Government, owing to the fact that the Kurds were once subjects of that Power, but the Persian Minister in London promptly disclaimed all responsibility in the matter. The Armenians could be saved if the European nations would only compel Turkey to observe article 63 of the Treaty of Berlin, by which the Turkish Government is bound to protect them. With the Syrians, however, the case is different. They have absolutely no claim to protection from any quarter, and though they number about two hundred thousand, as against 150 000 Kurds, unarmed and averse to warfare they are no match for the nomadic, well equipped, freebooting Kurds. By massacres and incursions these Kurds live. They delight in slaughter, and spare neither woman nor child. Young Armenians and Syrian maidens are frequently carried off by them. Whole villages are terrorized, and when they swoop down on the inhabitants the end of those villages is at hand. Their hand is against every unbeliever, and yet no man's hand seems to be against them. Some of their great men are Agas, and govern the poor Syrians as they please. The Armenians hope to gain the sympathy of foreign nations by means of their Patriarch, their unions and their press. Their Patriarch, who resides in Constantinople, recently threatened to resign on account of these very troubles, and was with difficulty induced to retain his position. Their principal newspaper is published in Marseilles. It contains true accounts of the late massacre, and shows how shamefully Turkey is violating the pledge which she gave at the Treaty of Berlin. Their unions are scattered all over the world. In America there are about 9,000 Armenians, and they have a strong union in this city. The Turkish Government is powerful, and will not permit Armenians, wherever they may be, to become insubordinate or rebellious with impunity. In these unions, however, work is being done that the Sultan and his Ministers little dream of.

Albert Victor Would Slay Tigers.

Prince Alber Victor, known variously as "Collars and cuffs" and "Eddie," is going to India on a tiger-hunting expedition. As it is his first outing alone, he is said to be very enthusiastic and eager. He is also keen to try his hand on big game and to emulate the example of his father, who proved himself a nervy hunter and good shot in India many years ago. Thus far in his young career Albert Victor has never had an opportunity to bring down anything larger than a stag. Preparations are already being made to secure a sufficient supply of big game, and the best tiger preserves are to be left unmolested until the arrival of the Royal hunter. There is very little danger, however, that England will be desolated by the loss of Albert Victor, or that a prince of the blood will fall a prey to a king of the jungle. He will be accompanied by an army of elephants and beaters, and when the game is sprung the rifles of a score of expert marksmen will be kept fixed on the beast until the princeling's gun goes off. As a general thing on these occasions, the frightened tiger bends all his energies to escaping, but if he should turn upon the Royal party he would be filled so full of lead in a second that it would take two elephants to lift his carcass.

All the Same.

Little Girl—Can you darn your stockings papa?

Papa—facetiously—No, dear; but I can knit my brows.

Vengeance.

Returned Traveller—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.

Curious, Isn't It?

When a poet says, "Years ago I loved a fair and gentle maiden," everybody is interested. When a prose man makes the same confession everybody calls him a clam.

Somebody with a taste for figures has made the calculation that in the year 1990 the United States will have a population of 1,000,000,000. This paragraph should be cut out and preserved for reference at that time.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Capt. Wissman reports that the exportation of slaves from his district is decreasing.

An explosion in a Prussian colliery killed ten men and injured many others, some fatally.

Henry Aaron Isaacs, Alderman for Portsoken, has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

The workingmen of Montreal are agitating for the establishment of free night schools in that city.

The body of Richard Maybury was found in the Quebec ruins on Saturday and buried yesterday.

The agitation in Germany in favor of a war with Russia is being renewed by the semi-official press.

The Dominion exports for August amounted in value to twelve and three-quarter million dollars.

The trial of Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, for murder, will take place at Sherbrooke, P. Q., on Tuesday.

William O'Brien, M. P., editor of the *United Ireland*, who is confined in Galway Jail, is slowly regaining his health.

A 7-year-old son of George Shannon, Douro, had his leg taken off above the ankle the other day by a mowing machine.

Extensive surveys are being made with the object of making a new channel in the Thames capable of floating the largest ships.

It is said that a sufficient sum of money has been subscribed in Rome to erect there a monument commemorative of the temporal power of the Pope.

The Chief of the Dominion Police has been informed by the New York police that they have unearthed a gang engaged in counterfeiting Canadian money.

Twenty thousand pounds have been subscribed towards organizing a new expedition to the North Pole, to be conducted by Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer.

It is officially stated that the almost futile campaign conducted by Italy in Abyssinia cost King Humbert's Government upwards of 20,000,000 francs.

The Turkish Government intend to equalize the budget by making heavy reductions in the army, and thereby effect a saving of £2,000,000 in the expenditure.

The Louisiana State auditor in a report to the Governor says that over $700,000 of State bonds which were in Major Burke's charge when he was State Treasurer have not been accounted for.

Consul Allen, of Kingston, Jamaica, telegraphs that an English warship has returned from Navassa, bringing nine survivors of the riots, and reports that all is in confusion on the island.

Archduchess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, is paying a visit to the sister of her dead husband, Archduchess Grisala, wife of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, at Munich.

Birtle, who was shot by Deas on Elizabeth street, Toronto, the other night, is still alive, but has never been conscious since the shooting. Deas is in jail, and takes his position philosophically.

A boiler in a quarry at Wrightsville, Pa., exploded with terrible force yesterday. Mrs. Lemuel Barnes was killed instantly. Her head was blown from her body. Her husband had his skull fractured and cannot live.

Ambrose Lepine, who played such a prominent part in the first Northwest rebellion, and who was the principal figure in the trial for the murder of Thomas Scott, has been on a visit to Montreal for several days visiting friends.

A man named John Leslie, a carpenter, fell a distance of thirty feet off S. Lloyd's new warehouse at Owen Sound on Saturday morning, in consequence of a guy breaking from a hoist, and received severe internal injuries, although not fatal.

Allan Chalker, a farmer, and his two daughters, Miss Chalker and Mrs. Compton, while crossing the Erie Railway track in a buggy at Garretsville, Ill., were struck by a train. Mr. Chalker and the single daughter were so badly hurt that they have died, and Mrs. Compton is not expected to recover.

The Czar has sent a letter to Emperor William saying the Czarina has caught cold, and her physicians have advised her to delay her departure for several days. The Czar asks that the final directions for his reception at Potsdam be delayed. The *National Zeitung* says the Czar's visit is officially fixed for October 9th.

Ex-Queen Natalie arrived at Belgrade yesterday. Her presence was totally ignored by the Government officials, but she was received most enthusiastically by the crowds that thronged the streets through which she passed. On private residences and places of business throughout the city flags were displayed in her honor.

Mrs. Elliott, Toronto, is now almost recovered from the severe illness which followed an alleged criminal operation and will probably give evidence in the police court against Parry to-day. A few days ago she was quietly placed under arrest, charged with being an accomplice in the crime, and as soon as she may be removed with safety from the hospital will be made a prisoner.

Saturday forenoon a brakesman named Wm. Cole, of Havelock, was knocked off the top of a freight car by a collision with another car, and fell to the track with his legs across the rails. By a lucky chance the wheels instead of passing over his legs shoved them to one side and only pinched the fleshy part, lacerating them badly. No bones were broken. The young man was taken to Havelock. This was only his second trip out.

It is announced that for political reasons Count Von Hatzfeldt, German Ambassador to London, will shortly be re-united in marriage to the wife from whom he obtained a divorce eight years ago. The lady is the daughter of a prominent Canadian named Moulton, and was married in Paris in 1863. This announcement is made in connection with the statement that Prince Bismarck has advised that Count Von Hatzfeldt return to Berlin, and that Count Von Waldersee succeed him at the German embassy in London.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. BOWARD,
Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to the owners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instructions. Permanent employment. Wages [illegible] a week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL.
[illegible], ROCHESTER, N.Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies [illegible] etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract shoeing for fast

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its action and does not blister. Read proof below.

STREETSVILLE, P. Q., May 3, 1889.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavin, Ringbone in a case of lameness and stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Inflammation in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,
I. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand. I know have never failed in any case you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin, and also two cases of Ringbone of Lower Standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,
D. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING,
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.

I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Executors' Notice!

PURSUANT to section 36, Cap. 110, of R.S.O. 1887, the creditors and all others having claims against the estate of Charles Irwin, deceased, in his lifetime, of the township of Artemesia, in the county of Grey, who died on or about 14th day of July, are hereby notified to send by post prepaid or delivery to the undersigned one of the executors of deceased, Flesherton P.O., on or before the first day of November Next, their christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of the securities (if any) held by them, or on default thereof and immediately after such last named date the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

CHARLES IRWIN,
SAMUEL IRWIN, Executors.
EFFIE IRWIN,
Dated Sept. 11, 1889.

Auction Sale

—OF—

Valuable Store and Dwelling,

—IN—

The Village of Flesherton.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale in a certain mortgage from Elizabeth and Manchester E. Merriam to the Vendors, which will be produced at time of sale, and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, by A. S. Vandusen, auctioneer, at

Munshaw's Hotel.

In the Village of Flesherton on Friday the Eleventh day of October, 1889 at 2 o'clock p.m., the following property, namely: Village lot number three on the south west side of Toronto street in the village of Flesherton, according to plan by William Spry, Esq. D.L.S., of the subdivision of lot 15, first range of concession S.W.T.S.R., Artemesia, said lot containing 2½ square perches more or less. On the lands are said to be a two story frame building, divided into two shops and dwelling recently improved. Premises are situated on the main street and near the business centre of the village.

Terms 10 per cent at time of sale, and for the balance terms will be liberal, and will be made known at time of sale. For further particulars apply to W. J. BELLAMY, Esq., Flesherton or to Messrs. BARWICK & FRANKS, Vendor's solicitors, Toronto

Dated 17th day of September, 1889.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the Village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS BEECROFT,
Flesherton P.O.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P. LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your grinding on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is long in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona
Mixed Hardwood
Pure prepared Corn.
General assortment of canned goods

CHOICE HONEY,
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR,

always on hand.

Remember the place, next do ? to M. Richardson & Co's.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

Although the weather was not such as would conduce to the successful issue of our fair, we are pleased to state that it turned out far in advance of the most sanguine anticipations.

The elements ceased their revelry about 1 o'clock and old king Sol. indulged us with a few hours of his pleasantry which was taken advantage of with avidity by those who had exhibits to make, and those who had the welfare of this most laudable enterprise in our community. On the grounds there was a goodly number of spectators, quite conspicuously sprinkled with the fair sex. The show of cattle, sheep and pigs was not as good as we are sure it could be, if more interest was taken by our farmers in the selection and care of this kind of stock. In the horse ring the exhibits were numerous and good, especially the year and two year old class of colts, and it is fair to say that they would do ample justice to any county show. The general purpose class was fair but not enough competition to make it interesting. A fine team of blacks carried of the first prize for roadsters which they much deserved. In the hack class there was great rivalry, a great number competing, Mr. Cairns, of the Crown Hotel, got 1st and Mr. Dan McLean, of Markdale, 2nd. This we think was a very fair decision, although Mr. Riley thinks he or Mr. Cairns got in the wrong class. Jimmy Atkinson was awarded a special prize for the dashing manner in which he passed Mr Riley and others on the ring with his "Indian." In the hall the show of fruit was not up to former years, but vegetables, etc., were good and well selected. Fine arts, etc., were well represented. The show of fowl was very good, but sorry to say their shelter was not the best that might be provided. A new hall and ground and two days' show is now the thing that should be agitated by the directors, and we think if the matter was gone about right it could be done without much trouble. Of course a united effort is what is wanted. On the whole the fair surpassed former years and we think the directors have reason to congratulate themselves, and that it should satisfy the most fastidious.

It is with deep regret that we report the death of Archibald McArthur, generally known as "Uncle Archy," who has been sick for two weeks. For some days it was thought he would recover but a weakened constitution from old age could not withstand the onward march of a most debilitating disease, and the deceased passed away without pain or suffering on Wednesday the 2nd Oct., at 3 o'clock. Mr. McArthur was a kind and pious old gentleman, of an affable disposition, and one that was universally loved. He will be greatly missed by those who knew him, especially his friends, with whom we deeply sympathize.

Mr. Chas. McMillan has put on the paint again and is waging war against tree-hooting cows. Charley vows eternal vengence on that satanic brute clothed in black and white that reams the village, monarch of all she surveys.

Mr. John O'Hearn and Miss Sullivan, daughter of Thos. Sullivan, all of Irish Lake, were married here on last Wednesday morning by Rev. J.J. Feuny.

Al is back from seeing his best girl.

Jim. says that that things is wo-wo-working gra gra great at the sta sta station.

VIDI.

From our other Correspondent.

All nature was clothed in a mantle of snowy white, on Sunday morning.

Mr. C. McLeod, a young man who went out west some years ago, and has travelled extensively in western Canada and U. S., is back home again and has purchased a farm near Priceville.

"Big Dan" threshed his wild mustard last week.

Mr. Jos. Aussum, while out driving one day last week, was thrown from the buggy and injured his shoulder. His horse took fright at a black dog in the western limits of the town. Said dog has proven a great nuisance to a number of people already. Somebody's dog will get into trouble yet.

Mr. W. McAuley has been home for a few days with his family. Mr. McA. seems to like his new farm in Algoma, and intends moving his family to their new home as soon as he gets it fitted up to receive them.

Mrs. A. Ostrander and daughters, we understand, carried off first prize for both bread and butter. I tell you what, if I were in want of a wife I would naturally go to a house where both good bread and butter are manufactured.

Mr. Duncan Muir has been the last few days engaged thrashing for the small crofters around town.

Kimberley Public School Report for September.

Class IV, Sr.—Lily Graham 183, Fredus Thurston 137, Ella Carruthers 65. Class IV, jr.—Herbert Fawcett 90, John Hammond 89, John Howell 70. Class III, sr.,—James Wallace 81, Willie Lawrence 57, Vincent Gilbert 49. Class III, jr.,—Jessie Gilbert 65, Annie Scott 61, Robbie Lawrence 41. Class III, sr.,—Mary Abercrombie 93, Lily Gilbert 73, Fannie Battrick 63. Average attendance 25. Class II, jr.—A. Wallace 214, A. Hill 209, W. McLean 206. Part II.—Mary Knott 206, Beckie Hammond 186, Minnie Battrick 114. Class A,—John Wickens 137, Saul Fawcett 130, Jesse Battrick 114. Class B,—Jennie McLean 73, Jasper Stewart 59, Henry Wallace 55. Class C,—Telford Ellis 66, Sandford Knott 56, Cardie Graham 56. Average attendance 38.

Alice Wallace has been arrested at Tilbury, charged, with the murder of her husband, James Wallace, by poisoning on September 9.

WM. CLAYTON,

BOOT AND SHOE DEALER,
Has a large assortment of FALL and WINTER Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Trunks, etc.

New and seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Custom work to order.

FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandulars Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FLESHERTON
STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, also all kinds of STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc, constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* **Flesherton.**

Heard's Carriage Works.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE ADVANCE."

FLESHERTON, ONT., - - - - - Oct. 10, 1889.

The Ginsing.

Editor Flesherton Advance.

DEAR SIR.—An article which appeared in your paper from a correspondent in Eugenia should be corrected. The plant that we are in search of is called Ginsing. Grey Co. twenty years ago was full of it; the clearing of the land, the pasturing of woods with cattle, the travelling hunter, the Indians all combined have made it very scarce in this Co. We find traces of it every where, just enough to show us what it was once. There is no use for this root in the Dominion or U.S., its market is China; used by the Chinee in his religion. It is worth in Hong Kong from $75 to $100 per lb. Bought by the Yankees for speculation, company's trusts and syndicates rule the market. No man of small means can get around them. We are obliged to acept the speculators' prices—as a consequence our prices are $1.50, dried, 40 cts per lb. green. The plant cannot be cultivated. It grows only where the sugar maple tree grows and on rich dark loam soil. Interesting accounts of this plant, its use, etc., can be found in any botanical work published in either country Mr. Williams, of Maxwell, has a valuable book which gives a good account of ginsing. It can been seen by calling at his store.

Side hills, ravines, glens, etc., is good ground for this plant. At one time farmers in this county could have paid for their land without ever taking a stick of timber off; the amount of root which grew on the soil would pay for every acre. In regard to the specimens of mineral we have obtained, we can give no definite statements as yet. The best we have came from the farm of Mr. Cooper, 12th concession, Artemesia. Will give you further accounts of our work should you wish it. CHARLES J. LYNDON,

Maxwell, Grey Co., Ont

Maxwell, Sept. 27, 1889.

The above was unavoidably held over from last week. -ED. ADVANCE.

Monthly school report S S No. 6, Artemesia.

Fourth class--Nettie Stone 74, Ida Stone 65.

Third class—John Wright 59, Alfred Stone 53, Rory McLeod 52.

Second Class--Meda Whittaker 75, Ulric Stone 69, Lizzie McArthur 67, Bella Harrow 66, Henry Patterson 63, Flossie Stone 3, Susie Gee 57, Norman Fletcher 57, Alex. McLeod 27, Malcom Baxter 20

Partell class—John Gibson 38

First Class – Margaret A. McArthur 56, Laura Whittaker 54, John McLeod 52

NOTICE!

THE STOCK OF C. E. NEIL, MERCHANT, of Maxwell, insolvent, consisting of dry goods, hats and caps, straw goods, groceries, patent medicines, crockery and glass-ware, boots and shoes, rubbers and felts, shop fixtures, etc will be sold at so much on the dollar, as per stock sheet, by public auction

At Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton,

On Friday, October the 18th, at 2 p.m.

Terms—One third cash, balance 30 and 60 days Stock sheet may be seen at the office of M Richardson & Co., Flesherton.

JOSEPH BLACKBURN, Assignee.

FLESHERTON, ONT. . . . Oct 10th, 1889.

General News.

Owing to the prevalence of measles the Port Arthur public schools have been closed.

The contract for the Owen Sound harbor works has been awarded to Mr. R T Sutton, of Toronto, the lowest tenderer.

The S S. Geographe, Montreal to Southampton, collided with the Nova Scotia sailing vessel Minnie Swatt 30 miles off St. Pierre on Tuesday at midnight. Both vessels went to the bottom, and a number of lives are believed to have been lost.

The executioner brought from France some weeks ago to guilotine a murderer named Nael on the Island of St. Pierre, has fled from the island to escape death at the hands of the citizens. Since the execution several attempts have been made upon his life with poison. Word has just been received from the island that indignation had been so thoroughly aroused against the executioner that he was obliged to seek refuge on board the French man-of war Drac, returning to

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

ber to France. It is said that merchants to whom he was indebted sent him receipted accounts, refusing to accept payment with what they called "blood money." He would most assuredly have been killed had he remained a day longer.

Judge Smith, of Nova Scotia, asks leave to resign on account of ill health.

Three burglers were captured Thursday morning in Toronto about 3 o'clock in the act of plying their craft. They appeared in Police Court the same day and were sentenced to five years each in the Penitentiary.

Mrs McRae, wife of the eminent Presbyterian clergyman at St. John, N B, has been poisoned by strychnine put into candy sent her husband by mail. Two other St John ministers received poisoned candy in the same way. The case, which is most mysterious, is similar to the one at Galt, when little Meta Cherry was murdered, and poisoned candy was sent to the family of Rev. John Ridley. Later advices state that an arrest has been made.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS - Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs Winslows Soothing Syrup for Children Teething: Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent

A cow belonging to Mr. Akitt had the misfortune to get her leg broken last Friday, but now, to present seems to know.

The late snowfall has done some damage to fruit and shade trees by breaking limbs off.

Mr. John Miller, of farmer fame, has been rusticating for the past two weeks around the village, but he has returned to Brother Jonathan's domains.

Mr. E. T. Carr is engaged erecting a new mill for Mr. Clarke of the Fourth Line of Osprey.

FLESHE

"TRUTH

VOL. VIII., NO 433. FLESH

Visitors to Flesher

should not fail to call and examine the fine stock o

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
Silverware, Spectacles, etc.,

—AT—

Russell's Noted Jewelry Store, Flesher

which has just arrived, consisting of Gold and
Watches, Ladies' and Gents' sizes, Rings, Cuffbu
Charms, Gents' and Ladies' Gold Chains, Diamond Ring
We expect to do the trade this fall and winter and h
very fine selection of Goods on hand, call and examin
trouble to show goods.

And always take your watches,
to Russell to repair, if you
want a perfect job.

Russell's Jewelery Store, Flesher

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The CASH STORE is offering special lines in all de
ments.

Our DRY GOODS DEPARTME

has lately been filled to overflowing, with as choice a li
goods as ever shown. In making our selections we re
that to the quality of the goods sold, we must look t
building up of that confidence between buyer and s
so essential to a commercial success and permanence. C
mers will find that in respect to quality, our stock h
superior.

DRESS GOODS

in leading shades, plain and durable. Prices ranging
10c. to 50c. with trimmings to match. In Braids, G
Plushes and Velvets, Gray, White, Navy Blue and
Flannels, second to none for QUALITY and PR
It would take too much space to mention all our lines i
department separately. But we would request an inspec
guaranteeing satisfactory results,

Our BOOT and SHOE Assortment Larger Than Ev

Special lines of women's high Laced Boots at $1.1
Men's long Boots from $1.75 up. Misses and
Children's in all sizes. Groceries, Crock-
ery and general merchandise.

Persons would do well to give us a call.

McDONALD & EVANS,
Wright's Old Sta

Pumps ! Pumps !

J. McCullough,
Markdale,

manufacuturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc,

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.
Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line.

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON
terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Eu
containing 200 acres. This is a splendi
able timber farm. Well timbered with
hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splend
½ miles from the beautiful village of Kin
in Queen's Valley where there are mills
post office and church, and 11 miles from
erton on the C. P. R., where there is a
market for all kinds of produce, stock,
and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auc
and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Sta

D. CLAYTON, Proprieto

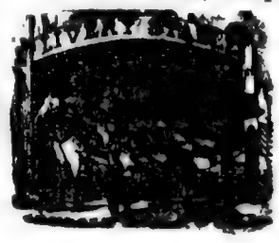

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HRAP, AND ON EASY
township of Euphrasia
This is a splendid valu-
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produce, stock, lumber
R. J. Sproule, auctioneer
Flesherton.

Livery Stables.
N, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates.
Stables opposite Munshaw's hotel.
Special attention paid to commercial business

ERTON ADVANCE.

TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Osprey Prize List.

HORSES.

Draught span, H. McDonald, Jas. Buckingham. Brood mare, Thos. Brownridge, Malcolm Cameron. Filly or gelding, 2 years, Jas. Thompson, J. S. Hudson. Filly or gelding, 1 year, D. McIntyre. Spring colt, Donald McLean, Thos. Brownridge. Entire colt, 2 years, Thos. Brownridge, Thos. Saigeon. General purpose span, S. Taylor, Donald McLean Brood mare, H. McDonald, Donald McLean. Gelding or filly, 2 years, D, McLean, T. Brownridge. Gelding or filly, 1 year, T. Saigeon, Jas. Inckster. Spring colt, Jas. Inckster, T. Saigeon. Entire Colt, 2 years, E. Brownridge.

CARRIAGE AND ROADSTER.

Carriage team, Wm. Sprott, jr., Jos Fachmie. Pair roadsters, Frank Little. Buggy horse, A. McKinnon. Dr. Scott. Saddle horse, Hector McDonald, John Madill. Entire colt, 2 years, G. Madden. Entire colt, 1 year, T. Shearden, J. Kernighan.

CATTLE.

Durham bull calf, J. Kernighan. Holsteins, bull aged, Jno. Taylor. Grade cow, Robt. Milligan, W. S. Moffat. Grade heifer, 2 years, Robt. Fenwick, R. Milligan. Grade heifer, 1 year, R. Milligan, J. Kernighan. Heifer calf, R. Milighan, Jno. Taylor.

SHEEP.

Cotswold shearling ram, J. S. Hudson. Pair aged ewes, F. Spofford, J. S. Hudson. Southdowns, pair aged ewes, T. Saigeon. Southdowns, Shearling ewes, J. S. Hudson, S. Taylor.

HOGS.

Berkshire boar, aged, R. Fenwick, Josiah Gamey. Boar pig, 1889, R. Fenwick. Aged sow, S. Taylor, F. Spofford. Sow pig, 1889, F. Spofford. Suffolk, aged boar, Robt. Milligan.

POULTRY.

White leghorns, John Grant. Brown leghorns, J. Grant. Plymouth rocks, J. H. Heard, 1st and 2nd. Pair ducks, T. Saigeon, Geo. Wilson. Pair geese, J. S. Hudson. Wm. Kerton Pair turkeys, Geo. Wilson. Guinea fowl, Robt. Milligan, G. Wilson.

GRAIN.

Fall wheat, J. H. Stewart, J. Kernighan. Spring wheat, Geo. Wilson, J. H. Stewart. Peas, Geo. Wilson, T. Saigeon. Barley, Jno. Taylor, J. S. Hudson. White oats, J. S. Hudson, Joseph Taylor, Black oats, Jno. Taylor, J. H. Stewart. Timothy seed, Jos. Taylor, Samuel Taylor. Flax seed, Jos. Taylor, T. Brownridge. Indian corn, Jos. Taylor, W. Kerton.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, early rose, Jno. Taylor, D. McIntyre. Potatoes, Beauty of Hebrons, Robt. Fenwick, J. Kerton. Potatoes, Mammoth Pearl, Thos. Scott, Mangolds long, R. Milligan. Mangolds short, Jos. Taylor, N. McKinnon. Turnips Aberdeen, R. Y. Burk, H. McDonald. Turnips Swede, H. McDonald, R. Y. Burk. Beets long blood, D. McDougald. D. McIntyre, Other kind beets, H. McDonald, Robt, Heron. Carrots early horn, E. Potts, N. McKinnon. Long table carrots, D. McIntyre, Jos. Taylor. Field carrots, J. Mckinnon, H. McDonald. Parsnips, Jno. Taylor, Jos. Taylor. Tomatoes, R. Y. Burk, J. S. Hudson. Citrons, H. McDonald, D. McDougald. Squash, Jno. Taylor, W. Kerton. Pumpkins, Jno. Taylor, W. Kerton. Table radish, R. Y. Burk, John Scilley. Celery, R. Y. Burk, J. Grant. Seed onions, R. Y. Burk, H. McDonald. Potato onions, R. Y. Burk, F. Spofford. Top onions, Thos. Scott, F. Spofford. Cabbage, J. Grant, Jos. Taylor. Cucumbers, R. Y. Burk, J. Grant.

FRUIT.

Fall apples, W. H. Stewart, Jos. Taylor. Winter apples, W. H. Stewart, Jos. Taylor. Collection of fruit, J. H. Stewart. Honey extracted, W. Guy, R. Milligan. Honey in comb, Robt. Heron. Maple sugar, T. Brownridge. Bread homemade, Mrs. J. Mckinnon, Mrs. T. Scott. Cheese homemade, Mrs. Jos. Taylor. Butter, Mrs. R. Fenwick, Mrs. R. Y. Burk, Mrs. J. D. Christie.

MANUFACTURES.

Lumber wagon, J. H. Heard, Democrat wagon, J. H. Heard. Open buggy, J. H. Heard. Cutter, J. H. Heard. Iron Harrows, J. H. Heard. Gent's suit, E. S. Mix. Pair blankets, Wm. Pearson, Rich. Heron. Fullcloth, R. Heron, W. Pearson. Flannel, W. Pearson, R. Heron. Satinette, W. Pearson.

LADIES' WORK.

Homemade yarn, Mrs. Geo. Wilson. Pair woollen mitts, Mrs. T. Brownridge. Pair woollen socks, Mrs. W. Kerton. Patchwork quilt, Miss M c-Dougald, Mrs. T. Saigeon. Knit quilt, Mrs. Brown. Any other kind quilt, Mrs. Smith. Berlin wool work, Mrs. Jas. Madden. Fancy knitting, Mrs. Jno. Taylor. Braiding in cotton, Mrs. Smith. Embroidery, Mrs. Smith. Hearth rug hooked, Mrs. Smith. Mat of any kind, Mrs. Smith. Rag carpet, Mrs. R. Y. Burk. Arrasene work, Mrs. Smith, Motto, Mrs. N. McKinnon.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

While threshing at Harry Guy's on Monday, Willie Hayes got his forehead cut. He was in the act of stooping down to take some straw from under his feet, and Geo. Pallister who was cutting bands was just reaching up his hand for the sheaf which was coming and the knife struck Willie, inflicting a gash over and inch long. It is not thought to be dangerous.

Two of Mr. R.M. Heron's children are very low with intermittent fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Blakely have gone to Dundalk.

Mr. Geo. Brownidge, of Thornbury, is in this vicinity.

Mr. Emes preached in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Harvest is finished at last. Some men say they are heavy losers, and no doubt they are.

Miss Berty Johnson, of Toronto, is home on a visit to her parents here.

Miss Ann Irwin is on the sick list, and owing to her extreme old age, her recovery is doubtful.

The Rev. Mr. Buggin preached the educational sermon here on Sunday last. The congregation was not large, owing to the funeral of Mrs. Gordon, which took place at Bethel, at 11 a.m.

Another of the old pioneers passed away on Friday last in the person of Mrs. Gordon. Mrs. G. was full of years, and she leaves a very large family to mourn their loss. We cannot do her justice here, not being in possession of the proper knowledge Rev. Mr Buggin preached the funeral sermon at Bethel.

Following are the names of the officers of the Inistioge Division, S. of T., who were installed in the division room at the last regular meeting: J. McCardle, W. P.; E. Armstrong, W. A.; Geo. Bannon, I. S.; J. Bannon, chaplain; J. F. Hutchinson, Treasurer; S. Roseborough, F. S.; W. Roseborough, conductor; E. Bannon, A. C.; Wm. Moor, I. S.; Wm. Ruddick, O. S.; Wm. Haines, P. W.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Sarnia, were visiting at Mr. A. Johnston's some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Holly, of Wiarton, are visiting friends here.

Thos. Gilbert, jr., was visiting the scenes of his youth last week.

Mrs. S. Warling presented her liege lord with a bouncing boy on the 3rd inst.

The school trustees have purchased ¼ of an acre from Mr. W. Hutchinson, for the purpose of enlarging the school grounds.

Mr. G. Pritchard is painting his picket fence.

Mr. R. Buchanan will soon have his brick house so far completed that he will be able to move into it.

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

NASAL BALM.

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are caused by Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1 00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Beware of imitations similar in name.

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THE MARKETS.

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Flour	$3 00	to $ 3
Fall Wheat	0 90	to 0 9
Spring Wheat	0 0	0
Barley	0 45	0 4
Oats	0 24	0
Peas	0 50	
Butter	0 15	
Eggs, fresh	0 16	
Potatos bush.	0 15	
Pork	6 10	
Hay per ton	9 00	9 00
Hides	3 50	3 50
Sheepskins	0 90	1 00
Geese	0 06	0
Turkeys	0 08	0
Chickens per pair	0 0	0
Ducks per pair	0 10	0
Wool	0 18	0 2

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I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present "CASH or CREDIT" will positivily do better by you,

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Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

MORE POISONED CANDIES.

Suspicious Death of a Presbyterian Minister's Wife.

AFTER THE CLERGYMEN.

A last Thursday night's St. John, N.B., despatch says: Yesterday's special despatch to the *Empire* told of the terribly sudden death of Mrs. McRae, wife of the eminent Presbyterian clergyman in this city. Events which have since come to light excite horrible suspicion, pointing to a foul and most cowardly murder. The facts, as ascertained up to this time, are these: Yesterday morning the mail carrier delivered at the house a small, neatly wrapped parcel addressed to Rev. Dr. McRae. The doctor was absent at Pictou, and Mrs. McRae opened the parcel, which contained a few gum drops and other candy. It was after eating a few of these that she was seized with convulsions. Dr. Christie, who lives directly across the street, was called at once. She had two spasms after that, and was dead in two minutes. The rigidity of the muscles and sudden contraction so impressed the doctor that when a little later he met the family physician he told him that he would call it a case of strychnine poisoning if the circumstances could possibly admit of it. The other physician went home, when shortly afterward he was visited by young McRae, who had discovered the candy and brought with him what remained. The parcel was immediately placed in the hands of the Government analyst, who found one piece covered with strychnine crystals. Drs. Christie and McLaren notified the coroner, who at once ordered a post mortem. The body was examined accordingly and portions of the stomach and other organs preserved for analysis. The inquest has been adjourned until Monday. Meanwhile Solicitor-General Pugsley is making inquiry into the case. On the same morning when the parcel was delivered to Mrs. McRae, one of the same character was received from the postman at the house of Thomas Deinstadt, a Methodist clergyman of this city. Mrs. Deinstadt, opened the parcel, her husband being in bed. Her little girl, seeing the contents, followed her about the house begging for a taste, but her mother, feeling some suspicion which she is not yet able to account for, refused to give her any. The suspicions seem to have been shared by her husband, who took the package to the analyist who still has it, but declines to give any information. Mr. Deinstadt says he noticed an incision in one of the candies. It occurred to him that some person, annoyed at his plain speaking, may have taken a fancy to give him a dose of physic, or some such thing. He had no thought of murder. A third parcel of the same character, addressed in the same hand, was delivered to Rev. Mr. Desoyres, of St. John Episcopal Church. This clergyman had no suspicions. He opened the package, and noting contents, concluded to lay it by for some children who were about the house. However, he bit one piece in two and found it excessively bitter, quickly spitting it out, and supposing it might be quassia he took the confectionery to Dr. Harding, who lived near. The doctor at once pronounced the drug to be strychnine and handed it into the analyst Bust, who says there was enough poison in the one drop to kill a man at once. No explanation of the cause of the plot can be made. The three clergymen are in no way associated with each other and have given no common offence to any class of people.

A HAPPY LIFE.

The Czar in Constant Terror of Plots Against His Person.

A Berlin cable says: Official telegrams say the Czar will start for Berlin next Thursday. Mr. Schirinkine, Chief of the Czar's secret police, passed through Berlin to-day on his way to Kiel. He is accompanied by the inspector of Imperial trains. The Czar's special train, once owned by the Empress Eugenie, lies at the station here, having come from Wirballen. There are swarms of Russian police here, at Kiel, and at the stations along the proposed route. Russian troops line the rails from Wirballen to Moscow. The precautions taken far excel those on the occasion of the former visit of the Czar, and are due to his intense fears of an attempt upon his life. The Czarina leaves Copenhagen October 12th for Konigsberg, rejoining the Czar at some point on the homeward journey. Only Court Minister Worontzow Daschoff, and Aides-de Camp Gens. Tchereine and Richter will accompany the Czar. The Czar will accord Prince Bismarck an interview. The Czar will pass 48 hours between Potsdam and Berlin. Nothing is expected to result from his meeting with Bismarck. The Moscow newspapers ridicule the idea that the Czar will accept any conciliatory overtures, unless they are well backed by solid concessions.

A Blind M.P. Suicides.

A London cable of Sunday says: Sir William Tindal Robinson, jun., member of Parliament for Brighton, committed suicide this mording at his Brighton residence by cutting his throat with a razor. He was elected to Parliament in 1886 without opposition as a Conservative, in spite of his unwillingness, on account of blindness, to be a candidate. A short time ago he sprained his ankle and was compelled to take to his bed. He was attacked with other ailments and became mentally depressed, though none of his friends imagined he was not in his right mind. He was a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London. In 1882 he became chairman of the Brighton Conservative Association. He was knighted last year. He was a man of considerable means as well as ability.

They Quarrelled About Jack.

A New York despatch of Sunday says: Julia O'Connor, aged 14, died last night from the effects of a beating she received two months ago at the hands of a girl about her own age named Maggie Miller. The girls quarrelled about a lad named Jack, who paid attention to both of them. The police are searching for Maggie on a charge of homicide.

—Man is not perfect, of course, but so long as woman is it does not matter much.

THE NAVASSA SLAUGHTER.

Unarmed Whites Shot Down by Infuriated Negroes.

A Baltimore despatch says: The particulars of the riot at Navassa, September 14th, have been received by the Navassa Phosphate Co. from Acting-Superintendent D. C. Smith. On the morning of the 14th the negroes rose in insurrection and killed four officers, Thomas A. Foster, Joseph Fales, James Mahon, and William T. Shea. The motive of the negroes is unknown, and no warning or intimation of such a thing was given. Mr. Roby was first assaulted in the diggings and hit on the head with clubs until left for dead. He was found in a rock hole under a lot of boards. He was removed to the house, and took part in the battle with the blacks after having thirty stitches taken in his scalp. He is recovering. At noon the men congregated in front of the Superintendent's house and refused to work. When Mr. Jones, by direction of Assistant Superintendent Smith, attempted to arrest one of the ringleaders and take a pistol from him which had been taken from Mr. Roby, he was knocked down, and in a few seconds a howling mob surrounded him. He managed to get to the house where the other officers had sought shelter, through volleys of rocks and other missiles. The whites took refuge in the upper story of the superintendent's house and opened fire on the mob, which threw stones into the house from every direction and shot at any one in sight. The battle lasted three hours, with an occasional negro wounded, when the whites were startled by the explosion of a dynamite bomb which had been thrown on the lower porch. This was soon followed by another, until there was a continual roar of dynamite. The negroes were sheltered behind cars, trees, tanks and buildings. Shortly after 4 p.m. the negroes broke into the dynamite magazine and got a fresh supply of explosives. Knowing that the negroes intended to blow them into eternity the whites left the house and endeavored to reach the officers' quarters and make another stand, but they had not got twenty feet before the negroes attacked them with axes, knives, rocks, razors and clubs, uttering fiendish yells. each man was soon overtaken and disarmed. Foster was the first to drop his weapon, a small rifle. He was at once butchered. Fales was

CHOPPED TO PIECES

with an axe after he had surrendered his weapon. Shea when last seen was within a few feet of the cliffs with a number of negroes in pursuit, one of whom was firing at him with a revolver. His body has not been found. Some friendly negroes hid the surviving whites in a little building until the excitement had somewhat subsided, and while they were engaged in looting, robbing and pillaging the buildings. About 6 p.m. some negroes went to the building where the officers were hiding and told them to go up to the mess house and get supper, and they would not be harmed. They had not proceeded thirty feet before one of the devils, known as George Skey, placed a revolver within a few inches of Mahon's face and fired and then shot him through the heart. The brig Amoretti was in the harbor, but on account of the gale she could not be communicated with until Sunday evening. Mr. Smith wrote the captain a note requesting him to run over to Kingston, Jamaica, and ask the American Consul to send aid, but he had discharged nearly all his ballast and could not sail until Monday evening. On the 20th the British man-of-war Forward arrived, and was ordered to remain until relieved by the U.S. S. Galena. When last heard from the Galena was at Hayti. The Americans were taken on board the Forward and treated as guests. Among those injured on the island were Sam Merch, who was severely hurt by being struck with rocks on the head; Harry Jones, injured about the face with rocks and bruised about the body; H. N. Vail, shot accidentally through the leg.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

A Mississippi Steamer's Boiler Explodes —Forty Persons Killed.

A New Orleans despatch of Thursday night says: The steamer Corona, of the Ouachita Consolidated Line, left here at 7 30 last evening for the Ouachita River, with a full cargo of freight and a good list of passengers. She exploded her boilers at False River, nearly opposite Port Hudson, at 11.45 this morning, causing the loss of the steamer and about forty lives. The Anchor Line steamer City of St. Louis, Captain James O'Neil, was near by, and her crew and boats saved many lives. The surviving passengers and crew were taken on board by Captain O'Neil and kindly cared for.

The following were lost, as far as known:

Crew—J. W. Blanks, captain; J. V. Jordan, first clerk; Charles C. F. Ellis, second clerk; Swimp Hanna, third clerk; Fred. Dinkle, barkeeper; Fred. Verman, barkeeper; Pat Ryan, steward; Dick Curtis, fireman; Tom Shook, engineer; Henry Doyle, porter; Jas. Swips, porter; Mr. Tate, barber; Henry Davis, deck hand; Tom Cook, sailorman; Billy Young, second mate; Sam Steel, Texas boy, also both captains of the deck watch and eight rousters.

Passengers—Dr. Atwell, corn doctor, and four negro musicians; Mr. Scott, Smithland, La.; Mr. Davis, stock man, Texas; Mr. Koenich; Mrs. Huff, of Opelousas; Mrs. Kauffman's nurse and eldest child.

About twenty of the crew and about fifteen passengers were saved. The Corona was on her first trip of the season, and had but recently come out of the dry dock, where she received repairs amounting to nearly $12,000. She was built at Wheeling, W.Va., several years ago, and had a carrying capacity of 2,700 bales of cotton. She was valued at $20,000.

Refused a Sight of Her Child.

A Detroit despatch says: Ellen Lavina Price is dying in a house at the corner of Twelfth street and Hancock avenue. On Tuesday James A. Randall began *habeas corpus* proceedings to compel Mr. Price to allow her to see their 4-year-old child. The husband escaped the writ by going to Toronto and taking the child.

—The summer is ended, but the harvest is just beginning—for the divorce lawyers.

EUROPEAN UNEASINESS.

How the Game of Statecraft is Played by Continental Powers.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: There has been no important increase recently in the effective force of the Russian army, nor have any measures been taken to meet an outbreak of hosilities. The resources of the Government are already sufficiently strong to provide for the country's security. Far from warlike enterprise being contemplated, the Germanophile party at court has renewed its endeavors to bring about a friendly understanding between Germany and Russia, and the hope is enterained that the Czar's coming meeting with Emperor William and Prince Bismarck will lead to a *rapprochement* between the two countries. The Russian National party, however, is trying to neutralize these facts through the dominant official influences, and is also making an enegetic campaign in the Slavophile newspapers.

A Berlin despatch says: An uneasy feeling seems to prevail in Austrian official circles, it being feared that the Chancellor is about to make a new move by offering to assist in restoring Russian dominance in Bulgaria, as an inducement to draw the Czar from a French alliance. Prince Bismarck is suspected of playing a double game. It is thought that on the one hand he will threaten the Czar with a movement looking to the firm establishment of Bulgarian independence, while on the other he will offer an *entente* based on a proposal that Russia shall have a freer hand to deal with Bulgaria and intervene in Armenia. It is certain that if the Czar received Prince Bismarck's proposals coldly, the recognition of Prince Ferdinand by the Porte, the powers forming the triple alliance, and England will be the immediate consequence. The Sultan has already agreed to recognize Prince Ferdinand, and only awaits the visit of Emperor William before issuing a formal proclamation to that effect. It is reported Emperor William will remain two weeks at the Turkish capital. He will be accompanied by Count Herbert Bismarck. The length of the Emperor's visit is attributed to an intention to inquire into the condition of the Turkish army and to test the statement of German officers that the Porte is still able to maintain a standing army of 400,000.

THE MORRISON TRIAL.

Warren's Revolver Produced—Was it Loaded or Not?

A Sherbrooke despatch of Thursday says: The twice postponed trial of Donald Morrison, the famed Megantic outlaw, for the murder of Lucius Warren in June, 1888, while the latter was trying to arrest him on a warrant alleging arson and criminal assault upon the property and person of one Alphonse DuQuette, who had bought the farm from which Morrison had been evicted for non-payment of mortgage, began this morning in the Criminal Court for St. Francois district, and promises to last several days. The case is a most complicated one, and attracts considerable attention from the fact that Morrison defied the whole Province for nearly a year and was only captured by a chance shot from the revolvers of a party of Montreal policemen who had been sent to arrest him.

The case for the Crown was opened by Mr. Belanger, who ridiculed the sensational stories about the case published by the papers, and told the jury to disabuse their minds of any prejudice they might have entertained. After the coroner and the medical examiner had given technical evidence about the inquest and autopsy, George W. Mayo described the shooting as he saw it, and Magistrate Morin, who issued the warrant on the arson case, detailed the circumstances surrounding its issue.

Donald Graham, of Megantic, the principal witness for the Crown, then gave a lucid statement regarding the murder, which was very damaging to the prisoner. Upon cross examination, however, he contradicted his former evidence and got considerably rattled, and this somewhat lessened the force of his testimony.

A peculiar incident occurred during the afternoon session. The Crown counsel made a motion that Warren's revolver, which was picked up at his side and was produced in Court, be taken out and unloaded. Both defence and Court heartily agreed to this, and it was so taken out. Hardly was it out when it was back again, the High Constable remarking that all the chambers were empty. A few moments before one of the witnesses had sworn that, when picked up the revolver was loaded, and, when the motion to remove it was made, the counsel for the Crown stated most distinctly that the revolver was in the same condition as when found. The High Constable's report, therefore, caused no small sensation.

A Sherbrooke despatch of Friday says: The Morrison trial is approaching an unexpectedly early close, counsel for the Crown having this afternoon, after the examination of fourteen witnesses, declared the case closed as far as they were concerned. To-morrow the case for the defence will be begun, and then, after the addresses of counsel and the Judge's charge, the case will be given to the jury.

From the evidence submitted by the Crown, a pretty strong case has been made out against the prisoner, but the great drawback on this side is the number of contradictions on important points which have been made by Crown witnesses. Those examined to-day were: Eustache Roy, George Roderique, Antoine Roy, Nelson H. Leet and Arthur W. Goff, of Boston. The chief incident of to-day's proceedings was the confession of Leet that he had come here prepared to testify for the defence as well as for the Crown. His examination by the Crown counsel was most severe, and at one time it was thought the Court would be requested to order his arrest for perjury.

There are ten witnesses for the defence, and all of them will be rigidly cross-examined by the Crown, so that the prospects for concluding to-morrow are not very bright. The opinion of those who have heard the evidence so far submitted is that the verdict will be either manslaughter or acquittal, certainly not murder. The defence will try to prove self-defence as the best means of getting their man off.

Balfour, who is called "the best hated man in England," is still young. He was born in 1848 and went to Parliament in 1874. He does not look like a strong man, either physically or mentally, but he has shown in an unpopular way that he is both.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Wm. Hill, the young St. Thomas man charged with an unnatural crime, and in which the grand jury at the Assize Court yesterday returned "no bill," has entered an action for $2,000 damages for malicious arrest and prosecution against Walter Travers, of Talbotville.

On Friday Mrs. Knapp, Kingston, received a letter from Bedford Mills, which has been tampered with. The envelope had been cut and pasted. This is the second letter opened within a few days. Ten dollars were taken out of one of the letters. The post-office is again agitated. It wants reforming.

Advices were received last night by Inspector Stark, Toronto, from Buffalo stating that George Cranham and David Irving, both of whom found Toronto an unsafe place to live in, had escaped from a sheriff's officer in Buffalo. These men were close friends of Southworth, who left on Thursday to spend a five years' term in Kingston.

Notwithstanding that the Galt shops have nearly as many moulders at work now as they had before the strike, the strikers still profess to be confident of ultimate success. Two men arrived from St. John, N.B., on Sunday last, to work for MacGregor, Gourlay & Co., but were captured by the strikers. The firm, having paid their fares, retain their trunks as security.

Over an inch of snow fell early yesterday morning at Guelph.

Sir Julian Pauncefote sailed from Liverpool for America on Saturday.

The "blacklegs" at the London docks have joined the Dockmen's Union.

The writ for Victoria, B.C., the seat vacated by Mr. Baker, has been issued.

The Earl of Zetland, the new Viceroy of Ireland, took the oath of office at Dublin Castle Saturday.

The Democrats appear to have elected the Governor and carried a majority in the Legislature of Montana.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at New York voted to accept the Nicene Creed.

Hyacinthe Beauchemin, of Sorel, has been nominated for the Commons by the Liberals of Richelieu, Que.

The State Line steamer State of Georgia collided with another vessel and had to put back to Greenock for repairs.

Mrs. Elizabeth Findlay was killed by a Grand Trunk train on the track at Toronto, east of the Don, Saturday afternoon.

Father Boyle, a Raleigh, North Carolina, priest, has been found guilty of criminal assault and sentenced to be hanged.

The case against Frank Woodruff, one of the men indicted for the murder of Dr. Cronin, has been postponed till the next term.

Rev. B. Longley and Mrs. Longley have gone to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Longley has been called to the pastorate of a leading church.

At the Blenheim Fair on Thursday a man named White was accidentally shot by a discharge from an air gun and fatally injured.

Dr. Kane, the Orange Grand Master at Belfast, tells Secretary Balfour that he had better not proceed with his Catholic University scheme.

Judge La Rue, of Quebec, has decided that the father of an illegitimate child has the right to its custody, but that the mother may go and see it.

The Quebec City Engineer reports that a great many of the implements provided by the corporation for clearing the debris from Champlain street were stolen.

Mrs. Slater, 41 Stewart street, Toronto, who was so terribly scalded on Monday last by the upsetting of a boiler, died on Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The official Turkish newspaper, in announcing the coming of Emperor William, says his visit will draw closer the relations between Germany and Turkey.

Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, yesterday consecrated the new chancel windows in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, afterwards preaching to an immense congregation.

The writ has been issued for the election of a member of the Local House in the county of Joliette. Nomination is fixed for the 16th and polling for the 23rd October.

A terrible hurricane has visited the Island of Sardinia. One hundred persons were buried in the *debris* of buildings shattered by the storm, and thirty persons were killed.

Judge Bradley, of the U. S. Supreme Court, on Saturday gave judgment in favor of Edison in the suit brought by the Westinghouse interests in connection with the incandescent light patent.

At the recent sitting of the fall Assizes at Pembroke, McLaughlin, the man who killed Robert Ferguson at Calabogie in August, was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter preferred against him.

The Province of Cagliari, Italy, has been ravaged by a terrific storm, in which 240 houses were destroyed. Sixteen persons were killed and hundreds were injured. The town of Cagliari suffered severely.

A student named Jackson, from Elginburg, had the misfortune to injure his leg on Wednesday while playing football at Kingston, and will be laid up for some time. It is said his leg is broken at the ankle.

At 4 o'clock yesterday morning the rain of the night changed to snow, which fell to the depth of nearly six inches at Lockport, N.Y., greatly damaging shade and fruit trees. The snow storm continued three hours.

In a speech at Perth on Saturday evening Lord Randolph Churchill admitted the obligation of the Government to pursue a generous policy toward Ireland. To neglect Ireland, he said, would be treason to the cause of the Union.

Mr. Darby, Kingston, who suspected that a letter sent to him from California had been opened and $10 taken out, has changed his mind. The other day he received by express the $10 in gold which he thought had been stolen.

The death is announced in New Zealand of Mr. C. Paton, a son of Mr. Thomas Paton, for many years General Manager of the British North America Bank at Montreal. He was in his 84th year. His death was the result of an accident which happened a few weeks ago, when, in following the hounds in a hunt, his horse in leaping a fence fell and rolled over him, causing concussion of the brain.

As a freight train was going west near Pape avenue, Toronto, yesterday, a woman was struck on the temple by the locomotive and killed instantly. The woman is supposed to be Mrs. Atkins, who lives at 141 Bolton avenue, that city.

The harbor laborers at Flensburgh, Germany, have gone on strike. Many vessels remain unloaded, and the Chamber of Commerce has asked the commander of the local garrison to send soldiers to do the work of the strikers.

Detective Allen, London, has been suspended from the county constabulary for six months for drunkenness. Constable Coulter was reported for allowing a prisoner to escape, but, it being his first offence, the matter was overlooked.

The Spanish Government Saturday granted a reprieve to a murderer condemned to be executed at Ossura. There was some delay in transmitting the reprieve papers, and when they reached the prison the sentence of death had been carried out.

Colonel James Poyntz, probably the last of the Waterloo veterans, died at Windsor, N.S., yesterday, aged 95 years. He received his first commission in 1814 and became captain in 1828. He retired from the 30th Foot in 1844 with the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel.

There must have been pickpockets aboard the Umbria on her last trip from New York. A saloon passenger was robbed of £40, a steerage passenger lost $9, and a poor woman with two children was robbed of £7, all she had. A theatrical performance was given on her behalf.

The latest returns received give a Democratic majority of seven on the joint ballot in the Montana Legislature, with one in doubt, which may increase the majority to nine. In several counties the vote was very close, but it is not th ought the official canvassing will make any material change.

While discharging cargo from the steamship Alvah, lying in the river at Quebec on Saturday afternoon, a large crate fell out of one of the slings, and in its descent fell on three young men, residents of Champlain street, named Rankin, Murphy and O'Neil. They are rather badly wounded, but not, it is believed, fatally.

The strike of the window-light glassblowers, which began last June and has seriously affected the manufacturers and 5,000 employees, most of whom are located in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, was settled at Baltimore yesterday by delegates representing both sides. A scale to continue one year was signed.

Dr. Kane, of Belfast, Grand Master of the Orangemen of the district of Belfast, in a published card warns the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, that he will alienate the Orangemen if he proposes any further endowment of Catholic institutions in Ireland. "The Government ought rather," continues Dr. Kane, "to confer its privileges and endowments upon every Orange hall in Ireland as a sign of gratitude to the 150 000 Orangemen pledged to maintain the Union."

MANITOBA MATTERS.

The Northern Pacific & Manitoba road will begin work this fall on an extension to Lake Manitoba, and will next year put a steamer on the lake. It is with a view to this extension that the application is now being made at Ottawa for leave to cross the C.P.R. track at the Portage.

The MacLeod *Gazette* again asserts that within the next two years the Canadian Pacific will deflect in its line south through the Crow's Nest Pass. For some time past a C.P.R. engineer named Stewart has been working in that pass. An exploring party of the C.P.R. has also been inspecting a possible route deflecting south into Washington Territory.

The Pincher Creek district round-up began to-day. From present indications the fall branding will be quite as large as it was this spring. The calves are big and strong.

Fifty Knights Templar leave Winnipeg on Friday for the Annual Conclave next week at Washington.

The Vice-Regal party reached Grenfell to-day, having ridden there from the Crooked Lake Reserve.

It is said the contract for 30 miles of the Manitoba & Southwestern Railway will be let this fall.

Lord Stanley and party arrived in Regina at noon to-day and were received by the Lieut.-Governor, who introduced the Mayor of the town, and the stereotyped address was presented.

Mr. Mackenzie Bowell left for Ottawa via St. Paul, to-day. He says the Government will not appoint Customs outposts along the international boundary, as had been contemplated, as he found the police control the frontier sufficiently. The principal articles smuggled are whiskey and cattle.

Senator Hardisty was seriously injured by being thrown from his rig at Broadview, N.W.T.

John Aohison, the school teacher who was recently tried on the charge of kissing one of his pupils and taking other liberties, had his certificate revoked by the Board of Education.

The Combination Tea Company lottery concern, in consequence of exposures made by the *Sun*, has been closed out by the police.

The Mormon settlement at MacLeod was visited by Minister Bowell, and he is satisfied that there is no polygamy.

The Anthracite Coal Co. will have constructed immediately a line of coal steamers for the San Francisco trade.

An extraordinary mortality among children in Dublin is said to be due to the parents dosing their children with quack nostrums. The fact is a healthy child needs no medicine at all, and an unhealthy child should, if the parents can afford it, be brought up under the doctor's eye.

Some deaf and dumb boys were playing ball on a South Thirteenth street lot on Saturday and a policeman ordered them off. They wrote an inquiry with a pencil as to the cause, and the policeman wrote in reply that "the Mare" forbids it. Then they went to another lot, four squares away, and finished the game to the delight of many spectators, including two interested policemen.—*Philadelphia Record.*

WOMEN DOCTORS.

Dr. McLaughlin on Women as Physicians.

At the opening of the Toronto Women's Medical College Thursday Dr. McLaughlin, a lady physician, delivered an interesting address. She appeared in academic robe and hood, and read her address on the subject, "Should women engage in the study and practice of medicine?" Dr. McLaughlin is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College and a valued and capable member of the teaching faculty, and for this reason, no doubt, her words were listened to with all the greater interest. In opening her address Dr. McLaughlin referred to the fact that women had become lawyers, artists, editors and even preachers of the Gospel, and asked if there was any good reason why they should not become doctors as well. The first objection usually raised was that women had not the capacity, but this she showed to be a wholly unfounded assumption by referring to known and admitted facts. She cited first the case of the Woman's Medical College in London, the graduates of which ranked high in the honor list of the University of London, there being among their number two gold medalists. Turning then to America, which she characterised as the land of liberty and progress, the land in which women's work and women's power to work was more fully recognized than elsewhere, she said that in this, as in other matters intellectual, Boston led, the first Medical College being established there in 1848. New York and Philadelphia and other places followed, and the graduates of these colleges had made for themselves reputation and even fame. It was said that women physicians were not wanted. But in some countries men physicians were not wanted, as in Oriental countries, where a male physician, having a woman for his patient, was not allowed even to see that patient, and was obliged to prescribe as best he could without seeing her. But in such cases women physicians would be allowed to see their patients. Considering the immense field thus awaiting the work of the woman physician, it was absurd to say that woman physicians were not needed. But even in our own country the need for female physicians was great. Modesty, the greatest virtue in women, sometimes stood between the sick woman and cure. There were many cases on record of women who had for years endured the most excruciating pain rather than consult a physician because that physician was a man. Women would confide to women what they would never confide to men. Why not then give to women the education necessary to enable her on receiving these confidences to cure the disease which made them necessary? Then there was the great world of childhood, which also had its manifold forms of disease. A woman can gain the confidence of a sick child as a man could not do, and if she had the knowledge and skill of a physician she could do more than a man to effect a cure. It was objected that the contact with disease and the study necessary to a physician's education made a woman callous and robbed her of the sympathy which was her chief charm. But was there any person who, in the common ways of life, had so often to deal with sickness, to administer the bitter draught or pill as the mother of a family? Did such experiences make the mother harsh or rob her of her sympathy for her own? Were there any who saw more of the horrors of war than the angels of mercy, the nurses in the hospital and the field? And yet were there any who manifested such keen and constant sympathy with the suffering? Could it be said that the study of nature would make women disregard or forget the God of Nature? Woman was naturally religious, and in this women had one qualification which would make them all the better physicians. The sympathy of woman for woman gave the female physician means of effecting cures in cases which a man could not understand. A man having a woman for a patient might conclude that the case was one of nervous strain caused by overwork of the brain. But a woman physician would probe deeper, and would find the cause of suffering to be some hidden sorrow or unhappiness, and by her sympathy would do much to effect a cure. The need for women to enter the medical field was great; the capacity of women to work in that field would not but be admitted, and the lecturer concluded that the work of educating and training women for this noble profession was one which must result in good.

Died in a Fit.

Thomas Chadwick, a man of about forty-six years of age, came here from Hamilton when the new shops were opened. He was a fitter by trade and when in Hamilton shops he was frequently taken with epileptic fits while at work, but when he came here the change seemed to do him good, and up to about a month ago he enjoyed comparatively good health and freedom from his old malady. During the past month he was taken bad again and laid off work. He was able to be about and yesterday, while crossing the Dominion hotel, just across from the depot, he was again taken with an epileptic attack. He was taken to his home, just a few doors away on Downie street, and a doctor sent for, but before the medical man arrived he was dead.—*Stratford Herald.*

In Great Britain the work of all children under 10 years of age is prohibited, and work by those under 13 is limited to half time.

—Never stand still in cold weather after having taken exercise and become warmed; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where exposed to cold wind.

The man's a fool who thinks by force or skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

—Racy events are constantly happening on the turf.

—Can a newspaper war properly be termed a scrap of paper.

—Women who can with ease wear No. 1 shoes are sometimes pinched to get them.

—All bright writers on morning newspapers are said to be very wicked; at least, they scintillate.

Intoxicating liquors in India are called by the natives "Government Shame Water."

—The man who claims the right to think for himself should be tolerant toward those who disagree with him.

A REDHEADED DEADHEAD.

A Bonnie Scotch Lass Travels Abroad to Escape a Whipping.

Little Maggie Stewart, now in the care of Agent Stocking, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is in her own way as much of a record breaker as the City of New York, in which she came to this country about two weeks ago, says the New York *Times*. Maggie's specialty is deadhead travelling. She came from Ellenburgh, Scotland, by way of Greenock, Belfast, Fleetwood, Manchester, the Isle of Man and Liverpool, without paying a a cent of fare, and was supported all the way by well-to-do people whom she amused. Maggie is nearly 15 years old. She is short and stockily built, with red hair and a face unrelieved by prominent features. In Ellenburg the girl has a father and mother, two brothers and one sister. The family were poor, and Maggie's services were let out to a woman named Proctor, who did a retail milk business. Maggie was one of the carriers. One day she fell and broke her pitcher. Mrs. Procter threatened to tell her father, who was sure to whip the girl. The latter started for home, but decided on the way to take French leave of her family. She got on board a train for Glasgow, escaped the guard's notice, and when she got to the city took another train for Greenock. Other passengers shared their lunches with the little girl. Nobody had the heart to put her off. So she drifted to Belfast and then to Manchester. Without any idea where she was going, she boarded another train, which left her at Fleetwood. There she took a sailing vessel for the Isle of Man, but at once came back to Liverpool on another. Wandering about the docks, hungry and a bit despondent, little Miss Stewart saw a steam tug, which seemed about to pull out into the dark waters of the Mersey. There were several families abroad with little children. Maggie is fond of children. She went, too. Each of the other passengers thought she was a nurse girl employed by some one else. The tug reached the City of New York, which was about to start for America. The passengers were hurriedly shifted to the steamship. Maggie was among them. She played with the infants, made herself generally agreeable, and ended by following a lady into the second cabin. She was taken care of. Arriving in New York she wandered to the residence on Park avenue of the lady who had protected her on the way over. There she was kept for 10 days and then turned over to Agent Stocking. He says the pauper immigration law will hardly apply to a second cabin passenger, and, as he thinks Maggie is not bad, but only restless, he will try to find a home for her on this side of the water. He has heard from her father, who is not at all anxious to have the girl come back. She will be kept for a few days at the society's rooms in West 23rd street.

Drinking More Whiskey.

The Quebec W. C. T. U. annual convention is in session at Montreal, and at it the following statement was made: "That during the year 1888 5,514,509 gallons of spirituous liquors were manufactured in Canada." This is an increase of more than one million gallons over the production of 1886, and represents one gallon for each man, woman and child in the Dominion.

Mean of Him.

George—That was mean of Fred to start that story about me, wasn't it, Henry?

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an extensive business in the manufacture of paper clothing, and the fabric is said to equal that of any other class of goods in style and durability. For blankets, piano coverings and similar purposes, the paper fabrics are an established success. They are light and serviceable. Dr. George Thenius, of Vienna, has invented a process for the manufacture of leather from red beechwood. The best wood for the purpose is taken from 50 or 60-year-old trees, cut in the spring, which must be worked up immediately, bark peeled off, steamed, treated with chemicals in a kettle under pressure, and exposed to several more operations, which the inventor does not mention, as he wants to have them patented. From the prepared wood strong and thin pieces are made by means of heavy pressure. The inventor states that a solid sole leather can be obtained, which he claims is superior to animal leather in firmness and durability, and can be worked up in the same way as animal leather, nailed and sewed.

It is not at all likely that Henrik Ibsen and his plays will become the craze in this country that they are at present in England, where Ibsen societies and Ibsen discussions and Ibsen disciples are claiming the attention of the Londoners, who, unless they have a hobby of some sort, are miserable.

HE TURNED THE TABLES.

How a Clever Englishman Obtained a Seat in a Crowded Railway Carriage.

"Will you kindly allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman, as he got into a railway carriage, which carriage already contained the specified number, says the London *Court Journal*.

"Certainly not, sir!" exclaimed a passenger occupying a corner seat near the door. "The way these trains are overcrowded is shameful!"

"As you appear to be the only person who objects to my presence," replied the gentleman, "I shall remain where I am."

"Then I shall call the guard and have you removed, sir."

Suiting the action to the word, the aggrieved passenger rose and, putting his head out of the window, vociferously summoned the guard. The new comer saw his opportunity and quietly slipped into the corner seat.

"What's up?" inquired the guard as he opened the carriage door.

"One over the number," replied the new comer, coolly.

"You must come out, sir; the train's going on." And without waiting for further explanation the guard pulled out the aggrieved passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.

The Run-to-Everything Family.

(By Knoxonian.)

The Run-to-Everything family may be found in nearly every village and small town in Ontario, but they are found in the largest numbers in places populated by the third or fourth generation of Canadians.

Negatively considered, the Run-to-Everything family are noted for not liking their home. Like Sam Jones, they hate a quiet time. It kills the members of this family to stay long on one spot, especially if that spot is around home. They cannot read. Thinking is an exercise never known in the family. They have nothing to think with. Their conversation consists of a few common-places about the last thing they were at, or the next place they are going to.

Positively considered, the principal characteristic of the Run-to-Everything family is that they run to something every evening and often during the day. You may always count on seeing them at everything that is *free*. The Salvation Army supplied a long-felt want to these people. Now they can go to the barracks every night when there is nothing else to go to. Heretofore they were not sure of a place of resort for every evening except when special services were going on in some of the churches.

Old Mr. Run-to-Everything is not a bad old man in the sense of being vicious. In fact he has not energy enough, or brains enough, to do anything brilliant for the devil. His strong points are loafing in public places and talking to little knots of people about affairs. He is always found in Court, especially the Police Court. He attends council meetings, and meetings of all kinds regularly. Next day his chief employment consists in addressing other citizens on the points discussed at last night's meeting. Nothing pleases him so much as to gather a little crowd around him and have a discussion about affairs of State. The old man has always had a weakness for taking care of the Empire. Indeed he has been known to devote his whole time to public affairs when his wife was unable to leave her room and the children had the measles. So devoted a public servant is old Mr. Run-to-Everything that he would go to a political meeting or an indignation meeting on the Jesuit question
wife were seriously ill and there was
ite to eat in the house or a stick to
the stove. Such devotion to public
eserves a sound—kicking.
Mrs. Run-to-Everything is the best
r of the family. Had she gotten
ng like a square chance she would
ade an excellent wife. Married to
g clod, she soon became discour-
d discouragement sank into despair.
od woman made two serious mis-
and these mistakes were made at
points. The first was in marrying
man, and the second in allowing her
to contract the habit of running to
ing when they were young. Of
t would not be easy for her to keep
dren at home when their father set
example before them, but she did
. Like many another mistaken
, she thought that the only way for
ldren to enjoy theselves was to go
ace. The possibility of having a
e at home never occurred to her.
ldren grew up to think that they
happy only when they were on the
bey ran. To them life was worth
ay when there was some place to go
night. Their home was a kind of
house in which they rested be-
ns.
Run-to-Everything, the eldest son,
a bad kind of a fellow in his way.
oyhood the village was small and
as almost nothing to run to, and he
contract the habit so badly as the
members of the family. With a
ining, Bill might have become a
oung man, but it is impossible for
g useful to grow up in a Run-to-
hing family. The younger boys
their time by running *from* school
and *to* everything that came along, from
Barnum's circus down to the last dog fight.
Shows of all kinds, matches of all kinds,
races of all kinds. Crowds of all kinds
were always and everywhere patronized by
the boys of this family. The boys soon
became about as useless as their father.

The girls of the Run-to-Everything family were the most useless of all. Their mother thought they could enjoy themselves only when they were going some place, and, mother-like, she worked herself half to death to let them go some place. The result was that they knew nothing and could do nothing. Their characteristics were small talk, an inane giggle, and a weakness in the upper story that would make it rather dangerous for them to come into the vicinity of an idiot asylum anywhere near the time that a female patient had escaped. One of the worst things about the habit of running to everything is that it makes a family cheap, and cheapness hurts a family as much as anything on this side of downright wickedness. A young man who rates himself cheap need never be surprised if his employer rates him in the same way. A young woman who rates herself cheap need not wonder if her neighbors take her at her own valuation, or perhaps a trifle lower. There is nothing, we repeat, on this side of immorality that will cheapen a family or an individual faster than running to every kind of a meeting, every kind of an entertainment, every kind of a show that can be got up in a country village.

Far be it from us to say that anybody should shut himself up and live the life of a hermit. That is the other extreme. Between running to everything and going to nothing there is a golden mean, as there always is between extremes. At this season of the year judicious families will, as far as practicable, arrange for giving a certain number of evenings each week to church duties, a certain number to social duties, and as many as possible to home pleasures and mental improvement. Public men will find any arrangement very difficult, but the effort, yes, even the desire, to make such an arrangement will do them good. A course of reading for the winter should be included in every plan. More anon.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Murder and Suicide in a Public Garden in Scotland.

On the morning of the 20th ult. Mr. George Todd, marine inspector, visited Caddiehill Gardens, there, to look after his plot. While there he looked into the summer house and was horrified to see the dead bodies of a man and a woman. An alarm was at once given, and the police appeared on the scene, when the body of the man was fully identified as that of Andrew S. Walker, son of Mr. Walker, coal merchant, and the female was recognized as Miss Holmes, a young woman who resided with her father, John Holmes, joiner, on Mearns street. The pair, who were regarded as sweethearts, were seen entering the gardens on the previous evening, and the tragedy had been enacted soon after, as when found the bodies had the appearance of having been dead for several hours. The girl was found lying on her back on a seat in the summer house with a bullet mark through the left side of her head. Walker was on his knees, dead, on the floor, with his left arm lying upon the seat and his right hand resting upon her breast. In his right hand was a six-chambered revolver, two of the chambers being empty. He had shot himself in the mouth the bullet passing out through the back of the head. There appeared to have been no struggle, and from the position of the bodies it was evident that Miss Holmes had been first shot and afterwards laid upon the seat, with something in the shape of a pillow below her head. On committing the awful deed, which was probably done immediately outside the summer-house, and after laying her on the seat, Walker would seem to have gone outside and gathered some flowers and then neatly arranged them over her breast. This must have occupied some little time, and when that is considered it is evident that the deed had been premeditated. Be this as it may, Walker, as stated above, dropped on his knees beside the lifeless body of his sweetheart and shot himself in the mouth with the revolver. Both of the young people were Sabbath School teachers, and were much beloved by all who knew them. What led to the tragedy cannot be even guessed at in Greenock.

Work and Wages.

Union moulders have driven the "scabs from Chattanooga.

There are 30,000 cigarmakers in New York, Brooklyn and vicinity.

The National Association of Stationary Engineers has 185 branches with 10,000 members.

The lace trade gives employment to 200,000 women in France and 70,000 in Normandy.

The New York Workingwomen's Society is organizing all the trades in which female labor is employed.

Cigarmakers' Union at Erie, Pa., imposes a fine upon any member who patronises a Chinese laundry.

The Tailors' Union of Boston have been prosecuting manufacturers who allow Sunday work in their establishments.

The National League of Musicians have establised an insurance plan under which the heirs of deceased members will receive $500.

The carpenters of Lowell, Mass., have formed a co-operative system, and are already taking contracts in their line of trade.

The carpet industry of Philadelphia employs 7,350 looms and 17,800 workmen.

The Brotherhood of Carpenters of America has 528 branches and 65,000 members.

Prominent People.

There is said to be little doubt in England that Sir Edwin Arnold will be the next laureate.

John Burns, the London labor agitator, uses no tobacco and is a total abstainer from all liquors. He is a very studious man and has collected a valuable library of standard works, largely on political and social economy.

Mr. Rider Haggard has agreed to write a book, to appear in 1891, about Queen Esther, for a press syndicate. In order to explore Assyria in search of topographical and archæological lore he will leave England before the end of the autumn.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the English Socialist, is a woman of strongly marked features with soft brown eyes and a handsome forehead, from which she combs back her iron-gray hair. Although of slender frame and delicate constitution, she works unceasingly.

Canon Farrar's visit to the United States a few years ago apparently impressed him pleasantly, since he has sent his son to that country to complete his education. The young man will take a scientific course at Lehigh University, and will afterwards take his degree of civil engineer at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, New York.

A curious scene was witnessed in Palace yard, Westminster, England. A sparrow was picking up the corn which had fallen from the horses' nosebags, when a mouse appeared and proceeded to dispute with the sparrow his right to the dainty morsels. A fight ensued, which lasted for some minutes, and then the sparrow beat a retreat. The sparrow had evidently been injured in the tussle, and for a time was unable to fly. At last the sparrow flew up, and a cabman finished the incident by killing the mouse with a whip.—*Exchange.*

HAVING A LITTLE TIME.

A Broker's Hunt by Match-Light for Scraps of $10,000.

One evening last week a popular young stock broker started out to have a little time with "the boys." He had it. It was about 2 a.m. when he began to think that he had reached the limit, and he summoned a cab and gave the driver the number of his residence. On his way home he searched his pockets for contraband matter. By the flickering light of the gas lamps he passed he gathered in his lap a pile of crumpled paper, and this he tore into bits and scattered along the roadway. When he reached home he paid the cabby and repaired to his room, where he proceeded to disrobe. It is always his habit to lay his money and valuables on the dresser when he retires, and when the children come in before he arises in the morning they are permitted to appropriate every coin of a value less than $1. As he laid his money out on this occasion he happened to think of a cheque for $10,000 which he had been paid for margins by a certain firm after banking hours the previous day. He searched his pockets and could not find a trace of it. Then he happened to think of the documents he had torn up in a maudlin way in the cab. It did not take him long to draw a conclusion. Hastily donning his clothes he filled his pockets with matches and traversed the route of the cab. After an hour's search he succeeded in picking up nineteen bits of the destroyed cheque. These bits, on being pasted together, formed the valuable whole. Early in the morning he was down town. He sent the mosaic cheque back to the house which issued it, along with a story to the effect that it had been accidentally torn up. He requested a duplicate. This was issued at once, and before banking hours he had a duplicate cheque ready for use.—*Chicago Herald.*

Value of Advertisements.

"Do I believe in advertising?" said a prominent lawyer, a day or two ago. "Well, rather; and in the hidden advertisement more than in any other. I remember, one day, reading a very interesting story that ended in what I took to to be a puff for Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets. I threw down the paper in a rage. Not a week after that I needed some medicine of that kind, and went and bought those same little pills." "Did I find them good?" "Why yes, the best thing of the kind I ever saw, but that has nothing to do with the first question, and I only mention the joke on myself to show that advertising does pay."

The Romance of Reality.

Bessie—Madge was out walking with Charlie and they had a quarrel. Charlie gave her a shove and she fell into the lake. Everybody said she would have been drowned if George hadn't been there and saved her. She is going to be married next week.

Jennie—To George?

Bessie—No; to Charlie.

At first a little, hacking cough,
"'Tis nothing but a cold,"
They say, "'Twill very soon wear off."
Alas, the story old!
The hectic cheek, the failing strength,
The grief that cannot save,
And life's wan flame goes out, at length,
In a consumptive's grave.

If persons would use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when irritation of the lungs is indicated by a cough, it would be an easy matter to avert consumption. Be wise in time. The "Discovery" is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

First-Class Freak.

Dime museum manager—What's your specialty?

Applicant—I'm the champion writer of topical songs that don't mention Sullivan.

Dime museum manager—Great spoons! step right in. Consider yourself engaged for five years.

Too well known to need lengthy advertisements—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents, by druggists.

Misunderstood.

Traveller (from Kentucky)—Madame can I get a drink here?

Lady of the House—Certainly; there's the well.

Traveller (with courtly gesture)—Madame, you misunderstood me. I don't wish to wash my hands; I want a drink.

Quite a Different Thing.

Old gent—Little boy, I am sorry to see you smoking.

Little boy—I ain't smoking it. I'm just keeping it alight for another feller what's gone on an errant.

Eating of large quantities of potatoes has been tried as a means of relief from foreign bodies that have been accidently swallowed. The whole intestinal canal is thus dilated proportionately and the foreign body is carried through. Professor Billroth and Dr. Salzer affirm that many surgical operations might be avoided in this way. Such articles as a twenty gramme weight, a set of artificial teeth and a needle have been successfully removed.—*New York Telegram.*

London's immense commerce is shown by the fact that during 1888 an average of 216 vessels entered that port every day in the year, Sundays included, a total of 79,000 ships of 20 000,000 tons burden, carrying $1,100,000,000 worth of freight.

DUNL 43 89

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S
BAKING
POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

THE ADVANCE.

Is published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE

Scheelam Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1 per annum when paid strictly in advance $1.50 per annum when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, 1 year, $50; half col., do., $27; quarter col. do. $15.

Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 10cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line for each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, received a wholesome dose last Friday, when he was sentenced to eighteen years in the penitentiary for manslaughter.

Remains of victims are still being unearthed in the vicinity of Johnstown, Pa. The world at large has scarcely, even yet, grasped the magnitude of that terrible catastrophe, the terrors of which have never been equalled on this continent.

Thornbury intends to have electric light. Meaford has had it for some time and now looks down upon its sister town from a brilliant height with a kind of dynamore expression which the latter does not enjoy. Therefore Thornbury will electrify itself, too, and try to keep up her end of the procession.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a process of manufacturing silk from chemicals. He analyzed silk as produced by the ordinary silk worm, and invented a process whereby he can produce even a superior article to the old, and at about one-third the cost of the old systen. The new process was shown at the Paris exhibition during the past summer and attracted much attention.

With every great invention new dangers to humanity arise. When Watt harnessed the monster steam he brought into existence an agency which has cost thousands upon thousands of human lives, and yet who is there that will say it was not worth the sacrifice? When Benjamin Franklin drew down from space the electric fluid that act disclosed a volatile power more potent than the sword of Damocles, and one which is not as yet fully developed. Deaths and fires from electric causes are becoming alarmingly frequent. Dr. Talmage's tabernacle in Brooklyn was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, supposedly by lightning attracted to the edifice by a new electric plant which was being placed therein. Thus in all good there is some evil. Even Edison himself is not an *unadulterated* benefactor of mankind.

American justice is at present having a hard row to hoe in Chicago. For some weeks now the court has been endeavoring to empanel a jury to try the Cronin suspects and have failed as yet. They are still at the starting point. Several had been accepted, but before the requisite number was secured the enemies of justice had been working energetically to bribe the men who were chosen. This scheme was exposed by one who was approached, and it has caused a sensation in Chicago nearly equal to that of the Haymarket murders of two years ago. Prominent officials are implicated, including two bailiffs. Chicago must awaken from her dozing, or her heterogenous mass of humanity will some day bathe her in blood. She has had the baptism of fire—possibly when she receives the baptism of blood her "phoenix-like" proclivities will again assert themselves as they did after that 9th of October, 1871, when the QueenCity of the West was laid low in ashes; but we fear it will not be until then if her corruptness be not speedily and thoroughly expurged.

OUR TABLE.

For fruit growers and florists we know of no publication which can equal the Canadian Horticulturist. Its suggestions and the experimental results which it publishes are extremely valuable. Published at Grimsby. One dollar per annum.

The Farmers' Advocate is something which no farmer should be without. It is a grand paper, and the only genuine farm paper published in Canada. Mr. Weld has just begun the publication of a second edition for Manitoba and the Northwest. We are pleased to see this evidence of prosperity in the old Farmer's Advocate. One dollar per annum. Address Wm. Weld, London, Ont.

THE CANADIAN QUEEN.—This new and elegant magazine is sure to please every Canadian woman. It is devoted to fashion, art, fancy work, flowers, toilet, home decoration and household matters. It is handsomely illustrated, and is equal to any of the high-priced English and American publications. It should be in every cultivated home. To introduce it the publishers offer to send it three months on trial for only 25c. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Ont.

The modern magazine may be taken as embodying the best literature of the world, as the magazine editor pays the highest prices to novelists, scientists, statesmen, soldiers, and even kings and princes, for the best they can furnish in the literary line. The well-edited magazine becomes an educating influence in the family circle, whose importance cannot be over-estimated. The children as they grow up, are attracted by its illustrations, and so come in time to have a taste for reading. There is always something that is new, something that is strange, something that is interesting; and we consider that we are doing our readers a positive benefit if we are instrumental in placing such a publication within their reach. The special arrangement which we have made with the Cosmopolitan presents very unusual inducements. That magazine, although only in the tenth mounth under its new arrangement, is already recognized as one of the most interesting publications of the day. It is seeking subscribers everywhere and obtaining them. The proprietors believe that the Cosmopolitan has only to be examined to secure a permanent subscriber. That is why we are enabled to make, if the offer is accepted before January next, such a very low rate, by which our readers can obtain the Cosmopolitan for little more than the cost of this journal alone. Just think of what the combinations means! You obtain your home journal at about the regular price, and have thrown in a magazine which gives you, in a year, nearly fourteen hundred pages of reading matter by the ablest writers in the world, including six hundred pages of illustrations that are unsurpassed in point of interest and execution. Will it not pay you to send a subscription to this office for the Advance and the Cosmopolitan, immediately? Remember, only $2.40 for the two—the price of the magazine alone.

South Grey Teachers' Institute.

By our own Reporter.

The twenty-fourth convention of the inspectoral division of South Grey was held in the Model School, Durham, on the 3rd and 4th inst. Owing to the unfavorable condition of the weather, however, only a small number was present at the time appointed for opening so that the work was not begun until 2 p.m., when ex-president Ramage was called to the chair in the absence of Mr. Glendinning. The meeting being opened in the usual way, the minutes of the May meeting were read and adopted.

Mr. Campbell was called upon to report the action of the county council in regard to promotion examination papers. He expressed great pleasure in the generous manner in which the council acted in the matter of assuming the expense of printing, etc. Discussion followed as to the best time for holding these promotion examinations, many contending for June and December while others thought better to hold them about the latter part of March and October. A vote was taken which showed the Association to be equally divided, and it was unanimously agreed to leave the matter with the Inspector to arrange with the other inspectoral divisions.

Mr. Cowan made a very able and eloquent address on the teaching of temperance in schools. He did not believe that it was within the power of the teacher to inculcate temperance principles and that such work could never be accomplished by following the plan outlined in the authorised temperance text book. While a strong advocate of temperance he could not see the practicability of carrying out the work successfully, moreover, he did not see the justice of developing this one phase of our moral natures to the neglect of all others. The ministers were the proper persons to take up this subject, and a more vigorous effort might be made by them instead of urging the Education Department to place an additional burden on the teacher whose program was already overcrowded. Every teacher should have and has a right to fight against the imposition of additional work. While all admired the outspoken character of Mr. Cowan's address, many took exception to his views believing that the truly moral temperate teacher could do a great deal towards the developement of the moral nature of a child. Amongst those who took part in the discussion was Mr. Binnie, a trustee, whose brief address was full of forcible and fearless denunciation of all forms of intemperance, whether in eating, drinking or excess of any other sort. He believed that the future national prosperity of our country depended largely upon the indefatigable efforts of the teachers to subdue all kinds of vice. The plastic nature of the child's mind is such that, during school age, impressions for good or evil are easily made. How important is it then that children should live in an atmosphere of purity, surrounded by the very best influences that tend toward the developement of those moral qualities that go to make up the perfect man.

Mr. W. Houston, M. A., Parliamentary Librarian, Toronto, was the acting director of the Association, and occupied during the two days upwards of five hours in the developement of his methods in the practical, scientific and esthetic treatment of English, commencing with a child on his first entrance to the school. Mr. Houston traced the developement of the language faculty to that period when the cultured English scholar can see and appreciate the beauties of the masterpieces of our English literature and enter into sympathy with our great English authors. He denounced the ordinary rigid adherence to text books and inveighed against all forms of teaching, the object of which is to "stuff" pupils for the examinations, nor would he measure the ability of the teacher by the number of candidates he gets through an examination. He did not come to instruct teachers in the way to prepare pupils to pass the "entrance," but to give an exhibition of whathe considered good model teaching and advised all to endeavor to do good work for at least eight months in the year and if obliged to do any "stuffing" to do it all the last month. In his esthetic treatment of English he condemned the use of annotated editions of English authors, or using his own words, "If you would appreciate the force of human genius read Shakespeare; if you would appreciate the insignificance of human learning, read the commentators." It would take too much time and space to give even an outline of the subject as taken up by Mr. Houston, whom, to appreciate must be heard. Ordinarily this gentleman would not be regarded as an orator, but it must be admitted by all that he is brim full of his subject, has a masterly command of language, a pleasing and impressive way of expressing himself and a wonderful faculty of keeping the attention of his audience. He never gets excited and his mode of address is purely conversational.

In the evening a public meeting, presided over by Dr. Gun, was given in the Town Hall. Short but excellent addresses of welcome were given to the teachers by the chairman, Rev. Mr. McNair and the other resident clergymen. Excellent music was furnished by the band and several vocal selections were rendered in a very highly appreciated manner by the local talent of Durham. In addition to this we must not forget to mention the very creditable exhibition of club swinging by Master and Miss Sutherland. While the good people of Durham are wide-awake to the intellectual development of their children it must be admitted that they are also giving great attention to their physical and esthetic culture as well. The lecturer of the evening, however, was Mr. W. Houston on the topic "Reading for Recreation." As to the character of the reading recommended, that was left to the choice of the individual. Some, but he believed the number to be very small, read religious works for recreation, others, a comparatively small number also, preferred investigation of a scientific subject of some sort. History and biography might also be pursued with pleasure and profit. No objection could reasonably be offered to such a course of reading, providing the religious were orthodox, the scientific accurate, and the historical and the biographical works reliable. The majority, however, preferred novel reading. He had no objection to this either if the novel had a good moral, but a great many of the lower class novels of the present day unfit a person for any other kind of reading and cannot be recommended. Mr. Houston prefers to read the old novels and does not feel disposed to spend his time in investigating the merits of every new production. It is necessary to the proper understanding of history to read certain novels. For example, if you wish to get an insight into the manners and customs and social life of the people of England in the time of King John, you will not get it in the histories, but you can get it in "Ivanhoe." Other instances were cited but this will suffice.

Mr. Hagarty, the headmaster of Mt. Forest high school, was called upon and congratulated the teachers of South Grey on the success of their convention as well as the people of Durham for the interest they are taking in attending the teachers' meetings.

Friday forenoon Mr. Blakeston gave a lengthy address on school games with reasons why such games should be more generally introduced. Of the various games mentioned, Mr. B. thought foot ball to be the best adapted to the public school inasmuch as all could engage in the sport without much loss of time in choosing sides, etc.

Mr. Ramage read a very carefully prepared paper on the proceedings of the last meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Association held in August last at Niagara-on-the-lake. This gentlemen being so well known to the teachers of the inspectorate it would be unnecessary to say that the paper was interesting—paper as a rule appear dry but Mr. R's productions are an exception to the rule.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mr. Allen, president, Miss Sutherland first vice-president, Mr. W. K. Reid second vice-president, W. Irwin secretary treasurer. Committee of management, Misses Adams and Bull, and Messrs. Brown and Sharp.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50cts. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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"The marvel is how the publishers can give so much for the money."—Philadelphia Evening Call.

Send $2.40 to this office, and secure both The Cosmopolitan and The Advance.

AUCTION SALE

——OF——

Valuable Church Property.

The undersigned has received instructions from the trustees of the Methodist church of the Eugenia mission, to sell by public auction, on Saturday, the 26th October, 1889, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Methodist church, known as the Hodgson church, situated on the south eastern corner of lot No. 7, Con. 3rd, township of Euphrasia, about 2 miles from Kimberley.

All and singular that valuable church and property and church fittings, etc., consisting in part of 1 heating stove and pipes, 1 pulpit, a quantity of lumber, used as seats; some stove wood, lamps, &c., &c.

The property may be better known as being composed of a part of, and situated on the south-eastern corner of lot 7, concession 3rd, township of Euphrasia, and county Grey, containing one acre square, be the same more or less, and on which there is erected one substantial frame church, about 26x34 and sided outside.

Terms for fittings, lumber, &c., cash. Terms for church and property, ⅓ of the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, and a further sum to make with said deposit half of purchase for balance. Terms liberal, and will be made known day of sale.

This is a rare opportunity for any persons building or contemplating building a church or other edifice, to secure the fittings and a quantity of material cheap, as all will be sold without reserve, that appointment having been abandoned.

R. J. SPROULE, Auctioneer.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,

M.C.P. & S., ONT.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

FLESHERTON.

Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G Hutton, M.D.C.M.

Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel

Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.

MARKDALE ONT.

Office :—Manley's Drug Store.

T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc. late of Tottenham, Ont.

Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.

RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church, FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,

L. D. S., DENTIST,

Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.

Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,

Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.

FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.

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Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

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DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. C and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES

on Town or Farm Property,

S. DAMUDE,
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Mr. Wm. Karstedt,

Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer

MATERIAL FURNISHED

Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,

POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Hub Thill Spring,

MANUFACTURED BY

Butts & Ordway,

147, Pearl St., Boston.

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.

—FOR SALE AT—

Heard's Carriage Shop

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

We are having summer weather.

Mrs. Bulmer took a "fortygraft" of the public school on Wednesday.

Miss Leitch is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Will Moore, in Owen Sound.

Wanted—geese, turkys, ducks and chickens at M. Richardson & Co's.

Rev. Mr. McNeil, of Maxwell, exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Emes on Sunday last.

R. Trimble, Esq., returned last week from Michigan, where he has been making an extended visit to relatives.

If you want a pair of good boots or rubbers or foot wear of any kind, try Wm. Clayton.

A good strong horse, healthy and in good condition. Cheap for cash or time to good paper. W. W. Trimble.

Mr. J.E. Moore, of Flesherton, will preach in the Orange hall, Eugenia, next Lord's Day at 3 o'clock, and in the school house, Kimberley, next Sabbath evening at 6.30.

Some new things in felt boots and rubbers worth seeing at M. Richardson & Co's.

Rev. Mr. Vansickle, of Wiarton, will preach in Flesherton Baptist Chapel next Lord's Day, morning 11 o'clock. He will also preach in Priceville in the afternoon at 2.30.

Keep your feet comfortable, dry and warm by buying your boots and shoes from Wm. Clayton.

The Queen's Valley is a beautiful picture these days. Clothed in its autumn Jacob's coat it presents a picture unsurpassed in beauty. It would repay one for driving ten miles to see it.

M. Richardson & Co. are buying all kinds of grain and dairy produce at top market prices.

You can have the Cosmopolitan magazine—one of the best magazines published—and The Advance for only $2.40. This applies to old and new subscribers and does not affect our gift enterprise.

We have neglected noticing that Mr. J.G. Russell and W. Armstrong have imported a handsome pleasure boat and will place it on Flesher's pond next summer. The girls are now longing for spring.

It will pay you to get your fall and winter boots, splendid stock, well made, prices right, at W. Clayton's.

The young people of Fountain Council, R.T. of T., are busily engaged preparing the drama, Ten Nights in a barroom, which they purpose giving to a Flesherton audience in the course of a few weeks, with the laudable object of purchasing an organ for their hall.

The new overcoats shown at M. Richardson & Co's., are superior in style, finish and material; any one intending to purchase should see their stock.

The season for shooting deer came in on Tuesday. Squire Stewart and Mr. Bishop, of Kimberley, left on Monday for the rocky wastes of Muskoka to while away a couple of weeks hunting the wah-aw-be-wawashkosh—or in plain English the antlered buck.

Three car loads of eggs have been shipped from this station this season, and Mr. Runstedler informs us that he will have five more. Apleap and plums are not very frequent around here but we can hold our own on the pure albuminous hardshell varieties of fruit.

Rev. Mr. Watson left for Ottawa on Tuesday to attend the Baptist home and foreign missionary convention which met in that city this week. Rev. Mr. Vansickle, of Wiarton, will fill Mr. Watson's pulpit here and and in Price vill on Sabbath next, and Mr. J.E. Moore will preach at Eugenia and Kimberley.

Felt boots, felt stockings, rubbers, overshoes, boots and shoes, selling cheap and good at Wm. Clayton's.

Geo. Smith, Flesherton, left for his home last week after spending the summer months with his uncle, John Smith, 3rd Line, Albion. He will be much missed in the Centerville Church as he always took an active part in everything which had for its object the welfare of church work. May success follow him is the wish of all who knew him.—[Bolton Enterprise.

The Flesherton division Sons of Temperance, at the regular meeting held week before last, elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter: W.P., C. Ekins; W.A., Lizzie Armstrong; F.S., Sister Christoe; Treasurer, Dr. Christoe; R.S., F. Sullivan; Ast. R.S., Sister G. Keefer; Cond., Bro. Morrow; Ast. Cond., Sister A. Leitch; Chap., Bro. Allen; Sent., Bro. Mitchell; P.W.P., Bro. Beecroft; D.G.W.P., Bro. Watson.

M. Richardson & Co. carry the largest and best assorted stock of Chinese glassware and crockery in Grey county. Dinner sets from $8 up to $40. Tea sets, $2 up to $13. Toilet sets, breakfast sets, &c., in great variety. The only direct importers of this ware here.

Horse for Sale.

A good young horse, four years old, a "Byron," without fault or blemish, time for payment will be given. JOHN W. ARMSTRONG, Flesherton.

To Rent.

One small store to rent, in the best business block in Flesherton; suitable for office or any business requiring only small storage; 12 ft. frontage; rent only $25 per year. Apply to J. E. Moore.

A Nova Scotian's Opinion.

Robert C. Woodman, N.S., writes as follows:—Enclosed find $1 for another large bottle of Nasal Balm, which you will please send me by first mail. The bottle I sent for some time ago benefitted me very much more than any other preparation I ever tried.

Plowing Match,

The annual plowing match of Artemesia Agricultural society, also open to the townships of Glenelg, Proton and Egremont, will be held to-morrow (Friday) on the farm of Mr. Richard Whittaker, lot 7 on the 4th concession of Artemesia. See bills.

One carload safety coal oil, one carload dairy salt, pt. carload building hardware and crockery, cases boots and shoes, cases dry goods, cases millinery, bales of new goods opening every day at M. Richardson & Co's.

Good Business.

Mr. E. Vanzant has been very busy of late tearing down where others have builded. Last week he erected a monument for Mr. Geo. Patterson, Collingwood township, in memory of Mr. Patterson's daughter, in order to place which he took down a monument erected some time ago by Harrison, of Owen Sound, and which had proven unsatisfactory to Mr. Patterson. This makes two Owen Sound monuments which our Mr. Vanzant has replaced in Collingwood township. He is the popular marble man in that borough.

A Change.

There will be a small change in the staff of our public school at the end of of the present year, Miss Ganton having decided to leave. We understand that the trustees have, or are about to, secure the services of Miss Lizzie Richardson to fill Miss Ganton's position. Miss Richardson will, undoubtedly, make a first class teacher, and we congratulate the trustee upon securing so competent a person to take charge of the position which Miss Ganton has ably filled for three years past.

Artemesia's Taxation.

Following is the rate of taxation in this township for the ensuing year, being just about similar to that of last year:

	Trustees Rate Mills.	Deb. Rate
School Section No. 1	.0087	
" " 2	.0045	
" " 3	.0043	
" " 4	.0043	
" " 5	.0056	.0029
" " 6	.0087	.0027
" " 7	.005	.003
" " 8	.0043	
" " 9	.0045	
" " 10	.0085	.002
" " 11	.0048	
" " 12	.0053	.0042
" " 13	.0067	
Separate school	.0063	
A & E No. 1	No Rate	

County, township, railway and general school rate, 5½ mills.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Artemesia Council.

The council of the above corporation meet in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday, 7th inst., all the members being present. The following accounts were received and ordered to be paid: W.S. Christoe, stationary, $2.12½; W. H. Thurston, printing, $10.10; W. J. Bellamy, services in connection with his office, $1.20. The reports of road commissioner for ward No. 1, showing an expediture of $176, and report of reeve, showing an expediture of $202.48 on bridge over Boyle's creek, were received and fyled.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Sharp that a grant of five dollars be made to build a culvert on townline Artemesia and Euphrasia, providing Euphrasia grant an equivalent. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp that Dr. Christoe be paid the sum of ten dollars for letting and overseeing work on bridge at Boyle's creek. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Cairns that orders be granted to school sections, who require them, for moneys levied in their school sections fer 1889. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland that W. Snarp be paid $2 for letting and inspecting special grant of $25 on townline Proton and Artemesia. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and Cairns that the assessor be paid ten dollars for equalizing the assessment of three union school sections. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Sharp that the reeve issue his order for $22.90, being balance due for work on bridge at Boyle's creek. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Boland and McArthur that the Reeve be and is hereby authorized to have Mr. Holman's lot fixed so as to secure said property from further damage by the removing of any more ground. Carried.

It was moved that the reeve issue his order for the day's session, and the council then adjourned.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of A. Cullen, lot 157, 2nd range west, T. and S.R., about the first of August last, one year old steer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away. A. CULLEN.

FARM TO RENT.

For a term of years. Being lots No. 183 and 184, second range north of the T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing over fifty acres of cleared land, free from stone and mostly clear of stumps, and well adapted for either grain or grazing purposes. Good chance for a good man. An inspection of the place solicited. Apply to T. H. POWERS, Kirby P.O., or to ANDREW CARR, Flesherton P.O., Ont.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twelve years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 15th November, 1889, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Durham and Flesherton Station, from the 1st January next. The conveyance to be made in a vehicle. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of Durham, Bunessan, Priceville, Flesherton Station and at this office.

H. G. HOPKIRK, Post Office Inspector.

Post office Inspector's Office, Stratford, 2nd October 1889.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, lot 135, Back Line, west, on or about the middle of August last, one two year old heifer, white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take it away. WM. WRIGHT.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

PURSUANT to section 36, cap 110 of R.S.O. 1887, the creditors and all others having claim against the estate of James Crawford, deceased, in his lifetime of the township of Osprey, in the county of Grey, who died on the 15th day of September, 1889, are hereby notified to send by post, prepaid, or delivered to Josiah Gamey, one of the executors of deceased Maxwell P.O., on or before the first day of December next, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their assets and a statement of their securities if any held by them. On default thereof and immediately after such last named date, the assets of the said estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

JAMES CRAWFORD, JOHN CRAWFORD, JOSIAH GAMEY, } EXECUTORS.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1889.

1890 SUBSCRIBE FOR THE 1890

Weekly Empire,

Canada's Leading Newspaper

PATRIOTIC IN TONE
TRUE TO CANADA
TRUE TO THE EMPIRE

THE EMPIRE IS NOW

THE GREAT WEEKLY PAPER

OF THE DOMINION.

and special arrangements are being made to add new and attractive features, which will greatly increase its interest and value.

As an inducement to place it in the hands of all PATRIOTIC CANADIANS the balance of present year will be given

FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

Making it only $1 70 for the Empire and Flesherton Advance, from now to the end of 1890.

IT PAYS TO

Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern

Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, etc., address C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

FARMERS! LOOK!

T. BLAKELY, Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY, Flesherton.

FARMERS! BUSINESS MEN! EVERYBODY

WANTING ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF

Harness,
Sleighbells,
Blankets,
Sleigh Robes,
Whips,
Circingles,
Trunks,
Valises,
Etc.,

SHOULD CALL ON ME.

Sleigh :-: Robes,

The Saskatchewan Buffalo Robe, warm, durable, water and wind proof; new invention. White goat robe, very serviceable.

A MAGNIFICENT LOT OF NEW AND CHEAP

SLEIGHBELLS.

Just Examine our Stock, which is Larger than Ever.

WHIPS

In endless varieties and all prices.

Axle Grease, Hoof Ointment & Harness Oil.

In all the above supplies I have a large stock, and my prices are low.

Those who go further will fare worse.

D. Clayton,

Flesherton.

N. B.,—First class livery in connection.

First Love.

How does a woman love? Once, no more,
Though life forever its loss deplore;
Deep in sorrow or deep in sin,
One king reigneth her heart within.
One alone, by night and day,
Moves her spirit to curse or pray,
One voice only can call her soul
Back from the grasp of death's control;
Though lovers beset her, or friends deride,
Yea, when she smileth another man's bride,
Still for her master her life makes moan—
Once is forever, and once alone.

How does a man love? Once, for all.
The sweetest voices of life may call,
Sorrow daunt him, or death dismay,
Joy's red roses bedeck his way;
Fortune smile, or jest or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down;
Lust betray him, or love delight,
Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
Yearning, toiling, asleep, awake,
Though souls may madden, or weak hearts break,
Better than wife, or child, or pelf,
Once and forever, he loves—himself.

The Vagaries of Electricity.

The story of the Newfoundland dog belonging to Charles Tupper, a restaurant proprietor of New York, is one that will startle a great many persons who are studying the mysterious forces and powers of the electrical current, which human ingenuity has so far only partially harnessed and controlled, but scarcely yet understands. The dog ran against a dangling "live" wire of an electrical illuminating company. A Western Union telegraph lineman had only a moment before picked up the wire and been knocked down by a shock of electricity passing through it. The dog fell on the wire and lay there motionless. With due precaution the body was presently pulled off and every effort was made to resuscitate the animal, which was a great pet. A veterinary surgeon was called in, who pronounced the dog dead. Two or three hours afterward an electrical expert suggested making a pit in the earth and placing the dog's body in it, to see if the forces of nature might not carry away the electricity from the body. The plan was tried. All night and all the next day the supposed corpse was motionless, but on the second day there were signs of life, and on the fourth the animal revived and struggled to his feet a live dog once more, weak and stiff, but very much better than a dead dog. It has since been carefully nursed, and now shows no signs of the disaster. The dog is two and a half years old and weighs sixty-eight pounds. The incident may well suggest enquiry whether persons receiving electrical shocks have not been buried before they were really dead, and it is sufficient to raise serious doubts whether the death punishment of murderers by electrical shocks is sufficient.

Divorces in France.

The divorce law passed in France in 1884 seems to be operating with terrible effect. In 1884 there were 3,657 divorces; in 1885, 4,123; in 1886, 4 007; in 1887, 5,797. But, the most astounding statement made is that in the department of the Seine—*i. e.*, Paris and its neighborhood—there are no fewer than 627 divorces to every thousand marriages, or that considerably more than one in twenty marriages (say one in sixteen) ends in a divorce. On the other hand, in the Finistere and Cotes du Nord not much more than one in a thousand marriages ends in a divorce—a curious testimony this to the different morale of Parisian and Provincial life in France.—*The Spectator.*

Is This Logic?

A Rhode Island gentleman who helped repeal the prohibitory law by voting "approved," recently urged a W. C. T. U. lady to sign a remonstrance against a saloon being placed near her home. He was silenced by this clear headed response: "No! the State has pronounced the traffic legal and I have no right to interfere. If the saloon is to be opened at all, it is much better to have it here on a respectable street where the parents can guard their children, than to have it put among the poor and degraded, who have not the strength to resist its allurements."

Danish Drunkards.

Another method has been adopted by the Danish police with a view to putting an end to drunkenness. Every time a man is found in a state of intoxication in the streets or in a public place, he is, at the instance of the police, put in a carriage and taken home. In case a man is not able to give information as to his residence he is kept at the police station until sober. Then the publican who is convicted of supplying such a man with his last glass of drink is charged with the expenses of transport, which are sometimes very considerable.

He Was Thankful.

Mrs. Homespun—I'll tell you where you can find a job sawing five cords of wood, poor man.

Tramp (eagerly)—Where, mum?

"Just around the corner of the next street."

"Thank ye, mum; much obliged. I might have run right into it if it hadn't been for you."

A Choice of Veins.

Papa—Which of your suitors do you think you will accept, Maria, Jones or Smith?

Maria—Which would you favor, papa?

"Well, Smith has a fine vein of humor."

"But Jones has a fine vein of anthracite coal upon his farm, papa. I think I'll take him."

Sensible girl!

Not to be Fooled.

Mr. Limpley (whose wife has put in her annual application for a sealskin)—I am told that sealskin sacques will not be stylish this winter.

Mrs. Limpley (sagaciously)—Well, dear, I never did care much for style anyway.

An old tradesman in Scotland used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney, and in one he put all the money he received, and in the other all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid. At the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents he was enabled with a little trouble to make a balance, which was doubtless as satisfactory to himself as if it had been done by "double entry."—*Irish Leather Trades Journal.*

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

A coach from the Blue Lion had been ordered to present itself at a quarter past 5, promptly, and at the time specified it rattled up to the door with much spirit—with so much spirit, indeed, that Miss Belinda was a little alarmed.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "I hope the driver will be able to control the horse, and will not allow him to go too fast. One hears of such terrible accidents."

Then Mary Anne was sent to announce the arrival of the equipage to Miss Octavia, and, having performed the errand, came back, beaming with smiles.

"Oh, mum," she exclaimed, "you never see nothin' like her! Her gownd is 'evingly. An' lor'! how you do look yourself, to be sure."

Indeed, the lace ruffles on her "best" black silk, and the little cap on her smooth hair, had done a great deal for Miss Bassett, and she had only just been reproaching herself for her vanity in recognizing this fact. But Mary Anne's words awakened a new train of thought.

"Is—is Miss Octavia's dress a showy one, Mary Anne?" she inquired. "Dear me, I do hope it is not a showy dress!"

"I never see nothin' no eleganter, mum," said Mary Anne. "She wants nothin' but a veil to make a bride out of her—an' a becomminer thing she never has wore."

They heard the soft sweep of skirts at that moment, and Octavia came in.

"There!" she said, stopping when she had reached the middle of the room. "Is that simple enough?"

Miss Belinda could only look at her helplessly. The "white muslin" was composed almost entirely of Valenciennes lace; the blue ribbons were embroidered with field daisies; the air of delicate elaborateness about the whole was something which her innocent mind could not have believed possible in orthodox white and blue.

"I don't think I should call it exactly simple," she said. "My love, what a quantity of lace!"

Octavia glanced down at her *jabots* and frills complacently.

"There *is* a good deal of it," she remarked; "but then it is nice, and one can stand a good deal of nice Valenciennes on white. They said Worth made the dress. I hope he did. It cost enough. The ribbon was embroidered by hand, I suppose. And there is plenty of it cut up into these bows."

There was no more to be said. Miss Belinda led the way to the coach, which they entered under the admiring or critical eyes of several most respectable families, who had been lying in wait behind their window curtains since they had been summoned there by the sound of wheels.

As the vehicle rattled past the boarding-school, all the young ladies in the first class rushed to the window. They were rewarded for their zeal by a glimpse of a cloud of muslin and lace, a charmingly dressed yellow-brown head, and a pretty face, whose eyes favored them with a frank stare of interest.

"She had diamonds in her ears!" cried Miss Phipps, wildly excited. "I saw them flash. Ah, how I should like to see her without wraps! I have no doubt she is a perfect blaze!"

CHAPTER X.

ANNOUNCING MR. BAROLD.

Lady Theobald's invited guests sat in the faded blue drawing-room, waiting. Everybody had been unusually prompt, perhaps because everybody wished to be on the ground in time to see Miss Octavia Bassett make her entrance.

"I should think it would be rather a trial, even to such a girl as she is said to be," remarked one matron.

"It is but natural that she should feel that Lady Theobald will regard her rather critically, and that she should know that American manners will hardly be the thing for a genteel and conservative English country town."

"We saw her a few days ago," said Lucia, who chanced to hear this speech, "and she is very pretty. I think I never saw any one so very pretty before."

"But in quite a threatrical way, I think, my dear," the matron replied, in a tone of gentle correction.

"I have seen so very few theatrical people," Lucia answered, sweetly, "that I scarcely know what the theatrical way is, dear Mrs. Burnham. Her dress was very beautiful, and not like what we wear in Slowbridge; but she seemed to me to be very bright and pretty, in a way quite new to me, and so just a little odd."

"I have heard that her dress is most extravagant and wasteful," put in Miss Pilcher, whose educational position entitled her to the condescending respect of her patroness. "She has lace on her morning gowns which——"

"Miss Bassett and Miss Octavia Bassett," announced Dobson, throwing open the door."

Lady Theobald rose from her seat. A slight rustle made itself heard through the company, as the ladies all turned toward the entrance, and after they had so turned, there were evidences of a positive thrill. Before the eyes of all, Belinda Bassett advanced with rich ruffles of Mechlin at her neck and wrists, with a delicate and distinctly novel cap upon her head, her niece following her with an unabashed face, twenty pounds' worth of lace on her dress, and unmistakable diamonds in her little ears.

"There is not a *shadow* of timidity about her!" cried Mrs. Burnham, under breath. "This is actual boldness!"

But this was a very severe term to use, notwithstanding that it was born of righteous indignation. It was not boldness at all. It was only the serenity of a young person who was quite unconscious that there was anything to fear in the rather unimposing party before her. Octavia was accustomed to entering rooms full of strangers. She had spent several years of her life in hotels, where she had been stared out of countenance by a few score new people every day. She was even used to being in some sort a young person of note. It was nothing unusual for her to know that she was being pointed out. "That pretty blonde," she often heard it said, "is Martin Bassett's daughter. Sharp fellow, Bassett—and lucky fellow, too. More money than he can count."

So she was not at all frightened when she walked in behind Miss Belinda. She glanced about her cheerfully, and catching sight of Lucia, smiled at her as she advanced up the room. The call of state Lady Theobald had made with her granddaughter had been a very brief one, but Octavia had taken a decided fancy to Lucia, and was glad to see her again.

"I am glad to see you, Belinda," said her ladyship, shaking hands. "And you also, Miss Octavia."

"Thank you," responded Octavia.

"You are very kind," Miss Belinda murmured gratefully.

"I hope you are both well?" said Lady Theobald, with majestic condescension, and in tones to be heard all over the room.

"Quite well, thank you," murmured Miss Belinda again. "*Very* well indeed.' Rather as if this fortunate state of affairs was the result of her ladyship's kind intervention with the fates.

She felt terribly conscious of being the centre of observation, and rather overpowered by the novelty of her attire, which was plainly creating a sensation, Octavia, however, who was far more looked at, was entirely oblivious of the painful prominence of her position. She remained standing in the middle of the room, talking to Lucia, who had approached to greet her. She was so much taller than Lucia that she looked very tall indeed by contrast, and also very wonderfully dressed. Lucia's white muslin was one of Miss Chickie's fifteen, and was, in a "genteel" way, very suggestive of Slowbridge. Suspended from Octavia's waist, by a long loop of the embroidered ribbon, was a little round fan of downy, pale blue feathers, and with this she played as she talked; but Lucia, having nothing to play with, could only stand with her little hands hanging at her sides.

"I have never been to an afternoon tea like this before," Octavia said. "It is nothing like a kettledrum."

"I am not sure that I know what a kettledrum is," Lucia answered. "They have them in London, I think; but I have never been to London."

"They have them in New York," said Octavia, "and they are a crowded sort of afternoon parties, where ladies go in carriage-toilet, not evening dress. People are rushing in and out all the time."

Lucia glanced around the room, and smiled.

"That is very unlike this," she remarked.

"Well," said Octavia, "I should think that, after all, this might be nicer."

Which was very civil.

Lucia glanced around again—this time rather stealthily—at Lady Theobald. Then she glanced back at Octavia.

"But it isn't," she said, in an undertone.

Octavia began to laugh. They were on a new and familiar footing from that moment.

"I said 'it might,'" she answered.

She was not afraid, any longer, of finding the evening stupid. If there were no young men, there was at least, a young woman who was in sympathy with her. She said:

"I hope that I shall behave myself pretty well, and do the things that I am expected to do."

"Oh!" said Lucia, with a rather alarmed expression. "I hope so. I—I am afraid you would not be comfortable if you didn't."

Octavia opened her eyes as she often did at Miss Belinda's remarks, and then suddenly she began to laugh again.

"What would they do?" she said, disrespectfully. "Would they turn me out, without giving me any tea?"

Lucia looked still more frightened.

"Don't let them see you laughing," she said. "They—they will say you are giddy.'

"Giddy!" replied Octavia. "I don't think there is anything to make me giddy here."

"If they say you are giddy," said Lucia, "your fate will be sealed, and, if you are to stay here, it really will be better to try to please them a little."

Octavia reflected a moment.

"I don't mean to *dis*-please them," she said, "unless they are very easily displeased. I suppose I don't think very much about what people are saying of me. I don't seem to notice."

"Will you come now and let me introduce Miss Egerton and her sister?" suggested Lucia, hurriedly. "Grandmamma is looking at us."

In the innocence of her heart Octavia glanced at Lady Theobald, and saw that she was looking at them, and with a disapproving air.

"I wonder what that's for?" she said to herself; but she followed Lucia across the room.

She made the acquaintance of Misses Egerton, who seemed rather fluttered, and, after the first exchange of civilities, subsided into monosyllables and attentive stares. They were, indeed, very anxious to hear Octavia converse, but had not the courage to attempt to draw her out, unless a sudden query of Miss Lydia's could be considered such an attempt.

"Do you like England?" asked Octavia.

"Is this England?" inquired Octavia.

"It is a part of England, of course," replied the young lady, with calm literalness.

"Then, of course, I like it very much," said Octavia, slightly waving her fan and smiling.

Miss Lydia Egerton and Miss Violet Egerton each regarded her in dubious silence for a moment. They did not think she looked as if she were "clever," but the speech sounded to both as if she were, and as if she meant to be clever a little at their expense.

Naturally, after that they felt slightly uncomfortable, and said less than before, and the conversation lagged to such an extent that Octavia was not sorry when tea was announced.

And it so happened that tea was not the only thing that was announced. The ladies had all risen from their seats with a gentle rustle, and Lady Theobald was moving forward to marshal her procession into the dining-room, when Dobson appeared at the door again.

"Mr. Barold, my lady," he said, "and Mr. Burmistone."

Everybody glanced first at the door, nd then at Lady Theobald. Mr. Francis Barold crossed the threshold, followed by the tall, square-shouldered builder of mills, who was a strong, handsome man, and bore himself very well, not seeming to mind at all the numerous eyes fixed upon him.

"I did not know," said Barold, "that we should find you had guests. Beg pardon, I'm sure, and so does Burmistone, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Broadoaks, and who was good enough to invite me to return with him."

Lady Theobald extended her hand to the gentleman specified.

"I am glad," she said, rigidly, "to see Mr. Burmistone."

Then she turned to Barold.

"This very is fortunate," she announced. "We are just going to take tea, in which I hope you will join us. Lucia——."

Mr. Francis Barold naturally turned, as her ladyship uttered her granddaughter's name in a tone of command. It may be supposed that his first intention in turning was to look at Lucia, but he had scarcely done so, when his attention was attracted by the figure nearest to her—the figure of a young lady, who was playing with a little blue fan, and smiling at him brilliantly and unmistakably.

The next moment he was standing at Octavia Bassett's side, looking rather pleased, and the blood of Slowbridge was congealing, as the significance of the situation was realized.

One instant of breathless—of awful—suspense, and her ladyship recovered herself.

"We will go in to tea," she said. "May I ask you, Mr. Burmistone to accompany Miss Pilcher?"

CHAPTER XI.

A SLIGHT INDISCRETION.

During the remainder of the evening, Miss Belinda was a prey to wretchness and despair. When she raised her eyes to her hostess, she met with a glance full of icy significance; when she looked across the tea-table, she saw Octavia seated next to Mr. Francis Barold, monopolizing his attention, and apparently in the very best possible spirits. It only made matters worse that Mr. Francis Barold seemed to find her remarks worthy of his attention. He drank very little tea, and now and then appeared much interested and amused. In fact, he found Miss Octavia even more entertaining than he had found her during their journey. She did not hesitate at all to tell him that she was delighted to see him again at this particular juncture.

"You don't know how glad I was to see you come in," she said.

She met his rather startled glance with the most open candor as she spoke.

"It is very civil of you to say so," he said; "but you can hardly expect me to believe it, you know. It is too good to be true."

"I thought it was too good to be true when the door opened," she answered, cheerfully. "I should have been glad to see *anybody*, almost——."

"Well, that," he interposed, "isn't quite so civil."

"It is not quite so civil to——."

But there she checked herself, and asked him a question with the most *naive* seriousness.

"Are you a great friend of Lady Theobald's?" she said.

"No," he answered. "I am a relative."

"That's worse," she remarked.

"It is," he replied. "Very much worse."

"I asked you," she proceeded, with an entrancing little smile of irreverent approval, "because I was going to say that my last speech was not quite so civil to Lady Theobald."

"That is perfectly true," he responded. "It wasn't civil to her at all."

He was passing his time very comfortably, and was really surprised to feel that he was more interested in these simple audacities than he had been in any conversation for some time. Perhaps it was because his companion was so wonderfully pretty, but it is not unlikely that there were also other reasons. She looked him straight in the eyes, she comported herself after the manner of a young lady who was enjoying herself, and yet he felt vaguely that she might have enjoyed herself quite as much with Burmistone, and that it was probable that she would not think a second time of him, or of what she said to him.

After tea, when they returned to the drawing-room, the opportunties afforded for conversation were not numerous. The piano was opened, and one after another of the young ladies were invited to exhibit their prowess. Upon its musical education Slowbridge prided itself. "Few towns," Miss Pilcher frequently remarked, "could be congratulated upon the possession of *such* talent and *such* cultivation." The Misses Egerton played a duet, the Misses Loftus sang, Miss Abercrombie "executed a sonata with such effect as to melt Miss Pilcher to tears; and still Octavia had not been called upon. There might have been a reason for this, or there might not; but the moment arrived, at length, when Lady Theobald moved towards Miss Belinda with evidently fell intent.

(To be Continued).

Be Careful What You Eat.

"There is one error in diet," said the doctor, "which, if pursued for a not very long time, is certain to result in death."

"What is that, doctor?" asked the patient, anxiously.

"Not eating anything," said the doctor, grimly, and shaking the patient's feeble hand feebily he tottered to the door.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Overheard in a New England Village.

Lavina—There can be no mistake, then? You are quite sure Sylvia's young man plays in the band?

Maria—Indeed I am! Didn't she herself tell me he was a drummer from Boston?—*Detroit Free Press.*

A very Queer Material.

Mr. Snagge—Well, I never expected they would make steamship tickets of celluloid.

Mrs. Snagge—Oh, they are not!

Mr. Snagge—Well, you book for Germany and see if they don't sell you Lloyd tickets.

At the Teatable.

"Mrs. Browne, will you please pass me the chestnuts?"

"The what, Mr. Slowpay?"

should have said the doughnuts; but we've had them so frequently of late my error was natural."

Mr. Macdonald, the late manager of the London *Times*, is likely to proceed to Australia to take the management of one of the Sydney daily papers. Those Parnell letters were ticklish things.

—The bread of the hour is called cresseny. It sells at fifty cents a pound and is served with the soup and obsess courses.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Little Items of Interest from the World of Fashion.

The fashion in furs next winter may be confidently expected to lean chiefly to the skin of the Bokharan caracal, a kind of lynx, about the size of a fox.

A new light wool fabric is called Austrian serge. It is beautifully fine, and as it does not wrinkle easily, like Henrietta cloth, it is destined to take its place in the formation of utility costumes.

The fiat has gone forth in London's best society that bare arms will appear as much at dressy afternoon teas, kettledrums, lunches, and other post meridian fetes, as in the evening. The hair will be powdered, the long gloves drawn off, and then fair rounded arms will emerge from laces and draperies bare to, and above, the elbows, without bracelets, but the fingers glittering with costly rings.

The popularity of the sailor hat is still so great that milliners both here and abroad are using these simple flat-crowned, straight-brimmed shapes for airy models in net and tulle.

The buff shoe's economic side
By all should be beholden;
Although it is the summer's pride,
How well it fits the autumn-tide,
So russet and so golden.

Rust color will be the fashionable red next winter.

Zouave jackets will be a feature of winter fashions.

English walking jackets are made a trifle longer this season than last.

Silk petticoats are now lined with flannel. This obviates the necessity of wearing more than one.

Cloth dresses are made with tight-fitting sleeves, as full sleeves of so thick a material could not be worn with autumn and winter jackets.

An idea for table decoration is to have a wreath of flowers edge the table, so divided that they may be used as boutonnieres by the guests when they are seated.

The tan shoe may have a permanent future after all. One of the results of the recent manœuvres of the British fleet has been the suggestion that the marines should wear tan or brown shoes henceforth instead of black ones, and brown gloves instead of white.

A SUMPTUOUS COSTUME.

One of fashion's pet projects just now is to find novel ornamentations for dress waists. It was at a recent Newport luncheon, says *Table Talk*, that one lady wore a costume of beige-tinted glorioso silk, a material of high lustre, that is finding rare favor at present, touched off with rolling collar and deep cuffs of tan-colored Suede kid. Odder still is the fancy for using bands of real silver for trimming. The metal is rolled out very thin, and is laid over a foundation of cloth, silk, etc. For revers, collars and cuffs, as may be surmised, this trimming is most effective, especially, as was recently instanced, when it is used on a charming dinner toilet of Sevres blue Japanese crepe—a fabric, by the way, that has a far heavier mesh than Chinese crepe, and is therefore the more durable.

NEAT FOOTWEAR.

A pair of bathing sandals recently made for Lady Colin Campbell have uppers of navy blue canvas, goffered and eyeletted. The lacing runs from the instep to tolerably high in the leg, but nowhere do the sides meet when the sandal is worn. No covering at all is furnished for the toes, but the sole comes well to the front. Two loops of gut are inserted in the sole, one for the big toe and one for the small one. The uppers are edged with red, and in color and design match Lady Colin Campbell's bathing dress.

Met Her Father's Fate.

The remains of Miss Sadie Kelly, who was killed in the recent accident at Chicago, by a freight train running into a passenger car, were brought here on Friday for burial. They were accompanied by a couple of gentlemen from Chicago. A beautiful wreath of white roses, representing "Gates Ajar," and a white dove, which was placed on the coffin by Chicago friends, were greatly admired. She was buried out in Johnston Cemetery, Euphemia, near her former home. The young lady had a most painful experience during the past year. Last spring she was called from Chicago to identify the remains of her father, who was killed at the Hamilton Junction accident. A couple of days previous to her own sad death an intimate lady friend of hers was accidentally killed, and her remains brought to the same house where Miss Kelly resided, and now she lies in the grave the victim of a shocking accident, caused, it is said, by the incapacity through drink of the engineer of the freight train. Miss Kelly was only 18 years of age, and was exceptionally clever. The wreath which accompanied the remains was presented by her fellow employees at the Rock Island depot.—*Bothwell Times.*

Slighted the Pie.

Matron—I suppose you find your husband as selfish as most men.

Bride—No, indeed. I often heard that a man gobbled up all the nice things on the table, but I must say that my husband leaves nearly all the pies I make for me to eat myself. He's dreadfully kind to me."

Nearly 2,000 English churches have adopted the use of unfermented wine at communion.

A young man named Charles Edward Fatch, aged 21, who committed suicide at Leeds, left behind him an extraordinary letter addressed to a young woman named Morley, in which he said: "I am going to commit suicide on Friday morning, as I want to be buried on bank holiday, Monday, so that I shall disappoint my cousin Annie, who is to be married on that day, so there will be a funeral instead of a wedding. I hope you will attend my funeral. I will meet you in heaven." The jury found that the deceased committed suicide whilst of unsound mind.—*London Standard.*

Chewing gum puzzles the French newspapers. They announce that the most elegant American ladies, married and unmarried, have developed a singular passion for chewing India rubber.

Mr. Wilson Barrett will play "The Lord Harry" over here next season. This is the drama that he produced originally at the Princess Theatre, London, which ran three months there two years ago.

THE FAIR SEX.

A Column of Interesting Reading for the Ladies.

THE USEFUL AND THE ORNAMENTAL

Notes of Fashions and Fashionable Folks.

The Effects of Tight Lacing.

Now that rational ideas as to dress have acoquired a definite place in public esteem, it may be imagined that the practice of tight lacing and customs of a like nature, if known at all, are not what they used to be. A case of sudden death lately reported from Birmingham proves that it is still too early to indulge in such illusory ideas. The deceased, a servant girl of excitable temperament, died suddenly in an epileptoid fit, and the evidence given before the coroner respecting her death attributed the fatal issue to asphyxia, due in a great measure to the fact that both neck and waist were unnaturally contracted by her clothing, the former by a tight collar, the latter by a belt worn under the stays. We have here certainly those very conditions which would lead us to expect the worst possible consequences from a convulsive seizure. There is no organ of the body whose free movement is at such times more important than the heart. Yet here we find, on the one hand, its movement hampered by a tight girdle so placed that it could with difficulty be undone at a critical moment; on the other, a contrivance admirably adapted to allow the passage of blood to the brain, while impeding its return. This is no isolated case as regards its essential character, though, happily, somewhat singular in its termination. Minor degrees of asphyxiation, we fear, are still submitted to by a good many self-torturing children of vanity. The tight corset and the high heel still work mischief on the bodies of their devoted wearers. Taste and reason, indeed, combine to deprecate their injurious and vulgar bondage, and by no means unsuccessfully. Still the evil maintains itself. Cases like that above mentioned ought to, if they do not, open the eyes of some self-worshippers of the other sex who heedlessly strive by such means to excel in a sickly grace. We would strongly impress upon all of this class the fact that beauty is impossible without health, and would advise them, in the name of taste as well as comfort, to avoid those methods of contortion, one and all, by which elegance is only caricatured and health may be painfully and permanently injured.—*London Lancet.*

The Tea Gown.

The day of the tea gown has by no means passed. Quite the contrary, it seems to have just dawned, so popular has this most comfortable garment become in our own country, as well as in England. Even French modistes have made more charming confections on this model. Madame Jane Hading particularly has helped make this style of dress popular with the simple grace with which she wears it. Sarah Bernhardt often appears in a sublimated tea gown, known by some other name, perhaps, but a tea gown just the same and a most graceful one. Flimsy materials are no longer the only ones used in the construction of the tea gown. Brocades, silk poplins and such silken stuffs are much more favored this season, at least for the main part of the gown, while for the front soft gossamer stuffs are preferred still and give the character to the gown. Lovely embroideries are lavished on the new cut tea gowns in preference to lace, which has so long been the only adornment allowed on this graceful garment. A regal model in a tea gown from a famous house in Paris had a fine and delicate embroidery in gold threads on a rich, dark, red, eastern silk. A net of old *point de Venise* made a drapery in the front and was caught in place by a golden girdle. A robe fit for a princess most truly was such a tea gown. Creamy white with gold embroidery also makes an exquisite combination in the tea gown and one which is always becoming.

Travelling Dresses.

Correspondents who have asked suggestions for travelling dresses for autumn are advised to get faced cloth of light quality and make a princess coat; or, if a separate bodice is preferred, a good plan is to have a coat bodice, which is a cuirasse basque of even length around the hips and back. This bodice should open over a pleated vest of light armure silk, which has a velvet yoke and collar at the top and three straps of velvet ribbon across the waist line, each fastened by a buckle. The large coat sleeves have a pointed puff of the velvet at the top and of the silk at the wrists, with two velvet straps and buckles besides. The skirt is straight and full in the back, with loosely pleated side breadths and the front breadth draped in pleats on the hips; there are five or six rows of velvet ribbon placed beside these pleats, each row ending in a point and holding a buckle. The design is prettily carried out in brown or in green cloth, with ecru or gray armure for the vest and a velvet yoke and straps the color of the cloth edged with gilt or silver cord; the buckles match the metal of the cord. One of the long cloaks described above or else a short directoire cape will add sufficient warmth. A small bonnet or toque made of the cloth of the dress with a velvet bow, some pheasants' feathers, or a blackbird on the left side and narrow velvet ribbon strings, should complete the toilette.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Winsomeness in Women.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really required your love. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him, and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling with tears, will make him all your own.—*Catholic Standard.*

The Next Bride.

A novel wedding fancy was recently inaugurated by a fashionable bride in New York. She carried an unusually large bouquet, and just before leaving for the honeymoon she untied her flowers, which proved to be eight separate posies, fastened with different colored ribbons. Each of these was presented to a bridesmaid, and one of the bouquets concealed a wedding ring, which would indicate the next bride. This idea resembles the custom of putting a ring, thimble and money in the Christmas pudding, marking the finder's lot, respectively, of matrimony, spinsterhood or wealth.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

Corsets With Very Long Waists.

The corsets shown indicate a tendency toward abnormally long waists. Two of these are accurately drawn in the illustration, and at the time of my sketch they were being critically viewed by two girls whom generous nature had so shaped as to preclude them from ever wearing those same configurating articles. It will be easy enough for attenuated women to remove the artificial layers from their hips, and practically extend their waists to their knees if they choose, but liberally rounded creatures will have to be content with their luxuriousness, and give up the idea of making themselves long-waisted, no matter what fashion may make them long to do.—*New York letter in Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Mrs. Carnot.

Speaking of the wife of the President of France a correspondent says: "Mme. Carnot is of medium height, olive complexion, Roman features. Her carriage has possibly a suggestion of self-consciousness, which may be wholly due to her intensity of eye, an intensity at once to be explained by her deafness. She spends her mornings habitually in the privacy of domestic duties. She looks personally after the education of her children. She speaks English with the English governess, Italian with the Italian. She reads the best literature in the hours of seclusion with her husband and friends, and is as well informed as he about everything that is going on in the world."

Wisdom for Women.

Homely people make the best friends.

There never was a marriage in which one party did not impose on the other.

To flatter a young woman, ask her about her victims; every girl likes to think she has victims.

Nothing pleases a man so much as to see a fine-looking woman who has been married two or three months.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—*Napoleon I.*

There never lived a woman who did not wish she was a man. There never lived a man who wished he was a woman.

A sure sign that a girl is going to get married—when she sits around working pillow shams and tidies with an initial that is not her own.

Elegant Mourning.

The most elegant dresses to be worn as deep mourning are made of a combination of two kinds of crape, the greater portion of the dress being of the lustreless canton crape trimmed with the wrinkled English goods.

A handsome gown of this description has a round waist, with a yoke of English crape, into which is gathered a full blouse, the ruffle of which is fastened down with fancy stitching and arranged in tucks at the belt. The sleeves are full with deep cuffs. The skirt has front and side draperies of the soft material, with inserted panels of the English crape.

Another beautiful dress is of crape, with a front of fish net finished with embroidered vandyke points. A deep fringe of crape ornaments the left side. The waist is entirely of the crape, with gypsy fronts of the net, which is also used for the tight undersleeves, with puffed outside pieces of the crape.

Early Fall Wrap.

This dainty little vetement may be made of cloth or of the costume fabric. The one pictured is made of hazel-brown faced cloth, braided all over with dark-brown soutache in an escurial pattern. The fronts are extended into narrow tabs, which cross at the waist and are knotted together at the back. The coachman's cape, in sets of three or four, is extremely popular with young ladies, and to a great extent will take the place of jackets. Among the latter there is one of the "Incroyable" type, which has double revers pointed in front, the upper one of the coat material, lengthening into a deep, square collar covering the shoulders, while the under revers of different material and lighter shade shows about two inches below the other, the point extending well out upon the arm. The coat fastens with three large buttons below the bust, while the skirt part is straight over the hips, with a few plaits at the back, and the cuffs and pockets are double like the revers. Around the throat is a scarf of crepe lisse, Indian mull, soft silk, or some similar fabric tied in a large bow, the ends being tucked in the open front.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

Mirth is Beauty.

The New York *World* says: "Mirth, cheerfulness, animation and other expressions of a happy spirit or a vivacious mood are to beauty what fragrance is to the rose—its soul, its subtlest charm. The doll-faced girls who have no expression are never anything more than pretty. Beauty is something deeper than color, something finer than regularity of features. Many a woman who lacks the charm of prettiness is seen to be beautiful when she speaks and smiles. What constitutes beauty is a theme as old as love. It has been the puzzle of poets, the despair of artists. The bias of affection or conformity to an ideal makes nearly all women attractive to somebody. But the one thing which enters into and enhances all beauty is the smile that reflects sunshine in the heart." Think of this, girls! With a little effort, and no outlay of capital, you can all be beautiful.

Scotch Camel's Hair.

A new fall fabric that is sure to achieve much popularity is a soft Scotch camel's hair that comes in dull shades of brown, green and gray, or a handsome Scotch plaid that has of late been adopted by the Duchess of Fife and worn when walking or driving about her husband's Highland estates. The beautiful Miss Leighter, who made her debut at Newport during the summer season, has an autumn gown of the plaid. Red and brown lines on a clear green ground are her colors. The skirt is heavily kilted the whole way around; the only relief in the draperies is a long fringed plaid scarf knotted at the left hip, and a round short coat is slipped over the loose cashmere skirt. Broad, solid, low-heeled walking shoes are worn.

A Eulogy on Silk.

Silk is an agreeable and healthy article. Used in dress it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull service of wool and linen are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness, will not readily imbibe dirt, and does not harbor vermin as kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, even, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it like thick woollen or linen without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore—the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used instead of linen and wool—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange, grotesque fashions originating in the use of linen would never have been invented during the more general employments of silk. The flattering of ribbon, the rustling and flowing skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our customs more natural and pleasing to the eye.—*Exchange.*

Fashions and Fashionable Folks.

Mrs. Tsui Kwo Ying, wife of the newly-appointed Chinese Minister, has nineteen finger tips, with which she jewels the long nails of her last three fingers. These quaint thimbles are as much like the beak of a woodpecker as anything you can imagine. Some are gold, some filagree silver, others are of shell, and those for ordinary wear are modelled in ivory, to be worn in bed or the bath, or when the royal lady is bundled up in wraps. All are exquisitely carved. A very beautiful set of four, made of old gold, have bits of jade in mosaic for decoration.

The yellow room has had its day, the blue room is passe and the crimson and gold apartment, too emphatic to be æsthetic. Now it is white for brides, debutantes and young mothers.

Unsightly fireplaces may be converted into spicy, woody, sylvan nooks by a rustic arrangement of balsam, palm, bitter-sweet and mistletoe branches. The greens are piled up on the hearthstone unless they can be interlaced about the fender and apron.

A disk or wafer of sealing wax placed in the bottom of a glass bowl will give crushed ice a pretty, delusive glow.

The London *Queen* says that there promises to be an immense demand for fancy velvets. No wonder, for the new productions "are things of beauty, and a joy for ever." Many of the patterns are large, many are thrown on armure grounds, many on thick satin, and some patterns are entirely in frise velvet, while others show plain and frise blended.

Sommelier combs are used to ornament the toilet tables of fashion. They come in various shapes of pearl, ivory, shell and polished rubber, but the handles are copied from the blades, swords and battle-axes of long ago. You can have a Louis IV. sword in solid silver, a Charlemange blade done in plate that will outlast love itself, or an exact copy of Pontius Pilate's weapon of hammered silver that is a real work of art. Prices vary with the quality of the plate, but all the designs are pretty and showy displayed on a linen cover with the rest of the crystal and silver toilet articles.

Buy a silver bread platter with a snake design running along the edge, spread it with a doylie of drawn linen, put a loaf of crusty bread on it, have the butler pass it round the table, and the manner in which your guest breaks off a piece will be a measure for judging of his high breeding.

The ladies in the Blaine family would pass for native born Englishwomen in any part of the country. They are partial to low-heeled, broad toed shoes, flat effects in millinery and dressmaking and the invisible checks and hairline stripes that can only be had in stuffs from Leeds, Birmingham and Liverpool. The young ladies braid their hair as tightly as a Gretchen, plaster it with fine hairpins and cover their heads and foreheads with the severest of turbans. Mrs. Blaine wears black and gray, and unlike the ladies of the White House frowns at daylight jewels.

All of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's bed linen is made in France. The hems are finished in drawn work, and the great monograms of applique and batiste that embellish pillow slips and top sheets are inserted in the fine linen with delicate stitches of needle-work that an expert could not accomplish in less than a week's time. When these beautiful white clothes come up from the laundry they are folded in squares and tied with diagonals of narrow ribbons just as they were when they came from the Parisian shop.

Mrs. Burnett Hurt in a Runaway.

A London cable says: Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett met with a serious accident to-day. She has been living at Doris Court, East Grinsted, and while driving to the station to-day her pony shied and dashed up the bank. Mrs. Burnett was hurled out of the cart and fell upon her head. She was picked up unconscious, and is now lying in a condition so serious that a London doctor has been called to attend her.

A Cronin Suspect's Health.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday says; Judge Baker to-day issued a writ of habeas corpus, returnable to-morrow, requiring the State's Attorney to show cause why Frank Woodruff, one of the Cronin prisoners, should not be released on bail. The confinement is apparently breaking the young man's health down.

Sixty girl candidates for the Mormon life of multiplex blessedness were landed yesterday from the steamship Wyoming and packed off to Utah. If they knew more about the country and its customs they would stop in Chicago, where divorce is had as easy and as often as one wishes. Besides, Chicago wants the World's Fair. And it has so few of them.

"Say pa, would you mind using the other end of the ruler for a change?" asked the bad boy when the spanking was over. "Certainly, Johnny," said his obliging father. "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways," and the spanking was repeated.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CINDERELLA parties art to be fashionable this season. In Montreal they are said to be quite popular already. Cards of invitation bear the words "Cinderella Party." The leading feature of these parties is that promptly at 12 o'clock at night a gong sounds and the guests immediately depart, as did the heroine of the glass slipper. By this means those who have to be at business on time next morning have a chance to obtain something like a night's rest.

FATTENING slaves in a park and feeding them up like animals destined for the table, and then leading them to shambles where they are slaughtered like oxen, cut into pieces, and shared bit by bit among hungry cannibals—such is the practice which is permitted, according to M. Fondese, a French explorer, in some of French, Belgian, Portuguese, and even British territories in Ubanghi. M. Fondese was sent out three years ago by the French Government to discover the sources of the Niariguillon, and having returned after the successful accomplishment of his task, he hastens to tell his countrymen about the terrible things which he had seen in his travels. The "fattening parks," or padlocks, are, he says, to be seen in each village, and contain men and women who have been taken in the war. The poor wretches take their doom philosophically, and some of them to whom M. Fondese offered freedom actually refused it. They eat, drink, dance and sing until the head "Fetish-man" comes around, accompanied by an orchestra of tom-tom and tin-kettles players, selects a sufficiently fat specimen, carries him or her to the market place of the village, and splits his or her head with a hatchet or scythe knife. The eyes and tongue of the victim are given to the "boss" fetish, and the rest of the body is divided among the atrocious anthropophagi. M. Fondese, who has gone right through the heart of the African continent, has brought several interesting reports back, which he proposes to read in a public meeting. Cardinal Lavigerie, the anti-slavery crusader, will undoubtly find a new incentive in his philanthropic work after having heard the testimony of the new explorer.—*London Telegraph.*

THE Vancouver, B. C., *News-Advertiser* recommends the cultivation of hops in that Province, as the experience of Washington Territory has proved that the soil and climate of the Pacific Coast are specially adapted for the perfection of the plant. One grower in the Puyallup Valley, who has kept an accurate account of the proceeds of his hop yard for seventeen years, states that the average yield for that period has been 2,000 pounds to the acre. During that period the average price has been 20 cents per pound or $400 an acre, and, after deducting all expenses of cultivation and picking, the net profit has been about $200 an acre. The quality of the hops raised is so superior to those raised in many other parts of the world which, until a few years ago, furnished the chief supply, that the prices they can be sold for in London are sufficient to cover all the expenses of transportation for so great a distance and leave the growers a good margin of profit. The price of labor presents no obstacle, as many of the hop pickers in Washington Territory are Indians from British Columbia, who annually go down for that purpose, after the salmon canning season is over. If, says the *News-Advertiser*, "some "of the speculators who hold large tracts "of land at high prices would offer some "of it at reasonable figures to persons who "would make hop gardens, they would find "their lands adjacent would appreciate in "value as soon as one season had passed "and the possible profits of the industry "were realised."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

The Victim of a Kingston Robbery Receives His Money Back.

A Kingston despatch says: About five years ago J. E. Brown, merchant, of Delta, attended the Provincial Fair here. He started at night for the G. T. R. station, and when near it some men seized him and threw him into a vacant field. They then dragged him about 300 yards and gave him brutal treatment. After the men had robbed him of $130 in bills, a $5 gold piece, $4 in silver, his watch, chain, ring and other valuables, they left him in a dazed condition. Keleher and Ahearn were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to fourteen and eighteen months respectively in the Central Prison. Now, for the sequel. On Monday a stranger called at the Dominion Express office and handed in a package for J. E. Brown, Delta. On Thursday Mr. Brown received the package and found it contained the articles stolen from him, and a note asking Mr. Brown to insert the following notice in the papers:

John E. Brown, of Delta, who, a few years ago, was robbed of a chain, watch, ring and $130 cash, received a few days ago, through some unknown channel, as conscience property, the watch, chain, ring and $30 in cash.

There was also a note of inquiry in the box asking Mr. Brown how much money he lost. The writer intimated that if he (Mr. Brown) would give a notice in the papers, stating exactly what had been stolen from him, he would probably receive more. The works in the watch were rusted.

A Hired Man Who Shoots.

A Brockville despatch of Wednesday says; A man named Ephraim Haskins, living at Elbe Mills, about eight miles from here was this morning shot by James Pennock. It appears Pennock was paying addresses to Haskins' daughter, which displeased, Haskins, who discharged Pennock a few days ago. Pennock returned this morning, and a row ensued. Pennock shot Haskins in the groin, and also shot Haskins' son in the foot. He gave himself up, and claims he did it in self-defence. Haskins is very low, but may recover.

First bull—Here comes a man. What shall we do? Second bull—Let's toss up.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is organizing an expedition to the North Pole. Twenty thousand pounds have already been subscribed towards the venture and additional funds will be forthcoming.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, was urged by his son to extend his season to thirty weeks instead of twenty. "My boy," replied the actor, "I can't afford to waste my time in making money."

Jap Miller.

Jap Miller down at Martinsville's the blandest feller yit!
When he starts in a talkin' other folks apt to quit—
'Pears like that mouth o' his'n wusn't made for nothin' else
But jes' to argify 'em down and gether in their pelts.
He'll talk you down on tariff, er he'll talk you down on tax,
And proves the poor man pays, 'em all—and them's about the facts!
Religion, law, er politics, prize-fightin' or base ball—
Jes' tech up Jap a little and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.

And the comicalest feller ever titled back a cheer
And tuck a chaw tobacker kind o' like he d dus keer.
That's where the feller's strength lays—he's so common-like and plain.
They haunt no dude about old Jap, you bet you, nary grain!
They 'lected him to council and it never turned his head,
And didn't make no difference what anybody said—
He didn't dress no finer, nor rag out in fancy clothes:
But his voice in council meetin's was a terrer to his foes.

He's fer the poor man ever' time, and in the last campaign
He stumped ol Morgan county through the sunshine and the rain,
And helt the banner up'ards from a-trailin' in the dust,
And cut loose on monopolies and cuss'd and cuss'd!
He'd tell some funny story ever' now and then, you know,
Tel, blame it! it was better than a jack-o'-lantern show.
And I'd go furder yit, to-day, to hear old Jap orate
Than any high-toned orator that ever stumped the State.

W'y, that air blamed Jap Miller, with his keen, sarcastic fun,
Has got more friends than any candidate 'at ever run.
Don't matter what his views is, when he states the same to you
They allus coincide with your'n the same as two and two.
You can't take issue with him—er at least they hain't no sense
In startin' in to down him so you better not commence—
The best way's jes' to listen like your humble servant does.
And jes' concede Jap Miller, is the best man ever wuz

—*James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.*

My Mother's Pumpkin Pies.

When the beautiful autumn time has come
With its wealth of golden days—
When river and hill and meadow-land
Are veiled in a purple haze.
Down the backward track of the fleeting years
Unbidden my memory flies
To the autumn time in my childhood's home,
And to mother's pumpkin pies.

The yellow globes from the field were brought
Amid rapture of childish glee,
For well I knew the promise they held
Of delightful things to be,
And mute and motionless I gazed,
On the scene with wondering eyes,
While my mother wrought the mystery
Of those famous pumpkin pies.

Meaty and juicy and sweet were they,
And conjured with infinite care,
With a thin, brittle crust of delicate brown,
And a flavor beyond compare;
And though I should live to three-score and ten
Yet oft will the memory rise
Of those happy times in my boyhood days,
And my mother's pumpkin pies.

—*W. W. Runyon.*

MEN'S NECKWEAR.

The Kind of Scarfs and Ties that Should be Worn.

There is one undisputed axiom of fashion Here it is: A man evinces taste or the lack of it more forcibly in the choosing of his neck scarfs than in any other regard having to do with fine dressing as an art. Two treacherous elements enter into the consideration of the case—form and color. The shape of a scarf is mainly determined by the skill of the designer, and except in England, where Lord Euston or the Duke of Portland, or that exemplar of fashion incarnate, the Prince himself, determines upon some radical departure from beaten paths, it is largely an affair of convention, subject only to the usual venial modification of style. Color is everything. The scarf is the one item of apparel that admits of it. It punctuates and vivifies the entire costume, and is faultless and beautiful in proportion to the degree with which the devil of undue gayety and the deep sea of insipidity are avoided in its selection. The wearer's complexion is a matter of first importance. Men whose lead the rest of mankind follow—most of them without as much as suspecting it—have laid down certain precepts on the point which have acquired the force of inviolable laws. For example, says a writer in the *Post-Dispatch*, a man with swarthy features and black eyes should always wear a scarf of distinctive hue—say, black, deep blue, oxblood, red, maroon, violet, and kindred shades. Whether the scarf is illuminated with figures or not, the predominating tone should be pronounced. On the other hand, blonde men should avoid deep colors, restricting their choice to vague and uncompromising tints—such as pale blue, light pink, and the various blendings that produce gayer and more buoyant effects. Persons of neutral complexion and gray eyes should exercise the utmost care and precaution in the selection of neckwear. The character and color of one's garments exert another decided influence which cannot be ignored. If a man dresses in drab or deep black he should never, unless when in mourning, or when wearing a vest opening unusually wide, displaying a big area of white shirt front, wear a plain, black or somber scarf. To do so would produce a grewsome ensemble. The safer rule, it is agreed, is to seek a becoming contrast between the tone of the garments and the predominant hue of the scarf. There are men, however, who appear well dressed and who never affect any other color than black from head to foot. In the case of elderly gentlemen, especially if belonging to one of the learned professions, this exception is considered allowable, but at the same time the effect is exceedingly inartistic from the point of view of the man of fashion. The need for vivacious effect in neckwear this season is thought to be greater than ever, owing to the popularity of the cutaway and sack coats.

Modern science is extracting from the dry sawdust not only wood, alcohol, pyroligneous acid, the bases of the anilines, but many new compounds in medicine, etc., to say nothing of its being converted into wood pulp, or being pressed and utilized for fuel. Fortune and fame await the man who has the genius and skill to invent a contrivance or method to convert it into a cheap and merchantable fuel.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,

Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL.
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N Y
MENTION THIS PAPER

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

STREETSVILLE, P. Q., May 3, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen.—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavins and also in a case of lameness and Stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,
I. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

GENTLEMEN:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Illiector on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I brought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,
D. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises

REPAIRING

EAVETROUGHING

Etc.

done as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

General News.

A writ has been issued against Peter Graham, M.P.P., at the instance of James Condick, of Warwick, Lambton county, claiming $5,000 damages for alleged criminal connection with Mrs. Condick and the alienation of his wife's affections.

At Sherbrooke Friday Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, was sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Five residents of Inverhuron have been drowned by the capsizing of two fishing boats on Lake Huron.

A telegraph lineman was killed by a live electric light wire in New York Friday.

During September the net debt of the Dominion has been reduced by $2,403,384.

A resident in Guelph has fallen heir to an estate yielding an income of $150,000 a year.

The Brooklyn tabernacle, of which Rev. Dr. Talmage is pastor, was burned Sunday morning.

It has been decided to close the Paris Exhibition on November 6.

During the past two years ten men were killed and seventeen injured by electric light wires in New York.

Two companies of Mexican troops have been slaughtered by Yaki Indians. Not a man was left to tell the story of the terrible butchery.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbon Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P O

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCK'S

is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rock bottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona,
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn,
General assortment of canned goods.

CHOICE HONEY,

CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR,

always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES

To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—e TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville.

Osprey Council.

The Osprey Council met in the Orange Hall, Singhampton, on Saturday, the 12th Oct., for the transaction of general business. Members all present. Communications received from Clerk of Collingwood township, re deviation of townline Osprey and Collingwood; from C. Mc D. Williams, re aid Joseph Miller; from John Stinson and others, petition praying this council to pass a by-law pursuant to the statutes in that behalf, in erecting a wire fence opposite lots 3,4,5,6, 7 and 8, con. A; from Thomas Fisher, re opening 30th line road, con. 14th; from provincial board of health, re the formation of a local board in this municipality; from C. W. Rutledge, bill, $7.90 for municipal stationery; from Judge Lane, bill, $11.69, cost of case in appeal; from the arbitrators in forming union school section between Osprey and Collingwood, re remuneration to Clerk for attending said arbitration; from Dr. J.A. Hamilton, bill, $9.75, professional attendance on widow McAnnes; from John Stinson, bill, 55cts. telegrams in case of appeal, J.R. Sing v. the corporation.

Monaghan—Speers—That Joseph Miller be granted the sum of $6.00 to procure clothing, he being in destitute circumstances, and that the Reeve expend the same as he thinks best, and that the Reeve issue his order for the same.

Preston—Speers—That the accts. of C.W. Rutledge, $7.90; Judge Lane, $11.69 and John Stinson, 55cts., be paid, and that the Reeve issue his order for the same.

Taylor — Monaghan — That the Clerk be paid $15.00 for extra service in the appeal of J.R. Sing v. the corporation, and that the reeve issue his order for the same.

Preston—Speers—That the reeve be paid $10.00 for his services in connection with the appeal of J.R. Sing, and that the reeve issue his order for the same.

Preston— Monaghan— That the reeve issue his order in favor of Chas. Mitchel for $10.00, being the amount of special grant on Aug. 19th for repairing townline of Melancthon and Osprey, opposite lots 76,77 and 78, 3rd con. south.

Monaghan — Taylor — That the Clerk be instructed to prepare a by-law to grant the petition of Jas. Stinson and others the privilege of taking six feet road allowance is front of lots 3,4,5,6,7 and 8, con. A., for the purpose of erecting a wire fence in accordance with the statue.

Preston — Taylor — That John Speers be paid the sum of $5.00 for services as commissioner in building Feversham bridge, and that the reeve issue his order for the same.

Monaghan — Preston —That the Clerk be paid the sum of $5.00 for services and mileage attending arbitration re union S.S. Osprey and Collingwood, and that the reeve issue his order for the same.

Speers— Monaghan— That this council cannot recognize the bill of J. A. Hamilton, M.D., the same not being authorized by this council, and that the Clerk notify him to that effect.

Taylor — Speers— That Margaret McLean receive the sum of $5.00 as an indigent, and that Donald McLean be appointed to expend the same and the reeve issue his order for the same.

Monaghan— Taylor—That a grant of $20.00 be given Ward No. 1, to assist in chopping out the 20th sideroad south of 1st con. south, and that the commissioner of the ward expend the same.

Monaghan — Speers— That the reeve, clerk and assessor be paid the amounts opposite their names for services in selecting Jurors—Thos. Gamey, $4.00. Thos. Scott, $6.00, Samuel Taylor, $4.00, and that the reeve issue his order for the same.

Taylor—Speers—That the bill of Thos. Stephen, $10.00, for inspecting trees, be paid, and that the reeve issue his order for the same.

Preston—Monaghan—That the bill of Samuel Taylor, $7.00, for service in equalizing union school sections between Collingwood, Osprey and Nottawasaga, be paid, and that the reeve issue his order for the same.

Monaghan—Speers—That the clerk be instructed to notify Mrs. N.A. McLean and the sureties of the late collector N.A. McLean, to pay the amount of their notes held by the treasurer.

Monaghan—Preston— That the clerk be instructed to write to the County treasurer and ask him to erase all taxes against lot 17, Wellington street west, Feversham.

Speers—Preston—That this council do now adjourn to meet at Feversham, on Monday, 16th December next.

WM. CLAYTON,

BOOT AND SHOE DEALER,

Has a large assortment of FALL and WINTER Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Trunks, etc.

New and seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Custom work to order.

FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (a makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* **Flesherton.**

Heard's Carriage Works.

—:— MANUFACTURER OF —:—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows, Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 434. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SAVE SAVE **MONEY!!**

BY BUYING WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.,

AT—

RUSSELL'S

-:- NOTED JEWELRY STORE, -:-

FLESHERTON.

We have just received our full stock from R. Russell of Hamilton, consisting of **Gold and Silver Watches**, of all grades and quality. **Brooches, Barpins, Chains, Cuff Buttons, Rings, Etc. A 1 18 K. Wedding Rings,** manufactured especially for our own trade. Weight and quality guaranteed. We bought these goods at prices well away down, and if you want bargains, don't fail to call. Sole agents for the **Famous B. Laurence Spectacles**, the best in the world. All repairing done promptly by **J. G. RUSSELL**, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, at

Russell's Jewelry Store, Flesherton

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The CASH STORE is offering special lines in all departments.

Our DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

has lately been filled to overflowing, with as choice a line of goods as ever shown. In making our selections we realize that to the quality of the goods sold, we must look to the building up of that confidence between buyer and seller, so essential to a commercial success and permanence. Customers will find that in respect to quality, our stock has no superior.

DRESS GOODS

in leading shades, plain and durable. Prices ranging from 10c. to 50c. with trimmings to match. In Braids, Gimp, Plushes and Velvets, Gray, White, Navy Blue and Red Flannels, second to none for QUALITY and PRICE. It would take too much space to mention all our lines in this department separately. But we would request an inspection, guaranteeing satisfactory results.

Our BOOT and SHOE Assortment Larger Than Ever.

Special lines of women's high Laced Boots at $1.14 Men's long Boots from $1.75 up. Misses and Children's in all sizes. Groceries, Crockery and general merchandise.

Persons would do well to give us a call.

McDONALD & EVANS,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough.

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Do call and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

J. McCullough

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor,

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munhaw's Hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

SAN FRANCISCO.

An Interesting Letter From the Great Pacific City.

Its Growth, its Topography, its Climate and its People—Overcoats in Summer—Sabbath Desecration — Whole - Souled Christians.

Having promised to give you a sketch of the city of San Francisco as I have seen and learned about it, I shall now proceed to do so, hoping that the readers of The Advance may find it interesting. Although some of the things may not be entirely new to a few of its readers, to the majority I think they will be.

The city of San Francisco has borne its present name about forty years, and only had a name since 1835, when the village of Yerba Buena was founded by the Mexicans. The discovery of gold in 1848 first drew the attention of the civilized world toward it, and so it is customary to date its history from that time, although it was not until 1849 that many braved the trials and hardships of crossing the plains in caravans to seek their fortunes in a new country. Many of these old pioneers, or forty-niners as they are styled, are still living here, and feel a certain amount of pride in having it to say they were the first who helped to make the city what it is. A few days after my arrival here, I had the pleasure of witnessing the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration. One of the principal features of the day was a procession which took two hours in passing the building from which we viewed it. Through this means I gained much information that it would otherwise have taken some time to gain. Here were displayed the military troops, fully equipped for war, the navy, the sailors who were wrecked at Samoa, the forty-niners, (the two latter eliciting cheers from the crowd of spectators as they passed along) with their pack mules, caravans, etc., showing how they were fitted up for crossing the plains. These of course are only a few of the many interesting features of the procession, but what I wish to say is that the old pioneers and their sons were no small company. Enough of this.

The population is over 400,000. San Francisco may be rightly termed the city of hills, or a city set on hills. There are over a score of of them, some rising to an elevation of 1000 feet. The site on which the city is now built consisted in 1849 of sandy ridges and deep ravines. Much of the leveler part of the city has been formed by cutting down the hills and filling up the hollows. One can hardly give you a description of the enormous undertaking this is, or in looking at the city can scarcely realize how it has ever been possible to do it, and yet it is being done daily. The bay shore originally came up from half to three quarters of a mile from the present water point. It is made ground on which stands some of the largest warehouses, and most extensive business structures in the city. It is a wonderful and attractive city, and yet there are few Canadians with whom I have conversed since coming here, will admit that it is as beautiful a city as our own fair capital of Ontario. Yet on ascending one of the many hills on which the city is built, by night or day, you have a grand panoramic view spread out before you, reaching almost the sublime. The city spreading away and away, in the valley at your feet, then reaching the hill tops beyond, then again in the valley and so on, then the bay, then the plain beyond the bay, then the ocean; at night every hill top, from which shines an electric light, with the myriads of lights glistening in the valleys below.

The buildings are almost entirely wooden, as they are safest in case of earthquakes. They are artistically frescoed and carved in handsome devices. Being of wood entirely, gives it a sameness in appearance that stone and brick does not. The climate of San Francisco is somewhat peculiar, and is a climate by itself different to any other part of the state. In fact it is a common saying, and indeed a truth, that every five miles you go here there is a different climate. Six miles across the bay it is entirely different to what it is in the city. There is what is called the warm belt in the city. This is about five miles south from the principal business portion. Here it is a different temperature to the other portions of the city, and while the rest is shrouded in fog this portion is entirely clear. The summer season is not by any means the pleasantest part of the year. From the beginning of September until the beginning of June is considered delightful, June, July and August being very disagreeable, that is, there are cold, high winds with a great deal of dust, making it rather disagreeable to be on the streets. In fact it is very similar to Canadian March weather. Yet these high winds are what clear the city of all foul diseases, and one cannot help feeling them both fresh and invigorating. You would not wish to live here and not have the winds during these months. Of course there are some delightful days, but take on an average, four out of every seven are disagreeable. From the last of April until the beginning of October there is no rain, consequently when everything is commencing to look beautiful in Canada, it is beginning to look pretty brown and bare here. The hills around the city are brown and bleak looking, and everything through the country looks brown and dusty and dried up, and one cannot help wondering how the animals exist. Yet they do, and you see thousands of them grazing on the bleak looking hills, as you pass through the country, and all in fine condition. But so far as appearance goes as regards grass, it is parched and barren. However, were you to turn over a spadefull of earth at any time, you would find the soil quite moist. Therefore anything else that is deeper rooted than the grass, grows luxuriantly. In fact the growth here is something wonderful. The heavy fogs that fall every night take the place of rain to a great extent; then, too, vegetation never ceases.

We are now having, and have had since the middle of August, what Canadians consider summer weather. In another week or so rain will fall, and then everything will look beautiful after the first shower. But do not imagine it will be anything like our mild showers there. It usually teems down here. It is a very rare thing to have thunder and lightening, and I have been told by a number of people that they would much prefer the earth-quakes to one of our eastern thunder storms. They seem to be terrified by them, why, I do not know.

There have been two earth-quake shocks since my arrival here, yet nothing alarming. The loud rumbling sound resembled very heavy thunder, and the buildings shook for a minute or so. The first one took place a few weeks after I came, during the night or rather coming on to Sunday morning. At church I was assailed by a number of friends wanting to know if I had felt it. They are very desirous that all strangers should have the pleasure (if there is any) of feeling the shock.

Now, although the climate is so equable, it is very seldom you can go out without taking a wrap, especially in the evenings, and as for wearing thin or light dresses, I might say they are never worn. Gentlemen are rarely ever seen without their overcoats on their arm, no matter how warm it may be during the day, it gets very cool in the evenings.

All the year round you will see ladies with seal mantles down to their feet, immense fur boas around their necks, heavy mantles trimmed with fur and muffs in their hands. To those who have only seen these worn during a season of frost and snow, it is to say the least laughable. Yet I have seen them thus dressed when it has been 110 here which is considered is equal to 80 or 90 in Canada. For no matter how hot the sun is, there is always a cool breeze.

The Californians are famed for their hospitality and friendliness, and I must say I have found them to be all they are famed for, both in their homes, churches and elsewhere, and have already made many dear friends amongst them.

Would just say, you would have to hurry out of a church here, were you a stranger, if you did not have at the least half a dozen shake hands with you, ask if you were not a stranger, and give you a cordial invitation to come again. Here it takes about half an hour after every service for the pastor and most of the congregation to leave the church, as there is a regular social time amongst them in shaking hands and conversation. If there was a little more of this spirit displayed in some of our Canadian churches it would beautify the christian character of their members and make them more Christ-like.

To be Continued.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$5 00	to 5 50
Fall Wheat	80	to 90
Spring Wheat	80	0 90
Barley	0 55	0 60
Oats	0 24	0 25
Peas	0 60	0 65
Butter	0 15	0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0
Potatos bush.	0 25	
Pork	6 50	
Hay per ton	9 00	9 00
Hides	4 50	5 00
Sheepskins	0 0	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 06
Turkeys	0 06	0 07
Chickens per pair	0 25	0
Ducks per pair	0 30	0 50
Wool	0 18	0 20

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks,

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done, Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

THAT POISONED CANDY.

Some Important Testimony Before the Coroner's Jury.

A PACKAGE OF STRYCHNINE.

A St. John, N. B., despatch of Wednesday says: The MacRae inquest was continued this evening. Only four witnesses were examined, but the evidence was of much more importance than any before submitted, and indicates that the authorities have a good case. Thos. L. Hay testified to leaving Rev. Mr. Shaw's box of candy at the *Globe* office.

T. B. Barker, senior member of the firm of Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, said McDonald entered their employ about two months ago. He was engaged in the sundries department, and had nothing to do with the compounding of medicines. He left work at 6 o'clock each evening, and if there after that it was by request to do special work. McDonald had been in their employ some years before, but they knew he was not the same boy now, as he had been insane. He was always nervous, but they never noticed anything out of the way in his actions.

H. W. Barker, junior partner in the firm, said he considered McDonald mentally and physically sound when he entered their employ about two months ago, and he never noticed anything out of the way with him until Friday or Saturday last, when he seemed very nervous, and dropped a parcel he was doing up. He was shown the candy boxes and said they were similar to some imported by them in 1887 from S. R. Stewart & Co., Aberdeen, with combs in them. German strychnine, he said, was imported in one ounce parcels, consisting of eight drachm bottles. One parcel now in the store had only seven bottles, but he believed the other could be accounted for through the order book. He was aware that William Haines, the office boy, had lent his key to McDonald, who had a duplicate made, and as a consequence a new lock was put on the door on Saturday last. He did not know of any loose combs in their establishment, but the Coroner displayed eight packages, the contents of four boxes which had been found in the store by the police officers. They sometimes purchased paper from C. L. Nelson. He identified some samples of McDonald's writing, but could not identify the addresses on the candy packages as his.

W. B. Gerow, bookkeeper in Barker's, said he worked after hours every night in the week. He was aware that McDonald had a duplicate key of the office, and believed he used it, for he had found him in there on four different occasions. The first time was two weeks ago to-night, when he was writing a letter at the desk. A few days later he saw him in the back shop, at the end of a table in a stooping position, about fifteen feet from where the strychnine was kept. A week ago Saturday night he met him going out of the door about seven in the evening with a parcel under his arm. He explained that he had been trying on a new pair of boots. On the Monday night following McDonald came into the office about 7 o'clock and asked if Haines was there. He offered to assist with the work, but, being refused, went out. McDonald was always rational in conversation and very quick and obliging, but somewhat nervous. On Friday he was more nervous than usual, and hung about the office more than was his wont. Witness also noticed a peculiar look in his eyes and thought him sick. His suspicions were aroused somewhat, and on Saturday at noon he called on the Coroner and Chief of Police and examined the boxes, but was satisfied there was none like them in the establishment, and so reported to Mr. Barker. Afterwards he found the comb boxes. The broken package of strychnine was found at the bottom of the pile, with the wrong end turned out so as to hide the broken label, but it was possible the package could be accounted for.

This evidence caused much surprise, but some of a more startling nature is expected to-morrow evening.

A St. John, N. B., despatch of Friday says: At the inquest this evening considerable circumstantial evidence pointing to McDonald as the sender of the boxes of poisoned candy was adduced.

S. J. King, Post-office Inspector, said he was now satisfied the packages were mailed between 5.15 and 8.15 o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 1st.

H. B. Peters, head clerk in Messrs. Barkers' wholesale store, said he noticed that McDonald was more nervous than when he worked there some years ago, and his memory was defective. He considered him more nervous on Friday than usual. On Friday morning last he had a conversation with W. S. Barker, who said it might be some person in the store who had sent the candy. His suspicions were also aroused because McDonald had been seen in the store at night, when he had no business there. He found boxes in the store similar to those containing the candy. Barker's reason for suspecting McDonald was because he had been of unsound mind. Gerow had told him he did not like to have McDonald there at night, and Wasson had seen McDonald in the store standing at the desk the night the candy was mailed, but he disappeared in a few minutes. He was shown the entry book of the store and identified McDonald's writing, but would not express the opinion whether the letters "cit," of the word "city," in one order were the same as the letters of the address on one of the packages.

Police Inspector Weatherhead told of the arrest of McDonald and of searching his clothes, finding some brown paper the same as that the boxes were wrapped in, a memorandum book, loaded revolver, box of cartridges and some trinkets. He also searched his room in Mrs. Barker's house, but the only thing found was some more of the brown wrapping paper.

W. B. Gerow, the Barkers' bookkeeper, would not express an opinion whether the entries in the book were in ink of the same color as the writing on the packages of candy.

W. S. Barker, bookkeeper in the retail store, said he had lent his key to the wholesale department to McDonald on one occasion. He went on Saturday evening, the 21st or 28th September, and saw McDonald standing with his coat off behind the drug table. He said, "Hello, Will, what are you doing back here at this time of night?" McDonald replied, "Finish ish up some work." On Friday morning last he talked over the poisoning case with Peters, and both were of opinion that it was done by some person of unsound mind, and asked could it possibly have been McDonald. Peters said there was a bare possibility of such being the case. McDonald had asked him to go fishing on Sunday once lately, and when he refused started to argue with him, saying Sunday was the same as any other day to him and clearly showed that he had no religious belief.

THE CRONIN CASE.

Arrests for Jury Fixing—Important Movements of the Prosecution.

A Chicago despatch of Saturday says: Judge Horton issued an order for a special grand jury, returnable at 12 30 p. m., to investigate the attempt at jury fixing in connection with the Cronin trial. Al Hanks and Mark Solomon, Criminal Court bailiffs, are under arrest, charged with packing the Cronin jury.

It was about midnight when the special grand jury in the Cronin murder case adjourned. Their report was short and formal, except for an intimation that the jurors believed the plot to be more widespread than was indicated by the six indictments returned. All the indicted persons spent the night in jail.

Secret conferences and rumors of further arrests tell the story of new developments in the Cronin case. To-night the State's Attorney and his associates were in private session. All the lawyers for the defence were generally believed to be in close confab elsewhere. At 11 p.m. it was known that a new arrest had been made, and the prisoner taken for concealment to an outlying police station. Two other arrests were expected before midnight.

Edward Hoagland, who confessed to having engaged in a plot to fix the Cronin jury, implicates Kavanagh and O'Donnel as the men through whom he was drawn into the business. Hoagland says he revealed nothing until he was confronted by his mother, who inadvertently admitted his connection with the plot. Hoagland is not under arrest, but is obliged to report to the State's Attorney every half hour by telephone.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Fast Express Jumps the Track Near a Bridge.

A Rahway, N. J., despatch of Sunday says: The fast Philadelphia express train on the Pennsylvania railroad, due here at 11.13 a.m. to-day, made up of two combination parlor cars and three coaches, passed the main depot here to-day four minutes late, running 60 miles an hour. The engine, just as it reached the east end of the long bridge, jumped the track, and was followed by the five cars. The crash was terrific, and was heard a quarter of a mile away. The train ran along the ties for 200 feet, when the coupling broke between the cars and each car shot in a different direction. There are four tracks there, and the cars were twisted around in such a way as to completely wreck the roadbed for 500 feet and the cars themselves. Although the passengers were seriously shaken up, it is most remarkable that the only persons injured were two ladies cut by flying glass. Mr. DeWolf Hopper, the actor, was a passenger. The accident was owing to the spreading of the rails, which were new, and it is said had not been properly spiked. Traffic was delayed all the afternoon, while an army of workmen were building a new roadbed.

A GEORGIA FEUD.

The Victim of a Deadly Assault Takes the Law Into His Own Hands.

An Augusta, Ga., despatch of Sunday says: The second bloody chapter in the terrible history which began with the shooting of C. E. McGregor in his own yard on December 13th, 1887, was enacted upon the streets of Warrenton, Ga., yesterday, in the killing of J. M. W. Cody by C. E. McGregor. Cody had just ridden in from the country. McGregor walked up to him and fired three balls into him. Cody died instantly. Cody was indicted at the April term of the court with assault with intent to murder McGregor. Cody was under $2,500 bonds to appear for trial at the October term, but when the court convened Cody was not present, and although a bench warrant was issued for his arrest, he could not be found. McGregor said that he had decided that if the court would not punish Cody for his attempt to assassinate him he would do it himself. McGregor is an ex-member of the Legislature. Cody was a prominent citizen. Intense feeling prevails, and the citizens fear there will be further trouble. McGregor is in custody. A mystery surrounds the original cause of the trouble, but it is generally asserted there was a woman in the case.

An Infuriated Steer at Large.

A Saturday's New York despatch says: Two Texan steers escaped from a slaughter house in West 40th street to-day. One was afterwards captured in Riverside Park. The other, a harmless beast, wandered down town. The cry of "Mad bull!" caused a crowd to chase him to Broadway. The steer at length reached Madison square and rushed across the park. The animal was now pursued by a crowd of 3,000, headed by several policemen. He stopped at Eighth avenue and Twenty-fifth street exhausted. Twelve policemen opened fire with uncertain aim from a safe distance. Three bullets entered the steer's body, and he moved up a block bleeding profusely. The shots maddened him, and he twice charged the crowd, knocking down a dozen men. The crowd stampeded, and the policemen then managed with some difficulty to finish him.

The Glorious Future.

Tailor (100 years hence)—Here is a bill for your suit, sir, $50.

Professional humorist—Ah, yes. I left my check book at home, but (producing a wad of M.S.S.) I presume you have no objection to my paying you in jokes.

Tailor (receipting bill)—Certainly not, sir. They are always good at any newspaper office.

Nothing looks more like a man of sense than a fool who holds his tongue.

The bookworm never makes a butterfly of fashion.

—The waiter girl is different from a poet. She is not born; she is maid to order.

THOSE DEADLY WIRES.

Edison Says No Insulation Will Make Them Safe—He Has a Plan.

A New York despatch of Sunday says: Expert Wheeler examined the electric light wires where the lineman was killed on Friday and reported before the Board of Electrical Control yesterday that they were poorly insulated. Mayor Grant then decided to have the wires cut down, but an injunction was granted by Judge Andrews, returnable to-morrow, ordering the Mayor not to interfere.

In an interview to-day Mr. Thos. A. Edison said: There is no insulation which will make an electric wire safe. When under ground the high tension wires will burn out the tubes, the dangerous current will creep into your houses, and will come up the manholes. There is one way, and only one in my opinion, and that is to regulate the tension under similar regulations as those governing the pressure on steam boilers. For example, one single shock of a five hundred volt pressure would hardly affect a man closing the current between two dangerous wires. You can increase the tension to 800 volts with accommodating blocks at five volts between, and while such a pressure might injure it would not kill. It would probably give simply a strong nervous shock, but, as for insulation, there is no insulation in the world which will remove the danger. The greatest caution cannot prevent a human being from occasionally closing the current. Perhaps yesterday the wires crossed in Harlem. A porter sweeping out some office can form a connecting link which will leave him dead; and, as I say, the subway will only be a question of burned-out tubes and of deadly accidents, perhaps less occasional. The only solution is to restrain the tension of the current as I have said, exactly as the pressure on a boiler is regulated.

Attaches of the Board of Electrical Control yesterday afternoon appeared at the corner of Chambers and Centre streets and commenced to cut down two improperly insulated wires belonging to the Daft Electric Motor Co. The wires were cut all the way up Centre street.

The autopsy on Feek's body was held in the presence of a number of physicians The unanimous opinion was that the man was instantly killed by the first electric shock he received.

The fund dropped into a box on the pole on which Lineman Feeks met his death was by to-day's offerings increased to $1,063.83. Hardly any one passed the pole without dropping something for Feeks' family.

A DREADFUL AFFAIR.

Mrs. Daily and Her Three Sons Burned to a Charred Mass.

A Bradford, Pa., despatch says: At Davis Switch, a small village thirteen miles from here, last night the dwelling of Patrick Daily was burned, and his wife and three sons, aged 13, 11 and 9, respectively, perished in the flames. While the family were at supper the father stepped to the cook stove to turn off part of the gas. He unintentionally shut the throttle light, and, on reversing it again, the house was filled with gas. An explosion followed and in an instant the entire place was in flames. The three boys and the mother fell on the floor overcome by the heat and flames. Mr. Daily rushed out for assistance, but all efforts to save the unfortunates were futile. The house was entirely consumed in a few minutes. The charred and blackened bodies presented a sickening sight. Mrs. Daily's limbs were burned from her body and her intestines exposed to view. Her flesh was cooked to the bone. The three sons were not so horribly burned as their mother, but their blackened bodies could not be identified until placed side by side. The gas pressure was very strong, the pipe running direct from a neighboring oil well to the cooking stove. Mr. Daily is severely but not fatally burned about the head and face, and is almost crazed with grief.

The Deadly "Live" Wire.

A New York despatch of yesterday says; An electric light lineman named John Feeks was killed at Centre and Chambers streets this afternoon by a live wire. He was employed by the Western Union, and presented a terrible sight as he died on the network of wires in midair, while the deadly fluid actually made his body sizzle, and the blood to pour to the sidewalk and over the clothing of horrified spectators. The accident, occuring in the middle of the day in one of the busiest parts of the city, was witnessed by a large number of people. The man's body lay limp and motionless over the mass of wires attached to the cross arm of the pole. The firemen brought a ladder, and one went up with a pair of shears to cut the wires. The man was found to be dead. He probably touched the electric light wire by accident. The body remained where it was until the firemen went to the factory and had the current turned off.

An Epidemic of Typhoid.

An Oakland, Md., despatch says: An alarming epidemic of typhoid fever prevails at Aurora, W. Va., fifteen miles from Oakland. It is said the entire neighborhood for miles around is infected. There is scarcely a family without one or more of its members prostrated, and in some localities there are scarcely enough healthy persons to nurse the sick.

All About a Love Affair.

A Piqua, O., despatch of Wednesday says: Henry Hoffman and Lawrence Hunter, each aged 45, courted the same woman. Hunter was the favored suitor. Hoffman became jealous and called on Hunter today. The men exchanged a few words, when Hoffman fired two shots into Hunter. Hoffman killed himself. Hunter cannot recover.

Know the Sex.

Annie—Oh Charlie, I found out something to-day that I promised never, never to tell!

Charlie (settling back)—Well, I'm ready.

Philip Lamoreaux and Christina Monette have been held for trial for the murder at Casselman, Russel county, of Oliver Monette, the husband of the woman

A full-rigged vessel is ashore at Mille-Vaches, Quebec, on the north shore. She is the barque Terpsichore, and lies four miles out on the shoals. The crew of fifteen are safe. The vessel will be a total wreck.

ROYAL TOASTS.

The Czar and Kaiser Drink Wine and Exchange Compliments.

A Berlin despatch says: Instead of leaving the Russian Embassy after a few minutes' stay, as previously stated, Emperor William remained to attend a dejeuner given by the Russian Ambassador. Count Schouvaloff presided, and the two Emperors and all their attendants were present. Count Schouvaloff, raising his glass, welcomed the Czar, and called for three cheers for His Majesty. There was a hearty response, and the band of the Alexander Regiment played the Russian National Anthem, the Czar speaking in French during the repast. Emperor William left the Embassy at 12 30 p.m. In the afternoon the Czar drove out in an open carriage, surrounded by cavalry. He visited the ex-Empresses Augusta and Frederick. On returning to the Embassy the Czar retired for a short time for rest and quiet. At 4 30 o'clock Prince Bismarck arrived and remained in conference with the Czar until six o'clock. The Chancellor upon leaving was escorted to his carriage by Count Schouvaloff. A dinner in honor of the Czar was given this evening in the White Hall of the Schloss, at which 140 covers were laid. The Czar, dressed in Uhlan uniform, sat between the Emperor and the Empress, facing Prince Bismarck. The Emperor, in toasting the Czar, said: "I drink to the welfare of my honored friend and guest, the Emperor of Russia, and to the continuance of the friendship which has subsisted between our houses for over a hundred years, and which I am resolved to cherish as a legacy from my ancestors." The Czar, replying in French, thanked the Emperor for his friendly sentiments and drank to his welfare. Turning then to Prince Bismarck the Czar raised his glass and drank to the Chancellor, who stood up, emptied his glass and bowed deeply. There was a similar exchange of courtesies between Emperor William and the Russian Ambassador.

Ex-Empress Frederick will give a dinner in honor of the Czar to-morrow. The invitations are limited to Royal personages.

The Russian Imperial yachts Derjava and Czarina have left Kiel, returning to Copenhagen.

SHOT HIS WIFE.

The Villainous Deed of a Drunken Colored Man at Windsor.

A Wednesday's Windsor despatch says: John Marshall, colored, 32 years old, has lived for some time in Windsor and earned a precarious living by working on the docks in summer and doing odd jobs in winter. His home is a one-story, three-roomed shanty, a mile and a half from town, on Goyeau street, near the Tecumseh road. Last night Marshall was discharged and paid off, and, in accordance with his usual custom, got drunk before going home. His wife upbraided him and he became angry. "Go split the wood for breakfast," said the wife. "I won't do it," was his reply. "You will breakfast in hell to-morrow," was Marshall's threat. Mrs. Marshall had heard him make threats before, and laughed at him. In the bedroom hung a muzzle-loading shot-gun. He got the gun and cocked it. Mrs. Marshall was now scared and started for outside. Marshall shot just as his wife was leaving the room. The charge of buckshot and slugs with which Marshall had loaded the gun a few days before tore through the woodwork of the door, and some of the shot entered his wife's right shoulder, making a bad wound. She fell on the steps and Marshall ran away. Neighbors heard the shot and took care of the wounded woman, but did not report the shooting, which took place at 9 30, until after midnight. Chief Baines detailed an officer to watch the ferry while he and others hunted for Marshall in town. Provincial Detective Fred. Campan and Patrolman James learned that the man had crossed to Detroit, and reported the fact to the Detroit police. Detective Baker and two Canadian officers found Marshall at 136 Rivard street this morning and arrested him without trouble, and he is now safe in the Windsor lockup. Marshall does not seem to appreciate his situation, and said after his arrest that he did not mean to shoot his wife. Mrs. Marshall is in a precarious condition. Her right shoulder is filled with shot and badly torn. There are four children in the family, the oldest being 8 years and the youngest 2 years.

HISSED THE FLAG.

Chicago Socialists Let Off Some Wind and Talk of Revolution.

A Chicago despatch of Sunday says: When the American flag was brought out by the janitor at the hall, where a Socialist mass meeting was held here to-day it was greeted with hisses. There were probably a thousand men and women present. The red flag was then unfurled and was greeted by a burst of applause. Sergius E. Shevitch, of New York, spoke. He declared the hanging of the Anarchists the gravest crime ever perpetrated in America. This and every utterance of the sort was loudly applauded. Shevitch said he was proud of the city in which the execution occurred, because he felt that one day it would be the Paris, the city of the revolution, of America. An awful discontent was smouldering in the hearts of the laborers, and would soon burst forth in fiery revolution. It was useless and idle to think this revolution would be peaceful. Several other speakers took a milder tone.

In the course of a crusade against gambling in Madrid a judge last night entered the Casino, one of the most aristocratic clubs in that city. He found the rooms full of senators, deputies, generals, judges and other distinguished persons, all of whom made a vigorous protest against his action. The result of their protestations was that only four menials were arrested.

A lad named William Watson, who lives at 125 Richmond street, Toronto, met with a serious accident at noon yesterday. He was crossing Church street at Adelaide when he was knocked down by a passing express waggon. One of the wheels passed over him, breaking one of his arms. Watson was just recovering from a fall he had at a building on Que[illegible] not long ago.

Henrik Ibsen, th[illegible] dramatist, labors very slowly, [illegible] rewriting his works until the[illegible] at-looking manuscript, witho[illegible]ection.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

General Boulanger will remain in Jersey during the winter.

Prof. Deidesdorf, the well-known lunacy specialist of Vienna, is dead.

Chakir Pasha, the Governor of Crete, has requested that he be recalled.

Mr. John Dale, postmaster at Thorold, died of apoplexy on Saturday.

There will be only one Democrat in the Senate of the State of Washington.

Both Ingersoll and Wiarton, Ont., have decided upon adopting electric lighting.

In compliance with the request of President Carnot, the French Ministry will not resign.

Judge Baker, of Chicago, has refused to release Woodruff, one of the Cronin suspects, on a *habeas corpus*.

On Sunday last, Rosary Sunday, the Archbishop of Kingston confirmed in St. Mary's Cathedral 352 persons.

It is stated that the Argentine Government are about to sign a convention with members of the syndicate of 1886 for a loan of $40,000,000.

The Minister of Justice at Ottawa has decided that the Ontario legislation incorporating certain assessment insurance companies is invalid.

According to his friend Edmund Yates Wilkie Collins had long been in the habit of taking daily enough laudanum for gout and nerve disorders to kill a company of soldiers.

Plans are out for fourteen new stations on the line of the C. P. R. between London and Windsor, and several local contractors have put in tenders. The buildings are to be completed by January.

Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, has been appointed Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, in Ireland, the See to which rumor had it some time ago Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, was to be transferred.

At the Kingston Assizes yesterday the bail bonds of young Twitchell, son of the recent United States Consul, amounting to $3,000 were called for, but a legal objection was raised on behalf of the bondsmen.

Last night Mr. Scott, of Galt, jumped off the C. P. R. train at the "diamond" at Peterboro', in order to save himself a long walk to his cousin's home, and being thrown to the ground received painful but not serious injuries.

The Regents offered ex Queen Natalie a large sum of money provided she would accept their proposed conditions and depart from Servia. The ex-Queen indignantly refused the offer, saying she considered the proposal an insult.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon an unknown man enticed a 3 year-old child named Alice Bridget McCurry, of 9 Simcoe terrace, into the basement of the new Academy of Music, Toronto, where he criminally assaulted her.

There was a riot at Bristol yesterday afternoon on the arrival of a number of laborers to replace 600 gas stokers who are on strike. The new-comers were hooted and pelted with stones until they took to their heels and disappeared.

The German military estimates for 1891 do not provide for any increase of the army effective, but 120,000,000 marks are asked for new artillery, firearms and ammunition, and grants for the staffs of the two newly-formed army corps.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was induced to go to Munich by Prince Bismarck, who tried to induce the Czar to receive him, but without success.

A 3-year-old daughter of Mrs. McLatchie, of Logan avenue, Toronto, swallowed some morphine on Friday afternoon, but Dr. Burgess was called in time, and by the use of emetics saved the child's life.

Michael McCarty, Toronto, was driving a butcher's cart down Ontario street Saturday morning, and at Gerrard street was upset in turning. He was thrown heavily to the ground, and his right leg badly fractured.

Samuel Hitch, a middle-aged Englishman, convicted of indecently assaulting a 6-year-old child, received twenty-five lashes in the Truro, N.S., jail on Saturday. The "cat" used was borrowed from a man-of-war at Halifax.

Two Buffalo "gentlemen" the other day dropped three dogs into the Niagara River to see if they could swim through the rapids and whirlpool. They did, and, dog-like, went back to the masters who had so little regard for their lives or sufferings.

As an indication of the strained relations existing over the amalgamation of Victoria and Laval Schools of Medicine, on Saturday one of the Laval professors was struck by an egg on his shirt front. The student who threw it said he could not get a rotten one.

On Friday, at the residence of George W. Irwin, near Leamington, Mr. Irwin's son, about 21, was preparing to go out shooting. While loading one of the barrels of a double-barrelled gun the other barrel, which had been previously loaded, was discharged, the contents passing through the young man's head, killing him instantly. He was an only son.

Sir Benjamin Samuel Phillips, ex-Lord Mayor of London, and second member of the Hebrew faith to occupy the position, died yesterday, aged 79. Last year he retired from the Court of Aldermen, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. George Faudel Phillips.

The C. P. R. express while coming into the London station last night left the rails when near the freight shed and plunged on to a switch. The track and roadbed were torn up for some distance, but the passengers escaped with a shaking up. A gang of men made the necessary repairs during the night.

Alfred Pugh was sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary by Judge Elliott at London yesterday for robbing his brother of a suit of clothes, a valise and an overcoat. The youthful criminal has served five years in the Reformatory. Since his sentence expired he has been mixed up in a host of petty crimes, which have made him a burden to his family. After stealing his brother's property he went off to Ingersoll and Brantford, where he lived for a week on the proceeds, and then on his return he stole a shawl owned by his mother worth $14 and pawned it. Seeing there was no relief his friends decided to let the law take its course.

WHAT COULD SHE EXPECT?

The Reward of a Faithless Wife—Her Lover Weds Her Daughter.

In 1882 Jacob J. Schwinn one day found himself without a consort, his wife Lavinia having departed with Charles A. Boeck. The couple went to Hamilton, Ont., but afterwards settled in Toronto, where Boeck kept an umbrella store. Schwinn instituted divorce proceedings, but the matter was dropped and Schwinn died later on, leaving his property to Betsy and Lavinia Schwinn, his daughters. About two months ago Boeck came here from Toronto and abducted Lavinia, a girl about 17 years of age. The other daughter, who is much younger, was taken seven years ago. Lavinia had been living on Genesee street, near Oak, with Mr. Wagner and Mrs. Wm. Schwinn, who were her uncle and aunt. A nice sequel has now taken place, the girl Lavinia, it is said, having married Boeck, leaving the mother out in the cold. Boeck and the girl are reported to have visited Buffalo, obtained some of her clothing and then departed. The property left to the girls cannot be touched until they reach their majority. Mrs. Schwinn, their aunt, is a trustee of the estate. It is thought that Mrs. Jacob J. Schwinn will probably return to Buffalo. —*Buffalo Courier.*

The Great Chicago Fire.

To-day is the anniversary of that awful Monday which dawned upon a ruined city eighteen years ago—a city of crumbled walls and smoldering embers, a city of homeless refugees. Far to the northward the billow of fire was still sweeping, devouring as long as there was anything to devour, inundating homes and property, and turning into ashes with its fiery spray the hoarded savings of the people. The fugitives took refuge on the lake shore, even pressing into the water as far as they dared, while upon them rained cinders. Truly to them it seemed that the world itself was come to an end. The signs were fulfilled. The elements had melted with fervent heat; the moon was as sackcloth and the sun as blood; the heavens rolled together as a scroll. In the mad rush for a place of safety the common instincts of humanity, the consideration for the comfort of others which makes life ordinarily endurable, were all forgotten. "Save himself who can;" was the universal cry. The avenues of escape were choked with vehicles, and many fell never more to rise. Scarcely less awful than the vision of the Apocalypse must have been that day. The features of the people, distorted by fear, blackened by cinders and reddened by the heat, in little resembled those of human beings. They were more like those of "shapes hot from Tartarus." It is hard to picture all this. It is hard to think of Chicago, now so populous and so prosperous, lying an open waste from DeKoven street northeastward to Lincoln Park; yet so it was. The southwest gale swept the flames before it, and in that mighty reverberatory furnace iron burned like resin and solid stone crumbled into flakes. All day long the fire raged, ever eating its way northward. Night came and the cool rain fell upon thousands of homeless ones whose only shelter was the sky and whose only bed was the earth. Surely if ever there was occasion to despair then was that occasion. The hoardings of a lifetime had been destroyed in a moment. Capitalists were penniless. There was nothing left but standing-room; yet that was enough. The mournful toll of the court house bell as it crashed downward from the blazing cupola was not the death-knell of Chicago, as was feared. The great fire was only another exemplification of the great economic saying in regard to civilized as well as savage communities of men: They live from hand to mouth. So long as there were hands to work and a place whereon to work the city could not perish. A writer of the time says that within a week Chicago was as well off as ever. This may have been an exaggeration, but it is certain that in a very short time it was as though the great fire had never been. "All gone but energy" was a business sign frequently seen in the days which followed hard after that disaster. Nothing more was needed. The prophecies that Chicago would rise again have all been fulfilled. She has risen again, and more glorious by far than ever before. —*Chicago News.*

The Invention of the Thimble.

There is a rich family of the name of Lofting in England, the fortune of whose house was founded by such an apparently insignificant thing as the thimble. The first ever seen in England was made in London less than two hundred years ago by a metal worker named John Lofting. The usefulness of the article commended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune. The implement was then called the thumbbell, it being worn on the thumb when in use, and its shape suggesting the rest of the name. This clumsy mode of utilising it was soon changed, however, but the name softened into "thimble" remains.

A Door on the Track.

A Wilmington, Del., despatch of Sunday says: A south-bound Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore freight train dropped an iron door on the track between Charlestown and Northeast, Md., which derailed a passenger train about 9.45 o'clock yesterday morning. The train was partly wrecked. Fifteen passengers were hurt, including Mrs. W. B. Guild, of Evansville, Vt., seriously.

—Mr. Topheavy—"Will you share my lot, Penelope?" Penelope—"Yes, if there is a brown stone front on it."

The Hotel Dieu at Windsor was consecrated yesterday by Archbishop Walsh.

The French Government has promised never to claim a single dollar from Mexico of the debt contracted under the reign of Maximilian.

The social sensation at Halifax, N. S., is the news from London that Major-General Sir John Ross, Commander of the British Forces in Canada, residing at Halifax, has been granted a divorce from his wife, Lady Mary. The causes leading to the separation have long been a source of scandal in home and colonial military circles. Sir John will soon marry the beautiful young daughter of a magistrate at Pictou, N. S.

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.

A Buffalo Juror's Note to a Hamilton Man Engaged in Important Litigation.

(Buffalo Courier.)

When the case of the Ontario Canning Company against William Burgess, on trial in the Circuit Court, was adjourned on Tuesday afternoon to yesterday morning, and the jury were leaving the court-room, one of the number, Addison Rice, reached over and handed a small note to Egerton DeCew, the Secretary of the Canning Company, who happened to be standing near by. It was addressed: "Mr. Carpenter. Keep this note." At the first opportunity Mr. DeCew gave it to Mr. Carpenter. Imagine that gentleman's surprise when, upon opening the note, he found its contents to be as follows:

Mr. Carpenter—I shall be foreman in this jury. If you want help come to the Stafford House, corner of Carroll and Washington streets, at 7 p.m. Look on the register for my name. A. RICE.

N. B. Destroy this note.

Mr. Carpenter, who is the President of the Ontario Canning Company, immediately turned the criminating letter over to Lyman Baker, his attorney, asking if that was the way justice was done in Erie county.

Mr. Baker, Judge Corlett and the other attorneys in the case had a consultation, and when the court convened yesterday morning Juryman Rice was called to the desk by Judge Corlett and confronted with his remarkable epistle.

"Did you write that?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, sir," responded Rice, although considerably abashed, "and I can explain it."

"You appear here at 2 o'clock," said the Judge sternly, and he would hear nothing further at that time. The trial then proceeded with 11 jurymen.

Shortly after 2 o'clock court reconvened, and Mr. Rice was once more called up for examination. Upon being given permission he proceeded to make an explanation of his words and action, stating that he had desired to enter into business relations with Mr. Carpenter with reference to the sale of some canned goods.

Judge Corlett evidently thought this excuse a very poor one. "The import of the note is perfectly clear," said he. "You intended to negotiate in regard to the verdict in this case. There can be no connection between your being a foreman on the jury and canned goods. The court cannot overlook an offence as serious as this, for it strikes at the very foundation of the administration of justice.

"You have been guilty of contempt, and as the offence was committed in open court summary action can be taken. The sentence of the court is that you be fined $50 and confined in the Erie County Jail for 30 days."

A FEMALE ENOCH ARDEN.

The Strange and Romantic Story Recently Revealed by a St. Louis Divorce Case.

In a divorce case filed the other day in the St. Louis Circuit Court, entitled Marian Miller vs. Louis Miller, there is a most strange and romantic history, says the New York *Morning Journal*. Twenty-five years ago Louis Miller, then of St. Petersburg, Russia, was married to one of the nobility of that city, a beautiful lady of high birth, possessing all of the accomplishments that education and refinement could bring. After the marriage the couple settled down in their native city. The country was at that time threatened by the Nihilists. Miller decided to leave his native land and try his fortune among a free people. Bidding his wife a few months' farewell he came to this country and settled in St. Louis. Here he entered into business and accumulated a fortune. During all of this time he was sending money to his wife and receiving letters from her, but in a few months after he left home his mother, with whom he left his young wife, died, and the wife left to join her friends, 500 miles in the interior of Russia. All of this time the mails were very irregular, and, by orders of the Russian authorities, letters hardly ever reached their destination. The young wife received no letters from him and he received none from her, until one day a letter came to him with the sad tidings of her death. Years passed. During all this time the young wife could get no news of her husband. Thinking him lost she concluded to visit this country and learn if possible what had become of him. Bringing with her their son, who had grown to manhood, she landed in Baltimore, and the son came to St. Louis and engaged in business. Meeting some friends one day they asked him where his father was, and he told them the story of his father's life. They said the son looked like a man they knew, and he sent to his mother for a picture of his father, which was shown his friends, who took him at once to that gentleman. But in the meantime, in July, 1887, the father had married again and was living in fine style in this city. His first wife came to see him and the meeting between them was one of joy and sadness. Both wives, it is declared, loved the husband, but the good judgment of the last wife did not forsake her, and she said she would release him to again live and love his bride of years long gone by. Acting on this resolution she has, as stated, employed counsel to bring a suit to release her and him from the ties that bind them together.

Serious floods have occurred in the Tyrol.

Senator Hardisty is reported to be in a critical condition.

Ex-King Milan, of Servia, and President Carnot exchanged visits yesterday.

Count Von Moltke's health is failing a little and he will spend the winter in Italy.

Thirty-five hundred coal miners are on strike at Lens, in the Department of Pas de Calais.

Ex-Queen Natalie was permitted to have a two-hours' interview with her son, the young King, on Saturday.

A handsome statue to the French explorer La Salle was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago, on Saturday.

The steamship City of New York was on Saturday night released from the bar on which she had grounded, near Sandy Hook.

The visit of the Czar to Berlin was not characterized by much popular enthusiasm. He left Berlin last night for St. Petersburg.

Six new cases of fever were placarded on the Hamilton road, London, yesterday, on George street and three on Oxford

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

He Gives His First Impressions of the United States.

(Frank Leslie's Newspaper.)

Frank Leslie's illustrated weekly has done me the honor of desiring to have a brief memorandum of the first impressions America makes on an Englishman. The natural answer would be, especially for one overwhelmed with pleasant engagements as I am, that the impressions of a traveller who has but passed over some thousand miles of these vast United States must of some necessity prove trivial and valueless. But, on the other hand, first impressions are always the freshest, and Talleyrand showed his usual cynical sagacity when he remarked to a young politician, "Never act upon your first impressions; they are always right."

Well, then, as I have passed from Canada down to Washington, and from Washington through Baltimore and Philadelphia to this great and wealthy metropolis, my chief impression has been the absolute practical identity of manner, mind and national life between our two countries. I have found myself everywhere in a transatlantic England. I do not say this in any foolish idea that to be "quite English" is a point of perfection. You may just as well remark that we resemble you; but there the fact is that bygone writers must have exaggerated most absurdly the supposed distinctive American traits, or else that you have ceased to exhibit them, for I have asked myself a hundred times, wandering in your streets and journeying on your railways, "Am I really in the New World, or dreaming of it in the old one?" Half an American as I am, by marriage and by sympathies, I must confess that it has been wholly delightful to observe this unmistakable and minute identification of the races, and it fills me with hope that, whatever other nations may quarrel and come into armed conflict, America and England—vainly divided by the ocean—will by and by establish an International Tribunal composed of the worthiest and best-trusted men on either side, and will refer to their judgment under the laws of right and reason—without appeal—every question which threatens to disturb the natural alliance that, in my opinion, furnishes the very best hope of mankind. Next, your magnificent distances, although I knew them well upon the map, amaze and absorb me in realization. It is wonderful for a British Islander to discover what a mere step upon your broad States a thousand miles make, and to conclude from what he sees what must be the life, the enterprise, the opulence, the energy, the natural and industrial resources, the boundless future possibilities of the territory he has not seen. A feeling of gladness and confidence about the earthly part of man's development beyond all expression has possessed me in perceiving how strong and sound your national vitality is; how little you are really spoiled in courtesy of manners, in civic kindliness, in social grace, and in reverence for law by your large liberties.

An Englishman no doubt notices here an absence of deference and of formal attention; but he also notices the presence of a nearly universal and most manly and frank comradeship, the blossom, perhaps, of a wider and healthier air. I am far from saying this to flatter America. The impertinence of such an intention would be rebuked by its absurdity. I would be like the little girl who was taken by Sydney Smith to see the turtle-tanks at Birch's in Cornhill, and when she stroked the largest among the collection, her uncle inquired: "Why do you do that, my dear?" "I do it to please the turtle, uncle." "My child," replied the Canon, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." A man who should, as it were, pat the cupola of your Capitol at Washington to gratify New York, would be similarly ridiculous. Your nation of 60,000,000 stands well beyond the reach of compliments. History rather waits to see if you will deserve the gifts and opportunities which destiny has brought you "in both her hands."

To speak of the countless delightful persons whom I have had the happiness to meet, is obviously forbidden; suffice it to say that your countrymen and country-women oblige the Englishman to quit each of their towns and cities with regret, so that

He drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

And then, how beautiful America is! I certainly did not know the vales of the Susquehanna and of the Delaware were so fair; or the gardens of Washington so gracious and spacious; or your homesteads generally so pretty. I better understand now Mr. Lowell's verses:

Binding the gold of war-dishevelled hair
On such sweet brows as never other wore.

But nobody, to my mind, has better understood, or expressed more nobly, the present and future greatness and the natural charms of America than your true poet and patriot, Walt Whitman, my interview with whom, when I offered him the tribute of a profound admiration, will be one among many happy memories of this journey.

I should not be an Englishman, however, if I did not grumble, and you must allow me to denounce and execrate the cobble-stones of your New York streets that rob the Briton of sleep by night and rack his bones by day; the snake fences, which waste alike land and lumber, and torture the eye of an artist; the lack of official luggage-porters at your railway stations, and those monstrous, ugly, unpainted telegraph poles, with which you mar the vistas of your finest streets. But your public buildings often astonish and enchant me; your colleges, libraries, museums and observatories leave positively no excuse to American youth. They must henceforth create and not import poets, authors, artists, sculptors, scientific geniuses and astronomers. You really owe us, with all your glorious chances, a galaxy of great names.

Such, then, sir, are some among those first impressions which you have been pleased to invite. They will appear to you, I fear—as to myself—entirely commonplace, but I prefer—at least while in America—to show myself grateful even at the cost of being dull. I am, sir, yours obediently, EDWIN ARNOLD.

Smith, who pleaded guilty at Amherst, N.S., to the charge of manslaughter of Jas. Barron, has been sentenced to twenty years in the Penitentiary.

CURING COLDS.

Hints That May Save Life if Taken in Time.

When one becomes chilled or takes cold, says *Youth's Companion*, the mouths of myriads of little sweat glands are suddenly closed and the impurities which should pass off through the skin are forced back to the interior of the body, vitiating the blood and putting extra work on the lungs and other internal organs. Just beneath the surface of the skin all over the body there is a network of minute blood vessels, finer than the finest lace. When one is chilled the blood is forced from these capillary vessels into one or more of the internal organs, producing inflammation or congestion, and thus often causing diseases dangerous to life.

The time to treat a cold is at the earliest possible moment after you have taken it. And your prime object should be to restore the perspiration and the capillary circulation. As soon, then, as you feel that you have taken cold have a good fire in your bedroom. Put your feet into water as hot as can be borne and containing a tablespoonful of mustard. Have it in a vessel so deep that the water will come up well toward the knees. Throw a blanket over the whole to prevent rapid evaporation and cooling. In from five to ten minutes take the feet out, wipe them dry and get into a bed on which there are two extra blankets. Just before or after getting into bed drink a large glass of lemonade as hot as possible or a glass of hot water containing a teaspoonful of cream of tartar with a little sugar if desired. Should there be pain in the chest, side or back, indicating pleurisy or pneumonia, dip a small towel in cold water and wring it as dry as possible. Fold the towel so that it will cover a little more surface than is affected by the pain. Cover this with a piece of flannel and both with oiled silk or better, with oiled linen; now wind a strip of flannel a foot wide several times around the chest.

The heat of the body will warm the towel almost immediately, the oiled linen and flannel will retain the heat and moisture and, steaming the part, will generally cause the pain to disappear. Should there be pain or soreness in the throat you should treat it in a similar manner with wet compress and flannel bandage. Eat sparingly of plain, simple food. Baked apples and other fruit, bread and butter, bread and milk, milk toast, baked potatoes or raw oysters may be eaten. By following the above directions intelligently and faithfully you will ordinarily check the progress of the cold and prevent serious, possibly fatal, illness.

To Measure Brick Walls.

Readers in many branches of trade will be glad to know this method of estimating brickwork, which is obtained from an authority on the subject: Ordinary bricks are about eight inches in length and with the mortar joint about half that in width, so that each brick on the flat will give a horizontal surface of about 32 square inches, or four and a half bricks will cover a square foot. As ordinarily laid there are nine courses to every 24 inches or four and a half to the foot. Four and a half courses with four and a half bricks to the course will give 20¼ bricks to the cubic foot. Waste, cutting and closer joints will easily require an allowance of 21 bricks per cubic foot, which will be found a very convenient figure for estimating the number of bricks required for a wall of given height and thickness, as it thus becomes unnecessary to find the cubic contents of the wall, but merely to multiply its face area or the product of its length and height in feet by seven fourths of its thickness in inches, which, as the thickness is always some multiple of four inches, is a very simple process.—*The Artisan.*

Miss Jennie Flood, daughter of the bonanza king, is the richest unmarried woman in California. She works a great among the poor and has no time to fool around with idle young men.

REGULAR BULL SICKENING.

Then he came with a whoop and a howl,
To seek the editor's blood.
A brawney printer caught him foul,
And stabbed him through with the office towel,
And he fell with an awful thud.

A new and cheap musical instrument in the toy stores is the "ocarina." It is made of clay, is sweet-potatoe shaped, and its tone is somewhat flutey.

AN IMPENDING CRISIS.

The turkeys now forsake their glee,
And breathe a long-drawn sigh;
They scan the calendar and see
Thanksgiving drawing nigh.

It is a great deal easier to write a vivid love letter of 16 pages than it is to hear it read two years afterward in court.

There is to be a great function in Windsor in December on the occasion of the unveiling of the colossal equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, by Sir Edgar Boehm, which is to be erected in the Great Park as a memorial of the Jubilee. The Queen and all the members of the Royal family who are in England will take part in the ceremony.

Sir Wm. Tindal Robertson, whose suicide by cutting his throat was reported from Brighton in the cable despatches on Tuesday was a first cousin of Mrs. Kendal, the English actress.

Messrs. Rich and Harris want a new and original name for the great minstrel company which they are to put on the road next year headed by George Thatcher. They offer a prize of $100 for the one word to follow Thatcher's ——, illustrative of the immensity of the organization. Letters may be addressed to Manager Wm. Harris, Howard Athenæum, Boston.

Sims Reeves, the famous English tenor, in his book of reminiscences makes the following extraordinary statement about Macready: "Strangely enough, this passionate man did not consider himself sufficiently irascible by nature to depict anger on the stage, and therefore employed (as I myself have seen) two unfortunate supers, whose business it was to make faces at him, tread on his toes, kick him and otherwise provoke him, until he was in a state of exasperation bordering on the demoniac. 'More!' he would growl, as he stood at the wing preparing to make a terrific entry; 'more, you beasts!' until an exceptionally severe kick happening to coincide with the moment for his sudden appearance, he would knock down each of his hired tormentors and rush upon the stage like a maniac."

A SPANISH HIDALGO'S PRAYER.

Peculiar and Ludicrous Mixture of Family Pride and Dread of Death.

One of the most peculiar and comical mixtures of a dread of death and family pride occurs in a prayer which a Spanish nobleman composed for his own benefit, says *Texas Siftings*. The prayer reads literally as follows:

"O Lord, Thou seest before Thee one of the greatest of all sinners of this wicked world, His Highness Grand Marshal La Meilleraye, Duke of Mazarin, Knight of Alcantara, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grandee of Spain of the first class, Governor of Estramadura, Count de Menard, Baron la Porte and Grand Honorary Protector of the Church of St. Rochus, where His Highness partakes of the sacrament five times a year, his offertory never being less on each occasion than 100 pesos.

"His Highness condescends to acknowledge that he is the most unworthy of all sinners: and, O Lord, be kind enough to take his title and his long line of illustrious ancestors into consideration and condemn him not to the purgatory of the common herd.'

This Marquis La Meilleraye, who condescended to acknowledge that he was a sinner, never took the sacrament unless his coat of arms was stamped on the consecrated wafer. This is historical. He "condescended" to die in 1664. He was a typical hidalgo.

Great Railway Projects in Siam.

Even Siam is moving, and intends somebody, at any rate, to be civilised by railways. The surveys for the intended lines from Bangkok to the northern and eastern provinces of Siam are being rapidly pushed forward by a staff of surveyors under Sir Andrew Clarke, his arrangement with the Siamese Government being that the actual cost of these surveys is to be repaid to his firm. When Siam is properly opened up, its mineral wealth is certain to lead to a company "boom" on no small scale. At present both malaria and the labor question forbid mining enterprise.

Quite Proper.

Miss Charmington—Haven't you kissed the bride, Mr. Mopsey?

Mr. Mopsey—Oh, dear, no; it wouldn't be proper, would it?

Miss Charmington—Goodness, why not? I'm going to have the young men kiss me when I'm married.

Mr. Mopsey (eagerly)—Oh, pray invite me to your wedding, Miss Charmington

A Heavy Sinker.

Clarissa (on the ferryboat)—O, Charles has fallen overboard!

Maud—He can swim, and the land is close by.

Clarissa—Yes, but think! He has a piece of wedding cake which he brought from the reception in his pocket.

"'Tis better not to be, than be unhappy,"

and no one can be happy whose system is deranged by poisonous secretions. Nearly all ills that flesh is heir to, arise from torpid liver and derangement of the digestive organs. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets correct irregularities of the liver, prevent constipation, and promote good health. Buy them of your druggist.

Why He Wept.

Mrs. Sadface to Tommy, who has stolen a jar of preserves—My boy, I know you are sorry. I see it in your face.

Tommy, meditatively—Yes, mamma, I am. There was a bigger jar on the shelf that I couldn't reach.

An Offensive Breath

Is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

Very Laudable.

"Do you want to hire a man, mister?"

"No, I can't say that I do. Are you looking for a situation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I hope you will get one. I like to see a man with aspirations towards a hire life."

"Oh! where shall rest be found?"
The worn-out mother sighs,
Stockings to mend, and trousers to darn,
Dishes to wash, and butter to churn,
While my back feels to break, and head and heart burn,
And life is a constant friction.
The summer came and went,
The matron no longer sighs
Elastic her step, and rounded her cheek,
Work seems but play, life is now sweet,
And the change was made in one short week
By Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Positive remedy for those derangements, irregularities, and weaknesses so common to womankind.

A Fertile Scheme.

"I see the race of elephants is gradually dying out. What shall we do for ivory, do you suppose, Mr. De Dude, when they are all gone?"

"I'm suah I don't know, Miss Bonsoir, unless—ah—we buy up all the old pianos, don't you know."

"Baby McKee" fairy lamps are the latest. They are of delicate china, with hand-painted wild roses on shade and globe.

A strong company has been formed in Montreal to operate a line of steamers on the Ottawa river, between that city and the capital.

DON L 43 89.

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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FROM THE OFFICE

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Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts per line for first insertion, and 5cts per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE FRENCH SCHOOLS.

The Minister of Education has issued a "circular of instruction" to teachers and trustees of mixed schools. It is not by any means in the form of an ipse dixit, but simply a mild recommendation which can at least do no harm. For we don't "must" gives place in every instance to the word "should." With reference to the use of unauthorized text books Mr. Ross has this to say: "It appears from the report of the commissioners already referred to that unauthorized text books have been used in some schools. These should be removed without delay, and the School Act and regulations in this respect strictly adhered to." Section 207 of the School Act stipulates that "In case any teacher or other person should negligently or wilfully substitute any unauthorized text book in place of any authorized text book in actual use upon the same subject in his school he shall for each such offence . . . . be liable to a penalty not exceeding ten dollars." Now, as these unauthorized text books have been in use in certain schools in Ontario for some time, and the above regulation has remained a dead letter in those schools, what can be expected from Mr. Ross's extremely mild manner of dealing with the defaulters but that they will continue doing just as they like in the matter, as they have heretofore? What are school laws good for, anyway, if they can be flouted as they have been in many instances which required a government commission and a sharp eyed Opposition to bring to light. It is to be hoped that the circular will produce all the reform that it pretends to be aiming at, but to us its "instructions" appear to be of the very mildest order—so mild, in fact, that those to whom they are addressed might even accept them as an encouraging wink to work away on the old lines.

The Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Society, in session at Ottawa during the past week, deserve a good solid round of applause for passing the following resolution:

That in the opinion of this convention the acceptance by Baptist churches of the exemption of their church property from municipal taxation is inconsistent with our distinctive principles, and is an impediment to our work of evangelizing the world.

When all other denominations of the Christian Church recognize the fact that tax exemption is an impediment in the work of evangelizing the world a heavy load will be lifted from off the shoulders of poor people, and there will be a notable decrease of luxurious churches, with a corresponding increase of pure christianity, for ministers of the Gospel will then be obliged to "go out into all the world," whereas as it now, is many of them preach to indolent minds as well as indolent bodies, lolling in the pews of luxury. This is where the Salvation Army have got a lap ahead, to use an expressive phrase.

A despatch from Montreal states that "A. C. Burgess is suing the C.P.R. for $25,000 damages, which he claims he will lose by the cancelling of the privilege granted him to run the restaurant and news service in connection with the road." This goes to show that there is big money in the peanut and prize package business, which the C. P. R. is now running on its own account, and that the company recognized that fact when it bounced Mr. Burgess. Burgess, boudlion.

A despatch informs us that forty thousand people in the United States and Canada believe that the world will come to an end on or before October 25. We always knew there were a large number of lunatics going around loose; but forty-thousand is even beyond what we considered a generous calculation.

The Thornbury Standard informs us that Mr. T. Kells is a candidate for the Legislature in East Grey.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Hulloo there, Mr. Editor! Oben has not given up the ghost yet. No sir, nor won't as long as he sees anybody else acting in the same manner. Undoubtedly you have been thinking seriously of late that I have not survived the mental depression which I informed you I was laboring under when I last wrote. But, Mr. Editor, if such were your thoughts, I, for one, am happy to state that you were laboring under a false impression. So you see that there is a possibility of even an editor being mistaken in his suppositions, as I feel sufficiently recovered to undertake the grave responsibility of giving the readers of The Advance an account of the principal events that transpire in this locality.

When I last wrote there were a number of buildings in process of erection, which are now full, or partly full, of vegetable matter of some sort. Those improvements add greatly to the general appearance of our neighborhood. We notice also a marked improvement in the dwelling houses. Mr. W. Stewart has had his private residence fixed up in a manner that makes it fit for a retired gentleman to live in. He has had a bran new roof of first class shingles put on, and plastered inside, so I think when he gets the furniture in, and the feather bed, and woollen blankets and heavy patchwork quilts surrounding him at nights (even though it be very cold this winter) he will not rise with the exclamation, "I was nearly frozen last night!" Mr. Archie Ferguson has built a kitchen to his dwelling house. He did it all himself without the aid of a mechanic. He had a lathing bee one night recently. A number of the young men in the neighborhood were present, also a goodly supply of the fair sex, who came in very useful by not being averse to taking a part in men's work. The boys worked in the presence of the ladies as if their reputation as workmen was at stake, consequently they got a great deal of wall ready for the plasterer, and after helping themselves to everything that was served each one hooked on to a girl and went home smiling loudly, and trying to make as much conversation as his vocal machinery would stand. Another improvement we must not forget to mention is noticeable on the roads, both in Egremont and Proton. Our worthy pathmaster, Aaron Earnest, opened up a good gravel pit and put considerable of the contents on the public roads, which benefitted the travelling public to such an extent that Mr. Stewart, pathmaster in the Proton beat adjoining, could not resist the temptation of that gravel pit lying there open for anybody's use who wished to come forward and partake; but although the pit offered no resistance, yet the pathmaster who spent time and labor in the opening of this pit (and as the people in this beat could not deserve the full benefit of it this year) resolved to put a stop to such encroachments. He quietly told the Proton pathmaster he had better quit, a request which was reluctantly complied with, after drawing a few loads, and in the late wet weather, that was the only piece of road that was not muddy in his beat.

Some time ago a very noisy meeting of the ratepayers of S.S. No. 14 was held in the school house. It appears there was some dissatisfaction prevailing in the section in regard to the teacher, who, we understand, belongs to a different sect to the majority of the ratepayers. The trustees were willing to re-engage her for the ensuing year, when some of the bigoted ratepayers said no. So they called a meeting to ascertain the feeling of the people. The meeting opened about eight o'clock and Mr. D. McCormic occupied the chair (he filled it all right, for it was not a very big one) then J. Campbell got up and told them what the meeting was for (the same as if nobody knew) and then he asked a few questions or the opposite to answers, such as Mr. A. told me that Mr. B. told him that I said so and so. Now he says (adressing the chief speaker) I deny the charge, and I want you to prove it. The opposition got up and answered, and both sides indulged a little to freely in personalties. Two hours later the house was in the same confusion, and they were just as far from the business they came there to transact as when they commenced, but by and by it was moved by Mr. Hasty and seconded by Mr. Aldcorn, that the matter be left in the hands of the trustees. The motion was carried by 2 of a majority, there being 24 for and 12 against. Those against the teacher could not find a single fault with her teaching, all they could do like the nobles of a certain ancient king, was to say she does not worship God the same as we. Even in this enlightened age we find that there are still a few who would prohibit all teaching that was contrary to their own views. There are a few passages of Scripture that could be very appropriately applied to such. "Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?" "If ye love one another, ye think ye do well." Do not even the scribes and pharisees the same? In conclusion I will say, surely the day of religious intollerance is past.

The S.S. which is held in the school house is still going on, and we consider it as a sort of spiritual food for the young children who attend. They are going to have a social on Friday, the 25th, 25 cents admission (per couple) all are welcome. There will be readings and recitations, singing and speeches by some Rev. gentlemen.

Miss Catherine Ferguson, of Minto, is spending a few weeks among her many friends here.

Mrs. McDonal has been very ill for some time past. We hope she may soon recover.

We notice that P. cor. has at length come down to hard pass and chosen for himself a name. Well, Vidi, I hope all concerned had a good time at the christening. OBEN.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

Quite a number of cattle changed hands last fair day at fair prices.

Mr. M. Reiley, who went to considerable trouble in procuring suitable ground for the plowing match, is quite disappointed at the small competition.

A farmer was in town the other day explaining the good qualities of his "Beautiful Hebrews" potatoes.

About half past nine o'clock on Thursday night of last week, our citizens were surprised at seeing flames leaping above the tops of the trees, about a mile to the north of the village, it was found that the fire proceeded from a barn filled with hay, on the lot lately occupied by John McKechnie, commonly known as "Buffalo John." Origin of fire unknown. It is supposed that the company will withold payment of insurance because of the policy not being transferred to the late purchaser, Mr. Colan McLeod.

Mr. Robert Watson and Miss Sarah Ferguson, who were married on the morning of the 16th, and took the morning train for Orillia to visit friends there and in other points around beautiful Lake Simcoe, have returned and commenced house furnishing. Since Robert returned from Walkerton and set up business here, he has been one of the leading young men, and the society belles fairly beamed on him, until it was asserted that his attentions were not equally divided, but positively centered at the Squires; but at this crisis the "Doctor" appeared in our midst and is now the happy recipient of "society" smiles.

The Methodist parsonage was enlivened on the 16th by the musical voice of a young son.

Mr. Wm. Watson, sr., is visiting his daughter in N. Y. state.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. C. Neil's goods were moved to Feversham on Saturday, where Mr. Bruce intends starting a store.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Luck, of Markdale, were in Maxwell on Sunday.

Mrs. Thos. Clark left for Parry Sound last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Room will leave for Dundalk this week or next.

The young peoples' prayer meeting is well attended and so far the services are good.

While returning from Collingwood on Monday night, Matlew Spoffard met with a serious accident. The night was very dark, and Alex. Henry, who was with him, stopped at John Hudson's for a lantern. Mr. Henry had scarcely reached the house, when he heard a noise on the road, and on returning found Mr. Spoffard under the horse's feet. He was not able to stand and it is feared he has received internal injuries.

BORN.

DEWIS.—In Flesherton on the 17th inst., the wife of Wm. Dewis of a daughter.

Married.

WALTERS & MCCREERS.—On Monday, 21st inst., at Markdale, Mr. William Walters of Collingwood township, to Miss Lucy Cerruthers of Kimberley.

General News.

Senator James Turner died at his residence in Hamilton on Saturday.

Mrs. Hicks and young Arthur Hicks on trial at Toronto for murder, have been found not guilty.

A GIFT!

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

In order to secure another thousand subscribers before January next we have decided to make a great sacrificial offer for the balance of this year.

We have made arrangements with a publisher whereby we are enabled to make a magnificent gift to all our subscribers. We offer you your own choice from a list of splendid books, printed in clear type on good paper, or a monthly farmer's magazine for one year, upon the following terms: Every new subscriber remitting one dollar to us between the date of this circular and Jan. 1 next will receive The Advance for 1890 and balance of this year free, and may also select one from our list of books. And in order that all may fare alike we offer to our old subscribers, who will send in any arrearages and the dollar in advance for next year, *before, or on Jan. 1, 1890*, a choice from the appended list of books.

N. B.—The books will not be delivered until after Jan. 1, next, in order that all may be sent out at one time. Where they are to be sent by mail five cents extra, must be sent with the order, to pay postage.

This is a bona fide gift, made as an experiment, and the most liberal ever made by a local newspaper. The names will be enrolled as received and the books delivered in that order. Here is the list:

1. THE AMERICAN FARMER, monthly, for one year.
2. A House of Tears, by E Downey.
3. Sara Crewe and Editha's Burglar, by Frances Hodgson Burnett.
4. The Abbey Murder, by Joseph Hatton
5. The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte.
6. The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, by Mrs F. H. Burnett.
7. Dr. Glennie's Daughter, by B. L. Farjeon.
8. A Mere Child, by L. B. Walford.
9. The Queen's Token, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
10. A Missing Husband, by George R. Sims
11. The Earl's Wife, same author.
12. An Algonquin Maiden, by G. Mercer Adam and S. Wetherald
13. Heaven and Hell, by E. Swedenborg
14. Stranger than Fiction, by Kenneth Lee
15. The Story of an African Farm, by Ralph Iron.
16. John Ward, Preacher, by Margaret Doland.
17. Buffalo Bill, by Ned Buntline.
18. Michael Strogoff, by Jules Verne.
19. The Gunmaker of Moscow, by S. Cobb, a capital story.
20. Maria Monk.
21. Robert Elsmore, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
22. Rudder Grange, by Frank R. Stockton
23. Ten Nights in a Barroom, by T. S. Arthur.
24. A Dangerous Catspaw, a detective story.
25. Helen's Babies, by Habberton
26. Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace
27. Seaside Cook Book.
28. Day's Ready Reckoner, complete.
29. Chesterfield's Letter Writer and Etiquette, Complete.

Remember these two facts: You secure what is admittedly the best local paper in Grey, and get a present of another dollar paper or a book to while away the winter evenings. Our offer only holds good up to and including Jan. 1, 1890. Such another offer will, in all likelihood, never be made again. Do not put off sending in your orders until the last moment.

W. H. THURSTON,
Flesherton, Sept. 24, 1889. Publisher Advance, Flesherton.

Extra Copies of any of the above Works may be had for 30 cents.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.

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Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.

Priceville, Nov 19, 1888.

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Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
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late of Tottenham, Ont
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night.

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE
SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAY.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING.

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MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
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Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

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POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Hub Thill Spring,
MANUFACTURED BY
Butts & Ordway,
147, Pearl St., Boston
Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.

THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,

Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.

—FOR SALE AT—
Heard's Carriage Shop.

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

Mrs. and Miss Ayers, of Gorie, are visiting at Mr. Jos. Blackburn's.

If your watch will not go, take it to Russell, Flesherton, he will make it perfect.

A Toronto gent shot a fine buck about four miles from Flesherton one day last week.

Two dollars' worth for one dollar: The Advance and American Farmer for one year.

The general verdict that Russell, Flesherton, sells watches at terribly low prices. You should see them.

The Advance welcomes "Oben" home to its columns and grasps his digits with an affectionate grasp.

It will pay you to get your fall and winter boots, splendid stock, well made, prices right, at W. Clayton's.

Mr. Gardiner, of Mt. Forest, was in town during the past week endeavoring to form a court of the Independent Order of Foresters.

Keep your feet comfortable, dry and warm by buying your boots and shoes from Wm. Clayton.

If you would preserve your sight call at Russell's, Flesherton, and get a pair of those famous B. Laurance spex, the best in the world.

Rev. T.J. McClelland, of Shelburne, preached in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon last, exchanging pulpits with Rev. Mr. Emes.

Even if everyone else has failed to make your watch or clock go, take it to Russell's, Flesherton, he will make them go perfect or no pay.

If you want a pair of good boots or rubbers or foot wear of any kind, try Wm. Clayton.

In giving the names of the committee of management as elected at the last teacher's convention, held in Durham, we unintentionally omitted the name of Mr. Dixon.

R. J. Sproule sold the bankrupt stock of Mr Chas. Neil, late of Maxwell, at Munshaw's hotel on Friday last. Mr. Frank Bruce was the purchaser at 66½c. Mr Bruce purposes opening a store at Feversham.

Our Manitoba correspondent desires to know what became of the "confiding bird" which built its nest on Mr. Richardson's verandah some months ago. It hatched its little brood, unmolested, and and is now probably repeating the operation in the balmy tropics.

Have you read our great fall offering on the opposite page? Read it and choose your litreature. At the same time subscribe for a first class magazine, The Cosmopolitain, which only costs you one dollar and forty cents if you are a subscriber to The Advance. Our clubbing rates and premium offer this fall are something unheard of in journalism for the amount and choice of reading matter given, and those who do not take advantage of it now will wait until doomsday before they find a better. Roll in you subscriptions.

Felt boots, felt stockings, rubbers, overshoes, boots and shoes, selling cheap and good at Wm. Clayton's.

The Thornbury paper of last week misleads its readers by informing them that the Thornbury markets are away ahead of any of the surrounding towns, when, as a matter of fact, the Flesherton quotations of the same week showed them to be in advance of Thornbury quotations in every instance, with the single exception of oats, which were 24c and 25c in Flesherton, while they were marked 25c to 28c in the Thornbury paper. Twenty-five cents was the sum paid at both places, while in all other respects our market prices were superior to those of Thornbury.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents For sale at the Medical Hall.

There will be an auction sale of farm stock and implements at the residence of Mr. F. C. Bowers, lot, 33, con. 8, Artemesia, on Wednesday, Oct. 30, commencing at 1 p.m. R.J. Sproule, auctioneer. See bills.

One of our exchanges very aptly declares that those business men who daub up their letter heads and envelopes with a cheap rubber stamp, instead of doing the square thing by the printer and themselves, too, make nothing by it. Wholesale dealers and all large firms look with suspicion upon these nasty little daubs, and the man or concern who perpetrates them is rated accordingly. In commercial circles more importance is attached to styles of stationery used than some of our very economical friends imagine, and it is certainly a dead give-away on the standing of any business or professional man to practice this form of mistaken economy.

New Paper.

Wiarton is to have a second newspaper, to be called the Wiarton Encore. A Mr Isaac Post is projector of this enterprise. The new paper is expected to make its appearance this week.

Parlor Social.

The Ladies' Aid of the Flesherton Methodist Church will hold a parlor social at the residence of Mr. Jas. Beecroft on Friday evening next, Oct. 25 Everybody is invited to come and enjoy a pleasant evening of parlor games, refreshments, etc. Admission 15 cents. Tea from 8 to 9.

Barn Burned.

On Wednesday evening of last week the barn and contents belonging to Mr. Archibald McLean, Collingwood gravel, four miles east of Flesherton, was burned to the ground. Cause of fire unknown. Insurance will cover most of the loss. The barn contained 25 acres of grain, 10 acres of hay and the farm implements.

Send it Along

Our Mormon friends of Proton accuse us of refusing to print a reply which they allege was mailed to us from Dromore, in answer to the letters of "Anti-Mormon," which appeard in The Advance some weeks ago. The communication referred to never reached this office. We will be happy to accommodate the Mormon gentlemen with space in these columns, and informed some of them to this effect on the day of Artemesia fall show, but their reply has not yet been received.

Won The Prize.

It will be remembered that the E. G. Agricultural Society offered a prize of five dollars, which was generously donated by Mr. T. Kells, for the best essay on how to run a hundred acre farm. There were four essays entered for competition, which the directors decided to submit to Mr. Mills, of the Agricultural College, for his decision as to their merits. His reply was received last Saturday, awarding the prize to Mr. Joseph McArdle, of Hopeville.

Corrections.

The secretary of Artemesia Agricultural Society has forwarded us the following list of corrections to the prize list of the late show. The muddle was caused through errors of the judges in marking numbers. In draught horses – two year old colt, Mr. Burk 1st, J. A. McMillan 2nd. One year old colt, J. McMillan 1st, instead of C. McKinnon. Spring colt, Malcolm McInnis 2nd, instead of D. McDonald. General purpose span, H. McPherson instead of A. McKinnon. Brood mare, D. McArthur 2nd. Two year old colt, W. McMurdo 2nd. Hack horse, Joseph Cairns 1st, instead of G. Stewart.

Plowing Match.

The annual plowing match of the Artemesia Agricultural Society, held on the farm of Mr. Richard Whittaker, on the 4th con. of Artemesia, was very poorly attended, there being only four entries—three in the first class and one in the boys. To find a cause for this meagre attendance of plowmen would be hard. The fault did not lay with the directors, who were energetic in their endeavors to make the affair a success. The lack of interest exhibited has thrown a whole tankful of cold water on their spirits, and it is somewhat doubtful if they waste their time getting up another plowing match. This is a great pity, as it is something which should be encouraged. After the plowing was completed on Friday last, Mrs. Whittaker served up a fine supper to the plowmen and directors. Following were the prize winners: First class—Donald McLeod 1st, W. Burnett 2nd, Neil Sinclair 3rd. Third class—[illegible] McLean.

Lots of good horse blankets for sale at the Flesherton woollen factory.

The captain of the Flesherton baseball club desires to call a meeting on Saturday evening next, at 8 o'clock, in D. Clayton's harness shop. All are requested to attend.

To Rent.

One small store to rent, in the best business block in Flesherton; suitable for office or any business requiring only small storage; 12 ft. frontage; rent only $25 per year. Apply to J. E. Moore.

The Philanthropic Editor.

Judge David Davis is the author of the following timely remarks: Each year the local paper gives from $500 to $5,000 in free lines for the benefit of the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported, not because you may happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliant or crowded with great thoughts, but financially it is of more benefit to the community than the teacher or preacher. Understand us now, we do not mean morally or intellectually, but financially; and yet on the moral question you will find that the most of the local papers are on the right side of the question. To-day the editors of the local papers do the most work for the least money of any men on earth. Subscribe for your local paper, not as charity, but as an investment.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale at the Medical Hall

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Highest Market Price

in cash will be paid for any quality of

Hides, Sheep-Skins and Tallow.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton Tannery.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of A Cullen, lot 157, 2nd range west T. and S. R., about the first of August last, one year old steer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take him away. A. CULLEN.

FARM TO RENT.

For a term of years. Being lots No. 183 and 184, second range north of the T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing over fifty acres of cleared land, free from stone and mostly clear of stumps and well adapted for either grain or grazing purposes. Good chance for a good man. An inspection of the place solicited. Apply to T. H. POWERS, Kirby P.O., or to ANDREW CARR, Flesherton P.O., Ont.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twelve years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Post-Master General will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 15th November, 1889, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Durham and Flesherton Station, from the 1st January next. The conveyance to be made in a vehicle. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of Durham, Bunessan, Priceville, Flesherton Station and at this office.

A. G. HOPKIRK,
Post Office Inspector.

Post office Inspector's Office,
Stratford, 2nd October 1889.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P.O.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING,
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.

done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Came Astray.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, lot 135, Back Lane, west, on or about the middle of August last, one two year old heifer, white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take it away. WM. WRIGHT

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THE EMPIRE IS NOW

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As an inducement to place it in the hands of all PATRIOTIC CANADIANS the balance of present year will be given

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Making it only $1.70 for the Empire and Flesherton Advance, from now to the end of 1890.

IT PAYS TO

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, etc., address
C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

FARMERS! LOOK!

T. BLAKELY,
Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder.

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY,
Flesherton.

FARMERS! BUSINESS MEN! EVERYBODY

WANTING ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF

Harness,
Sleighbells,
Blankets,
Sleigh Robes,
Whips,
Circingles,
Trunks,
Valises,
Etc.,

SHOULD CALL ON ME.

Sleigh :: :: Robes,

The Saskatchewan Buffalo Robe, warm, durable, water and wind proof; new invention. White goat robe, very serviceable.

A MAGNIFICENT LOT OF NEW AND CHEAP

SLEIGHBELLS.

Just Examine our Stock, which is Larger than Ever.

WHIPS

In endless varieties and all prices

Axle Grease,
Hoof Ointment
& Harness Oil.

In all the above supplies I have a large stock, and my prices are low.

Those who go further will fare worse.

D. Clayton,

Flesherton

N. B.,—First class livery in connection.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps your niece, Miss Octavia, will favor us."

Miss Belinda replied in a deprecatory and uncertain murmur.

"I—am not sure. I really don't know. Perhaps—Octavia, my dear."

Octavia raised a smiling face.

"I don't play," she said. "I never learned."

"You don't play!" exclaimed Lady Theobald. "You don't play at all!"

"No," answered Octavia. "Not a note. And I think I am rather glad of it; because if I tried, I should be sure to do it worse than other people. I would rather," with unimpaired cheerfulness, "let some one else do it."

There were a few seconds of dead silence. A dozen people seated around her had heard. Miss Pilcher shuddered; Miss Belinda looked down; Mr. Francis Barold preserved an entirely unmoved countenance, the general impression being that he was very much shocked, and concealed his disgust with an effort.

"My dear," said Lady Theobald, with an air of much condescension and some grave pity, "I should advise you to learn. I can assure you that you find it a great source of pleasure."

"If you could assure me that my I would find it a great source of plea might begin," answered the mu young person, still cheerfully; " I am afraid they wouldn't."

It seemed that fate had marked disgrace. In half an hour from the she capped the climax of her indiscr

The evening being warm, the windows had been left open, and in one of them, she stopped a moment out at the brightly moonlit grounds.

Barold, who was with her, paused

"Looks rather nice, doesn't i said.

"Yes," she replied. "Suppose we on the terrace."

He laughed in an amused fashion not understand.

"Suppose we do," he said. "I that's a good idea!"

He laughed as he followed her.

"What amuses you so?" she inquired.

"Oh!" he replied. "I am merely thinking of Lady Theobald."

"Well," she commented, "I think it's rather disrespectful in you to laugh. Isn't it a lovely night? I didn't think you had such moonlight nights in England. What a night for a drive!"

"Is that one of the things you do in America—drive by moonlight?"

"Yes. Do you mean to say you don't do it in England?"

"Not often. Is it young ladies who drive by moonlight in America?"

"Well, you don't suppose they go alone, do you?" quite ironically. "Of course they have some one with them."

"Ah! Their papas?"

"No."

"Their mammas?"

"No."

"Their governesses, their uncles, their aunts?"

"No," with a little smile.

He smiled also.

"That is another good idea," he said. "You have a great many nice ideas in America."

She was silent a moment or so, swinging her fan slowly to and fro by its ribbon, and appearing to reflect.

"Does that mean," she said, at length, "that it wouldn't be considered proper in England?"

"I hope you won't hold me responsible for English fallacies," was his sole answer.

"I don't hold anybody responsible for them," she returned, with some spirit. "I don't care one thing about them."

"That is fortunate," he commented. "I am happy to say I don't, either. I take the liberty of pleasing myself. I find it pays best."

"Perhaps," she said, returning to the charge, "perhaps Lady Theobald will think *this* is improper."

He put his hand up and stroked his moustache lightly, without replying.

"But it is *not*," she added, emphatically; "it is *not!*"

"No," he admitted, with a touch of irony, "it is not."

"Are *you* any the worse for it?" she demanded.

"Well, really, I think not—as yet," he replied.

"Then we won't go in," she said, the smile returning to her lips again.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INVITATION.

In the meantime, Mr. Burmistone was improving his opportunities within doors. He had listened to the music with the most serious attention, and on its conclusion he had turned to Mrs. Burnham, and made himself very agreeable indeed. At length, however, he arose and sauntered across the room to a table at which Lucia Gaston chanced to be standing alone, having just been deserted by a young lady whose mamma had summoned her. She wore, Mr. Burmistone regretted to see as he advanced, a troubled and anxious expression—the truth being that she had a moment before remarked the exit of Miss Belinda's niece and her companion. It happened oddly that Mr. Burmistone's first words touched upon the subject of her thought. He began quite abruptly with it:

"It seems to me," he said, "that Miss Octavia Bassett———"

Lucia stopped him with a courage which surprised herself.

"Oh, if you please," she implored, "don't say anything unkind apout her!"

Mr. Burmistone looked down in her soft eyes with a good deal of feeling.

"I was not going to say anything unkind," he answered. "Why should I?"

"Everbody seems to find a reason for speaking severly of her," Lucy faltered. "I have heard so many unkind things to-night, that I am quite unhappy. I am sure—I am *sure* she is very candid and simple."

"Yes," answered Mr. Brimstone, "I am sure she is very candid and simple."

"Why should we expect her to be exactly like ourselves?" Lucia went on. "How can we be sure that our way is better than any other? Why should they be angry because her dress is so expensive and pretty? Indeed, I only wish I had such a dress. It is a thousand times prettier than any we ever wear. Look around the room, and see if it is not. And as to her not having learned to play on the piano or to speak French—why should she be obliged to do things she feels she would not be clever at? I am not clever, and have been a sort of slave all my life, and have been scolded and blamed for what I could not help at all, until I have felt as if I must be a criminal. How happy she must have been to be let alone!"

She had clasped her little hands, and though she spoke in a low voice, was quite impassioned in an unconscious way. Her brief girlish life had not been a very happy one, as may be easily imagined, and a glimpse of the liberty for which she had suffered roused her to a sense of her own wrongs.

"We are all cut out after the same pattern," she said. "We learn the same things, and wear the same dresses, one might say. What Lydia Egerton has been taught, I have been taught; and yet what two creatures could be more unlike each other, by nature, than we are?"

Mr. Burmistone glanced across the room at Miss Egerton. She was a fine robust young woman, with a high nose and a stolid expression of countenance.

"That is true," he remarked.

"We are afraid of everything," said Lucia, bitterly, "Lydia Egerton is afraid

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He could not have hit upon a luckier speech, and also he could not have uttered it more feelingly than he did. It helped her to recover herself, and gave her courage.

"There," she said with a slight catch of the breath, "does not that prove what I said to be true! I was afraid, the very moment I ceased to forget myself. I was afraid of you and myself. I have no courage at all."

"You will gain it in time," he said.

"I shall try to gain it," she answered. "I am nearly twenty, and it is time that I should learn to respect myself. I think it must be because I have no self-respect that I am such a coward."

It seemed that her resolution was to be tried immediately; for at that very moment Lady Theobald turned, and, recognizing the full significance of Lucia's position, was apparently struck temporarily dumb and motionless. When she recovered from the shock, she made a majestic gesture of command.

Mr. Burmistone glanced at the girl's face, and saw that it changed color a little. "Lady Theobald appears to wish to speak to you," he said.

Lucia left her seat, and walked across the room with a steady air. Lady Theobald did not remove her eye from her until she stopped within three feet of her. Then she asked a rather unnecessary question.

"With whom have you been conversing?"

"With Mr. Burmistone."

"Upon what subject?"

"We are speaking of Miss Octavia Bassett."

Her ladyship glanced around the room, as if a new idea had occurred to her and said:

"Where *is* Miss Octavia Bassett?"

Here it must be confessed that Lucia faltered.

"She is on the terrace with Mr. Barold."

"She is on——"

Her ladyship stopped short in the middle of her sentence. This was too much for her. She left Lucia, and crossed the room to Miss Belinda.

"Belinda," she said, in an awful undertone, "your neice is out upon the terrace with Mr. Barold. Perhaps it would be as well for you to intimate to her that in England it is not customary—that—Belinda, go and bring her in."

Miss Belinda arose, actually looking pale. She had been making such strenuous effort to converse with Miss Pilcher and Mrs. Burnham that she had been betrayed into forgetting her charge. She could scarcely believe her ears. She went to the open window and looked out, and then turned paler than before.

"Octavia, my dear," she said, faintly.

"Francis!" said Lady Theobald, over her shoulder.

Mr. Francis Barold turned a rather bored countenance towards them—but it was evidently not Octavia who had bored him.

"Octavia," said Miss Belinda, "how imprudent! In that thin dress—the night air! How could you, my dear, how could you?"

"Oh! I shall not catch cold," Octavia answered. "I am used to it. I have been out hours and hours, on moonlight nights, at home."

But she moved towards them.

"You must remember," said Lady Theobald, "that there are many things which may be done in America which would not be safe in England."

And she made the remark in an almost sepulchral tone of warning.

How Miss Belinda would have supported herself if the coach have not been announced at this juncture, it would be difficult to say. The coach was announced, and they took their departure. Mr. Barold happening to make his adieus at the same time, they were escorted by him down to the vehicle from the Blue Lion.

When he had assisted them in and closed the door, Octavia bent forward so that the moonlight fell full on her pretty, lace-covered head and the sparkling drops in her ears.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "if you stay here at all, you must come and see us. Aunt Belinda, ask him to come and see us."

Miss Belinda could scarcely speak.

"I shall be most—most happy," she fluttered, "Any—friend of dear Lady Theobald's, of course——"

"Don't forget," said Octavia, waving her hand.

The coach moved off, and Miss Belinda sank back into a dark corner.

"My dear," she gasped, "what will he think?"

Octavia was winding her lace scarf around her throat.

"He'll think I want him to call," she said, serenely. "And I do."

CHAPTER XIII.

INTENTIONS.

The position in which Lady Theobald found herself placed, after these occurrences, was certainly a difficult and unpleasant one. It was Mr. Francis Barold's caprice, for the time being, to develop an intimacy with Mr. Burmistone. He had, it seemed, chosen to become interested in him during their sojourn at Broadoaks. He had discovered him to be a desirable companion, and a clever, amiable fellow. This much he condescended to explain incidentally to her ladyship's self.

"I can't say I expected to meet a nice fellow or companionable fellow," he remarked, "and I was agreeably surprised to find him both. Never says too much or too little. Never bores a man."

To this Lady Theobald could make no reply. Singularly enough, she had discovered early in her acquaintance that her wonted weapons were likely to dull their edges upon the steely coldness of Mr. Francis Barold's impassibility. In the presence of this fortunate young man, before whom his world had bowed the knee from his tenderest infancy, she lost the majesty of her demeanor. He refused to be affected by it; he was even implacable enough to show openly that it bored him, and to insinuate by his manner that he did not intend to submit to it. He entirely ignored the claim of relationship, and acted according to the promptings of his own moods. He did not feel it at all incumbent upon him to remain at Oldclough Hall, and subject himself to the time-honored customs there in vogue. He preferred to accept Mr. Burmistone's invitation to become his guest at the handsome house he had just completed, in which he lived in bachelor splendor. Accordingly he installed himself there, and thereby complicated matters greatly.

Slowbridge found itself in a position as difficult and far more delicate, than Lady Theobald's. The tea-drinkings in honor of that troublesome young person, Miss Octavia Bassett, having been inaugurated by her ladyship, must go the social rounds, according to ancient custom. But what, in discretion's name, was to be done concering Mr. Francis Barold? There was no doubt whatever that he must not be ignored; and, in that case, what difficulties presented themselves!

The mamma of the two Misses Egerton, who was a nervous and easily subjugated person, was so excited and overwrought by the prospects before her that, in contemplating it when she wrote her invitations, she was affected to tears.

"I can assure you, Lydia," she said, "that I have not slept for three nights, I have been so harrassed. Here on one hand, is Mr. Francis Barold, who must be invited, and on the other hand is Mr. Burmistone whom we cannot pass over, and here is Lady Theobald, who will turn to stone the moment she sees him—though, goodness knows, I am sure he seems a very quiet, respectable man, and said some of the most complimentary things about your playing. And here is that dreadful girl, who is enough to give one cold chills, and who may do all sorts of dreadful things, and is certainly a living example to all respectable, well educated girls. And the blindest of the blind could see that nothing would offend Lady Theobald more fatally than to let her be thrown with Francis Barold: and how one is to invite them into the same room, and keep them apart, I'm sure I don't know. Lady Theobald herself could not do it, and how can we be expected to? And the refreshments on my mind, too, and Forbes failing on her tea-cakes, and bringing up Sally Lunns like lead."

That these misgivings were equally shared by each entertainer in prospective might be addduced from the fact that the same afternoon Mrs. Burnham and Miss Pilcher appeared upon the scene, to consult with Mrs. Egerton upon the subject.

Miss Lydia and Miss Violet being dismissed upstairs to their practising, the three ladies sat in the darkened parlor, and talked the matter over in solemn conclave.

"I have consulted Miss Pilcher, and mentioned the affair to Mrs. Gibson," announced Mrs. Burnham. "And really we have not yet been able to arrive at any conclusion."

Mrs. Egerton shook her head, tearfully.

"Pray don't come to me, my dears," she said,—"don't, I beg of you! I have thought about it until my circulation has all gone wrong, and Lydia has been applying hot-water bottles to my feet all morning. I gave it up at half-past two, and set Violet to writing invitations to one and all, let the consequences be what they may."

Miss Pilcher glanced at Mrs. Burnham, and Mrs. Burnham glanced at Miss Pilcher.

"Perhaps," Miss Pilcher suggested to her companion, "it would be as well for you to mention your impressions."

Mrs. Burnham's manner became additionally cautious. She bent forward slightly.

"My dear," she said, "has it struck you that Lady Theobald has any—intentions, so to speak?"

"Intentions!" repeated Mrs. Egerton.

"Yes," with deep significance. "So to speak. With regard to Lucia."

Mrs. Egerton looked utterly helpless

"Dear me!" she ejaculated, plaintively. "I have never had time to think of it. Dear me! With regard to Lucia!"

Mrs. Burnham became more significant still.

"*And*," she added, "Mr. Francis Barold."

Mrs. Egerton turned to Miss Pilcher, and saw confirmation of the fact in her countenance.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "That makes it worse than ever."

"It is certain," put in Miss Pilcher, "that the union would be a desirable one, and we have reason to remark that a deep interest in Mr. Francis Barold has been shown by Lady Theobald. He has been invited to make her house his home during his stay in Slowbridge, and though he has not done so, the fact that he has not is due only to some inexplicable reluctance upon his own part. And we all remember that Lady Theobald once plainly intimated that she anticipated Lucia forming, in the future, a matrimonial alliance."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Egerton, with some slight impatience, "it is all very well for Lady Theobald to have intentions for Lucia; but if the young man has none, I really don't that her intentions will be likely to result in anything particular. And I am sure Mr. Francis Barold is not in the mood to be influnced in that way now. He is more likely to entertain himself with Miss Octavia Bassett, who will take him out in the moonlight, and make herself agreeable to him in her American style."

Miss Pilcher and Mrs. Burnham exchanged glances again.

"My dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "he has called upon her twice since Lady Theobald's tea. They say she invites him herself, and flirts with him openly in the garden."

"Her conduct is such," said Miss Pilcher, with a shudder, "that the blinds upon th side of the seminary which faces Miss Bassett's garden are kept closed by my orders. I have young ladies under my care whose characters are in process of formation, and whose parents repose confidence in me."

"Nothing but my friendship for Belinda Bassett," remarked Mrs. Burnham, "would induce me to invite the girl to my house." Then she turned to Mrs. Egerton. "But—ahem—have you included them *all* in your invitation?" she observed.

Mrs. Egerton became plaintive again.

"I don't see how I could be expected to do anything else," she said. "Lady Theobald herself could not invite Mr. Francis Barold from Mr. Burmistone's house, and leave Mr. Burmistone at home. And after all, I must say it is my opinion nobody would have objected to Mr. Burmistone, in the first place, if Lady Theobald had not insisted upon it."

Mrs. Burnham reflected.

"Perhaps that is true," she admitted cautiously, at length. "And it must be confessed that a man in his position is not entirely without his advantages—particularly in a place where there are but few gentlemen, and those scarcely desirable as——"

She paused there, discreetly; but Mrs. Egerton was not so discreet.

"There are a great many young ladies in Slowbridge," she said, shaking her head. A great many! And with five in a family, all old enough to be out of a school, I am sure it is flying in the face of Providence to neglect one's opportunities."

When the two ladies took their departure, Mrs. Burnham seemed reflective. Finally she said:

"Poor Mrs. Egerton's mind is not what it was—and it never was remarkably strong. It must be admitted, too, that there is a lack of—of delicacy. Those great, plain girls of hers must be a trial to her."

As she spoke they were passing the privet hedge which surrounded Miss Bassett's house and garden; and a sound caused both to glance around. The front door had just been opened, and a gentlemen in neat clerical garb, his guileless ecclesiastical countenance suffused with mantling blushes of confusion and delight. He stopped on the gravel path to receive the last words of Miss Octavia Bassett, who stood on the threshold, smiling down upon him in the prettiest way in the world.

"Tuesday afternoon," she said. "Now don't forget, because I shall ask Mr. Barold and Miss Gaston, on purpose to play against us. Even St. James can't object to croquet."

"I—indeed I shall be *most* happy and—and delighted," stammered her departing guest, "if you will be so kind as to—to instruct me, and forgive my awkwardness."

"Oh! I'll instruct you," said Octavia. "I have instructed people before, and I know how."

Mrs. Burnham clutched Miss Pilcher's arm.

"Do you see who *that* is?" she demanded. "Would you have believed it?"

Miss Pilcher preserved a stony demeanor.

"I would believe anything of Miss Octavia Bassett," she replied, "There would be nothing at all remarkable to my mind in her flirting with the Bishop himself? Why should she hesitate to endeavour to entagle the curate of St. James?"

CHAPTER XIV.

A CLERICAL VISIT.

It was indeed true that the Rev. Arthur Poppleton had spent the greater part of his afternoon in Miss Octavia Bassett's front parlor, and that Octavia had entertained him in such a manner that he had been beguiled into forgetting his clerical visits he had intendid to make, and finally committed himself by a promise to return a day or two later to play croquet. His object in calling had been to request Miss Belinda's assistance in a parochial matter. His natural timorousness of nature had indeed led him to put off making the visit for as long a time as possible. The reports he had heard of Miss Octavia Bassett had inspired him with great dread. Consequently he had presented himself at Miss Belinda's front door with secret anguish.

"Will you say," he had faltered to Mary Anne, "that it is Mr. Poppleton, to see *Miss* Bassett—Miss *Belinda Bassett*?"

And then he had been handed into the parlor, the door had closed behind him, and he found himself shut up entirely alone in the room with Miss Octavia Bassett herself.

His first impulse was to turn, and flee precipitately; indeed, he even went so far as to turn, and clutch the handle of the door; but somehow, a second thought arrived in time to lead him to control himself.

This second thought came with his second glance at Octavia.

(To be Continued).

After all, the principal race troubles occur in paying the bets and walking home.

THE CHINESE MAIDEN.

Her skin was the color of saffron tea,
And her nose was as flat as flat could be,
And never were seen such beautiful eyes—
Two almond kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes
And not in the least disfigured by lashes.
An then such feet
You'd hardly meet
In the longest walk through the grandest street!
You might go seeking
From Naukin to Pekin
A pair so remarkably small and neat.

—*John G. Saxe.*

—When a young lady begins to manifest an interest in the arrangement of a young man's cravat he wants to be as careful as he can possibly be or he is gone.

"Won't you come into my parlor?
Was the spider's cordial cry.
"No, I thank you," said his hearer,
"Don't you see I, too, am fly?"

—Like many a young man, nature begins her fall by painting things red.

The Kendals made a great hit in "A Scrap of Paper" in New York on Monday evening. It was their first appearance in America and the public and critics have nothing but praise to bestow upon them.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Some idea of the magnitude of the four new States may be had when it is stated that their area is about equal to that of all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana combined, and about three times as great as the British Isles.

More than half of the $2,000,000 subscribed on behalf of the Johnstown sufferers is still in the hands of the State Flood Relief Commission, and its members are at this late day discussing how best to distribute the fund while the people are suffering for the lack of the common necessaries of life. This Commission might easily take the first prize for incompetency at any township fair.

The total population of Spanish America including the West Indies and Brazil, is nearly equal to that of the United States being over 50,000,000, of whom not less than 5 per cent. are European subjects and not over 3,000 natives of the United States. There are about 500,000 savage Indians, confined to the interior of the continent of South America, and a few small tribes in Central America, numbering not more than 5,000 all told. Thus nearly every inhabitant of the two continents of Central and South America and the Antilles is a contributor, directly or indirectly, to the exports of the country in which he lives, and to a degree a consumer of imported merchandise.

Obscure and seemingly unimportant paragraphs and cablegrams are frequently finding their way into public print that in Crete the Christians are being persecuted by the unspeakable Turk. Particulars are seldom given, but it is known that horrible atrocities are from time to time perpetrated upon the unhappy people. To-day's cable contains the statement that further outrages have been committed. It is a queer commentary upon the boasted civilization of the 19th century that the European powers should quietly stand by while the cries of the people are so loud and despairing. Would that one-tenth the energy displayed in this country by Christian people in defaming one another were diverted to the succor of their brethren of Crete.

The Maritime Congress which is to open its sessions in Washington on the 16th inst., although lost sight of by the public in the commotion caused by the assembling of the Pan-American Congress, is one of great importance and more than likely will result in more practical benefit to the world than the other. The principal subjects for discussion will be: Marine signals in heavy weather and at night; restriction of draught for loaded vessels—a subject insisted upon by Great Britain, where such a restriction already prevails; the designation and marking of vessels; life-saving appliances and methods; qualifications for officers and seamen; lanes for ocean steamers on frequented routes; storm warnings; reporting and moving of wrecks and obstructions of navigation; uniformity in the system of buoys and beacons, and the establishment of a permanent international maritime commission. The Congress might also, if possible, adopt some means to stop the racing of the Atlantic liners across the ocean. They have already received warning of its dangers, but something more than warning is needed if calamity would be prevented.

A Good Samaritan.

I said, "Where are you going, Mr.——?" He said, "You know my old friend, Mr.——, in Hamilton." I said "yes." "Well," he said, "he has been sick for a long time, and had to put a mortgage on his place last fall, thinking he would be well enough to pay it off by the time it came due. Poor fellow, he is about dead, and the mortgage due, and if the place is sold the family will be turned out of doors. I just thought I would run down this morning and cheer him up a little as he was leaving, that I would pay up that mortgage so he would know that his family would be comfortable when he was gone." He continued, "Our folks are building a big church and they wanted me awful bad to give them a big subscription; but I thought I could do the Master's work better in this way. I suppose they would be disappointed." And with that he left me for we were at Hamilton. "Well, I said to myself again, after he left, "that is a good man. I wish we had more like him. Still, he hasn't much of an eye to business, for it's a poor way to advertise. If he had given the money to the church he might have had his name in every paper from one end of Canada to the other and just what business he was carrying on and what an awful good man he was."—"*Tramp*" *in the Woodstock Sentinel-Review.*

Had Had Experience.

Lawyer—"Do you understand the nature of an oath, madam?"

Witness—"Well, I should say I did. My husband took off the screens yesterday, and is putting up the stovepipes to-day."

After a Curtain Lecture.

"Joe, your wife looks as fresh as a morning glory."

"I wish she was a morning glory."

"Why so, Joe?"

"Because she'd shut up at night."

Very Verdant.

Hiram—I thought that if I lay down in the grass you couldn't find me.

City cousin (who had been hunting for him)—I did find it hard to distinguish you. The grass is so green.

Even the old-time suggestion of compelling railroad directors to ride on the cow-catcher of a locomotive, in order that their presence might insure the exercise of greater care by the train hands, would hardly avail in these days of recklessness and blundering. In the case of two recent accidents prominent railroad officials were among the passengers; and in one case their private car formed part of the equipment of the train. Evidently some more heroic remedy will have to be applied.

Gussie Cottlow, the musical prodigy of Chicago, is eleven years old. She played by ear at the age of 3, and at 4 by note. She is a prepossessing child of average height and size.

THE ABUSE OF ENGLISH.

An Occupation in Which More Than Press Writers Engage.

THE STUDY OF LITERARY STYLE.

Authors for Students' Reading—Examples of Everyday Errors.

Authors and tutors occasionally indulge in criticism of what they are pleased to call "Newspaper English," having reference, of course, to the frequency with which writers for the daily press furnish examples of etymological and syntactical errors, and none will more promptly and penitently cry *peccavi* than the writer for the daily press, whose manuscript is frequently prepared under circumstances and conditions which render any near approach to perfection impossible, and which subordinate elegance of style and etymological exactness to rapidity and brevity. But admitting all that is charged against the work of the writers for the daily press, can it be said that their censors are as a rule faultless and worthy exemplars? Is the English of the average novelist or magazine writer, who with ample leisure prepares his copy and revises and re-revises his proofs, so perfect as to be invulnerable to critical assaults? Are even our standard English classics so free from gross blunders as to elevate their authors to a plane of literary infallibility? Few who have studied them carefully will make such a claim.

FEW MASTERS OF ENGLISH.

With all our boasted educational facilities we have few masters of English composition and literary style. A French writer, quoted by Colton, has said truly: "To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years; but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life." Only a few years of the average man's life can, in the nature of things, be devoted to school, and when his efforts and energies are divided up and, as in too many cases, frittered away in acquiring a smattering of two or three other languages, it is scarcely to be wondered why our youths have such a superficial acquaintance with their mother tongue. But that study need not and should not come to a period with our school days. It should continue through life. The critical habit should be encouraged and cultivated. Our reading should be thoughtfully done, even if we do less of it. The great lack of the age is lack of thought. We may read omniverously without deriving much benefit therefrom; it is what we comprehend analytically, what we assimilate, that benefits us. Perhaps if we read less and thought more we would be a wiser people.

THE ACQUISITION OF LITERARY STYLE.

Literary style is an acquired art, and acquirable only in a high degree where there is a natural aptitude. But the worst of literary style may be improved by a course of thoughtful reading of the best authors. No young man or woman can fail to derive benefit from devoting his or her winter evenings to a careful and thoughtful study of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Literary Style," Mathews' "Words, Their Use and Abuse," Trench "On the Study of Words," and kindred works, supplemented by the reading of a few good English classics. If the object of acquiring the facility of putting similar thoughts into similarly elegant sentences be kept in view the author's style will in a greater or less degree become that of the student. Would you familiarize yourself with elaborate and exhaustive sentences, whose propositions are each a rapier of logical attack and defence, and whose central idea is as a fortified city? Read Locke. Would you cultivate the sledge-hammer style in which the pent-up feelings find utterance in spasmodic and ejaculatory phrases overflowing with soul and energy? Read the works of that prince of iconoclastic invective and detester of shams and pretences, Carlyle. Would you cultivate the expression of great thoughts in few and unimposing words yet with the pathos and power which thrills and conquers? Read Shakespeare, Burns, Martin Tupper. Do you admire smooth, incisive, epigrammatic sentences in which each word is a thought and each indispensable? Read Emerson. Are you an admirer of that perspicuity of style, syntactical arrangement of words and grouping of thoughts which give point to wit and polish and force to argument? Read Spencer, Whately, Paley, Huxley, Max Muller, Burke, Mill, Newton. Do you love narrative? Read the histories of Knight, Macaulay, Hume, Guizot, Green, Parkman, Bancrofs. And in your reading pass no word of the significance of which in the relation in which it is employed you are doubtful. Mark the power which a discriminating use of language gives an author. Test words by the substitution of what you may have supposed to be synomyms; reconstruct the sentences and note the gain or loss of power and point, and you will not fail to discover that in the vast majority of cases there is always one best and most expressive word, one most pungent and effective style.

THE PRESS AND ITS CRITICS.

The errors common to writers for the daily press are not in any sense peculiar to them. Indeed if the contributions of many of their censors were published without the kind supervision of editor and proofreader their authors' title to models of etymological and syntactical perfection would not be worth five minutes' purchase, while such trivial matters as punctuation, capitalization and paragraphing would seem to have been altogether too insignificant to engage their attention. It has fallen to my lot to handle a good deal of copy from severe and caustic critics of "newspaper English," and little of it there was that did not run deeply in debt to editorial Good Samaritanism.

But while literary style cannot be acquired save by careful and continued study and practice, there are many common errors in the use of words which might be corrected without the expenditure of much effort. They are in many cases the result of unconscious imitation; in some they arise from a misunderstanding of certain words misapplied. In almost every case to direct the attention of the writer to the error is to correct it; to fix the signification of the word in his mind is to prevent its repetition.

EXAMPLES OF COMMON ERRORS.

Words like "either," "neither," "betwixt," "between," "whether," "alternative," etc., are frequently misused. Many writers lose sight of the fact that they are applicable only in speaking of two subjects. "Either of the three" would be grossly incorrect, but not more so than to speak of "a race between three horses,' or "a battle betwixt five swordsmen," or "three alternatives." "Between" applies properly to only two parties, while "among" denotes a mass or collection of things and always supposes more than two. You do not divide an apple "among" two persons, but "between" them; prize money is not divided "between" a crew but "among" them. "Either" and "neither" also apply only to one of two things or groups, yet frequently both in speaking and writing they are misused. In their pronunciation, too, these words give rise to differences of opinion, although of "either" Webster says, "Analogy, as well as the best and most general usage is decidedly in favor of ether." "Alternative" denotes a choice restricted to one of two things, yet some are guilty of the literary offence of referring to three proposed lines of action as "three alternatives"! Perhaps no word in the language is more indiscriminately used and abused than "splendid." I meet with it everywhere. It is a "splendid" day; the speaker was "splendid"; the wine at the banquet was "splendid"; he is in "splendid" health; I hear of "splendid" piano playing, a lady in "splendid" voice, a "splendid" menu, a "splendid" horse race, and a ball fielder who makes "splendid" catches. "Splendid" is a good word, appropriate and expressive in certain relations, but there is a limit to its applicability which is very frequently exceeded. "Mutual" is another much abused word, even by writers like Pope and Dickens. It is in meaning "reciprocal," and implies an interchange of the thing referred to; hence it is quite proper to speak of "mutual" friendship, whereas "our mutual friend" is a palpable absurdity which even the authority of Dickens cannot justify. "Partially," which is properly the opposite of "impartially," is now frequently employed where "partly" is meant, and in such sense has obtained a measure of recognition; but there is no excuse for its substitution for "partly" as expressive of in part, in some measure or degree. Some highflying writers, too, never allow a person to eat his dinner; he must "partake" of it; and it matters not whether he eats as one of a company or alone, whether he takes part of what is set before him or clears the table, they make him "partake" just the same, regardless of the plain meaning of the words. I have a suspicion that "partaker" is also responsible for the "salesladies" and "salesgents" who wait on "persons" who go shopping.

"Apparent" is another word that is much abused. It is often employed when the context leaves no doubt that "obvious" or "evident" as opposed to "seeming" was meant. "Evidence," too, is used where "testimony" should be the word chosen, and many persons speak of being "aggravated" when they are simply "irritated," an error, of course, unless their normal condition was bad. To "aggravate" is to make worse or less tolerable. "Restive" is frequently used when it is desired to express the very opposite condition and when "restless" should be employed. "Less" is very commonly, but erroneously, substituted for "fewer," and vice versa; and "quantity" and "number" are confounded. To speak of property "appreciating" in value is to use an Americanism, but one which has now obtained general currency. "Anticipate" is sometimes erroneously used as a synonym for "expect" or "hope." It means "to take beforehand," and indicates a foretasting, foreseeing, taking into the mind a conception of the future. Although interchangeable in some situations it is not synonymous with "expect," which is generally the stronger word. "Plead" for "pleaded" is in inexcusably bad taste. "Full complement" is a common tautological blunder and is equivalent to saying a "round circle,' a "three cornered triangle."

THE BEST WRITERS ERR.

"But that" and "but what" used for "that" are found in the works of writers of some note. Even Trench says: He never doubts but that he knows their intention." The "but" is just as useless as the buttons on the back of the waist of a man's coat, and much less ornamental. "I have got" so and so is a common expression and in nine out of ten cases the "got" is a superfluity. "Further" and "farther" are often misused. It should be borne in mind that if you cannot follow a friend "further" in an argument you may be able to see him "farther" on his journey homeward. A like discrimination is to be observed in the use of the word "differ." I may "differ with" my friend on a matter of opinion, yet "differ from" him in complexion, stature, etc., with perfect propriety. "A couple of weeks ago," is neither as good English nor as brief as "two weeks ago." Do not say "a year since" when you mean "a year ago." "View of" and "view to" are frequently misplaced. I may obtain an excellent "view of" the city from the mountain top, yet I may climb the steep with a "view to" enjoying the fresh air and exercise. "Should" and "would" demand more space than can here be devoted to them. The "ought" idea attaches to the former and that of determination, volition, desire, to the latter. Do not use "stop" when you mean "stay," or "stopping" for "staying," "except" for "unless," or "folks" when you mean "folk." Distinguish between words expressive of actions or causes and effects or consequences. The man who writing of a case of suicide by morphia said: "The somnolent effects of the narcotic became early apparent," probably meant to refer to the soporific effects of the drug producing somnolence. But he was beyond his depth. Do not use the word "whole" when you mean "all," and do not say a speaker "alluded" to some subject to which he referred directly and at length.

The field is large, and I might multiply examples of common errors in the use of words and write volumes on literary style. The study is one that will amply recompense the student, and none who aspire to success in any literary pursuit can afford to neglect it. Max Muller says: "Language and thought are inseparable. To think is to speak low; to speak is to think aloud. The word is the thought incarnate." Coke says: "Syllables govern the world." Southey says: "It is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn." Locke says: "If a gentleman be to study language at all it should be that of his own country." In these days of colloquialisms, slang and literary rubbish, no more profitable study than that of literary style, the expression of thought concisely and incisively in pure English, the subtle distinctions in words, can be recommended to young people.

MASQUETTE.

Tall Chimneys.

The tallest chimney in the United States though, is claimed by Kearney, near Newark, N. J., it being 335 feet high, 28 feet in diameter at the base, and containing not less than 1,697,000 bricks A writer in the Boston *Globe* states, however, that enormous as some of the American smoke shafts are, they are but pigmies beside those in the "Old Country." Scotch and English chimneys, it seems, are famous for their cloud reaching peculiarities. At the Dobson & Barlow mills, Bolton, England, there is an octagon stack, 369½ feet in height and over 33 feet in diameter at the base. Glasgow, Scotland, is famous for its tall chimneys. Tennant & Co. have one which runs up 455½ feet, with a base of thirty feet, while the great Townshend stack, in the same city, towers 468 feet into the air from the foundation, with a big base measuring 32 feet in diameter. This is generally spoken of as the tallest chimney in the world, although the men of Paisley declare that they have one 500 feet high. In Halifax, England, there is an octagon tower rising 381 feet, with a base of 30 feet, and weighing 10,000 tons. In Bradford there is a stone shaft rising 300 feet above the ground, being nine feet at the summit. At the shell foundry of Woolwich Arsenal there is a chimney 223 feet above the ground and 16 feet below it, with a Portland stone cap weighing seventeen tons. The West Cumberland Iron Works have one 251 feet high, and at the Dundee Linen Works there is one rising 282 feet from the ground. At the Edinburgh gas works there is one rising 341 feet into the air, and Haddersfield has a circular shaft of 321 feet. In France the tallest smokestacks are built of iron, the most notable being two at the Creusot works, one being 197 feet high, and the other 279 feet. Liverpool, too, has one cloud toucher in the shape of a chimney at Musprat's works 406 feet high.

Taken by themselves, these altitudes do not perhaps, convey any very striking ideal to the reader, but when placed in comparison with the height of other structures it will be seen that they rank among the highest constructions of the world.

An Anglo-Saxon South.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* corrects a statement in the *Record* ascribing a Latin origin to a majority of the white people in the Southern States, and with some asperity professes its astonishment that "a paper of the standing of the *Record* should be so far off." By way of comment the *Times-Democrat* makes some interesting observations which are worth reprinting. It says: There is some French blood in Louisiana and some little Latin blood in South Carolina, Florida and Texas, but, with the exception of Louisiana, this Latin element forms an infinitesimal portion of the white population. New England with its large French Canadian population, is infinitely more Latin to-day than any Southern State, with this single exception. As a matter of fact the South is now the most Anglo-Saxon portion of the country, the English element being infinitely larger in Virginia, the two Carolinas and Georgia, than anywhere north of the line, where the large immigration of late years has completely changed the character of the population. New England, originally nearly pure English has altogether changed in the last forty years. To-day Boston is essentially an Irish city, while the French Canadian influence already predominates in many manufacturing towns, and is growing stronger. Only a short time ago one of the most prominent New Englanders traveling in the South, was somewhat surprised to find the people so purely Anglo Saxon in race, and came rightly to the conclusion that the original Americans, the descendants of the men who founded and established this Republic, were to be found to-day unmixed with any other race in this portion of the country.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Open Season.

College graduate—When does the hunting season open, father?

Hard headead father—Right away, son. You had better start out to-day and hunt up a job and earn enough to pay your board.

Dyed to Die.

Laura—How beautifully Miss Van Ger the tragedienne, dies.

Jack—Yes, I noticed that her hair was yellow in the second act and red in the third.

—"I hear sugar trust certificates are very unsteady." "Yes, they've taken a drop too much."

Speaking before a meeting of Methodist ministers, Bishop Fowler told of a new heathen temple in the northern part of Japan. It was of enormous size, and the timbers for the temple from their mountain homes were hauled up to the temple and put in place by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An edict went forth calling for the long hair of the women of the province, and two ropes were made from these tresses—one 17 inches in circumference and 1,400 feet long, and the other 10 to 11 inches around and 2,600 feet long.

Spurgeon, the eminent Baptist preacher, never makes any preparation for a sermon. It is his habit to choose some text Saturday evening to be used on the morrow. Thirty minutes, and no longer, he devotes to looking up references. On these references he jots down a few notes, and with nothing else at hand he steps into his pulpit on Sunday morning without manuscript or thought of his text other than that given it during the half-hour's study of the previous evening.

ARE BLINKERS HURTFUL?

Reasons Why They Harm Instead of Benefit Horses That Wear Them.

When a horse is used for the saddle no one thinks of meddling with his eyes, and we allow the animal to use them freely, as nature has directed. But no sooner do we put the same animal into harness than we think ourselves bound to fasten a black leather flap over each of his eyes, so as to prevent him from seeing objects at his sides, and to limit his view to those which are in his immediate front. This is done with the very best intentions, the object being to save him from being frightened by startling and unwonted sights, and only to leave a sufficiency of vision wherewith to guide his steps. Herein, as in feeding and stabling the horse, man judges the animal by himself, forgetting, or rather having failed to notice, that the eyes of the horse are exceedingly unlike our own. Our eyes are set in the front of our heads, so that if blinkers were fastened to our temples our range of vision would be but slightly limited. But the eyes of the horse are placed on the sides of the head, and are rather prominent, so that the animal cannot only see on either side, but by rolling his eyes backwards, as we see in a vicious horse, can see objects almost in his immediate rear. The effect of the blinker is both physically and mentally injurious to the horse. In the first place, especially when large and brought near the eyes, it has the effect of heating them and hindering the free passage of air over them. In the next place, it causes the eyes to be always directed forward, and thus produces a most injurious strain on the delicate muscles. We know how painful a sensation is felt when we are obliged to strain our eyes either backward or upward any length of time, and the horse suffers no less inconvenience when it is forced to keep its eyes continually strained forward.

The worst example of the blinkers that I have ever seen was in the United States, where the blinkers (or "blinders" as they are there named) are often brought so closely together in front by means of a strap and a buckle that a mere narrow strip barely half an inch in width is left for vision. This again is done with the best intentions, the object being to save the animal from being afflicted with snow blindness. Now the horse's eyes are in many respects different from our own, and are not affected, as is the case with ours, by the vast expanses of dazzling snow which are rendered even more dazzling by the clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine of America. One of its safeguards lies in the remarkable structure which is properly termed the "haw," and scientifically the "nictitating membrane." This is a sort of a third eyelid set beneath the true eyelids, and capable of being drawn at will over the eyeball, thus performing the double duty of shielding the eye from the direct glare of light and clearing the surface from dust and any other foreign substance. This membrane is seen in perfection in the birds of prey, so that the proverbial statement that the eagle trains itself to gaze at the midday sun has some foundation in fact.—*Public Opinion.*

The Friendship of Men.

If you want a friend who is beyond the reach of envy, of mistrust, of influence, of all those sordid influences which mar and break the friendly tie, you will not find him in the flesh and blood. I write "him" advisedly, because friendships of the platonic kind, in which the opposite sex forms a party to the contract, are not lasting. If pure friendships, or more specifically, platonic love, were possible it would be a delightful relaxation for the highly [illegible] because it is

Where He Stamped.

"You seem at home here," remarked a man at the post-office to the Postmaster.

"Yes," replied the latter, "this my stamping ground."

—A smooth talker doesn't always tell the plain truth.

YE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

He can trace the radius vector
With a geometric sector,
And can give the moon's diameter in feet
He can analyze the arum,
Classify the coptic carum;
But he cannot tell a cabbage from a beet.

—There is always a job around here for the man who laughs.

—When a man "gives himself away" he naturally loses his self-possession.

LISTEN, YOUNG MAN.

He that courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he that weds and courts girls still
May get to court against his will.

—It is hard to make the ice man see the error of his weigh.

Mrs. Pancake, to tramp—"Well, what do you want?" Tramp—"Here, mum, is der pie I stold off yer window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 't ain't hurt any."

A STORM ON THE DESERT.

Wild Scenes on the Great Sahara in Africa.

(New York Mail and Express.)

Under the fairest skies the desert is an awesome solitude, but when a storm comes it is terrible and appalling. I shall never forget a scene I witnessed some forty miles beyond the great pyramids. I had gained an isolated hillock, some 200 feet above the level of the surrounding desert. Away to the west, about two miles distant, I descried six or seven lofty pillars of sand moving swiftly over the undulating plain. The centre one of these was vertical, and those surrounding it at a distance of 200 or 300 yards leaned slightly toward it. The sand at the base of the columns was lashed by the furious whirlwind into a surging sea. Desert trees of the hardest wood were torn up with their roots and hurled hundred of yards away and high up into the air; even the grass that grew in the path of that terrible storm was shorn clear away from its roots. The summits of those columns of sand at length joined and then burst forth from their united tops a yellow gigantic cloud of sand of such magnitude and density as to darken, as in a total eclipse, the face of the bright afternoon sun. The sand spout, called by the natives "zobahah," shortly after subsided, but the cloud of sand and grass, which had been raised high in the heavens, continued to darken the setting sun for more than another hour. The smaller column behind traveled swiftly, increasing in size, until it reached the site of the break up of the other, and then added its mite to the universal destruction.

With my sextant, as I stood in security, I measured the height of the centre column of sand; it was nearly 1,000 feet. The other columns were rising so rapidly that they soon reached a height greater than that of the centre column. When the junction of them all took place the sudden eruption of sand, leaves and grass reached to a total height of over 4,000 feet. These "zobahahs" are not very frequent, but when they occur they carry widespread devastation along with them, and woe betide the traveller and the tent that happen to stand in their way. Not more than ten yards from the column the air is perfectly calm, but within the small circumscribing circle there rages such a tempest as will carry away anything, however firmly fixed in the ground, into the regions of the upper air as easily as an ordinary gust of wind will blow a piece of paper. The camel, this wonderful ship of the desert, always knows a few hours before whether one of those approaching "zobahahs" is likely to come upon him, and his natural instinct will guide him to a place of safety, where he lies down and only breathes the cool, reactive current which closely follows the burning, almost suffocating, hot air which accompanies the "zobahahs." The usual movement of these sand spouts is in the arc of a wide circle, and the direction of the centre of the circle is almost invariably from south to north.

When these awful turmoils are over, and the disturbing elements have resumed their normal state, the burning sand becomes saturated with a heavy dew, the sun is less angry, and the African desert more amenable to life in both men and beasts. Nature's wisdom and wonders are indeed beyond man's limited understanding.

They Need Nerve.

"Engineers at rest, sitting in the narrow cabs of their engines, lying at the depot waiting for the signal to start, often look to be a sleepy set of fellows," said the man the other night who runs the limited to Alliance. "Do you know," he continued, addressing a reporter, "that engineers are always wide awake when they seem to be indifferent to events happening around them? There are few things that escape their vigilant eyes. Many people have an idea that engineers 'go it blind' and trust entirely to the block system and the acuteness of good telegraph operators, but if they did this there would be wrecks and lives lost every day.

'A good engineer is always on the lookout. We see plenty of things ahead of us that harrow our nerves and make the hair stand up straight, but as long as the passengers behind us don't know it, and we all escape uninjured, we heave a sigh of relief and say nothing. I tell you, it is no easy matter to hold a throttle, shoot around sharp curves and watch for obstructions. An engineer looks down for a moment at the connecting rods of the locomotive, moving backward and forward with lightning-like rapidity. He doesn't know at what minute a pin may break and one of the rods knock his brains out as he leans out of the cab.

"We have to make schedule time; the road is full of curves, and we are likely to bang into these trains as we pass them. Little do people know how rasping it is on the nerves to be continually making narrow escapes, and yet one invariably feels that some day he is bound to 'get it in the neck.' It is the uncertainty of the business that is so trying."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

On the Eiffel Tower.

Mother and the girls, ecstatically—My; isn't it high?

Popper, in a gloom that reaches to the base of the tower — Well, what of it? Have you seen anything in Paris this summer that wasn't high?

It is officially stated that the almost futile campaign conducted by Italy in Abyssinia cost King Humbert's Government upwards of 20,000,000 francs.

Seventy houses were burned in the village of Stettin, near Wuerzburg yesterday. Many persons were injured and a large number are homeless.

At Gen. Boulanger's request, MM. Deroulede and Naquet have abandoned their proposed visit to Jersey. This indicates that the General desires to drop the agitation.

The steamer La Bourgogne, which arrived yesterday at New York, brought Millet's picture, "Angelus," recently purchased for the American Art Association for $100,000.

M. Spuller, Minister of Foreign Affairs, unveiled a monument at Epinouse to-day in memory of Gambetta's escape from Paris in a balloon during the Prussian seige.

Prince Dolgouriki, who yesterday attempted to hold a requiem for Russians killed in war, with the object of making the ceremony a Russian demonstration, has fled to Belgrade.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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Good stabling for horses

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts at rockbottom prices

Cured Meats, Bologona.

Mixed bird seed

Pure prepared Corn.

General assortment of canned goods

CHOICE HONEY

CONFECTIONERY of all kinds

ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR, always on hand.

Remember the place, next do ? to M. Richardson & Co's.

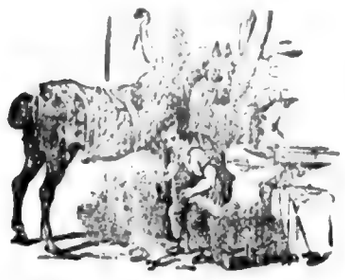

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HORSESHOER AND

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Collingwood Street,

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Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Demoerats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract d or tender feet

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

FLESHERTON

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Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,

Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,

Nurserymen, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale at the Medical Hall.

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It will be a liberal education to every member of the household. It will make the nights pass pleasantly. It will give you more for the money than you can obtain in any other form. Do you want a first-class magazine, giving annually 1856 pages by the ablest writers, with more than 1500 illustrations, by the cleverest artists—as readable a Magazine as money can make—a Magazine that makes a specialty of live subjects?

"The marvel is how the publishers can give so much for the money."—Philadelphia Evening Call

Send $2.40 to this office, and secure both The Cosmopolitan and The Advance.

AUCTION SALE

OF

Valuable Church Property.

The undersigned has received instructions from the trustees of the Methodist church of the Eugenia mission, to sell by public auction, on Saturday, the 26th October, 1889, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Methodist church, known as the Hodgson church, situated on the south eastern corner of lot No. 7, Con. 3rd, township of Euphrasia, about 2 miles from Kimberley.

All and singular that valuable church and property and church fittings, etc., consisting in part of 1 heating stove and pipes, 1 pulpit, a quantity of lumber, used as seats; some stove wood, lamps, &c., &c

The property may be better known as being composed of a part of, and situated on the south-eastern corner of lot 7, concession 3rd, township of Euphrasia, and county Grey, containing one acre square, be the same more or less, and on which there is erected one substantial frame church, about 24x36 and sided outside.

Terms for fittings, lumber, &c., cash. Terms for church and property, ¼ of the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, and a further sum to make with said deposit half of purchase for balance. Terms liberal, and will be made known day of sale.

This is a rare opportunity for any persons building or contemplating building a church or other edifice, to secure the fittings and a quantity of material cheap, as all will be sold without reserve, this appointment having been abandoned. R. J. SPROULE, Auctioneer.

Ettie.

POOL.—Died, at Lady Bank, on Wednesday, Oct. 2, Ettie Pool.

When the harvest moon was shining,
And the autumn winds blew cold;
And a mystic hand was painting,
Forest leaves in shades untold;
Then it was, as nature faded,
That our little Ettie bright,
Droped, then fell, like a sweet blossom,
In the cold grave from our sight.

Drear is life around the mother,
Since her darling baby died;
Empty cradle, little dresses,
Tearfully are laid aside;
For she never more shall need them,
Or her parents' loving care;
Angel forms do now attend her
In the city over there.

Could they but have seen her spirit
As it reached the shining strand,
Heard the joyous song of "Welcome,"
From that glorious angel band.
Ah! methinks they'd cease from weeping
And submissively would say,—
"Blessed be the Lord who giveth
Blessed He who takes away."

She will never know the sorrow
Of life's dark and toilsome way
Never feel the heavy burdens
We oft' bear from day to day:
No! she was but sent to cheer us
For a few short months below;
Budded here to bloom in Heaven,
And in richer beauty grow.

Sweetest Ettie! precious blossom!
Though we miss thy form so dear,
Yet we would not wish to call thee
Back to this cold world of care:
But if faithful to the Master,
Till life's closing hour shall come,
We shall meet thee and forever,
Dwell in that celestial home.

LIZZIE COOPER

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

Meaford shipped in the neighborhood of 15,000 baskets of plums this fall.

The new Collingwood general and marine hospital is to be opened to day.

On Saturday night or Sunday morning, the office of A. Cochrane was entered by a back window and the safe unlocked and about $9 in cash taken. Nothing was disturbed except the money and the safe locked up again. Mr. Cochrane thinks the thief is a local one.—[Review.

The children of Wm. Lett near Kingston chased a large snake carrying a bird, and rescued the songster. Then the snake pursued the little folk, and they had to mount a stump for protection. The snake raced around the stump, spitting fury at them. A neighbor heard the cries of the children, went to their rescue, and after great trouble killed the reptile, one of the largest ever seen in the neighborhood.

The Cambria Critic says:—Editing a newspaper in a country town is at all times a trying occupation, and the utter absence of news about Cambria of late makes it doubly so. But how do our readers expect us out here, 40 miles from a railroad, 10 miles from a steamer landing, 40 miles from a city, millions of miles from heaven, two miles from the devil and only 50 yards from a whiskey shop, to get out a newsy and interesting paper?

A daughter of Mr. Edward Hutton, of the Durham Road, received so severe a cut in the forehead last Friday that Dr. McNamara had to be sent for to stitch up the wound. The damage is said to have been caused by Hutton himself, who threw a stick of firewood at his wife, but missing its mark it struck the child. This is not the first time that he has so conducted himself towards his wife and family. It is tolerably certain that if he persists he will find himself in the cooler ere long. Too much whisky has brought him pretty low.—[Durham Chronicle.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

STUARTSVILLE, P. Q., May 3, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen,—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for Spavins and also in a case of lameness and Stiff Joints and found it a sure cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

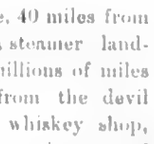

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES J BLACKALL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,

I. F. WILKINSON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any signs of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,

E. J. O'KEEFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors,

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Custom work to order.

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Photos, Photos, Photos.

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THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

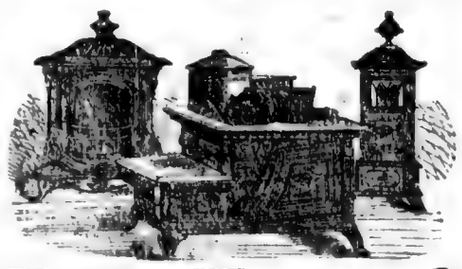

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HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 435. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, PROPRIETOR.

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BY BUYING WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC,

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We have just received our fall stock from R. Russell of Hamilton, consisting of **Gold and Silver Watches**, of all grades and quality. **Brooches, Barpins, Chains Cuff Buttons, Rings, Etc. A 1 18 K. Wedding Rings,** manufactured especially for our own trade. Weight and quality guaranteed. We bought these goods at prices well away down, and if you want bargains, don't fail to call. Sole agents for the **Famous B. Laurence Spectacles**, the best in the world. All repairing done promptly by **J. G. RUSSELL**, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, at

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The One Price

CASH STORE.

We sell everything on strictly cash principles. Are often asked by our customers, why don't you give credit, would sell double the goods? Our answer is, we consider it to the customers' advantage to buy on the CASH SYSTEM even if he has to borrow the money for a short time to do so. In the first place, he knows exactly what he is doing and goes home contented, feeling assured there would be no long bill coming to him with a hundred and one different articles on it which he thinks never came into the house. In the second place, he will be more careful in his purchases and buy only what is most needed, doing without a hundred and one different articles which are useless and extravagant. In the third place, he can buy from ten to fifteen per cent less at a cash house, than any credit house in the Dominion

Our Stock consists of Dry Goods,
Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Glassware, in fact
most everything of general
merchandise, excepting
Hardware and Stoves.

We can give you no conception of our prices, but would solicit a call, guaranteeing to satisfy the closest purchaser.

COAL OIL ALWAYS ON HAND.

Highest Market Prices for Butter, Eggs & Fowl.

McDonald & Evans,

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Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.
Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munhaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

For the Advance.

"Sydenham."

Owen's Sound—My First Visit There Forty-four Years Ago—Rambling Notes.

BY WM. PURDY.

Who having travelled "all around,"
Yet well remembers Owen's Sound.

as it "looked" in 1845, with an almost unbroken forest on either side from entrance to ending, where "hidden among the thick trees," semi-circularly surrounded by hill and forest, nestled the embryo town and future city, Owen Sound, but then and several years subsequently, called Sydenham, as above. I doubt if there were a score of buildings all told at that time. The "Government house," land agent's office and residence, being the "chief factor," while the Indian village on a "grassy green" on the opposite shore of the placid waters of "Owen's" sound, as called on the map, "lent enchantment to the view."

How varied are the sensations, or opinions, especially of strangers, when first visiting a new locality. Some are pleased, while some, as my old acquaintance said, view it with a

"NOXIOUS EYE."

Quite different was my opinion of that newly rising portion of Canada, to that of my friend "Whang," a somewhat excentric person who had for many years donned the redman's costume, wigwam-ing here and there, wherever the best hunting localities were found.

After a tedious canoeing journey of several hundred miles, (probably previous to 1845) visiting places of interest and non-interest on lake Huron, the Sound included, he remarked to me after returning as follows:

"When I first saw Owen Sound, I put my curse on it!" disgusted. Wonder if he ever went back to see whether his curse "took?" not a bad fellow after all was "Whang."

OUR HORSES MISSING.

My cousin, J. T. Purdy and I "travelled on horseback" to see the Sound at the date I mentioned. We put up for the night at Rutherford's inn. Early the next morning we were informed that our horses were gone! Some "foul fiend" had turned them out of the stable during the night, minus saddle and bridle. We were in a "fix," hundreds of miles from home. No public conveyance of any kind, and much of the way through wilderness and thinly settled country. Our "host"

He then began each tower to search,
Each nook to scan. "In vain" we cried,
"Where dost thou hide my lovely steed"?
For pray, take heed, we cannot ride
A lifeless saddle, tho' willing to
Our own canoe alway "to paddle."
And thus we sighed.

After a time they were found foraging near the "Garafraxa road." When returning them, said the landlord, "I was gladder nor a hundred dollars when I laid my hands on them." "Thussly" were we.

MEMENTO.

I think there was but one store then at the Sound, "presided over" by an elderly couple by the name of "Hinchcliff" from whom I bought a box of percussion caps, price, "seven-pence-ha'penny." No "dollars and cents" then in Canada. It was not of necessity that I made the purchase, but a something to show when I got home—a memento, reminder of Owen Sound, at least so long as all the caps lasted, so "far away" did

OWEN SOUND

then seem, but now steamships, railroads and telegraphs have brought it near "everywhere." I also notice that the steam shipbuilding enterprise has been entered upon in Owen Sound, the "Manitoba" having been built there recently. When I first saw the Sound I think nothing greater than a "chemaun," a birch bark canoe, had been constructed there, and that by Indians.

"Tis wondrous strange how great the change."

It is about twenty years since I saw that enterprising town. "By reason of age," long years an invalid, the intervening distance, I never expect to visit there again.

During my sojourn in Meaford from 1848 to 1853, and subsequently, I ever entertained a friendly feeling toward those sound Owen Sounders. The "papers" keep me quite well informed concerning matters pertaining thereto, which I read with interest. And now, Mr. Editor, accept my thanks for (too often formal expression) the "valuable space" given me, and with best wishes

To all the world, that is to Owen Sound,
With a few of the neighboring townships around.

I end these "rambling notes."

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, Oct., 1889.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

Kimberley to the fore again.

The Justice of the Peace surprised the natives by walking into town the other day with a Winchester on his shoulder, and rather a doubtful expression on his face as to what kind of reception was in store for him. Of course we were disappointed that he did not succeed in shooting a deer while in Muskoka, but we are so pleased to see his smiling countenance, and feel that we have the stalwart protector of our rights with us again, that we freely forgive him. Since his return he has proved that to him there is no place dearer than home, for he, in company with Mr. Jas. Fawcett and Alex. Carruthers succeeded in bringing down an antlered prize, though we believe Mr Fawcett was the lucky gunner.

Cupid has been using his assegais rather freely lately. Miss Lucy Carruthers has become a victim and is now the wife of Mr. Wm. Walters. Her many friends wish her a happy future.

Rumors are floating on the breeze that several other marriages are to take place shortly. In fact the air has become so impregnated with the marriage craze that it is dangerous to breathe. Miss McCauley has even succeeded in captivating the flour of Kimberley's nobility, and when last seen she was brushing her sleeve. An elopement will be necessary in this case.

Mr. McKenzie is having his blacksmith shop roofed, and Mr. T. Bradbury has purchased Mr. W. T. McConnell's residence and purposes moving to town to ply his (ever) lasting trade, the renewing of soles.

Mr. Thos. Sherwood has moved to his residence on River street, where he will be near his place of business. I tell you we are movers here. VIGILANCE.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

A special meeting of the directors of the Osprey Ag'l Society was held here last Saturday afternoon to hear complaints made by John Madill, against Hector McDonald, Wm. Guy, Thos. Brownridge, Wm. Kerton and R. Y. Burk. McDonald previously had acknowledged to the President and Secretary that he had entered and taken 1st prize on saddle horse for an animal belonging to Rice Hill. He was fined $1.00 and forfeited the prize awarded him. In the other cases Mr. John Madill disclaimed any knowledge of making the complaints, his brother David having done so over John's signature. Denials from the accused of rather an aromatic flavor were read. The case against R. Y. Burk was withdrawn, and the evidence against the others being of the somebody-told-me-so species, they were dismissed for want of evidence. We hope this investigation will prove a benefit to the society in future.

Honor Roll.

For S. S. No. 8, Artemesia, for October:

Class V.—Esther McNally 175, Hannah Stafford 132.

Class IV.—Maggie Parliament 195, Elsie J. McKee 180.

Class III.—Mabel Cornfield 130, John Fisher 112, Samuel McNalley 102, Annie Badgerow 85, Priscilla McKee 64, Martha Boyce 40, Nellie Chard 67, Bella J. Blackburn 27, Thomas Carr 77, Thomas Gollop 23.

Class II.—Bella McNally 122, Alice Badgerow 119, John Blackburn 88, Mertines G. Badgerow 83.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

Mrs. William Watson sr., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Henderson, at Dayton, New York State.

At the general meeting of the Presbyterian congregation, held 22nd inst., Rev Donald McLeod, who formerly preached here, was chosen, and will receive the call to the vacant pulpit.

Mr. Robert Watson and Miss Sarah Ferguson, youngest daughter of Squire Ferguson, were married on Wednesday last by Rev. Wm. Ottewell.

Dame rumor has it that another of Priceville's bachelors is buckling on the armor to enter the army of benedicts. Still there are more to follow.

Mrs. Grier is visiting friends in Toronto. VIDI.

[The above arrived too late for publication last week. – ED. ADVANCE.]

MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, allays all pain; cures Wind Colic, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The national treasury of Mexico is said to have been robbed of half a million dollars in bonds.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 40 to $ —
Fall Wheat	80 to —
Spring Wheat	80 to —
Barley	0 30 to 0 40
Oats	0 25 to 0 30
Peas	0 50 to 0 —
Butter	— to —
Eggs fresh	0 17 to 0 —
Potatoes bag	0 30 to —
Oil	— to —
Hay per ton	5 00 to —
Hides	4 50 to 4 —
Sheepskins	0 80 to 1 —
Wool	0 15 to 0 —
Turkeys	0 — to 0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25 to 0 —
Cheese per lb.	0 06 to 0 —
Wheat	0 18 to 0 —

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks, backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time.

QUALITY Considered,

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done,

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

The Christian Endeav'r.

P'raps you haint hearn o' th' s'ciety they've
hitched t' th' churches around,
Without regard to th' crowd, or th' creed, but a
view o' th' place where they'r bound?
They don't never pertend t' be Christians, they're
only endeav'rin' to be;
But th' way our dominie prays for 'em 's no
matter o' wonder to me.
For a town o' sech smallish pretensions, an' a
church thet was rather cold,
We'cert'nly got an awakenin' when th' Christian
Endeav'r took hold.

First go they was kinder shame-faced a bit, thet
th' e'ders should cast a frown
On young folks for givin' a supper thet got th'
domini'e's wife a gown;
But th' labelled box they past around froze th'
deakins' blood—cold's an icycle!
'T was "drop a dollar in th' slot an' see th'
dominie ride his bi-sickle!"
Th' deakins they tho't it a sackrilledge, but thet
th' young folks couldn't see,
But they didn't pertend t' be Christians, but
only endeav'red to be.

Our dominie was a deal worn out, so p'r'aps his
sermons wern't all afire.
An' th' young folks 't seems they hed their views
on gettin' th' wuth o' his hire.
Th' deakins they tho't thet was uppish in 'em,
an' so they labored with their views,
An' talked o' "years" an' "change o' scene," an'
hinted some o' "disquiet in th' pews!"
But, somehow, th' boxes they gathered th' dollars
'bout everywheres they past;
So th' dominie rides his bisickle, an' says he's
a growin' young fast.

They'll fill th' week night meetin's full, an' if th'
speekin's hap'pin' kinder slow,
They don't no single minnit pass w'thout they
up and say a verse or so;
An' it spurs th' ol' folks mettle to see th' young
folks try
T' carpet halls, an' paint th' walls, an make th'
meetin's spry.
An' disclaim their bein' Christians, an' t' say
they only endeav'r
T' prove thet creed is in th' deed thet shall teach
for the life forever.

For a town o' sech smallish dimensions, an' a
church thet felt kinder old,
We cert'nly got an awakenin' when the Christian
Endeav'r took hold;
For th' "billiard hall" hes vanished quite, an'
some I know now go t' th' church
Who wouldn't ha' dreamed how pleasant it
seemed to leave th' "saloon" in th' lurch;
An' I've a boy o' twenty or so, who ha'nted the
town, tell me
He didn't dare think he'd be Christian, but he'd
allays endeav'r t' be.

For a town o' such prudish contention t' parry
th' sight o' sin,
We cert'nly got an awakenin' when the Christian
Endeav'r stepped in.

EDWARD LEODORE SMITH.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

She was not at all what he had pictured her. Singularly enough, no one had told him that she was pretty, and he had thought of her as a gaunt young person with a determined and manly air. She struck him, on the contrary, as being extremely girlish and charming to look upon. She wore the pale pink gown, and as he entered he saw her give a furtive little dab to her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and hurriedly crushed a open letter into her pocket. Then, seeming to dismiss her emotion with facility, she rose to greet him.

"If you want to see Aunt Belinda," she said, "perhaps you had better sit down. She will be here directly."

He plucked up spirit to take a seat, suddenly feeling his terror take wing. He was amazed at his own courage,

"Th-thank you," he said. "I have the pleasure of——" There, it is true, he stopped, looked at her, blushed, and finished somewhat disjointedly. "Miss Octavia Bassett, I believe."

"Yes," she answered, and sat down near him.

When Miss Belinda descended the stairs, a short time afterwards, her ears were greeted by the sound of a brisk conversation, in which the Rev. Arthur Poppleton appeared to be taking part with before-unheard-of spirit. When he arose at her entrance, there was in his manner an air of mild buoyancy which astonished her beyond measure. When he reseated himself, he seemed quite to forget the object of his visit for some minutes, and was thus placed in the embarrassing position of having to refer to his note-book.

Having done so, and found that he had called to ask assistance for the family of one of his parishoners, he recovered, himself somewhat. As he explained the exigencies of the case, Octavia listened.

"Well," she said, "I should think it would make you quite uncomfortable, if you see things like that often."

"I regret to say that I do see such things only too frequently," he answered.

"Gracious!" she said; but that was all.

He was conscious of being slightly disappointed at her apathy, and perhaps it is to be deplored that he forgot it afterward, when Miss Belinda had bestowed her mite, and the case was dismissed for the time being. He really did forget it, and was beguiled into making a very long call, and enjoying himself as he had never enjoyed himself before.

When, at length, he was recalled to a sense of duty by a glance at the clock, he had already before his eyes an opening vista of delights, taking the form of future calls, and games of croquet played upon Miss Belinda's neatly-shaven grass-plot. He had bidden the ladies adieu in the parlor, and, having stepped into the hall, was fumbling rather excitedly in the umbrella-stand for his own especially slender clerical umbrella, when he was awakened to new rapture by hearing Miss Octavia's tone again.

He turned and saw her standing quite near him looking at him with rather an odd expression and holding something in her hand.

"Oh!" she said. "See here! Those people."

"I—beg pardon," he hesitated. "I don't quite understand.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "Those desperately poor wretches, you know—with fever, and leaks in their house, and all sorts of disagreeable things the matter with them. Give them this won't you?"

"This" was a pretty silk purse, through whose meshes he saw the gleam of gold coin.

"That?" he said. "You don't mean—isn't there a good deal—I beg pardon—but really——"

"Well, if they are as poor as you say they are, it won't be too much," she replied. "I don't suppose they'll object to it, do you?"

She extended it to him as if she rather wished to get it out of her hands.

"You'd better take it," she said. "I shall spend it on something I don't need, if you don't. I'm always spending money on things I don't care for afterwards"

He was filled with remorse, remembering that he had thought her apathetic.

"I—I really thought you were not interested at all," he burst forth. "Pray forgive me. This is generous indeed."

She looked down at some particularly brilliant rings on her hands, instead of looking at him.

"Oh, well," sh said, "I think it must be simply horrid to have to do without things. I can't see how people live. Besides, I haven't denied myself anything. It would be worth talking about if I had, I suppose. Oh, by the bye, never mind telling any one, will you?"

Then, without giving him time to reply, she raised her eyes to his face, and plunged into the subject of the croquet again, pursuing it until the final moment of his exit and departure, which was when Mrs. Burnham and Miss Pilcher had been scandalized at the easy freedom of her adieus.

CHAPTER XV.

SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES.

When Mr. Francis Barold called to pay his respects to Lady Theobald, after partaking of her hospitality, Mr. Burmistone accompanied him and, upon almost every other occasion of presenting himself to her ladyship, Mr. Burmistone was his companion.

It may as well be explained, at the outset, that the mill-owner of Burmistone Mills was a man of decided determination of character, and that, upon the evening of Lady Theobald's tea, he had arrived at the conclusion that he would spare no effort to gain a certain end he felt it would add to his happiness to accomplish.

"I stand rather in awe of Lady Theobald, as any ordinary man would," he had said, drily, to Barold, on their return to his house. "But my awe of her is not so great yet that I shall allow it to interfere with any of my plans."

"Have you any special plans?" inquired Barold carelessly, after a pause.

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmistone, "several. I should like to go to Oldclough rather often."

"I feel it the civil thing to go to Oldclough oftener than I like. Go with me."

"I should like to be included in all the invitations to tea for the next six months."

"I shall be included in all the invitations so long as I remain here, and it is not likely you will be left out in the cold. After you have gone the rounds once you won't be dropped."

"Upon the whole, it appears so," said Mr. Burmistone. "Thanks."

So, at each of the tea-parties following Lady Theobald's, the two men appeared together. The small end of the wedge being inserted into the social stratum, the rest was not difficult. Mrs. Burnham was at once surprised and overjoyed by her discoveries of the many excellencies of the man they had so hastily determined to ignore. Mrs. Abercrombie found Mr. Burmistone's manner all that could be desired. Miss Pilcher expressed the highest appreciation of his views upon feminine education and "our duty to the young in our charge." Indeed, after Mrs. Egerton's evening, the tide of public opinion turned suddenly in his favor.

Public opinion did not change, however, as far as Octavia was concerned. Having had her anxiety set at rest by several encouraging paternal letters from Nevada, she began to make up her mind to enjoy herself, and was, it is to be regretted, betrayed by her youthful high spirit into the committing of numerous indiscretions. Upon each festal occasion, she appeared in a new and elaborate costume; she accepted the attentions of Mr. Francis Barold as if it was the most natural thing in the world that they should be offered; she joked—in what Mrs. Burnham designated "her Nevada way"—with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, who appeared more frequently than had been his habit at the bigh teas. She played croquet with that gentlemen and Mr. Barold day after day, upon the grass-plot, before all the eyes gazing down upon her from the neighboring windows; she managed to coerce Mr. Burmistone into joining these innocent orgies; and, in fact, to quote Miss Pilcher, there was "no limit to the shamelessness of her unfeminine conduct."

Several times much comment had been aroused by the fact that Lucia Gaston had been observed to form one of the party of players. She had indeed played with Barold, against Octavia and Mr. Poppleton, on the memorable day upon which that gentlemen had taken his first lesson.

Barold had availed himself of the invitation extended to him by Octavia, upon several occasions, greatly to Miss Belinda's embarrassment. He had dropped in the evening after the curate's first call.

"Is Lady Theobald very fond of you?" Octavia had asked, in the course of this visit,

"It is very kind of her, if she is," he replied, with languid irony.

"Isn't she found enough of you to do anything you ask her?" Octavia inquired.

"Really, I think not," he replied. "Imagine the degree of affection it requires! I am not fond enough of any one to do anything they ask me."

Octavia bestowed a long look upon him.

"Well," she remarked after a pause, "I believe you are not. I shouldn't think so."

Barold colored very faintly.

"I say," he said, "is that an imputation, or something of that character? It sounds like it, you know."

Octavia did not reply directly. She laughed a little.

"I want you to ask Lady Theobald to do something," she said.

"I am afraid I am not in such favor as you imagine," he said, looking slightly annoyed.

"Well, I think she won't refuse you this thing," she went on. "If she didn't loathe me so I would ask her myself."

He deigned to smile.

"Does she loathe you?" he inquired.

"Yes," nodding. "She would not speak to me if it wasn't for Aunt Belinda. She thinks I am fast and loud. Do *you* think I am fast and loud?"

He was taken aback, and not for the first time, either. She had startled and discomposed him several times in the course of their brief acquaintance, and he always resented it, priding himself in private, as he did, upon his coolness and immobility. He could not think of the right thing to say just now, so he was silent for a second.

"Tell me the truth," she persisted. "I shall not care much."

"I do not think you would care at all."

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't. Go on. Do you think I am fast?"

"I am happy to say I do not find you slow."

She fixed her eyes on him, smiling faintly.

"That means I am fast," she said. "Well, no matter. Will you ask Lady Theobald what I want you to ask her?"

"I should not say you were fast at all," he said, rather stiffly. "You have not been educated as—as Lady Theobald has educated Miss Gaston, for instance."

"I should rather think not," she replied. Then she added, very deliberately: "She has had what you might call very superior advantages, I suppose.'

Her expression was totally incomprehensible to him. She spoke with the utmost seriousness, and looked at the table.

"That is derision, I suppose," he remarked, restively.

She glanced up again.

"At all events," she said, "there is nothing to laugh at in Lucia Gaston. Will you ask Lady Theobald? I want you to ask her to let Lucia Gaston come and play croquet with us on Tuesday. She is to play with you against Mr. Poppleton and me."

"Who is Mr. Poppleton?" he asked with some reserve. He did not exactly fancy sharing his entertainment with any ordinary outsider. After all, there was no knowing what this little American might do.

"He is the curate of the church," she replied, undisturted, "He is very nice, and little, and neat, and blushes all over to the toes of his boots. He came to see Aunt Belinda, and I asked him to come and be taught to play."

"Who is to teach him?"

"I am. I have taught at least twenty men in New York and San Francisco."

"I hope he appreciates your kindness."

"I mean to try if I can make him forget to be frightened," she said, with a gay laugh

It was certainly nettling to find his air of reserve and displeasure met with such inconsequent lightness. She never seemed to recognize the subtle changes of temperature expressed in his manner. Only his sense of what was due to himself prevented his being very chilly indeed, but, as she went on with her gay chat, in utter ignorance of his mood, and indulged in some very pretty airy nonsense, he soon recovered himself, and almost forgot his private grievance.

Before going away, he promised to ask Lady Theobald's indulgence in the matter of Lucia's joining them in their game. One speech of Octavia's connected with the subject he had thought very pretty, as well as kind:

"I like Miss Gaston," she said. "I think we might be friends, if Lady Theobald would let us. Her superior advantages might do me good. They might improve me," she went on, with a little laugh, "and I suppose I need improving very much. All my advantages have been of one kind."

When he had left her, she startled Miss Belinda by saying:

"I have been asking Mr. Barold if he thought I was fast, and I believe he does—in fact, I am sure he does."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda, "what a terrible thing to say to a gentleman! What will he think?"

Octavia smiled one of her calmest smiles.

"Isn't it queer how often you say that!" she remarked. "I think I should perish if I had to pull myself up that way as you do. I just go right on, and never worry. I don't mean to do anything queer, and I don't see why any one should think I do."

CHAPTER XVI.

CROQUET.

Lucia was premitted to form one of the players in the game of croquet, being escorted to and from the scene by Francis Barold. Perhaps it occurred to Lady Theobald that the contrast of English reserve and maidenliness with the free and easy manners of young women from Nevada might lead to some good results.

"I trust your conduct will be such as to show that you at least have resided in a civilized land," she said. "The men of the present day may premit themselves to be amused by young persons whose demeanor might bring a blush to the cheek of a woman of forty, but it is not their habit to regard them with serious intentions."

Lucia reddened. She did not speak, though she wished very much for the courage to utter the words which rose to her lips. Lately she had found that now and then, at times when she was roused to anger, speeches of quite a clever and sarcastic nature presented themselves to her mind. She was never equal to uttering them aloud, but she felt that, in time, she might, because of course it was quite an advance in spirit to think them, and face, even in imagination, the probability of astounding and striking Lady Theobald dumb with their audacity.

"It ought to make me behave very well," she was saying now to herself, "to have before me the alternative of not being regarded with serious intentions. I wonder if it is Mr. Poppleton or Francis Barold who might not regard me seriously. And I wonder if they are any coarser in America than we can be in England when we try."

She enjoyed the afternoon very much, particularly the latter part of it when Mr. Burmistone, who was passing, came in, being invited by Octavia across the privet hedge Having paid his respects to Miss Belinda, who sat playing propriety under a laburnum tree, Mr. Burmistone crossed the grass-plot to Lucia herself. She was awaiting her "turn," and laughing at the ardent enthusiasm of Mr. Poppleton, who, under Octavia's directions, was devoting all his energies to the game; her eyes were bright, and she had lost for the time being, her timid air of feeling herself somehow in the wrong.

"I am glad to see you here," said Mr. Burmistone.

"I am glad to be here," she answered. "It has been such a happy afternoon. Everything has seemed so bright and—and different"

"'Different' is a very good word," he said, laughing.

"It isn't a very bad one," she returned. "And it expresses a good deal."

"It does, indeed," he commented.

"Look at Mr. Poppleton and Octavia——" she began.

"Have you got to 'Octavia'?" he inquired.

She looked down and blushed.

(To be Continued).

First lobster—Well, what are you going to do now? Second lobster—Get dressed for dinner.

—Live wires make dead linemen. Enough of the latter have been buried and now public demands the interment of former.

BARNUM'S ENGLISH TOUR.

A Steamship Laden With Animals and Performers Sai's Yesterday.

Barnum & Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth" left Bridgeport, Conn., Monday night at its way to Brooklyn, to the Anchor Line wharf, where it will be placed on board the steamer Furnessia for London, Eng. Two hundred and forty people connected with the show will also go to London on this ship, while on the steamer City of Rome, sailing on Wednesday, Oct. 16, one hundred and sixty of the attaches will take passage. The arrangements for transporting the show have been most carefully made. Six huge boxes, twelve by ten feet, have been built, each to contain an elephant. When placed on board ship these boxes will be set twelve feet apart, the intervening space forming another box, in which an elephant will also be placed, and thus the six boxes will afford accommodation for the thirteen elephants to be taken. The camels and horses will be placed in a series of stalls distributed all over the main deck of the vessel. The cages containing the animals, after first being detached from their running gear, will be placed side by side, with sufficient space between to permit the attendants to feed the beasts and attend to their wants. An idea of the quantity of material required to feed the various animals may be had from the following list: There will be 80 tons of hay, 2,000 bushels of oats, 6 tons of straw, 6 tons of bran, 25 bushels of corn, 20 bales of peat moss, 30 barrels of carrots, 6,000 pounds of fresh beef, 1,500 pounds of fresh fish, 15 barrels of potatoes, 150 heads of cabbage, 6,000 pounds of fresh bread, 10 barrels of sweet apples, 5 barrels of onions, 7 barrels of turnips, 20 barrels of sea biscuits, 400 cans of condensed milk, 4 sacks of salt, 150 pounds of Glauber salts, all exclusively for the animals and horses. All the meat and fish will be frozen and placed between alternate layers of ice in huge refrigerators especially built for the purpose. The condensed milk is chiefly for the monkeys and Polar bear. The expense of the show going to Europe is said to be the heaviest ever assumed in this line. About $150 a day has been spent in cable despatches to and from Europe during a period of nearly four months past. The advertising material to be distributed free in London has already cost $166,000. The new costumes, including those made in Paris for Kiralfy's "Nero," in which 800 people will appear, and those for the circus department have cost $90,000. Altogether it is estimated that the expenses of the affair, before a single performance is given, will foot up $350,000, exclusive of salaries, and all this for a probable season of one hundred days. The estimated expenses for the London season, calculating $6,800 a day for the circus, will be nearly $12,000 a day, from which the risks of the trip can be judged. But Mr. Bailey says: "I don't care for the expense even if I lose $100,000. I just want to show the people of Europe what a big thing is. We know it in this country, but they do not over there."

Mr. and Mrs. Barnum and Mr. Barnum's nephew, C. Barnum Seeley, sailed Saturday on the Etruria.

Sam Jones.

"Sam Jones, I see, is getting $50 a day for preaching," remarked a Methodist, "and the cynical newspapers are making much of the fact. I don't know as I blame them for criticising. It is a natural feeling to distrust a minister who goes about preaching for so much per sermon, just like a public lecturer who speaks for so much per lecture. It may be all right, but it looks bad to the public and is certain to create adverse comment. Of course, a preacher has to be supported. We support our ministers comfortably, and nobody finds fault with that. But when a man makes a business proposition, that for so much money he will come and get up a religious revival among us, I can't help feeling suspicious and slightly antagonistic. Sam Jones is a smart man, and his methods are like those of some other revivalists, but I can't help thinking he lays himself liable to serious criticism."—*Louisville Post.*

How Do You Lace Your Boots?

Not one person in a thousand laces his shoes correctly. About the nearest anybody gets to it is to lace as tightly as possible. The correct way is to put your foot when you are about to lace your shoe as much as possible in the heel of the shoe, says *Vanity Fair*. You can do this best by lacing your shoes with the heel of your shoe resting in a chair standing in front of the one you are seated in. Over the instep the lacing should be drawn as tightly as possible. This will hold your foot back in the shoe, giving the toes freedoom and preventing their being cramped. Lace about the ankle to suit your comfort.

Riding on a Bear.

Near Forester Falls the other day young Mr. Bulmer, of Ross, discovered a bear quietly feeding on a field of oats. He put two charges of shot into Bruin, but he showed ability to escape with alacrity. Mr. Bulmer with daring ran up to the bear and sprang on its back, determined at all costs to prevent his escape. The bear was a powerful specimen and seemed quite equal to the task of carrying off his rider. Mr. Thomas Faught, a noted marksman, appeared on the scene with a gun, and with a well directed shot laid the bear low not in the least injuring or even frightening the courageous rider.—*Hepworth Sun.*

What He Was.

Masked Man (dashing into a parlor-car on Western Railroad)—Hold up yer hands.

Passenger—Don't shoot, please. Take all I've got and welcome.

Masked Man—This is a big pile o' money, so I'll give ye $10 of it back. I may be a train robber, but I ain't no parlor-car porter.—*New York Weekly.*

—A.—Do you know that Jones is going to marry Miss Duzenbury? B.—Yes, so I hear. What surprises me is that such an intelligent girl would ever have anything to do with a man who is so stupid as to want to make her his wife.

LUCKY FELLOW.

He wooed her and sued her and sought her
Till he melted her heart so cold,
Then he married the iceman's daughter
And now he is rolling in gold.

—Druggist (awakened at 2 a.m.)—Well, what is it? Customer—It's a boy. Get up

DEATH PASSED.

Awful Moment for a Car Full of Passengers on a Level Crossing.

The St. Louis express was rushing into Jersey City. A street car was rolling along to the Grove street crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad. William Pearsall, the gate tender, carefully lowered the gates just after the street car got past and was rumbling over the west-bound track. It was near midnight Sunday night. John Connors, the car-driver, suddenly saw the headlight of a locomotive bearing down upon him. It was the engine of the St. Louis express thundering along the east-bound track. Another pull and his team would have the car, with twenty passengers, on the rails directly in front of the incoming train. Connors might have jumped and saved himself. If he had he would have heard an instant later screams and groans of dying men, women and children. The frail street car, with its load of human freight, would have been no more than a feather in the path of the giant locomotive travelling at the rate of a mile a minute. John Connors in the hour of need proved himself a hero. With his left hand he jammed the brake hard down. With his right hand he fairly dragged the horses around at a right angle to the street car. They had been in the centre of the east track. Quick as the driver was the engine was quicker, and as it flashed by it struck the off horse, and ripped him in two from head to foot. So close were train and car that the train bent and twisted the front dashboard of the street car as it swept by. John Connors, the humble car-driver, turned pale and sank on his knees, with the line still in his hand, after the danger was over. Then there was a panic in the car. The passengers realized their peril after it was over and dashed pell mell out on the tracks. Henry Meyer, the conductor, tried to stop them, but he was swept from the back platform like chaff before the wind. The passengers seemed crazed and ran haphazard across the tracks and fled in all directions. Only Conners and the conductor remained on the car.

Where Arsenic Comes From

In a recent issue of *Notes and Gleanings* a writer describes the arsenic industry in Devonshire. The best-known mine in that county which supplies arsenic in quantity is the "Devon Great Consols," near Tavistock. Refined white arsenic is here obtained from the rough ore, and the company is working over again in the furnaces, for the sake of the arsenic, much refuse thrown aside in the palmy copper days. In former days the fumes were allowed to pass off into the workshops and into the air, causing fatal results among the workmen and destroying the surrounding vegetation for some distance. But now that arsenic (and not copper) is the most valuable product, precautions are taken to prevent any escape. Three kinds of calciners are in use at the "Great Consols." First there is the ordinary hand calciner. Next the well-known Oxland's calciner, which is so constructed as to require no attention from the workmen. The third furnace appears to be the most efficient of the three. In it a circular table, sloping considerably from the centre to the sides, revolves at a somewhat slow rate. The ore falls on this table, which is thoroughly heated by the furnace beneath, from an opening near the centre; thence by the slope and the circular movement it is gradually distributed down towards the circumference, where, almost completely deprived of its arsenic, it falls into a trough, while the fumes pass up into the flues through an opening above the highest point. The operation is an extremely pretty one to watch, as the sulphur in the ores causes continual play of blue flames over the surface of the incandescent mass, while the air above seems misty with the fine white smoke of arsenic trioxide Prepared in this way the crude product has a dirty grey color, and is purified by further roasting in a reverbatory furnace, heated only with coke or anthracite, when it sublimes in the flues in the form of a beautifully glistening white powder, which feels to the touch as soft as flour. Sometimes fine colorless crystals are found, especially near the doors of the flues. Visitors feel unwell for the rest of the day after an inspection of the furnaces. The workers have their mouths and noses wrapped up in cloth respirators with cotton wool inside, lest by chance any particles of what the Germans call *giftmehl* or poison-flour might get into the air passages; all the workmen employed in sorting or packing the fine powder of white arsenic are similarly protected. All employed looked powerful men enjoying excellent health. The work has not been going on sufficiently long (about 15 years) to compare the length of life of those engaged in it with that of those employed in furnace work with non-poisonous, or at least, non-volatile poisonous bodies.

He Went.

Here is a new way for a girl to get rid of a late beau. She gives him a paper and pencil with one of her sweetest smiles, and says: Now make a row of eleven ciphers; now make a perpendicular mark downward on the right of the first cipher; upward on the right of the fourth; downward on the right of the fifth; upward on the right of the seventh and eighth; downward on the tenth. The marks should be half an inch long. Ask him to read what he has written. The effect is electrical.—*Rochester Herald.*

A person returned from Japan,
Said, "At once I will try if I can
Speak pure Japanese,
With correctness and ease,
Like a cultured and travelled young man."

—A Biddeford, Me., man thought that to accost a friend by touching the back of his neck with the lighted end of a cigar would be a good joke, a few days ago. But the friend wore a celluloid collar, which blazed up instantly, made a blister encircling his neck, and nearly cremated him.

—The following is to be sung to the tune of "The Death March in Saul." Are you all ready? One, two, three,——The autumn leaves are falling, and the year is growing old, and the snow drifts will be soon against the door. But our woodshed still is empty and our coal bin full of air, and our winter clothing's hanging in the store. Yet the marble faced delinquent reads our paper by the stove, while he burns away the coal for which he owes, and we shiver in the sanctum till the tears bedim our eyes, and the blossom reappears upon our nose.—*Brockville Recorder.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

SIR DANIEL GOOCH, whose death is announced by cable at Windsor, Eng., yesterday, for twenty-seven years filled the position of chief locomotive engineer to the Great Western Railway, and became Chairman of the Board of Directors of that company. He was one of the original shareholders of the Great Eastern steamship, was member of the House of Commons for Crickdale and a prominent Freemason.

THE United States leads the world in the amount of mail matter distributed by the postal authorities. In 1881, according to Mulhall, the number of pieces handled in the United States mails was 2,243 000,000. In 1888 it had increased to 3,576,100.000. In the same period Great Britain increased from 1 682.000 000 to 2,279,000,000 pieces. In 1881 the number of pieces to the inhabitant in the United States was 45, in Great Britain 49; in 1888 the number had increased to 71 in the United States and to 61 in Great Britain. In Germany the number of pieces per capita increased from 29 in 1881 to 41 in 1888; in France from 36 in 1881 to 37 in 1888.

WHO would imagine that the flannel shirt so popular during last heated term with a large circle of gentlemen could incur the condemnation of any body of men? Yet it is classed alongside of the pestilential Chinaman by President Purl chase, of the Laundrymen's National Association, now in session in Buffalo. In his annual address Mr. Purchase said the general condition of the laundry business had not been good. During the past year every kind of business had suffered depression, but it was probably felt most by laundrymen. The use of what was known as the neglige or flannel shirt had contributed largely to this result, but its reign the speaker believed would be of short duration. If laundrymen would only have patience they would soon wear their customary smiles, silk hats and probably diamonds. Speaking of Chinese competition, the President said: "Working by lamp-light morning and night, one Chinaman ordinarily did more work than three laundry girls, and, reversing the order of things, three Celestials did not eat as much as one girl. It was safe to assert that of every $100 taken in by them not $10 was ever returned to circulation. They were a pestilential, vicious, non-American race, robbing honest labor as well as capital, and the association should keep the issue constantly in motion."

A GREAT reformation has taken place in prisons and prison management since the days when Howard, the philanthropist, was spending his time in effecting the amelioration of the lot of the prisoners in British jails, but still much has to be done in the interests of humanity to make the jails the reformatories they ought to be and to manage them for the ultimate good of those detained therein as well as for their punishment in breaking the laws. The Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, supported by the church courts of the land and the press in general, is doing a good work in this connection. It has memorialized the Ontario Government to appoint a commission of competent gentlemen to collect information regarding prisons, reformatories, houses of correction, workhouses, etc., with a view to the adoption of the most approved methods of dealing with the criminal classes. It makes a demand for the classification of prisoners, so that old and hardened criminals be not allowed to herd with and contaminate the comparatively innocent, young and susceptible. Employment of prisoners is also favored as well as their education, and the organization of Prisoners' Aid Societies is also asked for. As already stated, the Church courts have taken the matter up. The Bishop of Niagara, we learn, has appointed the following gentlemen a Committee on Prison Reform: [illegible] Cayley, Q.C., Chancellor Wicksteed, E. F. Hodgins, Q.C., Chancellor Mc[illegible] and Mr. J. B. Mc[illegible].

THE Ontario Prohibitory Alliance will meet on December 18th. Mean time the Executive Committee has prepared and discussed which will be presented to the Alliance at its meeting. It suggests amendments to the present Liquor law. The changes proposed are that the number of licenses in rural districts be reduced so that as few as possible in the country; that for a first offence of the person found drunk a fine of $10 be imposed, for each subsequent offence $20; that the applicant for a license must have the majority of the householders of the district to be issued; that the penalty for municipalities to grant licenses to all persons be $100; that bar-room screening be abolished; that all public houses be closed, if only at a nominal rate; that all bar-rooms be closed at an early hour and on Saturday afternoons; that Prohibition be enforced on holidays; that steamboat licenses be abolished; that the age of entrance be raised to twenty-one; that all applicants be required to furnish security that they will keep the law; that [illegible] be allowed to go on more than [illegible] effort to stop brewers from putting on a number of dummy beersellers; that the issuance of persistent lawbreakers be prevented; that no subletting of bar-rooms be licensed; that adequate penalties be required for infractions of the law; that bar-room screens and blinds be removed; that no liquor be sold to intoxicated persons; that no appeal to the County Judge be allowed to convictions for liquor sales; that the police be empowered to arrest keepers and frequenters of unlicensed dens as they now do with houses of ill fame; that liquor orders to unlicensed clubs be suppressed; and that effective authority be given to Municipal Councils.

—Now coolly, what was the most astonishing thing you saw in Paris, Mr. Spicer? "Like Miss Gusher, and without a moment's hesitation Seth answered, "My hotel bill."

—Chinook Indians have just slain their medicine man because his patients insisted [illegible] Is it possible that [illegible] civilization [illegible] falls in love he stops [illegible] by, after she is married, [illegible]

GREAT LONDON STRIKE.

Its History Told by Cardinal Manning and John Burns.

The discussion of the great London strike by Cardinal Manning and the labor agitator, John Burns, has already been mentioned in the London Despatches. It forms the leading contribution to the October number of the *New Review*. Both writers, apparently by a coincidence, begin with a military allusion. "In truth," says Cardinal Manning, "a strike is like a battle. No one who was in it can give an account of it. Each man knows only the events on the spot where he stood." And he intimates that, as an outsider, he is all the better able to form a just opinion of it. The Cardinal thinks the strike has done harm. It has inflicted great suffering on women and children, has brought ruin among the lesser tradesmen, and been a bar to the importation of food. He thinks that it has permanently injured the port of London, which with difficulty now holds its own against Southampton, Cardiff, Liverpool, Glasgow, and even against Antwerp and the French ports. And he hopes that a result of the strike will be a registration of laborers and an organization of labor. The effect of this organization will be to clear the docks of a great number of unskilled and indolent persons who year by year come into London. Cardinal Manning continues by remarking upon the self-restraint which has been shown upon both sides, saying: "I am bound to bear witness not only to the self-command of the men but also to the measured language and calm courtesy of the employers."

John Burns begins by remarking that he has been in the thick of the battle, and by admitting that he is therefore not an impartial witness. But he considers that he can speak with some authority as to what he has to say about his own part in the event. It was said a few weeks ago by a writer who knew Burns that Burns had told him that he expected to be hanged. He is evidently a courageous and energetic man, and has somewhat the tone of a fanatic. He meets the charge of secret conspiracy by showing how bold and open his instigations to the dockers have been for years. He had been for six years engaged in this work, making speeches to the men at dawn before his work and theirs had begun. "I myself with my wife, he says, "have frequently left home at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, tramped to the docks, made speeches at three different gates, and returned to begin my day's work in the west end at 7 or 8 o'clock. These speeches were made sitting on walls or standing astride of palings.

The success of the strike was due to the sympathy of the public. It was physically possible, because Burns and his associates had money enough to feed 250,000 people while the strike lasted. The various trades sent large contributions and promised more. The compositors sent £500 and the engineers £700. A gift of £25,000 came Australia. A sufficient supply of money having been assured, then came the difficult question of the administration of relief. The committees had recourse to the system of issuing tickets, presentable to the East End shopkeepers. By withholding money drunkenness was prevented. But they were greatly assisted by the good behavior of the people. "From first to last," says Mr. Burns, "no man asked me for money for beer. I have been in the thick of starving men with hundreds of pounds about me (they knowing it), and not a penny have I lost. I have sent men whom I did not know for change of a gold piece, and have never been cheated of a penny."

Mr Burns sums up in a few words the results of the strike. The dockers struck because the directors of the dock companies refused to give them more than 5 d an hour. This they considered poor wages, because the work was, in its nature, not continuous. The wages have now been advanced to 6 d an hour. Three pence an hour more than the former rate is paid from 6 to 8 p.m., and 2 d per hour after 8. Contract has been abolished, and with it the sweating system. He claims, also, that the benefits of the strike have been felt by other trades. The carmen employed by the post-office have secured rises of from 1s to 4s a week. Workers in the chemical manufactories along the Thames, engineering laborers and some two hundred London trades have gained a 10 per cent. advance on their old wages. As might be expected, Mr. Burns does not agree with Cardinal Manning as to the conduct of the representatives of the dock companies. He says that they never seemed to know their own business.

The sympathy of the general public was manifestly with the strike. The feeling seemed to pervade all classes. The East End pawnbrokers would not charge interest on the goods left with them by the strikers, and the East End landlords and lodging house keepers refused rent as long as the strike lasted. Numbers of men marched in the processions who were not dockers and had nothing to gain by the success of the strike. But it never did not that the strikers had on their side, not only the workmen and the small shopkeepers, but the middle and upper classes as well. Not only civil servants, soldiers, policemen, fishermen, and the skilled men of Southwark send their subscriptions, but checks were received from noblemen, clubmen, and clergymen. "I remember," says Mr. Burns, "the half-sovereign which an officer of the guards gave me in the park, with a half-uttered suggestion that if he were called upon to act against the strikers he would give them 'blank cartridges'"—*New York Times*.

A Schoolboy Strike.

The strike of Scottish school boys which began in Hawick has spread to Glasgow, Govan, Greenock, Port Glasgow and other places in the west of Scotland, and also into Ayrshire and about Aberdeen. The boys have formed regular labor-like parades, with banners and cries for "shorter hours." The strike has also spread into England. The other day 100 malcontents paraded the streets of Barnet, demanding "abolition of the cane, less hours in school, less parsing and no home lessons."

The Political Mother Goose.

"O Tariff! O Tariff! O Tariff!" said I,
"Wherefore, oh, wherefore, oh, wherefore so big?"
"To see the prosperous way up in the sky—
And the unable by-and-by"—*Puck*.

It is said some of our colleges are very old, as they are also in possession of their faculties

WHITECHAPEL JACK.

A Doctor on the Track of a Suspicious Boarder.

The London edition of the New York *Herald* says: There is one man in London who knows more about "Jack the Ripper" than all the policemen and detectives in the metropolis. This gentleman, who possesses sufficient material and circumstantial evidence to hang ten "Jack the Rippers," is in secret communication with Dr. Forbes Winslow. "Jack the Ripper" is known. He is known to the police, and he is known to several other persons. The latter have supplied the former with full descriptions of his personality, manners and habits, and at certain times there has actually been no doubts as to his whereabouts. The invisibility in which "Jack" is enveloped is gowing thinner, and to those who have followed his murderous movements it is certain that Nemesis is closing upon him, and that within a period that may be measured his capture and identity will be effected.

A gentleman, living at Brixton, called upon Dr. Forbes Winslow several times to give information anent a Whitechapel murder, but unfortunately every time he called the doctor was out. The doctor is on the murderer's track. He possesses tangible proof of identity, and is convinced that he could effect his arrest in a week. He means to act upon the clue suppliedto him, and he does not intend to call in the assistance of the police. Here is his remarkable story: A gentleman, whom he had previously known, called upon him in reference to the Whitechapel murders. "Jack the Ripper" lodged in this person's house. He knew that it was "Jack the Ripper" by putting two and two circumstances together. Suspicions were first aroused by the lodger coming home about 4 o'clock one morning. He had expected to find everybody in bed, and to be able to get to his room unobserved, To his surprise, his landlord, Dr. Winslow's informant, had been kept up waiting for his wife, who was on a visit to some friends. The lodger was excited and incoherent in his talk. He said he had been having a rough time, that he had been assaulted, and had his watch stolen; and he gave the name of a police station where he had laid a complaint. Upon inquiries this story was found to be entirely devoid of foundation. He had made no complaint, and the police had no knowledge of a street disturbance. The man's shirt and underclothing were found hanging over chairs. They had been washed and had been put out to dry. He was in the habit of talking about the women of the street, and wrote "long rigmaroles" about them. His writing, in minute particulars, resembled that of the letters sent to the police purporting to come from "Jack the Ripper." He had a wardrobe as extensive as a duke's. It included eight suits of clothes, eight pairs of boots and eight hats. The man can speak several languages, and when he went out he always carried a black bag. He was apparently well off, and never wore the same hat on two successive occasions. When he left his lodgings a quantity of bows, feathers and flowers and other articles, which had belonged to the lower class of women, were found in his room. He also left behind him three pairs of boots and three pairs of goloshes, one of each of which is now in the possession of Dr. Winslow. The boots are ordinary leather lace-up boots, with thin soles. The goloshes have indiarubber bottoms and American cloth uppers, and are bespattered with blood. Upon this and other material a most important clue is thought to have been discovered.

A Eulogy on Silk.

Silk is an agreeable and healthy article. Used in dress it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull services of wool and linen are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness, will not readily imbibe dirt, and does not harbor vermin as kindly as wool do s. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, ever, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it like thick woollen or linen without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used instead of linen and wool—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange, grotesque fashions originating in the use of linen would never have been invented during the more general employment of silk. The flattering of ribbons, the rustling and flowing skirts of silk, the silk kerchief closely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our customs more natural and pleasing to the eye.—*Exchange*.

Johnstown's Flood a mere Gill.

The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls varies with the height of the river. Professor W. D. Gunning estimates the average amount at 18 000 000 cubic feet per minute. Allowing 62½ pounds to the cubic foot, this would give a total of 262 500 tons per minute, or 25,312 500 tons in forty-five minutes, of which somewhat more than two-thirds passes over the Horse-shoe Falls. Other estimates place the total amount passing over both falls as high as 100,000,000 tons per hour. In comparison, the flood at Johnstown was a gill.—*Iron*.

The Advantages of Being Literary.

Scribbler—When is that review of my novel coming out, Scather?

Scather (professional critic)—Well, to tell the truth, I have not read it yet.

Scribbler—Yes, when I brought the book to you, you assured me that you would find no time in reading it.

Scather—So I did. Well, I have lost no time in reading it yet.

Turn about is Fair Play.

"I see that some of Henderson's clients are making very serious charges against him.'

"Well, turn about is fair play. Henderson's grown rich on his charges against them."

—Alfred Sentery, a Somerville, Mass. hunchback, has won a bet of $1,500 by beating his way to San Francisco and back in freight cars and coaches. He was put off from trains 180 times.

KILLING AN ELEPHANT.

Rider Haggard has told some marvellous stories, descriptive of the mixed pleasure and danger of killing elephants in their wild state, but it seems from the story that comes from Berlin that it is quite a formidable undertaking to despatch one of the monsters, with all the resources of civilization at command. "Rustum" is one of the two Indian elephants presented in 1881 by the Prince of Wales to the Zoological Gardens at Berlin. The animal some few years ago ran his warder through the body with one of his tusks. The poor keeper died from the effects of his wound. Sentence of death was not at the time passed on the culprit; it was deferred, and only quite recently solemnly proclaimed. "Rustum" was, however, not condemned to the scaffold for this crime alone; he is said to have learned nothing from the clemency shown to him after the above mentioned outrage, and to have displayed on divers occasions since that time evident symptoms of a wicked and depraved nature. Moreover, his external appearance, as compared with that of his colleagues in another part of the elephant house, is declared to be anything but attractive, and to have brought discredit on the establishment. Some gossips attributed this to the want of food—it being affirmed that he has had to live on almost starvation rations, besides having had his feet in irons since the commission of his foul crime. Be that as it may, the director of the Zoological Gardens, after long and deliberate consideration, and after having consulted all the experts, sentenced "Rustum" to die by strangulation. The mode of his death had also been previously carefully considered. Some proposed that he should be shot; but this method was considered dangerous, lest the bullet should not take immediate effect, or lest the sports man's hand should tremble and miss the mark. Others preferred poisoning, and some suggested the electric current. All these propositions were rejected in favor of a process of strangulation by a three-quarter inch steel wire. Every precaution having been taken, the noose was let fall over the monster's head at what was supposed to be a favorable moment. This was when he passed out of his half-opened cage in order to sniff the morning air. No fewer than forty-two men were stationed in the vicinity to draw the noose tight. Whether it was that the dumb creature had a presentiment that these were his executioners, ruthlessly bent on depriving him of light and life, or whether it was that the arrangements were clumsily made, the main point is certain—namely, that "Rustum," as soon as he felt the pressure of the wire, quietly made a slight movement in the opposite direction and snapped the substance that was to strangle him as if it had been cotton thread. The executioners were discomfited; the chief officers were dumbfounded; but "Rustum" took no further notice of them, and continued his promenade around his out-of-door enclosure. The next attempt to settle "Rustum" is postponed till after the director's return.

He Got a Negative.

Amateur photographer—I've got her negative, old man.

Tripodde—I thought you told me she wouldn't sit for her picture.

Amateur photographer—I asked her to sit with me through life, and she said "No."

Had Met Them.

Stranger (to bicycle rider)—Are you acquainted with the roads around here, my friend?

Bicycle Rider (pointing to the scars on his face) Yes, I've met them quite often.

Charity, Sweet Charity.

"Madame, can't you give me something to eat; I haven't had a mouthful for two days"

"Certainly, you poor creature. Take this piece of chewing gum. If treated kindly, it will last you four days."

Tough Old Wretch.

Mrs. Oldboy—Oh, you cruel talk, John. You was bound to marry me. You can't say that I ever [illegible] after you.

Oldboy—Very true, Maria, and the rat trap never [illegible] after the mouse but it gathers him [illegible] and the same.

Logical.

Returned Lover—I have often thought of that sweet face, dear, and how he used to [illegible] Adonis about her red hair. Do you ever get even with him?" Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.'

A Well-Grown Man.

She (at the party)—How do you enjoy this repast?

He—Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it.

Correct.

Professor of Anatomy—Mr. Smith, how would you answer an unmarried woman?

Student—Call her [illegible] Court Journal.

—Princess Louise, who has joined Lord Lorne at the Duke of Argyle's shooting lodge in the Island of Mull, will proceed to Germany in the course of the month to visit Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg at Jugenheim, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Coburg.

Are you almost discussed
With life, or lean?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring [illegible]
It anything can
Do something for some [illegible] quick,
Do something for some body, quick.

Thought rains like [illegible]
Of the flood, litter on
And the clouds are [illegible] thick.
You can make the [illegible]
In your soul, at the more,
Do something for some body quick,
Do something for some body quick.

If a man works 100 hours in 6 days he is entitled to a seventh day of rest. He is entitled to this much, not only because his body and mind demand the relaxation, but because industrial conditions should be such as to enable him to earn a sufficient livelihood in six-sevenths of a week. There is scriptural warrant, as well, for the day of rest; but for purposes of the present contest, into which so many and so different classes and creeds enter, religion may well be set aside and the question urged solely on economic [illegible] Henry George.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The Shah reached Teheran yesterday.

Mr. P. T. Barnum has arrived in England.

Two inches of snow fell at Rat Portage on Friday night.

Mr. Cyrus Bowers, a pioneer of Waterloo county, died on Saturday.

Kingsville, Essex county, will soon be supplied with natural gas.

The Parnell Commission begins again on Thursday, and is likely to last about a month.

The German steamer Marcs Brunner, recently wrecked on the Red Sea, was looted by Arabs.

Queen Victoria has sent a message condolence to King Carlos on the death his father.

Three thousand of Lord Londonderry's miners at Silksworth colliery, Durham, have struck.

It is proposed to present Archbishop Cleary with $10,000 on the day when he receives the pallium.

The Windsor Board of Health has decided to enforce the by-law requiring every person in town to be vaccinated.

Mr. Koechlin, the engineer of the Eiffel tower, proposes to construct a railway to the summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has given a promise in writing that all children born in his dominion after Jan. 1st shall be free.

The steamer Keepler, which left New York on Sunday, and which it was feared was lost, arrived at Baltimore on Friday night.

A general strike of the moulders in Pittsburg was to be inaugurated to-day. They demand an advance of 10 per cent. in their wages.

The Bazaar du Centre at Lemanse, France, was burned yesterday. The proprietor and three assistants were burned to death.

On Friday, at Windsor, Bishop Walsh resigned the mitre of the diocese of London in order to become Archbishop of Toronto.

Mrs. Agnes Hochstetter, one of the victims of the Mount Auburn incline plane accident Tuesday, died in Cincinnati yesterday.

It is rumored that the Governor-General will return home from the Pacific Coast via San Francisco, Salt Lake City and Chicago.

The cholera spectre is alarming Europe. The disease is advancing from Persia, and the only hope of checking it is on the Russian frontier.

The body of George W. McGuire, a young lawyer, was taken from the Erie Canal in Rochester last night. He had jumped in about half an hour before.

Col. John English, clerk of the Stratford Division Court, and for many years colonel of the 26th Battalion, died in Stratford yesterday morning, in the 52nd year of his age.

Mr. J. F. Way, of Belleville, Crown timber agent, died on Friday at Los Angeles, California, to which place he went last year for his health. Mr. Way was 76 years of age.

Eighty chiefs have recognized the authority of the Congo State and have promised to furnish men to assist in maintaining order and suppressing human sacrifices.

The Sultan has ordered Chakir Pasha, Governor of Crete to disband and dismiss the battalions of his command, who recently mutinied because they were employed in road-making.

A Minneapolis despatch says: "August Dahmage, wanted by the Canadian Government for stealing $63,000, has been located in that city by P. A. Phelps, a newspaper man, of Rat Portage.

Patrick Staley, who was tried before Judge Drew at Chatham on Friday and found guilty of shooting Miss Ellis, of Gurfraxa, was on Saturday sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary.

Mr. E. V. Bodwell, formerly M.P. for South Oxford, and afterward Superintendent of the Welland Canal, died in Vancouver, B.C., on Friday night. He removed to the Pacific coast two years ago.

Dr. Leblanc, of Lawrence, Mass., and Mr. Parents, of Lowell, Mass., are in Quebec with a view to making arrangements with the Mercier Government for the repatriation of French-Canadians in the States.

The condition of Dr. Gaboury, Reeve of Belle River, Essex, who was injured in a runaway, has taken a change for the worse, and he is now lying in a critical state. He is well known throughout the country and is very popular.

Wm. Cole, a farmer, of Artamont, Ill., died on Friday night, it is supposed from the effects of poison placed in his well. His wife and child and Mrs. Durbin and her children are sick and there is danger that some, if not all, will die.

The U. S. Secretary of State has been informed that the Lan Ho, or Red River, of China, has been opened for trade, and that foreign goods imported by this route will be liable to only 70 per cent. of the regular coast import duties.

An unknown man on Friday night brutally murdered Conductor Brown, of the Houston & Texas Railway, because the conductor had put him off the train for refusing to pay his fare. Bloodhounds are on the murderer's track.

The Ontario Government has filled the vacancy in the professoriate of the University of Toronto by appointing to the joint chair of Metaphysics, Logic and Ethics Prof. Baldwin, of Princeton, and Mr. J. G. Hume, of Toronto University.

Edward Ashton, aged 16, the lad who received a fracture of the skull by falling off his wagon on Oct. 14th, at the corner of Lisgar and Queen streets, Toronto, died yesterday morning about 5 o'clock in a private ward at the General Hospital.

The other night as James Doherty, of Brigden, was on his way home a number of men assaulted him when opposite Lemon's blacksmith shop, and proceeded to tie him with ropes. After getting him well tied they had a race down the street, and in so doing handled Doherty quite roughly. It is said that Doherty is a wife beater, and this was in revenge for his cruelty to his wife and family.

[illegible] circumstances.

THE ADVANCE.

Published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

MR. WIMAN AND THE DESTINY OF CANADA

Some time ago Mr. Erastus Wiman, of New York, wrote a pamphlet, headed with the inquiry, "What is the Destiny of Canada?" In a pamphlet Mr. Wiman does not reply satisfactorily to his own query, but it may be deduced from his writing that he believes Canada will eventually become merged in the identity of the republic to the south of us. It is Mr. Wiman's dearest wish that this should be the case. For years he has been spending time and money with a lavish hand to bring about the consummation so devoutedly wished by him. Why is he doing this? What are his motives? One cannot imagine that they are purely philanthropic, although Mr. Wiman has the fame of being a philanthropist in certain lines. Even if his pet wishes were gratified, we cannot understand why posterity would have just cause for looking upon this gentleman in anything approaching the light of a great philanthropist and therefore, in the estimation of this paper, we must look further for a motive. Mr. Wiman is also amatorious none more so. His whole life has taught us that. His success in a financial sense has been remarkable, and satisfactory to himself, and now that he has climbed to the pinnacle of prosperity he finds that the eyes of humanity have not followed him with quite the amount of admiration which his longing soul desires. Therefore to chain the attention of the people on this continent for all time his massive brain has produced a gigantic scheme which, if consummated, would cause his name to be connected indelibly with the history of this continent. This may not be a charitable view, but when all the facts are taken into consideration we feel positive that it is a just one. The knowledge that Mr. Wiman is anything but a second Sir Moses Montefiore in private life lends additional and telling evidence that he is not the genuine philanthropist in this crusade which his disciples would have us believe.

What are his methods? They are worthy of a master mind in some respects, and prove that he is a diplomatist of no mean order. His tactics are cunningly wrought out in magazine articles, speeches, manipulation of his own telegraph wires, pamphlets scattered broadcast, political banquets, etc. He misses no opportunity of glorifying the "magnificent prospects of Canada," to American eyes, and the "unlimited markets of the United States" to Canadians. The United States is to feed upon Canada, and Canada is to grow fat under the operation. It is plainly a case of "dog eat dog," only in this instance each dog is expected to fatten off the other dog. It is a strange theory, this which Mr. Wiman advances, but he relies upon the belief that he can make us believe that Canadians are the ones to whom the banquet will be served, and the people of the United States vice versa. The day of such tactics is happily numbered. The press of to-day renders them impossible of achievement, through its exposures. Mr. Wiman's sophistry has been exposed and its effects have been nullified.

Foiled in his dearest wish, Mr. Wiman then advocated commercial union and continued his crusade on a different line, and in this he has met with greater success, being reinforced by the body politic called Reformers, who have only lately declared themselves champions of Unrestricted Reciprocity, or in other words Commercial Union. Since that declaration one significant battle has been fought—that of Richelieu—in which Mr. Massue, Conservative, defeated Mr. Beauchemin, champion of Unrestricted Reciprocity, by a largely increased majority over the former election, of Mr. Labelle, in 1887. This is only one of the many blows which will shortly be struck against Mr. Wiman's "fad," and that gentleman, though still hopeful, will no doubt shortly be brought to an acute knowledge of the fact that Canada is capable of working out her own destiny without foreign interference or speculative theorizing on the part of American fame-hunters. Her destiny, too, will not be what Mr. Wiman desires. She is drifting farther away from that goal every day—gaining a better knowledge of her own powers, her own importance and privileges. Mr. Wiman may dream of annexation and walk in a somnambulistic state from the Gulf of California to the Arctic ocean, and call it all a continent republic, with himself as President, but that will not make it one. Canada has an identity which she is not going to dispose of for a mess of pottage.

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

A newspaper man comes in contact with all the different patterns of mankind which an all-wise Providence has blocked out, and they are manifold. The portly gentleman, jolly, happy, self-satisfied, walks in and planks down his dollar for the newspaper with an air of pride in the knowledge that he is about to make for the year his best investment. Mr. Vinegar Visage walks slowly in after him and tries to persuade the editor that his paper is only worth seventy-five cents, but at last grumblingly loosens his miserly grasp of the dollar and leaves behind him when departing an air of discontentment and an odor of niggardliness. Then comes a bashful young man, and even before he enters the door you are safe to wager that he either wishes to subscribe for his sweetheart, who lives away off, or has a mule or two of fresh, juicy poetry for the waste basket. We have also met the man who is two years behind in his subscription, and who walks in with an air of assurance and informs you that the label on his paper is wrong, and that he holds at home your receipt, but forgot to bring it with him. In nine cases out of ten that man is a borrower of the truth and a trader in fiction, or his negligence in not having the error corrected is unpardonable. There are some seven hundred and sixteen other types of humanity which the country editor meets, but the fiction-monger downs them all.

Talking about liars, you will find them in every walk of life. They have even been discovered in the newspaper profession. It is so rarely that this occurs, however, that a case of the kind is worthy of note. We met a newspaper man in Toronto two years ago who had traveled all over this wide world. He had personally inspected the torrid sands of Africa, the crystal slopes of Enderby Land and Iceland; had been shipwrecked and was the only surviving person out of 315 souls; was at one time Postmaster-General of the State of Kentucky for twelve hours through an accident. These reminiscences were highly entertaining, but the author went a step too far. We swallowed them all with a gullibility born of innocence until he tried to choke down our thorax a charming tale of a fishing picnic which he enjoyed in the Highlands of Scotland, in company with the daughters of the late General Gordon, who died at Khartoum (peace be to his ashes), when we became suspicious that our literary friend was a blooming imposter. General Gordon was never married, and therefore his daughters were myths. We have never since spoken to that literary gentleman, and never intend to. He borrowed two dollars from us on the strength of that story, and the last heard from him he was heading for Honolulu by rail—on foot. He left a few of his relatives behind. 'Tis sad to think we will never again see him, but it is pleasant to remember that the way of the liar is hard. We detest liars, and never indulge in flights of fancy ourselves. Ahem!

Our School.

To the Editor of The Advance.

I noticed a short paragraph in your paper regarding a teacher for our school, mentioning her name, and I presume, excepting one or two persons, it receives a general endorsation.

Irreproachable in character, industrious, and determined to succeed in a calling she has voluntarily selected, and one in which her delight would be to excel, make it mysterious why she is not the choice. Then, too, raised from infancy among us, adds another reason why we should do honor to one of our own. But so far as is learned, the prevailing idea is that a person holding a higher grade certificate *must* be had, as if the ability to teach consisted in the certificate held, but the school law determines that a person holding a third class certificate covers the ground required, and therefore as to ability, it depends on the *kind* of teacher you happen to get.

The pokey trustees think a higher grade and more pay is the panacea for weakly irresolute teachers. But seriously, will the ratepayers calmly submit to be taxed more for school purposes than at present? I think not. Burdened with the new school house and grounds, one is astonished that there can be a man found in the school section to propose such a thing. One thing is well known, that Dr. Christoe was elected purely upon the ground that taxes in this direction should be curtailed. It will be curious to know what his position is in this matter. To my mind it is infinitely better to employ a person who is well known, all other things being equal, than one that is not. At any rate the village must see that the taxes are kept down. RATEPAYER.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, sr., died suddenly at his residence here on Wednesday morning last. As was his custom, Mr. Johnson got up at an early hour for the purpose of kindling the fire, but before reaching the stove he was seized with a feeling of weakness and called upon his son for help which was promptly given, but before the son had time to lay his father back upon the bed from which he had risen but a moment previous, apparently in good health, his spirit had winged its flight. Mr. Johnson was a good friend and neighbor. In politics he was a staunch Conservative. He was upwards of eighty years of age, and was one of those hardy old pioneer north of Ireland men, who cheated death so long. Mr. Wm. Chambers, of Owen Sound, was present at the funeral.

One day last week a freight car was sidetracked here, consigned to local business men. The first half of the goods unloaded was barrels of beer for our hotel keepers, and the other half was coffins for Messrs. Hills & Dillingham, the undertakers. Significant car-load that! The beer keg has been rolling ahead of the coffin, and the coffin sliding as fast as it can after the beer keg, for the last three hundred years, and they are constant companions and sworn allies yet.—[Pickering News.

A GIFT!

SOMETHING

FOR EVERYBODY

In order to secure another thousand subscribers before January next we have decided to make a great sacrificial offer for the balance of this year.

We have made arrangements with a publisher whereby we are enabled to make a magnificent gift to all our subscribers. We offer you your own choice from a list of splendid books, printed in clear type on good paper, or a monthly farmer's magazine for one year, upon the following terms: Every new subscriber remitting one dollar to us between the date of this circular and Jan. 1 next will receive The Advance for 1890 and balance of this year free, and may also select one from our list of books. And in order that all may fare alike we offer to our old subscribers, who will send in any arrearages and the dollar in advance for next year, *before, or on Jan. 1, 1890*, a choice from the appended list of books.

N. B.—The books will not be delivered until after Jan. 1, next, in order that all may be sent out at one time. Where they are to be sent by mail five cents extra must be sent with the order, to pay postage.

This is a bona fide gift, made as an experiment, and the most liberal ever made by a local newspaper. The names will be enrolled as received and the books delivered in that order. Here is the list:

1 THE AMERICAN FARMER, monthly, for one year.
2 A House of Tears, by L. Downey.
3 Sara Crewe and Edith's Ploughar, by Francis Hodgson Burnett.
4 The Abbey Murder, by Joseph Hatton.
5 The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte.
6 The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, by Mrs. F. H. Burnett.
7 Dr. Glennie's Daughter, by B. L. Farjeon.
8 A Mere Child, by L. B. Walford.
9 The Queen's Token, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
10 A Missing Husband, by George R. Sims.
11 The Fatal Wife, same author.
12 An Algonquin Maiden, by G. Mercer Adam and R. Wetherald.
13 Heaven and Hell, by E. Swedenborg.
14 Stranger than Fiction, by Kenneth Lee.
15 The Story of an African Farm, by Ralph Iron.
16 John Ward, Preacher, by Margaret Deland.
17 Buffalo Bill, by Ned Buntline.
18 Michael Strogoff, by Jules Verne.
19 The Gunmaker of Moscow, by S. Cobb, a capital story.
20 Maria Monk.
21 Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
22 Rudder Grange, by Frank R. Stockton.
23 Ten Nights in a Barroom, by T. S. Arthur.
24 A Dangerous Catspaw, a detective story.
25 Helen's Babies, by Habberton.
26 Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace.
27 Seaside Cook Book.
28 Day's Ready Reckoner, complete.
29 Chesterfield's Letter Writer and Etiquette, Complete.

Remember these two facts: You secure what is admittedly the best local paper in Grey, and get a present of another dollar paper or a book to while away the winter evenings. Our offer only holds good up to and including Jan. 1, 1890. Such another offer will, in all likelihood, never be made again. Do not put off sending in your orders until the last moment.

W. H. THURSTON,
Flesherton, Sept. 24, 1889. Publisher Advance, Flesherton.

Extra Copies of any of the above Works may be had for 30 cents.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russell's

J. G Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's store or Atkinson's Hotel.
Priceville, Nov. 19, 1888.

URS. SPOULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc. late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church,
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST,
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER, C. B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. C. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES
on Town or Farm Property.
S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
Residence one door south of Advance Office.

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Hub Thill Spring,
MANUFACTURED BY
Butts & Ordway,
147, Pearl St., Boston
Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.
Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.
THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,
Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.
—FOR SALE AT—
Heard's Carriage Shop

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts. 2nd door North of Post Office.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

Thanksgiving day on Thursday next, Nov. 7.

School teacher wanted—see advertisement.

Mr. Thos. Bentham, of Chesley, visited his parents here this week.

Reid McDonald & Evans' change of advertisement this week.

Master George Treadgold leaves this week for Michigan to secure a situation.

Division court will be held in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Thursday next Nov. 7.

Promotion examinations will be held in all the public schools of this county on Dec. 12 and 13 next.

Three young men killed a "coon" on the back line west last week which weighed thirty pounds.

On Nov. 11th, cattle fair day, Mrs. C. Treadgold will sell her household furniture for cash.

The second instalment of our San Francisco letter has not come to hand in time for this issue.

On Nov. 11th, cattle fair day, Mrs C. Treadgold will sell her household furniture for cash.

Won't you call in and subscribe for the Cosmopolitan? Subscribers to this paper can have that splendid magazine one year for only *one dollar and forty cents.*

The fall assizes will open in Owen Sound on Tuesday next, Nov. 5. The most important case to be tried is that of the Baltic outrage.

Inspector Campbell informs us that the number of changes which will be made in the teaching profession in his inspectorate at the end of this year is something remarkable.

M. Richardson, Esq., occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church on Sunday morning last and Dr. Christoe in the evening. This was made necessary owing to the unexpected detention in Toronto of the pastor.

Mr. Malcolm Kennedy left with us a bag of magnificent potatoes on Thursday last. They were of the White Elephant variety, and were truly elephantine. Malcolm is an Irishman, and naturally knows how to raise good potatoes.

Mr. Anderson had a valuable turkey stolen from off its roost on Friday night last, which proves that there is some individual in Flesherton who is an undesireable citizen. Pity he could not be discovered.

The social held at the residence of Mr. Jas. Beecroft on Friday evening last was poorly attended, but the few who were so fortunate as to be there enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Supper was served from 8 to 9 o'clock, and the remainder of the evening was occupied with games, etc.

The Orangemen of Feversham will hold a grand celebration at that place on Tuesday Nov. 5th. The program consists of a tea served from 4 to 6 p.m., vocal and instrumental music, speeches, recitations and dialogues. Admission 25 and 15 cents. See bills.

We received a little luxury on Saturday last from Mr. Wm. Guy, of Maxwell, in the form of a basket of white winter radishes. They are our favorite vegetable, and Mr. Guy has the heartfelt thanks of The Advance staff for his generous and tasty gift.

On Friday morning last four or five sportsmen of this village drove out into proton with the intention of slaying all the deer in that section of country. They arrived home again on Saturday at noon. The deer which they went out to slay are still unslayed. Of course the woods was full of tracks, and several times they narrowly escaped seeing a deer, but the weather was unfavorable, the zodiacal signs not right and several other things—mostly the latter—and venison steak is still a scarce article in this village.

CARPETS—In this line M. Richardson & Co. are showing an extensive range, and at prices that have not previously been touched here. Everyone furnishing should see their stock.

To Rent.

One small store to rent, in the best business block in Flesherton; suitable for office or any business requiring only small storage; 12 ft. frontage; rent only $25 per year. Apply to J. E. Moore.

The new makes of felt boots shown by M. Richardson & Co. are a great improvement on anything offered before in this line. They have a big range of felt socks and rubbers.

The Royal Templars of Flesherton are, as we noticed before, preparing the drama "Ten Nights in a Barroom," for presentation some time early in December. The various characters are all taken by suitable people, and the rehearsals give promise that the drama will be presented in a superior manner. The Advance has been surprised at the amount of first-class dramatic talent which Flesherton has displayed since this play was first spoken of. Stage manager Russell makes 'em russle around and don't you forget it. Also, don't you forget to go and see it when it is presented.

WANTED—Ducks, Turkeys, geese and chickens, for which highest prices will be paid by M. Richardson & Co.

The following clipping from the Minot, Dak., Journal, will be of interest to our readers: "Wm. Strain and wife, accompanied by their little daughter, from Canada, are visiting their children in this city. Mr. Strain finds his three boys doing as well as a father could wish to see them, and he has just cause to feel proud. If every father in the land could find his children as highly respected in a community and as prosperous in business this would indeed be a happy world." In looking over the paper from which the above quotation is made we notice that the Strain Bros. are strict believers in in the efficacy of printer's ink, and that is probably one great secret of their prosperity, coupled with push and enterprise. From a private letter we learn that Mrs. Strain has been much benefitted in health since her arrival in Dakota.

Special values this week in grey and checked flannels, shirts and drawers. See them at Richardson & Co's.

Among the 1000 Islands.

Gananoque, Ont. is beautifully situated in the very midst of the Thousand Islands, but its citizens are equally as liable as those of other sections to Catarrh. W.B. Fullerton, Druggist, says:—A prominent citizen of our town expresses great delight over miraculous healing properties of your Nasal Balm. He has suffered for a long time from a severe headache over the eyes, and his head was so stopped up that he was in great distress. One application gave instant relief and in two days he was entirely cured.

Ulster cloths very low at M. Richardson & Co's.

A Horrible Example.

Brother Spurr, who runs a spicy little newspaper somewhere out in the country (we think it is near Creemore) enjoys himself thoroughly these days watching the farming operations between drinks. He tells all about a threshing which he witnessed the other day, in the following language. "There was a threshing at the back of our office on Tuesday. We could just see the stack and four men on it. It was as good as a half hour at a peanut stand to watch them. They took fire water before they began and fire water when they began, so that their motion of lifting straw was like a dog trying to lick out the inside of a salmon tin; at least their backs would suggest that attitude. The straw was slippery, or else their boots were. The atmospheric pressure of the air, too, had a seriously depressing effort on the head, for the stack builder soon lost consciousness and overbalanced himself so that he lit on the ground with the agility of a bear. He could not get up any more, so the other two hands quarreled as to who should take his place, and they both fought until they fell, tumbling off the stack near their predecessor. The man at the carriers hung out the best; but he, too, had a dizziness in his head and a worse one in his feet, so he stuck his fork into the straw and tried to hold on to that; but the fork was too long, or the man was too heavy for the fork, for both fork, man and straw came down in a heap to join the other three. As no more hands could be secured, work was suspended long before the sun showed sign of going down."

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The Path of Love and Roses.

Miss Franke Henderson, of Toronto, Becomes Mrs. Hansford.

A Brilliant Gathering in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, Witness the Ceremony—A Long List of Presents.

HANSFORD—HENDERSON.—On Wednesday, Oct. 23rd, 1889, at the Sherbourne street Methodist church, Toronto, by Rev. Wm Hansford, D.D., father of the groom, assisted by Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., and Rev. A. H. Rayner, LL.D., uncle of the groom. Jeffroy E. Hansford, of Osgoode hall, barrister-at-law, to Franke, eldest daughter of J. W. Henderson, Esq., inspector of the North of Scotland Canadian Mortgage Company.

The above marriage notice appeared in the Toronto Mail of Thursday last. Miss Henderson is one of the products of this village, having lived here during her childhood where she has many warm and steadfast friends among old schoolmates. Her husband is a rising young barrister, of Toronto, who may be heartily envied the favors which Sir Cupid has showered upon him. The ceremony took place in the Sherbourne street Methodist church, which was almost filled with a large and fashionable company assembled to witness the nuptials. The marriage was performed by Rev. Dr. Hansford, assisted by Rev. Dr. Stafford and Professor Rayner. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. J. W. Henderson, of the North of Scotland Canada Mortgage Company, widely known in this county from his long residence in Flesherton. The bridesmaids were Miss Hansford, Miss Spink, Miss Bella Henderson and Miss Jennie Doan. Mr. W. Richardson and Mr. R.N. Henderson supported the groom. The bride was dressed in white silk faille with natural flowers and diamonds, and the bridesmaids looked charming in white and pink silk and flowers. Among the many beautiful and valuable presents were:

From the bride's father, a grand upright mahogany piano.
From the bride's mother, a beautiful bronze clock.
From Mr Newton Henderson, a large piano lamp.
From Dr Hansford, a bedroom set.
Mrs Dr Hansford, a dinner set.
Miss Hansford, a mantel scarf.
Rev Dr and Mrs Dewart, a silver fish carver.
Rev Dr and Mrs Briggs, a fancy 5 o'clock tea table.
Rev Dr and Mrs Rayner, 1 pair etchings.
Mr and Mrs R B Osler, a dozen gold coffee and fruit spoons.
Mr and Mrs H C Hammond, 1 doz gold lined coffee spoons.
Mr and Mrs S B Sykes, silver syrup pitcher and tray.
Mr and Mrs W S Andrews, silver fruit spoons.
Mr and Mrs R A Smith, a marmalade bowl.
Mr and Mrs John Donogh a rattan plush chair.
Mr and Mrs W Sterling, silver berry set.
Mr and Mrs John N Lake, a silver celery stand.
Mr and Mrs J Hillock, a refrigerator.
Mr and Mrs H H Fudger a pair bronze statuettes.
Mr and Mrs Thos H Wilmot, silver carver and fork.
Mr and Mrs R Brown, a dressing case in vieux rose plush flushed in ivory.
Mr and Mrs R W Doan, a silver fruit dish and spoon.
Dr Henderson, a silver water urn.
Mr and Mrs J Oliver, a china tea set.
Mr and Mrs E K Scoley, a silver pudding dish.
Miss Scoley, a pillow scarf.
Mr and Mrs Thos Aikenhead, silver mounted carvers.
Mr and Mrs B B Toye, pair Dresden china statuettes.
Mr Braden, silver service.
Mr Robt H Henderson, silver table bell and spoon holder.
Mr and Mrs W G Shaw, 1 case china after coffee cups and saucers.
Mr Raynar, 1 doz silver knives and forks.
Miss Maud Richardson, silver cream and sugar casket.
Miss Spink, china vase.
Dr W Richardson, pair water colored pictures.
Miss Brown, plush album.
Miss Bellamy, silver jelly bowl.
Mrs R Henderson, silver breakfast cruet.
Miss Kate Bellamy, cut glass berry set.
Mrs S Morrow, fancy cut glass plate.
Miss Jennie Doan, silver fruit knives.
Miss Amy Sterling, three water jugs.
Miss Holmes, hand painted panel.
Miss Stickney, an oil painting.
Miss Birdie Hansford, an ottoman.
Miss Annie Marten, plush paper bracket.
Mrs Hends, hand painted shells.
Mr and Mrs Tytler, a pair Dresden china statuettes.
Mr Steadman, flower stand.
Miss Bella Henderson, an afghan.
Master Emerson Henderson, silver biscuit bowl.
Miss Carpenter, silver table bell.
Sherbourne street Methodist choir, terra cotta plush rocker.
Mr and Mrs Hutcheson, biscuit bowl.

The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful diamond pin, and a gold brooch to each of the bride's maids.

Among the guests present were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hansford, Morrisburg; Rev. Dr and Mrs. Stafford, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dewart, Rev Dr. and Mrs. Briggs, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Reynar, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. H.E. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. John Donogh, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Fudger, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hillock, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Willmott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. R.W. Doane, Mr. and Mrs. Aikenhead, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Scoley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. R.A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B.B. Toye, Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Shaw, Mr. Joseph Reynar, Three Rivers, Que.; Dr. T. Henderson, Miss Maud Richardson Flesherton; Mr. R H. Henderson, Mr. C. W. Breadon, Mr. George Shipman, Cannington; the Misses Bellamy, Miss Birdie Hansford, Morrisburg; Mr. W. Richardson and Miss Scoley.

Teacher Wanted

A teacher holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate to teach in U S S No 1, Artemesia and Euphrasia, duties to commence 6th January, 1890. Apply, stating salary to HUGH WALTON, Eugenia P O

STRAYED!

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, about Oct 28, four spring calves, one steer and three heifers. Any person having knowledge of their whereabouts will confer a favor by communicating with D McLEOD, Flesherton Station.

Lot 142, 2nd range west, Artemesia.

For Sale or to Rent.

Having concluded to retire from farming, the undersigned has decided to offer for sale or to rent his first-class hundred-acre farm, one and a quarter miles south of the village of Flesherton, on which are erected good buildings, including a splendid bank barn. If sold only a small payment will be required down, the balance in easy payments. For further particulars apply to THOS. MORROW, Flesherton P O.

Highest Market Price

in cash will be paid for any quality of

Hides, Sheep-Skins and Tallow.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton Tannery.

FARM TO RENT.

For a term of years. Being lots No 183 and 184, second range north of the T & S. Road, Artemesia, containing over fifty acres of cleared land, free from stone and mostly clear of stumps, and well adapted for either grain or grazing purposes. Good chance for a good man. An inspection of the premises solicited. Apply to T H POWERS, Kirby P O, or to ANDREW CARR, Flesherton P O, Ont.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Two years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T and S. R., containing 300 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village of Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to JAS. BEECROFT, Flesherton P O.

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REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.

done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth For sale at the Medical Hall.

FARMERS! BUSINESS MEN! EVERYBODY

WANTING ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF

Harness
Sleighbells,
Blankets,
Sleigh Robes,
Whips,
Circingles,
Trunks,
Valises,
Etc.,

SHOULD CALL ON ME.

Sleigh :: :: Robes.

The Saskatchewan Buffalo Robe, warm, durable, water and wind proof; new invention. White goat robe, very serviceable.

A MAGNIFICENT LOT OF NEW AND CHEAP

SLEIGHBELLS.

Just Examine our Stock, which is Larger than Ever,

WHIPS

In endless varieties and all prices.

Axle Grease, Hoof Ointment & Harness Oil.

In all the above supplies I have a large stock, and my prices are low.

Those who go further will fare worse.

D. Clayton,

Flesherton

N. B.,—First class livery in connection.

A DASH TO DEATH.

Another Terrible Accident on the Cincinnati Inclined Railway.

MANY KILLED AND INJURED.

A Tuesday evening's Cincinnati despatch says: The most appalling accident ever known on the inclined plane railways of this city happened to-day between 12 and 1 o'clock. It was on the Mount Auburn Inclined plane, which lies at the head of Main street, and reaching to a height of between 250 and 300 feet in a space of perhaps 2,000 feet or less. Two cars are employed, one on each track. They are drawn by two steel wire cables that are wound up on a drum at the top of the hill by an engine located there. Nine passengers entered the car at the foot of the plane and a number were on the other car at the top. The passage of the ascending car was all right until it reached the top, when, to his unspeakable horror, the faithful engineer found that the machinery would not respond and that he could not stop the engine. Only one result was possible. The car was arrested by the strong bumper which stops its progress, and as the engine continued all its force was expended on the two cables, and they

SNAPPED LIKE WRAPPING THREAD

under its enormous power. Then the car with its nine passengers locked within began the descent of the frightful slope. The crash at the foot of the plane was terrible. The iron gate that formed the lower end of the truck on which the car rested was thrown sixty feet down the street. The top of the car was lying almost as far in the gutter. The truck itself and the floor and seats of the car formed a shapeless wreck, mingled with the bleeding and mangled bodies of the nine passengers. Two passengers were taken out dead, one a middle-aged lady, named Mrs. Ives, the other a girl of 20, Miss Lillian Oskamp. Another, Mr. N. Kneiss, a teacher, died soon afterwards. Five others were injured, perhaps fatally, and one man escaped miraculously with but a slight injury. The names of the injured are not yet fully ascertained. J. B. Hollister and a Mr. McFadden are said to be two of them. Judge Hollister is nearly 70 years old and can hardly survive such a shock. This inclined plane was built twenty-one years ago, and this is the first accident attended with loss of life to any of the four inclined planes now in use.

Mr. Kneiss was a teacher in a public school. He was on his way home to dinner. His body was badly disfigured. Mrs. Ives was the wife of Caleb Ives, Treasurer of the Globe Soap Works. She was on her way to visit her son, who was married a few weeks ago. Mrs. Ives was aged about 60, and her neck was broken. Joseph McFadden, aged 60, died at 2.20 p. m. Charles McFadden is his son.

THE CUT-OFF GEAR FAILED.

The accident is described as follows: As car No. 29 reached the top of the plane, Goebel, the cabman, forced down the lever which shuts of the steam. For some reason the apparatus refused to work, and the car rushed on upon the iron railing. Goebel bent all his strength upon the lever, but it failed to move. On the car rushed madly. The iron work pierced deeply into the wooden flooring, and still the cable tugged. Finally, with a grating noise the cables slipped from the brass clamps that held them, the bolt that secured them opened, and the car was free. The passengers, unconscious of trouble, were about to step from the vehicle when it shot downward. The passengers who had arisen fell together upon the floor of the car. Down the plane of several hundred feet it shot, and plunging fiercely upon the railing at the bottom was dashed to pieces. The car struck, shot far out upon Main street, and was shivered into a thousand fragments.

Chas. Goebel, who was the man at the lever and unable to stop the engine, says he complained that the "cut off" was not working properly. "I told the engineer about it this morning," he said, "and the engineer told me he had repaired it, but it was evidently still out of order, and this must have been what caused the accident."

The engineer, Howard Worder, could not be found, though this is not to be considered evidence that he is hiding. The coroner will make a thorough investigation.

THE CASUALTIES.

It was Judge W. M. Dickson and not Judge Hollister who was on the car. Judge Dickson was one of the first of the wounded to die. The list of dead now stands: Judge Dickson, Mrs. Caleb Ives, Miss Lillian Oskamp, Michael Kneiss and Joseph Hochstetter. Wounded—[illegible] McFadden, both legs broken; Joseph McFadden, cut on sides and body and internal injuries; Mrs. Hochstetter, cuts and internal injuries; Mrs. Joseph McFadden.

A Transatlantic Steamer Ashore.

A London cable says: The steamer Malta, belonging to the Cunard Steamship Company, with eighteen passengers on board on a pleasure trip to Italy, went ashore at St. Just, near Land's End, during a fog. The sea was smooth but owing to her bad position the vessel became a total wreck. All on board landed safely except one of the stokers, who was drowned. The Malta was a brig rigged iron screw steamer of 2,132 tons. She was built at Glasgow in 1865.

An Awful Mistake.

Bessie—That newly married lady you introduced me showed me a lovely ice pitcher. I asked her if it was a wedding present and she seemed quite hurt.

Jennie—No wonder. I forgot to tell you that she eloped with her husband.

A Real Perplexity.

Prospective Father in Law—How do you expect to get a[illegible] without a salary if you are going to get married?

Young Smiley Basker—That is not the point—how am I to get along if I don't get married?

"What was the most melancholy spectacle you ever witnessed?" asked Fangle. "A man with long side whiskers in swimming," replied Cumso.

Jenkins and his wife are out. He said he "feels like a fool," and she said she didn't see any reason why he shouldn't.

THE POISONED CANDY CASE.

The Jury in the Candy Poisoning Case Find a Verdict Against McDonald.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: The MacRae inquest is still dragging along, and will probably last half of this week, as about a dozen witnesses are still to be examined. At Saturday evening's session Robert Christie, general clerk in Messrs. Barkers', said he had seen McDonald handling poisonous drugs, such as opium, sugar of lead, etc., but never remembered seeing him touch strychnine. Wm. Barker had asked him on Friday, the 4th inst., if he had any suspicions of McDonald in connection with the poisoned candy. He knew McDonald carried a key of the store, and had spoken to the bookkeeper about it, but the latter said a new lock was to be put on, and it would be all right. McDonald once told him he did not believe in God.

Charles L. Nebon, paper dealer, said the piece of brown wrapping paper found in McDonald's pocket was not the same as that around the parcel. Both were manilla, but had been made at different times and not from the same ream.

D. C. Clench, banker, said that McDonald drew an account from him on Saturday morning, Oct. 5th, saying he was going to deposit with Messrs. Barker, as they would allow interest.

W. J. Haines, assistant bookkeeper with the Barkers, admitted having lent McDonald his key on several occasions. On Tuesday evening, the 1st inst., he returned to the office about seven o'clock. He did not think any one would then be in the building and saw no light, but a few minutes later McDonald walked into the office, and picking up a pen went outside to the desk and did some writing. He saw no parcels, and could no say what he wrote on. A few moments after Wasson came in, then Gerow, the electric bell on the front door, which can be shut on or off, did not ring when he entered the store, nor when he saw McDonald, but it did when Wasson and Gerow came in. He supposed McDonald fixed it give an alarm. McDonald left the desk when the bell announced Gerow's arrival, and he thought he went out, but as Gerow did not meet him he supposed he went somewhere else in the building. On Saturday morning, Oct. 5th, Spittle and he were talking about the poisoning, and Spittle said the person who sent it might be among them. McDonald once told him he did not believe in God.

John Doherty, another of the Barkers' clerks, could throw no light on the mystery.

Howard Barker, a cousin of McDonald, was in the store on Saturday evening after the arrest and saw Peters throw McDonald's overcoat down stairs to Sergt. Hastings, but could not say who picked it up, or whether it had been searched before given to the police.

Detective Ring told of the arrest of McDonald and of going to Barkers' store afterwards and searching among the boxes, where he discovered some similar to those containing the candy. He also discovered that a bottle of strychnine was missing.

A St. John, N.B., despatch says: Two sessions of the inquest were held to-day, but no more definite evidence was adduced. The excitement over the matter is somewhat dying out, and the attendance at the examination is much smaller than at first. It is likely the evidence will be finished to-morrow evening, and the case will be given to the jury on Wednesday or Thursday.

Horatio Enslow, a clerk in Barkers' retail department, knew of young Heans's leaving his key of the wholesale department in their store for McDonald, and he had seen McDonald in their back shop [illegible] apprentice to James [illegible] McDonald's key of the store as having been made by [illegible] at his request.

Dr. James Steeves, Medical Superintendent of the [illegible] Asylum [illegible] [illegible]

J. H. Wasson, Barkers' shipping clerk, recalled, was shown the [illegible] McDonald [illegible] writing. [illegible] "0" [illegible]

[illegible] Spittle, recalled, said [illegible] when Peters [illegible]

[illegible] Stanton, Jennie K[illegible], Eva K[illegible] and Maud C[illegible], employed [illegible] Barkers', could throw no light on the mystery. Robt. Christie, recalled, was [illegible] admitted some [illegible] the figure "0," as [illegible] by Wasson.

At the evening session W. F. Best, analytical chemist, was recalled. He had examined portions of the paper on the [illegible] package and also some paper [illegible] McDonald's person [illegible] the microscope. The latter [illegible] the texture and form of construction of both papers were identical in every particular. Some green stains on [illegible] the box were from Paris green, he thought. He also examined [illegible] and [illegible] that on the candy, and [illegible] the same.

J. W. [illegible] failed to [illegible] similarity between the figures of McDonald's on the box from the store and the numbers on the candy box.

[illegible] Peters and W. H. Fry, [illegible] were [illegible] on a bit of paper found on McDonald, and said it was part of [illegible] McDonald's writing [illegible] the figures and [illegible] by the same person [illegible]

cousin of McDonald, was a playmate of his. On Saturday morning a week ago, the day of the arrest, he went into Bakers' retail store, and, in going behind the counter to the back shop, heard Arthur tell his elder brother Howard that their mother, Mrs. George Barker, got some candy and had burned it. He knew nothing further, but gave the names of several others who heard the conversation.

A St. John, N. B., despatch of Tuesday says: The Coroner's Court sat morning and evening and examined several witnesses. Mrs. Ann Heans, mother of Barkers' clerk, said her son had told her of lending his key to McDonald, but had said nothing about mailing packages for him. Young Heans was recalled and denied that he had ever mailed any package for McDonald. J. H. Wasson, recalled, said he thought Peters told him the reason he went to the Coroner's to examine the boxes was because he thought they had similar ones in the store.

Arthur Barker, 11 years of age, son of George Barker, remembered going to his uncle's store on Saturday morning, Oct. 5th, in company with other boys, but denied the statement made last evening by Harry Taylor, that he said his mother had received a box of candy and burned it. He said the conversation took place in the cellar of their house, and he told Taylor his mother said that if she had received a box of candy she would burn it. Clarence Buckingham and Colin Clark, aged 11 and 14 respectively, were called and substantiated Taylor's statement in every particular.

Sergt. Hastings told of going for McDonald's coat on the evening of his arrest in company with Howard Barker. He was kept waiting, he said, for some time, and the coat was finally passed out to him through the retail store. Macaulay, turnkey of the jail, said he was walking in the yard on Saturday evening, and on hearing voices looked into the surgeon's room, where McDonald was confined, and heard him tell Howard Barker to go get his coat hanging in the wholesale and bring it back without disturbing anything in the pockets.

Frank Crabe, head of Barkers' retail department, testified as to the rules governing the sales of poison, etc., which he said did not apply to the wholesale clerks. He threw no light on the mystery. S. Kerr, Principal of the Business College and teacher of writing, was shown the addresses on the candy packages, and said they had evidently been written with a blunt pen. He noticed the figure "0" on the Descyres and Dienstadt packages and also saw the same peculiarity in the numbers made by McDonald on some boxes in Barkers' store.

The Coroner then said this was nearly all the evidence, and that sessions would be held on Thursday afternoon and evening, when any additional statements would be taken and the case submitted to the jury. The general opinion here is that while the evidence is sufficient to send McDonald up for trial, it is not sufficient to convict him.

A St. John, N.B., despatch says: The inquest in the candy poisoning cases finished this evening. Most of the time of the afternoon and evening sessions was spent in reading over the depositions. Some few questions were asked, but no important information was brought out. Coroner Berryman began his address to the jury at 9 30 o'clock and it was a few minutes after twelve when he finished. He reviewed all the points of the case and charged strongly against McDonald.

The jury were out exactly an hour, and returned the following verdict: "Catherine H. Macrae came to her death from eating a candy upon which or in which strychnine had been placed, and which candy had been sent through the post addressed to the Rev. Donald Macrae, and received [illegible] on Wednesday morning, Oct. 2nd, 1889; and, further [illegible] that the said [illegible] McDonald [illegible] and murder [illegible] said Catherine H. Macrae. McDonald will be charged [illegible] by Inspector Weatherhead.

A Mother's Terrible Crime

A Santa Anna, Cal., despatch of Wednesday says: [illegible] Mrs. Effie L. [illegible] was [illegible] in her house at [illegible] a frightful cut in her throat. Near her were her two children, a boy aged 5 and a girl aged 3, also with their throats cut. [illegible] had murdered her children [illegible] attempted to kill herself. It is [illegible] will recover. A dull case knife was [illegible] She was divorced from her husband [illegible] O. E. Schell, three years ago, [illegible] the [illegible] of the children [illegible] Recently Schell entered suit to gain the custody of the children, and this was the cause of the crime.

Where the Slipper Was Found.

A Kansas City despatch says: A [illegible] number of small incendiary fires have occurred here recently. The police have discovered that the incendiaries were a band of small boys, aged from 11 to 15. They were regularly organized and called themselves "Captain Kid's pets." The members are bound by blood curdling oaths not to reveal the secrets of the Order, and all their plans were carried out according to written orders signed in blood from the arms of the young desperadoes. The leaders of the band are under arrest.

A Precious Bouquet.

The Queen of Holland recently surprised her husband in a very novel manner. On his birthday she presented him with an enormous bouquet of flowers, of the kind used in the [illegible] at opera [illegible], so heavy that it required several strong men to carry it. As it was brought close to the throne the old King stooped forward to examine it, when amidst the flowers the head of his little infant daughter peeped out, to the surprise of the monarch and the amusement of the whole court.

A Useless Expenditure.

Cheerful Fr[illegible]—Well, you're all ready to start—[illegible] accident insurance ticket [illegible] killed, old [illegible] you know.

[illegible] stuff and nonsense [illegible] me. I'll go [illegible] all right.

RAILWAY WRECKS.

A Disastrous Smash-up at Omaha—Big Wreck at Brussels.

An Omaha despatch of Wednesday says: A terrible wreck occurred on the Burlington & Missouri River Railway at Gibson, a few miles from Omaha, at 6 45 last evening. About fifty passengers were injured. Two engines were completely demolished, and a chair car and combination car were thrown from the tracks and reduced to atoms. Train No. 6, the local between Lincoln and Chicago, ran into No. 9. The former was east and the latter west bound. Gibson is the meeting point and the place where the crew on No. 9, which is a stub train that makes connections with the Kansas City express, steps to register. Both trains were due at Gibson at 6.45 p.m., but last night No. 9 was slightly behind. When the accident occurred the latter had just crossed the spur, and the engine on No. 6 struck the end, hurling both engines and the two coaches from the track. The combination coach and the chair car were both crowded with passengers, all of whom were more or less injured, while Peter Renland, proprietor of the Tremont House, was injured so badly that he died shortly after being taken to the hospital. The chair car after being overturned caught fire, and many passengers were burned in addition to their other injuries, but those who had escaped comparatively safe aided in relieving their companions. The number of the injured has not yet been ascertained.

Other Disasters.

A Brussels cable says: As a passenger train from Mons, running at full speed, was approaching the station in this city today the engineer applied the brakes to slow up. The brakes did not work and the train dashed into the station and against the buffers at the end of the track. A number of carriages were wrecked and thirty passengers injured.

A Leabonan, Ind., despatch says: A construction train bearing section men on the Midland Railway three miles from here backed into a freight train to-day. Sherman Moore, brakesman, was killed. Oliver Heath and John Fitch were fatally hurt and several others seriously injured. The freight train had failed to clear the main track in switching.

SMOKELESS "CORDITE."

A New Invention of the Modern Science of Destruction.

A London cable says: Experiments which the British Government have been making for the past two weeks with Lord Armstrong's new explosive, "cordite," have so far proved highly satisfactory, and well-informed military men already say it is the explosive of the future for small arms as well as artillery. It is absolutely smokeless, which cannot be said of the so-called "smokeless powder" just introduced by Germany, and the deadly fumes which rise from the latter are entirely absent in the "cordite." It is confidently predicted that this new explosive will work a revolution in modern armament, and quick-firing guns, which, with ordinary powder, are of little use after the gunners are enveloped in a suffocating cloud of smoke, will become powerful weapons of destruction in the future.

Suspicions of Foul Play.

A Montreal despatch of Wednesday says: This morning Coroner Bell was notified of the sudden death of a young man named Tanguay, at Levis, during the night. The circumstances surrounding the case are wrapped in mystery, and it is feared that foul play has been at work. It appears that on Monday night a Mr Tanguay, of Levis, who is employed on board a steamer, arrived home rather late and found his wife, son and another man in an intoxicated state, lying in bed together. He immediately ejected the stranger from the house, and nothing more was known of the scandal until it was rumored this morning that Tanguay, jun., aged about 25 years, had died during the night. His mother and a man named Levallee were put under arrest this morning and brought to town, the body of the deceased being still on the bed where he expired. Levallee denies any knowledge of the affair, though he was drinking with deceased and his mother last night. The latter refuses to say anything. The inquest opens to-morrow.

A Bold Gambler's Escapade.

A Kansas City despatch of Wednesday says: An exciting scene was witnessed by the passengers on the Wabash train from St. Louis this morning. Albert Hoit, of Moberly, Mo., on his way to Seattle, W.T., and having a large amount of money, was swindled out of $200 by two three-card monte men. When the swindlers attempted to leave the train one of the passengers pretended to be an officer, and placed one of them under arrest. In the excitement that ensued the monte men escaped. This state of affairs had dawned on Hoit by that time, and [illegible] a revolver he gave chase to the swindlers. He captured one [illegible] him back to the train at the point of a revolver. At the next station Randolph, the prisoner, jumped suddenly to [illegible] keeping the excited passengers at bay with a pistol, jumped off the car just as the train was moving out.

[illegible] Drowned.

A New Bedford, Mass., despatch says: During the blow on Sunday the fishing schooners Quilp and [illegible], of this port, put into Cuttyhunk [illegible] harbor for anchorage. Monday, during the heavy rain, the vessels drifted together. The crew of the Nutmeg took to the larger vessel, the Quilp. Fearing that both vessels would drag ashore, the crew of the Quilp, Capt. John Flanders, Arthur Boden and Samuel Peckham, started to row ashore in their small boat to get the life-saving crew to take the crew of the Nutmeg off. The boat capsized and all three men were drowned. The crew of the Humane Society rescued the crew of the [illegible] with difficulty. The Quilp afterwards went ashore.

—Three [illegible] were passing along a country road met old farmer. First wit—Good morrow, Father Abraham. Second wit—Good morrow, Father Isaac. Third wit—Good morrow, Father Jacob. Old farmer—I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went [illegible] I have found them.

THE MACDUFF KILT.

A Bit of English History in the Modern American Gown.

An English princess does't marry an earl every day, and especially an earl who is a direct descendant of that Macduff who has been requested to "lay on" by every tragedian, from him who delighted the gallery gods in the Bowery to him who received kid gloved applause at the swell play house, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*. If you have any sentiment at all, and are a woman (I do not advise it for men), you will appear in a kilt skirt of Macduff plaid—it is a beautiful rich plaid, a red background crossed by dark blue and green lines—you have kilt of this and wear with it a scarlet cloth coat, and on your head a scarlet felt hat caught up at the side with the blackest of blackbirds that ever was shot or served in a pie. You can then try and think that you own the Castle of Wemyss (pronounced Weems) where Mary, Queen of Scots, met and loved Darnley—that you own the old house near East Wemyss, where Macduff was born, and you can think that in the castle sweet Mary Beaton talked with the other Maries of their gentle and lovely lady. You can keep saying over to yourself those four lines that tell their names:

> "Yestre'en the Queen had four Maries,
> The nicht she'll hae but three.
> There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
> And Mary Carmichael and me."

If wearing the Macduff kilt would only make the average girl as womanly and sweet, with as little knowledge of things better left unknown, as had three of these four Maries, it would be a good idea for the United States to buy two or three cloth factories and devote them to the making of the rich, warm plaid, that the women of the nation might be clothed in it, and catch, not the fever of discontent, but the glorious summer of sweetness, amiability and love.

THE PLAGUE.

The Advance of Cholera Causing Alarm in Europe.

A Paris cable says: The cholera spectre has appeared again, and it was recently a subject of discussion at the Academie de Medecin. Dr. Proust read an exhaustive paper, which meets with the approval of the medical and sanitary authorities of France. Three months ago cholera appeared in Mesopotamia, and it has now been propagated in Persia. On August 24th the epidemic was raging at Bagdad. At that place from the 20th to the 31st of August the death rate from cholera was from 200 to 400 persons per day. Since the pest of 1831 no epidemic has been so fatal. In September the cholera spread to the Euphrates and the Tigris. The scourge has reached the Persian gulf. The southern portion of Persia is invaded, and Schiraz is threatened. The city of Recht has several times been the point of departure or the place of passage for cholera epidemics coming from Hindoustan and Afghanistan to Persia. Two of these epidemics invaded Europe in 1830 and 1846. Recht is not yet contaminated; but if the cholera does reach Recht, it being already at Kirmansgah and Hamedam, the sole safeguard of Europe will be to depend upon the measures taken by the Russian Government on the Russian frontier.

Caught in the Belting.

A Montreal despatch of Wednesday says: A youth named Alberic Provost met with a horrible death early this morning in the Montreal rolling mills. The boy, who was only 14 years old, was working in the night gang in the rolling department, and about 3 o'clock this morning, while standing near one of the wheels of the engine, his arm was caught in the belting and he was whirled around, his head striking against an iron projection with every revolution of the wheel. The machinery was quickly stopped, but his head was crushed, his arm broken and legs lacerated. He was still alive when extricated, and, thinking that something could be done for him, the ambulance of the Notre Dame Hospital was called and the sinking boy conveyed to the institution, where he died a few moments after admission. He never regained consciousness or uttered a groan.

Sir Edwin's Tribute.

It was characteristic of Sir Edwin Arnold to turn his face toward the East when standing by the Golden Gate and bid his host of friends good night in the following lines, which he has sent to the press for publication:

A FAREWELL.

> America! at this thy Golden Gate,
> Now traveling from thy green Atlantic coves,
> [illegible] my reverence! It behooves
> [illegible] a queen in state,
> [illegible] lands in [illegible] fair and free and
> [illegible]
> O[illegible] hundred [illegible] where [illegible] I heard
> Sweet speech of Shakespeare—keep it consecrated!
> [illegible] Land of [illegible] Bird,
> [illegible] dear, that
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> EDWIN ARNOLD.

San Francisco, Oct. 17th.

Other [illegible] Than Ours.

The President of the British Association, Prof. Flower, endorses Sir John Lubbock's idea that the field of inquiry is limitless, and that there may be fifty other senses and different [illegible] sound [illegible] from sight; and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be [illegible] which we cannot hear, and [illegible] of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other [illegible] remain for solution. The familiar world [illegible] surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals [illegible] may be full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see, of [illegible] sensations which we cannot conceive."

Clever Mr. Wiman.

Mr. Erastus Wiman [illegible] constituted himself delegate extraordinary from the Dominion. His capture of the Congress at the entertainment given by him at Niagara Falls was a clever bit of diplomacy, and his improvement of the opportunity to put the Canadian view of Pan-American affairs [illegible]

—*Florida*[illegible]

MILK AS A FOOD.

An Investigation Into What Constitutes Good Milk.

ITS RELATIVE FOOD VALUE.

Diseased Milk—The Discovery of Tyrotoxicon as a Specific Poison—Bogus Milk Preservatives.

The discussion of the milk supply of the city which has been going on in the columns of the TIMES has not been without interest for the thousands of consumers of the city, many of whom are probably mystified by the contradictory statements put forward by the parties to the controversy. Perhaps an examination into the milk question apart from the special case of our own supply will be useful in enlightening many upon some matters of importance to the public health.

GOOD MILK.

Technically speaking there is no standard of quality of milk in Ontario. The law fixes no arbitrary scale of percentages to which the dairy product must conform, although a penalty is provided for adulteration or dilution. The reason for this apparent lack is to be found in the widely varying results of analytical tests of milk made under circumstances which left no room for doubt as to the honesty of the samples and the correctness of the tests. English tests have shown a range of qualities extending from 2 82 per cent. to 4 30 per cent. of fats in tests extending over a month, while the total solids ranged from 12.1 to 14.3. The United States average official tests, according to the American Public Health Association, show water, 87.5; case in and albumen, 3.5; fats, 3 5; milk sugar, 4 8; ash, 0.7. The average result of analyses of colostrum (the fluid which the cow yields directly after calving) shows water, 73 07; albumen and casein, 19.21; fats, 3.54; milk sugar, 3.00; ash, 1.18. Milk is to be judged as well by the quantity of solids as by the fats it contains in determining its food value. A fairly good milk and one rich in fats and inorganic salts should show water, 87.4; fats, 4.0; milk, sugar and soluble salts, 5.0; casein and insoluble salts, 3 6. Milk of this quality is rich in fats and contains all the inorganic salts necessary to the body, especially the alkaline chlorides and calcium phosphates. A litmus test of fresh milk proves nothing as the reaction may be either acid or alkaline, and in many cases good milk gives both reactions, turning blue litmus red; and red litmus, blue.

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON MILK.

The dairyman should regard his cows as so many machines for the conversion of food into milk. He would not expect a machine to turn out a first-class finished product from poor material; he should not look for more from his cows. They should have kind treatment, generous food, pure water and comfortable quarters. The sanitary conditions should be carefully guarded. Insufficient food or deficiency in quantity means poor milk and little of it. Slop food means poor milk even though the quantity be large. Foul water and improper food, badly ventilated stables, filthy quarters, all show their effects on the milk. Milk has been spoiled for cheese making by the scent of a dead calf which lay unburied in the field adjoining that in which the cows fed.

MILKING AND HANDLING.

The cow must be kindly treated and gently handled. The natural process of transforming food into milk is not completed until the fluid is expelled from the udder, and any improper treatment of a cow will not fail in having an effect upon the milk. The cow must be in a quiet mood. The milk taken from an animal which has been chased into the barnyard by the dog and milked in a quiver of nervous excitement, probably beaten or kicked to make her "let down," is unfit for food. The milking place should be clean and airy nd free from bad odors. Care should be aken to see that the cow's udder and eats have been washed thoroughly and dried clean and all loose hairs brushed away. The hands of the milker should be washed in hot water before he begins his work and no dish should be used which has not been thoroughly scalded with water heated to boiling. As soon as the milking is over the milk should be placed in an airy room and cooled. Under no circumstances should it be sealed up in cans or bottles while above 60° Farnheit. It should not be loaded into a can for the route until the cooling has been effected. In view of recent demonstrations of science it is a question whither Government should not make the sealing up of newly-drawn milk a crime against the public safety to which a severe penalty should attach. But this will be referred to later. Wherever the milk is placed let the air be pure, the surroundings scrupulously clean, the pans well scalded, use smooth tin or well-glazed earthenware (never use porus dishes) vessels and keep the temperature low. Never use zinc, copper or brass vessels for milk, as the chemical processes always going on act deteriously upon these metals rendering the mil poisonous.

CONTAMINATED AND DISEASED MILK.

Never allow milk to stand exposed in a living or sleeping room. Milk absorbs impurities readily, and the colder the milk the more rapidly the absorption of foul odors goes on. Milk that has been exposed in a sick room should never be drank by any person. Nothing more readily takes up specific germs or is so well adapted to spreading disease. Our Health Act wisely prohibits the sale of milk from premises upon which infectious diseases exist.

Unfortunately disease may exist in the dairy cow, even to an extent destructive to the health of those who drink her milk, without the knowledge of the proprietor; and indeed in some cases it may only be discoverable upon dissection. There is at present a growing opinion among investigators in that field of scientific research that to the milk of unhealthy cows the modern scourge consumption is traceable. However that may be, it has been amply demonstrated that the milk of a cow suffering from disease of any kind is unfit for food. The milk of cows suffering from simple inflammation of the udder has produced inflammation of the stomach in infants. As soon as a cow shows symptoms of sickness of any kind, the milk should not be used. Unfortunately it is impossible to detect all cases from the cow's appearance until the unhealthy milk has been drawn for food. Sometimes the first intimation of anything abnormal is given by the appearance of the milk itself. Milk which looks "ropy," and which sours in a few hours, should be eschewed. The animal has been overdriven or worried or suffers from udder disease or indigestion affecting the nerve centres. Milk whose cream "blisters" and has a bitter taste; "slimy" milk, and milk which becomes covered with a blue-colored scum of micro-organisms should not be used as food. No matter how rich in fat or how high in percentage of total solids the milk may be, the knowledge that it comes from a sickly cow should condemn it. Even boiling, useful in some cases, should not be relied on.

SPECIFIC POISONS IN MILK.

Toxicologists have but recently turned their attention to the study of lactic poisons, and the field is found to be one of special difficulty. The lay reader will probably be able to recall cases in which mysterious instances of poisoning by ice-cream and poisoning by cheese have been reported. In some instances considerable numbers simultaneously developed symptoms of poisoning. The rapidity with which decomposition progressed and the absence of appropriate analytical formulæ for the discovery of the toxic constituent, even when a part of the supposed poisonous food was obtainable, baffled for a time the efforts of investigators and often the soda water fountain suffered vicariously. Science, however, is not always baffled, and repeated failures never conclude her followers in the belief that a problem has no solution; only that the particular experiments have not been conducted on the right theory, or have been inefficiently made. They persevered, and they have in a measure succeeded in throwing light upon some hitherto mysterious poisonionge. Our food swarms with bacilli many of them defying the most powerful microscopes which science produces in her endeavors to define them. These bacilli are not always productive of disagreeable changes, but there is sometimes a remaining alkaloid or ptomaine as the result of their work, which is a source of danger to health. This ptomaine is formed from the food product by the exercise of the organism's life functions, and contains whatever may remain of the bacteria itself. The *Bacterium aceti* (or *lactis*), which converts milk or sugar into lactic acid, and the *Bacillus subtilis*, which brings about the production of butyric acid, are in effect all but innocuous. But there is a third fermentator, *Bacterium coli*, which declines to feed on milk sugar alone, but thrives on it when white of egg is added, developing lactic, formic and acetic acids, and whose presence may account for some of the mysterious ice cream poisonings of the past. It has also been discovered that a germ is sometimes found in milk which produces a disease similar to anthrax.

In 1883-4 the Michigan Health Board reported 300 cases of cheese poisoning, which, although not fatal, were in some instances sufficiently serious. Samples of the cheese were secured. A dog was offered a piece, among some other samples, and rejected it, eating the non-poisonous pieces. Prof. Vaughan after elaborate analyses, fixed the poison in alcholic extract as a fatty acid, but on resolving it to an aqueous solution for evaporation lost it. It cost him two years of patient study to fix it in crystals, as tyrotoxicon. In 1886 a Long Branch poisoning was investigated and tyrotoxicon fixed as the cause. In three fatal cases at Milan, Mich., the poison's presence was traced to decaying vegetable matter in the milk cellar. In the other cases mentioned and in many which space forbids reference to, the canning up of the milk while hot led to the development of the poison. No milk should be canned up before it has been ventilated in a free, pure atmosphere, and cooled to below 60°; and it should never be exposed to contamination of decaying or foul vegetable or animal matter.

HOW CHILDREN ARE KILLED.

The specific action of tyrotoxicon upon children has been proven experimentally to be similar to, if not identical with, that of cholera infantum. The *post mortem* condition of children dying of that disease is said by Prof. Vaughan to agree exactly with that caused by tyrotoxicon poisoning. In view of the fact, then, that thousands of children die of this disease annually, and the other fact that thousands (and among them those in whom the death rate from cholera infantum is the highest) are fed on cow's milk, much of which is put up in bottles or cans at the dairies, is not the professor's statement startlingly suggestive? Dr. Booker, Baltimore, reports that twenty-three varieties of bacteria were found in the intestines of infants suffering from what had been supposed to be "summer complaint."

MILK "PRESERVATIVES."

There is no milk preservative. People who add bicarbonate of soda, salicylic acid and other salts to milk with a view to preventing decomposition should be aware that the micro-organisms work on just the same. True, the bicarbonate of soda neutralizes the acid, but the breaking down of the constituents goes on, while a product dangerous to health—particularly to the health of children—lactate of soda, is formed by the chemical reaction. There is no safe milk preservative save pure air and a low temperature.

To recapitulate: Good milk is the product of healthy, well-fed cows, cleanly stabled. It must be drawn from a cow while she is in a quiet mood; the udder, teats, milker and vessels must be clean. The milk must then be placed in a clean, well-aired, cool place for ventilation and cooling, and under no circumstances must it be bottled while warm. It must never be exposed to a bad atmosphere, or allowed to stand in a sick room or living room. Should it have been exposed to contamination of any kind it should not be used as food.

MASQUETTE

One of the anomalies of modern civilization is the man who persists in shutting the office door in summer and leaving it ajar in winter.

A girl has been hugged to death at Salem, Ohio. It may be an easy death to die, but it looks like a waist of raw material.

NORTHWEST NOTES.

It has been decided not to hold an inquest into the case of Henry Kern, an aged Swiss, who committed suicide in this city last night.

E. J. Chapman, one of the contractors of the old Souris & Rocky Mountain Railroad, which was gobbled up by the Great Northwest Central, has commenced suit against McDonald & Preston, contractors for the latter road, claiming that a large balance is due him for grading done on the Souris & Rocky Mountain Road in 1883.

The contract or grading thirty miles of the Manitoba & Southeastern Railway, which will run from Winnipeg to the international boundary in a southeasterly direction, has been awarded to Sinclair & Flanigan. It is said that the Grand Trunk is one of the companies with which the Southeastern Company will connect at the boundary. The company say they mean business.

It is estimated that the Government will have at least a majority of nine or ten, and probably thirteen or fourteen, in the Legislature when it introduces its proposed legislation respecting dual languages and separate schools.

Mr. McGaw, proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, is in town.

A petition is in circulation among the municipal councils asking the Dominion Government to provide national schools for Manitoba.

Attorney-General Martin has been heard from at Victoria, where he is examining the educational system of British Columbia. He is expected back within a week.

Lord Stanley and party left Lethbridge to-day for the Blood Reserve and McLeod.

Archbishop Tache, who is in Ottawa, nominally attending important papal ceremonies there, is believed to have undertaken the trip in connection with the projected Manitoba school legislation.

A deputation of St. Peter's Indians have left for Ottawa in charge of Mr. Jones, Anglican missionary. They will probably extend their trip to England.

Manitoba and the Northwest are enjoying Indian summer. The weather at the present time is simply delightful. The vice-regal party could not have selected a more favorable time in which to make their trip.

The election contest for Kildonan, the seat held by the late Mr. Norquay, is now in full blast. Mr. Alexander Taylor announces himself as the Conservative candidate and endorses the Norquay platform. Mr. John Gunn is out in the Liberal interest. The name of Mr. Hugh Sutherland has also been mentioned as that of a possible candidate.

The Town Hall, Montcalm municipality, has been destroyed by fire. It is believed to have been of an incendiary origin.

The friends of Mr. W. D. Smith, Portage la Prairie, are becoming very uneasy about his continued absence from home. He went to Duluth about three weeks ago with the intention of disposing of a quantity of wheat and returning in a few days. As it was generally expected he would bring home a large sum of money from the sale of his wheat, it is feared that he may be the victim of foul play. His landed interests in the town are large and valuable.

L. A. Hamilton, C. P. R. Land Commissioner, says the company's lands are pretty well sold out in the Glenboro', Holland and Treherne districts.

E. M. Gatliff's general store at Letellier, together with all his stock and book accounts, was burned the night before last No insurance.

Mr. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, who is here, on being asked as to the condition of the Halfbreeds around St. Laurent, Prince Albert and other points, said it was not very encouraging.

The price of wheat has fallen somewhat throughout the Province and 60 cents per bushel is the average price now being paid. A good deal of wheat is being shipped over the Northern Pacific to Duluth.

Translatlantic immigration to Manitoba and the Northwest so far this year has only amounted to about 1,200 souls, exclusive of Britishers, and is made up of 703 Germans, 197 Belgians and French and 300 Scandinavians.

Work on the Manitoba & Southwestern Railway has actually begun. The road is staked and ready for the graders to within a mile of St. Anne. Thirty teams with the necessary grading implements are engaged on the road. Grading was begun this morning at a point just east of the Provincial Exhibition buildings, and will be continued until the advent of cold weather.

The Manitoba *Gazette* contains notice of application for the incorporation of the Western Lumber Company, with headquarters in Winnipeg, and a nominal capital of $50,000. The applicants are Messrs. W. B. Scarth, M.P., W. E. Macara and A. Burrows, Winnipeg; A. Shields and John Montgomery, of Toronto.

The Northwest Council will meet to-morrow.

A shooting accident took place at the Barnardo Home. The boys were out playing soldiers, one boy was drilling the other, and gave fire, with the result that he shot his playmate, the bullet passing just an inch above the heart and through the lung. The boy now lies in the hospital at the Home and may probably recover.

James McKee, engineer, and Jas. Miller, section foreman, were badly injured by the explosion of a boiler in the engine house at the C. P. R. station at Regina.

James Ross, contractor for the Regina & Long Lake Railway, is in the city. He says 120 miles of road have been graded and work will be pushed on as vigorously as possible until the frost sets in. It is not the intention of the company to stop the work at Saskatoon this fall, as has been stated, unless the weather prevents them from proceeding further. There are 1,300 horses and mules and nearly 1,000 men employed in connection with the construction of the road.

McLaughlin, the prisoner who escaped with a fellow convict named Lamb from Negaunee, Huron County, Michigan, some months ago, was arrested here by the city police this afternoon. Sheriff McCarty, of Huron County, who was in pursuit of the prisoners, had given up the search and returned home.

In the Northwest Legislature yesterday, the Standing Committees for the session were appointed. Mr. Neff, of Moosomin, criticised the Governor's speech as being a very fine literary effort but containing not a word about prospective legislation. Mr. Haultain said the Advisory Board had nothing to do with the speech. After adjournment Justice McLeod made a proposal that the Assembly adjourn for a few days and take in the ball at Banff. After a great deal of good-humored banter it was decided to go.

A despatch from Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, says W. B. McDougall, a well-known newspaper man, nephew of Horace McDougall, of this city, is dying. McDougall was at one time connected with newspapers here. He also started the Vancouver *News-Advertiser*.

Large consignments of American oats have been received from St. Paul. Local dealers say that the cereal can be brought from that point and sold here cheaper than oats purchased at Portage la Prairie.

John Charlton, M P., has written Premier Greenway that he will be in Winnipeg on Nov. 8th.

The Northwest Assembly opened to-day. The Separate school and dual language question will come up for discussion.

Separate Schools and the French language must go—at least so say nearly al Northwest legislators. Messrs. Cayley, Richardson and Neff have already given notice of motions on these two questions.

Twelve carloads of cattle from the Cochrane ranch passed through the city to the east yesterday.

At a meeting of the Winnipeg Presbytery the call from Fort William Congregation to Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Toronto Presbytery, was sustained.

Mr. G. W. Yarker, General Manager of the Federal Bank, leaves for Toronto tomorrow, after a week's stay in Winnipeg. During his stay here he sold about $18,000 worth of property for the bank, and also wound up the business here.

The Winnipeg delegates to Ottawa re the improvement of Red River navigation and to the meeting of the flour and grain examiners left for Ottawa to-day. The cost of the necessary improvements to the river is placed at $300,000.

Henry Short, a railway employee at Rat Portage, was killed by falling beneath the wheels of a moving train, from which he had jumped.

The People's Poet Dead.

An exchange says: At a ripe old age, after years of the most secluded retirement, Eliza Cook has passed away. She was the people's poet, the "woodland robin," whose song was sung for the masses. She was not peculiarly a temperance poet, yet her lays contain some beautiful thoughts on this theme:

> Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell,
> What treasures exist in the cold, deep well.

And the picture of Melaia, in his fearful flight, wrung by "maddening thirst," conjuring up "distempered visions,' how true to nature!

> I saw the crystal fountain play
> In leaping sheets of snowy spray;
> I heard the undulating wave
> Of the swift river gush and lave;
> I heard the dashing waterfall—
> Oh! it was cruel mockery all!

How like to this description are the words of one who recounts his night's experiences on the battle-field after the fearful carnage of Gettysburg: "From the wounded and the dying arose one ceaseless, far-reaching hum of groans, amid which but one word was audible. Dying men reached out wounded arms, tore up the dewy grass that they might suck the moisture. I noted that no man called for beer or brandy then. But one cry burst from gory lips—it was nature's cry for 'Water!'"

Into the silly error of shallow minds—an error which mistakes as "natural" the habit-born appetite for alcohol—Eliza Cook never fell. Her moralizing, however, is not always so correct as her knowledge of nature, for, though she can sing, in her "Song of the Goblet," of liquor imbibers that—

> The swine in the dust, or the wolf on its prey
> Gave less of sheer disgust than they,

—yet she could regard the goblet as that which "can cheer or kill." We need no poet to show us the latter, and it would take quite a number of them to convince us of the former. But Eliza Cook gave the world beautiful, pure thoughts; and her words were words of freedom. She sang for the masses, and, by her death, the people will be moved to turn again to her living words. As she herself sang, so we—

> Mourn not for the dead—'tis they alone
> Who are the peaceful and the free.

An Ingenious Trick.

One of the puzzling tricks performed by so-called public mind-readers or clairvoyants is an extremely simple deception. The performer standing on the stage asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationery is furnished and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up.

The performer picks out an envelope and after feeling of it with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the inclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he reads, and then, picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the sentence he has just read. The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it, and proceeds in that way through the lot.—*New York Star.*

Was a good Boy.

Mother—Did you break any of the rules to day, Tommy?

Tommy (first day at school)—No'm; I was a good boy. Teacher broke two, though; one on little Harry Fletcher and another on me.—*Time.*

A Difference in Degree.

"There was a regular cyclone up at our house this morning. Pop was mad as a hatter.'

"Well," said Johnny, ruefully, "we had a disturbance at our house, too. It wasn't a cyclone, though—sort of a spanking breeze."

—Letter carriers ought to make the best elocutionists; they have such good ideas of delivery.

Would I Were a Widow.

Young maids, you know, are voted slow,
And set aside completely,
While sprightly dames assert their claims
And smile on men too sweetly.
Who cares for youth and beauty blended?
This is the married woman's day;
The "bud's" bright reign, alas, is ended,
And only matrons hold full sway.

The married belle is versed quite well
In what we term flirtation;
Her honeyed smiles and artless wiles
Drive girls to desperation!
No wall flower is she, nowadays,
Nor treads the sober Lancers,
But joins the waltzer's giddy maze,
The merriest of the dancers!

A maid may be most fair to see,
And robed in daintiest dresses.
Know how to talk and dance the York,
Yet failure she confesses.
She murmurs: "Would I were a widow,
How delightful it would be:
In widow's weeds there's many a bidder
Would surely bid on me."

She sighs in vain, and it is plain,
Can ne'er have her desire,
For how can she, lest wedded be,
To widowhood aspire?
Her chances now are very small,
Quite slim the prop of hope beneath her,
For wives and widows have it all,
And she, poor thing, cannot be either.

—*Kate A. Carrington.*

Manufacture of Catsup.

One of the most wonderful manufactures of recent growth is that of catsup. A great number of factories have originated in the past ten years, and competing brands are as plentiful as those in any line of manufactured articles. Tomato catsup has conquered the world. In our younger days our mothers used to put up a supply about this time every year for winter use, and it was a condiment occasionally served at the table. Now it has taken its place with salt and pepper in daily use. Some people eat it three times a day, and many millions of gallons are required to supply the annual demand. This popularity of the catsup has made tomatoes as profitable a crop as wheat, and many farmers plant acres of vines every year just to supply the catsup factories. At 20 cents a bushel an acre of tomatoes is always profitable. The farmer simply fills his wagon bed with the ripe fruit and hauls the load to town. There is no waste, for the riper the fruit the better for the catsup, and the trade is always on the increase.

A Mathematical Puzzle.

A furniture dealer has on hand at the beginning of the year furniture valued at $4 935 55. He bought during the year $7,428 40, and sold during the year $8,420.90. Fire destroyed furniture costing $1,049, and he recovered insurance $825. His stock book at the close of the year showed furniture on hand $5,620. What was his gain or loss?—*Wade's Fibre and Fabric.*

Sweet Flowers.

The fairest buds are often the first to wither, and the ravages of disease make havoc with the beauty, as well as the strength and happiness of the fair sex. The prevalent disorders among American women are those of a most distressing description. These "weaknesses," as they are suggestively termed, insidiously sap the health, and the patient becomes pale and emaciated, the appetite grows fickle and feeble; she loses strength as the attacks increase in severity, and is in despair. There is relief for all such sufferers in Dr. Pierce's world-famed Favorite Prescription, which *cures* all "female complaints." Its use is followed by cessation of the "dragging-down" pains, return of appetite, and in due course, vigorous health.

A Disagreeable Man.

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Mamie?"

"No; I quit yesterday. I don't like my teacher"

"Why not?"

"He has such a disagreeable way of talking. He told me that if I keep on for some time longer I might be able to whitewash a fence."

Effects of Climate.

We hear a great deal said about the beneficial effect upon invalids of the climate of Colorado and other western localities, but when a man changes his place of residence in the hope of improving his health without first trying Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, he makes a great mistake. In nine cases out of ten he might save his time and money. This great remedy owes its power over all affections of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh and even consumption, which is lung scrofula, to the simple fact that it purifies and enriches the blood and invigorates the debilitated system. It is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

The Proof Was Complete.

He—Do you know, Miss Brewster that I had made up my mind that you were from Boston? You have an almost perfect eastern accent.

She—Yes, and when did you discover that I was from Chicago, may I ask?

He—Just five minutes ago when you lifted your skirts out of the mud at the last crossing.

No mortal yet has e'er forecast
The moment that shall be his last,

but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have forever settled the question of a comfortable existence until that moment does arrive, and put to flight the melancholy forebodings of sufferers from biliousness, headache, indigestion, constipation, and kindred ailments.

Stranger—What in connection with bicycle riding strikes you most forcibly Bicycle Rider—The road.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS'S

is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is ing in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

P LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologna,
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn.
General assortment of canned goods.

CHOICE HONEY,
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR, always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the PUBLIC that I am in a position to do *ALL KINDS* —OF— General planing mill work, such as SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

FARMERS! LOOK!

T. BLAKELY,
Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY, Flesherton.

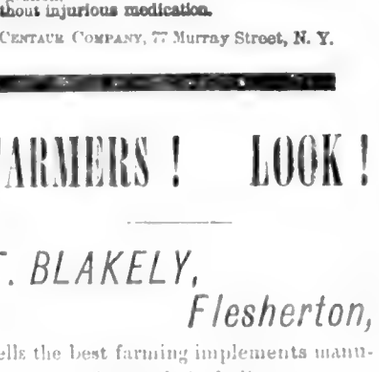

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

STRETTON, P. Q., May 8, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for spavins and also in case of lameness and Stiff Joints and found it the surest cure in every respect. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES J. SCANNELL.

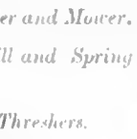

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ST. THOMAS, P. Q., April 22, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents:—I have used a few bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my colt, which was suffering from Influenza in a very bad form, and can say that your Kendall's Spavin Cure made complete and rapid cure. I can recommend it as the best and most effective liniment I have ever handled. Kindly send me one of your valuable books entitled "A Treatise on the Horse." Yours respectfully,

I. F. WILKINSON.

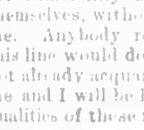

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

FORT ELLICE, MAN., May 10, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gentlemen:—I always keep your Kendall's Spavin Cure and Blister on hand and they have never failed in what you state they will do. I have cured a bad case of Spavin and also two cases of Ringbone of years standing, on mares which I bought to breed from, and have not seen any sign of disease in their offspring. Yours truly,

D. J. O'KEEFFE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

A. WATSON!

Desires to inform the public that he can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week—on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall

Manitoba Melange.

From our own Correspondent.

Agreeable weather as usual in this prairie country. No killing, kold, kruel frosts, yet this is the fourth day of Oct. The wild geese might have tarried a while longer instead of going south about a week ago. Who knows but each flock was in a hurry to get there first, to select localities where the snakes wont "bite" them? Rattle snakes are as fond of eggs, and chickens, as humans are, and will bite the mother hen, if she tries to protect them!

THE GOPHER

in some parts of this country, is very destructive to the grain crop. The chipmonk is "nowhere" compared to the gopher, which could carry off his monk-ship's mouth full of grain, jaws, and head, all at one trip, but there is "war waging" against this pest, and farmers say—

THE GOPHER MUST GO.

what for must he go for
the poor prairie gopher
pray what is the ail
because he will go for
the grain which we grow for
for food or for sale
go gopher go

Several copious showers, a little thunder and lightning since harvesting. Not a flake of snow yet, but "right smart" winds sweep over the plain, non-destructive.

"WHOA BACK"

Who, back! my good horse, don't you know
what I mean,
By this exclamation? (now wonderful "green,"),
Time was when I wished you to stop, I said w...
But that was in "dark ages," long, long ago.
Now hear what I say, for time is on the wing,
And new-fangled customs, surely doth bring,
"Whoa, back, when you're going, means you must stop now."
The plain simple "whoa," but suit donkey at plow.

CAST-IRONICAL-ADVICE.

Now teamster, or driver, of team "fat or lean,"
Don't merely say "whoa," when "letting of steam,"
But when you would stop, as you "haul in the slack,"
The new-fangled use,—speak, shout it, "whoa, back"!

THE POTATO BUG

doesn't dress confortably enough in Manitoba, to live above ground in winter, therefore, (as in other countries) he digs down here, below the surface, but freezes to death—there does not sufficient snow fall on the ground to keep him "wa'm" so you see the potato bug "must go," also.

Now, Mr. Editor, put this "motley mixture" in the paper, or waste basket as seemeth you best, but tell us what became of the "confiding bird," spoken of in The Advance some months ago, which built its nest in Mr Richardson's verandah?

WM. PURDY.

Winnipeg, Oct. 4th, 1889.

General News.

Pearce, recaptured gaol-breaker, was brought back to Toronto Saturday morning.

The Crown Prince of Greece and Princess Sophie of Go many were married at Athens Sunday.

The village of Paisley was visited by fire on Saturday morning, a number of business places being destroped. The total loss is estimated at over $40,000.

Sir John Low estimates that the British wheat yield this year wil lleave a deficit of 19,000.000 quarters, to be met by grain in stock and importations from abroad.

A despatch from Detroit states that Miss Mary Campbell, formerly of Port Hope, Ont., has been left $30.000 by an uncle who died lately in Toronto.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG.—On Monday afternoon a widow lady named Mrs. Crozier came out from Priceville, intending to take the morning train from Durham, for some point in Michigan, and, we hear, had her ticket purchased. But Mr. Robert Austin, a gallant widower of this town, got his eyes on her, and thinking she would decorate and cheer his lonely home, proceeded to use those gentle persuasives suitable in such a case, and before the clock struck the midnight hour, Mrs. Crozier was Mrs. Austin, and settled in a comfortable home. We wish the couple all the felicity, prosperity, etc., etc., and may they live long to enjoy the good things of this life.—[Grey Review.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

The trustees of Rev. Talmage's church in Brooklyn have [illegible] a new site on which [illegible] edifice.

WM. CLAYTON,

BOOT AND SHOE DEALER,
Has a large assortment of FALL and WINTER Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Trunks, etc.

New and seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Custom work to order.

FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Soros and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

LESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (a make) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt,

Strain's old Stand
Flesherton.

Heard's Carriage Works.

—: MANUFACTURER OF :—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR"—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 436. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SAVE
SAVE M-O-N-E-Y

BY BUYING WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC

AT—

RUSSELL'S

-:- NOTED JEWELRY STORE, -:-

FLESHERTON

We have just received our fall stock from R. Russell of Hamilton, consisting of **Gold and Silver Watches**, of all grades and quality. **Brooches, Barpins, Chains, Cuff Buttons, Rings, Etc. A 1 18 K. Wedding Rings,** manufactured especially for our own trade. Weight and quality guaranteed. We bought these goods at prices well away down, and if you want bargains, don't fail to call. Sole agents for the **Famous B. Laurence Spectacles**, the best in the world. All repairing done promptly by **J. G. RUSSELL**, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, at

Russell's Jewelry Store, Flesherton

The One Price CASH STORE.

We sell everything on strictly cash principles. Are often asked by our customers, why don't you give credit, would sell double the goods? Our answer is, we consider it to the customers' advantage to buy on the CASH SYSTEM even if he has to borrow the money for a short time to do so. In the first place, he knows exactly what he is doing and goes home contented, feeling assured there would be no long bill coming to him with a hundred and one different articles on it which he thinks never came into the house. In the second place, he will be more careful in his purchases and buy only what is most needed, doing without a hundred and one different articles which are useless and extravagant. In the third place, he can buy from ten to fifteen per cent less at a cash house, than any credit house in the Dominion

Our Stock consists of Dry Goods,
Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Glassware, in fact
most everything of general
merchandise, excepting
Hardware and Stoves.

We can give you no conception of our prices, but would solicit a call, guaranteeing to satisfy the closest purchaser.

COAL OIL ALWAYS ON HAND.

Highest Market Prices for Butter, Eggs & Fowl.

McDonald & Evans,

Wright's Old Stand.

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munhaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

SAN FRANCISCO.

LETTER NO. 2.

Californians are jealous of their country and do not like any one to say there is anything better to be found outside of it than you can get in it. Their first question on finding you are a stranger is, "How do you like this country?" They seem very much pleased if you tell them you like it, and assure you that you will enjoy the winter season if you do not the summer. Many of them have never been outside the state and know very little about Canada, and I have been asked if Ontario is a city or town. This, by well informed people in other respects.

While they are far in advance in many ways of European and Canadian cities yet they are behind the times in others. Still it is one of these things you know and feel better than you can explain. I think it is more in civil and religious rites, perhaps, that the deficiency is felt than any others. Yet when we look back and see what it sprang from, what a city of roughness, rascality and crimes, it was in the past—while today it is a city of churches, asylums, and benevolences, one cannot help being surprised at the revolution that has taken place in this respect. There is one feature noticeable and that is, that there are no wretchedly poor people seen on the streets such as you see in eastern cities.

California is a state without any Sunday laws, therefore the Sabbath desecration that goes on is scarcely to be wondered at. And when you know that the population is of such a mixed character, representatives of almost every nation under the sun with their different ideas of Sabbath keeping, you scarcely wonder at it at all.

Sunday the park is a pleasure resort for thousands and the band gives a concert every afternoon (not of sacred music). Business places all open as usual, vendors on the streets crying their wares, youths playing baseball on the commons, ladies in the window sewing or crocheting. It is the principal day for picnics, excursions and such like. Your neighbor to the right will be hanging out a washing, or have their laundry man come to take it away or bring it home, while your neighbor to the left will be doing some carpenter work around the house that he has been unable to get done on account of being at business during the week. Yet in the midst of all this you find many fine Christian churches well filled with earnest workers, having broader and more advanced views in regard to the religion of Jesus Christ and more zeal in the cause than those who are living in better kept Sabbath lands.

Now that you have learned something about the city and its people, I shall try and take you around in imagination and let you see some of its interesting sights. To do so we shall take a cable car and glide swiftly and easily up hill and down hill, enjoying many varied views from the hill tops. While doing so find out all we can about this new mode of travelling. These cars go up hills that are almost impossible for horses to get up. There is no vehicle attached. These cars are divided into two parts. One part is similar to any closed street car. The other is open, having seats running along the sides with a passage in the centre where the man who works the car stands. This part is called the dummy. The road is also similar to any street car track with the exception of an open space of about an inch in the centre. Underneath the track a cable wire is laid of about an inch and a half in diameter, consisting of twisted steel cords. This is one continuous rope from engine house to end of road and return. The longest cable road in the city is Howard st., which has just been completed, the cable wire being twenty-three miles long. The man who works the car is called the grip man. He works the grip, which passes through the bottom of the car and then through the space in the centre of the track and clasps the cable rope, and thus the car is propelled. When he wishes to stop the carhe lets go of t he grip, it likewise lets go of the rope, and the car stops. They run at the rate of six or seven miles an hour when heavily loaded, and run on time to the half minute. Now that you know something of how you are to travel we shall take a car and visit the Golden Gate park, passing on our way the magnificent grounds and mansions of the millionaires Flood, Crocker, Fair, Stanford and Hopkins on Nob Hill. This is a sight in itself. Reaching the park, however, we alight and passing through an arched gateway take one of the many winding paths which soon brings us to a grotto with its roof covered with artificial icicles. Just at the entrance to our right is a large pond with a fountain playing in the centre, beautiful plants of all kinds growing in and around it, with ducks swimming on it. This park is only about seven years old and is certainly a lovely and wonderful spot. Formerly it was comprised of sand banks of the finest white beach sand. It is ten miles long and one wide, and from three to four miles are under cultivation. This ground had to be planted with grass and shrubs to form a foundation or ground to work on. Now it contains fine drives and walks, beautiful grass plats, flower beds of every design, arbors, artificial mounds, rustic seats, and a fine conservatory in which may be seen trees, flowers and plants of every clime. These are beyond description. In looking at them you will have brought before your mind pictures of flowers you have seen in cards when you have thrown them aside and thought, such flowers as that represents never grew. There you will be surprised to find the "fac simile" of them growing. In a large pond may be seen pink, white and purple water lilies growing. Foliage plants of which the leaves are so thin and the veining so delicately traced as to almost force one to believe they were skeletonized leaves that were placed there. Then the wonders of nature seem to impress you more than ever, and above all what a wonderful god ours is. Here, too, may be seen growing the banana tree, laden with fruit, and palm trees of every kind towering above you, until their tops touch the roof of the building. Coming again to the outside we pass life size statues of General Hallock, Garfield, and Francis Scott Key, author of "Star Spangled Banner." At the foot of the latter has been seen the music and words of this song growing in flowers. The band stand is also worthy of notice, as it is quite picturesque, being built in the form of a shell, the tinting and shading resembling that of the inside. Here music is discoursed every Saturday and Sunday afternoon the year around. A portion of this park is exclusively for children. Play grounds, building with every convenience for eating, drinking and resting. There are goats, donkeys and merry-go-rounds. The deer park must not be overlooked. This is considerable of a ravine enclosed, in which can be seen several deer feeding. You cannot help but liken it to the Garden of Eden, and one is loth to leave so charming a spot. However, we must hasten on, take the dummy (this is a little steam car) and visit Sutro Heights. This is four or five miles further on at the entrance of the park, and right on the ocean. On our way for miles we will see tufts of grass half a foot apart growing in the white beach sand. This has all been planted. Then again hills of this sand without a speck on it to change the nature of the surface. This grass planting is such an enormous undertaking that one can scarcely realize how it would be possible for it to be undertaken. Yet year after year they are extending this park and making such ground as this.

Sutro Heights is the beautiful private grounds of Mr. Adolph Sutro, which are open to the public.

To be Continued.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

General News.

The new railway bridge across the Firth of Forth, one of the most marvelous pieces of engineering of the century, is shortly to be put to the test of carrying fifty locomotives hitched together and travelling back and forth at varying rates of speed.

Mr Nelson, father of Stanley's chief officer, has received a letter from his son conveying the assurance that Stanley will arrive at Zanzibar some time in January.

The Swiss Government has prohibited Salvation Army meetings.

A Minneapolis depatch says: August Dulmage, wanted by the Canadian Government for stealing $62,000, has been located in that city by P. A. Phelps, a newspaper man, of Rat Portage.

Thursday, November 28th, has been appointed Thanksgiving Day in the States.

Alexis Ouelette, a veteran of 1812, died at St. Agustine, Que., the other day at the age of 100 years and 9 months.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Syrup," and take no other kind.

The national treasury of Mexico is said to have been robbed of half a million dollars in bonds.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 40	to 5 00
Fall Wheat	80	to
Spring Wheat	80	0 80
Barley	0 30	0 40
Oats	0 25	0 25
Peas	0 50	0 50
Butter	0 14	0 15
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatos bag	0 45	50
Pork	6 10	6 10
Hay per ton	6 00	6 00
Hides	3 50	3 50
Sheepskins	0 50	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 [illegible]
Turkeys	0 0	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 25	0 [illegible]
Ducks per lb.	0 06	0 06
Wool	0 18	0 20

SIGN
"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you.

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhere. Sight cally fitted.

Work Carefully Done.

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watche

Other lines will be held on low and fair live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

HOW CRONIN DIED.

The Story of the Murder as Told by Burke in Winnipeg.

WHAT THE AUTOPSY REVEALED.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Burke, the Cronin suspect, is said to have confessed to his fellow-prisoners while in jail here his connection with the Cronin crime. One of these men is Heffer, who has just been released on a charge of manslaughter. Heffer's statement is said to be most circumstantial, giving names, date and minute details. He says Burke told him that Dr. Cronin was murdered in the Carlson cottage on the night of May 4th, and that he was present at the commission of the deed, together with a number of others, whose names he gave. After the murder was committed the conspirators put the remains in a box and took them to the lake shore in an express waggon. They threw the box into the lake, but it would not sink and drifted ashore, so they put it back into the waggon and took it to the city and hid it for the night. On the following night they set forth again, intending to sink the box containing the remains into the lake by means of weights, but becoming suddenly panic-stricken with the fear of capture they dropped the body into a manhole and threw the box into a vacant lot, where it was found on the following day. Burke mentioned the names of those ordering the commission of the crime and those taking part in it, and he also told who it was who paid him money to leave Chicago and go to Europe by Winnipeg. Those names Heffer gave to his lawyers. The story throughout is most circumstantial. This fact it is that leads to the strong belief in its truthfulness entertained by those who are fully acquainted with it. The story also corroborates exactly the statements by Gillette and Mills, two other prisoners. Heffer says he is willing to go to Chicago and give evidence in the matter. The authorities here have notified the State authorities at Chicago of these statements by Gillette, Mills and Heffer, but have not as yet heard anything in reply.

A last (Thuraday) night's Chicago despatch says: The Cronin trial formally began this morning. The court-room was crowded. State's Attorney Longenecker at once began his opening address to the jury. He said—The evidence that we shall introduce will be to show a conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin. The evidence we shall introduce will be that in the conspiracy which was formed and carried into execution, terminating in the killing of Dr. Cronin, all the conspirators are liable for murder, and that the punishment for conspiracy ends in the punishment for murder. That is the position we take in this case. The same hidden hand that worked and moved this conspiracy, that concocted this scheme, was again working in this community to lead the people to believe that Cronin was still alive. Not content with having beaten out his life, not content with having laid him to rest in a sewer, the same conspirators that brought it about were again at work for the purpose of blasting the character and reputation of the man they had murdered.

The State's Attorney proceeded to speak of the motive of the crime, and said that in order to show what that motive was it became necessary to examine into the history in this country of the organization known as the United Brotherhood, commonly called the Clan-na-Gael. Before doing this he reminded the jury that they were not trying the Clan-na-Gael, but the prisoners at the bar. Mr. Longenecker then proceeded to sketch the history of the Clan-na-Gael in this country, saying it was made up of patriotic Irishmen, Irishmen who went into it for political effect and Irishmen who went into it for the money there was in it, and that its object was to free Ireland by force of arms as soon as a favorable opportunity offered. He declared that the Triangle was supreme; that the oaths of the members made their commands superior to the laws of the nation.

Mr. Forrest objected to this line of statement. Judge McConnell warned the State's Attorney that he was making these statements at his peril.

The State's Attorney said he would prove what he had said, and he accepted the responsibility. He proceeded to say that when Sullivan, Feely and Boland got control of the Executive Board they changed the plan of work of the organization, inaugurated the dynamite policy and implanted in the constitution the clause commanding perfect and unquestioning obedience to the commands of the Board.

The defence again took an exception to this line of statement.

The State's Attorney then spoke of the adoption of the Triangle as the symbol of the Executive Board. The membership did not know who constituted the Triangle, so secret was it, but nevertheless they obeyed its orders, and were sent on various special missions in England in the way of active work and under assumed names. Notwithstanding this secrecy those men were betrayed by the Board to the English authorities, and twenty of them are now in prison. This was, he declared, to enable the Board to steal the funds, and when at last a showing was made the Board claimed that the Order owed them $13,000, while there was $250,000 in the treasury when they took charge. Several witnesses were then examined.

A Friday's Chicago despatch says: Dr. Egbert stated the facts revealed by the autopsy which he made upon Dr. Cronin's body on the day following its discovery. He described the wounds, and gave it as his opinion that death resulted from them. All the wounds were upon the head. The skull was not broken, except a small piece of bone was chipped off at the corner of the left eye. The witness described the condition of the internal organs, and exhibited the stomach and its contents to the lawyers and the jury. Dr. Egbert said the stomach seemed to contain only vegetables. Among them he distinguished corn, and there were others which resembled cabbage and carrots. In his judgment the doctor was killed within three hours after having eaten.

The cross-examination of Dr. Egbert developed that none of the wounds on the corpse were such as would necessarily cause death. It was impossible also, the doctor admitted, to say whether the wounds were inflicted before or after death. He had tried to ascertain, but was unable to do so. He had not ascertained that the wounds affected any important nerves or arteries, and he could not swear that they in any manner affected the brain. If death had resulted from the skull wounds, it would in all probability have been caused by concussion of the brain. The usual *post mortem* evidence of such a result, the heart and the lungs being filled with blood, was not found in this case.

The question was put—"Is it not scientifically true that you physicians found no evidences in that body that were certain and conclusive of the form of death?"

Dr. Egbert replied—"That is true." Dr. Egbert was of the opinion that death had occurred through excessive loss of blood, but there was no certainty of it, he said.

Dr. Charles W. Perkins, who at the request of Dr. Egbert assisted at the *post mortem*, testified that in his opinion death did not ensue from blood-letting, but from concussion of the brain. The latter organ was too decomposed to afford any information.

The last witness of the day was the undertaker who removed the body after the *post mortem*, and who testified that it remained in his charge until buried.

CRAZED SAILORS,

After Seventeen Days' Starvation, Bend the Body of a Dead Comrade.

A Baltimore despatch says: Carl Graves, fireman, and Ludwig Loder, seaman, survivors of the crew of the steamship Earnmoor, tell a horrible story of the way they sustained life by cannibalism for days. Loder says: The only food we had the first 15 days in the boat was a flying fish and a few raw small birds divided among 11 men. The sixteenth day Wm. Davis, a seaman, caught me by the throat and made a dash at my head with a knife. He cut me on the right cheek, the scar from which still remains. He was told to kill me by August Plagge, a fireman. When Davis began to cut me, some of my companions caught him, while others shouted "Kill him! Kill him! We want something to eat; we are starving." Plagge, Davis and others in one end of the boat decided that I should die. As I was pretty fat, I suppose they thought I looked inviting. Plagge was placed on watch that night, but he was missing the next morning. No one saw him go overboard. On the 17th day Wm. Robinson lay down to sleep. When they called him they found he was dead. It was determined to eat his flesh, and William Wright, the cook, was ordered to carve the body. The first thing done was to smash in Robinson's skull, and from the fracture each one sucked the blood as long as it lasted, which was but a little while. Then the cook stripped the flesh from the ribs. The next day the flesh in strips was placed on the top of water-tight compartments and dried in the sun. After taking out Robinson's liver, heart and other parts which would furnish blood to be sucked, they threw his mutilated body into the sea. Two days after Robinson's death third engineer Thomas Hunt died. His body was also cut up for food. "In about three days," said Loder, "the limbs and feet of all began to swell, and several have since broken out in ugly sores. We think it is poison from the human flesh and blood." Graves and Loder say they have no recollection of the taste of human flesh, so great was their mental anguish at the time.

THE LAST OF LUIS.

Funeral of the Late King of Portugal.

A Lisbon despatch says: The funeral of King Luis took place yesterday. The cortege started at 2 30, and the funeral car was completely covered with beautiful wreaths. Another carriage was devoted to floral offerings. Following were carriages containing the representatives of Germany, England, France and Turkey, and the royal mourners. The last carriage was occupied by King Carlos, the Duke of Aosta, and the Duke of Montpensier. The cortege, which was followed by a large number of deputations from trade and other societies, arrived at the Pantheon at 4 p.m. The Papal nuncio, the diplomatic body, and the members of the royal household were in waiting in the St. Vincent Church. The remains were blessed by the patriarch, and 101 guns announced that the body had been consigned to the tomb.

Queen Pia and the Duchess of Aosta, accompanied by maids of honor, visited the Pantheon and remained a long time in silent prayer. The widow placed on the coffin a wreath inscribed: "A souvenir of the soul and heart and of the eternal love of thy inconsolable wife in death and life, Maria."

The Duke of Edinburgh was unwell, and was forbidden by his doctors to attend the funeral. He therefore sent an officer to represent him. Towards evening the Duke improved.

Probably a Case of Revenge.

A Montreal despatch of Sunday says: On Monday night last a freight train on the Canada Atlantic Railway bound east ran into a siding at St. Justin, and eight cars were badly smashed, entailing a loss to the company of $15,000. Investigation showed some one had misplaced the switch and fixed the light signalling the road was clear. Private Detective Grose, of Montreal, was sent for by the company for the purpose of ferreting out the perpetrator of the outrage. His inquiries have led to the arrest of A. Beauchamp, a discharged employee. The evidence shows that Beauchamp, since his discharge, has been indulging in threats against the company, and it will be shown that he was in the vicinity of the place of the accident on Monday night. He was arrested at Casselman and lodged in jail.

Investigating an Unlucky Find.

A Franklin, Pa., despatch of Friday evening says: A number of school children found a bomb loaded with dynamite near the school-house on the Galloway farm, near here, this evening. While attempting to open it with a knife it exploded, with terrible results. Two children, named Fitzgerald and Roger, are fatally hurt, while eight others are in a serious condition. Fitzgerald's arm was blown off and his face was terribly disfigured. Roger's right eye was blown out and his face horribly lacerated. The others are cut about the head and body by the fragments of the bomb, which had been made by some one for the purpose of killing fish.

DRYING DYNAMITE!

That Was the Experiment Montreal Sewer Workers Tried,

WITH STARTLING RESULTS.

A Thursday's Montreal despatch says: A terrible dynamite explosion occurred in St. Jean Baptiste ward early this morning. The city is constructing a sewer on Pantaleon street and considerable blasting is necessary. About 6 o'clock the blacksmith's assistant, Jules Chartrand, went to light his fire, and at the same hour Godefroi Filion, the man in charge of the explosives and blasting, also went to kindle a small furnace or hall stove in his shanty for the purpose of drying two cartridges which had not been used the previous day, but had the exploder and fuse attached ready for use as soon as the operations commenced at 7 o'clock. What occurred is told by Pierre Filion, foreman of the works: "The fire was kindled to soften and dry the two cartridges, which were placed at some distance from the stove. There were forty cartridges besides in the shanty, each about ten inches in length and an inch and a quarter thick. When the fire was fairly started I opened the stove to put in more coal, and my idea is that at that moment a spark must have fallen upon the fuses. Anyway, I suddenly perceived that the fuses were all ablaze, and, seeing that an explosion had got to come, I rushed out for my life, and had hardly gone a few yards from the building when the awful explosion took place. As already stated, Jules Chartrand was then in the blacksmith's shop, and the unfortunate man was hurled into the air, to what height no one seems to know, and fell a corpse to the ground about thirty feet off." Dr. Jette, who was first on the ground, found life extinct, but the body still warm. His impression was that death was instantaneous. The body was completely naked, nothing remaining but the boots, and the stockings themselves had been torn off at the junction of the boots. The shock was distinctly felt in the upper part of the city. Houses shook, windows rattled and people were awakened from their slumbers. A number of persons received serious injuries from broken glass and debris thrown by the explosion. Along Laval avenue and Pantaleon street there is not a single house but has window glass broken. The damage increases as the scene of the disaster is approached, and the blocks forming the corner of Laval avenue and St. Jean Baptiste street have hardly a single pane of glass left. The same may be said of Pantaleon street, but where the destruction is greatest is in a large block at the corner of Pantaleon and St. Jean Baptiste streets, immediately facing the scene of the accident. This house, which belongs to Mr. Plouffe, butcher, looks as if it had been undergoing a bombardment for several hours. Not a single pane of glass is left in the windows, the blinds have been torn off, some of the doors almost wrenched from their hinges, the inside walls are falling in in many places and the whole presents a most dilapidated appearance. There are about eight tenements in this block and the occupants had to seek new lodgings wherein to pass the night, as it did not seem safe to remain on the premises. The spot where the dynamite shed stood is now marked by a large hole, some ten feet in diameter and six feet deep, instantaneously dug out by the explosion. The spot where poor Chartrand fell is marked by a small pool of blood, in which lies a piece of torn clothing, probably a vest. As to the shop and shanties, with their contents, all that remains of them can be seen in the shape of almost imperceptible fragments, scattered for acres around the scene of the explosion. A piece of the bellows in the blacksmith's shop is the only thing to which a form can be ascribed. Jules Chartrand, the unfortunate victim of this accident, was a young man only 21 years of age. He had been married two years, and leaves his wife with twin babies only a few months old.

SMALLPOX AT PELEE.

The Inhabitants of Surrounding Townships Getting Alarmed.

Kingsville, Gosfield, Leamington and Mersea have issued proclamations calling upon ratepayers to get vaccinated. Medical men have been hired to go to each schoolhouse. McKee, the school teacher, who nursed Snyder, is down with the disease, and according to his own statements he was in Windsor on Wednesday last. The evening previous he escaped from the island in a small boat and landed in Harrow. Wednesday morning he took the early train for Walkerville, and then crossed to Detroit. That evening he went to Windsor, took the Michigan Central train for Amherstburg, and then hired a rig from Albert Fox, of Amherstburg, and drove to Harrow, returning with the boat to the island. Another case developed yesterday, and the inhabitants of the island are panic stricken. Captain McCormick, who, died, has been sickly all summer, and he attended Dr. Snyder. His father, A. M. McCormick, and brother, Norman McCormick, are also down with the disease, and it is feared that it will break out in some of the villages on the lake front.

France's Underground River.

A London cable says: The subterranean river recently discovered in France, in the Miers District of the Department of Lot, has now been traced a distance of seven miles to a point beyond which the three daring explorers who undertook the task did not dare to venture, as the river there takes an abrupt plunge into the bowels of the earth to a depth impossible to fathom. It took three days and nights to accomplish this journey of seven miles and return, the greater portion being done in a folding boat made of sailcloth. Miers is in the heart of a wild and mountainous country, in the deepest recesses of which caves and grottoes are found, some of which appear to have been the abode of our troglodyte ancestors. The subterranean river was first discovered a month ago at the bottom of an abyss known as the pit of Padarac and was then traced a distance of two miles. The whole seven miles so far explored are in utter darkness except at the point where the river was discovered. It abounds in cascades and passes through a succession of grottoes sparkling with stalactites. Preparations are being made for further explorations.

FIRE AFLOAT.

The Steamer Quinte Destroyed and Four Lives Lost.

A Deseronto despatch of Wednesday says: The steamer Quinte was burned about three miles from Deseronto on her way to Picton about 6 o'clock this evening. Four persons are supposed to have been lost, Capt. Christie's mother, his young brother Charles, the ladies' maid and her young son, named Davern, of Trenton. As far as can be ascertained the passengers were all saved. Three or four have severe burns, but the doctors report none seriously injured. Many were chilled by being in the water. All the survivors have been brought to Deseronto and are being properly cared for. The fire, it is supposed, started in the furnace room and spread quickly to the whole boat. The captain ran her ashore only a short distance away, where she lies almost entirely destroyed. All the freight, baggage, etc., were burned. The steamer belonged to the Rathbun Company.

The Quinte was the largest boat of the Deseronto Navigation Company. She had been, three years ago, made nearly new. She was valued at $18,000, partly covered by insurance. The steamer is burnt to the water's edge, leaving the hull and machinery in fairly good shape. She lies in shallow water. Capt. T. Donnelly said he never inspected a boat that had such a fine fire apparatus as the steamer Quinte. He inspected her last May.

Capt. Christie's mother and his 12-year-old brother were unable to leave the ladies' cabin, so dense was the smoke and rapid the flames. Mrs. Stacey, the helper to the cook, and her little son were in the dining-room and were unable to get out. Fireman Thomas Hart had his right leg badly sprained and bones broken. He was also severely burned. Engineer Short lost $200 in money in his trunk. One of the passengers, Mr. Hart, of Belleville, lost his overcoat and a purse with $40. The crew lost everything.

Mrs. Christie was 50 years of age and a resident of Picton. Her son, the captain, is about 24 years of age, and has been on steamboats for some time.

Another name may have to be added to the list of the lost, as a man named George Robinson, of Picton, was to take the boat for that place last evening, and nothing can be learned of him. The fire leaped rapidly from deck to deck and, although the firemen were quickly out of the fire-hole they were compelled by the advance of the flames to hurry to the promenade deck, then to the hurricane deck, from which they were forced to jump into the water. The steamer Deseronto was soon at the scene of the disaster and conveyed the remains of the dead to Deseronto. She afterwards made the Quinte's trip to Picton.

Mr. Ralston said: We were about three miles from Deseronto a half a mile or so from shore; we were at tea, and heard someone calling out "The boat is on fire"; I rushed to the cabin and put my coat on; the smoke was intense; heard a woman cry out "Will somebody save me and the baby"; I then caught hold of a chair and with it smashed three of the windows in the cabin, and got out, I don't know how; the first thing I realized was that I was outside of the cabin, climbing between the windows, with the chair in my hand; some one said to me, "Give me the chair and I will throw it in the water"; I told them that I required it, as I could not swim; I crawled along near the water wheel, caught hold of a rope and let myself down, hand over hand, until I reached the water; the flames had made such rapid headway that the rope that was sustaining me was burned through, and I was precipitated into the bay; my chair then stood me in good stead, as with it I managed to paddle along to a brace underneath the boat; I caught hold of that and held my chair underneath me; I called out loudly for help; fortunately my cries were heard by the captain who, with another man, came in a row boat; they came within 30 or 40 feet of where I was, but the heat from the burning vessel was so intense that they could not come nearer; the flag pole of the Quinte had burned off and was swimming close to me; it was being propelled towards me by the captain and the other man, and I assisted in guiding it towards me by means of the chair; I caught hold of the end of the pole; they called out, "Have you a secure hold?" I replied in the affirmative; they pulled me shoreward as fast as they could row; I was very much exhausted, and taken at once to Deseronto, where I was attended by the physicians; my opinion is that the fuel being used on the boat was not what it should be; it consisted of light pine cuttings from saw mills in that section; a pile of this stuff in the fire hold became ignited and before it could be extinguished the steamer was in flames. I believe that not more than five minutes elapsed between the time of the breaking out of the fire, until the vessel was doomed; nobody said a word about life preservers; not a cabin passenger knew of the existence of such an accommodation; had they been reminded of them by the crew, I think the result would have been different.

The Baker Heirs' Foolish Hunt.

It has cost twelve hundred or so persons of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio an average of ten dollars apiece for the privilege of finding what a hollow mockery was their heirship in $500,000,000 worth of land, mostly lying in the city of Philadelphia. Somehow the report started that Colonel Henry Baker, a Philadelphia revolutionary soldier, left 600 acres of land all now inside the city, and these twelve hundred people satisfactorily proved to themselves and to each other that they were heirs to the property, to get which they hired certain lawyers at a cost of $12,000. Search revealed the fact that Philadelphia had never furnished the revolutionary army with a Colonel Henry Baker, and that there wasn't any Baker estate. This is about the way all the claims for fortunes in England turn out, though the claimants of alleged English estates do not get off so cheaply as did the Baker heirs.—*Rochester Herald.*

Time Would Tell.

Patient—Great heavens, young man, that's pretty strong medicine!

Young Doctor—Yes; it's very powerful. Sometimes it cures and sometimes it kills.

Patient—Well—I say—here, young man, is there any danger in my case?

Young Doctor—I can't tell for an hour yet, Mr. Moneybags. Now calm yourself.

GAMBLING AND DRINK.

A Former Chathamite's Devotion to Them Leads to a Sad End.

A Butte, Mont., despatch of Sunday says: This city was shocked to-day by the sensational suicide of N. W. Wilson, ticket agent in the Northern Pacific Railway office here. Wilson was a popular young man in both business and social circles. He was a Canadian. In November, 1886, Wilson came to Montana at the instance of Major J. E. Dawson, of the Montana Central. Before coming here Wilson was Grand Trunk ticket agent at Windsor, Ont. He has also occupied a position as ticket agent and station master at Woodstock and Ingersoll, Ont. For some years he was relieving agent along the line of the Great Western before its amalgamation with the Grand Trunk. He was a man of unusual ability, and until recently of very correct habits, but he fell a prey to prevailing vices in this city. Wilson had been drinking for the past three days heavily, and while doing so had gambled at different places in the city. He had the entire confidence of General Agent McCaig, and it was his habit to take the ticket receipts from the office each day and buy drafts at the bank to remit to the Northern Pacific at St. Paul. Wilson made his appearance at the office every morning in his usual condition and McCaig suspected nothing. He discovered this morning, however, that for the last three days Wilson had not remitted as usual. Last night Wilson played faro and lost about $600. He had played in the house before and his cheques were accepted. This morning Wilson went to the Northern Pacific office as usual and was at his desk when Mr. McCaig came in. Shortly after the arrival of McCaig at the office a representative of the First National Bank came in and told Mr. McCaig that a number of cheques had come in signed by Wilson in favor of gambler Dowd, and they had been thrown out. Wilson heard the remark and turned pale. Mr. McCaig called Wilson's attention to the fact and Wilson said he would go out and buy the drafts at once. This occurred at 10 o'clock. Mr. McCaig knew Wilson had no money to buy the drafts, so he went and informed Wilson's friends of the deficit, and they readily agreed to endorse his notes and square him with the company. P. L. Foster, who roomed with Wilson, heard of the trouble and went to his room about 7 o'clock. The door was locked and Wilson inside. Wilson evidently thought the officers were coming to arrest him. He swallowed four ounces of chloroform and shot himself through the head, and died in twenty minutes. The jury returned a verdict of suicide. The remains will be sent to Chatham for burial.

WHISKEY AND THE PIPE

Lead an Old Pensioner to a Terrible Death at Windsor.

A Windsor despatch of Wednesday says: Wm. Brown, an aged British pensioner, was burned to death in the Essex House stable fire last night. About 9 o'clock one of the boarders of the hotel saw a small flame in the loft of the barn. An alarm was turned in, and in an incredibly short space of time the fire department was on the spot, but the fire had gained such headway that the whole upper part of the barn was in flames. During the progress of the fire the question what caused it was often asked, but no one could give the slightest clue until about 7.30. When a fireman was going through the burning building he stumbled over something, and looking down he saw it was the body of a man. Grabbing the body he dragged it to the open air, where, upon investigation, it was found to be Wm. Brown. Nearly all of his clothes were burned off, and the face and one side of his body was burnt to a crisp. The dead man has for years earned a precarious living in Windsor, and has often figured in the Police Court as a common drunk. Last evening, shortly before the fire, he was seen near the barns considerably under the influence of liquor, and it is supposed that he lit his pipe and lay down on the hay, causing the conflagration, and being too drunk he could not save himself.

WITH WINCHESTER RIFLES.

Kentucky Factions Attempt the Settlement of an Old Feud.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch of Wednesday says: An engagement has occurred between the Howard and Turner factions near Harlan Court House. James Deane, of Howard's party, was killed and five others were wounded. Three of the Turner crowd were wounded. A correspondent at Pineville telegraphs as follows: Wilson Howard and one of his principal henchmen named Jennings are among the wounded, and it is said Howard's injuries are probably fatal. The Turners have been in possession of the town for more than a week. Their leader is John Turner, aged 17. Howard's forces have been in camp one mile from town. There are about forty men in each crowd, all equipped with Winchesters and revolvers. Yesterday morning Turner led his followers in an attack on the Howard camp. The attacking party got in the first work, but were finally driven back to town. A report reached Pineville to-day that the Howard forces in Harlan, enraged by the battle of yesterday and the probable fatal wounding of their leader, left camp last night and started for Harlan Court House, intending to kill everybody that belongs to the opposition and burn the town.

Big Strike of Miners.

A Columbus, O., despatch says: About 700 miners employed by the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron Company in the Hocking Valley have struck. They are progressive union men. About 400 Knights of Labor remain at work. The union men refuse to work unless their organization is recognized in the committee and the cheque for mine expenses granted as before May 1st.

MR. STEVENS, who circled the globe on his bicycle and then set out on a hunt for Stanley in the heart of Africa, has returned to Zanzibar a sadder and a wiser man. He distributed loads of cotton goods and other stuff he took along with him to bribe his way through the country, and brought back with him malarial fever, but no news of the man he was in search of. He did not even hear Stanley's name once mentioned.

Whar the Corn Juice Flows.

My son, afore you leave your home I want ter say to you,
Thar's lots of pitfalls in the world to let young roosters through;
So keep a padlock on your mouth and skin your weather eye,
But never advertise yourself as being monstrous "fly."
Don't run to dress—of all the sorts with which the world is strewed
The most consarned useless thing is what they call a dood;
An' don't be "tough" an' wear your hat a tilted on your nose,
An' don't be forever loafin'
Whar the corn juice flows

I know you think I don't know much, but take a fool's advice
An' never go to a saloon to play at cards or dice,
For, tho' I don't hold play at cards itself is any crime,
I know those bar-room games use up a heap of cash an' time;
An' every little while, you know, the reg'lar drinks will come,
Until your head goes swimmin' on a reservoir of rum;
Sometimes you'll jaw about the game, and likely come to blows,
For ye don't know what will happen
Whar the corn juice flows.

They say the wise man takes his drink and goes about his biz,
Tho' I think he is a wiser one who lets it be whar 'tis.
Still, bar-room talk an' sich does more than drink ter spoil a man,
For the mind absorbs more poison than the stomach ever can;
So ef ye will indulge, my lad, don't hang about the bar,
But down your booze an' plank your dues an' get away from thar;
For, barrin' liquor-men themselves, thar's no one ever runs
That made it his headquarters
Whar the corn juice flows.

I s'pose this kinder talk from me may sound a little odd,
Bein' as how I've allus drank my share of forty-rod;
But if I had to live again the years thet's passed an' gone
I'd undertake to organize a temperance club of one;
For now that you are leavin' home ter steer yer own canoe,
Some theories I have allus held is sorter fallin' through,
An' I feel a good deal better of my son afore he goes
Would boycott all the places
Whar the corn juice flows.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

He Touched Their Hearts.

It was a touching story which the late Lord Shaftesbury told of some of the greatest roughs in the east end of London. A young clergyman in one of the most wretched parishes had asked his advice as to how to deal with the terrible human vice and misery of the place. Lord Shaftesbury had counseled him to begin by establishing a ragged school, and had at the same time furnished the necessary funds. The school met with immediate success, but it was impossible, in spite of all the vicar's efforts, to induce the people to come to church, and the young clergyman finally resolved to meet them by preaching in the open air. He selected one of the worst courts, and had the benches from the school taken there for his hearers to sit upon, but was dismayed when he came upon the scene to see the front row occupied by a number of the most notorious roughs of the neighborhood, who, he made no doubt, had come to break up the services. To his surprise, however, everything went off quietly, and when the services were over he stepped up to the leader of the gang, told him he had not expected to see him there, though he was very glad to welcome him, and asked him what had brought him. The man said:

"Well, sir, you've been very good to our little kids, so I said to my mates: 'Parson's going to preach in ——— court on Sunday night. It's a roughish place. Let's go and see fair play.' That's what brought us."—*Boston Journal.*

South Dakota's Capital.

Pierre is a fine, well-built town of about 5,000 people and six banks, full of enterprise and activity, and before the capital boom set in had been waiting eagerly for the opening of the great Sioux Reservation on the opposite side of the river It is comparatively a few years since a couple of Chicago young men who learned of its situation conceived it an opportunity to make money, and they spent their last penny in the purchase of a carload of stoves and hardware. When it reached Pierre they had nothing left to pay the freight bill with, but they saw an amiable-looking old fellow on the street and they told him their story. He went with them to the depot, paid their bill of $250, and they established themselves in a shedded corral, and were soon doing a rushing trade, at a profit of about 800 per cent. In those days the aristocracy of Pierre and its ruling element were all saloon-keepers. But the scenes that then made it a terror to all peaceably disposed persons had so completely disappeared before the present excitement set in that for half a year there had not been a single prisoner in the handsome jail until a "drunk and disorderly" was locked up a few days ago for 60 days. Then, too, three or four years ago the people of Pierre built a poor house, but it secured only three inmates in as many years, and cost only $150 for maintenance.—*Special to Philadelphia Record.*

A Familiar Flavor.

Mr. Deeds—Thirsty? Try this water. That's another advantage of the house. That there's a splendid cistern; bound to be full when every well in the neighborhood dries up. You'd never get such a complete establishment for the money if it hadn't been for the death of the owner.

Prospective Purchaser (stopping to expectorate)—Did you bury him in the cistern?

A Valuable Talent.

Seedy Individual—Say, can't you take me with you out West and give me a job?

Chicago Business Man—What can you do?

Seedy Individual—When I'm well dressed I can borrow more money on less credit than any man in the city.

Chicago Business Man—By Jinks! Come right along. I'll take you into partnership.

No Cards.

Ethel—Why, mamma, I would as soon think of marrying papa as marrying old General Starbuckle.

Ethel's mother—Well, I married your father, and I guess you are no better than I am.

The French statistics of suicide just published for the year 1887, show four suicides committed by men to one by women.

CURRENT TOPICS

The wife of a prominent farmer and politician of Pennsylvania gave birth yesterday to a quartette of babies. This is the kind of an infant industry that needs pap.

The late King of Portugal was a corpulent man of 50, with a dark complexion and a grave face. An American who saw him recently says he bore a striking resemblance to ex-President Cleveland. His son, who succeeds him as Carlos I., is very different from the father physically, being very light in complexion. He is an ambitious young man, not possessing the quiet scholarly tastes of the late Luis. He is anxious to become prominent in European politics. In all his mental characteristics he more resembles his mother than his father.

Hon. C. F. Fraser, chatting with a Brockville *Recorder* representative about court matters, stated that he had not accepted a brief in a criminal case, since the time he entered the Ontario Cabinet. When Mr. Fraser was handling cases of a criminal nature he had the reputation of being one of the cleverest lawyers in that line in Canada, and no doubt had he continued that practice would have been very much better off to-day. Politics has a fascination for those who follow it, but with men of the stamp of Mr. Fraser, and some other prominent men on both sides, it is a losing game financially.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave India in March next and will return home by way of Ceylon, China, Japan and Canada, probably arriving in England in June. It will be six years on November 26th since His Royal Highness first took a divisional command in India. This he held until September 26th, 1885. He went out again in September, 1886, to take up a divisional appointment, and has been commander-in-chief of the Madras army since December 14th, 1886. It will be ten years in May next since His Royal Highness became a general officer, and twenty-two in June since he joined the Royal Engineers as a subaltern.

The supply of natural gas in the Pittsburg district is not inexhaustible; in fact, the gas is already too scarce to meet the demand. This state of affairs was first noticed the latter part of last winter, but the coming of warm weather relieved the pressure for domestic surposes, and nothing was heard of a shortage during the summer months. But with the first appearance of a change of temperature this fall the trouble recommenced in an aggravated form. The last move of the natural gas companies has been to ask the big mills to run only at night, when the demand upon the fuel for other purposes would be slight. Many of the establishments have decided to return to the use of coal, and some have already done so.

Less than fifteen years ago the different branches of the Presbyterian family in Canada entered into union. None of all who took part in the services of that memorable 15th of June, 1875, expected better results than have been actually achieved. Their fears have been disappointed and their hopes amply realized. In regard to finance, the income has risen from $982,000 in 1876 to $1,942,000 in 1888. These figures indicate a vast amount of activity in missions at home and abroad, in educational work, in congregational work. Since the union large additions have been made to the number of Presbyteries, indicating the vastness of the field occupied. There are Presbyteries of Columbia, Regina, Brandon, Calgary, Minnedosa, Honan—names of which little or nothing was known fifteen years ago.

The Hungarians have never been credited with being a very progressive sort of people, yet they have introduced a system in their railway service which bids fair to revolutionize railway travel the world over. The Government owns and controls the railways, and it has established fourteen zones which have their centre in Buda-Pesth. The fare from the capital to all stations within zone A is placed at $1, to all those within zone B at $2 and thus on to zone N at proportional rates. So far the result has been satisfactory to the public and the Government also. The cost of travel has decreased enormously. Trips, it is said, which formerly cost 25 can now be made for 8 florins, yet the Government, instead of losing, has gained by the change, as it carries three times the number of passengers it previously did. As a matter of fact, the crowds of people travelling by rail put the Government at their wits' end to provide the necessary accommodation. This step in advance, great though it be, is only the preliminary to a still greater one. The authorities intend ultimately to transport passengers as letters are now carried, at a uniform rate to and from all parts of the kingdom. Yet people talk about the effete East.

Very Likely.

Johnny—I wonder why I can't make my kite fly?

Elder sister—Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superficial area.

"I don't think that's it. I believe there isn't weight enough on the tail."

Would Suit Either Case.

Book Agent—Going from books to babies, madam, that's a fine youngster. Allow me to congratulate you.

Young Woman—Sir, that baby is not mine!

Book Agent—I repeat, madam, allow me to congratulate you.

A Great Undertaking.

Mrs. Twitter—Oh, dear, another electrical accident! When will the wires go under ground, I wonder?

Mr. Twitter—After the electricians have prepared the way for them, my dear.

It has often been reported that the British army is largely composed of undersized boys instead of stalwart men, but the returns do not bear out these statements. Of 202,761 men only 11,569 are under 19 years of age, while 34 per cent. are over 5 feet 8 inches in height.

The gross value of Piggott, the informer's, estate amounts to $5,025.

—The onion trust is wearing weeds—hence those weeps.

GATES AT CROSSINGS.

Continued Trials Confirm the Stability of a Baltimore Invention.

At the trial of the Toulmin electrical gates on the 4th instant at the Woodbrook station, Maryland Central Railroad, a single track road, says the Baltimore *News*, it was shown that the gates were closed by the train when distant from the crossing a quarter of a mile or more, and were opened again automatically by the train while going over the crossing; that when the gates were up the train might be run backwards or forwards over the crossing without interfering with them. Also, that the gates were closed only by trains going towards the crossing and were not operated by trains after they had passed it. It was also demonstrated that the electrical connections are exceedingly simple, and of a character to act perfectly under all conditions of the weather, and at any rate of speed at which the cars might be going. It was admitted by the railroad engineers and officials present that the invention is a practical success, and that the fearful loss of life at railroad crossings, amounting to an average of 360 persons a year, might be prevented by the general adoption of these gates by railroads throughout the country. The gates at Woodbrook station have been in successful operation for the past four or five weeks.

Who Owns the United States?

In spite of the rapid increase in the number of millionaires in the United States in recent years, the popular notion is that wealth is yet very much more evenly distributed in this country than in England. Mr. Thos. G. Shearman, the well-known New York statistician, has been engaged for some time in collecting facts to show as precisely as possible the proportion of the wealth of the country held by a few rich men and families; and he finds a greater concentration of wealth here than in any other country. The results of his investigation will appear in the *Forum* for November, from advance sheets of which the following facts are taken. Mr. Shearman makes the following enumeration of owners of more than $20,000,000 each:

$150,000,000—J. J. Astor, Trinity Church.

$100,000,000—C. Vanderbilt, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Leland Stanford, J. D. Rockefeller.

$70,000,000—Estate of A. Packer.

$60,000,000—John I. Blair, estate of Charles Crocker.

$50,000,000—Wm. Astor, W. W. Astor, Russell Sage, E. A. Stevens, estate of Moses Taylor, estate of Brown & Ives.

$40,000,000—P. D. Armour, F. L. Ames, Wm. Rockefeller, H. M. Flagler, Powers & Weightman, estate of P. Goelet.

$35,000,000—C. P. Huntington, D. O. Mills, estates of T. A. Scott, J. W. Garrett.

$30,000,000—G. B. Roberts, Charles Pratt, Ross Winans, E. B. Coxe, Claus Spreckels, A. Belmont, R. J. Livingston, Fred Weyerhauser, Mrs. Mark Hopkins, Mrs. Hetty Green, estate of S. V. Harkness, R. W. Coleman, I. M. Singer.

$25,000,000—A. J. Drexel, J. S. Morgan, J. P. Morgan, Marshall Field, David Dows, J. G. Fair, E. T. Gerry, estates of Gov. Fairbanks, A. T. Stewart, A. Schermerhorn.

$22,500,000—O. H. Payne, estates of F. A. Drexel, I. V. Williamson, W. F. Weld.

$20,000,000—F. W. Vanderbilt, Theo. Havemeyer, H. O. Havemeyer, W. G. Warden, W. P. Thompson, Mrs. Schenley, J. B. Haggin, H. A. Hutchins, estates of W. Sloane, E. S. Higgins, C. Tower, Wm. Thaw, Dr. Hostetter, Wm. Sharon, Peter Donohue. These 70 names represent an aggregate wealth of $2,700,000,000, an average of more than $37,500,000 each. Mr. Shearman's conclusion is that 25,000 persons own one-half the wealth of the United States; and that the whole wealth of the country is practically owned by 250,000 persons, or one in sixty of the adult male population; and he predicts, from the rapid recent concentration of wealth, that under present conditions 50,000 persons will practically own all the wealth of the country in thirty years—or less than one in 500 of the adult male population.

What Emin Looks Like.

Colonel H. G. Prout, in the November "Scribner," gives the following pen picture of Emin Pasha, whom he knew about thirteen years ago: "In person Emin is a slender man of medium height and tough and wiry figure. He is swarthy, with black eyes and hair. His face is that of a studious professional man, and that impression is heightened by the glasses he always wears. His attitudes and movements are, however, very alert. He stands erect and with his heels together, as if he had been trained a soldier. He was always reticent about himself, and his history was known to no one in the Soudan or the provinces of the Equator. He was supposed to be a Mohammedan. I am not sure that he ever said that he was, but I am quite sure that he did not deny it when I knew him. It has become known later that he is German, of university education; but there were many at that time who thought he was a Turk of extraordinary acquirements. He is certainly a man of great abilities in many ways, and of strong character."

Red Headed Printers.

The London *Printer's Register* asserts the existence of an ancient aphorism to the effect that red-haired printers are always the fastest. The Troy *Press* never heard of this natural law before but declares that red-haired compositors are remarkable for their rarity. Our own observation has led to the conclusion that the red-haired ones lead all the others in their modest, shrinking ways and religious fervor.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The *Canadian Voice*, of Halifax, prophesis that 1892 will see a prohibitory law. Let us all unite in helping on the good time.

—No lawyer worth his salt ever takes the will for the deed.

—The police judge has got his business down to a fine art.

In courtships days I used to think
Her sweetest of all misses,
And that her darling little mouth
Expressly framed for kisses.

But after marriage I soon found
When conversation holding,
Her mouth was formed for something else;
To wit, for vigorous scolding.

E. Ellingers, who came from Havana via New York to Key West, Fla., is ill with yellow fever, and quarantine restrictions have been resumed.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The October term of the Supreme Court opened yesterday.

Two hundred fugitives from Crete have taken refuge at Syra.

The death is announced of the Earl of Orkney, also Mr. John Ball, F.R.S.

It is expected that the Dominion Parliament will meet the last week in January.

It is now stated that the missing Mexican bonds were not stolen, but were mislaid.

Lieut. Gravenreuth, of Capt. Wissmann's expedition, has dispersed Chief Bushiri's forces.

The barge Condor, laden with grain, is aground in the main channel at the Galops Rapids.

Wm. Mayne, a prisoner at the Central, Toronto, hanged himself in his cell Monday evening.

C. G. Crickmore, a well-known lawyer of Windsor, has disappeared, and no trace of him can be found.

The Central American Congress has approved the basis for the union of the Central American States.

One of the men on trial for the murder of Inspector Martin at Gweedore has been convicted of manslaughter.

It is reported that one of the suspended Kingston post office clerks will be reappointed to a Government office.

A convict named Lepage, under sentence for two years for passing counterfeit coin, escaped on Monday from Kingston Penitentiary.

According to Mr. Charlebois the Great Northwest Central Railway Company will build two or three hundred miles of road next year.

Samuel Letters, who shot Fred. Logan, of Napanee, on July 20th with intent to kill, has been arrested and will stand his trial at Napanee.

Charles Bradlaugh, the political and social Reformer and member of the English House of Commons, is very ill, and it is feared he is dying.

Wm. McMillan was arrested in Toronto yesterday charged with being the forger of the fraudulent cheques made out in favor of City Treasurer Coady.

The steamer Vulcan attached to Captain Wissmann's expedition, has been wrecked on the East African coast. The natives killed a number of the crew.

Thirteen men, all sailors, have been sentenced at Aachen for smuggling corn into Germany. Their operations during the past year aggregated hundreds of tons of grain.

Servia has abolished the Servian Consulships in Germany, and entrusted all her consular business to the Russian Consuls. A Servian Consul has been appointed at Moscow.

The Laval-Victoria trouble is now at an end, all the Victoria school students have come to terms, and the regular courses of the new school were proceeded with peacefully yesterday.

Ernest H. Adams, an employe of Hy. V. Skinner, agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in New York, has been arrested on a charge of commiting forgeries to the amout of $2,500.

The National Missionary Convention of the Christian (Campbellite) Church is in session in Louisville, Ky. Six hundred delegates from the United States and Canada are attending it.

A youth named Cranker, of Rockport, is said to have shot his father out of revenge, because his parent put a bullet through a dog which the boy insisted on taking with him on hunting expeditions.

The election to fill the vacancy in the Quebec Legislature for Joliette county takes place to-day. Mr. Bazinet is the local Ministerial candidate. Mr. O. Perrault represents the Conservative interest.

It is stated that during the last voyage of the Umbria from Liverpool to New York a fireman was accidentally roasted to death in the engine-room, and that he was buried at sea without any entry being made in the log.

Special Auditor Munro, the Toronto accountant, engaged to audit the books of Treasurer Wright, of Essex county, has presented a statement to the council showing that the county owes the treasurer $11,272.36.

The Earl of Leven and Melville died yesterday from the effects of injuries received in a recent carriage accident. The deceased Scotch peer was born in 1817 and succeeded his father in 1876. His half-brother, Ronald Ruthven, born in 1835, succeeds him.

Edward Maloney has been arrested at Kingston for robbing Archibald Campbell's house at Marysville. A Deseronto newspaper man learned the description of the thief, found him on the train, and on arrival at Kingston had the fellow turned over to the police. He has been identified.

The second biennial conference of the Young Women's Christian Association of the United States and Canada began yesterday afternoon at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association at Baltimore. Mr. C. E. Beebe presided. Delegates were reported from 50 associations, an increase of twelve during the past two years. About 100 delegates are in attendance.

A colored man named Charles Taylor, was arrested at London yesterday, charged with aggravated assault committed in 1885 on a barber named Williams, also a colored man. The two quarrelled at a dance, and in the melee Taylor bit off a portion of Williams' tongue. Taylor skipped, but he returned to London a few days ago, and Constable Crawford nabbed him this morning.

The Bossiere line of steamships have taken an action in Montreal against Robert Bickerdike for $4,839. Defendant had taken all the space for cattle on the wrecked steamship Geographique for the above-mentioned sum, and as the bill of lading read that the freight was to be paid "lost or not lost," the present action is taken as a test case to ascertain whether a claim can be instituted under such conditions.

Mr. Gladstone made an address on Saturday, in which he contrasted the workman's position to day with that of fifty years ago, showing that during the half century there has been an increase of 50 per cent. in wages, while clothing and food are both better and cheaper.

Capt. Wissmann, desiring to purchase gunpowder, made application to the Zanzibar Government, which refused to supply him unless its demands for the restoration of certain buildings, which it alleges the German East Africa Company occupied without leasing or paying rent for them, were complied with.

On Friday afternoon some little boys were playing on Queen street, Toronto, at the corner of Morse street. One of their number, a small boy called Edmund Onge, living at 5 Russell place, was knocked down by a street car, which ran over his legs, severing them from his body. Drs. Burgess and Doolittle performed an operation on the little fellow, but his recovery is doubtful.

As before reported, the schooner George T. Simmons, of Camden, N. J., was wrecked off False Cape, 30 miles south of Cape Henry, in the storm of last Wednesday night. When the vessel was first seen sunk in the breakers by the life savers, on Thursday morning five men were lashed in the rigging. One by one the doomed men have been swept away into the sea. Last night two were left, and at sunset this evening only one remained, and undoubtly he will share the fate of his shipmates.

The residence of ex-Mayor Ballard, of Lexington, Mo., was burned Tuesday night. Mrs. Ballard, who was of unsound mind, perished in the flames.

Acting Secretary Batcheller has appointed Milton M. Holland, of Washington, to be chief of a division in the Second Auditor's office. Mr. Holland is a well-known colored lawyer.

Herr Freytag's book about the late Emperor Frederick is creating a sensation in Berlin.

Pearce, recaptured jail-breaker, was brought back to Toronto on Saturday morning.

At the Brockville Fall Assizes all the criminal cases, seven in number, resulted in acquittals.

The Doty Engine Works Company of Toronto, propose to establish a ship-building yard at Collingwood.

Mr. Wm. Mosgrove, who was recently appointed Junior Judge of Carleton county, was banqueted by the Ottawa bar on Saturday night.

Mr. A. H. Musgrove, of Whitechurch, was nominated on Saturday for the Local Legislature by the Conservative Convention of East Huron.

An Indiana widower, for demonstrating too soon his belief that marriage was a success, was hanged in effigy. He married again two weeks after his first wife's death.

The Forth bridge has stirred the engineering world so that Schneider & Co., the great French iron makers, have prepared a design for a channel bridge from Dover to Calais. The length is twenty-four miles and the number of piers proposed to be built in the sea is 120.

It appears that the action of the Andersons in dropping the fast Atlantic mail contract was caused by the Dominion Government's withdrawal of railway privileges.

Archbishop Walsh has decided to assume his new dignity and new duties on the 27th November. He will reach Toronto on that date. Previously he will pay a visit to Baltimore.

It is supposed that the man who was arrested at Reading, Pa., on Friday, charged with passing forged cheques, is Tascott, the murderer of millionaire Snell, of Chicago.

The press insists that the Mexican goverment demand of the United States an explanation of Mr. Mizner's remarks referring insultingly to Mexico on presenting his credentals as Minister to Costa Rica.

The Peterborough lumbermen are greatly perturbed over the intention of the Government to enforce the regulations requiring them to get rid of their sawdust otherwise than by dumping it into the river.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, once a regal high-roller, after being stripped of all control of his estates and interests by his nephew, the Czar, is now corroding under a malignant cancer in the head. He is such a dismantled wreck that he is only sustained by injections, and wearily waits in a darkened room, from which even his immediate family is rigidly excluded, the happy moment when the cancer shall have eaten through his carotid and he can bleed to death.

Alexander Somerville, Chief of the Money Order Branch of the Postoffice Department at Washington, and Judge Arthur T. Reeve, Chief of the Second Division of the Department of Agriculture, are dead.

A despatch from Chicago, on Saturday, to Mr. Hugh Thompson, of Toronto, who was at one time a partner of the brewing firm of Thompson & Allen, briefly conveyed the news that his son Hugh had been killed while walking on the railway track.

The Ottawa *Free Press* (Liberal) believes Minister Foster is about to retire from politics in the comfortable security of the St. John, N. B., collectorship and $3,000 a year. He will probably be succeeded in the portfolio of Finance by Sir Samuel Tilley.

Landladies are famous gossips; they pay great attention to roomers.

Mr. Bradlaugh is reported convalescent.

Johnstown is in danger of being flooded again.

Bobcaygeon has purchased a Waterous fire engine.

The vice-regal party reached Vancouver yesterday.

Bradlaugh has recovered and contemplates taking a sea voyage.

Kingston druggists have organized for the promotion of sociability.

Mr. Goschen, son of the British chancellor of the exchequer, is in British Columbia.

—Time flies, yet the orchestral leader sits still and beats time.

A Rome despatch says that the Russian Government has conceded most of the Vatican's demands, and that seven Russian bishops will soon be appointed.

George Clute, the Brockville bigamist, was sentenced to six years in the Penitentiary.

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W. H. THURSTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

W. H. Harvey has been found guilty at Guelph of the brutal murder of his wife and two daughters, and sentenced to be hanged on Nov. 20. This is none too soon either, in our humble estimation.

News is now received that a Kansas City newspaper man has fallen heir to an Edinburgh estate valued at $200,000. This is the first instance on record where a newspaper man didn't earn every cent of his competence, two or three times over. These Americans do tell some tall yarns, anyway.

The denizens of Collingwood are at present in high feather. They will have a ship yard as well as Owen Sound. The Doty Company, of Toronto—a wealthy concern—will shortly begin a ship-building business there, the plant having already been shipped from Scotland, and we believe the agreement states that eight hundred men are to be employed. Hurrah for Collingwood! She hasn't given up the ghost yet, by a long chalk.

Ephestia Kuhniella is the name attached to a new pest which has lately appeared in Canada. It is a flour moth, which infests flouring mills and produce stores, and is capable of doing unlimited damage therein. The provincial Board of Health have issued a circular descriptive of this flour moth, warning millers and dealers to be on their guard against it, and describing the best methods for its destruction. The pamphlet is complied by the secretary, P. H. Bryce, M. A., M.D.

In the years 1799-1800 McKenzie discovered the great north river bearing his name, and crossed the Rocky mountains to the Pacific coast. In 1804 Lewis and Clark traversed the continent via the Missouri and Columbia rivers. For forty years thereafter the "star of empire" stood comparatively stationary above the ninetieth degree of longitude, and in the case of Canada it remained at that point for sixty years and more. Since the passing of the British North American Act, however, in 1867, and the confederation of the provinces, the march of progress has been a most remarkable one. No country on earth can show a greater amount of progress in a corresponding period of time. The area of Canada is nearly as great as the whole of Europe, and considerably greater than that of the United States. It is bound from coast to coast with a great iron highway. Its great possibilities are opening the eyes of our cousins to the south to a sense of insecurity, and causing a general squirm. Canada is, truly, the greatest possession of the British realm, but all these things many of her people do not appear to properly understand. Some people are so dull of comprehension that knowledge must be pounded into their heads. It may be so in this case.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbon Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

The beautiful foliage that made our woods look so pretty all summer is fast disappearing before the incessant attacks of Jack Frost, and as we hear the wind whistle through the almost naked branches and ruthlessly carry off a few of the remaining rags with an exultant whirr as it proceeds on its southward journey (may it get a warm drink before it comes back) it makes us button two more buttons on our coat and seriously consider the necessity of providing ourselves with flannel underclothing as a protection against Old Winter, which our imagination pictures to us as coming upon a quick trot. But Jack Frost is not the only Jack that works in our neighborhood; no indeed. There is farmer Jack who daily drives down to his farm in the glen with his team of bays, and by a liberal use of the rope line on the nigh horse, who is a little slow, he succeeds in getting quite a strip of ground blackened over with his wide plow. There is still another Jack in this vicinity, who, through great cunning and sly habits has managed to keep his name out of the paper until now. Well, I expect some of our critics will say I am too personal in my remarks if I put his surname in, so for their sakes, and not overlooking a slight regard I have for his own feelings, I will withold it this time, but in so doing I consider I am returning good for evil. For in all my acquaintance with him (and scores of others will say the same thing) I never once knew him to concede or make any sacrifice whatever to oblige any person. Sometimes some of our residents are sitting in a chair reclining against the wall after dinner, enjoying a smoke or reading a very interesting love story, when all at once a loud, piercing, terrific, unearthly roar somes piercing through the air and knocks against the ear drum with such a force that paper or pipe falls suddenly to the floor, and you behold a man or woman, as the case may be, with eyes and mouth wide open exclaiming between gasps, "What was that!" as their eyes wander around in a vain search for the object from which the noise came. When they are informed that it was Jack made the noise, their countenance drops and they feel a little sold, but all they say is "Humph, if I ever," and resume their reading. There was once a boy who asked his father what a fool was. His father replied, "A fool is a man who tickles the hind leg of a mule." I think if Jack's bite is as bad as his bark, that a man who tickles his mouth would be the greatest fool. Now, dear readers, this Jack is none other than James Wilson's mule, and I hope you will not think me too personal.

Mr. A. McDonal has re-rented J. McDonal's farm, and he may be seen as regular as the day, urging on his trusty team, and although he takes a very narrow strip each time, yet he succeeds in getting a remarkable lot of the sod turned down. The rest of our farmers are, of course, doing their share, too, but I consider it would take up too much valuable space to make particular mention of all of them individually, but I hope they will pardon me for my seeming neglect, as I do not wish to be thought partial. Suffice it to say, that on almost every farm there is a little plowing done.

Mr. Sidney Blakeston has gone to the Michigan lumber woods where he intends to put in the winter. We wish you luck, Sid, and hope you may relish beans and pork.

The S. S. social is past, and the only thing we're sorry for is that such events do not happen oftener, as we love to indulge in the consumption of fruit cakes, pies and sandwiches, and various other cakes too numerous to remember the names, also to listen to the excellent programs that are got up for such special occasions. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves well and there was a very good turnout considering the wet night. Proceeds, $13.00

Mr. D. McIntyre had a ploughing bee one day recently and a spree at night, although there were not many there in the day, there being 3 teams, they turned out in sufficiently large numbers at night to make up for it and tripped the light fantastic until the "wee sma' hours in the morning."

Miss Catherine Ferguson, who was visiting friends here, has returned home. A young man, a relative of her mother's, drove her to Mount Forest with the intention of catching the noon train, but somehow, we presume by being a little too attentive to her and not attentive enough to his whip, he just reached there in time to have the mortification of seeing the great iron horse vanish in the distance as it gave vent to a loud, shrill whistle, accompanied by a puff of steam which waved gently up and down in a manner suggestiue of "Fare you well Brother Watkins." We understand she waited patiently at a friend's house until the arrival of the next train.

Mr. Alf Leak has the contract of plastering A. Ferguson's house.

Mr. W. Stewart has moved into his new house. He is the only retired farmer Balsam Valley can boast of.

Occasionally we see a hunter parading along the outskirts of the woods in quest of deer. We have not heard of any being shot yet, but there is one hound missing. We hope the owners may find him, as it is very unsatisfactory hunting without a hound.

OBEN.

A Mean Trick.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to mention a mean little trick which was played at the Presbyterian church shed on Sunday last, where I had a valuable whip stolen. The person is hereby respectfully requested to quietly return it or he will be prosecuted, as he is well known. It is a pity some persons cannot keep their hands in their own pockets, especially on Sunday. If the person above referred to (and he does not live far away from Flesherton) wishes to keep his name out of public print, he had better return what he stole, when he should have been in better company. Thanking you for your valuable space, I remain, yours truly. W. L. BUSKIN.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR SIR,—We were pleased to see your invitation to us to reply to Anti-Mormon in The Advance. We had previously heard of your conversation in Priceville, and feel sorry that we should have accused you wrongly. We naturally thought that you had received and ignored our reply. We honor the spirit of liberty and justice which you have manifested in giving both sides equal privileges in your columns, and allowing your readers to judge for themselves between truth and error. It is a trait of character that is seldom manifested, and should be respected in those who possess it. The articles from Anti-Mormon will be replied to as soon as possible. Thanking you for you kindness, I am yours truly.

SECRETARY.

Of the Proton branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

P. S. We have written to the gentleman who before wrote the reply as, he was then here and took the papers with him containing Anti-Mormon's letters, but lest he has not saved the papers, or if our letter should not reach him, if you will kindly send us those numbers of The Advance in which Anti-mormon wrote, we will reply to them ourselves if he does not.

[We are sorry to state that we do not preserve back numbers, and are therefore unable to furnish the papers requested. ED. ADVANCE.]

Eugenia

From our own Correspondent.

Hallowe'en was duly celebrated by some of the natives, as on the following morning various little depredations of the previous evening were noticed.

Master and Mrs. Bulmer, of Flesherton, visited our fair village last Wednesday, and took a picture of the school and scholars and some scenes around the falls.

Miss Thurston of Kimberley, Miss Baker and Mr. Williams, of Stayner, were the guests of Mrs. Bowerman last week.

Mrs. Davis, of Guelph, is visiting her parents, the Rev. Mr. Watts.

Mr. David Wright, of Flesherton, is engaged as teacher for the ensuing year. He comes well recommended, and it is hoped that his reign will be a successful and prosperous one in the school and the community.

On last Monday morning Mrs. Abigal Bowerman, aged 76 years, quietly passed away into the rest of the weary. The remains were removed to Dunedin on Tuesday and interred in the family burying ground.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The noise of the hammer and saw still resounds through our village in a lively manner, from which it would appear that the inhabitants intend to be warm and comfortable during the months of zero, which appear to be not very distant. Our new hall has lately had an iron quadruped inserted in it, and is now ready for action.

Hallowe'en passed without any very serious pranks being played. To be sure, a few gates became wearied of hanging in one place for a year and left their posts of duty.

We are pleased to extend a hand of welcome to our esteemed friend, Mr. Henry Ellis, who has been living in Uncle Sam's domains during the past year.

Mr. Albert Williams and Miss M. Baker, of Stayner, are the guests of Mr. J. M. Thurston.

A company of Kimberley's sportsmen congregated at Mr. Thompson's store the other evening and laid their plans for an extensive squirrel hunt to take place on Nov. 7th, after which supper will be partaken of at the Traveller's Home.

We have not yet heard whether a change in teachers is to take place or not.

VIGILANCE.

Markdale's Latest News.

From our own Correspondent.

Rev. G. Buggin conducted quarterly services Nov. 3rd in the Methodist church, here. Attendance throughout was good. On Monday the regular business meeting was held by the quarterly board. Finances were only in fair shape, as but little grain has been sold, and money is not moving freely. Dr. McBride was elected to a stewardship, and C. W. Rutledge made recording steward, in place of Mr. G. S. Bowes, who has removed to Toronto.

Dr. A. Carman, one of the "big guns" of the Methodist Church, will lecture here, D.V., on Dec. 20 Subject: "Jesuitism."

Benson Bros. now occupy their new store, and really have a very finely fitted up place to do business in. It is still the "Belfast House."

The Orange lodge here gave an oyster supper Tuesday evening, and had ze grande finale in the way of a dancing party.

Mr. Jarvis Henry was married to Miss Hill, daughter of Wm. Hill, Artemesia, and niece of S. Hill, merchant, here. Ceremony performed by Rev. J. E. Graham at the residence of the bride's father on Tuesday, Nov. 5. If Jarvis ever deserves and gets a blowing up he will remember the day.

A big wedding is on the tapis for Xmas Day in the Methodist church, Markdale.

Many gates and signs had to be hunted up on Nov. 1st. Ye cor. hustled his big one home on his back late Saturday night.

Oats, peas, butter, potatoes and apples appear to be the marketable commodities now.

It is reported that in parliamentary elections we have been disfranchised, by the T. C. not adding the letters M. F. opposite every man's assessment entry. If this is true, and an election is sprung on in the next six months, where will we come in? LUX.

The jury at Orangeville Friday returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Henry Atkinson, charged with killing James A. Scott.

CATARRH AND COLD IN THE HEAD NOW CURED

NASAL BALM

NASAL BALM.

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time*, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Beware of imitations similar in name

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Go to THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.
For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, etc., address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel s

J. G Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's stor or Atkinson's Hotel.
Priceville, Nov 19, 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office :—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M D., etc.
late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church,
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., **DENTIST.**
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE, SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER I. E. B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. C. and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC

MONEY TO LOAN.
The Undersigned has a Large Amount of Money to Loan at 6½ p. c.
ON TOWN OR FARM PROPERTY.
S. DAMUDE, FLESHERTON.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer.
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
dence one door south of Advance Office.

W. J. BELLAMY
TWP. CLERK ARTEMESIA.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any part of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Mill Spring,
MANUFACTURED BY
Wells & Ordway,
18 St., Boston
Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.
THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,
Because it is effective, simple, fully adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth and fits any size coupling.
—FOR SALE AT—
Heard's Carriage Shop

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

Division Court is being held in Flesherton to-day (Thursday.)

Mr. E. Vanzant, Flesherton's marble "king," has his new shop nearly completed.

It is rumored that W. P. Crosley has disposed of his 'bus line to Mr. Dick Pedlar.

W. Trimble, Esq., is in Toronto looking after sales of produce. Mr. R. Keefer is with him.

Deer hunters have had very poor luck around here this fall. We have heard of but two animals being secured.

On Nov. 11th, cattle fair day, Mrs. C. Treadgold will sell her household furniture for cash. Sale will commence at 1 o'clock.

Miss Page, of Welland, and Miss Tottie Tucky, of the same place, are the guests of Mrs. Munshaw and Mrs. Damude.

A mild type of scarlet fever is getting in its work in this village just now. Master Vick Kester, of the Advance staff, has been laid on the shelf with it during the past week.

Mr. W. J. Howard had the second finger of his right hand very nearly amputated by a shaper in the factory on Friday last. The bone was snapped off and the flesh badly lacerated.

A Beetonism: J. R. Croft lost his ring three weeks ago when out chasing the festive partridge to its lair. Last week a son of Thos. Nichols fell in the creek in his father's bush and emerged with Croft's ring on his toe.

Quarterley services will be held in the Methodist church, here, on Sabbath, the morning service to commence at 10.30, instead of 11 o'clock, the usual hour. On Monday the business meeting will be held.

At a meeting of the Flesherton board of trustees, held on Saturday evening last, it was decided to engage Miss Carrie Slack, of Egremont, to take Miss Ganton's position, the latter's certificate expiring at the end of the present year.

On Hallowe'en at Priceville some rowdies threw a stone at the residence of Councillor McArthur. Mrs. McArthur, who was standing in the door, was hit near the knee with the missile and received a severe injury.

Hallowe'en was characterized this fall by a very small amount of depredation. A few boyish asses tried to have a little fun, but one of them was led back to the scene of his humor and made to replace what he had displaced. The others let their fun fizzle out in bowls and through pea guns.

Mr. Henry Ellis, a native of Kimberley, but lately of New Hampshire, returned home last week. He intends returning again to New Hampshire in about a month, where he will take charge of a gentleman's farm. It is rumored that —— —— well, we will let some of our lady readers fill in the hiatus.

Money is scarce, and most loan companies have advanced their rate of interest to 7 per cent on real estate mortgages. S. Damude has a large amount to invest at 6½ per cent., and will be prepared to secure applications. Persons wanting to negotiate new loans or renew, will do well to call before the rate advances higher.

J. G. Russell, Esq., was called away to Hamilton this week to oversee a little transaction of his brother, of that city, and a young lady of the same place. J. G. is a born stage manager, and knows how to call time for a young couple starting in on the drama of life just as well as the best of them. Don't return without a generous piece of the cake, Jehiel Goff.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. For sale at the Medical Hall.

The boys are talking of forming a dramatic club this winter. Good idea. It ought to be encouraged.

The Markdale Standard rises to remark, locally, that "every man's ability may be greatly strengthened and even increased by culture." Quite true. So may the growth of cabbages! Potato bugs, however, gain strength and increase without culture. Don't you think brother, that it would be worth our while to bring these interesting newly-discovered facts before the next meeting of the American Association of Scientists?

Hors de Combat.

Mr. Charley Mosier entered the stall of a horse belonging to Harry Legard, on Friday last. The animal made a lunge at him and bit his cheek severely. It also struck him in the breast with its fore foot and kicked viciously at him when he was getting out of the stall. Charley is now cultivating patches of sticking plaster and has grown a splendid crop of cheek.

Fine Cattle.

Mr. R. Cook, our energetic cattle buyer, shipped a car load of cattle last Thursday. They were delivered here on Wednesday, and The Advance made an inspection of them as they passed through the village. It is seldom, indeed, that so fine a lot of fat animals are seen together. There were twenty-two in the drove, and among them a large number would weigh from fifteen to seventeen hundred pounds. Eight of them went over seventeen hundred. Cattle are pretty well bought up in this neighborhood, but Mr. Cook still appears to be able to find 'em.

Nine cords of Wood in Ten Hours.

By one man may appear to some as an unlikely story; but a machine is now manufactured which has proven such a feat is possible. It can be carried folded on a man's back, saws down trees and runs easy without causing backache. 25,000 now in use and the demand is constantly increasing. Apply to Folding Sawing Machine Co., Chicago, who will send free illustrated catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds who have sawed from 4 to 9 cords in a day. A new invention for filing saws accompanies each machine; same can be had separate. With this tool any one can file a saw better than an expert can without it.

To Our Subscribers.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenominal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise".*

The Thornbury Standard bristles up with assumed indignation because we checked its wild statement that Thornbury markets were superior to those of any of the surrounding towns. The paper now asserts that The Advance gives false market quotations; that Flesherton has only one gristmill, and that an "antediluvian" old thing "fit for nothing but chopping pig feed, and places like Markdale with even worse facilities, cannot possibly have decent markets!" These facetious remarks of Mr. Farewell are very amusing, indeed, and we can scarcely write for laughter at his humor. Just as though the prosperity of a market depended upon its possession of a gristmill! The humor, too, is better understood when it is remembered that Flesherton has at present one first class roller mill and another under course of construction, Mr. Loucks being at present busily engaged converting the "Little Mill" into a roller mill. We might be tempted to give Mr. Farewell a lecture if we thought him in earnest, but his assertion that "the Union Standard was never known to vary from the truth in a single instance since its establishment sixteen years ago," proves conclusively that he was only joking. The Standard wouldn't lie—except for "a consideration."

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Wouldn't you like it? Like what? Why, to get a splendid magazine one year, full of fine illustrations and interesting literary matter, one year for $1.40. Well, that's what you can get at this office. Get it.

There will be a large sale of valuable farm stock and implements on Friday, the 15th inst., commencing at 1 p.m. sharp, on the farm of Henry Cairns, near Eugenia. Look out for bills. Henry Cairns proprietor. R. J. Sproule auctioneer.

To Rent.

One small store to rent, in the best business block in Flesherton; suitable for office or any business requiring only small storage; 12 ft. frontage; rent only $25 per year. Apply to J. E. Moore.

Artemesia Council.

The above council met in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Monday last, Nov. 4. All the members present, the reeve in the chair. A communication was received from I. B. Lucas demanding $15 damages to Wm. Brewster's buggy, caused by a defective bridge at the Morey House. The following accounts were received and ordered to be paid: John McArthur, letting and inspecting special grant on town line A. & P., $2; reeve, clerk and assessor for selecting jurors, etc., $13; repairs to bridge on gravel road near Mory House, $5.70. Certificates of receipt of voters' list for 1889 and list of jurors for 1890 were received from the Clerk of the Peace for the county.

Moved by Messrs. J. McArthur and W. Sharp, that the communication of I. B. Lucas, barrister, re damage to Brewster's buggy at Morey bridge be laid on the table, and that the reeve be and is hereby instructed to ascertain the full particulars in the matter and report at the next meeting of Council. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland, that Michael Henry be remitted the sum of ten dollars off his taxes on account of his building being destroyed by fire on Oct. 4 last. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. McArthur and Boland, that the application of M. Akitt re reduction of takes on his mill property be not entertained. Carried.

Moved by Messrs. Sharp and Cairns, that an order be issued in favor of Thos. Snell for $3, being for statute labor returned but performed after list was returned, and that the same be handed to Collector Wright and credited to Snell. Carried.

The Council then adjourned to meet again on Monday, Dec. 16, according to statue provided, to receive detailed financial statement of treasurer.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the remedy for you. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Married.

DUNCAN—NICHOLSON—On the 30th of October, by the Rev. J. Walker Shilton, B. A., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Joseph H. Duncan to Hattie, fourth daughter of J. P. Nicholson, Esq., all of Artemesia.

DEAN—DAVIS.—At the residence of the bride's mother, near Flesherton, by the Rev. J. W. Shilton, B. A., on Wednesday, Nov. 6, Mr. Chas. F Dean, of Griersville, to Miss Mary Ann Davis.

BORN.

THURSTON.—In Flesherton, on Monday, Nov. 4, the wife of W. H. Thurston, Flesherton Advance, of a son.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Strayed.

2 year old heifer strayed, color, dark red with white spots, one spot near the shoulder shape of a horse shoe, one horn disfigured by having been knocked off. Any one giving information of her, or returning her, will be paid for the trouble, and oblige WM. HOGG.
Flesherton Station.

House & Lot for Sale

Good house and lot for sale, next Baptist church, Flesherton. House contains four rooms. Splendid lot. Terms very low. Apply to DAVID TAYLOR.
Flesherton, Nov. 2, 1889.

BY ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have sawed from 4 to 9 cords daily. 25,000 now successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A NEW INVENTION for filing saws sent free with each machine; by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. No duty to pay; we manufacture in Canada. Ask your dealer or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 308 to 311 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

Teacher Wanted

A teacher holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate to teach in U S S No 1, Artemesia and Euphrasia, duties to commence 6th January, 1890. Apply, stating salary to HUGH WALTON,
Eugenia P O

STRAYED!

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, about Oct 18, four spring calves, one steer and three heifers). Any person having knowledge of their whereabouts will confer a favor by communicating with D. McLEOD.
Flesherton Station.
Lot 142, 2nd range west, Artemesia.

For Sale or to Rent.

Having concluded to retire from farming, the undersigned has decided to offer for sale or to rent his first-class hundred-acre farm, one and a quarter miles south of the village of Flesherton, on which are erected good buildings, including a splendid bank barn. If sold only a small payment will be required down, the balance in easy payments. For further particulars apply to THOS. MORROW,
Flesherton P.O.

Highest Market Price

in cash will be paid for any quality of

Hides, Sheep-Skins and Tallow.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton Tannery.

FARM TO RENT.

For a term of years. Being lots No. 183 and 184, second range north of the T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing over fifty acres of cleared land, free from stone and mostly clear of stumps, and well adapted for either grain or grazing purposes. Good chance for a good man. An inspection of the place solicited. Apply to T. H. POWERS, Kirby P.O., or to ANDREW CARR, Flesherton P.O., Ont.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twelve years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to JAS. BEECROFT.
Flesherton P.O.

DO YOU READ THE

COSMOPOLITAN

That Bright, Sparkling Magazine?

The Cheapest Illustrated Monthly IN THE WORLD.

25 cents a number. $2.40 per year.

Enlarged, October, 1889, to 128 pages. The Cosmopolitan is literally what the New York Times calls it, "at its price, the brightest, most varied and best edited of Magazines."

Subscribe——

An Unusual Opportunity

——Subscribe

For new subscribers, for one year only. The Cosmopolitan, per year, $2.40. The Advance, per year $1.00. The price of the two publications, $3.40. We will furnish both for only $2.40.

This offer is only to new subscribers to The Cosmopolitan, and only for one year. "It has more articles in each number that are readable, and fewer uninteresting pages, than any of its contemporaries."—Boston Journal.

"The Cosmopolitan" furnishes for the first time in Magazine Literature

A Splendid Illustrated Periodical at a Price Hitherto Deemed Impossible.

TRY IT FOR ONE YEAR.

It will be a liberal education to every member of the household. It will make the nights pass pleasantly. It will give you more for the money than you can obtain in any other form. Do you want a first-class magazine, giving annually 1536 pages by the ablest writers, with more than 1500 illustrations, by the cleverest artists—as readable a Magazine as money can make—a Magazine that makes a specialty of live subjects?

"The marvel is how the publishers can give so much for the money."—Philadelphia Evening Call.

Send $2.40 to this office, and secure both The Cosmopolitan and The Advance.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

FARMERS! BUSINESS MEN! EVERYBODY

WANTING ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF

Harness,
Sleighbells,
Blankets,
Sleigh Robes,
Whips,
Circingles,
Trunks,
Valises,
Etc.,

SHOULD CALL ON ME.

Sleigh :: :: Robes,

The Saskatchewan Buffalo Robe, warm, durable, water and wind proof; new invention. White goat robe, very serviceable.

A MAGNIFICENT LOT OF NEW AND CHEAP

SLEIGHBELLS.

Just Examine our Stock, which is Larger than Ever.

WHIPS

In endless varieties and all prices.

Axle Grease, Hoof Ointment & Harness Oil.

In all the above supplies I have a large stock, and my prices are low.

Those who go further will fare worse.

D. Clayton,

Flesherton.

N. B.,—First class livery in connection.

A Pastoral.

SHE.

Gentle shepherd, tell me, pray,
Has my Colin come this way?
He chants a rustic ritornello
And bears a crook—on his umbrella.
Say, then, gentle shepherd, say,
Has my Colin passed this way?

White his shirt fronts are now milk;
Soft his whiskers are as silk;
He drives no flock, the darling man,
But wears a vest of astrakhan.
Say, then gentle shepherd, say,
Has my Colin passed this way?

POLICEMAN.

If the party as you mean,
Which his name is Peter Green,
Is a clerk with Cash & Co.,
Then I see him thither go.
But don't henceforth address me thus,
I ain't no shepherd on a 'bus.

His pipe—I do not mean a floot—
Appeared to be of briar root;
Where yonder boy's a-blacking shoes,
He stopped and bought a daily news
Then mounted (I'm no shepherd, I)
Upon the knife board of the 'bus.

Love Makes a Change.

"I am sick of the world," he said;
"I am sick of the world and of life;
Of the double-faced hypocrisy
An the strain of the godless strife.

"I am sick of the fools that succeed
I am sick of the sages that fail;
Of the pitiless laughter of wealth,
And of poverty's pitiful wail.

"I am sick of the devils that leer
At innocence passing by;
I will bar my door to the world;
I will lay me down and die."

But there came a change as he spoke,
And the mists were burned away,
And the midnight darkness of despair
Was turned to jocund day.

And the sun burst forth once more,
Till his glories filled the skies,
And the magical power that wrought the change
Was one look in a woman's eyes.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

"I shall not say 'Octavia' to grandmamma."

Then suddenly she glanced up at him.

"That is sly, isn't it?" she said. "Sometimes I think I am very sly, though I am sure it is not my nature to be so. I would rather be open and candid."

"It would be better," he remarked.

"You think so?" she asked, eagerly.

He could not help smiling.

"Do you ever tell untruths to Lady Theobald?" he inquired. "If you do, I shall begin to be alarmed."

"I act them," she said, blushing more deeply. "I really do—paltry sorts of untruths, you know; pretending to agree with her when I don't, pretending to like things a little when I hate them. I have been trying to improve myself lately, and once or twice it has made her very angry. She says I am disobedient and disrespectful. She asked me, one day, if it was my intentions to emulate Miss Octavia Bassett. That was when I said I could not help feeling that I had wasted time in practicing."

She sighed softly as she ended.

In the meantime, Octavia had Mr. Poppleton and Mr. Francis Barold upon her hands, and was endeavoring to do her duty as hostess by both of them. If it had been her intention to captivate these gentlemen, she could not have complained that Mr. Poppleton was wary or difficult game. His first fears allayed, his downward path was smooth, and rapid in proportion. When he had taken his departure with the little silk purse in his keeping, he had carried under his clerical vest a warmed and thrilled heart. It was a heart which, it must be confessed, was of the most inexperienced and susceptible nature. A little man of affectionate and gentle disposition, he had been given from his earliest youth to indulging in timid dreams of mild future bliss—of bliss represented by some lovely being whose ideals were similar to his own, and who preferred the wealth of a true affection to the glitter of the giddy throng. Upon one or two occasions he had even worshipped from afar; but as on each of these occasions his hopes had been nipped in the bud by the union of their object with some hollow worlding, his dreams had, so far, never attained very serious proportions. Since he had taken up his abode in Slowbridge, he had felt himself a little overpowered by circumstances. It had been a source of painful embarrassment to him to find his innocent presence capable of producing confusion in the breasts of young ladies who were certainly not more guileless than himself. He had been conscious that the Misses Egerton did not continue their conversation with freedom when he chanced to approach the group they graced, and he had observed the same thing in their companions—an additional circumspection of demeanor, so to speak, a touch of new decorum, whose object seemed to be to protect them from any appearance of imprudence.

"It is almost as if they were afraid of me," he had said to himself once or twice. "Dear me! I hope there is nothing in my appearance to lead them to——"

He was so much alarmed by this dreadful thought, that he had ever afterward approached any of these young ladies with a fear and trembling which had not added either to his comfort or their own; consequently, his path had not been a very smooth one.

"I respect the young ladies of Slowbridge," he remarked to Octavia, that very afternoon. "There are some remarkable young ladies here—very remarkable, indeed. They are interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools, and indeed in everything—which is most unselfish and amiable. Young ladies have usually so much to distract their attentions from such matters."

"If I stay long enough in Slowbridge," said Octavia, "I shall be interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools.

It seemed to the curate that there had never been anything so delightful in the world as her laugh and her unusual remarks. She seemed to him so beautiful, and so exhilarating, that he forgot all else but his admiration for her. He enjoyed himself so much, this afternoon, that he was almost brilliant, and excited the sarcastic comment of Mr. Francis Barold, who was not enjoying himself at all.

"Confound it!" said that gentleman to himself, as he looked on. "What did I come here for? This style of thing is just what I might have expected. She is amusing herself with that poor little cad now, and I am left in the cold. I suppose that is her habit with the young men in Nevada."

He had no intention of entering the lists with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, or of concealing the fact that he felt that this little Nevada flirt was making a blunder. The sooner she knew it the better for herself; so he played his game as badly as possible, and with much dignity.

But Octavia was so deeply interested in Mr. Poppleton's ardent effort to do credit to her teaching, that she was apparent unconscious of all else. She played with great cleverness, and carried her partner to the terminus, with an eager enjoyment of her skill quite pleasant to behold. She made little darts here and there, advised, directed, and controlled his movements, and was quite dramatic in a small way when he made a failure.

Mrs. Burnham, who was superintending the proceeding, seated in her own easy-chair behind her window-curtains, was roused to virtuous indignation by her energy.

"There is no repose whatever in her manner," she said. "No dignity. Is a game of croquet a matter of deep moment? It seems to me that it is almost impious to devote one's mind so wholly to a mere means of recreation."

"She seems to be enjoying it, mamma," said Miss Laura Burnham, with a faint sigh. Miss Laura had been looking on over her parent's shoulder. "They all seem to be enjoying it. See how Lucia Gaston and Mr. Burmistone are laughing. I never saw Lucia look like that before. The only one who seems a little dull is Mr. Barold."

"He is probably disgusted by a freedom of manner to which he is not accustomed," replied Mrs. Burnham. "The only wonder is that he has not been disgusted by it before."

CHAPTER XVII.

ADVANTAGES.

The game was over, Octavia deserted her partner. She walked lightly, and with the air of a victor, to where Barold was standing. She was smiling and slightly flushed, and for a moment or so stood fanning herself with a gay Japanese fan.

"Don't you think I am a good teacher?" she asked, at length.

"I should say so," replied Barold, without enthusiasm. "I am afraid I am not a judge."

She waved her fan airily.

"I have a good pupil," she said. Then she held her fan still for a moment, and turned fully towards him. "I have done something you don't like," she said. "I knew I had."

Mr. Francis Barold retired within himself at once. In his present mood it really appeared that she was assuming that he was very much interested indeed.

"I should scarcely take the liberty upon a limited acquaintance," he began.

She looked at him steadily, fanning herself with slow, regular movements.

"Yes," she remarked. "You're mad. I knew you were."

He was so evidently disgusted by this observation that she caught at the meaning of his look, and laughed a little.

"Ah!" she said," that's an American word, ain't it? It sounds queer to you. You say 'vexed' instead of 'mad.' Well, then, you are vexed."

"If I have been so clumsy as to appear ill-humored," he said," I beg pardon. Certainly I have no right to exhibit such unusual interest in your conduct."

He felt that this was rather decidedly to the point, but she did not seem overpowered at all. She smiled anew.

"Anybody has a right to be mad—I mean vexed," she observed, "I should like to know how people would live if they hadn't. I am mad—I mean vexed—twenty times a day."

"Indeed?" was his sole reply.

"Well," she said, "I think it's real mean in you to be so cool about it when you remember what I told you the other day."

"I regret to say I don't remember, just now. I hope it was nothing very serious."

To his astonishment she looked down at her fan and spoke in a slightly lowered voice.

"I told you that I wanted to be improved."

It must be confessed that he was mollified. There was a softness in her manner which amazed him. He was at once embarrassed and delighted. But, at the same time, it would not do to commit himself to too great a seriousness.

"Oh!" he answered, "that was a rather good joke, I thought."

"No, it wasn't," she said, perhaps even half a tone lower. "I was in earnest."

Then she raised her eyes,

"If you told me when I did anything wrong, I think it might be a good thing," she said.

He felt that this was quite possible, and was also struck with the idea that he might find the task of mentor—so long as he remained entirely non-committed—rather interesting. Still he could not afford to descend at once from the elevated stand he had taken.

"I am afraid you will find it rather tiresome," he remarked.

"I am afraid *you* would," she answered. "You would have to tell me of things so often."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that you would take my advice?" he inquired.

"I mightn't take all of it," was her reply, "but I should take some—perhaps a good deal."

"Thanks," he remarked. "I scarcely think I should give you a good deal.

She simply smiled.

"I have never had any advice at all," she said. "I don't know that I should have taken it, if I had—just as likely as not I shouldn't; but I never had any. Father spoiled me. He gave me all my own way. He said he didn't care, as long as I had a good time, and I must say I have generally had a good time. I don't see how I could help it—with all my own way, and no one to worry. I wasn't sick, and I could buy anything I liked, and all that—so I had a good time. I've read of girls, in books, wishing they had mothers to take care of them. I don't know that I ever wished for one particularly. I can take care of myself. I must say, too, that I don't think some mothers are much of an institution. I know girls who have them, and they are always worrying."

He laughed in spite of himself, and though she had been speaking with the utmost seriousness and *naivete* she joined him.

When they ceased, she returned suddenly to the charge.

"Now tell me what I have done, this afternoon, that isn't right," she said—"that Lucia Gaston wouldn't have done, for instance. I say that because I shouldn't mind being a little like Lucia Gaston—in some things."

"Lucia ought to feel gratified," he commented.

"She does," she answered. "We had a little talk about it, and she was as pleased as could be. I didn't think of it in that way until I saw her begin to blush. Guess what she said,"

"I am afraid I can't."

"She said she saw so many things to envy in me, that she could scarcely believe I wanted to be at all like her."

"It was a very civil speech," said Barold, ironically. "I scarcely thought Lady Theobald had trained her so well."

"She meant it," said Octavia. You mayn't believe it, but she did. I know when people mean things and when they don't."

"I wish I did," said Barold.

Octavia turned her attention to her fan.

"Well I am waiting," she said.

"Waiting?" he repeated.

"To be told of my faults."

"But I scarcely see of what importance my opinion can be."

"It is of some importance to me—just now."

The last two words rendered him really impatient, and it may be spurred him up.

"If we are to take Lucia Gaston as a model," he said, "Lucia Gaston would possibly not have been so complaisant in her demeanor toward our clerical friend."

"Complaisant!" she exclaimed, opening her lovely eyes. "When I was actually plunging about the garden trying to teach him to play. Well, I shouldn't call that being complaisant."

"Lucia Gaston," he replied, "would not say that she had been 'plunging' about the garden."

She gave herself a moment for reflection.

"That's true," she remarked, when it was over; "she wouldn't. When I compare myself with the Slowbridge girls, I begin to think I must say some pretty awful things."

Barold made no reply, which caused her to laugh a little again.

"You daren't tell me," she said. "Now do I? Well, I don't think I want to know very particularly. What Lady Theobald thinks will last quite a good while. Complaisant!"

"I am sorry you object to the word," he said.

"Oh, I don't!" she answered. "I like it. It sounds so much more polite than to say I was flirting and being fast."

"Were you flirting?" he inquired, coldly.

He objected to her ready serenity very much.

She looked a little puzzled.

"You are very like Aunt Belinda," she said.

He drew himself up. He did not think there was any resemblance at all between Miss Belinda and himself.

She went on, without observing his movement.

"You think everything means something, or is of some importance. You said that just as Aunt Belinda says 'What will they think?' It never occurs to me that they'll think at all. Gracious! Why should they?"

"You will find they do," he said.

"Well," she said, glancing at the group gathered under the laburnum tree, "just now Aunt Belinda thinks we had better go over to her, so suppose we do it. At any rate, I found out that I was too complaisant to Mr. Poppleton."

When the party separated for the afternoon, Barold took Lucia home, and Mr. Burmistone and the curate walked down the street together.

Mr. Poppleton was indeed most agreeably exhilarated. His expressive little countenance beamed with delight.

"What a charming person Miss Bassett is!" he exclaimed, after they had left the gate. "What a very charming person indeed!"

"Very charming," said Mr. Burmistone, with much seriousness. "A prettier young person I certainly have never seen; and those wonderful gowns of hers——"

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Poppleton, with natural confusion. "I—I referred to Miss Belinda Bassett; though, really, what you say is very true. Miss Octavia Bassett—indeed—I think—in fact, Miss Octavia Bassett is *quite*—one might almost say even *more* charming than her aunt."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Burmistone; "perhaps one might. She is less ripe, it is true; but that is an objection time will remove."

"There is such a delightful gayety in her manner," said Mr. Poppleton; "such an ingenuous frankness; such—a—a such spirit! It—quite carries me away with it—quite."

He walked a few steps, thinking over this delightful gayety and ingenuous frankness, and then burst out afresh.

"And what a remarkable life she has had too! She actually told me that, once in her childhood, she lived for months in a gold-diggers' camp—the only woman there. She says the men were kind to her, and made a pet of her. She has known the most extraordinary people."

In the meantime, Francis Barold returned Lucia to Lady Theobald's safe-keeping. Having done so, he made his adieus, and left the two to themselves. Her ladyship was, it must be confessed, a little at a loss to explain to herself what she saw, or fancied she saw, in the manner and appearance of her young relative. She was persuaded that she had never seen Lucia look as she looked this afternoon. She had a brighter color in her cheeks than usual, her pretty figure seemed more erect, her eyes had a spirit in them which was quite new. She had chatted and laughed gaily with Francis Barold as she approached the house, and after his departure she moved to and fro with a freedom not habitual to her.

"He has been making himself agreeable to her," said my lady, with grim pleasure. "He can do it if he chooses; and he is just the man to please a girl—good-looking, and with a fine, domineering air."

"How did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Very much," said Lucia. "Never more, thank you."

"Oh!" ejaculated my lady. "And which of her smart New York gowns did Miss Octavia Bassett wear?"

They were at the dinner table, and instead of looking down at her soup, Lucia looked quietly and steadily across the table at her grandmother.

"She wore a very pretty one," she said. "It was pale fawn-color, and fitted her like a glove. She made me feel very old-fashioned, and badly dressed."

Lady Theobald laid down her spoon.

"She made you feel old-fashioned and badly dressed you'"—

"Yes," responded Lucia. "She always does. I wonder what she thinks of the things we wear in Slowbridge." And she even went to the length of smiling a little.

"What *she* thinks of what is worn in Slowbridge!" Lady Theobald ejaculated. "She! May I ask what weight the opinion of a young woman from America—from Nevada—is supposed to have in Slowbridge?"

Lucia took a spoonful of soup in a leisurely manner.

"I don't think it is supposed to have any," she said; "but—but I don't think she minds that. I feel as if I shouldn't if I were in her place. I have always thought her very luckly."

"You have thought her lucky!" cried my lady. "You have envied a Nevada young woman, who dresses like an actress, and loads herself with jewels like a barbarian? A girl whose conduct toward men is of a character to—to chill one's blood!"

"They admire her," said Lucia, simply. "More than they admire Lydia Egerton, and more than they admire me."

"Do *you* admire her?" demanded my lady.

"Yes, grandmamma," replied Lucia, courageously. "I think I do."

Never had my lady been so astounded in her life. For a moment she could scarcely speak. When she recovered herself she pointed to the door.

"Go to your room," she commanded. "This is American freedom of speech, I suppose. Go to your room."

Lucia rose obediently. She could no help wondering what her ladyship's course would be if she had the hardihood to disregard her order. She really looked quite capable of carrying it out forcibly herself. When the girl stood at her bedroom window a few minutes later, her cheeks were burning and her hands trembling.

"I am afraid it is very badly done," she said to herself. "I am sure it was: but—but it will be a kind of practice. I was in such a hurry to try if I was equal to it, that I didn't seem to balance things quite rightly. I ought to have waited until I had more reason to speak out. Perhaps there wasn't enough reason then, and I was more aggressive than I ought to have been. Octavia is never aggressive. I wonder if I was at all pert. I felt a little as if I meant to be pert. I don't think Octavia ever means to be pert. I must learn to balance myself, and only be cool and frank."

Then she looked out of the window, and reflected a little.

"I was not so very brave, after all," she said, rather reluctantly. "I didn't tell her Mr. Burmistone was there. I daren't have done that. I am afraid I *am* sly—that sounds sly, I am sure.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTRAST.

"Lady Theobald will put a stop to it," was the general remark. "It will certainly not occur again."

This was said upon the evening of the first gathering upon Miss Belinda's grass-plot, and at the same time it was prophesied that Mr. Francis Barold would soon go away.

But neither of the prophecies proved true. Mr. Francis Barold did *not* return to London, and, strange to say, Lucia was seen again and again playing croquet with Octavia Bassett, and was even known to spend evenings with her.

Perhaps it might be that an appeal made by Miss Belinda to her ladyship had caused her to allow these things. Miss Belinda had, in fact, made a private call upon my lady, to lay her case before her.

"I feel so very timid about everything," she said, almost with tears, "and so fearful of trusting myself, that I really find it quite a trial. The dear child has such a kind heart—I assure you she has a kind heart, dear Lady Theobald—and is so innocent of any intention to do wrong—I am sure she is innocent—that it seems cruel to judge her severely. If she had had the benefit of such training as dear Lucia's, I am convinced that her conduct would have been most exemplary. She sees herself that she has faults—I am sure she does. She said to me, only last night, in that odd way of hers—she had been sitting evidently thinking deeply, for some minutes—and she said: 'I wonder if I shouldn't be nicer if I was more like Lucia Gaston.' You see what turn her mind must have taken. She admires Lucia so much."

"Yesterday evening, at dinner," said Lady Theobald, severely, "Lucia informed me that *she* admired your niece. The feeling seems to be mutal."

Miss Belinda colored, and brightened visibly.

"Did she, indeed,?" she exclaimed. "How pleased Octavia will be to hear it. Did she, indeed?" Then, warned by a chilliness and lack of response in her ladyship's manner, she modified her delight, and became apologetic again. "These young people are more—are less critical than we are," she sighed. "Octavia's great prettiness——"

"I think," Lady Theobald interposed, "that Lucia has been taught to feel that the body is corruptible, and subject to decay, and that mere beauty is of small moment."

Miss Belinda sighed again.

"That is very true," she admitted, deprecatingly; "very true, indeed."

"It is to be hoped that Octavia's stay in Slowbridge will prove beneficial to her," said her ladyship, in her most judicial manner. "The atmosphere is wholly unlike that which has surrounded her during her previous life."

"I am sure it will prove beneficial to her," said Miss Belinda eagerly. "The companionship of well-trained and refined young people cannot fail to be of use to her. Such a companion as Lucia would be, if you would kindly permit her to spend an evening with us now and then would certainly improve and modify her greatly. Mr. Francis Barold is—is, I think, of the same opinion—at least, I fancied I gathered as much from a few words he let fall."

"Francis Barold?" repeated Lady Theobald. "And what did Francis Barold say?"

(To be Continued).

Mr. Slowpay's Jest.

They had had toast every morning for six weeks.

"Madam," said Mr. Slowpay, "I am not afraid of pie; I can bravely face home-made biscuit; I have never been known to fly from sponge cake, but," and here he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but, madam, I quail on toast."

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Those who think a divorce can be obtained in Chicago for any kind of a reason, or for no reason at all, are quite mistaken. Only the other day a woman was refused a divorce by a Chicago judge. It seems that one Louis Burnstein, who has a position in a wholesale store, where he earns enough to provide himself with clothes and cigarettes, had been paying court to Lena Friedman, who, of course, was pretty, and wealthy to the extent of possessing $25 in her own right. Young Burnstein, a minor, and with the gorgeous imagination of youth, never tired of telling Lena how much money he had, what an elegant home she would have, what servants and carriages at her command, if she would but marry him. This catalogue of attractions would have turned older feminine heads than Lena's, and she hesitated only so much as to make sure of her captive. A license obtained, the two were united by a justice. Then Louis borrowed Lena's cash. That was on the 25th of May, and from that day Lena saw no more of her lord. She told her pa, who said he would "look into it," and when he found who his son-in-law really was he advised and the girl consented to seek a divorce. But Judge Shepard helped the young man, the defendant, out by keeping him in. He followed the ancient ruling that "all is fair in love," and that "the law does not prescribe deceit as to a man's means as a cause for divorce." It seems from this that if "the woman in the case" is marrying for money she had better make sure that the money is there before the minister comes in.

Afraid to Lie Down.

Who knows why birds sleep standing on one leg? The position seems most unnatural. Reasoning in advance, we should pronounce it a tiresome, if not an impossible attitude. Yet the canary tucks its head under its wing, draws up one foot, and goes to sleep, apparently with quite as much comfort as we experience on the best of mattresses. A writer in *Horse and Stable* notes a similar, though less abnormal, habit on the part of horses, who, it appears, are in many cases very averse to lying down. The writer once rode a mare seventy miles in a single day. The stable in which she was put for the night was as comfortable as it could well be made, but she stood up all night long. She ate her oats and hay and then went to sleep, leaning forward with her breast against the manger. There are horses that have never been seen to lie down, nor have any marks of their having done so ever been found upon their bodies. I recall one that for fifteen years occupied a particular stall in my grandfather's stable. Up to the hour he died no one ever saw him lying down, although special watch was sometimes kept after he had been driven for eight or ten hours. Unless a horse lies down regularly his rest cannot be complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen. It is true that some horses that always sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, but it is equally true that they would live longer and work better if they rested naturally. Young horses from the country are liable to refuse to lie down when first put into a stable in town, and the injurious habit may become confirmed unless special pains are taken to induce a change. The indisposition to lie down is often very pronounced in sick horses. They seem to have an instinctive fear that if they lie down they may never be able to rise, and continue on their feet till their limbs refuse to bear them up.

Victoria's Crown.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, and worn only on state occasions, is one of the most costly insignias now in existence. To begin with, there are twenty diamonds around the circlet or head-band, each worth $7,500 or $150,000 for the set. Besides these twenty there are two extra large centre diamonds, each valued at $10,000, making $20,000 more; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angles of the others, each valued at $500; four crosses, each worth $60,000, and composed of twenty-five diamonds; four large diamonds on top of crosses, each having a money value of $5,000; twelve diamonds in the fleur-de-lis, $50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, $10,000; pearls, diamonds, and rubies, upon arches and circlets not metioned before, $50,000; also 141 small diamonds formed in roses and monograms $25,000; twenty-six diamonds in upper cross, $15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim of the head-piece, $15,000 each. The total money value of this relic in any jeweler's market in the world would be at least $600,000, metal and all included.—*St. Louis Republic.*

He Did.

Miss Beacon (of Boston—"Do you never feel an insatiate craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite?',

Omaha man—"Ye-es. Kinder."

—To be successful in life one should play his cards in a winsome way.

GOOD ADVICE.

If you worry when there's trouble,
You but make the trouble double—
Do not fret.
Bear up bravely, don't cry, baby,
And remember that you may be
Happy yet.

Sing the blithest songs you know of,
And await a better throw of
Fortune's dice.
Hard it may be to be merry,
But you'll own that this is very
Good advice!

—"O, you scaly thing," said the crab to the fish, "you think that you are very fine just because you're in the swim."

LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION.

Don't be vulgar
And say Boulanger;
To be *au fait*
You must end with *a*.

—*World.*

—Mrs. Copley Square—Yes, I am very fond of my doggie. He is a Scotch terrier of the purest breed. What kind of a dog do you like best, Mrs. Parvenue? "Oh, I just dote on an ocean greyhound."

An old maid said she wished she was an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper to say, "Make me an offer.'

Poor woman; if her husband blows his nose he wakens the baby, and if the baby cries it wakens him.

WINNIPEG NEWS NOTES.

A number of friends of Mr. C. A. Sadlier, late Clerk of the Manitoba Legislature, waited upon him last evening and presented him with an address and a well-filled purse prior to his departure for Toronto, where he will enter Wycliffe College and study for the ministry.

The Canadian Pacific officials positively refuse to make connections with the Northern Pacific until compelled to, and a local squabble of considerable interest is at present going on. Mr. Jas. Ross, contractor of the new Regina & Long Lake Railway in the territories, purchased a very large quantity of ties along the line of the N. P. R. south. In all he expects to bring in about 250 cars to be used on his railway. These cars are arriving in the city daily, a number coming in to-day, but so far the C. P. R. has refused to allow a transfer to be made to their line, so that the material can be sent to Regina. It is said that the C. P. R. management has been approached at different times, but they always take a stubborn attitude and say these N. P. cars shall not be transferred on their line until they are compelled to receive them by order of the Dominion Government. The N.P.R. has offered to put the tracks together temporarily, taking up the connection as soon as the ties are over, but the C. P. R. will not consent to this. The ties will likely have to be transferred to C. P. R. cars by means of teams, which will cost the contractors considerably more.

Egan Bros. have finished their grading contract on the C. P. R. Souris branch, and will ship their outfit into the city this week. On Monday they start work on the Winnipeg & Southeastern Railway.

The steamer Colville arrived at Selkirk from Moose Creek at noon to-day, having on board the body of an Englishman named Harry Ewing, who was accidentally shot in Wm. Robinson's lumber camp. While one of the workmen named Dan Cameron was handling a gun it was accidentally discharged, and the contents lodged in the head of Ewing, killing him instantly. Cameron gave himself up.

Matcheesis and Stoney Paul, two Indians confined in the barracks at Fort Saskatchewan, escaped on Tuesday evening. They walked out past the guard, who was short-sighted. A policeman outside noticed them and raised the alarm. Stoney Paul was captured before he reached cover, but the other got in the bushes and escaped.

Superintendent Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, denies his company has been seeking to obstruct the Northern Pacific in handling ties for the Regina & Long Lake road. He says every reasonable facility has been extended.

A verdict of not guilty has been rendered in the Heffer manslaughter case.

A company is being formed here to establish a cemetery on the banks of the Red River. Fort Rouge city contemplated going into a similar enterprise, but will probably withdraw in favor of the company.

ROBBED A JUDGE.

Midnight Mechanics Make a Haul at St. Joseph, Mo.

A St. Joseph, Mo., despatch of Thursday says: At 2.30 this morning three masked robbers entered the residence of Judge Henry Kelly, and going to the room where the judge and his wife were sleeping, one of the robbers covered them with his revolver, while the others searched the room for valuables, obtaining $600 in jewels, gold watches and money. The robbers then searched the bed for valuables and lastly took the rings from Mrs. Kelly's fingers. On the judge stating that he had no money concealed about the house, he was struck over the head with a revolver and threatened with death if he did not tell where the money was. The robbers escaped.

The Minister's Wife.

There is, strictly speaking, no propriety in expecting the woman who has espoused a clergyman to have an ex-officio special fitness for departments of charitable and religious labor. Common sense rules that she may suit him excellently well as a wife, yet be endowed with no particular gifts for "leading meetings" and "taking chairs." Yet by an anomalous incongruity, inseparable from the situation, the next worse thing to absolute insignificance in her case is decided significance. To outshine or to outwork her lord is to demonstrate his insufficiency to fill the high and responsible office to which he was elected. If she be a cipher she detracts from his worth. He cannot, after the manner of other public men, bold in the knowledge that their houses are their castles, cast himself between her and her censors with the protest, "A poor thing, but mine own!" I have known men thus "hindered" to drag the shivering weaklings into the fore front of the battle, prick them into action beyond their strength by frantic appeals to expediency, custom, pride, love, piety, until the victims of a false system, wounded and wearied to their death, fell under the harness so much too heavy for them. The gaps they leave are quickly filled, often by stronger stuff. If I dared relate the humble tragedies of this kind which have come under my eye, the rush of recruits into the places of the fallen martyrs might be less eager.—*North American Review.*

Explosion on a Cunarder.

A Holyhead cable of Thursday says: The Cunard liner Cephalonia was seen rounding the Skerries and making for this port at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Upon her arrival it was ascertained that she left Liverpool this morning at 11 o'clock, bound for Boston, and that as she was nearing the Skerries an explosion occurred in the stokehole. Second engineer John M. Farlane and four firemen, John Price, John Malcolm, John Webb and John C. Price, were severely scalded by steam. They were treated by the ship's doctor and afterwards landed at Holyhead and admitted to Stanley Hospital. It is not known how the explosion was caused, as the machinery was examined before leaving Liverpool. The vessel will return there.

Marion Harland, in speaking of the various phases of woman's philanthropic activity, beautifully says: "Under whatever name we may be working, our end is the same. It needs only that good women and true look into each other's faces and talk together to make sure of this. "The way is narrow; can we then, far separate, reach our heavenly home'"

THE SOFTER SEX.

How to Make a Cup of Tea and How To Spoil it.

HEALTH BEFORE BEAUTY.

American Girls Copy Their English Sisters.

FASHIONS, FACTS AND FANCIES.

A Cup of Tea.

It seems a simple thing enough; yet of the millions who use this refreshing and agreeable beverage a very small proportion understand how to prepare it, says the London *Telegram*. But if not properly made, tea is deprived of a great deal of its value, and sometimes rendered absolutely injurious. The water to be used should boil, and it should be poured on the tea immediately it boils; if allowed to overboil, the peculiar property of boiling water which acts upon tea evaporates and eventually disappears. Tea should not be a decoction, but an infusion. If allowed to stew it becomes little better than a decoction of tannic acid. Tea that is overdrawn is hurtful to the nerves, and to the digestion. As to the precise number of minutes which should be devoted to the process of drawing, some people will say five minutes, some seven and some will perhaps go as far as ten, but our experience is in favor of six; this suffices to bring out the flavor, quality and strength. Just as much tea as is wanted should be made—no more. Make fresh tea as often as it is required. The replenishing of the teapot with fresh hot water is very objectionable. As the thorough heating of the receptacle is of the first importance, the teapot should be made thoroughly hot before the tea is put in it. The earthenware teapot is preferred to all others by many connoisseurs, and it is superfluous to say that whatever utensil is used for this purpose should be immaculately clean. Tea is an extremely delicate article. Its susceptibility to the odors of commodities near it is a source of danger and deterioration, as it readily takes up the smell of coffee, cocoa, spices, cheese, bacon or other articles of pronounced odor. The complaints sometimes made about tea would probably not arise if always kept in places free from such contagion. Tea should be stored in a warm dry place; unnecessary exposure to the air should be avoided. Even when securely packed in the leaded chests in which it arrives in England, the change from the glowing heat of eastern skies to the damp and humid atmosphere of this climate deprives tea of much of its beautiful fragrance. Tea of much better quality than is generally dispensed at our railway stations and refreshment rooms can be bought at 2s. per pound. A pound of tea would make 128 cups. This is considerably less than a farthing per cup. You may well ask why is it that we should be still charged 4d. and 6d. "for a little hot milk and water slightly flavored with undesirable tannin."

The Care of the Hair.

The fashionable girl of New York has modelled herself so closely upon her English contemporaries in dress, manner and ideas that to the casual observer there seems to be no way of distinguishing them, not even by voice, for no New York girl rests content until she has acquired the exact tone and inflections of Hon. Miss Charteriss and Lady Gwendolens, who rule in such matters on the other side, says the New York *World*. The London tailor and coatmaker makes them indistinguishable as to dress; tennis, Russian baths and horseback exercise give them the same erect carriage and glowing complexion, and careful imitation results in the same absolutely correct and colorless manner. There is but one point in which they fail of such exact reproduction that they can't be told apart by experts, and that is the silken sleekness of their hair. Our climate, with its extremes, is very hard upon the hair and tends, despite careful care and brushing, to make it harsh and rough and to break it and render it uneven. The smooth, shiny chestnut locks of the average English girl are one of her greatest charms and this is the way she preserves their beauty: She takes half a pint of pure glycerine which she puts in a quart bottle, and to this she adds six ounces of lime water, shaking the two together vigorously. When these are properly churned the lime water turns the glycerine into a white, soft cream. Upon going to bed the female Britisher takes a little of this and rubs it with her finger-tips into the roots of her hair, giving it a vigorous brushing that distributes the cream from roots to tip. This she does once a week, with the result of keeping her hair silken soft and not only preserving its bright chestnut color, but of keeping the scalp perfectly clean and white. Mrs. Kendal, who wears her hair in smooth bandeaux over her ears, has always used this since her girlhood, with the result that her locks look as fresh and bright as when she was 16, and all women know that hair ages as much as the face, not only by turning gray but by getting hard and losing its gloss and bright tints. This, with a little cold cream to rub stage paint out of her cheeks with, is the only toilet paint Mrs. Kendal ever uses.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH.

The day has come when the American woman desires, first of all, to be beautiful, and then to be healthful, but to accomplish the first she must first achieve the second. The days when a delicate, frail figure and pale face were the outward and visible sign of a delicately bred lady have sunk into the past, almost forgotten, and in their stead an epoch has opened in which fresh, bright complexions and sparkling eyes are the one desired object in our young women's personal appearance. Whatever pertains to good health her whole soul binds to. She studies hygiene. The laws of health are not to be disobeyed in any way, not even are late hours to be kept, unless a midday nap is taken. No wine, nor tea, nor coffee; only good, wholesome milk from the cow is to be imbibed by the *devotee* at beauty's shrine. Fruit, grains and simply cooked meats, with graham or coarse bread, with very little liquid at meal times is the very best diet possible for hurrying about the desired results of good health and consequent good looks. The bath, which is one of the most, if not the most important factor of health, is a question not easily dealt with. There are some persons who cannot take a cold sponge bath on account of the shock to the nervous system, yet who can take it with great ease after standing a few moments in hot water. This method is endorsed by the medical faculty for the quickening of the circulation.

Give the Girls a Chance.

"Oh, how glad I am that I did not marry that man!" said a young lady not long ago as she watched a passing figure. "How handsome I thought he was and how infatuated I was with him! Fortunately, just then I went to B—— to make a visit," naming a large city, "and my little 18-year-old country ideas of men changed. I can see now that I should have been miserable with that man, and I cannot be too thankful that I was taken away from my folly in the nick of time!"

But many a girl has not been "taken away in the nick of time," and every woman can guess something of the misery which such girls have endured, however faithfully they may have labored to make the best of their situation.

Give the girls a chance. Widen their horizon, dispel their sentimentality, and do not shut them away from young men of their own station in life. Then we shall hear less about "runaway marriages."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Corsets and Cosmetics.

The Dubois county, Indiana, teachers' institute, recently in session, passed the following resolution: Resolved, That we are in favor of and ask that a thorough course of instruction on the effects of tight lacing and painting the face with injurious cosmetics be introduced in the public schools, and that we, as teachers, denounce tight lacing, of chewing gum, of using wire, cotton and sawdust pads to deceive in regard to beauty of form, and of bustles to occupy unnecessary room in every conveyance, and render necessary the use of much expensive material for dresses, and these habits are not worthy of imitation by the children of Eve, believing that "nature unadorned is most beautiful."

Leather Collars.

A novelty sold by the swell London ladies' tailors will soon appear on this side. These are leather collars and cuffs, which come in varying shades of brown, green, red, and also in black, and which are ornamented with fancy stitching. The cuffs are about three inches deep. As accompaniments to these are arabesque designs in leather for dresses, while traveling dresses are trimmed around the edge of the skirt with broad strips of black, gray and brown leather.—*Boston Beacon.*

Facts for the Ladies.

Many of the theatre hats have long follow-me-love streamers in the back made of velvet ribbon half an inch wide.

Keep your tongue in your mouth if you don't want chapped lips.

It is said that lemon juice will make the hands soft and smooth.

There is no better hair dressing than brandy. Two applications a week followed by a thorough brushing, will cleanse the scalp and burnish the hair.

Embroideries are not used on the choicest underwear. Lace trimmed goods are first choice.

For the bridal bed fashion has designed square pillows covered with blue or old rose covered silk, over which cases of Medicis lace are drawn.

Ice-cream made with chestnut meal is the heaviest, but the most fashionable variety.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to have the most valuable private collection of diamonds in the world. One of the necklaces is worth $600,000.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of the late President of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Road.

Concealment is the emphasis of beauty, and so if you have pretty teeth cultivate a quick, short smile; dress your perfect arm in net, gauze, jet or lace sleeves; scorn a collar if your throat is the column of sinuous grace, but adopt a fragile ruching; if you have been told that your eyes are brilliant use the mystic shelter of a broad-brimmed hat or a fine transparent veil for their coquetry, and never show the charm that can be suggested. The tip of a slipper is far prettier than the whole foot, and better the inch of passementerie or petticoat than the deep flounce.

Fashions in a Flash.

Silk fringes are being revived again.

A baby's outfit costs anywhere from $10 to $500.

Sailor hats of felt are among the winter novelties.

The color of the newest note paper is olive green.

Cloth walking dresses should have bonnets to match.

Black dresses were never in higher favor than at present.

The brocades used for cloaks this season are in very large designs.

A fringe half a yard wide edged the corsage of a recently imported dress.

The idea that flowers must not be worn out of season only exists in England.

Alpaca is a favorite fabric for dresses.

Long wraps are in vogue for general wear.

Ribbons are used as freely as ever for trimming.

The Tyrolean is the newest shape for gentlemen's hats.

Astrakhan, seal and plush are to be used for coat trimmings.

Brooches are the favorite ornaments among Algerian women.

Rough wool goods have the preference over smooth this season.

Long cloaks, of a material suitable for autumn wear, have made their appearance.

Three-quarter long, close-fitting coats have again appeared, after spending some time among old-fashioned relics of years ago.

Some of the new wraps are shaped like capes in the back, and barely reach to the waist, but they are not long enough in front to touch the edge of the dress.

HAPPINESS OF THE OLD.

The Serene Contentment of an Old Age Free From Envy and Selfishness.

The old are notoriously strong in matters of judgment, even though their knees may be weak, says *All the Year Round*. What so pleasurable as to sit in the seat of the censor? Is a man ever too old for the bench? The longevity and the haleness of our more considerable lawyers are convincing testimony to the advantageousness of their position. But every old man stands towards the community at large like a judge towards his criminals. Each year broadens his horizon, extends his pleasure and his pastime. Methuselah was a man immensely to be envied. What varied lore, what an endless series of graduated pictures he must have stored within him as the centuries passed and left him high and dry among his pigmy fellow men! Nothing is easier, it may be said, than to cast together the evils which commonly wait upon old age and thereby to prove that it is absurd to suppose that happiness can exist in the midst of them. Of course nothing is easier than to catalogue these possible afflictions; but, on the other hand, I contend with my betters, that happiness, contentment, or what you please to call the "summum bonum" we strive for, is quite independent of most of these afflictions. The prudent person, when old, expects to be tried in this way. He is prepared, and that is half the battle. Nor must it be forgotten that even as his energies have waned with his increase of years so also his body has changed into a condition well suited to bear physical trials which in his youth would have been insufferable. As a stripling he grumbled without ceasing when a toothache or a sprained ankle kept him within doors; as an octogenarian the chair to which he is confined for a good many hours of the day is to him by far the most comfortable place in all the world; nor would he exchange it for the Pope's throne, if the throne were only to be won by a journey to Rome.

But to return to the moral aspect of the matter. Is it not a fact that a good man's goodness increases as he grows older? There is nothing in the world more venerable and lovable than a good old man or woman. Surely that is much, for are not respect and affection just the two things for which we fight hardest during the fighting part of our career? And they may be acquired by the aged without effort.

"It is only older people, after all, who are quite unselfish, and feel the greatest pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others." Miss Thackery was right when she wrote this. It constitutes the keenest joy of reverend old age; a joy to which the wild intoxicants, which in youth we call pleasures, are as nothing at all. It is almost impossible, made as we are, for the young to be disinterestedly happy in the happiness of others. Envy and jealousy are ever on the alert to mar such a divine possibility. But the old are doubly gladdened by the visible joy of others. They are generous enough to rejoice because others are profited. And—this is not cynicism—they often find cause to congratulate themselves that their own snug tranquility is not in peril of being disturbed by the like boisterous agents of felicity. It is for their peace and resignation that I most admire the old. They have attained Nirvana. The world's game, confessedly not an amazing one, is known to them. They are on the heights of Pisgah, whereas we are warring on the plain, or groaning in the valley about the tedium of our days.

Kisses by Mail.

United States Mail: A young postmaster of a village post-office was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of 16 with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it to the official with a bashful smile who, after closely examining it, handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I can not make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you $3 and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money, and I suppose you want the kisses."

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Eh, mother, but this post-office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmie sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."

A Machine for Wrapping Oranges.

The Remington Arms Company is manufacturing for Humphrey Williams, of Yorkville, Oneida county, a large number of machines for packing or wrapping oranges in papers for shipping. The machines are simple and comparatively inexpensive; but one will do the work of three persons at least. They will wrap nicely in papers 2,500 oranges per hour. The machine is about three feet long by three high and 18 inches wide, not including the cylinder for feeding or the endless chain carrier, which is about seven feet long, and operates like a straw carrier in a threshing machine, and carries the fruit after the wrapping operation to bins or boxes. The machine is operated by a crank. The fruit passes from the cylinder down a slide, one at a time, into a wire cup, which opens and drops the orange on a square paper cut by the machine from a roller; then passes through an aperture which wraps the paper and trims it; then the fruit passes on to the carrier. The operation is both simple and rapid.—*Utica Herald.*

A strange atmospheric phenomenon was observed at Pittsfield, Mass., Monday afternoon. The sun was sinking towards the horizon and the sky was hazy, when a brilliant rainbow, a quarter circle, appeared in the zenith, being visible an hour.

TRAIN WRECKERS' WORK.

Human Fiends Wreck a Train and Kill Three Men.

An Indianapolis despatch of Friday says: A north-bound freight train on the Lake Erie and Western Railway was wrecked at Kokomo at 4 o'clock this morning. The engine, with eight or ten cars, was thrown from the track. Twelve oil tanks exploded in quick succession, setting fire to the box cars attached. Two cars of merchandise and four of coal were consumed. Engineer Mahl, fireman Edward Burnell and head brakeman John Spelfman were thrown beneath the oil cars and burned to a crisp. The accident was the work of wreckers, this being the third attempt made in that vicinity within the last two months. The train employees killed lived at Peru, Ind.

Assignments in Ontario.

The Bradstreet Mercantile Agency reports the following assignments in Ontario: Arthur, J. A. Macmillan, jeweller, assigned to J. A. Galloway, Toronto. Brussels, W. J. Jackson, tinware, etc., assigned to W. M. Sinclair, Brussels. Melbourne, Robert Fletcher, stoves and tinware, assigned to Wm. A. Gunn, London. Ottawa, G. Lindsay & Co., stationers, etc., assigned in trust; C. P. Pelletier, dry goods, assigned in trust. Toronto, Isadore Miller, hardware, assigned to R. Jenkins, Toronto; H. Sells & Sons (W. H. & J. A. Sells, props.), manufacturers of cider, cider mills, etc., assigned to Sherman E. Townsend, Toronto. Wingham, Kincaid Bros. & Co., manufacturers of chairs, assigned to Thos. Bell, Wingham.

Oarsman vs. Actor.

Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, and Edward Hanlon, the actor, have got into a peculiar tangle about a money transaction. It dates back to the time when the oarsman was about to leave for Australia to row Beach. Hanlan was to have received £100 from Beach for expenses. He received, however, £140 and could not understand how it came. The money, it appears, was really sent to actor Hanlon, who was not as well known in America just then as the oarsman. Actor Hanlon now seeks to recover the £140. The oarsman says he is willing to pay £40, but the other £100, he says, should be paid by Editor Busbey, of *Turf, Field and Farm*, who, Hanlan says, received the money and also the £100 that was really intended for him.

The Worst Nasal Catarrh,

no matter of how long standing, is absolutely cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It does not merely give relief, but produces permanent cures in the worst cases. 50 cents, by druggists.

Got a Pension, No Doubt.

First Boy—Was any of your folks hurt in the war?

Second Boy—Yes. My uncle was knocked down by an explosion of an ammunition waggon.

First Boy—That's nothing! My father was shot twice in his horse.

"He most lives who thinks the most,
Acts the noblest, feels the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest
Lives the longest, lives in one hour
More than in years do some whose
Fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

These lines describe that condition of perfect health which all men and women *wish* to enjoy. To be able to think clearly, to incline to do noble acts, to live long and joyously, we must be free from the domination of disease. By taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery we may, by purifying the blood, escape consumption, general debility, and weakness, and *all* blood and skin diseases, and verify the truth of poetry as well as fact. It is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

That's the Fun—For the Spectators.

"Well, I can't see any fun in attendin' court," said an observant old lady. "Every time a witness goes to tell anything that's got anything to do with the case, all the lawyers jump up and holler, and the jedge rules the testimony out."

My love was like a lily fair,
Low drooping in the sultry air,
My heart was rent with grief and care.
I loved her well.

But lo! The wonder grows and grows;
My love's now like a blooming rose.
How bright her face with beauty glows,
I dare not tell.

The wandering bee would stop to sip,
The nectar of her perfect lip.
'Twas Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription wrought the spell.

National Woman's Christian Temperance Union meets in Battery "D" Chicago, Nov. 8th, 1889, and continues through the 12th. This Society represents over 2,000,000 earnest-hearted women devoted to works of philanthropy along lines that build up the temperance reform.

A gentleman was out shooting near Totnes, England, the other day, when he had the misfortune to shoot his dog. For a moment he was too much overcome to see what damage he had done, and before he had recovered himself the animal, a black retriever, had come up to him, bringing in its mouth its own tail, which had been shot clean off.

White City, Kansas, has an anti-tobacco society, 100 strong, that is a power for good in the town.

—The greatest of all poetry is a girl's first love letter.

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AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

FLOUR, FLOUR,
STONE
FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCK'S

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping, done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S
is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona,
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn,
General assortment of canned goods

CHOICE HONEY,
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR, always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

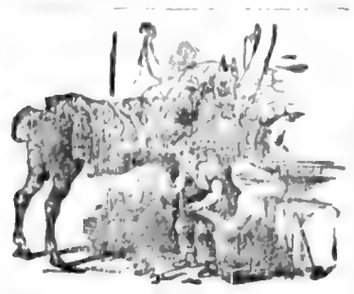

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Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Domocrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contract and tender feet

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

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PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the
PUBLIC
that I am in a position to do
ALL KINDS
—OF—
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL.
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents For sale at the Medical Hall.

FARMERS ! LOOK !

T. BLAKELY,
Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY,
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PRICEVILLE
BAKERY.
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Desires to inform the public that h can furnish

CAKES AND PIES
To Order.

FIRST CLAS BREAD ALWAYS ON HAND.

will visit Flesherton twice a week o TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, with a full supply of goods.

DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
Priceville

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

EAST, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

School Reports for October.

S.S NO. 6, ARTEMESIA.

Fourth class,—Nettie Stone 85.

Third class,—Alfred Stone 64, Rory McLeod 52.

Second class.—Meda Whittaker 69, Bella Harrow 68, Lizzie McArthur 67, Norman Fletcher 63, Susie Gee 57, Flossie Stone 53, Alex McLeod 35, Malcolm Baxter 20.

First class,—Maggie A. McArthur 61, Laura Whittaker 55, John McLeod 54.

S. S. NO. 9, ARTEMESIA.

Fourth class.—Louisa Akitt 98, Elizabeth Cameron 12, Alex Cameron 12.

Third class,—Jennie Bruce 72, John Whitby 62, Alex English 61, John Hargrave 44, Emma Magee 41, James English 39, Fred Hickling 20.

Second class sr.,—Fanny Whitby 85, George Russell 29, Ida Benson 24, Willie A. Benson 13, D. J. Jamison 8.

Second class jr.,—Maggie White 52, Willie English 38, Charlie Hopper 23, Mary E. Russell 22.

First class, part 2,—Fred Whitby 44, Mary Cameron 34, Sarah Turner 16, John Hopper 13, Archibald McDonald 6, Charlie Turner 5.

Part 1,—Wm. H. Russell 21, Charlotte Whitby 17, James E. Russell 12, Eddie Jamison 11, Garnie Magee 8, Mary McDonald 6, John Magee 5, Neil McDonald 1.

KIMBERLEY.

FORM I.

Class IV.sr,—Lily Graham 223, Fredus Thurston 200, Ella Carruthers 135.

Class IV. jr,—John Hammond 78, Herbert Fawcett 76.

Class III. sr,—Rachael Abercrombie 70, Ada Buritt 55, Vincent Gilbert 40.

Class III jr,—Annie Scott 68, Jessie Gilbert 60, Robbie Lawrence 56.

Class II. sr,—Mary Abercrombie 99, Henry McLean 69, Lily Gilbert 69
Average attendance 26.

FORM II.

Class II. jr,—Willie McLean 179, Ellwood Abercrombie 174, Alma Lewis 170.

Part II. Minnie Battrick 102, Beckie Hammond 172, Mary Knott 165

Class A.—Saul Fawcett 135, John Wickens 114, Jessie Battrick 96.

Class B.—Jasper Stuart 103, Henry Wallace 91, Jennie McLean 41

Class C.—Nicholas Abercrombie 55, Sarah Thompson 48, Sanford Knott 48.
Average attendance 35.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangevie
Flesherton—Monday before Orangevie
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham
Hanover—Monday before Durham

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Our great premium offer.

Books are going like hot cross.

BUNS.

1890 SUBSCRIBE FOR THE 1890
Weekly Empire,

Canada's Leading Newspaper
PATRIOTIC IN TONE
TRUE TO CANADA
TRUE TO THE EMPIRE
THE EMPIRE IS NOW
THE GREAT WEEKLY PAPER
OF THE DOMINION,

and special arrangements are being made to add new and attractive features, which will greatly increase its interest and value.

As an inducement to place it in the hands of all PATRIOTIC CANADIANS the balance of present year will be given

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints Incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

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For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
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Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows, Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

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FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 437. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SAVE SAVE M-O-N-E-Y

BY BUYING WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.,

AT

RUSSELL'S

-:- NOTED JEWELRY STORE, -:-

FLESHERTON.

We have just received our fall stock from R. Russell of Hamilton, consisting of **Gold and Silver Watches**, of all grades and quality. **Brooches, Barpins, Chains, Cuff Buttons, Rings, Etc. A 1 18 K. Wedding Rings,** manufactured especially for our own trade. Weight and quality guaranteed. We bought these goods at prices well away down, and if you want bargains, don't fail to call. Sole agents for the **Famous B. Laurence Spectacles**, the best in the world. All repairing done promptly by **J. G. RUSSELL**, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, at

Russell's Jewelry Store, Flesherton

The One Price

CASH STORE.

We sell everything on strictly cash principles. Are often asked by our customers, why don't you give credit, would sell double the goods? Our answer is, we consider it to the customers' advantage to buy on the CASH SYSTEM even if he has to borrow the money for a short time to do so. In the first place, he knows exactly what he is doing and goes home contented, feeling assured there would be no long bill coming to him with a hundred and one different articles on it which he thinks never came into the house. In the second place, he will be more careful in his purchases and buy only what is most needed, doing without a hundred and one different articles which are useless and extravagant. In the third place, he can buy from ten to fifteen per cent less at a cash house, than any credit house in the Dominion

Our Stock consists of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, in fact most everything of general merchandise, excepting Hardware and Stoves.

We can give you no conception of our prices, but would solicit a call, guaranteeing to satisfy the closest purchaser.

COAL OIL ALWAYS ON HAND.

Highest Market Prices for Butter, Eggs & Fowl.

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Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.

Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

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FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to K. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

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First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munhay's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

SAN FRANCISCO.

LETTER NO. 3.

Situated on a rocky bluff 300 feet above the ocean, and right at the edge of it, these grounds cover 25 acres, and are enclosed by a lattice fence about twenty feet high, with an upper and lower gateway. At the upper gate on either side a huge lion lies crouched on a marble block. Over the arched gateway are several life sized statues. Passing through the gateway we turn to our right and enter a little room where we register our names. You are not allowed to carry the smallest parcel through the grounds, so if you have any they will have to be left on a small table inside the gate until you return. This is to prevent the grounds from becoming littered with rubbish as everything is perfection. The words "Welcome all to Sutro Heights 1889" may be seen growing in seven different shades of green moss. Here again may be seen

Gorgeous flowers in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that only open to decay.

In every nook, at every corner, under trees, may be seen a white figure gleaming, of man, beast or bird. There are between two hundred and fifty and three hundred pieces of statuary on the grounds—sculptors, painters, poets, musicians, gods, godesses, even to Satyr himself.

On the face of the cliff overlooking the ocean is a terrace enclosed with a fence of large blocks of stone with iron rods between. On each side of the blocks stand alternately a large urn with flowers and a life sized figure—thirty-two in all. Going down a flight of stone steps you reach a second terrace which is used for driving around as well as promenading. Here you will find seats hewn out of the solid rock in the shape of toadstools. In every available niche in the face of the rock is a piece of statuary, and wherever there is earth enough to give root to flowers and vines there they may be seen growing.

I wish I could do this place justice in my description of it, but that is beyond me. To stand on this cliff and gaze out over the ocean for the first time, watching the billows fall and rise, listening to the almost deafening roar and beating of the waves against the rocks, sending the spray into the air, seeing the ships sailing past, some on their outward bound trips to foreign shores, others on their return, we are led to say.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea,
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me,
Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

Just here let me say a little about the wonderful growth of plants. The house plants that are matured with such care in Ontario, here grow into immense trees and bushes. All the readers of The Advance know what great care has to be taken of such plants as heliotrope, fuschias and calla lillies. It is quite common to see heliotrope and fuschias grow ten feet high, covered with thousands of blossoms. All plants grow out of doors here the year round, and are almost perpetual bloomers. Roses may be had at almost any time of the year. They are beyond description, growing to the tops of the houses and some of the roses measuring six inches across the top. Calla lillies grow here something like burdocks do there. Around every house where there is ground enough to give them root will be seen flowers growing. In fact it may be said every one cultivates flowers.

Just below Sutro Heights 100 feet, and jutting out into the ocean farther, is a point of rock called Point Lobos on which the cliff house stands. Within 200 yards of this are several rugged rocks projecting from the sea, which are covered every day with seals, near enough to be seen, and their barking distinctly heard above the roar of the ocean. Many of these are very large, some of them measuring 11 feet in length. No one is ever allowed to go near them or in any way molest them.

From the cliff house you can take a stroll along the beach and gather shells in the coves when the tide is out, and if fortunate as I have been, may have the pleasure of seeing the life boat launched. However, this is not promised for a certainty, as many who have lived here all their lives have not had that pleasure, I have been told. It was quite an interesting sight. Just as the crew had got into their positions and pushed out from the shore, a large wave struck the keel, standing it on its end perfectly upright in the air. Nevereheless, the crew kept their positions, and did not at all appear to be discomfited. When they got a little farther from the shore the boat appeard to fly over the billows like a bird.

This place is just a few miles beyond the Golden Gate, and outside of the harbor bar. The Golden Gate is the only way of exit or inress into the harbor. This is a channel between two islands and is five miles long and over a mile wide. The bay is about thirty miles long and six wide on an average. It is dotted with islands. Goat Island lying right in front of the city is owned by the Goverument and used for marine supplies. Alcatraz is another where the military forces are stationed. Angel Island, a picturesque spot, where the infantry troops are. Then the Presidio on the mainland is another military fort, overlooking the Golden Gate entrance. The harbor is a beautiful sight with its forests of masts of all nations lying at anchor, or gliding calmly over the placid waters, man of war vessels of all kinds. I had the pleasure of a trip around the bay visiting the different places of interest and hearing a great deal about the different crafts lying at anchor, then through the Golden Gate, over the harbor bar and out on the great Pacific. This was enjoyed beyond description.

The harbor is one of the largest and finest in the world. There is no direct communication from the outer world with the city except by water. There is only one line of railway coming into it, and that is only a short line running south about 250 miles. Every other line runs into the city of Oakland across the bay. From there there they have to cross by boat.

To be Continued.

School Matters.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly print the following communication from the Inspector. I think it would be only ordinary justice to the teachers of our school to do so.

"I have much pleasure in reporting the standing of the school to be one of the highest in my inspectorate. In all classes examined the pupils acquitted themselves well. The harmony existing between teachers and pupils is one of the best possible signs of advancement. The order maintained in both divisions continue as on former occasions. Better could not be desired. The progress of some classes is marked. Find the reading constantly improving—the proficiency in language—although some pupils (one or two noticed) are somewhat slow in the latter. Probably a dislike of the subject or irregular attendance is the cause. Am glad Mr. Irwin is re-engaged for next year. He is certainly one of the best teachers in this county. N. W. Campbell, Inspector."

I was more than pleased to have such an impartial testimony to the proficiency of our school from so competent a judge. More than this cannot reasonably expected, and I sincerley hope that when the promotion examinations take place in December the good points will show themselves. I am glad upon other grounds, because it corroborates the position I hold, viz., the unreasonableness to employ a teacher qualified to teach Mr. Irwin's department with an increased salary to teach the same classes which Miss Ganton, holding a third class certificate, with no previous experience, has so successfully done. Under the supervision of the head teacher, twenty of such non-professional teachers could be got to do the work amply, and no doubt to the satisfaction of all concerned, without any increase of expenses. I am heartily sorry that any discord exists in those matters, but I cannot go back from the principles adopted by the deputation who waited on me on the last school meeting morning and asked me to carry out, if possible. At present I have failed, but promise the ratepayers, that if my presence on the Board be a cause for increased taxation, as is alleged by many, I will seek the first opportunity to get out of the way. I never sought the position and do not care to keep it, but will, fearless of any, discharge my duty while in it.

W. S. CHRISTOE.
Trustee.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week.

Flour	$4 70 to 5 00
Fall Wheat	80 to
Spring Wheat	80 0 90
Barley	0 30 0 40
Oats	0 25 0 25
Peas	0 51 0 51
Butter	0 15 0 16
Eggs, fresh	0 17 0 17
Potatos bag	0 45
Pork	5 25
Hay per ton	6 00 6 00
Hides	3 50 3 50
Sheepskins	0 50 1 00
Geese	0 06 0 05
Turkeys	0 12 0 08
Chickens per pair	0 50 0 30
Ducks per lb.	0 06 0 06
Wool	0 18 0 20

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"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks, backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time.

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and Warrants Considered.

than you can do elsewhere, fix artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done,

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines

Can save you \$1 to \$3.00 on watches

Other lines will be held on and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician

MARKDALE, Ont.

Wanted---All kinds of Poultry, dead or alive, highest prices, W. TRIMBLE

When Johnny Gets His Gun.

There's coming up the path of Time a gracious epoch when
The better motives of the heart shall rule the deeds of men;
When politicians cease with lies to mend their party fence,
And office-holders heed the wish of their constituents;
When every one shall have the thought to watch the word they say;
When all our deeds and motives shall be open as the day;
When thieving, trickery, deceit and fraud we shall have done,
In that uncertain period when Johnny gets his gun.

The men will cease to smoke and chew and drink and rudely swear,
And girls be taught to bake and mend and cease to bang their hair,
And he who peddles milk will put no water in his can,
While then the hackman, even, may become an honest man.
How gladly we shall greet the day when these things come to pass!
But there is still one cloud of doubt in hope's fair sky, alas!
New York will still be found with all her monuments undone,
They'll still be just as they are now, when Johnny gets his gun.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

"Of course, it was very little," hesitated Miss Belinda; "but—but I could not help seeing that he was drawing comparisons, as it were. Octavia was teaching Mr. Poppleton to play croquet, and she was rather exhilarated, and perhaps exhibited more—freedom of manner, in an innocent way—quite in an innocent, thoughtless way—than is exactly customary, and I saw Mr. Barold glance from her to Lucia, who stood near; and when I said, 'You are thinking of the contrast between them,' he answered, 'Yes, they differ very greatly, it is true'; and of course I knew that my poor Octavia could not have the advantage in his eyes. She feels this herself, I know. She shocked me, the other day, beyond expression by telling me that she had asked him if he thought she was really fast, and that she was sure he did. Poor child; she evidently did not comprehend the dreadful significance of such terms."

"A man like Francis Barold does understand their significance," said Lady Theobald, "and it is to be deplored that your niece cannot be taught what her position in society will be if such a reputation attaches itself to her. The men of the present day fight shy of such characters."

This dread clause so impressed poor Miss Belinda by its solemnity that she could not forbear repeating it to Octavia afterwards, though it is to be regretted that it did not produce the effect that she had hoped.

"Well, I must say," she observed, "that if some men fought a little shyer than they do, I shouldn't mind it. You always *do* have about half a dozen dangling around, who only bore, and who will keep asking you to go to places, and sending you bouquets, and asking you to dance, when they can't dance at all, and tear your dress, and stand on your feet. If they would 'fight shy,' it would be splendid."

To Miss Belinda, who certainly had never been guilty of the indecorum of having any member of the stronger sex "dangling about" at all, this was very trying.

"My dear," she said, "don't say 'you always have'; it—it really seems to make it so personal."

Octavia turned around and fixed her eyes wonderingly upon her blushing countenance. For a moment she made no remark, a marvellous thought shaping itself slowly in her mind.

"Aunt Belinda," she said, at length, did anybody ever——."

"Ah, no, my dear. No, no, I assure you!" cried Miss Belinda, in the greatest possible trepidation. "Ah, dear, no! Such—such things rarely—very rarely happen in—in Slowbridge—and besides, I couldn't possibly have thought of it. I couldn't, indeed!"

She was so overwhelmed with maidenly confusion at the appaling thought, that she did not recover herself for half an hour at least. Octavia, feeling that it would not be safe to pursue the subject, only uttered one word of comment:

"Gracious!"

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Much to her own astonishment, Lucia found herself allowed new liberty. She was permitted to spend the afternoon frequently with Octavia, and, on several occasions, that young lady and Miss Bassett were invited to partake of tea at Oldclough in company with no other guest than Francis Barold.

"I don't know what it means, and I think it must mean something," said Lucia to Octavia, "but it is very pleasant. I never was allowed to be so intimate with any one before."

"Perhaps," suggested Octavia, sagely, "she thinks that, if you see me often enough, you will get sick of me, and it will be a lesson to you."

"The more I see of you," answered Lucia, with a serious little air, "the fonder I am of you. I understand you better. You are not at all like what I thought you at first, Octavia."

"But I don't know that there's much to understand in me."

"There is a great deal to understand in you," she replied. "You are a puzzle to me often. You seem so frank, and yet one knows so little about you, after all. For instance," Lucia went on, "who would imagine that you are so affectionate?"

"Am I affectionate?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Lucia, "I am sure you are very affectionate. I have found it out gradually. You would suffer things for any one you loved."

Octavia thought the matter over.

"Yes," she said at length, "I would."

"You are very fond of Miss Bassett," proceeded Lucia, as if arraigning her at the bar of justice. You are *very* fond of your father, and I am sure there are other people you are very fond of—*very* fond of, indeed."

Octavia pondered seriously again.

"Yes, there are," she remarked; "but no one would care about them here—and so I'm not going to make a fuss. You don't want to make a fuss over people you l—— like."

"*You* don't," said Lucia. "You are like Francis Barold, in one way—but you are altogether different, in another. Francis Barold does not wish to show emotion, and he is so determined to hedge himself around that one can't help suspecting that he is always guarding himself against one. He always seems to be resenting interference; but you don't appear to care at all, and so it is not natural that one should suspect you. I did not suspect you."

"What do suspect me of now?"

"Of thinking a great deal," answered Lucia affectionately. "And of being very clever and very good."

Octavia was silent for a few moments.

"I think," she said, after the pause "I think you'll find that's its a mistake."

"No, I shall not," returned Lucia, quite glowing with enthusiasm. "And I know I shall learn a great deal from you."

This was such a startling proposition that Octavia felt decidedly uncomfortable. She flushed rosy red.

"I'm the one who ought to learn things, I think," she said. "I'm always doing things that frighten Aunt Belinda, and you know how the rest regard me."

"Octavia," said Lucia, very naively indeed, "suppose we try to help each other. If you will tell me when I am wrong, I will try to—to have the courage to tell you. That will be good practice for me. What I most want is courage and frankness, and I am sure it will take courage to make up my mind to tell you of your—of your mistake."

Octavia regarded her with mingled admiration and respect.

"I think that's a splendid idea," she said.

"Are you sure," faltered Lucia, "are you sure you won't mind the things I may have to say? Really, they are quite little things in themselves—hardly worth mentioning ——."

"Tell me one of them, right now," said Octavia, point-blank.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lucia, starting. "I'd rather not—just now."

"Well," commented Octavia, "that sounds as if they must be pretty unpleasant. Why don't you want to? They will be quite as bad to-morrow. And to refuse to tell me one is a bad beginning. It looks as if you were frightened, and it isn't good practice for you to be frightened at such a little thing."

Lucia felt convicted. She made an effort to regain her composure.

"No, it is not," she said. "But that is always the way. I am continually telling myself that I *will* be courageous and candid, and the first time anything happens, I fail. I *will* tell you one thing."

She stopped short here, and looked at Octavia guiltily.

"It is something—I think I would do if—if I were in your place," Lucia stammered. "A very little thing indeed."

"Well?" remarked Octavia, anxiously.

Lucia lost her breath, caught it again, and proceeded cautiously, and with blushes at her own daring.

"If I were in your place," she said, "I think—that, perhaps—only perhaps, you know—I would not wear—my hair—*quite* so low down—over my forehead."

Octavia sprang from her seat, and ran to the pier glass over the mantel. She glanced at the reflection of her own startled, pretty face, and then, putting her hand to the soft blonde "bang" which met her brows, turned to Lucia.

"Isn't it becoming?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, yes!" Lucia answered. "Very."

Octavia started.

"Then why wouldn't you wear it?" she cried. "What do you mean?"

Lucia felt her position truly a delicate one. She locked her hands, and braced herself; but she blushed vividly.

"It may sound rather silly, when I tell you why, Octavia," she said; "but I really do think it is a sort of reason. You know, in those absurb pictures of actresses, bangs always seem to be the principal feature. I saw some in the shop windows, when I went to Harriford with grandmamma. And they were such dreadful women—some of them—and had so very few clothes on, that I can't help thinking I shouldn't like to look like them, and——"

"Does it make me look like them?"

"Oh, very little!" answered Lucia; "very little indeed, of course: but——"

"But it's the same thing, after all," put in Octavia. "That's what you mean."

"It is so very little," faltered Lucia, that—that perhaps it isn't a reason."

Octavia looked at herself in the glass again.

"It isn't a very good reason," she remarked, "but I suppose it will do."

She paused, and looked Lucia in the face.

"I don't think that's a little thing," she said. To be told you look like an *opera bouffe* actress."

"I did not mean to say so," cried Lucia, filled with the most poignant distress. "I beg your pardon, indeed I—oh dear! I was afraid you wouldn't like it. I felt that it was taking a great liberty."

"I don't like it," answered Octavia; "but that can't be helped. I didn't exactly suppose I should. But I wasn't going to say anything about *your* hair when I began," glancing at poor Lucia *coiffure*, "though I suppose I might."

"You might say about a thousand things about it!" cried Lucia, piteously. "I know that mine is not only in bad taste, but it is ugly and unbecoming."

"Yes," said Octavia, cruelly, "it is."

"And yours is neither the one nor the other," protested Lucia. "You know I told you it was pretty, Octavia."

Octavia walked over to the table, upon which stood Miss Belinda's work-basket, and took therefrom a small and gleaming pair of scissors, retuning to the mantel glass with them.

"How short shall I cut it?" she demanded.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucia, "don't—don't."

For answer, Octavia raised the scissors, and gave a snip. It was a savage snip, and half the length and width of her love-locks fell on the mantel; then she gave another snip, and the other half fell.

Lucia scarcely dared to breathe.

For a moment, Octavia stood gazing at herself, with pale face and dilated eyes. Then suddenly the folly of the deed she had done seem to reveal itself to her.

"Oh!" she cried out, "Oh, how diabolical it looks!"

She turned upon Lucia.

"Why did you make me do it?" she exclaimed. "It's all your fault—every bit of it"; and flinging the scissors to the other end of the room, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

Lucia's anguish of mind was almost more than she could bear. For at least three minutes, she felt herself a criminal of the deepest dye; after the three minutes had elapsed, however, she began to reason, and called to mind the fact that she was failing as usual under her crisis.

"This is being a coward again," she said to herself. "It is worse than to have said nothing. It is true that she will look more refined, now one can see a little of her forehead, and it is cowardly to be afraid to stand firm when I really think so. I—yes, I will say something to her."

"Octavia," she began, aloud, "I am sure you are making a mistake again." This as decidedly as possible, which was not very decidely. "You—you look very much—nicer,"

"I look *ghastly!*" said Octavia, who began to feel rather absurd.

"You do not. Your forehead—you have the prettiest forehead I ever saw, Octavia," said Lucia, eagerly, "and your eyebrows are perfect. I—wish you would look at yourself again."

Rather to her surprise, Octavia began to laugh under cover of her handerchief; reaction had set in, and, though the laugh was a trifle hysterical, it was still a laugh. Next she gave her eyes a final little dab, and rose to go to the glass again. She looked at herself, touched up the short, waving fringe left on her forehead, and turned to Lucia, with a resigned expression.

"Do you think that any one who was used to seeing it the other way would—would think I looked horrid?" she inquired, anxiously.

"They would think you prettier—a great deal," Lucia answered, earnestly. "Don't you know, Octavia, that nothing could be really unbecoming to you? You have that kind of face."

For a few seconds, Octavia seem to lose herself in thought of a speculative nature.

"Jack always said so," she remarked, at length.

"Jack?" repeated Lucia, timidly.

Octavia roused herself, and smiled with candid sweetness.

"He is some one I knew in Nevada," she explained. "He worked in father's mine once."

"You must have known him very well," suggested Lucia, somewhat awed.

"I did," she replied calmly. "Very well."

She tucked away her pocket-handkerchief in the jaunty pocket at the back of her basque, and returned to her chair. Then she turned again to Lucia.

"Well," she said, "I think you have found out that you *were* mistaken, haven't you, dear? Suppose you tell me of something else."

Lucia colored.

"No," she answered, "that is enough for to-day."

CHAPTER XX.

PECULIAR TO NEVADA.

Whether or not Lucia was right in accusing Octavia's Bassett of being clever, and thinking a great deal, is a riddle which those who are interested in her must unravel as they read: but whether the surmise was correct or incorrect, it seemed possible that she had thought a little after the interview. When Barold saw her next, he was struck by a slight but distinctly definable change he recognized in her dress and *coiffure*. Her pretty hair had a rather less "professional" appearance; he had the pleasure of observing, for the first time, how very white her forehead was, and how delicate the arch of her eyebrows; her dress had a novel air of simplicity, and the diamond rings were nowhere to be seen.

"She's better dressed than usual," he said to himself. "And she's always well dressed—rather too well dressed, fact is, for a place like this. This sort of thing is in better form, under the circumstances."

It was so much "better form," and he so far approved of it, that he quite thawed, and was very amiable and very entertaining indeed.

Octavia was entertaining, too. She asked several most interesting questions.

"Do you think," she inquired, "that it is bad taste to wear diamonds?"

"My mother wears them—occasionally."

"Have you any sisters?"

"No."

"Any cousins—as young as I am?"

"Ya-as."

"Do they wear them?"

"I must admit," he replied, "that they don't. In the first place, you know, they haven't any, and, in the second, I am under the impression that Lady Beauchamp—their mamma, you know—wouldn't permit it if they had."

"Wouldn't permit it!" said Octavia. "I suppose they always do as she tells them?"

He smiled a little.

"They would be very courageous young women if they didn't," he remarked.

"What would she do if they tried it?" she inquired. "She couldn't beat them."

"They will never try it," he answered, dryly. "And, though I have never seen her beat them, or heard their lamentations under chastisment, I should not like to say that Lady Beauchamp could not do anything. She is a very determined person—for a gentlewoman."

Octavia laughed.

"You are joking," she said.

"Lady Beauchamp is a serious subject for jokes," he responded. "My cousins think so, at least."

"I wonder if she is as bad as Lady Theobald," Octavia reflected aloud. "She says I have no right to wear diamonds at all, until I am married. But I don't mind Lady Theobald," she added, as a cheerful afterthought. "I am not fond enough of her to care about what she says."

"Are you fond of any one?" Barold inquired, speaking with a languid air, but, at the same time glancing at her with some slight interest, from under his eyelids.

"Lucia says I am," she returned, with the calmness of a young person who wished to regard the matter from an unembarrassed point of view. "Lucia says I am affectionate."

"Ah!" deliberately. "Are you?"

She turned and looked at him serenely.

"Should *you* think so?" she asked.

This was making such a personal matter of the question that he did not exactly enjoy it. It was certainly not "good form" to pull a man up in such cool style.

"Really," he replied, "I—ah—have had no opportunity of judging."

He had not the slightest intention of being amusing, but to his infinite disgust he discovered as soon as he spoke that she was amused. She laughed outright, and evidently only checked herself because he looked so furious. In consideration for his feelings she assumed an air of mild but preternatural seriousness.

"No," she remarked, "that is true—you haven't, of course."

He was silent. He did not enjoy being amusing at all, and he made no pretence of appearing to submit to the indignity calmly.

She bent forward a little.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you are mad again—I mean you are vexed. I am always vexing you."

There was a hint of appeal in her voice, which rather pleased him, but he had no intention of relenting at once.

"I confess I am at a loss to know why you laughed," he said.

"Are you," she asked, "really?"—letting her eyes rest upon him anxiously for a moment. Then she actually gave vent to a little sigh. "We look at things so differently, that's it," she said.

"I suppose it is," he responded, still chillingly.

In spite of this, she suddenly assumed a comparatively cheerful aspect. A happy thought occurred to her.

"Lucia would beg your pardon," she said. "I am learning good manners from Lucia. Suppose I beg your pardon."

"It is quite unnecessary," he replied.

"Lucia wouldn't think so," she said. "And why shouldn't I be as well behaved as Lucia? I beg your pardon."

He felt rather absurd, and yet somewhat mollified. She had a way of looking at him, sometimes, when she had been unpleasant, which rather soothed him. In fact, he had found of late, a little to his private annoyance, that it was very easy for her either to soothe or disturb him.

And now, just as Octavia had settled down into one of the prettiest and least difficult of her moods, there came a knock at the front door, which, being answered by Mary Anne, was found to announce the curate of St. James.

Enter, consequently, the Rev. Arthur Poppleton,—blushing, a trifle timorous, perhaps, but happy beyond measure to find himself in Miss Belinda's parlor again, with Miss Belinda's niece.

Perhaps the least possible shade of his joyousness died out when he caught sight of Mr. Francis Barold, and certainly Mr. Francis Barold was not at all delighted to see him.

"What does that fellow want?" that gentleman was saying, inwardly. "What does he come simpering and turning pink here for? Why doesn't he go and see some of his old women, and read tracts to them? That's *his* business."

Octavia's manner towards her visitor formed a fresh grievance for Barold. She treated the curate very well indeed. She seemed glad to see him, she was wholly at her ease with him, she made no trying remarks to him, she never stopped to fix her eyes upon him in that inexplicable style, and she did not laugh when there seemed nothing to laugh at. She was so gay and good-humored that the Reverend Arthur Poppleton beamed and flourished under her treatment, and forgot to change color, and even ventured to talk a good deal and make divers quite presentable little jokes.

"I should like to know," thought Barold, growing sulkier as the others grew merrier—"I should like to know what she finds so interesting in him, and why she chooses to treat him better than she treats me—for she certainly does treat him better."

It was hardly fair, however, that he should complain; for, at times, he was treated extremely well; and his intimacy with Octavia progressed quite rapidly. Perhaps, if the truth were told, it was always himself who was the first means of checking it, by some sudden prudent instinct which led him to feel that perhaps he was in rather a delicate position, and had better not indulge in too much of a good thing. He had not been an eligible and unimpeachably desirable *parti* for ten years without acquiring some of that discretion which is said to be the better part of valor. The matter-of-fact air with which Octavia accepted his attentions caused him to pull himself up sometimes. If he had been Brown, or Jones, or even Robinson, she could not have appeared to regard them as more entirely natural. When—he had gone so far, once or twice—he had deigned to make a more than usually agreeable speech to her, it was received with none of that charming sensitive tremor to which he had been accustomed. Octavia neither blushed nor dropped her eyes.

It did not add to Barold's satisfaction to find her as cheerful and ready to be amused by a mild little curate, who blushed and stammered, and was neither brilliant, graceful, nor distinguished. Could not Octavia see the wide difference between the two?

Regarding the matter in this light, and watching Octavia as she encouraged her visitor, and laughed at his jokes, and never once tripped him up by asking him a startling question, did not, as already has been said, improve Mr. Francis Barold's temper, and by the time his visit was over, he had lapsed into his coldest and most haughty manner. As soon as Miss Belinda entered, and engaged Mr. Poppleton for a moment, he rose and crossed the little room to Octavia's side.

"I must bid you good-afternoon," he said.

Octavia did not rise.

"Sit down a minute, while Aunt Belinda is talking about red flannel night-caps and lumbago," she said. "I want to ask you something. By the way, what *is* lumbago?"

"Is that what you wished to ask me?" he inquired, stiffly.

"No. I just thought of that. Have you ever had it, and what is it like? All the old people in Slowbridge have it, and they tell you all about it, when you see them. Aunt Belinda says so. What I wanted to ask you was different——."

"Possibly Miss Bassett might be able to tell you,' he remarked.

"About the lumbago? Well, perhaps she might. I'll ask her. Do you think it bad taste in *me* to wear diamonds?"

She said this with the most delightful seriousness, fixing her eyes upon him with her very prettiest look of candid appeal, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that she should apply to him for information. He felt himself faltering again. How white that bit of forehead was! How soft that blonde, waving fringe of hair! What a lovely shape her eyes were, and how large and clear, as she raised them!

"Why do you ask *me*?" he inquired.

"Because I think you are an unprejudiced person. Lady Theobald is not. I have confidence in you. Tell me."

There was a slight pause.

"Really," he said, after it, "I can scarcely believe that my opinion can be of any value in your eyes. I am—can only tell you that it is hardly customary in—an—in England for young people to wear a profusion of ornament."

"I wonder if I wear a profusion."

"You don't need any," he condescended. "You are too young, and—all that sort of thing."

She glanced down at her slim, unringed hands for a moment, her expression quite thoughtful.

"Lucia and I almost quarreled the other day," she said,—"at least, I almost quarreled. It isn't so nice to be told of things, after all. I must say I don't like it as much as I thought I should."

He kept his seat longer than he intended, and when he rose to go, the Reverend Arthur Poppleton was shaking hands with Miss Belinda, and so it fell out that they left the house together.

"You know Miss Octavia Bassett well, I suppose," remarked Barold, with condescension, as they passed through the gate. "You clergymen are fortunate fellows."

"I wish others knew her as well, sir," said the little gentleman, kindling. "I wish they knew her—her generosity and kindness of heart and ready sympathy with misfortune!"

"Ah!" commented Mr. Barold, twisting his mustache with somewhat of an incredulous air. This was not at all the sort of thing he had expected to hear. For his own part, it would not have occurred to him to suspect her of the possession of such desirable and orthodox qualities.

"There are those who—misunderstand her," cried the curate, warming with his subject, "who misunderstand, and—yes, and apply harsh terms to her innocent gayety and freedom of speech; if they knew her as I do, they would cease to do so."

"I should scarcely have thought——" began Barold.

"There are many who scarcely think it—if you will pardon my interrupting you," said the curate. "I think they would scarcely believe it if I felt at liberty to tell them, which I regret to say I do not. I am almost breaking my word in saying what I cannot help saying to yourself. The poor under my care are better off since she came, and there are some who have seen her more than once, though she did not go as a teacher or to reprove them for faults, and her way of doing what she did was new to them, and perhaps much less serious than they were accustomed to, and they liked it all the better."

"Ah!" commented Barold again. "Flannel-under-garments, and—that sort of thing."

"No," with much spirit, "not at all, sir, but what, as I said, they liked much better. It is not often they meet a beautiful creature who comes among them with open hands, and the natural, ungrudging way of giving which she has. Sometimes they are at a loss to understand, as well as the rest. They have been used to what is narrower and more—more exacting."

"They have been used to Lady Theobald," observed Barold, with a faint smile.

"It would not become me to—to mention Lady Theobald in any disparaging manner," replied the curate, "but the best and most charitable among us do not always carry out our good intentions in the best way. I dare say Lady Theobald would consider Miss Octavia Bassett too readily influenced, and too lavish."

"She is as generous with her money as with her diamonds, perhaps," said Barold. "Possibly the quality is peculiar to Nevada. We part here Mr. Poppleton, I believe. Good-morning."

(To be Continued).

Pillows of Paper.

All England is crazy on the subject of paper pillows. You tear the paper into very small pieces, not bigger than your finger nail, and then put them into a pillow-sack of drilling or light ticking. They are very cool for hot climates, and much superior to feather pillows. The newspapers are printing appeals for them for hospitals. Newspaper is not nice to use, as there is a disagreeable odor from printers' ink; but brown or white paper and old letters and envelopes are the best. As you tear them, stuff them into an old pillow-case, until you can get enough. The easiest way is to tear or cut the paper in stripe about half an inch wide and then tear or cut across. The finer it is the lighter it makes the pillows.

His Reasons.

Mrs. Gibblegabble—Doctor, there is something the matter with my tongue; it pains me badly at times, and I don't know what to do for it.

Physician—Place a little cotton pillow under it between meals; it may be tired and need rest.

Mrs. Gibblegabble—But I couldn't talk then.

Physician—That is why I prescribe the pillow.

Polonius and His Lost Chance.

"Polonius was a splendid bit of character work."

"Yes; but he had his drawbacks. When he started off and said, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' he lost the best chance in the world to show off his wisdom."

"How's that?"

"Why, he should have gone on and said, 'but if thou must do one or t'other, let it be borrowing. There's money in it.'"—*Harper's Bazar.*

What They Eat.

A physician could many a queer tale unfold. One of Ottawa's leading practitioners is authority for the statement that young girls and women, but in particular the former, are addicted to peculiar practices in eating. Here are a few of the things they continually munch: Chalk, old tea leaves, blue clay, starch, clay pipes, lime, slate pencils and slate stone. They eat many other extraordinary articles and as a consequence frequently call upon the skill of the doctor.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to have the most valuable private collection of diamonds in the world. One of the necklaces is worth $600,000.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs Alexander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of the late President of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Road.

—A woman of great weight died last week. She was Mrs. Price, Barnum's fat woman.

His Name is in the Papers.

The chump who tries to cross the track in front
of flying trains—
His name is in the papers every day—
That is, if his acquaintances distinguish his
remains,
His name is in the papers every day.

The careless hired girl, who when the kindling's
wet and green,
Would hurry up the fire with a little kerosene
And give the coroner a chance his jury to con-
vene,
Her name is in the papers every day.

The husband who goes home at night and scares
his wife for fun—
His name is in the papers every day—
And quite forgets he bought and told her how to
use a gun—
His name is in the papers every day.

And there's the hurried citizen who hasn't time
to wait,
But boards or leaves the train while running at
a fearful rate,
And walks with crutches afterward with slow
and halting gait—
His name is in the papers every day.

And there's the chap who monkeys with the buzz
saw when in tune—
His name is in the papers every day.
His race very likely will be exterminated soon—
Their names are in the papers every day.

And there's his daring brother, who is still a
bigger fool,
Who dies an awful death with no exception to
the rule,
For he's the man who gets too near the hind leg
of a mule—
His name is in the papers every day.

Too Sick to Go to School.

When bro her Jack and I were boys,
Full twenty years ago,
We never feared to go to school
Thro' storms of sleet and snow;
But summer weather made us sick—
When forests beckoned cool—
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

On rainy days thro' seas of mud
Undauntedly we sailed,
But when the pleasant weather came,
Our constitution failed.
Or if a circus chanced to come
It found us, as a rule,
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

Oh, often in the morning
We woke in woeful plight,
But after father went to work
Our illness all took flight.
We hunted up our fishing rods
And sought some shady pool—
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

One day our father happened home
As we came straggling in,
And drew us gently o'er the edge
Of the potato bin.
That afternoon we sadly sat
Beneath the teacher's rule—
Quite sick enough to feel bad,
And too sick to go to school.

The Wheat Growers' Paradise.

The following are extracts from a letter received by Senator Sanford from Manitoba:

Fred. Westgate, of ½ section 24, 12, 7, between Portage and Westbourne, threshed 4,100 bushels of No. 1 hard. Weather keeping very mild.

Mr. J. T. Smith, who formerly did business in the red front store, does farming in Manitoba on an extensive scale. This year's stock at Griswold averaged ten bushels, and the yield on this Portage plains farm—500 acres—was thirty-two bushels to the acre

"The only place in Manitoba where a man without brains can make a good living at farming is on the Portage Plains." So said Mr. Waugh, of the *Northwest Farmer*, to a *Review* representative the other day. Mr. Waugh is the best authority on the Northwest farming in the Dominion.—Yours very sincerely,

WM. GARLAND.

Portage la Prairie, Oct. 28th, 1889.

Face a Frowning World.

Mr. Filosopher (handing his wife a twenty dollar bill)—Woman is an enigma.

Mrs. Filosopher—Thanks, dear. But why did you make that remark?

Mr. Filosopher—She will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter season of trial and adversity; but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the Government.

Opposed to Scandal.

Mrs. Jason—It really is a pity that the papers have to devote so much time to scandal.

Mr. Jason—It is, indeed. By the way, did you see anything in the papers about Wickwire leaving town the other day with a married woman?

Mrs. Jason—No. Tell me about it quick. Who was she?

Mr. Jason—His wife.

Extortionists.

"Why do you call that colored man a blackmailer?"

"Because he is employed at the post-office. And that ain't the worst of it."

"No?"

"No, sir; his wife takes hush money."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. She's a child's nurse."

THE CANDIDATE.

Who comes and grasps you by the hand
And welcomes you with greeting bland
And flattery you can't withstand?
The candidate.

Who says the country's going to smash
Unless you help his side to thrash
The other side, with vote and cash?
The candidate.

Who, when his victory is won,
Will straight forget what you have done,
And look out sharp for Number One?
The candidate.

—*Somerville Journal.*

—'Tis the time of year when you are forced to get used to the cold by degrees.

HER HEART'S REPLY.

He wooed me wildly at my feet,
I would not answer "nay;"
But, oh! the giving was so sweet,
I fain would keep the "yea."

My secret I would not impart;
His spirit guessed it when
He kissed my lips, for my glad heart
Was in my mouth just then.

It may be desirable to live to a green old age, but when you have attained it please keep away from the bunco men.

NEAR NOVEMBER.

The lowering sky, the foggy air,
Are signs which we of old remember
Hot water hissing on the bar—
This warns us we are near November
The turkey in his barnyard drear,
Struts now in all the pride of living—
The terminal of his career
Will come the week before Thanksgiving.

THE other day we noticed that Archduke John of Austria had petitioned the Emperor to strip him of his titles and dignities and make him plain John Hapsburg We now learn that John has accepted a lucrative position on the staff of the New York *Herald*. When this democratic prince has spent a week or two hustling after police court news and conflagrations and gets scooped two or three times by the other fellows, he will be glad to take the leading role in the Prodigal Son and return home to his titles and dukedom.

AN ATHENIAN WEDDING

Nuptials of Princess Sophie and the Duke of Sparta.

A DAY OF POMP AND SPLENDOR.

Before the Wedding.

A London Saturday morning's cable says: There are to be no fewer than 99 royal personages present at the Royal wedding in Athens to-day, including one Emperor, William of Germany, brother of the bride; two Empresses, Frederica, the bride's mother, and Augusta Victoria, her sister-in-law; two Kings, Christian of Denmark, grandfather of the groom, and George of Greece, the groom's father; two Queens, consorts of the aforementioned; two Crown Princes, besides the groom, Albert Edward of Wales, uncle of the bride, and the Czarowitz of Russia, cousin of the groom, and one potential crown prince, Albert Victor of Wales, cousin of the bride. Emperor William will be escorted by four aides-de-camp, Empress Frederick will be attended by two of the highest nobles of the German court, and the King of Denmark, the Prince of Wales and the Czarowitz will be attended by three lords each. The Duke is 31 years old and his bride is 19. The wedding presents are of enormous value, and there is every indication that the marriage will be a happy one, a rare circumstance in the annals of royal alliances. The wedding ceremony will be one of the most splendid ever witnessed. During the ceremony old Byzantine chants will be sung, and immediately after a great Te Deum will be celebrated, in which all the bishops of the country will take part in magnificent vestments. The Persæ of Æschylus will be performed to music by the hereditary Prince of Meiningen, and the Philoctetes of Sophocles, with music by Ferdinand Bender—a great knape or drinking festival—is also to be given under the direction of the rector of the Athens University, to which all Greeks who have been members of German polytechnical institutes and military and art academies are to be invited. Delegates have also been appointed from Constantinople and other Turkish towns were Greek residents are numerous, to proceed to Athens with presents and loyal wishes from the Hellenic subjects on the day of the wedding. The Sultan will be represented by a high state officer with a suite. After the wedding the Princess of Wales will visit Egypt, where great preparations are being made for their arrival, and the Emperor and Empress of Germany will visit Constantinople.

A MARVELLOUS VEIL.

In the annals of flounces and furbelows the approaching marriage of the Crown Prince of Greece, with the Princess Sophie, of Prussia, will be remembered for the exceptional beauty of the veil worn by the bride. This wondrous garment is now solemnly reported as finished by the directors of the Silesian lace schools of Urnsdorf, Steinseiffen and Seidorf, where it has been made. The design was long the subject of anxious consultations between the Empress Frederick and the designer Burghold. The foundation material is the finest Brussels tulle. This is trimmed in specially designed *point Venise*, with a border of *point gaze*, formed of 110 different masterpieces of lace work. The production of this masterpiece has uninterruptedly occupied 200 Silesian lace workers for four months.

CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS.

A last (Sunday) night's Athens cable says: The weather on the wedding morning was gloriously fine, "King's weather," the people called it. The King of Greece is probably lucky in the matter of auspicious skies for State occasions. All day long there has been a delicious scent of myrtle throughout the streets of the city, where it has been profusely used in decorations. In fact Athens has been transformed into a city of myrtle. It is a mass of flags and evergreens, with triumphal arches at all the principal street intersections. At an early hour the town was filled with people from the surrounding country, and the national costumes of the peasants added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. At 8 o'clock a salute of five guns was fired, and forthwith bugle calls rang out from all points about the town through the clear morning air as if by magic. The greatest animation was at once apparent in the streets, which, during the next few hours, developed into enthusiasm of the wildest description that Athens has ever witnessed. Along the route to be followed by the bridal procession every inch of vantage ground was taken up. All the stands in the Rue de Stade, Rue d'Ecole, Rue d'Hermis and Place de la Concorde were filled with people. The streets themselves were crowded with people in holiday attire, all anxious to get a sight of the bride. There was continual cheering. All windows affording a view of the procession were occupied, and thousands of people viewed the parade from the roofs of houses. The streets were lined with soldiers.

The royal party left the palace at 11 o'clock. The bride looked very happy, but appeared to be a trifle nervous. Nevertheless she bowed her acknowledgments of the applause of the people, who were all much pleased with her girlish sweetness. For weeks there has been the keenest desire to obtain tickets to witness the wedding ceremony, and those who were lucky enough to get them came early. There was plenty to interest them during the long wait. The first lady to appear in the diplomatic circle was Mme. Vlakos, in a magnificent Greek costume of white, red and gold. Next came Mme. Traubenberg in court costume, with a pink train and white satin front, surmounted by a headdress with a pink band, ornamented with diamond stars, from which depended a gauze vail. They were closely followed by Mme. Olanesko in a sky blue dress, with a gold train; Princess Santzoo, in a costume of red velvet and a grand display of diamonds; Mme. Backmetiew, wearing a Russian costume of orange and gold; Mme. Ojeds, whose dress was admirably set off by a white Spanish mantilla about her head; Baroness Kosjeh in a light-blue dress, trimmed with gold embroidery, Lady Monson in a pretty pink silk costume trimmed with gold.

After a while the ladies of the court appeared, headed by Mme. Theocheri, Mme. Supountzakis and Mme. Anargyro, wearing the national Greek court costume. Their entrance was immediately followed by that of 96 ladies belonging to the suites of the Empress of Germany, the Queen of Italy, Princess of Wales and Empress Frederick, those of the latter being all dressed in sombre colors. Count Herbert Bismarck, in the court dress of a Minister, attracted every eye. Bishops and Archbishops, in their gorgeous satin and gold raiment, stood in a line behind the table, while the Metropolitan of Athens stood in front, supported on each side by a priest, one holding two candles, symbolic of the Father and the Son, and the other three, symbolic of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

On the arrival of the royal party at the Cathedral the Metropolitan met them at the door. The company entered the church in the following order: The French Ambassador, accompanied by the Empress of Germany; the Emperor of Germany escorting Empress Frederick; King of Denmark, accompanied by the Queen of Italy; Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Queen of Denmark; Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess of Wales; Czarowitz and Princess of Saxe Mingen. Then followed the Duke of Sparta and Princess Sophia.

The arrangements in the body of the Cathedral were as follows: The centre beneath the dome, which was carpeted with Greek colors, was filled with the royalties, the King and Queen of Greece in the centre, and next them the Emperor and Empress of Germany, ex Empress Frederick, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their lords and ladies-in-waiting. On the left side of the centre stood the diplomatic corps and the admirals of the various fleets. On the right centre the generals and high officers of the army and distinguished strangers. In the body of the Cathedral, on the left, the mayors and civic dignitaries from all parts of Greece. On the right envoys from abroad and all parts of Greece.

The Emperor of Germany wore the full dress uniform of the White Hussars, and the Prince of Wales that of the Guards. Prince Albert Victor was dressed in the full uniform of the Hussars. The King of Greece and King of Denmark wore the uniform of Greek cavalry generals.

The bridal dress was made of white satin, with long trails of orange blossoms. The enormous train of brocaded silk was held by three maids of honor. The Empress Frederick wore a grey dress, while all the rest of the royal ladies appeared in white, with their usual ceremonial jewels and decorations.

The ceremony commenced at once, the Empress Frederick leading her daughter to the table and the King of Greece his son. The King gave his hand to Empress Frederick, and they both retired. The ceremony was of the most impressive character, and lasted an hour and a quarter. It was the usual one prescribed by the ritual of the Greek Church, with one exception. Instead of the usual ceremony with crowns of orange blossoms, at the special request of the Queen of Greece, gold crowns, surmounted by a cross, were used. These were held over the head of the bride three times by Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales, and over the head of the bridegroom by the Czarowitz and Princess George and Nicholas of Greece. This ceremony was again repeated when the bride and groom had walked round the table three times.

The moment the young couple were united a magnificent burst of red light poured through the colored windows of the cathedral, suffusing the bride and groom, and producing a marvellous effect upon the brilliant uniforms and beautiful dresses. The ceremony being completed, Princess Sophie kissed three times the King of Greece, the Queen of Greece, Empress Frederick, the Empress of Germany and the Queen of Italy. She then kissed once each the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales and the young princesses. The Emperor of Germany kissed his mother heartily three times.

The crowns used were those with which the King and Queen of Greece were married. The party returned to the Palace in the same order in which they came.

After the ceremony the newly married couple gave a breakfast in their new home.

In the afternoon the Duke of Sparta and the Princess Sophie drove through the city in an open barouche amid the greatest enthusiasm.

To-night the whole city was illuminated, and the entire population and many visitors paraded the streets cheering and shouting. At a late hour this evening the illuminations were spoiled by a violent gale of wind.

Had More at Home.

Lord Lonsdale was said to have more daughters than any other member of the British aristocracy. At one time he was at a German watering place and took a walk in company with his six oldest daughters. Some Germans, a little behind him, gazed at the procession, and presently one of them remarked in an undertone: "Alas, poor man." Lord Lonsdale caught the words and turned immediately. "Oh, no, sir; not so poor as you think. I have six other daughters at home."—*Youths' Companion.*

Customs Decisions.

The following decisions were rendered by the Board of Customs during September and October:

Condensed milk, sweetened, a cent and a quarter per lb. and 35 per cent.
Condensed milk, unsweetened, 20 per cent.
Murray's fluid magnesia, 50 per cent.
Fusil oil, $1.90 per imperial gallon.
Ground turmeric, 20 per cent.
Sulphate of Sodium, 20 per cent.
Jellyine, a preparation of corn starch, sugar, etc., a cent and a quarter per lb. and 35 per cent.
Rhubarb plants (roots), 20 per cent.

An Unconscious Catapaw.

Brown—I always make it a rule to conceal nothing from my wife; I tell her everything.

Jones—Yes, and I can't say that I like you for it.

Brown—How so? Why not?

Jones—Why, your wife tells everything you tell her to my wife, and my wife rakes me over the coals for it.

The Commercial Instinct.

What a Fool (admiringly to Jessamine)—I wish I had your teeth. Why, I'd give $250 for them.

Small Brother (in a stage whisper)—Sell 'em to 'im, sis!

A MARTYR FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

How Anthony Comstock is Persecuted for Righteousness Sake.

Anthony Comstock, of New York, last evening told how he had become a veritable martyr to the cause of suppression of vice. He spoke in the Delaware Avenue Baptist Church before an audience that, on account of the rain, was not large.

"No man in the country is more hated and despised by a certain class than I am," Mr. Comstock said, "yet I would not change places with any one in the whole world. Seventeen years ago I gave up my business as a merchant, which was large and flourishing, and abandoned my hope of being rich, to give myself to this work of saving the youth and purifying the morals of the people. The conspiracies and plots to take my life, to rob me of my honor and good name, and to impeach my veracity, I regard as nothing. Whether they be continued or not they shall not swerve me from my God-given task.

"I have been brought to death's door by assassins who have tracked me and sought to take my life. My blood has been shed for the cause; for weeks and weeks I lay sick from an injury inflicted by an assassin, who succeeded in severing four arteries in my face. Smallpox scabs have come by letter to my house, infernal machines have been sent to my office, and many other ways have been taken to injure me in body and to rob me of my good name, yet I thank God that He commissioned me to do this work, and that we have accomplished so much good already."

Mr. Comstock stated that during his 17 years' service as an officer of the State and a representative of the Society for the Suppression of Vice he had seized and destroyed the plates of 208 immoral books and demolished 5,000 negatives. He intended to increase that number before he went home, as he had some work to do in Buffalo and immediate vicinity. He would purify the local atmosphere of some of its death-dealing influences before he returned to New York. Mr. Comstock stated that some of the books seized when he first went into office had been published for 40 or 50 years. Some of them were so vile that he would not show them to the venerable brother who sat there before him were he and the speaker alone together. Mr. Comstock warned the parents that contaminating influences could come to their children right in their own homes through the mails. He advised parents to enter their children's rooms periodically and search their pockets for the death-dealing secret causes that lead them to ruin. The speaker asserted that he had traced the ruin of many a bright lad to dime novels and boys' story papers. He wanted these kept out of the hands of the youth. "They have sealed the ears of many a loving boy and girl against the entrance of the word preached from the sacred desk." Mr. Comstock did not want the children to see daily papers that published "sickening details of loathsome crimes, scandals and sensations, and he declared against Sunday papers, which, he said, give up almost all their space to matter of this kind.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Desperate Man.

Bagley had called on fifteen landlords, all of whom objected to leasing him their houses because he had children. At last he became desperate and resolved to have a house at any cost.

"Well," he said to landlord No. 16, "I guess I'll take this place."

"Pardon me, sir," said the landlord, "but have you any children?"

"Yes," sighed Bagley, "but I'll kill them."

Had No Husband.

New York Man (to an acquaintance)—I understand that your daughter is married.

"Yes."

"Do well?"

"Oh, yes; surpassed her mother's fondest dreams."

"I am pleased to hear it. (After a short silence) So she has a good husband, eh?"

"Oh, she has no husband at all. She married an Italian Prince."

Less Litigation Than Usual.

The actions entered on trial in the higher courts are nowadays much diminished in number, owing, no doubt, to the wholesome changes made in the administration of justice by the Ontario Judicature Act. By the provisions of this Act, legal business has been much decentralized, and many cases of a character which were required heretofore to be entered for trial are now disposed of by local officers.

"When Love Grows Cold."

(Story in six chapters.)

Chap. 1—First letter—Dear Miss Jinks.
Chap. 2—Second letter—Dear friend.
Chap. 3—Third letter—Darling.
Chap. 4—Fourth letter—Miss Jinks.
Chap. 5—Fifth letter—Madame.
Chap. 6—Breach of promise suit.

Prudence Followed Reflection.

Mrs. H., mistaking a mirror for a door and suddenly starting back.

Mr. H. (laughingly)—Why don't you through, my dear?

Mrs. H.—Upon reflection, I thought would better not.

Poor Fellow.

"My hands are awfully cold," said the pretty girl suggestively on the last quarter of a starlit sleigh ride.

"Why didn't you bring a muff with you?" asked the practical young man prosaically.

"I did?" she snapped, but she wouldn't explain where the muff had gone to, and he has been wondering ever since just what she meant.

Asking Too Many Questions.

At a foreign railway station—"Guard, can I smoke in this carriage?"

"No; it is against the rules."

"Then where do all these cigar ends on the floor come from?"

"From smokers who have not asked permission."

The New York conference of Christian Endeavor societies at Saratoga, reports 600 societies, with 80,000 members. The united societies of all the states number 7,692 with an aggregate membership of 485,000. In 1881 there were only two societies, with sixty eight members.

NORTHWEST NOTES.

Robert Gerrie, the proprietor of the Grand Union hotel, in evicting a man from his place was assulted, and received injuries which may lose him the sight of his right eye.

The *Sun* publishes the opinions of the editors of Manitoba on the subject of the abolition of the dual language and Separate schools. With the exception of the organs of the Catholic Church and of the *Free Press*, they unamiously support the Government policy.

Charles Beelsen and John Hubbard were indicted for having in their possession in Canada a chestnut mare and a bay horse which they had stolen from Wm. McCarthy, in Ramsay County, Dakota, and brought them into Canada. The prisoners had been confined in jail on the other side of the boundary line for horse-stealing, but they broke jail and escaped to Canada, stealing the horses in question on their way here. They were captured in the neighborhood of Crystal City by the deputy sheriff and his bailiff, assisted by the Mounted Police and some farmers, and were brought into Winnipeg. They both pleaded guilty and were sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

At Fort Saskatchewan, Constable Graham, of the police force, while handling a revolver, accidentally shot Constable Mansfield, who was standing near, in the thigh. Fatal results are not expected.

Mr. Costigan, Deputy Collector of Inland Revenue, has returned from Calgary, where he was looking into the recent spilling of 7,400 gallons of whiskey, shipped in beer barrels by a well-known city grocery firm, with a view of defrauding the department. Mr. Costigan says the matter is not yet ended, but Riley, the hotelkeeper, is to be punished.

In Manitoba yesterday the Real Property Act of 1889 went into force, placing the registration of land sales in the hands of three officers, located at Winnipeg, Portage Prairie and Brandon.

Can You Guess It?

Two E's and an I, an R and a P,
Put them together and then you will see
The name of the maker of of "G. M. D."

The letters spell Pierce, of course—Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo. G. M. D. means "Golden Medical Discovery," Dr. Pierce's guaranteed cure for Consumption, if taken in time, and for all bilious derangements, skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases. Have you a hacking cough, lassitude, low spirits, and other kindred symptoms. Take this remedy *now*, before it is too late. It is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or money paid for it will be returned.

Three Baby Winners.

The judge in the New York *Evening World* contest for beauty among infants has finally, after heroic efforts, picked out the three prettiest of the lot. The winner of the gold double eagle is 9 months' old August Ricardo Gatti; the winner of the second prize is John Benjamin Harrison Gazzo; the winner of the third is Lillie Foster. Baby Gatti and Baby Gazzo hate women and do not like to be kissed. Little Miss Foster is more naturally constructed. She is fond of gentlemen and shows already symptoms of coquetry. But the little boys will probably improve. They often change their views about kissing.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, bilious headache, and all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. One a dose.

Generous-Hearted Skimpy.

"Mr. Skimpy," said the Chairman of the Committee, "a number of gentlemen have subscribed five hundred apiece for the World's Fair Fund. Can we count on you for aid?"

"Why, certainly. When you get your Fair going I shall be very glad to buy a couple of tickets. Don't forget it, gentlemen."

$500, or a Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by enquiry, have offered, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is mild, soothing, cleansing, antiseptic, and healing. Sold by all druggists, at 50 cents.

A Vessel All the Same.

An old salt had just heard of the death of a captain under whom he had made many voyages.

"And what did he die of?" asked the old salt.

"Of the rupture of a vessel."

"And the right kind of death for a sailor, I tell you—at the post of duty," commented the old salt with much emphasis.

No Mere Phrase.

Everard Uppman—You shall have it promptly next Saturday. Mr. Scadds! I give you my word of honor!

Tom Scadds—All right! Drop it into this phonograph here!

All He Could Promise.

Dunn—When can you settle this account Mr. Short?

Short—Oh, come around next week.

"Will you pay me then?"

"I can't promise that exactly; but I can tell you then when to come again."

The budget was presented in the Swiss National Council to-day. Among the expenditures is an item of 9,000,000f. for renewing the rifles of the army.

DUNL 46 89

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

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Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

THE BALTIC CASE.

This case, which has attracted such universal attention, was tried in Owen Sound last week. The prisoners, Trip, Russell, McFadyen, Daggert, Backhause and Peilch were all found guilty of assault, and sentenced. the two first to one year in the Central Prison with hard labor, and all the others to six months in the same institution. The judge promised to look into the matter of intimidation of witnesses as reported of the captain by Constable Pearce. The sentence of this crew is looked upon as exceedingly light, but however light it may be it will have the effect of dettering others from indulging in criminal sport at the expense of a fellow man, or from constituting themselves a tribunal to mete out justice for fancied or real misdemeanors. We venture to state that in all, or nearly all of of the cases, the prisoners have had a lesson ground into them which they will remember equally as well as if their sentences had been five years each.

The bands of justice are tightening slowly but surely around the Cronin suspects in Chicago, and it is altogether probable that that city will again been treated, some of these days, to a hanging tournament which will put the Haymarket executions into the shade.

There is not to be a dissolution of the Ontario Legislature until another session has been held.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC.—There are few people in Canada who do not see this entertaining annual. It has just made its appearance for the eleventh year; and in many respects the new book is ahead of any predecessor. The illustrations are abundant; and all of the contents are of a very amusing character. A new feature is the calendar of "Remarkable Events," which runs through the year, and which, alone, is worth far more than the price. In this department it is certainly entertaining and helpful to be told the day and year when pancakes were invented, when the half-holiday agitation was started, or washing-day, instituted, or stolen sermons first used, or Frank Smith was ruined by the street railway (Jan. 15, 2006), or mother-in-law joke invented, or Chicago morally reformed A. D. 5000), or boot-jacks first used as a cat cure, or the streets of Toronto finally fixed or Friday discovered to be an unlucky day,—information on all of which, as illustrations may be found in the January calendar. And the other months are quite as communicative. This book contains 32 pages, and sells at all bookstores at the old price, 10 cents; or, send to publishers, Toronto, and receive the book post-paid by return mail.

General News.

Fort MacLeod, N.W.T., had the first snow of the season a week ago.

At Owen Sound on Saturday the trial of the Baltic prisoners on the charge of aggravated assault was finished. Russell and Tripp, who had pleaded guilty, were sentenced to a year in the Central Prison, and the four others to six months each.

The steamer Annie Watt, freight boat between Lion's Head and local points, was burned to the water's edge about three o'clock Friday afternoon at Winfield Basin. No lives lost.

The St. Petersburg *Svet* says China is arming her troops on the Russian frontier with repreating rifles, and the soldiers are being drilled by German officers.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation admitting Montana as a State of the Union.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

An Origiual Story of Great Local Interest.

The vast majority of men who become drunkards die drunkards. There have been exceptions—exertion of strong will power put into operation by some extraordinary circumstance which reveals to the victim the depth of his degradation and brings to life a sentiment which can no longer tolerate the fallen state into which he has been cast. The following story is a case in point. It shows how even a dumb animal may be instrumental in arousing the remorse and repentance necessary to a complete escape from the demon of drink. The names which we give are fictitious. Otherwise the story is a true one.

Joseph Goodwin, a farmer, lived some twenty-five or thirty years ago not many miles from Flesherton. He was one of the most intelligent men in that neighborhood, of keen perception, and possessed a mind of more than ordinary strength, and this latter quality was the cause of innumerable quarrels and "scrapes" when Joe was under the influence of liquor; which, too, was pretty often. In fact he had become what would be recognized to-day as an habitual drunkard. Joe had naturally a kind heart, and was admitedly a "fust rate nabur if he'd let licker alone." But it was poor Joe's misfortunate that he coud not let the "licker" alone. Wife and child might suffer and pray, weep and die of hunger, but the unnatural craving must be satisfied.

Joe had one constant companion in whatever he did and wherever he went. That companion was a big, intelligent, Newfoundland dog, who appeared to know that his master on certain occasions required his watchful care. The master, too, was well aware of this sad fact, and bestowed more affection upon his dumb dog Watch, than upon the poor, longsuffering wife in the little log "shanty" at home.

Farmer Breese, a neighbor of Joe Goodwin's, had a barn raising. Joe and his dog were present on that occasion to assist at the raising, and the former considered that as this was the first frame barn put together in his locality, it was a proper and fitting occasion to "jubilate," and accordingly filled up on the whisky (an indispensible article in those days) which was offered to the men as an incentive to work. To be sure Joe himself was not much of an assistant; in fact he was a hindrance, and was alternately laughed at and sternly requested to keep out of the way while others worked. Watch kept at his master's heels all the day, and received more than one kick for his pains. What brute nature is it commingled with our human nature which causes us to maltreat our well-meaning and truest friend, the dog? He is really the only product of nature which fully manifests the spirit of the Bible maxim, "If thy brother smite thee," etc., for he will turn and lick the hand that smites.

All had gone well until the last bent was being raised into position. It was just nearing the perpendicular, when something gave way. One, two pike poles broke, and the others could not sustain the heavy weight. There was a loud cry and every man jumped for his life. Where was Joe? when the cry was given to run, he was standing directly under where the bent would fall, half dazed with liquor and unable to run if he had wished to. When the men returned to seek his whereabouts they found him lying prone upon the ground, stunned, but uninjured. Not so with poor Watch. He was pinned to the earth with the heavy timber, broken, mangled, moaning piteously. He had jumped upon his master when the shout of alarm was given, knocking him down, but out of harm's way, and had himself been crushed into a helpless mass. When Joe Goodwin was brought to his senses a minute afterwards, and saw the guardian of his life lying mangled at his feet, the whole import of the awful tragedy rushed upon him and he cried like a little child. Stooping down to stroke the curly, dying head, he received the last act of devotion from his dumb martyr, who, even amid his moaning, turned and licked the hand of his master. In a few minutes thereafter a life went out which, for noble devotion, has never been excelled by any of God's creation. That was the great awakening in Joe Goodwin's life, and since then no drop of liquor has ever passed his lips. He has informed me personally that many times has the desire for strong drink come upon him with terrible strength, but the up-turned affectionate eyes of that suffering animal always came between him and the glass, and proved the great strength which enabled him to resist. Somewhere on the old farm, in a shady nook, a weather beaten piece of board still records the fact that

Here lie the remains of
Watch.
He saved his master's life
and soul
And then died. His work
was done.
He was faithful
unto death.

The lesson taught to his master by that noble brute bore fruit an hundred fold, and more especially in the home circle. A happy family was that of Joe Goodwin for many years; in fact the old couple are still as happy as the exigencies of life will allow them to be, with married sons and daughters, all prosperous and enenjoying the good things of the world. This story would be rather incomplete did we not inform our readers that Joe Goodwin is a resident of our own little village. Perhaps some of you have heard the story from his own lips. If so we trust that to such it will have lost none of its original charms by being retold in this public form.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The sportsmen of this vicinity had a shooting match on the 7th inst. The captains chosen were E. Rear and E. Baker. Volley after volley was heard throughout the day, but as evening drew near the village rung with the noise of many guns. The match was keenly contested throughout, but Rear's men gained the day, notwithstanding that Baker had two men the most. The score stood, Rear 3125, Baker 2880.

The wedding bells are still ringing around here. Mr. Thomas Hawkins and Miss Rebecca Ward of this place were united in the bands of matrimony on Wednesday of last week. Your cor. tenders them the best wishes for a happy future.

Mr. A. Williams and Miss Mary Baker, of Stayner, who has been visiting for some time in our village, returned on Friday last, accompanied by Mr. F. Thurston.

We are informed that a certain man who was living on the third line a couple of miles from here, left the vicinity between two days last week. There will be some mourners.

Mr. B. McKenzie has his new house almost completed, on the outside. It is a credit to the place, and we hope some more will follow suit.

Osprey Items.

Gleaned by our own Reporter.

Fine weather has given farmers ample opportunity to save their root crop.

Feversham is well supplied with general stores now, two having been added to the list this month.

The fifth of November was celebrated by the Orangemen of this locality, and a very successful teameeting and entertainment was held in the new hall the same evening.

Ira H. Perrigo was on the sick list last week, but is improving again.

Messrs. Inkster and Osborn have cleaned out the eighth line with their new thresher, and are now going to McIntyre settlement.

The Presbyterian manse, Maxwell, has received a thorough overhauling from top to bottom at a cost of three hundred dollars, which gives it quite an imposing appearance. A new stable has also been built. Quite a number of new roofs have been put on in different parts of the town, ready for winter.

Singhampton.

From our own Correspondent.

Wm. Pearson's woollen mills were destroyed by fire on Oct. 26. The fire is supposed to have caught in the dye room. Part of the stock was saved, but nothing could be done to save the building or machinery. Mr. Pearson's loss is $8,200; insured for $1,000. A large amount of wool, cloth and blankets were burned. The fire was a very hot one on account of the amount of oil consumed, and the illumination was plainly seen for a distance of fourteen miles.

Several sheep having been killed in this vicinity, some enterprising individuals set out poison, and since that time several dogs have turned their toes towards the blue ethereal skies It is to be hoped many others will dit-toe.

Miss Taylor has been engaged as head teacher for our public school. The present teacher, Mr. J.A. Brett, goes to Feversham.

A Court of the Canadian Order of Forsters was started here about five weeks ago, which is doing well.

Z. I. P.

Meaford Road.

From our own Correspondent.

The annual shooting match came off about two weeks ago. It was not as a whole a success.

Our councilman, Mr. J. Boland, has had a snow fence erected on Warling's hill. Mr. Warling was the builder.

Mr. S. Gilbert has bought a half acre of land from Mr. W. Hutchinson and is erecting a dwelling house thereon.

Markdale's Latest News.

From our own Correspoodent.

Mr. E. Roake, our popular and obliging baker, has sold out. He intends making his departure for Michigan soon.

The Revere Hotel has again changed hands, Mr. Finnerty having disposed of furnishings, fixtures, lease, license, etc., to Mr. Wm. M. Hughes, of Adjala township.

Union Thanksgiving services were held in the Presbyterian church, Nov. 7th, conducted by Rev. Mr. Buggin. The thankful ones turned out about 5o strong, percentage about equal on both bodies.

I am informed that the School Board meets on Thursday next to complete the teaching staff for the coming year.

The cheese factory are still holding their later makes of cheese, looking for improved prices, and they may take a drop.

The Mechanics' Institute have a fine directory lamp erected in front of their library and reading room. Open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. A good list of monthlies, weeklies, dailies and illustrated books and papers are now regularly on hand.

Merchant McFarland is now making a big shipment of oats to Winnipeg. Best white, for milling purposes.

Alex McDuffie, Tom Mercer, Rudd Mathews and John Beeton are arranging to leave next week for Chilliwhack, far away in Columbia "The British." All steady, energetic young men in the prime of life, they will succeed if brains and hard work prove elements of success out there.

The death of Robert Walker, sr., was very sudden, heart failure being the cause. He was an old pioneer in this section and was highly respected by all who knew him Mrs. Walker died some three years ago. A large family of sons and daughters are left, some of whom are settled near and on the old homestead.

LUX.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

Everybody seems to enjoy the fine weather we have had of late.

Since our last writing another wedding took place here. Mr. Jos. McDonald, head miller in McGowan's roller mill, and Miss Mary Henry, of the North Line, were married in St. Jerome's Church by Rev. Father Feeny, on 23rd Oct. We wish the young couple success.

The accident which happened to Mrs. J. McArthur on Hallowe'en, it is said, was caused by one of the boys throwing a stone at a dog.

Mrs. Kelley, mother of Mr. Stephen Kelley, of Irish Lake, was buried at the R. C. cemetery on the 30th.

Thanksgiving services were held in the Presbyterian church on Thursday last.

Some few days ago a number of boys, some of them living on front street, caught a few of their neighbors' cats and tied them with long cords and tortured some of them to death, and others were found next day still living. This is not the first time that cats and other dumb animals have been tortured in a shameful manner. The names of the offenders are all booked, and if this heathenish cruelty is attempted again the full vigor of the law will be applied.

Nearly 3 tons of hides were shipped from Durham to the tannery here last week.

Medical.

DR. CARTER,
M.C.P. & S., ONT.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
FLESHERTON.
Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G Hutton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's stor or Atkinson's Hotel.
Priceville, Nov. 19. 1888.

DRS. SPOULE & EGO.
MARKDALE ONT.
Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
T.S. SPROULE, M.D., etc. ANGUS EGO, M.D., etc.
late of Tottenham, Ont.
Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

J. P. OTTEWELL,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College,
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

Legal.

J. W. FROST,
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc.
FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE. SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
OWEN SOUND OFFICE, FROST'S BUILDING.

P. McCULLOUGH,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office, over McFarland's Store Markdale. Money to Loan.

Business Cards.

John W. Armstrong,
FLESHERTON, CO. GREY.
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in B. R., Conveyancer, &c. Agent for purchased sale of lands. Appraiser for C. L. C. C and F. P. B. & S. Society. Money to Loan on most reasonable terms. ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. NOTARY PUBLIC.

MONEY TO LOAN.
The Undersigned has a Large Amount of Money to Loan at 6½ o/o, ON TOWN OR FARM PROPERTY.
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Mr. Wm. Karstedt,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer
MATERIAL FURNISHED
Estimates given free. Ornamental Plastering a Specialty.
dence one door south of Advance Office.

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER, INSURANCE AGT, &C
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LEASES, &c., prepared and properly executed. Insurance effected in first-class companies. Money to lend at lowest rates.

R. J. Sproule,
POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.

Of Interest to every Wagon or

THIS ANTI-RATT

Because it is effective, durable, inexpensive. ends to tear the sponge any size coupling.

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Heard's Carriage Shop.

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GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

At least one family in this vicinity appreciates The Advance. No less than six brothers are subscribers, and all, with the exception of one, live within a radius of ten miles from Flesherton.

At the cattle fair on Monday there were quite a large number of cattle offered, but all were of very poor quality. Good fat cattle are a very scarce article in Artemesia just at present.

Bro. Fawcett, of the Streetsville Review, has had his veracity shaken. Sorry to hear it. We always believed A. R's veracity was unshakeable.

Hunters were plentiful but game scarce on Thanksgiving Day. Ten mighty huntsmen met at Cullen's lake about 2 p.m. and compared notes, when it was found that the whole crowd had only bagged one rabbit.

Quite a corpulent crowd visited the village on Monday, fair day. The most exciting event was a trotting match between horses belonging to Mr. Halleck Blue, of Collingwood, and James Best, Esq. Mr. Best came out Worst.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Prof. Loisette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

Auction sale of valuable farm stock and implements, on lot 32, con. 7, township of Artemesia, on Tuesday, Nov. 26th, commencing 1 p.m. Twelve month's credit on approved joint notes, or 8 per cent. discount for cash. R. J. Sproule, auctioneer, Richard Pedlar, proprietor.

Quarterly services were held in the church on Sunday last. On Monday afternoon the business meeting of the church showed finances to be in a prosperous condition. The only change made was the appointment of Mr. D. McMullen as steward in place of Mr. John Whitten, who had resigned.

Miss Zillah Trimble, daughter of Mr. W. Trimble, who has been residing with her grandparents on Manitoulin Island for the past year and a half, returned home last week. Miss Baskerville, her aunt, accompanied her home and will spend some time in Flesherton.

George W. LeGard—formerly a typo in the Flesherton Advance office and latterly of Dudley & Burns—has secured a good position on the Exeter Times. George is a bright, intelligent, and energetic young man, who will one day make his mark in the calling he has elected to pursue.—[Streetsville Review.

Money is scarce, and most loan companies have advanced their rate of interest to 7 per cent on real estate mortgages. S. Damude has a large amount to invest at 6½ per cent., and will be pleased to receive applications. Persons wanting to negotiate new loans or renew, will do well to call before the rate advances higher.

A gentleman without legs visited town on Tuesday, and interviewed our citizens generally. Whether he added much to his bank account or not The Advance did not learn. By the way these birds of passage are not as nearly extinct as the pigeon, judging by the number which have swooped down upon us during the past year.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

A Pleasing Event.

An unusually interesting matter will be disposed of in the Methodist Church at Kimberley on Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 6 o'clock p.m., when Mr. Henry Ellis and Miss Margart Lawrence, and Mr. William H. Stuart and Miss Elizabeth A. Ellis, all of Kimberley, will be united in marriage by the Rev. J.H. Watts. The parties interested are all old school mates of ye editor, and he sends the happy couples his heartiest congratulations. We understand that the doors will be open to friends of the contracting parties.

Returned.

Wm. Strain, Esq., wife and daughter, returned from Northern Dakota on Friday last. Mr. Strain was not at all highly impressed with Dakota's posibilities. He does not believe it to be a good agricultural country. Mr. S. also visited portions of Manitoba, and has the same story to tell of it. What with hail, frosts and drouth, he considers that Northern Dakota and Manitoba labor under the greatest of difficulties so far as grain raising is concerned. There is also as much or more poverty exhibited there than in any portion of Ontario, and this season many farmers will require to receive government aid. This is somewhat different to the glowing tales we are won't to listen to, and throws a little additional light on the subject which appears to have been carefully suppressed. We are sorry to learn that the trip did not benefit Mr. Strain's health to the extent hoped for.

Four Good Jokes.

A young man from this village attended a raffle about six miles from Flesherton one night recently. He started to walk home, and undertook to carry a live goose with him under his arm. In going down a hill he stumbled and fell and lost his goose. When he struck the gravel road, instead of turning westward he travelled towards the east, and after a long tramp reached Maxwell. When that young man discovered his whereabouts he talked out loud till the the air was blue around him, yanked off his boots, turned around and made a bee line for Flesherton in his sock feet and arrived home some time during the night. His socks are now for sale.

JOKE NO. 2.

A young lady, well known in Flesherton, walked into J.G Russell's jewelry store a couple of weeks ago with the object of getting repairs made to some jewelry. During the course of her visit she had occasion to admire a pair of elegant and costly earrings, and remarked jocularly that Mr. Russell should make her a present of them when she got married. As J.G. did not imagine that there was any immediate prospect of such an occurence he readily gave his consent. Imagine Mr. Russell's surprise when the earrings were claimed last week, just one week from the day he had promised them. An ordinary, weak little summer zephy could have knocked him over. Like a little gentleman, however, J.G. "penied up" and now laughs at the joke as heartily as anybody.

JOKE NO. 3.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day a large number of turkeys were placed on a certain resident's verandah, while being packed in boxes for shipment. The owner was doing the packing. Several young men decided that it would be a nice thing to secure one of those turkeys without paying for it, and accordingly laid their plans, which proved highly successful. Two of them entered the house, and while one engaged the owner of the turkeys in conversation the other stepped out upon the verandah "to spit" and quickly hoisted a big gobbler over the railing to confederates below. As the owner of the turkeys left with them on the following morning it is not known whether he has yet missed anything. A reporter of The Advance viewed the whole operation from across the street.

JOKE NO. 4.

The fourth and last joke kicked the wrong way. Some young men were returning from a shoot on Thanksgiving Day, and came across some ducks belonging to Mr. Ward Harrison. One of the crowd fired into the flock and keeled two of them over. Mr. Harrison discovered the guilty party and made him whack up two dollars for his fun.

Division Court.

Judge Lane held Division Court in the Town Hall, Flesherton, on Thursday last. Following we give a list of the most important cases which were tried, with the result :

The old timber difficulties were still on, there being five cases of garnishee for wages for getting out timber. The garnishees were discharged.

Sullivan v. Wolseley, A. Traynor garnishee, action for wages. Verdict for plaintiff.

Hoy v. Hoffman, action in replevin, adjourned on payment of costs within ten days, otherwise judgement.

Patterson Bros. v. Beatty, garnishee suit, in which W. Brownridge, W. H. Guy and Geo. Pallister were garnisheed. These parties admitted owing sums of $13, $16 and $10. Order for adjournment to have W. Beatty served as primary debtor.

Ryan *et al* v. M. and A. Kennedy, action brought to recover damages for a resale of sheep after bargain and been concluded. Verdict for plantiff for $5.25 without costs.

Ryan *et al* v. Dow, a similar action, was settled between the parties.

Adair v. Prossick, J. Mills, garnishee, judgment against defendant for amount of claim, and against J. Mills, garnishee, for $6.

Copeman v. Lazier, suit brought to recover balance of wages. Verdict, non suit.

Williams v. McInty, was adjourned.

Hannah v. Stewart, verdict for plaintiff.

Moore v. Armstrong, Geo Stewart, garnishee, discharged.

Out on the Plains

the wonderful virtues of Nasal Balm are known and appreciated. W. M. Armstrong of the mounted police, Fort Saskatchewan, writes :—I have been using Nasal Balm as directed and find it to be all you claim for it—"A Sure Cure for Catarrh, easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. It gave me relief from the first application. Everybody suffering from cold in the head or Catarrh should use Nasal Balm.

Companion Pictures.

Another handsome reminder of the continued enterprise of The Youth's Companion, the favorite family paper, has come to us in the form of a Colored Announcement Card, printed in fourteen colors. It is folded in the centre, and has on either cover companion pictures. Spring is represented by a beautiful maiden who is returning through the fields, her hands filled with trailing arbutus—that delicate spring flower which growes so plentifully in many localities. On the companion page, the farmer's daughter is pictured coming through the harvested grain, carrying a well-filled pitcher and basket. The bearer of the noon-day lunch is a welcome sight to the hungry reapers. The interior of the card contains an array of authors and articles for the coming volume unsurpassed by any paper. This beautiful Card is only an indication of the great enterprise of The Companion which has made it a National Family Paper, with more than 430,000 subscribers. Nowhere can there be obtained so much entertainment and instruction for so little money (only $1.75 a year). If you subscribe now you will receive the paper free to Jan. 1. 1890, and for a full year from that date. The publishers offer to send specimen copies and this colored announcement card free. Address The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

To Our Subscribers.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenominal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when sending for treatise.*

Dr. Sinclair

M. D. L.C.P.S.O., L.C.P.S.M.

The Great Scottish Specialist

—OF—

TORONTO.

Specialist for the Treatment of

All Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain & Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and diseases of Women positively treated successfully

Consultation Free.

Dr. Sinclair will be at Flesherton **on Thursday, Nov. 28th.**

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

The editor of the Mt. Forest Confederate complains that some one is stealing his cordwood. This we presume is but a ruse to assist himself in collecting subscriptons.

A man attempted to shoot a respectable farmer and his wife, who live not far from Stayner, but was prevented by a third party. The Sun says "the names are suppressed, as the aggrieved party has reasons for not prosecuting !"

Hard on O'Connor. The Bruce Herald says that the rumor of the approaching local elections is verified by the appearance of Mr. O'Connor at church on Sunday last.

Are you made miserable by indigestion constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite yellow skin ? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For Sale at the Medical Hall.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

MONEY FOR ALL

WANTED—A good energetic man or men, to sell our Fruit Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Ornamentals, etc. **Permanent employment.** Write at once for terms, and secure choice of territory. We sell only first-class stock, handsome outfit free. Address **MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.**

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In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions o people in all parts of the globe who have actually studie this System by correspondence, showing that his System is used *only while being studied, not afterwards; that any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address

Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y

NOTICE !

We hereby forbid any person or persons giving to any party or parties any credit in our name as we will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any party or parties after this date.

JOHN HAZARD,
GERVAS HAZARD,
Flesherton Station.

Dated this 5th day of November, 1889.

MORTGAGE SALE

—OF—

Farm Property

BY MR. R. J. SPROULE, AUCTIONEER.

On Saturday, November 23rd, '89,

2 o'clock in the afternaon

—AT—

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, FLESHERTON,

Of east half of lot 3, concession 9, township of Osprey, County of Grey, 50 acres.

This farm is situated near Maxwell P. O. about 9 miles from Flesherton on the C P R. and 20 miles from Collingwood on the G.T.R., in a well settled part of said Township of Osprey The soil is gravelly loam. For terms and conditions of sale apply to

R. J. SPROULE, Auctioneer, Flesherton. or BIGGAR & LEE, Canada Life Chambers, Hamilton, Ont.

9th Nov., 1889. Vendor's Solicitors

House & Lot for Sale

Good house and lot for sale, next Baptist church, Flesherton. House contains four rooms. Splendid lot. Terms very low. Apply to DAVID TAYLOR.

Flesherton, Nov. 2, 1889.

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CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

NASAL BALM

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time* neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT

Beware of imitations similar in name

Teacher Wanted

A teacher holding a 3rd class certificate to teach in U S S No 1, Artemesia and Euphrasia, duties to commence 6th January, 1890. Apply, stating salary to HUGH WALTON, Eugenia P O

Strayed.

2 year old heifer strayed, color, dark red with white spots, one spot near the shoulder shape of a horse shoe, one horn disfigured by having been knocked off. Any one giving information of her, or returning her, will be paid for the trouble, and oblige WM. HOGG, Flesherton Station.

For Sale or to Rent.

Having concluded to retire from farming, the undersigned has decided to offer for sale or to rent his first-class hundred-acre farm, one and a quarter miles south of the village of Flesherton, on which are erected good buildings, including a splendid bank barn. If sold only a small payment will be required down, the balance in easy payments. For further particulars apply to THOS. MORROW, Flesherton P.O.

Highest Market Price

in cash will be paid for any quality of

Hides, Sheep-Skins and Tallow.

S. DAMUDE,

Flesherton Tannery.

FARM TO RENT.

For a term of years. Being lots No. 183 and 184, second range north of the T & S. Road, Artemesia, containing over fifty acres of cleared land, free from stone and mostly clear of stumps, and well adapted for either grain or grazing purposes. Good chance for a good man. An inspection of the place solicited. Apply to T. M. POWERS, Kirby P.O., or to ANDREW CARR, Flesherton P.O., Ont

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twelve years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to JAS. BEECROFT, Flesherton P O

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I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Main St.

A complete stock of tinware always on hand in my new premises.

REPAIRING, PAINTING, GRAINING, KAVETRACING, Etc. done as heretofore. I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends and customers to call and see me in my new shop, I remain

JAS. SULLIVAN.

THE CRONIN TRIAL.

Witnesses From the Inner Circle of the Clan-na-Gael.

CLOSING IN THE NET.

Cronin Was Suspected of Being a Spy—The Jury Carefully Guarded.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday says: At the opening of the court in the Cronin trial this morning State's Attorney Longenecker asked for an attachment for Edward Spellman, of Peoria, the district officer of the Clan-na-Gael. Mr. Longenecker said Spellman had been served with a subpœna, and had agreed to come when called for. Two telegrams has been sent to him, but he had not responded. The attachment was issued.

A VERY SECRET TRIANGLE.

The first witness was Dennis O'Connor. He testified that he was a member of Camp 20, Clan-na-Gael. At a meeting of the camp on Feb. 8th the witness said he heard Thomas O'Connor state that he had heard read in Dr. Cronin's camp the minority report of the committee to try the executive body of the order. The names of the members of the executive body were not mentioned, and witness said he never knew who composed the triangle. Then it was voted to appoint a committee to go up to Dr. Cronin's camp and investigate the matter of the minority report which Dr. Cronin had read.

THE CAMP RECORD BOOK.

Patrick Nolan, Financial Secretary of Camp 20, produced his record book, and from it testified as to the numbers borne by Coughlin, Cooney, O'Sullivan, Beggs and Burke. Witness further testified that he was present at a meeting of the camp on the night of May 3rd, the day preceding Dr. Cronin's death; that Beggs presided; that there was a call for the report of the Secret Committee appointed February 8th, and that Beggs replied that the committee was to report to him alone. Witness said that on the Sunday following Dr. Cronin's disappearance he met Burke and Cooney about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in a saloon. This was before witness knew of Cronin's disappearance. They went to another saloon and played cards for a couple of hours.

AN ORGANIZATION "RUN BY ROGUES."

The next witness was Captain Thomas F. O'Connor, who created excitement in Camp 20 on the night of February 8th by saying he had heard read in Dr. Cronin's camp a report of the committee that tired the triangle. Captain O'Connor said Andrew Foy was the first man to speak. Foy arose in his place in the camp and addressed the Senior Guardian, and stated that he arose under a terrible strain, that after the disclosures of Le Caron in London the organization, as an organization, was no more. That there were four British spies in the organization, and that it should be reorganized, and every one that was in the organization who had the slightest taint or suspicion attached to him should be expelled, "I," continued the witness, "arose and stated that I was not surprised at hearing the gentleman talk as he had done; that I knew by positive information that the organization was run by a parcel of rogues known as our executive body; that they had squandered our funds even to the extent of $100,000, and not alone that, but they had sent our best men across to England to have them put behind the bars. I stated positively that Le Caron was an agent of our executive body and received pay from them. At the moment I was interrupted by three brothers with a demand to tell where I got my information. I did not like the first brother who spoke to me, and I said, 'You demand nothing,' when there were two or three other brothers who joined in the demand and there was a general uproar, so I turned around to the Senior Guardian and I said to him, 'If the Senior Guardian demands of me where I got my information I will tell him.' He did not say anything. Then there was more uproar. I turned a second time and a third time, and said if the Senior Guardian would demand where I got my information I would tell him. Then I stated I had heard a terrible report of the trial committee in Buffalo, and that I had also seen a written report, 800 pages of closely written long hand, about the trial, and that I was positive of my statement. At that instant Dan Coughlin, member of the camp, arose and said, 'Mr. Guardian, I move you that a secret committee of three be appointed to find out the source of Captain O'Connor's information.' These were his words. Then there was some one else on his feet, and the Senior Guardian rapped the camp to order, as it was such a tumultuous time, such turmoil, and somebody spoke, and he said, 'I will hear no more of this subject, and I will appoint a committee.'"

"Who was the Senior Guardian at this time?"

"John F. Beggs."

THE TRIAL COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

On cross-examination Captain O'Connor said he did not say in his speech of February 8th that Cronin read the report of the trial of the triangle, nor did he say in what camp it was read. He said that after he was subpœnaed to appear before the coroner's jury he met Beggs, and asked him if he should disclose the secrets of the organization. Beggs told him to go ahead, as they were already public property. The witness said he had heard of the "Inner circle" as applied to the executive body, but never in connection with individual camps. O'Connor said he had been at work on the Cronin case without pay up to September 26th, when he was appointed a policeman.

On re-direct examination it was brought out that there were five or six members of Camp 20 present when the witness made his speech on February 8th who were in the other camp when the report regarding the triangle trial was given, and were therefore cognizant of the facts as to the camp in which it was given and who gave it. He explained it was a verbal, not a written report. There were eighteen or twenty members of Camp 20 in the other camp when the report was made. That report, said he, was made by the late Dr. Cronin, in Cronin's camp. Subsequently Cronin showed the witness the written report.

The next witness, Henry Owen O'Connor, a member of Camp 20, described the proceedings at the meetings of February 8th and 22nd without bringing out any new points. At a subsequent meeting, however, he said Dan Coughlin came to him and said information had been received in Chicago that a confederate of LeCaron was in the organization, and indications pointed to Dr. Cronin as the man. The witness stopped him at that point.

THE TRIANGLE DENOUNCED.

Police Officer John M. Collins testified that he had been a member of Camp 20. He said that at the reunion given by 22, Dick Powers and Pat McGarry made speeches denouncing the triangle. Then Beggs said this tirade against the triangle and Alex. Sullivan must cease or there would be war. That Sullivan had many friends there.

Patrick McGarry, Senior Guardian of the Clan-na-Gael Camp in Lakeview, instituted by Dr. Cronin, and of which Dr. Cronin was a member, was the next witness. He described the reunion meeting on Feb. 22nd, without adding material information, and he told of a visit he made to the house of O'Sullivan on the Sunday following Dr. Cronin's death. He there questioned O'Sullivan very closely about his contract with Dr. Cronin to treat his men in case of accident, and described the twitching of O'Sullivan's moustache.

HOW THE JURY FARE.

The county furnishes the jury with seven rooms and a private dining room. One of the seven apartments is used as a reception room, where the wives of the jurymen occasionally visit them in the evening. Another apartment is used as a smoking room, and still another is used for a general sitting room. In the latter are kept the piano and other musical instruments. There is also considerable gymnastic apparatus, such as dumb-bells, Indian clubs, pulley-weights, etc. Both the gymnasium and piano are furnished by Juror North.

The only papers the men are allowed to read are the New York illustrated weeklies, which are first carefully looked over by the bailiffs, who cut out all the references to the Cronin case. Four times a day the jurymen form in line and march two by two to and from Judge McConnell's court room. This peculiar procession does not fail to draw a crowd, and usually by the time the line reaches its destination it has grown to twice its former size.

PEORIA, Ill., Oct. 31.—Edward Spellman, the prominent distiller and District Delegate of the Clan-na-Gael, who is wanted in Chicago as a witness in the Cronin trial, has disappeared. Nobody seems to know where he is.

The Trial Progressing.

A Chicago despatch says: When the Cronin trial was resumed to-day, counsel for the defence moved to strike out all of that part of Patrick McGarry's evidence given yesterday, in which McGarry described his visit to the house of defendant O'Sullivan after Cronin's murder, and at which time he questioned O'Sullivan about his contract with Cronin. After argument it was decided to postpone a decision on the point till this afternoon, in order to allow counsel time to present authorities.

George Reilly, a barkeeper, was called. He testified that in the latter part of March Coughlin, O'Sullivan and others were in the saloon talking politics when Coughlin said a certain North side Catholic was talking too much, and that if he did not keep his mouth shut he would get the worst of it.

The State's Attorney sought to introduce the correspondence between Beggs and Spellman. Mr. Foster, attorney for Beggs, said he was ready to admit anything that Beggs ever wrote, but that he could say nothing about letters written by any one else. So the matter went over, pending the appearance of Spellman.

W. P. Hatefield, salesman for Revell & Co., told of selling to "J. B. Simonds" the furniture taken to the flat at No. 117 Clark street, and subsequently conveyed to the Carlson cottage. The only new point developed was that Simonds said the furniture was "for temporary use."

THE BLOOD-STAINED TRUNK IN COURT.

The trunk in which Cronin's body was carried away was brought into court. Hatefield testified that it was similar to the one sold to Simonds. On cross-examination he said he could not swear it was the identical trunk, because the firm kept such on hand always, and perhaps other dealers did also. It came out that Mr. Forest, of counsel for the defence, had bought such a trunk from the witness. Witness could not swear positively that the furniture in the Carlston cottage was the same furniture sold to simonds, but he said it was precisely like it.

FORMER ATTACKS ON CRONIN.

After recess the jury was excluded and the matter of striking out McGarry's evidence as to what was said during this visit to O'Sullivan's house on the Sunday following the murder was taken up. The court finally decided to exclude all the talk regarding a former attack on Dr. Cronin. This was not satisfactory to the defence, and another flow of eloquence resulted. Finally the cross-examination of McGarry was resumed.

"Major" John W. Sampson afterwards testified that about two years ago Coughlin tried to hire him to "slug" Dr. Cronin. The witness, on cross-examination, admitted that Coughlin had arrested him three or four times, once for robbery, that he had been convicted of passing counterfeit money, that he was a gambler by profession, but denied that he followed Mr. Blaine through Michigan when he was making speeches last fall, or Governor Hill, or Senator Thurman for the purpose of picking pockets. He said he went to some of these places for the purpose of securing sporting privileges. He naively explained that he was "playing de shells," which is a variation of what is known as three-card monte.

THE AUTHORITIES WERE WATCHING.

William Lynn said he was with Sampson at the time that Coughlin and Sampson had a conversation, the purport of which he did not hear.

Joseph C. O'Keefe, Dr. Cronin's tailor, said he attended a meeting of Camp 20 in September, 1888. After the meeting he had a conversation with Beggs about Cronin and Alexander Sullivan. The witness said: We spoke first in reference to the union of the two rival factions of the Order. Beggs said he did not have much confidence in the new Executive. Then the Trial Committee was discussed, and he said Cronin was not the proper man to put on the committee to try Alexander Sullivan. I said Cronin did not have as unsavory a record as James Rogers, of Brooklyn, another one of the Trial Committee. Beggs then said Cronin had admitted Coughlin as a member of Camp 96 without a formal initiation, and had furnished him with passwords. I told him Cronin was too sincere a patriot to do anything of that kind. I said I would ask Cronin in reference to it. Beggs then said Cronin was not a fit man to belong to Irish societies.

On cross-examination it was brought out that Beggs objected to Cronin's being on the committee to try the Triangle because he was an enemy of Alexander Sullivan.

Cornelius Flynn, who was with Beggs and O'Keefe, corroborated O'Keefe's testimony. Several other witnesses gave unimportant testimony and the court adjourned until to-morrow.

An afternoon paper says that soon after the disappearance of Cronin the State put spies upon Camp 20, and a man concealed in the hall during some of its meetings took notes of its proceedings.

Among the visitors in the court-room to-day was Mr. Wm. Glass, of London, Ont., Sheriff of Middlesex county.

A Winnipeg despatch of Thursday says: George Baker, Assistant State's Attorney, of Chicago, drove out to Stony Mountain to-day, accompanied by Mr. H. M Howell, and had a talk with Gillette, the imprisoned forger. Gillette gave a detailed account of Burke's confession to him and other prisoners. There were some new points of interest. Gillette said that Burke continually insisted on making confidants of him and the other prisoners, and often cried like a child over the murder. He told how Dr. Cronin was lured to the Carlson cottage and slugged, and repeated the story wired yesterday. Cronin was attacked while entering the cottage, and made a greater fight than his assailants expected.

It has been ascertained from other sources that Burke had a narrow escape from assassination at the hands of the Clan-na-Gael before his arrest in Winnipeg. A letter has been found which was posted at East Selkirk shortly after the murder, referring to Burke, in which the writer said he would carry out the instructions of the order, but insisted on having his own way and time, if he was to succeed in getting rid of Burke. This shows that Burke was to have been assassinated while travelling to Liverpool. Burke had a couple of Fenian friends in Winnipeg, who secreted a mysterious tin box for him. This contained Cronin's clothes, which were of the finest make. There is no doubt, from Gillette's statements, that the contradictions as to the disposal of Cronin's body after the murder are easily explainable.

Mr. Baker had an interview with Heffer yesterday afternoon, but he is pretty well convinced that this man knows nothing but what he has picked up on the street or from persons who visited him while in jail. Gillett is the only man who is at all likely to tell a story which would go down with a jury, but Mr. Baker is very much afraid that his removal from the penitentiary to a Chicago witness box would be a difficult matter. Baker hopes to get away to-morrow morning.

Germany Must Sleep in Armor.

A Berlin cable of Wednesday says: During the debate on the budget in the Reichstag to-day Herr Vernors refuted a statement made by Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, that Russia is Germany's hereditary foe. The Sovereigns, he said, are united in desiring peace, and he hoped their efforts to maintain it would be successful.

Herr Von Bennigsen said Germany's position in Europe compelled her to wear heavy armor, and she would stake everything to enable her to wage a possible war victoriously. He favored the appointment of an Imperial Minister of Finance with undivided responsibility.

Dr. Windthorst indicated the willingness of the Centre party to grant money for defences if necessary. It is rumored the Centreists will introduce a motion providing for the exemption from military service of candidates for the ministry of all denominations up to the age of 26, and for the total exemption of ordained ministers.

A "Jerry" Building Collapses.

A Paterson, N.J., despatch says: A large new three story brick dwelling, nearly completed, and owned by Charles C. Farmer, fell at Passaic City to-day with a terrific crash, burying sixteen workmen. Everyone about the place was more or less injured. The workmen were dug out of the debris by hundreds of rescuers, and carried to a near-by cottage, which was temporarily converted into a hospital. Three are not expected to recover. The scene around the improvised hospital is pitiful. The owner of the building is severely condemned, as it was a Budensiek affair.

Serious Results of the Bomb Explosion.

A Franklin, Pa., despatch says: The bomb explosion at the Galloway schoolhouse on Friday, by which so many school children were injured, is having more serious results than expected. The explosion was the result of criminal carelessness on the part of two young men, who filled a gas pipe with giant powder and allowed the children to play with it. Over thirty children were in close proximity. Eighteen were injured. Seven are in a critical condition, and it is thought four will die. The men are under arrest.

A Young Murderer.

A Plymouth, Mass., despatch of Thursday says: The Grand Jury to-day found a bill against Joseph Debarros, of New Bedford, for manslaughter. Debarros, is the 8-year-old Portuguese boy who last September was charged with causing the death of a playmate in a cranberry bog in Plymouth by stabbing him with a jack-knife. He was tried in the district court and discharged. It is not known whether the boy is in this country now or not.

The body of Balloonist Walrath, who was lost in Otsego, lake, N. Y., September 24, was secured Tuesday afternoon twenty feet from where the parachute was found.

BRIDES IN COTTON BAGGING.

An Anti-Jute Double Wedding at the Piedmont Exposition.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch gives fuller particulars of the double public wedding as follows: Henry W. Grady gave away two brides, giving each a sounding smack upon the lips. Governor Gordon, who was standing near, followed suit, and the crowd yelled itself hoarse. All this occurred at the Piedmont Exposition. It was Alliance day, and the central event was the double marriage of enthusiastic young Alliance men, the bridal party being arrayed in suits of cotton bagging as a symbol of their contempt for the Jute Trust. There was a magnificent pyrotechnic display on the grounds at night. The grounds are almost large enough for a world's fair, but they were covered with people. There are eighty thousand Alliance men in Georgia, and it seemed as if every one was on hand with his family. As Jones, Livingstone, Polk and Gordon spoke there were cries of "Bring on the brides," and when at last the speakers' stand was cleared and the band struck up a wedding march the crowd went wild. The stand was between the grand stand and the race track. At a given signal the two bridal parties came up. Each pair were seated in a carriage draped in cotton bagging and flags, drawn by four white horses, which were covered with the cotton bagging. The two carriages were headed by bands, and at the stand was another. The bridal carriages were followed by others, some of them being the finest private turnouts in Atlanta. Mr. Grady and the directors of the exposition received them at the stand and two eminent divines stood ready to perform the marriage ceremony. Both brides were good looking—one of them particularly so. The grooms were rather plain looking. The gowns of the brides were trimmed with satins and laces until they looked quite well, but the cotton bagging suits of the men were rather "jay." There was nothing particularly distinctive about the ceremonies, except the comment of the crowd. After it was over there were congratulations, and then the show was made particularly interesting by a contest between the cotton bagging cowboys and the jute Indians, the cotton boys winning, of course.

The persons married are Mr. Walker Downs, a Newton county merchant, and Miss Mamie Winburn, of Conyers, and Mr. Henry R. Wells and Miss Alice Whaley, of Gwinnette county. They will be given a reception to-morrow at the grounds, when they will be presented with the gifts which have been sent by all the exhibitors at the exposition and merchants from all over Georgia. Governor Gordon was booked to perform the marriage ceremony. An investigation of the law, however, made by Chief Justice Bleckley, revealed the fact that the Governor had no authority to officiate. In the emergency Rev. Dr. Barnett, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, and Rev. C. H. Morrison, pastor of the First Methodist Church, were substituted. A remarkable scene occurred in the city on Whitehall street an hour later. As the bridal procession was returning the proprietor of a leading dry goods house offered them $50 each if they would eat dinner from a table placed in the show window. The proposition was accepted and thousands of people packed the street to watch the strange wedding feast.

A notable incident of the speechmaking was the presentation of a substitute for bagging by President Livingstone, of the Georgia State Alliance. He said: "If we admit for the sake of argument that the fight against jute has been a failure, it has done one thing—it has developed the genius of the South. I hold in my hand a piece of cotton bagging made from common stalk and a piece of rope made from the same stalk. It can be sold for four cents a yard and weighs two pounds to the yard. (Prolonged applause.) The farmer can come to Atlanta, buy a few castings and make the machine at home with which to manufacture this bagging. He can manufacture it in the winter and in wet weather. It will be worth $1,000,000 to the South. When the farmer learns to produce the necessaries of life at home and not send to Illinois and the Northern States for them he will cease to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water. The farmers don't seek to oppress the merchant or manufacturer, but merely to lead them into the channels of legitimate trade."

He closed by saying: "Let the farmers of the South produce what they consume, save money, educate their children, and when the boys and girls grow up to manhood and womanhood marry them in cotton bagging."

How the Burglar Was Fooled.

A Chicago despatch says: A burglar entered the residence of Gen. M. High on Monday night, and, seeing his image in a large mirror, supposed it was another man, and so drew his revolver and blazed away at it. Mr. High and his family were at dinner on the floor below, and were startled by the shooting and the noise of breaking glass. Mr. High grabbed a poker and headed a procession up the stairway, but when the room was reached nothing was found but the broken mirror and an open window.

Progress at Nicaragua.

A San Juan del Sur despatch says: The Nicaragua Government is disposed to found a city to be called America at the Atlantic terminus of the Nicaragua Canal. Engineers have gone to San Juan del Norte to survey the locality and set off building lots.

Great enthusiasm prevails over a new gold field discovered along the banks of the Prince Pulka River, 170 miles from San Juan del Norte. The field covers an area of several square miles.

A TWENTY dollar gold piece is offered by the New York *World* to the person who will send it the best recipe for keeping a husband at home evenings. The necessity for some such recipe is evident to all. Business, the club, the theatre and the lodge prevent a large number of men from enjoying the society of their wives during the long winter evenings and if the *World* can find a recipe to remedy this evil and give the lonely wives an opportunity to again become acquainted with their husbands they will confer a lasting favor upon the wives at least.

A LITTLE CHURCH "SCRAP."

A Methodist Parson Yanked Out of a Catholic Pulpit—Mob Law Prevails.

A Topeka, Kan., despatch of Thursday says: Adjutant-General Roberts received a telegram to-day from the Mayor of Axtell asking that militia be sent at once to quell a riot there. General Roberts ordered out Company "G" of the Third Regiment at Marysville, and left on the first train for the scene. Only meagre particulars have been received. Axtell, a town of 700 people, is settled largely by Roman Catholics. On Wednesday a Methodist minister named Johnson, from the eastern part of the State, arrived at Axtell to hold a revival meeting. In the audience were a number of Catholics. The minister assailed the Catholic Church so abusively that a Catholic present called him a liar. He continued his remarks, and four Catholics rushed to the pulpit, and taking the preacher by the collar threw him down. In a moment the pulpit was surrounded by an angry mob, and a general row ensued. Although the Catholics were in the minority they were too much for the Methodists, and succeeded in throwing the preacher and two others out of the house. The whole town was soon aroused. Four Catholics were arrested and put in the city prison. This enraged the Catholic population, and they organized this morning to assist their imprisoned associates. The town of St. Bridget, a few miles distant, is settled entirely by the Catholics, and it is reported the whole town is organizing to go to the rescue of the Axtell Catholics. The Mayor says he is powerless to control the mob and fears a conflict between the two elements.

ATHENS EN FETE.

Emperor William Visits a British Man-of-War and Talks Some.

An Athens cable of Wednesday says: A state ball was given at the palace last night which was attended by 3,000 guests. The Royal and Imperial personages present marched in procession through the ball-room. Emperor William, escorting the Queen of Greece, led the march. They were followed by the King of Greece and the Empress of Germany, the Czarowitz and the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Sparta and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and Prince Henry of Prussia and his sister, Princess Sophie, the bride of the Duke of Sparta. There were only three dances. Emperor William to-day paid a visit to the British fleet in the Pirœus.

Emperor William took luncheon to-day on board the British flagship Dreadnaught. In responding to a toast to his health he expressed his pleasure and pride at being created an Admiral of the fleet by Queen Victoria. From his boyhood, when he rambled in Portsmouth dockyard, he had taken the deepest interest in the fleet. "I congratulate you," he said, "upon the result of my inspection. To-day Nelson's famous signal is no longer necessary. You all do your duty. We, as young naval nations, come to England to learn from the first navy in the world." In concluding he asked for three cheers for the English navy. The German officers heartily responded. Emperor William will start for Constantinople to-morrow afternoon. The British and German fleets will escort him from the Pirœus.

HARDSHIPS OF THE SEA.

Disabled Vessels and Starving Crews Left to Their Fate.

A New York despatch of Monday night says: The Old Dominion steamship Wyanoke, which arrived here from Norfolk to-day, reports that yesterday, off the Delaware Capes, the schooner J. G. Morse, of Portland, Maine, was spoken dismantled and disabled. Her captain said the larger part of his crew had been washed overboard, and his vessel was unable to reach port. The mate had died of exposure. The captain and two sailors were the only ones on board, and they were all sick and scarcely able to work. Captain Humphrey, of the Wyanoke offered to take the schooner in tow, but the schooner's captain declined his offer. He asked that enough men be given him to take his vessel into port. Captain Humphrey was unable to comply with the request. A lifeboat was sent with provisions to the schooner, but the sea was so rough that the attempt to reach her was abandoned and the vessel was left to her fate. Five miles further north the Wyanoke spoke two disabled Italian vessels. The barque Western Belle, from Ivilo, 197 days out, arrived here to-day dismantled. Four of her crew were disabled by injuries received during rough weather.

Courteous Chinese.

Principal Grant says that the Chinese idea of courteous treatment is carried into every walk and phase of life. He would rather travel in a third class car in China or Japan than in a second class here, because there a traveller is never, never annoyed by tobacco chewers, smokers, swearers or other coarse and offensive habits. He was introduced at certain places as the head of a university, with ever so many scholastic degrees attached to him, and thus received a personal application of their reverence for learned men. The profoundest salaams were made to him, the choicest tea was brewed for his refreshment, and he was honored in other ways. He described the tea as something delicious and exhilarating, not at all like what is in use here. Nothing is put in to flavor or modify it. But it is very dear, being worth there $5 a pound.—*Kingston Whig.*

Room at the Top.

There is always room at the top. Some men drudge along as college presidents on $4,000 or $5,000 a year, but Anthony Hamilton, who was the most successful jockey in the past season, has just accepted an offer to ride for Mr. August Belmont in the coming year for a salary of $10,000, which is as much as Mr. Vanderbilt paid his imported French cook, or as a crack baseball player can make by earnest and conscientious attention to his profession.—*Boston Pilot.*

He Had Heard of Them.

Gazzam—I saw the ghost of a cow last night.

Simeral—O nonsense. Cows have nothing of the kind.

"Yes they have. I have often heard of animal spirits."—*Time.*

DR. TALMAGE'S ENGLISH COUNTERPART.

Singularly Impressive and Winning Pulpit Manners of Dr. Newman Hall.

This tall, broad-shouldered man, who stands in the pulpit of Christ Church, Lambeth, says a London letter to the New Orleans *Times*, is Newman Hall. To my mind he is as good an actor as there is on the English stage, and an orator who would make himself famous in the Commons in a night. The church is crowded. It is always so. It is a rather imposing-looking structure, to which a great many Americans go, and they are always repaid for their trouble.

Unlike the experience at Spurgeon's or at the City Temple, the visitor is always provided with a seat. There is nothing especially noteworthy about the service or the people who attend it, or the location of the church, to draw visitors over Westminster bridge; but those who like a clear, simple, ringing sermon from the lips of an orator who knows how to use his voice and his arms as well, go there often, and are never disappointed.

It makes little difference what text he selects or what the subject, there is always a vigorous handling of it and a Niagara of thought that will take the average man the remainder of the week to digest.

In manner he recalls Depew. He is quite as graceful, and his words flow as easily as do those from the lips of that charming orator. Now he speaks in an entreating, fatherly way, then when he comes to some important point in his discourse he raises his voice, bends over his pulpit, looks steadily at his people, and shakes his long, bony finger for a minute or two at them and repeats the sentence over and over again. There will be a pause of an instant and then he will jump back a foot or two, draw himself up to his full height and shake the rafters of the church by his denunciations of sin and the devil.

Dr. Hall uses no notes and never refers to his Bible. He has everything at his fingers' ends. There is no hesitation for a word. They flow as freely as a running stream. Twenty-five minutes are consumed by the sermon, and then when he comes to his last prayer he throws himself on his knees, holds his face in his hands and sobs like a child as he pleads for mercy for his people. There is a tear in his eye, and among the audience men and women are using their handkerchiefs freely. His voice rises and falls in agony of grief, and every one within sound of it is moved by his earnestness.

When the prayer is over the organ peals forth, the choir boys sing and the preacher steps forward to deliver his benediction. He raises his hands and holds them in the air as he tells his people that upon the conclusion of the service there will be an outdoor meeting, which all are invited to attend.

Those who wait to see will find the tall figure of the great preacher standing in the midst of three or four hundred men and women in the evening twilight as they are singing and praying. There is a crowd in the streets, and few persons seem to be afraid to venture near enough to hear the service. Those Mr. Hall goes to himself, takes them kindly by the hand, speaks a word or two of encouragement and brings them over to the meeting.

Behold How They Love One Another.

The action of a neighboring Episcopal congregation in reducing the salary offered their minister to $1 per annum, and the tactics adopted by the Anti-Federationists in the Methodist Church, as well as a good deal that takes place in many other quarters may tempt people to ask whether professing Christians can afford to denounce politician in the savage terms in which they are often denounced by many who lay claim to very superior piety. Supposing a lively politician should present the world with a graphic account of all the church quarrels, clerical scandals, cases of discipline, clerical suspensions, depositions and other matters of that kind that have taken place in Canada during the last year!—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Baltimore Apple Bread.

Make a nice dough for sweet rusks, as they are known in New England, or buns, as they are known elsewhere. When this dough is very light, roll it out into two good-sized cakes about half an inch thick, and spread one with stewed apples, place the other over it, and let it rise for half an hour, then bake it in a good oven. As soon as it is done spread some stewed apples over the top, add plenty of sugar, bits of butter and nutmeg, and set the cake back in the oven for the sugar to form a coating. Serve hot or cold.

Stopped the Clock.

Dentist (to patient)—This laughing gas does't seem to have much effect on you, sir?

Patient—No. I'm a professional humorist.

And the old clock on the wall that had been in the dentist's family for 80 years with never a stop, held its hands before its face as a dull thud announced that a cord had broken and a 10-pound weight had dropped.—*Time.*

She Got the Facts.

"Oh, I had my fortune told, and Miss Larkins, broke off the engagement."

"Why, is she as superstitious as that?"

"Oh, no; but my fortune was told by Bradstreet, and that settled me."

Theory and Condition.

Doctor—Take these powders as directed, and your cold will be gone in two or three days.

Patient—You seem quite hoarse, doctor?

Doctor—Yes; I've had a bad cold for four weeks.

The Usual Way.

"Shall we sit on the sofa, George darling, or would you rather have the big chair?"

"I'll take an easy chair, my charmer, and you shall have your own kneesy seat, as usual."

How He Kept His Mouth Shut.

"Don't sleep with your mouth open,' said Fred to his younger brother. "You should breathe through your nose."

"But I don't know when my mouth's open. What do you do when you wake up and find your mouth open?"

"What do I do? Why, I get up and shut it."

GOT TWELVE YEARS.

That Was the Sentence Imposed on Harry Spiesz for Murdering Ruby Nelson.

The Buffalo *News* has the following about a case which created considerable talk in this city at the time: The last act in the Ruby Nelson murder case was seen by many people in the Supreme Court room yesterday morning. Judge Corlett sentenced Harry Spiesz, who escaped with the light verdict of manslaughter, to 12 years' imprisonment. Good behavior will reduce his actual term of penal servitude to 7 2-3 years.

Great desire was manifested by Mr. Hatch, representing Spiesz's family, to have the young man allowed to expiate his crime in the penitentiary of this county, and a law was found which allowed of this being done. C. S. Hatch read affidavits of Dr. Baething, John Spiesz, W. J. Wiegle and Rose Spiesz attesting the prisoner's weak mind.

"John Jacob Henry Spiesz, stand up," said the clerk. The prisoner arose looking pale, but answered in a firm voice that he had no reason to urge why sentence should not be pronounced against him.

"I am 21 years of age," said he in further reply, "and born right here in Buffalo. I am a bartender by occupation."

Judge Corlett then arose and spoke with great solemity and impressiveness.

"You have been tried," he said, "on an indictment for murder by a very intelligent jury who took your case under consideration after much effort by intelligent counsel. They took great pains in debating the case and gave you the benefit of every reasonable doubt; they turned in each instance on the side of mercy. Ordinarily, remarks made to a prisoner after conviction are not productive of much good, and are usually unheeded. Your habits of life have been dissolute and loose and your situation recalls the words of the wise man spoken 3,000 years ago of just such people as you have partially consorted with. 'Remove thy way far from her, come not near to her house; her house is the way of hell leading down to the Chamber of Death.' If you had listened to the supplications of your mother, if you had obeyed the orders of your father, you would not have been here to-day. The affidavits read show that you have contracted a loathsome disease as a consequence of your sin, and it may be that that has much to do with your weakness of intellect. At your time of life, if you are subjected to rigid discipline, if you are truly penitent, it may be that you may yet become an industrious, quiet and sober man. The sentence of the court in your case is that you be confined in the Erie County Penitentiary for the term of 12 years."

A murmur of sympathy ran over the court room, for the sentence was more severe than had been expected.

"By good behavior," concluded the Judge, "four years and four months may be deducted from your sentence."

Then the crowd surged to the door.

There will be no appeal and Spiesz's friends express themselves well satisfied with the results of the trial and with his being allowed to expiate his crime in the penitentiary in his native city, where they can visit him.

Work and Wages.

All of the musicians of Pittsburg are now members of the Musicians' Union.

Lancashire (Eng.) Operatives' Union has recently given $100,000 to idle members.

Boston unions intend to make the eight-hour day a political issue, which candidates must respect.

San Francisco has a white labor league. Fifteen hundred cigar dealers have promised to sell no Chinese-made cigars.

The Farmers' Alliance is only 2 years old in North Carolina, but it has already 85,000 members, including nearly 10,000 women, and there is also a colored branch.

The Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association, of Cincinnati, O., have forbidden any of its members from knowingly employing any person who is a member of the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union.

In France the average wages received by head farmers last year were $81 for the year and found; herdsmen and shepherds, $56; workmen and cheesemakers, $56; ordinary farm hands, $59, and women servants, $47.

James P. Archibald, Master Workman of the Paper Hangers' and Decorators' National Assembly K. of L., has just returned from an extended tour through England, Scotland and Ireland, where he was delegated by the general executive Board of the Order. Regarding his work he reports that he organized 19 local assemblies in England and Scotland and two in Ireland.

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, has issued the call for the fourth annual convention in Boston on the 10th of December. The chief business to be taken up is thus announced: "The St. Louis convention resolved upon a general agitation for the establishment of the eight-hour work day upon May 1st, 1890, and it now becomes the mission of the Boston convention to transform, if in the wisdom of the delegates there assembled it may be deemed advisable, the agitation, which has now become world-wide, into an organized movement for its realization."

What is Your Fighting Weight?

Railway travelling should be charged for on a basis of two cents a mile. Every railway in the country has been assisted by public funds, and railroad fares are the same now as they were twenty-five years ago, namely, arranged on a basis of three cents a mile. There are special rates by which some people travel cheaper than others. Why should not all be treated alike? Then why is it that the railways do not charge in the same way for carrying passengers as they do for carrying freight, that is to say, so much a pound? Why should thin men have to pay the same fare as fat men when it takes less engine power to haul them?—*Dundas Banner.*

Impartial Baptism.

Master Ned (to the Rev. Dr. Trehern)—Wished I had been here last night when you baptized the company.

Rev. Dr. Trehern—What do you mean, my son? I did not baptize anybody.

"No? Well, mamma said that when you came in last night you threw cold water on everybody."

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

The floods in Italy are subsiding.

Charles Bradlaugh has suffered a relapse.

Senor Romero has been elected President of Mexico.

There are four new cases of smallpox on Pelee Island, but no deaths.

The Parnellite visitors to Australia have collected $100,000 for the Irish cause.

Thursday, November 28th, has been appointed Thanksgiving Day in the States.

George V. Elwood, Collector of Inland Revenue at Sarnia, died yesterday, aged 49 years.

The whaling steamer Lucretia, of New Bedford, Mass., has been lost in the Arctic Ocean.

The coroner's jury at Galt found that the train which killed young Dykeman was going too fast.

Dr. L. Van Bokkelen, former rector of Trinity Church in Buffalo, was found dead in his bed yesterday morning.

Alexis Ouilette, a veteran of 1812, died at St. Augustin, Que., the other day at the age of 100 years and 9 months.

The Thames lightermen have decided to strike on Monday, and the dockmen are expected to strike out of sympathy.

It is stated that the New York Central Railway Company will contribute $750,000 to the New York World's Fair fund.

The New York Board of Aldermen have passed the estimates for the coming year. It will cost just $35,850,000 to run the city for that time.

Mr. Hickson has informed the Mayor of Belleville that it is not the intention of the Grand Trunk Railway to remove their repair shops to Toronto.

The affidavit of Mrs. Maybrick in a libel action was taken in prison yesterday. Mrs. Maybrick is in fine health and spirits, and is entirely satisfied with her treatment in jail.

The Board of Regents of Victoria University, Cobourg, met yesterday in Toronto, and agreed to submit the question of costs in the injunction proceedings to arbitration.

Mrs. Thos. Frampton, of Nair street, London, east end, was severely burned last evening. Her husband put coal oil in the kitchen stove, and the sudden blaze set his wife's clothes on fire.

If sufficient bonuses to supplement the Government subsidy are secured from the people between Eganville and Renfrew, the Kingston & Pembroke Railway Company will build the road.

The Emigration Commissioners at New York yesterday notified all the steamship companies that a head tax of 50 cents each will be collected from them for every alien they will bring there. This will include children.

Yesterday afternoon at Ottawa Richard Foster and Joseph Wilson were arrested on Ashburnham Hill whilst carrying an illicit worm and still of about sixteen gallons capacity. The worm and still were taken possession of and the men driven to the police station.

A G.T.R. switchman named John Donohoe caught his foot in one of the wheels of a freight train at Little York about 10 30 o'clock Thursday night, and the train passed over his body. He was instantly killed. He was about 28 years of age, and leaves a wife and one child.

There are rumors of trouble at St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary last night, how serious is not known. If it was a revolt it was promptly quelled, and it is difficult to ascertain any reliable facts. The Warden says it was only a quarrel between two convicts, which created a little temporary excitement. There is a suspicion, however, that it was more serious than this.

Sir Henry James continued his speech for the *Times* before the Parnell Commission yesterday. He endeavored to show that Mr. Davitt associated in America and elsewhere with persons engaged in treasonable practices, who were seeking to separate Ireland from Great Britain. He charged that the leaders of the Nationalists were trying to keep affairs in Ireland in an unsettled condition.

The young lad Thos. Murphy, Galt, who on Monday ran away with a horse and vehicle belonging to his employer, being captured at Stratford, was on Thursday sentenced by Judge Lacourse to Kingston penitentiary for a term not less than three and not exceeding five years. Murphy is about 15 years of age and has no relatives that he knows of, having been brought out from London, Eng., when very young by some of the societies which carry on the business of importing Old Country waifs into Canada.

Yesterday morning about 10 o'clock a serious accident happened to Arthur Chapman, agent of the C. O. Railway at Frankford, while engaged in braking on a car that was being shunted at Trenton. It is supposed he slipped when about to put on the brakes and fell off the top of the car, in front of it. One of the wheels passed over his right arm, close to the shoulder, almost severing it from his body. The wheel on the opposite side passed over his left foot, crushing it. He also sustained some injuries about the head. His recovery is doubtful.

The Emin Relief Committee has recalled Dr. Peters from East Africa.

The German budget passed the first reading in the Reichstag yesterday.

The diphtheria in East York is reported authoritatively not to be serious.

Sir Donald Smith's inauguration as Chancellor of McGill University took place yesterday.

President Barillas, of Guatemala, telegraphs that the report of a revolution in that Republic is false.

During the last eighteen months the Russian Government has expelled 35,000 Jews from the empire.

The late Thomas M. Thompson by will has bequeathed legacies to numerous charitable institutions of Toronto.

Harry Durand, the opium smuggler, was captured yesterday morning at Royal Oak, twelve miles from Detroit, and is now safe in Wayne county jail.

In the Danish Rigsdag to-day the Premier gave notice of a Bill to abolish the tariff on coal, coffee, rice, tea, salt, raw iron and train oil; to reduce the duty on petroleum, and to increase the duties on wine, spirits, beer, tobacco, fruit, asparagus, flowers, spices, cakes, cocoa, boots and shoes.

In the case of the Federal Bank vs. Nordheimer, the Master in Chambers has refused the claim of the defendant for particulars of the charges against him.

Sir William Smith, Governor of the Leeward Islands, is at present in Ottawa to interview the Ministers on the question of closer trade relations with Canada.

A number of Montenegrin convicts, who recently escaped from a prison in Albania, have had an encounter with the Mallissori tribe. The loss on both sides was heavy.

The Sherman extradition case, which was to be argued before Judge McDougall, Toronto, yesterday afternoon, on request of counsel was enlarged till next Wednesday.

Mr. Albert Begy, foreman in J. C. Harris' cigar factory, St. Catharines, dropped dead at his home yesterday afternoon. Heart disease was the cause. He leaves a wife and child.

A Chicago despatch says the C.P.R. will have a line of steel steamships, to be the finest craft on the lakes, running between Chicago and Owen Sound before the season of 1890 closes.

Mr. Thomas Tait, Superintendent Ontario Division C.P.R., was knocked down and badly mauled by three ruffians last evening at the corner of King and Simcoe streets, Toronto.

El Tarik, of Constantinople, says that Emperor William's visit to Constantinople is a happy event for Turkey, and that it shows that Germany approves the Sultan's wise policy of neutrality.

An Ottawa despatch states that the Dominion Government has hopes yet of arranging for a fast Atlantic mail service, and that the misunderstanding existing may be probably removed.

Mrs. "Bonanza" Mackay's libel suit against the Manchester *Guardian*, based on that paper's insinuation that she was not a lady by birth or education, came up in court at London yesterday.

Chas. Wiseman, of Mount Salem, Elgin county, was accidentally shot in the breast yesterday while loading a gun. The bullet lodged in the spinal column, causing paralysis in the lower extremities.

At Conshohocken, Pa., the Tradesmen's National Bank was closed yesterday morning by order of the Bank Examiner. Cashier Cresson, a trusted employee, has embezzled a large amount, variously reported at from $30,000 to $75,000.

The *Politische Nachrichten* denies the reports of disorder in southwest Africa, and of the expulsion of Germans from that region. It says the rumors arose from the expulsion of two Englishmen by the Germans for inciting the natives to revolt.

Near Aramingo station yesterday morning one of the Reading railway coal trains crashed into another, and fireman Albert Lord was buried in the wreck for three hours. He sustained a broken leg and other serious injuries. Eighteen loaded coal cars were wrecked, and the main tracks blocked.

Patrick Hughes, a desperate character, yesterday entered the house of Martin Schultz at Scranton Pa., and tried to force a 12-year-old girl to give him money. She called her father, who attempted to eject the ruffian. Hughes drew a knife and made a murderous assault upon Schultz, who fatally shot Hughes with a gun.

Sir Henry James' address before the Parnell Commission yesterday was of an historical character. He denied that any injustice to Ireland existed which justified the present attitude of the Irish Nationalists. He referred at great length to the measures that have been adopted during the last half century to improve the condition of that country.

The Government is evidently determined to enforce the law regarding sawdust in the streams in so far as it refers to the Otonabee River. Inspector Gilchrist, Peterboro', has received fresh instructions from the Government to see that the fines imposed by the magistrate are collected, and also to continue the prosecutions as long as the mill owners violate the law.

Lord Randolph Churchill, in a letter, urges that the Conservatives during the coming session of Parliament ought to give prominence to the land laws, measures for the reform of workingmen's dwellings, laborers' allotments, licensing and laws providing for shorter hours of labor, and dealing with the "sweating" system. All these questions, he says, are rapidly ripening for practical legislation.

The marriage between Prince Murat and Gwendoline Caldwell, which was to have taken place in Paris yesterday, has been broken off, in consequence of a disagreement about the young lady's marriage settlements.

The barge Condor is still aground in the Galops Canal. Two barges have taken off 10,000 bushels of her cargo, and a third barge is being laden. It is feared that the Condor will have to be unloaded altogether before she will float.

An inquest was held yesterday touching the death of George Robb, drowned off a steamer at Kingston. The verdict indicated that there was some neglect on the part of the officers of the boat, but in what respect it did not say.

Frederick Merrill, Bridgeport, Conn., while drunk Saturday night, beat and choked his wife in a brutal manner. She died yesterday, and Merrill is held on a charge of murder. The couple had only been married six months.

A bold burglary was perpetrated at Dutton on Saturday. At 12.18 Mr. F. J Armstrong, M. C. R. agent, locked up his office and went to dinner. At 12 30 Mr. R J. Catley, who is working in Dutton, discovered that the door of the station had been forced open. The burglar had broken into the money drawer and secured the sum of $90. He left the lower left hand corner of a dollar bill in the drawer.

The *North German Gazette* says Emperor William, on his arrival at Athens, sent the following despatch to Prince Bismarck: "I have arrived at glorious old Athens after a voyage of intoxicating beauty. After a splendid reception from Prince and people your telegram was my first greeting from home. Hearty thanks for it. My first word back to the Fatherland is a salutation to you, sent from the City of Pericles, from the pillars of the Parthenon, the sublime aspect of which deeply impresses me."

The illness of the Duke of Edinburgh, which prevented his attending the funeral of King Luis in Lisbon on Saturday, is ascribed to a fainting fit experienced while visiting King Carlos. When he was attacked he fell to the floor, bruising his face badly. The Duke has sufficiently recovered to take his departure, and he paid a farewell visit to King Carlos yesterday. The bruises on his face are fast disappearing. He has gone to Madrid.

H. Bristow was head coachman for the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise when His Lordship was Governor-General of Canada. He is now engaged in the cab business at Ottawa. The other day he received a proof of the thoughtfulness of Her Highness, when he received in a parcel through the post a portion of the wedding cake that graced the marriage feast of the Earl of Fife and the daughter of the Prince of Wales.

A sad accident occurred on Saturday evening in Chaudiere, whereby a 6-year-old son of James McKinnon met his death. The unfortunate lad was riding on a load of lath belonging to Messrs. Perley & Pattee, when he fell off and was run over by one of the hind wheels, which passed over the middle of his body, causing shocking injuries and death in a few hours. The teamster was not to blame, and no inquest was held.

A sad accident occurred on Saturday evening in the Heard handle factory in St. Thomas, resulting in the maiming for life of James Kelly, the 17-year-old son of John Kelly, who resides on Walnut street. The young man was removing the cover from a planer when his left hand became caught, and was ground to a pulp, the flesh and bones being chopped into mince meat. Drs. Gustin and McLarty amputated the hand.

The coroner's jury has returned a verdict of death from scalding in the case of William Webb, the fourth victim of the Cephalonia explosion. The jury severely commented on the conduct of the Cunard Company in not furnishing evidence explaining the cause of the explosion and in taking the steamer to sea, leaving no officials behind. The coroner intimated that the Board of Trade would inquire strictly into the accident.

The Spanish Cortes was opened yesterday.

Rev. Dr. Bain, D.D., of Kingston, died yesterday.

A great snow storm occurred at Denver yesterday.

The strike among the French coal miners has ended.

There is a serious outbreak of diphtheria in Toronto.

Five thousand coal miners at Borinage, Belgium, have struck.

According to advices from Belgrade ex-King Milan will shortly be married to a Parisian lady.

Mr. John Rusk, Collector of Customs at Richibucto, N.B., has sent in his resignation to Minister Bowell.

The Court has ordered Dion Boucicault to pay £30 monthly as alimony to his divorced wife, Agnes Robertson.

Mr. Chamberlain, at a private caucus in Birmingham, expressed a strong desire to retire from political life.

Another meeting was held yesterday at Cobourg in connection with the federation question, and it was advanced a stage.

The Orangemen of Ottawa are decidedly opposed to applying for incorporation during the present term of Parliament.

No action has been taken by the Dominion Government to prevent a repetition of the recent disastrous Quebec rock slide.

Prof. Gosche, occupant of the chair of Literature at the University at Halle, Germany, has committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Edward Boyd, aged 20, of Guelph had his foot so badly crushed by the cars at Detroit on Monday night that amputation was necessary.

A message has been received in Montreal from Mgr. Bosse, Vicar-Apostolic of Labrador, making an appeal on behalf of the famine-stricken people of the Labrador coast.

The American authorities have decided that Chinese laundrymen are laborers within the meaning of the Chinese Restriction Act, and are therefore prohibited from landing in the United States.

Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Balfour's secretary, speaking at Dover last night, after a visit to Dublin, announced that in 1890 Mr. Balfour would introduce in Parliament a measure providing for a large system of land purchases.

Madame Joly, of Terrebonne, while peeling potatoes in her kitchen on Sunday morning, suddenly fell dead on the floor. She was previously in apparently perfect health, and had visited her parents at Ste. Rose on the previous day.

It is understood that Mr. Shehyn, the Quebec Treasurer, and Mr. Garneau, Commissioner of Public Works, who are at present in Paris, are negotiating with French financial institutions for the conversion of the entire Quebec debt.

A tree on Dorchester street, Montreal, was set on fire last night by a wire coming in contact with it, and, in spite of the heavy rain, the flames burned up several of the upper branches and were only checked by the intervention of the eastern brigade.

Lord Hartington made a speech at Wolverhampton last night in reply to Mr. Gladstone's recent speech at Southport. He declared that Mr. Gladstone showed no inclination to give the order for a general advance, but rather for a prudent retreat.

In the Montreal Superior Court yesterday, Judge Jette decided that the Allan Steamship Company was liable for the depreciation of cattle detained by them owing to the longshoremen's strike of 1880, the strike, in the judgment of the court, not being an adequate excuse.

At the Guelph Assizes yesterday the Grand Jury brought in three true bills against W. H. Harvey for the murder of his wife and two daughters. His trial will probably commence to-day. Among the reports prevalent in the city one is that Harvey will plead guilty. His friends are making great efforts to prove he was insane at the time he committed the deed on the 26th of March last.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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Good stabling for horses.

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Cured Meats, Bologona,
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CHOICE HONEY,
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OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR,

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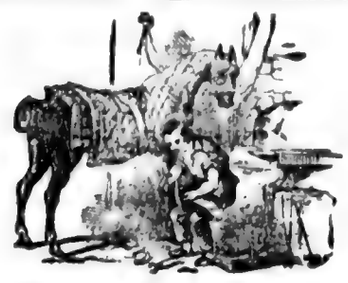

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HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
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ALL KINDS

—OF—

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
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Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SNELL,
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50cts For sale at the Medical Hall.

FARMERS! LOOK!

T. BLAKELY,
Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder.

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY,
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PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

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CAKES AND PIES

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DROP A CARD IF YOU DESIRE ME TO CALL.

WEDDING and FANCY cakes a specialty

A. WATSON,
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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 8, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

EAST WINDSOR CORNERS, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbon Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Fall Assizes.

Chief Justice Armour opened Court at Owen Sound last Tuesday, at 10 a.m. There are thirteen civil cases and nine criminal. After an able and elaborate address to the Grand Jury His Lordship took up the following:

McDonald v. Murray, an action for diverting water from its natural course and thereby flooding the defendant's land, occupied the greater part of the day, and resulted in a judgement for the plaintiff, an injunction being granted as prayed. Frost for plaintiff; Creasor Q.C., for defendant.

Stewart v. McEachern was an action for slander. Plaintiff an defendant own adjoining farms. It was undertaken between them that each was to keep up half of the line fence. Plaintiff removed some of the rails from defendant's part and placed them on his own half of the line fence. The defendant, in the course of a disagreement about some other matters, called the plaintiff a thief saying he had stolen his rails. The defendant admitted uttering the words, and entered a plea of justification. Verdict, $2.00 damages.

Wilson v. Neely, action to set aside an alleged fraudulent conveyance; verdict for plaintiff.

Powley v. Clarke.—An action for alleged illegal and excessive distress. Judgment reserved.

Sullivan v. McDonald—Action of ejectment. Verdict for plaintiff.

Queen v. Snell.—Prisoner was charged with the larceny of a thirty-six dollar barrel of cider. The evidence was very strong, but circumstantial. Verdict, not guilty. The chief justice, in discharging the prisoner, told him in future to get his cider at home and not at his neighbor's.

Queen v. Owen.—Prisoner was charged with having assaulted one Brown with intent to do him grievous harm. Verdict, guilty; sentence reserved.

Queen v. Margaret Agnew.—Prisoner was charged with arson. Acquitted.

Queen v. Bowie.—Prisoner was charged with having committed perjury. Verdict guilty.

McMillan v. Owen Sound, an action for damages for injuries sustained in a fall by the plaintiff, the result of a defective sidewalk, was tried. The jury gave a verdict awarding $200 damages to the plaintiff.

In Lang v. Dawson, a garnishee issue, judgment was reserved.

Alexander Ovens, who was found guilty of maliciously wounding, was sentenced to six months in the Central Prison, and Ezekell Bowie, who was convicted on the same day of perjury, to one year.

The case of Beam v Johnston, an action for overpayment of money for telegraph poles, and for damages for non-fulfilment of contract, was tried, and was the final case. Judgement was reserved.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangevie
Flesherton—Monday before Orangevie
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham
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Ha a large assortment of FALL and WINTER Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Trunks, etc.

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Custom work to order.

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COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

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THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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A large assortment of STOVES, (a makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TIN WARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

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HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

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Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows, Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton.

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 438. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

SAVE SAVE M-O-N-E-Y

BY BUYING WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.,

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RUSSELL'S

-:- NOTED JEWELRY STORE, -:-

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The One Price

CASH STORE.

We sell everything on strictly cash principles. Are often asked by our customers, why don't you give credit, would sell double the goods? Our answer is, we consider it to the customers' advantage to buy on the CASH SYSTEM even if he has to borrow the money for a short time to do so. In the first place, he knows exactly what he is doing and goes home contented, feeling assured there would be no long bill coming to him with a hundred and one different articles on it which he thinks never came into the house. In the second place, he will be more careful in his purchases and buy only what is most needed, doing without a hundred and one different articles which are useless and extravagant. In the third place, he can buy from ten to fifteen per.cent less at a cash house, than any credit house in the Dominion

Our Stock consists of Dry Goods,
Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Glassware, in fact
most everything of general
merchandise, excepting
Hardware and Stoves.

We can give you no conception of our prices, but would solicit a call, guaranteeing to satisfy the closest purchaser.

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Highest Market Prices for Butter, Eggs & Fowl.

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Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

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Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

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FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Munhaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

Prize Essay.

Following is the prize essay on how to run a hundred acre farm, written by Mr. Jos. McArdle, of Hopeville, in response to a request from the directers of East Grey Agricultural Society for a competition of ideas on that head. Mr. McArdle's is a strictly sensible, practical essay, and we are not surprised that his should carry off the palm.

Agriculture is a beneficial, healthy and honorable occupation.

THE FOREST.

It is not out of place to say a few words regarding the clearing of the forest, as it is one of the first works of the husbandman, also because there is considerable clearing to be done in this part of our county.—Grey. In order to take advantage both of clearing and tilling the land properly, all the underbrush and lying logs should be cut, and the brush piled in the fall before the snow gets too deep. In the winter, after disposing of all valuable timber, including fire wood for home use, the remainder should be cut into lengths such as a team could easily draw. The spring rains will wilt and partly rot the brush, which will be easily consumed in the month of June. By great industry a field could be logged, plowed and sown in turnips, which sometimes gives an abundant recompense for the labor. If prevented from having a crop of turnips, a crop of fall wheat would be likely to yield well if the land was high and dry. New land should be seeded down with timothy and clover for the first crop and thus left for at least six years. In this way grass will grow in many parts that could not be plowed, and returns secured which could not otherwise be had.

THE FARM.

The second breaking up is considerable trouble, but the roots and stumps have become rotten and many hardwood ones will burn completely out in a dry season. When the ground is plowed, the roots should be piled up and burned, stones drawn into piles for future use, such as building fences or tilling purposes. After two or three crops, the land having received a good plowing and harrowing spring and fall so as to level it, it is in better condition for more statesmanlike farming. For every eighty or ninety acres of arable land there should be a team kept for the purpose of ploughing, if ploughing weather. I approve of running a gang plow immediately after the early harvest, and turning a furrow not over two inches deep, which will bury lightly all the wild seeds, and the rain and warm weather will cause them to germinate and thus be destroyed. It will also turn up the roots of other weeds whereby the warm sun will often kill them. It will also rot the sod, so that when the subsoil is turned up in the fall or early spring, a mellow bed will be procured for the seed.

In order to keep the land well fertilized, special attention will have to be paid to the care of manure. In tilling the land, good ploughing and harrowing are not the least of the many important duties of a farmer, as there is considerable difference in land. His constant aim should be to study the nature of the soil, and see also that it is cultivated to suit the crops he intends to raise, likewise that the seed sown is suitable to the land. For the first crop after breaking up I prefer peas, for the second, wheat, afterwards a crop of oats or barley and seed down, or in place of this last crop it might be well to sow it in roots, being careful to keep them free from weeds; it should be seeded down with the next crop.

THE STOCK.

As this section of country produces a large amount of second class grain, also an abundant crop of grasses, every farmer should pay special attention to stock raising. On every hundred acre farm there should be required a heavy team of good working horses, (not to sell your best stock and keep inferior animals for working) one or two brood mares so that there could be an additional team in hurried times, and eight or ten good milch cows. All the calves should be kept so that there would be a large number of young cattle for fattening in summer or stall feed in winter, a number of hogs—about as many in summer as there are cows, so as to utilize all the refuse milk. Such milk, with a small quantity of unsaleable grain would keep them growing all summer, and a little extra feeding in the fall would leave them fit for winter market. All grain used for feeding, and especially for pigs should be ground. For such a stock as I have described would be required about twenty acres of pasture in addition to the after grass. I recommend a supply of green fodder for milch cows, say corn or tares, and recommend to put in a field of fall rye and kept for spring pasture so as to give clover a chance to grow, afterwards ploughed down, which would be equal to a light coat of manure. Ploughing down clover six or eight inches high greatly enriches the soil. I also approve of sowing buckwheat in a field that has been exhausted by successing cropping, and when it is in bloom, or about ten inches high it should be ploughed down. The stock should be turned on it so as to pick up any heads that may not be completely covered and tramp it down, which causes it to rot much sooner. Thus pasturing your cattle in summer with an ample supply of hay for cattle and sheep, I prefer clover, for horses timothy hay, and roots for winter use, stock can be kept growing all the time. Good stock alone pays. Old cows and steers should fatten with roots and coarse grain and help to raise the revenue of the farm.

THE ORCHARD.

In the southern part of this county fruit growing has been a failure, while in the northern part it has been a success, and although it has been a failure, I think that with care fruit can be grown to advantage. A good tract of ground should be selected, north and west sides planted with trees, so as to break the cold spring winds that so often destroy the blossom. Special care should be given to underdraining, as negligence in this has caused much of the unproductiveness of the orchard. Choice fruit should be in the centre so that after frosty nights the early sun will not wilt them. Water should be convenient to the orchard and the trees sprayed with a force pump or otherwise. Such washing is a great benefit, as it destroys all injurious insects, revives and nourishes the trees, and I do not hesitate to say that if such precautions were taken there would be quite an income from the orchard.

UNDERDRAINING.

As a large percentage of our land has a hardpan bottom, the water cannot filter through it but has to be evaporated from the surface. To remedy this, underdraining should be carried out. This should be done at spare times, before harvest, and when the land is in pasture or summer fallow.

THE BUILDINGS.

I prefer a good bank barn with front facing the south, stone stabling and root cellar underneath, so that there would be no inconvenience in feeding. There should also be two side sheds so as to protect live stock and manure from the inclemency of the weather. Small stables might be constructed in side sheds suitable for pigs, sheep and poultry. In some commodious place there should be an excavation three or four feet deep, with substantial stone wall and a strong straight fence at the open sides at least four feet high to prevent cattle throwing one another into it. In this excavation should be put all waste straw. Muck might be drawn from the low lands together with the liquid from the stables which should be run into it by tubs. By means of a tramway its contents could be deposited on the land and would aid much in preventing the land from becoming run out. Never dispose of ashes, as they possess great fertilizing powers. Lime applied at intervals will also aid the fecundity of the soil. The situation of the farm buildings is a matter not easily decided, as all farms are not situated alike, but I should say on a farm where all the land is good the buildings should be at least forty rods from the concession. By being near the centre of the farm, there is considerable saving of time both in drawing grain and manure out. In case of accidents the house should be situated so as to afford an easy view of the barn and if possible on the east end or south side, as there is less danger from fire.

GENERAL.

The income derived from a properly managed farm would be large. There would be fat cattle, lambs, sheep, hogs, horses, occasionally grain and poultry to dispose of, and last, but not least, a constant flowing of money in butter and eggs.

Seed grains should be changed about every third year. Stock should be improved by breeding from the best sires. Homes should be beautified by planting trees and shrubbery in the lanes and lawns. Farm literature should form an important part of the library, and your homes would be beneficial, healthy and honorable.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH McARDLE.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$4 70	to 5 00
Fall Wheat	0 80	to 0 [illegible]
Spring Wheat	0 80	0 [illegible]
Barley	0 30	0 40
Oats	0 24	0 24
Peas	0 51	0 52
Butter	0 24	0 24
Eggs, fresh	0 17	0 17
Potatos bag	0 45	0 50
Pork	5 25	5 50
Hay per ton	6 00	8 00
Hides	3 50	4 50
Sheepskins	0 90	1 00
Geese	0 05	0 05
Turkeys	0 07	0 08
Chickens per pair	0 20	0 30
Ducks per lb.	0 05	0 [illegible]
Wool	0 18	0 2[illegible]

SIGN

"Big Spex"

Reliable watches in

Gold, filled gold and Coin-silver cases.

Ladies' and Gents' sizes.

Walnut and Nickle Clocks.

I am represented by A 1 watches and clocks backed up by reliable warrants, in more homes of Central Grey, than any jeweler doing biz. in this section.

If prices are not shed rock every time,

QUALITY Considered.

I would not be able to hold such a large share of Grey Co. trade as I have at present.

"CASH or CREDIT"

will positivily do better by you,

Goods, Work and

Warrants Considered

than you can do elsewhere. Spex artistically fitted.

Work Carefully Done,

Fair Charges.

Stock now complete in all lines.

Can save you $1 to $3.00 on watches.

Other lines will be held on live and let live margins.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician,

MARKDALE, Ont.

Wanted---All kinds of Poultry, dead or alive, highest prices, W. TRIMBLE.

A Boil on the Back of the Neck.

Each heart has its moments of pleasure and pain
That follow the ebb and the flow;
Each soul has its portion of sunshine and rain,
Hope dawnings and sunsets of woe.
But there 're few other evils to which flesh is heir
That with sorrow our joy can so fleck,
And fill our whole being with so much despair,
As a boil on the back of the neck.

A man's wife may tell him in tones low and sweet
Her mother is coming to stay,
He may tread a banana peel down in the street
And swear in a dignified way.
Somebody may walk on his favorite corn,
He may foolishly cash a snide check,
But the one thing that makes him regret he was born
Is a boil on the back of the neck.

The brooklet e'en sings in a sad undertone,
The skies are all clouded with care,
And nature's voice echoes a saddening moan,
The breezes come freighted with care.
The future is naught but a desert of night,
The present a miserable wreck,
Without even just one faint spark of delight,
For the man with a boil on his neck.

Cupid's Commercial Failure.

Negotiations now have ceased, the game is called a draw,
Miss Caldwell with her millions failed to capture Prince Murat.

He brought to her a title of distinction to be sold,
She was to buy the bauble and to pay for it in gold.

While there would be no limit to the title he would bring,
He soon discovered all her gold was anchored to a string.

The title of "The Princess," which nobility holds dear,
She wished him to bestow for just a paltry sum per year.

While she would bear the name which his nobility confers,
The bank account, as heretofore, would still be kept in hers.

An heiress who will titles estimate so very low
Deserves to finally become plain Mrs. So-and-so.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

One morning in the following week, Mrs. Burnham attired herself in her second-best black silk, and, leaving the Misses Burnham practising diligently, turned her steps toward Oldclough Hall. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing room by Dobson, in his character of footman, and in a few minutes Lucia appeared.

When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she assumed a slight air of surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said, as she shook hands, "I should scarcely have known you."

And though this was something of an exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be noted in her attire and appearance. The ugly twist had disappeared from her delicate head, and in its place were soft, loose waves and light puffs; she had even ventured on allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to her forehead; her white morning-dress no longer wore the trade-mark of Miss Chickie, but had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

"What a pretty gown, my dear!" said Mrs. Burnham, glancing at it curiously. "A Watteau plait down the back—isn't it a Watteau plait? and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite like some of Miss Octavia Bassett's dresses, only not so over-trimmed."

"I did not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia bravely. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and dress so little in Slowbridge, that they seem so."

"And your hair!" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from some style of hers, I suppose. Very becoming indeed. Well, well! And how does Lady Theobald like all this, my dear?"

"I am not sure that——" Lucia was beginning, when her ladyship interrupted her by entering.

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her visitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I have just been complimenting Lucia upon her pretty dress and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has been giving her the benefit of her experience, it appears. We have not been doing her justice. Who would have believed that she had come from Nevada to improve us?"

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, sonorously, "has come from Nevada to teach our young people a great many things—new fashions in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefited."

"If you will excuse me, grandmamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, "I will go and write the letters you wished written."

"Go," said my lady, with majesty, and having bidden Mrs. Burnham good morning, Lucia went.

If Mrs. Burnham had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident displeasure, she was doomed to disappointment. That excellent and rigorous gentlewoman had a stern sense of dignity, which forbade her condescending to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached a more commonplace topic.

"I hope your rheumatism does not threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she remarked.

"I am very well, thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "so well, that I am thinking quite seriously of taking the dear girls to the garden-party, when it comes off."

"To the garden-party!" repeated her ladyship. "May I ask who thinks of giving a garden-party in Slowbridge?"

"It is no one in Slowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives a little out of Slowbridge—Mr. Burmistone, my dear, Lady Theobald, at his new place."

"Mr. Burmistone!"

"Yes, my dear, and a most charming affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we hear. Surely you have heard something of it from Mr Barold?"

"Mr. Barold has not been to Oldclough for several days."

"Then he will tell you when he comes, for I suppose he has as much to do with it as Mr. Burmistone."

"I have heard before," announced my lady, "of men of Mr. Burmistone's class securing the services of persons of established position in society when they wished to spend their money upon entertainments, but I should scarcely have imagined that Francis Barold would have allowed himself to be made a party to such a transaction."

"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmistone is not such an obscure person, after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with honors; he is quite a well-born man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation, Lord Lansdowne."

"Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her ladyship, sternly.

"Son of the Marquis of Lauderdale, whose wife was Lady Honoro Erroll."

"Did Mr. Burmistone give you this information?" asked Lady Theobald, with ironic calmness.

Mrs. Burnham colored ever so faintly.

"I—that is to say—there is a sort of acquaintance between one of my maids and the butler at the Burmistone place, and when the girl was doing Lydia's hair, she told her the story. Lord Lansdowne and his father are quite fond of Mr. Burmistone, it is said."

"It seems rather singular to my mind that we should not have known of this before."

"But how should we learn? We none of us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the marquis. I think he is only a second or third cousin. We are little—just a little—*set* in Slowbridge, you know, my dear—at least I have thought so, sometimes lately,"

"I must confess," remarked my lady, "that I have not regarded the matter in that light."

"That is because you have a better right to—to be a little set than the rest of us," was the amiable response.

Lady Theobald did not disclaim the privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the call, and, incongruous as such a statement may appear, it must be confessed that she felt that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden-parties, and all such swervings from established Slowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lansdowne and the Marquis of Lauderdale were to be referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that, but for Octavia Bassett, Mr. Burmistone would not have been educated at Oxford and have come off with honors, and have turned out to be related to respectable people, but would have remained in appropriate obscurity.

"I suppose," she said, afterwards, to Lucia, "that your friend Miss Octavia Bassett is in Mr. Burmistone's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt *she* has known of this approaching entertainment for some weeks."

"I do not know, grandmamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and gaining color as she bent over them. She was wondering, with inward trepidation, what her ladyship would say if she knew the whole truth—if she knew that it was her grand-daughter, not Octavia Bassett, who enjoyed Mr. Burmistone's confidence

"Ah," she thought, "how could I ever dare to tell her?"

The same day Francis Barold sauntered up to pay them a visit, and then, as Mrs. Burnham had prophesied, Lady Theobald heard all she wished to hear, and, indeed, a great deal more.

"What is this I am told of Mr. Burmistone, Francis?" she inquired. "That he intends to give a garden-party, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be one of the guests, and that he has caused it to be circulated that they are cousins."

"That Lansdowne has cause it to be circulated—or Burmistone?"

"It is scarcely likely that Lord Lansdowne——"

"Beg pardon," he interrupted, fixing his single glass dexterously in his right eye, and gazing at her ladyship through it. "Can't see why Lansdowne should object. Fact is, he is a great deal fonder of Burmistone than relations usually are of each other. Now I often find that kind of thing a bore, but Lansdowne doesn't seem so. They were at school together, it seems, and at Oxford, too, and Burmistone is supposed to have behaved pretty well towards Lansdowne at one time, when he was rather a wild fellow—so the father and mother say. As to Burmistone 'causing it to circulated,' that sort of thing is rather absurd. The man isn't a cad, you know."

"Pray don't say 'you know,' Francis," said her ladyship. "I know very little but what I have chanced to see, and I must confess I have not been prepossessed in Mr. Burmistone's favor. Why did he not choose to inform us——"

"That he was Lord Lansdowne's second cousin, and knew the Marquis of Lauderdale, grandmamma?" broke in Lucia, with very pretty spirit. "Would that have prepossessed you in his favor? Would you have forgiven him for building the mills, on Lord Lansdowne's account? I—I wish I was related to a marquis," which was very bold indeed.

"May I ask," said her ladyship, in her most monumental manner, "when *you* became Mr. Burmistone's champion?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU HAVE MADE IT LIVELIER."

When she had become Mr. Burmistone's champion indeed! She could scarcely have told when, unless, perhaps, she had fixed the date at the first time she heard his name introduced at a high tea, with every politely opprobrious epithet affixed. She had defended him in her own mind then, and felt sure that he deserved very little that was said against him, and very likely nothing at all. And the first time she had seen and spoken to him, she had been convinced that she had not made a mistake, and that he had been treated with cruel injustice. How kind he was, how manly, how clever, and how well he bore himself under the popular adverse criticism! She only wondered that anybody could be so blind, and stupid, and wilful as to assail him.

And if this had been the case in those early days, imagine what she felt now, when—ah, well!—when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed that she had seen Mr. Burmistone even oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course it had all been quite accidental; but it had happened that now and then, when she had been taking a quiet walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had encountered a gentleman, who had dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as he sauntered by her side. She had always been very timid at such times and had felt rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmistone had not been timid at all, and would, indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as not, for which courage his companion admired him more than ever. It was not very long before to be with this hero re-assured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to open her soft little heart to him, and show him innocently all its goodness and ignorance of worldliness. She warmed and brightened under his kindly influence, and was often surprised in secret at her own simples readiness of wit and speech.

"It is odd that I am such a different girl when—when I am with you," she said to him, one day. "I even make little jokes. I should never think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she never seems quite to understand jokes. She never laughs at them. You always laugh, and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must not encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did, she would choke over her soup."

Perhaps, when she had dressed her hair and adorned herself with pale pink bows, and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other beholders than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by that most excellent matron.

"Do you mind me telling you that you have put on an enchanted garment," said Mr. Burmistone, the first time they met when she wore one of the old-new gowns. "I though' I knew before how——."

"I don't mind at all," said Lucia, blushingly brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like that, too. Grandmamma does not."

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to to treat Lucia severely from a sense of duty. Her manner towards her had always rather the tone of implying that she was naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in which my lady had been trained, it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and, if left to their own desires, frequently sinful. Lucia had not been left to own her desires. She had been taught to view herself, as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with a person who did not find her silly, or dull, or commonplace, was a new experience.

"If I had been clever," Lucia said once to Mr Burmistone,—"if I had been clever, perhaps grandmamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished I had been clever."

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmistone, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance."

When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Burmistone's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every genteel parlor. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Oldclough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for information.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whither it is true that Miss Belinda Bassett—*Belinda Bassett*," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmistone to assist him to receive his guests."

"Yes, it is true," was the reply; "I think I advised it myself. Burmistone is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants,—well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, et cætera." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding quietly: "He's not a man to submit to being refused—Burmistone."

Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work; she knew he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in its place so cleverly; and she detested this more than anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say.

He did not address her again, immediately, but turned to Lucia, drooping the eyeglasses, and resuming his normal condition.

"You will go, of course?" he said.

Lucia glanced across at my lady.

"I—do not know. Grandmamma——."

"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation—unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question."

"But there may be reasons——," began her ladyship.

"Burmistone is my friend," put in Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you."

When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the *fete*, and that Lady Theobald had accepted them.

"She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for-granted way of his."

Naturally, Mr. Burmistone's *fete* caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Harriford for costumes for her daughters.

"Slowbridge is changing, mem," said Miss Chickie with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies are led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever have dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill or flounce, mem?"

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. Shares had gone up again, and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little aggrieved.

"Will you be glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked. "We shall not be glad to let you go. We have grown very fond of you."

"I shall be sorry to leave you; and Aunt Belinda is going with us. You don't expect me to be fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham—and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one 'the rest'" he enquired, the first time he found himself alone with her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual *hateur* and discretion.

"Would you like to be?" she said.

"Oh! very much—very much—naturally," he replied, severely.

They were standing near a rose-bush, in the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest.

"Well," she said, next, "I must say I think I shouldn't have had such a good time if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier."

"Tha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind."

"Oh!" she answered, "it's true. If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You, and Mr. Burmistone, and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier."

He went home in such bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than usual, commented upon his grave aspect at dinner.

"You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up."

"Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sardonically; "nothing whatever — unless that I have been rather snubbed by a young lady from Nevada."

"Ah!" with great seriousness; "that's rather cool, isn't it?"

"It's her little way," said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada."

In fact, he was very savage indeed. He felt that he had condescended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, he chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analyzing his motives and necessities, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this young woman from Nevada, and that really, upon the whole, he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes he had been much pleased with her, and very well entertained; but often enough—in fact rather too often she had made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Her manners were not what he was accustomed to; she did not consider that all men were not to be regarded from the same point of view. Perhaps he did not put into definite words the noble and patriotic sentiment that an Englishman was not to be regarded from the same point of view as an American, and that though all this sort of thing might do with fellows in New York, it was scarcely what an Englishman would stand. Perhaps, as I say, he had not put this sentiment into words; but it is quite certain that it had been uppermost in his mind upon more occasions than one. As he thought their acquaintance over, this evening, he was rather severe upon Octavia. He even roused so far as to condescend to talk her over with Burmistone.

"If she had been well brought up," he said, "she would have been a different creature."

"Very different, I have no doubt," said Burmistone, thoughtfully. "When you say well brought up, by the way, do you mean brought up like your cousin, Miss Gaston?"

"There is a medium," said Barold, loftily. "I regret to say Lady Theobald has not hit upon it."

"Well, as you say," commented Mr. Burmistone, "I suppose there is a medium."

"A charming wife she would make for a man with a position to maintain," remarked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.

"Octavia Bassett?" queried Burmistone. "That's true. But I am afraid she wouldn't enjoy it—if you are supposing the man to be an Englishman, brought up in the regulation groove."

"Ah!" exclaimed Barold, impatiently, "I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his."

Mr. Burmistone slipped his hands in his pockets and jingled his keys slightly, as he did once before in an earlier part of this narrative.

"Ah! from his," he repeated. "Not from hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Barold flushed a little, and took his cigar from his mouth to knock of the ashes.

"A man is not necessarily a snob," he said, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You can't marry a woman who will make mistakes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

"Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmistone.

"She would do as she chose," said Barold, petulantly. "She would do things which were unusual—but I am not referring to her in particular. Why should I?"

"Ah!" said Burmistone. "I only thought of her because it did not strike me that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered She is not easily embarrassed. There is a *sang froid* about her which carries things off."

"Ah!" deigned Barold, "she has *sang froid* enough and to spare."

He was silent for some time afterwards, and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night, he made an announcement for which his host was not altogether prepared.

"When the *fete* is over, my dear fellow,' he said, "I must go back to London, and I shall be deucedly sorry to do it."

"Look here!" said Burmistone, "that's a new idea, isn't it?"

"No, an old one; but I have been putting the thing off from day to day. By Jove! I did not think it likely that I should put it off, the day I landed here."

And he laughed, rather uneasily.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MAY I GO?"

The very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston appeared.

Lucia was very pale, and her large soft eyes wore a decidedly frightened look. She seemed to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had happened.

"Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Oldclough."

"Who is he?"

"He is my grand-uncle," exclaimed Lucia, tremulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma——" She stopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. "I do not quite understand grandmamma, Octavia," she said. "Last night she came to my room to talk to me; and this morning she came again, and—oh!" she broke out indignantly, "how could she speak to me in such a manner!"

"What did she say?" inquired Octavia.

"She said a great many things," with great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her—I did—before she had finished."

"What did you understand?"

"She was afraid to tell me in plain words—I never saw her afraid before, but she was afraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it—and it is what I deserve. If I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, and make myself attractive, in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?"

"Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose."

Lucia started.

"How did you guess?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess." And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she added.

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized, all at once, several things she had been mystified by before.

"Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."

Octavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said at length. "I am angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, I could have forgiven her more easily; but she been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. "Octavia," she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, "I think that, for the first time in my life, I am in a passion—a real passion. I think I shall never be afraid of her any more." Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath came fast. There was a hint of exultation in her tone. "Yes," she said, "I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home and tell her what I think!"

And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her ladyship.

(To be Continued).

In His Proper Place.

Yes, "the world do move," after all. Those who were present at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the Baptist church one afternoon last week witnessed a sight which was calcuated to inspire the most ardent advocate of women's rights. Whilst the wives and daughters of the land were discussing the "third party" and other grave questions of state, one of the erstwhile "lord of creation" paced the corridors in the "lordly" endeavor of trying to keep his offspring from breaking out into open rebellion. The wives and daughters looked upon the sight with feelings of satisfaction at the thought that man had at last found his proper place, and the "yoke" had been broken. As for the fallen "lord," he presented the appearance of a man who was prepared to sell himself without making anything on the transaction.—*Galt Reformer.*

Barbers Have Good Eyes.

Ever get shaved by a barber who wore glasses? Just think over now, and see if you can remember any barber who ever wore glasses. I've been in the business 20 years, says a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*, and I would be more apt to see such barbers than you. I don't believe that I ever saw more than three. A man who can't see well has no business fooling around another man's face with a razor. I went into a recruiting office once thinking I would enlist. They asked me several questions, one of them being an inquiry about my business. I said I was a barber. The recruiting officer replied at once: "Then your eyesight is all right." I don't think I ever saw a cross-eyed barber in my life. As a rule, the barber's eyesight is better than any class or business or profession which you find.

The Smallest Republic in the World.

Probably the smallest republic in the world is the one which declared its independence on August 9th, at Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides, and elected M. Chevilliard its President. The inhabitants consist of 40 Europeans (including a solitary Englishman, a missionary) and 500 black workmen employed by a French company. The new flag of the republic having been duly hoisted, the French gunboat Saone landed a detachment and saluted the flag.

—The man who does not find advertising profitable generally finds business unprofitable.

—A new Krupp gun beats the world. The calibre is 13¼ inches, barrel 40 feet in length, and its greatest diameter 6½ feet. It shoots 11 miles and fires two shots per minute, each shot costing between $1,250 and $1,500.

LORD STANLEY.

Characteristics, Official Work and Home Life of Canada's Present Governor-General — A Glimpse Within Rideau Hall.

From the New York Herald.

"Invariably honorable, just, bounteous, hospitable, valiant and magnificent; above all invariably loyal; that family may safely challenge history and tradition to show one defective link in its long chain of succession, to point to a single stain on the purity of its public conduct, or on its uniform exercise of the mild and graceful duties of private life."

Such is the estimate by a modern historian of the Stanleys, whose head is the Earl of Derby, and a scion of which, Lord Stanley of Preston, is Governor-General of Canada. Lord Stanley and a portion of his family are now on a tour, which will in all probability be extended to portions of the United States, and readers of the *Herald* will, therefore, doubtless find an account of His Lordship and of the Vice-Regal state in which he lives at Rideau Hall somewhat interesting.

Lord Stanley is a son of the fourteenth Earl of Derby. His brother, the present Earl, followed his father in adopting a public career, and father and son were more than once members of the same Cabinet. Fred Stanley, as the Governor-General of to-day was then familiarly called, at a very early age took a lieutenant's commission in the Grenadier Guards. In 1865 he was elected to Parliament and continued to be a member of the House until 1886, when he was created a peer with the title of Lord Stanley of Preston. During his career as a parliamentarian he filled various offices, such as Lord of the Admiralty, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Secretary of State for War, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, Secretary of State for the Colonies and President of the Board of Trade. It may well be believed that as Secretary of State for the Colonies he got that insight into colonial affairs that stands him in good stead now.

DAILY LIFE IN RIDEAU HALL.

When settled at the Hall Lord Stanley's movements are quite methodical. His valet has everything prepared for the bath at 7 o'clock each morning, and at that hour he calls his master. After paying an Englishman's adoration to the goddess of cold water, and having attired himself in the garb chosen for him by the aforesaid autocratic factotum, His Lordship peruses the morning papers. He very rarely goes out before breakfast. That meal is served about 9 o'clock. All the family sit down to it, even Master Willie, who has only seen 11 summers. At other meals the presence of the younger members depends on circumstances. By about 10 o'clock His Excellency has disposed of breakfast and of the matutinal cigar, and at that time Captain Colville, his military secretary, is on hand with a formidable batch of official documents requiring his attention. His Excellency signs nothing without scanning it more or less carefully, occupying a position in that respect midway between Lord Lorne, who went on the principle that the officials who drew up the documents knew more about them than he did, and Lord Lansdowne, who went over every document with as suspicious a pencil as the city editor scanning the junior reporter's first production. Scarcely a State document went through his hands that was not marked with verbal emendations made in accordance with his fine sense of euphonious composition.

The luncheon hour is close at hand, when the last of the public duties have been disposed of, and at that refection, as a general rule, the household, young and old, assemble.

Lord Stanley's afternoon employment is variable, although he makes it a point to take a drive, and, if the weather is favorable and the exacting public does not draw him away, he goes down to the cricket or football field. Of the latter game he merely remains a spectator, but in the former he frequently takes part and wields a mighty effective bat. Although an ancestor established that British mania, the Derby, His Lordship is not himself a particular devotee of horse flesh. His carriage horses are sleek and well groomed, but there appears to be no horsey strain in his blood. Indeed His Excellency's virtues are essentially of the domestic and public kind. He is an excellent type of the English nobility, which has contributed in a larger degree than is generally believed in erecting and maintaining the structure of British greatness. The lives, the sayings and doings of such men as Lord Stanley of Preston do not make such spicy reading as the escapades of a Hastings or a Marlborough, and therefore we hear less in the public prints of the virtues of the English nobility than we do of their vices.

A REPAST IN STATE.

By about 7 o'clock the duties and avocations of the afternoon have been attended to or enjoyed, and the entire household seek their rooms to dress for dinner. This repast is served with the same state, whether the guests are present or not. Everybody dresses for it; even when the young boys are accorded the privilege of dining with mother they come down in their Eton jackets, which is a school boy's full dress. The dinner, more especially if there are guests, is a lengthy affair, the gentlemen lingering over the mahogany for a great part of the evening. When it is finished, however, the family are very fond of getting up amateur musical entertainments. His Excellency, like a true Lancashire lad, is a fiddler; one or two of the boys essay the same noble instrument; Mrs. Bagot, wife of Captain Bagot, who was there last winter, was an accomplished musician, and with the aid of one or two local instrumentalists and vocalists most ambitious musical seances were held at the hall two or three times a week. These were never kept up to a late hour, early to bed being a household rule.

LADY STANLEY'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

The world does not usually credit the homes of the high ones of the earth with any striking exemplification of those simpler domestic joys that poets and moralists have united in awarding only to the humble and lowly. The pomps of power and wealth are supposed to exclude these; but an acquaintance with the domestic concerns of these scions of one of the most illustrious families in Europe would dispel this idea. Love in the castle produces the same sweet influence that it does in the cottage. If you could see one of Lady Stanley's big young boys come into the morning room in his blanket coat, liberally besprinkled with snow, his cheeks red with Jack Frost's pinches, and throw his arms around his mother and kiss her just in the good old fashioned way that your boy or my boy does you would realize the truth of Tennyson's verse:

Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.

A mother is a boy's mother whether she be a Clarendon or a Smith. And that is the keynote of the Governor General's family. The circumstance of lofty position has never been allowed to crowd out those dear ineradicable human feelings and affections that are the basis of the family life and the corner stones of the whole social fabric.

WHO LADY STANLEY IS.

Lady Stanley is a Villiers, a sister of the present Lord Clarendon.

The first Earl Clarendon was that noble historian whose history of the Rebellion has become an English classic. His daughter Anne Hyde married the ill-fated King James the second, becoming mother of Mary and Anne, who successively filled the throne of Great Britain. The last Lord Clarendon of the Hyde family left an only child, a daughter, who married Thomas Villiers, in whom the title of Lord Carendon was subsequently revived. Vice-regal state should sit easily on the shoulders of a lady whose family has made honorable alliance with royalty itself. And it does. Lady Stanley's air is a beautiful mixture of the *grande haut ton*, the woman and the mother. She takes a lively interest in all that goes on around her.

A FAMILY OF TEN CHILDREN.

Lady Stanley has brought her lord ten children, of whom two are dead, a boy and a girl. The boy was twin brother of George.

The present Earl of Derby has no children and Lord Stanley is next of kin. His eldest son, Lord Edward Stanley, if he runs the allotted span, will certainly be Earl of Derby, and a worthy successor he will make to that long roll of noblemen. He is now 24 years of age, a lieutenant, as his father was before him, in the Grenadier Guards. Lord Edward was a bachelor when he arrived in Canada. After staying here but a few weeks he returned to England and was married to Lady Alice Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester. The young lady is a sister of that George Victor Drogo Montagu, Lord Mandeville, who married Miss Consuelo Yznaga, the American heiress. He returned to Canada with his bride and the young couple are now travelling with His Excellency.

THE BOYS.

Victor, the second boy, is a sailor, and he is every inch a sailor, with the bluff, hearty ways that seem inseparable from the sea. While here last winter on furlough he was continually incurring reprimands from his mother for sailing into the drawing-room puffing a cigarette, and there was nothing for it but to open a window and toss it into the snow. He was an immense favorite with the Ottawa ladies and certainly returned their admiration to the full. As a sailor should be, he is fond of a scrimmage.

Arthur, the third boy, who is now at Cambridge, is the scholar of the family. He has achieved unusual distinction in that line. In a competitive examination among twenty of the great public schools in England Arthur came out first in modern languages. He is intended for the diplomatic service and will undoubtedly in future sustain the Stanley name for distinguished public service. The other boys are Ferdinand, George, Algernon and Willie.

Willie is the baby. He is eleven years old. Ferdinand has chosen the profession of arms and is a second lieutenant in the Third and Fourth Battalions of the King's Own Regiment. George is at Cambridge and Algernon and Willie are at one of the English public schools.

THE LITTLE LADY ISABEL.

The only member of the family now at home besides Edward is Lady Isabel, a flaxen haired miss of fourteen. She is an energetic little lady, and when at Ottawa her great delight is to come up town with her governess and "do" the stores. The carriage, with a patient footman and driver, follows her about while she flits from store to store, having heaps of fun.

The Prince of Wales in Egypt.

A Paris cable has the following: The *Republique Francaise* says: England cannot be surprised that no one in Egypt consented to fete the Prince of Wales as though he was on a triumphal quasi-royal tour. France and the other Powers, which have not ceased to regard Egypt as a Turkish dependency, in no way bound to Great Britain by protectoral vassalage, still demand the evacuation of the country by the English. The Cairo incident, the paper says, proves that Europe is not disposed to allow the Egyptian question to sink into oblivion. France will lose no opportunity to remind England of her solemn engagement in regard to Egypt.

The Woman Who Laughs.

For a good, every-day household angel, give us the woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day, she is a very paragon. Home is not a battle-field, nor life an unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things which no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily term it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.—*Rural New Yorker.*

There are ten police matrons in Chicago selected by the W.C.T.U. More than 11,000 women passed through the stations last year, and to each one the way was offered to a better life.

A Senator asked Mrs. Sallie Chapin why women did not leave the temperance work to men, to make the laws; they would be responsible and take the consequences. "Because," she answered, "you do the work now, and the women take the consequences."

THE JESUIT MONEY.

The Parties Who Got a Share of the Filthy Lucre.

The Montreal *Witness* of Wednesday says: The 5th of November, 1889, will be remembered as a historical day in Montreal, the day upon which the "settlement" of the famous Jesuits' Estates question was consummated by the handing over $400,000 of Provincial Government money to Father Turgeon, representing the Jesuit Order in Canada for the occasion, in consideration of the Order's total and perpetual abandonment of claims to those estates. The proceedings were held in the Government offices on St. Gabriel street, and were intentionally surrounded with all possible splendor and eclat. Prelates and priests were there, members of Parliament and of the Legislature, and a number of politicians of every kind. At precisely 11 a. m., the hour appointed for the important meeting, Premier Mercier entered the Council Chamber, accompanied by his two sons and by three of his colleagues, Mr. Turcotte, Col. Rhodes and Mr. Gagnon. He was closely followed by Monsignor Labelle in his brilliant scarlet robes, Monsignor Tetu, representing Cardinal Taschereau, the Rev. Father Turgeon, S. J., the Rev. Mr. Racicot, representing Archbishop Fabre, the Rev. Fathers Vignon, Hudon, Lemire and Jones (four Jesuit priests), the Rev. Mr Gagnon, representing the Quebec Laval University, and others.

Mr. Mercier took the chair at the head of the table, having Monsignor Labelle on his right and Mayor Grenier on his left; the members of the Cabinet took seats around the table, and when the other persons present had also been invited to be seated, the Premier called upon Mr. Lussier, Notary Public, to read the deed of agreement about to be signed between the Government and the Jesuits. The document was read in a clear, solemn voice. In it were recited the different clauses of the Jesuits' Act and the stipulations by which for the consideration of $400,000, to be divided as stated below, Father Turgeon abandons all claim to the Jesuits' estates, in the name of the Jesuits' Order, both ancient and present, and in the name of the Pope, the Propaganda and the Church.

The contract having been read, Mr. Mercier, addressing the Assistant Provincial Secretary, said, "Now, Mr. Mitchell, bring out the cheques."

Mr. Mitchell took out of his portfolio the precious slips of paper, twelve in number, duly numbered and made out as follows:

One hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the Jesuits.

One hundred thousand dollars for the Laval University, Quebec.

Forty thousand dollars for Laval University, Montreal.

Twenty thousand dollars for the Apostolic Prefecture of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Ten thousand dollars for the Quebec archbishopric.

Ten thousand dollars for the Montreal archbishopric.

Ten thousand dollars for the Chicoutimi bishopric.

Ten thousand dollars for the bishopric of Nicolet.

Ten thousand dollars for the bishopric of Three Rivers.

Ten thousand dollars for the bishopric of St. Hyacinthe.

Ten thousand dollars for the bishopric of Sherbrooke.

Five thousand two hundred and sixty dollars, representing the interest due to the Jesuit Fathers.

All the cheques were made payable at the Bank of Montreal and subject to the order of Father Turgeon. They were handed one by one to the rev. father by Mr. Mitchell, the notary at the same time calling out the numbers and amounts. The rev. father smiled, his attorney, Mr. Lamothe, and Mr. Mercier closely watching each cheque as it was handed. "If they are not correct, say so," remarked Mr. Mercier with a smile.

THE TELEPHONE ROASTING.

Startling Scene in a Down East Doctor's Home.

Dr. A. R. Rice has a cool head, but he was a pretty thoroughly frightened man for about half an hour just before supper last evening. He heard a humming noise during the afternoon, but attributed it to the quinine he had handled during the day. The humming changed to a sizzling sound about 5 o'clock and there was an occasional crackle. The doctor rubbed his eyes to be sure that they were all right, for the room seemed to be filling with sulphurous smoke. The sizzling sounded like water, and think ing the pipes must have burst, the doctor rushed upstairs. While he was investigating a shriek from a young woman in his office fairly made his hair stand on end. Smoke was coming out of the door as he ran back to his office. There was no need to call his attention to the cause of the trouble. His telephone was fairly roasting before his eyes, the charring wood sending out thick smoke, while a small artillery fire was in progress from the tips of the melting wires. A messenger was sent for help, while the family stood before the melting telephone with buckets of water, expecting it to burst into flame. The doctor suspected what the trouble was, and had sent a messenger to the electric-light station. Before he could get halfway there a telephone company employee rushed in without the ceremony of knocking; he gave a frightened glance at the smoldering telephone and rushed into the back yard. Grasping a hoe lying near, he tore the wires from the side of the house. The remains of the telephone cooled down, but the live wires spat fire at each other in an alarming way last evening, and the family did not get much rest.—*Springfield Republican.*

Lord Mure, one of the judges of the First Division of the Scotch Court of Session, has resigned. He was successively Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate, and was raised to the Bench in 1865. For some time he was M. P. for Bute. He is now in his 79th year.

—A Leeds firm has built the biggest lathe. It weighs 300 tons, covers 75 feet by 20, and bores a hole 40 inches in diameter through a 32-foot long ingot.

—What a sorry spectacle a spoilt boy makes of himself when away from his mother!

SUDDEN DEATHS OF ACTORS.

Tragic Endings in the Past, Even on the Stage Itself.

The audience of the New York Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday night had a sensation of the most tragic character in the death of the comedian Charles B. Bishop. This adds one more to the sad list of those who have died on the stage, and which includes some once noted names. In Great Britain, Palmer, who was almost a star, fell dead while playing before a Liverpool audience. Peg Woffington, while playing Rosalind, was paralyzed and never recovered. She had just uttered the words, "I'd kiss as many of you as pleased me," when her voice was hushed and was never again heard on the stage. The once famous comedian Foote was also paralyzed while performing in his own comedy "The Devil on Two Sticks," and never recovered. Another case was that of Moody, who held respectable rank on the British stage and whose last appearance was as Claudis in "Measure for Measure." Just as he exclaimed, "Aye, but to die and go we know not where," he sank to the floor and was borne off a corpse. James Bland, who also had a respectable position in the profession, expired in the Strand Theatre. Edmund Kean affords another very impressive instance. While playing Othello in London, just as he exclaimed, "Oh, then, farewell," he fell into the arms of his son (who took the role of Iago), and he had just strength enough to say, "Speak to them, Charles, I am dying." He was borne off and revived for a while, but death soon closed his checkered career. Hanley, the comedian, became speechless on the stage after uttering the words of Launcelot Gobbo, "I have an exposition of sleep come over me," and he never spoke again. Cummings, who occasionally appeared in tragedy, expired while performing the role of Duemont in "Jane Snore." Barrett, who was so clever in old men's parts, died after playing Polonius, and was carried home a corpse. Mrs. Glover was struck with paralysis on the occasion of her farewell benefit and died three days afterward. Mrs. Linley, the once popular vocalist, expired at a concert while singing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." A very remarkable occurrence of this kind took place at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, in 1874. John Ferris, while playing a leading role in "Lady Audley's Secret," was borne off the stage in a helpless condition and died before morning. McCullough broke down on the stage in a manner that proved worse than death, for he only survived to become a lunatic, and now we have the shocking death of poor Bishop.

A New Canadian Cable.

Canada is now in a fair way of geting an Atlantic cable of her own. The efforts of Mr. Dobell as promoter are reported to have been successful, and it is said that the manufacture of the cable, which will be of the best kind, will be vigorously pushed next year. The cost is put down at $1,500,000, for which sum the work can be done. If, as alleged, Canadian cable messages count 800 a day, it will be a mistake to assume that they will ever all go by one cable. Like all new cable companies, this one appears to contemplate a reduction of the rate charged for messages; but, with a few exceptions, competition has led to amalgamation of competing lines, and a serious waste of capital has resulted from the multiplication of cables. Canada ought, for some reasons, to have a cable of her own. Our press despatches, it is sometimes complained, are filtered through a foreign channel, but it is certain that the Canadian press cannot compete with the American in the collection and transmission of press dispatches. Still it may do something on its own account without breaking off existing connections.—*Toronto Monetary Times.*

Origin of Lord Mayor's Day.

Saturday is the 700th anniversary of the mayoralty of one Fitz Alwyn, in Richard the Lion Heart's time, and the institution of Lord Mayor has always been traced back to him as the founder by city historians. It is a very striking fact that, while the chief event of his mayoralty was a savage, bloody raid on the Jews, who were plundered, tortured and expelled by wholesale, the incoming Mayor, who is to celebrate Fitz Alwyn's septcentenary, is a strictly orthodox Jew named Isaacs. He carries his religious observance to the point of quitting the gaudy Lord Mayor's next Saturday, when the procession reaches Houndsditch, and going through that whole Jewish quarter humbly on foot, in order that his co-religionists may not be scandalized by the spectacle of his riding at ease on the Hebrew Sabbath.—*New York Times' London Letter.*

Ladies Who Use the Foils.

Those who understand and enjoy the art of fencing, says a London letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, are becoming very numerous nowadays. Indeed, it is said it will be quite the fashion the coming winter.

Now that ladies have taken up the exercise in earnest, it will no doubt be the rage for a while. Graceful figures are never seen to greater advantage than when practising the art of swordsmanship.

The Prince of Wales' daughters are all expert with the foil, and many of the ladies who weary themselves with every variety of exercise in the summer are taking to fencing as a substitute in the winter.

A Stinging Rebuke.

A sensation was caused in one of the eastside churches last Sunday by the severe punishment meted out to a man and woman, apparently husband an wife, who were detected by the pastor in the act of whispering. "The services will not proceed till that man and woman in the second seat leave the church," said the irate pastor. Everybody was painfully surprised and the couple referred to were almost overwhelmed with shame. The pastor roughly remonstrated with them and repeated his command and the couple left the place, the woman in almost a fainting condition.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Birmingham, Eng., still leads in pen-making. The weekly production is 160,000 gross. It takes 16 to 18 tons of steel for these, of which all but eight is waste. They employ 3,500 women and 500 men. America has four pen mills, France three, and Germany one.

FOR THE BRIDAL TRIP.

Some Hints Upon Costume Which Brides-to-be May Profit By.

Nowadays the travelling costume is a noticeable garment. It is not possible for any old dress to be worn and to be worn out in the process of travelling without becoming in a measure remarkable. Pains should be taken in starting to choose a well adapted and comfortably fitting one; the skirt the exact length convenient for walking, dimensions only sufficiently ample to hang well, color that does not show dust quickly, and a shade that does not perpetually attract observation. Weight at the hem of a skirt, heavy foundations, etc., add much to fatigue in walking excursions. It is surprising how such trifles studied in the making of a dress will prove a pleasure to the wearer or the contrary. For the contemplated trip a dress such as is worn at home in spring will do. A light tweed or homespun covert jacket, which admits of being worn, if desired, without bodice of dress, out with shirt fronts or loose drapery. A variety of blouses take little room and give a different appearance to the costume. A second morning dress will be necessary, and a stylish one for *table d'hote*. Black always looks well. A long cloak of alpaca is convenient either for night journeys in railways, or to act as a dust cloak. A couple of pairs of comfortable and serviceable soled boots for walking, and a good supply of stockings.—*The Queen.*

Canadian Atlantic Service.

Canadians are not badly served by their ocean steamers. The last voyage of the mail steamer Parisian, for instance, was a noteworthy one. The English mails which she brought reached Montreal at 10 o'clock on Friday night last, bringing English letters and journals of 17th to that city in eight days thereafter. Such a rate of speed, if regularly maintained, would leave little to be desired. The cabin passengers on the same trip were landed at Montreal from the steamer at 5 p.m. on the Saturday; their baggage was landed and those of them who were going west were enabled to catch the train that night.—*Monetary Times.*

Style.

The most fashionable color, at present, is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing what a change is being daily wrought by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, backache or nervous prostration should give it a trial. All druggists.

All in a Name.

Brown—Hullo, Simpkins, got a new horse? What's his name?

Simpkins—Well, I call him Balaklava.

"That's a deuced queer name for a horse?

"Yes, you see the charge was 600, don you know,"—*Time.*

"Regularity."

"Yes," said the Professor, "when I regulate my time piece, I consult the best authority in town—the watchmaker's chronometer. In the same way, when I need a digestive pill, I invariably take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, because they are so accurately graduated, so gentle in their effects, regulating the intestinal action with such nicety that the system is left invigorated, the natural functions are resumed, my brain is clear for work, my spirits serene, and my appetite splendid."

A Perennial Subject.

Editorial writer (for Democratic paper)—I can't think of a subject this morning to save me.

Proprietor—Well, you might administer a deserved rebuke to Baby McKee. We haven't said anything about her for two days.—*Time.*

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Sennacherib Unearthed.

The results of English researches in Assyria the past year are said to be very valuable. Almost the whole of Sennacherib's great palace at Konyunjik has now been cleared out, including the library and chambers, and the result is that some seventeen hundred new tablets, etc., have been secured for the British museum.

Acknowledged Her Ignorance.

Mrs. Gullible—Do you know, dear, John is just as boyish in his feelings as he ever was!

Mrs. Kawler—Indeed?

Mrs. Gullible—Yes, why it was only last night I heard him talking in his sleep about seeing the elephant. The dear fellow had doubtless been to the circus.

—In 1350 hatmakers got 1d. per day master carpenters, 3d.; carpenters, 2d. master masons, 4d.; masons, tilers and thatchers, 3d.; and laborers, 1½d.

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Transient advertisements charged at the rate of 8cts. per line for first insertion and 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion.

W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

LIQUOR AND MURDER.

Another terrible drink tragedy has occurred in Toronto. Thos. Kane, a laborer, murdered his wife on Saturday night while under the drink frenzy, and the coroner's jury have returned a verdict of wilful murder against the unfortunate man. Should he hang it will only be another evidence of the terrible inconsistency of the British law which allows the sale of a crazing fluid and then hangs a man for his unwitting act while deranged under its influence. If any extenuating argument can be brought forward in the case of a man who commits murder while laboring under a temporary fit of insanity, we think the same argument has a double force when applied to the one who is crazed through drink at the hands of a second party, backed by governmental authority. The Harvey and Kane cases will be worthy the attention of any person who considers that British law and justice are above reproach. At the peril of being termed a radical we claim that the government which authorizes the wholesale dishing out of "liquid damnation" is equally responsible in the acts which result directly therefrom. This is straight from the shoulder, and we mean what we say. Drunkenness should be made a crime and liable to heavy punishment. The law which applies to the sale of liquors to Indians should be made applicable as well to every white man under the sun.

There is a lot of maudlin sentimentality being exhibited just now for the man Harvey, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Guelph for the murder of his wife and two daughters. The trial was a fair one, and Harvey's counsel made a brave fight for his client, leaving no stone unturned to secure his acquital. The plea put forward was that of insanity, but there was no evidence to substantiate the plea, and therefore the judge sentenced the murderer to be hanged. Now a lot of the latter's friends pass around a petition to have his sentence commuted, claiming insanity as the ground for such action. The argument is that he must have been insane at the time when he committed so awful a deed. Of course the same individuals would scarcely hold that a man who committed a theft, or arson, was insane in a lesser degree at the moment such deed was committed! It was made evident to the majority of the people that Harvey committed the deed through nothing but vanity. He was afraid to let his family know that he was not the immaculate being they fondly believed. Perhaps it was an insane vanity, just as was Oscar Wilde's or Beau Brummel's with the consequences more terrible than in either of those cases, but The Advance does not think it should be made a palliating excuse, and should Harvey be pardoned it will be without our consent. All the same we expect nothing else but to hear that his pardon has been secured.

Brazil has given her King, Dom Pedro, the grand bounce, and formed the country into a republic. This has been anticipated for some time, and was precipitated by Princess Isabell, who, during her Pa's absence, signed a proclamation emancipating the slaves. This act was highly applauded by the lower classes and the slaves themselves, but upper-tendom could not stand it and immediately dumped Dom Pedro into the soup. Dom retires on a good income, however, and his daughter will not suffer to any appreciable extent for a marriage portion.

A Few Queries.

To the Editor of The Advance.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I live, as you know, some distance from the hub of our township, Artemesia. Your excellent paper brings me the weekly news from all quarters, and it is a very welcome visitor. In busy seasons of the year we have no other news but rumors, and they must always be taken with a grain of salt, Biddy says. But I say rumors cannot start on nothing.

As the time is drawing near for the election of our councillors, or Township Fathers, rumor has been busy with them of late, and to set matters right, and that I may be posted and can contradict rumor if not correct, I will ask you a few questions. I know you can answer them fine.

1st There is a place somewhere between Flesherton and Kimberley called the Valley Road. Did the council spend a large amount of money a couple of years ago on this road, and after they had expended this money, never made it passable for teams, and now the bridges built are nothing, and the way is growing up with trees again? Biddy says it must be like the Valley of Death. If a traveller goes that way he never returneth (that way.) Whose money was put in this road? Rumor says that it is Dr. Christoe's, but I do not believe it. He knows too much to squander his money in that way. It must be the people's money. You will know.

2nd. I understand there has been a couple of large bridges built near Flesherton on the gravel road, and a man was paid for drawing plans and specifications, and to superintend the work, and the work cost $1000 or more, and after the work was passed and the architect paid, within three months more money had to be expended on it to make it safe to travel over. Who was the architect who passed the work. You will know.

Rumor says these expensive works were not completed by contract, but done by piecework, let to friends. If this is so, I am inclined to think the bridge would soon need repair. But this was not the people's money that built these large bridges. Biddy says it is. You will know.

I have a lot more questions to ask you, Mr. Editor, but I will wait for an answer to those and ask a few more then, so that I will not know too much at once. PATRICK.

Markdale's Latest News.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Lizzie Richardson, of Flesherton, has been engaged by the public school board of Markdale to take charge of the the primary department. From what I hear she will have a cordial reception, both by scholars and parents of the section

John Hamilton, jr., was badly injured Monday afternoon at Armstrong's hill, this village, by falling forward off a load of barley. The bag he was sitting on slid ahead, precipitating him under the wheels. He was injured some internally, and had three ribs broken loose from the spine. Dr. Ego is in attendance on him.

J. E. Fulford, of Allenford, is visiting here, and expects to open out soon in Sproule's block, with a full line of hardware, stoves, etc. He is also a practical tinsmith.

The British Columbia party went west Monday afternoon. They were suppered last Friday night at the Markdale House

Mr. Currie has finished his shipment of limed eggs to New York. He has disposed of them at a fair advance, and consequently considers his season a fair one.

The C. P. R. have put up a fine lamp at the Mill St. Gate, made by N. L. Piper, Toronto. It is a benefit there dark nights.

The sound of the roller skates is heard every Saturday night now. "Two times" a week later on in the season.

J. Gammond, expert egg packer and president of the lawn tennis club, has returned home to Mt. Forest for the winter.

Wm. McDonald has been committed for trial in connection with the St. John poisoned candy case.

Maxwell.

From our own Correspondent.

R. Brown raised part of his shed on Tuesday evening last and finished it on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Thos. Heron has had an attack of bronchitis.

Miss Alma Scott has been suffering from a slight touch of diphtheria.

Mrs. St. John and her daughter have left for Owen Sound where it is expected they will spend the winter at least.

"Old Joe" Miller has been taken to Owen Sound, where he will receive free board and lodging for the next six months.

It has been reported that C. Williams has sold his stock to Mr. McAler, of Eugenia.

The post office is now kept open until eight o'clock, thus giving our villagers a chance to receive one mail the day it arrives.

Priceville.

From our own Correspondent.

The fair on Monday was very well represented by both bipeds and quadrupeds, but the former were in the majority and about two-thirds of the latter were transferred to other hands for the sum of $500, or of an average of nearly $5 per foot,—tails gratis. Some of the public school readers of The Advance can solve the question during the week, how many heads were sold.

Divers nationalities were represented here on fair day as usual, English, Irish, Scotch, German, besides all the mixtures, or grades. Among the most prominent Englishmen on the ground was the formidable tax collector for the adjoining wards of Artemesia and Glenelg.

One of the able representives of Erin was our feiend Mr. J. Best, of Tyrone, who always enlivens the fair ground with his ready sallies of Irish wit.

As to the Scotchmen, I can't particularize, for they were like the sands of the sea shore.

It was arranged at the Presbytery in Orangeville last week, that the Rev. D. McLeod will again take charge of the congregation here.

A few days ago a number of fowl were stolen from the North Line. The feathere were shortly afterwards found buried in a bank of saw dust. Suspicion points the finger severely at a married, and one or two single men of our village. One of the modes of reformation proposed by the "committee" is, by the aid of a can or two of tar, to place carefully all the stolen feathers on the backs of the thieves, but boys be careful!

The literary infant "Vidi" is missing. We hope Oben has not abducted the youngster in order to make the "christening," (or perhaps we should say baptism.)

Cold in Head CATARRH THE 4 STAGES Consumption DEATH.

There is positive danger to health and life in neglecting a case of Cold in the Head or Catarrh, and at this season with its changeable weather, unusual moisture and sudden changes from heat to cold, there is peculiar liability to cold in the head. A neglected case of Cold in the Head rapidly develops into Catarrh, and neglected Catarrh just as certainly develops into Consumption and leads to premature Death. Medical testimony proves conclusively that a large percentage of all the deaths occurring from Consumption had their origin in a neglected Cold, which, by gradual stages, developed into Catarrh, and then into Consumption, that dread disease with which medical science is as yet unable to cope successfully. If you are suffering from Cold in the head or from any of the numerous symptoms of Catarrh, such as bad breath, dull oppressive headaches, droppings from the head into the throat, hawking and spitting, copious discharges from the nostrils, losing sense of smell, or taste becoming dull, hacking cough, or a general feeling of debility, husky voice, a wheezing or cracking sound in your chest when breathing, a feeling of dizziness, particularly when stooping, a feeling of tiredness and indisposition to exertion, a feeling of nausea in the morning when attempting to dislode accumulations in the throat. Do not neglect them. These are but a few of the many symptoms of Catarrh, and if you experience any, BE WARNED IN TIME. Do not permit them to run under the mistaken impression that the disease will eventually wear away. It will not but on the contrary will wear you away as it has thousands before. Procure at once a bottle of NASAL BALM, the only certain and speedy cure ever offered the public for Cold in the Head or Catarrh. This is no idle assertion, but an unquestionable fact, which is verified by the thousands of testimonials in our possession telling of marvelous cures. These testimonials we have received from all parts of the Dominion, and we append a few, selected at random, as a fair sample of the whole:—

Mr. Alex Burns, of Sudbury, Ont., says:—Gents, I may state that I have been affected with Catarrh for seven or eight years, and it was attended with consequent symptoms such as foul breath, constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, ringing in the ears, and sickening pain in the head directly over either eye. I have used powder and douches, but all to no effect. The only result arising from the use of such was temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated form. The results arising from the use of Nasal Balm are sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into the throat (consequently less hawking and spitting), clearness of hearing, and not once since I began its use have I had pain in the head. In fact it is my opinion that a careful and persistent use of the "Balm" will effect a cure in the worst case of catarrh.

James H. McLeod, Mink River Road, N.S., says:—I have tried other remedies for Catarrh, but received little or no good from them. Your NASAL BALM is certainly the BEST REMEDY I have tried, and all you claim for it. The Fact that it is pleasant and convenient to use adds greatly to its value, but its chief worth lies in being a CERTAIN CURE for that unpleasant disease—Catarrh.

W. Chas. Hanley, postmaster, Spry Bay, N.S., says:—I submit the following to the public that any who may be afflicted may be benefitted by the same remedy. Two bottles of your NASAL BALM has RESTORED TO PERFECT HEALTH a four year old child of ours, suffering from Catarrh.

Henrietta Blackwall, Parker, Ont., says:—Your NASAL BALM is the BEST REMEDY I have yet used for Catarrh. I can breathe more freely than before and my breath has regained its sweetness. I consider NASAL BALM a boon to the suffering.

Miss Maggie M. Martin, Terwood, Pa., says:—Through a friend in Canada I became acquainted with your NASAL BALM. I have suffered for years with Catarrh, and it is the first remedy from which I have experienced relief, and I feel certain that it will cure me.

Miss Minnie McNairn, Mille Roches, Ont., says:—Your bottle of NASAL BALM did me much good. The pain in my head disappeared before I had used the bottle, and I find myself receiving the greatest benefit. I am certain NASAL BALM will cure my Catarrh if its use is persevered in.

Mr. John H. Adams, merchant, Brantford, Ont, says:—I have used NASAL BALM for Catarrh and found it to be a certain cure.

W. A. Doyle, Beulah, Man., writes:—As a family medicine to check Catarrhal affections or Cold in the Head, NASAL BALM has no equal. We prise it highly.

Mr. A. Schlenzig, Toronto, says:—For a number of years my wife has been badly troubled with Catarrh. Dr.——— here promised to cure her, but after using his remedy for six months she became worse and weaker than before, and I found that I had spent $36 for medical treatment that did no good. My wife then began to use your NASAL BALM and has improved wonderfully and she is better and stronger than for years. Your remedy is the best in the market and you can use this as testimony.

Emilie Pellitier, Grenville, says:—I can scarcely find words to tell you how highly I prize NASAL BALM. Its effects in my case have been wonderful

Alpha H. Dales, Tarbert Ont., writes:—Your NASAL BALM has made a new man of me. I have never used a remedy so satisfactory.

A CAUTION:—Beware of imitations. If your dealer has not NASAL BALM in stock do not let him persuade you to take any other remedy which he may say is just as good, but send direct to the undersigned and it will be sent you on receipt of price—50 cents and $1.00 a bottle.

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

THE Christmas Globe

THE QUEEN OF THE HOLIDAY NUMBERS FOR 1889.

FORTY PAGES of Beautiful Illustrations and Literary matter, Coated Paper, Colored Lithographs, magnificent Press Work, Handsome Colored Cover.

TWO LARGE, SUPERB, LITHOGRAPHIC PLATES, in 15 colors, accompany this number, entitled

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Office :—Manley's Drug Store.
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Dr. Ego will be found at Markdale House at night

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VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of Ontario Vet. College.
RESIDENCE ON COLLINGWOOD STREET
Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

Dentistry.

J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following

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FLESHERTON OFFICE, NEXT POST OFFICE SPROULE'S BUILDING, ON THURSDAYS.
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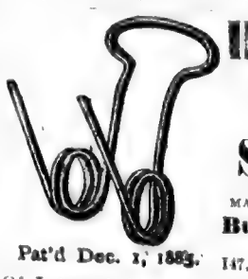

Hub Thill Spring,
MANUFACTURED BY
Butts & Ordway.
147, Pearl St., Boston
Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.
Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.
THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,
Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.
—FOR SALE AT—
Heard's Carriage Shop

GEO. MITCHELL,

BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

Mr. C. Treadgold and family departed for Michigan on Friday.

Mr. Runstedtler has placed a new stone foundation under his egg mill,

South and North Dakota have been admitted as states of the Union. In each case it is constitutionally provided that they are to be prohibition states.

A Toronto paper says some of the fastest horses in Canada are owned in Hanover, and the Post remarks that that is very true—when they are fast to a post.

Be sure and read the announcement of the Globe in this issue. Their Christmas Edition this year is said to surpass anything of the kind ever published in America.

There are thieves in this neighborhood, and a big effort should be made to ferret them out. A large number of fowl are reported as having been stolen lately.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

We invite attention to A. Watson's advertisement in another column. His is the place to get your Christmas confectionery, cakes and toys, of which latter he has a large supply.

An item which we published last week referring to Mr. and Mrs. Strain's return from Dakota was slightly misleading. Mr. Strain's health is very good, but Mrs Strain's health has not been benefited by the trip as much as was desired.

The Priceville Sons of Temperance will give an open entertainment on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 28, the program to consist of dialogues, recitations, etc. As the entertainment is free there will no doubt be a large attendance.

Mr R.T. Henderson is now in Regina, N.W.T., attending to the Travelers' Insurance business. He writes us a private letter from there stating that he is meeting with much success. The weather there is cold, and snow about six inches deep.

A gentleman walking along one of the main streets of Gananoque a few evenings ago picked up what he supposed was a kitten. It wasn't the kind of a kitten he took it for, and the result was he had to bury a suit of clothes. It was a skunk and a very playful one at that.

We have received from Messrs. Steel Bros. seedsmen, Toronto, a specimen bulb of the Chinese Sacred Narcissus. This bulb, placed in a bowl of water containing gravel in the bottom, will produce a beautiful stem of flowers about Christmas time. Send and procure one.

The Advance is happy to learn that Miss Lizzie Richardson has secured a position in the Markdale public school for next year. Miss Lizzie is a young lady who will, undoubtedly, give a good account of herself in school work, and we congratulate the people of Markdale upon securing her services.

Mr. J. J. Bannon, at one time manager of Dr. Christoe's drug store, Flesherton, and later of the firm of J. A. Tidey, Norwich, has purchased the latter's business and is doing well, Mr. Bannon's many friends in this vicinity will be happy to learn of his success, and will join with us in wishing him continued prosperity.

The Markdale Standard says: "The crankiness of the editor of the Flesherton Advance is being increased by culture." Glad you recognize the fact. We once heard Bob Burdette say that it was the happiest moment of his life when he was dubbed a crank. You see when the crank turns, all the machinery connected therewith has got to move on or burst. The crank is moving, Br'er Rutledge, and you're bound to hear its buzz.

Last week's Thornbury standard has another three-quarter column article on The Advance and the markets, in which it says that Flesherton's roller mill is run part of the time by steam and part of the time by water. Image of George Washington! but isn't that paper a jewel! Take a trot up this way some day, Mr. Standard, and have your ignorance polished up. We doubt if the Standard man knows what a steam grist-mill is—or any other kind of mill for that matter—judging by the incoherent chat which he indulges in.

The Beeton World tells of an elopement in the following sad, wish-it-was-me language: It was the night before Thanksgiving, Pale Luna had not shed her silvery light over the concessions and sidelines of West Gwillimbury, as the farm clock struck the hour of seven. All was quite in the village and on the homestead the only visible figures were a father and a visitor stabling the latter's horses. Indoors there was on sign of anything unusual going to happen. With no feverish haste but with deliberate step a female figure glode silently upstairs, secured her millinery and walked down the lane. In the village meanwhile, another had been busy and with horse and chariot Romeo was at the trysting place. Juliet tripped gaily down the lane, sprang into the carriage and was rapidly whirled Bond Headwards. No irate father pursued the pair, because the i. f. had not been hit with a hint that such a motion would be brought forward. Thus one feature of every well ordered elopement was omitted. At Bond Head the knot was tied by Rev. Mr. Savage and the bride sought her downy couch in her new home. All that remains to complete the drama is for the happy couple to repair to the domicile of the wife's father and receive his "bless you my children," which as a sensible man he will not withold. The eloping pair are popular in the section and every one wishes them a happy future.

Our Clubbing List.

We club The Advance with any of the Toronto dailies (excepting The World), or weeklies, at greatly reduced rates. Before sending for any of them call in and get our terms.

Don't Scald Your Chickens.

A business man desires us to request those who have fowl for sale to desist from the pernicious practice of scalding them before plucking. Scalding gives the flesh a purplish color, and birds so treated cannot find a market in the city. Don't scald your chickens, ladies.

Ten Nights in a Bar Room

The rehearsing for this drama is proceeding with much fervor and great success. It will be the entertainment of the season. New and costly scenery is being prepared for the occasion, and it is intended that the play will be put upon the boards in the best possible style. The characters all fit into their respective niches to perfection. December 10 is the date set for the entertainment.

To Our Subscribers.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenominal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when sending for treatise.*

A Course of Lectures for $1.75.

A Notable Gathering of the world's leaders comes before the readers of the Youth's Companion during the year 1890. It is like a great Lecture Course of 52 weeks, with over 100 lectures, each a famous authority in some branch of Art, Literature, State-craft, Science or Education. And these lectures cost only 3½ cents each, on the basis of a year's subscription, or 52 numbers for only $1.75. Is it not worth 3½ cents to have Gladstone address you for half an hour? Or to listen for an equal time to Tyndall on the wonders of Nature? And it is just such great men, following each other in rapid succession each week, and discussing every instructive and entertaining topic of the day, who speak to you through the medium of their paper—The Youth's Companion. 430,000 families attend this great Lecture course. You can attend it by reading The Youth's Companion each week. It will be sent you regularly until January 1, 1891, at a cost of only $1.75. Send for *Illustrated Prospectus of the entire series* to The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

DR. SINCLAIR will be in Flesherton on **Thursday, Nov. 28, See Adv.**

A TERRIBLE WRECK.

Twenty Cars and an Engine Destroyed.

One of the most costly wreckages which the C. P. R. company have ever sustained occurred about seven miles south of Flesherton on Tuesday evening. The circumstances of the accident are as follows:

Way freight No 63, coming north, had occasion to shunt two cars at McQuay's mill, one mile below Proton station. In doing this one of the cars—a flat car—broke loose and ran down a grade, colliding with the engine and breaking in two. This caused considerable delay, and a man was sent back to flag a special freight which was following. Whether the engineer saw the flag or not we could not learn, but the fact remains that the special came rushing along around a grade and the engineer was unable to stop his train before it smashed into the caboose of No 63. Immediately before the two trains came together the fireman, engineer and first brakesman of the special jumped for their lives and miraculously escaped with nothing more than a severe shaking. The scene of the accident was immediately opposite McQuay's sawmill, and Mr. McQuay, who was standing in his door and viewed the whole occurrence, describes it as one of the most awful sights which he ever witnessed.

On Wednesday when The Advance viewed the wreckage, a terrible scene of desolation was presented. Cars were heaped in terrible confusion, broken into shapeless masses; the engine of the special lay upon its back down the embankment, at this point about twelve feet high; remnants of dry goods, groceries, hardware, car wheels, and steel rails bent and twisted, lay in endless confusion. At one point lying directly across the track was a car loaded with car wheels, the car itself bent and broken into a million pieces. One car which had not left the roadbed had protruding through its roof the top of another car into which it had telescoped. For rods the roadbed itself was plowed up and levelled, leaving not a vestige of track or ties to be seen. After the collision a portion of the wreckage in the vicinity of the engine took fire, and when we visited it the engine and tender were a mass of burned iron, with no woodwork to be seen. Since seven o'clock Tuesday night—the time of the accident — up to the time of writing, through traffic has been entirely suspended, excepting by transfer of passengers and mails. Gangs of men are at work, however, and it is expected that the track will be cleared and traffic resumed by to morrow (Thursday.) It is a terribly costly wreckage, and the damage cannot be estimated as yet. At least twenty cars were demolished, besides the engine and tender, and a large quantity of freight destroyed. The special was loaded with heavy freight, such as car wheels, fish plates, and other iron merchandise, which fact was given as an explanation of the engineer's inability to stop his train in time. Large numbers of visitors viewed the scene of disaster on Wednesday.

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind

Prof. Loisette's

MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

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Dr. Sinclair

M. D. L.C.P.S.O., L.C.P.S.M

The Great Scottish Specialist

—OF—

TORONTO.

Specialist for the Treatment of

All Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain & Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and diseases of Women positively treated successfully

Consultation Free.

Dr. Sinclair will be at Flesherton **on Thursday, Nov. 28th.**

Came Astray!

Came to the premises of D McLeod, Flesherton, one yearling heifer, light color. The owner is requested to prove property and take her away.

D. McLEOD.

House & Lot for Sale

Good house and lot for sale, next Baptist church, Flesherton. House contains four rooms. Splendid lot. Terms very low. Apply to

DAVID TAYLOR.

Flesherton, Nov. 2, 1889.

Strayed!

From the premises of Wm. Strain, Esq., Flesherton, a red heifer coming two years old, with star on forehead and minus half her tail. Any one giving information as to her whereabouts will confer a favor by corresponding with me

WM. STRAIN, FLESHERTON

MONEY FOR ALL

WANTED—A good energetic man or men, to sell our Fruit Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Ornamentals, etc. **Permanent employment.** Write at once for terms, and secure choice of territory. We sell only first-class stock, handsome outfit free. Address **MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.**

NOTICE!

We hereby forbid any person or persons giving to any party or parties any credit in our name as we will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any party or parties after this date.

JOHN HAZARD,
GERVAS HAZARD,
Flesherton Station

Dated this 5th day of November, 1889.

PEDIGREED Boar for Service.

Mr. W. J. Caswell, lot 123, Durham Corners, desires to inform the public that he has purchased from Mr. Watson, of Duntroon, the celebrated pedigreed Berkshire Boar, "Field Marshall," which he now offers for service on terms of $1 cash at time of service. See bills for pedigree.

W. J CASWELL, Proprietor.

MORTGAGE SALE

—OF—

Farm Property

BY MR. R. J. SPROULE, AUCTIONEER.

On Saturday, November 23rd, '89,

2 o'clock in the afternoon

—AT—

MUNSHAW'S HOTEL, FLESHERTON,

Of east half of lot 3, concession 9, Township Osprey, County of Grey. Situate

This farm is situated near Maxwell P O about 2 miles from Flesherton on the C P R and 20 miles from Collingwood on the G T R and a well settled part of said Township of Osprey. The soil is gravelly loam. For terms and conditions of sale apply to

R. J SPROULE, Auctioneer, Flesherton.
BIGGAR & LEE, Canada Life Chambers, Hamilton, Ont. Vendor's Solicitors

4th Nov., 1889

IT PAYS TO

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction
The best results from that instruction after students graduate

For annual announcement giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, etc. address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL

REMOAVL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St.

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.

I have secured the agency for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc.,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

STRAYED!

Strayed from the premises of Thos. Wiggins' lot 29, 2nd line North, Osprey, about two weeks ago, three cattle—one year old, white, one red spring calf, and one dark colored spring calf. Any person knowing of their whereabouts will confer a favor by communicating with me, or with The Advance office.

THOS. WIGGINS,
Maxwell P. O

THOROUGHBRED BERKSHIRE

Boar for Service.

The undersigned has for service at Priceville a first class throughbred Berkshire Boar, lately purchased from Mr. R Rivers, of Walkerton. TERMS $1 Reduction made for more than one sow. The animal took first prize at Artemesia fall show this fall, and second at the Walkerton Exhibition.

T. A. M. FERGUSON.

Teacher Wanted

A teacher holding a 3rd class certificate to teach in U S S No 1, Artemesia and Euphrasia, duties to commence 6th January, 1890. Apply, stating salary to HUGH WALTON,
Eugenia P O

Strayed.

2 year old heifer strayed, color, dark red with white spots, one spot near the shoulder shape of a horse shoe, one horn disfigured by having been knocked off. Any one giving information of her, or returning her, will be paid for the trouble, and oblige

WM. HOGG,
Flesherton Station.

For Sale or to Rent.

Having concluded to retire from farming, the undersigned has decided to offer for sale or to rent his first class hundred-acre farm, one and a quarter miles south of the village of Flesherton, on which are erected good buildings, including a splendid bank barn. If sold only a small payment will be required down, the balance in easy payments. For further particulars apply to THOS. MORROW,
Flesherton P O

Highest Market Price

in cash will be paid for any quality of

Hides, Sheep-Skins and Tallow.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton Tannery.

FARM TO RENT.

For a term of years. Being lots No. 183 and 184, second range north of the T. & S. Road, Artemesia, containing over fifty acres of cleared land, free from stone and mostly clear of stumps, and well adapted for either grain or grazing purposes. Good chance for a good man. An inspection of the place solicited. Apply to T. H. POWERS, Kirby P O or to ANDREW CARR, Flesherton P.O., Ont

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT,
Flesherton P O

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Two years in business in Flesherton, and before locating, was in good workmanship have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm Barnhouse, Flesherton.

A GIFT!

Every new subscriber to The Advance, and every old subscriber who pays his dollar for next year's subscription, on or before Jan. 1 next, may make his or her selection from the following list of books, which will be delivered to them during the fore part of Jan. Make your selection early, as they are going very fast. Where books are to be sent by mail five cents extra must be forwarded to pay postage. Here is the list, now make your choice:

1 THE AMERICAN FARMER, monthly, for one year.
2 A House of Tears, by E Downey.
3 Sara Crewe and Edith's Burglar, by Francis Hodgson Burnett.
4 The Abbey Murder, by Joseph Hatton.
5 The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte.
6 The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, by Mrs F. H Burnett.
7 Dr Glennie's Daughter, by B L. Farjeon
8 A Mere Child, by L. B. Walford.
9 The Queen's Token, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey
10 A Missing Husband, by George R. Sims
11 The Earl's Wife, same author
12 An Algonquin Maiden, by G. Mercer Adam and S. Wetherald.
13 Heaven and Hell, by E. Swedenborg
14 Stranger than Fiction, by Kenneth Lee.
15 The Story of an African Farm, by Ralph Iron.
16 John Ward, Preacher, by Margaret Deland.
17 Buffalo Bill, by Ned Buntline.
18 Michael Strogoff, by Jules Verne.
19 The Gunmaker of Moscow, by S. Cobb, a capital story.
20 Maria Monk.
21 Robert Elsmere, by Mrs Humphrey Ward.
22 Rudder Grange, by Frank R. Stockton.
23 Ten Nights in a Barroom, by T. S. Arthur.
24 A Dangerous Catspaw, a detective story.
25 Helen's Babies, by Habberton.
26 Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace.
27 Seaside Cook Book.
28 Day's Ready Reckoner, complete.
29 Chesterfield's Letter Writer and Etiquette, Complete.

THE CRONIN TRIAL.

O'Sullivan's Admissions Come Up in Evidence Against Him.

REPORTED ARREST OF COONEY.

A Chicago special of Thursday says: The Cronin trial was continued to-day. Coroner Hertz, who held the inquest on the body of Dr. Cronin, was examined. He identified the trunk in which Cronin's body had been packed. William Mertes, a milkman, testified that he saw Kunze and Coughlin drive up to the Carlson cottage on the evening of May 4th last, and saw Coughlin enter the cottage. Kunze drove away.

O'SULLIVAN'S STORY HURTS HIS CASE.

Police Captain Schaack testified about his conversations with P. O'Sullivan, the ice-man, after the murder. O'Sullivan refused to give the names of the members of the Irish National Brotherhood, who attended the meeting at which O'Sullivan made Dr. Cronin's acquaintance. The witness went over the story as told by O'Sullivan of the contract with Cronin about attending O'Sullivan's icemen. O'Sullivan admitted he had never had an accident to one of his men, and the captain's questions were intended to get an admission that it was unreasonable that under such circumstances he would pay $50 for the ice season, which he said were the terms agreed on. O'Sullivan, however, insisted he thought it a good thing to do. O'Sullivan admitted after some hesitation that Coughlin telephoned to him in April, but said it was about getting ice. He first denied that he had telephoned to Coughlin, but subsequently admitted he had talked to Coughlin about Kunze. O'Sullivan the Captain said, at first denied that he had been out of his office on the night of May 4th after 7 30 o'clock, but afterwards admitted he had been out. He said he was in the rear of the sheds, but no further. It was in relation to a horse O'Sullivan said that he wanted to ask Coughlin.

Chief of Police Hubbard testified to taking possession of the bloody trunk. H identified the trunk and also identified Burke as the man brought from Winnipeg under his supervision.

On cross-examination an attempt was made to get the witness to give details of an interview he had with Coughlin several weeks after the murder. Objection was made by the prosecution which was sustained by the court.

Acting Police Captain Schuettler identified a section of the flooring of the Carlson cottage, on which there were footprints in the paint.

IS IT COONEY, "THE FOX"?

Chief Hubbard received a telegram to-day from Sparta, Wisconsin, saying that a man closely answering the description of Patrick Cooney, "The Fox,' the fugitive Cronin suspect, had been arrested in the woods, where he had been living on berries and wild fruits. He will be held to await the arrival of Cooney's picture.

MERTES' EVIDENCE IMPORTANT.

The positive identification of Burke as the tenant of the Carlson cottage was outdone to-day by the startling story of Wm. Mertes, a milkman living in the neighborhood of the murder. In the cause of justice and the vindication of the law it was providential that this citizen should have been within a dozen feet of the Carlson cottage when Coughlin and Kunze drove up to the slaughter-house half an hour before their victim arrived. Mertes convinced the jury by his positiveness that he saw Coughlin leap from the buggy, run up the steps and let himself into the cottage, and that Kunze was the companion of the detective. The little German acted as driver, and when Coughlin alighted he turned the horse quickly around and drove back towards the city. The inevitable conclusion to be drawn by the jury from this story is that Coughlin assisted in the butchery, if they believe the cottage was the scene of the murder, but there is a reasonable doubt at present whether Kunze had a guilty knowledge of the tragedy which was to be enacted within half an hour after he arrived at the cottage. The milkman unintentionally infused some humor into his story, and amused the audience by his candid admission that he had lied to Judge Wing when the lawyer for the defence called at the witness' house to find out what he would testify, and Judge Wing was very angry and savage in his cross-examination when he found out how he had been deceived, but the witness, though ignorant of much English, held his ground and would not be intimidated.

As the case now stands the State can reasonably expect a conviction of Burke, O'Sullivan, Coughlin, and possibly Kunze. The defence will not try to impeach any of the evidence, as in the Anarchist trial, and their case will necessarily be a weak one.

A Chicago despatch of Friday says: In the Cronin case to-day Police Captains Schenkler and Wing and several others gave testimony which contained nothing new of importance.

Wm. Nieman, who at the time of the murder kept a saloon not far from the Carlson cottage, then testified that O'Sullivan entered his saloon between 10 and 11 o'clock on the night of the murder. He was accompanied by two men. The witness was reluctant to say whether either of the two was one of the defendants in this case, but finally said he thought Coughlin was one of the men. The other could not speak English plainly. He had a slight German accent. Witness thought this was Kunze. The three stood close together and talked in under tones for twenty minutes.

AN IMPORTANT FIND.

The sensation in connection with the Cronin case to-day was the finding of the surgical case and clothes of the murdered physician, and the forging of another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence that clanks around the conspirators. For some time complaints have been made to the sewer department of the Lakewood station that the sewer at the intersection of Evanston and Buena avennes was flush and running over. To-day two or three sewer cleaners were detailed to investigate the trouble. The cover was removed from the manhole in the centre of the street, and with long poles the workmen prodded among the rubbish beneath the water. Finally a solid substance was encountered, and the workmen then realized that something more than alluvial deposit was causing the trouble. After some hooking and digging two valises were unearthed, one a leather one, and the other the remnants of a paper one. In the leather valise was found Dr. Cronin's prescription book, with several prescriptions bearing his signature. The paper one dropped to pieces as it was pulled out, and from it rolled a mass of tattered clothing that bore evidence of having been cut in strips with a knife. The only intact garment was the vest, which was in the centre, and which encircled the doctor's case of surgical instruments. The clothing had evidently been cut and the buttons removed in the hope that they would the sooner drop apart and be borne away by the water into the lake. The surgical case and prescription-book bore the doctor's name, and they as well as every article of outward clothing were recognized by the Conklins and a dozen other friends as the property of the murdered physician. The most damning of all circumstances for the prisoners is the fact that all this was found only one block from the spot where the bloody trunk was discovered after it had been thrown from the waggon on the night of May 4th, or only half a mile south from where the body of Dr. Cronin was found in the catch-basin. The paper valise is supposed to be the one purchased by "S. B. Simmonds" from A H. Revelle & Co., and a clerk from that establishment will endeavor to identify the remains.

A TRAGEDY NOT ON THE BILL.

A tragic event which occurred just in front of the court house while everybody was examining these articles caused the wildest excitement. A shot was heard just at the entrance of Judge McConnell's court The State Attorney and a dozen lawyers and reporters rushed from the State Attorney's office into the street. Stretched lengthwise on the sidewalk was a strong man with a smoking revolver in his hand and brains oozing from his skull. He was quite dead, and as no one could identify him it was at once presumed that his tragic death had some mysterious connection with the sensational discoveries of the day. After an hour's investigation by the State's officer, however, it was ascertained that his name was Edward Rhem, and that he had been for some time partially insane. He doubtless committed suicide while laboring under mental aberration.

SULLIVAN'S BONDS.

Attorney Gilbert this morning made application in Judge Baker's Court for the release of Alex. Sullivan from the bail bond of $25,000 given by him last June. Mr. Gilbert said he asked for the discharge of his client for the reason that the grand jury, after a long investigation, had failed to return any indictment against Mr. Sullivan. Upon the recommendation of the coroner's jury he had been held to await the action of the grand jury. Several grand juries had met since that time, but no return of the indictment had been made against Sullivan, and therefore he asked for his discharge.

"The State of course resists that motion," said Mr. Elliott. "The matter is pending before the grand jury now, and is still undisposed of."

SISTER CATHARINE

Is the Religious Name of Millionaire Drexel's Daughter.

A Pittsburg despatch of Thursday says: Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has arrived here to assist in the ceremonies of receiving Miss Kate Drexel, daughter of F. A. Drexel, the millionaire banker of Philadelphia, into the new convent of St Mary of Mercy. The reception took place to day. A large number of friends and relatives from Philadelphia were present. Miss Drexel's spiritual adviser, Right Rev. Jas. O'Connor, Bishop of Omaha, has made the journey from Nebraska to this city to be present at the ceremony, which was conducted by Right Rev. Bishop Phelan, Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburg. Although Miss Drexel at first refused to wear the white gown and orange blossoms of the bride, she finally consented to attire herself in a beautiful white satin dress. There was no display at the reception. The ceremonies were conducted as quietly and as unostentatiously as possible. The novice has made a special request that all pomp and splendor be dispensed with. Her first assignment will probably be as a nurse in Mercy Hospital on Stevenson street. She will be known as Sister Catharine.

A Lynching Postponed.

A Danville, Va., despatch of Thursday says: Some excitement was caused here to-day by a rumor that a party from South Boston would come to Danville to-night and lynch three negroes in jail here charged with being members of the gang who fired from ambush at Hon. R. R. Noblin and other white men on Tuesday night. The Mayor ordered out the militia and the jail is well guarded. The prisoners will be protected at all hazards. The prisoners have confessed they were with the mob and heard them make their plans, but deny that they took part in the shooting. The ringleader has not been arrested.

Natural Gas a Commercial Commodity.

An Indianapolis despatch says: For the first time in the history of natural gas its commercial standing has been fixed by a court of appellate jurisdiction. To-day the Supreme Court handed down a decision which holds that natural gas may become a commercial commodity, and that the State Legislature cannot enact any law regulating commerce between the States, therefore the Legislative Act of last winter, prohibiting the piping of gas out of the State, is unconstitutional. The law was passed to prevent the Chicago Gas Trust from piping gas to Chicago.

A Diamond Robbery.

A Louisville despatch of Tuesday says Mrs. H. E. Harris this morning took from a jewellery store a pair of diamond earrings and a finger ring, which she had left to be repaired. A well-dressed man saw her receive the diamonds, and followed her until she reached an alley, when he snatched the pocketbook from her hands and escaped up the alley. The robbery was witnessed by a number of persons.

November 23rd is the date set for the marriage of Right Hon. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice; brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, viceroy of India, to Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, of New York. The ceremony will take place in London.

AN ELECTRIC WIRE.

Roasts a Horse, Throws the Driver out and Knocks a Sergeant Senseless.

A New York despatch says An electri light current yesterday morning roasted a horse to death, threw the driver to the stree and knocked a police sergeant senseless. The deadly current was carried to its victims through a telephone wire. A pole carrying numberless wires stands on Fourth avenue near the corner of Twenty-eighth street. About 4 o'clock in the morning one of the wires, a telephone line, fell to the street, and formed a loop across the down track of the Fourth Avenue Railroad Soon after it fell Thomas Whelan, driver of a *Herald* delivery wagon came along. The horse instantly came to a halt and then sprang aside and fell. The jolt of the vehicle threw Whelan to the street, and when he arose he received a shock which threw him prostrate to the gutter. Regaining his feet the driver undertook to raise the horse but as soon as he touched the animal another shock passed through him. He then comprehended the cause and lay still. Citizens attracted to the scene noticed flashes of blue flame emanating from the prostrate animal. The flashes came from all parts of the horse's body and the smell of burning flesh was perceptible half a block away. Whelan was assisted to his feet, but the horse was given a wide berth. One man ran to the Thirty-fifth street police station and reported the matter, and Sergeant Albert Macdonald and Roundsman Thomas Cassidy hurried to the scene. They saw the horse still emitting sparks, and calling out the reserves a guard was established at points sufficiently far from the roasting animal to warn all wayfarers away from the fatal spot. Sergeant Macdonald undertook to find the deadly wire, and in making a turn around the waggon came in contact with it in the darkness. The wire struck him in the forehead and he fell to the pavement senseless, as though he had been shot. Roundsman Cassidy went to the rescue of his stricken comrade, and when he caught hold of the Sergeant's leg he received a shock which compelled him to release his hold. A second effort was more successful, and soon after being carried to the sidewalk the Sergeant slowly recovered his senses. His head was covered with blood, and above his brow was the imprint of the wire, while beside it was a gash, evidently occasioned by the fall. He was dazed and helpless, so that he was obliged to go home. About 5 o'clock, up to which time the horse continued to roast slowly, it occurred to some one to send to the Manhattan Electric Light Company's shop in West Twenty-fifth street. Foreman Knight and two linemen visited the scene, wearing rubber boots and gloves, and found the deadly wire, on the end of which the horse's body lay. They pulled it down from the pole, and travel was resumed after the horse had been dragged off the tracks. A deep furrow was burned in the animal's back. Efforts made to find the point where the wire crossed the electric transmitter were of no avail.

THE BALTIC OUTRAGE.

Chief Justice Armour States the Law to an Owen Sound Jury.

An Owen Sound despatch says: At 10 o'clock sharp His Lordship Chief Justice Armour ascended the bench and the fall sittings of the Assize Court for this county commenced. Both the criminal and civil sides are heavy, and it is likely the sittings will be of considerable duration. Owing to the fact that the Baltic case comes up for trial at this session of the Court, more than usual interest is taken in the proceedings by the general public. While His Lordship was delivering his address to the Grand Jury the Court room was crowded, In the course of his address the learned Judge dwelt at considerable length on the Baltic case, pointing out that unless the death was the direct result of the ill-treatment received, or that the deceased came to his death by jumping overboard owing to fear of further violence, a true bill for murder or manslaughter should not be found. If the Grand Jury thought the boy took his life from shame and mortification, a bill for aggravated assult should be returned.

The Baltic Prisoners Acquitted.

The trial of the prisoners implicated in what is known as the Baltic outrage took place at Owen Sound yesterday. It was shown that the unfortunate boy Hambly had been tarred and feathered by the prisoners, and that in an excess of shame he had thrown himself overboard and was drowned, but on a technical point (that the drowning of the boy could not be proved to be the result of the outrage), the prisoners were acquitted of manslaughter; but two of them pleaded guilty to assault, on which charge they will be sentenced to-day.

Scotch Notes.

The ceremony of cutting the first turf of the West Highland Railway was performed on the 23rd ult. by Lord Abinger, near Fort William.

A national conference of the Liberal Associations, at which Lord Roseberry will preside, will be held in Glasgow on the 22nd inst.

On the 23rd ult. the new St. Mungo's College, Glasgow, was formally opened in the Medical School Buildings, Castle street, by Principal Blackie, in presence of a large gathering of students and of the public, including a considerable number of ladies. The Principal was accompanied to the platform by the governors and professors of the College, and also by the managers of the Royal Infirmary.

The vacancy on the Bench of the Court of Session in Edinburgh, caused through the resignation of Lord Mure, has been filled by the appointment of Sheriff Glosg, of Perthshire, formerly of Stirlingshire, and brother of the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He will take position as Junior Lord Ordinary, the Senior Lord Ordinary being promoted to the Second Division.

A fan, a walking stick, a hat and a bonnet frame, an easy chair, a hair comb, a corset, an omelet and a dance bear the name of Edison. Such is fame.

A minister of the gospel in Lexington Ky., is attempting the extraordinary task of committing the entire New Testament to memory.

Another one of the horrors of being a woman is the possibility of becoming a mother-in-law.

A FATHER'S AWFUL CRIME.

A Tragedy That Eclipses the Guelph Murders.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., despatch says: A tragedy unequaled in the criminal annals of Kent county was enacted in Vergennes township, about twenty miles east of this city, at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. Haggai Westbrook, heretofore an industrious and prosperous farmer, did his best to exterminate his entire family, slaughtering his three young daughters, probably mortally wounding his wife, seriously though not fatally hurting his son, and then closing the carnival of blood by cutting his own throat from ear to ear with an old razor. Westbrook lived with his family on a fine farm of 160 well-improved and highly productive acres, and had the respect and esteem of all his neighbors. A few months ago by bad business management he suffered financial losses, which, it is supposed, preyed on his mind to such an extent as to affect his brain. Insanity is the only explanation for the tragedy of this morning.

The Westbrook family retired at the usual hour Monday night, and nothing strange was noticed in the appearance of the father. Westbrook, with his wife, occupied a room downstairs; their three daughters, ranging in ages from 3 to 14, occupied a room near them, while the son, aged 15 years, occupied a room upstairs. The husband and father arose a few minutes before 4 o'clock yesterday morning, lighted a lamp, dressed himself, and proceeded to the kitchen, where he obtained an ordinary carpenter's hammer. He then went to the bed where his wife was sleeping and struck her three heavy blows on the forehead with the weapon, cracking her skull. He left her unconscious and went to the bedroom where were sleeping his three daughters, one of them a mere babe. He carried the lamp with him and with its light he dealt the three innocents blows similar to those administered on the skull of his wife.

Westbrook then proceeded up-stairs to his son's bedside. He turned the boy upon his back, his face being towards the wall and away from him, and raised his death-dealing hammer. The blow glanced from the young man's forehead, awakening the boy, and just as the second blow was descending to silence him forever he caught the weapon and wrenched it from his father's hand. The insane murderer hastened down stairs and the son followed. Upon reaching the foot of the stairs the boy heard groans coming from his mother's room, and when he had gone to her side and made the awful discovery that she had been one of the victims he rushed out doors to ring the farm bell and alarm the neighbors. In going through the kitchen he discovered his father outstretched dead upon the floor. Westbrook, after failing to kill his son, had cut his own throat, and must have died instantly.

The baby died within a few hours. Another daughter died this afternoon, and no hopes are entertained for the recovery of the third. The mother is still alive, but is in a precarious condition, with her skull fractured. Still there is a possibility of her survival. The son alone of all the family escaped.

The Lightermen's Strike.

A London cable says: The General Steam Navigation Company has sent a circular to its customers, stating that owing to the lightermen's strike the Company will load at Norwich. At the Master Lightermen's meeting several speakers expressed displeasure because Cardinal Manning and Sidney Buxton sided with the men without inquiring into their demands. Even Lord Brassey's award, it was said, would enable the men to earn £4 4s weekly, the highest artisan wages in the country. Cardinal Manning, Mr. Buxton and the Lord Mayor have sent a letter to the masters, declaring that the principle of one job to constitute a night's work was accepted by the masters and that the matter was not referred to Lord Brassey. They advised the masters to surrender. The lightermen have withdrawn their strike manifesto in the hope of a settlement with the masters.

An Infant State

A Bismarck, N D, despatch of Thursday says: Monday was the last day of the Territorial Government of Dakota. At 3 o'clock the Territorial Governor, Secretary, Auditor and Attorney-General, stepped down and out, and in turn the Bonanza farmer, John Miller, and his staff of officers took their places. The change was made with little or no pomp and ceremony. At the same time Guy Corliss, of Grand Forks, only 31 years of age, became, by the courtesy of his elder colleagues, the First Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Dakota. The first act of the new Governor was the promulgation of the proclamation convening the Legislature on Nov. 19th.

Steamboat Explosion.

A Lewes, Del., despatch of Monday says To-day while the fishing steamer S. S Brown was cruising off the New Jersey coast, twenty five miles from the Delaware breakwater, her boilers exploded, killing Fireman John Lecosta, and fatally scalding Chief Engineer Charles Bailey and Assistant Engineer Wm. Ludlow, all from Connecticut. Three deck hands were seriously but not fatally scalded. The steamer Allyne went to the assistance of the Brown, bringing the injured men to the United States Marine Hospital here.

Mahone Says He Didn't Shoot.

A Petersburg, Va., despatch of Wednesday says: At the investigation of the alleged shooting of Herbert Harrison here by Gen. Mahone last night Chas. Romaine testified that the General's son, Butler Mahone, knocked witness down either with his fist or with a revolver. Other witnesses testified that three shots were fired from Mahone's yard and that somebody in the yard shot Harrison.

Fatal Furnace Explosion.

A Lebanon, Pa., despatch of Monday says: By the breaking out of molten iron in the stack of the Coldbrook furnace No. 1, this afternoon, Harvey Bohr, Henry Fortig, Isaac Siegrist, Wm. Snyder and Harvey Beck were killed. John Bohr, Benjamin Eck and Enoch Eisenhaur were severely burned.

The truly good do not always wait long for their reward. A Kansas City reporter has fallen heir to $200,000.

COUNTERFEIT BANK BILLS.

A Big Collection of Them in Montreal,

BUT NO DANGER FEARED,

Because They Are Owned by a Gentleman Who is There to Protect the Public.

There is at present a gentleman in this city who has with him a collection of bank notes. Usually there is nothing peculiar about a gentleman having a collection of bank notes, but there is about this collection. Every note in it is a counterfeit. Some of them are famous. The gentleman in question has no bad designs on a confiding Montreal public. Even if he desired to he could not pass them off as he has taken the trouble to mark "counterfeit" or "bad" on every one of them. The gentleman in question is Mr. J. Fred. Grant, who is connected with Dickerman's United States Counterfeit Detector, a publication which is to be found in all American and Canadian treasury departments, nearly every bank in both countries and in hundreds of counting houses. He is in town on business connected with his publication. Last evening a *Gazette* reporter ran up against him in the lobby of the Balmoral Hotel and persuaded Mr. Grant after a little trouble to show him his collection.

"To begin with," said Mr. Grant, "the Canadian counterfeits don't amount to a row of pins when compared with the American. In the first place, they are, as a rule,

NOT HALF AS WELL EXECUTED,

and there are not nearly so many of them."

"How many Canadian counterfeits are there?"

"There are only thirty-one counterfeits of Canadian banks. This does not include bills of banks in liquidation or that have failed. On the other side we have 106 counterfeits of National bank notes, 61 of United States treasury notes and already 9 of the lately issued silver certificates. Here," said Mr. Grant, going to his valise and taking out a bundle of bank notes, which he spread out upon the table, "are some of your Canadian counterfeits. This is a counterfeit Dominion $2 note, Montreal issue. You can see yourself that it is a very dangerous note. The portrait of Lady Dufferin is not quite up to the mark of the genuine, and the paper is of a yellowish cast. There are also one or two minor defects. It is a good counterfeit, far better than that of the Toronto issue of the same note.

"But here," and Mr. Grant selected a Canadian Bank of Commerce $10 bill, "is the best counterfeit of any Canadian bank in existence. It is an exceedingly hard note to detect. I got that in Montreal to-day."

"Are you finding many counterfeits?"

"Well, no, I haven't tried. If I did I might find a great many counterfeit American notes. Here is a $5 United States silver certificate, check letter A. The portrait of Present Grant is not as good as the original. It was engraved by a fellow countryman of yours named Johnson, who hailed from Toronto. At present he is doing time

IN A MICHIGAN PENITENTIARY."

"What do you thind of that?" and Mr. Grant tossed the reporter what purported to be a $5 Dominion bill.

"Isn't it good?" queried the reporter after he had looked it all over and tried in vain to remember what a $5 bill looked like.

"Hold it up to the light," answered Mr. Grant. The reporter did as requested and then and there made a solemn oath to hold every $5 bill that ever came into his possession up to the light. When it was held up to the light it became painfully apparent that it was worth just $5 less than face value. It was originally a $1 Dominion note. The two ends where the numerals were formerly had been clipped off and replaced with the ends of a $5 bill of some Canadian bank which had gone to the wall without redeeming its notes. The places where the joints had been were carefully smoothed down, leaving no trace until the note was held up to the light.

"Lots of people would be taken in by that note. They would never stop to think that the Dominion Government does not issue $5 bills."

"Whew!" said the reporter, as Mr. Grant threw down on the table a bunch of

A DOZEN $100 BILLS.

"There's a nice little lot," continued Mr. Grant, totally oblivious of the reporter's emotion. "Everyone of them is bad. That counterfeit is one of the most famous in the world, They are some of the Brockway notes. Never heard of them, eh? Well, lots of Americans wish to-day that they had never heard of them. The plates were engraved by a man named Smith, who also engraved the original note. They are a very good forgery, and show how near a man can come to duplicating his own work. The signatures were forged by a man of the name of Brockway, and it is from him that they take their name. The engraving is beautiful.

"It is a curious fact,' said Mr. Grant, in conclusion, "that I find a very large number of Canadian counterfeits in towns along the border, particularly Detroit and Port Huron. I don't understand it. Do you?"

A query the reporter did not answer, for he had left with a greater sense of this world's wickedness. —*Montreal Gazette.*

About Taking Cold.

When a person begins to shiver, the blood is receding from the surface; congestion, to a greater or less extent, has taken place, and the patient has already taken cold, to be followed by fever, inflammation of the lungs, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. All these evils can be avoided and the cold expelled by walking, or in some exercise that will produce a prompt and decided reaction in the system. The exercise should be sufficient to produce perspiration. If you are so situated that you can get a glass of hot water to drink, it will materially aid the perspiration, and in every way assist nature in her efforts to remove the cold. This course followed your cold is at an end, and whatever disease it would ultimate in is avoided; your sufferings are prevented and your doctor's bills saved.—*Periscope.*

—Love is an excuse for a woman to tell you all her troubles.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Contemporary Poet Whose Works Will Survive Our Time.

His Epigrammatic Wit—Philosophy in the Garb of Dialect—A Born Reformer—One Whose Heart is Right.

The poetry of our language has been enriched not a little by the productions of that versatile bard James Russell Lowell, who now spends the declining years of his life at his lovely home, "Elmwood," at Cambridge, Mass. Perhaps his "Bigelow Papers" have done most to popularize him, in America, but meritorious as they are he has left numerous other works which will endear his memory to posterity when, the special circumstances and occurrences at which the "Bigelow Papers" were directed being but a reminiscence, they will cease to exercise the force they do on the minds of the present generation, many of whom were on the scene when the curse of legalized chattel slavery was wiped out of America. His is not the poetry that dies with the poet.

He was born at Cambridge, Mass., on February 22nd, 1819, studied law and was in his twenty-first year admitted to the bar. The work was uncongenial, although there are not lacking in his works evidences that he derived benefit from the course of study, and he soon abandoned it and turned his attention to literature. In 1841—when he was 22 years of age—his first published work, "A Year's Life," was given to the public. In the following year "A Legend of Brittany, and other Poems," appeared and did not fail to attract attention and evoke criticism. Since that time his name has been more or less prominently before the world of letters. He engaged with Robert Carter in publishing a magazine called "The Pioneer," but not even the pens of Poe and the gifted elder Hawthorne could aid him to success. In 1845 the first of the series of "Bigelow Papers" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" appeared and were well received. Everything he wrote at or about that period breathed the spirit of the abolitionist. Into that movement he put his whole heart and influence, often to his own great personal discomfort and disadvantage. He cared not how great was the odds against him, always exemplifying his belief that

> "They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three."

"From 1857 to 1862 he edited the "Atlantic Monthly," and from 1863 to 1872, in company with Charles Norton, he edited the "North American Review." His country honored him by appointing him Minister to Spain and, subsequently, to England, in both of which countries he gained an enviable popularity. It can scarcely be said that he was a brilliant diplomatist—indeed occasion never tried his powers—but he never failed to gather friends, and among all who have held the position in either of these countries, none leave behind such a fragrant memory. That he was no parish politician is breathed in his "Fatherland."

> "Where is the true man's fatherland?
> Is it where he by chance is born?
> Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
> In such scant borders to be spanned?
> O yes! His fatherland must be
> As the blue heaven wide and free.
>
> Where'er a human heart doth wear
> Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
> Where'er a human spirit strives
> After a life more true and fair,
> There is the true man's birthplace grand,
> His is a world-wide fatherland."

It would be quite impossible, in a brief sketch, to give anything like representative extracts from his very voluminous works, but a few gems will not fail to show something of his versatility and wide range of mental vision. From his "Present Crisis," a poem of the abolition times, I quote:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and the light.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the Martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday is silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Perhaps there may be grander thoughts put into nobler verse and expressing more forcibly a great truth, but I have not met with the particular example. Woman's harshness to the unfortunate of her own sex seems to have forcibly impressed Lowell, and, in his "Legend of Brittany," a beautiful story, after leaving the betrayed girl freezing at the door he administers this stinging rebuke to the "Levites" of the sex:

> Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
> With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
> Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st at meat
> With him who made her such, and speak'st him fair,
> Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat
> Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air:
> Thou hast made prisoned virtue show more wan
> And haggard than a vice to look upon.

What Scot has ever read his "An Incident in a Railroad Car" without a swelling of the heart? Where was ever more modest or feeling tribute to Scotland's immortal bard than in those quiet verses:

> He spoke of Burns: Men rude and rough
> Pressed round to hear the praise of one
> Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
> As homespun as their own.
>
> And when he read they forward leaned,
> Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears
> His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
> From humble smiles and tears.
>
> Slowly there grew a tender awe,
> Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
> As if in him who read they felt and saw
> Some presence of the bard.

If there is any Scot, any lover of Burns, or any one who appreciates the charm of poetry of feeling, who has not read the poem I quote from he has my sympathy. Lowell gives Burns a high rank and warm reception in his heart. His "At the Burns Centennial" is also a noble tribute to the great poet; and a proper rebuke to those whose superior righteousness nerves them to sit in judgment upon him is contained in the verse:

> They make religion be abhorred
> Who round with darkness gulf her,
> Who think no word can please the Lord
> Unless it smell of sulphur.
> Dear Poet-heart that childlike guessed
> The Father's loving kindness,
> Come now to rest! Thou didst His best,
> If haply 'twas in blindness.

In his "Anti-Apis" he expresses in a verse a great truth concerning the growth of laws as founded upon our ideas of right and justice, and the hope of improvement ever present amid the blunders natural to humanity.

> But dig down, the old unbury; thou shalt find on every stone
> That each age hath carved the symbol of what god to them was known.
> Ugly shapes and brutish sometimes, but the fairest that they knew,
> If their sight was dim and earthward, yet their hope and aim were true.

And mark the rebuke that is administered in a succeeding verse:

> Think you Truth a farthing rushlight to be pinched out when you will
> With your deft official fingers and your politician's skill?
> Is your god a wooden fetish, to be hidden out of sight,
> That his block eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right?

Few men with better grace could utter such words, for Lowell has been preeminently a man having the courage of his convictions, and as such he is universally respected. Criticism he has had and of the most biased and unjust kind, when his pen was one of the most active in the advocacy of the abolition of slavery; but his honesty of motive has never been impugned. By the way, his "Fable for Critics" is a most interesting production—a real work of genius, whether viewed as a poem or merely as a jingling rhyme, but which space forbids further reference to here. But a glance at his "Bigelow Papers." How is this for dialect philosophy?

> Ez fer war, I call it murder—
> There you hev it plain an' flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my testyment fer that;
> God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
> It's ez long ez it is broad,
> An' you've got to git up airly
> If you want to take in God.
>
> 'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
> Make the thing a grain more right;
> 'Taint afollerin' your bell wethers
> Will excuse ye in His sight;
> Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
> An' go stick a feller thru,
> Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
> God 'll send the bill to you.
>
> I dunno but what it's pooty
> Trainin' roun' in bobtail cats—
> But it's curus Christian dooty
> This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

And in the same strain he makes our philosophical friend "Birdofreedum Sawin," remark on his Mexican war experiences:

> There's sutthin' gits into my throat that makes it hard to swaller,
> It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;
> Its glory—but in spite o' all my tryin' to get callus,
> I feel a kind o' in a cart aridin' to the gallows.

And how correctly he valued much of the current political demagogonery of the age:

> The side of our country must allers be took,
> An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country,
> An' the angel that writes all our sins in a book
> Puts the debit to him an' to us the per contry
> . . . . . .
> Wal, its a marcy we've got folks to tell us
> The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters I vow,—
> God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers
> To start the world's team when it gits in a slough.
>
> Fer John P
> Robinson he
> Says the world'll go right if he hollers out Gee!

Lowell had had a good deal of experience with "practical politicians" and certainly never were those professionals more lampooned than by him. He had seen that

> Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally keep ill,
> They're a cheap kin' o' dust for the eyes o' the people.

And that so far as the professional politician is concerned

> A marciful providence fashioned us holler
> O' purpose that we might our principles swaller.
> . . . . . .
> Aint principle precious? Then who's going to use it
> Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it?

He was early disgusted with the glittering generalities in which some alleged statesman delight ever to deal, and this is how he gets at it:

> I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
> Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that kind o wrong
> Is allers unpop'lar an' never gets pitied
> Because it's a wrong no one ever committed;
> But he mustn't be hard on pertikler sins
> Cause then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins.

His "Pious Editor's Creed" is a very neat thing of its kind, but I must not pause to quote. The temptation to do so is great but space is limited. In sorrow's moods Lowell's poetry holds the deepest feelings in sway. What mother can read his "After the Burial" unmoved?

> Console if you will, I can bear it;
> 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
> But not all the preaching since Adam
> Has made Death other than Death.
>
> Yes, it's pagan; but wait till you feel it,
> That jar of our earth, that dull shock
> When the ploughshare of deeper passion
> Tears down to our primitive rock.
>
> That little shoe in the corner,
> So worn and wrinkled and brown,
> With its emptiness confutes you,
> And argues your wisdom down.

But for the present I must close a volume from which I have derived not a little pleasure and profit. Versatile beyond many great authors; ever natural; possessing a manly heart and gifted with the true poetic fire, nothing that he has produced will be found profitless. He has not yet ceased to woo the Muse, although he has "warmed both hands at the fire of life," and bids fair to realize

> Happy their end
> Who vanish down life's evening stream
> Placid as swans that drift in dream
> Round the next river bend!
> Happy long life with honor at the close.
> Friend's painless tears, the softened thought of foes!
> And yet like him to spend
> All at a gush, keeping our first faith sure
> From mid-life's doubt and old's contentment poor—
> What more could Fortune send?

Few poets have had such an untroubled life as the slight, spare man, crowned with a wealth of curly gray hair, and with wavy beard, who whiles away the evening of his live in comfort among those who love and revere him in his pleasant home at Cambridge.

MASQUETTE.

Innocence Must Be Protected.

Tom—May I kiss your little baby sister?

Fanny (aged 16, demurely)—No, she isn't old enough.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Dead Fireman's Child Tries to Wake Him from His Last Sleep.

"What is the matter with my papa?"

Steve Neall's 5-year-old daughter had caught sight of her dead father in his coffin last Friday evening, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, and asked the question of those who had gathered about the bier.

"Papa is asleep," they told her.

"Why is papa in that ugly box?" she persisted.

"He can sleep better there."

"Good night, papa."

She passed into the adjoining room and was soon asleep.

The mourners sat about the coffin of the dead fireman all night.

Shortly before 1 o'clock in the morning the gong on the wall that had so often summoned him to his duty clanged an alarm for the Polk street fire. It had sounded once and was repeating the alarm when the little girl came flying into the room in her long white nightdress.

She looked at the silent watchers and then ran to the side of the dead man. Climbing on a chair she reached into the coffin and shook her father by the shoulder.

"Papa, papa, wake up!" she cried. "There's a fire! Wake up!"

The looks of the people in the room and the strange silence of her father frightened her.

"Wake up, please, papa," she pleaded, her voice beginning to quiver. "Can't you hear the bell? You'll miss the fire."

The father still not opening his eyes she looked around wonderingly and then added what she thought could not fail to bring him to his feet:

"Wake up, papa. You'll miss the fire and be fined!"

When he did not stir she knew that something was wrong, and turned her tearful, puzzled face to the older people.

"Never mind the bell, darling," someone answered, "papa won't go the fire tonight."

"But," persisted the baby, "he always got up before when the bell rang; why wouldn't he get up? What's mamma crying for? What's everybody crying for?"

And the troubled little child burst into tears and, crying piteously at what she did not know, was carried gently back to her cot to cry herself to sleep again.

How to Entertain Well.

A hostess should think twice before she invites people to her house. She should be so generous as to let her friends alone, unless she wishes to treat them well. Then, having made up her mind to invite them, she must remember that, from that moment she is their slave. She is to be all attention and all suavity. If she has nothing to offer them but a cup of tea, she must make it a "beaker full of the warm south" by her manner. In the smallest house, the humblest surroundings, the hostess is queen, and she must be gracious. If she is not, she is a snob, a vulgarian and a poor creature, no matter if her husband is a millionaire, a president, or a great scholar. A lady should be very particular to specify whom she wishes to see, and no lady should go to a strange house uninvited, on the spoken belief of some other person that she will be welcome. Still less should a gentleman presume too much. A young gentleman may be taken by a married lady, who is all powerful, to a ball, as she is supposed to endorse his respectability, but it is always better for him to leave his card, and for him to receive an invitation. If, however, through any misapprehension, a person gets into a house uninvited, a hostess should never show by word or manner that she observes it. The very fact that a person has crossed her threshold gives, for the moment, that person a claim on the politeness of a hostess.—*Mrs. John Sherwood in Ladies' Home Journal for November.*

Salvation Lassies in Saloons.

The women of the Salvation Army have taken to visiting the liquor saloons of New York and Brooklyn in order to sell the *War Cry*, the newspaper of the army. Two of the very pretty army girls were in a notorious saloon not a thousand miles away from the *Sun* office, on this mission the other night. Leaning against the bar were gamblers and pugilists, and one or two who have been jailed for using their pistols too freely. They seemed to be shocked at the appearance of the girls among them. The modest dress and red ribbons on the ugly straw bonnets easily told them who the visitors were. Several papers were bought, when a strapping pugilist strode up and said: "Young women, I'll buy the whole bundle if you promise never to come here again." The proposition was not considered for a second. They said they believed it to be their duty to visit such places, adding that the nuns of the Roman Catholic Church did so. "But, don't you know that somebody might insult you," the big man almost pleaded. "No, sir," replied the speaker of the two, and in words touched with scorn, she added: "No man will insult us; the remarks of others would not hurt us." It was only after persistent entreaty from the proprietor that the zealous women were induced to leave the place

Dancing Round Dances.

You may, with propriety, strive to climb hills, even if you are not a climber. You are justified in surf bathing, even though you cannot swim. It is not a heinous offence to go driving along the sands when you do not know how to drive. You may converse with a Boston girl, even though you have never read a page of Browning and know not Emerson. You may be forgiven for losing your heart to a Newport girl when you haven't a cent to your name; but, young man, be warned in time—if you insist upon entering the ballroom and dancing round dances when you don't know how, says the *Galop*, execution by electricity is too good for you, hanging would render you illustrious, and death by the slow, torturing process of being shot in the back with a baked apple would be your just desert.

The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches.

—The runaway horse always gets hitched to a rotten post.

—Some things are so rocky that they need blasting.

THE JOKE OF THE SEASON.

Just a Thread on the Shoulder, But You Never Find the End of It.

The drummer always brings the latest trick. Here it is, says the Lewiston, Me., *Journal*:

Take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all bastings, and that they were unraveling not only your clothes, but yourself.

"I was in to see Wilson Barrett in 'Claudian' in Boston last week," said the travelling man. "It was in the most interesting and pathetic portion of the play. Everybody was rapt. I was sitting bolt upright, and didn't know or care to know a soul around me, when suddenly I felt some one tugging at that basting cotton that I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it unrolled. Half glancing around, I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at that thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about ten yards and was now hauling in hand over hand. He didn't dare to stop because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle with basting cotton. He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what portion of my domestic interior economy he was trifling with. Rip! Rip! went the thread. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was full of it. 'For Heaven's sake! will it never end?' said he above his breath. I sat perfectly still and ran the spool while he pulled. How I wanted to yell. I never saw anything in my life half so funny. The whole section of the house got onto it. They didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, and some looked on amazed at the spectacle. At last the stranger behind me gave one frantic rip and yanked out about 11 yards on one bunch, and as the cotton got twisted around his watch chain, over his eye-glasses, in his very hair and filled his lap, I turned around and producing the spool from my pocket, said: 'I am very much obliged for your interest and very sorry that I misled you. You see I have about 124 yards left, but I presume that you don't care for any more tonight. I am honestly sorry, but I can't help smiling.'

"The man was a modest sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was red as fire even to his ears. He looked at me then at the spool. He changed color once or twice, and then as the crowd caught on a big laugh went up right in one of the painful passages of 'Claudian,' and the gentleman who had intended to pull that thread off joined in the laugh and said, 'I will square that up on my wife when I get home; but, my friend, I swear to heaven that I did think at one time that I was going to undress you where you sat.'

"It catches every time, and my own wife has been fooled twice on it."

(From the New York Times.)

A little thread hung on the shoulder of Broker Dan Dixon's coat when he went on the floor of the Produce Exchange after lunch yesterday. Prince Claggett, during one of the lulls, called his attention to it.

"Pull it out," said Dixon.

Claggett pulled and pulled until he had pulled out about six feet of cotton thread. Mr. Dixon had had concealed under his arm a whole spool of it. There was great laughter at Mr. Claggett's expense. He winked wisely and went away. Presently he reappeared. A little thread also hung from the seam in the arm of his coat. He intended to get even. He walked into the wheat pit. Everybody there had been posted by Mr. Dixon.

"Claggett," said two or three as he walked about, "there's a loose thread on your coat."

"Pull it out," said Claggett.

About twenty brokers rushed at him, and, amid much shouting and hilarity, they not only pulled the thread, but they ripped the coat up the back "like a shad," as a member put it.

Otherwise the Produce Exchange proceedings were uneventful yesterday.

This is the Very Latest Style in Jokes.

First Mattress—"How do you feel?"

Second Mattress—"Full as a tick."

First Electric Wire—"What's the news?"

Second Electric Wire—"Shocking."

First Whiskey Barrel—"Are you empty?"

Second Whiskey Barrel—"Not by a jugful."

First Tree—"How's business?"

Second Tree—"Branching out."

Old Sol—"You're five minutes behind time."

Town Clock—"Oh, well, I work by the day."

First Cannon—"How's biz?"

Second Cannon—"Booming."

Old Mustaches—"Dyed, but not dead."

Young Mustaches—"Downy, but not downed."

First Key—"Well, what ails you now?"

Second Ditto—"Oh! I am in a hole again."

The Coffee—"I am boiling with rage."

The Pot—"You have good grounds for your anger."

A Dunner Done For.

Angry Man—See here, confound you, I don't propose to have you dun me for that bill any more.

Angry Collector—You don't, eh? How're you going to prevent it?

"By paying up."

Under Certain Conditions.

"Do you like the Scotch?" asked one travelling man of another who was reading Burns.

"Yes," was the reply, "if its cold weather and the Scotch is hot enough."

In January next Louis Kossuth will become a man without a country. On the 9th day of that month he will have completed the period of absence from Hungary which will terminate and forfeit his citizenship of that country. His two sons have become Italian citizens and the venerable patriot has been strongly urged to do likewise, but he probably will not do so.

IRENE'S LOVE

Was Strong Enough to Brave the Wrath of Her People.

Irene Washburn, the daughter of an aristocratic branch of the Six Nation Indians, has created a very considerable sensation by eloping with a young Montrealer named W. L. Bruce. Irene is the daughter of Mrs. Emma Washburn, the well known Indian songstress, "Neoskaleta," whom she sometimes accompanies when on her concert tours. It was on one of these trips that she met the young Montrealer. They were in Montreal, and the mother of young Bruce thoughtlessly invited "Neoskaleta" and her black eyed daughter Irene to be their guests. The invitation was accepted and the visit lasted a week. During this time young Bruce was devoted to the fascinating Indian maiden, and she was as fascinated by his devotion so that when the parting came there was a tacit understanding that the friendship so quickly formed should be continued by letter. Irene returned to her home on the Six Nations Reservation, where she resided with her aunt, a Mrs. Powless, and though she wrote regularly to her darling she did not always get an answer. Believing something wrong she enlisted a bright young Indian friend to assist her, and act as a sort of distributing post-office. Every week came the love laden missives, and faithfully were they answered. Each one but served to whet Bruce's determination to possess the daughter of "Neoskaleta," and finally he wrote that he would meet her on Sunday last, and that they should drive to a minister, be married and leave at once for Montreal. Mrs. Powless "smelled a rat" and was determined that Irene should not marry the young man. Though she knew nothing of the arrangements for Sunday, there was something in Irene's actions that made her very suspicious. Mrs. Powless told certain of her friends among the indians to keep a sharp lookout for the young paleface, and when he put in an appearance to run him off the Reservation. But little Irene had her staunch Indian friends, too, and they assisted to smooth the way. On Sunday Bruce drove from Brantford accompanied by a well-known young Indian through whom it is supposed the correspondence was kept up. At a spot near Kanyengeh, the lovers met, but their meeting was intruded upon. Irene was carried back to her home, and Bruce was put on a ferry and sent across the river. Irene's friends arranged for a meeting on Monday. They met, drove rapidly to a church, were married and had just started away when she was again taken from him. Bruce could do nothing alone, and with a whisper of hope to her drove rapidly to Brantford to institute legal proceedings for the recovery of his lawful wife. But while he sat closeted with his lawyer, Irene's friends were at work. During Monday night they stole her from the house, brought her to this city and delivered her up to her husband. On Tuesday they left for Montreal as happy as two young doves.—*Brantford Expositor.*

Britain's Greatness.

The Chicago *Herald* says: Let us not deceive ourselves with fictitious greatness. There is another country at whose greatness we may well pause for contemplation. Its area exceeds eight and a half million square miles. The basis of its power is not land but waters. Its greatness is maritime, and its coast line is twenty-eight thousand five hundred miles long. It lies on both sides of the equator and its boundries touch the extremes of heat and cold. Its uncultivated area which can be made to feed unborn millions without the help of the United States, covers millions of square miles. It contains one hundred thousand square miles of forests, which are being jealously preserved, while our's are being ruthlessly sacrificed. Its population amounts to 315,000,000 souls including pretty nearly all the races known to man. Its revenue for government amounts to more than a thousand million dollars annually, only one fourth of which is levied in direct taxation. It has nearly a million of men under arms. It has one policeman for every sixteen square miles of its entire area. Its 246 war vessels are all in commission, not rotting in harbors. Its merchant navy consists of 30,000 ships, manned by 270,000 sailors. Its sea-going tonnage amounts to eight and a half millions. It surpasses in steamers all other powers on the globe and nearly equals their combined total in sailing vessels. Forty-nine per cent. of the carrying power of the world is under its flag. Nearly half the entire yearly cargo of the world is under that flag; more than half the ship earnings from freights and passengers belong to it. Two-thirds of the tonnage annually built belongs to it. The banks of that Empire transact one-third of the business of the entire world. Its manufactures comprise one-third those of all Europe. It uses 30 per cent. of the horse power of the world. Its enormous debt, which it uses as the most profitable investment of its own earnings, amounts to only 9 per cent. of its wealth. It is the wealthiest State in the world, and its wealth has been made by its exports. Its name is Great Britain, and it abandoned, after a full and fair trial, the economic policy to which the United States fatuously clings. It sent its ships to every clime; it offered its wares in every port; it asked no tax on articles offered in exchange, and the cargoes its ships carried back to their wharves enriched it as much as those they had borne away.

The Safest Part of the Train.

That was a keen observer who exclaimed as he clambered over the wreck at Ninth and Brown streets yesterday, that he would not ride hereafter on either end of a railroad train. The middle cars are always the safest. They do not receive a destructive blow from either a front or rear collision; if the engine leaves the track they usually remain in place, and they are never snapped off, as the rear car sometimes is. Almost the only case in which the middle cars suffer is when they are thrown off track by the breaking of a coupling or of some part of the running gear, and that is as likely to happen to one part of the train as another.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

It has been estimated that the habitual opium-eaters in the United States number 600,000.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is rising in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona.
Mixed bird seed
Pure prepared Corn,
General assortment of canned goods

CHOICE HONEY,
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR, always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to Special attention given to contract and tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

FLESHERTON PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the

PUBLIC

that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS

OF

General planing mill work,

such as

SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory

EDWARD P. SNELL.
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50cts For sale at the Medical Hall,

T. BLAKELY,
Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder.

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY,
Flesherton.

X M A S

TOYS - - TOYS!

A splendid selection of toys for the Christmas Holidays just received. Childrens' handsleighs in a number of patterns, fancy vases, chinaware for presents, etc. All beautiful goods. Call in and inspect before purchashing your wares for Christmas.

A. WATSON!

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

Get your Cakes and Christmas Confectionery from me. Those desiring Cakes will kindly leave their order as soon as possible.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbon Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

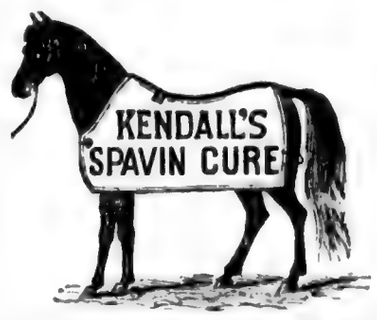

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles; would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SAINT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"Sydenham."

EDITOR ADVANCE.—I'm not going to scold you, for my cor. under the headline "Sydenham" in issue of Oct. 31st was done well "in print," but it is only fair that I should point out an omission at the ending. The two metrical lines there I borrowed and placed quotation marks accordingly, which the types failed to show. They were at the commencement of a poetical advertisment very cleverly gotten up by a merchant in Owen Sound in the long ago. I will give you the first part of the poem as a fair sample of the whole:

"I would tell to all the world, that is to all Owen Sound,
With a few of the neighboring townships around,
That as summer is come, I've a summer supply,
Of hard goods, and soft goods, and goods wet and dry.
I've no alcohol goods, rather alcohol evils,
Because I don't wish to change the good folks into deevils."

WM. PURDY.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

Mere of the mammoth's bones were found last week, among the number being a rib giving evidence of having been broken during the animal's life—possibly in a conflict with some other monster. There is quite an enlargement where the union has been effected. Parts of what seem to be the head of the animal have also been found. The men are still at work. —[Shelburne Economist.

Extensive opperations are to be commenced in Gaspe, Que., for developing the petroleum resources of that district.

Probably one of the most wonderful results that has yet been reported as due to the Brown-Sequard elixir is that which the Dubuque Times tells: A quantity of the stimulant was injected into a bologna sausage and immediately a faint bark was heard.

Anderson, Anderson & Co., of the proposed fast steamship line, have written to the St. John board of trade enquiring as to the harbour there. From this it would appear they have not abandoned the project.

Mr. Mitchell, of the Durham Chronicle, and Mr. Something of the Mt. Forest Confed. are engaged in a bloodless, duel, but it appears to be "to the death." Sick 'em.

The Mt. Forest Representative publishes the last and best fish story of the season. Here it is: While shutting down the waste gate at Orr's saw mill on Tuesday, Wm. Sibley felt the gate rest on something soft and on going to remove the obstruction found a beautiful 3-pound speckled trout caught under the gate. Our reporter had a look at his troutship at the Queen's hotel and pronounces it the finest specimen of the finny tribe he ever saw. The manner in which the fish was caught was most remarkable.

General News.

A New York Herald correspondent visited Mrs. Parnell at her home, near Bordentown, N.J., and found the old lady in utterly destitute circumstances.

A horrible murder was committed in Toronto on Saturday night, the victim being a woman and the slayer her own husband. The crime was the outcome of a drunken spree, and the circumstances surrounding the affair are the most revolting in the history of homicides in Toronto. The murderer was arrested after a futile effort to escape.

Monthly Fairs.

Orangeville—The second Thursday in each month
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangevie
Flesherton—Monday before Orangevie
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville
Durham—Third Tuesday in each month
Chatsworth—Monday before Durham
Holland Center—Saturday before Chatsworth
Priceville—Monday before Durham
Hanover—Monday before Durham

1890 SUBSCRIBE FOR THE 1890

Weekly Empire,

Canada's Leading Newspaper

PATRIOTIC IN TONE
TRUE TO CANADA
TRUE TO THE EMPIRE

THE EMPIRE IS NOW

THE GREAT WEEKLY PAPER

OF THE DOMINION,

and special arrangements are being made to add new and attractive features, which will greatly increase its interest and value

As an inducement to place it in the hands of all PATRIOTIC CANADIANS the balance of present year will be given

FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

Making it only $1.70 for the Empire and Flesherton Advance, from now to the end of 1890.

WM. CLAYTON,

BOOT AND SHOE DEALER,

Ha a large assortment of FALL and WINTER Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Trunks, etc.

New and seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Custom work to order.

FLESHERTON.

Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

PICTURE FRAMING

done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

FLESHERTON STOVE EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (a makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand* **Flesherton.**

Heard's Carriage Works.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.—

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

JOHN H. HEARD, Durham Street, Flesherton,

FLESHERTON ADVANCE.

"TRUTH BEFORE FAVOR."—"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

VOL. VIII., NO 439. FLESHERTON, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889. W. H. THURSTON, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SAVE SAVE **M-O-N-E-Y**

BY BUYING WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC,

AT

RUSSELL'S

-:- NOTED JEWELRY STORE, -:-

FLESHERTON.

We have just received our fall stock from R. Russell of Hamilton, consisting of **Gold and Silver Watches**, of all grades and quality. **Brooches, Barpins, Chains Cuff Buttons, Rings, Etc. A 118 K. Wedding Rings,** manufactured especially for our own trade. Weight and quality guaranteed. We bought these goods a prices well away down, and if you want bargains, don't fail to call. Sole agents for the **Famous B. Laurence Spectacles**, the best in the world. All repairing dont promptly by **J. G. RUSSELL,** and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, at

Russell's Jewelry Store, Flesherton

CASH

AND

1 Price Only.

Our boot and shoe department is fuller than ever, with nearly every conceivable line of men's, women's and misses' shoes. Men's long kip boots; best in the market. Men's whole leather, men's split, very cheap, men's foxed felt, felt socks and rubbers, rubber sandals and overshoes, women's heavy leather, lined, high laced boots, for muddy weather, women's chamois and felt lined shoes, for cold weather, women's high cordovan, solid leather soles, screw pegged and polished calf shoes for Sundays, foxed felt shoes, rubber sandals, overshoes, lined and unlined, boys' long and short boots, misses high laced shoes, infants fine shoes, all at rock botttom prices.

Our underwear is going, but still we have a large supply on hand, all wool underwear, $1.00 a suit. Heavy O. K. wool, only $1.50 a suit, also finer wools, from $1.50 to $2.50 a suit, ladies' under vests, very cheap, men's cardigans, men's top shirts, cuffs, mits and gloves, blankets and quilts.

Don't forget to try our teas, finest flavored at bottom prices.
Coal oil always on hand.

McDonald & Evans,

Pumps! Pumps!

J. McCullough,

Markdale,

manufacturer of pumps, desires to inform the public that he is prepared to furnish pumps for

Deep wells, gravel wells, etc.

parties who have heretofore had difficulty with their wells are

Guaranteed Satisfaction

using my articles. I learned my business with the late J. Fear, of Meaford, the superiority of whose pumps was a household word in Grey a few years ago.
Be sure and call on me if you desire anything in the pump line

J. McCullough.

FARM FOR SALE CHEAP, AND ON EASY terms, lot 7, con. 2, township of Euphrasia containing 200 acres. This is a splendid valuable timber farm. Well timbered with mixed hardwood, hemlock and cedar. Splendid soil. 1½ miles from the beautiful village of Kimberley in Queen's Valley where there are mills, stores, post office and church, and 11 miles from Flesherton on the C. P. R., where there is a splendid market for all kinds of produce, stock, lumber and timber. Apply to R. J. Sproule, auctioneer and real estate agent, Flesherton.

Flesherton Livery Stables.

D. CLAYTON, Proprietor.

First class horses and vehicles for hire at reasonable rates. Stables opposite Mumhaw's hotel. Special attention paid to commercial business.

Balsam Valley Items.

From our own Correspondent.

Oh, Mr. Editor, if you could only change places with your humble Cor. for a fortnight or so, you would have more fun than you have had since you came to Flesherton, but I suppose it is no use thinking about such a change, so I will have to enjoy it alone. One day recently I had the pleasure of overhearing a conversation that passed between two of our residents regarding Oben's effusions. One of them wasn't a subscriber, but he said he stepped over occasionally to his neighbor's to see if Oben had anything in the paper concerning him. "I hate," he said, "to see my name in the paper, and if I knew who the writer was I would just delight in giving him a good application of tanned cowhide." I tell you, Mr. Editor, I was "scart," for not until then did I notice the awful amount of said material in a manufactured state that he carried around on his feet. It struck me that this must be the weapon he alluded to, and as I once more took a square look at what he was standing on, a shudder passed through my whole frame, and for once I fully realized my perilous position, and I glanced excitedly around in search of a more secluded spot to hide, but fortunately for me, as I was musing thus, he moved off in another direction, and once more I breathed freely.

I happened to hear a story less than a year ago about a gentleman very much like this one, who was travelling through the woods in quest of game. The morning being very fine he did not think it necessary to bring his overcoat, but as luck would have it, rain began to fall while he was in the woods. He saw a short distance away a friendly hollow log which he betook himself to and quickly crawled into it snake fashion. He lay there for a long time, dry and comfortable until he became aware of the fact that the hole was getting smaller, the rain having swollen the dry log to such an extent that he was fast becoming as if in a vice. Alas, he was there to remain, and after a few futile attempts he gave it up in despair, and quietly resigned himself to his fate. As death stared him in the face he thought of all his friends and everything he held dear, and all his wicked deeds and the mean tricks he played, came fresh to his memory one by one as he lay there encircled round in the tight embrace of the old elm. He seemed to get a plausible excuse for all of them until he remembered how he used to go to his neighbor's and read The Advance, Oben's writing along with the rest. This seemed to stick. He never subscribed or advertised or even gave a kind word of encouragement to the Editor, but still he enjoyed the reading of his paper. Well sir, he felt so mean and small about this that he slipped out of the log without any trouble, but it is my humble opinion he took his boots off before he entered

Miss Francis Moody has returned to Toronto after spending a couple of weeks visiting among her friends. While home she got two quilts ready for the frame and invited quite a number of her lady friends one afternoon to help her do the quilting. A number of young men were also invited to come at night to participate in the dance, and they did ample justice to the good music furnished by W. Sackett & Co., by indulging in various dances, such as quadrilles, waltzes and so 4th.

Miss Ida Blakeston and Miss Brown, of Egremont, and Miss Ferguson, of Proton, have gone to Toronto to spend the winter. We are compelled to think there must be some strange fascination about the city that draws so many of our fair ladies away from their country homes. By the way, our residents are fixing up their houses with tarpaper and lumber, sand, lime, hair and shingles. It leads one to believe we are going to have a very cold winter.

Mr Arch Ferguson lost a fine brood mare about two weeks ago. Apparently there was nothing the matter with her. She fell down when plowing, and died in a few minutes. Mr. W. Stuart also lost a fine mare a few days ago. Inflammation, we understand, was the cause or death. We take no pleasure in chronicling facts of this nature.

Thanksgiving Day passed off here very quitely. Occasionally we could hear the loud report of a gun as some lucky hunter got a glimpse of some animal or bird which he thought had enjoyed life long enough. We did not hear of any deer or bears being killed, although the trampled condition of the grain last harvest would prove even to an inexperienced hunter that the latter animal was plentiful enough in our woods. It is quite evident that our hunters would rather come across a flock of partridges than Bruin.

Mr. J. T. Wilson, one of our energetic farmers, having got through plowing, and no other work pushing him, went over to the townline between Glenelg and Artemesia and performed some statute labor, in the shape of covering a very rough crossing. It speaks very badly of those townships to have a resident of Proton go over to fix their roads, and the least thing they can do is to give him some remuneration for his pains.

Mr. Aaron Earnest has left our beautiful village and gone to reside in Hopeville. We wish him success in his new home.

I had the foregoing items sealed and ready to post, but hearing from the ever watchful P. cor. of the disappearance of infant Vidi, and knowing he must feel very lonesome in the absence of his contemporary, I take this opportunity of extending to him my heartfelt sympathy, hoping that it may aid to revive him out of the lethargy into which he has fallen. I am quite ignorant of what has befallen the child. At the first glance at the article I thought P. cor. was accusing me very wrongly, but when I studied it I found out he cleared me completely, (you know he has a peculiar way of putting a hidden meaning in his compositions) it reads this way: "Oben didn't (didn't what) Ab. ducked him, (abduct him) so you see he clears Oben altogether and gives the name of the guilty party. It's as plain as A B C.

We notice Mr. A. McDonald has erected a small log cabin in his orchard where he intends keeping his two cows. We wonder why a man owning a farm with plenty of outhouses should have to build a stable for a couple of cows away from his own buildings altogether. We presume his tenant could answer the question.

Messrs. J. Moody and J. Dobson have returned from Muskoka after spending some time there in a vain search for work and wages. According they report times very dull there.

Mr. H. Lamont has gone to the Michigan lumber woods to spend the winter.

There has been a continual drizzle, but not enough to make our hardy farmers quit ploughing. Occasionally we hear Joe Campbell yelling "get up Doll!" as he raises his plow over a stone. The plow will be giving him its last kick for this fall one of those days.

OBEN.

Kimberley.

From our own Correspondent.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Ellis and Miss M. Lawrence, and Mr. W. H. Stewart and Miss E. Ellis came off on Wednesday eve last, at 6.45 p.m., in the church here as announced in your issue of the 14th. Early in the evening people could be seen making their way through the mud to the church, and by 6 15 o'clock the church was comfortably filled, notwithstanding the very inclement weather. After the marriage ceremony was performed, the happy couple drove to the residence of Mr. G. Lawrence, where they did ample justice to the good things which were provided for the occasion. About an hour later quite a number of the young people gathered at the house for the purpose of racking the nerves of some of the inmates, but the interested party, not caring to stand the racket, gave them a small sum of money which satisfied the cravings of the wild men and they went home without further delay. On the morning of the 21st inst., Mr. and Mrs. Ellis took their departure for New Hampshire, where Mr. Ellis is engaged as foreman on a farm. Your cor. wishes them every success.

Quite a number of the sportsmen of Kimberley and surrounding country took up their abode in a shanty in the township of Osprey some time ago for the purpose of trying to secure some venison, which thing they did, Mr. William Stewart, J. P., being the lucky marksman. Imagine the joy which filled each heart when bang, bang, bang, was heard, and immediately after shouts that made the woods ring from the lucky gunners. The boys say they never had as much fun in the same time before, and they intend trying it again as soon as there is enough snow.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

We have not quite forgotton your valuable paper Mr. Editor.

Mr. Joseph Stinson, druggist, of Collingwood and Mr. Wm. Stinson, of Hill Bros., Markdale, are visiting their parents here.

Mr. Wright, of Flesherton, is engaged to teach our school for the coming year. We are sorry at having to part with our present teacher, Mr. McArdle, who has been an efficient and painstaking man and one who has given general satisfaction. We wish you success Mc.

Mr. Jas. and Hilliard Hutchinson have returned from their summer in the vicinity of Calgary, and say that it is just the place for cattle ranching and farming.

Miss C. Acheson is engaged as teacher for school section No. 2, Proton, for the ensuing year.

We quite agree with your editorial in last week's issue of the Advance regarding the father of crime and pauperism. If the electors do vote from principal the present anti-temperance and popish government will bite the dust.

They are going to have a lively time at the entertainment given by the teacher and pupils of school section No. 2, Proton, on the evening December 6th, health and weather permitting.

Our graveyard has been very neatly fenced with barb-wire, and preparations are being made to have the ground levelled and put in shape.

At last an able and pushing committee have been put at the head of the much talked of shed in connection with the church here, and the work will be pushed rapidly forward if the weather permits.

The officers of Victoria cheese factory wound up the business on the 23rd for the year. The auditors' report showed that there was 663,670 lbs. of milk sent to the factory, which made 63,432 lbs. of cheese. This was sold for $5,704.11. After paying for manufacturing and general expenses, it left $4,888 to be divided amongst the patrons—it taking on an average for the season 10⅓ lbs. of milk to make a lb. of cheese.

THE MARKETS.

FLESHERTON.

Carefully Corrected Each Week

Flour	$4 70	to	5 00
Fall Wheat	80	to	90
Spring Wheat	80		0 90
Barley	0 30		0 40
Oats	0 24		0 24
Peas	0 51		0 51
Butter	0 14		0 14
Eggs, fresh	0 17		0 17
Potatos bag.	0 45		50
Pork	5 25		5 50
Hay per ton	6 00		8 00
Hides	3 50		3 50
Sheepskins	0 60		1 00
Geese	0 05		0 05
Turkeys	0 07		0 08
Chickens per pair	0 1		0 25
Ducks per lb.	0 05		0 05
Wool	0 18		0 20

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE. Musical Goods and Novelties.

Complete stock above lines assorted now in stock for holiday trade.
An excellent filled case, watch case and movement fully mounted, for $25.00. Ladies 10 & 14 k. stem wind watches, $18 00 to $48.00 each.

Walnut Spring **Clocks**, 1 and 8 day, $4.00 to $8 50. Nickles, alarm, and time, best quality, $1.70 to $2.50

Violins $3.00 to $12.00.

Accordions $2.50 to $6.00.

Silver Watches All Styles and all prices to meet competition.

"CASH OR CREDIT"

Can do better by customers than they can do elsewhere: reason, because I am in a position to do so at present, and intend doing so right along, as trade builds up on that line. Full stock sizes and weights of full 18 k. wedding rings.

ENGAGEMENT GEMS
$2.50 to $14.00

Fine watch repairing, fitting spex, personally attended to.

W. A. BROWN,

Jeweler and Optician.

MARKDALE, Ont.

Sign of the "**Big Spex**"

Wanted---All kinds of Poultry, dead or alive, highest prices, W. TRIMBLE.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

She walked very fast, after she left the house. She wanted to reach Oldclough before one whit of her anger cooled down, though, somehow, she felt quite sure that, even when her anger died out, her courage would not take flight with it. Mr. Dugald Binnie had not proved to be a very fascinating person. He was an acrid, dictatorial old man; he contradicted Lady Theobald flatly every five minutes, and bullied his man-servant; but it was not against him Lucia was aroused. She felt that Lady Theobald was quite capable of suggesting to him that Francis Barold would be a good match for her, and if she had done so, it was scarcely his fault if he had accepted the idea. She understood now why she had been allowed to visit Octavia, and why divers other things had happened. She had been sent to walk with Francis Barold; he had been almost reproached when he had not called; perhaps her ladyship had been good enough to suggest to him that it was his duty to further her plans. She was as capable of that as of anything else which would assist her to gain her point. The girl's cheeks grew hotter and hotter, her eyes brighter at every step, because every step bought some new thought; her hands trembled, and her heart beat.

"I shall never be afraid of her again," she said, as she turned the corner into the road. "Never! never!"

At that very moment a gentleman stepped out of the wood at her right, and stopped before her.

She started back, with a cry.

"Mr. Burmistone!" she said; "Mr. Burmistone!"

She wondered if he had heard her last words; she fancied he had. Her took hold of her shaking little hand, and looked down at her excited face.

"I am glad I waited for you," he said in the quietest possible tone. "Something is the matter."

She knew their was no use in trying to conceal the truth, and she was not in the mood to make the effort. She scarcely knew herself.

She gave quite a fierce little laugh.

"I am angry!" she said. "You have never seen me angry before. I am on my way to my—to Lady Theobald."

He held her hand as calmly as before. He understood a great deal more than she could have imagined.

"What are you going to say to her?" he asked.

She laughed again.

"I am going to ask her what she means. I am going to tell her she has made a a mistake. I am going to prove to her that I am not such a coward, after all. I am going to tell her that I dare disobey her—that is what I am going to say to her," she concluded, decisively.

He held her hand rather closer.

"Let us take a stroll in the copse and talk it over," he said. "It is deliciously cool there."

"I don't want to be cool," she said. But he drew her gently with him, and a few steps took them into the shade of the young oaks and pines, and there paused.

"She has made you very angry," he said.

And then, almost before she knew what she was doing, she was pouring forth the whole of her story—even more of it than she had told Octavia. She had not at all intended to do it, but she did it, nevertheless.

"I am to marry Mr. Francis Barold, if he will take me," she said, with a bitter little smile,—"Mr. Francis Barold, who is so much in love with me—as you know. His mother approves of the match, and sent him here to make love to me—which he has done, as you have seen. I have no money of my own, but if I make a marriage which pleases him, Dugald Binnie will probably leave me his—which it is thought will be an inducement to my cousin—who needs one. If I marry him, or rather he marries me, Lady Theobald thinks Mr. Binnie will be pleased. It does not even matter whether Francis is pleased or not—and, of course, I am out of the question—but it is hoped that it will please Mr. Binnie. The two ladies have talked it over, and decided the matter. I dare say they have offered me to Francis, who has very likely refused me, though perhaps he may be persuaded to relent in time—if I am very humble, and he is shown the advantage of having Mr. Binnie's money added to his own—but I have no doubt I shall have to be very humble indeed. That is what I learned from Lady Theobald, last night, and it is what I am going to talk to her about. Is it enough to make one angry, do you think—is it enough?"

He did not tell her whether he thought it enough or not. Her looked at her with steady eyes.

"Lucia," he said, "I wish you would let me go and talk to Lady Theobald."

"You!" she said, with a little start.

"Yes," he answered. "Let me go to her. Let me tell her that, instead of marrying Francis Barold, you will marry me. If you will say yes to that, I think I can promise that you need never be afraid of her any more."

The fierce color died out of her cheeks, and the tears rushed to her eyes. She raised her face with a pathetic look.

"Oh," she whispered, "you must be very sorry for me. I think you have been sorry for me from the first."

"I am desperately in love with you," he answered, in his quietest way. "I have been desperately in love with you from the first. May I go?"

She looked at him, for a moment, inscrutinously. Then she faltered:

"Yes."

She still looked up at him, and then, in spite of her happiness, or perhaps because of it, she suddenly began to cry softly, and forgot she had been angry at all, as he took her into his strong, kind arms.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GARDEN-PARTY.

The morning of the garden-party arose bright and clear, and Slowbridge awakened in a great state of excitement. Miss Chickie, having worked until midnight, that all her orders might be completed, was so overpowered by her labors as to have to take her tea and toast in bed.

At Oldclough, varied sentiments prevailed. Lady Theobald's manner was chiefly distinguished by implacable rigidity. She had chosen, as an appropriate festal costume, a funeral-black *moire antique*, enlivened by massive fringes and ornaments of jet—her jewelry being chains and manacles of the latter, which rattled as she moved, with a sound somewhat suggestive of bones.

Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had received an invitation, has as yet amiably forborne to say whether he would accept it or not. He had been out when Mr. Burmistone called, and had not seen him.

When Lady Theobald descended to breakfast, she found him growling over his newspaper, and he glanced up at her with a polite scowl.

"Going to a funeral?" he demanded.

"I accompany my granddaughter to this—this entertainment," her ladyship responded. "It is scarcely a joyous occasion, to my mind."

"No need to dress yourself like that, if it isn't," ejaculated Mr. Binnie. "Why don't you stay at home, if you don't want to go? Man's all right, isn't he? Once knew a man of the name of Burmistone, myself. One of the few decent fellows I've met. If I was sure this was the same man, I'd go myself. When I find a fellow who's neither knave nor fool, I stick to him. Believe I'll send to find out. Where's Lucia?"

What his opinion of Lucia was, it was difficult to discover. He had an agreeable habit of staring at her over the top of his paper, and over his dinner. The only time he had made any comment upon her, was the first time he saw her in the dress she had copied from Octavia's.

"Nice gown that," he blurted out. "Didn't get it here, I'll wager."

"It is an old dress I remodeled," answered Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I made it myself."

"Doesn't look like it," he said, gruffly.

Lucia had touched up another dress, and was very happy in the prospect of wearing it at the garden-party.

"Don't call on grandmamma until after Wednesday," she had said to Mr. Burmistone. "Perhaps she wouldn't let me go. She will be very angry, I am sure."

"And you are not afraid?"

"No," she answered, "I am not afraid at all. I shall not be afraid again."

In fact, she had perfectly confounded her ladyship by her demeanor. She bore her fiercest glance without quailing in the least, or making any effort to evade it; under her most scathing comments she was composed and unmoved. On the first occasion of my lady's referring to her plans for her future, she received a blow which fairly stunned her. The girl rose from her chair, and looked her straight in the face, undinchingly, and with a suggestion of *hauteur* not easy to confront.

"I beg you will not speak to me of that again," she said. "I will not listen." And turning about, she walked out of the room.

"This," her ladyship had said, in sepulchral tones, when she recovered her breath—"this is one of the results of Miss Octavia Bassett.' And nothing more had been said on the subject since.

No one in Slowbridge was in more brilliant spirits than Octavia herself on the morning of the *fete*. Before breakfast, Miss Belinda was startled by the arrival of another telegram, which ran as follows:

> Arrived to-day, per Russia. Be with you to-morrow evening. Friend with me.
>
> MARTIN BASSETT.

On reading this communication, Miss Belinda burst into floods of tears.

"Dear, dear Martin!" she wept. "To think that we should meet again! Why didn't he let us know he was on the way? I should have been so anxious that I should not have slept at all."

"Well," remarked Octavia, "I suppose that would have been an advantage."

Suddenly, she approached Miss Belinda, kissed her, and disappeared out of the room, as if by magic, not returning for a quarter of an hour, looking rather soft, and moist, and brilliant about the eyes, when she did return.

Octavia was a marked figure upon the grounds at that garden-party.

"Another dress, my dear," remarked Mrs. Burnham. "And what a charming color she has, I declare! She is usually paler. Perhaps we owe this to Lord Lansdowne."

"Her dress is becoming, at all events," privately remarked Miss Lydia Burnham, whose taste had not been consulted about her own.

"It is she who is becoming," said her sister. "It is not the dress so much, though her clothes always have a look, some way. She's prettier than ever to-day, and is enjoying herself."

She was enjoying herself. Mr. Francis Barold observed it rather gloomily as he stood apart. She was enjoying herself so much that she did not seem to notice that he had avoided her, instead of going up to claim her attention. Half a dozen men were standing about her and making themselves agreeable; and she was apparently quite equal to the emergencies of the occasion. The young men from Broadoaks had at once attached themselves to her train.

"I say, Barold," they had said to him, "why didn't you tell us about this? Jolly good fellow you are, to come mooning here for a couple of months and keep it all to yourself."

And then had come Lord Lansdowne, who, in crossing the lawn to shake hands with his host, had been observed to keep his eye fixed upon one particular point.

"Burmistone," he said, after having spoken his first words, "who is that tall girl in white?"

And in ten minutes, Lady Theobald, Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Barold, and divers others too numerous to mention, saw him standing at Octavia's side, evidently with no intention of leaving it.

Not long after this, Francis Barold found his way to Miss Belinda, who was very busy and rather nervous.

"Your niece is evidently enjoying herself," he remarked.

"Octavia is most happy to-day," answered Miss Belinda. "Her father will reach Slowbridge this evening. She has been looking forward to his coming with great anxiety."

"Ah!" commented Barold.

"Very few people understand Octavia," said Miss Belinda. "I'm not sure that I follow all her moods myself. She is more affectionate than people fancy. She—she has very pretty ways. I am very fond of her. She is not as frivolous as she appears to those who don't know her well."

Barold stood gnawing his mustache and made no reply. He was not very comfortable. He felt himself ill-used by Fate, and rather wished he had returned to London from Broadoaks, instead of loitering in Slowbridge. He had amused himself at first, but in time he had been surprised to find his amusement lose something of its zest. He glowered across the lawn at the group under a certain beech-tree, and as he did so, Octavia turned her face a little and saw him. She stood waving her fan slowly and smiling at him in a calm way, which reminded him very much of the time he had first caught sight of her at Lady Theobald's high tea.

He condescended to saunter over the grass to where she stood. Once there, he proceeded to make himself as disagreeable as possible, in a silent and lofty way. He felt it only due to himself that he should. He did not approve at all of the manner in which Lansdowne kept by her.

"It's deucedly bad form on his part," he said, mentally. "What does he mean by it?"

Octavia, on the contary, did not ask what he meant by it. She chose to seem rather well entertained, and did not notice that she was being frowned down. There was no reason why she should not find Lord Lansdowne entertaning; he was an agreeable young fellow, with an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, and no nonsense about him. He was fond of all pleasant novelty, and Octavia was a pleasant novelty. He had been thinking of paying a visit to America, and he asked innumerable questions concering that country, all of which Octavia answered.

"I know half a dozen fellows who have been there," he said. "And they all enjoyed it tremendously."

"If you go to Nevada, you must visit the mines at Bloody Gulch," she said.

"Where?" he ejaculated. "I say, what a name! Don't deride my youth and ignorance, Miss Bassett."

"You can call it L'Argentville if you would rather," she replied.

"I would rather try the other, thank you," he laughed. "It has a more hilarious sound. Will they despise me at Bloody Gulch, Miss Bassett? I never killed a man in my life."

Barold turned and walked away, angry, and more melancholy than he could have believed.

"It is time I went back to London," he chose to put it. "The place begins to be deucedly dull."

"Mr. Francis Barold seems rather out spirits," said Mrs. Burnham to Lady Theobald, "Lord Lansdowne interferes with his pleasure."

"I had not observed it," answered her ladyship. "And it is scarcely likely that Mr. Francis Barold would permit his pleasure to be interfered with, even by the son of the Marquis of Lauderdale."

But she glared at Barold, as he passed, and beckoned to him

"Where is Lucia?" she demanded.

"I saw her with Burmistone, half an hour ago," he answered coldly. "Have you any message for my mother? I shall return to London to-morrow,—leaving here early."

She turned quite pale. She had not counted upon this at all, and it was extremely inopportune.

"What has happened?" she asked, rigidly.

He looked slightly surprised.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I have remained here longer than I intended."

She began to move the manacles on her right wrist. He made not the smallest profession of reluctance to go. She said, at last:

"If you will find Lucia, you will oblige me."

She was almost uncivil to Miss Pilcher, who chanced to join her after he was gone. She had not the slightest intention of allowing her plans to be frustrated, and was only roused to fresh obstinacy by encountering indifference on one side and rebellion on the other. She had not brought up Lucia under her own eye for nothing. She had been disturbed of late, but by no means considered herself baffled. With the assistance of Mr. Dugald Binnie, she could certainly subdue Lucia, though Mr. Dugald Binnie had been of no great help, so far. She would do her duty unflinchingly. In fact she chose to persuade herself that, if Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind, there could be no real trouble with Francis Barold.

CHAPTER XXV.

"SOMEBODY ELSE."

But Barold did not make any very ardent search for Lucia. He stopped to watch a game of lawn tennis, in which Octavia and Lord Lansdowne had joined, and finally forgot Lady Theobald's errand altogether.

For some time, Octavia did not see him. She was playing with great spirit, and Lord Lansdowne was following her delightedly.

Finally a chance of the game bringing her to him, she turned suddenly and found Barold's eyes fixed upon her.

"How long have you been there?" she asked.

"Some time," he answered. "When you are at liberty, I wish to speak to you."

"Do you?" she said.

She seemed a little unprepared for the repressed energy of his manner, which he strove to cover by a greater amount of coldness than usual.

"Well," she said, after thinking a moment, "the game will soon be ended. I am going through the conservatories with Lord Lansdowne, in course of time; but I dare say he can wait."

She went back, and finished the game, apparently enjoying it as much as ever. When it was over, Barold made his way to her.

He had resented her remaining oblivious of his presence when he stood near her, and he had resented her enjoyment of her surroundings, and now, as he led her away, leaving Lord Lansdowne rather disconsolate, he resented the fact that she did not seem nervous, or at all impressed by his silence.

"What do you want to say to me?" she asked. "Let us go and sit down on one of the arbors. I believe I am a little tired—not that I mind it, though. I've been having a lovely time."

Then she began to talk about Lord Lansdowne.

"I like him ever so much," she said. "Do you think he will really go to America? I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it won't be for a year or so—I mean, until we go back from Europe. Still, it's rather uncertain when we shall go back. Did I tell you I had persuaded Aunt Belinda to travel with us? She's horribly frightened, but I mean to make her go. She'll get over being frightened after a little while."

Suddenly she turned and looked at him.

"Why don't you say something?" she demanded. "What a the matter?"

"It is not necessary for me to say anything."

She laughed.

"Do you mean because I am saying everything myself? Well, I suppose I am. I am—awfully happy to-day, and can't help talking. It seems to make the time go."

Her face had lighted up curiously. There was a delighted excitement in her eyes, puzzling him.

"Are you so fond of your father as all that?"

She laughed again—a clear, exultant laugh.

"Yes," she answered, "of course I am as fond of him as all that. It's quite natural, isn't it?"

"I haven't observed the same degree of enthusiasm in all the young ladies of my acquaintance," he returned, dryly.

He thought such rapture disproportionate to the cause, and regarded it grudgingly.

They turned into an arbor, and Octavia sat down and leaned forward on the rustic table. Then she turned her face up to look at the vines covering the roof.

"It looks rather spidery, doesn't it?" she remarked. "I hope it isn't; don't you?"

The light fell bewitchingly on her round little chin and white throat; and a bar of sunlight struck on her upturned eyes, and the blonde rings on her forehead.

"There is nothing I hate more than spiders," she said, with a little shiver, "unless," seriously, "it's caterpillars—caterpillars I loathe!"

Then she lowered her gaze, and gave her hat—a large, white Rubens, all soft curling feathers and satin bows—a charming tip over her eyes.

"The brim is broad," she said. "If anything drops, I hope it will drop on it, instead of on me. Now, what did you want to say?"

He had not sat down, but stood leaning against the rustic wood-work. He looked pale, and was evidently trying to be cooler than usual.

"I brought you here to ask you a question."

"Well," she remarked, "I hope it's an important one. You look serious enough."

"It is important—rather," he responded, with a tone of sarcasm. "You will probably go away soon?"

"That isn't exactly a question," she commented. "And it's not as important to you as to me."

He paused a moment, annoyed because he found it difficult to go on; annoyed because she waited with such undisturbed serenity. But at length he managed to begin again.

"I do not think you are expecting the question I am going to ask," he said. "I—do not think I expected to ask it myself—until to-day. I do not know why—why I should ask it so awkwardly, and feel—at such a disadvantage. I brought you here to ask you—to marry me."

He had scarcely spoken four words before all her airy manner had taken flight, and she had settled herself down to listen. He had noticed this, and had felt it quite natural. When he stopped, she was looking straight into his face. Her eyes were singularly large and bright and clear.

"You did not expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "Why didn't you?"

It was not at all what he had expected. He did not understand her manner at all.

"I—must confess," he said, stiffly, "that I felt at first that there were—obstacles in the way of my doing so."

"What were the obstacles?"

He flushed and drew himself up.

"I have been very unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself," he said. "I told you I was conscious of my own awkwardness."

"Yes," she said, quietly, "you have been unfortunate. That is a good way of putting it."

Then she let her eyes rest on the table a few seconds, and thought a little.

"After all," she said, "I have the consolation of knowing that you must have been very much in love with me. If you had not been very much in love with me, you would never have asked me to marry you. You would have considered the obstacles."

"I am very much in love with you," he said, vehemently, his feelings getting the better of his pride, for once. "However badly I may have expressed myself, I am very much in love with you. I have been wretched for days."

"Was it because you felt obliged to ask me to marry you?" she inquired.

The delicate touch of spirit in her tone and words fired his to fresh admiration, strange to say, It suggested to him possibilities he had not suspected hitherto. He drew nearer to her.

"Don't be too severe on me," he said—quite humbly, considering all things.

And he stretched out his hand, as if to take hers.

But she drew it back, smiling ever so faintly.

"Do you think I don't know what the obstacles are?" she said. "I will tell you."

"My affection was strong enough to sweep them away," he said, "or I should not be here."

She smiled slightly again.

"I know all about them, as well as you do," she said. "I rather laughed at them, at first, but I don't now. I suppose I'm 'impressed by their seriousness,' as Aunt Belinda says. I suppose they are pretty serious—to you."

"Nothing would be so serious to me as that you should let them interfere with my happiness," he answered, thrown back upon himself, and bewildered by her logical manner. "Let us forget them. I was a fool to speak as I did. Won't you answer my question?"

She paused a second, and then answered.

"You didn't expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "And I didn't expect you to——"

"But now——," he broke in, impatiently.

"Now—I wish you hadn't done it."

"You wish——."

"You don't want me," she said. "You want somebody meeker—somebody who would respect you very much, and obey you. I'm not used to obeying people."

"Do you mean also that you would not respect me?" he inquired, bitterly.

"Oh," she replied, "you haven't respected me much!"

"Excuse me——" he began, in his loftiest manner.

"You didn't respect me enough to think me worth marrying," she said. "I was not the kind of girl you would have chosen of your own will."

"You are treating me unfairly!" he cried.

"You are going to give me a great deal, I suppose—looking at it in your way," she went on; "but if I wasn't exactly what you wanted, I had something to give, too. I'm young enough to have a good many years to live, and I should have to live them with you, if I married you. That's something, you know."

He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and wounded feeling.

"Does this mean that you refuse me," he demanded,—"that your answer is no?"

She rose, too—not exultant, nor confused, neither pale nor flushed. He had never seen her prettier, more charming, or more natural.

"It would have been 'no,' even if there had n't been any obstacle," she answered.

"Then," he said, "I need say no more. I see that I have—humiliated myself in vain, and it is rather bitter, I must confess."

"It wasn't my fault," she remarked.

He stepped back, with a haughty wave of the hand, signifying that she should pass out of the arbor before him.

She did so, but just as she reached the entrance, she turned, and stood for a second, framed in by the swinging vines and their blossoms.

"There's another reason why it should be 'no,'" she said. "I suppose I may as well tell you of it. I'm engaged to somebody else."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"JACK."

They first person they saw, when they reached the lawn, was Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had deigned to present himself, and was talking to Mr. Burmistone, Lucia, and Miss Belinda.

"I'll go to them," said Octavia. "Aunt Belinda will wonder where I have been."

But, before they reached the group, they were intercepted by Lord Lansdowne; and Barold had the pleasure of surrendering his charge, and watching her, with some rather sharp pangs, as she was borne off to the conservatories.

"What is the matter with Mr. Barold?" exclaimed Miss Pilcher. "Pray, look at him."

"He has been talking to Miss Octavia Bassett, in one of the arbors," put in Miss Lydia Burnham. "Emily and I passed them a few minutes ago, and they were so absorbed that they did not see us. There it no knowing what has happened."

"Lydia!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, in stern reproof of such flippancy.

But, the next moment, she exchanged a glance with Miss Pilcher.

"Do you think——" she suggested. "Is it possible——."

"It really looks very like it," said Miss Pilcher; "though it is scarcely to be credited. See how pale and angry he looks."

Mrs. Burnham glanced towards him, and then a slight smile illuminated her countenance.

"How furious," she remarked, cheerfully, "how furious Lady Theobald will be."

Naturally, it was not very long before the attention of numerous other ladies was directed to Mr. Francis Barold. It was observed that he took no share in the festivities, that he did not regain his natural air of enviable indifference to his surroundings—that he did not approach Octavia Bassett until all was over and she was on the point of going home. What he said to her then, no one heard.

"I am going to London to-morrow. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered, holding out her hand to him. Then she added, quickly, in an under-tone "You oughtn't to think badly of me. You won't after a while."

As they drove homeward, she was rather silent, and Miss Belinda remarked it.

"I am afraid you are tired, Octavia," she said. "It is a pity that Martin should come, and find you tired."

"Oh, I'm not tired. I was only—thinking. It has been a queer day!"

"A queer day, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda. "I thought it a charming day."

"So it has been," said Octavia—which Miss Belinda thought rather inconsistent.

Both of them grew rather restless as they neared the house.

"To think," said Miss Belinda, "of my seeing poor Martin again."

"Suppose," said Octavia, nervously, as they drew up, "suppose they are here—already!"

"They!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Who——."

But she got no further. A cry burst from Octavia—a queer, soft little cry.

"They are here!" she said; "they are! Jack—Jack!"

And she was out of the carriage, and Miss Belinda, following her closely, was horrified to see her caught at once in the embrace of a tall, bronzed young man, who, a moment after, drew her into the little parlor, and shut the door.

Mr. Martin Bassett, who was big, and sunburned, and prosperous-looking, stood in the passage, smiling triumphantly.

"M—M—Martin!" gasped Miss Belinda. "What—oh, what does this mean?"

Martin Bassett led her to a seat, and smiled more triumphantly still.

"Never mind, Belinda," he said "Do n' be frightened. It's Jack Belasys, and he's the finest fellow in the West. And she hasn't seen him for two years."

"Martin," Miss Belinda fluttered, "it is not proper—it really isn't."

"Yes, it is," answered Mr. Bassett; "for he's going to marry her, before we go abroad."

It was an eventful day for all parties concered. At its close, Lady Theobald found herself in an utterly bewilderd and thunderstruck condition. As to Mr. Dugald Binnie, more than to any one else, her demoralization was due. That gentleman got into the carriage in rather a better humor than usual.

"Same man I used to know," he remarked. "Glad to see him. I knew him as soon as I set eyes on him."

"Do you allude to Mr. Burmistone?"

"Yes. Had a long talk with him. He's coming to see you, to-morrow. Told him he might come myself. Appears he's taken a fancy to Lucia. Wants to talk it over. Suits me exactly, and suppose it suits her. Looks as if it does. Glad she hasn't taken a fancy to some haw-haw fellow, like that fool, Barold. Girls generally do. Burmistone's worth ten of him."

Lucia, who had been looking steadily out of the carriage-window, turned, with an amazed expression. Lady Theobald had received a shock which made all her man-

March of the Pan-Americans.

Half a speech, half a meal,
Half a sleep—onward
Into more food and talk
Rode the one hundred.
"Come Pan-Americans;
Come, and let's shake your han's,"
So, on to stew and shake
Rode the one hundred.

"Come Pan-Americans!"
Did they reject the plans?
Not though they all were full
And their ves s sundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to eat and fly,
Into the natural gas
Rode the one hundred.

Banquets to right of them,
Banquets to left of them,
Banquets in front of them
While a world wondered.
Stunned at with word and wine,
Bravely they strive to shine,
But eating shortens breath
And men are talked to death—
Suffering one hundred.

The Masher.

He stands upon the dizzy curbs,
He ogles, grins and stares,
No shame his little frame disturbs,
A face of brass he wears.
His clothes are quite the latest cut,
He wears a showy fob,
He calls himself a toughish nut,
And does the mashing job.

He never did a stroke of work—
He gets his cash from "ma,"
Who bangs the washtub like a Turk
For this sweet Lamy-dah.
He simpers like a silly clown,
On ladies as they pass,
And everybody writes him down
A most consummate ass.

The Third Party Man.

I ain't a goin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or that,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat.

That is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
I won't deny but wut I be so—
An', fact, it don't smell very strong.

My mind's too fair to lose its balance,
An' say which party has most sense;
There may be folks o' greater talence
That can't sit stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic: ez to choosin'
Twixt this 'n and that I'm plaguey lawth;
I leave a side thet looks like loosin',
But, wile there's doubt, I stick to both.

* * *

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In havin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short.

That's fair an' square an' perpendicler,
But, ef the public cares a fig
To hev me an'thin' in perticler,
Why, I'm a kind o' peri-Wig.

* * * *

The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o' woman.

—*Bigelow Papers.*

THE BONNET SEASON OPENING.

'd write a horrid thing, no doubt, did I compose a sonnet as to the way I dodged about one wretched maiden's bonnet.

It was, if I recall aright, the climax of distortion, although its width kept to it's height a horrible proportion.

I dodged about, but couldn't find an open space around it, until I heard some one behind cry, "Keep yours at, confound it!"

"Oh, ho! ah, ha!" the villain cried. "Spare, spare," the maiden uttered; and as invisibly she died, some nasty speech I muttered.

Now mimic tempests roared their rage—I heard them, that is certain; but all I saw of play or stage was the descending curtain.

Low murmurs all the house oppressed at scenic shiftings magic, and as some wild applause I guessed some climax had been tragic.

I also judged from "Ain't she sweet?" and hushed attention centred, and all the "lovelies" maids repeat—the heroine had entered.

"Bang-bang!" I heard a pistol shot—a dying exclamation—so I presumed revenge had wrought its tragic consummation.

I knew they entered from the wings; heard thrilling bursts of feeling; but all I saw were birds and things frescoed upon the ceiling.

So wonder not when I indite a blue and bilious sonnet; I paid my dollar for a sight of selfishness and—bonnet!

—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Watered Milk.

The milkman who waters his goods generally does so under the impression that the water poured in incorporates itself with the milk and cannot be detected except upon chemical analysis. This shows gross ignorance. The milk will hold only its own fluid; all foreign fluid will be precipitated if the mixture is allowed to stand for a couple of days. Any housewife may spot a dishonest milkman with very little trouble. Let her take a long, slender bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and let it dry out. If, then, it is filled with milk and allowed to stand in a cool—not cold—place for 48 hours, all the foreign fluid will be precipitated—that is, it will settle to the bottom of the bottle. The soured milk will then fill the middle of the bottle and the fatty substance will be floating on top. Sometimes the top will be a layer of cream, then will come a layer of albumen, another artificial device to make the milk look rich; then will come the soured milk, and at the bottom will be the foreign water. The whole scheme of deception can be read by a glance at the bottle after one has had a single lesson in the rudiments of milk inspection. This sort of work is not scientifically satisfactory, but it will always develop the fundamental fact—whether or not the milk is normal.—*Interview in St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Six Shots at an Editor.

An Arizona comtemporary in telling how its editor was fired upon the other day by a citizen who dissented from its comments, but whose six shots, discharged at a distance of ten feet from their mark, did not come within a foot of it, states that, nevertheless, the shots where not wholly unavailing, as they wounded a $200 mule and a $50 dog, which damage the awkward marksman compromised for $150. The citizen contemplates leaving the town, and our contemporary encourages him in that purpose by suggesting that a man who holds a gun with both hands, and shuts both eyes when he shoots, is of no account whatever in that district.

At a Chicago Goethe Club.

First Fair Enthusiast—How perfectly lovable Goethe is!

Second Fair Enthusiast—Yes, indeed, Gotte is just splendid!

Third Fair Enthusiast—There's nothing slow about Goethe!

Fourth Fair Enthusiast—You are just right! Go-eth is our favorite!

—After you have been mean once, decency is harder than ever.

THE CHANNEL BRIDGE.

A Leviathan Work Proposed by French Engineers.

Two distinguished French engineers have, with the partial concurrence of certain English professional associates, prepared a plan of a bridge to be built across the English channel, and have made careful estimates of the cost of constructing the same. The bridge would be built of steel, except, of course, the piers upon which it would rest, which would be from 1,000 to 2,000 feet apart. From these stone piers would rise steel cylinders, upon which the bridge would rest, the flooring being quite 150 feet above high tide mark, and the span being, of course, the distance between the piers as given above. It is estimated that such a structure would cost about $180,000,000, that a million tons of steel would be used in its construction, and that it could be built in about ten years' time. The plan of the engineers is that it should be simply a railroad bridge carrying two tracks, and that, to overcome the fear of its use in time of war, it might be arranged that the last spans at either end should be removable, so that the structure would become useless to serve the purposes of an invasion. So far as safety is concerned, after the various great engineering works of this character that have been constructed, a number of the ablest men in the profession are willing to stake their reputation on the statement that a bridge of this kind could be put up which would resist storms of all kinds, and be as safe as any ordinary railroad bridge. It is asserted that the proposed channel bridge would not be an obstruction to navigation, since all vessels could easily pass under it, while the tendency of the swift current of the channel would be to carry vessels, not against the piers, but between these obstructions. One adverse criticism that has been raised against this project is that the work of annually painting the structure to prevent its destruction by rust would entail a great outlay of time and money.

How "Lightning" Sketches Are Made.

In the illustration of his lectures by the drawing of rapid caricatures on the stage Mr. Nast is said to resort to one of those helpful, though by no means illegitimate, tricks which every artist who attempts this sort of "lightning" sketch business before audiences finds it necessary to make use of. No man, however practical and expert, can be sufficiently sure of his nerve and skill under such circumstances to rely wholly upon them, and thus he is compelled to resort to some little harmless deception. The important lines in cartoons so executed Mr. Nast has pricked out beforehand with pin-holes invisible to the spectators, and by these his chalk is guided. Others lightly sketch their outlines with a solution of gum arabic, which is made visible to the artist by the reflection of the glare of the footlights. The most common way, however, is to do the tracing with a mixture of soapsuds and Canada balsam, with a drop or two of some fixed oil. This leaves an invisible but sticky line. When the artist goes to work before the audience he holds in his hand a rag on which crayon dust has been rubbed. This dust catches on the outline and really makes the mark that is apparently produced by the stick of crayon held in the fingers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Carriages for a Sultan.

Two magnificent carriages, of oriental design, have just been built in London for the Emperor of Morocco. One is a hansom cab, of green and gold, which is to be drawn by led mules, as there is no driver's seat. The other is a palanquin, which is to be carried by two mules instead of by human bearers. The interior is sumptuously decorated with green silk, and the seat is so arranged that the Emperor can sit cross-legged if so disposed. On the right side is a little cupboard, which contains a four-chambered revolver with gilt barrels and ivory stock, and a receptacle for ammunition. On the left are a sword-stick and other weapons, and also a letter-box and writing-stand. The palanquin is ingeniously made, so that springs and wheels can at any time be added.—*London World.*

The Wrong Door.

First Prohibitionist—Yes, I saw Touchnot, one of our leading Prohibitionists, coming out at the front door of a saloon yesterday. It hurts the cause for one of our leaders to act so.

Second Prohibitionist—You are right, and there is no excuse for it, either. Why, there isn't a single saloon in this place that hasn't a back door. I'll speak to him about it.

A Blighted Romance.

Salesman—Can it be possible! Miss Coupon, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer? How long—.

Miss Coupon—Three yards please.

Danger in Chattering.

Old lady (to her niece)—Good gracious Matilda, but it's cold! My teeth are actually chattering.

Loving niece—Well, don't let them chatter too much, or they may tell where you bought 'em.

Why, Indeed?

"I should like to know," remarked Jones, as he left the court room, "what earthly use there is in sentencing such fellows to imprisonment for life. They make it a point never to serve out half their terms."

Mr. Gladstone's son, Henry Neville, is engaged to Miss Maud Rendel, the daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, M P.

—"What struck you the most in the equatorial regions asked a gentleman of a traveller. "The sun," was the reply.

The keeper of the morgue in New York city states that four fifths of the 5,000 bodies that reach the city dead-house every year are sent there by drunkenness.

"Say," said the hotel-keeper to the reporter, "if there's one thing I do get tired of it's the way people have of telling me how to run a hotel. One fellow says I ought to do this, and another says I ought to do that. By the way, it's a wonder to me you fellows don't write that kind of people up. It's just the thing you ought to do If I was running a newspaper you bet I'd—what are you grinning at, I'd like to know?"

DRESS REFORM DEMANDED.

Miss Willard on Corsets, Bustles, Etc.

In her annual address to the W.C.T.U. At Chicago, Miss Willard, the President, had the following slap at women's dress:

Woman's everlasting befrilled, bedizened, and bedraggled style of dress is to-day doing more harm to children unborn, born, and dying than all other causes that compel public attention. With ligatured lungs and liver as our past inheritance and present slavery, the wonder is that such small heads can carry all we know! Catch Edison and constrict him inside a wasp waistcoat, and be assured you'll get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismarck, and farewell to German unity; coerce Robert Browning into corsets, and you'll have no more epics; put Parnell in petticoats, and home rule is a lost cause; treat Powderly in the same fashion, and the powder mine of failure will blow up the labor movement. Niggardly waists and niggardly brains go together. The emancipation of one will always keep pace with the other; a ligature around the vital organs at the smallest diameter of the womanly figure means an impoverished blood supply in the brain, and may explain why women scream when they see a mouse, and why they are so terribly afraid of a term which should be their glory, as it is that of their brothers—viz., strong-minded.

Bonneted women are not in normal conditions for thought; high-heeled women are not in normal conditions for motion; corseted women are not in normal conditions for motherhood. Each of the constrictions and contortions involved by these crimes in dress is a distinct violation of loving laws given by our Heavenly Father for our highest happiness and growth. I wonder that men in their broader outlook and magisterial power do not forbid this thing by statute, in the interest of their sons that are to be.

"But ethics and esthetics must go side by side in the blessed work of dress reform, for that is nature's way. The pioneers did not see this and their 'bloomers' speedily dropped into innocuous desuetude. But the moderns—led by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, 'that Hebe of the new fashion plate'—have sat at nature's feet, and on my eastern trips I learned what I know to be true in progessive Chicago—that the best are also coming to be the bravest women, that among them there is an absolute craze for getting rid of corsets, and that the divided skirt is worn by tens of thousands whom you might not suspect of so much good sense and courage.

"Much as I am devoted to the ballot for women, I would to-day rather head a crusade against bandaged waists, street-sweeping skirts, and camel's hump bustles than—do I live to say it?—yea, verily, than to vote at Chicago's next election for a Sunday closing mayor!"

Suspicious Conduct.

Mr. De Brain—Is the piano out of tune?

Mrs. De Brain—No. Why?

Mr. De Brain—Elvira has not touched it for weeks.

Mrs. De Brain (with a touched air)—I have noticed that. I wonder if she has deceived us and got married on the sly.

THE TWO BOYS.

John was known when a boy as an idler,
A talkative loafer, a shirk;
While Jake was an old-fashioned fellow,
Who seemed to find pleasure in work.

They have grown. John lives in a hovel
And Jake in a mansion They're neighbors.
John is known as a labor reformer,
And Jake is a fellow who labors.

—Man is the only animal that draws a salary.

—The baseball player naturally looks out for a change of bass.

—The barber is the only man who can make money by getting into scrapes.

—It is the wife of the late husband who is most interested in "the coming man."

—Mr. H.—Congratulations, old fellow Boy or girl? Mr. B.—sorrowfully—Both

—"I hear that the doctor has given Griggsby up." "Yes, he wouldn't pay his bill."

—"And now," said the preacher, "let us pray for the people on the uninhabited portions of the earth.

—The horse is a peculiar animal. He is the only creature in creation that can give an affirmative neigh.

Oh, I love an old-fashioned thanksgiving,
When the crops are all safe in the barn;
When the chickens are plump with good living,
And the wool is all spun into yarn.

It is pleasant to draw round the table,
When uncles and cousins are there,
And grandpa, who scarcely is able,
Sits down in his old oaken chair.

It is pleasant to wait for the blessing,
With a heart free from malice and strife,
While a turkey that's portly with dressing
Lies meekly awaiting the knife.

—Ex-Secretary Bayard and Miss Clymer will be married to-morrow.

—C. F. Bishop, Democrat, was elected Mayor of Buffalo yesterday by about 6,000 majority.

—The number added to the different churches as the result of the Crossley and Hunter meetings in Kingston is 1,057.

THE OLD MAID.

Alone she trod life's dreary stage.
How long? you ask Ah well
Why need the fair one tell her age,
When age itself will tell?

—"Oh, he is a born debater. There is nothing he likes better than an argument. He won't even eat anything that agrees with him."

—Irate politician—Look here, you published a lie about me this morning, an infamous lie. I won't stand it. Serene editor—But just think where you would be if we were to publish the truth about you.

—Scene.—Distillery in Banffshire. Distiller to drouthy neighbor, after handing him a large glass of Glenlivet—What do you think of the whiskey, Tammas? Tammas—I canna say that I was ever a judge o' the first glass, maister.

—Young Widow—Mr. Preachly, will you marry me? Mr. Preachly Well, really Mrs. Buckner, this is so sudden, and——Young Widow—Oh, well take your time to think it over. Mr. Harkins and I thought we'd like to have you perform the ceremony for us.

A third of the deaths in the French army are said to be due to typhoid fever.

—Some men are neither good nor bad, and there is no demand for the indifferent.

FOR HORSE OWNERS.

What is Overloading a Horse, and How Proved?

The following taken from "Bishop on Statutory Crimes"—edition of 1873, page 689—is believed to be sound law, the world over, on the above subject.

It was written by Mr. Angell, in reviewing a decision of a Massachusetts court in 1868 that there was no cruelty because other horses of the same weight were able to draw the load in question. It was the first and last decision of the kind ever rendered in Massachusetts.

"Must an animal be worked until he breaks a blood vessel or drops dead before the law takes cognizance? Is the horse to be strained, or worked to the extreme limit of his strength, before such straining or working becomes a cruelty (that is, before the act of his master becomes 'overloading'?). Can an expert, or any number of experts, say what is the limit of strength or endurance of any horse simply by knowing his weight? It seems to me that these questions can be easily answered. Horses, like men, are of different ages, constitutions, temperaments, formation and degrees of strength. One horse, just like one man, may be twice as fast, twice as tough, twice as strong as another precisely the same weight; and inasmuch as horses, like men, are liable to a great variety of sickness, and suffer, just like men, from previous overworking and from heat, want of proper rest, food, water, shelter and care, it follows that the same horse, like the same man, may be able to perform without injury more labor in one day than another.

"Can a thousand experts prove that all men of a given weight or size are equally competent, on every day of the year, to perform a given labor? Can their testimony establish how much load a man of given weight should carry, and how far he should carry it on a given day, without regard to whether the man is old or young, sick or well, strong or weak, tough or tender, already tired or rested, full fed or starved, or the day hot or cold? And does not precisely the same reasoning apply to the horse—that what one horse can do one day has no force in showing what another ought to do on another day, unless you show the weather, age, strength, toughness and bodily condition of the two to be precisely similar? I say, then, that it is just as impossible for any number of experts, knowing only the weight or size of a horse and nothing of his age, health, strength, toughness and bodily condition, to establish what is, or is not, overloading him, as it would be, knowing only the size or weight of a man and nothing of his age, health, strength, toughness or bodily condition, to establish what is or is not an overload for him.

"How, then, are we to determine when a horse is overloaded? Just exactly and precisely as we determine when a man is overloaded. First, we are to take his own evidence. If a man stops and says, 'I am overloaded, I am working too hard, I feel that the task put upon me is too heavy,' that is evidence. So when the horse, ordinarily kind and willing to pull, comes with a heavy load to a rise of land and, after one or two efforts, stops and says, as plainly as he can speak it, 'I am overloaded, I am working too hard, I feel that the task put upon me is too heavy,' that is evidence; and there is no court or jury, or man with the heart of a man, who will not recognize it as such. Besides, the signs of overwork are just as visible in the horse as in the man. No magistrate or juror would have any difficulty in deciding in his own mind whether a case to which his attention might be attracted in our public streets was or was not a case of cruelty.

"Is not, then, the testimony of competent, intelligent and credible bystanders, who see how the horse looks and acts, and his bodily condition, health and capability to perform the labor required, the best evidence that can possibly be obtained? Where can you get better? And when disinterested and intelligent witnesses, who are present and see and hear all that is said and done in a given case, voluntarily leave their ordinary vocations and come into court to testify that they are fully satisfied that the case is a clear case of cruelty, can such evidence be overbalanced by that of any number of experts who are not present, see nothing that occurs, know nothing of the age, health, strength or bodily condition of the horse at the time, and who base their calculations simply upon the avoirdupois weight of the animal? It is perfectly evident, then, I say, that the highest and best evidence which any court or jury can ask or possibly obtain in a case of overloading, overworking or overdriving, is the evidence of the horse himself, as interpreted by those present when the cruelty is inflicted.

"Cruelty begins very far short of taking the extreme strength of the animal. God has given to men and animals an excess of strength, to be husbanded carefully and used occasionally. But to task that strength to its full limit unnecessarily is against nature, breaks down the man or the animal before his or its time, and is a cruelty against which men, having speech and reason, may protect themselves, but against which animals, having neither speech nor reason, like men, must look to them for protection."

A Weird Death Watch.

The body of Alexander M. White, the well known Philadelphian who died on Friday night on the wild mountains of North Carolina, was found strangely guarded when the dead man's friends were making search for it. Mr. White died in his saddle, and the corpse, sitting erect, was carried for some distance by the horse until an over-hanging bough brought it to the ground. Prostrate it was found by a party of mountaineers, who, to guard it safely, set a fire blazing around it. Then they went on regular guard, and so caring for the dead they were found by Mr. White's friends. Some superstitious belief had led to their performing this weird task.

In a small town in Baden a minister closed his sermon the other day with these words: "We would be pleased, moreover, to have the young man who is now standing outside the door come in and make certain whether she is here or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch and exposing the people in the last row of seats to a draught."—*Frankfurter Zeitung.*

MANNERS AT TABLE.

The Time for Acquiring Them is During Childhood and at Home.

The time for acquiring good table manners is during childhood and at home. Years at boarding school, hours spent over books of social etiquette, may efface vulgar habits, but can never give the ease and grace acquired in childhood at a well ordered taole, says a writer in the *American Agriculturist.* A child who is almost a baby can be taught to handle his knife and fork, or spoon, if he is too young for those more advanced implements, with a daintiness that will offend no one. Where there are children, it is not a good plan to have a wide difference between your every-day and company china, silver and napery. There is too apt to be a wide difference, also, between every-day and company manners. Let each child have his cover as nicely laid with plate, knife and fork, spoon, napkin and glass as his elders, and remember that he will be sure to note your own use of these articles. Teach him to say "thank you," and "please," and if he is allowed to leave the table before the meal is ended, let him learn to say "excuse me." We were very much amused at a baby of four summers who recently dined at our table. The meal, interspersed with interesting conversation, was tedious to his infant appetite and intellect, and finally the little man spoke up with: "May I be excused, please? I have enjoyed my dinner very much" Some one at the table—not his father—remarked that that boy bid fair to be "the finest gentleman in America."

Vital Wicks.

"There are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life; brain, blood and breath." Thus writes an eminent American author. The most frequent derangements occur in the blood and in the liver, by which, when in healthy condition, the blood is purified. Look out for the terrible chain of diseases that owe their inception to torpid liver and consequent impure blood. When the symptoms of liver and kidney troubles, consumption, (Lung-Scrofula), bronchitis, and dropsy, make their appearance, the symptom is in immediate need of a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Its marvelous effects have been tested and proven in the cure of tens of thousands of cases. It purifies and enriches the blood, restores lost vitality, and effectually eradicates the seeds of the worst maladies that afflict mankind.

Courtship in Greece.

When a young Greek determines to take a wife to himself he does not go a-courting, but he takes his oldest female relative into his confidence, and they at once go hunting for a suitable mate for him. Marriageable maidens are visited and silently appraised. They receive the old dames courteously, answer all their questions and never venture to ask the nature of their errand. As soon as the visitors have made a choice the wooer dispatches them again to the maiden's home with instructions to ask her hand in marriage.

In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But I think I would be performing a greater service to you and your sex by singing, not in measured rythm but by setting out some strong truths in simple prose. If you or any of your female friends are suffering from ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, or unnatural discharges, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is sure to eradicate these complaints in a short time. It is the only medicine for women's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee,* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The Location of the Soul.

The soul, says Dr. A. H. Stevens, of this city, is located in the corpus callosum, a little spongy body situated at the base of the brain, which has defied the efforts of physicians in their endeavors to ascertain its uses in the human anatomy. "The corpus callosum," said the doctor, "is the seat of the imperishable mind, and it is the great reservoir and storehouse of electricity, which is abstracted from the blood in the arteries, and conveyed through the nerves up the spinal cord to the corpus callosum."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Ills, Wills, and Pills.

An odd mixture of words, but the sufferer from constipation, indigestion, impure blood, biliousness, and other such *ills,* can be cured if he *wills,* without taking the horrid, old-fashioned *pills.* These are superseded in our day by those wonder, working, yet tiny, little globules, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. No griping no drastic purging; do not cause costiveness afterwards, as the old-style pills do. One little Granule a dose.

Mixed Metaphor.

An American orator at a dinner at the Grand Hotel in London recently made use of the following metaphor in his speech: "Let the Russian bear put his paw upon the fair land of Australia, and the British lion, the American eagle and the Australian kangaroo will rise up as one man and drive him ignominiously to his lair." This is almost equal to Sir Boyle Roche's best.

—How happy the young married people are, and how soon they get into trouble!

Fogg says the reason he goes out between acts at the theatre is that he may not be caught in the act.

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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We require money to meet a heavy payment on the first day of January. We must have four hundred dollars, and it is only with your assistance that we can get it. All our subscribers who are in arrears will be expected to pay up before that date Heretofore The Advance has dealt leniently with such, and we expect them to come to the front now that money is needed.

To our truest and best friends who pay in advance, we would respectfully make the request that they make it convenient to bring in their dollar for next year on or before Jan. 1.

See the inducements elsewhere.

W. H. THURSTON.

THE WEEK, C. U. AND U. R.

Unrestricted Reciprocity and Commercial Union are both becoming but abandoned wrecks upon the shores of hard, common sense. Mr. Winam has decided that he must convince The Toronto Week of his sincerity, and has set about doing so. This he may be quite capable of doing, but when it comes to convincing The Week that sincerity and solidity of argument are one and the same thing, then he discovers the magnitude of his task. Truly, as The Week says, "There are stronger obligations than those which impel a people to seek to extend their commerce and increase their wealth. It has always seemed to us clear that it is useless to talk about Unrestricted Reciprocity between Canada and the Unites States on any other terms than those of Commercial Union. Mr. Wiman evidently does not believe it possible on easier conditions. But the dream of the Commercial Unionist is, as Mr. Wiman himself plainly states, to lift up the barbed-wire fence which now runs across the centre of the continent, separating the two nations, and to place it right around the continent,' having first made it uniform in height with that which protects the coast of the United States from foreign traffic. Not only so, but, as he also admits, the height of this fence must thereafter be regulated by the American congress, as representing the larger nation. Until, then, Mr. Wiman can persuade the Canadian people, to whose independence of spirit and thorough-going loyalty he testifies, that the latter of the two things thus involved in Commercial Union is consistent with their own self respect, and the former with their duty to the Mother Country, all purely commercial advantages will be paraded in vain." This being the case, let us examine into the matter closely and understand just what the Reform leaders have committed themselves to by embracing as their only hope the one plank of Unrestricted Reciprocity. The Week, and Mr. Wiman himself "does not believe it possible on any other terms than those of Commercial Union." Commercial Union will necessitate the regulation of Canadian fiscal matters "by the American Congress, as representing the larger nation." Could Canadians submit to this? We submit that it will be a long time ere either Mr. Wiman or the Reform leaders will succeed in educating Canadians downward to the point of sacrificing their self-respect in the manner indicated.

Dominion Parliament will open in Ottawa on January 16.

Stanley has arrived at the East African coast, and letters from him have been received in England telling of new discoveries in the interior, and proving that his enterprise has been fruitful of much good to humanity and in the addition of knowledge regarding the tribes and geography of inner Africa. The world now waits for a detailed account of his late travels.

On Monday the Governor-General signed the death warrant of Harvey, the Guelph murderer. This will be a relief to those who were afraid justice would not be allowed to take its course, and the sentimentalists who always crop up in any case of legal vindication will once more feel that they have failed. The Toronto Globe, and a large number of newspapers throughout Ontario, championed Harvey's reprieve on the ground of insanity, but their championship has been futile, and Harvey will hang in Guelph to-morrow, Nov. 29.

Letters to the Editor

For the opinions of which he does not hold himself in any degree responsible.

A Reply to "Anti-Mormon."

Editor of Flesherton "Advance."

DEAR SIR.—A clipping taken from a recent issue of your paper inviting reply to some mean, contemptible liar, who is ashamed of his lies and dodges behind a false name, thus signing a lie, makes him guilty of moral perjury. Well may he sign a false name. The very eternal fitness of things will manifest themselves in every phase of life. So of this fellow. He has been blowing for years what he would, or was going to do, if he ever met any of the Latter Day Saints, whom he calls Mormons, but who have not one point in faith or practise touching Mormonism as it is known to the world, for every fifty points where this "Anti" touches and assimilates with Mormonism.

I am not in a position to reply to what he has said, as only clippings of of your paper have been sent to me, and I cannot tell the dates of the issues except by comparisons with other items. I detest the low-bred principle of any thing calling itself a man, to say that he would undertake to correct other men's faith and claim to lay down rules as a Campbellite preacher, having the great Alexander Campbell as a demi god, or paragon of Divine perfection, and yet shrink to avow who this so-called God-sent reformer of other men's manners is. I did reply to the first tissue of lies he sent you, and I mailed my reply at Dromore, but this, like several other things, papers and letters mailed at the same office, never reached their destination. Myself and others, for years, have failed to receive communications forwarded to us, having that same office at Dromore as their destination, and we have equally failed to have matter on several occasions reach their destinations, having been mailed in Dromore. I am responsible for the statements, and if necessary can produce others who will vouch for the same. Who is responsible I know not, however I replied to "Anti's" first screed of lies, and as it never appeared in your paper, (you say it did not reach your office) I mailed it as above referred to at Dromore, and I came to the conclusion I was not to be allowed to reply—nor should I now nor at any time descend to answer a man preacher or his son, be he whom he may, but for the fact that my name is connected with it, and that, too, in such a way as to lay this villain open to an action at law for defamation of my character, and involving him in litigation with several, if not all, who may take offence as his coarse, vulgar, lies. He pretends to quote from the standard works of the L.D.S., (Church of 'Jesus Christ,") and by dropping words, and sentences and changing the meaning, he has bu-fled it very well so long as he had it all to himself. He is a garbler, in the worst sense. I could do the same thing with any book on earth, however pure, true, holy, and ennobling the sentiments of such books in their teaching might be, just let me it them as he went at the "Doctrine and Covenants" (D. C.) which is the discipline of the Church of Jesus Christ, accepted by the Latter Day Saints. and I can paint them blacker tham ink. His mean, degraded literary piracy is just the tricks of a contemptible infidel, for that is the very way they attack the Bible. They leave out words, change the meaning, put in words in brackets, etc., and a dirty mess they make of the best book on earth. "Birds of a feather."

For future convenient reference we will call this man's name Ferguson, and abbreviate by Mr. F. It will be much shorter than having to write "anti-Mormon." I have a clipping from your paper, which I think was issued near the 18th of July, '89, in which Mr. F. starts out with—"Sir—with your permission I will give your readers a short sketch of the teaching of the Mormons." If he is, as he claims to be, a minister, why not rather let him give his own teachings and put poor deluded people right and let Mormons and all others alone. I don't believe he is well enough versed to tell his own belief, let alone the faith of others. If what follows in the same letter is a sample of what the Mormons teach, then they are a much belied people, and they never knew that was their belief till this Campbellite preacher told them. He says of the Mormons "we had some of them in Balsam Valley." There may have been Mormons, Mahometans, Hindoos, etc., all there, for anything I know, and not have been made much the better for their visit, so far as Mr. F. is concerned, albeit he claims to be sent of God. He let the poor deluded Mormons go on their way to perdition, without this God-sent preacher of Campbellism ever telling them the way to eternal life. So their blood must be on his head. I believe he lied wilfully and maliciously, when he said Mormons had visited Balsam Valley, and he knew he lied. It was not the Mormons, but the "Church of Jesus Christ" of L.D.S. had a representative there by the name of Elder J. A. McIntosh, and as "Elder McIntosh" is named as the one who "began by showing that the church of Rome departed from the faith, and is the great whore and mother of harlots, and that all the other churches are harlots, and their preachers impostors, as the signs do not follow their preaching." Exactly Mr. F., dare you deny it? Rome was the one and only christian church on earth, from the time of her usurped authority till the fifteenth century, when Luther (a Roman bishop) broke away, followed by many others, such as Calvin (a Roman priest) Jerome, a Roman bishop, John Huss, another Roman priest, John Knox, another Roman priest, Henry VIII, a Roman friar, etc., etc. Therefore, Sir, as a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, you are by descent the fruit, or part of it.

If Rome was right when those men left her, then they became apostates from the true church, and cannot have any authority, as Rome claims the "keys" of Peter to bind and loose. So, sir, when those apostates left the pale of the church of Rome they were excommunicated, loosed on earth. Hence, if Rome was the continuation of the apostolic, or true church, whatever the true church loosed on earth was to be "loosed in heaven," and don't forget, Mr. F., that Calvin, Knox, came direct out of Rome, and became the fathers and founders of Calvinism, of whom the Presbyterian church, and Baptists are branches. And, Sir, don't forget that your demi-god, Alexander Campbell, was a Presbyterian, and apostatized and joined the Baptist, and apostatized from the Baptist, and started on his own hook or in company with Birtley, Rigdon, Scott, and a few other aspirants, and after first uniting in a movement called the Reformed Baptists, finally developed into the Disciples, who in turn are split in several factions—"Disciples." "Disciples of Christ." "Christian Disciples" and "Christian," all originally having one father, Mr. Campbell, who came out of the Presbyterian, who were founded by Calvin, who came out of Rome. Hence, Sir, you hold your authority away down the stream from the fountain head of the Mother, Rome. So Elder McIntosh knows just what he was saying when he was at Maple Valley, and you, Sir, imposter that you are, to dare administer a holy ordinance of God when you know you have no authority except from Rome, felt the force of the truth when Elder McIntosh preached there and it laid your daring imposition open.

God's word says in Heb. 5, No man taketh this honor unto himself but he that is called of God as was Aaron." This is in reference to the ministry, and Aaron was called by direct and immediate revelation, and through the prophet Moses. Is this the way you were called sir? No, you blaspheme and scoff at the idea of God revealing anything now. Then sir, who revealed to you that you were wanted to preach the doctrines of Camobellism? I guess that Joseph Smith had as good rights to found and organize a church as Alex. Campbell had, or Wesley, Luther, or any other man. And if he did obtain direct revelations from God to do so, he had better right than any of them, as not one of them ever laid claim to an angel coming to restore the authority Rome had so cruelly torn from them, and they, like you sir, did not lay claim to direct revelations, so that if neither angel nor revelation told them they were needed to found so many different conflicting theories, in fact never told them they were needed by God at all, then, where did they obtain authority? Rome had "loosed" them.

Oh, says the apostates, "Rome never had the power to cut us off!" Then sir, in that case she never had any power to give, for if she had power to give she had power to take away, so that if she never had power, then sir, not one of the apostate reformers who came out of Rome ever had any. You saw and felt the force of this truth, Mr. F., and it cut you to the heart, and it will stand against you despite all your malignant lies against the Latter Day Saints. You say "this is Mormon impudence for I (you) know not of any other society that the words whore, harlots and imposters will apply to, or suit better than to them." You know sir, that the dreadful whore of Rev. 17, and her daughters apply to Rome and her daughters, as she was to make all nations drunken by the filthiness of the wine of her fornication. This requires universal temporal power to effect it. Rome only held that; the L.D.S. did not. Rome was to corrupt the "kings of the earth" through her own and her daughter's teachings, and sir all the crown heads and kings of earth to-day are made drunken by their false doctrines, but not a single king of the earth is a L.D.S. Read this 17 chap. of Rev. and fit yourself into your place as a grandaughter of the old mother, you have a royal parent. God help us if Joseph Smith's claim is not a better one than the rotten, corrupt one you have. Even if I admitted him to be an imposter, still his claim would be purer than the source you hold yours from. But sir in Rev. 14, 5-7, John saw an angel come from heaven with the "everlasting Gospel" to preach to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, proving that there was not a nation, etc., on earth who had the Gospel, therefore God must send an angel back to again restore it and give men the power to preach and administer its ordinances. See also Mat. 24, 14, and Zech. 2, 1-5. Zech. tells us a "young man" was to have an angel come to him just at the time Jerusalem was to be restored and the covenant people (the Jews) restored. As an angel was to come to some young man just before the events, then, sir, Mr. Smith's claim was not an unscriptural one, even if he was not the young man, but I will show you later on that if he was not the young man, that it is too late as the time has gone by, hence the prophets would be false.

[Owing to the lengthy nature of the above communication we are obliged to hold over the balance for next week.—ED. ADVANCE.]

ADVICE TO MOTHER.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth! If so send at once and get a bottle "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums reduces Inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole sistem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughoutt the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The following is strange, but true. One morning last week, Mr. Andrew Catto, of the 7th concession Elderslie, went out to bring his cows in from the field. He found one cow separated from the others and surrounded by a number of pigs. On approaching nearer he was surprised to find three of the pigs, all of which were full grown, had one of the cow's teats in its mouth and was busily engaged in the milking process. The pigs were driven away but they had milked the cow dry.—Enterprise. This reads well as a sensational story, but do cows in your neighborhood wear three teats, Mr. Enterprise?

Medical.

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M.C.P. & S., Ont.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
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Office, Strain's block. Residence, J. G. Russel's

J. G Hatton, M.D.C.M.
Member of the College of Physicians an Surgeons, Ontario.
Enquire at office, one door east of Grier's stor or Atkinson's Hotel.
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Office:—Manley's Drug Store.
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RESIDENCE, N. COLLINGWOOD STREET Sixth Door East of Presbyterian Church.
FLESHERTON.

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J. P. MARSHALL,
L. D. S., DENTIST.
Visits Markdale the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month.
Flesherton each trip on the day following.

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POSTMASTER, Flesherton, Commissioner in B. R., Licensed Auctioneer, Conveyancer, Appraiser and Money Lender. Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Deeds, Mortgages, Leases and Wills drawn up and Valuations made on shortest notice. Auction Sales attended to in any pary of the County. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. Collections attended to with promptness and despatch. Charges low. Agent for the Dominion Steamship Company. Cheap tickets from Flesherton to Liverpool, Glasgow, London or any of the British Ports. Parties intending to visit England, Scotland or Ireland, will please ask rates before purchasing their tickets elsewhere.

Hub Thill Spring,
MANUFACTURED BY
Butts & Ordway.
147, Pearl St., Boston
Pat'd Dec. 1, 1885.
Of Interest to every man who uses a Wagon or Carriage.
THIS ANTI-RATTLER IS the BEST,
Because it is effective, simple, easily adjusted, durable, inexpensive. There are no projecting ends to tear the sponge or wash cloth. It fits any size coupling.
—FOR SALE AT—
Heard's Carriage Shop

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Burbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at the Medical Hall.

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BANKER,

FLESHERTON.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special Attention paid to the collection of Notes and Accounts, 2nd door North of Richardson & Co's.

Vicinity Chips.

Characteristics of the Past Week Carefully Culled for the Curious.

Food for flowers or plant food for sale at Flesherton greenhouse.

Priceville has a lodge of Foresters. It was formed two weeks ago.

If you want your watch or clock repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton.

We understand that Mr. Jas. H. Stuart, 11th line, Artemesia, is the successful tenderer for carrying of the mail between Flesherton Station and Durham.

Go to Russell's, Flesherton, for watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, etc. Prices are away down.

All kinds of furs wanted for which I will pay highest market price. T. HOLLINGER.

Call in and subscribe for the Cosmopolitain magazine. Only $1.40 if you are a subscriber to this paper. Beautiful engravings, instructive reading.

Order a Christmas Star at this office. If you wish one it must be ordered early as we will only bring in those which are ordered in advance during the coming week.

Mr. T. A. M. Ferguson has a splendid pig, the advertisement of which appears in another column, and which it will pay farmers to peruse.

If you want your watch or clock repaired properly, take it to Russell, Flesherton.

Secure your tickets for Ten Nights in a Barroom, to be given on Tuesday evening, Dec. 10th, Town Hall, Flesherton. Tickets to be had from any of the members. 25 and 15 cents only.

Go to Russell's, Flesherton, for watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, etc. Prices are away down.

Mr. Wright announces elsewhere that taxpayers of Ward No. 3, Artemesia had better call upon him and pay their taxes, thereby saving costs.

OVERCOATINGS.—In Irish Frieze, Beavers, Meltons and Worsteds, a choice stock to chose from at M. Richardson & Co's.

Mr. R. J. Sproule, auctioneer, sold on Saturday last at Munshaw's hotel by public auction the east half of lot 3, con. 9, township of Osprey, to Mr. Alex. Robertson, for the sum of $680.

Mr. T. H. Powers, of Kirby, Co. Durham, gave us a call on Friday last. Mr. Powers has considerable property in this vicinity and was looking after its welfare.

Mr. Wm. Strain had an advertisement in this paper last week of a heifer which had strayed from his premises. A few days afterward the heifer was found dead in the field. Cause of death unknown.

The first genuine snow storm of the season blew through the whiskers of this town yesterday, and it is quite probable that winter has once more taken possession of our spare room.

At the close of Prof. Dike's lecture on Tuesday evening that gentleman gave some amusing and astonishing experiments in electro physiology, to the great pleasure and instruction of his audience. The Prof. is also a phrenologist, and examined several heads.

Mr. W. H. Flesher is painting new scenery for Ten Nights in a Barroom. It is expected to be his best effort in that line. Buy tickets at this office or from any of the members. It is expected that the house will be more than filled, and it will be well to buy tickets early so as to secure a seat.

MANTLE CLOTHS, in Sealettes, Astrachans, Curls, and a full range of Ulsterings, very cheap at M. Richardson & Co's.

DRIVES in Tweeds to clear out lines see those fine tweeds worth 45c. for 35c., 50c. for 38c., 75c for 60c., $1.25 for 95c. Bargains at M. Richardson & Co's.

DR. SINCLAIR will be in Flesherton on **Thursday, Nov. 28. See Adv.**

MEN'S SUITS. M. Richardson & Co. have something special to offer this week in men's and boys' clothing, decided bargains in men's suits worth $5 for $3, worth $6 for $4, $9 for $6. Boys' suits very cheap.

There is something wrong about the mail service of Ontario. Here we have been sending The Advance all summer to a gentleman in Sault Ste. Marie, Out., and now he informs us that he only received two or three copies. The why and wherefore we do not know, but should like very much to have it explained.

Now is the season for overcoats, fur coats and fur mantles, and M. Richardson & Co's is the place to get them, See their goods and try their prices.

Dress goods! dress goods! dress goods! and dress trimmings. Our stock is fresh and very complete, no trouble to show these goods. See them at M. Richardson & Co's.

Ladies' fine fur Coney, Astrachan and Mink caps for $1.25 and $1.50 worth $2 and $2.25. Ladies, secure your winter caps now, at M. Richardson & Co's.

Men's fine fur Neutra caps worth $3.25 for $2.25. Come early and secure these bargains at M. Richardson & Co's.

A. O. U. W.

On Monday evening next, December 2, Flesherton Lodge, No. 142, A.O U.W., will nominate their officers for the ensuing year. The election takes place at the following meeting. Dec. 16. WM. IRWIN, Recorder.

Entered the Ministry.

Mr. Wm. Karstedt, who has been a resident of Flesherton during the past year, and who, during that time has been prepairing himself to enter the ministry of the United Bretheren, successfully passed his third examination a couple of weeks ago, and left Flesherton last week to enter upon his new field of labor at Fonthill, Ont. We congratulate Mr. Karstedt on his triumph in the fight with more than ordinary obstacles.

The White Cross.

Mr. C.A. Dike, of Hamilton, has been in our midst during the past week in connection with the White Cross movement. At close of the Presbyterian services Sunday afternoon and the Methodist service at night, Mr. Dike gave short addresses explanatory of the objects of the society which he represents, and on Tuesday evening a lecture in the Town Hall to men only, and Wednesday afternoon in the same place to women only. Mr. Dike's object is a laudable one, and his visit here has created considerable interest in the cause which he represents.

The Little Mill.

Big repairs have been going on of late to the Little Mill. Mr. Loucks has placed therein a double set of Ansonia rolls, a double set of scalpers, and a Dobson improved flower dresser, which will now enable him to turn out flour equal in quality to any roller flour, and better for general farmers' use. He can also grind much faster than by stone alone. With the present system he uses both stone and rolls, and the flour is of beautiful texture. The mill is now running to its fullest capacity and such is its good name that farmers from Walters' Falls visited it this week to get their gristing done. Pliny Loucks is a genial little gentleman, a good miller, and we are happy to chronicle his success.

From The Station.

To the Editor of The Advance.

Sir,—The inhabitants of the Station are waiting patiently for the return of your correspondent of this place, as they think his stay in the country is somewhat prolonged. I wish you would stir him up with a long pole.

By the way I would just state there is expected to be quite a boom in the line of trade and commerce here this winter.

Ever onward. Mr. A. Hannah, our energetic townsman, is still to the front as he has opened out a new store, and is bound to supply the wants of the public from a needle to an anchor.

I was sorry to learn that Mr. Hogg, our popular merchant, is leaving us, but wish him every success in his new sphere.

Fisk Jubilee Singers.

The world-renowned Fisk Jubilee singers, of Tennessee, will be with us on Monday evening next, under the auspices of the Flesherton I.O.O.F. The members of this society are worthy of much praise for securing this grand company for an entertainment here, and will no doubt, as they well deserve, be fully recompensed by the large number who will listen to the strains of the sweet singers from Tennessee. It is seldom that Flesherton is visited with talent of this order, and they should be met with a packed house. The company sang in Toronto on Monday evening last.

The Globe of Wednesday says: Again last night in the Elm Street Methodist church the famous original Tennessean Jubilee Singers, under the management of Mr. R. W Thomas, appeared. The program, as on the night previous, was full of soul-stirring pieces, consisting of solos, quartets and choruses. Miss Jennie Gatewood again scored a great success as a soloist. The sweet singing of Miss Lulu Canaan was warmly received. Mr. Will H. Thompson, the wonderful deep basso profundo, sang as though his whole soul were in it, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," to the intense delight of the audience.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

To Our Subscribers.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenominal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. *Mention this paper when sending for treatise.*

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

NASAL BALM

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time*, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

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A GIFT!

Every new subscriber to The Advance, and every old subscriber who pays his dollar for next year's subscription, on or before Jan. 1 next, may make his or her selection from the following list of books, which will be delivered to them during the fore part of Jan. Make your selection early, as they are going very fast. Where books are to be sent by mail five cents extra must be forwarded to pay postage. Here is the list, now make your choice:

1 THE AMERICAN FARMER, monthly, for one year.
2 A House of Tears, by E. Downey.
3 Sara Crewe and Edith's Burglar, by Francis Hodgson Burnett.
4 The Abbey Murder, by Joseph Hatton.
5 The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte.
6 The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, by Mrs F. H Burnett.
7 Dr. Glennie's Daughter, by B. Le Farjeon.
8 A Mere Child, by L. B. Walford.
9 The Queen's Token, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
10 A Missing Husband, by George R. Sims.
11 The Earl's Wife, same author.
12 An Algonquin Maiden, by G. Mercer Adam and S. Wetherald.
13 Heaven and Hell, by E. Swedenborg.
14 Stranger than Fiction, by Kenneth Lee.
15 The Story of an African Farm, by Ralph Iron.
16 John Ward, Preacher, by Margaret Deland.
17 Buffalo Bill, by Ned Buntline.
18 Michael Strogoff, by Jules Verne.
19 The Gunmaker of Moscow, by S. Cobb, a capital story.
20 Maria Monk.
21 Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
22 Rudder Grange, by Frank R. Stockton.
23 Ten Nights in a Barroom, by T. S. Arthur.
24 A Dangerous Catspaw, a detective story.
25 Helen's Babies, by Habberton.
26 Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace.
27 Seaside Cook Book.
28 Day's Ready Reckoner, complete.
29 Chesterfield's Letter Writer and Etiquette, Complete.

THE Christmas Globe

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Gen. Sir Fred Middleton, in writing about the latter plate says:—"I must congratulate THE GLOBE upon having produced so creditable a picture. It is very well executed, and appears to me to be quite equal to any from home. THE DIFFERENT UNIFORMS ARE CORRECTLY GIVEN, and the grooping not too stiff."

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Dr. Sinclair

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The Great Scottish Specialist

—OF—

TORONTO.

Specialist for the Treatment of

All Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain & Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and diseases of Women positively treated successfully

Consultation Free.

Dr. Sinclair will be at Flesherton **on Thursday, Nov. 28th.**

Came Astray!

Came to the premises of D McLeod, Flesherton, one yearling heifer, light color. The owner is requested to prove property and take her away.

D. McLEOD.

MONEY FOR ALL

WANTED—A good energetic man or men, to sell our Fruit Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Ornamentals, etc. **Permanent employment.** Write at once for terms, and secure choice of territory. We sell only first-class stock, handsome outfit free. Address **MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.**

NOTICE!

We hereby forbid any person or persons giving to any party or parties any credit in our name as we will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any party or parties after this date.

JOHN HAZARD
GERVAS HAZARD
Flesherton Station.

Dated this 5th day of November, 1889.

PEDIGREED Boar for Service.

Mr. W. J. Caswell, lot 123, Durham Corners, desires to inform the public that he has purchased from Mr. Watson, of Dundroon, the celebrated pedigreed Berkshire Boar, "Field Marshall," which he now offers for service on terms of $1 cash at time of service. See bills for pedigree.

W. J CASWELL, Proprietor.

IT PAYS TO

GO TO THE BEST

AND THAT IS THE

Northern Business College,

OF OWEN SOUND.

The best and most practical course of study
The best teaching talent.
The best accommodation for students.
The best methods of instruction.
The best results from that instruction after students graduate.

For annual announcements giving particulars regarding the course of study, terms, etc., address

C. A. FLEMING, PRINCIPAL.

REMOVAL

I desire to inform the public that I have removed my well known tin shop to

MOORE'S Block, Durham St

A complete stock of tinware will be found in my new premises.

REPAIRING
EAVETROUGHING
Etc.
done as heretofore.
I have
secured the agency for
the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.

Requesting my old friends to come and see me in my new shop, I remain, etc,

JAS. SULLIVAN.

Shiloh's catarrh remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diptheria and canker-mouth. For sale at the Medical Hall.

TAXES.

All ratepayess of ward No. 3, Artemesia, who have not paid their taxes for 1889, are hereby notified to pay them immediately and save costs.

JOHN WRIGHT, Collector.

Nov. 25, 1889.

STRAYED!

Strayed from the premises of Thos. Wiggins lot 29, 2nd line North, Osprey, about two weeks ago, three cattle—one year old, white, one red spring calf, and one dark colored spring calf. Any person knowing of their whereabouts will confer a favor by communicating with me, or with The Advance office.

THOS. WIGGINS,
Maxwell P. O.

THOROUGHBRED BERKSHIRE

Boar for Service.

The undersigned has for service at Priceville a first class throughbred Berkshire Boar, lately purchased from Mr. R. Rivers, of Walkerton. TERMS $1. Reduction made for more than one sow.

The animal took first prize at Artemesia fall show this fall, and second at the Walkerton Exhibition.

T. A. M. FERGUSON.

Teacher Wanted

A teacher holding a 3rd class certificate to teach in U S S No 1, Artemesia and Euphrasia, duties to commence 6th January, 1890. Apply, stating salary to

HUGH WALTON,
Eugenia P O

For Sale or to Rent.

Having concluded to retire from farming, the undersigned has decided to offer for sale or to rent his first-class hundred-acre farm, one and a quarter miles south of the village of Flesherton, on which are erected good buildings, including a splendid bank barn. If sold only a small payment will be required down, the balance in easy payments. For further particulars apply to

THOS. MORROW,
Flesherton P.O.

Highest Market Price

in cash will be paid for any quality of

Hides, Sheep-Skins and Tallow.

S. DAMUDE,
Flesherton Tannery.

Improved Farm for Sale.

Lots 148, 149 and 150, 3rd range east, T. and S. R., containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, good clay loam, well improved, good frame house and log barn, frame stable, good orchard, etc. This farm is well watered and improved, and is considered one of the best in this section. It is one mile and a half from the village Flesherton. Will be sold on very easy terms. For further particulars apply to

JAS. BEECROFT.
Flesherton P.O.

W. BARNHOUSE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
FLESHERTON, ONT.

Desires to thank his numerous customers for the very liberal patronage extended in the past, and is now prepared to fill all orders with promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twelve years in business in Flesherton, and honest dealings, with good workmanship, have made his name well known throughout this vicinity. Sewed work a specialty. Get your boots made by Wm. Barnhouse, Flesherton.

House & Lot for Sale

Good house and lot for sale, next Baptist church, Flesherton. House contains four rooms. Splendid lot. Terms very low. Apply to

DAVID TAYLOR.

Flesherton, Nov. 3, 1889.

Prof. Loisette's

MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which mise the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching) Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is used only while being studied, not afterwards; that any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c. For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address

Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

THE CRONIN TRIAL.

The Case for the State Closed—The Defence Not Ready.

A CANADIAN DOCTOR'S STORY.

At the opening of the Cronin trial to-day Judge McConnell announced his decision on the question of going into the past history of the Clan-na-Gael. The last witness on the stand yesterday was ex-Policeman Brown. He is also an ex-member of the Clan-na-Gael. He was asked whether he had preferred charges against Dr. Cronin in 1885, the State Attorney explaining that he proposed to show by witnesses that this was a fact, that Dan. Coughlin was a member of the Trial Committee and that Dr. Cronin was expelled from the organization. The logical consequence of the admission of this testimony was a complete investigation of the Clan-na-Gael, at least so far as it could be made to show cause for animosity against Dr. Cronin on the part of the prisoners at the bar. This offer led to the most earnest and protracted argument between the counsel that has yet taken place. Judge McConnell held that the evidence sought to be elicited from Officer Brown on the points named was incompetent and ruled it out.

THE DEFENCE NOT READY.

The lawyers for the defence asked until Monday to prepare their case, but the court allowed them two days, and the trial was adjourned until Saturday morning.

After Clancey's evidence is heard the defence will be called on to begin their case, which is expected to occupy at least two weeks. The reason why witnesses were not called to show the existence of a conspiracy after the murder to brand Cronin as a British spy, who had gone secretly to England to testify as LeCaron did, was that such evidence would be inadmissable as against the defendants on trial.

IS COONEY IN CHICAGO?

A new and startling phase was given to the Cronin murder to-day by Doctor Peter J. Coss, a former resident of Canada. He was employed by the Canadian Government some years ago, being stationed in Chicago and Buffalo to watch the movements of the Fenians. But in reality Dr. Coss was a Clan-na-Gael spy who succeeded in getting into the secret service of the Canadian Government by a shrewd device. He kept the Clan-na-Gaels posted how they could best carry on their active campaign against England in Canada. He went to Ottawa, Ont., as the agent of Clan-na-Gael conspirators who had laid plans to blow up Rideau Hall, the vice-regal residence, with dynamite and level the Parliament and departmental buildings to the ground. The plot was discovered and Dr. Cross arrested on his arrival in Ottawa. He was released, but soon afterwards shot and killed a man named Hamilton, for which he served a term of fourteen months in prison. He claims to have been in New York at the time of the Cronin murder, but admits he knows intimately all the men on trial, also "J. B Simonds" and Patrick Cooney. He declares the police do not want Cooney, whom he laims to have seen three weeks ago in a Joliet saloon. He accuses Cronin of being an informer in the British service, and says that Cronin was killed by men from Galway county, Ireland, in revenge for Cronin's alleged betrayal of Drs. Cunningham and Gallagher, now in British prisons. He says he offered to produce Cooney and Simonds, but neither the police nor the State's Attorney wanted them.

KUNZE'S "CONFESSION."

Kunze has been reading the papers, and objects to the published statement that he is going to confess. He has addressed a letter to the *Abend Post*, of this city, giving what he says is all he knows about the Cronin case. The story is interesting, outlining, as it does, the defence to be made in his case, and the explanation that will be made of his living under an assumed name. The little German declares his belief in Burke's guilt, and says he has been promised his freedom by Judge Longenecker if he will turn State's evidence. Below is the letter translated:

MY CONFESSION.

It surprised me very much when I read in the papers yesterday that I was to go on the stand as a witness for the State's Attorney. What have I to tell the State's Attorney? I could tell him nothing unless I told him a fairy tale whereby innocent persons would suffer. If I had heard a word about it before I would have told long ago. If I had taken Dan Coughlin to the Carlson cottage it would have been told long ago. I would have told it when they kept me in the police station for ten days. I never used Dan Coughlin's buggy and cannot, therefore, give false testimony, although Mr. Longenecker promised me my liberty if I would say so. Oh, how gladly would I take my liberty if I knew something of the story and could say so to the State's Attorney. But I will not swear falsely for any money in the world, not even if my life is in peril could I see an innocent person suffer on account of me. That I ran around with Dan Coughlan until April 10th, 1889, is true, and that I bore a false name on the South side is also true but all this I have already confessed to the State's Attorney. That the others had something to do with this (Cronin) matter I now believe myself if for no other reason than because of their behaviour in jail. I am sure that Burke is one of the miscreants. I saw and felt it yesterday. When the clothes of Dr. Cronin were brought into the court-room he trembled violently, which is a proof of his guilt. The others were as white as snow. I thank God that I have a clear conscience; have nobody to fear, and nothing to make me tremble. So far as my false name is concerned, that will be cleared up by the Shufeldt distillery matter, because I was shadowed at that time, and they wanted to take important papers from me.

This is my confession which I have to make to Mr. Longenecker. In the honest hope that my innocence and the truth will soon be known, I remain, yours sincerely,

JOHN P. KUNZE.

THE LINE OF DEFENCE.

The alibi method of defence will be resorted to in the case of Kunze, Coughlin and O'Sullivan. The evidence of Niemann, who saw the three defendants in his saloon near the Carlson cottage an hour after the murder, and the story of Mrs. Hoertel, the washwoman who heard the death struggle and cries in the cottage, will be impeached by the defence. It is understood that one of the witnesses for Coughlin will be a man from Hancock, Mich., who will swear to being "James Smith," for whom the detective hired the white horse and buggy. Great stress will be laid on the fact that when Dinan's rig was first taken to Mrs. Conklin she declared it was not the one which took the doctor away. Only a show of defence will be made by John F. Beggs, who feels secure in the belief that the State has not made out a case against him. Kunze is not so confident of acquittal, and will have several witnesses to swear to his being at work and on the South side on the day and night of the murder.

THE STATE HAS OTHER WITNESSES.

In addition to James Clancy, the New York reporter, the State intends to have another witness on hand on Saturday before the close of their case. He is E. C. Dodge, now a resident of Washington, who overheard a damaging conversation between Beggs and Coughlin on the street last April. Doctor Cronin was driving by when Coughlin said: "There he goes. He ought to be killed before he gets many more buggy rides." "Hush," said Beggs, "some one might hear you."

The police would like to see Jerry McDonald, who is believed to be in County Cork, Ireland. He lived in a Lake View shanty with his wife prior to the murder, but left for Europe in May. His picture has been identified as that of a man who received constant visits from Cooney, Coughlin and Burke just before the murder, and the police more than suspect he had a hand in it. He will be extradited if the evidence warrants such action.

A new witness for the State has turned up in Charles H. Hartwick, a Lakeview Justice of the Peace, who overheard Coughlin say to the men working under his orders on the sewers and catch basins to find the doctor's body, "It's no use going any further. The body isn't around these parts." This incident occurred when the workmen had searched within a block of Evanston avenue and 59th street, where the body was found.

The lawyers for Beggs were undecided to day whether to risk a motion for his discharge to-morrow. Though they maintain that the State has made out no case against Beggs, they fear the effect which a denial of their motion to discharge would have upon the jury.

Frank Woodruff, the inventor of the confessions, is incensed at the State Attorney not using him as a witness against his fellow-defendants, and intimated to-day that he would not go to the stand now under any consideration. The State does not want any conditional confession from any of the men on trial, but a "squeal" from one of the five men—Beggs excepted—is not an unlikely thing after the jury's verdict has been announced.

The defence will make a vigorous onslaught upon Mrs Hoertel's testimony, as it is the only positive evidence going to show that the doctor was murdered on May 4th in the Carlson cottage. The prosecution have held back a couple of good witnesses for their case in rebuttal, who will corroborate to some extent the story told by Mrs. Hoertel.

AN AUSTRIAN PATRIOT'S DEATH.

Strangled by Attendants Who Plundered His Effects.

A Vienna cable says: The preliminary investigation into the Carlowitz scandal, in which a large number of persons, many of them of high social standing, are charged with stealing or receiving the property of the late Patriarch Angyelich, has brought to light some highly sensational disclosures. Szavich, the chief offender, and valet of the late patriarch, now states that the latter did not die a natural death, but was strangled. Those implicated in the robberies being afraid that if the patriarch lingered long he would be visited by sympathetic friends, whose calls might interfere with the scheme of plunder, they therefore strangled him one evening, although who actually committed the crime is not stated. Another circumstance of a startling character that has come to light is that the brother of the patriarch is gravely compromised in the affair.

FOUR WILL DIE.

A Mass of Coal Buries Four Men in a Burning Mine.

A Pottsville, Pa., despatch says: At Middle Creek colliery, near Tremont, is one of the most gaseous mines in the Schuylkill region. A blast fired in a breast yesterday cut and ignited a leader, and this fired a large quantity of loose coal lying in the breast and threatened the destruction of the mine. Fifteen men were put to work last night to extinguish the flames. Early this morning a mass of coal fell, burying four of them at the face of the burning breast. The remaining eleven worked heroically to rescue their comrades, and although several were overcome by gas, they continued at work until reinforcements arrived. The men who were buried were found alive, but so badly burned and injured that they cannot recover.

A Murderer Frustrated.

A Birmingham, Ala., despatch of Sunday says: While a party of whites were passing along the road near Smithville yesterday morning they heard loud screams in a female voice issuing from the adjacent wood. Approaching they saw a negro man in the act of hanging a naked negro woman. He had a rope around her neck, and was drawing her up to the limb. The negro fled, and the woman said Richard Henderson, her husband, had a lock of his paramour's hair which she had found and burned. This enraged him. He first beat her, then took her to the woods, stripped her, and whipped her with switches till she was a mass of raw flesh, and was then about to hang her. Richard was caught and placed in jail.

A Step Forward in Co-Education.

A Philadelphia despatch of Tuesday says: The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania to-day adopted the co-education system in a modified form. Prof. Edward D. Cope, the famous geologist, was elected to take the chair of geology, and three women were elected as managers of the University Hospital. The move toward co-education was the acceptance of an offer of Mr. Joseph M. Bennet to donate properties adjoining the university for a college for women.

The pretty daughter of John T. Lester, a Chicago millionaire, has eloped with young Phil Armour, of the same city.

Sir Charles Russell, the English barrister, makes more money than any other lawyer in the world. He lives well, works hard and still rejoices in the fact that he is comparatively a young man.

A man may smile and smile and be a whiskey still.

THE ALTON CALAMITY.

The Terrible Visitation of a Peaceful Ontario Village.

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE CATASTROPHE.

The following despatch from the village of Alton gives full particulars of the bursting of the dam and devastation and loss of life brought by the rushing waters:

It is said to have been just about 3 30 yesterday morning when the water in McClelland Bros'. mill dam succeeded in breaking its bounds. This dam has been for some time considered unsafe, and twice during the past year gave trouble by breaking away. The immediate cause of the disaster was the breaking of the upright centre post of the waste weir. The centre post being the key of the whole structure, the tenant or cross bar was knocked off, all the posts were levelled in a moment, a body of water sixteen feet deep was at once released, and the whole seven acres of water contained in the dam dashed down the valley. Had there been no other dams, the loss would have been trivial, but as the water rushed down the incline it carried off dam after dam, each increasing the fury of the torrent, until it passed beyond and found an outlet in the wide bed of the river at the Forks. Below Mr. McClelland's the torrent launched itself into the dam of Mr. B. Ward, where the Alton Knitting Mill, employing some thirty hands, was operated, and in a few minutes waste weir No. 2 was forced out, releasing five acres more of water, with a fall of twenty feet. The next dam was an unoccupied power, owned by Mr. W. McClelland, and in the twinkling of an eye it was gone. The rolling mass roon reached mill pond No. 4, owned by Mr. Wm. Algie, where the stream is used in operating the Beaver Knitting Mills, a large stone factory affording employment for thirty-five persons. The waste weir of Mr. Algie's dam was more strongly built than any of the others, and it is to this fact that many of the inhabitants

OWE THEIR LIVES.

The weir bravely held its own against the force of the water, and restrained it for nearly half an hour, the torrent only escaping after cutting through a six-foot embankment for a distance of sixty feet. Mr. Algie's mill was completely gutted, the foundations being sapped, and all the machinery twisted and dashed out of shape. It might be stated here in passing that in the vicinity of Mr. Algie's mill there six feet of earth piled up by the flood, and an immense boulder weighing over three tons was carried from the vicinity of the dam to the back of the mill, a distance of over fifty yards. An iron dye kettle, weighing a ton and a half, was also playfully lifted by the current and deposited further down the valley.

The next dam on the stream was No. 5, that of Mr. Alex. Dick, of the Dominion Foundry. One side of the foundry, a large, two story structure, built of stone, was undermined and fell with a crash into the river. Strange to relate, the moulding shop of the foundry, a one-story stone building standing more directly in the way of the rushing waters, thirty by forty feet in size, melted like snow in June, and patterns, pig iron and cupola went rushing down the street. The stones of the building are everywhere below the foundry, but not one of them rests on the other. Frederick Hill's brick dwelling came next, and although the house was fifteen feet from the level of the stream, it did not escape. All the outhouses, sheds and fences were whisked away, and an immense beam stolen from one of the mills was dashed through the stone foundation of the house. Mrs. Read, who lives near Mr. Hill, was also made to suffer in a similar manner, her house being badly damaged and her shed and other buildings carried off. Mill pond No. 6, owned by Mr. R. Meek, of the Alton Flour Mills, was the next to crumble, and there is scarcely a vestige of the one-time dam, although the building was not hurt to any extent, the chief injury being to the stock, which was entirely spoiled.

THE SCENE OF DEATH.

In the valley below Meek's dam there were three small frame houses standing. The first was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Harris, the second by Thomas Whetham, his wife and two children, and the third was an empty building owned by Henry Newman and occupied by the Orange Lodge. The water filled these houses almost to the ceiling, and lifted and carried them away from their location. The house occupied by the aged Harris couple was torn into atoms, the doors, windows, floor and roof being wrenched apart and scattered like so many shavings. Both occupants were killed. The body of Mr. Harris was found at 8 o'clock one hundred yards from where his house had stood and almost buried in the debris. The remains of Mrs. Harris have not yet been recovered, though large bodies of searchers have been diligently at work in the ruins all day. Mr. Harris was a retired wood turner and had reached the venerable age of over 80 years. He has been living in the district nearly all his life and was one of the pioneers of Alton. Mrs. Harris was 70 years of age. They were well known to everybody within ten miles and were highly respected. They have two sons residing here—Thomas, whose stave factory was badly injured by the washout, and Samuel, who is also connected with the stave factory. A third son, named Edward, resides in Cheltenham, and a daughter, Mrs. Galloway, is now living in Guelph.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

The experience of Thomas Whetham, Mr. Harris' next door neighbor, was a thrilling one, and his escape is regarded as almost miraculous. He and his wife and 2-year-old child were asleep when the water came upon them. Before he had time to think they were all awakened and found themselves struggling in the water. He seized his little girl with his left arm, and with his right grasped the top of the half-open door. His wife clung to the bed, and, at his suggestion, got on top of it. The water rose to the height of eight feet, and carried the bed with it, until Mrs. Whetham was touching the ceiling, there remaining only space enough to provide air. Mr. Whetham found that his body was easily held up by the water, and though he had no footrest did not find the strain too great. He was nearly giving up in despair, however, when he heard Peter Lemon, who lives on the hill near by, call out to him to keep up, as the water was going down. In a short time—about ten minutes altogether, but an age to him—the water lowered, and they were on terra firma, or what was nearly as good just then, in about two or three feet of mud washed in by the current. Meanwhile what had become of the four-months-old baby girl that had been sleeping peacefully in its cradle? Both father and mother had given it up as lost forever, but after a quick search they found it, almost buried in mud, in one corner, gasping, but still alive. All four were looked after by the neighbors, and, under Dr. James Algie's care, the mother and infant, who were very low, were brought round again. The third building, in which the Orange Lodge was wont to gather, was completely demolished, and after much searching the flag pole, minus its flowing silken banner, and the head of the drum were unearthed from the chaos. Next in the course of destruction came

MILL POND NO. 7,

known as McKinnon's dam, where a flour mill owned by W. D. Mathews & Co., of Toronto, and leased by Messrs. Stark Bros., is situated. The machinery is injured, but as there was very little stock the damage in this respect was small. Having reached the last dam on this section of the river, the torrent soon spent its fury. The chief damage southeast of the village is to the gravel road from the village to the station. It has been washed away for some distance, and the 'bus man has been compelled to tie up his horses for the present. For over a mile below the village the valley is strewn with rubbish, lumber, household goods, stones, etc., the heterogeneous mass reaching at places a height of 15 or 20 feet. It will take weeks to clear this away, and it will be years before the valley will lose all traces of the present washout. That part of the village lying along the valley presents an appearance of desolation that only a flood could produce. Sidewalks are gone; roads are washed into hills and dales; the subsoil is swept away in many places, and boulders and smaller stones laid bare. The material taken from the dams is piled up in other localities. Sections of houses and odd articles lie everywhere, and, to sum up, the spectacle is one of which a magician might be proud. People who have lived here all their lives look around them in wonder and try to imagine that the valley was once fair and that they are not dreaming when they look at its present condition. Fortunately no live stock was lost, though in several cases horses were up to their ears in water, and pigs and other animals were floated along for distances of fifty to one hundred yards. One little fellow remarked to the reporter that the funniest sight he ever saw was a lot of hens floating down the stream. In addition to three of the village bridges, the railway bridge on the Credit Valley division of the C. P. R. was wrecked, all the supports being carried away. The stringers kept their places, however, and some temporary posts were put under them. During the day travellers were transferred across the valley on a hand-car, and a gang of men are working all night repairing all the damage. Regular traffic will be resumed within 24 hours.

THE LOSSES.

The total loss is thought to be in the neighborhood of $25,000. The municipality loses heavily in the shape of public works, and the private losses range from $5,000 downwards. A regrettable feature of the disaster is that there is not one cent of insurance, damages from water not being generally insurable.

Five Killed and Many Injured.

A Butte, Mont., despatch says: News was received here to-day of a bad accident on the construction branch of the Northern Pacific, fifteen miles east of here, in Jefferson county, on Tuesday night. The men employed on Tewey's contract were in the cut blasting rock. A blast of giant powder was fired, but failed to have the desired effect. It being close to quitting time, and the men being anxious to complete the blast before they quit, they poured in black powder. Some sparks from the giant powder blast must have remained in the hole, for instantly an explosion followed. Con. Sullivan, the foreman; John Dell, A. Finn, A. W. Larson, T. O'Leary and Ham Ross were killed, and two others had their eyes blown out. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death, the men being themselves to blame.

Frightful Death from Rabies.

A Philadelphia despatch of Sunday says: About nine months ago Daniel J. Farrel, 28 years old, employed at Point Breeze Gas Works, was bitten on the little finger of the left hand by a mongrel cur that hung around the works. The wound was cauterized at the time and apparently healed. When Farrell returned from work a week ago he complained of a strange feeling. On Wednesday a physician was summoned. Within a few hours thereafter the patient had an attack of rabies, and the convulsions continued at short intervals until to-day, when his sufferings ended in death.

Style for the Street.

One of the handsomest street dresses shown this season is of golden-brown crepon, over striped moire of the same color. The back of the skirt, which is full and straight, is of the crepon, and the petticoat is of the striped material, two long tabs extending down the sides, finished at the bottom by deep scallops, under which is placed a knotted silk fringe. The basque is also scalloped around the edge, with a vest front of the crepon. The close sleeves have tiny scallops at the wrist, and an epaulet of fringe at the shoulder.

Didn't Know Much.

"Doctah told me that I must not walk wapidly or dwink ice watah," said Gus De Joy confidingly to Miss Pepperton.

"Did he?"

"Ya as; he said I might get congestion of the bwain, you know."

"Dear me! How little these doctors seem to know!"

Mother—Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing in school to day. Tommy—Yes, ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt much. "Did you cry?" "Oh, yes, I bawled so you could have heard it on the next block." "Why did you do that?" "I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more."

"FATHER" CARSON.

Rev. Mr. Carson's glowing Tribute to the Jesuits.

A Kingston despatch says: At the closing evangelistic meetings of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter the Rev. W. W. Carson lately of Dominion Church Ottawa, created a genuine sensation by his remarks. Every minister was requested to speak for a certain religious denomination and Mr. Carson was called upon to represent the Roman Catholics. He was introduced as "Father" Carson and said that Mr. Hunter in calling him had recovered his sanity, if at the opening of the meeting he had lost it. He (the speaker) belonged to the Holy Catholic Church. He lived in communion with the saints. He had received the forgiveness of sins. He had, through Christ, the hope of life everlasting. After all there was much they could learn profitably from the great Roman Catholic Church. If they wanted missionaries to undertake difficult fields they could present no more devoted men than the seraphic Jesuits, often condemned in these days. If the smallpox broke out in the city they would want some one to care for these patients in the hospitals. They would have had better experience than he had in Ottawa if they did not ask the assistance of the sisters of charity, possessed of a spirit of love as immaculate as the mother of the Nazarene, who, with their lives in their hands, will imperil themselves in waiting upon the afflicted. If they wanted a shaft to pierce into this world's lazarettos they would have to go to a Father Damien. If they wanted to learn absolute respect for authority this lesson will be spelled out for them in places like the Roman Catholic churches. He reverenced her laws. He read her history with inspiration. Some of her priests were amongst his most personal friends. He took it as the greatest favor they could confer upon him to represent the Roman Catholic Church. He reverenced that Christian Church. If he had doubts of the apostolic succession in the Anglican Church he had no doubts of that of the Roman Catholic Church. He asserted there was no religious denomination with a broader or more minute theology than had the Roman Catholic Church. He hoped that the meetings which were concluding would be a prophecy of the ultimate unity of Protestants. He hoped he would live to see the day when the denominations separated now by some ecclesiastical technicalities will be united, and when all will belong to one Christian assembly to assist in spreading the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He announced the collection as $457, and spoke in flattering terms of the evangelists. He then intimated there was no man, Protestant or Roman Catholic, who stood on a broader platform of Christian fellowship than he did. God had given him a nature to sympathize with every man. With all the fervor of his nature he believed in God and from the depths of his soul he believed in man. That was the beginning and end of his theology.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

African Missionaries Fighting the Ara Slave Dealers.

A London cable says: News received from the African great lakes shows that the missionaries are now members of the church militant, and are in a state of open war with the Arab slave catchers. A letter from the Rev. Mr. Wright, who is at Fwambo, on Lake Tanganyika, says the missionaries there were daily expecting an attack from the Arabs. The Tanganyika missionaries have endeavored to avoid any quarrel with the Arabs, who, however, seem determined to avenge themselves upon the white men there because the missionaries at Lake Nyassa are trying to put a stop to slave raids. So the whites at Fwambo have been compelled to build a fort, have surrounded it with a strong abattis of thorny trees and wire entanglement, and scattered broken bottles over the ground to interfere with any attempt by these barefooted enemies to take the place by storm. This is hardly what the missionaries were sent to Africa to do, but they are compelled in self-defence to prepare themselves for the worst. Meanwhile the missionaries at the north end of Lake Nyassa are kept busy fighting slave-raiding parties. The Arabs are constantly making detours around the mission stations to attack native villages for no other purpose than to make slaves of the women and children. The Rev. Mr. Cross writes that the Arabs, well supplied with bark ropes to tie their captives, surround the villages at early dawn and fire into the huts. The terrified natives, who have no weapons except spears, rush for their lives. Many of the men are shot down and the women and children are captured. The missionaries are taking the part of all these natives, and when they hear of a slave raid they send out parties from the fortified stations to attack the murderers and release the captives. On one occasion in July last they killed all the Arabs in a raiding party, and released a long string of women and children who were tied together with ropes around their necks. These rescues, however, cannot restore the ruined homes and murdered friends of the victims, and terrible misery prevails. The missionaries are very indignant to find that the guns they capture from the Arabs are of English make, and they long for the day when Governments will refuse to put instruments of destruction in the hands of murderous Arabs.

Blue Comes Back.

Many years have passed away since sky blue was so much worn as it is now. The present shade is a very silvery one and is usually combined with black. A broad-brimmed, low-crowned black felt hat, turned up slightly at the back so as to show the hair, is trimmed with a long piece of ribbon velvet of this special blue, made up in two bows, but not disconnected, a smallish one in front and a larger bow with stand-up loops behind it, both nestling up close to the crown. This combination is sure to be popular on our side of the silver streak, for there is no color more becoming to the milk-and-roses complexion of English girls and women than sky blue.—*London paper.*

—In 1350 hatmakers got 1d. per day master carpenters, 3d.; carpenters, 2d. master masons, 4d.; masons, tilers and thatchers, 3d.; and laborers, 1½d.

acles rattle. She could scarcely support herself under it.

"Do I——" she said. "Am I to understand that Mr. Francis Barold does not meet with your approval?"

Mr. Binnie struck his stick sharply upon the floor of the carriage.

"Yes, by George!" he said. "I'll have nothing to do with chaps like that. If she'd taken up with him, she'd never have heard from me again. Make sure of that."

When they reached Oldclough, her ladyship followed Lucia to her room. She stood before her, arranging the manacles on her wrists, nervously.

"I begin to understand now," she said. "I find I was mistaken in my impressions of Mr. Dugald Binnie's tastes—and in my impressions of you. You are to marry Mr. Burmistone. My rule is over. Permit me to congratulate you."

The tears rose to Lucia's eyes.

"Grandmamma," she said, her voice soft and broken, "I think I should have been more frank, if—if you had been kinder, sometimes."

"I have done my duty by you," said my lady.

Lucia looked at her, pathetically.

"I have been ashamed to keep things from you," she hesitated. "And I have often told myself that—that it was sly to do it—but I could not help it."

"I trust," said my lady, "that you will be more candid with Mr. Burmistone."

Lucia blushed guiltily.

"I—think I shall, grandmamma," she said.

I was the Reverend Alfred Poppleton who assisted the rector of St. James to marry Jack Belasys and Octavia Bassett; and it was observed that he was almost as pale as his surplice.

Slowbridge had never seen such a wedding, or such a bride as Octavia. It was never admitted that Jack Belasys was a singularly handsome fellow, and had a dashing adventurous air, which carried all before it. There was a rumor that he owned silver mines himself, and had even done something in diamonds, in Brazil, where he had spent the last two years. At all events, it was ascertained beyond doubt that, being at last a married woman, and entitled to splendors of the kind, Octavia would not lack them. Her present to Lucia, who was one of the bridesmaids, dazzled all beholders.

When she was borne away by the train, with her father, and husband, and Miss Belinda, whose bonnet-strings were bedewed with tears, the Reverend Alfred Poppleton was the last man who shook hands with her. he held in his hand a large bouquet, which Octavia herself had given him out of her abundance. "Slowbridge will miss you, Miss—Mrs. Belasys," he faltered. "I—I shall miss you. Perhaps, we—may even meet again. I have thought that, perhaps, I should like to go to America."

And as the train puffed out of the station and disappeared, he stood motionless for several seconds; and a large and brilliant drop of moisture appeared on the calyx of the lily which formed the center-piece of his bouquet.

THE END.

A Romantic Story.

At the regular monthly meeting of the directors of the Montreal Society for the Protection of Women and Children yesterday the Secretary's monthly report contained a recital of a number of cases in which destitute or oppressed females had been relieved and protected by the society. One case in which the society had most beneficially interfered was somewhat romantic. Some time ago a young woman came to the Secretary and stated that she had been betrayed under promise of marriage, which her betrayer refused to fulfil. On inquiry it was learned that the young man had acknowledged this to an Anglican clergyman in the city. On the advice of the society's counsel the young man was arrested and placed in jail. It appeared that $25,000 was coming to him in England under a will, provided his widowed mother remarried. This she had done, and having become entitled to the fortune he consented to marry the girl. He was released, a license and ring procured, and having settled $15,000 on his bride they were married and are now living happily together. The report also stated that it was through the instrumentality of Mr. Wm. Darling, Mr. Barnard and the Secretary that Vaughan, alias Melbourne, had been arrested. Mr. Darling had raised about one hundred dollars for carrying on the prosecution.

Not a Complete eparation.

Mother—Johnny, I don't want you to play with that little Brownjones boy any longer; do you hear?

Johnny—Yes'm.

"Now, don't let me hear of you disobeying me."

"No'm; but I may fight him, mayn't I, if I want to?"

One Qualification.

Sumway—I am in hopes of getting an appointment in the Agricultural Department.

Maddox—What qualifications have you? You don't know anything about agriculture, do you?

Sumway—Well, I'm getting pretty seedy

What His Crime Was.

First Texan—We had a lynchin' here yesterday.

Second Texan—Hoss thief?

First Texan—Naw. 'Twas a N' York dood who couldn't say nothin' but "just fawncy."

Cremation is coming more and more into vogue in Germany, in spite of the expense and certain legal difficulties which render its performance in some parts almost an impossibility. At Gotha no less than one hundred bodies have been cremated during the present year.

Woman (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie)—You seem to have a good appetite.

Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—Yes, madam, that is all I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own.

Heaven, I imagine, is a much larger country than most of us are apt to think. If ever I get there—and I do hope I will—if ever I get there; if ever they let me in—I don't know—I can't see how, with any reason or upon any grounds, they are going to shut anybody else out.—*Burdette.*

—Nothing provokes an old man so much as to hear a young one speak of his youth.

DISPERSED FIGHTING.

The Idea Gaining Ground that the Method is Doomed.

The real truth of the matter was this, says the *St. James Gazette*, London, the German and Prussian armies, both in 1866 and 1870, were deficient in war seasoned regimental officers. They were led into action at the commencement of the war in formations from which the common sense of the intelligent rank and file revolted, and the discipline under fire was not strong enough to prevent them actually disbanding under fire and submitting to a species of "survival of the fittest" sifting—the bravest going to the front in order individually to get to their enemies, the less brave hanging back to see what would happen, and the curs slinking off to the rear, as they always do. Under like conditions the same thing had happened 60 years or more before in the French army; and, indeed, it was in this way that the idea of the present style of fighting, which many believe to be a modern invention, was first introduced. But it is interesting to note that the same conditions of the battlefield did not have the same effect on our own troops, who had been trained up to fight in line and under an iron discipline in which any attempt at cowardice was ruthlessly punished. It is, therefore, fair to assume that it would not have occurred to our troops even had they been exposed to the same ordeal as the Germans in 1870; for the fighting discipline of our old long service army was of a far higher order, and the spirit of the line formation in which it had been trained was entirely opposed to this opening out. We do not, of course, wish to be understood as advocating the wooden, senseless style of fine tactics which then obtained in our army as a model. Far from it. We should have had some pretty stern lessons, too, had we been compelled to take the field. But the essence of the idea is that, starting from the tradition of the line as a basis, we should have adapted ourselves far more readily to the changed conditions than the Germans did. The proof of the correctness of our idea is that the Germans themselves are every year coming round more and more to think that the present order of dispersed fighting is doomed, and that before long its place will have to be taken by something embodying the chief element of line fighting, namely, a line of groups in close order and single rank, closing in constantly to the centre as casualties occur. Everything tends to show that, in spite of mechanical inventions the material losses in battles are becoming less and less; but the moral stress is also shown to be increasing, and that in direct proportion to the length of time during which men are kept under fire. Therefore, the main point to be considered is not how to avoid material losses no greater than those which our forefathers faced bravely enough half a century ago, but how to maintain the moral courage of the men at its highest. Experience has abundantly shown that for this purpose nothing like close order, shoulder to shoulder in line, has ever yet been invented.

Freedom of Dundee to Lord Lorne.

On the 24th ult., the Marquis of Lorne was presented with the freedom of Dundee in the Albert Hall there. Provost Hunter presided, and there was a brilliant gathering of county gentlemen and citizens, including Lord Camperdown, Lord Airlie, Lord Strathmore, etc. In presenting the casket containing the freedom, Provost Hunter said that some time ago the Queen had raised the good old town to the dignity of a city, and they proposed to enrol the Marquis of Lorne as the first burgess under the new charter. In his reply the Marquis alluded to the ancient connection of the Argyll family with Dundee, which extended back for six centuries. He referrd to the fact that Sir Niel Campbell of Lochawe was the schoolmate of Sir William Wallace at the burgh school of Dundee, and said that to the martial feats of these two leaders Scotland was largely indebted for her independence. He expressed himself as anxious to be as worthy a burgess of the important city as his ancestors had been.

A Sweet Proposal.

"The sweetest proposal ever dreamed of," said Eli Perkins, "I think is from Austin Dobson."

"May I call you Paula?" he asked modestly.

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Dear Paula—may I call you that?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you know I love you?"

"Yes."

"And shall I love you always?"

"If you wish to."

"And will you love me?"

Paula did not reply.

"Will you, Paula?" he repeated.

"You may love me," she said again.

"But don't you love me in return?"

"I love you to love me."

"Won't you say anything more explicit?"

"I would rather not."

They were married and happy within three months.—*Exchange.*

Lawyer Quackenbos Says

Having no correspondent at a certain town in Pennsylvania, I wrote to the postmaster of the town there, asking him to give me the address of a reputable lawyer to whom I might address myself. The answer came back as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Thank Good there are no lawyers within 20 miles of this place."

Quite Delicate.

Mrs. Gabb (hostess)—Your little son does not appear to have much appetite.

Mrs. Gadd—No; he is quite delicate.

Mrs. Gabb—Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man?

Little Man—No, 'm. You see mom made me eat a hull lot before we started, so I wouldn't make a pig of myself.

Sir Frederick Young, who is past the age of seventy, has just returned to London from one of the most remarkable journeys ever made by a man of his years—a South African tour that covered 16,000 miles. He was not sick a day during his absence from home.

Henry J. Steere, the millionaire philanthropist, of Providence, who died last week, left in his will $100,000 in cash to his private secretary, and $50,000 to his housekeeper.

FIGHTING DISEASE.

A University Professor's Surprising Discovery.

Consumption of the lungs, that dread disease which has long fought humanity to the death, may be the next to yield up its fatal sway before the march of medical research. Professor Samuel G. Dixon, of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently made a discovery within the realm of bacteriology which, it is thought, will revolutionize the fight against the disease. It is the bacillus tuberculosis which consumes the lungs in the dreaded phthisis, and it is in the study of this animal organism that Professor Dixon has gained such a signal triumph.

During the past summer Professor Dixon was in England, and, while pursuing medical research there, he decided to experiment in bacteriology. It has long been one of the teachings of that science, supported by Dr. Koch, of Berlin, one of the most eminent students, that the bacilli never undergo any change under varying conditions. According to this theory there are various bacilli—one appearing in consumption, another in leprosy, another in anthrax, and each having a distinct, unvarying species. Dr. Dixon, however, found that this was not the case. Taking the virulent bacilli, which, in the human lungs, would speedily bring death, the Professor bred from them new bacilli. But in the breeding process, he, so to speak, starved or devitalized the growing organism. He introduced conditions unfavorable to full development. Great was his surprise on discovering that the newly bred bacillus, instead of resembling the virulent original, according to the Koch theory, was of an entirely different form. It was, as Dr. Dixon believed, the bacillus tuberculosis deprived of its virulence, and on the truth of this theory rests the discoverer's hopes. In the mere refutation, however, of Dr. Koch's thesis, bacteriological science has been revolutionized.

Once sure of his discovery Dr. Dixon began experiments with his new bacillus shorn of virulence. As he reasoned, this organism, though bred from a fatal type, would not prove fatal if inoculated into the human system. Guinea pigs and rabbits were inoculated one month ago. Yesterday they were strong and free from disease of any kind. Then taking the animals thus harmlessly inoculated he injected the virulent bacillus which under ordinary conditions would speedily cause death. The animals are still strong and well, and the doctor's theories have as yet proven correct.

This, then, will be the new preventive of consumption. As the human being by vaccination is secured from small-pox, so by inoculation with harmless bacilli the terrors of consumption will be warded off. The human tissues will be so treated that the virulent type of bacillus cannot exist. Indeed, so far-reaching may be the effects of the discovery that even after consumption has begun the fatal organisms may be deprived of their virulence and the disease thus stayed. It is believed that other bacillic diseases as well as consumption may be similarly treated.

Mr. Dixon is slow to say that he has discovered a preventive of consumption, but he is inclined to believe that his present investigations will prove that his theories are correct.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Underground Wires Abroad.

There seems to be no difficulty in the management of underground electrical wires in France, Germany or England. The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following description of a safe underground device: "The mains are in twenty feet lengths. The largest is 2¼ inches over all, and the smallest 1¼ inches. There is no cable. First is a tube of copper having a quarter of an inch of sectional area, through which the current is sent out. This has a cover of insulating material, and a second copper tube is compressed round that for the return current. Another thin layer of insulating material is used, and over all is placed an iron tube, made tight for mechanical protection against pickaxes in the street. The main has no box or brickwork, as it is put naked into the earth. The outer tube is of wrought iron a quarter of an inch thick, sufficiently flexible to bend at right angles without breaking, and strong enough to resist any weight over it without damage. There will be a joint for service at each twenty feet, so that every house can have the light if required. The main is absolutely safe. A man can touch the naked copper with impunity, as it is already, as it is technically called, 'to earth.' He is on the earth, and is, therefore, touching earth. The only way in which he could get a shock is by cutting the main open and getting to the interior tube, but he would have to cut through the iron, a thickness of copper and the insulation before he could reach the point where damage could be done. There is the same protection against danger from the connecting wires.

Big Joke.

Curious Passenger—Are these conductors all military officers? I notice they wear pretty nice uniforms.

Old Timer—Oh, no; they belong to the railroad police, though; civil officers, you know.

Curious Passenger—Civil officers! Ha! ha! Oh, come now, that's too good. Civil officers! By hokey! that's the best joke I ever heard. I must remember that and spring it on the folks down our way.

When the old timer left the train the curious passenger was chuckling in most ridiculous fashion, and repeating to himself from time to time, "Civil officers! By thunder, but that's a good one!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Snore-Proof.

Mr. J. A. Morris, of New York, snored while asleep in such a high key that his wife and he agreed to have an addition built to the house in which Mr. Morris was to sleep. He stipulated with the architect that the cost should not exceed $5,000, but his wife ordered it to be made "snore-proof" at a cost of $27,000. The architect, probably a sympathetic man, obeyed the wife and afterwards sued the husband, but the case went in favor of Morris. The architect thought to make him pay through the nose.

Was newspaper advertising a success with you last year? If not—why not? It pays others. It ought to pay you: and will, if wisely done.—*Ayer's Newspaper Annual.*

A "DAUGHTER OF THE LORD."

How Her Heirs Sought to Claim the Church, But the Verdict Was the Other Way.

There has just been decided a very remarkable suit in Philadelphia, the verdict being favorable to the defendants. More than 40 years ago there came an emigrant woman to this country from Switzerland. Her name was Anna Meister, and to the ordinary observer she seemed but a common Swiss peasant, with nothing to distinguish her from the herd. She tried her hand at two or three things without much success, including dressmaking, and then suddenly announced that she was "the daughter of the Lord," that she was sacred, and that as she was of the essence of the Holy Ghost she could perform no manual labor. She had traces and "signs," and finally gathered a congregation of Germans about her, who ever since provided her with all sorts of luxuries. They worshipped her under the name of J. Elmar Mira Mitta, supported her while she travelled luxuriously in Europe, and when the people who owned the house in which she lived were about to sell it she told her followers this would be a sacrilege, and they must buy it and make it her church to worship her in. After having lived sumptuously all her life she died not long since in the odor of sanctity, and then her relatives in Switzerland, who seemed to have a good deal of Mira Mitta's nerve, brought suit to claim the church, as her heirs. Happily the decision was in favor of the poor creatures who had toiled and slaved all their lives to keep the peasant woman daintily clad and luxuriously fed in indolence.

Late Scottish News.

The Edinburgh Public Library already contains 50,000 volumes, and it is expected that other 10,000 volumes will be added before the library is opened.

Dr. Robt. W. Reid, of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, has been appointed Professor of Anatomy in the University of Aberdeen, in room of Professor Struthers, resigned.

Shipbuilding on the Clyde, according to the returns for October, continues brisk. The output during the past ten months is 40,167 tons in excess of that for the same period last year.

The Marquis of Lorne on the 26th ult. opened the Victoria Art Galleries at Dundee, which have been erected at a cost of £13,000, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, is evidently doing all he can to get the Free Library Act generally adopted throughout Scotland. He has now offered the people of Peterhead, on condition of their adopting that Act and raising a fund for a building, to give the last £1,000 required for a suitable structure.

We Live Longer.

The average length of life is greater and the standard of bodily health higher than ever before, and if it were not that medical and sanitary skill now preserves for a life of imperfect health many weak persons, who in former times would have succumbed to the first attack of disease, the standard would be even higher. In the words of old writers there are many passages which show that a man was considered old and past his prime at 40, while now at that age one is in the very height of his powers. There may be more diseases now than formerly; but there is less disease, and a vastly greater knowledge of how to avoid it, or, when attacked, to bring it to a favorable termination.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

An Evener.

Salesman—Well, whacher want?

Customer—I want to buy a hat.

Salesman—Why didn't yer say so? Move lively now. This ain't no morgue.

Customer—I don't like to be spoken to like that.

Salesman—Yer don't? Well, whatcher stoppin' the wheels 'f trade fer? Did you ever see a real hat?

Customer—That's enough. Good day.

Salesman—Just wait a moment, sir. I recognize you as the ticket seller at the Imperial Central station. I tried to buy a ticket of you yesterday, and I've just endeavored to give you an imitation of the way you treated me. What's the size, sir?—*Puck.*

House Moving.

Chicago, probably, is the only city in the Union in which the raising and moving of houses, including dwellings and stores of all kinds, can be considered a regular industry. There are about 100 firms in the city who engage in the business and find it extremely profitable. Three or four of the leading house-movers have more than $50,000 invested in the business, and have been steadily growing rich at it. One of these furnished some interesting statistics to a reporter for the *Times*. He volunteeeed the information that there are at least 6,000 people who live off the profits of the business and the wages paid.

Degeneration.

Young Lady—I think that the young men of the present day are very deficient in mental culture, don't you, Mr. Strokhor?

Mr. Strokhor—Very. Why the other day I actually met a young man who didn't know what I meant when I said that Kelly umbled a foul ball.

Tragic Death of an Author.

John Warner, a callow youth of a country town in Delaware, wrote a novel, paid a publisher $1,000 to put it in the market, and because only five copies were sold in a year the author went out to the dear old woods and hanged himself. Had he done this at first it would have been money in his pocket.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Colored Voice.

Friend—What color are your baby's eyes?

Fond Father—I don't really know; but I have discovered that his voice is yeller.

The man who is mean to his own children is usually very good to the children of others.

"The servants are getting worse and worse every day," said Mrs. Weary. "The last cook I had could not even boil water without burning it."

Baby's Bedtime Song.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy fare is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in a rocking chair.

See where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;
The pelting rains on the window, hark
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger say good night,
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

—*Frederick News.*

SCOTCH HUMOR.

It Does Not Seem to be of a Very Lively Character.

In order to disprove the frequent assertion that the Scotch are not humorous, says the New York *Sun*, the editor of a Scottish paper recently declared his columns open and invited all the jokes of the people which his constituents would send to him. These are fair samples of what were handed in:

"Two boys having met a man in white 'spats' one of them says he wore 'white penter's breeks below his ither anes.'"

"This is but the forefront of the battle—'tis rare, what this boy said 'in a waggery.'"

"A woman, having forsworn whisky in a g'ass, drank it out of a cup."

"A man took the hat worn by a scarecrow."

"Whiskey having been ordered for outward application the patient drank it."

"A man, having eaten a herring at tea, wished also for some treacle, which was refused."

"A boy, being asked if he had 'passed the doctor'—in a medical examination—said, 'Yes, I passed him up at Cochrane's corner.'"

"A clergyman said that he would visit the families in his district, 'embracing the servant girls as he went along.'"

"An undertaker, being asked to pray at a funeral, said he would rather make a coffin gratis."

"A woman in a shop, wishing to ask for a dolman, asked for a donkey."

"A horse falling down dead, a man asked, 'Did it ever do that before?'"

"Heaven was defined as a place where 'whiskey is plentiful and policemen scarce.'"

"'Have you seen Tom since he left?' 'No; but I'm gaun tae write tae him tae speir his address.'"

Intellectually the Scotch are one of the very greatest people in the world, but they don't seem to be very funny.

The Deepest Hole in the World.

The deepest bore in the world, claimed at different times for a number of places, is, according to the latest accounts, at Schladebach, a small German village near Leipsic. It measures 1,748 metres, or about 5,735 feet. The time expended boring to this depth amounted to six years, at a cost of $52,000. A peculiar experience encountered in connection with this and other deep holes in different parts of Germany is, according to Unland's Wochenschraft, that the observed temperature, while steadily increasing with the depths, show a smaller ratio of increase in the lower strata.

A Good Word for the Sparrow.

To the enemies of the English sparrows, who are making an unavailing attempt to eliminate the plucky little creatures from the list of European immigrants to this country, the British Consul at Baltimore points out that as a result of the terrible mortality resulting from the blizzard of March, 1888, there has been an increase of grubs and caterpillars corresponding to the decrease in sparrows. The sparrows eat the larvæ of destructive insects, preferring, so to speak, the egg to the chicken; but they get little credit for their usefulness.—*Philadelphia Record.*

New Way to Advertise.

Brown—And so you have got a first-rate cook? What paper did you advertise in?

Fogg—Didn't advertise in any. My wife told Mrs. Gray we wanted a girl, but made her promise not to tell anybody.

"Well?"

"Well, we had the door bell ringing for a fortnight from morning till night. No less than a hundred applications for the place."

Wanted It Good.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Mrs. Symphony of an elderly relative from the country.

"Well, yes, I am," was the careful reply; "that is, when it's good music, Laury. Now, you take a good accordeum an' a fiddle an' a pair o' bones an' a flute an' let 'em all play 'Old Nicodemus' all at the same time, an' I tell you it's sweet!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Autumnal Proposal.

He (as they stand on the balcony) It is very bright within and very dreary without, is it not?

She—Without what?

He (inspired)—You.

But Probable Loss.

Namby—I just lent $10 to Pamby; I wish you would make an item of it, Mr. Bookkeeper.

Bookkeeper—Shall I debit it to cash?

"I guess you don't know Pamby very well. Put it in the profit and loss account."

—Last night two tramps from Hamilton registered at the police cells. Their names were John Eagan, aged 45, and Michael McCaball, aged 40. They left this morning on their way to London.—*Brantford Telegram.*

"What is your salary, Dr. Stiggins?" "My salary," said the clergyman slowly, "is $3,000. But my pay is about $1,200."

The pay-roll of officers and sailors in the United States Navy this year will amount to nearly $8,000,000. The feeding and clothing of the men will cost another million and a half.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"**Castoria** is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

FLOUR, FLOUR, STONE FLOUR!

MR. P LOUCKS

Is prepared to do your Gristing on short notice and grinds on the old terms of every twelfth bushel. Seven cents per bag of two bushels for Chopping done every day. The Little Mill is big in the estimation of the public.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

P. LOUCKS, Proprietor.

Good stabling for horses.

BLACKBURN'S

is the place for choice goods and fair prices.

Choice Roller Flour, Bran and Shorts, at rockbottom prices.

Cured Meats, Bologona,
Mixed bird seed.
Pure prepared Corn,
General assortment of canned goods.

CHOICE HONEY,
CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.
ICE CREAM

and cooling summer drinks. Choice Fruits a specialty.

OAT MEAL, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT and GRAHAM FLOUR, always on hand.

Remember the place, next door to M. Richardson & Co's.

D. McTavish,

HORSESHOER AND
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Collingwood Street,
FLESHERTON, - ONT.

Manufacturing of Wagons, Sleighs, Buggies Democrats, etc. Horseshoeing promptly attended to. Special attention given to contracted or tender feet.

Logging and Plow Chains constantly on hand.

FLESHERTON
PLANING MILLS

Having purchased the Flesherton Planing Mills from R. J. Sproule, Esq., I now desire to inform the PUBLIC that I am in a position to do

ALL KINDS
—OF—
General planing mill work,
such as
SASH, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES
Planing and Matching, re sawing, etc.

Good Workmanship Guaranteed.

A large quantity of good dry pine lumber on hand.

W. J. HOWARD,
Flesherton.

SALESMEN

Wanted for our complete line of NURSERY STOCK. All new, choice and FAST-SELLING SPECIALTIES. I can furnish PAYING POSITIONS to workers. My large experience in the business enables me to offer special advantages to beginners. I CAN MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN of any one who will follow my instruction. Permanent employment. Wages paid each week. Outfit free. Apply at once and secure choice of territory.

EDWARD P. SMELL,
Nurseryman, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

T. BLAKELY,
Flesherton,

Sells the best farming implements manufactured, including

Brantford Light Steel Binder and Mower.

Mason Double-Geared Drill and Spring Tooth Seeder.

The Waterloo Plows and Threshers.
Neeby and Durand's Hayfork.

The good qualities of these implements are sufficiently known now to speak for themselves, without any extra words from me. Anybody requiring implements in this line would do well to examine mine if not already acquainted with them. Call on me and I will be happy to exhibit the good qualities of these machines.

T. A. BLAKELY,
Flesherton.

X M A S

TOYS - - TOYS!

A splendid selection of toys for the Christmas Holidays just received. Childrens' handsleighs in a number of patterns, fancy vases, chinaware for presents, etc. All beautiful goods. Call in and inspect before purchashing your wares for Christmas.

A. WATSON!

PRICEVILLE BAKERY.

Get your Cakes and Christmas Confectionery from me. Those desiring Cakes will kindly leave their order as soon as possible.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for **Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins**, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had **Spavins**, ten of **Ring Bone**, nine afflicted with **Big Head** and seven of **Big Jaw**. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale at the Medical Hall.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

We understand Mr. Thos. Hambly, of Albermarle, father of the Baltic vicitm, is taking steps in bringing an action for damages against the Great Northern Transit Co. for the loss of his son, and has retained A. B. Klein of Walkerton as his Solicitor.—[Owen Sound Advertiser

An Owen Sound despatch says :—Last night about 11 o'clock as Mr. Chas. Fox, sr., with his son, was standing on the upper deck of the steambarge Algonquin, he stumbled and fell down the forward hatchway, striking on his head on the main deck. He was picked up unconscious by Capt. Moore and the son, and carried to the captain's room. Mr. Fox is a brother of Mr. John Fox, well-known in municipal matters in this town. Mr. Fox has since died.

General News.

There is a movement on foot in Nashville, Tenn., to relieve Jefferson Davis of a debt of $40,000.

Private advices received at Washington state that Dom Pedro and his family will reside at Toulon, France.

A large number of Louisiana lottery tickets sent to an Ottawa hotel keeper have been confiscated by the customs authorities.

Mr. Editor.

DEAR SIR.—Wound you please to inform your readers through the columns of The Advance that there will be preaching in my house by the Latter Days Saints on Sunday Dec. 1st. Elder A. E. Mortimer, of London, will preach at 10 o'clock, a.m., and Elder R. D. Evans, boy preacher, of London, at 2 o clock p m., and on Monday and Tuesday nights, Dec. 2nd and 3rd, at Mr. Jas. Campbell's, Egremont, at 7 p.m. each evening. All are cordially invited to come and hear for themselves.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM McMURDO,
15 con., Proton.

The Musical Journal for November contains some very interesting articles, worthy of perusal by both professional and amateur musicians. It is well edited, well printed, and should be well supported. The subscription is very small (50 cents per annumn), thus placing it within the reach of everyone. We commend it to our readers. Timms Moore & Co., Publishers, Oxford Press, Toronto.

Looking for it in England.

The demand in England for the Christmas number of the Montreal Star is something unheard of—a great compliment to Canadian enterprise. It is quite encouraging to hear English and Scotch people, where ever you go on the other side, saying: "The Christmas Star was the best of them all." The great American news companies are urging the publishers to sell the Christmas Star in the States, but there will not be more than enough to fill the Canadian demand. There are four supplements with the Christmas Star this year.

The Great Northwest

joins the other parts of the Dominion in its praises of the wonderful virtues of Nasal Balm. Mr. Wm. H. Sharp, Trebene, Man., says :—I am delighted to be in a position to say that Nasal Balm is helping me wonderfully, although I have been using it but a very short time. It speedily cleared out the head and stopped the disagreeable droppings into the throat. For some time I have suffered severely from catarrhal head ache, Nasal Balm has removed every trace of it. I have confidence in its completely curing me. It is deserving of all you claim for it: "A positive cure for catarrh. Easy and pleasant to use." I hope it will soon be for sale in every town and village in Manitoba.

Hard at Work.

Nearely one hundred Eminent Persons are now engaged in preparing valuable and important contributions to The Youth's Companion for 1890. Mr. Gladstone is getting together his reminiscencs of Motley the Historian; Justin McCarthy is writing all his personal recollections of great Prime Ministers; Sir Morell Mackenzie is thinking of what he shall say to The Companion readers on the training of their voices in youth; Captain Kennedy is recalling the exciting episodes of his five hundred different trips across the Atlantic, and making notes for his articles; P. T. Barnum is preparing the account of how he secured his White Elephant; General Wolseley is arranging to tell the boys how to endure hardships; Carroll D. Wright is securing statistics about the boy and girl laborers of America, what they do and what they earn; Hon. James G. Blaine is writing a paper for our young politicians; popular authorities are at work on serial stories; the Presidents of the three leading American colleges will give advice to boys on their future; Tyndall and Shaler are to talk about the wonders of nature; Marion Harland promises to entertain the girls, while Lieutenant Schwatka will take the boys in imagination to the lowest place in the United States. There are hundreds of pleasures in store for The Companion readers for 1890. Every one is hard at work, as you see. $1.75 will *admit you* to 52 weeks of these entertainments. Send for full prospectus for 1890 to The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

WM. CLAYTON,

BOOT AND SHOE DEALER,
Has a large assortment of FALL and WINTER Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Trunks, etc.

New and seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Custom work to order.

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Photos, Photos, Photos.

We are now turning out work far superior in style and finish to any ever produced in Flesherton.

COPYING and ENLARGING at MODERATE RATES.

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done in all its branches. A good stock of FRAMES and MOULDINGS kept constantly on hand. Will also introduce the new BROMIDE PORTRAIT, a picture that is giving entire satisfaction wherever introduced. SAMPLES can be seen at my Gallery where all particulars as to Price, Style &c., can be ascertained.

MRS. BULMER,
FLESHERTON.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of

Liver, Stomach, Kidn'ys, and Bowels.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equa

For SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,
and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

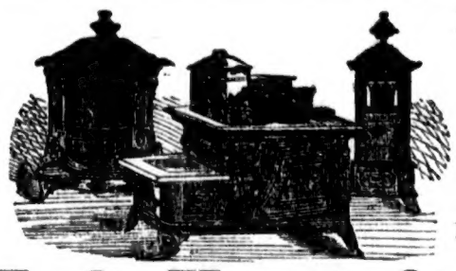

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STOVE
EMPORIUM

A large assortment of STOVES, (o makes) STOVE FURNISHINGS, TINWARE, COPPERWARE, LAMP GOODS etc., constantly on hand.

EVETROUGHING A SPECIALITY.

F. G. Karstedt, *Strain's old Stand*
Flesherton.

Heard's Carriage Works.

—:— MANUFACTURER OF —:—

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, Cutters, &c., &c.

HEARD'S IMPROVED HARROWS AND GATES.

Special Attention given to PAINTING, TRIMMING, HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of JOB WORK. Nothing but first-class material used throughout and satisfaction guaranteed. We have for sale

——Lumber, Lath and Shingles.——

Also Agent for Dick's Rollers, Mowers and Binders, Dick's Champion, Royal Rob Roy, Granger and Standard Plows. Two and Three-Furrow Gang Plows. Horse Powers for 4 Horses. Straw Cutters, Scufflers and Turnip Drills.

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